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ST HILDA'S

The Spectator

FOR THE

No. 2,845.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883. [REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

M. GAMBETTA expired on Sunday, the last day of the old year, a few minutes before midnight. He was aware that there was no hope, and before death unconsciousness had supervened. Ten doctors made a careful autopsy of the body, and report unanimously that the wound from the pistol-bullet had healed completely, and that old suppurations of the bowels existed, ending in an abscess in the caecum, the matter from which produced pericolitis and death. All the other organs were healthy. M. Gambetta had, in fact, during the later years of his life, led far too indolent a life for his constitution, and had overfed himself with food too rich for him, and against which he was warned by his physicians. He was only forty-four years of age, and unmarried, and he died without a will, though he left a small fortune of £28,000, saved out of the revenue of the *République Française*, in which he was a large shareholder, and which, more especially in its evening edition, enjoys a great circulation. He had of late lived much in retirement among his friends in a small house in Ville d'Avray, where his amusement was to talk politics to his intimates over a good dinner.

We have said enough of M. Gambetta's character elsewhere, and have here only to consider the effect of his disappearance. In France, this has not as yet been so great as was expected, though the Government has ordered a State funeral, and though addresses are pouring in from all the provinces; but it will be considerable. M. Gambetta, as leader of the Opportunists, controlled 180 votes in the Chamber, and could, therefore, upset any Government; while his vague but immense ascendancy with the peasantry made it difficult to carry out any policy to which he did not assent. His death, therefore, will tend to make the first substantial Ministry which obtains power more stable, and less disposed to avoid all serious measures. Moreover, M. Gambetta was the main resisting force against the "policy of the fireside," which M. Grévy and the peasantry approve, and which will, therefore, for a time be steadily carried out. The death, too, will increase the fears of the Moderates, as M. Gambetta was considered a bulwark against anarchists, and will induce them to adhere more closely to any Republican Government which maintains strict order. On the other hand, it will to some extent decrease Republican influence in the Army, and thus render a *coup d'état* a shade, though, we believe, only a shade, more probable.

The effect of the event in foreign countries cannot as yet be fully seen, because the papers are fettered by useful conventional rules, but we believe the following will be found to be near the truth. In England, there is distinct regret for a great misfortune to France, modified by a hope that the Egyptian problem will now be more easily solved. In Germany, there is a strong sense of relief, tempered among the statesmen especially in the mind of Prince Bismarck, by a belief that a revival of Monarchy is more probable in France, and that Monarchy makes armies more formidable. In Austria, the Court misses a possible ally, but popular feeling is confined to the Magyars, who regarded Gambetta as a patriot, and as the enemy of German ascendancy. In Italy, there is a decided sorrow, cooled among the governing class by an impression that Gambetta expected and wished to see Republics accepted in the three Latin countries. In Greece, there is bitter and universal sadness, for Gambetta was, next to Mr. Gladstone, the most sincere of Philhellenes; and in Turkey, for the same reason, there is exultation. And finally, in Russia, opinion is undecided, there being traces of a desire to express less regret than is felt, and to assume, with a sort of bounce, that, Gambetta or no Gambetta, France must always be friendly to St. Petersburg.

The *Times* assures the world that Lord Granville has addressed a Circular to the Powers recapitulating what has been done in Egypt, but not asking permission to do anything, and not expressing any distinct view of the future. The Foreign Secretary ends, however, with the definite proposal that the Suez Canal shall be declared to be, in International Law, an arm of the sea, open at all times to all vessels, though as free from fighting within its limits, and to a certain distance beyond them, as it would be if it were within the municipal jurisdiction of a neutral Power. Under the circumstances, the proposal is most disinterested; but it will be acceptable to the Powers, and, as we have argued elsewhere, it does not weaken any security of Great Britain. If we are at war, we have an unbroken, open waterway from Southampton to Bombay, and can fight in any part of it, except the Canal. That is all we need, while the final separation of the question of the Canal from the question of Egypt will greatly simplify the latter. There will be much less jealousy of an influence which cannot shut the Canal.

The new Archbishop (Designate) of Canterbury has taken farewell of his Truro diocese, in a letter which is, to our minds, rather wanting in simplicity:—"I believe you think it was right," he says, "to accept this call to the Primacy. I could never have thought so but for the prayers offered far and wide ere it came, and strange concurrences of circumstances which preceded and attended it. I consulted the chief layman of the county. His judgment was that, while it would have been wrong to exchange this for any other see, however distinguished, I had no right to decline a leadership full of labour and anxiety, and not wholly detaching me from the hope of working with and for you still. His judgment concurred with what I seemed to see right." Is not that a rather elaborate way of saying that a call which came in answer to prayer, which seemed strangely Providential in its concurrence of circumstances, and which was sanctioned by the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, was probably divine? No doubt, it is not fair to scrutinise too minutely the language used on such occasions as these; but we do wish that Bishops would not so often seem to regard their disinclination to decide simply on their own best judgment and highest instinct without external advice, as intrinsically pious. Why should not Dr. Benson have said at once that there is in the See of Canterbury plenty of room for the exercise of an honourable ambition of the highest and most spiritual kind, and that as he believed himself to be well fitted, by the help of God, to serve the Church in that high post, he should have been guilty of a false humility in refusing it? Stout Cornish Tories like Dr. Benson doubtless entertain a great respect for the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, but the Church at large will scarcely like to regard that worthy person as the highest interpreter of the will of God to an English Bishop.

The Council of the Church Association have openly con-

of London for his share in the arrangement
red Mr. Mackonochie to St. Peter's, London
uckling to St. Alban's, Holborn, and by implica-
hey condemn the late Archbishop of Canterbury
is death-bed initiated that arrangement. We can-
om its point of view, the Church Association is
ie whole transaction was one intended temporarily
provisions of the ecclesiastical law as it has been
f late years, no candid man will deny. All that we
t when the injustice of that law is forced so strongly
nd of so manly and simple a Broad Churchman as
ishop Tait that all his dying thoughts were concentrated
n the best way of escaping its provisions till there should be more chance of rectifying them, there must be a very strong *primâ facie* case for the real existence of that injustice. We find no fault with the Church Association for persisting in its old view, in spite of Archbishop Tait's virtual recantation of all sympathy with it; but we do wish that those who applaud Bishop Fraser for what he has lately done would openly condemn the late Archbishop and the Bishop of London for yielding to the conviction that the Ritualists have been hardly dealt with, and ought to be protected, even by virtue of an evasion of the law, till some opportunity can be found for changing the law.

Sir Charles Dilke has been making a series of speeches in Chelsea, in which it seems to have been his object to sustain the part of President of the Local Government Board with something of that superfluity of thoroughness displayed by the actor who, when acting Othello, thought it well to black himself under his clothes, as well as over hands and face. Not a word of moment on Foreign Affairs dropped from those prudent lips, beyond a graceful tribute to the constant courtesy of the late M. Gambetta, as President of the French body with which Sir Charles Dilke, in negotiating on the question of a commercial treaty with France, had to communicate. If the subject of local government did not really dominate Sir Charles Dilke's imagiuation in all his speeches, he must be a consummate political artist, for he almost exhaled it. Yesterday week he told the excellent story about an Indian governor who received a telegram, "Tiger jumping about on the platform, please telegraph instructions;" and Sir Charles, of conrse, improved the occasion by descanting on the dangers of a centralisation which renders people helpless to grapple with their local tigers without instructions from head-qnarters. His object, he said, would be to deprivo the Local Government Board of a good deal of the work which is now expected of it, and to this end he hoped that the County Government Bill and the Government of Loudon Bill would materially contribnte. On the whole, Sir Charles Dilke,—powerfully assisted in his canvas by Mr. Mundella, who has thrown more heartiness into the popnlar appeal than the new Minister himself,—has met with a most cordial reception throughout Chelsea, and the effort of an Irish voter to create an Irish diversion against him in the constituency, failed lugubriously.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone on Saturday made a speech at Peebles, in which he stated that the condition of Ireland was improving. There were but 65 agrarian offences in October, 1882, against 246 in October, 1881; 90,622 applications had been made under the Arrears Act; landlords were "accepting the situation," rents were being paid, and juries were beginning once more to convict. All this showed a great improvement, but, nevertheless, though there should be no more agrarian legislation on a large scale for the present, the administration of Ireland ought, by-and-bye, to be radically reformed. It was the most centralised Government in Europe, and one of the worst. Everybody looked to the Castle for everything, even for public works if there were a famine, and the Irish people obtained no political education. That is perfectly true, with this strange addition, that all the people who apply to the Castle, from the Magistrates to the mob, hate the Castle with all their hearts. Centralisation exists in many countries, in France, for instance, but usually the masses think the officials their best protectors. In Ireland, they run to the officials like children to their mothers, and then shoot them for the crime of being in office.

A good commencement has already been made towards this decentralisation. It is stated that Mr. Forster's division of Ireland into Five Districts, each under a "Special Resident Magistrate," who acts as a Royal Commissioner, and is within his division, for police purposes, "the Castle," is working excellently. The number of divisions has been increased to six, under the Hon. T. O. Plunkett, Mr. Clifford-Lloyd, Mr. H. Blake, Captain Slacke, Captain Butler, and Colonel the Hon. W. Forbes, and the police, being made responsible to them and watched over carefully, have been greatly increased in efficiency. The contradictory or impossible orders which nsed to issue from the Castle have ceased, and the Administration is organised so that none of its force is wasted. Every fortnight each Commissioner makes a full report to the Castle, and the Viceroy has thus before him a complete and continuous record of all that passes in Ireland, of the conduct of every officer, and of every new agitation. On any great occasion the "specials" are consulted, and become a kind of Executive Council for the maintenance of order. This is, of course, the French system and the Indian system, and so long as the Specials act strictly within the law, it is probably liable to only one objection. It takes picked men to work it fully. In Ireland, however, where the divisions are few, and where the Government is interested in filling such appointments well, it can hardly fail of its end, which is to make authority efficient within the limits of the law. The mere knowledge of persons thus obtained speedily becomes invaluable, and all policemen gain new heart from the certainty of being understood.

Hounslow has been the scene this week of a sort of mild insurrection. A practitioner there, Dr. Edwardes, purchased of the local medical officer, Dr. Whitmarsh, a share of his practice, for £1,800. Dr. Edwardes was not satisfied with the profits, and bad blood had arisen between the men, when a female patient in Hounslow accused Dr. Edwardes—a married man, previously of high character—of a criminal assault. Dr. Edwardes demanded and obtained a written retractation; bnt Dr. Whitmarsh, professing to believe the story, insisted that he should leave, and accept £500 in discharge of all demands. Dr. Edwardes, after instructing a solicitor to prosecnte on a charge of conspiracy to extort, told his wife that Whitmarsh's condnct would ruin him, and took prussic acid. The actnal facts are not yet conclnsively ascertained, Dr. Whitmarsh not having been examined upon them; but the populace of Honnslow, who know all the parties, are convinced that the charge against Dr. Edwardes was groundless, have wrecked Dr. Whitmarsh's house as far as possible without entering it, and have threatened the woman. The village is held by strong bodies of police, and the excitement will subside, not, however, without leaving the impression that the conditions which in America produce Lynch Law exist here also. Whatever the merits of the case—and *primâ facie*, Dr. Edwardes was certainly an oppressed man—the mob has no authority in the matter. The police seem to have acted prudently, but our laws should make a mob demonstration more dangerous to its leaders.

Count Wimpffen, Austrian Ambassador in Paris, shot himself in a by-street on the 30th ult. Kings never kill themselves—unless, indeed, Nicholas of Russia, as was rumoured at the time, died with his own consent—and Ambassadors so rarely, that the occurreuce excited a European interest. The popular belief in Paris is that the Count had become in some way entangled in the Bontoux frauds, or repented having snpported that speculator; but his friends give the most positive denial to these stories, asserting that all his financial affairs were in perfect order. His reason for irritation with life, as alleged by himself, was that he had selected a very bad house to live in, but that was obviously a symptom and not a cause of his state of mind. The diplomatic temperament is calm, but Ambassadors are worried, like other men, and, like other men, are subject to dementia, and it is quite reasonable to believe that the Count had snffered from some affection of the brain, and in an access of melancholia pnt an end to his life. Though popular in Society, the deceased Ambassador was not a man of much political mark, and his death will not make any change in the relations of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy to the Republic, which have always been tepidly friendly. The death of M. Gambetta may make a much greater difference, if it is true that in 1870 he offered Austria large terms for military aid.

The *Standard* has renewed its statements abont negotiations with the Vatican, and even quoted despatches alleged to have passed between Cardinal Maccabe and Cardinal Jacobini. Cardinal Maccabe, however, denies their authenticity, while the Government categorically asserts that there neither has been

nor is any foundation for the rumours. That is final, and we can only regret a decision which seems to us as foolish as it would be for the Indian Government to refuse to communicate with the Grand Lama, if that spiritual potentate influenced millions of Indian subjects, or with the Shereef of Mecca about the safety of Indian pilgrims. Statesmen must take the world's forces into account, and not say that because this or that force rests on an illusion, therefore they will not see it. The odd fact is that the sceptics, who ought to consider all creeds equally baseless and equally worthy of conciliation, are quite willing to negotiate with the Grand Lama or the Khalif, but cannot think with patience of sending official information to the Pope. Is it only because he is a Christian, or do they really think, like some English Evangelicals, that Popery is a catching disease, a mental scarlet-fever? If so, why is not Mahommedanism, that most propagandist of all faiths?

The rumours from Zululand are hardly intelligible. It is stated, more especially in the *Daily News*, that though Cetewayo is about to be restored, he will receive only a third of his kingdom, that he is to obey in all things a British Resident, and that a large slice of his dominion, nearly half, is to be placed under a British Protectorate, and governed by John Dunn, and one or two chiefs friendly to him. This is not the arrangement to which the British people assented. Their idea was that Cetewayo, having learned by experience that he could not resist the British, was to be restored and left alone, a moderate territory being reserved for such chiefs as Cetewayo might be inclined to put to death. They were, however, to defend themselves, and British territory was to terminate at the Tugela. Any departure from that arrangement must be impolitic, as the restoration of Cetewayo was intended to limit, not to extend British responsibilities. Nothing ever goes right in South Africa, where the whole of the British genius for blundering seems to be concentrated; but we see some reason to hope that the plans of Sir Henry Bulwer have been misunderstood. Certainly, Lord Derby will not take any more African territory than he can help.

The Lord Chancellor has been raised from a Baron to an Earl, and is now to be styled Earl of Selborne,—a perfectly ideal title, if the United Kingdom can furnish an ideal title at all.

Lord Elcho, after a very long experience as a Commoner—he has sat for forty years in the House of Commons—has succeeded to the Peerage, through the death of his father, the Earl of Wemyss and March, in his eighty-seventh year. Haddingtonshire only returned Lord Elcho by the very narrow majority of 44 in 1880, and it is to be hoped that we may now rescue the seat from the grasp of the Tories. Mr. Finlay, the Liberal candidate, is said to be a little unsound on the burning question of the Established Church in Scotland,—that is, he is not eager for Disestablishment. But surely, even if Haddingtonshire has to be wrenched piecemeal from the grasp of the Tories, and if it takes two separate efforts to achieve it, it would be better to achieve something and transfer the seat to a Scotch Liberal who is hazy on the Church question, than to achieve nothing and leave a Scotch county in the hands of the Tories. Lord Salisbury will gain a new follower in the Earl of Wemyss and March.

Do all the Dukes get the Garter, as a matter of course? We observe that the vacant Garter has been conferred on the Duke of Grafton, of whom we only know that he saw service in the Crimea, and is Equerry to the Queen. If the Garter were always given for distinguished services, as it often has been, it would mean more than it actually does. If it had been given to the Marquis of Bath, for instance, who, though a Conservative in politics, has held a steadily Liberal course in relation to the political affairs of the East, affairs which he has evidently carefully studied, it would have tended to raise the value of a Garter; whereas to give it to a mere Duke,—we suppose, for being so good as to be a Duke,—tends decidedly to depreciate its value.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has been appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the place of Sir Charles Dilke; while Lord Enfield, who, since Lord Kimberley, the new Indian Secretary, is in the House of Lords, cannot any longer hold the office of Under-Secretary for India, consistently with the convenience of the Government, has simply resigned that post. Lord Enfield is a great loss to the Go served with much ability, and we hope before long be found for him. The office for India, which must be held by a Memb Commons, has not yet been filled up, and we Bryce, one of the very ablest and most Libera men who hold no place under Government, may the post.

Complaints of the unauthorised publication of Bish force's very flimsy and rather unscrupulous gossip daily. In our own columns, Mrs. Oliphant gives for not believing in the accuracy of a report of a sup conversation between the Bishop and the late Mrs. Carl while in the *Times* of Tuesday, Lord Ampthill expresses h annoyance that the Roman gossip of 1870, which he had reported to the Bishop, should be published as his, without any mention of the very different opinion of the matters referred to which was entertained by himself. But the fact is that Dr. Wilberforce would, we are sure, have been horrified at the notion that the many idle words in his diary should see the light, before even the time had come when those whom they were likely to wound had passed away. If the Bishop were to be judged not only for every idle word he had spoken, but for every idle word which he had put down in his diary, his spiritual fate would be terrible indeed,—especially if his own creed were true, that no purgatory can be admitted into the future state.

Sir W. Harcourt is blamed for saying that cremation ought not to be sanctioned, except under the authority of an Act of Parliament. But it is a matter of some moment, in a time when poisoning is so frequent, that the means of investigating the cause of death should not be hastily disposed of, without a full consideration of the dangers involved. We have had not a few cases lately in which poisoning has not even been suspected till some weeks had elapsed after the burial of the poisoned person, and where every trace of adequate evidence would have been removed by the cremation of the victims' bodies. Whether cremation at present be illegal or not, we are quite satisfied that, if it is to be permitted at all, there should be some barrier in the shape of requiring special investigation of the cause of death, interposed in the way of those who might like to adopt this method of destroying the most damning evidence against them.

We see with pleasure that the Education Department have censured the managers of a school at Worleston, in Cheshire, for making a short Church service part of the religious instruction given to the children of an elementary school. The Department intimate that unless this rule be rescinded, and Nonconformist children readmitted to the school without being required to attend this Church service, all annual grants will be withdrawn from the school in question. The Rector of Worleston, who is said by one of the Nonconformists to teach that all who attend the Wesleyan chapel will "go to hell," must be one of the most ill-judged proselytisers in the United Kingdom. If he has made any such assertion, he is certainly an heretical, and not an orthodox Anglican, in his belief. But even if that assertion be fabulous, is it possible to imagine sillier proselytising tactics than an attempt to override the conscience-clause, and drive Wesleyans to Church against their will? If this class of clergymen were not as rare as they are mischievous, the Church Establishment would hardly survive another Parliament.

Mr. Clarke, M.P., speaking at Plymouth on Wednesday evening, made the regular conventional Conservative speech of the present time, assailing the Government for everything they had done, except the Bill for permitting the issue of Reply Postcards, and threatening that the Conservatives, directly they are in power, will rescind the Standing Order permitting a majority to vote the Closure of debate. The last threat is the only one of interest in Mr. Clarke's speech. Probably it will not be taken up by the Tory leaders, but even if it became a popular cry with the Tory rank and file that the Standing Order for stopping irrelevant chatter should be rescinded, the party would only, we are persuaded, lose ground thereby with the constituencies. The party that favours chatter for the sake of chatter, will find it difficult to regain the confidence of the electorate.

Bank Rate, 5 per cent.

Consols were on Friday $101\frac{1}{8}$ to $101\frac{1}{4}$ ex. div.

OF THE DAY.

M. GAMBETTA.

...e continuousness in the destiny of individuals ...s so often noticeable in history marked the ...abetta to the end. His death was but the last of incompletenesses. In his public ambition, in ... ambition, in his ambition for the future, he failed; he went nearer to his object than any man of less ...ould have done, and he left on those around him no ...ession of failure. Almost a private citizen, for it is only ...straining words that we can assign to him at Bordeaux any ...gal position, he strove to expel the Germans, raised armies from the ground, discovered Generals, Ministers, and diplomatists, fought great battles, raised great loans, and fixed himself in the hearts of Frenchmen as the one man who never despaired of the Republic. No man could be more successful, in a sense; but he did not expel the Germans, or deliver France, or even win a campaign. The son of a grocer of Cahors, only half-educated, and without political training, he raised himself before he was forty so high, that all Frenchmen regarded him as the natural President, and the world invented absurd reasons to explain the fact of his being less than first; while he himself, it is now well known, regarded the Presidency as the only goal worth reaching. No ambition could be more successful, in a way, but he never was President of the Republic. A Premier who had fallen, he yet so dominated the mind of France that he was able to set to himself as an object revenge on Germany; so impressed all Germans, that they regard his death as a relief from an apprehension; yet he had done nothing when he died towards the *revanche*, had won no battle, secured no alliance, prepared no insurrection, had, indeed, as there is reason to fear, from the Tunis Expedition, organised no army strong enough to be his instrument in such an undertaking. The greatest of Republicans, he did not found the Republic, and though he may be said to have saved it in the great contest with MacMahon, the Constitution he saved was not the one he would himself have framed. His was no spoiled career, in the ordinary sense of the words; but it was a career which, great as it was, and full as it was, and, on some sides, noble as it was, was marked throughout by a note of incompleteness, of failure such as comes to a man in whom the something is wanting which conciliates Destiny. Many men have said many things of Léon Gambetta, who has been described as a genius and a lunatic, a statesman and a wordmonger, a patriot and a self-seeker, but no man in the wildest hostility or the basest adulation ever said of him that he was fortunate. He was always the Dictator who was deserted, the great statesman who could not pass his Bills, the financial genius who paid too much, the "reserve force for France" whose destined hour was never to arrive. Since Columbus, no man has had such a fate; and Columbus, though his manhood was a struggle and his old age a defeat, though he died without knowing what he had found, and though posterity refused him even the glory of affixing his name to his discovery, still, though all ignorant of the fact, succeeded, and revealed to mankind a new world. Gambetta, unless his death produce some consequence as yet hidden from our eyes, had not even one unconscious complete success.

The incompleteness in his destiny showed also in his character. That he was the greatest of political Frenchmen, we maintained ten years ago, when M. Thiers was calling him the "fou furieux," and all Europe was condemning him, and observers even in France believed that his career was ended; and often as it has been our lot to oppose his policy, we have seen no reason to recall that verdict. But he was the greatest of Frenchmen by reason of his powers, through his imagination, his oratory, his gift for command, his amazing insight into the ideas, the aspirations, even the fears, of vast multitudes of men, through his courage, his *finesse*, his immeasurable "go," rather than through and in himself. There was in him, with all his greatness—for he was great, great in his force, in his patience, in his superb contempt for power to be won by *coups d'état*—some want, some failure, which diminished, if not the area of his ascendancy, at least its depth. His death is not a cataclysm. He was here and there incomplete. Gambetta had not quite that daimonic brain, so nearly superhuman on every side but the moral one, which enabled the First Napoleon in all departments of life to succeed apparently alone; he needed aid, and yet he did not choose men well. They were effective under him, but they were nobodies alone. Chanzy is not a first-class soldier, De Freycinet not a great administrator, General Faure not an organiser of strong armies, Paul Bert not a man who could defeat the spiritual forces of the Church. He chose the half-efficient—for Faidherbe was too old—and he tolerated, under some illusion we do not pretend to understand, the positively bad. He stole nothing, but he bore with plunderers. His *entourage* when in power was hardly better than that of Napoleon III. The greatest of orators, the most persuasive of demagogues, a man occasionally of magical insight into the minds of huge classes, he could bind all Frenchmen to follow him, except the Deputies of France and the Ultras, who had first raised him to power. He had the art of conciliating soldiers and extorting their confidence and admiration in a degree scarcely ever given to a civilian, though the late Lord Lawrence is another instance; but he never quite bound them to the system to which he was devoted, never secured to his military lieutenants the adhesion granted so readily to himself. His power of insight, great as it was, did not proceed either from sympathy or reflectiveness. He understood part of the French nature, without quite understanding the whole. The refusal to continue the German war surprised him, the dislike of the peasants to adventure perplexed him, the regard felt for M. Grévy—an incarnation of a perpetually recurring French type—was to him permanently unintelligible. It was characteristic of him that, himself preferring a rather bourgeois type of life, a life of lax and irregular comfort, he did not see the Frenchman's respect for asceticism, and at the Palais Bourbon wearied himself with the tawdry grandeur and vulgar luxury of the Second Empire; and perhaps even more characteristic that, though thirsty for information and justly confident in his diplomatic powers, he was proud to know no language except his own. There was something of smallness in that great nature which will not be thoroughly explicable until the secret memoirs of our time see the light, but which we imagine to have proceeded from a certain grossness inherent in the French bourgeois, and a limitation of the sympathies in a sympathetic man, such as keen observers often attribute to all men of Jewish descent. He simply could not be as just, and therefore as wise, towards Bonapartists as towards Legitimists, towards Germans as towards Englishmen, towards Clericals as towards any other fanatics with whom he disagreed. There was something, too, in him of the Southern or even Oriental temperament, to which all periods of relaxation are injurious, in which rest, that so strengthens the Northerner, brings out some flaccidity of mental and bodily tissue. Gambetta's brain, like his body, degenerated in ease. It was only when he was in full motion, when there was a superior enemy, like the Germans, to defy, when there was a reactionary soldier-President, like Marshal MacMahon, to counteract in his own army, when there was a raging populace like that of Belleville a year ago, to subjugate into reluctant confidence, that Gambetta rose to true grandeur, and displayed the smelting fire that glowed in his unwieldy, gross, yet Titanic nature. At ease, and free from any need for effort, the bourgeois streak in him came out, as it did not in Thiers.

He is a great man gone, for all that, and a severe loss to the Republic. That it will perish at his death, or even tremble, we do not believe, for we believe that it rests upon a rock,—the conviction of the peasantry and artisans of France, of six millions out of seven millions of male adults, that only under the Republic are they sure of their own way. But, in a country like France, every leader who can lead is a great force, if only for the weight behind him, and Gambetta was by constitution of mind contemptuous of visionary dreams. He could insist, and insist successfully, that whatever the speed, the horses must be kept in the harness, or there would be a catastrophe. That was much, and there was this more. If the overturn ever comes in France, it will come either through the action of the Army or its refusal to act against insurgents; and while Gambetta lived, neither catastrophe was in the least degree probable. He was probably the one sincere Republican who had in the French Army the influence of a successful Marshal of France, certainly the one civilian who, if France were to win a campaign against Germany, would not have been overshadowed by the General in command. To have lost a man of that kind is a grand misfortune for France, for an abler man than Gambetta might rise, and yet not have Gambetta's history or his rooted abhorrence of what he called the "sterile round of *coups d'état*." Still, he has died, while the Comte de Chambord

is not dead, and while Prince Jerome is still alive; and the Republic, therefore, has time to root itself undisturbed by dangerous Pretenders. For the rest, the heritage of Gambetta's influence will, we suspect, fall for a year or two very much to the least visible politician in France, the President of the Republic.

COUNTY FRANCHISE AND REDISTRIBUTION.

SIR CHARLES DILKE has alarmed some of our Liberal contemporaries, both in the provinces and in London, by saying that the Government have not yet made up their minds whether to deal with the County Franchise and the Redistribution of Seats in one Bill or in separate measures, and it seems to be taken for granted that the entertainment of the second alternative implies a certain lukewarmness in the minds of the Government as to the question of the redistribution of power itself. We confess to a totally different opinion. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Wednesday puts the matter as follows:—"Suppose that the Government determine to separate the two questions, what will be the probable course of events? The Franchise Bill will be introduced in 1884 or 1885—probably the latter. The Lords will either pass it, or reject it. If they reject it, as is most likely, there will be a dissolution on the question. Supposing the Constituencies to be favourable, the Bill would be passed at once in a new Parliament. But that Parliament would have to be at once dissolved, in order to admit the new voters. The theory of separation assumes that redistribution would be dealt with in this second new Parliament, braced and invigorated by the fresh popular element. But then redistribution in that case would be sure to be deferred until the Parliament was near its end, on the same grounds of general convenience that defer the Franchise Bill now. If all this comes to pass, we shall see a Redistribution Bill about 1890, and not before. It is no wonder that a great many Liberals think that this is too long to wait." That is just, and, of course, disheartening, so far as it goes; but it is a very small part of the case. Take it how we will, the passing of a new Reform Bill containing a large redistribution of power is no small matter, and cannot be effected even by the most powerful of all Governments,—with a hostile House of Lords,—without a good deal of delay and difficulty. The *Pall Mall* forgot to put the alternatives to the course it condemns, nor does it state the contingencies accurately as to either the course it approves or the course it condemns. We do not agree with it in thinking that a simple Bill extending the household franchise to the counties—passed, as it would be in the House of Commons, by the full majority of the Liberal party,—would be rejected in the Lords. In the first place, nothing was more distinctly submitted to the constituencies in 1880, and approved by them, than the principle of equalising the suffrage in the counties and the boroughs. This was a matter put probably before every constituency in the United Kingdom, and was one of the principal issues of the last general election. Mr. Goschen excepted, no Liberal still calling himself a Liberal could refuse to vote for this measure, and it is probable that even Lord Salisbury, acting on principles which he has often avowed, would hesitate to advise the House of Lords to reject a measure so plainly sanctioned by the Electorate. It is certain, at all events, that if he did give that advice, he would lose the confidence of many moderate Conservatives, and not at all certain that he would be able to carry with him the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the Conservative Peers who declined his advice as to the Arrears Bill, in so unconstitutional an interpretation of the functions of the Lords. We believe, therefore, that if a simple County Franchise Bill were separately introduced, it would probably pass the Lords, and not be rejected by them. But what ought we to look for if a large general measure, including both the extension of household franchise to the counties and a great redistribution of power,—one satisfactory to the country at large,—were introduced? In the first place, a great many of the Liberals who sit for boroughs to be merged in larger constituencies, or to be wholly disfranchised as boroughs, would vote against it, and the measure, if it passed the Commons at all,—which is not quite certain,—would pass the Commons by a majority by no means comparable with that of a simple County Franchise Bill,—by a majority so much diminished, that on that account alone the Lords would be encouraged and almost invited to reject it, and to insist on an appeal to the country,—an appeal, moreover, which would then be made to the *present* constituencies. In the next place, the Lords would have the excuse of saying that though the question of assimilating the borough and county franchise was certainly referred to the constituencies in 1880, the principle on which [illegible] of power was to be arranged had never [illegible] by the Liberals, and never sanctioned by [illegible] and, of course, the Tory leader would [illegible] principle actually adopted by the Government was pleasing to the country. Now, we would put this rather strongly to the Liberal party. If the two measures to be inseparable, and to share the same fate, we shall ably have a dissolution under the existing law, without household suffrage in the counties. But if the two Bills are separated, and the County Franchise Bill is passed first, we shall in all probability have a dissolution on the second Bill only, and have the extended constituencies in the counties to which to appeal.

But then it is assumed that the moment a County Franchise Bill is passed, there must be a dissolution in order to give the new voters their voice in determining the question of the redistribution of power. Why? If this be so, it surely ought to be accounted *wrong in principle* to think of binding up the two measures in one Bill. It is making very much indeed of the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, to maintain that a House of Commons which passes a County Franchise Bill in March, may not propose and discuss a Redistribution Bill in April, without an appeal to the new electors, though there is no objection at all to its passing a *clause* in a single Bill determining the County Franchise in March, and yet discussing other clauses of the same Bill which propose the same redistribution of power as the second measure would have sanctioned, in April. It is sheer common-sense that any House which is competent to discuss a reform measure as a whole, is competent to discuss separately two quite separable parts of that whole. Nor can we see the ghost of a reason why the Redistribution Bill should not be introduced in the same House and in the very same Session in which the County Franchise Bill had been discussed and passed. There is, as we have said, this very strong reason for separating the two measures,—that on one the Liberals as a party, and the country at large, are completely agreed; while, on the other there has been as yet no possibility of agreement, because there has been no responsible proposal. It seems to us perfectly childish to assume that if the Bills be separated, the House which passed the first ought to be dissolved before it can properly discuss the second, although, if they be amalgamated, there would be no impropriety in the same House taking the discussion of both. What seems to us by far the wisest and most respectful course to the constituencies is to separate the two measures, but to bring forward both in the same House and the same Session; sending up the Franchise Bill first to the House of Lords, and then immediately introducing the Redistribution Bill in the Commons. This course would at least afford the Liberals the opportunity of exhibiting their complete unanimity on the former Bill, and leave the House of Lords no constitutional excuse for rejecting it; while if the Lords did reject it, the Liberals could appeal to the country with absolute confidence to condemn that rejection. If, on the other hand, as we think much more likely, the Lords should pass the Bill on which the constituencies have already given judgment, but decline to pass the Bill on which no opinion has as yet been passed by the constituencies, and on which the Liberals would certainly show a less united front, we should at least have gained Household Franchise for the counties before the Dissolution. In fact, take it how you will, there seems to us nothing but gain in the separation of the discussion of the principle on which the Liberals are unanimous, from the discussion of the principle on which they are certain to be divided, and to give occasion to the Conservatives to exult over their differences of opinion.

What we fear, if the Government do not separate their proposal for Redistribution from their proposal for extending Household Suffrage to the counties is this,—that in the battle which will arise over the many difficult questions involved in the second measure, the country may lose sight of the point on which all Liberals are agreed, and that an appeal to the country might even result in a defeat,—a defeat which would not in the least mean that the constituencies had changed their minds on the subject of extending Household Suffrage to the counties, but would, nevertheless, involve the indefinite postponement of that most necessary and wholesome measure, because it had been unwisely mixed-up with a number of other issues at once complex and difficult. It seems a mere political axiom, when one important matter has been virtually decided by universal

at matter separate from other matters which decided, and on which a great number of ues may be raised. So far from seeing any esitation in the course suggested by Sir Charles is a possible one,—the separation of the two parts of the n Bill,—it seems to us much the most truly wise and al course; for it will keep separate the issues which really eparate, and will discriminate the points on which we are nited, from the points on which it is hardly possible or onceivable that we can be all united.

THE GREAT INDIAN DANGER.

EXTERNALLY, everything in India is at peace just now. Lord Ripon is governing sensibly and well, with unusual appreciation from natives, and with little criticism, except from those who think that he presses the work of decentralisation too fast and too far. It is felt, however, by all experienced men, that if India is to be permanently benefited by our rule, this process must be commenced; and after the first plunge has been made, opposition will slowly die away. After all, the Indians established municipalities and worked them successfully while their present rulers were tattooed savages; and as they continue to do so in Native States, they cannot have lost the art. The frontier troubles are nearly over, the Burmese troubles never come to a head, and in the length and breadth of India, with its population of 250,000,000, there is no local insurrection. The budget of the next financial year will be a fairly good one, if Egyptian expenses are small; and the Government has recurred with success to the older and wiser plan of raising necessary loans in the country itself, at rates calculated and paid in silver currency. All these are reassuring facts, as are also the growth of Indian trade, and the consequent enrichment of the trading class; but nevertheless, we wish it were possible for English politicians to attend, if it were only for a week of the Session, to one Indian subject. All accounts, independent and official, show that the ultimate difficulty of India, the economic situation of the cultivator, is coming to the front in a most disheartening way, and is exciting among the most experienced officials a sensation of positive alarm. In Bengal proper, the mainstay of the British sovereignty, the increase in the numbers of the people, the consequent competition for land, and the enhancements of rent by landlords, have all become so great, that the responsible officials are suggesting changes far more radical than the Irish Land Law. They, in fact, dread lest the spirit of resistance to rent already manifested in Pubna and other fertile counties should become general, and end in a movement, a passive insurrection, with which the Government could not cope, and which might break the sheet-anchor of Indian finance, the Land Revenue of Bengal. They, therefore, propose laws which will seriously diminish the landlords' power of evicting and of raising rents, but will not, we fear, relieve the pressure arising from increasing population, which has already absorbed all the good land in the country, and converted Bengal into a warren, swarming with people of whom one-third are, for their wants, well off; one-third struggling, but not in despair; and one-third perpetually on the verge either of famine or of bankruptcy, both being averted only by excessive labour, and an economy extending to an insufficient consumption of food. There must be many millions of people in the Presidency now, including, of course, Behar, who could not stand up against two bad harvests, but must be fed, through remissions of rent or direct grants, either by the landlords or the State.

That is not a safe position, and in the Mahratta country matters are even worse. Mr. Hunter's speech on the condition of the peasantry there, wisely telegraphed *in extenso* to the *Times*, was uttered before the Viceroy in Council by a servant of their own, and was uncontradicted. Mr. Hunter declares that in the wide Mahratta country, filled by the people who once conquered Central India and defied us, people made for guerrilla war, the situation is going from bad to worse, till the peasantry, by the admission of the special Judges appointed to examine their debts, not only cannot pay them, but cannot pay the Government assessment—their only rent—and have, in fact, "not enough to support themselves and their families throughout the year." This means that in these great districts, which are fertile, though possibly overcropped, the population lives in bad years upon the verge of starvation, and is perpetually increasing its permanent debt, which can never be paid except by the surrender of the fields, without which Indian peasants consider their case desperate. The Mahrattas in particular have absolutely no other resources. On the last occurrence of such pressure, they broke out and overflowed Central India as soldiery; but they cannot do this again, for the British sword is in the way. They have lost their carrying trade, killed for ever by the British railways. They have lost their village manufactures, killed, probably for ever, by British competition. And they have lost, we must add, though Mr. Hunter does not, their "wild" lands, lands, that is, of third-rate quality, formerly left uncultivated, except in times of pressure, but now absorbed in the increasing numbers. They are, therefore, reduced to the soil, and the soil cannot yield enough for all they have to pay. This is at least the official statement, supported by official reports specially ordered from most experienced men, whose direct and pressing interest it is to justify the Government in taxing heavily.

To Old Indians, such accounts as these are the more distressing, because they know well that no attacks upon the Government will remedy the evils described; because they despair of dealing with the grand economic cause, the increase of numbers; and because they realise, what no Englishman can realise, that while India is a continent, and not a country, and has in it, therefore, many prosperous and a few unusually happy regions, "distressed districts," though only "districts," may be so wide and include such huge masses of feeble people, that they may be as difficult to deal with as ruined kingdoms. If the fault were that of the Government, it could readily be cured; but what are the group of statesmen who constitute the "Government of India" to do? They can pass, and probably will pass, a law restoring the fixity of tenure to which in Bengal great sections of the peasantry have a clear historic right. They can, and certainly will, warn the Government of Bombay that its collectors must abstain from "enhancing" the assessments,—that is, the quit-rentals of the people. They may restrict severely the money-lenders' power of recovering old debts, and this they have done, and are doing. But, should these measures fail, as they readily may fail—for in the growth of population, the landless peasantry hire from the fixed ryots as well as from landlords, and essay to live on impossible patches of soil—what more can the Government attempt? They cannot surrender all revenue. They cannot, in Bengal, confiscate all Zemindars' rights. They cannot, in Bombay, pass the sponge over all mortgage debts. They cannot establish a self-working and permanent Poor-law, for taxation cannot be increased, and no grant the Treasury could make would seriously relieve the masses who would rightfully claim a share. They cannot force the people to emigrate, even if there were lands at their disposal fit for emigration. They cannot, in short, reduce the population, or increase the fertility of the soil, which, except in the Deltas, is racked already, and is much better cultivated than Englishmen believe; and they cannot give up all claim to a share in the produce, and so make the preservation of order and the distribution of justice simply impossible. They are faced on every side by impossibilities, or rather by a compulsion to pass small measures, when they know that only large measures could succeed, and doubt their right to sanction them. They could, for example, quiet Bengal, if not improve it, by declaring all tenants whatsoever to be *khodkhast*, or hereditary tenants beyond eviction or enhanced rents, but would not that be a breach of faith? The landlords say it would, and the Government evidently thinks so also. They could in Bombay remove distress for the present by reducing assessments one-fourth, sweeping off all mortgage debts, and, as the old Princes did, declaring cultured land inalienable for debt. But where is the remitted taxation to come from? Can a Christian Government declare debts contracted under its laws irrecoverable? Ought a civilised Government, even with the consent of the people, to declare to a whole population that its only available property shall be no longer available as a pledge?

We shall be asked how we reconcile these despondent views about the Indian cultivator with the admitted prosperity in many departments of Indian affairs. Just as we reconcile the condition of Donegal with the price of shares in the Bank of Ireland, or the condition of Essex farmers with the general state of British trade. There are states of society, as we see, in which every class will prosper except the cultivator of the soil; and that state, as officials warn us, begins to exist over large sections of India. Tens of millions of persons there either can do or will do nothing but cultivate; and if cultivation does not pay, what hope have they? The traders do not buy more food of them for being

rich, and they have only food to sell. They can get their "clothes" cheaper through free-trade and railways, but they have reduced clothes to such an inappreciable minimum, that the saving is not a rupee a year per house. They need nothing else save only land, and land, under the pressure of numbers, becomes so dear, that either the profit per acre will not keep them, or they get too few acres for a maintenance. New occupations would save them, but they must be occupations for millions, and where are they? Emigration would save them, but even the British Government dare not force them to emigrate, and voluntarily they will not go, except into neighbouring Native States, where they are not wanted, or neighbouring districts, which they speedily reduce to the old condition. Indian trade might be doubled, and all Indian traders made rich, and yet the pressure of ever-increasing multitudes upon the soil of Bengal and the Deccan might in a bad year produce famine, or a distress amidst which society would dissolve. Five people cannot live and pay a direct tax in money and the interest of old debts at sixteen per cent., upon five acres of overcropped soil, without danger in bad years of a catastrophe. That is the position of whole districts in India, and the comparative wealth of other districts is nothing to the purpose. All, however, that we want is thorough examination of the subject by men who can lead opinion. We have no course to recommend, and no law to oppose. We believe ourselves firmly that in India, as in Ireland, fixity of land tenure is the sheet-anchor of society, because it binds the majority closely to the State, but even fixity will not meet the economic danger. Let the statesmen say what will, or face the consequences, which in India will either be recurrent famines, or a bewildering, passive insurrection of men whom the Government cannot blame, or shoot down.

MR. RAIKES ON OPPOSITION.

MR. RAIKES'S article, in the *Nineteenth Century*, on the duties of Opposition, is interesting chiefly as betraying how curiously deep the Tories' belief still is that by highly appreciating Lord Hartington, they can produce the effect of depreciating Mr. Gladstone. It contains one very spiteful sentence, in which Mr. Raikes hints that Mr. Gladstone, during his retirement, was "suspected of prompting independent action" embarrassing to Lord Hartington. Suspected by whom? Certainly not by Lord Hartington, but perhaps by Mr. Raikes. Mr. Raikes's suspicions, however, on these subjects are not important factors in the policy of the Liberal Party, and though he is so anxious to panegyrise Lord Hartington, at the expense of Mr. Gladstone, he will not produce the effect of diminishing the strength of Liberal confidence either in Mr. Gladstone or in Lord Hartington. Mr. Raikes has shrewdness enough to see that the myth growing up as to Mr. Disraeli's infallibility as a Leader of Opposition is a misleading myth, which is leading more than one free-lance of the Conservative party,—Lord Randolph Churchill, for instance, in particular,—into very serious blunders. But he himself contributes not a little towards a myth at least as misleading, and quite as popular among Conservatives, as to the almost infallible sagacity with which Lord Hartington led the Opposition between 1875 and 1878,—a myth the value of which to Mr. Raikes is obvious enough, since it gives him the double opportunity he wants,—first, the opportunity of depreciating Mr. Gladstone, whose vast influence in the country is, as he rightly thinks, so mischievous to the Tory party; next, the opportunity of magnifying the particular style of Opposition leadership for which Lord Harington, as he thinks, has gained the applause of both parties.

Our own opinion of Lord Hartington as the Leader of Opposition is not at all that of Mr. Raikes. We should say, indeed, with him, that he made an admirable leader on all the greater occasions, before Mr. Gladstone brought forward his series of Resolutions on Eastern affairs. But it is simply a mistake to speak of him, as Mr. Raikes does, either, on the one hand, as exceptionally "moderate" in "his own political views;" or, on the other hand, as a very industrious leader, a view of him which Mr. Raikes rather suggests than asserts. Lord Hartington was a popular leader because he was so heartily Liberal,—even Radical,—in his views on all critical occasions, until at least subjects came up on which he had no very strong opinions of his own, and on which he was misled by the strong anti-Russian feeling which he supposed to pervade the Liberal Party in the country, as it certainly did pervade the circles in which he himself chiefly n
Lord Hartington earned no popularity at all as
able leader of Opposition. Sometimes he wa[illegible] in
his place on a Budget night. Often, for night after night of debates on Estimates or Supply, he left his place on the Front Bench unoccupied, and the conduct of Opposition to the guidance of Sir William Harcourt, or Mr. Forster, or even Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, or in the absence or inactivity of the whole Front Bench, of Sir Charles Dilke or Mr. Dillwyn below the gangway. Till the Eastern policy of the late Government came to be discussed, Lord Hartington did admirably on great occasions; but he was nothing like an indefatigable leader, showed nothing like Mr. Disraeli's tenacity when Mr. Disraeli occupied the same post. To this, in some degree, perhaps, Lord Hartington owes the excess of credit assigned to his leadership in the Tory ranks; to this, and their great desire to find some rival whom they can praise to the discredit of Mr. Gladstone. They like him partly for not bothering them much. They like him more for having turned the cold-shoulder to Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions on the affairs of the East. But they like him most of all because they believe that he could never have brought the country round to his side, as Mr. Gladstone brought it round; because they think that they should have fought a much more equal contest with him, than they have fought with Mr. Gladstone.

In all these reasons for admiring Lord Hartington, Mr. Raikes certainly concurs. But on one other point he has as certainly but little ground for his admiration. Lord Hartington has never been an especially mild Liberal. No doubt, when he thought the resistance to flogging in the Army had gone far enough, he administered a snub to the leaders of that resistance, which Mr. Chamberlain took up with more heat than wisdom. But on all the subjects on which the strength of Liberalism is usually tested, Lord Hartington often satisfied the left wing of the party even better than Mr. Gladstone has satisfied it. It would be difficult to find a better handbook of Radicalism than Lord Hartington's speeches in Lancashire during the canvas of 1880. We have heard these speeches referred to by Radicals as containing about the best condensation of sound Radical opinion that it would be possible to find. It was Lord Hartington, for instance, who first gave to the proposal of closing debate by a majority its true political importance. It was Lord Hartington who firmly insisted that this power was needed not merely to put down Obstruction, but to get rid of superfluous discussions for which the House has really no sufficient time. Indeed, there is not a test-subject for Radicals, from the reform of the Land Laws to the uses of what is commonly called a caucus, on which Lord Hartington has not expressed opinions on which Mr. Chamberlain himself could not easily improve. Why, then, is it that we hear so much from Conservatives of Lord Hartington's "moderation?" Only, we believe, because Lord Hartington now and then deferred, on subjects which he had not personally studied, like those affecting Russia and Turkey in the East, to the very strong opinions prevalent in London Clubs, though unshared by the country. This is only saying in another way what we have already admitted, that Lord Hartington is not the most diligent of politicians, that he has not Mr. Gladstone's versatility and enormous power of digesting subjects for himself, and that, consequently, when he is at fault, he is more or less biassed by the stratum of social opinion in which he lives. This is no very serious fault. But it is the only foundation that exists for the fable that Lord Hartington is at all less thorough-going in his Liberalism than Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Raikes, though he advances no general theory of the manner in which Opposition ought to be conducted, refers to Sir Stafford Northcote's failure to assail the Government effectually on the subject of the so-called "Kilmainham Treaty" as the greatest blunder which Sir Stafford Northcote has made, and professes his belief that if Mr. Gathorne Hardy had still been in the House of Commons during last April, the Government would have received its death-blow. All we can say is that no Member of the Government spoke with more effect on that subject than Lord Hartington; and though, of course, it does not follow that because his plain common-sense was effective in defending the release of Mr. Parnell, his plain common-sense might not have been equally effective, had he been Leader of the Opposition, in attacking it, yet it does lend a certain presumption to that view. It would be difficult to find leaders less like each other in their conception of the duties of Opposition than Lord Hartington and Mr. Gathorne Hardy (Lord Cranbrook). The

strong and lucid on matters of principle, but a[illegible]ng to press a personal attack beyond what was [illegible]; while the latter has always revelled in personal attacks, and on a very famous occasion even attempted to support a justification of the policy of the Empire in India in 1878, on a vilification of the policy of the Empire in India under Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook in 1869 and 1873. We find it very difficult to believe that Lord Hartington would have discharged effectively, as leader of Opposition, the office which Mr. Raikes justly thinks that Mr. Gathorne Hardy would have discharged very effectively indeed. It has never been Lord Hartington's art to use happily the force of political prejudice and personal innuendo, and to refuse opponents credit for meaning exactly what they say. Mr. Raikes's conception of the duties of Opposition is a little confused. He would like to combine in the Conservative leader a pungency of personal criticism like Mr. Gathorne Hardy's, with the reputation of a perfect fairness and candour of criticism like Lord Hartington's. But these qualities can hardly be combined. We must allow statesmen the defects of their qualities, whether those qualities be justice and candour, or a talent for personal criticism. Lord Hartington's qualities imply a certain deficiency in the power of running-down opponents who have merely excited against them very wide-spread prepossessions. Lord Cranbrook's qualities imply a certain deficiency in allowing fairly for the atmosphere of prejudice with which unpopular politicians of the type of Irish agitators are viewed. Mr. Raikes might conceive a Leader of Opposition who had the qualities of either, and the defects which accompany them, but hardly a Leader of Opposition who combined the qualities of both, and the defects of neither. Yet, that is what he wants.

THE BRITISH PROPOSAL FOR THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE *Times* of Friday makes an announcement which, if true, is of great importance. The British Government, after a deliberation almost needlessly long, has agreed to propose to the Powers that the Suez Canal shall be declared a free water-way for the world, an arm of the sea, to be traversed at discretion by the navies and commercial steamers of all Powers wishing to use it. Those who pass must pay duties for the privilege, as they used to do in the Sound, and equally, of course, must abstain from fighting within the Canal, as they must now abstain from fighting within the waters under the municipal control of any European Power. The rule against fighting in harbour will be applied as it would be applied in the Channel, and all fighting in the Mediterranean or Red Sea must be done so as not to impede the International waterway.

If this statement is correct, the Government has, we believe, hit upon that proposal which, while most just to other nations, safeguards most completely the interests of this country. The general need of every Power using the Canal is, that whether the nations are at war or at peace, its own ships shall have a right of unimpeded passage, and this is secured. England and America or England and France might be at war, and still their ships could pass through the Canal, just as they could pass through the Channel unimpeded, except by material force exerted on the open sea; and so also could the ships of all neutrals. No Power, under pretext of being at war, could block or occupy the Canal without incurring the hostility of all Europe; and no Power could, as owner of either bank, shut the Canal, without the same consequence. The Canal, in fact, could not be legally shut at all, and the law keeping it open would have this peremptory sanction, that any nation using it would fight, rather than see it shut. The law, therefore, is sure to be observed, and the Suez Canal becomes a narrow gulf of the Mediterranean, or a prolongation of the Red Sea. That must be good for Europe, and especially for the less formidable European Powers; while, as regards England, it is perfect security. Any Power which fights us must fight us on open water, which is just what we want. True, we waive the right of asking Egypt to close the Canal, and a French or Russian Fleet may pass through to attack India; but then also a British Fleet can pass through to defend India, and we can fight in the Red Sea as easily as in the Mediterranean.

Only one danger, in fact, remains. Suppose the Canal blocked by a new Arabi, or a conqueror coming from Southern Egypt, and careless of International Law, which is, of course, possible. Well, suppose the Straits of Malacca blocked by a pirate. The new Arabi, like the pirate, would become at once *hostis humani generis*, and would be attacked and hanged as rapidly as might be. We cannot prevent such an occurrence, any more than we can prevent O'Donovan Rossa from blowing up an Irish ship in the Canal itself, but we can punish it in a way which no one but a lunatic would risk. Moreover, we intend to construct, in one way or another, a stable Government in Egypt, whether Native or European, and without the consent of that Government no such outrage is possible; while, as such consent would be followed by the downfall of the Government, no such consent will be given. The Canal, in fact, will for us be as secure as if we held it; while for the rest of Europe it will be more secure, a result most acceptable to all diplomatists, and calculated in the highest degree to smooth the British path in Egypt itself. The first source of all the jealousy in that matter is, that England, ruling in Egypt, might block the Canal; and, under Lord Granville's proposal, she, while demanding that the Canal shall always remain as open as any other arm of the sea, renounces that power for ever. The Canal Question is cut out of the Egyptian Question, and settled by itself, on so strong a basis that every Power in Europe will be directly interested in keeping the law intact. That would be an admirable total result of diplomacy, and will, we believe, be assailed in England only by those fanatics who fancy that England could have gained the right to close the Canal whenever she was herself at war. She could not, and if she could, would have acquired an almost nominal advantage. A French Fleet or a Russian Fleet cannot defeat a British Fleet one bit the more because it can get into the Red Sea. We, possessing also a permanent right of transit through the Canal, can follow it there just as easily as into any arm of the Mediterranean; and, indeed, much more easily, because from the Red Sea there is no escape without encounter with a squadron stationed, as it would be in war-time, off the Isle of Perim. The British, in fact, without exciting jealousy and without committing an unfairness, get rid of the possibility of the Canal being shut, of Turkish claims to its sovereignty, of Egyptian claims to its sovereignty, and of M. de Lesseps' claims to do as he likes with his own creation. The Suel Canal becomes the Suez Channel, —which is precisely the result that suits all the world, and especially England, best.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON LOCAL TAXATION.

MOST people have at one time or another been stopped on their way from a foreign station to their hotel by the officers of the Octroi, and many of them, perhaps, have thought with pride of the freedom from such annoyances enjoyed by Englishmen. To the traveller who has merely to answer the conventional question by the conventional negation the inconvenience is nothing, but to the marketwomen who are bringing in their goods, and to the townspeople who have to pay an enhanced price for every article so brought in, it is a real inconvenience. Yet the Octroi, after all, is only a method, clumsy, perhaps, but not quite ineffectual, of avoiding the gross injustice of our English system of local taxation. It is one among the Continental answers to the question put by Mr. Chamberlain, in the letter which was printed in Tuesday's papers, "How far should personal property contribute to local taxation?" Englishmen dismiss the inquiry with a gruff "Not at all!" Land, and the houses built on land, are the only things that are tangible enough for the dull vision of a local authority. That is all very well, if the only thing to be considered is how the question may be soonest got rid of, but it bears hardly upon owners and occupiers. There is room, perhaps, for some difference of opinion as to the precise division of local burdens between these two classes, but there is no doubt that they fall upon them, and upon none other. No third kind of property is admitted to share the honour. A man is judged by his house, or by his estate. If that is large, he has to give largely; if that is small, he must give as cheerfully as he can out of that little. Two men may have precisely the same income, but if one lives in a large house and the other in a small one, or if they live in houses of the same size, but at opposite ends of the town, there will be all the difference in the world between the sums they severally pay to the rate-collector. It does not matter what other sources of income either of them has, the local authorities are powerless to touch them. A man who lives in lodgings and does not own land, may be a millionaire, and the parish be none the wiser. What he has is only personal property, and as such, it is held to be too insignificant to be worth rating. There was a time, no doubt, when it was so,—a time when the wealth of the

country lay almost exclusively in land, and all that land contained or supported. But that time has long passed away, and in towns especially there is a vast amount of property which pays nothing whatever towards the cost of local government. It is said, indeed, by way of extenuation of this system, that though local taxes do not fall on the right property, they fall on the right people. The rich do not pay rates on all that they have, but they pay them on a kind of property which varies in value with the amount of their wealth. A man's house-rent is a good index to his income, and if the rates are levied on house-rent, the rich and the poor pay about in proportion to their means. In a very general sense, indeed, this is true. Poor men live in poor houses, and pay low rents; well-to-do men live in good houses, and pay large rents. But as between one class of well-to-do men and another, house-rent is no index at all. A man with £10,000 a year who has no children, may not care to have a better house than the man with £3,000 who has children. Custom determines that they shall live in the same class of house, and the size of the family determines whether in that class the house shall be small or large. And then there is a whole army of lodgers, of all ranks and pursuits, who present nothing that the rate-collector can take hold of. It may be an unavoidable anomaly that local burdens should be unequally distributed, but the fact that they are unequally distributed is beyond dispute.

In Mr. Chamberlain's review of the several plans that have been proposed for remedying this inequality, the first place is given to the plan of making grants from the Consolidated Fund. Mr. Chamberlain condemns this, as costly to the State and not economical to the Ratepayers. No amount of reasoning could establish the contrary, so long as the experiment, whenever tried, is uniformly unsuccessful. Of late years, contributions from the Consolidated Fund have been very much in fashion, and if they were really suited to the end they are supposed to answer, local rates ought to be considerably lower than they were. Instead of this, they have remained pretty much what they were, and in many instances they have even increased. The fact is not at all hard to be explained. When a burden which used to be borne by one person is divided between two, the relief seems much greater than it is. The ratepayers are in the position of two men who have agreed to dine together, on the plea that it is cheaper than dining separately. So it may be, if they order no more for the two than each would have ordered for himself. But the chances are that they go a good deal beyond this limit, and that in the end each has to pay more than he would have paid if he had dined by himself. It is the same thing, Mr. Chamberlain says, with a local authority, when it has to consider an increase of the police force, or in the provision for lunatics. "A strong argument in favour of additional expenditure is always found in the fact that half the cost will be provided by the Government." The ratepayers are relieved so far as this, that the whole bill does not come upon them; but if, in consequence of this, they give their orders with proportionately greater readiness, their special half of the expense may be as large as the whole would have been, had they had greater incentives to economy.

Mr. Chamberlain's own thoughts turn to the allocation of some of the Imperial taxes to local purposes, "thus increasing the income of the local authorities, while leaving to them the whole amount of and responsibility for their own expenditure." He does not explain, however, by what machinery he would effect this. Is the amount of the tax made over to vary with the needs of the local authority? Supposing the carriage tax, for example, to be chosen, would each local authority be at liberty to fix the duty on carriages within its own jurisdiction? Or would the tax be fixed, as now, by Parliament, and only the specified amount collected and appropriated by the local authority? In the latter case, the effect on the local authorities would be only that of a grant from the Consolidated Fund. In the former case, the inequalities would be as great as those in the Poor-rate are now, and they would be more startling. The same carriage which in one place was charged, as now, two guineas a year, would in another place be charged ten guineas. We do not know that there would be any more harm in this than there is in the difference between a Poor-rate of sixpence in the pound and one of three shillings, but it would be novel, and being novel, it would excite more attention and remonstrance. The French plan is to add a certain number of centimes to certain taxes, the amount of the addition being fixed by the local authorities, but the money being got in as part of the tax, so that there is no additional expense for [illegible] has been proposed," says Mr. Chamberlain, "the authorities should serve upon the Income-tax [illegible] a precept of so much in the pound, to be collected for local objects and handed over by the Commissioners." In many ways this would be the fairest of all the substitutes that have been suggested for the present system. The existing arrangements, however, for collecting the Income-tax offer very serious obstacles to its adoption. Mr. Chamberlain apparently regards these obstacles as insurmountable, but it is not quite clear why they should be so. All Income-tax on investments, he says, is collected in London, and a man with property in the Funds or in Railways who happened to live in the country would pay nothing towards the expenditure of his own district, while he would contribute largely to the London rates. So, too, a man may have a house in the country, and another in London. At present, he returns his Income-tax at either of them, at his choice; but if he had to pay some additional pence for local purposes, he would find out where the rates were lowest, and return his Income-tax in London or in the country, according as he had fewest of these additional pence to pay in one place or the other. These are obvious objections to the application of the French plan to England, but is it certain that they could not be met by some change in the process of collection? Perhaps it would be impossible, but we should be sorry to see the idea abandoned until some fiscal ingenuity has been brought to bear on it. Hitherto, the one object kept in view in the collection of the Income-tax has been to make it as little burdensome as is consistent with the maintenance of the few safeguards which it is possible to devise, where so much is necessarily left to individual honesty. But if the Treasury would give its mind to modifying the regulations with a view of localising the tax, and thus adopting it for local as well as for Imperial purposes, it is possible that the difficulty might in a great measure disappear. At all events, where the injustice of the present system of rating is so great, it is worth while to set experts upon inquiring whether something cannot be done in this direction.

MONEYED WIVES.

IT is only necessary to read the "Instructions" about Deposits issued by the Postmaster-General on January 1st, to see the extent of the change which will be effected by the Married Women's Property Act. The Post Office which, as a great Bank, is constantly liable to suits-at-law, has very good legal advice; and its advisers interpret that Act with a breadth and freedom which, much as the measure has been discussed, will take many husbands' breath away, and perhaps at first work some injustice. In brief, the Post Office announces that from January 1st a married woman's deposit in the Savings' Bank is her own, as absolutely as if she were single, and that she can take it away, and therefore spend it, without her husband's concurrence or signature. He has no more to do with the matter than if his wife were his sister, or his mother. As thousands of husbands in England deposit their savings in their wives' names, in order to keep them more secret from their employers and their neighbours, this decision will at first, we doubt not, create a good many heart-burnings. The husband will be compelled to ask his wife to pay his own savings over to him, that he may open a new account; and though, in the vast majority of such cases, this will be done without a word, in a few the wife will suspect that the money will be spent, will resent the loss of influence created by the necessity for her signature, and will be bitter about the matter. She will not be entirely wrong, either, as a good many men will take out money to waste when they can do it unseen, who would leave their money safe in the Savings' Bank, if they had to tell their wives of its withdrawal. It is, however, only just that the husband should have his own money, and the bitterness will pass away, while the good of the Act will remain, and will, we confidently predict, as regards the Depositing Class, be unexpectedly great. Novelists will not admit it, but nothing is better established than that the English woman of the working-class, especially the woman whose husband has from 25s. to 40s. a week, is, when she does not drink—which, unless very miserable, she rarely does—a saving creature. She likes to accumulate, if she can, to possess a little "unbeknown" to spend on her children or herself, or it may be her husband, to make a purse for a rainy day,—to be, as she puts it herself, "a little in front of the world." Women

[illegible] pleasure of security much more than men do. [illegible]orking-wife will save as carefully and persistently as a peasant's wife, though not quite with such rigid penuriousness—the French women having, for example, a moral horror of candles and fire, as wasters—but she has hitherto had to encounter one great obstacle. It is difficult to keep money in a little house in secret, with husband and children and neighbours all ravening for silver, and more difficult to bank it, because then the husband must be consulted as to its withdrawal, knows exactly how much there is, and is always, to say the best, under a temptation to liberality, which the wife crushes down. Henceforward, the wife, if she can make or save any money, can keep it all by herself, in absolute security and earning interest, without consulting anybody; and, as we believe, she will do it to an unexpected extent. Certainly she will when, as is the case in so many of the great cities, she is one of two bread-winners, works as hard as her husband, and is expected to bear a share, often a principal share, in all expenditure for the children other than buying food. She will, in those cases, like to hoard through the Post Office very much; and whether she improves her own character or not—we never feel quite certain as to the moral effect of close thrift—she will certainly become more independent, and the house more comfortable. There is no need to assert, though it is often sadly true, that the wife is, in this country, fonder of the children than the husband, is less given to drink, and is more far-sighted; it is sufficient to remember that she values pence more, and has more microscopic eyes, which is universally true, to be certain that the habit of saving among married women will, with their new independence, become much larger.

The operation of the Act within much higher households will, we believe, be nearly the same,—a great development of individuality among women, and a decided increase in economical management. It may be, probably will be, years before middle-class women, or rich women who are not compelled by misery to understand law as their poorer sisters do, will fully recognise the alteration which has been made in their position by the Act; but when they do, they will undoubtedly feel a novel sense of independence. It is this point which, as it seems to us, our contemporaries forget, when they say the social result of the Act will be so small. We do not expect, any more than they do, that laws which have their foundation deep in human nature will cease to operate; that all wives with money will defy their husbands, or that all husbands with moneyed wives will cease to rule their own households. All that, we agree, is nonsense, akin to the nonsense that educated women make bad housekeepers, or that the girl who knows Greek will never mend a frock; but it is not nonsense to say that a new spirit will enter households in which both husband and wife have incomes. The differences caused by mental change is much greater than the difference caused by material change, and the mental change will be very great. The wife may leave her husband to manage the joint income as before, or may spend her share on the house as much as ever, but she will do either with a new sense that the money is her own, that she has more right over it, more claim to be heard about it,—more justice, so to speak, on her side. The mere fact that if the wife insists the husband cannot in future take his own way regardless of her remonstrance will have a great effect, and there is more than this in the change. English people are not only law-honest, but they are very law-honest. One-half of us, at least, will regard spending money legally our own, though it came from the wife, as a different matter from spending money not legally our own, but still belonging to the wife. No relation in the world quite extinguishes the instinct of *meum* and *tuum*, which, with the alteration of the law, will revive in its full force. To take the commonest of cases. A man receiving some fortune with his wife allows her £200 a year to do as she likes with. She spends it, but always with a sense that she is in some sort spending as a trustee. She receives, however, subsequently to the Act £200 a year by bequest, and the allowance stops. We contend that the second £200 a year will be spent under a totally different sense of responsibility, with more independence, and therefore more individuality, even though, gifts being sweet to givers, it is spent more directly on the husband. There could be no gift before. This increase of individuality is about to accrue, moreover, just at a moment when, as all observers admit, women are seeking individuality with a sort of passion, when they are crying for "rights" which are all rights to be separate and unmerged in their husbands, when they are educating themselves with a diligence never before known, when they are trying so hard to earn for themselves, that new classes of swindlers are trading upon the desire, and that dozens of societies, most of them very badly contrived, are trying to force women's way to new careers. The effect will, therefore, be great, and one of its manifestations will be a new vigour of economy. The journalists all seem to be bemused with the notion that the wives owning their own money will want to waste it, or, at all events, to spend it, on their own fancies. Some will waste and a good many will spend in a direction which the husband may disapprove,—that is, will spend upon the children in a way very injurious to his own authority. The fondness of women for their children just when they seem to be going wrong, the disposition to send money to Tommy when he is outrunning allowances, and to back up Lucy in buying three dresses instead of two, will, we doubt not, be an operative force, and a frequent cause of trouble, or even of bitter dissension, in well-off households. But the majority of Englishwomen are not spenders, but savers; are annoyed by many of men's extravagances, in gifts as well as purchases; are vexed, not pleased, to see the money disappear without visible return. They say little now, unless the extravagance becomes dangerous, because the money is not theirs, and all people have about money some instinct of justice; but when it is theirs, they will say much more, and often very effectually. It is not so easy to resist prudent counsel at any time, and when the prudence takes the form of advice to save money which is legally as well as morally the speaker's own, what is to be done but yield? We do not, as we have said, expect many dissensions to arise from the law, for husband and wife can get along in pecuniary matters like any other partners; and nine times out of ten, the husband, if he will only be at the trouble to reason, instead of ordering, will have his own way; but depend on it, of such as do arise, the majority will spring from the wife's wish to accumulate, and not from her wish to spend. That this will be the case among the poor is not only certain, but admitted; and the human nature of the poor is not a separate article, belonging to them alone. Whether that change will be for good, we do not pretend to decide. Very often it will not be, for Englishmen seem, when they become over-prudent, to suffer some moral and intellectual loss which is not so great among over-prudent Continentals or among women; but that the change will, on the whole, increase the stability of English households, we feel sure. That the contrary should be so widely fancied, or, at all events, so widely said, is one more proof among many how much more men form their ideas from books than from their own observation. The satirists accuse women of extravagance, the observers accuse them of over-thrift; the satirists say they never understand pecuniary business, the observers say they understand every business rule quite readily, except the usefulness of a little waste in lubricating the movement of affairs. The total result of the Married Women's Property Act will be to make women more independent and individual, and, therefore, to bring out in a stronger way their penchant for accumulation.

M. RENAN ON THE "AMUSINGNESS" OF THE AGE.

M. RENAN, in the striking autobiographical study which he has recently contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,—a sketch of himself which well deserves separate study,—remarks, in conclusion, that the age we live in will probably not be regarded as one of the greatest, but will be regarded as the most amusing of ages; and M. Renan adds that, unless the close of his life has something very severe in store for him, he shall have no right to feel anything but thankfulness towards the Cause of all Good "for the charming progression which he has been permitted to make through Reality." We wonder to how many men of our own day, and especially to how many men of our own country, M. Renan's saying will recommend itself as a true description of the age in which they are living. To M. Renan, who, as he says, has seldom been looked upon even by the French omnibus-drivers as "un voyageur sérieux," so willing has he been to let any one who wished it sit upon him, if it would spare the sitter inconvenience, a good deal has probably seemed amusing which would not seem amusing to

every one. He has evidently had an exceptionally sweet and easy temper, which has annihilated for him the smaller vexations of the world; and he has evidently also had that power of not taking too much to heart the greater issues of life, which sometimes accompanies a very sweet and easy temper, being related to it, indeed, partly as cause;—for when the greater issues of life do not strain the nerves to their highest tension, there is much more elasticity left for meeting the smaller crosses with an easy indifference, or even an amused and cheerful display of intellectual and moral stoicism. M. Renan may, perhaps, be regarded as having rarely been "un voyageur sérieux" through life in any capacity. He has known so well how to throw oil on the troubled waters of existence, whether the trouble has arisen from earnestness, or want, or care, or doubt, that even through the breakers of youth his path was comparatively smooth and safe. He is, indeed, hardly a type of average men,—first, because moral and intellectual problems which many of them would never care for are sufficiently interesting to him to furnish him with a very delightful mental occupation; and next, because he is very unlike most of those who would share his preoccupation with these problems, in the completely unimpassioned character of the interest which is all that he can feel in their solution or their insolubility. M. Renan, if we may trust his own account of himself, has felt much the same kind of pleasurable imaginative interest in the greater issues of human destiny which beguiled Gibbon into his great work on "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,"—an interest not too small for long, vivid, and preoccupying meditation, but not so great as to involve an impatient repudiation of the plausible and superficial treatment of many subjects the adequate and thorough treatment of which would be quite inconsistent with a brilliant and fascinating manipulation of the whole matter in hand. M. Renan has found our age "amusing," partly because he has just the kind of mind to be thoroughly roused by the deeper questions which interest so few, but which are sufficiently pressed upon the present age to loom larger than ever on the literary class; partly because he has not the kind of mind to feel, even on these subjects, any passion of spiritual interest. We can hardly take, then, M. Renan's evidence as the evidence of a typical man of culture, either for France or England, least of all for England. What would most educated men who have any sufficient acquaintance with other ages to criticise those ages at all, say to M. Renan's assertion that our age is, of all ages, probably the most amusing?

We think they would say, first, perhaps, that in England, at all events, whatever may be said of France, there is amongst educated men hardly that easy self-tolerance which is the first condition of an amused life. In the earlier part of the last century, there is evidence, as well in England as on the Continent, that a feeling of self-satisfaction was felt in the mere possession of educated intelligence, which rendered such intelligence very much better adapted to form the basis of an amusing life than it is now. To be constantly amused, you must not have too deep a sense of reality. After all, amusement means being drawn away from the more engrossing pursuits of life, to lighter kinds of interest. If this be the most amusing of all ages, it must be so because the engrossing interests of other ages are less engrossing, and the lighter interests are more various, and more capable of taking the place of the engrossing interests. Or we may, perhaps, put it this way,—that if the present age is the most amusing of all ages, it must be because some of the interests which were life-and-death interests to the older world, are not life-and-death interests, but only lively imaginative interests, to the modern world. Now, does that truly represent the culture of the present age, or not? We should say that in England, at least, it does not represent it well; that so far as we can see, the world of Pope and Steele and Addison was far better contented to play with the intellectual side of life, and to meddle with life's greater issues only in that superficial way which can best produce "amusement," than our own. It is one result of the universal recognition of the duty of educating the whole people, that those who are best educated are less able than they used to be to regard knowledge chiefly as entertaining, or even wit itself as positively absolving him who possesses it from all social obligations except those necessary for its display. The earnestness of the age is too real to admit of any pervading sense of amusement. A very amusing age must be an age of many and various interests, like ours, but also of little pressure, unlike ours. Among the classes who look chiefly for amusement, there is too little restfulness to obtain successfully what they look for. Someho catch the contagion of unrest from those who ca cause they see so much left undone which ought to that is a contagion which, once caught, is fatal to true amusement. You cannot be amused without an easy mind, and the present age, in England at all events, is not remarkable for an easy mind. Matthew Arnold has asked:—

> "But we, brought forth and reared in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise,—
> What shelter to grow ripe is our's,
> What leisure to grow wise?"

And though the implied negative answer may be a poetic exaggeration, we believe it is true that the combination of greatly increased facilities for knowing the world with a greatly increased sense of the duty of improving the world, has done at least as much to undermine the amusingness of amusements for us, as the increased intellectual resources of our age has done to multiply the number of accessible amusements. Undoubtedly, the new rapidity of life has, on the whole, impaired its amusingness to educated people, though, doubtless, to the duller classes of all lands it has brought a new element of variety. To the educated, however, it spoils amusement to have so many competing amusements and entertainments between which to choose. Indeed, this hurry of competition too often injures the quality of the amusements themselves, for the strain after novelty is not the atmosphere in which genuine humour, or playfulness, or the easy, meditative wit which is most truly amusing, is at all wont to grow. Compare the age which is most genuinely taken with Gilbert's *Patience* with the age which was most genuinely taken by Sheridan's *Rivals* or *Critic*, and we shall, we think, be compelled to say that both the power to amuse, and the genuineness of the amusement, were much greater in the earlier age than in our own. The great increase in the number of interests, the vast multiplication of small supplies of knowledge from all quarters, is too distracting for the genuine amusement of mankind. A certain power of brooding is necessary to every one with a real genius for amusing mankind, and a certain power of absorbing the atmosphere of amusement is necessary to those who would really enjoy it. The more active spirits of our age have neither the leisure to produce the highest forms of amusement, nor the leisure to enjoy them when produced. It is only quiet and solitary writers who can provide us with the higher forms of amusement, and they provide what it takes more leisure and rest of mind to enjoy, than the ordinary class of enjoyers are willing to give. It is quite true, of course, that those who, like M. Renan, can find the truest enjoyment in the consideration and discussion of the highest spiritual and moral questions, and who are not sufficiently open to the morally disturbing influences of our time to have their imaginative enjoyment interrupted by external causes, have fuller opportunities of enjoyment, and fewer of the troubles appertaining to such enjoyment, than the men of any other age could have had before them. But then, as a rule, those who share M. Renan's interests find in them much more than opportunities for intellectual enjoyment; while those who do not share those interests will rarely find their amusements important enough to fill that place in their mind which they obviously fill in M. Renan's. It is, doubtless, the most amusing of all ages to one who can find the most profound enjoyment, and little beyond enjoyment, in considering the origin of all religions, for while no age has ever been permitted to deal so frankly and freely with these questions as the present age, no age has ever had such rich intellectual opportunities for dealing with them thoroughly. But for those whose amusements are not derived from themes so solemn, but are really relaxations from the strain of practical life, the age is not, we think, nearly so amusing as many which have preceded it,—partly because those who provide the amusements are more jaded by the moral pressure of the day than their predecessors, and still more because those who should enjoy the amusements, have not the spring of mind left to enjoy them as thoroughly as similar amusements were enjoyed by previous generations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AND MILES PLATTING.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Unlike my old friend, Mr. Hughes, I feel very grateful to the *Spectator* for the line that it has all along taken, throughout

quabbles, in favour of toleration and the rights of ... liberty ... other parties in the Church so freely enjoy, will be sorely tempted, not to turn Roman Catholics, as the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol kindly suggests, but either to cause a disruption, or to promote disestablishment, is obvious. True statesmanship, as well as true charity, would surely try to remove the temptation to either course. Archbishop Tait would have done this. It is to be hoped that Archbishop Benson, and the majority of his brethren, will follow that Christian lead. We want different types of service, to suit different types of mind and feeling. Ranging from the worship of our forefathers in the beginning of King Edward VI.'s reign, which the Ornaments Rubric, according to its author, Bishop Cosin, was meant to cover, to the mission service which many of us have found both useful and popular, which in the Prayer-book is conspicuous by its absence, and which differs in nothing, except, I hope, in its refinement, from that of any little or big Bethel in the kingdom. After all, the Ritualists, whatever their faults, have a good deal to complain of. An Act of Parliament (of a non-Christian Parliament) is passed avowedly for the partisan purpose of "putting down Ritualism." Its spirit is faithfully carried out by the Judicial Committee, in direct contradiction of previous decisions, in "Westerton *v.* Liddell," and "Martin *v.* Mackonochie." The plain, natural, common-sense meaning of the Ornaments Rubric, as declared in these two judgements, had previously been affirmed by the famous Committee of Lords and Divines in 1641, as well as by such authorities on Ritual as Dr. Nicholls, Wheatley, Bishop Phillpotts, and Dr. Stephens; while the later decision was declared by Chief Baron Pollock, one of the Judicial Committee himself, to have been founded on policy, and not on law. Then the Judge of the so-called Arches Court never fulfils the conditions of subscription, &c., which alone could give him any spiritual authority; and, indeed, he expressly repudiates any authority not that of Parliament. And now the Ritualists may fairly complain that the Bishop of Manchester, who, we are told, is "the officer in charge upon whom it rests to see the law as it stands obeyed," is himself a notorious law-breaker in this very matter, seeing that he never wears the Eucharistic vestment (a cope) which Canon xxiv. orders him to wear; while, by sanctioning the innovation of evening communions, contrary to all the customs and usages of the Church of England, he lays himself open to the censure pronounced in Article xxxiv. upon all who, "of their private judgment, openly break the traditions and ceremonies of the Church." Mr. Hughes forgets that the Bishop has said many "an unkind word of Mr. Green" and his friends. He has never tired of proclaiming that they were "bad citizens," who "posed as martyrs." Perhaps the Court Bishops in the time of Charles I. thought and said the same of John Hampden, when he resisted the illegal decisions of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in his day. We all now feel that John Hampden won the civil liberties of England by his "bad citizenship." I venture to think that our religious liberties will owe very much the same debt of gratitude to the Ritualists.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Burghclere, January 1st. G. R. Portal.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Permit me to say that your article on the Bishop of Manchester's refusal to institute Mr. Cowgill to St. John's, Miles Platting, is not characterised by that fairness which is looked for in the *Spectator*.

The paragraph to the effect that the Bishop commits the offence for which he blames the Ritualists, by setting up "his own interpretation of the law against the interpretation affixed to it, or, at all events, believed to be affixed to it, by the Courts," is surely proof that my complaint is well founded. The Bishop, in truth, would only lay himself open to your charge if, after the Courts had expressly ordered him to institute Mr. Cowgill, he contumaciously refused to obey the order, and still held on to the exercise of his office as Bishop of Manchester. Nor is the difference between "affixed to it" and "believed to be affixed to it" one to be slurred over. If "believed to be" is the right phrase, then an explicit declaration of the law is plainly needed, in order to remove responsibility from those who act under the law.

A weak or a cowardly Bishop would have found ease and comfort in yielding to what appears to be an attempt to force the hands of an ecclesiastical authority, and so to discredit the action of the Ecclesiastical Courts; but the Bishop of Manchester has preferred to vindicate the law, even with the certainty of bringing on himself much personal ill-will.

Here, in his diocese, the Bishop's candour of mind and deep conscientiousness have been too abundantly shown, and are too fully appreciated, for your words to be of much account; but where confidence in his judgment and uprightness, through want of knowledge of his character, is more feeble, your censure may have undue weight, and, therefore, I beg you to admit to your columns at least one protest against its justice.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Walter S. Kinch.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I have read with deep regret your remarks on the refusal of the Bishop of Manchester to institute Mr. Cowgill to the living of St. John's, Miles Platting. I agree with Mr. Hughes in the opinion that the Bishop has made a noble stand, and I think he deserves the support of all loyal Churchmen.

I, in common with my Evangelical brethren, deplore the action of the Bishop of London in the Mackonochie case, and consider it fatal to the introduction of true peace into our divided Church. It would seem as if the Episcopal Bench, with a few honourable exceptions, had ceased to resist the reintroduction of sacerdotal errors, both in teaching and practice, into the Church,—nay, had resolved to throw their shield over such errors, though they are opposed to the principles of the Reformation, and to the existing constitution of the Church, as established by law. The Evangelical body is still a power and an influence in the Church, though, to read some of the secular papers, one might think it was dead past revival; and many outside the Church Association are sorely grieved and troubled by the late official connivance with the sacerdotal conspiracy.

I trust a general expression of sympathy may before long be conveyed to the Bishop of Manchester, from those who admire the firmness and dignified moderation he has shown in circumstances of undoubted difficulty.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Charles D. Bell, D.D.

The Rectory, Cheltenham, January 3rd.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Is there not a fair defence of the Bishop of Manchester upon the charge of truce-breaking which you bring against him? There are two benefices now in exactly the same position as to avoidance by deprivation. In the one case, the patronage rests with a High Churchman; in the other, with a body of Evangelical Trustees. The way of peace would, apparently, be that no nomination should be made in either case; and the period of lapse, first to the Bishop and then to the Metropolitan, would afford ample time for the issue of the report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission.

But if the Bishop of Manchester had held himself bound to institute to Miles Platting, the Evangelical Trustees of Bordesley might reasonably have claimed a right to put a similar pressure on the Bishop of Worcester. As it is, the way is left open to these Trustees to abstain from nominating; and Sir Percival Heywood has intimated with sufficient clearness that the services at Miles Platting may meanwhile be conducted as the Bordesley services are now, sentences of deprivation notwithstanding. The London analogy is incomplete, as Mr. Mackonochie has not been deprived,—I am, Sir, &c., F. S. L.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Not wishing other than the right shoulders to bear the responsibility of holding an opinion with which Mr. Thomas Hughes disagrees, I write to say that the view that a Bishop "goes beyond the law in refusing to institute a man who will not undertake to keep within it," has been expressed by this journal, and by no other legal newspaper. Mr. Hughes may possibly think the difference between this journal and that to which you, Sir, erroneously attributed the opinion on December 23rd last, a difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee; but even the humblest individual is entitled to his own identity.—I am, Sir, &c., The Editor.

"Law Journal" Office, December 30th, 1882.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK AND THE FINANCE OF 1881-2.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I do not often see the *Spectator* when out of town, but the number for December 23rd I got because I wanted to read a friend's article on Landor. After that, I lighted on your

praise of Sir John Lubbock's financial ability, &c. This, as general praise, is doubtless deserved; but surely his statement on the present occasion is not a perfectly fair statement. You may have a right to deduct from the expenses of 1882 the cost of the Afghan war, but not *also* that of the Egyptian war; *utrum horum mavis, accipe*, as the Latin grammar remarks. Subtract, if you please, the Beaconsfield expenditure; but then, you must add your own in its place, unless, indeed, by some formula of Midlothian logic, Sir John is entitled to assume that as all Tory wars are wicked and foolish, the Tory Ministers have to answer, in their guilt, for what such wars cost; whilst, on the other hand, all Liberal hostilities are wise and virtuous, and, therefore, the great heart of the nation refuses to consider Liberal Ministers responsible for their blood-money, but nobly looks upon it as its own debt. If that is the argument, it admits of no answer; only, of course, you do not expect it to be accepted by your obedient servant,

A Fossil Tory.

[Sir John Lubbock was not dealing with the present financial year, but with that ending March 31st, 1882, and with that he dealt completely. Of course, the cost of the Egyptian War ought to be counted, and will be counted in the finance of the present year.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNALS IN EGYPT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your note upon Egyptian affairs, in the last number of the *Spectator*, you allude to the difficulty, in regard to law reform, caused by the existing Capitulations. It is very true that these same capitulations are an obstacle in the way of improved criminal jurisdiction under purely native authority. But your remarks seem to imply that they also bar the progress of reform in civil cases. Now, it is just this civil side of the Egyptian Courts in which a great step has already been made. The International Tribunals were established by the Khedive Ismail to hear "mixed cases,"—that is to say, cases between either natives and foreigners or foreigners of different nationality. The Tribunals have worked well, on the whole, and have, I believe, been found very useful by the European colony in Egypt. There are foreign Judges of character and position in the service of the Khedive, and they form a majority in each of the International Tribunals. These Judges are appointed on the recommendation of their respective Governments, and their presence gives so complete a guarantee of the fairness of the Courts in which they preside, that the various Christian nations have been content to waive their Consular privileges to the extent of this "mixed" jurisdiction. Could not the treaty be revised, so as to include civil cases between foreigners of the same nationality, and also criminal proceedings wherein foreigners might happen to be concerned? The foreign element, so powerful in Egyptian affairs, would then be duly protected, and would have no reason to interfere with such reforms of the purely Native Courts as Lord Dufferin may persuade the Khedive to adopt.—I am, &c.,

Temple, E.C., January 1st. J. Hilary Skinner.

HARINGTON ANTIQUITIES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As the antiquities of my family seem to possess a greater interest for your readers than I should have supposed would attach to so unimportant a subject, may I be permitted, as its present head, to correct an error into which your correspondent "Exul" has fallen, with regard to its connection with the Gospatries and Ormes?

Robert de Haverington, son of Michael, did not marry Joan, grand-daughter of Robert de Vipont, first Lord Westmoreland, but Agnes, sister and heir of William de Cancefield, who brought him large possessions at Aldingham. From this alliance were descended the three families of Harington (Barons) of Aldingham, Harington of Exton and Ridlington, and Harington of Hornby Castle, the two first of which I now represent in the male line.

The history of the transactions of the families of Gospatric Orme and Harington with the Abbey of Holm Cultram is to be gleaned from the cartulary of that Abbey, preserved amongst the Harleian MSS., Nos. 3,911 and 3,891. From these it appears that Gospatric, son of Orme, of Flemingby, granted Flemingby, with certain exceptions, to the Abbey of Holm Cultram, that this grant was reiterated by his son Thomas, with the consent of his brother Alan, and subsequently confirmed by Michael de Haverington, of Flemingby. The validity of this confirmation was disputed by Robert, son of Michael, and the issue, whether Adam, who is described in the proceedings as "antecessor ipsius Roberti," had granted or not, was tried by a jury, who found against the demandant, my ancestor, who then, and not before, quitted claim to the Abbot.

The precise nature of the relationship between Adam and Robert Harington I have never been able to ascertain, nor how Flemingby, which is stated in my pedigrees to have been held by Osulphus, my most distant traceable ancestor in the direct male line, in the time of Richard I., originally came into the Harington family. If "Exul" will give me his name and address, and assist me in throwing any light on this obscure, but to me interesting, question, I should be much obliged to him.

In conclusion, will you permit me to express my gratification at seeing the cudgels taken up for Mrs. Halliday. In the main contention which she made, that the Harington and Courtenay pedigrees were incorrect, with respect to the alliance of William, Lord Harington, of Aldingham, with Katherine Courtenay, she was conclusively shown to be right by the documents which she cited; and I should fancy that most of your readers will agree with "Exul" in thinking that the article finding fault with her general history was hypercritical.—I am, Sir, &c., Richard Harington.

Whitbourne Court, Worcester, December 31st.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF LORD LYTTON.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your notice of "The Wit and Wisdom of Lord Lytton," you ask, with reference to myself, "Why did he not remind us—though it be not always true—that 'the worst possible use you can put a man to is to hang him?'" Will you let me answer at once, for the simple reason that the Earl of Clarendon was the one who, early in the seventeenth century, when descanting, "in his younger dayes," upon "The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex," first employed the phrase that "hanging was the worst use man could be put to." See "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," p. 201, a rare collection, made, according to its title-page, "by the curious pencil of the ever memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Kt., late Provost of Eaton College," and originally published in 1651 by Izaac Walton.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Athenæum Club, January 1st. Charles Kent.

MRS. OLIPHANT AND BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

[To the Editor of "The Spectator."]

Sir,—So many people have been alarmed and dismayed by Mr. Wilberforce's indiscreet publication, that you will, perhaps, permit me to ask whether one should not employ the same rule in respect to written and posthumous gossip, which we freely and constantly exercise in respect to oral? When I am told that my friend has, behind my back, said something disagreeable of me, I pause (probably after the first sting of irritation), to ask myself whether the report of what he has said is at all characteristic, or like what he would probably say. When both the friend and the report are dead, is this rule inapplicable? I cannot see why it should be so. My attention has been called to a passage in Bishop Wilberforce's "Diary," in which he jots down a conversation with Mrs. Carlyle on the subject of my "Life of Irving," to the effect that I "did not understand him at all," with further remarks on the loveableness of his character (as if I had misrepresented that), and the conclusion that I was "narrow and jealous, and greatly the cause of submitting him [Irving] to his foes."

Now, I take leave to say, as I should have done had this been reported to me by word of mouth, that I do not believe that Mrs. Carlyle ever said anything of the kind. The Carlyles are at present, I think most unjustly, the sport of every scribbler, and any kind of mud will stick that is thrown at their desecrated house. But I, for one, believe in what I know of my honoured friends, rather than in what an analysing biographer may deduce, or an irresponsible diarist jot down through the fumes of careless talk. My conception of Irving's character was drawn in some respects from the inspiration of Mrs. Carlyle herself, so much so as to offend and annoy friends on the other side; and I kept back the letter she wrote to me on the publication of the book, from the number of her letters which I sent to Mr. Froude, on account of the too exuberant praise and report of her husband's approbation which was conveyed in it.

... will say, perhaps, that this is no reason ... force's report should not be true. I utterly decline, ... receive it, were it vouched for by a dozen Wilberforces.

This is not the only case in which the Bishop has put into the mouths of well-known persons utterances so uncharacteristic and unlike the supposed speakers, that those who know them stand aghast at the loose-lipped babble of a man whom they had considered the impersonation of reserve and discretion. In such a case, must we depart from all the usual rules of evidence in such matters, because the reporter is dead?—I am, Sir, &c., M. O. W. Oliphant.

PROFESSOR ROSCOE ON THE EXPERIMENTAL INOCULATION OF MADNESS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—With reference to your strongly-worded paragraph respecting Pasteur's experiments on rabies, I would venture to remark that your inability to detect, in the results to which you refer, the first glimmering of the flame which may illuminate the cause of one of the darkest and most awful of human diseases, is, to use your own words, "to us" men of science "extremely surprising."

We feel strongly that the objection taken by the *Spectator* to these noble endeavours to search out the cause, and, therefore, possibly to dispel the horrors of this disease, "is," again, to use your own powerful words, "one of the strangest of human superstitions," and "that the recklessness displayed," by the insertion of the paragraph in question, "in relation to the inevitable agony inflicted" (upon the human race), "is one of the most disheartening of all the moral symptoms of our time."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Manchester, January 1st. Henry E. Roscoe.

[We have always favoured experiments in the inoculation of ordinary diseases like cattle-plague, which involve only common illness at most, and hold out hope of an important safeguard against any serious epidemic. The inoculation of madness is a totally different thing, involving a very certain and cruel torture for a result which, even if attained, hardly any one would use, since the bite of a mad dog is not a contingency probable enough to justify a serious, if not dangerous, inoculation. What would Professor Roscoe say of the morality of inducing diseases of the most agonising character tentatively even in convicts under sentence of death? Yet what more right have we to inflict these agonies on perfectly innocent creatures which are wholly at our mercy?—Ed. *Spectator*.]

SIR NOËL PATON'S "DESIGNS FROM SHELLEY AND SHAKESPEARE."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As it is a matter that somewhat concerns my character for good-taste, and, indeed, for common-sense, will you kindly allow me to state in your columns, what has already been stated in another London weekly, that I am in no way responsible for the republication of the "Designs from Shelley and Shakespeare," which you "dispose of" in your issue of the 30th ult. with an amount of forbearance for which I am duly grateful? These designs were originally published in London nearly forty years ago, and have been dragged from their long obscurity without any knowledge or sanction on my part, and much to my annoyance and regret.—I am, Sir, &c., Noël Paton.

33 *George Square, Edinburgh, January 2nd.*

POETRY.

MIND-STUFF.

SYSTEM DES TRANSCENDENTALEN IDEALISMUS.

"And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin."

You said that life was Lyric,—
  Or Epic, was it, you said?
Your words are so wise at times, friend,
  The meaning not seldom seems fled.
But perhaps 'twas the hearer at fault, friend,
  And not the words that you used,
For I notice when you are wisest
  My mind only gets more confused.
But Life, you say, is Lyric,
  And you mean, I think, or I guess—
For the words "subjective subsistence"
  Only puzzle me more, I confess—
You mean, I say, or I fancy,
  That life is a sort of sham,
The result of a mental delusion
  The conceit of a fancied "I am."
For I know you said, your friend, friend,
  Was not the identical "I,"
But only a kind of phantasmos,
  A myth, a deception, not I:
A picture, in fact, projected,
  In mathematical phrase,
From the plane of a mental perception
  On the plane of a mental haze.
You denied, I think I remember,
  The existence of Matter *per se*,
And said it was only a "concept"—
  No matter most certain to me—
And you spoke, I know, of "subjective,"
  Of abstract, of concrete, of real;
And the scorn you put in your tone, friend,
  Was certainly nothing ideal.
The mind, you told me, was only
  The perpetual flux and the flow
Of certain perceptions we connote—
  Another word, I believe, for "we know"—
That the "self" was merely a fiction,
  The result of "connoting," in fact;
But nothing that really existed,
  Save only in phrase, in abstract.
And then, I remember, you quoted
  Some words that you said were by Hume;
No wiser could well have existence—
  His words, not himself, I presume—
But I felt, as I heard you declaim them,
  "True or false, I know, for my part,
I'm content to hold as sufficient,
  'I think, I exist,' with Descartes."
For I gather, I think, as resulting,
  If I take what you say to be true,
That yourself, friend, are only delusion,
  And I but a function of you.
But still, it is curious and strange, friend,
  After what you say is so plain,
That considering how close our relations,
  We should differ so much in the main.
For, not to use words that are rude, friend,
  Or to wax unneedfully hot,
I am clear that whatever *I am*, friend,
  Most certainly *you* I am *not*.
And so, farewell, if you please, friend,
  To your queer metaphysical stuff,
For though Life with you is delusion,
  With me it is real enough.
"Life *is* a shadow," says Scripture,
  But certainly not, as I'm taught,
A shadow, indeed, of nothing,
  Projected on nothing from naught.

Charles W. Stubbs.

Granborough Vicarage, January 1st.

ART.

ROSSETTI AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The Royal Academicians, in their Academic capacity, can hardly have had a very merry Christmas-time. Scarcely had the last revels of Boxing Day ended, than Baron Huddleston and his jurymen were disposing of their pretensions to connoisseurship in sculpture and drawing, and ere the New Year has fairly "settled into its stride," the Council and President have drawn down upon themselves the general censure of the Press and the public, for the manner in which they have crowded into one small, ill-lighted room the chief works of a great painter's lifetime. So loud and so consistent, indeed, has been the condemnation passed upon their conduct in this latter matter that, we believe, for the first time in their history, they have been shamed into making some tardy and grudging amends, and, when we were at the exhibition on Wednesday, half of another small room had been utilised for hanging the Rossettis.

Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was by no means an artist without faults. To the calm perfection which marks the works of many of the older artists, he never attained. To the last, there was in his painting, his drawing, and his manner of conceiving his subject, many peculiarities,—we might almost say conventionalisms. What may be just noted briefly in this connection is that these conventionalisms were in the main original ones, and though, perhaps, something analogous to them may be found in early Italian Art, they were, in no sense of the word, imitations of the practices of previous painters. The strange physical peculiarities which many people find so trying in Rossetti's women, are due, by no means, to any defective knowledge on the part of the painter, and still less, as we hold, to any deliberate affectation. It is perfectly easy to find in his poetry, as it was to see in his house and its furniture, that his mind consistently ran in a strange groove of mediævalism; and he chose the types of womanhood, and accentuated their peculiarities, which he found would best serve the purpose of his art. If there is one thing more certain about his paintings than another, so certain that even a second Belt jury would have to consider it, it is that their feeling is entirely natural and spontaneous. If ever a "passive master lent his hand," that master was Rossetti; and in looking at his work, one is chiefly possessed by the fact of its mastery over the man who executed it. This is not the painting of an Englishman of the present day, who is looking to mediæval Italy and trying to paint like its artists; it is the work of a man who in thought and feeling (as half by birth) is an Italian to the core, and who has so saturated himself with the literature, poetry, and religion of his countrymen of ancient times, that his real life is more that of Florence in the fourteenth, than London in the nineteenth, century. Had we space, it were interesting to compare him with Mr. Burne Jones, who wears his "rue with a difference," and try to show the discrepancies and similarities of their art; but here we can only pause to point out the great vital distinction between them. Mr. Burne Jones is a painter of the present, who regrets the past; Mr. Rossetti was a painter of the past, who ignored the present. By this, we do not mean that Mr. Burne Jones takes his subjects from the present, that is well known not to be the case; but that when he paints his old-world themes, he does so as a Modern, with a half-sick regret that they are past. But to Rossetti, they are not only alive, they are the only verities living. And this springs from the difference of what is sought to be represented. The living artist is wedded to the *form* of ancient life, as evidenced in the dresses, the architecture, the quaintnesses of movement, the peculiar, half-allegorical manner of representing it, which was adopted by the elder Italian painters, and with all these things he seeks to make his canvas beautiful. That is his aim. But Rossetti does not think about his ancient life at all, does not think very much about making a beautiful picture. What he does consider is how to tell something as truly as possible. That he tells it in terms of antiquity is owing to his being,—Rossetti. But, with him, truth means truth of emotion, and if he can gain that, he will surrender to it all else. He is, perhaps, the only painter in the world who deliberately works in the same picture on two totally distinct lines, the natural and the conventional, and succeeds in combining them without offence. The conventionalities which he introduces are so dramatically and emotionally natural, that the mind accepts them frankly, and, recognising their aid in enforcing the meaning of the picture, would not, if it could, have any more consistent treatment. In a matter like this, a painter's method must be judged by its results; and if the result is beautiful, the justification is complete.

One other point must be mentioned, before we speak of this more fully. We have not yet used the obnoxious word "pre-Raphaelite" in this article, but we must do so now, if only to remind our readers that in connection with that celebrated word and the brotherhood it denoted, one charge has been frequently made, and maintained up to the present time. It was said that, alike in the painting and the poetry of the school and its followers, there was an unhealthy exaltation of the sensual side of love. Without stopping to discuss that, let us ask if this can be alleged as against Rossetti's pictures. Taking them as a whole, the answer is most certainly, "No." And yet a very slight variation in the form of the question would necessitate a different answer, for never in the whole course of Art has there been a large collection of works by one painter in which the subject was so completely limited to various phases of love. It will be found, however, that in each of those pictures which [illegible] scene (and there are very many) it is, in so m[illegible] possibility to think of the painter as taking a [illegible] subject. From the whole Beatrice series, to the [illegible] of "Found," which represents an incident of our own day, Mr. Rossetti's love pictures are free from any sensual or morbid suggestion, unless it be, as perhaps some would have us think, morbid to paint this matter at all. We should be disposed to say that as a painter of love and lovers, this art of which we are speaking has never been exceeded, perhaps never even approached. We know no corresponding paintings at once so free from exaggeration and defect of the sexual passion, they are neither ascetic nor sensual, but preserve the perfect and healthy balance of manhood and womanhood. To this must be added the remark that the larger single figures, in which no story is told, are not, perhaps, quite free from the charge above mentioned. Their luxuriance of beauty, their full lips, their masses of hair, their brilliancy of colouring, are more akin to the women of Rubens than those of Raphael; and the main impression that they convey is one of perfect and somewhat sensuous loveliness. But even in these there is almost invariably to be found a meaning which is absolutely distinct from the above expression; and the majority of them are embodiments of some definite poetic conception. In truth, in all Mr. Rossetti's work, his aim is to embody some poetic idea, to express in terms of colour and form certain thoughts and emotions. We do not say that his view of the province of Art was absolutely the highest, we *do* say that it was warped by shortcomings which were the inevitable results of the painter's life, nationality, and mode of thought; but when all allowance is made for the possible faultiness of his conception, and the admitted drawbacks in the manner in which that conception was wrought out, what are we to say to the work as it stands? Simply that it forms the most lovely series of pictures which we have seen in the whole range of modern Art, and to find a parallel with which, we must go back to Italy and her greatest masters. There is not a single living colourist in Europe (we will give our readers Asia, Africa, and America, in), whose pictures would not look cold and clay-like, if placed in this gallery; there is not a single colourist the world has ever seen, beside whose paintings some of these might not hang, and hold their own. We are not speaking hastily or in exaggeration in saying this; it is a literal fact that *there is no lovelier colour in existence* than that of which there are many specimens here. And here, before we close the article which touches the general view of Rossetti's Art, we must just note two of its other great merits, first amongst which is its power. There is not a feeble bit of work in the exhibition. Strange it is often, bizarre sometimes, but weak never. And again, its grace is very remarkable. The manner in which the position of the hands and arms and the poise of the head carry out the main idea has all the unstudied beauty of free, natural movement, as opposed to the manufactured grace of the schools. And, for a minor detail, the treatment of drapery has never in modern times been more successfully grappled with. From the slightest chalk sketches, to the most highly-finished oil pictures, the drapery is splendidly disposed and painted, with no small unmeaning folds, and still less with great, unbroken masses, such as used to mark what was called the "grand style." As a last word, it is consolatory to find that nine-tenths of the visitors to Burlington House pass through the four large first galleries unheedingly, and collect in crowds in the little room where the Rossettis hang, crowded, but triumphant.

BOOKS.

LIVING ENGLISH POETS.*

The editors of this volume of selections from living English poets lay great stress on the principle they have adopted of presenting, "in chronological order, examples of the highest attainment, and none but the highest, of the principal poets of our own age." We cannot say that with regard to the chief poets of the day, we think that they have succeeded. In the case of Sir Henry Taylor and Browning they have succeeded tolerably, but in the case of Tennyson and of Matthew Arnold, who doubtless count for more than any remaining living poets, the editors seem to us to have carefully omitted specimens of the very highest work which these poets have achieved,

* *Living English Poets.* London: Kegan Paul and Co. 1882.

included not a few pieces of very inferior [illegible] hen, again, as to the chronological order, they should [illegible] have had, and have told us that they had, the authority of the poet himself for their arrangement. If they have that authority, the public would have been glad to know it, and it would have added to the value of their book. If they have not that authority, we should be very slow to believe that they can support their own rather remarkable arrangement. Is it, for example, really true that "Tithonus," which was first published with "Enoch Arden" in 1864, was written before the "Princess," which was first published in 1847? The editors have placed "Tithonus" before the passage they extract from the "Princess," and must have, we suppose, Mr. Tennyson's authority for so doing. But if so, we wish they had told us so. We had always imagined that "Tithonus" had upon it the marks of the maturest and severest taste of the great poet who wrote it, while the "Princess," as a whole, is certainly the poem of a comparatively fanciful period. Still more extraordinary are the revelations concerning the dates of Matthew Arnold's poems. The piece placed last in the selection, "A Modern Sappho," appeared in the very first of Mr. Arnold's publications,—*The Strayed Reveller and other Poems*, by "A." (1849), and Mr. Arnold has included it, in the latest edition of his works, amongst what he calls his "early poems;" while "The Scholar Gipsy," which follows it in this selection, is not included amongst his early poems. Is it possible that "A Modern Sappho" was really written later than "The Scholar Gipsy," which has all the marks in it of a very much maturer genius, and which certainly was not first published till several years later? Even if it be true that "A Modern Sappho" was the last written of all the pieces selected by the present editors from Mr. Arnold's poems,—which we cannot but gravely doubt, till we are assured, on Mr. Arnold's own authority, that it is so,—we can only say that the selection from Mr. Arnold stands thereby self-condemned. A poet of Mr. Arnold's standing ought not to be judged by poems the latest of which is described by himself as an early poem. Speaking without, of course, any authority from Mr. Arnold himself, we should have said that the arrangement here given as one in "chronological order" is in Mr. Arnold's case almost the reverse of the truth. The poems given are these:—1, "To Marguerite;" 2, "The Scholar Gipsy;" 3, "The Sick King in Bokhara;" 4, "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens;" 5, "The World's Triumphs;" 6, "A Modern Sappho." We should have arranged them, judging partly by internal evidence, but more by order of publication, thus:—1, "A Modern Sappho" (classed by Mr. Arnold as an "early" poem); 2, "The World's Triumphs" (also classed by Mr. Arnold as an "early" poem); 3, "The Sick King in Bokhara;" 4, "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens;" 5, "To Marguerite;" 6, "The Scholar Gipsy." If, however, "A Modern Sappho" be actually the latest written of these poems, which we certainly find it hard to believe, it is quite certain that the editors of this book have deliberately excluded every specimen of Matthew Arnold's mature genius. For our own parts, we should have classed "The Scholar Gipsy" as one of his maturer poems, though by no means the maturest of them all. But of those selected, "The Scholar Gipsy" is the only one which seems to us to represent "the highest attainment" of any portion of this poet's career.

To pass now to the still more important point of the substantive adequacy of the selection itself. From Tennyson these editors have selected fourteen pieces, of which, in our estimation, only four, at the very most, "Love and Duty," "Tithonus," "The Northern Farmer (Old Style)," and "Rizpah," can be said to represent "examples of the highest attainment, and none but the highest," of this great poet. The other ten appear to us examples of very decidedly inferior attainment; and one piece at least, "The Sailor Boy," of which only the last verse is good, hardly deserves to be remembered as Mr. Tennyson's at all. Tennyson appears to us to touch his highest point in three very different directions; first, and, perhaps, highest of all, in lyrics of passionate regret, of which the editors give us simply no example; next, in poems of semi-dramatic, self-delineating monologue, in which either moods or characters are carefully painted, and of these we have here three noble specimens, "Tithonus," "The Northern Farmer (Old Style)," and "Rizpah," though not the noblest of all, "Morte d'Arthur" and "Ulysses;" and lastly, Tennyson surpasses almost all other poets in that swift, rich pageantry of the imagination which strikes off a landscape or a grand historic figure in some four terse and unforgettable lines, of which style, perhaps, the best examples are to be found in the "Palace of Art," and "The Dream of Fair Women." Of this last style, again, the editors here give us no single specimen. Now, what are we to say of a selection which, professing to give us "the highest attainment, and none but the highest," of Tennyson, omits not only "Break, break, break," perhaps the noblest lyric of its kind in the language, and "Tears, idle tears," but gives us absolutely no hint whatever of Tennyson's unequalled power in this direction? No poet who ever lived catches the unutterable sadness of unavailing regret, with so exquisite a delicacy as Tennyson. Even in quoting from "In Memoriam," the editors, with perverse ingenuity, have managed to select a passage, beautiful indeed, but fanciful, and certainly not specially marked by,—nay, we might even say, specially deficient in,—the dominating sentiment of the whole poem. To our minds, a selection from Tennyson omitting all the lyrics of passionate regret, omits all evidence of the highest reach of the poet's genius. It is obvious that the editors appreciate the self-delineative poems more justly, but even here to omit not only "Ulysses,"—that grandest of all its class,—but Œnone and the splendid vision of Arthur's last struggle with Sir Bedivere,—and even we might say, to omit a poem toned in a very different key, "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," while inserting such very second-rate productions as "The Sisters," the passage taken from "The Princess," "The Daisy," "Will," and worst of all "The Sailor Boy," seems to us very indifferent editing. We regret, too, the complete omission of the third class of poems in which Tennyson attains so unique an excellence. There are passages, and brief passages, in "The Palace of Art" and "The Dream of Fair Women" which contain richer and more vivid pictures on a smaller canvas than any other poet of our century could paint. But it is the omission of the more exquisite lyrics of regret which seems to us the most marvellous blunder of all.

In dealing with Matthew Arnold, the editors have been even less successful. Two very fine poems, "The Scholar Gipsy" and "The Sick King in Bokhara," they have given, nor should we have objected to "A Modern Sappho," as a specimen of the poet's "early" style. But to give us no example whatever of what Mr. Arnold has himself called the "criticism of life,"—neither "The Memorial Verses" on Goethe, Byron, and Wordsworth, nor the sonnet on "Sophocles," nor the lines on "Heine," nor the stanzas suggested by "Rugby Chapel," nor those on "The Grande Chartreuse," nor either of the poems on "The Author of 'Obermann,'" nor "The Youth of Nature," nor "The Southern Night,"—this is to give us Mr. Arnold without his most characteristic element, to leave the part of Hamlet out of the play of *Hamlet*. No lover of Arnold will admit that this selection gives us any adequate conception of his mature poetry at all. Indeed, to our minds, the omission of "The Memorial Verses," and the two noble poems addressed to "The Author of 'Obermann,'" is the omission of the most essential and the most striking of all the specimens of Arnold's genius.

Nor can we say that we are satisfied even with the selections from the minor poets. There are many things among Mr. Buchanan's poems—which deserved, we think, more than one extract—far more characteristic than the description of Drowsie Town. "The London Lyrics" are quite unrepresented here, though they contain the finest things Mr. Buchanan has written. Lord Houghton is represented only by the mawkish, sentimental song, "I wandered by the brook-side," though there are a dozen poems of his at least, far better marked with the imprint of his shrewd and worldly genius, and one, the poem on the Spanish Friar who showed Wilkie a famous "Last Supper," which is marked by a much higher tone of feeling. Mr. Lewis Morris is very inadequately represented by the pieces here given. There is not amongst them a single one of the fine pictures in "The Epic of Hades." Again, Mr. Aubrey de Vere is still more inadequately represented by the two pieces given, neither of which even approaches his best work. Mr. Woolner, too, seems to us passed over carelessly with a single quite insufficient extract. The most perfectly represented of the minor poets, at least, among those best known to the present writer, are, perhaps, Mr. Austin Dobson, from whom we have three exquisite little cameos; Mr. Gosse, of whom good specimens are given; Mr. F. W. H. Myers, of whose poetry the two pieces taken are admirable illustrations; and Mr. Courthope, with whom it was not easy to go wrong. But taken as a whole, we entirely deny that this selection presents at all an adequate idea of either the great poets or the

small poets of our time. We are absolutely ignorant as to who the editors may be, but we are quite sure that their taste does not represent the best poetic criticism of the present day. Nevertheless, we need hardly say that a great deal of very true poetry is to be found in this volume, poorly as, in our opinion, it represents the poetic faculty of our countrymen.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.*

About thirteen years ago, Mr. L'Estrange published in three volumes a Life of Miss Mitford, "related in a selection of letters to her friends." The book, as we said at the time, abounds with delightful gossip and with personal reminiscences. True woman as she was, Mary Russell Mitford had the power of winning love not merely from friends admitted to close fellowship, but from men and women who knew her only by correspondence. Her pretty country cottage, with its lovely garden, may be said to have been known all over England, and from all parts presents of flowers and of books were sent to Swallowfield. She read voraciously, and her passion for books and flowers gave light and warmth to a life the anxieties of which would have crushed a less buoyant spirit. Miss Mitford, as all the world knows, had the misfortune to be cursed with a handsome, good-for-nothing father, in whose virtues she believed implicitly. He was her idol, and neither the reckless squandering of £70,000, nor the bitter fact that she was forced to work like a slave to keep the wolf from the door, lessened the glow of her devotion. "My life," she wrote, "is only valuable as being useful to him. I have lived for him, and for him only;" and she adds that she had lost her health in the struggle. Some of Miss Mitford's friends seem to have taken her word for it that this scapegrace of a parent deserved all the affection she lavished upon him. "Tell me anything of yourself," writes Miss Sedgwick, "anything of your noble father." The daughter's self-sacrifice is beautiful, but it is also not a little irritating. One does not like a sensible woman to set up an idol of clay, believing all the while that it is made of pure gold.

Affectionate and warm-hearted though she was, Miss Mitford does not spare her words in criticising books and men. She had strong prejudices and decided opinions, and expresses both with the utmost frankness. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* she cannot read, Longfellow's prose is trash, Leigh Hunt's want of truth prevents his being a poet, but "he might have been near to Chaucer, if he had only been true;" Wordsworth sat next to her one year in London four days running, "to the great endangerment," she writes, "of my admiration, for a man so wrapt up in the double worship of his own poetry, and of mere rank and riches in others, I never did see." She considers Dickens, Jerrold, and Bulwer Lytton "all so vulgar, in their different ways." She is indignant with "a lad called Vernon Harcourt," for writing "inflated and bombastic" letters to the *Times*, abusing her "dear Emperor," the Third Napoleon; sneers at Landseer for being "faithful to his worship of lords," and tells a saying of the late Alexander Smith, the impertinence and gracelessness of which seem well-nigh incredible. Carlyle is accused of writing according to the ill-humour of the moment, and without the slightest regard to consistency and truth; Macready is blamed for his "most offensive mannerism;" and Thackeray wins no praise for *Esmond*, which she finds "tiresomely long." "The English novels of these days," she writes, in 1853, "seem to me the more detestable the one than the other. Dickens all cant (Liberal cant, the worst sort) and caricature; Thackeray all cynicism, with an affectation of fashionable experience; and the lady writers, the Miss Jewsburys, the Miss Lynns, and *tutte queste*, emulous of the passion and doing of George Sand, without her grossness, but also without her genius and her beauty." Miss Mitford's heart was open as day, and her strong feelings often overpowered her judgment. She declares that justice was not done by the newspapers to an oratorio called "Jerusalem," because the composer was a gentleman, well-born and highly educated. "Henry Chorley, who gives the tone to the musical critics, had the audacity to tell me so;" and she adds,—"Truly, of all the fine things Louis Napoleon is doing for France, none, to my mind, is so valuable as the putting down of journalism. That vile engine, the Press, is to genius of modern times what the rack was of old. I abhor it, not on my own account, for to me it is civil enough, but on the score of my betters."

On the other hand, Miss Mitford's judgment [illegible] formly modest, and she does not over-rate her o[illegible] in preferring her dramas to her tales. The succ[illegible] very great. At first, indeed, like almost all [illegible] she had great difficulties to encounter, and was "thrown about like a cricket-ball between Kemble and Macready," but ultimately her plays drew full houses, and for *Rienzi* the writer received "probably the largest sum given to any tragic author during the century." Of this drama, eight thousand copies were sold in two months. One of Miss Mitford's correspondents calls her a "great poet," which assuredly she was not. Her dramas are nearly forgotten, but the author of *Our Village* and of *Atherton* has taken a place in our literature which is occupied by few other writers. There is art in her stories, but no artifice, and the kind of charm we find in cottage gardens and woodland flowers. She pleases every one whose taste has not been depraved by sensational fiction, and it is scarcely fanciful to say that her pages have the fragrance of clove pinks, of lavender, and of southernwood. The success of these books was sufficient to satisfy the pride and ambition of any author, and they were as warmly welcomed in the United States as in England. "I must tell you," writes Mr. Fields, one of Miss Mitford's best friends and pleasantest correspondents, "with what delight I have read *Atherton*, and how everybody is charmed with it. Whittier wrote me to-day a note filled with expressions of his gratitude to you for writing such an exquisite story. Every page is a gem, and our newspapers and periodicals are outvying each other in their words of praise. I know of no book that has appeared for years which has been received with such an outburst of applause."

"You would soon get tired of authors, if you saw much of them," writes Miss Mitford, with perhaps a slight feeling of feminine spite; but it is evident from these volumes, and is one of the best traits in them, that her friends loved the woman even more than they admired the author. Several of Miss Mitford's own letters are given, but a large portion of the book consists of letters addressed to her, or written about her. The compilation is not always edited satisfactorily. We complained, when noticing the Life, that allusions were often made which, for lack of an explanatory note, the reader would not understand. A similar fault occurs in these volumes, which also contain matter that is almost, if not wholly, irrelevant. We have noticed, too, several errors, misprints, and misstatements, one of the latter being that a certain S. J. Pratt preceded Southey as Poet Laureate.

These errors affect the literary character of the book, but they do not greatly diminish its interest. It is eminently readable and entertaining, neither is it without suggestiveness. For example, one feels upon reading it, how few years suffice to sweep away many a literary reputation. We wonder whether any of our readers are acquainted with that prolific author, R. A. Davenport; with George Darley, who wrote volumes of poetry, and also, if we remember rightly, a mathematical textbook; with Courtier, who wrote the *Pleasures of Solitude;* with Pratt, the supposed Laureate, and author of the *Tears of Genius;* with Digby Starkey, whose poems, published in 1847, gave Miss Edgeworth "exquisite enjoyment;" or even with Mrs. Opie, who, after she became a Quakeress, was not permitted to invent a story. We wonder, too, if the once famous Mrs. Hofland has even seventy readers, for her seventy works; and whether a poem called "Passion Flowers," by Mrs. Julia Howe, which delighted the Quaker poet Whittier in 1854, retains any freshness of poetic beauty still?

After all, quotations from a chatty book like this are better than speculations. Here is a characteristic passage from a letter written at Keswick by Mr. Ruskin, who, in Miss Mitford's judgment, "is the best letter-writer of his or any age:"—

"I am recovering trust and tranquillity, though I had been wiser to come to your fair English pastures and flowering meadows, rather than to these moorlands, for they make me feel too painfully the splendour, not to be in any wise resembled or replaced, of those mighty scenes, which I can reach no more,—at least, for a time. I am thinking, however, of a tour among our English abbeys,—a feature which our country possesses of peculiar loveliness. As for our mountains or lakes, it is in vain they are defended for their finish or their prettiness. The people who admire them, after Switzerland, do not understand Switzerland,—even Wordsworth does not. Our mountains are mere bogs and lumps of spongey moorland, and our lakes are little, swampy fishponds. It is curious I can take more pleasure in the chalk Downs of Sussex, which pretend to nothing, than in these would-be hills; and I believe I shall have more pleasure in your pretty Lowland scenery and richly-painted gardens, than in all the pseudo-sublime of the barren Highlands, except Killiekrankie.

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* *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford, as Recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents.* Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

[illegible] beside the stone that marks the spot of Claver's [illegible] prayed for more such spirits—we need them now."

[illegible] should [illegible] account still more characteristic, of a conversa- [illegible] Carlyle, whom Miss Mitford evidently cannot tolerate, and Fields, the American publisher, in her judgment the most brilliant of talkers, whose conversation "is for your pleasure and his own, without an idea of display;"—

"'So, Sir, you're an American?' quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented.—'Ah, that's a wretched nation of your aiu. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours—George' (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington George before), 'your grete mon, George, was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs.'—'Really, Mr. Carlyle,' replied my friend, 'you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington, but Cromwell, without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism.'—'Eh, Sir,' responded Carlyle, 'George had neither ambition, nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun.—George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out!' . . . . . Another thing in Carlyle displeased him (Mr. Fields) far more; every one knows that Emerson makes him a perfect idol, and it was thought that if Carlyle cared for any one in the world, it was for Emerson. I have heard it said of them, they are not only like brothers, but like twin-brothers. Well, remember that Emerson and Hawthorne both live at Concord, and you will appreciate the kindness of Mr. Carlyle's speech. 'Isna there a place called Concord near ye? What like is it?'—'A pretty little New England town,' was Mr. Fields' answer, 'of no political importance, but lively and pleasant as a residence.'—'Pretty! lively!—ye ken I had fancied it a dull, dreary place, wi' a drowsy river making believe to creep through it; slow, and muddy, and stagnant, like the folk that inhabit it.'"

We have not space even to recount the number of notable personages introduced in these pages. Miss Sedgwick, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Hofland, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Eliot Warburton, Serjeant Talfourd, Mrs. Opie, N. P. Willis, and last and best of all, Miss Barrett, who will be better known in poetical history as Mrs. Browning, all take a share in the story of Miss Mitford's life. Barely more than a quarter of a century has passed since Miss Mitford's death, and now, with one exception, for Mrs. Howitt is still living, all these friends of hers, and many more that might be mentioned, have been gathered to their fathers. It is after reading a narrative like this, recorded in letters from persons whose voices and features are still remembered, that one feels the truth of Burke's saying,—"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

MISS BURNEY'S CECILIA.*

In his Diary written in London in 1826, Sir Walter Scott records an interview with Madame d'Arblay. The passage is worth quoting, for the author of *Evelina* describing the triumph of her youth presents a pleasing picture:—

"Madame d'Arblay told us that the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work and recommended it to her perusall was erroneous. Her father was in the secret of *Evelina* being printed. But the following circumstances may have given rise to the story:—Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale recovering from her confinement, low at the moment and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sat beside in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out,—'You should read this new work, Madam, you should read *Evelina*, every one says it is excellent, and they are right.' The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Madame d'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry-tree in the garden."

Evelina, though not an elaborately constructed story, like *Cecilia*, has a freshness about it which we look for in vain in the later novel. The style is better, and the characters are less laboured. As the work of a young woman of twenty-five, it is indeed a remarkable production, but the praise it received from Fanny Burney's contemporaries will probably excite the surprise of the modern reader. Dr. Johnson's admiration of the tale seems to have been unbounded, and *Cecilia* equally delighted him. "Sir," he said to Boswell, with an air of animated satisfaction, "Sir, if you talk of Cecilia, talk on." He loved the woman, too, as well as her novels, called her his sweet Fanny, talked to her, to apply Swift's phrase, in the "little language" of endearment, and spoke of her to the last with the tenderest affection. The praise Fanny Burney won in those days, and the folly of her proud father in promoting her to the dignity of a waiting-maid to Queen Charlotte, spoilt her for literature. Her style was never a good one, and it grew worse as she grew famous. Dr. Johnson, despite Macaulay's assertion, gave her no assistance in *Cecilia*, for he states that he never saw a word of the "little rogue's" book before it was printed. *Evelina*, as we all know, was written without his knowledge, and yet both these novels abound with passages that show the influence of the Great Cham of letters. In the earliest chapters of *Evelina* we meet with sentences like the following:—"A youthful mind is seldom totally free from ambition; to curb that is the first step to contentment, since to diminish expectation is to increase enjoyment." And again,—"Their regard may be mutually useful, since much is to be expected from emulation, where nothing is to be feared from envy."

As pictures of manners, *Evelina* and *Cecilia* have not lost their interest. Fanny Burney, as Miss Ellis suggests, in her admirable preface, probably learnt more from reading and seeing plays than from reading novels. She failed, as Scott failed, when she attempted to write a play; but her situations are dramatic and her characters are more true, perhaps, in some respects, to the stage of the eighteenth century than to the town life of that period. The incidents she frequently depicts have the vulgarity of the plays which amused the groundlings a century ago. Her style of writing borders upon farce, and her characters, unlike Miss Austen's, with which they have been absurdly compared, are distinctly "stagey." The incongruity that exists between the conduct of her *dramatis personæ*, and the positions in which they are placed, is astounding. Something must be allowed for the story, and in *Evelina* the coarse effrontery and selfishness of the Branghtons may pass for a true picture; but that a girl brought up as a lady and with a lady's instincts should be introduced to such scenes as she witnessed at Ranelagh, Marylebone, and Vauxhall, and that a rake like Sir Clement Willoughby should have belonged to the set in which Mrs. Mirvan moved, is incredible. Evelina is more than once in real danger from his advances, yet she declares that though his style of gallantry is disagreeable, no man can "make more fine speeches, while his language, though too flowery, is always that of a gentleman." But Sir Clement is a more natural character than Madame Duval, while that grossly vulgar woman is not so much lacking in verisimilitude as Captain Mirvan. And the farce, for such the story frequently becomes, instead of exciting laughter, creates a feeling of annoyance, if not of disgust. Witness, for instance, the scene in which Captain Mirvan and Sir Clement Willoughby unite in frightening Madame Duval out of her wits, and in spoiling her fine attire to boot, at the time she is a guest in the Captain's house. Brutal tomfoolery of that kind would not have been tolerated by Miss Austen, whose sense even of broad humour is more humane, while her humour generally is infinitely more subtle.

Lord Macaulay has said that Fanny Burney first showed how a tale might be written "in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy." Some exception must be made to this statement. To say that Miss Burney is ever an immoral writer would be ridiculous. She is, indeed, far more moral in purpose than many of the novelists of her sex whose tales are in demand at Mudie's. But the scenes she describes show, to say the least, a familiarity with the evil side of London life and an acquaintance with some forms of vice which, while far from being incompatible with rigid morality, seem a trifle inconsistent with virgin delicacy. This is most apparent in Evelina, a girl whose mind has been formed by Mr. Villars, a country clergyman. She is, he says, as innocent as an angel, and artless as purity herself; yet to her guardian she does not hesitate to relate the conversation of town rakes, as well as their actions. The accounts of the evenings at Vauxhall and at Marylebone Gardens, familiar to every one who has read the story, whatever may be their merit, do not exhibit the special virtue insisted on by the essayist. Another point strikes us in Evelina. The girl is more ashamed of associating with her vulgar relatives, the Branghtons, than of her intercourse with Sir Clement, who belongs to the coarsest type of libertine; and to confess to her lover, Lord Orville, that she is staying in Holborn, instead of in a more aristocratic neighbourhood, is a terrible mortification to her pride!

Illustrations of an age in which the heads of criminals figured on Temple Bar abound in Fanny Burney's pages. Let us give one or two examples. Lord Orville is a hero of the most refined and exalted type. When at Bristol Hot Wells, he

* *Bohn's Novelists' Library: "Cecilia; or, Memoirs of an Heiress."* By Frances Burney. With a Preface and Notes by Annie Raine Ellis. 2 vols. London: Bell and Sons. 1882.

drives Evelina and her temporary guardian to their lodgings; and on reaching them Mrs. Selwyn says :—

"'I suppose, my lord, you would have been extremely confused, had we met any gentlemen who have the honour of knowing you.' —'If I had,' answered he, gallantly, 'it would have been from mere compassion at their envy.'—'No, my lord,' answered she, 'it would have been from mere shame, that in an age so daring, you alone should be such a coward as to forbear to frighten women.'—'O!' cried he, laughing, 'when a man is in a fright for himself, the ladies cannot but be in security, for you have not had half the apprehension for the safety of your persons that I have for that of my heart.' He then alighted, handed us out, took leave, and, again mounting the phaeton, was out of sight in a minute. 'Certainly,' said Mrs. Selwyn, when he was gone, 'there must have been some mistake in the birth of that young man; he was undoubtedly designed for the last age, for he is really polite.'"

Politeness, in Fanny Burney's age, according to her showing, was, indeed, rare among fine gentlemen. One day, when on their way to the pump-room, Evelina relates how they were much incommoded by three gentlemen who were "talking very loud, and loungiug so disagreeably that she knew not how to pass them :"—

"They all three fixed their eyes very boldly upon me, alternately looking under my hat, and whispering one another. Mrs. Selwyn assumed an air of uncommon sternness, and said, 'You will please, gentlemen, either to proceed yourselves, or to suffer us.'—'O! ma'am,' cried one of them, 'we will suffer you with the greatest pleasure in life.'—'You will suffer us both,' answered she, 'or I am much mistaken; you had better, therefore, make way quietly, for I should be sorry to give my servant the trouble of teaching you better manners.' Her commanding air struck them, yet they all chose to laugh; and one of them wished the fellow would begin his lesson, that he might have the pleasure of rolling him into the Avon; while another, advancing to me with a freedom that made me start, said, 'By my soul, I did not know you, but I am sure I cannot be mistaken! Had not I the honour of seeing you once at the Pantheon?' I then recollected the nobleman who at that place had so embarrassed me."

In *Cecilia*, as in *Evelina*, the love-making is much of the type with which Sir Charles Grandison once made novel-readers familiar. This is how Delvile parts from his lady-love :—

"Farewell, then, most amiable of women, and may every blessing you deserve light on your head! I leave to you my mother, certain of your sympathetic affection for a character so resembling your own. When you, Madam, leave her, may the happy successor in your favour——" He paused, his voice faltered. Cecilia, too, turned away from him; and uttering a deep sigh, he caught her hand, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, 'O great be your felicity, in whatever way you receive it!—pure as your virtues, and warm as your benevolence! Oh! too lovely Miss Beverley!—why, why must I quit you?' Cecilia, though she trusted not her voice to reprove him, forced away her hand, and then, in the utmost perturbation, she rushed out of the room."

We have said that we do not consider *Cecilia* equal to *Evelina*, but to say, as a voluminous living writer has said, that it is "as stupid, lethargic, and affected" a story "as can be found in the entire library of fiction," is to betray an ignorance both of fiction and of life. There are affectations of style, no doubt; there is much in it foreign to the taste of our age, and we cannot, as Miss Ellis observes, sympathise "with the tender and 'elegant' readers of 1782—from Mrs. Chapone, whose nerves were shattered, even to the loss of sleep for a week, to the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany, who thrice wept their way through the five volumes." On the other hand, the farcical humour of the story, its touches of pathos, its variety of character and incident, its weaknesses even, as well as its strength, are far beyond the mark of a common-place novelist. It has a place, though not a very high place, in literature, and we are glad that the publishers have seen fit to bring out the tale, now a century old, in so readable a shape. The editor has done her part with skill, and with a knowledge that shows no sign of having been acquired for the occasion.

TWO WORKS ON KANT.*

It is a remarkable fact that, until quite recently, we have had no biography of Kant in the English language. The great German metaphysician has exercised a most powerful influence on English thought. The works of Sir W. Hamilton, Dean Mansel, and Mr. Herbert Spencer show distinct traces of this influence, and modern Agnosticism in this country is, perhaps in some degree, the outcome of his speculative teaching. It seems strange, then, that no one should hitherto have undertaken to give us some knowledge of the man himself. Works on Kant there are in abundance, and Professor Caird has written upon his philosophy better, perhaps, than any one English. But his biography was a desiderat glad to see that Professor Stuckenberg has at l want. We may at once say that he has prese with a valuable and interesting work, written in the most conscientious spirit, and evidently the result of much labour and research. He speaks pathetically in his preface of the difficulties he has had to cope with, and of the scant information which he gained at times, after greatest pains taken. "One may glean long," he says, "and on many a field, and as the result of his labours bring home only a light sheaf, and even that nearly all straw." However, the net result of his gleanings is eminently satisfactory, and the book before us will, we are sure, be read with interest and real profit by every student of Kant's philosophy. The interest of the biography is mainly psychological. It is rather as the history of the peculiarities and progress of Kant's mind, of his habits and character, than as a narrative of events, that it is valuable. Kant's life was, indeed, uneventful, and during many years of his professorship at Königsberg, the history of one week, or even of one day, is the history of the whole year. We shall here only reproduce one or two remarkable facts in his mental constitution, which may throw light upon the character and writings of the man.

Professor Stuckenberg most justly says that it is unfair to judge Kant by the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* alone. The moral element was intensely strong in his character, and exercised a supreme influence over his view of life as a whole. Although his intellect was cold and critical in analysis, he was frequently aroused to great enthusiasm, when speaking of moral or religious questions. And certainly at one part of his life he by no means regarded this habit as an amiable weakness, but rather looked upon those who thought it unreasonable, as persons of small mind and mean understanding. "Whoever is more powerfully inspired by a moral emotion as a principle, than others, on account of their cold and often ignoble heart, are able to appreciate, is, in their estimation, an enthusiast," he writes with contempt. Jackman, in his reminiscences of Kant, gives the following account of his experience in the matter :—

"How often did Kant speak with rapture of God's wisdom, goodness, and power, when conversing with his friends on the structure of the world? How often he spoke touchingly on the blessedness of a future life! And here the heart both of the philosopher and the man spoke, giving indubitable testimony of his emotions and honest convictions. One such conversation on astronomy, during which Kant was constantly inspired by his theme, was not merely enough to convince every one who heard him that he believed in God and Providence, but it would also have changed an Atheist into a Believer."

The absolute regularity of the philosopher's life, his habits of study, his powers of acquisition, his sense of humour, his extreme sensitiveness, the slowness with which he formed his views, and the tenacity with which he adhered to them, his simplicity of character, his powers of conversation, his complete and unintermittent absorption in his own thoughts,—these and many other peculiarities are dwelt upon and illustrated by Professor Stuckenberg. Kant had a great contempt for mere knowledge of facts, if it was not systematised and impregnated with philosophy. This habit of mind led him by degrees to an extraordinary overestimate of the value of *a priori* argument, which was utterly unreasonable, and would surprise us in a man of his exceedingly cautious and philosophical temper, did we not remember how common a penalty of genius is intellectual eccentricity. We think it worth while to extract at length an instance of this remarkable phenomenon :—

"He had come to the conclusion in 1798 that Napoleon could not have the intention of landing in Egypt, but that while he pretended to be fitting out an expedition against that country, he was really preparing to enter Portugal. It was his opinion that England would feel most keenly the capture of Portugal by the French, owing to the important commercial relations between those two countries. So satisfactorily had he demonstrated to himself this supposed stratagem of Napoleon, that even after the French had landed in Egypt and the Government had announced the fact to all Europe, he still asserted that the expedition was against Portugal, and that the announcement to the contrary was only a pretext to mislead the English."

It may be new to some, as it was to the present writer, that Kant was the first thinker to whom it occurred that the universe, as it exists at present, might have been evolved by the known laws of attraction and repulsion from a nebulous mass. In other words, he was the originator of what is known as the nebular theory, although Lambert, who propounded the same hypothesis some years later in his *Cosmological Letters*, did so, we believe, with-

* *The Life of Immanuel Kant.* By J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D., late Professor in Wittenberg College, Ohio. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.
Kant. By William Wallace, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College Oxford. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood. 1882.

should ... his acquaintance with Kant's work, which ap- ... and was entitled, *General Natural History and ... Heavens; or, an Essay on the Constitution and Mechanical Origin of the Whole Universe, discussed according to Newtonian Principles.*

Mr. Wallace's little book on *Kant*, which is one of Professor Knight's useful series of "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," seems to us a work of unequal merit. He says, in his preface, that it "has been partly shaped by the desire not to tread, more than was inevitable, on ground which" recent English writers on Kant "had already occupied with greater plenitude;" and it is doubtless to this desire that we are indebted for the very interesting *résumé* of the first part of the *Kritik der Urtheilskraft*, given in the thirteenth chapter. Kant's analysis of the sense of beauty and sublimity is unknown to many who are familiar enough with his *Critique of Pure Reason* and his ethical works. Among the many psychological facts noted by the philosopher in this connection, is one which has always struck us as curious and interesting, and is, if we remember rightly, spoken of by Mr. Ruskin, in his recently-published *Arrows of the Chace*. Whence comes it that a painting, if perfectly faithful to nature, possesses for us, in many cases, extreme beauty, when the original is common-place and uninteresting? A lover of art will go into an ecstasy of admiration over a well-painted hand. He will note the perfection of the flesh-tint, the accuracy with which each vein is traced, the grace of every curve, and will say, as the highest praise he can give, that it seems like a real human hand, standing out from the canvas. But, after all, it is difficult to explain wherein its especial beauty lies. No doubt, the skill of the artist who can note so accurately and reproduce the exact features and details in the appearance of a hand, excites marvel and admiration. But in what, especially, consists the beauty of the picture, when the highest praise we can give it is that it closely resembles a human hand? There is, doubtless, a certain beauty in the human hand, but it would seem to fall far short of and to differ from that unique artistic beauty, which we perceive in the picture. If one who was gazing at the latter with delight were suddenly told that it was no picture, but, like Peg Woffington's portrait, a real hand inserted through a hole in the canvas, half its charm would be gone. And yet the curves, veins, and flesh-tint would be not one whit less perfect. We are inclined to think that the true explanation of this is somewhat similar to a parallel phenomenon in music. A beautiful melody, if heard constantly, ceases to arouse any emotion. Our sense of the beautiful in its regard becomes dulled. But we sometimes find that if it is performed in an unaccustomed way—for instance, by an entirely new combination of instruments—our faculties become once more stimulated by this element of freshness, and our enjoyment of it is as keen as ever. This very thing happened recently to the present writer, who heard a beautiful air by Mozart, whose charm he had deemed destroyed for ever by the agency of repeated barrel-organ performances, executed on a mandolin and guitar by Swiss peasants. And just as the novelty and cleverness of the performance aroused, in this case, a keen sense of the beauty of the piece, so, we suggest, is a sense of the beauty of the human hand, which has been lost on account of our familiarity with it, aroused by the stimulus given to him who notes with admiration the wondrous skill of the artist. The hand itself really possesses all the beauty of the picture, and doubtless Adam admired it as much in nature as we do in art. But to us, it is too familiar in nature to be appreciated, without some especial stimulus given to our faculties. This we take to have been Kant's view, when he said, with almost epigrammatic terseness, "Nature was found beautiful, when it looked at the same time as if it were Art; and Art can only be called beautiful if we are conscious that it is Art, and it yet appears to us as if it were Nature."

Kant's analysis of "the Sublime" is interesting and suggestive, and deserves to be reproduced. Mr. Wallace thus summarises it:—

"An object . . . . . is styled sublime, when the perception of it stimulates the imagination to grasp in one single picture the mass of details, and imagination falls short of the task; or when the feeling of its overwhelming power, as compared with our physical weakness, suggests immediately, by way of counterpoise, the thought that there is in us somewhat which all the efforts of physical force are powerless to subdue. In both cases (Kant distinguishes them as the mathematical and the dynamical sublime), the strange pleasure which we take in what is too great for imagination to apprehend as a unity, or too powerful for the unchecked buoyancy of flesh and blood to feel at ease in its presence, is due to the revelation that we have a higher vocation and a nobler humanity, which commands the imagination by a vague idea, and keeps us tranquil amid the grandeurs of Nature."

This last passage recalls the German philosopher's well-known saying, which has thus been rendered:—

"Two things there are that fill the mind with awe,
The starry heavens, and our sense of law;"

and this leads us to speak of that most remarkable element in Kant's philosophy,—the Categorical Imperative. If Kant, as some say, heralded Agnosticism by the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, he certainly suggested also the antidote to modern Agnostic principles in his *Kritik der praktischen Vernunft*. Man's "sense of law" is daily becoming more unmistakably the rallying-point of those who oppose the Evolution psychology. The unique character of conscience and of the sense of duty, may be called the central doctrine of Christian Ethics. If this is disproved, their distinctive characteristic is gone; and where this is acknowledged, the author of the *Moral Law* cannot be ignored or passed over. Two of the greatest Christian philosophers of the last century or the present, Bishop Butler and Cardinal Newman, insist on no principle more strongly than on this,—that our sense of moral obligation is the most important channel whereby the existence of a personal God becomes known to the individual mind. On this subject Kant is very explicit, and Mr. Wallace gives an excellent summary of his teaching. The *hypothetical imperative*—that which a man is warned to do, if he desires to be happy—is contrasted with the *categorical imperative* of true morality, which commands without condition, and refuses to be explained or analysed into anything else than the absolute law of our moral nature, irrespective of consequences, and complete in itself:—

"To ask why we ought to obey the moral law is absurd, because any explanation would only destroy the morality of the law. We cannot comprehend the practical, unconditional necessity of the moral imperative; we can only comprehend its incomprehensibility. But that unaccountability has important consequences. As imperative, it seems to be a stranger and an outsider; as moral, it must be within us. The recognition of the authority of the moral law is known as the sense of *duty*, and in duty there is set before us a necessitation,—we feel that we are obliged to act in such and such a manner. And this sense of subjection to law, of limitation—this presentation of the moral idea as an imperative, and of the realisation of that idea as duty—is the peculiarity, according to Kant, of morality as human."

We are inclined to think that the two subjects of which we have spoken are those most successfully handled by Mr. Wallace. The biography is not uninteresting, although it is, of course, from its limited dimensions, less attractive than the other one which we have noticed, by Professor Stuckenberg. Where, we think, he fails is in his account of the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, which, whether or no it is substantially correct, is difficult and heavy reading. The value of a work of the scope and dimensions of Mr. Wallace's depends much, as it seems to us, upon the clearness of its thought and expression. This, indeed, is the only quality which would render it preferable to a translation. The writer is supposed to have digested Kant, and to present him to us in a simplified form. Mr. Wallace has not, we think, always succeeded in doing this; and we doubt, in some instances, whether he has clearly apprehended his own thought. He would have been all the better for some of Mr. Huxley's "ineradicable tendency to make things clear," which renders that writer's *Life of Hume*—a book of the same scope and aim as the present—so lucid and interesting. However, no doubt the obscurity of Kant's own style has much to answer for in this respect.

THE MAGAZINES.

Messrs. Blackwood are probably not delighted at the slur cast on them by the proposal to establish a new Conservative magazine, and *Blackwood* for January contains quite a small volume. It has been increased from 142 pages to 174 pages, and contains two stories, two political articles, and four other papers, of which Miss Faucit's criticism on Imogen is the longest. It does not interest us, but the story of "The Ladies Lindores" advances well, and "A Singular Case" is most original. We doubt if the most practised novel-reader would foretell the *dénouement* of a story which seems impossible, and is probably in essentials an exact account of well-ascertained facts. We shall not reveal the secret, but would ask the author whether a man whose memory has disappeared suddenly from a particular date would not be well aware that he was not as other men, and be inclined to discuss that matter,

at all events with intimate friends or doctors. The paper called "A Little Chat about Mrs. Oliphant" tells us nothing about the personality of that charming novelist, whose books the late Mr. Charles Darwin never ceased reading, and seldom closed without the remark that "people do not quite appreciate Mrs. Oliphant yet." We cannot agree with the writer's criticism of her works, except, indeed, in his hearty admiration of *Katie Stewart*, and hardly understand his comparison of them with each other; but he has at least given us, for the first time, we think, a list of them. Mrs. Oliphant has, we see, written over fifty regular novels, not including the half-dozen or so now publishing, of which at least twenty-five reach, in our judgment, a very high level. We wish Messrs. Blackwood would induce her to publish those twenty-five in a series at about 7s. 6d. a volume, not omitting that very powerful, though painful, sketch of a rotten character, which is now, we think, forgotten,—"The House on the Moor."

The New Year does not open well for the Magazines, though *Longman's* has decidedly improved in interest. The *Fortnightly* for January contains no essay of much mark, and one, on "The New Rules of Procedure," by Mr. G. Byron-Curtis, besides being an anachronism, is tedious; but there are plenty of fair papers. Sir R. Temple, for instance, discusses a very grave question—the probability of the rise of any dangerous religious ideas in India—with great knowledge of the subject, deciding, finally, that the probability is very slight. He is a little vague, but his governing impressions are evidently that, although the Mussulmans expect a Mehdi or Teacher, and the Hindoos hope for some leader with an afflatus from above, neither feeling is much more than a yearning, which for a long period may come to nothing; while the only definite religious movement—that of the half-educated towards the mysticism taught by Keshub Chunder Sen—does not threaten the influence of the West. Sir Richard Temple, however, adds this ominous and, as we judge absolutely, true remark, which should never be forgotten by any one who studies India:—

"One among the lessons learnt by Anglo-Indian statesmen from the Mutiny was this, that when once a spirit of fanaticism and of national ambition shall arise, once a resolution to have done with foreign masters shall be formed, considerations of material advantage, of regularly received emoluments, of security to agriculture, trade, and industry, are flung to the winds. Although men are much wiser after these events, yet if before those events they had questioned themselves regarding the probability of such occurrences, the answer would have been that surely natives had become too deeply interested in the continuance of peace, too sensible of the benefits thereby acquired, too timid of risking their prosperity, to think of insurrection. This was true, indeed, of the mass of voiceless, easy-going people, but not at all true of many classes whose influence would for the moment determine the course of events. With such classes, the benefit from British rule was counted as dross, in comparison with the pleasure of reasserting Indian nationality. The bearing of the Brahmins in Benares, of the territorial classes in Oude and Behar, of the Mahrattas in Western India, of the Muhammadans almost everywhere, of the Sikhs after (though not during) the crisis,—attests what was to us a melancholy truth."

That—the existence in all classes of influential natives of a strong Indian feeling, which is not exactly patriotism, but which is that India, the secluded continent, ought to belong to its people—is the real danger to our rule. It remains quiescent for years on years, but the moment it is excited, "common-sense" vanishes, the fire is in the prairie, and in a week British rule is dependent solely on the English sword. Sir George Campbell argues in favour of a total abandonment of Egypt, Tewfik Khedive being made really independent, not as a very safe course, but as the safest practicable. He thinks if Great Britain retains any direct control she will be vulnerable to Europe, which will attack her there. As nothing prevents Europe from attacking us in Malta or in India, except our command of the sea, we do not see much in the argument. Egypt on its two desert sides is readily defensible, and we should have armies for its defence procurable by two seas. M. "Jehan de Paris" reviews the evidence for the existence of any secret society in France, and finds none, but his argument is a little *a priori*. That the majority governs is true, and it may, therefore, act openly; but why should not a dangerous secret society represent a minority? Because it would not be dangerous? We do not find that to be true in the case of Thuggee, and political offenders can use dynamite, the torch, and the revolver, as the Thugs could not. Any secret society may be dangerous, if it is only fanatical and careless of life. The "initiated" followers of the Sheikh of the Assassins can never have exceeded a thousand or two. Mr. Wedmore has an interesting and, we think, sound criticism of the School of Impressionists which has arisen in Paris, and which seeks to reproduce impression received from any scene, careless of in deed, of altering it; Mr. Woulfe Flanagan dep[illegible] rule for Ireland once more, as fatal to her future, [illegible] being still uneducated in governing; and Mr. F. Pollock concludes his striking series of essays on the history of the science of politics. His conclusion is the true one,—that the State is more than an organisation for the protection of life and property, and that it may justifiably seek to promote all noble ends which associated man is capable of seeking. Mr. G. Russell, in prophesying about the coming Session, doubts if its action in Egypt has strengthened the Government, but hopes for a long array of domestic Bills, of which the one evidently nearest his heart is Sir Henry James's Bill to defeat corruption at Elections. He reasons in favour of severe legislation in this direction from a side too often forgotten,—the excessive burden imposed by corruption upon the active men who even now injure their careers for the public good. We doubt if so much can be done next Session as Mr. Russell thinks, and entirely disagree as to his estimate of the Home Secretary. Sir W. Harcourt is a very able man, but the Liberal party is not going to fight under his banner.

Mr. Raikes's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* is noteworthy, as the first grave Tory protest against the absurd Beaconsfield *mythus* now so rapidly growing up. Mr. Raikes holds that leader to have been greatest when abstaining from action, and to have frequently committed grave errors when he began to move. His ideal of a Leader of Opposition is Lord Hartington, with his pertinacity, courage, and "saving common-sense," and it will, we fear, be poohpoohed by impatient spirits among the Tories, and even by men who, like Mr. W. St. John Brodrick, in the next paper, think the great need of the Conservative party is a definite programme, and who would take up with "Relief to agriculturists, retrenchment, and philanthropy," for want of a better. We suspect the old cries of the party, "Landlord interests, no cheeseparing, and no cant," were more effectual, as well as more sincere. Prince Krapotkine gives a horrible account of the Russian prisons, the most definite portion of which is a statement that torture is habitually practised on political prisoners, two in particular, Adrian Mikhailoff and Ryksakoff, having been submitted to torture by electricity. That frightful abuses may occur in the prisons of an empire we all know, from the revelations as to torture in Southern India made at a time when the Government was honestly and furiously opposed to any such practice; but why do not the Nihilists address themselves more directly to this single abuse, convince Europe of its existence by testimony less liable to the suspicion of exaggeration than their own, and then make terms with the Czar for its suppression? It is not the interest of the dynasty to support its subordinates in these excesses of power. The paper is ghastly reading, and much of it—for instance, the narrative of Madame C——, with its constant acknowledgment of any kindness received—gives a strong impression of truth. Scenes quite as terrible as the one she describes occurred in our own prisons before Howard began his work, and will always occur where brutal gaolers are entrusted with large powers, and where money for scientific management is not procurable. The first reform would be to abolish the secrecy of Russian prison life by allowing inspection from outside, and we must still believe that Prince Krapotkine's idea that reform is hopeless is an expression of that despair which seems to have fallen on most Russians like a disease. Why should reform be impossible, while there are Russians who feel these things as Prince Krapotkine obviously does? If the Prince will read the next paper to his own, "The Girl-children of the State," by Mrs. Trench, he will know that cruelty may exist in free States, and in spite of the most determined efforts to suppress it. It is perfectly maddening to read of the dull, callous cruelty with which, if Miss Trench may be trusted, little children are treated in some English workhouses, and to know that if the facts could but be brought before the people, the remedy would be so quick. We do not understand, by the way, why, if the managers of the Kilburn Orphanage believe the stories here published, they do not lay the facts, with names, dates, and localities, before the Local Government Board, with a view to prosecution. Do they actually know that girls (*vide* page 81) have been killed by "sheer cruelty" in workhouses? The account of the "National Party in Egypt," by M. Ninet, Arabi's Swiss adviser, is worth reading, if only for its sketches of individuals and of existing

which, the Egyptian law of foreclosure, would in ce an insurrection. We distrust M. Ninet's views should many of his facts are substantiated from other if he invents, he invents with an intention worth studying.

The best paper in the *Contemporary Review* is Mr. Herbert Spencer's on America, most of which has appeared before, and has been sufficiently discussed. We may, however, we presume, from the reappearance of his views here, conceive that in his deliberate judgment, the dangers of the United States are, first, the transfer of power to an oligarchy of political wire-pullers, and secondly, the destruction of vital force, not only in this generation, but in the race, by over-feverish competition. The first danger is real, and differs very little from the old danger from self-seeking demagogues; but is the second danger actual? That the foremost class in America will consume itself in its haste to be rich, we think probable; but as far as we can see, the millions who will evolve new and ever new foremost classes are already revolting against overwork. They want to limit labour to eight hours a day, which, though quite enough, will kill nobody. Everything tends in the Union to the production of a leisured class, who do not now, it is true, care about politics, but who will care about them, and when they care will, as candidates, greatly attract the people. That at least has been the course of events in all other countries, and there is nothing in America except the general well-being to make it a separate continent. When the great war broke out, the wealthy came forward in dozens, and so far as we could perceive, and we had occasion to watch, obtained commands quite as readily as they would in England. The article on "Panislamism and the Khalifate" is by an author whose name the editor thinks it expedient to conceal, but there is hardly sufficient visible reason to justify that rather pompous introduction. The writer's view is that if Arabi had been successful, the Turkish Khalifate would have ended; and he is inclined to believe that if the Sultan surrendered the spiritual throne to the Shereef of Mecca, he would be stronger in his empire. The Sultan thinks differently, and probably knows his own business. The writer surely forgets that a Shereef who was also Khalif would also pronounce the Sultan an Infidel, or an enemy of Islam, and so dethrone him. That England should no longer support the Ottoman Khalifate is, we think, clear; but the main reason for abandoning it is that Ottoman power in Europe has been shown to be pure evil. The Rev. G. T. Stokes, writing of the Bollandists and their great work, the "Acta Sanctorum," which has been continued for three centuries, fills more than sixty huge volumes, and is not finished yet, maintains that though credulous, they have tried to tell the truth, and have saved and reprinted many documents important to history. Mr. Lilly commences under the title of "The Religious Future of the World" another of his able, and eloquent, though, as we think, one-sided protests against materialism; and Mr. H. Dunckley ("Verax") points out with great force that Democratic Toryism has so far shifted its ground as to be landed in this dilemma,—that either Tory ideas are untrue, or, if the electors voted against Monarchy, Monarchy ought to be abolished. If Tories think there are institutions beyond the control of the people, how are they Democrats? If they do not think so, how are they Tories? That is the question that Old Conservatives have been asking since 1866, and have not received, and will not receive, any reply. Nevertheless, the Englishman not being logical, there are, and will continue to be, Democratic Tories.

In *Macmillan*, Mrs. Oliphant proceeds with her story, "The Wizard's Son," intended apparently to be half-supernatural; Mr. J. Cotter Morison gives us a most kindly, perhaps over kindly, sketch of Carlyle, in which he only forgets, as it seems to us, the peasant element in Carlyle's nature,—that is, the element which is perpetually and at all points standing up in self-defence; and Mr. A. J. Wilson describes, with a half-cynical smile, the first result of the success of teetotal legislation, the instant smash of all existing methods of taxation. We do not believe in teetotalism; but the danger of direct taxation is certainly no argument against it, nor do we suppose that Mr. Wilson thinks it is. Mr. Freeman writes pleasantly of Anthony Trollope, but the time for estimating the personal character of the novelist has hardly arrived. He was, we imagine, a curious instance of an original and, in many respects, fine character, shot with streaks that were probably hereditary. Certainly, his works leave on us the impression of a certain double drift of taste.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Corneille and Racine. By Henry M. Trollope. *La Fontaine, and other French Fabulists.* By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A. (Blackwood.)—In the first of these two volumes of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," the average excellence which has been reached by the series is fairly maintained. Besides giving a general account of the two poets and their works, it deals at length with three tragedies of each author, as well as *Le Menteur*, and Racine's only comedy, *Les Plaideurs*. The weak point of the volume is in the translations, of which the author rather oddly says:—"Save in a few passages in the *Cid*, where the version, in the measure of the original, has been supplied by a friend, he has thought it better to render the meaning of the French verses into English prose, than to attempt verses of his own. He is not aware of any English translation into verse of the plays of Corneille which would be endured now, even by the most patient reader. The best, perhaps, is Ambrose Philip's English version of Racine's *Andromaque*." Prose translations of French tragedy come, in our opinion, under the general head of books "which cannot be read except with sorrow." But when the alternative is such verse as,—

> "Each instant that he lives after this crime
> Prolongs his shame, and with his infamy, mine,"

one is tempted to think that, even regarded as verse, the prose is better. We can heartily commend Mr. Collins's volume. The sketch of La Fontaine is full of anecdote, and the fables chosen are exceedingly well translated. But especially good is the account of earlier and later French fabulists, which occupies nearly half the book. Many of the fables introduced in it will be new, we think, to most readers. Two very good ones are "The Confession of the Ass, the Fox, and the Wolf," and the following:—"The Wolf was ill of the glanders, and made a vow to Heaven that if he should recover, he would forswear the eating of flesh, and become one of the brethren of the Chartreuse. He soon got well, and on first taking his walks abroad, he met a fine, fat sheep. His mouth watered at the sight,—but he remembered his vow. 'Heaven bless you, Master Salmon!' quoth the Wolf, by way of greeting. The other assured him that he was no fish, would not venture into the water for his life; he was the son of a sheep, of very honest parentage,—nothing more. 'That is no matter to me,' said the Wolf; 'you have all the look of a salmon to my eyes, by St. Siquat! and as a salmon I shall treat you.' And so he ate him up on the spot." We have not space to quote one of the verse translations, but may instance as excellent the version of "The Clock and the Sun-dial," by Houdard de la Motte.

With the publication of *Ferdinand's Adventure* (Routledge), we are glad to welcome back Lord Brabourne to his old seat on the back of the nursery hobby-horse. He should never have left it for party politics, the Channel Tunnel, and a peerage that blisters. It is possible, indeed, that this collection of stories in the old style of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen may be really a number of political satires well disguised; the last one, in particular, "The Bird War," has a look of something of the sort. But taking the volume as *bona fide*, we have nothing but hearty praise for Ferdinand's experiences among various lower animals, whose slave he is for a time compelled to be. Others of the collection, such as "Dora and Claude" and "The Lost Children," are equally clever and humorous, and perhaps pleasanter.——Messrs. Routledge also send us *Songland*, a series of ditties for children, selected, arranged, and composed by William M. Hutchison—an admirable collection, very humorously illustrated; *Little Lays for Little Folk*, selected by John G. Watts—the illustrations, of a graver sort than those in *Songland*—are also specially worthy of notice; and *Sunny Days* and *Snowdrop*, two capital little picture-books for children.

The Fourth Book of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. By Hastings Crossley, M.A., Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast. (Macmillan.)—Seven years ago, Mr. Crossley tells us that he "conceived the idea of producing such an edition of Marcus Aurelius as should tempt those who have not entirely forgotten the Greek of their youth, and who are yet interested in that most fascinating of all studies, the history of ethics, to read the thoughts of the Emperor in their original form." Finding it impossible to secure in the present or in the near future "the ample leisure sufficient to enable one to saturate one's mind with the literature and thoughts of the period," Professor Crossley now publishes an instalment, consisting of Book IV., with revised text, translation, and commentary. It will be seen that more than one class of readers is provided for; for each the work has been done with a care and skill which make us regret the book is likely at present to remain a fragment. The translation is clear and readable, while the commentary is full of valuable illustration. In an appendix is reprinted from *Hermathena* Professor Crossley's most interesting article on the correspondence of Fronto and Marcus Aurelius, with an account of its discovery by Cardinal Mai.

The Larch: a Practical Treatise on its Culture and General Management. By C. Y. Michie. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—This is a really valuable book, and an interesting one also. It is clearly the outcome of much practical experience in larch-planting and management. In twenty-six chapters, Mr. Michie gives the story of the introduction of the larch, descriptions of the soils and situations suited for its favourable growth, the rearing and management of the young trees; and the characteristics, value, and uses of larchwood. Nor does the author omit to say something about the picturesqueness and ornamental character of the larch; he adds a few illustrations representing famous trees, such as the Dunkeld larches and those at Monzie Castle. Some of these and other equally fine specimens have attained a height of over one hundred feet, and a girth of twelve to sixteen feet at three feet from the ground, while their ages range from one hundred and forty years and upwards.

Mr. Alcock, the author of "The Spanish Brothers," has just published two works—*The Czar* (Nelson) and *The Roman Students* (Unwin)—which, from their peculiar character—their bringing history to the aid of Evangelical religion—should make excellent gift-books for readers of a certain appreciative class. The two books are, however, of unequal merit. *The Czar*, which is a story of the struggle of Russia with the First Napoleon, is a well constructed, historically realistic, and enjoyable one. Alexander I. is an admirable portrait, and, in the main, correct, though flattering. The two heroes, Ivan and Henri, who turn out in the long-run to be cousins, are also well drawn; and their adventures, many of which are based on fact, are related with much spirit. In his other book, which is ostensibly a tale of the Renaissance, Mr. Alcock seems to have got beyond his historical depth. The chapters descriptive of life in Constantinople and Rome are, however, vigorously written.

The Steam-engine and its Inventors. By R. L. Galloway. (Macmillan and Co.)—Here we have the story of the steam-engine once more told, and told carefully and clearly. Mr. Galloway does not take us back beyond the seventeenth century, but begins with the invention of the air-pump and the construction of pneumatic engines. In succeeding chapters he describes the experimental engines of Papin, Newcomen, and Savery, before giving full details concerning the further progress made by Watt, Trevithick, and their contemporaries and immediate successors. The narrative is not continued to a later date than 1830. The volume is illustrated with woodcuts and plates.

In *Stories of Old Renown* (Blackie and Son), we have that now veteran literary caterer for the young, Mr. Ascott R. Hope, retelling such old tales as "Ogier the Dane," "Patient Griselda," "Guy of Warwick," and "Généviève of Brabant." A peculiar vein of humour differentiates Mr. Hope from other writers for boys, and in this book it is well supported by the efforts of his illustrator, Mr. Gordon Browne.——*Count up the Sunny Days*, by C. A. Jones (Wells Gardner), is a book of a very different sort, dealing with every-day, not to say "low" life. But it is thoroughly deserving of commendation. The moral of the story is wholesome; several of the characters, especially "Little Binkie," are admirably drawn; and the incident of the "return from the dead" character with which it closes is a pleasing surprise. The illustrations, of the "outline" variety, are clever.——*The Boys and I* (Routledge) is a child's story, by Mrs. Molesworth, who displays her wonted skill in revealing the mysteries of the infantile character. It is perhaps too long, but the telling of several of the incidents, such as "The White Dove," is marked by a felicity that is truly touching.

An Englishman's Views on Questions of the Day in Victoria, by C. J. Rowe (Trübner and Co.), may be thoroughly recommended as a compact little handbook of the various questions that at present press for solution in our leading Australasian colony—Protection, land, railways, education, public works, and the suffrage—written by a man who has evidently done his best to master them. Mr. Rowe takes an anti-Berryite view of most matters in Victoria, but his book is none the worse for that. He points out one thing in connection with the recent reform, and broadening of the electoral basis, of the Legislative Council of Victoria, which has escaped the attention of most writers—certainly of most English writers—on the subject. Under the Reform Act, the electors of the Upper House are also electors for the Lower. As out of a total electorate of 200,000 in the colony these number 108,000, they have really 216,000 votes, as against 92,000 electors with only 92,000.

Abu Telfan; or, the Return from the Mountains of the Moon, a novel, by Wilhelm Raabe, translated from the German by Sofie Delffs (Chapman and Hall), is introduced with a considerable flourish of trumpets by the translator as "one of the best novels that have lately appeared in German." We are also informed that "one of Raabe's chief charms is his rich vein of the truest, most genial humour." We confess, however, that we see nothing in *Abu Telfan* to justify such enthusiasm. It is most unconscionably long drawn-out. The plot is involved, and the tragedy with which the story ends appears quite unnecessary. It is impossible to say whether the hero, Leonhard Hagebucher, who returns to his nat from imprisonment in Darfur, is more fool or German m As for Raabe's humour, we sometimes find in it far-q Sterne—and of Mr. Toole—and it is quite genuine, so fa but then it goes such a little way, after all, and the vein is so poor. This may be all insular prejudice and ignorance, but we utterly fail to see in the author of *Abu Telfan* a new light in the firmament of fiction.

Minor Poetry.—*The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.* By George Houghton. (Houghton and Co., Boston; Trübner and Co., London.)—In this booklet we have a narrative in verse, founded on a Scandinavian legend. The author names "Prior's Ancient Danish Ballads" and Oehlenschläger's "Tragedy of Axel and Valborg" as having suggested the theme, but says that in this, its second edition, his poem has been much expanded, besides undergoing material changes. There is some vigorous writing and successful rendering of local characteristics, which help us to realise the sough of the biting winter wind, and the wild charge of the snow-flurry in the mountain-pass. The treachery of Prince Hakon to the friend of his youth and the patient fidelity of Valborg are sharply contrasted. Perhaps the writer's happiest efforts are those which illustrate Nature in her varying aspects. Axel's return to Norland after his seven years' exile is so pleasant a picture, that we quote a few lines from it:—

> "Each sight and scent and sound
> Spake to him, saying, 'Welcome!' Still the air,
> But filled with small, sweet noises, plaint of gulls
> Circling their young, the flight of cormorants,
> Waves lapping on a beach; nearer at hand,
> Brooks babbling, larches talking low together,
> And from the vales below, under the hills,
> The far, faint buzz of labor, that now seemed
> A pleasant pastime; and he longed to stand
> Among the workers, working to be found."

——*Leolyn, and other Verses.* By Herbert Gardner. (Remington and Co.)—As a contribution to the lyric poetry of our day, this volume deserves a cordial welcome. There are some pieces of considerable merit in a collection of poems almost all of which are above the average, passages in which modern thought finds expression in very graceful and sparkling verse, free, too, from overstrained and exaggerated sentiment, though not wanting either depth or tenderness. The song "Between the Green Corn and the Gold" is, in particular, very pretty. We believe that Mr. Herbert Gardner will win greater distinction as a poet, when the gift he possesses shall have had time to develop.——*Mary Magdalene: a Poem.* By Mrs. Richard Greenough. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—The subject of this book does not commend itself either by the good-taste shown in its treatment, nor, having regard to the slender thread of narrative concerning the Mary Magdalene of the Gospels, by its historical *vraisemblance*. It is true that in the popular mind the Mary who is stated to have been the victim of demoniacal possession, is identified with the woman of sinful life who came to the Saviour in the Pharisee's house. The assumption is, however, rather hypothetical. The picture, repulsive in itself, of certain aspects of society in Jerusalem is drawn for us as if with a serene satisfaction by the writer, and though not from a sense of its exaggeration, one is more displeased by such elaborately ornate description. We feel that a theme selected from one of the most touching episodes of the Gospel narrative—a simple story tricked out in this artificial guise—is so far spoilt for us; it seems like building on a noble structure "wood, hay, and stubble." The verse, though giving evidence of culture, and of some power in the mastery of detail, fails to impress us as poetry. It is stilted, and it lacks spontaneity.——*The Consolation: a Poem.* By George Gerrard. (Hunter, Rose, and Co., Toronto.)—There is an unintentional irony in the title of this book. Anything more calculated to depress even the buoyant spirit than this dreary dissertation in verse, it would be difficult to find. If the author is ambitious to distinguish himself in literature, we would advise him to take steps preliminary to that end by turning his attention to decent prose composition, and, for the present at least, to eschew verse.——We pass next to *Life's Pathway, and other Poems.* By Thomas Leech. (Satchell and Co.)—We cannot grudge the writer—a constable of the Metropolitan Police—the solace he seems to derive from essays in verse, and whatever their merits or demerits, the author at least has some claim on our sympathy and indulgence. No great results are, perhaps, to be expected from such desultory efforts in literature; but it is natural that, with such ability as he possesses, and encouraged by the approval of friends and patrons, Mr. Thomas Leech should wish to strike out a path for himself other than the customary beat.——In *Echoes of Song*, by a Cambridge Undergraduate (Newman and Co.), we have a book of trashy effusions, which are simply below criticism. Faulty in rhythm, faulty in grammar, such compositions could scarcely find admission, one would think, into the columns of one of our provincial newspapers. A schoolboy with any taste for versification might surely express himself with more regard to sense and syntax than this Cambridge Undergraduate.——There is not much that calls for comment in *Anne Boleyn: a Tragedy in Five Acts*, by the Author of "Palace and Prison," "Ginevra," &c. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)—Why does the

ia of our day so seldom riso, in point of literary bove the level of a *résumé* in respectable verse of tory? Little more than this can be said of the work us. It gives hut slight evidence of dramatic power, not much distinctness in characterisation, and, moreover, the verse is too often disfigured by feeble and halting lines. ——*Our Holiday among the Hills.* By James and Janet Logie Robertson. (William Blackwood and Sons.)—In this collection of poems the summary of contents is as follows:—Part I., Songs; Part II., Scenes; Part III., Satires; Part IV., Psalms; Part V., Horace in Homespun. There is a marked inequality in these verses, perhaps explained by the double authorship; but as no indication is afforded, nothing pointing to James or to Janet, the reader is left to his own inferences. It strikes us that some of the weakest of the poems are to be found among the "Satires." To pen a really good satire, a master-hand is needed, and in these verses we miss the snbtle edge and the keen point which the weapon, deftly used, should possess. We must protest against such words as "jewel" and "rule" being made to rhyme:—

"Load them with gem and jew'l,
And pearl and purple fine—,
Not these, not these, the Kings that rule
By right divine!"

How comes it that among the "Psalms" we light upon a poem called "A Railway Accident"? By an *accident*, surely, it must have found place there. Part V., "Horace in Homespun," will be best appreciated by readers familiar with the Scottish dialect. "A Transformation" is unquestionably good, and will he understood and felt by most dwellers in Britain, more especially in North Britain. ——*The Flying Dutchman, and Other Poems.* By E. M. Clarke. (Satchell.)—Here the first and longest of some five or six "Ballads of the Sea" gives the title to a hook of verses occasionally marked by much spirit and fire, but too often sinking to a most provoking tameness. Of these, the "Bell of the Sklangenzan" is the best, and "Erline" the poorest; but some excuse may be made for it—though not for its publication—if it was written, as it claims to be, when the author was in his fourteenth year. Tho translations strike us as really the best part of the volume; that of "A Sonnet on Majorities," in particular, is not without cleverness.

New Novels.—*Royal Angus.* By Lord James Douglas. (Bentley and Son.)—If Lord James Douglas's picture of the life, the aspirations, the conduct, and the conversation of young men of the class to which he himself belongs, is to he accepted hy rational beings as even approaching to the truth, his lordship has furnished democracy with an argument and a plea of no insignificant strength. It has seldom been our lot to read so vulgar a book as *Royal Angus*, in which the adjectives "royal" and "reckless" are used as Christian names, by an author as "regardless of grammar" as Mr. Barham's people, who "all cried, that's him." My lord and my lady swarm all over the pages; "noble lords" are always "drawing on" their gloves, except when they are pulling them off; and a "noble youth," who lives for what decent people are accustomed to regard as the lowest forms of excitement; who is an habitual gambler, an impecunious debtor, a "sponge" on his more respectable elder brother and his silly sister-in-law, finishes his career hy a deed of reckless rashness, and is eulogised as a "noble, fearless, unselfish man." With questionable taste, Lord James Douglas has introduced into a singularly unpleasant work of fiction the tragic circumstances of the death of his own brother, the lamented Lord Francis Douglas, on the Matterhorn, several years ago. This, however we may regard its interpolation into the narrative, is the one feature that redeems *Royal Angus* from a dead-level of snobbishness.——*Proper Pride.* (Tinsley Brothers.)—Only a pair of fools could possibly have heeu parted, iu the early days of their happy married life, by a device so clumsy and absurd as that to which the author of *Proper Pride* has resorted, in order to bring about the separation of Sir Reginald and Lady Fairfax. This objection to the construction of the story being stated, we desire to record the pleasure it has given us to read a hright, clever novel, full of interest, distinguished by good taste and an excellent style, in which the author accomplishes the feat of making us forget she is proceeding all the time from a basis of utter nonsense; that the imbroglio which constitutes the story could not have occurred in real life, and if it had occurred, wonld have been dispelled by return of post. The device of the letter found in the lining of an old gown, which clears up everything, is not new, but it is borrowed with effect in *Proper Pride.* The author of this novel will, we make no doubt, write many a hetter one.——*The Turn of the Tide.* By Lady Margaret Majendie. (Bentley and Son.)—This is a pretty story of the beginning of the French Revolution, before the tide had reached the full, and swept over the old *régime* with the effacing force of 1793 and 1794. The author fails to invest her characters with the tragic interest of the time, hut she tells the eternal story of love, youth, obstacles, pride, constancy, and final triumph, fairly well, and the stamp of refinement and good-taste is set upon her story.——*Greystone Abbey.* By Emily Foster. (Wyman and Sons.)—Miss Foster's book is a proof that young writers believe that failure is the only road to success, or she would surely have taken the trouble to avoid the glaring deficiencies in construction of plot and delineation of character which make *Greystone Abbey* a warning to all novices in literature. Without being unduly exacting, a reader may fairly require the novelist to write naturally, to construct clearly, and to make his characters talk like human beings. Miss Foster does none of these things, however. Her story tells how a rightful heir was deprived of his patrimony by the intrigues of his sister and her husband, how he left the ancestral home, and under an assumed name achieved competence and marriage. Ultimately, evil actions bring their own punishment, and the right people get the estate, and settle down to opulent happiness. A description of a fire will please those who are connoisseurs in unintentioual humour. With this exception, there is nothing in the novel to interest the least critical reader.

Light: a Course of Experimental Optics. By Lewis Wright. (Macmillan and Co.)—Tho main characteristic of this well-written and amply illustrated handbook is its practicalness. Science teachers who are determined to teach optics as they should bo taught ought to welcome this book cordially. It is original in method and material. The explanations of the phenomeua of light here described are as full, as clear, and as precise as are the instructions for tho making and using of the apparatus needed for their demonstration to a class. This book, moreover, can be read, used, and, wo may add, enjoyed, by those students of optical phenomeua who are not conversant with mathematics.

The Acclimatisation of the Salmonidæ at the Antipodes. By Arthur Nichols. (Sampson Low.)—The difficulties which have been at last successfully met in tho introduction of our salmon iuto Australasia are faithfully described in this volume.

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Buxton (H. J. W.), The Illustrated Handbook of Art History	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Dentow (W.), Records of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, 8vo	(Bell)	4/0
Donnelly (J.), Ragnarok, the Age of Fire, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	12/6
Fenn (G. M.), Eli's Children, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	31/6
Homer's Iliad, Done into Prose, by A. Lang and Others, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	12/6
Jeannette, cr 8vo	(Routledge)	3/6
Kent (G. E.), Darkened at Noontide, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	10/6
Kinglake (A. W.), The Invasion of the Crimea, Vol. 7, cr 8vo	(Blaekwood)	6/0
Kirton (J. W.), Cheerful Homes, cr 8vo	(Ward & Loek)	3/6
Legge (M.), Life of Consecration, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	8/6
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Mozley (J. B.), Lectures, &c., cr 8vo	(Rivington)	10/6
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Payn (J.), Kit, a Memory, 3 vols	(Chatto & Windus)	31/6
Playfair (W. S.), Systematic Treatment of Nerve Prostration	(Smith & Elder)	3/6
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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

A. R. Ropes (of Mill Hill and City of London Schools) was *Eleventh Wrangler* in the Mathematical Tripos of January last.

A. R. Ropes *Proxime Accessit* for the Whewell Scholarships for International Law.

E. H. Cook has gained a Sizarship for Hebrew at St. John's College.

E. B. Moffatt has gained a Minor Scholarship (Mathematical) of £50 for three years at Queen's College.

H. Temperley was placed in the Second Class in the Law Tripos.

R. B. Morris was placed in the Third Class in the Law Tripos.

J. R. Tanner was Second in the *First Class* in the History Tripos.

O. Seaman (of Mill Hill and Shrewsbury Schools) has gained the Porson Prize for Greek verse.

E. R. Tanner has gained the Coles Scholarship for Mathematics of £50 for three years at Clare College.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

S. L. Hart, D.Sc., has been appointed Assistant-Examiner in Experimental Philosophy.

T. E. Scrutton, M.A. (B.A., LL.B., Trin. Coll., Camb.), has taken the LL.B. Degree.

W. H. D. Adkins has taken the B.A. degree, with honours in Mental and Moral Science, First in Third Class.

E. H. Cook has taken the B.A. degree.

E. S. Weymouth, M.A., has passed the Further Scriptural Examination in the *First Class*, with a prize of £10 in books.

E. F. Bright has passed the Preliminary Scientific Examination for the degree of M.B.; with honours in Zoology (Second Class), and Botany (Second Class).

T. A. Herbert was 20th in Honours at the January Matriculation Examination.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

E. Wilcox has gained a Prize and Medal in Surgery.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

T. E. Scrutton, M.A., has been elected a Fellow.

N. Micklem, B.A. (M.A., New Coll., Oxford), has been elected a Fellow.

OWEN'S COLLEGE.

E. H. Cook has gained the Prize in the Hebrew Class.

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T. E. Scrutton, M.A., has gained the Barstow Scholarship of £70 a year for two years, open to all Students of the Four Inns of Court who pass the Bar Pass Examination in Trinity Term. (This Scholarship has been gained by Old Millhillians now two years running, last year by Nathaniel Micklem, M.A.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

No. 2,846.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1883. [Registered for Transmission Abroad. Price .. ..6d. By Post, 6½d.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE negotiations with France have been broken off, and the Dual Control in Egypt was on Thursday formally terminated, Sir A. Colvin resigning his office; but the English position remains undefined, and legally we are still occupying the country on the invitation of the Khedive, who legally may send us away to-morrow. That is not very satisfactory, the legal situation and the actual situation being directly opposed, while the Convention which is to put matters straight halts, probably through difficulties raised in Constantinople. Sir Evelyn Wood is, however, organising the Army on the plan of half the regiments being purely Egyptian and half commanded by English officers; Baker Pasha has raised a Gendarmerie, said to be efficient; and a nondescript police for Alexandria and Cairo is getting into order, under General Della Scala. This police has hitherto been composed of Europeans, Albanians, and Egyptians, but as the two former kill one another whenever they get drunk, the Egyptians are to be preferred, and the force has been placed under Baker Pasha. An organisation strong enough to maintain order is, in fact, being evolved; but the essential points of ultimate authority and financial security are still unsettled. According to the latest official statement, revenue and ordinary expenditure exactly balance; but there is nothing for the British troops, or for the indemnities which, it is expected, will amount to three millions. It will be wise of the Foreign Office to quicken things a little, and be ready with an intelligible plan when Parliament meets.

The *Temps* publishes an account of the recent negotiations between France and England on the subject of Egypt, which appears to be at least demi-official, and as such is reproduced *in extenso* in the *Times*. It is a most melancholy narrative. If it is true, and we fear it is true, M. Duclerc rejected the control of the Public Debt of Egypt offered to France, but hinted that if she were offered the control of the Domain and the Daira in addition, and, in fact, invested "with the general supervision of the Liquidation Law, regulating the employment of all the revenues of Egypt," a "basis of agreement" might be found. In other words, if France were allowed to pillage Egypt at discretion, for the benefit of the financial houses still loaded with Egyptian Bonds, and more especially Daira Bonds, Great Britain might dispose of the country as she pleased. No baser proposition was ever made, or one which showed more clearly the frightful ascendancy of the Rings in the councils of Paris. The negotiations have, of course, dropped, and it is asserted that M. Tissot, the French Ambassador in London, has resigned, assigning as his reason that "the cause of the Bondholders is almost hopeless." This disposition of great Governments to sacrifice political ends to the interests of great loanmongers is a novel and most ominous feature in modern polities. The tendency is not confined to Paris, but is displayed also in Rome and Vienna, and, in a different way, in Berlin. There, however, pecuniary claims are regarded as excuses, not as ends.

The world,—or at least all the world which is not so insanely Tory as to exult in Mr. Gladstone's illness, and it is a mournful fact that this is not absolutely the whole world,—was alarmed on Monday by hearing that Dr. Andrew Clark had been telegraphed for to Hawarden, and had insisted that the Midlothian visit should be abandoned by Mr. Gladstone, whose sleep has not been good lately, and consequently his strength not up to the mark. And yesterday, again, we heard that Mr. Gladstone's sleeplessness had not disappeared, and that he was keeping his room under the influence of a severe cold. Fortunately, Mr. Gladstone is a good patient, and when a physician in whom he has confidence gives him orders, he does not neglect those orders, but implicitly follows them. For this England is heartily grateful to him; and even, we do not doubt, the Midlothian audiences themselves, who have lost so great a gratification. It is not a gratification, however, that any part of the political world would chose to purchase at the cost of a single day of Mr. Gladstone's Ministerial life.

The Prime Minister has written a very remarkable letter to Professor Giambattista Giuolini, who had sent him a copy of his work on "Dante Explained by Himself." In this letter, Mr. Gladstone explains how great is his own debt to Dante, in the following emphatic words:—"You have been good enough to call that supreme poet 'a solemn master' for me. These are not empty words. The reading of Dante is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force*, or a lesson; it is a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man. In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of that mental provision (however insignificant it be) which has served me to make the journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years. And I should like to extend your excellent phrase, and to say that he who labours for Dante labours to serve Italy, Christianity, the world." No doubt, Dante served all three,—Italy, by giving her (pagan as her genius was) something of his own severely Christian type of mind; Christianity, by bringing out the sublime imaginative aspects of that too dogmatically inculcated creed; and the world, by teaching it a new reverence at once for Italy and for the Christian intellect. Mr. Gladstone's own "severe and earnest air" has often been remarked; but probably few knew till this week, whence he had derived that air of burdened but passionate purpose which breathes all through Dante.

The Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, made a very striking speech at Bridgwater on Wednesday. After an eloquent tribute to Mr. Bright, and a sharp criticism on the refusal of the extreme Irish party to co-operate in any way with Mr. Gladstone in the noble effort which he has made to do justice to Ireland at the same time when he is firmly repressing crime, Sir Henry went on to the subject of the Reform Bill, and advocated very strongly the same policy which we ourselves advocated last week,—namely, the separation of the Reform measure into two distinct portions, one dealing with the question of the franchise, and the other with that of redistribution. "I am certain," said the Attorney-General, "that if ever the attempt is made to deal with the question by one Bill, or even what is termed one scheme, failure, a certain failure, will ensue." The Tories, he added, would certainly try to insist on having before them a single scheme for dealing with the whole question, in the confident hope that on the whole scheme so presented they would be able to obtain a victory, through the defection of those Liberals whose seats may be endangered by the disfranchisement or merging of small boroughs. The Liberals should unite to resist this policy, and should point out that in 1867, the Liberal majority, though in Opposition, permitted Mr. Disraeli to pass the first portion of his Reform measure, and to delay the remainder to the Session of 1868, when he introduced and carried the Boundaries Bill and the Election

l and the Scotch and Irish Bills, by which that completed. "To postpone enfranchising those who to be electors till the details of a redistribution been settled, would be like showing food to a man, and then saying, 'But I cannot let you have it till I can arrange the table at which you are to sit, and the people who are to share it with you.'"

Sir Henry James also pointed out the probability that the extension of household franchise to the counties might involve the abandonment of the 40s. freehold qualification. It would not be easy to accept a residential household franchise as the basis of the borough and county franchise, and yet allow a non-residential freeholder to vote for the county, though we give no similar privilege to the holder of property in boroughs. If the 40s. freehold county qualification is retained, something of the same sort must be discovered to balance it in the boroughs. Further, Sir Henry James dropped a rather ominous hint to the Universities. If we deny the non-residential freeholder a vote, he says, how are we consistently to give a University man a second vote in a place where he does not reside, in addition to his residential vote in the place where he does reside? "If that question be asked, I trust some one will be found to give a satisfactory answer, but at present I cannot suggest one," —with which uncomfortable sentence Sir Henry James passed from the subject of University electorates, without having elicited any demonstration of grief or dismay from his Bridgwater audience.

Mr. Lyon Playfair has announced his intention on the meeting of Parliament to resign his post as Chairman of Committees, mainly on the ground of ill-health, partly, no doubt, that a new Chairman may start fair with the new Rules of Procedure, and without the dead-weight with which his one serious mistake of last Session would have handicapped himself. It is said that the House will be asked to elect Sir Arthur Otway as Chairman of Committees in his place. We suppose that this appointment is suggested because Sir Arthur Otway, who resigned his post of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's first government, on the ground of disapproving its foreign policy, is regarded as an impartial man by both parties, and one, therefore, whom the Conservatives would be likely to trust with the administration of the new Standing Orders. Mr. Gladstone announced last Session his wish to raise the character of the office of Chairman of Committees and Deputy-Speaker to one rather nearer the level of authority with which the Speaker himself is invested, and Sir Arthur Otway will be the first of these weightier Deputy-Speakers.

Death is busy with the French heroes of 1870. Gambetta was still unburied when, on the 4th inst., General Chanzy suddenly expired from apoplexy at Châlons, where he held a divisional command. He was hardly fifty, and might have expected ten more years of active life. Though selected by Gambetta for command, and willing to accept a Republic, General Chanzy is believed to have had strong monarchical and especially Orleanist proclivities, doubting whether a Republic would ever secure public order. He was watched with some suspicion, and there was a great desire to shunt him into civil life, as Governor-General of Algeria, or as an Ambassador. Nevertheless, the Government, recollecting his share in the National Defence, ordered him a public funeral. The Parisians ask whether Prince Bismarck has bribed Death, that Skobeleff, Gambetta, and Chanzy should all pass away before himself.

We trust that the statement of the *Times*' correspondent in Paris as to the attitude of the Right in regard to the election of Judges is inaccurate. This writer, who usually knows well what the Orléanists will do, asserts that the whole Right will vote with the Extremists for the Bill making Judges elective, because they think the chances of public disorder will be increased. They did so vote, he affirms, last time, and it was by their aid that the vote was carried, and the Minister of Justice forced to resign. Such conduct is almost too monstrous to believe. It amounts to a deliberate and conscious sacrifice of the country to party feeling, and this upon a subject which to the Right must seem to involve a grave, moral question,—the purity of the Bench. Frenchmen may have a terrible penalty to pay for such wickedness. Experience shows that while there is no power so injurious to the Democracy as this, there is none which it is more difficult to induce them to resign. Even the Reformers in New York have been compelled to stop short of this proposal, and to palliate the evil by suggesting longer terms of office. They say that if the people cannot be trusted to elect Judges, they cannot be trusted to elect Representatives, a palpable begging of the question. Election is only a good system when the will of the people is to be carried out, which is exactly what Judges are expected not to do.

Spain has been going through the throes of a crisis not very intelligible to outsiders, the history of which we believe to be this. The King, true to his policy of allowing all parties to reach office, wished S. Sagasta to admit some members of the Democratic party into his Cabinet. S. Sagasta consented, though as we judge, with some reluctance, and as the Finance Minister wished to sell the State Forests, and the Minister of Public Works claimed them for his Department, he took advantage of S. Camacho's resignation to remould the Ministry. It is now, therefore, though still his Ministry, a little more Democratic than before, and contents Marshal Serrano a little better. The matter would be of little importance, but that the military chiefs reappeared on the scene, and that the Government fell, though supported by heavy majorities in the Cortes. Substantial power in Spain still belongs to the Army, though the King, a much abler man than any Bourbon has recently been, is gradually making himself independent of the Generals. They would not even now venture to risk a *pronunciamiento*, in which he might appeal to the soldiery at large.

Several papers, notably the *Standard*, pay great attention to war rumours, one of which is that the Vatican has been convinced by its agents that war is immediately at hand. The theory is that Austria is about to take steps in the Balkan which will compel the Czar to declare war, and that Prince Bismarck will then have his long-desired chance of ridding Germany of her Eastern incubus. He thinks, the story goes, that the death of Gambetta will enable him to fight Russia when she has no ally. We do not believe one word of it all. The Czar may be carried away by his fears, or by the Revolutionary party, which would like a defeat, as leading to a break-up of the autocracy; but the governing men of Europe are old, and will not voluntarily play for such tremendous stakes. Prince Bismarck does not want war while his master lives, and without his consent the Hapsburgs will not risk their whole future to get Salonica too soon. As for the Vatican story, who has revealed to the correspondent secrets kept with the most jealous care?

England appears to be equally well served by the rich and the poor. When Professor Palmer undertook his mission into the Desert "to buy camels," he was accompanied by Captain W. J. Gill, R.E., who had orders to interrupt the telegraphic communication with Arabia. Both were murdered by the Arabs. It is this week announced that the Crown has granted a pension of £200 a year to Professor Palmer's family, and that the Admiralty will educate his children; while the *Illustrated London News* tells us that Captain Gill left £160,000 for division among his relatives. We wonder which is the more creditable, from the patriotic point of view,—the spirit which induces a rich man to face a painful death, in order to do obscure work that he thinks beneficial to his country; or that which urges a man without property, but with income, to volunteer for the same risk, although, if he dies, his family must want. The latter is the more common, but we do not know that it is in any way the nobler. Captain Gill has been a little too much forgotten, in the universal sorrow for the fate of his gifted comrade in the expedition.

The Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, is, consistently enough, doing all in his power to promote disorder in Ireland. He is not connected with the borough of Mallow, but he has written a letter supporting strongly the candidature of Mr. O'Brien, whose chief recommendation it is that he is now the object of a Government prosecution for the violent language he has used in the Press, tending to disturb civil order in Ireland. "Were I connected with the borough," says his Grace, "either as an elector or as a non-elector, I should most assuredly exercise every legitimate influence that I possessed to secure the triumphant return to Parliament of the gifted, fearless, patriotic, and uncompromising Editor of *United Ireland*." Cardinal M'Cabe, who is doing all in his power to preserve the peace in Ireland, must have said in his heart, when he read this letter, "Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among

the tents of Kedar. My soul hath long dwelt among them that are enemies unto peace. I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready to battle,"—which last is exactly the *rôle* of his Grace of Cashel.

At Newcastle, on Monday, Mr. Joseph Cowen delivered his apology for the very eccentric course he has pursued in Parliament, in an eloquent and laboured attack on the Government for everything they have done. The principle of the closure of debate, he said, "was sophistical and unfair,—it fettered the whole, for fear of the few;" but he did not explain *how*, the Liberal view of the matter being that the principle of the closure of debate fetters the few for the sake of the whole. Under the New Rules, says Mr. Cowen, the occupation of the independent Member will be gone. And those whom the closure of debate is to silence in Parliament, the influence of the caucus will paralyse in the constituencies. "He did not believe in this immoral and emasculating Parliamentary opportunism." He did look forward to the recovery of freedom of debate, as soon as the Conservatives should come back to power. He then went on to inveigh against *both* the repressive measures which have been aimed against the criminal outrages in Ireland, as well that which expired last September as that now in force. He advocated buying out the landlords of Ireland, and took the extreme Irish view of the practical inadequacy of the Land Act. He denounced our occupation of Egypt as in plain contradiction, to his mind, of that Liberal policy for the East which Liberals had urged against Lord Beaconsfield,—but which, as Mr. Cowen forgot to say, he himself at that time, being a partisan of Lord Beaconsfield's, vehemently condemned,—and predicted that the Liberal policy would end in the annexation of Egypt, and the final destruction of Egyptian nationality. Mr. Cowen, in short, is nothing, if not anti-Liberal. He may be called either a Tory Irreconcilable, or an Irreconcilable Tory. He inveighs against the Liberal policy as an Irreconcilable would inveigh against it, where he can find a party, like the Irish party, to support him. And where he cannot, he inveighs against it as the Tories inveigh against it. But in all things alike, he draws his sword upon the Liberals.

The Bishop of London has written a letter, in reply to the attack of the Church Association, in which he declares, first, that if by refusing to accept Mr. Mackonochie's resignation, he had defeated Archbishop Tait's dying desire and effort to promote the peace of the Church, he should never have forgiven himself, nor should he ever have expected the forgiveness of the great bulk of the clergy and laity of England; and next, that having accepted that resignation, he had no choice but to institute the man presented in due form with the proper certificates, without attempting to make illegal previous conditions. Dr. Jackson, in short, concedes nothing to the Church Association, to whom he presents a very stony countenance indeed.

On the other hand, Bishop Fraser has written a letter, thanking a Manchester meeting for supporting him in refusing to institute Mr. Cowgill at Miles Platting. He assumes that if he had not tried to make Mr. Cowgill promise to conform to the ecclesiastical law as it is now explained, before instituting him, he would have been virtually admitting that "all ecclesiastical order and authority had ceased in the land," —an admission of the reasonableness of which he does not appear to have given the slightest explanation. In fact, we doubt whether Dr. Fraser is not breaking through true ecclesiastical order, in making any conditions beforehand at all; but, however that may be, no one doubts his absolute legal right to institute ecclesiastical prosecutions against all who, after being instituted, do not conform to the existing law, if only he thinks it right so to do. As a matter of fact, however, the law gives him a perfect discretion to prosecute or not to prosecute, as, in his own view of ecclesiastical policy, he may think fit. And if we find fault with him, it is for thinking fit to push hardly on men whom Dr. Tait thought it better to spare till some mode of relieving them from pressure could be discovered. In any case, how it can be truly maintained that, even if no legal proceedings were at present to be taken against a special class of law-breakers whom no Bishop is bound to proceed against unless he think it wise, all ecclesiastical order is at an end, we are wholly at a loss to conjecture. As a matter of fact, we have always understood that though Dr. Fraser unfortunately permitted the Church Association to take proceedings against Mr. Green, he has never before attempted to enforce for himself the ecclesiastical order against any one of these law-breakers. And yet he assert that "all ecclesiastical order and authority in the diocese of Manchester ever since he became bi-

The rivers this year have been working great havoc on the Continent. It is said that the warm weather melted the snows, which usually lie on the hills till spring, and the water swelled the unusual rainfall in the plains. At all events, the rivers in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Hungary have burst their banks. The Palatinate has been drowned, and there is devastation all along the course of the Rhine; while the Danube has so deluged Hungary, that 10,000 persons are said, officially, to be in need of immediate relief. The town of Raab, a place of 20,000 inhabitants, in particular, has just escaped the fate of Szegedin last year. Its most populous suburb is eight feet under water, and the houses have melted in hundreds. The Emperor of Germany has given the Rhine folk £30,000, and all the Governments are voting relief; but they shrink from digging the canals, which would carry off the over-spill of the rivers. What seems to be wanted is a plan by which the riverine districts could be lightly taxed, while the Governments offered moderate guarantees. Private enterprise is foiled, because, though you can charge a peasant for water, you cannot charge him for keeping it away. Negative advantages, however great, are not calculable in francs.

Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, has been the scene of a catastrophe which may be a warning to Londoners. A huge hotel there, able to receive 800 guests, took fire on Wednesday, at 4 a.m., while 167 persons, guests and servants, were sleeping in it, and in a few minutes was entirely enveloped in flame. There were no means of exit, as the staircases were burning, and the lifts useless for want of workmen; and the unhappy inmates were either burned or leaped from the windows, and were smashed literally in dozens on the pavement below. Nearly fifty maid-servants, who slept in the sixth story, perished, the deaths known exceed 100, and it is believed they may reach 120. The proprietor, who had often been warned, and had accumulated fire-escapes, which proved useless, went mad. We shall have a scene of this kind in London some day, in one of the modern gigantic hotels, with their high-pitched roofs, and their dependence on lifts, in place of supplementary staircases. The fire brought out the energy of American firemen in a novel way. Milwaukee wanted a steam fire-engine, and telegraphed to Chicago, ninety miles off. It was at work within two hours, the firemen having traversed the ninety miles in eighty minutes, a rate of going previously unreached on any American railroad, and we should think as dangerous as the fire.

A curious investigation was held on Wednesday on the alleged poisoning of a girl at West Malling, in Kent, by oil of bitter almonds. Mr. Timins, the incumbent of the parish, who studied medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital in his youth and has been accustomed to use his knowledge for the benefit of his parishioners, who has been the incumbent for forty years, and who is sixty-nine years of age, admitted that he had himself given the girl a teaspoonful of oil of almonds,—he believed it to be the innocent oil, *not* the one containing prussic acid,—and had, on her crying out, taken a teaspoonful of it himself, to show its harmlessness. He had remained with the girl for three-quarters of an hour after giving her the dose, and except at the moment of taking it, she had seemed perfectly easy. He himself had found it very difficult to swallow, but he had suffered no subsequent inconvenience from his dose. The girl, however, it is stated, after his departure became sick, and according to the testimony of the chemist who analysed what came from her stomach, prussic acid was found in it, and was the cause of death. The case is a very curious one,—the girl's mother admitting that she saw Mr. Timins take a teaspoonful after her daughter had cried out, and Mr. Timins asserting that the oil was certainly the innocent oil, and not the poisonous oil. On the other hand, he never produced the bottle from which the dose was taken, for analysis by the chemist,—as it is said, though it is denied positively by himself, that he had promised to do,—and the analyst declares that death proceeded from no natural disease, but from the poison of this dose. The inquiry stands adjourned.

Bank Rate, 5 per cent.

Consols were on Friday $101\frac{1}{8}$ to $101\frac{1}{4}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

IMMEDIATE FUTURE IN FRANCE.

It always difficult, and usually vain, to forecast events in France, but we incline to believe that the Duclerc Cabinet will not last long, and will be succeeded by a Government which will accept the "policy of the fireside" with more openness than has hitherto been the case, will abandon all adventures beyond sea, and will pay severe attention to the condition of the Treasury. Unless we are greatly mistaken, our prediction of last week is coming true. The "Opportunists" are too divided even to issue an Address to the electors, as they originally intended; there will be no successor to M. Gambetta's special position as the Minister in reserve, and much of his authority is falling to the President of the Republic. M. Grévy, though strictly constitutional, and inclined to keep in the shade, has decided views of his own, which he will follow, now that M. Gambetta has disappeared, with greater freedom; his legal position is a much stronger one than observers usually remember, the Constitution having been framed before the hope of a Monarchy had disappeared; and in spite of his great reserve, his experience, lucidity of thought, and decision give him great weight with politicians. He has never been friendly to the Gambettist ideas, and now that their author has passed away will not be sorry to see an end of semi-Gambettist Cabinets like that of M. Duclerc, whose Egyptian policy was inspired from Ville d'Avray. Under these circumstances, we expect to see M. Jules Ferry, or some man of his type—a man of ability, but no genius—form a Government which will be strongly favoured by the President—who has great influence with the Senate, which dissolves—and supported by the moderates of all sections in pushing on domestic legislation. This Government will have more than peace for its object. It will seek tranquillity, will abandon, formally or informally, all expeditions, will accept the situation in Egypt, will restrain, if it can, all "subversive" motions, especially those directed against the Magistracy, and will be as little anti-Clerical as is consistent with determined secularism in education; and with a quietly relentless antagonism to the Orders, who, it is evident, have lost in the cities, if not among the peasantry, all effective hold on the masses. The Government will, of course, persist in making changes in the Civil Service, and will probably relax the fetters on the Communal authorities, but its main preoccupation will be the revenue and taxation.

The experienced men who, whenever the majorities in the Chamber will let them, guide affairs in France are obviously alarmed at the financial position, which, independent of all exaggeration, is not a sound one. The credit of France is in no danger, for "the bayonets own the *Rentes*," that is, the Debt is held by the body of the population, and not, as in England, by the well-to-do, and much of the existing trouble is temporary, having been caused by over-haste in extending the Railway system; but there are facts of an ugly kind behind all that. The Republic is not cheap, and both the taxation and the borrowings have been imprudently heavy. We are inclined to believe that the ease with which the Indemnity was paid was a surprise to French politicians, as well as to the financiers of Europe; that it altogether enlarged their conceptions of the wealth of France, and that schemes which in 1869 would have struck them as dreams suddenly seemed possible in their eyes. They certainly stood silent while vast sums were voted for "reorganisation," fortifications, and compensations, and made no effective resistance when M. de Freycinet unfolded a Public-Works Budget which would make Mr. Gladstone wince with alarm. No Australian Premier ever rushed into roads as M. de Freycinet, with no public lands to sell, plunged into railways. The parties caught the infection; the English rule that no private Member can propose direct additions to expenditure does not exist in France; and the groups vied with one another in proposing outlays for works, for enhancements of wages, and for education, which were highly acceptable to constituencies, but seriously burdened the national revenue. At last, all surpluses were eaten up, the taxation "reached its limit"—that is, began to cease to draw—the revenue declined, the experts began quarrelling about accounts and their meaning in a very ominous way, little errors occurring of 50,000,000 francs, and serious financiers, like M. Léon Say, decided that the country must be warned. They were not too soon. If the figures sent home to the Foreign Office by the British Embassy, and quoted in the *Times*, from an early copy, are correct—which there is no reason whatever to doubt—the situation, even for so rich a country, is most grave. The French Debt, if we convert the Five-per-Cent. loans into their equivalent in Three per Cents., has risen to £1,690,000,000 in all, more than double the British Debt, the annual charge being actually £51,300,000. The charges for the Army and Navy and Colonies have been recklessly raised, until the Treasury has actually to provide £88,000,000 a year, more than the entire Revenue of Great Britain, for Debt and defence alone. Part, of course, of this huge sum is spent in paying interest for capital expended on "productive" works; but the extravagance has extended to details, and it will be years before most of these will yield even the interest required. If we strike off the odd £8,000,000, as money returned in receipts or hopes of receipts, and, therefore, only payment on paper, France is still burdened with the tremendous dead-weight of £80,000,000 a year, £2·5 per head on her population. In addition to this, the Government has temporarily swelled the outlay on Public Works to £23,000,000 a year, and the total expenditure of the Treasury this year reaches the previously inconceivable sum of £142,000,000. Even this burden, France may bear. Under her system of taxation, the State receives, through the *contribution foncière* and the transfer duties, a large share of the money which in this country is paid to landlords in rent and to lawyers in legal expenses, but still the burden is a crushing one. The Embassy believes that the revenue is now falling, M. Léon Say publicly announces that another loan is "impossible," the last not having been nearly absorbed, and the price of *Rentes* goes slowly down, till French credit stands far below that of England and the United States. The demands for exemptions are so incessant as to excite suspicion of fraud, and Deputies in the Chamber are constantly pressed to propose the abolition of productive taxes. In any other country, the danger of a tax on coupons like the Italian would be great; and even in France, if the extravagance does not stop, the Treasury will be driven to dangerous expedients. Retrenchment in the Army cannot, for the moment, be hoped for.

A comprehension of this state of affairs is rapidly spreading among the well-to-do classes, and the better-informed of the peasantry, and the bureaucracy, and will immensely strengthen M. Grévy's hands. These are the classes which fret under the compulsory "effacement" of France, and are tolerant of adventure. The masses desire peace, light taxation, and a high price for *Rentes*, and it is the "classes dirigeantes" who are inclined for more dependencies, and adventures in Egypt, Tonquin, Madagascar, the Congo Valley, and the rest. These classes are, however, at bottom not only sensible, but sordid; they are profoundly sensitive to great financial risks, and if they are once alarmed about the Treasury, they will thoroughly sympathise for the time with M. Grévy's policy, which, again, curiously enough, is approved in Belleville, where the whole body of "Jingoes," as we say in England, are suspected, sometimes justly, of pecuniary motives. No one can read the recent despatches without seeing that this is the root of much of the recent declamation about Egypt, and that if Lord Granville would only feed the Rings, he might adopt almost any decisions he pleased as to the political fate of Egypt. The President, therefore, in urging on the statesmen that "it is time to look after the kettle," that "enterprise" should be avoided altogether, and that finance must be put straight, may have an unexpectedly easy time. Whether the Chamber will consent to a policy of quiescence, we do not know, the groups are so jealous, so indifferent to Ministers, and so determined to have their share of public patronage; but it is evident, from the action of M. Duclerc about the Tonquin vote—which, to use plain English, he was afraid to put—that the Ministers think the consent certain; and if the Deputies refuse, the Chamber is not as it was yesterday. It has a Dissolution hanging over it. There is no power left in the Senate to resist the President, the Senators are, of all men, most sensitive about finance, and every Deputy knows that, with no M. Gambetta to direct the peasantry, he goes to the polls under entirely new conditions. There is no ringing voice to declare the Republic in danger, and to command that old Deputies, whatever their views, shall be returned again. Each Deputy would be judged by himself, and possibly compelled to support retrenchment; and the fear of that result will tend to restrain the groups from capricious combinations. A penal Dissolution becomes possible, with M. Gambetta's death; and in France, as in

England, that great reserved power will tend to strengthen any Ministry which believes itself to be in accord with the inner will of the country. New men and new forces are sure to rise in France to fill the vacuum left by M. Gambetta, but for the present, we believe that M. Grévy has the strings in his hands, and that he will pull heavily in the direction of a policy of quiescence.

SIR HENRY JAMES ON THE REFORM BILLS.

THE Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, in his speech at Bridgwater, has dealt very vigorously with the subject which we discussed last week as to the shape of the Reform Bill. And the Solicitor-General, Sir Farrer Herschell, has indicated his sympathy with the same view, in his speech at Durham. Indeed, so far as we can see, the argument in favour of uniting the Franchise Bill with the Redistribution Bill grows feebler and feebler the more it is examined. We say this, of course,—and our more constant readers at least will give us credit for speaking with the utmost sincerity,—from the point of view of those who wish for a very substantial reform in the direction of the redistribution of seats, and not from the point of view of those who wish to attenuate that reform to the finest possible limits. We quite agree with our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the real question is this,—'How shall we make most sure of redistribution,'—and we mean by redistribution a substantial, and not a minimised redistribution like Mr. Disraeli's of 1867, —'at the earliest possible time?' To this we answer,—'Certainly, by separating the two measures, not by uniting them. To unite them would endanger both, and would especially endanger the substantial character of the second measure.' Let us explain somewhat more fully our reasons for giving that answer. In the first place, if you unite the fate of the two Bills, you lose both if you lose either, and you lose both without learning against which of the two the representative who rejects it is really voting. Now, there is hardly a Liberal in the House, except Mr. Goschen, who is not absolutely pledged to extend household franchise to the counties. There are exceedingly few who are not pledged to the view that such an extension, even without any other change whatever, would be an improvement, and not a change for the worse as compared with the present system. It would be very difficult indeed even for half-hearted Liberals to argue that you ought to know what the new borough and county constituencies are to be, before deciding that every householder in the counties ought to have a vote for the county in which he resides. No doubt, arguments to this effect by the dozen may be produced, and have been produced, from Tory speakers. But it is almost inconceivable that any Liberal speaker already pledged to household franchise in the counties should stand up and gravely say:—'It is quite true that I wish to see household franchise in the counties, and that I wish to see a redistribution of power in the boroughs, so as to give a fuller representation to the mass of the people; but I do not wish to get the former reform, unless I can get the latter also. I think the agricultural labourers ought to remain unrepresented in the counties, until the working people of the boroughs can be represented better than they are at present. It seems to me a greater injustice to give votes to one class of working people,—at present wholly without political influence,—without also giving more votes to a class who have already great influence, than it would be to refuse both classes that justice which I desire, indeed, to see done, but not to see done till it can be done simultaneously.' Would a Liberal who made such professions as these get any credit at all for sincerity in his reforming principles? It may be perfectly competent for a Tory to say, as Lord Derby himself said in 1866,—"It is as insane to sanction part of a scheme, without knowing the whole, as it would be to begin building a palace room by room, without an estimate or a general plan, and with only the assurance of the architect that he understands his business." But the answer is that in this case, the change made by the extension in the franchise is like throwing out a bow in a room where the window is inadequate to the room's wants. It would be quite consistent with other alterations to your house, to have that bow, but it would also be a great improvement in your house as it is, without any such alterations. To a Tory, of course, it is competent to say, 'No; unless we are assured that the power which the middle-classes forfeit in the counties by the proposed change will be restored to them by the effect of other changes in the distribution of seats to the boroughs, we will not consent.' But that position is not competent to a Liberal. No Liberal now profe anywhere specially middle-class constituencies, balancing weights to the constituencies of lab The only effect of the proposed redistribution of s to give a larger proportion of political power to the lous and wealthy boroughs, and a smaller proportion of political power to the thinly populated and poorer boroughs. Well, that change would be useful in itself, but no Liberal can assert that its tendency is to rectify the effect of giving county votes to the artisans and labourers. If the effect of giving votes to the artisans and labourers of the counties is in any way dangerous, that dangerousness will be increased, not diminished, by taking power from poor and torpid places, and giving power to active and go-ahead places. If there is no such danger in giving votes to the artisans and labourers of the counties, then it is childish to say that it ought not to be done till another great access of power, tending in the same direction, is given to the same classes.

But then it is said the Liberals tried, in 1866, the experiment of introducing a Franchise Bill alone, and that they suffered a great defeat. Therefore, they will only invite a similar defeat by following the same course again. But the answer is easy. On what point were they defeated? Not on the point of separating the Franchise Bill from the Redistribution Bill. The Tories tried to defeat them on that point, and failed. The Tories defeated them on the question of the franchise itself. The Tories wanted to make the proposal one for basing the new borough franchise on "rateable value," instead of on rental, the object being to reduce greatly the number of the new votes thereby conferred. In other words, they defeated the Liberals on a proposal essentially Conservative, and one which the Conservatives themselves were compelled to abandon, the moment they attempted to deal with the question for themselves. That defeat would have come much earlier, and have been much more decisive than it actually was, had the Liberals combined the Franchise Bill with the Redistribution Bill. But then again, it is said, 'How can you maintain this, when you know that the Tories did combine the Franchise Bill with a Redistribution Bill in the following year, and passed their Bill?' We can maintain it most consistently. In the first place, what the Tories proposed on this head the Liberals could not refuse, though it was quite open to the Tories to refuse what the Liberals proposed. In the next place, Mr. Disraeli proposed a minimum,—almost a modicum,—of redistribution which, as both parties know, was much less than any Liberal Government would have ventured to propose. Hence, the Tory precedent really tells against the union of the two Bills. When Tories propose reform, Liberals can hardly say, 'It is too much!' so that there was not the same danger for the Tories in uniting the two measures. Again, what the Tories did propose was so petty that the Liberals would not have dared to propose it, so that if we followed the Tory precedent of 1867, it would only be because we were determined to follow the Tory example in minimising to the utmost the change we were compelled to make. To our minds nothing can be more certain than that if we make the two measures parts of one scheme, which we present to Parliament as a whole, we shall either run the utmost risk of losing both, or obtain both only by the extreme and unstatesmanlike insufficiency of the second, *i.e.*, the redistribution measure.

Sir Henry James has shown by the Tory example that there is no pretence at all for the supposition that if the Franchise Bill is passed in one Session, a dissolution must take place before the scheme of Reform is completed. In 1867, Mr. Disraeli passed his Reform Bill in a very incomplete condition. A Boundaries Bill was absolutely essential, before it could be said to be a measure at all. Moreover, the Bill as passed only extended to England and Wales, and the Scotch and Irish measures were postponed. In 1868, the Liberals allowed Mr. Disraeli to complete his measure, before a dissolution took place; nor did anybody pretend that it was essential to consult the new constituencies created, before rounding off the measure. The same course would be perfectly open to us, whenever we pass the Franchise Bill. Indeed, it would be resented generally by the country, if the perfectly fair party-contention of the Tories that we ought to pass our Reform measure as a whole, and not in two parts, were to be made an occasion by the House of Lords either for the rejection of a reform already deliberately submitted to the constituencies and deliberately approved by them, or for forcing on a dissolution before the second portion of the Reform Bill had been produced. The House of Lords which did either of these things would not understand its work, for the result would be to

erals a much larger majority at the poll than the secure for themselves. We may rest perfectly ther the House of Lords rejects the County ; or refuses the Liberal Government the chance g its second measure, in either case alike it will absolutely play into the hands of the Liberal leader.

GREAT INDIVIDUALS IN DEMOCRACIES.

THERE is one end secured, or at least advanced, by the practice of public speaking, and especially by public speaking under responsibility, which is too often forgotten. It helps to make the speakers visible to the community. One of the greatest obstacles with which self-governing peoples have to contend is the excessive difficulty of making civil merit visible in a democracy. The vast multitudes who, under that system, possess all ultimate power learn little or nothing from conversation. The quiet talk, the short comment from experts, the whisper of some success in official work through which an aristocracy learns that So-and-so is efficient and had better be pushed forward, never reach the mass of voters. They hardly see the work done, they never see the memoranda which have caused it to be done, and they acquire no idea whatever of the people who do it. The crowd in London does not know, for example, the Permanent Chiefs of Departments, or why they have been made chiefs, or which of them would in an hour of crisis be trusted with dangerous work, or why any distinction would be made among them. The greatest administrator, if he never spoke or spoke badly, would of necessity remain invisible, as invisible as, to take an extreme instance from modern history, Cambacérès permanently remained. The Parisian public is very observant, very gossippy, and exceedingly shrewd ; but Parisians never understood why Napoleon, who comprehended men, persistently made of Cambacérès a kind of civil Emperor,—selected him to rule France whenever he himself was away, and left him free in his action to an extent which, as regards most of his agents, he was incapable of allowing. The simple truth was that of all civilians under the First Empire, Cambacérès, the man so fond of his dinner, was by far the ablest administrator, and that he remained, except to Napoleon and a few very great officials, absolutely unrecognised. This invisibility extends to every kind of civil merit, and is, so far as we can see, nearly, if not quite, irremediable. Scarcely any act that a silent civilian can do is big enough to disperse the cloud that conceals him; and the Democracy, if it were obliged to choose administrators from among the silent, would be compelled to choose them blindly. This is an immense evil, and the only check on it is that conception of intellectual force which the multitudes derive from studying speakers who, when once recognised, are entrusted with the task of selecting the necessary administrators. Their views, their powers, their characters are understood from their speeches, and they become, in many most important respects, delegates of the Demos. What could Gambetta have done at his age, and under the Second Empire, which would have revealed him to the hosts of France, except speak? What device can one even think of through which Mr. Gladstone could have become known, except that of speaking to the people? Even writing to them would have failed, for the writer on politics remains, in comparison, invisible and unappreciated. The masses have never read yet, and when they do will probably never understand the evidence offered by writing of the writer's inner powers. Mr. Bagehot, a really profound political writer, with a mastery of finance which would have made him a first-rate Chancellor of the Exchequer, never could get a seat ; and John Stuart Mill, though he did, through the determined efforts of the educated, obtain one, could not keep it. In America the effort to reveal great civilians is so hopeless that party managers, if they cannot get a General who has succeeded, constantly prefer "a dark horse," who can be brought in by votes given blindly in a spirit of party discipline. A singularly sustained and determined effort was made to reveal General Garfield, not as soldier, but civilian, through pamphlet biographies, many of which were well written, and two of which, at least, accurately painted the man and his qualities ; but it failed, and though General Garfield was elected President by the party vote, he remained nearly invisible to the people until the attempt to kill him, and his long fight with Death, placed his personality under a light so intense that men could not choose but see. It is all very well to talk of deeds, but the opportunity of doing deeds is given only to those in high places ; and the question for Democracy is not only to sustain great men in such posts, but to select among the unknown those fit to be placed in them. Kings who are silent may be recognised, even if they are not Generals, but then they are visible because they are Kings. English electors would never have chosen a William III., and King though he was, they never understood him. He could not speak, and though understood by all Continentals from his deeds, he was not comprehended here.

It has been usual to say, and perhaps to believe, that one reason for this difficulty is the indifference of the Demos to greatness. The masses, it is alleged, dislike greatness, prefer something nearer to themselves, and will, as they ascend to supreme power, dwarf the individual. That notion, like the kindred one of the fickleness of the masses—who are constantly selfish, often tetchy, and occasionally credulous, but are never fickle—was once universal, and comes out even in the poetry of Tennyson, who, like every genuine poet, has flashes of deep insight into the general mind, and is probably the exact reverse of the truth. The lesson of our day is the Titanic force an individual can acquire, if a democracy once recognises him as one who should either govern or lead, the tendency of the populace to make of his individuality even too great a thing. Look for a moment over the events of the week. On Saturday, France followed a citizen to the grave. On Monday, all England visibly winced because another citizen was believed, erroneously, to be seriously ill. On Tuesday, all Germany felt a thrill of interest because a third citizen chose unexpectedly to appear in Parliament, and apologise for not speaking. Surely, if three men in history ever were recognised and supported and obeyed by the Demos, they were M. Gambetta, Mr. Gladstone, and Prince Bismarck. There was not a hostile critic in France who did not regard M. Gambetta's hold over the people as too great for his country's good. There is not a Tory in England who does not dwell on the "infatuation" of the people for Mr. Gladstone. There is not a politician in Europe who does not see and say that the unwillingness of Germans to let Prince Bismarck resign and disappear is, of all visible obstacles to free Parliamentary action in Germany, the one most immediately felt. The disappearance of M. Gambetta will, and that of Mr. Gladstone or Prince Bismarck would, it is believed, alter history. That belief may be accurate or otherwise, and still it remains true that an individual can, in spite of wide suffrages, become as great in our generation as he ever could in any period of the world's career. So far from the individual dwindling, he looms larger and larger, and his force grows greater and greater. The latter statement is denied, but only by those who do not see that Parliaments can, and do, do things which no King would ever attempt, and that the chosen man of the people, whatever his other demerits, has behind him their irresistible strength and weight of motion. To take an unpopular, and therefore effective illustration, was ever a man more purely representative of the Demos alone than O'Connell, and was there ever a man more visible in the Irish multitude, or possessed of more ascendancy, or more completely an individual force? Our belief is that the multitude, so far from disliking, or distrusting, or envying greatness, is disposed, when it sees it, to worship it too much, too trust it too fully, as if greatness must be great in all things, to think too despondently of the vacuum created by its disappearance. A letter has been published this week from Mr. Gladstone conveying in almost passionate terms his appreciation of Dante. We undertake to prophesy, rash as it may seem, that the letter will sell whole editions of Cary's "Dante," and that among men who do not know in the least Mr. Gladstone's exceptional right to give opinions on Italian literature. That is a mere illustration of one of the greatest, and, as we believe, the most important of political truths, the deep, inner humility of the Democracy, its desire to find anywhere guides abler, more instructed, above all, more percipient, than itself. The jealous Democracy! It has been creating heroes and kings and gods from everlasting. We are all deceived by two examples,—the jealousy of the thirty thousand Attic slave-owners whom it pleases us to consider the "Athenian Democracy," and who treated their leaders as the Whig aristocrats treated Burke ; and the absence of great men in Switzerland and America, where the Federal system so shatters the Demos into fragments that true "Democracy," the rule of the people in emotion, scarcely exists. When the barriers break down, as they broke down in the Civil War, and the people recognise greatness as they recog-

nised it in Abraham Lincoln, they allow him individuality enough. President Lincoln, had he lived, would have towered among his people as much as any figure in the Old World. It is not Democracy which prevents the rise of great figures in the Union, but the most craftily-combined system of checks upon Democracy ever devised in this world. In genuine democracies, the individual tends, if once recognised, to be greater than in States under Monarchs, and the only difficulty is to secure him recognition, a difficulty which, though easily solved in the case of a General, has hitherto only been solved for civil merit through the right and power of speech. There is not a member of the Cabinet to-day who, but for debate and oratory, would not have remained unknown to the English people, or who could by possibility have been fully made known in any other way. Silence may be golden, as Carlyle used to say, and as the *Times* preaches noisily about once a week; but silence means for the Democracy ignorance of those on whom it ought to depend. The *Times* may rejoice because there is no second "Midlothian campaign," but the people suffer.

MR. COWEN'S POLITICAL CREED.

MR. COWEN is a puzzle. We could understand his attitude easily enough, if he only supported the Irish Extremists and the rights of minorities,—which, by the way, are the wrongs of majorities. Indeed, his line on Egypt would be intelligible too, if he had but remained what he once was, a consistent non-interventionist, who disapproves of any attempt to put down anarchy abroad, as indeed of like attempts to put it down at home. But what is puzzling in Mr. Cowen is his new Conservatism,—his perfect indifference to all reform, his hints to his constituents that the most valuable function of Parliament is, after all, not its legislative function, to which he seems quite indifferent,—though *verbally* he speaks of this as the more valuable, and then runs it down,—but its airing of administrative grievances. Again, his sympathy with the late Government in its Afghan expedition, a sympathy totally inconsistent with his old non-interventionist Radicalism, and explicable only on the principle of a Russophobia which would usually operate quite as much to justify English influence in Egypt as to justify English influence in Afghanistan, makes it almost impossible to construct any theory on which Mr. Cowen's creed can be rationally interpreted. We suppose the truth to be simply this,—that he has really lost all interest in practical reforms, and therefore sympathises with the Conservatives on that point, believing that the extension of Household Franchise to the counties, a County Government Bill, a reform of the Land Laws, and so forth, are all of no importance at all as compared with the right of private Members to air their grievances as long and as diffusely as they wish; while he makes up for his abandonment of all his former Liberalism by making common cause with the Irish, whom he does not like at all the less for being the chief difficulty in the way of the present Government. Mr. Cowen may, perhaps, be accounted a sort of irreconcilable, who sympathises chiefly with French Reds, and incidentally with all who make the position of moderate English Liberals difficult or impossible. The difficulty of that view is that French Reds have usually had so strongly anti-German a feeling as to imbue them with a little of the Panslavic enthusiasm, since they regard the Slavs as their allies against Germany. There is no trace of this feeling in Mr. Cowen. Strongly Gallican as he is in his sympathies, he is still more of a Russophobist, and would hardly relax in his fears of Russia, even if the Revolutionary party succeeded in upsetting the Czar. Take him how you will, he is an eccentric,—a politician of caprices, who divides his sympathies between the Tories and the Anarchists in almost equal proportions. His democracy now, indeed, seems to be conditional on democracy refusing to reign. Where the people only go so far as to prevent all government, he seems to approve. Where they go so far as actually to govern themselves, his approval is turned into denunciation, and even vituperation. He delights in democracy while it does nothing but expose the wrongs of the people; the moment it begins to give a legislative sanction to the rights of the people, he loses sympathy with it, and quotes the old and very misleading couplet,—

> "How few of all the ills that men endure
> Are those which kings or laws can cause or cure!"

Mr. Cowen does not believe in the Procedure Rules, which he has christened by a new title of his own, "this immoral and emasculating Parliamentary Opportunism," a happy collocation of phrases, which entitles Mr. Cowen to the highest honours as a coiner of cries. In fact, however, no duced a more unanswerable argument for alter of Procedure than Mr. Cowen himself, in passage:—"In the Session of 1872, ten years a Liberals were in office, and during a period of legis activity, the House sat 120 days; and out of these, private Members had the initiative of the business on seventy days, and the Government on fifty days. In 1877, five years ago, the House sat 122 days. The Government had control of forty-two days, and private Members of eighty. These were typical Sessions in the last Parliament and in the Parliament before last. Now notice the difference between them and the three Sessions of this Parliament. In 1880, the Session lasted 87 days. The Government had control of 70, and private Members of 17 of those days. In 1881, the House sat 184 days. The Government had control of 144, and private Members of 40. This Session, the House has sat 162 days, and the Government has had the initiative on 127, and private Members on 35 of them. Measuring the proportion of time between the two classes by the hour instead of the day, the difference is equally striking. Out of 1,027 hours the House sat in 1872, the Government had control of 560 hours, and private Members of 467. In 1877, out of 1,039 hours, the Government had control of 540, and private Members of 499. But in 1880, out of 778 hours the House was in session, the Government had command of 522, and private Members only of 258. In 1881, out of 1,409 hours, the Government had 1,029, and private Members only 380. For this year the returns are not published, but out of about 1,320 hours the House has sat, the Government has had command of about 920 hours, and private Members of about 400. Five years ago, and ten years ago, the time of the House was about equally divided between the Government and private Members. The contrast would be more marked, if it was carried back fifteen or twenty years ago. Then the proportion of time assigned to private Members was much greater than it was a decade ago. Now, the Government has command of from two-thirds to three-fourths of the working hours."

Now, if with all this time at the nominal disposal of the Government, the obstruction (which has received all Mr. Cowen's own support) has risen to a point at which only two measures of any public importance can be carried in a whole Session of unexampled effort, and though supported by the whole weight of a great majority, it would be evident, we should think, to any man less prejudiced than Mr. Cowen, that the Rules of the House must have been hopelessly defective for the purposes for which they were drawn up. The truth of course is that the private Members,—and very few of them,—have really had the disposal for obstructive purposes of almost all the time nominally disposed of by the Government. Perhaps Mr. Cowen may really think that the old Standing Orders of the House of Commons were drawn up for this very purpose—to render it simply impossible to carry more than one or two measures of the least importance in a year, so long as any minority, however minute, objects to those measures. That is the only reasonable inference from Mr. Cowen's frank confession of the enormous and rapidly growing expenditure of time on very insignificant results during the last three Sessions, and his denunciation of the attempt to diminish such waste of time for the future. But, then, if he does think so, he should not even nominally profess that the *first* function of a Legislature is to legislate. Again, if it be his real conviction that we can hardly do better than waste the time of the House, so long as it is the chief object of the House to improve the condition of Ireland by remedies which are obnoxious to a minority of the Irish Members, he should frankly confide this opinion to his constituents. A good many more than two hundred hands would, we think, have been held up against him, had he avowed his belief that all Irish measures deserved to fail which are not submitted to an Irish Parliament.

So far as we can judge by his speech of Monday, Mr. Cowen is a Tory in Scotland and England, an Irreconcilable in Ireland, and a Non-interventionist abroad except where intervention can be justified on the ground that it will hurt Russia,—in which case, he is prepared to withdraw his objection to the policy of intervention. No one can pretend that it is easy to find any coherence in such a political creed as this. Does Mr. Cowen approve of the Irish Irreconcilables because they help the English Tories, or does he approve of the English Tories because they help the Irish Irreconcilables? Does he disapprove of intervention in Egypt because he approved of intervention at Constantinople and in Afghanistan, or did he

n intervention in Constantinople and Afghanistan, othing but harm, in order that he might show his by disapproving of the intervention in Egypt, ses to do nothing but good? It is all a mystery. thing clearly perceptible is that Mr. Cowen appears to favour a democracy that is weak, and to dislike a democracy that is strong. He approves of the Irish Democracy, because it is weak and helpless. He was favourable to what he is pleased to term the Egyptian nationality, which would have been equally weak and helpless. He wants to keep the British legislative assembly weak and helpless too. Mr. Cowen's ideal of political life seems to be the publication and free discussion of abuses, together with the careful restriction of all power to reform them. If there were no abuses for Mr. Cowen to inveigh against, where would his occupation be? Therefore, apparently, he is resolved in his own mind that no one shall do anything to remove them, without attracting almost as much of his indignant denunciation as he lavishes on abuses themselves. Whatever Mr. Cowen may be, he is, at least, in no sense a Liberal.

DR. JACKSON AND DR. FRASER.

BY a useful coincidence, the Bishop of Manchester's acknowledgment of certain resolutions forwarded to him by the incumbent of a church somewhere in Manchester, was printed in the *Times* immediately after the Bishop of London's reply to the Church Association. The difference between the views and tempers of the two prelates is thus brought into great distinctness. Comprehension is the note of the one, technicality is the note of the other. We do not at all say that the Bishop of Manchester is necessarily wrong because he prefers technicality to comprehension. He is within his rights in making his choice,—provided, that is to say, that the law bears him out in what he is doing. All we are concerned to point out is that in the present case the two ideas are irreconcilable. You may choose which you like, but you cannot have both. Nor are we in the least disposed to find fault with the Church Association for resenting the action of the Bishop of London. The language in which they have conveyed their wrath to the Bishop recalls a Papal fulmination against heresy, but in this respect religious extremes not unfrequently meet. Putting aside the tone and wording of the resolution, it seems to us to express a perfectly natural feeling. They have been beaten; and what is more irritating, they have been beaten by what is neither more nor less than a condoned evasion of the law. Those who are persuaded that the law which has been evaded was a just and salutary law, that it aimed at results by which the Church of England would have profited, and that but for the gratuitous intervention of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, these results would have come about by mere effluxion of time, cannot be expected not to be restive under a defeat which they regard as not inflicted on them in fair fight. The simple question is whether, under the circumstances, it was not well to apply a little sharp practice to a law which had proved to have a different operation from that expected of it, and one which was likely to give rise to some highly inconvenient consequences. The general feeling of the laity, we believe, is that in resorting to this expedient, Archbishop Tait showed the instinct of a statesman and the charity of a Christian; but we do not expect the Church Association to feel this. One of the principal objects for which they have existed has been the submission or deprivation of Mr. Mackonochie, and in this respect they must lead for the future an aimless life. They cannot deprive him of St. Peter's, London Dock's, without the Bishop's consent being given to fresh proceedings, and they are very well aware that no such consent will be given. The Bishop of London gives three reasons why he was right in accepting Mr. Mackonochie's resignation. Had he refused it, he would have defeated the late Archbishop's dying desire and effort to promote the peace of the Church; he would have been imposing conditions of admission to a benefice which he is not aware that the Bishop has the power to require; and he would have shown himself either "unable to appreciate, or afraid to acknowledge," the "good and self-denying work done among the poor and ignorant by such men as Mackonochie and the late Mr. Lowder." There is no doubt, in our judgment, that the Bishop of London was quite right in regarding these considerations as of more moment than a strict adherence to the spirit of a law which is pretty generally acknowledged to be unnecessarily rigid; but we do not blame those who, holding the law to be no more rigid than the case requires, are vexed that it should have been evaded, at a most critical moment, by authorities from whose action there is no appeal.

The Bishop of Manchester does not share the Bishop of London's view. The only condition on which he will allow of any truce in the warfare with Ritualism is "that both parties should keep within the limits of defined law as it stands, existing provocations being withdrawn, and no fresh ones introduced." This conception of a truce is at least original. The Bishop of Manchester apparently suffers from a peculiarity in language analogous to colour-blindness in eyesight. What the world calls a surrender, he calls a truce. The main thing for which the Ritualists have so long been contending is, that they shall be free to exceed the limits of defined law, as it stands. If they had consented to withdraw existing provocations and introduce no fresh ones, the Church Association would have triumphed. Does the Bishop of Manchester really think that if this had been their attitude, there would have been any disposition on the part of the Episcopate to increase the amount of ceremonial liberty in the Church of England? We are quite sure that he does not. He knows very well that if the Ritualists had consented to obey the law until it was altered, there would never have been any chance of its being altered. If there is such a prospect of its being altered, it is because the Ritualists have shown unmistakeably that they cannot or will not obey it as it stands, and because the law itself is not valuable enough to be worth the cost of enforcing it. If, three months ago, Mr. Mackonochie had submitted to the orders of Lord Penzance, Archbishop Tait would have been content with the progress that pacification was making, and would have left things to take their course. When, therefore, the Bishop of Manchester writes:—"Is it an unnatural or an improper thing to ask,—Till the law is altered, keep within the limits of the law?" we reply that it is neither unnatural nor improper, but simply useless. The only objection to the request is that it is one which, in the nature of things, cannot be granted. The Ritualists know perfectly well that the reason why their position to-day is so much more hopeful than it was ten years since, is that they have convinced everybody except the Bishop of Manchester that they prefer deprivation to obeying the law as it stands. Now that the authorities of the Church—the Bishop of Manchester again excepted—have satisfied themselves on this head, they are anxious to find some way out of the difficulty. They do not wish to see the Ritualists expelled from the Established Church, and if the existing law is to be put in force, expelled they clearly must be. Consequently, these same authorities—the Bishop of Manchester, as before, excepted—have for some little time past been anxious to devise a compromise. One difficulty in the way was how to prevent the law from taking effect in one or two conspicuous cases. Happily, the most conspicuous of all was Mr. Mackonochie's, and as the late Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were agreed in their desire to bring about a real truce, not a truce which is indistinguishable from a capitulation, it was easy to get this difficulty out of the way. It required, of course, a combination of circumstances which might have been unattainable. If, for example, Bishop Fraser had held the See of London, instead of Bishop Jackson, Archbishop Tait's last wishes must have gone unfulfilled. Bishop Fraser would have felt "bound by every sentiment of fealty" to his Church and his office to refuse the Archbishop's request. Mr. Mackonochie would now be or would very shortly have been the deprived incumbent of St. Alban's, and the first step towards a schism would probably have been taken. A correspondent, whose letter we print to-day, says of this argument that it "would force the Church to embrace Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics; in short, all who could establish the fact of obstinacy." What it really does, is to force the Church to consider, in each case, whether the point at issue is important enough to make the exclusion of a certain number of people preferable to concession. There are some doctrines, of the holders of which a Church may fairly say that she would rather have their room than their company, and it must be supposed that the Church of England feels in this way towards Jews and Mahommedans. Those who entertain a similar feeling towards Ritualists, are quite consistent in refusing to make any concessions with a view to keeping them in the Church. They have certainly established "the fact of obstinacy." So far, we agree with Mr. Collins. The difference between us is that, in spite of this, we think that it would be wise for the Church to embrace them, while he does

not; and on this point, nothing that we can say is likely to convince him. We may, however, point out that when he says that the institution of Mr. Cowgill "would have been but the prelude to further prosecution," he forgets that no prosecution can be instituted in the Diocese of Manchester without the consent of the Bishop of Manchester. As Mr. Collins himself tells us that the Bishop is not an "upholder of the Public Worship Regulation Act," it may be assumed that this consent would not have been obtained. The coat might have been trailed, but the Church Association would not have been able to tread upon it.

The Bishop of Manchester insists in his letter that the real object of the Ritualists is to destroy "a constitution of this Church and realm which has existed for the last forty years, and which is practically and in principle identical with the constitution devised at the time of the Reformation, which places the supreme and final appeal in Causes Ecclesiastical in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council." Upon this point we certainly shall not quarrel with the Bishop. We have again and again asserted the substantial identity of the existing ecclesiastical constitution with that set up at the Reformation, and maintained that the Ritualists are inconsistent in objecting to a constitution "against which," as the Bishop of Manchester truly says, "the Church has never protested by any organised or authorised voice." But the simple truth is that the Ritualists never would have objected to this constitution, had it not been enforced against them with injudicious and short-sighted harshness. What they really want is liberty to use a ritual which, till certain judgments of the Judicial Committee were pronounced, most people, including Ecclesiastical Judges, who had thought about the subject at all, believed to have been technically lawful, though it had fallen into complete disuse. If some means had been devised ten years ago of giving them this liberty, under proper regulations, their attack upon the Appellate Jurisdiction of the Crown in Matters Ecclesiastical would never have been begun. It is simply a case of a law's breaking down because too little regard is paid to the feelings of those against whom it is directed. We do not expect the Bishop of Manchester to agree with us, for he has apparently persuaded himself that the Reformation is in danger; and we have always observed that when this is seriously said, further argument is useless.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S BEQUEST.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD did not die altogether in vain. Charles Guiteau, in killing him in "Stalwart" interest, gave a deadly wound to the system of Patronage which the "Stalwart" party were trying to protect. The crime fixed the attention of the people on the "Wire-pullers," whose desire for patronage was its originating cause, and it was silently decided throughout the Union that their trade should end. So strong was the popular feeling that, although the Republicans were beaten at the polls in November, and although the Democrats, who have never got rid of the Jefferson taint, were most unwilling to alter the system until they had cleared out the Republican employés, it was found impossible to resist the current. Mr. Pendleton, Senator from Ohio, introduced what the Americans call an "ironclad Bill," the text of which has not yet reached England, but which provides that officials under the United States Government shall be appointed by competitive examination, and shall hold their places during good behaviour; that they shall be promoted only by merit and after examination, and that no "levy" shall be made upon their salaries for political purposes. Moreover, by a clause which in England would seem ridiculous, but which is consistent with the rest of the Federal scheme, "appointments in the Washington Departments shall be apportioned among the States and Territories according to population,"—a blow levelled straight at the system hitherto prevalent of favouring the State from which the President came. Mr. Hayes, for instance, was said to have "emptied Ohio." The Bill is made applicable to all existing holders of office, and is so strong that the Democrats who opposed it denounced it as a mere device for securing to the Republican employés a life-tenure of office, even though the people might elect a Democratic President. The Democrat Senators openly expressed their dislike for the measure, and it is probable that no Senator of either party cordially approved it. The high social position of the Senators is, in fact, based upon their influence in dispensing patronage, which, when a friendly President is in power, is always distributed upon their recommendation, and when an unfriendly President is in power is conceded out of fear; and with its disappear lose much of their control over the President, v tions they could formerly reject, and much of t tion within their own States. Nevertheless, ventured to oppose, and Mr. Pendleton's Bill passe Senate by 46 to 19, every Senator voting or pairing except the Chairman. In the House of Representatives, the drift of opinion was even more directly operative. The Members scarcely discussed the Bill at all, and it was passed as an order from the people by 155 to 47, a majority of more than two-thirds. The assent of the President has not yet been recorded, but although General Arthur belongs by tradition to the Wire-pulling section of the Republican party, and although he is well aware that his own re-election is next to impossible, he will hardly venture to veto so popular a measure.

The reform, though its effect must not be exaggerated, may prove a most important step in the development of the United States. It does not, of course, extinguish corruption, the root of which is not patronage, but direct bribery to secure contracts, concessions, and special insertions in the tariff. The prizes to be obtained at Washington are very great;—a new duty, for example, on English tin plates will double the dividends in all native tin-plate factories in the country;—and the "Lobbyists," as they are called—the agents who secure votes—do far more direct mischief than the Wire-pullers, who sell "popularity" for patronage. But the Bill strikes heavily at a special form of corruption which lies close to the root of all. Under the present system, a clever party manager, if he can raise money to pay the expenses of numerous agents, can often induce the conventions and caucuses of his party to accept names that he suggests, and he raises this money by distributing patronage, and "levying" 10 per cent. on salaries for "election expenses." Of course, he chooses men who will play into his hands and distributes office only to electioneerers, and a "machine" is thus built up which works almost by itself. The quiet voters are told by the active canvassers, by the office-bearers, and sometimes by the Representatives—that is, by men who, in one way or another, are bought—that if they will not vote for the ticket—*i.e.*, for the wire-pullers' nominee—the party will be defeated, and they accordingly vote for him. "Delegates" to Conventions are constantly thus chosen, and the result is that a small group of men who keep in the shade actually control the votes of Delegates, who, except in times of popular excitement, virtually select the candidate even for the Presidency. Mr. Pendleton's Bill breaks the very bones of this contrivance. The Wire-pullers will have no money to work with, no patronage to distribute, and no agents fearful of dismissal, and must either take to disinterestedness as gouty men take to cold water, go out of politics, or rely entirely upon persuasion, oratory, and promises. The result will be that the people, undeceived or less deceived, will choose men whom they know, rather than men whom managers know, especially as Delegates; and politics will, *pro tanto*, cease to be a trade. This freedom of choice is the condition of a healthy democracy, and it will be assisted by the immense social change now passing over the Union. Office, even small office, was some years ago very valuable, because it brought actual cash, an annual sum of hard money, which, small as it looked, was unprocurable by any other means. The people were rich in everything but money, and a hunger for cash was developed which, more than any other quality of Americans, struck their novel-writers, who used it as the motive-power in their stories. Now, the people have not only grown richer, but they have become so immensely more numerous, that office has lost half its attraction. A man will contend against fifty competitors who will abstain if they are five hundred, and, abstaining, will feel very strongly that the candidate who is elected ought to devote himself to the public service,—and, if it be possible, shall do it. The new desire for official purity coincides, therefore, with a new decrease in the selfish desire for office, till the majority are able to perceive clearly that good service is worth much more to them than any remote chance of filling office for themselves. They know they cannot be postmasters, and therefore grow keen about the proper delivery of letters.

There is, we see, an idea in some quarters that the Pendleton Bill will not last long; that if the Democrats come into power, they will either repeal it, or pass explanatory Bills which will destroy its efficacy. That, however, is very doubtful. Not to mention that the people are extremely conservative when a change has once been made, and that they will rapidly see how much better the work is done, the Service itself will be strongly enlisted on the side of the life-tenure. In every

. will be two men at least, the Postmaster and his essor, who will be passionately interested in de- w system, and whom members of Congress and oe slow to irritate, with the chance that all the ... that township will think them cruel. The old idea that a long tenure of office was unfair to the community, all whose members ought to have a chance, has died away, with the increase of population, while the relative value of appointments has much diminished. The notion that office is dignified, which so sways entire classes in France till men comparatively independent will slave in petty posts, has never had much influence in the Union; and there is another safeguard besides. Life without petty patronage is far pleasanter than life with it. The Senators and influential Representatives, and, above all, the Presidents, have been worried to death by office-seekers, whose impudence has been developed, in a land where social grades are few, till at Washington they have become as numerous and as pestilent as mosquitoes. Nobody who has once lived free from mosquitoes would ever invito them back again; and after a few years of rest, the Senators will be as unwilling to accept free patronage as British Ministers would. They will feel free, and unless coerced by opinion will not go back again into slavery; while of the necessary change of opinion, we see no chance whatever. A closely-packed community wants good service; and good service is only obtainable when men are selected for ability. and made so secure in office that dismissal is regarded as a penal sentence. You cannot without penal laws enforce discipline upon a man who knows that, do what he may, the next election will send him into the wilderness.

THE LATEST DECORATION.

MR. LANGTON SANFORD, the historian, always maintained in conversatiou, and in his "Characteristics of the English Kings" publicly argued, that it was unfair to blame Sovereigns for either selfishness or self-esteem. They could not be justly accused of either, as lesser mortals could. Trained from childhood to consider themselves as the representatives of great States, and as identified with them, they learn to regard themselves and their countries as the same, to confuse service to themselves with service to their subjects, to consider insult to their persons as insult to the nation, and, in brief, unconsciously to merge patriotism and self-worship into one single and very powerful sentiment. That Mr. Sanford may have explained the process inaccurately is possible, but that the effect described occurs, whatever its cause, is certainly true. It is impossible to read Memoirs of the inner life of Courts, particularly in countries where Kings are still realities, without perceiving that Kings, even when men of capacity and experience, never quite free themselves of the feeling that their favour is national favour, that honour is measurable by access to them, that service to them ought to be accounted in a special degree service to the State. To them, as to the Pharaohs, it seems natural that the Captain of the Guard should be a great dignitary, with rights of imprisonment. They think their approval a reward, like the approval of a nation, essentially nobler than any other, and regard concrete evidences of it, such as decorations, with a seriousness such as even those who strive for and obtain them can hardly feel. The recipient has an inner doubt when, after infinite striving, he has obtained his Star, as to whether he is greatly altered, whether he is improved, or only his coat; but the giver does not feel that, but takes the Star to be a sign of something of true value,—the Sovereign's approbation, which is equivalent to the approbation of a State. It is this confusion of thought which is, we are convinced, at the bottom of much of the ascendancy of favourites, once so marked in all political annals. The Sovereign does not promote the worthless knowingly, but holds them worthy for service to himself, which in his mind is indistinguishable from service to the country. He governs in his own eyes, and the man who pleases, or soothes, or serves the governing power, is necessarily a person whose exertion is beneficial to the governed. When the servants of the Court are decorated in the same gazette as the soldiers who have won a battle—an incident which, even in England, once produced a Parliamentary explosion—the public suspect contempt for their heroes, and are angry; but they are utterly mistaken. The Sovereign honours the heroes, but thinks, as he has been trained to think, that service to himself is civil service of the most patriotic kind, and should be paid for, not in money, but in the best recognition, whatever it is, given to the most meritorious servants of the State.

It is not folly, or even arrogance, which dictates such an act, but only a perfectly explicable mental confusion common to an entire caste. This is, we imagine, the true explanation of the amazing announcement in the *Times* of Monday, which must, we think, have made even old courtiers rub their eyes, and certainly taxed heavily the credulity of the public. "We understand that the Queen has been pleased to signify her intention to appoint Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., G.C.B., to be a Personal Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty, in recognition of the service rendered by his Royal Highness in connection with the Egyptian War." It is, of course, not the honouring, but the form of the honouring, which is so surprising. The Duke of Cambridge as the Commander-in-Chief—or rather, to be officially accurate, the General Commanding-in-Chief, the Queen being Commander-in-Chief—during the recent Egyptian Campaign, must have had a great deal to do with the success of the Expedition. He must, officially at all events, have chosen the Generals, and selected the troops, and arranged the Staffs, must have sanctioned all plans, must have worked very hard, and must have displayed either great skill in design or ready appreciation of good advice, and he was a little overlooked. The public applauded the Generals and Admirals most vehemently, and praised Mr. Childers and Lord Northbrook with pleasure, though not sufficiently; but they forgot the Commander-in-Chief almost as completely as if he had never existed, or as if the men employed had been selected by ballot or by their own volition. That was not fair, and as the people cannot be directed to sing hosannas whenever it is proper, it was most natural that the Duke, who would have been held responsible in the event of failure, should receive some marked evidence of his Sovereign's favour. Only, what was it to be? It was no honour to a Prince who, though far from the Succession, is still in it, and who stands next but one to the Throne of Brunswick, to be invited to stay at Windsor. The Duke of Cambridge is Field-Marshal, and cannot be promoted. He is K.G. and G.C.B., &c., and cannot be more decorated. He is a Prince of the Blood, and cannot be elevated in social rank, or in the strange and long-drawn hierarchy of English official precedence. An appanage was out of the question, as he already enjoys one, and as it is the English official theory that a money grant is of no use to anybody, unless he has either commanded successfully in the field, or has surrendered his right to a patent for a machine of public utility. Apparently, no special recognition was possible; but then the governing feeling of all Courts came into play. The Royal Duke, commanding three hundred thousand men, might receive an office, not before held, about the immediate person of the Sovereign. That would be the greatest of conceivable gratifications, an honour at once real and fresh, and so the Field-Marshal of sixty-three, greatly, one cannot help thinking, to his own surprise, became an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, in recognition of his services in the Egyptian War. Could the world offer him a more satisfactory or ennobling position?

It is impossible not to smile at such an appointment, more especially if one tries the honour by the test of an analogy. Suppose President Lincoln, after the surrender of Richmond, to have rewarded General Grant by appointing him "My First Usher," or "My Chief Orderly," what would the world have said? The laughter would have been endless, but that Mr. Lincoln's love of joking being well known, he would have been suspected of some invisible jest with a deep meaning in it. Yet the English appointment, although, when simply stated, it looks the quintessence of absurdity, is in reality only absurd because it is an anachronism. The world has ceased to feel that an appointment about the person of the Sovereign of itself confers honour on the great. It allows little Peers and obscure Members of Parliament to accept "Household" offices without much ridicule, and with only a dull wonder why they should wish for such posts; but it does not expect them to be accepted by great personages still in active life, even as decorations. It would rather resent seeing Mr. Gladstone appointed Groom of the Stole, and only tolerates the Archbishop of Canterbury as "Chief Almoner" because he has always been so, any anomaly, however glaring, being consecrated by age. This state of opinion is, however, quite modern. Had Queen Elizabeth, after the defeat of the Armada, appointed Lord Howard of Effingham, who had just saved her throne, her Chief Ewer-bearer, she would have been considered

not only by the Admiral, but by her subjects, to have been most graciously liberal of honour. The Admiral would have been esteemed a greater person in Europe because of his dignity at Court, and he would himself have intrigued for permission to transmit it to his descendants. As late as 1803, Sovereign Princes were proud to be reckoned Napkin-bearers to the Emperors of the West. The change is in opinion only, and it is not unnatural that its effect should be last felt in Courts, where they see every day the slightest honour from the Crown sought with as much eagerness as if precedence would continue in Paradise. (We wonder, by the way, what a Sovereign who happens to be a good man does when he gets to Heaven. He is entitled to happiness, like another, and how can happiness be consistent with such a shock as his sudden downfall must be?) It is ridiculous to blame the Court for dispensing "honour," while honour is so eagerly sought, and there is no more reason why the Duke of Cambridge should object to be Aide-de-Camp, than why Mr. Greufell should object to sacrifice a seat to be made a Groom-in-Waiting. The one appointment is not a bit more absurd than the other, though certainly the selection of a Commander-in-Chief to be an Aide-de-Camp in recognition of the real and important help he rendered in conquering Egypt, brings out the anomalies and anachronisms of the ancient system in a rather grotesque way. Princes, however, have, fortunately, very little sense of humour—if they had, they would be made miserable by all the kotowing—and if the Duke of Cambridge thinks himself well paid with a set of aiguillettes, well, the British people may congratulate itself, for it gets good work for very little money indeed. Three hundred years ago, the Duke would have received a monopoly of the Post Office, or a perpetual right to certain Customs or at least a perpetual Rangership of a Royal Forest, without impeachment of waste. An Aide-de-Campcy is a cheaper reward, and its bizarre oddity will not be apparent to courtiers, who alone are much concerned. Only the Khedive, who will wake up when he sees the *Gazette* to the perception of a discourteous omission in his distribution of honours, must be told that he is not to gazette his Royal Highness to the post of First Orderly. The imitative fit is on him just now, and he might think of that, which would not be seemly.

SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

IN turning over the admirably edited and amusing book which Mr. Samuel Arthur Bent has just given us on the sayings of great men,* nothing, perhaps, strikes one more than the interest attaching to the sayings of persons of very poor capacity, so long as that poor capacity has been weighted with sufficient self-confidence to make it measure itself coolly against the world. The most memorable quality attaching to the sayings of eminent men, is not usually the wit, or the wisdom, or the truth of the saying, but the stamp of a distinct personality upon it. A hundred wise or witty sayings go astray in the world, and get fathered upon wrong parents, for every one sharply-marked characteristic saying that thus goes astray. For example, Goethe's sayings are very many of them really wise and instructive, but it is often extremely difficult to remember from whom they proceeded, because they are not stamped with a distinct personality. "Stupidity is without anxiety," or "Architecture is petrified music," or "Mastery is often considered a kind of egotism," for instance, are all sayings of interest, but not sayings which shed much light on the character of the sayer, and, therefore, not closely associated with the sayer. But when George III. said, "Was there ever such stuff as great parts of Shakespeare? Is there not sad stuff? But one must not say it," it is impossible to forget this courageous attempt of the poor old King to cut himself out, as it were, in a bas-relief on the background of Shakespeare, and to mark even his British deference to a widespread admiration which he did not in the least share. Mr. Bent might also have recalled King George's remark, when he was asked to give preferment to Archdeacon Paley, and replied, with reference to Paley's celebrated illustration of the artificial character of the institution of property taken from the demeanour of a crowd of pigeons scrambling for their share of a heap of corn,—"What, Paley, Paley, pigeon-Paley? No, no, no, no." George III. gained from his crown only the ability, which most dull people lack, to have confidence in himself,—to hold his own opinion against the universe, however "infinitely little" that opinion may have been; and it is this power to annex an opinion, to make it part of character, much more even than the greatness or even the brilliant manner in which it is ex[illegible] makes it memorable for us. George III.'s like his own image stamped on copper, poor in ex[illegible] very strongly stamped. It was the same with Madame de Pompadour's celebrated expression of recklessness,—"Après nous, le déluge," a saying which has become part of history, partly from its truth, partly from its vivid expression of the selfishness and recklessness which made it historical. And it is this quality of personal expressiveness which, when the character so stamped is not poor, but has anything magnificent or noble in it, that makes a great saying take rank with a great deed. Louis XIV.'s declaration on his death-bed to Madame de Maintenon, "I imagined it more difficult to die," as though *his* departure at least must have involved a convulsion of nature; and Pitt's grand farewell to power, when he returned, dying, from Bath, "Fold up the map of Europe," are excellent specimens of the sort of sayings which, though containing no thought at all, nothing but a great consciousness of power, yet impress us more than the most vivid wisdom or the most poignant wit. This is why dignity tells for so much in a saying of this kind,—for so much more, indeed, than even truth. Burke's grand sentence on the hustings, when referring to the death of another candidate, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" makes an even greater impression on the imagination than the other sentence, "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people," not because it embodies half the political wisdom of the second sentence, but because it recalls Burke and his soaring imagination more impressively to the mind. Even Lord Chesterfield, with all his thinness and superficiality, makes his mark upon us directly he begins to delineate himself. "There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasures, as well as in business," and, "Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments give lustre, and many more people see than weigh," paint so exactly a man thoughtfully and consistently anxious about appearances, that they impress us almost as much as one of Dr. Johnson's vivid self-portraitures of a much nobler kind. Indeed, they impress us not only almost as much, but for nearly the same reason, that by imaging the man who lived in appearances, they throw up in strong relief on our minds the recollection of men to whom mere appearances were naught.

Sayings, however excellent, which do not convey in them any self-portraiture are seldom vividly associated with their true authors. How many of our readers will remember who it was that said, "Nothing is certain but death and taxes;" or, "We must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately," or even, "It is better to wear out than rust out," which last does represent the energy of a certain kind of temperament, but energy so common that it marks rather a class than an individual. Benjamin Franklin said the two first sayings, and Bishop Cumberland the last, but we should be surprised to find any one in a company of literary men who could have pronounced on the spot to whom any one of the three was to be attributed. On the other hand, we seldom misappropriate sayings containing much less that it is worth while to remember, if only they vividly portray a memorable figure,—like Frederick the Great's indignant, "Wollt ihr immer leben?" ("Do you fellows want to live for ever?") when his soldiers showed some disinclination to being shot down (a saying which Mr. Bent has forgotten, though he has included several by the same speaker much less remarkable), or Gambetta's peremptory, "il faudra ou se soumettre, ou se démettre," of Marshal MacMahon's "Government of Combat." Thus, the most impressive of all sayings are probably those of great rulers who contrived to embody the profound confidence they felt that a life of command was before them, in a few weighty words. Julius Cæsar's "Veni, vidi, vici," and his question to the skipper who feared for the loss of his boat, "What dost thou fear, when Cæsar is on board?" or his disdainful apology for an unjust divorce, "Cæsar's wife ought to be free even from suspicion," are likely to be in every one's mouth as long as the world lasts. And so, perhaps, is Napoleon's, "I succeeded not Louis XIV., but Charlemagne," and the same great man's remark, "Imagination rules the world," and, "I ought to have died at Waterloo."

But the most influential of all great sayings are those which combine great force and weight of character with a precept, express or implied. Thus, Cavour's remarkable prophecy, written seven-and-twenty years before its fulfilment, "In my dreams, I see

* Published by Chatto and Windus.

-linister of the Kingdom of Italy,"—the most im- precepts to have faith in great national cravings, is expressive saying, "In politics, nothing is so cour;" or, "I will have no state of siege; any one with a state of siege," will do more to keep Italy united, to keep her governments statesmanlike, and to keep her people free, than reams of argument from men less memorable and less potent. Has not Danton's "Let us be terrible, to prevent the people from becoming so," and his still more celebrated, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!" done more to excite an unfortunate enthusiasm for deeds of terror done in the name of the people, than all the windy eloquence of the Gironde or the Mountain? When a man once manages to compress a strong character,—good or bad,—into a pithy sentence which claims to regulate the conduct of others, he lives after death in a sense denied to the great majority even of men of genius, though his posthumous life may be either for evil or for good.

Indeed, the essence of the grandest sayings appears to be that in such sayings the speaker flings down his glove to all the forces which are fighting against him, and deliberately regards himself as the champion in some dramatic conflict the centre of which he is. Cromwell's "Paint me as I am," and the more elaborate, though not more memorable, "I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work," or his reputed saying of Charles, "We will cut off his head with the crown on it," all implied his supreme conviction that he was the involuntary minister of a great series of provident ial acts. It is the same with Mirabeau's contemptuous thrusting aside of the part taken by Lafayette with the scornful remark, "He would fain be a Graudison-Cromwell!" and still more with his inflated, but still genuinely sincere, avowal in the Constitutional Assembly, "When I shake my terrible locks, all France trembles," and his brushing away of the thought "impossible,"—"Never mention that stupid word again." Even Voltaire, in his flippant way, regarded himself, and deliberately elected to regard himself as the one personal enemy of the Roman Catholic Church, when he said, in reply to a friend who had noticed his reverence as the Host passed, and who asked whether he had been reconciled to the Church, "We bow but do not speak." It is true that many such sayings acquire their dramatic meaning by the artificial moderation rather than the emphasis of their language, as when the Duke of Wellington spoke of the battle of Navarino simply as "an untoward event;" but this, too, was supreme assumption in disguise, for it meant that he was able entirely to ignore its drift as a battle, and to concentrate his attention and the attention of the world solely on its tendency to unsettle "the balance of power." The perfect silence in which he passed over the common-place view of Navarino, and insisted on looking at it solely in the attitude of a diplomatist, indicated in the most graphic manner how completely indifferent he felt to the class of consequences which would first strike the popular mind. His serene indifference to the Turkish disaster as a disaster was quite Olympian. Perhaps the finest thing ever said was Burke's answer to Pitt, who declared that England and the British Constitution were safe till the Day of Judgment,—"It is the day of *no* judgment I am afraid of;" but it is not certain that Burke really meant to convey all that the words do convey. Possibly, he meant it chiefly as a sarcasm on Pitt's want of judgment; but the larger sense of the saying, in which it means that it is not the day of divine judgment that is to be feared, so much as the day when the reality of divine judgment is hidden from men, and human beings go on in the frivolous, irresponsible pursuit of their own wishes, is quite worthy of Burke, and conveys a grander conception of the spiritual scales in which political negligence will be judged, than any other saying which even Burke himself has uttered.

A BURNT FOREST.

AMONGST the Forests which met their doom in the rage for inclosure and improvement which possessed reformers some thirty years ago, was the Forest of Woolmer, in Hampshire. Parliament was not then in a mood to listen to any but the narrowest considerations of economy on such a subject, and it would have been vain to appeal to the memory of Gilbert White in behalf of the forest which he knew so well, or to quote his shrewd observation that "such forests and wastes are of considerable service to neighbourhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing, with fuel for the burning their lime, and with ashes for their grasses, and by maintaining their geese and their stock of young cattle at little or no expense." The fiat had gone forth that Forests were to be made profitable to the State, and nothing would serve but that the Queen's seignory over this wild tract of land should be turned into the ownership of a large inclosure. Happily, however, it was not thought necessary to convert the Commoners' property in like manner. When the Crown was satisfied, they were left to do what they liked with the residue. Partly for this reason, and partly because much of the land allotted to the Crown was not worth the expense of inclosure, a large tract of the ancient Forest still remains in as primitive a condition as in the days when it afforded the Vicar of Selborne "much entertainment, both as a sportsman and as a naturalist." True, some of the Forest Ponds have been drained, and of the three thousand acres allotted to the Crown, large areas have been inclosed and planted with monotonous Scotch fir. But outside these inclosures, as in the last century, there is nothing but sand, heath, and fern. Except where young, self-sown firs are spreading near the fences, there is still "not one standing tree in the whole extent." And yet the effect is undeniably impressive. A sense of wild freedom and loneliness is produced by the expanse of stunted heather, skirted by gloomy firs, and rising, in one direction, into a curious camel-backed ridge, tufted at the extremities with scraggiest, thinnest-foliaged pines. Like the other sand-hills in the neighbourhood, this forest ridge, Weaver's Down, falls abruptly on one side with a tolerably even face; while on the other it breaks up into shoulders of sand, running back at right angles to the summit line, and sloping down gradually to the more level ground, with interspersed hollows and bottoms. Although Weaver's Down is of no great height, 500 or 600 feet, it commands a very delightful view. To the south, are the Downs, broadening out on the west into the chalk district of Hants and Wilts, with Nore Hill, over Selborne, in the foreground. To the east, are the wooded hills and fields of Sussex, and to the north the long slope of Hindhead. It is probably due to the isolation of the ridge that the wind is felt so keenly; but certainly there is on Weaver's Down a sense of exposure which is not felt on either of the much higher neighbouring hills of Blackdown and Hindhead, and the severity of the wind, in fact, is attested by the ragged and ghost-like appearance of the few firs which survive in the planted clumps. Immediately beneath the hill, to give animation to the somewhat severe landscape, is a considerable sheet of water, and some warmth of foliage of oak and birch.

Early in the last century, there were large herds of red deer in Woolmer Forest, and it is said that no less than five hundred head were on one occasion driven before Queen Anne, who diverged from the Portsmouth Road at Liphook to see the sight. The deer were subsequently unconscionably poached by a notorious gang, known as the "Waltham Blacks;" and at length, to check the wholesale demoralisation of the neighbourhood, the few remaining were caught alive, and conveyed to Windsor. There is little life to be seen in the Forest now. A few cattle crop the heather, and perhaps the wild-looking inmate of one of the few cottages in the Forest may be encountered, while the "chip" of the hatchet is heard from one of the plantations. But stillness and loneliness are the prevailing characteristics of the scene.

The sombre aspect of the Forest is, no doubt, heightened by a peculiarity which might well be dispensed with. Nearly the whole of the open waste has been burned within recent years, and is in various stages of recovery. Large parts are absolutely black, the only vegetation consisting of pin-points of young heather piercing the scorched surface at intervals of two or three inches; on other tracts, where the fires are of older date, a scant, short covering of heath is spreading, dotted here and there with whitened furze-stalks. Scarcely anywhere does furze, heather, or bracken attain to the height or thickness which, even in this hungry soil, would be natural to it. Such a condition seems to be not altogether novel in the Forest. "About March or April," says Gilbert White, "such vast heath fires are lighted up, that they often get to a masterless head, and, catching the hedges, have sometimes been communicated to the underwoods, woods, and coppices, when great damage has ensued." In his day, the fires seem to have been lighted intentionally, the excuse being that when the old heather was burned, young sprouted up, which afforded tender browse for cattle. Unfortunately, the fire sometimes struck so deep that it destroyed all vegetation, so that (to quote again) "for

hundreds of acres nothing is to be seen but smother and desolation, the whole circuit round looking like the cinders of a volcano." No language could more accurately describe the state of a vast tract of the forest last year, and at the present time it need be but little qualified. Even to the destruction of private property, history has repeated itself, for in 1880 considerable damage was done to the enclosures of a Mr. Cardew; while in the great fire of last year, injury to the extent of thousands of pounds was inflicted upon the property of another neighbouring landowner, the Rev. William Smith.

In the last century, the fires seem to have been the work of the Commoners, wishing to improve their herbage. At the present day, some at least have been due to the Crown officials. The pretext is that it is necessary to clear the surface for the purpose of camping. But troops very seldom camp in the Forest, while, on the other hand, pheasants are reared in the Crown plantations for the Game Preserving Association at Aldershot, and a belt of burned land is often a great safeguard against the straying of these costly birds. It is not surprising, then, that neighbouring proprietors should have come to the conclusion that their property was being put in jeopardy in the interests of sport, and that they should have appealed first, to the Government, and then to the House of Commons, for protection. At the fag-end of the summer sittings, Mr. Sclater-Booth was enabled to raise a discussion on the subject in the House; and though the assurances of the War Office were somewhat vague, the measures which have been taken and the publicity given to the question may, it is to be hoped, at least for a time, check the recklessness which has recently marked the conduct of the officials in charge of the Forest.

For the facts, as disclosed by the published Parliamentary papers, are sufficiently startling. "During the last three years," says Mr. Smith, the principal sufferer by the fire of last year, "three very considerable and many lesser fires have taken place in the Forest." The first extensive fire, in 1878, was stopped before it reached private property by the exertions, in great part, of private persons. The authorship of this fire was denied by the Government Keepers. The second, in 1880, which damaged Mr. Cardew's property, was at first repudiated by the Forest Warders, but was afterwards admitted to have been their work, and to have got beyond their control. The third and most extensive, in May, 1881, is alleged by the Warders to have been the work of an incendiary; and their view has been accepted by a Military Court of Inquiry, so that Mr. Smith, whose plantations were totally destroyed, and whose house and stables would, but for the small garden surrounding them, have been burnt also, is denied all compensation. This fire extended in all over about 670 acres, 300 consisting of Crown plantations. It broke out on Sunday, May 22nd, and was not finally extinguished till the 30th, occupying a detachment of men from Aldershot, under the command of an Engineer officer, a whole week. One peculiarity of the fire was that it appeared in its inception to be the natural sequel of some smaller fires, which were admittedly lit by the Government officials some two months earlier, and one of which was stated by the Chief Warder to have had for its object the improvement and preservation of the game, as well as the clearance of the surface for military purposes. These earlier fires cleared the rough covert between two of the Crown plantations, and the large fire commenced in the covert edging one of these plantations on another side. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Mr. Smith should not be entirely convinced as to the incendiary nature of the fire to which he fell a victim. But, admitting the conclusion of the War Office to be the correct one, it is obvious that, when so dangerous an agent as fire is freely employed by those who are charged with the management of an extensive tract of open land, and that with a view, if not solely, at least among other objects, to the raising of game, it is not unlikely to be employed by the uneducated inhabitants of a wild region for other purposes, which, to them, would seem quite as justifiable. The difference between the exercise of a legal right and incendiarism becomes in such a case rather a fine one, and one which would certainly not come home to the rustic mind. The public generally will, on this subject, be disposed to sympathise with the view of the Lord Chancellor, himself a near neighbour of the Forest, and by no means free from danger, that "there ought to be a stringent law making those who do these things (whomsoever they may serve) criminally responsible, when they are done so as to injure the property of those who have not authorised them, either from the omission of the precautions to prevent their spreading (when such precautions, if taken, would be sufficient), or from doing them in any places or in any circumstances in which such precautions cannot be effectually taken." The War Office have, to some extent, admitted the propriety of this view and the seriousness of the case, by making rules for the future management of the Forest. It is to be intrusted to the care of an officer of Engineers, specially detailed for the purpose; broad rides are to be cut round the edges; whenever fires are lighted, the officer of Engineers in charge is to be present, with a sufficient force to keep the fire under control, and all owners of property in the neighbourhood are to receive adequate previous notice. Possibly, under the operation of these rules, the Forest may gradually recover its natural state, but it would have been more satisfactory to know also that fires would not henceforward be lighted at all with any reference to the interests of game-preserving. In any case, it will be some years before the singular air of desolation which the district now wears will have altogether disappeared.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MILES PLATTING CASE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you permit me to notice briefly a few errors in the correspondence published by you on the above subject last Saturday?

1. Mr. Portal speaks of the judgment in "Martin *v.* Mackonochie" as "declared by Chief Baron Pollock. . . . . to have been founded on policy, not on law." Such a statement was made by Chief Baron *Kelly* about the judgment in "Ridsdale *v.* Clifton." But nothing like it has ever been publicly attributed to Sir F. Pollock.

2. Mr. Portal also says that "John Hampden resisted the illegal decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in his day." Now, there was no Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in his day. And Hampden's case was tried not by the Privy Council, but by the twelve Common-law Judges.

3. Mr. Portal also avers that the Bishop of Manchester has "never tired of proclaiming that they" (Mr. Green and his friends) "were bad citizens who posed as martyrs." The Bishop once used these expressions in a manner which seemed to apply them to Mr. Green. But he afterwards said he had not intended so to apply them.

4. "F. S. L." tells us that the patronage of the living of Bordesley "rests . . . . . with a body of Evangelical Trustees." The patron of Bordesley is the Vicar of Aston.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Saham Rectory, January 9th. Coker Adams.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The right bearing of the Bishop of Manchester's conduct does not appear to me to have been quite correctly discriminated. The present position of the Church of England—that of a body whose organisation has been outgrown by the progressive development of her internal life, the power of efficiently moulding her organisation in accordance with her organic needs, meanwhile, being atrophied—imposes a special duty on her sons, differing in its character, as the position they occupy is that of executors of her laws, or subjects under them.

As entrusted with the maintenance of the organic functions of the Church, and with the responsibility for this trust overriding personal considerations, I do not see how the Bishop of Manchester, having been an official participator in the execution of the Church's laws in Mr. Green's deprivation, after proceedings resulting in a distinct statement of their bearing, could institute Mr. Cowgill to the same benefice, knowing that he would continue to practise the proscribed ritual (unless he was legally obliged to do so, which has not been shown), without weakening the claims of all law to obedience, and being untrue to the responsibilities of his position.

His present conduct is, I think, a necessary outcome of his position, and is quite consistent with the highest desire to promote the permanent unity and usefulness of the Church, and with sympathy with the claims of the High-Church school for greater liberty and toleration.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Tunstall, Staffordshire, January 10th. Frederick Haigh.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

I hoped that Canon Bell and his friends will ...cy rush to "support and rally round the Bishop ...," in his present attitude. To all appearance, ... is acting quite as illegally as any "Ritualist" was ever supposed to have done, and is alienating many of those who have hitherto sympathised with him. And could a more unfortunate moment have been selected for such a high-handed proceeding, than the very time at which the late Archbishop's dying act seemed to promise a more hopeful state of things?—I am, Sir, &c., R. Brown-Borthwick.

All Saints' Vicarage, Scarborough, January 10th.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—A little time back, one of your articles taught us that, because the Ritualists had established the fact that they were ready to suffer imprisonment, rather than obey the law, their voluntary martyrdom should atone for law-breaking, and decide on the advisability of an alteration of the law,—an argument which would force the Church to embrace Jews, Turks, infidels, heretics; in short, all who could establish the fact of obstinacy.

On December 31st, another article—a personal attack on the Bishop of Manchester—taught us that, because the late Archbishop, with all good intention, persuaded the Bishop of London to allow two *beneficed* clergy to exchange livings, the Bishop of Manchester, in a different Province and under different circumstances, ought to have instituted an unbeneficed clergyman, who flaunts an intention of disobedience; and why, forsooth? Because the diocese of Manchester is not as great or as venerable as the diocese of London! No doubt, the late Archbishop and the Bishop of London acted with the best motives, but still, they have unfortunately given the Church Association the chance of saying that it has not been foiled fairly, but by what in a secular matter would be roughly called compounding a felony. Had the Bishop of Manchester instituted Mr. Cowgill, it would have been but the prelude to further prosecution. The very nomination is only a throwing-down of the gauntlet. It is trailing one's coat, in the hope that some one will tread on it. No one objects to an attempt to alter a law, but until the alteration, it must be obeyed as it is.

Are law and authority to pass into abeyance? If each priest, after having sworn to obey his Ordinary, is to be free to follow out his own whims, and disobey with impunity, the sooner a different constitution is provided for the Church of England, the better. It cannot live in anarchy. We are simply making ourselves ridiculous before the eyes of those who desire our destruction. The institution of Mr. Cowgill is not a question on which High Churchmen must range on one side, and Low Churchmen on the other. It is a question whether the Church has a limit, or none. There is ample proof in these parts, which not even the ability of the *Spectator* can overthrow, that the Bishop is not a partisan. He is not the author or upholder of the Public Worship Regulation Act. Your article has given the greatest pain to many.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. F. Collins.

RITUALISTIC PRACTICES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. Portal writes that Parliament is "non-Christian." The greater part of the Christian laity would deny this to be so; but, at least, it is the National Parliament, and it will never give up its right to deal with all national interests as it thinks fitting. It does not claim to decide whether the Mass and Auricular Confession are elements of the pure Christian faith, but it can, and in the last resort always will, lay down the conditions on which the national endowments and privileges of the so-called Establishment shall be held. Mr. Portal is probably right in thinking that if the Ritualists are refused the liberty they claim, they will promote disruption and disestablishment; but he seems to forget the irresistible demand for disestablishment which will certainly arise, if that liberty is granted.

The Ritualists, to do them justice, do not accept the minimising explanations and defences of their temporising friends, such as Mr. Portal. They avow that they are bringing back all those doctrines and practices which the nation at the Reformation decided should not be held by the National Church, and to expect the State to permit such a reconstitution of that Church is as reasonable as to look for a restoration of Monarchy by divine right, or the feudal privileges of the nobles. I do not forget that the *Spectator* would limit this claim of the Ritualists, by the wishes of the particular congregation; but if you grant such liberty in one direction, you must grant it in every other. Not only the Salvation Army, but far more questionable sects, must be allowed to take possession of their parish church and its endowments. But, in truth, no such inorganic organisation is possible. A national institution must maintain a harmony among the several members which make up the body, and also a harmony with all the other national institutions. And Auricular Confession and the worship of the Host are among the things which it is now impossible to embody in an institution of the English nation. Disestablishment will be a great loss, but it will be better than that mediæval restoration; and if the choice is between the two, the people of England will certainly take the former. If Disestablishment can be averted, it must be by progress, not by retrogression,—by comprehending the Nonconformists, not the Ritualists.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Edward Strachey.

[Sir Edward Strachey assails a view which we have never adopted. We have, on the contrary, always asserted that the limits within which Ritualistic practices may be tolerated, are the limits laid down at the Reformation. Sir E. Strachey, however, apparently desires to forbid what Edward VI. directly permitted.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

DR. BENSON'S LETTER TO THE TRURO CLERGY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I think you misunderstand the drift of the remark of the Archbishop Designate in reference to the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe to which you take exception. It was *quâ* representative of the laity of Cornwall, not *quâ* Cornish nobleman and Tory, that Dr. Benson consulted him; and any one who knows the circumstances of the recently-formed diocese will consider truly that the laity had a right to be consulted, on a change which will be a critical one in the history of the struggling Church in the county.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Cornubiensis.

RELIEF OF LOCAL TAXATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I hardly follow your objection to the allocation of certain Imperial taxes to local purposes. That the local authority should fix the amount of the tax, I regard as a wholly impossible suggestion; but when you go on to say that if the amount of the tax is fixed by Parliament, "the effect on local authorities would be only that of a grant from the Consolidated Fund" (viz., to make the local authorities extravagant), I think you forget that the allocated tax would be a fixed amount, or one whose variations would be slight, and would in no way depend on the expenditure; whereas, the grants from the Consolidated Fund rise (never fall, of course) *in proportion to the expenditure*.

If Lord A says to his brother Parson B, "I will pay you half your son's education," Parson B sends his son to Eton, because only half the difference of cost between Eton and Marlborough falls on him. But if Lord A says, "I will give £100 per annum towards your son's education," Parson B sends the boy to Marlborough, because, in that case, the *whole* of the difference of cost falls on him.

I am anxious to point this out, because I have thought over the matter for many years, and feel certain that the allocation of Imperial taxes (say, the Excise licences) is the true way of relieving local taxation, by making personal property bear some share of it. These taxes *are* local, and are the fit subjects for local expenditure. The Income-tax and other sources of Imperial Revenue are not and never can be local, as Mr. Chamberlain has pointed out.—I am, Sir, &c., A. J.

ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—(MR. CECIL LAWSON.)

[fourth notice.]

In our last article upon this Gallery, we spoke of Mr. Lawson's art in its broader aspects, and tried to show what, in our opinion, were its chief characteristics; in the present article, we shall close our notice of this painter, by saying a few words upon some of the special pictures which are exhibited here. We need not trouble ourselves about the numbers of the pictures,

for the most important are all in one room, and there will be no difficulty in identifying the subject of our remarks.

The first thing that is likely to impress a stranger is that there are three distinct divisions, into one or other of which these landscapes fall, each of which seems to have been more dependent upon the painter's mind than upon his hand; that is to say, his works are not divided the one from the other by increase or deficiency of technical skill and knowledge, so much as by the different ways of regarding his subject which the painter adopted at various periods. Pictures like "The Minister's Garden," better known, perhaps, by its secondary title of "A Tribute to the Memory of Oliver Goldsmith," the "Kent," the large moonlit "Pastoral," and many of the smaller works, show a purely recording habit of mind, in which the chief fact is the curiously impartial comprehensiveness of mass and detail. The second phase gives us an artist who accepts little or nothing from Nature, animate or inanimate, save certain broad aspects of sky and atmosphere; and into these, as it were, he dips his little poetical idea, and brings it out again triumphantly in the shape of a picture. Looked at carefully, with the scalpel in one's hand, many, if not most of the compositions belonging to this class will be found to have what are commonly called uninteresting and even ugly subjects. But it is beyond denial that the pictures themselves are both interesting and beautiful. They are melodies played upon a simple instrument by a hand "that waited for the heart's prompting," like the singing that we hear on some quiet summer evening, as we drift "down stream," when words neither wise nor witty in themselves become full of suggestion, from the silence and the distance through which they reach us. This is no over-strained simile, for there is truly a pictorial equivalent for muffled music in such works as "The Wet Moon," "The Silver Mist," "The Strayed," and the dark grey picture entitled "A Lament," in which Mr. Lawson embalms his regret at the disappearance of the picturesque frontage of old Chelsea, and shows us grimly the hideous engineering preparations for "laying the foundation of the Chelsea Embankment." As under the first phase the painter is almost annoyingly matter-of-fact, impartial, and universal in his selection of subject, so in the second, he carries partiality and imaginativeness to the other extreme, and looking from one to the other series of pictures, is like turning from Southey's epic of "Madoc, Prince of Wales," to Tennyson's poem of "Break, break, break." There would be comparatively little that was strange about this, were it not that apparently many of these dissimilar works were executed at one and the same time, and the only explanation which we can suggest, is, that in the smaller works Mr. Lawson was taking his pleasure, while in the larger he was toiling after an ideal of grandeur which he was never fated to reach. We shall say a word of this presently.

Meanwhile, let us note the third phase, distinctly later than the two we have named, and in some ways embracing them both. To this belong such pictures as the large landscape in the vestibule at the top of the staircase, the picture of "The Pool," exhibited at the Academy two or three years since; and all the later dark pictures, some of the Riviera, some of England, mostly with rather heavy blue skies and rolling white clouds. In this last phase, we see the painter trying to bring together truth to nature, certain conceptions of composition, and some poetical idea, to reconcile the different sides of his character, and combine them into one splendid pictorial whole. Let us say frankly that in this he never succeeded, and probably never would have succeeded, had his age rivalled that of Titian. The one picture which came nearest to such a reconciliation was that of "The Pool," in which heavy, shapeless trees stand darkly over-shadowing stagnant water, while, under their interlacing branches, we see a sunny landscape. The picture is powerful in the extreme, full of silence and suggested evil of all kinds; a pool for the Red Fisherman, if ever there was one yet. But it sacrifices too much to its power; there is no form, hardly any colour, in the whole work. The very birds which flutter across the surface of the water are ragged, and almost indistinguishable from one another. It is a dream of a pool,—a nightmare, we should have said,—but not a great painting.

The later pictures showed the failing of the artist's colour-power much more strongly. The foregrounds began to be compounds of sticky blacks and orange-browns, which, with a little dull green, formed the main portion of the scene, in order to emphasise the effect of the blue sky and cumulus clouds which overspread the whole. The truth is, that Mr. Lawson was only a colourist in a very limited sense of the word. When he really tried to imitate the glow and depth- tints, he failed completely. The hollyhocks Minister's Garden" are by themselves shabbily the hops in the great "Kent" picture have not real, delicate transparency of the real thing; sweet looks as if it had been made at a b and his blades of grass are as coarse in their hues as if they had been plucked from the robe of an Alhambra dancer. In all these things he was trying violent, hurried imitation of Nature and in all of them he failed. But in greater matters, or, perhaps, we should say in less individual details, he succeeded almost as invariably. The effect on a given landscape of twilight, or mist, or rain, or warm sunshine, has hardly ever been given more beautifully than in many of the pictures of which we speak. The light of the silvery sky and its reflection in the river, in the "Cheyne Walk" (1870), is a marvel of delicate beauty, and every little fleck of colour on the figures or in the falling leaves, is inserted with exquisite taste and rightness. And in all the pictures which record his impressions, his colouring is never coarse, but gently suggestive of beauty and nature. The truth about his colour faculty is that when he was not thinking of himself—or rather, of his big canvasses—he was sufficiently an artist to paint in harmony with the conceptions which he was seeking to embody, but that when he was working on a large scale, and colour became, as it were, a necessary element in the work, it was a stumbling-block to him, and he did one of two things,—either, as in the large, early works, he attempted to give it its due prominence, and failed; or, as in "The Pool" and later works, he turned his back upon it altogether. He was not a colourist, though he tinted some almost monochrome drawings exquisitely. He was not a refined, though he was a roughly accurate draughtsman; but he was a man who had in him a strange power of awakening the sympathies of those who studied his work. He was always trying to do it better and bigger than it had ever been done before, and as we have said, it is such comparative failures as those he made, which help artists to paint nobler pictures, and the public to appreciate better Art.

BOOKS.

SIBERIA IN ASIA.*

Mr. Seebohm's narrative of his visit to the Valley of the Yenesay is one of the most interesting books of travel it has been our good-fortune to meet with, but it is by no means easy to describe, within the narrow limits of a review. The difficulty arises from there being so much in the narrative, and also from its variety. Adventure enough to furnish forth a score of boys' books, a whole gallery of pictures for inspection by the mind's eye of those who take delight in realising the scenes through which the traveller passes, and a large amount of information about Siberian birds, which, in addition to its importance as a contribution to ornithology, is made extremely interesting to the unscientific reader by the writer's lucid, pleasant style,—these are the chief features of Mr. Seebohm's book, which is a successor to his *Siberia in Europe*, with, however, a long interval between the two works.

Since Captain Hall's graphic but ungrammatical narrative of his travels in the iron-hearted land of the Esquimaux, we have had no more attractive specimen of the traditional "brave man struggling with adversity" than Mr. Seebohm's story of how in 1876, Captain Wiggins, a "character" of a remarkable kind, took his Arctic steam yacht, 'Thames' (120 tons) from Sunderland to the mouth of the Obb, in the Kara Sea, hoping to ascend the river, but was obliged to run for the Yenesay, said to be the third largest river in the world; and after a tedious voyage, laid up the vessel on the Arctic Circle, half a mile up the tributary Koorayika, 1,200 miles from the mouth of the Yencsay, three months and nine days after he sailed from England. There is a bright but serious doggedness in Captain Wiggins' face (his portrait appropriately heads the narrative), which would convince anybody before reading the book that what he meant to do would get done, and whatever place he intended to go to he would surely arrive at. This is very nearly the case; he only did not bring back the 'Thames.' After a long fight for it, with ice and water, flood and sandbank, the desperate difficulties of winter, the more dangerous difficulties of

* *Siberia in Asia: a Visit to the Valley of the Yenesay, in East Siberia.* By Henry Seebohm, Author of "Siberia in Europe." London: John Murray.

-tic regions, the little steamer had to be aban-
her "boues," stripped bare of sail and spar,
.vas, however, while the 'Thamcs' was frozeu
arters, the crew living iu a room iu a peasaut's
ank of the river looking down on the ship, aud
.ain Wiggius had returned to England by the overland route, that Mr. Seebohm made that sturdy mariuer's acquaintance, and arranged to start with him for Siberia in Asia, at five days' notice. We know how valnable were the results of the author's visit to the Valley of the Petchora, in North-East Russia, and are prepared to fiud that he made an equally successful raid upon the birds of Siberia in Asia, and their eggs; but the reader is iu no hurry to arrive at the results, the journey of 6,000 miles is so interesting, the narrative is so bright. The author never loses sight of his birds, even when there are none, for then he tells us so; but he sees everything else as well, from Mohammedau morals to the price of meat, sketching men, mauners, villages, briefly, but with great vivacity, and recognising with delight, while crossing the Steppes, small flocks of the Snow Bunting, remarkable as beiug the most northerly of all passerine birds iu its breeding range, having been found throughout the Arctic Circle wherever land is known to exist. The hilly country beyond Perm ascending towards the Ural Mountains reminded him of the Peak of Derbyshire; the great steppes of Western Siberia of an almost boundless Salisbury Plain. The travellers regretted that they had uot time to turn out of their road, so as to visit Irkutsk, "the most European town of All the Russias." It is situated iu the heart of Siberia; aud yet they were told that there they should find the freest thought, the highest educatiou, the most refined civilisation, the least barbarous luxury, of auy town in the vast empire. The account of the sledge journey of 3,000 miles—during which they would cross the meridiau of Calcutta, 2,300 miles north of that city—pursued day aud night, through every kind of weather, especially snow-storms, with three horses abreast, changed every fifteen to twenty miles, with bells tinkling to drive away the wolves, is very interesting. After they had done 2,431 miles, they rested at Yenesaisk, where they found pleasant rooms, with light, elegant furniture, abundance of windows and mirrors, and roses and geraniums in pots. They also found very good company, aud Mr. Seebohm picked up a young Jew, with shady autecedents and a "thick head," to do his bird-skinuing for him. The Jew had "uever tried" to skin birds, but he learned so quickly that he beat his master in the art in a week, but he never imbibed any other idea. They did not part good friends, and Mr. Seebohm says, with rather too wide generalisation, "One must not expect gratitude from a Russian Jew." A great part of the country through which they travelled is "so extravagantly cheap, that the ordinary incentives to industry hardly exist." Unless times have changed since 1876, what a fine place the great Steppes would be for Lord Dillou's tenants!—

"We were able," says the author, "to buy beef at 2d. per lb., and grouse at 7d. a brace. We had a very practical demonstration that we were in a land flowing with hay and corn, in the price we paid for our horses. Up to Tyumain, the three had cost us 6d. a mile; on the Steppes the price fell to 1½d.,—*i.e.*, a ½d. a horse a mile. At one of the villages where we stopped to change horses, it was market day, and we found on inquiry that a ton of wheat might be purchased for the same amount as a hundredweight cost in England."

The stations ever so far north were beautifully clean, the journey, even though it included a race with the south wind, was eminently enjoyable. Here is a little bit about sledge-dogs; we gather from it that they are not ill-treated in Russia, for if they were, their sagacity would hardly be so trustworthy:—

"As we got further north, we found fine dogs at the stations, and occasionally we met a sledge drawn by dogs. These animals are most sagacious. A Russian traveller will hire a sledge with a team of six dogs, travel in it ten or fifteen miles to the next station, where he gives the dogs a feed, and sends them home again alone with the empty sledge. On several occasions we witnessed this. The dogs are fine fellows, a little like a Scotch shepherd's dog, but with very bushy hair. They have sharp noses, short, straight ears, and a bushy tail, curled over the back. Some are black, others white, but the handsomest variety is a grey fawn-colour."

The Valley of the Yenesay is "the paradise of House-Martins," but also the abode of official rascality. If Mr. Seebohm's experience be not exceptional, nothing that can be resorted to for the purpose of upsetting such a system is to be wondered at. At Krasnoyarsk, the wind beat the travellers, and they had to take to wheels and organise a little caravan. The last two stages of the journey were travelled with reindeer. They drove twenty, and went at a tremendous pace; "the animals seemed to fly over the snow." When they reached the winter quarters of the 'Thames,' they had done 3,240 English miles, counting from Nishni Novgorod—everything the other side of that place did not count, and yet to the untravelled reader it seems like 'the back of God speed!'—and they were once more within reach of English voices and English cooking. Then began "strolling" in the forest (on snow-shoes), and a moderate, afterwards increasing to a glorious, find of birds. The author makes his favourite topic very interesting, for he did not merely shoot and skin birds and classify eggs,—he also studied their lives and ways, and there is little of technical dryness of detail in his record of investigation. He has much to say about the glacial period, and the distributiou of the various species of birds; he studied the human inhabitants of that distant region as well, and though some of the tribes are almost as poor and wretched as the people with whom the Commissioner of the *Daily News* in the West of Ireland has recently made us acquainted, there is some pleasant reading about the cheery and kindly Ostyaks. Here is a passage which at once puts the climate before us:—

"In the winter, double windows are absolutely necessary, to prevent the inmates of the houses from being frozen to death. The outside windows project about six inches in front of the inside ones. If the inside window reveals the poverty of the inhabitant, the outside window seemingly displays his extravagance. [Glass is very dear in the Arctic Circle.] To all appearance, it is composed of one solid pane of plate-glass, nearly three inches thick. On closer examination, this turns out to be a slab of ice, carefully frozen into the framework, with a mixture of snow and water, in place of putty."

The promise of May was a weary while about fulfilling itself, but so much the better for the reader, for he owes to that circumstance chapter ix., and it is almost as delightful as *Robinson Crusoe*, with a multitude of birds in place of that rather monotonous parrot, whose education, we have always thought, the shipwrecked mariner might have improved. We cannot dwell upon the breaking-up of the ice, the danger of the 'Thames,' and her "driving" with a broken rudder among the pack ice, and the floes that "began to climb up the ship's side like a snake." Concerning this mishap Mr. Seebohm says:—"No one but an Englishman would have committed the inconceivable blunder of fitting out an Arctic yacht with every precaution against ice, and leaving it with a complicated rudder, exceedingly difficult to replace, and without provision for its being unshipped." But we must quote the following description, just as the excitement was at its height:—

"The revolution in the ice took place to the accompaniment of a perfect Babel of birds. Above our heads we continually heard the 'gag-gag' of geese, and the harsh bark of swans, as flock after flock hurried past us to the Tundra. Wherever there was a little open water between the ice-floes and pack-ice, crowds of gulls were fishing as if they had not had a meal for a week, and their derisive laugh, as they quarrelled over their prey, seemed to mock our misfortunes, while the weird cries of the black-throated and red-throated divers came from the creek opposite. A flock of wild ducks also passed us, and along the shore small birds flitted from bush to bush in hitherto unknown profusion. Bramblings and white wagtails passed in pairs, shore larks in small flocks, and redpoles in large flocks, and I shot a solitary wheatear. In the midst of his troubles on board his half-wrecked steamer, Captain Wiggins seized his gun and shot a goose, which was flying over the ship, and which proved to be the Little White-fronted Goose, the species which I had missed shooting the day before."

Chapter ix. is the gem of the book. It concludes with a beautiful description of the great event of the year in these regions, like the rising of the Nile in Egypt, the annual battle between summer and winter. It raged for a fortnight on the Yenesay, and the narrative of the special correspondent on the field is wonderfully graphic and exciting, from the march up-stream of thousands of acres of ice, to the final conquest of winter, and "the retreat of the fragments of his beaten army to the triumphant music of thousands of song-birds, and amidst the waving of green leaves, and the illumination of gay flowers of every hue." No less interesting is the author's story of his summer sojourn on the Koorayika, during which he seems to have studied man, and bird, and beast, sky, land, and water, races, politics, and customs, with impartial closeness and attention. We know that the 'Thames' never got out of the Yenesay, but we read the story of Captain Wiggins' efforts to get her out, and the transfer to the 'Ibis' (a lucky purchase of Mr. Seebohm's) with no less interest. At this point arose difficulties, for which we must refer the reader to the book; he will learn their nature with some sympathy and a great deal of amusement. The result was that Mr. Seebohm returned alone to Yenesiesk, and travelled to Ekaterinburg, enriching his collections and

storing up observations by which we profit largely on the way. A delightful chapter is devoted to the Tundra, a very interesting one to the state of society in Russia generally, and to official corruption in particular. Of Alexander III., the author writes with curt contempt:—"The present Emperor has not the courage to attempt to govern his country justly." With a word of praise for the illustrations, we must now leave this most interesting book, from which we have learnt that Siberia is "a magnificent country of superb forests and cornfields capable of rivalling those of Minnesota, with iron equal to that of Sweden in quality, and gold almost as abundant as that of California, to say nothing of copper, salt, and coal." That the land, whose name was once a synonym for dreary barrenness, has a great future before it, Mr. Seebohm is convinced. He sums up his impressions in these words:—

"Siberia is, in fact, a second Canada in reserve, and the political geographer, looking into the far future, and wondering what is to become of the surplus population and capital of the English and Teutonic races when North America shall be as thickly populated as Europe, may postpone his anxieties for many centuries, to allow time for the civilisation of Siberia to reopen the problem."

GIDEON FLEYCE.*

Mr. Lucy is a clever man, and there is a good deal that is clever in this novel, but we should not call the novel a good one as a whole. It has the greatest fault which the novel of a clever man can have, that, in spite of a very ingenious and sensational plot, the permanent effect produced on the reader's mind is of something hanging fire. A great deal of the social life is extremely laboured, and gives the impression that the author paused between each paragraph to think what he should write next. For instance, the sketch of the leading tradesmen, and also of the 'Long-shore men, at Saxton-on-the-Sea, is very laboured, and suggests an unsuccessful following in the footsteps of George Eliot's studies of this kind of life. Studies of this kind should not interrupt the progress of a story, unless they add very much to your appreciation of the story when resumed. Mr. Lucy's do not. We are always wanting to get to the end of them. Though no one can say that they are not the result of observation, and sometimes of close observation, yet they are not easy; they give no impression of entering naturally into the author's mode of telling his story; they appear to be pieced into it, to eke it out. Take the following, for example, which is as good a specimen of this sort of study as we can find; indeed, the best, but which none the less conveys the impression of effort:—

"The 'Longshore men took to him [Gideon Fleyce] from the very first. It is a peculiarity of the vocation of this class of citizens that they should have a good deal of leisure. To the casual observer it might appear that they earned an honest living simply by lounging about the beach with their hands deeply set in their trousers pockets, and their eyes intently fixed on the distant horizon. Here Gideon found them at whatever time chance made most convenient to himself. Early morning or late afternoon they were sure to be there, always with their hands in their pockets, and their gaze far, far at sea. Many of them wore top-boots coming high over their knees. The sou'-wester appeared indispensable to their calling, and all affected a blue woollen jersey convenient for rolling up at the hips, so that they could, without exhausting their store of energy, get their hands in their pockets. What at first struck the unaccustomed eye of Gideon was their apparent state of deadly preparation. They seemed ready to go anywhere and do anything. On the second morning of his visit to the beach he hastened his steps, lest peradventure he should find them gone, and his opportunity of improving the acquaintance lost. But there they were just the same, as ready as ever to go anywhere and do anything; but in the meanwhile, standing still and doing nothing. Gideon chatted with them in his cheery manner, talking on all topics but that of the parliamentary representation of Saxton. They also avoided that subject, but they knew very well what was in the wind, and fully appreciated the compliment paid to them by the new candidate in seeking them out thus early. Gideon did violence to his feelings by possessing himself of a tobacco pouch, which he filled at the tobacconist's in High Street with the strongest 'shag.' Also, more offensive still to his sensitive nature, he had a roll of pigtail which he was wont to produce during pauses in the conversation. These were so frequent that the pigtail was speedily absorbed by the 'Longshore men. The engrossing nature of their occupation left them little time for idle conversation, and induced sententious habits of speech. But when Long Bill, in the middle of one afternoon, broke a silence that had lasted for a quarter of an hour with the remark, 'A right haffable gent, that's what I say,' there was a grunt of approval all round. Gideon's name had not been mentioned, but every one knew who was meant. Certainly it could not be Mr. Montgomery [the sitting Member], who never came down to the beach, and had never so much as offered a man of them a pipe of tobacco."

The sketch of the Saxton tradesmen is even more laborious, and so it is with the study of the Evangelical chapel in Camden Town,—Rehoboth, as it is called,—and of the women who attend it. Here is a sketch of [illegible] of the regular attendants at Rehoboth, and her furniture of her lodger's parlour. There is [illegible] close observation, in it, but something wanting to make the observation amuse us, instead of wearying us, it certainly does:—

"When Mrs. Dumfy opened the door to the caller, she was a trifle more than usually unprepossessing in appearance. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and Jack had disturbed her in the middle of the consecrated task of polishing the stumpy legs of the sofa in the best and only parlour. When Mrs. Dumfy polished the legs of a sofa, or of any other article of furniture, she put her whole soul into the furniture paste. She had a notion that continued friction, carried on at the greatest velocity possible, and persevered in for a certain number of minutes—a space of time defined by the formula 'as long as her back would hold'—was absolutely necessary to obtain the desired result. She polished the legs of a sofa as an Indian rubs sticks to get a fire, or did rub them when Fenimore Cooper was alive. Stopping short of a certain measure of friction the fire might not be kindled, and the labour had all to be gone through again. On this principle Mrs. Dumfy polished her furniture, and it was Jack's misfortune that he happened to knock at the door when she was something like midway through the process. She might have stopped to finish it, and let the caller wait; but she knew that, in such circumstances, men had a habit of rubbing their feet on the steps, or perhaps leaning against the railings or the door. Callers were to be got rid of with the least possible delay. So with a petulant groan Mrs. Dumfy left the half-polished limb, and with a duster thrown over her shoulder, and a rag smelling vilely of furniture paste in her right hand, she confronted the cavalier who had a moment earlier walked down the street glowing with anticipation."

It is just the same, to our minds, with the political sketches. We take no interest in O'Brien (and wonder, by the way, what in the world the heroine finds in him to love). The account of him and of his political friends is acute but heavy writing. Wratten and Gosley bore us. Boscobel and Petit Philpott give us no pleasure, indeed Mr. Lucy suppresses the brilliant parts of Boscobel's conversation, though assuring us that he became brilliant; and, on the whole, leaves us with the impression that Petit Philpott was at least Boscobel's equal.

The only part of the book that seems to us to have real power is the description of the relation between the usurer and his son, and the scene in which Mr. Israel Gideon deceives his son with the idea that he is going to lend him the £3,000 he wants, and instead of drawing a cheque, writes a malediction on him, for the signature of which he maliciously borrows a stamp from his victim. That is a powerful scene, and the whole of the sensational plot of which this scene is the central point, is managed with an ingenuity worthy almost of Wilkie Collins. On the whole, we cannot but think that the sensational part of this story is really the best. In all that is not sensational, there is an effort and languor which disappoint us in so clever a writer as Mr. Lucy. But the old miser is powerfully sketched, and the vulgar but far from evil-minded son, eager for wealth, like his father, but not for its own sake, rather for the advantages which it can purchase,—is drawn with a certain moderation and an amount of careful shading which seem to us to suggest that Mr. Lucy might write a much better novel of plot than he has written in the present instance, where plot is much more than eked out,—positively swelled out,—by society sketches of a cumbrous kind. For once, we prefer the sensational element in a novel, to the studies of character and life. Indeed, there is more of character itself in the old Jew and his son, than in all the rest of the tale put together. After the murder, there is a scene which suggests much too strongly the passage in *The House of the Seven Gables* where Hawthorne muses over his dead judge, and taunts him with not bestirring himself, though the time for his pressing engagements is flying by. Still, we prefer even that scene, and the comparison with a story of vastly greater power which it forces upon us, to the club dinner, the political manipulations of the Saxton tradesmen, and the elaborate descriptions of Saxton corruption. Mr. Lucy is a very lively writer, but his usual liveliness is replaced by forced vivacity throughout the greater part of this novel; and only in the portions of it where we expected nothing, did we find more than we had hoped.

* *Gideon Fleyce.* A Novel. By Henry W. Lucy. 3 vols. London: Chatto and Windus.

FANNY KEMBLE ON SHAKESPEARE.*

These *Notes* are prefaced by a chapter on the Stage which ought not to be skipped, as it contains some thoughts which are happily expressed. But even before the introduction, we must

* *Notes upon Some of Shakespeare's Plays.* By Frances Anne Kemble. London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1882.

raise for the outside of the book, and for the ... in which it is printed. A tenpenny Shake-...are still, but there is a consciousness of greater ... thoughts are bedded on hand-made paper and ... suit of Russia leather. A gentleman ought to be dressed as a gentleman, and we would say of this book that it issues from the press dressed like a quiet gentlewoman.

Mrs. Kemble is fond of distinctions, which she knows how to draw, as, *e.g.*, in the chapters on the Stage, between what is dramatic and what is theatrical. The dramatic is the real expression of the emotions of human nature. The theatrical is the imitation of this expression, and is always more or less tinged with unreality :—

"Children are always dramatic, but only theatrical when they become aware that they are objects of admiring attention. . . . . The Italians, nationally and individually, are dramatic; the French are, on the contrary, theatrical; we English of the present day are neither one nor the other." (p. 4.) . . . . . "The combination of the power of representing passion and emotion with that of imagining or conceiving it". . . . . "is essential to make a good actor." (p. 5.)

Can a good actor be also a good dramatic critic? Mrs. Kemble thinks not, and adduces the examples of Mrs. Siddons, Mdlle. Rachel and Pasta, as artists unable to criticise; and of herself, on the other hand, who, as this book shows, is no mean critic, "as one who was unable to accomplish on the stage any result worthy of her great advantages." The notes are confined to the plays of *Macbeth*, *Henry VIII.*, *The Tempest*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, and evince on every page a deep discrimination of character, and at the same time a careful study of the text. We doubt whether any of our readers who are asked to inscribe in a book their favourite play, together with their favourite poet, sport, historian, &c., would select the *Tempest;* but our likes and dislikes depend much upon our feelings, and our feelings upon the law of association; and Mrs. Kemble explains to us (pp. 123 and 124) how she came to love *The Tempest*.

Mrs. Kemble's most exhaustive criticism is that on *Macbeth*, which is happily termed "the drama of conscience." We cannot quite agree with what is said of Lady Macbeth. That she had a harder conscience, a clearer purpose, a stronger will than her husband, we admit; but Mrs. Kemble goes farther than this, and avers (pp. 71 and 72) that never does Lady Macbeth feel remorse or repentance for what she has done. We do not think that a heart unvisited by remorse could utter the words, (Act V., scene i.), "What! will these hands ne'er be clean?" And again, "All the perfumes of Araby will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!" If, as Mrs. Kemble says, Lady Macbeth died of wickedness, she is the only human being who ever did so. Wickedness, no doubt, kills a great many people indirectly, for there is hardly a vice or a crime that has not some disease which is its correlative. Nevertheless, a merely wicked man who manages to flourish like a green bay-tree often lives to a good old age, and dies of a disease which has no relation to his wickedness. The contrasts drawn by Mrs. Kemble between Lady Macbeth and her husband, between Banquo and Macbeth, and between other characters which we shall have to notice further on, are very forcible. Here is a masterly example :—

"The woman's wide-eyed, bold, collected leap into the abyss makes us gulp with terror; while we watch the man's blinking, shrinking, gradual slide into it with a protracted agony akin to his own. Nothing can be more wonderfully perfect than Shakespeare's delineation of the evil nature of these two human souls,—the evil strength of the one, and the evil weakness of the other."

We have never heard of any great actor undertaking the part of Banquo, but we see in the light of Mrs. Kemble's analysis that it is as finely conceived as any part in the play. She shows well how the evil suggestions which rankle in the bosom of Macbeth glance harmlessly off the Nathaniel-like soul of his companion. We conceive that an interesting book might be written on the minor characters in Shakespeare. Even the study of a dialogue between a first, second, and third gentleman, or between two murderers, reveals to us a picture, not of puppets, but of men.

The discussion as to whether Banquo's Ghost was seen or not by Lady Macbeth is ingenious, and we are disposed to think that the conclusion arrived at is a true one. Mrs. Kemble conceives that, granting a ghost, no one, however strong in mind, could behold it unmoved. She observes (p. 66) that Shakespeare has many ghost-seers,—Horatio, Hamlet, Brutus, and Macbeth. In each case, the feeling of awe and horror manifests itself in the staring eyes, the trembling lips, the pale face of the beholder. But Lady Macbeth looks at the empty chair in which the ghost of the murdered man is sitting, and calmly says to her husband, "I tell you yet again, Banquo is buried; he cannot come out of his grave." And this thought she repeats in the last terrible scene, when trying to wash her hands clean from the blood of King Duncan. We do not know what may be our readers' conception of Lady Macbeth's person. We confess to have formed our own from the print of Mrs. Siddons. But would a tall, towering woman, with black hair and flashing eyes, be termed "dearest chuck?" One of the best dramatic readers of the present day, who has made Shakespeare his daily study, told the writer that he was convinced that Macbeth's wife was a slight, fair woman, with blue eyes, after the pattern of Lady Audley, in Miss Braddon's famous novel. Her will, being too strong for the frail body which contained it, caused the breaking-up of her vital powers so soon after she had secured the object of her ambition.

As *Macbeth* is the play of conscience, so *Henry VIII.* may be called "the play of pride," as personified in the Queen and Wolsey. Rightly does Milton call pride the "last infirmity of noble minds," for nowhere is the sin so shrouded in nobility as in the character of Katharine. But, according to Mrs. Kemble, pride of power is more easily cured than pride of birth. As she remarks (p. 72),—"So with disgrace grew her [Katharine's] pride. But Wolsey honoured himself in his station; it was to him the palpable proof of his great powers of achievement; and when he lost it, his confidence in himself must have been shaken to its foundations, and he may almost have fallen to the hopelessness of self-contempt." The remaining plays which are commented on, are those of *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Tempest*. The notes on the former are suggestions to a young actor who was about to play the part of Romeo. Here, again, we have one of Mrs. Kemble's contrasts. Romeo's is said to be the love of sentiment, and Juliet's that of passion. To us this seems a distinction without a difference. That love is often deepest and strongest which makes no outward sign, which is content to suffer, to work, nay, to be forgotten by its object. But the love of sentiment or passion betrays itself in such words and acts as are recorded both of Romeo and Juliet. We are not at all sure that if Romeo were to marry Juliet, and live, say, in Hertford Street, Mayfair, he would not be found three months after marriage playing billiards at his club, instead of sharing his wife's company.

We cannot, again, agree with all Mrs. Kemble's conclusions on the emendations of Collier's annotated folio of 1632. The interest as to the value of these notes has almost faded away, since it was discovered that more than half the emendations are identical with those of Hanmer's edition, Mr. Collier and Mrs. Kemble both appeal to common-sense as the ultimate arbiter, inasmuch as Shakespeare is the poet of common-sense; and it is on common-sense, not on the authority of competing folios, that we base our conclusions. Why, for instance, should not Miranda, in Act I., sc. ii., have had her sympathies confined to *some noble creature* in the boat, and then widened, as she saw the vessel breaking up, to all the poor *souls* in her? Again, in Prospero's twelfth speech to Miranda the passage occurs :—"Who having unto truth by telling of it [*i.e.*, that he was Duke of Milan] made such a sinner of his memory to credit his own lie." There is no reason that we can see for altering "unto truth" into "to untruth." The meaning is obvious that Antonio, by continually lying, had become a "sinner unto truth" in such wise as to believe his own lie. It is possible, we think, thus to personify truth, but not untruth, which is a mere negation. In the fifteenth speech of Prospero, we object to the substitution of "practice" for "purpose." Prospero evidently was meant to repeat the word "purpose," just as in the Book of Jonah the word "prepare" is four times repeated. The Lord is said to *prepare* the great fish, the gourd, the worm, and the vehement east wind. We confess that the question whether Prospero's coat or his story put Miranda to sleep does not interest us. We are inclined to think it was the story, firstly because it is a little tedious; and secondly, because almost at every sentence Prospero asks Miranda if she is listening.

We close the book, thankful to Mrs. Kemble even for her verbal criticisms (which are the least attractive part of her work), inasmuch as they have helped us to realise more fully the marvellous imaginative power of Shakespeare. Further notes from her pen would, we are sure, be heartily welcomed by the reading public.

GEIKIE'S TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY.*

The favourite scientific text-books of one generation, before they can answer the requirements of another, need to be "greatly enlarged," to be "recast," or to be "almost entirely rewritten." But a time must come when the most strenuous efforts of author and editor fail to bring back the waning popularity of a once-valued manual. Henceforth it may take an assured place among books of reference, but it remains no longer a constant guide and companion in field and laboratory and study. Fortunate it is for students and teachers alike when a worthy successor can be found,—a successor as wide as its predecessor in range, as full in research, as happy in suggestion, as cogent in argument, and as attractive in method and in form.

It would not be an adequate expression of the high opinion we have formed of the merits of Dr. Geikie's *Text-book of Geology*, were we to say that it will take its place as the new class-book of this science; a work of much lower quality might have done this. But the author possesses something more than the learning and sound judgment necessary for the task which he undertook. To discover, to select, and to arrange materials constitute but the necessary foundation for his work; firmness of outline and due proportion in the different parts are as much needed, to secure a satisfactory result. But the author of the text-book before us may claim in an unusual degree other merits besides these, namely, the merits of originality of view and picturesqueness of expression. In a book for students' use, the latter quality, though of obvious importance, will not appeal only to beginners.

Perhaps the illustrations, in a volume having the scope of a natural-science text-book, demand a few special words of reference, before the scheme of the whole work is discussed. We may at once say that the illustrations—437 in number—are not merely well chosen, but in very many cases something more than adequate. Naturally, the frontispiece takes our attention at once. It represents the grand plateau and cañons of the Colorado, and a very fine drawing it is, full, indeed, of laborious detail, but every touch telling, and the complex perspective being managed with consummate skill. Dr. Geikie informs us that it is a reduction of a drawing by Mr. W. H. Holmes, and was furnished by Captain Dutton, of the United States Geological Survey. When we study this drawing, and then turn to the two diagrams by the same draughtsman on p. 923, we are able to convince ourselves that Dr. Geikie has not said a word too much in praise of Mr. Holmes's powers as a delineator of the geological structure and scenery of Western America. His pictures are certainly most remarkable examples of the union of "artistic effectiveness with almost diagrammatic geological distinctness and accuracy." But the author's own drawings, particularly those of "scenic geology," present the same elements of picturesqueness and accuracy, for we presume we are right in attributing to Dr. Geikie's own pencil such drawings as those reproduced on pages 433, 555, 642, &c. Many original sketches of another class, but from the same source, are to be found in several parts of the volume, although they are chiefly gathered into the chapter which treats of the microscopic characters of rocks; we refer to the magnified drawings from thin rock-sections.

It is now time to tell our readers something of the contents of this text-book, and something of the order which has been followed in its construction. The contents are divided into seven sections, or "books," of unequal length, varying, indeed, from twenty pages to two hundred and fifty. The seven books are further divided, more or less elaborately, into parts, sections, subsections, paragraphs, &c, according to the range and character of the subjects under treatment. Book i. is headed, "The Cosmical Aspects of Geology," a title which sufficiently explains itself. In Book ii. are discussed the materials of the earth's substance, including, firstly, the atmosphere and the ocean as its envelopes, and the solid globe, its temperature and age; then, secondly, an account of the composition of the earth's crust, or "minerals and rocks." "Geognosy" is the alternative title of this second book. So considerable is the importance of the manner in which rocks and minerals are first studied, that we may pause to note the order which Dr. Geikie here follows. Beginning with the general chemical constitution of the crust, and with rock-forming minerals, he passes on to the study of the general or macroscopic characters of rocks, and then to their minute or microscopic characters; afterwards comes classification. Here Dr. Geikie abandons [illegible] drawn even in part from processes of formation, [illegible] posed, and relies on the broad distinction subsisting between crystalline and fragmental rocks. Still, however, some violence is thus done to the term "crystalline," since [illegible] to embrace materials which are vitreous, and therefore certainly non-crystalline. Of the further divisions, three are included under crystalline rocks, and four under the fragmental, the former being "stratified," "foliated," or "massive;" the latter being "psammites," "pelites," "tuffs" or "fragmental rocks of organic origin." The stratified rocks include chemical deposits, such as limestones, dolomites, and sinters; the foliated or schistose rocks correspond mainly to the metamorphic rocks, while the massive rocks coincide pretty nearly with the old division of igneous rocks. It is in his treatment of these massive rocks, the granites, felsites, syenites, trachytes, phonolites, &c., that we find a good example of Dr. Geikie's accurate and recent knowledge, as well as of his grasp of view. Modern petrology has of late made such a large use of new methods for the microscopical and chemical study of rock-constituents, that the danger of looking at rocks from an exclusively chemical and mineralogical point of view has been much increased. Dr. Geikie avoids such an error, while according a due amount of value to characters derived from exact chemical and mineralogical determinations. Here we may venture to point out that our author has adopted (page 193), from MM. Fouqué and Michel Lévy, the common Continental mistake of attributing to M. Thoulet the ingenious process of separating mixed minerals from one another by means of a dense liquid, in which some species float, while others sink; the process had been in use in England by means of Sonstadt's liquid, some time before M. Thoulet published his experiments, in which he recommended the ordinary solution of mercuric iodide in potassium iodide.

We cannot afford to linger long over the fascinating contents of Book iii., a most important section of the work, treating of dynamical geology, and extending over nearly 300 pages. Many of our readers who might not care to enter upon a study of palæontological geology in Book v. or of stratigraphical geology in Book vi., would be glad to know where they might turn to find the story of the changes which are going on beneath the earth, and of those which are in progress upon its surface. Under the former heading of "Hypogene Action," volcanoes, earthquakes, secular subsidences and upheavals, and underground changes of texture, structure and composition in rocks, are considered. "Epigene," or surface action, includes the work of air, of water, and of life. Such important topics are here dwelt on as rain and the weathering of rocks; springs, rivers, lakes, glaciers, oceans, and tides, as well as the formation of soils. It is hard to say which we admire most, the skill with which so much information is compressed into so small a space, the reticence which has excluded topics and details of secondary moment, or the clearness which marks each description, calculation, or inference.

Of Books v. and vii. we have left ourselves no room to speak. They treat respectively of "Geotectonic Geology," that is, the architecture of the earth's crust, and of "Physiographical Geology;" but we must, in passing, commend the exactitude with which the many subjects included under "Structural Geology" are handled.

Books v. and vi., treating largely, as both of them do, of fossil remains, necessarily overlap. But it is remarkable to observe how little repetition there is here in the treatment of these two subjects of palæontological and stratigraphical geology. It is worthy of note that Dr. Geikie expresses himself cautiously with regard to *eozoon*, and to several other subjects where there is room for genuine doubt. His attitude with regard to Sedgwick and Murchison is less pronounced than we expected. An index of subjects occupying thirty-six pages, with double columns, and an index of authorities of ten columns, are not the least meritorious features of this text-book. Some of the more definitely chemical statements of these pages need slight revision. We note a few which caught the eye in turning over half the pages of Book ii. The proportion of carbonic-acid gas in the atmosphere is overstated on p. 31. For some years past, more accurate analyses have tended to show that the accepted figure, four volumes in 10,000, should be reduced to three parts. On page 57 the impression given that such a mineral as cryolite contains mere traces of fluorine should have been avoided. In tabulating what is called the *average* composition of felspars, it is a mis-

* *Text-book of Geology.* By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., Director-General of the Geological Survey. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.

·e decimal figures to the second place. On page ·e in this and other sections of the book, we find erence to the occurrence and functions of iron · finely-divided condition as a rock constituent. ..ave failed to discover any recognition of the relation of the sulphur to the other constituents of carbonaceous rocks,—indeed, sulphur is uot named as a constituent of coal iu the table of analyses giveu on page 172. If we point out these few small defects as specimeus of a class, it is in no spirit of fault-finding, but because we should be glad to remove any spot, however insignificant, from so fair a picture.

LALLANNE ON ETCHING.*

It is a curious fact that though the art of etching has received so great an impulse of late years, and that most artists of eminence have, at all events, tried their hands at the etching needle and the copper, there has been writteu concerning it scarcely one authoritative and exhaustive handbook. Mr. Hamerton's *Etching and Etchers*, though a large, handsome volume, full of valuable information and interesting illustrations, by no means supplies the want of which we speak, and is rather an essay on the scope and history of etching, than a guide to its practice. The same author's smaller work, which is professedly devoted to teaching the technique of the art, contains singularly little which is calculated to smooth the path of the student, and chiefly consists of a brief enumeration of the various methods which are employed by etchers. Besides which, Mr. Hamerton's work bears with it that suspicion of amateurishness which always accompanies the efforts of one who is not himself a thorough master of his craft to instruct students in its technical details. For Mr. Hamerton is only an etcher, as it were, incidentally, in the intervals of editing and literature; and though this would not matter if he produced work of very first-rate quality, it does matter a good deal when his etching is at best second-rate. The little book by Mr. Seymour Haden entitled "Notes on Etching" comes to us with all the authority that Mr. Hamerton's writing lacks, but by no means fulfils the purpose of a handbook. It is pleasautly if somewhat authoritatively written gossip on the craft and its professors, teeming with sharply-constructed seutences about Art and Man, and impressed throughout with a sort of transcendental practicality. There is more "stuff" in it with regard to the Art than perhaps in all that Mr. Hamerton has written, but it does not condescend to details, and it is somewhat marred throughout by being written with an evident bias against engraving, as contrasted with etching, and an endeavour to force etching upwards to a rank in the world of Art which it cannot really attain. With this exception, we are not aware that there has been any notable publication on etching of late years, which embraced the practice of the Art as well as its history, and it is therefore with considerable pleasure that we welcome the book before us, which exactly supplies what is most needed.

M. Maxime Lallanne, of whose treatise the volume is a translation, is one of the first of living French etchers, and in every sense a master of his art, down to its remotest detail. The book is badly arranged in some ways, and by no means too well translated, but it is in all essential respects a very valuable one. It omits no detail, and it deals with nearly every difficulty by which a young etcher could be puzzled. Most valuable of all, as every practical student of the art will allow, is its account of, and remedies for, all the mistakes to which beginners are liable; and this part of the work is especially full and clear, and enters into the causes as well as the remedies of the various errors.

The book has been translated by a Mr. Koehler (apparently a German resident in Boston), and is disfigured by a good many Americanisms of spelling; and the translator has added an introductory chapter and explanatory notes, which he informs us were first designed for the instruction of an American public. The reason of these appearing in the English edition is probably that the work was published from the same proof-sheets in America and England, a practice which is now becoming pretty common with some English publishers, and which has the effect of saving them expense at the cost of the public. Of course, it does not do the young English etcher any actual harm to be told to take a clean earthenware pot, glazed on the inside, with a handle to it, and to be informed that such pots are to be bought for "fifteen cents, at G. A. Miller and Co.'s, 101 Shawmut Avenue, Boston," though it is undoubtedly productive of a vague feeling of irritation; but all these little details of language, nationality, and translation do not really matter much in a work which is professedly only a text-book. Looked at for that purpose, we repeat that it is, in our opinion, not only the best, but the only good handbook of etching which is at present published in England; and it has this further advantage over previous publications,—that it has not been published under the auspices of an artist's colourman, whose wares it was bound to advertise.

It is difficult to give an illustration of M. Lallanne's instruction which shall not be tedious to the reader, but perhaps the following extract, describing the manuer in which the etching-ground is laid upon the copper, will serve to give an idea of the minuteness of his instructions, and the clearness with which they are delivered. It must be premised that all the technical instruction in the work is delivered in the form of a lecture from a master-etcher to a young pupil:—

"You have here a plate, I say to him; I clean it with turpentine; then, having well wiped it with a piece of fine linen, and having still further cleaned it by rubbing it with Spanish white (or whiting), I fasten it into the vice by one of its edges*, taking care to place a tolerably thick piece of paper under the teeth of the vice, so as to protect the copper against injury. I now hold the plate with its back over this chafing-dish; but a piece of burning paper, or the flame of a spirit lamp, will do equally well. As soon as the plate is sufficiently heated† I place upon its polished surface this ball of ordinary etching-ground, wrapped in a piece of plain taffeta; the heat causes the ground to melt. If the plate is too hot, the ground commences to boil while melting; in that case, we must allow the plate to cool somewhat, as otherwise the ground will be burned. I pass the ball over the whole surface of the copper, taking care not to overcharge the plate with the ground. Then with the dabber I dab it in all directions; at first vigorously and quickly, so as to spread and equalise the layer of varnish; and finally, as the varnish cools, I apply the dabber more delicately. The appearance of inequalities and little protruding points in the ground indicates that it is laid on too thick, and the dabbing must be continued until we have obtained a perfectly homogeneous layer. This must be very thin, sufficient to resist strong biting, and yet allowing the point to draw the very finest lines, which it will be difficult to do with too much varnish."

The above is a fair specimen of M. Lallanne's instructions, and seems to us singularly minute and concise, saying all that is needed in the clearest way. With regard to the rest of the book, M. Lallanne enters at length into the various processes, the manner of treating a plate at the various stages of its progress, and gives many explanatory etchings, of which we need only say that they are well calculated to answer their purpose. There is a theory as to the relative quickness of the biting of lines which are near together and those which are far apart, upon which much of M. Lallanne's own practice depends, and which he was the first to enunciate clearly; but this is not the place to enter upon so technical a matter, and we need only, in conclusion, repeat our opinion (which is one based upon a practical knowledge of the art and its requirements) that this work is, from its own point of view, *i.e.*, as a handbook, thoroughly useful and trustworthy.

* *Etching.* By Maxime Lallanne. Translated by S. R. Koehler. London: Sampson Low and Co.

* Probably wrongly translated; anyhow, it should be "corners," instead of "edges."

† M. Lallanne here omits to say that the sufficient heat is as much as can be borne by the back of the hand.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Works of Alexander Pope. With Introductions and Notes by the Rev. W. Elwin and W. J. Courthope, M.A. Vol. IV.—Poetry, Vol. IV. With Illustrations. (J. Murray.)—The present volume of this fine edition of Pope's works contains "The Dunciad" and "Miscellaneous Poems." Of the famous satire, called by Mr. Ruskin a "monumental work," Mr. Courthope's admiration is more enthusiastic than ours. He is alive to its defects, but considers that all genuine lovers of poetry must "subordinate their sense of the faults of the poem to their appreciation of its overpowering excellence." If we were to use such language in relation to Pope, we should apply it far more readily to the "Imitations of Horace" than to "The Dunciad." These "Imitations" are, in our judgment, the poet's greatest achievement as a satirist. The "Prologue" addressed to Arbuthnot is, indeed, of the rarest excellence, and is read with delight by readers who are forced to study "The Dunciad" as a task. This elaborate satire is Pope's most laborious effort, and it presents a picture of the age, or rather of the town, invaluable for its minuteness and variety. It forms a mine of research for the student of London life and manners in the eighteenth century, and contains also enough doubtful allusions to tax the sagacity of the ablest editor. Every page, nay, almost every line needs its commentator, and Mr. Courthope says rightly that if we would

do Pope full justice, we must give to understanding his work something of the pains which he spent on producing it. Whether the student will be sufficiently rewarded for such labour need not he discussed here, but we confess to thinking that neither in construction nor execution does his satire merit the almost unrivalled position awarded to it by Mr. Ruskin, or the glowing eulogy of Mr. Courthope. A poem that demands, as we have said, an interpreter for almost every couplet; a poem, too, tainted with obscenity, and describing, no doubt with consummate art, the petty doings of insignificant men; a poem sincere only in the revenge that dictated it, may be so wonderful of its kind as to excite a reader's amazement, or even his admiration, but he will fail, we think, to discover the "beauty" claimed for it by the editor. "The Dunciad" has wit, it has much masterly versification, it has one passage at least that rises to the highest level of didactic verse; but we should be inclined to say that, of all poetical qualities, it is more deficient in beauty than in any other. The text of the poem is inconsiderable in quantity, when compared with the mass of notes by Pope, Warburton, and Arbuthnot, which are inseparable from it, and with the copious annotations added by a succession of editors. These have now been largely, but not unnecessarily, increased by Mr. Courthope, whose own Notes and Introduction occupy nearly one hundred closely-printed pages. His work is admirably done. No trouble has been spared to explain perplexing passages, and the editor's lucid arrangement will serve to make the reader's pathway smoother and pleasanter. To this we may add that the volume contains a reprint of the first edition of "The Dunciad," and also the observations of Mr. Thom on the editions of the satire, reprinted from *Notes and Queries*. About two-thirds of the volume are occupied by "The Dunciad," the remainder consists of "Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse." Pope is not happy as a writer of occasional poems, and as a lyrist, the more ambitious his attempt, the more striking is the failure. Several of the pieces here collected, under the title of *vers de société*, &c., were condemned by the poet to the oblivion they merit; but Mr. Courthope observes, and no doubt with truth, that "when once the poems suppressed by Pope's literary legatee were admitted by his editors into the body of his works, it became practically impossible to exclude compositions which were known to be his."

Science without God. By H. Didon. Translated by Rosa Corder. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Seven sermons by the Dominican preacher Father Didon are here presented to the English reader in an eloquent and generally adequate translation. One word, however; "expérience" is wrongly rendered by the English "experience," when "experiment" should have been employed. The constant recurrence of this mistake is very provoking. The seven discourses are headed "Positivism," "Materialism," "Atheistic Pantheism," "Scepticism," "Practical Atheism," "The Existence of God," and "The Rational Knowledge of God." A general introduction, on the relation of faith to experimental science, precedes the sermons, and occupies about one-quarter of the volume. If the preacher is not always logically convincing, if his scientific knowledge is not always equal to his religious fervour, at least he may be credited with large powers of expression and considerable breadth of view. He is not afraid to say (page 3) that "religious faith is often retarded by its alliance with the insufficient or erroneous science of the ancients." He does not obtrude upon his hearers many Roman dogmas, but deals for the most part with his subject in a way with which even Protestants will sympathise. If one desires to see how eloquent the preacher can be, let him read pages 78 to 80, the conclusion of the discourse on Positivism, a passage on the worship of humanity:—"They take this matter and this humanity, and say, Here is our God! What, this materialised humanity, going about in darkness on the surface of a planet, covered with rags, made up of misery and vice, of egotism and ferocity, is it *that* we must salute as God? Never! Even if humanity had all science as guide, I would not worship it; for human science is fallible. If it had all strength for its sceptre, I would not worship it, for strength is tyrannical. If humanity had every virtue, as its nimbus, I would not worship it! One can worship nothing created." In some places, we see that our teacher is a *French* priest (p. 103). "Let me tell you that the materialistic ideas came from the other side of the Rhine something like twenty years ago, in the form of a mist which gilded the light of science. We said to this fog from the Rhine, 'Come, and be our light!' It was welcomed by a great number of our savants. They said, 'This comes from Germany; it is beautiful, it is true.'"

The Way Thither. 2 vols. (Eliot Stock and Co.)—The author of this story has the provoking quality of exciting expectations which he does not fulfil, so that the disgust of the disappointed reader is intensified by righteous indignation. The early chapters of the first volume, which describe the school-days of the heroine, Kathleen Nugent, her brother, Trevor, and their friend, Ernest Vereker, are spirited, natural, and amusing. Kathleen's adventures at an oddly-conducted school at Chaudeville, where she meets an ardent French noble, Raoul d'Argenton, who falls hopelessly in love with her, and where she arouses the jealousy of a modern Brinvilliers, h[illegible] de Hautenbas, have the merit of novelty, and the probability. Kathleen foolishly promises herself [illegible] before her return to Ireland, and from this point th[illegible] distinctive tone, and lapses into the too familiar grooves [illegible] novel-writing. Trevor Nugent, who promised better things, marries a burlesque actress, who is at the same time a vulgar and silly woman, and the author appears to object more to the burlesque actress than to her vulgarity and silliness, a want of discrimination he should have avoided. Discussions between Ernest Vereker, Kathleen, and George Mandeville on Freethought, Catholicism, and the doctrines of the English Church, bring the interest of the story to utter extinction. Vereker, the best-drawn character in the book, turns priest; Kathleen becomes common-place; and George Mandeville, who never had an individuality, is left hoping to marry Kathleen when she comes to her senses. Deficiency in localisation, sketchiness in character, and suddenness of incident do much to mar the author's evident aptitude for imaginative literature.

Elementary Chemical Arithmetic. By Sydney Lupton, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)—The eleven hundred problems stated and solved in this volume are prefaced by several chapters, in which the numerical elements of chemical and physical properties are explained. A few pages are devoted to logarithms, and to the reduction of experimental results. Then follow the problems proper and their answers, while the volume is completed by a series of tables. The employment of such a work as this, not merely in chemical classes, but in the teaching of school arithmetic, would be very useful in ousting the absurd and useless questions too often set in examinations. The problems here given cover a wider range, and are most judiciously selected; moreover, they are very exact in form and precise in statement, avoiding old errors of expression. Something, perhaps, might have been given bearing on crystallogy and on the measurement of surfaces and angles. Something more might have been said about determinations of specific gravity, and the corrections necessary to secure exactness of result. We have noted very few mistakes in the volume, and nothing of real importance.

Gabrielle de Bourdaine, by Mrs. John Kent Spender (Hurst and Blackett), is a story in three volumes, and, as its title indicates, gives the history and adventures of a girl belonging to an old French family, but who, for most part of the time with which the tale concerns itself, is living in Guernsey. She has more freedom, living alone with her father after her English mother's death, than a French girl in France would have, and she is sent to England to finish her education; yet she is bound in a thoroughly French fashion, by a family compact, to marry her cousin, the son of her father's only brother. He has been brought up as far as possible by his father in the style contemporary with the old *régime;* but his own tastes are literary and modern, and he leaves the brilliant circles of Paris with regret, to visit his countrified cousin. It is easy to imagine what complications might arise under such circumstances, and though there is nothing very striking or original in Mrs. Spender's narrative, it contains quite enough of interest to make readers who have taken up the first volume desire to finish the third. There are here and there inaccuracies which, whether those of author or printer, are an annoyance to readers, and surely might be avoided, such as "affect" for "effect," and other mistakes of that kind; and the cousin's name varies.

Stories and Episodes of Home-Mission Work (Wells Gardner and Darton), is put forth by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates. As both the Archbishops and several of the Bishops write to commend this book, it does not seem to need other patronage. It is divided all the way through into paragraphs, each containing some fact or anecdote illustrative of the need of Christian instruction which exists, chiefly, perhaps, in our great cities, but also in our rural districts. The stories told are, many of them, very striking, and some amusing even in their pathos; but too long to quote. Their perusal will be very good for the leisurely rich, if any such are left in these bustling times. With regard to the statistics which strike one as so awful in their tale of neglect, we have been unable to discover whether the work of other Christian Churches is ignored.

His Native Land. By the Rev. A. J. Binnie, M.A. (Griffith and Farran.)—The author of this small book of travels in Palestine appeals to the deepest sympathies of the Christian in the title he has given to it, but it is matter for regret that the interest of the style does not equal that of the subject. As the author travelled under the guidance of the Messrs. Cook, he naturally followed the beaten tracks, and we can only trust that the benefit was greater to himself and his parishioners on his return, than the reading of his book can be to the public. It is very nicely got up, with pretty tail-pieces and headings, and a photograph of the Holy City. There is also a good and easily-understood map of Palestine. We are glad to hear that the Orphanage at Nazareth is prospering.

The *Clergy Directory*, 1883. (Bosworth and Co.)—This is the

…l issue of this useful directory and parish guide. It …ed up to December 12th last, but the corrections …endered necessary by circumstances taking place …s was in the press are added in an appendix. Of …ess, in different connections, are *A Guide to the Medical Profession* (L. Upcott Gill), and the *Catholic Directory* (Burns and Oates).

New Editions.—We have received:—*The Fellah.* (Chatto and Windus.) By E. About, translated by Sir R. Roberts. This clever book is more seasonable reading at the present stage of the Egyptian question than at any former one.——*Memoir of Sir Francis Henry Goldsmid.* (Kegan Paul.)——*The Mothers of Great Men.* (Nimmo, Edinburgh.) By Mrs. Ellis. This is a useful book. But why has Mrs. Ellis not incorporated in her new edition a few words about the mother of Carlyle?——The third volume of P. A. Motteux's *Don Quixote* (Paterson, Edinburgh); and the tenth volume (Vol. III. of "The Dramatic Works") of Leslie Stephen's edition of *The Works of Fielding.* The respective editions to which each volume belongs have already been reviewed in the *Spectator.*——A second edition of Wharton's *Treatise on the Conflict of Laws.* (Kays, Philadelphia, U.S.)——A second edition of *Final Causes*, translated from the French of Paul Janet, by W. Affleck, B.D., and with a preface by R. Flint, D.D., LL.D. (Clark.)——A thirteenth edition of *Fenn on the English and Foreign Funds*, rewritten and brought down to the latest date, by R. L. Nash. (Effingham Wilson.)—An idea of the contents of this book may be gathered from the statement in the preface, "that it deals with the debts and resources of nations covering upwards of 34,700,000 square miles, inhabited by 1,171,000,000 people, and contributing between them some £875,000,000 a year towards their national expenditure."——A fourth edition of *The Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations*, by J. R. Hoyt and A. L. Ward. (Dickinson.)—The great value of this book may be gathered from the fact that the index of subjects, arranged in three columns, fills 250 royal-octavo pages. Each subject is distinguished by a letter in the index and on the page, an arrangement that facilitates reference.——A new edition of *Early Influences* (Rivingtons), to which Mrs. Gladstone supplies a preface.

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for January:—Part 20 of *English Etchings*, the artists being N. Swain, F. E. de St. Dalmas, and P. R. Craft.—The *Magazine of Art*, containing an interesting illustrated article on "The Pipes of All Peoples."—*Art and Letters.*—Part 30 of *Picturesque Palestine.*—Part 3 of *Greater London.*—The *London Quarterly Review.*—The *British Quarterly Review.*—The *Nautical Magazine.*—*Colburn's United Service Magazine*, the price of which is now reduced to 1s.—*London and Edinburgh.*—The *Army and Navy Magazine.*—*Tinsley's Magazine*, containing the opening chapters of a new serial tale by Mr. John Hill.—The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which Mr. Robert Buchanan commences a new romance, entitled, "The New Abelard."—*Belgravia*, containing the first chapters of a new serial story by Mr. Justin McCarthy.—*London Society*, containing the opening chapters of three new serial tales.—The *Sanitary Record*, which gives a curious instance of the practical service cats can render a household by being made agents for the discovery of escapes of sewer-gas.—The *Folk-lore Journal.*—The *Antiquarian Magazine.*—The *Month*, which opens with an article on "Primary Schools," by Cardinal Manning.—The *Theatre*, No. 1 of a new and much improved series. It contains photographs of Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. Wilson Barrett, a list of new plays produced during the year in London and the provinces, and a dramatic poem by G. R. Sims.—*Time.*—*Chambers's Journal.*—*Cassell's Magazine.*—*Good Words*, in which Mr. W. Besant commences a new story, and Mr. Irving his series of articles on "Shakespeare on the Stage and in the Study."—The *Sunday Magazine*, containing the opening chapters of two new tales, and the first of a series of articles on "Sunday Morning Markets in London."—The *Quiver*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Girl's Own Paper*, in all of which new serial tales are commenced.—*All the Year Round.*—Part 1 of *Bo-Peep*, a new illustrated magazine for the nursery. (Cassell and Co.)—The *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.*—The *Atlantic Monthly*, which is now published simultaneously in England and America.—The *American Journal of Mathematics.*—*Our Continent*, an American magazine, the contents of which are interesting, and the illustrations of a high class.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Aleman (M.), Amusing Adventures of Guzman of Alfaraque, cr 8vo	(Vizetelly)	6/0
Allen (G.), Nature Studies, cr 8vo	(Wyman)	6/0
Bird (F. G.), American Dyer's Companion, 8vo	(Low)	12/0
Bonwick (G.), Port Phillip Settlement, 8vo	(Low)	21/0
Browne (W. A.), Arithmetical Examinations for Military Students	(Stanford)	5/0
Bullock (C.), Our Bishops and Clergy, cr 8vo	(Home Words Office)	3/6
Clodd (E.), Leisure Readings, cr 8vo	(Wyman)	6/0
Cutliff (H. C.), Art of Trout-fishing, 18mo	(Low)	3/6
Duncan (J.), Scotch Weaver, &c., cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	9/0
Furze (G. A.), Line of Communications, cr 8vo	(Clowes)	6/0
King (D. B.), The Irish Question, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	3/0
Lane (E. W.), Arabian Society in the Middle Ages, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	6/0
Many Voices, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6/0
Markham (C. R.), The War between Peru and Chili, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	10/6
Middlemore (S. G. C.), Round a Pasada Fire, imp 16mo	(Satchell)	3/0
Muir (A.), Hearthrug Farces, cr 8vo	(Hogg)	6/0
Murphy (J. N.), The Chair of Peter, 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	18/0
Oliphant (Mrs.), It was a Lover and his Lass, 3 vols	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Perrot (G.), A History of Art in Ancient Egypt, 2 vols.	(Chapman & Hall)	42/0
Platt (J.), Essays, Vol. 1, 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	6/0
Proctor (R. A.), Stars in their Seasons, roy 8vo	(Wyman)	5/0
Slater (J. H.), Library Manual, cr 8vo	(Bazaar Office)	2/6
Valbezen (E. D.), The English and India, 8vo	(W. H. Allen & Co.)	18/0
Zimmern (H.), The Epic of Kings, cr 8vo	(Unwin)	7/6

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Sanitary Record, March, 1882.

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January 8th, 1883.

ASSOCIATION for the IMPROVEMENT of GEOMETRICAL TEACHING.

The next General Meeting will be held at University College, London, on WEDNESDAY, January 17th, 1883, at 11 a.m. R. B. HAYWARD, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the Chair.

AGENDA.

The Report of the Council, embodying the Reports of the Committees, will be presented.

Report of Treasurer.

Election of Officers and Council.

The following Resolution will be proposed by Mr. Hayward.

"That the Committee for Elementary Plane Geometry be instructed to publish Part 1. of the "Plane Geometry," and to take such steps as they may deem advisable to secure its recognition as a basis of instruction and examination in Geometry."

A Paper will be read on—

"The Teaching of Elementary Mechanics," by W. H. Besant, Esq, F.R.S.; and will be followed by a Discussion.

R. LEVETT, Moseley, Birmingham. } Hon.
R. TUCKER, 26 Cantlowes Road, Camden Square., N.W. } Secretaries.

Those who are interested in the Work of the Association are invited to attend the meeting.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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It is our intention occasionally to issue gratis with the SPECTATOR **Special Literary Supplements**, *the outside pages of which will be devoted to Advertisements. The Fourth of these Supplements will be issued with the* SPECTATOR *for February 17th; and Advertisements for it should reach the Publishing Office not later than noon on the Wednesday preceding that date.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PARIS has been agitated by a bizarre incident. On Monday, Prince Jerome Napoleon, moved, it is believed, by a fear lest the Comte de Chambord should anticipate him, placarded the city with a manifesto. In it he announces that "France languishes," the "Executive Power is impotent," the Chamber "without guidance, and without decision." After the twelve years' experience of a Parliamentary Republic, France is without a Government. "The Army, the basis of our greatness, is given over to the arrogance of incompetent men." The Civil Servants are "the slaves of the paltriest election interests." "The finances are squandered." "Religion, attacked by a persecuting Atheism, is not protected." The "social questions vital for our Democracy are neglected." Foreign policy "is at the service of private speculators in Tunis," and "craven and inept in Egypt." The cause of all this is the Constitution which entrusts France to 800 Deputies and Senators, which has never been voted by the people, and under which the head of the State is not nominated by a plébiscite. "Heir of Napoleon I. and of Napoleon III., I am the only living man whose name has mustered 7,000,000 suffrages." They "have tried to stir up my sons against me;" but they reject these efforts, and "abdication is desertion." Frenchmen, "remember the words of Napoleon, 'All that is done without the people is illegal.'" The manifesto has aroused no enthusiasm anywhere. The Prince is distrusted and despised, and while the Republicans ridicule him, the Bonapartists, who still seat fifty Members in the Chamber, almost universally follow his son, Victor. M. de Cassagnac even taunts Prince Jerome with personal cowardice.

The French Government and the Chamber appear to have been both annoyed and alarmed by this manifesto. The former ordered the arrest of Prince Jerome, which was carried out without difficulty, and he was lodged in the Conciergerie, to await a trial, which, according to French lawyers, will probably result in an acquittal. The Government, when interrogated in the Chamber by M. Jolibois, one of the five or six who out of the fifty Bonapartist Deputies adhere to the Prince, declared that they had acted according to law, and that one sentence, at least, in the manifesto was distinctly illegal. The Chamber, however, was not satisfied, and on the motion of M. Floquet voted urgency for a Bill declaring that "the French territory, Algeria, and the Colonies are prohibited to all members of families which have reigned in France." As this Bill would expel Prince Victor Bonaparte, the real candidate of the Imperialists, the Duc d'Aumale—against whom it is believed to be levelled—and all the other Orleans Princes, it was strongly denounced; and there was, of course, a scene. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, as usual, called the Comte de Chambord "the King," and on being censured by the President, asked what synonym could be found for "the descendant of the Kings of France." "That one," retorted M. Brisson, smiling, and by the *mot* terminating the dispute. The Monarchists, however, could only rally 112 votes to 328, and urgency was voted.

To the credit of the French Press, it almost unanimously denounces M. Floquet's proposal, which is in principle exactly equivalent to a Bill of Attainder against amnestied suspects, and is therefore a gross breach of faith. The Government, however, has resolved to demand power to exile all Princes, and in order to make the Bill popular, has inserted in it clauses making the public exhibition of religious emblems summarily punishable. This astounding proposition, it is true, as yet (Friday) rests only on the authority of the *Times*' correspondent; but when Orleanists are concerned, he is well informed, and it certainly would never have entered a human brain to invent such a statement. The proposal involves direct religious persecution of the worst kind, and will rouse all men in France of the old faith into a fury of fanaticism. They will accept Prince Victor, or the Comte de Paris, or anybody, sooner than a persecuting Republic. We must wait for confirmation of the statement, and for the vote of the Chamber; but if it is true, and if the Bill passes, it will no longer be possible for the warmest friends of the Republic to acquit her of the charge of deliberate and avowed religious tyranny. *Autos da fe* are equally crimes, whether the victims be Freethinkers or Catholic believers.

Mr. J. K. Cross, M.P. for Bolton, has been made Under-Secretary for India; and Mr. Henry Brand, M.P., has accepted the work of Lieutenant-General Sir John Adye (who was not in Parliament) as Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. We have announced Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's appointment as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the room of Sir Charles Dilke, before. It is curious how great a weight the aristocracy have obtained in this "dangerous and destructive" Government. Three of the five Chief Secretaries of State are in the House of Lords, as well as the First Lord of the Admiralty; the head of the War Office is heir to the richest dukedom in the kingdom; one-half of the Cabinet are Members of the House of Peers; the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs is the son of a Marquis; the Under-Secretary for the Colonies is the son of the Earl of Shaftesbury; the Surveyor-General of the Ordnance is heir to the ancient barony of Dacre; and the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury is the brother of a Duke. Certainly, no one can complain that the aristocracy of this country is ignored in the present Administration. All the more do we rejoice to recognise the appointment of Mr. J. K. Cross, a good speaker, a thoroughly able economist, and a Commoner of unquestionable capacity, to the office of Under-Secretary of State for India. It certainly ought not to weigh *against* a man, that he happens to belong to a distinguished family; but it should not, we think, weigh too much in his favour.

At the Colonial Office, on Wednesday, there was a ceremonial at once novel and significant. Lord Derby on that day received the Agents accredited to the Governments of seven great, self-governing Colonial Dependencies,—namely, the Dominion of Canada, South Australia, New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, Victoria, and the Cape of Good Hope,—when Sir Alexander Galt, the Commissioner of the Government of the Canadian Dominion, addressed Lord Derby, in the name of all these Governments, congratulating him on his acceptance of the Seals

Office, and his resumption of the guidance of a State usefully discharged by him under a former —a reference, no doubt, skilfully introduced to our Colonial Dependencies ignore our political and regard Lord Derby with equal favour, whether he serves a Conservative or a Liberal Government. Sir Alexander Galt then went on to express the hearty attachment of these great communities to the Empire and the Sovereign, their earnest wish for our prosperity, and their anxious desire to maintain the tie between the mother-country and themselves. This formal interview was welcomed as evincing a growing sense of the importance of the Colonial Empire, and of the reasons for giving a better formulated position to the accredited Agents of the Colonial Governments, and Sir A. Galt touched upon the advantageous result of bestowing on the Colonies independent popular Governments. Finally, he expressed for all the Colonies the profound conviction that Lord Derby would give the same consideration to the interests of the Colonies which they had been recently accustomed to receive. Lord Derby made a suitable reply, magnifying the Colonies and the pride of the country in them, and expressing the belief that every British Government alike would show the same deference to the views of the various portions of our Colonial Empire. We have elsewhere expressed our conviction that some formal position, akin to that of recognised Ambassadors or Envoys, should be accorded to these Colonial Agents, for this would at once enhance their dignity, and help the British Government adequately to realise it.

We would call the special attention of our readers to an article discussing the trial of the French Anarchists at Lyons. Our contributor was present during the whole proceedings, and his remarks will be found curiously instructive as to the social danger in France. It is impossible to doubt that Nihilism, as it is called here, has become in France a kind of Faith, wholly independent of reason, and has clutched men who would seem to be armoured against it both by education and by character. That phenomenon has been repeatedly witnessed in Asia, Sufeeism, for example, which is Nihilism unapplied to politics, having repeatedly made converts of the best Persians and Indians—Akbar, it is difficult to doubt, was one, as were most of the Abbaside Khalifs—but it is new in the West. An educated and self-devoted European like M. Gauthier, who believes that there neither is nor ought to be any religion, any morality, any Government, or any law, is an evidence of possibilities in the human mind which have scarcely yet been studied. If the sect spread, we scarcely see how the great principle of religious tolerance could in such a case be enforced. The world would fall into a not unjustified panic.

We English know that the Government is struggling to avoid a Protectorate of Egypt, but we can hardly wonder that the French journalists, irritated by the non-intervention policy of their own Chamber, find it difficult to believe in British disinterestedness. The Khedive has this week formally, by decree, abolished the Dual Control, and is about to appoint the English Controller, Sir A. Colvin, sole "Financial Adviser" to the Ministry. Sir Evelyn Wood, an Englishman, has been gazetted Serdar or Generalissimo; and Baker Pasha, also an Englishman, has been made Commandant of Gendarmerie. The European officers of the Army are to be English, and the Khedive is guarded in his palace by Englishmen, who take the most extreme, and we fear necessary, precautions against his assassination. The French, seeing all this, exclaim that the English intend to dominate without responsibility, and that the Khedive is nothing but Lord Granville's vassal. It is not so, as we endeavour to show elsewhere, for the English authority rests on nothing but a garrison, soon to be withdrawn; but it is unwise to be angry with Frenchmen for thinking Lord Granville very subtle. He certainly has the art of looking as if he had the reins in his hand, though in our judgment he forgets that reins will not prevent horses from jibbing. Where is the whip?

On Saturday last there was an ominous scene in Constantinople, described, one perceives, by eye-witnesses at "Varna," "Athens," and such places. The Sultan's Albanian guards, being white, are jealous of the Negro guards, who are black, but are kept one floor nearer to the Sultan's person. A quarrel arose about a girl, or some drink, or a cigar-light—accounts differ—and a Negro sentry bayoneted an Albanian. Each set of soldiers sided with its colour, the battle became general, and from thirty to a hundred men were killed under the harem windows. The shrieks of the ladies warned the Sultan, and Osman Pasha, hastily summoned with some Ottoman troops, suppressed the affray and arrested the ringleaders. The Sultan, who has quarrelled with the Circassians, now distrusts both Albanians and Negroes, and as he cannot well employ Greek sailors, the only isolated force remaining, lives in a misery which threatens his reason. The incident involves a breach of the personal respect always shown to the Palace, and shows that discipline is dying away, even in the pampered guards. The garrison the Sultan has ceased to trust, not unreasonably, if, as alleged in these accounts, they neither are paid, nor can be. Turkish soldiers get along without pay for a time very easily, but if the situation continues too long, the military mind decides that the Sultan is not competent to rule. We never remember to have seen the materials for a conflagration so dry as they are in Constantinople.

The Germans are still indignant that the Alsace-Lorrainers do not love them. Marshal von Manteuffel, the Governor, has addressed to the members of the Provincial Committee a speech, in which he told them that the restoration of constitutional rights, *i.e.*, provincial self-government, depended on their cordial acceptance of the German Empire. They had not accepted it yet. In the very last Session, their representatives in the Reichstag had moved the abolition of the law which makes German the only language of official intercourse. One of the Deputies elected had even been a man who sighed for "protestation and action," which meant war. Well, "He should like again to experience the elevated feeling of commanding in a pitched battle, knowing that the balls of the enemy are every moment summoning men before the judgment-seat of God, and knowing that on the orders one gives depends the issue of the fight." He had studied French war too deeply not to respect the French Army, but he knew also the German Army; and, "If this war is forced upon us, hundreds of thousands of German women, like the ancient Spartans, will call to their sons to return with their shields, or on them." Germany, it is clear, will not suffer for want of plain-speaking, or of Generals who feel "the triumph and the vanity, the rapture of the strife;" but for all that, her cultivated soldiers should read history right. Athens could not conquer Sparta,—but which lived? Who forgets Athens, or knows or cares where Sparta was?

The extreme alarm of the American Protectionists at the condition of the National Treasury is well illustrated by a Bill reported to the House of Representatives, which will, it is said, be passed. The Protectionists believe that if the present huge surplus continues, the Debt will be paid off, and then the Tariffs must be reduced. They are, therefore, seeking for any popular means of waste, and have actually proposed a grant of £2,000,000 a year for five years in aid of education, the money to be distributed to the States in proportion to the illiteracy of the people. As Congress has nothing to do with education outside the District of Columbia, this grant-in-aid is outside all precedent, and commences a most dangerous system. The States are relieved of their own burdens, and, in fact, taught that if they fail, the nation will make up their deficiencies. It is difficult to believe that the Senate will pass such a Bill; but the wish to deplete the Treasury without lowering duties is sincere and is shared by the moneyed classes, who are afraid that if the Debt is paid off, the National Banks must be reorganised. There will be no Bonds for them to hold against their paper issues.

The Coroner's Jury assembled at Hounslow to inquire into the suicide of Dr. Edwardes has arrived at an unusual verdict,—"That on the 27th day of December, William Whitfield Edwardes did die from the mortal effects of prussic acid, administered by his own hand during temporary insanity; and they desired to express their opinion emphatically that he was driven to his death by the pressure brought to bear by his partner, Dr. Michael Whitmarsh, using the false charge of Mrs. Bignell as a means to drive him to a dishonourable dissolution of partnership." The verdict has been accepted by the London journals as just, and is undoubtedly in accordance with the weight of evidence; but considering that it not only condemns, but executes Dr. Whitmarsh, who is fined in his whole practice, and crushes Mrs. Bignell, and all this on evidence given in a Court filled to suffocation with an angry mob, we cannot rejoice in the precedent. Substantial justice may have been done, but had Edwardes been a suspected man and Whitmarsh unpopular, justice would have been delayed for very useful, though formal,

safeguards. Dr. Whitmarsh, we presume, will try an action for libel against some one who printed Dr. Edwardes's letter before it was produced in evidence.

A very formidable strike is occurring on the Caledonian Railway. The men allege that they are worked to death, being frequently kept on duty eighteen and twenty hours at a stretch, and paid for overtime only as ordinary time. They therefore demand a nine hours' stint, extra pay for overtime, and double pay for Sunday labour. The last demand is absurd, as if the men object on religious grounds, they should not work; and if on social grounds, they should be content with the overtime rate. Nine hours, too, is a short stint. Let them make the day ten hours, and demand overtime pay for work beyond that and for Sunday labour, and the whole public will be with them. The whole of the men will, it is believed, be "out" to-day; but the Directors declare they will not yield, partly because the demands are unreasonable, and partly because they were not sent in through the heads of departments,—the last being mere dignified nonsense. We recommend the Directors to offer fair terms of compromise, before a great accident happens, or they will find the juries' verdicts affect their dividends. The public are sick of the over-working of Railway servants, who, if they fall asleep, are liable to criminal penalties. We have known ourselves of pointsmen, not on the Caledonian, working twenty hours a day, at points where a pull at a wrong lever would cost fifty lives.

Mr. Mundella made a remarkable speech at Birmingham on Monday, in opening a new Board School there, on the rapid progress of the compulsory-education principle in England. Fifteen years ago, he had been present at a great conference in Manchester, when the compulsory principle was advocated and carried, almost to the consternation of the political magnates present; and yet, within three years of that time, the Education Act containing the compulsory principle—doubtless, in a permissive or tentative form—had been carried, and since that time the permission had been taken advantage of, so that compulsion now prevailed throughout Great Britain. It was everywhere the parents who demanded compulsion, while the employers and magistrates resisted it. The reason, no doubt, is that parents are apt to look on their children chiefly as human beings, while employers and magistrates look upon them chiefly as model labour-machines, in which it does not do to sink too much capital. Mr. Chamberlain, who spoke after Mr. Mundella, gave a broad hint that he should like to see the conflict between the Denominational School and the Board-School system reopened, if only that the question of free schools, which would be the consequence of the complete victory of the Board-School system, might be adequately discussed. In America, the Free-school system was the only one tolerated, and English parents would be likely, Mr. Chamberlain held, to follow the American precedent. Perhaps, as a matter of mere convenience, that may one day be so; though it would be easy to save the masters the trouble and anxiety of fee-collecting, and to assign the collection of fees to smaller officials. But there is no more just reason why a man with a small family or no family should pay as much for education as a man with a large family, than there is why a man with a small family or no family should pay as much for the clothing of the local children as a man with a large family is obliged to pay.

In a speech on Tuesday, Mr. Chamberlain went further, and advocated, for Birmingham at least, a perfectly free middle-class education. Why not go on, and advocate a perfectly free University education for all classes, and a perfectly free technical education too,—a perfectly free access to the Bar, the Church, the medical, engineering, scientific, artistic, and other professions, including the Diplomatic Service and all branches of the Civil Service? If legislation could do it, we do not doubt there are persons who would be in favour of providing out of the rates for the proper training of all branches of human energy; and if only a sufficient number of ratepayers could be counted upon under those circumstances, the matter might be managed. But there lies the difficulty. Even Mr. Chamberlain will hesitate before proposing to make everybody contribute equally to the support of the community at large.

Sir Richard Cross delivered an attack on the Government, at Southport, last Wednesday, which was neither more nor less remarkable than the average of such speeches. He was very fair and moderate, and rather conventional in tone. He made a good deal of the Duke of Argyll's, Mr. Forster's, and Mr. Bright's resignations,—a good deal of the defeat' Government on the Bradlaugh question,—a good called the vacillation in regard to Egypt,—and the tyranny of the Rules of Procedure adopted for Sir Richard Cross then went on to demand that scheme of the Government should be presented as a whole, before the House should be asked to agree to the new County Franchise; and concluded by saying that the Conservative leaders had been hampered by the war in Egypt and the anarchy in Ireland, because it would not do to weaken the Government too much in the face of these difficulties, but that now, at least, they would be able to speak out. With Sir Stafford Northcote fairly "unmuzzled," the Liberal Administration will be almost as panic-struck as was the bull, when the lamb declared that he was becoming "quite fierce."

Mr. Brand, the new Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, writes to last Saturday's *Times* to protest against the disfranchisement of all property-owners, as owners, under the County Franchise Bill,—a course which had been sketched out as not improbable in the recent speech of the Attorney-General at Bridgwater; and he suggests instead that all the rates should be divided between occupiers and owners, and that all ratepayers, whether ratepayers on property or ratepayers on occupation holdings, shall have a vote for the property or holding on which they are rated. In this way, non-resident owners in the boroughs would obtain votes for the boroughs in which they have property, as well as occupiers in the counties votes for the counties in which they reside, the franchise in each case depending on the payment of rates. For our own parts, we should be inclined to approve this suggestion. There is no reason why the possession of property should not be regarded as constituting a political qualification at least as good as the residential qualification, and the more variety of qualification we have,—so long as the qualification be a thoroughly popular one,—the more truly representative our House of Commons will be.

The new Bishop of Truro is to be the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, the Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, a man of great organising power, and very popular as a preacher, who was Examining Chaplain to Dr. Benson (the Primate Designate), in the diocese over which he is now to preside. The new Bishop of Llandaff is to be the Venerable Archdeacon Lewis, Archdeacon of St. David's, of whom we know nothing very distinctive, except that he signed the Dean of St. Paul's memorial in favour of toleration in matters of Ritual, and that he is said to be an alarmist Conservative in politics.

Canon Blakeney, Vicar of Sheffield and Canon of York, with fifty-two clergymen of the same diocese, have written to the Bishop of Manchester, congratulating him on the course he has taken in relation to the Miles Platting case, and declaring that, in their opinion, "the hopes and welfare of our national Zion" rest, in a great measure, on the position assumed by Bishop Fraser in this matter. The Bishop replies, of course, that he is gratified by this proof of confidence, and that what he has done he has done "with no partisan motive, but in discharge of what I deem to be my duty as a Bishop, to maintain the supreme authority of law in the regulation of public worship." Of course, if Dr. Fraser regards it as his duty as a Bishop "to maintain the supreme authority of law" in all cases in which he has the power to maintain it, there is no more to be said, except that he has not always so regarded it, and has, in his legal discretion under the law, passed over—deliberately, we suppose—very many infractions of the ecclesiastical law, as lately expounded by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which he might easily have punished or put down. The late Archbishop of Canterbury certainly did not think it his duty to "maintain the supreme authority of law in the regulation of public worship," when on his death-bed he suggested a charitable evasion of that law. But, doubtless, the Bishop of Manchester, Canon Blakeney, and the fifty-two clergymen take a higher view of the moral authority of ecclesiastical law, as at present laid down, than the late Archbishop of Canterbury. We only wish that these great sticklers for law would be precise in their own obedience to it. Dr. Fraser's own ecclesiastical costume is not, we understand, that which the elaborate decisions of the tribunal which he so profoundly respects has designated for him as the right one.

Bank Rate, 5 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 101½ to 101⅝.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

NAPOLEON'S MANIFESTO, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

NOTHING is so puzzling to observers as the want of political courage in France, except the rashness with which governing Frenchmen who declare themselves devoted to order sometimes act. Prince Jerome Napoleon, the eldest, ablest, and most discredited of the Bonaparte family, heard, it appears, shortly after Gambetta's death, that the Comte de Chambord intended to issue a Manifesto, once more claiming the Crown of France as his by hereditary right. The Manifesto would have exercised no influence on French opinion, which has long since settled itself against the Legitimist claim, but in some unintelligible way the prospect of its appearance irritated Prince Jerome. He appears to have imagined that after the death of Gambetta, Conservative feeling in France would turn towards a Monarchy, and that the first Pretender who claimed the Throne would enjoy a preference with the people. He, therefore, placarded Paris with an address, which reads exactly like a clever newspaper article against the Republic. Part of it is true, part false, and all exaggerated. He denounces the lavish expenditure, the feeble foreign policy, the hostility to religion, the incompetence of the military administration, the tendency to job civil appointments, and the neglect of the sufferings of the democracy; and asserts that the cause of these evils is the existence of a Republic which has never been sanctioned by a plébiscite, and in which the head of the State is not elected by a mass vote. He calls on the people, therefore, to "institute authority," and describes himself as the only person in France for whose name 7,000,000 suffrages have been given. That is all. The intention, of course, is to invite France to substitute the Empire for the Republic, and to make the Prince an Emperor; but this is nowhere stated, and it is quite possible that the Prince thought his manifesto legal. At all events, if he did not, as he has few followers, no party in the Chambers, and no soldiers, his placard was merely a blunder, which could harm no one but himself. French politicians, however, cannot forget that thirteen years ago the Napoleons were reigning, and the Republicans took up the proclamation as a challenge. The Government discussed the affair in Cabinet Council, and ordered the arrest of the Prince; while the Chamber, by 328 to 112, voted urgency for a proposal, made by M. Floquet, that French territory, Algeria, and the Colonies should be prohibited to all descendants of the Houses which have reigned in France. In other words, the Government placed an unpopular Pretender in the position of a martyr, and the Chamber declared its readiness to expel some of the worthiest citizens of France for the crime of having been born.

The morning brought reflection, but no wisdom. M. Grévy it is confidently affirmed, with his usual cold sagacity, urged on his Ministers the absurdity of the arrest, and, indeed, of the whole proceedings; but after a violent conflict of argument, the Cabinet came to a resolution which, unless the *Times*' correspondent has invented a libel on them out of his own head, is worse than fatuous. They have resolved to oppose M. Floquet's motion, but to give themselves the power of expelling all Princes, and to take advantage of the popular excitement to strike a new and exasperating blow at the Roman Catholic Church, still, be it remembered, the legally established Church of France. It seems absolutely incredible, but the *Times*' correspondent declares that the following is the substance of the Government Bill to be brought forward next Tuesday:—"The exhibition of religious emblems is punishable summarily; likewise all placards, cries, or incitements of a seditious character and tending to the overthrow of the existing Government. The Executive is entitled to forbid the residence in the Republic's territory of any descendant of Houses which have reigned over France who indulges in manœuvres calculated to disturb the public peace." This is a return to the days of the old Revolution. As to the clause about "incitements," we care nothing, as every Government passes such laws, and trusts either to itself or to juries to moderate their effects in actual working; but the decree against the Prince is radically unjust, and the decree against the Church directly and violently oppressive. We do not mean to assert that Pretenders may not, in the interest of a community, be exiled, or that their exile is, under no circumstances, a protection to the State. Men who threaten to assail a Constitution by force may be justifiably banished, and exile has been shown in our own history to be fatal to Pretenders. It would have been impossible to allow "Prince Charlie" to reside in Scotland, and it was in great measure owing to the absence of its chiefs that the Jacobite party in England died away. At all events, with the Arabi trial still in our ears, it does not lie in our mouths to condemn banishment, as if it were a cruel punishment for a political offence which cannot be regularly tried. If the Republic had continued the Napoleonic law, we should have regarded its policy as justifiable, though at once timid and harsh; but it did not. The Orleanist Princes were legally amnestied, readmitted, invested with commissions in the Army, restored to their fortunes by statute, assured, if Governments and Parliaments can assure anybody of anything, that so long as they continued peaceful citizens, they should remain unmolested. They have continued peaceful, and, considering their rank in Europe as Princes of the Spanish Blood Royal, rather obscure citizens, intent on a quiet, though stately life, marked principally by the careful management of their property. There may, by conceivable possibility, be one exception to this rule; but grant even that Parisian gossip is well founded, that the Duc d'Aumale has aspired to be the Louis Philippe of his House, that he did plot with Chanzy, and that he did contemplate using his military rank against the Republic, those are reasons for exiling him, not for proscribing all the Princes who have adhered to their engagements. Nobody even alleges that they are plotting, or conspiring, or doing anything except giving parties to their friends, and to proscribe them after they have been invited back to France is gross injustice and oppression. We write without a trace of that *arrière pensée*, that "feeling" for the Orleanists as representatives of limited monarchy, which is so frequently found in England. We dislike Princes who use the reputation of a historic house to undermine its head, and regard the Orleans family as tainted with a bourgeois hankering for fortune, place, and power. But no historic estimate of that kind has any place, when they claim common justice as citizens and Frenchmen. They have been amnestied, and until they have broken the tacit conditions of their amnesty, punishment is breach of faith. We reject altogether the argument that they are not to be exiled, but only made liable to exile, as we would an argument that a threatening letter is not an offence, because it is not a bullet. The liability is an unjust oppression, though a less one than exile. The Princes' clear right is to be citizens, more especially in a country where, if they aspire to be more than citizens, an Act decreeing their arrest can be proposed, passed, and executed in three hours.

The attack on the Princes is, however, wise, compared with the new attack on the Church, which, unless intended to secure the rejection of the whole Bill by the Senate, suggests that the French Cabinet have lost their heads. That a people which changes its creed and comes to regard images as idols should order images to be thrown down, as the Puritans and the Scotch Protestants did, we can understand; but that a people which has not changed its nominal creed, or has adopted the dogma of contempt for all creeds, should outrage the remnant who believe, by removing, through policemen, the emblems of that creed, is to us hardly consistent with ordinary reason. The Duclerc Cabinet actually proposes to make it an offence that a cross, or an image of the Virgin, or the figure of a child with a halo, should be placed outside a church, or a house, or a grave; and this in a Roman Catholic country, where this very Government is paying 50,000 priests to teach weekly the beneficial effects of reverence towards such emblems, and in which ten millions of women, at least, heartily believe that teaching. Apart from the morality of the order, which we deny, as a direct interference with the first right of the private conscience —the right to draw nearer to God in its own way— what is the sense of it? What harm do the emblems do, any more than the towering figure of the Virgin which dominates Millhill, the grassy village north of London? They are not new emblems. They excite no party passion. Their removal will be attended over half France with scenes of violent tumult, with passionate protests, with possibly open riots against the Prefects and the Gendarmerie. For those who disbelieve in the sanctity of the emblems, nothing will have been accomplished, while those who believe in it will have suffered one of the most cruel of outrages. There are villages in the South where the people will feel when the order is executed as if they themselves had been forcibly made blasphemers, and will be distinctly worse men and women

in consequence. France will be filled with disorder, in order that passionate opponents of religion—for the iconoclasts in France are not attacking a creed, but religion in the abstract—may vote for a Government which, in sanctioning the tumult, gives up finally its own moral defence against persecution in the future. How is it possible for a Minister who orders a Virgin to be pulled down from a Catholic cathedral or a doorway, to object to the Catholics, if hereafter they make the publication of a Free-thinking book a penal offence? The one is as much an emblem as the other, with this difference, that the book preaches and the image does not. We are scarcely able to credit that men hitherto claiming repute as Moderates can contemplate such an act; but if they do, we have no hesitation in forecasting their political destiny. The dishonest will give place to the sincere, and the sincere on that subject are the Ultra-Extremists, who genuinely hate religion, and are quite prepared, if impeded by those less violent than themselves, to send them to the guillotine. The Girondists are paving the way for the Mountain, and even the Mountain in our day is not the most furious of parties. The extraordinary man who is now under trial at Lyons, priest of a faith we deem monstrous, but still priest rather than mere agitator, may well ask why he is imprisoned for doctrine which is only a shade more intolerant than that of the men who prosecute him, and is directed against the same enemy,—Religion.

THE LATEST PLAN FOR EGYPT.

THE scheme of the British Government for the reorganisation of Egypt is gradually taking shape, and though we are unable to believe in its success, it is a consistent, and from a certain point of view, an able one. There is very little revealed in the Note to the Powers, or in M. Duclerc's speech to the Chamber, or in the French Yellow Book which we did not know before; indeed, nothing, except that France really expected to maintain the Dual Control; but there is a great deal in the *Times'* account of the new arrangements for governing Egypt. Judging from internal evidence and our own information, we believe that account to be correct; and if it is correct, the form which the Egyptian Government shall assume has been definitely resolved on. It is to be a Government resembling that of India, with two most important exceptions. There is to be no legal control from England, and there is to be a popular Deliberative Assembly. The Khedive, to begin with, under this scheme occupies the position of the Viceroy of India. All Acts will be passed in his name. He will be the Head of the Executive, will possess all patronage, will appoint and dismiss all Ministers, and may give, *proprio motu*, any legal executive order. He will work through Ministers, who will form a Cabinet; but they will be responsible to him, and must, in the last resort, either take his orders, resign, or be dismissed. His legislative power is, however, taken away, and transferred to a Legislative Council, in which he will appoint seven members; while seven more will be selected by the people, through some as yet undescribed system of double election. Behind and outside this body will be a Popular Council of forty-four elected members, who will be convened at indefinite periods and for restricted purposes; but will possess full rights of discussion and representation, though they will be unable to act until they have convinced the Khedive and the Legislative Council.

If the materials for popular government existed in Egypt in the degree in which, for example, they probably exist in Russia, and if the Ministers could be trusted to seek the welfare of the country according to Western ideas, this would be an exeellent intermediate scheme. The irresponsible, silent, self-willed despotism, whether of the Khedive or of his Minister, is ended. All power is, no doubt, in the last resort left to the Government, which has only to secure one vote from among the seven elected Councillors to be autocratie; but the power must be exercised, as far as legislation is coneerned, through a public body, after public discussion, and with all the slowness and consideration produced by debate. If the Council were a good one, the laws would probably be good, for experience shows that no man, however self-willed, will face such a body with a palpably unjust law, or one framed entirely in his personal interests. He might issue a monstrous decree, but a monstrous proposal which is to be discussed, and published, and argued about, in antieipation of the final vote, invariably proves too much for him, and despotism is changed, at the worst, into ascendancy. Moreover, behind the Legislature stands the Popular Council, and if that is fairly elected and summoned pretty often, and left as indepen
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although legally powerless, an excellent embodi
opinion, which has real powers, even in the Eas
are not formulated. On questions deeply interes
people, such as tenure, the conscription, punishme
revenue offences, or the debtor and creditor laws, such a Council would have a distinct opinion, which must be attended to, under pain of certain unpopularity and possible insurrection. Moreover, being so listened to, it would, as the people grew more intelligent, gradually make its advice authoritative, and form a party for itself in the State, and insist on a legal position and legal rights, as an experienced and competent Representative Body. This is what Lord Dufferin evidently hopes will happen, and what those Englishmen who think that popular government can be made universal will think is sure to happen in the long-run.

The scheme is most sincere, and is a final answer to those who believe that the British Government, in demanding Egypt for the Egyptians, is only playing a part, and intends for all time to make of the local organisation a mere instrument. Lord Granville cannot secretly pull the strings of this Legislature, still less of this popular though deliberative Assembly. If that is his intention, he is only raising up obstacles to be overcome, and had much better have left the Khedive in the position of the Governor of a Crown Colony, with a paid majority, and no popular body at all. But then, is there not in this very independence a cause of certain failure? Just so far as the Egyptian Government is independent will it be Egyptian. Where is the evidence that an Egyptian Legislature will do any of the things Great Britain desires to see done? The Council will consist of seven Ministers and seven district Notables, whose importance depends upon their direct power over the villagers. A large majority must be Mussulmans, unwilling to depart from the Sacred Law,—that is, unwilling to treat all classes as entitled to equal justice; a smaller majority must be officials, accustomed to desire power for their class; and a majority must be men whose interest is the exaction of large rents or taxes from the peasantry by violence. Why should they be expected to terminate the real abuses of Egypt? If left free, will they put down slavery? Certainly not, for they are ordinary Mahommedans, not impressed, as the Khedive is, with a fear of European opinion. Will they strike savagely, as a good Khedive might, at official bribery? Certainly not, for they will all profit by it, as they did under the Control. Will they make the infliction of the *courbash* without order from a regular Court penal? Certainly not; for they will all believe, as Riaz Pasha and every other great Mahommedan Egyptian believes, that without the whip neither taxes nor rents will ever be collected. The Legislative Council, as an instrument for securing Western progress, stands condemned by its constitution, while as a check on the Ministers it will be nearly powerless. It is the Executive which has always oppressed the Egyptian people, and it will be left unfettered, except by a body which can entertain no law not sent down from the Ministry, yet which is not bound to pass any law, if it thinks the Ministers, though they promise it under foreign dictation, secretly dislike it. The external momentum towards good government is positively diminished, for the Khedive must obey, while the Council need not, and the internal momentum will not exist. Lord Dufferin reasons as if the Councillors would be English gentlemen, who would resist oppression and refuse to vote injustice; but his Council will rather resemble the Senate of a Slave State when legislating for Blacks. No doubt, the Popular Council might, if it could act, condemn the oppression; and its condemnation would have an effect, possibly greater than we Westerns habitually believe. But not to mention that it may be and will be packed till it is as bad as the old Notables, the Ministry will soon find excuses for not calling it, or confining its discussions to unimportant issues. Egypt does not possess four-and-forty Hampdens, or three-and-twenty either.

For be it recollected, the influence which keeps Governments in our Crown Colonies pure and active, the responsibility of all concerned to the Government at home, will be almost entirely absent. There is no trace, that we can see, in any scheme yet published of any provision for a British Resident, or any Convention which shall secure to the British Government a right of separate interference, even by advice. The moment the British troops depart, the Khedive's Government will cease to be bound to attend to British advice, or even to listen to it, and will have every inducement to take its own

pressed every day by the Foreign Consuls- 's own way. It will be threatened every day representative, if it takes the English way. It feel more bitterly that English supervision ted as it is to protect his subjects, is felt even by Indian Prince who has been trained to it, and who is bound by treaty to submit to it, to be so galling and unnecessary. The Khedive may yield to it, because he is a submissive man, perplexed with his want of foothold, and anxious for his throne; but his stronger Ministers, as we saw in Riaz's case, will not submit, his Legislative Council will constantly protest, and his Popular Council is not unlikely to make of "foreign dictation" the first of grievances. Suppose all three, weary of an effort in the object of which they do not sympathise, fall back on the old ways, and the easy method of governing by the lash and getting fortunes by whipping peasants. Is Sir Evelyn Wood, who has just been appointed Serdar of Egypt—the old French "Constable" is the nearest equivalent—to order the Native Army to arrest the Khedive, or to march on the Legislative Council, or what? Legally, England will have no ground of complaint, no foothold, no right of intervention, such as she obtained this time from the Khedive's summons, and the international character of the Dual Control. She will have to invade without a pretext, or to acknowledge failure. The Bondholders may be secured by treaty, and the Suez Canal by international law, but the people of Egypt are given up to their old oppressors under new names, without even the trifling protection which they derived from the conviction of the Controllers that if they were not squeezed so much the State revenue would be more regularly paid. That is not a result which we can heartily support, for though it frees Great Britain from any charge of ambition, it also liberates her from any responsibility to the people whom she has helped to tax, and whose interests she stands avowedly pledged to protect.

WHAT THE TORIES THREATEN.

THE *Quarterly Review* is in very low spirits. Again and again it warns the Tories that there is no evidence at all of any substantial loss of Liberal power in the country. Of course, it does not refuse altogether to feed the hopes of Conservatives on such scraps of comfort as the favourable bye-elections have supplied. But it refers gloomily to Liverpool, as indicating, at all events, very inadequate organisation on the part of the Conservatives, and still more gloomily to Mr. Gladstone's undiminished hold on the confidence of the British electorate. To set-off against this discouragement, the *Quarterly*, of course, has the old but rather worn-out pleasure of assailing Mr. Gladstone for doing what he had formerly denied his intention of doing, and of descanting with moody disgust on the achievements and political iniquities of Mr. Chamberlain. But the Reviewer is evidently aware that both these pleasures are beginning to pall on the Conservative party, and that something more distinctive than invectives of this sort, of which their late leader, Lord Beaconsfield, both carefully earned and duly received his full share, without being greatly injured by them as a political leader, is needed to put the best heart into their party.

Accordingly, the *Quarterly Review* takes up the subject of the County Franchise as the one on which it will be easiest to undermine the Liberal position, and shadows forth its impressions as to the true Tory line. As these impressions have a very distinct bearing on the question that has been raised concerning the single or double mode of dealing with the County Franchise and the Redistribution of Seats, we will deal with them in relation to that issue. The *Quarterly Review* repeats, then, in a very emphatic way, the absurd mistake to which we have formerly referred, that the House of Commons refused to listen to the Reform Bill of 1866 because the Redistribution measure was not amalgamated with the Franchise measure,—a statement entirely contrary to the fact, for this issue was joined, and on this issue the Conservatives were distinctly beaten,—and it indicates that any attempt to separate the two into perfectly distinct, though logically connected changes, would be defeated at once. Now, of course, we have never denied that the Tories have absolute power to defeat the County Franchise Bill in the House of Lords if they please, nor that they will please so to defeat it, if they think that by that means they shall appeal to the country with a better chance of success than they would have if they waited for the Redistribution Bill. But for us the true question is whether they will think so or not, and whether if they should happen to think so, they will judge wisely. Little as we understand the inner mind of the Conservative leaders, we hold that there is really very great doubt of their deciding to join issue on the Franchise measure taken alone; and we hold very strongly that if they do decide to do so, they will make a great blunder, which will result in nothing but profit to the Liberals at the next General Election. Moreover, the light thrown by the *Quarterly Review* on the nature of this political issue tells directly on the merits of the question.

No one is more eager than the *Quarterly* Reviewer to insist,—as Lord Beaconsfield long ago insisted,—that the extension of household franchise to the counties ought to imply a very great increase of the political weight of the counties in the representative Chamber. At present, it is reasonable to assert that, important as the counties are in consequence of their large population, yet that since only a proportion of that population is really represented by the county vote, the counties ought not to be represented in the House of Commons in anything like the ratio of their population; but that, so soon as the county electorates are placed in the same relation to the county populations in which the borough electorates already stand to the borough populations, this anomaly ought to cease. It will then become a fair contention that you should represent both counties and boroughs with very much the same measure of regard to their population,—not, indeed, necessarily by equal electoral districts, but on reasonably equal principles,—whether that be done by a logical scheme, or by the method which this country has usually preferred, the extension of the historical method, and the balance of varieties of method adopted in dealing with the boroughs,—London, for instance, is never likely to be accorded its full weight measured by population while the historical method lasts at all,—by similar and something like symmetrically conceived varieties of method in dealing with the counties. This we all admit. But the main issue for the moment is this,—Would the passage of a County Franchise Bill *alone*,—supposing the Redistribution Bill to be wrecked in the Lords,—do injustice to the Liberal or to the Tory party? Is the Tory claim for new political weight for the counties, a claim founded on a sincere belief that the strength of the Tories will continue to lie in the counties after the redistribution of power has been effected, but may, for the moment, be greatly reduced in the counties by the Franchise Bill taken alone? In one word, would the rejection of the Franchise Bill on the ground that a gross political injustice would be done by passing it without giving the counties a greater relative political weight, be a claim which it lies in Tory mouths to urge, or rather a claim which it lies in Liberal mouths to urge? The importance of this question is obvious. If it lies with the Liberals to urge it, the Liberals may fairly say, 'We shall gain more by a fair Redistribution Bill than we shall by the Franchise Bill alone; but we are willing to take a part of our claims if we can get it, without a dissolution, because we perfectly well know that you won't let us take the whole without a dissolution.' If, however, the Tories really believe that the County Franchise Bill taken alone would diminish their power, while the Franchise Bill with a fair Redistribution Bill would either increase it or diminish it much less, they would have a very good reply. They would say, 'No, if you get your Franchise Bill alone, we should suffer much more than if you got your whole measure, such as you admit that it ought to be; therefore we will not pass your Franchise Bill alone, but will appeal to the country against your unfair attempt to get it alone.' Now, do the Tories say this? Of course, they wish to keep the power of rejecting the Franchise Bill in the Peers; but do they venture to say distinctly that the Franchise instalment would injure them much more than the whole Bill for which they have a right to contend? On the contrary, they imply, and imply most clearly, that what they fear is not the Franchise Bill taken alone, but the mere working of the principle of basing representation on household franchise without some trimming of the balance by a direct transfer of political power to property as such. Here is the *Quarterly* Reviewer's statesmanship:—"In any case, and happen what may, the extension of household suffrage throughout the kingdom must immensely reduce the political power attaching to the ownership of property, and there are, perhaps, few reasonable men who would desire to make total disfranchisement the penalty of such ownership. From very ancient times, the claims of property to representation have been admitted. Under the old constitutional system, the freeholder alone voted in the county for the knight of the shire; and the burgage tenant, or the payer of scot and lot, or even the pot-

walloper, or all three, voted for the burgess in the borough. By the proposed 'assimilation' of the borough and county franchise, every householder would have a vote, and every freeholder should have one also; but it was thought right formerly that, in order to deal fairly with all parties, they should vote separately, so there might be no injustice in advancing the same claim now. It might be decided that freeholders should have the right to return two members for each county, and in that case the total county representation would, of course, be very largely reduced, but no substantial injustice would be done. One effect of such an alteration would undeniably be greatly to diminish the expense of county elections, now so much complained of, and there would still be a class of members for the counties whose opinions, though not perhaps always identical with those of their borough colleagues, would have a fair claim to attention, and would represent a very strong and valuable element in English political life."

Now, what does that mean? It means plainly enough that if the Tories reject the Franchise Bill taken alone, it will be because they want to get an equivalent in the shape of a direct proprietary representation in the House of Commons; in other words, because they expect to suffer *both* by the Franchise Bill *and* by the Redistribution Bill, unless the Redistribution Bill goes on what would for this generation be an entirely fresh principle of constituting a separate proprietary electorate in which property alone should weigh. The *Quarterly Review* does not pretend for a moment that the Franchise Bill would injure the Tories more than a Franchise Bill coupled with a Redistribution Bill based more or less on the principle of population; but he contends that it would injure the Tories more than a Franchise Bill, coupled with a Redistribution Bill of which one very considerable element should be based on the possession of property taken alone. Now, that shows the Tory hand. The Tories would really go to the country, if they dissolved on the Franchise Bill, *not* because they regarded the counties as insufficiently represented on the basis of household suffrage, but because they wished to get the counties represented on the basis of proprietary interests, and proprietary interests taken alone. Is that a course that the country would be likely to endorse? Does any one suppose that the Tories would really venture to dissolve on the allegation that without a purely proprietary element in the redistributed constituencies, reform would be an injustice and a mischief, and not in accordance with the principles accepted by the constituencies in 1880? We are more than ever convinced by the Tory organ that there is absolutely no case for saying that the Franchise Bill, taken alone, would injure the interests of the Tory party, more seriously than a complete measure. It would be only an instalment of what the Liberals ask for, but the Liberals do no injustice to the Tories by taking in advance a small instalment of their demand. What the Tories want is something quite different,—a total reconstitution of the basis of the County Franchise,—and they will hardly venture to appeal to the country to endorse that demand.

COLONIAL ENVOYS.

THE little ceremonial of Wednesday at the Colonial Office is, we hope, the first step towards a new relation between the Home Government and our Colonies,—a relation which ought to supplement and, on the whole, improve that already established through the Agency of the Colonial Governors. Lord Derby's reception of the Agents-General of our self-governing Colonies probably means, and in any case, we think, ought to mean, that in future these Agents are to be accorded a formal position as Envoys of their respective Governments, and that their position is to be granted some at least of the formal honours attached to the Ministers of foreign Governments. The need of such a recognition appears to us to be really established. To a very considerable extent, the self-governing Colonies are,—not, indeed, foreign to us, the hope is that they never need be so,—but as independent of our policy as foreign countries themselves. We allow them, and rightly allow them, to tax our manufactures, and to ignore the commercial interests of this country as they please. We ask them for no help in war, though they sometimes offer it, and though we should be bound to give them help, if they needed it. We often sanction their laws, even when they decide important questions of policy, or even morality, in a sense adverse to that which receives the approval of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The reason that the Colonies are so loyal to us is that we have abdicated all serious attempts to control their domestic policy, except in cases where [illegible] come to us for our arbitration. Under these [illegible] is no longer sufficient to communicate with [illegible] Governor who does not in any sense represent them not dependent on their approbation. As a matter of fact, not unfrequently happened that the Colonial Secretary and the Cabinet have been seriously misled as to the public feeling in a colony by the despatches of the Governor. It is true, of course, that the British Governor is in constant communication with his Colonial Cabinet, and is bound to act generally on their advice. But it is also true that he very often finds that advice extremely unpalatable to himself, and that, as a natural consequence, it suffers some unconscious perversion in passing through his mind, so that when it reaches our Colonial Office, it conveys a very different impression from that which the responsible Government of the Colony would have desired to convey. It is very much better that the Colonial Governments should have a completely independent mode of representing their views to this Government, by the agency of men who have lived their lives in sympathy with the local Ministers, and who feel bound to the Ministers by the bonds of interest as well as the bonds of sympathy, so that there may be no false colouring due to the unconscious prepossessions of the medium through which the policy of the Colony is transmitted.

It may be objected, indeed, that to accord such a recognition as this to the Envoys of the Colonies will diminish the importance and influence of the Colonial Governors, who are the permanent representatives of the Crown on the spot. We do not think so. We believe that it will, in the end, add to the importance of these Governors,—for nothing will tend more decidedly to increase their weight than the knowledge that all their despatches, public and private, will be checked at home by comparison with the statements of the Colonial Envoys, and will depend for their estimation mainly on being more statesmanlike, weightier in tone, fuller of knowledge of every side of a question, than the statements of the Colonial Envoys themselves. Our Colonial Governors have far oftener blundered, through their too obvious bias towards that side of the question which they believed to be pleasing to the Colonial Office, than through any other kind of error. The motive for such a bias will be in large measure removed by the clear knowledge that this bias would be not only discovered, but rendered so obvious as to do mischief to the cause they have at heart, so soon as the statements of the Colonial Agents had been fully heard. The consequence, we believe, will be that, though the Governors will still, of course, see the policy of our Colonies more from the point of view of the Home Government than the Colonial Envoys can do, they will yet take pains to avoid all partiality of statement, and send home much more really trustworthy criticisms on Colonial affairs than they have sent home up to this time.

The object of English statesmen,—as well, we believe, Conservative as Liberal,—has now long been to bring about so cordial a feeling between the Mother-country and the self-governed Colonies as will amount to a virtual alliance,—not necessarily very onerous or active, but always hearty, and always containing the contingency of an active alliance, under any critical circumstances,—between the United Kingdom and these distant branches of the Empire. The various plans for a common Federal representation of the Mother-country and the Colonies are all pure dreams, involving difficulties far too vast to be surmounted. But there is every reason to hope that a provisional alliance between England and her self-governed Colonies, strong enough not only to defeat all hopes of detaching any one of our Colonies from us, but to secure us a very considerable additional strength in time of urgent need, may be easily brought about; and we are quite sure that nothing will tend more effectually to this result than the frank recognition of them as, to a considerable extent, independent Governments, with interests different from, though not opposed to, our own, and a frank deference for all the representations which these more or less independent Governments choose to make to our own. Lord Derby has initiated his new Colonial Administration with a very important step, taken in the most dignified and impressive way.

THE IRISH POLICE.

IT is one of the many misfortunes of the British Government in Ireland, that it is compelled to make the Police such an active agent in the Administration. Nearly invisible in England and unnoticed in Scotland, the Police in Ireland is as ubiquitous as in a Continental State, is employed for

…es quite as much as for protection, and is, …ded by the people as an instrument wielded …r by a hostile Government. That view of …ver, is, with the exception of the word …strictly true. The main cause of crime in …land being disaffection, and the chief manifestation of it political assassination and agrarian outrage, the Government is simply compelled to use the Police as combatants in the war with agitators and incendiaries, and to carry on that war in a style which, though perfectly familiar to the Continent, is in this country considered detestable. It is impossible to allow individuals to be threatened for taking farms, or assassinating Societies to remain unexposed, or outrages to pass unpunished, and therefore, as the population will not prosecute or give evidence, the Police are compelled to make wholesale arrests, to organise raids on suspected houses, to search suspected places, and to make preventive captures, which, to people living under a Government which in England does none of these things, are intolerably irritating. They were so to the British people when under Sidmouth's régime they were done here. The Irish Police do their duty, for the most part, admirably; but, conscious as they are of popular hatred, baffled at every turn by passive resistance, and loaded with insult, which they, being Irishmen, feel as the more stolid Englishmen would not, it is inevitable that they should grow brusque and harsh, should do their duty without sympathy, and should always be ready to enforce the letter of the law. Put an English constable in a parish where nobody will tell him anything, or be seen speaking to him, or help him in any way, and see what he will be like in a month. And we cannot doubt, in spite of many official statements, all perfectly sincere, but still based upon the reports of threatened Magistrates and ulcerated Inspectors, that the Police do occasionally feel the desire to make themselves formidable, do now and then assume insult to themselves as a breach of law, and do regard prominent opponents, such as editors of the extreme papers, with a feeling with which policemen in England do not regard even burglars or foot-pads. Saints may love those who describe them as "brutal janissaries," but policemen will not. We do not believe one-half of the indictment published by Mr. F. H. O'Donnell in the *Times* of Tuesday, for he evidently trusts in reports from local prints, which, when discussed in Parliament, are constantly found to be either inaccurate, or coloured by political hatred; but some of his stories must be partially true. The story of the boy who was arrested for lolling out his tongue at the Viceroy "in a threatening manner" can hardly be a pure invention, or that of the possibly accidental indignities inflicted on untried editors charged with intimidation. In fact, to experienced men, no evidence whatever of such occurrences is required. Irish Policemen are human beings, and it is not in human nature for a body of ordinary men, hated by a whole population, isolated from all companionship, and exposed hourly not only to personal danger, but to abuse of a peculiarly intolerable kind—abuse conveying a charge of treachery to the country—not to grow every now and then savage and morose. Soldiers certainly do; and soldiers so situated are apt to be better-tempered than policemen, and to regard everything but assassination as accidents of the campaign, while they are not employed in the arrests and searches which bring the police into direct personal contact with their foes. You do not love the man who kicks you for doing what he himself acknowledges to be your duty. That the Castle, as at present organised, does its very best to prevent all unnecessary violence, we are convinced. In the case of the boy, Mr. O'Donnell himself admits that Lord Spencer at once interfered, and Mr. Trevelyan has set conciliation to himself as an end, besides being by character, as Irishmen admit, one of the most sympathetic of men; but the responsible Chiefs cannot be everywhere, and we are utterly unable to believe that with an irritated people and an insulted Police, "hard cases" never occur, or that the people are always unreasonable in their complaints, exaggerated as they may be. There are just complaints enough in England.

The worst of it all is that no remedy is perceptible. If the control of the Police in Ireland were entrusted to local bodies, outrage for popular ends would never be prevented or punished. Even in England, it is sometimes essential to supersede, practically or formally, the local authorities; while throughout the Continent, Parliaments elected by universal suffrage have refused to hand over to great municipalities the duty of maintaining order. It is very doubtful if Parliament would venture upon such a step in London, and in Dublin it would be an abnegation of duty which all propertied citizens would condemn. If it were possible, that would be the solution which would most relieve England; but it is not possible. Nor can we see how the area of Police work is to be restricted. If Mr. O'Donnell were governing Ireland to-morrow, and found himself threatened by assassinating Societies, and detested by the lower classes, and abandoned by the respectable population—for that is the situation in disaffected districts—he would be compelled to use his police, to rely on informers, to make razzias for the sake of obtaining evidence, or to let society go to pieces. He would have no alternative, and being an Irishman, would probably act with a sternness and disregard of law from which the Englishman in Ireland is debarred, alike by policy, and by his own feeling that he is, after all, without the sanction of the people whom he governs. A native Government in Ireland situated like the British would do precisely the same things, suffer from the same obstacles, and, if we may judge from the conduct of all the secret tribunals in Ireland, be far more ready to shed blood. Nor can we hope anything from changes in individuals. The Irish Extremists themselves say Lord Spencer, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Hamilton are as good as Englishmen can be, and would rather be governed by them than by Irishmen penetrated with English feeling. The Stipendiaries are mostly Irishmen, and are made rigid by their position, which is that of men with no foothold but the Law. The Police are all Irishmen, sympathise on many points profoundly with the people, and are made harsh, when they are harsh, chiefly by the sense of undeserved popular hate. An easier police, when let alone, is not to be found in Europe, or one less martinet. We can think of no cure for the situation and its consequences, except a sleepless supervision, which is already kept up by men determined to avoid oppression, but which might possibly be made even more effective by more inspection of the best kind, and by stricter instructions to avoid every arrest and occasion of collision not directly authorised by superior authority. Even then much would remain to be done, the truth of the matter being that the best-selected, best-disciplined, and best-directed police cannot be made agreeable, except by the sense that, as regards all well-doers, it is living among friends. The London Police is the best mannered and least hated in the world; but the London Police, when mobbed—as, for instance, in a student row, or a café outbreak—hits very hard, hits sometimes the wrong men, and occasionally delivers testimony which Magistrates have to sift. The circumstances which in London are occasional are in Ireland chronic, and are bitterly aggravated by the fact that in Ireland, when the Police do their duty, they are censured by a section of Irish Members as savagely as when they exceed it, and are held by most of their countrymen to be equally deserving of detestation. It is not because they are acting illegally that in some districts of Ireland the Police are refused carriage for money, that in others they are regarded as lepers, and that in Dublin a report of a plot for assassinating active policemen seems so natural that nobody discredits it. There is nothing to be done, except to go on patiently, and steadily punish every excess of zeal, and wait for the hour when Irishmen, taught by bitter experience, shall recognise the limits of the possible. Perhaps it will never come.

THE LYONS TRIALS.

THE Trial of Prince Krapotkine and the fifty-two "Anarchists," though undoubtedly suggested by the "manifestations" at Montceau les Mines, and the dynamite explosions at the Café Bellecour in Lyons, had no ostensible relation to either of those events. Montceau is a long way from Lyons, and it has never been ascertained whether the attempt to blow up the Café Bellecour (which resulted in at least one death) was prompted by private vengeance or contrived by anarchist plotters. The prosecution was instituted by order of the Minister of the Interior, under a law passed in 1872 for the suppression of the "International Association of Workmen," whereby a Correctional Court, composed of three Judges, is empowered to try, without jury, persons accused of belonging to that Society; and if found guilty, award them sentences of from two to five years' imprisonment. "Extenuating circumstances" would, we believe, enable the Court to pronounce somewhat milder penalties. But the old International became defunct years ago, and the efforts of the President of the Tribunal and the Procureur of the Republic were

directed to proving that the Fédération Lyonnaise and the Fédération Jurassienne, to which most of the accused belonged, were the old thing revived under a new name. Direct evidence not always being forthcoming, the prosecution sought to infer the prisoners' connection with one or other of these Societies by questioning them touching their opinions, the meetings they attended, the papers to which they contributed or subscribed. It was, in short, to use a French phrase, a *procès de tendance*. The President (who, like all French Judges, sided with the prosecution) seemed more anxious to prove that the prisoners held anarchic views than that they were affiliated to Socialist Societies, and the Procureur demanded an exemplary punishment for Prince Krapotkine, on the ground that the latter is the father of this latest development of Socialism.

The inclusion of Prince Krapotkine in the prosecution is as remarkable as the exclusion from it of M. Élisée Reclus, his friend and intimate. The one has been no less bold than the other in the propagation of Anarchist principles; they belong to the same Societies, write in the same papers, and the name of the celebrated geographer was as frequently mentioned during the proceedings as the name of the notorious Nihilist. It is an open secret that M. Reclus owes his immunity from arrest solely to the fact that the Government feared that the prosecution of so eminent a Frenchman might provoke an inconvenient agitation. This was stated in open court by Dr. Gauthier, one of the prisoners, without drawing any contradiction from the Tribunal or the Procureur.

The most striking features at the trials were the defiant attitude of the accused, and the boldness of their declarations. Many of them went beyond the Judge's question, and seemed to glory in committing themselves. One man, a weaver of the name of Saulaville, when asked if he had not belonged to the Fédération Lyonnaise, answered in the negative. Desiring, he said, to preserve his "liberty of action," he had purposely refrained from joining that or any other society; but he wished it to be understood that he fully approved of all that his fellow-anarchists had said, and of the means of action which they advocated. Another, when asked if he had not publicly expressed approval of the "manifestations" at Montceau (which consisted, it will be remembered, in blowing up churches with dynamite), after denying the imputation, observed that he would repair the omission by then and there saying that he did most heartily approve of them. Several gloried in the fact that they had taken part in presenting a pistol of honour to Fourier, a workman who, during a strike at Lyons, had made an unsuccessful attempt to shoot a *patron* (master). Bernard, a locksmith, wound up an eloquent speech by declaring that, when the people descended into the streets, "he would be there." Gauthier, by far the ablest anarchist of the Lyons group, capped his companion's speech by saying that, when that day came, Gauthier, the Doctor of Law, would be found fighting side by side with the locksmith Bernard.

Gauthier is a handsome, dark-complexioned man, of twenty-seven, a distinguished University graduate, an advocate, and a *docteur-en-droit*. He possesses a voice of silvery sweetness, and spoke with an eloquence which visibly moved even the Tribunal and the Bar. His French is of marvellous purity and strength, and he is said to be the author of the "Joint Declaration of Anarchist Principles" which was effectively read, between the examinations and the defence, by Napoléon Tissaud, a young man of Dantonic aspect, with black, dishevelled hair. This declaration is probably the most extraordinary document to which forty-seven men, presumably sane, ever appended their signatures. In the new society for which they are preparing the way, there will be neither private property nor public law, neither Governments nor institutions. All human relations will be based on a system of "free contracts, revocable at pleasure" (*sic*), and everybody will be at full liberty to exercise his faculties and gratify his desires! That men like Krapotkine, Reclus, and Gauthier should hold views of which this is the latest and authoritative expression, simply shows that Anarchy is not a set of principles susceptible of discussion, but a faith, to be accepted or rejected, and that its devotees are as credulous and fanatical as the most bigoted believers in the creeds which Anarchists denounce as superstitions, and seek to suppress.

There are circumstances in the life of Prince Krapotkine, as, we believe, in the life of Élisée Reclus, which in some measure account for his hatred of Governments and his despair of reform, save by the overturn of all things. At the same time, it is quite evident that, unless their utterances had found a responsive echo in France, they would have had no following, and that the prosecution in which one of them is involved, and from w[hich] narrowly escaped, would never have b[een] Socialism is no new thing; its increasing pr[esti]ge Continent arises, probably, in equal measure fr[om] of religious belief, a growing conviction on the part [of] earning classes that they are unfairly excluded by the la[w] from a share in the good things of life—ease, leisure, and amusement—intensified by the feeling, the misery of which can only be understood by those who have experienced it, that between their families and starvation there is only the labour of their hands. Anarchism is the *ne plus ultra* of Socialism, and in France it may be regarded as a fierce, unreasoning protest against the over-government and restrictions on personal liberty which still prevail to a much greater extent than most Englishmen have any idea of. There are said to be a million office-holders in France, nearly every one of whom considers himself, by virtue of his position, entitled to treat the public with contumely and contempt. The police have just as much power under the Republic as they had under the Empire, and the system of keeping prisoners *au secret*, trying to entangle them in their talk, and, while presumably innocent, treating them as guilty, must be constantly sowing a portentous crop of hatreds. Even this trial afforded several instances of petty tyranny. The prisoners, being so placed that they could not hear the examinations, made the reasonable request that, with a view to their defence, they might be allowed to see the newspapers containing reports of the proceedings. This request was at once granted by the Court, but the Prefect, their legal custodian, absolutely refused to give it effect. He refused, in like manner, to let them see their wives, friends, or legal advisers. M. Perraudin, Commissioner of Police, gave evidence of what had passed at various Anarchist meetings. When asked how he had procured his information, he said he had obtained it from his subordinates; but he declined either to produce them or give their names, and in this refusal he was supported by the Court. On one occasion, the captain in command of the soldiers who garrisoned the *salle des pas perdus* informed the prisoners that he had "arranged" some of their friends of the Paris Commune, and if he might have his way, he would "arrange" them in like manner. For this outrage he was rightly punished with thirty days' arrest.

If these things can be done under the Republic, what must have been the state of affairs under the Empire?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON FREE SCHOOLS.

IT will not be Mr. Chamberlain's fault, if Free Schools do not soon become a burning question. In his speech at Birmingham, on Monday, he did his best to fire the train. A Minister of the Crown does not upbraid the working-classes with their indifference to their own interests, unless he is genuinely anxious that they should keep a sharper look-out after them, and this is precisely the line which Mr. Chamberlain took. "I marvel," he said, "at the patience with which Englishmen bear an infliction which has been abolished long ago in the United States of America, which hardly exists at the present time in a single English colony, and which has been removed in almost every Continental country." Perhaps the patience of Englishmen will even now not be broken down by having to pay twopence a week for a child's schooling; but when they learn that a Cabinet Minister thinks them fools for not at once throwing off the burden, they may feel a sudden irksomeness in what they have hitherto taken so calmly. At all events, Mr. Chamberlain must have the matter very much at heart, or he would not call upon the working-classes to insist upon either the rates or the taxes being additionally charged for their sole benefit. It is worth while to look a little closely into the reasons he assigns for his eagerness, in order to determine whether they are sufficient to explain it.

First of all, let us take the comparison which Mr. Chamberlain institutes between Elementary Schools in this country and in the United States. There is, we imagine, this vital difference between the two cases. The American Common Schools are, in fact, as well as in name, the schools to which the great mass of the population send their children. If this were so in England, the theoretical objection to Free Schools would in a great measure disappear. If a whole community give their children the same education, it becomes a small matter how they arrange to pay for it. Every family comes in for its share of the benefit, and if it is found more convenient to pay for it by levying a rate universally than by charging fees universally, the worst that can be said of the

bears hardly on childless couples, and on ...nsters who happen to live in houses of their ... any other way subject to local taxation. It ... different when, as in England, one class ...dren to the Elementary Schools, and the other ...end their children to schools which they pay for themselves. In this case, the community rates itself, not for the benefit of all its members, but for the benefit of a particular class—a very large and important class, no doubt, and one which, under actual circumstances, may fairly expect a very large subsidy towards the cost of its education—but still, only one class out of many, and one not possessing any exclusive title to saddle the State with expenses, whether in the matter of education, or of any other good thing for which money has to be paid. Mr. Chamberlain had this difficulty put to him by Mr. Mundella. Was there not, he asked, just as much reason in a cry for free gas as in a cry for free schools? Mr. Chamberlain answered, as advocates who do not see their way out of a difficulty are accustomed to answer, by drawing a distinction. Private lighting, he said, is paid for by individuals, and private education ought to be paid for by individuals also. But public lighting is paid for by the community; and public education, so far as it is prescribed by law, ought equally to be paid for by the community. But this analogy does not really touch the objection. Street lighting, like the common schools in America, is provided for all and paid for by all. Elementary schools in England are, as a matter of fact, provided for a class. It does not follow that they ought to be entirely paid for by that class, because they are provided, to a great extent, in the interest, though not for the use, of the whole community. The State is known to suffer by individual ignorance; that, no doubt, is a reason why the State should pay for removing that ignorance. But then the individual gains by the acquisition of knowledge; that is equally a reason why the individual should pay for that acquisition. The existing system is a fair, and, as regards the State, a generous, compromise between these two views. The community pays by far the largest part of the cost of elementary education, but it insists that, wherever he has the power to do so, the parent should pay a fractional share.

Mr. Chamberlain further argues that, by depriving parents of the opportunity of making money out of the labour of their children, we have imposed on them as great a sacrifice as we are entitled to do, and that the community which has established this system, in the interest of all, ought to pay for it. This is the same fallacy over again. The community, in the interest of all, compels parents to make a certain sacrifice in the interest of their children. It is not the community only that gains by the extension of education; the individual child gains at least as much. Yes, Mr. Chamberlain may be supposed to say, the individual child, but not the individual parent. What the community does is to make parents forego their children's earnings, not for their own sakes, but for the sake of the children; and when the State, in its own interest, imposes on A a sacrifice for the advantage of B, it is bound not to leave A to bear any part of the cost. If there were no special tie between parent and child, this would be fair reasoning. When a man is ordered by law to do for the good of the community something which, but for the law, he would have been under no obligation to do, he ought to be repaid all the expenses that he is put to. If, for example, in a time of distress, employers were ordered to feed all their workmen, as the most convenient way of keeping them alive, they would have a just claim on the community for the amount they had had to spend in carrying out this direction. But the law does order parents to feed their children, and punishes them if, having the means, they omit to feed them. According to Mr. Chamberlain's analogy, this is unjust. In depriving parents of the opportunity of saving money by withholding food from their children, we have imposed upon them as great a sacrifice as we are entitled to do, and the community which has established this system in the interest of all, ought to pay for it. Probably, Mr. Chamberlain would say that as parents are under a moral as well as a legal obligation not to let their children starve, we are not bound to repay them the money spent in the discharge of this obligation, except in cases where they have not the means to fulfil it at their own cost. But is not a parent equally bound not to let his children grow up in complete ignorance, and if so, ought not the cost of their education equally to come out of his pocket, except when his poverty does not allow him to obey the law? As regards the working-classes, it is evident that they could not, if they would, bear the whole expense of providing schools and teachers for their children. If the community did not, in some shape or other, interfere, the greater number of these children would go entirely uneducated. It is so much to the interest of the State that this should not happen, that it may with perfect consistency take a large part of the burden upon itself. But to take the whole would be to ignore the essential fact that a parent owes to his child duties which he does not owe to the world at large.

Mr. Chamberlain's theoretical defence of Free Schools thus turns out to be altogether worthless. Let us see whether he is more successful in his practical defence of them. In this part of his subject, he seems to rely on two arguments. The collection of school fees inflicts a heavy burden on the teachers, and it makes compulsion unpopular. The first of these objections is not without force, but it points not to the abolition of fees, but to a change in the mode of collecting them. A teacher's time, says Mr. Chamberlain, is something too valuable to be wasted in the collection of twopences. Then let some one whose time is less valuable be employed in the collection of twopences. Let school fees be got in by a fee-collector, just as rents are got in by a rent-collector, or rates by a rate-collector. It is not an office which demands any special intellectual qualities, and a teacher must be but a poor hand at his trade, if he is not fit to do better things than extract school fees out of unwilling parents. But this fact is no more a reason for abolishing fees than the fact that, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to collect the Income-tax, as well as impose it, there would be a still greater waste of brain-power. But the remedy would be to appoint tax-collectors, not to abolish the Income-tax, and so the remedy for the waste of brain-power in making elementary teachers collect school fees is to be found in the transfer of the duty to inferior hands, not in the abolition of school fees. As regards the alleged connection between school fees and the unpopularity of compulsion, Mr. Chamberlain has himself urged that the real sacrifice laid upon the parent is the loss of his child's earnings; and so long as he is made to bear this loss, he will dislike compulsion. This part of Mr. Chamberlain's reasoning is so weak, that it is difficult not to suspect that his real motive for being thus eager for the establishment of free schools is one which he does not as yet think it expedient to proclaim. Free Schools and Voluntary Schools cannot, except in very rare instances, exist side by side; and in this impossibility, the explanation of Mr. Chamberlain's crusade against school fees may probably be found.

THE USE OF INQUESTS.

THE *Daily News* is quite right, from its point of view, in its onslaught upon Coroners for allowing such inquiries as the one now proceeding at Hounslow; but it is quite wrong, from another, and, we think, broader point. It assumes that the Coroner's function is to ascertain the cause of a sudden and unexplained death; and, so assuming, argues that Dr. Diplock, in virtually trying the late Dr. Edwardes on a charge of indecent assault, is stepping altogether outside his province. Undoubtedly, upon that assumption, the case is a very gross one. No human being doubts that Dr. Edwardes killed himself, or that his reason for killing himself was a dread of the consequences of a charge brought against him by a female patient, and supported by his partner, Dr. Whitmarsh. Not only, moreover, is the moral conviction of the Coroner, and the jury, and the public complete, but the legal evidence is all that could be wished, and an unimpeachable verdict could have been returned on the first day. Witnesses whose testimony is unimpugned saw every step of Dr. Edwardes' path, and he himself admitted, in a letter written just before death, his intention of committing suicide. If, therefore, a decision as to the cause of death is all that is required, Dr. Diplock, in trying to ascertain whether Dr. Edwardes was scoundrel or victim, in summoning Mrs. Bignell, and, above all, in examining Dr. Whitmarsh, travelled into matters altogether beyond his province, and might even be charged with pandering to the love of gossip which exists throughout every grade of English society. It is an odd amusement, no doubt, for a Coroner, who is paid by the job, who, in a district like Dr. Diplock's, is always in a hurry, who loses valuable time with every extension of his inquiry, and who has no promotion to hope for; but still, on the assumption, that is the most reasonable explanation of the proceedings. But then, is that assumption precisely true? We are under the impression that the business of a Coroner, in cases of

suicide, at all events, is somewhat wider than this theory concedes. He has to make inquisition, not only into the cause of death, but into a crime; to decide whether the deceased was guilty of self-murder, or was, as a lunatic, irresponsible to the laws. In the former case, he is bound to ask the jury for a verdict which formerly carried penalties once thought most grave, and which still involves deep moral reprobation, and, therefore, to ascertain in the fullest way all facts bearing upon the probable condition of mind of the deceased person. One of those facts, and the most important in the Hounslow case, is the kind of provocation Dr. Edwardes had received. If he had been guilty of an indecent assault, and had killed himself to escape a prosecution, then he was merely a criminal escaping by a second crime from the justice he had himself provoked—was, that is, a sane, though cowardly, human being—and the verdict ought to be one of *Felo de se*. If, on the other hand, he was a man suddenly and falsely accused of an offence peculiarly fatal to a doctor's prospects, abandoned by his partner, and with reason to suspect that he was the victim of an atrocious conspiracy, then it was natural that, under the influence of alarm, grief, and rage, he should temporarily lose his reason. Guilty men, no doubt, sometimes commit self-murder; but suicide, as a rule, is an escape from injustice, real or imaginary, and not from the law. It is true that juries now rarely return verdicts of *Felo de se*, and that the penalties which in a superstitious age appeared wise have been abolished; but the change has in no way affected the Coroner's duty. He has still to find out whether the deceased was a criminal or not, and cannot do it without knowing whether he had or had not been guilty of the offence the charge of which, it is argued in the court, may have upset his reason. He may be said to be trying the character of the dead, but that is precisely what he is bound to do, his character being essential evidence, not as to the method of his death, but as to the mental condition under which he chose that method. If it were not so, what is the object of inquiring, as every Coroner does, into the suicide's pecuniary affairs, into the letters he recently received, into everything in his history—including, in hundreds of cases, his hereditary descent—which may throw light upon the possibility that he was insane? Juries now assume that possibility to be a certainty in a way which speaks as strongly for their charity as for their unscrupulousness, but their reckless kindliness does not affect the Coroner's legal function.

Indeed, we are not sure that a Coroner who was also a bit of an antiquarian might not defend himself for a far-reaching inquiry by another argument altogether. Is it quite certain that the privilege which Coroners' Juries have always assumed of distributing blame altogether outside the range of legal penalties, is not their right? They have certainly done it for ages, just as Grand Juries have "presented" all manner of nuisances; and, so long as the law of Deodand existed, were enabled sometimes to do it in a very effective and judicial way. They could and did levy a fine on the inanimate instrument of death, which its owner had to pay, and which was constantly inflicted so as to punish negligence, malice, or drunkenness, not punishable in any other way. If a gentleman drove over a child, and had not taken sufficient care, or shown sufficient sympathy, a "deodand" was always levied on the vehicle, which the owner was compelled to pay. As the deodand was optional with the Court, it was always considered in the neighbourhood that "So-and-So" had been fined for his conduct, which "served him right, for sure." The practice led to such abuses, and was so absurdly stretched, that the custom, which probably arose, as its name suggests, from the wish to levy a sum to be "given to God" in masses for the dead, was abolished on September 1st, 1846, but its existence shows that the idea of the Coroner's function was originally much wider than the *Daily News* suggests. Even now, if an unhappy girl commits suicide to escape shame, the jury invariably ascertains the seducer's name, and almost as invariably adds to its verdict some expression of severe personal censure. Why not? The best justification for the existence of an office which otherwise could be filled by a police-inspector is that the Inquest assures the people that nobody, however humble, can die "like a dog," that a violent death will be accounted for on sworn evidence, that there will be no suppression of the facts, and that the true reason for death will be discovered, even if the inquiry range far afield. Coroners are very often fussy, and still more often hurried and indifferent; but without them, the suspicions of foul play—now so rare in England, except where foul play has been practised—would be rife in every neighbourhood. There is a readiness in this charges of murder, and especially of the m which recalls the middle-ages, and proceeds, from much the same cause,—the suspiciousn The Coroner's Court is full of gossip, but it is and it is much better that gossip should be sifted th that it should float about unsifted, to poison a whole countryside. The scene at Hounslow is most discreditable to the Hounslow people, who, when the first excitement was over, ought to have remembered that they were not appointed judges or jurors, or executioners either; but imagine, without an inquiry, the position of Dr. Whitmarsh and Mrs. Biguell! They might have been as innocent as doves, for a mob never gets at the whole truth, yet the one might be fined in his whole practice and prospects, and the other in every relic of character, by public opinion alone. Coroners, no doubt, defer to the public too much, as is natural, considering that they are the only elected Judges in England, and have to carry with them their jurors, who are always full of the public view of the case and of their own momentary importance; but, as a rule, when the verdict is reached, the facts are fairly understood, and the neighbourhood content. Coroners' Juries are constantly ridiculed, but they are very seldom blamed. The popular content may not be a result which would be worth the time of a High Court, and a heavy Bar, and a cloud of witnesses; but it is worth the time of that very irregular, but very efficient, little tribunal, a Coroner's Court, which constantly, with its gossippy way, sweeps away a rumour which otherwise would be miasmatic.

M. RENAN.

THERE is hardly so curious a study among the many curious autobiographical studies to be found in English literature, as that which M. Renan has recently given to the world in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title of "Memories of Infancy and Youth." It is much franker, if we remember Gibbon's autobiography accurately, than that of Gibbon, though it has a somewhat similar ring of calm self-complacency. Of course, there is nothing in M. Renan of Gibbon's old-fashioned pomp. Renan is, as he says, a man of his age, and the culture of his age ridicules the pomp of manner which the culture of Gibbon's age admired, though, by the way, there is a little of the same stiltedness in the records remaining from Renan's youth. The letter to his Director, in which he avowed his doubts and his inability to return to Saint Sulpice, has the air of a somewhat pompous young man. In it he magnificently reproaches God for having brought him into such straits, and takes credit to himself for the generous confidence which, in spite of this ill-treatment, he still placed,—though he did not continue to place it very long,—in God's providence and government. There is a note of grandiosity in this:—"In fact, Monsieur, when I contemplate the inextricable thread in which God has entangled me during the sleep of my reason and my liberty, at a time when I was following docilely the path which he traced before me, desolating thoughts spring up in my soul. . . . . I have never doubted that a wise and good Providence guides the universe, guides me to conduct me to my goal. Nevertheless, it is not without effort that I have been able to give a formal contradiction to apparent facts. I often tell myself that common good-sense is hardly capable of appreciating the government of Providence, whether it be of humanity, or of the universe, or of the individual. The isolated consideration of facts would never lead one into optimism. It needs some courage to make this generous admission to God, in spite of experience. I hope never to hesitate on this point, and whatever may be the evils which Providence still reserves for me, I shall always believe that he leads me to my greatest possible good, by way of the least possible evil." However, this generous admission was not persevered in for any very long time. M. Renan had hardly emancipated himself from the rule of the Seminary, when he withdrew his confidence from Providence. With his belief in verbal inspiration, the whole of his theological creed collapsed at once. For him, everything appears to have depended on his power of retaining his belief that the Book of Judith was not a physical impossibility; that the second part of Isaiah was written by the same prophet who wrote the first part; that the Fourth Gospel is never in the smallest contradiction with the first three, nor any of these last with each other. So soon as this belief went, all belief went; and this though, so far

oman Catholic Church has never yet defined attaches to the word "inspiration," or the finite and human misconceptions the traces of permitted to remain embodied amidst the evidences ...ng divinity. Doubtless, the Protestant Church has ...ays inclined to a much greater liberality in this matter than the great majority of Roman Catholic divines. Still, there seems to be very little excuse in the actual decisions of the Roman Church for M. Renan's eagerness—we may almost call it—to stake everything on the question of the verbal infallibility of Scripture. Yet he repeats again and again in these recollections of his youth that to detect Scripture in a single minute error was enough for him. "Let us assume that amidst the thousand skirmishes in which criticism and the apology of the orthodox faith have engaged, there have been some in which, by accident and contrary to appearances, the orthodox side is right; it is impossible that it is right a thousand times in its wager, and it is enough that it should be wrong in but a single instance for the thesis of inspiration to be annihilated." Of course if the Roman Church had ever committed itself absolutely to the rigid accuracy of every number and every human phrase in Scripture, clear evidence of a single error would be enough to extinguish belief in the infallibility of that Church. But the Roman theologians utterly deny that this is so, and at all events, M. Renan knew perfectly well that in other Christian communions there is ample liberty of criticism of the human documents in which revelation is embodied, and ample freedom to combine this liberty of criticism with a profound belief in the reality of that revelation. But in truth, if we may trust his account of himself, that opinion which he describes as being formed "by a sort of impersonal concretion outside oneself, of which one is in some manner nothing but the spectator," was at work almost immediately after his exit from the Catholic Church, forming itself into the most polished concrete of absolute sceptical impenetrability to supernatural influence imaginable by man. Supernatural influence has, indeed, no existence for M. Renan, except as a dream of the past, which stimulates more than anything else the play of his good-humoured irony and his genial contempt. It is true that he speaks of his first impressions of life after giving up Christianity as very desolate impressions,—impressions of a world from which all that was great had vanished away; but even this portion of his reminiscences does not convey to us any very deep feeling of reality. One gathers rather that it was the giving-way of the ecclesiastical framework of life that M. Renan missed, much more than his faith itself. "Like an enchanted circle," he says, "Catholicism embraces the whole life with so much force that, when one is deprived of it, everything seems *fade* and sad. I felt terribly like an exile (*dépaysé*). The universe produced on me the effect of a dry, cold desert. From the moment that Christianity ceased to be the truth, the rest appeared to me frivolous, and hardly worth taking an interest in. The collapse of my life upon itself left me with a feeling of vacuity, like that which follows a fever or a disappointed love. The struggle which had entirely occupied me had been so intense that I now found everything narrow and contemptible. The world seemed to me mediocre and poor in virtue. What I saw appeared to me a fall, a decadence; I regarded myself as lost in an ant-hill of pigmies." That suggests to us more of the dejection which attends the loss of the sense of a mighty organisation behind one, than the loss of a mighty companionship within one. And, indeed, there is no evidence at all in these reminiscences that M. Renan ever did lose this conviction, or, indeed, that he ever held it as more than a creed vouched for by the highest dogmatic authority. It is true, he says in one place, "The idea that in abandoning the Church, I should remain faithful to Jesus, got full control of me; and if I had been capable of a belief in apparitions, I should certainly have seen Jesus saying to me, 'Abandon me, in order to be my disciple.'" But, as a matter of fact, whatever, as M. Renan so quaintly says, he might or might not have seen, if he had been "capable of" a particular belief,—which we take the liberty of remarking that he no more knows, than any of us know what we might see, if we thought something different from what we do think,—there is nothing approaching to the attitude of discipleship towards Christ visible either in this or any other of his writings known to the world. On the contrary, what one feels is that from the moment when he abandoned Christianity, M. Renan took Christ under his historical patronage, and made a sort of vow to himself to be a generous sceptic, courteous and benignant to his old Roman-Catholic masters, full of gracious sentiment to his former Lord, and constant to maintain the fascinating character of the childish faith which he had deliberately renounced. Unlike Gibbon, M. Renan would mingle suavity with all his scepticism, thereby, as he well knew, making it all the more effective. The scorn which is really kindly and appreciative, tells much more effectively than the scorn which is purely contemptuous. When you can afford frankly to praise,—as you praise a child,—there is no danger of your returning to adore. M. Renan certainly misled himself, if he supposed, as he tells us, that the papers, even of his earliest sceptical period, were in any sense Christian. No doubt, they expressed "a lively liking [*goût*] for the Evangelical ideal, and for the character of the Founder of Christianity," just as they also expressed a lively liking for the fathers of Saint Sulpice. So Wordsworth had undoubtedly a lively liking for the little girl at Goodrich Castle, who spoke of her dead brother and sister as still belonging to the little family of which she herself was the joy, and as lying under the grass to listen while she sat and sang to them. But the whole spirit of M. Renan's reminiscences, as well as of his better known writings, belies the notion that he ever carried a Christianity of any sort out of his Roman Catholicism. From the time he left the Roman Church, he lived apparently under a sort of honourable understanding with himself, that he would be tender and gentle and generous in his recognition of the better aspects of the religion he had thrown off. But every trace of obedience to it, of reverence for it, of inward piety towards it, disappeared finally from the moment when he escaped into the shade,—as he reminds himself that chrysalises do when they are about to assume the form of a butterfly,—to cast off his soutane, and take the dress of a layman.

Nothing is so disagreeable in these reminiscences as Renan's account of the change which his scepticism gradually made in his estimate of moral conduct. It is not, indeed, always easy to say when M. Renan is talking seriously, and when he is talking in a tone of deliberate badinage. He has a large fund of mild humour, and does not scruple to avail himself of it to mystify his readers. When, for instance, he tells us of his publisher's first visit to him, and of that imposing stamped agreement which M. Lévy brought with him, the very sight of which prevented M. Renan from making the few suggestions which were in his mind to obtrude, lest so beautiful a sheet of paper should be lost, he is no more serious than when he tells us how he had to renounce travelling by omnibus, because the conductors had ceased to regard him as a passenger of whom any account need be taken. Possibly he is not quite serious when he explains how pleasant it is in the East to go accompanied by an armed man whom one positively forbids to use his arms, or how much he should like to have the power of life and death over every one, in order not to use it; or how he should delight to keep slaves, solely in order to pet them and make them adore him. But if he is not serious when he tells us that after being emancipated from Christianity, he continued to live a strictly moral life only because no man should allow himself more than one breach of social convenances at the same time, and that, therefore, and therefore only, he can boast of having been loved only by four women, his mother, his sister, his wife, and his daughter; or again, when he says that he soon discovered the vanity of the virtue of chastity, "as of all others," and recognised especially that Nature does not in any way "attach any importance to man being chaste;" when he assures us that there is "something ridiculous in being virtuous, when one is not obliged to be so by any professional obligation;" that "the priest, recognising it as his object in life to be chaste, just as the soldier recognises it as his to be brave, is almost the only one who can, without ridicule, hold to the principles concerning which morality and fashion indulge themselves in such strange combats;" if M. Renan is not serious, we say, in all this part of his autobiography, we can only express our opinion that the net result is very nearly as bad as if he is. To write in this fashion, with the wish to mystify the world, and make every one believe that morality, like religion, is mere matter for badinage, is at least as bad as holding specifically that unprofessional virtue is rather ridiculous than otherwise. M. Renan says that a good deal of his gentleness is probably due to a bottom of indifference,—and, on the

whole, we agree with him. Complacency with himself, a sentiment of kindliness to the world at large, a deeply-rooted horror of the selfishness of exclusive friendships, a vague feeling of gratitude to some one, "without exactly knowing to whom I ought to be grateful,"—this last naturally enough, as M. Renan is deeply convinced that there is no appreciable trace of the action of any Will in the world superior to that of man,—such is the stock of moral virtues of which M. Renan has made salvage, after the wreck of his faith. In fine, they do not leave us with any very deep respect for this smooth, humorous, learned, industrious, imaginative man, who has slipped so easily along the "charming promenade" of his extremely sentimental existence.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GREEK FEELING TOWARDS MR. GLADSTONE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I have recently returned from a visit to Greece, and should like to record what I have gathered of the feeling of that country towards England. I was travelling with three friends, and previous to our leaving Athens on a short tour, Mr. Tricoupis kindly gave notice of our coming to the places lying in our way, adding that one of the party was a relation of Mr. Gladstone. The result was that in several of the towns and villages, Nauplia, Argos, Corinth, Krissa, Cirra, Delphi, and Arachova, we were received with an enthusiasm which fairly startled us. Much of it, doubtless, was shown in honour of Mr. Gladstone; but the local authorities took the opportunity of presenting addresses, which contained the warmest expressions of cordiality and gratitude towards England. They spoke of themselves as indebted to England for their freedom, their territory, and their prospects of development. In many cases, they had put themselves to much inconvenience to do us honour, sparing no effort to organise such a reception as they thought the occasion demanded. Indeed, it would be difficult to convey to others the impression we took away of a hearty and wide-spread friendliness existing among the Greeks towards England; but I thought myself bound in fairness to them to make some public mention of these facts, on reaching home.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Eton College, January 8th. E. Lyttelton.

THE MILES PLATTING CASE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—With no wish uselessly to prolong this correspondence, or quibble about trifles, may I say a few further words? I must, I think, be expressing the feelings of many of the laity of the Church of England, when I say that her present position is painfully humiliating. Comparing her noble potentiality with—in spite of all the unseen leaven of her earnest, widespread work—her present almost comparative impotence, am I wrong, when I say that many have been quietly, but not unconcernedly, looking on at her intestine struggles the last few years, and caring very little intrinsically for the comparative trivialities which have caused so much disturbance, have yet seen in them the germs of a *vis viva*, which, once set free, would renew her strength, and send the pulsations of a nobler life through her veins?

Thus, with no feelings of intolerance, but great sympathy with both sides, and without desire to deepen any soreness of feeling, or alienation of spirit, from our common Church, I, and perhaps many fellow-Churchmen, see in the course Bishop Jackson has followed, and Bishop Fraser has been blamed for not taking, a disappointment of our hopes that no patched peace would result—no hypodermic injection of Episcopal morphia be given, as it were—but that in greater earnestness, born of her greater need, the present difficulties and weakness of the Church would be bravely met, and resolutely overcome.

In this, I believe—not consciously with any bigotry or blindness of heart, but with devotion to the Church's ideal of the position she claims to occupy, but does not—may be found some of the approval which has been accorded to the Bishop of Manchester's conduct, and some of the regret which has followed that of the Bishop of London.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hanley, Staffordshire, January 14th. Frederick Haigh.

[Mr. Haigh appears to be very much in earnest, but not a little mysterious or obscure.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

SIR E. STRACHEY ON RITUA

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Allow me to question the accuracy of the Sir Edward Strachey. He speaks of a "reconstitu National Church as the aim of the Ritualists, and instance Mass and Auricular Confession as the doctrines which they are bringing back. If Sir Edward will look into his Prayer-book, he will find that a certain order of men is set apart to whom is confided the *exclusive* right of celebrating the Lord's Supper and pronouncing Absolution. Whether or no we use the terms, the whole principle of the Mass and Auricular Confession is involved in this provision. If you take it away—and a short Act of Parliament, providing that henceforth all ministers shall be ordained according to the form provided for the Ordering of Deacons, and not otherwise, would take it away—you will "reconstitute" the National Church. Whether you would then "comprehend the Nonconformists," seeing that they do not wish to be comprehended, is an open question. But I altogether protest against the application of the term "progress" to a move in this direction. To a large body of Churchmen, it would be a "retrogression" to the time before the Day of Pentecost. —I am, Sir, &c., A. H. W.

THE BORDESLEY PATRONAGE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. Coker Adams has probably trusted to the "Clergy List" in his correction of my presumed error. There is, however, no doubt that the present patronage at Bordesley rests with the Trustees, from one of whom my information as to the fact was directly received.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. Simcox Lea.

Tedstone Delamere Rectory, Worcester, January 15th.

CONSECRATED GROUND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me, as a perplexed Nonconformist, to ask through your columns a question about "consecrated ground?" What is the reason why in these days pious and intelligent Churchmen attach apparently such importance to the consecration of the mere soil of their graveyards? Of old, in ages of strife and violence, the awe which surrounded consecrated things and places protected them from violation, and the cause of order and civilisation was largely served by it. There can be no doubt, too, that consecration was supposed to be a protection against the demons, to whose ravages we poor outcasts beyond the sacred pale were held to be peculiarly obnoxious. It would be an insult to suppose that this superstition survives in the pious and intelligent persons to whom I refer. But I should be thankful for information as to the real advantages which they are supposed to gain. Do they imagine that those whose remains lie in consecrated ground enjoy any privileges which we poor exiles miss, who lie in the profane ground on the other side of the path? Do Churchmen who are buried at sea rest uneasily in the depths? Once, we Nonconformists used to be consigned by charitable Churchmen to the "uncovenanted mercies of God." The uncharitable and the weak brethren of the high Ritual school would not allow us so much. But we always felt, with much composure, that we had a rich portion even in the uncovenanted mercies of a God who is love. But we hear little of these uncovenanted mercies now. Let us hope that they have passed, not from Churchmen's lips only, but from their minds and hearts.

It is time that the fiction of "consecrated earth" should follow them,—as if Christ had not consecrated every clod. It is strange, indeed, that Christian Churchmen should be so eager thus to entrench their graves from chance contact with the body of a Christian Nonconformist, when a chance tomb in a garden was the scene both of the burial and the resurrection of their Lord. I am persuaded that Churchmen do not fully appreciate the measure in which, by persisting in attaching these utterly unsubstantial, and, I might add cruel, distinctions to Christianity, they cause the infidel to blaspheme, and hinder the work of Christ's Gospel in the world.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. Baldwin Brown.

[Is it true, that most Churchmen are eager "to entrench their graves from chance contact with the body of a Christian Nonconformist?" We imagined that "most Churchmen" were in favour of the Burial Act, which gives Nonconformists the right of burying in Churchyards, even using their own service.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

AND CHURCH MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

...ten express interest in Asiatic affairs, that you ... not object to inform your readers of an event ... promises well for Christianity in Japan, and in Buddhist countries generally. A distinguished Missionary of the Church Missionary Society has just been ejected from his office in Hakodade, in consequence of his open refusal to teach Christianity any longer on the doctrinal basis of the lower Evangelical School, which holds that mankind is born under the curse of an hereditary immortality of sin and misery, through Adam's transgression, and that the unsaved part of mankind is destined to everlasting torment in hell, their natural immortality securing the eternity of the infliction. Mr. Dening, chiefly as the result of Biblical study under the condition of close contact with the educated classes of Japan, has come to think that Christianity has for its object, in the Divine Incarnation, to bestow renewal of character and immortal life on all of mankind who do not reject the proffered boon, the ultimate issue of wilful and persistent rejection being, in fact, that awful *nirvana*, or dissolution of individual existence, which Scripture threatens, under the name of "everlasting destruction." The effect of these persuasions is not to shake, but to confirm, men's faith in the main doctrines of orthodox Christianity, both on their formidable and gracious sides.

But the Directors of the Church Missionary Society, summoning Mr. Dening to England, have just determined, on the 8th instant, after allowing him one interview with the Ecclesiastical (or Clerical) Sub-Committee, to "disconnect" him from their service forthwith, without granting even a hearing by the General Committee, because contrary to their custom. Even the Sanhedrim did not stone Stephen until they had heard him, much less did they resolve to put an end to his mission on the recommendation of a Rabbinical sub-committee. However, the deed is done, and January 8th will be a red-letter day in the Missionary calendar of Asia, for the work then performed will precipitate the inevitable reconstruction of the Sectarian Missionary Societies. From the whole world of thinking Christendom and Heathendom will arise, let us hope, a speedy demand for the modification of these organisations, which, notwithstanding their many eminent merits, entrust the central control over the business of teaching Christianity to Asia, with its 800,000,000 of souls, to Boards ("I speak as a man") who seem to be incapable of understanding Buddhism, or of presenting the Gospel in a quite credible and Scriptural form to the human race. The London Missionary Society is already exceptionally tolerant.

The qualifications of Mr. Dening add a peculiar emphasis to the resolve of the Church Missionary Society, since they would scarcely, except under the fixed determination that all their Missionaries shall teach the doctrine of endless torment to the Buddhists (one-third of the human race), have sacrificed so valuable a Missioner. Mr. Dening's dismissal means this, or it means nothing. He has obtained by ten years' practice an unusual command of the literary language of Japan, and has translated such books as Canon Mozley's "Lectures on Miracles" into the dialect of the upper classes of scholars, besides commanding the popular ear by a fluent use of the vernacular. There seems to be a general agreement that an abler and more hard-working Missionary is not found on the roll of this Society.

Now comes the question,—Shall the holding and teaching of such beliefs as Mr. Dening's any longer be regarded as penal? Nearly all England will reply to the Church Missionary Society, that they shall not be so regarded. The interests of Christianity in Asia are at stake. If the doctrinal programme of this Committee be insisted on, the Buddhists will cry again, as they did formerly to Xavier, "Give us our own *nirvana* rather, as the *summum bonum*." And they will reject Christ, the life of the world, and receive Herbert Spencer instead.

A strong Church of England Committee is being formed at Cambridge, founded on the simple demand for toleration of such beliefs as Mr. Dening's, with a view of collecting funds to enable him to resume his interrupted work in Japan. It is certain that there is not one word in the authorised standards of the Church of England forbidding him to hold his interpretations of Holy Scripture; and the Bishops at home are believed to be unanimously in favour of comprehension. Surely this is a case, all things considered, at least as urgently demanding toleration as the Ritualistic variations of Miles Platting. I am glad, therefore, to know that gentlemen so distinguished as Professor Stokes, the Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Swainson, Master of Christ's College, the Rev, W. Hay Aitken, and others, intend to give the movement for toleration a decided support.—I am, Sir, &c.,

EDWARD WHITE.

35 *Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, London, N., January 15th.*

THE LATE MR. BUNNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You have referred more than once in your columns to the recent death of Mr. Bunney, the painter of Mr. Ruskin's large picture of "St. Mark's, Venice," now at the Venice Exhibition. Will you allow me to mention that some of his friends are collecting a sum of money to be presented to his widow, as a gift expressive of their sympathy for her, and of the value they set upon the kind of work to which his life was devoted? Mr. Ruskin has given £50, and the P.R.A. is also a contributor. To any of your readers who may wish to have them, I shall be glad to send further particulars. Mrs. Bunney, I may add, has now sent to England the greater part of the drawings and sketches of Venice left by her husband. These are at 148 New Bond Street.—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. B. LITCHFIELD.

4 *Bryanston Street, Portman Square, January 15th.*

BOOKS.

MR. CRAIK'S LIFE OF SWIFT.*

SEVEN years have gone by since the publication of the first volume of Forster's *Life of Swift* called for comment in this journal. That biography carried us over the most important period of his career. At the close of it, Swift, then about forty-five years old, was in the pride of his intellect and strength. His genius did not come to maturity very early, and had he died at twenty-seven, his name in our day would be unknown. When three years older, however, he vindicated his claim to humour by *The Battle of the Books*, and before he was forty he published *The Tale of a Tub*, which seems to have been slowly maturing for some years. This great satire, as shameless as it is brilliant, and which amazed Swift in his old age for the intellect it displayed, appeared in 1704. Though published anonymously, the authorship was not unknown, and had the writer's purpose been to destroy his prospects in the Church, he could not have achieved his purpose more effectually. We shall have more to say about this presently. Meanwhile, following the contents of Mr. Forster's volume, we are carried to the time when Swift, a born politician, deserted the Whigs for the Tories, and made so striking a figure in London as the associate of Harley and St. John. The book, therefore, includes what the reader will regard as the most interesting period of his life, since it was at this time the "Journal to Stella" was written, and the acquaintance formed with Hester Vanhomrigh, destined hereafter to be so tragical. There are obvious faults in Mr. Forster's narrative, faults of arrangement, and, to our thinking, errors of judgment; but the interest of the story was great, and it is impossible not to regret that the hand that commenced it was unable to bring it to a conclusion.

Mr. Craik has many estimable qualities as a biographer. He, too, like his predecessor, presents his subject on the best side, and passes lightly over the traits which make Swift's character so perplexing, and at times so offensive. He wastes no words, loses no important points, and expresses his opinions clearly, though not always in the purest English. We do not say the defects of style are glaring. This indeed is far from being the case, but what strikes us throughout is a certain heaviness of movement, a want of the elasticity and the brightness of touch which serve to carry a reader over old ground with the heartiest goodwill. The author's judgment may be sounder in a few instances than Mr. Forster's—in many important cases, we differ strongly from both,—but his pages, unlike Forster's, are sometimes just a little dull. A fault like this is like a foggy atmosphere. You cannot put your hand upon it, but you feel its depressing influence.

To write a really satisfactory life of Swift is one of the hardest tasks in literature. In many respects, Mr. Craik is extremely fortunate. He has had access to all the materials collected by

* *The Life of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.* By Henry Craik, M.A. With Portrait. London: J. Murray. 1882.

Mr. Forster; various unpublished letters and manuscripts have been placed in his hands, and Mr. Elwin, "whose learning, great as it is, is not greater than the generosity with which he comes to the help of others working in the same field," has not only placed at the writer's disposal the results of his own research, but "has given invaluable advice and aid in regard to some of the most serious difficulties of Swift's life." And, as far as we are able to judge, the biographer has spared no pains in working out his subject. The investigation has been thorough, and the result, so far as concerns the knowledge of facts, is entirely satisfactory. Swift's life, however, is full of perplexity, and in such cases we do not always find that Mr. Craik's investigations make the dark places lighter. We are asked at the outset to sympathise with Swift, and admit readily that a biographer unable to do so is in a large measure unfitted for his task, and that the reader should be also ready to take account of the Dean's circumstances, and still more of the morbid nature that made those circumstances intolerable. On this point, Mr. Craik writes with good sense, though possibly with too much readiness to condone the faults of his hero:—

"If we cannot condone much to the child born and nurtured in dependence, taken from his mother's care before he could know its value; educated under the eye of a stern and grudging uncle; to one whose opening career was broken by the troubles of his country, and whose spirit, to the last degree passionate and impetuous, was harnessed to the methodical routine of a timid and somewhat pedantic master, unfit to take the measure of Swift's powers, but disposed to look upon their occasional assertion as the unwarranted, although, perhaps, excusable eccentricities of an ill-trained youth; if to all this, and to the fact that the very strength and unruliness of his powers were a source of uneasiness and of foreboding to Swift, we are not prepared to excuse much, then the biography of Swift must bring to us not a strain of vivid human interest, but the perpetual irritation that powers, always great, but often restless, morbid, and undisciplined, must produce."

To this the writer adds that, in addition to his other trials, Swift had ever before him the foreboding of mental darkness.

There was another man of robust genius in that eighteenth century who suffered constantly from the same foreboding, whose bodily condition through many years produced a deplorable melancholy, and whose fight with fortune was more protracted and more severe than Swift's. Johnson had not even a "stern and grudging uncle" to start him on the road of life—a very unjust estimate, we think, of Godwin—nor another uncle, upon Godwin's failure, to carry on the same liberality; neither had he a patron like Temple, who, whatever his faults may have been, was the means of bringing Swift at an early age into contact with public men and public affairs. Johnson was as proud a man as Swift, and had far more indignities to suffer; but he never lost his self-respect, never acted so that the reader of his life can say, as he must say of the Dean of St. Patrick's, that half his troubles were of his own making. Sympathy, therefore, may be left for Swift, who, like Johnson, had a deep well of feeling in his nature; but it will not be one-sided sympathy, and there are passages in his eccentric life which it is impossible to treat with the leniency demanded by Mr. Craik.

We are not disposed to blame Swift with extreme severity for forsaking the Whigs for the Tories, though the time of his doing so was unfortunate. He had been fed on promises that were not kept, and, after doing for the party what no other living man could have done, was left out in the cold when Somers was Lord President, and the Whigs' power at its height. It was not, however, until the fall came that Swift openly deserted the camp, and passed over to Harley and St. John. On September 7th, 1710, he arrived in London, and was heartily welcomed by the Whigs. The elections began in October, and it was evident everywhere that the Tories would win the day. On the 4th of the month, Swift was introduced to Harley; on the 7th, he was treated like an old friend, asked to dinner, and called by his Christian name. Harley had found a master, and Swift a friend. It is unlikely that, if the Whigs had given Swift the Bishopric he asked for, he would have crossed over to their opponents; and still less likely, had he gained the object of his mission. He had been sent to London long before, by his clerical brethren in Ireland, to obtain the remission of First Fruits and Tenths, that had been granted to the English, and had received nothing but empty words. Since the Whigs had failed him, he would now try the Tories. The new position seems to have been accepted with the heartiest good-will, and Swift exerted his wonderful art as a pamphleteer to decry Marlborough and the war. For temporary purposes, he was a dangerous antagonist. No one living had his humour, his terseness of expression, his skill in demolishing a foe. And we may add that, when his point, not a scribbler in Grub Street surmendacity. Personalities were his weapons in were [illegible]'s in verse. What he had to do was foes ridiculous, knowing that ridicule may win the da argument fails. "I do not love," he says, "to see personal resentment mix with public affairs;" but personal feeling, however misapplied, is better than the spurious indignation devised for party purposes. Swift called himself a High-Church Whig, a creed as anomalous as that of a Tory-Democrat; and his politics were never dissociated from his position as a clergyman. At heart, he was thoroughly sincere in his defence of the Church, though his methods of defending it were tortuous; and in joining the Tories, he was moved, we think, partly by ambition, partly by resentment, but chiefly by the fear that, according to the cry so common in Anne's reign, the Church was in danger. It was not Christianity, but religion by Act of Parliament, that Swift defended. Dissent was hateful to him, scandal was to be avoided, and outward forms respected. If Martin cannot possess the whole kingdom as God and Nature intended, sectaries like Peter and Jack must not be suffered to flaunt their claims too publicly. Mr. Craik, by the way, in estimating the *Tale of a Tub*, disagrees with Swift's previous biographers in regarding the account of these three typical characters, not only as the most offensive part of the tale, in which most readers will agree with him, but also as the weakest. He is right when he adds:—

"The most sacred mysteries of Christianity are treated with a callous indifference, of whose effect Swift was probably utterly unconscious. In writing the *Tale of a Tub*, Swift clearly gave himself a freedom in regard to religious matters which he never afterwards assumed. He never of set purpose adopted the tone of the sceptic, and such natural scepticism as was inherent in him he afterwards tamed into silence. But in the *Tale of a Tub* he treated religious matters not freely only, but with what to ordinary minds appears irreverence. This absolute unconsciousness of the effect of his own words, this impervious insensibility in uttering things from which most men would recoil, is seen still more notably at a later period of Swift's life, in that coarseness, at once so noisome and apathetic, which has left on his later pages a stain of another kind. The same characteristic, which it is difficult to disconnect from the forebodings of mental disease that cast a shadow on his life, now led him to stir to exasperation, and yet all unconsciously, the religious sentiments of those whose Church he desired to defend. But he neither weighed the consequences, nor could he afterwards understand the sensation that he caused."

When Mr. Craik goes on to say that undue weight was given by Swift's critics "to the scattered pages that *seemed* to treat too lightly of religious symbols," he apparently forgets his admission that the most sacred mysteries of Christianity are treated with a callous indifference.

From this topic let us pass to one which must always have the greatest interest in the story of Swift's life. Yet it might be unreasonable to take up once more a subject so familiar as the loves of Vanessa and Stella, were it not that Mr. Craik has, we conceive, formed an unjust view of Hester Vanhomrigh, and a novel, but wholly inadequate, view of the "mysterious and undefined bond" that existed between Stella and Swift. Let us take the Vanessa story first. It is the shortest and most tragical. She was a strikingly beautiful girl of seventeen when she first met Swift, at her mother's house, a man old enough to be her father. At that very time, Esther Johnson was paying her last visit to London, but to quote Mr. Forster's words:—"Swift had not named to her these new acquaintances. She was ignorant of them and of their mode of life, or the company they kept, when Swift mentioned them to her, nearly three years later." To this we may add, that though afterwards, in his "Journal to Stella," Swift often alludes to "Mrs. Van.," there is, considering the writer's loquacity upon other subjects, a mysterious silence about the daughter. That Swift, who claimed her as a pupil, as he had before claimed Stella, flirted with Vanessa after his fashion, we have no doubt whatever. The girl had intellect, passion, ambition, and Swift, the companion of statesmen and well known as a wit, might readily make an impression on such a nature. It was for him to see the danger, not for her; for him to guard against it, before precautions were too late. As far as we are able to judge, he did nothing of the kind. We acquit Swift, as his biographer asks us to do, of "a vulgar and thoughtless infidelity." They are not terms to apply to one whose love was of too strange a character to be compared with the affections or follies of ordinary men. He had not forgotten the poor, lonely Stella, he had only found a more immediate attraction in the society and tuition of Vanessa. He was

s Scott has pointed out, that the attach-
3unger pupil was of a nature that could
ng to her predecessor. No one can read the
sceing that what Mr. Craik calls "the tangle of
...stance" in the Vanessa affair was woven by Swift himself. He had played with the girl's feelings in London, acting as her mentor, and using those little arts which indicate the closest intimacy; and when, eventually, she followed him to Dublin, the friendship, to quote Mr. Craik's words, "was suffered to drift on, but all outward signs of it were most carefully dissembled." Yet, according to current report, when Vanessa retired from Dublin to her property near Celbridge, the Dean often visited the poor woman in this retirement, when he would read or write verses in her company. Swift's conduct in this affair is blamed as foolish, but not unnatural. He should have crushed Vanessa's friendship at once, we are told, but did not, because it flattered his weakest side. "It had begun in literary guidance; it was strengthened by flattery; it lived on a cold and almost stern repression, fed by confidences as to literary schemes, and by occasional literary compliments; but it never came to have a real hold over Swift's heart." The point of all the writer's argument comes to this: Swift is blamed for irresolution, blamed, too, for his most unfortunate poem; but, on the whole, forgetful of the Dean's age and power of fascination, forgetful of Vanessa's susceptible age when the first seeds of love were sown, Swift is excused, and the principal blame thrown upon his victim. We think the view a mistaken one. And Mr. Craik's story of Stella seems to us almost equally unsatisfactory. Our space will not allow us to follow it. We believe, with the biographer, that there are strong grounds for accepting the report of a secret marriage, but the reason assigned for it is astounding. We all know the surmises broached by former writers on the subject, and have felt that Swift may have been more unfortunate than culpable. But Mr. Craik's most prominent suggestion, if it be a true one, leaves the Dean utterly without excuse. He admits that no woman's constancy could have stood a harder trial; that Stella's good name was in danger; that the mere marriage ceremony which, altering nothing in their lives, left them apart as before, was a mockery; and that her only hope in accepting Swift's conditions "must have been that some day, if posterity should suspect her honour, the eventual announcement of her marriage might prove its suspicions baseless."

And admitting all this, Mr. Craik adds, by way of explaining Swift's conduct, and apparently excusing it,—

"What, then, were the motives that prompted, on Swift's side, a compromise so strange, and in what mood did each accept it? Swift had doubtless at one time looked on Stella as his future wife. But such thoughts had now passed away. Disappointment was pressing heavily on him. Defeat had just befallen him, and he had not yet recast his weapons for a new fight, or roused his genius to new efforts. His friends were at a distance, some of them scattered in exile. He felt himself thrust, perhaps permanently, into obscurity. It was scarcely wonderful that thoughts which might have been cherished in other days, when his hopes were high, should now grow dim and fade. He had striven, too, for pecuniary independence, as a means by which he might make himself free in action; and the fruit of his long efforts was a burden of debt. We have seen how, prompted by the memory of his early days, and the endless embarrassments with which scanty means torture a proud man, Swift had fixed for himself, with almost morbid pertinacity, a rigid rule of parsimony. That parsimony involved no sordid avarice, because at this very time he was sinking some of his means in a gift to his parish. But it determined him never to entangle either himself, or one dear to him, in the endless petty cares of domestic poverty."

The suggestion that poverty was the cause that led Swift to inflict an intolerable wrong upon the woman whom he loved strikes us as ludicrous, and is almost answered by the fact that at his death he left behind him several thousand pounds. And what was his "burden of debt," when he returned to Ireland in 1714? According to his reckoning, £1,000 would have covered it all—his income was £700 or £800 a year—and Stella, whose wise economy was as remarkable as her gracious liberality, would have laughed at any pecuniary sacrifice to relieve a temporary embarrassment. Had she not sacrificed her life to Swift, given up to him her happiness, risked for him her reputation? The mysteriousness of Swift's conduct to Vanessa and to Stella is not made plainer by Mr. Craik; and, on the whole, we think Sir Walter Scott formed a saner view of the subject than more recent biographers.

In his eighteenth and final chapter, Mr. Craik gives an estimate of Swift's character. The Dean had many noble and attaching qualities. If he loved power, he liked to exercise it for the good of others; if he insulted acquaintances and was a good hater, he was a warm and constant friend; he did good by stealth, and in acts of charity spared no personal labour; he exacted much from dependants, but he gave much in return; he was, however, a mass of contradictions, and while one action excites admiration, another instantly calls for loathing and disgust. In religious matters, he was at once the narrowest of bigots and the most zealous of Churchmen. Mr. Craik thinks his mission was to preach against cant, and that his nature was in the highest sense religious; but of devout feeling there is not, we believe, a trace in Swift's writings, nor an indication in his life, and he regarded all religious earnestness as cant. His writings are not tainted with impurity, but in language they are inexpressibly nasty, and in their persistent effort to degrade human nature must be pronounced grossly immoral. It is his consummate humour that preserves Swift's name from corruption. The world forgives much to its humourists, and in this line the author of *Gulliver's Travels* is not to be surpassed.

Mr. Craik deserves the thanks of the public for the careful manner in which he has achieved a highly difficult task. If we frequently find reason to differ from him the disagreement is probably inevitable, for Swift's life abounds with doubtful points, and his biographer has endeavoured in all cases to form an independent judgment.

MR. THOM'S SERMONS.*

THIS volume is very unlike nineteen out of every score, perhaps we might safely indicate a much larger proportion, of the volumes of sermons that issue from the press, for its contents are evidently the production of a mind that has lived a long life in meditation rarely remitted for any considerable period, on the things of the religious life. You cannot open the volume anywhere without meeting with proof that the atmosphere of Christianity has saturated the mind of the writer, and moulded his thought into sympathy with itself. Mr. Thom is well known as a minister who does not belong to any of the orthodox Churches, but it would be very difficult to find amongst those who do belong to one or other of those Churches, so profound a grasp of the spiritual aspects of Christianity, and so living a delineation of them. There is no sign in this volume that the destructive criticism of any of the negative schools of theology or exegesis, has exerted any material influence over Mr. Thom's mind. He finds in St. John's Gospel some of the most striking of his Christian lessons, and never appears to suggest the smallest doubt of its authenticity or truth. It is most likely that if we had here any discussion by Mr. Thom of those intellectual assumptions which underlie our belief in Christ, and without the steady grasp of which the moral authority which Christ exerts over us would be sure gradually to fade away, we should differ from him widely. But this sort of analysis is not within the scope of his present volume, which is devoted wholly to the delineation of the Christian temper and life,—not to any analysis of the basis of conviction which must more or less form itself within that Christian temper and life, if these are to hold their own against a host of objections both practical and intellectual;—and as the life itself is, after all, the chief end, and the creed which must grow or wither with it, mainly the means, we cannot deny that Mr. Thom's volume keeps before us the final cause of revelation, while ignoring, in any dogmatic sense, theology itself.

It is impossible, in any strict sense, to review such a book, or to give anything more than occasional specimens of the insight and help which it contains. But this we may promise our readers, that if they are struck with any of the passages we may cite, they will find other passages as striking in almost every page. Let us, as critics, begin with a sermon on the faults and duties of critics, which is full of striking comment, all growing out of the very spirit of our Lord. Mr. Thom is very little satisfied with the tendency of the present day to extract from everybody their opinion of everybody else, simply for the sake of gratifying the curiosity of the rest of the world. He would probably warn the American "interviewer," for instance, that by eliciting so many opinions which would not otherwise be given on the condition of American or European society, he often does more to precipitate the formation of a false public opinion, than to crystallize the tendencies of one that is sound, natural, and healthy:—

* *Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ.* Discourses by John Hamilton Thom. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1883.

"Contrasted with this judging spirit, there is a happy, genial, modest, receptive frame of mind, open to all influences that come—not slighting what a man is, because of something else that he is not. It takes whatever of good any one can give, without the spiteful return of defining the other good things that he has not, and cannot give. It is open to men as it is to God—ready to entertain angels unawares—thankful for such benignant influence as they have the power of breathing—willing to receive of everybody's fullness, eager to judge no one. Unfortunately, to this mellow, grateful, and gracious cast of mind, the tone and temper of common society is constantly applying an irritating treatment. This calm, candid, uncritical, thankfully receptive frame, a man cannot preserve without setting his face against a multitude of questioners. We are daily tempted and solicited into rash and self-fettering judgments. The mental interests of society are too few to suffer personal character and faculty to remain uncanvassed. Conversation runs on *persons* rather than on things, and you are directly asked for an opinion. Great evils come out of such questions. In the first place, you may have no opinion, nor be entitled to have one. Your opinions of men slowly and silently grow up in you; and scarcely has this process begun when you are suddenly asked to define them. Yet it is probable, such are our habits, that you will not have the simplicity to resist the snare. You will be hurried into precipitate judgment—mere first impressions will be hardened into permanent conclusions—you will presumptuously speak of the deep inner nature or unknown capacity of a man from slight and insufficient hints—you will commit yourself to some defined view of him, and never again have the free privilege of open, candid, receptive intercourse unbiassed by your own rash judgment. There is a rudeness and irreverence of nature in thus assuming to judge any man. It is a barren attitude. When we have once judged a man, we have as it were closed his access to us at all unexpected avenues. We are pledged to one view of him—he is no more an infinite possibility to us—we have measured him, calculated our expectations from him, and never more can look to him with the freshness and reverence of an undefined hope."

What critic can read that passage, and not remember with a pang the many hasty sentences which he has passed on others,—some of them sentences which very mischievously prepossessed the world against men of great moral and intellectual resource, whose usefulness was thereby materially injured; but much oftener, probably, sentences which have prepossessed the critic's own mind against light and help which might otherwise have entered it? At the same time, we think that Mr. Thom's last sentence somewhat exaggerates the influence of premature judgments over minds of any candour. More and more, as we hope, are critics to be found who are not ashamed to take back their false prejudgments, and to admit, with something even of penitent enthusiasm, the greatness of their error, in having sometime underrated a man of power. The logic of critics is no more inflexible than the logic of common life. Criticism would be a fatal pursuit, indeed, if it were so. Still, as Mr. Thom says, it is very much to be desired that we should cultivate the simplicity which refuses to be dragged into hasty judgments. "The habit of society in these things is, in fact, a constant subornation of rash judgments and an irreverent temper. To look upon ourselves as standards of measure is to cherish smallness, presumption, and contempt." Fortunately, there is nothing with which the better criticism of the day is more deeply imbued than the spirit of self-distrust,—the desire to find any trace of what is above the critic, and not to dwell too exclusively on what seems below him.

Let us pass next to the very fine sermon on "Circumstance, 'the unspiritual god,'" as Byron called it, though it was a god to which Byron sacrificed as much as any poet who ever lived. It would be difficult to expose the falsehood of this worship with more subtle moderation than Mr. Thom displays in the following passage:—

"Reliance on Circumstance, on 'the unspiritual god,' has for its natural fellow the common system of excuses which finds the explanation of evil in the element of temptation. But temptation is an occasion, not a cause, and no more an occasion for shameful transgression than for magnanimous duty. Since the first man said, 'It was the woman did it,' the men of Adam's mould have not been ashamed to acknowledge that, when tempted, in their own soul was no virtue, in their own will no resistance. If temptations justify sin, then the spiritual life, and Christianity, and man's strength in God, are words that signify nothing; for no man could sin if no man was tempted, and only in resistance to the tempter can the spirit's allegiance have existence or exercise. A Christian man, indeed, when most strict with himself, will yet be tender to another, not knowing all the case; but what if our tenderness relax that other's strength,—though it is not tenderness, but only looseness and remissness, that will have this effect. Let our tenderness spring freely from our justice, our humility, our self-knowledge, our generous insight, but never from a relaxed holiness, an ungodly concession to the might of Circumstance. No reasonable man will deny that Circumstance ought to be considered, and wisely marshalled, and tenderly dealt with,—but every spiritual man will deny that it ought to rule, or that to it ever can belong the right to shrive and justify. It was not denied that man lives by bread, when it was declared that he lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, by every inspiration from on high, every holy prompting, every exalting hope, every sense of resp
Source of our being, and that from these is dra
strength that comes not from food or wine. 'I have n
ye know not of.' The same spirit of outward depen
in the undue importance attached to what is called Exp
would appear a general belief that all valuable wisdom come
an extensive acquaintance with men and things, and knowledge o
life as it is more to be trusted than the great primal teachers, the
authoritative voices in our nature, the original shapings and directions
of our being, the whispers and leadings of God. 'The wisdom that is
from above,' the wisdom from within, is a fountain of goodness, 'full'
of mercy and of all good fruits.' It would not be untrue to say, that
in all essential things Experience is the teacher only of fools, of those
who have gone astray through turning a deaf ear to the voice of a
prior and more legitimate teacher. There are invaluable lessons of
life—much skill, much helpfulness, knowledge of where the need is
and sympathy should be—which Experience alone can supply; but
alas for him who has got his virtues from his experience of life, for
then his first experiences must have been of wrong-doing, and his
later experience but the corrector of errors, or of vices, through penal
consequences. To our spiritual being the experience of life is not
the fountain of right, the source of law, though it ever confirms and
seals with its testimony the teachings of nature and of God. In
these fundamental things, he who, constrained by experience, at last
'comes to *himself*,' has first fled from himself; he who, coerced by
trouble, reduced to the coarse and bitter husks of a wasted life, says
at last, 'I will arise, and go to my Father,' has first known, and been
obdurate to, his father's voice. That 'Honesty is the best Policy' is a
teaching of experience; but it was well said, that he who has waited
for this experience to teach him honesty, or who is honest only in the
faith of this experience, the first began his course in knavery, and
the second remains a knave at heart. It is not knowledge of the
world that makes a child's heart shrink from meanness, falsehood,
dishonour; this wisdom is not borrowed from experience, but that
which shapes experience when it is best shaped. It would be dangerous error to inculcate on the young, as a lesson in modesty, such
deference to older experience as might weaken their reliance on the
primal teachings of God. In no way has spiritual life been so much
dwarfed, severed from its feeding spring, as by the substitution of
the wisdom of man for the fresh inspirations of God. In truth, in
the highest things experience of life is not our guide, but rather the
touchstone of our weakness, for we all degenerate, if not from the
attainments, certainly from the ideals of our youth. The best man
is worse than his thought; and the worst has not extinguished the
inciting light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.
Experience is a mighty helper, but sometimes a timid counsellor, an
unspiritual leader."

It would be difficult to preach a more weighty lesson, even to the politician, than is contained in this sermon on the dangers of trusting to circumstance alone for the regeneration of human society. But not even in such sermons as this do we find Mr. Thom at his highest. The kind of subject on which he speaks with the most wisdom and the most power is such a one as the singular absence of joy from the religious life of the world. The sermon on "Spiritual Counterparts to Temptation and Despondency," in which Mr. Thom insists that Christ's life was, in its essence, not so much the life of sorrow, as the life which taught what joy there was in the heart of sorrow truly borne; not so much the life of affliction, as the life of power elicited from affliction; not so much the life of humiliation, the life of the Cross, as the life of him who could transmute humiliation and the Cross into the symbol of glory and triumph,—will give our readers the best conception of Mr. Thom's unique power as a Christian preacher. We will give a single passage:—

"The world is full, not of suffering only, nor of sympathy with suffering—for *these* are from God and for good—but of a much worse thing—of depression, of fear, of sighing and lamentation, of the weakness and the piteousness of suffering. Even sympathy has so narrowed its meaning, that it hardly conveys any other idea than that of sensibility to another's sorrow; and to rejoice with those who rejoice is considered the part rather of constitutional good-heartedness, of natural than of spiritual fellowship. Men will detail their small troubles as if there was no sin in adding to the burdens of existence, no shame or selfishness in needlessly saddening the hearts of the tender; or if they do not speak, they carry into public the air of their most private cares; their sad countenances proclaim their woes, and present silent petitions for compassion. . . . . But it is said that Christ was characteristically a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. Yes; but interpret this aright. He was a Man of Sorrows in no sense which implies that fear, or distrust, or spiritual lassitude had entered into him. A good man will bear all men's griefs, until he has borne them away. Sorrows, disappointments, were around him, moulding him on all sides, the element in which his strength was made, his life lived; but love, faith, hope, the joy of the soul in God, were the inspirations from which they came, and to which they rose. It is entirely a false impression that the designation, a Man of Sorrows—one indeed of no authoritative application to the individual person of Christ—describes the tone of his sentiments. It is spiritually impossible that one who led his life of love and prayer should ever be long out of God's clear sunlight: and if we search his history, there is nothing more evident than that gloom or asceticism made no part of the temper of his soul. We remember the reproach, whence it came, and how it was met. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking; why do the disciples of John *fast* often and make prayers, and likewise the disciples of the Pharisees; *but thine eat and drink?* And he said unto them: 'Why

:n of the bride-chamber fast while the Bridegroom
There is, indeed, over some sadness in all aspiration
attained; but he who was made perfect by suffering
:umb to suffering, nor permit the sense of it to be
is nature. We hear twice, perhaps three times, in all
ked life, of a cloud passing over his mind, floating between
am and God, and each time no sooner is mention of it made than we are introduced to the fountains of his strength, and behold him taking instant refuge with the Source of Peace. In the most suffering moments of his life, suffering never gives the direction to his feelings, nor suggests his thoughts. When he is departing from the Temple for the last time, the Rejected for ever, he sees the widow with her mite—the beauty of the offering takes possession of his heart, and instead of mourning for himself, he is blessing *her*. At the Last Supper no word of sorrow is breathed by *him*—no fear but for the imperfect fidelity of those whom, on the morrow, he was to leave to their own strength—whilst the sorrow of the disciples is gently reproved as far from the occasion: 'Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.' 'Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you.' 'If you loved me ye would rejoice, because I go unto my Father.' Whilst bearing his own cross, there is solicitude for others, but peace for himself: 'Women of Jerusalem! weep not for me; weep for yourselves and for your children;' and on the cross itself all suffering leads to the suggestions of mercy, the prayer of forgiveness, the last directions of love, the consciousness of being perfectly safe in the hands of God. When, then, we call Christ the Man of Sorrows, let us remember what we mean: that he was one whose spiritual nature suffering never ruled—whose peace, hope, and love sorrow could perfect, but could not disturb—not a dejected and pensive, but a strong and untroubled man, full of the spirit of Power and of God. He passed through the fulness of sorrow as he passed through the fulness of temptation, and had the brightness of his spiritual love dimmed by neither."

Nor is this fine sermon by any means unique in this volume. There are half-a-dozen, at least, on the same level of power and truth; indeed, it is difficult to open the volume anywhere without lighting on the traces of a powerful intellect, as fully imbued with the spirit of Christ, and as keenly critical of the Christian deficiencies of the age with which it is the preacher's duty to deal, as could be found among some of the greatest preachers of the past.

ENGLISH AND SPANISH ORIGINS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

The contrast between these two works, or rather between these instalments of two important works, is a remarkable instance of like drawing to like,—a natural affinity between an author and his subject. When the enterprises which Mr. Doyle and Mr. H. H. Bancroft have commenced are completed and are floating on the sea of public opinion, they will present the different appearances of the manageable and serviceable craft with which Drake made himself the terror of the Spanish Main, and the huge and unwieldy 'Santissima' he dodged and worried till it lay a helpless victim before him. Mr. Doyle's book at once suggests the literary English workman of the best and most reliable class. It is solid, modest, well arranged, grave in tone, yet as free from sentimentality as it is from literary padding. After a short preface in which he states his hopes and intentions, and a very useful table of contents, he sets to work at once with the true Englishman's delight for grappling with the concrete interests of life. "The aim of this book," he says, "is to describe and explain the process by which a few scattered colonies along the Atlantic seaboard grew into that vast Confederate Republic, the United States of America." Mr. Bancroft's work, on the other hand, recalls nothing so readily as the elaborate preparations made by Philip of Spain to fit out the Armada. In a formidable preface, he takes off his coat somewhat after the deliberate manner of Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, and loudly tells his readers that "he is going to begin." He speaks very fully and candidly of his labours in collecting his materials, which have, indeed, been enormous; and moralises on life in general, and the art of writing history in particular. This preface is followed by a table of contents, and nearly fifty pages of authorities. When at last Mr. Bancroft sets sail, it is in this fashion,—"How stood this ever-changing world four hundred years ago? Already, Asia was prematurely old. Ships skirted Africa; but save the Northern sea-board, to all but Heaven the continent was as dark as its stolid inhabitants. America was in swaddlings, knowing not its own existence, and known of none; Europe was an aged youth, bearing the world-disturbing torch which still shed a dim, fitful light and malignant odour. Societies were held together by loyalty and superstition; kingcraft and priestcraft; not by that co-operation which springs from the common interests of the people. Accursed were all things real. . . . . Under the shifting sands of progress truth incubates, and the hatched ideas fashion for themselves a great mind in which they may find lodgment; fashion for themselves a tongue by which to speak; fashion for themselves a lever by which to move the world." We are far, indeed, from disparaging Mr. Bancroft, or from denying his truly marvellous industry, of which we have had proofs before now. He has good reason for his self-confidence, which, besides, must be a great help and stimulus towards the accomplishing of such a herculean task as he has set himself. All the same, we must say that his style looks like that of a picturesque Spanish Don who had gone through a course of Carlyle and Emerson in his youth.

In his present volume, Mr. Doyle has really only begun his work. It contains the early history of Virginia, Maryland, and the two Carolinas. The story of New England and of the other colonies Mr. Doyle proposes to give in two additional volumes, but we should suppose they will not prove sufficient for the purpose. So far as he has gone, however, he deserves nothing but praise. It is a genuine pleasure, and rare as it is genuine, to read a work of a historical character which, like this, carries sincerity and modesty in every page of it, which is serious without being dull, and animated without showing partisanship. Hallam himself is not more impartial than Mr. Doyle, who, having to write of Cavalier and Roundhead, Anglican and Nonconformist, Indian and white man, deals out justice, and frequently swingeing damages, to each alike; who seems to hate nothing and nobody, unless, indeed, it be that "anointed pedant," James I. Not that there is wanting in Mr. Doyle a vein of true sentiment, although it must be said that there is but little to call it forth in the history of Virginia, which resembles nothing so much as the history of a great business concern or Co-operative Store. When he gets hold of a man worth drawing at all he draws him well, such as the celebrated Captain John Smith, whom we are glad to say he rehabilitates; Delaware, Dale, the unscrupulous and shifty Argyll, the "robust" Berkeley, the second and important Lord Baltimore the "Proprietor" of Maryland, and above all, Francis Nicholson, the real founder, in our opinion, of whatever greatness can be associated with Virginian statesmanship. Mr. Doyle's account, too, of the early English expeditions to America, his narrative of the doings of Cabot and Raleigh and Gilbert, and of the difficulties of the English settlers with French and Spanish rivals, are very agreeable reading. Compare the following with Macaulay:—"Gilbert, like Stukeley, was a member of an old Devonshire family. His ancestral home yet stands, stately in its decay. The Atlantic gales roared round its watch-tower, and from the neighbouring hills Gilbert must have looked down on the noble harbour of Tor Bay. All the land around is lovely, with the peculiar beauty of the West,—neither stern nor languid, a beauty which neither awes nor enervates. It would be hard to find a spot richer in romantic influences, more fit to train up a child in those dreamy hopes which allured the seamen of the age."

The early story of Virginia—Maryland is little more than a duodecimo edition of Virginia, with the really unimportant episode of the Baltimore Proprietorship superadded—is a singularly unromantic one. They bought, they sold, they planted, they builded,—that is really all, from the days of Richard Hakluyt and John Smith to those of Nicholson and Andros. The planters had no time to think of anything but land and tobacco. Their dealings with the Indians depended entirely upon material considerations. Their religion, their politics, their system of law, they can hardly be said to have thought out for themselves,—they were content to borrow them. It cannot be allowed altogether that the far-reaching politico-religious struggle in England which produced first the Commonwealth, and then the Restoration, had absolutely no effect on the Virginians; if it did nothing else, it affected the character of the men who were sent out to them as Governors. But they did not think either King or Parliament worth fighting for. In his ninth chapter, indeed, Mr. Doyle tells the story of a curious little civil war which broke out in Virginia after the Restoration, and which was really a personal struggle between Governor Berkeley and a singular adventurer, Nathaniel Bacon, who seems to have been a kind of Jefferson Davis before his time, dreaming of a confederation between Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. But the movement had no deep significance, political or other, and it came

* *The English in America: Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas.* By J. A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1882.

The History of the Pacific States of North America. By Herbert Howe Bancroft. Vol. I., "Central America," 1501-1530. London: Trübner and Co. 1882.

to little. Even the slave-trade—there is nothing more masterly in Mr. Doyle's work than his concluding account of the growth of this nefarious traffic in the Gulf States, with its disastrous social, political, and moral results—was due to the material necessities of the settlers in the Carolinas, or what they thought to be such. "Slavery came in," says Mr. Doyle, "as the one means by which the capitalist could assert his superiority over the man who owned nothing but his own labour." The "paper constitution" character of early Virginia is indicated in a very striking way by its first military and civil code, the basis of which was the atrocious military law in force in the Netherlands at the time. Among its provisions was one ordaining "that any man who should unworthily demean himself unto any preacher or minister of God's Word," or fail "to hold them in all reverent regard and dutiful entreaty," should be openly whipped three times, and after each whipping should publicly acknowledge his crime. The clergy were also empowered to examine all new-comers to the colony in their religion, and if any one fell short of the standard required, he was to come as often as his minister desired to be catechised and instructed, "To refuse to attend was, if persisted in, a capital crime." The fitness of such a code for Virginia is shown by the naïve remark of Mr. Doyle,—"It is consolatory to think that, in all likelihood, the absence of the clergy rendered this clause a dead-letter!"

As we have already said, the most notable figure in Virginian history, after the early settlers, is Francis Nicholson, who, about the time of the Revolution of 1688, became Lieutenant-Governor of the colony. He was trained in the worst school of public and private morals England has ever seen, in the Whitehall of the second Charles. Yet Mr. Doyle is able to testify, "It is no small praise of a public man trained in such a school, to say that he was guiltless of all attacks on private rights, that he was clean-handed as a governor and a judge, and that he was honestly and laboriously attentive to the welfare of those under his rule. Nicholson, too, stands out as something more than an efficient and upright administrator. To him, more than to any one man of that age, belongs the credit of clearly seeing and setting forth that policy which the two next generations of statesmen adopted towards the colonies." As soon as he appeared on the scene, he saw that the original founders of the colony were mistaken in their hopes of establishing "a self-supporting community, with varied forms of productive industry." Soil and climate had settled that Virginia was to be emphatically a tobacco-producing colony, and therefore he considered that the most statesmanlike course for the Home Government to pursue towards the colony was to encourage the production of tobacco. He wrote home to this effect in vigorous despatches, which appear in the Colonial papers referring to Virginia, about the year 1690, and which Mr. Doyle says are, even in style, far above most of the documents which bear on his subject. Nicholson was, further, a vigorous advocate of a defensive confederation of the Colonies, to meet the danger of French encroachment. But, above all things, he was sagacious enough to throw himself heartily into the work of religious and educational reform, being much aided in his efforts by James Blair, an energetic Scotchman with an Anglican training, who, Mr. Doyle says, "might be not inaptly described as a colonial Burnet." They were ultimately able to establish a college in Virginia. That it did not come to much simply proves that Nicholson was considerably in advance of his time. Subsequently, we find him turning up in Maryland as its Governor, "grasping at once the true principles on which the commercial prosperity of the colony should rest, stirring up a torpid community into some zeal for education and religion, and at the same time throwing a vigilant and comprehensive glance on the whole body of the colonies, and missing no feature which bore either on their own welfare or their utility to the Crown." Nicholson's career as a reformer was much interrupted, and he was bitterly attacked while he was in Maryland—Mr. Doyle pays but slight attention to the scandalous reports spread about his private life—but he managed to establish a system of free schools. Finally, he was despatched to South Carolina as Governor, at a critical period in its history, and presided over its peaceful settlement as a Crown colony. In his subsequent volumes, Mr. Doyle will necessarily give us portraits of much more heroic figures than Francis Nicholson; but of few men so versatile, so energetic in administration, or taking so comprehensive a view of colonial statesmanship.

The time has not yet come for offering anything like an adequate criticism of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's work sist of twenty-five volumes, averaging about 70 Of these, three are to be devoted to the histor America, and the first, now before us, deals with a about thirty years from 1501 to 1530. Still, as it narrates adventures of Columbus, and the discovery and settlement of Darien, Honduras, Nicaragua and Guatemala under the Spaniards, and as Cortes, Alvarado, and Vasco Nunez figure in it, it traverses tolerably familiar and very volcanic ground. In this volume a good deal of Mr. Bancroft's space is taken up with introductory and controversial matter; and certainly his first chapter, on "Spain and Civilisation at the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century," is unconscionably long, and burdened with digressions. There is, however, no doubt as to the extent of his reading; and his style, in spite of the peculiarities we have already noticed, is not without its attractions. The most remarkable character that appears in this volume, with the exception of Cortes, is Pedrarias Davila, who governed both Darien and Nicaragua, but who is best known for his judicial murder of Vasco Nunez. Surely, of all the truculent Spanish adventurers of his time, Pedrarias must have been at once the most remorselessly unscrupulous and fanatically Catholic; and not without reason does Mr. Bancroft style him the "Timur of the Indies." Imagine a man who is credited with having caused the deaths of two millions of Indians, dying in his bed, at the age of ninety, in the odour of sanctity, and at peace with himself!

HELEN OF TROY.*

Mr. Lang, as was to be expected of him, has written a refined, scholarly, and agreeable poem, which cannot be better described than in his own words:—"In this story in rhyme of the fortunes of Helen, the theory that she was an unwilling victim of the Gods has been preferred. Many of the descriptions of manners are versified from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The description of the events after the death of Hector, and the account of the sack of Troy, is chiefly borrowed from Quintus Smyrnæus." Mr. Lang abounds in pleasant, if not very original qualities, through three hundred and five rhymed stanzas of eight lines, and his Helen is a lady who would not be out of place at school-room tea in the best-guarded English family, particularly if the family were sufficiently trained in the art of the day, and in that curious renascence of the renascence paganism to which cling shreds of mediæval style. That man is indeed brave, however well equipped with scholarship, who approaches the mystery of Helen, and lays hands on the ark wherein the Greek conception of incarnate Beauty is enshrined. Every literary epoch has had its prophet of Helen, and though Mr. Lang disclaims any purpose but that of versifying the Homeric account of her, and though he is modest and wise in his simple expression of the more ancient legends of her, he still remains, to our mind, like a man who takes the horn of Roland to play an air from *Patience*, or the sword of Achilles to cut a posy of meadow flowers. For the story of Helen is of large and of increasing significance; and there is a certain incongruity in the romantic and mediæval treatment of it in our time when men ask,—What is Beauty? with as much anxious despondency as they do,—What is Truth?

Mr. Lang gives us a masque in which figures of the fifteenth century copy the attitudes and assume the parts hallowed to the imagination by the frieze of the Parthenon and the Homeric poems. If we can condone this, and it is no new presumption in literature, we may allow that Mr. Lang has done well, according to the standard of the day. He does not sin against taste in pretended worship of humanity, or disfigure the Greek legend by modern additions of vice. Nor has he cumbered the smooth flow of his verse by moral or immoral speculations, or psychological questioning of the motives of Paris or Menelaus. Perhaps the divinities who shape Helen's life and the events of the Trojan war are insufficiently divine, and come and go in too pastoral and idyllic a fashion, but there is a charm in mere suavity for readers sated with verbal tricks and pseudo-originality. Mr. Lang's effects and stage properties are as accurately arranged as they could be at the Lyceum. It is curious how he reflects the manner of one or two of our very refined painters, who even when most sincerely and learnedly classical, in fact cannot get rid of mediæval feeling, ignoring this deep-lying difference between the classical and the mediæval styles, that the sentiment of the middle ages presupposed the harmonies of creation and a beneficent Ruler, while the Homeric

* *Helen of Troy.* By A. Lang. London: George Bell and Sons. 1882.

he isolated victim of superhuman antagonisms, land or sea, and never master of Nature. How-
t. Lang describes the home of Menelaus, however
to the Greek conception of Aphrodite's cruelty, when
rodite tells Helen,—

"Thou art the toy of Gods, an instrument
Wherewith all mortals shall be plagued or blest,
Even at my pleasure; yea, thou shalt be bent
This way and that, howe'er it like me best,"

the attitude of the Argive Queen is as little Greek as a pre-Raphaelite picture, when she awaits the coming of Paris:—

"And Helen sat her down upon the grass,
And plucked the little daisies, white and red,
And toss'd them where the running waters pass,
To watch them racing from the fountain-head,
And whirled about where little streams dispersed;
And still with many birds the garden rang,
And *marry, marry*, in their song they said,—
Or so do maids interpret that they sung."

The flight of Paris and Helen,

"Across the great green plain unharvested,"

is full of Odyssean feeling; and here Mr. Lang's scholarship is seen in its best aspect, and we are not bewildered as where he more particularly describes the daughter of Zeus, the Greek Eve, the goal of men's desire, but the gate of death to many heroes. In the story of Œnone and the death of her son Corythus, murdered by his father, Paris, Mr. Lang is not hampered by the thoughts and longings of three thousand years which have gathered round Helen, and he succeeds better than when he affects to follow the literal simplicity of the myth of Helen's empire, assured as it was by her betrayal of her husband. For it is not given to Mr. Lang's genius to make us feel towards her as did the heroes of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and we remain dissatisfied when he makes her speak the words which Homer puts into her mouth; and yet he admires and quotes Marlowe's passionate echo of renascence worship, and cannot ignore Goethe's claim for her of æsthetic sovereignty and of a high altar in the temple of sociology. Œnone, the mountain nymph, is a more practicable subject for minor artists. Her passion ebbs and flows within the skirts of Ida, and is not the motive of the Achæan storm that raged round the god-built walls of Ilios. Only the sculptor of the Louvre Venus, or perhaps Leonardo da Vinci, could set Helen before us, example as she is both of Aphrodite's power and of the power of the human conscience, which conflicting, make beauty tragic. The betrayal and grief of Œnone are purely human, compared with the tragedy of Helen, who fails under the weight of divine gifts,—the mortal crushed by the immortal. We can quite understand the shrewish rage of the river-nymph when she wrote on her birchen scroll to her great rival, much as Peg Woffington might have written to Kitty Clive,—

"Oh, thou that on those hidden runes doth look,
Hast thou forgotten quite thine ancient sin,
Thy Lord, thy lofty palace, and thy kin,
Even as thy Love forgets the words he spoke,
The strong oath broken one weak heart to win,
The lips that kissed him, and the heart that broke?

Nay, but methinks thou shalt not quite forget
The curse wherewith I curse thee till I die;
The tears that on the wood-nymph's cheeks are wet
Shall burn thy hateful beauty deathlessly.
Nor shall God raise up seed to thee; but I
Have borne thy love this messenger: my son,
Who yet shall make him glad, for Time goes by,
And soon shall thine enchantments all be done."

Our readers will remark the discord of the Biblical note struck by Œnone, but it is difficult to avoid incongruity and at the same time use archaisms as freely as does Mr. Lang, whose "archer wights" "hurl" into the night, who writes of a bear "that in these rocks did wonn," whose Trojans "fell on slumber in the night." There is, in truth, no ground for any severe criticism, or any enthusiastic praise, as we pass from stanza to stanza of what is, to any real presentment of the personages concerned, as a charmingly mellowed mediæval tapestry is to actual men and women of any age. There is a good deal to please a curious taste, there are small literary excitements when Mr. Lang comes in direct competition with Mr. Tennyson, as in his account of the vision of Paris on Mount Ida, or when the prompting of Chaucer becomes very audible. The conception of the three Goddesses is mediæval throughout, and while the moral element and the "composition of place" and description of person are made the most of, the action of Fate and of the half-vengeful, half-sportive Powers who willed the woes that were to follow, is not felt. Aphrodite inspires no awe, and therefore, take what view Mr. Lang likes, his Helen remains unexcused, and her remorse is the remorse of a modern sinner, who blames a vague Providence for her misfortunes, even while she repents. In vain does Mr. Lang use his scholarship in ingenious adaptation of Homeric incidents, and descriptions, and epithets; in vain does he, so to speak, make a stepping-stone across the centuries by use of early English idioms; his effort to perfect his *mise-en-scène* impairs the deeper-lying dramatic appeal to our human sympathy with the men and women of the immortal story. We prefer Mr. Lang's notes wherein he discusses the materials he has used, and translates in simple language the passages of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in which Helen appears, to his poetical presentment of her. Compare, for instance, the Helen embroidering on tapestry the adventures of the siege, the battles of horse-taming Trojans, and bronze-clad Achæans, and the Helen—nearly related to Mr. Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott"—who,—

"..... fared before a mighty loom,
And sang, and cast her shuttle wrought of gold,
And forth unto the utmost secret room
The wave of her wild melody was roll'd;
And still she fashion'd marvels manifold,
Strange shapes of fish and serpent, bear and swan,
The loves of the immortal Gods of old,
Wherefrom the peoples of the world began."

Here and there occur vigorous stanzas and excellent lines, which, however, too often dissatisfy the ear for want of an expected pause. The death of Corythus is dramatic, as is the sudden appearance of the Greek Fleet, even as Œnone spoke her curse, and ended:—

"..... Oh, ye foolish people, deaf and blind,
What death is coming on you from the sea?'
Then all men turned, and lo, upon the lee
Of Tenedos, beneath the driving rain,
The countless Argive ships were racing free,
The wind and oarsmen speeding them amain."

But continually we are checked in admiration by some warp of taste, perhaps most so near the end, when, to use Mr. Lang's words, he writes how "Menelaus would have let stone Helen, but Aphrodite saved her, and made them at one again; and how they came home to Lacedæmon, and of their translation to Elysium," where Helen became "a saint in Heathendom." Mr. Lang gets over the difficulty of explaining, what the stern Greeks left unexplained, the escape of Helen when Troy was sacked, by a reference to the escape of the sinner brought before our Lord, and His words are put into the mouth of Menelaus, who, indeed, does not forgive, but exclaims, with Old-Testament adjuration,—

"Nay, as mine own soul liveth, there is one
That will not set thy barren beauty free,"—

yet is stayed in his vengeance by the spell of Aphrodite; a situation not managed with much dignity by the English poet, who fails when he would paint the transition of passion from hate to desire.

We have chiefly tried in these remarks to justify our disappointment that so finished a scholar and so pleasant a poet as Mr. Lang dallies with the prevalent fashion, which uses the most fruitful and profound legends of the Aryan past as subject for verse that is hardly poetry. If dilettantism is to level down all intellectual heights to please the demand for neat cloth-covers and easy reading, no doubt there will be soon abundant "ghosts" to "squeeze" the Helens and give "artistic finish" to the manufactured reproductions of our great forefathers' work. We do not liken Mr. Lang to such as these, but he paves the way for them, and is but one of several who seem in a conspiracy to simplify what can and should never be simple, and to blind us to the revelations of the starry night of the past by the veil of ingenious but very local light.

KEPT IN THE DARK.*

Though *Kept in the Dark* is one of the least important of Mr. Trollope's works, the fact that it is probably almost the last he has written must invest it with a particular and regretful interest in the eyes of all readers. It is a simple little story, with few characters and few events, but full of truth and touches of nature, like all his writings. The incident is so slight, that if the heroine had not put off a little too long the telling her husband of a former engagement, or if he had only heard of it from general report, like any one else, there would have been no story at all. Cecilia Holt lived with her mother in the cathedral town of Exeter, and though it was at the Deanery that she met with

* *Kept in the Dark: a Novel.* By Anthony Trollope. London: Chatto and Windus. 1882.

the man who acquired a strong influence for ill on her future life, the book has, like most of Mr. Trollope's later works, little of the clerical element or of cathedral society in it. Mr. Trollope excels in describing girls, their little vanities, their ways, their thoughts; he is especially happy in his portraiture of real, nice, thoroughly English girls, which is decidedly a type by itself, and well worth knowing, whether in fiction or in real life. Cecilia is no exception; one learns to know her, understand her, and love her, and one can almost go along with her in the difficulty she made for herself by putting off speaking, as she did from day to day, for what seemed at the time good and warrantable reasons, till it was too late, and her life and her fate were taken out of her own keeping and her own power. Cecilia was proud, bright, and handsome, not better educated than most girls of the upper classes; but she had literary tastes, upon which she piqued herself highly, and she was great in the French and German poets. She was very attractive to persons of both sexes, and tolerably well aware of her own social value, though full of diffidence when she came to love. She had three intimate friends,—the Dean's daughter, who was engaged to be married; Mrs. Green, wife of a minor canon; and Miss Altifiorla, the daughter of an Italian father of very ancient family, but very small means, who held views of her own respecting the superiority of the female sex in general, and herself in particular; moreover, as was consistent with these views, she held matrimony in abhorrence, and considered a married woman to be little better than a slave. She tried to indoctrinate Cecilia with these views, and with some degree of success, for she joined her friend in somewhat scoffing at love and the necessity of having a lover, notwithstanding a lurking suspicion in her mind, that as far as Miss Altifiorla was concerned, it was rather a case of "sour grapes." Then, in an evil hour for Cecilia, there came to the Deanery a certain Sir Francis Geraldine, the Dean's brother-in-law, but not much liked by his relations. He had lived hard, he was fashionable, and professed to know all the Courts and all the racecourses of Europe. He was exceedingly proud of his ancient baronetcy, and still older family. He had begun to think lately that it was about time for him to marry, and cut out his next of kin, who was particularly obnoxious to him; and, as Cecilia seemed to fulfil all his requirements in a wife, he fell in love with her, and after a fortnight of prosperous love-making, proposed and was accepted. Cecilia was honestly in love with him, and for a month was the happiest and proudest girl in all Exeter. Then things began gradually to change; whether it was that he became less attentive, or that she found out his ignorance and his bad temper, certain it is that her eyes were opened,—she found out that "her doll was stuffed with sawdust," and the time of her worship came to an end. She then went through a time of vacillating misery, which she bore in silence, for she was too proud to take counsel with any one. He, on his side, knew so little the state of the case, that he treated her with indifference, because he felt so sure both of her love and of her ambition that he could take what liberties he pleased, without any danger of losing her. "It was the conviction that such was the condition of his mind, that operated the strongest in bringing her to her resolution to break off the engagement," and break off her engagement she did; and then the man showed her the whole meanness and narrowness of his nature, which she had only suspected before. The state of poor Cecilia's mind after this is exceedingly well given; she did not feel altogether proud and happy in her escape, notwithstanding her conviction that she never could have lived with him as his wife; all things were flat and bald, and the prospect of her future life seemed unutterably colourless and dreary, in comparison to the brilliant dream she had been previously living in. Then to her proud spirit it was a bitter blow to find that she was looked upon in Exeter as a jilted young lady; she disdained to contradict the report, but she fretted herself ill over her isolation, and the doctor advised her mother to take her abroad. And this is the episode that Mr. Trollope considers necessary to be known, before relating Cecilia's story. The mixture of tenderness and humour with which the girl's love troubles are treated is a very happy specimen of Mr. Trollope's insight and observation, and is a very good little bit of character-painting.

In the further story, we cannot altogether agree that Cecilia would have acted as she did; a girl of her character would surely have had more strength of mind and determination, and not have kept back anything from Mr. Western, when she loved him so well. There is no denying that the situation almost bordered on the ridiculous. He confided to her that he had b
his heart was lone and weary, that he could not be
life at home, and for that reason he had come abroad
fate so like hers, that it was perhaps not to be wonde
she should hesitate to cap his story with hers. It is, per
in thinking of it afterwards that the improbability appears; in reading it, we are quite satisfied with the account of the poor girl's troubles as Mr. Trollope narrates them, and see how it all came about. If it is not quite natural in the abstract, he has succeeded in making us accept it as natural, by his way of telling it. Mr. Western's character is a manly one, though by no means faultless; he is quite to be liked, notwithstanding his absurd pride and jealousy, and he is well and consistently worked out. Miss Altifiorla is painted throughout more or less ironically, and is perhaps a little over-coloured. Mr. Trollope has no love for women who go in for "rights" and advanced views, and he evidently thinks that ridicule is the best weapon with which to assail them,—and exceedingly ridiculous poor Miss Altifiorla manages to make herself. It is a very pleasant little book, altogether; we feel intimately acquainted with all the characters, we sympathise throughout with the heroine, and are spitefully delighted when Miss Altifiorla meets her match, but it is perhaps a little disappointing that Sir Francis Geraldine comes off so easily at the end. We cannot lay the book aside without a strong feeling of sadness that Mr. Trollope, who has given his readers so many happy hours of amusement and enjoyment, should have passed away from among us.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

There is no article of very striking ability in the new number of the *British Quarterly*, although there are several excellent and instructive papers, such as "Traces of the Northmen in Normandy," "An Exposition of Our Fish Wealth," and "The Poet Firdusi and his Epic." The two most ambitious articles, "Victor Hugo" and "Marcus Aurelius and the Christian Church," are the most disappointing. The writer of the former has evidently read Victor Hugo very carefully; he is both fair and appreciative, and is not so repelled by Hugo's extravagances as some previous critics have been. Yet he somehow fails to grasp the secret of Hugo; his article is therefore wanting in homogeneity, and looks like a number of short notices of Hugo's works strung together. We have heard rather too much about Marcus Aurelius of late, and that is perhaps the reason why we think a good deal of the article on him in the new number of the *British Quarterly* somewhat superfluous. It strikes us, however, that the author could write a very good "study" of M. Renan himself, apart from Marcus Aurelius. His description of the attitude of the greatest of French critics towards Christianity is happy, and perhaps something more:—"He seems to regard it much in the same way in which a sentimental juryman might look at a beautiful adventuress. He does not believe in its claims, but he is charmed by its graces." The last article in this number of the *Review* is an estimate of the Primacy of Archbishop Tait, written from the Nonconformist point of view, of course, but perfectly fair and courteous. The writer, however, has not grasped the meaning of a recent correspondence, when he says of Dr. Tait that "he was not able to subdue the spirit of anarchy which is abroad, and his letter to Mr. Mackonochie was a probably unconscious confession of defeat, which, however, is not less crushing and complete because he may not have seen its full consequences."

The January number of *Mind* is rather dry and technical, and one misses the pen of Professor T. H. Green, that "lost leader," as Mr. Bryce has styled him. The best papers are the opening one, by the editor, on "Psychology and Philosophy;" and the first of what promises to be an interesting series, styled "A Criticism of the Critical Philosophy," by Mr. Henry Sidgwick. Under the title of "On Some Points in Ethics," Dr. Bain contributes a rather scrappy, yet fair and careful review of Mr. Leslie Stephen's well-known work. Dr. Bain is so little given to smart sayings, that we may quote from his article, a sentence which approximates to epigram, and, perhaps accidentally, is otherwise suggestive:—"Fitness for the conditions of life, on which the author dwells so much, is fitness to beat, and not to be beaten; and we are obliged to call this progress, merely because, in some instances, the beater has been the better of the two." The critical notices in *Mind* are uniformly very careful, and among those in the present quarter's number is one of Dr. Martineau's "Spinoza," by Mr. F. Pollock, which is excellent alike in tone and in style.

The *Modern Review* sustains its character for variety, vigour, and strong sense "touched with emotion." "Natural Religion," "Progress and Poverty," "Augustus de Morgan," and "Spinoza" are

strictly theological articles. Mr. George Sarson, who "ogress and Poverty," seems to be almost converted to "n socialism" of Mr. Henry George. His statement of "political economy" is clear, however; and he certainly "od his contention that, for many reasons, more especially, "haps, on account of the fascinations which such a theory as that of the abolition of private property offers to so many classes and interests, our economical experts are bound to give as full and open and speedy a refutation of Mr. George's "heresies" as they can. Mr. Coe has so much that is sensible to say on "The Abolition of Judicial Oaths," that he might have spared himself some rather strennons writing about "galvanising ourselves into truthfulness by the sudden flash of divine revelation," "jerks of horror-goaded utterance," and "awe-stricken words, such as might be uttered on some mountain of transfiguration."

In the new number of the *London Quarterly* there are some informative articles which are above the average. Of these, the best are, perhaps, "Recent French Historical Literature" and "Charity in the Early Church;" although a word of praise is also due to a careful review of the recent volumes on Egypt of Mr. Nassau Senior and Baron Malortie. There is rather too much metaphysics in this number of the *London Quarterly*; but there is nothing offensive to good-taste in the criticisms which are given of works not written from the theological stand-point of the *Review*. This is especially noticeable of the paper on "Evolutionary Ethics."

The Student's Geography of British India. By Dr. G. Smith, C.I.E. (Murray.)—This book, though scarcely intended for general readers, will be consulted by others than students. It is a marvel of labour and condensation, and its compiler states that he has prepared himself for his task for more than twenty years. Besides full accounts of the geography of India as a whole, its mountain chains, river systems, plateaux, and coast-line, it contains descriptions of every Native State, every Indian province, every Indian district, and every Indian town known to Europeans, with all the statistics necessary to a thorough comprehension of their condition, population, administration, and positive or relative importance. Not only are the height of mountains, the length of rivers, the area of provinces all given, but the most recent results of the census, the latest commercial tables, and the newest information as to the method of governing. For example, there is an exhaustive account of the huge Chief Commissionership or Governorship of Assam, with its area of 55,384 square miles and 4,908,000 people, which in 1874 was lopped off from Bengal and placed on its own feet, but which, except for its production of tea, would be scarcely known in England. This account is as thorough as it would be in a gazetteer, and will be found new to all but a very few Anglo-Indians. Separate chapters describe the geology and meteorology of the continent, while a final one gives the name and authorship of nearly every known book upon the subject. Many of the tables with which the volume overflows will be of value to politicians, *e.g.*, one on the culturable and unculturable soils, which reveals the extraordinary fact that an area of 182,000 square miles, three Englands, is still classed as culturable, but uncultivated. We can, however, only quote the following, which will, perhaps, give the best popular idea to Englishmen of the vastness of the Empire:—

India.	Square Miles.	Population.	Population.	Square Miles.	Europe.
Bengal	203,437	69,133,619	37,672,000	204,177	France.
Assam	55,384	4,908,276	25,968,286	58,320	England & Wales.
British Burmah.	87,220	3,736,771	29,702,656	89,005	Great Britain.
Andaman Islands	3,285	30,000	150,000	4,200	Cyprus.
N.W. Province, with Oudh	111,086	44,851,542	28,437,091	114,296	Italy.
Panjab	221,749	22,712,120	37,839,427	240,942	Austria-Hungary.
Bombay	191,847	23,396,045	20,974,411	219,260	Spain & Portugal.
Ajmer	2,710	460,722	936,340	2,866	Hesse.
Baroda	4,399	2,154,469	1,506,531	5,851	Baden.
Rajpootana	130,994	11,005,512	27,278,911	137,066	Prussia.
Central India	89,098	9,200,881	29,702,656	89,005	Great Britain.
Central Province	113,042	11,505,149	28,437,091	114,296	Italy.
Berar	17,728	2,672,673	2,846,102	15,992	Switzerland.
Haidarabad	80,000	9,167,789	29,702,656	89,005	Great Britain.
Madras	150,248	33,840,617	16,625,860	182,750	Spain.
Coorg	1,583	178,392	349,367	1,526	Brunswick.
Mysore	30,500	4,186,399	3,734,370	30,685	Scotland.

Outside a small Anglo-Indian circle, who ever remembers that the Punjaub, which is not even a Presidency, is the size of Austro-Hungary, and has more than the population of the Spanish Peninsula, or that the population of Bengal, without Assam, is more than double that of Great Britain, and probably exceeds that of Russia in Europe? The manual is provided with a full index at the end.

The Tower Gardens. By Miss Alldridge. (F. V. White and Co.)—This is a very bright and readable novel, leaving in every chapter an impression on the critic's mind that it ought to be even better than it is. Miss Alldridge has keen observation, much power of description, and considerable ability in dialogue, but her analysis of character is not thorough enough. Every individual figure tends to degenerate into caricature. The catastrophe does not actually happen even with the widow, whose governing principle in life is devotion to her husband's memory, which she shows by starving on an impossible farm, because he had thought it would pay; but you always feel the danger. The portraits of Jessie, the heroine, and Alison, her much more interesting sister, who has a talent for seeing the poetry in old associations, such as to the minds of antiquaries cling about London streets, are very firm and clear, but the men are not quite so distinct. Only their feeblenesses are painted thoroughly well, as by one who had watched, without quite understanding. The plot, which depends on a father who has pretended to be dead, and comes back with a large business and an alias, is clever, but we failed altogether to become interested in the hero, MacCarruthers. If he had died of his cancer, as we rather think he would have done, cancer from a blow indicating a radically bad constitution, Jessie's loss would not have been great. The story, however, is lively and natural throughout, and its central scene—the district round the Tower—described with appreciation. By the way, does Miss Alldridge really think the East-enders so hostile to respectables as she says, or is she confusing the "hoodlums" with the general population?

Left Till Called For (Wells Gardner) is a very well told, but also very pathetic story, by the author of "Honor Bright," of a child left at a railway station, who does a work of genuine civilisation among the rough men that frequent it before he is claimed. Unhappily, also, before this is done, the child meets with a fatal accident in trying to recover a dog he has become attached to, being struck down by an engine. There is humour, as well as pathos, in the tale; and the illustrations, which are of the "outline" variety, are admirable.

We are glad to see that a second and enlarged edition has been issued of *The Man of the Woods, and other Poems* (Black, Edinburgh), by William McDowall, author of, perhaps, the best and fullest local history that Scotland has produced. Mr. McDowall is no pretentious poet, and this volume is essentially composed of pieces written in the leisure of a busy life. Yet the longer poems, such as *The Man of the Woods* and *The Martyr of Erromanga*, are full of tenderness, love of nature, patriotism, and an unaffected piety, with just that *soupçon* of the old Covenanting spirit that is required to make the charm of the whole firm and good. We confess, however, that we like Mr. McDowall best, as, indeed, we like all Scotch poets, from the days of Burns onwards, when he writes in the Scotch language, as in his hearty and homely *Ingleside Entertainment*. Some of his renderings of Border and other stories and legends are very happy, being written in a direct and simple style. Mr. McDowall has now done his very best to immortalise his native Dumfries and its vicinity, both in prose and verse.

Sixes and Sevens, written by F. E. Weatherly, and illustrated by Jane M. Dealy (Hildesheimer and Faulkner), is one of the prettiest of the many pretty books for children that have passed through our hands this season. The verses are very amusing and flow smoothly, and the humour of them is not above the comprehension of children. The illustrations, especially the representations of animals, are equal to the verses. There is a philosophic cat, however, whose breadth of back suggests the idea of two stout kittens rolled into one.

It is hardly possible to criticise a book at once so handsome and so matter-of-fact as *An Account of Some of the Incised and Sepulchral Slabs of North-West Somersetshire.* By R. W. Paul. (Provost and Co.)—The paper and type are of the best, the descriptive letterpress is to the point, and the sometimes startling realism of the plates does the highest credit to Mr. Paul.

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the *Bibliographer*, which opens with an illustrated article on "Lambeth Palace Library."—The *Antiquary*, an interesting number.—No. 1 of *Amateur Mechanics.* (Trübner.)—The *Princetown Review*, which has now reached its fifty-ninth year.—The *Continent.*

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Alirabi, or the Banks and Bankers of the Nile, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	7/6
Amos (S.), Science of Politics, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5/0
Banks (G. L.), The Watchmaker's Daughter, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/6
Bayard (Chevalier), History of, illustrated, royal 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	21/0
Buchanan (R.), Martyrdom of Madeline, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Chatrian (E.), La Guerre, 12mo	(Cambridge Press)	3/0
Conran (J. S.), Cloan Money, cr 8vo	(Jarrold)	2/0
Crow (A. H.), Highways and Byeways in Japan, cr 8vo	(Low)	8/6
Gilbert (W.), James Duke, Costermonger, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2/0
Grant (P. W.), The Great Memorial Name, cr 8vo	(Hodder)	6/0
Gricsenger (T.), The Jesuits, 2 vols. 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	24/0
Hildebrand (H.), Industrial Arts of Scandinavia, cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	2/6
King (E.), The Gentle Savage, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co)	6/0
Knight, Annotated Model Bye-laws of Local Government Board	(Knight)	8/6
Lanier (S.), The Boy's Percy, cr 8vo	(Low)	7/6
Lessing, Nathan the Wise, translated by E. K. Corbett	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6/0
Lovibond (T. W.), Brewing, 12mo	(Spon)	5/0
Max Müller (F.), India: What Can It Teach Us? 8vo	(Longman)	12/6
Owen (H.), Municipal Corporations Act, 8vo	(Knight)	12/6
Perry (J.), Practical Mechanics, 12mo	(Cassell & Co.)	3/6
Prescott (G. F.), Lectures on the Lord's Prayer, cr 8vo	(W. W. Gardner)	1/6
Pressensé (E.), Study of Origins, cr 8vo	(Hodder)	9/0
Price (A), Who is Sylvia? 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Maxwell)	31/6
Richter (J. P.), Italian Art in the National Gallery, 4to	(Low & Co.)	42/0
Smith (G.), The Geography of British India, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	7/6
Vaughan (H.), Sacred Poems, 12mo	(Bell)	5/0
Vibart (H. M.), Military History of Madras Engineers, Vol. 2	(W. H. Allen)	32/0
Witt (C.), Myths of Hellas, cr 8vo	(Longman)	3/6
Woodberry (G. E.), The History of Wood Engraving, roy 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	18/0
Worsaae (J. A.), The Industrial Arts of Denmark, cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	3/6

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It is our intention occasionally to issue gratis with the Spectator **Special Literary Supplements,** *the outside pages of which will be devoted to Advertisements. The Fourth of these Supplements will be issued with the* Spectator *for February 17th; and Advertisements for it should reach the Publishing Office not later than noon on the Wednesday preceding that date.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE "crisis" in France still continues, but is a little less acute. The Chamber on Tuesday appointed the Committee to consider the Bills proscribing Princes, and elected six friends of M. Floquet's proposal to four who will support M. Duclerc's. The votes on the selection show, it is said, 177 for the Floquet proposal, 160 for the Duclerc proposal, and 66 against any legislation, but that leaves more than a hundred Deputies unaccounted for. The Ministers have met the Committee repeatedly, and have suggested several compromises, but the Committee have finally reported a Bill proposing that the Princes and their wives and children be expelled—the words "descendants" of reigning families being changed into "members"—prohibiting them from entering or remaining in the French Army, and rendering them liable, if they return, to five years' imprisonment, with exile afterwards. The Government will resist this monstrous Bill, but the action of the Chamber is very doubtful. According to all reports, the Gambettists will vote for it, and thus throw the responsibility upon the Senate; but the consequences would be so serious, that reason may return before Monday evening, when it is believed the vote will be taken. It is not impossible that the President, dreading a Floquet-Clémenceau Ministry, may announce that he will ask the Senate for a dissolution, and the idea of a dissolution without M. Gambetta will influence many votes. Upon the whole, we should say there was still hope of a compromise, though it will be one which will compel the Princes either to leave France, or to remain at the mercy of any accidental motion. The Government, which has been weak all through, cannot last.

The French Government has not proposed to prohibit the exhibition of religious emblems. The statement was either an invention of the *Times'* Correspondent in Paris, or an illustration of his careless credulity. He did not, it will be remembered, give the statement on Friday last as a report, but as a fact, and in words which suggested that he was writing a *précis* of the Bill, to which he added nearly a column of reflections upon its consequences. He now states that the intention of the Government is only to prohibit seditious emblems, and coolly adds that the difference between "seditious" and "religious" is a mere matter of "detail." He might as well say that the difference between sedition and religion is a mere matter of detail. As he is now engaged in declaring that M. Jules Ferry, who passed the law prohibiting the clergy from teaching in schools, is the only man who can save the Republic, his queer apology probably represents his real opinion, namely, that nothing is of any importance at all, and that shades of nothingness must be insignificant details. That is bad blundering in the authority on French affairs who is always first read.

Lord Hartington made a remarkable speech to his Lancashire constituents at Bacup yesterday week, on the general character and tone of which—especially in its relation to the Irish policy of the Government—we have commented elsewhere. Here, it may be added that Lord Hartington expressly admitted that he had kept aloof as far as possible from Irish affairs, partly because he could not refer to them without extreme pain in reflecting on the terrible fate of the brother whom he had lost; partly because he had the utmost confidence in those to whom the Irish policy was specially entrusted,—Lord Spencer, Mr. Trevelyan, Sir William Harcourt, and, most of all, Mr. Gladstone. He added, with an emphasis which we regret, and which we regard as the only error in a very powerful and effective speech, that it would be madness to extend local self-government in Ireland, "unless we can receive from the representatives of the Irish people some assurance that this boon would not be misused for the purposes of agitation, and for the purpose of weakening the authority and the power of Government." That we consider a mistake. If better local self-government be admittedly one of the main conditions of social progress in Ireland, we hardly have the right to refuse it because we fear that it may be abused for political ends. The system of Parliamentary representation is undoubtedly so abused in Ireland; but are we going to abolish that, in our fear of the abuses to which it is turned? Unless we can frankly reform real Irish grievances, we can hardly make good the assertion of our best statesmen that Irishmen might, if they pleased, have as good a position in the Empire as either Englishmen or Scotchmen.

Lord Hartington, in the same speech, expressed a strong opinion that the present Parliament could deal, and ought to deal, with the questions between landlords and tenants. He gave no hint of the method to be pursued, but significantly said that public opinion was now ripe, and that an agreement could be effected and condensed into a law,—a remark which will be pondered by the tenantry all through the country. They will not forget that Lord Hartington is not Mr. Chamberlain, but one of the very greatest landlords. On the following day, speaking at Darwen, he announced that it was now quite possible to deal with the licensing laws. The people were diminishing their consumption of drink, the revenue from alcohol which, allowing for the increase of population, should have been £34,000,000, having sunk to £28,000,000; and they should be aided by the Legislature. The method of aid, he hinted, would be to enable the Magistrates to refuse either to grant or to renew licences, whenever the County Boards, soon to be created, intimated their opinion that the number was excessive. In cases of refusal to renew, he thought there should be compensation. That seems a reasonable and moderate plan, but there remains the question, still unsettled by statistics, whether drinking does vary in proportion to the number of drinking-shops. The old drinking in farm-houses, which was all done at home, was quite as heavy as the drinking now.

Lord Hartington, in the first speech at Bacup, told the Conservatives plainly that they would never come back to power till they had made up their minds whether or not they were going to be Conservatives or Tory Democrats. While they vacillate between the two, they will never win the confidence of a people who see that the two are utterly inconsistent with each other. There is no more identity, says Lord Hartington, between

...tism and the new Imperialist democracy, than ... Liberalism and Conservatism, and till the Tory ...-ine which doctrine they will preach and which ...l, they will speak two different voices, and be heard ...g two quite different creeds. And, of course, a party ... is divided against itself will not convert the country.

Mr. Goschen spoke at Ripon on Monday, assuming the position of an independent supporter of the Government, and warmly defending their Egyptian policy, and their policy in proposing the reform of Procedure in the Commons. He protested with some warmth against the notion that a politician in his position is always desiring to trip up the Government, because on one point he cannot vote with it; and declared that, in his opinion, the Government had acted abroad with great wisdom and vigour in a position of much difficulty. On the subject of Ireland, he echoed Lord Hartington's warning against any concession to the demand for Home-rule. The Irish should be made to understand that the unity of the Empire is not to be broken up, and that no party can be found in England and Scotland to concede Home-rule, or to concede what may ultimately be construed to involve Home-rule. He warned the country against "drifting" into Home-rule through despair of any other settlement. Mr. Goschen declared himself still hostile to the extension of the household franchise to the counties, but professed his willingness, in case Ripon should wish to be represented by a representative favourable to that measure, to resign his seat as soon as the Franchise Bill is brought in,—a tolerably safe, though, we believe, a thoroughly sincere offer. Ripon is not fanatical about the county franchise, especially as Lord Ripon probably cares very little about it.

Mr. Forster delivered a very important speech to the Leeds Liberal Club on Thursday, the drift of which was that he desired to see a strong Redistribution Bill, and not a mild one; that he inclined to a very considerable step in the direction of equalising electoral districts; that, if some protection for minorities were needed, he would rather see it given in the shape of dividing constituencies into smaller sections, and giving one Member only to each section,—no voter having more than one vote,—than in the direction of any more complex scheme for the representation of minorities; and that he is more and more convinced, the longer he lives, of the soundness of Liberal principles, and the safeness of fully working them out. Mr. Forster was not much disposed to take the value of property separately into account, in considering the question of redistribution; and he was not much disposed to take special indirect representation, such as it is said that London enjoys in Parliament, into account. He would base the redistribution mostly, if not entirely, on numbers.

On the subject of reform in Ireland, Mr. Forster declared for applying precisely the same principles to Ireland as are applied to England; and rather for delaying an Irish Reform Bill, in case Ireland should seem to be still in a state of political fermentation at the time when it becomes necessary to pass the Bill for Great Britain, than for giving to Ireland anything less than we give to England and Scotland. As regards County Government, if we understand Mr. Forster rightly, he thinks Lord Hartington wrong in proposing to delay bestowing on Ireland any municipal developments that we may give to this island,—any local institutions which would decentralise the Government,—a change much more needful in Ireland than it is even in England. Only, he would not hand over to municipal bodies in Ireland the control of the police, which he evidently doubts the wisdom of handing over to local bodies, either in this country, or anywhere else.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone made a good speech at Leeds on Friday week, in which he gave the following cheering figures, to prove the operativeness of the Irish Land Act and Arrears Act:—"Up to January 13th, the total number of notices to fix fair rents received were 88,744; the number of cases disposed of in court—contentious cases—27,449; the number of agreements out of Court—non-contentious cases—amounted to 24,462. In November last, 3,000 contentious cases were settled in Court; under the new constitution of Sub-Commission it was expected that not less than 4,500 cases would be settled monthly, and the number of non-contentious cases, or agreements made out of Court, were over 3,000 per month, and were increasing. Very soon it was expected by the authorities that they would be fixed in Court at 8,000 monthly. These figures showed that most of the work in connection with the Land Act had been got through, and that the tenants in Ireland had availed themselves largely of the Act; and also the large number of cases settled out of Court, showed clearly that the landlords had taken the course of meeting their tenants half-way, and settling the cases out of Court. With regard to the Arrears Act, the total number of applications received under the Arrears Act up to January 13th amounted to 86,085, the number of holdings comprised amounted to 185,385, the estimate of the money involved in these applications amounted to £806,000, and the total number of applications which had now been investigated amounted to 18,000. These figures showed that the Arrears Act was working well, and that the authorities were losing no time in getting through the cases." Taking these figures with those which Mr. Herbert Gladstone quoted to show the rapid diminution of crime in Ireland, we may conclude that, however strong the Irish hatred of the Union may be, the Irish are content with the new Land and Arrears Acts, and are settling down under them into comparative social tranquillity.

The Judges of the Queen's Bench, Ireland, delivered judgment in the cases of Mr. Healy, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. Quinn on Wednesday. The Crown accused these persons of language inciting to sedition, and argued that the Court was bound to require securities for their good behaviour. Nobody suggests, least of all the accused, that the language used did not incite to sedition,—Mr. Davitt threatening insurrection, Mr. Healy calling the Government of Ireland "an organisation of pirates and brigands," and Mr. Quinn declaring that those imprisoned under the Coercion Act "went in reformers, but came out rebels." The jurisdiction of the Court was questioned, but the Judges held that it had always existed, and adjudged the first two defendants to give personal security for £1,000 each, and other security for the same sum, or to be imprisoned in default for six months; and Mr. Quinn to find half those amounts. They are allowed a week to decide upon their course, but according to the *Freeman's Journal*, their decision is taken. They have decided to go to prison. We shall, therefore, hear all through next Session that Mr. Trevelyan is worse than Mr. Forster, that Lord Spencer is a "minion of a degrading tyranny," and that the Judges—the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Lawson, and Mr. Justice Barry—ought to be impeached.

Cetewayo has arrived at Ulundi, and, therefore, may be considered fully restored. The correspondents contradict one another with the directness only observed in South-African despatches, but the balance of evidence is in favour of the belief that the Zulus generally are pleased, though puzzled; that one or two chiefs, notably Usibepu, are frightened to death; that the King is sulky at the cession of the Reserve, which is, apparently, to be called Dunnsland, but that there is no present danger of his disregarding the Resident. No change has been made in the agreement signed while he was here, but it might have been as well to leave him without a Resident. We shall not want the responsibility for Cetewayo's acts, and if he disobeys the Resident, we shall only withdraw that officer, and not invade Zululand again.

The American Congress, being anxious to get rid of the surplus in the Treasury, is making a bold attempt to revive the American shipping trade, ruined by British competition and the Protective laws. The House of Representatives has passed a Bill granting to American shipbuilders a direct bounty "equal to the duties leviable upon all the imported materials used in a ship," a grant which will prove, it is believed, very heavy. Moreover, any American purchasing a steel or iron ship abroad of more than 1,500 tons register may bring her into an American port duty free, and she will be regarded as an American-built ship, except as to bounty, and except as to coasting trade. All Consular duties, moreover, are abolished as against American ships, and some restrictive laws as to the payment of the men are swept away. The effect of this Bill, if it passes the Senate, will, it is believed in New York, be to revive the American carrying trade, without reviving American shipbuilding. The merchants will find it cheaper to import free steel ships from the Clyde. It is doubtful, indeed, whether even the former end will be secured, as the British shipping trade is firmly organised; and it is not quite certain that the loss of the American trade is due wholly to Protection, and not to the extinction of the class formerly devoted to it. In any case, the law can make no difference to the British, who

can build and register ships in American ports, if that pays, just as well as in English.

The discovery on the Thursday of last week of the body of a girl, probably of thirteen years of age, in a starch-box which had been sent as long ago as the 11th December last, through Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Company, carriers, to 32 Abbey Road, for delivery to a person—named as Miss Greeu—not kuown there, and which had consequently remaiued iu the custody of the carriers, till the body began to decompose, and so attracted attentiou to the contents of the box, has giveu rise to an inquiry which has not as yet produced any clue to the poor victim's origin. It was at first thought, from the condition of the child's teeth, that she had belonged to the upper classes, and had had four teeth carefully removed by a dentist to give room for the full development of the jaws; but this, it appears, is a mistake, the gaps beiug due to the late development of the missing teeth, aud not to extractions. Nothing is kuown of the persons who delivered the box to the carriers, except that there were two of them, both men, one of whom came in to book the parcel, while the other only helped to carry it to the door of the receiving-house, 156 Cambridge Street, Bethnal Green. It seems probable that the child was either starved, or poisoned slowly by some poison causing extreme emaciation, and the body had been so doubled up that it had been forced into a box apparently quite incapable of containing it. There was some indication in the state of the brain of the child's having been an imbecile. From the use of the starch-box, and of a brewer's label for the direction, it would seem likely that the child belonged to some tradesman in East London.

The curious case of poisoning by oil of bitter almonds at West Malling resulted on Wednesday in a verdict by the Coroner's jury of manslaughter against Mr. Timins, the clergyman who administered the teaspoonful of oil from which, as it is alleged, Sarah Ann Wright died. Neither of the doctors employed in the investigation seems to have had any doubt as to the cause of death, and both of them declare their disbelief that Mr. Timins did, as alleged, swallow a teaspoonful of the same oil himself, the result of which must have been, as they say, his own death also. The curious thing is that Mr. Timins, a clergyman of sixty-nine, for thirty years Vicar of West Malling, and of unblemished character, himself asserted that he had swallowed this teaspoonful, and that the mother of the dead girl,—a hostile witness,—gave it in evidence that she saw him take a teaspoonful from the same bottle as that from which he had previously given the dose to her daughter. The Coroner's jury, while returning the verdict of manslaughter against Mr. Timins, expressly declared their belief that he had administered the poison with no evil intent.

Mallow election has gone for the Home-ruler by an immense majority, Mr. Naish, the Solicitor-General, having polled only 89 votes, against 161 given for Mr. William O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*. Mr. Sexton, in congratulating the electors, used the usual florid and exaggerated language of the party,—"Never, within his knowledge, had any Irish town so suddenly leaped from the depths of shame, to the pinnacle of glory." It is a leap, certainly, and a leap in the dark,—for the change was made under the protection of the ballot,—but the question whether the leap in the dark has issued in glory, will be differently answered by different people. For our own parts, we should say that if Mallow has leaped up on to a pinnacle at all, it is a pinnacle rather of temptation than of glory, and that the tempter will probably have his own way. It is clear that outside Ulster at all events, the Government make no progress at all—make a regress, rather—in the favour of Irish voters. The Conservatives must in general either have abstained, or voted for Mr. O'Brien.

Gustave Doré, the well-known artist, died iu Paris on the 23rd iust. He was a singular example of a French artist who, though thoroughly French in spirit, found appreciation principally in England. His pictures, despised in Paris, were admired in London, where their scenic treatment of sacred subjects attracted the middle-class, and his illustrations made gigantic volumes like the three of Dante's trilogy popular in England. As an illustrator of books, Doré was very unequal, being sometimes original, more often *maniéré* aud stagey to the last degree; but he was genuine in one direction, his love for the weird, which woke up some latent sympathy in British minds. His greatest success was "The Wand in which he rose occasionally to the concep awful; while his greatest failure was the Bibl plicity of which he did not understand. His re of the levelling horror the Flood must have caused—a mother grasping the paw of a tiger perched on a rock, in order to heave her child higher out of the water—is, however, singularly powerful. He made great sums out of his English patrons, which he expended in building houses of the kind which Alnaschar, the elder Dumas, and Edgar Poe imagined.

The *Times* defends the great aggregations of land in single hands iu England, by saying, on the authority of Mr. West, our Minister at Washington, that greater aggregations exist in the United States. There it has been a custom to encourage long railway lines, by voting to the Companies the property-right in every alternate block of public land along the proposed route. Many railroads thus own land on a colossal scale, the "estate" of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, for example, being nearly 50,000,000 acres, and the Northern Pacific 42,000,000, and the Union Pacific 12,000,000. The railroads, of course, stick out for prices; and the settlers sometimes complain that with immense tracts of wild land left in wilderness, land is unprocurable. The system of grants may be bad, though without it the railways could not have been built; but the *Times* forgets entirely the most material fact. The English noble keeps his land, the American company sells it. It never attempts to cultivate or let, but sells, being anxious only to secure that increment of value which its own enterprise has conferred. The *Times* has only to support Bills abolishing entail and settlement, and making land as saleable as Consols, without long deeds or wearisome formalities, to remove the greatest objection to the aggregation of land iu England. The spendthrift heir will disperse his estate soon enough, if only he is allowed, and there will be fifty yeomen, in place of the great landlord. They will not prosper? Possibly not; but they will have happy lives, doff caps to no one, and enjoy, as citizens cannot, whatever personalty they acquire.

The *Times* gives some curious statistics of the Quaker body, or, as they call themselves, "The Society of Friends." They are now reduced to 17,977 members, or probably 7,000 families, a majority of whom, we believe, reside in Ireland, and 5,700 regular attendants who are not in full membership. They seat ten Members in the House of Commons, besides being represented by six or seven ex-Members, the best known of whom is Mr. W. E. Forster; and according to the *Times*, "the Society includes one baronet, Sir J. W. Pease," and one knight, Sir J. Barrington. Are they regular members? A baronet might be, because he would inherit his title, and could hardly be expelled for circumstances of birth; but a knighthood must be taken, and considering the testimony borne by the Society against "man-worship," is an inconsistent absurdity. We have Pagan knights and Mussulman knights in dozens, and probably knights who believe nothing, but a Quaker knight seems a contradiction in terms.

Miss Ada Leigh, of whose remarkable work in Paris we gave some account in our issue of December 23rd last, writes to yesterday's *Times* to record the terrible fact that *infant* suicide in France has actually destroyed twice as many children's lives in four years as her orphanage contrived to save in eight years,—that is, that the energy thrown into infant suicide has been more than four times as productive of result as that of the charity of which she disposes. One hundred and ninety-eight boys and forty girls under the age of fifteen, she tells us, destroyed themselves in four years; and of these, 200 were over twelve years of age, twenty-one between twelve and ten, four over ten years, six below nine, and one was only seven. Surely, in no other country except France does not merely despair, but that impatient intolerance of misery which cuts its way out of life rather than await the end, invade the minds of such babies as these. French children must be premature, as well as most miserable, when they have recourse to suicide; they must have learned to believe that death is a remedy, and that they cannot or may not depend on the kindness of the living, before the age at which most English children have been made acquainted with either belief.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 102⅛ to 102¼.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE PANIC IN PARIS.

THE Liberal politicians of France—for it is not the people which is in motion, and the Reactionaries are only defending themselves—present just now a lamentable spectacle. They are all, without an exception, so far as we can see, during a considerable crisis, obeying some of the least worthy of human impulses. Those who are in power are trembling under their responsibilities, and those who are out of power are either yielding to panic, or to jealousies of the feeblest and most ignoble kind. The Ministers, though they made the mistake of arresting Prince Napoleon, probably without legal warrant, for publishing his opinions on the walls, instead of through a newspaper, are obviously disinclined to go farther, think a proscription of Princes most unwise, and believe confiscation of their commissions, which are in France declared by written law to be the "property" of their holders, positively unjust. They are, however, so desirous of keeping their places, or so afraid of producing agitation, that they hesitate to say this openly, and resign, if they are defeated; but keep on suggesting all manner of compromises, no one of which is based on any principle of justice or any constitutional precedent. The latest out of a dozen is that the Government shall be invested with the power of expulsion,—the effect of which will be constant motions to compel them to use the power; and that they shall introduce a Bill authorising them to place regimental officers *en disponibilité,* or as we say, on half-pay,—the result of which will be that any Pretender who obtains power for six weeks may legally weed all Republican officers out of the Army. No device could be better calculated to turn the Army into a political caste, devoted, not to the country, but to a leader of special political opinions. While offering or hinting at these terms, the Ministry confess that they are perfectly unnecessary. M. de Faillières, the Minister of the Interior, with reports from all the Departments before him, states positively that there are no plots on foot, no gatherings of conspirators, no signs of disorder anywhere. The Minister of War, General Billot, a sincere Republican, admitted to be a good organiser, affirms that the Army is tranquil, that the Princes do their duty, and that all he has to complain of is that the Duc de Chartres took one day's leave without leave—an offence deserving a week's arrest—and that the Duc d'Aumale's comrades call him "Monseigneur," which implies just as much obedience as the courteous English habit of describing Madame Eugénie Bonaparte as "the Empress Eugénie." Indeed, it implies less, for the Duc d'Aumale, as Prince of a House still reigning, is "Monseigneur" by a European courtesy. M. Duclerc himself affirms that there is nothing to fear, and all non-official evidence points in the same direction. Nevertheless, the Government, according to all reports, intends to propose some radically unjust compromise, and will neither encounter the majority boldly, nor ask the Senate for a dissolution. Indeed, it is not impossible that the Ministry may bolt out of the business altogether, and resign before a vote has been taken, thus depriving themselves of the power of making even an effective protest. That is not the conduct of men worthy to govern, or competent to do it.

On the other hand, the politicians out of power appear to be, as the Scotch say, "left to themselves," given up either to unreasoning fears or morbid jealousies. It is believed that the Opportunists, part of the Pure Left, and all the Extremists have united, and are determined that the Princes shall be expelled both from the Army and the State. They possess, when united, a clear majority of a hundred, and the belief in their determination is supported as yet by all known facts. The Chamber has elected a Committee to consider the matter which has determined on expulsion, and that Committee, after electing as Chairman M. Marcou, who says openly that the Athenians were right, and that the only wise course for a Republic is to ostracise powerful citizens, has adopted by six votes to four a Bill of three clauses, of which the first expels all *members* of families formerly reigning—the italicised word is levelled at the Empress Eugénie—the second deprives them of political rights and excludes them from the Army; and the third renders them liable, if they return, to be sentenced by the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction to five years' imprisonment, to be followed by permanent exile. This Bill, which, as against men who have been amnestied by law, women like the Princess Clotilde, who have done nothing, and lads like Prince Victor, still at school, is positively monstrous in its injustice, will, it is firmly believed, be passed by the Chamber, and rejected by the Senate, which must then either dissolve, or become the object of a furious attack, in which it will go down. Of course, it is said, the Chamber will be dissolved, the parties will fight over the Bill with unexampled fury, and France will be plunged into a veiled civil war. For what? The leaders of the majority absolutely assign no reason, except that the deference paid to the Princes constitutes an infraction of equality and a political danger. An infraction of equality it may be, but then so is the deference paid to a Cardinal, to a millionaire, to a man like Gambetta; to Victor Hugo, who is always proclaiming; to any one whose history, or fortune, or ability, or character, elevates him above the mass. Is everybody to be ostracised who wields influence, and does not happen to be a Senator or a Deputy? As to the political danger, it does not, as we believe, exist; for the peasantry have not changed, and the French Army has never yet pronounced without orders from legal superiors or a certainty that it was unanimous. When it struck for Louis Napoleon, he was legal Commander-in-Chief, and even Marshal MacMahon shrank from a struggle which, as he said, would extend to every barrack. When, moreover, has the Army ever followed a General who is not in command and has not won a pitched battle, and where is there such a General hostile to the Republic? The panic seems to outsiders unreasoning; but grant that they are ill-informed, grant that the officers are disaffected, and that a military *coup d'état* is at hand, and where is the sense of this Bill? If a General is to lead a revolt, he must lead it either in his own name, or in that of a Pretender. In the former case, the Bill is inoperative, for no General *quâ* General is expelled; and in the latter, the French General Monk can bring back his nominee within twelve hours. M. Madier de Montjau, an extravagant Extremist, says this never happens; but the most successful Restoration ever carried out was decreed in the name of a Prince living abroad in poverty, by a General who, it is quite possible, had never seen him, amid a people utterly ignorant of his nominee's character. The best help a Prince in France can possibly obtain is exemption from the Parisian microscope, which has been so fatal to Prince Napoleon; and Prince Victor, in particular, will be three times as powerful in London or Rome as in the Parisian salons. Even admitting, what we greatly doubt, that there is one Prince who is a popular General and full of disaffection, that is only an excuse for a Bill against the Duc d'Aumale, whom the Minister of War, as General Billot pointed out, if he sees the smallest ground for suspicion, can, under the military law, place in close arrest within a fortress for months at a time, without assigning a reason. What power does the Bill give which the Republican Government does not already possess?

It is, of course, conceivable that the Chamber, once face to face with its own vote, or threatened with dissolution, may on Monday accept some Ministerial compromise, and that affairs may drift on a little longer; but who can confide in a Chamber capable of such panics, and so divided into groups that no Government can obtain a foothold? We do not believe, as some of our contemporaries do, that France "is yearning for a saviour sword," for the peasantry know well that the swordsman would sooner or later proclaim war; but we do believe that Frenchmen are timid, that they expect Governments to govern, and that in the absence of Governments they suspect the Constitution of imperfection. They do not object to be governed by the Chamber—that was shown on Gambetta's fall—but then, the Chamber must accept the responsibilities of sovereignty, and not quiver with fear at every breath of faction in a style which would deprive a monarch of all respect. We do not believe that the Republic is in danger, or that the French people will accept any other form of Government; but we do doubt whether, if a strong Ministry cannot be formed, or if the Chamber will not acknowledge any leader able to guide a Ministry, the revision of the Constitution will not be speedily at hand. Under the present one all the substantive power is deposited in the people; yet the Government can neither obtain permanent support nor distinct guidance from the Representatives, nor consult the people themselves, who again only elect Deputies at long intervals. The Chamber, virtually irresponsible, except after years of delay, degenerates into a public meeting, and during the most dangerous crises, no Minister, or orator, or wirepuller can tell what decision will leap from the urns. The death of M. Gambetta has deprived the Republicans of the only man who could unite them, and unless he can be speedily replaced,

Constitutional revision, with all its dangers, its bitternesses, and its disturbances to the course of affairs, will become inevitable. Apart from its radical injustice, which alienates all right-thinking men, a policy of proscriptions splits a country into irreconcilable factions, each of which in turn uses the same weapons, till the headless parties fall into enduring anarchy. Republicanism is the most dignified form of human government, and in theory the best; but Mexico is a Republic, as well as the United States.

LORD HARTINGTON'S POLITICAL TONE.

LORD HARTINGTON'S speeches have very marked characteristics. For one thing, he has a positive scorn for making things appear better than they are; and not only so, but he seems to be fully aware that the English people share that scorn, and that they only respect a Government the more for admitting to the full all the failures they have made, so long as they can show that these failures have not been due to any want of fidelity and zeal and good-sense on the part of Ministers in dealing with their obvious duties. It is perfectly true, says Lord Hartington, at Bacup, that when the Government took office, the last thing they expected or desired was to have to give up all their energies to new Irish legislation. It is perfectly true that the furthest thing from their imagination was that they might have to wage war in Egypt. It is perfectly true, again, that they have actually been engaged much more in combating difficulties in Ireland and Egypt, than in settling any of the issues they placed before the country during the General Election of 1880. But what then? No Government can control events. The duty of all Governments is to deal in the best way they can with events as they arise. The country would be legitimately indignant if the Government ignored the actual emergencies with which it has to deal, in order to fulfil pledges which are not half so urgent as the actual emergencies of the moment. What the country desires is to have a Government it can trust, dealing on principles which the people approve with the duties which have the first claim on the Administration. And if it happens that these duties are quite distinct from those which it anticipated when it came into power, that will not be counted to the discredit of the Government, unless it be due in any way to its own default that its anticipations have been disappointed, and its energies turned out of their natural channel. Any Government may be unable even to attempt the work which it intended to do, and may be obliged to devote its whole force to work it had never for a moment contemplated; but if under these adverse circumstances, it puts its shoulder to the wheel, and struggles manfully against its difficulties, the country will judge it not by its unrealised hopes, but by its actual deeds.

Again, Lord Hartington not only does not apologise for that which needs no apology, namely, inadequate foresight on the part of the Liberal Administration, but he makes the country see vividly the true "logic of facts" which forced the Government off its intended path on to its new path, and that it was no spontaneous voyage in search of heroic legislation which led to this result. How did the necessity for undertaking the new Irish legislation, he asks, arise? Not from any superfluity of adventurous enterprise on the part of the Government, but from the most humble of their duties. The Irish landlords came to them, and asked them practically to collect their rents for them, to apply the machinery of the Government to the duty of enforcing the tenants' obligations, which the landlords avowed themselves wholly unable to enforce for themselves. Of course, the Government could not do that without careful inquiry into the cause of so unusual a condition of things, and they found as the result of that inquiry that it was admitted on all sides, by Liberals and Conservatives alike, that a large proportion of the rents were excessive,—were, indeed, founded on value given to the land by the tenants' own expenditure and labour, and that practically no State could undertake to enforce these obligations successfully, without taking pains first to revise such of them as were radically unjust. This duty was absolutely imposed on the Ministers, was none of their seeking. It was forced upon them by the admitted inability of the landlords to obtain their own rents. It was done in the interest of the landlords, no less than that of the tenants,—in the interest, indeed, of society at large, and of order especially, since no Government could undertake, consistently with public order, to enforce wholesale, a vast number of unjust obligations.

And not only does Lord Hartington refuse to gloss over disagreeable facts, preferring, indeed, to let the logic of events apologise for the commissions and omissions [illegible] sure of events has compelled, not only does [illegible] strongly any attempt to court heroic enterprise up a sturdy and what might be called a rational view of the inheritance of evil in Irish affairs which [illegible] received from our ancestors, and exhorts us not to let [illegible] frank admission of the existence of this heritage of evil relax the strenuousness of our resolve to persist in holding the Empire together. It is all very well to recognise that you cannot annihilate by any effort, however earnest, the fruits of evil sown, in crop after crop, generation after generation, but there is no occasion to let that frank recognition of England's past obduracy, where England ought to have been yielding, relax the fibre of our determination to be obdurate still, where we feel that yielding would be weak and wrong. Lord Hartington is evidently afraid of the daunting effect of the confession that we have been hard to Ireland where we ought to have been just, and thinks that it may persuade us now into being soft to Ireland where the true justice would be hard. It is no good pretext, he says, for being unjust both to Great Britain and to Ireland now, that Great Britain has heretofore been unjust to Ireland through exclusive regard for her own ill-conceived interests. You will not rectify one great error by making as great an error in the opposite direction. Over-penitence, like vaulting ambition, sometimes overleaps itself, and it is, moreover, inexcusable over-penitence, where you have been endeavouring to repair, so far as possible, the sins of a previous generation, to charge yourself with any responsibility for their guilty indifference. Therefore, says Lord Hartington, don't let us dwell too much on the moral view of the matter, if that has any tendency to unstring our determination to resist foolish wishes, in spite of the fact that formerly-oppressed Ireland urges them. And undoubtedly his advice is, on this head, vigorous and manly. We may properly remember that one of the results of misgovernment is not only to blind the eyes of those who are responsible for the misgovernment, but also to blind the eyes of those who suffer from it. The oppressed and their descendants are even more likely to misconceive the relations in which they ought to stand to the oppressors and their descendants, than even the heirs of the oppressors themselves. If the latter have learnt to see the errors of their fathers' ways, they may have emancipated themselves from the twist of mind which caused their father's errors. But the victims of misgovernment are sure to transmit to their posterity a whole crop of fierce illusions which must bias their judgment, and bias it for evil, in all matters affecting their relations to the heirs of the evil-doers. Lord Hartington is right that a redundant self-reproach for what our fathers did, may easily mislead us into weakness almost as mischievous on the one side, as our perverse and cruel tyranny was mischievous on the other side.

All three positions of Lord Hartington's appear to us very characteristic. A statesman who always faces the facts of the case, however unpleasant, and rather prefers to put them in their barest and most unpleasant form, than to gloss them over in any way, will always inspire confidence in England. Again, a statesman who is rather anxious to deprecate the idea of entering voluntarily upon heroic legislation, and who insists on it that the Government did nothing of the kind, but were forced by the commonest principles of common-sense, under the actual circumstances of the Irish case, to try what they could do to render the collection of rents on a large scale a matter of less herculean difficulty, will thereby recommend himself to the homely instincts of the British people. Most of all, a statesman who warns us not to carry our compunction for the sins of our ancestors so far as to let that compunction hurry us into an offence of the exactly opposite kind,—an offence against British instincts, out of deference to Irish instincts,—will command the hearty adhesion of English Liberals. 'Here,' they will say, 'is a man who does not let Liberal sentiment degenerate into weakness,—here is a man who faces the truth, who is not ambitious of great enterprises, who never encourages himself in morbid exaggerations of the scope and drift of former errors, but who just grapples boldly with the problem of the moment, quite indifferent as well to the fact that it is not the problem he had hoped to be grappling with, as to the fact that by his mode of grappling with it, he may be laying himself open to a plausible (though false) imputation of following the evil tradition of an unjust age.'

Such is Lord Hartington; and being what he is, he will, we believe, command the confidence of English Liberals far and near; of many even who find his tone a little less in-

...at of his great leader; perhaps of some who ...etter because it is less inspiriting, because it ...o high, but insists so stiffly on not aiming ...e point to which it can send its shaft home.

THE REVELATIONS IN DUBLIN.

THERE is something in the news of the last few days which is almost appalling to the friends of Ireland. Most of our contemporaries are exulting in the recent revelations in Dublin, because they think that now at last there is a chance that the Assassinating Committee, which all have suspected to exist, will be broken up, that the reign of terror will be ended, and that the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke will be made to expiate their crimes. That those results, if they occur, will be good, is past all question. It is well that such a Committee should be destroyed, well that a demoralising terror should cease, well that intending murderers should distrust all their precautions for secrecy; but we can feel no exultation. If we cannot trust the testimony of the Informers, things are worse than ever, for we are in presence of men who rival Titus Oates; but if, as seems probable, we can trust it, think of what it is that is revealed. The determined efforts made by Englishmen to remove the agrarian trouble of Ireland have affected but a portion of the social difficulty. Outside that embodiment of agrarian passion and unreason, the Land League, stands another League, the so-called Fenian Brotherhood, which is not caring for the peasantry, not intent on reforms, however far-reaching, not moved by concessions, however hard to make, but stimulated only by hostility to the connection with Great Britain. Nothing will satisfy it, except an independence which Britain cannot grant, and which it is perfectly possible that the Irish people, if consulted by a plébiscite, would summarily reject. The Government, therefore, stands face to face, after all its efforts, with a resisting body of opinion which it is impossible to conciliate, with which there is no reasoning, to which no kind of compromise can be so much as offered. It is as if Stephenson had found, after filling Chat Moss, that the Moss itself rested on pillars which, as the weight reached a certain point, also gave way. As if that were not enough, a section of this body—small, it may be, but still formidable—has adopted and, as the informers allege, has carried out, plans in which the wickedness, the utter contempt for the rudimentary principles of morality, as acknowledged by all creeds and nearly all contemners of creeds, is not more apparent than the perversity. According to the informers, who, we must not forget, are not repentant men, but men avowedly under terror for themselves, a Committee exists embedded in the old Fenian body, the body seeking to stir up insurrection, consisting of men who actually believe that the Nihilist policy of assassination may succeed against a Viceroyalty. That men without scruples should conceive it possible to upset a dynasty by successive assassinations is intelligible. Such an event has never occurred in history, and has been baffled even in Russia, where Revolutionists are able to secure not only relays of assassins, but a succession of self-devoted murderers; but that the evil conception should be applied to a delegated Government, perpetually renewable, and sure to be filled up for centuries, if Viceroy after Viceroy and Secretary after Secretary fell under the knife, shows hopeless incapacity to understand the first conditions of the situation. The English people is not one to be daunted by murder, and until it is daunted, it can find men to run that risk, just as it can find Generals for a campaign or leaders for forlorn-hopes. The Government of Ireland is not drawn from a House which cannot be replaced, or even from a caste or a profession which could be thinned down, but from a nation, which would be extirpated before it yielded to a coercion which assailed it not only in its courage and its pride, but in its instinctive moral sense. As for the local Government yielding, it has not the power to yield, even if it were inclined, and even if such attempts did not arouse in governing men, as they nearly always do, a hard anger which makes life seem worthless, if concession is to be made to men who employ murder. We say nothing of the impossibility of the task, of the forces upon the side of Government, of the difficulty revealed in this trial of securing trustworthy agents, of the extraordinary indications of something like Providential interposition, which baffled, time after time, the organised attempts against Mr. Forster, and confine ourselves to the assertion that if he had fallen, and Lord Cowper with him, the revolution would not have advanced one step. He would have been succeeded as Lord F. Cavendish was succeeded, the crime yielding as total result a sad widow and a determination to carry out the strengthening of the law resolved upon before its commission. If Lord Spencer fell, or Mr. Trevelyan, he would be instantly replaced, though this time it might be by soldiers, more accustomed to effective self-defence. The crime considered as a resource—and in so considering it, we try for a moment to step down to the moral level of the alleged Committee—is utterly thrown away. Even the law they hate only grows the stronger, while popular favour declines. Juries begin to convict, evidence begins to flow in, the police begin to be efficient. It is reported that a marked fact in the situation is a change in the popular temper, that for the first time since the Land League started the populace appear willing to help the inquiries of the constituted authorities. Those results were all, more or less, inevitable, and yet the Assassination Committee was formed.

It is this mixture of unreason with hatred and with contempt for the moral law which makes us so despondent as to the results of the efforts which so delight our contemporaries, and which we heartily approve. Reasonably considered, the criminal organisation in Dublin might fairly be held to have received a death-blow. Its managers have not during their reign been very successful. They have been baffled much more often than they have succeeded. They have not paralysed either the officials, or the police, or the Courts. On the contrary, all these have grown more resolute, more intelligent, and more hard. Nor have they attracted the population. On the contrary, there is some evidence that they have shocked them, and that the willingness to give evidence is not all the result of fear. Just as these facts become clear to the Committee, they discover that their organisation has broken down. All the facts, and especially the methods of assassination pursued, point to a strong belief on their part that, whether from fear or favour, or both, they had no treachery to fear, either from accomplices or agents. They used almost needless numbers of men, posting sentries, for instance, to signal their victims' approach. They employed cars, thus burdening themselves with at least one witness who did not take a direct share in the crime. They selected, in Mr. Field's case, frequented streets, and they employed by preference weapons like knives specially sharpened, and sword-sticks which could be recognised as unlike weapons usually sold. They, in fact, trusted their agents, and now they know the trust is vain. That fact of itself should weaken them, as will also the victory, if victory there is, of the law, the visible certainty that the Government know more than they reveal, and the change of feeling in the lowest people. They must be aware that they are in danger, and be preparing for a flight, which will terminate their action, at all events for years. That, we say, is the reasonable view; but then, on the evidence, has reason anything to do with the matter? If a number of men, presumably sane, were found to believe that a Viceroyalty could be overthrown by a few murders, where is the proof that another group will not be found ready to replace them? The wickedness of the idea will be no greater, nor will its unreason be one whit more evident. There will be just as many victims ready for the knife, nor will the effect of their deaths be any different. It is true that, according to precedent, a society of the kind once betrayed and baffled dies, but then such a society has almost invariably had an object which could possibly be attained by the means used. Landlords could be frightened, or tenants coerced, or insurrection promoted. In the present case, the divergence between means and end is so complete, so unintelligible, that the observer feels himself in presence of forces not guided by reason of any kind, and can no more predict a result than he can predict what would happen if the mad were required to come to political decisions. It is possible that with the coming trials, political assassination, in itself a new crime in Ireland, may cease; but it is also possible that it may be entirely unaffected. The conclusions of reason, however probable, are in the face of facts visibly untrustworthy, and all we can say is, that we hope the Government will apply the law firmly and steadily, and that the Law will act, as it usually does, as an irresistible restraining force. But we do not feel, as we should about any country but Ireland, a certainty that it will. That assassination is wicked, is there no reason; that it is foolish, is no reason; that it is hopeless, is no reason. On what, then, are we all so confidently relying? On an effect of terror, which events may prove to be no effect at all? Terror does not stop men from filling up the places of the slain; why should it

stop men from supplying those of the executed or imprisoned? To say there is no motive, is to say nothing, for there never has been any, except a connection between Great Britain and Ireland, which exists to-day as it existed when the Assassination Committee of which the Informers speak was founded.

LORD HARTINGTON ON EGYPT.

THE Government is about to try to rule Egypt through an unacknowledged Resident, who will be called "Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government," who will be the servant of that Government, but who will be supported by the whole strength of British influence. That is the clear meaning of the Egyptian section of Lord Hartington's speeches in Lancashire. After defending, at Darwen, with singular strength and lucidity, the proposition that Europe and England must interfere in Egypt, whether they like it or not, he affirmed and reaffirmed, in a way which there is no mistaking, that the Government reject the idea of annexing or of protecting Egypt, partly because they are determined to adhere to pledges given before they accepted office, partly because they foresee difficulties with their own supporters, and partly because they see reason to believe that an "interested" course might produce a European war. Upon this last point, Lord Hartington was much more emphatic than any Minister has yet been, even alleging that if we had shown any desire to interfere for our own ends in Egypt, we "should have aroused the suspicion and the jealousy, possibly the actual resistance, of *many* of the Powers of Europe." As it is, they trust us, because "whenever a settled and a stable Government has been established in Egypt," the British Army will retire, and British influence will be exercised, not through a Protectorate, but "through the position we have acquired there, and through the authority and position of our diplomatic representative, the Financial Adviser whom we intend to recommend the Egyptian Government to appoint. Although, no doubt, he will be a European—although, no doubt, in present circumstances, he will be an Englishman—he will not be appointed by the British Government, he will not be under the instructions of the British Government, nor will the British Government be responsible for his actions. We shall do our best to advise the Egyptian Government to make a good choice. We say, if he acts—as we believe he will act—for the interest of the Egyptian Government and for the interests of the Egyptian nation, we shall give him all the support which it is in our power to give him through our diplomatic representatives, as we shall support Ministers in Egypt in whom we have confidence. But it will not be his particular duty, and he will not be called upon, to look after and direct British interests only. He will be the servant of the Egyptian Government, acting in the interests of the Egyptian Government and of the Egyptian people." These sentences contain the essence of the scheme, which has never been revealed in such detail before, and which has already been carried out. On Wednesday it was announced—and the announcement is correct, if premature—that the Khedive had appointed Sir Auckland Colvin, the former British Controller, Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, which will consult him upon "every point connected with finance,"—that is, practically upon every point whatever. In that capacity, he will be supported by the British Representative—that is, by the whole power of the British Government—which, at least until the garrison is withdrawn, is irresistible.

We shall not attempt to deny that even from our point of view this is a very able plan. While leaving the Khedive independent, and his Government entirely native, it virtually imposes upon both a British Controller, whose advice, so long as Egypt desires the friendship of Great Britain, must be sought and followed. He can recommend whatever he deems essential to the first condition of sound finance, the good government of Egypt; and his recommendation, so long as British support is indispensable, will in theory be final. Being imbedded in the Egyptian Administration itself, no other diplomatist can enjoy the same position; while as a mere servant of the finances, he will escape all conflict with the European Consuls-General, whose requests, arguments, or menaces will, in fact, be laid before him as ultimate arbiter, who will give the "advice" on which the Egyptian Government will decide. That is in idea an excellent plan, Sir Auckland Colvin being quite capable of understanding hints which are not "instructions," but only remarks, any disregard to which would cost him British support; and if the conditions which Lord Hartington imagines to exist are real, that will work well. In other words, if the Khedive is submissive, and if the Egyptian Ministry are tr[illegible] the Legislative Council is the Ministry over aga[illegible] Army does not mutiny, and if the people do not [illegible] lion, then Egypt will be governed by a highly c[illegible] person, who knows how to secure for a feeble peasantry endurable Administration. Sir Auckland Colvin will be Controller, without interference from any colleague, and is sure to act in the general interest of Europe, of England, and of the Egyptians. That is admirable, and our single complaint is that all these "ifs" are assumed; that nothing, not even Sir Auckland's exemption from dismissal, is guaranteed; and that if Khedive, or Ministers, or Legislature, or Army prove recalcitrant, we must either yield, and give up the people of Egypt to the Pashas, or must send a second Expedition, and a second time arouse all those jealousies and suspicions which, as Lord Hartington clearly believes, might provoke a European war. If, for example, Sir Auckland insists that the revenue shall be collected by European methods, and neither farmed to German Jews, nor exacted by the courbash, and the Ministry say *Non possumus*, or the Legislature refuses the necessary Acts, then the whole work has to be done again, under unknown European circumstances, and with the aggravation that we shall have no legal foothold for interference, our Agent being only a servant of Egypt, whose advice the Egyptian Ministry have a legal right to disregard. Of course, a Convention binding the Khedive to take such advice would give the foothold; but then, is that coming, or is it consistent with the self-government on which Lord Hartington insists?

What is the answer to this objection, which we reiterate with the greatest reluctance, and from a single idea of British duty to the Egyptian people? So far as we can perceive, there is absolutely none, except the optimistic official theory that the Egyptians will do none of these things. That theory is well founded so long as the garrison remains, for no Egyptian will conceive it possible for a Government in military possession not to enforce its wishes; but the garrison is not to stay. It is to go, whenever Egypt is ready; and even if Egypt never is ready, Parliament will not agree to the indefinite detention of a British *corps d'armée*, at British expense, in a country in no way under its own control. When the Army has departed, where is the basis of the theory? Is it the submissiveness of the Khedive? That may not always endure, or if it does, is dependent upon a life which is threatened every day, and may any day come to an end. Any other Mussulman Prince would intrigue with any other Power to obtain support in resisting the Englishman's domination. On the compliance of the Ministry? The Ministry will kick at every turn at proposals which they will think dangerous, either to the Revenue, to their own authority, or to their own and their friends' official profits. They kicked at the Control, and though the Frenchman was, no doubt, imprudent, and pushed "political" argument very far, the steady, persistent pressure of the Englishman will be found equally unendurable. Suppose he asks that the Premier's favourite shall be prosecuted for taking bribes. Is it the Legislature on which Lord Hartington relies? That must be either the Ministry over again, or the Khedive's screen, or an independent body burning with hostility to European ideas. Resistance at some point is inevitable, for Eastern and Western ideas never touch without collision; and whenever resistance occurs, there will be nothing to rely on except British "influence," which may be irresistible or null, according to the political situation. This would be the case in any Oriental country; but in Egypt, where every Consul-General is trying to establish his own ascendancy, where every colony has its own objects, and where every kind of influence can be exchanged for money, the chances of resistance will be much greater. We venture to say that the British Army will not have departed a week, before the dismissal of Sir Auckland Colvin will be the common object of every Consul-General and every foreign trader, or before the cosmopolitan speculators open fire on him in the newspapers of Vienna, Paris, and even London. His first business will be to check plunder, and the first business of every plunderer will be to induce the Ministry to resist the "presumptuous" Englishman. If those endeavours fail, there is the Sultan; and if he fails, there is the Army, which will once more be taught that it is sacrificed to the interests of Infidels.

It is, however, we freely admit, almost too late to argue. Lord Hartington would not have said as much as he has done, if the Government had not decisively made up its mind, and

...ains now is to urge that as much should be ... before the British garrison retires as is humanly ... the Khedive can be induced to agree that Sir ... will not be dismissed without British consent, his ... will not be so precarious; and if the Sultan could be ... induced to appoint him Turkish Commissioner, he would be indefinitely stronger. The triumph or failure of British policy now rests upon his success.

INDEPENDENT LIBERALS.

MR. GOSCHEN, in his speech at Ripon last Monday, made some interesting remarks on the unnecessary cynicism of the political world in criticising the position of ex-Cabinet Ministers who offer the Government an independent support. It is always more or less taken for granted that men in this position, though they offer an independent support, really watch for a suitable opportunity of dangerous attack. "My dear Goschen," said a Ministerialist to him, "it has generally been found that those who are outside the Cabinet in that way become *very* candid friends, and rather severe critics." And no doubt that expresses very fairly the general impression of the outer world, who, justly or unjustly, will impute to the unsuccessful minority of any administrative group, a feeling of soreness, if not grudge, against the majority,—a feeling which, sooner or later, is likely enough to drive them into active hostility. As a matter of fact, this imputation, like other imputations in which society indulge, is often quite unfounded. It would be difficult, we imagine, to find at present more loyal supporters of the Government on every subject except the particular point on which they find it necessary to oppose it, than Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Goschen, and we do not feel sure that we might not add than the Duke of Argyll. We doubt whether any one of the four would feel the least suspicion of pleasure, or, indeed, anything but positive chagrin, in the appearance of any probability that the present Government might be driven from office. Nor is there anything to wonder at in such a condition of things, if it be so. None of these able men can feel that any slight has been done to them by their former colleagues. Mr. Goschen was not included in the Government, for the very excellent reason that he is deliberately opposed to one of the most important measures which the Government are pledged to pass; and so far from depreciating his ability, they have done all in their power, by sending him to Constantinople, and bearing witness to the great service which he did them, to show how highly they value his services. The Duke of Argyll found it impossible to approve the Irish Land Measure of the Government, and separated himself from the present Administration on that question alone. Mr. Forster strongly disapproved setting Mr. Parnell and the Land-leaguers free before they had given some sort of pledge as to the use they would make of their liberty. Mr. Bright was quite unable to sanction the Naval and Military operations in Egypt. There is no sort of discredit attaching to such differences of opinion as these, and no opening, therefore, for the mutual reproaches and recriminations which have sometimes made of Ministerial resignations the cause of great party splits. It is childish to suppose that because an English gentleman cannot support a particular policy which almost all his friends can and do support, he must cherish a petty resentment against all those who decline to be convinced by his arguments, to the point of cherishing the wish to upset them on other issues on which, had he continued in co-operation with them, he would probably have had no fault to find with the policy pursued. It may be quite true, as Mr. Goschen's old friend remarked, that seceders from a Cabinet often are found to be extremely candid friends, and very severe critics. But when that is so, it will usually be found that the seeds of difference had been germinating for a long time before the secessions took place, and had involved a good deal of personal distrust and coolness between the seceders and the Administration which they deserted. When General Peel, Lord Cranborne, and Lord Carnarvon left the late Lord Derby's Administration, because it gave in its adherence to democracy in 1867, doubtless they felt like the true upholders of the Conservative cause against a Government which had betrayed it; and in a case of that kind, it was to be expected, as it actually proved, that the candour would be extreme and the criticism severe. So, too, when a Minister virtually leaves one party for the other, as the late Lord Derby himself did, nearly fifty years ago, on the question of appropriating some of the revenues of the Irish Church to more national purposes, it is natural to expect something more than candour and something more than severity in the attitude assumed towards former colleagues. Mr. Disraeli could hardly be called candid, even in the most unpleasant sense, towards Sir Robert Peel; and to speak of his criticisms as severe would be applying to the most unmeasured denunciation the language appropriate to caustic remark. So, too, when Lord John Russell turned Lord Palmerston out of office for not submitting his despatches to the Queen before sending them off, there was good reason to expect, what actually happened, that Lord Palmerston would take an early opportunity of turning the tables on Lord John Russell. These, however, are cases where the split either involved personal pique, or else involved a positive change of front on either the one side or the other, so that it was hardly possible for those who remained where they were not to accuse those who changed their principles, of something approaching to moral obliquity.

Where there is no question of mutual recriminations of this kind,—and certainly there has been no question of them on any of the matters dividing Mr. Goschen, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright from the present Cabinet,—it is difficult to understand what reason there can be for acrimony, unless on the coarse ground of political jealousy and envy,—the ground suggested in the picture referred to by Mr. Goschen of the starving boy, "out in the cold" himself, and looking in on the jolly Christmas fare which his old companions are sharing within. That politicians on the successful side who do not get office always resent being excluded from it, is, we believe, quite untrue, though we have no doubt that the influence and importance which belong to high office are usually, in spite of the responsibility and labour, more or less enjoyed by those who hold it, and more or less desired by those who do not hold it. Still, reasonable men do not lose their reasonableness simply because they would like to have what they have not got. Mr. Goschen knows perfectly well what the difficulty is which prevents his former colleagues from asking for his co-operation, and is quite content to admit the soundness of the reason; and the same may be said of the actual seceders. Each of them, no doubt, thinks that if his advice had been taken, the Cabinet would be on stronger ground than that on which it now stands; but each is aware that he cannot have the satisfaction both of putting his protest in a public and emphatic form, and also of continuing to co-operate with those who have rejected that protest. This being so, there is nothing left but either to give cordial support to the Government whenever they agree with it, or to gain the reputation of treating a Government from which they have once seriously dissented as so discredited by that dissent as to be quite unworthy of general confidence. That would not be a reasonable or creditable attitude to take up. And it is very much to the credit of the leading Liberals who stand aloof from the Government, that they have never attempted to take it up.

Mr. Forster's speech at Leeds shows him to be as honest and hearty in his general support of the Government from one side, as Mr. Goschen is in his support of it from the other. Mr. Goschen supports it from the point of view of a Liberal who rather distrusts democracy, and does not wish to see democracy more fully developed in this country than it already is. Mr. Forster supports it from the point of view of a Liberal who thoroughly trusts democracy, and who does wish to see democracy more or less fully developed in this country by the next Reform Bill. Here, then, we see, or think we see, where the cleavage between the Government and the Independent Liberals is very likely to increase, but to increase without any sort of discredit either to the Independent Liberals, on the one side, or to the Government, on the other. It may be taken for granted that Mr. Goschen will throw his whole weight into the scale of the most moderate view of Redistribution which can claim any Liberal authority at all. He will obviously adhere to Lord Hartington's view that the principle of Redistribution should not rest on mere numbers; that some regard should be taken, we will suppose, to the value of property held in any represented district; that some regard, too, should be had to *variety* in the kinds of interest represented, the less powerful interests having, for instance, something more than their numerical weight in the scale of representation, and the more powerful interests somewhat less. Doubtless, Mr. Goschen will also take into account *indirect* representation, as, for example, the moral influence of the Capital, and of the Press of the Capital, as a reason for assigning London less than its full numerical share of representatives in the House of Commons; and he will wish to be generous, for the same reason,

in giving distant portions of the country, like Scotland and even Ireland, something more than their exact numerical share of representation. And indeed, generally, Mr. Goschen will deprecate any very extensive changes, and try to keep the redistribution within historical limits. If we understand Mr. Forster aright, he would throw his whole influence into the opposite school, into what may be called the school of the "electoral districts" principle, the school which would separate great cities into wards, and give each ward a single representative, the school which would make light of all considerations derived from the indirect representation of various interests, the school which would hardly even take property into account as a separate factor in considering the redistribution. We may fairly expect, too, that the Duke of Argyll will side in this matter with Mr. Goschen; while Mr. Bright will side probably with Mr. Forster. Here, then, we shall undoubtedly have a line of cleavage likely to widen, rather than to diminish,—but to widen on grounds of principle, and not in the least on those petty personal grounds of grudge to which the suspicions entertained of Independent Liberals so often refer. Mr. Goschen will probably become more Conservative than he would have been, had he been able to join the Cabinet and to take part in its discussions; Mr. Forster will probably become more democratic than he would have been, had he remained in the Cabinet and joined in its discussions. Each will lean more on his own view than he would have done had he remained associated with the responsibility of his colleagues, and each will, in consequence, be often regarded as to some extent influenced in fighting against the Cabinet, by political pique. For our own parts, we do not believe that that will have anything to do with the matter. Pique, when it really causes a break-up of a Cabinet, of course has its influence on the combinations of the future. But when it does not exist at first, we do not think that it springs up afterwards. Doubtless, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster will both go farther in their own direction, when isolated, than they would have gone had they remained under the collective influence of men whom they respected. But that will not be due to the influence of political grudge, but to the very natural effect of isolation in driving a man back upon the principle which has got the control of his own individual thought.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAY STRIKE.

THE attitude of the public towards a workmen's strike is usually determined by considerations with which personal interest has little to do. Occasionally, the consumer may suffer indirectly by an enforced cessation of work, but it is for the most part so slightly and after so long a time, that the prospect does not prevent him from giving his sympathy to the side to which it naturally inclines. If he is greatly impressed with the hard lot of the poor, and with the disadvantage at which the man who has nothing is placed when dealing with the capitalist, he wishes the workmen to win. If he has a strong feeling about the unreasonableness and the scamped work which are unfortunately too common faults with the artizan class, he wishes the masters to win. In no kind of controversy, perhaps, is it rarer to find the public deciding each case on its merits, without reference to previous considerations of this kind. The recent Strike on the Caledonian Railway differs from other strikes, in the very direct interest that the public have in the arrangement ultimately come to. The concessions demanded by the men were concessions which every one who travels by railway would, if he cares for his own safety, wish to see adopted on every line in the kingdom. There is no more fertile cause of accidents on Railways than over-length of hours. The human machine breaks down under undue pressure just as surely as any other machine, and the effects of its breaking-down are in all respects as disastrous. If a signalman or a pointsman has not all his wits about him, what is to ensure that he will not send on a train that he ought to have stopped, or allow a train to remain on the main line that he ought to have passed into a siding? Granting that there is no security under either of these heads except in the self-possession and recollectedness of the Company's servants, what chance is there that they will retain these qualifications in anything like full measure, after fourteen, or eighteen, or even twenty hours of continuous labour? Just none at all. Accidents may not happen, because even the human machine gets at last a kind of automatic action, which stands to it in the stead of judgment exercised on each individual case as it comes before it, but there is always a possibility of their happening. Railway Directors seem to hav
minds to chance this. In order to guarantee
the possibility of being called upon to
hours, they must considerably enlarge th
would often happen that the larger staff wou
pletely employed. The Directors are determine
run the risk of losing money in this way. They
apparently, to run the risk of occasionally losing it in the form of compensations for accidents. Possibly, in the long-run, there is as much lost in one shape as in the other, but it makes all the difference to the public which shape it takes. The thought of Lord Campbell's Act may minister some consolation to a passenger who feels his carriage going over an embankment, or ploughing its way into the side of a cutting; but when the accident is due to the blunder of a signalman who has been in his box for a day and half a night, the traveller would certainly prefer that the Company should have paid more in wages, and less in damages.

We claim no credit, therefore, for the admission that we are exceedingly sorry that in the Strike on the Caledonian Railway it is the men, and not the Directors, that have been beaten. That the men have been beaten there is no doubt at all. Efforts have been made in some of the speeches at their meetings to make out that a compromise has been arranged, but if so, it is a compromise of which the Company gets all the benefit. The proposals finally made by the men, described by their framers themselves as in the nature of a compromise, were three:—A definite promise that all the men should go back to their work, as they left it; a universal, or nearly universal, ten hours' day; and overtime, including Sunday labour, to be paid for at the rate of one hour and a quarter for every hour. These terms appear to us to have been such as the men were quite justified in asking, and such as the Directors ought themselves to have offered, before the men went out on strike. Ten hours a day is quite as much as a man who has the lives of others in his hands ought, as a rule, to work, and the only convenient way of securing that he shall not work more than this is to make it the interest of the Company not to keep him longer employed. The service of a great railway is so fertile in unexpected wants, that it is impossible to lay down an iron rule that every man engaged in it shall work so long, and no longer. Give the men a right to be paid after the ten hours' day is over fifteen pence for every shilling which they could otherwise claim, and you enlist the interest of the Company on the side of reasonable hours. In other trades, men do not, as a rule, work more than ten hours, though if they do, no harm will be done, except to themselves. On Railways, they seem habitually to work very much more, though the harm done may extend at any moment to the passengers in a crowded train. The Directors did not see matters in this light. Their counter-proposals were that the men should be reinstated in the places they had left, so far as this could be done without breaking faith with old servants who had stood by the Company and had been promoted, or with new men who had been engaged to fill vacancies; that ten hours should, where practicable, be made the ordinary working day, provided that the weekly wages be suitably readjusted; and that overtime should, as hitherto, be paid for at the ordinary rate. As regards Sunday duty, the General Manager and the Heads of Departments would confer with the men, and consider what they have to urge. From the point of view which we have taken—that of the public interest—it is evident that this so-called counter-proposal really comes to nothing. The Directors start with the declaration that a universal ten hours' day is impracticable, and they naturally claim to be the judges when it is practicable, and when not. But they refuse to submit to the only sanction which can in any way bind them to make it practicable, because they refuse to make overtime any more costly than ordinary time. That some readjustments may be made in the matter of Sunday duty is quite possible,—that may be only a concession to Scotch feeling about the Sabbath; but with this exception, we see no reason to suppose that the hours of work on the Caledonian Railway will be materially shorter in future than they have been hitherto. That is a result which affords ground for selfish as well as benevolent regret on the part of the travelling public.

In nearly every case except that of Railway Servants, interference with the hours that full-grown men choose to work is as much out of the question as interference with the wages that full-grown men choose to take. In fact, the two cases are really identical. One man may prefer working shorter hours at

another may prefer working longer hours at
but at bottom, it is the amount of wages that
, and unless particular trades are to become
of particular workmen, this must, in the long-
the proportion between the work that has to
nd the number of men qualified and anxious to do
The only exceptions are those in which the interference of Parliament for the protection of women and children has incidentally limited the number of hours for adult males. But where Railway labour is concerned, a very strong case may be made out for legislative action. A railway company undertakes to carry passengers with all reasonable precautions for their safe conveyance. Among these reasonable precautions are certainly included the employment of properly qualified servants; and no servant, however well trained in the first instance, can be held to answer to this description after he has worked more than a reasonable number of hours. Consequently, if Railway Companies do, as a matter of fact, insist on employing them for more than a reasonable number of hours, we know of no reason why they should not be restrained from doing so by Act of Parliament. If it is said that their own self-interest will ensure that they will not over-work their men, the answer is that universal testimony goes to show that they are not restrained by this consideration. The temptation not to have more men on their staff than they are certain of always finding full work for is more than they can resist. It would be much better in every way that the limitation of hours should be effected by the automatic action of a rule about payment for overtime, than by legislation. The interests both of employers and workmen would be better consulted, while those of the public would be sufficiently secured. It is because we think this, that we warn Railway Directors not to reject all proposals for a practical limitation of hours, in the way they have hitherto done. If they do not concede such a limitation willingly, they are exceedingly likely to have it imposed upon them by law. That is not a precedent we are at all anxious to see created, but if Railway Directors do not take care, created it will certainly be.

MURDEROUS FANATICISM.

IS there any decrease in the respect felt by the educated for the sanctity of Human Life? To a good many of our readers, especially those who attend chiefly to English opinion, that question will seem either self-answered, or superfluous. They will say that, of course, there is none, the mental process visible in the world being rather the other way. Every murder creates more, not less, horror among the educated, the aversion to massacre has risen to heights before undreamed of, the cultivated opponents of capital punishment grow more numerous, and the horror of inflicting death even in war begins distinctly to affect politics. Judges often lay little plots to avoid taking circuits when they may have to pass death sentences, politicians avoid threats of inflicting death with a conscious aversion, and denunciations of any waste of human life formerly reserved for the pulpit appear in the most popular papers without exciting any feeling, except sympathy. The evidence seems all to drift one way, yet those who watch the progress of the world, especially out of England, shake their heads, question if the sanctity of human life is increasingly felt, even by the educated, and certainly have some reason to give for the doubt that is in them. Nothing is more striking or more sinister in our days than the kind of temper revealed among the educated in such narratives as the history of the Russian Nihilist trials, the sketches of the Anarchist prosecutions in France, the verbatim reports of mass meetings in Ireland, the letters on the causes of the Socialist émeutes in Vienna. It is a constant feature of those stories that some educated man, often what is technically termed "a gentleman," occasionally a man of impressive or, if we may so misuse words, of gentle character, avows that in theory he goes even beyond the violent, that he sees no objection to dynamite, that he holds the objection to assassination sentimental, that, in fact, he has no respect for human life at all, if it stands in the way of the realisation of his ideas. Only last week, a man, presumably an English gentleman, sent a letter to the *St. James's Gazette* which read to ourselves, at any rate, as if he held this view, under cover of the milder one that the view was intelligible; and we have strong reason to believe that even in England he is not absolutely alone. At all events, on the Continent such persons exist, and in numbers which, if any leading Red would state them, would, we believe, be pronounced by our readers absolutely incredible. The excessive alarm of the Sovereigns is not so foolish as many optimists fancy, nor is the Vatican in its denunciations of Secret Societies moved entirely by its indignation at the breach of Confessional law. There is no reason to doubt, certainly we do not doubt, that all over the Continent respect for life is ceasing to bind an increasing number of educated persons, who, even when they join no Societies, defend, when they are free to speak, Assassination as a weapon natural to the weak, as justifiable in their hands, and as only condemned in its entirety by those who are anxious to prop up existing institutions.

This is a very noteworthy phenomenon, and one which we do not think is quite explained by the usual arguments. The "passion of pity" is often quoted as the explanation, and no doubt such a passion exists; but why, just now, does it rise to such unprecedented heights? There are people oppressed, of course, and the very poor are very miserable, and Utopian ideas are prevalent; but why do these things provoke men to justify assassination more than they did? The world is not more miserable than it was. Governing men are distinctly less oppressive. Institutions, bad and good, have obviously grown weaker. Prince Krapotkine says he saw misery in London, but what would he have thought had he seen London, say, in Hogarth's time, or just before the Corn Laws were swept away? Think of the misery in Manchester before the Factory Acts, or in Staffordshire before female labour was regulated in the mines. As to the Kings, the Emperor Nicholas, whom we all remember, would have met the Nihilists with decrees of execution by the knout; while as to institutions, courts of justice everywhere have grown gentler, the Church is almost inclined to deny the occurrence of *autos da fe*, and armies invade like machines, instead of like murderous mobs. The progress is fearfully slow, but still there is progress. Nor is it certain that the increase of the consciousness of human misery explains the change. We doubt if the consciousness has increased of late, if the modern philanthropists feel more than the old, if they are in that respect so far beyond the French "Sentimentalists" of the Revolution, the American Abolitionists, or the men among ourselves who fought with Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, or Lord Shaftesbury, in his earlier days. And even granting that it is so, why does consciousness take this line, instead of the older one of benevolence and tenderness for life. The recent notion of the pessimist philanthropists was that embodied most fully in the Quakers, and involved a reluctance to take life often unreasonable, a belief in "reformation" often dreamy, a hatred of cruelty which sometimes protected the ill-doer. The tendency of the Utopians forty, thirty, even twenty years ago, was towards woolliness; now, it is towards a steely hardness constantly liable at the slightest friction to emit flame. Is it because religious belief is decaying? That, no doubt, is partly true, for it is impossible to regard the sanctity of life in an animal as equal to the sanctity of life in a human being, and under the Continental form of negation man becomes only a superior animal. You are not killing a creature with a soul. Nevertheless, the old unbelievers did not, as a rule, exhibit this temper. The executions under the Reign of Terror in France were murders in a sense, but still they were murders sanctioned by legal authority. Danton possibly consented to the massacres of September, but no Terrorist, except Marat, ever openly advocated assassination, and the Revolutionaries shrank from him because he did so. The natural impulse of an Atheist is either to deify Humanity, and so raise man-killing into a great crime; or to declare that, as man has but one life, nothing can justify any authority—Utopian Committee included—in depriving him of it. The readiness to sanction assassination as one sanctions a vote, as a mere method of attaining the end sought, is new, and is the most perplexing of all new developments.

We believe that the explanation, which we beforehand admit to be most difficult, must be sought in an indirect effect of the decay of religion, the enormous additional strength which, in some minds, that decay gives to the grip of other abstract ideas, of other fanaticisms. The unbeliever is not necessarily a Sadducee; he may be a man whose incapacity of fanaticism extends only to supernatural ideas. The minds of many unbelievers are craving for certainties, for faiths which shall be sufficient under all contingencies, which shall raise them out of care for their own lives or other men's, and they ultimately arrive

at them. Social ideas take the grip of them which religion should have done, and master all opposing forces until the proportions of all things to each other undergo a change. Deeply religious men seldom hold their own lives very dear, and in many religions disregard also the lives of others. The Covenanters' habitual phrase, "Faithful even unto slaying," comes to them as a revelation, and in comparison with the victory of their creeds, lives are scarcely anything. That was the temper alike of the honest Inquisitor, the honest Covenanter, the honest Spaniard in the New World; and it is the temper of the new idealogue, intensified as regards assassination by the positive side of his faith. The essence of the faith of every Socialist, Collectivist, or Anarchist is, and must be, that the individual is nothing, compared with the community; that if any are to suffer, it should be the few; that the individual is an object of suspicion; that the right to exist, if your existence injures a multitude, is an aristocratic pretension. So holding, having lost the notion that God forbids murder, and having also lost the feeling that life is important in comparison with ideas, he is driven by a relentless logic to the opinion that when the victory of ideas is concerned, the individual has no rights to be pleaded in opposition, and especially not the right, in itself so unimportant, to keep alive. Life assumes the aspect of a privilege enjoyed to the injury of the community or of the Idea, and it is taken away as readily, and often with as little passion, as a title, or a prerogative, or an unjustifiable possession would be taken. Of course, as in every other case, logic is all the more rigid because it agrees with self-interest, and the king's life or the capitalist's is all the more readily taken, because in the taker's view monarchy is thereby weakened, or the *régime* of the dominance of labour brought more near. Against such a mental process as this, education is no defence, and indeed it may, in some few cases, be a nourishing force, the non-receptivity which protects the ignorant from the dominance of ideas being in many men weakened by instruction. The man who is carried away by an abstract idea till he seems to those around him half-mad, and sees "men as trees walking," is rarely or never in our modern world a man who cannot read. The educated man who would fifty years ago have been a priest, and as such have risked his life in Missionary work, or have sanctioned slaughter that an evil like piracy might stop, to-day often becomes an idealogue, with anarchy as his road to a vaguely-glowing future, with a total carelessness of his own life, except so far as it is valuable to his Idea, and with a notion that the life of any one else who actively resists his view is a privilege which ought, whenever expedient, to be summarily taken away. We should use dynamite to blow up a dangerous house. The Anarchist does not see why a dangerous life is different in kind.

THE FRONTIERS OF MADNESS.

DR. BALL has delivered a lecture recently at Paris, of which the *St. James's Gazette* gave an interesting account last Wednesday, on "The Frontiers of Madness," a frontierland on which he appears to think that a vast number of us, who never cross the frontier, habitually reside. Apparently, however, Dr. Ball, like most physicians who have given their minds to this subject, has not applied any very satisfactory test of deviation from right reason, since he seems to regard any kind of irregularity of impression, whether yielded to or not yielded to by the will, whether tested or not tested by the intellect, a danger-signal pointing to some inclination of the constitution towards madness. Thus, he regards all eccentrics as on the confines of madness, and yet expressly admits that in this borderland have dwelt a great many of the creative minds which have left their mark on their age, and by their creative activity "have saved nations, where they have not ruined them." This seems to us a very rough and blundering sort of analysis. You might almost as well class a man who, because his optic nerve is wholly destroyed, cannot see what other people see, as dwelling on the borderland of insanity, as class amongst the insane a man who, because his optic nerve is irritable and morbidly active, sees phantasmagoria which he knows to be illusions and dismisses calmly as illusions, after looking out for the tests which discriminate these misleading visions of his from the objects which he sees in common with other people. Surely, the test not merely of insanity, but of an approach to insanity, is not to be found in any degree in the senses of man, which are frequently deranged by defects wholly unconnected with any deficiency of common-sense, but in the
should say that any man who is daily
and more the weight to be assigned to his
whether of things inward or things outward
that borderland; while a man who to himself
hear and see what no one else hears and sees, but
absolute control over the significance, or rather appreciation
the insignificance, of these impressions, as grounds for inference or action, is not approaching that frontier at all. We should think it a far more serious symptom of disturbed reason that a man's vanity is becoming inordinate, that he attaches more and more importance every year to his own thoughts and actions, as compared with the thoughts and actions of the rest of the world, than we should that he saw visions like Lalorgne de Savigny, well knowing them to be illusive, since they annoyed him so much that he preferred living in the dark, to being tormented by them in the light. Of course, the very fact that Lalorgne de Savigny attached so much importance to what he knew to be illusions, that he cut himself off from all the advantages which the light brings with it, in order to avoid seeing these visions, was itself a much more unhealthy sign than the mere fact of seeing them, for the former indicated a disturbed judgment; and, as we maintain, it is the degree in which the judgment is disturbed which measures the approach to insanity. But then, the irritation felt against the illusive appearance is not, in our opinion, half so dangerous a sign of disturbed judgment as a rapid growth of self-importance which tends to extinguish all due appreciation of the weight to be attached to other and sounder judgments. You might almost as well regard the passing of dark spots before the eye—a well-known sign of a wearied optic nerve—as a sign of failing reason, as regard elaborate phantasmagoria recognised as phantasmagoria as constituting such a sign. Indeed, most men in perfect stillness can hear sounds, or what seem to them sounds, which no one else can hear. But the moment they recognise that these sounds are either in their own ears, or, if really due to vibrations of the atmosphere, are due to vibrations not perceptible to every auditory nerve,—just as dogs certainly perceive vibrations which most men do not perceive, and are sometimes very curiously affected by them,—the moment they recognise that their affection is individual only, and is not to be regarded as common to them with the rest of mankind, that moment they take up a perfectly reasonable position with respect to these individual affections of the ear, and can in no way be regarded as on the way to a disturbed mental condition. A thoroughly conceited scorn for everybody's judgment that does not agree with a man's own judgment, is a far surer indication of mental perverseness than any eccentricity of sense, however great, which the judgment only accepts for what it is worth, as a singular phenomenon, possibly deserving consideration, or possibly not deserving it, just as the context of facts may seem to suggest.

Dr. Ball comes much nearer the mark, when he regards very eager, even though not quite uncontrollable, impulses of an unreasoned and unreasonable kind as indications of proximity to mental disease, because such very eager even though not quite uncontrollable impulses do grievously threaten the balance of the judgment. The painter who consulted Dr. Ball on the temptation, which he found almost overpowering, to throw into the fire his own very child whom he was tenderly nursing in an attack of croup, and this even in the very midst of his fervent prayers that the child might be permitted to recover from its illness, was clearly threatened with a grave danger, in case either of his will losing its power, —or what was perhaps more dangerous, losing its vigilance, so that such an impulse might catch him unawares. In the same way, the kleptomaniac who feels a very eager, even though not quite irresistible, desire to possess himself unlawfully of property which he might easily obtain in any quantity by lawful means, without sacrificing anything which he really values,—there is one case of a well-to-do man who was a kleptomaniac only in relation to clothes-pegs,—is clearly threatened with a subversion of his judgment, unless he keeps his will always vigilant and always firm. So, too, the alleged desire of some people to throw themselves over a precipice, or to offend society by calling out insulting words on solemn occasions, is obviously a danger to the practical reason of the men who feel it, if at least it is not merely a morbid fancy but an urgent temptation. But we cannot conceive a case in which, while the judgment remains clear and firm, and is not bewildered in the least by the eccentricity of the sensitive or perceptive phenomena with which

there is any approach to the frontiers that approach may be made, nay, the fairly passed, without the least illusion ...on of the senses. Directly a man begins to that he is in some sense the centre of the ...at everything depends on him, and is ordered mainly ...ute to his importance or glorification, or to his persecution and vilification,—he is approaching the frontier of madness much more closely than he ever would through the mere trickery of the senses, his power to check and cross-examine their false reports remaining undiminished. Coleridge, when asked whether he believed in ghosts, used to say that he had seen far too many to believe in them,—meaning that he had had too much experience of the illusions to which the senses are liable, at times when he was perfectly conscious that they were playing him tricks, to let his judgment be biassed by such appearances. Well, that is, as we understand it, the condition of a thoroughly rational mind, just as the allowance made by a man who is blind and deaf for the constant errors into which his blindness and deafness must lead him, is the evidence of a thoroughly rational mind. You are no nearer the frontiers of insanity for excess of sensation or seeming perception, than you are for deficiency of sensation or perception; that which brings you near it is only incompetence to judge soberly of your own excesses or deficiencies of experience,—your disposition to attach an overweening importance to purely personal impressions, especially if you have had good reason to distrust yourself whenever your impressions were in conflict with the impressions of others. Men of genius, on the contrary, often have good ground to trust themselves, even though their impressions are in conflict with those of other men, and in their case sanity is shown by self-confidence, and not by self-distrust, so far, at least, as the limitations under which self-confidence is warranted are closely observed and carefully attended to. But, in any case, the frontier-land of insanity is the region of tottering judgment, not the region of either redundant or deficient sensation and perception.

BOOK-MAKING.

THE term "Book-making" has, within the last few years, acquired a peculiar and somewhat opprobrious significance. To be called a book-maker is, with the vast majority of writers, to be hurt in the deepest and most susceptible part of the feelings. If the designation be unjust, it is taken almost as an insult; while the veteran book-maker himself feels the appellation to be, to say the least, unkind. To call a man a "book-maker," in its modern sense, is similar to calling an orange-seller a "woman," or an athlete a "pot-boiler," and apparently arouses similarly hostile feelings, and, perhaps, expressions.

Books may be, for convenience, generically divided into those which have been originated and those which have been made. But, as with all natural systems of classification, there are many books which, lying in the Tom Tidler's land between these two genera, cannot fairly be placed with either. Such include works containing a small amount of original writing much diluted with and obscured by a vast amount of introduced padding. Many books of travel—and we have had several lately—are instances of this species. The traveller, having been to the country, records his experiences only after he has completely saturated himself with the accounts of previous travellers, whose material he dishes up for the edification of the reader with anything but piquant sauce of his own. Or, again, there is the biography, which, after starting in the most business-like manner with the habitat and date of birth of the hero, and of his ancestors for some generations back, goes straight off into page after page of quotation from his works or letters, with, perhaps, a line merely of original matter between each to act as a sort of moral gum, and ending oftentimes abruptly with a short eulogy and the date of his death. Several of the so-called books of science—primers, and even more pretentious volumes—are merely jellies, concentrated beef-teas made out of other material. They cannot give within their compass the whole facts, or the reasoning by which the deductions which they do mention have been arrived at, and attempting to give a "boiling-down" of the entire subject, miserably fail, and are most unsatisfying. But when one comes across the work of the genuine book-maker, there is no mistake. Distinctness, deliberateness, and oftentimes wonderful perseverance and ingenuity meet us on every page. It may be the one hundred and fifty thousand quotations by one hundred and fifty thousand authors, each classified under a large-type heading, and carefully indexed, that excites our surprise, and increases our belief in the capabilities of mankind. Or we may come across a gaudily-arrayed volume, under some such title as, "Spicy Bits for Odd Half-hours," and find on opening it that we have presented to our notice the medley of a considerable number of scissors-and-gum cuttings from such authors as Bunyan, Byron, Combe, Cowper, Mill, Milton, Prescott, Gibbon, Shelley, Tupper, Swift, Smiles, Sterne, Darwin, Machiavelli, Paley, Boccaccio, Locke, Fielding, and Kingsley. We take the names from the list of authors in a book of this kind now before us, the extracts in which are arranged so promiscuously as to afford the most delightful and humorous contrasts. The passage entitled "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" rubs shoulders with "Mental Stimulus necessary to Exercise;" "Duelling" is followed by the "Death of Pliny the Younger," and the "Luxury of the Roman Nobles" is closely associated with "The Pains of Opium." In most of these books the snippings seem to have been made without any regard to context. Beginning abruptly, ending abruptly, the excerpts are likely to become hopelessly jumbled up in the mind with the names of the various authors, and if the ingenuous youth or maiden (for it may be presumed for such these books are made) does not grow up associating the name of Darwin with divinity, of Tupper with science, and of Gibbon with poetry, it must be due more to good luck than to good guidance.

There can be no questioning the fact that books produced by the many processes of book-making are greatly on the increase. The mass of the public, in the high-pressure life of the present day, have no time to read through complete works; they have little time for any reading at all, and what little they do read must be short, pithy, and interesting. Never were the works of Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, and others less read than now, and yet never were trite quotations from these authors more numerous or commonly known. The demand will always regulate the supply, and judging by the enormous, and still increasing, number of books of quotations, concentrated lives, short histories, gems from the poets, and such-like volumes turned out from our presses, the demand must be steadily on the increase. There are several reasons for this marked phenomenon in the literature of our day. Education has become far more general and widely diffused. The number of people who can read is not far below that of the population. The great mass of people just beneath the middle-class are awakening to the fact that some book-knowledge is required for advancement in life, and they naturally turn to cheap books of the sort we have indicated, rather than to original works and learned theses which they could not comprehend. And last, but not least, the publication of books of this class suits the publishers. Original works, unless by writers well known to the public, are liable to fall flat upon the market. In any case, some time must elapse before the scope and intention of a new work of science, theology, ethics, or philosophy become generally known, and the publisher's return for his outlay is, consequently, proportionately long in being received. This makes him exceedingly chary in embarking in anything that looks at all *prononcé* or out of the common. Only a small fractional per-centage of such high-class books reach popular and cheap editions, and, when it is remembered that the remunerative branch of a publisher's business consists in being able to produce large numbers of copies at one printing, and selling the whole edition out quickly, it can readily be understood why publishers foster book-making. A book of well selected quotations from popular authors, a painstakingly compiled cookery-book, a volume of representative historical extracts, a searching "confessions-book," or a good, hotch-potch joke-book, can be printed by the thousand and disposed of in a short time. Who shall tell the number of Birthday Registers, each with quotations from one or many authors, that now occupy so prominent a place in every bookseller's shop? Charles Lamb bitterly complained, in his day, of the nuisance to him of young ladies' albums. Had he lived now, he would have been pestered to write his name in the birthday-book of every young lady he came across. Of this class of book, those with Biblical texts seem to obtain most of the popular favour. We have a specimen before us of which, it is said, 150,000 copies have been sold; and we know of another, which, though published only a few months, has galloped through an edition of 70,000 copies. These books cost little to produce, very little is spent in advertising them, they are bought by the multitude, by even the illiterate, and therefore they are exceedingly profitable to both printer, binder, and publisher.

But there is another class of book to which we have not yet alluded. Several of the most eminent firms of publishers in France, Germany, the United States, as well as in our own country, employ a regular staff of wood engravers. These skilled workmen are constantly engaged in turning out illustrations, and many are made irrespective of any accompanying letterpress. The bookmaker here comes upon the scene, and taking the illustrations, he weaves them together in the form of tales, novels, school-books, nursery-books, illustrated volumes of extracts, and a great many of what are termed drawing-room-table books. Electrotype impressions of wood blocks are sold by one publisher to another, and by one country to another. The process of manufacturing books of this class is usually simple, but some knack and judgment is required to hide the art. The number of books that yearly appear thus written up to or compiled to suit existing illustrations would astonish the uninitiated. And yet we cannot afford to scoff unreservedly at such publications, remembering that the immortal "Pickwick Papers" has to be classed in this category. Some of the most successful and deservedly popular books have been written under these conditions, and not one reader in a thousand has guessed or even hinted at the mode of production. The professional bookmaker (frequently called a "hack" by the Philistines) is a plodding, methodical, industrious individual, of whom the Reading-room at the British Museum generally affords several interesting specimens, both male and female. If he have sufficient originality to propose novel arrangements, happy combinations, and taking titles, he can earn a good livelihood, for at present there is no limit to the demand in this special direction. We know of one bookmaker alone who up to the present time (he is still vigorous and productive) has initiated over two hundred volumes.

We have by no means exhausted the list of books which fall under the head of Bookmaking. There are far more books in circulation now of this class than of books which are the result of original thought and research, of spontaneous effort and brilliant genius. Though, on the one hand, bookmakers and their works afford a frequent source of merriment, yet, on the other hand, they are worthy of something more than mere frivolous attention and comment. The enormous number of books of this kind annually poured out over the country, and absorbed by the masses, the vast employment of capital and labour required to produce them, and the influence for good or evil which they must exercise on the population, are matters of not small importance. It is a good sign of the times that these books are, almost without exception, excellent in tone, of undoubted morality, and if weak and sickly in constitution, at least perfectly innocuous.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

POLITICS IN NORWAY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In some foreign newspapers, there has, of late, appeared every now and then rather alarming news from Norway. The Storthing, or National Assembly, is represented as being not far from rebellion, on the point of proclaiming the Republic, dissolving the union with Sweden, &c. I need not say that all this is mere wild talk, akin to the romantic story told in grave earnest in French papers, and recently reproduced in the *Graphic*, of the poet Bjornstjerne Bjornson being exiled, because he had challenged the King, Oscar II., if I do not err, on account of literary rivalry! The fact is, however, that our country for the present is going through the most trying crisis since the birth of our liberty in 1814, and a short account of the events that have produced it may, perhaps, be of some interest to an English public. The present conflict between the Crown and the Storthing, though its deeper roots must be sought farther back, may conveniently be said to take its origin in the year 1871, when the Storthing carried a Bill inviting the Ministers to be present at the meetings of the Storthing, as the case is in other constitutional countries. This reform has a curious history. Originally it belonged to the (Conservative) programme of the Right, and from 1821 it was repeatedly proposed, though always rejected by the majority of the Storthing. This chiefly consisted of peasants, who were naturally more jealous of the superior Parliamentary skill and experience of the Government party, and did not like to see it strengthened in the debate by the Ministers' weight and authority. By-and-by, however, becoming conscious of the vast power which the Cons in the hands of the freeholders, and gaining mor ability under the guidance of talented and energet began to look differently at the matter, and see th tage to be derived from constant oral communication executive and legislative powers. But now the reform was op by the Government, who feared that it would make the Ministry wholly dependent on the majority, and, in fact, lead to pure parliamentarism, a word which has become quite a bugbear in the eyes of our Conservatives. At last, in 1872, a Bill about the Ministers' presence in the Storthing was carried by 80 against 29, or more than the qualified majority of two-thirds required for changes in the Constitution. The King refused his sanction, but to the next Storthing a royal proposition was presented, containing a list of proposed Constitutional changes which were considered necessary guarantees to balance the reform, and intimated as the condition for a mutual agreement. These propositions did not obtain a single vote, the Conservatives thinking the guarantees insufficient, and the Liberals looking upon them as little short of an insult. A vote of censure was carried against the Ministry, and their dismissal was demanded, but the King again refused.

A paragraph in our Constitution says that if three different Storthings—the Members sit for a period of three years—abide by a proposition without any alteration, it is to be law, even if the King refuses his sanction. By this way the Storthing now tried to make good its will. Twice more the Bill was carried, the last time by 90 against 23! There might now have been a reasonable end to the conflict; the will of the country had expressed itself unmistakably; the thing had been discussed for more than sixty years. The King took the fateful step of refusing his sanction, and a new struggle arose, more fierce than any before, and on a quite new and different ground, the nature of the King's veto. The general opinion now even among our Conservatives outside the small fraction of the intransigeants of the Extreme Right is, that it was a deplorable mistake not to acquiesce in the will of the people on this occasion. A Bishop of the Conservative party declared it in the Storthing to be the greatest political blunder in our Constitutional history. But public attention has now been wholly engrossed by a new and more far-reaching controversial question.

The only veto, expressly mentioned in our Constitution, is the suspensive, above hinted at, in conformity with the French Constitution of 1792, and the Spanish of 1812,—its nearest models. Now, it was maintained by the Crown that besides this, which is said to be meant only for common laws, an absolute veto in Constitutional questions does rightly belong to the King. Although its existence was declared to be raised "above doubt," it was found expedient to submit the question to the decision of the faculty of law at our University. This fell out in favour of the Crown's claim. Space does not allow me to enter into the criticism to which the decision of the learned Professors has been exposed. I shall only state that the most prominent man of the Conservative Party—the Premier in the Ministry, Mr. Stang—himself formerly a lector in jurisprudence, has denied its existence; that there is not a single word about an absolute veto in the Constitution, and that the indirect proofs were ridiculed by one of the most prominent members of the faculty itself. The chief argument was derived from the nature of the matter. All over the country a singularly vehement protest arose from the Liberals, and the general indignation found an expression in the famous resolution of the 9th of June, 1881. In this the Storthing declared the Bill about the Ministers' presence at its meetings, thrice carried by the legal majority, to be "valid law in the kingdom of Norway." This must be admitted to be a rash and inconsiderate step, the proclaiming of laws naturally belonging to the Executive; and, by moderate Liberals, a vote of censure was proposed instead of it, but they did not get a hearing in the heat of debate. As might have been foreseen, the resolution of the 9th of June was met by a firm protest from the Crown, and this only considerably widened the gulf between the contending parties. The Crown's claim for an absolute veto has been pushed farther. Lately, it was employed to frustrate the permanent sitting, the Storthing's appointment of a Parliamentary Committee, and even some of its financial arrangements.

Besides these leading questions, there is nearly on all points a general difference of opinion between the Government and the Representation. The other reforms of the Liberal programme, such as the introduction of juries, a reasonable extension of the

...e (owing to the want of which a curious class of ... have appeared of late, founding their right of ... patch of soil of mere nominal value, the so-called ... undoubtedly against the spirit of our Constitution, ... does not infringe on its letter), a reorganisation of ... my on the model of the Swiss system of militia, are ... met by an unyielding resistance on the side of the Government. As little regard is paid by the Liberals to the guarantees claimed by the Crown, as the right of dissolving the Storthing, which seems but a reasonable demand, and the fond wish for the creation of an Upper House, of which, however, there is, for all practical ends, a very serviceable equivalent in the Lagthing, one of the two divisions of the Storthing, by whom all Bills proposed in the Odelsthing have to be approved. Thus matters stand at present. The new elections have returned to the Storthing, which is to be opened on February 2nd, a more formidable Liberal majority than ever, ready to use all the means placed in their hands by the Constitution to maintain their will, for instance, the refusing of the Budget, already adopted to a great extent in the last Storthing, and perhaps impeaching the Ministers before a Parliamentary Tribunal, a rather unwieldy and questionable weapon, only used a few times in our constitutional history. On the other hand, the King's Speech at the adjournment of the last Storthing, irritating in its rebuke, does not give much promise of a reconciliation. Several ways to effect one have been suggested, and it may be fairly hoped that with a little mutual good-will one may be found. The present situation of the country, with its fierce and narrow party-spirit, obstructing all real progress, a Ministry representing for more than ten years a decided minority of the people, while on all essential points it is hopelessly at variance with the great mass of the people, has become well-nigh intolerable.—I am, Sir, &c., T.

CONSECRATED GROUND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It is a curious proof of the ignorance about Church matters which is to be found among Nonconformists, that so cultivated and capable a person as Mr. Baldwin Brown should suppose the consecration of Churchyards to arise from the eagerness of Churchmen "to entrench their graves from chance contact with the body of a Christian Nonconformist." In a long experience, I have never met with a Churchman who entertained so strange a desire. Your correspondent himself gives a most rational account of the matter when he tells you that "the awe which surrounded consecrated things and places of old protected them from violation, and the cause of order and civilisation was largely served by it." It is surely intelligible that some respect for consecrated things and persons may still survive, and that the cause of civilisation may still be served by its survival. Some *religio loci* is a part of the general sentiment of mankind; consecration expresses it in a Christian form. Almost all men wish the resting-places of their departed to be cared for; the Christian Church commits them to the care of God. To ask his blessing on the "mere soil" is not more superstitious than to ask it on the food we take at our daily meals. Both petitions will appear superstitious to some minds. The real ground of the objection in both cases—though your correspondent does not perceive it—is the disbelief in the efficacy of prayer, or sometimes even in the existence of God.

There is also a legal aspect of consecration, which should not be overlooked. The law, it used to be said, takes no notice of churches or chapels before they are consecrated. Churches are places in which certain acts are allowed, or required, to be done—certain persons allowed, or required, to minister, and the question arises whether this, or that, place is one in which the jurisdiction over these matters is in force. A "sentence" of consecration by proper authority marks out such places as places to which the law applies, and in which the conditions prescribed by law must be fulfilled. No one imagines that a sentence of consecration alters the *nature* of the soil; that it affects the *use* of it, in some material particulars, is beyond a doubt.

After all, is it not enough to say that a religious society thinks it well to dedicate and protect places of burial by a religious rite? We do not quarrel with Nonconformists for holding "every clod" to be consecrated; why should they quarrel with us for consecrating some particular clods, to which we believe the principle of separation to apply? To avoid misconception, I may as well say that I have always spoken, written, and voted in support of the Burials Act.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Episcopus.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I gladly believe, with you, that "most Churchmen" are in favour of the Burial Act. Would that you could say the same of most clergymen who, under present arrangements, represent the mind of the Church!—though there is a noble minority, and, I hope, a growing one. May God increase it. I think that it would grow more quickly, if truly large-hearted and liberal men like Dr. Tait were not so rare in the high places of the Church. But let that pass. My point is that the consecration of the ground in which Churchmen rest is insisted upon, before they can lie with Nonconformists within the boundary walls of a common graveyard, as a recent incident in the West of England, to which I do not wish just now to refer more pointedly, has somewhat painfully reminded us. Some of us would be very glad to know what is thought to be behind this idea of "consecrated ground," and what privilege or advantage consecration is supposed in these days to confer. It is possible that some of your able and learned correspondents may feel moved to explain it, not by Church law or Church tradition, but by sound reason, Christian sentiment, and the Word of God.

And believe me, that it is for the sake of peace, and not of controversy, that I venture to submit the question, for I fear that so long as Churchmen maintain and magnify these distinctions, which seem to us so utterly un-Christian and unreal, they will generate discord where so many of us on both sides are seeking to establish harmony, and will aggravate the irritations which we so earnestly long to allay.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. Baldwin Brown.

NATIONAL LIFE IN A MUSSULMAN COUNTRY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In his able speech at Ripon last Monday Mr. Goschen said that "even M. Gambetta, Liberal as he was, was utterly unable to persuade himself for one moment that anything could be done in the direction of developing national life in a Mussulman country." Mr. Goschen himself seems to be of a different opinion, and his special acquaintance with the Mussulman system gives great authority to whatever he says on that subject. But does not history bear out M. Gambetta's view? Is there an instance on record of a national life, developed under Mussulman rule? I do not know of one. Islam has ever been fatal to freedom and civilisation. Lord Ripon's laudable efforts to develope self-government in India are not in point, for in India the paramount Power is not Mohammedan; and that makes a radical difference. A Mussulman ruler, wielding independent sway, must govern in accordance with the tenets of the Sacred Law of Islám; and that law, wherever it prevails, is an insuperable barrier against human progress. Its inevitable tendency is towards the extinction of national life and the absorption of all its votaries in one vast cosmopolitan theocracy. The true Mussulman acknowledges only one country,—Dar-ul-Islám, the home of Islam.

I do not urge this as a reason why England should undertake the government of Egypt, for this country has no special mission to reform Mussulman territories. But it is well to cherish no illusions. Egypt under uncontrolled Mussulman rule will be no exception to Mussulman rule all over the world. Every Mussulman State, as Amari says, "bears the germ of inevitable dissolution in its system;" and the progress in Egypt under Mussulman rule will not be towards nationalism, but towards decay, tyranny, and anarchy.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Malcolm MacColl.

BISHOP FRASER AND THE RITUALISTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The Bishop of Manchester has often been twitted with his inconsistency in denouncing Ritualists for breaking the law, whilst breaking it himself in not wearing a cope. This is how he has defended himself.

At first, he flatly refused to wear a cope, because "he did not wish to make a guy of himself." Then he said that he would wear one, if the Archbishop of York ordered him to do so. And now he says that he does wear one, and that his black chimese is a vestment as the law prescribes. I need hardly point out that this last plea, if true, proves too much, viz., that

he wears the vestment when not celebrating the Holy Communion.

It is a sad thing that a man with so many good qualities should descend at last to quibbles like these. When I think of the good work he did when he first came here, and the enthusiasm he aroused, and contrast it with the contempt and disgust his actions are now provoking in this diocese, "O the pity o't!"—I am, Sir, &c., L.

RITUALISTIC LOGIC.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—If the Ritualists, as a body, are prepared to endorse the opinion expressed by "A. H. W.," that "the whole principle of the Mass and Auricular Confession is involved" in the provision that,to a certain order of men is given the exclusive right of celebrating the Lord's Supper and pronouncing absolution, the sooner this is generally understood, the better. No compromise is possible between those who believe the Mass and Confession to be of divine necessity, and those who believe the one to be a "blasphemous fable," and the other to be a "dangerous deceit." But I would fain hope that the Ritualists in general are not quite so ready as "A. H. W." to draw large conclusions from small premises. It would be as logical to affirm that the Act of Settlement involves the whole principle of the divine right of Kings, because it gives to the House of Hanover the sole right of succeeding to the Crown.—I am, Sir, &c., G.

MR. DENING AND CHURCH MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Edward White's letter in your issue of January 20th, I must ask you to allow me to state that Mr. Dening has made no "refusal" to teach the dogmas named by Mr. White, for the simple reason that the Committee have neither formulated such dogmas, nor required him or any of their Missionaries to teach them. It is Mr. Dening who has embraced one of the many modern theories on the subject, and demanded the Society's explicit sanction to his publicly teaching that one theory as the truth.

The practical theory is that commonly known as "conditional immortality," and the annihilation of the wicked. This explicit sanction the Committee felt unable to give; and finding that Mr. Dening was fully minded to teach the theory publicly, as a Missionary of the Society, they had no choice but to disconnect him. The Sub-Committee, with which Mr. Dening had an interview, was an influential mixed Committee of laymen and clergymen. Several laymen were present at the interview, the President, the Earl of Chichester, being in the chair.

We find that information of the kind that was needed in order to deal with Mr. Dening's case is far more satisfactorily obtained by interviews conducted by a small body of men, than in a full Committee of sixty or seventy members. In Mr. Dening's case, a single interview brought out the facts sufficiently to enable the Sub-Committee to determine what to recommend; otherwise, they would have asked him to meet them again.—I am, Sir, &c., Frederick E. Wigram, Hon. Sec. C.M.S.

Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

POETRY.

IDYLLS OF THE ILIAD.—VIII.

CORŒBUS.

Of all who, in her hour of need, to Troy
Came from far lands to fight against her foes,
Corœbus was the youngest. Him nor greed
Of Priam's treasure drew, nor lust of war,
And what war brings, armour and steeds and slaves,
Nor Asia herded by a common dread,
But love of young Cassandra, fairest maid
And doomed to foulest death of all in Troy.
In Priam's halls, when peace was in the land,
Often had boy and girl, in childish sport,
Pledged each to other troth, the while their sires,
Mygdon and Priam, smiled a grave assent.
Then severance, and the Sun-god's fatal love,
And the curse came, which ever in some form
Cometh to mortals whom the Immortals' love;
To her, a curse of wisdom scorned of men,
And unregarded foresight.
Long th
Not knowing what had been and what s
Waited the ebbing of the tide of war
That beat on Troy, and passion fired his
To free his bride, and win himself a name.
But all too late it seemed, for now the Greeks
Had fled their fruitless task, and every gate
Was open, and each heart in Troy was glad;
Save one, whose bitter boding not the sight
Of the gay bridegroom, bright with hope and love,
Could quicken into gladness. Sad she sate,
Eyeing the future, as some shrinking dove
Eyes the fast-closing fowler's net, nor dreams
Of flight nor succour, but awaits its doom.
So she. But young Corœbus, half in joy,
Half vexed that no great deed remained to do,
Chid with fond fire, and words of loving scorn,—
"Sweetest and best, after long lapse of years
Restored to freedom, happiness, and me,
Canst thou not, dear one, spare one glance, one smile
Of welcome to thy playmate? Whence thy gloom,
Strange in its grief, when all around is joy?
Frighted with maiden's fears? Nay, sure, my hand
Were strong to save thee from a thousand Greeks,
Yea, from grim Agamemnon's self,—why shrink,
Poor paling sweetheart, at Atrides' name?
By the bright Sun-god, whom ye Trojans hail
Author of Troy, and guardian of its weal,
Rare were the sport, to chase the flying King,
And from Mycenæ and his loving arms
Drag his fond Clytemnestra for thy slave—
Nay, now, what need, with that sweet childish fear,
To shudder? War is past, and war's alarm,
And, if I leave thee now, 'tis but to aid
The housing of yon safeguard of our peace,
The votive monster of the witless Greeks;
And with to-morrow's dawn all Troy shall flame
With happy bridal torches, and the Gods
Shall bless our union." So Corœbus spake,
And went his way, as some gay gilded bark
Goes gallant forth across a summer sea,
And brief farewells are waved by careless hands,
That never come again, for o'er them sweeps
The sea, and fishes fatten on their flesh.
So never did Corœbus come again,
But with the dawn, and Troy's red agony,
Sank in the sea of spears; nor could his hands
Avail to save, only his filming eyes
Saw from afar a white tear-dabbled face,
And slender thong-bound wrists,—and kindly death
Forebade to know the sequel of her doom.

O. Ogle.

A WELCOME.

Far in the sunny South she lingers,
  Yet slowly comes along,
With fairy garlands in her fingers,
  With snatches of sweet song.
Her eyes with promises are beaming,
  Her smiles will rapture bring,
The sunlight from her hair is streaming,—
  Thrice welcome, lovely Spring!

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden,
  Fair flowers to deck the hills;
With primroses her arms are laden,
  Bluebells and daffodils.
Pale crocuses have come before her,
  Wild birds her welcome sing;
Ten thousand longing hearts adore her,—
  The grey world's darling, Spring.

J. M. Elton.

ART.

ROSSETTI AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

[second notice.]

In our first article upon those works of Rossetti which are exhibited in this gallery, we scarcely did more than glance at some of the painter's most marked characteristics; in this second

[illegible] say a few words upon some of the most notable [illegible] we must premise that, as the majority of these [illegible] figures of women—and what is more, figures of [illegible]u—there is little scope for descriptive writing. [illegible]es and water-colour drawings fall into three clear [illegible]ccording to the period at which they were painted. The first includes all the artist's early work, and may be said to end with the year 1855, the second extends from that date to 1873, the third from 1873 to the date of his death.

Of this first period, there are few examples here; but at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club, in Savile Row, there is now open another exhibition of Rossetti's pictures, in which many examples of this time can be seen, and those who are really interested in the painter's work should take care to pay a visit to this gallery. It was not, according to the Royal Academy catalogue, till 1849 that the artist painted his first oil picture, which is exhibited here, under the title of "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin;" but previous to that period he had worked considerably in water-colours, and for some time subsequently his chief attention was given to the latter medium. With the exception of two or three small water-colours, the examples of this period at Burlington House are confined to the above-named picture of the Virgin's girlhood (286), and it is worth some little attention. Two matters strike the spectator at once with regard to this work, one being a mental, the other a technical attribute. Let us take the mental quality first. The picture is naïve to a high degree; it is possessed of all the bland simplicity (if we may use such a term) that marks very early Italian painting; and in it the real and the symbolical facts of the case twine, as it were, in and out of one another. The Virgin and Sta. Anna are seated beneath a vine, with a pile of books before them, and on the books a flowering lily, "which a little angel with rose-coloured wings is watering," a palm branch and a briar lie near the books; whilst in the background is St. Joachim trimming the vine; a dove, surrounded by a halo, typifying the Holy Ghost; and beyond all, a distant landscape, seen through the trellis-work of the balcony. Such is a statement of the bare facts of the picture, and it is sufficient to show that even at this early time Mr. Rossetti's mind evinced that liking for the combination of the natural and the supernatural, the physical and the spiritual, which determined the character of his work to the latest hour of his life. It is worth noting, too, that with all its simplicity of statement, notwithstanding that the story of the picture is chiefly told with conventional symbols, and helped out with explanatory scrolls and inscriptions, yet the result of the whole is rather elaborate. As Rasselas started on a search for happiness, Mr. Rossetti seems in this earliest work to have gone a long journey in search of simplicity, and to have somehow lost its substance, while grasping its shadow. The technical character of the picture is a certain clear, clean thinness of colouring and conventionalism of draughtsmanship very difficult to describe. The tints used, though not discordant, are a little crude and sharp. The vine-leaves almost set the teeth on edge, and throughout the work we see the hand of a man who loves colour, but who as yet hardly knows how to procure it. The drawing, too, is peculiar, rigidly executed, and showing either unwillingness or incapacity to enter into any subtleties of form. It is ascetic in character, and the whole picture might have been designed as an illustration to a fourteenth-century missal. It is a strange question, and one which has never been at all satisfactorily dealt with, how it is that an artist becomes a great colourist? And one of the difficulties of the matter lies in the fact that there is little analogy to be traced between the early works of those who have subsequently become famous in this line. But in the case of Mr. Rossetti, this difficulty can hardly be said to exist. From the first, it is evident both in his pictures and in his water-colour drawings that colour was what he wanted, and what he would have. It might have been confidently predicted by any ordinarily capable judge of Art, that a young man who could deal so boldly and frankly with pure colour as did Rossetti in his early work was absolutely certain to master its secrets. For the one thing which the history of painting proves is that those artists who cared much about pure colour have always been capable of giving its glory to their pictures, and this in no proportion to their amount of scientific knowledge. However, this is not the place to discuss such a question. All we wish to point out in this connection is, that according to a painter's aim will be his success. If in his pupillage he aims at harmony of effect in secondary and tertiary tints, if, to give a technical instance, he bases his picture of the world's beauty upon indigo, light red, and yellow ochre, then it is a thousand to one that he never becomes a great colourist. But if he works, however feebly, with the whole scale of tints, if he accepts vermilion, and lake, and ultramarine, and chrome, and all their vivid combinations, then, supposing him to have the stuff in him of which great painters are made, he is on the right track to become a great colourist. His crudity and garishness will soon disappear, his brilliant hues will become soft as well as sparkling, deep as well as bright; and when he reaches his height of power, he will show us, as does Rossetti in his completed work, colouring which has the lustre of the emerald and the sapphire, rather than the gradations of a muddy road, or the dirty harmonies of a turbid river.

In speaking of the second period, we are beset by the opposite difficulty to that under which we laboured in considering the first. There is, indeed, an *embarras de richesses* of examples, and where all are so fine, the difficulty of selection becomes almost insuperable. We shall in the main confine our remarks to two pictures, not asserting that they are the best, but only that they afford more opportunity for criticism than most of the others. These are the large picture of "Dante's Dream," and the half-length which is entitled "Monna Vanna" (302). Taking it from a painter's point of view, this latter picture is probably the finest piece of work which Mr. Rossetti ever executed; and it was done about his finest period, 1866. It is a seated figure of a very beautiful woman, in a dress of heavy, white silk, embroidered with gold. She holds a fan in her hand, and is twining some coral beads round her fingers. It is easy to see wherein much of the merit of this picture lies, for its lovely colour and the power with which it is painted are visible to all; but the chasm which separates it from an ordinary half-length portrait is excessively deep, as well as wide, and is difficult to fathom. That extraordinary quality of dignity which strikes most people in the portraits of the Venetian masters, is perhaps at the root of this picture's greatness; it has all the luxury, the pride of life, the sumptuousness, and the largeness of conception of an old Italian painting. This woman is not an English model, but a lady of Venice or Rome, born to an inheritance of splendour. There are just two or three similar works here in which Rossetti's hand seems to have been satisfied with something purely beautiful, and has created it, without troubling its fair surface with the regret and pain that look at us out of most of his women's eyes. The picture of "The Beloved" (297), an illustration to Solomon's Song, is one instance of this, and "The Blue Bower" is another; both pictures glorious with such colour as has rarely been painted in the world, both free from care, or thought of anything but beauty. And it is noticeable that in all these three pictures the physical type of beauty which, as a rule, usurped Rossetti's pencil, is, if not absent, at all events kept in abeyance. As painting, too, in the technical sense of the word, we can scarcely ask for finer work than is to be found in these examples. Not to enter into details, look, for an example of this, at the treatment of the flesh in the "Monna Vanna," at the magnificently broad and yet delicate manner in which the gold embroideries are introduced, at the painting of the coral necklace and the heart-shaped crystal which hang round the lady's neck. This last is one of the most perfect pieces of technical dexterity attained by legitimate means which we ever remember to have seen in oil-painting. The crystal is a thick, heart-shaped one, set in a gold rim, and in the picture we can look down through its clear depths till our eye reaches the flesh beneath. A little thing this, perhaps, to mention, but it has its value when we consider that many artists choose to assert that, in the technical sense, Rossetti could not *paint at all*.

With regard to the "Dante's Dream," the one large picture of Rossetti's life, and into which he threw all his power, it is impossible, in our limited space, to speak adequately. It represents Love leading Dante into the chamber of Beatrice, to kiss her after her death, and the description given in the Academy catalogue describes the treatment of the subject so well, that we refer our readers thereto. The picture is said therein to be painted in 1870, and it marks, perhaps, the latest work of Rossetti's best period. In truth, grand as it is in conception, it is in some ways defective on its technical side. For, in the first place, though the colour is fine and harmonious to a high

degree, it is not splendid, as in the pictures of which we have been speaking, nor is the painting equally good throughout. A coarseness of flesh-painting which grew upon Rossetti in the later years of his life is evident here, especially in the outstretched arm of the figure of Love, in which the brush-work is hard and rough, like badly planed wood; and portions of the drawing, as, again, for instance, in this arm, are both poor and awkward. Another sign of the painter's decline in power may be seen in his treatment of Beatrice's hair, which is of a dull flaxeny-red hue, both unpleasant and unnatural in colour. It is curious to note that this painting of hair, which was once one of the artist's strongest points, became ere the close of his life one of his weakest, and that in the later pictures, amongst many other fallings-off, not one is so noticeable as the ugly colour and exaggerated heaviness of the masses of hair round the faces of the women. But to return to "Dante's Dream." If it has one or two grave drawbacks, its merits are far more valuable. It is, as we heard a lady say in the room, an "incarnate poem," full of many varieties of tender meaning, and offering a dozen interpretations to all who choose to think. The great mental triumph of the picture is in the face and figure of Dante, which express the meaning of the picture very perfectly. Technically, the work, despite one or two shortcomings, is entitled to rank with the great pictures of the world; and it is notable that herein Rossetti has succeeded just where it might be thought he would have failed,—we mean in the composition. There is not a trace here of that hurried, over-crowded combination of figures and accessories which marks a great portion of this artist's work. On the contrary, his large canvas is only just adequately filled, and the figures are rather scattered than crowded. The colour, as we have said, is fine, but not such as the "Monna Vanna" or "The Beloved" possess; perhaps the painter thought that for this sad scene of dreams, such colour would be inappropriate, but we fear it was rather the beginning of his decline. What that decline led him to may be traced, for all who care to follow the steps of decaying power, in the pictures of "The Day-dream" and "The Roman Widow," in which last work nearly all the power and beauty of the painter have faded, and only left a sad reflection of his genius. But through this period of decline we do not care to follow him, nor is he fairly to be judged thereby. His best work will be that which determines his fame, and of this we say again that in beauty of colour and poetical inspiration, the world has as yet never seen its equal.

BOOKS.

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.*

This volume, which belongs to the Dublin University Press Series, is the first instalment of a work which, when completed, will be a worthy monument to the memory of a very distinguished and remarkable man. Mr. Graves, who is performing his important task not only with enthusiasm, but with fine discrimination, observes very justly that even Sir William Hamilton's world-wide reputation as one of the greatest mathematicians of his time, might not in itself demand the publication of an extended memoir of his life; but this volume alone, which leaves Hamilton at the age of twenty-seven, when his great achievement—the invention of quaternions—was still in the future, amply suffices to prove that the work of which it forms a part is something very different from a mere addition to the growing mass of superfluous biographies. Not only the great variety of Hamilton's powers, but the remarkably early development of some of them, give a peculiar interest to the story of his youthful years,—years so full not merely of promise, but of performance, that Professor Sedgwick, in referring to Hamilton, at the meeting of the British Association in 1833, could speak of him, without suspicion of hyperbole, as "a man who possessed within himself powers and talents perhaps never before combined within one philosophical character."

William Rowan Hamilton was born precisely at midnight, between August 3rd and 4th, in the year 1805. The place of his birth was Dublin, where he was destined, in less than thirty years afterwards, to win honour and fame; and Mr. Graves' patriotic instincts have led him to make investigations which prove conclusively that Hamilton was a true [illegible] that the only foundation for a Scottish claim [illegible] in the fact that his maternal grandmother was [illegible] His childish acquirements were certainly [illegible] though his precocity had hardly the all-round character [illegible] Mr. Graves seems inclined to attribute to it, being for the part a precocity of acquisition, rather than of achievement, even of marked originality of thought. Even when he had reached the age of sixteen, we find him making some remarks upon the books he has been reading which are remarkable for nothing but their common-place juvenility; and the letters of his childhood and early youth are, as a rule, conventional and formal, such interest as they have being due, not to their style or thought, but to the glimpses given in them of the studies he is pursuing, and to their constant testimony to his early acquired elevation and steadfastness of moral character. Still, after allowing full weight to these limitations, it is clear that the little Hamilton was an extraordinary child. When he had only just passed his third birthday we find him reading English, not only printed, but written, and a year later his facility was so assured that the fact of a book being presented to him upside-down made no difference to the little reader. These, however, are mere trifles, in comparison with other items in the record. At four years and five months old he read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, the last with the points; and when just eight years of age his command of Latin was such that, during a walk through a beautiful landscape, he delivered in that language an extemporaneous and unpremeditated expression of his admiration of the scene. By this time French and Italian had been added to his acquisitions; at nine he had a fair knowledge of Arabic, and was beginning with eagerness the study of Sanscrit; and the sum-total of his linguistic accomplishments may be gathered from a letter written by his father, three months before William had completed his tenth year. Mr. Archibald Hamilton proudly writes of his little son:—

"There is every reason for a well-founded hope that he will at least be a very learned man, and, I trust, also a very worthy character. His thirst for the Oriental languages is unabated. He is now master of most, indeed of all except the minor and comparatively provincial ones. The Hebrew, Persian, and Arabic are about to be confirmed by the superior and intimate acquaintance with the Sanscrit, in which he is already a proficient. The Chaldee and Syriac he is grounded in, and the Hindoostanee, Malay, Mahratti, Bengali, and others. He is about to commence the Chinese, but the difficulty of procuring books is very great. It cost me a large sum to supply him from London, but I hope the money was well expended."

We may, without injustice either to father or son, assume that the words "master" and "proficient" are here used in an accommodated sense, and are not intended to represent what would be ordinarily understood by students as masterhood and proficiency; but for a boy of nine to possess even a smattering of all these languages is extraordinary enough, and that young Hamilton's knowledge was very much more than a smattering is abundantly manifest. Considered as an illustration of the absurdity of the old-fashioned doctrine that precocity in youth is the inevitable antecedent of dullness in maturity, the case, though extraordinary, is one of many; its peculiarity lies in the fact that while Hamilton's adult achievements fully justified the promise of his childhood, they were of an entirely different character from what might have been expected, the marvellous linguist developing into the great mathematician.

The first indication of that interest in mathematical studies which was to grow into an absorbing passion is found in a letter, written at the age of fourteen, in which Hamilton tells his father that he has "made a kind of epitome of algebra," which seems to have been a somewhat elaborate affair, covering six closely-written folio pages, and proceeding as far as quadratic equations. Soon after this, we hear for the first time of his astronomical bent, manifesting itself for the time mainly in a passion for the observation of eclipses, which, in many letters of this period, are spoken of as if they were to the writer the most important and interesting of all possible events. The sphere of his astronomical investigations rapidly widened, but we must not linger over matters which are of interest mainly as leading up to the first great event of Hamilton's life,—his appointment as Andrews' Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, and Royal Astronomer of Ireland. He was now only twenty-one years of age, but both in the special faculties which won for him so unique an honour, and in the general mental force and fertility by which he was to be almost equally distinguished, his growth had been extraordinarily rapid. This rapidity was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that his

* *Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton, including Selections from his Poems, Correspondence, and Miscellaneous Writings.* By Robert Perceval Graves, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin. Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

as lived in a heated atmosphere of high enthu- not exhaust, because it fed, at the same time

Four years before the event just referred s sister Eliza :—

curious discoveries—at least, they are so to me—to s Boyton, when next we meet; he will be my tutor soon. reads a novel with more anxious interest than a mathema- ician investigates a problem, particularly if it be in any new or untried field of research. All the energies of his mind are called forth, all his faculties are on the stretch for the discovery. Sometimes an unexpected difficulty starts up, and he almost despairs of success. Often, if he be inexperienced, as I am, he will detect mistakes of his own which throw him back. But when all have been rectified, when the happy clue has been found and followed up, when the difficulties, perhaps unusually great, have been completely overcome, what is his rapture!"

If it may be declared, and surely it may, of the genius of scientific vision, as of the genius of poetical creation, that it is born, not made, what can we say but that the fine rapture of toil which expresses itself here is the *cachet* of this high birthright? In connection with this letter should be read another, still more noteworthy, written to the same sister five years afterwards, in which the glories, the perils, and the demands of a scientific career are celebrated with an eloquent dignity of sombre rhetoric which may well recall the voice of Milton or Jeremy Taylor. We cannot give the letter in full, but for one passage room must be found. After speaking of the public summons, which he considers the solemn call of God and his country to "the career of scientific excellence, the search into the wonders and glories of Creation, the unfolding of the laws and motions of the Universe," Hamilton continues :—

"And glorious as this race is, and high, perhaps, above all earthly honours as is the crown of fame, and usefulness, and intellectual eminence which rewards the successful competitor; yet is the path so steep, so tangled, so sore beset with difficulty and danger, that, of all who have entered upon it, how many have turned aside, or fallen by the way! When, indeed, one reflects on the assemblage of warring qualities; on the union of enthusiastic ardour, with calm and philosophic caution; of the courage that shrinks not from difficulties, with the prudence and art that elude them; of the observing eye that ranges over earth and heaven, with the abstracting mind that can withdraw into its own solitary realm of thought; of the untiring zeal that still aims at unlimited excellence, with the modesty that looks upon all which it has done as nothing; in a word, of highest imagination with clearest and strongest understanding, and of transcendent genius with transcendent industry; when (I say) one reflects on the array of warring qualities which must league together, if they would storm the citadel and win the throne of Science, how may he dare to hope them for himself, or marvel that among mankind so few have reached the prize, and that, at least among his own compatriots, none equal or second to Newton hath yet appeared?"

In these large and liberal outlines, we recognise the features of the writer's personality. It has been truly said by a distinguished living son of his own University, that in him we come face to face with the man of genius in science. He presents himself to us as a great idealist, with scientific inspirations, accompanied by the greatest intellectual vigour and exactness in detail. So many Idealists are vague, so many scientific men are merely positive, and creep after phenomena; but Hamilton was an epic creator in science.

We ought to pay some more adequate tribute than that of a mere mention to the most memorable achievement of Hamilton's early years,—the theoretical discovery of conical reflection, afterwards experimentally verified by Lloyd; but what remains of our space must be devoted to matters of another kind. In the ardour of his scientific enthusiasm, Hamilton never lost his love of literature. His favourite recreation was the production of verse, which, if it never rose to any great poetic height, was always characteristically noble in sentiment and graceful in expression; and in 1827, when he was twenty-two years of age, his delight in literature generally, and in poetry particularly, received a strong stimulus from the influence of a great poet with whom he came into personal contact. It was during a short tour in England in the autumn of this year that Hamilton met Wordsworth, a meeting which was the beginning of a friendship that brought into the life of the young astronomer a multitude of new interests. Many letters passed between Rydal Mount and Dublin, and once Hamilton had the pleasure of welcoming Wordsworth to his pleasant home at the Observatory. Of this visit a very interesting sketch was written by Miss Eliza Hamilton,—interesting not because it gives any new view of its subject, but because Miss Hamilton's impressions are so markedly identical with those of almost every one who knew Wordsworth not as a poet merely, but as a man. After describing her first glimpse of him as he walked up the avenue with her brother—"a tall man, with grey hair, a brown coat, and nankeen trousers, on whom 'Smoke,' our black greyhound, was jumping up in a most friendly manner, not by any means his wont with every stranger"—Miss Eliza Hamilton draws a little portrait which, for one or two touches of delicately veracious observation, deserves reproduction, though for the moment it takes us away from Hamilton :—

"There was a slight touch of rusticity and constraint about his perfect gentlemanliness of manner which I liked,—an absence of that *entire* ease of manner towards strangers which always tends to do away my sympathy with any mind, particularly a gifted one; but everything he did and said had an unaffected simplicity, and dignity, and peacefulness of thought that were very striking. He was not at all a loquacious man, nor one who seemed inclined to approach with any degree of intimacy even those of whom he knew a good deal, but at the same time, one who met every advance on the part of others with a ready and attractive affability. Other men did not seem necessary to him, or to the existence of his happiness, so that his sympathy with the happiness and sorrow, the good and ill, of the whole creation as it discovers itself in his poetry, gave one the feeling of his natural character being very peculiar. There was such an indescribable superiority, both intellectual and moral, stamped upon him in his very silence, that everything of his I had thought silly immediately took the beautiful colouring of a wondrous benevolence, that could descend through love to the least and most insignificant things among the works of God, or connected with the weal or woe of man. I think it would be quite impossible for any one who had once been in Wordsworth's company ever again to think anything he has written silly."

Miss Eliza Hamilton goes on to describe a conversation between Wordsworth and her brother concerning a passage in the *Excursion* which Hamilton considered deficient in reverence for science. In this friendly discussion, Hamilton, we think, had the best of it, for while Wordsworth's imaginative grasp of the phenomena of Nature was certainly superior to Hamilton's, there is evidence that in the mere "laws and motions of the Universe," the something in Nature which is apprehended by the pure intellect, Hamilton found an imaginative delight and inspiration to which Wordsworth was all but a stranger. The letters from the poet to his friend in Dublin deal largely with criticism of poetry from the artistic side, and members of our loudest poetical, school who rave about "craftsmanship," and are always ready to fling a barren sneer at Wordsworth, may learn from them that if Wordsworth did not, like their master, Gautier, place art above inspiration, his saner estimate of its comparative value in no way prevented him from having a very keen sense of its absolute importance. Another of Hamilton's correspondents at this time was Mr. Aubrey de Vere, then a youth of eighteen; and we have no hesitation in saying that, considering the age of their writer, his letters are among the most remarkable things of the kind in English literature, that on the subject of love (p. 528) being a specially extraordinary performance. Of Coleridge, also, we have one or two glimpses; and, indeed, the last third of the volume is as full of literary as of personal and scientific interest. We have said only a word or two of the manner in which Mr. Graves has, so far, accomplished his biographical task; but his modest self-effacement must not tempt us to silence, or hinder us from paying a deserved tribute to the industry, the literary skill, and the power of emphasising every really characteristic feature, which are manifest in every page of this volume. The interest of the book is increased by an autotype from Mr. Farrell's miniature bust of Sir William Hamilton, and its value by a most admirable index, for which Mr. Graves expresses his thanks to a friend, to whom our gratitude also is due.

MR. PAYN'S LATEST NOVEL.*

We hope we shall not be accused of "sinning our mercies," when we avow a feeling of satisfaction on finding Mr. Payn's newest story less amusing than several of its predecessors. In appreciation of the amusing in fiction, and in gratitude to those writers who provide it for us, we yield to none; but there is, nevertheless, something very pleasant about a new departure on the part of a favourite author; it arouses curiosity, as well as interest, and affords an opportunity of comparing and contrasting him with himself.

In all his novels, except quite the earlier ones—in them he was grim enough sometimes, for instance, in *The Clyffards of Clyffe*—Mr. Payn's method is to bring out the comedy, and keep down, or rather to hurry over, the tragedy of human life as much as possible, short of the entire denial of seriousness to serious things. The reader may be temporarily shocked by a crime or a calamity, but his spirits are for the most part kept up to a

* *Kit: a Memory.* By James Payn. London: Chatto and Windus.

pleasant pitch, while he may securely calculate on a wholesome absence of sentimentality. With shrewd remark and much revelation of knowledge of the world, that still leaves the author on excellent terms with it, we find in Mr. Payn's novels very little analysis of character, and not much description of a minute and detailed kind. Without tiresome sameness, he makes his people in similar spheres and sets pretty much alike, as in real life they would be, on a superficial view, and he produces his effects by means of incident. Ingenuity, not of the lumbering and creaking, but of the light and dexterous kind, is a leading characteristic of his works, and he is an excellent jester. There did exist, and probably does still, among the contents of a certain circulating library at a fashionable seaside place, a well-read copy of *A Perfect Treasure*, with the following remark written on the fly-leaf, by one of the class of readers so dear to the sympathetic soul of Mr. Thackeray:—"The author is a jolly dog, but there's too much wag in his tale." We have occasionally been reminded of that curt criticism by some of the many successors of *A Perfect Treasure*, in which the author makes things pleasant a little too persistently; but this is such a venial error, especially in the eyes of any whose attitude towards the dreary waste of recent fiction is a business one, that we readily pardon the deflection from a strict literary standard.

Kit is a new departure; there is not, indeed, so startling a surprise for the reader in this story, so far as scene and action are concerned, as *By Proxy* provided, but there is entire novelty of treatment, and just that close and careful handling of individual character that does not appear in the author's previous works. We are disposed to place the miserable hero of this strong and well-told story on a level, in respect to the author's other leading characters, with Mr. Trollope's George Vavasour, in *Can You Forgive Her?* (a masterly presentment of the great villain who started with small villainies,) as compared with that lamented novelist's numerous and diversified scamps. Kit Garston's introduction to the reader is of an unusual kind, for he gravely tells his two companions (associates rather after the fashion of Mr. Trollope's Three Clerks) that, when he was a boy of fourteen, very imaginative and very reckless, he took a leaf out of Faust's book, and sold himself to the Devil. The three young men whose widely various fortunes form the subject of the story are admirably drawn, and the key-note, the dawning suspicion of Kit in the mind of Frank Meade, contrasts with the crystal-clear faith and affection of Mark Medway—a finely-conceived and beautiful character—in a way that indicates the fated line of events without betraying it with happy and well-considered effect. The setting of the story in Cornish scenery, with the surroundings of ruin, forest, garden, river, and sea, is done with more care than Mr. Payn is accustomed to give to *décor*, and confirms the idea conveyed by his recent novel, *For Cash Only*, that he has fallen in love with Cornwall.

The small group of people who play their parts in the story are all well drawn, but duly subordinated to Kit Garston, and to his sister Trenna, a noble creature "warped to wrong." The three elderly gentlemen, Mr. Garston, Dr. Medway, and the Rector, are very well sketched; but why does Mr. Payn say of the latter that "he returned to the world of his books with eagerness, and plunged into the vortex of archæology?" If there be a study totally unlike a "vortex," a study as "calm and critical" as Mrs. Jarley's waxwork itself, it is archæology. The fascination which Kit exercises over his friend Meade and his sister Trenna, by his brightness, dash, eagerness, plausibility, and readiness, those qualities which cover up his selfishness and hide his want of principle, is cleverly conveyed. The first few scenes, with their cheery good-neighbourhood, and the pleasant companionship of young people, make the looming tragedy all the darker, and quicken the reader's sympathy with the devoted sister, who does not share the blindness of her brother's friend, Mark Medway, but is heroically devoted to Kit, whom it is her grief and her curse to suspect,—indeed, to know. That is a really fine scene in which she assumes the guilt of the first crime committed by her brother, to the utter ruin of her love and her hopes.

Mr. Payn seems to have had the familiar names of the *Old Curiosity Shop* in his mind, while writing this book; the hero is Kit, the unjustly-accused servant is Abel, there is reference to the immortal Codlin and Short, but there is no resemblance in the story. The downward course of Kit, with its bounds and pauses, the dishonesty more or less daring, the perverted cleverness, the mingling of audacity and cowardice, the gradual roughening of speech and demeanour towards hi
when any concealment or reserve between the
possible; the adroitness of the mining swindle,
vanity that leads Kit to show the stolen diamond
present from his Directors—a characteristic blunder
the young villain's fate afterwards turns—are all admirable po
in the story, and they are treated with strength and seriousness. There is one pair of happy lovers in the novel, but, though no one can grudge that small indulgence to Mr. Payn, who would be wretched without a "dearest girl" and a wedding on principles of mutual attachment, and sound, if modest finance, we do not particularly care about them. Our hearts are with Trenna and with Mark, especially Mark. No one will apprehend our meaning more precisely than Mr. Payn, no one will more clearly perceive that we do not imply the slightest shade of ridicule of his picture of pure and simple friendship on the part of a vastly superior nature for one most unworthy, when we say that Mark Medway seems to us to be a refined, elevated, and possible Tom Pinch, with the overthrow of the idol of his imagination raised out of the sphere of farce into that of tragedy. The conclusion of the story does not equal its beginning, or the general conduct of it. In the interests of morality and of truth, Kit ought to have served his time. Nobody but Edmund Dantes ever got out of a convict prison under credible circumstances as a dead man, and Mr. Payn has conceded too much to his feeling for the young reprobate's friends. Not that a real, good, bouncing bit of improbability is not acceptable sometimes, but that it is out of place at the winding-up of a story so plausibly conducted and so skilfully developed as this one. The *deus ex machinâ*, who makes things pleasant for the bridal party at the Knoll, had very rough-hewn ends to shape; and though the author's inveterate kind-heartedness is a weakness in this instance, it is much easier to find fault with the method adopted by the indispensable divinity, than to suggest an improvement upon it.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.*

The fame, mysterious and shadowy as it was, which Rossetti enjoyed, or which his admirers claimed for him, in his lifetime, is just at present being put to more than one severe test. That the pictures of any distinguished painter should be collected and exhibited, and have swift judgment passed on them as soon after his death as possible, seems fair enough—it is the nearest approach that can be made to obtaining the verdict of posterity—and every artist with a name among his contemporaries must be well aware of the way in which it will soon be put to proof. But to have volumes of bad English written and published about him with merciless promptitude is a different matter. Moreover, it is not only those who loved or admired Rossetti, or those, a larger class, we may presume, who demand, even in æsthetic literature, some attention to the laws of grammar and plain thinking, who have a right to protest against such books; but those also who care for every influence which can possibly tell on the course of English Art. In spite of Lord Beaconsfield's solemn assertion at an Academy banquet that the distinctive quality of our insular art was imagination (but perhaps he was only jesting, grimly), the world takes precisely the opposite view. It was but the other day that a critic, writing in no mean journal, credited our Academical, and, therefore, it may be supposed, our best and most characteristic work, with some most admirable qualities, such as good drawing, sober colouring, perfect manipulation, &c., but went on to hint very plainly that imagination or creative power was not found in conjunction with them, and that genius would feel itself, and be felt, positively out of place, in regions where we should most wish to see it. Without in the least committing ourselves to this extreme view, we cannot but think that it would be better for English Art if there were no such wide gulf of indifference, no such total breach of sympathy, as certainly exists between those artists and their admirers with whom good work is everything, and those who make nobility of aim or depth of feeling the indispensable condition of excellence and admiration. Now, Rossetti's pictures, with all their manifest shortcomings, have imaginative quality. The great mass of our well-painted, well-drawn work, with not too many exceptions, has none; and that desirable interfusion of the qualities which make for good drawing, and those which make for poetry on canvas, is almost as far off as it was thirty years ago. Mr. Sharp's book, whatever influence it may have,

* *Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* By William Sharp. London: Macmillan and Co.

this direction. The greater part of it con- ious of Rossetti's pictures, and very wearisome it pieces of word-painting they are. The geueral any one of them, for they are all too long to be quoted ength, is simply bewildering. Take the description of the picture called "La Bella Mano," for example. It is only fair to Mr. Sharp to say that he declares this picture to be "meaningless as a design, and even incongruous, as in the introduction of angels as servitors to a lady washing her hands;" but then he also declares it to be "probably the one which the greater number of fit persons would select from the painter's works as excelling in all mastership of artistic craft," and that it has "elements of endless delight." Here are some of the items or constituent parts of the picture, taken pretty much in the order in which they are enumerated, and we make bold to confess that, after reading this and a good many more descriptions of the same sort in full, we are fain to sigh for the works and days of the immortal Gandish, with his "King Alfred" and "dawning of 'Ope," and little fancies of that kind. First in the catalogue we have the lady herself, "standing with her face in partial profile, the deep blue eyes, the fair, exquisitely moulded face, the golden auburn hair," &c., "making such a portraiture as it is the lot of few to meet with in real life." Then her dress, "which is of a beautiful mauve-purple, with, over her right shoulder, a robe or cloak of soft carmine." Then "a scallop-shaped basin, and beyond the basin an angelic attendant, with scarlet wings meeting behind her head," then "a green china vase containing a purple convolvulus," "below this a brazen vessel, beyond this a rack, from which a white towel comes down to just above the basin;" "then another attendant angel holding the lower folds of the towel," and so on, with ever so many more things, all lucent, brilliant, soft, and dreamy, such as hair-jewels, lemon-trees, rose-trees, poppies, and in the background "a large mirror, containing reflections of the red and yellow flames that twine and flash in the unseen fire." But this picture, "La Bella Mano," is described, so to speak, in a plain and workmanlike manner. "The Lady of the Bower" fares, we think, much worse. In that description we read thus:—"Falling over the side of her face and adown her shoulders are great masses of luxuriant golden-brown hair, portions of the latter being kept back from the listening and charmed ear by a golden pin, where a deep carbuncle or ruby is encircled by turquoises of such pale, delicate blue as hills take on seen across water on a summer day;" and furthermore, it is said of the same lady that "while she is entrancing as a Lilith, with the dominant loveliness of Venus Verticordia, she has the additional charm, that of the inevitable refinement of music,—and though she were as lovingly cruel and remorseless as the Idalian, and as wily as she whose beauty transcended Eve's, the fact of being in such absolute accordance with exquisite sound ["a black dulcimer," we are told, is the instrument which she is "playing"], would enhance her with a Siren charm that would appeal to whomsoever looked upon her loveliness." Surely such writing as this justifies a good deal of indignation, and taken together with what seems to us the extravagant over-estimate of Rossetti's genius as a painter, will do much to hinder the cause which we doubt not Mr. Sharp has at heart, namely, the truer appreciation of those splendid and rare qualities in painting,—colour, and imaginative appeal. We have much regard for Mr. Sharp's evident hero-worship; but why could he not have learnt to express it in decent English? A little mixing up of angels' wing-plumes and brazen vessels, "robes of pale green with white interfusions," and so on, although the result is something very like "a nice derangement of epitaphs," is pardonable, considering his subject; but what excuse can be made for such pure nonsense as this?—"His [Rossetti's] ultimate sum-total of female, or, indeed, of male beauty, is not, from a public stand-point, very sympathetic;" or, for such phrases as these, which are almost ingenious in their malformation?—"A volume called *The Shadow of Dante*" is said to "represent the only published matter by Miss Maria Rossetti." The year 1851 is given as "the date in which the first conception of a certain drawing was harboured." We are told that there is "a residuum of mistake" in Rossetti's wilful repetition of one model, and that "before he came of age, his influences were only the general ones of circumstances, country, &c." Mr. Sharp ought to have kept his "conception" of writing this book "harboured" until he could write better than he does now. The appendix, which is oddly said to give "the dates of execution, subjects, mediums, states, and present owners of everything mentioned in the foregoing record," seems to be a very meritorious and painstaking piece of work.

The acknowledged deficiency of the painter Rossetti in drawing, and we should say, in power of design, both as regards form and colour, raises an interesting question how far strength of poetical feeling and colour can by themselves justify the very high rank as an artist which is sometimes claimed for him. To us, his pictures, even his finest, do not seem to have been felt and imagined from the first as pictures. The whole passionate, unconscious, labour-compelling force of mind had been spent, or was being spent, on the same thought in another form of art. The pictures seem to us to be translations of such thoughts into a fresh language. The defective drawing asserts itself painfully (as it does not with Blake), because there has not been at work the fusing power of true pictorial imagination. The artist was evidently uncomfortable about it, and could neither let it alone frankly, as a very early old master would have done, nor disguise it from himself and everybody else by the instinct of composition, which can make imperfection and awkwardness themselves instruments of imaginative expression.

A SCAMPER THROUGH AMERICA.*

Of Mr. Hudson's sixty days' scamper over the Atlantic, through America to California, and back by Canada, the record of some forty is interesting enough; the remainder of the volume is "padding," not much above the great "Crofutt" in style or matter. Leaving the Mersey on Good Friday last, Sandy Hook was passed on the tenth day—there is throughout the book a distressing absence of dates—the only event of the voyage being a storm on Easter Sunday, which, by a sort of anticipation of American parlance, is described as "calculated to blow the very eyebrows off one's face," and recalled to the traveller's mind a "hymn of childhood" so forcibly that he felt compelled to print the following stanza:—

> "When lo! a storm began to rise,
> The wind blew loud and strong;
> It blew the clouds across the skies,
> And roll'd the waves along."

With the beauty of the situation of New York, Mr. Hudson was as much impressed as he was, in common with most European visitors who are not arch panderers to the American taste for flattery, with the surpassing ugliness of the town. The Empire City is an extraordinary jumble of dirty, mean streets, ragged telegraph-poles, rotting wooden shanties, monstrous advertisements—one of which kept company with our traveller throughout the entire continent—garish signs, fronts made hideous by daubs of crude red, blue, and green paint, overtopped, sporadically, by enormous piles of heavily ornate architecture, and overshadowed by a network of wires and by the Elevated Railroad. To all this, the Central Park is a most agreeable contrast; and, in fact, the ugliness of the streets is no proof of the New Yorkers' want of taste, but simply of the hurry of their lives, which leaves no time for that inner contemplation out of which alone the finer culture can come. Nor is the street population an attractive one. The women are terribly over-dressed, and to a stranger the men's faces wear a sad, preoccupied, almost saturnine expression; smiles are rare, and laughs are rarer still. Mr. Hudson mentions the want of politeness as a characteristic of New York street life, but this is more apparent than real. At bottom, the American is of a singularly good-natured disposition,—too good-natured even, for he puts up with a variety of tyrannies, social and political, under which most Englishmen would writhe. This patience is due very much to the large elbow-room they have, which enables them to turn the flank of a difficulty in a hundred ways without attacking it directly, thus escaping the labour and the risk of failure as well. Such a system of *laissez-aller*, however, has its drawbacks; the railroad companies, for instance, who are allowed to carry their tracks pretty much where they will, killed, in 1880, twenty-seven hundred persons at their "level crossings."

While Mr. Hudson was at San Francisco, the news arrived of the Phœnix Park murders. As an Englishman, when he read the news chalked upon huge black boards at the newspaper office, he felt impelled to cast around for sympathy. He found none. "A big man, with Hibernian accent [who heard him mutter, 'It can not be, it can not be!'] turned ..... and remarked, emphatically, 'Why the —— shouldn't

* *A Scamper through America; or, Fifteen Thousand Miles of Ocean and Continent in Sixty Days.* By T. S. Hudson. London: Griffith and Farran. 1882.

it be?'" Indeed, the crowd began to knot itself about him so ominously, that he was glad to get to the Hôtel—the significance of our capital letter will not be lost upon travellers in the States—at the bar of which, adverting to the news, a "gentlemanly-looking American exclaimed, 'Wal, you Britishers have used Ireland tarnation badly!'" while the conductor of the elevator (hoist) added that a war with England "would make every working-man in the United States a soldier." The truth is, the farther west one travels in America, the less the "Britisher" seems to be liked. Not the individual, concrete Britisher, who is always entertained hospitably enough, but a sort of phantasmal denizen of the "old country," the creation of the Western brain. In the Eastern States, and in the busy cities of the Atlantic seaboard, this feeling hardly exists, save as a vague tradition. Nor is it a predominance of the Irish element, which lessens, rather than increases, as we recede westwards, that is at the bottom of this sentiment, which prevails mainly among the foreign-born dwellers in the Mississippi valley and on the Pacific slope, men whom circumstances rather than inclination have in most instances forced to abandon the country of their birth, and who feel in their hearts an abiding soreness against the land which could not or would not afford them a career. The sentiment is neither deep nor very real, though the exigencies of domestic politics might at any moment work it up to a point at which a misunderstanding would become possible, serious enough to bring both countries within measurable distance of an appeal to arms.

Perhaps what the Americans dislike us most for is the pertinacity with which we refuse to see anything to admire in the Protectionist system, by which they have chosen to fetter their industry and ours. We shall follow Mr. Hudson's advice, and eschew criticism, of which American patriotism is not very tolerant. Transatlantic patriotism differs from ours in that it is concerned with the present and future, rather than with the past, and is honest and robust enough at core, though the outer shells of it, so to speak, are of a less real character; the pride of mere bigness, the conceit of wealth and rapid material progress, the provincial vanity which takes umbrage at so small a circumstance as a change in the botanical name of their big trees. "The Americans hate," says Mr. Hudson, "the name of *Wellingtonia*, and say that these trees are properly the *Sequoia gigantea*, once having gone so far as to name them Washingtonia." For all this we are ourselves to a great extent responsible. We are never tired of extolling the bigness of American rivers, mountains, plains, distances, and of lauding the energy with which the American people strive to get the most out of their magnificent estate. But a sixty days' scamper through Europe—and in ordinary times, Europe is for many purposes as much an aggregate of united States as the Transatlantic Republic itself—would afford a depth, a richness, and a variety of instructive and ennobling enjoyment which could not be reaped in the course of sixty of such scampers through America. The only building, to illustrate our argument, which Mr. Hudson finds it worth his while to describe in any detail, is a huge Safe Deposit Block in San Francisco. In this age of comfort and luxury, one is not seldom in peril of forgetting that man does not live by bread alone, and the Arab enjoying his *kef* may often be justly envied by the club-lounger in Pall Mall and the ten or twenty-times millionaire in Wall Street. The most delightful State in the Union, and almost the only one where State patriotism exists, is undoubtedly California, "Caliente Fornella," "Burning Furnace," though the Spaniards, Mr. Hudson tells us, are said to have called it. The climate closely approaches the perfection of that celebrated by Dante:—

> "Un' aura dolce, senza mutamento
> Avere in se, mi feria per la fronte,
> Non di piu colpo che soave vento."

It has all the charm of that of Italy, without its drawbacks. "Yuma has three hundred cloudless days in a year, Los Angeles two hundred and sixty. . . . . London (alas!) only sixty."

Of American stage-coach life on the Pacific slope, and of the Yosemité Valley and the famous Big Trees, Mr. Hudson's descriptions, though brief, are among the best we have read. The volume is throughout written in a lively and attractive style. Mr. Hudson's sixty days' "scamper" may be scampered through in twice sixty minutes; indeed, it is difficult to read the book otherwise than in a sort of rush. The Canadian "days"—each of the "sixty days" has its separate record of those spent in the States; but the reader ried over them by the spirit of rapid motion major part of the book. In fine, the author is traveller, a good observer, and a generous critic sketched a kindly though unflattering picture, rapid in dr but full of suggestion, of the lands and peoples he made acquaintance with in his hurried tour.

EMERSON AS A MAN.*

These three literary portraits of Emerson are all in different ways so admirable and interesting, that it would be difficult, and were it easy, it would be invidious, to place them in order of merit. We therefore assign precedence according to date of publication, and put at the head of our brief list the work of Mr. Cooke, which, though published before Emerson's death, and, therefore, necessarily incomplete, has more of the character of a formal biography than the volumes of Mr. Ireland and Mr. Conway. Of even Mr. Cooke's pages, nearly half are devoted, not to biography pure and simple, but—as was, perhaps, inevitable—to exposition of, and comment upon, the philosophical, ethical, and literary opinions of the great writer of Concord. With these, we do not now propose to deal. In a previous article,† the strong and the weak points of Emerson's contribution to the thought of his time were sufficiently indicated; and we prefer now to dwell almost wholly upon the features of the singularly attractive and beautiful character depicted in these volumes.

The life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, like that of the majority of men of letters in our time, was not rich in events, or what are commonly known as such; but we can well spare the superficial interest of incident, in a career so full of interest of a wealthier and more satisfying kind. If any figure be in itself impressive, it is more pleasant, and generally more instructive, to be allowed to observe it in repose, or in those attitudes of homely action which are instinctive and unconscious, than in the strain of struggle with external circumstances, where the gracious lines of individuality are lost, and we see simply an embodied type of the passion of conflict. Just as there are characters which recall one or other of the forms of nature—the flaming volcano with its far-reaching lava-streams of destruction, or the solitary lake which is still enough to reflect every star—so there are others which make us think of the beautiful things of art,—of a tender strain of melody, a miracle of pictured colour, or a marble to which the sculptor has given an immortal life. Emerson reminds us of the marble, not carved into the agony of the Laocoon, but into the calm and satisfying beauty of the Apollo. The surroundings of his life were almost as ideally perfect as those with which the imagination of Wordsworth environed the maiden who grew three years in sun and shower. Born of a race of worthy ancestors, who combined the stern virtues of Puritanism with some of the gentler graces in which Puritanism was wont to be deficient, the very blood in his veins was in itself a great inheritance. His mother was a woman of whom one of her sons said "that in his boyhood, when she came from her room in the morning, it seemed to him that she always came from communion with God," and who has been described by one who knew her as possessed of great patience and fortitude, of a discerning spirit and a most courteous bearing; "her sensible and kindly speech was always as good as the best instruction, her smile, though it was ever ready, was a reward." In addition to this inestimable possession, the little Ralph Waldo was surrounded by relatives and friends whose influence could not fail to be cultivating and morally useful to him in the highest degree; while the home of his boyhood was one which, though it could not truly be called poor, seeing that all the real needs of its inmates were supplied, was still approached nearly enough by poverty to become acquainted with its bracing stimulus, but not so nearly as to have experience of its power to chill and harden.

Descending from a line of preachers who, generation after generation, had gradually passed from Calvinism to Arminianism, from Arminianism to Arianism, and from Arianism to the

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* 1. *Ralph Waldo Emerson: his Life, Writings, and Philosophy.* By George Willis Cooke. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

2. *Ralph Waldo Emerson: his Life, Genius, and Writings.* By Alexander Ireland. Second Edition, largely augmented. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

3. *Emerson at Home and Abroad.* By Moncure David Conway. London: Trübner and Co.

† *Spectator*, May 6th, 1882.

——ype of Unitarianism, it was natural that ' and his way into a Unitarian pulpit; so in of 1829, when nearing the completion of his year—having been born on the 25th of March, he received an invitation from the Second Church in ..on to become the colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware, jun.; and as very shortly after this Mr. Ware was compelled by the failure of his health to resign his position, the sole charge of the Church was committed to the hands of Emerson. His way in life now seemed to lie plain before him. In his retiring address, Mr. Ware, speaking of Emerson's acceptance of the Church's invitation, said, "Providence presented to you at once a man on whom your hearts could rest;" and not only the hearts, but the minds of the congregation seem to have found full satisfaction in the character and addresses of their minister, who evidently had the support of his people, even in the act—at that time unprecedented—of opening his church to the unpopular anti-slavery agitation. Everything, in the best sense of the phrase, was going well, when, in the autumn of 1832, to the great grief of his congregation, he resigned his charge, the immediate reason for the step being not, as might have been supposed, any change in his dogmatic position, but a growing feeling that certain religious forms—notably the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—were inconsistent with a true conception of the spirituality of Christianity. The ground he took was very much the same as that which had been long occupied by the Quakers, and his last discourse, which was at once a farewell and an *apologia*, is noteworthy, as showing his command of the logical method, which is conspicuously absent from the books by which his fame was won, and as giving us, therefore, some reason to suppose that Mr. Conway is probably right in attributing his general abstinence from logical forms to the fact that "he was more interested in points not to be so carried." Never was a separation attended with less bitterness, or with more of a victorious affection which made all differences seem trifling, than this of Emerson from the people to whom he had ministered. Full of courage as he was himself, and rich as were his sermons in the raw material for a hundred fierce controversies, Emerson could neither be forced nor inveigled into the assumption of a polemical attitude. When he delivered his celebrated address to the students of the Divinity College, Harvard University—an address which was, not unnaturally, received by the Christian world of America with a chorus of disapproval and alarm—he preserved an almost unbroken silence, perfectly sweet, with none of the sullenness which is wont to lurk in most silences of this kind. Only to his old friend and colleague Henry Ware, who sent him a letter of expostulation and a sermon of controversy, did he think it needful to say anything; and his words are instinct with a characteristic combination of firmness and gentleness. Emerson wrote:—

"I ought sooner to have replied to your kind letter of last week, and the sermon it accompanied. The letter was right manly and noble. The sermon, too, I have read with attention. If it assails any doctrine of mine—perhaps I am not so quick to see it as writers generally—certainly I did not see any reason to depart from my habitual contentment that you should say your thought, whilst I say mine. . . . . I could not possibly give you one of the arguments you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine rests. For I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me why I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men. I do not even see that either of these questions admits of an answer, so that in the present posture of affairs, when I see myself suddenly raised to the position of a heretic, who is to make good his thesis against all comers, I certainly shall do no such thing. I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done, glad when you speak my thoughts, and skipping the page that has nothing for me."

We do not quote this passage for its intellectual soundness, for the thought embodied in it seems to us merely a half-truth, but as an admirable illustration of Emerson's attitude in the presence of opposition. Another and a more humorous one is given in an anecdote quoted by Mr. Ireland. Emerson had been delivering an address to a literary society, and a clergyman being called upon to conclude the meeting with prayer, put up a petition in which occurred the remarkable sentence, "We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk." The teller of the anecdote records that "after the benediction, Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbour the name of the officiating clergyman, and when falteringly answered, with gentle simplicity remarked, 'He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man,' and went on his peaceful way." Emerson was certainly not a man with whom it was easy to pick a quarrel. His was the charity that is "not easily provoked."

After the severance of his connection with the Boston Church, Emerson, though he still occasionally preached, took no other pastoral charge, but devoted himself to literature, or rather, to lecturing, for, with the exception of his poems, all, or nearly all, of his published works were originally prepared for use upon the platform. Henceforward his biography consists simply of an enumeration of the titles of his successive books, of the incidents of two voyages to Europe, and of a number of simple records which would be trivial, were they not so characteristic. It is mainly for their delightful collections of this last kind of material that our thanks are due to Mr. Ireland and Mr. Conway. The former was Emerson's first English friend, the latter has for thirty years or more been one of his most faithful American disciples; and their long and—save by distance—uninterrupted communication with him has enabled them to give to their portraits not only verisimilitude, but vitality. Though of the three books before us, Mr. Cooke's is the most comprehensive, and will probably be found the most useful by the young reader to whom Emerson is as yet a stranger, the two other works seem to us more attractive, because fuller of the intimate personal revelations, the homely, every-day manifestations of character, which enable us to know the man, not merely to know about him. Mr. Ireland's account of Emerson's sayings and doings during his three English visits fills so admirably a gap in all other biographies, and his narrative is throughout so simply and pleasantly written, that we are almost inclined to grumble at the modesty which has prompted him to confine his personal recollections within such comparatively narrow compass; but volumes cannot be indefinitely enlarged, and we could hardly spare any of the interesting anecdotes which he has gathered together with such discrimination and industry. Mr. Conway has relied almost entirely upon his own resources, which, it is needless to say, are sufficiently ample, seeing that he was not only the intimate friend of Emerson himself, but of Hawthorne and other notabilities, who have made Concord one of the most interesting literary centres of our time. He has much to tell us about the Emersonian circle, which included Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Alcott, Theodore Parker, and other persons, less known on this side of the Atlantic, but in many respects hardly less worth knowing, so the matter of the book is generally both new and valuable; and though to some tastes its manner may seem too exuberantly rhetorical, it is so totally free from strain or affectation, that we find it pleasant rather than otherwise. If Sydney Smith were right in saying that every style is good that is not tiresome, then Mr. Conway's is a very good style indeed.

But our last words must be devoted to Emerson himself. If we are to judge of a man's moral and spiritual features by their reflection in the minds of those with whom he is brought into contact, it is hardly possible, after reading the unanimous testimonies scattered up and down these volumes, to doubt that his was one of the noblest, purest, simplest, and most harmonious natures of modern times. Even Carlyle's voice lost all its wonted austerity and gained an unfamiliar cordiality, in speaking of the day at Craigenputtock "when that supernal vision Waldo Emerson dawned upon us." Arthur Hugh Clough, not a person of ill-regulated mind, was possessed by the charm of Emerson, to whom he said it was good to go, and whom he declared to be the only profound man he had met in America. To Oliver Wendell Holmes he showed himself as "a soul glowing like the rose of morning with enthusiasm, a character white as the lilies in its purity," the end and aim of whose being was "to make truth lovely and manhood valourous,"—which may all be true, but need hardly have been so affectedly expressed. A man of a very different type, Father Taylor, the well-known Methodist preacher and philanthropist, to whom Dickens has given an English fame, always spoke with intense emotion of the friend who had often helped him in his good works; and was proud of only one thing he had ever done, which was an answer given to some Methodists who objected to his friendship for Emerson. Being a Unitarian, they insisted that he must go to hell. "It does look so," said Father Taylor; "but I am sure of one thing, if Emerson goes to hell, he will change the climate there, and emigration will set that way." To those who do not know the Emerson displayed to us in these volumes, a suspicion of exaggeration may hang about these panegyrics, but to those whose

belief in the possibilities of human nobleness is large, it will seem more likely that even such eulogiums should be just, than that eminent men, alike in hardly anything but honesty, should unite in a conspiracy of flattering falsehood.

Among those really qualified to judge, one person only would have been likely to indulge in a kindly challenge of their accuracy, and that person was Emerson himself. An unaffected and unobtrusive humility was one of his most noteworthy characteristics. When he recognised a difference between himself and others, it did not seem to occur to him to make his own nature the standard, and to regard other natures as deviations from it, though this is the attitude which most men instinctively assume. Instead of proudly dispensing tolerance, he gratefully accepted it; yet lost no real dignity, but rather gained it by such acceptance. When he was asked by Theodore Parker's Society to deliver the chief address at Parker's funeral, Emerson wrote to express his sense of the loss which the country had sustained; and then, after stating his reasons for thinking himself incompetent to perform the task assigned to him, said simply, "My relations to him are quite accidental, and our differences of method and working such as really required and honoured all his catholicism and magnanimity to forgive in me." Emerson always seemed to himself the one needing to be forgiven.

Emerson was, nevertheless, a strong man. We have seen how he was the first to extend the hospitality of the Church to the early proclaimers of the gospel of emancipation; and our last quotation shall be a story told by Mr. Conway of how, in later years, he met the soldiers of slavery face to face:—

"When the Southern States began to secede, frightened compromisers in the North hoped to soothe them by silencing the Abolitionists: roughs were employed to fill the Anti-slavery halls, hurl missiles at the speakers, and drown every voice with their yells. When these scenes were occurring in Boston, Emerson repaired thither, and took his place upon the platform. The Music Hall, on one such occasion, was possessed by a vast throng of screaming roughs, whom the well-known Anti-slavery orators vainly tried to address. Even by those near the platform no word could be heard. Garrison was almost in despair, as was Wendell Phillips, who just then caught sight of Emerson, looking calmly on the wild scene. He went to him and whispered. Emerson advanced; the roughs did not know this man, and there was a break in the roar, through which was now heard the voice of Emerson, beginning, 'Christopher North—you have all heard of Christopher North.' There was a perfect silence, as if the name had paralysed every man. Not one of them had ever heard of Christopher North, but this assumption of their intelligence by the intellectual stranger disarmed them. Emerson told the story of Christopher North, that he once defended his moderation in having only kicked some scoundrels out of the door, instead of pitching them out of the window,—and went on to show that under the circumstances, the Abolitionists had exercised moderation. The power of mind over matter was happily displayed in the attention with which the crowd listened to Emerson, who spoke admirably, though without notes or preparation."

We have kept our resolution to speak of Emerson the man, rather than of Emerson the thinker. Of the legacy he has left to the world, the literary portion seems to us by far the most valuable; and it is pleasant to know that the teacher lived up to his teaching, and even embodied the declaration of a great Englishman, whom he loved to honour,—"that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem."

A STORY OF CARNIVAL.*

The perusal of this clever and thoughtful novel leaves the reader with a half-feeling that he has been spending his time with some of that family in *The Princess* who were in a chronic state of confusion as to the difference between shadow and substance; many of the characters give a strange impression of shadowiness, and especially the morbid and introspective hero Gilbert, who might really at times have echoed the words of Tennyson's Prince:—

> "I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,
> And feel myself the shadow of a dream."

The key-note to this turn of mind is struck quite early in the story, in a paper written by him, to be read at a symposium of artists and others, who meet at intervals to listen to one another's productions, and we subjoin the account of the reading:—

"It chanced that to-night there were but two papers in the basket. It was Penrith's turn to read. Gilbert did not know whether he was relieved or not, as he heard his own first sentence ticked out in Penrith's neat enunciation. Gilbert had read something somewhere or other about a mad painter, who painted nothing but shadows—shadows of men and women—shadows of actio
each other and killing each other. He had beg
the weirdness of the idea had taken hold of him
it took more hold still as he listened to Penrith's mea
which gave the sentences an air of importance and so
scarcely possessed in their author's own imagination.
read, however, a less pleasant sensation began to assert itsel
ill-defined presentiment that in describing the mad artist's folly
had been unwittingly describing himself—occupied only with shadows.
Gilbert had described the madman's pictures as growing more and more tragic and terrible, until his shadows produced on beholders a feeling of horror, keener because more vague than that produced by realities. It seemed to him, as Penrith read on, as if these shadows of his own imagining were not wholly imaginary, but were detaching themselves from the background of his fancy, and surrounding him with threatening gestures and mocking looks. He was very glad when Penrith came to the end, and looking round the little circle, said, 'Well?'"

But whatever indefiniteness may sometimes appear in the book where human beings are concerned, there is certainly none in its capital and graphic descriptions of the sights and scenes belonging to a Roman carnival, whose masquerades, pageants, and processions are set forth with an animation and vigour that may almost make the reader fancy himself turned into a spectator. The marked contrast between these two kinds of description reminds us of the difference between objects looked at on a clear day, or in a fog which only at intervals lifts sufficiently to make them for a brief space distinctly visible; in the first case, the eye receives an incisive, definite, well-marked impression, whereas in the other, it is continually perplexed by blurred, vague outlines. We are by no means sure that this effect may not proceed from high art on the author's part, in other words, that she does not produce it intentionally, in order to convey a sort of enchantment peculiar to Rome (where the scene of the story is laid), as a place so full of grand monuments of past ages, that to live there must necessarily give historical memories an unnatural influence, till the past seems more actual than the present, and the unreal more vivid than the real. Perhaps, too, it is this moralising and reflective spirit that causes the gentle tinge of melancholy pervading a good deal of the book. The author appears ever to have before her eyes the grinning skull underlying the fairest exterior, and to be depressed by the recollection of the alloy inseparable from all mortal pleasures. Cherbuliez says, in one of his novels,—"Ce pauvre monde est ainsi fait, qu'il est bien difficile d'avaler un verre de vin où il n'y ait pas une mouche. Quand le vin est bon, et que la mouche n'est pas trop grosse, il faut boire." While Miss Hoppus's people are very ready to drink the wine—to make the most of any opportunity for amusement that comes in their way—it is, nevertheless, evident that they never manage thoroughly to reconcile themselves to the unwelcome fly. The author, however, does not let her turn for moralising make her tedious, and the following extract may show that she has thoughts worth the reading:—"This would be a very easy world to live in, if consequences began and ended at home. But consequences are like thistle-seed—we never know whither the wind may not carry them. Sometimes the wind carries our thistle-seed clear off our own thriftless fields, and into our industrious neighbour's. The beginning of sin is like the letting-out of water." Whether her people be shadowy or not, that they need mutual sympathy and understanding in order to make them happy, is a cardinal doctrine in her philosophy of life, as witness the excellent little essay on love; and also the statement of opinion that "a man has need of some very absorbing pursuit, to be able to live his life alone."

A strong contrast to the irresolute, self-distrustful hero is presented by his half-brother Geoffry, who is as practical, shrewd, decided, full of common-sense, and confident in his own luck, as his brother is the reverse. That a young gentleman so slangy, horsey, and devoted to sport as Geoffry should exhibit a lively interest in the Vatican and other lions of Rome certainly seemed incongruous at first-sight; but subsequent reflection convinced us that the apparent anomaly might be accounted for by the knack he has of deriving entertainment in most unlikely circumstances, by dint of always detecting some point in everything that is congenial to his own tastes. The following speech of his upon statues will illustrate our meaning:—"I'm awfully fond of statues, when they're good ones. Now, there's Marcus Aurelius—there's a horse for you! A man that knows the points of a horse can very soon learn the points of a statue. A picture is another thing; but you can walk round a statue." A very interesting character is that of the American

* *A Story of Carnival.* By Mary A. M. Hoppus. London: Hurst and Blackett.

—— honest, straightforward, simple-minded ... seem to come from his thoughts in straight ... republican, as a matter of course, yet with ... the exclusive ideas of an aristocrat about him, ...uge by this declaration,—"For my part, I take no ...est in those who are, because they are content to be, the common herd. If they take no pains to prove their equality, why the devil should I howl myself black in the face about it?" Clissold, with his English wife and her sister, who is the heroine, form a pleasant picture of a likeable, healthy-toned family trio; and we think the book would have been all the better if the delineation of these figures had been even more definite than it is, though they are less affected by the prevailing tendency to shadowiness than some others. One of the insufficiently marked entities is the meanly revengeful Dremel, and another is a young widower, who is brought into just sufficient prominence to make it evident what a fine fellow he would have been, if he had been allowed to be seen clearly. In Manente and his friend Gregorio, the profound horror of the evil eye which is characteristic of the lower classes in Italy is put forward strongly, and the reader is amused to see how the liberal Gregorio, while assuming to laugh at the superstition and be quite superior to it, is yet never happy unless possessing a charm against it. These two portraits are all the more welcome for their rarity, since it is not often that authors have either inclination or opportunity to observe foreigners of the lower class closely enough for making a good likeness. The merit of the book lies rather in its character studies and spirited carnival pictures than in its plot, which seems to us very slight, and somewhat deficient in construction. There is too much making of mountains out of mole-hills; and in real life, we doubt whether even any one as undecided as Gilbert would have gone on a whole year without taking steps to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the secret story that threatened his position, and without imparting it to some of the other persons concerned. But on this score, it is ungrateful to complain; since, unless he had acted as he did, this book could never have been written, and the world would have lost a thoughtful and enjoyable novel.

CAMPS IN THE ROCKIES.*

Like other works by the same author, this is a pleasant record of travel and sport; but instead of tracking the writer's footsteps among the Tyrolese Alps, we are now called upon to follow him into remote Western fastnesses, and on journeys compared with which his former wanderings, although a good preparation for more serious undertakings, may almost be said to be child's-play. The scene of Mr. Grohman's recent adventures is a portion of the Rocky Mountains, some part of which had not been previously visited by white men. But before entering upon his explorations, or sitting with him by the camp fire, under any of the varied circumstances which he so graphically describes, we shall do well to remind ourselves of the vast scale on which the operations of Nature are carried on at the other side of the Atlantic, and realise that we have not now to do with a continuous chain of summits, however gigantic, but with a number of separate ranges, intersected by high table-land passes of a hundred or more miles in width, the western half of Wyoming alone containing four such ranges, perfectly distinct from each other, the longest, highest, and most important being that of the Big Wind River, at the northern extremity of which, to the south-east of the Yellowstone Country, lies the immense triangular sea of peaks known as the Sierra Soshoné. Of this mountain system, the greater portion is rugged and barren, while some of its slopes are covered by dense forests, the altitudes above timber-line varying from 10,000 to 14,000 feet. A portion of it had been visited by different United States exploring parties, notably those of Captain Reynolds and Captain Jones; but until after the Bannock War of 1878, the country was, owing to the hostility of the Indians, too unsafe for small parties of travellers; and at the present moment, there seems again to be considerable danger from the "Mountain Crows" and Arrappahoes, who are always ready to take to the war-path. At the time of the author's journey, however, the districts we speak of were so clear that he was able to gratify his desire of seeing them, and having secured the companionship of a veteran *coureur des bois*, who had also played the part of Indian scout in some of the most sanguinary wars, he carried out his expeditions in genuine trapper fashion, reducing his impedimenta to the very smallest modicum, and depending upon bountiful nature for food and lodging.

The sportsman who goes to work in this way sees life under a thoroughly new aspect, and is able to penetrate into regions which it would be otherwise impossible to visit. Once inured to privation, too, he enjoys himself amazingly, although not every one is either mentally or physically qualified for such an undertaking. Mr. Grohman, however, a hunter from boyhood, had already made many trials of his powers of endurance, and found himself, though naturally wanting in experience of a certain kind, fully capable of holding his own, even with the hardiest of frontiersmen. His "outfit," to use the curious Western expression which, as we are told, covers every imaginable human, animate, and inanimate being or article,—a wife, a wedding, a funeral, a rifle, or a hunting party, coming equally under this designation,—consisted simply of the trapper, another man, and a boy, with some pack-horses laden with beaver-traps, ammunition, cooking utensils, a whiskey-cask, and a small stock of provisions and other necessaries; and though there was nothing "top-shelf" about it, the caravan had a very workmanlike, "ready-for-all-emergencies," appearance, the leading spirit, "Port," being a thoroughly genial, manly fellow, of great bravery, and full of dry humour, and the man and boy also characters in their own way. Mr. Grohman delights in giving us every now and then a sample of Western slang, which occasionally enlivens, but more often spoils his narrative. This, however, might be forgiven, but not so his deliberately expressed preference for the phonetic spelling of a word, which continually meets us in the hideous guise of *canyon*, and is enough to put the mildest reviewer out of temper, especially as one of the most delightful parts of the book is the account of the winter journey to the wonderful and little-known gorges of the Colorado River.

Unable to provide boats for visiting the Cañons in the only way hitherto deemed practicable, the author hit upon the novel expedient of attempting their exploration in the depth of a very severe winter, believing, and as it proved correctly, that the river would be ice-bound even at so great a depth, and, notwithstanding the extreme rapidity of its current. With some necessaries packed on an Indian pony, having left his permanent camp near the head cañon, Mr. Grohman threaded his way alone through several of these remarkable gorges, at the bottom of which lay the rock-hemmed river, looking, except at the rapids, like a broad, smooth, Alpine road through a gigantic mountain defile, some sixty yards in width, and from two to three thousand feet in depth, the colouring of the massive walls being often wonderfully beautiful, while the solemn stillness had also its special charm.

Mr. Grohman often speaks of the strangely vivid, but crude colouring that distinguishes Western mountain scenery, especially among the *mauvaises terres*, where the country, for many thousands of square miles lacking the upper crust of vegetation, and with its singular geological formation showing in the intense sunlight successive bands of different conglomerates in black, brown, pea-green, purple, and vermilion streaks, and that, too, in fantastic, isolated crags, airy pinnacles, or castellated summits, reminds the traveller of some of the early pictorial attempts of primitive races, alike devoid of perspective, and of harmony of tints. Speaking of the Sierra Soshoné, the author remarks:—

> "We penetrated into this range from two sides, from the south and from the east, and more weird mountain scenery than was disclosed to me day after day cannot be imagined. Rugged, as, perhaps, no other upheaval in the world, the eye wanders in amazement from the trenched and castellated upper surface, to the deep canyons, lined with great caverns, pillars, towers, and steeples, often hundreds of feet in height. Most of the narrow, fissure-like gorges have been produced by water erosions through consecutive strata of various lava conglomerates, to a depth of 1,500 and 2,000 feet. . . . . Except the bizarre Washakie Needle, a prominent landmark, and the only mountain in the vast ocean of pinnacles that has received a name, and another nameless one, which I discovered north-west of it, which are both of granite, the other hundreds, nay, thousands, of peaks and eminences are of volcanic origin."

In strong contrast with this is the description of the lovely forest and lake scenery about Timberline, a ramble through which, in quest of wapiti or bighorn, is so delightful, in the keen, bracing atmosphere. Above the vast stretches of trackless forest, you come upon hundreds of lakelets, each with its distinct physiognomy. In one you may see a great stag or a moose deer knee-deep in the water, while the presence of beaver will give to another "the peculiar charm of inhabitedness;" some will be shut in by vast rocky walls, or surrounded by huge boulders tossed about by some convulsion of nature, while others lie

* *Camps in the Rockies.* By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. London: Sampson Low and Co.

serene and smiling amidst their wooded shores, the waters being of crystal clearness and of the hue of the beryl. Again, they may be found lying in tiers over each other, as many as six tiers having been seen together on the slopes of some giant peak, separated from each other by huge, perpendicular steps in the mountain formation. On many an occasion after a long stalk, it is pleasant, the author tells us, to stretch oneself on the soft sward beside one of these tranquil tarns, and look by turns at the magnificent landscape, and at the furred and feathered creatures who people these solitudes—the deer coming down to the water, the otter creeping along the banks, the "old-man" beaver, with his spouse and kittens cutting or collecting feed-sticks, a quaint little family of blue-winged teal circling and diving in the little bay, or perhaps a flight of wild-geese making a halt in their southernward journey—until it is time to return to the camp fire, which looks so picturesque, with its group of Rembrandt-like figures smoking the pipe of peace, before beginning the two hours' hard work of the evening, for rifles have to be cleaned, cartridges to be loaded, clothes have to be patched and horses to be shod, boots and mocassins want the awl and last, straps and pack-harness need splicing, and pack-sacks patches; while last, but by no means least, there is most likely a large heap of peltry to be carefully stretched and pegged out, before the buffalo-skin bed can be smoothed and occupied. Not always, however, is a camp scene so peaceful; it may be that a night, or perhaps a day and a night, has to be passed in a snowstorm, when all the saddles and traps have to be used to keep down a protecting sail-cloth, and the pick-axe does duty for an anchor; or possibly an eight days' hurricane may have to be got over in a miserable "dug-out," some 10 ft. by 9 ft., scooped out of the side of a cañon, and crowded up with the whole "outfit;" but of course the rough must be taken with the smooth, and Mr. Grohman and his followers seem to have had the happy knack of "not being given," as he expresses it, "to borrow trouble."

In his chapter headed, "Camps in Cowboyland," as well as in the appendix, he gives an interesting account of the cattle-raising business, and its westward extension, with statistics which may serve to show very fairly what are the usual profits made by men who have had moderate luck, and who were possessed of reasonable skill; and one point is especially dwelt upon, in reference to English immigrants, namely, the necessity, and yet the great difficulty, to a Briton of becoming thoroughly Americanised, without which process it seems that success in the business is most unlikely. A gentleman-farmer is an unheard-of personage in the States; a man must work with his men early and late, and he must never say, "Go and do," but, "Come, let us do so and so." And if the English gentleman aspires to be a good rancheman, he must work as do the others, for in no occupation is popularity more essential than in this one, and in none is a man so dependent on his neighbours, so open to petty annoyances, or so helplessly exposed to vindictive injury.

There is also in Mr. Grohman's book a good deal of information about the fauna of the Rockies, for he studied not only the various animals of the deer tribe, which were the special objects of his pursuit; but also directed much attention to the beaver, and describes minutely the habits and methods of working both of the "bank" and "dam" beaver, and the formation of beaver meadows, telling us the suggestive story of the man who learned from the examination of the work of these intelligent creatures how to get over a serious engineering difficulty, by building dams and reservoirs entirely of peat. Of a less pleasant animal Mr. Grohman has also a good deal to say, going into the question of hydrophobia produced by skunk-bites and the method of cure, and giving us also some curious facts about that disagreeable creature. On the whole, we may fairly say that his book, while it cannot fail to amuse the stay-at-home reader, is also likely to prove useful to the traveller or the settler in Western lands.

THE GLOBE SERIES OF READERS.*

The *physique*, so to speak, of this series, which consists of six readers and two primers, is excellent. The paper is good, the type large and clear, and the illustrations, which are sufficiently numerous to please, and too few to distract, call for little criticism, though in some instances the blocks appear to have seen hard service, and the woodcuts occasionally have a common look about them. To the text, or rather to the method of the compilation, quite the same praise cannot be accorded. The system of marking pronunciation, though sanctioned by the high authority of Professor Bain, does not seem as judicious. The letters *á, é, í, ó, ú*, with the *a* are directed to be pronounced as the diphthongs in "mien," "mine," "moan," and "moon." This is neither natural nor the common pronunciation of these vowels in English, though the contrary is often supposed to be the case. They are not usually so sounded, save where the succeeding consonant is followed by an *e* mute—a mere orthographical device—or where, by a false analogy, the names of the vowels have induced a corresponding pronunciation. It should have been pointed out that the sound of *u* in "tune" is a degradation of the Continental *u*, the true sound of which is nearly preserved in the Scottish "guid," "puir," &c. The proper short sound of *u* is heard in "put," "full," the long sound in "rule," "yule," and to mark the former *û*, and the latter *ú*, is an unnecessary deviation from the accepted use of the circumflex and grave accents. The broad *a* in "all" were better represented by the Swedish *å* than by *ō*, and to signify by (˘) that a vowel is long, but unaccented, is surely a confusing employment of the symbol. A similar exception may be taken to the use of *ä* and *ö*, to note the sounds of *a* in "far and *a* in "all," when unaccented. These marks would have done as well as any other, were it not that, by almost universal consent, they already subserve different orthographical needs. It is worth while insisting on the fact that in English, as in Anglo-Saxon, the vowels had originally, and still have, properly, nearly the same values as on the Continent. A much needed reform in our orthography can only thus be brought about, and the awkward singularity of our pronunciation of the vowels, when we depart from what may be fairly termed their legitimate sounds, removed.

Of the series, the earlier volumes are, perhaps, the most important. If the art of reading is not found easy by children, their elders have found it still less easy to invent a thoroughly satisfactory method of teaching the rudiments of the art. Not to be possessed of the art, is to be destitute, as it were, of a sense, to be in a measure mentally blind. The grown man who cannot read has no other knowledge than that gained by his personal experiences, together with some reflection of that possessed by his circle of acquaintances. He is a member not of society, but of a coterie. Hence the paramount importance, not to himself merely, or even mainly, but to society, that every one should at least be able to read, that he may be capable of becoming a full member of it. The acquirement of the art must be most difficult to the immature minds of children. We may understand the difficulty, when we reflect upon the painful drudgery one has to go through in beginning to learn a language written in a different character from that of our own. Take Russian, for instance, with its thirty odd letters, and some half-dozen sounds to many of them. Simply to decipher Russian, with anything like the ease with which we decipher English—by words, even by sentences—requires the assiduous study of at least twelve months. With Arabic, twice or thrice that time is necessary; while Chinese children are said to take six or seven years in learning to spell through their horn-books. On an average, an English child probably takes, at least, two years to learn to read with facility enough to make the practice of reading otherwise than irksome. Such, at least, is the case upon any system of instruction yet invented. The matter has not been sufficiently investigated, deductively or inductively. There are no statistics enabling a judgment to be formed of the comparative excellence and rapidity of the various systems in vogue, and the subject can only, at present, be treated deductively. The first thing the compiler of an elementary reader should do, is to collect a child's vocabulary. A child of three will have a stock of not more, probably, than half a hundred words; of six, a hundred; of nine, from two to three hundred. With these materials, sentences should be constructed, and short stories and descriptions put together, of a nature to interest the little learners. They should be taught, as recommended in the Oxford Series, to read words as wholes, not by parts or syllables, to read them as a sort of ideographs. A little experience will soon enable them to recognise the parts and their respective values, but both analysis and synthesis should be allowed to follow naturally in the wake of concrete knowledge, not taught directly to intellects far too immature to be capable of these mental operations in any useful degree. The words need not be all monosyllabic,—children use polysyllabic words freely enough. Spelling, which is an analytic operation extremely irksome and uninteresting to children, should not be

* *The Globe Readers.* Compiled and Edited by A. F. Murison, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co.

first,—perhaps, at no stage as a separate task. ...nould be wholly dogmatic, and based as far as ...a the child's vocabulary, until he becomes fairly ...ch the written representations of his stock of words. ...will by that time have unconsciously acquired a certain ...elementary knowledge of principles, which it will be easy to develop, both immediately and mediately, through continued reading. In the Primers, Mr. Murison has made a good choice of words, though he has stuck somewhat too closely to monosyllables. In the second primer, the lessons consist of short stories or descriptions, some of which are excellent; others might have been told with more simplicity and less repetition. He adopts the method, followed in most reading books, of impressing the vowel and diphthong sounds upon the memory by frequent repetition, a number of lessons in succession being devoted to the same vowel or vowel combination. This plan has its merits, but the disadvantage of it lies in its irksomeness to children, who love variety. The earlier lessons in the first primer would hardly attract children. They consist, not of short stories, &c., but of phrases, such as "I am at it. . . . . It am I in . . . . . if an ox is in, it is on us," &c. Further on, we have sentences such as, "There is rum in the tun . . . . . They got some fun at the tun," &c. Phrases of this kind are to children sound divorced from sense, and render instruction both difficult and uninteresting. The plan of introducing exceptional, yet not uncommon words, in special type, is an excellent one, and might with advantage have been carried out more extensively. The jingling rhymes, too, are good, and are sure to be appreciated by the little beginners whose task they are intended to relieve. The Readers are better than the Primers. The selections are good, and sufficiently varied in style and matter. The didactic element is not too largely introduced, and the attempt to graduate the lessons is, perhaps, as successful as any such attempt can be. The fact is, children's literature of a high order is anything but extensive; there are not many Lewis Carrolls in the world, and the Blakes are rarer still. Mr. Murison has been wisely bold in "adapting" some of the pieces to suit his readers. Numberless extracts from good authors, by a certain amount of delatinisation and some simplification of phraseological structure, may be made wholly intelligible to very young readers. The selection, from a literary point of view, is, of course, open to criticism. But then, every chrestomathy must be so, and we should simply illustrate the fact in indicating a different selection. After all, the choice, within certain limits, is a matter of minor importance, so long as the object is rather to teach the art of reading, than to convey instruction, or to present models for composition. As Mr. Murison well observes, "The first purpose of a series of Reading Books is to furnish a succession of lessons of such a character as to teach children to read, and to implant in their minds the love of reading." In this, as in all similar collections, the extracts are taken from books written for men, not for children, and there seems to be no good reason why the language of men should not sometimes be translated into that of children, as far as practicable, without sacrificing too much of the meaning and force of the original.

Explanatory notes are appended to the Lessons, elucidating the more difficult words and phrases. These, if left to himself, the young student will, doubtless, be inclined to skip, but it should be the business of the teacher to induce his pupil to attend to them. With patience, he may be persuaded to desire explanation, and once this desire is implanted in him, a great step forward will have been made in his intellectual development. The notes, therefore, should be clear enough to be easily intelligible and accurate in substance, though exhaustiveness of definition need not be aimed at. Mr. Murison has followed the fashion in giving his readers mild doses of etymology which can do no harm, and the proper names occurring in the Lessons are not left without some brief account of whom or what they designate. Some of the notes show a certain want of care. A "myth" is wrongly defined (Book IV., p. 2) as "a fanciful story or a fiction;" the true meaning of "journey" would have been best illustrated by reference to the word "journeyman," in which its original sense is preserved. Statues are not "carved" out of bronze, and the description of chemistry as the "science that considers the nature and component part of bodies" is both awkward and misleading, though not, strictly speaking, inaccurate.

In fine, the series is as good as most others of the kind, and better than many, but has nothing distinctly novel about it, except the excellence of the illustrations, for which the publishers deserve commendation. The editor aims too much at combining instruction in reading with a sort of universal smattering, a plan likely, in our opinion, to confuse the young student. It is a standing wonder to the present writer that, in the compilation of Readers, the works of such authors as William Cobbett, and many of the sketches of travel and adventure contained in periodical literature, are not made use of, while much tawdry poetry is a stock element in nearly all of them. Mr. Murison's series will stand a fair chance of success, in the competition with the crowd of similar works that flood the educational market, but the ideal Reader has yet to be produced. Many a similar series must appear, have its day, and vanish, before this result, the importance of which can hardly be over-rated, will be attained.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The *Quarterly Review* makes a good start in 1883 in all respects but the political one; the January number is a decided improvement upon its predecessor. As we have already referred to the chief political paper, we may dismiss the decidedly weakest element in this number of the *Review*, by saying that it contains an article on the war in Egypt, which reads like a speech by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. But there are two papers which recall the old literary vigour of the *Quarterly*, "Progress and Poverty" and "American Novels." The former is the best written of the many answers which the celebrated work of the American economist has produced. The writer of the paper on "American Novels" does scant justice to Mr. James and Mr. Howells, but then he does ample justice to such authors as Mr. Cable, who has done for Louisiana what the elder Hawthorne has done for New England, and who is too little known; and then he has opinions of his own, which he expresses with a vivacity that is as enjoyable as it is uncommon in the heavier Reviews. Poor Sir Archibald Alison gets more notice—certainly, more generous treatment—from the *Quarterly*, now that he is dead, than he ever obtained during his life, although the writer of the article on his "Autobiography" shows himself to be perfectly aware of its weak points. The author of "Pawnbroking" knows his subject, and writes in a style which is never dull; and "Corea" and "Private Life of Cardinal Mazarin" are also well worth perusal. The former, in particular, is very opportune. The paper on "Archbishop Tait and the Primacy," with which this number of the *Review* opens, is fair and discriminating.

The new number of the *Edinburgh Review* has a dull, disappointing, behind-date look. Why should we have an article at this time of day on "Henry Erskine and his Times," not to speak of the imperfect view taken in it of Thomas Erskine, who was a much stronger man than his brother? There is an article on "The Merv Oasis," which is really a newspaper review of Mr. O'Donovan's book. The writer on "The Nationalisation of the Land" has not such keenness either of eye or of pen as the *Quarterly* critic of Mr. George. Besides, when he compares Mr. George's views to those of Communists, Socialists, and the like, he ignores or forgets the fact that Mr. George claims for his "one great remedy" that it will realise the dream of the Socialist, without resort being had to Governmental repression. There are, in fact, only two good papers in the new *Edinburgh*, "Life and Correspondence of George Sand" and "Immanuel Kant and the Kantian 'Revival,'" the latter of which, apart from other merits, is a very good *précis* of recent Kantian literature.

There is much erudition in the new number of the *Church Quarterly*, although not a little of it, as in the articles on "The Use of Unfermented Wine in the Holy Communion," and "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister," looks like love's labour lost. It is, however, seen to decidedly greater advantage in articles on "The Revised Edition" and in Mr. Philip Pusey's "Cyril of Alexandria." An estimate given of Carlyle's life and works deserves high praise, being temperate, and full of sound criticism, such as that "Carlyle's merit as a moralist consists in the contagious force of his own moral nature." Perhaps the most useful paper is a retrospect of 1882, though the reader had better take it with a few grains of lay salt. The distinguishing characteristic of the Primacy of Dr. Tait is happily stated, when it is said that "by the unexpected and unwonted strength which he infused into the Primacy of All England, he has put the mark of inexpediency against that favourite creation of modern statesmanship, a weak Archbishop of Canterbury."

There is little to be said of the new number of the *Dublin Review*, except that it is almost all Ireland and Roman Catholicism, and full of St. Martin, St. Patrick, and St. Francis. We could wish, however, that a large section of the Irish people would take to heart the sound sense conveyed in an article on "Ireland, her Friends and Foes." There is some out-of-the-way and interesting information in "Catholicism in Egypt."

There are several articles of popular, or at least of lay, interest in the new half-yearly part of *The Journal of Psychological Medicine*, such as the papers on suicide, lunacy, and lunacy-law reform. Dr. Winn, who writes on Darwin, might, however, have attacked the evolution theory without losing temper, and speaking of contributors to one of our quarterlies "imagining that the use of obscure and pedantic phraseology is adding to our knowledge of the operations of the human mind." It is not humorous, it only savours of flippancy, to write in this fashion:—"Darwin's account of sexual selection is very amusing, but we prefer his grandfather's poem on 'The Loves of the Plants.'"

Days of Grace in India, a Record of Visits to Indian Missions, by H. S. Newman, Leominster (Partridge and Co.), is a curiously interesting book. Rather commonly got up, and with a portrait of the Prince of Wales at the beginning, one is hardly prepared to find, as we do, much that one can turn to again and again in its information, or to find, in its numerous engravings, a realisation of the things and people of India for which one is grateful. Then the catholic spirit of the record is delightful, for the writer shows sympathy with good, wherever he finds it, even when, as in the case of Keshub Chunder Sen, it is mixed with much that is unintelligible, or even distasteful. As to the present effect of high-class education on the young men, the writer quotes the opinion of a native pastor at Madras, Rajahgopal. He says that "in not a few cases, when students leave the Missionary colleges, their attitude towards idolatry is one of marked and thorough antagonism. They have completely swept away every vestige of idol-worship from their houses, and are found years after clinging to their Bible tenaciously, but the numerical strength of those who have been morally and spiritually benefited is not to be measured by the number of baptisms or public professions."

The Home Life of Henry W. Longfellow, by Blanche Roosevelt Tucker Machetta, (Carleton and Co., New York), should be of interest to English readers, on account of the glimpse it affords of the literary circles in America, and the peculiar way in which a coterie forms itself round a man of any celebrity. No doubt, amongst ourselves, the same kind of thing obtains to a certain extent; but if fellow-workers in the literary field are admitted to intimate association with their more celebrated companions, they do not usually take the public into their confidence in the way Americans do. Of course, we lose a good deal in this way of such details as are given in the book before us; some of them, however, we could afford to lose, even in the case of so musical a poet and so excellent a man as Longfellow. Trivialities are frequent in the record, but they are relieved by occasional passages of deeper interest. Those which refer to Victor Hugo, and Longfellow's friendly interest in all that could be told about him, are amongst these, but too long to quote; such also is his account given to Madame Machetta of his visit to Jules Janin; but we must give a part of his conversation with his young friend on the subject of Alfred de Musset. He said:—

"Now, there is another French writer whose books have probably been read by millions, but to whose writing I can never turn with pleasure. I speak of Alfred de Musset, a man with a God-given, beautiful talent, but all for the bad. I often think of what he might have done in the world had his mind been on anything pure or virtuous. . . . . He is to me a heart-rending example of the uses to which a man may dedicate a great gift originally of divine import, whose whole life and writings are made up of worldliness, licence, and innate cravings after unhealthy mental food. His words pander to the vilest taste, while the beauty with which he clothes his ideas is undeniable. Even in some of his most violent outbursts, he does not divest his pages of charm and exquisite wording. He seems to have lived with a gloss of utter indifference to any faith covering a soul which I have often hoped was not so barren as he himself painted it. I deplore with my whole heart such a mistaken life, that had within it the wherewith to be something good and true. Only think, had he described good with the eloquence and sincerity that he bestowed on vice, what a benefit he would have been to the world, and what a series of powerful arguments he would have wielded for mankind, with a brain and pen that followed each other in such a headlong torrent of irresistible poetry!"

The Caravan Route between Egypt and Syria. By his Imperial Highness the Archduke Salvator of Austria. (Chatto and Windus.)—This book is translated by the Chevalier de Hesse Wartegg, and so well done, that it is only here and there, when he uses "Arabian" in cases where we should say "Arab," that one recognises it as the writing of a foreigner. Indeed, many an Englishman does not write such good English. But notwithstanding this, the very nature of the route to be described causes a great quietness and monotony in the narrative, which fortunately is enlivened greatly by the drawings done by the studious prince, and very well engraved. Being faithful, they, of course, partake of the repose of the subject, a deserted highway; but they give a much better idea of the brilliant light and wide expanses of the desert than many more pretentious pictures. The travellers followed the telegraph wires all along the once well-trodden route, but it seems that no railway is practicable, on account of the shifting nature of the loose sand which composes the soil, and which would so constantly choke up the line, that it could only be kept clear at too great expense.

Health Resorts, and their Uses. By J. Burney Y[illegible] man and Hall.)—This is not, as its title might sugges[t] phlet, but quite a good-sized octavo volume, in which t[he] hand is treated exhaustively. Most of the papers hav[e] before, but now they are collected, they will form a very useful gu[ide] both to those who have patients to advise, and to the patients themselves. Indeed, any one would be interested in the opening subject, which is the relative properties of sea and mountain air. After referring to some experiments by Professor Benecke, the writer says, on p. 5:—

"These observations appear to justify the following inference:—Since the activity of tissue-changes will correspond with the loss of heat, the greater the loss of heat, the greater will be the activity of change of tissue, *i.e.*, the greater the stimulus to nutritive changes. Hence, in mountain air these nutritive changes are comparatively much less active than on the shore of the North Sea. And Professor Beneke's practical conclusions are that individuals in whom the processes of tissue-change do not require hastening are, *cæteris paribus*, better off on mountain-heights than on the sea-coast. Highly irritable, nervous organisations, people who, as we say, take too much out of themselves, profit more by mountain than by sea air. For those, on the contrary, who have no tendency to nervous irritability, and who are in a condition to bear the increased stimulus to tissue-change, sea air is a more powerful restorative agent. Hence the greater part of scrofulous persons, and those exhausted by over-work, who retain some activity of the digestive organs, should prefer the sea-side. But although these general conclusions of Beneke's are probably in the main correct, there are many other considerations to be attended to in determining the relative value in individual instances of sea and mountain air. I have, however, thought it advisable to call attention at some length to these really valuable observations and suggestions of Beneke, as they are almost the only experimental researches published on this interesting and important practical question."

The Hebrew Student's Commentary on Zechariah. By W. H. Lowe. (Macmillan and Co.)—*The Second Book of Samuel.* Edited by C. F. Kirkpatrick. (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)—These are both scholarly works for scholars, due to the impetus lately given from Cambridge to more accurate theological study. The former appeals to Tripos men, and explains the Hebrew words and sentences from a purely grammatical point of view. One of its excellencies consists in the comparison of the original with the Septuagint, and the attempt here and there to reconstruct the earlier text, from which the Masoretic has varied. The work of Mr. Kirkpatrick, who since its publication has become Regius Professor of Hebrew, is of a less technical and more widely useful character. He addresses himself to the English reader desirous of the best information on the rendering and meaning of the Book of Samuel. It is just what is wanted by the candidates for examination by the Local Board. The notes are lucid, terse, and sufficient, as we can testify from personal use in teaching a class.

The Hem of Christ's Garment (Hodder and Stoughton), is the title of the first of twenty collected sermons of Dr. Mellor, with a biographical notice by Dr. H. R. Reynolds, of Cheshunt College, introducing his recollections of this former Chairman of the Congregational Union. This body has now attained so commanding a position, that any memorial of one of its annual Presidents has an interest. Besides "taking the highest place as a preacher," Dr. Mellor is described as a master in debate. "Great controversial victories were won by him over Agnostics, Owenites, Jingoes, and Ritualists, as the case may be." The juxtaposition suggests a mind of a very combative order, but the tone of these published sermons is peaceful enough. A strange title has always an attraction for a reviewer, and consequently we turned to the pages headed "Lily Work." This is strictly "a sermon in stones." From the mention of the delicate carvings round the capitals of the twin pillars in Solomon's Temple, Jachin and Boaz—"Stability" and "Strength,"—the moral is drawn that "Christian character is very incomplete, until it rises up to the efflorescence which crowns strength with beauty." This savours of what our ancestors would have called a "conceit;" but at least it is a pretty conceit, and the lesson sound enough, and one which Mr. Matthew Arnold might rejoice to find written where it is.

Alick Treherne's Temptation. By Alaric Carr. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The author of this novel ought to have written a better one. He—or should we say she?—possesses some of the qualities requisite for the writing of readable and enjoyable fiction, but has not yet acquired the art of using them skilfully; they are, so to speak, in a state of jumble, like good things in a bag, which are pulled out at random. The author is wasteful at one part of the story, and niggardly at other parts; bangs off a quantity of ammunition at the beginning, and then hangs fire, under the stern and senseless three-volumes condition. There is also some carelessness about the style, and lawless handling of parts of speech. Nevertheless, this novel has interest, and is pleasant to read; but the author would make a mistake in regarding it as an achievement; it is only a tolerably fair promise.

A Brief History of the Indian People, (Trübner and Co.), by Dr.

...s warmly to be commended as a high-class school-... as an introduction to the other and larger books ... subject. It is admirably arranged and concisely written; ...evices of varieties of type are used to mark both salient points ...he narrative and digressions from it. Dr. Hunter has, it is well known, opinions of his own on India, to which he adheres tenaciously. But he does not obtrude them here; on the contrary, he has kept in view throughout his own doctrine that "the greatest service which an Indian historian can at present render to India, is to state the actual facts in such a way that they will be read." This compact little volume ought to do much to remove that ignorance of the history of India which it is to be feared is very nearly as much the reproach of our schools as it was when Macaulay pointed it out.

Under the title of *England's Essayists* (Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh), the Rev. Peter Anton writes both with judgment and with enthusiasm of Addison, Bacon, De Quincey, and Lamb. He would, in our opinion, however, have done still better, had he said a little less about these four writers, and said something about others. Goldsmith is, although in a different way, as charming an essayist as Addison, in spite of his having written some sad nonsense about Shakespeare's mixed metaphors. Then, what about Johnson, and even Steele? Within his own chosen lines, however, Mr. Anton has done his work well, even if he is too lenient to Bacon. There are no faults of style, to speak of, in this volume. What does Mr. Anton mean, however, by saying that "Lamb was not a stomachic man?" As the expression stands, it recalls a Scotch Mrs. Poyser, who figures in some old novel, and asserts, with contemptuous vigour, that "there were no such things as stomachs in her young days!"

Mr. Alfred Rimmer, no doubt, intended his *Early Homes of Prince Albert* (Blackwood) to do service as a gift-book. As such, it is likely to be much appreciated. The paper and type are very good, and the illustrations—the subjects of which the title of the book itself suggests—are numerous and admirable. Mr. Rimmer's style is of the better guide-book sort. He is very loyal, but his enthusiasm is sometimes expressed in slipshod English. Thus, speaking of the demonstrations in England on the occasion of the marriage of the Queen and Prince Albert, he says,—"In the city of Chester, where these lines are written—and surely it is remote enough, and even more remote in these days from any centre than it is now—the rejoicings were on a scale quite commensurate with the opportunities of the inhabitants."

Short Stories.—Whoever desires to have a supper—or, to be strictly accurate, three meals—of horrors, should read the stories of morbid passion which Mrs. Horace Dobell has published, under the title of *Dark Pages*. (Remington and Co.)—There is force in every one of these three tales; there is genuine descriptive power in particular in "The Windmill on the Common;" and it is to be hoped Mrs. Dobell will yet put it to better purpose.——"How dreadfully pretty these girls are!" says one of the heroines of *Brookdale* (Griffith and Farran), by Kate Chamberlin. Let "common-place" be substituted for "pretty," and the young ladies who bustle about in Miss Chamberlin's pages, and play at cross-purposes with their male friends, are correctly described. In one sense, *Brookdale* is all *naïveté*; but *naïveté*, to be enjoyable, or even tolerable, in fiction, ought to be charming.——Power and promise are the rare characteristics of *Mericas, and Other Tales* (W. Satchell and Co.), by Clementina Black, especially of *Mericas*, which is a very creditable attempt to realise some of the English manners and customs of the eighteenth century from the stand-point of a sprightly Spanish girl. It is, besides, a pleasant story.——If Oxford Undergraduates were really as silly and as much given to idiotic practical jokes as they are represented to be, in *Tales of Modern Oxford* (Unwin), we should feel inclined to say, "Perish, Oxford!"——*Flora Maclean's Reward* (Oliphant, Edinburgh), by Jane M. Kippen, is the unpretentious story of a Highland servant-girl, of whom it is literally true that "thro' patience she inherits the promises." It is worth a score of ordinary tracts.——*Peace and War in the Transvaal* (S. Low), by Mrs. Walter W. C. Long, is an account of the defence of Fort Mary, Lydenburg. It is short, concise, and simply written.

Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage. (Harrison.)—This is the forty-eighth annual edition of Mr. Burke's useful guide. From the preface, we learn that during 1882, only one title in the Peerage, "Netterville," has become extinct, while four new dignities have been created. Fourteen Peers and twenty-seven baronets have died since December 1st, 1881; two baronetcies have become extinct, and thirteen have been created.

James Russell Lowell (Trübner and Co.) is a short biographical sketch, by Francis H. Underwood. The illustrations, paper, and type are superior to the narrative, which is eulogistic rather than discriminating.

We have received:—*An Illustrated Dictionary of Words Used in Art and Archæology*, by J. W. Mollett, B.A. (Sampson Low and Co.) The book is intended to supply as far as possible the information given in the "classified catalogues" issued in connection with the South Kensington Museum.—*A Religious Encyclopædia; or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology*, edited by P. Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Rev. S. M. Jackson, M.A., and Rev. D. S. Schaff. (T. and T. Clark.) The present work is based on that by Herzog, Plilt, and Hauck.—*Charities' Register and Digest* (Longmans, Green, and Co.), issued in connection with the Charity Organisation Society.—*Catalogue of the York Gate Geographical and Colonial Library.* (Murray.)—*Relics of Popular Antiquities.* (Elliot Stock.) The volume is published for the Folk-lore Society, and contains an account of "Researches respecting the Book of Sindibâd" and "Portuguese Folk-tales."—The *Journal of Education for* 1882. (Walker and Co.)—*Military Transport*, by Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Furse (Stationery Office.)—*A Text-book on the Elements of Physics*, by A. P. Gage, A.M. (Heath and Co., Boston, U.S.)—*Calendars*, for 1882-1883, of *Queen's College* (Macmillan), *Trinity College* (Spottiswoode and Co.), and *Mason College*, Birmingham. (Cornish Brothers, Birmingham.)—*Keble's Christian Year.* (Kegan Paul and Co.) It was an excellent idea of the publishers to include this in their admirable "Parchment Series."—A new edition, with illustrations, of Dr. George Macdonald's *History of Gutta-Percha Willie.* (Chatto and Windus.)—*Social Science Association, a Narrative of Results*, by J. L. Clifford-Smith, secretary to the Association. This narrative of the proceedings of the Nottingham Congress is clear and concise.—*William Ewart Gladstone*, by E. R. Emerson. (Ward, Lock, and Co.); *Dr. David Livingstone* (Edinburgh, Oliphant), by Samuel Mossman; and *Ruskin's Thoughts and Teaching*, by Edmund J. Baillie. (John Pearce.) These books, though dealing with very different subjects, may be classed together, from their being short and appreciative, and so appealing to people who may not have it in their power to buy larger biographies. The execution of all is above the average.—*Chaucer's Squiere's Tale, Shakespeare's Henry V.*, and *Macaulay's Essay on Clive.* These all belong to Messrs. W. and R. Chambers's carefully-annotated series of reprints. The essay on "The Rise of European Power and Commerce in the East," with which Mr. G. R. Turnbull introduces the last, is very careful and readable, and his notes, which follow the text, contain a mass of really well-digested historical and literary information.—*The Seventh Book of Xenophon's Anabasis*, by J. T. White, D.D., an addition to Mr. White's series of "Grammar-school Texts," published by Longmans, Green, and Co.—*Map of the Channel Isles*, an addition to the handy and neatly bound "Ordnance Survey" series, published by Philip and Son.—*The Principles of Glass-making*, by H. J. Powell, B.A., H. Chance, M.A., and H. G. Harris, an addition to the series of Technological Handbooks published by Bell and Sons.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

It is our intention occasionally to issue gratis with the SPECTATOR **Special Literary Supplements,** *the outside pages of which will be devoted to Advertisements. The Fourth of these Supplements will be issued with the* SPECTATOR *for February 17th; and Advertisements for it should reach the Publishing Office not later than noon on the Wednesday preceding that date.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SINCE our last issue, the Duclerc Ministry has fallen. On Saturday, the 27th ult., the Committee of the Chamber for the examination of M. Floquet's Expulsion Bill, at the request of the Ministry, accepted a Bill drawn up by M. Fabre. The Ministry, through the Minister of the Interior, M. Fallières, adopted this measure as a compromise, and resolved to defend it. It consists of three clauses, by the first of which, "The members of families which have reigned in France can fulfil no electoral function, and no civil or military employment. Voting-papers bearing the names of the above persons will not be counted." Under the second clause, the President of the Republic in Council may decree that any such person "whose presence compromises the safety of the State" must quit French territory; and under the third, any such banished person may, if he returns, be sentenced by a correctional tribunal—that is, without a jury—to five years' imprisonment. It will be observed that Clause II. exonerates the Government from giving any reasons, as only they can decide whether the safety of the State is compromised or not; and that if the Chamber votes expulsion, the Ministry must obey, or resign. As we understand the Bill, the Princes keep their commissions, but can perform no functions; but the War Ministry, as represented in debate, apparently consider that the commissions are gone too, General Thibaudin specifically promising that if resistance arose among officers on that ground, he would put it down.

The adoption of this Bill was accompanied by the resignations of the Ministers of War and Marine; and the Premier, M. Duclerc, who is ill, on learning the facts, resigned also. M. Grévy at first sent for M. Jules Ferry, but on his refusing office, appointed M. Fallières, previously Minister of the Interior, to the Premiership. M. Fallières faced the Chamber on Tuesday, without Ministers of War or Marine, but in the middle of his speech fainted, and has since been ill. General Thibaudin, however, accepted the Ministry of War, and M. de Mahy that of Marine, and on Thursday the debate was finished. All the Right, some Moderates, and thirteen Extremists, headed by M. Anatole de la Forge, resisted proscription in any form; but the majority called for the clôture, declared the sitting permanent, and after ten hours' voting on amendments, marked by some stirring scenes and the suspension of two Deputies for "insult," the Fabre Bill was carried, by 343 to 163, a very large majority. The Chamber then adjourned till next Thursday, to await the decision of the Senate.

The Bill has still to pass the Senate, and it is well understood that a majority of Senators think it unjust and impolitic, and they may, therefore, throw it out. If they do so, however, the two Chambers will be in direct collision, and as the Deputies will not give way, a dissolution would be unavoidable. That will, no doubt, be voted, if M. Grévy wishes it; but it is said that he is unwilling to propose this, except as a last resort, and that the Senators will, consequently, only amend the Bill, by limiting the power of expulsion to cases in which a Prince has performed some specific act calculated to menace the Republic. The Deputies, it is hoped, having had time to cool, and being conciliated by the banishment of the Princes from active life, may seize this opportunity of putting an end to an irritating discussion. M. Jules Ferry would then take power, and another effort would be made to form a stable government. Affairs, it is possible, might be arranged in this way, if the Chamber were not headless; but it is without any general leader, it despises the *ad interim* Government, and it is not anxious that M. Jules Ferry should resume power. It may, therefore, resist all compromise, and insist on its own Bill, relying on M. Grévy's known reluctance to issue any manifesto to the country which, if rejected, would necessitate his own resignation. The Senate is to be immediately invited to consider the Bill, so that this part of the crisis may not be too protracted.

The news from Ireland is still conflicting. On the one hand, it is asserted that the police, who are now confident of convicting the murderers of Mr. Field, a cabman's daughter, named Alice Carroll, who saw the crime, having come forward, have hopes of punishing the murderers of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Two of the assassins and the car-driver are pointed out by informers, and a gentleman has been found who saw these two and the car loitering about. The knives used and the pistols worn can also be identified. On the other hand, it is evident that many of the population of Dublin sympathise even with the assassins, the witnesses' families are threatened, and it is necessary to guard both witnesses and accused by heavy bodies of police. As regards any charge, except assassination, to have been prosecuted is to possess a *primâ facie* claim to become a Member of Parliament. No political repute, not even one for extreme opinions, quite equals that. By all accounts, the feeling among the people against the British Government was never more bitter, just as it was never more unreasonable.

Mr. Chamberlain attended on Wednesday a banquet given by the Swansea Liberal Association in honour of Mr. Dillwyn, M.P., and delivered a very amusing speech, in which, claiming for himself the name of Radical, he did full honour to the influence exerted by Mr. Dillwyn and his party over public affairs. "According to some pessimist writers and speakers," he said:—"Mr. Dillwyn belongs to a class which is fast dying out among us. He is the typical independent Member, a man who is to be gagged and to be enslaved by a caucus. In spite of these terrible inventions, I do not doubt that Mr. Dillwyn will be able to hold his own, although he has never thought it necessary to advertise his independence by abusing his friends and flattering his opponents, nor to assert his superior virtue by ascribing the meanest motives to every other member of his party. Yet I do not think that any one will be found to say he has ever been false to his convictions or untrue to his principles. The fact is, it is a mistake to suppose that independence can only be asserted in isolation. A man may hold very advanced opinions himself, and yet may be perfectly able to co-operate heartily with those who do not go so far as he does upon matters in which they

are willing to pursue objects in common. If I dwell upon this at all to-night, it is because it seems to be a characteristic of English Radicalism which has had very important results in our past history. An English Radical may be occasionally unreasonable, but he is never irreconcileable. The Anarchists of France and Nihilists of Russia and the Fenians of Ireland have very few sympathisers in this country, and we Radicals—for I am proud to be one of them—do not think it to be our business to upset the coach, every time the pace does not come up to our expectations." The debt of the Government to the Radical party for bearing with the long delay in the introduction of the measures which Radicals most desire is, in Mr. Chamberlain's belief, a very heavy one.

Mr. Chamberlain evidently is not one of those members of the Government who are very anxious for an early introduction of the County Government Bill. He would prefer, he hints, to wait for household franchise in the counties, before reforming the government of the counties. What he looks forward to immediately is the Corrupt Practices Bill, the Bankruptcy Bill, the Patents Bill, the reform of the Criminal Code, the Government of London Bill, and the Tenant Farmers' Compensation Bill,—a peaceful programme which it will be very difficult for the Tories to obstruct vehemently, unless it be in relation to the Government of London Bill.

Sir Percival Heywood has, it is said, commenced the suit called *Quare impedit* against the Bishop of Manchester for refusing to institute Mr. Cowgill at Miles Platting. It is stated that, under the Order in Council of 1880, which abolished the Common Pleas Division of the High Court of Justice, the Court of Queen's Bench will have to try the action, and that as the ground of the Bishop's objection to Mr. Cowgill is not a criminal charge, the Court will probably send a writ to the Metropolitan (in this case the Archbishop of York, who is known to have advised Bishop Fraser to refuse the institution of Mr. Cowgill), commanding him in the Queen's name to try the question, and to certify the result to the Court. It is to be expected that if this course is taken, the Metropolitan will sustain the Bishop, and that the only really doubtful point will be the question of Archbishop Thomson's power to satisfy the Court of Queen's Bench that Bishop Fraser's reason for refusing to institute Mr. Cowgill was adequate. If the statement made in several newspapers be true, that the Church Association —the Ritualist Prosecution Company (Limited), as somebody dubbed it,—are considering the course of offering the presidency of that body to Bishop Fraser, the Court of Queen's Bench will probably scrutinise with some rigour the conduct of a dignitary thought worthy of so ambiguous a compliment, even though it be a compliment carefully repudiated by the prelate to whom it is offered.

The Bishop of Manchester has been, it would seem, inundated with memorials thanking him for the course taken at Miles Platting, to several of which he has replied, identifying his action with the cause of law, and that of poor Mr. Cowgill with the desire of standing above the law and judging it,—a criticism which the Bishop re-enforces by quoting the Epistle of James, chapter iv. (verse not given). We suppose that the intended reference is to the words,—"If thou judgest the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge." Take the passage as a whole, however, and it would, we think, tell rather against the Bishop than against the curate. It runs thus, —"Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law: but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge. There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy: who art thou that judgest another?" From which it appears that the disposition to judge a brother is the criterion of the disposition to judge the law, and certainly in this case Bishop Fraser is spontaneously judging Mr. Cowgill, not Mr. Cowgill spontaneously judging Bishop Fraser. St. James, chapter iv., is hardly a fortunate episcopal quotation.

The *Daily News* has complained that the three Bishoprics recently filled up should all have been conferred on High Churchmen. In point of fact, we should say that not one of them has been conferred on a High Churchman. Dr. Benson has never been regarded as a High Churchman in any sense in which Dr. Lightfoot is not regarded as a High Churchman. Indeed, he is, we believe, claimed by all who know his antecedents well as belonging entirely to Bishop Lightfoot's theological school. The Bishop Elect of Truro (Canon Wilkinson) has never been regarded as of the High Church party; and if Archdeacon Lewis is High Church, it is only in the high-and-dry sense, by no means in the sense of leaning towards Ritualism. What is true, unfortunately, is that the recent appointments have played into the hands of the Conservatives, Dr. Benson and Archdeacon Lewis at least, being very strong Conservatives; so that it is commonly said in Clerical society that while Mr. Gladstone is Prime Minister, a Liberal High Churchman has hardly any chance of promotion.

The contest for Haddingtonshire, vacated by the succession of Lord Elcho to the Earldom of Wemyss, comes off on Monday, and is likely to be a close one. The Tory candidate is Lord Elcho, who, it is hoped, will be aided by the great body of his father's tenantry; and the Liberal candidate is Mr. Finlay, a shrewd lawyer, and sound politician. He would, it is said, win easily, but that he will not pledge himself to Disestablishment, which so irritates some Liberals that they intend to abstain. We can hardly believe that any Scotchman is unintelligent enough to take such a course. It is perfectly certain that the Tories will not disestablish, and any Voluntary who abstains from supporting a Liberal is helping thereby to maintain the system he detests. We should have thought that in Haddingtonshire, of all places, the farmers would have longed for household suffrage, to emancipate them from landlord control.

On Tuesday, Lord Carnarvon addressed a new Conservative Club in Colchester, in a speech in which he put the old charges in a very epigrammatic way. The Liberals had done well in Egypt, but in doing it had defied every principle which they professed in Opposition. They had sacrificed their consistency, but had restored British credit in the East. Their Moses had conquered Egypt, and then returned into the wilderness, the wilderness being a Session barren of every good measure, except Lord Cairns' Settled Property Act. [Does Lord Carnarvon hold the Married Women's Property Act, the most thorough-going Bill of our time, and also supported by Lord Cairns, to be a bad measure?] Trade was depressed, and the Liberals only offered to reform the City of London. Agriculture was more than depressed, and they only promised a County Franchise Bill. The expenditure was greater than ever, yet the taxpayers were called upon under the Arrears Bill to put their hands into their pockets, and pay the debts of dishonest people who could pay them for themselves. As the landlords got that money, and not the tenants, that is disinterested of Lord Carnarvon, whose speech leaves on us the impression that he likes most things that have been done, but cannot forgive those who have done them for being so successful. He reminds us of the farmer's opinion of Erskine. He would not admit that Erskine was either orator or lawyer, and when reminded of the cases he won, blurted out, "Hoots! he was always on the right side."

M. de Giers, the Russian Foreign Secretary, has visited Vienna, and has returned to St. Petersburg, pursued, as usual, by volleys of contradictory reports. It is affirmed, on the one hand, that he has consented to the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and that the Hapsburgs will this year extend their rule down the Balkans, even to Salonica. Russia, of course, receives, as a consideration, the eastern side of the peninsula. It is maintained, on the other hand, that he has failed; that the distrust of Russia in the Hofburg is too great, and that he is covering retreat by spreading all these rumours. It is impossible to discern truth amidst these reports, and the old rule to believe that statesmen are guided by their immediate interests is probably still the best. If that holds good, Austria and Russia have come to no grand arrangement; but they have agreed not to quarrel over details, and consequently the final absorption of Bosnia by Austria will not be opposed by St. Petersburg, nor will the fusion of the two Bulgarias by Vienna. Neither arrangement seriously modifies the facts of the situation, even the Sultan losing nothing beyond nominal rights. Some understanding, moreover, has probably been arrived at as to the navigation of the Danube, a serious matter, involving the possibility of half-a-dozen wars, about which a Conference is immediately to sit in London, under the presidency of Lord Granville.

The death of M. Gambetta has probably preserved Madagascar from a French descent. The French Government has

too much to do to think of expeditions, and the "policy of the fireside" will probably be triumphant. We therefore note only as an incident in history that on January 10th, M. Duclerc peremptorily, though civilly, rejected Lord Granville's offer to mediate between the French Government and the Hovas. The Malagasy Envoys, he wrote, quite understood French claims and the concessions to which France could agree, and "cannot have entertained any illusions respecting the consequences of the attitude which they have thought fit to maintain." It is an odd illustration of the existing *solidarité* of our planet that, in an African island, in a thousand Wesleyan chapels, brown men will sing *Te Deums* in bastard Malay because Admiral Jauréguiberry could not approve the expulsion of the Comte de Paris. Prince Napoleon's placard probably affects the whole future history of Madagascar.

Mr. Chamberlain made a very amusing and a rather Conservative speech yesterday week, at the annual dinner of the Birmingham Law Students' Society. Its Conservatism consisted in his panegyric on the general fairness and trustworthiness of the decisions of "the Great Unpaid" in Quarter-Sessions and Petty Sessions; its amusingness, in the delicacy with which he defended the Attorneys-at-Law against the gibes of Dr. Johnson and the many libels of our dramatic fiction. "I do not know, gentlemen," said Mr. Chamberlain, "whether you are aware that one-half of the world tried to do without you altogether,—unsuccessfully, I need not say; but when Spain first colonised America, there came from every one of the new settlements petitions to the mother-country begging that no lawyers should be allowed to go out, because, as these petitioners observed, the colonists desired to perpetuate themselves and to live in peace, whereas by the malice of men and the introduction of scriveners, the prosperity of those regions would be jeopardised. In spite of the most stringent prohibitions, lawyers have not been wanting in the New World. . . . . I mention this historic incident only to prove, what to most of you is a well-known fact, that lawyers are an indispensable adjunct of civilisation." It was certainly a sanguine notion that law could be adequately elaborated, and yet lawyers done away with. It would be even less sanguine to hope for the full help of mechanics, and yet to dispense with all professional mechanicians.

Mr. Lowther, M.P., delivered one of his fierce diatribes against the Liberal party at Richmond in Yorkshire on Monday, in which he ridiculed the notion of the Liberals really wishing to abolish corrupt practices at elections, on the ground that they had "clambered to power, and had given out their intention of endeavouring to retain power, by abstracting money from the pockets of their fellow-subjects for the purpose of bribing their own supporters,"—a charge of wholesale corruption which has reference, we conjecture, to the Irish Acts, though it might quite as plausibly be applied by the Liberals to the Conservative legislation which subsidised the local rates out of the central Exchequer, a few years ago. We wonder, however, whether Mr. Lowther really understands the true character of the dishonourable motives which he thus imputes wholesale to the Liberal Party. If he does, it seems strange that he should be willing even to meet in society the instigators of such corruption. But it is more probable that he does not think it half so really dishonourable to propose what he is willing to describe as measures of plunder passed for the purpose of gaining popularity, as his language leads us to suppose. One of the worst results of this sort of popular invective is that it gradually accustoms both parties to think without shame of the vile imputations which they make so recklessly against the opposite party. Mr. Lowther wishes to introduce plural voting, as the antidote to any large extension of the suffrage, if he cannot indefinitely postpone such an extension.

When speaking at the celebration of Sir Harry Verney's political jubilee last Tuesday, Mr. Mundella made a remarkable speech on the national progress which had been due to Liberal legislation. He pointed out that in 1833 the poor-rate had amounted to £8,600,000, 63 per cent. of which then fell upon the land (for there were real agricultural burdens then); whereas now, with very nearly twice the population, we spend absolutely less on the relief of the poor than we did at that time. "For the first thirty-five years of this century, crime increased at a threefold greater ratio than the population, until the people were being drawn so rapidly into this dreadful gulf of pauperism and crime, that one could only wonder, and be thankful that we had escaped some great national convulsion, and that England stood firm and loyal during such a period of discontent and distress." Mr. Mundella declared that it was Liberal legislation which had changed all that. Well, no doubt the new Poor-law did much, but Free-trade, which was due to Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and Sir Robert Peel, did more, and can hardly be called a Liberal measure. It was a measure for which Radical knight-errants had prepared the people, but one passed by a Conservative minister.

A letter addressed to Tuesday's *Times* by Dr. Macaulay Posnett gives a striking sketch of the unfair difference now existing between the English and Irish system of voting, both political and municipal. But it is on the municipal side certainly that that difference is most mischievous, for, so far as we can see, there is hardly a county or a borough in Ireland which would return a different class of representatives under a more English franchise, than it returns under the existing franchise. But in local matters it is different. For example, in Ireland ex-officio members of the Board of Guardians may constitute one-half of the Board,—in England, only one-third; in England, two-thirds of the Board is elected, in Ireland only one-half; nor is the ballot allowed in poor-law elections. In Ireland, again, county taxation is administered by twenty-three Crown nominees, who impose the county cess, one-third of the whole local taxation of the country. No wonder the Irish cry out for more genuine local self-government. All good English Liberals ought to aid them in their demand for this reform.

Oxford University has now collected a circle of very distinguished young lawyers, who ought to make a considerable impression on the law students of the present day. Professor Bryce, M.P., has long been known for his masterly studies in Roman Law. We announced the other day Mr. Albert Dicey's appointment to the Vinerian Professorship, and this week it has been made known that Mr. F. Pollock, another learned scientific lawyer of very vigorous general ability,—a learned Spinozist, as well as a learned jurist,—has been elected to the Corpus Professorship of English Law, of which Blackstone was the most famous, as well as all but the first holder, and which has recently been made more illustrious by the striking lectures of Sir Henry Maine. With these three extremely able men lecturing on Law in Oxford, the Oxford School of Law should take a high place in the history of legal method.

The *Times*, in a paper announcing that recruiting is falling-off, chiefly because the standard of age has been raised from eighteen to nineteen, publishes some statistics which show the almost unexpected value of the Reserve. The men belonging to this force, all trained soldiers, now amount to 30,000, and by 1886 they will, with the Supplemental Reserve, amount to 60,000. Of these, at least 90 per cent. will, on an emergency, be present with the colours. So far from the men disappearing during the recent mobilisation, 96 per cent. at once appeared to fulfil their engagements; and of these, again, less than 4 per cent. were declared physically unfit. Roughly speaking, we shall within five years have a Reserve of 55,000 trained men sure to be present when called on, and costing only £10 per head per annum. That is a remarkable success, for an innovation which was at first distrusted by the public, more than by old soldiers. Many of the former knew, what the latter do not, that to be summoned for a campaign, with its adventures and chances, is a very different thing from being summoned for barrack duty. The men feel the discredit of shirking active service just as much as their leaders do.

We greatly fear that the Tait Memorial Fund is to be frittered away in driblets, for this purpose and that. There is to be a monument at Canterbury, a monument at St. Paul's, a monument at Westminster, a restoration of the Archiepiscopal Chapel at Lambeth, a scholarship at Rugby, and a Missionary fund as well. This seems to us a great mistake. One, or possibly, two, adequate memorials might have been raised; but these snippety memorials will result in nothing great or dignified. It is, however, understood to be the desire of the Royal Family that the Tait memorials should be thus numerous; and in social matters, the desire of the Court seems always to have something like unlimited influence.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 102 to 102⅛.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE CRISIS IN PARIS.

THE crisis in Paris is a little less acute, but the situation is not improved. The majority of the Cabinet, afraid of the Radicals, afraid of the Princes, afraid, as they avowed during the debates, of the Ambassadors who remonstrated on their behalf—King Humbert, for example, is exasperated at the insult to his sister—resolved to adopt a Bill proposed by a little known Deputy, M. Fabre. This proposal, though called a compromise, is nearly as unjust as M. Floquet's, is politically more dangerous, because it alarms the Army, and is logically much more absurd. M. Floquet declares the Princes dangerous by right of birth, and expels them; and his Bill, though cruelly unjust to men who were amnestied for their crime of birth by formal statute, is intelligible and final. M. Fabre's Bill, on the contrary, does not expel the Princes, but enables the Government by Order in Council to expel any or all of them, deprives them of all rights of voting or being voted for at any election, and disqualifies them for the Army in any capacity, even that of private soldiers. Prince Victor Bonaparte, for example, who is serving his legal year as a Volunteer, must go home to Paris. The practical effect of the measure is to place the Princes in a category apart, which may be called a disgraced or a privileged category, at pleasure; to make them liable to expulsion for no reason except the caprice of a Minister or a hasty vote of the Chamber, to strip them of rights inherent in their military commissions, which the Army regards as properties, and to restrict in a very gross way that right of universal suffrage upon which the Republic rests. The electors are forbidden to vote for candidates they prefer, although those candidates are still, for all but voting purposes, citizens. The Princes are, in fact, placed by law in the position of women, with the aggravation that they may be exiled at any moment, without proof of misconduct. And yet, under the Bill, as if to add a crowning touch of absurdity to the injustice committed, any one of the Princes may still be legally elected President of the Republic. That is not an "election" in the statutory sense, as the defenders of the Bill admit; but an appointment by the Assembly, in the exercise of its sovereign right, is in fact a law, and cancels any proscription. No Bill at once so foolish and so unjust was ever proposed in the Convention, where men had at least the courage of their opinions, and its acceptance by the majority of Ministers in a Cabinet supposed to be moderate is absolutely inexplicable.

Accepted it was, however, and the moment the resolve had been taken, the Ministers of War and Marine, General Billot and Admiral Jauréguiberry, threw up their posts, and the Premier, M. Duclerc, who was lying at home too ill with pleurisy to be seen, sent in his resignation. The President had, therefore, to reconstruct his Cabinet, with only a few hours to do it in, and, after a vain attempt to persuade M. Jules Ferry to take office, M. Ferry positively refusing to defend the measure, he offered the Premiership to M. Fallières, a pleasant man, just then Minister of the Interior, with no force, no popularity, and, as it turned out, no health. M. Fallières could find no Minister either for War or Marine, the anxiety of a position to which he was inadequate killed sleep; and on Tuesday, after completing half a speech, in which his main arguments were that the Princes conspired by their silence, and that in visiting Frohsdorf the Comte de Paris had "rebuilt the House of France," with all its pretensions, he was compelled to plead fatigue, and, retiring to the lobbies, fainted away. The Chamber adjourned to Thursday, when the Ministry presented themselves again, still without the Premier, the remainder of whose speech was read by an Under-Secretary, but with Ministers of War and Marine, whose appointment marked in the most painful way the hostility of the Army and Navy. No Admiral at all could be found to vote for the degradation of the sailor Prince de Joinville, and M. de Mahy, a civilian, was gazetted Minister *ad interim;* while, after applications to General Champenon, whom Gambetta favoured, and to another General, not named, the Bureau of War was actually entrusted to General Thibaudin, an able officer and firm Republican, but accused of breaking his parole. General Thibaudin may be a slandered man, and his own account, that he was not asked for his parole, because the German doctors pronounced him physically "unfit for further service," may be exactly true; but he undoubtedly accepted a command under a false name, he is believed by Germans to be guilty, and he would not have been selected had the Government been able to find a competent adminstrator with a history provoking less discussion. The Ministry, however, was technically complete, and after scenes which recall the Convention, after the adoption of the Clôture and a resolve to sit *en permanence*, after a protest read at midnight from twelve of the Ultra Extremists against proscription on any grounds whatever, and after a vote by roll-call, which takes hours, and recalls the worst scenes of the Revolution, by a dead heave they carried the Fabre Bill, the final vote in its favour being—according to Reuter, who is usually right—343 to 163, a majority of 180. That is more than a two-thirds majority of all present, and nearly a two-thirds majority of the whole House, and, of course, so far ends the debate.

If this were all, the incident would be over, and we should only have to lament that a Liberal Republic should have adopted the most dangerous of all forms of oppression—the most dangerous, because it covers classes, not persons, and does not awake the instinctive conscience, as the guillotine or confiscation does,—in order to punish political suspects; but this is not all. The Fabre Bill has yet to pass the Senate, and if it is rejected there, a dissolution is inevitable, with a general election to the cry of "Proscription, or no Proscription?" a cry almost sufficient to wake civil war,—a cry which will call out the whole strength alike of Reactionaries and Ultras. If, on the other hand, as is now expected, the Bill is amended in the Senate by the addition of a clause limiting the right of expulsion to Princes guilty of overt acts, the dispute must be long and wearisome, and must still end in establishing the precedent that persons may be disfranchised and disqualified merely for their political position,—an accusation which would justify the application of the same penalty to every non-Republican general, statesman, or powerful financier. In either case, during the whole discussion France must remain virtually without a Government. This one is a poor make-shift, and no considerable statesman, no popular Minister of War, and no first-class financier will take office until this question has been disposed of. That would not matter much, if the Chamber could be trusted to govern, as the permanent Bureaus can do all necessary work; but the Chamber, without leaders, without an influential Ministry, and without a permanent majority, has become a mere public meeting. It does not know its own mind from day to day. It has in this very week revoked the vote by which, only two months ago, it affirmed the immense and most dangerous principle that the Magistracy should be elective. The groups form and re-form almost hourly, often in obedience to occult influences, and both Reactionaries and Extremists slip from side to side solely to embarrass adversaries, till Ministers feel as courtiers feel in presence of a Sovereign whose mind is not quite sound,—as if any course of action whatever would expose them to disgrace. We do not believe that such a game of blind-man's buff can continue in any country without danger, and regard the situation as slowly reducing itself to three alternatives. Either some new leader will take the helm in a determined way, M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber, being the only probable one; or M. Grévy will dissolve, and ask the country for some definite reply; or there will be a stroke struck either by the Army or by Belleville. The second is the right alternative, and, we trust, the most probable one; but for the first time in twelve years, we feel a sensation of distrust. The old passions are loose again, and the Chamber—the only civil authority in France which has genuine vitality—is suffering under them, until its action cannot be predicted even for hours. It is the only sovereign, and when sovereigns are liable to *coups de tête*, States suffer.

IRELAND AND THE PROPOSED REFORMS.

THE single sentence which we had reason to regret and condemn in Lord Hartington's masterly speech at Bacup a fortnight ago is already bearing fruit. Lord Hartington, in speaking of the County-Government Bill, objected strongly to its extension to Ireland, "unless we can receive from the representatives of the Irish people some assurance that this boon would not be misused for the purposes of agitation, and for the purpose of weakening the authority and the power of the Government." Even Mr. Forster at Leeds, last week, though we understand him to have deprecated any delay in the extension of local government to Ireland, admitted that it might be necessary to delay the passing of an Irish Reform Bill till fermentation of a dangerous kind had

ceased; but this week we have had Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Secretary to the Admiralty, echoing with all his might the remark of Lord Hartington. At Tunbridge Wells, on Tuesday, he is reported to have said:—"Glad as they would all be to see extended to Ireland the freedom we had in England, the present was hardly the moment to enable Parliament to give that freedom. The Government had applied remedies they believed to be necessary to the existing evils, and to the root of those evils; but although the cause had been thus dealt with, it was not possible to follow up that treatment by the application of tonic measures until the feverish and inflammatory condition had passed away. For this reason, he trusted no serious organic reforms would be attempted in Ireland until peace and order were re-established." This seems to us very timid, as well as very dubious policy, and certainly not the policy of true Liberals. Let it be granted, as a correspondent tells us to-day in exceedingly forcible language, that Ireland is never grateful for English justice,—nay, that she hates a measure, however just, which is passed by British Ministers in a Parliament mainly British, simply because it is to British Ministers and a Parliament mainly British, that she must owe it. Grant, again, what is possible, that Ireland, organising herself freely, will find more satisfactory opportunities for expressing her hatred of Great Britain, than Ireland possesses at the present moment. Still, surely it is neither to inspire gratitude in Ireland, nor to prevent the free outpouring of resentment, that a Liberal Government legislates for Ireland. The only fair reason for delaying genuinely remedial measures—for delaying the grant to Ireland of privileges which we claim in Great Britain—would be their tendency to foster disorder, plunder, threats, assassinations. Of course, if it could be truly said that a good County Government Bill, for instance, would put more power into the hands of Secret Societies, than it would put into the hands of peaceable men opposed to Secret Societies and to the terrorism of irresponsible agents, we should have nothing more to urge. But is it even possible that this should be so? It is conceivable,—indeed it is not improbable,—that for a time at least the grant of more efficient local liberties would increase, instead of diminishing, the volume of the feeling in favour of complete Home-rule. That we do not deny for an instant. But how, by any fairly constitutional means, we are to prevent the Irish people from forming and expressing their own judgment on Home-rule, and the reasons for it, we cannot even imagine. Assuredly, no Liberal Government has ever professed a desire to stifle the free discussion of subjects of this kind in Ireland, or to arrest by penalties the growth of any popular sentiment whatever, that does not take the form of directly stimulating to violations of the law. Liberals have always professed the conviction that to misgovern Ireland in order to prevent Ireland from showing signs of disloyalty to the Empire, is as unjust as it is short-sighted. Yet what is the deliberate delay of organic improvements even more needed in Ireland than they are in England, except the misgovernment of Ireland for purposes of precisely this nature? The true Liberal policy is to remove every grievance that we can remove without breaking up the unity of the Empire, as soon as we can remove it. If that increases the local patriotism of Ireland, and renders the agitation against the Union for a time more ardent and universal, we cannot help it. This has been already one of the results of doing Ireland such justice as we have done her, and yet no true Liberal will regret having done that justice. The policy of keeping from Ireland all the liberties that she would claim from a really popular Parliament of her own, in order to prevent her from obtaining a really popular Parliament of her own, is a policy tried for centuries, with the most fatal and tragic results. Indeed, the very essence of that policy is that it is right to do injustice in fifty different ways, in order that we may not give Ireland the chance of imposing what we hold to be a great injustice upon us in one way. That is not only a thoroughly selfish policy, but it is an exhausted policy,—one which the Liberals have given up, and which the Tories will never venture to restore. And we cannot deny that the deliberate delay of what is so obviously and urgently needed in Ireland as a good system of county government,—though we are taking pains to confer it on Great Britain,—solely because the Irish will cry out for Home-rule,—is a leaf from the book of an obsolete and execrable policy which long ago resulted in Irish misery.

It may, however, be said that it is not on account of the mere stimulus it would afford to political discussion that any extension of British Reform Bills—whether political or municipal—to Ireland, is so undesirable. It may be said that such a course would put dangerous weapons into the hands of the lawless, of the conspirators and terrorisers from whom Ireland has suffered lately so severely. Well, that is a consideration of a really important character. If it be true that any Reform Bill proposed for England and Scotland would throw fresh power into the hands of Irish conspirators and assassins, of course that reform ought not to be introduced into Ireland, because, in that case, it would not be a reform; it would be a deterioration. We cannot reasonably take very exceptional powers to detect and punish crime with one hand, and offer the means to stimulate crime with the other. That is not a rational course. But then it must be shown that there is at least some probability of such a result from the extension of local liberties to Ireland. Is there any such probability? Would a County Board add any strength to the organisation of a secret society? Would the extension of the household franchise to Ireland facilitate the terrorising of landlords by tenants, or of those who do not wish to dissolve the Union by those who do? On the contrary, every legitimate opening for the energies of the Irish will let off the steam which otherwise concentrates itself in these Secret Societies. You cannot discuss plans of assassination in County Boards, or oblige Members of Parliament to bring in Bills at Westminster for the confiscation of private property. The more every legitimate political energy is organised in Ireland, the more will politicians shrink from involving themselves in unlawful conspiracies by which they know that they will lose their standing-ground as politicians. Mr. Forster never said a wiser thing than when he declared last week at Leeds that "Home-rule or dissolution of the Union means two countries, and the only way to meet that is by showing that we will treat the Irish as we treat ourselves. Therefore, I look forward to the same popular franchise, both in counties and in boroughs in Ireland, as in England." And not only so, but we at least look forward to a *simultaneous* grant to Ireland of the liberties, whatever they be, which we grant to England and Scotland. The only effect of postponing that grant is to confess that, though we hope to make the two countries one in the future, we are obliged to keep them two at present. There is, indeed, a very adequate reason for keeping them two so far as the special measures needed to put down local crime are concerned. You cannot apply precisely the same remedy to a totally different class of exigencies. If Wales or Yorkshire were to develope a special kind of persistent crime, we should have to apply a special remedy in Wales or Yorkshire. But there is no occasion at all for postponing the extension to Ireland of a measure which is even more needed in Ireland than in England,—like a good County Government Bill,—solely on the ground that the existence of special crime in Ireland has obliged us to have recourse to a special remedy. One reason why there is so much crime in Ireland is, that there is so much discontent; and the reason why there is so much discontent is, that there is so little independent local self-government, so little wise control of local affairs. To postpone the removal of that evil, is to postpone the recovery, not to hasten it. We agree, indeed, with Mr. Forster, that the police arrangements must not be left in local hands. That would be, no doubt, endangering greatly the safety of both property and person. But then, we say the same for England and Scotland. We hold that nothing is managed worse than the local control of the police in England, and there is no good reason why the State, which prescribes the conditions of order all over the country, should not retain in its own hands, and refuse to delegate to others, the control of the agents who are to enforce that order. No one would think of handing over the control of the Metropolitan Police to the Municipal Government of London, and we believe it to be a mischievous arrangement to leave the control of the county police in the hands of local bodies. The Irish should have as complete a system of self-government as we have in England, but this ought certainly not to include what, in our opinion, it ought not to include even in any part of England,—the power to control those arrangements for enforcing the law on which the safety of life and property depends.

But it seems to us that, with this very necessary reserve, nothing can be more short-sighted or less truly Liberal in policy, than to delay indefinitely the removal of the evils to which we justly ascribe the unhappy condition of life in Ireland, in deference to the craven fear lest a little more public life and liberty should increase the number of opportunities for hostile demonstrations against the Union. No doubt, it will increase the number of opportunities for talking openly in that sense,

but for that very reason it will diminish the temptation to plot secretly in the same sense. And if the Union will not bear a few more jets of eloquent denunciation, it is not the strong tie of interest and policy for which we, at all events, honestly take it.

MR. FORWOOD ON THE FUTURE OF TORYISM.

"WE must have Tory men, and Liberal measures." That seems to us the sum-total of the advice which Mr. A. B. Forwood offers to his party, in this month's *Contemporary Review*. It is a remarkable paper, and well worth Liberal study, if only because of the position of its author. He is, or was till the last Election, the dictator of his party in Liverpool. After years of active municipal life, Mr. Forwood was elected fourteen years ago to the Chairmanship of the Conservative Association; he has retained it ever since, and he was selected last year by the whole party as the one candidate for Lord Sandon's vacant seat certain to succeed. They waited weeks for him, and when he arrived, nominated him by acclamation. He was beaten, partly at least, on account of his democratic programme; and it is after that enlightening experience, as well as after the instruction derived from years of successful work in the interests of his party, that he repeats his firm conviction that old Toryism, the policy of resistance to progress, is dying out, and puts forward a programme which is in a large measure identical with that of moderate Liberals. "I have no hesitation in stating," he says, "that if, as a party, Conservatism is simply to be the brake on the wheel of legislation, having no enlightened or progressive policy of its own, it will soon cease, and deservedly so, to exercise any power in the city of Liverpool." He then declares that the Conservatives must "trust the people, and they will reciprocate the sentiment;" and that "as much regard must be paid to measures conceived in the interest of the working-classes, as to the wants of any other body of the community," and that in particular, the Master and Servant Statutes must be amended in their interest. He is not opposed to another Reform Bill, making household suffrage universal, though he insists on gutting the counties of urban influence by grouping small boroughs, and he is for a large and really democratic measure of Redistribution. He actually lays down as a doctrine that all constituencies should be large, because "large constituencies are essential to purity of election,"—a doctrine which would have made the Tories, not only of 1832, but of 1867, gasp with indignation. He would make the Church of England "broad and comprehensive," would strengthen rather than weaken the ecclesiastical power of the lay judiciary, and would rearrange the revenues of the Church on a more democratic system, dividing, for instance, the income of overgrown or over-wealthy parishes among their poorer neighbours. He would grant to Ireland all the local self-government and all the franchises we grant to the remainder of the kingdom, would abolish the Lord-Lieutenancy, and in fact "would, as a principle, strive to place the two islands under one system of Government." He would encourage "such legal reforms as will make the sale of land as simple and inexpensive as that of other property," which involves, we need not say, restrictions upon settlement, that keystone of the aristocratic system; and finally, he would in all things have the Party declare itself ready and eager to carry out "the firmly constructive and safely progressive policy of the future."

What is all this, but ordinary, moderate Liberalism, applied to the immediate problems before us? It is true that we can just detect, by careful study, that Mr. Forwood's real policy in Ireland is very different from Mr. Gladstone's, and that he would oppose both in Ireland and England any concessions to tenant-farmers, he holding that all Land Acts everywhere interfere with the principle of free contract, which he regards with as superstitious a reverence as if he had never been driven in a cab; but, as regards Great Britain, where, except as to the Holdings Act, is there any difference between Mr. Forwood's views and Lord Hartington's? Both propose the same improvements, both are ready with the same concessions, both affirm as a cardinal principle that "the people"—meaning thereby the majority counted by heads—must be trusted, and must ultimately decide. It is again true that Mr. Forwood parades the Monarchy and the Constitution as objects weak enough to need the utmost care, and Lord Hartington does not, and that Mr. Forwood makes much of his love for Colonies, and Lord Hartington does not; but that difference consists only in this,—that Lord Hartington will not take the trouble to dissipate unreal fears, while Mr. Forwood is at the trouble to exaggerate them. Nobody is going to dethrone Queen Victoria, or upset the Constitution, or dismiss the Colonies, and so Lord Hartington is silent about them; but there is no other difference, and if the Tory leaders adopted Mr. Forwood's programme, we should have two great parties in the State, differing only in their leaders' names, and perhaps in their intellectual ability, racing with each other to earn "the confidence of the people" by measures which, whether we call them Liberal or Tory, tend directly to make of the Democracy the ultimate directing and governing power. And this, it is past all doubt, is the policy of that section of the Tories which Mr. Forwood represents, and which is weary of a resistance that, however wise or however beneficial, leaves Tories, as they fancy, always in a minority and out of power. It is the policy which is paralysing the Party, for the leaders cannot denounce it, with Lord Salisbury as their chief and Lord Beaconsfield not yet forgotten; and they cannot accept it, because the body of their immediate followers do not like it, and because they see that if the mass of the people want Liberal measures, they will ask Liberal men to carry them out. High Tories like Mr. Lowther will never vote for County Government on the "trust in the people" principle, while old Conservatives will look with sullen distrust on all the Liberal measures which Mr. Forwood presses on their acceptance.

Why, then, ask the Tories, do we discuss Mr. Forwood's propositions? If they will not be accepted, and only weaken the adversary's strength, why do not Liberals let them alone? Is it not, they suggest, a superfluity of naughtiness in Liberal journals to be so much interested in Tory divisions, and is there not something of malice in their close watchfulness, while Conservatives do their thinking? The answer to that jibe, in itself a fair one, is clear. It is as interesting to Generals to know what their enemies propose, as to know what they themselves design; while for ourselves, we confess to an additional and non-partisan interest in the inquiry. We have a strong conviction, amounting to a certainty, that in the internal fight in the Conservative camp, the old Conservatives, the men whose idea of their function is to apply the brake to the machine, will win, and have a deep intellectual interest, historic, not partisan interest, in watching for the signs of the coming victory, its men, and its method. We are not impressed by the Tory pessimists at all, shrewd as many of them are, and are more than half-amused with their present inability to trust in their own principles. We believe that Conservatism rests upon facts as indestructible as those which support Liberalism, upon the instinctive reluctance of half mankind to abandon the usual, upon their fear of all changes, and upon their natural, and, in many respects, admirable reverence for the past. A section of mankind will always be guided by those feelings, and in a country like this, where great numbers are honestly contented, where utopias, owing to the national character, have little influence, and where history inspires a lofty pride in the past, as being on the whole a noble past, that section will be a great one, and will, the moment it finds adequate expression, be seen to be a great one. It had no expression under Lord Beaconsfield, and it has none now; but that it will find one, is as certain as that the Liberal party will one day commit blunders. All these feverish Tory-Democratic tentatives are but tentatives,—the efforts of impatient men to clutch at a popularity which never accrues to any party, unless it has its roots deep in human nature, and in the history of the country to be won. They are all made under a belief which is a pure delusion,—the belief that Lord Beaconsfield had a hold upon the country through his principles, his proposals, his policy, through something, in fact, other than his personal genius. He never had the slightest. Without his genius he never would have carried a dozen seats, and we seriously doubt whether, in spite of his genius, he was, after his policy was understood, popular at all, whether a Dissolution on any day after 1877 would not have shattered his power. His imitators are spending their breath in vain, are alienating more people than they attract, and we watch their efforts, we admit, with the keenest interest, because when they have done, when they are exhausted, the old Conservative party will revive, and Liberalism will once more be challenged by an equal foe. They are, we think, growing exhausted now. So long as the "pony Disraelis" confined themselves to foreign policy, their powerlessness was never clear, the nation as to foreign policy distrusting its own ignorance; and while they were vituperating, they were comparatively safe; but now that they avoid foreign policy, and have exhausted abuse, and are turning, like Mr. Forwood, to home affairs, their principles become visible, and are by the majority of the people summarily

rejected. The true Conservatives, who include nearly half England, do not want to "trust the people" in the sense of making the people absolute, or to remedy all abuses, or to pass "safely-progressive" measures; but to distrust the people, to find excuses for abuses, if only they are old, and to hold back Liberals hard, for fear that progress should be too fast. They will find their leaders, sooner or later, probably very soon; and when they do, Conservatism will be a great power again, and Mr. Forwood either a forgotten man or a repentant one, who declares that, in spite of a momentary abjuration, extorted by impatience, his true, though deserted faith has always been expressed in the words, "Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari."

THE PROPOSED ADDITIONS TO THE CABINET.

WE cannot support the demand, raised by so many Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture, for the creation of a special Ministry or special Ministries for those Departments. The objections stated by Mr. Kynaston Cross, the new Under-Secretary for India, in his speech of Wednesday to his Bolton constituencies, are in themselves nearly final. As he says, every Department, the whole government of the country, is concerned with Commerce and Agriculture. Hardly any officer of State can do anything without touching those interests, and half the policy of the Government is directed to the improvement of their condition. The Cabinet cannot sanction a foreign despatch, or arrange a Budget, or consider a Banking Act, without thinking of commerce; while every measure for the improvement of tenure, for the reform of county government, or for the readjustment of rates, directly and in many cases most perceptibly, affects agriculture. The greatest agricultural and commercial measures of our time, the new Poor-law and Free-trade, were measures of high policy, to be settled by Governments and Parties, not by Departments; while the smaller measures now in front, the French Treaty and the modification of tenure called the Holdings Act, could not possibly be left to individual Ministers. They are and will remain questions of the class which Cabinets must think out, and on which the Premier, or the Premier plus the two or three men who form in practice an interior Cabinet, must finally decide. A Minister of Commerce who could propose and carry, say, complete Free-trade, would be above the Premier and the Treasury too; while a Minister of Agriculture who could propose tenant-right would be above the whole Government. Yet, if he could not propose these things with a good prospect of carrying them, he would be a mere intermediary, extremely inconvenient to the Cabinet, where he would be an intruding and, so to speak, isolated person, and of very little use to anybody. Important interests like agriculture and commerce, with hundreds of representatives, can already address the Treasury with quite sufficient emphasis. No Minister of Commerce could have pressed on the Foreign Office the case of Bradford under the French Treaty more vehemently than it was pressed; and no Minister of Agriculture, if he had been as eloquent as Fox or as competent as Sir R. Peel, could have forced a Government to grant compensation for slaughtered cattle as it was forced by the agricultural property-holders in the House.

We do not deny that, in matters of detail, Commerce and Agriculture, considered as interests, may have something to complain of. The Chambers all say so, and they must, on such a point, know the grievances of their constituents. As regards commerce, we think it possible that a special Minister might collect information now left vague or scattered—this is certainly true of Asiatic facts—might inquire more persistently into new openings for trade, and might stimulate the Foreign Office to attempt new treaties of commerce with States like the Republics of South America, to which "public opinion," now the only motor, will not continuously attend. A Minister of Agriculture also might collect information, now left too indefinite—the history of ensilage is a good illustration—and collate more accurately the views of the Chambers about tenure, and even give valuable warnings from the whole world to agricultural districts. An Office set apart for special inquiry always receives a great deal, and such Ministers might be most convenient intermediaries between the interests concerned and the governing Committee. But then they should be Ministers, not Secretaries of State. Mr. Mundella, who has quite enough to do with Education, without worrying himself about sick cows, should receive a colleague, a second Vice-President, with agriculture as his business; while the Vice-President of the Board of Trade should become a much bigger man, with the extension of Commerce as his department. Each of these officers would be grand sifter for the interest represented, and his sifted information and proposals would be sure of attention, and even eager attention, from a Cabinet which would like nothing better than to see its way to any improvement really needed by any great interest. That means a great many votes at the next election, as well as a benefit to the country, and with those two motives pulling together, a Cabinet soon puts itself in motion.

We confess to a good deal of jealousy about additions to the Cabinet. So far as we see, a non-political Department gets itself most admirably managed whenever it is in the hands of a Minister who is a good administrator, who is just under Cabinet rank, but who is strong enough to weigh heavily with the Government as a whole. We do not see how we can have the Education Department better managed than it was by Mr. Forster, or is by Mr. Mundella, and fancy we owe a good many recent improvements in the Post Office to the fact that Mr. Fawcett has not to consider the affairs of the whole world. We are by no means satisfied that the work of the Board of Trade would not be better done if its head were a Vice-President under the Treasury, instead of a leading politician; and are quite certain that if the First Commissioner of Works were in the Cabinet, the Crown lands would be managed with less attention. Even for Ireland and Scotland, our ideal, if it were possible—which it is not, while the Lord-Lieutenancy continues — would be representative Under-Secretaries, answerable to the Home Secretary, who should himself be directly responsible for the peace of the Three Kingdoms. The Cabinet should not be too full, and it should be filled with men of political rank who are more than heads of Departments. Day by day, two silent political processes are going on which will materially modify the working of the Constitution, which are probably beneficial, but which ought to be watched with the greatest care. The force of the Cabinet is growing. The tendency of our Democracy is towards Cabinet government. The majorities grow larger—ten was formerly a working majority—the groups more numerous, the pressure of business heavier, the powers of private Members less, till the initiative is being confined to the governing Committee, which has, moreover, a working veto on all propositions. It is essential that this Committee should be fairly homogeneous, not too much of a little Parliament—we note that Councils, now-a-days, sit long—and should consist of men not entirely worked to death, but with a little capacity left for initiating new things. Energy, too, and secrecy are increasingly necessary, and to secure all those objects a Cabinet should be rigidly kept from unwieldiness. The increase of Cabinet power will not, we conceive, stop, it being the most natural instrument through which a democracy can govern; and though the second process may stop, it also may not. This is the great increase in the standing, and therefore the power, of the Premier. We shall soon have been governed twenty years by two men, each of whom, whatever his merits or demerits, was admitted all round to stand head and shoulders above his fellows. It has been Lord Beaconsfield's Government and Mr. Gladstone's Government in an unusually truthful sense. That is not a bad change in itself, whenever we can find the right man, a moderated personal ascendancy giving coherence to the Administration; but it increases the need for confining the Cabinet to the powerful, and avoiding a dilution, the effect of which is to exaggerate the personality of the Premier. It is all very well at present, but we do not want the Cabinet always to be, as it certainly was last year, when Mr. Gladstone was bearing the world on his own shoulders—rather crushing them, as we now know, by that supreme effort—the Premier's Council. The stronger, in short, the Cabinet is made, the better, and concentration is a great element in strength.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT SWANSEA.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in the speech at Swansea, in which he did no more than justice to Mr. Dillwyn, as one of the staunchest and quite the most consistent Radical in the House of Commons, took credit for the English Radicals that, whether or not they were sometimes discontented, they were never "Irreconcileable," never disposed "to upset the coach" because the pace did not please them. It would be difficult to define an Irreconcileable better than in these words. The great French Irreconcileables of the present day, not only

admit, but boast that this is precisely what they aim at. They think it their bounden duty to upset the coach because the pace does not please them,—or rather, perhaps, because no pace which simply tends in the direction of the reform of existing abuses could possibly please them. To their minds, everything is wrong,—"the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint,"—and consequently they think that upsetting everything as it is, is the only proper preliminary to bringing anything to be as it ought to be. If English politicians would read the account in Friday's *Daily News* of the conversation between Élisée Reclus and the correspondent of that paper, they would,—we will not say understand, for they would not understand at all,—but apprehend the position of a true Irreconcileable as they had never before apprehended it. And a position, we venture to say, less like that of a stout English Radical, is not to be conceived. In some respects, even the despondent Conservatives are nearer to the Irreconcileables than the Radicals. They often look on the modern tendencies of political society with almost as much gloom as the Irreconcileables themselves, though for a different reason. Now the Radicals look on the modern tendencies of political society with tempered satisfaction. And instead of wishing to invert all the tendencies they see, they wish, on the whole, to promote most of the tendencies they see. Being in this hopeful frame of mind they are actually a greater contrast to the Irreconcileables than even the true Tories themselves. Lord Carnarvon's lugubrious speech at Colchester, for instance, does not strike one as forming half so striking a contrast to the political hopelessness of Prince Krapotkine and M. Élisée Reclus as Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Swansea,—the fault of which, so far as it has a fault, is rather its too sanguine expectations from the results of tendencies actually at work, than any revolutionary bias, of which there is indeed no trace.

The *Times* is very much offended with Mr. Chamberlain for intimating that there is perfect harmony of purpose between the Radicals in the Cabinet and the present Government, and asserts that the only danger of any discord breaking in upon that harmony has arisen from Mr. Chamberlain himself. But the *Times* does not tell us when and where that discordant note was struck. So far as the public know, the Government have never differed from Mr. Chamberlain, nor Mr. Chamberlain from the Government. If the release of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues last year from prison were specially supported by Mr. Chamberlain, it was also specially supported and specially defended under the circumstances, by Mr. Gladstone and by Lord Hartington; and the only Minister who disapproved the course taken was the Minister who retired. To the best of our belief, the co-operation of the Radicals has not only increased the popularity of the present Government in the country, but has guarded the Government—so far as the Government may have needed guarding—against the blunders into which the so-called Moderates might possibly at least have betrayed them. It was the Radical party, headed by Mr. Dillwyn, who pressed upon the Government the restoration of Cetewayo. It was the Radical party, again represented by Mr. Dillwyn, who pressed upon the Government the many grave alterations in the Procedure Rules which were adopted by the House of Commons in the autumn meeting of Parliament, to the great chagrin of the Conservatives. And it is at the present time the Radical party whose staunch protest against every attempt to suppress political liberty in Ireland, renders it simply impossible that any of the reactionary suggestions which appear to be favoured in what is called the Moderate Press should ever be adopted by the public. We do not in the least mean that the so-called Whig element in the Cabinet has been hostile to the Radical element on these points. We do not believe that it is so, but the Radicals have at least had the satisfaction of putting it out of the question that the Government should have taken the bad advice often tendered to them by the organs of the Moderate party. If the Moderates had had their way, for instance, there can be no doubt that the unmeaning compromise called the Closure by a two-thirds majority would have been substituted for the Closure as we have it, and the result of that would have been that the country, which cares for nothing so much as the restoration of the House of Commons to the full control of its own business, would have turned the cold-shoulder to an Administration capable of such weakness as that. So far from agreeing with the *Times*, we hold very strongly that but for the influence of the Radical party on the Government,—an influence of which Mr. Chamberlain has been hitherto, we suppose, the chief channel,—discords in the Government would have been long ago manifest which have never actually put in an appearance. It is probable enough that the Prime Minister and Lord Hartington would have insisted on the right course whatever had been said against it in the Moderates' organs,—for the Prime Minister and Lord Hartington have a very sagacious, political insight into the folly of half-measures,—but it is also very probable that other Members of the Cabinet, terrified by the cries of the *Times*, and organs like the *Times*, would have made much more effort than they did to divide the Cabinet, had not it been so well known that this course would have involved a breach with the Radical party the consequences of which must have been very serious. To the best of our belief, the determined attitude of the Radicals has again and again saved this Government from the breaking-out of discords which might have been fatal, and has never involved it in a single blunder. But for the Radicals, the Duke of Argyll would hardly have left the Cabinet alone. But for the Radicals, Mr. Forster would hardly have left the Cabinet alone. And but for the Radicals at the present time, there would be far more disposition to postpone Irish reforms solely because Ireland is politically ungrateful for what it has received, than there actually is. Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech at Swansea, adroitly staved off the difference between Lord Hartington and the Radical party on the subject of extending any County Government Bill that may be brought in for Great Britain to Ireland, by suggesting that perhaps it might be better to wait for household franchise in the counties, before passing a County Government Bill at all. But for the rest, he strongly supported the manly and reasonable course of doing all in our power to reform abuses in Ireland, without paying the least regard to the fact of the political irreconcileability of the Irish people. And, for our own parts, we cannot help thinking that the reform of the present atrociously bad system of local government in Ireland is so urgent for the welfare of the Irish people, that it will be a great mistake to wait even for the extension of household franchise to the counties before attempting the reform of our system of local government. Be that, however, as it may, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Radical party whom he and Sir Charles Dilke now represent in the Cabinet, have been again and again the good genius of the present Government, instead of the evil genius, as the *Times* represents him. Through him, the Radical party, so well represented at the banquet to Mr. Dillwyn, have made their voice adequately heard in the Government. And the voice of the Radical party has never been listened to by the Government, since 1880, without results which even the ablest of the Whigs now consider as in the highest degree satisfactory.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

THE letter which the German Emperor, in his character of King of Prussia, has addressed to the Pope is an indication that the negotiations between the two Powers are nearing their end. For the time, at all events, Prince Bismarck has fixed a minimum of concession below which he will not suffer the Pope to go. If the May Laws are to be reconsidered, the Pope must take a particular step. He must accept in principle the obligation to notify all presentations to the State which one of these laws lays on the Ecclesiastical authorities. The Emperor's letter does not say that the law must be accepted precisely as it stands, but that it is in relation to this law that the advance demanded from the Vatican must be made. As to the other side of the transaction, the letter is not equally precise. The immediate benefit to be derived from this concession on the part of the Vatican is the creation of a conviction in the Emperor's mind that the Pope is as anxious for a reconciliation as he is himself. When this has been impressed on him, he will be able to countenance the reconsideration by the Prussian Parliament not of the May Laws generally, but of such of them "as, in the course of the struggle for the protection of contested rights of the State, became requisite, without being permanently necessary to secure peaceful relations between Church and State." A pledge of this kind is obviously open to almost any interpretation which the Emperor's advisers choose to put on it. It rests with them to determine which of the May Laws are permanently necessary, and which were only requisite for a time. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Vatican will make any advance whatever, without some more precise understanding as to the consideration it is to receive for its concessions. The publication of the Letter is

probably meant to convey, not that the Emperor will commit himself to nothing, but simply that he will not be the first to commit himself to anything. By singling out one solitary provision of the May Laws which the Pope must declare himself ready to accept in advance, he does, in effect, intimate that on every other point he is open to argument and persuasion.

To submit all Ecclesiastical appointments to the veto of the Civil authorities is a light or a serious matter, according to the conditions under which the right of veto is exercised. Under the May Laws, these conditions are of extraordinary severity. The Civil authorities may refuse to accept the appointment of any priest, either for want of qualification, or for having been convicted of any offence, or if there is reason to suppose that he intends to disobey the law. The qualifications prescribed are, that the presentee must be of German birth; that he must have been educated and have passed the final examination at a gymnasium; and further, that he must have spent three years at a German University, or, if there be no University in the Diocese, at an Ecclesiastical College approved by the Government. Among the offences conviction for which operates as a disqualification, is the illegal exercise of spiritual jurisdiction, a crime for which a large number of the Catholic Clergy of Prussia have from time to time been found guilty, while reason to suppose that a man intends to disobey the laws in future may easily be stretched so as to include all the rest. How a request to submit presentations to benefices to a veto which at present is so all-embracing would have been met by the late Pope, it is easy to imagine. He would have replied by a simple "Non possumus." But Leo XIII. is of another temper from Pius IX. He is above all things a Whig, and from the Whig point of view it is of extreme importance that the Ecclesiastical and Civil authorities should work harmoniously together. Pius IX. was at bottom a Revolutionist; constituted authorities were to be treated with deference when they did what he liked, and to be altogether ignored when they did what he disliked. By Leo XIII. they are regarded in a very different light. He interprets the Apostolic injunction to live peaceably with all men as binding him in a special manner to live peaceably with Sovereigns, and nothing but the strongest conviction that the conditions demanded from him are such as he cannot conscientiously concede will prevent him from meeting the Prussian offer at least half-way. Probably, therefore, the acceptance or rejection of the Emperor's terms will be determined by the extent of the revision to which the May Laws are to be submitted. If the provisions relating to the qualifications of the holders of benefices were repealed, the veto would become a mere right to reject a particular presentee, with no cause assigned. This would be a much less serious restriction on Ecclesiastical action than a right to reject all presentees who do not satisfy the very stringent conditions just enumerated. The one tends in practice to come down to the occasional rejection of some priest who has made himself specially obnoxious to the civil authorities; the other keeps alive a complete system of clerical education which, rightly or wrongly, the Ecclesiastical authorities think actually mischievous. The former might be met by successive presentations drawn from a virtually unlimited area; the latter limits the supply to the small minority of the clergy who happen to have satisfied the conditions of the statute.

It appears from the attitude of Herr Windthorst that the Centre party are disposed to see a more conciliatory temper in the Emperor's Letter than appears on the surface of it. Probably, therefore, they assume that Prince Bismarck has in view some considerable modification of this part of the May Laws. Whether the Centre is really very anxious to bring about a reconciliation between the Prussian State and the Vatican may, perhaps, be doubted. The Clericals of Germany are in this respect not unlike the Clericals of France. They are politicians first, and Clericals afterwards. As regards the French Clericals, the whole history of their relations with the late and present Nuncios proves this. They are irritated almost beyond bearing at the determination of the Pope to avoid, if possible, an open quarrel between the Church and the Republic. Every courtesy which the Nuncio shows to the President of the Republic is a fresh annoyance to them. Their object is to destroy the Republic, and they think that if the Pope would but refuse to have any more dealings with the Republic, an important step would have been taken towards this consummation. The Prussian Clericals have not the same feelings towards the Prussian Monarchy that the French Clericals entertain towards the Republic, because the Prussian Monarchy is not revolutionary in its origin. But they have political objects of their own, the accomplishment of which may be helped or hindered by the exercise of a judicious diplomacy in relation to Prince Bismarck. If they want to attack the Government, it is always easy to find an occasion somewhere in the May Laws; and they might not be altogether pleased at seeing these laws repealed, if their repeal constituted the whole concession made by the Government. It is difficult to define with precision the extent to which the Pope is compelled to take this feeling into account. He is certainly not disposed to defer to it in all particulars, and yet it is impossible for him to ignore it entirely. The spiritual destitution to which Catholic Prussia has been reduced under the operation of the May Laws must be greatly in the Pope's thoughts, but even destitution cannot be relieved without some degree of co-operation on the part of those in want. The Prussian Clergy have by this time gained some of the immunities which belong to Confessors, and even a less religious Pope than Leo XIII. could not altogether disregard the sufferings they have undergone on behalf of Ecclesiastical independence. To give up everything that has been fought for during the last nine years would not encourage the Clergy in other countries to be equally resolute in the same cause. That a *modus vivendi* may be found, if the Prussian Government are in earnest in looking for one, cannot be questioned; but whether it is contained in the generalities of the Emperor's letter must depend on the private negotiations by which that letter has, no doubt, been accompanied.

THE HIGH CHURCH VIEW OF THE EPISCOPAL OFFICE.

MR. HATCH, in the February number of the *Contemporary Review*, speaks of the canonical vow of obedience to the Bishop by the Priests of the Church as not flowing "from anything inherent in the Bishop's office." "The obligation," he says, "is that of a contract. On the one hand, all Clerks have entered into a certain contract at their ordination, but that contract is defined and limited by its terms; it is a promise of submission, not to a Bishop as such, nor to any purely spiritual authority, but to the 'Ordinary,'—that is, the *Judex Ordinarius*, whoever he may be, whether Chancellor or Vicar-General, Bishop or King. On the other hand, all beneficed clerks (except in the few cases in which 'institution' is not required) have entered into a sacred contract by which they have given to their Bishop the same promise of obedience which they would, in feudal times, have given to any other feudal lord; but this obedience is limited by the adjective 'canonical,' and by the phrase, 'in all things lawful and honest.' The conception of a Bishop as being entitled to obedience, and that an almost unlimited obedience, on the part of his clergy, by virtue of the spiritual character which his consecration has conferred upon him, is as much at variance with ecclesiastical history and present fact, as it is with the great currents of Christian opinion which are already shaping the policy of the Churches of the future." It will be observed that this definition of the meaning of canonical obedience decidedly bears out the technical sense in which that duty has recently been understood by the High-Church party of the Anglican Communion, to whom nothing would seem to have been more foreign than that deferential attitude of mind towards their Bishops which Cardinal Newman describes in his "Apologia" as having been his own at the time of his greatest activity as a member of the Anglican Communion. Dr. Newman at least seems always to have had the idea that obedience was due to "something inherent in the Bishop's office." In writing to Bishop Bagot,—the then Bishop of Oxford,—Dr. Newman says:—"In your Lordship's Charge for 1838, an allusion was made to the 'Tracts for the Times.' Some opponents of the 'Tracts' said that you treated them with undue indulgence. . . . . I wrote to the Archdeacon on the subject, submitting the 'Tracts' entirely to your Lordship's disposal. What I thought about your Charge will appear from the words which I then used to him. I said, 'A Bishop's lightest word, *ex cathedra*, is heavy. His judgment on a book cannot be light. It is a rare occurrence.' And I offered to withdraw any of the 'Tracts' over which I had control, if I were informed which were those to which your Lordship had objections. I afterwards wrote to your Lordship to this effect, that 'I trusted I might say sincerely that I should feel a more

lively pleasure in knowing that I was submitting myself to your Lordship's expressed judgment in a matter of that kind, than I could have even in the widest circulation of the volumes in question.'" And Dr. Newman steadily treated the Charges of the Bishops against the "Tracts for the Times" as a very solemn witness of the Anglican Church against these "Tracts," —so solemn, as to leave an Anglican of that period little choice between the duty of reconsidering those of his opinions which were inconsistent with the theological testimony of the Anglican Bishops, and the conclusion that the Anglican Church was destitute of divine life in its dealings with subjects of this kind. In a word, Dr. Newman, as the spokesman of the High Anglican party of that day, regarded the practical authority of a Bishop as entitled to an almost implicit obedience, simply because it was a Bishop's; while he regarded the unanimous dogmatic testimony of the Bench of Bishops as almost amounting to proof of the actual creed of the Church in which they were the rulers, whether that creed were right or wrong, because he could neither believe that, if the Bishops were collectively wrong, the Church could still be right, nor that if the Bishops were right, the recent revival of ecclesiastical principles could be in any way justified.

We suppose that few High Churchmen would follow Dr. Newman in this matter in the present day. They would regard his disposition to obey a Bishop's injunction, as if it were something having a sacred presumptive claim on his allegiance, almost with amusement; they would, for the most part, laugh at the doctrine that the testimony of the Bench of Bishops, as a whole, is any trustworthy index of the dogmatic creed of the Church to which they belong. For the most part, our modern High-Church clergymen look at the vow of obedience to the Bishop as one involving no sort of mystical deference or spiritual loyalty, but one requiring only a purely technical interpretation. And as to the dogmatic authority of the Bench of Bishops in relation to the creed of their Church, the High Churchmen are often disposed, we think, rather to assign it a negative value,—that is, to hold that it is at least very improbable that what all the Bishops alike sustain, is likely to cover the central truth—the essential truth—of the Anglican creed.

Mr. Hatch states that this grudging attitude of mind towards the Bishops is by no means a new one; that at the beginning of the eighth century, "the majority of the Churches were held by unattached Clerks (*Clerici Vagantes*), many of whom held Arian or other heretical opinions," but "whether unsound in faith or loose in morals," "subject to no special discipline." At present, the Bishops, in England at least, have no reason to complain of their impotence in cases of moral scandal. Public opinion supports fully the exercise of authority in matters of that kind, nor are the statutes which define the Bishops' powers inadequate for the purpose of dealing with real abuses. But in relation to matters of ritual and heresy, the Bishops find their authority extremely limited, and probably nowhere more so than when they try to regulate the doings of the High-Church party. Dr. Newman's feeling that the lightest word of a Bishop is weighty, is not only very rare at present in the Anglican Church, but particularly rare among the High-Church party. Their opinion appears to be,—and we do not wonder at it, for the experience of the last forty years has necessarily fostered it,—that the Bishops, to use a later phrase of Dr. Newman's, have always "vigorously handselled their Apostolical weapons against the Apostolical party,"—and that they are, in fact, much better disposed to be "Ordinaries" of the State, than to be the bulwarks of any kind of Church principle whatever. The result is that even those of the Clergy who contend most vigorously for the due transmission of the "Orders" of our Church, as the sole guarantee of the Sacramental system, attach no importance at all to the possession of these Orders considered as guarantees of either wise government or sound doctrine. They are apt to regard Bishops as *primâ facie* persons worthy of thorough distrust, men who must win a character for prudent administration before they are entitled to any deference at all. Of course, they will profess themselves willing to fulfil their "contract" to obey, so far as they contracted for obedience; but beyond the terms of the contract, obedience is not to be thought of, unless it has been previously justified by establishing a specific claim to confidence. Dr. Newman's personal loyalty to Bishop Bagot was the offspring of a theory which has not been since supported by facts,—a theory that the Bishops, as channels of divine grace, must generally also be supposed to be channels of just feeling and wise judgment on things sacred. Evidently our modern Clergy do not think so, nor do we know that they have any particular reason for thinking so. As a rule, we quite admit that the Bishops of the Anglican Church have not been very courageous, nor very coherent, nor very Liberal, nor generally very straightforward in their dealings with what they regarded as eccentric or dangerous views. Our Bishops have been, for the most part, more anxious to prevent the State from withdrawing its confidence from the Church, than they have been to make the State worthy of the confidence of the Church. And through that tendency they have very naturally alienated many of those eager and ardent men who have thought, in the first place, of making Christians out of evil-doers, and only in the second place of sustaining the reputation of the Church for safe and prudent habits.

But what puzzles us is how so considerable a school can have arisen which, insisting as it does on the Apostolic inheritance of the Bishops in relation to their custody of Sacramental grace, yet regards that function as involving nothing at all further that is Apostolic, nothing of either special guidance in practical matters, or special insight in doctrinal matters, to which a presumption at least of authority ought to attach. We do not complain that the Bishops are not regarded with much veneration in either light. We rather think that they have deserved little, and have, taken as a body, been more conspicuous during the last forty years for their genuine official diligence than for any other good quality that could be named,—and even more conspicuous perhaps for worldly wisdom than for official diligence. But still, it cannot, we think, be denied that Dr. Newman's *a priori* conception of the weight to be attached to the judgment of such channels of sacramental and spiritual grace as, in the opinion of Anglicans, those who confer the power of baptising, absolving, and consecrating the elements, should possess, is a natural one. It is very difficult to understand how an order of men who are chosen to convey such gifts to the Church, should have been deserted by, or else should have forfeited, all special grace for the purposes of practical administration and doctrinal guidance. And yet that is, so far as we can tell, the general view of the High-Church party, who, though they consider a bishop's intervention essential to the due conveyance of sacramental grace to the heart of Christians, nevertheless consider a bishop's decision on things practical, and a bishop's condemnation of a dogmatic opinion, decidedly more likely to be wrong than right. It is, to our minds, difficult to understand this complete divorce between the High-Church view of "Orders," and the High-Church view of those who confer Orders. Is not Dr. Newman's veneration for the Apostolic authority of a Bishop a very natural view in a school which believes that the bishop is made the exclusive channel for diffusing a certain most potent kind of divine grace? Is it not hard to understand how such grace could pass, and pass habitually, through the Bishops' ceremonial activity without sending out any fertilising side-tributaries to the Bishops' intellects, consciences, and wills?

"METHRATTON."

WE are always a little amused at the surprise which journalists either feel, or affect, when some local "wizard" like Hartwell, the Birmingham fortune-teller, "philosopher, astrologer, grand master of the mysteries, enchanter, sorcerer, and dealer in magic and spells," is committed for trial for obtaining money on false pretences, or sentenced as a rogue. The man has always adopted some magnificently ridiculous name —in this instance, Methratton, surely given him in joke by some learned gipsy, if, as we suspect, it is an Indian word, which means "Jewel of falsehood"—has always proposed to deal in the secrets of futurity, amulets, and love philtres; has always betrayed a craving eagerness for silver coins, in this instance half-crowns; has always found hundreds of dupes, usually girls; always relies upon their reluctance to give evidence in Court; and always is punished somehow, sometimes, we fear, to the straining of the law. Thereupon the journalists lift up their hands, and either cry, "Who would have thought it, in these days of education?" or moralise upon the fund of superstition still remaining in the human heart in an age of telephones and photographs. Well, the last proposition is true enough. There is a fund of superstition in the majority of people of all races—not in all, though—probably incurable, except by the dominance of a religious belief, and at all events quite beyond the influence of telegraphs and express trains; but that being so, why do we wonder that it exists in ignorant

girls, in secluded country-houses, and in farms where ideas are never fresh? Why should it not exist, and what has education, in the sense of Board-School teaching, to do with the matter? The wonder is not that so much superstition about magic exists, but that there is not infinitely more of it. The readiness to be superstitious, the strong curiosity, the deep fear of the unknown, the keen pleasure in the indulgence of wonder, all the elements which produce superstitions exist, and are directed into the queer channels usually noticed in England, into a search, that is, either for love or cash, partly by a traditional method of fraud practised by whole classes, such as the gipsies, partly by a vast body of traditional teaching which, like some of the herbalists' knowledge, is handed down from house to house, cottage to cottage, and age to age, without the tutors of mankind being any the wiser. Sometimes an old clergyman stumbles upon the track of this teaching, sometimes some mother in Israel who has cured in her flock the fear of ridicule detects suddenly a faith the clergyman never heard of, sometimes it is revealed before the Magistrates, but all who discover it alike are startled with its extent and its influence. Two hundred silly people in Birmingham paid Hartwell, and some of them, at least, were in good positions. Positive beliefs, hardly distinguishable from beliefs in magic, are still in existence in England; and though those who hold them are now afraid of acknowledging them, for fear of the ridicule of the young and the frowns of the clergy, they still, in many places, penetrate very far. The writer can testify of his own knowledge to positive faith in astrology, in fortune-telling by the cards, and in palmistry as existing among fairly educated persons; and among the ignorant the range of beliefs is much more extensive, covering a whole armoury of philtres—one of which is distinctly dangerous—and the use of a charmed mirror, the rationale of which the writer, who as a child in Norfolk heard of it constantly, would very much like to trace. Upon minds essentially ignorant, that is, without the power of thinking out anything so as to correlate cause and effect, and deeply imbued with this teaching, the promises of any "Methratton" have their effect, if it be only the effect of intensely stimulating curiosity and a kind of fear, motives which would be indulged much more often, but for a belief equally traditional, long descended, and untraceable, that any resort to magic is necessarily wrong. That feeling is quite as strong as the belief in magic, and in hundreds of villages, which never, perhaps, heard of the elder Christianity from which it has come down, is the strongest corrective to a credulity which might easily become monstrous, and, indeed, every now and then—as in the horrible case which occurred at Sible Hedingham a few years since—does so become. As for "education," how is that to remove such a faith? "The three R's" are no disproof of magic in themselves, and the teachers, who might disprove it, or wake up the brains of their pupils to the necessary clearness, never touch upon the subject. We are told in books that the Catholic Clergy, who necessarily hear more of the secret thoughts of the people, do in England sometimes exhort the foolish victims of "necromancy;" but the Established Clergy despise the whole set of ideas too much to speak of them, and are known to despise them, and consequently never hear of them except in the vaguest way, through the talk of some child, or the cursing of some angry man. The Magistrates do, it is true, hear of them, and do rebuke them, and in that fact is, perhaps, the best justification of the existing law. It is a little hard on a rascal, often a half-believer in his own trade, that he should be imprisoned for selling a charm which his customer is foolish enough to ask for, when quacks are every day selling impossible medicines, ridiculous recipes, and injurious hair-dyes; but if the sale of the amulet were unpunishable, the ignorant would never hear that the cultivated thought amulets absurd. The two hundred girls who bought Methratton's rubbish are very much disenchanted by his going to prison. Indeed, that teaching might be effectual, but that the Magistrates are supposed to act on the law of the land, and not on their own opinion—which need not be identical—and that the sentence destroys belief only in Methratton, and not in Methrattondom at large. He was a rogue, you see, for the Magistrates sent him to prison; but then that astrologer ten miles off, who sells bits of stone, instead of bits of paper or parchment, may be the genuine article. And so the belief lasts on, to be reported to the next generation, with any evidence, real or imaginary, that the reporter may have heard of. Education would break the long chain, no doubt, if it were education of the right kind, from the right people; but where is that, in the usual course of things, to come from? Sometimes it does come. There is a clergyman's wife in the parish, or a squire's daughter, who is entirely trusted, because he or she "don't never jeer;" or a schoolmaster who has a telescope, and "is a bit of a 'strologer hisself;" or best of all, a hard-bitten old farmer who knows it all, believes it all, and calls all who act on the belief fools and cowards—he ducks the wizard, which is disenchanting—and then in that village the man of mystery, even if he is a gipsy, has no chance at all. But in the ordinary run of events, nobody teaches about such things in a way which comes home to the taught, and so the superstitions linger. You cannot believe in magic mirrors after you have seen Pepper's "Ghost," but you can very much after learning any amount of compound arithmetic. Rule-of-three, they say, is very deadly to amulets; but then that is because the mind which comprehends rule-of-three has begun to think for itself, instead of merely remembering. True education kills magic, but what is called education does not, nor does shrewdness. The Roman populace can do sums, and believe in the *jettatore* all the same, while no possible teaching of mere practical things will ever make an English lad as shrewd as the Hindoo, who knows at a glance what you are at, who is a senior wrangler in some trade, and who cannot be done out of his money, but who for all that will abandon a speculation if he sees a hare, and is furious with alarm if you praise his child, or if a faquir remarks that he shall curse his house.

The *Times* seems to think that a good many of Methratton's victims are induced to pay money by a half-belief which is not belief, and that, undoubtedly, is true. The astrologer is often consulted as the "Sortes Bibliana" are still consulted, from the vague interest excited by any method of guessing by rule. The girl is undecided whether she shall prefer the light suitor or the dark one, the joiner or the blacksmith, and consults the wizard, not because he is a wizard, but because his answer is a guide less controlable by herself than, for example, tossing a penny would be; but this form of questioning, though it swells the fortune-teller's receipts, does not make up their bulk. The majority of applicants want something positive, be it philtre, or charm, or amulet, or sometimes, we fear, drug, and are so ashamed of wanting it, that they will give no evidence. They want it because they have been told, they hardly know how, that such things have their "effec," and have never had the slightest chance of being "educated" as to the folly of such belief, any more than they have had as to the folly of believing that asses have a stripe because Balaam's ass was struck. Suppose a girl of the kind that sends the half-crown had learned "the three R's," and hemming, and some cookery quite perfectly, but had never heard the elementary truths of astronomy, would she not believe that the Sun went round the world? And she has, as she thinks, nearly as much evidence for the amulet, namely, the constant testimony of an unreal experience, the facts that Aunt Jane's Mary Ann wore an amulet, "and never caught nothin' all her life." The weight of apparent evidence is with the believer, and its influence is not to be abolished by an instruction which never, in ordinary cases, approaches the point at issue.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. DENING AND THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Letters have appeared in your last two numbers bearing on the cause that led to my disconnection from the Church Missionary Society. With the hope of throwing a little more light on the subject, and of bringing out facts which hitherto have been kept in the shade, and thus of enabling the public to judge for themselves in the matter, I will endeavour to conquer that repugnance which we all have to writing on personal matters, and state my views as concisely as possible. The most casual reader of the two letters that have already appeared will perceive that the point of view of their authors is entirely different.

Mr. White, as a representative of a certain section of public opinion, takes the fact of my disconnection from the Church Missionary Society for having adopted the view known as "conditional immortality," and argues from it that had I still continued to proclaim the dogma "of eternal torment," I should not have been disconnected; and, therefore, that it is not in-

correct to say that my disconnection was owing to my refusing to teach this dogma.

To this, Mr. Wigram replies by asserting that the Committee do not require their Missionaries to teach the "dogma" in question. If this assertion could be shown to be in accordance with facts, Mr. White's inferences from the action of the Committee would at once appear to be unfairly drawn. Now, whereas it would appear from Mr. Wigram's letter as though the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society were at liberty to proclaim what doctrines they pleased on the subject of future punishment, as a matter of fact, the Committee have never in any way informed the Missionaries that they have this liberty. And the Missionaries of the Society are all under the impression that what are known as the old views, and no others, are considered orthodox by the Society. And furthermore, the Missionaries of Japan suggested to me, when they heard of my having given up these views, and having preached others, that it would be only doing what was proper on my part to communicate this fact to the Committee. And as a proof that not even to-day are the Committee prepared to swerve from the old lines, I will quote from a letter that has been sent to the Missionaries of the Society in Japan since my disconnection:—"We feel confident, however, that you will agree with us that it is impossible for the Committee to authorise the teaching by the Missionaries of the Society of the various views which have recently been put forth on eschatological subjects, which, being contradictory one to another, cannot all be true. They must not swerve from their old lines of careful adherence to the Scripture statements, and must look to their Missionaries not to incur the risk of provoking controversy in the Mission field, and possibly of circulating erroneous teaching, by stating as dogmatic truths of Scripture things not plainly revealed as such. . . . . Many questions are among the secret things that belong unto our God, and should be approached and handled with the reserve becoming those who avowedly know but in part."

In reference to Mr. Wigram's statement to the effect that the Committee have been asked to give their *explicit sanction* to my teaching the doctrine of conditional immortality, I would say that I am aware of no such request having been made. All that the Committee was asked to do was to allow me the liberty to act up to my convictions in this matter, which they refused to grant. The Church Missionary Society, being a voluntary society, has perfect right to dismiss its agents at whatever time and in whatever way it pleases, but what I feel it my duty to protest against is any attempt made by the Secretaries of the Society to obscure by circumlocution the real cause of my disconnection.

I think, therefore, that the inferences drawn by Mr. White in the letter published in your columns were fairly drawn, and that, practically, disconnecting a man for having adopted one of the many current theories of eschatology, is no other than a disconnection on account of a refusal to teach the old view,—*i.e.*, as far as a Missionary is concerned, for I suppose that no one is simple enough to suppose that with such a class of inquirers as we meet with in Japan, a Missionary is able to refuse to answer the question so constantly put,—What is the teaching of the Christian revelation in reference to a future life? No evasive answer would be for a moment allowed, and if the Missionary informed the inquirer that he had nothing definite to tell him, then the reply would be immediately forthcoming, if the Christian revelation has nothing definite to tell us about the region that lies beyond the horizon of all ordinary science and philosophy, then, why is it called a "revelation" at all? It is evident that every Missionary must adopt one of three courses in this matter.

Either he must proclaim the old view, which is that the soul is inherently immortal, that owing to the nature of its essence, it is incapable of being deprived of conscious existence, and, therefore that the finally impenitent must endlessly suffer. Or he must adopt one of those theories which, though very ancient, are known as "modern theories," and teach accordingly. Or he must remain silent altogether on the subject of the future life, and treat the whole subject of eschatology as of minor importance, and one upon which nothing definite can be said.

After much study of the subject ranging over some five years, I have seen fit to adopt the second course, and it is on that account, *and on no other*, that I have been disconnected from the Church Missionary Society. The Committee of that Society has never been asked to sanction the view, but only to tolerate the man; and this it has refused to do.

In conclusion, it may be well for me to state that, in writing this, I am actuated by no wish to injure in any way the Society under which I have worked as a Missionary for so many years. No one feels more than I the importance of its receiving public support. It is only with the desire of letting the public know where the Committee of the Church Missionary Society stands in reference to the eschatological question which has been so widely and so earnestly discussed in Europe and America during the last ten years, that I have, somewhat against my will, taken up my pen on this occasion.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Durham, January 30th. WALTER DENING.

CONSECRATED GROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I freely confess my ignorance of many things with which I ought to be acquainted, but I hope that it is not so dire as "Episcopus" imagines. If I conveyed the impression that I considered that the object of Churchmen in consecration was to intrench their bodies from chance contact with the bodies of Nonconformists, I must have expressed my meaning very imperfectly. I was thinking of the effect, rather than the purpose, —an effect which a recent case in Cornwall has, as I intimated, somewhat painfully forced upon our sight. I always study close compression when writing for space as valuable as yours, and I see that if I had used more words, I might easily have made my meaning more plain.

In the ages in which consecration was a power, and was inweaving itself with the system of the Church, of course there were no Nonconformists to intrench against. There was always a deep undertone of protest within the Church against the Church, which had its root in an enlightened conscience and in the Word of God. Indeed, we may say that this struggle of the truth with the Church which enshrined, but partially paralysed it, was the chronic agony of Christian Society. But to suppose that in those days consecration was regarded as protective as against religious dissent of any sort would be dark ignorance indeed. But when in these days Churchmen and Nonconformists are already peacefully lying side by side in a cemetery, and a Bishop stirs himself vehemently to get a bit of it consecrated and marked off from the rest for the use of his own communion, I submit that the impression naturally produced is very much what I have described.

The pleas for consecration which "Episcopus" urges, in his kindly and courteous letter, I am already tolerably familar with, but they do not touch the heart of the difficulty. He asks—Why should we quarrel with them for consecrating some particular clods, to which they believe the principle of separation to apply? I ask, in return, why should not Churchmen, now that the cemetery is taking the place of the churchyard, and can as perfectly protect the grave from violation, learn the lesson of the burial of their Lord, and consider that the grave is consecrated by the Christian dead who lie in it? They would thus avoid the appearance of jealous exclusion, which is essentially un-Christian; and they would let brethren lie together as brethren in death, with a hope that they might learn to work together as brethren in life, in time.

Into the legal aspect of the matter, I do not venture to follow your correspondent. We Nonconformists believe that a Church established by law, is fettered by law; and to be told that certain Christian acts can only be done in certain places as ordained by law, does not tend to increase our reverence for a Church which in the discharge of its vital functions makes the dictum of the law so absolutely supreme. But on the subject of the sentiment of the matter, I am entirely at one with "Episcopus." It is the fashion now to sneer at sentiment. As well sneer at the flush on the cheek, the gleam in the eye, the play of the lips on a human countenance. It is like stripping the flesh from the bones of a human body, this divorce of the sentiment from the truth of Christianity. But it seems to me that we Nonconformists realise all that is valuable in this sentiment without the consecration of the clods. We bury our dead with prayer; we commit them to the care of God; we have sacred associations with their resting-place, and we make the sepulchre sure. But our benediction rests, not on the clods, but on the dear remains that lie there, and which make our graveyards holy ground to us; while we do not kindle heart-burnings and angry passions, by keeping the folds of the Christian flock separate even in death. A sentiment taking a form which bears such fruits of

strife, is an un-Christian sentiment; and the consecration of the clods, however useful it may have been in the past, is in these days among the things which are decaying and waxing old, and ready to vanish away.

I am so deeply persuaded of the efficacy of the fervent prayer of a righteous man, that I see very clearly, however blind I may be as to other matters, that doubt about the power of prayer is in no sense the real ground of my objection to the consecration of clods. And let me tell "Episcopus," with all respect, that this attributing such un-Christian doubts and denials to those who may be honestly seeking to purge Christianity of the superstitions which have grown round it, has a sad tendency to drive into unbelief those, at any rate, whose faith is not very firmly fixed on God. I am at one with him about the efficacy of prayer, but I should probably differ with him as to the real value of official petitions about things which have no reality behind them, and which minister to strife. I believe, too, with him in giving of thanks with our daily bread; but I have heard grace "said or sung," on public and private occasions, after a fashion which could not add much sanctity to the feast. But as to prayer, I say,—Would God we had more of it, warm and living from the heart! I think that then we should recover the power with God and with man which we appear to have well-nigh lost, and should once more prevail.

I cannot say that "Episcopus," though I thank him for answering my letter, has done much to make me appreciate better the virtue of consecrated clods. And I am more than ever sure that if the scattered sections of the flock are to be drawn together in that unity for which the Saviour prayed, it must be on the basis of a truth which goes behind unreal distinctions, and by means of a sentiment which is healthy, intelligent, and aglow with charity. Warmly thanking you for your kindness in sparing me space for these letters, I am, Sir, &c.,

J. Baldwin Brown.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me to say a few words on the unhappy Irish question? Myself an Irishman, and in Holy Orders of the Irish Church, I am yet, what is most rare in such a case, an earnest Liberal. Let me begin, then, by saying how strange, how very strange, is the long-continued misapprehension by almost every Englishman of the real point at issue. You talk of *agrarian* outrages, of the great land question, of denominational education, and what not. These all are, no doubt, elements (*important*, too, in their own way) in the question, but they do not touch the real, vital point. That point is, that the masses of the population are, to a man, disloyal at bottom. From indifference and antipathy, this feeling towards England exists in every possible phase, till it culminates in bitter hatred. That being so, you see at once why efforts at pacification fail. It is enough that they are English,—that they come from England. They are tainted,—they are doomed to certain failure. I do not defend or share this feeling, far from it. Yet, in view of *all* the circumstances of the case, it seems to me a feeling by no means unnatural or strange,—by no means one to be wondered at.

Now, Sir, this being the case, various doctors come over to treat the unhappy patient (not an Irishman, by the way, among them). They live at the Castle, or, it may be, now and then take a flying trip into the wilds of the country. But what do they know of the real ailment? Almost nothing whatever; and so that happens which always happens when a doctor treats for one malady a patient suffering from quite a different one. Let me add to the picture I have tried to draw of the feeling toward England of the Irish masses this, that I believe a great deal of passive disloyalty exists amongst the classes supposed to be loyal. Nowhere is there any love for England, nor any liking, even, of a hearty kind. Reared in the very midst of so-called loyal Irish Protestants, I can well recall that, as a child, I always thought and felt towards the English as towards a strange people. This feeling was unconscious; it was in the air I breathed.

I could go on, but fear you would deny me space. I have already drawn a dark picture, but have to add one dark touch more,—that it seems as if the feelings of the Irish towards England had but grown in bitterness these last few years.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Hibernicus.

MAHOMMEDAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your last number, there is a very able criticism upon the English scheme for Egyptian self-government, and a very interesting letter from Mr. Malcolm MacColl upon the inability of Mahommedan nations to govern themselves. It strikes me, knowing something of the state of affairs in Egypt, that the scheme proposed by Lord Granville for the future organisation of the Khedive's dominions exactly meets the difficulty suggested by Mr. Malcolm MacColl. We do *not* leave the Egyptians to themselves. The question of the Mahommedan capacity for self-government would have been distinctly raised by our acceptance of Arabi's programme. But this programme was not accepted, and the Egyptians were brought completely under European control by our English victories last summer. The great questions of debt-paying and judicial reform are now in safe hands. No mere native effort, in the new Legislative Council, can upset the strong administration which the Khedive has established, under European advice. England has provided his Highness with experienced officers, to command his army and gendarmerie. The Custom House, the Post Office, and the Railways are directed by Englishmen of approved ability. Every great Department of State is more or less controlled by Europeans. The coastguard service, the lighthouses, and the Canal are all under European guidance. Then, too, there are the International Tribunals (with distinguished foreign Judges), which give full security to foreign creditors, not only against the indebted Fellaheen, but against the Egyptian State itself. These things are important, in their bearing upon the nominal independence of any Egyptian Ministry. We English can well afford to keep as far as possible in the background, and to give our ally the Khedive a fair chance of directing purely native affairs. We have so much power in the country, that we need not be anxious about mere names and outward forms. I think that though Lord Granville's cautious policy may make the English influence a little slower in filtering through to improve the condition of the Fellaheen, yet that if we thereby avoid grave European complications, it is our positive duty to wait. We Europeans, doubtless, owe it to our national honour to make Egypt happier and better in the long-run for our presence upon Egyptian soil. But this progress, so much to be desired, will surely, if slowly, follow upon what has already been established. The old oppression, the severe exactions, and cruel beatings of former days cannot be continued under a system of police officered by Englishmen. There is certainly much yet to do; but we are bound to deal fairly by the Khedive, and bound to step very carefully in reforming a country where the foreign, non-English, population is so powerful. This foreign population has an immense capital invested in farms and factories, in hotels and warehouses, besides the better known and less sympathetic claims of the village money-lenders. These foreigners are secured in their various rights by our English victories, and so long as the directing influence of England is prudently kept in the background, they will be content to let us rule. But they will not so easily tolerate our avowed authority, and Lord Granville has adopted the only possible plan for giving Egypt a fair chance of improvement, without risking a great war on that account.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Temple, E.C., January 30th. J. Hilary Skinner.

[Mr. Skinner is entitled to be heard, but where, when the troops have gone, is his guarantee for anything, even the lives of the Europeans? Why should Egyptian Sepoys not kill officers, like Indian Sepoys?—Ed. *Spectator.*]

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE ENGLISH SUNDAY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—What wonderfully short memories we have! That story about Prince Bismarck being prevented from whistling in Hull on a Sunday, and in consequence proceeding to get into the fire from the frying-pan by taking steamer to Edinburgh, which, as telegraphed to the *Standard* from Berlin, has been so much criticised this week, by the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other journals, was told at a Versailles dinner-party in the autumn of 1870. It will be found at p. 222 of the English translation of Dr. Moritz Busch's famous "Bismarck in the Franco-German War," published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your statistics of the Society of Friends, quoted from the *Times*, are, no doubt, correct. I have not the Irish returns before me, and so cannot check them with official documents, but your belief that a majority of the 17,977 members reside in Ireland is very far from being correct. In the official return published last May, the number of members in England and Scotland is reported as 15,113, of whom 192 only were in Scotland, leaving, if the figures you quote are correct, 2,864 Irish residents. Of the 5,700 attenders of meetings not in membership, 5,084 are English and Scotch, leaving 616 Irish.

The list of Quaker Knights should have included the name of Mr. Justice Fry, who, as well as the other persons you mention, are regular members.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A Member of the Society of Friends.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In a review of my book on "Animal Intelligence," which appeared in the *Spectator* two or three months ago, it was alleged that in the course of the book I had made three misstatements of fact concerning the habits of animals. In replying to that review I explained that, being then out of the region of libraries, I was unable to test the accuracy of my critic's allegations. I have now looked up the three points in question. The first I find to have been a printer's error, concerning a well-known fact, which I failed to observe in the proof. For the other two I find I had good authority, so I will ask you to publish this letter, in order that your reviewer may in future learn to adopt a less dogmatic tone when, without taking the trouble to inquire into a subject, he accuses an author of inaccuracy.

Your reviewer says, "Female ostriches take *no* part in 'the duty of incubation' (*i.e.*, do not assist the male); and woodpeckers certainly do *not* 'carefully carry away the chips' when they cut their holes in trees." Now, concerning the ostriches, I find that my authorities were Mr. J. E. Harting and Mr. E. B. Biggar. The former, in his exhaustive work on ostriches, written in conjunction with Mr. J. D. Mosenthal (1877), states very explicitly that the female bird assists the male in the process of incubation (p. 41); and, without reference to this work, the statement is corroborated in detail by Mr. Biggar, who three years later published in the *Field* (August 21st, 1880), the observations which he had made on the habits of ostriches in the large ostrich farms of the Cape Colony. It is needless to occupy your space with quotations from these authorities; it is enough to say that their statements with reference to this point are as distinct as it is possible for statements to be, and therefore that in view of them I did not doubt, and do not doubt, that the evidence which such testimony supplies concerning the habits of ostriches in a state of nature is more trustworthy than that which was furnished by the observations made at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, to which reference is made by Mr. Darwin in his "Descent of Man" (1874, pp. 478-9), and which, no doubt, your reviewer had in mind when he so confidently accused me of inaccuracy. Moreover, Mr. Nicols, in his recently published "Zoological Notes," also states that the hen bird assists the cock to hatch the eggs; and on my writing to him to ask whether he had witnessed the fact, he answers that although he has not done so himself, a well-educated friend, "who passed some time in visiting ostrich farms in South Africa," had done so; and in answer to his express inquiry on the subject wrote, "that the female took part in the task, though not nearly to so great an extent as the male," adding that he was surprised to hear there should be any question about a fact so well known to the ostrich farmers. Clearly, therefore, your reviewer is not acquainted with any of the more recent literature upon the habits of these birds.

Concerning the woodpeckers, my authority was Couch, who writes in his "Illustrations of Instinct" (p. 239):—"Many birds will carefully remove mutings of the young from the neighbourhood of their nests. . . . . and the woodpecker (*Picus viridis*) and the marsh tit (*Parus palustris*), in particular, are at pains to remove even the chips which are made in excavating the cavities where the nests are placed." The copy of Couch which I happen to possess is one that was lent me by the late Mr. Darwin, and this passage, besides being strongly marked by him, is also the subject of a manuscript note, which shows that he accepted the statement as sufficient evidence of the fact. Indeed, the only place where I have been able to find that it is disputed is in the new edition of "Yarrell's British Birds," where there is a foot-note saying that the writer has never himself observed the habit. But clearly, the negative testimony of this writer is not sufficient to justify your reviewer in dogmatically contradicting the positive testimony of such a naturalist as Couch.—I am, Sir, &c.,

London, January 18th. George J. Romanes.

[Our reviewer requests us to append the following remarks. —Ed. *Spectator*:—"First, as to the ostrich. The passage in Mr. Harting's book is based on the statement of Le Vaillant, whose assertions, except when confirmed by later experience, are justly discredited by the best-informed naturalists of the present day, as he was notoriously so often unworthy of belief. Dr. Sclater, writing on the subject nearly twenty years ago, wholly disregards them, and says ("Proc. Zool. Soc.," 1863, p. 233):—"I shall not repeat the numerous stories that are universally current respecting the reproduction of the ostrich. . . . . But we now know with certainty from the observations of M. Noel Suchet, Director of the Zoological Garden at Marseilles, that the normal habits of the ostrich do not differ materially from those of its allies of the same family." He then goes on to give the substance of these observations, which may be seen at length in the *Revue de Zoologie* and elsewhere, made "in a quiet enclosure near Marseilles" (and not in the Regent's Park, as Mr. Romanes seems to imagine), to the effect that both sexes made the nest, and that after the female had laid, "the male took up his position on the eggs, and the young birds were hatched." Mr. Biggar's article contains the following sentence:—"Contrary to what has been usually understood, and what is still stated even in colonial accounts, the cock-bird sits at night, not the hen." It is true that he speaks, though apparently not from his own observation, of the hen's taking part in incubation by day-time, and I give Mr. Romanes the benefit of that evidence; but it seems to me more than possible that it rests simply on a survival of the old belief. As to Mr. Nicols's book, it has appeared since my article was written, and therefore I could not have been acquainted with it; but had I known it, what he says does not alter the case, for he adduces no new evidence. But to be quite fair, and I am sure I have no wish to be otherwise, I think that the generalisation from M. Suquet's (for that is, I believe, his real name) single observation may have been hasty. I learn that in 1870 there was a joint and successful incubation by a male and female ostrich in the Zoological Garden at Florence, and moreover, that Andersson, whose accuracy I cannot doubt, has asserted that both sexes assist in hatching the eggs; but the passage which Andersson quotes from Thunberg will be found in the original not to imply that the hen ostrich which the latter encountered at her nest was engaged in incubation. I would, however, point out the essential difference between evidence of this kind and that on which Mr. Romanes has based his statement; the one is the direct testimony of competent witnesses, the other the traditional impression of opinion.

Next, as to the woodpecker. Couch was doubtless quoting Yarrell's early statement, disregarding, however, the prudent "it is said" with which that cautious naturalist prefaced an old story, the origin of which it is needless here to trace. Couch himself could scarcely have had an opportunity of confirming it by his own observation, for, as his biographer tells us, he rarely quitted his home, which was in a part of Cornwall destitute of trees, and therefore of woodpeckers. But if Mr. Romanes would only look at a green woodpecker's nest himself, his doubts would cease. Meanwhile, he might refer to what Naumann, the best of German field ornithologists, has written; or to that excellent observer's, Mr. Harley's, notes furnished to Macgillivray, stating,—"Some authors, in their history of this bird, speak of its carrying away the chips from the foot of the tree in which it has been preparing a place for its offspring; but, although such may be the case, I have never, after a very minute search, seen either male or female removing the chips, which, on the contrary, I have always found in profusion near their holes." Mr. Romanes may also like to know that in Sweden the black woodpecker is known by a name meaning "chip-crow," from this very habit; and if he will look to Mr. Simpson's account in "The Ibis" of that bird's nidification, he will find that accurate observer saying:—"Chips, some of them half-an-inch in length, lay plentifully at the foot of the tree, giving the ground the appearance of the floor of a

carpenter's workshop." Finally, Mr. Romanes is hardly fair when he speaks of "the negative evidence" of Yarrell's editor, for that writer positively stated that "he has always found the easiest way of discovering a [green woodpecker's] nest is by observing the foot of each tree in the presumed locality, that which contains it being invariably recognisable by the chips strewn on the ground." Mr. Romanes, it is clear, has as yet little experience of the persistency with which old errors are maintained, even by the writers of the most modern books on natural history.—The Reviewer of 'Animal Intelligence.'"]

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—There are few, if any, now living who can speak to having witnessed the amazing instance of precocity exhibited by Sir William Rowan Hamilton as a child. When about nine years old, I was taken by my father to the house of his old friend "Archy Hamilton," William's father, in Dominick Street, Dublin for an evening tea. The son, William, was brought in, to show off the progress he had made, not only in languages, but in the facility with which he could read the characters, Greek and Hebrew especially, however placed before him. The Hebrew Psalter, placed upside-down, was read with as much ease as if it were in its right position before him.

Later on in life, when Astronomer-Royal, evenings were spent with him at the Observatory, Dunsink, near Dublin, where his chief pleasure consisted in inviting us up to the meridian to view the stars, and this with a simplicity of manner that was charming, and with a total unconsciousness of his marvellous intellectual powers. I was led to understand, when first we met, that he and I were born on the same day, month, and year; but I find from the book you have reviewed that he had the start of me by three days, while I have laboured ever since with the disadvantage, on my side, of not having been born under the same horoscope with him.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Liverpool, January 29th. William Blood.

ART.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

Last week there died in Paris, at the age of fifty, Gustave Doré, the most fertile and vivid designer that the world has ever known, and an artist who was probably more widely famous than any of his contemporaries. For this last there were good reasons, since his best work was done for the purpose of book illustration, and in that easily portable form found its way into the remotest corners of Europe. To say that as an illustrator no artist has in any way approached his fame, is scarcely to put the matter with sufficient strength. It would be more accurate to say that the enormous range and variety of his work place him entirely in a rank by himself, wherein we have to compare him, not with this artist or with that, but with all those who have attempted to depict the intellectual ideas of others. We should probably be within the mark if we asserted that, in the twenty years during which Doré was chiefly engaged in work for the publishers, he produced more designs than all his countrymen put together, and of the enormous majority of these works it may be confidently asserted, that whatever be their shortcomings, they possess power, originality, and vivid imagination. It has been said with justice that in a matter such as this of illustrating, the mere quantity of the work produced prohibits us from criticising with extreme severity minute, individual errors. No one man, for instance, could be expected to illustrate perfectly such a poem as "The Inferno," or such a book as the Bible; the range of ideas is too vast, the number and complexity of the personages and circumstances are too tremendous, to admit of perfect reproduction by a single mind and hand. And therefore it is the almost universal custom in England to employ upon such works a variety of artists, who will supply in variety what they lose in unity; whose powers will, in fact, supplement one another. But Doré attempted (and in the main succeeded) in carrying the whole artistic burden upon his own broad shoulders; and where another man would have sent two or three designs, he sent two or three hundred,—we might almost say, two or three thousand. If he did not render his author's ideas with uniform success, he is at least entitled to this praise,—that in some way or another he rendered them all; he shrank from no difficulty of subject, however great, and grudged no labour, however wearisome. An artist who, by the time he is thirty, has *published* forty-four thousand designs on subjects of every imaginable kind, has earned a right to be judged by the general quality of his work, and the general success or failure which he has shown in entering into the ideas of his authors. To demand from such a one a scrupulous delicacy of execution, or an entire freedom from inaccuracies of any kind, is alike futile and unjust. What we are entitled to ask is, that he should justify his comprehensiveness by throwing new light upon all the subjects he treats of; that he should prove himself capable of entering into the spirit of his author, and that his work should not fall below a certain fair average of executive skill and intellectual insight. On the whole, Doré fulfilled these conditions, and even exceeded them. His woodcuts have, besides, the merit of telling their story intelligibly and strongly, and with an amount of weird fancy and superabundant life, such as renders them as original in character as the work in which they are placed. And it is a strange proof of the power of the young French artist, that he was able to give to his designs for such works as "The Inferno" and "Don Quixote" sufficient character and imagination to make them take their place by the side of the text, as it were, less than in subordination thereto. For in looking at books which Doré has illustrated, one is somehow almost obliged to take the illustrations into serious consideration; and it is impossible to help feeling that they are, even when most extravagant and unnatural, works of genius, as opposed to works of manufacture. When we consider that the young artist was doing these wood-drawings at an average rate of production of eight a day (for he could hardly have begun publishing designs before he was fifteen, and at thirty, as we have said, he had published 44,000), the only feeling with regard to their shortcomings is one of wonder that they could be as perfect as they are. The rate of production seems incredible.

An analysis of M. Doré's art would take far more space than is at our command, and for such, should the subject be one which interests our readers, we may refer them to an elaborate and most detailed article by Mr. P. G. Hamerton, published in the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* (1865). We shall only endeavour here to touch upon one or two of the artist's most characteristic points. One of the most notable of these was the absence in his art of all quality of gentleness, an absence which may be considered absolute, for where he strives to be gentle, he only succeeds in being weak, and his tenderness is either ludicrous or childish. Of humour which is not fun, but grim and rather savage in its intention, he has a great store, and at the point where comedy touches burlesque he is also powerful. But of fun such as it is understood in England, our artist shows no trace; his laughter is either coarse, with Rabelais, or mocking, with Voltaire,—there is an absinthe flavour in his simplest jokes. His three finest works are the "Contes Drolatiques" (Balzac), the "Don Quixote," and "The Inferno," and illustrations to these remarks of ours may be found throughout these books. His laughter, indeed, has little human good-fellowship,—it scarcely seems to come from a man of the same race as ourselves. But perhaps its least human quality is neither its scorn nor its cruelty, but a strain of exaggeration such as that which produces the great pasteboard heads which we see at Christmas pantomimes. We never feel quite sure that there is any real personality behind the outside appearance of Doré's heroes and heroines. They are beings of no human race transplanted from the land of "Erewhon;" and this impression is probably deepened by finding that their creator cares little or nothing what becomes of them. He stabs, or slashes, or drowns them, with little ceremony and no remorse, in his pictures, as Mr. Hamerton truly says, "heads fly about like tennis-balls," to which we may add that legs, arms, and bodies follow their example; and there is one particularly horrible drawing, we remember, in which a man who has been cut in half is raising himself upon his bended arms, apparently to see what has become of the lower portion of his body. We have mentioned this, because it lies at the root of Doré's shortcomings, and of many of his merits. His genius was one which showed an indifference to suffering such as could scarcely be paralleled in the history of Art; he revelled in the horrible, and conceptions of Dante's which appear to most readers almost unbearable even in words, were elaborated by him into designs in which no detail of their horror was omitted. No doubt the painter was cruel by temper, and occasionally even ferocious in his cruelty, and this failing

underlies all his work. His sympathies were with the "big battalions," and in some ways he might be called the Carlyle of Artists. But he was only an irreverent Carlyle at the best of times; he believed in nothing except himself. His vanity and his power seem to have been almost equal, indeed probably the one could not have existed without the other. At all events, he could never have done half the work he did, had he been able to see his own shortcomings. As a *painter*, he was, in France, where they understand painting, frankly a failure. And his power in sculpture, though real, consisted in ignoring rather than fulfilling all the accepted requirements of the art. In fact, his sculpture is illustration *in the round*, just as his designs are illustrations *in the flat*. And though London, with its customary ignorance of Art, sustained for ten years, and does sustain to this day, a Doré Gallery, it would be difficult to find a single person of cultivated judgment who regards his pictures otherwise than as great scenic representations. The art of painting he never mastered, did not perhaps give it even the "huit jours" which Ingrès said it required. The art of drawing, in which he might probably have excelled, he grew to disregard, from the fact of habitually exaggerating all the details of his designs. It were easy to pick out some of his illustrations in which all the relative proportions are entirely wrong,—in which, evidently, the artist has never stopped to consider them. What will be his place in the future? It is very hard to say. He had a wider imaginative range in all subjects where the gloomy, the terrible, the fantastic, or the extravagant played leading parts, than any living artist, and probably than any artist who ever did or will live. But his power is singularly unsympathetic, his conceptions are too uniformly unreal not to forfeit much of their power, and for the delineation of the simpler aspects of humanity he shows no capability. In fact, out of his fifty thousand designs, Doré has not left us a single beautiful picture.

BOOKS.

MISS GORDON CUMMING'S FIRE FOUNTAINS OF HAWAII.*

The nineteenth century will certainly be able to boast, among other products of its inquiring genius, of the group of lady travellers whose adventurous careers have recently been recorded by an appreciative admirer of the courage and patience with which they have fronted the perils and endured the discomforts of travel in the remotest corners of the globe. Miss Gordon Cumming is by no means the least conspicuous member of the group in question, comprising names so well known as those of Miss Ida Pfeiffer, Lady Hester Stanhope, and Miss Bird, and abundantly displays in these volumes the ease and strength which have characterised her previous narratives. She possesses the rare power of being at once graphic and true. She rather, indeed, prefers, on the whole, to lag a half-tone or so behind, than to be in advance of Nature, and her readers feel a pleasant assuredness that they are not being deluded by fine words into an acceptance of a counterfeit for a reality. Yet she is no mere word-photographer, and never fails to combine with her descriptions that subtle human element which distinguishes the artist from the savant. We can safely say that Hawaii, which has been so often described by previous writers, will less easily bear description hereafter. The autotype illustrations, we feel constrained to add, do not by any means rise to the level of the text in picturesqueness and clearness.

To Miss Cumming, as to her predecessors, the principal attraction of the Sandwich Isles was the volcanic district of Hawaii, the largest and southernmost of the eight islands which form the realm of our recent amiable visitor, King Kalakaua. Here, on the grandest scale, the cosmical energy developed when the nebulous mass, torn off from some parent agglomeration and cast spinning into space, was condensed, some fifty or sixty thousand millenniums ago, into the solider globe of our earth, still displays itself in phenomena rivalling the tremendous cataclysms which have scarred, pitted, and seamed the surface of the moon. Miss Cumming's first view of Kilauea, even of the famous inner crater, Halemaumau, was a disappointing one, and for scenic effect, she declared it inferior to a great conflagration. A day or two's patience, however, was duly rewarded:—

"Last night was Hallowe'en, the great fire-festival of our ancestors, and here it has been celebrated in right royal style, for the fire spirits have broken loose, and are holding high revel. The flow is increasing rapidly, and is magnificent. The fire has burst out at so many points together that it has formed a new lake in the outer crater, in which fire-jets are spouting, molten lava thrown high in mid-air, great masses of red-hot solid lava being tossed to a height of from 40 ft. to 50 ft., while from the overflowing rim or from weak points in the sides of the lake basin flow rivers of lava, forming a network of living, rushing fire, covering fully two square miles of the very ground over which I was walking only two days ago. It is a scene of marvellous beauty, and is inexpressibly fascinating. From the edge of the crater wall I have watched each stage in the growth of this strange new lake, I have seen it gradually rise higher and higher, till at last it overflowed in glowing streams, like rivers of golden syrup, but brighter far, and of indescribable colour. The centre of the lake is oftenest of a silvery-grey, only crossed by zigzag lines of flame-colour and deep rosy-red; but all round its shores it is continually surging and upheaving great crested billows, which break in fiery surf, and toss up clouds of fire-spray. Sometimes the whole lake appears to be in a tremendous commotion, heaving and trembling, as if acting obedient to some pressure from the furnace below."

Of Mauna Loa, Miss Cumming did not attempt the ascent, under the impression that it was not worth while to climb 10,000 feet above Kilauea to see nothing more than what was to be seen in the lower crater. Miss Bird's greater faith, however, was rewarded by the magnificent spectacle of a fountain of living fire, a glorious incandescence attaining at times a height of 600 feet, and glowing with the intense yellow of liquid gold. In 1852, a light like that of a solitary star burst out with amazing splendour 4,000 feet below the summit. For twenty days and nights it threw and sustained a column of liquid fire 700 feet high, and 200 to 300 feet in diameter. "The descending showers," adds Miss Cumming, quoting Mr. Coan, "formed a cataract of fire upon the rim of the crater, and the molten flood of millions of tons of sparkling lava rolled down the mountain in a deep broad river, at the rate of, probably, ten miles an hour." In 1840 a stream of lava issued from its flanks three miles wide, and fell into the sea near Hilo, "[illegible]ing a basaltic precipice about fifty feet in height, and forming a magnificent fire-cataract about a mile in width. . . . . So intense was the glare, that at places forty miles distant fine print could be read all night by its fiery glow."

But after all, volcanic phenomena on a grand scale defy description. No words can, with any approach to adequateness, paint a Niagara of fire, or a Mississippi of molten, glowing rock, or a fusion-fountain 800 feet high. Such tremendous displays of the interior forces of our globe must be seen to be realised, even in part; once seen, no language is needed to recall their terrible sublimity. For ourselves, we confess that the chapters of Miss Cumming's book which have given us the greatest pleasure are those dealing with the past fortunes and present condition of the Hawaiian people. To this portion of her subject the second volume is entirely devoted, and the treatment is as full as it is sympathetic. Like the Japanese, and much more completely than the Japanese, the Hawaiians within less than a decade accomplished a complete revolution, not only in their polity, but in their religion, and even in the form of their society. On the death of Kamehameha the Great, his successor, after consultation with the principal chiefs, publicly and ostentatiously broke through the system of *tabu*, which for countless generations had held the Hawaiians, in common with other Polynesian peoples, enthralled in an oppressive, and visibly useless bondage. The high Priest of the War God luckily sided with the King, and concurred in the abolition of idolatry, as well as of *tabu*. The heroic defiance of Pélé, the dread Goddess of the Volcanoes, by Kapiolani, a high "chiefess," was in very truth "a grand, brave deed," well worthy of the glowing record Miss Cumming has given of it. The Conservative party took up arms in defence of the deposed gods, and the question of light against darkness was fought out on the shores of Hawaii in November, 1819, when *tabu*, priestcraft, and idolatry perished for ever out of the land. With this reform, unexampled in the rapidity of its accomplishment and the practical universality of its acceptance, the foreigner had nothing to do; for the terrible moral disorganisation that supervened, the rowdy sailors and strangers that infested Honolulu were, on the other hand, in great measure responsible. Meanwhile, however, the means of deliverance had been shaping themselves, in the person of a "dark-skinned lad," whom some Yale students found crying on a door-step, and who turned out to be a poor, deserted, Hawaiian boy. He was properly cared for, and grew up to be a fervent Christian. Death overtook him before he could carry the Gospel to his countrymen; but the task was taken up by worthy hands,

* *Fire Fountains: the Kingdom of Hawaii, its Volcanoes and the History of its Missions.* By C. D. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols., Illustrated. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1882.

and in 1819, the very year of the revolution, a band of American Missionaries sailed for Hawaii.

The story of their struggles and eventual success is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of Hawaii, the pleasanter to dwell upon, because from the days of Captain Cook up to quite a recent period, the little insular kingdom has had but little reason to bless foreigners. Even the great navigator's treatment of the islanders, who received him with every courtesy, believing him indeed, to be a god—a dignity which he seems to have accepted with great complacency—was harsh and tyrannical, and fully explains, if it does not justify, according to the only code of ethics with which the Hawaiians could then be acquainted, the manner of his death. The French, the Americans, and the English vied with each other in oppressive and ungenerous treatment of this poor and dwindling people, until Admiral Thomas, on July 31st, 1843—the 4th of July of Hawaii—formally established and acknowledged Hawaiian independence. The gradual dying-out of the native population is a curious and not easily explicable fact. Since the visit of Captain Cook, it has dwindled from 400,000 to 50,000 in 1872, and the process is said to continue. It is quite possible that the apparently trivial circumstance of ceasing to oil the body, since the habit of wearing cotton dresses has become established, in a wet and changeable climate, where very different temperatures obtain at different heights, has not a little to do with the great mortality. In adopting European modes of life, again, the islanders are exposed to risks which the lives of their forefathers have not fitted them to meet, and that this may be an efficient cause is shown by the fact that half-castes display much more tenacity of life than the pure-blood natives. Let us hope that the name of the heiress-apparent may be an omen of greater longevity to the race. She is H.R.H. the Princess Victoria-Kawekira-Kaiulani-Lunalilo-Kalaninuiahi-lapa-lapa.

MODERN LANDSCAPE.*

At a time of the year such as the present, when the most general prospect which a Londoner beholds is one uniform yellow expanse of fog, a book upon modern landscape full of illustrations of summer skies and bright sunshine comes as a pleasant reminder that there are better seasons of the year than this dull February. We even feel tempted to forgive the book for its "edition of luxury" form, and to think that the importance of the fact it impresses upon us is a fair reason for cardboard-like paper, gorgeous binding, and scarcity of text. We say scarcity, because though the book is a large and somewhat heavy folio, the print within it is only equivalent in length to an article in a monthly review, and is, indeed, of the same character. We must, however, do Mr. Comyns Carr the justice to say that if he has nothing that is very new to tell us about Titian and Dürer, Claude and Turner, Gainsborough and Chrome, Daubigny and Rousseau, Corot and Millet, Cox and De Wint, Millais and Lawson, he, at all events, talks quietly and easily about them and their works, without much affectation, and with considerable knowledge of their more evident peculiarities. The unreal tone which characterised this gentleman's first writings upon art, has, in a great measure, passed away, and been succeeded by a criticism which is sober and painstaking, even if it be wanting in originality; and it is something gained, at all events, to be as intelligible and plain-spoken as Mr. Carr is in this work, after having lingered so long in the land of "coloured silences," where "perfect women, with their feet on perfect flowers, passed across his fancy as in twilight." But we may at once say that this essay on modern landscape adds nothing to the literature of the subject. It is a pleasantly-written sketch of some landscape-painters, but it has not much consistency or meaning, if taken as a whole. The reader will wonder, perhaps, at the preponderance of the illustrations, and at the fact that there is no special reference to them throughout the text. The reason is, probably, that the whole book is, as is so often the case with *éditions de luxe*, a compilation from the pages of the French periodical *L'Art*, of which Mr. Comyns Carr is the English director. If we mistake not, all, or nearly all, of these etchings and woodcuts have appeared previously in the magazine referred to, and very possibly Mr. Carr's essay was also first published in the same place. However, we may be mistaken in this, as there is no hint at republication given on the title-page, which surely should have been done, if both the text and its illustrations were reprinted from the magazine. The illustrations are very unequal in merit, but have nearly all the advantage of being reproductions of good pictures; and as several of the etchings and many of the woodcuts are concerned with the work of French landscape-painters, they will probably be new to most English readers. Even to thorough picture-lovers, the works of Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny are comparatively little known out of the country in which they were executed; and of the less distinguished members of the school, not even the names are generally remembered. These painters did not form a school, in the ordinary sense of the word, for each was working in a manner individual, original, and personal to himself; but there were certain characteristics of feeling and intention which were alike in all, and the practice was alike at least in this,—that having been acquainted with the traditions of the schools, it was not content with them, but endeavoured to form a tradition for itself. That in this effort, it was, after a desperate struggle, successful, and that from the work of these men sprang the most vital school of French landscape painting, is now tolerably well known, even in England, but few know how hard was the fight for mere existence of these artists. There is, perhaps, no sadder, certainly no sterner, chapter in the history of Art, than that which narrates the story of Millet's life. This is not the place to tell it, but as evidencing the temper of the man toward his art, the following quotation from one of his letters to Alfred Sensier has special interest:—

"But to tell you the truth, the peasant subjects suit my temperament best; for I must confess, even if you think me a Socialist, that the human side of art is what touches me most; and if I could only do what I like, or at least attempt it, I should do nothing that was not an impression from nature, either in landscape or figures. The gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which is so sweet, either in the forest or in the cultivated land,—whether the land be good for culture, or not. You will admit that it is always very dreamy, and a sad dream, though often very delicious. You are sitting under a tree, enjoying all the comfort and quiet of which you are capable; you see come from a narrow path a poor figure, loaded with faggots. The unexpected and always surprising way in which this figure strikes you, instantly reminds you of the common and melancholy lot of humanity,—weariness. It is always like the impression of La Fontaine's 'Woodcutter' in the fable:—

'What pleasure has he had since the day of his birth?
Who so poor as he in the whole wide earth?'

Sometimes, in places where the land is sterile, you see figures hoeing and digging. From time to time, one raises himself, and straightens his back, as they call it, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. 'Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is this the gay, jovial work some people would have us believe in? But, nevertheless, it is, to me, true humanity and great poetry!"

This letter gives us the key-note to Millet's art, and to the fascination it has for thoughtful people. His painting enforced certain sadly simple truths, with which half mankind are bitterly acquainted. A peasant himself by birth and training, he felt for and with the peasants, not with the pity of a superior, but the friendship of an equal; and so it is that there came from his hand and heart those pathetically truthful and pathetically lovely pictures which have made his name famous. Here in England we shirk all truths which we cannot remedy. The upper classes must not be made uncomfortable by the too vivid representation of the sorrows and sufferings of those beneath them in the social scale. And so our peasants are bluff, sturdy, honest men, with money in their pockets, and a smile upon their broad faces, who carry a rosy child with one hand, while they lift a mug of beer with the other! So at least our artists tell us. There is literally not a man in England who dares to tell us pictorially the truth about a London "rough," or a Wiltshire labourer, in the way Millet told the truth about French peasants. And it is little to be wondered at that there was at first a wild outcry even in France against one who spoke so violently and so unmistakeably of such unpleasant matters. Had Frederick Walker once seen the truth about the "people" as Millet saw it, we might, perhaps, have had equally grand pictures, for he had an equal sense of beauty with the French painter, and, probably (though it was never developed), almost as much tragic power.

But this is a subject on which we must not dwell, but conclude with a few words upon the chief illustrations here. The worst etching is the one of Corot, which gives not the faintest idea of his beauty; the best is that from the Theodore Rousseau etched by Chauvel. But in truth, none of these are first-rate, nor are they so much etchings in all their essential qualities as engravings. The worst of etchings which attempt to reproduce oil pictures, is that the qualities of spon-

* *Modern Landscape.* By J. C. Carr. London: Librairie de l'Art.

tancity and freshness, which are amongst the chief charms of good etching, are scarcely to be preserved, and the defects of the process, especially in the rendering of subtle tones of colour and gradations of distance, show very clearly. We are apt to get, in an etching which reproduces an oil landscape, a picture in which the foreground has to be unduly forced in light and shade, in order to get all the gradations possible between it and the extreme distance. The truth is, that the mechanical defects of the process unfit it for such work, and it requires one who has spent his whole life at the business to overcome these shortcomings, and even when they are overcome it is at a loss of the very things which etching should preserve. Of the woodcuts, we can only say that they are very unequal; some are good, some indifferent, and some bad, but on the whole, they are up to the usual average. Now, however, that the English public see what quality and number of woodcuts can be given in a monthly periodical for a shilling, it may be doubted whether they will not soon insist upon having at least as high an average for the illustrations of expensive books.

TWO ON A TOWER.*

As a general rule, we hold a reviewer is scarcely justified in revealing the purport of any work of fiction upon which he writes. His opinion should be given in such a way as not to destroy the interest of the book for those who read it subsequently to his criticism; in fact, the author should be left to tell his story himself, and not have it compressed into half-a-dozen sentences. But there are exceptions to this, as to all other rules, and we intend to make an exception here. Mr. Hardy is an author who has given us, as he has given most of his readers, great pleasure in several of his books. His fiction is distinguished by an originality and a power which remove him from the ordinary herd of novel-writers, and in his best works he bestows an amount of attention upon the subordinate characters and the local surroundings of his tales such as we can scarcely parallel amongst living writers. Without entering into any description of his general merits, of which we have often spoken, and which are, by this time, quite familiar to most of our readers, we say at once that, in return for much pleasant reading at his hands, we consider the greatest kindness we can show him in the review of *Two on a Tower* is to tell its story in plain words. If that story so told should prevent any of Mr. Hardy's admirers from reading the book itself, we think the author will have every reason to be grateful to us.

Here, then, first of all, is the story:—The Lady Viviette Constantine is fair to see, and has an unkind and jealous husband, who indulges his jealousy by going to Africa lion-hunting, and leaving her shut up in a lonely country house, pledged to go to no amusement ere he returns. The lady grows solitary and bored, not unnaturally, and for very lack of something to do, ascends to the top of a tower, which stands in the midst of a ploughed field upon her estate. Arrived at the top of this monument, she discovers a youthful philosopher, with a Greek profile, a velvet skull-cap, and corn-coloured curls, studying the stars with an old-fashioned telescope. The Lady Viviette interests herself in this youth, gives him her confidence, a Ross's equatorial, and finally, herself; for, in the meantime, news has come that the lion-slaying husband has died of fever. The Greek astronomer, who is only twenty, and the Lady Viviette, who is eight-and-twenty, conceal their marriage, and visit one another in the most uncomfortable way, for no earthly reason, or at all events for none that Mr. Hardy can explain to us, when there appears upon the scene a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a brother who has failed in the diplomatic profession, and also a bishop, who, coming to confirm the villagers, falls in love with the supposed widow, Lady Viviette. Meantime, just before the marriage, a great-uncle of the youthful astronomer dies, leaving him £400 a year, on condition that he does not marry before he is twenty-five. Now follow complication upon complication. The diplomatic brother, who is one of the most incomprehensible idiots it has ever been our luck to come across, after laying various plans to detect his sister's love for the astronomer, and failing in them all, disappears from the scene because she refuses to accept the bishop, who proposes to her by letter as soon as he has returned to the bosom of his diocese. At this moment the local solicitor appears, and informs Lady Viviette that her husband did not die when he was supposed to die, but a year later. Then Lady Viviette discovers that her young astronomer has forfeited the bachelor uncle's £400 a year in order to marry her. The state of matters now stands thus:—Lady Viviette is a widow, not a wife, as her husband was alive when she married again; the astronomer, who is now twenty-one, must disclose his marriage and abandon the £400 a year and re-marry Lady Viviette, or stick to the £400 a year and leave her to her fate. Of course, the lady takes the high-minded course (as she considers it) of refusing to allow her youthful lover to make her the wife legally, that she is morally, and conceals the episode altogether. And so the wife who is no wife, sends her husband who is no husband, away to the Cape, to discover stars and enjoy his £400 a year; and soon after, discovering herself to be *enceinte*, marries the bishop, and palms off her child upon him as his own. To end the story, the bishop dies, the astronomer returns to marry Lady Viviette; but when she hears his intention, she gives one shriek of joy, and falls dead in his arms.

We may, of course, be quite wrong, but, in our opinion, this is a story as unpleasant as it is practically impossible. There is not, from beginning to end, a single gleam of probability in the plot, and what good end can be served by violating all natural motives in order to produce such unpleasant results we are at a loss to see. But it is not alone in the unpleasant character of the plot, and its forced and unnatural situations, that we think this book so unworthy of Mr. Hardy's reputation. The manner of treatment is even more objectionable. Lady Viviette's passion for Swithin St. Cleeve, which is the main motive of the book, is a study which, in its mingling of passion, religion, and false self-sacrifice, appears to us to approach very near to the repulsive, and the more so, perhaps, for a certain peculiar reticence with which it is dwelt upon. Lady Viviette herself is meant to be very nice, but is so self-contradictory as to lack all reality; she is more of a shadow at the end of the book than she is in the first chapter. The rest of the characters are the merest lay figures; and the rustics, to whose appearance Mr. Hardy has accustomed us, are but the palest shadows of those in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, &c. That there are throughout the book many little touches delicately descriptive of Nature, and many flashes of quaint village wit, is only to say that it is by Mr. Hardy. He cannot help being impressive when he talks of natural scenery; and no writer has ever conveyed more subtly the silence of the country at night, and the weird suggestiveness of little natural sounds of wind, or beast, or bird, when heard in the absence of human voices. But the book, as a whole, is bad,—the worst the author has written. So much we may say confidently. It is melodramatic without strength, extravagant without object, and objectionable without truth.

We have spoken frankly our opinion of this book, for Mr. Hardy is one of those authors in whom it is not impossible that frank speaking may produce good results. Let us now, as some set-off to our unfavourable opinion of this latest work, quote the passage which describes the meeting of Swithin St. Cleeve with Lady Viviette, on his return to England. It must be remembered that in the interval his early love has been wedded and widowed, and that St. Cleeve's purpose in returning to England is to marry her. He finds Lady Helmsdale (such is now her name) sitting at the top of the old tower, with her (and his) child at her feet.

"'Viviette!' he said. 'Swithin!—at last!' she cried. The words died upon her lips, and from very faintness she bent her head. For, instead of rushing forward to her, he had stood still; and there appeared upon his face a look which there was no mistaking. Yes; he was shocked at her worn and faded aspect. The image he had mentally carried out with him to the Cape he had brought home again as that of the woman he was now to rejoin. But another woman sat before him, and not the original Viviette. Her cheeks had lost for ever that firm contour which had been drawn by the vigorous hand of youth, and the masses of hair that were once darkness visible had become touched here and there by a faint grey haze, like the Via Lactea in a midnight sky. Yet to those who had eyes to understand as well as to see, the chastened pensiveness of her once handsome features revealed more promising material beneath than ever her youth had done. But Swithin was hopelessly her junior. Unhappily for her, he had now just arrived at an age whose canon of faith it is that the silly period of a woman's life is her only period of beauty. Viviette saw it all, and knew that time had at last brought about his revenge."

MR. COURTNEY'S STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.*

Of the nine essays which make up this volume, two have already been published, while the others have appeared for the first time. The book may, however, more conveniently be considered in the light of the distinction made on the title-page. Two essays are

* *Two on a Tower.* By Thomas Hardy. London: Sampson Low and Co.

* *Studies in Philosophy, Ancient and Modern.* By W. L. Courtney, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

devoted to subjects which are ancient, and seven consider problems of modern philosophy. The essays on "Parmenides" and on "Epicurus" are of a high order, and afford a good example of Mr. Courtney's power of sympathetic insight and critical construction. They are so good, that we are contented with saying so, and we only add our desire that Mr. Courtney would give us more work of the same kind. We need, notwithstanding all that has been done in the interpretation of ancient thought, to have the thoughts and systems of ancient thinkers as they thought them, unmixed and uncoloured by modern speculation. These two essays show that Mr. Courtney has made an unusually near approach to this desirable consummation.

The seven essays on modern subjects are as follow:—"The Failure of Berkeley's Idealism," "A Chapter in the History of the word 'Cause,'" "The New Psychology," "The New Ethics," "Back to Kant," "Kant as a Logician and as a Moralist," and "A Philosophy of Religion." We have given the names of the essays, as it is very difficult for a critic to give a true account or an adequate estimate of the contents of a volume like this. A book which has an inner unity of construction may be fitly criticised by laying hold of that principle,—holding it up to the light, and bringing its validity to the test of a stringent criticism. But separate essays must be dealt with in a separate manner. More particularly is this the case where the essays are themselves critical. No doubt, it will help one even here to know what is Mr. Courtney's point of view, and from what position he looks at the problems here discussed. There is no difficulty in ascertaining Mr. Courtney's philosophical attitude. In the preface, he says,—"The one common feature which runs through them is intended to be a vindication of the Kantian stand-point, as against popular English philosophy on the one side, and the later German metaphysics on the other." Mr. Courtney is, however, Kantian with a difference. He takes, as a valid and permanent contribution to philosophy, only a small part of Kant's work. He throws overboard as valueless the categories, and their deduction and their schematisation, together with the critique of the practical reason. At all events, if he is compelled to choose between the logic and the ethics, he has no hesitation in rejecting the ethics. So, when Mr. Courtney says "Back to Kant," he must be understood to mean back to the Kant which survives after having been subjected to the criticism of Mr. Courtney. This Kant is different from the Kant of Dr. Stirling or the Kant of Professor Caird. If we unite the negative criticisms made from different points of view on one or other parts of the system of Kant, it is surprising to find how little remains of it. This treatment Kant has received not from professed opponents of his teaching, but from professed followers, who look on his work as the turning-point of modern philosophy. On all hands, we find apologies for the master. He erred, we are told, in not being critical enough. He left an element of dogmatism in the very centre of the critical philosophy, dogmatically assumed the distinction between the mind and the world, and supposed that the knowing faculty is roused to exercise by objects which affect our senses. To eliminate this "surd" has been the object of the speculation which may be called Hegelian, the sum of which is that the distinctions of matter and form, of world and mind, are only shifting distinctions, relative to the point of view from which they are contemplated, and to a true theory of knowledge the mind and the world are, in a sense, convertible terms. Criticisms of Kant from this point of view are many and various. Mr. Courtney looks in this direction with a certain wistful desire to find the system true. Of Hegelianism he says:—"These are hard sayings, and it is not within the capacity of the present writer to accept them as saving truths, or stigmatise them as mystical errors." He gets eloquent, however, in the exposition of them. In his criticism of Principal Caird's *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, his attitude is that of one who is fascinated by the attractions of the theory so gracefully propounded by the learned Principal. He yields himself to the fascination, is drawn on, until he finds himself almost false to his Kantian allegiance, and recovers himself with a start, to mutter that he is still a Kantian. He makes room for one paragraph from the essay on the "Philosophy of Religion:"—"As a Philosophy of Religion, these transcendental doctrines are exposed to all the usual difficulties which beset the attempt to make a speculative theory of the divine. One such difficulty is always near the surface: it is to combine in an harmonious whole the historical element of Christianity with the philosophical. Is Christianity a revealed religion? If so, there must be allowed to have occurred once, under conditions of time and space, a serious interruption of the natural history of man's spirit. Is religion explicable as a perfectly normal product of human feelings,—a product which has a history, a development, an evolution? Then the Christian religion must have its place among the incidents of man's natural progress, and the supernatural revelation must disappear. Which alternative must we adopt? There can be no doubt which of the two has found most favour with the philosophers, with all their apparatus of heredity, and descent, and organic development. The natural history of religions has been everything; the supernatural origin of Christianity has been nothing. The historical elements have been quietly ignored, or referred to antecedent spiritual conditions; the philosophical elements have everywhere received due emphasis and elucidation. But according to the interpretation of Principal Caird, we are told that 'the idea of organic development is in no way inconsistent with the claim of Christianity to be regarded as a religion of supernatural or divine origin.' It is as though a man should believe in the Ascidian origin of human beings, and yet believe them to have been divinely created on the sixth day. One cannot pin one's faith equally to the development of species and the Book of Genesis." (pp. 200-1.) On the whole, then, Mr. Courtney finds that the Hegelian dialectic makes too great a demand on his powers of belief; though he has yielded to it more than he seems to know, and we know not how soon he may cross the borderland which separates the Kantian from the Hegelian.

In the criticism of the New Psychology and the New Ethics, Mr. Courtney has been able to assume a freer attitude. The new psychology is that of Mr. G. H. Lewes, while the new ethics is that of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The advance which these thinkers have made on the old methods and results of psychology, is fully recognised by Mr. Courtney. They have applied the methods of the natural sciences to the study of man, and have, as a consequence, been able to admit facts which were strenuously denied by their predecessors. Biology plays a great part in the new psychology. Full justice is done to the merits of Mr. Lewes as a worker in psychology, even when Mr. Courtney cannot agree with his conclusions. Here, for instance, is an admirable statement of the fundamental difference which has always divided the schools:—"The battle of the psychologies rages fiercest round the so-called Forms of Mind. Kant's analysis of experience seems to reveal certain archetypal forms of intelligence, which are presupposed in all possible human knowledge, which are given to experience, and not abstracted from experience. To say as much as this seemed to the opposing school a revival of the doctrine of Innate Ideas, clothed in a clever, but superficial disguise. It involved the impossibility of explaining knowledge without the assumptions of certain activities of thought which, if true, would be fatal not only to such sensationalism as that of Hume and Mill, but also to any material evolution of human intelligence, whether professed by a Darwin or a Herbert Spencer. What, then, was the answer of the Evolutionists? Simply that the so-called mental forms were themselves the product of evolution. That which would explain the gradual birth of Humanity out of Ascidians, could also explain the genesis of certain mental capacities and aptitudes out of the accumulated experiences of generations of men. Thus, the Kantian forms might indeed be *a priori* to any given individual, but they were none the less *a posteriori* to the race." (pp. 108-9.) To admit, as Mr. Lewes and Mr. Spencer have been constrained to do, that mental forms are *a priori* in any sense, is a new departure. They have not been able to explain how accumulation of experience can transform its nature, or how *a posteriori* experience can become *a priori* forms of thought. Is it possible to get more out of a thing than was somehow put into it at first, or at some stage of the process? Is not the distinction drawn between the experience of the race and the experience of the individual altogether untenable? This is, however, only one form of the fallacy which passes for truth in many quarters. Evolutionists assume that, if they have time enough, and if the process be slow and gradual enough, anything may become anything else. No rational account is given of the process, or of the gradual steps by which the change was accomplished, nor under what compulsion or by what guidance the result was produced. The only explanation we get is, "It happened so." Nor has any reason been forthcoming yet why the highest

rational animal should be a biped, and not a quadruped; should be a land animal, and not one free both of land and sea. Evolution can only say what Mr. Grant Allen says of the elongation of the receptacle in the strawberry,—it was a freak of Nature. We conclude by quoting the last paragraph of the essay on the "New Ethics:"—

"It is not easy to picture the mental and social lives of men as the mere development of the physical life, when they appear to be so clearly contradictory of it, and so obviously to curtail, circumscribe, and overpower the privileges of animality. Nor, again, is it at once apparent how Mr. Herbert Spencer can possibly allow that Absolute Ethics precede Relative Ethics; that the ideal truths come first, except on the supposition, which is fatal to the scientific evolutionist, that the end is really implicit in the process; that the evolution requires, so to speak, a prior involution; and that, therefore, there is a *hysteron proteron*, as in Scientific Psychology, so in Scientific Ethics. But it is undeniable that, in some senses, the newer version of morality speaks smooth things to our ears, things easy to be understood by our common clay. Let us, then, in clear recognition that a long life means not only a happy one, but a moral one, pull down our private barns and build larger, social co-operative ones; and let us say to the tribal soul that it has many goods laid up for many years, that it may eat, drink, and be both selfishly and altruistically merry,—unless, indeed, we have not yet banished the haunting suspicion that somewhere, or somehow, or somewhen, either from Nature or fate, or fortune or God—there may be borne in upon us the intolerable irony of that voice,—'Thou fool.'" (pp. 133 4.)

STORIES BY AN OLD BOHEMIAN.*

The "Old Bohemian" has read a good deal, especially of the German literature of the early part of this century, and has picked up a good many stories full of character, and not seldom of psychological interest. These stories he has not taken any very great pains to present in any specially artistic form, but rather prefers to relate them with the straightforwardness of one who tells them chiefly for the sake of the story, and not for the sake of presenting a powerful picture of human life and action. However, he has so keen a mind, and has been so much attracted by stories which throw new light on the secrets of the heart and the understanding, that there are few, indeed, of these stories without a freshness and novelty of their own which separate them from the common run of narratives of this kind. The finest of all—like all the best of them, a German one in origin—"The Old Candidate," is full of genuine pathos, as well as vivacity. The picture of the venerable theological student who could never get any congregation to appreciate his merits, in spite of his having the largest heart and the fullest head in the whole neighbourhood,—a consequence partly of the ugliness of his face, and partly of the grotesqueness of his delivery,—is very striking. But the interest of this story depends too much on the whole narrative, to render it suitable for selection here as illustrative of the "Old Bohemian's" story-telling talents. A better illustration by far is the story called "A Psychological Problem," or that termed "A Strange Witness." Both these are curious in themselves, as well as very skilfully worked out by the author, the interest of the one turning on the secretiveness of insanity and the way in which insane impulses may ally themselves with benevolent and even noble ends, while that of the second turns on the power (now well established by the experience of the newer deaf-and-dumb schools) of catching what is said by others through the eye, instead of the ear, by virtue of the insight gradually obtained into the movements of the lips and muscles of the face. Both stories are told with the utmost vivacity, and a very clear grasp of the central interest which the narrator wishes to develope. The picture of the benevolent old botanist and book-hunter, Professor Tauber, with his hobby for introducing humane slaughter-houses, and his tender friendships for his brother-professors of Leipzig and his various distinguished pupils, is very skilfully drawn; and from the very beginning of the story the reader is well prepared for its striking close. The scene opens with the unaccountable murder of the Baron von Hoheneck, of Rosenau Park, near Leipzig, on a bright July morning, in his own summer-house, without leaving the smallest trace of any struggle, the Baroness being also killed by the excess of her hysterical grief and horror at the event:—

"A careful investigation was at once entered upon. The merest cursory examination of the dead man's head showed unmistakably that the temporal bone on the right had been literally smashed in by a tremendous blow with the broad end of a heavy hammer. The murderer was presumably a strong man, then, and most likely a man of tall stature. Considering the powerful frame and the notorious herculean strength of the late Baron, coupled with the fact that his dagger was found lying bare on the table before him, whilst his double-barrelled fowling-piece was resting quite handy against the right arm of the chair, with both barrels loaded, it was evident that the unhappy man must have been taken altogether unawares, and assailed suddenly by the cowardly assassin. . . . . The Professor [Professor Tauber] had been botanising in the wood, when the baron had accidentally met him. They had had a chat together. The professor, it would appear, had just heard that Count Seebach, an old war comrade of the baron's, who was living on his estates near the Saxon capital, had in his possession a fine collection of rare Elzevirs, which he, not much given to books, would not feel disinclined to part with on reasonable terms. So the professor had asked the baron for a few words of introduction to his friend, which Hoheneck had cheerfully promised to bring personally to the professor in Leipzig in the course of the afternoon. This explained the letter which the unhappy man had just begun writing when the assassin struck his foul blow. The professor, unconscious of his friend's sad fate, had returned to his modest bachelor's dwelling in the Katharinen Strasse at about nine. At one in the afternoon he had gone, as was his daily wont, to drink his chopin of wine in the famous old Rathswage Cellar at the corner of Catherine Street. Here he had heard the first of the fearful news, and had at once hastened to Rosenau Park. Professor Tauber had known the baron from childhood. At a later period young Hoheneck had been one of the most eager and attentive auditors at the professor's far-famed lectures on natural philosophy. To the Baroness Maria von Hoheneck, Tauber had been godfather. He had loved both of them with the warm affection of a childless old man; and now they were both dead—carried off suddenly by a startling, overwhelming calamity! No wonder the old man was well-nigh crushed with grief. It was affecting to see him literally throw himself upon the murdered body of his dear friend, which he held in a close embrace, sobbing convulsively all the while, and almost bitterly charging God that he had permitted the perpetration of this foul deed. When the first fierce spasm of his grief had calmed down a little, he fondly patted the cold cheeks and kissed the pale lips of the man who in life had been so near his heart. 'Oh, my beloved George,' he murmured at last, in a semi-conscious state and half dreamingly, as one slowly awakening from a frightful nightmare, to find himself face to face with a still more frightful reality, 'dearest and most cherished of all my pupils! this is bitter, most bitter to bear; but it must have been the will of the Almighty, and we can only humbly submit. *He* knoweth that if all the blood in my old veins could bring back thy dear life, I would joyfully shed the last drop of it. But alas—alas! the past is irretrievably gone from us, and there thou, only just now so full of vigour, liest stark before me, never to rise again on this earth, whilst I decrepit old man, am left standing sad and desolate to mourn thee. Bitter, ay bitter indeed! Oh, how gladly would I change places with thee! And my darling little Maria also swept away mercilessly!—No, no! God forgive me!—not mercilessly, but mercifully—most mercifully! For what agony would have been hers to suffer and mine to see her suffer it!' This in a fierce burst of passionate grief. 'Nay, nay, thank God *this* has been spared me!' Then, by a most sudden transition, the man of science, the calm student of Nature, the impassive wielder of the searching scalpel, took the place of the tender, acutely suffering, bitterly bereaved friend. He curiously examined the place where the smashing blow had fallen; then, turning to the professors and physicians around, he exclaimed, almost exultingly:—'This is a great consolation indeed! He could not have suffered even one brief instant's pain. Before the startled nerves could possibly have carried the feeling of the fatal blow to the great centre of consciousness, that centre itself must have been dead to all impression from without. You see, gentlemen, this is a blow such as I have long been endeavouring to recommend for all purposes of slaying, when slaying is absolutely needed. You may see here how much more merciful such a life-annihilating lightning blow as this must be than even decapitation by the guillotine, where there is always the horrid reflection that the brain may continue to feel and to suffer until the last drops of the fluid of life have run out of the severed veins. Our own method of execution by axe or sword is simply horrible, and hanging is positively beastly. No, no; the hammer for me, my own broad-faced hammer, which I decidedly must again petition the town council to adopt in the city slaughter-house.' It was ghastly to listen to the man now set off riding at full speed on his hobby; but every one present felt that it was a merciful thing for him, as it obliterated, for the time being at least, all thoughts of grief and sorrow, and changed the dearly beloved—and, just a brief moment before, so bitterly bewailed—friend into a mere 'subject' to hang a lecture on upon the easiest and most painless mode of death!"

The similar and equally mysterious murders which soon succeed, and the demeanour of Professor Tauber when the supposed murderer is at last caught, are very powerfully delineated, while the close of the story is full of grim vividness. We suppose that the "Old Bohemian" must have had a solid basis of fact for this story; at all events, he produces that impression on the mind of his readers, though he makes no assertion to that effect. It reads like a faithful and very curious study from the many strange records of insanity.

Almost as striking in its way,—indeed, more striking in the minutiæ of its effects,—is the story called "A Strange Witness," where the curious consequences of learning what people say by the faculty of sight alone are brought out with great felicity. The reader,—not, of course, knowing the explanation, and misled by the facility of the "Strange Witness's" dialogue,—is greatly puzzled by his singular desire to get a clear view

* *Stories by an Old Bohemian.* By the Author of "Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian." In 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

of the faces of the people with whom he talks, which, of course, the reader, like the persons with whom the "Strange Witness" comes into contact, imagines to be due to some curious twist of mind, or possibly to some species of imaginary clairvoyance. It never occurs to the reader that a man who talks so freely and replies so precisely to every question asked of him, should have been quite unable to hear the shot of a revolver, or any remark made by an interlocutor with averted face. As the complete deafness of the "Strange Witness" does not come out till the very end of the story, and as it is on his evidence that the fate of a man accused of murder turns, the contents of his evidence and the *lacunæ* in it present a curious study, the context of which is both unexpected and effective. This piece might, we should think, be made the subject of a very effective play, if an actor could be found to play with subtlety and skill the part of the deaf witness who reads off the remarks which he sees, but *hears* absolutely nothing.

The "Old Bohemian" has a certain humour, as well as an eye for the secrets of character. The story of "Hands and Hearts" is marked by this humour, as well as some portions of the story of "The Old Candidate." Indeed, except, perhaps, "The First Tear" and "Expiation,"—the former a rather vulgar one, the latter a crude story of mistaken identity,—there is hardly a story in either volume which has not some characteristic stamp on it that makes it worth reading as a record of something remarkable, sincerely taken from human character and fate. But the German stories are, on the whole, much the best. The writer is more at home in the characters and domestic life of Germany, than either in the English or the French.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Nineteenth Century* for the month, though it contains no very striking essay, is full of readable papers. Dr. Jessopp gives us a most striking picture of the condition of a Norfolk parish, Rougham, six hundred years ago, when Edward I. was King. Though light in tone, its author declares it compiled from original research into contemporary documents, and its general drift is unmistakeable. The majority of the people of Rougham lived in a condition of misery of which their successors have little conception. It was not only that their houses were mere hovels, without windows or chimneys, but only holes to let out the smoke, for Highlanders live happily in such cottages to-day; nor was it that their food was bad, though it was so bad, especially in winter, that skin diseases, and even leprosy, were frightfully common, for low diet is known even now in Western Ireland and the Hebrides; nor was it that clothing was scarce, the people wearing but one garment fastened by a belt, for that was the case also within living memory in the North of Scotland. The people suffered not only from economic causes, but from want of liberty, being bound to the soil by strict laws, from bloody laws intermittently executed with ferocity, and from an extraordinary prevalence of ferocious crime. Within a single hundred, in one year—1285—when the population was as thin as it is now in the wildest part of Cumberland, twelve men and women were murdered, often for a few shillings, five were killed in fatal frays, and five persons committed suicide. The country, in fact, was full of terror,—terror of the landlords, who had all manner of privileges; terror of the King's Justices, who hanged without mercy; and above all, terror of robbers, who butchered undefended people for a little food. The Monasteries had not begun to feed the people, as they did later on; and Dr. Jessopp's conclusion from his researches is, that "the poor had no friends," a fact they occasionally perceived, and resented in risings which were put down by executions. The Duke of Argyll describes "the economic condition of the Highlands" as prosperous and hopeful, except in Lewis, where the numbers of the population have again outstripped the means of subsistence. The Duke holds, in the strongest way, the conclusions of Malthus,—that there is in the human race a breeding-power which, under certain conditions, increases the population, till misery is inevitable until it is again reduced. He attributes the prosperity of the Highlands to the thinning-out of the people, and is evidently inclined to regard emigration as the great natural check which saves nations. He regards the prospect in Germany, for example, where the population doubles in fifty years, with deep alarm, and quotes figures to show that the people are becoming poorer and poorer,—the first cause, we may remark, of the Judenhetze. This poverty is the secret of the great emigration, which, nevertheless, does not keep down the natural increment. There is a basis of truth in what the Duke says, but he states it too unreservedly, and does not sufficiently estimate the increase of industry and of occupations to which increased population gives rise. England is certainly not worse fed since 1815 than it was before, and it is since 1815 that the grand increase of population has taken place. We do not quite understand, either, if he thinks means of subsistence the cause of increase, why he lays so little stress on the facts that in Bengal and Ireland increased numbers have not always checked increased growth. The Malthusian doctrine should work as a self-curing law, and does not, till the catastrophe, actual famine, comes. Dr. Martineau gives us a vivid sketch of the ideas which Mr. Greg expressed in "The Creed of Christendom," in which, as we think, he incidentally preposterously over-states the argument against the Fourth Gospel; and Mr. C. E. Lewis, M.P., puts together some telling figures about the Conservative electoral chances. He is a strong Conservative, but his belief is that these chances amount to nothing, the Liberal majority in England being, he says, 63, and in the three smaller kingdoms 123. That majority will hardly be shaken in England, while in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales it will increase. It might be reduced by the Tories agreeing to a transaction with the Home-rulers, but Mr. Lewis rejects this, and sees no hope whatever, except in the conversion of moderate Liberals and the formation of a new party devoted to preservation and building-up, a pessimist view which we recommend to over-confident Tory agents. The *Nineteenth Century* also publishes a very instructive paper on the "Unknown Public," the consumers of penny literature, chiefly fiction. Mr. Wright maintains that they are chiefly women, not by any means of the lowest class—never servants—and that their taste is for stories of the sensational kind, stories such as "Onida" writes, but that it is gradually and rapidly being improved, till he thinks good novels of the lively kind, like Mr. Payn's, would now sell. He writes with knowledge, but we wish he had told us whether it is true, as we have heard, that the proprietors of these serials are themselves extremely puzzled to know what will sell, and are constantly surprised by fluctuations in demand estimated by themselves in hundredweights. An account of the stories which fail in this way and stop would be more instructive than accounts of those which succeed. We note, as a curious feature in the account, that when Mr. Wright himself studied these stories, the most successful were all marked by a single feature, the appearance of a fascinating poisoner as the demon and motive-power of the story, who cut all knots, and made the rich all-powerful. One would have thought that was French, and we should like to know if no suspicion ever crossed Mr. Wright's mind of what "dramatists" call adaptation.

The interest of the *Contemporary* consists chiefly in the paper on "Democratic Toryism," by Mr. Forwood, noticed elsewhere; in a highly suggestive, but not very deep, paper on the religious future of the world, by Mr. W. S. Lilly, which leaves on us, we confess, the single impression that "totum finit in mysterium;" and two most thoughtful articles on Gambetta. The first, by M. Gabriel Monod, is, on the whole, eulogistic. Admitting Gambetta's southern nature, his extreme ambition, and his irregular private life, M. Monod holds that he was a sincere patriot, utterly incorruptible in pecuniary matters—he repeatedly rejected millions, once when he was in financial straits—wonderfully free from rancour—he, for instance, made his bitter enemy, M. Lanfrey, a Prefect, and allied himself with M. Thiers, who had called him a *fou furieux*—a superb orator, and by his genius and ascendancy over men a reserve force for France. He was, says M. Monod, essentially a Conservative,—a statement curiously confirmed by the friend who sketches him in the *Fortnightly*, and who declares him no enemy to the Church, though personally a Comtist of the Littré school. On the contrary, he kept up almost a friendship with Monsigneur Czacki, the Papal Nuncio, his true feeling being rather Erastianism gone mad, than hostility to religion. The State was to him all in all, a Church as well as a country, and he would tolerate no independence of it in any shape. This view also is not inconsistent with the gossipy but valuable account of him presented in the *Cornhill*. The other sketch in the *Contemporary* is hostile, written by a German, who resents the needless defence of France after Sedan, the elevation of new *couches sociales* to power—the writer evidently agrees with the Elector of Hesse, that "brewers shan't govern"—and the mismanagement of the Chamber. He considers Gambetta no loss, either to

France or Europe, and gives him credit only for his wonderful eloqnence. The attack is able, but leaves behind the feeling that had Gambetta been a well-born man, the writer's estimate of him would have been very different. Mr. Quilter exalts Rossetti once more, but he brings into unnsually strong relief one element in the paiuter's character which is too often forgotten, his entire indifference to the impression his pictures created. He painted what was in him to paint, without a thought for the outside world, and in that isolation lay his power, as also the limitation which ultimately fettered and, as we thiuk, impaired it. Like most secluded meu, Rossetti became his own slave, utterly unable to get out of his own personality and the circumstances which "forced him into one groove of thought and held him there like a vice." Professor Boyd Dawkins's argument that early peoples invaded Britaiu across the Silver Streak will hardly reconcile their descendants to the Channel Tunnel, any more than his assertion that "the sea is au elemeut of weakness, offering avenues of attack to our enemies on every side." If that is true, so much the more reason for not giving those enemies a second and dry road of access.

The *Fortnightly*, besides the able sketch of Gambetta quoted above, has a curious paper by Mr. H. D. Traill, a dialogue in the shades between Lord Westbury and Bishop Wilberforce, which will be read with pleasure by all who enjoy satiric literature. It is exeedingly clever, full of steel-pointed little sentences, and delightfully free from reticence; but we cannot say that we find in it much wisdom. Mr. Traill has reproduced Lord Westbury perfeetly—who but he could have said, "To really relish the Papacy from the point of view of the ruliug ecclesiastical class, one ought to be Pope oneself," or have defended Infallibility, because "the solo has natural advantages over the chorus, if only that it leaves less doubt about the tune"?—but the Bishop is not equally well painted. Dr. Wilberforce would have held his owu far better iu a discussion about the Church, aud have proved, we thiuk, that some of Lord Westbury's sareasms were baseless, even if he had not answered au argnment which we confess we find vague. Is it Mr. Traill's position that Erastianism is a wretched system, but the only one under which the English Church can flourish? Sir G. W. Dasent's friendly account of Dr. Wilberforce is interesting, even after all recent discussions, and he adds at least one good story to the long list of which the Bishop has been the occasion:—

"Onee only in our own recollection do we remember the Bishop of Oxford silenced by a rejoinder. In general, after he appeared to have spent all his shafts, he had still one bitter arrow left to pierce his foe. It was at a meeting for the restoration of the Chapter House at Westminster, now, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, most beautifully restored, but then in a deplorable state of ruin. All present were agreed that the building must be restored; but where was the money to come from? 'Certainly not from us,' cried the Dean and Chapter. 'Our Chapter House was taken away from us by King Edward I. It is no child of ours. We look upon it altogether as a *damnosa hereditas*.'—'That being so,' said a very insignificant person at the meeting, 'why should not the Ecclesiastical Commission restore it?'—'Ah!' said the Bishop, with a sneer, 'that is a cow which everybody wishes to milk.'—'Yes, my lord,' retorted that very insignificant person; 'but you cannot deny that it is a cow which eats an enormous quantity of grass,'—and the Bishop was speechless."

The Rev. T. W. Fowle fights for an immediate Reform Bill, with arguments which are just enough, as, for example, that the rural population ought to have its say about county government, and that the Reformed Parliament will move with greater energy, but which do not bring conviction. The truth is that every question of interest has been so set aside for Ireland and Irish Obstruction, that human nature resents the idea of further delay, even to carry a necessary and righteous Reform Bill. The present instrument can do certain things, and let us do them, before we furbish up another. Mr. Fowle says we may lose the opportunity, but we do not believe that the reign of Liberalism will be limited to the Gladstone period, or that the resistance to reform will be really desperate. The Tories at heart all think that for them matters could hardly be worse than they are. We have read with interest Mr. Jesse Collings' view of Russian politics, after his journey there. Mr. Collings, for some reason or other, is supposed to be so "wild" that it is a surprise to find his essay not only vigorous, but very temperate, and in its suggestions slightly Philistine. Mr. Collings' view of Russian affairs is the one usually entertained by well-informed persons, with the difference that he holds the Russians to have been trained to freedom by their communal self-management, and that he thinks the remedy for Nihilism is a "Constitutional" Government. We doubt whether the effect of serfage is yet out of the Russian blood, and would much rather see the autocracy endure for a time, instructed by a free Parliament and Press, and fettered by a fundamental law securing to every individual his personal and individual liberty. Mr. Collings puts forward the idea that by possibility the Army may take the lead in demanding a Constitution. That has been the dream of every Russian Revolutionist, but as yet the Army, though it has often turned the policy of the Czars, has never declared against them. The arrests occasionally reported only prove that certain officers are Liberals of an extreme type.

Blackwood, besides the continuation of "The Ladies Lindores"—one of the best stories Mrs. Oliphant has written, and almost equal in interest to her supernatural story now going on in *Macmillan*, a story so far absolutely original—has a very short sketch of Anthony Trollope, from which we take the following anecdote:—

"This was how it happened. I was writing a note at a table in the Athenæum, when two men came in, and settled themselves at each side of the fireplace; one had a number of 'The Last Chronicle of Barset' in his hand, and they began discussing the story. 'Trollope gets awfully prosy,' said one of the critics; 'he does nothing but repeat himself,—Mrs. Prondie—Mrs. Prondie—Mrs. Prondie,—chapter after chapter.'—'I quite agree with you,' replied the other, 'it is Mrs. Proudie *ad nauseam*; I am sick to death of Mrs. Proudie.' Of course, they did not know me, so I jumped up and stood between them. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am the culprit—I am Mr. Trollope—and I will go home this instant and *kill* Mrs. Proudie.' In the very next page, accordingly, the weak and persecuted Bishop is made actually to pray for the removal of the masterful partner who has brought so much grief and humiliation upon him; and hardly has the tragic prayer been uttered, than he is made aware of its fulfilment."

There is also a paper, stupidly enough entitled "A New Winter Resort," which is all new matter. It is a sketch of Haifa, the seat of the new colony founded in Syria, just below Carmel, by a German heresiarch, Mr. Hoffman, who, with his followers, hold that the world is to be converted to Christ, and the advent of the Messiah to be brought near, not by preaching Christianity, but by men leading lives governed by Christ's teaching. When a community lives up to the Christian law, the Messiah may come. The sect endeavours so to live, and three hundred of them cultivate olives under Carmel, "doing a good stroke of business with Nazareth," and dwelling righteously in their clean, commodious village, among the Moslem, who, the writer says, used to swindle them, but now respect them greatly, and copy their agriculture, and aid them in it. The founder, Mr. Hoffmau, now lives near Jerusalem, and the community has adopted no special law either of property or life. It strives only to live up to Christianity, a form of fanaticism which, in these days of Anarchists and Fenians, is a positive refreshment to the weary observer. The whole paper is most interesting, containing, as it does, in addition to the history of this colony, an account of Carmel as it is, with all its monks.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Pompey's Peril. Written for the *Zoophilist* by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (Published by the Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection.)—This is a story full of liveliness and humour, in which the hero, "a certain wiry-haired terrier, yellowish of colour, playful of disposition, tender and true of character, with soft, brown eyes," runs the greatest possible risk (from which he is only just saved) of being betrayed into a physiological laboratory. Pompey belongs to a coachman in a Kensington mews. How admirably Mrs. Hoey enters into Pompey's character, the following brief passage from his master's description of him will show:—

"'He's that knowledgeable,' said Dick Traynor, one day, with pride, to a credible witness, 'I'd a'most trust him to count the corn-sacks, and as for tramps! None of your song-book and fortune-telling customers makes off with *my* horse-cloths if Pompey is about, and he generally is. Blest if he don't think he's got the whole Mews to look after. Plieeman X we call him at home. Why, there's our Bessy, that dog's as partie'lar about her going to school as the Board visitor hisself,—couldn't make out why she was kep' at home when she had her throat bad, and fetched her basket off the shelf to my missis, to have her bit of lunch put in it, reg'lar. We got it all ready one day, and he started off with it in his mouth, and stood waggin' his tail, most comical, at the bottom of the Mews—but when he found it was no go, and had been imposed on, he came back a trailin' his tail in the mud, and down-hearteder and disappointeder than a Christian. "Don't deceive him any more, father," says our Bessy, "it cuts into his feelin's, and it hurts his pride; isn't he just tellin' us that with his eyes?"—and so he was. You mightn't believe it if you didn't see it, but Pompey, he brought back the basket and dropped it on the floor just under the shelf, and down he lay with his tail straight out and his nose along of his paws, saying nothing to nobody, and even a bone wouldn't bring him round for ever so long.'"

The *Zoophilist* does well to enliven its interesting pages with such stories as this, which, without harrowing the soul, really shows in the most practical form the profound inhumanity of a practice which so many physicians now assure us is not only admissible, but highly laudable, and the agitation against which they describe as both mischievous and absurd. Mrs. Hoey has given to her little tale genuine force and brightness.

Songs and Rhymes, English and French. By Walter Herries Pollock. (Remington.)—There is much grace in some of these verses, but also not as much substance as there ought to be in verses that are to take hold of the mind, except in the rare cases where the perfection of form is so remarkable that the substance hardly matters. Mr. Pollock's verses are graceful, but not graceful up to this point,—graceful rather with the grace of a mind that can feel beauty keenly itself, but can hardly make others feel it adequately. The French poems show a remarkable command of French turns of thought and expression.

A Flight to Mexico. By J. J. Aubertin. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—As the author of this record of a short visit to Mexico was able to converse with the natives in their own language, he, of course, gained many interesting particulars which would have escaped an ordinary traveller. But the facts which give a special interest to the book, and which could have been gained in no other way, are those relating to the last days of the unfortunate Maximilian. He was shown the fatal spot, a small mound just outside Queretaro, where he and his two companions suffered death; and he heard from the lips of officers concerned in the military part of the affair, and from the confessor who gave him spiritual consolation, many most affecting details. Yet with all his interest in Maximilian, and compassion for his untimely end, the author thinks he can trace to a certain feebleness and vanity in the Emperor's mind, a good many of the untoward circumstances by which he was thwarted. There are several illustrations of buildings and landscapes in Mexico which, though not very fine specimens of art, yet help, with the author's vivid descriptions, to take one with him through the country. There are many interesting little bits of information about other places visited by the author, who does not aim to do more than to gossip pleasantly with his readers about anything of which he is reminded by the objects on his route. He seems to give a good idea in this way of engineering difficulties in Mexico, by comparing them with those of Brazil. The only drawback to an otherwise instructive and entertaining book is found when the author allows himself to sneer at the faith of those who do not share his scepticism.

Colin Clout's Calendar. By Grant Allen. (Chatto and Windus.)—Here are thirty-nine picturesque studies of hedgerow, moor, and forest, of stream, field, orchard, and garden. Mr. Grant Allen, the "Evolutionist at Large," discourses pleasantly and profitably of many of the beautiful and curious sights which the country-side affords from April to October. While his sketches, or rather pictures, are gracefully and sympathetically drawn, they reveal everywhere a keen insight into the meaning of nature. He has been most successful in placing the results of recent researches in evolution before cultivated, but non-scientific readers. Nor is the volume before us without original matter, for Mr. Grant Allen has added observations and arguments of his own to the facts and reasonings of Wallace, Darwin, and other workers. It would be hopeless to attempt an analysis of these essays, in a brief notice like the present; but we may at least say that if any one wants to know something of the secrets which Nature has been lately forced to reveal, he cannot do better than read the essays which treat of such subjects as the following,—The Primrose, Swallows, the Trout-jump, the Green Leaf, Clover-blooms, the Mole at Home, White Rabbits and White Hares, Scarlet Geraniums, the Origin of Grouse, and Some American Colonists. Not that most of the other pictures are not well worth attentive study, but we are obliged to make a selection from the copious and varied Table of Contents. We do not suppose every one will agree with Mr. Allen in each and all of his theories, explanations, and judgments. Some naturalists will think that he neglects some of the objective causes of the variations observed in plants and animals,—their physical environment, for instance. Some lovers of colour will demur to his low estimate of the beauty of almond-blossom and other masses of spring bloom on leafless boughs (p. 33). Some botanists will decline to admit the correctness of his statement concerning the wind-fertilisation of all the cereals (p. 63), and the value of the Cirencester experiments on transmutation among grasses. And if Mr. Allen will take a few crystals of the beautiful substance asparagine, and crunch and munch them till they have all dissolved, we fancy he will no longer be of opinion (p. 186) that he can call this compound the "essential flavouring principle" of asparagus. Probably there is no easily soluble substance which is so perfectly devoid of flavour as asparagine. But each of these studies is so carefully wrought, and the authorities consulted in their preparation so recent and so trustworthy, that we do not think that many slips, even of the most trivial kind, can be found in the book before us. We should add that the papers in this volume are reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette*. It is certain that they deserved republication in a more handy and permanent form, for we know that they attracted much attention as they originally appeared.

The appearance of the Revised Version of the New Testament has let loose an army of discontented writers. At first they confined themselves to sharp and distant criticism; they are now coming to close quarters with hostile versions of their own. Of such is the *Life and Letters of St. Paul*, by Dr. Dawes. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—The author's original desire to translate was occasioned by the remark of a sick man, who stopped his clergyman's advice to faith and repentance by saying, "Oh, Sir, if you understood yourself the Gospel you preach, you would know that the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." The fact that the Revisers only made a marginal attempt to meet this sick man's difficulty has procured for us the publication of Dr. Dawes' book, for he thinks this instance of conservatism only one of many failures to remove the hard sayings which offend God's little ones. Consequently, we are presented with the Epistles of St. Paul in a colloquial form, which professes, according to Mr. Kennedy's canon for a good translation,—"that it may be read with pleasure, or at least without difficulty." The present may indeed be read without difficulty of a certain kind; but as to the pleasure, that is a matter of taste, not always determined by the easy flow of language.——*The New Testament Scriptures in the Order in Which They Were Written*, by the Rev. Dr. Hebert (Henry Froude), is another attempt in the same direction; but this is motived by discontent with the text rather than with the translation of the Revisers, and by a desire—laudable in its degree—to place the books of the New Testament in their chronological order. But we demur, as a matter of principle, in this age of scholarship, to any version founded on the *arriéré* text of 1611. As this instalment, however, of Dr. Hebert's book only represents the six earliest letters of St. Paul, the faults of the old text are not very prominent, though among them is the weak interpolation in Romans xiv., 6, "He that mindeth not the day, to the Lord he mindeth [it] not."——On the other hand, in the *Origin and History of the New Testament* (Hodder and Stoughton), we have Mr. James Martin of Melbourne, Victoria, cordially accepting the results of the Revision. He has been led to expand a lecture on "The Written Word" into a volume of 250 pp., which describes the occasion of each book of the New Testament, the collection of them into a Canon, the fortunes of the chief Greek manuscripts, the nature of the various versions, the origin and characteristics of the eight English translations which preceded the Authorised Version, and lastly, the reasons which have justified a revision. The whole seems to be done in an instructive and genuine way.——*A New Metrical Translation of the Hebrew Psalter*, by W. D. Seymour, Q.C., LL.D. (Longmans, Green, and Co.), is an adventure into perilous regions, especially on the part of one who tells us that his acquaintance with Hebrew roots and stem-words, vowel-points, and reading-signs is not as deep as he could wish. Would any one venture to preface a translation of the Epistle to the Romans with such a naïve confession as to the state of his Hellenistic Greek? And yet the language of the Old Testament does not seem to be thought one of those matters wherein "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The apology for the metrical form of the book consists in a quotation of the apologetic preface to Keble's version made in 1839. But is not the omen rather a sad one? Can that version be said to have lived? Will this, therefore, live, under the shadow of its sanction? This opening verse of Psalm xliv. shows fairly enough the quality of the sing-song rub-a-dub which we are asked to take in place of the solemn and musical rhythm of the Bible and Prayer-book:—

> "We have heard it, O God, with our ears,
> And our fathers the story have told,
> What a work Thou hast wrought in the years
> That are growing historic and old;
> How, the heathen expelled by thy hand,
> Thou didst stablish our sires in their place,
> How Thy measures of vengeance were planu'd
> To uproot an idolatrous race."

Familiar Lectures on the Physiology of Food and Drink. By R. J. Mann, M.D. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)—This is an interesting book, which, after our first cursory inspection, we felt inclined to praise highly. Indeed, the greater number of the lectures here printed deal with important physiological processes in the human body not only clearly, but accurately. The blood, its functions and circulation, the liver and secreting organs, the structure of muscles and nerves, and the action of the kidneys and the skin, are discussed in a popular, yet satisfactory manner. Much of what is said about alcohol and the effects of intemperance may be similarly commended. But on submitting many of the more purely chemical statements in this volume to careful examination, we find that they are obsolete or inaccurate, while much of the vegetable physiology here offered must be condemned for the same reasons. Thus, on page 15, we find the extraordinary

statement that all the solid matter of vegetation is derived from water absorbed by the roots, although the carbonic acid introduced by the foliage and other green parts is, in fact, the chief source of the substance of plants. The origin of all the nitrogen of vegetation is wrongly assigned to ammonia on page 37, where, moreover, the weight of ammonia conveyed annually to the ground in rain is enormously exaggerated. Then, again (page 29), a pair of human lungs is said to give out into the air, in a single hour, no less than 586 grains of carbon; one-fourth of this quantity would be nearer the truth. It is a pity that errors such as these should disfigure a book which in plan and style presents many commendable features.

Alasnam's Lady. By Leslie Keith. (Bentley.)—There is too much of this novel, and of that too-muchness, talk has an undue share. But the author will do things worth doing, if she cultivates the art of pruning, and is remorseless in its exercise. Her heroine is charming; but she might have married the good fellow with brains (indeed, we took him for Alasnam, until quite near the end), without prejudice to the story; the mystery is well contrived, though transparent, and the local colour is fresh, pleasant, and characteristic. It is quite a treat to be taken to Spain in a novel; we are as tired of the Riviera as Sir Charles Coldstream was of everywhere.

Cavalry Life. By J. S. Winter. (Chatto and Windus.)—When Mr. Winter claims to be the true exponent of military life, he probably means that Ouida and her imitators are among the number of those "charming women" who "talk of things they do not understand," and that he is, on the contrary, acquainted with "the way they have in the Army." He is welcome to the credit, so long as he does not claim to shew us military life as Maxwell, Lever, and Lawrence have shown it to us. His "Cavalry Life" is a collection, in two big volumes, of flimsy stories, some of them amusing, others as heavy as the dragoons whose dreary talk they chronicle. A young lady is not to be made impressive by spelling her name (Alice) "Alys," and we should seriously like to know what Mr. Winter means by "obtuse self-blindness."

Poetry.—*The Garden of Fragrance, being a Complete Translation of the Bostán of Sádi into English Verse.* By J. S. Davie, M.D. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—None but a good Oriental scholar can judge the whole question as to the value of such a translation as this; but in his remarks on the principles to be followed in translations in general, we cannot but think the translator of these poems greatly mistaken. He says in his preface:—"I have endeavoured to make it as literal as possible, and, by imitating Sadi's metre (anapæstic tetrameters) and rhyme, to give it, in some measure, the ring of the original. With very few exceptions, each line is the equivalent of the corresponding line in the Persian. This has not been accomplished without sacrificing, to some extent, elegance of diction." In our opinion, the translator has sacrificed a good deal more than that. When languages, even coming originally from the same fountain-head, have, in the long course of ages, diverged as widely as have English and Persian, it is fatal not only to the beauty, but to the sense of a translation, to make it a literal one. We take, at random, a proof of the truth of this from a short poem "On the Frailty of Creatures and the Glory of God," p. 137. It begins,—

> "The pathway to wisdom is twist upon twist,
> For the holy the Maker alone can exist.
> You can tell this to people who truths recognise,
> But people of theory will criticise."

Then, after a few lines, these words occur:—

> "But when will mere surface-observers obtain
> A glimpse of where spiritual persons remain?
> For if it's the sun, not a speck they descry;
> If the whole seven seas, not a drop can they spy;
> When the Sultan of glory his flag has unfurl'd,
> Into Nullity's collar collapses the world!"

The merely narrative parts sound a little better than this twaddly sing-song, and there are some good stories, of the obviously moralising kind, set in thoroughly Eastern style; but, on the whole, it is a poor book, as, with such a principle of translation, it must be true to the letter only.——*Prizes and Proximes for Prose and Verse Translation,* with Some Original Poems by Contributors to the *Journal of Education.* (John Walker and Co.)—The translations in this book, following, as we hold it to be, the true principle of grasping the spirit rather than the letter of the original, are much more pleasant reading, and some of them strikingly good. A ballad such as "Les Souvenirs du Peuple," of Béranger, is most difficult to render into English so as to keep some of the sparkling intensity of feeling thrown into its original French by that master of the ballad style. Yet the anonymous "J. R." has accomplished this, and we only regret it is too long for quotation. Another very happy effort is the version of Victor Hugo's sonnet, "A Petite Jeanne," by Mrs. J. S. Philpotts. There are in the volume three translations of this sonnet, and, though all are good, we prefer, with the compiler, the one first named. There is an excellent rendering, by Miss Annie Matheson, of "In der Ferne," by Geibel; and "Schönster Tod" is also very spiritedly rendered in the English of the Rev. James Robertson, from the verses of W. Müller. It is an interesting collection, and to show how miscellaneous, we will conclude our notice with one or two of the "Maxims on Education":—

"He who depends upon a child's candour is likely to find the virtue on which he relies; he who assumes a child's dishonesty will too often sow the germs of that which he fears. To treat children as unworthy of consideration is a cruel mistake; to behave as if they alone were to be considered is a mistake more cruel still."

——*Songs of Many Days.* By K. C. (Marcus Ward and Co.)—The motto of this little volume of poems is, "Look, then, into thine heart, and write" and the wish rises in the mind of the reader of them that the author's heart had been full of less saddening tales. Several of them are classical in their origin, and the first especially, on the legend of the daughters of Prœtus, who were stricken with madness for despising the worship of Dionysus, scarcely repays by beauty of style for the melancholy of the subject. "Antigone" is the subject of the second, and neither here nor in any of the others can we find lines sufficiently fine to invest a well-worn subject with new interest, though many of the poems read musically.——*Storm-drift, and other Poems,* by H. E. Clarke (David Bogue), is, as its name imports, a book full of horrors, not the least of these being the atmosphere of unbelief in which it seems to have come to light, if, indeed, we can mention light in the midst of such gloom. The author needs to be reminded that no stringing-together of wild and weird suggestions can by itself constitute poetry, and that it needs more than the power, which he possesses to a certain extent, of imagining the thoughts and feelings suitable to certain circumstances, to give to a description a truly poetic form. We hope it was not the author, but the printer, who put "wrapt" for "rapt." ——*The Praise and Blame of Love* is got up in the unfinished style now prevalent, and the poems themselves seem to partake of it; they are fragmentary, and spoilt by affectations. The author's name is not given, but the publishers are (Wilson and McCormick, Glasgow) evidently Scotch, a fact which the book itself would hardly have suggested.——A smaller volume, and quite unlike the former, is *Poems,* by Alexander Carruthers. (Porteous Brothers, Glasgow.)—The sentiments appear, as far as they do appear, to be of the best; but there does not appear with them the poetical skill, either in form or style, which alone can justify the publication of them.——In the next book which presents itself, we have the effusions of a mind which has already made itself known to the public. Still, in *Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets,* by L. S. Bevington (Eliot Stock), we fail to discover the merit which would justify high appreciation. The vague miserableness which seems to beset those who are called advanced thinkers runs riot everywhere, and is scarcely redeemed by the little flashes of genuine truth of feeling which are apparent here and there. We have looked through the "Sonnets" for one to quote, that our readers may judge for themselves, but cannot find one worthy of transcription; so we will give, instead, two verses from a short poem called, "How do I Know?" which is far better than the long philosophical rhymings amidst which it stands:—

> "How do I know you good? Because, dear love,
> In needing you
> My inmost soul most urgently desires
> Great goodness too;
> Pure skies alone can win a turbid sea
> To perfect blue.
>
> One little, lovely victory for your sake,
> O'er my mad blood,
> One little hour when higher than myself
> I knew I stood,
> One stillness, dear, has taught the blessed truth
> My love is good."

We have received:—*The Continent of Europe,* by L. B. Lang, edited by the Rev. M. Creighton, M.A. (Rivingtons), a geography, physical, political, and descriptive, for beginners, with maps.—*Damascus and its People,* by Mrs. Mackintosh, illustrated. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—A second edition of Theodore Compton's *Sketches of Rural Life and Scenery amongst the Mendip Hills.* (Poole.)—*Student's Manual of German Literature,* by E. Nicholson. (Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.)—The *Science of Existence: a Study,* by K. F. Fröbel. (Williams and Norgate.)—*Beautiful Homes,* by Mrs. Haweis. (Sampson Low and Co.)—*Bible Studies in Life and Truth,* by the Rev. R. Lorimer, M.A. (Douglas, Edinburgh.)—*A Comprehensive Phraseological English-Ancient and Modern Greek Lexicon,* founded upon a manuscript of G. P. Lascarides, and compiled by L. Myriantheus, Ph.D. Two vols. (Trübner.)—*The Policy of England in Relation to India and the East,* by J. A. Partridge. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Vols. I. and II. of the eleventh edition of Bloxam's *Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture;* also a "Companion" to the same work. (Bell and Sons.)—*Physical Optics,* by R. T. Glazebrook, M.A., F.R.S. (Longmans and Co.), an addition to the "Text-books of Science" series.—A third edition of the late Mr. G. Brimley's *Essays,* edited by W. G. Clark, M.A. (Macmillan.)—The *Book of Enoch,* translated from the Ethiopic, by Rev. G. H. Schodde, Ph.D. (Trübner.)—*Stories from Robert Browning,* by F. M. Holland, with an introduction by Mrs. Sutherland Orr. (Bell and Sons.)—*Etyma Graeca,* an etymological lexicon of Classical Greek, by E. R. Wharton, M.A. (Rivingtons.)—*Smith's Synonyms Discriminated,* edited by the Rev. H. P. Smith, M.A. (Bell and Sons), a

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

It is our intention occasionally to issue gratis with the SPECTATOR **Special Literary Supplements**, *the outside pages of which will be devoted to Advertisements. The Fourth of these Supplements will be issued with the* SPECTATOR *for February 17th; and Advertisements for it should reach the Publishing Office not later than noon on the Wednesday preceding that date.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Report of the Committee of the French Senate on the Expulsion Bill was read by the Reporter, M. Allou, on Thursday, and somewhat frigidly received,—probably because it had not the terseness and piquancy of most of these reports. Nevertheless, it contains a very impressive constitutional argument against the Bill, which it recommends the Senate not to modify, but simply to reject. It insists on the insignificance of the placard in which all this panic originated, and the impotence of Prince Napoleon to disturb public tranquillity; on the perfectly satisfactory declarations of the Minister of the Interior as to the non-existence of dangerous plots; on the folly of giving the impression of a weakness which does not exist, by taking most dangerous precautions against imaginary dangers; on the steadfastness with which the Republic had passed through far more dangerous crises without taking refuge in a policy of proscription; on the uselessness of driving Pretenders to plot abroad, where their plots would be not less, and might even be more dangerous, than plots at home; on the radical injustice of punishing particular persons for their birth, and the other failure of republican equality which it involves; on the prospect of an extension of the proscriptive principle, if once accepted, to all those classes which are regarded with jealousy by violent agitators; and on the certainty that a policy of denunciation having been once inaugurated, the Senate would soon itself become the object of attack. The report frankly appeals to the Chamber itself to respect Law, Equality, and Justice, and in the interest of all three principles, to acquiesce in the rejection of a Bill fatal to all of them. The debate will commence to-day.

At the Cabinet Council held on Tuesday, both Lord Spencer and Lord Hartington were escorted by detectives. It was not at first apparent why the Minister of War should be in danger of attack, but it appears that Lord Hartington's speech at Barrow has greatly offended the Irish. They fancy that although he steadily supported Mr. Gladstone's policy, he longs to exact vengeance for the murder of his brother. The *Irish Nation*, published in New York, declares that he has sworn a vendetta against Ireland; that his "whole mind is coloured by an engrossing desire for vengeance," that "he secretly gloats over the sufferings of the peasantry, and anticipates with cruel satisfaction the number of lives which will be sacrificed to the manes of his unfortunate brother." And finally, it calls upon all Irishmen to make the expulsion of Lord Hartington from the Cabinet their supreme object. The occasion for this outburst is only a speech in which Lord Hartington, wrongly, as we think, but in most moderate and statesmanlike fashion, advised that county government and the new franchise should not be granted to Ireland till the country had settled down. It is almost impossible to reason with men liable to such accesses of fury, or indeed with men who are unable to see that if there is one English Minister to whom Ireland owes more than friendliness, it is the Marquis of Hartington. His family, at all events, has suffered enough for being innocent.

The most jealous precautions were taken on Lord Spencer's return to Ireland to protect him from assassination. He was surrounded by dragoons, detectives filled the carriages behind him, and a tunnel under which he had to pass was occupied by armed police. Englishmen do not yet honour Earl Spencer enough. A great noble, with a large income, full of literary and artistic tastes, a favourite in society, and a man who enjoys it, he goes to Ireland, to live in momentary expectation of death from a bullet or an amputation-knife, solely in order to perform a public duty. He performs it so ably that a great organisation at war with Government and Society is being broken up, while he constantly rejects the "severe" counsels which men indignant at the spectacle offered by Ireland press on his attention. It is difficult to conceive a more self-sacrificing life than the one he is now leading, for which he will obtain in this world neither reward nor honour. The Irish dislike every Viceroy, and as no Viceroy can perfectly succeed in Ireland, Englishmen scarcely perceive how well they are sometimes served by men whose danger is unlimited, while their powers are almost restricted to advice.

Messrs. Healy, Davitt, and Quinn all went to prison on Thursday. Repeated offers were made to provide the necessary recognisances, but they were all refused. Mr. Healy, before surrendering, offered to resign his seat; but his constituents will not, it is believed, accept the offer. Of course, imprisonment will greatly increase the popularity of all three, and especially of Mr. Healy, and, in fact, the Government of Ireland is in this position. If it passes over incendiary speeches by leading agitators, it is accused, not unjustly, of punishing the followers, while leaving impunity to those who lead: while if it restrains the chiefs in the regular way by recognisances, they go to prison, as victims of British tyranny. The situation is most unfortunate, and, indeed, practically insoluble. No Radical can heartily approve punishment for spoken words, yet no Radical can be blind to the fact that in Ireland such words are constantly followed by overt acts. If the danger in Ireland were of insurrection, it would be far wiser to let every man say his say, and descend into the streets, if he could, but notoriously that is not the case. When the Viceroy is accompanied in London by detectives, and in Kingstown surrounded by dragoons, speeches against the laws cease to be speeches, and become charges of powder for the nearest pistol. Whether imprisonment damps the powder may be doubtful; but the local rulers, with their wealth of information, think it does. If it does, they are justified; and whose opinion are we to take, if not theirs?

The Liberals lost Haddingtonshire on Monday, by a large majority, Lord Elcho being returned by 492 votes, against 400 given for Mr. Finlay. This is the worst beating the Liberals have had since 1867, and the majority against us is more than double that of 1880. The reasons are simple. Lord Elcho went almost as far for the tenant-farmers as Mr. Finlay, while Mr. Finlay went almost as far for the Church Establishment as Lord Elcho. At a bye-election especially, the Free-Church

party appear to have felt themselves almost called upon to emphasise the importance which they attach to a settlement of the issue between the Free Church and the State Church of Scotland.

Mr. Courtney addressed his constituents at Liskeard on Monday in a speech of much ability and illimitable self-confidence, on the Egyptian part of which,—on the stewing of that mess of political pottage, which he is so desirous to contemplate impartially from a distance,—we have said enough elsewhere. Mr. Courtney then went on to ask himself "why we should not also let Irishmen stew in their own juice?" a question which he appeared to be more than half inclined to answer, by saying that it is only because we have not courage to do so. However, he conquered his half-inclination, and declared, first, that it was impossible to separate Ireland's destiny from our own; next, that Ireland is not homogeneous, and that Ulster is as much at issue with the rest of Ireland as Great Britain is; and lastly, that Irishmen show very little consistency, though much vehemence, in their political demands. But if we refuse Home-rule, says Mr. Courtney, we must not concede all its evils without the advantage of the new sense of responsibility it would impose,—we must not concede to the Irish Home-rulers all they ask, without making them feel that they are to take the consequences. We should do what we believe to be justice to Ireland in every respect, without waiting for agitation,—for instance, we should give a popular local government to the counties,—but we must not let the Home-rulers dictate our measures, and then throw all the responsibility of their failure on the sister-kingdom. There Mr. Courtney showed his strong masculine sense.

Mr. Healy's very moderate speech on Wednesday, on county government for Ireland,—sketching out the mode of electing county and provincial boards,—the latter to be elected by the county boards, and to take charge of the Irish Private-Bill legislation now submitted to the House of Commons,—reads like an attempt to vindicate his title to the rank of a statesman, just at the moment when the prosecution directed against his violent denunciation of the British Government as brigands, is, in his own view at least, compelling him to go to prison. The speech has no insincere ring in it, and we can hardly help thinking that it expresses Mr. Healy's actual wish on the organisation of local government in Ireland. At the same time, he may well think, as Prince Bismarck is supposed to think, that there is no better way of concealing his real convictions than to speak them out frankly. Mr. Healy may suppose that he will be given so much credit for malignity of intention, that Englishmen will at once assume his suggestions to be purely mischievous, and will thereby be led to reject without hesitation the very plan that would do most to cure the Irish sore. Mr. Healy may suppose that he will most effectually prevent the English people from doing the right thing, by himself suggesting the thing that ought to be done. But whatever his motive, we are persuaded that his scheme deserves very grave consideration, and has in it the elements of a statesmanlike measure. It does not do to be so suspicious of an enemy as to take all his advice the wrong way. Sometimes he will give advice that is good, in order to secure its rejection.

Sir Robert Peel, as a politician, seems to have lost his head altogether. At Warrington, on Thursday week, in a speech which was not reported in London, he not only burst into a furious tirade against the Liberals, charging them, among other absurdities, with making "peace with dishonour" in Egypt, but accused Dr. A. Clarke of inventing an illness for Mr. Gladstone, to prevent his being cross-questioned in Midlothian about the "Treaty with the Vatican." "Seriously," he said, "they had a Prime Minister who had deserted the helm of the vessel of State at the very moment when Parliament was going to meet, when Cabinet Councils ought to be held, and when he ought to be superintending the machinery for the coming Session. They knew that the Prime Minister had relinquished the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had relinquished it at a time when the finances of this country, owing to extravagance and mismanagement, were in a very unsettled state." Some strange change must have passed over Englishmen, when they will bear that kind of malignity, even from the most scatter-brained of politicians, who believes, as he said, that if Mr. Gladstone resigned, the Liberal party would fall in pieces.

The fear of the Nihilists in St. Petersburg is on the decrease. The Czar has quitted Gatschina, and is giving entertainments at the Winter Palace, during which he moves freely among the guests, who, however, are closely scrutinised at the gates. It is even rumoured that he has appeared walking in the streets, but this requires confirmation. It is, however, true that he has by public decree fixed May as the month for his solemn coronation in Moscow, and has summoned thither all the notabilities of the Empire. The ceremonial will be most magnificent, and it is rumoured in Berlin that after it the Czar may make some great concessions. Nothing is known, however, of this idea in St. Petersburg, where little is expected, beyond an amnesty for certain classes of offenders. The cause of the diminished fear of the Nihilists, which is evident, is not explained, the popular theory that they have all been arrested being unsupported by any evidence. If it were true, the Government would be eager to announce such a complete success. It is more probable that some concession has at last been made in return for immunity, or that the Czar, weary of imprisonment in his own Empire, has resolved to face his fate, whatever it be.

Mr. Gibson, on Monday, made a curious speech in Dublin. He first roundly condemned the Government policy in Ireland, accusing the Ministry of having used the Land League, and of then being defied and beaten by it, and of failing to display either "judgment, sagacity, or statesmanship." They shut their eyes to all dangers, and disloyalty had grown stronger than ever. Nevertheless, he maintained that, "owing to the firm and fearless administration of the Crimes Act by Lord Spencer, order is better maintained than at any time for two years;" and "regarding the whole position fairly, and balancing the good and the bad, I look on the condition of Ireland as grave and anxious, such as to justify solicitude, to require caution, care, and prudence; but I cannot join in any cry of despair, and prefer to seek grounds for hope, although the quest may be attended with some difficulty and discouragement." Considering the badness of the Government, that is surely a hopeful view. The truth is, we suppose, that Mr. Gibson feels it his business to criticise, but as he understands Ireland, he cannot get rid of the perception that the Government is fairly successful.

The Farmers' Alliance, at its annual meeting on Tuesday, resolved unanimously to press on Parliament two demands,—compensation to tenants for unexhausted improvements, and the prohibition of any increase of rent, based on the value which tenants' improvements have given to a farm. In both instances, landlords are to be forbidden to contract themselves out of the law. As immediate legislation is at hand, we have discussed these proposals elsewhere, and may add here that the farmers also ask for the abolition of the law of distress, and for a law compelling railways to carry farm produce and manures more cheaply, for the abolition of extraordinary tithes, and for the division of rates between the landlord and the occupier. The last, though very dear to the farmers, is a cry for the moon. Rates must ultimately reduce rentals, whatever laws the Legislature may pass, just as certainly as water must flow down-hill. If the landlord pays rates, he will ask more rent; and if the tenant does not pay them, he can afford more rent. The farmers' proposal is to adjust a tax, say, on salt, which shall not fall on the buyer. When that is found, we may find a tax which shall not fall on anybody.

Last Sunday, Mr. Frederic Harrison took for the theme of his discourse to his Positivist friends the career of Gambetta, whom he spoke of as the first statesman of European importance to recognise Comte as his master alike in politics and in philosophy. Further, Gambetta "was himself, to some extent, the type of the Republican chief whom Comte had sought,—a statesman, that is, who should unite the cities and the country in one policy, and carry out the legitimate ends of the Great Revolution in a Conservative spirit, governing by public opinion, but never making a doctrine of pure democracy." Rising to a more ardent point of eulogy, Mr. Frederic Harrison declared Gambetta to be "the first statesman of European rank finally to repudiate any kind of homage to any sort of Church. His religion was France." "It may well be that in history he will be recorded not only as the young lawyer who replaced the Empire by the Republic, but as the first statesman in Europe who refused to bow the knee in the Temple of Rimmon." By a mighty effort of imagination, Mr. Frederic Harrison uses the Temple of Rimmon to signify the Temple of God. The Positivist who recurs to the Old Testament in his imagery

when denouncing theology, is, indeed, either singularly audacious, or singularly deficient in literary feeling. Mr. Harrison might as fitly use the language of rapture in which the gates are bidden to lift up their heads, and the everlasting doors to be lift up, that the King of glory may come in, as appropriate for the welcome of the pallid Positivist into his dreary and empty shrine.

The Swansea Chamber of Commerce did honour to Mr. Chamberlain yesterday week, when Mr. Chamberlain made a speech chiefly concerning the forthcoming Bankruptcy Bill, in which he did not spare the Bill introduced by the Associated Chamber of Commerce last Session, which it had been, he told them, his unfortunate duty to oppose. The truth is, that the Associated Chambers of Commerce had failed to embody in their Bill the most important of the objects which they had themselves previously laid down. Mr. Chamberlain's chief object is, he told Swansea, to make bankruptcy less easy and pleasant a process. Some one had said that under our present law no man in difficulties, with a proper regard to the interests of his family, should ever think of paying 20s. in the pound. Mr. Chamberlain wishes to blunt the edge of this sarcasm. He intends to have an impartial and judicial inquiry,—to treat insolveney much as you treat the loss of a ship, and brand any bankruptcy or insolvency which is, after impartial inquiry, judged to be due to fraud or culpable carelessness, as you would brand the loss of a ship through the connivance or through the culpable carelessness of its captain,—to affix a stigma to it that will stick. This is an object perfectly within reach, and doubtless, if adequately attained, it would do more to bring actual disgrace on disgraceful insolvency, and therefore to render it less common, than all other provisions whatever.

The *Jewish World*, the organ, we believe, of the Reformed Jews in England, pronounces this week in most unmistakeable language against all projects for a restoration to Palestine, or for setting-up a Jewish State there. It maintains that the project is impracticable, the Jews being separated in language, in ideas, and in habits; and undesirable, inasmuch as the Jews have a mission, "that of propagating a sensible view of life, and its duties," which can be best performed by their remaining a cosmopolitan people, with seven millions of people dispersed all over the world. "The yearning for a restoration of the Kingdom of Israel is no portion of the ideal of the Jewish religion. It is only an abnormal growth of the delirious hopes of ages of persecution."

The coal-miners of the North, having obtained an increase from the masters of ten per cent. on their wages, have decided, it is stated, to decrease out-put. Their Unions intend to restrict work to five days a week, and the working-day to eight hours, or forty hours in all. The object is to raise the price of coal by, say, ten per cent., and then obtain another rise for themselves. We doubt if they will succeed, as the contracts interfere, and as the cost of the coal itself is only one element in its price. But suppose they succeed completely? They will reduce waste, not raise price. It is perfectly well known that if it were only worth while to rebuild furnaces and fire-places, the consumption of coal could be reduced at least one-third. During the coal famine of a few years since, Sir John Hawkshaw is reported to have said that "coal would never be cheap in England till it was £4 a ton;" and whether he said it or not, the epigram is true. It is not only possible to build a German stove which will warm a large hall on a consumption of six pounds of coal a day, but it has been done. The men may be quite right in seeking higher wages, for theirs is a terrible form of labour; but they will not find it pay to shut up open fire-places. We cannot do without coal, but we can use hundredweights, for tons.

A grave scandal has occurred in Austria. The construction of the Galician Railways has been entrusted to a single contractor, Baron Schwarz, instead of many contractors, against the recommendation of a Committee of the Reichsrath. It is suspected, therefore, that bribery has been at work, and Herr Kaminski, a Member, asserts that he helped to influence officials, and that Baron Schwarz promised him £62,000, which he now refuses to pay. He has even brought his complaint into Court. He has been compelled to resign his seat, but the incident has revived an impression, always current in Vienna, that concessions are not given fairly. There was a tremendous scandal of the kind after the great "crach," and several suicides among persons highly placed. The remedies, we imagine, are to make all payments criminal, and confide the distribution of contracts to a Standing Committee, composed either of men as incorruptible as Judges, or of men too wealthy even to feel temptation.

A curious attempt was made in Winchester yesterday week to revive in England the Oriental fancy for playing chess with living pieces. The object was to raise a certain amount of money for paying off a debt on St. Lawrence's Church, Winchester, and to help the Winchester Association for the care of friendless girls. So, in the Winchester Guildhall 576 square feet were marked off for a chess-board,—in other words, a square yard was given for each piece,—in squares of white and black cloth; while plenty of room was reserved for spectators, both in the hall itself and in the galleries. The pawns, wearing Tudor hats, were got up in the fashion of pages, the white and black shoes marking their colours; the kings were in great velvet cloaks, with jewelled collars and sword-belts; the knights had the morions and breastplates of men-at-arms; the bishops had copes and mitres of white silk, embroidered with gold on one side of the board, and cassocks and birettas of red silk on the other side; the rooks had pasteboard castles as head-dresses. And thus several games were played, a trumpet announcing the check of the king, and the players playing at a table, from which their move was immediately translated into the corresponding change of living pieces. We should think that it would require the inexhaustible patience of the East, seriously to continue this sort of dumb pageantry for several hours at a stretch.

Mr. Herman Merivale sends to Thursday's *Times* rather curious evidence of the very subjective way in which biographers often describe facts. Mr. Forster, and a more recent student of Dickens,—Mr. A. W. Ward, who wrote the study of Dickens in Mr. John Morley's series,—have both described the last few weeks of Dickens's life as rapidly darkening towards the end. Mr. Merivale, who acted in some private theatricals of which Dickens was the soul, exactly seven days before Dickens's death, declares that there is hardly any truth in this statement; that in the many rehearsals and all the preparations for the play, Dickens was full of animation and life, and went through the whole "with infectious enjoyment." And Dickens's own letters on the subject fully confirm Mr. Merivale's statement. The truth is, that biographers, as they approach the end, naturally pass under the influence of the shadow of Death, and forget that it by no means follows that the subject of their delineation had any similar premonition. Dickens, we believe, died of apoplexy, and it is not uncommon for those who die of apoplexy to have even some accession of good spirits towards the close.

We made an error in noticing last week the appointment of Mr. F. Pollock to the Corpus Professorship of Jurisprudence at Oxford, which we erroneously spoke of as the Professorship of English Law. It is the Vinerian Professorship, held by Mr. Albert Dicey, which is the Professorship of English Law formerly held by Blackstone. Mr. Pollock's chair is of quite modern date, created, in fact, chiefly for Sir Henry Maine. And in speaking of the Law School of Oxford, we ought not to have omitted the very able Chichele Professor of International Law, Mr. Holland, whose "Elements of Jurisprudence" have been noticed in these columns as making a great advance on Austin's book, nor Mr. Markby, the learned reader of Indian Law. Again, Sir W. Anson, though nominally only Warden of All Souls, is really an additional and very able teacher of Law in the University.

Mr. F. W. Cory, writing from Buckhurst Hill, Essex, to Wednesday's *Times*, appears to show that by the use of the spectroscope a much surer indication of coming rain or fair weather can be obtained than by any other of the habitual criteria. If so, it is a great pity that this method should not be adopted. At present, our weather forecasts are hardly of any use, and more often misleading than not. Only, Mr. Cory's spectroscopic experiments appear to have been made nearer to the beginning of the twenty-four hours to be forecasted, than it would be possible for forecasts which have to be distributed and published in the morning papers, to be taken. Can he get anything like equally good results two or three hours sooner?

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE SESSION.

THE first Cabinet Council has been held, and the order of the measures to be introduced this Session has probably been discussed. We wish to support very strongly the demand made by the Liberal Members who spoke at the Swansea banquet given last week to Mr. Dillwyn, that the first care should be given to measures of general interest affecting the interests of England and Scotland, and not exclusively affecting Ireland; and that for this purpose, the Bill for reforming the Municipal Government of London should not be regarded as a measure of general interest. It is not for us to depreciate the importance or magnitude of that measure. We have always held a real incorporation of the Capital, in the large sense of that term, as a measure of genuinely national importance; and we hold this still. But the constituencies which have waited so patiently for three years to reap even the first-fruits of their efforts in 1880, have some right to see what they in their own locality will recognise as those visible first-fruits gathered in at the end of the present Session. This they will not see, if they only see the Government of London reformed. Great as it is, the municipal life of London is not present to a Northumberland or Cornwall voter's mind during all the vicissitudes of the year. The people of Scotland, England, and Wales are fairly entitled, we think, in this the fourth Session of the present Parliament, to see a great reform carried that will signify something even in the neighbourhood of their own homes, and the reform of the Government of London will not be such a reform. We earnestly press, then, on the Government, as the Member for Swansea and the Member for Wolverhampton have already pressed on it, that the County Government Bill and the Tenant-farmers' Compensation Bill should be regarded as taking rank even of the Government of London Bill,—that is, as needing even more urgent attention and an earlier discussion. That three Sessions should have passed before the English constituencies see anything like the realisation of their hopes, except the somewhat trivial Burials Act and Ground Game Act, is surely enough. The fourth Session at least ought to carry some reform which will bring conspicuously before the eyes of all men, wherever they may live, the significance of a Liberal Administration. We observe the statement that the Government have decided,—very judiciously, we think,—to bring in a Bill for settling the question of compensation to tenant-farmers for unexhausted improvements, and we heartily agree that no measure affecting chiefly a single class in the community, is more urgent. But even such a measure as this hardly satisfies the conditions which we have laid down. The tenant-farmers, of course, have the most undoubted right to a thorough discussion and complete settlement of their claim. None have suffered recently so much as they from causes over which Parliament has no control, and none, therefore, have a better title to have those grievances fully considered over the continued operation of which Parliament may exert a very real control. Still, the tenant-farmers, though they may have a claim to some priority by reason of their serious calamities, constitute only a small class of the people; and of the urgent measures waiting for the opportunity of legislation in this fourth Session of procrastinated hopes, that one may be said to be the first in interest to the country at large which will publish most clearly to the whole electorate the difference between a Parliament of Liberals and a Parliament of Tories.

Now, considering that the extension of household franchise to the counties cannot properly long precede a dissolution, it seems to us that these conditions are best satisfied by the production of the Bill for creating a popular County Government. And we must express our most earnest hope that Mr. Chamberlain's hint at Swansea that this measure, too, might well be delayed till the County Franchise Bill is passed, does not represent the serious intention of the Government. There is no measure which would better stimulate the local activity of the country, or train the people more effectually for the exercise of their larger duties as the electorate of the House of Commons itself. A good County Government Bill would be the best possible preparation for the exercise of the Parliamentary Franchise by the mass of the county population, and therefore the natural herald of the latter Bill. There is no good pretext for delaying this Bill in Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion. On the contrary, we believe that the Conservative party at least, would be less disposed to disappoint every popular hope in dealing with the question of Local Government, if they had yet to make their great fight for Conservatism on the larger measure, instead of having already fought and lost it, for there is no reactionary temper so acrid as that of the representatives of a lost cause. On the other hand, the Liberals would be well aware that if they are to do a bit of lasting work, they must legislate in the fashion which the householders of the counties will approve, and not leave to them a mere legacy of crude beginnings to complete. A good County Government Bill alone, so far as we can judge, would satisfy the country that the Liberal Administration of 1880 had begun in earnest to redeem the promises then made to the electors.

There is, however, the anti-Irish panic to be met. The *Times*, and those who, like the *Times*, are always preaching that Ireland wants nothing except a rigid enforcement of the Prevention of Crimes Act, are afraid that if a County Government Bill for England be introduced, there will be a great cry for its immediate extension to Ireland,—where the local government is, no doubt, even worse than in England,—and these organs preach that to let Irish counties govern themselves in local matters, means the same thing as letting them extirpate the landlords and plunder the middle class. In the mind of the leading journal, the panic on this subject is so great that all its ancient literary power deserts it, and articles intended to end in a solemn warning against the danger of stimulating Irish mobs to the work of persecution and confiscation, begin in drivelling statements that Mr. Gladstone and the Prince of Wales cannot properly be regarded in the light of dethroned Sovereigns,—a truism utterly without meaning in itself, and apparently only made in order to drag in an allusion to Voltaire's "Candide," and to convey what was intended as an insidious sneer at Mr. Gladstone. However, the mild fatuity of the opening passage is quite atoned for by the blind anger of the close, where Mr. Courtney, who stated expressly in his speech at Liskeard that he thought a County Government Bill should be produced, and that its provisions should at once be frankly extended to Ireland, so far as they suit the Irish, is referred to exactly as if he had thrown the weight of his authority against that voluntary extension of justice to Ireland. In truth, the article in Wednesday's *Times* was one of the most curious illustrations of the paralysing and blinding effects of panic that we have ever read. Now, what is the ground for that panic? Mr. Forster, who knows Ireland well, believes that it will be quite safe, and not only quite safe but a measure tending in the direction of safety, to grant Ireland a better local government, so long as you keep the Police under central authority. The *Times* writes as if County Boards for making roads and canals, discussing lines of rail, looking after the county asylums, entering into exceptional draining operations, and so forth, were institutions in which conspiracies could be hatched and murder threatened. We have little doubt, as we said last week, that they would be safety-valves for letting off a good deal of waste steam against the hated Saxon. England would be vehemently denounced at scores of them as having retarded for ages the physical development of the country, and in the main the indictment, though to-day a little belated, would be perfectly true. But men are not massacred because speeches are made against the Saxon, especially if, as would very often happen, the persons to be threatened took the popular side on local questions of this sort. What we maintain is that it is precisely the *want* of outlets for this sort of steam which makes the discontent of the Irish people so dangerous. If local patriotism could exhale itself in Boards of this kind, Fenianism would lose a great number of its supporters. The policy which stifles local life in Ireland in order to prevent disloyalty, is just like an attempt to suppress the rash in scarlet-fever,—you drive the heat inwards, and then delirium is the result. The Irish cry so fiercely for Home-rule, in great measure because their local institutions are so wretchedly inadequate, and because it is in local institutions that the shoe pinches most. Mr. Healy's very masterly speech on Wednesday on this subject deserves the most careful consideration. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, especially when, as we have a shrewd suspicion in this case, the enemy tells us the truth not in the hope that we shall profit by it, but rather in the hope that his recommendation will prevent all chance of our adopting it. Let the panic-mongers put a little faith in Mr. Forster, whom they are always panegyrising for resenting the release of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Forster says plainly that Ireland needs nothing so much as a little decentralisation, and that if you keep the Police in the hands of the central authorities, a good scheme of local government in Ireland would do more to satisfy Irish wants than any other feasible remedy. Well, Mr. Forster is the last man to underrate the danger of conspiracy in Ireland.

He escaped assassination himself only as by a miracle. He is familiar with all the ramifications of treason in Ireland. But for all that, he can see, as all but panic-mongers see, that it is the worst policy in the world to drive treason inwards, and that a little free-speaking is one of the best possible cures for pent-up wrath.

MR. COURTNEY ON EGYPT.

MR. COURTNEY, in his speech at Liskeard on Monday, shrank from his own conclusion. That is not usual with him, for, as a rule, his confidence in his own opinion is only surpassed by the courage, not to say audacity, with which he states his conclusions. In this instance, however, he has shrunk. In a most careful and forcible speech, full both of logic and of epigram, he argues that the British Government, after setting the Khedive on his feet, ought to retire from Egypt altogether. Its agent ought to be a mere adviser, whose advice the Khedive may disregard. He is "neither to interfere, nor overrule," but to be a mere servant, whom the ruler of Egypt may dismiss at pleasure. Sir Auckland Colvin is not to be "director, but an adviser; not nominated from without by England or France, but nominated from within by the Khedive; not irremovable, except by consent of England or France, but removable at the pleasure of the Khedive." The British are to leave Egypt, if not to stew in its own juice, at least to "simmer" in it, even if the simmering ends in anarchy. Mr. Courtney utterly repudiates the idea that anarchy is a reason for intervention. Let there be anarchy. Why not? "I am able to tolerate a good deal of anarchy in different parts of the world with perfect equanimity; and if anarchy be inevitable in Egypt, I do not see why we should be unable to tolerate it." Anarchy may be but the beginning of order, but if not, let us leave it alone. "I hope there are some few of us still left in England who believe in the old-fashioned doctrine of the Liberal Party, the doctrine of non-intervention; and we, I hope, are ready to look upon anarchy abroad, and to let nations simmer, and boil, and stew, and yet not interfere, unless we see some most patent proof, such as can rarely be brought forward, that a short and swift intervention would remove the cause of the disease." That is intelligible, at all events as intelligible as "Perish, Savoy!" But why does Mr. Courtney stop there? His logical course is to carry on his argument, and declare that in intervening in Egypt the Government committed a blunder, and ought to be condemned. If a blunder, it was a big one, one of the biggest on record, and Mr. Courtney ought to move a vote of condemnation explicit enough to prevent a repetition of the error. What is his excuse for not doing so? Just this, that the insurrection of Arabi "tended to produce a military tyranny." A military tyranny, besides being a great deal better than anarchy, is, in the East at all events, its invariable outcome. If Egypt fell into anarchy to-morrow, power would pass to the armed class; and that class, if history teaches anything, would set up a military tyranny. The process is as inevitable as cause and effect, and as Mr. Courtney admits that we may intervene to put down military tyranny, his argument just comes to this:—We may not send an expedition to suppress anarchy in Egypt, but may, when it has suppressed itself in the only possible way, send one to suppress its more endurable substitute; but must then again retire, in order that anarchy may a second time recommence. In fact, we may compel the people of Egypt to let their affairs revolve in a vicious and destructive circle, but may not govern Egyptians. We are at liberty to prevent government, but not at liberty to prevent anarchy. That is the conclusion, the preposterous conclusion of Mr. Courtney's speech, but we shall not pin him to his own absurdity. He only invented it in order to avoid the real conclusion in his own mind, that we ought never to have gone to Egypt at all, but to have allowed the Egyptians, through Arabi—or through the Devil, if they preferred him—to settle their affairs in their own way. If he had stated that conclusion, however, he must not only have resigned, which we do not doubt he would have done readily enough, but have attacked the Government, which, for reasons more important in his eyes than the future of Egypt, he was reluctant to do. And therefore, he improvises a special excuse for a special expedition which knocks his own general argument to pieces. If Egypt sinks into anarchy, it will sink under a military tyranny. If it sinks under military tyranny, England may intervene. Consequently, England may always intervene, with the proviso that to be in the right, she must always be just a little too late!

We do not believe that there are many sensible Radicals who will agree with Mr. Courtney, and certainly we shall not. We hold, on the contrary, that while military intervention in independent countries must usually be injudicious, its morality depends always on the object of intervention, and its judiciousness on circumstances varying with every separate case. There may be instances in which intervention is an imperative and supreme duty, instances in which it is at least advisable, and instances in which, for reasons of more importance than the fate of any single country, it is practically unavoidable. Suppose France to fall into hopeless anarchy, one-half the population butchering the other half, all European progress stopped by the calamity, and all that is good and sensible in France entreating an intervention seen to be entirely within our means, and not to involve that national ruin which is, by the law of self-preservation, *primâ facie* reason against any movement whatever, is there to be no intervention? Yet our obligation to France, as compared with our obligation towards our own semi-dependent States, of which, ever since the arrangement of 1841, Egypt has been one, is infinitesimal. We in that year forcibly prevented the independence of Egypt. We defended by the sword that "sovereignty" of the Ottoman caste, which is the source of all Egyptian misery, as of all misery in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. We afterwards set up the Dual Control, which produced the insurrection, and yet we are said to have no right of intervention. We maintain that our previous action, our engagements to the Khedive, our pledges to the people whom we had helped to plunder for the benefit of usurers, bound us to intervene, even if our own people had not been massacred. But they were massacred. Does Mr. Courtney really mean to say that if the natives of India rise upon the Europeans and kill them out, we have no right to intervene? Certainly not, yet where is there a better foundation for our right in India than in Egypt? It is positively a worse one, for in India the majority would be only dealing harshly with an usurping caste, whose right rests on the sword; while in Egypt, the people were dealing with foreign guests, whose right, like their own right to come peaceably to England, rests upon positive treaty obligations. We can see no reason whatever for deserting our own people in that fashion; while we can see very clearly that if we had done it, British residence in Asia would have been impossible, and the world would have lost, among nearly half mankind, the only influence which, even if occasionally misused, tends permanently to reconcile liberty with order. Mr. Courtney might as well argue that we have no right to put down piracy in the Eastern seas, because Chinese and Malays either prefer that piracy should exist in their waters, or are too nearly anarchical in their modes of government to put it down.

We have carefully avoided speaking of English interests, because Mr. Courtney would say, justly, that they are not to be pleaded against higher considerations or interests broader still: but we suppose we may speak of duties, even to the Member for Liskeard. One of those duties is, while we hold India, to give Indians the benefit of good, gentle, and inexpensive government, and the first condition for its performance is that the petty isthmus which interrupts the water-route between Europe and India be kept in decent order. We have as much right, in the interest of the 250 millions of India, to insist that the five millions of Egypt shall not attack us in transit, as we have to put down piracy. That right at least is clear, and the exercise of that right involves the corresponding obligation to see that order is not maintained in Egypt in too oppressive a way, that we do not sacrifice the Egyptians to the Indians. What are we doing more than that? Mr. Courtney says we have no more business with Egypt than with Mexico. He might just as well say that he has no more business with his own doorstep than with the street, with the people of Ireland than with the people of Patagonia. Our business with the Egyptians arises from the fact that we are compelled by circumstances stronger than any theory to ask something of them. We ask nothing of Mexico, and if we intervene there, can do it only from motives of abstract philanthropy, which may mislead or be ill-founded. But we do ask much of Egypt, and must keep on asking it, and in that asking is the root of a moral obligation only less strong than that which binds a Government to its own people. We ask them to maintain order, to keep the Canal from attack, and to make some arrangement with their European creditors; and are bound to see that compliance, which is indispensable, shall involve as little Egyptian misery as we are able to ensure. That obligation, unhappily, involves interference, as Mr. Courtney would see in a moment, if he wanted free right of way through his neighbour's house, and burglars were in pos-

session. He would help the police to transport them, without an idea that he was interfering with the right of his neighbour to mismanage his own affairs.

THE EXPULSION BILL IN THE SENATE.

M. ALLOU'S report to the Senate concerning the Expulsion Bill was, we are told, languidly received by that body, though it probably represents the feeling of the great majority of its Members. The truth is, no doubt, that it is much more like the report of an English Select Committee than that of one of the French Bureaux. It contains a very masterly Constitutional argument, and is almost exhaustive in its exposition of that argument; whereas, the ordinary practice of the French Bureaux is rather to write something of the nature of an epigram on the policy condemned or advocated by the Committee. M. Allou is not epigrammatic, but we may say this of his Report, that if circulated by an English House of Lords against such a Bill as that of the French Government, —were it possible to conceive of our House of Commons as approving anything so foolish as M. Fallières' Bill,— it would do a good deal to rehabilitate that Assembly, and inflict a ruinous blow on the reputation of any House of Commons that had endorsed the unjust and feeble policy of class proscription. M. Allou first states that the incident which originated this most threatening measure seemed to the Committee devoid of gravity, and that any disquietude which may exist in the country on the subject would be much fostered, instead of removed, by the commencement of a policy of proscription,—which would certainly be construed as a proof of weakness. M. Allou then goes on to state that a Government which has stood for twelve years through very serious crises,—which did not alter the law to deal with the Commune, nor to deal with the "Government of Combat,"—has no excuse for altering it now; that plots abroad are at least as formidable as those at home, and that a measure therefore which only compels plotters to mature their plots abroad will be useless to prevent them. He declares that the attack made on true Republican principles by a policy of proscription is most formidable, that it is the beginning of a policy of suspicion, and of the punishment of objects of mere suspicion, and that such a policy is pretty sure to end in war upon the middle-classes of France, a war full of menace for the peace of France, as well as intrinsically unjust and anti-Republican in conception. When their country accepted the amnesty asked for by the apologists of the Commune, it intended to let bygones be bygones; but now a return to vindictive policy is advocated, not against those who, like the Communists, had broken the laws of the country, but against those who have been guilty of nothing more than an involuntary descent from persons of Royal or Imperial rank. M. Allou adds that the spirit which is at the bottom of the proposed law, is one which, if ever it triumphs, will certainly make short work with the Senate. The very existence of a second body of that kind, not emanating directly from the same origin as the Chamber of Deputies, will no longer be tolerated so soon as it is found that it pleads for a larger and more genuinely tolerant spirit of Republicanism than any which the suspicions of the violent party are inclined to sanction. The Committee recommend a simple rejection of the Bill.

It seems to us impossible to present a stronger Constitutional argument than this Report contains, nor can we think that if the difference between the two Chambers proves to be insurmountable, and a dissolution ensues, M. Allou's Report can fail to exert a great influence over the constituencies, and to contribute to swell the party of liberty and order, against the party of jealous and cowardly suspicions. If France once consents to make an offence of lineage at all, she will soon be embarked in the disagreeable task of distinguishing the lineages which are dangerous from the lineages which are not; and then all the men of aristocratic birth, and some, perhaps, of the descendants of men of purely political reputation, may well come in for the ostracising brand. Nor will the matter end here. If his lineage is to put a bad mark against a man's name, it will soon be argued,—very justly,—that associations and friendships are at least as powerful as lineage, in tempting a man into dangerous combinations. And so the policy of personal denunciation will be fairly inaugurated. It seems to us that the Senate can hardly do better for its reputation as a political Body, than stand or fall by this declaration of Constitutional principles. If it fall, it will fall with the fall of Republican principles,— with that spirit of comprehensiveness without which a Republic has no glory,—with the credit of the Republic itself. But if it succeeds in either persuading the Chamber, or still better, the country, to reject this most unjust and feeble measure, then it will take a different rank in the Constitution from that time forward. It will have earned its right to pose as the shield and safeguard of the Republic against the frothy fury of popular panic. And a more dignified attitude than this for the second Chamber of the Republic, it is impossible, in our opinion, to assume.

THE COMING TENANT-RIGHT BILL.

IT is quite possible that Tenant-right for Great Britain may occupy an unexpected share of attention in the coming Session. Many influential politicians are pressing a strong Agricultural Holdings Bill upon the Government; Lord Hartington promised that some measure should be brought forward; and many Liberal Members, especially from Scotland, have expressed a fervent hope that there may be no further delay. Above all, the farmers themselves are growing enthusiastic and angry. Their position in many districts, Essex especially, is growing worse than ever. They see no prospect of a good crop this year, prices do not rise, their capital is becoming exhausted, and they have, especially in the South, sold and pledged their live stock, from which alone they expect profit, to a most alarming extent. They are feeding sheep, in particular, from which the dealers alone will reap gain. They are, moreover, suffering more and more from what we may call an imaginative cause. Farmers, though not a sanguine race, are accustomed to encounter a bad year or two, and are well aware that in their business they more than other men must rely upon averages, rather than upon the results of any special year. The long continuance of the present distress has, however, daunted them; they have lost hope, and they are beginning, for the first time in this generation, to dread leases, instead of hankering after them. A long right of occupancy implies a long-continued claim for rent, and they think, if affairs do not improve, "a lease may prove nothing but a millstone." The larger men among them are anxiously seeking, therefore, for a tenure which shall give security, yet not involve a lease; and they have hit upon a formula which they think sufficient. Not only the Farmers' Alliance and its federated branches, but a part of the Central Chamber of Agriculture and its federated Chambers have adopted two demands,—that they shall be entitled to compensation for unexhausted improvements, and that the landlord shall not be permitted, even under contract, to increase rent in consequence of such improvements. The effect of these two measures will be, they think, that they may spend their money secure of its return, and may remain, without leases, nearly secure against eviction.

The tenants will, we imagine, get a strong Bill. Part of their demand, that they should have security for unexhausted improvements, is obviously just. A man can live in a house without improving it, and, indeed, by living there deteriorates it; but a farmer cannot farm properly without improving the farm. It is right that he should be compensated for outlays, and as it is of national importance that agriculture be good, it may be wise to forbid individual farmers from contracting themselves out of their claim. We do forbid all other contracts to the public injury, and if that one can be shown to be injurious, it may fairly be forbidden too. That argument is strong, and so are the tenant-farmers. They send up the county Members, they are angry enough to disregard party politics, and the landlords have for the moment very little influence. They are seeking tenants, not picking them, and can no more reject applicants for holding Alliance principles than they can reject them for carrying flowers in their buttonholes on Sunday. The farmers may be perfectly sure that the Government will meet their wishes to the largest extent compatible with justice, and will do their utmost to carry a substantial Bill.

We should say that, after much consideration, the whole demand of the Farmers will be made a principle of law,—that compensation for unexhausted improvements will be granted, even in defiance of contract; and that the serious controversy will rage around the question of suspending freedom of contract, as regards increase of rent upon unexhausted improvements. That is a most grave demand, if, as we understand from the proceedings at the Alliance meeting, it is to be seriously pressed, and one which will rouse interests outside the Agricultural world. That a farmer should enjoy his improvements, if he remains, without increase of rent, based upon his

own outlay for the benefit of the farm, may be reasonable—though the vitality of the soil being the basis of improvement, the landlord who owns that vitality has some claim to a share—and may at all events be conceded as a principle of law; but that a farmer should be forbidden to give a higher rent, if he pleases and has contracted to do it, is a serious demand. Let us extend it to houses. J. Smith, with a thirty years' lease of his house still to run, wants a new bath-room, and builds one at his own expense. When the lease has expired, the owner finds that the bath-room has raised the value of the house five per cent., and puts that addition upon the rent. That seems hard, but Smith knew the terms of his lease, knew that when it expired he would have no rights, and still, to comfort himself during his term, made his improvement. Can it be wise, or even just, to forbid both landlord and tenant to make such an agreement? The landlord, it is clear, will be injured, for he will either have to forfeit his right of eviction and his higher rent, or pay for a bath-room he did not want to buy; and the tenant will be injured, for he will be forbidden to build to his own hurt, even when desirous of so wasting his money. The effect of such a rule must be to induce the rural landlord to refuse permission to improve, lest he should lose his right of re-entrance without payment, and so to diminish the tenant's liberty to put capital in the soil. That can hardly be to the benefit of agriculture, and besides, there is a more general principle to be considered. If we are to protect a tenant, always a grown man, presumably sane, and specially acquainted with his own trade, from injudiciously investing his own money, where are we to stop? Is the Legislature to tell Messrs. Swan and Edgar that the fancy for Japanese silks will not last, and that, consequently, they must not contract to buy those silks long in advance? The principle is exactly the same; and unless some great gain can be shown to arise to the community from the prohibition, it cannot be logically defended. Such gain was shown in Ireland, because the principal or sole occupation being agriculture, the farmers could not, however oppressed, throw up their farms, and society itself was endangered by their misery; but can any such argument be pleaded for this country? In England and Scotland, surely, farming is but one business in a hundred, and the least gainful of all; while, as a matter of fact, farms are thrown up by thousands a year, without anybody, except the landlords, even noticing the fact. Society is not shaken, or even alarmed.

We have no wish whatever to condemn off-hand a proposal adopted unanimously by such important bodies of skilled men, but we must point out to them that they are restricting their own liberties very seriously. A farmer who may not make the contract he pleases is a farmer fettered. He may very well wish to say to a landlord, "If you will give me such and such privileges, say, the total extirpation of game, I, on my part, will, at the expiration of my term, accept any rent to be fixed by mutual consent, without valuation." If that suits him, why should he be forbidden to make that arrangement? The farmers answer, "Because, if free contract is allowed, the landlord will compel us to surrender our right;" but where is the compulsion? The farmer has only to refuse to take the farm. and the landlord must give way. The "pull of the market" is with the tenant, and if it were not, farmers can combine. One of the speakers at the Alliance meeting on Tuesday spoke as if any form of free contract was fatal to the farmer, and indeed said, as the *Times* reports, that "freedom of contract meant 'take the land on the landlord's conditions, or leave it;'" but is that true? Of course if it is true, then, in the interest of agriculture, freedom may be limited; but is it true? The landlords say that at present they can get no conditions at all, and the tenants say that their farms ruin them. Then where is there such compulsion to submit to the landlords, that to make agriculture possible the tenants must be deprived of their own most ordinary liberties? There may be reasons for such demands imperceptible to us, but they certainly seem to involve in principle Fixity of Tenure, and will be resisted by the landlords just as strenuously; while the landlords will be supported by men who very seldom act with them, but will dread other applications of the same idea. Everything in this country is leased out, from farms to public singers, and in all cases the terms of renewal are left to depend either upon contract or agreement. The farmers wish for an exceptional law against contract, and will find that, at first, at all events, the public is not with them. It will understand very well why rent should not be raised on them, because of their improvements, without their own consent; but it will not understand why they should wish to debar themselves from the right of consenting.

THE RITUALISTS AND THE EVANGELICALS.

THE announcement that in the coming election of a Proctor for the Clergy in Convocation to take the place of Canon Wilkinson, Prebendary Cadman will be opposed as too friendly to Ritualism, will surprise any one who has ever been inside his church. Yet the statement seems to be true, albeit it be strange, and coming so soon after the proceedings at the Islington Evangelical Conferences, and the controversy which has sprung out of them, it may be taken to indicate the formation of two distinct groups—using the word in the French sense—in the Evangelical party. Hitherto, the distinction between the extreme and the centre men in the High Church party has been very marked, but there has been nothing corresponding to it among the Evangelicals. Now, the omission is to be set right, and though the great body of the party will vote for Mr. Cadman, a few ardent spirits will seek a representative who has not suffered himself to be led astray by such blind guides as common-sense and Christian charity. The chief sinners at the Islington Conference were Canon Eliot and Mr. Goe, and besides the melancholy defection revealed by their speeches, a correspondent of the *Record* has lately brought to light the fact that one at least of them practises what he preaches. The point that gave most offence in the Islington speeches was the "levelling-up" policy, which proposes to admit preaching in the surplice, surpliced choirs, and choral services into Evangelical churches. Mr. Goe contended that these practices, being in themselves harmless, and also as imparting "additional brightness and liveliness" to the service, "should be generously acknowledged as consistent with a loyal adhesion to Evangelical truth." Mr. Eliot asked the Conference to have done with the huge mistake of "wasting powder and shot against such mere trifles as surplices and choir boys, and the like." It is difficult to go all lengths with Mr. Goe, because to do so would be to admit that a sermon may become brighter and livelier by being preached in a surplice, a conclusion which, for the sake of a large number of Churchgoers, we could heartily wish were true. But it is on no such trivial ground as this that the Extreme Left of the party rest their protest. One of the *Record's* correspondents says boldly that the wonder at Islington was not that such a man as Canon Eliot should have made such a speech, but that such a man as Canon Eliot should have been allowed to speak at all. Rumours, it seems, from Bournemouth "have often given pain." The church of which Canon Eliot is Vicar has not served the purpose for which it was designed. It was built as a protest against the surrounding Ritualism; it has really become Ritualist itself. Instead of playing the part of a "warning beacon," Mr. Eliot has preferred to be a humble imitator. It is quite natural, therefore, that he should plead for more toleration to Ritualists, and protest against the "disastrous policy of attempting to stay error by prosecutions and imprisonments." He is not really the enemy of the Ritualists; consequently, he has no desire to see them turned out of the Church of England. One of his critics, indeed, has no doubt as to what his ultimate destination will be. He once knew a case exactly like his which ended in Rome, and it is to Rome that Canon Eliot is unconsciously marching. Nobody has yet been found to say that Mr. Cadman is also marching towards Rome, but it is quite possible that before the day of election comes, even this wonderful imagination will have been conceived and brought forth.

The one fact of real interest about this singular controversy is the effect which it will have in the long-run on the relations of the two centre parties to one another. It is plain that there is at present less in common between the Extreme and the Moderate Evangelicals, than there is between Moderate Evangelicals and Moderate High Churchmen. Nearly everything that Mr. Eliot said at Islington might have been said by hosts of men who have always been accustomed to call themselves High Churchmen; and but for the prosecutions, which have greatly increased the fellow-feeling between the Moderate men and the Ritualists of the High-Church party, it would hardly occur to them that they and Mr. Eliot belonged to different Ecclesiastical parties. If the Evangelicals as a body take to preaching in the surplice, to having choral services sung by surpliced choirs, and to emphasizing the positive rather than the negative side of their faith—the points on which they and High Churchmen agree, rather than those on which they differ—it will be very difficult to draw a line between them and the High Churchmen who have precisely the same kind of services, and preach

sermons not greatly differing from theirs. If this process were to go on without interruption, the two centres would naturally be drawn together, as against the Extreme Right on the one side, and the Extreme Left on the other. To the latter, the change would be of no importance. The Extreme Evangelicals have always been weak, both in numbers and influence. But the Ritualists have beyond doubt gained a great deal from their forming the extreme wing of a large party, and the amalgamation of the centres would mean that this source of strength would be cut off for the future. Instead of shading off by imperceptible degrees into the general body of High Churchmen, they would stand out in sharp antagonism to an enormous array of Moderate Churchmen, belonging professedly to neither party, and tending, therefore, to regard any party outside themselves as alien from the true spirit of the Church of England. If this rearrangement of parties were effected after the Ritualists had secured toleration, it might not greatly matter. But if it were effected before that time, it might make the conquest of toleration very much more difficult. The motive with which that toleration will be given will be, in most cases, a dislike of the possible consequences arising from the refusal of it, and the magnitude of these consequences will greatly depend upon the number of the clergy who regard themselves as in some sort mixed up and bound to make common cause with the Ritualists. As long as the party lines between High Churchmen and Evangelicals remain where they are, many of the former will regard themselves in this light. 'These men,' they will say, 'go very much beyond me; but, after all, they are High Churchmen, and it is not for me to desert them when they are oppressed.' But if the party lines are drawn differently—and the thing that comes most naturally to the mind of a Moderate High Churchman is his substantial identity with the Moderate Evangelical—he may be more inclined to look upon the Ritualists as simple disturbers of the Ecclesiastical peace. How the problem will work out depends mainly upon the extent to which Ritualism has really leavened the High-Church party. If the extent to which it has done this is considerable, the Moderate Evangelicals, on coming up to the point where the Moderate High Churchmen were yesterday, will find that they have moved a day's journey further on, and that the relative distance between them still remains what it was. Whether this will prove to be the case, nothing but time and experience can show. So far as merely *a priori* considerations go, the probabilities on both sides are curiously balanced.

LORD RIPON AND THE BLACK ACT.

THE Viceroy of India has not, we fear, been wise in once more bringing forward the old "Black Act," but it is absurd to accuse him of "sentimentalism." Lord Macaulay was no sentimentalist, and the proposal to make Europeans in India as liable to all Civil Courts as Natives are was originally his. Mr. Bethune was the very reverse of a sentimentalist, and the second Black Act, extending the liability to criminal proceedings, was his, and was accepted by Lord Dalhousie, the least sentimental of mankind. The truth is, that for the last half-century every Viceroy, and a great majority of all Civilians, have felt precisely as all reformers in the Eastern Mediterranean now feel about the Capitulations, that exemptions from jurisdiction because of nationality are always indefensible in theory, and occasionally injurious in practice. They create a privileged class, they diminish the motive for selecting Native Magistrates with care, and they make it more difficult for poor natives, when injured by the privileged caste, to obtain swift and inexpensive redress. These arguments, in themselves very strong, are fortified in India by the dislike of the Executive to admit that its agents deserve distrust, by a profound desire to destroy the feeling that natives, even when entrusted with power, are watched more than Europeans would be, and by a distaste, only half-conscious, for the settlers, who are often very rough, and who, whether rough or refined, break the otherwise perfect uniformity of obedience to official decrees. For all these reasons, and perhaps for one more, a desire to be able to say that perfect equality is secured by British domination, successive Governments have stripped away the old European privileges, until only one remains. A European accused of breaking the law can be arrested, committed, tried, and condemned like anybody else; but only by the European officials. If the Magistrate is a native, he can only commit, and not condemn. This privilege, which is, in theory, at all events, offensive to Native Magistrates, it is now proposed to take away.

The non-official Europeans are naturally excited, and as usual with most colonists, and especially colonists unrepresented in the governing body and debarred from political training, indulge in exaggeration. They have, however, a real case to put forward, which is briefly this. The reason which makes it expedient that an accused person in England should be tried by a jury—often a very foolish body—namely, the confidence in the law thus created, makes it expedient that an Englishman in Asia should, when accused, be tried by an Englishman. He has no confidence in anybody else, and in destroying his confidence you make him a bad subject, apt to think it indispensable, in the absence of justice, to defend himself by illegal means. If he distrusts the Court, he will terrorise the witnesses, and, perhaps, the magistrate. We all see how that goes on in Ireland, and though the Anglo-Indian settlers are not like Irishmen, they are very determined, very sensitive, and possessed of very considerable means of inspiring terror. It is better to inspire them, as at present they are inspired, with confidence in the law, more especially as, if placed under Native Magistrates, they would have some reason for distrust. Those Magistrates, as a body, do their work most creditably. The most bitter European does not profess to doubt either their intelligence or their knowledge of law. They are free from direct corruption to a degree which in Asia is extraordinary, and exceedingly sensitive both to official rebuke and to public comment on their proceedings. So far, indeed, from oppressing the Europeans, they would in a great many cases be far more afraid than the Civilians of the angry fuss which is excited by any suspicion of injustice to a European. But, on the other hand, they dislike the non-official Europeans exceedingly, detest their ways, their bearing, their modes of transacting business, and their presence altogether. They are often prejudiced against them, apt to believe complaints, and not unwilling to see their dislike justified by proved charges. They would not, we believe, be betrayed into law-breaking, but they would feel, as Irish gentlemen feel about agitators, no displeasure if the evidence of the Police is very clear. As to the danger of false accusations, on which the *Times'* correspondent dwells, that would not be much increased by the change. Nothing stops a rich native, if he pleases, from suborning witnesses now; and a European Magistrate can no more detect that they are telling falsehoods than a Native Magistrate can, perhaps not quite so well. Still, the Native is prejudiced, as a Swiss Magistrate is prejudiced, against the noisy, independent, overvisible foreigner, whom he only half understands, and thinks insolent, when he is only wanting in knowledge of behaviour. A perception of that, intensified, of course, by the differences of civilisation, creed, and colour, and by the European's feeling that he is the superior—which is true, or why are we in India?—destroys the settler's confidence, and makes him, instead of a supporter of the laws, a bitter and dangerous enemy of the official system. His desire to escape from the country with a fortune, which is already his greatest disqualification as a good Indian citizen, is intensified, and he develops that unreasoning and incurable distrust and hatred of his Government which, more perhaps than any other single cause, overthrew the East India Company. This distrust, already wonderfully softened, for we can remember when it extended to every servant of the Government, without distinction of colour, will gradually fade away, and it is a pity to revive it, in order to carry prematurely a reform not demanded by any consensus of Native opinion.

If the opinion of the people of India were hostile to privilege, we should say the time for a rigid equality had arrived, but it is not so. The strangest and most interesting feature of the wonderful Indian system of administration, a system which strikes German, American, and French travellers alike with a profound admiration, is that it secures justice and order, while recognising individual rights to an extent which would seem to an ordinary jurist absolutely anarchical. There are said to be more than fifty systems of marriage, divorce, and inheritance legally in force in India, pleadable in our Courts, and dependent on personal privilege,—that is, caste or creed custom; and there are certainly five in active execution in every city. Monogamy, modified polygamy and limitless polygamy, divorce by suit, divorce on conditions, divorce at will, perpetual entail, distribution by will, equal division of inheritances, unequal division, division with females excluded, division with females only included, are systems all in force in the same district, and dependent on caste laws, creed laws, tribe laws, and even family customs. Certain ranks are exempted from certain modes of summons. Certain classes,

especially well-placed native ladies, are exempted from certain duties as witnesses; certain families cannot be tried at all,—everywhere, at every turn, privilege, religious, or personal, or official, is formally acknowledged. This particular privilege may, therefore, be acknowledged also, without creating any important anomaly. The Native Magistracy do not like it,—though we should doubt if they are quite unanimous, the relief from responsibility being considerable—the educated Natives of the coast fringe, who have imbibed European ideas, dislike it strongly; but the body of the people, whose acquiescence is our security, care nothing about it, and are either unaware of its existence—for, remember, ninety per cent. of all Natives in the huge interior have never spoken to an European in their lives—or regard it, as the *Telegraph*, we see, argues, as a natural and becoming privilege of a superior caste. It can hardly be worth while, in the absence alike of popular feeling or of great visible mischief, to destroy the confidence in the law of an immensely valuable class of commercial pioneers. We understand Lord Ripon's motive perfectly well, and have a great respect for the benevolence which resents even a slight passed upon the less powerful strata of society; but it is well to wait, till an opinion already rapidly advancing allows the change to be made almost as a matter of course. India is not the land where equality is a dream of the people, and while, in every country of Asia, we insist by force on the Capitulations, it is well to retain the argument that even in our own dominions we find them useful.

THE EAST-LOTHIAN ELECTION.

SINCE Monday, much ingenuity has been displayed, both in Scotland and here, in explaining the fact that on that day Lord Elcho, who is a follower of Lord Salisbury, but an advanced Land Reformer, polled 92 votes more in East Lothian than Mr. Finlay, who is a follower of Mr. Gladstone, but considers the present relationship between Church and State in Scotland as "beneficial." We are told that Lord Elcho was personally popular, though politically unenlightened, and that his father's tenants, finding him as ready as his opponent to give them "compulsory compensation for unexhausted improvements, where they have added to the letting value of the farm," saw no reason why they should take advantage of the ballot to desert the Wemyss family. Then, it is contended that Mr. Finlay was the right man, but in the wrong place; that the Liberal managers in East Lothian should have secured a candidate pledged, like Mr. Craig Sellar, the Member for the Haddington Burghs, or Mr. Buchanan, who, at the last general election polled in East Lothian, on a smaller register, 25 votes more than did Mr. Finlay on Monday, not to oppose Scotch Disestablishment in Parliament. Finally, we are told that the election was decided not by general, but by local questions; that Mr. Finlay was beaten not on Church or Land, but on trawling. But one fact we have not seen any adequate attempt to explain,—that not far from 200 electors did not exercise their rights on Monday, that Lord Elcho's poll was within some 50 votes of a bare majority of the constituency. It is vehemently contended that the Dissenters who abstained from voting for Mr. Finlay were the merest handful, and we sincerely trust that this is the case. Nowhere have we seen the number of these abstainers—or "abstentionists," as they prefer to style themselves—placed at a higher figure than 25, or the difference between Mr. Buchanan's poll in 1880 and Mr. Finlay's on Monday. How are the remaining 170 or so, who did not go to the poll, to be accounted for, as the contest was long and unprecedentedly keen, and desperate efforts, unknown at an ordinary election, were made on both sides to beat-up recruits. However this fact be explained, it must be reckoned as the one consoling fact for Liberals in connection with the East-Lothian election. There is every reason to believe that Lord Elcho's poll of 492 represents the fighting strength of his party in the county. Its advance of twenty-three on his father's vote in 1880 seems to be adequately explained by the natural growth of the constituency and of Conservatism in it,—not to speak of the "unearned increment" of faggot-votes or fictitious residenters. Even, therefore, if the County Franchise Act were not passed before another election, there is a sufficiently unpolled and presumably conquerable element in Haddingtonshire to turn the scale in favour of a good Liberal candidate.

As it stands, however, the East-Lothian Election means that in Scotland parties are practically agreed as to Land Reform, and that if the Liberal supremacy is to be maintained at the next general election, a *modus vivendi* must be established between the followers of Mr. Gladstone who are without and those who are within the Kirk. So far as profession goes, Lord Elcho is virtually in line with the various bodies representative of the agricultural interest that this week have agreed to unite on Compensation for Improvements. It may be said that in Parliament Lord Elcho will forget his East-Lothian creed, and vote as English Conservatives do. But for one thing, it is by no means certain that English Conservatives will not prove as Radical as the Farmers' Alliance itself on the subject of Tenant-right. Even if they are not, Lord Elcho will not vote with them. The history of the abolition of agricultural hypothec, which was the leading Scotch tenant's question, before Compensation for Improvements became his cry, should not be forgotten. Conservative Members and candidates in Scotland opposed it, as long as they could. At last they were educated up to the acceptance of abolition by a series of disasters at the poll. The Scotch Conservatives who were returned at the general election of 1874 were to a man pledged to abolition. They were certainly dilatory in keeping their pledges, but in the long-run they did keep them, in spite of the opposition of their English brethren, who endeavoured—somewhat languidly, it must be admitted—to raise the cry of "The Law of Distress in danger!" As it was after 1874, so it will be now. If tenant-right in some form becomes, as it evidently will become, a leading Parliamentary question in the Session that is about to commence, Lord Elcho will be asked to keep the promises he made in East Lothian,—and he will keep them. In respect of the general lines of legislation, the land question in the Lowlands of Scotland—the land question in the Highlands is a very different thing—is as good as settled, at all events until the County Franchise Bill is passed, and it be ascertained what the agricultural labourer has to say for himself.

There is manifestly a sad want of light, and still more of leading, in regard to the Church question, in the Scotch Liberal camp, at the present moment. We think the Dissenters who on Monday abstained from voting for Mr. Finlay, and so reduced his poll, made a decided, if not a grave mistake, even from their own Disestablishment point of view. Mr. Finlay is a sound Liberal and a capable politician, and in every way a man worth returning to Parliament. His very firmness in declining to vote for Disestablishment is promising; he who declines to yield to pressure, may yield to suasion. From the stand-point of the practical politician, too, his position is unassailable. The question of Scottish Disestablishment cannot and ought not to be dealt with, till the passing of the County Franchise Bill gives an opportunity for eliciting the opinion of those persons most interested in the Kirk. On the other hand, the Scotch Disestablishers deserve all respect and consideration,—such respect and consideration as they have obtained from Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington. The United Presbyterian Church, the third most important religious body in Scotland, is distinctly and openly Voluntary, and therefore, cannot fail to support and agitate for Disestablishment. The Free Church has thrown itself into the movement, accepting the Patronage Abolition Act of 1874 as a challenge to it to assail the Kirk. It may have abandoned its original ecclesiastical principles in doing so, but there is no doubt as to the fact. The vote for Disestablishment at the last meeting of the Free Church Assembly was 472, as against a total of 158 in favour of other proposals for letting the Kirk alone and delaying the assault on it. It is perfectly idle to describe a movement so supported in a democratic Church as a merely "clerical" one. No just Churchman in Scotland denies that the Free and United Presbyterian Churches between them contain a large portion of the earnest religious feeling, industry, and respectability of the country. No just Liberal denies that their movement—though it may be premature, and politically a mistake—is in the direction of that complete religious equality which he accepts as one of his ideals.

The conduct of the particular Disestablishers in East Lothian who on Monday abstained from voting for Mr. Finlay, though much to be regretted, is not inexplicable. Rightly or wrongly, they think the Disestablishment question the most important of purely Scotch problems at the present time. They are bent on educating Scotch Members and candidates for Parliament up to their standpoint, and they have so far succeeded, that they claim such representatives of official Scotch Liberalism as the Lord-Advocate and Mr. Craig Sellar as converts. They were bitterly disappointed that there should have been chosen as Liberal candidate for East Lothian a politician who, from their point of view, is reactionary, as compared with the candidate of

1880. They justify their abstention finally on the ground that Monday's election was only a bye one, with which the fate of Mr. Gladstone or the Liberal Party was not bound up. We believe that they have acted wrongly, but we also believe that they have acted on principle; and that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington would be the first to admit this. Yet during the course of the election they have been told almost daily by the influential Edinburgh journal whose exertions in the interests of its party are marked by zeal rather than sweet reasonableness, that they are "busybodies," "dictators," and "crotcheteers." "If half-a-dozen men in East Lothian may compel the Liberal Party to declare as a whole for Disestablishment, why may not half-a-dozen anti-vaccinators in any other place compel the Liberal Party to declare against vaccination? What 'ism' is there that under such a proposition would not have to be made an article of Liberal faith? As if Disestablishment could, from the Liberal point of view, be placed on the same platform as anti-vaccination! As if a movement which at bottom is one for the establishment of religious equality could be dismissed as an "'ism"! Writing like this, though it may be meant to support the Liberal cause, is calculated to do more harm than a score of Nonconformist "abstentions" to a Liberal candidate, even to so courteous and fair-minded a candidate as Mr. Finlay. For it means, not of course in intention, but in effect, the substitution of a Tory policy of exasperation for a Whig policy of opportunism and conciliation.

If such a policy is persisted in, if Liberal Dissenters and Liberal Churchmen are set by the ears, nothing but party mischief, if not disaster, will be the result. We do not, indeed, believe that the Nonconformists of Scotland would, in the event of Mr. Gladstone's having soon to appeal to the country on any fundamental question of Liberal policy, insist on sacrificing him and it to Disestablishment. But they might not be so loyal to any other leader. Above all, they clearly do not consider themselves bound to postpone the national consideration of the question they have so much at heart, *sine die*. It seems reasonable, however, that they should defer the formal raising of it until after the passing of the County Franchise Act, on the distinct understanding that then the issue shall not be shirked. Such, at least, seems to be the idea of Mr. Asher, the Scotch Solicitor-General, as indicated on Tuesday in a speech to his constituents of the Elgin Burghs,—a speech which, from its candour and freshness, is indicative of something more like a reserve force in Scotch politics than anything we have read for a long time. Is it not possible for a truce to be established between Liberal Dissenters and Liberal Churchmen, on some such terms and for some such period as have been suggested? Here is an achievement worthy of and open to Lord Rosebery, the most popular and conciliatory of Scotch Liberals,—one, too, which would make him Minister for Scotland in an incomparably higher sense than the departmental one.

SACRED ANARCHY.

WE just drew attention last week to the remarkable letter in the *Daily News* of February 2nd, on the creed of M. Élisée Reclus, the great geographer and socialist, who sympathises so cordially with the Nihilist conspirators of Lyons, and was willing to share his imprisonment with Prince Krapotkine, if he could provoke the French Government to include him among the victims of their prosecution. But the subject well deserves a somewhat closer attention, for it is indeed perhaps the most curious phenomenon of the present day. What M. Élisée Reclus appears to believe is this,—that if once you can dissolve all existing institutions—Government, first of all—and especially get rid of the use of force in any organised way, men will then freely co-operate, first, in working for the production of what all need, and then in sharing—*not*, if we rightly understand him, equally, but in some reasonable proportion or other, the exact rectitude of which it will not be worth while to dispute—the produce which all have concurred to bring into existence. That we may not be supposed to put utterly incredible opinions into the great geographer's mouth, we will quote his exact language:—"Anarchists object, not to Governments alone, but to every sort of authority. 'What would you do on board a ship in a storm?' I asked M. Reclus. 'As Greek sailors,' he answered; 'choose the ablest mariner amongst us—the one with the best *coup d'œil*—to take the management of the ship. But we should neither treat him as a captain nor call him one,—simply carry out his directions, as one has to carry out the directions of a surgeon who performs an operation. Every man to his *métier*.' 'And this great division of property,' I inquired, 'how would you bring that about?' 'We don't intend to bring it about at all,' was his reply; 'we are not so *bête* as to suppose that it is either desirable or possible to make an equal division of property. But we look upon all property as the common possession of humanity, and we consider that it should be enjoyed in common. There is enough for all, and all should work, and all enjoy the fruits of their labour. But this end can never be attained by Governments, or through irresponsible deputies; we propose, therefore, to put an end to both.' 'How, in that case, would you protect the weak from the strong, how put down crime and punish criminals; for the destruction of authority would imply the abolition of tribunals, police, and soldiers?' 'The man who commits a crime,' he said, 'interferes with my freedom, impedes my liberty of action. He would be brought before one of the groups into which society would spontaneously resolve itself, and—I do not say punished—restrained. But we should not require courts and policemen for that.'" The serious belief that all property is to be enjoyed in common, and that there will yet be no scramble for the enjoyment of it, limited as it is in quantity, or at least no scramble which "the groups into which society would spontaneously resolve itself" would not be able "to restrain" without "punishing," is one of those amazing states of mind which it takes a good deal of consideration to distinguish from sheer insanity. The man who said that he was the son of Apollo, and when reminded that he had formerly spoken of himself as the son of Jupiter, promptly replied, "So I am, but by a different mother," was hardly, to our conception, in a more hopeless condition of confusion than the man who at the same time regards all our existing institutions as the mere result of artificially applied force, and yet refuses to see that the disposition to apply such artificial force must itself be natural, else Government could never have reached the dimensions it has. What M. Élisée Reclus and his friends virtually say is this,—'Society, as we have it, is the child of artifice; our desire to return to a happier state of things is the child of Nature,' and when we turn upon them, and say, 'yet we thought you regarded your own violent and exceptional measures for producing anarchy as the children of artifice,' they reply virtually, like the lunatic,—'So we do, but by a different mother.'

Men who are driven into paradoxes of this fierce description cannot, of course, whatever their command of definite knowledge—and M. Élisée Reclus's command of it is said to be absolutely enormous—be regarded as rational beings. It is not rational in any sense to talk of the groups into which society would resolve itself, as soon as existing institutions were dissolved, as having to commence anew the restraining functions of those institutions, and yet to arraign all our present arrangements of that kind as absolutely bad; it is not rational, in any sense, to talk of the impossibility of making any equal division of property, and yet to represent it as the most natural thing in the world that all property and all work should be shared by all, without any arrangements for forcibly equalising the proportions. All this reminds us of the violent incongruity of which we have so much experience in dreams, and so little, as a rule, in waking hours. But, perhaps, the oddest thing of all is to note the highly artificial character of some of the moral obligations to which these Anarchists passionately cling, while they denounce courts of justice, marriage, punishment, police, all the ordinary outcome of our common life, with such unimaginable resentment. In the earlier part of his letter, the *Daily News* correspondent had explained that Prince Krapotkine is a foreigner who was never domiciled in France, that he might very likely have got his sentence declared void by appealing to the highest Court on this question as to his liability to the provisions of the French law; but, said M. Élisée Reclus, "he would rather die, than take advantage of an opportunity by which his companions in misfortune could not equally profit." And M. Élisée Reclus, it is declared, shares these highly honourable prepossessions to the utmost point. "A few days ago, when in all earnestness he placed himself at the disposal of the Lyons examining Judge, he informed his mother that he might have to go to prison. 'Go,' she answered, 'if you consider it your duty.' He has further proved his willingness to enter the lion's den, by asking the Prefect of Lyons for an order to visit Prince Krapotkine at the Maison d'Arrêt; and if he receives the order, he will go." In other words, while all the ordinary bonds of society seem to these Anarchists bonds in the basest sense, the highly

complex instincts which go by the name of "honour," and which appear to impose on colleagues the duty of suffering simultaneously in the same cause, even when they cannot alleviate each other's sufferings by so doing, except so far as the very thought that they are all suffering simultaneously, though not in any actual companionship, for the same cause, may perhaps constitute such an alleviation,—are glorified for them into almost religious impulses. Yet is it possible to conceive any instincts more subtly evolved from the very depth of that social life which produces all the conventious, than this delicate sense of *esprit de corps* which considers it almost disgraceful to live at ease while a friend who shares all your views is suffering for those views, and while you might, if you pleased, be suffering for them too? There are plenty of primitive social conditions in which such a feeling as this would be simply unintelligible,—in which men who would willingly go to the stake to save a friend, would be wholly unable to see any opportunity of easing his sufferings by merely bringing to his knowledge that another of his colleagues who might be comparatively happy and at rest, had voluntarily elected to be miserable too. Yet this highly artificial thread of honour apparently binds these men who are crying out for the immediate loosing of all the more ordinary bonds of social life.

Nevertheless, the explanation of the riddle—so far as it has an explanation—will probably be found in this highly ideal side of the Anarchists' feelings. The less compulsory, the more shadowy, is the thread which ties them, the more obedience they yield it. We are not quite sure, for instance, that if M. Élisée Reclus could get Prince Krapotkine out of prison by simply offering to suffer for him, he would feel it half as much his duty to do this, as he would to suffer simultaneously with the Prince, so that neither should get any advantage (except, perhaps, some vague sense of spiritual companionship) from the other's sufferings. The moment you render it possible for one of the comrades to think of the other as selfish for taking advantage of his friend's sacrifice, that moment probably you kill the desire in him thus to help his friend. Prince Krapotkine would not hear of availing himself of an excuse which would have rendered him more fortunate than his fellow-prisoners. M. Élisée Reclus is quite eager to go to prison, also. But if either of them thought that the other was really gaining happiness at his expense, would not the shadowy sense of obligation die away in some feeling of reproach? We conjecture that what the Anarchists feel so bitterly is the assumed *selfishness* of human institutions. Marriage, for instance, they say, is an attempt to supply the deficiencies of the obligations prompted by love and honour. And they declare that there ought to be no attempt to supply these deficiencies by any less delicate equivalent. Courts of justice and police are an attempt to make men do what they ought, for reasons which do not appeal to the consciences, but only to the fears, of men. Such attempts are looked upon as evil. Again, individual property is a sort of selfishness in itself, a desire to shut somebody out from enjoying, that you may yourself enjoy. Such a feeling is supposed to be detestable. The only answer we know to such ravings is that the provisions which make it impossible for two men to be nourished at the same time by the same food and the same drink, appear to involve the impossibility of a perfect communal life, and that the rest of our life is also modelled on lines in which the exclusiveness of various moral and spiritual feelings has an equally prominent share. What, however, the Anarchists appear to feel is the truth that there are certain parts of our human enjoyments which are not thus naturally exclusive of the joys of others, that these are some of the highest parts, and that the arrangements of human society often give an almost coarse prominence to those selfish feelings which assert themselves at the cost of others. That may be true, and it may do something to explain the astonishing paradox that learned and, in a sense, honourable men, indulge so passionate a disgust for society as they find it, that they wish to break down every existing institution, and to start *de novo*, with nothing but fine feelings for guides. But if it does something—a very little—to explain that enormous paradox, it leaves the greater part of it unexplained. It leaves quite unexplained how it is that these men ignore the fiercely competitive—the scrambling—side of human nature altogether, at the very time when they themselves are compelled to begin the scramble by throwing dynamite about amongst the helpless and innocent victims of their own destructive instincts. It is strange indeed, that these men cannot see that the very imperiousness of their own desire to destroy all the powers that be,—reckless as they are of the consequences to numbers who ought to be as much regarded by them as their own political associates,—is the witness of that selfish fighting and scrambling instinct in themselves which they profess to hope that they may supersede by their communal arrangements for the future. The party of Anarchy uses force to destroy government, in the hope of moulding everything to human good without any *further* use of force; but in using that force, it betrays the secret of its own necessary failure. It is really appealing to the very instincts now properly organised in government, and appealing to them expressly for the purpose of bringing all government to an end; and a more hopeless wild-goose chase than this, it is impossible for even human ingenuity to invent.

A NEEDED ETIQUETTE.

THERE are plenty of Etiquettes in the world—too many, most reasonable folk would say—but yet we feel inclined to suggest an addition to the number. We want it to be made an etiquette that a man who announces that he is seeking rest should be let alone. Nobody questions that in the hurry and strain of modern intellectual life, a necessity has arisen for periodic rest, such as our grandfathers, whose lives were slower, never felt. The handicraftsman has reduced his stint of labour on the average by two hours a day, but the class which uses its brains works as it never yet worked, and is harassed as it never was harassed before, till physicians are recognising "overwork" as a specific cause of disease, and a few of them are making the effects of over-cerebration, under a hundred names, a distinct specialty. There are, we believe, at least three first-class doctors in London whose incomes flow almost entirely from men with brains which are overworn, but not shattered, who seldom know what is the matter with them, but who one and all confess that their nerves are "over-strung," or "under-strung," or "gone to pieces," or "so excited" that they can neither sleep, nor work, nor remain quiet. They do not say, with Mrs. Gamp, "which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night!"—but that is their permanent condition. In this last Parliamentary Recess, the public attention has been called to half-a-dozen such cases, the Head of her Majesty's Government, the Leader of Opposition, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Local Government Board, and two or three other well-known men, having been ill with illnesses of different kinds and degrees all traceable in one way or another to overstrain. They are but samples, and poor samples, of thousands more—English Ministers being almost invariably men of exceptional vitality—from studying whose complaints the specialists have become abnormally discerning. They can tell almost at a glance where anxiety has been the cause of disease, and where, as sometimes, though seldom, happens, it must be sought in actual over-work; where drugs or alcohol have assisted the decay of nervous force, and where asceticism, tried as a remedy, has seriously injured the resisting power, diminishing the fuel, till every day threatens to empty the store. They differ considerably, we are told, in their practice, some having a lingering faith in the milder narcotics, which others have lost; and some in sleep by itself, which others think is only perfectly recuperative when it comes unsought—the phenomena of sleep, and especially the differences in the quality of sleep, are not half investigated—but they all agree in recommending perfect "rest." Their patients, who have instinct to guide them, and some memories of quick recovery during accidental or incidental lulls in life, always agree with them, but always start in reply the question how the rest is to be obtained. It is, as Society is now constituted, the most difficult thing in the world to get, as difficult as "the silence that is in the starry skies" is to secure in London. The professional classes have managed, with much more difficulty and expense than is always suspected, to beat the remainder of the world into allowing them a few weeks' holiday in the year, seldom more than six, during which they may be absent without affronting constituents, or clients, or patients, or business connections; and if the holiday can be made to fit the momentary need, one condition of rest has been obtained. Very often, however, it will not fit, and then rest is nearly hopeless. The pecuniary sacrifice of going away wholly during the busy season is often too heavy to be borne, and rest at home is unobtainable. The work to be done flows in, the world has none of the pity for coming illness which it has for

actual illness or for grief, it is impossible to seal up the house—except by persistent lying—and the unhappy man, who feels as if his head were going from weariness, who would be let alone if he had a fever, or spared all intrusion if his wife were dead, is harassed by all around him without remorse, and, indeed, with the feeling that they are conferring favours. If the sufferers are eminent, the case is even worse. The obscure can, if driven desperate, get away, and once away, can lose themselves, out of reach of letters or telegrams; but the great have not that power. For them, there is but one retreat from the storm of communications,—the deck of a yacht, which, once on the open water, is such a refuge, so charming a retreat from the troubles of the world and the pestering of a too perfect Post, that Sir Stafford Northcote, though he is no Viking, or lover of Kingsley's "Wind of God," wisely sought it even in midwinter, and with the dreaded Bay to cross. He was, we believe, quite right; and, as luxury and common-sense advance, we shall yet see hospital steamers in the Mediterranean, and yachts advertised with captains who are "thoroughly experienced in avoiding letters, suppressing telegrams, and prohibiting communications with the outside world." But everybody cannot go to sea. Half of the overtasked detest blue water, and the noises, and the smells; while of the remaining moiety, eighty per cent. want their wives or daughters to be with them, and will not inflict on patient nurses the purgatory of a chopping sea. Nothing exhilarates those who enjoy it like the water, and nothing so rapidly lowers those who detest its unrest or its noise. For the majority, the sea is no refuge; and in England, or near England, where is there one for those whom the world watches? Sark has not been made, as it should be, the retreat of the weary. Hardly even on the Mediterranean is there rest, for not to mention the followers of the god Dynamite, who roam as widely as the servants of the Sheikh of the Mountains did in the middle ages, and are far more terrible—for, after all, you could defeat a dagger, and are always at the mercy of dynamite—the Mediterranean retreats are as open as London to the post and to the wire. Their infatuated inhabitants are as proud of many deliveries as of infrequent main drains. The letters and the messages are always pouring in, and even if they are stopped by faithful secretaries or loving friends, there is always the thought, absent on board ship, that something disagreeable which you ought to know is being kept back from you in mercy. A grave face means a hidden telegram with a death in it. Then there are the callers, all anxious to compliment; and the officials, all eager to be attentive; and the public, all crazy with an imbecile curiosity, or with the natural desire to see what a great man is like. Continentals do not crowd, but they do stare. Mr. Gladstone has had the training of a quarter of a century, but, except to a King or a great statesman, what a horrible burden, when one is brain-weary, those platoons of eyes must be! Let a theatre look at you suddenly, and see; and in the case supposed, that you are great, that you are weary, and that you need air, every road, every hill-side, every wood is but a theatre the more. There is no escape, save at night, and even then the thought must come that you are living under a microscope, and that over a hundred wires are speeding messages telling mankind all you have done, and said, and eaten and left untasted, what you wear, what you do, to whom you speak, and what it may at all events be imagined that you said. If a Prince comes, he brings a secret message; if a Pretender calls, he is asking permission for a Revolution. The room of the sick American statesman swarms with interviewers, but they can only be just a shade worse than the bulletin-makers, who will not let Mr. Gladstone look down from a balcony on a Carnival without recounting how showers of *confetti*—nasty comfits, part plaster, part flour, and part dyes—only excited him to boyish glee.

Now, why should not the Doctors, and the leaders of fashion, and the journalists, among them establish an etiquette binding the world, when once a man has announced that he is seeking rest and is in retreat from his fellow-men, to leave him temporarily alone? Could not they make it a social outrage to call on a Quietist—there must be a word, and as the sect is extinct, that will do—to send a letter to him without imperative necessity, to stare at him as he passes, or to record his movements more than once a day, or with the smallest particularity? A dozen men in London, if they only agreed, could shut up the great microscope whenever a Quietist came within its field; and a few physicians, a few great ladies, and a few Club men could soon secure the remainder of the required immunities. They are secured very fairly well for men who are in grief. No one insists on seeing a man whose daughter is dying or wife dead, or writes to a man known to be in deep sorrow, or feels affronted because he is avoided on the day of the funeral of a dear relative. Suppose we extend that pity to the brain-weary, and regard the announcement that "Master is Quiet till the 10th," as a sufficient reason for our friend's temporary disappearance from the world? Let us make it a *bêtise* to pester the avowedly tired, and "bad form" to intrude, even by a letter, on a time of retreat. He might get rest then, even at home, which is sometimes the best place, without the distracting thought that in seeking rest he is insuring enmity, and that his sleep of a fortnight will be blamed as a fortnight of neglected duty. The etiquette would be no more burdensome to the public than the etiquette which in Catholic countries—are there any left?—once compelled respect for a "retreat," or than the often discreditable fear which secures to a patient with scarlet-fever or diphtheria such admirable immunity from the visits of his closest friends. It would hurt nobody, while it would greatly help to secure to invalids, whose lives are usually valuable, a chance of convalescence, even when they cannot rush to a Mediterranean island, or pay for a steam yacht for themselves. The perfect sanatorium for the weary man would be Roraima: suppose we barricade his dwelling with Etiquettes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE EAST-LOTHIAN ELECTION, AND ITS LESSONS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—There is no Tory reaction in East Lothian. Mr. Finlay's supporters allege this morning, in their anger, that a considerable number of those who voted for Mr. Buchanan in 1880 went over yesterday, and voted against Mr. Finlay in 1883. The statement seems quite baseless. The real cause of the smallness of Mr. Finlay's poll, in so far as it can be traced, seems to be his position on Scotch Disestablishment. Hence resulted, first, a chill to the Liberalism of the county; and second, positive abstentions at the poll.

You think these refusals to vote were not justified. As a Scotch elector, I venture to think otherwise. I think they were both justified and called for, purely in the interest of the party. If our party, or if any party, had the prospect of getting rid of this Church question in Scotland, or of postponing it indefinitely, the case might be otherwise. But it is not so. The Liberal party in Scotland, by the mouth of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington, has deliberately, publicly, and repeatedly, in Parliament and out of it, adopted this Scotch Church question as a question of existing injustice to be in some way set right. That it can only be set right by Disestablishment, they have by no means said. But that Disestablishment, as one of the possible courses, is to be considered by Scotland, and considered by it even in the course of this Parliament, was explicitly put by the Prime Minister, in his formal answer to the communications made to him on different sides in 1869. I need not say that even were these facts away the position of the non-established Presbyterians in Scotland is such as to make it very certain that they will not submit to the obvious and insolent inequality of the present state of matters. This question, then, is in some form inevitable, and it is not Liberals alone who know it. Dr. Norman Macleod, as Moderator, told Mr. Gladstone that in bringing forward the Patronage Act of 1874, when the Conservative Government was in power they had in view "the reconciliation of the Free Churches," and the Lord High Commissioner to the Church, Lord Aberdeen, has just confessed that the failure of that measure was due to the fact that this view was not more publicly stated, and that Scotch Nonconformists were not frankly consulted about it. The Conservatives had their innings then, and failed, for such reasons. The Liberal party has them now, and it has gone farther than the Conservative party did, by admitting the general question of justice, and referring it to Scotch electors for an answer.

Now, in these circumstances, Mr. Finlay could not have complained even if a Haddingtonshire elector simply said, "You must answer Mr. Gladstone's question by voting, like me, for Disestablishment in Scotland." Such a strong course might conceivably have been the best for the party, as well as for

abstract justice. But Mr. Finlay, acting under very bad advice, and thrust without proper inquiry upon a local association, went much farther than declining to vote for Disestablishment. He pledged himself to vote against it, and at the same time gave and suggested no other solution of the question of justice. He seemed throughout to deny that any such question of justice existed. In so acting, he set himself in opposition to the line already taken by the leaders of his party. He not only rejected the answer which East Lothian ought to give to the question, he rejected the question itself, to the solution of which (for Scotland, not for England) the Liberal party is pledged. In so doing, he did his best to split up that party, and, in my judgment, made it the duty of the Liberal electors not to vote for him,—at least, in the recent contest.—I am, Sir, &c.,

February 6th. A Scotch Liberal.

EGYPTIAN SEPOYS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I will only trouble you with a very short note of explanation, in answer to your question about my remarks of last week. I do not wish the English troops to leave Egypt. My remarks under the head of "Mahommedan Self-Government" had regard to the political situation created by the scheme which Lord Granville was said to have adopted. This political situation seemed to me a very happy compromise between absolute annexation by England and absolute acceptance of Arabi's programme. We defeated and removed Arabi, yet we gave—or are about to give—nominal self-government to the Egyptians. My object was to show that the tremendous guarantees secured by England in her command of the Army and Gendarmerie, in her influence over finance and railways, &c., made the nominal or theoretical self-government accorded to the Egyptians of no real consequence. Europe was fully protected, in law, in finance, and in police administration, by the fact that all important offices were in European hands. The Khedive, our faithful ally during last summer's campaign, might well be left the control of purely native affairs, and the reward or punishment of purely native politicians. This is quite another matter to the question of withdrawing our troops. I am not prepared to give any opinion on such a point, without knowing the exact state of the new Egyptian Army, and the exact amount of Naval force that we may intend to keep in Egyptian waters. It has never been thought possible to trust India entirely to Sepoys, nor would it, I suppose, be possible to trust Egypt, for some time to come, entirely to a native organisation. But there is a wide difference between withdrawing altogether from a country, and withdrawing every unnecessary man. A few battalions, nay, even a few companies, of Englishmen, prudently left behind, might be quite enough to give confidence to the Khedivial Army. It must not be forgotten that the red-coat is greatly respected, just now, in Egypt.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Temple, E.C., February 5th. J. Hilary Skinner.

IRISH REFORMS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I have read with pain, almost with distrust of the future, your article on "Ireland and the Proposed Reforms." True it is that you advocate that concession of local government which, from your limited field of view, must needs be the most perilous of experiments. But like a great proportion of the English people, *per incuriam* probably, and of the Revolutionary party from design, no mention is made of Ulster. Yet Ulster is sound in loyalty and obedience to the Imperial idea to the very core. The Imperial Colony of 1644 has begotten the men of the Imperial Province of 1883. And I speak of what I know, and that you may know it also, I enclose the reports of a land conference of delegates of the Tenant Farmers of Ulster, over which a private gentleman presided, the proceedings being opened by two tenant-farmers. Every Tenant-right Association of Ulster sent its delegates. (There was a meeting of importance, just one hundred years ago, by delegation, at Dungannon, with somewhat memorable consequences.) There was neither hint nor prompting from landlord or agent, nor harsh word or rebuke for either; nay, rather sympathy at the results of the present legislation. The attention given to the speakers was profound, and uninterrupted by cry of wrath or denunciation. The verdict,—that of self-respecting men, after the old Scottish and English fashion, of following natural leaders; but if these fail, of selecting guides for themselves. There was abundant evidence that the certainty, rather than the precipitancy, of reforms was desired. Fifty years of political communion with all classes of English and Irish voters—actual and voters expectant—have taught me when men are in earnest. Ulster is in earnest now. Read, and judge. We are determined that within our borders the unclean spirit of Home-rule shall find no abiding-places or rest. But in the three Provinces beyond, the process of conversion to honesty and obedience to law must needs be protracted.

From Goshen and the flesh-pots of Egypt to the pools of Jordan, the journey required the lapse of forty years and the lives of a generation. A generation of Irish life will barely accomplish the redressing of the scale out of Ulster. Yet men's minds are in preparation for reception of neglected truths. The clod is broken up, and it may be hoped that seed-time is at hand. But there must be neither doubt nor pause in applying the means of repression of crime. I say repression, and of developing free, honest thought. Yourself have said that a persistent policy of twenty years is required. I agree, out of Ulster. Ulster is ready.—I am, Sir, &c., Waveney.

The Castle, Ballymena, County Antrim, February 6th.

THE MILES PLATTING CASE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You are unjust to the Bishop of Manchester, and your injustice is all the harder to bear, because you attack him on a point on which a man of his high spirit cannot well defend himself. For the present difficulty at Miles Platting mainly arises from the Bishop's past forbearance. When Mr. Green was sent to Lancaster Jail, the Bishop might have dismissed Mr. Cowgill, the unlicensed curate, and placed the parish in the charge of a curate, with instructions to lower the ritual to what Dr. Fraser holds to be the legal standard. It would have been the course usually taken by Bishops. Most people would have thought it his duty. The diocese would have acquiesced. The probable result would have been the dispersion of the main part of Mr. Green's congregation, and the ending of much of Mr. Green's work. But other Bishops to whom the charge of a Ritualist church has fallen have sacrificed the congregation and the work, without scruple; and in so doing, they acted prudently, from their point of view, and avoided future difficulty. The Bishop of London, whom you hold up to the Bishop of Manchester as a bright example of fatherly consideration, has dispersed congregation after congregation. But Dr. Fraser is a different man. His allowance of the ritual which he condemned, for the sake of the Miles Platting congregation and of Mr. Green himself, marks his chivalrous nature, and in judging him, is the most important factor in forming a judgment. No one counselled him, and no one praised him. Practical men called his conduct weak. High Churchmen had no gratitude for the Bishop who had sent Mr. Green before Lord Penzance, and the Church Association, which now does all it can to damage him by its self-interested approval, attacked him bitterly. But a man's character is marked, not by what he does under legal advice, but by his action in matters which, in his mind, rise above the sphere of law. The Bishop is probably wrong in thinking a chimere and a cope are the same vestment, or that a rubric of the Prayer-book can be abolished by the Privy Council; but he spared Mr. Green's work, when interest and "the law" and popular opinion combined to urge him to crush it, and he is a greater man than you give him credit for. He objects to Mr. Cowgill's nomination, and he has a fair right to object. If eighteen months ago the ritual of Miles Platting had been altered and the congregation broken up, a new congregation would have been formed, which, however small it might have been, would be strong enough, backed by the Church Association, to make it impossible for Mr. Cowgill or any one else to reintroduce the vestments. It is only the Bishop's forbearance which makes the continuance of the high ritual possible. But of that forbearance, Sir Percival Heywood makes an ungenerous use. He has a perfect right to present a Ritualist. But as far as I am aware, the Bishop has never said that he will reject any man who does not give him a guarantee to reduce the ritual. If the Bishop took this position, then your contention that he is breaking the Archbishop's truce might be valid. But all we have in evidence is that the Bishop objects to Mr. Cowgill—that is, Sir Percival Heywood nominates the one man who is identified with the disputed ritual in the parish, whose position is due to no other cause than the kindly tolerance of the Bishop in time past, whose nomination is a distinct challenge, and whose institution would be a distinct

humiliation. I am as high a Churchman as Sir Percival, and am often sore vexed and grieved by the Bishop's fulminations about "the law;" but here the layman is surely wrong, and the Bishop right. Very probably Sir Percival's nomination is legally valid, and the Bishop will find that he is setting himself up above "the law." But however illegal the Bishop's objections may be, he is quite justified in saying, "You are taking an unworthy advantage of my forbearance, and you would not have had the opportunity of forcing upon me a man who has for two years carried on in my diocese illegal ritual, if it had not been that my idea of the generosity which a Christian gentleman should show is different from yours."—I am, Sir, &c., J. S.

[Our correspondent is a reasonable man, but he is not very strong in his facts. In the first place, we know of no case in which the Bishop of London has dispersed a Ritualistic congregation in the manner suggested. Mr. Lowder's congregation was left in charge of its curates during the vacancy, and an old Ritualist was instituted by the Bishop to succeed Mr. Lowder without remonstrance. The Bishop of London instituted, without demur, to All Saints', Margaret Street, to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to St. Barnabas', Pimlico, and to St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, men who were known to intend carrying on the ritual as it was before. Can our correspondent produce a single case in which Dr. Jackson has dispersed a Ritualist congregation, by insisting on entrusting it to the care of anti-Ritualist curates? In the next place, the Bishop of Manchester did supersede Mr. Cowgill after the living was declared vacant, and some weeks before the patron had nominated Mr. Cowgill. Again, we deny that it was a moderate and "chivalrous" policy to leave the congregation in charge of its Ritualist curate, if the Bishop intended to scatter the congregation directly the living fell vacant. Lastly, we have great doubts whether the patron could easily have found another incumbent for so poorly paid and unhealthy a parish as Miles Platting is understood to be, who would have been competent to carry on the good work which Mr. Green is admitted to have done. Indeed, though we have no special knowledge on the point, we have little doubt that the extraordinary difficulty of finding a suitable nominee for such a parish was the patron's chief reason for offering the living to Mr. Cowgill.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

CONSECRATED GROUND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent agrees with me, I am glad to find, on many points,—possibly we are not so widely at variance as he imagines on the rest. His objection seems to be against the creation, or maintenance, of exclusive burial-places for the members of any particular communion. Let me point out that the rite of consecration has very little to do with the system to which he objects; on the one hand, an unconsecrated burying-ground may be strictly restrained by its trust-deed to the members of some religious body; on the other, ground which has been consecrated may be absolutely free. I have consecrated many graveyards since the passing of the Burials Act knowing that the use of them will not be limited to Churchmen. I have also consecrated ground which has been strictly limited to Churchmen, by the conveyance under which the land passed to its special trustees. Consecration does not decide the matter either way. If Mr. Baldwin Brown should rejoin, "Why, then, do you consecrate at all?" I will answer in his own words,—"We bury our dead with prayer; we commit them to the care of God; we have sacred associations with their resting-place, and we make the sepulchre sure." If he will examine the language of our prayers at consecration, and of the sentence which constitutes its formal part, he will see the exact reflection of his own words,—and no more. He has admitted that consecration could not intend the exclusion of Nonconformists, when such persons did not exist; if the rite of consecration continues to be what it then was, the rite cannot intend it now.

I have tried to rescue the rite of consecration from a not uncommon misrepresentation of its nature. But I do not deny that exclusive burying-grounds are preferred by some Churchmen, and by many who are outside the Church. Such grounds are owned by Jews, by members of the Society of Friends, and by many bodies of Protestant Dissenters. These owners have not, as far as I know, thrown open their exclusive burying-places, since the passing of the Burials Act, to the Ministers and services of other religious bodies. Perhaps they are hindered by the law,—which, after all, "fetters" the owners of property held in trust, whether they be Conformists or Nonconformists, alike. But I must not be led into a discussion on law. I judge, from the writings of Mr. Baldwin Brown, which I have read, that he is conversant with the masters of English literature; and I will venture to refer him to Hooker, for an answer to that part of his letter.

I must add, Sir, that I am conscious of my boldness in asking for the insertion of a letter with the signature which, as appears from your article last week, you hold in very light esteem. But it is too late now to choose a pseudonym which might make me a *persona grata* in your editorial eyes, and I must remain, as before,— Episcopus.

HIGH CHURCHMEN AND BISHOPS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Allow me to point out one factor in the causes of the distrust which, as you very truly say, High Churchmen feel for Episcopal expressions of opinion. It is the fact that the State alone appoints to the Episcopate, since the nominal *congé d'élire* is neutralised by the letter of mandate, so that the Church has absolutely no voice whatever in the selection of its own rulers. Now, the unquestionable truth that Bishops appointed by the State may be just as good as those elected freely, or even better, does not touch this difficulty in the least. The same general motives operate with an electoral body as with a cautious statesman, and the Church in the United States shows us constantly the choice of undistinguished men for the mitre, simply because such men are not prominent enough to have aroused opposition. It is not the best man who is chosen, as a rule, but the man against whom least can be said. But this is the working of natural causes. Such as the American Bishops are, they are the choice of their dioceses, and of the superior ratifying authorities also. They owe their election to their co-religionists, and are accountable to them for their administration, being liable to impeachment, trial, and suspension or deposition, not in theory, but in actual fact, for at least one deposed American Bishop is now living.

Contrariwise, in England, the Bishops have nothing to generate the sense of responsibility. They do not get their office from the Church—I am not here touching on the question of consecration—and they are virtually out of the reach of the law, which they have framed in their own interest, so that it is almost impossible to bring a peccant Bishop to book, and quite impossible to touch a peccant Archbishop. You may remember how they excluded themselves, despite Mr. Gladstone's strictures, from the scope of the Public Worship Regulation Act; and the difference of the measure meted out by the Bishops' and the Incumbents' Resignation Acts is a very curious moral study. Hence, the temptation of the Bishops to show greater deference to the authority which has promoted them, and which alone has any effective hold over them, than to that from which their spiritual character is derived, is strong and permanent, and has very often caused a wide divergence between the Episcopal policy and the wishes of Churchmen as a body.

Add to this the historical fact that Bishops have several times in post-Reformation history been appointed for political reasons only, all other questions of fitness having been subordinated to the one motive of securing votes to the Government, and at once another ground of distrust is formed. Cecil and Walsingham, for example, to conciliate the Puritans, nominated a majority of the Elizabethan Bishops in the Calvinistic interest, at a time when fully seven-tenths of the Clergy were of another form of opinion. William III. chose Bishops whom he thought would further his plans for assimilating the Anglican polity to that of Holland, and the Palmerston-Shaftesbury compact is a story of yesterday.

Now, the force of this fact may be very easily seen. It has happened several times in Tudor and Stewart days that "tuning the pulpits" was resorted to by the Government. The Clergy were instructed to preach certain doctrines which the Government thought expedient. And the inevitable result was that the pulpits were discredited, and became unpopular. It was felt that truth could not be expected, under such conditions. The cases are absolutely parallel, and till there is again free election, English Bishops will be regarded as exponents of political convenience, rather than of eternal truth. It is worth while adding that in the Roman Church a Bishop is not supposed to become a learned and orthodox theologian in virtue of his consecration. He is required, if attending a council or the like, to have a

theologian of repute as his adviser, and public opinion is strong enough to oblige him to appoint some one of recognised mark. —I am, Sir, &c., RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

9 Red Lion Square, London, W.C., February 7th.

BRAITHWAITE AND BUTTERMERE RAILWAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—We dwellers at the Lakes have been electrified to find that whilst men slept, the proprietors of certain slate quarries on Honister Pass have got a Railway Bill past *private inquiry* unopposed, have complied with standing orders, and sent it on to the Select Committee of the House of Commons. This Bill is to empower them to do irreparable mischief to the loveliest part of our English Lake scenery. It is proposed to run a railway for the slate waggons down into Borrowdale, thence to skirt the west side of Derwentwater, where it will be impossible, from the nature of the ground, to hide their line of rails—no trees or intervening rocks exist there—to pass under Cat-bells, thence to cross the Vale of Newlands, and to join the Keswick and Cockermouth Railway at Braithwaite.

This will mean that Borrowdale and Derwentwater will no longer be the quiet resting-ground for weary men. The slate waggons will be joined at no distant time by passenger waggons, and the unwelcome, unappreciative navvy will make room at his side for the beer-drinking excursionist from Keswick to Honister, "all the way for 6d." Artists will be exiled, and the exquisite terrace lawn of the grassy steep west of Derwentwater will be maddened with shrieks of engines shunting, or heavy trains of slate howling and roaring as they carry their loads to Braithwaite.

When will the State protect the manifest good of the health-seeking majority, against the private-pocket schemes of the adventurous, money-seeking minority? Is not England each year needing more and more its pleasure-grounds "to health and resting consecrate," to be preserved inviolably for its busy, bustling children, who seek rest and, alas! too often find none? Will you not, Sir, help us in this matter to swell the chorus of dissatisfaction, that for a few pence a load extra to the Company who project this Buttermere and Braithwaite Railway, the thousands who come to Borrowdale should find the old haunts of peace and beauty possessed by slate-waggons, and their attendant nuisances? If the slate is really necessary to the public, the public will pay the cartage, as heretofore. If the public will not pay the cartage, it looks as if they could get as good slate cheaper elsewhere. I can do little but urge publicity to be given to the case, and invite the strong co-operative opposition to the scheme that seems to be needed without delay.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Wray Vicarage, Ambleside. HARDWICKE D. RAWNSLEY.

"CAÑONS" AND "CANYONS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the review of my "Camps in the Rockies," which appeared in the *Spectator* of January 27th, your reviewer passes what, in my humble opinion, are somewhat severe strictures upon the phonetic spelling of the word "cañon," making it appear, as he says, "in the hideous guise of 'canyon.'" Whether this, on my part, quite deliberate literary "misdemeanour" is one deserving at the hands of "the mildest reviewer" such condemnation, I shall leave to others to decide, and only suggest in this place that were your reviewer conversant with many of the American works upon geological researches and explorations in which this word is rendered "canyons," and appears very frequently, he would have hardly much temper left to be put out by what many persons consider a perfectly legitimate literary innovation, *i.e.*, the phonetic spelling of foreign words of involved composition.—I am, Sir, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF "CAMPS IN THE ROCKIES."

"STORM-DRIFT: POEMS AND SONNETS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—With reference to the notice of my book which appeared in the *Spectator* of February 3rd, I would ask you, in all humility, if your critic does not "need to be reminded" that a man who cannot correctly transcribe the title of the work he is reviewing, is scarcely the one to call attention to a slip of the pen, or a printer's blunder?—I am, Sir, &c., HERBERT E. CLARKE.

Park House, Albion Road, Stoke Newington, N., February 6th.

POETRY.

NEPENTHE.

THE north wind follows free and fills
Our rounding sail, and overhead
Deepens the rainless blue, and red
The sunset burns on quarried hills;

And peace is over all, as deep
As where, amid the secular gloom
Of some far-reaching, rock-built tomb,
The nameless generations sleep;

While, undecayed as on the day
That saw them first, the Kings of old,
In sculptured calm serene, behold
The slow millenniums pass away.

Still, far behind us, as we cleave
Smooth-flowing Nile, the din of life
And passionate voices of the strife
Are hushed to silence, and we leave

The cares that haunt us, dark regret
For wasted years, and wild unrest,
Yearning for praise or pleasure, blest
With life's last blessing,—to forget.

For still in Egypt's kindly air,
Strong antidote of mortal woes,
The painless herb, Nepenthe, grows,
Which she whom fair-haired Leda bare

Mixed in the wine, and stilled their pain
Who wept in Spartan halls for sire
Or brother, wrapped in funeral fire,
Or wandering o'er the boundless main. A. J. C.

ART.

GEORGE MASON.

IN that small group of artists who may be said to have given a new character to the painting of English country life, and to have shown the possibility of treating that subject both realistically and poetically, George Mason was at once the least known to the outside public and the most respected by his artistic brethren. He died about 1875, only a year before his great rivals, Walker and Pinwell, and thus England lost almost at one blow the three painters who had discovered that her landscape and her children contained all the elements of poetry and beauty for which an artist could wish.

The art of each of these men was of a special, individual kind, and in the case of Pinwell and Walker was most strongly and strangely influenced by personal peculiarities. In Mason's case, the style, though equally distinct, was far less egotistical; his art had a serenity, a breadth, and a freedom from self-consciousness, which could not be found in the work of either of those artists with whom he is naturally associated.

Though so short a time has elapsed since his death, his paintings are little known to the general public; and as most of them are but small in scale and unimportant in subject, they have been but little reproduced by the engravers. Indeed, line engraving is peculiarly unfitted to reproduce the beauty of Mason's work, a beauty which depends less upon resolute perfection of form and skill of hand than upon the intense sympathy which the artist feels for the subjects of his pictures and the manner in which he communicates that feeling to all those who study his work. Throughout his compositions of English rustic life there runs an element of tender roughness, if we may use such an apparent paradox; the beauty of his figures and their actions is consistent with a certain superficial want of refinement, and seems to be derived from the study of an earlier civilisation. But upon this we must not dwell, our object in this notice being chiefly to call attention to the fact that the two finest pictures of Mason's life, "The Evening Hymn" and "The Harvest Moon," have now been etched, and etched most successfully, by M. Waltner and Mr. R. Macbeth (the last elected Associate of the Academy). The former of these has been done some little time, and it will suffice to say that in our opinion it is thoroughly successful. The latter plate has only just been finished by Mr. Macbeth, and the first-proof of the etching is now to be seen

side by side with the original picture at Mr. Dunthorne's, in Vigo Street. Mr. Macbeth has done his work supremely well, as all of those who know his powers as an etcher expected; and we can say in praise of this work that it gives the spectator pleasure of a similar kind to that which is gained from the picture itself. A little of the luminous quality of the colouring has been lost, as was almost inevitable, and there is a patch of whitish cloak on the right-hand of the picture, which is unnecessarily out of tune with the rest; but with these exceptions, of which one was unavoidable and the other trivial, the etching is entirely successful, and is, perhaps, the most successful reproduction of a celebrated picture that has been done for many years. It is finer than Waltner's "Evening Hymn," for two reasons,—one is that it has been executed on twice as large a scale, and this enables it to preserve more of the character of the original artist's work, —enables the etcher to have used a bolder, freer manner of interpretation, more akin to the original painting; the other reason is that it possesses that extreme sympathy with the colours of the work it reproduces, in which consists Mr. Macbeth's greatest power as an etcher. The original is full of colour, and so, in its way, is the reproduction. Lastly, it has the feeling of quasi-originality about it, which is hard to define, but which almost inevitably belongs to a copy which has been made, not mechanically or servilely, but by an artist whose own personality was not entirely banished from his work. In saying this, we have no wish to depreciate the worth or beauty of M. Waltner's etching generally, or of that of "The Evening Hymn" in particular. His work at its best is most exquisitely skilful, and far more minutely accurate than Mr. Macbeth's, and perhaps it is because the latter artist has previously only etched his own oil paintings, which has given its peculiar character to the plate of which we have been speaking. We would recommend all of our readers who take an interest in Art to go to Mr. Dunthorne's, and look at this picture of Mason's, and say whether there is so much need to go to France for the filling of our picture galleries, public and private, when we can produce such work as this at home. It must be remembered that Walker, Pinwell, and Mason were all painting at the same time work of similar quality to this, work which owed its beauty to no tradition, and which found its chief subjects in such every-day scenes as a village alms-house, a country lane at twilight, or some reapers and their lasses returning home under a harvest moon.

In both Walker and Pinwell's painting, there is to be traced, by those who care to look beneath the surface, an element of recklessness which, if it does not mar their beauty, at least causes it to affect us strangely. We feel that tragedy is not far off, though "fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows." This is, perhaps, more evident in Pinwell's pictures than in those of Walker, but it distinctly exists in both. There is a certain touch of "swagger" in the last-mentioned artist's work, a tinge of uneasiness and of weariness in the characters of his pictures. And in Pinwell, as we have said, this is more plainly evident; it is a very strange, half-real, half-poetical world with which he is concerned, and many of his compositions are analogous in the impression they give to the spectator with those old North-country ballads which, commencing quietly with a maiden at her spinning-wheel, or a page riding across the heather, end in shame and death. Though rarely displaying the tragedy, the artist gives us all its elements. We feel that the love so commenced, can, as Lawrence once said, "scarcely end in happiness and honour, even if it be not cut short by the dagger."

But not to dwell upon this point, the mental flavour of Mason's work has none of this suggestiveness, and its chief interest is owing to another view. A more educated and a more cultivated man than either of those with whom we have been associating him, he was also, at the time of his best work, considerably older. He knew, very soon, what he could do, and what he could not. His early pictures of Italy are, with but few exceptions, of little worth, and, so far as we have been acquainted with them, contain no faintest hint of his later success. They differ in no essential way from the work which any moderately intelligent and skilful painter would do in such a country. But with his first pictures of English rustic life, we find that the artist has gained a power which is at once delightful and peculiar to himself. His children stand and run and play as no other children that our artists have painted; there is a reciprocity between his figures and the landscapes in which they are placed, which renders them mutually serviceable. Perhaps the most special characteristic of the work, taken as a whole, is its serenity, its absolute conviction that the thing it displays is sufficient. Occasionally, a subject is painted, such as "The Evening Hymn" or "The Harvest Moon;" but more frequently there is no subject, properly so called, nothing but a child standing in a meadow, or a boy leaning on a stile; a girl driving her cattle home in the twilight, or sitting in the shadow of the pine-woods.

The flavour, however, of these simple pictures is exquisite, and it is a strange fact that, as works of art, they will hold their own in any company. Three causes may partly account for this,—that they give us truly what is almost unknown in English painting, the combination of figure and landscape; not landscape with figures in it, not figures with landscape behind them, but the two in just relation and subordination to each other. Again, they are exquisitely graceful, and that with the kind of grace which is more akin to dignity than to elegance; which smacks of the Parthenon rather than the dancing academy. Again, the pictures show throughout a colour faculty which, though limited in its range, is, within that range, perfect. More lovely harmonies in the minor key have never been executed than those which Mason paints. But, after all, these qualities are insufficient to account for the charm which this painter exercises over many minds, and in criticising his work it is even more than ordinarily difficult to discover in what this charm consists. It seems to us, however, as if it must be somehow connected with the innocence and simplicity of his people, with the fact that he has really been able to grasp pictorially all that makes childhood and girlhood so beautiful,—the freedom of movement, the pauses of wonder, the movements of doubt, the grace of gesture, and the outbursts of feeling,—in fact, to give expression to all that a fair, unthwarted life might feel and show, when it was developing under natural conditions. He has been blamed for making his children too idyllic, for giving too much classical grace to their movements; but after all, what we call classic grace is nothing but the beauty that comes from the free movements of a healthy body. The Greeks were not taught to turn their toes out, or anything of that sort, by an Athenian D'Egville.

To dwellers in the noise and bustle of London, amongst the thousand jealousies, enmities, and falsities of the metropolis, there is something inexpressibly refreshing in these hints of uncomplicated, unthoughtful, rustic life. We ask ourselves with pleasure which is almost pain,—Do children really live such lives as these, somewhere beyond the city's glare and gas? Are there really country lanes down which wander at twilight, hand-in-hand, the girls of the village singing the Evening Hymn, or where the lovers linger amidst the shadows and brightness of the "harvest moon"? Mr. Mason takes us to Arcadia,—that is his power, and his secret is that it is an Arcadia not too remote, not too impossible. If his peasants are more simple, more graceful, and more poetic than experience teaches us, they are at least not so in any conventional manner; they do not ape the graces of "the garish town," they borrow no sham sentiment, and are indebted to no Sunday-school teacher. Just a little too graceful and sympathetic for the average are they, but seen, as he shows them to us, in the twilight, we can almost believe in their truth; they are, at all events, such as they should be, if not such as they are. And of one thing we may at least be proud,—that the work is, in its essentials, thoroughly English. Something of beauty may have been gained by the painter during his stay in Italy, but the atmosphere of his work is wholly and entirely that of his own country. His pictures are little colour-cameos of English life, in which, through the crust of ignorance and superficial ugliness, the artist has penetrated to the fact that our skies and our fields are still as beautiful, and our women and children as graceful, innocent, and true, as any that can be found "across the sea," or that lived in former years. All honour to him, that in a short artistic life he preached so hopeful a gospel; we have enough pessimists in Art, to render it very necessary. Here, at least, is something in painting which savours neither of the boulevard nor the casino, but is as fresh as the air on the Sussex Downs, and as national as "Rule, Britannia."

BOOKS.

THE COMMERCIAL RESTRAINTS OF IRELAND CONSIDERED.*

This book is a reprint of a rare, but important, work that appeared at a very critical epoch in the history of Ireland. Mr. Carroll, who has ably performed a task that must have been dear to him as a patriotic Irishman, prefaces the volume with a lively account of the life of its author. "The Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson was," he tells us, "certainly one of the most remarkable men this country ever produced; and he took, amidst an unequalled combination of brilliant rivals, a very prominent part in the most interesting and splendid period of Ireland's internal history." He was a singular example of the success which sometimes attends a man who, wanting in principle, self-seeking, and ambitious, is possessed of real ability and undaunted personal courage. From a humble position, he rose to the Bar, was made King's Counsel, Member of the Irish Parliament, Prime Serjeant, and Privy Councillor, held some lucrative sinecures, was Major in a cavalry regiment, became Provost of Trinity College, and obtained the office of Principal Secretary of State. Although he did not hold all these positions, with their emoluments, at one and the same time, it is worthy of note that he never gave up any office without securing some considerable advantage; and it is characteristic of the man that, when threatened with a court-martial for neglect of duty as Major, he promptly sold his commission for £3,000. It is as Provost of Trinity College that his name comes down to posterity, and this post, for which he was quite unfitted, owing to his want of academical learning, he gained "by a dexterous intrigue with the Chief Secretary of the day." His offices, of one sort and another, brought him in about £6,000 a year, with a splendid town residence as Provost, in addition to his practice at the Bar and his private estate; and Flood, who often opposed him, says, "he got more for ruining one kingdom than Admiral Hawke got for saving three." In days when almost all public men were place-hunters and jobbers, he stood conspicuous among them for the audacity of his demands, and the success of his bargains. After quoting many contemporary opinions for and against him, Mr. Carroll concludes that his worst faults were greed and place-traffic; for although he could play the part of a rank courtier, he supported all the essential honest measures of the day; and Grattan, who thought highly both of his genius and of his stedfastness to the well-being of Ireland, said that "he was the servant of many Governments, but he was an Irishman, notwithstanding." When he entered it in 1759, "the Irish Parliament was at about its lowest level of degradation;" but before his death, in 1794, things had vastly improved, and this in consequence of the courage, intellect, and vigour of himself and his associated statesmen. With a private conscience of the feeblest, he held sound views on matters of patriotic and Catholic import, and was an earnest supporter of Grattan in his successful struggle for Irish Parliamentary independence, and he took a proud part in the triumph of 1782, when, as Principal Secretary of State, he read out the King's Message, which virtually conceded Free-trade, and independence to the Parliament of Ireland.

This book was published anonymously, but its authorship was no secret. The Government was seriously alarmed by the indictment brought against them, and the common hangman burned the work so effectually that, writes Mr. Carroll, "Flood said he would give a thousand pounds for a copy, and that the libraries of all the three branches of the Legislature could not produce a copy." On the other hand, the Irish patriots forgave Hutchinson for his former truckling to the Court and Lord Townshend. The writer's object is to investigate the cause which has produced the miserable condition of Ireland, and taking up a position as neutral, or rather as a friend to both parties, he goes on to show with great power and conclusiveness that it was brought about by England's interference with the commerce of the country. At this distance of time, when all restraints save for the purposes of Customs and Excise have long been removed from the commerce and manufactures of England and Ireland alike, it should be much more easy to review the question calmly than it was for the Provost, who found himself an actual witness of terrible misery and distress, which to us are matters of history only. Yet it is impossible to read this chapter of Ireland's troubles without indignation, and one is inclined to agree with Mr. Carroll, when he bitterly says, "England has been a constant source of woe to Ireland, and suffering is the badge of all our tribe."

"The state of Ireland," says Hutchinson, writing in 1779, "teems with every condition of national poverty." The value of all produce was greatly fallen, rents very low and difficult to collect, farms empty, and of the manufacturers, no less than 20,000 in Dublin alone reduced to beggary in the two preceding years. It is to be noted that he tries to show that, during the early Stuart reigns and after the Restoration until 1688, "Ireland had made great advances;" and that, to quote one of his authorities, "the strings of the Irish harp were all in tune," but it is patent that affairs were in a very different condition. It was Hutchinson's object to emphasize the effects of England's interference, and as he was himself, to use Mr. Carroll's words, "an insatiable trafficker in places and salaries, and profits and pensions," he takes care to point out that although these causes, together with the evils arising from absenteeism and the American rebellion, had hastened, they had not caused the decline in Ireland's prosperity. The Provost continues:—

> "If we are determined to investigate the truth, we must assign a more radical cause; when the human or political body is unsound or infirm, it is in vain to inquire what accidental circumstances appear to have occasioned those maladies which arise from the constitution itself. If in a period of fourscore years of profound internal peace, any country shall appear to have often experienced the extremes of poverty and distress; if at the times of her greatest supposed affluence and prosperity the slightest causes have been sufficient to obstruct her progress, to annihilate her credit, and to spread dejection and dismay among all ranks of her people, and if such a country is blessed with a temperate climate and fruitful soil, abounds with excellent harbours and great rivers, with the necessaries of life and materials of manufacture, and is inhabited by a race of men brave, active, and intelligent, some permanent cause of such disastrous effects must be sought for. If your vessel is frequently in danger of foundering in the midst of a calm, if by the smallest addition of sail she is near oversetting, let the gale be ever so steady, you would neither reproach the crew nor accuse the pilot in the matter; you would look to the construction of the vessel, and see how she had been originally framed, and whether any new works had been added to her that retard or endanger her course."

Without any rhetorical exaggeration, the charge he brings against England is sufficiently strong and damaging. Her destruction, first, of the export-cattle trade, then of the woollen trade, for which the encouragement of the linen trade was promised as a substitute, and her effort to ruin that in its turn, are the chief points of his case; and to the two latter he returns again and again, enlarging upon them in a variety of ways, showing that England's action was founded on unreasonable fears, that it had not had the desired result, and that through it, she was herself almost as great a loser, though not so directly, as her sister-kingdom.

Irish cattle, like Irish wool, had long been famed for their quality; for the soil and climate of Ireland, unfitted for growing corn, were well adapted for the production of horned stock and sheep. After came peace in 1652, the export of live cattle into England grew to be the principal trade of Ireland, and became the chief source of her wealth, and its success soon aroused the jealousy of the English landowners. They imagined—erroneously, as events proved—that by it the rent of land would be lowered, and, therefore, in 1663, by an Act "for the encouragement of trade," penalties were laid on the traffic, and in 1666 it was entirely forbidden. "The Irish," says the Provost, "deprived of this, their principal trade, and reduced to the utmost distress by this prohibition, had no resource but to work up their own commodities, to which they applied themselves with great ardour." The number of sheep was greatly increased, so that at the time of the Revolution the flocks were very numerous, and everything seemed to point to the steady growth and prosperity of the wool manufacture. The only attempt that had ever been made to damage this manufacture was an unworthy but characteristic one by Lord Strafford in 1639, to prevent the making of broadcloths, in which, he said, the Irish were well able to undersell the English; and this attempt happily failed. Hutchinson shows that from the earliest times, until 1663, "England was as careful of the commerce and manufactures of her ancient sister-kingdom, particularly in her great staple trade, as she was of her own; and he relates how the Duke of Ormond had in 1667 successfully "advanced the woollen and revived the

* *The Commercial Restraints of Ireland, considered in a Series of Letters to a Noble Lord, containing an Historical Account of the Affairs of that Kingdom.* By John Hely Hutchinson. Dublin. 1779. Re-edited by W. G. Carroll, M.A. Dublin: Gill and Son. 1882.

linen manufactures," which, as a compensation for the loss of the cattle trade, England then encouraged. He recites many English and Irish Acts, as giving "as strong grounds of assurance as any country could possess for the continuance of any trade or manufacture."

At no other period had the circumstances of Ireland been so favourable for the establishment of a lucrative industry; at no other period had so fair a prospect opened for her attaining to happiness and prosperity, as at this time. Ireland had passed through a fearful tragedy of misery and crime, in which over half-a-million of her people had perished; but the night of terror that had so long oppressed and darkened the land seemed, in the last decade of the seventeenth century, to be retiring before the dawn of a happier and more peaceful day. Capital was being brought into the woollen trade, which, although still small, was increasing, and gave employment to a considerable number of people. If things had only been permitted to take their natural course, it is not too much to suppose that the whole of the later history of Ireland would have been changed, and that she might have become, like Scotland, a contented country, with industries and manufactures of her own. But at this critical moment the jealousy of the English again interfered. An iniquitous Act, devoid of any precedent, was forced upon the Irish Parliament, which had no power to resist English influence,

"Prohibiting from June 20th, 1699, the exportation from Ireland of all goods made or mixed with wool, except to England and Wales, and with the license of the Commissioners of the Revenue; duties had been before laid on the importation into England equal to a prohibition, therefore this Act has operated as a total prohibition of the exportation. Before these laws, the Irish were under great disadvantages in the woollen trade, by not being allowed to export their manufactures to the English colonies, or to import dye-stuffs directly from thence; and the English in this respect, and in having those exclusive markets, possessed considerable advantages."

The blow fell with terrible and overwhelming force. It was as though a curse had come upon the country. Famine became chronic, parts of the south and west became depopulated, thousands of manufacturers left the country, and the wool trade was hopelessly ruined. It was often found impossible to collect sufficient revenue for the purposes of Government. The linen trade, far from being encouraged, as was promised, was hampered by tyrannous restrictions; and although, after some years, it was partially freed, and made some progress for a time, it never took the place of the lost industry. Flax-growing, precarious and exhausting, was, in spite of premiums, found to be a losing game, and the general tillage of the country declined. The Provost says:—

"Notwithstanding the success of that manufacture, the bulk of our people have always continued poor, and in a great many seasons have wanted food. Can the history of any other fruitful country on the globe, enjoying peace for fourscore years, and not visited by plague or pestilence, produce so many recorded instances of the poverty and wretchedness, and of the reiterated want and misery of the lower orders of the people? There is no such example in ancient or modern story. If the ineffectual endeavours by the representatives of those poor people to give them employment and food had not left sufficient memorials of their wretcheduess; if their habitations, apparel, and food were not sufficient proofs, I should appeal to the human countenance for my voucher, and rest the evidence on that hopeless despondency that hangs on the brow of unemployed industry."

The Provost goes on to show that England, by ruining Ireland, had completely failed in benefiting herself, examines the arguments adduced and the facts alleged by her as the basis of her course of action, exposes their weakness and fallacy in a masterly way, and concludes by earnestly pleading, on behalf of both countries, for a more humane and enlightened policy. But, our limits being reached, we can only refer the reader more particularly to the treatise itself. Hutchinson's style is often, but not always, clear and powerful, and, from the use of the letter-form, there is a good deal of repetition; but, in spite of its occasional defects, this is a valuable and readable work. We conclude our remarks with an extract from Mr. Carroll's excellent introduction:—

"Two things stand out clearly throughout the treatise,—one is that Ireland, both as a producer and as a consumer, has been immensely profitable to England; and the other is that England has been the source of vast evil and suffering to Ireland. The purport of 'The Commercial Restraints' is to set forth these two great truths, and the record may be read now without prejudice on one side of the Channel, and without panic or passion on the other. The teaching of the book ought to be palpable enough for the men of the present day. It ought to convince Englishmen that it is time for them to distrust their 'resources of civilisation,' and to let this country prosper; and it ought to remind Irishmen that they are the best judges of what they want, and that their road to prosperity is independence of English conceit, together with a sturdy development of their own native resources."

MRS. LORIMER.*

Mrs. Lorimer will attract the critics more than the public. The latter will, we fear, declare that the beginning is full of forced humour, that the ending is needlessly melancholy, and that the absence of incidents—there is, for the regular novel-reader, not one in the whole book—is tiresome and disappointing. That judgment is correct, but, nevertheless, we must offer another and a different one. We have read few novels of late years so obviously the work of inexperienced hands which seemed to us anything like so full of promise, rising occasionally, as in the final proposal scene, into unexpected and satisfying performance. We do not hesitate to predict that if "Lucas Malet" has the faculty of growth in her—for the bisexual *nom de plume* will not mislead many—she will leave a distinguished name in literature. *Mrs. Lorimer* is not only brimful of cleverness, profuse and careless cleverness, as of one rich in intelligence, and of genuine, softly reflective humour, such as critics love; but of power of a kind so separate, that it is hard to characterise, without quoting in justification the whole book. It is really, we imagine, the power of suggestion, of producing, as some few painters can, the impression that there is more in the scene or the face before you than is visible to the eye, or than can be made intelligible by report. There is a portrait, for example, of Mr. Mainwaring, a large-limbed, healthy, crusty, hard-riding parson of the old school, who can hardly endure modern tendencies, who is ready to give up hunting because a wealthy tradesman's son makes himself prominent in the field, and who thinks his own doings and belongings things with a kind of divine right to be important. He never from first to last in the book does anything of any moment, except once make a remark to his wife; but you not only see him as clearly as you will ever see any figure in this life, but as you see him you become conscious that in this heavy-riding man there is a fund of unconscious, cumbrous strength, of thickly-covered Christian feeling, of battened-down love of justice and mercy, which you can trust implicitly, you do not know why. The sharpest critic can hardly say how it is done, the touches are so fine, the observation so delicately keen, the hints in action so nearly imperceptible; but it is done, once for all. Parson Donnithorne, though it now seems half an impiety to say so, is only better because he required, from his different nature, so much more delicacy of treatment. The comparison will seem ridiculous to many, but surely these passages suggest comparison, whatever the distance—and we quite admit any amount of distance—with the author of *Adam Bede*, and no other:—

"It was not only his true fatherly affection for her which made Mr. Mainwaring so dear to Elizabeth; she was a person singularly influenced by her early emotions and impressions. To most people, I suppose, the Rector would not have appeared a very romantic figure; but to Elizabeth's childish imagination, on one of his great raking hunters, clothed with the dignity of hunting-boots and spurs, he had seemed to embody all the gallant spirit of chivalry. The little girl fancied that the heroes of Sir Walter Scott's delightful stories must have ridden just such horses, and had the same air of perfect physical strength and pleasant courtesy about them. Elizabeth, as a child, had never been fired with the idea of military glory; had never seen glittering uniforms, or been moved with a sense of passionate exhilaration at the sound of martial music; had never been overcome with the wonderful pathos of all that brave show with its implied possibilities of horror, and agony, and death. So it happened that fox-hunting country gentlemen, common-place, easy-going people engaged merely in the pursuit of their own pleasure, represented to her the fine disregard of danger and indifference to bodily discomfort and hurt, that is so entirely captivating to most women's minds. It is the fashion now-a-days to deprecate the poetry of broken bones as unenlivated and archaic; but 'higher education,' Board Schools, and certificates notwithstanding, most people are still ruled more by their instincts and feelings than by pure reason, or a delicate perception of artistic cause and effect. A man's voluntary disregard of danger still claims a woman's sincere admiration. . . . . I fancy there is no class of men who take themselves, and their occupations and engagements, so entirely for granted as the old-fashioned, English, country gentleman, and the said gentleman's old-fashioned, faithful man-servant. They do everything with a seriousness and an amount of conviction which is at once comic and impressive to the Bohemian 'dweller in tents,' whose tendency is to smile at everything—himself, most of all. But though, to an emancipated mind, it may seem a little absurd that any class of persons should be possessed of such an earnest and sincere belief in themselves, it must be admitted that they have an amount of solid, individual character which is too often wanting in more brilliant men. They are at one with nature, in fact,—though they have little enough

* *Mrs. Lorimer.* By Lucas Malet. London: Macmillan and Co.

imaginative appreciation of her beauties; and from that at-one-ness springs a strength and self-confidence which is rightly very powerful."

After suggesting that Mrs. Frank Lorimer, quite a minor character, had in her something of that clearness and definiteness which Englishwomen often lack, Lucas Malet continues:—

"She was a dainty little person, with a creamy-white complexion, large blue eyes—rather too light in colour, perhaps—and fair, brown hair, arranged low on her forehead in soft waves. Her features were small and neat. Without having any claims to remarkable beauty, she was exceedingly pleasant to look at. There were no mysteries, surprises, or sudden illuminations about her; having seen her once, you had seen her always; she did not enchant you unexpectedly; on the other hand, she never disappointed you, but always produced the same effect of comfortable security and refined self-satisfaction. On the whole, women liked Mrs. Frank Lorimer more than men did. They found her so capable and so supporting. A few of her acquaintances certainly accused her of taking up a little too much room, and having to great a disposition to insert her pretty fingers into every pie: but then, who shall escape calumny altogether?"

The hero, Fred Wharton, is as good as Mr. Mainwaring. This is how he appears on the scene:—

"He was a very pleasant young gentleman, with a remarkable capacity for enjoying everything, himself included. He was a charming companion, and, though not actively or enthusiastically zealous in the service of his fellow-creatures, he had the delightful faculty, too often wanting in greater souls—in saints, and prophets, and reformers, and all those other admirable people whom we admire immensely at a distance, and canonise with sincere veneration when they are safely dead—of never being in the way. . . . . Wharton was by way of being an artist. He had considerable talent; but his powers of application were not very highly developed. He really preferred contemplating his fellow-creatures from a stand-point of philosophic calm to any more practical occupation; and only worked earnestly when some particularly attractive subject presented itself to him, or when the state of his exchequer warned him that times of scarceness were not far off. . . . . I suppose everybody's sense of humour is more or less intermittent. Wharton's sense of humour was certainly defective where those whom he disliked were concerned. Otherwise, as he stood and contemplated things around him, he was sensible of abstracting an immense amount of amusement from the show. Nothing matters very much, after all. From a secure position people have managed to watch the progress of the bloodiest battles with considerable composure. Sometimes, for a moment, Wharton's cheerful indifference left him, and the underlying tragedy of life lay bare before him, confounding and appalling his spirit. But, as a rule, he watched the strife serenely enough from his own safe and comfortable station, regarding even the painful incidents as so much excellent dramatic material. He was too busy noting every detail and each delicate effect of light and shadow, to be acutely distressed by the scene, however pathetic. A very lively interest often presents the same appearance to bystanders as positive hardness of heart. Wharton's heart was by no means hard, but he was too much engaged in receiving vivid mental impressions to have time for any great display of personal feeling."

One expects that man to say that he trusts he shall never break his heart, and to add, reflectively, "Though, really, Mrs. Lorimer, when one comes to think of it, it might be a very interesting experience!" Is not that delicate painting? The Shakespearian breadth and force are not there, any more than the Shakespearian humour; but it is *Silas Marner*, and no lesser book, which is called up by this description, which thus isolated is spoiled, for you do not see, as in the whole description of the man you do see, that while he is true poco-curante, deliberate spectator of life, who cannot be voluntarily actor in it, there is in him capacity for deep passion, and for intermittent but genuine bursts of energy and devotion. This is inferior, because it is so slight, but its suggestiveness is nearly as striking:—

"Frank Lorimer was of a very reasonable temperament. As a rule, he had not the least inclination to quarrel with things as they are; but he had often felt it hard that the world had not been constituted on some principle which would have rendered it unnecessary for him ever to have to say anything unpleasant to anybody. You may call this inherent sweetness of nature, or a lamentable want of moral courage, as you please. *The more delicate virtues always run the risk of being included under the head of reprehensible weakness of character.* Any way, Frank Lorimer found no righteous satisfaction in rebuking the erring brother. And rebuking the erring sister seemed to him, if possible, even more objectionable. He felt that Elizabeth had been very careless and extravagant; but he had not the smallest desire to tell her so. Consequently, he arrived at her house, on the evening of the day following Mr. Leeper's stormy visit, with a sense upon him that he had a most ungracious duty to accomplish."

The heroine of the story, like every one else in it, does next to nothing. Left a widow at twenty-one by a husband she only half loved and only a quarter comprehended, Elizabeth Lorimer returns to her uncle Mr. Mainwaring's house, is bored there, goes to London to live among bric-à-brac, does nothing there except receive half-friendly worship from Wharton and pay visits, wakes in a larger experience of life to a truer perception of what her husband had been, refuses Wharton in a scene full of power, returns to her uncle's rectory, and, visiting the poor, dies of some ordinary fever. That is all, nor does Elizabeth distinguish herself greatly in dialogue, being occasionally snappish, and even hot-tempered; and yet the impression on the reader of a large, rich, self-indulgent nature, with a strain of strength and principle in it, hungering, thirsting, almost frantic with desire for happiness, yet utterly incapable of acting wrongly, or of putting aside an impulse towards a higher life, is indelible. We cannot prove the proposition by extracts, for every sentence about Mrs. Lorimer in the book, every act she does, every attitude she assumes, is directed towards the end, but no one who reads *Mrs. Lorimer* is in any doubt. She is not completely finished, far from it; there is, as artists say, a want of the suggestion of skeleton under all that dainty flesh, and fine colouring, and flowing drapery; but still, she is a person, and one about whom you make no error. The author makes one, the only one in the book, which suggests possible inexperience of life. Elizabeth Lorimer, *née* Mainwaring, would not have gone back to Claybrooke, but have accepted Wharton, whom she more than half loved, to try that experiment in her pursuit of happiness. She was not religious, the increased perception of what her dead husband had been would have increased her feeling for his memory, but would not have quieted her inability to face *ennui;* and the return, if made at all, would have been later, when experience had done its work, and the youthful hunger for happiness had been stilled. The catastrophe is a failure in art; but in the reader's certainty of that, is the evidence of the power which inexperience—or is it some special view of life, like Currer Bell's conception of the hostility of Fate?—has wilfully thrown away. The error is not redeemed by a page or two of rather weak, goody reflections, which, we dare say, are the real outcome of a true feeling, but produce, nevertheless, on the background of so much observation, sometimes almost cynical in its keenness, an effect of unreality. The contrast between the almost malignant sketch of Mr. Leeper, the acrid and earnest clergyman, and the apology for Mrs. Lorimer's latest phase of feeling, is a little too sharp not to rouse the reader's suspicion of over-colouring. That is a defect, like the almost inexplicable strainedness of the first chapter; but it is the defect of a raw, not of a feeble, hand. It is not as a finished story, but as a story of rare promise, alike of humour and of pathos, that we recommend *Mrs. Lorimer*, not to the public, but to the critics.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL IN DUBLIN.*

THE restoration of the two cathedral churches of Dublin, St. Patrick's, and that of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, is an event of our time which is to be regarded with great satisfaction. Art and history are both gainers by the rescue from decay of two important and interesting monuments of ancient times and an older faith.

"The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church," though the smaller building of the two, is more ancient and more beautiful than St. Patrick's. It was about the year 1038 that Sitric,—the Danish king who was gloriously defeated by "Brian the Brave," King of Munster, at the famous Battle of Clontarf, after he had helped that patriotic chieftain to suppress Malachy, of "collar of gold" celebrity,—aided by Donat, who is termed the first Bishop of Dublin—meaning the first Danish Bishop of that see—built the original edifice, in what was then the centre of the city. The incident is of additional historical import, because it affords, as Mr. Seymour points out, the first indications of any active interest in Christianity being taken by the Danes in Ireland. "The good Bishop Donat," says Mr. Seymour, "died on the 6th of May, 1074, and was buried in his cathedral, on the right-hand side of the high altar." He is said to have built the nave and wings, or aisles, of the cathedral, the chapel of St. Nicholas, on the north side of the church, and the adjoining chapel of St. Michael, the latter being subsequently converted, in the fifteenth century, by Richard Talbot, one of Donat's successors in the see, into a parish church, on the side of which the new Synod Hall has been erected by Mr. Roe, for the deliberative assembly of the Church of Ireland. Hardly a trace of Bishop Donat's work remains. We pass on to the

* *The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. An Account of the Restoration of the Fabric.* By G. E. Street, R.A. With a Historical Sketch by Edward Seymour, R.A., and a Dedication by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London: Sutton, Sharpe, and Co.

history of the cathedral after A.D. 1163, when Bishop Laurence, generally known as St. Laurence O'Toole (Lorcan O'Tuathal), converted it into a priory, and changed the secular clergy into the regular order of Arroasian canons so called from an abbey in the diocese of Arras, in Flanders, a branch of the Augustinian Order long since extinct. To Bishop Laurence, during whose episcopacy the Anglo-Normans invaded Ireland and Henry II. took possession of the island, and to Strongbow, were due the erection of the eastern portion of the cathedral, and the endowment of the priory with wealth and privileges. This work was not long completed when Strongbow died, and, although the authenticity of his tomb, which is one of the few treasures left to "Christ's," is reasonably denied, there is no doubt that "the great and powerful Earl" was solemnly interred in the cathedral, under the direction of Archbishop Laurence, who survived him four years, and died at Eu, in Normandy. Within fifty years Laurence was canonised by Pope Honorius III., but his body was not brought home to his cathedral. Mr. Seymour's interesting record includes a very striking description of St. Laurence O'Toole, whose three immediate successors were all Englishmen, and great benefactors of the cathedral. During the time of the first and second, the beautiful nave, which still remains, was added to Laurence's work. The priory rose in importance as time went on; the Prior was a Lord in Parliament in the time of King John, who granted several privileges to the community, and in the course of the thirteenth century, the Cathedral, whose beauty has been retraced and disinterred by Mr. Street, and is put before us in this admirable book, was completed. Perhaps it was too complete — there is an old superstition about the last stone of a church—at all events, its troubles began immediately. In 1283, certain of the "Irishry" set fire to Skinner's Row, which communicated with the church, whereby the steeple, the chapter house, the dormitory, and the cloisters were destroyed. "It is recorded to the honour of the citizens on this occasion," says Mr. Seymour, "that they made a collection to restore the priory, before they repaired their own dwellings which had suffered by the fire. . . . . In 1303, a licence was granted to Friar Henri de Cork to travel through the kingdom to collect alms for the restoration of the cathedral, and the King's letter of safe-conduct on this occasion is still extant among the records in Dublin Castle. At the close of the century, the dispute between the governing bodies of the two cathedrals (St. Patrick's Chapter also claiming the right to elect an Archbishop of Dublin, when the See became vacant) was settled by Pope Boniface III., who gave precedence to Christ Church. Mr. Seymour gives an animated account of the fierce contest that raged on the occasion. No doubt, the cathedral was being adorned and beautified all this time; but soon after, it sustained serious damage. In 1316, the steeple was blown down, to be rebuilt in 1329; and ten years later, Archbishop John of St. Paul, took down the original choir, substituted that which every one who remembers the cathedral before its present restoration will agree with Mr. Seymour in pronouncing "elongated and poverty-stricken," and made several other additions. There is not wanting the element of romance, nor, indeed, that of humour, to the history of these ancient walls, for in 1394, King Richard II. crossed, with an army of 4,000 knights and esquires and 30,000 archers, passed several months in Dublin, dazzled the inhabitants by the magnificence of his Court, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon the four principal Irish princes, O'Neill, O'Connor, O'Brien, and McMurchad. Mr. Seymour quotes the amusing account of this pageant to be found in Froissart's *Chronicles*, from the narrative of Sir Harry Cristall, who was "charged with the care and teachings of these four kings," and found it hard to make them appreciate the honour, for they stoutly maintained that they were knights already. Nor was this his only difficulty; the Irish princes no more took kindly to breeches than did Rob Roy's folk, and saddles and stirrups were, in their eyes, just so many impediments to the purposes of horsemanship. The cathedral was rich in relics, in addition to the "Staff of Christ" and the shrine of St. Cubius; it was the scene of many pageants, and it was an exclusively English institution. Probably that pre-Reformation characteristic, and the tradition of it remaining, rendered the Irish people so indifferent, as they certainly were, to the appropriation of their cathedrals to Protestant worship, while the Protestant religion made no impression upon them.

So strictly was the English character of the Cathedral maintained by the rigid exclusion of all native Irishmen, even from inferior offices—Mr. Seymour quotes Mr. Gilbert for this—that in 1380, "the Parliament, in which the Prior always held a seat, passed a law that no native should be suffered to profess himself in this institution." In 1486, Christ Church was the scene of a remarkable performance,—no other than the coronation of Lambert Simnel as Edward VI., amid the acclamations of the people, with a crown said to have been taken "from the statue of the Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey." Two years later, the Bishop of Meath had to make atonement for his share in this act of disloyalty to Henry VII., by reading publicly in Christ Church "the Pope's Bull of accursing, and the absolution for the same, and the grace which the King had sent."

It was in the time of Henry VIII. that the old name was abandoned, and the Cathedral became Christ Church. In 1562, the catastrophe occurred that made the building the unsightly object it remained until Mr. Street restored it, according to the munificent purpose of Mr. Roe:—

> "Owing to the bad construction of the piers, the massive stone-groined roof gradually spread the walls of the nave asunder, and on April 3rd, 1562, it came to the ground, carrying along with it the greater portion of the southern arcade, the eastern arch of which alone remained, and that in a very shattered and damaged condition; while the northern side of the nave was left standing indeed, but sadly shaken, and much out of the perpendicular. The greater part of the west front, too, was carried away in the crash. The southern arcade was replaced in the same year by a hideous blank wall, and the stone groined roof by mean and naked rafters. These things, happily, now belong to the past, and can only be recalled to mind by the assistance of the photographer's art, from which alone we can judge how completely this sad calamity effaced the former beauty of Christ Church."

There is a hint in this passage, afterwards developed by Mr. Street, that our cherished notions of the Art ideas and the matchless handiwork of the mediæval workman are not quite securely founded. He was not such an intolerable person as the British workman of to-day, but he could, and did, scamp his work on occasions, of which the building of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity was a favourable one. It was, indeed, an ugly, deserted, "God-forgotten" pile on which Mr. Street's masterly skill and fine taste were brought to bear, with unexampled freedom, under the stimulus of Mr. Roe's munificence. That Mr. Street lived to see his great work completed is matter for rejoicing; and now we have that work supplemented by a variously interesting narrative of the manner and progress of that restoration, and of the discovery, piecemeal, of the old church during the process. It must have been a delightful task to such a mind as Mr. Street's to read the thoughts of his predecessors, to rend away the veils of time, to undo the work of ruin, to atone for the blank indifference of neglect. He was hampered with no restrictions, he was troubled with no "fads," either single or collective, he had his own way in all things—that way stands justified by the result—and he has left the record of his task in a narrative which cannot fail to instruct and interest even the reader least well disposed towards technical detail. In Mr. Seymour's historical sketch we find a slight elegiac flavour, mildly mournful, a gentle wailing, as of an Æolian harp put out in not too strong a wind, over the "sad" event of Disestablishment. This is very natural; but then the restoration of a beautiful cathedral, by the act of a private citizen, and its presentation to "the Disestablished Church of Ireland," cheers up the Precentor, as it ought to do, and reduces the decorous dolefulness of the protest *de rigueur* to the same sort of disclaimer as the Jacobite toasts in the dying-echo period of the last century. It is also very natural that in his re-solution of the ruin of Christ Church into its first principles, Mr. Street should have sought, and found, the supreme importance of the architect everywhere, the subordination of the craftsman in everything; and although we have to part with another cherished notion, we shall not attempt to dispute, from our unlearned and outside position, the limited share that he assigns to the imagination, the taste, and the discrimination of the workman. His narrative is full of interest of many kinds, of exploration, speculation, discovery, glimpses of the history of the past, and of the great satisfaction of an unqualified success.

The dedication of this superb book to Mr. Henry Roe is written by Sir Theodore Martin; it is slightly old-fashioned in style; the periods are lengthy and very much rounded; the tone is courtierly; the whole composition goes well with the stateliness of the magnificent volume, whose white-vellum binding, enriched with designs in red and gold drawn by Mr. Street,

is the most perfect thing of the kind we have ever seen. Among the illustrations are two woodcuts of great merit, from drawings by Mr. Brewer, representing the Lady chapel and the pulpit; and several other woodcuts, steel engravings, and chromo-lithographs. The latter show us the new stained-glass windows, which Mr. Street praises very highly. We agree with him as to the colours; these must be singularly rich, soft, and skilfully blended, but the designs strike us as meagre and inexpressive. The paper and the printing are of the very best kind; altogether, the book is emphatically "a thing of beauty."

SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.*

The question as to the true province of feeling and imagination, as assistants to the intellect in the discovery of truth, has always seemed to us a very interesting one. It is sometimes the fashion among second-rate thinkers to contrast the cool-headed, severely logical, and unemotional man of science with the impulsive, imaginative, weak-headed enthusiast, as though the former had all the qualities needed in the search for truth, while the latter must necessarily live in a fool's paradise, the creation of his own wild imaginings and desires. "Exact thought" seems to such thinkers to imply the elimination of every element of emotion and imagination, as untrustworthy; useful, indeed, as being productive of happiness, but simply misleading in the search for objective truth. It has always seemed to us, on the contrary, quite evident that those feelings which nature has implanted in us may, if properly used and directed, be not only no impediment, but of the greatest service in the acquisition of knowledge, and that they are in some cases indispensable thereunto. Not as though we were to trust them implicitly as final tests of truth, but because they arouse the intellect to investigation, and suggest much to it of which it would otherwise have remained ignorant. A woman's natural tact, her quick perception of what will please one man or what will sting another, is a very obvious instance of this power. She trusts to her natural gift of sensitive sympathy with the particular minds in question. And though her instinct may occasionally tell her falsely, there is no doubt that she will find out, by natural tact, much that is going on in the minds of her acquaintance which mere logic, without this gift of emotional sympathy, could never approach. A great scientific discoverer, again,—a Newton or a Darwin—is not satisfied with cold, logical thought. In the first place, he is fired with enthusiasm for truth, and love for the particular department of nature to whose investigation he has devoted himself; and then, again, he goes through long periods of meditation and reflection which so little resemble orderly, explicit, logical thought, and are so complicated by natural instinct and imagination, that when at the end he hits upon a new truth, he sometimes can scarcely give any reasons for it, and it looks to meaner minds more like a lucky guess than a scientific induction. The truth seems to be that great emotional and imaginative susceptibilities are like a high-mettled horse, which, if kept well in hand and skilfully ridden, will carry you where you want to go in a third of the time which another would take, and clear many a five-barred gate which the other would never get over at all; but if badly ridden, will throw you, or carry you across country where you least want to go. The unimaginative and strictly logical mind, on the other hand, is very slow; nor is it always quite safe.

In making these remarks, we have partly anticipated what we have to say of the very remarkable volume of essays before us by Dr. Porter, of Yale College, New York. The first essay—on *Science and Sentiment*—the title of which he has wisely prefixed to the whole volume, gives the key-note to the others, although these should likewise be carefully read, as treating in detail and with great ability of the utterances of many of the most distinguished philosophical thinkers of our day. But the first essay gives us an insight into the central feature of the author's philosophy, which may be briefly described as the doctrine that science and sentiment should not, logically speaking, be divorced, but that, on the contrary, they should be combined and harmonised, as mutually assisting and correcting one another, in the endeavour to attain to objective truth in general, and especially religious truth. Dr. Porter commences by drawing attention to the popular contrast which is often drawn between the teachings of science and the promptings of sentiment. Sentiment urges you to relieve the man whom you see in hunger and want, at once and on the spot. Science tells you that in the long-run it is much truer charity to aid in the recognised State provisions for poor-relief. But, as Dr. Porter points out, later on, in this, as in many other instances of apparent contrast, science does not in reality disregard sentiment. It only corrects and directs it. Giving to public charities is just as much a homage to the natural instinct of benevolence, as giving the same amount to a beggar in the street would be. The difference is that in the one case sentiment is directed by science, and in the other it is uncontrolled. In the one case, it is kept in hand by reason; in the other, it takes the bit between its own teeth. Touching on the religious aspect of the supposed contrast between science and sentiment, the author quotes Professor Tyndall as describing religion as simply sentiment, with no relation to real knowledge. As to religious creeds, the Professor remarks that "it may be well to recognise them as the forms of a force mischievous, if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper sphere." This most unsatisfactory conclusion is combated by Dr. Porter, though he admits that it seems to satisfy some:—

> "To these terms of neutrality not a few are ready to accede. They find in them no humiliation. There are not a few men of feeling who are willing to escape the obligation of giving a reason for their feelings, even if they must concede that their feelings cannot be justified by any reason. Not a few answer the supercilious dogmas of science with their own *Stat pro ratione voluntas*. But a policy of neutrality purchased by non-intercourse will never satisfy, and ought not to endure, for the simple reason that the heart can neither love nor trust what the head demonstrates to be untrue. An earnest and thorough man must believe in the reality of what he loves and cares for. It is only in the excitement of the moment that a man can love and hate, fear and hope what he suspects may be a phantom?"

Such a divorce, then, between knowledge and feeling Dr. Porter rightly holds to be impossible as a permanent state of things. As Mr. Mallock has said, a boy who has been enjoying gooseberry champagne, while under the impression that it is a rare and choice wine, will not care for it when he finds out his mistake. And in the same manner, the sentiment of religious love and worship cannot be permanently satisfied, once it is plain that its objects are unreal. After urging with much force the claims of sentiment as a spur to the intellect, and as its informant concerning those needs of the human heart which, judging by the analogies of Nature, should find satisfaction somewhere, the author points out that over and above what mere sentiment can do in behalf of knowledge, there is a yet greater work for what is often called "sentiment," as the term is frequently used of much that has in it an element of intellectual perception:—

> "Much that passes for sentiment has a positively intellectual element. Many of the so-called sentiments signify strong convictions warmed into ardent enthusiasm, and held with passionate earnestness. The intellectual element in them may not be obtrusive. The truths on which these convictions rest may be seen so clearly, and reasoned so readily, that the presence and activity of the intellect can scarcely be observed. The feelings may flash so quickly into flame, and glow with such intense earnestness, that even the subject of them scarcely knows that he thinks at all. It should never be forgotten that emotion in man rests on belief; that feeling of every sort is the legitimate product of what is taken to be true. The proverb which reads, *Wherever there is smoke, there is fire*, may be expanded thus, 'Wherever there is fire, there is fuel,' and this may be still further applied, 'Wherever there is the fire of emotion, there is a firm belief of truth.' Now, we do not argue that excited feeling proves certain truth. Nothing would be more absurd. But we reason thus: wherever, from one generation to another, under all circumstances, there have been persistent habits of feeling which have taken the strongest hold of man's nature, and moved it to its depths, animating it to labour and sacrifice, there is certain evidence that some fact or truth is earnestly believed. This belief may often be sadly and seriously mistaken, it may be but the caricature or travesty of the truth; and yet that there is truth about which it is concerned, which man rightly thinks to be important, is most reasonable to be inferred. That truth, whatever it may be, or whatever it may concern, science is bound to search after, until it can find and defend it."

With this suggestive and remarkable extract we take leave of the essay, as we should be carried too far, did we attempt to discuss as it deserves the question it raises.

The other essays are, as we have said, well worth reading. We are disposed to quarrel with Dr. Porter's estimate of John Stuart Mill. We do not think he gives him sufficient credit for his singular candour, conscientiousness, and love of truth. But Dr. Porter draws out with painful accuracy the incon-

* *Science and Sentiment, with other Papers, chiefly Philosophical.* By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1882.

sistency of Mill's creed, the outcome, as it was, of strong religious yearnings, implanted in one whose early training had been such as to render hearty and complete faith next to impossible. In taking leave of the whole volume, we can most heartily speak of it as a very thoughtful and able contribution to the philosophy of religion.

TRAVELS IN BALUCHISTAN.*

Those of our readers who recollect the interesting volumes in which Sir Charles Macgregor described his travels in the Persian province of Khorasan four years ago, will turn to his present book with expectations of pleasure; and we may at once say that they are not destined to be disappointed. Of all little-known countries, Baluchistan is probably the one which presents fewest features of interest, and General Macgregor has had to struggle with no slight difficulties, not merely in preventing his story from becoming dull and monotonous, but absolutely in filling a volume about it at all. General Macgregor's explorations lay, too, in the least interesting parts of this very uninteresting State,—those deserts of the west where the exact frontier lines with Persia and Afghanistan are either unknown or a matter of individual fancy, and whither the most adventurous travellers have failed to find a sufficient inducement to turn their steps. But Sir Charles Macgregor, who had explored a great portion of Khorasan, and compiled a very excellent official gazetteer about the countries adjacent to Western India, felt bound to ascertain the true position of places, and the capabilities of moving caravans and troops through districts, first mentioned by the travellers Pottinger and Christie more than seventy years ago. It was with this object in view that, on his return to India in 1876, he resolved to make his way through Baluchistan from west to east, and to explore the northern parts of Mekran, and the Zirreh Desert. With his companion, the late Captain Lockwood, an officer of promise, he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, and in giving to the map of Western Baluchistan, which had been almost a blank, the names of many inhabited spots, of some rivers, and of several mountain ranges. But although General Macgregor came across a few places which he thought might be reclaimed from the desert, the greater proportion by far of the country is hopelessly barren, and presents so uninviting an aspect, that we feel sure a perusal of these pages will at once remove all desire to have anything to do with this region or its people.

General Macgregor has the quick eye for details of the observant and experienced traveller, and he accordingly supplies many particulars which bring the natives before us as living and animate creatures. The tribes of the west, living in a state of constant feud with each other, and hardly deigning to take the least notice of the behests of the Khan of Khelat, are composed almost exclusively of the Baluch race, whereas the ruling class and a large portion of the people of the eastern districts are Brahooes. There is a marked difference between these two races, as the following anecdotes, taken at random from General Macgregor's experiences of them both, will reveal:—

"My guide amused me much by his conversation to-day. Like all Baloches, he is deliciously simple in his ideas, and has none of the Eastern habit of putting things sweetly. When I was stooping down to get the slide for my camera, he looked at me and remarked, 'Why do you have your trousers so tight?'—I laughed, and said I thought they were very loose.—'Loose!' he replied, 'I thought they would split; mine are loose if you like,' holding out his to his side.—Next thing he said was, 'Now I have shown you my country, you must show me yours.'—'Very well,' I replied, 'but that would not be a fair exchange; there is nothing to see here, where there is nothing but stones; my country is one large garden.'—'Is it?' said he; and then turning to the men, he repeated, 'His country is all a garden, date trees everywhere.'—I protested that there were no date trees.—'No date trees! whew!' and he looked as if he thought a country without date trees could not be much worth seeing."

Again, General Macgregor writes as follows about his Baluch attendants and guard:—

"I gradually took sketches of each of my brave army, most of which I have since lost. This is a pity, as they made very queer pictures. Some really were quite ruffians, and others looked it. Their habits were anything but soldierly, and they thought nothing of firing off their matchlocks at any moment; but I tried to put a stop to this. . . . . Certainly, one trait of the Baloches is their intense avariciousness. If you give them anything, they unblushingly ask for something more. The fate of my present to Muhammad Shah has already been mentioned. Again, some days ago I gave Muhammad my gun, and he came to Lockwood to-day to ask what it was worth; and lastly, I gave the guide a capital clasp-knife; he took it, never said thank-you, but remarked to his *rafik* (companion), 'It has got neither a sheath nor a sling.' Whenever you ask a Baloch to do anything for you, he invariably says, 'What will you give me?' The other day, one of my paid escort wanted payment for coming to the top of a hill with me!"

The Brahooes, whose origin is so obscure, that, while one great authority declares them to be of Tartar stock, another identifies their language with Tamil, are quite a superior people, with whom General Macgregor's relations were of the most friendly kind. The following scene may be quoted, by way of contrast with those in which the Baluchis figured as the prominent characters:—

"We arrived after twelve miles at a Brahui camp, near a watering-place to the north called Pishak. As we were going along, an elderly gentleman rushed out with a small carpet, and called out, 'Hi! where are you going? Stop here!' And when he saw we still kept on our way, for I wanted to be near the water, he said, 'Hi! stop here. You are my guest! Don't blacken my face! Agha [Sir], do stop! For God's sake, be my guest!' and so on. I was so amused that I halted. Then he came up and seized hold of my leg, and said, 'There, now you are going to stop!' But I protested that I wanted to go on, to be near the water. 'Water! I will give you water, and meat, and milk, and bread, whatever you want.' So I said, 'I am very much obliged, and since you are so kind, I will stay here.'—'Kind,' he called out, laughing, 'wait till you see—Now, what do you want? A little milk? Nothing else? Have some bread?'—'No, I have bread, but if you could get us a little wood.'—'Of course; and you'll have some meat? I have lots of meat.'—'Thanks,' I said, 'I have meat; could you get some grass for the horse?' Before the words were out of my mouth he shouted, 'Hi Shahu! ho Merula! run and get some grass for the Agha's horse. Now, what else do you want?'—'Nothing more,' I replied; but he went on pressing me for a long time to have this and that. This, as a specimen, and a first specimen of the Brahuis, was certainly a great improvement. I was more than a month among the Baloches, and no man ever offered me a glass of water, and the last Baloch I met, Khan Jahan, when I arrived at his camp, told me to go on. The benevolent old gentleman, who was called Shah Dost, continued his attentions late in the night, and in the morning it was just the same; I feel sure there was no *arrière pensée*, for he never asked for any payment, and when I gave his little daughter a couple of rupees as a delicate way of returning his kindness, he wanted to return them; at which the young lady pouted and was going off into a 'boo! hoo!' I said, 'Let her take them on my account; your kindness cannot be paid for by money.' How different from the Baloch, who, if he does anything for you, always precedes it by an inquiry what his 'hakk' is to be!"

General Macgregor showed throughout his journey, under many trying circumstances, great tact and good temper. The way in which he managed his unruly Baluch escort, will excite the admiration of the reader; and we may say that we have seldom met with a traveller who knew better how to temper firmness with discretion. It is not very likely that a reference to these pages will encourage a desire to visit this quarter of Asia, nor will any future Alexander, sighing for new worlds to conquer, seek to reach India by marching through the desert and waterless plains of Mekran. The Baluch tribes offer no inducement, even to the petty Government of the Khan of Khelat, for direct interference in their affairs. They may recognise, or they may not—just as they choose—the authority of the agents that Chief has placed in some of their villages; but the rights of sovereignty can bring no profit and little honour to Mir Khododad. If there is any actual ruler in the western parts of Baluchistan, it is the bandit Azad Khan, of whom General Macgregor has a great deal to say, although he never met him personally. Azad Khan has established a fort of refuge at a place called Khormagah, in the heart of the desert, whence he dispenses his orders to the surrounding tribes. He has won his way by several successful wars, and by vanquishing many rivals, to a position of superiority over his neighbours. There is some interest attaching to his declaration that he only recognises the authority of the Afghans, and not of the Brahoo ruler of Khelat. In this declaration may be perceived a reminiscence of the old Afghan claims over the country of Baluchistan, while Azad Khan's chief motive in adopting this course is, no doubt, to set-off the name of the Afghans against that of the Brahooes. The affair is one of purely local interest, and the Khan of Khelat is not likely to be so ill-advised as to interfere with a turbulent race, which is sure to give great trouble if meddled with, but which, if left alone, will hurt nobody except itself. At the same time, General Macgregor's information concerning a people through whose country passes one of the principal telegraph lines to India, adds much to our knowledge of our Indian neighbours. It certainly completes the useful data which it is always desirable to possess about the dominions of the Khan of Khelat, and there will be a general opinion that its author has con-

* *Wanderings in Baluchistan.* By Major-General Sir C. M. Macgregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1882.

tributed another solid piece of work to that he had previously rendered towards the comprehension of Asiatic questions.

MR. ISAACS.*

This story contains sufficient of the supernatural to make it a sort of cross between the ordinary novel and fairy-tale. It purports to be narrated by one Paul Griggs, who edits a paper in India, and is Roman Catholic, half-Italian and half-American, and one of those amiable cynics who are constantly giving the lie to the disbelief in human nature they profess, by discovering in all their acquaintances some one or more of the good qualities the possession of which they deny to the race at large. At a hotel in Simla he chances to meet a stranger, a Persian, who has abbreviated his proper designation of Abdul Hafiz-ben-Isâk into Mr. Isaacs, and who is the hero of the book. There is a decided flavour of the Count of Monte Cristo about the description of this gentleman, with his lavish wealth, and wonderful and varied talents, powers, and information; he is romantically brave and generous, an excellent linguist, musician, sportsman, man of business, &c., reads thoughts as though by magic, has a dangerous, mysterious, and infallible remedy for injuries, possesses all kinds of remote knowledge, and is exceptionally beautiful to look at:—

"An easy grace marked his movements at all times, whether deliberate or vehement,—and he often went to each extreme,—a grace which no one acquainted with the science of the human frame would be at a loss to explain for a moment. The perfect harmony of all the parts, the even symmetry of every muscle, the equal distribution of a strength, not colossal and overwhelming, but ever ready for action, the natural courtesy of gesture—all told of a body in which true proportion of every limb and sinew were at once the main feature and the pervading characteristic. This infinitely supple and swiftly-moving figure was but the pedestal, as it were, for the noble face and nobler brain to which it owed its life and majestic bearing. A long oval face of a wondrous transparent olive tint, and of a decidedly Oriental type. A prominent brow and arched but delicate eyebrows fitly surmounted a nose smoothly aquiline, but with the broad well-set nostrils that bespeak active courage."

Yet it was neither by his graceful figure, nor his perfect Iranian features, that he at once enthralled and fascinated the susceptible, would-be cynical editor; but by his eyes, which are described in the following glowing terms:—

"I once saw in France a jewel composed of six precious stones, each a gem of great value, so set that they appeared to form but one solid mass, yielding a strange radiance that changed its hue at every movement, and multiplied the sunlight a thousandfold. Were I to seek a comparison for my friend's eyes, I might find an imperfect one in this masterpiece of the jeweller's art. They were dark and of remarkable size; when half-closed, they were long and almond-shaped; when suddenly opened in anger or surprise, they had the roundness and bold keenness of the eagle's sight. There was a depth of life and vital light in them that told of the pent-up force of a hundred generations of Persian magii. They blazed with the splendour of a god-like nature, needing neither meat nor strong drink to feed its power."

Enamoured (how could he help it?) at first sight of this paragon, Griggs is immediately ready to risk life and death on his behalf, and to do his utmost to promote Isaacs' courtship of an English girl with whom he has fallen madly in love. Considering that Isaacs does not credit women with the possession of souls, and has already three wives (of which fact he frankly informs the young lady he admires), most people would have been likely, in the interests of the girl, to hesitate about helping on this love-affair; but Griggs has no scruples on the subject (and possibly his staunch support of his friend's suit under such extremely unusual circumstances may be intended by the author as a warning of the folly of allowing cynics to interfere in matchmaking). It happens that the irresistible Mr. Isaacs has also captivated the affections of one Ram Lal, an extraordinary personage, whose powers are quite as supernatural as those of the enchanter in any child's fairy-tale, only with the difference that in Ram Lal's case they are attributed, in some hazy way, to a sublime disregard for mortal pleasures and conquest of mind over matter to which he, as one of the order of higher Buddhists, has attained. He is spoken of as an "adept," and though the precise meaning of that term is not given, yet it is evidently equivalent to "magician," since there is no other theory which can explain his ubiquity, mysterious appearances and vanishings, knowledge of things said and done in his absence, and correct prophecies. We will quote an instance of his astonishing power. Three men wish to carry off a prisoner from fifty hostile soldiers, who are resolved to kill both him and his rescuers. In these circumstances, ordinary mortals would hardly expect that the three would be able openly to accomplish their purpose when the soldiers were broad awake and looking at them; but Ram Lal thinks nothing of making such a performance feasible. He causes a sudden dense mist to obscure a clear and brilliant moonlight, and manages the affair so easily, that the only wonder is why he did not do it altogether alone; and the reader thoroughly sympathises with the bewilderment of Griggs, who, having had a considerable share of danger in the adventure, confesses himself "completely at a loss to explain why, if Ram Lal can command the forces of nature to the extent of calling down a thick mist under the cover of which we might escape, he could not have calmly destroyed the whole band by lightning, by indigestion, or some simple and efficacious means, so that we need not have risked our lives in supplementing what he only half did." Buddhists do not seek European converts, and we are, therefore, not a little surprised to find the omnipotent Ram Lal anxious for Isaacs to join the brotherhood to which he himself belonged. Such, however, being the case, one feels that Isaacs is provoking his fate, when he states that if anything were to occur to make him permanently unhappy beyond the possibility of ordinary consolation, he believes he would seek comfort in studying the pure doctrines of the higher Buddhists. Obviously, then, if the earthly joy he most covets should be dashed from his lips, that will tend to bring about what Ram Lal wishes; consequently, the latter withholds information that would have been likely to prevent the downfall of Isaacs' hopes, and the story closes in the triumph of the enchanter, as he carries off the hero to devote himself to endeavouring to attain to neh'ban, that cold and comfortless condition, hardly to be distinguished from annihilation, which forms the final goal of a Buddhist's desires. We have great doubts, however, as to Ram Lal's having thought fit to impart to his neophyte the full amount of non-entity at which the Buddhist hopes eventually to arrive; for when we leave Isaacs, he is looking gladly forward in the future to being, "not alone, but wedded for all ages to her who has gone before me,"—which state of anticipated bliss is not easy to reconcile with the description that a recently published book gives of neh'ban, as an existence where a man "knows nothing of others or of the world, and so is a stranger to all feelings of joy or sorrow." For such a severing of ties and loss of individuality as that, would seem little likely to satisfy the aspirations of one so full of vital energy, and possessing so strongly marked an *ego*, as Mr. Isaacs.

The foregoing sketch will show that this book has some absurdities; but apart from this, there is much to like in it. It is entertaining, and contains capital bits of description of travelling and general mode of life in India, besides fresh and pleasant writing, and sufficient cleverness and imagination to make us hope that the same pen will produce another story, constructed on a basis of probabilities, and without any admixture of supernatural elements. And, finally, we would caution Mrs. Crawford that it is possible to be too learned. A novel-reader does not generally hanker after conversations which are of the nature of essays on metaphysics, cynicism, philosophy, psychology, and other abstruse subjects, and which give the impression of being intended to display the extent and variety of the author's information rather than to advance the story; nor is the average student of light literature very likely to care for discussions on transcendental analysis, wherein occur such sentences as the following:—

"Consider the theories of Darwin, for instance. What are they but an elaborate application of the higher calculus? He differentiates men into protoplasms, and integrates protoplasms into monkeys, and shows the caudal appendage to be the independent variable, a small factor in man, a large factor in monkey. And has not the idea of successive development supplanted the early conception of spontaneous perfection?"

* *Mr. Isaacs.* By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan and Co.

LAMBETH PALACE.*

This handsome volume has attractions and excellences apart altogether from the late Dr. Tait, who wrote the introduction to it. An author at once so modest and so much in love with his subject as Mr. Cave-Browne here shows himself to be, would be the last man in the world to object to this short essay being glanced at before his own work is considered. It is interesting, if for nothing else, as being a specimen of the best style of the late Primate. While essentially a modern man, and

* *Lambeth Palace and its Associations.* By J. Cave-Brown, M.A. With an Introduction by the late Archbishop of Canterbury. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1882.

seeking to adapt the Church of which he was the pilot to what he terms here "these somewhat democratic times," he had a strong historic sense. His dual nature, indeed, accounts to some extent at once for what robuster and more audacious personalities considered his individual weaknesses, and for what all fair critics of his Primacy admit to be his official strength. Here, this historic sense, which, though not so literary, was quite as warm as the late Dean Stanley's, is allowed free scope, the result being what Mr. Arnold—himself full of this same sense—might style archæology touched with emotion. The following, for example, may not be in the grand, but still it is in a good style:—"Even if we confine our thoughts to the time—now nearly seven centuries—during which the Archbishops have lived in Lambeth, we find ourselves connected, by the associations which cluster round these walls, with each step in the onward progress of our Church and people towards fuller light and higher liberty. We can find memorials here of the successful efforts made to secure freedom from the thraldom of Rome, which marked the reigns of the later Plantagenets and of the Lancastrian and Yorkist Sovereigns. We can trace the mode in which Christian influence was maintained throughout the land, in spite of marauding Barons and rapacious Kings. We can see how the professed followers of Christ bore themselves amid the struggles preceding that great upheaval of society, in which the hitherto non-privileged classes asserted their rights as Englishmen. We learn how the Church of England, notwithstanding the grave faults of many of its rulers, adapted itself—under the good hand of God—in all these troublous times, and in the changing days which followed them, to the real wants of the English people. The admonitions of places are, to the student of history, as powerful as the admonitions of books. Men's hearts may well be stirred, and their loyalty to the National Church confirmed, as they trace the many memorials in the architecture, pictures, and ornaments of Lambeth which bring them face to face with the past, and so arouse their high hopes for the future." It may be doubted if any one but a Scotsman, the native of a country trained to the mental realisation of a democratic ideal by the tradition of Presbyterian parity, and full, as Cobden found it, of the rights of man,—as distinguished from "The Rights of Man,"—could have written so contentedly of "that great upheaval of society in which the hitherto non-privileged classes asserted their rights as Englishmen." As for the Church of England adapting itself "in all these troublous times, and in the changing days which followed them, to the real wants of the English people," that is simply the image of Dr. Tait's favourite "comprehension" reflected in the evolution of history.

Mr. Cave-Browne very cordially acknowledges his obligations to former historians of Lambeth Palace, and particularly to Mr. Thomas Allen, a resident in the parish, who some time ago compiled a volume of a popular rather than of an archæological character. As that is now, however, out of print, Mr. Cave-Browne's work supplies a want. His method and style are alike excellent. After telling, in an interesting preliminary chapter, how Lambeth Palace became the London residence of the great English prelates, he then proceeds, somewhat in guide-book fashion, though certainly not in guide-book English, to describe in succession the Great Gateway or Morton's Tower, the Great Hall, the Guard-room, Cranmer's Tower, the Tower of the Lollards, the Chapel, &c. Every corner of the old house will be found full of special interest to special readers, who will naturally have their preferences. For our part, we have found most pleasure in the chapters which tell of the pictures in the guard-room—as a series, Mr. Cave-Brown truly says they are unrivalled—and the MSS., &c., in the library. He admits that the portrait gallery "lacks that telling, yet indescribable charm which variety of costume always gives to a collection in which are mixed here and there portraits of warriors and statesmen with more sombrely clad divines." "Yet," Mr. Browne proceeds to say, in a passage which deserves quotation, as an example of his style,—

"A more careful examination will detect variety even here, and variety not without interest. The close-fitting skull-cap of Warham spreads out at the four corners, on the heads of Cranmer and Parker, till it assumes monstrous proportions over the face of Sheldon, and with Tillotson is stiffening into the trencher-cap, as retained in the Universities of to-day. Again, the plainly-buttoned rochet of the earlier Prelates becomes stiffly frilled round the necks of Abbott and Laud, turns into a plain roll-collar with Juxon, and expands into a broad flat one with Sheldon and Sancroft; and then, being nearly covered by the stole, the collar disappears, leaving only the ends visible, which pass into mere broad bands with Tillotson, and as such are still in use on the Episcopal Bench. With Tillotson came another change. Up to his time, in spite of the universally prevalent lay custom of false curls, which had come in with the Stuarts, the Bishops always wore their own hair, at first very short, and gradually descending into somewhat shaggy curls, as seen in the portraits of Sheldon and Sancroft; but with Tillotson came in again short hair, and the wig with stiff curls; these are somewhat reduced in size by each succeeding Prelate until, as worn by Manners-Sutton, Howley, and Sumner, they hardly deserved the name, which still clung to them, of the full-bottomed wig; with the latter, even this entirely disappeared, except on State occasions."

Mr. Cave-Browne rightly describes the Lambeth Library as "a fountain-head at which the real student of the history of the English Church can drink deeply; and perhaps it is the Biblical scholar who will find here the richest rewards for his labours, in the manuscripts of the New Testament, little known and therefore little used, in which this library is so rich." Among these treasures are an illuminated copy of "The Gospel of MacDurnan," Abbot of Derry and Bishop of Armagh, written in Latin, and belonging to the ninth century; "De Virginitate," by Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury and Bishop of Sherburn, which is a work of the seventh century; a copy of Wicliffe's Version of the Old and New Testaments; a variety of Missals; and a singularly beautiful manuscript of the fifteenth century, bearing the title "The Notable Wise Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers, translated out of French into English, by Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers; finished December 24th, anno 16 Edward IV." Some of the Lambeth Librarians have been notable men, such as Ducarel; Todd, the editor of Johnson's *Dictionary* and biographer of Cranmer; Edmund Gibson, the Anglo-Saxon scholar; and, first but far from least, Henry Wharton, the pupil of Newton, who was a prodigy of learning, and died when a little over thirty, and at the very time when it might have been expected he would have been able to use that learning for the benefit of his countrymen. Altogether, Mr. Cave-Browne's is one of those books which reverent Anglicans and antiquarians, and others who may be neither, but who yet find profit and pleasure in indulging the historical sense, will gladly give a place to on their shelves.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Except in point of illustration, the February number of *Harper's Magazine* is rather poor. Mr. Black's story of "Shandon Bells" is becoming, indeed, somewhat more interesting, from the stand-point of human character. Mr. Herbert Tuttle gives a readable paper on "German Political Leaders," though to some extent it is a dilution of his old "Brief Biographies." There are some facts in "Maryland and the Far South in the Colonial Period," by Mr. John Fiske, but they are put in a rather dull way. Mr. Harry Fenn's illustrations of "The Wild Welsh Coast" are worth everything else in the magazine, although the accompanying letterpress of Mr. Wirt Sikes is also good.

The new number of the *Magazine of Art* is only an average one. There is nothing very remarkable either in the art or the literature of it. The best articles are Mr. Champneys' "The Interior of St. Paul's Cathedral," Mr. Benjamin's account of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's house in New York, under the title of "An American Palace;" and Mr. Harry Barnett's "The Special Artist," though the last is rather too *Graphic*. The best picture in the number is Schulz-Briesen's "In Auld Lang Syne," a very humorous representation of two old women talking gossip and scandal over their tea, and in the company of their cats.

With the February number, *Chambers's Journal* enters on its fifty-second volume. The conductors of this magazine deserve great credit for the manner in which they keep up its high reputation. Except the poetry, which is neither better nor worse than ordinary magazine verse, there is absolutely nothing in this number which is not readable. The stories are all good, Mr. Harwood in particular making a promising start, with, "One False, both Fair." The informative and anecdotal papers are excellent, and deal with such different subjects as "Monday at her Majesty's Tower," "Curiosities of the Telephone," "A Roland for an Oliver," and "The Humours of Examinations." The last, indeed, suggests the ingenuity of the hoaxer. Where was the student *raised* who wrote, "The sweet bread is called the Pancreas, being so named after the Midland Railway Station in London?"

Regimental Legends. By J. S. Winter. (Chatto and Windus.)—Three more volumes of soldiering stories, by the author of *Cavalry Life*, to which the above remarks equally apply. In "A Regimental Æsthete," there is a welcome reminiscence of the immortal Frank Webber of "Charles O'Malley," and his personation of Miss Judy

Maean. These stories are the very thistledown of light literature, but of their kind they are not bad.

The Gallynipper in Yankeeland. By Himself. (Tinsley Brothers.)—We have not the advantage of knowing what a gallynipper is, but this slim volume affords internal evidence that a great deal of vulgarity, slang, and impudent imitation of certain second-rate American humourists whose own genuine jokes are about as much as we can bear, goes to the composition of that mysterious being. We have not the slightest wish to discover the secret, nor do we think many readers will be tempted to follow the fortunes of a person who thinks it funny to write as follows:—"There was a sweet and verdant youth, of many tender summers. And he had a mother-in-law that was to be, and she vexed him and he vexed her, and life was a vexatious vanity. And he fled away from her on the hop, as the flea goeth, and made a long journey, and sought comfort in a foreign land."

In *Locke on Words*, with Introduction and Notes by F. Ryland, M.A. (Sonnenschein and Co.), some readers probably will fail to recognise a reproduction of the third part of John Locke's "Essay concerning the Human Understanding." The book, as it now stands, is a reprint from the seventh edition, published in 1715-16, with an introduction and notes, put together chiefly with a view of assisting the man of very ordinary capacity, the average reader, who, as a rule, knows little logic and less metaphysics. The table prefixed to the Introduction, giving the chief events of John Locke's life, will doubtless prove useful.

A Preparatory Book of German Prose, by Hermann B. Boisen, A.M. (Ginn, Heath, and Co., Boston, U.S.), has been added to Martha's Vineyard series of text-books of modern languages. It is well calculated to introduce the youthful student to the best models of the German tongue.

A History of the English Language and Literature, by Dr. F. J. Bierbaum (G. Weiss, Heidelberg; Trübner and Co., London), contains a great deal of useful information in a very small compass. Considering that it is the work of a foreigner, we are astonished to see how faithfully and how exhaustively he has treated not only Shakespeare and Milton, but our less-known "metaphysical" poets. The "novelists" and "epistolary writers" are, perhaps, less successfully treated. The volume contains an account of the liberation of North America, brought down to a very recent date, for it records the death of Longfellow. The list of modern English poets, we observe, includes Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne, but, if we may trust the index, it ignores Mr. Matthew Arnold.

Chambers's Historical Readers, Book III. (W. and R. Chambers), comprises a series of short chapters on the History of England, from A.D. 1327 down to the Revolution of 1688. It will be found useful in schools, and its simple, easy style will recommend it to young persons generally. The concluding lessons, on "London under Charles II.," and the "Social Condition of England under the Stuarts," are largely based on Macaulay; but this is no fault.

P. Vergili Maronis Opera. By T. L. Papillon, M.A. (Clarendon Press Series.)—The object of this edition is to provide something intermediate in quantity between those of Conington and Professor Kennedy. The first volume contains the text, together with an introduction in four parts, the three latter of which are devoted to text, orthography, and versification respectively. Under each of these heads, Mr. Papillon has brought together much valuable matter which is not to be found so conveniently elsewhere, and the general introduction, dealing with the life and works of the poet, strikes us as both interesting and suggestive. The second volume is occupied by the commentary, in which, although it is useful and in the main satisfactory, the editor seems to us to have been less uniformly successful. It is an obvious defect that, so far as we have observed, not the slightest notice is taken of the great commentary of Dr. Henry, the result of thirty-five years' work, either in its earliest form, or in the final edition, which has now reached Book viii. This neglect is the more unfortunate, as Mr. Papillon gives considerable space to textual criticism. For instance, in the disputed passage, Aeneid, i., 640, he follows Conington in giving as the only MS. authority for "dii" the Palatine MS., which was ascertained by Dr. Henry to have, like the Roman and Medicean, "dei." On the other hand, "dii" was found by Dr. Henry in two out of the sixty-eight second-class MSS. he examined for the passage; while "die," which Mr. Papillon says is not found in any printed copy, is the reading of the Milan edition of 1492 and the Aldine of 1514. So in Aen., vi., 383, where Mr. Papillon speaks of the "unanimous testimony of MSS." to the reading "terrae," Dr. Henry in five found "terra," and his view that it is a nominative deserves at least mention. In the same way, Madvig's "Adversaria Critica" seem not to have been consulted; *e.g.*, at Aen., i., 455, the reading (from one MS.) "intra se" (="in his own thoughts") should be attributed rather to Madvig than to Professor Kennedy, or at least to both. A good deal of the philological matter introduced might probably have been replaced with advantage by a fuller exegesis; in the first ten lines of the Aeneid, we miss notes on "primus," "unde," and "pietate." The notes which may be considered as specially Mr. Papillon's own strike us as occasionally crude and hasty. On Ecl. i., 10, we are told, "The imperfects 'vellem,' 'nollem,' 'mallem' are as it were stereotyped formulæ, and so independent of the ordinary 'sequence of tenses,' which here would naturally demand 'volim' ('permisit' being a perfect proper, *i.e.*, a 'primary' tense)." How, then, would Mr. Papillon explain such constructions as that of Cæsar's remark about the Germans, "in eam se consuetudinem adduxerunt ut . . . . . lavareutur in fluminibus" (B. G., iv., 1)? Ecl. iii., 110, is explained (reading "haut . . . . . haut"), "'every one who shall neither shrink from the pleasures of love, nor experience any of its bitter feelings,' *i.e.*, whoever is a bold and true lover." For the two readings of Aeneid, vi., 806, "virtute extendere vires," and "virtutem extendere factis," Mr. Papillon has nothing happier to suggest than "to exert our strength by brave deeds," and "to exert our prowess in brave deeds." On G. ii., 529, we have the note,—"eratera coronant, not a 'mistranslation or alteration of Homer's *κρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο*' (Con.);" at Aeneid, i., 724, on "vina coronant" we are told that "with Homer's phrase in his mind, Virgil varied the meaning either unconsciously or from actual misunderstanding," which seems to us identical with Conington's condemned interpretation of the first passage. Minor evidences of haste, such as "subjunctive genitive" and "punibo," are not wanting. Among these may be reckoned the rendering of "pomo" by "apple" (Ecl. ii., 53), and the illustration of G. ii., 80-1 ("co-ordination, rather than subordination, of clauses"), by "The Lord, he is God," and "My banks they are furnished with bees." Mr. Papillon observes in his preface,—"It often happens that the shortest and simplest way of explaining a passage is to translate it; and I have availed myself freely of this method." We are by no means sure that this plan of "giving a construe" is not also the "shortest and simplest" way of convincing the learner that he fully understands a passage, and so dissuading him from taking any further trouble about it. But what we wish more particularly to protest against is Mr. Papillon's constant introduction into his translations of the rhythm of verse (or even of rhyme, as in, "What sin so grievous had been done by Lapithae or Calydon?"). "Versum in oratione fieri, multo foedissimum est totum, sicut etiam in parte deforme," seems to us a principle as true for English as for Latin. At Aeneid, vi., 661-3, we have three lines of blank verse; single lines occur on almost every page. Equally objectionable are such rhythms as "whereon each wave from ocean breaks, and parting fills the quiet creeks," and "hence deftly forge their wax anew, and mould their clinging honey," the latter of which will probably remind readers who love and know their Dickens of a refrain sung, or rather stumped, along the streets by Mr. Silas Wegg. As we have found several points on which to disagree with Mr. Papillon, we wish to express once more our conviction that there is much valuable work in these volumes, work which we shall be glad to see rendered more valuable still in a second edition.

Clare Stellar. A Novel. By Mrs. J. Galbraith Lunn. (Remington and Co.)—The chief fault that we have to find with this book is that it is called a novel. This is a misnomer; the story is one merely of and for children. It is rather too romantic; the little heroine is too imaginative to be quite natural, but it is a pretty little story, with many good thoughts in it, and perfectly right and wholesome sympathies. The author brings the heroine up to her wedding-day: that is probably why she has called her book a novel. Taken for what it really is, *Clare Stellar* is much to be liked. The author is very sound upon the love, care, and study of animals.

Clare Welsman. By the Author of "Pansies and Asphodel." (Remington and Co.)—The "Clare" of this story is a man, and a sculptor. A great deal of sin, sorrow, death, parting, and unmerited misfortune is piled up in the one small volume to which the writer has restricted herself; the shadows are rather too deep, perhaps, for a pleasant picture, but the story has a certain merit, and the gleams in it of Quaker people and manners, and of quiet country life and the queer ways of some Dissenting bodies, are agreeable. The author will write well, when she has learned that abruptness is not always forcible, and that brevity is not necessarily wit.

Samos and Samian Coins, by Percy Gardner, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.), is a reprint of a most valuable article, which many of our readers may have noticed in the *Numismatic Chronicle* last year. That it is scholarlike, learned, and exhaustive, is shown by the name of the "Disney Professor of Archæology at Cambridge," which appears on its title-page. The first-half of the volume is really an epitome of the history of Samos as a State; and Professor Gardner reminds us that it was in the days of Polycrates, its "Tyrant," one of the most powerful States of Greece, and a formidable rival to that of Athens. The Samians of a later date are praised by Pausanias for their excellence in athletic exercises and sea-fights. That they were skilled in other arts is proved by the six pages filled with illustrations of Samian coins, with which the volume is enriched.

French Examination Papers (D. Nutt), is, perhaps, a misleading

title. The book contains a collection of papers in French grammar and literature, including passages for translation into and from French, set at the University of London, at Woolwich and Sandhurst, at the Staff College, at the competitive examinations for the Indian Civil Service, and at the local examinations of the Universities (not as printed on the title-page, "University") of Oxford and Cambridge. In this age of cramming and constant "exams.," such a work is likely to find plenty of supporters. It is edited by Professor C. Rühle, late German Master at Woolwich.

Wanderings in the Land of Lorne, and the Outer Hebrides. By Robert Buchanan. (Chatto and Windus.)—We do not understand why a book the preface of which was written in October, 1882, and which was already in the hands of the public in November, should be described on the title-page as published in 1883. But though the title-page is slightly inaccurate, we must congratulate Mr. Buchanan on the appearance of this new edition of this graphic volume, the contents of which were first published in 1872, and dedicated to the Princess Louise. This dedication appears at the end of the present edition, and however sad and true the allegations contained in it may be, we cannot but think that the sentiments it contains, as addressed to the Princess Louise, were, and are, devoid of tact and good-feeling. Mr. Buchanan himself seems to be aware that he has transgressed the limits of courtesy, when he says (page 325),—"After this dismal recital, so necessary to my purpose, yet almost ungracious, on a bridal morning." No doubt, if the facts alleged be correct, there are many abuses to be amended in the land-tenure of the Hebrid Isles. And we can sympathise with Mr. Buchanan's burning zeal to have all things put right, but we are afraid that in the minds of most people who have, during the last ten years, read his dedication, a prejudice will be created not in favour of, but against, the author's convictions. The book itself is a prose poem. Here are no dull descriptions of scenery, such as may be found in the pages of Johnson; or even, shall we say, in the poetry and prose of Sir Walter Scott? We have taken the trouble to compare Boswell's "Journal" and Johnson's "Tour" with these wanderings of Mr. Buchanan's. One cannot but be amused by the "Journal," for it is such an account as Snodgrass would have written about Pickwick; and Johnson's "Tour" is a mere itinerary, transcribed from Boswell's "Journal," and translated into the language which Macaulay aptly terms "Johnsonese," which consists of long sentences so equally balanced, that a word more or less would destroy the equilibrium of a whole passage. But in Mr. Buchanan's work we find short, terse sentences, vivid descriptions of loch and mountain, and bright narratives of adventure along the wild sea-coast of the Outer Hebrides. It is said that there are two classes of orators, those who master their subject, and those whose subject masters them. It is to the latter that our author belongs. He stands looking at a scene till the inner meaning of it dawns upon his mind, and this inner meaning he has the power of communicating, more or less, to his readers.

Ups and Downs of Spanish Travel, by H. B. Graham Bellingham (London Literary Society), are lively and amusing enough, but can scarcely claim to be more. The author takes us not only to Madrid, Malaga, Granada, the Escurial, and other places constantly visited by tourists, but also to the Balearic Isles, and his descriptions of life in Majorca will be new to most English readers. He quotes occasionally from previous writers on Spain, such as the Rev. H. J. Rose; but he may be glad to be reminded that the author of the inimitable "Spanish Ballads" was called, not "Lockhert" (as the name is spelt on page 50), but "Lockhart."

Witch Stories, by whomsoever they are collected and compiled, will always be sure of attentive and eager readers; and we may be sure that they will not be the worse for being told by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Messrs. Chatto and Windus, therefore, did wisely in adding this book to their "May-Fair Library," and we are glad to see that in this shape the book has reached "a new edition." As might be expected, a large proportion of the stories are Scotch, and scarcely a single tale of witchcraft that we have ever heard is absent from this collection. Full justice, however, is done to the counties South of the Tweed; and no more interesting chapters occur than those headed "The Witch-finding of Hopkins" and the "Manningtree Witches," both connected with the Eastern Counties. Most readers will be surprised to find, from the concluding chapter, how very little more than a century has passed since witchcraft was capitally punished in England.

Our Iron Roads, by Frederick S. Williams (Bemrose and Sons), is the title of a brief popular history of the rise and progress of railways in this and other countries, for which there has been found so wide a demand, that it has reached the honours of a second edition. It is evidently the result of much well-directed research, and is put together in a careful and scholarly manner, so that it is very readable, though here and there it bristles with statistical information. The illustrations are much to the point, and strike us as very fairly done. The paper and printing are first-rate. Mr. Williams gives us some good anecdotes, especially on the subject of the birth of our Railway system. Here is one,—"You must be making handsomely out of your canals," was once remarked by a friend to the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater. "Oh! yes," replied his Grace; "they will last my time. But I don't like the look of these tramroads; there is mischief in them." "The observation of the Duke," justly remarks Mr. Williams, "was in a sense prophetic, for those wooden roads to which he referred were the foreshadowing of the railway system of the present day." We commend to the notice of the antiquarian reader Mr. Williams's account (pp. 5-7) of tramways in use at Colebrooke Dale, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, &c., in the days before Outram was born.

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for February:—*L'Art*, many of the illustrations in which are very fine.—Part 1 of a serial illustrated edition of the English translation of Victor Duruy's *History of Rome and of the Roman People*, edited by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy. (Kelly and Co.) The illustrations and maps are well executed, and the text is clearly printed on superior paper.—*Art and Letters*, a good number.—Part 1 of a reissue of the serial edition of Henry Morley's *Library of English Literature*.—Part 1 of an illustrated serial edition of *The Franco-German War*. (Cassell and Co.)—Part 15 of *Cities of the World*.—The *Manchester Quarterly*.—*Journal of the Statistical Society*.—The *Month*.—The *Gentleman's Magazine*, the "Science Notes" in which contain some useful hints to those engaged in literary pursuits.—The *Army and Navy Magazine*.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine*.—The *Nautical Magazine*, containing the first of a series of articles on "Canal Projects."—The *Antiquarian Magazine*.—The *Oxford Magazine*.—The *Presbyterian Review*.—The *Theatre*, which contains some well-timed remarks on the decadence of modern pantomime.—*Science Gossip*.—The *Folk-lore Journal*.—*Belgravia*.—*London Society*.—*Time*.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.—*Cassell's Magazine*.—*All the Year Round*.—The *Sunday Magazine*.—*Good Words*.—The *Leisure Hour*.—The *Sunday at Home*.—Part I. of the new series of *Africa*, a Missionary Magazine. (Partridge and Co.)—The *Continent*.—*L'Art de la Femme*.—The *Ladies' Treasury*.—The *Melbourne Review*.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold (G. M.), Robert Pocock, the Gravesend Botanist, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Besant (W.), All Sorts and Conditions of Men, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Black (W.), The Shandon Bells, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	31/6
Bridges (T. D.), Journal of a Lady's Travels round the World	(J. Murray)	15/0
City of Three Spires (The), 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Bemrose)	12/0
Cook (W.), Poultry, How to Make It Pay	(Journal of Horticulture Office)	2/0
Dale (D.), Family Failing, cr 8vo	(Blackie)	2/6
Duffy (C.), Four Years of Irish History, 8vo	(Cassell & Co.)	21/0
Encyclopædic Dictionary, Vol. 2, Part 2, 4to	(Cassell & Co.)	10/6
Euripides, Medea, edited by A. W. Verral, 12mo	(Macmillan)	3/6
Fairburn (A. M.), The City of God, and other Sermons, cr 8vo	(Hodder)	3/6
Goethe, Götz von Berlichingen, edited by H. A. Bull, 18mo	(Macmillan)	2/0
Guest (E.), Origines Celticæ, 2 vols. 8vo	(Macmillan & Co.)	32/0
Harris (W.), Insanity, its Cause, &c., cr 8vo	(Wyman)	2/6
Hay (M. C.), Bid Me Discourse, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Hayward (W. S.), The Colonel's Daughter, 12mo	(Maxwell)	2/0
Imperatoris Justiniani Institutionum Libri Quatuor, 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press)	21/0
Landels (W.), The Marriage Ring, cr 8vo	(Cassell & Co.)	6/0
Lawrence (Lord), Life of, by R. B. Smith, 2 vols. 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	36/0
Lillingston (F. A. C.), Self, 12mo	(Marshall Brothers)	2/0
Macdonald (G.), Paul Faber, Surgeon, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2/0
Murdock (A. J.), Scottish Poets, Recent and Living, cr 8vo	(Hamilton)	6/0
Our Marriage Vow, Service, &c., 18mo	(Suttaby)	2/6
Portia; or, by Passions Rocked, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	31/6
Ridsdale (C. H.), Chemical Per-centage Tables, cr 8vo	(Lockwood)	3/6
Roberts (A.), Old-Testament Revision, 12mo	(Hodder)	3/6
Seaton (A. E.), A Manual of Marine Engineering, 8vo	(Griffin)	18/0
Smith (A. M.), Political Economy, cr 8vo	(Williams & Norgate)	3/6
Smith (G. T.), Mendicant Wanderers through the Streets of London	(Nimmo)	4/6
So As by Fire, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Maxwell)	31/6
Stanley (A. P.), Recollections of, by G. G. Bradley, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	3/6
Thomas (B.), The Violin Player, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2/0
Townsend (F.), The Flora of Hampshire, cr 8vo	(Reeves)	16/0
Windisch (E.), Compendium of Irish Grammar, 8vo	(D. Gill)	6/0

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NOTICE.—*With this week's* SPECTATOR *is issued, gratis, a* LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Fourth Session of the Queen's Tenth Parliament was opened on Thursday, with the usual Message from the Throne. The Queen informs the Houses that tranquillity has been restored to Egypt, that the reconstitution of Government there is proceeding, and that the arrangements needed have been submitted to the Sultan and the Great Powers, who, there is every reason to believe, will approve them. The withdrawal of British troops is, therefore, proceeding as expeditiously as circumstances will admit. Her Majesty has restored Cetewayo to Zululaud, and trusts "that good relations will be maintained between the Zulu nation and Natal,"—a significant sentence, fatal to the statement that Zululand is now a dependency. The Queen believes that the improvement in the social condition of Ireland continues, as agrarian crime is diminishing, and the law is everywhere upheld; but adds that dangerous Secret Societies in Dublin "call for unremitting euergy and vigilance." Measures will be brought in for codifying the Criminal Law, for creating a Court of Criminal Appeal, for amending the laws of Bankruptcy and Patents, for preventing Corrupt Practices, for the better government of the Metropolis, and for other reforms of local government, "if time permit;" for the Prevention of Floods, for Police and Education in Scotland and Wales, and for Compensation to Tenants in England and Scotland. "You have provided in recent years, by a liberal devotion of your time, for the most urgent among the needs of Ireland," and may now regard the claims of general legislation and of "other portions of the United Kingdom."

The Bradlaugh meeting in Trafalgar Square, which many people regarded as most formidable, went off quite quietly. The attendance of delegates was considerable, and the roughs gathered at one o'clock in such numbers that the square was completely filled. The meeting, however, was orderly, Mr. Bradlaugh expressly deprecating riot, and no intention was manifested of forming a procession. The Member for Northampton was the only speaker, and he informed the crowd that he considered Mr. Mundella's and Mr. Firth's speeches as proof positive that the Government intended to bring in an Affirmation Bill, and it was therefore his duty to wait and see whether that Bill was accepted, or not. If it was rejected, he should claim his seat as Member for Northampton. He then went away in a cab, and the assemblage dispersed. The sympathy with Mr. Bradlaugh is, in London, very slight, though there is a general impression that he is entitled to his seat, and a general approval of the Affirmation Bill. As Sir Stafford Northcote has repeatedly advised that Bill, in the hope that he may quote it as proof that the Government sympathises with Atheists, it ought to pass easily, but it probably will not. The Tories are aware that the "Bradlaugh" cry might help them at an election, and will, if they can, keep the dispute open until the dissolution, a policy they may find reason to repent.

The opening debate was dull in both Houses. In the Lords, Lord Durham, who moved the Address, was complimented by Lord Granville as a worthy representative of the Lambtons, and Lord Reay, who seconded it, made an impression by his special knowledge of foreign politics; but Lord Salisbury indulged in a flood of bitter epigrams, rather than in arguments. He said the "headless trunk of a Ministry" showed symptoms of paralysis, that it was impossible to attack anything so "formless" as the Queen's Speech, and that it reminded him of the ordeal by fire, moving about through burning questions, but touching none. He hinted that the Speech was the "mask to a battery of destructive legislation," and quoting from a report of Mr. Gladstone's talk with M. Clémenceau, obviously full of misunderstandings—for example, it is directly wrong about the police of London—said Mr. Gladstone intended "to make of the humblest Irishman a governing agency." He condemned the Liberal policy in Ireland utterly, declaring that the Government had swept away the landlord power, and was now face to face with a disaffected people who demanded Home-rule, about which the Government in reality spoke with two voices. He made, however, some just comments on the future the Government hoped for in Egypt, showing that their influence alone upheld the Khedive's throne; and that when the troops were withdrawn, the Government would rely for that influence on prestige, which had broken down, even when the prestige of France was associated with it. That is sound criticism, as is the remark that in the present weakness of Government in France, French agents become independent, and are more dangerous, not less, than they ever were before.

Lord Granville began with a fair joke,—his full agreement with the Marquis that there was nothing to criticise in the Queen's Speech,—and proceeded to deny that Government was divided about Home-rule. Nobody was for granting Home-rule, and nobody denied that there were local powers which ought to be conceded to Ireland. As for Egypt, he did not see his way to an annexation, which Lord Beaconsfield had always repudiated (yes, because Lord Beaconsfield, with his strong race-feeling, wanted Syria instead), or to a Protectorate; while he was certain that if we washed our hands of Egypt, other Powers would intervene. It would be an act of treachery to Egypt to withdraw our troops too soon, but he entirely declined to say how long they were to remain. The British proposals had not been accepted by France, or rejected, but they were favourably regarded by Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy; while the Sultan had sent nothing, except an approval of the abolition of the Dual Control. The rest of the discussion raged round Ireland, and that subject in Ireland which specially interests the Peers, the operation of the Irish Land Act. Their point is that the Valuers were dispensed with by Mr. Trevelyan because they were favourable to the landlords.

In the Commons, after Mr. Labouchere had promised that Mr. Bradlaugh would not claim his seat if an Affirmation Bill were introduced, and Lord Hartington had announced that such a Bill would be proposed, and Sir R. Cross had stated that he should give it the strongest opposition, the discussion became Irish. The Parnellites desired to make Mr. Healy's arrest a question of Privilege, but Lord Hartington and the Attorney-General showed that in 1697 the House of Commons had distinctly disclaimed privilege, as against an order to enter into recognisances. In spite, therefore, of bitter speeches from many Members, and of an able one from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who quoted the Judge's decision in the Wilkes case as evidence

that a Member could not be arrested, except for treason or actual breach of the peace, the House affirmed that it had no privilege by 353 to 47. The general debate was then allowed to open, and Sir Stafford Northcote, who, of course, made much of Mr. Bradlaugh and the Affirmation Bill, asked why we went to Egypt, and when we were going away; and declared that Ireland ought to be governed firmly, and not "excited by a prospect of obtaining something more." He objected, too, to the hint, which he declared he found in the Speech, that nothing would be done to relieve agriculturists in the matter of local taxation, until a future County Government Bill had been adopted.

Lord Hartington began his reply by stating that Mr. Gladstone was now in such a condition of health that he could return, if his presence were absolutely required; and continued by saying that the Affirmation Bill would have been mentioned in the Queen's Speech, if it had been of importance enough. As to Egypt, he declared that all available information was before the House, that the troops would probably be withdrawn after six months more had elapsed, and that the gloomy anticipations of many writers were not warranted by the facts. He declared that the Bill for the Government of London would be of an "extremely definite character," and not applicable to other places, denied that remissions of local taxation benefitted the farmer,—using on that subject very distinct language,—and then addressed himself to Ireland. The Government fully believed that crime was diminishing, and would go forward in their course of executing the law, while they did not intend this Session to bring forward any Irish measures of importance. Lord R. Churchill continued the debate in a spirit of fierce criticism, describing the Bill for London, for instance, as an *experimentum in corpore vili*; declaring that "this apostolic Government" rejoiced in military violence; and that in Ireland their only credit was that they had "hanged up five or six miserable wretches," another curious *aperçu* into the strict alliance between Lord Randolph and the Irish Extremists. Then Sir W. Lawson asserted that "the policy of this country in Egypt was to keep an Oriental despot on his legs, against the wishes of his people,"—which is a capital argument for annexation,—and brought forward a definite vote of censure on the Government for the employment of British troops in Egypt, on which a division must be taken.

The French Senate has not rejected the Proscription Bill, but has accepted a substitute making it a Bill for the regular trial of Pretenders. The Judges on Friday week declared that there was no legal case against Prince Napoleon, and ordered his release; and on Saturday, therefore, M. Devés eagerly urged the Bill, on the ground that without it the Government was "disarmed." He was, however, willing to accept a scheme proposed by M. Barbey, under which the Government could expel any Prince who, as Pretender, performed any act hostile to the Republic. The Moderates, however, led by MM. Waddington and Léon Say, proposed that such a Pretender should be made liable to banishment, after a trial before the Senate or before a Court of Assize. This proposal, which, of course, is perfectly regular, and only makes the Princes liable to banishment for treason, was carried, by 172 votes to 89, and the Bill was sent back to the Chamber. There M. Jolibois, Bonapartist, proposed "the previous question," that is, rejected the idea of even considering the Senate's proposal; but this, which would have been an open declaration of war, was rejected, by 402 to 97. A variety of compromises were then suggested, but M. Barbey's Bill was at last accepted, by 326 to 188. It is believed that the Bill, which must now go back to the Senate, will at last emerge as a Bill permitting expulsion when a Prince has done any act which can be interpreted as posing as a Pretender, and when the decree has been accepted by both Chambers.

Meanwhile, M. Fallières has been declared by his doctors too ill to resume office, and has resigned, and the President is seeking a Premier. According to the best reports, M. Brisson has refused office, M. Jules Ferry has declared that he cannot make a Ministry, and M. de Freycinet, though very willing to serve, cannot find colleagues. M. Grévy is, therefore, looking round, amidst some agitation. The rich traders of Paris have informed him that all business is suffering from want of a stable Government, and the bankers are signing a petition to the same effect, while he himself replies that he is more concerned than anybody. The Monarchists of all parties have opened a furious attack upon him, as a man without resolution and governed by personal favourites; and he is adjured to send a Message to both Houses, or to demand a dissolution. He is said to have given some pledge when he was elected President not to resort to the latter course, but he is evidently in great perplexity, the Chamber being now divided in a way which almost forbids the formation of a majority. So many of M. Gambetta's followers have joined the Extremists, that whenever they vote with the Right, or the Right with them, the Government must fall; and that may happen twice a week. No Deputy just now is able to believe that after the best, the next best is the best, and so every Government falls.

The Queen's Speech promises a new Patent Law, and it seems to be understood that fresh facilities will be given for obtaining patents. They will be made much cheaper, and be obtained from special Commissioners. Sir F. Bramwell, a great authority, on Wednesday, in a paper read before the Society of Arts, greatly praised the American system; but he failed, like everybody else, so far as we are aware, to explain how the Americans guard patentees from crushing legal expenses. Is there an opinion among Judges and juries favourable to patent-holders? The regular system in this country is, that if Smith makes a discovery, say, of a new sewing-machine, he takes out a patent; and if he is rich, and his machine is a good one, he makes a fortune. But if he is not rich, he sells his discovery for twopence halfpenny to a capitalist, or he goes into a workhouse. Every firm which wants his machine pirates it, and the inventor is ruined by law expenses. There have been many cases like Henry Cort's, in which a discovery was so valuable that a whole trade combined to steal it, and struggle was almost an impossibility. The suits never ended. What seems to be most wanted is some summary way of preventing piracy, subject to the objector making good a counter-claim before the Scientific Commissioners. With such a method, the poorest patentee would be safe, and the only needed rider would be the right of the State to purchase any patent, if of high public value, and throw it open, for a moderate royalty, to be levied by stamp.

We are happy to perceive that Mr. John Morley, who has been accepted as the Liberal candidate for Newcastle, makes it a distinctive note of his addresses that while he will maintain his independence on all important questions on which he may differ from the Government, he accords them, in the main, a cordial support. Reform, he says, is always in the air when Mr. Gladstone is in power, and this Government, though not so advanced as he would wish, is the most advanced that has ever appeared in England. That is the true tone for all Radicals who wish to avoid the weak point of modern Parliamentary government. Everybody has such definite opinions, and thinks so much of himself, that parties tend to dissolve into "groups," each with its crotchet, and steady administration becomes almost impossible. The French Chamber is ruined by this disintegrating force, and matters are not much better in Germany and Austria. If the evil continues, European Liberals will be forced to reconsider their preference for the Parliamentary over the Presidential system. The latter is in many respects inferior, as Government and people may at any moment be hopelessly out of accord; but it has at least the advantage that it allows of a stable Administration. We have all of us yet to learn what a Democracy is like, when every separate man is intelligent enough to form an opinion, and opinionated enough to wish before all things to make it prevail. One has heard of a town council with twenty members and twenty-one opinions, the youngest and most infallible member —who must have been an undeveloped Cowen—having two, varying with his chance of standing alone. Whatever colour, for instance, was proposed for the pump, he voted mauve, unless another member accepted that hue. Then he voted against paint.

There has been a great rush this week of belated speeches addressed to constituencies by their Members, of which we cannot pretend to give any adequate account. But we may remark that Mr. Herbert Gladstone's speech at Leeds on Monday was remarkable, first, for discussing Irish Home-rule "on its merits," which Mr. H. Gladstone did not think to be great, though he admitted that there were circumstances under which such a solution might be feasible; next, for denying that, at the present moment, even needful local reforms could be extended to Ireland, the fermentation there being what it is; lastly, for intimating that whenever it is possible,—though that could not be at present,—the control of the police should be left to the local autho-

rities, even in Ireland. We are inclined to think that in this speech Mr. H. Gladstone,—who has a great number of Irish constituents,—refused too much for the moment, and conceded too much for the future. We do not believe that an Irish Parliament could, in any conceivable case, be consistent with the Union. And we do believe that a good local Government, even though given at once, would be the opening of a safety-valve for discontent, and not the dangerous and revolutionary step Mr. H. Gladstone thinks it.

Mr. Trevelyan's speech at Hawick yesterday week was in the highest possible tone, and contained as well a very impressive summary of the difficulties and facts of the Irish situation. He gave a frightful description of the amount of work which the excessive centralisation of the Irish Government throws upon Lord Spencer and himself,—the Home-Office work, the local-government work, the distress, the administration of the Land Act and Arrears Act, the education, and the State dealings with agriculture. In connection with many subjects, crisis follows crisis, exhausting the energies of the most indefatigable staff, and matters of the most delicate concern come before fagged intellects not up to the highest mark. Nevertheless, Mr. Trevelyan spoke with great confidence of the agrarian improvement. Of the classes of crimes that are murderous in intent, excluding mere threats, there had been in the last four months of 1881, 130; in the first four months of 1882, 125; in the middle four months of the same year, 79; and in the final four months, but 14. Mr. Trevelyan exposed the gross calumny that the Crimes Prevention Act was passed in the interest of the rich. It was poor herdsmen, families on the brink of starvation, poor old men and poor children, who had been massacred by the secret societies, that the reign of terror might be prolonged. And it was in defence of such as these that the Crimes Prevention Act was passed, and was being effectually worked.

Mr. Trevelyan denied indignantly that the Irish Government had in any case interfered with the freedom of the Press and with free discussion. As an illustration of the gross misrepresentations made, Mr. Trevelyan explained that in one very bad district where terror and murder had been rife,—eight most deliberate assassinations had recently taken place there,—persons calling themselves reporters, and perhaps really reporters, but better known as dangerous agitators whose speeches had constantly been followed by crimes of a grave kind, had not been allowed to address a public meeting, and this had been represented as a most arbitrary interference with the liberty of the Press. If they had been allowed to speak, the Government would have been responsible for the crimes that would almost certainly have followed. A freer Press than that of Ireland, and one availing itself more fully of its freedom to assail the Government as it pleases, Mr. Trevelyan intimated that he did not believe to exist.

Lord Cranbrook delivered yesterday week, at Maidstone, a very lively attack on the Liberal Party, particularly on Lord Derby. Lord Derby, he said, was quite incompetent to do anything so energetic as take "a leap in the dark." "We admit all the coldness and calculation in what he did, and that he has gone 'creeping on with the creeping hours' to the position which he now holds." "When they [the Liberals] brought on their measures with respect to the land, which, by the way, were thoroughly distasteful to him, he analysed the foulest ingredients in their mess, before he swallowed it." In a word, Lord Cranbrook dubbed Lord Derby "a political refrigerator," and wished the Liberals joy of him in very bitter language. Certainly, a party whose test of energy is the disposition to take "a leap in the dark" is not likely to value Lord Derby. The Liberals, however, though they sometimes take leaps, prefer taking leaps in the light; and for that purpose, Lord Derby will be very helpful.

Mr. Raikes, M.P. for the University of Cambridge, made a notable proposal, in his speech at Bury St. Edmund's, on Monday. It was that household franchise should be conferred, as proposed, on the agricultural labourers, but that instead of voting for county divisions, they should all be assigned as voters to the nearest Parliamentary borough; so that we may have a vast number of rural districts resembling Shoreham or Retford, miscalled boroughs, while the counties should remain as before, the preserves of the middle-classes. Of course, if that extraordinary proposal could be adopted, Mr. Raikes would hardly be prepared to decrease the number of county representatives and enormously increase that of the boroughs, in a proportion corresponding to their electoral strength, for if that were done, it is not clear that the Tories would gain by this inconceivably grotesque arrangement, while it would certainly pit the middle-classes against the masses in an exceedingly menacing manner. Does he, however, seriously suppose that if the masses of the counties were absorbed into the boroughs, the boroughs would be content to retain no more than their present voting-power? If so, even in the history of that "Rake's progress" of which Mr. Talbot talked so amusingly the other day at Swansea, there never was a more remarkable instance of living in a fools' paradise.

Yesterday week, too late for our last issue, died, at the age of fifty-six, Professor H. J. S. Smith, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, and the greatest authority living on the theory of numbers. He was almost as distinguished as a linguist as he was as a mathematician, and, perhaps, better known for the versatility of his talents, and especially for his wit, than any man at either University. We have spoken fully of him elsewhere, but may add here that the procession near a quarter of a mile long which followed his body to the grave on Tuesday, bore singular testimony to the universal regard and affection which a man who had nevertheless the power to make himself so formidable, had inspired. Men of all schools alike will long feel the blank which Henry Smith's death has left, both at Oxford and in London.

The floods all over Europe are very bad, but they are insignificant, compared with those of America. The Ohio, in particular, has risen sixty-seven feet, and Cincinnati, with many other cities, has been submerged. The factories have been closed, the people are out of work, and it is said even the criminal classes keep order, being appalled by the destruction,—and being also, perhaps, aware that under such circumstances Respectables think Judge Lynch very wise. It is said that the loss of property in Cincinnati alone exceeds $6,000,000, and the loss of life is very great. The Mississippi has also risen to a dangerous height, and the calamity is aggravated by the consciousness that the tremendous masses of water which in America are called rivers are practically beyond human control. A Bill to regulate the Mississippi would be like a Bill to regulate the fires of Etna. No explanation is offered of the floods, which, over such vast tracts, can hardly be due, as in England, to increased drainage.

The inquest on the body of the child which had been forced into a starch-box, and sent by carrier to a person of the name of Green, 3 Abbey Road, St. John's Wood (where no such person resides), was concluded on Tuesday by Sir John Humphreys, at the Hope Tavern, St. Luke's, without leading to any discovery, either of the identity of the child, or of the persons who disposed of the body in this way. The only new evidence of importance was that of the chemical analyst, Professor Charles M. Tidy, who had discovered traces of morphia in the child's stomach, and thought that morphia might have been in part the cause of death. There was also some evidence given by a person of the name of Green, the wife of a carman, living at St. George's-in-the-East, to the effect that she had seen such a box as was described being carried by two men on December 11th (the day when it was booked for Abbey Road) in Watney Street; and that three weeks ago she had seen the same two men in Back Road, Shadwell, and that she knew them again, though they were dressed differently, and that they seemed to recognise her. Of what use, however, this evidence can be, except to put the men, if they really were seen by her, on their guard, it is not easy to see. The verdict was that death was due to "privation, combined with a dose of morphia," but under what circumstances the morphia was given, there was no evidence to show.

The *Times* of Thursday affirms that Prince Napoleon, after his release by order of the Court of Accusations, came to England, and visited the Empress Eugénie. The result of the visit was that the Prince was formally recognised as head of the Bonaparte family, and his policy of demanding an appeal to the people in virtue of the plébiscite of 1869 was distinctly approved. If this statement, which can only have come from the Prince himself, is correct, schism among the Bonapartes is partly healed.

Bank Rate, 3½ per cent.

Consols were on Friday 102½ to 102⅝.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE GOVERNMENT PROGRAMME.

THE Government programme, as revealed in the Queen's Speech, is not inspiriting. The Ministry have evidently felt keenly the interruptions and postponements to which their plans for useful legislation have been subjected during the past two years, and as they hope for a working Session, they have brought forward a number of useful Bills, to the exclusion of more purely political proposals. Most of these are exceedingly valuable; two of them, the Bill for the Reform of London and the Bill for Compensating Agricultural Tenants, are of the first importance, and the Floods Bill is indispensable; but none of them will awaken political enthusiasm. We are all delighted to see that, the "most urgent needs of Ireland" having been provided for, the claims of "other portions of the United Kingdom"—"Skye, and the neighbouring Island of Great Britain," as the Hebridean preacher said—are this year to receive attention; and most of us will acknowledge that among those claims, the demands for the Codification of the Criminal Law, for a Court of Criminal Appeal, for a Bankruptcy Act, for a Bill against floods, and for another preventing corrupt practices at elections, are undeniably urgent. The Government promise them all, and we trust they will all be good Bills, and that, whether through the good sense of the House or through the operation of the Closure, they will all be passed unmutilated in reasonable time. But though bread is the staff of life, a dinner of bread only is a dull dinner; and of meat the provision is not large, while the wine is nowhere. There are only two first-class political Bills, and of these, one, for all its importance—which we entirely acknowledge—is only a local Bill; while the other, though almost imperative, relieves only a single interest. It was most wise, in the present position of agriculture, with the last hopes of the farmers fading away under the incessant rain, to bring forward a measure giving them more security for their outlays; and the Bill for the Government of London has for ourselves the strongest imaginative attraction. We have always maintained that in combining London, with its population of over three millions, and its total revenue, as the *Economist* calculates, of ten millions sterling, into a single Municipality, the Government would call into existence a new Power, which might prove as efficient for good as Parliament itself. An unorganised mass of human beings would, we contended, be organised into a nation, with new life, new energy, new powers, and new objects for their expenditure. A Council governing London will be a new and a splendid force. We approve, too, the Government scheme for evoking a nation in London, as securing the maximum of improvement, while rousing the minimum of interested resistance. But though we admire the Bill, and the self-devotion which proposes such an improvement without any acute demand for it among the electors, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that London is not England, still less the United Kingdom; that the Bill will not interest the whole community, as a Bill reforming County Government would; and that the wishes of the whole population—that of London excepted—are again disappointed or postponed. The Government, it is true, hint, in the Queen's Speech, that the County Bill may be forthcoming, "if time permits;" but we all know time never does permit of business which can be postponed, and entertain no hope that half-way down the Session Sir Charles Dilke will rise in his place to ask leave to introduce the missing measure. We are the more disappointed, because we fear the true reason of delay has been a difference of opinion in the Cabinet as to the advisability of extending County Self-government to Ireland. Lord Hartington is opposed to the plan, Mr. Chamberlain is friendly to the plan, and the two sections whom they represent have agreed to wait, in the hope that, with Ireland restored to order, the difference between them may become of no importance. As we believe that it is easier to deal with organised disaffection than with anarchical disaffection, and that organisation of itself often removes discontent, by providing it with an outlet, we prefer Mr. Chamberlain's view; but we would rather Ireland waited, than that the whole United Kingdom did. We might have had the County Bill, even with Ireland omitted from it. We believe the disappointment throughout the country will be sincere, and will not be assuaged by the spectacle of the severe, and therefore interesting, battle which is sure to be waged over the reform of London.

We question, we must add, if it is wise, even in the interest of business, to give the House of Commons so little interesting work. Members may be willing to work hard at useful measures, but experience shows that they hunger for excitement, and that when it is not forthcoming in the shape of work, they seek it in the form of play. Exciting scenes, personal debates, motions made solely to annoy or to distract, are all more numerous in Sessions not occupied with exciting matter; while sections of the House, like the Parnellites and the Fourth Party, luxuriate in the absence of the pressure created by the preoccupation of the House. It is not half so easy to talk nonsense about Egypt or India when the House is intent on a measure which interests all constituencies, nor can Mr. Cowen ever perorate with such effect as when Members feel that his rhetoric is, at all events, a relief from routine. Members become impatient when interesting matter is delayed, and when five hundred men are impatient, bores and obstructives alike are apt to grow intimidated or ashamed. There will, we fear, be plenty of wasted nights, even if we do not class nights occupied by the Irishmen among them. They, however, are sure to seize the opportunity. Ireland is to them the "hub of the Universe"—we are sure some of them expect a separate Irish Heaven, though we cannot imagine what it would be like—and even if it were not, it is their policy to make themselves important, and their country an impediment to English business. That brings home to us all that they are asking permission to take themselves away. They are already announcing that Ireland, being refused a legislature of her own, has a right to all the time of the common Parliament; they have eleven Bills ready prepared for discussion, one of them being Mr. Healy's Home-rule Bill; and we do not feel confident that, in spite of the Closure, they will not consume an inordinate proportion of the time of Parliament. They must be allowed their share of attention, and, full as they are of anger at the imprisonment of Mr. Healy, at the working of the Crimes Bill, and at the success of the Government in tracking the Secret Societies, they will, we fear, succeed in forcing themselves to the front to an extent which the framers of the New Rules did not anticipate. Much will depend, of course, upon the working of those Rules, and much more upon the presence or absence of Mr. Gladstone, whose personal ascendancy was last year the real motive-power of Parliament; but an empty building invites occupants, and the work of the Session may be less than the Departments, all eager for "substantial" improvements, fondly hope. They ought to have their Bills, but they would have had them all the sooner, if the Liberals had been bound into a compact body by the promise of some measure which neither they nor their constituents could allow to fail, and which could have moved along *pari passu* with the business Bills.

It has been said that no Session ever goes as the Ministry intend it should go, and though that is not quite true, as witness the Session devoted to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, it is true sufficiently often to make men speculate what the intruding element, if it appears, is this time likely to be. It may, of course, be Ireland, whose history is as full of surprises as that of France; but then Ireland, like Death, though it often startles us, can never be said to be unexpected. The Bradlaugh question, which is always on the horizon, is to be settled in the only reasonable way,—by allowing every one to swear or affirm, as best pleases himself or his convictions. Egyptian affairs are, for the present, tranquil, the great proposals being before the Sultan, who is never in any hurry; and though there may be future surprises from Cairo, still, as the troops can hardly be withdrawn before September, we need not anticipate any catastrophe till then. Abroad, though there are plenty of clouds in the sky, there is nothing which threatens Great Britain, and we do not believe that Zululand can furnish Parliament with anything but a most tiresome debate. Nevertheless, it is the unexpected which arrives, and the almost ostentatious devotion of the Senate to work which will be most useful, but a little dry, provokes the thought that men do not see very far, and that it is just when you are most resolute to clear up neglected business that the friend and his unlooked-for budget are certain to intrude. The Ministry have ordered a house-cleaning, and while we fully admit that it is needed, we should dearly like just for a minute to glance at the portentous article in which, about mid-September, the *Times* will sum-up the legislative achievements of the Session. That article may not be an expansion of the Speech with which the Session opened.

THE TORY SPOKESMEN.

IT is evident that the Tories have no more notion of their plan of campaign this year than they had last. The stormy petrel of their Party, Lord Randolph Churchill, has got only one clear idea, and that is, that some capital may be made out of Mr. Trevelyan's recent speech at Hawick. He accuses him of condemning the policy of his colleagues in Ireland in the most trenchant way, up to the time of his own entrance on the Government of Ireland last May, and he thinks that it may prove possible to set Mr. Trevelyan and his colleagues by the ears on this subject. A more barren state of mind, for such a sower of dragon's teeth as Lord Randolph Churchill, has never been disclosed; his speech really amounts to a declaration of impotence for mischief; and if Lord Randolph Churchill is impotent for mischief, we may be sure that Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote will not prove very potent. Lord Salisbury, so far as we can judge, is deeply impressed with the inadequacy of the Ministerial policy in Egypt, and would like to make as much of it as he can. And we do not doubt that he could make a good deal of it,—some of his criticisms on the deficiency of force which is likely to betray itself whenever our troops evacuate Egypt, appear to us sound enough,—if only his own ideas of a counter-policy were not so wholly perverse. But Lord Salisbury is as much possessed as he has been for some years past with the notion, not always held even by him, that Turkey should be our great ally or instrument in the East, and that without the favour and confidence of Turkey, we can do nothing effectual. And while his mind remains on that track, we feel profoundly convinced that Lord Salisbury's assaults upon the Government will fall as dead, and be as utterly fruitless of result, as Lord Randolph Churchill's brilliant notion of sowing discord between Mr. Trevelyan and his colleagues. These are not the lucubrations of serious politicians. So far as we can judge, nothing thrown out by either Lord Salisbury or Lord Randolph Churchill suggests the slightest prospect of a Tory line of attack containing the least promise even of harassing consequences to the Government.

Sir Stafford Northcote, as usual, shows more knowledge of the English people than either Lord Salisbury or his own pretentious rival, in the suggestions which he throws out. Sir Stafford Northcote thinks that a good deal may be made of the Bradlaugh case, and being perfectly unscrupulous in the matter, is quite prepared to make it. Having previously invited the Government to deal with the Oaths question formally by legislation, he now taunts them with their intention to do so, and promises the most grave and determined resistance. Well, we do not doubt that Sir Stafford Northcote is in this matter wiser in his generation than either of his Tory colleagues. He will produce the effect of standing on strictly Conservative principles in his opposition to the Affirmation Bill, and will appeal to a much stronger feeling in the country on that subject than Lord Salisbury will appeal to in relation to the Egyptian policy of the Government, or Lord Randolph Churchill will appeal to in his attempt to prove that Mr. Trevelyan has "assassinated" his colleagues. There is a very strong English prejudice against Mr. Bradlaugh, which would never have been entertained in any degree against the late Mr. John Stuart Mill, had he refused to take the oath, as he well might have done,—perhaps ought to have done,—on the same grounds. The feeling against Mr. Bradlaugh is not caused chiefly by his avowed intellectual doubts, but by his publications on other subjects; and as far as mere feeling is concerned, that feeling is justified. If the Opposition can show that there is no general mischief in the present law of Oaths, so far as it affects the position of Members of Parliament, to be removed,—that this Bill is nothing in the world but a Bill to cover Mr. Bradlaugh's individual case,—the Opposition will score an important point in the country, and perhaps turn more than one by-election. As a matter of fact, however, they cannot show this. It is, to our thinking, a great mischief that so false an importance has been given to Mr. Bradlaugh's position, by the deliberate attempt of the Conservatives to make a martyr of him. It is a very grave mischief that, when any constituency returns a man whose creed happens to be what is now known as agnosticism, he should not be allowed to take his seat without going through a hollow form to which a serious-minded man would object. Yet that is the present state of the case, and it is mischievous, without any reference at all to the injustice which it inflicts on the electors of Northampton. But it is mischievous also on account of the injustice it inflicts on the electors of Northampton, who, if they have chosen a Member some of whose opinions we all condemn as immoral, ought all the more to be relieved from the injustice of having their chosen Member kept out of the House, because that injustice lends a certain false distinction to the man of their choice. We do not believe that any of those Liberal Members who,—illegally, as we believe,—refused to let Mr. Bradlaugh "profane" the oath by taking it simply as he would take an affirmation to the same effect,—will refuse to vote for a Bill which is applicable not only to Mr. Bradlaugh's case, but to that of many other Members whose doubts would incline them to prefer the form of an affirmation to the form of an oath. This at least is certain, that any Liberal Member who deserts his party on this subject is distinctly voting for an abstract theological test, and that is a vote which few Liberal constituencies would be disposed to approve. On the whole, we believe that though Sir Stafford Northcote's hopes of an effective Conservative opposition to the Government this Session, are more reasonable than those of his colleagues, they have not any sound basis. He will hardly succeed in convincing the country either that a genuine theological test for Members of Parliament is desirable, or that, if not, an accidental theological test should be applied to the disadvantage of a particular constituency, which cannot be applied in general.

But how poverty-stricken seem the resources of Opposition, when they are confined, as they would seem to be from the first night's debating, to the prospect of censuring the Government for not leaning on Turkey for its Egyptian policy, of censuring it for wishing to abolish what is admitted to be a purely accidental theological test, and of proving that Mr. Trevelyan has "assassinated his colleagues." A more miserable array of empty boxes was never yet paraded by an Opposition before an amazed Parliament.

THE GRAVE SITUATION OF FRANCE.

WE see little that is satisfactory in the recent news from France, and have still an uneasy impression that mischief of some kind is in the air. The Senate, it is true, has behaved with sense and dignity about the Proscription Bill, and a compromise will, therefore, probably be attained. Instead of flatly rejecting the Bill, which might have produced a collision with the Chamber, and would have been regarded as a defiance to the Government, which had ardently recommended compromise, the Senators, after a brief, but thoughtful, debate, transmuted the Faure Bill, accepted by the Ministry, into a comparatively just one. They substituted for the proscribing clauses a single clause declaring that Princes "who publicly acted as Pretenders, or made a demonstration designed to jeopardise the safety of the State," should be liable to banishment, after a trial, either before the Assizes or the Senate sitting as a Court of Justice. There is no objection whatever to that, except that it places the Princes in a position different from that of other citizens, and therefore implicitly recognises that they possess by right of birth certain claims. The proposed law is simply the law of treason, as it exists in all States, with an unusually lenient penalty, and with a proviso which ensures to the Princes a fair and completely public trial. It could not pass, of course, especially after Prince Napoleon's fresh manifesto in the *Times* of Thursday, which, if acknowledged by him, is certainly a declaration of hostility to the Republic; but it will afford a basis for some sort of arrangement, or lead to the dropping of the whole affair. The Senate is evidently not afraid of resisting the Chamber, and the Chamber shows by its vote of 402 to 97 in favour of considering the Senate's amendment, and its acceptance on Thursday of M. Barbey's proposal, which allows expulsion when the Princes have done some definite act, that it is not prepared to push the quarrel to any dangerous length. The Barbey Bill goes back to the Senate, and it is known that the dispute will be patched-up in some way—probably, as time presses, in the most irrational way—by the addition of a rider to the Bill authorising the expulsion of the Princes, that the decree must have the assent of both Chambers. As the two Chambers can, if they please, pass a vote of urgency, and expel the Princes or anybody else in three hours by special statute, that would leave matters exactly where they are, with this exception, that the Princes are carefully warned of the insecurity of their tenure, and taught in the most public fashion that if they could conspire successfully, they would be safer than they have yet been. That,

however, they probably knew before, and, unless the Chamber passes some foolish vote, the whole subject will drop into the shade, in the presence of new and more formidable difficulties.

It is becoming increasingly clear that M. Gambetta was right, and that the present Chamber is making the formation of any solid or dignified Government in France an impossibility. Whether the cause is, as M. Gambetta believed, the mode of election, or, as he feared, the hunger of the Deputies for patronage, which causes them to combine in irregular and fluctuating "groups" often guided by self-interest, or the confidence felt at the time of election in M. Gambetta himself, which induced many electors to accept bad candidates because they pledged themselves to follow him, the fact is becoming past all doubt. The Chamber is cleft by hatreds so deep that a steady majority is not to be obtained by any party or person. The Chamber desires to govern for itself, like a Convention, but will not or can not organise itself so as to direct the Ministers as its clerks. It will neither form a Government which can lead, nor a party capable of dictating to a Government willing to obey. To employ the old nomenclature, which is sufficiently accurate, and is still the one best understood in England, the Royalists of all kinds, in their passion of distrust, are capable at any hour of uniting with the Mountain in their passion of hate, in order to destroy any Girondist Government whatever, while the Gironde, in its passion of dread of the other two, will allow neither of them to rule. As the Royalists plus the Mountain number about 270, or a fraction more than half the Chamber, but could not combine with the Mountain to govern for five minutes, and as the Gironde has no permanent majority, that is in the constitutional sense an anarchy, and an anarchy we fear it will be discovered to be. The single chance of forming a majority is for the Girondists to accept as many of the Mountain as seem fairly reasonable, and this, though M. de Freycinet will, it is believed, attempt it, can only be done by postponing all burning questions, and carrying on affairs in that timid and colourless way, with no foreign policy, a weakly and expensive home policy, and an inadequate because hesitating lead in debate, which no Chamber in France has ever borne for long, and which this Chamber will certainly not bear for many weeks. Some member will make some dangerous proposal, some group will detach itself, the common enemy will seize the occasion, and once more there will be a Ministry to seek.

Under these circumstances, the only reasonable hopes are the rise of some commanding figure within the Chamber, or a dissolution avowedly intended to produce a governing body; and while no chance of the former is visible, the prospect of the latter grows more dim. No one takes up M. Gambetta's fallen mantle. M. Clémenceau has attracted a few, perhaps fifty, of the deceased leader's followers; but he has not attracted the Chamber, or a majority within it. M. Brisson, the President of the Chamber, and supposed, we hardly know why, to be the strongest man in it, with the usual selfishness of French politicians, declines to "exhaust his reputation" by standing in the gap; and M. Jules Ferry so far has followed his exceedingly prudent example. M. de Freycinet, it is true, will take power; but M. de Freycinet has but a limited following, he cannot control the Chamber upon any serious subject, and his accession to office would be regarded by the financial interests, which are so strong in the Senate, with undisguised and well-founded dismay. No new man has attracted any marked attention, nor, though all customary rules may be broken, as was shown in the selection of M. Fallières, is there any man to whom any strong party in the Chamber looks with confidence or hope. Under these circumstances, men turn naturally to the President, and we confess with pain that the grounds for confidence in M. Grévy do not increase. The furious attack upon him just now raging in Paris may indeed be explained as an attempt to drive him into a course of which he disapproves, and many of the charges made against him are due only to political rancour. His whole life contradicts the assertion that he is a self-seeker, intent only on keeping his place, with its emoluments; and we see no reason to believe that he dreads the Princes, or is governed by M. Wilson—his son-in-law, and too much of a financier—or that he is jealous of independent men. M. Grévy remains what he has always been,—a man of high character, unambitious, and convinced that the Republic should be "Constitutional" in the English sense. But we fear it is certain that M. Grévy lacks one faculty for his position, and doubtful, though the doubt may be dispelled, whether he does not lack another. He clearly has not a King's first attribute,—he is not great in choosing men. He has picked out no new man, and the tried men whom he has chosen for office have usually been failures. With all the world before him, he selected M. Jules Ferry, who envenomed the quarrel with the Church, yet failed to conciliate the Reds; M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who first broke the English alliance, yet roused no patriotic feeling; M. de Freycinet, whose wild projects have plunged France into financial difficulty; M. Duclerc, who could manage neither diplomacy, nor the Chamber, nor his own Cabinet; and M. Fallières, whose health broke down on his first day of office. Now he is evidently in utter perplexity for a Premier, and with a dozen courses open to him, is disposed, it is said, to fall back on M. de Freycinet, who is dominated by his wish for engineering fame, whose hurry to cover France with public works frightens all sound financiers, and who, having had his chance, failed to make for himself any manageable party. The Senate, led by M. Léon Say, would pronounce him dangerous at once. Let us grant that it is all the Chamber's fault, and that no one could have mastered it, and we are only forced back upon the second and quite novel doubt about M. Grévy, his possession of political nerve. Why, if he distrusts the Chamber, does he not ask the country for a better one? Because, some say, the next Chamber might be even worse; but that is precisely what he has to see, and the objection goes too far. If France cannot select a working Chamber, France cannot govern itself, and any working form of Republic is practically hopeless. Because, say others, M. Grévy pledged himself, when he took the Presidency, never to ask the Senate for a Dissolution. The pledge, if it ever were given, which we doubt, in that absolute sense, could only bind him not to seek such an occasion voluntarily, and is not applicable to the circumstances; but in the worst case, it is only a pledge to the country, binding him, if the country at the election accuses him of breaking faith, to resign. There can be no contract of that sort which the other contracting party could not abrogate. It would be ridiculous to affirm that M. Grévy wants vigour, and misreads his constitutional position, when next week he may show that he only waited his hour, and that he understands France much better than his critics; but it is just to say that his conduct since he was set free by M. Gambetta's death has not increased the hopes of those who, like ourselves, held steadily that in his silence and inaction there was a reserve of power. He has not selected capable men, and he has not as yet contributed what he might have done to extricate France from a situation which, embarrassing enough in itself, excites a still more embarrassing fear. We trust he may yet cut the withes, but we trust with diminished confidence, and an internal fear that M. Grévy will stumble on with hand-to-mouth Ministries, till all France begins to feel, what the traders of Paris have openly expressed, that the absence of a settled Government produces an embarrassment in all affairs that the country can no longer bear. It is not a good sign in France when the selfish, to whom order is everything, remonstrate with the Head of the State, and he only replies that he is as much perplexed as they are.

THE GOVERNMENT PLAN FOR LONDON.

THE main question which confronted any Government approaching the reform of London was, whether to constitute one extended Municipality, or a Federation of smaller Corporations. The latter alternative had the high authority of Mr. Mill, and there must, therefore, be something to be said for it; otherwise, we confess we should have thought it indefensible. It is true that the several Parliamentary boroughs which Mr. Mill proposed to incorporate are large towns. As regards population, it would be possible to subdivide still further, and yet create Corporations of greater numerical importance than those of most provincial towns. But what is lacking to Marylebone, Westminster, Finsbury, or the Tower Hamlets, is any separate collective existence. Who knows, until he inquires, in what parish or borough of London he is living; and who cares, when he knows? These great districts known by separate names are merely Wards of London. Whatever separate existence they once had has been utterly lost, through the constant spread of the town. Their corporations, if constructed, would be merely dignified vestries, or, to use an old word, wardmotes; and would fail to elicit that sentiment of citizenship which has hitherto lacked means of expression in London, but which it is hoped the construction of a real Municipality will give tongue to. Moreover, were

any such system of ward municipalities to be constructed, it is inevitable that real interest would centre in that Federal Council which must, under such circumstances, be called into existence for questions of administration affecting London as a whole. The result would be merely a Metropolitan Board of Works under another name, with all the vices which attend a system of delegation from bodies representing the interests not of the Metropolis generally, but of a particular quarter. With a number of sectional corporations, and a central council of delegates, London would be in much the same position as that in which it is now, and the time of Parliament would have been wasted in calling old things by new names. Further, the teachings of experience would have been disregarded, for London has, in fact, been treated as a whole for most purposes of administration during the last five-and-twenty years. In 1855, thirty-eight Vestries and District Boards were incorporated to superintend the state of the streets in different parts of London, and at the same time a central Board was created to drain London. Since that time scarcely a Session has passed without legislation on some question or other connected with the management of the Metropolis. To which body has the care of these questions been confided? To the thirty-eight local bodies, or to the one central one? Without exception, they have been relegated to the Metropolitan Board of Works, so that while the power and influence of the Vestries have remained stationary, the Central Board has increased in importance year by year, till it is difficult to enumerate the Acts of Parliament it administers. There could be no more convincing proof that London must, for most purposes, be treated as one city; and it is satisfactory to learn that the Government has taken this view.

The Government seems also to have acted wisely in determining to reform and extend the existing Corporation, rather than altogether to supersede it by a new creation. The Corporation of London actually exists. It is a body with a history, with ancient privileges and a certain picturesqueness of associations. When it really represented the Capital, it did its duty, and rendered signal services to the State. Its fault has been that, instead of enlarging its borders, it has hugged its wealth and its dignities, and refused to give the benefit of them to the real City, as it grew. To do now, once for all, what should have been done by internal reform, or, at least, by judicious legislation from time to time, is to take a course which the Corporation themselves will find it difficult openly to condemn or resist. Individual members may lose their seats in the Common Council; for it will, of course, be impossible, when representatives of the 123 square miles included within the Metropolis have places on the Board, to allot 206 Common Councilmen and 26 Aldermen to the City. But the Corporation will attain a dignity and power it has never before possessed. Retaining its Guildhall, its Mansion House, its wealth, and the dispensing of its munificent hospitalities, it will assume in addition the reins of Metropolitan Government, and become in a sense it has never before aspired to the first Municipality in Europe. It is inevitable that the abler men upon the Corporation should feel this, and should be disposed at heart to welcome rather than to resist the proposed change.

The enlarged and reformed Corporation thus constituted will undertake all the duties of a municipal character now performed by the present Corporation, and all those at present discharged by the Metropolitan Board. Few Londoners probably know how extensive these duties are, even under the present imperfect system. They range from the main drainage of London, to such matters as the inspection of cowsheds and the registration of houses where infants are taken to nurse. The embankment of the Thames, the provision of free bridges, the extinction of fires, the superintendence of the gas supply, the clearing-out of insanitary neighbourhoods, the formation of parks, and the preservation of open spaces, are some only of the principal subjects engaging the attention of the Metropolitan Board. To these will be added by the City Corporation the care of markets, the property in and responsibility for the three City bridges, and the charge of the magnificent open spaces secured by the Corporation in recent years, compared with which the parks and commons of the Metropolitan Board are a bagatelle,—Epping Forest, Burnham Beeches, West Ham Park, and the Commons of Coulsdon, in Surrey. Some functions, or rather prerogatives, exercised by the Corporation at present will not be placed in the hands of the reformed body. The Aldermen could not, in reason, be asked to furnish a Bench of Justices for the Metropolis. That in the City at present the administration of summary justice is in the hands of an unpaid, an elective, and an irremovable Magistracy, is sufficiently anomalous. The extension of such a system to London generally would, of course, be intolerable. Neither is the reformed Corporation likely to have the election of Judges to sit at the Central Criminal Court, or to preside over the County Court of the City, the choice of Judges by popular election having long been condemned. But if these functions of the Corporation are no longer performed, there will be new questions of a magnitude sufficient to satisfy the most voracious appetite for work. The question of water supply has, as we all know, been shelved, because there was no disinterested body sufficiently commanding public confidence to be entrusted with the necessary powers. If examples are wanted of the advantages which corporate existence confers upon a town, it is only necessary to cite the cases of water and gas. The great northern towns have a constant supply of water, and so sensible are their governing bodies of their responsibilities, that long before the existing supply has been found deficient, they ask for new and enlarged powers, and are not deterred from such spirited enterprises as tapping a lake more than a hundred miles away. Again, in the case of gas, some of the great manufacturing towns make a handsome profit for their ratepayers; while others, proceeding on different lines, sell light at cost-price. One has only to turn to the Electric Lighting Act of last Session to see how great is the influence of the Northern and Midland Corporations in protecting the interests of the consumer. But for the position occupied by them, that Act would probably never have seen the light, and most certainly it would never have contained that right of purchase which secures ratepayers against the levy of black-mail, and enables them to take the supply of electric light into their own hands, as soon as it has been proved a practicable undertaking. When London possesses corporate existence, we may expect her to take the lead in such questions as these.

There is one subject which stands on a somewhat different footing from those we have referred to,—the care of the streets. This duty was, in the main, entrusted to the Vestries and District Boards in 1855, and the decision then come to has not been disturbed, except in the case of a few central metropolitan improvements. To reverse this decision entirely, and to hand over to the Corporation the direct charge of the paving, lighting, and watering of the whole Metropolis, would probably ensure greater efficiency in the work than is at present displayed. But, on the whole, the existing bodies do not discharge their duties very badly; and the question is whether it is worth while, for the sake of improvement, to deal so heavy a blow at local self-government as would be involved in dispensing altogether with the voluntary services of several hundred ratepayers, who may most usefully serve on local bodies, but could not aspire to a seat on the Central Board. The Government, it is understood, intend to take a middle course. Leaving the local bodies in existence, but assimilating, no doubt, where necessary, the method of their election to that of the central council, they will endeavour, by strengthening the control of the latter body, to prevent those inconsistencies, both in execution of work and expenditure, which may at present be pointed out, and to ensure a harmonious treatment of the Metropolis as a whole, while retaining the advantages of local knowledge and zeal. The exact mode in which this end is proposed to be attained will probably not be known till the Bill is in print. Much will depend upon the means employed, and we trust the power of dispersing any Vestry which will not obey orders will be conceded. Indeed, we would much rather have kept only the vestry-clerks, who are able and experienced men, as local agents of the central body.

The formation of London into a separate County is undoubtedly of less importance than its incorporation; yet it will be attended with solid advantages. That the Middlesex Magistrates have been from time to time the butt for ridicule in connection with their licensing proceedings is probably due, in great part, to the impression that they are exercising a jurisdiction conferred upon them by accident, and have no real connection with the Metropolis, for which, in this matter, they legislate. It is a still greater anomaly that the heavy, criminal work of Quarter Sessions for the large and populous districts south of the Thames should be performed entirely by an unpaid County Magistracy. And in financial matters there is no good reason for embarrassing the Budget of a county like Surrey or Kent with the heavy receipts and expenditure of Metropolitan Districts. The provision of a Metropolitan Bench of Justices, appointed in the manner customary in boroughs, with a Recorder and other salaried Judges, will simplify the performance of judicial work; while such anomalies as the

appointment of the High Sheriff of Middlesex by the Liverymen of the City Companies will incidentally drop out of existence.

Whenever the question of London Municipal Reform has been broached, the control of the Police has been ominously alluded to by opponents as forming an insuperable difficulty. It will probably be found that on close inspection the difficulty altogether vanishes. In the first place, the Imperial Government is in possession of the Metropolitan Police. If London had been incorporated in 1830, possibly the control of the Police might have been entrusted to it. But, if so, it must pay the penalty, if penalty it be, for clinging to obsolete forms and institutions, and for the apathy it has shown with respect to the attainment of corporate life. As it is, the Government found anarchy in the Police arrangements of the Metropolis; it introduced order and efficiency, and its administration of the force entrusted to it has been unexceptionable. Something more than the sentimental utterance that London is entitled to the control of its Police will be wanted, to disturb the existing order of things. Some definite advantage must be shown, and no attempt at such proof has yet been made. Again, the question is complicated in a way which is not alluded to, probably is not known by, the advocates of the claim of the Reformed Corporation. The Metropolitan Police District is not coterminous with the Metropolis which it is proposed should be incorporated. It is about three times as large. Between the smaller and the larger boundaries are all the river-side suburbs above Putney and Hammersmith, such places as Wimbledon, Kingston, Croydon, and Tottenham. What is to be done with the police in this outer zone? It can hardly be recommended that the reformed Corporation should go outside its own limits, and burden itself with the protection of a district three times as large. Yet this is the only defensible alternative. For, to cut the Metropolitan Police District into halves, and give the outer and less important area to the Imperial Government, while depriving it of the central space, where all the Offices of State are situate, is out of the question; while to hand over the suburbs to the counties, is impossible. If anything is wanting to complete the case for the existing state of things, it is supplied by the consideration which naturally occurs to every one,—that the seat of Government stands in a different position from any other town, and must be dealt with, in relation to the preservation of order, with reference to its own circumstances, and not to the course which has been followed in other places. The fact that the police in a minute area in the centre of the Capital has hitherto been in the hands of a corporate body cannot, of course, seriously affect the consideration of the question.

"INFORMERS" IN IRELAND.

IT is impossible to feel more strongly than we do how melancholy a fact it is that the Government in Ireland cannot punish even heinous crimes like assassination, without recourse to the aid of Informers, all of whom are paid in some way, either by rewards, or pardons, or promises of special protection. It is, perhaps, the very worst of all the symptoms of social disorder in that unhappy land, that means so utterly detested alike by the rulers and the ruled should, nevertheless, be found indispensable. If only the instinct of justice could be relied on in Ireland, if only juries were certain to keep their oaths, and witnesses to speak the truth, and the population to aid in punishing all offences against the universal conscience, all other evils would be curable, and the Government might wisely determine to rely solely on ordinary law, to overlook or learn from discontent, and to make war on treason only when it descended armed into the streets. Political offences matter nothing, comparatively, if only men will refuse to confuse criminality with politics. Five-sixths of the deep distrust which impedes the discovery of a *modus vivendi* between England and Ireland would disappear at once, if the jurymen who invariably acquitted an agitator as invariably convicted a criminal; and Irishmen would be left to manage, at all events their own social order, in their own way. It is not so, however, as everybody knows. Whatever the cause, whether the struggle of centuries has really impaired the moral sense of a section of the Irish people, till they cannot see that even war has moral limitations, or that the dread of the Secret Societies has paralysed their consciences, or that the hatred of authority has risen, as among the Anarchists of France, to a height at which the social virtues temporarily disappear, the fact remains that however great the crime, however wide its ramifications, however deplorable its consequences, if it can but be described as political, voluntary testimony is unprocurable, and the Government is driven back upon aid which its own people have a special and quite separate reluctance to accept. Englishmen hate espionage, the use of informers, the pardon of guilty witnesses, and regard resort to such means as the most distressing of all necessities. They allow hundreds of offences to pass unchecked which espionage would put down, and utterly refuse all sanction to the Continental system of *mouchards* and "sheep of the prisons."

We acknowledge a dislike for Informers as strong as that of Irishmen, but the acknowledgment is not an acknowledgment that the use of evidence obtained by reward is, under all circumstances, wrong. There is no evident moral wrong, though there is evident humiliation, in paying a witness to speak truth who otherwise would remain obstinately silent. The moral guilt is with him, for refusing to aid justice, not with the State, which simply pays him, as it would pay police, or gaolers, or Judges, or any other part of its indispensable machinery. All it is bound to do, if it pays him, is to use extra care in ensuring that he only speaks the truth, to see in a special manner that his evidence is fully corroborated, to guard that he is in no way solicited or tempted to improve his evidence. Nor is there any moral wrong in accepting Queen's evidence, when the evidence of the innocent is unprocurable. The man who gives it may be a traitor, or a scoundrel, or a villain of any depth of dye, or a repentant criminal, or a timid man,—a question depending almost entirely upon his motive, which only God and himself can accurately know,—but the State is asking no villainy from him, only the truth, about a crime which it is its admitted duty to punish, if it can. No Church, and especially not the Catholic Church, has ever admitted that an oath to commit wickedness could bind the soul. If the truth is worth more to society than the witness's punishment, it is the right of the State to say that punishment may be remitted, just as it would be the right of a Sovereign, if a convict had saved his life, or done any other act of great service to the State, to remit that convict's punishment. An act would have been done which, socially—we do not in the least say morally, that depending on the convict's secret conscience—amounted to an atonement. Neither reward nor pardon is morally wrong, while special protection is a simple duty, the evidence which benefits the State being the crime which endangers the man's safety. Nor is there anything unusual or abnormal in either reward or immunity. Englishmen are so confused by the pseudo-political character of these trials, that they half forget that most discovered plots in history were revealed by informers, that every undetected murder is followed by offers of reward, that every guilty man who assists justice is allowed to have a "claim" to immunity total or partial,—the very plea of "guilty" diminishes punishment—that in numberless instances, for example, in every case of bribery at elections, and every case in which Queen's evidence is accepted, witnesses are promised pardon beforehand; and that in at least one analogous case, that of the trade assassinations in Sheffield, the actual murderers were assured of immunity by special statute. Their confession, by a strange stretch, we admit, of an old practice, and one which we should be sorry ever to see repeated, was treated as social atonement. That such means should have to be applied in a country where, owing to its special history, fidelity to comrades in crime is regarded as a virtue, and an "informer" held in such detestation as to create sympathy for the object of his information, even when he is unpopular, is one more of the innumerable misfortunes created by the conflict between English and Irish ideas; but this, though it immensely adds to the inexpedience of accepting such evidence, in no way affects the morality of its acceptance. Truth, so it be but exact truth, is truth, even if it be paid for.

But, say the extremists, or rather insinuate the extremists, a Government allowed to use such weapons as Informers is under strong temptation to manufacture them. Knowing, perhaps, the guilty, it may desire to punish them by evidence which, though not false as to the guilt of the accused, is false as to the proof of that guilt. That is the real insinuation underlying every attack in Ireland upon Informers, and we are not prepared to say that there have not been countries and times in which it was fairly justified. We distrust such evidence extremely when given by *agents provocateurs;* when terror is the object; or when, as in the Titus-Oates trials, or in some trials under both the Red and White Terrors, a class is the object of attack. Our Irish history is

stained so deep with unjust trials as half to excuse the Irish feeling that law is an unscrupulous foe. But that stain has passed from our Administration. In political trials in Ireland at present, there are no such agents; no terror is sought, and no class, as such, is even an object of suspicion. Apart altogether from the question of the personal character of the statesmen who compose it, it must be the first object of the Irish Government to ascertain the truth. It can by no possibility be of the faintest importance to any official in Ireland to convict any John Smith of killing Mr. Burke, any more than any John Brown. There is not a trace even of a wish to convict Catholic more than Protestant, native more than stranger, a poor man more than a rich one. No unjust conviction, if it were possible, could do the rulers the slightest good, enlarge their authority, or increase their reputations, or diminish in the slightest degree the personal dangers amid which they are compelled daily and hourly to walk. On the contrary, they would gravely increase the latter by any injustice, by rousing that special animosity which invariably follows in any country any twisting of the law. The present rulers of Ireland are at least able men, by the confession of those who assail them, and able men must know that in a society so disorganised, so suspicious, and so full of traditions of wrong—true traditions, many of them—even the punishment of the guilty would be less efficacious than an overwhelming conviction in the Irish mind that the actually guilty had been found. The execution, or even the conviction, of a single innocent man would give new heart and a new motive to every possible assassin in the country, would lift half the weight from his conscience, and fill him with the conviction than an Administration which had been so blinded as to the innocent would not be sharp-sighted as to the guilty. Every consideration of policy, as well as of conscience, binds the Irish Administration, when the evidence of Informers is received, to make sure that it is true, to give the accused the fairest conceivable trial, to hearken earnestly to any rebutting evidence as to identification; and we do not doubt that this will be done, all the more because the Government, in the discharge of its duty to society, has been compelled, contrary to its instincts, to rely upon the necessarily suspected, if not necessarily tainted, evidence of Informers.

PERILS OF WATER.

THE verdict on floods used to be, "Noah's first and the rest nowhere;" but if the weather we have been enjoying for nearly six months goes on much longer, it will have to be revised. The Deluge will still claim its place at the head of the list of floods, but 1882-3 may at least hope to be a bad second. Probably in living memory there never has been such a winter. With floods occasional and partial we are familiar, but this year they have been continuous and universal. Europe cannot compete with America, where great cities are drowned, railway stations subside, while the torrent in some streets is so fierce, that "navigation in Second Avenue is impossible;" but still, we may say that in Europe there has been a flood wherever there has been a river. Our little English streams have run over at once, as it was to be expected they should do. They are never much too big for the work they have to do, and the moment at which they can hold no more usually comes after twenty-four hours' steady rain. A great German river rolls down so vast a body of water to the far-distant sea, that it might seem that the sea itself was hardly more likely to be affected by any addition to its volume. But the Rhine and the Danube have been as unable to carry off the contents of the soaked lands around them, as though they were the mere threads which we are accustomed to call "rivers." In France, the dry beds amid which even a stream as vast as the Loire makes its way in summer seem to suggest an inexhaustible capacity for the storage of reserve waters. But by degrees even these have been filled up, and this winter a river in width like an arm of the sea has been carried along at the pace of a mountain-torrent. In parts of Italy, the destruction has been worse, perhaps, than elsewhere, by reason of the peculiar conditions of the northern places. Terror lest the rivers should burst their banks has been added to alarm lest they should overflow them.

There are few people who will not be surprised, if they add up the multifarious variety of human sufferings which may be traced to these great floods. The direct results, of course, are disastrous in a very high degree. There is great loss of life, and still greater loss of property. Men and women are drowned before they can escape from their houses; the flocks and herds that are pastured round a river-side village cannot be removed in time; the submerged dwellings prove when the waters have subsided to be unfit for human habitation. Above all, even when only the lowest storey is submerged, the drainage is driven back upon the houses, and the inhabitants of the healthiest dwellings find themselves living above a poisonous cesspool. In many cases, during the past season, these experiences have repeated themselves. The suffering of the autumn has been reproduced in the winter, and bids fair again to present itself before the spring has passed away. All this, however, is only a part of the mischief that is done. The unexhausted consequences are less conspicuous, but they are more abiding. When the waters have retired, they leave behind them a strange desolation. Whatever was in the ground has been destroyed, and what is worse, the ground itself is not in a state that will admit of anything being done to make the consequent loss good. In the towns, the foundations of the houses have been sapped, and when the inmates come back, it is to find that the work which it would have taken years of slow decay to accomplish has been done in as many days by the floods. Added to all this is the slow misery of disease,—the damp that eats into frames weakened by exposure, the malaria that finds an easy entrance where damp has opened the way. Some two or three years back, it was noticed by doctors that in London the west winds brought more sickness in their train than is ordinarily brought by the east winds which bear so very much worse a character. The explanation was that in the Valley of the Upper Thames the soil was so saturated, and the air, in consequence, so unwholesome, that the winds which usually give freshness and elasticity to the air of London only exaggerated its worst qualities. That suggests a pleasant prospect for Londoners in the spring of 1883. Happily, March is drawing near, and unless the climate has changed for good and all, the prevailing winds of the next quarter must come from the east. But, even at the best, the heart of a farmer in the flooded districts must be heavy indeed, as he thinks of his balance-sheet next Christmas. The autumn rains came just in time to prevent his doing much with his land before Christmas; the winter rains promise, before they have done, to make it impossible for him to do anything with it before Easter. If the present weather continues—and the signs of its mending seem only to grow fewer—he cannot count upon getting in his seed until the summer has almost come. Wet weather means disease to sheep and oxen, as well as to men; and even if he is able to give them shelter, he has to keep them alive on food that costs him more than he is accustomed to pay, in a year when he is likely to have less means than usual out of which to pay it. It would not be safe to say that 1883 will make an end of that great interest which has already suffered so much, for farmers seem able to bear more than other men. But it is plain that unless things change very quickly and very completely, 1883 is likely to make the heaviest addition to their burdens that can be traced to any single year. How it stands with other countries, we cannot profess to say. But if like causes produce like effects, the agricultural depression of the coming season must be painted in colours which apply not to England only, but to Europe.

In one respect, however, England differs from some other countries. With them, the rivers are too large to be easily managed; in England, it is not manageableness that is wanted, but management. The floods from which we suffer are almost all such as might be prevented. They come, not because there is no means of keeping them back, but because there is no machinery ready by which these means can be applied. A great deal of money has been laid out for many years past in relieving land of water, but all that seems to have come of it is that the water finds its way very much more rapidly to the rivers. No attempt has been made to carry it off when it gets there. The channel, the locks, the reservoirs, which were enough when much of the higher land in the river valley was waterlogged, are held to be enough now that this same land is like a squeezed sponge twenty-four hours after rain has fallen. The water is all poured into the rivers at once, and when there, it has no choice but to spread itself over the low-lying fields on each bank. Thus the drainage of the land that crowns the valley slopes has been effected at the cost of the land that lies in the valley bottoms. The kind of outlay that is required to meet this state of things is of a wholly different kind from that which sufficed for the original drainage of the higher ground. Be a farm small or large, the drainage of it is ordinarily within the power either of the owner or of the occupier. One or the

other of them has sufficient means at command to meet a necessity so universal and so unmistakeable. If he has not the actual capital, he has at least the credit on which to raise it. But when it comes to making provision for getting rid of the surplus thus poured into the rivers, the case is altogether different. The prevention of floods demands organisation. The outlay must be distributed not merely over the lands which suffer from floods—so far self-interest would do a good deal in the way of persuasion—but over the lands which cause the floods. The owners and occupiers of these last are not disposed to recognise any such obligation. That the farmers who have land on the river-bank should club together to keep the stream within its proper course is perfectly natural. They see their profits destroyed by floods, and they are very properly anxious to prevent them. But floods do no harm to a man whose land lies at the top of a hill; why, then, should he be called upon to bear the cost of deepening the river channel or improving the mechanism of the locks? That is a question which it takes an Act of Parliament to answer properly, and the only wonder is that the farmers, who are the real sufferers, have not done more to force a Prevention of Floods Bill through Parliament. No question comes nearer home to a large section of English agriculturists, and if they are more alive to their own interest, they would not allow another Session to pass without bringing the necessary pressure to bear, alike upon the Government and upon their own special representatives in Parliament. They have only to say distinctly that if the Floods Bill is not passed they will vote for new county Members, and it will be passed by a stampede, as the Bill compensating them for the preventive slaughter of their cattle was. They are far too quiescent.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HENRY SMITH.

GREAT statesmen, successful generals, famous authors, distinguished men of science, eminent theologians—all those who have been raised by industry, talent, or the caprice of fortune, to prominence in a profession—become by degrees actors on whose movements our attention rests, and whose familiar figures are part of the spectacle of life. The public they have interested during their time bids them, when they die, a kindly and sympathetic farewell, retraces their career, counts up their successes, and assesses their general apparent value. Professor Henry Smith, whose loss this week casts a shadow both over Oxford and through many circles of educated men and women, belonged to none of these categories. To by far the greater number of Englishmen, his name is probably unknown. Some will vaguely recollect it as that of a candidate put forward unsuccessfully a few years ago by Oxford Liberals for the representation of the University. Many even of those who are aware that a man in the fullness of his powers is just dead, whose brilliant intellectual attainments have probably not been surpassed by any other of their English contemporaries, may, nevertheless, be surprised at regret so widely felt and so loudly expressed over the loss of one who wrote no great books, patented no great invention, amassed no fortune, made no famous speeches, and led no conspicuous movement, political or social. Measured by the popular measure of publicity and fame, Professor Henry Smith would hardly seem, to most of us, to have been one of the great men of the time. Yet it would be difficult among the world's celebrities to find one who in gifts and nature was his superior. Generally speaking, there is a rough justice in the sentence passed upon intellectual men who achieve no definite worldly success. We surmise, and often with truth, that some weak spot somewhere in their powers has been the cause of their failure to acquire those sublunary distinctions and rewards which coarser and more practical people manage to secure. To the case of Professor Smith, this kind of criticism would be inapplicable, for he possessed both the qualities and the character which might have made him famous in many active walks of life. His mental attainments were of the highest order. A finished classical scholar, a mathematician, in some respects of European distinction, a considerable metaphysician, a trained master of most branches of knowledge, literary, economic, and scientific, an adequate linguist, and a man of sound judgment, perfect temper, and wise aptitude for affairs, he combined with his other special excellences a delicate gaiety of spirit, a brilliant conversational power, which made him one of the most accomplished and attractive ornaments of any educated company in which he moved. To what eminence in public or professional life accomplishments so varied might not have led him, it is difficult to feel sure, if only he had ever plunged into the stream of competition or adventure. But some delicate touch of indifference to worldly success mingled itself with his genius, and he remained to the last content with playing, and with playing well, whatever part fortune brought to him to play. Incessantly occupied in the discharge of duties both of a public and a private kind, that thickened round him as years went by, he was satisfied with what had fallen to his share in the lottery of life, and neither solicited nor ostentatiously avoided anything beyond. The "note" of personal ambition seemed absent from his composition. And so it happens that the great public which takes its knowledge of men from newspapers and books, from debates in Parliament and the records of our Law Courts, hardly knew—if, indeed, it knew at all—Professor Henry Smith.

As the personal "note" was wanting in Smith, so, on the other hand, the intellectual or academic "note" was one which he possessed in, perhaps, its most attractive form. Vanity and self-seeking, every form of mental intemperance and extravagance, seemed to have no place in anything that he ever said or did. The last, the rarest triumph of education, is when it destroys the desire of self-assertion in a man of genius, and substitutes in its place the growing flower of perfect moderation and equanimity. The greatest of Greek philosophers, in the greatest of moral treatises, has elaborated a theory that virtue consists in a golden mean, and in the avoidance of dangerous extremes; but when driven into a corner for a standard by which the mean is to be measured, the illustrious moralist has no better compass to furnish for our guidance than this,—that the golden mean in each case must be that which is defined by the reason of some thoroughly temperate man. The result of Henry Smith's genius and culture combined seemed to make him the very man required by a philosopher for his human measuring-rod. A University life sometimes spoils and sometimes perfects natural capacities, but it usually leaves its mark upon them, whether it be for good or evil. Nobody could doubt but that Henry Smith, as he issued from the Academic mould, was a natural genius, with an impress of his University stamped distinctly upon him; and Oxford has, perhaps, never had a more happy specimen to produce of her best influence than the late Savilian Professor of Geometry.

Smith came from Rugby to the University as a remarkable boy, and won the blue ribbon in all the great intellectual competitions of his Undergraduate days. He became in due course a Fellow of Balliol, and joined a Common Room which consisted of a small group of very distinguished men. The present Master of Balliol was already conspicuous in the society of Balliol Fellows, as the most successful and most energetic tutor of the first of the Oxford Colleges of the period. Among the rest were names of academic fame—Mr. Lake, the present Dean of Durham; Riddell, an accomplished hero even among Shrewsbury scholars, whose beautiful character and refinement of mind were prematurely lost to the University by an early death; Archdeacon Palmer, not the least distinguished of a trio of brothers of all of whom Oxford had reason to be content; Lonsdale, Wall, Woolcombe, Walrond, and a few years later, Newman and Green. These were the days when Oxford, always passing through some phase or other, was entering on a new situation. The Tractarian movement had subsided, but the University was not at rest. A reforming Parliamentary Commission was troubling the waters. The old system of close Scholarships and Fellowships was slowly giving way, and like the rotten boroughs of a past political period, the close preserves of the Colleges were being either extinguished, or thrown open to public competition. But Oxford was still Conservative at heart. Leaders of the old school and their followers held the University pulpits, dominated Congregation, monopolised the best preferments, resisted to the best of their powers all local change, and were ready on provocation to ostracise unorthodox reformers for being, like Socrates, the corrupters of youth. Married Fellows were as yet unknown; it had not yet become necessary to build whole suburbs of semi-detached villas to receive the feminine colonists of the future. But there was a stir and an agitation throughout the Academic world which the sense of changes, present and to come, had produced. University politics and polemics were, as always, of absorbing interest. Mansel and Goldwin Smith tilted against each other in debate before an admiring and competent academic audience. Oxford was, in fact, at war,—a war, it is true, polite, polished, and courteous. Into this atmosphere, charged as it was with considerable personal electricity, Henry Smith was thence-

forward absorbed; for nearly thirty years, no more attractive, brilliant, or genial figure was to be found in the perturbed society of the University. Some happy combination of judgment and temper made him acceptable even to those with whose opinions he had nothing in common. He succeeded in being a politician, without wearing the obnoxious colours of a partisan. He had the great art of never pressing a victory home, and of bearing defeat with pleasant equanimity. His business powers, his modesty, his wisdom, and his entire freedom from egotism and dogmatic presumption, a delicate gaiety that never flagged, wit that sparkled without wounding, and which rose incessantly to real brilliancy, made him not merely an effective personage in the Oxford world, but universally acceptable in any society, whatever the shade of its opinions. His finished persiflage, his pleasant epigrams, will long be remembered, though the brightest conversation is often the most evanescent, and the finesse of wit, like a musical laugh, disappears with the occasion, and cannot be reproduced upon paper or in print. As by degrees his attainments were recognised, both in England and abroad, his influence at Oxford naturally deepened; but neither within nor without the University did he grasp at opportunities of notoriety. Such power and authority as he possessed he held without an effort, without solicitation, apparently without any personal satisfaction in them. In offices of friendship, he was constant; in such public or civic duties as came in his way, assiduous; no good or benevolent work ever needed a helping hand, but his was at its service, without ostentation, and without any expectation of personal advantage. He was a good speaker, without being a rhetorician; his death, indeed, last week was hastened by a chill caught or increased while he was addressing a gathering of agricultural labourers.

A life like Henry Smith's, of exemplary moderation, far removed from even a suspicion of worldliness and vanity, is seldom found in these days in combination with intellectual powers and practical ability on so considerable a scale. There are, no doubt, many nooks and corners in which at times may be seen flowering the "wise indifference of the wise." Students, divines, men of science or of letters, not seldom seem content to retire from the world, as if they had measured the true value of the things we most of us eagerly compete for, and were perfectly satisfied, of deliberate choice, to remain spectators of the fever of mankind. Some physical inaptitude, or some constitutional tendency, not unfrequently lies at the bottom of this apparently philosophic temper. Patient self-possession, and a sober estimate of the world and of what it can give, are rarely found in a man who lives in constant contact with other men and their affairs, who shares in the interests of his generation, occupies himself with its business, and whose genius seems to bring high honour and success almost within his reach. Professor Henry Smith was not buried away from his fellow-creatures in literature, or study, or contemplation; he was no recluse or invalid, but a man of the world, active, competent, social, *only*, —not ambitious. Personal serenity of such a type is rather a classical than a modern virtue; perhaps an age different to our own may yet regard it as one of the highest forms, not merely of intellectual, but of civic excellence. It is the characteristic of recent civilisation, that in almost all its aspects it seems based upon a theory of personal competition. The prominent figures on every stage are the result of a struggle, not for existence, but for success. It is a contest which all seem satisfied to recognise as one of the conditions of ordinary life; which constitutes the essence of our politics, of our commerce, of our political economy, of our laws of property themselves. In the general race to possess more than the average share of wealth, power, fame, it is, perhaps, a wholesome lesson to turn for a short breathing-time to the uneventful example of the life of a man of genius, who was fitted for most distinctions, if he had cared to seek them, but who was unaffected by the universal fever, possessed his soul in perfect patience, and remained to the last content to discharge all the duties which Providence allotted to him, without affectation, and with that composure of soul to which great gifts are not always allied. The secret of the philosophic temperament, exhibited in this its most manly shape, is one which is not easy to explore; but when the phenomenon is seen, its charm attracts us the more in proportion to its rarity. Essayists and moralists for the last two thousand years have preached it, and inculcated it; some have gone so far as to boast of its acquisition,—its praise, certainly, is among all the prophets. Probably it is the product neither of Nature, nor of education singly, but of a happy, and of an admirable combination of the two. Among the many friends, acquaintances, admirers, whose thoughts have in the last few days been saddened or sobered by the unexpected death of a brilliant man of genius, there are none who will not readily accord to Professor Henry Smith the tribute of unaffected respect for what without extravagance may be termed his extraordinary powers of mind, his gentle and Lælian wisdom, and the sweetness of character which never made an enemy, lost a friend, or sought a personal advantage for itself. But besides this and beyond this, it may not be out of place, before a personality in many ways so complete fades into indistinctness, and a life ceases to be familiar to us which must hereafter be treasured rather in the memory of his contemporaries and friends than in the history of his time, to recognise in the Professor Oxford has lost that special type of wholesome and of manly virtue the growth of which is not much favoured by the rush and turmoil of these times. Great mental gifts can be found, when occasion demands them; talents grow on every tree. But the serenity of heart which enables its possessor to wear the gifts of genius with sobriety, and to use them nobly and well, without seeking to expend them in the purchase of fame, or wealth, or of advancement, is a quality which modern society little cultivates, and seldom sees.

THE PAINS OF EXILE.

IS not the world beginning to under-estimate the suffering caused by compulsory exile, particularly to Continentals, who, for reasons we state below, suffer much more in banishment than Englishmen usually do? We think we detect traces of such a feeling, of a belief that banishment is, after all, a very endurable penalty, throughout the recent discussions on the French Proscription Bills; and it is quite natural, more especially in this country, that it should be so. The world, with its new facilities of communication, is rapidly growing smaller; countries are becoming more alike, the cultivated travel about everywhere, and so many people settle in foreign lands for years at a time, or for their lives, that banishment strikes the upper class as, after all, nothing very serious. If you may not live in France, you may in England; and where is the substantial difference? This feeling was repeatedly expressed in the French Chamber, one Deputy in particular laying it down as his opinion that exile involved suffering only for those who had to earn their living. They might suffer, of course; but the Orlean Princes, he said, had been enriched by the restoration of their fortunes, they would be wealthy nobles in England, and what could they want more? That idea is also current in this country, in spite of the horror with which laws of proscription are regarded, and is greatly increased by the accidental circumstance that for Englishmen, and for the lower classes especially, banishment has lost much of its terror. The Englishman, unless very well placed indeed, is habituated to think of life in America as an alternative and not unpleasing destiny; and banishment means to him little more than an emigration to another land tenanted by a kindly branch of his own race,—which is not without attractions for his mind. To the Englishman, banishment means residence in the United States, and he would as soon reside there as not. The conception that banishment is quite a tolerable penalty is growing, and as it is a dangerous one to take root in Europe just at the present time, when political passion is very keen, and when a notion of the convenience of ostracism as a political device is making way among classes which are rising rapidly to power, it may be worth while to inquire for a moment into its perfect accuracy.

We believe the idea to be substantially false, and this in spite of the fact that banishment inflicts much less direct suffering than of old. Formerly, the rich man who was exiled suffered from a sudden and enforced change of society, diet, and method of life, to such an extent as often permanently to affect his health, and produce a nostalgia indistinguishable from positive disease. He could not endure the foreign food, the foreign houses, the foreign people, and would risk anything or suffer anything to be back again "at home." Now, however, that the cosmopolitan class live so much alike, eating the same things, inhabiting the same houses, and taking the same precautions for health, direct suffering is reduced to a mere change of climate, not necessarily injurious. The Orleans Princes can be as comfortable in London as in Paris, in York House, Twickenham, as in the Château at Chantilly.

The professionals, again, who formerly always starved in banishment, living miserably in garrets at the Hague, or other free places, now find it easier to get a living; the world is before them, and they frequently prosper, till they have, considered merely as cultivated animals, nothing in their country to regret. They are well fed, warmly clothed, and, barring the climate, sufficiently well housed. It is not given to every one to prosper as the Financial Secretary of the Confederate States did in England; but other exiles can be named, both in England and America, who, pecuniarily, have nothing to regret. The poor, again, who formerly died in banishment of want, now go to America, English or Spanish, or to the great cities of Europe, and find employment in their own trades at rates quite as remunerative as at home. Indeed, a majority of them would probably benefit physically by exile, and find, like the Germans who fled in 1848, or who retreat even now before the rigid laws of conscription, that America offers them, if not a pleasanter home, at least a richer one than the Fatherland. The physical evils of exile have, in fact, been modified till they scarcely exist; but that is not the case with the mental evils. To the men likely to be exiled for political reasons, banishment means the loss of all things which make life sweet, except bodily comfort. Their mental interests are either snapped short, or have the savour taken out of them. They are like politicians condemned by ill-health to inaction, forced to change the *rôle* of actors who are forwarding the play, and are, therefore, not only interested in its success, but occupied by it, for that of mere spectators, weary with desire to be once more on the stage, and seeing in those who supersede them only imbeciles. Occupations may not cease, but the occupations which were chosen as by instinct, which made life delightful, and filled it with the pleasant sense of efficiency and use, are all closed; and the others taken up to diminish *ennui* are like gardening to a city man, or novel-reading to a man who has shared in "the triumph and the vanity, the rapture of the strife," of political debate. The Princes of Orleans, for example, may still in London be interested in French politics; but they cannot advance them, cannot even see them as quickly as of old, are like citizens driven into remote villages against their own consent, always conscious of being behind the time. They can have society at will, but it is not the society of those who are making history in the only country they care about, not, as it were, the society of the living; they can have conversation, but either they or their interlocutors must use a foreign tongue, and so lose half their spontaneity; they can engage in affairs, but the affairs are not their own. The mere fact that they cannot enter their own land is of itself a pain, aggravated by the truth, always patent to intelligent exiles, that every year of absence makes them more strangers; and that when they return, some powers, some kinds of knowledge, some habitudes of mind essential to their careers, will have been sadly, it may be fatally, diminished. They lose, while in exile, the use of their heaped-up treasure of experience, and feel while they stay away that they make no additions to it. Their careers are, in fact, ended before old age has set in. The loss of friends, too, is heartbreaking. Men cannot keep up friendships by correspondence, still less continue that founding of new friendships without which life is certain to become in its end so solitary. No man, however cosmopolitan, quite finds that foreigners replace to him his own countrymen, least of all Frenchmen, whose country has for them a charm like that of Rome for a patrician. The Roman noble under sentence of death had usually the alternative of exile, and often accepted the quick penalty, rather than the slow one. Life under such circumstances loses flavour, and in its insipidity is a penalty which often produces true *tædium vitæ*—that most exhausting of all forms of melancholy—and always something of that *ennui* which is the great burden of a long imprisonment. Exiles, it is noticed, hunger for occupations, as prisoners do, and not unfrequently prefer, like prisoners, those occupations which prevent thought, rather than compel the mind to apply thought to the full. The sentence of banishment, where it is felt at all, does not take away life; but it takes away most of its happiness, and that is a severe penalty, and is the heavier in proportion as the sufferer has in his own country made his life full, and active, and beneficial to all around him. Men can dream anywhere, but for those who do not dream, some reality in the objects of life, and fittingness of relation between them and their surroundings, are essential not only to happiness, but even to the maintenance of their powers. A large proportion of men who retire from business grow rapidly and perceptibly weaker, and banished men are business men condemned to perpetual inaction. The suffering differs in every individual case, but the best proof of its reality is the inability of the exile ever to do anything serious or great, unless it be to intrigue for his own return. Prisoners of war are not accounted happy men, nor are they; and exiles by compulsion are but prisoners of war, with a few material comforts and liberties, but also, to counterbalance them, with a bitter sense of oppression and disappointment. Every exiled man has had hopes, dreams, affections, often the solace of entire lives, all inextricably bound up with the native land, which, as Danton said, one does not carry away on the sole of one's shoe. You cannot carry away, for instance, that which to most men is part of their own identity, namely, your own precise place in the world, your own title to recognition or regard, or it may be deference. That place has been given to men by their history, and is as inextricably welded into the social system of their own country as any stone into a building. Without the building, its look, its use, its very meaning, are all entirely changed. Even Princes feel such a fate most painfully, and European Princes are of necessity, by connections, by pursuits, and by habits of mind, the most cosmopolitan of men, and should, therefore, feel exile the least.

DISLIKE.

CONSIDERING how large a part the impulses which divide human beings take in this imperfect world, it is somewhat surprising to reflect how small a space has been accorded to them, in those pages from which many persons derive their chief knowledge of character. Fiction, painting so largely the sympathies by which human beings are bound together, has taken but little account of those antipathies, equally real, which not only divide them, but also, it must be confessed, do to some extent tend by external pressure to unite more closely for a time those who are united already. However, we somewhat exaggerate the feeling we mean in calling it *antipathy*, and it is by no means easy to name it without exaggeration. Almost all synonyms for it are stamped with blame, so that it seems impossible to mention an incapacity for satisfactory intercourse with another person as a mere fact about one's relation to him, and not as some contribution to an estimate of his own character. The word which has least of such a suggestion is "distaste," and it is a significant fact that the sense from which we borrow the expression is the most idiosyncratic of all means of communication with the outer world. Speaking broadly, we may say that a disagreeable sound or colour is disagreeable to every one, while we have to inquire after our neighbours' tastes, before we know what flavours they would consider agreeable or disagreeable; everybody dislikes the screech of a slate-pencil, and nobody is surprised at another person's not sharing his own preference for a particular flavour. The contrast between the peculiar separateness of taste, and the common element in the other senses, so that many may gaze at once on the same picture, and crowds may listen to the same low note, while no two persons can taste the same morsel, has thus become a symbol of that individuality, that subjectivity in the region of personal feeling, which allows us to describe attraction or repulsion without implying judgment.

Miss Cobbe, in the useful expression introduced into one of her essays, "Heteropathy"—the opposite, that is, not the contrary, of sympathy—has bestowed on us the means of bringing forward and realising this moral neutrality of distaste. We are not necessarily influenced *against* the person who is distasteful to us, we are conscious merely of a heterogeneity of affection, a different response to the same excitement, which makes us mutually unintelligible. Where distaste becomes disapproval, indeed, it is a mixed feeling, and the only important instance which we can call to mind of an attempt to paint this "heteropathy," which in the world of experience is so common, Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," seems to us somewhat impaired by the amount of justification with which the impartial poet has provided the man of the world who finds himself out of sympathy with the man of genius. Tasso, we presume, is meant to be an exhibition of the weakness of the poetic temperament *abandoned to itself*, and there is no character the unreasonableness of which more jars on the taste of a sensible man, practised in affairs, and ready to adapt himself to almost any other character. And there is no feeling more jarring to

an imaginative man, when he perceives it, than the tolerance which Antonio expresses when he tries to be just. "Yet often with respect he speaks of thee," says Leonora Sanvitale, when she is trying to soothe Tasso's irritation; and most of us can sympathise with his answer,—

> "'Tis even that disturbs me, for his art
> Is so to measure out his careful words
> That seeming praise from him is actual blame."

The words convey an admirable suggestion of the withering effect of distaste drying up all that aims at being appreciative, and leaving nothing so distinct as the effort it costs the speaker to find any excellence in the object of his praise. The relation, perhaps, was the model of Miss Yonge, in her pretty creation, "The Heir of Redclyffe;" but she seems to us to have inverted the mistake of Goethe (if we may be so profane as to find mistake in Goethe), and to have spoilt the situation by painting the person who inspires dislike as too faultless. Dislike, under such circumstances, becomes envy,—a feeling quite different from heteropathy. There is, in an unfinished romance by Hawthorne (not the one just published), a delicate little touch, exactly realising this feeling, in the description of the two persons intended in the first sketch of the story for lovers, bringing out, with all the author's subtle power, that sense of sudden recoil which sometimes strangely interrupts even a mutual affection not founded on a true harmony of character, and which is felt most distinctly just after the moments of closest union, just as the most intolerable discord is nearest to unison. The relation was found unmanageable, and drops out of the story, much to the disappointment of at least one reader, to whom it appeared a promise of a most characteristic display of Hawthorne's peculiar genius. But it is almost unfair to bring the half-obliterated sketch for an unfinished romance into the same page with one of the best known works of Goethe, even under the exigencies of a search for specimens of the rarest kind of dramatic delineation.

The relation which Hawthorne found too delicate to paint may well, indeed, have been avoided by the artist. Perhaps it is not one very well suited to dramatic elaboration,—at least, the feelings with which it is often associated are much more dramatic than itself, and tend to throw it into the shade. Envy, jealousy, and resentment are broad, simple emotions, easily described; distaste, no doubt, opens the way for them, but is perfectly distinct from them, and does not, in a liberal and cultivated mind, imply even any sense of condemnation. "'Tis, I am barbarous here, my tongue unknown," was the complaint of a polished Roman, made to realise the true meaning of the word "Barbarian;" and perhaps Ovid may have learnt in his exile to appreciate the arrogant spirit with which the Roman applied it to all the world but his countrymen. Any one can feel, when he is himself the barbarian, that unintelligibility supplies no material for judgment; but it takes qualities of a high order to perceive this, when the case is reversed. Yet it is a familiar experience that distaste may appear unreasonable, even to him who feels it. The very associations which cluster round the epithet "well-meaning," testify to the familarity of the struggle between distaste and an acknowledgment of qualities that should ensure respect; and probably many selfish and indolent persons arouse far less sense of heteropathy than a large proportion of the enthusiastic and the benevolent. Most people have felt at some time or other what was expressed by the dying man who, when told that he was going where the wicked would cease from troubling, responded, earnestly, "And the good, too, I hope!" For our own part, we have sometimes thought that if the good would cease from troubling, we would gladly take our chance of the wicked. Even the hero may inspire the feeling, as well as the saint. The faults of a large, impressive character are often peculiarly galling to those who stand very close to it; and when the biographer has said all he has to say, we sometimes discover, if we learn more about his subject, that the relation assumed as one of grateful subordination was, in reality, that of a continuous protest. We are very apt to be unjust to those who find a large character distasteful, in assuming their blindness to its nobility. If we suppose that distaste never enters a relation till love quits it, we shall fail to appreciate many of the most faithful and dutiful relations by which human beings are bound together. Distaste is no mere growth of the acquaintance world, where we have nothing to do but to yield to it; it shows itself in many a faithful friendship, it springs up on the fertile soil of family affection, it is by no means a stranger even to the sacred enclosure of marriage. No other atmosphere, indeed, is so propitious to it as that cooling affection which often both joins and separates many a pair who never cease to love each other. Gratitude for life-long services does not exclude it, nor do the services which have earned that gratitude; it may mingle with self-sacrificing devotion, even with strong admiration. There is almost no feeling by which man is bound to man which it may not dilute; and he who should refuse to continue any friendship or affection which involved a struggle with it would find himself, at some time or other, almost alone.

No one will deny that the experience of feeling or inspiring distaste is common, but many will consider that we do not want it made more definite by description. To put it into words gives it a permanence which it might lack, if left in the vague region of feeling; and whoever gives as much expression to it as to the opposite feeling, not only exaggerates it in appearance, but greatly increases it in fact. Moreover, the expression certainly tends, to some extent, to justify the feeling. The discovery that in proportion as any one gives utterance to those feelings and opinions which are most characteristic he hurts some sense of fitness in his company, strangely bars the entrance on common ground, even when this is close at hand. And then, too, dislike, with all that it implies, is not pathetic, or striking, or tragic, it is only disagreeable; and why, it may be asked, should Art mirror the part of life that is only disagreeable? We should misrepresent some of those we loved best, if we were to recall even with the most careful accuracy how little they loved each other, and a late famous example surely forms the strongest argument for the rule that no biographer should attempt to leave a record of the distastes of his hero. It is indeed impossible to give the feeling the same proportion in the record that it had in life. The gamut of expression has not that compass which such an utterance demands. The faintest and gentlest hint at any lack of sympathy has a force and distinctness that eulogium is wholly without. It always suggests a good deal behind.

We heartily agree to the rule that any record of actual life should give as small a place as possible to Distaste. But it is precisely the fact that biography cannot give distaste its due proportion, and should not therefore make any attempt at embodying it, while yet it is an important part of actual experience, which makes us desire to see it represented in the only kind of literature where all that is meant can be expressed. A good picture of a difficult situation gathers up a large part of whatever advice might be given for dealing with it, and it is often the only form in which such advice is possible. It makes an era in the hidden autobiography which we peruse in silent hours, when some voice from a larger nature has recalled and retouched—thereby wonderfully diminishing them—our own perplexities; and a large part of the charm of fiction consists in the fact that this is often the only possible channel of such a confidence. The rare glimpses which we attain of the attitude of a large, richly-endowed nature, conscious of distaste returned where friendship was sought, is such a lesson of tolerance and magnanimity as no sermon could convey. Once or twice in a lifetime we may come upon a glimpse of such a state of mind, perhaps as we decipher the faded characters from a hand that has long been still, for oftenest all that makes the relation intelligible is only visible afar off. Or a few words at some crisis of life and death, reveal that what looked like blindness to dislike was a self-suppressing oblivion of it. But for the most part, the more completely vanity or sensitiveness is conquered in meeting such a feeling, the more the victory is hidden, and we rarely learn from any experience of actual life what would afford the greatest help in some of its difficulties,—how a noble mind meets distaste.

The best substitute for such aid, though it be a poor one, is to remind ourselves that the region of distaste is, after all, confined to a narrow part of our whole being. The world of our animal nature is one of resemblance; and so is that of our spiritual nature, if we can but reach it. We are similarly affected, on the whole, by all things outward. We all dread pain, hunger, weariness, while food, rest, warmth, and the like, in different proportions, are desirable to all. And there is a region of the inward life which is as characteristic of humanity as is the outward life, though it is far less accessible, and much more liable to be confused with heterogeneous elements. But between the region of the *physical* life and that of the *spiritual* life lies that borderland of idiosyncracy—that which we specially mean

when we speak of a person's nature—which is the region of heteropathy. On this domain we are often as hopelessly at a loss for any practical expression of goodwill as we should be, if suddenly transported to a planet where fatigue was cured by active exercise, and hunger by fasting, so that to offer a tired person an easy-chair, or provide food for one who declared himself faint with hunger should be a malignant action. If a humorous view of the situation is to you a potent auxiliary in enduring its difficulties, while to me it adds insult to injury, your benevolent attempt to lighten some common vexation by putting it in a ludicrous point of view will only make me feel it more bitterly. If, in a common loss, you are striving to forget our friend, and I to remember him, the very fact that we both loved him will make us bad company to each other. How many such miscalculations we see, feel, or make, in our endeavours to console each other! "Time softens every grief," we say, to one who feels it the supreme agony that the beloved image must fade. Or we try to soothe some proud heart, racked with the thought of compassion, by the assurance that others feel for its pangs! Under such "heteropathy," all affection, all active good-will, becomes an engine of torment. The victim flies to indifference, as a welcome exchange for such benevolence, and feels the atmosphere of slight acquaintance a delightful variety, after that intimacy which has given his friend a right to inflict an amount of suffering that would have satisfied the heart of an enemy. The golden rule, in such circumstances, becomes useless. To do unto others as we would they should do unto us, is to sharpen their discomfort in our neighbourhood, unless, indeed, all we desire from them is their absence; and distaste, when it is sufficiently important to attract attention, is rarely capable of so simple a solution. For it is sometimes woven in with the web of life's duties, and even of its cherished possessions. Surely, in such circumstances, it should be a great help towards justice, both to those we dislike, and towards those who dislike us, to realise that this kind of antagonism is confined to a certain limited portion of our being; and that if we could carry on our intercourse within either that simpler world of the senses where men want all the same thing, or that deeper world of moral conviction where they all reverence the same thing, we should find distaste suddenly vanish; and though, practically, this is impossible, the fact that it is not inconceivable is by no means an unimportant one.

This sense of some possible fugitiveness or error in the feeling of Distaste should be materially reinforced by the discovery that it is by no means invariably mutual, and by what is another side of the same truth, that it sometimes lies very near to perfect sympathy. It may be excited by those who, just because they are unlike us, are best able to help us. Leonora says of Tasso and Antonio,—

> "Two foes are there who should be closest friends,
> For nature formed in each but half a man,
> And in their union were the perfect whole."

And though in such cases the need be mutual, the perception of that need is often not so. We often understand the language that we cannot speak, and so mysterious is the chemistry of human relation, that the same difference which on one side tells as a repulsive strangeness, is on the other welcomed as a delightful variety. It is but the change of a couple of letters which converts the *hostis* to the *hospes*, and it is a change almost as trifling—a mere shifting of spiritual attitude—which shows us the spiritual foreigner as friend or foe. We sometimes see this change curiously brought out in the feelings of the same person towards different members of the same family. You meet the son of your old friend, you recognise in almost every word some trace of the companion whose presence made life delightful to you. Perhaps in your sober judgment you would acknowledge that the son is, on the whole, worthy of his father. But you discover that some slight change of proportion, or some almost imperceptible introduction of a new element, is enough to destroy all spiritual affinity. There is nothing more disagreeable than to dislike one who reminds us of those we have loved; but the experience is full of instruction. Or again, we may realise the marvellous effect of this change of proportion in the nearness of heteropathy itself to sympathy. The first experience of an entire mutual understanding is the best thing in life, and many a one has felt that it was also the first experience of self-knowledge. For we completely understand ourselves only when we find an interpreter in another soul; and there can be no revelation of the self, except by one who resembles the being he reveals. It is as true of the things of Earth as of Heaven, that we must be like any one, if "we shall see him as he is." But how slight a change here brings us from the closest union to something that almost resembles hatred! The society of one who mirrored all the weaknesses and difficulties of our own character, would be quite as intolerable as the society of one who understood neither our weakness nor our strength. "There are but three fingers' space," says the Talmud, "between Heaven and Hell." It is a profound sentence, and its truth is nowhere more evident than in the varied and mysterious world of human relation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LOCAL RATING AND TENANT-RIGHT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Knowing the influence which the opinions of the *Spectator* exercise upon the minds of politicians, especially Liberal ones, will you allow me to state the views of the Farmers' Alliance upon the above two subjects, which you treated of last week? From the outset, we have distinctly recognised the doctrine that the rates of a farm fall ultimately upon the owner. Great efforts have been made by the Alliance to educate farmers upon this vital question, and the following old couplet was resuscitated with this object:—

> "The higher the rates, the lower the rent;
> The lower the rates, the higher the rent."

Rates, however, are not a fixed quantity; for instance, the highway rate and the education rate have considerably added to the rates levied upon many farms. Although vital is mainly and in the long-run an owner's question, landlords would very naturally object to pay the whole amount of the burden, seeing that tenants exercise greater power than themselves over the expenditure of rates. It may be argued that as rates increase or decrease, there should be a readjustment of rent; but those who understand farming affairs know that such an arrangement would be troublesome and distasteful to both parties, hence the Alliance has contended that a division of rates between owner and occupier is the most practical as well as the most just arrangement; its advocates have, moreover, the advantage of being able to point to the fact that in Scotland the plan has long been in force, and that it works satisfactorily. When, therefore, you assert of this proposal that "though very dear to the farmer, it is a cry for the moon," I am compelled to conclude that you have not looked very narrowly into the arguments we have put forth.

With reference to our demands for tenant-right, I would observe that they are grounded entirely upon public policy. A great part of the land of the country has never been highly farmed, and in the opinion of the Alliance never will be, until the whole interests of tenants in their holdings are secured to them. In the past, a tenant's interests in his holding have been liable to confiscation in two ways:—(1.) Withholding compensation to an outgoing tenant for the capital he has put into or upon the soil, and which is not removable. (2.) Raising the rent after a tenant has increased the fertility, or value of the holding, styled "a revaluation." The latter has been a far more common mode of procedure than the former, and has, moreover, exercised a far more deterrent influence upon the enterprise of tenants. The Farmers' Alliance has maintained that if it is necessary, in the interests of the public, to secure outgoing tenants against injustice, there is even greater necessity to secure that much larger class who desire to remain upon their farms, after they have effected the improvements they deemed necessary for its profitable occupation; and on this point all that is demanded is that a tenant who has improved his holding shall have a power of appeal to an impartial tribunal against an arbitrary rise of rent upon his own improvements,—nothing, be it remarked, is demanded for the bad or the unimproving farmer. With respect to freedom of contract, I would simply remark that if the question of tenant-right is to be argued on these lines, and the doctrine is to be upheld, there is no need to trouble the Legislature; but surely the day has gone by for taking a stand upon this ground, the experience of the Agricultural Holdings Act, the Report of the Royal Commission, and the opinions of statesmen formerly opposed to compulsory legislation, are conclusive on the point. I started by asserting that the demands of the Farmers' Alliance are grounded upon public

policy alone. The right of the State to put limitations upon freedom of contract in cases where the welfare of the community will be thereby subserved is too generally accepted to need enforcing, and herein lies the difference between the case you draw of "a new bath-room" and the improvement of the land; the general public have no interest in the multiplication of bath-rooms, nor in the question whether tenants who add these conveniences to the houses they occupy are, upon quitting, compensated or not. But the public have a very direct interest in any legislation which would tend to the fuller development of the resources of the soil; and if a well-considered system of tenant-right is calculated to effect this object, as unquestionably in time it would, then the State is justified in adopting the most efficient system for the purpose, and this notwithstanding that it may control the freedom of both landlord and tenant, especially if the just rights of the owner are not invaded.

I refrain from going into the question that property in land differs in other respects from that in houses, further than to point out that houses may be increased almost indefinitely to meet the requirements of the community, whilst land is both a fixed and an ascertained quantity.

In conclusion, I would observe that the farmer at the Alliance meeting whom you quote, and who said that "freedom of contract meant, 'Take the land on the landlord's conditions, or leave it,'" is, even at the present time, far nearer the truth, in respect of farms worth occupying, than you appear to imagine; and if it were not true so far as the present depressed times are concerned, I would simply remark that laws are not made for abnormal periods.—I am, Sir, &c., JAMES HOWARD.

Clapham Park, Bedfordshire, February 12th.

CONSECRATED GROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to express in your columns my sense of the courteous kindness of your correspondent, "Episcopus," and my thankfulness that the more we get beneath the surface of the question in controversy, the more we find ourselves at one? Must it not always be so, if we simply seek to know and to do the truth? This is the true unity, of which all acts and deeds of Uniformity are counterfeit presentments, mocking by their false promise yearning hearts.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

THE PROMOTION OF LIBERAL CLERGY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The Church appointments of Mr. Gladstone have been so admirable, that one is very reluctant to find fault, but you have undoubtedly hit a blot in pointing out that the Liberal Clergy are, as a rule, passed over. When you consider that nearly all the Broad-Church school and most of the younger members of the High, including such well-known names as Messrs. Headlam, Horsley, Stanton, and Shuttleworth, are Liberals, and that even in the Low-Church party, Messrs. Bickersteth, Cadman, Calthrop, and D. Moore are also on the popular side, it seems that there is little reason for giving the Tories all the great positions. All the men I have mentioned are able and zealous workers, and one, Mr. Calthrop, had the courage (in a minority of one among the clergy of Islington) to support the Irish-Church measure of Mr. Gladstone.

I am an earnest supporter of the English Church Union, but, for all that, should like to see some of the moderate Evangelicals, like Mr. Cadman, promoted; it would not do, perhaps, in the present crisis, to make any of them Bishops, but a few Deaneries and Canonries given to the (not many) able and scholarly members of the school would benefit the Church as a whole, and help to raise the tone of a still important party.—I am, Sir, &c., GEORGE PLANK.

252 *Crystal Palace Road, Dulwich, February 12th.*

A STRANGE SURVIVAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The letter from Dr. Littledale in your last issue contains one statement against which it is surely the duty of every English Churchman to protest. He says, "It is the fact that the State alone appoints to the Episcopate." Now, considering that the source of selection in the nomination of a Bishop is the Crown, and that it is the Crown which directs the flow of the appointment until its confirmation, we may be allowed to hold that there is direct spiritual authority given by this means. If there be one thing upon which the Church in these days should lay stress, it is that there is in the anointing of the Sovereign at the time of coronation a sacred setting-apart of the Ruler. The value and intention of this unction are well explained in the Collect used in the "Form of Prayer for the Twentieth of June," instead of the ordinary Collect for the Queen in the Holy Communion Service. The adviser of the Sovereign in regard to the nomination to a Bishopric may be a Minister of the State, but the Ruler appoints, as anointed Governor of the Church in this realm.

The vein of general distrust of Episcopal appointment running through Dr. Littledale's letter, coming from one to whom we younger clergy are wont to look for advice, has a depressing effect. But some of us may think we have a right to ask him not merely to tell us of objections to the present system of nomination, but to add some information as to what past method he would revert to. We read our Church history only to find that whilst the succession has been retained through the act of consecration, the manner of appointment has been varying from age to age. We have, first, Apostles nominating to an office neither positively named nor quite accurately defined, we have cases in which one Bishop has suggested a candidate for a vacant see, we have cases in which Court influence is the main cause leading to an appointment, we have eventually Sovereigns dispensing bishoprics. With the exception of the first method, can any of these named be preferred to that existing in our national Church? Is it wise, when those outside the fold are sneering at Episcopal authority, for trusted friends within to minimise its value?—I am, Sir, &c,

Swanscombe, Kent. H. R. WAKEFIELD.

[We publish our correspondent's letter with great pleasure. It is a most curious illustration of the truth that ideas, true or false, never die.—ED. *Spectator.*]

"METHRATTON."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—You will, perhaps, allow me to confirm what was said in your article under the above heading regarding the survival in our midst of much superstition. I am at present correcting the sheets of a small book shortly to be published by the Folk-lore Society, under the title of "Folk-Medicine," and while engaged in collecting and approximately classifying various charms relative to the prevention or cure of disease, I have come across not one, but very many instances of superstition, which still exercise great influence upon the life and thought of the people. It is certainly true, as you say, that although true education kills magic, "what is called education" does not. How otherwise are we to account for such an evidently modern superstition as this,—that it is unlucky to keep black-edged note-paper in a house. The writer of your paper testifies to positive faith among fairly educated persons still existing in astrology, fortune-telling, and palmistry, and I can add to this that I know a man of very considerable means who makes no secret of his carrying an exceedingly primitive amulet against rheumatism; that I heard from a farmer, whose politics are of the most advanced description, of a recent case of witchery in Lanarkshire; and that charming for toothache and the mysterious tooth-"worm" is scarcely yet an extinct business. When we regard the widely varying civilisation in our islands, viz., in London and in the caves of Wick Bay, how can we wonder at the difference of thought and reasoning which exist together? The latter is, in my opinion, less wonderful than the former.—I am, Sir, &c.,

1 *Alfred Terrace, Glasgow.* WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

ART.

MACBETH AND GREGORY.

THE news of the last Academy election has taken every one by surprise, and those are most astonished who are best acquainted with the ordinary Academy elections. That either Mr. Macbeth or Mr. Gregory should have been introduced into the Academic ranks would have been startling enough, but that both artists should be elected Associates at the same time is simply wonderful. The new leaven is working with a vengeance beneath the roof of Burlington House, and the Council of the Academy will probably, in a few years' time, have recognised the existence of the art of etching, and no longer confine their representation of the art of water-colour painting to the one small room through

which the wearied visitor passes at the end of his sight-seeing.

But it is of Messrs. Gregory and Macbeth that we desire to speak. And first, let us state why we find the election so unexpected. The truth is, that neither of these artists has been supposed to be held in high estimation at Burlington House. Mr. Macbeth exhibited there with considerable regularity, but he was rarely, if ever, well hung; and his work received but little general attention, for that reason. At the Grosvenor Gallery, where his pictures could be fairly seen, he was better appreciated, but even here his painting was scarcely popular, and appealed to a comparatively small section of the public.

Mr. Gregory was, practically, unknown on the walls of Burlington House, and he has, if we remember right, only twice exhibited there; and, as our readers are no doubt aware, it is the practice for the Academicians to elect as members of their body chiefly those who have for years sent to their exhibition. But it is not only because Messrs. Macbeth and Gregory are little known at the Academy that their friends feel so surprised at their election, and whilst they rejoice at the fact, can hardly believe in its reality; it is because their work is so totally opposed in its technique and its conception to what is generally considered Academic. Both are innovators of a singularly bold and daring character, and both are by no means likely to grow into accordance with the traditions of the Schools, as exemplified by the works of those Academicians by which their pictures will now be surrounded. One cannot help wondering with a half-cynical pleasure what Mr. Frith and Mr. Horsley, Mr. Armitage and Mr. Thorburn, Mr. Cope and Mr. Wells, will think of their new compatriots; and how grievous it will be to many another worthy Academician, who has been "nothing, if not respectable," to find his works side by side with those of these Bohemians of the brush, who make up in power and originality what they lack in refinement.

For us, who have been praising Mr. Macbeth and Mr. Gregory for half-a-dozen years, the election is, of course, a pleasant surprise; but to many of the older Academicians it must be a very sore trial, and in some ways, we confess that they have reason on their side. The work of both these artists lacks refinement of feeling; is, in different ways, frequently coarse and hurried in execution; it disdains what is understood by the word "painting"—at all events, in its more usually-accepted meaning—and is accompanied by a bizarrerie difficult to describe, but resulting partly from temperament and partly from the education of the painter. Both have done a good deal of work in black and white, and Mr. Gregory was first introduced to the public through the medium of the *Graphic* newspaper. Mr. William Thomas, the editor of that paper, may be said to have discovered Herkomer and Gregory, and much of the latter's finest work was done in the *Graphic*, before his pictures became at all known to the general public. Mr. Macbeth is at least as well known as an especially skilful etcher as an original painter, and it was only last week that we had occasion to notice his reproduction of George Mason's "Harvest Moon."

A few words on the chief characteristics of these two latest recruits to the Academy may be interesting. Let us take first Mr. Macbeth, the only artist alive who can be said in some ways to inherit the mantle of the late Fred Walker. The relation between them is, however, at best, as equally noticeable for difference as for likeness. Both are idyllists,—we use the word in its plainest sense, to signify the tellers of plain, simple stories. But Walker is probably the gentlest story-teller that ever lived; his sense of beauty, sense of pathos, and his sense of transitoriness, all together to produce pictures which are occasionally tragic or intense in their feeling, but are never rough, coarse, or slovenly. Mr. Macbeth is sometimes all three,—is deficient in gentlehood, if we may use such a word. He paints a *man*, and paints him well. He paints a woman of the people, and gives her a great deal of strength and a curious sense of freedom and life; but when he takes types in which coarseness is out of place, he fails, as Dickens failed, though in a different way. Mr. Macbeth's young ladies belong either to the Stage or the Tottenham-Court Road; the artist does not touch them delicately enough, and has apparently but little sympathy with them. But his peasant women and men are of a different mould, and in the painting of these he has no rival. Such pictures as "The Lincolnshire Gang," "The Rush-cutting in the Fens," "The Potato Harvest," "The Coming from St. Ives Market," and the "Flood in the Fens," have all the truth and beauty of Nature, and are, perhaps, the best statements of English rustic life which have ever been made pictorial. That they are quite true, we do not assert; there is more dignity of form and grace of action than we are likely to meet with in any one scene, but they are essentially true; and Mr. Macbeth's peasants interest us greatly, from the fact that he does not obscure their peasant origin,—does not dress them in fancy costumes, or endow them with suburban graces, but sets them down, thick-waisted and thick-ancled, with faces tanned by sun and roughened by breeze, and not too much emotion or thought in their healthy faces. The painting of English life is his best vocation. As we have said, his Society young ladies and gentlemen are either feeble, unreal, or affected; he has no sympathy with the restraints and no feeling for the subtleties of the social world, and when he paints it, his powers disappear. For the rest, he is a workman who suffers from a too great facility of production, or rather of execution. What he can do in painting, he can, so to speak, "do at once;" and in his pictures this results sometimes in a sort of insolence of workmanship, approaching perilously near to coarseness. His work, too, is occasionally spoilt by a deficiency of interest, a lack of concentration, for he is somewhat incapable of giving individual interest to the actors in his pictures; they are too frequently like a group of people on the stage, waiting for the entrance of the "star" actor. He is an idyllist, in fact, who does not care to tell a story, paradoxical as such an assertion may seem. About the best of his pictures, there is the charm of a vigorous, healthy manhood, a little violent in its prejudices, a little limited in its sympathies, and a little headstrong in its assertions, but full of genuine life and genuine feeling. As an artist, he has many admirable qualities. His draughtsmanship is not subtle, but effective, and, in the main, correct; and his sense of colour, though varying greatly, is occasionally fine, and never sinks below a high average of merit. No one paints certain phases of rain and sunshine with greater truth, and no one of our English painters can impart a greater sense of movement to the action of his figures. He will, at all events, bring fresh air and life into the Academy, and keep alive there the tradition, already nearly extinct, of his predecessor, Fred Walker.

Mr. Gregory is an artist of a very different stamp—a stamp that we hardly know how to describe both shortly and fairly—for he has little in common with any one but himself, and, perhaps, some of the wilder spirits of the French school. He has all the elements of genius, without its fusing power. His work is often splendid,—never right. The last words that could be applied to him, artistically speaking, are, "*Mens sana, in corpore sano.*" This was evident from the first in his work, and is evident still, though not so obtrusively as of old. There is certainly an affinity in some ways between him and Macbeth, but many more dissimilarities. Mr. Macbeth has in reality, though he would probably deny it, some artistic morality, some gospel of nature and man which his pictures preach. Mr. Gregory has neither one nor the other. He does not care what he paints,—he does not care how he paints it. Instead of the stalwart rustics of his fellow Associate, he leans towards a certain long, weedy, worn-out type of citizen,—a cross between a dyspeptic diplomat and a "Criterion" waiter Instead of wind and sunshine, he prefers close rooms and gaslight; the carpet is his native heath; the mantelpiece his favourite resting-place, and a hot-house azalea his substitute for a daisy. The other day, we spoke of George Mason's work, and said it had no flavour of the boulevard or the casino. Well, this work has a flavour of both. It smells of the streets and the gas-lamps half a mile off. But its power is absolutely undeniable, and if it does not obscure its faults, at least atones for them. The pictures are concentrated to an extraordinary degree, they are as compressed as "Grandcourt's" thoughts, and somewhat after the same fashion,—daring, reckless, and as powerful in conception as in execution, crammed with artistic dexterity, which is used apparently chiefly to show how much better this artist could paint if he took the trouble, and full of a complete disregard of all ordinary methods of treatment, and all consideration for the prejudices of those who behold them. These works strike us as being at once the most remarkable, and in some ways the most disappointing pictures we have ever seen. The coarse strength of the drawing and the dirty splendour of the colouring are quite in accordance with the mental aspect of the work, and Mr. Gregory, who might do almost anything he liked on

the tragic side of Art, appears to us to find his chief pleasure in feeling that even when he paints as recklessly as he can, and takes the first subject that comes to his hand, we are still bound to admire his work. And admire it we must, from one point of view, for it is the work of a genuine and most capable artist, though of one who is needlessly wasting his powers. As we have been amongst the number of those who have omitted no opportunity of calling attention to the many remarkable qualities of this painter during the last half-dozen years, he will, perhaps, pardon us for hoping that, now he is elected an Associate, he will give us work which is really worthy of his ability. We have many a painfully industrious, hopeless artist, and many a successful painter who is not an artist at all; but we cannot afford to waste, or allow its owner to waste, such power as Mr. Gregory possesses. If he wants the dark side of life, let him give us London,—the life of street and square and river, of refuge, of workhouse and prison, which has never yet been painted, but which should have a meaning for Englishmen as great as its motives are human, and its incidents are true.

BOOKS.

MYTHS OF HELLAS.*

We expect that thousands of young readers will welcome this new presentment of the beautiful legends of Greece. Told simply, without any *arrière pensée* of a purpose, ethical or scientific (for surely the solar myth is as vexatious as what Mr. Arthur Sidgwick in his excellent introduction calls the "medicinal flavour of a moral"), they are sure to please this generation, as they have pleased many generations before. The *Lemprière* which some of us knew in our youth was not scientific, and, we fear, not edifying, but it was certainly entertaining. Here we have again the entertainment, freed from the objectionable element.

His subject-matter Professor Witt has collected from a variety of sources, making his choice with a judgment and taste with which very little fault can be found. We could wish, perhaps, that he had not included among his stories the horrible legend of Œdipus. This legend belongs to another region of Greek thought than that in which the myths properly so called grew up. The sense of an overpowering doom, not called forth, indeed, by human pride, but tragically contrasting with it, was essentially a religious feeling, the result of a profounder observation of the problems of life; and, we may conjecture, late in growth. However this may be, its gloom fits it for the drama rather than for the lighter narrative of romantic adventure. We may remark that, as the story is told here, it wants what may be called the motive of its *dénouement*, the plague that overtook the land of the Thebans, and set their king on inquiring what might be the hidden evil that was sapping the foundation of his prosperity.

The author's treatment of his subject is judicious and effective. He has found it sufficient, for the most part, to let the stories, so to speak, tell themselves, and to limit his own share to choosing the details and incidents that were most suitable for his purpose. Sometimes he adds a picturesque touch. Here is the picture of Theseus and his fellow-prisoners in the Labyrinth of Crete:—

"About mid-day they heard the monster bellowing in the distance. He was still some way from them, but he scented human blood, and as he came nearer, his bellowing grew louder and louder. The others crowded together in a corner, each wanting to be the last to meet him; but Theseus stood forward in the middle of the room, with his naked sword raised, waiting for his approach."

It is natural to wish that a hero so thoroughly *sans peur* should be also *sans reproche*. Accordingly, we find that Theseus leaves the beautiful and loving Ariadne in Naxos, not from fickleness of mind, but because Dionysus had warned him in a dream that he desired to have the maiden for his own wife. The tragic story of Medea, too, is softened in some of its details. Glauce, her rival in Jason's love, perishes, indeed, (did the poisoned robe, by the way, "burst out into flames," or—surely, a more terrible idea—cling to the flesh, and devour it with a secret heat?) but her old father is not involved in her doom, as he is in the famous play; while the great enchantress relents at the last, and carries off her children, instead of slaying them. Now and then, we feel inclined to wish that a story had been given in more detail. There is nothing that boys at least—of girls, we do not venture to speak—more enjoy reading about than a good stand-up fight. An opportunity of delighting them is missed when the writer comes to the boxing match between Pollux and Bebrycus. Both Theocritus and Apollonius Rhodius tell it at length, and make of it a very picturesque scene.

Of the style in which these stories are told, there is little to be said. We are not acquainted with Professor Witt's original, but Miss Younghusband's English deserves the praise of being simple, straightforward, and easily intelligible. It is wanting, perhaps, here and there in dignity (such a phrase, for instance, as "the King was *horrified*," jars a little upon the ear); but it is possible that the dignity could not easily have been added without some sacrifice of plainness of meaning. It is an open question whether this tinge of archaism which it seems natural to give to writing of the kind is not suited for older readers, rather than for those whose needs should be first consulted, the young. Here is a specimen, from "The Quest of the Argonauts:"

"After rowing for a long time, the heroes came to the land of Crete. They would have liked to go on shore, but there was an iron watchman, who refused to allow any one to land without the King's express permission. His name was Talos, and he had been made out of iron by the blacksmith-god Hephaestus, who gave him to Minos, the King of Crete. Minos used him as a watchman, and made him run round the whole island three times every day, and drive away any stranger who might approach it. He was all iron, excepting a single vein that ran from his head right down to his feet, and was fastened underneath with iron nails, which held in the life-blood that ran through the vein and kept him alive. When Talos saw the ship full of heroes coming, he stood still and threw great stones at her. It would have been of no use for the Argonauts to shoot spears and arrows at him in return, for he could not be wounded; so Medea called out to him over the water, 'Talos, if you will be kind to us and let us land, I will show you how you may become immortal.' Talos was pleased at this, and he began to make friendly grimaces, and shouted back his answer in a voice that came out of his iron body like the sound of a great trumpet. He said, 'First, tell me how I may become immortal, and then I will let you land.' But Medea answered him deceitfully, and she called back, 'Draw out the nail that is in your foot, and all that is mortal in you will flow out.' Talos believed her, and he sat down on the shore and drew out the nail with some difficulty, for it had been well hammered in. Then the red blood flowed out, and Talos was glad, for he thought it was his mortality which was leaving him; but he became weaker and weaker, and when the last drop of blood had flowed out of his body, he was dead, and there was nothing left but a cold lump of iron."

ANNIE KEARY.*

The first thing needful to be said of this touching and beautiful memoir, which has been written by the person best qualified to write it, is that it stands in need of no apology, but justifies by its existence its right to exist. We have never been able to see why biography should concern itself mainly with people of noteworthy achievement, or to feel the justice of the remark, so often made, that the performances of such or such a person have not been sufficiently remarkable to make his life an object of interest to the world. It would, indeed, be far from difficult to defend the seeming paradox that those whom we call distinguished people are the least fitted to be chosen as subjects for biography. The politician's enactments and the soldier's victories belong to history, the painter's pictures and the poet's verses provide material for criticism; but, as a man, the politician or the soldier, the painter or the poet, may not be more interesting than his fellows; and it is far from improbable that the amount of force expended in "work" which is before the public has left the private remainder of his life somewhat impoverished. Carlyle, in a well-known sentence, attributes the charm of biography to the fact that "all men are, to an unspeakable degree, brothers;" and it can hardly be denied that the sense of brotherhood is appealed to most strongly by lives which, in virtue of their simple humanness, touch our own lives oftener and more keenly than they can possibly be touched by the records of those who have been called from the crowded highway to the solitary mountain path.

Annie Keary's was one of these highway pilgrimages, and this simple history of her uneventful progress through the dusty lanes of life seems while we read it to make the very same lanes less dusty for us who follow, the familiar hedge-rows greener and sweeter than we have been wont to think them, the blue of heaven intenser and its grey tenderer than they have ever seemed before, the whole journey a more solemn, and yet a gladder and a sweeter thing. As we close the volume, the life spreads itself before us, like a picture such as William Blake

* *Myths of Hellas, or Greek Tales.* Told in German, by Professor C. Witt. Translated into English, by Frances Younghusband. London: Longmans. 1883.

* *Memoir of Annie Keary.* By her Sister. London: Macmillan and Co.

might have painted,—the picture of a little procession, with the angels of Faith, and Hope, and Love leading the way for Annie Keary who, holds by one hand a tiny child and by the other one of the little servant maidens of the Bessborough Home, and is followed by a crowd of friends, whose hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows are all her own. Readers of her pleasant novels, and of her delightful stories for the children whom she loved, find them full of tender touches and gleams of happy insight, which they would not willingly let slip from grateful recollection; but those who knew her in life, or who learn to know her from these pages, will think of her not as the author of *Janet's Home* and *A Doubting Heart*, but as the "Aunt Annie" of so many nurseries, the "Sister Keary," who brought a flush of welcome to pale little faces in the East-end Children's Hospital, the woman whose heart was rich enough to meet every claim, not of love only, but of need.

No one who knows anything of, or cares anything for, the inner life of little children, will think that Miss Eliza Keary has made a mistake in devoting so many pages to the exquisite sketch of Annie Keary's childhood. Since Mrs. Gaskell told the story of the four marvellous children who wrote romances and talked high-Tory politics in the lonely Haworth parsonage, we know of no more realizable picture of those fascinating chambers of imagery in which the imaginative child lives so much of his life than that which is painted for us here. The surroundings were indeed different, the solitary moorland Yorkshire parsonage had little in common with that other parsonage in the crowded Yorkshire street; but a child's fancy can deal as potently with unpromising material as the fairy godmother with the pumpkin which served for Cinderella's state-carriage, and even in Hull the little Annie created a fairy-land, a perfect region of romance. It was she who called out of the realm of nothingness into the nursery myth-kingdom that mysterious fairy-potentate, Mrs. Calkill, who since those days has been the delight of innumerable little ones; it was she who set on foot the conversational stories of which the heroes were Alcibiades, and Plato, and Pericles (concerning whom were told many things not recorded by Plutarch), and Themistocles, and Socrates, who met for the first time in the Hull playroom, and became friends at once; while to her childish imagination was due the fascinatingly terrible story of the persecuted nun, who was imprisoned in a subterranean passage in the very house where they were living, and of whom—delightful thought! —she and her playmates were the appointed rescuers. The carrying-out of this achievement was attended by one little incident, so beautifully characteristic of the strength of a child's faith and the utter simplicity of its natural piety, that we must find place for it. Miss Eliza Keary tells how, when the hour for the great enterprise had fully come, and,—

> "The sceptics had been talked into something like the submission of their private judgment, and had agreed to assist in the great act of the drama, twilight had given place to darkness, and a chill, eerie feeling was creeping over us all. There was one sweet little girl in the group, Fanny by name, who had been among the first to take the matter seriously, and yet had not given way to childish fears; she soothed and strengthened her sisters and cousins, she looked so sweet and wise and reliable that the halters began to look up to her as a sort of leader, and when the darkness drew us all into closer fellowship, she made us kneel down, while she offered up a prayer for the success of our undertaking. After this, with lighted candle, with chisel and hammer, we all, Annie and Fanny leading the way, proceeded to the scene of danger."

Among all the pictures of child-life with which we are acquainted, we can recall none prettier, or, in a way, more touching, than this of the little group kneeling in the fading light to ask the aid of the great Helper in their deed of high emprise.

As Annie Keary grew older, she passed from the life of the Hull playroom to that of the boarding-school, a narrower life, on the whole, but made happy to her by the love of her companions, and not seriously troubled by want of appreciation on the part of her teachers, who regarded with sad severity her loose renderings of "dear Mr. Baker's sermons," which deafness prevented her from hearing, and mourned over the worldly-mindedness which indulged itself in frivolous conversations on such unspiritual topics as "gravitation and the stars." It was during these school years that Annie Keary's life of human service may be said to have begun. One school custom, which gave a certain graciousness to an otherwise unsympathetic training, was the adoption of the younger children by their older companions, who filled, in a sweet, girlish way, the place of mothers to their little charges. There were many who loved to call Annie Keary "mother," and her sister tells us that the children who came to her share were the very troublesome ones, "those whom everybody else had tried and been tired out by, and she loved them quite as well as if they had been so many cherubs. It might seem to outsiders that they imposed upon her good-nature, but, after all, the unruly spirits did grow tamer with her, and the weakly ones stumbled less often in her company. It was astonishing how many good points came to the front, how teachers and scholars alike began to hope where she had first believed."

It was this all-believing and all-hopeful charity which made every one who came near to Annie Keary feel that it was good to be there. And it *was* good, for love has the happy alchemy which makes or tends to make its objects loveable; and it is not hard to believe that the understanding gentleness which never saw the worst side of others chiefly, or first, or indeed at all, or could ever be persuaded "that any one was out-and-out base, hypocritical, unworthy," had a wonderful sanative quality, and was full of health and strength and stimulation. Accompanying this boundless trust in others, which must have added largely to her happiness, was a haunting distrust of herself, which at times was, doubtless, a source of pain, or at any rate of disquiet. This revealed itself most clearly with regard to her literary work, and "whenever the voice from the world outside seemed to confirm the mistrustful voice within, a slight recoil upon herself began, which arrested to a certain extent her progress, and drew a veil of reticence over her spirit which was injurious to her as an artist." But this distrust was interwoven with the whole fabric of her being; she was altogether wanting in self-sufficiency, in the good, as well as the evil sense of the word; but had, nevertheless, a beautiful sanity and reality of nature, which prevented her attitude of dependence from assuming the appearance of unworthy weakness. Her spiritual history is full of peculiar interest. She never altogether lost her feeling of the need of help, of some external sanction for her own spiritual instincts; and she found such help and sanction in places far removed from each other, and in views which seem at first to have no common ground. She found help, or teaching, or spiritual stimulus in the words of Charles Kingsley, touching the larger hope, which at first she held lovingly, but tremblingly; in the more sharply outlined teaching of the Sisters with whom she worked so devotedly among East-London slums; in the counsels of perfection uttered by teachers from the Western hemisphere, who came with their gospel of entire sanctification; and even from the thaumaturgic revelations of spiritualism she was able to extract something which in a passing mood was, in its way, nutritive, and not poisonous. A bald summary of these things does her injustice; the book must be read, in order to feel how natural and right were these seekings after perfect light in her journey through the shadows. We do not think of her as blown helplessly about by every wind of doctrine, but rather as wandering calmly through a fair orchard, guided by a sure instinct, and finding each fruit in its turn pleasant to the eye, and good for food.

Of Annie Keary's work in literature we have said nothing, for there is nothing that it would now avail to say. It has a delicate charm, like the charm of wild-flowers; but we do the wild-flower better justice by enjoyment than by praise, and there is a kind of artistic product which stands not above or below the range of ordinary criticism, but simply outside of it. Nor has our space allowed us to make any extracts from the letters which add so much to the value of Miss Eliza Keary's memoir. Some of the most beautiful are among those addressed to young girls who had gone out to service from the Home in Bessborough Gardens in which Annie Keary took such loving interest; and it is noteworthy that in them the literary form is as exquisite as in the work which she finished for a critical world. Even to a little "general servant," Annie Keary could give nothing less than her best; and if we may in conclusion make one suggestion, we would express a decided opinion that a selection from these and other letters, such as could be purchased for a few pence, could hardly fail to find a large welcome among the perplexed, the tempted, and the sorrowful, to whom the "Life" as a whole will be specially precious.

AN INFANT KINGDOM.*

Although the ignorance of the British public in matters geographical is undoubtedly very great, we should hardly have thought it possible, unless assured of the fact by such incon-

* *Roumania, Past and Present.* By James Samuelson, Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

trovertible authority as that of Mr. Samuelson, that a writ from a superior Metropolitan Law Court could have been directed to Bucharest, in the Kingdom of Egypt. Yet, as the author remarks, although Roumania at the present time possesses more interest for us than any other European country, there are few intelligent English readers who could describe precisely off-hand where the little kingdom is situated, and still fewer is the number of those who are at all well acquainted with its present state or past history. In the volume now before us, of which the writer speaks in such modest terms, so clear an account is given of the ancient and modern history of the Moldo-Wallachian Provinces up to the time of their fusion into an independent State, as well as of their geography, ethnography, and topography, that there remains no longer an excuse for our not being perfectly well acquainted with the country upon whose experiments in the way of social regeneration we should bestow the most attentive consideration, for is she not working out before us, and, to all present appearances, successfully, the difficult problem how peacefully and equitably to settle the land question? That this settlement must be much more easy in a country which, with an area equal to that of England, possesses but one-fifth of her population, is not to be denied; still, whoever will peruse attentively Mr. Samuelson's sixth chapter, and his short appendix on the "Peasant Proprietary," will probably feel convinced that we might, if we chose to do it, arrive without great delay at a satisfactory solution of our difficulty.

The author is probably correct in his opinion that more interest will be felt by most persons in the Roumania of to-day than in her past struggles, and he is therefore justified in putting, as he expresses it, "the cart before the horse," and placing at the end of the volume the six carefully-written chapters which form a connected history of the country from the earliest period, namely, the Dacian era, down to the coronation of King Charles in 1881. Nevertheless, these chapters are, it may be said, the most valuable portion of the work, giving us, although necessarily in a concise manner, a complete review of the national life of the people, many portions of it, especially those which relate to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, being of extreme interest.

When we come to the part played by Russia with regard to the Principalities, we meet with a statement that will be warmly controverted by many persons,—namely, that though the ultimate design of that Power was to secure and incorporate them, as part of her general scheme of aggression, her interference, nevertheless, invariably resulted in the amelioration of their condition, this assertion being strengthened by the official declarations of Consul Wilkinson, who was by no means disposed favourably to look upon Russian encroachments. In his sketch of the war of 1877, however, Mr. Samuelson finds it impossible to do otherwise than blame the conduct of Russia towards the brave ally "who had saved her honour, if not the integrity of her Empire;" and evidently looks forward to a period when the plains on both sides of the Danube guarded by the Balkans and the Carpathians may not impossibly constitute a strong Roumanian kingdom, although he declines to enter minutely into the Eastern Question, or to attempt to predict the future relations of Roumania with regard to it.

Taking the form of an irregular, blunted crescent, the general configuration of the country may, according to Mr. Samuelson, be described as an irregular, inclined plain, sloping down from the summits of the Carpathians, which rise to a height of 6,000 feet or 9,000 feet above the sea, to the northern or left bank of the Danube, presenting in most parts a very striking appearance, although consisting, to speak roughly, of three zones, the region immediately abutting on the Danube; the diversified, smiling landscape which succeeds to it; and the singularly picturesque mountain range, needing only to be visited by a few Western tourists to become, so says the author, an extension of the playground of Europe. It is here that we find Sinaïa, the summer residence of the Court, the sanatorium of the people of Bucharest,—a spot not merely extremely beautiful, but with a town so situated as to have every promise of a brilliant future. The plains by the Danube, which, by the way, the author assures us is anything but blue, and by no means a romantic river, are covered with willows, alders, poplars, tamarind, and other fruit-trees, and by fields of maize, wheat, millet, as well as gourds and various vegetables; but the whole has a slovenly and neglected appearance, while the peasantry of these parts, living in semi-subterranean dwellings of the most primitive description, though a fine, healthy body of men and women, lose many of their children by marsh fever. Further from the river, the country produces almost every plant-growth of the sub-tropical and temperate zones, and is described as leaving nothing to be desired, the people and their habitations alike wearing the appearance of comfort and prosperity, and food being cheap and plentiful. The subterranean dwellings are here replaced by cottages, built of wood, brick, and plaster, and roofed with tiles or slates, but bearing some resemblance to the Swiss châlet, and groups of peasants, men and women, may be seen at work on the roads and railways, the women having a long, narrow spade, like the one in use in Ireland. The mountain scenery is, to a certain extent, Dolomitic in character, the summits being very jagged. The colouring is, however, different, for the Carpathians are dark grey. As in most Alpine ranges, their lower slopes are pine-clad; and to them succeeds a region of grass and flowers, before arriving at the *Rosszähne*, or "Horses' Teeth," of the superior elevations. Mr. Samuelson tells us that many beautiful tours may be made in the higher parts of Roumania, where the traveller will find, in combination with lovely scenery, picturesque costumes, primitive manners, and many interesting phases of Oriental life.

Salt, petroleum, lignite, and, in connection with this latter, ozokerit, or fossil wax, are the only minerals at present worked in the country; but as it is well known that gold was anciently found in Dacia, and as there are strong indications of the presence of iron, as well as of copper, sulphur, arsenic, and cobalt, it is believed that metallic riches will soon be largely developed. A very interesting account is given us of a visit to the Telega salt-mine, about half-way between Ploiesti and Sinaïa, of which the author says:—"We have been in a good many strange localities, and have witnessed many impressive scenes, both on and under the earth's surface, but we confess that none has ever been comparable to this one." The mine is reached by a succession of staircases, arranged in a vertical shaft to a depth of about 110 feet, hollow voices, accompanied by the clanking of chains, making themselves heard from time to time as you descend; and, after passing along a horizontal gallery, where all is darkness, save for the fitful glamour of the candles you carry, you arrive at a platform, guarded by a railing, and look down into a cavern, where homicides, burglars, and the very dregs of the criminal ranks of Roumania are cutting the rock-salt. Into this strange vault Mr. Samuelson also descended, and for a few moments its vast proportions were exhibited by a mass of lighted tow being dropped down through the shaft. It is said that the electric light is about to be employed in the mine. Up to 1848, the convicts—all men—never once quitted their underground prison, until death released them from their labours, or their sentences had expired. Now, however, they spend their nights in the penitentiary, about a mile off, and their condition—with the exception that nothing is done to educate them—does not appear to be very bad, as the labour is not as severe as that of our colliers; and they are never whipped or ill-treated, although there is considerable dirt and neglect. There are five salt-mines in Roumania, of which two are penal.

Mr. Samuelson complains not a little of the exaggerated descriptions given by certain writers of the state of men, morals, and civilization generally in "the City of Joy," as Bucharest is called by the Roumanian people, although his own account of things there is not in every respect prepossessing. Its trees and gardens, the hospitality and sociableness of the upper and middle classes, and the cheapness of living, render the capital a pleasant place of resort; intellectual life, too, is by no means wanting; but, on the other hand, the laxity of the marriage tie, exorbitant taxation, and the fact that the people are but emerging from a state of semi-barbarism, are circumstances that counterbalance its advantages. Mr. Samuelson's book, however, shows most clearly the rapid strides which the infant kingdom is making, especially of late years, in every kind of solid improvement; and we cannot perhaps better conclude our notice of his interesting volume, than by quoting the words in which he sums up his account of Roumania:—

"When we look upon her sufferings, reflecting how for ages she has lain beneath the claws of savage enemies, quailed under despots who sucked the life-blood of the nation, and then compare her constitutional democracy with ours, nay, if alone from a material point of view we weigh the interest we have in her prosperity, we cannot fail to see that in the East is rising up a Power, in part of our creation, young and weak as yet, but full of hope and promise; and therefore . . . . . we heartily commend her future to the earnest watchfulness of every English friend of liberty."

PROFESSOR HOLBROOKE'S ANNALS OF TACITUS.*

An edition of the *Annals* is a formidable undertaking, on which, since Mr. Frost published his volume in the *Bibliotheca Classica*, no English scholar has cared to embark. The Clarendon Press, which at last promises us one, has been strangely slow in adding to its list a classic of so high a rank. The truth, probably, is that the greater part of the *Annals* lies outside the ordinary range of Academical reading, and that the Press, as one of the mainstays of University finance, has been content to confine its operations to more profitable publications. It is somewhat humiliating to Englishmen to find so obvious a want supplied by a scholar from the other side of the Atlantic. We can hardly, indeed, regard Professor Holbrooke's work as final, but its value and utility are beyond question. The student who uses it along with Orelli, whose edition, for certain purposes, will scarcely be superseded, will find himself well equipped.

Professor Holbrooke begins with a biography of the historian, which, though brief, tells us all that is known of him. Some particulars, that really rest on conjecture only, are put a little too positively; but the only statement that is seriously open to criticism is that which gives the number of the books of the *Annals* as sixteen, and that of the *Histories* as fourteen. These numbers should surely be eighteen and twelve. Chapter xxxv. of the sixteenth book brings us down no further than A.D. 66. Two years and more, full of important incident, remain to be narrated; and these could hardly have been compressed within half the average limits of a book. It is a much more probable conjecture that the whole work consisted of three portions, each of which contained six books, and which respectively narrated the reigns of Tiberius, of Caius and Claudius, and of Nero. This would assign about twenty-three years to the first, seventeen to the second, and fourteen to the third, and allow for the increase of detail which we should naturally expect as the historian comes nearer to his own time. If he was born, as Professor Holbrooke thinks, as early as 53, he may well have been a competent eye-witness of much that happened in Nero's last days. An abridgment of Dräger on "Peculiarities of the Language and Style of Tacitus," and tables of the "Family of Augustus," follow. The prolegomena, on the whole, are somewhat meagre. There are many things in Tacitus, and especially in the *Annals*, where all his peculiarities appear in their fullest development, which call for a treatment more extended than can be given in a running commentary. We must give, however, a word of praise to an excellent index, which is not a bare list of names and references, but an epitomised classical dictionary, supplying, temporarily at least, much that the reader wants, without sending him to books of reference. The four useful maps which the volume contains ought not to be passed over without acknowledgment.

Of the continuous commentary, of which it remains to speak, we may say that it seems to be, as far as we have been able to examine it, careful, sound, and, on the whole, judicious, —judicious, that is, in what it gives, and in what it omits. Whatever fault, indeed, it has, is fault of omission. It is obvious to any one who knows how much annotation may be piled up, so to speak, on Tacitus, without a single superfluous line being written, that the space within which Professor Holbrooke has contracted his notes is scarcely adequate to what may be called absolute necessities. For this it would be unfair to blame him. Reasons, which are not less cogent because they are quite remote from literary considerations, may compel an editor who would gladly extend his work over two volumes to content himself with one. He can be called to account only for the use which he has made of the space which circumstances may have permitted him to use. This use has to be governed by a discretion which needs continual exercise. The most ingenious of editors cannot hope to say much that may not be found in books of reference by those who are able and willing to use them. But no one who comes to his work with the benefit of practical experience will commit the mistake of supposing that he is working for ideal students, with an unlimited command of books, and unlimited time for consulting them. He will consult needs that are actually likely to occur, and his usefulness will be in proportion to the judgment with which he discerns and estimates them. Judged by this standard, Professor Holbrooke's work may fairly be given high rank. We miss, indeed, the interesting and valuable illustrations from Dio Cassius and Suetonius with which Orelli supplies his readers, but feel that exigencies of space are a sufficient excuse for their absence. References without quotations are of very little use, and quite as well omitted. Of difficulties that occur in the interpretation of the text, we do not observe any serious neglect. Here and there—and we do not profess to have examined the whole of Professor Holbrooke's work—we have noticed passages to which notes might have been given with advantage; but the whole result is satisfactory The chief defect which we would point out is the failure to take adequate notice of the peculiarities of the Tacitean diction. Such peculiarities must be pointed out as they occur, and not left to be discovered from a general treatise, however admirable, and even exhaustive, if the wants of the average student are to be adequately supplied. We may give a few instances of what we mean. In vi., 3, "summum supplicium decernebatur in progressus indicium foret" might well have a note on the use of the imperfect indicative, though, of course, this is not peculiar to Tacitus. And space might have been found by striking out the comment, "Gaio Cæsari = Caligulae." A reader could hardly have got so far in the *Annals* without learning so much. In the next chapter, "Ut vero Latinium Latiarem ingressus" is translated, and probably rightly, by "when he began with Latinius Latiaris," but the usage of *ingressus* is peculiar, and demands notice. In c. 9, the strange brevity of "Immiti rescripto venas resolvit" is passed over. In c. 12, the force of *per*, in "Lecto per magistros et æstimatoque carmine," might easily escape the attention of a student. In c. 14, "Nullas probabiles causas longinquae peregrinationis adferebat" (said of a Senator who was arrested in the Straits of Messina), is passed over without comment. It is an interesting expression, as bearing on a passage of disputed meaning, in i., 53 (also passed over), where Tacitus says of Tiberius that he calculated that the death of the elder Julia, "Obscuram fore longinquitate exilii" (Julia had been exiled to Rhegium). This seems conclusively to fix the meaning of *longinquitate* as "distance," though it is not easy to understand how the Straits of Messina could be considered distant enough from Rome to cause an exile to be forgotten. The curious word *versura* (16) seems to require a note. Doubtless, it means here, as it is translated, "compound interest;" but it is not obvious that this is so, because the capital and interest are *treated* as a fresh loan, not because such a loan is actually made by the debtor having recourse to a new creditor (the true meaning of the word). In c. 24, "Extrema vitae alimenta" is translated by "the barest sustenance;" should it not rather be "meanest, vilest?"

It will be seen that we have little or nothing that is serious to object to Professor Holbrooke's work, nothing, certainly, that should hinder the general acceptance which we hope it will find from English students.

* *The Annals of Tacitus.* Edited, with Notes, by George A. Holbrooke, M.A., Professor of Latin in Trinity College, Hartford. London: Macmillan and Co.

THE MODERN APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY.*

Electricity, as applied to purposes other than telegraphy and plating, has taken such a firm stand amongst us, that, to use Dr. Maier's own words, "a book like the present one requires no introduction and no recommendation." We, nevertheless, have pleasure in recommending the book. M. Hospitalier's work is of a popularly descriptive character, which has been well sustained by Dr. Maier in his revisions and additions. The English is good, and the subject is simply and pleasantly laid before the reader. The work is divided into four parts:—1, The Sources of Electricity; 2, Electric-lighting; 3, Telephones and Microphones; 4, Various Applications of Electricity. Part I. commences with the usual description of Voltaic batteries, and contains some very good analogies, which we quote:—

"We can form a fairly exact idea of a battery by comparing it to a focus of heat; for instance, the furnace of a boiler. This focus produces, by the combustion or chemical combination of coal with the oxygen of the atmosphere, heat, which raises a certain volume of the products of combustion to a certain temperature. The amount of heat produced by the combustion will partly serve to produce a certain volume of steam at a certain pressure. The furnace of our boiler is nothing but the battery itself; zinc is the fuel, dilute acid is the burning agent. By their chemical combination, an electric current is produced, having a certain tension or electro-motive-power, and a certain intensity, as vapour has a perfectly distinct volume and pressure."

In describing "tension," we get another good analogy:—

"The tension of the current corresponds to the pressure which causes water to circulate through a conducting tube. The analogy is complete, for the intensity of the current in the circuit is analogous

* *The Modern Applications of Electricity.* By E. Hospitalier. Translated and Enlarged by Julius Maier, Ph.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

to the volume of water delivered by conduction. The conductor forming the outside circuit is nothing else but the conducting tube; this conductor offers a resistance to the electric current, as the tube offers a resistance to the running of the water. There are, therefore, with regard to a given electrical circulation, three distinct characteristic elements:—1. The pressure of the current, tension, electro-motive-force, or difference of potentials—whichever you like to call it—the force through which the electric current is established. 2. The volume of the current, its intensity, or the quantity of electricity traversing the circuit in a given time. 3. The resistance of the circuit, the resistance which the conductor opposes to the circulation of the current, taking into consideration its dimensions and its nature. . . . . The rate of discharge of a flow of water corresponds to the intensity (as, for instance, 100 litres per second), and the volume discharged in a given time corresponds to the electric quantity in a given time. This electric quantity is called 'current.' As regards the word 'intensity,' it corresponds to what the French call 'tension.' These analogous terms lead to confusion, against which we have to guard ourselves."

The foregoing extracts give a good idea of the manner in which the subject is handled; everything is stated clearly and distinctly. It is not for us to say whether Potential, Tension, and Electro-motive-force represent three attributes of electricity, or only one; it is evident that our author believes in but one, and for simplicity's sake, we trust he may be correct. Doubtless, the good time is coming when one electrician speaking to another on matters technical will be understood; at present, there is far too much ambiguity attached to the meaning of many words to render such a desirable result by any means certain. No less than thirteen forms of battery are described, and others alluded to. In speaking of the Smee cell, "platinised platinum" is mentioned; we presume "platinised silver" is intended. The phenomenon styled "polarisation" is well explained. Next follow thermo-electric batteries; and here we regret the absence of anything new. Nothing could more effectually solve the difficulty of "household electricity" than a cheap and good thermo-pile. With the chapter devoted to magneto and dynamo machines we are a little disappointed; there is no originality,—indeed, where their inductive action is gone into, the works of Du Moncel are simply quoted, even to describing the Schuckurt machine as a bad copy of the Gramme; and here we beg to differ both with Du Moncel and Hospitalier. We fail to see that the armature of the Schuckurt machine is more expensive to wind than that of Gramme; and we do distinctly see that its flattened form presents a considerably greater proportion of the length of wire on its coils to the direct action of the field magnets; and we do not see why the electrician of Nüruberg should not have the credit of his improvement. We are far from under-rating the Gramme machine, but we decline to believe in its infallibility.

The fourth chapter is neatly entitled, "Apparatus for Transforming Electricity," and in it are described secondary batteries and induction coils. To Planté's battery is justly given the first place, and that of Faure receives a shorter notice, much of course, which is said of the first being equally applicable to the second. The description of the chemical action produced between the leaden couples is given in M. Planté's own words, and is exceedingly interesting, though too lengthy to be reproduced here. We are glad to see that Mr. Sutton's battery receives a notice, and we trust soon to hear of its practical application, there being, we believe, no patent-rights attached to it.

Then follows a brief description of nearly all the arc-regulator lamps and candle lamps, with a historical sketch of the various semi-incandescent lamps, leading up to the incandescent lamp of the present day; and here the difficulty of bringing the work up to date begins to show itself, the Swan lamp, if we mistake not, having a somewhat antiquated form of attachment between the carbon filament and the conducting wires, whilst the Lane-Fox lamp is also of an antique pattern. A good cut and description is given of the Lane-Fox regulator; but we are surprised that no notice is taken of the singular similarity existing between it and that of Maxim, exemplifying, as it does, in a wonderful degree the manner in which two minds, working in the same direction, at nearly the same time, in different countries, have arrived at the same solution of a difficulty, by means of apparatus almost identical. The last chapter of Part II. treats of the application of Electric-lighting, and is a *résumé* of all that has gone before. We would suggest here that writers on Electricity are distinctly wrong in endeavouring to minimise the danger from fire in the use of this subtle agent. As a matter of fact, it is dangerous, *unless carefully handled*, though perhaps not more so than gas. A frank acknowledgment of this fact would reap a twofold advantage,—1st, Fires arising from the contact of wires would be less frequent; 2nd, when they did occur, the damage done to the good name of Electricity would be less. On the vexed question of the cost of electric-lighting, we will allow our author to speak for himself:—"Nothing," he says, "is more variable than the cost price of electric-lighting; it may be ten times less expensive than gas, or ten times more, as the case may be." Here is room for reflection. This portion of the work concludes with a fairly full description of the systems of Maxim and of Brush, the latter being an extract from *Engineering*; and here we have serious fault to find with Dr. Maier. Fig. 102, which is a diagram of the connection between armature bobbins and magnet coils of the Brush machine, and likewise the description of the same, *are correctly copied* from *Engineering*, but, unfortunately, *Engineering* is completely wrong in its diagram and description. Mr. Maier is not the only one who has fallen into this trap, the *Scientific American* has done the same thing; but it reflects little credit on any of the parties concerned. A newspaper error reproduced in a standard work is too bad.

Part III. is devoted to Telephones and Microphones, and will doubtless be considered by many non-professional readers to be the most interesting part of the book, for not only is the subject one of engrossing interest, but there is a charming simplicity about it, which does not obtain in so great a degree in other branches of electrical science. The simplicity is, of course, confined to the "how," the "why" being by no means obvious. Telephones are arranged under two heads,—1st, musical telephones, which transmit sounds only; 2nd, articulating telephones, which carry the human voice. The string telephone, which as a toy is doubtless known to most of our readers, is mentioned as being more than two centuries old. We were under the impression that amongst the natives of India this device was of still greater antiquity. It appears that Page, an American, in 1837, first noticed the sounds produced in iron by rapid changes in the intensity of its magnetisation. In 1855, Leon Scott invented an apparatus called a phonautograph, consisting in part of a stretched piece of skin vibrating under the influence of the human voice, and this instrument is said to have been "the origin of the vibrating plate in the telephone." This, we think, can scarcely be correct, seeing that the same vibrating skin was used in the string telephone. Be this as it may, Reiss in 1860 combined the vibrating skin with the magnetic pulsations, and produced the first electric telephone, which was a musical one, and which was improved upon by Gray in 1874; these instruments, however, are now chiefly interesting as a matter of scientific history. The first really articulating telephone was invented by Bell, and patented on February 14th, 1876,—though it appears that Gray had patented a somewhat similar arrangement on the very same day, and alluding to this our author says:—

"In the apparatus patented by Gray, the undulating currents required for telephonic transmission were obtained by varying the electrical resistance of the circuit, and consequently the intensity of the current in this circuit. Bell's and Gray's speakers are identical as regards principle, and similar as regards construction . . . . . Whilst Gray has persisted in constructing telephones with a battery and a liquid speaker, Bell has first constructed a magnetic telephone without battery. He is entitled to be called the inventor of the telephone, and nobody now contests his claim."

Although it is impossible to overrate Bell's invention, we still think that he cannot fairly be called *the* inventor of the telephone, inasmuch as that of Gray dates from the same day. Articulating telephones are again subdivided,—1st, those employing a battery; 2nd, those worked by means of magnets only. Bell's telephone is the only one of the latter class, though numerous alterations, and in some cases, perhaps, improvements, have been effected by others. The first or battery class comprise microphones, and most of the numerous adaptations:—"Every telephone consists of two parts,—(1), the speaker (usually called the transmitter), which transforms the speaker's word into undulating currents, which are sent along the line. (2), the receiver, which, as its name implies, receives the undulating currents, and transforms them again into sonorous vibrations." We give the following description of the action of Bell's magnetic telephone:—

"The successive transformations which take place in the inappreciable interval between the moment when the sound issues from the mouth of the speaker, and the moment when it strikes the ear of the listener, are most interesting. They are seven in number:—1. The vibration of the air sets the plate of the speaker in motion. 2. This motion changes the magnetic division of the magnetic bar. 3. The change in the magnetic division developes induced currents in the bobbin of the speaker. 4. These induced currents traverse the line and the bobbin of the receiver. 5. These currents produce changes in

the magnetic bar of the receiver. 6. These changes of magnetism act on the plate, and cause it to vibrate. 7. The vibrations of the plate are communicated to the air, and strike the tympanum of the listener's ear."

Our author goes on to describe all the more important modifications and improvements which have been effected in these wonderful instruments, and illustrates his subject fully as he goes. Various other ingenious applications of electricity are described, which, though exceedingly interesting, are too numerous to receive a mention here.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A Pictorial and Historical Handbook to Warwickshire (Ward and Lock) is just what it pretends to be. Without entering into competition with large and learned county histories, it gives fairly exhaustive notices of the antiquities of that most interesting of our Midland counties, describing its principal literary and historical associations, its chief towns and villages, its manufactures and industries, and the resorts of tourists and travellers. It is fortunate in having three such subjects as Stratford-on-Avon and the proud castles of Warwick and Kenilworth as *pièces de résistance;* but the anonymous author of the book has taken equal pains in his account of Stoneleigh Abbey, of Leamington, of fair Coventry, with its three tall spires and its many mediæval memories of religious guilds and miracle-plays, of Birmingham, with its factories, of Tamworth, and its historic castle, &c. Many of the rural parish churches are well described; and, although the work is comprised in one duodecimo volume, yet it is illustrated with nearly one hundred wood engravings, some of them of high merit, though others are hard and stiff. It strikes us that the four coloured plates had better have been left uncoloured.

An Impromptu Ascent of Mont Blanc. By W. H. Le Mesurier. (Elliot Stock.)—This simple narrative will be read with interest by many tourists; but it appeals principally to those whose love for mountains, eternal snows, glaciers, and dangerous adventure, equals that of the hero of the seven-hundred-and-sixty-eighth ascent (from Chamonnix) of Mont Blanc,—that is, reckoning from Balmat's, in 1786. Long before the more prudent reader has followed the expedition to its goal, the perils so vividly depicted will have suppressed all desire to emulate the example of the two travellers, whose visit to the Grand Mulets, one fine July evening, led to their successful and more daring exploit the next day. The illustrations, though rough, add much interest to the story. In the appendix is found a résumé of the principal ascents of Mont Blanc since De Saussure's visit to Chamonix in 1760.

Schelling's Transcendental Idealism. By John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. (Griggs, Chicago; Trübner, London.)—This is the second of a series of "German Philosophical Classics for English Readers and Students, edited by G. S. Morris." The "Critique of Pure Reason" has already been redacted by the editor, and more of Kant's, together with works of Hegel, Fichte, Leibnitz, (in this order, according to the programme), are to follow. The English readers and students for whom these Philosophical Classics are intended must be pretty well read in German philosophical history, if they are to use a book like this present one to any purpose. It is a rapid *précis* by way of essay, and the writer, after cheerfully remarking that "everybody is familiar with the saying of Hegel" about Schelling's philosophical development, continues presumably to address these everybodies in his 250 pages of "critical exposition." At least, it is only to such, we imagine, that he is intelligible in his immediately following references to Kant and Fichte. If the book is meant as a study in philosophy, addressed to readers on the same level of acquired knowledge in the subject as the writer himself, it is unnecessary; if it is *in usum tironum*, it is inadequate. The tyro, even if it is good for him to be talked to as a past master in philosophy, should not be treated with the painful haste which eschews references, and cannot stay to make an index.

The History of Wallingford. By John K. Hedges. 2 vols. (Clowes and Co.)—Wallingford is one of those ancient towns which have comparatively fallen out of sight in recent times, partly because it lay off the great high coach-road, and now lies off the great high railroad to the west, and partly because it has had no special trade or manufacture to support it. In the Saxon and Norman times, however, Wallingford played a prominent part in our national history, especially in the reigns of Stephen and Henry I., when the Empress Maud found a home within the walls of its castle, which had been built on the ruins of an earlier structure by order of the Conqueror. But even a greater antiquity is claimed for Wallingford by Mr. Hedges; it was probably the *Calleva Atrebatum* of the era of the Roman occupation, and Roman roads met at it, or near it. Roman coins and urns have been found on its site, and there are also other proofs of the presence of the Roman eagles. Indeed, Mr. Hedges sees reason to believe that, wherever Julius Cæsar crossed the Thames, he probably pushed on his march as far westward as Wallingford. The castle is connected in subsequent history with the names of King John and his Barons, Simon de Montfort, Piers Gaveston, Queen Isabella and Mortimer, and Richard and Edmund, Earls of Cornwall, whose favourite residence it became, and who spent large sums on adorning it with almost royal magnificence. For its subsequent history under the Tudors, for its architectural, and ecclesiastical antiquities, and for its history as a Parliamentary borough, we must content ourselves by referring our readers to the pages of Mr. Hedges, to whom the students of English topography are much indebted for a most complete monograph on a town that, as yet, has not had a worthy historian.

Zeller's History of Greek Philosophy: the Pre-Socratic Schools. Translated by S. F. Alleyne. (Longmans.)—Zeller's great work has appeared in piecemeal translations hitherto, as the studies of the translators or the requirements of students determined. Miss Alleyne, who began by translating the sixteen chapters that deal with Plato, now gives us the sections covering the Pre-Socratic philosophy, and may be congratulated on the honour of having thus brought the largest portion, and certainly not the least important, of the book to the knowledge of English students, "who are, perhaps, less familiar with German than Greek." The translation, as a whole, did not need the deprecatory words of the preface in which Miss Alleyne pleads "the requirements of the English language, and its deficiency in precise equivalents for German philosophical terms," as an excuse for shortcomings in her achievements. It may fairly be doubted whether such deficiency exists, and the expression "German philosophical terms" looks something like a surrender of philosophy to the Germans. But Miss Alleyne shows herself quite capable of expressing in intelligible English Zeller's exposition of Greek thought; and in the frequently polemical and minute notes the help of Mr. Abbott of Balliol, which she mentions in her preface, has enabled her to present her author's meaning fully, and at the same time rather less roughly than in the original. Zeller's style is hardly ever inspired or inspiring; and if the translator does not go beyond her author in this respect, at least she does not fall behind him. Style, however, is a subordinate consideration in a philosophical work, and the clearness and thoroughness of Zeller's treatment (it is superfluous to speak of the high qualities of a work so well known as his) are well represented in this English version. It is much to be wished that an uniformly revised edition of the English translations, with Zeller's co-operation, could be made. We should get more continuity, and have the advantage of the author's *manus ultima*. And Miss Alleyne would probably be the best editor.

Records of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. By Rev. W. Denton, M.A. (G. Bell and Sons.)—In this volume, Mr. Denton has done for the parish of Cripplegate what Mr. Diprose did so successfully for St. Clement Danes a few years since. He has placed on record the history and antiquities of one of the most interesting of City parishes without the walls; and it is no slight matter for such parish to boast that it holds within its church the bones of Milton. Considering that such is the case, the only wonder is that more pilgrimages are not made yearly to the tomb of the author of "Paradise Lost." It is just possible that the publication of this work may tend to create and foster an interest in a parish which, though it was only a wild moor in the reign of Henry II., and was not reclaimed and fitted for building purposes till early in the fifteenth century, has become one of the most industrious and thriving, after having commenced, like old Rome, with a somewhat lawless population as its founders. Besides the old City walls, some fine bastions of which still bound the south extremity of the parish, the chief interest centres naturally in its church, which happily escaped the effects of the Fire of London, and the scarcely less destructive hands of amateur restorers of the "churchwarden" type. The original structure would seem to have been Norman, the work of one of the officers of the neighbouring Hospital of St. Bartholomew; and its dedication to St. Giles, as the patron saint of cripples, lepers, &c., was most appropriate, as in almost every town St. Giles's Church was erected just outside the walls. In 1545, the church suffered severely from a fire, which destroyed most of the fine monuments erected within it in the Plantagenet and earlier Tudor reigns, including those of the Greys, Earls of Kent, the Egertons, and the Luceys of Charlecote. Among the illustrous dead who lie within its walls are John Foxe, the "Martyrologist," John Speed, the chronicler, and the gallant Martin Frobisher, the first of Arctic voyagers, and the hero of the time of the Spanish Armada. As Bunhill Fields are within the borders of the parish, the name of John Bunyan should be added to this list of its illustrous dead. Of Milton we have already spoken. Mr. Denton gives us many interesting extracts from the parish registers and other records; but we think that he might have described at greater length the plate in the vestry, which, though somewhat late in date, is among the finest to be found in the churches of London.

What Shall We Do with Them? (Nisbet and Co.)—"Them" refers to the overtasked and invalided workers who are fainting under the burdens of life, for whom the rest for which they cannot pay is a necessity. To provide sea-side "homes," where these weary labourers may freely or cheaply obtain the possibility of recruiting their strength, is becoming more and more an imperative duty. The object of Miss Corke's book is to draw attention to the able management of at least one such home, and though we cannot commend the style in which she has executed her task, we wish the cause she has at heart abundant success.

An Old-Testament Commentary for English Readers. Edited by C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Vol. I. (Cassell and Co.)—It is noteworthy that a demand presumably sufficient should exist for another work on Scripture on much the same lines as those on which the "Speaker's Commentary" was conducted. The first volume of this undertaking is before us, and includes the first four books of the Pentateuch. Dean Plumptre has contributed a "General Introduction," written in the cautious, yet liberal spirit which we should expect from him. It is an admirable summary of the main facts which relate to the origin and the classification both of the Canonical and of the Apocryphal books, to the original text, and to the chief ancient and English versions. The commentary on *Genesis* is from the pen of the Dean of Canterbury, that on *Exodus* by Canon Rawlinson, that on *Leviticus* by Dr. Ginsburg, while that on *Numbers* was contributed by the late Canon Elliott. The critical stand-point occupied by Dr. Ginsburg is different from that of his *collaborateurs*. He does not think that the book with which he deals, "*in its present form*, was written by Moses," and he draws his illustrations of it from what is, indeed, the only available source, the service of the Second Temple. The writer of the introduction to the Pentateuch, on the other hand, has this for his final sentence,—"The conclusion seems sure that we have in the Pentateuch the work of Moses, and that we have it substantially as it left his hands." He even believes that the "Book of the Law" read in the Temple in the days of King Josiah was the "autograph copy of Moses." This does not prevent him from allowing that there "never was, until the return from exile, any age in which the Law of Moses commanded the universal assent of the people." We are very far from objecting to this divergence of opinion. On the contrary, we welcome it. The freedom which Dr. Ginsburg has enjoyed will greatly increase the value of the whole work. We can only wish that other contributors may be disposed to use it. Something has been done in this direction already. Dean Payne Smith is strictly conservative, but his annotations compare favourably with the comments on *Genesis* in the Speaker's Commentary. Canon Rawlinson's contribution is especially valuable in the portion which refers to Egypt. On the whole, the "English reader" will find this a very useful book of reference.

Eli's Children. By George Manville Fenn. 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—That Eli's children should come to a bad end is a thing quite to be expected, when they are such very bad subjects as are the sons of the Rev. Mr. George Mallow, the Eli of Mr. Fenn's story. But why should the doom fall on his daughter, Julia, who does not seem to have been spoilt by any parental indulgence? And why should it extend to a number of other innocent people? However, it is Mr. Fenn's *spécialité* to deal in horrors, and as he follows the honest course of forewarning his readers as to what they may expect, by describing his novel as "The Chronicle of an Unhappy Family," no one has a right to complain. Still, we cannot help thinking that he might employ his undoubted ability, of which this tale, repulsive as it is, gives sufficient proof, in a more pleasant and profitable way. Why should he speak, by the way, of the shooting of an escaping convict at Dartmoor as a "judicial murder?" If the men are to be sent in working parties outside the prison-walls, there is no other way of deterring them from attempts at escape; and it is right, not wrong, to deter them at any cost.——*Exchange no Robbery, and other Novelettes.* By M. Betham Edwards. 2 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—The short story which gives a title to these two volumes is very good. The daughter of a farmer changes places with a girl, her foster-sister, who belongs to a German grand-ducal house, an exchange made possible by circumstances. The young lady has lived remote from Court. She was the child of an inferior marriage, and is suddenly brought into importance by the difficulty of finding a proper match for the heir of the duchy. The scheme, a jest at first, though not without an *arrière pensée* of earnestness on the part of the ambitious plebeian, becomes a reality, and both parties, after a period of trial which is skilfully managed by the novelist, fill their new positions with admirable fitness. None of the other stories are at all equal to this, though "The Three B.A.'s" is a bright little sketch of the life of activity which will, doubtless, become more and more common among the young women-students of the day. What a contrast between the full, cheerful life of the teacher Eugenia, and the dull and objectless existence which thousands of young women uselessly drag out at home! The collection would have been distinctly better for the omission of "Priest and Maiden."

In a neat little volume of neat little sermons, bearing the title of *Towards the Sunset; or, Teachings after Thirty Years* (Isbister), the now veteran author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson" puts one not a little in mind of one of the heroines of Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion." When her husband died, she "went into very pretty mourning;" "A. K. H. B." has gone into very pretty seriousness. We had almost said pessimism, for our author thinks "there are now-a-days divers ominous signs, social, political, moral, that point towards the decline and fall of Britain," and, speaking specially of church attendance in Scotland, says:—"It has been very strongly pressed upon me, in these last years, that not merely the old in many cases wish to have as little of public worship as is decently possible, but that the young—I mean children, and lads and girls—have lost much of the old, simple-minded enjoyment in going to church." But, in spite of such statements as this—which ought to have a grave significance for Scotland, if its author is correct in holding that the preaching in Scotland now-a-days is "incomparably better" than it used to be—and in spite of half-pathetic references to "the days when I was a boy," and to "my Ayrshire bringing-up,"—we have much of the old and careful daintiness, the old air of artistic longing among the Eternities and Immensities. Who but "A. K. H. B." could have begun a sermon on "the spirits of just men made perfect" in this fashion:—"Late one night, not long ago, I left the room in which I work, the day's work being over. I put out the lights before going, and there was sudden and complete darkness. Many times before, one had done the same thing, with no special thought in one's mind. But on that night the thought came upon me—some day, all outward light will go from these eyes in like manner." The solemnity of the incident is spoiled by the lapse into the feminine and unreal self-renunciation involved in "one" and "these eyes." When should a man be himself, if not when in the presence of death, or when filled with the idea of it? Yet there are shrewd and sound things in *Towards the Sunset*, as in all "A. K. H. B.'s" volumes. If his language is sometimes rather too ladylike, his sentiment is always healthy.

It is impossible to be very severe on Mr. Alan Muir, the author of *Hearthrug Farces* (Hogg), even though he says such strange things as "I believe laughter and religion to be the two things that chiefly make life bearable." He is not pretentious. He says he is no humourist, and that one page of Dickens, or "one sentence of a Weller, or a Gamp, or Bailey Junior, or other of his comic immortals, has provoked more laughter than all I shall ever write or speak." He is full of what he himself would probably call "honest" animal spirits. There is originality, too, in one of his *Farces*, which he styles "Selina's Revenge." The idea of a widow making a man who had jilted her in her maiden days give up Liberalism, Nonconformity, and teetotalism, before she will marry him, is at least fresh. Mr. Muir's fun is, however, rather too broad, and in the longest of his *Farces* is very thin as well. He is justified in his admiration of Dickens, but why speak of "his friendly, cleansing mirth?" The phrase has a disagreeable "patent-medicine" look.

The City of London Directory. (Collingridge.)—This is the thirteenth annual issue of a useful business directory, and it contains, in addition to the usual contents, information, corrected up to February 3rd, in connection with the new streets and buildings recently erected in the City. A list of the fire hydrants, alarm posts, and fire-escape and hose stations are given; and a new coloured map has also been added. Merchants and traders especially will find the information given in this compilation valuable.

The Newspaper Press Directory: Thirty-eighth annual issue. (Kelly and Co., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.)—*May's British and Irish Press Guide:* Tenth annual issue. (F. L. May and Co., Piccadilly.)—*May and Co.'s Press Manual:* Sixth annual publication. (C. H. May and Co., Gracechurch Street.)—Although the titles of these carefully compiled and useful guides give no intimation of the fact, in addition to the lists of newspapers and periodicals published in Great Britain and Ireland, they all contain nearly complete lists of the newspapers and periodicals published on the Continent and in other parts of the world. There are now 1,962 newspapers issued in the United Kingdom and British Isles; 1,530 are published in England, of which number 386 are issued in London. There are nine journals recognised as "Sunday newspapers" (all except one being published in the metropolis), but in fact there is but one newspaper—the *Observer*—published in London on Sunday only, the other eight issuing editions on days preceding or following Sunday. The Magazines and Reviews number 1,311, of which 326 are of a religious character. Politically classified, the numbers of newspapers and periodicals published in Great Britain and Ireland, are as follows:—Professedly Independent or Neutral, 1,150; Liberal, 569; Conservative, 376; Liberal-Conservative, 61; National, 16. Great care and ingenuity have been exercised in the arrangement of the localisation maps and the subdivisions of the books. In the same connection we acknowledge the receipt of *The Philosophy of Advertising*, by H. Sell, a useful compilation for advertisers.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Braddon (M.), Golden Calf, 3 vols.	(Maxwell)	31/6
Braddon (M.), Mount Royal, 12mo	(Maxwell)	2/0
Bryant (W. C.), Popular History of the United States, 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	15/0
Buchanan (R.), Love Me for Ever, cr 8vo	(Chatto)	3/6
Carlyle and Emerson, Correspondence of, 1834-72, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Chatto)	24/0
Church, Precious Stones in their Scientific Relations, &c.	(Chapman & Hall)	2/6
Claro (A.), A Child of the Menhir, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Tinsley)	31/6
Colour-Serjeant's Ledger, folio	(W. Clowes)	5/0
Cowan (G. D.), Moorish Lotos Leaves, 8vo	(Tinsley)	10/6
Douglas (M.), Countess Violet, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	6/0
Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. 15, 4to	(Black)	30/0
Grindrod (C.), Plays from English History, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	7/6
Hoole (C. H.), Poems, 12mo	(Parker)	6/0
Hull (E.), Contributions to Physical History of British Isles, 8vo	(Stanford)	12/6
Inter Flumina, Verses Written among Rivers, cr 8vo	(Parker)	3/6
Jeffcott (W. S.), Helps for Latin Students, 12mo	(Longman)	2/0
Josephus's Works, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
Letts' Consular Atlas, folio	(Letts)	21/0
McLachlan (J.), Student's Handbook of Surgical Anatomy	(Livingstone)	2/0
Malley (A. C.), Micro-photography, cr 8vo	(Lewis)	5/0
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	3/6
Morgan (H. F.), Summary of Tactics, 12mo	(Marcus Ward)	5/0
Morton (A. S.), Refraction of the Eye, cr 8vo	(Lewis)	2/6
Practical Canoeing, by "Tiphys," 8vo	(Norie & Wilson)	5/0
Praed (C.), An Australian Heroine, cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	6/0
Report of the Smoke-Abatement Committee, 4to	(Smith & Elder)	15/0
Russell (W. C.), The Lady Maud, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6/0
Sims (G.), The Lifeboat, and other Poems, cr 8vo	(Fuller)	2/6
Stockton (F. B.), Rudder Grange, 32mo	(Douglas)	2/0
Teale (T. P.), Economy of Coal, 8vo	(Churchill)	2/6
Tennyson (A.), Poems, 2 vols., 12mo, parchment	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	12/0
Villiers (C. P.), Free-trade Speeches, 2 vols., 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	25/0
Warburton (R. E. C.), Twenty-two Sonnets, 4to	(Pickering)	15/0
Watson (R. A.), Good Luck of the Maitlands, 12mo	(Wesleyan Conf. Office)	2/0

This day, in crown 8vo, price 3s 6d (not 7s 6d, as previously printed).

OLD TESTAMENT REVISION; a Handbook for English Readers. By ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D., Member of the New Testament Company of Revisers; Author of "Companion to the Revised New Testament," &c.

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Sanitary Record, March, 1882.

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Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. C. B. B. McLaren, M.P.; Mr. J. P. Thomasson, M.P.; Miss Bewicke; Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller, M.L.S.B.; Miss Müller, M.L.S.B.; Mr. Joseph Arch; Mr. S. G. Johnson, Town Clerk of Nottingham; Mr. W. A. Hunter, M.A., and others will address the Meeting.

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JULAND DANVERS, Secretary,
Public Works Department.
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By amending Clause 104—by enabling the Directors from time to time to entrust to the agent or agents, local committees, or boards of management in that clause respectively mentioned, power to do any act, relating to the affairs of the Company which the Directors could lawfully do, and enabling the Directors from time to time to revoke or vary all or any of the powers and authorities so to be delegated by them.

By making the consequential alterations in Clauses 10, 63, and 65. By amending Clause 25—by inserting between the words "thereon" and "consider" the words "and to all the circumstances affecting each such policy."

And that the deed of settlement may be amended accordingly, NOTICE is HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN that pursuant to the deed of settlement a SECOND EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Members of this Company will be held at the same place on THURSDAY, the 15th day of March, 1883, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, to confirm such resolutions or such of them as shall have been adopted at such first Extraordinary General Meeting. A copy of the proposed alterations in the deed of settlement may be seen by any Member of the Company on application at the Offices.

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BOOKS.

ULTIMA THULE.*

It was in the summer of the year before last, that Mr. Coles, with two friends, made the journeys across Iceland which are described in the book before us. Most visitors to this wonderful country are well pleased if they succeed in reaching Thingvellir and Geysir, for a journey across the island is a serious undertaking. Except in the districts within a short distance of the coast, this land of frost and fire is dreary and inhospitable to the last degree; and a glance at the map will show that the boundaries separating the eighteen Syslur, or counties, start from the coast, and in many instances, after running some distance inland, vanish, there being, it would seem, nothing in the unpeopled deserts of the interior worth dividing. These deserts consist "of barren table-land, which attains in some places an elevation of 2,500 feet above sea-level."

The party left Reykjavik early in August, with three guides and twenty-two horses, two for each rider, and the rest for baggage, for only the roughest horse-tracks are to be found in the country, and tents and provisions have to be carried on pack-horses. Geysir, a name which applies only to the chief, and not to the whole system of hot-springs, was visited, and a careful survey of the series was made. Judging, says Mr. Coles, from the reports of travellers at the commencement of this century, these springs do not appear to have the same intensity as then, whilst their number and positions seem to have changed a good deal. Iceland is a land of changes, resulting from the constant volcanic action which has been going on from a remote antiquity to the present day, discharges of lava altering the courses of streams, overflowing fertile valleys, and covering whole districts with waste and desolation. The island is three-fourths the size of England, but of its 38,000 square miles, 33,000 consist of volcanic desert, with numerous ice-mountains, called "jökulls;" and the largest of these, "Vatna Jökull," has, Mr. Coles tells us, an area equal to that of the county of Cornwall. The Census of 1881 gave the number of the inhabitants as only 73,000, showing an increase of about 3,300 in the preceding ten years. And yet Iceland, desolate and sparsely peopled as it is, and always has been—the number of its people never, probably, exceeding 100,000—offers features of no less interest in its history than in its geology. Its scenery is grand, and in places terrific, and whilst the geologist may ponder over the effects of past stupendous upheavals, an exhibition of Nature's most powerful machinery in motion may be found close at hand, yielding in its investigation plenty of excitement and no small degree of danger. In this island, far from the political convulsions which tore Europe asunder for hundreds of years, undisturbed by their turmoil, and holding no spoils to tempt an invader, the descendants of the Norwegian nobles who first settled on its shores gave themselves with wondrous energy to the pursuit of learning, produced a native literature which is among the oldest in Europe, and have left a domestic history more complete than that of any other European nation, whilst their country became during the dark ages the seat of learning and of religion. Abroad, their doings were still more wonderful. In the tenth century they discovered and colonised Greenland, along whose western coast, even as far north as Disco, their settlements flourished until 1409, when they suddenly and strangely perished, and their very sites were forgotten. Within the last 150 years, however, ruins of their churches, with urns, implements, and Runic stones, have been found. That the Icelandic mariners discovered America early in the eleventh century is also certain, and although it is difficult to say at what exact points of the coast they landed, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia were known to them. There is little doubt, too, that these Northmen knew of Massachusetts, under the name of Vinland, or Wineland, where they found, as the first English settlers found also centuries later, vines growing wild on the hills, and Indian corn on the lowlands. Traditions of these lost colonies remained after they had vanished, and in 1477, Columbus arrived at Reykjavik, in a Bristol ship, anxious probably to gather all information obtainable about the lands beyond the western seas.

But to return to Mr. Coles. Hekla was visited, and we are told that its ascent involves no climbing, but owing to the loose sand which must be crossed before reaching the snow-line, it is a matter of very hard walking; and the guide, Jonson, who is famous for his fast walking, goes too fast for many persons, and will not be induced to slacken his pace. So only one of the party, Mr. Morgan, got to the top of this volcano. The two chief dangers met with by travellers in Iceland are the fording of the numerous small, but treacherous, rivers which flow from the ice-mountains, and the perilous bogs and quicksands which everywhere beset the routes. Every now and then, one of the horses would step into some trap of this sort, and come down as if shot; or stick fast in mud, and release itself with great difficulty. As a rule, practice makes the Icelandic horses, like those of Norway, very sure-footed; and these wary little beasts, if left to themselves, will avoid dangerous spots, whilst they will gallop at speed over ground that it would baffle the efforts of an English horse to walk over. "Use doth breed a habit in a man,"—and in a horse also. There are only two guides who will lead a party across the Sprengisandr desert, by which route it was desired to reach the northern coast. Mr. Coles gives an excellent account of the scenery and incidents met with on this journey over the wastes of the interior, during which many observations were made, and angles taken. The actual passage of the desert itself occupied ten hours, and Mr. Coles, with plenty of experience, says that the Sprengisandr is "one of the most barren and forbidding places in the whole world." Mr. Morgan ascended Askja, a volcano that in 1875 destroyed six farms, and covered a wide district with showers of ashes and pumice, whilst the smoke from the mountain was seen one hundred miles away. In his risky climb to these still active craters, he was guided by Jón of Vidrkœr, a man who, during the last great eruption, first organised a party to visit the then unknown region of Askja, and it was owing in large measure to his representations that a scientific expedition was sent by the Danish Government to explore the volcano and report on its action. Although Hekla is the only volcano in Iceland whose name is known to the generality of people, it is by no means the only one; nor, although it rears its snowy head higher than its rivals, is it, in these days, the most important. There are no fewer than thirty volcanoes in the island, and of these, five have been active during the present century. Hekla was in violent action in 1766, and did enormous damage; but by far the most terrible catastrophe on record was caused by the eruption of a far-distant mountain, Skapta Jökull, in 1783, whereby thousands of cattle, horses, and sheep, and probably some thousands of human beings, were destroyed.

It is not only from terror by fire that Iceland suffers. If northerly winds prevail for a long period, unwelcome visitors "from Greenland's icy mountains," in the shape of huge masses of ice, arrive on the northern coasts, and cause intense cold and fogs; and the harvest of hay, at all times miserably scanty and precarious, fails, famine ensues, and cattle, sheep, and horses perish. At the present time, Iceland is threatened with a calamity of this kind. During the winter of 1880-81, we are told that the cold was intense, the thermometer standing for some time at 25° below zero, (Fahr.) At Akreyri, the chief port on the northern coast, Polar bears became quite common. They were quite harmless when on land, making off when any one went near, and at the approach of spring they swam away. It is worthy of note that Akreyri means "corn land," but at the present time not one acre of corn is grown in Iceland; hence, it is inferred that formerly the climate was more genial than at present. But in spite of all hardship and privation, the Icelanders have a deep love for their country, and are, judging from Mr. Coles's account of them, hospitable, kindly, and honest, whilst they keep up their old love for learning to a remarkable degree. Our author says:—

"Arriving at a farm, we stopped to change horses, and get our mid-day meal of skyr, coffee, and black-bread. In the room where we were sitting, I noticed a book-shelf, and being curious to know the kind of literature which found favour with the small farmer of this country, I took a book down, when, to my astonishment, I found it to be a Danish edition of Lockyer's *Solar Physics*. Our host, an elderly man, who had just come in from his work, was good enough to show me some other books in his small collection, amongst which were some of the works of Darwin and Lardner; he had also a Virgil. They had evidently been well used, and so far as I could understand him, he seemed to be well acquainted with their contents. I was

* *Summer Travelling in Iceland.* By John Coles. London: John Murray. 1882.

afterwards informed that it is by no means uncommon in Iceland to come across men of this class who are extremely well-read scholars."

Mr. Coles pretends to be no extraordinary mountaineer himself, but he met an American gentleman, whose account of his feat in climbing Herdubreid, a mountain hitherto deemed inaccessible, and published later on in the *New York Tribune* and in the *Weekly Detroit Free Press*, was as follows :—

"The only way to ascend for 1,500 feet was to fly a large kite with an anchor attached, and a rope fastened to the anchor. After securing the anchor to the rocks above my head, I could pull myself up by means of the rope. By repeating this operation many times, I made the ascent in *thirty-eight* hours."

And this "when it was blowing and snowing so that he could not see fifty feet from him." The readiness of resource shown by this gentleman reminds us of another story, of an American who was boasting that in his country they had the biggest of everything,—biggest rivers, lakes, fires, railway accidents, &c. His listener, an Englishman, assented to all this; but added that there was one thing—perhaps only one—that the States did not possess at all,—a volcano. Silenced but for a moment, the other replied with cheerfulness, "Well, that's so; but I guess we have a Niagara that would put one out in a minute!"

In an appendix to his narrative, which is clear and unaffected throughout, Mr. Coles gives much useful advice to intending travellers in Iceland; and the whole book is full of hints and information, all the more valuable since Mr. C. Warnford Lock's work, *The Home of the Eddas*, is out of print. A translation of three sagas—and without something of the sort, a book on Iceland would hardly be considered complete—is given; whilst a very full index and an excellent map bring the volume, by no means a lengthy one, to a close.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.*

The volume before us contains translations of the chief prose works of one of the most remarkable of modern Italian writers, and is, therefore, of considerable value and interest. As to its own qualities, they are not unlike those of a photograph which gives us correctly enough the outlines of some beloved face, but gives them to us so harsh and cold, that we would not have it seen by those who do not know the original. And yet Mr. Edwards is evidently an ardent admirer of his subject,—a far more ardent and uncompromising admirer than we can profess to be. "The name of Giacomo Leopardi," he says, "is not yet a household word in the mouths of Englishmen;" but he desires that it should be so, and to that end has "Englished" (according to the old phrase) the finest of the Italian's writings. We do not greatly share the desire, nor at all the hope, which has inspired his labours. For even if the extreme beauty of style which charms us in the original could ever survive the process of translation, if the delicate fancy could preserve its wings unclipped, the pure thought be unweakened, still, we would no more choose to feed the minds of our countrymen and women with the despairing utterances of the pessimist poet, than we would their bodies with hasheesh. Such melancholy as his, clothed in such eloquent words, may be the luxury of the idle; it is poison to those who have work to do in the world. It shuts out hope, the very spring of energy; it makes the cheerful, steady pursuit of duty a thing utterly beyond human powers. For we can none of us stand alone. Either in human or divine love, we must find the mainspring of all life worth living. There must be something outside of ourselves, which we regard not with despair, but with hope.

Giacomo Leopardi was born at Recanati, near Ancona, in 1798. His family was noble, but not rich, and he was one of several children. The precocious boy, at eight years old, "set himself the task of reading in chronological order the Greek authors in his father's library," and at barely twenty writes, "I have for a long time firmly believed that I must die within two or three years, because I have so ruined myself by seven years of immoderate and excessive study." He was by this time known to many of the foremost men in Italy as a scholar and a writer, and was impatiently longing to escape from home into the great world. In 1822, after a series of disputes with his father, he went to Rome, only to find disappointment and weariness. Though he had despised his townsmen while he remained at Recanati, he now declared the stupidest of them wiser than the wisest Roman. Yet among those who were kind and admiring friends of the young poet were such men as Niebuhr and De Bunsen, and, as not uncongenial work, he obtained an engagement to catalogue the Greek MSS. in the Barbarini Library. Less than a year of life in Rome sufficed for him; he returned home, and henceforth seems to have had but one pervading thought,—the *infelicità*—the boundless, hopeless misery of human life. In 1833 he became the guest of a friend, Antonio Ranieri, in whose house, tended with constant affection, he remained until his death, in June, 1837. In his last days he was afraid lest posterity should attribute the gloom of his philosophy to the state of his health, and tried to defend himself from such an accusation. But a self-deception of this kind is the commonest thing possible, and his defence does not seem to us to be of much account. Rather, indeed, we are disposed to say, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse."

We fancy that Leopardi has given his view of himself in the dialogue between Nature and a Soul. Perhaps he did not intend to do so, but as he was unquestionably alive to his genius, he most probably found the original of the portrait in his own consciousness. We have, therefore, translated the passage :—

"*Soul.*—Tell me, are excellence and extraordinary unhappiness the same thing? or if they are two things, cannot you separate the one from the other?

"*Nature.*—In the souls of men, it may be said that these two things are almost the same, because excellence in souls implies greater comprehension of their life, and this in itself implies also keener feeling of their own unhappiness, or, as I might say, greater unhappiness. . . . . In the same manner, the fuller life of souls includes greater strength of self-love. . . . . which means greater desire for happiness, and consequently more discontent and weariness in the deprivation of it, and more pain in the adverse circumstances that hinder it. . . . . Moreover, the refinement of your own intellect, and the liveliness of your imagination, will in a great measure deprive you of self-mastery. . . . . Men such as you, constantly wrapped up in themselves, dominated, as it were, by the greatness of their own powers, and helpless against themselves, lie most of their time under a burden of irresolution, both as regards their thoughts and their actions; and this is one of the heaviest miseries of human life. Add to this that, while by the excellency of your talents you will easily and quickly surpass others of your race in profound knowledge, and in the most abstruse studies, it will, nevertheless, be extremely difficult or even impossible for you to learn or practise a thousand things, trifling in themselves, but most necessary in intercourse with other men. All the souls of men, as I have told you, are given up as a prey to unhappiness, without fault of mine."

What wonder is it, if the soul, threatened with such a fate as this, cries out, "Place me, then, in the lowest of creatures, or give me, I implore you, death, rather than immortality!"

But though we should be sorry to see Leopardi's pessimism exercising its baneful influence over the young and imaginative natures which would be most likely to be fascinated by it, we are not blind to the truth and greatness of his genius. It is difficult to imagine a more exquisite piece of writing than the *Cantico del Gallo Silvestro*, more delicate humour than that of *Copernico*, or more beauty of thought than shines through the Dialogues in general. We should like to give many extracts, if space permitted; but we must limit ourselves to two, one verse, one prose. The first is taken from the *Dialogo di Federigo Ruysch e delle sue Mummie*, and is the conclusion of the song with which at midnight Ruysch is awakened by the dead in his studio :—

"Che Fummo?	Mr. Edwards's Translation.
"Che fu quel punto acerbo	"What is that life we lived on
Che di vita ebbe nome?	earth?
Cosa arcana e stupenda	A mystery now it seems to be
Oggi è la vita al pensier nostro, e tale	Profound as is the thought of death
Qual dei vivi al pensiero	To wearers of mortality.
L'ignota morte appar. Come da morto	And as from death the living flee,
Vivendo rifuggia, così refugge	So from the vital flame flee we.
Dalla fiamma vitale	Our portion now is peaceful rest,
Nostra ignuda natura;	Joyless, painless. We are not blest
Lieta no, ma sicura.	With happiness, that is forbid,
Però ch' esser beato,	Both to the living and the dead."
Nega ai mortali, e nega ai morti, il fato."	

Our second extract is from the *Dialogo di Torquato Tasso e del suo Genio Familiare*. The imprisoned poet, talking to the familiar spirit which visits him in his cell, tells how at each recollection of his Leonora a flash of joy darts through his whole being :—

* *Essays and Dialogues of G. Leopardi.* Translated by Charles Edwards. London: Trübner and Co.

"Thus, while thinking of her, there revivo in my mind certain pictnres and certain emotions, such that for a little time I seem to bo again the same Torqnato I was beforo I had mado trial of sorrows and of men, and whom now I so often weep as dead. . . . . I marvel in myself how the thonght of a woman can have force enongh to renew, so to speak, my very sonl, and to make me forget so many calamities. And if it were not that I have no longer hope of seeing her again, I should think that I had not yet lost the power of being happy.

"Which of the two things do you fancy would he sweetest, to see tho woman you love, or to think of her?

"I do not know. It is true that when she was present sho seemed to me a woman; absent, she seemed, and still seems, a goddess."

"My mind, too, becomes inflamed with certain imaginings and longings, that seem for the time to transform me. I cannot think that I am the Torquato who has experienced so much misfortune, and I often monrn for myself as though I were dead. . . . . In short, I marvel how the thonght of a woman should have sufficient power to rejuveuato the mind, and make it forget so many troubles. Had I not lost all hope of seeing Leonora again, I could almost believo I might still succeed in being happy.

"Which do you consider the more delightful, to see the dear woman, or to think of her?

"I do not know. It is true that when near me, she seemed only a woman; at a distance, however, she was like a goddoss."

The translation in the right-hand column is by Mr. Edwards. The one on the left we have ventured to supply as being more literal.

A GOLDEN BAR.*

This is a work in some respects like, and in others unlike, many of those at present popular. Like them, it aims at imparting interest less by a complex plot than by good descriptions, skilful delincations of character, and scenes that illustrate modern life both in its familiar and its picturesque details. Whether this be a wise aim or not, is matter now much in dispute. Those who object to it, point to the carefully constructed plots of Fielding's novels, and of "the wonderful works" of Sir Walter Scott, as Leigh Hunt calls them. Those who prefer the style now most in use would probably cite *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the separate scenes in which, especially scenes of humour, can never be forgotten, while a considerable part of the story is remembered by few. *The Angel in the House*, begins by the exclamation, "We'll have no incidents!" and but few occur in that poem; but the vivid pictures of modern life, which succeed each other so rapidly, prevent us from regretting their absence. In this work the interest derived from incident is confined to narrow limits, but within these limits the story is worked out with much art and a happy discrimination.

Old Squire Haseltine is a county magnate, with a grand park and house, which bear the name of their lord. As death draws near, he meets for the first time pecuniary embarrassments. He cannot leave his property to his eldest son, who has died; nor to his younger son, with whom he has quarrelled; and he cannot take it with him. The widow of his eldest son has long lived with him in the great house, and also one who made it look to the last as bright as when he dwelt there in youth, viz., Iris Durant, the daughter of that son's wife by a former marriage; for by the second marriage there have been no children. He makes a will, leaving his property to Iris. The girl, who is as just as she is proud and beautiful, will not consent to this arrangement, and at her entreaty the old man bequeaths his wealth to the son of his younger son. The squire and his son both die soon after, and the grandson becomes the lord of Haseltine. Iris makes up her mind to hate him, since her grandfather, whose memory she idolizes, hated his father. Her mother, however, Mrs. Haseltine, a still handsome and somewhat designing woman of forty, has other plans. She does not wish to be turned out of the manor-house, and resolves that Iris shall marry the "Intruder." Iris resents the plot. She had been brought up in splendour, and she has become comparatively a pauper. But she has never valued wealth, nor feared poverty, and she does not want to be married.

Haseltine arrives at his home; he invites his aunt to remain at it for some time; admires her daughter for her witching ways and lively wit, and hears her one day tell her mother that she detests him. He had been previously half disposed to seek her, and now, of course, resolves to win her. He is unlike the young triflers Iris has often repelled,—reserved, dignified, and somewhat sad, for he has had troubles. By degrees she grows to love him; but she is very angry with herself for loving the enemy, very angry with him for making her do so, and fully resolved that he shall never know of her affection. The girl is proud; but love is humble. It does not occur to her that Haseltine can have found in her anything worthy of his love; and she will never allow him to marry her merely that she may not be turned out of house and home. The more the pair grow attached, the more they manage to wage war against the happiness each of the other, much assisted by the mother of Iris whose ingenuity is always frustrating her own ambitious schemes, and also by two fashionable sisters of Haseltine, who wish to reign as mistresses of his house. He pursues her still; but Iris is worthy of her name, and the rainbow moves ever before him, but to mock him.

The charm of this book is much enhanced by its lightness of touch in those descriptive passages so often spoilt by being laboured. Here is an average specimen of such:—

"Losing patience one evening, Haseltine exclaims, 'No; if we are to be friends, let us begin at once.'—'What is the first step?' she asked, half in jest, half in earnest. So speaking, she leant a little way from him, shaking the bench upon which they sat, and a deutzia in full flower behind it; a cloud of sweet-scented snowy petals fell in a shower upon her dusky hair, and flecked her black dress with white. Twilight was gathering round them; the red azaleas looked like tongues of flame amongst the leaves; only one stream of light from the door which opened into the house lay along the pavement, and trembled in the lilies of the valley,—and at their feet. 'What is the first step?' repeated Haseltine. . . . . He broke off, as steps and voices approached them, the lady-like steps and the well-modulated voices of the Miss Haseltines.

A sudden gleam of delight on the countenance of Iris when Haseltine unexpectedly returns after an absence makes him almost sure that his affection is not unreciprocated. That afternoon he goes forth to meet her:—

"It was a day when wealthy summer had spread out all her treasures of earth and sky with careless lavishness. As he reached the last gate leading on to the high-road Haseltine paused, looking down from the sapphire heavens above him to the little blue flower at his feet. There was a faint line of light upon the western horizon, where, a few hours later, the sun would set in regal splendour; the birds still twittered, but faintly, and under the woods already the flowers, with drooping heads, were shutting up their leaves."

Iris approaches without seeing him, but accompanied by one in whom Haseltine, from the words that reach his ears, strongly suspects a successful rival. He again takes refuge in reserve. The mother of Iris, by way of mending matters, lets him know that but for Iris he would have been disinherited. Her daughter deeply resents the betrayal of this secret, and with increasing coldness repulses his advances, which she attributes to gratitude, not love. She persuades her mother to take her away from the old house. "So you will put your woman's pride and self-will before all else. . . . . And yet I believe that you liked me." . . . . . "I cannot," she faltered. "Are you quite sure," he said, in a changed voice. "Quite sure," she answered. They separate.

An amusing contrast to this perplexed love-making is supplied by the prosperous courtship of Sir Louis Stretton. He falls in love with an amusing little girl not half his age. She is not deep-hearted, but neither is she like Iris, the victim of high-flown scruples. She likes him all the better because he has broad acres to offer her. A week before the marriage they converse on the bright prospects before them:—

"'After I am married,' continued his fiancée, 'I shall, of course, have my own way in everything!'—'Well! I don't know about that,' said Sir Louis, dubiously.—'But I must know. It must be settled beforehand. I am sure it is quite as important as the settlements. If you are not free to make yourself happy——'—'But it is I who am to make you happy. Will not that be much better?' asked Sir Louis. But Letty was looking out of the window.—'I don't think you would know how,' she said candidly. 'I am sure you would try; but how should a man know what a girl wants? I might as well try to choose your cigars or your after-dinner claret.' A quarrel breaks out; Letty pronounces herself insulted, and laments that she has not a brother old enough to challenge her future husband. Sir Louis's boy-brother, Raymond, comes in, 'How wretched you both look! How glad I am that I am not going to be married.'"

This light-hearted youth of seventeen is one of the best-conceived characters in the book; he is full of wit, while he fancies himself nearly a fool, and so friendly, that every one loves him. On one occasion, he amusingly consoles a little boy accused of cowardice, by assuring him that he himself, though now bold as a lion, was such a coward when first sent to school that once, when on the point of being flogged, he fumbled in his pocket for his last shilling, and offered it to his angry master on condition of being spared. The contrast between the brightness of this sketch and the tragedy which follows so suddenly, is at

* *A Golden Bar*. By the Author of "Christina North," "Under the Limes," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

once original and suggestive. If the main story tells us of the woes unreal, yet slowly healed, which we bring upon ourselves, this touching episode reminds us of the magic might by which the deeper sorrows sent to us are consoled. Raymond has received an injury while out hunting. In his sickness his spirits never flag. It is still of others that he is always thinking. He gets the children from the lodge into his bedroom, amuses them, and replies to anxious inquiries with a jest, which a devout friend fears may be a sign of irreverence. "She had found herself awed by Raymond's bright, dark eyes, so that she left the room as she found it, littered with all those incongruous tokens of his past pursuits; a shrill, gay bullfinch and a playful kitten for his companions." The change he alone had not feared comes:—

"With the suddenness of a tropical night, the great darknes was to close in upon his sunshiny life and quench it for ever. No, no; what was he saying? He knew that his brother should dwell for ever in the light, but it was 'a light which no man might approach unto.' . . . . . It seemed almost more strange than sad, that he should be called all at once from his violin and his tennis-playing, from the companionship of Jacko and his dogs, to take his place amid angelic choirs, amongst the heavenly host."

Mr. Crane, the good clergyman, thinks,—

"It was very hard upon the young fellow, just at the outset of his career. . . . . but it was, no doubt, the young man's duty to resign himself, and meet his fate bravely. He spoke to Raymond after he had read and prayed with him, somewhat to this effect. Raymond only turned those great, lustrous eyes of his upon him, and smiled. He thought it strange that God's minister should pity him who was about to be admitted, all unworthy as he was, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and all those good things which the heart of man cannot conceive."

Then comes the end. The boy and his elder brother have all their lives been devoted to each other:—

"'Let it be,—when only we two are alone together,' Raymond had said, with halting, labouring breath, turning his sweet, gleaming eyes for the last time upon his brother. Then Sir Louis had shut the door upon them all, and taken Raymond's head upon his breast, and so, till the night passed slowly into day, they waited, they two together."

To Raymond belonged, without his knowing it, the blessing promised to the peace-makers. Between Sir Louis and his light-hearted young wife frivolous contention had early begun to supervene upon frivolous gaiety. The death which brought to each a sense of the realities of life, brought peace to the troubled household. Raymond's life had been innocent, and his faith had never been shaken or clouded. This was the simple solution of what to those who wondered at his calmness seemed strange. But this solution is suggested only. It is one of the merits of the book that there is no preaching in it, while the spirit is ever sound and salutary; and doubtless such spiritual suggestions as must ever come from a good work of imagination, are most acceptable when they make their way to us, like the visits of the Gods, "in lenî aurâ," not in dusty gusts of teaching, obtrusive and unseasonable.

With time the difficulties of the lovers but increase. The proud beauty cannot be got to believe that Haseltine loves her, and will not be married out of compassion. At last the worldly mother raises a second obstacle, no less fatal than the first, to her own designs. The old squire had drawn up another legal document later than his will, which, though it does not leave Iris his landed estate, provides that the rest of his property, far the larger part of it, is to be hers in case she does not marry. Iris spurns the gift, and burns the legal paper which conveys it; but her mother has a second copy of it, and shows it to her lover. The tables are turned. It is now his turn to be proud. He will not woo further a lady who, besides having refused a Haseltine twice, has the additional guilt of being an heiress. He cannot, with this change in his fortunes, continue to keep up his family mansion, and he resolves to leave it for ever. Iris, who had scorned humiliation, has to humiliate herself. He is to depart the next morning. She has ceased to doubt his motives, and believes in his love. She casts her pride away, visits him in the grey dawn, tells him that she will never avail herself of his grandfather's gift, and in an agony of grief and penitence reveals the long-hidden secret of her love. But it is now too late. The proud man, disinherited, will not believe in her affection, and will not profit by her generosity. He answers, "You would give me back Haseltine even at the cost of giving me yourself," and departs. The peacemaker on this occasion is not a dead youth, but a dying child. During a part of his wandering life, of which little is told us, Haseltine had been married to one little worthy of him, who died a year after their marriage, leaving him a little boy, Claude. Claude is but five years old, and has recently resided in the abandoned manor house. The child catches an infectious fever, and is at once deserted by Haseltine's fashionable sisters. Iris leaves her cottage hard by, nurses the child till he is out of danger, and is found by Haseltine, who has been summoned, one morning just before sunrise, asleep on a sofa, not far from the little patient, whom his father had expected to find dead. Suddenly they come to understand each other,—but whether through an increase of wisdom,—each of them having learned that pride is not a thing to be proud of, and that true love is not a thing to be spurned,—or through some skilful device of the lawyers allowing each to be happy, in spite of the newly-discovered codicil, and without either of them condescending to humiliation, we shall not record. The readers of this book, and it will probably have many, will prefer to make the discovery for themselves. The tale is wholly free from the pretentious bad-taste now so common. It is written with singular felicity of style and uniform purity and refinement; it abounds in lively dialogue and vivid description; and while it is free from all that is "sensational," it does not lack scenes of passion, in the higher sense of that often misused word.

NATURE AND THOUGHT.*

The old problem which has from the days of Pyrrho exercised the ingenuity of philosophers, the attempt to justify theoretically the beliefs which none can practically shake off in the avouchments of our faculties, and in an objective external world, has here been restated and discussed by Mr. Mivart, well known as a writer on anatomy and physiology. His work is intended, he tells us, as an introduction to a "natural philosophy,"—that is, as he explains, to a system which, "as justifying the spontaneous natural dictates of man's uncultured reason by philosophical analysis, and as seeking to make plain the concord of the world of Nature with the world of Thought, may perhaps be allowed (if it succeeds in its task) to have made good its claim to the honourable title of a Natural Philosophy." We hold the book to be a serviceable one, as containing a pointed and intelligent *résumé* of much that has been said by the best writers, on both sides, about questions of the deepest and most practical interest; and as offering, here and there, an original thought or suggestion of some value. It can hardly be considered, however, as a whole, an original contribution to the literature of the subject. There are, no doubt, incidentally, acute and telling remarks, but the evident absence in the writer of any power of sustained philosophical thinking, and the consequent incompleteness of his treatment of most of the many questions which he passes in review, are fatal to any high pretensions in that direction. When we say incompleteness, we do not mean simply incompleteness of development. This is, of course, to be expected in a work of the dimensions of *Nature and Thought*, which, as only professing to be an "introduction," would disarm criticism on that score. What we rather mean is the evident absence of that power to see all round a subject, to note at once the consequences of each view, and its bearing on the rest of his system, which is essential to the work of a true philosopher, though it is not necessary that he should draw these things out explicitly and in detail, in all that he writes. Cardinal Newman, for instance, in his essay on "Assent," although some might say that he did not quite exhaust an almost inexhaustible question, nevertheless makes it plain to his readers that he has thought his subject through and through. No objection can arise in their mind which is not anticipated by him; and even where his limits prevent him from fully developing the reply of which he indicates the direction, it is so clear that all considerations which arise in the minds of his students as difficulties have been already felt by himself, that their trust in him as a teacher is strengthened by the very force of his statement of *primâ facie* objections. In reading Professor Mivart's work, we felt the very opposite of this. No doubt, incidental objections are stated by him with great force—objections raised by recognised writers on the subject—but his thought is wanting in maturity; it has not been long enough "in bottle," and he consequently fails often to see the bearing and consequences of his own views, beyond those which are most superficial and immediately evident; and makes no attempt to harmonise principles which appear to conflict. A notable instance of this is his hasty conclusion that, because a

* *Nature and Thought: an Introduction to a Natural Philosophy.* By St. George Mivart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1882.

good "First Cause" must certainly have made happiness depend, in the long-run, upon goodness, we may, therefore, accept Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the evolution of the moral sentiment by "past pressures of utility." His language on this point seems to us quite express; but we place it before our readers, that they may judge whether or no we have represented him fairly:—

"We may . . . . . fully accept Herbert Spencer's views as to the means by which materially moral habits and feelings have been evolved, and have thus prepared the way for the existence of formal morality. His error is to mistake the mere instrument of evolution for the cause, as a cockroach might regard only the broom, and be blind to the mistress of the house, who had ordered the housemaid to sweep it away. Thoroughly analysed, Herbert Spencer's view is eminently satisfactory, for two reasons. One is (1), his teaching that conduct should be conformed to an end; the other is (2), that we are to act with confidence upon moral sentiments which have become innate in us, trusting to the good effects of evolution. But such teaching implies the existence of a deep purpose in nature, and this purpose must harmonise with that inextinguishable desire for beatitude which is also innate in man. A good First Cause must, then, have given to man, as the end of his being, a perfect beatitude coincidentally with a perfect moral development."

Now, we do not forget to bear in mind the distinction which Mr. Mivart draws between what is "materially" moral, and what "formally." But this does not really affect the case. The only difference between the two—using the terms in the scholastic sense—is that what is materially moral implies only *objective* morality, without regard to the motive of the agent. Thus, Mr. Mivart really accepts Spencer's view as to our perception of what is or is not objectively right. Now, no doubt, according to God's Providence, what is objectively right coincides, in the long-run, with what is for our greatest happiness; and, if Herbert Spencer's view amounted to no more than this—that in the course of evolution an instinct has been formed, by the past experiences of the race, which now tells at once what is and what is not for our ultimate happiness,—it might possibly be defended, as consistent with the Christian view of morality. But Mr. Mivart seems to forget that Herbert Spencer's view, "thoroughly analysed," as he puts it, involves very much more than that, and something very distinct from it. In the first place, that series of experiences which has, according to Spencer, generated the moral instinct, is, of course, exclusively confined to experiences *in this world*,—and it is certainly very far from true that good actions invariably, or even generally, bring the greatest happiness in this life; so that no permanent association between goodness and ultimate happiness can have been bred or transmitted on such a principle. But secondly, and more importantly, the whole of Mr. Spencer's ethics rests on a purely biological basis of evolution. By natural selection, those survive who have the keenest sense, and habits founded on this sense, of what tends to the ultimate furtherance of life. This sense, and the resulting tendency, is transmitted to their posterity, and forms what we call the moral instinct. We have no space here to examine this theory, or even to state it as a whole; but what we would draw attention to is that it changes the *objective* morality of actions. We have frequently pointed out that our moral perceptions aver many an act to be right which does *not* tend to the increase or preservation of life, and *vice versâ*. In many cases in which the effects of an action on the lives of the individual or of the race are clearly visible—and such cases must be the crucial ones—our spontaneous moral approbation is far greater for that which fulfils Mr. Spencer's conditions imperfectly, than for that which completely satisfies them. His highest instance of right conduct is a mother suckling her child, because "there is at once to the mother gratification, and to the child satisfaction of appetite, a satisfaction which accompanies furtherance of life, growth, and increasing enjoyment." Now, does this act arouse our moral approbation in any degree approaching to the admiration which we feel for one who could save the lives of himself and his family by betraying the friend who has trusted him, and yet refuses to do so? No doubt, there are virtues which tell in favour of the life of the race, such as prudence, fortitude, temperance, and so forth. But it is plain that our spontaneous feeling of moral approval cannot be accounted for on principles which would result in an ideal of morality which does not arouse that spontaneous feeling. Either the "suckling mother" is not the ideal saint, or else the moral instinct tells untruly, and is not, as Mr. Spencer says it is, to be trusted. The truth is, of course, that the ultimate coincidence of goodness and happiness is not wrought out, as Mr. Mivart says it is, by the First Cause working through evolution, supposing evolution to be a substantially true theory. That coincidence is in a sphere quite external to evolution,—in a future state, of which Mr. Spencer takes no account.

In making this criticism, we do not at all forget Mr. Mivart's avowal, earlier in the volume, that moral goodness is a simple idea, distinct from utility, personal or tribal. We do not believe that he can reconcile this with his later statement; but anyhow, it is beside the question. The point we are examining is not how far the goodness of the agent involves an idea incapable of further analysis, but how far that course of objective action which our conscience tells us to be right coincides with the course which will tend to the "highest life" of the race, excluding any future state, and having regard only to the good results of evolution. Unless this coincidence exists, as Mr. Spencer supposes, the theory of the evolution of the moral sentiment fails. We have done our very best to understand Mr. Mivart on this important subject, and we cannot but come to the conclusion that he has not quite thought out his own view. There is, somewhat earlier in the book than the passage we have quoted, a sufficient account of the evolutionist explanation of conscience, which makes his later statement the more remarkable.

There are, as we have said, various excellent and acute remarks here and there throughout the volume, but we could have wished that the author had concentrated his thoughts longer upon any one of his five chapters, instead of giving us a number of remarks, insufficiently woven together, and scarcely developed, though occasionally brilliant in themselves, upon so wide a philosophical field. We are not opposed to the form of "question and answer" which he has adopted; but when we find a love-story and a scene with chit-chat about indifferent topics, we wish that the dramatic form had been more sustained. Fancy a friend, walking with one in a Yorkshire valley, who, on being asked what he considers the advantages of the philosophy he advocates, answers at once, and without hesitation, as if perfectly prepared for the question, "It has, I think, ten advantages," and proceeds to enumerate them. Here is a fine passage on asceticism, as the test and expression of love:—

"The voluntary sacrifice of pleasure is valuable as a test of human love, and may be eagerly sought for by him who practises it as the best expression of the devotion he feels for another. Does not Emily [his *fiancée*] value you the more on account of your disregard of certain worldly advantages you willingly forego for her, and do you not rejoice at being able to give her this evidence of your regard? Would you forego it, if you could? If this relation applies to human love, how much more to our love for God,—a God in whom all our highest ideals are realised. . . . . If in his service we may be permitted to undergo humiliation, pain, and suffering, who that understands the theistic conception does not see that it would be reasonable for us to welcome such humiliation and suffering? If, in the pursuit of all that brings us nearer to him, we can gratefully and lovingly deny ourselves lower pleasures which tend to impede or slacken us in such pursuit, who that believes in God can doubt but that he ought to spurn such pleasures, and be grateful to God for having granted him the opportunity of so spurning them? Thus you see the principle of ascetism is as deeply implanted in human nature, as is the perception of virtue, and the feeling of love."

THOREAU'S EXAMPLE.*

The "Life" of Thoreau which has been written for the *American Men of Letters* series, by Mr. Sanborn, is too slight to merit much praise. The facts of Thoreau's life are not set in sufficiently consecutive order to present him as a whole. Mr. Sanborn has, however, given some interesting sketches of the society to which the town of Concord owes its fame. The Transcendental movement which found its utterance in the philosophy of Emerson and Alcott had its home in Concord, and in that enthusiastic atmosphere, if anywhere, human existence might hope to break through existing traditions, and frame for itself new social laws, unweighted by the fetters which society slowly forges for an old country. No one in Concord was ashamed to unite manual with intellectual labour. These men were farmers and shopkeepers, and yet produced intellectual work for which the world will always be the richer. Thoreau himself, when not dwelling in the woods, in order, as he says, "to live deliberately, and front only the essential facts of life," was manufacturing lead pencils, or, what suited him still better, working by the day at any labour that came to hand. But

* *American Men of Letters: Henry D. Thoreau.* By F. B. Sanborn. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1882.

whatever the employment was, it was only the setting to the real life itself. Under each aspect in turn he was following the bent of his own genius. He was not a manufacturer, nor a day labourer, nor a woodsman, but he dared to show the world that he was free to be any one of these, if he so pleased. Thoreau was essentially the Apostle of Freedom. No word has had more current use for the last hundred years; but, looking round, who can say that the word has any practical meaning on its social side? How few dare to seem poor, however poor they may be. How few feel themselves free to follow any special taste or talent, if it draws them to adopt a life differing in any marked degree from that of the social circle in which they happen to find themselves. What educated person, for instance, would not be left on one side by that society whose unwritten laws he broke, if he deliberately chose to have very few material wants, and elected to satisfy those wants by manual labour? And yet with some men, their finest intellectual work can only be done for love, and manual labour may be to them refreshment and delight. If the character with which a man is born is said to be unchangeable, how far more unchangeable are the requirements which civilisation enforces. Like a spider, she enwraps her winged prey with silken threads, knowing well that her strength is but gossamer, unless she stifle her victim. If she cannot persuade him with words of promise, she will terrify him with imaginary fears. Civilisation does not always move in the same groove, but she always moves in one direction. She does not always require men to be rich or cultured, but she requires them to be like one another. Her fate may be to give birth to a phœnix, but she will excommunicate her unnatural son, although one day he may be destined to provide her with a fresh point of departure.

The peculiar merit of Thoreau lies in his being a philosopher in action, as well as in word. Most men never realise the logical deduction from certain premises. They profess to have weighed in a just balance worldly success and freedom for individual taste to develope, but they blind themselves to the fact that here, as elsewhere, you cannot serve two masters. If worldly success is to be greatly honoured, it must be at the expense of your individuality, which, perchance, may contain a spark of genius. The common-place, money-making existence offered Thoreau no attraction. He saw through it, and no gilding hid the fact that its ingredients were anxiety and deadening care. His taste was for Nature and intellectual pleasure, but, like so many of that brotherhood, he had little or no means to gratify this taste. With most of us, the problem admits of only one solution. We must make money to live, so we practically end in living to make money. With poverty in the scales, Nature and intellect will weigh very little. Indeed, does not the intellect herself help to betray us? How can we gratify her needs, if we fall short of that social position to which our birth and education entitle us? But we forget that the intellect is within a man, and not without, and it will count for very little, provided we keep it alive, what the special food has been by which it has been nourished. So we still the restless craving after a freer life, by picturing to ourselves a time when accumulated wealth shall set us free to follow our own bent. Age shall revive what youth lets go so lightly. But then the choice will have been made which can never be rescinded. We shall have rejected Nature and Freedom, which in our youth offered us their gifts with royal largeness. When we were young, Nature might have endowed us with her own creative force, and shown us of her secrets, which Nature, like the gods of old, loves to show to youth and strength. Why should she soothe the old age of those who have never sacrificed themselves to her? Do we expect her to be content with a worship which would confine her within the limits of possession, when we rejected her pleadings to know her on mountain and stream? Rather let those of us who were endowed at our birth with a love for Nature and "the land of thought," and choose to ignore this love—to hide it under a life of anxious money-making, to quench it with a stream of worldly care—at least choose with our eyes open. Let us understand that, when we come to be old, we may find, to our cost, that age can only enjoy the pleasures with which it is familiar.

The life of Thoreau during the two years he passed at Walden was liberty, expressed in the clearest language. He could live gaily on what most men would call starvation. By this means, he was able to reconcile his keen intellectual craving, and his still keener love of Nature, with the law of existence. No labour came amiss to him which was honest and straightforward. All he asked of it was that it should set him free to live after his own particular taste. That taste included long periods of absence from labour. Solitude, and what men call idleness, were necessities to him. He was a child of Nature, and drew his nourishment direct from her. Woods and water spoke to him a language in which he delighted, and he responded to them again with living words of love. He built his own hut, and caught his own fish, and tilled his field; but through it all he lived the life which he could honestly say to himself was the best. That is the lesson Thoreau teaches: Live the life you believe in your heart to be best,—your own belief, not another's. It may be that we have not learnt our alphabet, and can hardly tell the meaning of both "belief" and "best." Still, it is better to be conning our own lesson than, parrot-like, to keep repeating some one else's. If the bent of a man's temperament leads him to elect comfort and social success, by all means let him strive for them. The only thing we plead for is freedom, freedom to be poor, freedom to be rich, freedom to be cultured, freedom to be rustic. So long as each one's liberty injures no one else, all are gainers through that liberty. In a society of advanced civilisation, life is necessarily dull. Anything that breaks the dead-level of its flow gives a sense of refreshment and strength. How much encouragement originality of speech and action brings. We had thought we had seen the limits of what was possible, but the freedom of another shows us that we, too, are free. In the middle stage of life, this encouragement is especially needed. Our hearts are not in doing what we see others do, but we can see no hope of doing differently. Life has lost its charm, for we have sounded its possibilities, but the outlook of a fresher mind gives a new impulse to ourselves. But from time immemorial, liberty of action is the one thing of which men will never cease to be jealous. The freedom of the one is a direct challenge to the wisdom of the many. For a man to be unlike his fellows, is to imply that he thinks them in the wrong, and no rebellion is justified until its success is assured.

Once, while in his solitude at Walden, his life appeared to Thoreau trivial, in the light of school and college, and it came over him that he, too, like others, had perhaps chosen the bread that satisfies not. "But," to quote his own words, "as I ran down the hill towards the reddening west, with the rainbow over my shoulder, and some faint, tinkling sounds borne to my ear through the cleansed air, from I know not what quarter, my good genius seemed to say,—Go, fish and hunt far and wide day by day—farther and wider—and rest thee by many brooks and hearth-sides without misgiving. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Grow wild according to thy nature, like these sedges and brakes which will never become English hay. Let the thunder rumble; what, if it threaten ruin to farmers' crops? that is not its errand to thee. Take shelter under the cloud, while they flee to carts and sheds. Let not to get a living be thy trade, but thy sport. Enjoy the land, but own it not. Through want of enterprise and faith, men are where they are, buying and selling, and spending their lives like serfs." And so shall the fears of each one of us be laid to rest, if we follow faithfully what we hold to be the highest life.

THE BRITISH NAVY.*

Sir Thomas Brassey has done good service to the Naval profession, and to all connoisseurs in the art of shipbuilding for purposes of war, by the publication of his great work, entitled, *The British Navy*. It may fairly be called a great work, for it embraces within its scope not only a history of the growth of the British Ironclad Navy, but careful descriptions of individual ships, showing their respective faults, peculiarities, and improvements. And notwithstanding the title, so far is the book from being confined to the *British* Navy, that it gives us full accounts of the more interesting and formidable of those foreign ships upon the existence of which our Admiralty authorities must keep so jealous an eye, and to outnumber and outweigh which is the constant duty of our Constructors. Elaborate tables at the end of the first volume enable the inquirer to ascertain at a glance the tonnage, speed, armament, and thickness of armour of every ironclad ship, British and foreign; and there are interesting plans of several of the most important ships, which show very distinctly which are the parts protected

* *The British Navy: its Strength, Resources, and Administration.* By Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B., M.P., M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

by armour-plating, and the thickness of iron used for the purpose. To laymen, these plans are particularly instructive, for the public at large has generally but the haziest notions of the manner in which armour-plating is laid on a vessel; and it is probable that most landsmen, when informed that the 'Inflexible,' for instance, is protected by twenty-four inches of armour, imagine that the sides of the ship from the keel upwards are wholly composed of iron of that thickness. The controversy which raged over the 'Inflexible' while she was under construction is forgotten by the public, and it will probably surprise many who look at these plans when they realise how large a proportion of the mighty ship is left without any impenetrable armour. We speak thus of "the public" advisedly, because the book, far from appealing to the professional eye alone, is essentially one of general interest, and will be of the greatest service to that perhaps not inconsiderable class which takes an interest in Naval affairs, and would like to take more, but is hindered by the technicality of much that is written on the subject of Naval architecture.

We are grateful to Sir Thomas Brassey for the plates with which the book is liberally supplied. An examination of these will do much to convince those whose opportunities of seeing ships are infrequent, that grievous injustice has been done to some very noble specimens of architecture by the indiscriminate use of hard names. If enough dirt be thrown, some of it is sure to stick; and the insulting appellations of "tin box" or "iron kettle" which heralded the introduction of ironclad ships, have persuaded many people to believe that an armoured vessel must of necessity be ugly. Some vessels there are, certainly, which are ugly enough, and no defence need be attempted of the beauty of the 'Glatton,' for instance, as she appears in the book before us. But if we cannot admit the outward attractions of a turret-ship, it is impossible to deny that many of the broadside ironclads are of singularly handsome appearance, and belie the justice of the invidious comparisons often so sweepingly drawn between the "wooden walls" of old and the iron bulwarks of to-day. To the French belonged the distinction of producing the first ironclad, which was 'La Gloire,' commenced at Toulon in 1858. England, though at first somewhat disposed to scoff, soon perceived the necessity for following suit, and though later in the field, had by 1865 no less than thirty ironclads. So early as 1862, Sir E. J. Reed, then Chief Constructor, introduced the cellular system, which is presumed to be the greatest safeguard against the sudden sinking of a ship, in case of its striking a rock or being attacked by a torpedo. The unfortunate 'Captain' was among the earliest of our turret-ships, and it was her loss which decided the Admiralty to abandon the system of full-rigged turret-ships, in favour of the mastless monsters which now constitute the most important item in our Naval strength. In the 'Shannon,' we begin to see signs of a reduction in the *extent* of heavy armour-plating, the protection being confined to an iron belt along the water-line, and this not extending to within sixty feet of the stem. The same principle was followed in the 'Nelson' and 'Northampton;' and the highest expression of the concentration of armour has been reached in the 'Inflexible,' of which all but the central citadel is left without the protection of iron-plating.

It is natural to turn to that portion of the book in which the author compares the strength of our own and other Naval Powers. He devotes an elaborate and interesting chapter to this subject, in which he compares, not only the ships of the various Powers, but their guns, arsenals, dockyards, and personnel. Sir Thomas Brassey divides the armoured vessels into four groups, the first two of which, taken together, comprise sea-going ships with armour of seven inches and upwards. Of these, Great Britain possesses twenty-six, carrying forty-eight heavy, rifled guns. Taking the same two groups, we find that France and Germany together could produce thirty-three ships, with forty-three heavy guns; France and Italy, thirty ships, with fifty-three guns; and Germany and Austria, twelve ships, with ten guns. To appreciate these figures, we should make the further comparison of the interests to be protected by our own and foreign Navies respectively. Leaving the defence of our coasts for the moment out of sight, let us see what defence is necessary for our Mercantile Marine, the existence and safety of which are essential, not only to our commerce, but to our means of subsistence. The tonnage of English trading steamers alone, in 1877-78, was 3,465,000 tons; while that of the United States, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy combined amounted to only 1,387,000 tons. Nor must our Colonial shipping be forgotten, and this in 1876 exceeded the whole mercantile marine of France, Germany, and Italy. In view of these facts, it becomes the duty, not only of the authorities, but of the public, to consider whether the British Fleet is sufficiently preponderant at sea, especially in the all-important factor of numbers, to be able to cope with any probable coalition of foreign Navies. No doubt, it is satisfactory to reflect that in the 'Inflexible' we have a ship whose power is greater than that of any individual vessel which could be brought against it, for it may be questioned whether the monster turret-ships of Italy, despite their great size, are more efficient; but the 'Inflexible' cannot be in two places at once, and what if, while the 'Inflexible' were absent in pursuit of a 'Duilio,' a 'Dandolo' were to appear off our coasts? Theoretically, we should have no ship able to approach within range of her, and no gun afloat able to inflict any fatal blow. Our turret-ships 'Dreadnought' and 'Thunderer' might heroically hurl themselves into the breach, but theoretically they would be pierced through and through by the 100-ton guns of the invader, and in sinking would carry down with them large ships' companies, and the results of an enormous outlay of money. Of course, this is an extreme supposition, for shots do not always hit the mark; and their effect, even if well directed, depends greatly upon the angle at which they strike. Moreover, the two smaller ships might conceivably by adroit manœuvring and skilful use of the ram or torpedo turn the tables on the stranger. But the fact remains, that in theory, and possibly in practice, the enemy's big ship could play havoc at its leisure, because the only vessel in our possession which was a match for it was not on the scene. And now let us imagine the 'Inflexible' replaced by the thirteen or more gunboats of the 'Alpha,' 'Beta' class, which some authorities tell us could be produced for a corresponding sum of money. It is, perhaps, not extravagant to assume that three of these terrible little craft might be forthcoming on the appearance of our imaginary hostile turret-ship. Each of them would be armed with a gun able, like the guns of the 'Inflexible,' to pierce the enemy's plates; each would present a comparatively small target, and be of comparatively insignificant value if lost; while the advantages to be gained from good seamanship and skilful use of the torpedo and ram would be increased threefold. We do not mean to imply that Sir Thomas Brassey advocates the substitution of small vessels for large ones. He enters into no such controversial matter in the book before us, though he quotes many authorities on the subject; but the question is one of growing importance, and the reader who has followed the descriptions in these volumes will be in a position to form an opinion on the matter for himself. It is curious to think how important it must be in Naval warfare to determine the identity of an enemy's ship met with at sea. Whereas, in the olden time, an English frigate was prepared and anxious to attack almost any force which might fall in its way, it will presumably be the duty of the commander of the future to use every effort to learn the name of his antagonist, and then refer to his books to ascertain her armour and armament, before deciding whether to engage. While, however, the commanders of large vessels must thus consider their ships as "machines," and coldly appraise the fighting value of the hostile "machines" they may encounter, it may be consolatory to those who believe that England's chief Naval superiority lies in her men, to reflect that the increasing use of torpedo-boats and torpedoes will assuredly involve those "cutting-out" expeditions and hand-to-hand combats in which skill and audacity will have their full weight.

Sir Thomas Brassey has certainly spared no pains to collect information, and the book is full of opinions from all kinds of authorities, British and foreign, extracts from newspapers, and selections from speeches. It is instructive to note how much has been culled from foreign works of a similar nature, making it clear that our neighbours, if possessing smaller fleets than ourselves, are at least thoroughly acquainted with our resources.

Sketches of Our Life at Sarawak. By Harriette McDougall. (S. P. C. K.)—Mrs. McDougall shared her husband's pains and perils as a Missionary in the great Eastern island for some twenty years, during twelve of which he had charge of the See of Labuan, which ill-health compelled him to exchange for a quiet English vicarage in 1866. What with pirates and head-hunters, Chinese rebellions and Malay outbreaks, and the continual bickerings of a mixed population

of Dyaks, Malays, and discordant Chinese clans, all hating each other cordially, the task of administrator and missionary in Borneo during the last thirty or five-and-thirty years has been by no means an easy one. If Sir James Brooke was somewhat of a filibuster, he was at least a well-meaning one, and his success is attested by the loyalty of both Malay and Dyak—that of the Chinese is less certain—to the Sarawak Government. With the pirates, whose extirpation, not even yet accomplished, he relentlessly pursued, it is impossible to feel the slightest sympathy. They made a trade of murder and plunder, and seemed to care more, indeed, for the former than the latter branch of their *métier*. Such of their captives as were not at once "krissed," or tossed overboard, they were in the habit of beating with a flat bamboo till they could not move, in order to "tame" them; then they harnessed the miserable wretches to the oars of their "prahus," and to keep the night relays awake, "cayenne pepper was rubbed into their eyes, or into cuts dealt them on their arms." Head-hunting is a far more excusable avocation than piracy. In some parts of the island a paddy-farm cannot be occupied by a tenant who has not the due tale of heads to show, and the possession of a certain number of these ghastly trophies appears to be, if not the only, the surest avenue to the heart of a Bornean girl. Earth-hunger, and the desire for a wife, are among the strongest of human inclinations, and as the Dyaks of to-day did not make the customs they have such powerful inducements to follow, their passion for heads ought scarcely to be visited with much blame. One result is that human heads are unpleasantly common objects in Borneo. During the Chinese outbreak of 1857, Mrs. McDougall took refuge with her children in a boat, and noticed a "nasty faint smell" pervading the corner she occupied. The next morning she found a Chinaman's head in a basket close by. It was the property of a "fine young Dyak, who had come on board to help pull the sweeps." Looking about during the disturbances for the chance of picking up a head, he noticed a Chinaman admiring himself in a bit of looking-glass stuck against a wall, and creeping up behind the unlucky son of Han, coolly decapitated him with one blow of his sword. Not long after, at a native entertainment, a mess of *pulut*—rice cooked in bamboo stems—was placed before her. "I was just going to eat this delicacy," Mrs. McDougall tells us, "when my eyes fell upon three human heads standing on a large dish, freshly killed and slightly smoked, with food and *sirih* leaves in their mouths." "The fact," she adds, not unnaturally, "seemed to part them from us by centuries of feeling." Yet the Dyaks are by no means cruel, and have shown themselves more open to the humanising influences of Christianity than Malays or Chinese. They adopted the children of their enemies slain in the Chinese riots, but expressed their annoyance to Mrs. McDougall "at the little ones standing looking up at their parents' heads hanging from the roof, and crying all day." So completely may custom blunt the natural feelings of pity and horror. Of the famous Tailed Men, the Bishop obtained a detailed account from some natives, who reported their existence some fifteen days' journey up the country of Bruni, between Sarawak and North Borneo. The tails are about two-thirds of the length of the middle finger, fleshy and stiff, and very inconvenient to their owners, who are civilised enough to own a fort defended by nine iron guns! The book is full of curious and out-of-the-way experiences, told with considerable force and humour; and the descriptions of tropical scenery, albeit in simple language enough, are among the most telling we have met with, the picture (p. 90) of the short, tropical twilight in the jungle, where a "dead stillness reigns by day, but at sunset almost every leaf becomes instinct with life," being especially true to nature. In short, Mrs. McDougall has given us a capital glimpse of Bornean life, habits, and history. The book shows much shrewdness of observation and an appreciative comprehension of native character by no means common in works of this class. The simple, tender, home record that is interwoven with the narrative adds an additional charm to these unpretending "sketches" of "the land of sunshine and flowers," to which the author still finds it pleasant "to return in fancy," when days are foggy and dull, in November and February.

The Book of Entries of the Pontefract Corporation (R. Holmes, Pontefract *Advertiser* Office), is one of those efforts at bringing to light the buried history of provincial towns in which we cannot fail to read a result of the many local meetings of our two Archæological Societies in their summer congresses. It covers an interesting period in our national history, namely, from the time of the Commonwealth (1653) down to the reign of George II. (1726.) It treats, as may be supposed, of mayors and mayoralties, aldermen, leading inhabitants, inspectors of markets weights and measures, leases, fines, charters, building operations, fee-farm rents, births, deaths, marriages, guardianships and apprenticeships, church registers, the persecution of Papists and Nonconformists, the making of roads and bridges, the building of hospitals, the repair of churches, the Parliamentary elections, and all those other lesser occurrences which go far to make up the daily and early life of a borough in a remote part of the kingdom, under our Stuart Kings. The book contains a great amount of genealogical matter, mostly relating to Yorkshire families. It should be added that considerable parts of the work have appeared in the columns of the *Pontefract Advertiser*, and that they are now republished as a whole, at the cost of Mr. Thomas W. Tew, a member of the Yorkshire Archæological Association.

The Laws of Life. By J. L. Milton. (Chatto and Windus.)—Disease is here defined as "intensified performance of one or more parts of some function or functions . . . . . the vital power being attracted to the disordered part." The recent advances in our knowledge of blood-poisoning and disease-germs are ignored or assailed by Mr. Milton. The experiments of Pasteur, Burdon-Sanderson, and others "do not cast a ray of light upon the scene." By several means, but not by calm reasoning, sound learning, or exact observation, the author of these lectures endeavours to uphold and develope many exploded fallacies, and even to invent a few novelties of the same order. The value of his own views may be gauged by the diagrams and descriptions on pages 142 and 146, and by his caricature of the germ theory of disease on page 77.

Plays and Poems. By Keningale Cook, LL.D. (Pickering and Co.)—The plays are but two, and the poems are not numerous, yet this small volume contains more of thought and true feeling than many larger ones. The first play is a little tragedy, supposed to have happened in the reign of King Offa, of Mercia, and the author has, on the whole, succeeded well in the difficult task of transporting himself and his readers, or spectators, some centuries back. The main passions of human hearts are the same in every age, but the mode of their expression varies so much, that it is difficult for an author of the nineteenth century to close his eyes to all that has happened between, and to think with the narrowed horizon of the eighth. The difficulty does not occur in the other play, "Love-in-a-Mist," which is quite modern and true to modern manners, except in the case of the naval officer, who has his wife with him on board. It should have been thrown a little farther back in time, if that incident was inevitable. Of the poems, "The Suppliant Zeus" is the most striking. The "Field in Domesday Book," too, has much of interest for the thoughtful; but in all of them we have to lament that the form is not equal to the spirit of the lines. There is a rugged disregard of sound, as when the author allows himself to write such a line as, "Make *plasm plastic* to your will;" and many are the lines in which a little care would make the halting metre run more smoothly. It is, perhaps, with a worthy desire to avoid the prevalent error of sound without sense that the author has fallen into its opposite. We will give a short and characteristic specimen of his style:—

"THE EPITAPH.

"Here rest, in dust, far from life's flame,
Old garments and a perish'd name.
Press hard, lean hand of Time, cast down
The greenest garland, brightest crown.

A rose-tipped, beckoning finger leads
The man himself o'er new-world meads,
Where, ardent-soul'd, he hies along
With fresher robes and newer song.

Creep toward him, Time; perchance, shall fall
This fine dress also to thy thrall.
Press on at speed,—nought canst thou sack,
Save cast-off cloaks and lamps burnt black."

Health Lectures, Delivered in Manchester. Fourth and Fifth Series. By Dr. A. Ransome, and others. (J. Heywood.)—The Sanitary Association of Manchester and Salford, under whose auspices these lectures were delivered, is doing excellent work. Its functions do not end with telling people about cleanliness, food, clothing, nursing, disease, infection, and houses and their management, but it gives practical aid in sanitary matters to the local authorities, and provides a practical system of house inspection. Lectures form a part only of its scheme, but they are of particular service in drawing attention to the needs of greater care and sounder knowledge as to domestic and sanitary matters, and the conditions of personal health. The seventeen lectures here printed include a wide range of subjects, and are one and all clearly written, and full of sound advice.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE United Kingdom has been occupied this week with the evidence of an Irish informer. James Carey, a contracting carpenter, and a Town Councillor of Dublin, who was nearly elected Lord Mayor, who had been a suspect, and who was recently arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Phœnix Park murders, has been admitted as Queen's evidence. His testimony, given on Saturday in Kilmainham Police Court, is astounding. He declares that the Society to which he belongs, called "The Irish Invincibles," was organised in November, 1881, at the instigation of a North-of-England man, named Walsh, to act as agent for a London Society, which had decided on the "removal" of Mr. Forster and Earl Cowper. Large sums were paid and promised, and he, with others, arranged the attempts to murder, which, however, after four efforts, failed. He then, on the instigation of a man known as "Number 1," and apparently an officer, decided on killing Mr. Burke, and with the prisoners whom he named carried out his intention, as the world is aware. The assassins had, however, no knowledge of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and no intention of killing him, the actual murderer stabbing him because he defended his friend with an umbrella. Carey arranged all details, and watched the butchery, which he described, giving revolting details with the utmost *sang-froid*, and with the minuteness of memory which it is known Thugs invariably display. His callousness, his treachery, and his pretence of piety have created an emotion of horror towards him rarely witnessed in Ireland,—rarely, we must add, so well deserved. The man was the first to write a letter of condolence to Miss Burke, and proposed in the Town Council of Dublin a vote expressing horror at his own crime.

Carey has not explained where the money, of which the Invincibles had plenty, came from, but he implicates officers of the Land League. Especially, he declares that T. Brennan, Secretary of the Land League, and Mr. Sheridan, whom Mr. Parnell so trusted that he promised to use him in putting down outrages in the West, were members of the Society of Invincibles, which, as a whole, was composed solely of Fenians, though it was outside that organisation. The Dublin Committee was only one of four, each of them engaged in terrorising by murder, and all of them directed by a central association in London, the chief of which is alleged to have been "Number One," who is now actively hunted by the Police. It is believed that a great number of recent murders were arranged by the Invincibles, and that much more evidence as to the real chiefs of the conspiracy has been obtained; but we would warn our readers to consider all statements not obviously corroborated by circumstantial evidence with some suspicion. The disposition to credit a criminal society of this kind with ubiquity is very strong, as is also the disposition to forget that treason and assassination are morally different crimes, committed by widely different natures. Let us have the most searching inquiry, without the slightest respect of persons, the highest being the most guilty; but let us wait, also, in all cases, for evidence. It is the jealous subordinates of a party, not its leaders, who usually are under temptation to plunge into crime, in order to prove that they are the persons to be trusted. Casca stabs harder than Brutus.

On Tuesday, Mr. Gorst moved an amendment to the Address, which was debated during that evening and the whole of Wednesday and Thursday, expressing a hope that the recent change in Irish policy would be maintained, "that no further concessions would be made to lawless agitators," and that secret societies would continue to receive the energetic vigilance of the Government. His object was to make out that the Cabinet had been divided, like the Irish Invincibles, into an inner and an outer circle, and that Mr. Gladstone had been made the dupe and the instrument of an inner circle in the Cabinet, whose object was the moral assassination of Mr. Forster. Sir William Harcourt replied with much warmth and ability, showing that there had been no difference in the Cabinet as to the failure of the first Coercion Act, and that all alike were compelled to ask for fresh powers. Mr. Forster differed from his colleagues in desiring to impose conditions on which alone Mr. Parnell ought to be released, but not at all on any fundamental issue of Irish policy. Mr. Gibson took up Mr. Gorst's charges in more respectful language, and challenged the Irish party to clear themselves from the accusation that they had allowed Land-League funds to be appropriated to the purposes of the outragemongers.

On Wednesday, Mr. O'Brien, the new Member for Mallow, made of his maiden speech a furious attack on the administration of the Crimes Prevention Act, which he declared to be used for the condemnation and execution of innocent men by packed juries and judges whose ferocious partizanship disgusted and revolted public feeling. He defended his support of James Carey as a municipal Councillor of Dublin, and even judging by the light of recent events expressed no regret for it. His speech, which was received with the greatest *sang-froid* by the House, was one of the most threatening ever heard in the House of Commons. Mr. Plunket, of course, supported the demands of Mr. Gibson; while Mr. George Russell, following the line he has always taken on Irish affairs, deprecated any further grant of local self-government to Ireland for an indefinite period, which he appeared to fix at something like thirty years; while Mr. Jesse Collings went even further into error in the opposite direction,—that is, on the side of imprudent concession to Home-rule. Wednesday's debate was not marked by a single statesmanlike speech.

The debate of Thursday, which was introduced by a speech of Mr. Lowther's,—and a speech of Mr. Lowther's needs no description, for it is always the same; he always thanks God that he did what he did in Ireland, and did not do what his successors have done,—was rendered remarkable by a very fierce attack on Mr. Parnell by Mr. Forster, in which he directly accused Mr. Parnell of either "conniving" at outrage, or taking care not to know what it was his business to know, as to the doings of his subordinates and colleagues. This attack was supported by a great deal of solid proof as to Mr. Parnell's proceedings before he was shut up in Kilmainham, and some proof, not at all so solid, based on the assumption that after he was shut up in Kilmainham he was still kept informed as to what his Land-League agents were about. In the course of Mr. Forster's speech, Mr. O'Kelly was suspended, for characterising one of Mr. Forster's statements as "a lie," which threw the House into some excitement. Further, Mr. Forster denied that the Cabinet to which he belonged had ever accepted the Crimes Prevention Bill,—a denial in which Lord Hartington subsequently showed that Mr. Forster was mistaken,—not un-

naturally mistaken, considering the great number of his urgent and perilous journeys to Ireland during the period to which reference was made.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who at last replied to Mr. Forster, and whose speech was so delivered as to win a great many cheers not only from the Irish, but from the Conservative benches, charged Mr Forster with tolerating the existence of the Land League far too long, if he really entertained the opinion of its outragemongering which he had expressed. It was put down eventually under the ordinary law, but not till many months after the Land Act had been passed, in spite of the Chief Secretary's firm belief that it was engaged in spreading terrorism and murder all over Ireland. He taunted Mr. Forster with keeping the leaders of the Land League, after their imprisonment, in complete ignorance of the statements in the Press for which he now held them responsible; and declared that Mr. Parnell is gaining power in Ireland with every week and day, and that the next general election will verify that power in the most ample manner. Lord Hartington then concluded the debate, with a warm vindication of the conduct of the Government in releasing Mr. Parnell, and a good deal of ridicule of the attempt which had been made to make Mr. Gladstone responsible for Mr. Herbert Gladstone's rather impartial attitude towards Home-rule.

Mr. Parnell, who moved the adjournment of the debate, will have replied to Mr. Forster before this journal is in our readers' hands, though much too late for our issue. Sir Stafford Northcote also gave notice of a formal motion condemning what is called the "Kilmainham Treaty," after nearly a year's hesitation as to his course. Mr. Gladstone himself is to be in London next week, and will be able to bear the brunt of this not very formidable attack. It certainly does seem to us a serious strategical blunder for the Conservatives, after craning so long at the attack, now to take up a matter on which little or no new light has been thrown, solely because the unveiling of the Secret Societies has gravely incensed the public against all Irish evil-doers. Parliament should lead opinion, and not keep a stone for a full year in its pocket, only to cast it when other stones are already flying thick through the air.

We sincerely trust that the British Government will use its influence in Egypt to prevent the gross plunder of the Egyptian people which is now arranged. Every European in Alexandria who lost anything in the insurrection is sending in his bill for "indemnity," which is backed by his Consul and the whole force of his nation. As a rule, he has lost something, but, as a rule also, he considers that he has a right to his losses plus "indirect damages," and, as he cannot claim for them, he adds their amount to the value of his stolen goods. Men, therefore, whose "duds" would not have fetched £100 in any auction-room in Europe are charging as if for Louis-Quinze furniture, and many more are presenting invoices of stores five-sixths of which had previously been sold out. They will all be paid, not according to the amount of their losses, but according to the dread entertained of their Consuls and their own priority of application, the total amount to be expended being limited to £3,500,000. Two millions would probably overpay everybody, and the remainder is plunder, conceded because the Egyptian Ministry is too weak to offend any considerable Power. The International Commissioners have no means whatever of testing accounts, and will have a natural delicacy in snubbing claimants belonging to each other's nationalities; while the witnesses, being all interested, will support each other's statements to the last decimal. The cost, moreover, instead of falling on Alexandria, which was guilty, will fall on Egypt, which was innocent, the legitimate Government having done its best to prevent the insurrection. The scene is scandalous, and worthy only of Tunis under a French Protectorate.

Mr. D. Forrest, who says he has much experience of the Egyptian Fellaheen, writes an extraordinary letter to the *Times*. He declares that it is useless to try to make Egyptians sharpshooters, for the people are universally short-sighted. They cannot see the bull's-eye in a target at a hundred yards, or the target itself at three hundred. This is the explanation of their bad practice in action. That Egyptians are liable to ophthalmia is certain, but this is the first time we have heard of a short-sighted nation. The statement strikes us as *primâ facie* absurd, and yet it is quite possible that eyesight, in the dim light of the North and the bright light of the South, should become different. The strain to see clearly would, in the former case, be perpetual and hereditary. The difficulty is to believe that sunlight would not affect all eyes in all places, and certainly natives of India, living in a light as keen as that of Egypt, show no inclination to short-sight. Their huntsmen can see like Red Indians. There may, however, be a difference which has escaped notice, and is worth inquiry, the unusual keenness of sight possessed by Scandinavians being a long-noticed fact. Any difference in length of sight, if universal or very usual, would account for very great differences in plastic art, and in the use of colour.

Obstruction began on Friday week, so soon as the Attorney-General moved that "the Speaker do leave the Chair," in order that he might move, in Committee of the whole House, that the Chairman be directed to move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Parliamentary Oaths Act. Leave was at once resisted, but the motion was carried by a majority of 90 (160 to 70). On the motion that the Chairman be directed to ask for leave to amend the Oaths Act, motions that progress be reported were at once made, and the whole of the later hours of Friday thus occupied, till the Government gave way, and deferred the motion till after midnight on Monday, Mr. Alderman Fowler calling the Bill a national renunciation of God, and Mr. Warton terming it a preference of Bradlaugh to God.

On Monday, after another fierce little debate, in which Sir Henry Wolff said that the Prime Minister was staying at Cannes chiefly to avoid this Bill, the resolution to ask for leave to bring it in was carried by a majority of 131 (184 to 53), the leaders of Opposition not choosing to bring up their followers to battle at this stage of the conflict. Accordingly, the Bill has been brought in by the Attorney-General, and simply provides that, "Any Member of either House of Parliament may, if he thinks fit, instead of making and subscribing the Oath of Allegiance appointed by the Parliamentary Oaths Act, 1866, as amended by the Parliamentary Oaths Act, 1868, make and subscribe a solemn affirmation, in the form of the said oath, substituting the words 'solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm,' for the word 'swear,' and omitting the words 'So help me God;' and the making and subscribing of such affirmation shall have the same effect as the making and subscribing of the said oath." This very simple Bill is not to be read a second time till after the various measures which it is intended to transmit to the Grand Committees have been disposed of in that way. The effort of the Conservatives will then be directed, first to throw out the Bill, and next to limit it to the case of future Members, in order that Mr. Bradlaugh may not be able to avail himself of it, without going through yet another contest. Without pretending to feel anything but deep dissatisfaction at Mr. Bradlaugh's election, we must say that if the Liberals allow themselves to accept this amendment, they will be doing great injustice to Mr. Bradlaugh. And for our own parts, the less we like a public man, the more jealous we feel of any attempt deliberately to persecute him.

The Solicitor-General (Sir Farrer Herschell), in attending a meeting of the Egham Branch of the West Surrey Liberal Association, last Tuesday, held for the purpose of promoting the candidature of Mr. St. George Lane-Fox as a Liberal representative of West Surrey, delivered a very masterly and impressive speech on the claims of the Government on the confidence of the country, and the difficulties with which they had had to deal, which he exhibited with extraordinary force. In speaking of the Rules of Procedure, he made the statement that while the House of Commons of 1874-1880 had only discussed the various Addresses in answer to the various Queen's Speeches during eleven nights, distributed over all its seven Sessions, there were eleven nights consumed in the debate on the Address of the Session of 1882 taken alone; and while declaring his firm belief that the Liberal Party never could afford to burke discussion, if only because it feels too much pride in the superiority of its own reasons, Sir Farrer Herschell assured his audience that the Liberals will necessarily care more than the Conservatives to put a limit to verbal discussion, because they desire action, while the Conservatives may often prefer empty words. He also made a very powerful reply to those who say that the British Government of Mr. Gladstone is impotent and whol[illegible] without diplomatic influence in Europe, at the very moment when

they assert that its first achievement was to get all the Naval Powers to join in a demonstration against Turkey in the Adriatic, which they declare to have been ridiculous and almost idiotic. When, said Sir Farrer Herschell, did any Government give such a proof of influence yet, as to persuade all the other great Powers to join with it in an act of confessedly ridiculous folly? If the British Government, immediately on its accession to power, had the influence to effect so much as that, it must have exerted influence almost unparalleled in the history of diplomacy.

The French Senate on Friday week finally rejected the Barbey Bill, which allowed the Government to banish any member of a family formerly reigning in France, if he or she had done any overt act as a Pretender, or any act jeopardising the Republic. The reason assigned was "reluctance to begin a *régime* of proscription;" and though the majority was only five—142 to 137—the Bill is dropped. The Cabinet thereupon resigned, and M. Grévy has formed another, with M. Jules Ferry as Premier, M. Challemel-Lacour as Foreign Minister, General Thibaudin as Minister of War, M. Waldeck-Rousseau as Minister of the Interior, M. Tirard as Minister of Finance, M. Martin Feuillée as Minister of Justice, and M. Raynal as Minister of Public Works. This Cabinet, which is Gambettist, with a tendency towards the Extreme Left, is prepared, as its first act, to stretch an Act of 1834, under which the King could place any officer *en retraite*, so as to cover the case of the Princes, and loudly proclaims that, in case of necessity, it will defend the Republic with vigour. That is, it will expel the Princes, as an administrative measure. The Cabinet is said to be acceptable to the Chamber, but is suspected of entertaining a "forward" policy in foreign affairs. M. Challemel-Lacour is certainly of that school.

The programme read by M. Ferry on Thursday is lengthy and argumentative. The Ministry say they will "terminate the incident" of the Princes and try to avoid crises, and that they will go forward with reforms one by one, and with moderation. They propose to reform the Magistracy, to improve the Municipal Law, to carry the Habitual Criminals Bill—making thrice-convicted persons liable to transportation—and to introduce Bills establishing provident societies and regulating trades unions. They will negotiate with the great railway companies for the construction of the new lines required, and they will complete the organisation of the Protectorate in Tunis. Their foreign policy is peace, but "a peaceful policy is not necessarily an inactive one. Wherever in foreign questions our interests or honour are involved, we mean and ought to maintain France in the rank belonging to her." These expressions are vague, but it is understood that the internal "reforms" will all be in the ultra-Liberal sense, and that the Ministry will seek foreign influence and more colonies. That is, they will press "claims," in Egypt, Tripoli, Tonquin, Madagascar, and the South Seas. That policy will not be approved by the electors, but it is said that M. Ferry has conciliated the Extremists, and will be supported by the threat of Dissolution, of which his followers stand in great awe. He ruled last time for twelve months, but we hardly anticipate for him on this occasion that extreme longevity. If he can get on till August, he will have done much; and if he is too warlike, he may fall in a month.

Mr. Childers, on Wednesday, received a deputation from the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, which presented a memorial praying for a "free breakfast-table," and the abolition of the duties on dried fruits and on plate. They thought that in exchange for these duties, the "death duties" could be increased, "so as to yield from four to eight millions more revenue," and acknowledged that their ultimate object was to abolish all indirect taxation in favour of direct, and that they included the liquor duties in indirect taxes,—this latter being, we imagine, a new departure. Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., even suggested a graduated income-tax, increasing with the scale of wealth. Mr. Childers, after taking much trouble to elicit from the deputation their ultimate view, made a sensible reply. He was a convinced Free-trader, believed that, with some few exceptions, every reduction of duties produced benefit, and he would gladly carry through Sir Robert Peel's policy. He had not, however, succeeded, like the Tories, to a surplus of six millions, but was in a very different situation. He made no promises whatever, and hinted very distinctly that he viewed a plan of taxation under which a working teetotaller would possess a vote, yet be exempt altogether from imposts, with considerable distrust. The English dislike of the self-adjusting, indirect taxes, which are so popular in the Colonies, is very curious, as is the failure of any proposal to try the French tax on transfers of real property. The ideas of reformers seem to be confined to income-taxes and succession duties, though Mr. Muspratt, President of the Association, admitted that they had a proposal for a land-tax in reserve.

The Attorney-General has made his anti-Bribery Bill much more bearable, but it is still on one point open to objection. We cordially approve the clauses reducing the limit of allowable expenditure to £350 for every 2,000 voters in boroughs, and to £500 in counties, experience showing that expense is no guarantee for the candidate's respectability. Nor have we any criticism to offer on the penalties for bribery and corruption, whether inflicted on the candidate or on his agents, if proved to be guilty. But we cannot see the justice of punishing the candidate because his agents are corrupt. True, under the new Bill he is not liable penally, but he is liable to be declared incompetent to sit for that borough, and a treacherous agent, who has been bribed by the other side, may still practically disfranchise a Member who has earnestly sought to prevent corruption. Suppose the Women's Rights people pay an agent of Sir Henry James to treat electors, and that he therefore loses his right to contest Taunton. It is most important to put down bribery, and, in a less degree, treating; but suppose we could put it down by disfranchising the Mayor, whenever it occurred in his borough, would Sir Henry vote for that? Let every man answer for his own offences, not those of agents who may be acting in the teeth of instructions.

Hobart Pasha writes to the *Times* for the millionth time to warn the world that Russia is designing. The Government of St. Petersburg, he says, want the control of the Kilia mouth of the Danube. If they get it, they will deepen the channel, improve the harbour, draw off all water, and control the river for ever. That, clearly, would be horrid, especially as Russia, whether she improves rivers or blocks up rivers, must be treated as having bad objects; but we still want to know why Austria supports that scheme. She has engineers who understand hydraulics, and her statesmen are quite aware that for her a free Danube is a vital question. Russia will not secure the Kilia mouth against Austria's will, and if Austria consents, why does she consent? Is it not just possible that the Austrian engineers are aware that this dream of drawing off the water is all nonsense, that the Danube could supply a dozen mouths, as the Ganges does, and that the real difficulty is not to preserve the river, but to secure free ingress to it?

Mr. Raikes has had to defend himself this week for the imputation which he recently cast on Mr. Gladstone for attending the Carnival at Nice, and allowing himself to be pelted by *confetti*, as he sat on the knife-board of an omnibus, at the very time when his colleagues were met in solemn Cabinet, to hear the revelations of the Assassination conspiracy at Dublin. Mr. Raikes is not at all ashamed of himself,—which, indeed, we were not so sanguine as to expect that he would be,—and declares in Thursday's *Times* that this conduct of Mr. Gladstone's was "an exhibition of rather astonishing levity, on the part of an English Prime Minister of mature age." Mr. Raikes appears to think that when a Minister in search of health is persuaded by his colleagues to absent himself for a time from work, he is bound to keep himself informed by telegraph of the nature of their deliberations, and to reflect in his features the gravity and responsibility of his colleagues' counsels. Mr. Raikes might, perhaps, persuade himself to act so Pecksniffian a part under the same circumstances; but he will hardly persuade the country that Mr. Gladstone would be the better for going through so ignominious an impostnre.

The full correspondence between the Pope and the King of Prussia has been published, but its substance does not differ from the sketch originally given. The Pope's ultimatum is clearly that the training of priests in seminaries shall be allowed to continue unchecked by the State.

Bank Rate, 3½ per cent.

Consols were on Friday 102¼ to 102⅜.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE REVELATIONS IN DUBLIN.

WHAT is the use of affecting to doubt the evidence, especially James Carey's, just produced in the Kilmainham inquiry? Nobody does at heart doubt it. A few Land Leaguers will say they do, and will dilate on the infamous character of the witnesses; but they will be regarded by all men, their own followers included, simply as advocates, pleading as they were expected to plead. Murderers on system who have at last told the truth have existed in all lands, witness our own Parliamentary inquiry into the assassinations in Sheffield, which were morally almost worse, because more sordid, than those in Ireland; and the special baseness of Carey has very little bearing on the matter. About him, it may be admitted once for all, the maddest Irishman has justification for his rage. Upon his own showing, apart from all other evidence, he is either a worse Titus Oates, swearing away his own sworn comrades' lives, or a man who, not being pressed by want or provoked by personal wrong, assisted to organise systematic murders of men to whom he had so little enmity, that when one escaped, he took another for his victim with perfect indifference; who planned and directed all details; who rolled crime under his tongue as a morsel with cynical enjoyment, suggesting seriously that the knives used should be forwarded to the Exhibition, as "specimens of Irish industry;" who proposed in the Town Council an address expressing horror at his own murders; and who then turned on his confederates, and with testimony expressed in the clearest language, and pervaded by a kind of philosophic calm, doomed them to the gallows. No words, Irish or English, can do justice to a man who, though well understood in the East, where he has had many exemplars, is in Europe, God be thanked, exceptional; but that, with experienced men, does not destroy his evidence. They know that such men revel in truth, when it is an offence to tell it; they see how the evidence fits into the facts, and they believe that while any detail may be wrong as to individuals, and while much must still be concealed, the solid substance of the Informers' testimony is true. No one, even if as deeply interested in Irish extremists as the *Freeman's Journal*, doubts at heart that within the United Kingdom there exists a Society organised to murder any politicians whose death may increase the hostility between England and Ireland, and to keep up, for semi-social, semi-political objects, a reign of terror. The Society, be their instruments who they may, by the admission of Irish Home-rulers would have slaughtered Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster, but for accidents which seem almost miracles—Mr. Forster, if Lord Clive was right, must still have a destiny before him—and they did slaughter Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish, and in intention Mr. Field. The only real doubts are as to the identity of those accused, as to the persons indirectly concerned, as to the ramifications of the Society, as to its relation to other bodies apparently only political; and as the inquiry goes on, if the right methods are pursued, those doubts will all slowly and gradually be resolved.

The right method has been hit upon, we believe, by the Irish Government, and was hit upon more than a generation ago, by the singularly cool and merciful men who, after the unsleeping, unwatched, persistent effort of years, finally suppressed and still repress the system known as Thuggee,—perhaps the only grand system of crime ever crushed by men who were formally exempted by the criminals from all danger of personally suffering from its effects. The first law of every Thug was never to touch a European. The Thuggee Commissioners relied, as all Governments in presence of murderous secret societies must rely, upon three great facts. It is nearly impossible for large numbers of men, with their consciences wounded, as every human conscience is wounded, by premeditated murder, not to desire, when under dread of death, to relieve them by confession. It is nearly impossible—we believe, in the whole history of the Thuggee Department there has never been an instance—for such men so situated to burden their consciences afresh by elaborate lies. And it is quite impossible for many men, with no communication with each other, to invent the same detailed falsehoods. Ten clocks in a town may be all wrong, but if they all tell the same time, that is the true time of day, on the scheme of calculation accepted in that town. If, therefore, many men in a secret society are arrested and examined, their statements collated and combined, and then the whole result made known to each, all will gradually come out. We doubt if the impulse to reveal is always fear, though fear may enter into it. The bad are often brave, and we see no good in slandering the evil. The Thugs probably cared about death as little as other Asiatics, and under many circumstances would, we doubt not, have gone in silence to the gallows or the stake. But once convinced that silence shields nothing, that all is known but details, that passionate desire for relief from a burden, which the Roman Catholic Church, wisely or foolishly, has utilised for ages, wakes in assassins to its full strength, and the narratives flow forth as if driven out of the memory—always abnormally acute—by some interior power. It was clearly through the little-noticed clause in the Crimes Act allowing private examination that the revelations about these "Irish Invincibles" were obtained. There lies the secret of strength, and it is through that, and that only, that dangerous societies can be attacked by the State with solid hope of success. Menaces are overpowered by stronger threats. Rewards, even when they are extravagant, fall dead. Carey, recollect, comes in for no reward. Pardons have only a partial effect. It is in the calm, scientific collection of evidence produced by interrogation that the secret of eliciting truth must lie, whoever and wherever the criminals may be. That alone breaks up the combination. There is nothing specially Irish in the matter, unless it be that in Ireland there is, as is possible, a separate horror of death in sin. The Bavarian Judges, the Belgian Judges, the French Judges have never employed any other system; and Bavarians, at all events, are in all ethnical peculiarities the very opposites of Irishmen. We repeat—fiercely as opinion is boiling—that there are no one-legged races, and that it is in human nature, and not in Irish nature, that we must seek for means to secure the victory to the Right.

Whether it would be wise to adopt the Thuggee Law into our jurisprudence, is a question rather for statesmen and experts in the detection of crime than for journalists. We certainly would not adopt it as an exceptional law against Ireland. We loathe these exceptional laws, which at bottom reveal the deep distrust one section of the people entertain of another, and which we believe to intensify national hate as nothing else does. But we are not sure that the first principle of the Thuggee Law, that to be a Thug—that is, to belong to an association which you know intends murder—is a capital offence, is not a principle applicable to the whole United Kingdom, and to every country in the world. Such a law, if properly safeguarded by right of pardon, right of inflicting minor sentences, and right of the accused to bear testimony in their own defence, is clearly in harmony with the first principles of morality and justice. No man whatever, under any provocation, can have any right to join such a society, and we can see no just liberty of Englishmen which such a law would infringe. Why should not an Englishman be questioned as to his share in such a society, his evidence be collated with other evidence, and he then fairly and openly, as in all other cases, be committed and tried? We see no objection, except in the freedom of arrest which such a law might give to the Police, and a safeguard against that could be found by requiring a Judge's warrant, or the fiat of the Attorney-General. The true objection to such a law is the addition it would make to the long list of crimes, and unhappily this crime has added itself. We English are bound, while we are raging about Ireland and its assassins, to remember that we had assassins here, that we could not cope with them, and that we crushed them at last partly by removing grievances, and partly by concessions in the way of pardons which went to the very verge of compacts with crime, if they did not overstep it. The Saw-grinders never struck the great, and their history is therefore forgotten; but it exists in Blue-books, and will teach all who read the ghastly narrative not to confuse the necessary and energetic punishment of crime with questions of race or creed. Assassination Societies must be crushed, and they can be crushed, if only Englishmen will remember that the obstacle is not their justice, or their mercy, or their political situation, but their slavish devotion to methods of inquiry which are hopelessly at variance with circumstances. Suppose all Dublin in Mouravieff's hands. We should not have known one-tenth of what we know from allowing a quiet lawyer to ask questions and promise partial pardons. The men who plead for mere violence are at heart doubtful if the Societies in the struggle may not win. Nonsense! They cannot win, even in Russia, where all depends on an individual; and in a free country, the only society which cannot be defeated, is never betrayed, and cannot be shut up,

is the State. The State has only to use the powers at its disposal, without injustice, without violence, and, above all, without proscriptions, and it will strike down political assassination as easily as assassination for plunder. Fanatics? Where is the trace of true fanaticism, in the whole ghastly affair?

THE IRISH DEBATE.

THE amendment on the Address, which Mr. Gorst moved on Tuesday, in relation to Irish policy, was, as every one admits, the offspring of the Dublin "revelations." It appeared to Mr. Gorst that in those revelations there was matter that could be made to cast a new discredit on the policy of the Government in releasing Mr. Parnell and his Parliamentary colleagues last April without conditions, at a time when Mr. Forster was disposed to require more or less impracticable conditions; and accordingly Mr. Gorst moved an amendment to the Address, half patronage, half sneer, requiring the Government to go on with the policy of repression, and to return no more to that policy of concession, which, according to Mr. Gorst, marked the period when Mr. Forster separated himself from his colleagues. It is really on this point that the whole discussion, so far as there has been serious discussion at all, has turned. Those speakers who, like Mr. O'Donnell, delivered something like half-an-hour's declamation on nothing in particular, to every minute they devoted to the question on which they ought to have been speaking, did not discuss the amendment at all; they only endeavoured, not ineffectually, to discredit still further the waning significance of debate in the House of Commons. But a few speakers—especially the Conservatives—have seized the point, that, in Mr. Gorst's opinion, there is a special opportuneness at the present moment in exhorting the Government to have done with the policy of concession, and to stick to the policy of repression which the Crimes Prevention Act has enabled them to pursue; and they hold that that special opportuneness arises from the fact that when the Government let Mr. Parnell out of prison, he was counting on the prospect of putting down outrage by the agency of a man—Mr. Sheridan—to whom the evidence of the informers attributes the organisation of outrage throughout Ireland. Now, have the recent revelations really thrown new light on the Kilmainham transaction, or tended in any degree to support Mr. Forster's judgment of that matter, and to discredit the judgment of the Government? On the contrary—writing with Mr. Forster's speech of Thursday night before us—we should say that, so far as the revelations have thrown any light on the matter at all, they have tended to support the judgment of the Government, and to diminish the presumption that Mr. Forster's personal judgment on the situation in April last was the accurate judgment.

In the first place, if the new revelations are to be trusted, —and, of course, that must be the supposition on which we are to proceed, if we are to take them into account at all,—it is certain that it was the policy of imprisoning on suspicion and without trial that led to the formation of that special Assassination Committee by whom the murders were performed. For that, of course, the Government was fully as responsible as Mr. Forster, though Mr. Forster is understood to have pressed the first Coercion Act on the Government. But, in considering the question whether the Government were right in wishing to relax that irritating policy at the first practicable opportunity, or whether Mr. Forster was right in desiring to maintain it for some months longer, as he certainly did desire, it is impossible to leave out of account that it was the first Coercion Act which, according to the new evidence, really led to the formation of the Assassination Committee, and gave the extreme party the notion that there was no hope without recourse to the most violent measures. No one maintains or even hints that, had Mr. Parnell and his colleagues been detained longer in prison, the Phœnix Park murders would not have taken place. On the contrary, every effort was made to assassinate Mr. Forster himself before the political prisoners had been released, and he only escaped by providential miscarriages of the conspiracy. The new light, therefore, which is shed on the matter by the Dublin evidence,—if it can be trusted at all,—certainly shows this, that Mr. Forster, in sticking so eagerly to the policy of keeping popular leaders in prison without trial,—even when it was known that they had become anxious to suppress outrage,—was intensifying the motive which was at the bottom of the assassinations, while the Government in abandoning that policy at the earliest moment when, from the information which they received, they thought that it might be safely abandoned, were diminishing the force of the motive which chiefly stimulated the assassins.

But then it is said that the new evidence certainly proves this,—that Mr. Parnell was counting on a reputed organiser of outrage to stay the hand of outrage. And though, of course, we must not assume what no one has the right to assume on such evidence as we have already had, that this reputed organiser of outrage had really organised outrage, yet, assuming this to be so, and admitting that Mr. Parnell was really counting on this, the question is not in the least how far Mr. Parnell knew what he was about, but how far Mr. Parnell was or was not in earnest in the desire to use his liberty for the purpose of discouraging outrage. If he was in earnest—and no one has even hinted that the new evidence proves that he was not,—the Government had absolutely no legal right to detain him a day in prison after they had come to the conviction that his release would rather aid the cause of order in Ireland, than hinder it. He had been proved guilty of no crime, was held in prison on suspicion solely, because the Act allowed the Government to detain on suspicion persons whose liberty was believed to be prejudicial to the cause of order in Ireland, and the moment that belief ceased, the power intended to be conferred by the Coercion Act ceased too. Even if Mr. Parnell did intend to stop outrages through the agency of a man who had organised them, there was absolutely no legal right under the Coercion Act to detain him in prison.

But, then, Mr. Forster asserts that he resigned because he could not approve of the release of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues till after the passing of the Crimes Prevention Bill, by which the Irish Government were to gain an equivalent for the power of the Coercion Act which had failed. We reply that, in the first place, there is nothing at all to show that the detention of Mr. Parnell for two or three months longer in prison would have secured the Government against any kind of disorder which they had to encounter in consequence of Mr. Parnell's release;—rather the contrary. Nor, again, was the passing of the Crimes Prevention Bill Mr. Forster's main condition for the release of the suspects. He expressed his willingness to release them on their own undertaking not to obstruct the cause of law and order in Ireland, an undertaking which the Government had absolutely no right to require so soon as they had convinced themselves on adequate moral evidence that the release of the suspects, without conditions, would promote the cause of law and order in Ireland. Further, Mr. Forster's wish that the Crimes Prevention Bill should have taken precedence of the Procedure Resolutions, though it expresses, of course, his own personal view of the crisis, has not been shown to have been communicated by him to his colleagues, while the Prime Minister intimated in the most distinct manner last April that those colleagues had not received any such impression from Mr. Forster.

On the whole, we maintain that the recent revelations in Dublin go to show—so far as they bear on the question at all—that the Government were quite right in releasing the suspects, when they did, without conditions; that so far as that act affected the order of Ireland at all, it affected it for good, and not for evil; that it immensely increased the dismay and horror with which the assassinations were received, and led even to a general feeling of remorse in the minds of Irishmen which would never have been felt had Mr. Parnell remained in prison. We are persuaded, indeed, that, so far from throwing any sinister light on the release of Mr. Parnell, the recent revelations have shown only this,—that the policy of the first Coercion Act was a thoroughly mistaken and irritating policy, which, though it enabled the Government to enforce the Land Act, in every other way operated to stimulate crime and generate a vindictive public sentiment.

Of one feature in the Irish debate—Mr. O'Brien's remarkable speech on Wednesday—we must say a word in this connection. No more furious speech was ever uttered in the House of Commons, and no such furious speech was ever listened to with such singular and complete *sang-froid*. The new Member for Mallow expressed opinions of the use made of the Crimes Act which amounted to the fiercest possible denunciation of the Government, of the Irish Judges, of the Juries, and of the whole apparatus for killing innocent men, as he professed to declare his belief that the Crimes Act chiefly succeeds in doing. Further, he most pointedly refrained from expressing the smallest regret for having supported the candidature of James Carey for the Municipality of Dublin, and intimated that if, knowing only

what he then knew of Carey, he had to act again on the same circumstances, he should act precisely as he acted then. What is the bearing of such a speech as that,—delivered with all the ferocity and menace of something like physical intimidation,—on the amendment which Mr. Gorst has presented to the House? Why, this,—that if the Government be told that it has been right only in enforcing the Crimes Act, and must not again think of a policy of concession like that which released Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, the House will have done all in its power to play into the hands of the fierce party represented by Mr. O'Brien, who treat the Crimes Act as the only significant phase of Liberal policy in Ireland, and try to persuade the Irish people that the policy of justice and of reform has been abandoned by the Liberals for ever. That is a libel for which it is only too easy to gain belief in Ireland, and that is the libel for which the success of Mr. Gorst's amendment would in the most powerful manner assist Mr. O'Brien and his friends to gain credence in Ireland, especially after Mr. Forster's elaborate invective against Mr. Parnell.

GROWING ELECTRIC.

THE scene of Thursday was a scene of very complex and not very easily reconciled elements of political emotion. That Mr. Forster, in his attack on the leaders of the Land League, displayed the same indomitable courage which marked the whole of his Irish administration, every one will admit. Nor do we for a moment doubt that, up to the time when Mr. Parnell and his colleagues in the Land League were lodged in Kilmainham, they had laid themselves open to the most serious suspicions of complicity in a policy of terrorism which involved, and which they must have known to involve, acts of agrarian outrage in Ireland. That was Mr. Forster's justification for lodging them in Kilmainham, and, for our own part, we have always believed that he had established that justification over and over again, to the satisfaction of all moderate men on both sides of the House of Commons. But whether there was any sound political justification for raking up all these charges again, more than a year after date, when there is no pretence, so far as we can hear, for saying that these Land-League leaders have continued, or repeated, their attempts to stimulate violence in Ireland, and when no purpose, so far as we can see, can be answered by the repetition of these accusations, except to render it more difficult for Mr. Parnell and his colleagues to use their influence decisively on the side of order, we are wholly unable to see. We cannot help agreeing with not a little that Mr. T. P. O'Connor urged, in his very effective speech,—and it is not often that we can agree with Mr. T. P. O'Connor,—as to the unfairness of holding Mr. Parnell responsible for everything which was done by his chief subordinates after his incarceration, when every effort was made to hold back from Mr. Parnell the knowledge of what these subordinates were then doing and saying. It seems to us that Mr. Forster on Thursday made the grave error of rekindling very bitter animosities in the House, without any of that absolute justification which he had a year ago for his statements of this kind. Then he was showing why it was absolutely necessary to put down and keep down the Land League, and why it would have been then most unsafe to open the prison doors to men who had acted as Mr. Parnell and his associates had up to April last notoriously acted. Now, it is not even so much as alleged that the liberation of Mr. Parnell has led, or is still leading, to fresh outrage, while it is alleged that his liberation has led and is leading to the adoption of a more moderate course, amongst all those whom Mr. Parnell can influence. That being so, to rake up the old charges,—true as many of them probably are, unjust as some of them, applying to the period of Mr. Parnell's imprisonment, appear to us to be,—is hardly statesmanlike; nor can we see what result it can possibly produce, except to throw Mr. Parnell more and more into the hands of the violent Irish party, a result which no one who desires to see quiet restored to Ireland can for a moment contemplate without regret. The atmosphere of the House of Commons was electric enough, before the speeches of Thursday night. Mr. Forster's speech and Mr. T. P. O'Connor's reply to it, did not make the atmosphere less electric; and we, for our own parts, do not know what but mischief can come of the electrical state so induced. One thing is perfectly clear, that even for Mr. Forster's own strong and sober judgment the electrical condition is not favourable. It is evident that he has committed an error not quite without moment, in throwing doubt on the fact that the Cabinet had considered and agreed to press a Crimes Prevention Bill before he himself left it. At least Lord Hartington, with the access, of which he assured the House that he had carefully availed himself, to official facts, could not easily have been mistaken on this subject, so that it seems nearly certain that Mr. Forster's memory must have become confused, as Lord Hartington suggested, by his frequent and perilous journeys to Ireland. Still, in a less electric condition of things than that of Thursday night, Mr. Forster would never have been misled into laying so much stress upon a supposed error of his colleagues which turns out to have been no error at all.

The real danger of the situation, however, is this:—Here are Irish Members foaming with wrath against the Crimes Prevention Act, and either persuaded, or determined to act as if they were persuaded, that that Act does cause a great number of judicial murders, and is put in force by passion, chicanery, and fraud. Here, on the other hand, are a powerful Conservative Party, quite as passionately convinced that the Crimes Prevention Act is the one sole hope of Ireland; that the only thing for Ireland is to stamp out murder by the most stringent use of that Act, and that every indication of policy which looks in the direction of further reform in Ireland is to be discouraged, as dangerous and pusillanimous weakness. Between these parties there is no little danger of an explosion, which might well convulse the House of Commons. Members of the extreme Irish party are incited to fury by such speeches as Mr. Forster's on Thursday. Members of the extreme Conservative party are incited to no less fury by such speeches as Mr. O'Brien's on Wednesday. It will take *sang-froid* and temper such as only the British House of Commons can display, to prevent these counter-currents of passion from leading to some violent explosion, in which Constitutional liberty might suffer a serious shock. We believe that the Liberal leaders are equal to the occasion—Lord Hartington certainly appeared quite equal to it on Thursday night—but we cannot look back on such an encounter as that between Mr. Forster and Mr. T. P. O'Connor without a good deal of anxious foreboding for the future.

THE NEW MINISTRY IN FRANCE.

THE crisis in France has resolved itself thus far, that there is again a Ministry which, so long as the Chamber will permit, can act. M. Jules Ferry, though far too Jacobin, especially on religious questions, for our approval, is a man of great and varied capacity, with a certain quality of persistence which has all the effect of firmness, and with a faculty for managing Extremists which is becoming essential to a French statesman. He has gathered together such relics of the Gambettist Administration as are not pledged to M. de Freycinet, and his Cabinet is not unattractive to the majority in the Chamber. They prefer competent men, though they will not support them; and M. Challemel-Lacour, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; General Thibaudin, the Minister at War; M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Minister of the Interior; M. Martin Feuillée, Minister of Justice, and M. Raynal, Minister of Public Works, though objectionable on other grounds, have at least the ability required for governing. They are all, in their way, strong men. M. Tirard, the Finance Minister, it is true, may not be,—at least, M. Léon Say obviously distrusts his skill, and he made before some sad blunders as to his surplus,—but the Haute Finance is so opposed to any Ministry of the Left, that the Premier probably had no other choice. The Cabinet, moreover, is composed of the kind of men whom the Deputies individually approve. Several of the Ministers, as, for example, M. Jules Ferry and M. Challemel-Lacour, are accomplished men; but there is not a "de" among them, none are by birth above the professional class, and one at least—M. Raynal, who was a railway porter, or, more probably, sub-inspector of traffic—is a marked example of the rise of a new *couche sociale*. Social jealousies go very deep in France, and the Deputies will bear from men of this kind what they would not accept from men of higher social pretensions. They are, too, glad to be able to point out to electors that in France the political career has become easily accessible to all. M. Jules Ferry, therefore, has a Ministry which will be heard, and he has two other great advantages in his favour. This is the most Jacobin Ministry which could hope to govern with the Senate, and will, therefore, attract some support from the Extremists, who recently have been boiling with irritation; and it is the last which can be made without a Dissolution. It is stated that M. Ferry's first condition on taking office was that, if the

Chamber proved impracticable, the Senate should be asked to dissolve; and even if that is untrue, the prospect of the demand is on the face of things. M. de Freycinet could not manage the Chamber any more than M. Jules Ferry, while his appointment as Premier would frighten all those holders of Rente, with whom it must not be forgotten the average peasant deeply sympathises. The President cannot go on for ever putting scratch Ministries together, and it is therefore improbable that he will again allow a Ministry to be overthrown without, at all events, exerting his constitutional right to give the Senate advice. The fear of a Dissolution is very deep in the minds of the Deputies, who know that the Government may precede it by a demand for Scrutin de Liste, and who feel that with no Gambetta to thunder out a word of command, the action of universal suffrage must be more or less uncertain. The next Chamber might be unexpectedly moderate, or it might contain a majority of Extremists, who have always this advantage,—that their followers poll to the last man. The Ministry, therefore, will receive much support from the self-interested, while it will not awaken those hatreds which in France are stronger even than self-interest. It is, in fact, as strong as any Ministry in France can now be.

Nevertheless, we cannot either approve this Ministry or predict for it any length of life. It will, we fear, be Jacobin in feeling,—that is, will be disposed to persecute the Church, to threaten the Magistracy, and to proscribe all politicians who are willing to serve France, but not to advance the cause of particular sections of opinion. That is not, in our judgment, the tone which it is either right or safe for a Republic to adopt, more especially when it has still to prove that it can include all citizens who do not openly plot or intrigue against its existence. M. Jules Ferry's compromise about the Princes, his adoption of the law of 1834, which allows the Head of the State to place any officer in retreat, seems to us radically unjust, as unjust as it would be in this country to use the Queen's legal right of dismissing officers without a reason, against all eldest sons. He intends to govern by concessions to political panic, which, when they are obviously unjust, are unworthy of honourable rulers. General Thibaudin agrees with him, and will, moreover, be forced, by his exceptional and unhappy position as a man who has broken parole, into the ranks of those Extremists who forgive everything on account of fidelity to party. His only prospect of a career is to satisfy a party that he is indispensable, and the only party he can so satisfy is the Jacobin. M. Challemel-Lacour again, besides being in opinion of Extremist proclivities, as he showed throughout the discussion on the Proscription Bill, is obviously inclined to the policy known to Americans as "waving the banner," or, in other words, disposed to seek popularity by a forward policy which may disturb the whole world. He can easily do things in Egypt which would throw all Europe into commotion, and we feel no confidence that he will not do them, his very first proposal being a Bill for the settlement of Tunis which will rouse Italian susceptibilities to fever-heat. He is, moreover, known to be devoted to M. Gambetta's idea of extending the dependencies of France, and will press her claims on Madagascar, Tonquin, and the New Hebrides, in a very irritating, if not dangerous way. We look forward, therefore, to the action of the new Ministry with a certain apprehension, while we can hardly believe that it will be popular with the Chamber or the country. The latter is distinctly not disposed to quarrel with the Monarchical Courts, with England, and with China all at once, while the former has repeatedly, as Lord Reay recently showed, voted down every proposal for active intervention in any part of the world. There is, no doubt, a section of the French people which is very sensitive under the sneer implied in the phrase, "The effacement of France;" but M. Clémenceau and his followers will only be irritated by the revival of projects which they thought abandoned. They are, we believe, in earnest in their conviction that France requires "a policy of the fireside," and they will vote down any Ministry which on any serious emergency deserts it. A suspicion that the Ministry intended war would ruin it, and a policy of self-assertion such as M. Challemel-Lacour recommends cannot be carried far without that suspicion being actively aroused. To be at once Chauvinist and peaceful is in France impossible, and the Ministry will probably be wrecked on a vote about some despatch.

While, therefore, we acknowledge that France has again a Government, we do not think it a good one, and doubt if it will last, even under the new pressure of the threat of dissolution. Its programme implies that intention to "combat" as well as govern, which is the very essence of Jacobinism, and which, whenever France is inclined for quiet, must bring any Government down. It may be, of course, that France, imperceptibly to foreigners, has changed her mood; but France is not very variable, except about constitutions, and it is not two years since M. Gambetta, the direct choice of the people, was deserted, because it was thought that his policy must lead ultimately to war. Nothing had occurred since to weaken the indisposition of the peasantry to expend either their children or their money, and we do not believe that it has been weakened. As we understand them, they will insist on quiescence abroad, and steady, though Radical, government at home, and that, though it may be the programme, is not the tone of the Jules-Ferry Ministry, which is presided over by the man who seized Tunis, selects for the Foreign Office a man who defies the Monarchies to prevent proscription, and entrusts the Army to a General with whom German Staff officers say they can hold no communication.

MR. GOSCHEN ON THE PRICE OF GOLD.

THE irritation with which the Farmers' friends listened to Mr. Goschen's speech of Monday was quite natural and excusable. Nobody likes to be told that his grievance, particularly when it is real, is due either to causes which are beyond his control, or to causes other than those in which he himself believes. If it is only a cold that he suffers from, he is vexed to be told that he did not catch it as he supposes, or that it is a malarious attack, and not a cold at all. The majority of the squires, moreover, then in the House probably did not even understand what Mr. Goschen was saying, did not comprehend in particular what "appreciation" meant, for the summarist of the *Times*, who must be as well instructed as they are, made him say precisely the opposite of his whole argument. To be told that you are all wrong, in words too learned for your intelligence, is, as we all know, almost unendurably aggravating, particularly if the speaker has a reputation which makes you think there must, after all, be something in his words. Nevertheless, though we entirely understand their unwillingness, we do trust the more intelligent squires, as well as other politicians, will read and ponder one of the most weighty and condensed arguments ever addressed to the House of Commons, an argument which had only one defect, that it should have been followed by action, in the shape of a request for a Commission of Inquiry adequate to the importance of the subject. Until the speech has been studied, neither landlords nor tenants will be fully aware of one main condition now threatening all agricultural prosperity. Mr. Goschen is, as they are perhaps aware, of all men in the House the greatest authority on currency; and he suggested, evidently with full conviction, that the value of gold was rising. The United States and Germany, by adopting gold coinages, had absorbed £200,000,000 of the small stock of gold in the world, and, of course, had increased very much the annual demand for wear-and-tear, and had thus, to use the ordinary language of business, made gold comparatively scarce. Of course, the value of gold, under such circumstances, has risen, as that of any other article would, and each sovereign will exchange against more produce, or, in other words, everything will sell for a less price in sovereigns. As a matter of fact, this is the case as regards all articles except cattle, sheep, and their products, the natural fall having been stopped in their case by "a fearful havoc among the flocks and herds." One other thing also, which Mr. Goschen—who, as usual, half spoiled his speech by reducing it to intellectual pemmican—did not mention, has remained stationary, the price of labour, which has been kept up partly by strikes, partly by emigration, and partly by the improved civilisation of the labourer, who is getting educated. The position of the agricultural interest is, therefore, this. The farmer is getting less for every kind of produce, except stock, than before, but still pays his rent in sovereigns, which have increased in value, and still gives as much as before for labour. Moreover, all his taxes, Mr. Goschen says, have increased in weight, for they are nominally unchanged; while, to procure the necessary sovereigns, more wheat, hay, or what not, must be sacrificed. To make this clearer, let us take a familiar illustration. John Smith, of Essex, is bound to pay £300 a year for 300 acres of arable. To clear rent, pay wages, obtain interest on money sunk, and get a living, he must sell, say,

£2,000 a year of produce. If gold has risen 20 per cent., he will obtain for his produce one-fifth less, or £1,600. Nevertheless, in the teeth of that fall, he has to pay not only £300 in rent, but a fifth more—if rent is represented in produce—and a fifth more also upon all taxes. He is hit at both ends, in diminished receipts and increased payments, and gains only in the reduction on his own expenditure in clothes, food, and tools.

If that statement is true, and the rise in gold is permanent, the Farmers' distress is partly, at all events, explained, and can be remedied only, as Mr. Goschen hinted, by a permanent reduction in rent. It is simply impossible that the farmer should, out of less valuable produce, pay a still larger share to his landlord, which, when no reduction has been granted, he is now required to do. Even security will not help him to do that, and if, as in Ireland and in parts of England, he has little spare capital, payment will speedily become impossible. What, then, is the evidence for the rise in gold? Briefly, it is this,—that every important article, stock and the products of stock excepted, has shrunk in value as expressed in sovereigns, and this, though population is increasing; and that almost every competent economist, including men like Mr. Goschen himself, the late Mr. Stanley Jevons, and Mr. Robert Giffen, has become convinced that the first cause of the shrinkage is the scarcity of gold. As to the extent of the rise caused by that scarcity—and therefore the extent of the shrinkage in apparent values—there is difference of opinion; but subject always to better experts, we believe we are right in stating that the usual estimate varies from fifteen to twenty per cent. We will, however, take only ten per cent., and still, a ten-per-cent. fall in the value of all sold off an arable farm, and a ten-per-cent. rise in all fixed payments like rent and taxes, implies, for a trade which has had no "pull" from bumper harvests, but, on the contrary, heavy losses from want of sunshine, a most unusual and wide-spread distress. It has been borne quietly in Great Britain mainly because it has been supposed to be temporary, and because landlords have been exceedingly liberal,—sometimes, as in the Duke of Bedford's case, liberal to a princely extent—but it has been real, and if produced by a permanent cause like a rise in gold, must continue. The seasons, we suppose, must get better in time, though, as regards Ireland, there are serious suspicions of an over-cropped soil which no sunshine will cure; but the value of the sovereign will not, on that account, decline. We are studiously leaving figures to the specialist journals, but it is, we believe, admitted by all experts that, apart from new sources of supply, the annual yield of gold in the world will decline rather than increase, that the annual consumption for wear-and-tear and use in the arts has more than caught up the yield, and that gold, therefore, must get scarcer than ever, until possibly, as Mr. Goschen clearly hinted in his pregnant speech, all relations between debtor and creditor may be undergoing a severe change, to the advantage of the latter. The debtor has to sell more to pay, while the creditor can buy more with what he receives. There is, therefore, no reasonable ground of hope in this direction. The process may be slow, or may stop at a point not far off—though Mr. Goschen evidently apprehends that the change may be of the last importance—but clearly it will be in the direction so painful to States, to leaseholders, and to all who have to receive unfixed and pay away fixed sums in gold. That the supply should be increased is, of course, possible. The United States may annex Lower California, or other provinces of Mexico, which, when searched by American miners, may prove as rich as California or New South Wales. Science has possibly not said its last word as to extracting gold, and there is, we suppose, some dim, far-away chance of the Governments expropriating all silver mines, fixing the out-turn, and so giving that metal a stable value. But these are mere possibilities, and on any calculation that statesmen will seriously consider, gold, if the foregoing facts are correct, must rise, and with it the weight of taxes, of fixed rents, and of fixed payments. That is a melancholy outlook for agriculturists.

For ourselves, we believe that Mr. Goschen is thoroughly in the right, though we do not pretend to define the precise extent of the movement he foreshadowed, and our object to-day is to ask whether the time has not arrived when a Royal Commission, consisting of men like Mr. Goschen, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. R. Giffen, and the like, should be appointed, to consider the whole subject? We have no hope of remedies, distrusting currency doctors beyond all men; but it is of the last political importance that the plain arithmetical facts should be made clear to ordinary men's minds. A rise in the purchasing power of the sovereign affects every trade and every interest, and nothing is so dangerous as the effort of any powerful but ignorant interest to get rid of a *malaise* the cause of which it does not thoroughly understand. Here are the English Farmers, for example, worrying Parliament for grants in aid of rates, which, if they get them, will not relieve them of their burdens to the extent of sixpence an acre; and fighting fiercely for a security which, though they ought to have it, will not, as Mr. James Howard tells them every day, at present rents, help them to keep solvent. The movement of gold, if it is real—which, for ourselves, we do not doubt—must be telling on a country like Ireland with a force of itself sufficient to produce endless irritation; and Ireland is but an extreme instance of a much more widely diffused social suffering. The facts must be made clear, before either politicians or electors can think to any purpose, and the only authority which can explain them with sufficient weight to be immediately trusted is a Royal Commission.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN SWITZERLAND.

IF the Salvation Army has many such officers as Miss Charlesworth, we do not wonder that it makes converts. Her account of her conflict with the "Unsaved" authorities of Geneva, and of the mingled acuteness and simplicity with which she drove them into expelling her from the Canton because they could do nothing with her while she remained in it, is one of the most charming bits of narrative which we have come across for a very long time. Enthusiasm, devotion, self-possession, courage, humour, are all apparent in it; and when it is remembered that Miss Charlesworth is at the most just seventeen, it needs no more to show that even the Skeleton Army would find in her a very dangerous foe; supposing, that is, that they consented to give her a hearing. Miss Charlesworth beat the officials who examined her on all points. She proved to them that what they called a public meeting was really a private meeting. She challenged them to show that wearing her uniform in the kitchen of a cottage was a breach of the law forbidding any one to wear a religious dress on the public highway. She produced her "leave to stay," &c., referred them to the police for her passport. And, finally, when she was waiting for the final decision of the officials, "All at once it struck me," says Miss Charlesworth, "that we would have a prayer meeting. 'Zitza,' I said, 'we will pray. Let us go down on our knees and pray for these people, for if ever we wanted the Lord with us, it is now.' So down we went, and prayed out loud for about ten minutes, and it did us good." In the end, Miss Charlesworth was turned out of the Canton, as she puts it, "Because, first, I had broken the law by speaking in a public meeting (lie number one); secondly, because I had nothing to show that my parents consented to my being with Miss Booth (lie number two);" and so the little heroine had to go.

Things are a little changed, it must be confessed, when Miss Charlesworth's father comes upon the stage. It is not clear from his own account whether Mr. Charlesworth did or did not consent to his daughter being at Geneva. He says himself that he "arranged with Miss Booth to leave her for a time in Paris, that she might assist Miss Booth in her arduous work among the poor," and he does not say that he forbade her going to Geneva when Miss Booth went there. Indeed, financial considerations would probably have made it impossible for Miss Charlesworth to accompany her friend against her father's express prohibition. Mr. Charlesworth has evidently been in great straits how to manage his daughter for some time past. About two years ago, Miss Charlesworth was introduced to the Salvation Army, and from that time forward it has absorbed her whole life. Mr. Charlesworth seems to have thought well of the Army in the first instance, but he was not quite prepared to make it a present of his daughter. When he found that things were rapidly coming to this point, he tried, he says, to induce those of Mr. Booth's family with whom Miss Charlesworth seemed most associated, not to encourage the influence which the Army was gaining over her. Miss Charlesworth, as we can easily believe, was too attractive and too useful a convert to be lightly let go. No weight was given either to her youth, or the fact that she was still a schoolgirl. The Army, says Mr. Charlesworth, believes "that its work is paramount in importance to all other pursuits and obligations, and even to the known wishes of parents." Mr. Charlesworth then seems to have taken the wisest course

open to him. He saw that his daughter would be miserable, if she were withdrawn altogether from the Army work; while, at the same time, the excitement of that work, as carried on in London, was obviously bad for her. In Paris, however, the work of the Army promised to be quieter, and when he took her over there, he was "greatly pleased with the moderation and propriety which pervaded all the proceedings, under the superintendence of Miss Booth." The violation of the stipulations which Mr. Charlesworth made as regards wearing the uniform and becoming an officer is, perhaps, due to the exciting circumstances in which Miss Booth and Miss Charlesworth have been placed at Geneva. It would probably be almost impossible to restrain Miss Charlesworth from doing everything that her friend did, when it became a question of sharing that friend's bonds and imprisonment. It is fair, moreover, to Mr. Booth to acknowledge that Mr. Charlesworth has evidently been more willing to allow his daughter to take part in the work of the Army than he now cares to remember. Only so late as January 31st, he wrote to Miss Booth, leaving it entirely to her judgment whether Miss Charlesworth remained at Geneva or at Paris during Miss Booth's proposed visit to England next month. "Let her," he says, "be where she will be most helpful to you, and most useful in the Lord's service. . . . . I can quite trust to your arrangements for my child. I know you will counsel her and enforce rules for her guidance in your absence." This is certainly not quite in the tone of his letter to the *Times*. Mr. Charlesworth has evidently found that his daughter's connection with the Salvation Army has brought her into greater prominence than he wished, and in the irritation of the discovery he seeks to throw the blame on Miss Booth. But Miss Charlesworth only seems to have run the risks which are inseparable from an organisation of so peculiar a character as the Salvation Army. The adoption of military forms and military methods brings with it a certain liability to military danger.

The real moral of the whole story is that parents who do not wish their children to become officers in the Salvation Army, had better forbid them attending the meetings in the first instance. When once the flame is kindled, there is nothing in the rules of the Salvation Army which forbids them to fan it by every means in their power. The part which the Army assigns to women has extraordinary attractions for these times. They can be in every way rivals of men, they can take an absolutely equal part in the establishment and building-up of the new organisation. By the side of such experiences as this career opens to them, the ordinary routine of home must appear intolerably dull. Mr. Charlesworth himself is of opinion that it "has undoubtedly been accomplishing a great work, in the conversion and reformation of thousands of the most ignorant and depraved." Where, in Clapham, from which he dates his letter, can Mr. Charlesworth hope to offer his daughter any career that will stand comparison with one that admits of such possibilities as these? It is undoubtedly hard upon him to lose a daughter; but if he now takes her back, he will receive but a shadow of her real self. Her heart will be with the Army, no matter where her body may be. Probably, Mr. Charlesworth can ensure that she shall not be placed in positions of such excessive prominence, or made an object of such European interest. In that way, her mind may change, and she may eventually return to her father's house a less enthusiastic, but also a wiser woman. Whether to wish for such an ending for her own sake, it is hard to say. For a nature of this ardent and excitable type to be disillusioned is no common trial, and we could almost wish that she may never be disturbed in her conviction that she belongs to that chosen band which embraces great Missionaries and the founders of religious Orders, and generally, all those who have ardently loved and deeply moved their fellow-men.

THE SECRET MOTIVE OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE motives which impel ordinary men, and especially ordinary men without personal wrongs to avenge, to enter Secret Societies embodied with an intention to kill are doubtless many and diverse; but, we take it, the dominant one in all is the desire for power. There are probably in all such societies, especially at first, a few men with wrongs to avenge, or a few victims of true fanaticism,—that is, men dominated by an idea which, like a monomania, masters alike conscience and brain; but the majority are of a much more frequent and, so to speak, vulgar type. In a time and place of Secret Societies, a strong-willed man, full of desire to be somebody, to be efficient, to exercise real and direct power, knows that if he enters such a society and rises high, his ambition will speedily be gratified to the fullest extent. With little money, no birth, and no ascendency abroad, he may within and through the Society exercise a power which, to him who wields it, must seem tremendous, far transcending the power of any Minister or any General. The power, it must be remembered, is necessarily far greater in his eyes than in those of any outsider. The world knows only his acts, but he knows also his own designs, and in their easy prospect of realisation they appear to him like acts. He feels, in not killing, as if he had spared. The world sees that a man, possibly a great man, has fallen; but the man who made him fall feels as if anybody might fall at his signal, as if he were distributing death and life, were an arbiter of destiny, a potentate secretly wielding the lightning at his will. He feels almost like a deity. "There is the great official, full of rank, and honour, and wealth, whose word is so weighty, and his person so reverenced; and I, whom nobody knows, who am but one of the humble, a man always in shadow, can with a word reduce him to mere clay. There is that other, still greater, and I pass him by, and he does not know that he has been enveloped in lightning made powerless by my hand." That was, it is known, the feeling of Thomassen, the "monster" of Bremerhaven, who delighted in dining with passengers about to sail in ships which he had doomed by his clock-work apparatus to sink in mid-ocean; and that is the attraction which, as all their confessions attest, has always carried away successful poisoners. They feel the sense of power in its most concentrated and extatic form, power over the issues of life and death, the power which, to whomsoever it belongs, be he Cæsar, or Sultan, or criminal, separates him utterly from his kind. The leading spirit of a Secret Society enjoys that, and in a higher degree than the poisoner, for he can act by others, and even at a distance, and his volition does not therefore seem to himself impeded and weakened in its thunderbolt character by the small trickeries and precautions and petty efforts essential to the poisoner's success. He wills like a despot; and the victim falls. That is the luxury of the position, and we can easily conceive that to men with a strong thirst for power—and that thirst is in some men the most intense of all cravings—with steady nerves, and indurated hearts, that fascination may be nearly irresistible, more especially as there is added to it another, the fascination so sovereign with a large section of mankind—with one-half, for example, of all English gentlemen—the fascination of hunting game which may turn and rend them. No elephant, no tiger, can rend the huntsman, as the great official can rend assassins, if they spring and miss their mark. All the evidence given at Kilmainham suggests that when the assassins were hunting Mr. Forster or Mr. Burke, the dominant sense among them was that of being engaged in a battue of very large and very dangerous game. Carey in particular, throughout his narrative, tells of his arranging signals and giving signals, and marking distances, and retiring to safe points of observation, exactly as he would have told of some grand tiger-hunt, in which he was so interested that no detail escaped him, yet in which it was expedient that the actual conflict should be left to stronger hands. The Indian Thugs all showed this feeling in the strongest form, all avowed that they were huntsmen, all declared that there was no "shikar" like theirs, at once so dangerous and so exciting, and once their tongues were loosened, all described their sport with the minuteness and accuracy with which a man who has been after tigers recalls the details of the chase. Twenty years after, a Thug would remember every detail, down to the minutest personal marks upon his victim, just as twenty years after "the Old Shekarry" could describe with unfailing accuracy every detail of a dangerous hunt after bear, or tiger, or anaconda, every stumble his elephant made, every shot that was fired, every mark in the slaughtered game. To distribute life and death, and to distribute it so, was a gratification which attracted into such societies men who were neither fanatics, nor conscious of an undying grievance, nor, as we believe, in many cases, full of political hate. With such men, we suspect fidelity to associates is never very strong. They do not think of them in their hearts as associates, but as instruments. punish them remorselessly when they fail to act, or betray them; but break them, when they are useless, as readily as any other weapons. What are they? Rifles in the grand shikar. Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his new "Life of Lord

Lawrence," tells how a petty prince ordered an enemy to be killed, and sent with the murderer a runner, to give aid or to report. The man, utterly faithful to the prince, saw the deed done, and ran ninety miles continuously to his master to report success, was received with delight, and dismissed, and then,—and then stooped down to raise the carpet portière of his master's chamber, certain that he should hear the order for his own assassination. It came, as he expected, and he fled on faster than the prince's horsemen, to his own home in the mountains, to relate the story to John Lawrence. That prince was but Carey in another clime, and his order as to his runner would create in his principality as little surprise as it did in the runner himself, who yet flew on to the betrayal he knew to be so nearly certain. Why, under such circumstances, confidence exists at all, why the runner serves the prince, why, in an Irish Secret Society, any one trusts any one else, is only to be explained by the belief each man entertains that the catastrophe will not happen to him, that he will be successful, and that, being successful, faith will be kept.

But the conscience? The conscience of the despot who is often inflicting unjust penalties does not seem to wake while he is inflicting them, nor does that of brigands. If there is one thing certain in the history of crime, it is that habitual murder acts like some powerful drug as a stupifier to the conscience. The great poisoners have seldom betrayed a trace of it, or the great pirates, or the great brigands. That it can wake, even in such men, we firmly believe; but it is slow to waken. The Thugs, who seem, while their career lasts, absolutely without it, do, we believe, after years of their quiet, industrious seclusion—they all make tents for the Army—show most distinct traces of it, traces so deep that their experienced watchers will not allow visitors to allude to their crimes; but it wakes more slowly than in any class of criminals. It impels them to confession, to an abstinence from small crimes—a striking peculiarity of the Thugs, as of many of the worst French Terrorists—but not, till the stupefaction has passed away, to personal remorse. We can offer no explanation of the phenomenon, except the very obvious one that no man in whom conscience was vigorous would join such a society, or the possible hypothesis that to such a man a human being does actually become, as it were, game; but of the fact there can be no question, and its existence is one more justification of the horror with which mankind regards such associations. We all know the tremendous effect of opinion upon conscience, frequently almost stupefying it permanently; and such associations, it would seem certain, generate within themselves an opinion under which the sense of criminality in murder disappears,—an opinion, doubtless, helped by the internal law dooming every recalcitrant to death, and so producing the feeling that crime is not crime, but only obedience to irresistible necessity. Carey, as yet, is only anxious to defend himself from the charge of being "an informer." Years hence, the pressure on his conscience will be other than that; but till then, there is in all who take up assassination as a work a blood-drunkenness.

THE POWER OF FASHION.

IF one may trust the general impression in political circles, the strong feeling expressed by the Princess of Wales on the barbarous sport of Pigeon-shooting, as it has lately been practised in England, is likely to make it a very easy task to carry through the Bill for its suppression. It is quite true, of course, that the sport, as it has usually been practised, is no true sport at all, that it tests neither the perceptions, nor the endurance, nor the resources of those who engage in it, as a true sport ought to test them, and that while very cruel in its incidents, it is barren of the kind of discipline which every such sport should involve. That is perfectly true, and we are far from saying that the Princess of Wales would have formed the opinion she has formed against the pigeon-shooting of the day, had she not had these good grounds to go upon; and still less do we say that had she formed an unfavourable opinion that was comparatively groundless on any sport, she would have had the same sort of success in persuading other people to adopt it which she notoriously has had under existing circumstances. But this we do say,—that other things remaining exactly as they are, if it had not been for the fortunate circumstance that the Princess of Wales has taken up the matter as she has, it would have been many years before opinion in political circles would have ripened, as it has actually ripened, to the point of rendering it easy to put this barbarous sport down. Fashion has still an immense power in the circles in which political opinion is formed. Let the Queen, or any popular member of the Royal Family, take up a sound view of a question of this kind, and we may be sure of this,—that it is more than equivalent in political effect to the separate conversion of at least ten thousand ordinary mortals to the same opinion. It is not easy to explain exactly how the thing works. But it does work, and works most powerfully in rendering everybody whose influence is of importance in such matters predisposed to come over to the influential side. We do not say, and do not mean, that it would work equally in favour of a really weak or false opinion. But in favour of a sound or true opinion, the adoption of it by a really influential member of the highest social circles is equivalent to a good many years' start in public favour without any such advantage. And it is a matter of no little interest, therefore, to understand how this power of Fashion works, and why it smooths away obstacles which it would otherwise take a very powerful popular movement to dispose of.

We believe the explanation to be precisely of the same kind as the explanation why it is comparatively easy for the greater Public Schools to set a fashion as to cricket or football, or what pastime you will, to the schools of second rank, when it would be impossible for the schools of second rank to set the fashion to the schools above them. As to all the so-called amusements of life at least, men take hints from those who are supposed to have carried their amusements to a more refined point, and not from those who are supposed to have had less opportunity and leisure for the elaboration of their amusements. And whatever else the highest social circles understand, it is always assumed that they understand better the amusements and refinements of life than the circles beneath them: and, no doubt, to some extent, this is the truth. The higher breeding, as it is called, certainly does not involve a higher morality; in some points, it is apt to involve a definitely lower morality than the breeding of the professional classes; but it does involve, on the whole, better trained and more refined tastes as to things external,—often finer senses,—almost always a better class of conventions, conventions protecting individual freedom better, and imposing finer tests of individual capacity and skill. This is the reason, we take it, why amusements are so apt to *descend* in the social scale, while moral convictions ascend. You frequently find, that when first an amusement is borrowed by one class from the class above it, it does not give half the real satisfaction to the class on which it is imposed which the old amusements supplanted by it used to give. And yet it will hold its ground, because there is some secret conviction that it will educate and train those who have adopted it, till they find as much in it as those from whom they have borrowed it have found. There is at least sufficient social hero-worship to engender the conviction that the higher strata of society understand amusing themselves more completely than the lower strata, and that what the former have long preferred, the latter will come to prefer so soon as they have been educated sufficiently by following the example of their betters. This, as we suppose, is the reason why a fashion setting in against such a sport as pigeon-shooting removes the chief difficulty in the way of abolishing it. Men cannot enjoy an amusement, after they are once seriously possessed by the conviction that they are feeling what it is "bad form" to feel in every moment's pleasure that it gives them. It takes, after all, a number of subtle conditions to render a social amusement of any kind really delightful, and of these almost the very first is that you shall not feel lowered in the eyes of those who set you the standard of amusement by the pleasure you take in it. When the Princess of Wales and her set take up the notion that a certain amusement is "bad form," the fact that they have done so vitally diminishes, if it does not destroy, the animation with which that amusement is pursued in a hundred circles just beneath her own; in other words, in those circles the amusement becomes less amusing, becomes dull and lifeless, or else defiant. But men cannot be defiant when they are amusing themselves and still take full delight in their amusements, though they may, and often do, show themselves contemptuous or scornful in their amusements and still take full delight in them. But here is just the difference. In their amusements, men naturally support themselves on the sanction of those socially above them, and very often feed themselves on their contempt for those socially beneath them, but never *vice versâ*. While they often have a shrewd suspicion that the

classes below them have higher moral convictions than their own, they never have the least suspicion that the classes beneath their own understand the art of enjoying themselves half so well. Hence, as we believe, the savour is taken out of an amusement by its discouragement from above, in a way in which it is impossible to take the savour out of it by its discouragement from below.

Even in regard to moral questions, the power of Fashion has, we believe, always been exerted through its effect on men's social position, *i.e.*, on the position which they value chiefly for the sake of their tastes and their enjoyments, and not through its effect on their conscience. The Code of Honour, which was the Code of Fashion in another form, exerted its enormous power to make men fear the repute of cowardice much more than the reality, because the repute of cowardice was so utterly inconsistent with the pleasant mutual respect and freedom of ordinary social intercourse. The code of honour exerted the tyrannous influence it had—and, indeed, still has, so far as it still obtains—not because any defiance of it interfered gravely with men's duties, but because it interfered so gravely with all the social freedom and cheer of the hours of leisure and recreation. A man who had not satisfied the code of honour was a man with whom no one chose to associate needlessly, and even with whom it was "bad form" to be friendly, a man with whom it was discreditable to talk and laugh and ride and play, a man who ought to be "sent to Coventry" for all but the most absolute exigencies of life. Nothing shows more powerfully how tremendous is the influence which such an ostracism as this inflicts, than the number of duellistic murders which men used to commit against their conscience, and with a permanent loss of peace ultimately as well as of self-respect at the time of the duel, just because they could not bear to be ostracised in this way from all the give-and-take of the lighter social intercourse. Yet it was the terror of this banishment chiefly, if not solely, that gave the code of honour all its powerful sanctions, and rendered it so difficult a matter to break its yoke. When at last it was broken, in the matter of duels, it was rather, we imagine, because the mimicking of these so-called vindications of honour by vulgar and unfashionable people had contrived to make them ridiculous, than because their wickedness had become really intolerable to men. The tyranny of Fashion is almost always broken from above, and hardly ever effectually from below.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WHY MR. FORSTER RESIGNED.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As a rule, the public are apt to take their impressions of what passes in Parliament from the leading articles of the papers they read rather than from a perusal of Members' speeches. It has thus come to be believed that Mr. Forster resigned office because his colleagues insisted on making a bargain with Mr. Parnell as a condition of his release from prison, while Mr. Forster would not release him on any condition. The facts are precisely the contrary. It was Mr. Forster who wished to come to an understanding with Mr. Parnell and other leading suspects. It was Mr. Forster's colleagues who refused to have any bargaining. Here are Mr. Forster's own words, as reported in the *Times* of May 5, 1882, in the speech in which he explained the cause of his resignation:—"There are three conditions, either of which I should regard as a fair ground for releasing them." The conditions were, "a public promise on their part; Ireland quiet; or the acquisition of fresh powers by the Government. . . . . I am told that hopes are held out to us that there will be a change on the part of himself [Parnell] and his colleagues. . . . . But what I want is an avowal of a change, a promise to help the Government, if the Government do something, an undertaking to uphold the Government in enforcing the law."

On a subsequent occasion Mr. Forster declared that he "was not very *exigeant* in his demands" on Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly, as a condition of their release. "As I should be very sorry," he said, "to say anything disrespectful of those gentlemen, I was willing to take their word." The difference between Mr. Forster and his colleagues is, therefore, reduced to this. He thought, as did his colleagues, that "if they [*i.e.*, Mr. Parnell and his two friends] could be released with safety, they ought to be released." His guarantee for safety was either Ireland pacified; or a public confession of wrong-doing, coupled with a promise of good behaviour for the future on the part of Mr. Parnell and his friends; or the passing of the Prevention of Crimes Act. On obtaining of any one of these conditions, Mr. Forster was willing to open the doors of Kilmainham Prison.

Mr. Forster's colleagues, on the other hand, decided that they ought to let out Mr. Parnell and his friends without any understanding or condition whatsoever, the moment they received authentic information that Mr. Parnell and his friends were favourable to the policy of putting down the outrages. To have kept them in prison till Ireland was "quiet" was an absurd impossibility, for they must have been released in any case within five months, by the lapse of Mr. Forster's Coercion Act. To have exacted a humiliating confession of sins and a promise of good-conduct in future would have been to destroy Mr. Parnell's influence for good, if he were ever so anxious to put down crime. And to have kept him and his friends in prison till the Prevention of Crimes Act became law would practically have been to keep them in prison till they must have been let out in any case by the expiration of the power to imprison them. How much wiser was the conduct of the Government, as explained by Lord Hartington in the same debate! "There was no understanding whatever," he said, with Mr. Parnell, or any of the Land-leaguers. But "when the moment arrived when we could no longer say that their continued imprisonment was required for the safety of the country, then we were not only justified, but absolutely compelled to agree to their release,"—surely a nobler and wiser policy than a haggling over impracticable conditions. And it is a policy which has been amply vindicated by events. It is a lurid proof of the utter inefficiency of Mr. Forster's Coercion Act and its administration that he let out of prison James Carey, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. M'Cafferty, the triumvirate who, according to Carey's evidence, organised the Phœnix Park murders.

Anybody who will take the trouble to read the whole debate will see that the above statement is an accurate summary of the facts. There was absolutely no connection between the Arrears Act and Mr. Parnell's release. No promise of any kind was exacted or given on either side. The Government made up its mind and announced its intention to pass the Arrears Act before the Kilmainham negotiations were thought of.—I am, Sir, &c., Vindex.

THE PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH LAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As the Land Question is exciting such general interest, and our Land System is being so severely tried by agricultural depression, I venture to ask for space in the *Spectator* to state my views and experience on the subject. Having for upwards of a quarter of a century divided my time between England and the Continent, where I have been much associated with peasant-proprietors, I have enjoyed unusual facilities for comparing the English and Continental systems of land tenure and cultivation.

Although I am now the owner of extensive estates, mostly divided into large farms, I cannot rid myself of a strong leaning to peasant-proprietorship, wherever such proprietorship is economically possible, and am decidedly of opinion that th ownership of land cannot be severed from the cultivation of it without both economical and moral loss to the community. Our system of letting our land to tenant-farmers is, I believe, inherently vicious, encouraging, as it does, the tendency to conflicts of interest, concealment of facts, and the grudging treatment of the soil. Under that system, now that agriculture is depressed, the land itself is turning restive, and refuses to support the gentleman-owner, the widow and younger children of the preceding owner, the gentleman-farmer and the labourer, in addition to the heavy burden of the rates.

As long as landowning remains such a losing and precarious business as it is at present, I have little hope of much relief from any land legislation. For where is the advantage of the liberty to sell, given to life-tenants by Lord Cairns' Act of last Session, at a time when agricultural land is unsaleable, except at a ruinous sacrifice? What hope is there of tenant-farmers—the most desirable purchasers—half ruined by the badness of the times, coming forward as bidders for the land they occupy? I am tired of urging in vain some of my own tenants to relieve me of the burden of owning so much land. The labourers, unfortunately, having no money, are still less likely buyers, and the inducement to capitalists to invest in land are becoming less every year. Social influence is diminishing, sporting is threatened, and the difficulty of letting it increases.

It appears, then, that the present owners have got to make the best they can out of the situation. One good, I think, will result, that, from inability to find tenants, many owners will be forced to farm their own land. But to the success of this course, the general want both of skill and capital on the part of the present generation of landowners will be a serious obstacle. I fear a marked falling-off in the condition of the land and amount of the produce is inevitable, for some years to come. In spite of my predilection for small holdings, especially where, as on the Continent, the ownership commonly is united with the occupancy of land, I am compelled to admit that the large-farm system is the only one economically possible over the corn-growing districts of England, and especially in the eastern and northern counties. In those districts, the smallness of the rainfall, and the lateness and severity of the spring frosts, render the grass and fruit-crops, by which peasant-farmers may thrive in the West of England, too precarious for any dependence on them, for a living to be possible. I am more and more convinced, as my experience increases, of the truth of the opinion expressed to me by the late Charles Kingsley, that peasant-proprietorship can only be economically successful in fruit and dairy districts, or where, as in France and Italy, the climate is favourable to the production of wine, oil, tobacco, flowers, and other crops requiring skilled garden-culture, and commanding at all times a high price in the market.

Had the soil of England been as subdivided as that of France, the ruin of the peasant cultivators must have been very general of late years. If large farmers, with plenty of stock—the only remunerative branch of farming, now-a-days—have barely succeeded in keeping their heads above water, what would have become of the peasants, with little or none? In order to provide steps by which the more industrious and thrifty of the labourers might mount into the status of small farmers, I have cut slices off several large farms, laid portions down in grass to promote cowkeeping, and let them as small holdings. But even these picked men require a certain amount of bolstering-up, and the process of putting up the requisite buildings and keeping them in repair is so costly as to deter any but an enthusiast in the cause from similar experiments. Association will, I hope, in the future help to raise the condition of the labourers, and the application of the principle of admitting them to a share in the profits, when profits are again to be made out of agriculture.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Six-Mile Bottom, February 23rd. W. H. Bullock-Hall.

THE MILES PLATTING CASE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I beg to withdraw unreservedly what I said of the Bishop of London, in a letter printed in the *Spectator* of February 10th. I find that in the cases which I had in view, Dr. Jackson was not responsible for the action by which the congregations were dispersed. I find, further, that a high opinion of his fairness and kindliness is held by men who differ from him on questions of ritual much more widely than the *Spectator* does. But you do not answer me on the main issue. Your argument has been that the Bishop of Manchester, in objecting to Mr. Cowgill's nomination, is breaking a treaty by which he is morally bound. This, to my mind, you have not proved; but it is a grave charge, and should be proved. A Bishop who moves on, disregarding alike popularity and unpopularity during a strenuous episcopate of thirteen years, may frequently be mistaken in judgment,—will certainly be frequently charged with mistakes. But if he is accused of failing in respect to any moral obligation, it should be shown very clearly, first, that the assumed moral obligation binds him; and, secondly, that he disregards it.

Dr. Fraser's allowance of the Miles Platting ritual, until the living was vacant and the nomination of Mr. Cowgill understood to be imminent, involves, you think, and I agree with you, the protection of the disputed ritual under a new incumbent. But I differ from you, when you infer that it involves the acceptance of Mr. Cowgill as that incumbent. The only object that I can see for the change of curates was to bar Mr. Cowgill's claim upon the incumbency. To your suggestion that by dismissing Mr. Cowgill the Bishop scattered or intended to scatter the congregation, the answer is plain. No congregation can be dispersed by an interim arrangement between the deprivation of one incumbent and the institution of another. And as to the difficulty of finding a suitable incumbent, Miles Platting is a living of £300 a year, with a rectory house and a generous patron. It is not an eligible place of residence, but neither is St. Peter's, London Docks, nor many of the parishes in which Ritualism has entrenched itself. The last thing which a Ritualist may expect to be accused of is that he is afraid of bad air or a low population.—I am, Sir, &c., J. S.

[We do not understand our correspondent's point. We thought the Archbishop of Canterbury's action right, and Bishop Fraser's action inconsistent with and antagonistic to it. —Ed. *Spectator*.]

"PREVISION OF RAIN BY THE SPECTROSCOPE."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to some comments of yours on a letter of mine, published in the *Times* of Wednesday, February 7th, on the subject of "The Prevision of Rain by the Spectroscope." You ask,—Can I get anything like equally good results two or three hours sooner? Unfortunately, the spectroscope for rainband purposes can only be used by daylight, so that would be impossible. At this time of the year, the rainband may be seen as early as seven a.m., but, for forecasting, it is better to take observations at about nine a.m. or three p.m. all the year round. Although the spectroscope can only be depended on with any certainty for six or seven hours in some instances, yet there are cases, like the one of persistent high rainband mentioned in my letter, when rain may be predicted for days beforehand.

It is of the very greatest importance for us to know whether an approaching depression will be accompanied by much rain or not, for some are attended by a large rainfall, whilst others have with them a comparatively small amount of precipitation. It is here where the spectroscope would prove to be of the highest value, for no other instrument would foretell such characteristics; and the sooner means are taken for its adoption at the stations in connection with our Meteorological Office, the better will be the daily predictions of rain or no rain, which, I must confess, are sometimes rather disappointing, although those in regard to wind are very successful. —I am, Sir, &c., F. W. Cory, F.M.S.

Buckhurst Hill, Essex, February 17th.

MR. SPENCER'S ETHICAL VIEWS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Though it is impossible for correction to overtake error, on all the roads it takes, it may overtake it on a few of its roads; and it seems in some cases needful to point out the error, lest silence should be construed into assent. Especially it seems needful when the error is a grave one, and repetition of it seriously mischievous.

In the review of Mr. Mivart's "Nature and Thought," contained in your last number, the writer gives fresh currency to a misrepresentation which has already reappeared more than once. It was originally made by Professor Goldwin Smith, in the *Contemporary Review*. One of his perversions of my views I pointed out in the next number of that periodical; and I added that there were many others which I would specify, if called upon. Notwithstanding this warning that Professor Smith's statements were untrustworthy, Mr. Peek, following his lead, repeated in the same periodical the particular misrepresentation which I wish now to point out as having been again repeated by your reviewer. Your reviewer says of me:—"His highest instance of right conduct is a mother suckling her child, because 'there is at once to the mother gratification and to the child satisfaction of appetite, a satisfaction which accompanies furtherance of life, growth, and increasing enjoyment.'"

Now, I have nowhere given this as the "highest instance of right conduct." I have given it as "among the best examples of *absolutely* right actions." The meanings of the words "absolute" and "highest," confounded by Professor Goldwin Smith, and all who have followed him, are widely unlike. The accepted definition of "absolutely right" is, right "without restriction or limitation;" and the context shows quite clearly that it is used by me in this sense. Further, it will be seen that if this sense be given to it,—if the act of a mother suckling her infant is said to be right "without restriction or limitation," there disappears at once the absurdity ascribed to me.

An illustration will best show the distinction I have pointed out, and what utter confusion of thought results from neglecting it. Suppose I had given, as an example of an *absolute* mathematical truth, the truth that two and two make four; and suppose a critic had thereupon represented me as naming the truth that two and two make four, as an example of the *highest*

mathematical truth; his statement would be equally wide of the mark with that made by Professor Goldwin Smith, and those who have adopted his interpretation.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HERBERT SPENCER.

[The word "highest" was not our own, but Mr. Spencer's. On the very page from which our example was taken ("Data, of Ethics," Third Edition, p. 261), he says:—"Conduct which has any concomitant of pain or any painful consequence is partially wrong; and the *highest* claim to be made for such conduct is that it is the least wrong which, under the conditions, is possible—the relatively right." The obvious inference from this is that a far higher claim—nay, the highest—is made by absolutely right conduct, or "perfect conduct," as he calls it, which is instanced a few lines lower down by the healthy mother suckling her child. The distinction which he now draws between what is "absolutely right" (or "perfect") and the "highest" right conduct is not expressed in the "Data of Ethics;" and although we, of course, think the distinction perfectly valid, we have been unable to find in that work any ground indicated on which conduct may be considered high, other than that assigned by implication in our quotation for its absolute rightness. It seems to us that, according to his principles, no less than according to his words, he can say no more for the instance we gave of the man who sacrifices his life for his friend, than that his action is "the least wrong which under the conditions is possible,"—if, indeed, he could say so much. We should add that on p. 33, he states that "perfection is synonymous with goodness in the highest degree," so that we were not guilty of any logical leap in inferring that he holds the "highest" right conduct to be identical with what he himself styles "perfect conduct."—ED. *Spectator*.]

PROMOTION OF LIBERAL CLERGY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Is it quite true that Mr. Gladstone has, "as a rule," passed over Liberal Clergy in his recent Church appointments? Do not facts point to an exactly opposite conclusion? I may be mistaken in assigning Liberal opinions to *all* the Clergy in the following list, who have recently been promoted by Mr. Gladstone, but I think it will be found that they are, nearly every one of them, consistent members of the Liberal party. Here is the list:—

Bishop.—Newcastle (Canon Wilberforce).

Deans.—Westminster (Dr. Bradley); Carlisle (Rev. J. Oakley); Wells (Professor Plumptre).

Canons.—Dr. Barry (Westminster); Rev. D. Melville (Worcester); Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton (Gloucester); Rev. T. J. Rowsell (Westminster); Rev. W. J. Knox-Little (Worcester); Rev. G. Butler (Winchester); and I strongly suspect that to this list might be added the name of Canon Boyd Carpenter, of Windsor.

This is surely not small promotion for the Liberal party,—one Bishopric, three Deaneries, six or seven Canonries.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. V. H.

BOOKS.

THE DEAN ON THE DEAN.*

THIS is a very graceful and charming picture of one of the most graceful and charming of men. It is difficult to read anything about the late Dean of Westminster without being reminded in every page of Carlyle's somewhat artificial, but still, as his wont was, singularly vivid picture of the peculiar radiance of the nature of John Sterling. "Rapidity as of pulsing auroras, as of dancing lightnings, rapidity in all forms characterised him." "A man of infinite susceptivity, who caught everywhere, more than others, the colour of the element he lived in, the infection of all that was or appeared honourable, beautiful, and manful in the tendencies of his time." "Here visible to myself for somewhile, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable, and loveable, amid the dim common populations, among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul, whom I among others recognised and lovingly walked with, while the years and the hours were." The whole description Carlyle gives of Sterling has always seemed to the present writer to apply with much more force to Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, to whom, indeed, it was given, as it has been given to few others of this generation, to produce the impression of moral beauty, of "sheet-lightning," of "pulsing auroras," as Carlyle, in his vivid image, calls it, on the many friends of whose lives he formed one of the brightest ornaments. And this is precisely the impression which Dean Bradley's terse and graphic little book produces; while Carlyle's never really produced that impression on our mind concerning Sterling, partly because Sterling's own letters hardly bear out Carlyle's description, while they produce a decidedly stronger impression in some directions than Carlyle chose to receive,—partly because Carlyle himself in speaking of Sterling, sometimes strikes an inconsistent note with the main tenor of his description, as when he says, for instance, "At times he could crackle with his dexterous petulancies, making the air all like needles round you," which is not at all in the same plane with the main delineation. Anyhow, Dean Bradley's actual picture of his predecessor seems to us to sum itself up much more truly in Carlyle's general portrait of the swift, sunny, and radiant nature which he attributed to John Sterling, than the drift of Sterling's own life does. In almost every page of Dean Bradley's charming little book some one or more of Carlyle's characterising epithets for Sterling came back upon the mind of the present reviewer.

Let us give, first, Dean Bradley's account of Stanley's reception of himself, as a scholar of University College, forty-one years before he was called upon to succeed him as Dean of Westminster:—

"May I be allowed to insert here what is to myself something more than a slight personal reminiscence? It was after his migration from Balliol, that it became the duty of the new Fellow of University, early in the year 1840, to take part in the annual Scholarship Examination, which ended in the election of a Rugby schoolboy, the first of many whom his rising fame drew not from Rugby only, to a College which had so wisely added to its teaching staff so attractive and magnetic an influence. More than two-and-forty years have passed since, on that bright March afternoon, the loud congratulations of old friends and schoolfellows were hushed for a moment as the young Examiner stepped into the quadrangle and turned to greet the new scholar. How well does he recall that kindly greeting—the hearty grasp of the friendly hand that seemed to carry the heart in it—the bright, expressive countenance of the young tutor, so full of all that might win and charm a somewhat imaginative schoolboy, which shines still out of the distance in all its first youthful beauty 'as the face of an angel.' He at once invited the newly-elected scholar to take a walk with him on his return from a formal visit to the Master of the College, and that dull road that led out by the then unplanted, unreclaimed, Oxford Parks, is still lit, in the memory of him who trod it by his side, with something fairer than the bright March sun which shone across it. 'We are walking,' he said, 'towards Rugby,' and at once placed his companion at his ease by questions about his friends there, and about the Master who was the object of as enthusiastic a devotion to the younger as to the older Rugbeian. How little did it occur to either, as they parted, how strangely near their lives were to be drawn to each other! The younger might have listened to a soothsayer who had said, 'You have won to-day something that you will soon count far more precious than the scholarship in which you are exulting;' but how contemptuously would he have turned from the prediction that he would years after be called from the headship of the College of which he was that day enrolled as the youngest member, to succeed, in his new friend, not the least illustrious and the most lamented of the Deans of Westminster. It is in virtue of the friendship of which that day was the birthday that I have stood before you this evening."

One of the most charming and fascinating of Dean Stanley's characteristics was, as Mr. Disraeli aptly termed it, his "picturesque sensibility." But in many men, picturesque sensibility, far from being a brightening and enlivening, proves to be rather a relaxing and depressing quality. Unless accompanied with animation, good-sense, an eye fixed on the object, and a judgment using subjective feelings only to make the object clearer, picturesque sensibility is often a most wearisome and oppressive kind of faculty, which fills the air with morbid elements. This was never so with Dean Stanley, because his "picturesque sensibility" was, as Dean Bradley shows us, altogether historic in its turn, because it was always lighting up some interesting external scene with its insight,—and nothing really adds more to the charm of social intercourse than that. How happy is Stanley's first remark on his father's Palace at Norwich, just after Dr. Stanley had succeeded to the Bishopric!—

"In the same letter, addressed to his brother on board H.M.S. 'Terror,' he gives a characteristic account of their new home, contrasting the ugliness of the Palace with the surpassing beauty of the Cathedral that overshadows it. 'The former is,' says the yet untravelled traveller, 'among houses what Moscow is, I should think, among cities. Rooms which one may really call very fine, side by side with the meanest of passages and staircases. By the river-side,'

* *Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, late Dean of Westminster. Three Lectures, delivered in Edinburgh in November, 1882.* By George Granville Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray.

he characteristically writes, 'is a ruin where a Bishop once killed a wolf; over the river, a road down which another Bishop marched with 6,000 men at arms.'"

And here is Dean Bradley's most terse and admirable comment on Stanley's powers of description :—

"Scenery in and for itself, the aspects of Nature as viewed in their own light and for their own sake, he never, I think I am right in saying, never once attempts to describe. In one of his letters to an old pupil, written at Canterbury in 1854, there is a passage which gives the key alike to the excellencies and the deficiencies of this great painter of Nature. 'I cannot think,' he says, 'that mere effusions of emotion at the transient blushes of Nature deserve an everlasting record. I feel about such effusions, almost as I feel about my present, oftentimes ineffectual, labours at reproducing scenes of my travels' (he was then at work at 'Sinai and Palestine'), 'that they are not worth publishing, *except as a framework to events or ideas* of greater magnitude.' Of Nature, as studied for her own sake, in the spirit of Wordsworth, or of so many true poets in all ages, or of Mr. Ruskin among modern prose writers, there will be found, I venture to say, no trace in his published writings or in his letters since he grew to manhood. Whenever he becomes enthusiastic on the beauties of nature, we may feel sure that there is always at work a motive other than that of the artist—that behind nature lies some human or historical interest. 'How mysterious,' he says, in a letter to a younger friend, then at Rome, 'the Alban lake! How beautiful Nemi! how romantic Subiaco; how solemn Ostia! how desolate Gabii!' What could be better? you will say. Yes; but behind all these, there lay on his mental retina the background of the history of Rome—'the one only place,' he goes on to say, 'in the whole world, that is absolutely inexhaustible!' It is quite true that, occasionally, in some three, or four, or five remarkable passages, occurring especially, and for an obvious reason, in his American addresses, he introduces pictures of some natural phenomena, quite apart from any direct historical association. Such is the splendid picture of the Falls of Niagara; the graceful and touching image, a true sonnet in prose, drawn from two trees, the graceful maple and the gnarled and twisted oak, growing side by side; the description of the course of the St. Lawrence as contrasted with that of the Nile; of sunrise, as seen from the summit of the Righi. But in each of these apparent exceptions to his ordinary habit, he seizes on some aspect of external nature, not for its own sake, but as the symbol of some idea—some truth, that he wishes to enforce or interpret. As a general rule, he looks on nature not as a poetical interpreter of nature—not, we may fairly say, as a poet in the truest sense—but as one who seems never to feel that he has thoroughly mastered any event, or chain of events, in human or sacred history, till he has seen the spot and breathed the air which give to each occurrence its peculiar and local colouring. And with what an eye he sees!—with what a power of insight and discrimination he reproduces the exact points in which nature and history meet and blend with, and mutually influence, each other! 'We go,' he said in his Sermons in the East, 'to the Jerusalem where Christ died and rose again. To see that Holy City, even though the exact spots of His death and resurrection are unknown, *is to give a new force to the sound of the name*, whenever afterwards we hear it in Church, or read it in the Bible.' The words apply in their first sense to the most sacred of all lands and of all scenes. But the feeling that dictated them is the key to something else, to the unwearied, the insatiable avidity—I can call it nothing less—with which he would fatigue the most indefatigable of fellow travellers or hosts, by visiting any and every spot, however apparently insignificant, which was connected, directly or indirectly, with any historical event or person, or with any scene in the works of the great masters of poetry or fiction, or even with any important legend that had ever influenced the human mind. 'At Lindisfarne,' says one who visited it with him, 'his mind was, I am sure, quite as much occupied with the immurement of Constance, as with the memory of St. Aidan and St. Cuthbert.' Tours was to him quite as much associated with Quentin Durward as with St. Martin, or with Hildegarde, or Louis XI., or Henry II. His persistence in dragging a fellow-traveller to call on the Archbishop of Granada was based quite as much on his being the lineal successor of the master of Gil Blas, as on his being the occupant of that historic see. And the keen eye for detecting resemblances and points of agreement under superficial or real differences, that gave such a character to his whole treatment of history and of theology, followed him also in his visits to historic places. As he saw an analogy to the yet unvisited Moscow in his new home in Norwich, so he delighted to point out the seven hills of Rome in the same city."

The tenderness and ardour of Stanley's friendships are also most powerfully presented by his friend and successor. We must find room for one more extract, because it shows that the brilliancy of Stanley's feelings must have added yet more to the significance of his friendships, than it added even to the vivacity of his social intercourse :—

"At the conclusion of his tour in Greece, he wrote the letter to Dr. Arnold to which I have already referred, in solitude, or worse than solitude. His fellow-sufferers under the miseries of a Maltese quarantine were some young men, whose loose talk revolted him, and who had not the good-sense to discover that beneath the mask of that averted countenance and those silent lips, was one, to enjoy whose society and conversation many wiser than themselves would have gladly faced the horrors of that tedious imprisonment. Released at last, he arrived alone at Naples, depressed, home-sick, and yearning for some congenial society. In the Museum he met an English acquaintance, who said, 'Of course, you have seen Hugh Pearson?' mentioning the name of one of his closest Balliol friends. 'Hugh Pearson!' he exclaimed; 'where is he?' and darted in search of him. He found him in front of a well-known statue, rushed up to him, and, overcome with joy and emotion, fell into his friend's arms with a burst of uncontrollable tears. I mention the incident, not merely as illustrative of his tender and affectionate nature, which never lost a spark of its youthful warmth till the hand relaxed its clasp, and the heart had ceased to beat, but because the companion whom he then found, and with whom he completed his homeward journey, became from that time the very closest and most inseparable of all his friends. When sorrowing mourners gathered in April last round the grave of that friend, from whom death had severed him for a time, there was one feeling in many hearts—that they had lost one who, beyond any living person, was in full possession of the whole soul of him to whom death had reunited him—that the most trustworthy, the most intimate, the most continuous of the authorities for the history of Arthur Stanley, had passed into the world beyond the grave, in the person of his friend, Hugh Pearson."

Dean Bradley's *Recollections* are recollections only, and contain no criticism. We may add that the only criticism which is in any way appropriate to the book is this,—that Stanley's ardour for breadth and comprehensiveness, tending as it did to rest on a purely historic basis, and to justify almost every development which could naturally link itself with the past, necessarily became less an ardour for truth than an ardour for charity, and that in his hands the Christian religion becomes almost purely a religion of love, while its intellectual outlines on every side seem to fade away. That is the defect, so far as there is a defect, in Stanley's mind, a defect visible throughout. He helps you to understand everything which needs chiefly new local and historic colour for its interpretation, but does not help you to see what there is which is permanent beneath the constant fluctuations and changes of local and historic colour; so that his writings tend rather to produce on the mind the false impression that truth itself changes from age to age, just as the human capacity to understand it certainly does change. That is the take-off from the great moral beauty of the picture here presented to us by Stanley's warm friend and wise successor.

THE WHITE PILGRIM.*

Mr. Merivale has long been well known for the buoyant and abundant humour of his serio-comic verse. Our readers, at least, are not likely to have forgotten that charming manifesto which appeared in March, 1880, under the heading "Ben-Bastes Furioso," in which the lines occurred, which they will find again in this volume :—

"Intelligent England! now the time has come,
As all must own
And see,
When you must rally round Me and the Throne—
Particularly Me."

These and many other poems of the same class bubble over with a mirth that is most infectious, which will win a laugh from many melancholy and quite unaccustomed lips, and fill many heads with the fascinating jingle of most unexpected and ingenious rhymes. We will give one specimen of this class of Mr. Merivale's verse,—a specimen of "Special Correspondence" at least as good as anything Thackeray ever wrote, though it has not the slightest echo of Thackeray's specific style. It would be impossible to rattle on in the Special Correspondent's peculiarly honorific style more effectually than this :—

"THE ROYAL WEDDING.
(VIDE 'THE TIMES,' MARCH 14TH, 1879.)

"I'm a reporter, bound to do
Reporter's duty;
In language beautiful all through
I sing of Beauty.

And he who thinks these words of mine
Something too many,
Let him reflect—for every line
I get a penny.

I sing of how the Red Prince took
His pretty daughter,
To marry her to Connaught's Dook
Across the water.

Oh, bright was Windsor's quaint old town,
Decked out with bravery;
And blessèd Spring had ne'er a frown,
Or such-like knavery.

The sea of legs before the gate
And round the steeple,—
In short, the marvellously great
Amount of people,—

Instead of treading upon toes
And dresses tearing,
Was (as a royal marriage goes),
I thought forbearing.

* *The White Pilgrim, and Other Poems.* By Herman Charles Merivale. London: Chapman and Hall.

The church-bells rang, the brass bands played,
The place was quite full,
Before the Quality had made
The scene delightful.

They came from Paddington by scores,
'Mid rustics ploughing,
And women huddled at the doors,
And infants bowing.

While condescension on their part
We quite expected,
On ours, as usual, England's heart
Was much affected.

When'er we welcome Rank and Worth
From foreign lands, it
Becomes a wonder how on earth
That organ stands it!

. . . . . .

The Berkshire Volunteers in gray
(Loyd-Lindsay, Colonel),
And the bold Rifles hold the way,
With Captain Burnell.

To guard St. George's brilliant nave,
Believe me, no men
Could properly themselves behave
Except the yeomen.

Spring dresses came 'like daffodils
Before the swallow,'
On ladies' pretty forms (with bills,
Alas! to follow).

Their beauty 'took the winds of March'
(Which in my rhymes is
A theft Shakespere an and arch:
It is the *Times's*).

Sir Elvey played a solemn air;
I sent a wish up;
Four Bishops came to join the pair,
And one Archbishop.

Nine minor parsons after that
To help them poured in;
One strange-named man among them sate,
The Rev. Tahourdin.

But oh! how this 'prolific pen'
Of mine must falter,
When I describe the noblemen
Before the altar!

There was the Lady Em'ly Kingscote, like a tulip;
The Maharajah Duleep Singh,
And Mrs. Duleep.

The gallant Teck might there be seen,
With sword and buckler,
His Mary in a dark sage-green,
And Countess Puckler.

Count Schlippenbach, the Ladies Schliefen and De Grunne,
And other names that seem to me
A little funny.

Though from his years the child was warm,
Prince Albert Victor
Looked, in his naval uniform,
A perfect pictur.

The Marchioness of Salisbury
I wondered at in
Reseda velvet draped with myosotis satin.

Dark amethyst on jupes of poult
Wore the Princesses;
And ostrich feathers seemed to moult
From half the dresses.

Real diamonds were as thick as peas,
And sham ones thicker—
Till overcome, your special flees
To ask for liquor!

. . . . . .

The show is o'er: by twos and twos
I see them fleeting off,
Lord Beaconsfield, the *Daily News*,
And Major Vietinghoff.

The happy couple lead the way,
For life embarking;
Then Captain Egerton and Lady Adela—Larking.

Louisa Margaret! to thee
Be grief a stranger,
And may thy husband never be
A Connaught Ranger.

If in the blush of mutual hopes,
And fond devotion,
You're honeymooning on the Slopes,
I've not a notion.

But this I feel, that for your true
And honest passion,
All sober folks wish well to you
In manly fashion.

While, for your chroniclers, I know,
Regnante V.R.,
From east to west 'twere hard to show
Such men as we are!"

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that the chief attraction of the present volume is to be found in poems of this class. Mr. Merivale has, perhaps a little unfortunately, acquired a reputation for them, which will render people slow to believe that he can write very grave poetry of a high order, in comparison with which all that is burlesque is only too easily forgotten. Nevertheless, *The White Pilgrim* is a poem of this class, a drama with one or two powerful dramatic situations in it, founded on a wild Norse legend, and worked out with a power and passion that lend a real spell to almost every scene it contains. Oddly enough, the only element in the poem that we regret is the semi-comic element, the scenes between the waiting-man and waiting-woman, Rolf and Gerda, which fail of their effect, and seem to a certain extent impertinent in the crisis of the tragedy which they interrupt. But this is the only take-off. For the rest, the rather improbable mixture of Norse fate and Christian providence being fairly allowed for, it would not be easy to conceive the passions of the situation more powerfully portrayed. Doubtless, it is impossible to understand how Harold's character can be so mere a vehicle for the alternate play of a good and evil spirit, as it is represented to be; nor can it be legitimate to absolve him from all responsibility for what he did under the one influence, without also denying to him all responsibility for what he does under the other. He acts like a very weak and very bad man throughout almost the whole of the play, and yet because he turns towards the right at the close, is fully absolved, and rewarded by the highest and holiest death, dying in the closest companionship with her whom he had loved and deserted, without being disgraced in any degree by the evil part which, under the inspiration, as it is supposed, of his bad angel, he had previously played. But this is, we suppose, the element of Norse fatality woven into the legend itself, which we are bound to accept, if we are to admit the legend of *The White Pilgrim* at all. The White Pilgrim is the Christian Angel of Death, who comes into Norway to supersede the cruel and barbarous conceptions with which the old Norse legends had coloured the scenery of the spiritual world. To whomsoever the White Pilgrim unveils herself, death comes at once, but comes in some pitying, resting, and spiritualising form; while, without such full manifestation, she is more or less indistinctly visible chiefly to the eyes of those whose minds are in some degree prepared for the Christian faith. The legend is founded on the oath by Odin which the ruler of Finland used to take, on Earl Olaf's sword, to slay before the month was out any Norman who should enter his castle within twenty-four hours after the oath was taken. Here are the words of the oath, in Mr. Merivale's singularly eloquent version:—

"By the might of Odin's hand,
By the light of Odin's brand,
By the trumpet-blast sent forth
On the echoes of the north,
By the thunderbolt of war
Welded by the hand of Thor,
By this falchion's jewelled hilt,
By the blood its blade hath spilt,
Northern valour, Norman guilt,
By its dye of scarlet red,
By the living, by the dead—
Ere the world's unmeasured bound
Once the sun hath travelled round,
Should but foot of Norman fall
In the shadow of my wall,
Yonder moon of silver stain
Shall not wane and wax again,
Ere with sure and secret blow
I will lay that Norman low!
By mine own hand he shall die,
Meed of Norman perjury!
If he fall not so, then Death
Call for me, that break my faith!
Hear mine oath, and mark it well;
Be my witness, Death—and Hell!"

Harold's temptation to take this oath, however, appears to be nothing more than the old boyish dread of ridicule. He knows that it is wrong, knows that it is in complete antagonism to the higher vow he has just given to his chosen wife, Thordisa, to adopt her Christian faith, and he is moved to the heathenish rite simply by the sneers of one of his own Norse chieftains, who

is bent on keeping him within the sphere of the old Norse habits and superstitions, and of sowing a quarrel between him and the Christian girl, whose influence he so deeply dreads. Of course, the oath is hardly taken before a Norman knight and his lady apply for hospitality at the castle, and Harold is bound by his oath to murder the new guest, or if he fails, to take the penalty of death, which he has so deliberately invoked, upon himself. The result of the conflict into which his mind is thus plunged is that he falls from bad to worse, and commits himself not only to the design of murder as regards the husband, but to the attempt also to seduce the fidelity of the wife. In this, of course, his evil genius seconds him, in order the better to wean him from all danger of a Christian relapse; but before the month is over, Thordisa, his Christian love, returns from her pilgrimage, and then comes the struggle between her and the evil genius of the piece for Harold's soul. The scenes between the Christian Thordisa and Sigurd—the said evil genius—and again between Thordisa and Harold, are full of passion of the truest kind. We give the earlier scene in full:—

"Sig. Forsworn, forsworn! within an hour, forsworn!
Unless the spiteful pilot of the world,
Who laughs to see men sorry, should bethink him
Of that same silken-favoured Norman there,
As a fair freight worth wrecking in its prime,
And blasting into everlasting waste,
Just when it promises best. Why, when I die,
I needs must have some share i' the government
Of mortal business, for it goes almost
As cross as I would rule it.
Enter Rolf.
Well, what news?
What does your master? Does he know the hour?
Rolf. He sits and watches time as it goes by;
And ever as the last sands leave the glass,
And mark another footprint on the day,
He moves his lips and mutters to himself
Something I cannot hear.
Sig. He has been thus
All the day long?
Rolf. All the long night and day,
Since he beheld Thordisa, has he sate
Locked in its turret, all access denied,
Save to me only; and on me he looks
As upon nothing—sees me, knows me not.
Sig. Has he not spoken?
Rolf. No; though once or twice
I thought he named Thordisa.
Sig. Let her come
And look upon her work. Now, but for her,
Last night had ended all; but since she came,
And cast the icy shadow of her presence
Upon the face of the sun, I might as well
Move yon dull rock to strike the insolent waves
That chatter at its base, as wake in him
The spirit of his fathers. Ay, howl on!
Nature herself is up in arms to-night,
In censure of our paltering, and the Spirit
Of Death rides forth upon the wings o' the storm
To claim the craven who invoked him here,
And dares not stand the challenge.
Rolf. What a flash!
Methought it showed me that white form again,
Waiting for Harold. What a slave was I
To stay his hand! I should have armed it here
In triple steel against the Norman stranger,
Who were more fit to die to spare an ache
To Harold's finger, than my lord to fall
For all the blood that waters Normandy!
There may be time—
Sig. Too late! The spell is on him,
Which none may loose but the fell witch that wove it.
Send his Thordisa here.
Enter Thordisa.
Tho. Who speaks of me?
Lord Harold's evil spirit?
Sig. Oh, fair creature,
I would not claim precedence of yourself;
But 'tis no time to bandy courtesies.
Do you love Harold?
Tho. If you love him, no.
Sig. Say that I love him not, then. Only think
That every storm-driven minute, as it goes,
Is heavy with his life, and bid him hasten
To keep the oath he swore.
Tho. Bid Harold come,
If my poor name has yet the charm to draw him
To a brief converse. Do not answer. Go!
[*Exit* Rolf.
Sig. His life is in your hands; oh, think of that!
A word from you will steel the nerveless heart—
A look from you will fire the frozen spirit.
Could I but rob you of the power you own
To move him to your wishes, I would kill you
Here where you stand, in your pale saintliness,
And think the deed well done.
Tho. I ask no better.
It is not good to live.
Sig. 'Tis ill to die.
Tho. Yes; to die ill is ill; but to die well
Is better than the best.
Sig. Tell Hugo that;
And do not rob him of so great a boon.
For me, I am not enough in love with death,
To court it for myself, or for my boy.
What will you say to him?
Tho. Leave that to me.
Sig. I cannot read the purpose of your heart
In that cold eye of yours. But mark me, woman!
If that harm comes to Harold, you shall rue it,
For I will kill you.
Tho. Pagan to your knees!
And pray the Heaven whose stern arrest you dread
To strike at others, but to spare you yet
For late remorse—repentance—sorrow—shame!
Talk you of killing—you, whose every word
Might kill the one immortal part in you,
But that it *is* immortal, which should make
Even of that crooked form a thing more fair
Than the dead glories of the universe?
Thou, that hast lived for evil from thy birth,
Thou, that in very wantonness of ill
Hast laid this bitter sin on Harold's soul,
On Harold's whom thou lovest! *lovest—thou!*
Thou, that hast perjured him, and widowed me;
Thou, that has blighted man, and outraged God,
Look on the ruin round thee—'tis thy work!
Enter Harold.
Sig. Harold!
Har. Go in; this is no place for you,
For where she is, is Heaven; go forth from it.
[Sigurd *shrinks off.*"

Sigurd's thoroughly heathenish belief that the presiding deity of the world can never do good except incidentally, and from the greater desire to inflict some evil necessarily involved in that good, and his conviction that he can hardly fail to enter himself, when he leaves this earth, into the very centre of the malignant influences he discerns above it, is expressed here with singular force, while the genuine horror with which he regards Thordisa as still more malignant, on account of the spell with which she appears to control his own malignity, is a stroke of true genius. We may add that the closing scene of this fine poem is full of beauty, dignity, and strength.

This is a volume which, alike in its serious and in its best comic verse, will add to Mr. Merivale's reputation,—though there are one or two of the smaller pieces which do not pretend to be more than trifles, and which seem to us hardly interesting enough for perpetuation.

MR. WALLACE'S EDITION OF THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ARISTOTLE.*

"In England, the contributions to Aristotelian literature have borne no sort of proportion to the extent to which minds have been educationally imbued with certain of Aristotle's works. The unproductiveness of Oxford in this respect is certainly a matter of reproach to that University." In the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in the article "Aristotle," Sir Alexander Grant thus gave expression to a feeling which was certainly in the minds of all who had ever thought on the matter. For some, at least, of Aristotle's works had been taught and lectured on in Oxford for many generations, and yet, both for textual criticism and for philosophical commentary, students of Aristotle had to leave England, and go to Germany. It is not easy to account for this state of matters. Certainly, the classical tradition of Oxford is second to none, and could not have been unequal to the task of expounding Aristotle as a classic is usually expounded. But for a true exposition of the works of Aristotle, more is needed than a merely classical culture. Above all things, the expositor of Aristotle must be one accustomed to metaphysical thought, read in the history of philosophy, and able to walk freely on the elevated table-land of abstract speculation. While Oxford has been indeed great in Classics, it is simply matter of history to say that few are the names belonging to Oxford which find a place in the history of human thought, and not one, do we remember, whose writings mark an epoch in philosophy. It may be that the reason why Oxford has been so unproductive in Aristotelian literature, is precisely that reason which has made her classical tradition so great, and her philosophical one so meagre.

* *Aristotle's Psychology, in Greek and English.* With Introduction and Notes, by Edwin Wallace, M.A. Cambridge: University Press.

Of recent years, however, a change has come over the spirit of Oxford, and she has begun to take the place which rightfully belongs to her as a worker in philosophy, and a leader in pure thought. Those of her sons, such as the two Wallaces, Mr. Nettleship, and the late Professor Green, who have found a home and a sphere of work within her ancient halls, as well as those who, like Professor Edward Caird, of Glasgow, have gone elsewhere, have done much to redeem her failure in the past. Of present workers in philosophy, Oxford can claim not a few of the highest names. It is not a little curious to reflect, however, that this most hopeful state of matters has not arisen from the pure Oxford tradition, but from an influence which was not native to Oxford, but which, to her honour be it spoken, she gladly and warmly welcomed. How much of the new work done in philosophy by Oxford men is to be traced to that class of young students with whom Max Müller read Kant's great work, a good many years ago! Very quietly and incidentally, in his preface to the translation of the *Critique*, Max Müller mentions this fact, and gives the names of Appleton, Caird, Nettleship, and Wallace, as among those students who read with him Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Little did Bunsen think, when he helped to bring Max Müller to England, that he was taking a step of first-rate importance for the revival of the study of philosophy in our land and language. But to the work done by Max Müller in enabling these young men to read Kant may be traced, among many other writings of importance, this edition of Aristotle's *Psychology*. For though the editor of this work is not the Wallace who read Kant with Max Müller, yet he is his younger brother, and has evidently studied philosophy in the same school. Here, then, we have the great Classical tradition of Oxford harmoniously united with that Philosophical movement in Germany which is always associated with the names of Kant and Hegel. And the result is manifest in this edition of Aristotle's *Psychology*, which of itself will largely help to take away the reproach attached to Oxford by Sir Alexander Grant.

While textual criticism has not been the main end which Mr. Wallace has had in view, yet no slight attention has been given to the text itself. With becoming modesty, Mr. Wallace says that the various readings are only a selection from the fuller list given in Trendelenburg and Torstrik. He has maintained his independence, and the text he actually gives us has been chosen on good critical grounds. His Oxford training in exact scholarship has given him the requisite sureness of step and delicacy of critical perception. The notes are exactly what such notes ought to be,—helps to the student, not mere displays of learning. By far the more valuable parts of the notes are neither critical nor literary, but philosophical and expository of the thought, and of the connection of thought, in the treatise itself. In this relation the notes are invaluable. Of the translation, it may be said that an English reader may fairly master by means of it this great treatise of Aristotle. It may not come up to the ideal standard of what such a translation ought to be, but compared with what has been attained in similar efforts it stands in the front rank, and is of quite conspicuous excellence. The one criticism we would venture to make is this,—we observe a tendency on the part of Mr. Wallace to translate the technical terms of Aristotle by the technical terms of the Kantian philosophy. For example, the Greek term διαλεκτικός is rendered by the term transcendentalist. Now, the term transcendentalist suggests to the student of philosophy a whole world of ideas which are quite foreign to the philosophy of Aristotle, and are peculiar to the history of philosophy subsequent to Kant. If we could get rid of the Kantian connotation of this word, it might not be unsuitable; but as words are used at present, the word is an anachronism. Nor is this the only instance in which terms which imply the Kantian and Hegelian philosophy are used. This may be permitted when Mr. Wallace is setting forth, as he does in the introduction, his own conception of the problems of psychology, as these presented themselves to Aristotle; but in the translation itself, the use of words which imply thoughts which were never, and could never be, in the mind of Aristotle, ought to be avoided.

The Introduction is a piece of work thoroughly well done. Instead of entering into any detailed description of it, we quote the general estimate with which it concludes:—

"(1.) To begin with, Aristotle was the first who constituted psychology into a special science. He mapped out the phenomena of mind as the subject of a particular ἱστορία, and gave a definite turn to the humanitarian studies of Socrates, by showing that the knowledge of man involved particularly a knowledge of the nature of man's ψυχή. But (2), while holding that psychology was to be studied as an independent science, Aristotle further saw that the study of soul could not be successfully conducted, so long as it was confined exclusively to the human manifestation of it. Man's ψυχή, in fact, Aristotle found was simply one phase of that general tendency which Nature at each stage of life displayed,—a tendency to concentrate the specific functional activity of that stage in some definite form. And the law of such stages of life was, he found, one of regular subordination, so that the faculties of thought implied the possession of sense, and these, again, the faculties of nutrition. Thus (3), he called attention to the semi-physiological and corporeal character of some mental phenomena; he was especially struck by the material, bodily side of the feelings; and he maintained that the body was not to be studied as an abstract entity, but with particular reference to the bodily organisation adapted to it. (4.) He recognised and yet partially solved this dualism in man's nature by his own definition of the ψυχή as the implicit realisation or truth of body. While unable fully to explain the union of the antithesis, he yet showed that soul and body were not so much two contradictory forces, as two complementary counterparts in human nature. But (5), he did not merely content himself with such an abstract explanation of man's ψυχή: he expanded and illustrated it by an enumeration of the different stages in the development of this soul from lower forms; and by his explanation of the relation of these faculties to one another, he advanced considerably beyond the stand-point of Plato. (6.) He sketched with considerable success the object, organs, operations, of the several senses. His analysis of sound and colour especially deserves notice for its anticipation of modern research. But (7), he also showed the need of rising above sense, in order to explain its intimations. His theory of a central or common-sense, though mistaken in ascribing to sense what sense as such is unable to bestow—the distinction, comparison, and interpretation of sensations—directs attention, nevertheless, to the presuppositions of every purely sensational system of cognition. And the unity of consciousness which he claims for the exercise of sense goes some way in explaining how the different faculties of soul become an indivisible personal self. Still more is this brought out (8), in his theory of a creative reason, as the presupposition of the exercise of ordinary thought. For, fragmentary though the theory is, it is, nevertheless, an emphatic assertion of the priority of thought to matter in the universe. How Aristotle finds himself obliged to ask, does thought think things,—how does an immaterial force come to receive and know material phenomena? And his answer is, as we have seen, that thought knows and thinks things only in so far as things are thought, so far as they are the work of reason, so that our subjective thought is but finding *itself* in outward things. Lastly (9), Aristotle's theory of will forms a natural pendant to this same theory of reason. In place of the vague conception of θυμός in Plato, we find the will conceived not as a single faculty, but as the consilience of reason and feeling; while, at the same time, Aristotle never loses sight of the fact that mere appetite, as such, does not lead to action, but requires to be constituted by thought as a rational desire, before it can issue in conduct."

The quotation is unusually long, but we feel bound to insert it as it stands, because it sums up in terse and vigorous form the results won by Mr. Wallace, and because it will reveal to readers of intelligence, who know the mode of speech of current systems of philosophy, the philosophical position of Mr. Wallace. In every sentence of the foregoing passage, the influence of Hegel is apparent, and the volume throughout bears traces of the moulding influence on the thought of Mr. Wallace of the English Hegelian school. So much is this the case that we are constantly haunted with the suspicion that he has read Hegel into Aristotle, and at least rounded out the rather fragmentary discussions of Aristotle into the fulness of Hegel. If, in this way, the real exposition of the thought of Aristotle seems sometimes to be overloaded with the thought of other thinkers, yet the reader has it in his power, in the volume itself, to get at the real meaning of Aristotle from the text, translation, and notes. And the Greek index is so complete, and the references so adequate, that any passage may be readily found. In fact, Mr. Wallace has made us independent of his own view of Aristotle's psychology, as he has set it forth in the introduction, by giving us ample material for the formation of our own unbiassed judgment. It would be unpardonable, however, to forget to call attention to several features of the introduction. We refer more especially to the lucid description of the relation which this psychological treatise of Aristotle bears to his other works, and to the section on the pre-Aristotelian psychology. Here, Mr. Wallace is at his best, and his exposition is calm, lucid, and objective.

ENGLISH SCENERY AND LOCAL HISTORY.*

The title of this volume, and the title alone, reminds us of that delightful book, *Field-Paths and Green Lanes*, in which Mr. Jennings takes his readers through the lanes and woods of Surrey and over the Downs of Sussex. He need not fear that

* *The Green Lanes of Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex.* By the Rev. G. N. Godwin, Chaplain of the Forces. London: Griffith and Farran.

Mr. Godwin is poaching on his territory. His pages, which have little to do either with Surrey or Sussex, treat, according to the introduction, "of a little corner of Hampshire," and are dedicated to the praise of the Anchor Hotel, at Liphook. This praise, sung, in the first place, by Mr. Godwin, is echoed apparently by members of his family; but the division of labour is not defined, neither is the quality of the writing equal. The style is, in many instances, slipshod, and the expressions are sometimes vulgar, witness chapter ii., written by a young lady, in which she writes of a "stiff glass of brandy hot, with or without," and adds, "you know we girls never talk slang, but we can't help picking up these horrid expressions from our brothers." Sitting upon the box-seat of the "Rocket," she passes judgment on the team in the language of the stable, considers that the near wheeler is "well put together in every way," and observes,—"It has been all collar-work for the last mile or two, and our team are evidently not sorry to have an opportunity of washing out their mouths at the 'Royal Huts.' Some of the gentlemen seem to find the same process very agreeable. I should have liked it very much, but then it would have looked so, you know!" Now and then we meet with interesting or amusing statements which we have not seen elsewhere; but the best portions of the volume, with the exception of the narrative in chapter xi., which is due to a former occupant of the Anchor, consist of passages from White's *Selborne*, and of copious extracts from several well-known journals. Mr. Godwin's book is a clumsy manufacture, and the best that can be said for it is that a visitor to the Anchor at Liphook—which, by the way, is unnecessarily puffed in an advertisement—will find ample information about an inn that has some associations, literary and historical. Samuel Pepys spent a night there once with his wife, *en route* for Portsmouth, having an old man for a guide in the coach with them, and reached the inn, "with great fear of being out of our way, it being ten at night." John Wilkes is also said to have slept there frequently, on his way to and from the Isle of Wight. There, too, several crowned heads, foreign, as well as English, have found a pleasant resting-place; and there, in 1815, the Allied Sovereigns were entertained at luncheon. The tourist who wishes to explore a lovely district might spend a week at the Anchor with advantage. He is in Gilbert White's country, and Selborne itself is readily accessible. Woolmer Forest is not what it was in Queen Anne's time, when it contained about 500 head of red deer, which the Queen saw "with great complacency," the whole herd having been driven by the keepers before her as she reposed on a bank; neither is it even what it was in White's time, for the waste of fern and heather of which he speaks has been cultivated and planted. No one, we may observe, ever succeeded more thoroughly in appropriating a special tract of country than White. His book, the simple record of his life's pursuit, has the quality about it which promises immortality. Its peculiar charm cannot be affected by the progress of knowledge, and it is no rash prophecy to say that the *Natural History of Selborne* will last as long as the place itself.

The house inhabited by Gilbert White has recently been "restored," but, prior to this restoration, it was the home of Professor Bell, a man of great scientific attainments, a born naturalist, and a profound admirer of White, whose book he republished in a beautiful edition shortly before his death. It seemed fitting that such a man should have spent the last twenty years of a long and active life in a spot so beautiful, and which possessed for him a thousand interesting associations. Selborne is the centre of a delightful district, and embraces, perhaps, the loveliest scenery of Hampshire, with the exception of the New Forest, which is still, to our thinking, despite the art practised to deform it, one of the most beautiful spots in the South of England. Hampshire has a great reputation. Does it not boast of Portsmouth, one of the most important towns in the kingdom; of Southampton, one of the most charming; of Winchester, which belongs to ancient as well as to modern history—it was once the first city in the island, and is still famous for its cathedral and its school—of Christchurch, which lives, and can afford to live, on the reputation of its priory church; and of Romsey, which flourishes on a similar reputation? A large portion of this large county is painfully devoid of natural attractions, but a similar complaint cannot be made with regard either to Sussex or Surrey. Tourists, indeed, who know only the long sea-coast of Sussex might come to such a conclusion. Barren and unpicturesque is the scenery round Brighton, and the coast-line to Worthing offers little to the eye in search of beauty. Littlehampton and Bognor attract visitors who are in search of that quiet which is another word for "dullness," but to our thinking, Hastings and Eastbourne share between them all the beauty that Nature has bestowed upon Sussex watering-places. Charles Lamb said there was no sense of home at Hastings; but Lamb during his stay there was probably troubled with ill conditions, or he may have fixed his tent in an unfortunate position. Hood, who went thither as an invalid, gave this famous old town a different character, and, we think, a more just one. As far as fashion is concerned, Hastings is obscured by St. Leonard's; but all that is picturesque and home-like is to be found in the east end of the old town, with its church of All Saints, its old London Road, its narrow and quaint High Street, and, above all, its cliff, which commands a view, beloved by many an artist, of the town nestled in the valley. And then, on a bright spring or autumnal morning, what walk can be more delightful than the familiar cliff walk to Ecclesbourne and to Fairlight? There is nothing like it at Eastbourne, the only possible rival of Hastings for beauty of position; for although Beachy Head and the Downs that lead to it have fine views, the character of the scenery is different and inferior. One advantage, however, and no slight one, those Downs possess,—they can be visited on horseback.

But no tourist will know Sussex who does not turn his back upon the coast, and explore the interior of the county. He can scarcely go wrong, whether he make his starting-point from Midhurst or from Arundel, from Lewes or from Balcombe. The pedestrian will find an infinite variety of excursions, especially on the hills; and *Murray* is right in saying that the South Downs, which extend for fifty-three miles, with an average height of about 500 feet, are quite as interesting as many parts of the Continent which enjoy a far higher reputation. It was these Downs that appeared so "tremendous" to Cowper, and were termed "Alpine mountains" by Horace Walpole. Southey's eldest daughter, on the contrary, when she left her Keswick home for Tarring, thought the height of the Downs insignificant. So much do we judge by comparison, in our estimate of scenery.

In the walk from Petersfield to Midhurst, which forms a pleasant chapter of Mr. Jennings's *Rambles among the Hills*, the writer lingers for a moment at Harting, which he describes as "beautifully situated under the Downs, with abundance of fine trees near it and about it, and a pretty church, with a deep, sloping roof." He adds that time out of mind Harting has been a favourite place of residence with gentle and simple, and well it may be; but he neither seems to be aware that the rector of the parish, the Rev. H. D. Gordon, has written an interesting history of the place, nor that it can boast some important literary associations.

The Caryll family possessed an estate at West Harting from the end of the sixteenth century to the accession of George III., and there must at one time have been a large and bibulous household to provide for, for we learn from an account-book quoted by Mr. Gordon that a thousand gallons of ale were consumed in one month. This was in "the good old times," when a dish of ale was drink for a king. Later on, the family had more refined tastes, and Lord Caryll, Secretary to Mary of Modena, produced a play of *Richard III.*, which was acted by Betterton. His nephew, the Squire of Lady Holt, has gained a sort of immortality as the friend of Pope. He was the resident Squire at Harting for about forty-seven years, and connected with the place for fifty-four. It was Caryll who introduced Steele to Pope, and Steele who introduced Pope to Addison; and these introductions, which have no small significance in literature, are intimately associated, in Mr. Elwin's judgment, with the settlement of the West-Harting estates, a full account of which is given in Mr. Gordon's history of the village. Pope frequently paid a visit to Caryll's seat of Lady Holt, on one occasion with Gay, and it is supposed that much of the *Iliad* was translated there. "If Lady Holt's shades afford me protection," Pope writes, "it is there Homer's battles must be fought." Mr. Gordon considers that the surroundings inspired many of his poems; but scenery had never any perceptible influence on Pope's verse, and we look in vain for proofs of such inspiration.

What White did for Selborne, Mr. Gordon has done, in his measure, for Harting. We do not compare the two volumes, for White, in his peculiar line, has no equal, but the great interest of Mr. Gordon's narrative leads us to agree with the writer that the story of a country parish ought to be written

separately. The wealth of information that may be gained in this way is astonishing:—"So great is the wealth of public historical documents in England, as compared with France (which, in this respect, lost irretrievably by the wanton destruction of her records in the Revolution), that search of the most ordinary diligence will be sure to recover some historical title-deeds for the dullest hill-side."

The desultory character of this article will be accounted for by the volume that suggested it. We have but touched lightly upon a subject that will admit of being treated again and again, and always from some fresh standing-point. Harting affords a striking illustration of the interest that may attach to a parish which, to judge from the fact that it is not mentioned in *Murray*, is regarded as insignificant. But Sussex, especially in the villages nestling under the cover of her Downs, abounds with historical and antiquarian lore, that will well repay the researches of a local chronicler; while the wealth of natural beauty is such, that the pedestrian who follows any of the routes pointed out by Mr. Jennings, or more formally by the handbooks of the county, may be sure of a delightful excursion. We may add, in conclusion, that in omitting, not for lack of matter, but of space, all mention of Surrey, we have done no injustice to Mr. Godwin's description of the county, since it is almost wholly borrowed from other writers.

SAMUEL PALMER.*

The story of this artist's life and work, which has just been written by his son, and published by the Fine-Art Society, forms, in the simplicity of its record, as notable a contrast as could be desired to the noisy art charlatanism which is a marked feature of the present day. We seem transported into another age than that of the nineteenth century, when we read of the calm, unhurried life of "plain living and high thinking," which the subject of this biography led for more than seventy peaceful years. We can scarcely believe that within hearing of London's "want and woe," it was possible to live from youth to manhood, and manhood to age, a life which was one of idyllic simplicity, and yet neither ignorant nor unintellectual. Artists who have despised popular applause, and lived for themselves and their work, we have heard of ere now, though their names of late years have been few and far between; but an artist like the late Mr. Palmer, whose interest extended almost equally to all intellectual pursuits, and yet who was contented to spend his days in the narrow groove of suburban and rustic life, and to find his greatest pleasure in reading aloud some favourite author after the day's work was done, is rare indeed.

On reading this memoir, we are struck most vividly with the fact that this little-known, unpretentious artist, this dweller amongst rustics in a little-known country village, had undoubtedly discovered the secret which the wisest and the wealthiest seek in vain, and had learned *how to live*. Intense joy and continual interest in every variety of Nature, an unfailing power of work, perfect contentment with small means, a heart full of affection for his children and his friends, and a constant pleasure in their society, and above all, an ever-fresh delight in the works of his favourite authors, these made up the pleasures of his life. An artist, a musician, and a scholar, he was above all a *man*, taking a simple, healthy pleasure in all that occurred round him, and preserving to the end of a long life his interest in the art and works with which his life had begun. For him, there seem to have been none of the ordinary trials and deficiencies of the artistic nature, and it is as if, touched by his single-hearted devotion, the stern goddess of Art had laid aside her character of Nemesis, and become only a pleasant companion, and a devoted friend. The story of the life, in so far as its incidents are concerned, can be told in a sentence. A quiet boyhood was passed in studying to be a painter, a quiet manhood and old age spent in painting. The record is so perfectly uneventful, that the most important landmarks therein are the removal from one place of residence to another, and a two years' trip in Italy, taken after his marriage, in company with Mr. and Mrs. George Richmond.

Out of his seventy-seven years of life, Mr. Palmer spent twenty-six in the prime of his manhood in the suburban districts of London, but of these years his son tells us scarcely anything. They seem to have been devoted to painting, and training his eldest son, and they were closed by the one great sorrow of the painter's life, the death of that son from over-work. After this event, the painter never lived near or in London again, but settled down in a picturesque part of Surrey known as Mead Vale, in a house which stands upon a range of sandhills near Reigate, and overlooks the Kentish and the Surrey Downs. Here, for the last twenty years of his life, the artist lived and worked, and it is chiefly of this period which his son speaks in the memoir before us. Here is his account of the manner in which the day was spent:—

"Though fond of reading and designing, sometimes rather far into the night, he was seldom late in rising, and at this time he competed with the writer who should be the 'lark,' or first to appear in the morning. After breakfast and prayers, he would spend, perhaps, half an hour in the garden, and then would return into his study, to work intensely until an early dinner; that over, he would usually take a short nap, reading till he fell asleep, and awaked, he would go to his work again till tea-time. Then the garden once more or a short walk, and finally the 'sacred hours' to be devoted (when there were no visitors) to literature, letter-writing, or designing."

To gain any idea of the peculiar charm of Samuel Palmer's work, it is necessary to bear in mind the object which the painter had in view, and it will be according as the spectator prizes or despises that aim that he will care for or disregard the work in question. For beyond nearly all painting with which we are acquainted, that of Samuel Palmer is the most fully penetrated and interfused with the spirit of its author; and for those who either do not understand or do not sympathise with that spirit, its attractiveness is very slight. The enormous technical skill which is manifested in various respects will not suffice to arrest the imagination of those whose artistic feeling revolts from the conventionalism of the composition, and the intentional surrender in many places of realistic truth. And it is also likely that many of those who are opposed to the prevailing realism in Art will find that here the ideal is too closely wedded to the natural, to satisfy their taste. Every one, it is true, can appreciate the vivid power with which Mr. Palmer's sun shines through interlacing boughs and leaves, and most can see the delicacy and depth of his chiaroscuro; but to those, and they are very many, who do not rejoice in colour and see it clearly, the rainbow hues of the painter's skies and landscapes are only a source of offence, and are dubbed unnatural or unpleasant, without more ado.

The main beauty of the work, however, is scarcely to be sought for in its technical excellence, great as in most respects that is, but in the spiritual power of the painter, which subdues into one complete expression of feeling the various scattered unities with which he deals. He uses colours and forms as a poet does words, to build up some poetic conception. His composition is not constructed upon a barren theory—geometrical or æsthetic—but with a view to enhance the meaning of the scene, or the words which his pictures have to illustrate. The late Mr. Rossetti wrote, some time back, on this subject:—

"Such a manifestation of spiritual force absolutely present—though not isolated, as in Blake—has certainly never been united with native landscape-power in the same degree as Palmer's works display; while, when his glorious colouring is abandoned for the practice of etching, the same exceptional unity of soul and sense appears again, with the same rare use of manipulative material. The possessors of his works have what *must* grow in influence, just as the possessors of Blake's creations are beginning to find; but with Palmer the process must be more positive and infinitely more rapid, since, while a specially select artist to the few, he has a realistic side, on which he touches the many, more than Blake can ever do."

It is this spiritual meaning that few people will be able to interpret in Palmer's pictures. What does the present generation of picture-buyers and picture-seers know or care about the song of Tityrus, or "Meliboeus's Restoration to his Patrimony"? What, indeed, does it care for the inner flavour of the Miltonic poems of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso?"

Now, these pictures of Palmer's are (without seeking for alliteration) pure, peaceful, and pleasant. They smack of bygone times, of uncomplicated lives. There is a fading-classic flavour about them, as of a rustic Claude, but no trace of the weariness, worry, or nineteenth-century hopelessness of Turner. They are not of life, they are beside it. They partly accept and partly disdain the world of reality; they live in it at second-hand, as it were, seeing it through the medium of a poet's fancies. Their strength is that throughout their dreaming there runs a solid streak of meaning. The artist was nourished on Milton, Shakespeare, and Nature, and in his pictures we have the three combined. More difficult and more dangerous, in these present critic-ridiculing days, is it to see or say how far these pictures are modified by or hint at the musical

* *Samuel Palmer: a Memoir.* London: The Fine-Art Society.

genius of their painter. That there is curious harmony about them, as of modulated sound, can scarcely be denied; and perhaps between the harmonies of colour which were Palmer's birthright, and the harmonies of sound which seem to have been his second nature, there does exist some strange connection. In any case, the rhythm of Milton's poetry appears to be fitly reproduced, or to have a fitting analogue, in many of these pictures; there is in them all the dignity, the impressiveness, the concentration, and the splendour which we are accustomed to associate with the work of the author of "Paradise Lost." More than this, they have that strange "timelessness" of character which removes work from all chance of being outgrown,—by fading fashion or altered opinions. They depend in no way upon the tastes of a minute, but upon something which, to the artist at least, seemed eternally true and beautiful. There is in them no caprice, no self-assertion, no slovenliness. The work, whatever we may think of it, has been built up bit by bit, with love and patience, on the most solid foundation that its author could see:—"Whatsoever things were noble, whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report," he has endeavoured to introduce therein; and with all patience and all humility, for more than sixty years, this artist worked day by day, without striving for name or seeking for wealth, to give to his compositions one little added spark of beauty, one finer touch of meaning. And now,—

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

MR. R. W. DALE ON THE EPHESIANS.*

The student who has carefully followed a good commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, Bishop Lightfoot's, for instance, or Bishop Ellicott's (Mr. Dale expresses his special obligations to the latter), cannot do better, if he desires to gain a harmonious view of the whole, than make himself acquainted with these admirable lectures. We often study details, especially when the details are so full both of difficulty and of interest as in the letters of St. Paul, till the general bearing and scope of the document are obscured. To this tendency, Mr. Dale's exposition, with its masterly and comprehensive grasp of the subject, supplies an excellent corrective. The terse and vigorous style, rising on occasion into a manly and impressive eloquence, of which Mr. Dale is well known to be a master, gives lucid expression to thought that is precise, courageous, and original.

We naturally turn to what the lecturer has to say on some burning questions of modern theology. The Epistle to the Ephesians contains the words on which, more than anything else, the Universalists found the Scriptural argument for their teaching. God is "to sum up all things in Christ." Mr. Dale is distinctly opposed to Universalism. He enunciates, among the articles of the "unity of doctrine," which he perceives among the past and present divisions of Christendom, the dogma "that the doom of the impenitent is irrevocable." He believes this dogma to have been unmistakably set forth in the teaching of Christ and his Apostles, and to have formed part of the groundwork of belief which St. Paul took for granted in those whom he addressed. "It would be understood," says Mr. Dale, "that while those who had incurred irrevocable exclusion from the life of God were to receive the just punishment of their sin, and to perish, the rest of the moral universe was to be organised into a perfect unity for eternal ages of righteousness and glory." It is not made quite clear to us what is meant by this "moral universe." Mr. Dale's language in describing the "restoration of all things" becomes, for once, somewhat vague and unsatisfying. It certainly does not touch the central difficulty of the subject. St. Paul and his converts believed in a speedy triumph of their Lord over all opposing powers. We are confronted with the fact, that after nearly two thousand years the triumph is still immeasurably distant, that "exclusion from God" appears to be the doom of the vast majority of men, even on the largest supposable conditions of union with him, much more on any conditions that would approve themselves to Mr. Dale's fellow-religionists. The "moral universe" may, of course, include many other orders of beings besides man; but if we think of man only, of man as he is and has been since the foundation of Christendom, the "all things" that are to be "summed up in Christ" are reduced to a very small fragment of creation,—unless, indeed, we can believe, as Mr. Dale, it seems, cannot, that there are states of probation beyond that which appears to leave so many reprobate here.

When Mr. Dale comes to speak of one of the causes of this deplorable fact, the "taint of blood" which seems to shut out so many from all hope of better things, he does not get beyond the conventional language of the preacher. Surely, it is little better than idle to say to the man who complains that, under the pressure of inherited tendencies to evil, he "cannot do the things that he would," "Place yourself in God's hands." If these words have any meaning at all, they signify a resistance to evil inclinations, a breaking through of evil habits, that constitute the very difficulty against which the man struggles in vain. How is a man whose moral fibre is so weak that he cannot keep himself free for a day from drunkenness or lust, to rise to the supreme effort of resigning himself to God?

In an interesting passage in Lecture xv., Mr. Dale refers to the subject of the ultimate sanction of morals. He would establish, it would seem, two methods of appealing to the conscience. Where this is not already hardened, it should be taught "to love righteousness for its own sake," without an appeal to the divine authority. If St. Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, does appeal to this authority, it is because they lacked "the true moral discernment and the delicate moral sensitiveness" to which only the other method is appropriate. But is this distinction really founded on fact? If God revealed in Christ is all that the lecturer in such eloquent language proclaims Him to be, must He not be the foundation of all morality? And if conscience is His voice, can it be right to appeal to it without a reference to Him?

It is natural, in reviewing such a book as this, to deal chiefly with points where we find ourselves to differ from the writer. But we are glad to express our hearty sympathy with Mr. Dale's general teaching. We would refer our readers especially to what he says on the relations between Judaism and Christianity, and on the attitude of mind with which we should regard the Old-Testament Scriptures (pp. 211-219), and to his admirable observations on Christian unity (pp. 289-293). The central idea of this unity has never been better expressed than in the following words:—

"The unity of the Church has been manifested in a new and original type of the religious life, which, notwithstanding local, temporary, and accidental variations, has been the same in all Christian countries, from the earliest Christian centuries down to our own time. The prayers of the Church, its hymns, its devotional manuals, the sorrows and joys of saints, are all penetrated by the same spirit, and bear witness to a unity which is unbroken by differences of race, of language, of civilisation, by differences of theological creed, and differences of ecclesiastical connection."

But we are inclined to accord the first place among these lectures to the tenth, bearing the title of "Salvation by Grace." It is from beginning to end a noble exposition of a truly evangelical theology, and we may appropriately conclude this notice with a quotation from it:—

"The original idea of the Divine grace, according to which we were to find all things in Christ, and Christ was to be the root of a perfection and glory surpassing all hope and all thought, was tragically asserted in the death of Christ for human salvation. Our fortunes—shall I say it?—were identified with the fortunes of Christ; in the divine thought and purpose, we were inseparable from him. Had we been true and loyal to the Divine idea, the energy of Christ's righteousness would have drawn us upwards to height after height of goodness and joy, until we ascended from this earthly life to the larger powers, and loftier services, and richer delights of other and diviner worlds; and still, through one golden age of intellectual and ethical and spiritual growth after another, we should have continued to rise towards Christ's transcendent and infinite perfection. But we sinned; and as the union between Christ and us could not be broken without the final and irrevocable defeat of the Divine purpose, as separation from Christ meant for us eternal death, Christ was drawn down from the serene heavens to the shame and sorrow of the confused and troubled life of our race, to pain, to temptation, to anguish, to the cross, and to the grave, and so the mystery of his atonement for our sin was consummated. In his sufferings and death, through the infinite grace of God, we find forgiveness, as in the power of his righteousness and as in his great glory we find the possibilities of all perfection."

* *The Epistle to the Ephesians; its Doctrine and Ethics.* By R. W. Dale, M.A., Birmingham. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1882.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.*

The long-expected Tory magazine, the *National Review*, has appeared in very good time, excellently got up, and with a long list of capable contributors; but it will hardly, we fear, satisfy expectation. It has an odd air of a prefatory number. Mr. A. Austin disclaims the idea of a programme for it, but he writes one, promising that the magazine shall help in propagating "right reason;" and several of his contributors—in especial

* *The National Review.* London: W. H. Allen and Co.

Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Courthope, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, and the unknown author of the first article—are anxious to point out the relation between Toryism and their special subject. The last-named, indeed, does write a programme, pledging the *Review*, under the form of advice, to note the encroachment of Radical ideas in the Liberal Cabinet, to bring into strong relief this dangerous tendency, and to fight for the great national interests, "Religion, Agriculture, Commerce, Art, Learning, and Refinement." That prefatory tone is all very natural in a first number, but it leaves a sense of expectancy, as if the guest were waiting till grace were done and the covers removed. For the rest, the magazine seems to us quite readable, but a little thin. The articles are all fairly good, and all marked by a distinct wish to avoid violence and partiality, but there is no one among them which will make any deep mark. The cleverest, perhaps, is "A Dialogue," with which the *Review* opens, in which a Tory, disguised as a Whig Peer, and a very inept Radical discourse on the prospects of the Liberal Party. They are very bad. The Liberals have succeeded recently by departing from all their principles, and adopting Lord Beaconsfield's Jingoism, and but that Mr. Gladstone stands between them and the nation, they would be found out. The party, in fact, lives by and in him alone:—

"Gladstone [says the Whig Peer] has a foot in every camp, even the camps he is supposed to have left. He is loved by Churchmen and worshipped by Dissenters; followed by Jingoes and supported by Quakers; obeyed by me, superstitiously deferred to by you. He holds with perfect consistency the most irreconcilable opinions, and advocates with conclusive logic the most contradictory policies. He can employ people to act for him without making them his agents. He can treat with people without entering into a treaty. He can conduct a campaign without going to war. He can silence his opponents in the name of liberty. He can imprison Irishmen, and call it a policy of conciliation; disarm them, and call it a message of peace. He can denounce a course which aimed at protecting the interests of England in the East, and then protect our interests in Egypt to the exclusion of those of France, with the utmost disinterestedness. If ever there was a heaven-born Minister, it is he. My dear Corkhouse, persuade him to wear a great-coat; for after him, the—Tories."

After him, there is no one. Lord Hartington is a "second Melbourne," in a time unsuited to Melbournes; Sir W. Harcourt impossible, because "in these days, in order to lead, you must mislead; and Harcourt misleads nobody," being a transparent *farceur*, fitter for the Woolsack than any one since Lord Westbury; Mr. Chamberlain is only "a dexterous person, who is not one to excite enthusiasm," and who would be a "worse than useless leader;" and Sir Charles Dilke is an "opportunist," who will in the end pass from one camp into the other, and be, as Lord Beaconsfield prophesied, the Premier of the Conservatives. All that is fair satire, now and then not without brilliancy, but it is only sheet-lightning. It kills nobody, any more than the "moral," which is substantially the necessity of raising Tories to power by distinguishing between Whigs and Radicals, will enlighten anybody. The definition of Conservative objects by Mr. A. Austin, however, will. Tories are to preserve the Monarchy, "as the most efficacious of all known guarantees against political instability,"—in which we, who are rather Radical than otherwise, agree—the House of Lords, which, the writer says, is not privileged, as if any privilege could be higher than the claim by right of birth to make laws; and the maintenance of existing English society, "in opposition to that mischievous and misleading mirage of so-called Equality." Mirages are not forces, and can oppose nothing, but never mind that; we welcome the statement that one great object of Toryism is to preserve the existing hierarchical order of society, as evidence of honesty in the new *Review*. That is one of the objects of Conservatism, but it is not often that its defenders say so thus frankly, and invite great masses of electors to vote for lords, titles, and the distinctions of society. Mr. Mallock will, we hope, be as frank, but as yet he has hardly got into his subject, which is to expose and oppose the ultimate object of Radicalism. At present, he is only distinguishing among Radicals, who form, it seems, three sets—the Radicals of the Cave, or philosophic Radicals, represented by the *Pall Mall Gazette;* the Radicals of the Temple, or religious Radicals, represented by the *Spectator;* and the Radicals of the Market Place, or secular Radicals, represented by Mr. Chamberlain. The first party are very few, the second much more numerous, but both are mere hangers-on of the third, which is accordingly to be smashed in the next number. There is a good deal of keenness in the distinction drawn, but Mr. Mallock will find that in practical politics the secular Radicals fall more under the influence of the religious Radicals than he suspects, and that the religious Radicals care more for the physical well-being of the masses than he is inclined to allow. All the elder Quakers were religious Radicals, and they cared intensely for the overthrow both of oppression and of restrictions on well-being. Mr. Mallock, we may note, as he touches the earth of politics thinks less of himself as of something apart, and, so to speak, deified, and so gives his shrewdness more than usual fair-play.

The literature in the *National Review* is neither better nor worse than in other magazines—the sketch of Bishop Berkeley strikes us as specially good—and the only other political paper is Lord Midleton's, on Ireland. It is most moderate in language, but its drift is that there should be no more remedial legislation in Ireland, but only firm government. He maintains that the Liberal Party has, in the main, governed the country since Catholic Emancipation, and has, with its panaceas, produced the anarchy recently visible. That anarchy, however, has been tempered by another result, which Lord Midleton describes thus:—

"Unfortunate as the course pursued has been, Ireland has, in spite of it, made material strides towards prosperity within the lifetime of the present generation. Wages have more than doubled. Artisans and labourers are better fed, better housed, and incomparably better clothed than their fathers were. There are whole districts in which the baker now plies a thriving trade, where, not more than twenty-five years ago, not one in ten of the population ever tasted wheaten bread. Beef and butter, the staple products of a large portion of the country, have risen in price from 50 to 130 per cent. The savings of the industrial classes are known to be thrice what they were in 1848, and are suspected to be very much more. And this, it is to be borne in mind, is the case with a population which has been largely reduced. The occupier of land has been placed by legislation not only on a more favourable footing than the English farmer, but in a better position than has been accorded to him in any civilised country."

Why has this beneficial change been produced in spite of the Liberals? Why not in consequence of them?

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Novels and Tales.—*Patty's Partner.* By Jean Middlemass. (Tinsley Brothers.)—We do not object to an honest and above-board imitation of Dickens, such as we find in all the novels of Miss Middlemass, just as we used not to object to Mr. Sketchley's Mrs. Brown, although she had been first heard of as Mrs. Gamp. Miss Middlemass "studies" her great ladies, her Frenchmen, and her eccentric characters, after Dickens, and she does not do it badly. *Patty's Partner* is a readable story, with some clever "character" sketches, and a not unattractive picture of middle-class manufacturing life in England.——*Odd or Even?* By Mrs. Whitney. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)—The peculiar difficulty that besets us in the reading of a certain class of American novels makes itself severely felt in the case of *Odd or Even?* Everybody is so desperately self-conscious, the talk is so very "tall," the local colour is so unfamiliar, and the phraseology has such an uncomfortable effect—no doubt, because we are narrowed by our habits of "dialect"—that the effort to follow the fortunes of Israel Heybrook, the prince of ploughmen, and France Everidge (one longs for the *s*, but must not have it), the "drawing-room girl" (this is one of the elegancies of English undefiled), is like that which Martin Chuzzlewit made to follow Mrs. Hominy. The story is not very dull, and the people are not, on the whole, objectionable; but it is hard work to read it, because it is suffused with pretentiousness, and conveys the idea that the author's aim is to express what she means in the least ordinary, the farthest-fetched words she can find. Here is a specimen sentence:—"Do not think, girl-reader, that I am asserting or implying that in the world of wealth and elegance there are not women of lovely life, who wear these things as they wear their clothes, because they are there to put on, and it does not lie in their way to use home-spun; but close to and intermixed with the range of such lives, that simply grow where they were put, realising the greater demand laid upon them because their outward things are made easy and beautiful, there is a little under-world, that makes a seeking and a business of its uprising into the externalities in which alone it discerns the life above it, verily supposing it to stir and feel only in its cuticle as itself does; that strives for the putting on, not the putting forth, for the raiment, and not the righteousness that may be in the raiment; not knowing that to find the first shall be to have the clothing of it in 'the things' that the Father sees are needful for its most beautiful revelation."——*Bevis: the Story of a Boy.* By Richard Jefferies. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The only drawback to the pleasure with which readers who are not boys will follow the delightful adventures of

Bevis and Mark in a kingdem of imagination, where all the objects are real and all their uses fanciful, is the apprehension that readers who are boys may fail to appreciate to the full what Mr. Jefferies has done for them. In his finely minute, real, and yet peetical portraiture of natnre, his close and friendly intimacy with the animal werld, his easy knowledge, so euviable, so fascinating, ef the face of tbe earth, and all that grews and lives upen it, Mr. Jefferies is "withont a rival or an equal," the Kean of that stage of whese representations we are never weary. All his well-knewn qualities are combined in this beek, and it exhibits some others which are new to us,—exuberant imagination, and a gravely humereus sympathy with the fancies and the ways, the geod points and the defects, ef tbe very best kind of boy. The Catamaran, the Council of War, and the Battle of Pharsalia ought to live leng, ameng the healthy, happy, humereus cenceits of an observant lover of nature, whe has a great kindness fer human nature also.——*The Bankers of St. Hubert, and Other Tales.* By Sylvanus Ward. (Remiugten and Co.)—The first and mest important of these tales is merely a frame in which to place a picture ef the odditics and defeets of the local laws of St. Hubert, an islaud which we take te be Jersey. There is no striking originality about the frands to which the bankers of St. Hubert resort to sustain their failing credit, but the story is telerably interesting, aud ingeniously contrived to exhibit an anemaly which ought to be abelished.——*Cosmo Gordon.* By Mrs. Leith Adams. (Chapman and Hall.)—A greater and mere anneying fault than the absence of humeur, is tbe assumption ef it. Mrs. Leith Adams labeurs uuder tbe ferner disability, in cemmon with the great majority of lady-novelists, and she is also a terrible example of the latter. Her uest extravagant steries are stupendeusly dull as well, and *Cosmo Gordon* is no exception. It is a boek to be forgotten, anywhere that one might leave off in tbe reading of it, altheugh the here, who gees about muttering "*Ma reine, ma reine!*" is "a rather *blasé*-looking man," but "a fearless and gallant soldier," a "*rara avis in terris;*" while the quality ef the heroine may be estimated by the following descriptien ef her demeaueur while a pair of ponies are running away, with herself aud the *rara avis* in the carriage behind them :—"Was death coming, Margaret theught, in seme swift, awful forn? She felt no fear, no wonder, was eenscieus enly of a feeling of quiet thankfulness iu that this peril was shared together." So much for the auther's notien ef the sweetly uatural. Her uetien of the humereus is te call twe little birds in a nest "twin ornithelegical specimens," and te describe a dog who has stolen a fewl ready for ceeking as "a cenvulsed mass of white fur [!], holding madly ou to a chicken's body." Of course, tbere comes a time when the lovers are happily rennited, and what cau be mere natural than that an Englishman, meeting the girl he leves, "after long grief and pain," shenld "gather her in bis arms," and "murmur" to her, "*Ma reine*, nething shall ever part us more!" and that she sheuld reply, "Never, *mon roi!*" The latter, indeed, is a happy thonght, fer the heroine bas net been in the habit of talking French to the circumambient air.——*Fetters of Memory.* By Alfred Leigh. (Remington and Ce.)—This is a pretty stery. The pbrase leeks cemmen-place and meagre, but says exactly what we meau, and ne other would say it. The auther has no very remarkable power, but he pessesses facility and geed-taste. There is ne bad grammar in the boek, and mest ef the peeple are respectable; there is net much plot, but it is developed with care, and the pretty yeung lady whese various fortunes it brings at last te a prosperous conditien is very superior to the ordinary novelist's young lady of the period.——*Under the Downs.* By Edward Gilliat, M.A. (Sampsen Lew aud Ce.)—This is a pleasaut nevel, not very skilfully put tegether, but readable and lively. There is no great originality abeut the device by which Mr. Norman Valence's bride is driven to run away and hide berself from him on their wedding-day, but the manner of the restoration ef the young ceuple to faith in each other and their subsequent fresh start are decided novelties. We wish tbe auther had not given his vulgar, rich, cruel baronet such a horrid name as Tripe, for, after all, the beautiful Ioné (why does Mr. Gilliat use the accent?) bas to bear that name when she marries him, and her son iuherits it. Sir James Tripe's fate is a satisfactory piece of poetical justice. Norman Valence is a prig, aud not a blameless one, until he is couverted; but his priggishness is used with effect to bring out the convictions of the author on various questieus of the day, and yet not to the detrimeut of the story, as a story. ——*The Price She Paid.* By Frank Lee Benedict. (White aud Co.) —Mr. Benedict has not realised the promise of his remarkable novel, "St. Simon's Niece." He has written nothing since which we could heartily admire; and though his present novel is in every respect an improvement upon its predecessors, it falls short of what we expected from this writer, who made bis mark by one book at a time when American novelists were almost unknewn in England. *The Price She Paid* bas tbe merit of being a stery of life in America; wo are not deeply impressed by the charm of "P. Freuch," as the heroine thinks it witty to call herself, and there is too giggling and spasmodic a sprightliness abont the perpetual talks, for our taste; but the story is cleverly contrived, and the moral atmosphere ef the boek is fresh, bright, and pleasant. We get glimpses ef a kiud of ceuntry life and of social relations very unlike anything within our own experience, and the closing chapters are admirably written. The artistic merit of tbe beek bas suffered by the obligatory quantity ef "cepy." —— *Daisies and Buttercups.* By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (Bentley and Son.)—Mrs. Riddell's very silly selectien of a title fer her novel, which is by no means silly, is te be regretted; it makes one epen the beok with distaste. The author of "George Geith" ought not to be tempted to walk iu the foelish ways of the authors of "Comin' Through the Rye," and "All Among tbe Barley." This book is uot ene of Mrs. Riddell's best; it cenveys somehow the impression that her persenages are net clearly visible to her, and that she is bnt langnidly interested in them. The first volume is the best, and the narrater of its story, Mr. Cheverley, the most lifelike and most distinctly characterised figure iu it.——*Leone.* (Trübner and Co., Lendon; Osgeed and Ce., Beston.)—This is a volume of the "Rennd-Robin Series," handy-sized beoks, bearing "a strange device"—the original Round Rebin, we presume—with the legend, "Perhaps it may turn eut a seng, perhaps turu out a sermen," a vista of uncertainty that reminds us ef Ruth Piuch's beefsteak-pudding, which might, she feared, turn out to be net so much a pudding as "a soup, or a stew, or,—or something." The particular velume before us contains neither a seng ner a sermen; it is a story of very hazardous adventure ameng artists and brigands in Italy. The celebrated bandit who devetes his leisure to the peaceful calling ef a paiuter's medel is an original and interesting personage, and the author has contrived a very pretty leve imbroglio out of the sitnatien. The style is occasionally crude, but the stery is well conceived and the characters are well drawn. —— *Out of the Shadows.* By Crona Temple. (Society for Premeting Christian Knowledge.)—This is a nice little beek, and we hepe there are many good little girls who will read it with beth pleasure and profit. It is net too pietistic, and its sentimeuts are all seund.——*Born to Luck.* (Remington and Co.)—Evelyn Joyce is the fertunate person whe fits this title, and it must be said for the chronicler ef her histery that no labour has been spared to make her fit it well. The story is mest improbable, but it lacks the charm that a lefty and rich imagiuation can confer on improbability. The persons who undergo the vicissitudes of fertune which the reader fellows with but languid interest are, with one exception, peor creatures, mean of metive and in actien; the exceptienal persen, Charity Jeyce, is too close aud unvarying an illustration of that Christian virtue whose name she bears. The treatment of the story is too thin to be artistic; nevertheless, there is a promise of better things in *Born to Luck.* ——*Hearts of Gold.* By William Cyples. (Chatto and Windus).—Unless Mr. Cyples is of the opinion once expressed by a talented Irishman that a man's language is his ewn, and grammar has no right to interfere with it, we hope he will censider the claims of orthography and syntax a little mere liberally in his future literary productiens. "Transmittible" dees uot meet the popular views of spelling, and the following sentenco might serve as a specimen of the misuse of proneuns:—"Barbara was in Clara's confidence in this weeing matter, and it may possibly be that she was influenced by a dreamy intuition of something of the same kind awaiting herself, that she had, wonderful te record, made no mischief out of it." Presumably, "a dreamy intuition ef something of the same kind availing herself," meaus that "Clara" theught it likely she should have a "weoing matter" of her own to eenfide to semebody, one day. We can only say that we have never seen that universal and laudable expectation of all the Claras of fact and fictien so clumsily expressed. We cannot say much more for the stery of *Hearts of Gold* than tbe style says fer itself.

Questions and Exercises for Classical Scholarships. (Thornton, Oxferd.)—This is a useful cempilatien of fifty critical papers, including a supplement of questions on literature, and nearly a hundred pieces for unseen translation from Greek and Latiu. The more difficult questions are indicated by a special way of nnmberiug them, but the whole book is intended, as its title indicates, only for those who have made some progress in scholarship. It differs from Mr. Gantillon's "Classical Examination Papers," in that it merely tests knowledge already acquired, and is not furnished with notes or references. Those who work with success through the unseen passages will have little further to dread in that line.

James Burn, the Beggar Boy: an Autobiography. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—Mr. Burn began bis life with some very curious experiences. His stepfather followed the occupation of a professional beggar. To this he added a private taste for drink and for theological argument, and he was a little hazy about the distinctions of property. No little trouble resulted, and the two "became acquainted in the space of two years with the inside of every gaol in the south of Scotland." Mr. Burn was afterwards employed as a cowherd and as a Cheap Jack's assistant. He enlisted in the Militia, manufactured bats, leased a tavern, kept a spirit cellar, returned to the hat business, made a third trial in the tavern line, became a dock labourer, then

turned to the bookselling trade, and finally seems to have alternated between making hats and making books, achieving more success, we gather, in the latter occupation. All this helps to make up a sufficiently readable book, which would, however, have been far better if Mr. Burn had asked the help of some friend bold and candid enough to wield an unsparing pair of scissors.

Illustrious Shoemakers. By William Edward Winks. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Winks opens a rich vein of literary material. Much has been written about illustrious "soldiers and sailors"; why should not the "tinkers and tailors" have their turn? We may expect a long series of volumes devoted to the "trade" divisions of the human race. Nor shall we complain if they are as amusing as the one before us. Mr. Winks' list of shoemakers is certainly long and imposing. The "gentle craft," a name which has also been applied, probably in sarcasm, to the profession of the critic, has had some famous votaries. There have been shoemaker Admirals, as Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and Sir Christopher Mings, one of the heroes of the Anglo-Dutch war in the days of Charles II., shoemaker divines, and above all, shoemaker poets, Thomas Cooper and Whittier being the most conspicuous of living examples. Mr. Winks has dealt skilfully with his great mass of materials. He makes much of a really good subject, as, for instance, the life of Lackington, the bookseller, one of the most interesting autobiographies we have, and even in his briefer notices does not fall into the dreariness of a mere catalogue.

Leisure Readings. By Edward Clodd, Andrew Wilson, and others. (Wyman and Sons.)—This volume contains a number of interesting essays, originally published in the new journal, *Knowledge*, supplemented sometimes by the correspondence which their appearance called forth. Mr. Proctor explains what he said about the comet which was to put an end to the earth. As a pointed reference is made here to the *Spectator*, we may quote again Mr. Proctor's words: —"Without saying that I consider there is an absolute danger of a similar outburst in the case of our own Sun, when the comet of 1843 shall be absorbed by him (a result which will, in my opinion, most certainly take place), I will go so far as to express my belief that, if ever the day is to come when 'the heavens shall dissolve with fervent heat,' the cause of the catastrophe will be the downfall of some great comet on the Sun." This is not a prediction, but it is certainly a suggestion; and in its context it was something more. We never exaggerated in the least Mr. Proctor's statement. Among other papers is one by Mr. Clodd, on "The Antiquity of Man in Western Europe;" a very amusing account, explained by illustrations, of common optical illusions, by Mr. Proctor; another essay, by the same writer, on "Betting and Mathematics;" and a skit which those who, like the present writer, have suffered many things from the solar-myth theory, will appreciate, "Nature Myths in Nursery Rhymes."

Dzierzon's Rational Bee-keeping. Translated from the German by H. Dieck and S. Stutterd. Edited by C. N. Abbott. (Houlston and Sons.)—Herr Dzierzon is a veteran authority on bee-keeping, a subject about which he began to write in various journals nearly forty ago. "The Father of the New Era of Bee-keeping," he has been called; and this volume, containing, as it does, the later results of his long experience, is worthy of his position. The natural history of the insect is given in outline, the practice is treated at length and in great detail. The value of the work, which is characteristically exhaustive and complete, is further increased by the notes of Mr. Abbott's. The circumstances of bee-keeping are not quite the same in Germany and in England, and consequently the author's statements and precepts require occasional modification or correction, before they can be practically useful to the English follower of the art.

The Life of John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist; with Sketches of his Friends and Notices of the Times. By William Jolly, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—As Mr. Jolly was the discoverer of the Scotch weaver-botanist, it is natural that he should not willingly let his hero die. Already he has told us all about the worthy old man, in *Good Words* and *Nature*, and his appeal to the benevolence of the public was so effectual, that the poor weaver was able to spend the few last months of his life in comfort, and with the consciousness that at last he had been appreciated. There was really little more to tell about him than had already been told, but Mr. Jolly has evidently been ambitious to rival Dr. Samuel Smiles. He has certainly all the enthusiasm and perseverance of the biographer of Thomas Edward and Robert Dick. He has evidently taken a vast deal of pains to ferret out all that could be learned, not only about Duncan, but about his friends and enemies, and the social and political conditions of the earlier years of the century which coincided with Duncan's youth and manhood. Mr. Jolly has thus been able to bring together a vast array of facts illustrating the characteristics of the village and country life of Scotland about fifty years ago, the strange mixture of Calvinism, Radicalism, and loose morality which characterised its weaver and agricultural population, and the quaint aspects of its boroughs and small towns. The career of Duncan himself is traced in the minutest detail, and a fine example it is of the successful pursuit of knowledge under what, to an onlooker, would seem the most disheartening conditions. Duncan himself never seemed to think his lot a hard one, so long as he had an opportunity of adding to his collection of plants. In the exercise of his weaving craft and in his frequent autumn excursions as a harvester, he traversed the greater part of Scotland, ever on the outlook for fresh specimens. By dogged perseverance he acquired a knowledge of systematic botany, beginning with Culpepper and ending with the elder Hooker. The Latin names of plants he could give off as glibly as a professor of botany, but with a pronunciation that would have horrified an Oxford Don. In other directions, too, he pushed his laudable inquisitiveness, and in his early years established an astronomical observatory for himself, in the accommodating upper branches of a tree. Yet he could not read till well advanced in years, and never fluently. In character he was upright and religious, but evidently deficient in sympathy, and with little of that sense of humour native to most Scotchmen, in spite of the famous and now rather stale taunt. Altogether, under the conditions, the man's life was an admirable one, and he deserved all the liberality which softened his last months. But his genius seems to us to have been mainly of the acquisitive kind; he had little of the force and originality of either Edward or Dick. Had he possessed the advantage of a liberal education, he would have been known as a man of unbounded knowledge; but we doubt if he could have initiated anything new. His story deserved to be told, certainly, but Mr. Jolly has made far too much of it. In the first place, had the book had adequate revision, and had all the redundancies been deleted, it would have been reduced to half its present size; then, had Mr. Jolly's moral common-places been eliminated, together with the small-beer chronicles which abound, a still further reduction would have been effected, which would have told in favour of the book as a piece of literary workmanship. For one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, Mr. Jolly's style and diction are at least remarkable, and the reader will often be reminded of Mrs. Malaprop. He evidently thinks that the piling-up of indiscriminate adjectives of all degrees of comparison produces a graphic effect; but inartistic confusion is the result. Altogether, the book may be described as "fine, confused reading," containing very much that is interesting, highly creditable to Mr. Jolly's industry and enthusiasm; and this makes us inclined to tolerate his malformed and extraordinary style.

Weird Stories. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (J. Hogg.)—Manufacturing ghost-stories—we suppose these are manufactured—is a profitless occupation. They are not thrilling, and to be thrilling is their *raison d'être* as stories, unless we suppose them to be veritable records, if not of facts, at least of impressions. Some of Mrs. Riddell's ghosts, too, seem unaccountably anxious to promote the happiness of pairs of lovers. "Old Mrs. Jones," however, is a good story of its kind, and might be true, if such things are true. And "Saudy the Tinker" is "weird" indeed. A Scotch minister dreams that he has been taken down to hell. The Evil One lets him depart, but only on the condition that he will return the next Wednesday, or send a *substitute*. Whom should he send? There is a certain Sandy in the parish, a drunken infidel. His doom, thinks the minister, is fixed, anyhow. Let him be the substitute. To his dismay, Sandy appears next Sunday at church, the first time that he had ever been known to attend any place of worship. The minister is tided over the fatal "Wednesday before midnight" by help of an opiate, but Sandy the tinker is found dead.

American Notes, 1881, by A. Sutter, C.E. (Blackwood), is a sufficiently entertaining little book for general readers, though specially interesting to members of the writer's own profession, who will better understand many of the terms and most of the illustrations in it. The "Advice as to Emigration," which forms the last chapter of the small volume, seems likely, from its sensible tone and gathering of really necessary information, to be very useful; and some remarks on the suitable diet for hot climates may be even more widely serviceable. He says, "During my visit, the heat was greater than anything ever known. I had excellent health, nevertheless, and have been asked to give my general diet. This may be stated in a few words,—fish and vegetables. I used lemons largely. They were very cheap, and refreshing beyond words. . . . . Lemons, water, ice, and sugar certainly refresh the frame of man more than words can express."

Nadine. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Chapman and Hall.)—The career of Nadine is stated to be founded on fact; but even remembering this, and acknowledging that it is an unusual career, and full of a certain tragic interest, we cannot believe that such a story is a desirable one to tell, especially to young readers. The last lesson one would wish girls to learn would be that their emotions are not under their own control; and although novels are intended for recreation, and one that is in two thin volumes has a very innocent appearance, yet the kind of life depicted here is one to sigh over, rather than to be amused with. The heroine seems never to have enjoyed, even in her youth, a period of light-hearted innocence.

The Soil of the Farm. By John Scott and J. C. Morton. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.)—This small volume belongs to the "Handbook of the Farm Series," and is the fourth instalment of the whole number of six which will constitute the complete set. We cannot say that this book represents, even to the extent which the narrow limits imposed upon the authors would have allowed, the present state of our knowledge of the soil. In fact, the title is misleading. These pages give us very little information about the soil. They say, indeed, a good deal, and that with the obvious directness derived from practical knowledge, of the tillage of the soil, its treatment, and its uses. But the story of the formation of soils; the description of different soils, and of their physical and chemical properties; the account of the constituents of soils, and the explanations which are needed to understand the rationale of each of the various operations to which soils may be submitted,—all these things are not even seriously discussed in the book before us. Much of the little that is here said on these matters is obsolete or imperfect in form, while positive mistakes are not infrequent. This volume suffers much by comparison with Mr. Warington's sound and useful "Chemistry of the Farm," a book belonging to the same series. Instead, however, of supplementing that work by developing more fully the treatment of the subject of the soil, the book under review refers its readers to Mr. Warington's volume, in which the chemistry and physics of the soil were necessarily very briefly discussed.

In the Black Forest, by Charles W. Wood (Bentley), is a small volume recording the writer's impressions of the scenery and inhabitants of the part of Germany indicated in the title; but the numerous illustrations, though in a curiously neat, foreign style of engraving, give a better idea of both than the letterpress. One of the most attractive incidents is on page 175, where he "admired, too, the coolness and contrivance of a tourist, evidently walking through the country, who had laid his knapsack on the ground, and having slung a net between two trees, was lying at ease therein, reading some favourite volume, and luxuriating in the shade of the firs, which kept out so well the heat and glare of the afternoon sun." We are left in doubt whether the tourist's "coolness" was of the body or the mind, but the vague style is characteristic of the book.

A Girl's Destiny, by E. C. Clayton (Tinsley Brothers), is a tolerably interesting tale, though the incidents throughout are of a well-worn type. A charming girl, devoted to a somewhat mysterious father; a fine young man, who comes home to a very disagreeable mother; a will, found in an unlikely hiding-place, which contains remarkable provisions in reparation for a long-past injury,—such are the materials of the story, which is also diversified by a theatrical episode in connection with a wandering son. It is a pity that the style is so careless, the word "idiotical" being used much too often. It shows also a want of acquaintance with the habits of ladies, to send one out in the morning wearing a costly diamond bracelet.

Practical Lessons on Insect Life. By T. Wood. (J. Hughes.)—An interesting and attractive volume, illustrated by a number of woodcuts, and containing much useful information concerning the life-history and habits of many of our insect friends and foes. Had the author consulted Miss Ormerod's works more frequently, his pages would have represented more fully the present state of our knowledge of popular entomology,—something more useful, for instance, might have been said concerning the crane-fly (p. 165) and the weevil (p. 62). The absence of an index is to be regretted.

Health Lectures, delivered in Manchester. Fifth Series, 1881-2. (Heywood.)—The Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association has not only continued its system of delivering evening lectures, but has added thereto the very useful supplement of short discourses to workmen, after their mid-day meal, on the subjects discussed in the several lectures. Criticisms on the part of the workmen followed, and the suggestions then made have been utilised in preparing the lectures for the Press, doubtless adding to the clearness and directness of the language employed. Preventable diseases were considered in the course here presented, in the form of a small book, issued at a very low price. One lecture, on "Infant Feeding," is no exception to the general drift of the series, since infant sickness and mortality may be enormously reduced by a better knowledge of the proper principles of feeding.

Love's Martyrdom: a Play and Poem. By John Saunders. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—As a letter from so able a critic as Charles Dickens is printed with the play, this short notice refers merely to the poem. The author could not write a tale, in prose or verse, without importing into it a great deal of interest for his readers, but we still prefer his prose. Yet there are fine lines and passages in the poem, which would, however, be much more effective if the ideas, language, and customs portrayed were more in harmony with the time assigned to the action; they are so modern, that the mention of a literal martyrdom, and even the wearing of arms by Franklyn and the other gentlemen, come upon one as a surprise. Nor are we quite interested enough in the principal characters to rejoice as we should that the "martyrdom" was not completed.

Messer Agnolo's Household. By Leader Scott. (Longmans.)—This tale deals with the domestic life of Florence in the time of Lorenzo dei Medici, and a most graphic and pleasing picture it gives of respectable citizen interiors in the cinquecento period. One feels in a glow of warm interest, from the introduction to the lions and their keepers at the beginning of the story, till the satisfactory, yet naturally told, reconciliation with which it ends. Only, any one who can write so well should not allow the faulty possessive on p. 14, or "conventional" for "conventual" to remain on p. 2. It is long since we have seen either fact or fiction which has given so well, so sunnily, the innocent side of Italian life; yet there is no milk-and-water innocence, but plenty of shade, as well as sun.

The Sun: its Planets and their Satellites. A Course of Lectures upon the Solar System, read in Gresham College, London, 1881-2. By Edmund Ledger. (Stanford.)—Gresham College is generally regarded as an educational Nazareth, from which little good is expected. In the coming reform of the Corporation of London, doubtless, something will be done to carry out the spirit of the will of the liberal founder. Mr. Ledger has done right to address his lectures to a larger audience than is likely to find its way to the Gresham lecture-room; whatever they may have been in the delivery, they are at least worth reading. He has evidently put himself to much trouble in their preparation, and the result is a readable and trustworthy popular account of the leading discoveries with reference to the Sun itself, and the planetary system of which it is the centre and sustainer. Mr. Ledger has taken special pains to master all the recent researches by means of the spectroscope, and the summary he gives of the methods and results appears to us trustworthy, up to the latest date, and is certainly interesting. He has brought together a very large number of well-executed illustrations, several of them coloured (showing, among other things, the solar prominences), and many of them photographic. Any reader wishing to pursue the subject farther will find abundant assistance in the numerous references given to standard works in the various departments.

We have received the sixth half-yearly volume of *The Antiquary: a Magazine Devoted to the Study of the Past.* (Elliot Stock.)—It is full of interesting matter. Among the articles may be mentioned "The Domesday of Colchester," "Accounts of Henry IV." (Henry's expenditure seems to have been considerably in excess of his income), "The Great Case of the Impositions" (*impositions* may be described as extraordinary customs dues), and "Guernsey Folk-lore." Some of the shorter notes are very valuable. Here, for instance, is one, on the "value of land in Warwickshire." At Claverdon, in that county, is the tomb of a certain John Matthews, who died in the reign of Henry VII., leaving an estate for the repair of the parish church. The income derived from this estate has been inscribed on the tomb from time to time, and the record stands thus:—"1617, 12 nobles (£4); 1707, £12; 1825, £78; 1868, £130." The value of land has certainly increased in a much larger proportion than the value of money.

NEW EDITIONS.—We have received a *fifth* edition of *The Tripartite Nature of Man: Spirit, Soul, and Body*, by J. D. Heard, M.A. (T. and T. Clark), a valuable contribution to religious philosophy, which we rejoice to see finding so much acceptance from the public. ——Messrs. Wilson and McCormick (Glasgow) publish, in a very elegant little volume, in which type and paper are equally agreeable, Sir Arthur Helps' *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*, published, we see, in 1835, and therefore passed out of copyright.——The fifth edition of Mr. R. W. Millington's *Selections for Latin Prose* (Longmans) contains those pieces only which are intended for more advanced students, together with some grammar papers. Both are accompanied by copious notes, and the "Key" is withdrawn from circulation, a step which we heartily commend.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Angus Graeme, Gamekeeper, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(A. Gardner)	21/0
Armstrong (A. E.), Ethel's Journey to Strange Lands	(W. H. Allen & Co.)	2/6
Baker (W.), Plain Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, 16mo	(Rivington)	2/6
Barnes (R.), Synoptical Guide to the Study of Obstetrics	(Smith & Elder)	3/0
Besant (W.), Captains' Room, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	31/6
Blanche, the Queen of Castile, 12mo	(Hookham)	4/6
Brann (W. T.), Treatise on Caoutchouc, &c., cr 8vo	(Low)	12/6
Browning (O.), Milton's Tractate on Education, 12mo	(Cambridge Warehouse)	2/0
Caird (E.), Hegel, 12mo	(Blackwood)	3/6
Clay (C. M.), The Modern Hagar, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Low)	21/0
Eastlake (C. L.), Notes on Principal Pictures in Breva Gallery	(Longman)	5/0
Eastlake (C. L.), Notes on Principal Pictures in the Louvre, cr 8vo	(Longman)	7/6
Ebers (G.), Only a Word, crown 8vo	(Macmillan)	4/6
Eve (H. W.), Three Lectures on Education, 12mo	(Cambridge Warehouse)	2/0
Farrar (F. W.), The Epistle to the Hebrews, 12mo	(Cambridge Warehouse)	3/6
Flosculi Græci Boreales, &c., contexuit Gulielmus D. Geddes	(Macmillan)	6/0
"From the Clyde to the Hebrides," square 16mo	(Wilson & McCormick.)	1/0
Gallenga (A.), Democracy Across the Channel, cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	3/0
Grant (J.), Miss Cheyne of Essilmont, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Gwatkin (T.), Demosthenes, First Philippic, 12mo	(Macmillan)	1/6
Herford (B.), The Story of Religion in England, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	2/0
John Inglesant, 1-vol. edition, crown 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Lawson (J. A.), Hymni Usitate Latinæ Redditi, 18mo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5/0
Macdonald (D. G. F.), The Grouse Disease, 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	10/6
Macdonald (G.), Thomas Wingfold, Curate, crown 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6

Malley (A. C.), Micro-Photography, cr 8vo	(Lewis)	5/0
Marshall (L.), Companion to Algebra, 12mo	(Rivington)	5/0
Page (T. E.), Horace, Carmina, Book 4, 12mo	(Macmillan)	2/0
Phillimore (G.), Only a Black Box, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	7/6
Poole (S. L.), Studies in a Mosque, 8vo	(W. H. Allen & Co.)	12/0
Prentice (R.), The Musician, Grade I, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	2/0
Palmer (G. W.), Concise Grammar of the Malagasy Language	(Trübner)	5/0
Pycroft (G.), Art in Devonshire, 8vo	(Hamilton)	3/6
Richardson (J. B.), Seven Years at Eton, cr 8vo	(Bentley)	6/0
Rogers (J. E.), Ensilage in America, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	3/6
Scoones (W. B.), Four Centuries of English Letters, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6/0
Scott (R. H.), Elementary Meteorology, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5/0
Shakespeare's Historical Plays, Roman and English, Vol. 2	(W. Blackwood)	7/6
Shakespeare's Works, Vol. 7, parchment, 12mo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6/0
Simkin (R.), The War in Egypt, 4to	(Routledge)	3/6
Spring Buds, Counsels for the Young, 18mo	(Masters)	2/6
Swedenborg (E.), Pars Prima, De Cultu et Amore Dei	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6/0
Van Eys (J.), Outlines of Basque Grammar, cr 8vo	(Trübner)	3/6
Wild Flowers of Switzerland, imp. folio	(S. Low & Co.)	52/6

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FEBRUARY 25th, ALLEN D. GRAHAM, Esq., M.A. Oxon., on "The Broad-Church Party, as it is, and as it might be; or, the Religion of the Future." Member's annual subscription, £1; payment at the door, 1s (reserved seats), 6d, and 1d.

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Clerk to the Governors of Hulme Hall.

THE MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL for GIRLS.

The Committee are prepared to receive applications for the post of HEAD MISTRESS, which will be VACANT in July. The New Head Mistress will be required to enter on her duties in September.

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Applications from Candidates should state their age and qualifications, and are to be forwarded on or before March 15th, together with 20 printed copies of testimonials, to Mrs. ROBY, Woodhill, Pendleton, Manchester, from whom further information can be obtained.

BRADFORD TECHNICAL COLLEGE.—WANTED, about the Middle of April, a MASTER to TEACH MATHEMATICS, Theoretical and Applied Mechanics; a Graduate preferred.—Applications to be sent to Mr. CHRISR. GATENBY, Secretary, on or before 6th March, 1883.

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For further particulars, apply to the Rev. the HEAD MASTER, School House, Felstead, Essex; or to A. CUNNINGTON, Esq., Solicitor, Braintree, Clerk to the Governors.

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A Number of OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, varying from £60 to £20, will be Open for Competition in July. For particulars, apply to HEAD MASTER.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, February, 1883.

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MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

The New Edition of the School Register can be obtained through Mr. Sellick, post free, 5s 6d. The Register contains a record of all Marlburians from the opening down to 1880, with, as far as possible, notes of their subsequent careers.

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10	age 35,	46 14 9	91 17 1	23 2 8
15		46 13 7	84 4 4	19 19 8
20	£1,000,	46 14 11	76 13 11	16 7 3
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—	Overdriving and overloading	7
—	Starving by withholding food	3
—	Travelling (unharnessed) when lame	2
—	Stoning in a field	4
—	Abandoning, with consequent suffering	1
—	Tying up fore leg to cart-shaft	1
Donkeys	Working in an unfit state	5
—	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	7
—	Starving by withholding food	2
—	Thrusting stick into vagina	1
Cattle	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	2
—	Overstocking	3
—	Overdriving	1
—	Tethering improperly, consequent suffering	1
—	Delivering violently during parturition	1
Calves	Conveying improperly in a cart	3
Sheep	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
Dogs	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
—	Setting to fight, consequent suffering	4
Cats	Setting dogs to worry	2
—	Wounding, by shooting with catapult	1
Fowls	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	2
—	Wounding, by tying legs tightly	1
—	Conveying improperly in baskets	1
Pigeons	Maltreating at a trap-shooting match	2
Various	Owners causing, in above	91
—	Assaulting Inspector	1
		338
	During January	246
	Total during present year	584

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE left Cannes on Monday, thoroughly refreshed, it is believed, by his Southern holiday, which has only been impaired by the gigantic microscope held over him. He arrived in Paris on Tuesday, and devoted the next few days to making the acquaintance of all the leading French politicians, and endeavouring to remove the "tension" which undoubtedly exists between the two Governments. There are difficulties about Egypt, the Commercial Treaties, Madagascar, and Congo—as to which last the British Foreign Office favours Portuguese claims—that together make up a serious aggregate. Mr. Gladstone cannot directly remove any of them, but he can ascertain exactly what the French want, and can remove the sensitive suspiciousness which has developed itself in Paris as to British designs. He values the *entente cordiale*, he sympathises with the Republic, and he may be able to remove the impression that the British Government rather enjoys seeing France baffled at every turn. If he can do this, he will have simplified affairs very greatly, and paved the way for a renewal of the *entente cordiale* on a fresh basis. The old one, the joint action in Egypt, has fallen through.

It was rumoured yesterday, on the authority of many French papers, confirmed in part by the *Freeman's Journal*, that Walsh, the man accused by James Carey of organising the Invincibles, had been arrested at Havre, and had "confessed." That requires confirmation, but it is certain that the Government have demanded the extradition of Byrne from France, and of Sheridan from the United States. In the former country the Extremists, and in the latter the Irish, loudly threaten a refusal; but in both, we imagine, the Judges will decide according to the evidence. It ought to be strong, and to be evidence of complicity in actual crime, or we shall be overwhelmed with applications from Russia, Spain, and France. Whether it would not be wiser to include membership of a murderous league among the crimes thought worthy of extradition, is another matter. At present, there is no such clause in the Treaties, and evidence must be given as to acts other than membership. If that is available, we do not believe that Courts will decline to execute the law, or that the Governments of great and friendly States will fail to act on their decisions. The popular notion that murder is something else than murder, if the victim is a King or an agent of authority, is no more recognised by any Court or Government than it is by any moralist worth attention.

Two more societies of Anarchists have been discovered, through the premature explosion of chemical mixtures, one in Belgium and one in Spain. The Belgian society is apparently an offshoot of the French one, but the Spanish is native, and very formidable. The Anarchists, it is stated, are taking advantage of the distress existing in Andalusia, where the tenure is very bad, and labourers can get neither land nor good wages, and are threatening the holders of property. They have been guilty, the Minister of the Interior says, of many outrages, and obey the orders of a society calling itself "The Black Hand," the object of which is the destruction of capital and its owners, and which numbers 500 leaders and 7,000 known followers. This form of fanaticism, with its strange contempt for human life and still stranger touch of sordidness in its objects, seems to be running like an epidemic through Europe. We presume the truth is that, as in the days of the Jacquerie, which also burst out everywhere, and was marked by extreme ferocity, some class exceptionally miserable has become suddenly conscious of its misery. That would explain the readiness with which agents are found, but the belief of the leaders of the Societies that you can build by mere destruction remains inexplicable. It is not probable that the disease, for it is rather that than anything else, will last long. There is too much readiness in making revelations.

We are informed that of all questions now pending in Egypt, the most urgent is that of the indebtedness of the peasantry. Foreign companies and foreign usurers have for some time past offered their loans upon terms which, to the poor fellahs, always liable for taxes, or arrears, or *backshish*, have proved too tempting. They have taken money on the security of their lands so generally that if the mortgages are foreclosed the majority of the population will be evicted, and Egypt thrown into utter disorganisation. The usurers, strong in the expectation of European Courts, and anxious for the rice and sugar lands, are disposed to evict; and so grave is the situation, that the Government is seriously advised to take the tremendous step of declaring peasants' lands unsaleable. They will hardly go quite so far, because without lands to pledge the peasantry could not, in bad years, pay their full taxes; but it is certain that some very serious step must be taken. A land-mortgage bank will be set up, to lend money at low interest; but, as its loans must be very limited, it is doubtful if this will suffice, unless the bank is preceded by some decree declaring the peasants' bankruptcy. Disinterested observers declare that so fierce is the temper of the people on this subject, that all would be anarchy if the British troops were withdrawn, the peasantry following any leader who promised to annul their bonds. All this is probably true, for it all occurred in Southalistan and in the Deccan; but the difficulty of remedy is very great. The Egyptian Government will not make the peasantry independent, and the British Government has no power, on its present theory, to pass permanent laws for Egypt.

Mr. Parnell's speech yesterday week was little more than a bare disclaimer of all responsibility for the Irish outrages,—which he took care not to reprobate with anything like true moral censure, concluding with a furious atttack on Mr. Forster and the Government for adopting and putting in force Mr. Forster's policy of a Prevention of Crimes Act,—a policy, as Mr. Parnell described it, of "the gallows and the rack." Mr. Trevelyan, in reply, lamented that Mr. Parnell,—to whom he himself had desired to be fair, as he did not think Mr. Forster did desire it, and had eagerly listened, in the hope that he would explain away the appearance of the connection between the policy of the Land League and the policy of outrage,—had "dried up those hopes of conciliation" which are always more or less present to the minds of the Irish Government. Mr. Trevelyan added that whatever the defects of the Prevention of Crimes Act, it had really struck at the practice of agrarian murder, and saved scores of confessedly innocent people who would otherwise have fallen victims to conspiracy and violence. Mr. Trevelyan then praised too much the speeches of Mr. Gibson and Mr. Plunket,—we trust he is not going to lapse into the purely repressive type of Irish statesman,—and for the rest showed that the Government had never interfered with the freedom of the Irish Press except when there was real danger that specific

outrages were hinted at, and might be expected to follow. Mr. Trevelyan declared that the Queen's Warrant runs now in Ireland with at least eight times as much freedom as it did a year ago.

After these speeches, the debate returned to the Kilmainham channel, Sir Stafford Northcote professing to believe that the Government last May preferred pleasing Mr. Parnell to pleasing their own colleagne, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Chamberlain replying, in a very spirited speceh, that there had been no division in the Cabinet as to the Prevention of Crimes Bill, that the Cabinet was perfectly unanimous for such a measure, that twelve ont of its thirteen members, including Lord Spencer, Lord Kimberley, Lord Carlingford, and Lord Hartington, all of whom knew Ireland, were in favour of the release of Mr. Parnell, believing, what had turned out to be the fact, that their release would tend to the pacification of Ireland; and, in a very powerful passage, he asked how it could be expected that the Liberal Party should support a Government which should lean on measures of repression alone, like those which caused order to reign at Warsaw. Mr. Raikes concluded Friday's debate, in one of the insolent little speeches for which he is earning an unpleasant reputation, by declaring that on his own showing the difference between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Parnell was only one of degree, and that Mr. Chamberlain had confessed himself the author of the policy impugned by the amendment,—the fact being that Mr. Chamberlain had absolutely denied the smallest shade of difference between himself and the eleven other Cabinet Ministers with whom he agreed. But Mr. Raikes is disposed to take negatives as affirmatives, and affirmatives as negatives, whenever it suits his purpose.

On Monday, the debate commenced on Mr. Parnell's amendment to the Address attacking the Prevention of Crimes Act, which he accused of having alienated Ireland, when Ireland was beginning to soften towards the British Government; but as we have elsewhere stated, Mr. Parnell's attack appeared to be almost deliberately and intentionally weak, and hardly led up in any degree to the strong language of the amendment. He insisted chiefly on the number of arrests under the Curfew Clause which resulted in an immediate discharge of the prisoners by the magistrates, and on the challenging of Catholics on the juries. He did not even affirm his own belief that any single person executed for murder under the Prevention of Crimes Act had been innocent. The Attorney-General for Ireland warmly repudiated the statement that religious belief had anything at all to do with the Crown challenges of jurymen. They found it necessary to challenge all whom they thought to be liable to intimidation, and it so happened that many of the more independent and wealthier persons, who were thought to be less liable to intimidation, were, as a matter of fact, Protestants; but it was not as Catholics that Catholics were challenged,—on the contrary, the Crown would greatly have preferred Catholics of standing and position for these juries. Eventually, Mr. Parnell's amendment was rejected by 133 to 15.

But the debate on the Address was not yet to close. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Mr. McCarthy's and Mr. O'Connor's amendments relating to the Irish distress were discussed, Mr. Trevelyan showing how grossly the system of distributing help and granting outdoor relief had been abused in Ireland, and how oppressive the system was to those poor people who could only just support themselves by their industry, but who could not afford to pay for the outdoor relief of others. By one poor Irish Union, £25,000 is owed at this moment to the Imperial Exchequer for potato-seed recklessly distributed to tailors, shoemakers, and all the idlers in the streets, under the impression that the Union would never be asked to repay a penny of it. The Government were determined to enforce self-reliance on the Irish Unions, as the only really beneficent policy for Ireland. In an interesting speech delivered on Wednesday, Mr. Childers, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, pointed ont the very great importance to Ireland of encouraging the flow of capital to that country, and the enormons advantages which Ireland would gain if her own Railway Companies could borrow, for productive expenditure, as the English Railway Companies can, at three and a half per cent., rather than that the British Government should lend money to Irish proprietors at five per cent. Mr. Childers expressed himself heartily favourable to any well-considered scheme of carefully-planned emigration by families, which would not only relieve the barren and over-populated districts, but prevent the districts so relieved from being overrun again by a similar evil.

The eleven nights' debate on the Address were at length brought to a conclusion on Thursday, after a fresh speech of Mr. Parnell's on Ireland—this time on the distress—in which he attacked Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan rather angrily for discouraging outdoor relief as a temporary and local remedy, but was otherwise extremely reasonable and moderate, making a very strong appeal to Parliament not to refuse to consider the complementary measures needed to complete the effect of the Land Act and Arrears Act. At length, Mr. A. O'Connor's amendment to the Address was negatived, and the Address and Report agreed to, after a loss of exactly eleven nights—just the same number as (as the Solicitor-General has shown) sufficed for the whole seven Sessions of the last Parliament to discuss Addresses in answer to the Queen's Speeches—eleven nights spent on purely abstract discussions. It would be far better to put an end to these straggling and unpractical discussions altogether, and to allow the grievances which they raise to be discussed *à propos* of some genuine attempt at a remedy. The Address in answer to the Queen's Speech is getting to be a mere expedient for killing time.

On Saturday, Mr. John Morley was returned for Newcastle-on-Tyne by a majority of 2,256 over the Conservative candidate, Mr. Bruce. Mr. Morley polled 9,443 votes, against 7,187 given for Mr. Bruce. The usual Liberal majority at Newcastle-on-Tyne is, of course, very much larger than 2,256. In 1880, Mr. Ashton Dilke received 10,404 votes, against only 5,271 given for Mr. Hamond, the Conservative. But then, in 1880, the Irish electors, who are numerous, voted for the Liberals; while in this election they, with as many of the working-men as Mr. Cowen's paper could influence, went over to the Conservatives. The victory, therefore, is quite as good as, under the circumstances, we had any right to anticipate; and in Mr. John Morley the Liberals will gain a very great accession of intellectual strength, which is of even more consequence than voting-power. Mr. Morley will certainly make for himself a reputation of his own.

Under the present county franchise the county of Dublin at least remains Conservative, nay, has given more Conservative votes than ever. On Wednesday, Colonel King-Harman was returned for the county with a poll of 2,514, as against 1,428 for Mr. MacMahon, the Home-rule or Nationalist candidate; majority for the Conservative, 1,086. At the last contested election, in 1874, Colonel Taylor received only 2,183 votes to 1,235 given to Mr. Parnell. So that while Mr. MacMahon has improved on Mr. Parnell's poll in 1874, Colonel King-Harman has improved still more on the vote given to Colonel Taylor. At Portarlington also, on Wednesday, the Conservatives had another triumph, Mr. Brewster (Conservative) being returned by a majority of 13 over the Nationalist candidate, Mr. Mayne. As between reaction and revolution, these two constituencies appear to prefer reaction.

As the Committee of Selection are to have the power of nominating the Grand Committees, it was naturally felt that it should be reinforced from below the gangway on both sides of the House, and not left to the somewhat too official body of which it has hitherto consisted. Mr. Dillwyn, on Tuesday, moved the addition to its numbers of two members, who are to be Mr. Illingworth, to represent the independent Liberals, and Sir H. Wolff, to represent the independent Conservatives, and the addition was carried by a great majority (213 to 54). A very hot debate arose on the proposal to nominate Mr. Mitchell Henry, as the representative of Irish interests on the Committee of Selection, the Parnellites repudiating him very warmly as a true representative of Ireland; but Mr. Newdegate aptly observed that Mr. Parnell had stated, only a few nights previously, that he would not be guided in his conduct by any reference to the opinions of that House. Now, it would never do to have on the Committee of Selection a man who would not be guided in his conduct by any reference to the opinions of that House, and hence it seemed desirable to take an Irish Member who would be so guided. This very sensible remark recommended itself to the House, and Mr. Mitchell Henry's name was carried by 157 votes against 22.

Sir Stafford Northcote gave notice yesterday week that he would on an early day move for a Select Committee to inquire

into all the circumstances connected with the release last May of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Kelly from prison, and to report them to the House; he would move that the Committee should be named by the Committee of Selection, and should have power to examine witnesses upon oath. On Monday, in reply to a question from Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Hartington declined to give any of the time at the disposal of the Government for a discussion thrashed out to the last grain long ago, and on which no inquiry can throw any fresh light. It seems to us that Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal to take power to swear the witnesses,—all the more important of whom would be, we suppose, Cabinet Ministers,—as if they could not be believed on their honour, was rather an unworthy attempt to cast insinuations on his opponents. We hardly expected Sir Stafford Northcote to set the example in mud-casting of that kind.

Lord Randolph Churchill delivered himself at Woodstock on Tuesday of a string of accusations against the Government, which it is not easy to understand passing the lips of a gentleman, concerning any men whom he would be willing to meet in society, and with whom he would not think it his duty to decline all acquaintance. Here are specimens:—"You have to do with a Government of imposture, an Administration of make-believes, whose every act is either a sham or a fraud." "Never, since the days of the infamous Cabal, has this country witnessed such a set of political impostors in the councils of the Crown." "In their Government of Ireland, however, they have abandoned the paths of political imposture, and have entered on the high-road of political crime." "At a particular time, so base was their policy, that they forced the Crown to rely for their authority in Ireland on the assassins of the Phœnix Park." Did even the tenants and labourers of the Duke of Marlborough like to listen to foul language of this kind, concerning a Government in the integrity of which the vast majority of the English people believe with implicit confidence? Or did they only regard it as Lord Randolph Churchill's political idiosyncrasy to paint with a rich supply of soot out of his own fancy those whom he erroneously thinks it his professional duty to revile? Anyhow, this outrageous political Billingsgate was received with shouts of laughter and cheers.

On the same day, Lord Carlingford made a speech at Coventry in singular contrast to Lord Randolph Churchill's. It was, if anything, over-moderate. The Lord Privy Seal declared on his honour that there was nothing to reveal about the release of Mr. Parnell, for that the public already knew all, but admitted fully that as to the expediency of that release there was room for difference of opinion. He showed without the slightest heat that so far from the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish having produced the Crimes Bill, the Bill was being drawn up by a Committee of the Cabinet before Lord Spencer left England, and Lord F. Cavendish was himself present at its consultations. Finally, while deprecating any idea of living in a fool's paradise of optimism, he declared his full belief that the Land Act had given to large numbers of Irish tenants "encouragement in their industry, and increased contentment with the laws under which they live;" and that, although there is still in Ireland "great traditionary dissatisfaction and suspicion of this country," we are on the way to the cure of the disease. Lord Carlingford speaks too seldom. Few men understand Ireland as he does, and fewer still are able to keep themselves free from the rancour which Irish subjects, more than any other, provoke. His is pre-eminently a sane judgment.

The taste for luxury and magnificence in English society has been curiously illustrated this week. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have been celebrating their Silver Wedding, delayed by the death of Prince Charles, and entire columns of description of the festivities have been telegraphed to London, including minute accounts, not only of the ladies' diamonds, but of the men's costumes. The Correspondents seem positively intoxicated with the splendour of one reception in the White Saloon, at which every one appeared in fancy dress, the *Times*' man in particular declaring that one party of masqueraders, who represented the English Queen Elizabeth and her Court, but forgot Shakespeare, Raleigh, Bacon, and Burleigh, "came like speechless, yet eloquent shadows, and so they departed." An "eloquent shadow" dressed as a Beef-eater must have been worth seeing. The celebration of the Silver Wedding is a graceful custom, and the ceremonial was, doubtless, worthy of record as an incident of foreign Court life; but the appetite for finery which cannot wait even for letters, but insists on telegraphic bulletins about "puffed doublets" of red velvet, is, in an age like this, a strange one. There are evidently people extant who not only take delight in seeing a great dress pageant, which is natural enough, as natural as delight in any other exhibition of colour, but in reading a description of one. The Court of Germany, we perceive, omits in its triumphs the slave who told the Roman conqueror that he, too, was mortal, and yet Berlin could easily supply one. The first Socialist found in the next street would answer admirably, and need only say, "I am the outcome!" to be more impressive than the slave.

The United States Senate is in a fever at recent proceedings in Chili. It appears that the Ministers of England, France, and Italy, deploring the continuance of the endless and now purposeless war between Peru and Chili, met at the house of the American Minister in Santiago, and discussed with him a plan of joint intervention. The plan, according to the telegram, was of his proposing, not theirs. The Senate, however, hearing a rumour of the affair, demanded explanations, and President Arthur informs them that Mr. Partridge has acted without instructions, that he has been ordered back by the first ship, and that the Governments of London, Paris, and Rome have been informed of this new aspect of the facts. If the Government of Washington is to assume this kind of Protectorate over two continents, it should assume also some responsibility for the protected States. As it is, it is actively intervening to prevent Peru from obtaining help anywhere, yet professes non-intervention to such an extent that it will not even remonstrate with Chili. As a result, Peru will be thrown back into barbarism, while Chili will be exhausted by a profitless occupation.

The "General" of the Salvation Army is not happy just now. His processions in London have been stopped, practically by violence. His raid on the Continent cannot be considered a success, and Mr. Spurgeon, who has hitherto been neutral, has pronounced decisively against the Army and its works. Moreover, there is trouble about funds. The General has over-built and over-purchased himself, and has publicly announced that he has borrowed money for his edifices to the amount of £20,000, at six and a half, seven, and seven and a half per cent., showing that the security is not quite perfect. He asks friends of the cause, therefore, to lend him money on deposit, promising life annuities equal to five per cent. per annum, or five per cent. for long loans, or three per cent. for deposits withdrawable at a month's notice. That last offer might ruin him, if the Bank rate were two per cent., and altogether he had much better not convert the Army into a Bank of Deposit. If he does, he will find that the most interesting feature in his organisation, his own absolute power, will speedily disappear. Creditors will have accounts.

Sir Fitzjames Stephen writes to the *Times*, protesting against the new attempt in India to subject Europeans to the direct jurisdiction of native magistrates. He says the Code of Procedure, which guarantees the European privilege, after working satisfactorily for ten years, was re-enacted in 1882, and should not be modified so soon; that the privilege was specially discussed and resanctioned by a Committee; and that no cause has since arisen for a new departure. He further objects to the principle of the change, arguing with truth that personal privilege is the basis of all Indian law—for example, if native ladies could be summoned into court as witnesses, all India would be in insurrection—and that absolute equality between Native and European is a dream. If a foundation exists for it, the European Government, whose only moral claim is its inherent superiority of *morale*, ought to depart. We doubt if any of these arguments are so strong as the one we advanced, that it is essential to keep up European confidence in the law; but they are pleaded by a strong Judge, intimately acquainted with the working of the Indian code. The Europeans in India, we perceive, are holding unanimous meetings against the Act, and threatening to dissolve all Volunteer Corps; but, as Lord Hartington has refused to ask for the previous sanction of Parliament, they have no lever.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 102¼ to 102⅜.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE FIRST DANGER AHEAD.

THE Session has hitherto been Irish, and a great many people, with the *Times* for their mouthpiece, believe it will continue Irish still. We trust it will not, even if the Government have to apply the Closure resolutely, or to introduce it in its French form, under which the leader of the majority proposes it on his own responsibility, as he would any other measure; and we wish to explain why, for our reason is very different from that of the *Times*. We do not think the Irish Extremists "impudent," in forcing Irish questions to the front. They think Irish questions all-important, and may fairly say just now that they are all-important, not only to Irishmen, but to all inhabitants of the United Kingdom. Lord Hartington said precisely the same thing three weeks ago, in even stronger language, affirming that the question of Ireland was more pressing than all other questions put together, and there is not an Englishman or a Scotchman competent to form an opinion who does not know that he was right. We may, indeed, believe that further Parliamentary discussion is not the way to settle Ireland, but we can hardly in reason expect an Irish Parliamentary party to admit the accuracy of that view. Or we may believe that the Parnellites are not sincere, and are pressing their one topic not in the hope of benefiting Ireland, but in the expectation of wearying England into separation; but then that is a policy which they have always more or less clearly avowed, and though it may be treasonable, it is not impudent. As a matter of fact, we imagine they do hope to weary us, and also hope to obtain certain concessions; and the condition of Ireland being what it is, that is not "impudent," by any means. If Scotland were in semi-rebellion, we should hear of nothing but Scotland; and though "sectional questions," as the Americans call them, are infrequent in this country, we have repeatedly given Session after Session to discussions, such as those on the Free-trade laws, which were really continuous arguments about the application of a single principle. Nor are we so clear as some of our own friends are that the Tories are so wicked in creating Irish debates. A majority of Tories sincerely believe that while the Government, and especially Mr. Gladstone, may be well-intentioned, they are in Ireland acting on principles which can lead to nothing but disaster, possibly even to the separation of the Islands. They think, in fact, what Sir J. Hay openly said on Tuesday, that the only way to govern Ireland is by force, steadily applied as in a Crown Colony; and that every remedial measure, and especially every remedial measure increasing freedom, tends to encourage sedition. They regard "Kilmainham Compacts," which, in some sort of fashion, they believe to exist, not, indeed, as "covenants with Hell," after the style of excited Orangemen, but as concessions which, instead of pacifying rebels, only inspire them with fresh courage. So believing, they want to discourage conciliation and strengthen repression, and, as they fancy, with their usual ignorance of all but Society, that this policy is popular, they press it, in season and out of season. They are doing grave mischief, but we doubt if they see it; and if they do not, they are not stepping outside the usual lines of party warfare.

The true reason for objecting to so much Irish discussion, and indeed for repressing it by something like force, is the danger lest the people of Great Britain, who number twenty-nine millions to the Irish five, should lose confidence in the House of Commons as an instrument of government. The notion, so incessantly repeated, and, indeed, acted on by many newspapers, that the public interest in the House is "waning," is, as we believe, substantially unsound,—as unsound as a kindred belief that the interest in theology is waxing faint. The attention paid to special debates or to certain kinds of sermons may be dying away, but the work of legislation, like the problem of the Whence and Whither, will remain for ever a subject of close and warm human interest; and just as we see that vivid argument on theology instantly brings repute, so we shall see that sincere debating in the House of Commons on subjects of vital interest is as attractive as ever. But it is undeniable that the British people are weary of infructuous Irish debates, and angry with the failure of the House to do what they consider its proper work. They are not angry at serious attention to Ireland. They recognise, just as fully as Lord Hartington, that Ireland is the grand difficulty; and if any serious politician has anything fresh to say, they will listen, not only with attention, but with eagerness. But they have been trained for generations to regard the House as an irresistible machine for securing the political and social improvements they desire; and finding that it is unable for Session after Session to continue this work, they are growing first perplexed and then irritated. The perplexity can go no deeper, but the irritation can; and if the hope created by the Closure is finally disappointed, it will, until it becomes dangerous. What form the danger will assume we do not pretend to know, though we have a suspicion; but of this we are certain, that the British people in anger is seldom wise, and that in anger it always wisely or foolishly insists on action. The Tories fancy that action will take the old and customary form of turning out the Government, in the hope that the next one will be more successful in doing work; but their hopes, quite natural in men who do not even yet recognise how unlike the Householder Demos is to the Ten-pounder Demos, deceive them. They forget that the Electors are not only irritated by not getting any out-turn at all, but by not getting the out-turn which they want, and which they know the Tories will not give them. Men like Lord Cranbrook think the electors will be indignant because Liberal promises are not kept, and that, therefore, the Tory promise of other things will delight them; but that is not so. The millions want certain things, instinct tells them that the Tories will not give them, and being, as compared with the old electors, a multitude, their instinct will be stronger and more operative with them than any argument. They will desire to change not the Government, but the machine through which it works, and by which it is foiled; and they may try to do this in one of at least three ways, any one of which we would entreat sensible Irishmen and sensible Tories to think over well, for they are all more or less directly dangerous to them. The electors may insist on a Closure so sweeping and stringent that it would virtually amount to a suspension of the right of discussion, in favour practically of legislation by the Cabinet. That plan does even now exist in a rude form in France, whenever the Government is supported by a majority, and results in incessant Cabinet overthrows, or "crises," as they are called; and it would be in England, whatever its other merits or demerits, the most sweeping of revolutions. We should be governed virtually by plébiscites given from outside, pressed upon the Cabinet by majorities, and passed without deliberation, and those plébiscites would not be to the advantage either of Conservatism, or of the constructive Radicalism the *Spectator* tries to represent. There is positive danger of an impulse in this direction, which would not be unwelcome to those Radicals who are really Reds, and those who, like a vestryman the writer once heard, are inclined on all occasions to cry out "Damn talking,—lets 'ave a show of 'ands!" Or the electors may insist on silencing without expelling the Irish Extremists, and so at last giving Ireland a genuine grievance, without at the same time creating for her a new government. No one who listens to the talk on omnibus knife-boards will venture to say that this danger is impossible. Or, finally, the electors may do as they did on the last occasion when their machine would not work,—they may demand its "reform" in a spirit which, new force and not new wisdom being exclusively sought, could end only in undiluted democracy, democracy determined first of all to "waste as little time" as possible in either reflection or argument. Do reasonable Conservatives, or, for that matter, unreasonable Conservatives, wish for that? because we sincerely believe, if the anticipations of the *Times* are fulfilled, and this Session is wasted like the last, and the Closure is evaded or impeded till it will not act, this is the most probable result. The English people are very apt to move on accustomed lines, and they are accustomed to think a Reform Bill the true remedy for any paralysis of Parliament. If they raise the cry, they will do it seriously, there is no resisting force anywhere, and instead of a wise Reform Bill, such as is required, we shall have a sweeping measure, which will restore force to the House of Commons at a price which Conservatives, at all events, will be most unwilling to pay. Things may go much better than the *Times* fears, for Mr. Gladstone has returned, and the Closure, once applied, may work well; but if they do not, if the Parties will not let the House of Commons work, if aimless talk about past history is to absorb all the nights not devoted to actual Supply, the result will not be the super-session of the House of Commons, but a change of some kind within it which most certainly will not be approved either by Conservatives, or by Irishmen, or by those Radicals who still believe deliberation by Representatives essential to wise government. The gainers will be the Democrats, pure and simple.

MR. PARNELL.

MR. PARNELL is a very curious study. An Irishman with hardly a grain of the Irish temperament in him, a leader of a violent and loud-mouthed faction, who has hardly anything of the temperament of the agitator in him, a politician much more naturally inclined to be acrid and bilious than to be daring and dashing, and yet one from whom all his followers expect daring and dashing words, there would be something almost pathetic, if one could feel any genuine sympathy with him, in the way in which he occasionally doles out a carefully-prepared denunciation, and then subsides, with a sort of relief, into the frigid reserve with which "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, he hints a fault, and hesitates dislike." Nothing can be more remarkable than the contrast between his speech of yesterday week, after he had been unwisely baited by Mr. Forster into a great effort to revive the rancour of the feeling between England and Ireland, as his followers expected him to do, and his speech of last Monday, when he brought an indictment against the Crimes Prevention Act so feeble,—so carefully, elaborately, and intentionally feeble, as it appeared,—that it was difficult to believe he was not delivering the nearest thing to an apology for that Act which, in his position, he dared to deliver; nothing more extraordinary than the contrast between the denunciation of England and the English Government with which the first speech concluded, and the appeal to the English Parliament to do its best to complete its most useful legislative achievement for Ireland which ended the second speech, and which constituted the chief part of the third, on Irish distress. On February 23rd this was his address to Mr. Trevelyan, on whose inability to follow in Mr. Forster's footsteps he half complimented and half taunted him:—"We say he (Mr. Forster) was deposed from his position, and the right honourable gentleman apprenticed, though a very willing one, in his place. I feel that the Chief Secretary must say to himself, in the words of Scripture, 'I am not worthy to unloose his shoe-latchets.' It would have been far better to have the Crimes Act administered by the sound politician now in disgrace. Call him back, send him to help Lord Spencer in the congenial work of the gallows in Ireland, send him to look into the secret inquiries of Dublin Castle, and to superintend the impost for blood-money. We invite you to man your racks. Send the best men forward in the task of misgoverning and oppressing Ireland. For my part, I am confident in the future. I believe that our people will survive the present oppression, as they have survived many and worse ones. I think our progress may be slow, but the time will come when this House and the people of this country will admit once more that they have been mistaken; that they have been deceived by those who ought to have been ashamed of themselves; that they have been led astray from the right method of governing a noble, generous, brave, and impulsive people; and that they will reject their present leaders with just as much determination and with just as much belief as they rejected the services of the right honourable gentleman the Member for Bradford." Well, that passage had something of the verve of true hatred in it, though it cooled down, showing Mr. Parnell's characteristic inability to keep up above the line of inveterate dislike, towards the close. But after such a denunciation of the *régime* of the gallows and the rack,—a curiously unfortunate touch of rhetoric, since no Irishman has even ventured to ask a question suggesting the use of the rack in Ireland, numberless as are the fabulous oppressions which Irish questions have suggested to the House of Commons,—one would naturally have expected from Mr. Parnell on Monday such a string of *assertions* at least as to the iniquities wrought by the Crimes Act, as would have turned the heads of credulous Irish readers with horror and wrath. What do we find? A list of cases in which people had been apprehended on suspicion, under what is called the Curfew Clause of the Act, and dismissed by the Magistrates because there was no substantial evidence against them,—a declaration that one of the Jurors in the Dublin murder cases had entertained the impression that if he refused to convict he would be boycotted in his business, that is, would lose the custom of the Castle officials,—a demonstration that the great majority of the jurors were Protestant,—a statement that no Irishman could have trusted the impartiality of these juries,—and then a strong appeal to Parliament to amend the defects in the Land Act. There was not even so much as a confident statement of Mr. Parnell's own belief that any one of the persons executed for murder in Ireland was innocent of that crime. There was no attempt to deny Mr. Trevelyan's statement that fifty notoriously and confessedly innocent people had been murdered in Ireland, for the five convicted criminals whom some Irish partisans pretend to think innocent, nor that the execution of these criminals has practically stopped the assassination of innocent persons. In a word, it is difficult to read Mr. Parnell's speech of Monday, which should have been delivered to make out the case for his peroration of Friday, without entertaining a certain doubt whether Mr. Parnell really wished to justify the insinuations of that peroration, and did not rather propose to go as near as he safely might to toning them down. And the speech of the day before yesterday, except for a few discreditable sneers at Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, was the most moderate and conciliatory of the three. It is impossible to forget, to use a metaphor applied, we think, to the Land League by some one during the debate, that Mr. Parnell stands in a most perilous position between the devil and the deep sea of Irish unpopularity, and that it is almost impossible for him to avoid falling into the latter, if he wishes to escape in any degree from the clutches of the former. Therefore, we incline to think that his language must be construed with a good deal of reference to his very painful position. He knows that it is very dangerous to denounce heartily the outrages of the outrage-mongers, since the Land League would never have attained to the power it did attain without these outrages; and, therefore, while disclaiming all responsibility for them, he carefully avoids speaking of them with detestation, or even with the least shade of moral disapproval. But he does not really like the outrages; he would, we believe, have been very thankful if the outrages could have been put down without the stern machinery of the Crimes Prevention Act, and yet, well knowing that that machinery has practically put a stop to assassinations, he denounces it bitterly one day, only to draw the feeblest of indictments against it the next. The truth undoubtedly is that Mr. Parnell's heart is not in his position. He has raised a spirit in Ireland which makes him cower as Faust cowered before the vision elicited by his own spells. Mr. Parnell has neither the courage to risk everything by openly deploring any sort of encouragement which his agitation has given to crime, and trying to lead the Irish back into the path of strictly just and honest combination for reasonable political ends, nor the evil passion which would delight in taking the lead of the spirit which his methods have evoked, and in hounding it on to worse achievements. As it is, he hesitates between two totally different lines of action, repudiating the alliance with such a statesman as Mr. Trevelyan, when he sees how completely it would paralyse his influence to accept it, and again making dubious advances which seem to beckon on Mr. Trevelyan's reforms, so soon as he seems to himself to have broken too completely with the reformers.

We have never thought well of Mr. Parnell, but we do say this, that he is neither good enough to make a great effort for Ireland which might really be the beginning of peace, nor bad enough to make a great effort for a rupture which might be the outbreak of war. He vibrates between the two policies, and shrinks back from both. He is not strong enough to say that he has done wrong in the past and will devote his life to the attempt to undo that wrong in the future. Nor is he unscrupulous enough to declare that he has done nothing but right in the past, and that the demon of malice which his policy has evoked ought to be fed daily with fresh acts of acrimony and hatred. On the whole, we not only blame but also pity Mr. Parnell. And we cannot but think that Mr. Forster made a serious blunder, when he increased last week, by the inopportune revival of a discreditable history, the difficulty which Mr. Parnell obviously finds in repressing his own more violent followers, even where his own obvious preference for milder methods would have induced him,—so far as, in his position, he dare advocate these milder methods,—to deprecate his adherents' violence, and to meet the British Government half-way.

POLITICAL EPILEPSY.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL probably supposes that in such speeches as he made at Woodstock on Tuesday he is following the example of Mr. Disraeli, and making himself famous by his virulent invective. The truth is, however, that he does not in the least understand his model. Mr. Disraeli spoke with extraordinary violence before he got a seat in Parliament at all, believing that this was the way to attract popular attention to an unknown man; but long before he

had reached a position as conspicuous as that which Lord Randolph Churchill now occupies below the gangway on the Tory side of the House, he altered his style, and reduced his invective, whether in the House or out of it, within the limits which the country naturally expects from persons who aspire to a weighty influence in its counsels. Mr. Disraeli would have never been the man he became, if he had been capable of delivering such a speech as Lord Randolph Churchill's Tuesday's speech at any epoch in his career corresponding to that now reached by Lord Randolph Churchill. And, indeed, it is a speech which will injure no one but himself, but may seriously injure himself. It is all acting, of course, as the *Times*, in its indulgent criticism on it, said; no one suspects Lord Randolph of believing twenty consecutive words of it. But then a political actor should follow decent models, and not act epilepsy when he intends to act passion. When the present writer read the speech, there was one famous description of something like it which rushed at once to his mind. We can imagine a respectable Duke whose own bias is always to moderation using the very words, "Have mercy on my son, for he is lunatick and sore vexed; yea, oft-times he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water." If metaphor be allowed at all, nothing could better describe Lord Randolph Churchill's performances at Woodstock, which might be said to consist in the representation of convulsion fits, dashing him by turns into the fire of Tory fury, and the cold water of the revolutionary deluge. "Never since the days of the infamous Cabal has this country witnessed such a set of political impostors in the councils of the Crown." "They have abandoned the paths of political imposture, and entered on the high-road of political crime." "So base was their policy, that they forced the Crown to rely for its authority in Ireland on the assassins of the Phœnix Park." Compare all that with the wild shriek of real or affected revolutionary passion with which Lord Randolph declares,—"They pretended to fear that in bombarding Alexandria, in sending 40,000 men to Egypt, in slaughtering several thousands of Egyptians, and in brutally suppressing a genuine national movement, they were acting in the interests of peace and liberty." What will Lord Randolph's Conservative friends say to that last paroxysm? Sir Wilfrid Lawson, nay, Mr. O'Donnell himself, has never gone beyond that. Lord Randolph, if he acts at all, should try to act a little coherence. Both parties will shudder equally at his epileptic politics, if he goes on like that. Indeed, he could hardly have been more cruel than he was to his Tory allies, when he sneered at the Government for "doling out" to Greece only "one-half of the territory assigned her by Lord Beaconsfield in the Treaty of Berlin," and forgetting to remark that Lord Beaconsfield himself and his Foreign Secretary Lord Salisbury presented the chief obstacles to any redemption, however partial, of their own verbal "assignment." Lord Randolph Churchill, in his false notion that young politicians need think only of making men gape at them in astonishment, appears to be bent on horrifying all parties alike, though perhaps not equally, at his convulsion fits, for they must be more painful by far to the party whose reputation suffers by any exhibition of the silly fury of one of its members, than to the party who only see in them the evidence that a distinguished opponent is subject to temporary paroxysms of mental alienation.

The most effective criticism on furious raving of this kind is that passed by the Solicitor-General, in his striking speech at Egham last week, when he asked what persons who choose to use language of this extraordinary kind, can think of the judgment of the great people to whom they appeal. Lord Randolph Churchill, if he be not possessed of a devil,—a great "if," no doubt,—knows perfectly well that the majority of the British people believe in this Government as implicitly as they have ever believed in a Government at all, and that in such elections as that at Liverpool this confidence has been reaffirmed since those events happened which Lord Randolph Churchill exhausts the vocabulary of his political Billingsgate to describe. Now, even supposing that the Liberals are wrong, even supposing that the Tory judgments on most of the events of the last three years are right, how will it tend to convince those to whom the Tories appeal that they have been mistaken, to tell them not merely that they have misjudged matters on which a right judgment is very difficult, but that they have been, all through, supporting a pack of thieves, hypocrites, and imbeciles? That is the thesis of Lord Randolph Churchill's speech, and we cannot for our lives understand what conceivable object he can have in making such a speech, unless he really wishes to discredit his own party, and to increase the influence of ours. It is so obvious that nobody will listen to a man who tells him that he has not only been wrong, but coarsely wrong, stupidly wrong, viciously wrong, for years in every moral judgment he has formed of his rulers, that we really do not know how a man conceives of the public opinion to which he appeals, when he takes that line to bring it over to his own side. If you tell a public meeting, "You are either rogues or madmen, I don't know which," the public meeting naturally declines to hear more. What is the use of hearing more? If they really be rogues, they *won't* be converted by reason; if they be madmen, they *can't* be; so whichever horn of the dilemma be assumed, it is perfectly clear to them that that speaker has no business to address that audience. Yet this is precisely what a speaker like Lord Randolph Churchill does, who appeals from the judgment of the British people in 1880 to its judgment in 1883, on the assumption that every political judgment formed by the people has been shown in the three intervening years to have been the product of either folly, ignorance, or wickedness.

To our minds, nothing is more curious and difficult to explain than the sudden increase of impotent fury among Tories, at a time when the Press of this country has become so very much more moderate and subdued in tone, alike on the Conservative side and on the Liberal,—when the leading Conservative paper is the *Standard*, which every Liberal politician finds, in its own way, sane and sagacious; and when the leading Liberal paper is the *Daily News*, with which the majority of Liberals are disposed chiefly to find fault that it is hardly Liberal enough. Yet, just when these things are so, when men who address the *great* public, appear to have convinced themselves that the first condition of commanding influence is to be studiously moderate, and when members on the Liberal side, especially the Radicals, are studiously moderating their tone,—we can recall no politicians more moderate in tone than Mr. Burt and Mr. Broadhurst, and men of that type,—we have these strange Tory outbreaks of fury, which sound almost like the ravings of a lunatic. What is the explanation of it? Is it that the old representatives of privilege are really "desperate," and since they cannot get their way, resolve to "unpack their heart with words, and fall a-cursing"? In Lord Randolph Churchill's case, it looks very like it. And unless he changes his course,—and if he does, the public will very soon have forgotten these dismal follies,—he will soon lose all the chances which his birth and his occasional smartness have won for him.

MR. GLADSTONE IN PARIS.

THE bulletin-makers are very careful to tell us that Mr. Gladstone, while in Paris, settled nothing with the French Foreign Office, and, no doubt, that is technically true. Mr. Gladstone is not Foreign Secretary, and is not at all the kind of man to appoint himself informal Plenipotentiary, and take Lord Lyons' work out of his hands. Nevertheless, we are justified in expecting that positive good will result from his communications with the French Ministry. He is the head of her Majesty's Government, and it is just now most expedient that the views of that Government should be made known in Paris through a channel which is in a way authoritative, and yet is less suspected of finesse than in Paris every diplomatist is. It is useless to deny or smooth away the fact that the only one of Lord Salisbury's charges which had any validity in it is the only one he did not press,—that the Egyptian policy of the Government had impaired the *entente cordiale* with France. That is no discredit to the Government or to its policy. Talleyrand and Metternich together could not have so managed affairs that a Government which had kept its agreements as ours did, and a Government which had evaded its agreements as the French did, should remain on as cordial a footing as before. Nor was it possible for France not to be annoyed at the consequences of its own conduct in Egypt, or for Great Britain to be content with a friend who, partly, perhaps, under compulsion, exhibited every day some new evidence of inconvenient, if not discreditable vacillation, and who finally broke his word. Still, it is certain that in all such conflicts, some needless personal irritations must arise and some unfounded suspicions must be begotten, and it is most expedient that both should be dissipated by personal intercourse between men who have authority to speak, but yet are not directly responsible for the controversies. There is a notion in Paris, for example,

that Lord Granville is not sorry in a grave and gentle manner to read France a lesson on the value of consistency and good-faith, and a notion in England that it is impracticable to deal with a Power which changes its foreign representative once a week. Mr. Gladstone would be able not only to give and receive assurances which, coming from him, would be of the highest value, but to persuade officials who have, while Ministries shift so fast, unusual power, yet are very seldom brought into contact with the leading statesmen of other countries. If Mr. Gladstone can convince permanent Chiefs like President Grévy, and the heads of Departments, of what is undoubtedly true, that the British Cabinet, though compelled to act for itself in Egypt, has no desire whatever either to humiliate France, or to injure France, or to impede France, he will have done much to restore a relation which is nearly invaluable to both countries. A joint control in Egypt is impossible. Two friends might as well agree to divide the ownership of the door-step of one of them. They would quarrel if they were the best of friends, the sweetest of tempers, the most disinterested of men; or if they did not, their servants would. But that is no reason why the relative position of the two Powers in Egypt should not be arranged, or why, when the arrangement has been made, they should not again be bound in the informal alliance so necessary to both. The substantial truth of the matter is that in the present position of European affairs, when England and France quarrel, France is throttled and England uneasy, and that of itself is a sufficient reason for renewing the *entente cordiale*. With England alienated, France has only enemies on her borders; and with France alienated, England is left alone in a dozen quarters, notably, for example, in Constantinople and Pekin, where she has every day to settle questions of the last difficulty and importance. At this very moment, the supposed tension between the Powers is encouraging the Sultan to break up the *modus vivendi* in Syria, which depends on the reappointment of Roustem Pasha; and if that is broken up, the "question of the Lebanon"—upon which the Catholic Church, all Southern Frenchmen, and all Russians are alike furious—will be reopened once more. We say nothing of the important questions of extradition between the two countries; it is sufficient that, if they quarrel, France stands alone in Europe and England alone in Asia, and that the loneliness is a burden. Mr. Gladstone, of all men, is certain to feel this, and to do his best to prevent separation by every concession that can be considered reasonable. That he will make unreasonable concessions, as Tories are hinting, we do not fear, believing that on this subject they utterly misread his character. Mr. Gladstone hates war, and is, perhaps, over-annoyed by the British liability to panic; but a man less likely to be turned from his course by foreign menaces never held power in this country. They would strike him as immoral.

There is another reason why personal contact between Mr. Gladstone and the French Government may prove most beneficial. He will not be deceived, as most diplomatists are, by the rise to power of the new *couche sociale*. The feeling that a State cannot be guided steadily, except by gentlemen, is strong all over Europe; but it is nowhere so strong, not to say unreasonable, as in the Diplomatic Services. Ministers and Secretaries of Legation not only feel a distaste for the new men, which is natural enough, but they disbelieve in them, think them incompetent, and cannot understand that a man who can hardly bow properly, or is as sensitive to slight as Franklin was, can, nevertheless, be, like Franklin, a very dangerous adversary. They do not see that such new men would not have got up in the world, if they had not been strong. Just at present, this error is serious, for France is ruled only by new men; and M. Challemel-Lacour intends to introduce them freely into a service which in France, through all her changes, has remained a stronghold of the aristocracy. We question if he is wise in so doing, for Europe is still governed by individuals who can be best managed through the social tact and political tenacity which belong to aristocrats; but that is a mere opinion. M. Challemel-Lacour will go his way, and weed out "Orleanist" Ambassadors and Permanent Secretaries of Legation, and so produce a change of tone in all Embassies which will perplex, perhaps irritate, half Europe. Mr. Gladstone will weigh the new men who are at the top with eyes which are not diplomatic, and which have seen "risen" men in high positions before, and will understand them and their objects as the diplomatists do not. Very likely he will approve neither personages nor designs. He has always said publicly that the administration of a country by its "leisured classes" is good for that country, and would fret under Franklin possibly more than Lord Granville would. But he will understand them, and the permanent danger between England and France is, first of all, misapprehension. The two countries are now so situated that if they can only understand one another, the chance of their quarrelling is slight, and every incident which assists comprehension becomes most valuable. Mr. Gladstone has seen, it is said, not only the French Ministers, but the heads of all French parties, and will be able to form judgments on them, which will, at all events, be additions to the judgments formed in the Embassy at Paris. Moreover, he will himself have been seen of them. The defect of new men is always suspicion, but such men in France are keen judges alike of statesmen and their motives. They will not believe, after hearing Mr. Gladstone, that one great object of the English Government in Cairo is to break the prestige of France, or fancy that English dislike of the proceedings in Madagascar is based at bottom on apprehensions for the future of the sugar trade. We should not wonder even if they came to understand that England was not preoccupied with the desire for Commercial Treaties, and discovered that when the British Premier made a speech on that subject, he meant substantially what he said. Enlightenment of that kind on both sides is pure gain, and we expect much of it from Mr. Gladstone's short intercourse with the men who are trying once more to govern France, and who are beginning to say that in foreign politics France "has been too nearly effaced."

MR. LABOUCHERE ON "THE COMING DEMOCRACY."

WE have rarely read a more dangerous political pamphlet than the one which Mr. Labouchere has printed in the *Fortnightly Review* for March. It is written with the reckless cleverness which marks much of its author's writing, and shows, in many passages, that kind of insight often found in men of detached minds who have seen many cities, and it will therefore be quoted everywhere by all Tories, and many timid Liberals, as the truest expression of secret Radical thoughts. If Lord Cranbrook knew his business, he would have told us already that Mr. Labouchere had "let the cat out of the bag," and had confessed that the ultimate object of Radicalism was plunder. That would be true, too, in part at least, if that programme were either possible or desired by many, and the answer that it is neither will be forgotten in the heat of party controversy. Unless we are greatly mistaken both as to the fury and as to the adroitness of our opponents, Mr. Labouchere will find that he has furnished Conservatives with a weapon of which they will make the fullest use, if not to defeat the Radicals, at least to frighten property-holders into abhorrence of the party.

With the first part of Mr. Labouchere's argument we have no particular quarrel, though we differ strongly as to details. We think, with him, that the tendency of politics in the United Kingdom is towards Democracy, and that the next Reform Bill probably will enthrone Demos in irresistible force. Whether the method of enthronement will be through equal electoral districts, with no provision for minorities, with paid Members, and with triennial Parliaments, is a matter of comparatively trifling importance. We dislike all three proposals, believe that the second will be defeated by the distaste for disreputable adventurers, and doubt if the third is or will be an object of any popular enthusiasm; while if it is not, the instinct of self-preservation in the Members is certain to defeat it. With the general proposition, however, that the body of the people mean to take power into their own hands in some way, we agree, as we do with the further statement that the House of Lords will, in some fashion or other, be swept out of the road. That it will be simply abolished, we doubt—though it may be, owing to the statesmen's wish for a more useful Second Chamber—as we doubt also whether the Throne will be placed on subsistence allowance, for we believe that the English, like the Scotch, Democratic as they both are, dislike breaking with the past, care very little—too little—about expense, and are instinctively disinclined to part with the ornamental part of the Constitution. If we know them, they will keep bright flowers in their windows, unless advised that they are distinctly injurious to health. We are not so certain as Mr. Labouchere is that his birth does not help to seat him for Northampton, and if it was our business to defeat Mr. Bradlaugh, would try not a fiercer Democrat than himself, but a Radical eldest son. All that, however, is detail. In the main argument, that the people in the broad sense are about to assume power in England, and will not be foiled by

the Peerage, we agree, and it is only as to the use to which they will put that power that our difference with Mr. Labouchere is irreconcilable.

He says, apparently with approval, that the Democracy will pillage in all directions for the benefit of the State; that it will reduce the Crown to about £20,000 a year; that it will not only disestablish the Church, but take away its whole revenue to relieve the Education rate; that it will turn the occupants of the land into owners—though this is subsequently explained, so that the true meaning may only be fixity of tenure—and that all taxation will be placed upon those who can best afford it, mainly by an income-tax of fifty per cent. upon the rich. Mr. Labouchere does not precisely define "the rich," and his minimum limit might possibly be a high one, say even £10,000 a year; but there is no mistaking the meaning of the following sentences:—"The sums that are now levied on industry by means of customs and excise will be raised by a progressive income-tax and a progressive succession duty. It is very clear that no individual can want more invested capital than such an amount as will produce in interest an income sufficiently large to enable him to gratify all his real and all his acquired wants. More is surplusage, and the owner of this surplusage has no real right to demand that society should be taxed to secure him in the possession of it. What can a man with a fortune beyond the very dreams of avarice do with his money? He has to compete in thousands with others as rich as himself for the possession of china cups and saucers, which may be intrinsically worth as many pounds. or he employs it in some other equally silly manner. Very large fortunes—as the Americans are learning—are a positive danger to a Democratic State. To take from the individual all above a certain amount, however just in theory, might, however, have its disadvantages. To take one-half beyond the amount regarded as alike safe to the State and sufficient for the individual, would be beneficial to both, and 50 per cent. might be laid down as the limit to which an income-tax should in any case extend. It may be said that in this case, accumulation would cease beyond the fixed amount. No harm would ensue if it did, but as a matter of fact, it would not."

We claim to be as good Democrats as Mr. Labouchere, and believe most earnestly not only that the people will rule, but that they ought to rule, but we utterly repudiate that suggestion, as bad morally, bad financially, and in practical politics impossible. It is bad morally, because the majority have no right to take from one class more than they take from another, merely to make their own burden less. That is theft. Their right to tax incomes or successions is, of course, limited only by expediency or the needs of the State, and we can conceive of circumstances, such as imminent danger of invasion, under which a fifty per cent. income-tax on all possessed of more than bare livelihood would be perfectly right, though it could hardly be expedient, from the disorganisation into which it would throw the labour fund. But subject to that limitation about the means of livelihood, all must either be taxed exactly alike, or in proportion to the expense of protecting them, or the people, even if they vote by millions to tens, will be simply stealing. The Eighth Commandment is not abrogated because fools give thousands for Sevres cups, any more than it is abrogated because still greater fools give shillings for bad gin. Nonsense about superfluities! Everything is a superfluity in the eyes of the man who has less. Silver spoons are superfluities, for we can sip coffee with horn; but does that give all the Smiths in the parish a moral right to take half the spoons, in order that they may be more comfortable? To take them is plunder, even if they are gold, and the fact that the majority is the taker does not alter the morality of the matter. Mr. Mill's suggestion as to the right of the State to the unearned increment of landed property, which Mr. Labouchere may quote, was a totally different one, he alleging, not that the State had a right to take such increment because the owner possessed too much, but because he was not rightfully owner at all. In practice, Mr. Mill's scheme will not work, first, because nobody could get at the unearned increment—say, of Consols, which is so enriching Consols-owners just now—without destroying property altogether; and, secondly, because the State which takes the unearned increment of value must be responsible for uncarned decrement in value, which just now, as regards land, would be a ruinous speculation. But morally, Mr. Mill's idea stands on a totally different basis from Mr. Labouchere's, while the latter is even more impracticable. Mr. Labouchere says accumulation would not stop under a tax of fifty per cent., and we dare say he is right. It would be worth while to heap up Consols, even if they yielded only one and a half per cent., instead of three,—and that would be the difference. But though accumulation would not stop, it would be transferred from country to country. Suppose the confiscating tax to begin at £100,000 Consols, then the man who has £200,000 will put the second hundred thousand in Rentes, instead of Consols, and escape taxation for that half altogether. If he were unscrupulous, he would not return his foreign income; and if he were scrupulous, he would live abroad. That is, we believe, what does happen, under the much more moderate tax levied in Geneva. Of course, the owner of land could be caught; but that would only make the moral wrong worse, for not only would the plunder be confined to the rich, but to the rich in one kind of property. Mr. Labouchere might just as well seize all gold watches, on the plea that pinchbeck was good enough.

But we shall be told that, moral or immoral, wise or foolish, the Democracy will do this. Where is the proof of it? There are a dozen English democracies in the world, all independent for taxing purposes, and not one of them makes any attempt of the kind. The Americans did not do it in the hardest financial throes of their Civil War, but, on the contrary, taxed themselves, their own luxuries, their own incomes, in a manner which positively shocked economists; and are paying their Debt, after being formally asked to sanction partial repudiation. The English Colonies notoriously will bear no income-tax. The French peasantry, in the fullest possession of power, actually make a most severe tax on the transfer of their own patches of soil the sheet-anchor of their finance. That a democracy may fall into a currency craze quite fatal to property is, of course, conceivable, for we know grave men who cannot be taught that inconvertible paper is not a trifle better than cash; and we can conceive of an equal property-tax which would gradually destroy all wealth, for if Finlay is right, that happened under the Treasury laws of Rome. But a blunder of that kind is not the same as plunder, any more than the Moravian view of property is the same as the Anarchists' view. So far as we can see, Democracies respect property more than Monarchies do—for the Hapsburgs levied taxes in Venice equal to a fifteen-shilling income-tax—and hesitate even to attack excessive accumulation by a peremptory distribution at death. Is New York not a Democracy? Yet Mr. Vanderbilt pays no separate income-tax, and may bequeath his enormous superfluity to one son, if he has a dozen, just as his father did before him. That in England, the land of extreme disparities, where the multitude have nothing and a few too much, Democracy will try to produce more equality by a wider division of fortunes after death, we think probable—though the difficulties are great, and some of them ingrained in the temper of the people—but that it will try to remedy disparities by stealing for its own benefit, we see no evidence whatever. If Mr. Labouchere is right, and the first object of Democracy is to make itself comfortable on unearned gain, he has produced an argument for resisting that system of government of which the bitterest French Legitimist might be proud.

SPOILING THE LAKES.

ON Tuesday, Lord Mount Temple gave notice that he would oppose the Second Reading of the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway Bill. Ordinarily speaking, this is not a course which it is expedient to take with Private Bills. There are few proposals so absolutely and hopelessly vicious, that to hear what can be said in their favour by their promoters is a sheer waste of time. The proposed line from Braithwaite to Buttermere is an exception to this, as to a good many other rules. It will run from the Braithwaite Station, on the Keswick and Cockermouth Railway, across the Vale of Newlands, and then, after skirting the western shore of Derwentwater, will be carried up Borrowdale to the Honister Slate Quarries. To all who are familiar with the district, these are names to conjure with. No more beautiful drive, and no finer walk, can be found among the English Lakes than that which leads from Keswick by Lodore and over the Honister Pass to Buttermere, and thence back to Keswick, by what is known as the "Derwentwater Round." The line from the Slate Quarries would be carried just above the last-named road, besides crossing it at three places. There are some kinds of scenery to which a railway, apart from its stations and sidings, does little harm. It may be carried to a great extent through deep cuttings or almost continuous tunnels, and be scarcely visible for the larger part of its course. But when a railway is taken along the side of a lake and up a

narrow pass, the case is different. It is always full in view, and being in view, it changes the whole character of the landscape. In the great Alpine Passes, the mischief done is bad enough, but it becomes infinitely worse when the scenery it injures is on so small a scale as that of the English Lakes. In Switzerland, Nature is too vast to be easily vulgarised. The avalanche and the landslip are always at hand, to assert her ultimate supremacy; and as one view after another is spoiled by human agency, the lover of solitude, though he has to go further afield in search of the distinctive enjoyment which mountain scenery affords, is still certain of finding it. In the English Lakes, this resource is in a great measure denied him. The vulgarisation of a lake or a pass may be a wholly irreparable loss. If the particular scenery injured has no fellow, its destruction means that the pleasure which it once imparted is no longer within reach. Fortunately, the motive which has carried railways through the Alps is no longer operative in the English Lakes. It cannot be pleaded that the necessities of through communication demand the construction of a line which ends in a slate quarry. The existing provision in that way is large enough for the wants of the country. The traveller has an ample choice of routes between England and Scotland, and he can be set down at any point he likes on the edge of the Lake District, if he wishes to visit it. Nor can it be said that railways are wanted to bring a larger number of people to the scenery. The most common-place or the most indolent of tourists does not want a railway to take him round a lake or up a pass. If he is too lazy or too weak to walk or ride, he has no difficulty in finding carriages on those frequented roads to which those who neither walk nor ride naturally and wisely confine themselves. Consequently, the reason which is ordinarily alleged in favour of the destruction of natural beauty does not apply here. Whatever else the Buttermere and Braithwaite Railway may be wanted to do, it is not needed to introduce visitors to Borrowdale.

The real reason is a remarkably simple one. The proprietors of the Slate Quarries at the upper end of the Honister Pass want to send their slates to market more easily and quickly than they can send them at present. Braithwaite is the nearest point at which they can place them on a railway, and Braithwaite is some eight miles distant. The slates are now taken to the station in carts, and the object of making the proposed line is to enable the slates to be put into the railway trucks as soon as they are out of the quarry. In itself, of course, this is a perfectly legitimate object. Rapidity of carriage is one element of cheapness, and if the Honister slates can be carried from the quarry to their destination at a smaller cost than heretofore, those who want to use them will get them for less money than they now have to pay. But this object is only legitimate in the sense that it would be legitimate for a man living on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard, to wish that he could get across to the south side without having to go all round the Cathedral. A desire which is innocent enough, so long as the impropriety of gratifying it is admitted, ceases to be innocent from the moment that it is seriously proposed to take means to give effect to it. The proprietors of the Honister Slate Quarries are now in the position of a dweller in St. Paul's Churchyard who should ask leave to run a street through the Cathedral, in order to pass from one side to the other more quickly. They propose to spoil the finest Pass in the English Lakes, in order to save themselves eight miles of carriage by road. The loss is altogether out of proportion to the gain; and what is more, the loss is sustained by the whole nation, while the gain is appropriated by a few quarry-owners. Without the aid of Parliament, the line cannot be made, and it rests, in the first instance, with the House of Lords to say whether a transaction in which the community makes the sacrifice and the individual reaps the benefit, is of a kind to deserve legislative sanction.

In this matter, the local public have been neither silent nor idle. In Manchester, which contributes probably the largest number of visitors to the Lakes, there is a strong feeling against the project, which has found vigorous expression in the newspapers of the city; while at Ambleside a "Derwentwater and Borrowdale Defence Fund" has been formed, as well as a Committee to direct the determined opposition which it is intended to offer to the Bill. The points upon which the address of the Committee dwells happily admit of being stated with great terseness. The Bill "is promoted solely in the interests of the proprietors and lessees of the slate quarry above Buttermere;" it is "for mineral traffic only, and is not projected to serve any public end;" and it will "permanently injure the scenery of the finest lake and valley in England—at once the least spoiled and most visited portion of the Lake District." There are some parts of the country which it is of great local importance to keep uninjured; there are others which cannot be injured without far more than a local loss being incurred. The wild country of Surrey is an instance of the first kind. Its destruction would be a disaster of the first magnitude to Londoners and to the dweller in the tamer districts of South-Eastern England; but it would not affect the people of the Northern towns in the slightest degree. A Manchester or a Sheffield man does not come into Surrey for the refreshment of mind and body; he goes to the Lakes or to the Yorkshire Moors. But the Lakes belong pre-eminently to the second kind of scenery. They are the property, not of the North only, but of all England; and it is for all England to resist every attempt to destroy the seclusion, without which their characteristic charm cannot be maintained. In the present case, there is not, as there was in the Thirlmere project, an object of real public importance to be gained by consenting to the Bill. Even that proposal was objectionable, because the Corporation of Manchester had not shown that the water supply of the city might not be provided from some other source. But supposing that Manchester had not been able to get pure water in any other way, the gain would have been so great, that it might have been considered by some worth the sacrifice even of Thirlmere. Nor is the injury inflicted by the Thirlmere project worthy to be named in the same day with that which would be inflicted by the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway. The former scheme left the solitude of the district undisturbed, the latter carries a railway right up a pass. The former made a single embankment at the lower end of the lake, the latter furnishes eight miles of embankment and viaduct. In the interest of every one who hopes to visit the English Lakes again, or has any wish that his children may have them to visit, when their turn comes, this mischievous Bill should be resisted. Even if the Lords should read it a second time, there will be no need to be disheartened, for the stages of the Committee and of the third reading will remain; and when these are passed, there will still be the House of Commons to appeal to. But it would be far more satisfactory to have a second reading denied it in the Lords, because the defeat would be more conspicuous, and might consequently deter the future authors of similar proposals from endeavouring to foist them on the country.

THE LITERARY DIFFICULTIES OF TORIES.

IT is impossible to read a publication like the *National Review*, the new Conservative magazine, without perceiving how heavily all Tories, and especially high Tories, are now handicapped in literature. Some of their strongest ideas hardly admit of literary expression, some are so hopelessly inconsistent with their party action that their spokesmen must keep them in the background, and others, though they allow of the highest literary development, would involve, or it is fancied they would involve, a fatal unpopularity. One grand root of Toryism, for example, perhaps the only root that can be trusted to feed the tree, is Content; and to express content attractively, or amusingly, or at any great length, is difficult indeed. A sigh of repletion is not musical, nor can it, however long-drawn, be made to delight the bystanders. If they have not dined, they are annoyed; and if they have, though they may sympathise, they are not thereby attracted to the sigher. They, too, might like to sigh, but they think of the man who yields audibly to the weakness as something of a pig. The poetry of political content is not extensive, or, at least, of content that covers all classes, and is free from the wish that impairs the Toryism latent in Tennyson's description of England,—that freedom may ever "broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent." Tories think it has got to the bottom, and want to say so. The most contented song in English, Mrs. Hemans's, on "The stately homes of England," and the middle-class homes of England, and the cottage homes of England, has still but few rivals, and rather lacks, if criticised by a discontented mind, the true lyric cry. There may be and has been much eloquence spent in prose over the British Constitution, but somehow, in our day it falls a little dead, and a frequent reiteration of the truth that the Constitution is a "holy thing" soon palls, even if it does not suggest Dickens to the irreverent. To make much of the virtue of content, as the authors of the Church Catechism, for instance, did, is, of course, possible,

for there is such a Christian virtue; but content, to be politically useful, must be accompanied in the poor by resignation, and political leaders are unable to preach that. They cannot ask people to "bear the ills they have," however much they wish to, while they are teaching that the first "ill" is a Gladstone Government, and that it ought not to be borne. A fine sermon on Content could, no doubt, be preached in a Magazine, say, by a Rector with private means, or a Peer with culture, or an author who had succeeded beyond his own idea of himself—we heard one the other day descant on the wisdom of the book-buying public—and it would not only be readable, but very good reading for everybody; but then to prove the deduction, that, being content, one ought to scarify Chamberlain, would require much artistic skill. Repose is the logical inference from content. Much, we fear, will never be made in a literary way of content, though Tennyson did sing with such magical sweetness of the lotos-eaters, sweetness as of a poet from another planet where it is always afternoon. The British Householder has not eaten the lotos, and would resent advice to eat it as tending to laziness, the one vice which he condemns without the faintest soupçon of secret envy. And yet, but for content, what would Toryism be in the world, or who would be its convinced votaries, heartily hating change? And how weakening it must be for the orator or writer always to be evading the thought which, nevertheless, inspires his energies. It is as if the millionaire were condemned always to talk political economy, yet always to evade a reference to the utility and beauty of aggregated capital.

Of another Tory feeling, the fear of change, it is needless to speak, for, though it might produce very fine literature, the active leaders of the party have given it up. Their motto is no longer the grand one of the Barons, "Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari," but the poverty-stricken version, "Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari, Consule Gladstone." The Premier once disposed of, they say they would be for all movement demanded by the people, would be for progress as much as Radicals or Mr. Forwood, and would, with the alteration of only one word, inscribe on their banners Tennyson's embodiment of the democratic idea, "Let the great world swing for ever *up* the ringing grooves of change." There was literary capability without end in the old idea, as Asiatics who have accepted it as divine, know so well. What more philosophical than evidence of the danger, in a world like this, so full of complexities, so empty of foresight, of removing anything? Who knows which is Indra's brick, or whether the ugly little anomalies in the mortar may not be the hairs which make of water and powdered limestone a cement as durable as Time? What more pathetic than the cry, "Our fathers never did this thing, shall we be wiser than they?" What more poetic than the worship of the past, or, we may add, more effective, for it is in us all, however wild our dreams; and we would back Krapotkine or Patrick Ford to rage, if the railway "for the people" swept through his mother's grave? "As it was, is now, and ever shall be, world without end," is still the most solemn of refrains, and unchangeability, without shadow of turning, still the most supernatural attribute we can assign to God. There was literary foundation enough there, but alas! it has dropped through. Tories dwell no longer on the past, but on a drab and decorous future, to which they say when Gladstone is gone they shall be leisurely advancing, and which is to be to the Radicals' Utopia, what Swinburne's "lilies and languors of virtue" are to the "raptures and roses of vice." We are not glad of their change. Peace be with the old idea, the eventless, happy, leisurely world, where yesterday was and to-morrow will be as to-day, and man grew as the oak, invisibly and in silence, fearing neither sun nor storm. As Proteus has sung, there is "an old wisdom by our world forgot," of which Tories might make much:—

> "Children of Shem! Firstborn of Noah's race,
> But still forever children; at the door
> Of Eden found, unconscious of disgrace,
> And loitering on while all are gone before;
> Too proud to dig; too careless to be poor;
> Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,
> Not rendering aught, nor supplicating more,
> Nor arguing with Him when he hides his face.
> Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way
> Of an old wisdom by our world forgot,
> The courage of a day which knew not death.
> Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay
> Pause in our vain, mad fight for life and breath,
> Beholding you. I bow and reason not."

It was a great idea once, and will be again, when Cranbrook has ceased, like a General or a shop-walker, to bellow "Forward!" and Northcote has left off muttering on the charm of discontent, and the Carlton loses that endless murmur, now heard in its halls, of "Progress, with discretion."

But the worst fate of all is that of the High Tories, for they possess in fullest measure one of the greatest of literary instruments, scorn, and they are afraid to use it. If they had only the courage to tell us how they regard the mob, how they look on the low-born, what they think of cads confronting grandees, of that sea of mud in motion which Radicals call Democracy, how effective they would be! They would give us bright sentences then, living prose, or it might even be, little as Mr. Lowther looks it, glowing verse. Think what Lord Salisbury let loose would say of Mr. Chamberlain, and how he would say it, and how trenchant that literature would be! We wonder some Peer, with no constituents, no party, and no future—say, for example, Lord Sherbrooke—does not do it, does not pour out his scorn of that plain on which every thistle is a tree, and delight us all by embodying the passion which must be in a thousand souls, as Shakespeare once embodied it,—

> "*Cor.* He that will give good words to thee will flatter
> Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
> That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
> The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
> Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
> Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
> Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
> Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
> To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
> And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
> Deserves your hate; and your affections are
> A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
> Which would increase his evil. He that depends
> Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
> And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
> With every minute you do change a mind,
> And call him noble that was now your hate,
> Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
> That in these several places of the city
> You cry against the noble senate, who,
> Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
> Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?
> . . . . . .
> *Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
> As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
> As the dead carcases of unburied men
> That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
> And here remain with your uncertainty!
> Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
> Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
> Fan you into despair! Have the power still
> To banish your defenders; till at length
> Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
> Making not reservation of yourselves,
> Still your own foes, deliver you as most
> Abated captives to some nation
> That won you without blows! Despising,
> For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
> There is a world elsewhere."

We wonder, if any man dare now utter Toryism in that honest form, what his political fate would be. Remembering Mr. Lowe's, we are not quite sure, and there are men from whom more would be borne than from Mr. Lowe. The mass loves sympathy, but has still something of the feeling embodied in Macaulay's line, "Rome may well bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud," and sometimes, when raging before the hustings, respects vitriolic scorn. At all events, we might have vigorous literature from that side, but for the handicapping. The leaders are afraid to speak out scorn, lest they should lose votes; and their journalists, however sincerely Conservative, do not feel like Coriolanus, or hate the Plebs so hard, or think that only in the Patrician can political virtue be embodied. It is embodied in themselves also, and the reflection leads to others which have a weakening effect. There is somewhere in London, we believe, a journalist left who is a true Old Whig, and could pour out Whiggery with force; but then he is not a Grey, and has a sense of humour which would disable him from playing Coriolanus. Austin would satirise him, Tenniel would sketch him, Courthope would make a parody on him, Carroll might put him in a new "Hunting of the Snark,"—and the end would be laughter, and not influence. The Tories have fallen truly on evil literary days, and as yet we do not see that the keen weapon which Lord Carnarvon says must replace alike sabre and bludgeon, Addison's finely-pointed rapier of gentle wit, comes readily to their hands. Perhaps it will; but as yet, the ownership rests, if with any one, with Lord Granville; and he directs it, too infrequently but yet with rare skill, against the men who, had they but the courage of their convictions, should be the masters of scorn. After all, is any change so great as

this, which no man made,—that the Coriolanus of to-day pours scorn in the name of King Demos, and withers the Patriciat away?

"JOHN INGLESANT" ON HUMOUR.

MR. SHORTHOUSE, in the fine piece of English which he has contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* on "The Humorous in Literature," has, as we understand him, tried to make out a case for the necessarily close connection between the source of laughter and the source of tears, in all true humour. He holds, apparently, that "the condition of true humorous thought is individuality," and that you can never get close to the sources of any individuality without getting at the common source of what is ridiculous and what is pathetic, without a blending of that which stirs laughter and that which stirs tears. Now, we have no objection at all to the doctrine that *one* of the finest and highest kinds of humour does play on the involutions of these blending chords of bright and sad feeling, and awaken them in the closest connection, and therefore in the most vivid contrast. Undoubtedly, this is one of the highest kinds of humour, and we entirely agree with Mr. Shorthouse that if Jean Paul Richter is to be taken as the type of perfect humour, it is in feats of humour of this particular kind that the perfect humour has manifested itself. But what we do not see our way to conceding is that true humour is limited to humour of this special kind, which we understand to be the drift and tendency, though not the express assertion, of Mr. Shorthouse's essay. He does not say that Dickens is no true humorist because his pathos often rings false; but that is what we should certainly gather as the general meaning of his essay, which appears to insist on "the tremulous change from the comic to the pathetic" which is so perfectly distinctive of Thackeray as well as of Jean Paul Richter, as the most important of all the criteria of humour. This is where we cannot follow Mr. Shorthouse. It seems to us that this, though a criterion of one of the noblest species of humour, is a criterion of one species only. Humour consists in all variations played on the feelings by the subtle caprice of man, and appears just as truly in Charles Lamb's sudden answer to the omnibus conductor's question,—"All full inside?" "Well, I can't answer for the other gentlemen, but that last apple-dumpling at Mrs. Gilman's did the business for me;" or in Sydney Smith's grave question to the doctor who ordered him "To take a walk on an empty stomach," "On whose?"—as in Thackeray's curious power of "tremulous change from the comic to the pathetic." It is the power of suddenly and grotesquely varying the tone of feeling struck, in which the humorist's skill consists. And that may be done as effectually where neither of the chords of feeling brought into sudden contrast is pathetic, as where one of them is pathetic and one comic. When the omnibus conductor's question was accepted gravely by Lamb as a thoughtful inquiry as to the sufficiency of his own last meal, there was no pathetic chord touched at all,—nor was the touching of any such chord possible,—and yet no one could deny that it played such a variation on the feelings with which the conductor's common-place business inquiry had been heard, as to be in the very truest sense humorous. Indeed, if we understand Mr. Shorthouse's drift aright, it would shut out England's greatest humorist, Dickens, from the ranks of great humorists altogether. The cases in which Dickens's humour displays itself by suddenly passing from the livelier to the sadder phases of human things, are comparatively very rare, and, even when they occur, are not by any means the best specimen of Dickens's humour. His great power was not, like Thackeray's, one of "tremulous change" from the lively to the sad, but rather, like Shakespeare's, the power of throwing a strong light on the mingled self-importance and emptiness of men, till it seems as if your whole mind were lost in amazement that emptiness can be so self-important, and self-importance so empty. Shakespeare's Malvolio, his Polonius, his Dogberry, and a hundred other portraits of that class, are surely great feats of humour, whatever we may think of Dickens's great creations,—which, to our mind, are even greater feats of humour of the same general type,—but they are not feats of humour of the kind which Mr. Shorthouse selects as the most characteristic of the quality; and to tell the truth, we doubt whether Shakespeare often does touch the common source of laughter and tears after the fashion which seems to Mr. Shorthouse the very highest. Mr. Shorthouse speaks of the wonderful humour in *Hamlet;* and, of course, strong contrasts,—like that, for instance, between the gravedigger's coarse and jovial indifference to death, and the grief felt for the hapless Ophelia,—are the sort of contrasts to which he alludes; but there is no "tremulousness" in that transition; it is not the gradual and finely-shaded passing from one feeling to the other, such as Mr. Shorthouse very justly admires in Thackeray, in which Shakespeare excels. On the contrary, he likes to introduce the contrast in the sharpest possible form, to give us Hamlet musing over the skull of Yorick, and suggesting that the dust of Cæsar may be used eventually to stop a bunghole. If this sharply-drawn intellectual contrast between the smallness and the greatness of human nature be what Mr. Shorthouse means by the highest humour, we admit that Shakespeare, as a humorist, comes up to the standard of Mr. Shorthouse. But we hold that these sharply-drawn intellectual contrasts between the greatness and the littleness of life, such as Hamlet, for instance, so often indulges in, and such as Shakespeare still more often effects by bringing purely comical natures into close contact with grand natures, are not efforts of humour, properly so called, at all, because they are all results of explicit intention,—all intellectual contrasts,—from which the capricious shimmer of humorous feeling is conspicuously absent. Mr. Shorthouse refers all Pope's, and apparently most of Swift's, achievements in this field to the sphere of wit, rather than of humour,—and quite rightly at least in the case of Pope,—we suppose because it is so evidently the spell of the intellect, and not of the feelings, by which these achievements are effected. But surely it is the spell of the intellect with which Hamlet works wonders, when he muses over the skull of Yorick, or in the soliloquy, "What a piece of work is man!" and it is only by the device of referring everything of special individuality in man to his humour, that Mr. Shorthouse contrives to suggest that Hamlet's finest soliloquies are the soliloquies of a great humorist, rather than the soliloquies of a great thinker. We should have preferred to say that Shakespeare, as a humorist, is seen not in such great creations as Hamlet, but in what are distinctly recognised as his comic characters, and that the kind of humour which Mr. Shorthouse most admires, though it is often found in Shakespeare, as, for instance, in the description of the death of Falstaff, is not particularly Shakespearian,—that that tremulous shimmer amongst subtly contrasted and yet subtly allied feelings which was so wonderful in Thackeray, is not by any means one of the most characteristic moods of Shakespeare.

The difficulty of Mr. Shorthouse's theory of humour—that it is coextensive with individuality, and shows itself especially by commanding at once the source of smiles and the source of tears—comes out especially in the close of his essay, when he tries to show that the Gospels, in touching the deepest springs of human nature, must also give examples of the deepest humour of which man is capable. But the truth is, we think, that humour is not coextensive with human nature, that it is coextensive only with the unexpected and baffling caprices of human feeling; and that where the predominating feeling is all of one kind, and that the kind which enhances to the highest degree the importance of every word and act of human beings, the element of humour is excluded, simply because one of the terms of contrast is banished from the field. In the Gospels, where God becomes man, all that was small and insignificant in man seems to vanish away beneath the glance of the incarnate Divinity, and it is almost as impossible to find room for those grotesque interlacings of opposite feelings on which humour depends, as it is to find room for the contrasts between light and shade under the burning sun of an Arabian noon. Mr. Shorthouse brings before us, in a passage of much beauty, the parable of the Prodigal Son, appealing to his readers whether, in its fine and unexpected transitions from joy to sorrow, and from sorrow back to joy, there is not all the reality of true humour. We cannot say that he succeeds in carrying the least conviction to our minds. It is not in the mere blending of joy and sorrow,—joy on one account, and sorrow on another,—that we should ever find an illustration of humour. When the humorist plays upon the blending chords of joy and sorrow, he does so, in a manner to bewilder us, to confuse us as to whether we are glad or sorry at the same thing, to make us uncertain as to our real feeling, and disposed to confound the pathetic with the absurd. That is not in the least the way in which joy and sorrow are blended in the parable of the Prodigal Son. The joy is unmixed, so far as the penitent Prodigal is concerned; the sorrow caused by the jealousy of the Elder Brother is unmixed also; but the two feelings are perfectly consistent, and

in no sense bewildering. The magic of the humorist consists in producing a certain bewilderment of feeling, in so rapidly changing from one current of feeling to another, that you do not recognise clearly the true significance of your own emotions; and of this there is no trace in the story of the Prodigal Son, nor, so far as we know, in the Gospels at all. One mighty chord vibrates too loud in the Gospels to be confounded with any other chord, and in this perfect absence of confusion of feeling, the complete absence of humour from the Gospels is almost necessarily involved.

BOOKSELLERS' GRIEVANCES.

A REVOLUTION has been slowly, but steadily, taking place in the Bookselling Trade of this country. The symptoms of the disease have long been evident to those interested in the matter of Books, and even outsiders can scarcely have failed to notice that something unusual was occurring in the shops of the booksellers. In the country, the bookseller pure and simple has almost ceased to exist; and when one does find a shop more or less devoted to the sale of books, it nearly always sells extraneous articles as well. Fancy goods, stationery, pictures, artists' colours, umbrellas, walking-sticks, and even tea, china, or stockings, are a few of the articles, out of a host of others, that may be obtained now-a-days at many a country or suburban bookseller's shop. This used not to be the case. The old-fashioned bookseller stuck to books. He knew his business, and he knew something, at least, of the books he sold. He was frequently a well-educated and a well-read man. His customers could rely upon his opinion as to the merits of rival works, and could depend upon his advice as to the best books to obtain in any particular line of thought. If he happened to read and approve of a work, it was a lucky thing for the author. For instance, we find a member of the fraternity writing that of one author's books alone, by reading, recommending, and pushing, he sold over 20,000 copies to his customers, and those, too, mostly retail. The modern bookseller apparently, to use a simile of one of the trade, deals with books as bricklayers with bricks, and knows no more of the nature of the books handled than if they actually were so many bricks.

For some time past, the pages of the *Bookseller*—the recognised organ of this particular trade—have been full of the most desponding and comfortless letters we ever had the misfortune to come across. There is no hope, no cheerfulness, no light,—in short, universal gloom would appear to be rapidly enveloping the sellers of books in every part of Great Britain. They seem unable to make the least practical suggestion to remedy the existing state of things. The propositions which they do bring forward are singularly old-fashioned, and, we are confident, would be quite futile, if carried into effect. For example, one of the suggestions is to boycott those publishers who supply books to any but booksellers. But suppose, for instance, the publisher of Tennyson's poems were among the number ostracised. Then the only effect of this ingenious arrangement would be that, as the public must be supplied through some channel or other with the Laureate's works, the butcher or the baker would find it advantageous to keep a stock of these and other books tabooed by the booksellers. In short, so far from such a proceeding benefitting the booksellers, they would find this course of action operating in still further driving trade from their doors and diminishing their turn-over. A perusal of the correspondence referred to leaves the impression upon the mind that, at present, the booksellers are in the stage of sitting and bewailing their loss, rather than cheerily seeking how to redress their grievances. The burden of the mournful wail now ascending from the pages of the *Bookseller* is that Bookselling, as a separate trade, has disappeared; that no living can be gained by selling new books. Retail profits have been gradually lessening, until profit has become a thing of the past. A bookseller writes:—"I could without difficulty prove that the last hundred thousand pounds' worth of new books that I sold, before I relinquished business, did not produce sufficient profit to pay its quota of working expenses." Doubtless, many causes have been in operation to produce this sad state of things among the booksellers at the present moment. Several of these may be readily understood. Every book has a fixed published price, and this each buyer of books can ascertain for himself, through the advertisements in the journals, or through the publisher's catalogue. And books, like all other commodities, are naturally purchased by the consumer in the cheapest market. The bookseller who allows twopence in the shilling discount cannot blame his customers, if they leave him, and purchase where they obtain a discount of threepence in the shilling. At the same time, we greatly sympathise with the bookseller. He does not stand on the same ground as, for instance, the glover. The goods dealt in by the latter, having no fixed price, are sold merely according to the style of the neighbourhood in which his business is situated and the wealth of his customers. Few persons can estimate the relative values of gloves seen at different shops. But every one knows where new books can be obtained for the least money. The style of shop or the respectability of the locality matters not, the book is identically the same whether purchased in Mayfair or in Whitechapel. Much more on a par with the bookseller is the retailer of patent medicines and proprietary articles (as they are called), who, equally with the former—and we mention it to show that in this particular the bookseller is not alone unhappy—is now feeling the pressure of the times. The Co-operative Stores and immense universal-supply concerns to be found in most of our large towns are rapidly absorbing the trade of the small retailers, and when the Parcel Post comes in—which will enable people in the remotest parts of the country to buy direct in the cheapest market—things will, we fear, be even still worse for the small shops, whether they be in the country or in the town. In every trade the tendency of the day is more and more to cut down the middle-men who stand between the consumer and the producer or the manufacturer, as the case may be. To illustrate the nature of the competition which has for years past been raging among the booksellers, an example may be given. The published price of a book is, say, five shillings, and its trade price will then be three shillings and sevenpence. If the bookseller be a "twopenny-discount man," he makes a gain of sevenpence by selling a copy of the work; but then the "threepenny-discount man" cuts him out, and sells it with a profit of only twopence. The margin of profit in the latter case is clearly insufficient to cover the expenses of ordering from the publisher, collecting, and perhaps delivering at the private house of the customer. There is a curious old custom in the wholesale bookselling trade, which is to give thirteen copies of a work for the payment of twelve. Thus, to continue the case above mentioned, if the bookseller cares to speculate to the value of a dozen copies of the work, he gets thirteen for the same money; supposing he is a "threepenny-discount man," he will make a profit of five shillings and ninepence when all thirteen copies have been disposed of. But then he runs a risk of some of the copies remaining on his shelves for a considerable time, which would turn this chance of gain into loss.

The present discount system of retailing books is not really advantageous to the public, because it inclines the booksellers to keep in stock only indifferent and job lots of books, which they obtain from the publishers on lower than the normal terms, and which can consequently be sold to the public with more profit than the ordinary run of good and standard works. For it must be borne in mind that the great proportion of the public only buy the books which they see displayed in shops. A book is wanted for a gift, a prize, a wedding present, or that treats of some foreign country, or may be, simply for amusement; and the customer will, in nine cases out of ten, purchase that work which is most strongly recommended by the shopman. Naturally, the latter only recommends those books which are upon the shelves of the shop. If, therefore, the book stocks of the country continue for any length of time to be largely made up of inferior works, the bad results will sooner or later be apparent. This twenty-five-per-cent. system does not, for another reason, react to the benefit of the public. The publisher prices his books considerably higher than he would do, were it not in existence. This absurd custom has a tendency, therefore, to keep the price of books high, and to prevent those vast benefits which accrue to a country where the best books are within the reach of the masses. The United States are far better off in this respect than Great Britain. Why should not the published price of a book which can be purchased for ninepence, be ninepence, instead of a shilling, as it is at present? The only answer is that a few country shops can still get tenpence for the volume, and the railway book-stalls a shilling. But the places where anything higher than ninepence for a shilling book can be obtained are very rapidly decreasing in number. The general public rightly regard the published price as an absurd anomaly. It is to be hoped that at least one outcome of the present

agitation will be that publishers and booksellers will see their way to more closely approximating the selling and published prices.

But the booksellers have other grievances. They complain that drapers and certain other tradesmen are combining bookselling with their businesses, and underselling them; and they blame the publishers for supplying any persons except booksellers proper. But publishers must somehow or other dispose of their wares; and the public, somehow or other, will obtain the books they require. The trade of his customer matters not so much to the publisher, as the fact that his books are sold. The public, finding more or less difficulty in obtaining what they require from the bookseller proper, turn to those quarters where their wants are most easily and cheaply supplied. The remedy for this grievance lies with the booksellers themselves. Let them more carefully select the books they place upon their shelves, and endeavour to obtain at least some idea of the scope, style, and ability of the various authors whose books they are constantly handling. If the knowledge of their trade thus becomes more of a reality than it is at present, the public will not be slow in discovering the fact, and will be only too ready to desert the draper, who cannot possibly give the same care and attention to what is merely an offshoot of his legitimate business, and to return to those who, having studied their wants, know exactly how best to supply them. The booksellers apparently have not sufficiently moved with the times, and have been trusting to the past and conservative customs of their trade, rather than keeping pace with modern requirements. That they are now waking up is evident; but we should recommend them also to take courage, for they seem to us to be showing more despondency than is called for by the situation.

But there is another grievance. The bookseller is grumbling because schoolmasters, who consume large quantities of certain classes of books, are in the habit of buying direct from the publishers. The bookseller seems to forget that there is great competition among the publishers, and that many school-books of rival publishers are, in the eyes of the schoolmaster, equal in merit. Were the publisher to refuse to supply a schoolmaster, as likely as not the schoolmaster would obtain the books he required from another publisher.

In short, these matters connected with the book trade which are intruding themselves upon the public notice are purely and simply questions of supply and demand. It is the old, old story, that is continually being retold. Publishers have been printing larger numbers of books than the legitimate demand has required, and in order to dispose of the heavy stocks that they have held from year to year, have been offering larger discounts than have been customary in the trade, to any one who would buy their books in moderate quantities. Drapers and others, as well as booksellers, have availed themselves of these offers, and then the natural result follows. A fierce competition ensues among the various retailers, and it is not long before the lowest possible selling price is reached. An outcry is then raised, as the profits, in spite of the tempting discounts given by the publisher, are found in practice to be, after all, extremely small. But another and a deeper cause for this overproduction has also been in operation. The printers have been busily competing amongst themselves for the printing of books, and as their prices get lower and lower, so does the publisher's thirst for the production of books increase.

Publishers will do well in the future to look more carefully to the demand than they have been doing. No book should be published that does not meet a distinct want of the day, and publishers should, as much as possible, abstain from making books, like the famous razors, simply and solely for selling. There should be a reason for, a distinct object in, each work that is published. Though publishers may at one time be able to force upon the market, by means of tempting discounts, a vast amount of literature which they could not dispose of otherwise, the system cannot eventually react to their benefit. The booksellers, and others, who so warmly met their large discount advances, will come to distrust the innovation, and refuse to purchase books negotiated on such terms.

It is evident that just now the natural balance of supply and demand in the bookselling trade is disturbed, but the public may take comfort, in the fact that in all other trades there have been similarly stormy periods. We believe that the agitation will shortly settle down, and the storm which has been raised render the bookselling atmosphere clearer and healthier than it has been for some time past. Whether the phœnix that will arise from the ashes of the conflict will be the bookseller proper, or the bookseller who combines his business with some other trade, is another question. Be this as it may, we cannot help pointing out to the booksellers the futility of attempting—as is now seriously proposed by several writers in the *Bookseller*—to make the trade of Bookselling a close guild. Anything approaching to protection of this kind will never be suffered by the public in this country. Besides, "Rings" to keep up prices always break down; and restrictions, such as some booksellers would apparently like to see placed upon the sale of books, are as likely to be imposed as the Corn Laws to be reimposed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH LAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In connection with the candid and very informing letter of Mr. Bullock-Hall on this subject, the following facts may not be without interest and suggestiveness, with regard to the opinion that peasant-farming can only be successful in fruit and dairy districts, and that, as a consequence, a large proportion of the United Kingdom, particularly in the arable districts, is unfitted for *la petite culture*, and the cultivation of the soil by its proprietors. The case of Denmark, with a climate and soil certainly not superior to our own, is especially interesting, and the particulars to be gleaned from Mr. Jenkins's Report to the Royal Commissioners on the agriculture of that country will richly repay careful study. During the last twenty years, a vast change in the system of farming in Denmark has been made, and the number of small and large freehold farmers has greatly increased. Great attention has been given to dairying in connection with the profitable working of arable land, and the best butter in Denmark is now obtained from land which is *all arable*, and being despatched chiefly to England, frequently sells during the winter months at a higher price than our home-made produce.

We yearly import butter of the value of ten million pounds sterling, and if some such plans as those which have been adopted in Denmark (and which Mr. Jenkins explains very fully) were practised in this country, it is evident there would not be far to seek for a good market. Mr. Bullock-Hall remarks that in the late disastrous seasons had our soil been greatly subdivided, the ruin of the peasant-cultivators must have been very general. In the Report to the Royal Commissioners on the Agriculture of Belgium, there are given a series of questions, addressed to twenty-eight land-owners and tenant-farmers, distributed all over the country, who may, says the Assistant-Commissioner, "be regarded as so many independent witnesses, with reference to the present state of agriculture in the Netherlands." Eight series of questions were addressed to each of these gentlemen, and in reply to the inquiry,—"Have the large or small farmers suffered most from foreign competition and bad seasons?"—of the twenty-eight replies, sixteen state that the large farmers have suffered most; four, that the small farmers are the greatest sufferers; and eight make no special allusion to the subject. Further, replying to the question, "What class of farms is, on the whole, the best cultivated?" thirteen of these "independent witnesses" reply in favour of the small farms; eleven in favour of the large farms, and four make no reply. A question as to the average size of farms elicits the following:—

Farms from	6 to 15	acres	prevail in	8	districts.
,,	20 to 50	,,	,,	7	,,
,,	50 to 100	,,	,,	4	,,
,,	over 100	,,	,,	7	,,

Such facts as the foregoing are the alphabet, so to speak, of politicians and social reformers abroad, and, as Mr. Kay has acutely remarked, no Government in France, Switzerland, Norway, Germany, Belgium, the Channel Islands, the United States, or in a less degree in Italy, Spain, Russia, and Hungary, to say nothing of our own colonies, would have the smallest chance of success, were it courageous or fool-hardy enough to attempt to reimpose the feudal laws which fetter the land of the United Kingdom.

La petite culture is a lost art in England. There can be no hope of its discovery by means of philanthropic associations and dilettante coddling of the peasant-proprietor. The one point to be kept steadily in view by land-law reformers is the

abolition of the power of settlement of land. The chief inducement to the purchase of a great landed estate being thus removed, the soil of the United Kingdom, as of other countries, will naturally be chiefly sought after and purchased by those who mean to get a living by working upon it, and whether in large or small farms, there will be room for proprietors of every grade; and only in this, combined with a real measure of "compensation" for those who are tenants, can there be any hope for the solid prosperity of the agriculture of the United Kingdom.—I am, Sir, &c., FREDERIC IMPEY.

Northfield, in Birmingham, February 24th.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS CHURCH PATRONAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am surprised both at the attack and the defence. So far from deserving censure, Mr. Gladstone deserves the highest praise, for having appointed men to important offices in the Church without regard to their political opinions. There is no need to excuse him for acting nobly. Clergymen may take opposite sides in politics, and yet be equally men of learning and ability, of blameless life and earnest devotion to their duties. Why should their advancement depend not on recognised merit, but on their adherence to a party? Lord Beaconsfield did not hesitate to nominate one of Mr. Gladstone's warmest and most active supporters for a Bishopric. I should be sorry to think that Mr. Gladstone had less generosity.

It is high time, surely, that it should be acknowledged on both sides that a man's fitness to be a Bishop, or, let me add, to be a Judge, does not depend on party considerations. It may be said, of course, that Bishops have votes in the House of Lords, and that a Minister is bound to consider this in his appointments. The best answer to such an objection is to be found in the fact that Bishops, with rare exceptions, abstain from voting on questions of party politics. On grave questions of national concern, questions in which religion and morality are at stake, Bishops and clergymen, like the prophets of old, are bound to utter their convictions, and if the occasion arises, record their votes. They may oppose or they may be in favour of the policy of the Government, but they speak and act on conviction, as religious men, and not merely as politicians. It would be every way disastrous to make their advancement turn on their votes or their opinions. Mr. Gladstone has shown that he is above such considerations. He has shown that he can recognise merit in men of different political creeds. Let us hope that he will also show that he can recognise merit in all theological parties within the Church. At present, he has favoured one above the rest, and left another conspicuously out in the cold.—I am, Sir, &c., DECANUS.

[We entirely agree with our correspondent. But the remark which gave rise to this correspondence was quite consistent with his letter. What we did say was this, that if any criticism could be passed on Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical appointments, it is this, that he is so afraid of appearing to appoint from political motives, that devoted clergymen probably lose, instead of gaining, in the chance of promotion by happening to be strong Liberals. And this is, we believe, almost the truth.—ED. *Spectator.*]

PROMOTION OF LIBERAL CLERGY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "E. V. H.," has surely missed the point of your observations on the Ecclesiastical appointments of the Premier. You were replying, if I remember rightly, to the accusation of the *Daily News*, that Mr. Gladstone gave more than their share to the High-Church Clergy. You asserted, on the contrary, that the Liberal High-Church Clergy seemed to have no chance at all with the present Government; and you instanced Dr. Liddon.

Your correspondent gives a list of Mr. Gladstone's Liberal appointments. In that list there is only one decided High Churchman. Of the rest, most are Broad Churchmen, one is Broad Church with High-Church sympathies, two are Low Churchmen, and the rest are colourless.

What, moreover, is your correspondent's criterion for a Liberal? A Liberalism which is so carefully concealed that it never connects itself with the Liberal party on crucial questions is a Liberalism which, in my opinion, is not worth much. The Dean of Wells, and one or two more of the names on your correspondent's list, took a prominent and useful part in the controversy on the Eastern Question (to take a recent example). But I do not remember the names of Dr. Barry or Canons Rowsell and Boyd Carpenter in that connection.

I am not complaining of Mr. Gladstone's appointments. On the whole, I think them very good appointments. I wish merely to point out that your remarks on the subject are justified by facts.—I am, Sir, &c., A. B.

GOLD APPRECIATION AND FARM RENTALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The article in last week's *Spectator* on Mr. Goschen's theory as to the relation between the alleged appreciation of gold and the farmers' difficulties omits certain considerations which, I venture to urge, are necessary for a proper estimate of the value of Mr. Goschen's theory. Adopting the assumption which, for the sake of argument, is made in your article—that the value of gold is appreciated 20 per cent.—the effect upon farmers would be, as to those whose rents were fixed before the rise in gold value, a real increase of 20 per cent. in their rent; and as to the others, whose rent was fixed since this rise, the effect would be *nil*. If rents were diminished by the same percentage as gold is appreciated, both farmer and landlord would be in no worse position than they were before this rise in gold value, for the simple reason that the purchasing power of the farmer's net income and the landlord's rent would be increased by a like per-centage. If the value of farm produce has, in consequence of the appreciation of gold, fallen 20 per cent., so likewise must have fallen the amount of cultivation expenses, and so also must the farmer's net income have increased 20 per cent. in purchasing power. Money rents must, by the natural laws of competition, rapidly come into adjustment with any appreciation in the value of gold; but such appreciation, operating equally on both sides of an account, cannot diminish the real net income of the farmers, nor the real rent of the landlords. If farmers or landlords are in any worse position after the rise in gold value than they were before, their difficulties must be due to other causes than gold appreciation.—I am, Sir, &c., W. P. B. S.

[Two great "expenses of cultivation" do *not* decrease. One, the greatest, is the price of labour; and the other is taxation. Nothing, in fact, has decreased, except rent where leases have expired, and the cost of seed-corn. Our correspondent forgets that a farmer alone among tradesmen has an extra reason for yielding to a demand for high rent. When he throws up his farm, he throws up the home, probably, of his whole life. We have ourselves known men bear impossible rents, rents the soil could not yield, rather than do it. The farmer, moreover, is always hoping for higher prices, and does not see that if they have fallen through the appreciation of gold, his hope is vain.—ED. *Spectator.*]

THE SPIRIT DUTIES AND FINANCIAL REFORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your reference last Saturday to the deputation from the Financial Reform Association, you say that they "acknowledged that their ultimate object was to abolish all indirect taxation in favour of direct, and that they included the liquor duties in indirect taxes,—this latter, we imagine, being a new departure." This sentence fully expresses the views of Mr. Muspratt, who presented the memorial; but it was brought out by a question from Mr. Childers, after Mr. Muspratt had finished his speech. In thanking Mr. Childers for receiving the deputation, I was careful to state that Mr. Muspratt spoke for himself only, and not for the whole, and that the large majority of those present were not prepared to advocate the abolition of the duties on intoxicating liquors.—I am, Sir, &c.,

House of Commons, February 25th. W. S. CAINE.

SIGHT AND SUNLIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—With reference to the sight of Orientals living in a climate possessing a bright sun and a glaring soil, I may instance what I myself observed in the Punjaub. A Sikh who often accompanied me snipe and duck-shooting, astounded me by his keenness of sight. I have excellent sight myself, and can, at the age of fifty, read the smallest print of the eyesight-test-tables far beyond the prescribed distance; but the impression I gathered then was that this man's sight was to my own in the proportion of an ordinary opera glass to ordinary sight. On one occasion, he followed with his eyes a wounded wild duck, as it disappeared in the hot haze, so long after it was lost to my view, that had he

not actually picked it up, as well as announced its fall, I should have deemed its still being visible to him incredible. I have always regretted that I did not pace the distance, which was astonishing.—I am, Sir, &c., CHENAB.

MR. ROMANES ON ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Having just returned from Florence, I write, in the first instance, to thank your reviewer for supplying, as a result of his further inquiry into the subject, additional evidence against his original statement concerning the incubating habits of ostriches. From the account which the Superintendent at the Zoological Gardens at Florence gave me of the process, it is impossible to question that the female bird takes part in it. I have, however, to object to your reviewer's assertion that I based my correct statement of fact upon "the traditional impression of opinion." Mr. Biggar's evidence, on which I relied, is first-hand, and did not "rest simply on a survival of the old belief," as your reviewer may satisfy himself, by referring to an article on ostrich-farming in the January number of the *Century*, which is written by Mr. Biggar, and describes still more in detail the incubating habits of the female bird.

Concerning the woodpecker, I have only to remark that in my search for the authorities on which your reviewer relied, I encountered the quotations which he now supplies. But it is evident that our ideas as to what constitutes, to use his words, "the essential difference between evidence" as good or bad are here, as elsewhere, in hopeless disagreement. For, to my mind, it is no evidence at all that a *green* woodpecker does not remove its chips, to be told, by an accumulation of authority, that a *black* woodpecker does not do so; one might just as well say that a tumbler pigeon does not tumble, because a carrier pigeon does not do so. Therefore, at best, the question with regard to the green woodpecker must be considered doubtful. In my book, I gave Couch's statement expressly on Couch's authority; and in subsequent editions, I shall continue to do so, adding merely that it is disputed both by Mr. Harley and by Yarrell's editor.—I am, Sir, &c., GEORGE J. ROMANES.

[Mr. Romanes has had a most unreasonable amount of space already, and though we do not grudge him the last word, he should, for his own sake, try to mortify his own excessive craving for that luxury of controversy.—ED. *Spectator*.]

BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE.*

WE have written so often of Lord Lawrence, that this biography, which tells us nothing new, though it justifies and solidifies many previous convictions, interests us rather for itself as a work, than for its subject. Mr. Bosworth Smith has in the main done his work excellently well. He has reduced his immense and, we dare say, rather intractable mass of materials—piles of letters, memoranda, and minutes—into a regular and quite readable biography, in which the figure of his hero is never lost amid the profusion of historical and official details. His conception of that figure, too, is, so far as we can judge, exactly true. The strong, masterful North Irishman, with his capacity for rule, his indomitable courage, his love of justice, and his rude straightforwardness, is thoroughly well brought out, by a friend who does not forget that under that rough husk was one of the most tender of hearts, a man who, however rugged to the external world, was to those he loved one of the most devoted of friends. There is something almost of pathos in the contrast between the hero of the office, who seemed to all subjects so stern and to all subordinates so exacting, and the man at home, who could not be at rest if his wife were absent from the room ten minutes, and who was the playfellow of all his children. No one who reads Mr. Bosworth Smith's minute narrative will doubt that John Lawrence was a king of men, a man with a royal simplicity of nature, who swayed all who came in contact with him by virtue not of arts but of qualities inherent in himself, who first overawed and then conciliated millions of Asiatics by right of a certain majesty of nature. The public instinct about his character is shown conclusively to have been true, shown so conclusively that we doubt if there will be more discussion about him, if future historians will do any more than describe Lord Lawrence as one of the men whose greatness is beyond question, and needs but little analysis. This effect is produced, moreover, without any of the usual efforts. Nothing, so far as we perceive, is concealed, or softened, or slurred over. Mr. Smith, though enthusiastic for his subject, is not a slave to him, does not deny his hardness or his dominance, or his occasional want of sympathy with those he ruled so well. He does not try to hide his principal defect as a ruler, a proclivity to prejudice about persons—usually well founded, but still prejudice—and he by no means over-exalts his intellectual power. Indeed, we have a fancy, which we cannot prove without quoting the whole book, that he rather underrates it, that he does not in his mind do quite justice to that hard, cold, but nearly perfect, sensibleness which in John Lawrence, as in almost all men who have reigned successfully, formed the substratum of the intellectual character. He could always see the proportion of things, the meaning of events, the extent and nature of the resource in his hand. Though a man of marvellous decision, he hated to decide without careful thinking, usually, however, when he had thought, returning to his first impression. For all his simplicity, he was wonderfully difficult to take in,—no native, in particular, ever performed that feat; he was never carried away by enthusiasm; and he had the king's feeling that, after all, the first value of men was as instruments; and that if they were expended for the State,—well, they were very usefully expended. He would on occasion, as in Hodson's case, employ a man in whom he utterly disbelieved; and though Mr. Bosworth Smith repudiates the charge, he could be nearly merciless in using up the men who could be of use, but who did not possess his own iron force. As a rule, Mr. Smith paints the warts faithfully, and the reader who is painstaking can see well for himself where the defects, such as they are, in a most heroic figure are to be sought. The materials, in fact, for a complete and living portrait of Lord Lawrence have been brought together, under most difficult circumstances, with a completeness which we heartily admire.

The single defect of the book is that the materials have not been thoroughly reduced to shape. It is too big, too full of stuff, too well stocked with argument. If we were to say it was verbose, we should be unjust, for Mr. Smith writes well, is never dull, and only occasionally grandiloquent; but there is too much of it, too much in every chapter, as well as in the whole. The sense of proportion is imperfect. Mr. Smith does not clearly see that it is in his great work, and not his little work, that John Lawrence is interesting; that the history of his earlier life requires no details, and might be compressed into fifty pages; that his deeds were the creation of "the Punjab" and the capture of Delhi; that the man is of the kind who comes out most clearly in strong outline, and needs few of the slighter touches. Still less does he need apology. Mr. Smith—quite naturally, considering the controversy about Lord Lawrence which the Tories contrived to raise—thinks him in need of praise, and very often writes as if he were a controversialist, defending his friend against unseen, but powerful, calumniators. That may be, for what we know, the exact truth; but that attitude detracts from the value of the biography, and has, with certain *pièces justificatives* which should have gone into an appendix, swollen its bulk to an inordinate extent, an extent the more remarkable, because Mr. Smith has unusual self-control, takes no advantage of his opportunities to inflict history on us, and has compressed Lord Lawrence's Viceroyalty as sternly as Carlyle compressed Frederick's civil administration after the Seven Years' War. The bulk is increased by a great many pages like the following, which, if the book reveals either John Lawrence or his surroundings—and it does both—cannot but leave upon the reader an impression of intrusive superfluity:—

"And who was the man who, above all others, had done most towards this result? To whom did all England and all India, while the memory of his deeds was too fresh and the personal sense of deliverance was too vivid to allow of aught but the simple truth being told, agree that our success was chiefly owing? To whom but to the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, who had fixed those keen, deep-set, grey eyes of his on that one spot from the very moment of the revolt, and had refused to look elsewhere till he had secured and had witnessed its fall? He it was who, ruling the most warlike and, potentially, the most turbulent of Indian provinces, had made it to be the arsenal, the anchor, the recruiting-ground of the whole of India, and holding it in his iron, or rather, I would say, in his easy grasp, had crushed mutiny and disorder wherever it had shown its head, had kept thousands of armed and disarmed Sepoys in hand, had carried on the civil administration of the country, and raised its revenue as though in a time of profound peace, and yet had stripped it of its natural guardians, of the great army which successive Governors-General had thought essential to its security and that of India, had sent regiment after regiment in quick succession to Delhi, and then to

* *The Life of Lord Lawrence.* By Bosworth Smith. London: Smith and Elder.

take their places, relying on the justice of his rule, had, with prudent audacity, enlisted Sikhs and Punjabis, Afridis and Mohmunds, and representatives of a dozen other wild tribes, till he could boast, and truly boast, that he had called into existence an army of over 30,000 men. The natives of the Punjab generally and the civil and military officers trained in the Lawrence school, no doubt contributed, in their several degrees, nobly towards the general result. But in what chief ruler, we may well ask, did all the best elements of a province ever find so stalwart and so true a personification, in whom were they all so well summed up as was the Punjab in the person of Sir John Lawrence? Alone the Punjab had done the work. Not a man had come from England, or was within four hundred miles of the scene of action, when Delhi fell. With the exception of the small contingent from Meerut, and the help sent by Frere from Scinde, not a man, not a rupee, not a gun, not a beast of burden, had come from the whole of the rest of India to the support of the Delhi Field Force. What wonder, then, that the leading members of the Government of India and of the Government of England, that the chief officers of the army before Delhi, who knew the circumstances best, and the ablest of the subordinates who served under him—in spite of jealousies, and heartburnings, and misconceptions, such as must arise at such a time—all greeted Sir John Lawrence by acclamation as the man who had done more than any other single man to save the Indian Empire?"

All that, be it remarked, is after eight hundred well-filled pages of narrative, showing all that John Lawrence had been and done. The same defect, the defect of the novelist, who says, "See how good my hero is, how noble, and how well understood!" constantly reappears, and with the over-profuseness of the story, injures for the reader what is otherwise both excellent and enjoyable work. We do trust that when the popular edition is called for, Mr. Bosworth Smith himself will compress his own work with a ruthless hand, prune it down unsparingly till it occupies only one volume, in which there shall be scarcely a page of the biographer's reflections. He will find that, as always, "the more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows," and that the figure of his hero will come out still sharper, still more grand, still more attractive to a generation which knew him not.

This reviewer, who has heard more of Lord Lawrence than most men, has heard but four charges against him that were worth one moment's attention. One, a very trumpery one, but incessantly reiterated in India, is that he was a mean man. Mr. Smith, who has evidently heard this also, takes some pains to show that it was not true, and succeeds. Lord Lawrence detested not only waste, official or private, but expenditure on himself; but he could give liberally and ungrudgingly, whenever there was any reason or justification, and was always the one of the family to whom all its members looked for guidance and help in pecuniary affairs. Another charge was, that he benefited by the services of other men, and was, in fact, made by them. There is not throughout his career, as here related, the faintest justification for the charge. Throughout, it is palpable that the true charge lies the other way, that he was from first to last a little too much the master, a little too apt to stipulate, as it were, with those whom he selected that they would always take orders and inspiration from himself. He blamed his servants rather than praised, except when he was writing of them. The third is, that he behaved unfairly to his brother, Sir Henry, a man as much beyond him in genius as below him in efficiency. The general truth as to that story comes out thoroughly in the narrative. Lord Lawrence, essentially a typical Englishman, never mentioned his brother without admitting his superiority, and, when they clashed, sent in a request for his own removal. But Sir Henry was essentially an Irishman, and Lord Lawrence, when under him or alongside him, fretted at his foibles till half his powers were gone. The history of the two countries is in the quarrel, or rather would be, if both countries had been blameless. And finally, it is alleged that, in the height of the struggle for Delhi, Lord Lawrence recommended that, if the day went against us, we should cede Peshawur to the Afghans, retire behind the Indus, and utilise the great garrison of Peshawur, itself a small *corps d'armée*, for the reconquest of India. That charge is exactly true, and is fully admitted, the only question being whether Lord Lawrence was right or wrong. We believe, notwithstanding the light of subsequent events, that he was not only absolutely right, but that in the contingency suggested, retreat from before Delhi, no other plan could by possibility have been adopted. And one of the most coldly luminous intellects that ever studied English politics from without, the Prince Consort, thought so too, and specially told Lord Lawrence that on that question he had been entirely right.

WILFRED'S WIDOW.*

A THOROUGHLY amusing book, the interest of which carries the reader on through every page of a sufficiently brief story. We must say, however, that we have seldom read a story so lively which is more open to the old criticism that the bad character of the novel is a great deal more interesting than any of the good characters with which it is brought into unfavourable comparison. How is it that "the Author of *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal*" manages to inspire her readers, without, we think, at all intending to do so, with a sort of terror at the codes of convention, like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians, into which English county life crystallises under the influence of family usages and social etiquettes. Instead of making us feel how worthless the young woman who constitutes the chief interest of this story really is,—and she is worthless,—the author of *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal* manages to inspire us with a very considerable amount of sympathy for her, and to make us feel a shade of something like contempt for the quite too innocent young ladies on whom she imposes so completely, and, so far as her own character goes, so involuntarily. We are aware that our author means to inspire us with the feeling that the decent conventions of English county life are nothing but the outworks, as it were, of the inward humility and receptiveness of a Christian spirit, and that the wildness and waywardness of her adventuress are in the same way meant to be the counterparts of those moral qualities which resent discipline from above, and exist only to win distractions and enjoyments for the possessor of them. Somehow, however, she hardly succeeds in conveying this impression adequately to her readers' minds. It is not too much to say that Constance and Ally, with their final assumption that there is no life at all except the life of the domestic and religious affections, and their utter want of insight into those aspects of human nature which do not depend on the affections for their satisfaction but which crave more vivid external interests, rather incline us to apologise for the adventuress, than to blame her as she deserves; and we suspect even that the authoress herself has a half-suppressed sympathy with her self-caged wild bird, or she would hardly be able to describe the delight of her first escape from the conventions of a well-bred county-circle with such vivid and almost irresistible force:—

"She sprang into an empty first-class carriage as gay as a lark, rather proud of having a man in handsome livery to give her her ticket when she was seated there, and arrange her light summer wrap about her. And then the train started, and carried her off to London in it. It was only seven weeks since she had travelled the same road from London to Woodlands, and what eventful weeks they had been to her! What delightful changes they had brought into her life, intolerable as the burthen of them had at last become! And now in what altered circumstances was she retracing her steps! She threw her arms up triumphantly in the air, then jumped to her feet and began dancing. It is not easy to dance in a railway-carriage that is rushing through space at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, but Silvia performed a sort of war-dance notwithstanding, mingling the steps with gay hurrahs and exclamations of 'Free! free! free!' After a while she reseated herself, and made herself decorously comfortable in the corner of the carriage. 'Is there any blessing on earth like freedom?' she said; 'it is almost worth while to have been shut up for a month in a cage, in order to really enjoy it.' She had not the faintest idea what she meant to do with this glorious liberty of hers. Mere liberty at the moment seemed enough, without making any use of it at all. She knew no one in London, except Sir Percival Ross, whom she would not dare to communicate with; she had no toothache, and no more intention of visiting a dentist than of looking up Aunt Lydia's cousin, Selina Fleetwood, in Albert Terrace. She knew perfectly well what she should *not* do, though she had not made up her mind what she *should*. But she was happy—gloriously happy; and how pretty she looked, in her happiness! She tossed her bonnet away from her, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed; she laughed the joyous laugh of untroubled youth; she threw herself about in twenty different attitudes, saved from vulgarity by natural grace. There was something charming in this abandonment, that spoke more of nature than of civilisation. It was the freedom of the spirit that joyfully asserted itself through the limbs, for the body was 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd' within the space of a railway-carriage, and yet liberty was uncontrolled. 'How have I borne it so long,' she cried suddenly; 'and how shall I bear it any longer?'"

The description of her London escapade is almost the best thing in the book, though the account of her alarm at the prospect of life in so confined an atmosphere as that of Sir Percival Ross's house, presided over as it is by a very strait-laced mother, is very nearly as good. Altogether, we must say that the adventuress is painted with excellent skill and moderation, amounting sometimes to genuine sympathy. No one can absolutely dislike her, in spite of the unstinting resources of

* *Wilfred's Widow: a Novel.* By the Author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal." 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

her falsehood, and we regret to say that our author leaves upon us a sort of terrible suspicion that the second brother,—the strait-laced Geoffry,—is not at all unlikely to pursue the poor disgraced adventuress with his admiration, even after all her arts have been discovered and her impostures brought to light.

One of the best effects in the book is the impression of quasi-remorse produced on the poor actress's previously wholly unmoral imagination, by discovering the genuine piety and goodness of her supposed sister-in-law and cousin,—the incipient self-contempt which this awakens in her,—and the dismay with which she perceives the possibility that an ideal of character and conduct may spring up within her which would render her intolerable to herself, and her whole past life a sort of curse of memory, from which it might become impossible to escape:—

"Silvia went into the garden, and strolling about there, endeavoured to shake off the feelings and thoughts that had been for the first time in her life awakened in her heart that day. She shrank from them with terror, only just having become aware of the fact that you cannot be happy because you choose, and that memory of a past will interfere with the present, even against the vehement opposition of the person whose memory it is; and that remorse might be awakened even in her heart, resolved as she was when she did things that she would be glad if they succeeded, and if they failed—try again. Was she passing out of her own power? Had she lost mastery over herself? A few minutes' violent emotion, and then the clouds burst and the sky was clear again. She was accustomed to this. But were regret and remorse actually planting their stings in her breast—lasting stings? and were dreadful plants to spring up and flourish from these roots, poisoning her whole life? Was it possible that such things really were? She had read, she had heard of such things—but did they really exist, and could they exist for her? She shrank with terror; she cowered down on a bench in the garden. She was cold under that brilliant summer sky; she was frightened, she was helpless, she did not know what to do."

That, and the little scene which had brought her to feel in this fashion, are powerfully drawn, in one sense almost too powerfully drawn,—they make us feel so much more sympathy with Silvia than they ought to make us feel if Constance and Ally are to hold their right places in the story. On the whole, we should say that while "the Author of *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal*" has given us a very lively and interesting book, in which all the characters are sketched with sufficient distinctness, she has disposed us to feel more sympathy with the outlaw, and less sympathy with the saint and the gentle heroine of convention, than she intended to inspire;—or that, if we are mistaken in this, she feels herself more sympathy with the outlaw than her own ideal will permit her frankly to acknowledge.

FOUR YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY.*

This book is brilliant, interesting, and full of instruction; but we doubt whether the public will draw from it the moral which the author seeks to convey. It is, in fact, an impeachment of the policy of O'Connell after his imprisonment, and a justification of the counter-policy of the Young Ireland party. The author is exceedingly fair. He tells the whole truth, and gives his readers the means of judging for themselves how far he has made out his case against O'Connell. After a candid review of the whole evidence, as Sir Charles Duffy presents it, we must frankly own that the policy of the Young Ireland party, interpreted by the light of events, appears to us, if not to justify, at least to excuse the attitude of O'Connell towards them. Look at the facts. It is probably no exaggeration to say that from the landing of Strongbow in Ireland to our own day no single Irishman can be named to whom Ireland owes so large a debt of gratitude as she owes to O'Connell. He it was who first broke the spell of Protestant domination, and taught the Irish that they could by moral force alone obtain all that they had a right to demand from the British Parliament. It is true, indeed, as Sir Charles Duffy showed in his previous volume, that O'Connell, before his imprisonment, sometimes used language which sounded dangerously like an appeal to physical force. But when the Government prohibition of the Clontarf meeting brought him face to face with stubborn facts, he frankly recognised the folly and wickedness of provoking a struggle which could only result in the fruitless slaughter of his followers and the curtailment of his country's liberties. That was a lesson which Sir Charles Duffy and his friends refused to learn. With the uncalculating recklessness of brave and generous, but surely not wise, patriots, they blamed O'Connell for not flinging his undisciplined and unofficered masses against the trained and officered troops of the Government. It was easy enough to convict the Liberator of inconsistency and gasconade. He had, undoubtedly, used language which justified his followers in believing that he was prepared for the alternative of physical force, if moral force should prove unavailing. But it was surely better, and braver also, to face the reproach of inconsistency, and even of pusillanimity, than to provoke a conflict which he knew must prove disastrous to his cause and ruinous to his country. It was probably the recoil from this imminent peril that drove O'Connell into the opposite extreme of denouncing, without any reservation, any resort to physical force in the regeneration of Ireland. He would, no doubt, admit, as an abstract proposition, the right of every nation to assert its freedom and independence by an appeal to arms, if all other arguments failed. But he evidently convinced himself that an insurrection in Ireland would inevitably be a failure, and therefore a crime. Hence the energy with which he denounced any kind of appeal to physical force. The Young Irelanders had an easy task in refuting him on the ground of history and general politics; but their own conduct afterwards proved that O'Connell was practically in the right. He saw, and they did not, the goal towards which they were rapidly travelling.

The first serious divergence between the policy of O'Connell and the policy of Young Ireland was exhibited in an article written by Mitchell, and published in Sir Charles Duffy's paper, the *Nation*, the most influential journal at that time in Ireland. The avowed aim of the article was to teach the Irish how railways might be used as efficient instruments of guerrilla warfare against the Government. O'Connell's Repeal Association was scattered all over Ireland, and divided into districts, each under the superintendence of a Repeal warden. Mitchell suggested in his article in the *Nation* that "it might be useful to promulgate through the country, to be read by all Repeal wardens in their parishes, a few short and easy rules as to the mode of dealing with railways in case of any enemy daring to make a hostile use of them," daring, that is, to move troops or constabulary to any part of Ireland which might be menaced by disorder or insurrection. Sir Charles Duffy thinks the spirit and language of Mitchell's article "natural and legitimate, under the circumstances." What were "the circumstances"? Simply that the *Standard* had written of the agitation for Repeal in coarse and violent language, and had pointed out that the railways had placed every part of Ireland "within six hours of the garrison of Dublin." O'Connell viewed the matter in a different light. He called at the office of the *Nation*, "to remonstrate against the dangerous conjunction of Repeal wardens with lessons in the art of guerrilla warfare." Surely this was not surprising, considering that the *Nation* was distributed among all the Repeal wardens by the agency and funds of O'Connell's Association. Sir Charles Duffy tauntingly contrasts O'Connell's remonstrance on this occasion with the Liberator's own language on former occasions, and thinks it "somewhat surprising" that he "should have become so squeamish." Would it not have been fairer to believe that O'Connell had become convinced of the folly and mischief of all such language, his own included, and was honestly bent on discouraging it? "But he was the leader, and we complied," pleads Sir Charles Duffy. But how did they comply? "Mitchell, in the next number, mentioned that Mr. O'Connell had remonstrated on the subject, and that it must be clearly understood that the *Nation* 'had neither connection with nor control over Repeal wardens.'" Sir Charles Duffy thinks it was ungenerous on the part of O'Connell not to have been satisfied with such a disclaimer? But was it ungenerous? A thousand copies of the *Nation* were distributed by O'Connell's Association among the Repeal wardens. O'Connell would therefore be justly held responsible for the teaching of the *Nation*, and the *Nation* neither withdrew nor modified one jot or tittle of the doctrine laid down in Mitchell's article. We candidly do not see how O'Connell could, under the circumstances, have allowed his Association to be identified even in sympathy with the conductors of the *Nation*, when the editor, Sir Charles Duffy, found himself prosecuted for seditious libel. To prosecute at all was unwise, as the event proved. But how could O'Connell have identified himself with the defendants without making himself responsible for opinions which he heartily condemned? The eloquent speech of the defendant's counsel, moreover, was, in fact, a powerful defence of the doctrine of Mitchell's article,—the right of the Repealers to use physical force in carrying out their programme. Of course, the abstract right of insurrection remains indefeasible to every nation which believes itself oppressed. But a popular leader

* *Four Years of Irish History, 1845-1849; a Sequel to "Young Ireland."* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Cassell and Co. 1883.

should shape his conduct by what is practically feasible rather than by what is abstractedly right; and can anybody now doubt, looking back at all the circumstances, that O'Connell's estimate of what was possible was much nearer the truth than the sanguine anticipations of the Young Ireland party?

We draw our conclusions exclusively from the materials which Sir Charles Duffy has himself supplied. From these it seems to us clear that O'Connell saw, and the Young Irelanders did not see, how narrow was the line which separated their teaching from overt rebellion; and overt rebellion at that time as the result proved, was madness. The death of O'Connell in the year 1847 removed the check which kept the Young Irelanders within bounds, and the Revolution in France, which soon followed, threw them clean off their balance. Sir Charles Duffy preached rebellion defiantly in the *Nation*, and Mitchell (who had meanwhile separated from the *Nation* on quite another question) openly defied the Government in his *United Irishman* to interfere with him. "They were assured," says Sir C. Duffy, "in specific terms, that if they could not forthwith crush these determined assailants, they would be crushed by them. They were invited, and dared to try the experiment." "If you get me within your power," said Mitchell, addressing the Lord-Lieutenant, through the *United Irishman*, "I entreat you to show me no mercy, as I, so help me God, would show none to you!" Sir Charles Duffy condemns the wild extravagance of Mitchell; but, in truth, it differed only in degree from his own. The materials for a successful rebellion in Ireland did not then exist. England was at peace with all the world, and had no internal troubles except in Ireland. Only enthusiastic dreamers could rely on active aid from France or the United States, and without external aid a rising in Ireland could only mean a conflict between an army of soldiers and a promiscuous mob of peasants. Indeed, the Young Irelanders soon found, to their cost, that they had not even an undisciplined mob to back them. The Irish clergy were opposed to them, and the Irish clergy then controlled the masses. Mr. Smith O'Brien's abortive attempt at insurrection, in such a condition of affairs, seems to us to furnish the strongest possible justification of O'Connell's attitude towards the Young Ireland party.

It is only the statesmanship of O'Connell that we are contrasting with the statesmanship of the Young Irelanders. That O'Connell and his sons were jealous of the *Nation* and its staff is probably true, and if Sir Charles Duffy had limited his censure to points of that sort, we should be disposed to admit that he had made out his case. Nothing, for instance, could have been more unjust or more ungenerous than the accusations of infidelity which O'Connell either inspired or countenanced against the teaching of the *Nation*. Nor, again, do we dispute the justice of Sir Charles Duffy's accusation of self-seeking and place-hunting against O'Connell's immediate friends and relations. Here, too, we think that he has made out his case. O'Connell would have stood better with posterity, and would have wielded a more salutary influence with the Government, if he had kept his hands clean from all official patronage. Of the contrast between himself and the Young Irelanders on that point they have every reason to be proud. Whatever we may think of the wisdom of their policy, there can be but one opinion about their noble unselfishness and self-sacrificing bravery. No one can say of any of them that they encouraged others to run risks from which they shrank themselves. If they were foremost in urging others into dangerous enterprises, they were equally foremost in placing themselves in the forefront of the danger. The public opinion of England has condemned their policy; but Sir Charles Duffy's book is a pathetic record of chivalrous, if mistaken, patriotism.

SCOTCH RURAL LIFE IN FICTION.*

THE appearance of three novels—two of them are decidedly above the average—dealing exclusively with modern Scotch country life, and of the second edition of a series of realistic and well-executed Aberdeenshire sketches by a careful observer and skilful social photographer, encourages the hope that the school of fiction which used to reproduce manners, life, and religion in humble circles north of the Tweed is not quite extinct. We have at present many Scotch novelists of eminence, no doubt, in the sense of novelists who are Scotch by blood or birth, or both, like Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. William Black. Such have in certain of their works reproduced social foibles and humours, and Mrs. Oliphant more particularly has in her latest works shown a tendency to return to her early love, with all her early enthusiasm, although it must be allowed that from first to last she has looked at Scotch life very largely from the standpoint of the country-house or the manse, and sometimes, also, of the Episcopalian parsonage. Both Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Black are, however, essentially English novelists, in the sense that they appeal to an essentially English public. Other Scotch writers, like Mr. Charles Gibbon, either deal with the life of Scotland in the past, or only with the picturesque side of the present, although it is only fair to Mr. Gibbon to say that in that work of his which ran its course in *Good Words* last year, he indicated more capacity for penetrating beneath the surface of Scotch life than he has hitherto done. Perhaps the bulk of Mr. George MacDonald's novels have their scenes laid beyond the Tweed, but the spirituality which is their most notable characteristic is as rare in Scotch life as it is in English fiction. Where are the successors,—we shall not say of Scott or Miss Ferrier, but of Wilson or Galt, or the author of *Mansie Wauch?* Is Scotch character becoming less Scotch, or are Scotch "characters" now worthy of preservation only in after-dinner or angling-roost stories, or in collections like the well-known one by Dean Ramsay? How is it that the ecclesiastical agitations which during the last half-century led to the formation of the Free Church and the abolition of patronage in the Establishment, have not produced one good work of fiction, at once humoristic and free from vulgarity?

The four books which have called forth these questions are not quite of such a calibre as, in effect, to constitute a full answer to them, either in the affirmative or the negative. But there is no doubt as to their being products of the Scotch soil. Mr. Alexander's Aberdeenshire sketches, under the title of *Life among My Ain Folk*—which we must unfortunately dismiss with a word—are indeed handfuls of that soil which has given Scotland some of her hardest heads; and one of them, "Baubie Huie's Bastard Geet," which is full of quiet, but effective humour, is the clearest revelation we have ever seen of the feeling in Scotch country districts in regard to certain aspects of morality. *Matthew Dale* is the story of the engagement by a well-to-do Scotch farmer of the daughter of a Dissenting Presbyterian minister, first as housekeeper, and then as wife. The scene of *Angus Graeme* is laid in a Scotch country parish, and Angus Graeme himself is a character of such a kind as to make other people than Mr. Gladstone fall into the mistake that Scotland is "the land o' the leal." *The Laird's Secret* tells of the fortunes of two daughters of the manse, one of whom marries "the laird," and the other the doctor, in a Scotch parish. There is in all three an abundance of the Scotch dialect—most of it wonderfully pure, too—of Scotch proverbs, and of Scotch religion, in the form, it must be confessed, however, of Scotch ecclesiastical disputes. Morton, the chief villain of *The Laird's Secret*, is a Scotch High-Church Episcopalian, who commits almost endless villanies, in order that he may bring converts and money to Rome. *Angus Graeme* is, to no inconsiderable extent, an attack upon the Free Church. The *raison d'être* of *Matthew Dale* cannot be said to be an ecclesiastical or religious one. But when Ann Forbes and her future Ahasuerus first meet, they plunge into an ecclesiastical dispute. "I am a member of the Relief body," she explains. He replies, "A Dissenter! Ah! I believe that the most of my household are Dissenters. What is it they say of them? That they'll neither steal nor swear; but they lie and cheat like the—ahem!" Some of the best minor characters in all three are typical Scotchwomen of the half-servant, half-friend type, such as the nurse who watches over Helen and Harriet Fitzjames, in *The Laird's Secret*, and Janet, the old servant in *Matthew Dale*, not to speak of practical Mrs. Scott, who is perpetually helping Ann Forbes out of her difficulties, and yet is also perpetually rushing off to attend to "the bairnses' faither," as, by a quaint Scotch euphemism, she describes her husband. In short, all that is really good in these novels, of writing, of character, even of sentiment, as also in Mrs. Walford's excellent story of *Dick Netherby*—that is essentially a Border novel, however—is Scotch, and rural Scotch.

The Laird's Secret is by no means equal to *Matthew Dale* or *Angus Graeme*. It has a crude, juvenile look. The Fitzjames girls are not so much Scotch "lasses" as English boarding-

* 1. *Matthew Dale, Farmer*. By Mrs. Sanders. 2 vols. London: Blackwood and Sons.
2. *Angus Graeme, Gamekeeper*. By the Author of "A Lonely Life." 2 vols. London: Gardner.
3. *The Laird's Secret*. By J. H. Jamieson. 2 vols. London: Blackwood and Sons.
4. *Life among My Ain Folk*. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1883.

school "misses," who go into raptures over Scotch scenery and character. The "Laird," whose secret finds him out, is an unsatisfactory character; and Dr. Blackburn, whom the supposed narrator of the story marries, poses rather too frequently as the Pomposo of rectitude. The red-herring of "No Popery" is, too, most ludicrously dragged across the trail of the plot. Besides the nurse already mentioned, there is only one good character in the story,—Robert Gourlay, the father of the girl whom the "Laird" elopes with early in life; and even he is a rather weak-kneed specimen of that "peasant of the Lothians" who, according to Mr. Froude, was first taught by "the voice of Knox" that "he was a free man, the equal in the sight of God with the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers." Mrs. Sanders's *Matthew Dale* is thoroughly enjoyable; the plot is evolved with great care, and the style is remarkably good. Ann Forbes's troubles with the household affairs of the employer whom she has admired from girl-hood, with his treacherous sister, and his drunken nephew, are as genuine as anything we have seen in fiction for a long time. Matthew Dale, indeed, strikes us as rather a "lord of creation," than a substantial Scotch farmer; for such a man, he is far too much at the mercy of circumstances, women, and his own sensibilities. The suggestion, too, which Mrs. Sanders makes, in the end of her story, that the good-natured dipsomaniac, Ned Rylands, is killed of a cure, in the shape of cayenne tea or bromide of potassium, looks too like the introduction of an incongruous element of farce into a true, though homely tragedy. *Matthew Dale* is from an artistic point of view a much more finished production than *Angus Graeme;* the style of the latter is not so completely under control, and the portraits in it are not so carefully executed. But, in spite of this, *Angus Graeme* is full of force, fire, and promise; and any errors or extravagances of diction that it exhibits, time certainly may remove or care weed out. The central incident of the story is an unusually strong one. A sprightly, beautiful, essentially English girl, Jessie Grant—who recalls Mr. Black's "Daughter of Heth," though she is much robuster—is introduced into a dreary household of mean, cross-grained, quarrelling spinster aunts, and into a Scotch village full of gossip, sectarian self-righteousness and ecclesiastical bickering. Thereupon, every man at all "eligible" falls in love with her,—Auchencairn, the half-mad "laird;" Joshua Pillrig, Free-Church clergyman and crypto-sensualist and swindler; and last and best, Angus Graeme, the honest gamekeeper, who saves her life, and, having a wife living, though separated from him, has to assume towards her a paternal love, while his real sentiments are much warmer. It would be something like sacrilege to tell the tragedy of the gamekeeper's hapless passion. But it is worked out with undoubted skill; we have not, indeed, in recent fiction, come across an ethically more dignified figure than this Bayard of the Scotch hills. Although the author of *Angus Graeme* seems to have an *animus* against the Free Church, he (or she) shows much skill in dealing with the petty Church intrigues of Stronvar. The efforts of the female hawks of Pillrig's congregation to bring drunkenness home to him, and the methods by which these efforts are defeated, are detailed with much humour, and are full of that truth which is stranger than fiction. The writing in *Angus Graeme* is, as we have said, not free from tricks of rhetoric; but these are forgotten, in presence of its buoyancy and "go," which are maintained from beginning to end. *Angus Graeme* is an emphatically "sound" novel, but the author should give us still better things.

SHAKESPEARE *v.* BACON.*

It is a pity that Mrs. Pott's admiration for the *Promus* did not lead her to choose a motto for her volume from its pages. There is a delightfully appropriate one at p. 183, which, if it had been used, would have had the additional advantage of harmonising with the sentiment of Dr. Abbott's preface. It is, "Quodque cupit sperat, suæque illum oracula fallunt:" "And what he desires he hopes for, and his own oracles deceive him." But then, if the author had devoted a few minutes to ruminating on the wisdom of this saying, she might have spared herself the many hours spent in compiling so big a book. Six hundred and twenty-eight pages of "words, words, words," resulting in nothing! It makes one melancholy to think of it.

We confess that we took this imposing volume in hand with some little misgiving. Were we going to be convinced that Shakespeare—*our* Shakespeare, at least—never existed? Were we going to find that all our affections must be transferred to a writer whom we had been used to regard with more admiration than love? We meant to make the sacrifice of our faith, if it proved necessary; but an hour's reading restored our serenity, and the further we went, the more happily convinced we were that Mrs. Pott had only perpetrated a rather heavy joke, with the object of showing how two contemporary men of genius would naturally have some thoughts and expressions in common, but a great many more that were peculiar to each of them. Of course, in entertaining this idea, we may be only making a second mistake; but it really does seem impossible to take the arguments for Bacon's authorship of the plays as seriously offered to the public.

We do not quite see, indeed, why Mrs. Pott believes that Bacon wrote the *Promus*, or storehouse of sayings, on which she builds her whole edifice. The Lord Keeper's early biographers knew nothing about it, and its first appearance is in the Harleian collection of manuscripts in the British Museum, where it appears as fifty sheets of rough jottings, without indication of whence they came, or to whom they belonged. They are said to be "in Lord Bacon's well-known handwriting," and Mr. Maude Thompson vouches for its authenticity; but this is only the opinion of an expert, and we know that we need not, unless we like, accept that as evidence. If Lord Bacon did make this collection, he probably made it for use. Yet, in his tolerably voluminous "acknowledged" works, he rarely uses anything that can be supposed to be drawn from it. For example, he put into it, according to Mrs. Pott, no less than two hundred and twenty-five extracts from the *Adagia* of Erasmus, and used less than half a dozen of them. This would be a waste of material inconsistent with the prudence of so wise a man, therefore we do not feel ourselves obliged to believe that Bacon wrote the *Promus*. Perhaps Shakespeare did. We should be disposed to adopt that theory, and write a book in support of it, if we could only see a greater affinity between the jottings and *his* "acknowledged" works.

We hope the argument just indicated against the authorship of the *Promus* will not be thought frivolous or impertinent; it is the result of the study of those set forth by Mrs. Pott, but does not claim their originality. Here are one or two of them:—Salutations such as "Good morning," "Good evening," &c., were not in use in the days of Shakespeare and Bacon. Bacon was so struck with them as a novelty, that he wrote down tentatively not only these, but also, "Good swocar," "Good matens."

"Shakespeare makes the most ordinary people in the most ordinary circumstances say, 'Good morning,' 'Good evening,' 'Good day.'"

Therefore, Shakespeare is Bacon. Again, the *Promus* contains this entry:—

"*Oremus.* In the plays, both men and women in extremity pray, or think of praying." ("References to saying prayers about 150 times.")

Therefore, Bacon wrote the plays.

How powerful imagination can become when she is enlisted as advocate of a beloved theory, we find proved over and over again in the pages so laboriously devoted to putting together the text of the *Promus*, and the passages to which the several entries are supposed to have given birth. Who, without a very special pair of spectacles, could see the connection in this instance?—

"*Promus. Et justificata est Sapientia filiis suis.*—*Play.* Journeys end in lovers' meeting, every wise man's son doth know."

Or in these?—

"*Promus.* Wild tyme in the ground hath a sent like a cypresse chest.—*Play.* I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

"*Promus.* Mala attrahens ad sese ut caecias nubeo.—*Play.* I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."

"*Promus.* Si qua voles apte nubere, nube pari (*translated*,—If thou wilt marry fitly, marry an equal).—*Play.* If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool."

"*Promus.* Le riche dine quand il veut, le pauvre quand il peut.—*Plays.* I. Provide us with all things necessary . . . . . at Eastcheap, there I'll sup. II. I will to dinner. III. Bid them prepare dinner." To which Mrs. Pott adds, "At least fifty times."

We will not pause to remark upon the apparent betrayal in the above of the compiler's views as to wisdom and marriage respectively, but we will just hint that it might have been difficult for anybody, even Shakespeare or Bacon, to hold the mirror up to nature in a long series of dramas, tragic and

* *Bacon's Promus.* By Mrs. Henry Pott. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

comic, without any mention of dinner or supper. The most exalted personages must eat—and do eat in company—how much more the rank and file of humanity! We are rather surprised that Mrs. Pott does not suspect Lord Bacon of having written *The Corsican Brothers*, in which there certainly occurs some such expression as "We dine at seven o'clock," not to speak of there being an actual dinner "presented" on the stage.

Dr. Abbott in his preface suggests that there may have occurred now and then, in the compiling of the book, "a misapprehension of the entry in the *Promus*." The following looks very like such a misapprehension:—

"Eumenes litter. (Perhaps Bacon meant *litteratum fautor*, or *patronus*, as Eumenes, King of Pergamus, founded a library there which rivalled even that of Alexandria.)"

Why might not Mrs. Pott have just as easily supposed that "litter" was simply an English word, and that Bacon, thinking of the swineherd whose charges fed Penelope's lovers, might have adopted "Eumenes' litter" as a euphemism for the animals to whom pearls should not be thrown?

SANGUELAC.*

The weakest thing—the only weak thing, indeed—about Mr. Percy Greg's new novel, is its title. He is, as a rule, very successful or very fortunate with his titles, because, like his style and his thought, they go straight to the centre of the matter they are concerned with. Thus, *Ivy, Cousin and Bride*, and *Errant* were good titles, because they really expressed, but in different ways, the heart and soul of the books thus designated. *Sanguelac*, again, though probably every boarding-school girl knows what it means, has an affected, Grosvenor-Gallery look. Besides, it is not adequate. There are battles, sieges, and deaths enough in these three volumes, no doubt. But, "it is all dying in the 'quality' way," as the undertaker's assistant in the old play puts it. There is even no parade of the suits and trappings of woe, no gruesome dwelling on "blood and wounds." Whatever Mr. Greg may have intended, his reader will not, after laying down *Sanguelac*, think most of "the seas of blood" and "surges of gore" to be found in it. Rather, his memory will dwell on Clarence Derval, its hero, and the charming half-sisters, Minna and Rose, whose fortunes are bound up with his; or on its author's gallant attempt to drive back the tide of history nearly a generation, and make us all regret that the result of the Civil War in America had not been the very reverse of what it actually was. On one side, *Sanguelac* is a story with a stirring plot and several very interesting and admirably drawn characters; on another, it is a novel with a purpose, and a very earnest and militant purpose, too. But the title brings out neither side, much less both. Yet, of all novelists of the present time, Mr. Greg can least afford an inadequate or merely "æsthetic" title. *Cap-à-pie* completeness, with him, is everything. *Sanguelac* somehow suggests Sir Galahad starting to carve the casques of men with a pure heart, but also with Postlethwaite's sunflower and fur-collared coat.

To judge from Mr. Greg's preface to *Sanguelac*, we should say he considers his plot of secondary importance, as compared with his purpose. Most of his readers will, however, take the opposite view. A novel is a novel all the world over, and if it is intended as a polemical pamphlet, then, in nine cases out of ten, so much the worse for the author. It ought to stir the heart, not to set the head off on a career of ratiocination. Happily, indeed, Mr. Greg defeats his own intention. His story is so good, the leading characters in *Sanguelac* are so worthy of being portrayed in fiction, that we come to think of them, and move to and fro with them, regardless of South and slavery. There is more powerful writing in some of Mr. Greg's other works than there is here; there are even passages here which suggest hurry. But in many respects it will be accounted his best novel. It is his ripest, his freest from fantastic incident or literary extravagance, his most thoroughly human, or, at least, his most distinctly mundane. Although Clarence Derval, the hero, spends some of his time in England, as the native land of his mother, and delivers to a young lady and a farm labourer a lecture against *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which is not altogether free from priggishness, the chief scenes are laid in the Southern States, and more particularly in South Carolina, of which Derval considers himself a citizen and the champion. Here, Mr. Greg is seen at his best. His landscapes are good; his social sketches are still better. In no work of fiction, without exception, have we seen the actual difficulties of a slave-owning Southern aristocrat depicted half so well. Derval's father—a rather shadowy personage, by the way—being in England, as Ambassador for the United States, Clarence is really master of Dervalstown, and free to work out his romantic ideas of his position. He does work them out, and with a vengeance, for at the very close of the novel, and after the Civil War is over, we find him making use of the secret organisation known as "the Ku Klux Klan" to exact punishment for the murder of a favourite and faithful slave, Casca. Mr. Greg's literary skill is especially tried, however, in his detailed account of the relations between Clarence and Rose, a beautiful, morbidly sensitive, and somewhat self-willed girl, whom he finds on his father's plantation, and whom he discovers to be the half-sister of Minna Lawrence, whose cousin, guardian, and lover he is. He educates Rose, and aids the development of her character. She, in turn, comes to adore him—although to the last she looks upon him as "master"—and loses her life during the Civil War in an attempt to save his. Other hands than Mr. Greg's might have put an unpleasant aspect on this peculiarly delicate relationship. But in his hands, it is perfect trust on the one side, repaid with perfect honour on the other. When Minna and Rose come to make each other's acquaintance, without the former knowing of the tie of blood between them, troubles arise, resulting even in a temporary separation between Minna and her lover. The story of this, and of the threefold reconciliation which is ultimately brought about, could not have been better told. We like Mr. Greg's domestic scenes better than his battle-pieces, though some of these are undoubtedly good. He admits that his story of the assault which Derval commits in the Senate Chamber on Senator Somers for maligning his absent father is not historical, although he "believes it to be less unfair than what in a similar case passes for history." We object to its introduction on literary grounds, however. It has really nothing to do with the plot. Mr. Greg has sunk the artist in the controversialist, in order to introduce it. As for general style, *Sanguelac* recalls the warm eulogium which Mr. Ruskin not very long ago passed on Sir Walter Scott, when he made his curious attack on George Eliot and novelists of her school. His heroes and heroines are high-minded and in most cases highly-educated men and women, and their walk and conversation are in accordance with their character and mental development. They are not oddities, and indulge in no oddities of speech or behaviour. *Sanguelac* is a most enjoyable book to read, but it is hardly possible to quote from it passages which could be said to be specimens of style.

Looked at as a contribution to the history of the American Civil War, *Sanguelac* may be described as a challenge by Mr. Greg,—to himself. In fact, as "men of honour" used to say long ago, "the matter cannot end here." He makes direct and indirect charges against the Federal officers and soldiery during the war. He speaks of the treatment accorded to Lee and his army after their final defeat as "the only light of generosity that shines on Grant's career." Of Lincoln, Mr. Greg writes:—"It may be said that he was pre-eminently *felix opportunitate mortis*. He did not live to put to the test the virtues ascribed to him by his eulogists, and receives credit for all the charity he never showed. Of the after-treatment of the conquered, I will not trust myself to speak." Yet Mr. Greg says, in his brief prefatory note, "What may be ascribed to anti-Northern prejudice is mostly matter of Northern evidence." This being so, let Mr. Greg substantiate his charges. Let him write a serious history of the American Civil War—he will be sure to write a very brilliant and fascinating one—and then we shall be able to judge between him and the historians whom he really, though informally, contradict. For the rest, those who sympathised with the North in the Civil War, and believed that it was well that it terminated as it did, will not quarrel with Mr. Greg for having given them in Clarence Derval a Southern Bayard. Nobody denies that on the Southern side were to be found many gentlemen of the type of Lee, who were aristocrats in heart and feeling, as well as by position and blood; in fact, the sympathy felt here for the South was largely due to a knowledge of this fact. But Mr. Greg does not maintain that such were gentlemen because of the slave system; on the contrary, the bulk of Derval's difficulties arise from the revolting conception of womanhood involved in that system. Besides, Mr. Greg does not contend that the North sent no gentlemen into the war. General Somers, who, in *Sanguelac*, holds a commission

* *Sanguelac*. By Percy Greg. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1883.

in the Federal Army, is as much of a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* as Derval himself, and is perpetually coming to the aid of "distressed damsels." Mr. Greg, by means of a conversation between Derval and Stokes, an English labourer, endeavours to show that the peasant here is worse off materially than the Southern slave before the war. Stokes, indeed, completes his view of the difference between peasant and slave by saying, in an undertone, to Derval, "I have daughters!" a remark which confuses the too honest champion of a hopelessly bad cause. But letting that pass, Mr. Greg should remember that when Stokes and his brethren get the franchise, they will be able to bring even their material grievances before the country, with the moral certainty of redress by absolutely peaceful means. But nothing less than a social revolution was required to place blacks and whites in the Southern States on a proper footing towards each other. In short, whatever Mr. Greg, as a historian, may prove in the future, *Sanguelac* proves only that he can write fiction which, from the literary and, above all, from the ethical point of view, is inferior to little, and superior to most, of the work of his contemporaries.

PLAIN SERMONS.*

At a time when sensationalism in religion is somewhat in favour, and when it seems to be a recognised thing that old facts must be clothed in new dresses, if they are to have attention, it needs some courage to publish a small volume, in homely brown cloth, under the simple title of *Plain Sermons, Preached in Town and Country*. Mr. Obbard has not only displayed this rare courage, but he has justified the use of it. We have seldom seen a better collection of short, earnest, and striking addresses than those which lie before us, preached, as the short preface informs the reader, before hearers of different classes, printed at the request of those who heard them, and left "rough-hewn, as they originally stood."

To avoid the two extremes, the dull, doctrinal sermon, on the one hand, which sends the duller village intelligence to sleep over original sin and the "vain talk of the Pelagians," and the frantic attempt, on the other, to attract a weary and diminishing congregation by startling announcements and sensational utterances from week to week, ought not, to an educated man, who has his subject at heart, to be a matter of great difficulty. And yet we all know preachers who make shipwreck on one or other shoal. The present writer has frequently passed a chapel whose notice-board could be outdone by nothing, unless it be by the Salvation Army itself. The story of the "Fall" was made to appear on this religious stage as "the first game of hide and seek," that of Zaccheus as "the little man up the tree." For our part, we greatly prefer the opposite extreme of hopeless dullness to this irreverent method of offering worldly baits, in order to entice people to swallow with it some spiritual food.

Mr. Obbard has too much faith in his subject, and too much natural freshness of thought, to condescend to any artificial gilding. His sermons are essentially sermons of to-day, as we may see from a glance at his index. The Census, the Revised New Testament, the Imprecatory Psalms, and God the Creator (which deals with the relations between religion and science), are titles which show us at the outset that our author believes, and believes intensely, that religion and matters of every-day incident and every-day speculation are not and cannot be divorced. And yet the great fundamental doctrines are not overlooked. In the sermon which opens the volume, Mr. Obbard deals with the love of the Father, and asks:—

> "Why do you ascribe all harshness, coldness, and severity to God the Father, and all love, pity, compassion, sympathy, to God Jesus Christ? . . . . . If God the Son gave his life for you, God the Father did no less for you, when he spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up to die for you. I fear the Trinity is believed much more practically than the Unity."

It may be said there is nothing new in this; neither is there anything new under the sun. But the reminder is needed. The love of the Son in making the Atonement has so dazzled men's blurred vision, that the love of the Father in originating it has come to be overlooked. Yet he that for duty's sake or love's sake gives up that which is nearest and dearest to him, gives sometimes more than his own life. The pointsman who had to turn a train on to the line on which his infant child played, to save that train, was no less a hero than was the engine-driver who, a few weeks since, passed through the flames himself to save his freight of human lives. "*God* so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," is a text so familiar to our ears, that we are apt to forget its full significance.

On the unity of the Old and New Testaments, Mr. Obbard touches very happily, in his sermon on the imprecatory Psalms, on the difficulties of which he throws some valuable light. Taking into account the obscurity of the Hebrew language and the age of these wonderful religious poems, our author can hardly be blamed by the most cautious critic for accepting the argument of Dr. Taylor, in his *Gospel in the Law*,—*i.e.*, that, for instance, in Psalms cix. and lxix., David represents himself as surrounded by his enemies, and ascribes to *them* the use of curses which we suppose him, on the contrary, to direct against them. One verse in the cix.-th Psalm, Mr. Obbard tells us, needs re-translation; it will be interesting to see whether any fresh light is thrown on these and kindred passages, when the Revision of the Old Testament is completed. Here Mr. Obbard takes some pains, and, we think, rightly, to show that the so-called "spirit of the Old Testament" is not altogether absent in the New, and instances Revelation xviii., 6-20, and the woes pronounced on Scribes and Pharisees by our Lord, as examples. The fact is, that except for the sake of cavilling and trying to prove two "spirits" in the one Revelation of God's dealings, no one would expect it to be, or wish it to be otherwise. The spirit of Christ is, indeed, as far in advance of the spirit of the Mosaic law as *Paradise Lost* is an advance on a first primer; where Elijah called down fire from heaven, Christ forbad the exercise of such power, with an accompanying rebuke. But we are nowhere taught that Christianity is a nerveless philosophy, which precludes the use of righteous anger, and even of irony. We are inclined to think that a righteous man's anger, as well as his prayer, "availeth much."

The pages on the "Thorn in the Flesh" deal chiefly with the much vexed question of,—What are the limits of reasonable requests addressed to God in prayer? And here we come at last to a passage which we venture to think Mr. Obbard should not have left "rough-hewn, as it originally stood." The preacher is, of course, for the sake of argument, making the objections of others his own; but his interpretation we think hardly fair:—

> "We may not pray for a good harvest, because the harvest depends on the weather, and the weather is governed by physical laws, which will act irrespective of our wishes; *nay, if we dare put it into words, irrespective of the will of God.*"

The words we have italicised are those to which we take exception. Some may surely believe that "the weather is governed by physical laws, which will act irrespective of our wishes," and yet have full faith in the power of God and his will. Are not these very physical laws his will? Who shall say that it may not be better for the course of this world that our weather should be ordered by divine law acting directly, rather than by divine law acting through the agency of man's desires and the laws of prayer? For prayer, as well as weather, may have its laws, since it is part of the system of the law-making and law-abiding God. If we differ from Mr. Obbard on this point, we can still agree with him very fully when he says:—"If, then, we are to pray for nothing which is governed by laws which we can understand, in these days of advanced enlightenment, there will be nothing left to pray for; nothing, at least, connected with the body or the visible world." And we can follow him when he pertinently asks:—

> "Were Abraham, David, Paul, in the wrong, ignorantly indeed, but still in the wrong? Ought St. Paul to have gone to the doctor about his thorn in the flesh; but whatever he did, to have abstained from mentioning it in his prayers? . . . . . Did the Lord forget we had bodies, and that our bodies had needs of their own, when he said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive?' or the Apostle speak only of spiritual need, in his wide estimate of the divine love, 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you?'"

Mr. Obbard's style is generally as terse and epigrammatic as his thought is fresh and vigorous. Many books of collected "sayings" can boast of few specimens so good as those which might easily be culled from these pages. "We are so surrounded with other people, and their habits and customs, religious views and sins, that we seldom get alone with God." "As God has made no revelation to man of what science can discover, so science can never reach to the subjects which God has revealed." "There will be pure and purified in heaven." "It is said, indeed, 'None shall pluck God's sheep out of his hand.' Still, if I read rightly, I see no assurance that we have not the fatal power to pluck *ourselves* out of his hand. Free-will is always ours, and of necessity it must be so; and our comfort must lie, not in a

* *Plain Sermons, Preached in Town and Country.* By the Rev. Augustus Obbard, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

passive inability to be lost, but in an active striving to be saved." And sometimes the quiet irony for which we have contended as the lawful weapon of the Christian, peeps out, as in the sermon entitled "Costly Offerings," an answer to the question of Judas asked at the anointing at Bethany, "To what purpose is this waste?" We seem to find it in the opening sentences:—"This was the question of a thief. It is still the question of thieves. Let us first look at the original thief; afterwards, we will turn to the modern thief," and undoubtedly we find it reappear very soon. "Christ blames Judas for being a Utilitarian. . . . . Thank God, we are seeing a change! We are getting to acknowledge that because God *can* be worshipped in a cottage, still, He never said he preferred a cottage, or that because Christ condescended to be born in a stable, that therefore He takes delight in a building as near a stable as may be." If Mr. Obbard's congregation did not subscribe largely to the organ for which he thus appealed, we despair of the power of preaching. The sermon is a masterpiece of argument in favour of a reverent and beautiful service; and the reference to the inspiration of Aholiab and Bezaleel, which, to our mind, for ever sanctifies as well as sanctions art, even in its humblest forms of expression, is particularly happy.

And if we may single out two more of Mr. Obbard's sermons for especial notice, we shall choose those on "Purity" (p. 176), and on "Christian Loveliness" (p. 187). Both strike one key, and both subjects are admirably handled. One might well be a prelude to the other, for the former deals with the coarser forms of temptation, and the latter is directed rather to the preservation of all that is pure and holy in our surroundings, our occupations, our lives. To these occupations, to our books, and our recreations, the preacher bids us apply the test of St. Paul's lofty standard, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, of good report, think on these things." When we apply this to the books we read, shall we not also to the society papers we buy,—the food which, no less than a three-volume novel, goes to feed our own minds, and the younger and more impressionable minds around us? The Christian ideal of character is not that from which gross impurity is absent, but that in which holiness is present; and holiness is not a mere matter of action, it is a state of mind and of heart. Were the standard of professing Christians that of St. Paul—and we may add, without irreverence, that of our author—there would be no need for sensationalism in religion, since its beauty would be apparent to all men; and still less necessity for Christian Evidence lectures, for the Christian life itself would be proved to be the most powerful argument in its own defence.

AMERICA REVISITED.*

It is impossible to take up this new series of Mr. Sala's letters from the United States without being reminded of those other letters, written by the same pen for the same journal nearly twenty years ago, which did so much to set English people wrong, and to keep them wrong, concerning the real issues involved in the terrible conflict then being waged between North and South. Still, those of us who never wavered in our conviction that the Northern States were fighting for the cause of justice and freedom, and that their final triumph was inevitable, can at this time of day well afford to let bygones be bygones; and a full reconciliation is rendered not only easy, but pleasant, by the very frank and handsome confession which Mr. Sala makes in his preface to these volumes. He writes:—

"When I first went to the United States, in the year 1863, I was, comparatively speaking, a young man,—very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than (I hope) I am now. When I landed in America, the country was convulsed by one of the most terrific internecine struggles that history has known. I took, politically, the wrong side,—that is to say, I was an ardent sympathiser with the South, in her struggle against the North. In so taking a side, I was neither logical nor worldly-wise,—in short, I approved myself to be what is commonly called a fool; but my partiality for 'Dixie's Land' was simply and solely due to a sentimental feeling; and at thirty-four years of age it is permissible to possess some slight modicum of sentimentality. My heart was with the South, because I came on my mother's side of a West-Indian family—and a slave-owning family—ruined by the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies; and although I know perfectly well that I was altogether wrong in what I wrote politically concerning 'America in the Midst of War,' my heart is still in the South—with her gallant sons and her beautiful daughters; and the song of 'Maryland! my Maryland!' yet stirs that heart like a drum, and will not so cease to stir it, I hope, until it ceases to beat for good and all."

These are simple and manly words. No one will be so churlish as to grudge Mr. Sala his sympathetic heart-stirrings; and we quote the passage with pleasure, not only because it is honourable to the writer of it, but because it probably explains a good deal of the almost fanatical partisanship of other English Southerners besides the author of these volumes.

It is quite unnecessary to say that *America Revisited* is an exceedingly readable and amusing book, because Mr. Sala seems to find it impossible to write anything that is unreadable or dull. To say that he has wonderful powers of observation, is to do him less than justice, because, in general use, the meaning of the word "observation" is limited to the intellectual apprehension of impressions made on one sense only,—that of sight; while Mr. Sala has brought not merely his sight, but all his other senses, into the highest possible training as purveyors of material for literature. This, though a valuable acquirement, is, as a means to certain ends, a somewhat dangerous one. It gives to single facts an interest with which the mind is for the time satisfied, and out of this satisfaction springs the temptation to pass from this small fact to that, without any thought of those larger facts of relation which alone are the objects of intellectual, as opposed to merely sensuous perception. This is the temptation which has beset Mr. Sala, and it must be said that he has yielded to it, apparently without a struggle. In his former book, he gave expression to opinions which turned out to be wrong; in the present work, he saves himself from a repetition of the humiliation by carefully excluding from his pages, not merely opinions, but, for the most part, even the raw material of classified facts out of which opinion is manufactured.

Of course, it may frankly be admitted that, at this time of day, it is difficult to treat the social aspects of American life with breadth and, at the same time, with novelty; but surely there is some happy mean between hackneyed generalisations and the scrappy details with which Mr. Sala fills his two large volumes. As we have already remarked, many of these details are entertaining enough in themselves, and even when they are not, Mr. Sala's treatment always makes them so; but of the great majority of them, nothing more than this can be said, and we should hardly exaggerate, did we declare that all the matter in this work which adds to our real knowledge of the United States of two years ago could be compressed into less than fifty pages. We do not, however, wish to be guilty of unfairness, and perhaps it is a little unfair to blame Mr. Sala for not being instructive, when he so consistently refrains from giving himself the airs of an instructor. As a lively record of the author's personal experiences, the book is all that could be desired, and as the production of such a record was probably all that he had in view, it may be well for us to remember Pope's capital piece of advice to the critic:—

> "In every work regard the writer's end,
> Since none can compass more than he intend."

A brick is hardly satisfactory as a sample of a house, but half-a-dozen bricks may give a very fair idea of the quality of a load, and *America Revisited* is a book which can be sampled by quotation much more adequately than it can be described by comment. Our first extract has some claim to be considered instructive, for it describes a minor development of civilisation which ought to make us ashamed of the comparative barbarity of English methods, and which we do not remember to have seen previously noticed:—

"The arrangements for setting down and taking up at public places of amusement in New York strike me as being admirable. There is no hurry, no confusion, no rudeness, no extortion, and no unnecessary delay. An adequate force of stalwart, intelligent, and obliging policemen is always on hand. I am perfectly well aware that the New York police are being violently abused for the addictedness to 'clubbing' people,—that is to say, to brain them on slight provocation with their truncheons. All I know is that they did not club me, and that whenever I asked a question of a constable, he answered me politely. When you alight from your coupé, a ticket bearing a number is handed to you. Another ticket, bearing the same number, is given to your coachman, who knows where to take up his stand, and who promptly responds to the summons of the police, when he is wanted. There is no frenzied shrieking of 'Mrs. Smith's carriage' stopping the way. Nobody's carriage stops the way. Mrs. Smith is Number Sixty, or Number One Hundred and Ten, as the case may be; and when the carriage is called, it comes."

This is a lesson which it will be well for us to learn from our American cousins, as speedily as may be; but Mr. Sala seems to think that in one little detail of railway management they have something to learn from us. To the generally admirable qualities of the railway system in the States, he pays the usual

* *America Revisited.* By George Augusta Sala. Illustrated with nearly 400 Engravings. 2 vols. London: Vizetelly and Co.

tribute, but complains strongly of the serious annoyance to which the traveller is subjected by the frequent collection of tickets:—

"The 'conductor' or guard seems to be always 'at you.' For example, between New York and Richmond I was asked to show my ticket, or rather to pay fragments of fare—for circumstances over which I had no control debarred me from booking right through—first at Jersey City, secondly at Philadelphia, thirdly at Baltimore, fourthly at Washington, and fifthly at Quantico, a little river-side station between Alexandria and Richmond. Dozing off into slumber, composing yourself to read, subsiding into meditation and the enjoyment of a cigar, it was all one. The inevitable conductor, a glaring lantern in his hand, ruthlessly woke you up, or implacably interposed between yourself and your cogitations, and demanded your ticket."

Perhaps this blot may not really be as large as it seems to Mr. Sala. On a first perusal of the passage, we were stirred to much sympathy with his broken slumbers and interrupted meditations; but on second thoughts, it occurred to us that in a journey by ordinary train from London to Edinburgh, the ticket-collector would make quite as many incursions, and if Mr. Sala were not to book through, he would not, in this country, be able to pay his way onwards without the inconvenience of leaving the train, so that in spite of the ruthlessness of the man with the lantern, the balance of advantage seems even here to be with Brother Jonathan.

Mr. Sala has a stronger case when he attacks the church-bell nuisance, as it exists in American cities. Even in England, the ding-dong of the half-hour before service-time is, in some places, somewhat trying; but here the bell is, for the most part, a monopoly of the Established Church, while in the United States, where the Liberation Society's ideal of religious equality is realised, every church—chapels are never heard of—boasts or may boast its steeple, and every steeple has its bell or bells, which, as Mr. Sala savagely remarks, "boom and brawl from sunrise to sunset, as though they were so many hotel gongs, calling guests to theological meals." The bells were, however, only one element in Mr. Sala's American Sunday troubles. He is severe upon the Sabbatarianism of a large number of the States, and he has a theory to account for its maintenence which, at any rate, possesses the merit of novelty. He states it thus:—

"On more than one occasion, I have taken the liberty to observe that the American Sunday, so far as I have had the opportunity of observing it, was socially a day of tribulation. . . . . In the Northern and Middle States, so it seems to me—but I am, of course, as in all things, open to conviction—the rigid Puritanical or Mosaic observance of Sunday is prescribed by the laws of the State. Those laws are in the highest degree acceptable to a class who, by right and custom, are socially by far the most influential in the United States,—I mean the ladies. Women do not frequent bars or barbers' shops; they are not given—in this country, at least—to driving fast-trotting horses; they do not smoke cigars; and they are extremely fond of going to church, of wearing their finest clothing thereat, and of listening to emotional music, and to preachers who are either emotional or comic, or sometimes both. The sermons of the most popular of the New York clergymen are literally as good as a play; and with plenty of stirring music, and pulpit oratory appealing either to the risible or the lachrymose faculties, there is surely no reason, so far as feminine New York is concerned, why the theatres should be opened on Sunday. Thus, Lovely Woman, both from a devotional and a recreative point of view, hails Sunday as a sweet boon."

There may be something in this hypothesis; but, as Mr. Freeman has recently pointed out, there is in many other matters besides this of Sunday observance "a vast deal of Conservative feeling, or at least of Conservative habit, at work in the United States;" and to speak of the great Western Republic as in every respect a "go-ahead" community, is to indulge in one of those vague generalisations concerning national character which do so much harm, because their simplicity gives them an attractiveness which is not possessed by the complexity of truth. So far as Sabbatarianism is concerned, there are in many of the States such numerous survivals of Puritan traditions, that it seems gratuitous to separate one from the rest, and to try to find some special cause for it.

The evidences of the "go-ahead" instinct are, however, much more wide-spread and obvious than those which testify to a lingering Conservatism; and Mr. Sala's descriptions of the changes which had taken place, both in material and social development, during the interval which had elapsed between his two visits, give one an almost overwhelming impression of the possibilities of American progress, at any rate in certain directions. An amusing illustration of what we are wont to consider typical Yankee characteristics is given in an anecdote of a man of Chicago, who, on the day after the first fire, put up in the midst of the mass of smouldering ruins a pole, surmounted by a board bearing the plucky inscription,—"All lost, except wife, children, and energy. Real-estate agency carried on as usual in the next shanty." Buoyancy of this kind will lift either a man or a community over innumerable difficulties; and we read without surprise, but with a good deal of sympathetic satisfaction, that "the undismayed real-estate agent is alive to tell the tale, a prosperous gentleman, who proudly exhibits the 'wife, children, and energy' placard in his handsome office." Some of the go-ahead developments, particularly certain recent manifestations of journalistic enterprise, in which Mr. Sala is naturally interested, are not quite so edifying as this Chicago story. The latest feat of the "interviewer," described in the following sentences, is surely a climax to all previous impertinencies of this shameless personage:—

"A few days after I visited the Tombs, the twelve men sentenced to death were 'interviewed' *seriatim* by a zealous reporter of the *New York Herald*, who endeavoured to elicit from them their respective views as to the expediency of capital punishment, and the particular form of death which they would prefer, supposing that they admitted the punishment to be expedient. To speak by the card, there were only ten catechumens actually awaiting strangulation, as the sentence on two of their number had been commuted to imprisonment for life just before the reporter arrived. Two more of the miserables refused point-blank to answer the questions put to them; but the eight remaining were explicit enough. They were all dead against hanging. One man said that if he must needs be put to death, he should like to be drowned, and another avowed a partiality for being shot; a third wanted to be poisoned; another suggested electricity, 'or something scientific of that kind;' while yet another modestly hinted that he thought all the requirements of his case might be met, if he were 'sent to the mines.' Their opinions as to the justifiability of their having shed the blood of their fellow-creatures were not taken."

This is disgusting enough in itself, but it would be much more disgusting, were it really symptomatic of the condition of public taste in the United States; and that this is not the case is hardly indicated with sufficient clearness by Mr. Sala, who, though never aggressively unfair, is too apt to follow the bad example set by Dickens in laying stress upon facts that are exceptional and abnormal, rather than upon those which are ordinary and characteristic. Such a writer is naturally least successful in dealing with the more solid portions of his work. Mr. Sala's account of the condition of the Southern freedmen, which might have been made very valuable, seems to us singularly superficial and inadequate; while his sketch of the Negro Members of the State Legislatures is spoiled, by that spurious picturesqueness of treatment which leaves it doubtful where serious portraiture ends and caricature begins. Had Mr. Sala devoted the numerous pages now filled with amusingly appreciative criticism of meats and drinks to a record of really illuminating and characteristic facts, his book would have been a valuable addition to our knowledge; as it is, it is only an addition to the stock of what, for want of a better name, we may call circulating-library literature. The execution of the numerous woodcuts illustrating the book is admirable throughout. As designs, they have both the merits and the defects of the letterpress they accompany.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The new number of the *Scottish Review*, which may yet do good work of various kinds north of the Tweed, is a decided improvement upon its predecessor, in respect of the style of its articles, and of the firmness of the grip their authors have of the subjects they deal with. There is a freshness about the number which gives it a special place among our quarterlies; and it is a decided novelty for a magazine of the kind to open its columns to free discussion of subjects of controversy. To many readers, the first article, on the late Dr. Tait, will be the most interesting. It is evidently written by one who knew the late Primate thoroughly. From the personal and anecdotal point of view, indeed, it is perhaps the most notable article on the subject that has appeared anywhere. The tone of the papers on the late James Clerk Maxwell and "Medical Reform" is excellent; there is much that is interesting in another, on "The Scots Guards in France;" and the Marquis of Bute gives not a little out-of-the-way information in his discourse on "Ancient Celtic Latin Hymns." A study of "Mr. Gladstone and the Future of British Politics" is clear, and moderate in tone. The writer goes out of the beaten track in tracing a connection between the religious earnestness of the earlier, and the Liberalism of the later, portion of Mr. Gladstone's career; he also takes a hopeful view of the future, and of the demeanour of the "new democracy." We are rather disappointed with Dr. Walter Smith's poem of "A Minister's Mistake." It seems to have been written in haste, and it shows a spice of what we can only call "mawkishness." A clergy-

man who marries his vulgar landlady's under-bred daughter should not only submit to his lot, but take Mr. Arnold's advice, and "neither strive nor cry." If the third number of this *Review* shows as much improvement on the second as the second has done on the first, we should say its permanent success is assured.

A History of English Rhythms. By Edwin Guest, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. (George Bell and Sons.)—We can do little more than chronicle the appearance of the new edition of Dr. Guest's great work, one of the books which may be called epoch-making. All that could be found in the way of correction and later observation by the author has been carefully incorporated, and Professor Skeat has been able, as was to be expected, to add many valuable remarks of his own. Besides this, he has bestowed upon the book a large amount of work, which has not been the less laborious because its results are, except in the preface, unclaimed and inconspicuous. One item of this work was the compilation of an index to authors quoted throughout a volume of 700 pages. Another item has consisted in verifying the references; what this means, may be estimated from the fact that in the original "F. Q." served as reference to Spenser's Fairy Queen, and "W. Scott" only was appended to quotations from songs in the Waverley Novels. "It must be borne in mind that Dr. Guest was quite a pioneer in Middle-English literature, and had to get together a large quantity of his quotations by the laborious process of transcribing them for himself from the manuscripts, and had nothing but these transcripts to trust to; there was not even at that time any edition of Layamon or of the Ormulum, nor was the Early English Text Society founded till nearly thirty years after his book appeared, Hence it often happened that exact references could not be given, nor could the passages cited be revised while passing through the press. . . . . The difficulty of discovering the whereabouts of many of these has been very great, and in a few cases search has been baffled." In many cases, the author had "to work with the very imperfect materials supplied by inaccurate and careless editions, a difficulty which at the present date does not exist, so that we can hardly appreciate at its right value the wonderful industry which reduced such materials to order." In other cases, again, the author had to quote at second-hand. A curious result of this appears in a note to p. 283, where Dr. Guest, on the rhythm, "O Troy, Troy! there is no boote but hale," observes, "Compare the following: a broad bream: to please some curious taste. This line is cited from Waller, in Todd's Johnson, s.v. *Bream.*" Professor Skeat "found the line, after some search, in Waller's Battle of Somer Islands, c. 3; and it turns out that the rhythm of the line is quite different, the word *as* being omitted from the beginning." We need scarcely commend the book to serious students. The makers of books already know it well: "Dr. Guest's great work has long been the convenient storehouse whence many writers upon prosody have drawn their illustrations, sometimes without any acknowledgment that they have done so."

The "Fan Kwae" at Canton before Treaty Days, 1825-1844. By an Old Resident. (Kegan Paul.)—The "Old Resident's" gossip is distinctly entertaining. He takes us back to a time, only forty years ago, when the world seemed ten times larger than it is now, when one-half of it was shrouded in mystery, leaving so much more room for the imagination to work, when it took four months to go from England to China, and when life in general was lived on the same leisurely scale. His sketches of the life of the "Fan Kwae" ("Foreign Devils") in Canton and Macao in these pleasant old days are quite unpretentious, but very attractive, and make one long for a year of the leisurely life now gone for ever. The relations between the foreigner and the Chinese were, as a rule, perfectly amicable; both seem to have conducted their business in a strictly honourable manner, though no binding documents passed between them, and both realised enormous fortunes. The sketches of some of the native merchants are highly to their credit, though we fear that since the ports were opened, both they and the foreigners have deteriorated. There is a portrait given of Houqua, the leading Chinese merchant in the author's time, a man of genuine kindliness of heart and princely liberality, whose fortune was calculated at something like five million pounds sterling. He would think nothing of writing off a debt of 700,000 dollars to oblige an "olo flen" ("old friend"), or giving a subscription of a million to some public object. Merchants, native and foreign (the author is an American), compradores, mandarins, skippers, clerks, money-changers, and many other functionaries appear in our author's pages, which we commend to any one in search of a soothing hour or two's reading.

Cassell's Natural History. Edited by P. Martin Duncan, M.B. 6 vols. (Cassell and Co.)—This work, the publication of which in monthly parts has been continued through a period of six years, is now complete. We have noticed the annual volumes from time to time, as they have appeared, and now need only repeat the high opinion of their merit which we have before expressed. The names and reputation of the contributors, among whom may be mentioned Professors Garrod, H. G. Seely, and Boyd Dawkins, Dr. Murie, Messrs. Dallas and H. Woodward, and Miss Agnes Crane, are a sufficient guarantee for the scientific merit of the work. For its literary value, we can ourselves vouch. The art of making science interesting to the unscientific is an accomplishment which all Professor Duncan's contributors, we think we may say without exception, have acquired. The result is a book which we may recommend without reserve. The price of the six volumes is surprisingly small, when we consider the excellence both of the text and of the very numerous illustrations.

Some of a series of *Present-Day Tracts* (Religious Tract Society) are before us. Dr. Blaikie's *Witness of Palestine to the Bible* is an able argument. The writer contends that the position and natural features of Palestine fit it exactly for being the scene of the working-out of the Divine purpose which the Old Testament sets forth; and that, in fact, the history of the Hebrew people, from the Call of Abraham downwards, is unintelligible and contradictory, unless we suppose such a purpose underlying it. Canon Rawlinson writes on *The Antiquity of Man, Historically Considered.* He deals with the subject from the point of view which he is especially qualified to take, the records found in Egyptian and Assyrian remains. Strong arguments may be brought forward by those who would bring the history of the most ancient civilisations of which we have any knowledge within limits not much exceeding the accepted chronology, and Canon Rawlinson states them with proper force. But he seems to go beyond his brief, when he says that there are no traces of the primitive savage. The scientific argument is, we are told, to be separately treated. Meanwhile, such a very sweeping assertion as this about the savage, opposed, as it seems to be, to what we know about the cave-men and the implements found in the drift, seems somewhat out of place. We find ourselves quite in accord with the general argument of *Agnosticism: a Doctrine of Despair*, by the Rev. Noah Porter, D.D.; but it would have been better, perhaps, to avoid the use of "atheism" as a synonym for "agnosticism." Even Mr. Bradlaugh, we see, emphatically declares that he has never denied the existence of a God.

The Book of Common Prayer, with Commentary for Teachers and Students. (S.P.C.K.)—Several writers of repute, among whom we may mention Professor Bright, Dr. Maclear, and Dr. Rawson Lumby, have contributed to this very useful and instructive little book. Its tone, especially in the articles that deal with the Sacramental and quasi-Sacramental services, is distinctly "High," but taken with whatever reserve the reader may think proper to make on this account, the "Commentary" is all that could be desired. Professor Bright's notes on the Collects are especially to be mentioned. The history of these beautiful prayers—beautiful, indeed, but, we fear, beyond the comprehension of many who use them—is most interesting. It should never be forgotten that many of those which, both for sentiment and rhythm, are most perfect (*e.g.*, Advent, Quinquagesima, and Good Friday—third), are the work of Cranmer and his fellow-compilers of the Prayer-book of 1549, men for whom a certain school of Anglican writers can find no terms of abuse strong enough.

Where to Emigrate: a Handy Guide to All the English Colonies. (Wyman and Sons.)—The writer tells us that his own knowledge of the various colonies has been supplemented by assistance given by the Agents of the several Colonial Governments, by whom he has been supplied with the latest data. The book furnishes the intending emigrant with information as to the nature of the soil, the climate, available markets, price of land, house-rent, cost of passage, rates of wages, &c. To take an instance:—A compositor can get to Auckland, in New Zealand, for £16. Arrived there, he can earn £2 10*s.* a week. A four-roomed cottage will cost him 12*s.* per week. Bread will be rather dearer than it is here; butter certainly cheaper (about 1*s.* per lb.); cheese about the same, as also sugar and tea; and beef and mutton *about a third of the English price*, (3½*d.*)

Archibald Campbell Tait: a Sketch of the Public Life of the Late Archbishop of Canterbury. By A. C. Bickley. (Nisbet and Co.)—This is a fairly satisfactory specimen of the books which are always called forth by the death of an eminent man. Mr. Bickley has, we gather from some of his statements, special acquaintance with his subject, he has used generally available authorities with diligence, while he has been guided by moderation and good-taste. It is a little odd to be told that Mr. Tait was "one of the examiners of the University, and a member and one of the presidents of the debating society," as if these honours were simultaneously held. But the book seems generally correct. It will be new to most readers to hear that the Archbishop, when tutor of Balliol, was very desirous of obtaining the Professorship of Greek at Glasgow, but was shut out from it by his being in Holy Orders, and that his application for the Head-mastership of Rugby was sent in at actually the last moment.

Chroniques du Temps Passés: le Conte de l'Archer. Par Armand Silvestre. Aquarelles de A. Poirson, gravéos par Gillot. (Lahure, Paris.)—This is a beautiful specimen of French typography, embody-

ing a charming story of an archer. It tells how the archer, Bignolet, was trained by his parents to love the noble calling of arms; how he entered on a campaign, gaining great fame and the love of many beautiful ladies; and how, in the end, everything turned out to the happiness of himself and those he loved. The great attraction of the book is the many beautiful water-colour vignettes, by Poirson, successfully reproduced by Lahure in chromotypography. The book would be an acceptable present to any one who knows a little French, and wants some inducement to improve it.

We have received a useful little edition of *Othello*, by E. R. Parnell, M.A. (Rivingtons.)—The introduction summarises very well the argument for the generally-accepted division of Shakespeare's Plays, and for the position of *Othello* among them. Mr. Parnell assigns it to 1604. The notes are much to the point, and certainly not excessive in quantity. Twenty-seven pages of annotation to more than eighty of text is certainly a very moderate allowance.——With this, we may mention, though it is not a school-book, *A Study of "The Princess,"* by S. E. Dawson. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.)—It contains a general criticism, of which the poet certainly will not be able to complain as grudging in its praise, and some carefully-prepared notes. We seldom have the opportunity of seeing any literature from Canada, and gladly welcome this pleasing specimen.

Novels.—*Keith's Wife.* By Lady Violet Greville. 3 vols. (Bentley and Son.)—If we were to cut out of these three volumes all that is unnecessary for the development of the plot, the story would be reduced to a very moderate compass indeed. Fifty pages might remain out of the first volume, which is occupied with the circumstances which lead up to Dorothy Strait becoming Mrs. Keith Chester. That the bridegroom is a person of doubtful antecedents who has become rich in a suspicious way, and that there are certain persons who threaten danger to his married happiness, are about the only essential things that we find in it. In the second volume, the danger developes itself; but the visit to Venice, and especially the flirtation with the Marchesa, might have been retrenched, unless, indeed, it is the author's purpose not only to show that Mr. Chester had behaved badly in the past, but to destroy all our sympathy with him, by proving that he is not in the least improved. The third volume clears up the mystery in a very lame fashion. Dorothy's inquiry, "Do you expect me to believe this horrible story?" exactly expresses the incredulity which every reader will feel at Keith's explanation. The fact is, that Lady Violet Greville has wasted undoubted power on a most unpromising, and, indeed, hopeless subject. She manages her dialogue with skill, and her characters are life-like, Lady Darlington being specially good; but the story is naught.——*The Golden Shaft.* By Charles Gibbon. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—Mr. Gibbon makes the interest of his story depend upon one of those curious complications which threaten the happiness of lovers, more frequently, it must be allowed, in fiction than in the world of facts. John Armour has a father whose history is a sore burden upon the son. He had given up to justice a man whom he believed to have led his wife astray. We might ask, perhaps, whether a murderer ought not to be given up, even if he has established this claim on the informer's forbearance. He is in great doubt whether this fact will not hinder his wooing. But, by a singular coincidence, the father of the lady whom he loves is mixed up in the same affair, and makes himself a claimant on Armour's forbearance by nearly killing the guilty father. Things are ultimately cleared up. The criminal, it seems, had given himself up before the information was laid; the wife had not been guilty (the supposed seducer was courting her sister, and kissed the wife, with the idea of furthering his suit); and the other little difficulty is got over by the sufferer's forbearing silence. This, it must be said, is not a very happily-conceived story; but then Mr. Gibbon tells it well. His volumes are excellent reading. There is not a single character in them but is vigorously drawn; men and women are equally good—a very rare merit—though we should be inclined to give the palm to the minister, with his kindly and humorous wisdom.——*Rachel's Share of the Road.* (Osgood and Co., Boston, U.S.)—The "road," in American parlance, signifies "railroad." Rachel's share in it is to see into the hard and unjust system on which it is managed—her father is the president—and to redress, as far as may be, the wrongs thus caused. These wrongs make an English reader open his eyes. Is it possible that in the States a wealthy corporation fails to pay its employés' wages regularly, and that its high-placed officials make a profit out of the advances which the workmen are compelled to solicit, a profit of fifty cents in the dollar? Rachel is a fine, honest, high-spirited girl, of whom it is a pleasure to read, and the doctor who wins her is worthy of her. But the best character in the book is Mrs. Shackles, who is "no hand at beggin'," but contrives to get a good many presents, nevertheless. There is one delightful scene, between her and a smart young lady who is anxious to make her "know her place." She has been hinting her want of a hat. "A hat of mine," says the lady, "would scarcely be a proper thing for you to wear." Mrs. Shackles replies, "Well, now! do *you* think they ain't proper, too? Now, I don't mind telling ye that I've all'ays thought them I've seen ye have on was kind of flighty-tighty, an' hardly respectable-like."

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A Crown of Flowers, 4to	(R.T.S.)	6 0
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Blyth (G. F. P.), The Holy Week, &c., 2 vols. cr 8vo, cloth	(Skeffington)	10 0
Book of Enoch (The), translated by R. Laurence, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5 0
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JULAND DANVERS, Secretary, Public Works Department.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Thursday, Sir Stafford Northcote asked for a day on which he might move for his Committee to inquire into the circumstances attending the release of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Kelly from Kilmainham in April last, which Mr. Gladstone declined to give, first, because he regarded the debate on Mr. Gorst's amendment to the Address as a debate virtually on that subject, and a victory for the Government; and next, because such a committee would be prejudicial to the administration of justice under very trying circumstances in Ireland. Thereupon, Sir S. Northcote replied that, as the Government had now, "for the third time, declined to give any assistance to those who desire to bring forward a motion which had its origin in a suggestion and challenge made by the Prime Minister," it would be useless and unnecessary to persevere,—useless because no inquiry could be made effectual without the concurrence of the Government, and unnecessary because the inferences suggested by the refusal are "obvious, and need no emphasising on my part." This was meant to hint, we suppose, that Sir S. Northcote regards the Government as having virtually acknowledged that they are guilty of that of which they are accused—namely, concluding a treaty with Mr. Parnell, by which he should agree to support them if they would let him free,—the only difficulty of which hypothesis is that Mr. Parnell never has supported them; and that, so far as Parliament is concerned, his release has been productive of much more annoyance than his imprisonment itself. It is hardly possible that Sir Stafford Northcote should really believe his own insinuations.

On Monday, the case against the editor, proprietor, and publisher of the *Freethinker*, for a blasphemous libel,—a case which failed last week in consequence of the disagreement of the jury,—was tried again at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice North, and resulted in a conviction. The Christmas Number of the *Freethinker* for 1882 was, as is admitted on all sides, a very gross and indecent attack on the Christian faith, illustrating, in the form of coarse and blasphemous pictures, as well as letter-press, the views of the editor as to the ridiculousness of that faith. There was no doubt as to the responsibility of Mr. Foote, the editor, Mr. Ramsey, the registered proprietor, and Mr. Kemp, the printer and publisher, for the appearance of this number. The result was that Mr. Foote was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, Mr. Ramsey to nine months' imprisonment, and Mr. Kemp to three months' imprisonment, for the offence. The scene in Court was painful in the extreme. Foote called out, "My Lord, I thank you; it is worthy of your creed." There was a storm of hissing, and there were loud, ironical cries of "Christian!" "Christian!" while one woman was carried out of Court in a swoon. We have discussed the sentence elsewhere, which we regard as much too severe. Blasphemy, as an offence against God,—which is its legal essence,—is not one that we ought to punish at all. And blasphemy, as a wanton offence to the most sacred feelings of men, though it should be punishable and punished, should be very lightly punished when committed by men who are but half-educated, and not likely to appreciate the nature of the feelings which they wound. In all cases of offences against Christianity, it is clearly safest to follow the guidance of that Christian charity which "suffereth long and is kind."

The cost of the Egyptian Expedition has, so far, not been great. It appears from a Treasury Minute of February 17th that the total cost is £4,558,000, of which £3,416,000 is expended by the United Kingdom, and £1,142,000 by India. As compared with other wars, this is a very small total, but the English share is not quite so little as it looks. There is a feeling against saddling India with expenditure, and a grant of £500,000 is therefore to be voted in reduction of her share. That is generous, but we are not sure that it is wise. But for India, Egypt would be nothing to us. The expenditure was ordered mainly to protect the Indian gateway, and India ought to pay her share of what is practically her own expense. If she does not, we shall one day see a party spring up here which declares that India is a burden to the finances, and had better be given back to its Native Princes. As it is, the cost of our wars with Russia, which are meaningless except as wars for the protection of India, is borne exclusively by Great Britain. We are bound to add, however, that if one statement of the Indian Government is true, and the average income of natives per head is only £2 14s. a year, almost any grant-in-aid may be justified. That is equal to only £13 10s. a year per house, or 5s. 2d. a week per family, a sum below the worst average of the poorest districts of Italy.

The new Ministry in France is, apparently, to be allowed to exist. The Extremists on Monday tried their strength by proposing a revision of the Constitution, which M. Jules Ferry resisted with some determination. He said that the proposal was useless, that the Senate would reject it, and that he should resign at once, rather than become a "carrier of messages for the purpose of receiving rebuffs." He pleaded for a vote, but the Chamber, by 275 to 207, insisted on an adjournment. This was considered ominous, but it turned out that the Chamber only wanted to hear M. Clémenceau; and after he had spoken on Tuesday, the Deputies voted confidence in the Government by 340 to 139. Business is allowed to proceed very rapidly, and during the debate some strong opinions were expressed that no Ministerial crisis must be allowed for some time. The unforeseen usually happens in France, but it is, at all events, conceivable that M. Jules Ferry will remain Premier for six months,—a very long time in French politics.

The Americans have been withdrawing gold this week, about £450,000, and the price of all Securities is falling. It is evident from the condition of the Exchanges that more will be withdrawn, and the dealers are panic-stricken by a story that an American Syndicate may be selling American Bonds largely, so as to withdraw gold, and cause a general fall in prices. That certainly might be done, but so it might at any time during the past ten years, and the point unexplained is the *modus operandi*. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and the rest cannot sell American Bonds for gold in London in large masses without bringing down the price of them in New York also, for the two markets respond within a few hours, and how would that pay them? No doubt, they control formidable masses of wealth, but so do other capitalists, and the protection against such a use of it is the old truth that a general fall in the value of securities can never benefit the rich. If a "corner" in gold were tried in England on a big scale, Mr. Gladstone would say three words about the Bank Act, the panic would cease, and the Americans

would be caught, as Jay Gould once was by his own Treasury, in a regular trap.

It would seem that an English jury, when it gets an opportunity of fining Mr. Biggar, thinks that such an opportunity ought not to be neglected on the slight plea that the evidence is hardly adequate to sustain satisfactorily the case against him. Miss Hyland's case against him for breach of promise of marriage, tried on Thursday in the Queen's Bench, was not a strong one, as Lord Coleridge pointed out; but there was, we suppose, enough evidence to convince a jury decidedly predisposed to convict Mr. Biggar, especially as in breach-of-promise cases the rules of evidence, against *men* at least, are always construed in a manner not very satisfactory to them, though very satisfactory to the damsels whom they are supposed to have deserted. Miss Hyland claimed £5,000 damages, and the jury awarded only £400, a tolerably moderate course for a jury probably prejudiced against Mr. Biggar, and certainly not likely to have formed any better opinion of him from the nature of the evidence with which he furnished them for the estimate of his character. He appears to have taken a very cautious course as regards the lady, to whom he never wrote very affectionately, though he admitted kissing her and telling her of "obstacles" to his marriage with her,—these obstacles, as it appeared subsequently, being two natural children for whom he had to provide. Taking everything into account, the verdict, though we cannot say we could have concurred in it, was not as excessive as might, under the circumstances, have been expected. Juries in breach-of-promise cases rarely act with even so much scrupulousness as the jurymen who gave damages against Mr. Biggar.

The news of the week from Ireland consists mainly of rumours, most of them little better than gossip derived from detectives. It appears certain, however, that Mr. Egan, Secretary to the Land League, has left Ireland secretly, that Walsh, the Fenian of Middlesborough, who went over to Ireland to found the "Invincibles," has been arrested at Havre, and that important papers have been found in his lodgings at Rochdale. It is not known yet if Walsh will be given up by the French Government, but according to the latest accounts, that Government, which is by no means in good humour, has found the evidence against Mr. F. Byrne too weak, and he will not be given up. The Irreconcileables in France and the Extreme Irish in America protest against extradition, but we see no sign as yet that anything will be considered except the evidence. It must not be forgotten that such applications are difficulties for all Governments, and that every extradition on evidence offered by an honest Government becomes a precedent when evidence is offered by a dishonest one. If the French do not scrutinise proofs advanced by Lord Lyons, they cannot scrutinise proofs adduced by Embassies which they trust a great deal less. Even the Union has often to deal with police very different from our own.

There was an interesting discussion yesterday week on a resolution of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's, seconded by Lord Lymington, in favour of the application of the principle of compulsion to Irish education. Mr. O'Shaughnessy brought out that though 90 per cent. of the children who ought to go to school in Ireland are really on the rolls, this is in reality only nominal, a very considerable number of them not attending often enough to get any real instruction. The average daily attendance is only 453,000, though 1,100,000 are nominally on the rolls. Forty-one per cent. of the children on the rolls make less than 80 attendances in the year, and more than half the children on the rolls make less than 100 attendances in the year. Dr. Lyon Playfair,—who was yesterday week succeeded in the Chairmanship of Committees by Sir Arthur Otway,—made a very interesting speech, in which he brought out the fact that a much larger proportion of Irish criminals than of English and Scotch criminals can read and write,—a fact which he attributed to the inadequacy of their teaching, but which Mr. O'Connor Power attributed, with more plausibility, to the deficiency of remunerative labour, seeing that so many more Irish criminals retain, during their criminal practices, the learning they have gained at school, while English and Scotch criminals have been either wholly destitute of learning, or, having acquired a little for a time, have yet lost it again. Mr. Trevelyan accepted for the Government Mr. O'Shaughnessy's resolution, though declining to put it in force at once, and pointing out the great delicacy of the position in relation to the religious difficulty in Ireland, and also the difficulty caused by poverty, distance from any school, and want of proper clothing. Mr. Trevelyan announced that the Treasury had consented to a grant for the organisation of proper training schools for Irish teachers, which would, he hoped, add greatly to the efficiency of the Irish schools,—one cause of the low standard attained by the children. On the whole, the discussion was a very satisfactory one.

Lord Lansdowne on Monday moved for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the best means of promoting the acquisition by the peasants of a proprietary interest in the soil of Ireland, a motion supported by Lord Dunraven, in one of those inaccurate and irritating speeches, in which he is accustomed to accuse the Government of all the faults and flaws which are reflections of his own mind. The Government, he said, had done all in its power to discourage the loyal classes. They had, further, a fatal tendency to blunder in all their statements. He could recall no statement of the present Government which had not turned out "absolutely false and wrong." The Government had been wholly mistaken in supposing that the Land-League agitation was directed against high rents at all; it was directed against the Union with England. The state of things was growing worse, and the reductions of rent were growing larger. Lord Carlingford pointed out the blunders of Lord Dunraven. It was not in the least true that the reductions of rent were growing larger, as the Commission came to the great estates; the reductions were steadily diminishing. Lord Carlingford thought this was not the time for appointing a new Commission such as had been proposed. The minds of the peasantry were at present fixed on the amount of their rents, and not on the best mode of turning their security of tenure into absolute property, and it was best to deal with one subject at a time. So Lord Lansdowne, recognising that it was useless to press a Commission in the opportuneness of which the Government did not concur, withdrew his motion.

Mr. Anderson carried the second reading of his Bill against pigeon-shooting on Wednesday, by 195 votes against 40, but only at the cost of sacrificing the second clause, which was intended to give a remedy for cruelties committed on wild animals kept in captivity, like the wild creatures in a menagerie, or on the tame stags and bagged foxes which our so-called sportsmen delight to hunt. Lord Randolph Churchill made an admirable speech in favour of the Bill, and of this clause of it especially; but the most humane and amusing speech delivered was that of Mr. Blake. "It seemed to him that it was justifiable to kill animals either for food, or in order to destroy vermin, but the laws of God bade us in either case to end their sufferings in the speediest manner." Once, and once only, had he (Mr. Blake), gone out with the hounds, and then it was only to make himself useful to the fox, which he did by misleading the hunt,—a declaration received with great cheers and laughter by the House. We have no wish to see the law in advance of the conscience of society in these matters, but of this we are sure, that the conscience of society in these matters must some day be what the conscience of Mr. Blake is already.

Lord Stanhope's Bill prohibiting the payment of wages in public-houses,—on account of the overwhelming temptation which that choice of a locality causes to weak men to spend their wages in drink,—was read a second time in the House of Lords on Tuesday by a majority of 58 to 20. The discussion was very curious. Lord Bramwell moved its rejection, on the general principle that it was a bit of grandmotherly legislation; Lord Shaftesbury warmly supported it; Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery, though not "in love" with Bills of this kind, thought it one demanded by public opinion, and likely to remove a temptation to drink which no one had a right to force on the weak, and which the weak were not likely to remove for themselves. Lord Salisbury opposed the Bill, and then Lord Cairns, though he had disliked the Bill last year, cordially supported it this. And Lord Cairns prevailed. When he and Lord Salisbury differ, Lord Cairns, we notice, generally does prevail.

The *Standard* has sent a Correspondent to Madagascar, who announces that four French armed vessels have appeared off the north-west coast of that island, and that the Hovas are preparing for war. A large force has already assembled at the capital, and it is known that Queen Ranavalona can dispose of 20,000 very good men, who will fight under the shelter of their forests. Intermediately, the Europeans in the island are afra-

of a general massacre, and believe that the Hovas may even renounce Christianity, many leading Malagasy declaring that the adoption of the new creed is the cause of all their woes. It does not make matters better to know that North-Western Madagascar, if conquered, is to be turned into a penal settlement for habitual criminals. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has announced that in the Chamber, the calculation of the French Government evidently being that the guardianship of convicts in Madagascar will be easy. If they fly a little way from the coast, the Sakalava police will catch them; and if they go still further, the Hovas will put them to death. Sentiment in France has clearly not extinguished cynicism.

The Lord Chancellor, on Thursday, brought in an important Bill regulating the inherent powers of English Courts to punish for contempt, or disobedience to their orders. Under the Bill, a Judge can only imprison for contempt for a maximum period of three months, while the maximum fine will be £500. If, however, the offender persists in his offence, the penalties may be inflicted *de novo*. The Bill further provides that when "specific performance" is ordered, the offender, if he declines to obey, may be held liable to pay any damage caused by his refusal; while, if the order is to produce documents, a sequestrator may seize them. Finally, if an order is issued to any officer, whether of a Civil or Ecclesiastical Court, and he declines to obey, the Court may fix a period during which obedience is imperative, and at the expiration of the term deprive the offender of his office. That proviso will so greatly enlarge the powers of Ecclesiastical Courts, especially under the Public Worship Act, that it must be carefully discussed in the Commons. One singular power is exempted from the operation of the Bill. The Lord Chancellor remains at liberty to punish any one marrying a Chancery ward without his consent by a term of imprisonment fixed at his discretion. It was impossible, the Chancellor said, in such cases to lay down any hard-and-fast rule.

Anarchists of different types, and with different objects, are now under trial in Russia, Austria, France, Spain, Belginm, and Ireland. They all profess to be moved by the sufferings of the poor, all deny personal aims, and all justify murder as a method, if other means of securing their objects fail. In the trials now proceeding at Vienna a new feature was developed. The Anarchist "circles" sought as their ends the destruction "of the throne, the altar, and the money-bag," and were subject to the usual discipline. One day, however, a general order was received to raise money even through crime, and circle two resolved to rob Herr Merstallinger, a master shoemaker, selected on account of his unpopularity. Two of the members, accordingly, chloroformed and robbed him of £78. There are said to be forty-two of these associations, and a member of one of them has been found in possession of cyanide of potassium—which when treated with acid develops prussic acid—"enough to poison 3,000 persons." Let us hope that he is a photographer, not a poisoner; but still, the existence of these circles in so many countries, and all ready to commit crime, constitutes a new and most formidable social danger.

Germany appears to be much interested in the resignation of the Prussian Minister of War, General von Kameke, who succeeded General von Roon in 1866. He is an elderly officer of great ability, and said to have been very popular with the Army. It is rumoured that his resignation was due to differences with the Emperor about the amount of pressure to be put on Parliament to induce it to vote higher pensions to officers; but in Germany, military affairs are State secrets, and the true reason may be a different one. Whatever it is, the resignation can hardly be of general importance. There are plenty of experienced Generals in the German Army, and the Emperor is quite certain to choose the one fittest for the work. He may make blunders in other departments, but he has not made one yet, unless he personally chose Count Arnim, which is not proved, in filling the great appointments of the State. It is reported that the new Minister will not be the Crown Prince's Adlatus, General von Blumenthal, as was at first imagined.

The Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times* states that the excitement created by the Bill subjecting Europeans to direct trial by Native Magistrates has extended to the Army. One officer doing duty in a large garrison states, in a letter to a local paper, that "the danger is most serious, and that it would be impossible to control the men, if a comrade were sentenced by a Native Judge." There is no doubt that the Army in India sympathises on this subject with the settlers, and that a native sentence on a soldier's wife might be followed by a serious mutiny; but the contingency stated can hardly arise, as the Cantonment Magistrate is invariably an officer. Those who remember the Naval outbreak, however, against the appointment of a native boatswain—an outbreak which succeeded, though it was hushed up—will recognise that there is danger in this direction, and swell the number of those who think the Bill had better be postponed. It is too much in advance of the sentiment of the ruling class, which will enforce itself, somehow. That would be no argument for an injustice, but there is no more injustice in the European's privilege than in the foreigner's demand in England to be tried by a mixed jury. In either case, the accused only asks to be tried by those who understand him. The case is greatly complicated in India by the fact that, while a native lady is exempt from examination in Court, a European lady is not, and thus Europeans will under the law be rendered in Native eyes an inferior caste.

It is curious with what persistency the Tories go on asserting that the Liberal Government is much more prodigal in its expenditure than the late Tory Government, taking as their only test the sums paid out of the Exchequer, a very considerable element of which consists in money spent on paying debts, and debts incurred by the Tories. Lord George Hamilton made this reckless statement in his Middlesex speech of Wednesday. The fact is that the total Liberal expenditure, exclusive of the payment of Debt was considerably less in the financial year ending March, 1882, than that of the Tory Government, and that the sum spent in the payment of Debt was much more. Even in this financial year, which is burdened with the expense of the Egyptian war, the expenditure, not counting payment of Debt, will be little more than that of the last year of Tory administration; while no less than £1,900,000 will be spent, as Sir John Lubbock showed last Friday week, in repaying debts incurred by the Tory Administration. Tory figures are almost more misleading than Tory rhetoric.

At the banquet given by the Lord Mayor on Wednesday to the bankers and merchants of London, Mr. Chamberlain made an interesting speech, chiefly on the failure of the present Bankruptcy Law to discourage fraud. He pointed out that the bankrupts have already taken alarm at his new Bill, and are urged by their advisers to get their certificates as soon as possible under the existing arrangements, seeing that they will find it very much more difficult to get off easily under the new law, than they have found it under the old. That is, as Mr. Chamberlain very justly remarked, an impressive testimony, so far as it goes, to the efficiency of his new Bill.

We regret deeply to record the death at Mentone of Mr. J. R. Green, the author of "A Short History of the English People," of which, to the credit of the British public, 85,000 copies have been sold. Mr. Green, a born student, always in feeble health, from the condition of his lungs, occupied himself during the earlier part of his life so exclusively in reading, that his "History" was a surprise to his closest friends. Its recognition was, however, instantaneous, and thenceforward Mr. Green was placed on the short list of historians who will live. A man of endless information, with a fascinating style, and full of the modern feeling which sees in history a stream of events, rather than a torrent depositing boulders in its rush, Mr. Green possessed that other and highest qualification,—the historic instinct. Occasionally careless, and always too indifferent to the mere incidents of history, the battles and debates on which so much seems to turn, and so little probably turns, the reader never left his work without feeling that Mr. Green's account must be substantially true, and that he was the wiser for reading it. Personally, Mr. Green was the delight of his friends, who in his last illness travelled from all parts of Europe to his bedside, with a devotion usually shown only to the great; while he left on mere acquaintances the impression of a singularly luminous and tranquil intelligence, to which prejudice or acridity were alike impossible. He will be greatly missed, though his literary work may be considered done.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 101$\frac{3}{4}$ to 102.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE CONTEST IN MID-CHESHIRE.

THE Election for Mid-Cheshire, which comes off on Wednesday, the 14th, is one of unusual interest, because the result will turn almost exclusively on the opinion of tenant-farmers as to the reforms they need. The electors number 9,433, the parties, though not equal, are so nearly balanced that a change of opinion in 200 voters would turn the scale in the Liberals' favour, and the candidates may be considered fairly on a level. The Hon. Alan de Tatton Egerton, the Conservative nominee, is, no doubt, a rather weak young man, who makes foolish speeches, and has a difficulty, even when sound points are suggested to him by his friends, in finding arguments in defence of their views. His opponent, for example, is in favour of a wider diffusion of landed property, thinking its "aggregation in huge blocks" injurious to agriculture; and Mr. Egerton wished therefore to explain that very rich men performed, by means of their riches, a useful function in the State. That is, at all events, an arguable proposition; but all the poor young man could find to say was that, but for the superfluous wealth of the rich, there could be no charities, and, above all, no hospitals! He was sure of that, for he "sat on the management of two of them," without apparently ever having heard of hospitals not supported by annual subscriptions. His remark, too, that he objected to compulsory compensation, but if landlord and tenant could not agree, then the State might intervene, was wonderful in its ineptitude. Nevertheless, Mr. Egerton is a formidable candidate. He is a thorough-going Tory, who believes Mr. Chamberlain to be at furthest a grandchild of the Devil, and accuses him and his colleagues of having caused all the murders as well as all the disorders in Ireland. His party wants votes, not thoughts, and he stands in the very centre of the group of great landlords who divide Cheshire, the richest of grazing counties, where, as Sydney Smith once said, everybody who is anybody has £30,000 a year. The landlords know they can trust the Hon. Alan all the better because he is not the man to be original, but will vote under guidance; the screw has been put on through some barefaced letters from agents, which, if Mid-Cheshire were a big borough, would vitiate the election; and as there are endless means with which to provide conveyances, the whole Tory vote is sure to be polled. On the other hand, Mr. G. W. Latham is a landlord known throughout the Division as a sincere and determined Liberal, who will support all measures introduced by his Party, and is earnestly in favour not only of the rural franchise, but of a wide redistribution of seats. He is an unusually good speaker, clear, quick, and intelligent, with a fund of spontaneous humour in him such as, in these dreary days of Parnells, Churchills, and Chaplins, has become far too rare. Above all, he has been known for years as the farmers' friend in Cheshire, holds firmly by the extremest propositions of the farmers' programme, and, as he affirms, acts on them in drawing his own leases. He utterly ridicules permissive compensation for improvements, and demands not only that compensation be compulsory, but that the farmer shall receive the whole increment of value which his good culture has added to the land, and shall be entitled to levy it by the free sale of his holding to the next tenant without the landlord's consent. Indeed, after carefully reading all his speeches as reported at full length in the *Liverpool Post*, we cannot but believe that Mr. Latham at heart is for some kind of fixity of tenure, and that he thinks the landlords' power of raising rent should be regulated by law. At all events, he denounced such raisings as usually unjust, in speeches which lead directly either to fixity of tenure, or to a State tribunal for the decision of fair rents, proposals as yet not seriously discussed in England.

Be that as it may, it cannot be doubted that a majority of Farmers in Mid-Cheshire approve these views. They applaud Mr. Latham energetically, they "heckle" Mr. Egerton on these points till the unfortunate young man is driven into utterances that are positively unintelligible and his friends on the platform pray for forbearance, and their leading representative, the Secretary to the Chamber of Agriculture, joins Mr. Latham's Committee. They are, as we believe, as a body inclined towards these views, extreme as we must deem some of them; and the point of interest is how deep this inclination goes. If they only just approve them, they will vote for Mr. Egerton. The Division is full of grazing farms which have not suffered from recent seasons and falls in price like the arable farms, and the influence of the landlords, who are, almost without exception, liberal and kindly, will therefore suffice to turn the scale in favour of the Tory. But if the farmers are in earnest, if they really think that a new tenure—for it is that, and nothing less—is essential to the future of Agriculture, they will avail themselves of the Ballot, will throw the landlords overboard, and will vote in such numbers for Mr. Latham that, rich as the proprietors are, penal evictions will be impossible. Nobody, even if he lives by hiring out land, can affront all his customers at once. If the farmers do this, they will make a grave and deep mark in English politics, for they will warn all politicians that the question of tenure is coming to the front, and that they must be prepared for demands much larger than any as yet put forward. The position of Mr. Latham himself will accentuate the meaning of their vote. He is evidently no agitator, no man making speeches which go beyond anything he would embody in Acts of Parliament. He is obviously a man convinced down to his toes, who restrains rather than urges his own tongue, and who, if he once reaches Parliament, will take up a position on tenure as clear as that of Mr. Charles Villiers once was upon the Corn Law. He is for the total abolition of the land laws and primogeniture, for such a restriction of settlement as shall leave land always saleable, and for one thing more. He means to change the tenure, and change it effectually, in the tenant's interest; and in electing him, the farmers will show that their minds also are made up, and that a peaceful agricultural revolution is at hand. It will be impossible for any Government to be blind to such a vote, or to doubt that Tenure Reform, whatever its character, must be added to the list of the first-class measures supported by the Liberal Party. There will be little further doubt whether the landowners or the tenants should have precedence, and none as to the expediency of encountering a hostile vote of the Lords upon the Compensation Bill by a dissolution. With a county like Mid-Cheshire lost, a county which has belonged to "the families" since the Revolution, the Peers will no more go to the country upon tenure than upon their own exemption from the jurisdiction of the Courts. Mr. Alan Egerton may well make as much as he does of Mr. Bradlaugh, and of his own queer thesis that it is wrong to abolish the Christian oath, because God ought to be acknowledged, but right, if you do not make the abolition retrospective—as if God need not be acknowledged in the future—for these are, at all events, less burning questions than those which Mr. Latham forces on his attention.

We have, of course, no means of telling which way the election will go, though we should think Mr. Latham's chance, in spite of the Bradlaugh red-herring, considerably the best; but we note with strong approval that in Mid-Cheshire, as recently in Liverpool, there is no shirking, no attempt to catch votes by facing both ways, no pretence that the difference between the parties is an affair of words. Mr. Latham is only too outspoken, too ready to say unpopular things, too incisively clear in defining his own position. He does not even condescend either to praise or abuse his opponent, but laughs at him, with a hearty, enjoying tolerance, which in the "Halls" and "Manors" of Cheshire must have something of the effect of blasphemy. That is the open course, and it is by the open profession of the Liberal faith, with all its consequences, and not by the petty trickeries agents love so much, that great seats are to be won. We do not agree with every opinion Mr. Latham has uttered, but at least he has opinions, and the courage of them; and we heartily hope he will be able to make them heard in Parliament, where at present the tendency is to present agricultural grievances as if the speaker felt that he must first of all apologise for his audacity. Mr. Chaplin actually snubbed Mr. Goschen the other day, upon his own subject, because he applied his economic knowledge to agriculture without being a great landlord. He will not, we venture to say, snub Mr. Latham.

HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION.

IF it be true that the Fourth Party objected to the proposal to move the adjournment of the House, in order to raise a new discussion on that great Kilmainham question which has occupied the attention of her Majesty's Opposition to the exclusion of almost everything else for something like eleven months, we may hope that Lord Randolph Churchill has changed his mind in relation to the opinion which he recently expressed, that the first duty of an Opposition is to oppose. It is rumoured, we do not know with how much

truth, that the Fourth Party actually declared its opinion against interfering with the Supplementary Estimates last Thursday by any obstructive policy. That, if true, would be a very encouraging sign of returning sanity, and would show that Lord Randolph Churchill is not prejudiced even in favour of a view of his own, by the accident of having given to it a premature expression. The truth certainly is, as Lord Hartington remarked in his very sensible speech at the Devonshire Club on Wednesday, that if it were really the first duty of an Opposition to oppose, the Opposition would discharge that duty very much better without a leader than with one. A leader is wanted not to increase the obstructiveness of the Opposition, but to increase its efficiency and weight with the country by concentrating it on serious points, on points on which it has a reasonable case to present, and by repressing it on all other points on which the effect of opposition would be purely obstructive. But if the object were really opposition, and nothing else, it is quite certain that an anarchical Opposition would be a hundred times as obstructive as a properly-organised Opposition. Indeed, the reason of the excessive obstructiveness of the Opposition of the last two years is simply this,—that neither of its chief constituents has been properly organised; neither has Sir Stafford Northcote exerted any efficient control over the Tories, nor has Mr. Parnell exerted any efficient control over his followers. A witty Irishman is reported to have said recently to Mr. Parnell, "Sure, Parnell, ye know ye never were a Parnellite;" and so we may be sure that after many of the demonstrations into which poor Sir Stafford Northcote has been forced, some Moderate Conservative (like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, for instance) might very justly have said to Sir Stafford, "You know, Northcote, you never were a Northcotite." Neither the so-called leader of the Opposition, nor the so-called leader of the Irish party, can be accused of anything approaching to hearty sympathy with the policy of which, time after time, he has been forced to become the reluctant spokesman. Indeed, this is just what has at once discredited the Opposition and made it so fearfully obstructive. Neither section of it has been properly organised, or under any sort of control. Instead of representing a movable block of granite, which can only be placed in position to block the way at the will of a strong party leader, and which even then can be removed by the dead-heave of another more powerful party acting also under a leader, the Opposition has lately been distributed in the form of loose heaps of stones, spread about here and there by all sorts of independent authorities whom the professed leader,—though he never authorised their action in piling up these heaps of stones,—has not ventured to disclaim. Of course, the result has been an infinitely less effective Opposition, if you measure effectiveness by the impression made on the reason and conscience of the country, but an infinitely more embarrassing opposition, if you measure the embarrassment by the time actually lost, and the provocation actually given in the necessary task of overcoming the obstructions interposed. The truth undoubtedly is that all the three sections of Opposition, the Regulars, the Parnellites, and the Fourth Party, have lost credit with the country, just in proportion to the amount of time they have wasted, and the obstruction they have caused. It may be that, to some slight extent, they have injured the repute of the Government also. But they have not succeeded to any conspicuous degree in doing so, just because they have made it too evident that they were intent only on embarrassing their opponents, and not on opening the eyes of the public to any real misconduct of those opponents. Still, they have no doubt produced in various quarters the impression that though the Government is much more serious, much more conversant with the facts, and much more genuinely in earnest in its desire for progress, than any section of its opponents, it is not as powerful a Government as the country had hoped to see. That, moreover, is perfectly true. No Government opposed by such a political anarchy as that with which ours has had to deal could be what the country wish. The Constitution, unfortunately, throws too much power into the hands of any undisciplined crowd which may call itself an Opposition, to admit of decisive and energetic action on the part of any Government embarrassed by the hostility of such a crowd. But of this all sections of the Opposition may feel sure, that if they succeed in discrediting the Government by a policy of anarchical opposition such as that which they have recently offered, they will succeed in discrediting themselves still more. Mr. Parnell's followers are probably more unpopular with the British people than any group of politicians you could find anywhere, and are so just because they have obstructed public business in a manner which Mr. Parnell himself, if he could be interrogated where Ireland could not hear his reply, would be the first to condemn. Lord Randolph Churchill and his minute group stand probably next in order of unpopularity, and hardly any of them could secure his re-election for any decently large constituency. And Sir Stafford Northcote, though every one gives him credit for thoroughly disliking the work he has to do, has lost far more in popularity since the elections of 1880 than the Government have lost by the embarrassments which they have had to suffer at his hands.

What the English people expect from "Her Majesty's Opposition" is temperate and earnest resistance on important points, broken by cordial support wherever cordial support is possible, and, moreover, clear evidence of a desire to promote the efficiency of the Legislature and the Administration on all points on which the leader of Opposition does not seriously disapprove the policy adopted, almost as strong as that of the Government itself. That is the way, and the only way, by which an Opposition in England can gain the respect and confidence of the country. But that means that the Opposition should obey wise and self-restrained leaders, who can judge sagaciously when resistance is wise, when it is unwise, and when it is absolutely unpatriotic and ought to be put down, and who can enforce their own judgment on their followers. That is the sort of Opposition of which we have had hardly any experience for two years back; but it is the sort of Opposition which, if the Conservatives and the Irishmen know what they are about, they will try to revive, or they may discover to their cost what the impatience and disgust of a great nation really mean.

THE BLASPHEMY SENTENCE.

IT is a curious and rather significant fact that those who are most disposed to defend Mr. Justice North's application of the law of blasphemy last Monday, are most disposed also to minimise the real significance of that law, and to assert that it is practically a law against indecent outrages on the feelings of the public, and not a law interfering with the free and even incisive expression of personal opinion. We are told in one and the same article that the essence of blasphemy is in the thing said, and not in the indecent manner of saying it, —Mr. Justice Stephen, for instance, has laid down this in the strongest way,—and yet that the law never would be put in force against a man who said what he had to say in a moderate and decent manner, without any attempt to insult those who differ with him. But if the real gist of the matter lies in the denial, and not in the scoff, —and this is what Mr. Justice Stephen declares, and what even Mr. Justice North does not deny, for he mixes up the denial and the scoff as if they were equally concerned in the offence which he had to try,—surely the enforcement of the law against scoffers only, must be an essentially unjust reading of it, for whether there is a scoff or no scoff, and how far the scoff may be of a kind to attract public notice, is not so much a question of morality, as a question of taste. A highly-educated man, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, will put his denial in one way, when a man of Mr. Foote's culture will put his denial in another and much coarser way, which all the educated world will agree to regard as an indecent scoff. When a scholar ridicules the Trinity by speaking of the first person in it as "a magnified and idealised Lord Shaftesbury," a man whose only scholarship consists in the study of Tom Paine and Mr. Bradlaugh will ridicule the Trinity by a vulgar picture which shocks refined feelings much more seriously. But ought the law to punish a mere want of refinement by a year's imprisonment, when it would greatly scandalise us all if it punished the author of the refined sarcasm at all? We maintain that it is one of our most serious dangers, both moral and social, that the class which makes the law and also enforces it, has so little sympathy with the very different conditions of taste in the class which usually breaks it. All the world would cry out if Mr. Arnold had been prosecuted for his sarcasms on the Trinity, in his book on "Literature and Dogma." We should all have said, and justly said, that such a proceeding was the worst blow we could have aimed at our Christianity, and would have shown how little in the spirit of Christ our social code had been conceived. But the difference between Mr. Arnold's sarcasm as to the magnified and idealised Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Foote's Christmas number of the *Freethinker*, may be, for aught we know, nothing in the world except a vast difference of refinement, culture,

and taste. Surely it is not only hard, it is grossly unjust, that a man should be tried and convicted, and punished by a year's imprisonment, for doing in a coarse and vulgar way what we never think even of punishing by so much as renouncing his friendship, when it is done by a cultivated friend in a refined and courtly way. Doubtless, it is much more painful to our feelings to have our religion insulted than to have it delicately bantered; but is the pain an act may give us the true measure of its criminality? It is very painful to our feelings to have a man come to dinner with dirty face and hands and using coarse forms of speech, but however much annoyance that might cause us, no one would think of making conduct of that kind criminally punishable. It seems to us painfully clear that there must be something wrong in a law of blasphemy which punishes the vulgar man for saying in coarse language what it never thinks of punishing the refined man for saying in keen, sarcastic language. The law should be no respecter of persons. And it ought to be perfectly evident that half-educated men, if they are to be left equally free to speak as they like, will not attack the Christian faith in the disdainful but courteous phrases in which highly-cultured men criticise it. So far as we can judge, the only difference between the language and caricature-pictures of Mr. Foote and the language of several of our recent Freethinkers, is that Mr. Foote used the bludgeon, while they used the rapier. Ought any man to be punished with a year's imprisonment for never having learnt the play of the rapier, and knowing nothing but the use of the quarter-staff?

We are not in the least disputing the position that indecency of any kind,—that is, intentional and wilful breaches of those social usages the neglect of which shocks the mind of the people at large,—is mischievous, and ought to be punishable. If a man chooses to go without clothes in the street, he ought to be as much punished for such an act as for deliberately running foul of one person after another, and lodging them all in the gutter. The one causes a shock of disgust delivered through the eyes and brain, quite as much as the other causes a shock delivered by muscular effort. But when the question is how *much* of dress is necessary to decency, you immediately begin to take into account the social position and habits of the dresser. You would not regard the deficiencies of a beggar-boy's dress with the same eyes as you would regard the very same deficiencies in a man-of-fortune's dress. If the law be, as it ought to be, a law punishing the *intention* to outrage public feeling, and not as it is in the case of blasphemy if Mr. Justice Stephen be right, one punishing a public statement of disbelief in the leading articles of the Christian creed, then the intention must be measured by the significance of what is said or done, to the mind of the writer who says or does it. Language which would be held intentionally insulting in the mouth of a highly-cultivated man, would often be held as absolutely unworthy of notice in the mouth of an angry fishwoman. And so, with blasphemy, we hold that Mr. Foote might have written, or even drawn, gross caricatures of the Christian faith, with less guilt, less intention to insult, than might have been properly imputed to the language used by celebrated writers. When Mr. Justice North tells us that their language cannot be fairly compared with Mr. Foote's language, we admit it if the status of the writers is to be excluded from the estimate. But where the question is one of the intention to insult public feeling, the status and education of the writers *ought* to be taken into account; and it seems to us gross injustice that the coarse writer should be punished, not for the evidence of the greater malice with which he wrote, but simply for the coarseness which is natural to his literary condition, and to the character of the evidence to which he appeals. Nobody can say that the *Freethinker* is obtruded cruelly on people who do not want to read it. It would not be even true to say that it addresses temptations of a dangerous kind to young and inexperienced minds, such as certain other kinds of immoral literature certainly address. On the whole, violent blasphemy is not likely to tempt any one to read it, not even the young. It revolts those who incidentally glance at it. It affects seriously only those who deliberately take the same side; therefore it is, in our eyes, most unfortunate that those who write it should be made martyrs of by such severe sentences as Mr. Justice North's. If Mr. Justice North had shown his sense of the public indecency of the *Freethinker's* Christmas number by sentencing its editor to a fortnight's imprisonment, and its publisher and printer to three days' imprisonment each, no sympathy would have been felt with them, and the public would have recognised that a fit expression had been given to the feeling that a certain reticence is essential even from the most outspoken thinker, when he is touching subjects closely identified with the most sacred and devout feelings of the great majority of the community. But considering the extreme severity of the punishment actually inflicted for publishing what no one was compelled either to see or to read,—and this makes a most serious difference between the case of blasphemy and that of any act of public indecency which is necessarily seen by all within the range of eyesight,—no one will be able to avoid comparing what Mr. Foote has done, with what more refined assailants of the Christian faith have done without the smallest risk of prosecution, and asking whether the difference does not really consist much more in the difference between the education of the different assailants, than in the difference between their desire to wound.

We have treated the crime of blasphemy as one which, if suffered to remain a crime, ought to be regarded solely as an intentional outrage on public feeling in relation to religion, and not as a sin against God, which is undoubtedly the light in which it was originally viewed. Our reason for this is very simple. In the first place, God alone knows what is a sin against him, and therefore we should leave punishment to him who has the adequate knowledge to inflict it justly. In the second place, Christ has taught us that an insult to him should be forgiven, that the only thing unpardonable is an insult against the very spirit of holiness itself,—and of this no human Court can be a judge; while it is certain that nothing comes so near it as any deliberate infliction of punishments on one class in society which, *mutatis mutandis*, are not inflicted on other and higher classes. If there is to be a law of blasphemy for offences against God, we maintain that it would have to be applied against all kinds of highly-educated writers who have brought power of no ordinary calibre to bear on the ridiculing of the Christian faith by delicate satire. Such an application of the law of blasphemy would be, as we all believe, the worst blow we could inflict on the Christian Churches of the day; and if so, it is monstrous to talk of punishing vulgarer men for their offences against God, only because they have not known how to adapt their ridicule to a more refined taste. The true Christian attitude towards blasphemy as an offence against God is to pity it, and, if possible, overcome it, as all evil ought to be overcome, with good. That a deliberate intention to scandalise and wound the feelings of the people on religion, or any other subject, should be punishable, we do not doubt. But the punishment should be most carefully adjusted to the evidence of malicious intent, and in adjusting it to the evidence of malicious intent, the coarse character of the language or the sneers used, if they come from a coarse, half-educated mind, should be punished with few stripes, and only if they come from a refined and thoughtful mind, should be punished with many stripes.

FORMLESS DISAFFECTION.

ALL politics in England are suffering for the moment under the influence of what we believe to be a political illusion. The governing party is divided, seriously divided, by an internal difference, on a subject which it is reluctant openly to discuss. Men of the highest mark, who on most subjects are sincerely Liberal, and that in the true sense as well as the party sense, are shrinking from what they conceive to be the danger of any further advance in Ireland in the Liberal direction. They think that if the franchise is lowered, if the seats are redistributed, if county and municipal freedom are conceded in an honest way—that is, as fully as in England or Scotland—the disaffected masses will acquire all power, and will use it to make the continuance of the Union and the existence of the present social arrangements impossible. The new suffrage, they say, will return eighty Parnellites; the new Municipalities will be filled with Careys; the new County Boards will make the lives of the county gentlemen intolerable to them. In a country where the lower the stratum you reach, the more virulent is political passion, is it not foolish to go lower than you can possibly help? Is it not, at all events, wiser to wait until time, remedial measures, and it may be the effect of hopelessness, have so calmed down passion, that the lower mass may at least be in the temper, bad as that is, which the mass just above them shows just now?

The Englishman who argues dogmatically about Ireland

shows, in so doing, that he does not understand the almost infinite complexity of her conditions; and we, in addition, wish to write with the utmost respect of men who are, as we believe, entirely sincere, and who, if they could but be certain of benefit to Ireland, would run great political risks; but we must, nevertheless, state our own opinion, which is that this hesitation rests on a fundamental mistake. It is not true that formulated disaffection is more formidable to a civilised authority than formless disaffection, not true that a city in revolt is more dangerous than a mob in insurrection. It would be true, if the Government were one of the kind which can use wholesale massacre as an instrument, because it is easier to massacre a mob than an organised body; but on no other condition is it true. The opponents of advance will admit, we suppose, that the grant of liberties will not of itself add to the number of the disaffected; and if it does not, how will it add to their power? Take Dublin, for instance, as the best, because the most extreme illustration. How will Dublin, assuming the majority of its people to be disaffected, which is, of course, not proved, be more powerful to make its disaffection effective if all ratepayers elect the Members and the Municipality? At present, on the hypothesis assumed, Dublin is misrepresented in Parliament and the Muncipal Council, and partly in consequence forms and shelters murderous societies, harasses the police, riots in the streets, and by its own sympathies keeps up the flame of disaffection throughout Ireland. What more could it do, if its disaffection were legally organised? The Members and Council could not, it is admitted, throw the people into the streets, for if they did, force could be legitimately applied, and force is on the other side. They could not organise Murder Clubs, for that is not the nature of public bodies; and if they did, they would be exposed and betrayed by their own minorities, who in so acting would be in no danger of hatred as informers. They would only be protecting the city revenue. The Council could only give votes, pass resolutions, and refuse aid to the general Government; and these things are done now, with the addition that the mob, having no legal voice, finds one of its own, which is mere roaring, unintelligible, and therefore unanswerable;—and with this further aggravation, that the whole populace assumes an attitude which is one of seeming complicity in murder. No conceivable Municipality of Dublin, if it were ready to declare war, or vote the moral necessity of insurrection, could be half as dangerous as the equally-disaffected populace, plus the Invincibles, plus the rowdies who harass the police. Such a Municipality, however *enragé*, must act through forms, must keep its engagements, must possess an ear and a mouth and a tongue. No municipality in Ireland could ever be so dangerous as the Paris Commune, which controlled, it is believed, 150,000 men who had passed through the military mill, and the Commune was not half as dangerous as Paris in formless insurrection. It was after the Insurgent authority dissolved itself, not while it existed, that its most desperate members resolved that Paris should die by suicide, and so nearly carried out their intention. The Dublin Municipality, if filled with O'Briens and Sextons—we do not say Careys, for many Careys are not in existence, and if they were, would betray each other—could not arm and drill the populace, and if they could, would only make the direct application of military force in its more terrible forms much easier. They could be dealt with by legislation, by negotiation, by compromise, by all the methods of transacting human business, far more easily than a mob; and it is a hostile mob which, on the theory, is the alternative.

We are putting deliberately the most extreme case we can think of, in its most extreme form, and the argument applies to every part of Ireland. We need not say that we do not expect the development of that extreme form of resistance. On the contrary, we expect that the disaffection as well as the anarchy will be less, that the Councils, if powerful enough to be attractive, will be found conservative forces. They will attract able men, and able men soon grow sick of aimless and useless agitations. Moreover, they will interest the whole people, and thus give a chance to those who are on the side of order and common-sense, as well as to those who are on the side of unreason. At present, as we believe, a disturbed district in Ireland usually contains two broad parties, a timid and distracted majority on the side of order, and a united and active minority on the side of disorder. The minority combines resolutely, though secretly, for purposes of agitation, intimidation, or outrage; the majority combines for nothing, secretly or publicly, but rushes whining to clutch at the skirts of the Executive. The legal body could not increase the minority's opportunity of combination, for that is perfect; but it would increase tenfold the majority's, for it would give it the desired protection of legal forms. If the majority in Ireland had but the habit of combination, they would very soon reduce the minority to order; and there is no school for teaching that habit equal to a legal assembly of any kind, compelled to learn how to do business and overcome obstacles. If this is not true, the social instinct found in all other communities, even savage communities, does not exist in Ireland, and there is absolutely nothing to be hoped for or done, except to suffer the Irish, being anarchists by force of a hitherto unknown instinct, to kill one another out. That is nonsense.

But we shall be told that, even if there is a majority for order, there is not one for the Union. The Home-rulers, if eighty in number, would be unendurable in Parliament, and the aggregate of municipalities would be ungovernable from London. We do not in the least believe in the occurrence of either contingency; but granting all that is alleged, we maintain that the total result would be improvement; that we should then be in presence of organised forces, and not of anarchical forces; and that we should fight harder, or compromise more ably, or on occasion yield more openly, than we do now. If Ireland contains a minority ready to defend the Union, every liberty will give them fresh resources, and if all Ireland is hostile—which we do not believe—we would rather seek for a *modus vivendi* with united Ireland than with Ireland distracted as she is, and should find one, whether in concession or in coercion, more easily than we do. The grievances to be removed would be solid, the plaints to be heard irresistible, the demands to be rejected impossible, and the course of the State would be clear. At present, it is purely empirical, and the force of Britain, which is perhaps fiftyfold that of Ireland, is lost, because opinion is so divided as to Irish claims that action in either direction becomes impossible.

We have said, it will be perceived, nothing of our usual political argument, that the Irish have a right to their franchises as good as that of the English, and nothing of the Liberal argument that liberty is the strongest reconciling force, for we are addressing men who for the moment are inclined to deny both. We accept their own ground, and contend that if they are right, and if justice produces no sympathy and liberty no reconciliation, then still it is easier to deal with open and legalised and disciplined enemies, really representing the people, than with the anarchical, inarticulate, and, therefore, murderous forces with which we are now contending. If history has any meaning at all, it is that the forces of society, if allowed free legal expression through recognised methods, express themselves through those methods, that social strength accretes to them, and that they ultimately become able to keep down all hostile or anarchical opponents. Corporations have an instinct which, in the long-run, forbids them to add strength to an anarchy which would speedily threaten themselves. That Representative Councils are of necessity the expression of the social forces best suited to the genius of Ireland is, of course, a debateable question. We should be inclined to think that, if left to herself, she would be governed by elected Provincial Juntas or Committees, rather than by Councils, as Spaniards in revolution always are—at least, every popular movement in Ireland takes that form—but Irishmen deny this, and the question is purely for their decision. If we grant the essential matter, we cannot refuse the form they ask for, when that form is the one that we ourselves adopt. We believe that the Councils will either be conservative bodies strengthening the Administration, or enemies with whom negotiation is possible, and that a true representation of Ireland will be more manageable or more repressible than the existing false one. After all, is it not just a little ridiculous that we should be arguing with Whigs, on high *a priori* grounds, to show that the Town Councillors of Dublin and Cork and the constituency of Dungarvan cannot be regarded as bulwarks of the British Constitution?

THE FINANCIAL REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

ENGLISH Free-traders must not rejoice too soon in the passage of the great American "Tax and Tariff Bill." The acceptance of that remarkable measure shows, no doubt, that Free-trade is making progress, but it has not made much yet, and its enemies in the States are so numerous and so powerful that the battle will be a long one, and may not terminate precisely as Englishmen expect. The history of the

recent measure is a most unusual one. The ruling Republicans, as our readers are aware, contrived during the year 1882 to disgust all the advocates of Civil-Service Reform, President Arthur and his *entourage* jobbing at least as recklessly, although not as openly, as any preceding Administration. The Reformers therefore abstained from voting at the November elections, and the Democrats sent up so many Representatives and Senators that they carried the House by a heavy majority, and reduced the Republican majority in the Senate to one. The new Congress, however, did not come into power until March 5th, Monday last, and the ruling Republicans, fairly frightened, endeavoured to utilise the remaining time by setting their house in order. They were afraid of two things,—first, that the Democrats would force on the President a clean sweep of all officials, and then pass a strong Reform Bill; and second, that the incoming party, which though not in principle Free-trader, stands pledged never to raise surplus revenue, would, to enforce its theory and catch the Free-trade vote, make sweeping reductions in the Protective tariff. They, therefore, swept through Congress a Bill which, if honestly administered, grants to competent Civil Servants fixity of tenure, destroys corruption by patronage, and prohibits "levies" on officials for party purposes, and then cast about for some means of getting rid of surplus revenue. It was at first thought that they could effect this by large appropriations, especially one in aid of education, and this was for a time attempted. All manner of grants were sanctioned, till it is said the expenditure for next year will be increased by five millions sterling; but this kind of "depletion" was not enough. For some reason which we do not quite understand, Congress will not accede to proposals for raising the Navy to a level with the place which the Union claims in the world, and no grant except one for building a great Navy in two years could seriously affect the large American surplus. The people did not like the waste, the surplus threatened to exceed £28,000,000, and after all the "depletions" there was an ample margin for any reduction on the tariff. Indeed, Free-trade in everything but luxuries might have been established without any serious danger of embarrassing the Treasury, though it is still loaded with the Pension List of the war and some extravagant grants-in-aid. The Republican leaders, therefore, with the full support, as now appears, of President Arthur, resolved upon a grand reduction of the Treasury receipts, which would, they thought, deprive their rivals of their best argument for making concessions to Free-trade. They brought in a huge "Tax and Tariff Bill," so complex in its provisions, that it was described by one set of speakers as a Protectionist measure and by another as a Free-trade measure, and that while one authority declared it would reduce Excise and Tariff equally, another asserted that it would reduce Excise by £13,000,000, and the Tariff by only £5,000,000 a year. The details are still expected, but it is certain that the "engineers" of the Bill have no love for Free-trade, and it is understood that manufacturers are jubilant, that Free-traders declare themselves betrayed, and that the substantial truth is something of this kind:—The Republicans have deprived the Treasury, as they hope, of £20,000,000 a year, two-thirds of its surplus revenue, by severe reductions on Excise, particularly in the internal duties on tobacco—an immense bribe to the South, and especially to Virginia and Louisiana—and have reduced many import duties on raw goods—wool, for example—and half-manufactured articles—low qualities of iron, for example—till the revenue will receive from them next to nothing. But they have not only maintained most of the duties on manufactured articles, but they have, in some cases, actually increased them, woollen goods, for instance, paying for the future *sixty* per cent., while wool comes in free. In fact, as regards all articles into which skill enters, Protection is maintained; and the great manufacturing corporations, some of which grow so rich that they conceal their dividends by irregular bonuses and by watering their stock, are left with their huge profits untouched. The Democrats, fiercely annoyed, endeavoured to resist the Bill by "filibustering"—that is, by obstruction—hoping to delay it till March 5th, when the new Congress would come into power; but they were beaten by a new rule of procedure, extemporised for the occasion, which we do not thoroughly understand; and some twenty-four hours before the Session ended the Bill passed both Houses, and was immediately accepted by the President. It is, therefore, law.

The Democrats are now in power by a majority of nearly one hundred in the House of Representatives, and, so far as that House is concerned, they could repeal the Bill. The Senate, however, which is still Republican, would not permit that, and the incoming party are said to meditate a different course. This is, to raise the Free-trade flag in earnest, accept the Tax and Tariff Bill, and so extend its provisions by a supplementary Bill as to sweep away all duties on imports not essential, like the alcohol duty, to the safety of the Treasury. They calculate that two or three Republican Senators who happen to be convinced Free-traders, and who forced the few genuine reductions of protective duties to be found in the Tax and Tariff Bill, would on principle abstain from voting, and thus suffer the Bill to become law. That is a shrewd device, and, of course, would be most favourable to Free-trade; but it is very doubtful if it will be either adopted or seriously considered. In the first place, President Arthur would veto the Bill, and he sits in the White House till March, 1885. There is no chance of a two-thirds majority in the Senate to pass a Free-trading Bill over the President's head. In the second place, the Democrats, as a party, have not completely made up their minds to adopt Free-trade. Their ancient principle that taxation in excess of Treasury needs is plunder of the citizen predisposes them in that direction, as does their traditional alliance with the South, which before the war was essentially Free-trade, and did not yield to high tariffs even in consideration of safety for the "peculiar institution;" but they are not Free-traders by conviction. Many of them are Protectionists from an idea of patriotism, some have the notion, so widely spread in Europe, that Free-trade is the device of English manufacturers, and all are most unwilling to move at any risk of being in advance of public sentiment. That sentiment is not yet clearly formed, and every American gives inquirers a different account. Speaking only as onlookers intensely interested in the development of American opinion, and subject, of course, to local evidence, we should say that the Free-trade opinion based on reasoning makes very slow progress anywhere, but that the Free-trade opinion based on interest is in the West conquering the "mass vote," till, perhaps, a clear half of all voters in the Union are on that side. The cultivators of the West and the body of the people in the great towns are nearly sick of the dearness of all manufactured goods caused by Protection, and begin to see that they lose more than they get by a high tariff. But they are still perplexed by the notions that for artisans Protection means high wages; that if Free-trade were established, agriculture would be the only American business; and that it is a proud position for the Union, which contains all climates, to be like a separate planet, independent of the Universe. Free-trade, therefore, is mastering the people, but has not mastered them; while, curiously enough, its influence is, as regards the States in their corporate action, slightly receding. Formerly, the Protectionists could only depend on the Eastern and Middle States, but now we are told that they are advancing in the South, where, with cheap and docile labourers, manufacturers are rapidly acquiring the political influence which throughout the Union falls to corporations. As the States and not the citizens elect the Senate, this is in politics a serious consideration. At all events, the Democrat leaders hesitate, and although the surplus in the Treasury will still be nearly ten millions, we question if they will yet go very far. They will not like wholly to stop the payment of the Debt, or to forego the luxury of making grants, and they will, we suspect, wait for orders from the bulk of their constituents. As the wave of population rolls westward, the order is sure to come; but it has not come yet. The permeation of the Free-trade argument through such vast masses is terribly slow, and the incredible prosperity of the American rise—a prosperity without a parallel or even a foreshadowing in history—naturally suggests inaction. We English are proud of our taxation, and think ourselves very rich; but imagine even Mr. Gladstone repealing twenty millions of taxes in one year, and then grumbling that really this plethora of the Treasury cannot be allowed, for if it is the Debt will be extinct, and there will be no form of investment which Congress can authorise by law. That extraordinary argument weighs in the Union with grave financiers, and is actually in one way sound. The whole note circulation of the Union rests on the obligation of the Banks to keep United States Bonds equal to their output; and if there are no Bonds left, the currency laws must be remodelled from the very foundation. We look forward, therefore, to the ultimate victory of Free-trade in the Union; but we do not expect it yet, or for some years to come.

HOW TO SAVE THE EMBANKMENT.

THE History of the Thames Embankment may be written in three chapters,—How it was made, how it is being paid for, and how it has been spoiled. The first of these belongs to a past which already seems remote. The second is in the historic present, for the money was raised by a loan which is still outstanding. The third has been contributed without any warning by the Metropolitan District Railway. The ratepayer has now the double annoyance of seeing the Embankment disfigured by the railway ventilators, and of being called upon twice a year to pay for making what the Railway Company are bent upon disfiguring. Of all the uses to which "the lungs of London" have from time to time been turned, this is surely the strangest. First of all, we set apart certain spaces on the Embankment, which are to be planted and laid out as gardens for the enjoyment of the vast mass of people who live within a mile or so of the northern bank of the River. Next, we watch to see how far this benefit is valued by those on whom it is conferred. And then, when the crowds that fill every available spot on a summer's afternoon and evening have made this point perfectly clear, we undo a great part of our work, by allowing the District Railway to pick out these very oases for the discharge of all the poisonous vapours which its engines can generate in a journey round London. The objections to the ventilators are three, any one of which ought to be fatal to them. To begin with, they take up space in a part of London where space is peculiarly precious. The Gardens on the Thames Embankment are not a foot too large for the end they have to discharge. More ground, rather than less, is wanted to make them what they ought to be, and now an appreciable fraction of their area has been taken by the Railway for its own use. In the second place, the buildings occupying the space of which the public have been legally robbed promise to be singularly ugly, and they will so dominate the gardens in which they are placed, that the eye will find it difficult to fix itself on anything else. An oblong mass of yellow brickwork, chastely roofed with grey slate, does not seem to have many elements of fascination; but for all that, it may supply the one impression which the visitor will carry away from the Embankment Gardens. Nor is it only the eye that will have reason to complain. The nose, unless it is the victim of a diseased passion for the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen, will suffer at least as much. To sit in the neighbourhood of a ventilator will be to inhale a gush of poisonous vapour every time that a train passes, and as trains pass on an average about every ninety seconds, the discharge will be practically continuous. This is the conception we form to ourselves of making the most of a great public improvement.

Now, how did all this come about? Immediately by the operation of an Act of Parliament. The District Company have the law on their side. They could not have opened a single ventilator, if they had not first come to Parliament for leave, and only last Session Parliament gave them leave. So far, therefore, the District Railway may consider itself the injured party. It has robbed no one and interfered with no one's comfort, without first explaining to both Houses what it proposed to do, and asking if, after thus unbosoming itself, it might go and do it. If we push inquiry a little further back, and ask how this leave came to be given, the answer is that the blunder is due partly to the carelessness of those who were concerned in opposing the Bill, and partly to the imperfect publicity given to Private Bills, even when they affect considerable public interests. The Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works were both hostile to the Bill, and it might have been thought that two such powerful bodies, fighting, so to say, for their own hearths, would have had no difficulty in throwing it out. Nor would they have had, if they had taken the precaution of making the public understand what it was that the Bill proposed to do. There should have been meetings at the Mansion House or the Guildhall; the Members for the City and for Westminster should have been plied with deputations; the President of the Board of Trade should have been given no peace, until he consented to oppose the Bill at every stage. Not one of these expedients seems to have been resorted to The Bill was opposed, but it was opposed in such a milk-and-water fashion that it passed without difficulty or investigation. The blame of this extraordinary oversight must be borne to some extent by the present arrangements for the conduct of Private-bill legislation. It is the merest chance whether the public know anything of what is going on in the Committee-rooms. Sometimes the proceedings get a line or two of notice in a corner of the morning papers, and we learn that the room was cleared, and that on the readmission of the public the Chairman announced that the Committee were of opinion that the preamble of the Bill had or had not been proved. What seems to be wanted is that when the Committee have finished their examination of a Bill, the Chairman should draw up a short statement of the object of the Bill, and that this statement should be printed with the votes. In the case of the great majority of private Bills with which no public object is in any way associated, one line of explanation would be sufficient. That this Bill confirms certain family arrangements, and that this other provides for the purchase of certain land by a railway, would ordinarily be an adequate report for a Chairman to make. But in the case of the Ventilators on the Embankment, it would have been his duty to set out the number and size of the ventilators it was proposed to set up, and the precise places at which it was proposed to place them. In this way, the public would have had a fair warning of what the Railway proposed to do; and though it is conceivable that no one would have read the Chairman's statement when it was printed, it is almost certain that it would have attracted the attention of some Member of Parliament or some journalist, and have been made the text of either a speech or an article.

The immediate question, however, is how the mischief can be prevented, now that it is so nearly done. If the Act arming the District Railway with power to disfigure the Embankment at its pleasure were a public Act, or if the Railway Company had begun work in the winter, instead of in the spring, there would by comparison have been no difficulty. In the one case, a public Bill could have been introduced, simply repealing the obnoxious provision, and compensating the Railway for any expense it had actually incurred in reliance on the leave given last Session. In the other case, the same end would have been attained by the introduction of a private Bill. As it is, however, the House of Commons is opposed, and rightly opposed, to mixing up two distinct branches of its work, and introducing a public Bill to repeal a private one; while it is not now possible, under the Standing Orders, to introduce a private Bill during the present Session. Unless, therefore, some exception is permitted to these two regulations, nothing can be done for another year. As a great part of the work is still unfinished, in spite of the rapidity with which the Railway Company have pushed it forward, this delay would be extremely costly. The difference in the compensation money would be the difference between the cost of an unfinished work, and the cost of a completed work. The best solution, therefore, that can be suggested is that the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works should move to suspend the Standing Orders, so as to allow of a Bill to repeal the clause under which the District Railway are acting being at once introduced. If any one who has seen the handiwork of the Company really thinks well of it, he would then have an opportunity of being heard. If, as is more probable, the Bill would be carried through both Houses by acclamation, Parliament would only have to congratulate itself on its second thoughts being wiser than its first. Only, it is important to bear in mind that every day that Sir James Hogg delays to take this course, the Ratepayers of London will have to pay a larger sum by way of compensation.

THE NEW SUFFERING OF THE POOR.

MOST Tory writers—and, indeed, most writers of all parties, for literature is, as against labour, instinctively conservative—are apt to accuse the Poor of our day of seeking in all their movements for "Equality," which subsequently is always shown to be "impossible." It is not impossible at all, on certain conditions, one of which is that society shall be brigaded and subjected to orders as severely as any army; but, for purposes of discussion, the assertion may be allowed. Men, if they desire equality at all, always desire to be "free and equal," and, as equality and freedom cannot be obtained together, their request may fairly be pronounced impossible. But is it true that the thirst of the modern poor—the poor of 1883—is for equality? It was once, when the world, and more especially the world of the European Continent, was oppressed by the *régime* of privilege to a degree of which we have happily lost even the memory; but is it now? It seems to us, watching with somewhat hopeless eyes the new movement from below, as it breaks out in country after country, that the grand desire of the poor, the desire which Anarchists, Collectivists, Communists, Socialists, dreamers and agitators

of all descriptions use as their lever, is not so much for equality in any far-reaching sense, as for security. There are fanatics of all kinds, of course, among the poor, as among the well-to-do, and the fanatics for equality are numerous; but they base their demand upon an idea, the inherent dignity of man, and not upon a suffering, and are but a group, though very often the group which leads. It is with a suffering that the poor sympathise, and though the absence of equality may produce one, they as a body usually look for something more concrete and positive. They are certainly acting all over the world as if they felt some new pain, which is not legal,—for they are less oppressed than ever before,—nor economic,—for their material condition is on the whole advancing,—and we cannot resist the impression that it is to be sought in a lately developed consciousness of the insecurity which, far more than any positive want of means, differentiates them from the possessors of property. The indications of this are to be found on every hand. The country in which Socialism and kindred beliefs are weakest, is England, where inequality is most perfect, but where insecurity is robbed of some of its terrors by the operation of the Poor-law. The only poor class on the Continent which does not rebel is the only one which is secure, and cannot be deprived of its position, lowly as that may be, the peasant-proprietary. The strongest desire of the tenantry in Ireland, in England, in Spain, in Italy, is for protection against eviction. The most serious movements among the artisans in France, Germany, and the cities of Austria are those which have for their object the vesting of the power to employ labour in the Communes, which the artisans would control, and through which they would indirectly be able to protect themselves from dismissal. Even in England, it is proposals for a kind of security, security against accident, sickness, and the pecuniary consequences of death, which elicit the greatest financial efforts from the operatives, and excite their warmest enthusiasm. The resentment caused by dismissal, especially arbitrary dismissal, is notoriously—after jealousy and agrarian disputes—the most frequent cause of violent crime; and the leader of any violent movement, especially in Germany and Italy, is almost invariably a "dismissed" man. Of course, in all social movements the movers hope for concrete gain also, for more wages, for a lighter stint of work—the latter on the Continent an honest and well-justified demand—or for fairer promotion; but the propelling force, the sting which makes men's minds so bitter, is still the sense of insecurity. The man can bear his life; what he cannot bear is the sense that it may by no fault of his own be suddenly made infinitely worse, that he has no protection against sickness, falling trade, accident, or what he deems his employer's caprice.

If this conjecture is correct, and, for ourselves, we have little doubt of it, the evidence would be worth probing to the bottom, for there would be hope in such a theory. It would be, in the first place, something to know that the social rebellion of which the world is growing so full is not aimless, not unfounded, not wholly irrational, or even "sentimental," but is provoked by a real, perhaps a removable cause. Nothing makes rulers so hopeless and in the end so cruel, as the idea that they are encountering petitioners who are not reasoning beings, whose desires are vague; who revolt they know not why, and keep quiet without a cause; who, in fact, are lunatics to be restrained, rather than subjects to be heard. If the desire of the Proletariat can only be formulated, so that the class itself comprehends it, then, even if it be unattainable, a child's cry for the moon to play with, still, comprehension is possible, and with comprehension, compromise. And it is even more to know that the workers grievance is not something separate and unaccountable, something as peculiar as their dress, but one well known to those above them, and whether removable or not, tangible and solid. The poor—if the insecurity of their lives is their great torment—are but waking up to a perception which has burdened the lives of those above them for generations, to an anxiety which more than any other embitters the lives of the educated who do not possess property. The English middle-class, of all working grades, are not often bitter; but they are anxious and suspicious, and their burden is insecurity. Till they have saved or acquired something, be it only a year's income, they are never free from a form of care which, in a majority of them, poisons happiness. They may fail, or grow sick, or be dismissed. They value an "independence," however small, above all earthly possessions, and strive for it with an earnestness which often materially affects the character, till in England alone in the world the old are far gentler and more liberal than the middle-aged. They are free in old age of a mental thorn. The handicraftsmen were formerly not like that. They suffered from everything except a poisoned forethought. Education, however—we mean the education of circumstance, rather than of any School Board—has done its work, and with much of the better qualities of the middle-class there has come to many of them the middle-class fear of the future, the restlessness of pecuniary apprehension, the impatience of a position in which nothing is or can be secure. Workmen with children can hardly save, and with one-half of them, three months' suspension of labour, from sickness, accident, or dismissal, means acute privation. It is far worse on the Continent, where there is no Poor-law, where giving credit is much less practised, and where the landlords, if not more grasping, are far more rigorous and exact. There the sense of insecurity rises in certain classes to a positive horror, especially in the artisans who live by luxury, and those far below them, who are really artisans' servants, till thousands of men welcome any attack on a society which, as they conceive, leaves them in such a position. They are not anarchists or agitators, but they sympathise with the objects of dreamers till their leaders can denounce in the Chamber the trials of Anarchists, with a certainty that they are making effective electoral speeches. The basis of the horror, too, is for them a real one. The difference of position on the Continent between a man who owns a pound a week and the man who earns one is simply infinite. The latter is never safe, and it is safety which is the root of sweetness in life. If he takes to saving, the penury of forty years, while saving half his whole income, only brings him up to his rival's position. Ten shillings a week saved for forty years yields a pound a week in *Rente*. If, as most usually happens, he does not save, a sprained ankle, a heavy fall, the failure of an employer, a quarrel with the foreman may reduce him to the position of a savage in a desert, without food, home, or the means of procuring either. Insecurity of that kind bites, and turns men with any tinge of natural bitterness in them—and even those who write or read this are not all full of sweetness and light—into rancorous enemies, or at best cynical critics of everything that exists. It is not the absence of "extrys," as an American writer has just defined luxuries, which makes modern men savage, or even the poorness of the necessaries obtainable, but the haunting fear of the hour when the necessaries will not be there. Nothing embitters like terror, and it is, we are convinced, in the new consciousness that there is cause for terror in the present arrangements of society that the origin of the new violence of the poor is to be sought. We ask what they can hope from assassination or arson, and forget how blindly the terrified hit out. What does the servant-girl hope for who leaps out of window at the cry of fire?

It is not our business here to discuss political remedies, though we would fain hope that a wiser Poor-law is approaching all over Europe, a law under which not only will property-owners be taxed, but they and the poor will unite to form the reserve fund of industry; and of mental relief, we see little hope. Christianity, at least on its feminine side—the side which teaches resignation—is not gaining ground, and of purely intellectual help we can as yet discern no trace. There never was so little stoicism anywhere, except among the rich, who, Carlyle said were full of it, and who, we should say, if we wanted to be cynical, show much fortitude in bearing others' miseries. Everybody who suffers now-a-days either rages or whines in a way which our grandfathers would have pronounced shameful, but which is possibly not the result of weaker hearts, but of nerves more highly strung. We suppose that last is, in part at least, the explanation of the precise time of the change which has passed over the poor. They feel more acutely, not so much because they have learned more, though that has something to do with it, as because, in the altered conditions of the world, their nerves have become less hard. Life is a little less of a battle, and because it is less, because the danger is intermittent, and even avoidable, its approach seems indefinitely more formidable. The countryman who has lived in London for ten years undergoes some change which, when he returns, makes him percipient of the previously unperceived loneliness of the country-side, and percipient with a certain alarm. That a change is passing over the temper of the "dim, common populations," as well as over their opinions, is certain; and it may well be that the cause is the increase of sensitiveness which comes of increased comfort. They have felt, however slightly, the effect of the warmer air, and the cold seems to them not only dan-

gerous, but unendurable, till they rage with any one who even appears to keep the door ajar.

THE CONDITIONS OF "THE GRAND STYLE."

MATTHEW ARNOLD has told us much of the Grand Style in prose and poetry, and has illustrated with no mean success what he has told us by his own example. There are few modern writers who have thrown so much of the grand style into their sayings and their verse. In his prose, we might refer to almost any of his most characteristic sentences, for example, that about "distinction" of style, in one of the essays on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin:—"Her soul had the same character as his talent,—*distinction*. Of this quality the world is impatient, it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it, it ends by receiving its influence, and by undergoing its law;" or his description of the atmosphere in Homer; "the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky;" or even his famous description of Heine's bitter spirit:—"One man in many millions, a Heine, may console himself and keep himself erect in suffering by a colossal irony of this sort, by covering himself and the universe with the red-fire of this sinister mockery; but the many millions cannot, cannot if they would." Still more remarkable is the grand style of his finest verse. Take his first touch in recalling Shakespeare:—

> "Others abide our question, thou art free!
> We ask and ask,—thou smilest and art still
> Out-topping knowledge;"

or his noble description of Sophocles:—

> "Whose even-balanced soul
> From first youth tested up to extreme old age;
> Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
> Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,
> The mellow glory of the Attic Stage,
> Singer of sweet Colonus and his child."

Or take his memorable description of Byron:—

> "What helps it now that Byron bore
> With haughty scorn that mock'd the smart,
> From Europe to the Ætolian shore,
> The pageant of his bleeding heart?"

Or, as marking his very highest point in terseness and grandeur, take his description of the restless Roman noble and the Eastern mystic:—

> "In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
> The Roman noble lay;
> He drove abroad, in furious guise,
> Along the Appian Way;
>
> He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
> And crowned his hair with flowers—
> No easier and no quicker pass'd
> The impracticable hours.
>
> The brooding East with awe beheld
> Her impious younger world.
> The Roman tempest swelled and swelled,
> And on her head was hurled.
>
> The East bowed low before the blast,
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the Legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again."

If there be a truly grand style in prose and poetry, surely these are perfect specimens of what it means,—words with a stately rhythm not too stately for their statelier meaning, words expressing the full consciousness of a certain splendour of significance, clothed in a seemly form and moving with a certain majesty of step. Matthew Arnold's own favourite illustration of the grand style is Milton's verse, and it would be difficult to find a happier illustration. Open Milton's poems where you will, and almost the first line on which your eye alights will give some adequate illustration of what the grand style means:—

> "Oft, on a plot of rising ground,
> I hear the far-off curfew sound
> Over some wide-watered shore,
> Swinging slow with sullen roar."

What a majesty in the tone and rhythm of this description of a mere sound entering the ear! Or take the next few lines, in which a first impression on the eye is imaged with equal grandeur:—

> "Or, if the air will not permit,
> Some still, removèd place will fit,
> Where glowing embers through the room
> Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

But go to Milton's prose works, and we shall be disappointed. There we find not the grand style, but something very different,—the grandiose style, where the dignity and simplicity of true culture are wanting to the effect of grandeur, where the ear is jarred by a pomp of manner too great for the weight of meaning. Take, for instance, a passage which is sometimes quoted as one illustrating the singular grandeur of Milton's prose style, but which appears to us overloaded with "gaudy and ungraceful ornament." "Look upon this, thy poor and almost spent and expiring Church; leave her not a prey to these importunate wolves that wait and think long till they devour thy tender flock; these wild boars that have broke into thy vineyard, and left the print of their polluting hoofs on the souls of thy servants. O let them not bring about their damned designs, that stand now at the entrance of the bottomless pit, expecting the watchword to open and let those dreadful locusts and scorpions to reinvolve us in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, where we should never more see the sun of thy truth again, never hope for the cheerful dawn, never more hear the bird of morning sing!" "Wolves that wait and *think*" are obviously very unnatural wolves; wild boars that leave "the print of their polluting hoofs" on the *soul*, are wild boars unknown to natural history; "scorpions and locusts" which are to hide "the sun of truth" are clearly metaphorical scorpions and locusts, so that when we are told that they will prevent us from ever more hearing "the bird of morning" sing, we ask, bewildered, what worse loss than the loss of "the sun of truth" the loss of the lark's song is meant to prefigure. Clearly, this is not the "grand," but the "grandiose" style, the style in which the form of expression smothers the meaning, instead of adequately reflecting it; and no fault is so common in Milton's prose as this,—a fault, indeed, which almost permeates it. The same fault is often to be found in the prose of Dr. Johnson, though hardly ever in his conversation, where we may find plenty of specimens of a style very closely approaching to the grand style, and falling short of it only in the missing sense of that perfect rhythm and delicacy of minute impression which seems essential to soften the grandeur of a great personality into the aptness and beauty of true stateliness. Dr. Johnson's "roar," as it was called, was not the grand style, because Dr. Johnson was not a poet, and could only write one kind of impressive verse. For the grand style, there must be not only some consciousness of a great personality, but also some real sense of correspondence between the rhythm of the poet's mind and the rhythm of the universal order itself. Milton felt this correspondence profoundly, so soon as he was in the mood of verse, and there is no clearer indication of the true poetic nature than this,—that the mood of verse should be a tempering and restraining mood, a mood which puts a bridle on the vagrant fancy, and curtails excess of metaphor and verbiage, instead of multiplying it; and this restraining, tempering, and stimulating touch was certainly communicated to Milton's imagination by the mood of verse. But in the mood of controversy, Milton did not feel at all this restraining sense that he must in some sense conform his own mind to the rhythm of the divine order, and hence we see in the eloquence of his controversial works little but the untamed luxuriance of prodigal fancy and irritable self-will. It would be impossible, nevertheless, to find a better illustration of the sense which a great poet ought to have that his mind is bound to conform its own rhythm to some rhythm of divine order, to be discerned by him, though with difficulty, in the world without, than Milton's great invocation to Urania, at the beginning of the seventh book of "Paradise Lost," to descend with him and guide him in the sphere of earth, as she had previously guided him in the supersensual world:—

> "More safe, I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
> In darkness and with dangers compass'd round
> And solitude, yet not alone, whilst thou
> Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
> Purples the East;—still govern thou my song,
> Urania, and fit audience find, though few."

We could not give a nobler example of "the grand style" than those few lines, or a clearer indication that the poet whose language falls naturally into its rhythm, must be one with a deep sense of personal greatness, dominated by the thought that unless that greatness is subdued into full harmony with the rhythm of a diviner order than its own, it cannot be the true greatness. Verse almost always exercises this spell over Milton, subduing his thought into a sort of majestic humility not natural to him in any but the poetic mood. In prose, he is often a scold, and his voice betrays all the discords of a scold; in verse, a lofty patience comes to the succour of his

greatness, and makes it chime in with the divine order, instead of simply clashing with others in angry competition for the divine favour.

It may be supposed, perhaps, that "the grand style," in this sense, is the style of all true poets, so far as they are true poets. But this we should entirely deny. Tennyson, for instance, is not only a true, but a great poet, and he can command the grand style at times; but then, again, a great deal of his poetry, and a great deal of his fine poetry, is not written in the grand style, and some of his most effective poetry is written in a style wholly inconsistent with the grand style, in a self-pitying, or a feverish and morbid style. "Ulysses" is in the grand style; "Tithonus" is in the grand style; many passages in the "Idyls of the King," more especially "The Passing of Arthur" and parts of "The Coming of Arthur," are in the grand style; but "Tears, idle tears," could not possibly be in the grand style, its note being essentially that of the minor key; "Locksley Hall" is not only not in the grand style, but is the reflection of a morbid mood; "The Gardener's Daughter," and "Enoch Arden," and "Aylmer's Field," and "The Golden Supper," and the tales in verse in general, are not, and could not be, in the grand style, as they are not chastened enough, not subdued enough in spirit, not lucid enough in their outlook on the Universe, for the grand style. Again, very little that either Byron or Shelley ever wrote is in "the grand style,"—parts of the "Cenci," the concluding lines of "Alastor," perhaps the sonnet on "Mutability" and on "Ozymandias," and a few other poems, being exceptions in the case of Shelley. But Shelley undoubtedly knew what it was. The concluding passage in "Alastor" is one of the finest examples of "the grand style" which our language contains:—

> "It is a woe too 'deep for tears' when all
> Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit
> Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
> Those who remain behind, not sobs or groans,
> The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,
> But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
> Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
> Birth and the grave, which are not what they were."

Mr. Swinburne has rarely touched "the grand style," except, perhaps, in the self-restrained iambics of "Atalanta" and the other Greek play. Mr. Browning almost anxiously repudiates the grand style, his great ambition being to be familiar, modern, and interlocutory. But of Shakespeare, one naturally asks,—did not Shakespeare understand thoroughly the grand style? We should answer certainly he understood it, but he hardly ever used it when he was writing in his own name. He used it to perfection when writing in the name of a great prince like Hamlet, a Roman aristocrat like Coriolanus, a mighty magician like Prospero, a desolate queen like Cleopatra; but in his own "Sonnets" he hardly ever touches the grand style. He seems hardly to have thought enough of his own personality to write, when writing in his own name, with the high solemnity of Milton or Arnold. He reserved his illustrations of the grand style for the regal natures which he so finely painted,—for Cleopatra, when, in her passionate grief, she declares that,—

> "——There is nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting Moon;"

for Prospero, when he tells us that,—

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep;"

for Macbeth, when he declares that,—

> "Macbeth has murdered sleep."

The "grand style" used by a poet writing in his own name implies a deep sense of sonorous chords in his own being, in perfect harmony with the deeper chords of the universal order, and this many true poets have never felt at all, and many more only in rare moods. Wordsworth knew well what the grand style was, and used it not unfrequently with the most magnificent effect, as, for example, in the "Ode to Duty," every word of which is in the grand style,—and in the great ode, on the "Intimations of Immortality," almost the whole of which is written in that style, though with some curious and remarkable flaws. But some of Wordsworth's finer poems were in altogether a different key. "The Daisy," "The Little Celandine," "The Green Linnet," and all the poems of that class, are not and could not have been in the grand style. They do not echo the deep sense of personal grandeur in Wordsworth so far as he was in harmony with the universal order, and were not meant to do so, but only to reflect the little ripple of joy with which he received one of the smaller impressions of Nature's beauty. For "the grand style," it is requisite that the writer should first be conscious, either directly or dramatically, of some great personality; and next, that he should feel deeply the sympathy between that personality and the great music of the divine order of which it forms a part.

THE BILL TO PUT DOWN PIGEON-SHOOTING.

THE discussion on Mr. Anderson's excellent Bill entirely verified our recent remarks on the extraordinary power exerted by the leaders of Fashion to give the *coup de grâce* to a practice that is morally discreditable, and yet which shows enormous tenacity of life till it receives a stroke of this sort. Sir H. Maxwell, who moved the unsuccessful amendment which was meant to dispose of the Bill, actually confessed that the condemnation of the practice by the Princess of Wales, had he believed in it, would have had far more weight with him than anything Mr. Anderson had said; and yet Mr. Anderson (though not exactly a taking or persuasive speaker) had stated his case with remarkable force and cogency. "I do not believe," said Sir H. Maxwell, "that the Princess of Wales has expressed any opinion adverse to the practice of pigeon-shooting; but had she done so, *her opinion would certainly have had far greater weight* with me than the arguments which have been put forward by the honourable Member in support of his Bill." That is frank, at all events, and may be regarded as making out our position so far as regards the particular case of Sir H. Maxwell with perfect success and precision. And, moreover, the general drift of the debate points in precisely the same direction. The second reading was carried by 195 votes against 40, so soon as it was once understood that Mr. Anderson would withdraw his second clause, which was believed to interfere with "sport" of a kind *not* condemned by the fashionable world, though worthy of all condemnation,—the hunting, we mean, of tame stags carted to the "meet," and carefully saved from the dogs to be hunted another time, when the run is over; and the hunting also of bagged foxes and trapped hares and rabbits, which have far less chance of escape than the wild animal. The fashionable world has not yet been educated up to disapproving such ignoble sports as these, sports which inflict far more than the ordinary amount of torture, because, at least in the case of the carted deer, they inflict it on a creature which has already gained an experience of terror in the same field, and which has less than the ordinary resources for escape. But the fashionable world not having been yet educated up to this point, and the sporting world being able to plead that her Majesty's own staghounds should hardly be put down by law, Mr. Anderson thought that his Bill would be lost if he insisted on the second clause,—a clause which had not secured the high sanction accorded to the prohibition of pigeon-shooting,—and accordingly the second clause had to be thrown overboard, to save the first. We believe that he judged rightly, first, because it is far better in such cases for the law to follow the public conscience than to go before it, the only result of which is that the people revolt against the law; and next, because a real change for the better in the law, and one for which the public conscience is quite ripe, would probably have been indefinitely postponed by grasping at something for which the public conscience is not yet ripe. But nothing can show more powerfully the influence of fashion on the *morale* of the world than the mere fact that, while almost everybody was willing to give up the existing pastime of pigeon-shooting as cruel and ignoble, and even Sir H. Maxwell, apparently, wanted only to be convinced that the Princess of Wales really disapproves it, to give it up too, the great majority in the House were strongly disinclined to condemn so very cruel and ignoble a form of amusement as hunting a tame stag,—a stag that has lost all its wild habits and all that keenness of sense peculiar to the wild state,—and would have rejected the Bill altogether, rather than condemn that miserable form of sport. We are not often able to say anything in favour of the speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill, but his speech of Wednesday entitles him to our cordial thanks. For our own parts, we regard the form of amusement for which the House of Commons proved itself so zealous on Wednesday, as hardly less cruel, though certainly more inhumane in the strict sense of that word, than that cruel amusement by which Sir Walter Scott, in "Quentin Durward," represents Louis XI. as diverting from himself the wrath of

Charles of Burgundy,—the hunting of the false herald of the Liègois and the Boar of Ardennes, by the two monarchs and their followers.

Mr. Anderson more than justified the one provision of which he has really carried the second reading, the prohibition of Pigeon-shooting. He showed that it is not an athletic or skill-testing sport at all, that it is a mere form of gambling, a very cruel form of gambling, and usually deformed by the grossest inhumanities practised to weight the scales in favour of or against particular gamblers. He showed how often pigeons are half-blinded to make them fly awry, or tortured in the trap to make them spring at once into the air; and that even at its best, this wholesale pigeon-slaughter is not an amusement testing either the endurance, or the keenness, or the sagacity of the true sportsman; and, as we have said, he carried the House with him. But we very much doubt whether he would have carried the House with him, but for the previous sentence of high society. The truth is, that the House, while loudly professing its wish to put an end to all cruelty, does not as yet believe in any sort of commensurability between the pains and pleasures of the lower animals and those of man. The obvious belief in the minds of the majority of the Members is that no amount of animal pain is too great to compensate for a clear addition to human pleasure, however small, and that no amount of human pain is too small to outweigh in importance any amount of animal pain, however great. That seems to us an utterly immoral doctrine; but every victory like Mr. Anderson's will make some substantial inroad on the obdurate and portentous selfishness of our too self-important race.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LITERARY DIFFICULTIES OF THE TORIES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will the writer of the article on "The Literary Difficulties of Tories" tell us where "the authors of the Church Catechism" "make much of the virtue of content," meaning, probably, by "content," resignation? I know of none, and shall be curious to learn what he is referring to. I have, so far, supposed that the true Liberal's motto, "Onward and upward," could rightly be claimed by an English Churchman. If I am told the Catechism says "No" to this, it will be indeed a case of "an old friend with a new face." *Absit omen!*—I am, Sir, &c., L. T. Rendell.

[Surely the Catechism preaches reverence to betters, content with your condition, and so on.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE PROSPECTS OF ENGLISH LAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. F. Impey remarks that *la petite culture* is a lost art in England. Can he prove that, apart from pasture dairy-farming and market gardening, it was ever an art at all in this country? At all events, if it ever flourished, it must have existed under those very powers of settlement and feudal laws which he assumes to be such a hindrance to it now. Mr. Impey draws attention to the successful production of milk and butter on *la petite culture* system, applied to arable land in Denmark, and implies that the same system might be successful in this country. I agree with him that, as far as soil and climate are concerned, there is no valid reason why arable dairy-farming should not prosper here. The difficulty lies in the different habits of the people and circumstances of the countries. The Danish and Belgian peasant has inherited the qualities necessary to the practice of the extremely difficult art of *la petite culture*, and so, to a certain extent, have the animals, which are his intelligent fellow-workers. The traveller in those countries may see a cow and a donkey, an old woman and a pony, or any other pair of living creatures, yoked together to the plough or harrow, and getting on quite amicably together. In those countries, human beings and animals alike will do fairly well on food which neither would look at in England, and are no more exacting as to comfortable housing. The strictest economy in every respect is practised, hardly any straw is used for litter, being sold off the premises, I presume; general slush prevails; and the only clean thing which meets the eye is commonly the butter, which is to be sent to market. Belgium, being already dotted over with little homesteads, conveniently scattered amongst small holdings, and being inhabited by a thrifty and skilled peasantry, having the knack of taking catch crops, such as mustard and rye, and growing patches of hemp, flax, colza, &c., crops almost unknown to our people, and accustomed to utilise every scrap of fertilising matter, is a country which affords little or no parallel to England from which you can fairly draw any inference. In England, the ever-increasing demand for beef and mutton is what practically determines the nature of our agriculture. As long as our teeming industrial population insists on having home-grown joints, chops, and steaks, stock-farming on a large scale, by which method meat can be most excellently and economically manufactured, is sure to prevail. Change we our land-laws never so wisely, *petite culture* will never supersede *grande culture*, provided we maintain our industrial supremacy.

If it be alleged that peasant-proprietors keep as many head of cattle as our farmers, in proportion to the size of their farms, it must be remembered (supposing the fact to be admitted) that the cattle are kept for ploughing and milking, but not for the butcher. Sheep, absolutely requiring an extensive run and management on a considerable scale, are quite beyond the range of peasant-farming. I repeat the opinion expressed in the conclusion of my former letter, that it is only by some kind of co-operative association, or by being admitted to some share in the profits of farming operations on a comparatively large scale, that our labourers who elect to remain at home can reasonably hope to improve their material condition in the arable districts of England.—I am, Sir, &c., W. H. Bullock-Hall.

Six-Mile Bottom, near Newmarket.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S DISCLAIMER OF ATHEISM.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your notice of "The Present-day Tracts" of the Religious Tract Society, in your issue of March 3rd, you say, with reference to Dr. Noah Porter's use of the term "atheism," as synonymous with "agnosticism," "Even Mr. Bradlaugh, we see, emphatically declares that he has never denied the existance of a God." In spite of this disclaimer, the following announcement appears week by week in the *National Reformer*. I quote from the current number of the paper, dated March 4th. The italics are my own:—"The full legal responsibility for everything which appears in these columns rests on *Mr. Bradlaugh* and *Mrs. Besant*, as *editors and publishers* of *the paper*. For the opinions expressed in all signed articles, the writers alone are morally responsible. *The editorial policy* of the paper *is* Republican, *Atheistic*, and Malthusian; but all opinions are freely admitted, provided only that they be expressed reasonably and in proper language." I confess I was startled when I first read Mr. Bradlaugh's disclaimer, and still find it difficult to reconcile it with this announcement of editorial policy. Read in the light of this announcement, it is not to be wondered at if much that appears in the *National Reformer*, with Mr. Bradlaugh's own signature, be viewed as designed to advocate absolute atheism, although it may stop short of embodying in plain terms the conclusion, "There is no God."—I am, Sir, &c., J. K.

CANON RAWLINSON ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your appreciative notice of the "Present-Day Tracts" issued by this Society, you say, with reference to Canon Rawlinson's tract on "The Antiquity of Man, Historically Considered," that he goes "beyond his brief, when he says there are no traces of the primitive savage." "Such a very sweeping assertion as this," "opposed, as it seems to be, to what we know about the cave men and the implements found in the drift, seems somewhat out of place." On looking at the tract again, p. 26, your reviewer will observe that Canon Rawlinson's statement is more limited. He says:—"The explorers who have dug deep into the Mesopotamian mounds and ransacked the tombs of Egypt, have come upon *no certain traces of savage man in those regions which a wide-spread tradition makes the cradle of the human race*." The italics are not Canon Rawlinson's. As you say, a tract on the subject (the age and origin of man, geologically considered) will shortly appear.—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Editor of the "Present-Day" Series.

COMPENSATION FOR PERMANENT IMPROVEMENTS IN TOWNS AND SANITARY IMPROVEMENTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The annual reports of the two Sanitary Associations established in London have shown us pretty plainly how bad is

the sanitary state of most of our houses. There is one cause of this which no amount of instruction in sanitary matters can destroy. This is the fact that the larger number of householders in London and our large towns are not only not the owners of their habitations, but that they receive no compensation from their landlords for any permanent improvements which they undertake. The consequence is that honseholders are most loth to do more than they are positively obliged to do in the way of permanent structural improvements. If they become aware that the drainage of a house is imperfect, they will either recklessly trust that they may not be injured by it, or they will adopt measnres of the most inexpensive and temporary kind to palliate the mischief. On the other hand, if tenants were to receive some reasonable compensation from their landlords for structural and permanent improvements to their houses, there can be no question that a greater step would be taken to improve the sanitary state of London and onr towns than by many years' lectures and addresses. It may be urged on behalf of the landlords that it is hard that they should pay for things which they do not desire should be done. But the answer to this objection is that their property is benefited by the improvements, and that it is for the benefit of society generally that dwelling-houses should be made as healthy and as comfortable as possible. It is contrary to public policy to let a man simply stand by and take rent to prevent improvements being done by the occupier. As long as they are permanent improvements, he should pay some share of their cost, when the house reverts into his possession. If those who are desirous of improving the sanitary condition of London houses were to direct their energies to this point, they would have strong support; and should they succeed, would have immeasurably advanced the progress of sanitary improvement. —I am, Sir, &c., A Householder.

THE "SCAMPER THROUGH AMERICA."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your interesting notice of Mr. Hudson's "Scamper through America," in the *Spectator* of January 27th, I find the statement made, I presume on his authority, that "the Railroad Companies . . . . . killed, in 1880, twenty-seven hundred persons at their 'level crossings.'" Some "sad, preoccnpied . . . . . saturnine" humorist must have practised upon Mr. Hudson's credulity.

The evil is, indeed, serious, and the nnmber of such crossings excessive. In Massachnsetts alone there are, according to the retnrns for 1882, 2,151 over railroads and highways; and the Commissioners say that even this statement is not, and cannot be, exact, "as many ways crossed by railroads are of doubtful legal condition." But the nnmber of persons killed at highway crossings in that State in 1880 was only nineteen; in 1882, twenty-one. I am not aware that there is any means of ascertaining the total number of such crossings in the United States, or the accidents occurring upon them; but by the censns of 1880, the total number of persons killed or injured "npon or within the trains, the tracks, or the buildings," of all the Railway Companies in the United States dnring the last complete fiscal year preceding June 1st, 1880, including passengers, employés, and other persons, was,—killed, 2,541; injured, 5,674; or a total of 8,215.

The whole number in the United Kingdom for the year 1880 was killed, 1,135; injured, 3,959; and adding those killed, 45, and injured, 2,733, on the Railway Companies' premises by accidents in which the movement of vehicles used exclnsively on railways was not concerned, the total was 7,872.

In the United Kingdom, in 1880, there were killed at level crossings, 74; in 1881, 83; besides, reported as suicides, whether at crossings or elsewhere, it is presnmed, in 1880, 60; in 1881, 65; totals, in 1880, 134; in 1881, 148.

Perhaps some doubt may be entertained as to the justice of this accusation against the alleged snicides, in the absence of the most important witness, and I do not undertake to say how many of the "sad, preoccupied" victims of the American Juggernaut may have purposely thrown themselves under his car.

It may not be without interest to note that the comparative mileage and popnlation of the two countries were as follows.—

United Kingdom, Population (1881)	35,246,663
United States „ (1880)	50,155,783
United Kingdom, Length of Railways Open (1880) ...	17,933
United States „ „ Completed „ ...	87,891

This is not, however, proposed as, in all respects, a fair basis of comparison in reference to the number of accidents.

You will, I am snre, pardon my unwillingness to leave such an error with even the apparent authority of the *Spectator* in its favour.—I am, Sir, &c., G. S. H.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The following passage, taken from an address of the late Dr. Vaughan, of Manchester, delivered in 1853 at a meeting of the Geological Society in that city, seems to be well worthy of quotation at the present moment. I copy it from "The Antobiography of Mr. Nasmyth," who observes that tunnels were not thought of at that time:—"After referring," says the writer, "to the influence which geological changes had produced upon the condition of nations, and the moral resnlts which oceans, mountains, islands, and continents have had upon the social history of man," he (Dr. Vaughan) went on to say,—"Is not this island of ours indebted to these great causes? Oh, that blessed geological accident that broke up a strait between Calais and Dover! It looks but a little thing; it was a matter to take place; but how mighty the moral results npon the condition and history of this country, and through this country's influence, upon humanity! Bridge over the space between, and you have directly the huge, Continental barrack-yard system all over England. And once get into the condition of a great Continental military Power, and you get the arbitrary power; you cramp down the people, and yon nnfit them for being what they ought to be,—free! And all the good influences together at work in this country could not have secured ns against this, but for that blessed separation between this Isle and the Continent."—I am, Sir, &c., An Englishman.

BRAITHWAITE AND BUTTERMERE RAILWAY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me space to call attention to a matter, recently come to light, which deserves not only that careful consideration which I have no doubt a Parliamentary Committee will give it, bnt some public criticism also?

One of the clauses of the petition to the Lords against the projected line, which has been largely signed by the resident gentry, the land-owners, the hotel-keepers, and the tradesmen of Keswick, tells us—I quote from memory—"That the petitioners hear and do verily believe that the promoters of the said line would not have applied for Parliamentary powers, had they not been compelled to do so by the terms of the Honister qnarry lease."

This, if it be the fact, means that the Lord of the Manor *has insisted, as part of his bargain with the lessees*, that they shall go to Parliament and ask for powers to take away common's rights; rnn amuck throngh the most valnable residential and private properties on the west shore of Derwentwater; practically close one of the most favourite carriage-drives in the neighbonrhood; damage the most enduring commercial interests of the tradesmen, lodginghouse-keepers, and hotel-keepers of Keswick, Grange, and Borrowdale; and do such harm to the natnral quiet and beauty of the Lake and Vale as will be little less than a national misfortune.

That this is the fact, we infer from what, as we are informed, occurred a few years since, in connection with these same quarries. A lease was being entered into, had got so far that the agent of the noble owner had told the lessees they might get their plant and begin, when a clause was insisted on to the effect that, as part of the bargain, they must construct this railway. The lessees said it could not pay them to do so, but told the noble owner, if he would construct the line, they would pay freightage over it for their slate. His Lordship refused, and the lease fell to the ground. Though Honister slate was paying 90s. then, as opposed to 64s. a ton now, I trnst the matter will receive the attention it deserves.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. B. Rawnsley,

Hon. Sec., Borrowdale and Derwentwater Defence Fund.

P.S.—If any of our numerous friends who know the fact of the projected line or this district will correspond personally with the Lords during the next few days, the information they can give will, no doubt, strengthen the hands of the Peers when they vote upon the Report from the Select Committee.

BOOKS.

KOMPERT'S SKETCHES OF JEWISH LIFE.*

These stories, though written, apparently, as far back as 1848, are tolerably fair transcripts of Jewish life in Slavonic countries at the present day, and throw no little light upon the *Judenhass* to which the Ashkenazim are still, as they were then, exposed. The Jew usurer and the Jew dram-seller are not, probably, worse than other usurers and dram-sellers, but the Children of Israel have for ages—be it their misfortune, or be it their fault—nearly monopolised both trades in Central and Eastern Europe, and cannot escape the penalty of mingled fear and hatred attached to pursuits that have become associated in their lucrative results with the necessities and failings of the weak and the vicious. Doubtless, this is by no means the whole explanation of the peculiarly bitter detestation in which they are held, wherever they form a notable element in the population. Their obstinate scorn, not so much of Christianity as of Christian folk, manifested openly enough, though after a passive rather than a militant fashion, and their persistent isolation from all but gainful intercourse with surrounding humanity, are permanent and more fundamental causes of Gentile hostility. "Schmah, Israel" ("Hear, Israel"), cries the wife of the "Randar," or farmer of spirits, in one of the most striking of these *novellen*, addressing her son, "do you want to drink brandy? Do you forget you are the son of Rebb (Master) Schmall? What Jewish child . . . . . drinks brandy? Brandy is for peasants alone. . . . . ." "I am forbidden to kneel," cries the boy at school when ordered to do so in expiation of some fault. "Do you not prefer a single Jewish soul to a whole village of peasants?" exclaims an old-clothes man. "Your dear Moritz," writes the last-mentioned character to the Randar, "went with his *chaver* [companion] Honza [a Christian schoolmate] to the village, and there danced, drank, ate,—and with whom? Great God! with peasant girls and youths. . . . . ." Honza's father is sent to prison for having fired the Randar's house. "You Jews," shrieks his son, "are the sole cause of my father's misery! . . . . . Have you not supplied him with drink, have you not made profit out of him, until he is at last in irons? Your father" (he is speaking to the Randar's son) "is a leech, glutted with the blood of the whole village." The Randar's daughter is reproached for singing a Bohemian song. "But they sing it in the village," pleads the girl. "That is the very reason," is the stern reply. Moritz cannot understand his father's unpopularity. At last he hits upon the reason,—it is his father's intellectual superiority. "If the Jews were a little less intelligent and the peasants a little more so, the true secret of accord would then have been found." As the tale, "The Randar's Children," proceeds, the son gets more enlightened. "It is precisely your present profession," he tells his father, "which puts you in such sad relations with the peasants. Can you not take farmland, and get your living by that?" Unfortunately, in those days, that was exactly what the laws did not allow a Jew to do. Moritz, who is intended for a doctor, and receives a fair education, becomes more and more liberal in his views. In a very curious written soliloquy, he speculates upon the quarrel between Jew and Christian. "Yesterday evening, I saw Hannele [his sister], lighting two wax tapers. But the first, in giving its luminous kiss to the second went out itself. Will it be thus with the Jewish and Christian religions?" He admires a State religion. "We Jews had one formerly . . . . . in what does it really consist?" The people as a mass "ask but one thing,—to see" this religion "freely chiselled in all places on stone, declared verbally, represented by pictures, proclaimed to the sound of music." "It is rare," he laments, "in the Ghetto, to see a child with flowers in its hand. Are the Jews really deprived of the sentiment of nature? With them, even children can do without flowers." "What is wanting to our religion," he concludes, and doubtless the author speaks through him, "is the feminine element . . . . . then would have disappeared some of that stiffness which is only now beginning to bend. Women know how to soften everything. . . . . As it is, the Jewish religion is only for men." The book abounds with like undesigned explanations of the ever-recurring *Judenhetze*. To be sad as a Christian, to take pleasure as a Christian, to eat or drink, marry or die like a Christian, is to be a *posche Isroel*,—a bad Jew. The Jew is a foreigner in the land of his birth and life, out of all sympathy with his compatriots, who are so only by accident of locality; his religion is hard, unlovely, strange, Oriental, exclusive, disdainful, as repellent now as in the days of Moses, for never in the course of their history have the Jews attracted Pagan, Idolator, Christian, or Moslem.

The scene of these *novellen*, which are only four in number, is laid in Czeckish Bohemia. Despite the title, they are as descriptive of the life of the village Jew as of that of his fellow in the Ghetto. The portrait of the latter is not an attractive one. "The Jew of the Ghetto is rarely . . . . . simple-minded and primitive; he is, on the contrary, sharp, angular, and as biting as an acid." On the other hand, the village Jew is "nearer to nature," but "heavier, and less keen;" living away from the Ghetto, he "has no need to be clever and cunning." "The Jew's sharpness," it is added—and the remark is as just as it is acute—"is, after all, a sort of moral weapon, directed against certain offences which he is either unwilling or unable to repress by physical means." The most interesting of the four stories are "The Randar's Children," which is rather a sketch of Jewish village life contrasted with the surrounding Christianity than a tale, and "Without Authorisation." The last named is one of the most charming stories we have ever read, and, even in the translation, is redolent of the humour of Otto Müller and the grace of Paul Heyse. It turns on the love and pride of a Jewish mother. Jaeker (Jacob) Lederer was the last-born of his father's four sons, and "being neither first-born, nor a doctor, nor a workman (like his elder brothers), could not, by the State laws, be the head of a family." In fact, he was a "State criminal," in merely continuing to exist. Nevertheless, he lived on and, what is more, fell in love with a "pretty girl, named Resel [Rachel] . . . . . the daughter of a poor hawker like himself." Before he could marry, however, he had to get the proper *reschojin*, or official permission. Such a permission was not given save to a *familiant*, or Jew possessed of a "right of family," a right only granted in 1848, according to the translator, to some thousand families in all Bohemia. Without such a right, being neither a learned graduate nor a licensed artisan, he had no title even to residence. The pair, notwithstanding, were betrothed, and for fourteen years endeavoured, but without success, to get over the *reschojin* difficulty. Jaeker was now thirty-six, his *fiancée* three years younger, and, after much hesitation, they resolved to dispense with the *reschojin*, and to get as much married as was possible "without authorisation." A boy was born, and, some few years afterwards, a new burgomaster coming into office, discovered Lederer's contravention, and, with the zeal of a freshly-appointed functionary, cited the unlucky hawker before him. Jaeker consulted the "advocate," Rebb Lippmann Goldberg, "of whom people said, by way of eulogy, that 'he had a head of iron.'" The only way of getting out of the scrape was to avoid admitting the marriage, and, after much persuasion, the wife was induced to say before the official, but in the midst of tears and sobs, "Am I not his housekeeper?" The burgomaster, who saw through the matter, and regretted his hasty zeal, dismissed Jaeker, with a caution to treat his "illegitimate" child and his housekeeper as though they were legitimate child and wife. Jaeker was glad enough to get off so easily, but the mother brooded over the term "illegitimate" applied to her boy, and on learning its meaning was beside herself with grief. It was afflicting enough that she should be a "housekeeper," but that her boy should be a "natural child" broke her very heart. Then she conceived the notion of asking the aid of the Emperor towards procuring a "family right" to be conferred upon Jaeker, so that her child might be legitimated. Of course, every one, her husband loudest of all, ridiculed the idea; of course, the mother stuck to it, became more and more convinced of its feasibility, and with the help of an admirable petition drawn up by the advocate with "a head of iron," actually carried it out, with all the success her courage and constancy merited.

The book is full of vivid descriptions of the quaint life of the Ghetto. Every young Jew has to go through a somewhat trying ordeal on his *bar-mitzveh* (initiation). He reads or intones before the Synagogue a chapter of the Thora, and woe to him if he mispronounces a word, or stumbles over a punctuation; he is ever after a "stickit" Jew, like the *schlemiel* ("lout") in the first story, whose discomfiture upon such an occasion is most humorously described. The houses of the well-to-do Jews are rendezvous of wandering *schnorrer*, or bedesmen, who bring the news of Israel from the remotest corners of Central and

* *Scenes from the Ghetto.* Translated from the German of Leopold Kompert. London: Remington and Co. 1882.

Eastern Europe, and are often full of "good stories, clever tricks, and Talmudic subtletics." One of these *schnorrer*, Mendel Wilna by name, mentioned in the story of "The Randar's Children," was an ardent believer in the restoration of Jerusalem, and the glow of his enthusiasm seems to radiate from the carefully drawn and striking portrait which the author has presented to us of this strange tramp. Of the many Ghetto holidays, none is more welcome than the Holemoed,—"it laughs, jokes, and performs a thousand pranks." Yet the Holemoed is but a minor feast, inserted, as it were, to give relief, in the festivals at Easter and at Tabernacles. It is "the intermediary element between the silent lips of the Sabbath and the noisy gesticulations of the work-day." A peculiar festal air envelops everything; "nowhere can be heard the piercing business cry, and it is only to avoid losing the habit that people go their daily rounds." The sun itself seems "to shine in a more joyous manner. It throws its rays like so many golden threads on the narrow and pointed gable-ends of the Ghetto. Above the houses, daylight; below, twilight. But where the street widens, the golden threads disperse themselves, falling unobstructed to the earth; and the faces of those who happen to walk under these threads become covered with the sun's rays, and as if gilded."

We must not, however, linger longer over these charming stories, in turn pathetic and humorous, always picturesque in style, and simple, almost naïf, in language, but permeated by a reflective earnestness that lifts them far above the level of mere tales. A word of thanks is due to the translator, who, judging from the smoothness of his English, seems to have performed his task extremely well; and the reader will be grateful for the notes, in themselves often interesting, explaining the numerous Jewish expressions and usages mentioned in the text.

BRIGHTER BRITAIN.*

Brisk, frank, and cheery is the tone of these volumes, and they are written with sense, as well as spirit. The author, Mr. William Delisle Hay, dashes at once *in medias res*, and we shall follow his example. On landing at Auckland, his attention was drawn to the fact that all the Aucklanders he met had strangely aquiline noses. Hebrews he knew they were not, and he got the following explanation from a whimsical fellow-voyager, himself an old Aucklander:—

"Ah! that's a peculiarity of the climate. You'll have a long nose, too, after a year or so. There's an Auckland proverb, that a new chum never does any good until his nose has grown. It's like the proverbial cutting of the wisdom-teeth. After inhaling this magnificent air of ours for a year or two, your nose will grow bigger, to receive it; and about the same time, you will have spent the money you brought with you, gone in for hard work, learnt common-sense, and become 'colonised.'"

"New chum" is the name given by the old settlers to a fresh arrival from England. His ways are not their ways, and his doings are regarded pretty much as a "freshman's" are, or used to be, at Oxford. Mr. Hay, to bear out, as he says, one of the received theories about "new chums," namely, their utter want of frugality, took his ease in the Long's or Claridge's of Auckland, instead of in one of the minor inns. The tariff was not excessive, 8s. a day, inclusive of everything but liquors. The servants showed no symptoms of servility, but in ability they seem not wanting. One morning, soon after his arrival, he got down to breakfast rather late. Something seemed to have creased his landlady's temper, and she greeted him with, "Look here, young man! I can't have people walking in to breakfast at all hours of the day. If you don't come down at the proper time, you'll have to go without in future, mind that!" But the waiter, bringing with him a dish which he had been keeping hot for Mr. Hay, slapped it down in front of him, and observed, in a tone of mild remonstrance to his mistress, "Leave the man alone. I'll look after him. Now, just you walk into that, my boy, and see if it won't suit your complaint!" A sociological Cuvier like Swift might be able to construct from this incident a fairly correct picture of the "social relations that obtain" in Northern New Zealand. Mr. Hay spares his readers the trouble of so attempting anything of the kind, but we cannot quote any more of his illustrations of that "general fusion of all sorts of people," which produces, in his opinion, "a very amiable and friendly state of things."

We must, also, leave the reader to follow for himself Mr. Hay's vivacious narrative of the life he led after "going up country," and to make his own acquaintance with Mr. Hay's chums, "Old Colonial," "the Little Un'," "the Fiend," and the Irishman "O'Gaygun." They are hearty, pleasant fellows, worth making acquaintance with; and their quaint sayings and doings add a Bret-Harte kind of flavour to the author's obviously literal descriptions of the herculean labours, which a colonist must be prepared to face, who is bent on forcing his way by axe and spade to a competence. We must, however, find room for the following passage, which contradicts a notion that is held by most of the colonists, and may possibly meet the eye of some of our "home-keeping youths," and be of welcome service to them:—

"The advantages which the average middle-class 'young gentleman' may reasonably look forward to from emigration to New Zealand are these:—In the first place, he may expect to enjoy robust health, more perfect and enjoyable than he could hope for if tied down to a counting-house stool in the dingy atmosphere of a city. He will exchange the dull monotony of a sedentary occupation in the chill and varying climate of Britain for a life of vigorous action in a land whose climate is simply superb. When he gets through the briars that must necessarily be traversed at the outset, he will find himself happier, freer from anxiety, and, on the whole, doing better than he would be if he had remained in the old life. If he be anything of a man, before ten or a dozen years are gone he will find himself with a bit of land and a house of his own; he will be married, or able to marry, his earnings will suffice for existence, while every pound saved and invested in property will be growing, doubling, and quadrupling itself, for his age and his children. There is something to work for here,—independence, contentment, and competence." "I am not," continues Mr. Hay, "an emigration tout, and have no interest in painting my picture in too vivid colours, and in these remarks I have transgressed against some of the ordinary colonial views on the subject; but I have done so with intention, because I consider them not entirely in the right. The colonist says, 'We don't want gentlemen here, we want *men!*' But he forgets that the unfortunate individual he disparages has often more real manhood at bottom than the class below him. Therefore, the middle-class emigrant must remember the qualities most required in him,—pluck, energy, and resolution."

As to the "superb climate" mentioned in the above extract, we have really, in this winter of our discontent, no heart to copy any of Mr. Hay's eulogies on *that*. His glowing descriptions of,—

> "An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams,"

are, just at present, too tantalising. While the mirth of our December is quenched in fog, and the warmth of our July is served out to us with the chill on,—

> "We have no mind to hear
> The story of that distant bliss,"

which our fellow-mortals are enjoying, eight thousand miles beneath our feet. We prefer, rather, in the spirit of malevolence engendered by envy, to quote our author's account of the kauri bug. Northern New Zealand is as free from snakes and scorpions and poisonous centipedes as it is from "contagious fogs" and Stygian "mists and exhalations." But Beelzebub has taken it out of this earthly paradise in insects. "Spiders as big as walnuts, with great hairy legs two or three inches long," are encouraged rather than not, as they help to keep down the flies. Of these, the worst is the Maori blow-fly, which, soaring supreme, as Mr. Hay puts it, over all the blue-bottles' old-fashioned systems, is a coloniser with a vengeance, troubling itself to lay no eggs or nits, but carrying its family about ready-hatched, and prepared at a moment's notice "to deposit an incredible number of lively, hungry maggots upon any desirable surface." But the Maori blow-fly is nothing to the kauri bug. This creature is a "more fearful wild-fowl than your lion," and more terrible than the grnesome leeches which stalked Sir Emerson Tennent in Ceylon, and hung in bloody festoons about the ankles of his bare-legged attendants. Mr. Hay approaches this emperor of insect-pests in a jocular vein, but he is obviously laughing "with alien lips":—

"We do not know," he says, "whether this insect is known to naturalists, or not. That is a slight matter, and not particularly pertinent to the question of its interest for us. We believe, however, that no naturalist has yet been found of sufficiently ardent temperament, and of sufficiently hardy nerves, to attempt to classify or examine this most infamous of bugs. Appearances are deceptive very often; they are so in this instance. Nothing could look more innocent and inoffensive than the kauri bug, yet few insects rival it in crime. It is an oval shape, anything under and up to the size of a crown piece. It is flat, black, hard, and shiny, and resembles a cross between the English blackbeetle and the woodlouse or slater. It stinks. That is all it does,—but it is enough. Look at it, and it is harmless enough; but tread on it, touch it, disturb it never so slightly, and instantly the whole surrounding atmosphere is permeated with a steneh more infernally and awfully horrible than anything else on this side of the Styx."

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* *Brighter Britain; or, Settler and Maori in Northern New Zealand.* By W. D. Hay. 2 vols. London: R. Bentley and Co. 1882.

In his second volume, Mr. Hay gives a full and interesting account of Maori manners. But the race, he feels, is doomed, and he contemplates its doom with an equanimity which may seem cynical to a platform philanthropist, but to us seems sensible enough :—

"We do not need," he says, "to raise a cry of lamentation over the departing Maori. Let him go; we shall get on well enough without him. When the ordinary Englishman refers to the matter, he says :—'They're a splendid race, those Maories ["Maori" and "kauri" should be pronounced like "cowry"], and it's a thousand pities they should be dying out so fast.' With this commonly begins and ends the sum of his knowledge on the matter. Now, the Maori is not altogether such an absolutely superior person. Relatively to some aboriginal races,—the Australian black, for instance, and perhaps most of the North-American tribes,—the Maori may truly be described as a splendid race ; but compared with the Anglo-Saxon, the Maori is nowhere. He cannot match our physical developments, nor our intellectual capacity, average compared with average. So let the Maori go. We do not wish him to, particularly. We are indifferent about the matter. We would not hurry him, on any account. Nay, we will even sympathise with him, and sorrow for him, —a little. We are content to know that he will make room for a superior race. It is but the process of Nature's sovereign law. The weaker is giving way to the stronger; the superior species is being developed, at the expense of the inferior."

As a subordinate illustration of the same law, it may be worth noticing that, owing to the pertinacity with which English traders send inferior goods to the Colonies, the superior cutlery of America is being rapidly developed, at the expense of the inferior cutlery of England. Mr. Bright's caveat-emptorism has its dangerous side; and the buyer who "boasteth when he is gone his way" is less to be dreaded than the buyer who sayeth, not in vain, after his purchase, "It is naught, it is naught!"

This notice does no manner of justice to the livelier portions of Mr. Hay's book,—to his vivacious sketches of originals like "Pirate Tom" and "Dandy Jack," to his bright, fresh pictures of colonial life and manners, or to the simplicity and clearness of his descriptions of scenery. We must make what amends we can, by heartily recommending *Brighter Britain* as a book which will excite and benefit the reader who has wisely made up his mind to emigrate to Northern New Zealand, and as a book which will amuse and interest him, if, with his lines fallen in decently pleasant places, he has quite as wisely determined to remain at home in England.

SUMMER SONGS AND POEMS.*

"After a certain period," says Thomas Warton, "in every country and in every language, men grow weary of the natural, and search after the singular." The truth of the saying seems to be specially evident in our day, when the subjects chosen for verse and the method of treatment too often show a straining after singularity, a distorted vision, and feebleness of poetic power. These versemen—for we do not care to call them poets—are not fools ; it would be charitable to wish they were, so unmercifully do they treat the language, so fantastic, and not unfrequently sensual, is their imagery, so unwholesome is their representation of passion, so contemptible are their aspirations, so wanting are they generally in manliness of thought and simplicity of diction. That writers of this class, endowed though some of them may be with considerable, but perverted power, will permanently emasculate English poetry, we do not believe. This folly of the time, like the more innocent folly of Cowley's day, is but a passing fashion, the work of jaded intellects, appealing, as sensational fiction appeals, to jaded appetites.

Mr. Swinburne, in the early days of his career, catered to the taste we have been deploring, and thereby encouraged the extravagancies of smaller men. The spirit, for example, that pervades his *Dolores* has again and again inflamed the unnatural fancies of poetasters, whose verbiage and hollowness of sound are more conspicuous than the splendid music of their master. *Summer Songs, and other Poems,* are chiefly remarkable as exhibiting the defects of the erotic versifiers who, in turning Nature upside down, defy sense, morality, and grammar. In the love expressed by great poets, there has sometimes been too much of sexual passion, but the morbid sensuality which gloats over a woman's form and features, as if her flesh, and not the divinity that encircles her, were the sole object of attraction, is a product of our day. In this respect, Mr. Hewitt sins less than some verse-makers of his school, probably because his power is less, for in a long, maundering poem, called "Gitana," which contains quite as much nonsense as rhyme, he tries his best, or worst, to follow in their wake. The poet is about to part for ever from his "temptress," but before doing so, while lying together, with the great sea at their feet, he describes his past passion, confessing that it holds him captive still, and that while knowing the woman to be false, her eyes of fire burn him "soul and body through," so that he is forced to do what he would not do,—

"Love, woo and wear thy lips with mine,
Caress thee as I have caressed,
Cling to and fold thee, as a vine,
And sow with kisses.

. . . . . .

And wearying, draw thy sweet, small head
Down to my lap and toss thy hair,
And whisper what may not be said,
And kiss down from thine ear to where
The throat is bare."

The next stanza, in which the poet tastes "the new-milk sweetness" of his lady's lip, cannot be quoted; then follows an inventory of her charms, consisting of a finely pencilled brow, sweeping, bronzed temples, a dainty head, eyes whose glory "may not be overmatched nor told," a delicately carved nose and melting mouth, and "cheeks that the black-thonged lashes lace." He asks, too, though it seems an unnecessary question, where the spot was in which first they knew of love,—

"When love and lip together grew,
As the vast ocean to the shore,
Or tidal bore ?"

The elaborate account of this first meeting, when,—

"Spirit unto spirit slid
Through lip and lid,"

is secure from quotation, but two stanzas further on may be given without offence. The writer is still recalling past delights :—

"I, too, would come upon you here,
And all unseen your arms entwine,
Then to my shoulder press thine ear,
And sideway pluck those lips of thine,
To touch with mine.

Or leaning over as you sat,
Your neat head lapped upon my knees,
Bend, till my mouth inverted sat
Thy rose-lips' honey to the lees,
Sweeter than bees'."

The position seems a difficult one, and Mr. Hewitt is, we believe, the first poet that ever plucked a woman's lips; but he achieves greater wonders still. Not only does passion fuse his "solid soul and purpose," while either the passion or the purpose, or both together, flash forth like molten snow "to fold her in its flow," but, to quote his own words,—

"I wove a song, you wound the tune,
Of loves that last—it was the mood
Which caught the colour of the noon,
And shot the world's weal rosy hued—
We dreamed love could."

The song, it may be remarked, is better than might have been expected, from this prelude. It is not original in thought, but it is more musical in expression than the larger portion of Mr. Hewitt's verses,—

"Life is not life if love in life be vain,
Love is not love if love in life can die,"

is a couplet to be read with pleasure, which is more than can be said of any three consecutive stanzas out of the one hundred and seventy-five which form this poem.

Enough of "Gitana,' and of the fault characteristic of a school of poets that led us to mention it. Other faults equally significant may be noted, namely, a disregard of common-sense and a striking confusion of similes and metaphors. Good-sense, says a living Professor of English Literature, is more essential to prose than poetry, "inasmuch as prose is destitute of that metrical rhythm and variegated embellishment with which verse can often conceal or disguise poverty or incorrectness of thought." A more unfortunate, we had almost said a more ignorant, remark was never made by a man of letters. Wherever "variegated embellishment" conceals poverty of thought, there, be sure, you will find no poetry; and the same remark holds good when a verse-maker considers himself superior to the ordinary rules of composition, deems that all is well, if only he can "rhyme and rattle."

In an Introduction, which commences with a wail of despair, so familiar that it has become common-place, Mr. Hewitt sings, in the second stanza, that his "blood had frozen motion," and also that,—

* *Summer Songs and Poems.* By J. A Hewitt. London: Remington and Co. 1882.

"As the sea-beat's travail and sorrows
On the sea-board, seemed the smart
Of the blood-wave on the furrows
And reefs of a broken heart."

This may be "variegated embellishment," but it is certainly not sense, any more than it is grammar to say that the sun has "plentied" the earth, in order that the writer may add the amazing couplet:—

"By the merciless winter's untented
Panition consigned to dearth."

The writer has a rather pretty song of "The Rose," but we conclude that the last line of the following stanza is due to the exigencies of rhyme:—

"I care not for that or this dress,
I am fairest of all in all;
I am loved by men as a mistress,
And kissed by maids as thrall."

The same reason may account for the writer confessing, in words that resemble neither prose nor poetry,—

"There gnaws
Within my bosom, deep within the cone,
The weevil-cark of love, unloved, unknown."

The use of metaphor is one of the privileges of the poet, but he should use it correctly; and the orator who saw in his mind's eye the vessel of the State floating on the brink of a volcano was not more absurd than Mr. Hewitt, when he writes of Scandal's dunghills flapping their wanton wings. The want of the imagination that sees into the life of things leads the writer to adopt outrageous expressions. If great thoughts are absent, it cannot be denied that we have in their place what an old writer would have called "a mighty pother of words." There is a piece called "After Parting," in which a bad woman is frankly told how very bad she is. The poem is an amazing production, but we must content ourselves with quoting a stanza or two:—

"How thou wert moulded who can tell,
So brave and bright in blade and hilt?
Perchance from human dregs that fell
Into the crucible of Hell,
By Devils gilt."

And the end is foretold, when she will descend,—

"Hell deep in gulphs of sin and shame,
A mangled Pariah, fangless, tame,
Waiting the end.
Thy end of blasphemous remorse,—
A boiling, brine-dipped, burning rod;
No hope consoling thee thy course;
Thy latest life-breath hissing hoarse
Curses on God."

We owe, perhaps, some excuse to our readers for quoting passages like these, but the disease of which they are typical is so common among the poetasters of our time, that Mr. Hewitt may at least say that his portentous imagery, his carelessness of construction, his unwholesome allusions, the utter hopelessness which leads him to pore "on a waning ember" in the first page of his volume, may be all met with elsewhere. It is as strange as it is true. Mr. Hewitt is right in saying that his spirit "no more, like the raven, shall range over destitute seas." He belongs to a brotherhood in song. He sings of wild desires, of fathomless regrets, of solitary shores strewn with the hopes of the past, of delicious miseries and a blighting heritage of woe, of tasting the heaven of a woman's white skin; of much that is "wan," much that is "jaded," and much that it is impossible to utter with a decent respect for sense or grammar. Singing thus, he does not stand alone, as every one who is forced to read much recent poetry knows. We quit Mr. Hewitt with the hope that he will live to do better things, and be ashamed of his *Summer Songs*. He has at times an ear for rhythm, witness a "Serenade," on p. 140; and if he be a young man, his imitative power may be turned to better account. But he must begin a wholly new life in verse, before he will be able to produce poetry worthy of the name.

PROFESSOR MORRIS ON KANT.*

Many of our readers will remember Brown's remark with reference to the philosophies of Reid and Hume. Hume—the typical sceptic—and Reid—scepticism's deadliest foe—did not, in reality, Brown said, differ at all. Hume cried out, "You can't give any satisfactory reason for believing in a world external to your consciousness!" and added in a whisper, "But you can't get rid of the belief." Reid insisted loudly, "A belief in the external world is an essential part of the constitution of man's nature!" and then whispered, "He can't justify it by any sufficient reason, though." Whether or no this be a true account of the matter so far as Reid is concerned, it certainly expresses a truth of wide application. There is, in many a great philosopher's works, a class of opinions that is loudly insisted upon, and a certain proportion of admissions, not falling in with the rest of his theory. To take instances near home, the late Mr. Mill, the most strenuous opponent of the Intuition Philosophy, granted that our belief in the veracity of memory is "ultimate," or, in other words, that memory gives us an intuitive knowledge of the past. Dr. Bain admits that one must *assume* the uniformity of Nature. Mr. Herbert Spencer's whole philosophy, though displaying in every page constructive genius, quietly takes for granted first principles which no experience could give him. Some one has said of Feuerbach that his Atheistic philosophy amounted to the solution of the following problem:—"Given that there is no God, how can you best account for religious belief?" We should, similarly, state Mr. Spencer's problem thus:—"Given that the Evolution philosophy contains the true account of mental and social phenomena, how are its principles to be best harmonised with observed facts?" It would take too long to examine in detail, and in each individual case, the causes to which we must attribute inconsistency of this kind. We can only state, briefly illustrating our statement by the work of which we are about to speak, that it seems to us due to the double aspect of truth to the philosopher. He attempts two things,—to observe phenomena, and to construct a theory which should account for them. If facts are brought under his notice which do not seem to square with his theory, "tant pis pour les faits." He is too much interested in and committed to his theory to revise it,—to abandon it for the time, perhaps. He is conscious that there is much truth in it, and yet the facts are undeniable, therefore he gives up neither; the real truth being, generally, that he has carried a theory, true within limits, beyond the sphere of its legitimate application.

We had occasion, a short time ago, to allude to the contrast, so often pointed out, between Kant's practical belief and his speculative principles. But there is a farther point to be noted in connection with the purely speculative philosophy of the Königsberg sage, which is brought into prominent relief in the volume before us. It is well known that two quite distinct schools of philosophy claim Kant as the original source of their teaching. There is the German school, represented in its gradual development by Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel; and the school of destructive thought, which looks upon metaphysics as an impossibility, and upon all reasoning with respect to "things-in-themselves" as illusory and self-contradictory. Dean Mansel and Mr. Herbert Spencer represent two successive stages of this school, and certainly if we judged of Kant by the "Antinomies of Pure Reason" alone, these writers would seem to be the true exponents of his views. But even in the *Critique of Pure Reason* itself, to say nothing of the "Practical" critique, there are indications of another line of thought, separating him completely from Hume, the father of scepticism, and the rest of his school, which later German writers claim to have explained and developed, and which issues, in them, not in the denial of the possibility of metaphysics, but in a system of ontology. The great question in these days, now that the cry "Back to Kant!" has become so general, is which of these schools is Kant's legitimate child, and which the bastard? Or to revert to Brown's mode of expression, "What was Kant's shout, and what his whisper?" Professor Morris's account of the matter, in the interesting little volume on the *Critique of Pure Reason*, with which he commences a series of German philosophical classics for English readers, is briefly as follows. Kant was early in life educated in the current philosophy of his time, which he found highly unsatisfactory:—

"He had been bred in the current metaphysics of his time—the so-called Leibnitz-Wolfian philosophy—in which the living thought of the acknowledged master Leibnitz had been reduced to a systematic, but lifeless, and hence comparatively uninstructive, formalism. Through this, as will be subsequently seen, Kant, nevertheless, imbibed many a germ of real philosophic thought; but it did not satisfy him, and in his very first published work, he expresses incidentally his distrust of all current metaphysics, by declaring that 'our metaphysics, like many other sciences, has, in fact, only come to the threshold of real and solid knowledge; and God only knows when we shall see it step across the threshold.'"

Dissatisfied, then, with mental philosophy, he betook himself more and more to the study of physics, and thus fell under the influence of British writers, such as Newton. Side by side with

* *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason: a Critical Exposition.* By George S. Morris, Ph D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1882.

British physicists, he studied Locke, Hume, and others of our "experience" philosophers, whose systems he found at all events definite; and, up to a certain point, satisfactory. The method of metaphysics should, he said, be the same as that which Newton followed in physics with such signal success. It must find its place "on the lowly ground of experience and common-sense; all we can do is to analyse the 'confused content of consciousness.'" Those convictions which are necessary to our happiness have, fortunately, been written by God in our hearts, and we hold them by an invincible, moral faith, which, however, defies theoretic justification.

Here is the point at which, according to Professor Morris, Kant reached philosophical low-water. His after-career consisted in a gradual progress towards emancipation from the trammels of Hume's scepticism,—never, indeed, thoroughly completed. This is the key-note to Professor Morris's work, which traces, with respect to each distinctive feature in Kant's philosophy, both the sensational principle from which it departed, and what the author holds to be the true view which the succeeding Kantians in Germany developed from it. To take one instance, Kant's account of Space. Hume held that the spatial relations, investigated by geometry, are purely generalisations from experience; that our belief that a straight line is the shortest way from one point to another is an induction, and has no necessary character in it. Kant, on the other hand, saw that the observation of one instance was quite sufficient to show that such relations must universally hold good. Such a belief is founded on no induction, but on an *a priori* judgment of the mind. Here, then, he seems to depart from the sensational theory. He grants—or appears to grant—the mind's perception of necessary objective truth. But at this point he stops short, and draws back. At the moment when he appears to be casting off his fruitless subjectivism, he halts, and seems afraid to proceed further. True, he says, the mind can know synthetic, *a priori* truths about space; it knows beforehand that in any part of space the geometrical truths hold good; but space itself is, after all, only subjective. It is a "form" of thought. It is the indispensable condition of our sensible knowledge, as time is, and they shape and arrange it. But they have nothing to do with the "thing-in-itself." Neither space nor time can be *absolutely* objective, because, if they were, they must be either substance or the attributes of substance, and they are neither. But Professor Morris points out that elsewhere Kant had explained that substance and attribute are terms derived "by abstraction from material things," so that this reasoning is no more valid than would be the reasoning of one who denied that he had sensations of sight, because they produced effects on him which he could not explain in terms of sensations of touch and smell.

We are unable to follow Professor Morris in his distinctively Hegelian tenets, to which we observe he gives the name of "philosophy," *par excellence*. We have no space to discuss the question here, but we think he would have done better to have examined the intuitionist belief in an external world, instead of dismissing Reid's account with the remark that the problem is artificial. His own remarks on the subject are rather poetic, than a definite handling of the difficulties of the question. He sums up thus:—"Being is Doing, and Doing is, in the first and last resort, the operation of Spirit. But the activity of Spirit is Life, and so Life is in some sense coextensive with Reality. It is the contemplation of such results as these that Plato terms the Absolute, the Good; Aristotle, pure Energy . . . . . St. John, Love; Hegel, Spirit." All this savours of Hegel, and we have looked in vain for any account of the matter which solves the real problem otherwise than by ignoring it. But it is extremely interesting to trace the influence of Kant on the later Germans, however little we may think they improved upon him, or were, in detail, true exponents of his principles; and the work before us goes far to show that Kant's scepticism was only a halting-place, and that he himself did not look upon it as final, or as an account of his full mind. He rested in it, when his powers of analysis failed to carry him further; and, again, there was an element of reaction against the unsatisfactory metaphysics current in his time; but he saw that truth was to be gained, though he had not succeeded in tracing the path to it. He saw the mountain in the distance, but could not find the road by which it was to be approached. The last words of the *Critique* are certainly in a hopeful strain, and would sound strange indeed in the mouth of an Agnostic:—"The critical way alone is still open. If the reader has had the courtesy and patience to wander through it in my company, he may now judge whether, if he will contribute his share towards making this foot-path a highway, that which many centuries could not accomplish, may not be attained before the lapse of the present century,—namely, the complete satisfaction of human reason respecting those problems which have at all times aroused its curiosity, though hitherto in vain."

AN ICONOGRAPHY OF CULTIVATED ORCHIDS.*

Of this sumptuous volume, it may fairly be said *qu'il sent l'opulence*. There is a ring of wealth about the very name of the publisher, one of the first among the half-score or so of Parisian *éditeurs* who vie with each other in perfection of typography and superbness of illustration. Then, the cultivation of Orchids, owing to the rarity and consequent high price of these beautiful plants, is a pleasure almost exclusively reserved for the rich. Lastly, the wealth of colour displayed by their blooms, by turns gorgeous and delicate, is unrivalled in the plant-world; while the strange and striking forms, the wonderful modifications and adaptations of the parts of the flower, cause the order to be even more interesting to the botanist than to the horticulturist. Of no other order of living organisms, probably, is the study so fruitful of results, or so rich in suggestive and luminous explanations of some of the deepest and most attractive of Nature's mysteries.

The author introduces his subject by a brief sketch of the botanical relations of orchids, and a more extended and valuable account of their geographical distribution. From an economical point of view, the order is of little use to man, vanilla-pods and orris-powder being the sole products it offers for human consumption. But a more liberal philosophy has replaced the narrow theory that the efforts of Nature are to be admired so far only as they minister to the wants and pleasures of mankind, and the fact that to the vast world of insects—from the dank and steamy forests of the equatorial zone to the snow-covered *tundra* of the Arctic Circle—the *Orchidaceæ* furnish the sweetest and most delicate of foods, well named nectar, is an ample vindication of their existence. M. de Puydt is an horticulturist rather than a botanist. Of Robert Brown, the founder of the study of the order, he makes no mention, neither does he refer to Darwin's wonderful treatise, and we are not, therefore, surprised that no allusion whatever is contained in the volume to the marvellous results of the investigations of these great naturalists. But we think the omission is a defect; orchidaceous flowers are, no doubt, in the highest degree attractive and interesting by reason of their forms and colours alone; but a brief *résumé* of what is now known of the meaning and value of their parts, and of the mode in which these enable the members of the order to maintain their place in the great struggle for existence, would have invested the subject with a higher interest in the eyes of horticulturists, and perhaps have induced some among them to make use of the ample opportunities at their disposal of following up the history and habits of these singular plants.

According to M. de Puydt, about four thousand species of orchids exist. But the number in reality approaches six thousand, of which at least fifteen hundred are well known to horticulturists. The plants are of all sizes, from the small *Spiranthes* to the gigantic *Grammatophyllum speciosum*, of which the stem is eight feet long, and the spike of golden, brown-spotted flowers has a droop of two yards, or more. Sometimes only a single flower is produced, as in the *Cypripedia*; sometimes a hundred large flowers are borne, as in the snowy inflorescence of the magnificent *Phalænopsis grandiflora*, of which a beautiful plate is given opposite p. 307. Of most of the species the blooms are very durable, in not a few cases lasting for several months, and rarely less than six to eight weeks. The majority are scentless, but some give out an exquisite perfume, such as many of the otherwise generally unattractive *Epidendreæ*. Of the genera *Cattleya*, *Odontoglossum*, *Oncidium*, and *Vanda*, examples of all of which are figured by M. de Puydt, some species possess both showy flowers and a fragrant perfume, thus offering a double attraction.

European orchids are invariably terrestrial, and comparatively inconspicuous in the size and colouration of their flowers. It is among the epiphytous members of the order, found growing high up in the branchage of tropical and semi-tropical forests, that we must look for the gorgeous hues, the delicate tints, the

* *Les Orchidées; Histoire Iconographique, &c.* Avec 244 Vignettes et 50 Chromo-lithographies. Par E. de Puydt. Paris: Rothschild. 1880.

strange forms, and the opulent inflorescence that are the delight of the horticulturist. The chromo-lithographs of some of the most important of these, contained in this volume, are among the best of the kind we have seen. That of *Cattleya Dowiana* reproduces with admirable fidelity the splendid amethyst and topaz of its magnificent flower, often over six inches in breadth. Of *Oncidium splendidum*, no palette can give the rich golden hue, blotched with cinnamon-brown; but the approach to reality is as near as the resources at the author's command permit. With *Odontoglossum triumphans*, an "arrangement" of gold, pink, and burnt sienna, he has been more successful; and the delineations of the singular forms of *Stanhopea Devoniensis* and *Cypripedium caudatum*, the two lateral petals of the latter of which hang down in extraordinarily long festoons of a rich cinnamon-brown, leave nothing to be desired. In short, the plates, without exception, are good, and the only defects we have to notice are a slight crudeness in the green of the stems, together with a certain want of accuracy in the botanical detail of the flower, for which, however, the horticultural public, to whom the book is addressed, will not greatly care.

The terrestrial orchids are easier to grow than the epiphytous species, all of which require hot-house or warm temperate treatment. But though tropical plants, they avoid the hotter, low-lying lands, and prefer the woods that clothe the slopes of lofty hills, at a height of from six to eight thousand feet above the sea-level. M. de Puydt gives a plate of a very beautiful and fragrant *Trichopilia* (*T. suavis Lamarckiæ*), found only on the volcano Chiriqui, in Central America, at a height of 9,000 feet. It has large crenulate petals and labellum, abundantly marked with streaks and blotches of a delicate rose-pink. Unfortunately, the flowers last only a fortnight; on the other hand, the plant hardly needs a hot-house, and is not difficult to grow. Mr. Burbidge, who saw numberless epiphytous species, such as *Phalænopsis grandiflora*, flourishing wild in the forests of Borneo, gives, in his interesting *Gardens of the Sun*, a description of their habitat, which serves as a guide for their treatment by the horticulturist. Living high up in mid-air, they are screened from the direct action of the sun, the heat-rays, not the light, of which they dread, by the leafy canopy, deluged by rains for half the year, and fanned by constant breezes blowing in from the sea. The best that Art can do is to follow Nature as closely as possible; and the orchid-grower, dreading neither light nor air, must give his epiphytous plants copious showers of water, surround them by an atmosphere of a proper temperature and sufficiently damp, and, observing the usual horticultural precautions, may then rest pretty sure of success. The *Cypripediæ*, some of which pass the winter under Siberian snow, need only a temperate house, and among them are many beautiful species. They are, however, the least, as the *Vandeæ* are the most, orchidaceous of orchids. But they are comparatively inexpensive; the tropical plants, owing to the slowness and difficulty of their propagation, necessitating continual replacement by importation from little-known and not easily accessible tropical tracts of country, are much more costly,—some of the species of *Masdevallia*, indeed, are worth three or four times their weight in gold. A very full and practical account of the best methods of cultivating the various species of orchids under glass will be found in the present volume, which is an exhaustive and splendidly illustrated treatise on the most attractive department of floral culture—one peculiarly English, too—in which the lover of these beautiful and curious plants will find his tastes sympathised with and his difficulties removed.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK FOR 1883.*

The new issue of this well-known annual deserves somewhat more attention than is usually given to revised editions. The *Statesman's Year-book* is now within a short period of its majority. It is one of the most respected and respectable of reference-books,—so much so, that one is apt to treat it as one does the tried family lawyer or doctor, and take everything it says on trust. Yet it is an open secret that hard-worked politicians and publicists of experience, to whom well condensed and reliable information means—as Mr. Arnold says of "conduct"—three-fourths of their business life, have lately found it disappointing, inaccurate, and inadequate, and without absolutely discarding it, have been compelled to resort to the *Almanach de Gotha*, and even to such humbler publications as *Whitaker's* and the *Financial Reform Almanac*, to obtain much of what they need. No doubt, this failure of the *Year-book* to keep abreast of the times has been due to the infirm health of its founder, the late Mr. Frederick Martin, who did his work admirably at first, but who was forced to retire from the editorship in December last. Further, even a hurried glance at the new volume will show that Mr. Martin's successor, Mr. Scott Keltie, has endeavoured to the utmost of his ability, and within the limited time at his disposal, to remove the inaccuracies of the past. It would not be difficult to point out several errors, mostly, however, of a trifling character, that remain; but it should not be forgotten that editors and publishers, even if animated with the spirit of the "new broom," are only mortal men, and cannot be expected to do in less than two months the work of a year. As it stands, however, the *Statesman's Year-book* for 1883 is a most decided and encouraging improvement on its more immediate predecessors. Almost every page bears evidence of revision and of anxiety on the part of the editor to bring it up to time. Antiquated statistics that had done duty for years have been swept away, to give place to others of the year, and almost of the hour. Finally, the present, when the *Statesman's Year-book* is in a transition state, is the time to make suggestions—such are, indeed, asked for, in the preface to the new number—which may help in making the *Statesman's Year-book* as fitted to meet the requirements of 1884 as the first issue was to meet the requirements of 1863.

A word or two on some of the strong points of, and the interesting, because fresh, material contained in the new volume. One of the former is population. The new census returns have all been taken advantage of. The leading results of that for Great Britain are clearly stated, while Russia and the United States have also justice done them. We are glad to see that special pains have been taken to give accurate information as to the diplomatic representatives of our own and other countries, which had been neglected of late; and that the particular statistics which are "everybody's business," such as those of trade, shipping, railways, &c., have been brought down to date. Countries and provinces which have lately, from one reason or another, come into prominent notice, *e.g.*, Greece, Roumania, Servia, and Egypt, have manifestly received great attention. The statement which appears on the subject of Turkish finance is the freshest and clearest we have seen. The results of the Indian census, particularly those of the various religious creeds, are very valuable. Some pieces of information are, however, given in a rather indefinite way. Thus, in an otherwise very good account of the recent constitutional changes in Italy, *scrutin de liste* is mentioned as if everybody knew what it is. Yet how many electors, we might even say Members of Parliament, are there who could tell off-hand the difference between *scrutin de liste* and, we shall not say *scrutin d'arrondissement*, but the present mode of returning our House of Commons? A short explanatory note on this point would have been appreciated by many readers. Then, again, it is quite true, as stated on p. 213, that the recent addition to the Army and Navy Estimates caused by the Egyptian Expedition has been met by "an addition to the Income-tax." But why not state exactly what that "addition" is, especially at this season, when we are all feeling it?

The *Statesman's Year-book* stands in need of improvement, if not of complete reorganisation. Why should we not have satisfactory information about Independent Burmah, Corea, Hawaii, Zanzibar, Madagascar, the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and other countries that are attracting an increased amount of attention? Besides, a great deal of the information which Mr. Scott Keltie has been at such pains to collect is obviously new wine put into old bottles. Matters which were of great importance twenty years ago are but of comparatively slight importance now. We have no hesitation in saying that all that need be said of the constitution, government, and reigning families, of the countries of the world, certainly of what the late Mr. Bagehot called their "theatrical" elements, could with ease be compressed into one-fifth of the space here allotted to them. Even the necessary information as to revenue, ecclesiastical matters, education, trade, &c., could be better condensed and tabulated. The editor and publishers of the *Year-book* should, in fact, try to realise what English politicians and publicists must be thinking, writing, and speaking about,—and all too hurriedly,—too, during, say, the next quarter of a century. What an enormous advantage to public men, and to the

* *The Statesman's Year-book for the Year* 1883. Twentieth Annual Publication. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

nation, whose servants and, at the same time, guides they are, would be a book in which they could easily compare, possibly by means of tables, the various land systems, schemes of taxation, and local self-government, and methods of solving the problem of pauperism, which prevail throughout the world! Yet these are only a few of the things that our statesmen will have to be looking at and to, during the next few years, and a thoroughly reorganised *Year-book* might supply them with the spectacles of cosmopolitan knowledge. This work could be made—we do not say with ease, however—a very much better book than it is, and a very much better book than any other publication at all resembling it.

THE PICTURE'S SECRET.*

The subject of this book will probably remind those who have read *Gil Blas*, of Elvira de Pinarès, and that which she spoke of as "une peinture fidèle des malheurs de ma famille." In both cases there is a picture of a tragic event that happened to the ancestors of the family to whom it belongs; and in both cases does it represent the fatal termination of a duel, which has been fought in a room in the presence of a lady between her husband and lover. But here the similarity ends. Even if the Belmonte tragedy may have been the source whence Mr. Pollock drew his original inspiration, yet his treatment of it is very different from that of Le Sage, and introduces an element of the supernatural, in that he invests his picture with a sort of unholy power. It has been shut up for generations in a sealed room in a house believed throughout the village to be accursed, and which is never inhabited by its owners. At last the head of the family, Lord Falcon, goes to live there with his young bride, and has the room thrown open, and the picture cleaned, notwithstanding the head-shakings of old servants, who look upon his proceeding as a direct temptation of Providence. And in the sequel is shown the strange way in which the sight of the picture seems to contribute to bring about a repetition of the terrible scene that it illustrates. Here is its description :—

"In the foreground of the painting are three figures, two men and a woman, habited in the costume which has been rendered familiar through Lely's and Kneller's portraits. One of the male figures was ascertained by reference to contemporary pictures to be a portrait of Lord Falcon; he stands with a drawn and blood-stained sword over the other, writhing in his death-agony on the ground. The woman, probably intended for Lady Falcon, stands a little back, in an attitude indicating a mingled triumph and despair. Her hands are stretched towards the dying man, presumably her lover, in a gesture part caressing, part shrinking; and on her face is an expression difficult to describe, so much is there in it of horror, so much also of a fierce joy. This was strange, and there was also something strange in the look of the dying man, whose eyes, expressing all the terror and remorse that can be crowded into a man's last moments, were turned, not to Lord Falcon, not to the injured husband who had just dealt him his death-blow—a well-merited judgment, it may be, for his crime—but to Lady Falcon, the partner of that crime. Had they been turned to her in love, in pity, even in reproach, that direction might have been easily understood, might well have been the last direction in which his heart might have guided them; but they were not so turned. They looked towards her with an expression of bitter, hopeless misery, of vague and sudden horror, such as may be seen on the face of a man who struggles with some overpowering nightmare, which chills his blood and draws cold drops of sweat to his brow, and who wakes to find his vision true. Such a look might have been seen on his face had the thrust that let out his life come from the hands of the woman whom he had loved, and who had loved him, instead of from the hands of the man whom he had dishonoured."

What expression the dying man beheld in the lady's countenance is a puzzle to all who see the picture, and one which greatly occupies the mind of the actual Lady Falcon, who, from the first, regards the picture with a curious mixture of attraction and repulsion. But when love and crime have, in course of time, wrought the old story over again, there comes suddenly into her face a look which shows her to have fathomed the mystery, by her own experience of what must have been the emotion of her predecessor; and so terrible and expressive is that look, as to cause her lover to cry out in surprise and horror, whilst at the same moment it reveals to her husband the treachery that he has till then never suspected.

The chief female personage is named after, and an embodiment of, the Lilith whom Faust saw on the Harz Mountains, and in regard to whom Mephistopheles utters the caution,—"Wenn sie den jungen Mann erlangt, so lässt sie ihn sobald nicht wieder fahren." It is no easy matter to delineate satisfactorily so uncanny and fantastic a being, and we congratulate Mr. Pollock on the success of both conception and execution in his representation of this mysterious, goblinish character. She is evil, yet somehow does not give the impression of being wholly responsible for it, because she is apparently destitute of the ordinary moral sense of right and wrong, and does not understand the existence of such a thing. To condemn her as wilfully wicked seems unjust, when she has no consciousness of guilt, and is never ashamed of it. Now and then, indeed, her mind is illuminated by a vague idea of the possibility that she is behaving badly; but the flash of light merely perplexes her for a moment, and then vanishes as suddenly as it came; and that is the only approach to a conscience of which she appears capable. Beautiful, with a strange look, as though she saw more than was visible to other mortal eyes, affectionate to her father, playful, usually gentle and pleasant to every one, notwithstanding all her feminine and agreeable attributes, she conveys, even to her lover, an impression of having unknown evil hidden in her mind,—some dark spot of iniquity lying out of his sight, perhaps out of hers also. In her disposition is a combination of tenderness and ferocity, which is exemplified in a scene where she nearly strangles her kitten without the slightest provocation, and which we quote :—

"'Clever boy,' she said. 'But what is "a smile that can caress and kill?"'—'If you do not know I can hardly explain it to you,' he replied.—'I think I do know the kind of thing that you mean. It is the sort of feeling that I have sometimes for my kitten—haven't I, Kitty?—or for anything that is soft and nice, and that I can caress. I would like to tighten my hold on its little neck, make it tighter and tighter yet, until ——' As she spoke she suited action to word until the kitten cried out in pain and terror; but Lilith seemed not to hear it, she only wound her fingers closer round its throat, and Vane, looking at her, saw in her face so strange an expression of pleasure, that his fear for the kitten's life was merged in that indefinite fear of her which had before possessed him.—'Lilith,' he said, gravely, 'for Heaven's sake, do not give way to such feelings!'—'What feelings?' she asked, with one of her innocent smiles.—'I wish I knew. Surely you do not wish to kill your favourite kitten?'—'No. I only thought it felt so good to squeeze. I did not want to hurt it, poor little thing. Why should I?'—'Your looks belied you strangely, then,' said Vane, with a sigh. 'See: it crouches away from you; it loves you no longer.'—'Loves me no longer?' she repeated, angrily. 'No; it is you who love me no longer. If you did you would never talk to me like this: you would never have accused me of cruelty: how can you do so?' She took up the kitten in her arms and fondled and caressed it until, forgetting with its short memory her past unkindness, it purred with responsive gratitude. 'The kitten loves me as much as ever,' she said, indignantly; 'it is you who have ceased to love me.'"

After this, it is less surprising to read of her face as showing "tigerish joy and ruthless craving for destruction," at the very instant that her irate husband is about to kill the man whom she really supposes herself to love.

With a heroine like this, and people whose presentiments come true (which, by the bye, is the only possible justification for introducing such things into a novel at all), it is evident that the book cannot be considered exactly as a study of every-day life. But it is none the worse for that, because a work that appeals mainly to the imagination is often more effectual than any other for the rest and refreshment of a tired brain. The author appears to have a natural leaning towards whatever is weird and fiendish, and to be of the same mind as his heroine, who says that she likes all that has to do with *diablerie;* therefore, in the book before us, he has selected a theme to which nature has especially fitted him to do justice. That he possesses the spirit of an artist is evident throughout, and also that he appreciates the advantage of an harmonious whole; this is particularly manifested in the skill with which all minor accessories are arranged, so as to contribute to the general ghostly and unearthly effect intended to be given to the entire story,—*e.g.*, when the characters go to the opera, *Der Freischütz* is the one chosen; and when an artist's studio is described, it is that of a man who delights in illustrating such supernatural subjects as the revels of witches, elves, and fairies. Our opinion of the author's strong *penchant* for all that is eerie and fantastic is confirmed by a second and shorter story in the book, which relates how a man imagined the Devil to be constantly pursuing and trying to get his signature out of him, and which is more like a sort of feverish nightmare than anything else. It is far inferior to *The Picture's Secret*, and is very likely an old magazine article, thrown in to increase the size of the single volume of which the work consists.

To conclude with one or two verbal criticisms, we would observe that we do not think "flitting like a cat" a very happy simile, because that animal's movements hardly correspond to the popular idea of flitting. And a person careful about grammar would not talk of "birds singing cheerily among the early leaves, as *they* walked through Kensington

* *The Picture's Secret.* By Walter H. Pollock. London: Remington.

Gardens," when in the whole of the preceding paragraph there has been no plural noun except "birds," or "leaves," which could possibly refer to the pronoun we have italicised. But these are merely trifling defects, in what is certainly a fresh and in some ways, almost a remarkable novel.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Magazines of the month are fairly interesting. The solid paper of the *Nineteenth Century* is the conclusion of Mr. Rathbone's essay on self-government in England, in which, after describing the infinite confusion of the present system, he advises that the Union should be the unit of self-government, that the Union Council should concentrate all local powers, and that it should be responsible to the County Board, with which the sole power of taxation should rest, besides the control of workhouses, asylums, highways, licences, rivers, and public buildings. The Union Council would, of course, be elected by the ratepayers, but the County Board by three sets of electors, —the Justices, the ratepayers, and the Union Councils. Mr. Rathbone would, at the same time, simplify rural finance, by substituting for the complex rates now levied one single rate, which he would raise in part like the district-rate and in part like the poor-rate; but, in order to make the local burden fall in part on personalty, would supplement the rate by grants from the Treasury, assigned, like the Education grants, on condition of good work. The whole paper is worth careful study, as the plan of a thoroughly competent and informed mind, and to us suggests only one criticism. It is a little wanting in rough simplicity. Practically, interests are a little too well balanced, and indirect election by the Union Councils only would be easier and more workable. The J.P.'s would always have the best chance as candidates for the Board, as they have for seats in the House of Commons. Mr. F. Harrison puts in a most eloquent plea for the "Eighteenth Century," which he declares was a period not of exhaustion, but of preparation for the remoulding of Society which we now witness. That is true, as it is true that only from the death of the seed can arise the corn. But still, in the imperfect language of humanity, though death is rebirth, it is hard to describe it save as death. Surely, if we may say anything so ridiculous as that "a century," a purely artificial period of time, has a character at all, we may say that the Eighteenth was the century of the fall of the leaf. Everything in that little corner of the planet which historians insist on considering "the world"—whereas it is a tenth of it—was slowly rotting down, no doubt to feed a renascence, but still rotting into manure. Mr. Theodore Watts gives us another vigorous eulogium on Rossetti, in whom he sees an imagination vigorous and lofty beyond compare; and Lady Paget a rather dogmatic and scattered paper on dress and fashion, the most notable idea of which, apparently, is that every woman should dress specially to her own figure. "A person with a large nose will do well to wear much hair at the back of her head, so as to re-establish the balance." In other words, every woman should perceive where her own charm lies, and dress to that. As about one woman in fifty is competent to do anything of the kind, the dress of a reasonable age would be somewhat anarchical. Fashion is tyrannical, but at least it is started by artists, and places the sexes for a time in costume. Crinolines and "pull-backs," curls and chignons, worn at the same period, would frightfully accentuate each other's defects. Mr. Leslie Stephen begins what promises to be a very thoughtful argument against the suppression of poisonous opinions by force, but his paper as yet is injured by too much concession to practical men. The unsettled question is not whether you can suppress a poisonous opinion by force, but whether you ought to try. Most men see what is and is not possible at any given time; what worries them is the difficulty of seeing the ideally right course. The common-sense of the majority has on this subject arrived at a "working" conclusion, but it has not arrived as yet at a certain conclusion of any kind. The majority objects to persecution, unless the idea persecuted, *e.g.*, that of the Peculiar People, injures society. Then it "persecutes,"—that is, punishes an honestly held and in itself quite moral opinion. What we want to know is the intellectual formula according to which it should or should not do this. That case of the Peculiar People is a crucial one, because it does not rouse either the social abhorrence created by some forms of belief hostile to property, or the instinctive abhorrence created by some forms of belief hostile to morality. May society punish a man who honestly believes and acts on his belief that, when God has stricken him with scarlet-fever, it is wrong to call in a doctor to resist the will of God? Mr. Kebbel, in a good paper on "Party Obligations," pleads hard for stiff fighting in Opposition. He thinks it silently prepares the public mind for a change of policy. There is much to be said for his view, but we are convinced that the illustration which seems to him so unanswerable is a mistake. He will have it that the bold fighting of Opposition against Lord Beaconsfield changed the public mind. We wish we could think it, for we should then give still higher value to debate; but we do not. We do not believe that Lord Beaconsfield ever had a majority for one minute for his foreign policy. He was put in power as a lesson to the Liberals; but from the moment his line was perceived, he lost the people, and a dissolution on any single day between 1877 and 1880 would have ended in his dismissal. The Liberal speeches expressed, much more than they made, the general opinion.

The most interesting article in the *Fortnightly* is Mr. Labouchere's, on "The Coming Democracy," on which we said enough last week; and the best written is Mr. Auberon Herbert's, with the odd title, a "Politician in Trouble about His Soul." Mr. Herbert accuses both parties of failing to lay down clear principles of right and wrong which it is possible to follow, and supports his opinion with a shower of epigrammatic sentences. The general effect is not, however, enlightening, but only cynical, the conclusion hinted at being that politicians and parties have no principles, and only do their best to keep in power. The Tory interlocutor, for instance—for the paper is in form a dialogue—talks in this style:—

> "I am often tempted to despair about ourselves. Our misfortunes seem to do us no good; they give us no steadiness of purpose; we show none of the better qualities which belong to minorities; our highest aim seems to be to make a damaging speech against Gladstone—and how can you damage a man whose supporters are all caucused?—or to make some new combination, some flank movement, or do some clever sleight-of-hand. Our leaders are always ready at a moment's notice to pour out any quantity of criticism, as if they were engaged to do it by the piece, and they are good enough to throw in a certain number of epigrams for us without charge; but even the epigrams, when we get them, only seem to leave us in much the same unimproving condition of mental health after as before. Of any distinct leading, of any attempt to rally the party to definite opinions, to touch our reason and redeem us with a faith,—of these things there is no spark to be seen in our darkness. All that happens is material for party criticism, and nothing more. But low in the world as we are, I still hope more from our men than from yours. There is an incurable 'Sand-the-sugar and come-to-prayers' snuffle about your Government, which they share with the grocer of pious and practical habits. I suppose you can't help it; and perhaps some day, when you are all Republicans and atheists, and are no longer half-ashamed of your own opinions, and are not trimming between two or three sets of supporters, you will get rid of it."

Whether Mr. Herbert quite believes statesmen to be dishonest, we do not know, for he propounds a theory about the collective forces of the age always acting on them; but certainly his interlocutors are so. The writing of his paper is, however, delightful; full of sparkle, and quite free from the prolixity which, in his letters to the *Times*, is his besetting temptation. Mr. Bryce sends a thoughtful paper on "The Future of the English Universities," which, he says, ought to attract and educate the whole nation, to offer to all comers the best teaching on every subject, bringing the teaching power of the country, as it were, into a focus, to advance inquiry, and to stimulate study in men who cannot enter their walls. These functions are not now fully performed, and the reasons are, in Mr. Bryce's judgment, cost, the late age of entrance, and the absence of professional instruction. He contends that the Commission has done little or nothing to secure improvement, and would, as practical steps thereto, increase the pecuniary contribution from the Colleges to the University, greatly enlarge the number of Professors, make much of their income depend on fees, admit scholars at sixteen, and attract students who intend to take up one subject or group of subjects only. Mr. Kebbel writes sensibly and moderately on County Boards, on which he would seat at least one-third of the members through selection by Quarter Sessions; but his object evidently is to preserve the ascendancy of a class whom he greatly admires, the country gentry with estates large enough to make them seek culture. Mr. E. Gurney and Mr. F. Myers have injured a remarkable collection of stories of apparitions and dream appearances by calling it a paper on "Transferred Impressions and Telepathy," a nomenclature which will only excite prejudice. The collection of cases is, however, well worth study, and we honour the courage of com-

pilers who can face so coolly the charge of being credulous fools, and can demand that, whatever they are, their facts, or alleged facts, shall be studied, and accepted, or rejected, like any other set of phenomena. This particular critic being a total unbeliever in the whole theory, the story which "fetches" him most is, as usual in all such cases, one of which the evidence is probably the slightest. It gives us an impression of truth, but is too old to test:—

"In 1739, Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of William Birkbeck, banker, of Settle, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken ill, and died at Cockermouth, while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone—her husband and three children, aged seven, five, and four years respectively, remaining at Settle. The friends at whose house the death occurred made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkbeck's last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements as to time as well as place was beyond the doubtfulness of man's memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other. One morning, between seven and eight o'clock, the relation to whom the care of the children at Settle had been entrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual, and found them all sitting up in their beds in great excitement and delight. 'Mamma has been here!' they cried; and the little one said, 'She called, "Come, Esther!"' Nothing could make them doubt the fact, and it was carefully noted down, to entertain the mother on her return home. That same morning as their mother lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, she said, 'I should be ready to go, if I could but see my children.' She then closed her eyes, to reopen them, as they thought, no more. But after ten minutes of perfect stillness, she looked up brightly and said, 'I am ready now: I have been with my children;' and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour, and minutes were the same. One of the three children was my grandmother, *née* Sarah Birkbeck, afterwards the wife of Dr. Fell, of Ulverstone. From her lips I heard the above almost literally as I have repeated it. The elder was Morris Birkbeck, afterwards of Guildford, Both these lived to old age, and retained to the last so solemn and reverential a remembrance of the circumstance that they rarely would speak of it."

We note that "Home and Foreign Affairs" has again become, as under the old management, decidedly Liberal. Its main thesis is the imbecility of the present method of Opposition.

Sir Richard Cross, in the *Contemporary*, evidently wants the new County Boards to be as feeble and as full of J.P.'s as can be managed, and would suggest, apparently, that Boards half of nominees and half of elected members chosen by the Boards of Guardians would do very well; but he evidently anticipates a much more revolutionary scheme. We hope he is right, or that the counties will be let alone, for elected bodies never work unless they have within their area independent power; and County Boards weaker than Municipal Councils would simply be contemned. Who would go through the turmoil of an election, if his vote at the end was to be neutralised by some nominated J.P., selected solely because of his acres and of his presumed support at the last election? Mr. Rae sends a most convincing account of the difficulties in the Highland Croft system, which are now attracting such attention. He thinks that the old clan tenancy and family tenancy, called usually "runrig," and which was a complicated system of co-operative tenancy, worked better than the croft system, which is one of cottier tenancy-at-will. The people had grazings in common which were most valuable to them, and are now absorbed into the large sheep-farms. Even at present, where the old tenure subsists, it works well; and Mr. Carmichael, a resident of long experience in the Hebrides, gives a most interesting account of Long Island, where the old runrig commune still subsists, and where it manages its affairs like a Hindoo village. The system, whatever its other faults, begets brotherhood:—

"'Compassion for the poor,' says Mr. Carmichael, 'consideration towards the distressed, and respect for the dead, are characteristic traits of these people.' They indulge, says he, in a wholesome and friendly rivalry, but nothing more; and when they meet on the village knoll at the summons of the constable, they discuss their common affairs with force and, he adds, with eloquence, but they sternly repress everything calculated to mar good neighbourhood. They conduct their open-air court by a procedure more ancient than that of the Imperial Parliament. The constable sits on the knoll with his face to the east, and if, after deliberation, a division is required, the ayes go sunwise to his right, and the noes sunwise to his left, just as their ancestors did ages ago, when they worshipped the Sun. If any one still argues after the vote, he is hooted down with cries of 'Goat tooth,' and finds it convenient to submit. In the summer months, the whole village goes to the hill shealing, as the Swiss herdsmen go to the *châlet*. Their shealing is a group of low beehive huts, a prehistoric British village, situated on the green banks of a mountain stream. They move to it in a long procession over the moor, and when they arrive they sit down together on the grass, to their shealing feast. The fare is simple, but it is the bread of a village communion. 'Every head is uncovered, every knee is bowed, as they dedicate themselves and their flocks to the care of Israel's Shepherd.'"

The brotherhood could withstand an arbitrary rise of rent, and they could not subdivide beyond reason, as is the tendency of the Crofters, who have fallen back more and more on the profitable, but most uncertain, culture of the potato. The present state of the Crofters Mr. Rae believes to be entirely bad, and the most immediate remedy is to restore their old grazings in common, which made to them the difference between rough comfort and starvation. His paper is a most valuable and, what is of the first consequence, intelligible contribution to the literature of the subject. Sir Richard Temple supports, in the main, Lord Ripon's proposals for introducing "self-government in India," and approves the extension of the elective principle, though he sees more clearly than some critics do the vastness of the scale upon which elective institutions must be introduced:—"Thus local funds amounting to several millions sterling annually, roads of many thousands of miles in total length, rustic school-houses numbered by tens of thousands, medical and other institutions to be counted by hundreds, will be hereafter administered by Boards elected by electors from the villages of British India,—in number about 400,000. This is of itself a considerable piece of administration." Besides the villages, there are 1,500 towns, large and small, in British India, and in each it is intended that a local municipality should govern. Sir Richard remarks that the electoral qualification is singularly well defined, being in rural districts the peasant-proprietor and the tenant not liable to eviction, and in the towns the ratepayer. Mr. Kay, in a careful account of existing land tenures in Egypt, which seem to bear a singular analogy to the Zemindaree tenures of India, the peasant being irremovable, but the rent-paying grantee over him entitled to a permanent share of the produce, argues strongly that the peasants' right to create a mortgage should be limited to his crops, and should not extend to his land. Otherwise, the fellah will mortgage all, will be dispossessed of all, and will become disaffected to a degree unknown in the history of Egypt. He thinks the present average taxation, which amounts to *twenty shillings an acre*, is not excessive, but urges the completion of a new cadastral survey. "Miss Burney's Own Story" is an account of Miss Burney's life, by Miss Christie, which clears up many points left obscure in Macaulay's well-known sketch, and especially Miss Burney's motive in submitting to the thraldom of Court life,—it was clearly filial affection, her father having fallen into deep, though secret, poverty; but, perhaps, the gem of the number is the "Enchanted Lake," Mr. E. Arnold's translation of an episode in the "Mahábharata." We have seen nothing better done. We suppose it is hopeless to ask him to attempt the translation of the whole epic, though he could do it, if he only boldly stated that there must be a Pope's "Iliad" before a perfect one can be produced, and that his duty is intelligible rather than literal rendering. We must quote this one of thirty-four conundrums asked by a fairy, or rather a "Spirit" in the Shakespearian sense, of King Yudhisthira:—

"Yaksha. 'Whose eyes are unclosed, though he slumbers all day?
And what's born alive without motion? and, say,
What moveth, yet lives not? and what, as it goes,
Wastes not, but still waxes? Resolve me now those.'

King. 'With unclosed eyes a fish doth sleep;
And new-laid eggs their place will keep;
Stones roll; and streams, that seek the sea,
The more they flow the wider be.'"

Mrs. Oliphant continues her admirable work in *Blackwood* and *Macmillan*. In the former, in "The Ladies Lindores," an incident has occurred which brings half-laughing, half-painful tears to the eyes; but in the latter, in "The Wizard's Son," the authoress has for a moment shrunk from her own supernatural machinery. We expected her to tell us why the heir suddenly turned into a gloomy man, but after introducing the Wizard, she reports nothing that he has said. Perhaps that is reserved for the sequel; but without this explanation, the tale, admirably clever as it is, will fall comparatively dead.

Longman's would be heavy, but for Mr. Hardy's "Three Strangers," a slight tale, admirably told; and in the *Cornhill* we note nothing except "Le Marquis de Grignan," a little memoir of the grandson of Madame de Sévigné, quite exquisitely done by "M. F. Domvile," a name which we do not recall, but which we trust we shall speedily meet again below a paper dealing with some one of more importance to French history than the well-educated and well-conducted, but rather uninteresting Marquis, who seems only to have done nothing admirably well, and whose fit epitaph would have been,—"A Peer of promise."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The most interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* is Mr. G. P. Lathrop's account of the "Hawthorne Manuscripts." There is scant piety to the dead in publishing what was obviously never meant for publication; but criticism such as Mr. Lathrop's, as reverent as it is acute, is perfectly legitimate. It is most interesting to watch, under the guidance of one thoroughly acquainted with the subject, the workings of a great artist's mind. "By Horse-cars into Mexico" is an "incident of travel" vigorously described. "Mr. Carlyle's Country" gives us familiar scenes from a fresh point of view. Fiction is represented by what must be called, we suppose, a novelette, "Antagonism." It seems meant to show us what the fiction of the future in America is to be. Here we have some twenty pages without so much as a single incident in them; two young people talk together, and let us see what it is that hinders the result wholly desired by others and half-desired by themselves,—that they should fall in love. It is clever enough, but a trifle wearisome. Longfellow's posthumous poem, "Michael Angelo," is brought to a conclusion.

Letts's Illustrated Household Magazine is a new venture, which promises to perform a useful function. It is to be "a complete encyclopædia of domestic requirements," telling us where we are to live and how, what we are to eat and drink and how we are to be clothed, furnishing us, in fact, with a practical guide in all the requirements of life. Among the contents are articles on poultry, on dress, on domestic medicine, and on cookery. There is much that is valuable in these, but we must ask the author of the "Dining-room" whether his bill of fare is not far too costly for the use of families of average means. It is intended, he says, for a "comfortable" income. Now, we have been at some pains to calculate the expense, and find that the butcher's bill could hardly be less than £3 per week, and the poulterer's and fishmonger's nearly half as much, ham, bacon, sausages, sardines, and the like being still left unaccounted for. In fact, this family of seven or eight must be able to spend not less than £1,500 per annum. Is not this a little too magnificent?

Three Recruits, and the Girls They Left behind Them. By Joseph Hatton. (Low and Co.)—This is a vigorous novel, in the best style of the author, who can tell a rattling story literally well enough and can paint villains and heroes of the old-fashioned sort, and set them to belabour each other to decided purpose. There is less in it than in most of Mr. Hatton's works of what better judges than Mr. Edmund Sparkler would call "nonsense," although the reader will be occasionally irritated by some of his peculiar egotisms, and by digressions beginning in this fashion,—"If you would study this philosophy of love in a philosophical way, you will turn to dear old Burton's famous work." The soldiers who are driven by stress of circumstances to take part in the war with Napoleon are flesh and blood; and of the heroines, one at least, Susan Hardwick, is fresh and full of spirit. The villains of the story, however, are, without exception, sad caricatures.

Essays in Philosophical Criticism. Edited by Andrew Seth and R. B. Haldane, with a Preface by Edward Caird. (Longmans.)—That this collection is not unworthy of the memory to which it is dedicated, would probably be felt by its contributors to be the best thing they could wish thought of it. It has been said with truth that the late Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford neither founded nor sought to found a school, But "a certain community of opinion in relation to the general principles and methods of philosophy," such as Professor Caird's preface acknowledges in the writers of these essays, was a more or less recognised outcome of his teaching, and individual essays in this volume show a more special indebtedness. Four of the nine are by Oxford men, and, dealing as they do with Logic as the Science of Knowledge, the Rationality of History, the Philosophy of Art, and the Struggle for Existence (as "an economical fact that reaches far beyond economy, and is a crucial problem for the philosophy of man"), may give a fair idea of the intellectual interest of Oxford. In three of these four cases, the writers have Scotch antecedents, and the remaining five contributors are representatives of Scotch academic training, so that the book has a unity besides that alluded to above. The strictly scientific side of philosophic study is represented in Messrs. Bosanquet's, Seth's, and Haldane's papers, the latter two treating of Philosophy as Criticism of Categories, and in its Relation to Science; while on the political and religious side, we have essays by Messrs. Jones, Bonar, and Kilpatrick; and history and art fall to the share of Messrs. Sorley, Ritchie, and Ker. For almost every one who may be said to "take an interest in philosophy," some reading is thus supplied; in one or two instances, notably in the essay on Philosophy as criticism of categories, and in that on Logic as the Science of knowledge, the position of those who hold Metaphysics to be something other than "the elaboration of transcendent entities, like an extraneous Deity, or Mr. Spencer's unknowable, or the Comtian noumena" (the words are Mr. Seth's, he is saying that most men of science take this view of metaphysics), and who, as Mr. Bosanquet says, "cannot conceive any difficulties to be so formidable as those which attend the method of a direct or uncritical metaphysic," is stated in a clear and serious manner that is very valuable. Seriousness, indeed—a quite different thing from the moral earnestness (that is, "gush") of much pseudo-philosophical utterance—marks all these papers; there is now and then some irony, and (as in Mr. Bonar's work) a quaint Scotch humour, but the academic offence of fine-writing is hardly half-a-dozen times committed (Mr. Bosanquet goes so far the other way as to use the word "scientist"), and the impression cannot but be left on the reader that "c'est icy un livre de bonne foy," and the editors have done well to choose the book form rather than venture in a new philosophical serial. They may not again get a preface of such content in matter and manner as Professor Caird's memorial of Professor Green, but it is to be hoped that the "agreement as to the direction in which inquiry may be most fruitfully prosecuted" among their contributors, and among others, perhaps, who share the same beliefs, may give us from time to time a volume like this first.

Holidays in Spain. By F. R. McClintock. (Stanford.)—This little volume contains some account of the tours made in Spain by the author, and, we believe, his wife, in 1880 and 1881. He was so delighted with his experiences, that he is anxious to induce others to go and do likewise. M. Tchihatcheff tells us that Spain is the only country in Europe which has much that is non-European and old-world about it, and commends it to any one desirous of a complete change. And this is essentially Mr. McClintock's conclusion, and we have no doubt that readers of his pleasant narrative will wish they could follow his example.

The Story of Chief Joseph. By Martha Perry Lowe. (Lothrop, Boston.)—Chief Joseph is, as was shown a few years ago in the *North-American Review*, an interesting Indian, and his story deserved preservation in prose and in such illustrations as this little volume contains. But Miss Lowe's verse—she says she has endeavoured to preserve "the simple and direct style of the Indian—is so bald, that we are rather glad when we learn, on her authority, that,—

> "In-mut-too-yah-lat-'at
> Has spoken for his race to-day.
> In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat,
> Has finished what he had to say."

Victor Emanuel (the New Plutarch Series), by Edward Dicey (Marcus Ward), is in every respect an admirable biography. It is written with spirit, fairness, and knowledge. That Mr. Dicey was the very man to write such a book those were aware, who remembered that he resided at Naples during the last days of the Bourbon monarchy and throughout the Garibaldian Dictatorship. We feared, however, he might be disposed to be more than just to Victor Emanuel and Cavour, and less than just to Garibaldi. He has, however, distributed merit as regards the work of making the kingdom of Italy with perfect impartiality. He does not conceal the personal weaknesses of the late King, whom he reckons, and rightly, as "a man with great qualities, many failings, high ambition, and strong passions, but both in his virtues and in his faults, above all, a man."

Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Catullus. An Experiment in Translation. By W. F. Shaw, M.A. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—The question whether it is desirable to render these four poets (or, as Mr. Shaw in one place calls them, "these amusing writers") "attractive in English" for the benefit of the general reader, will obviously depend on the amount of taste and discretion possessed by the translator, of which we shall speak presently. Being of opinion that the prose translator must sacrifice "the pleasure of the reader to fidelity to the text," while in verse translations "the exact meaning often has to be sacrificed to the exigencies, of rhyme" (of which, as is truly remarked, "there is none in the original"), Mr. Shaw has adopted an unrhymed "trochaic, octosyllabic" metre, which will be recognised, though in some cases with difficulty, as the metre of "Hiawatha." The extent to which Mr. Shaw has been able to combine the merit, of both styles may be fairly judged from his rendering of *Juvenal*, iii., 299-308:—

> "Noble free lom of the poor man!
> Isn't he free to get well cudgelled?
> Isn't he free to beg permission
> To get home to bed, before his
> Few remaining 'eeth are knocked out?
> Worse than all remain the burglar
> Who will rob you when work's over,
> And the shop-door is chain-bolted [*sic*],
> And to cut your throat, the foot-pad. . . . . .
> Then it is these fish discover
> That the best baits in the city."

The felicity of the last two lines is especially noticeable. Among isolated specimens of Mr. Shaw's mastery over his metre, we award the palm, after some consideration, to "Juno was a maid, then; and Jove," "His nail to the quick; come hither," and "A cross sometimes, sometimes a crown," the effect of which we consider superior to that of passing a lawn-mower over a rockery. The spelling of the volume is occasionally eccentric, as in "donned her whig,"

and "bread of finest flower." In punctuation, a corrupt following of what may be called the Cambridge system, combined with a wonderful degree of inaccuracy, has produced some odd results, perhaps the oddest of which is seen in such notes as these: "Men kiss you not out of friendship, but mere flattery, Paley," and "that stingy old Lactorius, Paley," where, though there are several other possibilities, Mr. Paley's name seems at first sight like a profane counterpart of that mystery of our childhood, "selah." But faults of execution are as nothing, compared to the fault of publishing the book at all. Whether or no "it is possible to eliminate what is obnoxious" from the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, we are quite sure that Mr. Shaw has not succeeded in doing so, and the evil is by no means confined to this one satire. The notes frequently make the matter worse, sometimes needlessly, as in the extraordinary note on p. 262, recording an observation made by Mr. Shaw in Italy. It seems to us a blunder of a very serious kind to publish for the "general reader," in a form which may reach the drawing-room table, such hints of the things which "it is a shame even to speak of" as may be found freely scattered over Mr. Shaw's pages. The translator should have put to himself, in a quite different sense, the question on the title-page, —"Quis leget haec?"

The Library Manual, by J. Herbert Slater (L. Upcott Gill), which aims at being a guide to the formation of a library, and "the valuation of rare and splendid books," is one of those works which it would be perfectly easy to pick holes in; and, indeed, the author looks forward to some such experience. At the same time, it is full of useful information, is well arranged, and contains much sound advice. But when Mr. Slater was giving counsel as to the formation of a library, why should he include among books of reference (p. 20) the edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for 1860? Surely the book collector should either take the edition of this valuable work which is now being issued, or he should take a complete edition of another encyclopædia of later date than 1860, if he wishes to use it as "a work which may help him to further information."

Madelaine's Fault: a Story of French Life, translated by Morris Neale (Remington and Co.), is pathetic enough, and has the merit of being short. The "fault" of Madelaine, though French in character, will not be considered a very heinous one, except by those who set up an almost Pharisaical standard of morality. Yet we should have preferred to see the real sinner punished, in the shape of M. Robert Wall, who tempted Madelaine, rather than Madelaine herself. But then, French literature is nearly as deficient in "poetic justice" as, according to Mr. Arnold, French character is in "morality."

An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folk-lore. By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart., M.A. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—This work, of which our notice has been delayed too long, is intended by its learned author to occupy a middle place between his "Manual of Mythology," and his more elaborate examination of the "Mythology of the Aryan Nations." Its aim is to give a general view of the mass of popular traditions of the Aryan peoples of Asia and Europe, and, by submitting them to the test of a scientific comparison, to ascertain their mutual relation, their real nature, and their intrinsic value. Under the general head of tradition are included all the myths, folk-lore, fairy tales, and romances which for centuries formed the delight of Hindoos, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Celts. Many of these, in various forms, are as much alive and as much loved to-day as they were thousands of years ago. The science of comparative mythology must be considered as yet only in its infancy. Those who know Mr. Ruskin's "Queen of the Air" will remember what charming speculations are there connected with some of the Greek myths. The skilful handling in that instance applied to one group of subjects was, as it were, a flash of revelation on the possibilities of the vast area which lies ready for exploration by competent travellers. The work under notice throws a fuller and broader light over the same field of work, and, beyond any doubt, the attraction increases in proportion as the light reveals more clearly the nature of the ground. Starting from the idea that the myth is a kind of parasite, ready to twine round any stem, the author sets himself to examine the various stems round which the leading myths of the great Aryan family have become entwined; and truly, the work is as delicate as to uncurl the clinging tendrils of a vine, nor does it fix the thought on forms of less obvious beauty or habits of less curious interest. The work is one of comparison and analysis, for comparative mythology deals with the stories of the world, just as philology deals with its speech. By following the indications of significance in the names which appear in the earlier myths, it detects the meaning of the tale in which they first took definite shape. Then, tracing the great river of tradition down from its source, it notes the variations, losses, and accretions which gradually transform the original tale. One great cause affecting the development of myths was the dispersion of the primitive Aryan race over certain parts of Asia and Europe, and the probable working of this cause is very ingeniously tracked out in the opening chapter. As one follows the subject further, one is struck by the fact that the study of mythology is to a great extent the study of corruption. The original beauty of the story or tradition becomes, principally by failure of memory, but also by misunderstanding and defective expression, so changed and transformed in its onward progress, that it reminds one forcibly of the children's game called "Russian scandal," in which similar causes, arising from the frailty of our common nature, work out an exactly similar result. It should not be left unmentioned that the author energetically protests against the common impression that comparative mythology resolves everything into allusions to the Sun. He admits, indeed, that an immense proportion of myths do relate to that luminary, in virtue of its essential importance to human life and action; but he gives ample illustration that the dawn, the fire, the winds, the waters, the clouds, the earth, the under-world, and the darkness, all have their parts to play on the great and crowded stage on which human intelligence and fancy placed them before history was born. A discussion, in one of several appendices, of the theory that the Olympian gods are an anthropomorphic representation of a series of truths divinely revealed to man, which is strongly maintained by Mr. Gladstone in his "Homeric Studies," and is here vigorously contested, will assuredly not diminish the value or interest of a volume which can certainly lay claim to much of both.

Mr. R. A. Proctor republishes from *Knowledge* twelve star maps, under the title *The Stars in their Seasons.* (Wyman and Sons.)—There is a list of stars of the first three magnitudes, a table of reference for using the maps, and a general explanation. Each map is accompanied by a time-table. The general result is that the whole subject is made easily intelligible. The colouring of the maps, a blue ground with white lettering, is both attractive and appropriate; but, for use at night, a white ground with black lettering would have been, we think, more practically useful.

Flowers of the Sky. By R. A. Proctor. A new edition. (Chatto and Windus.)—We have no doubt that this handy little edition of one of Mr. Procter's most attractive series of papers will be welcome to many. It is a fine example of the author's power of combining a modicum of fact with much attractive speculation.

Books Received.—Vol. III. of *Gladstone and his Contemporaries.* By Thomas Archer. (Blackie and Son.)—This work, which is now brought down to 1860, continues to merit what we have already said of the earlier volumes. The story of the Indian Mutiny is very satisfactorily told.——*The Amusing Adventures of Guzman of Alfaraque.* By Mateo Alemau. Translated by Edward Lowdell. (Vizetelly.)—This is a very well-executed translation of a famous "Rogue's Progress," which, however, we cannot place on a footing of equality with "Gil Blas."——*The Adventures of a Tourist in Ireland.* By J. L. Joynes. (Kegan Paul.)—The public knows the character of this book sufficiently, on account of the notoriety and "martyrdom" it has secured its author. We confess that we are surprised there should have been so much ado over what is rather a juvenile performance.——*Chums: a Tale of the Queen's Navy.* (Tinsley Brothers.)—This three-volume novel contains more vulgarity of thought and language than we have seen for a long time. We regret that it should be associated with so honourable a service as the Navy, and that it should have ever been published.——*Outline of the History of the English Language and Literature.* (W. and R. Chambers.)—A useful, compact, little manual. We do not quite understand, however, what principle the compiler of the final "Tabular Outline of Modern English Literature" has adopted in his descriptions of authors. If Bacon be correctly designated as an essayist, why should Addison be dismissed simply as Secretary of State, and Hume only as a librarian and Secretary to the British Embassy in France?——*Links with the Absent; or, Chapters on Correspondence.* By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles. (Washbourne.)—This is neither better nor worse than most Complete Letter-writers. Does the author, however, recommend for imitation the example given (p. 114) of an address of the pupils of some seminary to an Archbishop, in which there is very fine-writing about "the moon's dimpling smiles on some fair lake," and the voice of gratitude is directed to "be heard in music's swelling tide, in every note of silvery song, in the word and gesture of the personated native of sunny France, the Italian, or the dweller by the matchless Rhine"?——*Charles Albert Fechter.* By Kate Field. (Osgood, Boston.)—A collection of criticisms, by a variety of writers, which may be dismissed as appreciative rather than discriminating.——*The School Board Chronicle Edition of the New Code.* (Grant and Co.)—The New Code is here annotated, analysed, and indexed specially for the use of members of School Boards and the managers and teachers of public elementary schools. Mr. Richard Gowing, who has brought out this edition, has done his work well.

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for March:—Part 22 of *English Etchings*, containing commendable specimens of the work of G. Aikman, A.R.S.A., R. Currie, and W. P. Crooke.—The *Magazine of Art*, an average number.—*Art and Letters*, an interesting and well-illustrated number.—*L'Art de la Femme.*—Part 5

of *Greater London*, which deals with the districts of Harlington, West Drayton, Norwood, Cowley, Uxbridge, &c.—The *Journal of Psychological Medicine*.—The *Folk-lore Journal*, to which Mr. Black contributes an interesting account of "The Hare in Folk-lore."—The *Gentleman's Magazine*, which gives some curious accounts of "Perversion of Herbivora." We have heard of sheep being fed on fish, but a sheep that will eat a mutton-chop is a novelty; and it will be news to most persons to learn that old or ailing horses, if fed upon "flesh-meal," will increase in health and weight.—The *Theatre*, containing photographs of Miss W. Emery and Mr. S. B. Bancroft.—*Science Gossip*.—The *Army and Navy Magazine*.—The *Month*.—The *Law Magazine*.—*Time*.—The *Nautical Magazine*.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine*.—*Tinsley's Magazine*, which opens with the first chapters of a new serial story.—*Belgravia*, in which Ouida's "Freseoes" are concluded.—*London Society*.—*Chambers's Journal*.—*Cassell's Magazine*.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.—*Good Words*.—*All the Year Round*.—The *Sunday Magazine*.—The *Leisure Hour*, containing an account of the sheep-eating parrots of New Zealand.—The *Sunday at Home*, which has for frontispiece a very good specimen of oleograph printing.—The *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*.—The *Continent*, the principal illustrated article in which is devoted to "Terra Cotta in Architecture."—*Harper's Monthly*.

ERRATUM.—The edition of "Othello" referred to in our last number is by Mr. E. K. Purnell, and not, as printed, Mr. E. R. Parnell.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott (Dr.), Hints on Home Teaching, cr 8vo	(Seeley & Co)	3 0
Alcott (L. M.), Jack and Jill, 12mo	(S. Low & Co.)	2 0
Alcott (L. M.), Jimmy's Cruise in the 'Pinafore,' 12mo	(S. Low & Co.)	2 0
Barnard (F.), Behind a Brass Knocker, 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	10 6
Browning (R.), Jocoseria, 12mo	(Smith & Elder)	5 0
Carter (T. F.), Narrative of the Boer War, 8vo	(Remington)	10 6
Collins (M.), Sweet Anne Page, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2 0
Duff (A.), by Thomas Smith, cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	21 6
Ellis (W. E.), The Irish Education Directory, cr 8vo	(Ponsonby)	2 6
Fothergill (J. M.), Indigestion, Biliousness, &c., Part 2, cr 8vo	(Lewis)	7/6
Gale (J. T.), Local Parliament Handbook, cr 8vo	(A. Heywood)	1 6
Graham (R.), Algebraic Factors, 12mo	(Ponsonby)	2 6
Hawthorne (J.), Sebastian Strome, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2 0
Hope (A. J. B.), Order and Worship, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	9 0
Hunt (A. W.), The Leaden Casket, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2 0
Hunt (A. W.), Self-Condemned, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	31 6
Hyde (J. N.), A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, 8vo	(Churchill)	17 0
Leigh (F. B.), Ten Years in a Georgia Plantation, 8vo	(Bentley)	10 6
Lennard (T. B.), The Position in Law of Women, 8vo	(Waterlow)	6 0
Like his Own Daughter, cr 8vo	(W. Smith)	6 0
Macdonald (G.), Castle Warlock, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6 0
Maclear (G. F.), Evidential Value of the Holy Eucharist, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6 0
My Trivial Life and Misfortunes, by a Plain Woman, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Blackwood)	25 6
Pusey (E. B.), Selections from Writings, cr 8vo	(Rivington)	3 6
Randolph (Mrs.), Woodruffe, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31 6
Smith (E. F.), In a Vain Shadow, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Remington)	31 6
Sophocles, Seven Plays in English Verse, by L. Campbell	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	7 6
Stimson (L. A.), A Treatise on Fractures, 8vo	(Churchill)	21 0
Stray Papers on Education, by "B. H.," cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	3 6
Students' Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge, Vol. 1	(Hodder & Stoughton)	7 6
Verne (J.), Godfrey Morgan, cr 8vo	(S. Low)	7 6
West (S.), How to Examine the Chest, 12mo	(Churchill)	5 0
Williams (G. W.), A History of the Negro Race in America	(Putnam's Sons)	32 0
Wolseley (G.), Memoir of, by C. R. Low, cr 8vo	(Bentley)	6 0
Wooder (J.), The Æsthetic, &c., cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Marshall)	2 0

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

AT nine o'clock on Thursday evening a great explosion took place in the Local Government Office, which wrecked the room in which it appears to have occurred and forced out the windows, hurled a huge stone, weighing between one and two hundredweight, through the wall of the Police-station in King Street, and broke almost every window, including all the heavy plate-glass windows, on the south side of Parliament Street. For one hundred and fifty yards the heavy plate-glass lay literally in heaps in the streets of Parliament Street, King Street, Charles Street, &c. The effect of the explosion is described as resembling that of an 80-ton gun. It startled the House of Commons, and the Speaker sent to ask what had caused it, and was then told it was due to a gas explosion, which, however, is certainly now known to have been a mistake. Gun-cotton, dynamite, or ordinary gunpowder will alone account for the appearances; but it is not yet known where the explosives were placed, whether in the cellars of the Local Government Office or between the balustrades and the windows. It is not seriously doubted that the explosion was due to some infernal machine placed in the Local Government Office by Fenian conspirators, as a kind of answer to Mr. Gladstone's speech of Wednesday last,—and a very imbecile as well as wanton answer too, an answer which can only confirm every one who previously objected to further concession, in the wisdom of that attitude of finality.

An hour and a quarter earlier an attempt was made to blow up the *Times*' office, in Printing-House Square, by some one who fixed a tin-box containing explosives on the ledge of one of the ground-floor windows. Mr. Alfred Evans, of Playhouse Yard, who heard the explosion, says that on rushing out he saw flames rising over the large front window of the *Times*' publishing office in Playhouse Yard, and rising at least ten feet from the box of explosives. He immediately threw a bucket of water over the tin-box, and extinguished the flames. Another account represents the watchman as having extinguished the fire, and does not make so much of the flames. But there can be little doubt that the attempts on the Local Government Office and on the *Times*' office were concerted, though it is quite possible that other besides political motives may have entered into the attempt to destroy the *Times*' office, where there have been several symptoms within the last year or two of serious disaffection on the part of some of the employés.

The Tories won the Mid-Cheshire election on Wednesday by a majority of 622, the Hon. Alan de Tatton Egerton obtaining 4,214 votes, against 3,592 given to the Liberal candidate, Mr. Latham. Both candidates increased their poll over the poll of 1880, Mr. Latham by 218, and the Tory candidate by 346, so that the Tory majority, which was 494 in 1880, mounted up to 622 on this occasion,—*i.e.*, was increased by 128 votes. The poll was nearly exhaustive, and conclusively proves that the Tories retain the feudal power in Mid-Cheshire which they have so long held there.

A second riot occurred at Paris on Sunday, readily put down by the police; and a serious one is arranged for to-morrow, when the Anarchists will celebrate the anniversary of the Commune. It is not expected to result in grave consequences, but foreigners are leaving Paris, and the two Chambers have postponed their recess till the 20th inst., lest any untoward incident should occur. General Thibaudin is evidently aware of the truth that no force can operate against a mob like cavalry, and he disperses crowds without shedding blood. There is a certain uneasiness in Paris, caused by the fact that the men of the building trade are out of work; and by rumours, peremptorily denied, that M. Grévy intends to resign the President's chair. These last appear to be circulated by Reactionaries, whose hope is that if M. Grévy resigned, the consequent confusion would be so great as to induce the Army to interfere. There is no chance of the resignation, and if it happened, the Army would probably watch the transfer of power quite quietly. Observers interpret the tone of the French Army too much by that of the superior officers. They forget that when the orders to be given are illegal, the consent, or at least the acquiescence, of the non-commissioned officers, and even of the men, is required. Of the non-commissioned officers in France a singular proportion are citizens of the great towns, who are devoted to the Republic, a fact well understood by Gambetta, when he finally faced Marshal MacMahon. The French officers are keen politicians, but they will not run the danger of civil war in the barracks.

On Wednesday, Mr. Parnell moved the second reading of his Irish Land Act Amendment Bill, a Bill which, in principle at least, would transfer the whole land of Ireland, except the rent representing the value of the wild land, to the tenants; and which would subject the rents of all the leaseholders, as well as all the tenants-at-will, to the judicial parings of the Land Commission. Further, it proposes to extend very greatly the purchase clauses, and to make the judicial rents date, not from the time of the Court's decision, but from the time of the notice given to ask the decision of the Court. Mr. Parnell went over the ordinary Irish reasons for this great reopening of the whole question, but especially signalised his speech by the remark that the new judicial rents are in effect rack-rents which it will be quite impossible for the Irish tenant-farmers to pay,—a declaration which is too likely to be taken in Ireland as the inauguration of a new agitation against the machinery of the Land Act itself.

Mr. Chaplin moved the rejection of the Bill in a furious speech of the old kind against the plunder and pillage of the Irish landlords, and concluded by quoting Lord Hartington's and Lord Derby's strong declarations of the necessity for not again raising new issues of principle on the Irish land question. Mr. Dickson, on behalf of the Ulster farmers, made a strong appeal for new powers to break leases which had been dictated by overwhelming pressure, and for a Parliamentary over-ruling of the judgment given in "Adams *v.* Dunseath;" and then Mr. Gladstone, in a speech of great power, but much less sympathetic in character towards the Irish demands than his various declarations of last year on the amendments needed to complete the Land Act, declined to hold out any promise with regard to the points needing amendment, while he held up Mr. Parnell's attempt to throw discredit on the new judicial rents to the indignation and censure of the House. His reason, of course, for not undertaking to amend the Act was other more urgent claims on the time of the House and the attention of the Government, and the great danger of unsettling the remedial operation of the Act. It is generally understood that Lord Spencer has appealed to the Government not to reopen Land-Act questions at present, and hence perhaps the discouraging tone of Mr. Glad-

stone's speech. Mr. Bryce, on the part of the independent Liberals, expressed his great regret at that discouraging tone, and pressed strongly on the Government the very great grievances of some of the Irish leaseholders. Sir Farrer Herschell, in a very able speech, contrasted Mr. Parnell's Bill with the scope of the Land Act, and then the second reading was rejected by 250 votes to 63.

Mr. Gladstone's most interesting statistics were those showing the rapidly accelerating progress made in the settlement of the judicial rents. Of the contentious cases, one-third (30,000) had been settled by the end of January last, while two-thirds (60,000) remained to be settled. But the rate of the judicial decisions, which showed at first only fourteen a day, had increased to the number of 100 a day, or more than 30,000 in the year; so that at this rate, by the end of 1884 we may hope for the settlement of much the greater number of the contentions cases. For every case settled in Court, one at least,—indeed, more than one,—is shown to be settled out of Court by a voluntary agreement which the Court is asked to sanction.

The French are evidently about to take strong action in Tonquin. On Tuesday, M. de St. Vallier argued in the Senate that the possession of Cochin China ought to be made "more fruitful," by the seizure of territory in Tonquin, "in which a French colony might be planted;" and the Foreign Minister, M. Challemel-Lacour, said he agreed with him. France must make her influence felt among distant populations, who had misread the events of 1870. The Sovereign of Anam had violated the Treaty of 1874, and *recognised the suzerainty of China*, and the Government was therefore resolved to pursue an energetic policy, to show that French occupation was not temporary. The Ministry would, therefore, after Easter, demand a credit for an expedition which would permanently occupy certain points of Tonquin, the division of Anam nearest to China. M. Challemel-Lacour, it is clear, does not understand China. If he really uttered the absurdly incautious words we have italicised, and is prepared to make the Chinese suzerainty over Anam a ground of war, he will be compelled to dictate terms of peace at the gates of Pekin. The Chinese will pour an army into Anam, and will defend the Sovereign to the last, wearing out the French soldiery by their numbers. What can have induced M. Challemel-Lacour voluntarily to place the quarrel upon a ground so offensive to Chinese pride, it is difficult to imagine. It was only necessary to say, as he did say, that the Sovereign of Anam encouraged brigandage in French Cochin-China, to localise the war. Now, the Chinese Empress will consider it war against herself.

Lord Spencer has resigned the Presidentship-in-Council, but retains his seat in the Cabinet. It is supposed that Lord Rosebery will be President-in-Council, but nothing is yet known, and Mr. Gladstone has stated that the opportunity will be taken to improve the Departmental arrangements for Scotland and for the representation of agriculture. Two ideas are said to be before the Cabinet,—one, that there should be a separate Ministry of Education and a Vice-President of Council for Agriculture; and another, that Agriculture should be a sub-department of the Board of Trade. It would be easier to adopt the former, which cannot be long postponed, and assign Agriculture to the President, with a Vice-President for Scotland. The President even now manages himself the most pressing of agricultural business, the Act for stamping out cattle disease. Any arrangement, however, is good, provided it does not increase the number of Cabinet Ministers.

Mr. Lowell, the American Minister in London, on July 14th informed the Government of Washington that the Prevention of Crimes Act included a revival of the old Alien Act, and though "he had every reason to believe the Act would be applied with caution and discrimination, and only to persons who may make themselves particularly prominent by incitement to disorder," he requested instructions. Mr. Secretary Frelinghuysen, in a long despatch, of September 22nd, does not give instructions, but leaves action to Mr. Lowell, only saying, "I need scarcely add that this Government has no sympathy with the motives or methods of the class of indiscreet individuals, insignificant in number, in this country, whose ill-directed zeal can neither serve the cause of Ireland, nor reflect credit on the country of their adoption. Law-abiding, peaceable American citizens of Irish birth should not be exposed to suffer on their account." The truth of the matter is, that General Arthur's Government has no sympathy with Irish Extremists, but is unwilling to irritate the Irish vote.

The Tories think they have at last found a good case in South Africa, where the Government of the Transvaal, either from weakness or connivance, has allowed its subjects to oppress two Bechuana chiefs in a manner prohibited by the Convention. Lord Cranbrook brought forward the subject on Tuesday in the Lords, and drew from Lord Derby the important statement that the protection of the Bechuana chiefs would involve a serious campaign, and a subsequent military occupation. The Government, therefore, though aware that the Convention had been broken, proposed to compensate the chiefs with money and lands, instead of going to war. Earl Cairns and Lord Salisbury followed Lord Derby with speeches of bitter reprobation, Lord Cairns' in particular being very able, but no Peer ventured to suggest an expedition. The Tory idea was only to show that the Convention was a blunder, to which Lord Granville replied that it might be, but if so, it was a blunder consequent on the original mistake, the annexation of the Transvaal.

In the Commons, the first desire of the Tories is to waste time, and so exhaust "the Gladstone period." While Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, therefore, "asked for a day" to discuss South-African affairs, Mr. Gorst had a motion on the paper for Tuesday calling attention to the position of natives under the Convention. Mr. Gladstone, not seeing the necessity for two debates on one subject, refused to answer Sir Michael Hicks-Beach until he saw what became of Mr. Gorst's motion, which that gentleman was accordingly constrained to bring forward. He did so in a speech made effective by quotations from the despatches of Sir Hercules Robinson, who undoubtedly accuses the Transvaal Government of "unwillingness to control their marauding subjects." Mr. Cartwright met Mr. Gorst, who had demanded "energetic action," with an amendment calling upon Government to "confine its action within the limits of unavoidable obligations;" and Mr. Ashley, in answering for the Government, upheld that view. He admitted fully that the wrongs perpetrated "were a disgrace to humanity," but declined, for the reasons advanced by Lord Derby, to go beyond remonstrance, which he thought would be felt at Pretoria. For reasons stated elsewhere, we think the Government right, but we have little hope from remonstrance. The Doppers, the most energetic section of the Boers, believe that they hold the Transvaal by divine right, and that they have a special mission to despoil and "govern" all African blacks. Mr. Kruger cannot control these men, even if he would.

The Indian Budget was published on Thursday in Calcutta, and is on the whole favourable. The account for 1881-82 proves that the revenue was £73,696,000, and the expenditure £71,113,000, leaving a surplus of £2,583,000. The revised estimate for 1882-83 shows a revenue of £67,914,000, and an expenditure, after providing for the Egyptian Expedition, of £67,854,000, or a minute surplus of £60,000. Major Baring, moreover, hopes that in 1883-84 the revenue will be £67,274,000 and the expenditure £66,817,000, thus leaving £457,000 in the Treasury. The Government is able to send £1,000,000 home for the repayment of sterling debt,—quite a new process,—and the Treasury is satisfied as to its future prospects. Major Baring denies that the revenue of India is inelastic, and says the increase in the use of salt is so great, that the reduction made last year is partly recouped already, and will very shortly be fully made up. The bad features in the situation are the continued fluctuations in the value of silver, and the decline in the sales of opium, due to the increasing growth of the drug in China itself; but "I see no reason for taking a desponding view of the financial situation at present."

The very important, though little noticed, Conference of the Powers upon the navigation of the Danube, held in London, came to a conclusion on Saturday, when a Treaty of nine clauses was provisionally signed. By the terms of this agreement, which was described to the House of Commons on Monday by Lord E. Fitzmaurice, the control of the European Commission created by the Treaty of Paris over the navigation is extended for twenty-one years, that is, to April 24th, 1904, and for such additional time as may elapse without any Power demanding a fresh Conference. The management of the river for such distance as its banks belong to Russia and Roumania is confided to the

delegates of those two States; but the European Commission is to be informed of everything done, and if any dispute arises in consequence, the matter is to be referred to the Powers collectively. Russia may levy what tolls she pleases on the Kilia mouth, but she must inform the other riverain States, so that they may take what action they please. There is no doubt that the Treaty is a compromise of grave importance to the peace of Europe, or that its arrangement is mainly due to the impartiality and tact of Lord Granville, who saw from the first that the question touched the pride as well as the interests of the Powers very closely. Under the arrangement, pride is satisfied; but Europe continues to regulate the Danube, the control of which would otherwise be settled by a savage war. It is just the question that the North and South Slavs would select for their battle-ground.

The Italian Chamber has been debating the action of the Government in Egypt with great vehemence, the Right contending that the British offer to accept Italy as an ally in putting down Arabi's insurrection ought to have been accepted. S. Mancini, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in reply made a curious speech, affirming first that the refusal was not absolute; secondly, that the German Powers, though acquiescent, left to Italy the responsibility; and, thirdly, that if Italy had agreed, France would have gone to Alexandria too, which one would have thought was a reason for accepting Lord Granville's offer. He denied that Italy was not ready and was afraid of the expense, but admitted that the latter consideration had weighed with the Ministry, who, we may add, after the refusal abused England publicly and privately for going on alone. Altogether, the impression left by the speech is that the Italian Ministry do not quite know what they want, unless it is cheap glory; and that, in any case, they are not the men with whom one would care to go hunting tigers. It is evident from the debate that grave Italian statesmen like S. Minghetti feel very keenly the loss of the *entente cordiale* with Great Britain.

There was an attempt made in Supply on Saturday to reduce one of the votes, for conveying "distinguished persons" across the Channel in special packets, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Illingworth, and others freely expressing their opinion that these distinguished persons should pay for their own passages across the Channel out of the allowances made them by the country. This seems to us a reasonable demand. It is all very right to support the Throne with a certain liberality and splendour, but there is no reason at all why the members of the Royal Family, once properly provided for, should not pay their own way as other people do, instead of constantly asking for fresh votes of money for the very needless purpose of distinguishing all their movements from those of ordinary subjects. The junior members of the Royal Family ought not to regard it as a matter of the first importance to the Throne, that they should shrink from all contact with ordinary subjects. In reality, they would make the Throne a great deal more popular by living well within their incomes, and showing their friendliness to the people on the few occasions on which they would be called upon to share the accommodation provided for less exalted persons.

Mr. Biggar is an obstinate man. His counsel in the breach-of-promise case brought by Miss Hyland against him applied for a new trial on Wednesday to Lord Justices Brett, Cotton, and Bowen, on the ground that the jury had found that there was a conditional promise to marry, although there was no corroboration of the lady's statement in the sense required by the statute; that the verdict was against the weight of the evidence, and that the damages were excessive. The Lords Justices, however, dismissed the appeal with costs, Lord Justice Brett holding that the conduct of Mr. Biggar, as described by himself, afforded what the jury were warranted in regarding as sufficient corroboration of the alleged promise, and that his story of praying in church that the obstacles to his marriage might be removed, could only mean, under the circumstances, the obstacles to his marriage to this particular woman, and ought to be construed as confirmatory of the promise to marry her which he now denied. Lord Justices Cotton and Bowen concurred, and Mr. Biggar took nothing but additional costs by his appeal. We confess that, to our minds, the evidence of a promise appears highly inferential and dubious; but undoubtedly Mr. Biggar's story, as told by himself, was not of a kind to incline any jury or Court to put the most favourable construction on his own conduct, or to limit to the most honourable significance the meaning of his words. There are some men who never gain by keeping themselves before the public. Mr. Biggar would have done better to retire as soon as possible into the comparative privacy of political life.

The use of electricity as a motor is developing, though not very rapidly. It appears from a lecture by Professor Ayrton, delivered at the Royal Institution on the 15th inst., that on the Portrush Railway to the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, a tramcar driven by electricity runs steadily at ten miles an hour, and but that the speed is limited by Act of Parliament, could easily do twenty-five miles. "We took six tons the other day," writes the chairman, "up an incline of one in thirty-five." A heavy tramcar has been tried on the tramway to Acton, and worked admirably, drawing an omnibus holding forty-six people, at six miles an hour, for an outlay of six shillings and eightpence a day, against twenty-eight shillings required for the necessary horse-power. This tramcar is driven by Faure accumulators placed under the seat, as is also an electric launch, which now does fifteen miles an hour, with tide, upon the Thames. Professor Ayrton also shows an electric tricycle which runs eight and a half miles in the hour, with an ordinary driver's weight, and can run for two hours without being recharged. The accumulator is being rapidly improved, and the practical point now is to secure an ultimate charging force which shall be cheap. This must be a natural rush of water, and will be found at last either in some tidal river like the Severn, or in the tide itself. In Canton Vaud, a heavy waterfall is to be utilised, so as to distribute light at a cheap rate throughout the Canton. If we could once use the tide, it would be possible even now to distribute motive force stored in accumulators at a price with which no other motor could compare.

There was a "No-Popery" tumult at Pembroke College about a fortnight ago, the cause being the presence of a Papal Chamberlain, an M.A. of Brasenose College, of the name of Grissell, who was supposed to be using persuasive influences to induce Protestants to go over to Rome. Mr. Grissell and the party which entertained him were first screwed up in one of the sets of rooms at Pembroke; and then, when the authorities of the College had released him, he was hustled out of College with a storm of missiles after him. We supposed that demonstrations of this kind were more or less things of the past. It is quite clear that if a man is inclined to join the Roman Church, he will find ample excuses for doing so without the blandishments of a Papal Chamberlain; while if he is not so inclined, the blandishments of a Papal Chamberlain, even though also an M.A. of Oxford, will not go for much. We suspect, however, that Oxford Undergraduates need very little prompting to revive an almost obsolete form of amusement, when they see a good opportunity. Hustling a Jesuit is ignoble perhaps, but so is wrestling with a bargee. Comparative novelty is the recommendation in matters of this kind, which is most certain to fascinate Undergraduates.

There was also a most disgraceful scene in Bordesley Church on Sunday, when the Rev. Alan Hunter Watts, who has been appointed by the Aston Trustees to succeed the Rev. R. W. Enraght, displaced by the operation of the Public Worship Act, read himself in as the new Vicar in the morning, and preached, or tried to preach, in the evening. In striking contrast to the conduct of Mr. Enraght, who has strictly obeyed the inhibition of the Bishop of Worcester, his Ritualistic friends, aided by roughs, organised a scene of tumult and insult which, within the walls of a church, was as profane as it was criminal. The new Vicar's personal safety was only ensured by the attendance of a very large body of police, while the indecency of the tumult can hardly be exaggerated. It is not by accepting demonstrations of this kind that the Ritualists will gain the toleration they deserve. Hitherto, it has been their boast that they have suffered these things, and overcome persecution by suffering them, not that they have enlisted coarse violence on their side.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 102 to 102¼.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE USE OF THE NEW FENIAN OUTRAGE.

IT is said to be an ill wind which blows nobody good, and we are not sure that even in this dastardly attempt at Westminster we may not find some room for satisfaction. We believe that it will demonstrate beyond question to the wretched "Invincibles," or whoever they may be who fancy that the Land Act was the result, not of the English sense of justice, but of the English terror of Irish outrages, that outrage, even when it reaches Westminster itself, and threatens every Londoner with the possibility of a violent death, instead of producing more disposition to yield to Irish demands, renders Englishmen less and less disposed to open their minds even to what may be just in those demands, and more inclined to sustain the Government in its present attitude of finality. We have said our say on the Irish debate of Wednesday, and we shall not unsay a word of it, though we wrote as we did before the outrage of Thursday was known to us. We still hold in the strongest manner that whatever reforms the Government thinks needed in Ireland, they ought to urge on so soon as may be, absolutely without reference either to the monstrous threats of the violent Land-leaguers, or to the passionate criticisms of the violent landowners. They should ignore Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Chaplin with perfect impartiality, and do justice, without relation to the false motives to which on either side that justice may be attributed. Still, we all know that whatever we may regard as "the counsel of perfection," there will be a great effect produced on the temper of the Scotch and English people by such attempts to blow up portions of London as that made on Thursday night; and what we wish to point out is that that effect will *not* be favourable to the policy of absolute and indifferent justice for which we contend, and will be only too favourable to the policy of convincing the Irish agitators that they gain nothing and lose much by such wicked attempts as that of Thursday. We have been assured over and over again by the Irish party that England never concedes the policy of justice except to threats of violence. Well, let them try their own creed by the results of Thursday night's outrage. We venture to predict that it will cure them of that curious and ignorant superstition. We venture to say that, so far as that outrage operates at all, it will operate to harden the hearts of Englishmen against doing anything which may look like concession to terror. We venture to say that Englishmen never have done justice to Ireland in concession to terror; that the chief difficulty in persuading them to do justice has been all along that they feared lest that justice should look like a concession to terror; and that it took all Mr. Gladstone's eloquence to convince them that they ought to remedy the great national grievances of Ireland with no less earnestness, that cowardly attempts had been made to wring the remedy of those grievances out of them by terror. And now, when they think, —as they justly think,—that a very great and heroic effort has been made to do Ireland justice, the completion of which is only a matter of minor rectifications, so far from being predisposed in favour of these minor rectifications by attempts of this kind, they will be strongly predisposed against them, and will say to themselves,—'Let the Irish see what they are likely to gain by this ignoble attempt to wring further concessions from our fears. We followed Mr. Gladstone in a heroic effort to do justice, but if this is the reward, so far from going out of our way to complete what we have done, we will let the cowardly agitators who organise these outrages see that the English people are not the people to be easily intimidated.'

And really, difficult as it is to anticipate anything but evil from these reckless injuries and the serious resentment they excite, we are not sure that some good may not come out of the outrage, if it only convinces these light-headed plotters that they are adopting the very course least likely to lead to the ends they desire. Politicians who know anything have long known that the Irish creed that the fear bred of outrage carried the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the two Land Acts, was founded in a blunder as disastrous as the human understanding could make. Now, perhaps, the Irish agitators—if they are capable of learning anything,—will learn this too. They will see that what has resulted from the attempt of Thursday is not dismay and dread, but wrath and scorn. They will find the understanding, even of the most friendly English, much less accessible to reasonable argument than it has been for years past, and they will recognise as the cause of this the malignant attempt to frighten us into concessions. The Fenians may destroy millions' worth of property, and even scores of valuable lives, and yet produce nothing but a more iron determination not to concede anything to such arguments as these. If the Irish agitators had had any true imagination, they would have seen long ago that terror has not even constituted a single element in the complex motives which have converted so many English politicians to the justice of the Irish tenants' case,—that the outrages affected us only as symptoms of a very deep-seated and dangerous disease; and that it was the wish to cure this disease, not the wish to be able to sleep in peace, which led to the policy of generous and healing legislation. The new outrages, attempted after the most critical remedy in the policy of justice has been boldly applied, will not produce the same effect on our minds. On the contrary, they will convince many of us that it is even more dangerous to seem to yield to Irish menaces than to seem to neglect them, and that, at all events after applying so great a remedy as the Land Act, it will be best for a time to show the Irish agitators that they can extort nothing more by their crimes. And if the Irish agitators can be convinced of this, something will really have been done. To convince black-mailers that they will not succeed in wringing black-mail out of their intended victims, is always of some use. There is no particular enjoyment in incurring danger for the purpose of trying to extort what cannot be extorted; and that justice to Ireland cannot be *extorted* from the British people, though it may easily be obtained from them by appeals to reason and justice, we at least are finally and absolutely convinced.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE IRISH LAND ACT.

THE tone, even more than the substance, of the Prime Minister's speech on Wednesday will be a serious disappointment to a considerable section of the English Liberals. Mr. Sexton at once took advantage of that tone to say that, by the contrast which it presented to a speech on the same subject delivered last June, it would teach Ireland once more the old lesson that the Government never listens to Irish grievances except when the Irish are able to force their own dissatisfaction on the attention of the public by the alarm and anxiety which their violence excites. We believe that doctrine to be false,—we believe that it was not in the least the Fenian plots, but Mr. Gladstone's profound sense of justice, which disestablished the Irish Church; and that it was not in the least Irish outrages, but the report of the Land Commissioners—which, no doubt, Irish outrages had rendered almost necessary,—which induced the present Government to introduce the great Land Measure of 1881. Still, it is no doubt an unpleasant fact that the Prime Minister spoke last year,—when the outrages had not ceased,—with much stronger appreciation of the efforts made to amend the Land Act than he spoke this year, when they have almost ceased. Mr. Gladstone may have been right in refusing to attempt this year what he could not achieve except by the sacrifice of all English and Scotch legislation; but he can hardly have been right in altering his tone from one of strong sympathy for the reforms still needed, to one of absolute discouragement—not to say something like depreciation of their importance. It may be urged with plausibility that to have given any promise of amending the Act next year, would have disturbed the settlement of Ireland and made the Irish tenants restless, without a sufficient equivalent of immediate good. But that is no sufficient reason for the marked change of tone from June, 1882, to March, 1883, in relation to the character of the defects in the Land Act now established and verified. English Liberals,—at all events English Liberals of the advanced school, —are eager for the time when the Government shall guide their policy in Ireland without regard either to the panic of English Tories or the menaces of Irish agitators,—when they shall do what they think just and right in Ireland all the more willingly because there is no agrarian crime going on there to enforce it, and none the less willingly because English Tories, like Mr. Chaplin, scream out denunciations on the disastrous sympathy of the Government with pillage and plunder. We go heartily with Mr. Bryce in his very just and thoughtful expression of regret at the attitude of the Government. We cannot help fearing that Lord Hartington and Lord Derby have gained too much ascendency in the Irish counsels of the Government, and that for the present we have got a Government determined only on not yielding another inch of concession in Ireland,

whether justly or unjustly, to a party whom they not unnaturally regard as pledged to carry Ireland, if possible, into anarchy and chaos. They are quite right to resist plunging Ireland into anarchy and chaos; they are not right in refusing to amend, at the very earliest moment possible, obvious and admitted flaws in the great reform on the efficiency of which so much depends. No doubt, Mr. Parnell's language, in speaking of the new judicial rents as rack-rents which it will not be possible for the Irish farmers to pay, was most reckless and dangerous language—the kind of language of which he almost always interpolates some specimen into otherwise moderate speeches, with the view, as we suppose, of retaining his hold on the extreme party. Mr. Gladstone did nothing but his duty in commenting with the force of his whole eloquence on that reckless and dangerous sentence. But it was no sufficient reason, we submit, for attenuating as he did the expression of his sympathy with the demands of Ulster tenant-farmers, and for making so light of flaws which only last year he still appeared to regard as calling for an early and serious remedy.

Three defects of permanent importance, and one of some practical interest, seem to us to have been made out against the Irish Land Act. One is that the judgment in the case of "Adams *v.* Dunseath," unquestionably defeated an admitted intention of Parliament in passing that Act. This was, we believe, declared by the great legal authority in Ireland who had followed most carefully the discussions in the Legislature on the subject. The second is that Irish leaseholders have often had the conditions of their leases extorted from them by pressure fully as overwhelming as that by which the conditions of tenancy-at-will were extorted from tenants-at-will under the old law,—and that the clause which was intended to provide for this case in the Irish Land Act has proved so completely inoperative, that we have been told, on the highest authority, that no leases have been broken through under it which could not equally well have been declared void in a Court of Equity. The third is that the purchase clauses have, at present at least, fallen dead. And in addition to these three radical flaws, it has, in our opinion, been conclusively shown that the reductions or other changes ordered in fixing the judicial rents, once established, certainly ought to date back to the first notice of application for the decision of the Land Court, both because those changes ought not to be postponed for the years which may have to elapse before the Court gives its decision on the case, and also because a motive ought not to be artificially supplied to the landlords for postponing a voluntary settlement with their tenants. All these flaws seem to us real and serious flaws, which diminish the efficiency of the Land Act, and the confidence felt by the Irish tenants in its justice. And though necessity has no laws, and it may well be that the Government could not have passed in this Session an amending Act, yet they could have borne their witness afresh to the justice of the demands made, and expressed their desire to see a remedy applied so soon as may be practicable consistently with the legislative exigencies of other portions of the United Kingdom.

It is to be feared that the tone of the Government on Wednesday will alienate to some extent the Ulster Liberals, who constitute the only body of politicians in Ireland at present disposed to support Mr. Gladstone's Government. In the rest of Ireland, what the Home-rulers or Nationalists lose, the Conservatives win; and what the Conservatives lose, the Home-rulers or Nationalists win. But that, after all, though it weakens still further a Government already almost destitute of popular support in Ireland, is not the most serious part of the matter. What we want to see is an *English* popular opinion springing up which shall insist on applying the best remedy in its power to the evils of Ireland, and which shall not be disposed to wait for Irish clamour before it urges redress. If there is to be, what we all desire to see, a true Union between the two countries, we must get over once for all our idea that the urgency of Irish questions is a nuisance, for which we owe Ireland a sort of grudge. That phase of feeling is utterly inconsistent with a true Union. In a really United Kingdom, that part of the kingdom which is most in need of political reform should receive attention first, even though the same part should absorb attention for several consecutive years. There was much truth in Mr. Parnell's remark on Wednesday that Ireland is so prominent solely because Ireland is comparatively so miserable, and that where England and Scotland can afford to wait, Ireland in matters of any urgency, cannot afford to wait. If Lancashire had suffered even for five or six years together from the cotton famine, as Ireland has been suffering for the last five years, Parliament would hardly have grumbled at being asked, for four, five, or six consecutive years, to give a great part of its time to the troubles of Lancashire. Ought we not to find Liberal opinion in England and Scotland,—we do not mean among the Anglo-Irish, but among the English and Scotch themselves,—perfectly willing to postpone matters of really considerable importance to this Island, so long as matters of still more importance to Ireland continue to claim attention? We do not deny the great inconvenience of such postponements, but we do say that in a genuine Union, the material point is not an equal distribution of attention among the various geographical regions of that Union, but the willingness of the whole to endure great sacrifices for the cure of any vital malady in the parts. We observe with great anxiety *not* the growing impatience of Irish Obstruction,—that is both healthy and right,—but the growing impatience of Irish questions *because* they are Irish, even where there is no obstruction. We should have liked to see a strong pressure put on the Government from English quarters, to purge, so far as is possible, the great Land Act of 1881 of all admitted flaws, even at the further sacrifice of Legislative time. We should have liked to see Mr. Gladstone, while rebuking Mr. Parnell in the eloquent language which the Prime Minister actually used, assuring him that, though he would not concede an inch to menace, he would not allow any serious defect in the Land Act that experience had verified, to remain a day longer than he could help; and that in judging of the claims of various measures on the attention of the Legislature, he should be guided by the absolute urgency of the case alone, and not in the least by the desire to treat the demands of different portions of the kingdom with any kind of geographical equality. In the human body, if one limb be mortifying, and other limbs be only aching, we do not insist on attending to the minor aches and pains of the latter out of any notion of abstract justice, but attend first to the greater evil. We do not say that the admitted flaws in the Irish Land Act are so grave that it was absolutely essential to remedy them this year. But we do say that they are serious enough to command more respectful attention than on Wednesday afternoon the Government seemed disposed to give them, and that hope should have been held out that Great Britain, for her own sake,—and not solely for the sake of Ireland,—would insist on remedying them so soon as experience has shown by what means the best and most adequate remedy can be applied.

M. GREVY'S POSITION.

THERE is not much truth, we imagine, in the rumours of M. Grévy's resignation. He may have said in a moment of impatience that if the Chamber did not mend its ways, he must resign; but the step between that and resigning is a long one. M. Grévy likes his position, which is dignified and well paid; the popular dislike of him is absurdly exaggerated by the Reactionaries; and unless it be an error of judgment, he has nothing with which to reproach himself. No failure of the Republic, if there has been any failure, can be traced to his initiative. He has throughout maintained the position which he has said from the first he would maintain. In 1848 he strenuously resisted the adoption of the Presidential Constitution, declaring that a President was not needed, and would be often a danger to the State. In 1875 he was of the same opinion, though he admitted that his ideas were inopportune; and in 1879, when he was himself elected, mainly because he could be trusted not to aggrandise the Presidency, he promised to govern through and with the majority of the Chambers. So far as can be perceived, he has kept that engagement with scrupulous good-faith. A man of decided opinions, of a type infrequent in this country—for our Whigs are rarely *bourgeois*—he has, of course, expressed them, both in the Council-room and among his friends; but if they have brought him a certain influence, that is no fault of his. In action, he has been strictly "Constitutional," in the English sense, has never rejected any Minister, though under the Constitution he has a right of choice, and has passed over Ministers whom he preferred, to accept others more likely to secure a majority in the Chambers. In the most recent case of all, it is known that he would greatly have preferred M. de Freycinet, but he found that appointment would disgust the Senate—which is afraid of M. de Freycinet's finance—and irritate the Chamber, in which the Gambettists hold the balance of power; and he sent for M. Jules Ferry, though one item at least in that Premier's programme, the extension of the Dependencies of France, must be peculiarly offensive to him. He is distinctly of opinion that dependencies weaken France. Indeed, he has carried his

constitutionalism to the verge of weakness, for it is in part due to the knowledge that he would yield, that the Chamber has overthrown and set up Cabinets with such startling and perilous rapidity, till a Premier who has held office for twelve months is credited from that fact alone with special qualities. His persistence in this course, in the face of such a Chamber, argues strong conviction; and though M. Grévy may feel acutely the situation of affairs, he will probably persist to the end, or at all events not resign until he has tried through a Dissolution to ascertain the true mind of the country. He must know better than any other politician that a Dissolution with himself as the only prominent figure left in France is a very different thing from a Dissolution with M. Gambetta still alive, and ready at any moment, if the people desired it, to be Premier, or President, or Dictator.

Whether M. Grévy is well advised in his interpretation of his position is a different matter. It can hardly be doubted that he is incorrect, and we suspect that he has been unwise. The framers of the Constitution intended it to be monarchical, and monarchical in the French sense, which allows the monarch to submit to the Chamber, but does not expect him entirely to efface himself. It certainly never was proposed that the immense powers confided to the President, his right of selecting Ministers outside the Chambers, his right of dismissing them individually, his right of sending Messages, his right of controlling patronage, should never be employed. He must have been intended to employ them as a French King would have done, that is, subject to the advice of a responsible Ministry, but with a strong and visible initiative of his own. That such an initiative is possible under the Constitution is evident from the fact that M. Gambetta wished for the Presidency, nor does any Frenchman doubt that if he had obtained it, he would have made the President the first figure and the most potent individuality in France. M. Grévy, acting, no doubt, in full accord with his avowed political convictions, in full knowledge of which he was elected, has withdrawn the Presidency from political strife to an extent which those who drew up the Constitution did not foresee, and has interpreted its rights upon a theory which, however praiseworthy and self-denying, is English, rather than French. Frenchmen hardly understand rights which are never used, and expect an official to strain rather than to abnegate his powers. The Presidency as an institution is not stronger, but weaker, for M. Grévy, who has nothing like the position either of M. Thiers or of Marshal MacMahon. That is no blame to him, for he has never disguised his dislike of the institution, but it is a result unexpected by the founders of the new Republic.

The variation from the original idea of the Constitution is, we think, past question; and we doubt if that variation, strongly though it may commend itself to English ideas, has been altogether wise. M. Grévy may have reason for his opinion that France would do best without a Presidency; for the Cabinet, if solely responsible for order, would have concentrated public attention upon itself till its overthrow would have been incomparably more difficult. At present, a Cabinet falls as a stone in water, creating only a ripple hardly perceptible beyond an official circle; but if no President existed, a Cabinet in resigning might alarm or delight all France. The resignation would be an event. The Chamber would be held by the country much more responsible for its votes, or if it treated Ministers as clerks would, like the Convention, concentrate upon itself the whole regard of the population. It would be so completely and visibly responsible, that it would be compelled, under the pressure of millions of eyes, to organise itself into consistent parties capable of continuous policy and government. But while the Presidency exists, we fear that it attracts too much attention for its inertness to be unimportant. It shelters Ministry and Chamber too much from the consequences of their acts. The people of France have been long accustomed to individual leadership, and when there is no other leader, no great and predominating individuality, they expect general guidance in crises from the Head of the State. Even if they do not take his opinion, the fact that he has pronounced it gives a kind of solidity to their own. They know when he has spoken what the alternative courses are, and can act with decision, if not wisely. M. Thiers knew this well, and insisted on retaining his right, when affairs grew serious, to go down and address the country from the tribune. The French people do not take their advice from Ministers, whom they seldom understand, and whom they regard as mere employés, very frequently changed, but either from a great individuality, or from the Head of the State, or very often from the Assembly itself, whose decrees have always, from the time of the first Revolution, had an exceptional weight in France. Resistance to them has been wonderfully slight. When none of these speak, Frenchmen are left to themselves in a way which they do not like, and feel as average Englishmen would feel if all great Party leaders suddenly resigned. They have plenty of opinions, and a great deal of obstinacy, but they have not knowledge enough to feel certain how they ought to act, and are painfully aware of the want. We suspect that if M. Grévy, departing for once from his own view of his own obligations, were to address a Message to the Chambers, or even a manifesto to France, stating clearly his own view of what was required, he would find that he had made a vast mass of fluid opinion suddenly solid, and that the Chambers would be subjected to a pressure which would evolve a trustworthy majority. The electors in France make themselves very audible to their representatives, and that with greater rapidity even than in England. Nothing of the kind could be done, of course, while the Ferry Ministry retain power, for any such action would reveal want of confidence in them; but if they fall, M. Grévy might, we think, ask France to aid him in removing the causes of such dangerous instability. The electors, we think, would answer by instructions to their representatives which could not be disobeyed. Certainly, if the President at last resolves on a Dissolution, this will have to be done in some form or other, either by message or manifesto, or the new Chamber may be as chaotic as the old. It may be said that this would be a return to personal government; but an address is not an order, and the question is whether the Constitution, in giving a person such a position, did not expect from him some sort of leadership. The French people, we fear, do expect it; and if they do, it is far better that they should look for it to the impartial head of the State, than to a Minister whom the bureaucracy are anxious to conciliate, or to an aspirant whose first object may be the overthrow of the Constitution. M. Grévy's first mandate is to protect the Republic; and if he cannot protect it while effacing himself, his duty is to modify his view of his obligations, and endeavour personally to obtain the aid of the people. After all, the first test of a Constitution is that it can work; and if this one does not work, as its best friends begin to suspect it does not, any mode of strengthening it is better than total failure, to be followed by the old weary round of half-popular, half-military *coup d'état*. As to resignation before the people have been consulted, that is the counsel of secret enemies, who hope that France, still further confused, may call upon some Dictator to save her from herself.

THE NEW SOUTH-AFRICAN TROUBLE.

IN most places it is safe to expect the unforeseen, but in South Africa it is safer to await the disagreeable. Within the last thirty years, we never remember a piece of intelligence from South Africa which could give Englishmen unmixed pleasure. Even when the Diamond-fields were discovered, the news was spoiled by the intimation that the natives would be prohibited from digging; while the annexation of the Transvaal, which at first seemed to promise a long *régime* of peace, to be followed by federation, was accompanied by too many protests to allow any feeling of security. The last news is as disagreeable as any that have preceded it. It is evident that the Convention with the Government of the Transvaal has been broken, in part, it may be, without fault in any responsible statesman; and it is evident also that mending it would involve human suffering, greater than that which the document was intended to prevent. When the British retired from the Transvaal, the Convention which took the place of a Treaty was based upon two leading principles. One was that the Boers should within the Transvaal possess a complete autonomy, subject only to the right of the British Resident, as representative of the Paramount Power, to confer with and advise the Government. His influence, as was acknowledged by both sides in the plain-spoken debates of Tuesday, was to be exclusively "moral." Some politicians ridicule that phrase, but in reality it serves only to formulate in one particular way the state of affairs to which, under other formulas, we are quite habituated in Canada. We can in practice affect Canadian legislation only by moral suasion, careful diplomacy, and, of course, the threat of retiring altogether. As regards external affairs, however,

and especially external native affairs, the Convention reserved a veto to the Crown, which it was fully understood would be exercised in native interest. The Boers are not to attack the Zulus on the east of the Transvaal, or the Bechuanas on the west, without the Queen's consent. The Boer Government has now, it may be from helplessness, set this provision at naught. Two Bechuana chiefs, named Montsioa and Mankaroane, during the struggle with the Transvaal took up arms on our behalf, and defeated a rival chief, Moschette, who had declared himself upon the Boer side. The motive of our friends was probably tribal hatred of Moschette quite as much as love of us, just as the motive of the Sikhs in 1857, when they joined Sir John Lawrence, was to avenge their ancient wrongs at the hands of the Delhi Emperors, but still the two Bechuanas did take up arms on our side. The neighbouring Boer farmers resented this, and after the conclusion of the Convention aided Moschette to avenge himself, compelled Montsioa and Mankaroane to sign an illegal treaty ceding their lands, and occupied those lands in force. They have divided them, in fact, into the regular 6,000-acre farms. The British Resident, Mr. Hudson, remonstrated with the Government of Pretoria, and they promised redress, and sent a force to guard the frontier against the Boer raiders. The soldiers of the force, however, joined the invaders, and, as usual when Boers are fighting natives, either committed, or allowed Moschette to commit in their presence, hideous massacres. Further correspondence with Pretoria produced only excuses and evasions, and it is now admitted on all hands that the majority of Boers, both in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, approve the depredations, and that the Government in Pretoria, though it may be inclined to respect the Convention, is either unable or unwilling to carry out its main provision. The injured Chiefs have appealed through Mr. Hudson directly to Great Britain for protection, and the Government has to decide finally whether or no it will coerce the Transvaal into keeping its engagements.

The Government have decided, as appears from Lord Derby's speech—Mr. Gladstone's will reach us too late for this issue, and Lord Derby is Secretary for the Colonies—not to coerce the Transvaal; and we believe, disagreeable as their decision must have been to themselves, they have decided rightly. If it were absolutely impossible to shelter the Bechuanas without war, if hesitation meant massacre or total spoliation for them, the decision might be wrong, but this is not the case. We can give the two chiefs, with their tribes, ample compensation for their direct losses, new lands, and complete safety within our own dominions; and in inviting them to "trek" southward, we do them no considerable injury. They must concede something to circumstances, like ourselves, and suffer something for their irrepressible proclivity to intertribal fighting. Their personal claims being thus disposed of, the only solid reason for using force against Pretoria is to convince the Boers that we will have the Convention obeyed in future, and the question to be settled by the British people is whether that document is worth first, a war, next, a military occupation of the Transvaal, and, finally, a quarrel with all the Dutchmen in South Africa. Both Lord Derby and Lord Kimberley were painfully plain in their statement of the facts as to the impossibility of peaceful coercion, and as to the dislike of the Dutch population in all the colonies to anything like war. We can defend the Bechuanas as they stand, but only by marching a strong force from the Cape northward, through a thousand miles of roadless territory, without help from the Cape Government, which has categorically refused to assist us, and in the face of incessant attacks from Boer parties of guerillas, who will emerge both from the Orange Free State on our right flank, and from the Transvaal in our front. We cannot run risks in South Africa, and the expedition must be of a strength which will make it cost as much as the Abyssinian war, with the immense aggravation that we cannot retire from Bechuanaland after the campaign. The day we retire, the Boers will set on the Bechuanas again, and the business will recommence. The British Government really cannot waste its people and its treasure in that way, not to protect allied Bechuanas, which might be an adequate object, but to protect them on lands no better than those we can offer them farther south. The Government cannot, in fact, spend £10,000,000 at once and £500,000 a year thereafter to save two small savage tribes from making a march which, if they took it into their heads, they would make without demur. The only alternative is to coerce the Transvaal from the sea, that is, from the eastward, as we did before; and though this is possible, it would involve an equally expensive war, and the military occupation for an indefinite period of the vast Transvaal plateau; while the Boers would "trek" northward, destroying in their path much finer tribes than the Bechuanas. The proposal is unreasonable, and fiercely as the Tories have leapt upon their chance of showing that the Convention was a blunder, they do not venture to bring forward the only alternative. They evade the true point, which is the policy to be pursued, and only reiterate their assertion that Liberal policy was foolish, and their imputation that the reason for the foolishness was want of nerve. We may pass over both accusations without pain, for if there has been foolishness, it has been in respecting Tory policy too much, and if there is a want of nerve, it is produced by a just reluctance to waste English lives and money on an unnecessary undertaking.

While, however, we can heartily support the Government in their main decision, we must strongly press upon the Colonial Office two points. One is, that these Bechuana chiefs must be thoroughly well treated, and have no cause to say they suffered through adherence to the British. A mere grant of money is not sufficient, even if they will accept it. They ought to have a "country" given them, and a good one, even if we have to buy it by the square mile. Nothing else will settle their moral claim as it ought to be settled, and Lord Derby should see to it that the promise is kept to the fullest extent. They will then be no worse off than if the execution of the Convention had been the material impossibility which politically it is. The other point is that the arrival of Mr. Jorrissen, the new Transvaal Envoy, should be taken advantage of to transmute the Convention into a Treaty with the Transvaal, enabling us to interfere for Zulus and other natives, whenever they are attacked. Englishmen do not like to see the Queen's Government responsible, even indirectly, for the conduct of a State which, whether from weakness or from willingness, acts so completely on the principle that a "black man has no rights which a white man is bound to respect." The only advantage of the Convention is that it gives the British Government a right to interfere, if slavery is set up in the Transvaal, or if the Boers attack the Zulus; and we can secure both rights as well by Treaty as by Convention. We shall then be able to judge in each case whether we can interfere, and ought to interfere, without the complications introduced by a nominal sovereignty, which may in itself be advantageous, but which the British people in their present mood will not allow the Queen's Government to enforce. It may be—in our judgment, it is—imperative to keep a check upon the Boers, who, whatever their merits as patriots, are as slaveholders among the most cruel of mankind; but in keeping that check, a nominal sovereignty which it costs too much to enforce is only an impediment. We still maintain, as we have always maintained, that if this country were prepared to govern all South Africa as we govern India, in the interest of its whole population, there would be ample justification for the conquest of the Transvaal; but the people are not willing, and the alternative is to define our rights and duties outside of the Colonies by Treaty, and not by the assertion of an indefinite and, as we now see, unworkable claim to obedience. If we have to fight the Dutch of the Transvaal—and we warn them that, if history can be trusted, their conceit, graspingness, and contempt for human rights will drive us to that, one day—let us fight them as enemies, and not as recalcitrant and sullen subjects. It is a bad ending, for the present, to a promising, though over-hasty adventure in a good cause; but it is the only possible one, and the history of South Africa has not ended yet.

THE MID-CHESHIRE ELECTION.

THE election of Mr. Alan Egerton for Mid-Cheshire is a severe party defeat for the Liberals. There is no explanation of it, except that the majority of electors in that county division are still Tories. The Liberals had an attractive candidate, they worked hard, and they polled 218 more votes than at the last election. The Tories, however, exerted themselves, they brought up every man they could influence, they polled 346 more votes, and they won by an increased majority. That is defeat for Liberals, and we hate disguising defeat. It will be said, of course, that the Tory landlords "put on the screw," and that the Liberals were weighted by the Bradlaugh question, and both affirmations are true, but neither of them is of much importance. The landlords would have been defied, if the tenants had been excited, and the principal use to Tories of the Bradlaugh business is that it enables men who are

yielding to pressure or to blandishments to plead a conscientious reason. Many electors were, no doubt, annoyed by what they thought religious treason on the part of the Liberals; but many more, who were disposed to vote with their landlords, but had talked Liberalism, pleaded Bradlaugh as an excuse for deserting their colours. The true reason for the defeat is that Liberalism has not penetrated far enough into the purely agricultural villages; that the farmers are still, in the main, on the landlords' side. They scarcely believe in Liberal promises, they are accustomed in their dreams to think what they would do as owners—a most Conservative method of musing—and they retain to a degree which townsmen can hardly appreciate, the old idea that "land" is something more than a subject of commerce, and that a kindly landlord has a sort of moral claim to his tenants' support. The landlords of Cheshire are rich, of old standing, and kindly, and the farmers feel as if there were something of ingratitude and frowardness in refusing requests for assistance so urgently pressed upon them. We all assume in London that an agent's letter is a threat, but very often it is only a reminder of the landlord's wish which the tenant is quite happy to receive. The farmers regard independent voting as a sort of rebellion, and they are not yet interested enough to rebel; more especially as, living in a grazing county, they have escaped any sharp pinch of distress. They still look upon themselves and the landlords as all in one boat, and do not yet see that if this is so, the landlords may as well follow them as they follow the landlords. As to Mr. Egerton's failures as a speechmaker, they care nothing about them at all. He will vote straight, and the tendency of the country-side is to distrust intellectual capacity, and think that ability, or at all events quickness of thought, is, as George Eliot put it, "slightly diabolic." Townspeople are like that, but not men properly sobered down by living with a healthy consciousness on their minds that they have all the cows to calve, and Thornaby Waste to plough.

There is no remedy, except more pains, and more readiness to pay the expenses of tenant-farmer candidates. The Liberals, till very lately, have neglected the farmers, ever since the Reform Bill, and have to overcome the irritated feeling of two generations; and they can only overcome it by carrying their doctrines into the villages, through men whom the farmers and rural artisans and agricultural labourers will understand. It is of no use to send sharp townsfolk to talk to men who think that if a lecturer does not know bearded wheat from barley, he is of necessity quite a fool, and probably a little bit of a rogue. It takes a countryman to talk to countrymen, and it is through talking, through "the foolishishness of preaching," that the work, as yet hardly commenced, has still to be accomplished. More sympathy must be established, before the Liberal leaders can be fully understood; and that sympathy can only be created by patient expositions, offered by men who really comprehend, or rather feel, where the gaps and barriers in the agricultural mind are to be found. What is the use of a lecturer, be he never so eloquent, who tells farmers they would do better if they paid their rent quarterly, and so could leave at short notice? It is vain to trust so exclusively as the Liberals do to the coming suffrage. Half the electors to be enfranchised regard politics from a stand-point which Mr. Smith, for instance, the new Member for Liverpool, who delivered an admirable speech for Mr. Latham, would never even perceive, and the other half would be immensely influenced by old reverence for the owners of the soil. The householders will need instruction as much as the farmers, and the Liberals in country districts do not give it, or rather give it in an unsympathising and "superior" way, which, to the farmers' minds, is inexpressibly irritating. "Too clever by half," is the most crushing sentence which, in some districts of wet meadows, can be cast upon a speech.

The Government will not, we trust, relax their determination to bring forward a fair Compensation Bill, which is heartily desired, and which Tories will not steadily resist. That is mere justice, and ought not to be delayed by any consideration that no Bill will greatly affect agricultural votes. The defeat, however, does greatly increase their difficulties, because it shows that in the event of a dissolution the counties will still give a majority to the Conservative side. Had the election gone the other way, the Peers would have been afraid of an appeal to the country, which might have ended in the complete, though temporary, extinction of the Tory Party in the House of Commons. As it is, they will think that by forcing a dissolution before the Reform Bill is brought in, they cannot injure their party much, and may even improve its chances of regaining power.

THE BLASPHEMY CONTROVERSY.

THE impressive letters which we publish from Mr. Hansard and another correspondent on the recent sentence passed upon Mr. Foote and his colleagues in the *Freethinker*, will shed much light on the feeling of those who think that scurrilous and indecent attacks on the deep religious convictions of others ought to be punished, though they reject with indignation the notion that the most absolutely negative opinions or expressions of opinion should render those who hold them liable to prosecution. We have never denied, we have indeed directly maintained, that some penalty should be imposed for religious or irreligious lampoons,—especially if in any sense forced on the attention of the public: and most of all we would say, if forced on the attention of the young, who look at them without any ability to perceive the real significance of the matter, but with minds in a condition to be easily prepossessed by any plausibility, false or true, that catches their fancy. But the point to which we have chiefly desired to draw attention is the scale of punishment inflicted. A man kicks his wife, seriously injuring her, and gets a sentence of three months; while a coarse, ill-educated man, who probably saw little more that was culpable in his naturally coarse ridicule of the Christian faith than refined thinkers whom we all know must have felt culpable in their own banter of the doctrine of the Trinity, gets a year's imprisonment for his offence. Our contention is this,—not that coarse, irreligious lampoons intended to preoccupy superficial minds with what is strictly and absolutely an irrelevant, though a very startling, view of the supposed incredibility of the Christian faith, are not very serious evils, and evils which the law would be quite right in attempting to prevent; but, first, that the actual law directs its penalties, if not solely to the opinions expressed, at least as much to these as to the indecent form in which they are expressed; and next, that, culpable as all this indecency is, it is culpable in a minor degree in the vulgar and ill-educated, being culpable, indeed, exactly in proportion to the culture of those who originate it. It ought to be punished, therefore, in the case of coarse persons with comparative leniency, and not with that manifestation of profound indignation which such indecency, if committed by the class who legislate and administer the law, would naturally excite. If we once admit that Mr. Foote ought not to have been liable to any prosecution at all for holding and publishing his atheism,—and that is, we may say, a view on which practically we are all agreed,—the question of what *is* indecent ridicule in the mode of publishing it becomes a very different one. We must then ask ourselves how far it is wise or right to inflict severe punishments for bad-taste and bad-feeling on people who could often hardly be expected to show good-taste and good-feeling. Is it natural to expect that in such a class of life the wrong in grossly attacking other persons' religion should be (say) as clear to the conscience, as the wrong in assaulting and beating their persons? If not, is it wise,—can it be likely to end in anything but an increased feeling of soreness against the religion attacked,—to punish more severely for blasphemous indecency than for a brutal attack on the person? We must not consider these things solely from the educational point of view, though we ought to consider them also from that point of view. We must remember that the impression of vindictiveness,—vindictiveness on the part of the State *because* it is Christian,—is made on coarse unbelievers, by punishing them more severely for attacking grossly the faith of Christians than we punish them for attacking their persons. For our part, we would punish all gross outrages on serious and honest convictions, but we would punish them leniently, at least in the case of people who could hardly be expected to know what the real gravity of such offences is. Once admit, as we must admit, that it is not the atheism which ought to be punished, but the injuriousness and scurrilousness of the way in which the atheism is expressed, and we cannot resist the conclusion that severe punishments for scurrilousness and injuriousness ought only to be inflicted on those who are well able to appreciate how deeply these qualities may wound, and how terrible is the scar they may leave on many imaginations. It is quite true, of course, as Mr. Hansard hints, that children, seeing these obscene libels in shop-windows, and tempted to laugh over them, may be diverted from the path of morality altogether, and drawn into a thoroughly vicious circle of companions, by the contagion of such libels. But can we reasonably suppose a sincere atheist,—and we are bound to consider Mr. Foote a sincere atheist, till we have proof of the contrary,—holding that the eradication of Christian belief, even by coarse

ridicule, is likely to have the frightful moral consequences which we know it to have? Would not such an atheist almost necessarily hold that he had done nothing but good by clearing a child's mind of gross superstitions? If we punish him for holding that, do we not really punish him for thinking Christianity a gross superstition, quite as much as for coarsely expressing his thought? We sympathise to the fullest extent in Mr. Hansard's horror and dismay at the depraving effect of these coarse attacks on our religion, but, so far as we can see, the policy open to the Legislature is a choice of grave evils. If coarse ridicule of our religion is to be severely punished, and coarse ridicule of other religions is not to be severely punished, or not punished at all, then the crime really punished is the ridicule of Christianity, though it is permissible to aim ridicule at other faiths or unfaiths. And that will and must produce the natural consequence of all persecution, a reaction in favour of the doubter's scoff. If, on the other hand, all coarse attacks on *any*body's faith are to be punished equally, it is clear that people like Mr. Foote should only be punished as we would punish corresponding attacks on Mahommedanism or Mormonism. And that, we need hardly say, would be very leniently. Assume for a moment that the *Freethinker* had published an equally gross attack on Mahommedanism, and just imagine the outcry that would have been raised, if he had been imprisoned for a year for that attack. The dilemma is a very difficult one. But of this we are sure,—that the most lenient punishments for offences of this kind against the sensitiveness of religious feeling, are at once the most just and the most likely to educate public feeling to a sense of disgust at such attacks. It is simply impossible for Christians to measure fairly the offence committed by atheists when they make gross attacks on the Christian religion, unless they do it in the spirit manifested by their Master when he prayed for forgiveness for those who "know not what they do."

THE RESCUE OF EPPING FOREST.

MR. BRYCE is to be congratulated on his first Parliamentary appearance in the character of Chairman of the Commons Preservation Society. The Bill to make a Railway from Chingford to High Beech had one characteristic which made its rejection at once specially uncertain and specially important. It was possible to support it on a genuine, though mistaken, public ground. Here is a beautiful tract of country, bought with great liberality by the Corporation of London, and dedicated for ever to the enjoyment of the people. But the finest part of this possession is virtually inaccessible to many of those to whose benefit it has been devoted. The railway stops at Chingford, and High Beech is some way from Chingford. It is not too far, indeed, for moderate walkers; but then, a large part of the visitors to Epping Forest are not even moderate walkers. The East-end excursionists include many old people, many weak women, and, still more, small children. To tell any of these to walk from Chingford to High Beech is like telling them to walk to the Land's End. They look to the Great Eastern Railway as their only friend in the matter, and if this beneficent Company is forbidden to carry them whither they would go, they must stay at that point of the Forest, whatever it be, to which it at present affords them access. Consequently, to make a railway from Chingford to High Beech is simply to extend the admirable policy which gave Epping Forest to the public. The Corporation and the Great Eastern Railway are the joint benefactors of East London. The one provides the ground wherein a million or so of people may enjoy themselves, the other provides the means of carriage without which a large part of this million cannot reach the scene of its enjoyment.

The answer to this plausible way of putting the case is double-shotted. First, we deny that if people are to be taken to High Beech by the Great Eastern Railway, they need be taken by the route proposed in the Bill which was rejected on Monday. Next, we deny that there is any need to take them there at all. The line which the Company asked leave to make separated some 200 acres of the Forest from the remainder. Why could not it have been taken round instead of across these 200 acres, so as not to meddle with the Forest in any way? It would be quite possible to make a railway from Chingford to very near High Beech without making any encroachment upon the Forest, and if this had been proposed, one of the great arguments against the Bill actually brought forward would have gone for nothing. The Forest itself would have been left uninjured, and yet the Great Eastern Company would not have been checked in this work of mercy. All that would have been necessary was that the line should describe a moderate circuit, instead of joining the two places by a straight line. It would have been equally easy to take this circuit as to go more directly, since the compulsory powers conferred by an Act of Parliament override all opposition on the part of landowners. But though equally easy, it would not have been equally cheap. It is assumed that the landowner suffers by having his land taken from him; consequently, he is well paid for what he loses. But until lately, no one has supposed that the public can suffer anything by having its land taken away; consequently, no one proposes that the public shall be compensated. If a law were passed declaring that no common land shall be bought by a railway company except at the best price that has been paid for the private land in the neighbourhood, there would no longer be any inducement to take common land rather than private land. It is not denied that all but one of the benefits which are claimed for the Chingford and High Beech Railway Bill could be equally obtained by carrying the line outside the Forest, instead of within it. Weak-kneed excursionists could be carried to the goal they now vainly sigh for; children could gambol amid the finest scenery of the Forest; and their parents could watch them at their ease from the benches in front of the public-house. The only difference would be that the profits of the Great Eastern Company would be smaller, by reason of having paid the full price for the land they wanted, instead of getting it for next to nothing from the public. This does not seem to us a sufficient reason for severing 200 acres from the Forest, and disfiguring the landscape by the usual alternation of embankment and viaduct.

We go farther than this, however, and deny altogether that there is any need for such a railway at all. Of course, if the railway were made, abundance of people would be found to travel by it. High Beech would take its turn with the other stations near the Forest; indeed, being more famous, and having a more picturesque name, it would probably prove the most attractive of them all. But to this result there would be one fatal objection. It would destroy the pleasure of a minority, without really increasing the pleasure of the majority. Besides the crowds of excursionists who frequent the Forest, there are a good many working-men—botanists, entomologists, lovers of scenery, and the like—to whom it is of the utmost moment that the seclusion of the Forest should not be altogether destroyed. It has been greatly impaired by the recent changes which have made the Forest more accessible, but there are still parts of it in which rare plants and insects may still be sought by members of field clubs, and the working-man who knows the value of solitude can still leave the crowd behind, and find himself, for a time at least, alone with Nature. If railways are carried any further into the Forest, the hundreds and thousands of the London Poor who at present find keen enjoyment in some one of these ways, would be entirely debarred from such enjoyment in the future. This is not a question of the enjoyment of the few giving way to the enjoyment of the many. The many have their share of pleasure already, and the opening of a railway to High Beech would simply give them another place in which they could take exactly the same pleasure as they can now take elsewhere. The great mass of London excursionists hang about the neighbourhood of the station at which they are landed. What they want is some open space where the young may play at cricket if they are athletic, or at kiss-in-the-ring if they are social, where the children can run about without fear of being lost, where the old may sit and look on, and where all may be within easy reach of refreshment, and run no risk of losing their train back. If a railway is made to High Beech, this is what will go on there, just as it now goes on at half-a-dozen other stations in the same district. We do not for a moment grudge these harmless pleasures to those who enjoy them, but we do protest against their being multiplied at the cost of another class, equally poor, and far more worthy of sympathy. With the Forest left as it is, it will be enjoyed, let us say, by 200,000 poor in one way, and by 2,000 poor in another way. If the Forest is made more accessible, it will be enjoyed neither more nor less than it is now by the 200,000, and not at all by the 2,000. Is that a result which any reasonable man can deliberately wish to bring about?

The case against the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway is, of course, much stronger than the case against the Chingford and High Beech Railway, because the former line does not

pretend, as the latter does, to consider the public pleasure. It is the common-place story of destroying what, if let alone, will minister delight to generations of Englishmen so long as the world lasts, in the interest of some traders who want to make larger gains. Let them increase their gains, by all means, only we prefer that they should increase them at the cost of their rivals or their customers, not at that of the nation. If, by some lukewarmness or oversight, the Bill should ever reach the Commons, we hope that it will meet the same fate as that which Mr. Bryce dealt out to the Great Eastern Bill on Monday afternoon.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS GODDESS.

THE *Athenæum* mentions casually a striking incident which is stated to have recently occurred in Orissa, and which would have broken Lord Beaconsfield's heart. Sergeant Atkinson, presumably an Inspector of Roads, or, it may be, police officer, reports to the *Indian Spectator*, a Native paper published in English, that a tribe in Orissa has adopted Queen Victoria as its deity. We have no details either as to worship or creed, though they will, no doubt, be speedily obtained; but the story is *prima facie* probable. A Sergeant would never have invented such an incident, so entirely outside his experience, and such an elevation for the Queen is in entire accordance with all that is known of the operation of religions feeling among the lower castes and wilder tribes of the Indian Provinces. It is impossible to read the wonderfully suggestive and instructive "Essays" recently published by Sir Alfred Lyall—essays which want nothing but length and dryness to place their author in the front rank of Asiatic authorities—without perceiving that Brahmanism, so far from having ossified itself, is still a living and changing creed, that it constantly creates for itself or assimilates new objects of worship, fresh deities, and even in rare but most important cases, new philosophies. The regular process is for a philosopher, or chief of a tribe, or otherwise influential person, to recognise in some system of thought, or person, or rare object—which latter may vary from an épergne to an oddly-shaped rock or strangely placed clump of trees—either a fitting symbol of the universal and divine, or an embodiment of it, or an earthly manifestation of some subordinate but powerful deity, and gradually belief, or worship, or reverence accretes to the idea, or person, or thing, till he or it becomes an object of worship, and a centre of faith, it may be to scores of thousands. Chaitanya, founder of the Vaishnavas, is reverenced by millions. If the idea spreads, or the person is believed to work wonders, or miracles are reported of the thing, the circle of worshippers extends, the worship becomes a cult, with separate ceremonial and ritual; and behold a new caste, with a new faith, fully born. If the new force is locally considerable, Brahmanism, as represented by local priests, or occasionally by teachers of wider influence, steps in, and either denounces the new teaching as utterly evil—in which case every charge the foul imagination of Asia can invent is hurled at its votaries—or, much more frequently, adopts the idea, person, or thing, declares them all sacred, gives them Brahmanical names, and, so to speak, consecrates the whole affair, which thenceforward is an integral part of Hindooism, and developes till the teacher is considered not only inspired, but a source of inspiration, or the person is worshipped as an avatar, or the thing becomes a sacred idol:—

"Of the numerous local gods known to have been living men, by far the greater portion derive from the ordinary canonisation of holy personages. This system of canonising has grown out of the world-wide sentiment that rigid asceticism and piety combined with implicit faith gradually develop a miraculous faculty. The saint or hermit may have deeper motives—the triumph of the spirit over corrupt matter, of virtue over vanity and lusts, or the self-purification required of mediæval magicians and mystical alchemists before they could deal with the great secrets of Nature; but the popular belief is that his relentless austerity extorts thaumaturgic power from reluctant gods. And of him who works miracles do they say in India, as in Samaria they said of Simon Magus,—'This man is the great power of God;' wherefore after death (if not in life) he is honoured as divine indeed. Now the word miracle must not be understood in our sense of an interposition to alter unvarying natural laws, for in India no such laws have been definitely ascertained; it means only something that passes an ordinary man's understanding, authenticated and enlarged by vague and vulgar report. And the exhibition of marvellous devotion or contempt for what is valued by the world stimulates inventive credulity. He who does such things is sure to be credited with miracles, probably during his life, assuredly after his death. When such an one dies, his body is not burnt, but buried; a disciple or relative of the saint establishes himself over the tomb as steward of the mysteries and receiver of the temporalities; vows are paid, sacrifice is made, a saint's day is added to the local calendar, and the future success of the shrine depends upon some lucky hit in the way of prophecy or fulfilment of prayers. The number of shrines thus raised in Berar alone to these anchorites and persons deceased in the odour of sanctity is large, and it is constantly increasing. Some of them have already attained the rank of temples, they are richly endowed, and collect great crowds at the yearly pilgrim gatherings, like the tombs of celebrated Christian martyrs in the Middle Ages. But although the shrines of a Hindu ascetic and of St. Thomas of Canterbury may have acquired fame among the vulgar and ignorant by precisely the same attribute—their reputation for miraculous efficacy—yet the only point of resemblance between the two cases is this common inference from eminent sanctity in the world to wonder-working power in the grave. For whereas the great Catholic Church never allowed the lowest English peasant to regard St. Thomas or St. Edmund as anything higher than glorified intercessors, with a sort of delegated miraculous power, the Indian prophet or devotee does by the patronage of the Brahmans rise gradually in the hierarchy of supernatural beings, until his human origin fades and disappears completely in the haze of tradition, and he takes rank as a god."

Sir Alfred Lyall declares that he could, if required, give minute details of such elevations, and this not of persons only, but of things; and he proceeds to defend a theory which we cannot now examine,—that this may have been the origin of much of the Hindoo polytheism, which in its wildness and impossibility so puzzles those who know that behind Hindooism lives a vast and subtle philosophy worthy the study of the keenest minds. What is certain is that the process goes on, that the Indian people, with their hunger for belief and reverence, are constantly begetting new gods, and that Brahmanism, with its rooted notion that *bhakti* (faith) is in itself a holy condition of mind apart from the object of faith, and its theory that anything may be an embodiment of the Universal Spirit, lends its sanction to the process, and in lending it sends crowds, it may be millions, hunting for what of benefit or good of any kind may be derivable from the new worship. It is a logical induction from the Brahman faith, strange as it may seem, that creed, colour, or history is no bar to the acceptance of the person or thing thus deified. If the Universal Spirit, or, far below him, Vishnu or Siva, chooses to take an ugly stone or a silver dish for symbol, or to embody himself in a negro or a white man, there is no law of limitation upon his actions. The white man, however unaccountable, or barbaric, or unclean, was still created. The French General Raymond was worshipped as a god, though he probably believed nothing; so was General Nicholson, though he was, we have heard, of the straitest sect of Irish Orangemen; so was a military philanthropist, whose name we are ashamed to have forgotten, who devoted his life to a wild tribe in the Bengalee Himalayas; and so also may be the Queen. As to things, the instances of their elevation are endless. Sir A. Lyall knew of scores of shrines reared over stones and among sacred copses, and himself "knew a Hindu officer, of great shrewdness and very fair education, who devoted several hours daily to the elaborate worship of five round pebbles, which he had appointed to be his symbol of Omnipotence. Although his general belief was in one all-pervading Divinity, he must have something symbolic to handle and address." There is a silver dish, an épergne, which is going through the process at this moment. It was presented to a Goorkha regiment by Queen Victoria, and is already such an object of reverence that it has a voluntary guard, that officers dismount as it passes, and that it is as certain as anything human can be that, while it is on the ground, its Goorkha devotees—all Hindoos to the bone—will die before they retreat without it. Grant it victory in a skirmish or two, and the épergne will be a true object of worship, more than a symbol, possibly with a temple raised above it, and an admission from regular priests that in it resides some portion of the power of the Supreme.

The adoption of Queen Victoria into a system like this is so natural, that we wonder it has never occurred before. She is just the material to make a goddess of; a living being, of far-reaching power, invisible, yet present throughout India; a worker, in native eyes, of many wonders; and on the whole beneficent, though that, indeed, to the devotees of Small-pox and Cholera, both of which have worshippers, and the first very many, would make but little difference. God creates, and God crushes also, in the Hindoo mind. There is no reason in the world, on the Brahmanical theory, why the Universal should not express himself in Queen Victoria, or why Vishnu or Siva, or better still, Saraswuti, the mighty goddess of wisdom and knowledge, should not express himself or herself in her. Either deity is unlimited, if not unconditioned,

and granting the acceptance of the faith, which is a question mainly of the number of its votaries, temples may yet rise over Orissa, or farther, in which worship will be paid to Queen Victoria, and her figure will be hung with jewels and sacred flowers, and thousands will bow, and march, and dance in an ecstasy of adoration, and hundreds of thousands, as they pay or receive coin, will put it to their foreheads, because it bears the effigy of the new goddess. Little of all this will probably happen, because the tribe which has adopted this cult is small, because Orissa is traversed incessantly by men who have lived in Calcutta, where scepticism is in the air—there are, if we recollect rightly, 50,000 men from Orissa in Calcutta, who return home as faithfully as Scotchmen—and because the English officials, fearing ridicule, will stamp out the new faith, if they can. But there is absolutely no impossibility in its spread, and if it spread, the consequences would be incalculable. The adhesion of a single province of India to the Queen in any way which made disloyalty or disobedience impossible would change all the conditions of government there, and rest the Empire, now so insecure, on a basis of granite. It will not happen, though a thing much greater, the formal adoption of Christianity by the Khalsa, the Sikh "children of the sugar and the sword," was within an ace of happening, would, as we believe, have happened, but for Lord Canning's repugnance; but that there should be even a dim possibility of it is an incident in Indian history worth more than the *Athenæum's* quiet reference, or our own poor effort to explain.

We suppose some official note of the occurrence will one day reach the Queen, and we wonder how she will feel. It must be a curious sensation to know that in one corner of the world you are actually worshipped by men and women you never saw, or possibly heard of,—held to be divine, to be something which, whether through the presence of a deity incarnate in you, or any other way, is unmistakably above humanity. There must be a strange humility generated by that. The Roman Emperors could have told us something of it, for though the cultus of the Emperor was not precisely worship, it approached it very closely, was held by loyal Christians to be entirely forbidden, as the worship of a false Deity, and must in a mind like that of Marcus Aurelius have developed some strange thoughts. Visible incense can hardly go up in a thousand cities before one's own image without exciting thought, and Aurelius could have told us so clearly what his thoughts were. Nicholson's thoughts we know. He was profoundly irritated at being made a deity, and, with his usual "unconstitutionality," he ordered his worshippers severe whippings, which were inflicted, and which profoundly confirmed their faith. They would have made a faithful guard for him in that final charge into Delhi, and, perhaps, preserved his life; but the Orangeman could not away with the blasphemy, or the soldier bear the touch of ridicule involved. Perhaps Queen Victoria will be angry, too, though she will hardly order whippings for the poor Ooreyas; but still, even in a reign like hers, it may hereafter be recorded, as a most weird incident, that far down in a forgotten sea-coast province of India, where, also within her reign, millions of persons perished of hunger, a wild tribe, struck in some unknown way by the separateness of her personality, resolved that, of all they knew, she was the most probable depositary of the breath of the Universal Spirit, and the fittest object for their worship. Some day, perhaps, even English electors, hearing of such things, will wake to a dim apprehension that all mankind is not alike, that humanity is not enclosed in a corner of the smallest continent, and that between them and the Indian there is still some kind of gulf.

STARTLING POETRY.

MR. BROWNING might have taken as a motto for his work as a poet one of Cardinal Newman's striking verses:—

> "Can Science bear us
> To the hid springs
> Of human things?
> Why may not dream,
> Or thought's day-gleam,
> Startle, yet cheer us?"

He never publishes a volume in which there is not some protest against the notion that Science can bear us to the hid springs of human things. He never publishes a volume without pressing and even urging on us that dreams and thought's day-gleams *may* startle, yet cheer us. And almost all he does for us is done by the startling method. He loves to awaken the sleep of the intellect, the sleep of the affections, the sleep of the spirit, by some sudden shock to which we respond by a sort of jump. His very rhymes are often carefully designed to electrify, as we shall soon see; but his constructions are still more so,—indeed, he may be said to have anticipated Wagner in the use of discords, if that were really the secret in the art of the great musician who has lately left us,—a matter on which the present writer is profoundly incompetent to pass any judgment. Abruptness is Mr. Browning's secret. Take the prefatory poem to his new volume of "Jocoseria," just published by Smith and Elder, a poem which is the nearest thing to a lyric that the book contains, and nevertheless, though a lyric, is a succession of slight shocks:—

> "Wanting is—what?
> Summer redundant,
> Blueness abundant,
> —Where is the spot?
> Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
> —Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
> What of the leafage, what of the flower?
> Roses embowering with nought they embower!
> Come then, complete incompletion, O comer,
> Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
> Breathe but one breath
> Rose beauty above,
> And all that was death
> Grows life, grows love,
> Grows love!"

How abruptly the opening interrogation breaks upon us. How enigmatic the reply;—we do not mean that its drift is not soon enough apprehended, but that on the first blush the reply seems to be explaining not the essence of the state of want, but the essence of those conditions which ought most to satisfy want. And then, how curiously elliptic is the question,—"Where is the spot?" Of course, what Mr. Browning means is something of this sort,—'Where is the spot where the redundant summer and the abundant blueness find their way into the soul so as to satisfy it?' But that is carrying ellipsis to the point of an electric shock, for it is startling merely to feel how much of the poet's meaning we are expected to gather from his hints, and supply in part from our own resources. Then the adjective "beamy," which is chosen to describe the world, is unquestionably an odd one for the purpose, and chosen, as we should say, for the jerk it administers to the imagination. Nothing, on the whole, could express the sense of a blank somewhere, which the poet wants to express, better than these sudden little tugs and jerks at the reader's mind. But then, again, when he wants to indicate what would best fill in the blank, and give a rounded completion to the desolate framework, one is startled afresh to find that the new power which is to give us this, and which is "to complete incompletion," is expected to "pant through the blueness," and so to "perfect the summer." Could anything that "panted" really "complete incompletion"? The phrase suggests a locomotive rather than a divine presence. That which breathes a breath of rose-beauty, surely ought *not* to pant. But Mr. Browning loves spasm, loves successive shocks of thought or feeling, and can hardly deny himself the satisfaction of thinking that even the spirit of perfect love and harmony is perpetually startling this dull world by galvanising it with vivid spasms of thought and feeling, such as he himself has the skill to administer.

So it is with almost every remarkable poem in Mr. Browning's new volume. The rhythm, the rhyme, the thought, the feeling are all chosen to strike sparks out of the reader's mind, as the steel strikes sparks out of a flint; and the result naturally is that the reader feels towards Mr. Browning somewhat as a bit of flint might feel which has served this purpose to a fragment of steel,—a little sore and a little fractured. "Donald," for example, is a vivid and striking comment on the heartlessness which is sometimes bred by what is called "sport." A Scotch sportsman, who meets a noble red-deer on the edge of a precipice, where there is not room for either to pass the other, lies down, and the stag, tamed by the sense of danger, instead of disputing the pass, steps daintily over him, so as not to hurt him. The sportsman, however, cannot bear to lose the chance, seizes the stag's hind feet, and stabs him in the belly, whereupon the end of the story is told thus:—

> "I shall dare to place myself by God
> Who scanned—for He does—each feature
> Of the face thrown up in appeal to Him
> By the agonising creature.

Nay, I hear plain words: 'Thy gift brings this!'
Up he sprang, back he staggered,
Over he fell, and with him our friend
—At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next day
From the gully's depth the wreck of him;
His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath,
Who cushioned and saved the neck of him.

But the rest of his body—why, doctors said,
Whatever could break was broken;
Legs, arms, ribs, all of him looked like a toast
In a tumbler of port-wine soaked.

'That your life is left you, thank the stag!'
Said they, when—the slow cure ended—
They opened the hospital-door, and thence
—Strapped, spliced, main fractures mended,

And minor damage left wisely alone—
Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled,
Out—what went in a Goliath well-nigh—
Some half of a David hobbled.

'You must ask an alms from house to house:
Sell the stag's head for a bracket,
With its grand twelve tines—I'd buy it myself—
And use the skin for a jacket!'

He was wiser, made both head and hide
His win-penny: hands and knees on,
Would manage to crawl—poor crab—by the roads
In the misty stalking-season.

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
Why, harvest was sure: folks listened.
He told his tale to the lovers of Sport:
Lips twitched, cheeks glowed, eyes glistened.

And when he had come to the close, and spread
His spoils for the gazers' wonder,
With 'Gentlemen, here's the skull of the stag
I was over, thank God, not under!'—

The company broke out in applause;
'By Jingo, a lucky cripple!
Have a munch of grouse and a hunk of bread,
And a tug, besides, at our tipple!'

And 'There's my pay for your pluck!' cried This,
'And mine for your jolly story!'
Cried That, while 'Tother—but he was drunk—
Hiccupped 'A tramp, a Tory!'

I hope I gave twice as much as the rest;
For, as Homer would say, 'within grate
Though teeth kept tongue,' my whole soul growled
'Rightly rewarded,—Ingrate!'"

There is a fine picture here, and a most effective succession of shocks given to the humaner feelings which lie deep beneath those of the mere sportsman,—indeed, these verses constitute a series of explosions of percussion-caps, rather than the sheet-lightning of a poem. How sharply the rhymes go popping off in your head, "wreck of him," "neck of him,"—"cobbled," "hobbled,"—"knees-on," "season,"—"cripple," "tipple,"—and sharpest click of all, "within grate" and "ingrate." How smartly Mr. Browning makes your limbs tingle with the sensations of the "spliced" and "cobbled" body, which maimed itself for life through the man's absolute incapacity to sympathise as truly with the situation of the stag, as the stag had sympathised with his situation. How vivaciously he paints the superficial admiration of the sporting party for Donald's cruel and dangerous feat. And how brightly his own denunciation of Donald's heartlessness flames out at the close, in contrast with the apparent generosity of his double alms. But, for all that, these verses are a succession of galvanic discharges, by which your attention is made to thrill and vibrate in vivid flickers, rather than to rise into sustained and harmonised imaginative vision. It is just the same with "Solomon and Balkis;" and you know it must be just the same the moment you see that Balkis (the name given to the Queen of Sheba) is made to rhyme first to "talk is," and then later on to "small kiss." The gist of the conversation between the Queen and Solomon, which at times certainly becomes obscure as well as abrupt, is that Solomon owns to caring much more for the praise of his visitors than for their wisdom; and that Balkis owns to caring much more for being made love to, than for having her difficult questions duly answered. But the series of surprises which are exploded on us by the conversation itself, by the language used, and by the rhymes which signalise this quaint poem, are hardly welded together into a general effect as striking as in the case of "Donald." One is hardly prepared for Solomon addressing his fair guest as "You cat, you!" even though she had startled him into owning the truth concerning his own vanity by springing upon him unexpectedly "the truth-compelling name;" and the retort by which he compels her to own to feelings not over modest, though it ends the poem in an epigrammatic fashion, leaves on the imagination both a more cynical and a more fragmentary effect than is usual even with Mr. Browning in his tartest mood.

The principal poem in the book, "Jochanan Hakkadosh," is a Rabbinical legend of a great Rabbi whose uncompleted life his admiring brethren eke out to a year beyond the natural hour of death, by a gift of a quarter of a year each out of their own terms of life, a gift proceeding from four separate disciples,—one given that he may gain fresh insight as a lover, one as a warrior, one as a poet, and one as a statesman. The hope is that the first quarter is to yield the Rabbi some grand lesson as to the true mode of loving; the second, some noble teaching as to the art of the warrior; the third, some gleam of insight as to the inspiration of the poet; and the last, some happy glimpse of the deepest secret of the statesman. Jochanan lives through his year and disappoints all his disciples, finding nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit in each separate sphere of life. But then, when his life ought to close, he lives on a preternatural or supernatural three months, during which he appears to have soared beyond the body altogether; and the fruit of this last Heaven-sent gift is that he finds the vision of perfect bliss at last, and learns that it is the life of earth which hides from man the true reconciliation of his faith and his doubt, the true harmony of man's spiritual aspirations with his disillusionising experience:—

"'O eyes of mine,
Freed now of imperfection, ye avail
To see the whole sight, nor may uncombine

Henceforth what, erst divided, caused you quail—
So huge the chasm between the false and true,
The dream and the reality! All hail,

Day of my soul's deliverance—day the new,
The never-ending! What though every shape
Whereon I wreaked my yearning to pursue

Even to success each semblance of escape
From my own bounded self to some all-fair
All-wise external fancy, proved a rape

Like that old giant's, feigned of fools—on air,
Not solid flesh? How otherwise? To love—
That lesson was to learn not here—but there—

On earth, not here! 'T is there we learn,—there prove
Our parts upon the stuff we needs must spoil,
Striving at mastery, there bend above

The spoiled clay potsherds, many a year of toil
Attests the potter tried his hand upon,
Till sudden he arose, wiped free from soil

His hand, cried 'So much for attempt—anon
Performance! Taught to mould the living vase,
What matter the cracked pitchers dead and gone?'

Could I impart and could thy mind embrace
The secret, Tsaddik!' 'Secret none to me!'
Quoth Tsaddik, as the glory on the face

Of Jochanan was quenched. 'The truth I see
Of what that excellence of Judah wrote,
Doughty Halaphta. This a case must be

Wherein, though the last breath have passed the throat,
So that "The man is dead" we may pronounce,
Yet is the Ruach—(thus do we denote

The imparted Spirit)—in no haste to bounce
From its entrusted Body,—some three days
Lingers ere it relinquish to the pounce

Of hawk-clawed Death his victim. Further says
Halaphta, "Instances have been, and yet
Again may be, when saints, whose earthly ways

Tend to perfection, very nearly get
To heaven while still on earth; and, as a fine
Interval shows where waters pure have met

Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with brine,
That 's neither sea nor river, but a taste
Of both—so meet the earthly and divine.

And each is either." Thus I hold him graced—
Dying on earth, half inside and half out,
Wholly in heaven, who knows? My mind embraced

Thy secret, Jochanan, how dare I doubt?
Follow thy Ruach, let earth, all it can,
Keep of the leavings!' Thus was brought about

The sepulture of Rabbi Jochanan.
Thou hast him,—sinner-saint, live-dead, boy-man,—
Schiphaz, on Bendimir, in Farzistan!'

Note the deliberate little roughnesses here, the jolts apparently intended to prevent the reader from subsiding into a state of dormancy from the close attention which the poet requires, the "uncombine" in the sense of dissolving a combination, the shorthand style of "caused you quail," for "caused you to quail" or "made you quail," and the sugges-

tion that the spirit is in no such haste to "bounce" out of the body as "hawk-clawed Death" is to "pounce" upon it. The whole style is that of a great imaginative writer who thinks that by leaving more than half of his drift to the intellect of his audience, and sharpening their attention by the sparkles of what he does say, he shall get a greater result than he can get by doing more for them, and leaving them to do less for themselves. It is Mr. Browning's method to startle as often and as smartly as he can the imaginations he appeals to, and to indicate rather than state, the directions he wishes their minds to follow. It is this which makes Mr. Browning at his best and vividest the most awakening of writers, the one who most signally arrests the attention, and most successfully insists on his reader's lending him the whole force of his own mind. But for that very reason, his work is almost always defective as poetry. The part of it which he does for us is too incisive, too short, sharp, and sudden, for anything like harmony; and the part which he obliges us to do for him in order to enter into his drift, is too imperfectly done to succeed in connecting the isolated points which he has jotted down for us into the flowing curve of true beauty. Mr. Browning touches life, especially the life of the intellect and the spirit, at as many points as any poet who ever wrote; but he does not blend these touches into the true poetic vision. He awakens and educates the highest imaginative powers, but he does not attempt to satisfy their cravings.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BLASPHEMY SENTENCE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It is with much diffidence that I express disagreement with some of the statements in your article on the Blasphemy sentence. You say, "It would not be even true to say that it addresses temptations of a dangerous kind to young and inexperienced minds," &c.; and again, "Violent blasphemy is not likely to tempt any one to read it, not even the young."

You are mistaken, and any argument you deduce from your mistake for a mild treatment of coarse and violent blasphemy breaks down. In my parish, the "Comic History of the Bible" and the "Comic History of the Life of Christ," the *crambe repetita* of French infidelity, are exposed for sale in the shop windows; scores of passers-by hourly look at the pictures which caricature Christ and the incidents of his life. Boys and girls especially delight in these pictures. They do not merely incidentally glance at them. I have seen boys and girls reading the *Freethinker* and "Fruits of Philosophy." Of the filth of "Fruits of Philosophy" I will say nothing. But let me ask you, what is likely to be the effect on the minds of *boys and girls*, who, unlike their elders, can have no settled convictions, who are influenced entirely by the opinions of others, of seeing coarse and ludicrous caricatures of Christ, such as Christ pulling up Peter out of the water by his big nose; or God as a fat, ugly man, with spectacles on, sitting on a cloud, cross-legged, sewing a pair of trousers; or of reading that the Holy Ghost ought to be treated as one who had had an illegitimate child (but it was put more coarsely than this), &c. You, Sir, as most others, do not know that such outrageous insults on the Christian faith are perpetrated in the name of "Free-thought," and therefore you think, as many others do, that it would have been better to have treated all this, as Luther recommends us to treat the Devil, with silent contempt. That is very good treatment of it, if by us and for ourselves; but these ignorant men and women, these boys and girls, these children, are they to have the foul stuff ready to their hand, exciting their curiosity, rousing their ridicule, startling and shocking the simple faith of childhood in a way incomprehensible to us, who, as we have grown older, have let our faith grow colder, and starting in them difficulties and doubts which to us men and women have long since become as stale and flat as they are unprofitable. Sir, I repeat it, that had you yourself read the vulgar, coarse, foul insults of the *Freethinker*, you would never have coupled it with the irreverent banter of refined and thoughtful assailants. I write to you under great disadvantage, as you have not read the *Freethinker*, and I cannot foul my pen and distress the feelings of your readers by retailing the worst parts of the "Comic History of Christ." Those that I have given you above are but mild specimens of Mr. Foote's attempt to befool the public with his claim to represent Free-thought. If you knew the teaching of the disciples of this *Freethinker* in my parish (one of them preaches close by in the street every Sunday), you would think very differently of their claim to be considered "Freethinkers." Freethinkers I have in numbers among my friends and acquaintances, rich and poor. I would no more put down Free-thought than I would destroy every copy of the Bible. But liberty to think, and to speak, and to write, is one thing, and licence to outrage the religious convictions of others, to preach that there is no God, and that therefore morality is only conventional, and that the Ten Commandments are only convenient regulations made by the rich to keep down the poor, is another. To preach, as one of the disciples of this Free-thought has frequently preached at the corner of a street close by, to hundreds of men and women and boys and girls, that community of goods is the new Gospel to the poor, is one thing; but to preach, as he has preached, at the same time to the same audience, that community of women is the Paradise of bliss for the poor working-man, is another. As in politics, so in religion. "Liberty without wisdom" has always been, and always will, "simple folly without restraint;" and the teachings of these Freethinkers listened to and read with hungry greediness among the "working-class" in the East End, is the licensed folly of men who would upset all that is meant by society.

I have lived nineteen years in Bethnal Green, and in the many efforts I have been permitted to make to improve the social welfare of my neighbours, nothing has so disheartened me as to see week after week this paper, which prostitutes the name of Freethinker by its foul trash, read eagerly by men and women, boys and girls. "Maxima pueris reverentia debetur" seems forgotten, in these days; and I rejoice, therefore, to find that the law has asserted that while thought and speech are free, reverence must be paid to the consciences and opinions of others, and that the convictions of Christians are not to be treated by the propagandists of Atheism with indecent and scoffing ridicule with impunity. Thus looking at the matter, I can have no fear that Mr. Justice North's application of the law will in anywise interfere with the free expression of honest criticism of the Bible or of the creed of Christendom.—I am, Sir, &c., Septimus Hansard.

The Rectory, Bethnal Green, March 11th.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It may be quite true, as you say, that under the present law against blasphemy, writers like Mr. Matthew Arnold ought not logically to escape the punishment which has been inflicted on Mr. Foote. That is a good reason for altering the law, but I do not think that it is a good reason for granting immunity to such outrages on the Christian religion as some of the articles in the *Freethinker*. Are you correct in stating that "nobody can say that the *Freethinker* is obtruded cruelly on people who do not want to read it?" I cannot speak for others, but copies of it have been sent to me through the post from the office of the paper; and one of those copies was so full of filthy obscenity, that I believe it might have come under the terms of Lord Campbell's Act.

For myself, I have always wondered that a writer of Mr. Matthew Arnold's eminence and refinement should have permitted himself to wound Christian feeling by his simile of "the three Lord Shaftesburys." But surely there is a very great difference between Mr. Arnold's refined satire, and the coarse ribaldry of the *Freethinker?* The one evidently intended to insult and wound; the other, I am sure, did not. Such articles in the *Freethinker* as I have seen were not simply "coarse and vulgar,"—they were brutal and indecent. Mr. Holyoake is an outspoken Atheist, and he belongs to the social status of Mr. Foote rather than to that of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Yet I have never read any attack on Christianity from the pen of Mr. Holyoake which outraged my feelings or diminished my respect for Mr. Holyoake. So long as a man merely addresses himself to my reason, and does not wantonly insult my sacred convictions, I think there ought to be no law to silence him. It was by descending into the arena of open discussion that Christianity won its original triumphs, and a Christian surely ought to ask for nothing better than a fair field and no favour. It is not in the interest of Christianity that I would put down even indecent attacks upon it, but in the interest of good order and right feeling. I would protect the honest convictions of a sincere Atheist like Mr. Holyoake or of an Agnostic like Mr. Herbert Spencer as scrupulously as I would those of a Christian. The

only serviceable weapon against attacks on Christianity from such quarters is fair and courteous argument. I should regard the imprisonment, even for a day, of men like Mr. Holyoake, or Mr. Herbert Spencer, or Mr. Huxley, for their opinions on religion, as a greater outrage on Christianity than anything that any of those gentlemen has ever written. More harm has been done to Christianity in all ages by its injudicious defenders than by its open foes.—I am, Sir, &c.,

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

1 *New Burlington Street, W., March 12th.*

MR. BRADLAUGH'S ATHEISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I should just like to say a few words in reply to your correspondent "J. K.," with regard to Mr. Bradlaugh's seeming inconsistency in the belief of a God. "J. K." shows great ignorance of either Mr. Bradlaugh's opinions or his writings or he would not have troubled you with his letter. I think the best plan will be to let Mr. Bradlaugh justify himself in his own words. Addressing a crowded audience in the Free Library at Norwich, on the subject of Christianity and Scepticism, on April 4th, 1871, he says:—

"I never read, except in tracts and sermons and religious essays, of any who say there is no God. Some persons talk about the fools who say there is no God, and Bishops preach against them; but an Atheist does not say there is no God. The Atheist says the term 'God' conveys no idea to his mind. I have never yet heard a definition of God from any living man, nor have I read a definition by dead or living man that was not self-contradictory. I do not deny the word 'God,' because I do not know anything about its meaning. Denial, like affirmation, must refer to some proposition that is understood. But the moment you tell me you mean the God of the Bible, or the God of the Koran, or the God of any particular Church, I am prepared to tell you that I deny that God. So long as the term means absence of knowledge as to particular phenomena and represents the undiscovered, I am not fool enough to say there is no God. . . . . It is when you tell me of God distinct from the universe, creating the universe different from himself, and adding to his own existence, that I am compelled to deny that God."

I think the above a complete vindication of Mr. Bradlaugh, —I am, Sir, &c., ALFRED WALTON.

51 *Benson Street, Leeds.*

PAUPERISM AND ITS REMEDIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I be permitted to draw attention to two points which seem to arise out of your article on "The New Sufferiug of the Poor"?

Firstly, does not the drift of the argument give a new answer to those who are for doing away with the English system of out-door relief? In England, two steps separate the workman from starvation. They are out-door relief and the workhouse. In Ireland there is only one,—the workhouse. In France there is none. Cannot we trace somewhat of an inverse proportion between the number of steps and the amount of anarchical discontent? "Give me labour, or I die!" is, and must be, the cry of the Parisian artisan.

Secondly, in France, as you say, the only security of the poor lies in the possession of land, or in their savings, which usually are invested in Rentes. In England, our lower orders have little chance of getting land, but beside direct means of saving, such as Post-office banks and the like, the workmen have in many places tried on a large scale a remedy of their own. It is co-operation, where the capitalist is the labourer, and the labourer the capitalist. May we not recognise in this movement the best of safeguards against anarchy, on the one hand, and pauperism on the other; and also as the germ of a truly Conservative force, over the presence of which both Liberals and Conservatives may rejoice?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Yorkshire College, Leeds. CYRIL RANSOME.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Referring to the criticisms by Mr. Bullock-Hall on my statements respecting the agriculture of some Continental countries, may I correct his impression that dairy-farming in Denmark is conducted on the minute holdings which prevail in France and Belgium. The especial value of the Blue-book relating to Denmark consists in the fact that on large and small freehold farms alike during the last twenty years, and mainly in consequence of the active teaching by Government Schools, improved methods, especially of dairying, have been introduced, and have placed Denmark at the head of butter-making countries. The sizes of the farms vary from the 5,700 acres of the foremost Danish agriculturist, Mr. Tesdorpf, to the average of from 40 to 130 acres of the peasant-proprietor. The leading feature is the fact of the land being chiefly cultivated by the owners of it, and further, that although Denmark has been largely a country of pasturage, it is found that it pays best to make butter from arable land. Such is the case with the remarkable farm of which Mrs. Nielson is the leading spirit. It consists of 170 acres of land, *all arable*, and the property of her husband, and Mr. Bullock-Hall illustrates the truth of the words of the Assistant Royal Commissioner, who says respecting this farm and "arable-land dairying generally,"—"The system thus designated by me is pursued to an extent that is almost incredible to an Englishman, who is accustomed to associate dairying with permanent pasture, for there is not an acre of permanent grass on the whole farm." The particulars of another Danish peasant farm of eighty acres are also worth noting. Mr. Jenkins describes the farmer's house as displaying a "certain amount of luxury and elegance." There was a piano, and the daughter of the house understood English and German, in addition to her own tongue. Most striking of all, one of the sitting-rooms is set apart for the use of the farmer, and "the bookshelves in this room were better furnished with agricultural text-books than the library of most English farmers occupying many times the area." The gentlemen whose opinions were asked as to the condition of Danish agriculture almost invariably state that Denmark has suffered *less than others from bad seasons and competition, and give as the reason that it "is chiefly because nearly all farmers possess their land."* Some of the friends of the English farmer tell him this is chimerical, but at least it is a significant fact that we send to the Danes for information how to combat the very evils which they tell us the system on which their land is worked and divided has enabled them to feel but slightly. The Danish labourer also commonly possesses his house and a few acres of land, and is constantly, by thrift and industry, rising up into the class of peasant-farmers, which it will be a happy day for this country when it also possesses.

Has not the time gone by when it is needful, as Mr. Bullock-Hall proposes, to point out how our law of settlement and entail prevents the acquisition of small properties in land, and the consequent industry and prosperity of the man who farms his own? The "statesmen" of the North and the holding yeomen of Kent are the few reminders we still have left of the time when minute cultivation was not unknown in England, and if the laws which now prevent the sale and breaking-up of large estates, and encourage the forming of over-grown properties, are repealed, as they quickly will be, when the nation once awakes to the enormous waste and folly of the present English land system, we shall see, as I stated before, farms of all sizes, cultivated by a population at least five times as numerous as the badly-cultivated and deserted fields so many of our country districts now show.

As you wisely point out, it is clear that our land system is coming up for review and resettlement. In every village will soon be found men whose votes will influence the ultimate decision. With the proposals of those who would "nationalise" the land being discussed in all directions, and the ominous divorce from property in the land of the people who live upon it, the true policy of moderate men is to strive by every means to increase the number of landowners, and root out those calamitous and one-sided laws which stand in the way of this. As the *Times* significantly remarked, a few days ago,—"We may think ourselves fortunate, if an overgrown population, depending on foreign employment, does not find the divisible wealth all too small to satisfy the expectations it is now forming on a scale of increasing liberality."—I am, Sir, &c.,

FREDERIC IMPEY.

Northfield, near Birmingham, March 14th.

CONTENT AND THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Most certainly the Church Catechism teaches us to reverence our betters: that is the reason why it is so precious a document for all Radical Churchmen. Christians are taught to order themselves lowly and reverently, not to those who are more rich, or in higher rank, than they are, but to those who are more good than they are. The claims of aristocracy and plutocracy are set on one side, and the Tory squire, if he is a true

Churchman, must often go cap-in-hand—if that is a sign of reverence—to the Radical workman.

But so far from teaching contentment, surely the Church Catechism compels us to be divinely discontented. It makes a special point of telling us that God's commandments are the commandments of a political and true Emancipator, who, through his great agitator Moses, struck the first great blow for freedom. It says that it is the duty of all, rich as well as poor, women as well as men, to "get their own living," to produce something in sufficient return for what they themselves consume. It so clearly recognises the fact that men are to keep rising up in life, that it tells them to do their duty,—not in that state of life into which it *has* pleased God to call them, but into which it *shall* please God to call them.

I could multiply proofs to show how the Catechism is entirely on the side of the people and of social and political reform, but I hesitate to trespass on your space. It is somewhat surprising to find the *Spectator* ignorant of what, at any rate, the boys and girls of Drury Lane, Bethnal Green, and St. Luke's know pretty well. May I, therefore, append Mr. Ruskin's advice, which, if I remember right, was that West-End ladies, instead of dancing during the week and teaching the poor their Catechism on Sundays, would do well to learn and practise the teaching of the Catechism themselves during the week, and teach the poor children to dance on Sundays?—I am, Sir, &c.,

STEWART D. HEADLAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I told a meeting of country parsons some months since that, in spite of their care in teaching the Catechism, working-men still believed that that document taught reverence to mere money distinctions, and content with the condition of life in which they were born. My audience, including one or two "squarsons," laughed at the idea of any English working-man holding such an antiquated notion. But I was justified. Only a few days afterwards, I stood in the midst of a crowd of operatives stopping, on their way home to dinner, outside the office of a Radical paper, to read the latest telegrams. In that crowd, the very words I had used were uttered by a working-man, and assented to by his fellows, the general opinion being that "parsons wants to keep the people down,"—a grim satire, in this instance, upon the educational work of a city in which some half-a-dozen parsons, for over twenty years, bore the reproach amongst their fellow-citizens of spending too much on educating the mob! But, Sir, this morning I open my *Spectator*, and have to wonder where I am. It must be that the newsmonger has made a mistake, or the printer's devil has been trying his hand at improving editorial "copy." Yet there is a verisimilitude about the foot-note forbidding even this refuge. Has my friend Stewart Headlam indeed prophesied in vain? Let the shade of Lindley Murray answer. If there is no difference between "has" and "shall," then your foot-note to Mr. Rendell is gospel; if the contrary, the Catechism is the Radical document we have all along claimed it to be. And who are my betters? I have long looked upon the editor of the *Spectator* as one of them, but the reverence will be endangered, if he so ignores the wonderful precision of the Catechism.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. T. F.

[We have received quite a number of letters on this subject. All we can say is, that whatever the authors of the Catechism meant, the popular impression of their teaching is that content is a virtue. So it is.—ED. *Spectator*.]

CANON RAWLINSON ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Canon Rawlinson says, on page 25 of his tract, "There is no evidence that the primeval savage ever existed." He makes this assertion, not of Babylonia or Egypt only, but of the whole world. Here, he seemed to me, and still seems, "to go beyond his brief." The weight of opinion among geologists goes to establish the fact that remains of savage man have been found in Europe and elsewhere, associated with natural formations of great antiquity. These discoveries must be considered "evidence," while the negative evidence that no such discoveries have been made in the regions which "tradition makes the cradle of the human race" may be allowed its weight on the other side.—I am, Sir, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

SHELLEY AND THE GRAND STYLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It was with great interest that I read the admirable article on "The Conditions of 'The Grand Style,'" in Saturday's *Spectator*. With reference to Shelley, I was glad to see you quote "Ozymandias" as an example of "the grand style" in that poet, although I was a little surprised not to find the magnificent concluding lines in the "Prometheus Unbound" placed in that category. To me, they seem of true heroic mould, the "large utterance, of the early gods," and they move with a sustained and mighty purpose such as one does not often meet with in Shelley. The lines I mean are as follows:—

> "To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy power which seems omnipotent;
> To love and bear; *to hope till hope creates*
> *From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;*
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent:
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!"

—I am, Sir, &c., H. W. S.

WOLVES "THINK LONG."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—With reference to a quotation from Milton, in the article on "The Conditions of the Grand Style," in your paper for last week, the expression "to think long" is always used in Norfolk speech for "to long." "She'll be home in the morning [*i.e.*, to-morrow]. I think long to see her again." "I think long to get out." Probably, in Milton's time it was good English, like so many other provincialisms.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. G. T. F.

POETRY.

TEAR AND SMILE.

"WHAT are you?" said a tear,
To a smile playing near.
"With a flickering shimmer,
You transiently glimmer
On the meaningless features of mirth;
But you nothing express
Of the anguish and stress
That make up man's portion on earth."

"You are rather severe,"
Said the smile to the tear.
"For as day, to shine bright,
Needs a background of night,
So grief must be bordered with gladness;
And the light of a smile,
More than once in a while,
Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."

JOSEPH DAWSON.

BOOKS.

THE PARCHMENT TENNYSON.*

THE "Parchment Library" is very taking in form, though it has one defect, that the thick paper on which it is printed rebels against the parchment cover, and rebels so effectually, that the volumes, confined only at the back, open like a fan in front, and will not close again. The illustrations, too, do not add to their beauty. In this parchment copy of Tennyson's poems, we have, in the first volume, an illustration of "the Palace of Art," with the "golden gorge of dragons" spouting forth "a flood of fountain foam," rows of galleries, and a cloud of incense streaming out of the hidden portion of the palace; in the background, bits of formal landscape. We venture to say that, far from bringing out the meaning of Tennyson's "Palace of Art," this illustration is a mere parody. Indeed, no picture, however careful, could embody Tennyson's rich and elaborate detail, and still less a somewhat poor woodcut. The illustration in the second volume of St. Simeon Stylites is still more of a parody. There the confused vision of the dying ascetic is rendered as if it were palpable fact,—an exceedingly smug angel, with most artificially-evolved wings, and a band of vacant-faced, prettyish subordinates, also furnished with powers of flight, are standing behind the cross; while two winged sisters are offering the poor mortal his celestial crown. This is an exceedingly indifferent interpretation

* *Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* The new number of the "Parchment Library." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

of the poem, for it is quite obvious that Tennyson means to present these visions as the offspring of poor St. Simeon's delirious and failing brain, and not as the very solid and conventional, though winged facts here presented to us.

But when we have made these little grumbles, we have exhausted our criticism on the form of these volumes. The paper and type are everything that we could wish. Speaking roughly, these volumes contain all that was contained in the original two volumes by which Mr. Tennyson first became known to the world, together with a few early poems and sonnets not then published, and not very important, and the magnificent poem "Tithonus" (which appeared first in the *Cornhill* magazine in 1860, and was republished with "Enoch Arden" in 1864). Also there is a little poem called "England and America in 1782," which we do not remember to have seen printed as yet in any collected edition of Mr. Tennyson's poems.

It is always a pleasure to get the opportunity of turning over afresh the poems of a great master. And in opening this but little modified form of the favourite of one's youth, the question occurs to one what is most Tennysonian in Tennyson,—what is it which seems to express best the personality of the Poet Laureate, and characterise him in a way that separates him from his predecessors and successors in the same field? This is not the same thing as asking what is really best in his poems; for a poet, when he touches his highest point, often seems to rise out of himself into something which we should hardly dream of characterising as essentially and signally expressive of his genius. Thus "Ulysses" and "Tithonus," splendid as they are,—probably, barring one or two lyrics, the finest poems in these two volumes,—and, of course, deeply impressed by the genius of Tennyson, seem to tell us of Tennyson in a semi-dramatic attitude; of Tennyson trying to grasp a mood of feeling and thought not peculiarly his own, but only one which had deeply fascinated his intellect. Those are just the conditions which sometimes bring the very best fruits out of a man of high genius. It is probable that Shakespeare, for instance, would never have known his own genius, had he not attempted to embody many characters with which personally it may be he had little sympathy, though imaginatively he felt the very deepest delight in conceiving and portraying them. So it is with Tennyson. In "Ulysses" and "Tithonus," in both the pieces on "The Northern Farmer," in "Rizpah," and probably in others of his poems, you find him painting what had powerfully fascinated his attention, but not what, so far as we can judge, had any very profound echo in his own personal sympathies. On the other hand, as we go over his poems. we instinctively say to ourselves, as we read some of them,—'Here is Tennyson himself; no one could have originated that strain of thought and feeling but Tennyson himself; here he is not only the interpreter of what interested his feelings, but the singer of what sprang up in himself.' We say that, for instance, at once in reading "Œnone," "The Palace of Art," "A Dream of Fair Women," "Locksley Hall," "The Day-dream," "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," "Break, break, break." All these seem born of Tennyson's own heart, as well as sung by Tennyson's own muse. And though in some of these the theme is antique, in all the mood of feeling, the mode of treatment, is essentially modern,—self-conscious and yet easy, light and yet elaborate, at once lavish and disdainful of ornament, both terse and luxuriant, the treatment of a poet who is always a conscious artist, who has always a manner of his own, and yet who never stiffens into anything like formula or poetical pretence and parade. What, for instance, can be more beautiful, and yet more modern and less Homeric than Tennyson's "Œnone;"—

> "O Mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
> Dear Mother Ida, hearken, ere I die!
> I waited underneath the dawning hills,
> Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
> And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine.
> Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
> Leading a jet-black goat, white-horned, white-hooved,
> Came up from reedy Simois, all alone."

This recitative of continual entreaty to Mother Ida to hearken to Œnone ere she dies,—this wail in the minor key,—which constitutes the framework of the whole poem, is in a mood of sentiment as little Homeric as it is possible to conceive, especially when it is made the occasion for painting in an elaborate and rich background of landscape. The despondent wail, with the careful delineation of the local beauty and the rich associations in connection with that wail, is altogether unlike the genuine Homer, essentially Tennysonian; but what is still more Tennysonian is the combined carefulness, richness, compression, and yet ease of the picture,—the pleasure Tennyson takes in conveying a rich growth of suggestions by a few pliant, carefully blended strokes,—the mingled grace and yet high finish of the work. It is just the same in "The Palace of Art:"—

> "Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
> All various, each a perfect whole
> From living Nature, fit for every mood
> And change of my still soul.
>
> For some were hung with arras green and blue,
> Showing a gaudy summer morn,
> Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew
> His wreathèd buglo horn.
>
> One seemed all dark and red,—a tract of sand,
> And some one pacing there alone,
> Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
> Lit with a low, large moon.
>
> One showed an iron coast and angry waves,
> You seemed to hear them climb and fall,
> And roar, rock-thwarted, under bellowing caves,
> Beneath the windy wall.
>
> And one a full-fed river, winding slow
> By herds upon an endless plain,
> The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
> With shadow streaks of rain."

Is it possible to conceive richer, more elaborate, and yet more compressed and terser art, in which single words suggest sentences, and yet, in spite of the high compression, there is a constant sense of ease, pliancy, and grace? It is just the same in the "Dream of Fair Women." Take the picture in which Cleopatra describes herself:—

> "We drank the Libyan sun to sleep, and lit
> Lamps which out-burned Canopus. O my life
> In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
> The flattery and the strife,
>
> And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,
> My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
> My mailèd Bacchus, leapt into my arms,
> Contented there to die."

There you have the most elaborate, the most conscious, the most compressed art, but this is not the sole characteristic feature in Tennyson's poetry. It is in poems like "The Day-dream" and "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue" that the modern flexibility comes out in Tennyson, the ease with which one kind of emotion glides into another,—in short, what the author of "John Inglesant" would call his humour, in other words, the refined but easy transitions from the sense of gladness to the senses of pathos, and *vice versâ*:—

> "O Lady Flora, let me speak:
> A pleasant hour has passed away,
> While, dreaming on your damask cheek,
> The dewy sister eye-lids lay.
> As by the lattice you reclined,
> I went through many wayward moods
> To see you dreaming,—and behind
> A summer crisp with shining woods;
> And I, too, dream'd, until at last
> Across my fancy, brooding warm,
> The reflex of a legend past
> And loosely settled into form.
> And would you have the thought I had,
> And see the vision that I saw,
> Then, take the broidery frame, and add
> A crimson to the quaint Macaw."

How easily there the tenderness passes into a smile, and how polished, how highly cultivated, how refined, how gentle in its languid movement, the transition is! "Will Waterproof" is even a higher effort of the same kind:—

> "No vain libation to the Muse;
> But may she still be kind,
> And whisper lovely words, and use
> Her influence on the mind,
> To make me write my random rhymes
> Ere they be half forgotten;
> Nor add and alter, many times,
> Till all be ripe and rotten.
>
> I pledge her, and she comes and dips
> Her laurel in the wine,
> And lays it thrice upon my lips,
> These favoured lips of mine;
> Until the charm have power to make
> New life-blood warm the bosom,
> And barren common-places break
> In full and kindly blossom.
>
> I pledge her silent at the board;
> Her gradual fingers steal,
> And touch upon the master-chord
> Of all I felt and feel.

Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Through many an hour of summer suns,
By many pleasant ways,
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days:
I kiss the lips I once have kissed;
The gaslight wavers dimmer;
And softly, through a vinous mist,
My college friendships glimmer."

That is a perfect example of humour in "John Inglesant's" sense,—not the only true humour, surely,—not the only genuine fruit of the magic transformations of one sort of feeling into another,—but one most characteristic of our modern life; one most significant of the innumerable and interlacing by-paths by which the most cultivated emotion of to-day is always passing from tears to laughter, and from laughter to tears. Certainly, no poet is so thoroughly modern as Tennyson in the effects of self-consciousness, in the effects of polish and finish, in the fine gradations by which he makes one mood pass into another, and in that bias towards complexity, rather than simplicity, which especially distinguishes modern from antique art.

AN AUSTRALIAN TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL.*

Messrs. Strong and Leeper are Oxford men, but they hold office in the University of Melbourne, and distinctly claim as an advantage for their translation the fact of its having been executed while they were engaged in lecturing upon Juvenal to the students of that university. We feel justified, therefore, in calling their version an Australian version, but we are surprised to read that the result of the advantage referred to was "that some difficulties which seem to have been lightly passed over by most commentators have been pressed upon the attention" of Messrs. Strong and Leeper. What difficulty is there in Juvenal that had not been discussed and debated, again and again, by battalions of commentators, before the University of Melbourne was founded? And the translators, it will be observed, are very cautious in this part of their preface. These difficulties, which the commentators have neglected, have been pressed on Messrs. Strong and Leeper's attention; but there the matter seems to have ended. Beyond all doubt, the Australian interpretation, when correct, coincides with that of "most commentators." If, then, when it is incorrect, the fault is due to their pupils having served these lecturers as the Zulu catechumen served Bishop Colenso, the "advantage," which theoretically ought to be great, may have proved in this case to be a minus quantity. Be this as it may be, we are even more surprised to find that this version "is the fruit of much thought and labour." From internal evidence, we might otherwise infer that it had been hastily compiled for market purposes. And this inference would appear to be inevitable, when Messrs. Strong and Leeper tell us that they originally intended to publish their translation in conjunction with a commentary, *but that, for reasons with which they need not trouble their readers*, they have decided to issue at once the first instalment of their work. We are bound, of course, to accept Messrs. Strong and Leeper's apology, but it is obviously one which saves their honesty at the expense of their sagacity. It is true that they say that Professor Mayor's translation of the Tenth Satire is a masterpiece in itself, and that had he seen fit to translate the rest of the Satires their own version would have been superfluous. But are these Australian translators quite sure that Mr. J. D. Lewis, for instance, had not already made such a version as theirs worse than superfluous? Anyhow, we should like to hear the reasons which Messrs. Strong and Leeper have, though they are too considerate to trouble the readers with them, for rushing as they do into print with a version which, in spite of all the "thought and labour" that have been spent upon it, is, on the whole, both crude and inaccurate. Alas! and it was made, they tell us, "with a view of giving a rendering of Juvenal which should combine accuracy with some elegance of style." They are quite right, indeed, in using the word "accuracy" without any apologetic adjective, for the difficulties of Juvenal have been handled by such a cloud of commentators that no great amount of Latin scholarship is required in a translator of these Satires: provided always that he has some amount of common-sense, combined with that respect for "authority in matters of opinion" which in his case common-sense would enjoin, and also that he has a good working command over the resources and idioms of his native tongue. For, in the main, Juvenal is not a difficult author to translate. He writes in metre, but rhetoric is his forte, rather than poetry; and his terse, nervous, and epigrammatic Latin admits of being rendered into English which at least ought never to become flat, or flabby, or prolix. There is, however, a quality in Juvenal's style which presents insuperable difficulties to translators of far higher qualifications than Messrs. Strong and Leeper, or, in our opinion, than even Professor Mayor can claim to possess. We refer to the satirist's allusiveness; and whatever the ideal translator, the paragon,—

"Hunc qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum,"

may effect hereafter—for the present the most that we can ask for in a good working translation is that this allusiveness, when it passes the bounds of reproduction, should be met by a simple version, made intelligible both by words in brackets and in italics, and, wherever it is necessary, by a brief note on the same page as the translation. One thing is clear. There are numerous passages in this Australian translation which are utterly unintelligible. As such, they have no *locus standi* in this book, and deserve unconditional condemnation, whatever explanation may be found of them in the notes, which Messrs. Strong and Leeper may not be so anxious, perhaps, to compile for exportation, if their present fiasco meets with the reception which it merits, and will, we trust, for the honour of English scholarship, by no means fail to obtain.

We must now produce some evidence in support of the verdict which we have felt no hesitation in passing on this worthless piece of work; and if the reader finds that evidence insufficient, as want of space may easily make it seem to be, we must beg him to take our word for the fact that the passages which we select (almost at random) are typical, and might be multiplied, if not to any extent, to an extent at least which must compel a competent critic to condemn the translation *en bloc* and unconditionally. It is a grievance, we may remark, to begin with, that the indolence of these translators renders it extremely hard to find any given line or passage in their "accurate and elegant" version. For instead of numbering the lines, they have supinely given us nothing more than a supremely useless and, in their case, not even correct running heading,—"The Satires of Juvenal." This is really too bad, and throws some light upon what Messrs. Strong and Leeper's notions are about trouble.

In Satire i., 10, the words "Unde alius furtivae devehat aurem Pelliculae" are thus rendered by Strong and Leeper, "The spot whence another is carrying home the gold of the smuggled sheepskin." Now, we must beg the reader to look upon this as a typical passage of at least one hundred of a similar character, in this accurate and elegant version; and to notice that a fifth form boy's rendering would be, "The land from which that other fellow stole and carried away the golden fleece." Strong and Leeper are fond of capitals, and make what they seem to think a joke, by translating "fabrum volantem," i., 55, "the Flying Joiner." Daedalus was no more a "joiner" than he was a plumber and glazier, but what of that? Capitals are capitals in Melbourne University, and may be trusted for harder tasks than the above. Again, i., 92, "Simplexne furor sestertia centum Perdere,"—"One hundred sesterces," say Strong and Leeper, *i.e.*, something less than a sovereign; but what Juvenal means is 100,000 sesterces, or roughly enough, £1,000. Again, i., 161, "Accusator erit qui verbum dixerit, Hic est"; Strong and Leeper translate this wrongly, but not more wrongly than nonsensically, "He'll be an informer who shall say but the word, 'That's he.'" "There will be an informer for the man who shall say," &c., is the correct interpretation, and given in the Delphin edition published in 1684. Now, we asseverate that it would be easy to cull from this first satire (171 lines in all) at least five times as many instances of inaccuracy and bad taste as those we have quoted. We pass to a better known satire, the tenth. After sketching with great vigour and animation the career of Hannibal, the satirist asks, "And what, then, was the end of all this? Alas for glory! He, too, was beaten," &c. But up to that question, Juvenal was not poking fun at Hannibal. "Pyrenaum transsilit" is wrongly translated by "he skips over the Pyrenees;" and we see no reason whatever for translating "quali digna tabella," in line 157, by, "Oh, what a subject for a

* *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal.* Translated into English, by H. A. Strong, M.A., and Alexander Leeper, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co.

caricature!" A Roman poet, even in Juvenal's time, was hardly likely to think of Hannibal on the eve of Trasimene as a subject for a caricature. A fair example of the "unintelligible," which we have referred to, will be found in lines 81-85 of this satire. We have no room for the Latin or for comment, but here is Strong and Leeper's text:—"I hear many will die. No doubt of it; there's a great furnace heated; my friend, Brutidius, met me at the altar of Mars, and he was rather pale. How anxious I am lest Ajax demand satisfaction for the defeat, for the weak defence." Again, take the lines, which are too well known to need quoting in the original,—

"O happy Rome and fortunate
Late born under my consulate:"

"Let me rather write this grotesque doggrel than thee, O Heaven-inspired Philippic of surpassing fame—rolled next the first." The phrase "grotesque doggrel" exactly describes Strong and Leeper's version of Cicero's jingling hexameters, but certainly is no rendering whatever of "ridenda poemata"? Cicero's poetry was not much better than Carlyle's or Emerson's, but it was far indeed from being "grotesque doggrel." And is there any meaning in "rolled next the first"? The 21 lines which form the conclusion of this noble satire are as splendid, in their way, as any passage, not merely in Latin, but in Greek or English literature. Our Australians pull themselves together, and succeed in translating some parts of this passage with some approach to accuracy and elegance. But they break down terribly even here. They translate,—

"Et Venere, et coenis, et plumâ Sardanapali,"

by "amours, and feasts, and Sardanapalus-couches." But Sardanapalus was the typical voluptuary, and not the typical sluggard of antiquity; and we have little doubt that it was *his* women and *his* banquettings, as well as his beds of down, that Juvenal was referring to. In any case, "Sardanapalus-couches" is not literary English. It reminds us of "Victoria lounges," and other flowers of advertising English, but is "tolerable, and not to be endured," in such a passage as this. Yet there is a worse blot even than this in Strong and Leeper's version of this passage. They have the heart to translate "Candiduli divina tomacula porci" (x., 355) by "a white porker's holy sausages."

And here we must take leave of Messrs. Strong and Leeper; and in doing so must repeat most emphatically that the specimens which we have selected of what appear to us to be flagrant violations of all the principles of true translation could easily be paralleled by hundreds of others as bad, or even worse. To put a finishing stroke to their absurdities, these Australian "tradutori" solemnly declare in their title-page that "the right of translation and reproduction is reserved." We will pass "right of reproduction," though we cannot imagine what it is; but the "right of translation"? What can that mean? It is scarcely less intelligible than some of the posers which they have set their imaginary translator; and to the reader who can explain this "right of translation" to his own satisfaction,—to him, and to him alone, can we recommend with any confidence this Australian version of that portion of Juvenal which the authorities of Oxford, in the plenitude of their indolence, have selected to be brought up for examination.

PROFESSOR NICHOL'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

THE first centenary of American national life was celebrated only a few years ago, and the first distinctive epoch of American literature is just drawing to a close, so we may say that it has taken a hundred years to originate, develop, and exhaust the first movement of a new literature. The writers by whom this movement is popularly represented form two groups, of which the first is merely imitative, although exhibiting great merit. Its chief names are Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and Bryant, and it is evident that each of these belongs to a previously existent literary tendency, as, for instance, Cooper to that revived by Scott, Irving to that which began in Addison, and Bryant to that school of poetry of which Wordsworth is the greatest representative. The second group consists of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, and furnishes the first true representatives of American literature, so far as it has reached in its first epoch. We have here new and distinctive work; it is no longer merely a change of local environment, it is a fresh intellectual departure. Whittier does not belong to this group, either by personal connection or by common intellectual endowment; he is merely contemporary. Of these literary co-workers and friends it seemed natural that the shy Hawthorne should be the first to take his leave; after a while, Longfellow left another "vacant chair" in the circle, and a few weeks later Emerson quitted a life which he had found "unnecessarily long;" Holmes sang the *Iron Gate* of his seventieth birthday four years ago; Mr. Lowell alone is still in his maturity. Without seeming, therefore, to hurry these two last from the scene which they have long adorned, we may say that the second group has come to an end, and with it the period which a future German historian will call the first *Blüthezeit* of American literature.

The manifest close of a literary epoch furnishes the historians and critics with their opportunity, and accordingly we find that the composition of works on American authors has commenced. We have already three biographies of Longfellow, with the authorised one to follow; four biographies of Emerson, and other works announced; biographies of Lowell and Whittier, and one of Holmes in the press; several volumes of a series of *American Men of Letters*, and a large number of essays in the periodicals. Mr. E. C. Stedman's conscientious and suggestive studies of *Victorian Poets* were undertaken, their author tells us, as preparatory training to fit him for a work upon the poetry of his own country; and it can hardly be long before Professor Moses Coit Tyler adds to his scholarly *History of American Literature* a third volume, dealing with the modern period. Almost all the above works, however,—with the special exception of the last-named—are unsatisfactory, and in several cases they are mere bookmakers' productions. We do not remember one of them by an American on an American, which is not spoiled in a greater or less degree by the writer's pride in his compatriot, a pleasant thing in itself, but one which may easily grow into obstructive proportions. These books are always interesting and useful records of fact, but as embodying the verdicts of dispassionate and qualified literary criticism, they are mostly of little value. As instances of this amiable weakness, take Mr. Warner's statement that since *Gulliver*, England has produced no piece of humour equal to Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, or Mr. Conway's attempt to show that Emerson anticipated Darwin. Up to the present time, however, we have had no serious history of the whole period of American literature. Indeed, it is not unusual to find English writers declaring that there is as yet no such thing as American literature, that all the works of American authors are imitative and European in spirit. The essentials of American life—these writers say—the vast physical features of the continent, and the unbounded aspirations of the people, have never received any adequate expression; no man can represent America who has not thrown off the trammels of European literary tradition. "We want a national literature," says the ambitious Mr. Hathaway, in *Kavanagh*, "commensurate with our mountains and rivers,—commensurate with Niagara, and the Alleghanies, and the Great Lakes. We want a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country—that shall be to all other epics what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings, the largest in the world!" It is a feeling like this which prompts the common saying that Walt Whitman is the first genuine representative of America, a statement about as reasonable as if we were to point to the bursting of a cannon as the culmination of the art of gunnery. Physical features have no connection with literature, except through the long process in which they form some of the conditions of that social life which, in its turn, produces the new order of mind that expresses itself partly in literature; a man is no more likely to be a great writer because he dwells by a great mountain, than to be a shallow thinker because a shallow stream runs past his door. A great voice was lifted in the wilderness of Craigenputtock, and what literature has Switzerland to show for her Alps? No one—if we may venture here upon an Americanism—thinks that a tall man naturally tells tall stories. "Nothing has hitherto been demanded of rivers and lakes in other parts of the world," wrote Mr. Lowell, characteristically, in a far back number of the *North American Review*, "except fish and mill privileges, or, at most, a fine waterfall or a pretty island. The received treatises upon mountainous obstetrics give no hint of any parturition to be expected, except of mice. Let us not be in any hurry to per-

* *American Literature: an Historical Sketch*, 1620-1880. By John Nichol, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1882.

form the Cæsarian operation." Many persons, too, who know nothing of Whitman, consider Fenimore Cooper the most representative American writer, because he tells chiefly of that Western life which, to their imagination, is the special feature of the New World. But nationality has little in common with locality; a literature is national only in so far as it is universal, paradoxical as the statement may seem. "Colonus, with a gleaming altar crowned," and "all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio," are only the backgrounds of voices speaking for every human heart. For the literature of America to be national—to quote Longfellow again—"it is not necessary that the war-whoop should ring in every line, and every page be rife with scalps, tomahawks, and wampum." In one sense, of course, the works which have been written in America since 1776 constitute an indisputable American literature, but there is a national literature in a sense much truer than this forced one, and one which Englishmen are just beginning to recognise. But, as we have said, up to the present time there has been no serious history of the whole period of it, and we are fortunate that the fact has escaped the notice of the bookmakers of our time. The volume before us has, therefore, the rare advantage of filling a gap in our libraries, and we welcome it on that account, as well as for its own great merits.

Professor Nichol has wisely chosen to write an historical sketch, rather than a complete history, and has thus been able to make his book extremely readable from beginning to end, which could hardly have been the case if he had compelled himself to furnish a detailed record. Almost every page bears marks of a scholarly acquaintance with many fields of knowledge, and a remarkably apt memory. The history and literature of several nations are drawn upon to furnish instructive parallels to the various movements of American thought, and when the author wishes to explain the comparative position of a writer or a work, he showers comparisons upon us in almost embarrassing abundance. This eclecticism results in a decided originality of view: it is at once clear to the reader that Professor Nichol has formed his opinions for himself upon the evidence; he is independent of any particular school, and even when he repeats a familiar verdict he supports it with new reasons of his own. His knowledge of American history is extensive and sympathetic, and—although we shall have occasion to point out numerous errors—he has evidently studied American letters long and conscientiously. He is singularly free from the ordinary prejudices of an English critic writing upon American matters, and we have been charmed by the sincerity with which he fills the delicate position of an impartial spectator. If at one moment we find him demolishing some preposterous American claim, at the next he is denouncing some piece of English ignorance or patronage; Oxford and Boston speak through him in turn. When we add that the book contains many brilliant passages and not a few caustic ones (we shall have something to say later on about the style), we shall have said enough to show that Professor Nichol's work possesses unusual interest and value.

The first chapter is devoted to a general survey of the conditions and characteristics of American literature. Under "Conditions," the author treats of the influences of geography, climate, history, and government; under "Characteristics," he discusses the spirit of hope and confidence in labour, the want of continuity in ideas which is produced by a want of continuity in life, the consequent impatience and instability, and the tendency to lawlessness, inaccuracy, and irreverence, in a country "where vehemence, vigour, and wit are common; good taste, profundity, and imagination rare,—a country whose untamed material imparts its tamelessness to the people, and diverts them from the task of civilisation to the desire of conquest." This chapter was originally delivered as a lecture, and is very pleasant reading, abounding in pertinent illustrations and quotations, Horace furnishing, perhaps, rather too many of the latter. Professor Nichol shows in an entertaining way the crude notions of English travellers and critics about America, and of Americans about England, a state of things the more to be regretted since it is travel which supplies the student of the literature of the present with that guide and basis of comparison which the reading of history furnishes to the student of the past. The only English work of genius on America is Dickens's caricature, and the books on England by Emerson and Hawthorne are the least satisfactory productions of their authors. Professor Nichol, however, does not hesitate to apportion the degree of blame, and the following remarks seem to us very just:—

"Untravelled Englishmen know much less of America as a whole—less of her geography, her history, her constitution, and of the lives of her great men—than Americans know of England. Of the mistakes on both sides—ludicrous and grave—we have the larger share. . . . . The source of this greater ignorance lies not so much in greater indifference as in greater difficulty. England is one, compact and comparatively stable. The United States are many, vast, various, and in perpetual motion. An old country is a study, but a new country is a problem. It is hard to realise the past, but it is harder to read the present; to predict the future is impossible."

Professor Nichol writes with appreciation and sympathy of the vast problem which has to be solved by a country whose population contains large admixtures of Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, Chinese, French, and Spanish, and which has been sown with the germs of all politics and all religions.

"The State that is blent, and the literature that is constructed, out of these often jarring elements, must in the long-run be like no one ingredient; it must be an amalgam of all. Englishmen are too prone to forget that the partially kindred blood, which ought to promote friendship, cannot insure identity of aim. Safe in their island home, they smile at a turbulence largely due to the lawless spirits they have banished across the seas. The Old World is strong enough to overlook the petulance of the New, which in its turn is great enough to receive, and, it may be, in process of time to harmonise, the elements of discord in the Old."

The sketch of the literature of the Colonial Period, 1620-1765, which forms the second chapter, is the least interesting part of the book, but not the least valuable. The literary platitudes and theological rancours of this period have received final treatment in the two handsome volumes of Professor Tyler's history, but most English readers would be as little likely to follow his long, conscientious account as to seek out the original works, so that Professor Nichol's sketch, covering thirty pages, is a welcome relief. It is based almost entirely upon Tyler's work, a debt which is fully acknowledged by the author, and tells in a pleasant way all that the majority of English readers will care to know. When this dull period is once left behind, Professor Nichol's book rapidly increases in interest.

The next chapter, entitled "The Revolution Period" (why, by the way, does he not adopt the common American title of *Revolutionary* Period?), deals with the great names of Franklin, Hamilton, and Jefferson, the Declaration of Independence, the Federalists, and the effects of war and controversy on literature, and is a graphic and terse chronicle of this very important and interesting epoch. The same may be said of the succeeding chapter, on "American Politics and Oratory." It is a common statement that every American is a good speaker, but few Europeans are acquainted with the real oratory upon which this general compliment is based. In this chapter, besides a few instructive remarks about American political parties—a dark subject to most Englishmen—the author shows the aims and relative positions of such representative men as Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Everett, Channing, Parker, Garrison, Sumner, and Phillips. The specimens of their oratory are striking, and in most cases well chosen. The extract from Parker, however, who was certainly one of the most forcible speakers that America has produced, is utterly inadequate, and conveys no idea of his tremendous power. A passage should have been taken from one of his anti-slavery sermons preached in the Boston Music Hall. The twelve pages devoted to Daniel Webster give an interesting account of a man little known in England, an account which has, however, a most grave defect. Professor Nichol says:—"Webster stood resolutely on his ground against the extension of the area of slavery. He urged its abolition in the District of Columbia, but held that the Constitution gave no further powers. In this spirit is conceived his last considerable speech in the Senate, that of March 7th, 1850, entitled by himself, 'For the Constitution and the Union,' in which he accepts and defends the Compromise Bill." Now, a sketch of Webster's political life which omits all specific reference to his defence of the Fugitive Slave Bill is not only incomplete, but also seriously misleading, as is the above paragraph, for not one English reader in five hundred will understand all that is signified by the "Compromise Bill." (The "Compromise measures" would be more accurate. One of them was this Bill, permitting Southern slave-owners to seize their slaves in the free States, and capable of gross misuse,—no coloured person at the North being secure from seizure as a runaway slave.) How can the English reader—whose ignorance of American history has been pointed out by Professor Nichol himself, in a passage we have already quoted—be expected to know that these two harmless-looking words tell of an ineffaceable blot upon the memory of a man whom the author describes as "the grandest post-Revolu-

tion figure of the New World"? By way of killing two birds with one stone, we will try to remedy the two last-mentioned omissions in Professor Nichol's book, by quoting a passage which will show at the same time the character of Theodore Parker's eloquence, and the truth about Webster and the Fugitive Slave Bill. It is from Parker's speech before the Circuit Court of the United States, at Boston, in answer to the charge of misdemeanour for his speeches against the Bill.

"At that time, Massachusetts had in the Senate of the nation a disappointed politician,—a man of great understanding, of most mighty powers of speech, and what more than all else contributed to his success in life, the most magnificent and commanding personal appearance. At that time—his ambition nothing abated by the many years which make men venerable—he was a bankrupt in money, a bankrupt in reputation, and a bankrupt in morals—I speak only of his public morals, not his private—a bankrupt in political character, pensioned by the Money Power of the North. Thrice disappointed, he was at that time gaming for the Presidency. When the South laid down the Fugitive Slave Bill on the national Faro table, Mr. Webster bet his all upon that card. He staked his mind, and it was one of vast compass; his eloquence, which could shake the continent; his position, the senatorial influence of Massachusetts; his wide reputation, which rang with many a noble word for justice and the rights of man; he staked his conscience and his life. Gentlemen, you know the rest,—the card won, the South took the trick, and Webster lost all he could lose,—his conscience, his position, his reputation; not his wide compassing mind, not his earth-shaking eloquence. Finally, he lost his—life. Peace to his mighty shade! God be merciful to him that showed no mercy. The warning of his fall is worth more than the guidance of his success. Let us forgive; it were wicked to forget. For fifty years, no American has had such opportunity to serve his country in an hour of need. Never has an American so signally betrayed the trust,—not one, since Benedict Arnold turned a less ignoble traitor!"

We suggest to Professor Nichol to take the opportunity which the call for a second edition of his book will doubtless soon give him, to add this eloquent and terrible denunciation to his chapter on "American Politics and Oratory."

In a second notice, we shall speak of the literary verdicts of this volume, and point out a large number of inaccuracies.

LECTURES UPON ART.*

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings may be excused for adding all possible attractions to a book published for the purpose of increasing their funds. Otherwise, among the lectures included in the volume, some derive more power from the lecturer's name than from what he says. The three first lectures are distinctly dull, and in a work professedly intended to appeal to the popular taste it would have been better if they had been omitted, or, at least, craftily inserted among those which are more interesting. Many people, if they find the first half of a book hard to read, do not trouble themselves to go any further, which in this case would mean to have left unread some very excellent plain-speaking on the subject of Art. In the three last lectures there is an entire absence of talk for talk's sake, and an easy handling of the subject dealt with, which show thorough knowledge of it.

Of the first three lectures, that by Mr. Poole is the most attractive. He has made a close study of Egyptian tombs, and as a plea for the preservation of these ancient monuments it is forcible, although the style in parts is not as clear as it might be, and the subject is treated on too large a scale for the limits of a lecture to do any justice to it. In praise of Mr. Richmond's lecture little can be said. Monumental painting is a subject that covers a very large region of Art, and almost anything could be brought under the definition, so that there was no excuse for making the lecture a dull one. As it is, Mr. Richmond has an unfortunately ambitious manner of saying what he does say, and it is not until he leaves the region of abstract theory for the more simple one of history that he says anything that is interesting. The rapid sketch he gives of Art between Giotto's early efforts and Michael Angelo's completed masterpieces is straightforward and unaffected. Mr. Poynter's contribution calls for no special notice. It suffers from not having the examples to which he often refers, and which were before his audience at South Kensington, and much of the lecture is necessarily conjectural, and, therefore, appeals less to unlearned readers than it might have done, if he had been dealing with Art at a later period.

With "English Parish Churches" begins the valuable part of the book. It is a subject which will come home to all who are the least interested in national architecture, and Mr. Micklethwaite writes of it in a way which will be understood by all his readers. Mr. Micklethwaite traces the growth of parish churches in England back to their first root. "I claim," he says, "for our English parish churches that they are the most interesting relics of the past which remain in the land. . . . . Parish churches are in a manner more interesting than the cathedral or abbey churches, because they are more specially the spontaneous product of the people, and not, as others often were, the work of powerful magnates or rich corporations." After sketching the growth of the parish church of Wakefield, by way of illustrating the various additions and alterations that it underwent at the hands of each generation who desired to leave their impress upon it, Mr. Micklethwaite passes on to the history of the furniture and fittings of churches, which is a side of their history more rarely touched upon, and his arguments are strong that those monuments of natural growth shall be allowed to stand as they are, unmolested by those who fancy they are especially enlightened upon the intentions of their early builders.

But what gives the real charm to the volume are the lectures by Mr. Morris on the "Lesser Arts." In Mr. Morris there is an evident power of growth, and as years pass by he becomes more mellow, while retaining all that directness of speech and opinion which fits him to be a teacher. These lectures throughout are distinguished by his sympathy with those oppressed workers who labour so grievously and continuously to produce ugliness, instead of beauty. Mr. Morris has the great merit of being human. He speaks as one man to another, not as the autocrat aiming at another form of oppression, and that, perhaps, the most enslaving of all. There is an aristocracy of sentiment and interest, as well as of birth or money, and all aristocracies are inclined to enforce authority upon those beneath, rather than to persuade them. Indeed, to persuade men is to recognise that they have the right to remain unpersuaded if they will, and this no aristocracy can afford to realise. Then it follows that those who have no real power to enforce, and who lack the grace to persuade, fall back upon exclusiveness, and shut the door of knowledge upon the masses outside who will not learn the lesson in the exact way their teachers conceive to be best. But if Art is to live, it must be by other means than this. Its teachers must cease to be exclusive, and have sympathy with those who are to be taught. They must have real simplicity of life, not self-consciousness that veils itself under a show of simplicity, and which reveals itself by eccentricities of speech and manner. If Art is to become national, it will not be by æsthetic picture-galleries and private views. Do the critics who now dwell at length upon the poetical merits of Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Whistler really desire or believe that the National Art of England should follow their guidance? Can we imagine the working-man and street-boy, who may often be seen at the National Gallery, studying to any good purpose the harmonies of Mr. Whistler, or the doleful countenances of Mr. Rossetti's women? The idea is an absurd one, and yet the pictures of Bellini and Titian and Veronese are not out of place in a gallery visited by the "common people" in their work-a-day clothes. Mr. Morris's frank statement that the common people of England are the mainstay of Art is very much needed. If the people of a nation do not care for Art, Art will languish, and no amount of large-eyed, sorrowful women and atmospheric effects in black and blue will make it live. Still further, if the common people do not themselves in their degree become artists, and share in the life of those who now can see little to love or sympathise with in the people, the work of the leaders of Art will itself become feebler and more attenuated, in efforts which appeal to no wider circle than their own immediate one. Fresh blood—and it may be, barbaric blood—is needed to cleanse and strengthen those who aspire to lead in that which belongs of right to the nation at large. Art, to be living, must be the free spirit of the people expressing itself in form. Anything short of this makes it artificial and unreal. There is a question we may all put to ourselves,—Shall our surroundings bear the mark of our own individuality, or shall they be the imitation of the imitation of our neighbours? Why are people so afraid to be free? What is it they fear? The comments of their neighbours. But after all, the judgment passed is by some one still more profoundly ignorant than themselves, some one who is more fearful, more bound, more stagnant than they are, but who would be the first to follow suit, if it became the fashion to be, what Mr. Morris demands of us, original and free, instead of fearful and

* *Lectures upon Art.* Poole, Richmond, Poynter, Micklethwaite, Morris. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

enslaved. Unfortunately, it seldom comes home to people how much they are individually responsible for the dead-level of dreariness around them. If they are selfish, they say it is nothing to them how others live; and if they are religious and philanthropic, they often say that Art and Beauty do not count for much in the growth of good. And yet, who can assert that beauty is not an essential in the religious character? It is an attribute of God, and to divorce any one attribute is to weaken the unity of the whole. Perhaps religious-minded people will find that it is at their door that some of the effects of unwholesome Art must be laid. If they themselves will not care for Art, nor strive for beauty in their surroundings, it will tend to drive those whose natures cannot live without beauty and culture to seek it in other quarters, and from teachers who are cunning in the gratification of the senses. Take the poor of London. Will those who have their spiritual welfare at heart question for an instant that they would understand better what good is, if they could associate it more with beauty? Far removed from the enlarging influence of Nature, what is there to give them any idea of the beauty and grandeur of holiness? The spirit sinks to the level of what it sees, if the surroundings are ugly and full of dreariness, and there is nothing to give any suggestion of greater nobleness of life, we accept the life we see, and can aspire to no other. It is difficult to test the exact good that beauty of surrounding does for people. Probably, to some, it brings rest and tranquillity of nerve to a greater degree than to others, and rest and tranquillity is a long step towards a higher life. It is often the restlessness and jar of modern life that keeps people from rising, and this jar and turmoil can be lessened by having beauty about us. In older days, rich and religious people gave their money towards raising noble and beautiful churches in their towns. Not only did they wish to set forth their religion, but they desired to symbolise it with beauty of form and colour, with exquisite carving and mystery of light and shadow. Having built such houses for God, these same people felt that their own homes should be in harmony with them, and not only a tribute to the lower ambitions of men,—to display, to luxury, or even to excess of comfort. People desired to live themselves at no less perfect development than that which they thought fit for the direct service of God. Beauty and order belong as much to those who worship in the temple as to the temple itself. So they enriched their towns with the most perfect expression of national life,—with tall belfry towers and spacious judgment-halls. Then they reared their own palaces, and filled them with all that could best express the art of their time.

Such was the life of the past, and it is to prevent the destruction of this life that these lectures have been delivered, and now are published. If they help to make each individual member of the nation realise that he is in his degree responsible not only for the retention of beauty in the past, but for its growth in the future, the good they will have done is incalculable.

NEEDLEWORK, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

It is undoubtedly advisable in these days, when everything is divided, and classified, and made popular, that an art so old and so dignified as that of Needlework should have a volume to itself, and we can congratulate the authors on having done their work extremely well. Not only is their production good as to paper, type, and illustrations, which are all-important in a book like this, but no details bearing upon their subject seem to have been omitted, and there is much curious and interesting information on many points. A dictionary of this kind has not the disadvantage attending others of the sort, that the student remains content with the knowledge conveyed in it, and seeks to go no further, for we should suppose that those who are privileged to understand the mysteries taught in it would take great interest in following out its instructions, while they would, at the same time, gain much enlightenment on many subjects. From its inevitable association with women, there is always a suggestion of home and domestic life about needlework that makes the mention of it particularly attractive in history, from the well-remembered web by which Penelope kept her very slow-witted suitors so long at bay, and the beautiful embroideries of Helen and Andromache, on to the Bayeux tapestry, to Katharine of Arragon's lonely hours of needlework, and the curiously-shown industry of Mary, wife of William III., concerning whom a contemporary poet records that she,—

> "When she rides in coach abroad
> Is always knotting threads,"

an occupation which would rather amaze us in our present Royal Family. It is always a blow to be reminded, however, that there is no certain warranty of the Bayeux tapestry having been executed by or under the orders of the lady with whom it is usually connected, and there is even a tradition that it was worked and presented to William by three Bayeux *men*, but we would hope that this story is unfounded. Nevertheless, the connection of needlework with women is not an invariable one; there is reason to suppose that among the Egyptians, from whom the Jews learnt their skill in tapestry and other work, the men worked as well as the women; in China, both sexes are equally expert in such arts; and the Kings of Spain were at one time famous for their beautiful ecclesiastical work, though not, it must be admitted, until after their degeneracy had begun.

It is natural that a good deal of the *Dictionary* should be devoted to the subject of lace, both point and pillow, and it is one on which a great deal of information is to be procured from a rather curious source. When Colbert, the French Minister, established the Royal manufactory of lace at Alençon, he compelled all lace-makers to work in it; and this led to a revolt among them, which was ended by a compromise. Some years later, the extravagant expenditure on lace produced a sumptuary law limiting the use of it; then appeared a satirical poem, "La Révolte des Passemens," in which the laces are represented as revolting, like their makers, against this tyranny, but running away as soon as they are really opposed: every kind well known in that day is introduced into the poem, with some notice of its nature and worth; and thus, as often happens, a mere squib, written to amuse a gay circle, has become a valuable authority. It is impossible not to regret that some of the beautiful laces that once existed should have become extinct; but it must be admitted that when we read of the exquisite Brussels point made only of one kind of flax, which had to be spun in a dark, underground cellar, as neither air nor light could be admitted to it, and the worker could only touch, not see, the threads, we feel that even "The Song of the Shirt" hardly records greater cruelty to human beings, and our modern machine-made laces find more favour in our eyes. Many people are acquainted with old "caterpillar point," so called from the pattern having some faint resemblance to the bodies of those animals; but comparatively few have heard of the modern caterpillar lace, whereby an ingenious gentleman on the Continent has induced caterpillars to become unconscious lace-makers. For the particulars of this process, we refer our readers to the *Dictionary*. Considering the harmless purposes to which lace is usually applied, it seems hard that any human beings should ever have lost their lives for making it, and yet such was actually the case under the Reign of Terror in France, when the greater number of the Chantilly lacemakers were guillotined, apparently for no crime but that of having supplied a luxury to the hated aristocrats.

England never seems to have excelled in lace-making, but her embroidery was at one time renowned, till the Wars of the Roses disturbed the trade, and the Reformation, by giving the death-blow to ecclesiastical needle-work, at length almost extinguished it. An odd form of English embroidery lingered on, however, for some years, and is seen in the miniatures done with human hair; those of Charles I. were especially popular; locks of his hair were sold for the purpose, and portraits of him still exist done in this way by enthusiastic Royalist ladies. Later on, a kind of knitting made of hair was much valued, specially when it was grey, and there was a period during this century when hideous ornaments of hair were worn; but, excepting bracelets, all such have now passed away.

Most kinds of work, and even of materials, known in Great Britain seem to have been introduced from the Continent; the well-known Irish poplin is said to have been originally made in Avignon, where it was called "papeline," in compliment to the Pope, and the Spaniards claim the credit of having introduced knitting into the Shetland Isles at the time of the Armada; but the art was certainly known in England before then. It is curious that knitting, now such a universal accomplishment, and so long popular among the lower orders, should have been so slow in making its way into the higher circles in England; and we have always been inclined to suspect that the "tricoteuses" of the French Revolution created a prejudice against the work here, which it required German influence to overcome.

The *Dictionary of Needlework* has increased its value con-

* *The Dictionary of Needlework.* By S. L. F. Caulfeild and B. C. Saward. London: The *Bazaar* Office.

siderably by admitting into its columns the names of all materials that are or ever have been worked by the needle or the loom, and many curious stories are connected with these. For instance, one, that will be new to many, is the alleged origin of the many-coloured or "slashed" garb of the Swiss soldiers, still preserved in the Papal Guard at Rome, which is said to have originated at the battle of Nancy, in 1477. The Swiss, having fought against and routed the Duke of Burgundy, tore the gay silk hangings of his tents to pieces, and returned home in triumph, wearing caps, doublets, &c., all of different colours; and in memory of this brilliant and decisive victory, the soldiers adopted the "slashed" and parti-coloured dresses.

Superstition has always been particularly busy with wearing apparel of all kinds, as, for instance, in the well-known story of Charles I. of England having been crowned in white, instead of the proper regal purple, which was considered at the time very unlucky, and remembered with additional horror when he had been "buried in white," *i.e.*, in a pall covered with snow. Gloves have been applied to many purposes, both of war and love, besides their immediate and obvious one; and they have a connection with death not known to every one, for, in parts of the north country, white-paper ones are still hung up in churches to the memory of deceased persons, in token of their having lived and died "with clean hands." Can the custom of giving gloves at funerals be in any way connected with this?

The word "haberdashery" is stated in this volume to be derived from the German "tauscher," "one who sells trifling wares," which may be correct; but a great authority on German literature forty years ago was wont pleasantly to declare that the name originated in the shop showing such a variety of objects, that people who wanted anything went in to inquire, "Hab er das hier?" whence "haberdasher!" a derivation likely to be remembered by all who heard it, though possibly not admitted by modern philology.

The *Dictionary* is, as far as we have observed, marred by but few mistakes. A quotation from Shakespeare is referred to the wrong play, and in a list of ecclesiastical colours, the Sarum Use only is given, omitting the Roman, which is, on the whole, better known; also there are a few errors, which are noticed in a list of errata at the end. But the dedication to the Princess Louise is a guarantee for the work being well and carefully done, and we trust that our readers will, by personal study, confirm our high opinion of it.

THE FATHERS OF ENGLISH FICTION.*

The task accomplished by Mr. Tuckerman was at one time projected by Mr. Anthony Trollope. That he would have written a highly entertaining volume is not open to doubt. It is of no slight advantage to have the judgment of an accomplished novelist on his predecessors in the art of fiction. He would treat of a subject especially interesting to him, and unconsciously, perhaps, would be led to contrast his own method of work with that of the writers whom he criticises. Mr. Trollope did this in his account of Thackeray, and Thackeray himself, by criticisms and parodies, has given us some very significant indications of his views about novel-writing. In spite of the three new novels published weekly in London, and of the six which appear within the same brief space in Paris, good fictions are comparatively rare, and a great work of the kind is as uncommon as a great poem. Mr. Tuckerman's *History* shows the truth of this statement. It is premature, if not impossible, to decide upon the ultimate position of living novelists, but it is evident that the greatest popularity during a novel-writer's life time or century does not secure him from ultimate neglect. Of this, Richardson's novels afford a striking illustration. His reputation, not only in his own country, but on the Continent, was of no ordinary kind. Statesmen, bishops, and moralists combined with all the ladies of England in praising *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison;* and abroad, the old bookseller's stories were translated into German, French, and Dutch. Diderot raved over Clarissa Harlowe, and said that her creator would rest in the same class with Homer and Sophocles, "to be read alternately;" while Klopstock's wife called the book heavenly. Heavenly, too, was the story of the virtuous Pamela, which Sherlock recommended from the pulpit, and which, according to one critic, was likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons; while another declared that if all other books were to be burnt, *Pamela* and the Bible should be preserved. What Dr. Johnson said in favour of Richardson everybody knows, and admirers of the novelist are familiar also with the exclamation of Macaulay, "Not read *Clarissa!* If you have once thoroughly entered on *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it." Here is praise, coming from widely different quarters, of a novelist whose name is still familiar, but whose works are almost unheeded. Ladies in our day do not keep *Pamela* on their dressing-tables, they no longer, like Lady Bradshaigh, weep bitter tears in the daytime and wake up crying at night over the woes of Clarissa.

Of Richardson, we shall have more to say presently. At present, we will confine our attention to Mr. Tuckerman's *History*. The author's first chapter, the "Romance of Chivalry," is illustrated by an account of the *Morte d'Arthur*. In the following chapter, he discovers the special characteristics of the English novel as it is now written in the works of Chaucer, who is assuredly an incomparable story-teller in verse. More's *Utopia*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lyly's *Euphues*, Greene's *Pandosto*, the source of Shakespeare's *Winter Tale*, and his *Philomela*, the principal incident of which, as the writer might have observed, is to be found also in *Cymbeline* and other early romances, are criticised briefly and fairly. In this portion of the book, however, we find little to call for comment. It has neither novelty nor originality to recommend it, and the utmost to be said in favour of the earlier chapters is that they compress within a small compass what has been told again and again on a larger scale.

Mrs. Behn, the "female Wycherley," whose stories are among the grossest of a gross age, probably deserves the honour of originating the modern novel, for her *Oroonoko*, as Mr. Tuckerman points out, "is worthy of notice, as one of the earliest attempts on the part of an English novelist to deal with characters which had come under the writer's observation in actual life;" and he adds that it is still more important "on account of the presence within it of a didactic purpose, a characteristic which, for good or evil, has been a prominent feature of the novel in this country. While English narrative fiction was still in its first youth, Mrs. Behn protested against the evils of the slave-trade, through the medium of a story which may be considered a forerunner of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Another and even less reputable female novelist, Mrs. Manley, claimed for her father the authorship of the first volume of the *Turkish Spy*, and states in her *Adventures of Rivella* that a certain Dr. Midgley, a relative of the family, found the manuscript, and added to it seven volumes, "without ever having the justice to name the author of the first." According to another report, the addition was not the work of Midgley, but of a hack writer whom he employed. Hallam, who discusses this question carefully, gives no credit to Mrs. Manley, on the ground that the first volume was certainly written by Marana; but he has little doubt that the succeeding volumes were of English origin. The question is not without interest, but Mr. Tuckerman, strange to say, makes no allusion to it.

It is remarkable, as Hallam has pointed out, what a strange scarcity of original fiction existed in England up to the close of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth, the novel took a conspicuous place in literature. Addison in his charming sketches, and Steele in a smaller measure, produced life-like characters, and gave the town a taste for fiction. In 1712, Addison records the death of Sir Roger de Coverley; in 1719, *Robinson Crusoe* appeared, and Defoe, having discovered thus late in life his craft as a novelist, wrote in rapid succession a number of tales, the coarseness of which forms a strange contrast to the purity and beauty of his first great fiction. At least nine works, either wholly or partially fictitious, were published by Defoe before 1726, in which year *Gulliver's Travels* appeared. From that date, we believe, no important novel was issued until the publication of Richardson's *Pamela*, in 1740. That there was a strong taste for fiction in the country is evident from the extraordinary success of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, and Fanny Burney, in the latter half of the century. In the earlier half, the fiction-loving public were but meagrely served.

The extreme coarseness of the age is exhibited with the utmost vividness in the novels of Richardson and Fielding, and with still more grossness in the *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* of Smollett. Defoe is also so intolerable in this respect, that the very titles of some of his works cannot now be read

* *A History of English Prose Fiction, from Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot.* By Bayard Tuckerman. London: Sampson Low and Co.

The Works of Samuel Richardson, with a Prefatory Chapter on Biographical Criticism. By Leslie Stephen. In 12 vols. *Pamela*, in 3 vols. London: Sotheran and Co.

aloud in the presence of ladies. Yet all these writers, and even their predecessor, Mrs. Behn, declare their purpose to be distinctly moral, and protest that they have written nothing that can offend the chastest ear. Fully to describe the plots of some of these stories, *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana*, for example, would be impossible in modern English; and both Richardson and Fielding act their parts as moralists by exhibiting highly-coloured pictures of vice. It is but just, however, to say that vice is never, as in our refined days, so confounded with virtue that the reader is led to consider the difference between them insignificant. The "hot, day-dreamy sentimentality" of Richardson, to quote the expression of Coleridge, and the licentious scenes of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, are probably far less evil in tendency than the works of some living writers mentioned by Mr. Tuckerman, "issued by respectable publishers, and often written by women," the subject being the unlawful gratification of the passions. "Bigamy, seduction, adultery," adds the writer, "are the incidents on which the story turns, and an effort is always made by the novelist to give to the sinners as attractive and interesting an aspect as possible, and to hold up any respectable people who may appear in the book to the contempt and derision of the reader." This is true with regard to some of the novels mentioned by the critic, and it is not true of the best characters invented by Richardson and Fielding. Clarissa, Harriet Byron, Clementina, that highly proper prig Sir Charles Grandison, Mr. Allworthy, Parson Adams, and Amelia excite feelings very different from those of contempt and derision. On the whole, the vicious suffer, and the virtuous are rewarded; and yet it cannot be denied that the amusement gained from these novelists is gained in a great degree either from the humorous description of doubtful situations, or from the minute pourtrayal of scenes unfitted for the public eye. Of such scenes, Richardson is fond, and he is fond also of moralising upon them; but it is possible, such is the perversity of human nature, that the picture may sometimes make a stronger impression than the moral.

Fielding is better known in our day than Richardson, and a splendid edition of his works, edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, has recently been published. Mr. Tuckerman thinks that the coarseness of his novels "may unfit them for the perusal of very young people." But he defends him from the charge of immorality, and observes, with unnecessary iteration, that he describes life as he had seen it, and that if his novels "were more pure, they would be less valuable from an historical point of view, less true to nature, and therefore less artistic." To this assertion the moralist might reply that there is a truth to nature the faithful representation of which can do good to nobody, and that Fielding, while disgusting us with the hypocrisy of Blifil, does not disgust his readers, which, as a moralist, he professes to do, with the debaucheries of Tom Jones. On the contrary, we are made to hate the former and to condone the faults of the latter. It is but fair to point out, however, as Mr. Tuckerman does, that this great novelist's broad descriptions of vice did not offend the readers of his own age, neither were the elaborate representations of Richardson less acceptable. In the correspondence between Miss Carter and Miss Talbot, the latter writes how she once heard a lady wish with all her heart that her son were like Tom Jones. Miss Talbot's uncle was the Bishop of Oxford, and under his roof *Clarissa Harlowe* was read aloud to the family at set hours, much to the admiration of the young lady. She detests *Tom Jones*, which her friend does not, but allows, "there are in it things which must touch and please every good heart." *Joseph Andrews* is recommended to Miss Carter, who thanks Miss Talbot for the "perfectly agreeable entertainment." "It contains," she writes, "such a surprising variety of nature, wit morality, and good-sense, as is scarcely to be met with in any one composition, and there is such a spirit of benevolence runs through the whole as I think renders it peculiarly charming."

Mr. Tuckerman enlarges on the merits of Fielding and Smollett, but for some later novelists his praise is confined within the narrowest limits. Some pages, indeed, are allotted to Mrs. Radcliffe, but Miss Austen is dismissed in a few lines. The latter part of the book is shallow, and indeed useless, for the impossible attempt is made to criticise Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, George Eliot, and other well-known English and American novelists, in a single chapter. Every reader will find something to interest him in this *History*, and possibly something to annoy him, for although the book is published in London, its orthography is not English, but American.

It is, perhaps, a bold venture of Messrs. Sotheran and Co., to publish a fine library edition of Richardson's works. Mr. Leslie Stephen's critical introduction is a reprint, with additions and alterations, of his essay on the subject in the first series of *Hours in a Library*. It is an admirable criticism, but scarcely calculated to promote the sale of *Pamela*, the "gigantic tract," which, in his judgment, is beyond all comparison the worst of Richardson's works, and succeeds neither in being moral nor amusing. It describes, as all the world knows, the licentious pursuit of a servant-girl by her master, and might have possessed the virtues of a tract, had *Pamela* not only retained her virtue, but her freedom. In loving the man who had tried to ruin her, and in marrying the reformed rake at last, she sinks from the highest level of virtue. Her resistance is rewarded by wealth and reputation, and that kind of reward takes off, in our judgment, the fine edge of her purity.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Monte Rosa: the Epic of an Alp. By Starr H. Nicholls. (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston, U.S.)—There is too much of the *tour de force* about this poem. Mr. Nicholls has spent a vast amount of ingenuity on the history of geologic change, the description of Alpine scenery, and the analysis of a mountain-climber's feelings; but the ingenuity is too manifest. Too often we see not the genuine poetic fire, but the fireworks, so to speak, of a clever artificer. Sometimes we have true imagination, but at least as often an extravagant and ill-regulated fancy; a fine idea is too frequently succeeded by a strange or even ludicrous conceit. When the slope of a mountain becomes less abrupt, we are told that it

> "Presently sublimes its hurried rise,
> As *breathless with the pace.*"

Clouds on the mountain-side are "gypsy" clouds, "strolling adventurers from the teeming sea;" landscapes are "bare as scientific faiths;" the snow hinders the steps, "as feathery scruples clog ambition's way." When the travellers return from the ascent,—

> "Gravitation, like a guardian nurse
> Holding small hands, lets down their lengthened steps."

Notwithstanding all this, this *Epic of an Alp* contains some really noble passages, passages which make us hope that Mr. Nicholls, when he has disciplined his fancy, shaken off his affectations, and pruned the dangerous luxuriance of his diction, will do some really good work. Here is a fine summary of the earlier ages of the world's history:—

> "And that unlettered time slipped on,
> Saw tropic climes invade the polar rings,
> Then polar cold lay waste the tropic marge;
> Saw monster beasts emerge in ooze and air,
> And run their race, and stow their bones in clay;
> Saw the bright gold bedew the elder rocks,
> And all the gems grow crystal in their caves;
> Saw plant wax quick and stir to moving worm,
> And worm move upward, reaching toward the brute:
> Saw brute by habit fit himself with brain,
> And startle earth with wondrous progeny;
> Saw all of these, and still saw no true man.
> For man was not, or still so lowly was,
> That as a little child his thoughts were weak,—
> Weak and forgetful, and of nothing worth;
> And Nature stormed along her changeful ways,
> Unheeded, undescribed, the while man slept
> Infolded in his germ, or with fierce brutes,
> Himself but brutal, waged a pigmy war,
> Unclad as they, and with them housed in caves,
> Nor knew that sea retired or mountain rose."

Here, again, is a fine vindication of Alpine climbing:—

> "Yet blame no blame for daring rash to death!
> For while brave men have sons will deeds be done
> That show the perilous mettle of bold sires;
> And still the fearless is the nobler race,
> Apter for life and fitter for rude truth,
> Prolific of such men as seek the Pole,
> Or brave the savage in hot Afric's glades,
> Give law at home, or colonise new lands,
> And carry Europe to the farthest isles.
> Of such a blood, the youth will pluck the beard
> Of wolfish Death, within his dabbled lair,
> To get their way, laughing his threats to scorn;
> And some he quickly slays, who else had died
> Obscure in later painful beds at home.
> But men are born enough to spare a waste
> In heroes, whose far-shining names undimmed,
> Bound on the withering forehead of the time,
> Shall give it lustre to the latest age."

Some of these lines are musical and sonorous enough; others, that we find scattered about, quite defy our powers of scanning, *e.g.*:—

> "Flames and glory through all the curtained vapors."
> "Legions move on soundless, on returning wing."
> "Ourselves the priceless stake—'gainst nothing."

And there are far too many alexandrines, the use of which great metrists very seldom permit themselves.

Bristol, Past and Present. By J. F. Nicholls and John Taylor. Vol. III. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol; Griffith and Farran, London.)—This third volume brings to a conclusion this interesting account of Bristol. The period of history which it includes begins with the Civil War, and is carried down to the present time. The city stood two sieges, and suffered not a little in the second, when Prince Rupert sur-

rendered it to Fairfax. It accepted the Puritan rule with willingness, but was not backward in welcoming the King in 1660. Thenceforward its domestic history continues to be full of interest, culminating, perhaps, in the famous riots, which the obstinacy of Sir Thomas Wetherell excited, and the incredible supineness of the authorities, civil and military, suffered to grow to such a height. The Bristol mob has been at least as riotous as that of any other English city. We may say, perhaps, that this tendency is only the dark side of the very strongly marked character of the place. Few have had so many public-spirited citizens. When the authors reach 1830, they interpolate a chapter dealing with the streets, domestic architecture, and public institutions of the city. This is remarkably full of interest, and presents a very creditable picture of public spirit and enterprise. In the account of University College, Bristol, credit should have been given to the liberal support afforded to that institution by Balliol and New Colleges. The volume is, like its predecessors, adorned with an abundance of excellent illustrations.

Theology.—*The Parabolic Teaching of Christ.* By Alexander Balmain Bruce. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—This "systematic and critical study" is a book which all students of theology should welcome. Professor Bruce brings to his task the learning, the diligence, and the liberal and finely sympathetic spirit which are the best gifts of an expositor of Scripture. Here is an admirable comment on those mysterious words which seem to say that the purpose of the parable was to darken the minds of those who heard it:—"We must be careful not to misunderstand the temper in which such words might be spoken by Jesus, or by any true servant of God. No true prophet could utter such words in cold-blood as the expression of a deliberate purpose. All prophets desire to illumine, soften, and save, not to darken, harden, and destroy; and without entering into the mystery of Divine decrees, we may add, God sends his prophets for no other purpose, whatever the foreseen effects of their labour may be. But a prophet like Isaiah may, nevertheless, feel as if he were sent, and represent himself as sent, for the opposite purpose. And when he does so, it is not in the way of expressing direct aim or deliberate intention, but in irony and in the bitterness of despairing and frustrated love. Baffled love in bitter irony announces as its aim the very opposite of what it works for, and it does so in the hope of provoking its infatuated objects to jealousy, and so defeating its own prophecy." Professor Bruce divides the Parables into three classes: Theoretic Parables, Parables of Grace, and Parables of Judgment; and he supplements each book with a study of what he calls "parable-germs," short parable utterances, such as that about "the Wise and the Foolish Builders," and "the New Patch on the Old Garment." His treatment of his subject is vigorous and original, and, though he is evidently well read in the literature which belongs to it, he avoids the capital mistake of overlaying his exegesis with a mass of other men's views.——*A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.* By Joseph Agar Beet. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—This is a very full and elaborate commentary, marked by all the diligence and erudition which Mr. Beet, by his similar work on the "Epistle to the Romans," had before shown himself to possess. The writer is well acquainted with the newest results of criticism, and deals with them in a candid and judicious spirit. Some of his conclusions we cannot accept (*e.g.*, his interpretation of the "sowing" of the natural body, in I. Corinthians, xv., as referring to burial), but they are always well weighed and powerfully defended. Some very useful supplementary matter is added,—comparisons of the Epistles with that written to the Roman Church and with the "Acts of the Apostles," dissertations on the "Chronology of the Three Epistles" and on "Paul and the Church at Corinth," and an appendix descriptive of Clement's "Epistle to the Corinthians." We hope that in a new edition he will rearrange his matter into a more convenient form, and will add to his own translation (which, however valuable in point of scholarship, is so cumbrous and harsh as to be repulsive to an ordinary reader), the text of either the Authorised or the Revised Version.——*The Polity of the Christian Church,* by Alexius Aurelius Pellicia. Translated from the Latin by Rev. J. C. Bellett, M.A. (Masters and Co.)—This very elaborate book, the work of a Neapolitan theologian of the last century, deals with the ritual and discipline of the Church, early, mediæval, and modern. The writer is admirably candid. While thoroughly loyal to Rome, he never attempts to claim for any peculiarly Roman practice an antiquity which does not belong to it. He thinks, for instance, that the withholding of the cup from the laity was done for "very just reasons," but he does not pretend that it was done before the fifteenth century. He admits that in "old times the Liturgy was celebrated in the vernacular or vulgar tongue," though he attributes the Roman practice to "great zeal for the honour of the worship of God." The translator very rightly commends the work to his readers on this ground, and draws a conclusion which, to those who think with him, must have an irresistible force,—that it is well to know "whether this or that point of ritual, about which we, perhaps, individually feel strongly, is Catholic or not; whether, as being Catholic and primitive, its retention in our Prayer-book must be contended for at any cost, or whether, as being merely local or mediæval, it may well be abandoned, for the sake of peace." The vestments would disappear. During the first three centuries, clergy and laity wore the same garb, though differing in colour; and no colour but white was used till the ninth century. The chasuble was worn by the laity up to the sixth century. In its present form, it dates from the sixteenth. The biretta is equally modern.——*The Jesuits: a Complete History of the Order.* By Theodoro Griesinger. Translated by A. J. Scott, M.D. 2 vols. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—This is a very fierce attack on the Society of Jesus. To examine it in detail would be to go far beyond our present limits, and we must be content with chronicling its first appearance in English. The book was originally published in 1866.——*Faith Victorious: the Life and Labours of Dr. Johann. Ebel,* by J. L. Mombert, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton), gives a curious picture of one side of religious life in Germany. Dr. Ebel was "Archdeacon of the old Town Church of Königsberg," and belonged, it seems, to what may be called the pietistic school. He was fiercely and, if his biographer is to be trusted, wholly unjustly attacked by the Liberals, among whom the commentator Olshausen is mentioned. A curious exhibition of their animosity (here, again, we depend on Dr. Mombert's authority) was to bring about the demolition of the ancient church in which he officiated.——At about the opposite pole of Christian biography, we find *Lacordaire's Life of St. Dominic,* translated by Mrs. Edward Hazeland (Burns and Oates), a work too well known to need criticism.——*The Evidences of Natural Religion,* by Charles McArthur (Hodder and Stoughton), is an argument of considerable ability, conducted, for the most part, on the familiar lines, but dealing in more detail than is usual with the scientific facts that bear on the question.——With this work we may mention *Intimations of Immortality,* by W. Garrett Horder. (Eliot Stock.) Mr. Horder has collected here a number of facts and expressions of belief bearing on the subject. One chapter he devotes to "Intimations from the Unseen Realm," not without good reason, we think. One well-established instance, say, of the appearance of the dying in some remote place, commonly called the "wraith," would be a tremendous blow to Materialism. It is a fact that the Materialists refuse to examine the evidence on this subject.——*In Defence: the Earlier Scriptures,* by H. Sinclair Patterson, M.D. (J. F. Shaw), is a contribution to Christian apologetics which will doubtless be satisfactory to those who occupy what may be called the right wing of orthodoxy.——*The Millennium,* by the late H. T. Adamson, B.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), deals with speculations into which we cannot profess to follow the writer.——*The Hope of the World,* by Walter Lloyd (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), states without any reserve the doctrine of Universalism. We cannot but think that the writer is far too dogmatic, and that he neglects to take into account much that is found in the teaching of Christ and the Apostles. Mr. Lloyd cannot get beyond the conclusion that the final judgment will bring the wicked to shame and repentance. This does not seem to account for all that we read in the New Testament, and we must say that a rational faith in the "Larger Hope" is anything but strengthened by such extremes.——We may commend to such as may be looking for such a book an excellent little volume of sermons for the young, under the title of *St. George for England, and other Sermons to Children,* by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. (Cassell and Co.)

Novels.—*Miss Elvester's Girls.* By the Author of "By-ways." 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—There is no lack of good work in this novel, but far too many "passages that lead to nothing." The tipsy man at the railway-station with his belongings is described with detail that makes us think him destined for a character in the story; but he disappears. The same way of writing is pursued throughout. The author would, we are sure, be surprised at the result, if she would take her pen and strike out whatever in these eight hundred pages does not assist in the development of the story. A really artistic novel loses nothing, or next to nothing, by such a process. Here the story is very slight. Miss Elvester is the half-sister of three beautiful girls, who are suddenly reduced to poverty by the ruin of their father, a great man in Shetland. Of Shetland, the first chapter give us a very lively sketch. The second takes the reader away, and to his great regret, he is never permitted to return. Thenceforward, we are occupied with the love-affairs of the two elder girls, and with the humours of the third, a child just about to enter on her teens, who is decidedly the most amusing of the three. These love-affairs are sufficiently well described, but have nothing striking or original about them. We cannot help thinking that Christian's behaviour, when she fancies that her husband had married her from a sense of duty, rather than from love, is somewhat absurd. Still, as it gives occasion for what are certainly the best scenes in the story, it is unreasonable to quarrel with it. If the author can only contrive to invent a real plot, she may well, with her power of description, of character-drawing, and of lively dialogue, write a really good novel. ——*A Passion Flower.* 2 vols. (Macmillan.)—This might be described as a study of heredity. There are three "passion flowers," each more intense in colour than the last. First, there is Myrrha,

half-Italian, half-gipsy, who becomes the incongruous wife of a Scotch minister; then Myrrha's daughter, who elopes with a young Frenchman, and contracts a marriage, which turns out to be no marriage, at Gretna Green; finally, Myrrha's daughter's daughter, the "passion flower" *par excellence*, who also elopes, but without any form of marriage. These three heroines are not attractive or interesting, but there is more to be said in praise of some of the subordinate characters of the story. Some real ability has been thrown away, as we cannot but think, on an unpromising subject. If this is a first attempt, as we gather from the blank title-page, it is not without promise for the future.——*Lemuel; or, the Romance of Politics.* By the Author of "Cynthia." 2 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—This is a bold, not to say audacious, imitation of the novels of Lord Beaconsfield. Lemuel is a young Jew, who at twenty-one has come to believe in nothing, though he is still an enthusiastic admirer of his own race. An accident makes him acquainted with two great ladies. He is introduced to people of influence, becomes private secretary to a Cabinet Minister and inspires him with knowledge and eloquence, supplants him in his own borough, makes a maiden speech the opening of which is a ludicrous failure and the end a triumphant success, enters the Cabinet before he is thirty, abandons public life under the pressure of an overwhelming grief, and disappears from the scene as a Jesuit missionary among some anthropophagous savages. The story is often grotesquely improbable, but it is told with some cleverness; the master, if so faulty a writer can be called a master, has been imitated with success. Smart things are said which look as if they had been transplanted from the pages of "Coningsby," but are, doubtless, the author's own. On the whole, though *Lemuel* cannot be said to be a book of real merit, it is a pleasing change from the insipidity and common-place of the average novel. What, by the way, is the meaning of "*fecunda* marmora locas?" (ii., 164.)

The Justices' Note-Book. By W. Knox Wigram. Third edition. (Stevens and Sons.)—Justices' justice, however much it be despised, affects every one, and makes advances, like everything else. We are, therefore, very glad to see a third edition of this excellent book. Old articles in it have been recast, papers on fresh subjects have been added, and an excellent index has been provided. Even as improved, justice sometimes wears a comic look, as on p. 128, where we learn that, "No person may part with, or cherish, the Colorado beetle alive, in any stage of existence. Penalty for every offence of omission, or commission, £10; half to the informer."—— After the statute of 1882, a new edition of *Griffith's Married Women's Property Acts* (Stevens and Haynes), was called for. Mr. S. Worthington Bromfield, of the Inner Temple, has made the necessary alterations in this, the fifth, edition.

Letts's Complete Popular Atlas. (Letts, Son, and Co., Limited.)—This is an unusually complete popular atlas, with many definite merits and a few patent defects. The maps, to begin with, are printed on faced linen, which will not tear,—an immense advantage, as all who use maps constantly well know. Then there are a great many of them, the object being to give minute as well as general maps of each country. Thus there are no less than twelve maps of India, in one of which the reader will find every State of Rajpootana, with its boundaries, and in another the counties of Eastern Bengal. Most of the maps are very clear, while the plans of the great cities, which are inserted as maps, are often exceptionally good. To each map, moreover, are added great quantities of statistical information as to areas, populations, and trading resources, the two former being especially valuable and well arranged. The reader, for instance, who wishes to study the map of the United States will find, in addition to all that is usually given, complete statistics of the area and population, electoral rights, and railway mileage of each State, and gain thus a much-wanted notion of its relative importance. How many who read about America are aware that Texas is nearly five times the size of England and Wales, or that New York is 15,000 square miles larger than Ireland, or that Massachusetts is only one and a half Yorkshires, or that most of the new Western States and Territories are double the size of England? The information is brought up to the latest date, is closely packed, and clearly printed, the only fault, if any, being that it is redundant. We do not care ourselves for statistics of imports and exports on a map, and when we want to know where esparto grass comes from should seek information elsewhere than in an atlas. Facts of that kind, moreover, fluctuate a little too rapidly, and one cannot always be buying new atlases. On the other hand, one or two of the maps are by no means clear, *e.g.*, 114, the Statistical Map of the Dominion, in which it takes fine eyes to find anything; the counties in the United States have, after an American fashion, been made annoyingly prominent; and in Map 101, otherwise very clear and good, the statistics of exports have been put down in the middle of Eastern Arabia in the most confusing fashion, the effect being that the reader loses the whole geographical effect of the huge mass of Arabia. These are details, however, and Messrs. Letts's Atlas may be pronounced a durable and exhaustive one, full of maps, clearly drawn, clearly printed—*e.g.*, Map 103—and very boldly coloured.

Books Received:—*Record of the University Boat-Race*, 1829-80, &c. Compiled by G. G. T. Treherne and J. H. D. Goldie. (Bickers and Son.)—*Longfellow's Poetical Works* (Routledge and Sons), the author's complete copyright edition, containing seventy-eight poems which are the sole property of the publishers, and sixteen engravings by Sir J. Gilbert.—*Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory* (Street and Co., and Street Brothers), the ninth annual issue of a directory we should imagine to be as useful to merchants and shippers as is the London Directory to ordinary business men.—*Burdett's Official Intelligence for* 1883 (Effingham Wilson), the information given in which is published under the sanction of the Committee of the Stock Exchange.—The *Official Year-book of the Church of England.* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—The *Medical Register* for 1883, and the *Dentists' Register.* (Spottiswoode and Co.)—The *Clergy List* for 1883.—The *Traveller's Practical Guide*, by S. E. Welby. (Sonnenschein and Co.)—A seventh edition of *Clocks and Watches*, by Sir E. Beckett (Crosby Lockwood and Co.), being No. 67 in the technical section of "Weale's Series." —*An Illustrated Shakespeare Birthday-book.* (Routledge and Sons.)

Music.—We have received:—*Invocation to Harmony*, composed by the late Prince Consort, words by H. Rose; and Dr. Stainer's *Tutor for the American Organ.* (Metzler and Co.)—*Harold*, a cantata for the harmonium, by A. E. Dyer. (Wood and Co.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott (E. A.), Hints on Home Teaching, cr 8vo	(Seeley)	3 0
Abbott (L.), Henry Ward Beecher, 8vo	(F. B. Hunt)	12 6
Barrett (A.), Physical Metempiric, 8vo	(Williams & Norgate)	10 6
Braune (W.), Gothic Grammar, 8vo	(Low)	3 6
Brown (J. C.), The Forests of England, cr 8vo	(Oliver & Boyd)	6 0
Carlyle (Jane), Letters and Memorials of, 3 vols. 8vo	(Longman)	36 0
Cheyne (T. K.), Pulpit Commentary on Jeremiah, Vol. 1	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	12 0
Cook (D.) Nights at the Play, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	21 0
Eckarat (T.), Physics in Picture, folio, boards	(Stanford)	12 6
Edwardes (A.), A Ball-room Repentance, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	6 0
Ferguson (R.), Surnames as a Science, cr 8vo, cloth	(Routledge)	5 0
Francillon (R. E.), One by One, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3 6
Freeman (E. A.), Some Impressions of the United States, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	6 0
Geldart (E. M.), Sundays for Our Little Ones, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	3 0
Geldart (E. M.), Guide to Modern Greek, cr 8vo	(Trübner)	7 6
Greene (W. T.), Amateur's Aviary of Foreign Birds, cr 8vo	(Gill)	3 6
Hamilton (D. J.), Pathology of Bronchitis, 8vo	(Macmillan)	8 6
Howells (W.), Venetian Life, 2 vols. 18mo	(Douglas)	2 0
Jackson (R. C.), The Risen Life, 16mo	(Masters)	3 0
Landor (W. S.), Imaginary Conversations, 5 vols. cr 8vo	(Nimmo)	30 0
Madoc (F.), Story of Melicent, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	4 6
Malleson (G. B.), The Decisive Battles of India, 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	18 0
Marlitt (E.), Little Princess, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Remington)	21 0
Marryat (R. F.), The Root of all Evil, cr 8vo	(Chatto)	3 6
Mountains and Mountain-climbing, cr 8vo	(Nelson)	4 0
Moynier (G.), The Red Cross; its Future, &c., 12mo	(Cassell & Co.)	2 6
My Cycling Friends; an Album, 16mo	(Palmer)	2 6
Praed (C.), Nadine, cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	5 0
Proctor (R. A.), Light Science for Leisure Hours, Vol. 3, cr 8vo	(Longman)	7 6
Pusey (E. B.), Sermons selected for the Church's Year	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5 0
Reeve (C.), The Old English Baron, &c., cr 8vo	(Nimmo)	7 6
Russell (D.), Crœsus' Widow, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Maxwell)	31 6
Rye (F.), White Child, cr 8vo	(Remington)	6 0
Serbati (R.), Life of, by G. S. Macwalter, Vol. 1, 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	12 0
Sterne (L.), Tristram Shandy, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Nimmo)	15 0
St. John (P. B.), The Young Buccaneer, 12mo	(Maxwell)	2 0
Thomas (B.), Proud Maisie, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2 0
Veitch (J.), Sir William Hamilton, cr 8vo	(Blackwood)	2 0
Wood (W. P.), Memoir of, by Stephens, 2 vols. cr 8vo, cloth	(Bentley)	21 0
Whitman (Walt), Specimen Days and Collect	(Wilson & McCormick)	10 6

LIBERTY'S ART FABRICS.
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EDINBURGH SCHOOL BOARD.
ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.

The Board have resolved to APPOINT a HEAD MASTER of the English Department of the High School, in room of the late Dr. Ross. The salary offered is £420 per annum, with a share of any surplus fund. Applications, with twenty printed Copies of Testimonials (which will not be returned) to be sent to the Clerk of the Board, on or before March 31st.

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICES,

March 9th, 1883. 25 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH SCHOOL BOARD.
ROYAL HIGH SCHOOL.

The Board have resolved to APPOINT a MASTER of WRITING and BOOK-KEEPING, in room of Mr. James Arnot, M.A. The Master appointed may be required to teach Arithmetic. The salary offered is £250, with a share in any surplus fund. Applications, with twenty printed Copies of Testimonials (which will not be returned) to be sent to the Clerk of the Board, on or before March 31st.

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICES,

25 South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

March 9th, 1883.

HULME HALL, Manchester.—APPLICATIONS and TESTIMONIALS for the OFFICE of PRINCIPAL must be sent in to the Clerk, at 8 John Dalton Street, Manchester, on or before the 31st March inst. For further information, see previous advertisement in *London Guardian* of February 28th. T. C. DAVIES-COLLEY,
Clerk to the Governors of Hulme Hall.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London, SCHOOL.

The NEXT TERM begins APRIL 10th. FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS will be competed for early in July. Prospectuses and particulars may be obtained from the Office, Gower Street, W.C.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

FRL. v. PRIESER'S SUPERIOR BOARDING SCHOOL, Stuttgart (South Germany), Moserstrasse 12, RECEIVES a LIMITED NUMBER of ENGLISH BOARDERS among the German Pupils, and offers all the advantages of a comfortable home and excellent instruction. Terms, £33 per annum. Also, Special Arrangements for Children. Pupils desiring to enter the Establishment for the Easter Term, beginning on April 3rd, will find opportunity for travelling to Stuttgart with one of the German Governesses, who leaves London between March 28th and 31st.

EDUCATION.—A Lady wishes strongly to recommend Mdlle. FRITSCH'S SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, 106 Lansdown Place, Brighton. She can speak most highly of Mdlle. Fritsch's good influence on the characters and dispositions of her pupils. Mdlle. Fritsch is assisted by Resident English and Foreign Governesses and by Professors, and is herself an excellent linguist and musician. Further references to parents of former pupils.—Address, "C. W. S. E.," St. Paul's Place, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.
CONCENTRATION of BUSINESS.

A. MONARCH KINO begs to announce that, having given up Four of his Branch Houses, his Business will in future be concentrated in his Two Original Establishments, viz., 39 and 40 Cornhill, E.C.; and 87 Regent Street, W.

MR. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, Editor of "KNOWLEDGE," will give FIRST LECTURE of SERIES on WEDNESDAY, March 21st, at 8 o'clock p.m., in St. JAMES'S HALL. Subject, "The BIRTH and DEATH of WORLDS." For Syllabus of Course, see current number of "Knowledge." Tickets may be obtained of Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street, and 15 Poultry; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside; Barr's, Queen Victoria Street, opposite Mansion-House Station; A. Hay's, 4 Royal Exchange-Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28 Piccadilly. 5s, 3s, 2s, and 1s.

NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.—The ANNUAL MEETING will be held on MONDAY AFTERNOON, March 19th, at the Room of the SOCIETY of ARTS, John Street, Adelphi. The Hon. Sir ASHLEY EDEN, K.C.S.I., will take the Chair at 4 p.m. Professor Max Müller, Sir Louis Jackson, C.I.E., Colonel R. M. Macdonald, Mr. Hoggan, M.D., M. Bhownaggri, Esq., the Rev. Fred. K. Harford, and Hodgson Pratt, Esq., are among those expected to take part in the Proceedings. No cards required. E. A. MANNING, Hon. Sec.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

A GENTLEMAN who DESIRES to PROMOTE the CAUSE of PEACE offers NINE PRIZES of £8 each, for the nine best Short Tracts on various aspects of the Peace Question, suitable for Children and Young Persons.—Intending Competitors can obtain full information as to conditions and other particulars on application to WILLIAM ROBINSON, West Bank, Scarborough.

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A number of Students, not exceeding 60, will be admitted to the College in September, 1883. Candidates for admission must, on July 1st, 1883, be over 17 and under 21 years of age, and must give satisfactory proof of their having received a fair general education.

The Secretary of State for India will offer 13 Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department for competition among the Students entering the College in September, 1883, at the termination of their prescribed three years' College course, that is, in the summer of 1886. The Secretary of State for India will further offer Two Appointments in the Indian Telegraph Department among the same Students, after two years' course of study, that is, in the summer of 1885.

In the event of there being more candidates for admission than the College can receive, the preference will be given to qualified candidates according to dates of application for admission.

For all further particulars, apply by letter only to the Secretary, Public Works Department, India Office, S.W.; or to the President, Royal Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Staines.

JULAND DANVERS, Secretary,
Public Works Department.

India Office, October 26th, 1882.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL, Master of the Rolls, and head of the Court of Appeal, died early on Wednesday morning, after a dangerous illness of some weeks, during only the last two days of which did he consent to remit any of his usual work. Sir George was by common consent the ablest Judge on the Bench, and the ablest probably in the annals of English history, if, at least, the rapid despatch of business be taken into account, as well as the soundness of the judgments and the breadth of the legal principles embodied in them. Less brilliant than many other Judges of his time in mere form, he far surpassed most, if not all, of them in the rapidity and efficiency of his judicial work. As a barrister, he had few equals, and we have heard, on what we believe to be good authority, that during the last twelve months of his Solicitor-Generalship,—a year of strain which no doubt permanently affected his constitution,—his fees amounted to the enormous total of £23,000. Moreover, Sir George Jessel's work was never superficially done, and during the latter years of his judicial work he undertook the duties of Vice-Chancellor of his own University, the University of London, which he discharged with extraordinary fidelity and ability. He died at the age of fifty-nine. The late Judge was absolutely faithful to his hereditary Jewish creed, and was buried yesterday in the Jewish cemetery at Willesden, among his own people.

On Monday the country was startled by hearing of a supposed Fenian outrage on Lady Florence Dixie, sister of the Marquis of Queensberry, and author of books showing that she is a courageous woman who is not afraid of danger. Walking near the grounds of the Fishery, the place of her husband, Sir Beaumont Dixie, two miles and a half from Windsor on the Maidenhead side, at about half-past four on Saturday last, she went through a gate into the grounds of their neighbour, Captain Brocklehurst, when she was followed by two very tall women, who at once pulled her down, one of them attempting to drive a long steel knife into her, which Lady Florence seized first with one hand and then with the other, so that it cut her gloves and her fingers. Two plunges of the knife were made, but each of them came on the whalebone of her stays, and neither wounded her, though her dress was cut. One of the women forced mould into her mouth to stop her cries. The St. Bernard dog, "Hubert," coming to the rescue, and the sound of wheels being heard, the men decamped; and Lady Florence, who had half fainted, recovered, and got back to the house in much disorder and terror. Sir Beaumont and the servants attest her exhausted condition, and the signs of dirt on her face and mouth; and Frederic Rowe, the butler of Colonel Harford, of Down Place, states that on passing the Fishery about four o'clock, he was startled to see two very tall women appear suddenly in the road, he could not tell from where, as he had seen no trace of them before, though he had been constantly looking back to see that some dogs with him did not fight. He thought that they must have come out of the stable-gate of the Willows,—Captain Brocklehurst's house, in the grounds of which Lady Florence was at the time of the alleged attack. This is as yet the only confirmation of the story from outside, the police having inquired in vain for any trace of the men disguised as women in the neighbourhood, though Saturday being market-day at Windsor, the road was much frequented. To one correspondent, Lady Florence described the white, set teeth, fierce eyes, and terrible demeanour of her assailant in very hysteric language, considering the infinitesimal amount of injury actually done. Of the blow on the head which Lady Florence felt, there is said to be now no trace.

The air is heavy with rumours of coming explosions, many of which are probably circulated in order to inspire alarm. Half the magazines and arsenals in the country are to be blown up, and the House of Commons is threatened by a new Guy Fawkes. Mr. St. Aubyn, Member for Helston, has received a letter, in a female handwriting, warning him not to attend Parliament for the first fortnight after Easter, because "the party" had resolved to blow up the House,—and, we suppose, the hundred Irish Members in it. They are to be blown to bits, for the good of Ireland. It is not probable that men who must be aware that Guy Fawkes's evil idea helped to rivet the chains of Catholics for two centuries, contemplate any such wickedness; but the Government thinks it right to guard every point of importance. Sentries and guards have been increased in number, 500 policemen have been added to the Metropolitan Force, never numerous enough for its daily enlarging duties, and Irish detectives have been brought over specially to watch the Secret Societies. We note also with strong disgust, but no surprise, that these alarms are creating great dislike to Irish workmen. Employers in Liverpool have begun to discharge them openly, the feeling in the North is rising high, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in the eloquent letter to the Irish Americans described below, says that already he has personal knowledge of hundreds of families rendered destitute. There is no justice and no policy in revenge of this sort, always directed, as it must be, against the wrong men; but the Irish leaders should note carefully the growing excitement.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, writing to the American papers on February 24th,—*i.e.*, three weeks before the explosion at the Local Government Office,—delivers a very sensible homily on the impolicy as well as the wickedness of the so-called "dynamite" outrages. He insists on the utter baseness of the plans of universal murder, and he also explains their frightful cruelty to the Irish residents in English cities. These Irish are, he says, already losing all their work and earnings, in consequence of the explosions at the Mansion House and in Salford, and of the comments of the "dynamite" Press in America on these explosions; so that these plots cost the Irish even more suffering than they cost the English. To these sensible and manly words, written last month, the attempt on the Local Government Office gives a completely new force, and we only trust that the Irish in America will profit by them, and instead of sending in more subscriptions to the weak and wicked men who advocate the use of dynamite, will take an early opportunity of marking their disgust at their counsels in some very emphatic and intelligible form. The dynamite that only injures English buildings, wrecks Irish hopes far and wide.

A reward of £1,000 has been offered to any person not a police agent who shall give such information as may lead to the detection of the author of the attempt made on Thursday week to explode the Local Government Office at Westminster, or the *Times*' office at Blackfriars. There was a rumour on Thursday that there had been in communication with the police a woman who remembered seeing the face of a person apparently trying to

deposit something within the balustrades of the Local Government Office on Thursday week, and that this woman had such a clear look at him that she would know him again. If this be true, there may be a clue to the perpetrator of the outrage; but communications of this kind, made after the offer of very large rewards, must always be received with great reserve. Wrong guesses are not penal, and there is always some hope that, even if the full reward offered is not earned, there may be driblets of advantage to be gained by a bold candidature for the greater prize.

Prince Bismarck has got rid of the last of the great group who have stood round his Emperor since 1870. General von Stosch, head of the German Admiralty, recently resigned, but the Emperor refused to receive his resignation. The "First Lord," however, found his position unbearable, and persisted till the Emperor let him go, firing after him, however, a General Order in which he not only praises General von Stosch for all his conduct, but specially thanks him "for the almost unhoped-for way in which you have promoted the development of our young Navy." The truth is said to be that Prince Bismarck ordered General von Stosch to send four ironclads to Alexandria, so that German power might be appreciably felt, even by Great Britain. The General had not the ships ready, and said so; whereupon the Chancellor intimated, in the plainest German, an opinion that, if that were the case, the millions voted every year for the Fleet were wasted by General von Stosch. As Prince Bismarck is himself in favour of the counter-policy which has been pursued, of building smaller vessels first, and protecting German harbours and foreign trade, this is a little hard; but the Chancellor is irresistible, and the poor head of the Admiralty was compelled to go. If the Prince, in getting rid of these great officers, selected his own men, the result would secure, at all events, unity of administration; but this is not the case. The Emperor chooses everybody, and is by no means drawn towards his Chancellor's favourites.

Germany and Spain have declared a war of tariffs. The Commercial Treaty has expired, and Spain, pending a new one, has subjected German goods to the duties imposed on imports from all non-favoured nations. The German Federal Council, in revenge, has increased all duties on Spanish goods 50 per cent., and under a statute of July, 1879, this decree is law. The countries are therefore at war as to customs, with this delicious result:—Germany imports nothing from Spain which Spain cannot export through Genoa as Italian goods, except Havana and Manilla cigars. They cannot be disguised. Germany, therefore, stops nothing Spanish except cigars, and as they are the luxuries of the rich only, the extra duty will be paid, and Germany taxes only her own well-off classes. On the other hand, Spain imports nothing recognisable from Germany except some hocks, the extra duties on which will be paid with readiness. The total effect of the war, therefore, will be that commerce will be slightly embarrassed, that the St. Gothard Railway will gain a little, and that German and Spanish citizens will pay a little more to their own Treasuries than they did before. Each Power bites off a bit of its own nose, out of pure temper.

It is rumoured that M. de Lesseps will be able to carry out his plan of introducing the Mediterranean into the Sahara. The long line of "Chotts," or swampy salt lakes, stretching from Gabes eastward into Southern Tunis, are all some fifty feet below the sea, and are supposed to have once made part of a deep fiord. M. de Lesseps thinks he can let the water in again, and so create a lake ten times the size of the Lake of Geneva, alter the climate, and cleave a seaway into the back territory of Tunis. He only feared that below the sand covering the isthmus between the "Chotts" and the sea he might find rock. Personal investigation, with the help of his staff of engineers, has, however, convinced him that there is nothing but sand, and he now says success is certain. The practicability of the work seems *primâ facie* probable, but the difficulty is to see any source of large permanent revenue. The force which heaped those sands must be heaping them still, the dredging work will be endless, and the commercial world is not burning to send goods to the Sahara. However, if M. de Lesseps announced his intention of bisecting Africa with a canal, which would be most desirable, money to commence the work would be found; so, we suppose, we shall see one more salt-water lake in the world. The British have a "Chott" of their own, the Chilka Lake, in Cuttack, which ought to provide the finest harbour on the Bay of Bengal; but there is no M. de Lesseps in India.

Sunday, the Communists' anniversary in Paris, passed off in perfect tranquillity. The Government contrived to convince the Anarchist leaders that, if necessary, they would act with energy, and that the troops had no sympathy with disorder. Any project of rioting which might have been entertained was, therefore, abandoned, the public places were deserted, and the meetings held were confined to private houses. It is said, however, that great numbers of respectable citizens quitted Paris; and the Government, while denying any general distress, admits its existence among carpenters and some branches of the building trade. They are to receive large orders from the State,—rather a weak policy, though pursued by every Government in turn. Its effect is to draw a crowd of picked workmen to Paris, where they find wages high and life amusing, and thus to stop the natural flux and reflux in the supply of labour. Nothing is more notable in the economic life of London than the rapidity with which the workmen in any decaying trade quit the capital for other cities. We were told, when the London shipbuilding trade suffered its last severe depression, that thirty thousand workmen glided away unnoticed in three months. In Paris, they would have demanded of M. de Mahé ships to build.

The office of Lord President of the Council, vacant by the resignation of Lord Spencer, who, however, does not quit the Cabinet, has been bestowed upon Lord Carlingford; and the Privy Seal will, it is generally believed, be taken by Lord Rosebery, whose keen intelligence and knowledge of the world will make him an addition to the Cabinet. Lord Carlingford, it is further announced, will perform all the duties of a Minister for Agriculture. If they are to be made serious, the next step ought to be the change of the Education Department into a responsible and separate Ministry of Education, with its chief not necessarily in the Cabinet, but not excluded from it, as he now is. Mr. Gladstone, however, when questioned on this subject on Tuesday, gave little hope of such a change being speedily made. He said he thought the subject too large to be dealt with just now, considering its complications, and the heavy calls upon the time of Government. No harm will arise from the postponement while the Department is in the hands of Mr. Mundella, who, we regret to see, is seriously ill; but there is always inconvenience in patronage lodging in one hand, while power resides in another; and a Minister is more responsible for expenditure than a Vice-President. The Education Office is rapidly taking rank as a great spending Department.

The Transvaal debate was continued on Friday in an able, vigorous, and occasionally very bitter speech from Mr. Forster, who considered that the Government had pledged itself to the Bechuanas, and ought to defend them, even if necessary, by war. If England once admitted that it was unable to protect allies, it would enter on a course of policy the logical conclusion of which was the surrender of India. He utterly denied the inability of the Transvaal Government to suppress outrages, and declared that "at least it was strong enough to defy her Majesty's Government, and to treat its representatives with contempt." Mr. Forster's speech called up Mr. Gladstone, who began by saying that "a man of peace had preached the doctrine of war." He specially doubted the power of the Transvaal Government to control its subjects, and maintained that in its essence the Bechuana grievances arose out of intertribal war, and could be remedied, if the chiefs would but unite to resist aggression from the Transvaal. (This has since been done.) His main contention, however, was that the Convention, while it certainly gave us the right to interfere, did not impose on us the obligation of interference. If it had done so, every native chief could, when hard pressed, summon British arms to his aid. The Government would do whatever was practicable, but it would not undertake a work which might carry annexation up to the Equator. The debate ended without a vote, and is to be resumed after Easter.

Mr. Smith, the Member for Westminster, has brought Sir W. Harcourt down on him. Mr. Smith, in a speech to his electors on March 19th, taunted the Liberal Government with having brought matters "to such a pass that they could hardly walk the streets of London or sleep in their beds without the most vigilant attention on the part of the police." Sir W. Harcourt, with all official information before him, declares that

in December, 1867, Lord Beaconsfield took far more stringent precautions, among others, enrolling more than 100,000 special constables, in addition to the Police; and was so deeply impressed by the dangers around him, that "his frequent and graphic warnings on the subject of Secret Societies were founded on his experience of that epoch." That is, when we remember "Lothair" and its Sibylline utterances, a very curious bit of literary history. It was imagined at the time that Lord Beaconsfield based his argument upon the experience of Italy, where the Secret Societies undoubtedly compelled Napoleon to intervene. He had, however, nearer means of information. Sir W. Harcourt is evidently very angry with Mr. Smith, and talks of his "hardihood," but we hardly see much reason for his wrath. The necessity for so much precaution does indicate failure of some sort; and failure is always attributed by political speakers to the Government of the day. Lord Beaconsfield failed too, and a good many more governments will fail, before in Ireland, "the wicked, the Invincibles, cease from troubling, and the weary, the English, are at rest." Some day the Irish will become "weary" too, and then the "wicked" will learn how gentle English rule really was.

Mr. Bright addressed the students of Glasgow University on Thursday, as the Lord Rector of their choice, in an address marked by some magnificent passages of his familiar style of eloquence. His subject was the misery and cost of the useless wars of this century,—all wars being to his mind useless wars, and, of course, from some point of view really being so, since, if both the combatants were reasonable and just, they would think alike, and therefore never go to war. Mr. Bright, however, spoke as if it would have been enough to prevent all the wars in which we have been engaged, had we alone been reasonable and just, without regard to the reason and justice of our antagonists, —an assumption difficult to admit. Suppose, for instance, that the Northern States of America had been perfectly reasonable and perfectly just in 1861,—which Mr. Bright probably holds to be more or less true,—how could that have prevented the secession of the slave-holders, and, therefore, how could it have prevented the war?

Mr. Bright maintains that since the beginning of the century, £4,414,000,000 sterling have been spent by this country upon war; but we suppose that he includes in this all the expenditure which is more or less precautionary against attack, a huge slice of it. During the same time he estimates the civil expenditure of the country at little above £1,100,000,000, or less than a fourth of what he means by the war expenditure, but which has been to a very great extent expenditure on security against war. His speech, however, contained some grand sentences. "In fact, looking at the past is to me a melancholy retrospect. There is much of it which excites in me not astonishment only, but horror. The fact is, there passes before my eyes a vision of millions of families,—not individuals, but families,—fathers, mothers, children, passing, ghastly, sorrow-stricken, in never-ending procession, from their cradle to their grave." "To me, it appears that we have trodden for two centuries past in the footsteps of the Cæsars, and have accepted the barbarous policy of Pagan Rome; while at the same time, with a vast and unconscious hypocrisy, we have built thousands of temples, and have dedicated them to the Prince of Peace. And I say, and say with grief and shame, that they who have ministered at his altars have, for the most part, on these matters been absolutely dumb."

A memorial, signed by influential clergymen, of whom the Bishop of Dover, the Bishop of Newcastle, and the Bishop Designate of Truro (Canon Wilkinson) are apparently the most important, is to be presented to Mr. Gladstone against the Affirmation Bill, and will maintain, "That the deliberate removal of the name of the Supreme Being from the form of affirmation proposed in this Bill, for the purpose of admitting as a Member of the Legislature, by its retrospective action, an open and avowed Atheist, who has admitted that he has no religious scruples, is dishonouring to Almighty God, and contrary to the spirit of our laws and Constitution." If the same memorialists had written in the same spirit at the time of the Jewish Relief Bill, they would have said, we suppose, 'That the deliberate removal of the reference to the true faith of a Christian from the form of the oath, proposed in this Bill, for the purpose of admitting, as a member of the Legislature, by its retrospective action, an open and avowed opponent of the Christian faith, is dishonouring to Christ, and contrary to the spirit of our laws and Constitution.' The memorialists try to make something of the fact that Mr. Bradlaugh is "without religious scruples" as to the taking of the oath, but as they will not *permit* him to take it, scruples or no scruples, that has no bearing on the matter. What, on their grounds, they are bound to impose on all Members of Parliament, is a deliberate test of personal Theism. Why do they not propose this, as the only honest way of preventing a course "dishonouring to Almighty God"?

There was a sharp debate on Tuesday as to the rules to be followed by the Grand Committee on Trade to which the Bankruptcy Bill is to be referred, Mr. Raikes especially desiring to know whether the Chairmen of these Grand Committees are to act like the Chairman of Committees of Ways and Means—that is, to order debate, but not take any part in it—or like the ordinary Chairmen of Select Committees who have "charge" of the Bill referred to them, and try to promote its success. The discussion showed that the House is not anxious to bind down at first these Grand Committees by too strict rules, but that the wish of the Committee of Selection is that the Chairmen of these Committees shall hold aloof from all advocacy, in order the better to command that kind of influence which the Chairman of Ways and Means holds. This seems to us wise. If the Grand Committees are to succeed at all, they must succeed by copying to some extent the methods of a Committee of the whole House, though they are to be on a more manageable scale, and are intended to proceed with less parade of rhetoric, and less tendency to party tactics.

The Catholic Bishops of the West of Ireland have been pressing the Government to discourage emigration and to mitigate the distress of the present unfavourable season, by making advances to tenants in the distressed districts of five times the yearly rent of the holding, to be secured on the holding, for the purposes of improvements; and also by making loans to groups of tenants in these districts, on the joint security of their combined holdings. Where these loans are impossible, the Catholic Bishops press the alternative of outdoor relief, and strongly deprecate emigration. Lord Spencer, after considering these suggestions of the Catholic Bishops, has replied that while in certain cases the Treasury is prepared to lend to individual tenants of sufficiently good holdings advances for improvement on the security of their holdings, he could not sanction advances to groups of tenants on their joint holdings, which could only result in involving them in new difficulties, as well as very complex mutual disputes. In short, the Government are not prepared to bolster up a radically unsound agricultural attempt to make very poor land appear to support a much larger population than it ever can support in comfort and prosperity. The Bishops appear to be exceedingly wroth at what they regard as Lord Spencer's attempt to force the people into emigration; but it is surely most misleading to talk of forcing the people into emigration, when they only mean by this that the Government refuse to burden artificially an already overburdened soil with fresh obligations which it can never redeem. What is wanted is more adequate Government help for emigration from the West of Ireland, but to make that help conditional on the careful removal of whole families to localities where they will be put in the way of learning how best to apply their labour.

The Government has appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of the "Crofters," or small tenants, in the Highlands and the Hebridean Islands, especially Harris, Skye, and Lewis. Something like famine is approaching there. The crofters, always too numerous for the poor soil, have gradually been deprived of their common pasturages, which fetch more rent when thrown into the sheep farms and sporting "forests;" they have suffered from bad crops, like their neighbours, and their income from work other than agriculture has been reduced in ways not quite understood. They are, therefore, in a most miserable condition. Mr. Cameron, on Tuesday, called the attention of Government to the facts, and recommended that the Board of Supervision should be authorised to grant out-door relief in excess of its legal powers. The Government promised watchfulness, and it would be easy to raise a great subscription for the Highlands, but the proprietors should help largely.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Thursday 102 to 102⅛.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ITS WORK.

WE do not at all like the tone in which the coming work of the Session is being discussed. The leading politicians are obviously arguing among themselves whether the Bill for reorganising London or the Bill for compensating agricultural tenants should be pressed forward first, and they all assume that the one which fails to obtain precedence will be relegated to a future Session. Surely there is weakness amounting to something very like dereliction of duty in that assumption. For ourselves, we are decidedly of opinion that the Compensation Bill should have precedence, on the definite ground that it concerns and interests all parts of Great Britain, while the London Bill only concerns and interests the Metropolis; but we repudiate the notion of abandoning either as a faint-hearted concession to the Obstructives, and an admission that Parliament has become too weak to deal with more than one considerable Bill in one Session. The Government have only these two controversial measures before the country, for although the Anti-Bribery Bill is important, and the Bankruptcy Bill greatly required, and the Ballot Bill urgently asked for, none of them are outside the class of measures which excite discussion rather than strong resistance. If, therefore, the Ministry yield to the apprehensions so freely expressed, and tacitly withdraw one of the two measures, they acknowledge that the Obstructives have succeeded, and that the powers of Parliament have been reduced to a point never before witnessed in this generation. It has happened, we acknowledge, even before the days of obstruction, that a Bill has aroused passions so deep and interests so powerful, that it has monopolised the whole spare time of a Session, or even of more than one. We should not expect, if a vast Redistribution Bill were on hand, involving a grand and perhaps final transference of power, to carry any other measure; nor do we anticipate, when a great Church is threatened with Disestablishment, to see the country concern itself simultaneously with other changes. But the two Bills before the House, though of the first order, are neither of them of the kind which monopolises attention, or so distracts the country that no other subject can be seriously considered by its side. The first Bill—if the Agricultural Bill is put first, as it ought to be—is already sanctioned in principle by both parties, and will be supported in the Commons not only by the unbroken strength of the majority, but by all those Tories who believe compensation to be just, or who dread lest, if compensation is refused, the next demand should be for fixity of tenure. The sincere fight over the Bill will be in the Lords, where the dread of any invasion of the principle of free contract is genuine and deep, and in the Lords there is time for anything. The second Bill, though it will cause more excitement, is not substantially a bill of details, and the real contest will rage round the clauses which submerge the Corporation of the City of London, and ought to be finished in a week's debate. In a healthy condition of Parliament, the two Bills together would be regarded as insufficient work for a Government with a heavy majority, and in postponing one of them the Ministry admit that the condition of Parliament is not healthy. In other words, they admit that the new Rules of Procedure, though only passed last Session, are of little practical value; that they cannot be improved into strong engines for clearing the road; and that the legislation of the country still lies at the mercy of a comparatively feeble minority. The Parnellites and the Tory guerrillas together do not count fifty votes,—less than a tenth of the House. Parliament is not absorbed by a Continental war, or occupied with foreign complications, or engrossed with necessary sectional legislation, and yet it cannot get on, can only hope by patience and close attention to get through with one not very severely contested change. Can it be necessary to make admissions so dangerous, not to this or that party, but to government through a deliberative assembly? Suppose the Government immediately after the Easter recess informs the House that it intends to press both Bills with all its energy, that it will, if necessary, insist that the New Rules shall be applied, and that it will consent to no prorogation before Christmas, unless both Bills are passed or rejected, does anyone doubt what the fate of both measures would be? It is weakness to talk of dictation. Lord Palmerston insisted on votes on much less important subjects, and it is the very business of Ministers to say that certain Bills are in their judgment required for the welfare of the country; that Parliament can reject them by delays if it pleases, but that if it does, it will no longer be possible for them to remain responsible for the conduct of affairs. Unreasonable delay shows want of confidence, as much as a hostile vote could do, and should be treated precisely in the same way, or even with more firmness, for the issue at stake is higher than the existence of any Ministry. It is the House of Commons as at present constituted which the nation is trying at its bar.

We dwell on this subject at the risk of wearying our readers, because we seriously believe that the paralysis of Parliament involves grave political danger. The temper of the people is, we are convinced, growing sour, and men's minds are ripening for changes which neither Tories nor Liberals would desire to see made out of a spirit of despair. Those changes may, of course, take the form only of a sweeping redistribution of power. We have a trick of studying local speeches, as giving often unexpected *aperçus* into the public mind, and were much struck a few days since by two which attracted no general attention. One was delivered by Mr. Smith, the new Member for Liverpool, and in many ways a representative man. Its drift was that his first three weeks in Parliament had utterly astounded him. He had never, while working in Liverpool, dreamed that obstruction could be so successful, that the national time could be so wasted, or that the House of Commons could be so completely prevented from fulfilling its pledges to the country. And his remedy was a Redistribution Bill which could be based only on a close approximation to equal electoral districts, a Bill, in fact, of a sweepingly democratic kind. The other speech was by one of the least-known Members of Parliament, Mr. Tillett, of Norwich, a representative man of another class, a hard-headed, keen-sighted solicitor and journalist, perhaps the last man in England to "scream," or to go beyond his constituents in any way. His expressions—and he was not speaking to a very radical audience—of shame and dismay at the paralysed condition of Parliament, were even stronger than Mr. Smith's, and his remedy, judging we admit from a bad report, was identically the same. We do not dread redistribution, though we should be sorry to see it based on what is called the "mathematical" plan; but we do dread any grand measure passed, not on its own merits, but out of an uncontrollable desire to be done with an apparently powerless machinery. Men actuated by that feeling really derive their force from an inner contempt, and are perfectly certain to break up things which, in cooler moments, they would carefully preserve. They act like housekeepers who, unable to bear a particular set of household troubles, move into the country, or a flat, and discover just too late that they have acted in a rage, and have given up things which made up part of the happiness of life. Nor, though we are quite aware that we shall have a thin audience for this part of our argument, are we satisfied that the people will stop at redistribution. There is an impatient disgust expressed at deliberation itself, which is a dangerous sign of the times. The community grows so irritated with purposeless talk, incessant and useless interpellation, and angry debate on dead subjects, that it asks whether silence would not be preferable, and talks over forms of repression, such as sittings without reporters, which would involve in practice an extinction of Parliamentary life. They will leave Mr. Gladstone alone, because they think his steam-engine energy can do anything; but they are just in the mood, if he retires, to insist that the whole machine shall be remodelled, until it can perform in one Session all the neglected tasks of half-a-dozen. We dread that mood, if Tories do not, and perceive the inability of many Liberals to understand it, or even to recognise its existence, with positive dismay. The people perceive quite clearly that the fault is not with the Liberals, but they do not perceive that it is not with the House of Commons. They are growing angry with that, not with the Ministry; and if the Government dislike that emotion, they must conciliate the people by compelling the House as a corporate entity to do more of its duty. The Ministry do not want to see it weakened, nor is it their business, by postponing necessary reforms, to admit that, after all the labour of two years, the organisation of the representatives is so bad that with a crushing majority nothing of the highest importance can get done. We ought to have had three Bills this year, the Compensation Bill, the London Bill, and the County Government Bill, and to have passed them all; and if we only get one, the country will declare that the House of Commons, with all its history, is

getting past its work. That is the very first step towards the selection of a new depository of power.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL.

ONE of the greatest administrative forces in England has disappeared with Sir George Jessel. A more extraordinary intellectual engine than his brain has not been seen at work in our generation. Great as he was as a pure lawyer, he was still greater in the despatch of business; for the speed, and the marvellous accuracy on the whole with which he worked at so great a speed, were certainly neither rivalled nor approached by any contemporary of his own. People called him a very strong man, and so he was, but in his own line his swiftness was more marvellous than his strength, and, indeed, sometimes misled him, though it would hardly be just to say that the State would have gained by any subtraction from that speed, for his mistakes were rare and trivial in proportion to the efficiency of the industry which his great velocity of thought enabled him to achieve. He was what Carlyle would have called "a great captain of industry," only the industry in which he was a captain was a learned industry of a very high order of delicacy and skill, which it took a man of very singular attainments to superintend, and hasten, and arrest, and appreciate, with Sir George Jessel's rareness of discrimination. He had usually mastered the drift of an argument before it was half out of the Counsel's mouth, and had taken in the exact drift of a deed before any other man would have got at its general scope and tendency. The immense self-confidence with which he was obviously endowed was in his case not, as it so often is, the result of a misleading sanguineness and eagerness of temperament, which makes a man leap before he looks, but simply the self-confidence of a mind which had found its anticipations fully verified ten times or oftener for every case of failure. And the evidence of this was that Sir George Jessel never even wished to persevere in maintaining a false position, when once he had discovered it. He was always anxious to acknowledge and correct a mistake, for error was vexatious to him not because it was he who had been wrong, but simply because it was error. He had one of those vigorous minds which delight in orderly arrangement, and are almost more scandalised to find a fact classified wrongly, if it is their own mistake, than they are if it be the mistake of another. Imperious as he was in guiding the deliberations or arguments of others, it was the imperiousness of a true genius for despatch of business, not the imperiousness of self-will. We should like to have seen him tried as Speaker of the House of Commons, though opinion is as yet hardly ripe for so strong a curb-rein as his over the unbridled loquacity of some Members of the House of Commons. Still, those who could force him to consider any point which he had really overlooked, were always rewarded by finding that he did not make light of its bearing simply because he had happened to overlook it. His impatience was the impatience of a keen, swift mind, scandalised by any needless waste of labour, not of an excitable mind irritated by opposition. Indeed, no opposition that was firm and lucid ever ruffled him in the least. In this respect, he had the true judicial temper. He would always insist on recognising the strong points of the view he rejected, as distinctly as he recognised the strong points of the view he adopted. We may, perhaps, rightly call a mind of this kind imperious, if it rides roughshod over weaker and slower intellects, and to this extent Sir George Jessel was imperious. But it was, strictly speaking, the imperiousness of high faculty measuring itself against what usually proved to be weaker faculty, not the imperiousness of prestige, audacity, or caprice. Indeed, of caprice there was not a trace in the Master of the Rolls, and of the sense of his own prestige, and of audacity, only so much as must accompany more or less the consciousness of singularly high powers.

Of course, these powers were limited in number, though they were, speaking comparatively, almost unlimited in degree. Sir George Jessel had not, like the great Jewish contemporary who achieved a still higher fame in politics, any unique insight into other men. He was not skilful in the use of social weapons. He had no great stores of banter or wit at his command. His speeches in Parliament were not of the first order, even for the speeches of a Solicitor-General. He was not as persuasive as Sir Henry James, nor anything like as lucid in the exposition of political issues as Sir Farrer Herschell. Marvellous as his powers were, they were probably never shown to less advantage than during his short Parliamentary career. For in the forms of things he was not a master. He was deficient in tact, in the art of literary and popular exposition; and appeals to feelings he either despised or could not understand. Even as a lawyer, he had not that command of caustic and ironic dialectic which gave to some of his earlier contemporaries, like Lord Westbury and Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, so unique a fame. Sir George Jessel's intellect went straight to the subject-matter of legal issues, and never wasted time with the apparel in which they were dressed up. He was a Titan in his way, but part of his force consisted in his inability to deal with the mere superficial forms of argument, and the necessity he felt himself under of going straight to the true issue. That is why we ventured to call him a captain of industry; for he always sought to economise industry to the utmost, and probably it would be difficult to find any two of his contemporaries, however eminent, who, taken together, got through so much *sound* work in the same time as he did, without ever knowing apparently what overwork meant. His appetite for work was something vast. Nothing pleased him better, when he came to the end of one heavy task, than at once to undertake another which he might easily have declined. The spectacle of his last struggle with a mortal disease was something more than impressive. For many weeks he discharged every duty, not only in his Court, but in relation to volunteer offices for omitting which he could well have pleaded illness, and this when he was so dangerously ill that to take a step upstairs without assistance was impossible, and when at times it was an effort to him to speak at all. When urged by his doctors to keep quiet, he pleaded that he was more equal to work than he was to idleness, and that he should be better if he shrank from none of his usual duties. And for a time, —though he recovered much of his old energy towards the end, —he went through all his judicial and administrative and academical duties,—he was Vice-Chancellor of his own University, the University of London,—with punctual precision, though looking like the ghost of himself, labouring under the oppression of more than one organic disease, and threatened by that failure of the heart of which in the end he died. To see that wonderful engine in his brain working at half, or less than half, its usual pressure of steam, as the life in him flickered low during the struggle of his powerful frame with the last enemy, was a strange, a painful, but in some sense an inspiring sight for commoner and weaker mortals. There was something of the Hercules in Sir George Jessel.

Sir George Jessel was a curiously accomplished man, at College both a first-rate mathematician and a good classic, —that he was a considerable Hebrew scholar was, perhaps, not remarkable, considering his race and faith,—otherwise also a good linguist, and at one time he had a good and scientific knowledge of botany, as well, we believe, as of others of the classificatory sciences. Indeed, part of his grasp of law was due not only to the immense keenness and swiftness of his general intellect, but to his marked capacity for sound classification. His ability was, however, all in the region of what is called positive knowledge. He had little taste and little special capacity for philosophy or literature, though he was so strong a man that there was no subject on which he had informed himself at all on which his judgment was without value. However, it was for his swift and accurate discharge of the highest judicial work that he will be best and most justly remembered. In our time, there has been no administrative engine so marvellous in its achievements, so strong, and yet so accurate, as the judicial power of Sir George Jessel.

LORD DUFFERIN'S DESPATCH.

THERE are two conceptions current in Europe of the system which Lord Dufferin is establishing in Egypt, and they are both wrong. One, the Continental one, is that he is organising Egypt like a Protected Indian State; and the other, the English one, is that he is setting up a strictly native Egyptian Government. He is doing neither. No politician, and especially no politician familiar with Indian methods, can read through the exhaustive despatch just presented to Parliament—a despatch which is a perfect monument of labour and energy, though deformed here and there by an oratorical sentence—without seeing that Lord Dufferin is proposing a great experiment, hitherto untried in the East, and based upon a single dominant idea, that European comradeship in office is the only hope, under the circumstances, for the regeneration of the Egyptian officials. Lord Dufferin is convinced that in Egypt the native character, whether Arab or Turkish, either is or has

become so essentially defective, so wanting in uprightness, independence, and honesty, that true self-government, or rather —to coin a word indispensable for the moment—true "self-administration," is absolutely impossible. No department of the State, no section of the people, no class of public servants, can be trusted to walk alone, without a European crutch. It is not till the reader has gone through the whole despatch that the universality of the condemnation is thoroughly perceived. There is a good word for the Khedive, as conscientiously desiring the welfare of his people and not eager for despotic power, but it is for him alone. As to the Army, "the officers have always been the weak element in Egyptian armies," and they require to be toned by European supervision and European example. As to finances, it would be madness to remove the Europeans from the Financial Department, and the whole Government must have a European Financial Adviser. As to the Public Works Department, which controls irrigation, the very life of Egypt, it is so mismanaged by the corrupt officials, that the Desert is encroaching on the cultivated land, that "the crops of sugar and cotton are becoming lighter every season," that the terrible "corvée," which gives the Department an industrial army of 100,000 slaves, is almost wasted; and that "if large tracts of country are to be prevented from falling back into sterility," from the silting-up of the canals, the Irrigation service must be "thoroughly reformed," and "strong measures" immediately adopted. The work, in fact, must be entrusted to an Anglo-Indian Engineer and his staff. The Topographical Survey is not begun, and "no one in the Egyptian service is competent to such a work;" and that, too, must have a European head. The Judges, most of whom are Fellahs, true Egyptians, are so hopelessly bad that "at this moment there is no real justice in the country, what passes under that name is a mockery." There are no laws, the Judges are untrained and often corrupt, and two dozen European Judges are indispensable:—"It seems to be universally acknowledged, both by the Government itself, and by native public opinion, that no measure short of this will ever definitely establish a spirit of purity and independence amongst the native magistracy. Servility and corruption are so intertwined with their habits and traditions that the automatic cleansing of their Courts is out of the question. But it is hoped that when once they have been rendered robust and pure by the presence of a few high-minded Europeans, it may become possible to preserve indefinitely the standard of righteousness which shall have been thus established." The village authorities are worse than the Judges:—"In the first place, there are half-a-dozen Sheikhs, or sometimes many more, in every village, each of them connected with varying-sized sections of the community; and, in the next, they are either hereditary dignitaries or the direct or indirect nominees of the authorities, or have been chosen by the head men of the adjoining districts. They may for the most part be looked upon as the most inveterate oppressors of those placed under their authority. It is they who best know what individuals in the village can be most profitably squeezed, and whose itching palms are greased by the wealthier peasant anxious to avoid the 'corvée,' or greedy for a disproportionate share of the fertilising stream." And finally, the people themselves are submissive and ignorant to such a point that if they were permitted to elect a true representative body, it would "simply prove an uninstructed and unmanageable mob, with a very low level both of character and intelligence, incapable of discussing public business or of understanding finance, and to which it would be dangerous to accord any but the most restricted privileges."

The remedy for this state of affairs, it is quite clear, would in Lord Dufferin's mind be a Protectorate:—"Had I been commissioned to place affairs in Egypt on the footing of an Indian subject State, the outlook would have been different. The masterful hand of a Resident would have quickly bent everything to his will, and in the space of five years we should have greatly added to the material wealth and well-being of the country, by the extension of its cultivated area and the consequent expansion of its revenue; by the partial, if not the total, abolition of the 'corvée' and slavery; the establishment of justice; and other beneficent reforms." That solution is, however, forbidden, both by circumstances and by English opinion; and Lord Dufferin falls back upon his alternative, the introduction of Europeans everywhere to work alongside of the Native officials, and so teach them better ways. They are not, except in the Army, to command them, and are in all Departments to obey Native Ministers, but they are to enjoy some kind of formal or informal preference and leadership. That may succeed, and it must be acknowledged that it has much authority in its favour. There is not an "experienced" European in Turkey, or Tunis, or, indeed, any part of Asia except India, who does not approve that scheme, as on the whole the most hopeful of all schemes which do not terminate altogether native authority. It is not difficult for the Central Government, if willing, to give the European a certain preponderance; and, indeed, with his superior energy and freedom from the control of the people round him, he usually secures it for himself. He ought therefore *primâ facie* to be able to lead his colleagues, and if the European pressure at Head-quarters is continued steadily for years, he may by degrees acquire the necessary influence. At the same time, it must be recognised that the scheme is a novel one, and exposed to very strong *a priori* objections. It has never been tried on the same scale anywhere. Lord Dufferin appears to think it exists in the Protected Indian States, but that is by no means the case. The Government of those States is, as a rule, controlled through the Ruler or the Premier, the administration remaining purely native. In the majority of such States there are no Europeans, every post being held either by a Mussulman or a Hindoo; while in a few others the Europeans are either military officers, or engineers, or doctors in native service. The Indian theory, indeed, is the reverse of Lord Dufferin's, and an administration by both Europeans and Natives under a Native Government is believed to unite the evils of both systems, those of government by will and those of government by rigid law. The system to be tried in Egypt is not one of self-government, while, as Lord Dufferin admits, it will not allow of the rapid improvement which would have followed a direct protectorate. The second object has been, perhaps wisely given up, but about the first we have many and grave doubts. Lord Dufferin is on the spot, and is most anxious to give Egyptians every chance, and it would be arrogant to reject his mature conclusions; but still, we cannot but remember that Egypt has been governed without Englishmen for a good many years without going to pieces, and cannot but doubt whether the education of the people would not be quicker if their best men were selected, and they were trusted with power at once. Native Judges can hardly be made good by supersession by foreigners, on the express ground that they (the natives) are rascally ignoramuses. They will hardly acquire independence, which is their great want, under a pupillage so patent; while their dislike of the foreigner is not likely to be soothed by seeing him lording it in every Department, setting his colleagues aside, as he is sure to do, and drawing three times the pay for doing precisely the same work. We should fear that the native colleague, instead of being educated to better things, would either become a subtle intrigant, or, sinking back into apathy, leave to the European all the work and the responsibility, as he will possess all the power.

Still, the experiment must be tried, and two facts in the Report inspire us with decided hope. One is Lord Dufferin's distinct declaration that the English tutelage of Egypt must be made to succeed, and must be interrupted neither by foreign attack nor internal insurrection. That indicates a determination on the part of the British Government to remain some time in possession of the right of supervision; and if they retain that, all mistakes can gradually and silently be corrected, and European administrators either withdrawn, or made solely authoritative and responsible. The other is that the village system—the key to all Asiatic life—is left truly automatic. There is, at all events, to be no European Mayor. Lord Dufferin condemns the Sheikhs *en masse*, no doubt justly; but he does not remove them, and he does place by their side an elected headman of the commune, who, as he says, will be at least the mouthpiece of the people. He will be that, and he may very readily become much more. The people will support him, however faintly; the Sheiks will be anxious to conciliate him, the Judges will attend to his representations, and the Government may, if it pleases, gradually increase his status and jurisdiction. There is the beginning of a fine policy in that reform, and one thoroughly in accord with ancient tradition and the feeling of the people. For the rest, we must all wait and see, but the experiment is not one in which we have much hope. A European administration guarantees prosperity. A Native administration is approved by the people. A hybrid administration may have both advantages, but it also may have neither, and this is to be in all departments a hybrid administration.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BANKRUPTCY BILL.

WE can heartily support Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for a new Bankruptcy Law, as explained in his wonderfully careful and lucid speech of Monday. There may be details in plenty to be amended, and the Bill is pre-eminently one for a Grand Committee, but the principle on which it rests is the one for which we have contended in all discussions on the subject, and is, we maintain, entirely sound. The right of managing an insolvent's estate belongs primarily to his creditors, whose property in the fullest moral sense the estate has become, and should only be taken away on grounds of convenience, or on suspicion that they are cheating one another; but the right and duty of adjudicating on the bankrupt's conduct belongs to the State, and cannot honourably be transferred to the creditors, who are never impartial, and seldom competent. That bankruptcy is not *in se* and of necessity a crime may be readily conceded, but it may be one; and it is indispensable, if a high standard of commercial honour is to be kept up, that the State should inquire, in each case, whether there has been direct criminality, or criminal negligence, or criminal recklessness, or not. A fraudulent bankruptcy is a theft on a huge scale, and should be treated like one; while every bankruptcy may involve either dishonest dealing, or conduct so reckless as to deserve, if not criminal penalties, at least disgrace. The man who, knowing that he is insolvent and can pay only ten shillings in the pound, goes on trading till he can only pay two, is neither more nor less than a "welsher,"—a man who bets without the intention of paying, with this aggravation, that he constantly prevents the honest trader from succeeding. Smith, who intends to pay his debts, can never contend with Brown, who does not so intend, and constantly finds himself shut out of the markets by a rival who, morally at all events, is dealing with stolen goods. The risk hampers commerce at every turn, and directly injures the community, which has to pay on every article a needless excess of price, levied in order to cover the risk of making hopelessly bad debts. Every case of bankruptcy should, therefore, be examined by an impartial tribunal before relief is granted, and the creditors neither will be nor can be competent to do this. They care nothing for the punishment of the offender, or the good order of society, or the general interests of trade. They are anxious only to obtain as much dividend as they can without taking personal trouble, and to have done with the affair, without further loss either of time or money. To secure those ends, they find the willing help of the insolvent most essential, and therefore hush up anything, and either submit to a compromise which forbids investigation, or leave everything to the professional liquidator, who regards the estate first of all as a meal for himself, and has no interest whatever in doing unprofitable justice. Mr. Chamberlain's Bill deals directly with this main evil. He leaves the creditors to manage their property under supervision, but appoints sixty Receivers, scattered all through England, one of whom, as the first preliminary of all, will examine the bankrupt, report upon his conduct to the Court of Bankruptcy, and, if he see occasion, prosecute him. If he sees no blame in the bankrupt, he will supervise and control any composition the creditors may accept; but if he sees blame, he will prevent the arrangement, and the insolvent, driven directly into the Court, will either be punished or disgraced. Bankruptcy will cease to be the easy method of shuffling off debts which it is now, and the intending bankrupt will be forced to remember that before his debts are cleared off he will inevitably, and without his creditors' permission, be compelled to pass under a searching examination, in which every fraud, and extravagance, and act of reckless trading he may have committed will be revealed.

This is, we are convinced, the first necessity of a wise Bankruptcy Law, in presence of which all other questions, even the great one of "priorities," are matters of mere detail, and it is with unmixed surprise that we see the Tories join battle upon this issue. They cannot want to shelter fraudulent or reckless bankrupts, yet their spokesman, Mr. E. Stanhope, objects to the "officialism" of the Bill. There are, he says, in tones of horror, to be sixty Official Receivers, with duties of the most complicated kind. "Would the House approve of that enormous amount of patronage being given to any Government Department? Would it not be the first step towards the Americanisation of our Civil Service," and therefore deserve the strongest resistance? Why the service is to be Americanised by the appointment of Receivers, who will, of course, be permanent officials, any more than by the appointment of County-Court Judges, or Stamp Distributors, or Inland-Revenue Collectors, we are at a loss to conceive. Is it because they are to be paid by fees? That, if a reasonable objection, which we rather think it is, as the Receiver ought to pay special attention to small bankruptcies, is a matter of detail, to be discussed, and accepted, or rejected, in committee. Is it because the Receivers must be mercantile men, rather than lawyers? That is not indispensable, and if it were, sixty not very inviting appointments to be distributed among trained accountants can hardly demoralise the State. Is it because the Receivers are to be appointed by a department of the Government? That is the plain sense of Mr. Stanhope's motion, but what does he suggest as the alternative? Simply that the Receivers should be appointed by "individuals"—meaning, we suppose, the creditors—a monstrous proposal, which would logically justify the election of County-court Judges by the tradesmen of their districts. These Receivers are to be Judges in all but dignity, with power to decide, in the form of a report, upon the character, conduct, and future status of every bankrupt in the country, to guide all trustees in bankruptcy, and to quash or sanction all compositions. It is impossible to entrust their selection to irresponsible bodies of any kind, and the only alternatives are the Court of Bankruptcy, which cannot be made responsible for its patronage, and a Cabinet Minister, who can. Precedent at least is in favour of the latter selection, and so, we should have thought, was Tory principle. If Tories have a sound, fixed idea, it is that an elective judiciary is bad, and a Receiver appointed by any one except a Minister of State must of necessity be an elected Judge. As to the number of Receivers, it may seem large, but their duties will be most onerous, it is of the first importance that they should act quickly, and the business they are to attack is nothing less than gigantic. "Since 1869," said Mr. Dixon-Hartland, the well-known banker, "there had been 109,000 bankruptcies, involving a total sum of £245,000,000 and the interests of 5,000,000 of their fellow-countrymen, a population as large as that of Ireland." That is equal to one hundred and thirty bankruptcies a year to be investigated by each Receiver, who must examine all accounts, hear all creditors, and cross-examine the bankrupt with full knowledge not only of his affairs as shown in his books, but of the very affairs he is most carefully concealing. Twenty-four working hours per case is certainly not a large allowance for such an investigation, and for ourselves, we doubt whether Mr. Chamberlain will find sixty Receivers enough. The result of the whole experiment will rest upon them, upon their shrewdness, their honesty, and their application; and if they are overloaded till their duties are only perfunctorily performed, the Bill will be as inoperative to check fraud as those which have preceded it, and we shall perhaps be driven to try Lord Sherbrooke's advice—endorsed, we are surprised to see, by Mr. Dixon-Hartland—and abolish relief in bankruptcy altogether. The key of the plans is the Receiver, as any man of business can perceive, if he will only imagine what kind of a law it would be if Receivers could be conciliated, coerced, or bribed.

We are rather surprised that Mr. Chamberlain, who is sincerely anxious to pass his Bill, should have inserted in it such debatable matter as the clauses which practically abolish imprisonment for debt, and those which sweep away all "priorities," except the claim of workmen to their wages. Both are in our judgment reforms, but the first involves the excessively difficult question of the credit of the poor, which is now exceptionally good, and the second will perplex and perhaps alarm every landlord in the kingdom. It is the landlords, as Mr. Stanhope at once perceived, not ordinary creditors, who are interested. Both reforms could be dealt with in separate Bills, and we think,—though we fully acknowledge the hardship involved in the present practice as to imprisonment,—should be so dealt with, the grand point to be carried now being that bankruptcy shall be made a presumable offence, deserving inquiry by an impartial State official, and not to be dealt with at the sole discretion of interested creditors. That is the provision the absence of which has multiplied bankruptcies till they have ceased to be discreditable, till all honest traders are competing with rogues, and till, as Lord Cairns declared, bankruptcy costs the country some £20,000,000 a year, a direct fine levied on its commerce, while it is competing with countries, such as France, where bankruptcy is still considered socially a crime. The internal commerce of France is at this moment facilitated beyond belief by a system of minute discounts, which, but for the almost extravagant horror felt of bankruptcy, must be at once abandoned.

MR. CHILDERS AND THE CONNAUGHT EMIGRATION.

THE Connaught Bishops have hardly illustrated that disinterested desire to promote the permanent welfare of their people for which we give them credit, by their correspondence with the Irish Government on the subject of the distress in Connaught. They are wise indeed on one point,—the objection which they take to the attempt to relieve the distress by public works undertaken solely for that purpose—but this is the only point on which, we think, they have shown as much good-sense as they doubtless intended to show good-feeling. However, their chief blunder,—the blunder which is more likely to weaken their public influence than any other,—is their vehement opposition to the assisted emigration of the poorest of the cottiers, who starve rather than live on land far too poor and too limited in quantity to maintain them. On this subject the prejudices of the Connaught Bishops against any diminution of the importance of Connaught, and consequently of the ecclesiastical weight of Connaught in the Irish State, and the prejudices of the priests against the prospect of dwindling flocks, have overcome the good-sense and patriotism which the Irish Bishops usually display. The truth is, that suspicious as the Connaught cottiers undoubtedly are of any official offers on the part of the British Government, it is more and more evident that the information which reaches them from their relatives in Canada and the United States is rapidly overcoming their suspicions, and making them as eager for a free passage to the land of plenty as their Bishops appear eager to prevent them from accepting it. And this process of conversion will go on with increasing rapidity, as the beneficent labours of Mr. Tuke's Committee multiply. Already, the applications for help to emigrate have been about seven times as numerous as it was possible for the Committee to grant. And even if, as we hope, the annual scale of these operations be considerably increased, we can hardly expect that the number sent out will be always increased in the same proportion. For we must remember that the whole cost depends largely on the cost of getting the families assisted in good condition to the emigrant ship, and that this element increases rapidly as you begin to tap the remoter villages many miles from any coast which ships can reach, and many miles from a convenient railway station. So that we fully expect to see a cry arising in Connaught for help to emigrate, which cannot be satisfied within any short period at nearly the same cost per family as has been hitherto found adequate by Mr. Tuke and his volunteers. The demand for emigration, then, will soon exceed even more than it does at present the resources of the benevolent volunteers for satisfying it, and it is probable that they will find the cost per family grow, as they attempt to deal with starving villages far removed from the railway and the coast.

But, then, we must remember, what has attracted as yet strangely little attention, that Mr. Childers, in the interesting speech which he delivered in the House of Commons on the last day of February, announced what, coming from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, can hardly be regarded as much less than official willingness to go considerably beyond the emigration funds at present disposed of by the Government, so long as the scheme adopted should be one really calculated to relieve permanently the congested condition of Connaught and Donegal, and not merely to afford temporary relief. Mr. Childers laid down the conditions which would make such a scheme satisfactory, and these were, in general, the removal of families instead of individuals from holdings insufficient to support them, the removal of them in comfort, and the careful superintendence of their reception in Canada or the United States under conditions calculated to promote their moral welfare there. Further, he required that there should be a reasonable prospect of the holdings abandoned, as inadequate to the support of a family, not being again let for the same purpose, but either allowed to go out of cultivation, or absorbed into larger holdings not inadequate for the comfortable support of a family.

Now, we sincerely believe that if, as Mr. Childers indicated, the Government are determined to probe to the bottom the best means of putting an end to the over-population of the West Coast of Ireland, and of preventing it from recurring, they have the clearest evidence in the experience of Mr. Tuke's Committee that that policy will soon become very popular with the people of Connaught and Donegal, and that it will not be at all difficult to secure the conditions on which Mr. Childers so wisely insisted. We do not say that the offer which has, we understand, been made by one of the great Transatlantic railway contractors to provide 50,000 Irish with suitable holdings on the railway, should be accepted, for not only would there be great difficulty in sending out that number of suitable emigrants at once, but many of the Irish sent would be certainly likely to disappoint the contractor by disappearing very soon from the railway lots with which they were provided. Mr. Tuke has quite recently declared that one of the chief difficulties in the recent settlement superintended by Father Nugent was this,—that the Irish, accustomed to small cottier plots of ground, were frightened by the number of acres which they were expected to till, and had disappeared, to hire themselves out at St. Paul's as labourers for others. That may show that any arrangement on a grand scale to send the Connaught cottiers to railway lots in the Far West might not be very successful, because it might not answer the expectations of the contractors, who hope in this way to make the new railway extensions pay. But none the less, the emigration superintended by Father Nugent appears to have answered all Mr. Childers's conditions, so far as a vast improvement,—physical and moral,—in the life of the families sent out is concerned; indeed, there is no ground at all for saying that any of the emigrants sent out in recent years have not changed their condition absolutely for the better, and sometimes to a perfectly marvellous extent. Indeed, this is not wonderful, to any one who had read Lord Dufferin's striking evidence on this subject before the Duke of Richmond's Land Commission. Speaking of the small scale of the agriculture to which the Irish have been accustomed in Ireland, and the much larger scale they would have to undertake in Canada, Lord Dufferin said, "I visited an Icelandic colony [in Canada], and the Icelanders are people who have never seen a road, a plough, or a cornfield; consequently, you cannot imagine people less adapted to transference to an agricultural district. Yet these Icelanders, though they were not so prosperous as the others, were undoubtedly far more prosperous than they would have been in the country they have left. They have been driven forth by similar forces to those which are now acting upon the people in the West of Ireland, and they were so content with their lot, that they have christened their new home 'Heaven.'" It seems to us that no one who really desires to see Connaught and Donegal permanently relieved of its starving peasants can doubt that Mr. Childers's semi-proposal,—perhaps we should call it his half-invitation to the well-wishers of Ireland to press him for help,—ought to be closed with as soon as possible, and translated "from thought into action."

It would not be difficult to comply with all his conditions in the only sense in which he really expects compliance. Let Mr. Tuke's Committee ask to be transformed into a Royal Commission for dealing with the subject, of which Mr. Tuke should be the head, and Mr. Sydney Buxton, with the other volunteers who have helped him so loyally and efficiently, should be members; and let it be increased by some of the leading Irishmen, for example, Mr. O'Connor Power, Mr. Mitchell Henry, and any others who are not so timid as to fear identifying themselves with a purely beneficent emigration scheme for ridding the West Coast of Ireland of its chronic state of bankruptcy. Let the Government increase its grant for each individual sent out from £5 to £7, which is what is, on an average, barely enough to cover clothes and proper provision for the emigrant on the other side. Let the Commission at once put themselves in communication not only with the Government of Canada, but with the Government of any of the Western States of America desiring more labour, and so secure for the Irish sent positions suitable to their habits and powers, in places where there would be religious teachers anxious to keep them faithful to their convictions. And then let it be provided by arrangement with the landlords and their agents, that the minute holdings relinquished should be either merged in larger and more profitable holdings, or thrown out of cultivation altogether. At the present time, at all events, this would not involve any further cost, since it is the bankrupt peasantry whom the Government are anxious to relieve, and both landlords and agents must be eager to prevent these bankrupt cottiers from multiplying again on their land. It is, of course, true that in any season of unexampled prosperity, when it becomes possible for very poor tenants to offer unreasonably high rents for minute holdings, the temptation might again become great for landlords, or agents anxious to raise every penny they can for their landlords, to readmit cottiers of the same type, whom the very next bad

season would ruin. But we do not see how any conceivable precaution could be effective against such a danger as this. The hope,—and the reasonable hope,—is that if we continue for one generation to improve the standard of living in the West of Ireland,—to get the peasantry to dread these very poor and small holdings, as nothing but securities for future penury, there would be no more danger of the return to such habits of life than there is now in Cumberland or Essex. We cannot provide against all possible contingencies. But we can provide a reasonable security for permanent improvement, such as Mr. Childers pointed out. It seems to us almost incredible that after such a speech as Mr. Childers's, those who see that the emigration of at least some 100,000 souls from the West of Ireland to richer soils is the true remedy for the distress of Connaught, should not at once avail themselves of that statesmanlike suggestion, and take steps to bind the Government to the course indicated in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's remarkable, though tentative speech.

THE INCREASE OF THE LONDON POLICE.

IN a state of high civilisation, security of person and property might be supposed to be the most valued of blessings. What men take great pains to gain they ordinarily dislike losing; consequently, they must be willing to pay highly for its safe keeping. Comfort becomes dearer to them, in proportion as the means of obtaining it become more numerous and more accessible; consequently, bodily pain, which is absolutely fatal to comfort, is naturally viewed with greater and greater dislike. So long as either form of annoyance, loss or pain, is likely to happen to them, they are kept in constant anxiety, and anxiety is in itself as wearing as loss and pain put together. There are reasons enough to prove a position which might seem not to need proof, and yet all these reasons are of very little worth by the side of the singular fact that Londoners, the inhabitants of the richest and most luxurious city in the world, are content to go without an advantage which can be bought, and in comparison with much else that they have to pay for can be bought very cheaply. London might be made so secure, that attacks on property, and attacks upon persons when they are in the nature of attacks upon property, might be almost unknown. Under any circumstances, this last limitation would have to be made, because assaults prompted by anger cannot so easily be foreseen, and, therefore, cannot so easily be prevented. The man who commits robbery with violence is a member of a known class, and the desire to escape detection is always present with him. There is no such thing as a passion of theft which makes the thief indifferent whether he escapes with his booty, or is captured as soon as he has got possession of it. But there is a passion of cruelty, a passion of revenge, a passion of sudden rage, and any one of these may make the man whom it animates altogether careless of consequences. There are men who would beat their wives, or kick a comrade who had offended or injured them, inside a ring of policemen.

But the well-to-do Londoner is not concerned with criminals of this type. The assaults that he has cause to fear have for their motive his watch or his purse, and this kind of emotion is kept in perfect check by the presence of a constable. Yet this kind of security so easily, and, considering the numbers and the means of those who would have to pay for it, so cheaply to be had, is enjoyed in a very imperfect way by Londoners,—how imperfectly, perhaps they hardly realise themselves. The show parts of London are usually well guarded. The Thames Embankment is an exception, but then the Thames Embankment is only a show part of London by day. There is no need to pass along it at night, and the view of the police authorities seems to be that if you choose to go that way to see the moonlight on the river, or to admire the long line of quivering lights, or to enjoy the freshness of the air or the absence of noise, you are fair game for any one you may happen to find there. Coventry Street, again, and the Haymarket and Waterloo Place are not well looked after by the police. But then the kind of disturbance which goes on there at certain hours of the night is, so to speak, part of the show. It is that which ordinarily takes people to these particular streets at these particular times. Otherwise, the police are constantly within reach in the really busy parts of fashionable London, and at any point or time when there is any special need for them, they are usually present in some strength. They are always to be found marshalling the carriages at a great reception, and directing the street traffic at crowded crossings, and considering the terror that reckless hansoms and equally reckless railway vans are calculated to inspire, there is none of their functions that calls down so many blessings on their heads. But as we go out towards the suburbs, a sad falling-off becomes visible. When the foot-passenger leaves his fellows behind, the sense of danger which was dormant in the crowd, wakes to life, and he feels keenly how much his safety hangs on the neighbourhood, if not the presence of a policeman. But the presence is vouchsafed to him at intervals so remote, that do what he will, he cannot persuade himself of the neighbourhood. He looks up one long, dimly-lighted road and down another, and even listens for the distant tread of those heavily-booted feet. But however still the night air may be, it rarely bears such music to his ear; and when, at last, he reaches home in safety, he feels that it is chance, not the constable, that has stood his friend. Once there, however, he is inclined to wish that the constable had neglected him more completely. A policeman has called, it seems, in the course of the evening to tell the household that there are burglars about, and has frightened the servants out of their wits by stories of their superhuman cunning and ruthless cruelty. That is his only appearance during the night, and if the inmates happen to hear him trying the doors or moving about in the garden, they are too frightened to distinguish the footstep of the protector from that of the assailant against whom they have been warned. Yet the outlay needed to make the suburbs as secure as the more central parts of London is very small, in comparison with the comfort the inhabitants would derive from the sense that they were so. The reason, probably, why the Metropolitan Police is so much too weak for the work it has to do, is the disproportionate value of property in certain districts. Any increase in the rate would fall most heavily on those who are sufficiently protected already. Really, this is no argument against the increase, because the unprotected state of the suburbs is, in part, due to the feeling of the police authorities that those who pay most ought to get most in return. This theory is subversive, however, of the whole principle of rating, which is that the administrative unit being once determined, all within it pay in proportion, not to their wants, but to their means. The absence of policemen is a grievance that weighs very heavily on the London suburbs, and it would be well if the inhabitants would combine to bring some pressure to bear on the Home Secretary in regard to it. They could do so with great effect, if they chose. Sir William Harcourt would not long withstand the representations of a deputation from the Vestries of the suburbs, headed by the Members for the boroughs or counties in which these suburbs are situated.

Within the last few days, indeed, the order has been given to make a little addition to the London Police. The reinforcement has been a long time coming, and now that it has come, no one can complain that it is too large. Five hundred recruits are something, but they are not much, and they will probably be used, at all events in the first instance, simply to replace trained men whose services are needed elsewhere. Thus, for the moment, the effect of making the Force stronger may be to make it, as regards the suburbs, less serviceable. The motive which has led Sir William Harcourt to concede even this addition has probably nothing to do with the state of the suburbs. The Home Secretary's business lies with the more central parts, and it is in those that he, no doubt, thinks that more men are wanted. In this respect he is perfectly right. The Fenian alarms have made the duties of the police in connection alike with public men and public buildings a great deal heavier than they used to be, and an addition of five hundred men to the total strength of the force is no more than is wanted to meet these new demands. But the needs of the suburbs are permanent, and the more the attention of the police is concentrated upon dynamite in Westminster, the more free the housebreaker and the footpad will be to work their will in Blackheath or Wimbledon. These are the kind of districts whose cause seems to want an advocate, and though the Home Secretary has done rightly in caring for Whitehall and Palace Yard, he should not be suffered to forget that the Metropolitan Police has the whole Metropolitan District in charge, and that it ought to be strong enough to give a proportionate sense of security to every part of it. The local High Street does not need as many constables as Regent Street or Bond Street; but equally with Regent Street or Bond Street, it should have as many constables as it does need.

SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM AT GENEVA.

THOUGH among the thirty thousand foreigners who have chosen Geneva as their temporary dwelling-place there is a considerable proportion of Russian Nihilists, French Anarchists, and German Social Democrats, the authorities are never in fear of dynamite, and the slender police force keeps order without difficulty. This arises from the fact that, except for religious enthusiasts, the Genevan Government is one of the most tolerant in Europe. Revolutionary refugees enjoy privileges there which they can command nowhere else on the Continent, and they are careful not to risk expulsion by proceedings of a nature to imperil the public peace or embroil the Confederation with Foreign Powers. Sometimes, as in the case of Prince Krapotkine (who was expelled for publishing, under his signature, a too violent protestation against the execution of Sophia Petrowska, and parading the town at the head of an Anarchist procession), they overstep the line which divides liberty from licence; but as a rule, they take their measures so well, that the police have rarely to interfere. For instance, if the *Révolte*, which preaches the gospel of dynamite and the duty of murder with a ferocity that is positively appalling, were openly conducted by foreigners, they would certainly be expelled and the paper suppressed, a fate that, a few years ago, befell the Anarchist *Avant Garde*, of Chaux de Fonds; but the nominal editor and publisher being Swiss, they cannot be touched, albeit, as is well known, the contributors are Russian refugees and French Socialists.

The avowed Anarchists at Geneva are probably under a hundred. Even on so important an occasion as the recent manifestation in memory of the Paris Commune, they could not muster more than 150, of whom at least one-half were outsiders. Social Democrats who seek to reorganise society rather by a revolution of the State than its utter destruction are more numerous, and include in their ranks a score or two of Genevan artisans and a few workmen from German Switzerland. On Sunday last they, too, celebrated by a meeting the anniversary of the Commune. The meeting was held in the Tonhalle, the assembly-room of a *café brassier*, and except that the chairman was armed with a bell, which he frequently used, and the audience smoked hugely and consumed much beer, the proceedings did not differ materially from those of an English meeting. Touching oratorical effect, however, the speeches were decidedly superior to the speeches generally delivered at political gatherings in England. Dullness the audience would by no means tolerate. If an orator became a little tedious, he was warned by cries of "*A l'eau!*" and "*Plus haut!*" either to speak better and louder, or sit down. The former of these expressions did not, as may be supposed, signify that he was in danger of being thrown into the Lake, but that recourse to the decanter of water that stood before him might, perchance, enliven his waning eloquence. On the other hand, the speeches were marked by an entire absence of argument. The style of these was that of "Rollo's address to the Peruvians," dear to our childhood, and of Bruce's address to his soldiers before the battle of Bannockburn. They abounded in such phrases as "Down with the aristocrats!" "Crush the bourgeoisie!" "Restore to the disinherited the fruits of their labour;" and wealth and tyranny, poverty and virtue, were treated as convertible terms. The Government of Switzerland received no better measure than that of neighbouring monarchies. One speaker, who described himself as a Swiss workman, adduced as proof of the inefficiency of the present Republican institutions that in Geneva,—relatively to its size one of the richest of European cities,—there are people who lack bread, and that multitudes of Swiss citizens are every year compelled to seek abroad the work they cannot find at home. The panacea for these evils is, of course, the establishment of the Social Republic; in other words, of Socialism organised by the State. How this is to improve matters, or how any conceivable scheme can protect men from the consequences of their own folly, idleness, and improvidence, nobody condescended to explain. The new Republic, moreover, as described by some of its advocates, would, if it could be established, be one of the most grinding tyrannies the world has ever seen. It is the conception of this truth that has constrained men like Krapotkine and Reclus to the adoption of Anarchism; and between Anarchists and State Socialists there reigns a feud as bitter as ever reigned between orthodox Mahommedans and their Shiite brethren. At Geneva, they could not so far sink their differences as to celebrate in common the anniversary of the "epoch-making" Commune.

The words *faim*, *misère*, *prolétaire* were often in the mouths of the speakers at this meeting, yet it was abundantly evident that none of them was either poor or hungry, and it may be doubted if they had any right whatever to represent the *Prolétariat* whose cause they professed to plead. Workmen some of them may have been, at any rate they said so; but almost all were of the well-fed sort, dressed in broad-cloth, and in no respect save by their red badges distinguishable from the bourgeoisie whom they are never tired of reviling. Shortly before the termination of the proceedings, a remarkable incident occurred. While an impassioned and elegantly attired Socialist was denouncing traders and employers in the accepted fashion, a sturdy, brown-faced fellow, one of the very few genuine, hard-fisted sons of toil in the room, asked the speaker to "show his hands." This demand was warmly supported and as warmly opposed, whereupon a disturbance ensued, and the manifestation ended in a free-fight and a general skedaddle.

This incident goes to prove, what those who have studied the question already know, that the Prolétariat has not yet become Socialist, and that real poverty is least among the causes of Socialism. Its causes are rather to be sought in the spread of knowledge, and the decay of faith. Education is sharpening men's faculties, giving them new desires, making them more apprehensive as to the future and more envious of the rich, at the very time that the increase of scepticism, by depriving them of the hope of immortality and destroying the idea of duty, renders them more resolute to enjoy the present. There are observers who think that the Communistic movement is only in its infancy, and in this opinion the present writer is reluctantly constrained to concur.

THE DYNAMITE DANGER.

IN the *Spectator* of October 19th, 1878, the present writer called attention to the very slight evidence producible for the fixed impression in the European mind that Science would always be found friendly to the happiness of the human race. That impression is exactly contrary to the idea current in the middle ages, when men supposed that science was akin to magic, and if not inevitably diabolic, at least deserving of the suspicion of the wise. There were doubts even about medicine, while a mechanician, and still more a chemist, of any unusual attainments was held to be a kind of sorcerer, whom the Church would do well to hand over to the secular arm. After the invention of printing, this feeling gradually died away, till, from the first ascent of the Montgolfiers in their perfectly useless balloon to the discovery of the electric light, every scientific discovery was hailed with a sort of rapture of popular applause. Anybody who applied scientific knowledge to the work of life was regarded as a benefactor; and if he died a millionaire, as Arkwright did and Bessemer will, was quoted in books like Mr. Smiles' as an instance of the success achieved by industry and brain. The time, however, has arrived when we may be on the edge of a reversion to the ancient feeling. The contingency to which we pointed in 1878 as probable has occurred. Science, which had armed civilisation, has now armed savagery. The bad and the mad have obtained from science command of a strong weapon of destruction, which they can carry about, can conceal, and can use without committing suicide, and the whole world is the worse for "a triumph of the intellect." The dangerous classes have learned from the savants that nitric acid mixed in a certain proportion with any combustible, cotton, or glycerine, or the like, will make an explosive of great force, and that by using very simple means they can keep and fire the mixture without executing themselves. Some chemist, or firework-maker, or experimental artillerist has told them that, though the best nitro-explosives are highly dangerous to keep or use, poor explosives of the kind can be kept or fired safely, if only made active by a little fulminate of mercury. A minute metal capsule of that substance explodes with such energy that, to use common words, it fires all the atoms in the mass of an indifferent preparation of nitricised cotton or glycerine, or other combustible, in the same indivisible point of time, and makes the preparation as effective in shattering power as if it were of the highest, and, therefore, most dangerous quality. A slow fuse, which is in principle only improved touchwood, fires the fulminate, the fulminate fires the "dynamite"—nitricised cotton—and there is a bombshell as destructive as any artillerist can throw. Anybody, good or bad, can, in fact, with the help of a chemical student, firework-maker, or assistant in a gun foundry,

place himself in possession of a battery of artillery which is not, as batteries go, very powerful, and cannot be used from a distance, but still can for purposes of pure destruction be made highly efficient. Anybody careless of life, with a pound of dynamite and a pinch of the fulminate of mercury, can make himself as dangerous as if he could direct an eighty-ton gun. Science has, in fact, armed men without distinction of character with a strong weapon, and we are witnessing the beginning of the result. It is only the beginning, for the callous races have not yet learned the facts, or the kind of advantage which the new agent will give, say, to the Chinese, who do not mind expending themselves, and who might conquer Asia with explosives without drawing a sword; but even the beginning is not pleasant. Everywhere, except, as yet, in America, the enemies of society, whether good or bad—for it is bad analysis to lump them all together—are excited by possession of the new power, are using it, and, still more, are threatening to use it, with results which positively intoxicate them till their consciences are paralysed as by a strong drug. That effect of power of any sort has been noted for ages, and we are writing gravely when we state our belief that on some natures this power of using dynamite has a directly demoralising effect, like that of despotic authority on some others. The disparity between the means and the result tempts them, till the injury to mankind dies away out of the thoughts of men who, if only compelled to witness the suffering they cause, would feel like the wretched man found dying this week in St. Petersburg. He had pledged himself to kill the Czar, and at a Guards' dinner in the disguise of a waiter actually reached the Sovereign's person. He was, however, too close; he realised the horror of his own deed, and rather than perform it, stepped out and killed himself. It was not fear,—he could have killed himself just as easily a moment after the assassination; it was conscience, to which suicide appeared either a less crime than murder, or—for we must allow for the Continental opinion on the subject—no crime at all. The new power is therefore frequently used, how frequently the world scarcely perceives. The big explosions drown in the general memory the little explosions, but they are so frequent that we believe it no exaggeration to say that no week passes without some act of wilful destruction in which a nitrous compound has been employed. In Russia, in Austria, in France, in Spain, in England, in Belgium, "an explosion," now directed against a church, again against a bank, often against a counting-house, and anon against a public building, is always happening.

It is natural enough under such circumstances that there should be first panic and then keen inquiry into methods of prevention, and the panic is not diminished by the conclusion to which we believe Governments and savants have as yet alike been driven, that very little more can be done in the way of precaution, and that society must be protected by the old device of incessant watchfulness. The manufacture of the nitricised compounds cannot be effectually forbidden. The best way to restrict it, no doubt, as *Truth* has suggested, is to regulate the making of nitric acid; but experience shows that the most dangerous of all anarchists are the lower men of science and the workmen trained in laboratories, who feel with a half-lunatic bitterness the difference between their intellectual acquirements and their position,—and under the advice of such men, nitric acid can be made almost as easily as illicit potheen. It is, after all, only a product of nitrate of potash and oil of vitriol properly heated up, and neither substance can be made inaccessible to chemists. As to suppressing the application of the acid, when obtained, to combustibles, we might as well try to suppress lucifer-matches. "Dynamite"—the acid once granted—can be made in a barn, or a forest, or a room in a great city, and its manufacture can no more be prevented than illicit distillation. Terror will not do it, for the illicit manufacturers can trust one another so far; and if we go too far in terror, the tribunals will not convict. Moreover, Governments and miners both want the explosives, and it is from official stores and mining stores that the regular Anarchists have usually procured it. The reports are constant, especially in Russia, of large thefts from the arsenals and from manufactories such as the one which is recently reported to have despatched fifty tons in a single ship. A crusade against dynamite would require the consent of all Governments, those of Asia included, and of all men with chemical knowledge; and such a consensus is not, in the present state of the world, to be procured. To arrange that the possession of a nitricised combustible without a special licence, only to be issued from Ministries of the Interior, should be a highly penal offence, would, no doubt, facilitate the action of the police, but then it would also facilitate malignant denunciations to an almost unbearable degree. No one would be safe against the possible finding of dynamite on his premises, and chemists especially would lead miserable lives. As to punishing its use, the law is already severe enough. To blow up a human being is a capital offence, and to try to blow up a building is punishable with fourteen years' penal servitude, and if we made the latter offence capital, we should only increase the readiness to take life, and perhaps demoralise juries.

There is very little to be done, except watch, and, so far as possible, avoid panic. The reasons for the latter are patent, but still, fear tends to exaggeration. The precise force of dynamite varies under conditions not yet fully known, but the experts think ten times the force of gunpowder a fair description, and ten times two or three pounds of powder will not destroy a town. Even larger quantities can only wreck the spaces they can reach, and their effects can no more go through a curvature of the earth than the effects of gunpowder can. It is more than doubtful, for example, if the means exist of destroying the House of Commons, as has been threatened in the anonymous letter to the Member for Helston, unless the criminal could not only enter the Palace of Westminster, but would consent to his own nearly inevitable destruction. As for the "far stronger means than dynamite" talked of in American meetings, they either do not exist, or they require for their manufacture and use that supreme self-devotion which is so rarely found in the enemies of society when required to do work involving their own lives. Those who would risk being blown up to kill an emperor will not risk being blown up to manufacture the needful detonator. The "fulminates" so often talked of have an objection to be called into existence, and resent the processes with an energy against which science has hitherto struggled in vain; while the asphyxiating agents are probably not very destructive. The evidence is very imperfect, because even men of science cannot make experiments in massacre; but Members of the House may be fairly sure that they cannot be all choked at once. The vapour of prussic acid, to describe unscientifically the most deadly of known asphyxiators, would give them time to get away, though the hindmost might have fainting fits. Of course, agents far stronger than any known may yet be discovered, and human society may have a difficult battle to fight, but after all, human nature does not change its characteristics. There never has been a time in history when a discontented sailor could not fire his ship, or a discontented reaper destroy the ricks, or a discontented criminal kill anybody he chose, if he would give his own life in exchange. The people of Moscow knew no science when they fired their city, and the Communists of Paris did more harm with their cans of earth-oil than the "Dynamiteurs" have ever done since. Man has always been able to destroy if he pleased, and the new power of knocking great holes in houses, though terrible to individuals, is against States less formidable than it appears. The rage against society has been intensified of late, and the rage against particular Governments; but after all, the old impulses were quite as formidable. We think the Fenians horrid, but the thatchers of Calcutta, quite ordinary and skilful workmen, used, when work was slack, to make the adjutant birds carry fireballs (*gools*, made of rice and powdered coal) to the roofs, burn down a few acres of thickly inhabited houses, and then go to work for a few months to rethatch the new buildings. Malice is nearly as dangerous as fanaticism, greed as dreaminess, the hatred that comes of want as the hatred that springs from brooding over the miseries of Ireland. The Armada was at least as formidable as "Mr. Crowe, of Peoria," if there is such a person, yet,—"Afflavit Deus, et dissipati sunt."

CONTENT.

THE question which has lately been raised in these columns as to the spiritual character of Content deserves some consideration. It seems a bold thing to say, but we will nevertheless say it, that properly understood, there is no more ambitious and aspiring virtue than Content in the Christian sense,—none fuller of true *passion* in the highest meaning of that great, but much abused word. In this sense, Content is, indeed, something far higher than the virtue which Dekker apostrophised in the beautiful lines,—"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers, O sweet Content?" In the Christian sense, Content has

often no golden slumbers; it is not only not apathy, not sluggishness, not passiveness of mind, but in St. Paul's sense it is radically inconsistent with any dwindling tendencies,—with shrinkings and contractings of the mind within the physical limits assigned to it. The ideal of Content set before us by St. Paul is not passive acquiescence in anything, but rather a state of mind such as the Stoics cultivated, *minus* its haughtiness and its affectation of self-sufficiency. It is not an elastic contractibility enabling us to move without friction within the external conditions in which we find ourselves, but an expansive force which regards these external conditions,—change as they may,—as the appointed meat and drink of the higher spiritual qualities, the qualities by virtue of which we are bound either so to mould the circumstances which need moulding, or so to mould ourselves, as to derive from these circumstances, or from our own action upon them, the very stimulus or nourishment which we most need. Take the passage in which St. Paul describes to the Church at Philippi what he means by Content, and notice in what curious and absolute contrast it is to anything like supineness or passivity. He expresses his joy that the Church there had revived its intention of sending him help, and goes on, "Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content." But nothing can be plainer than that he does not mean to recommend passive acquiescence in an unsatisfactory state of the external conditions of existence when it is possible to change them for the better, for the whole passage is a frank admission that he was anxious for the display of generosity by the Church at Philippi, extremely thankful that they had exerted themselves once and again on his behalf, and very grateful personally to those who had been the chief movers in the matter. What he insists on is that if the external conditions of one's lot suggest active exertion in order that they may be altered for the better, the active exertion shall be forthcoming; while if they suggest active exertion not for the purpose of altering them, but of altering oneself so as to make a better use of them, then that *that* active exertion also shall be forthcoming. But in all and every case, the virtue of Content does not consist in shrinking within the limits set you, but in going out of yourself, so to transform and transmute the conditions in which you find yourself as to make them feed some of the highest passions of the soul,—gratitude, if the particular conditions specially call for gratitude; patience and forbearance and fortitude, if they call for patience, forbearance, and fortitude; inextinguishable zeal, persuasiveness, and sympathy, if the external circumstances seem to cry out for the exercise of a strong moulding and transforming power to recast and renovate them. Want, says St. Paul, is as great an opportunity for this alchemy of the soul as wealth. He has learned "how to be in want" and "how to abound," "how to be hungry" and "how to be filled," and yet whether wanting or abounding, whether hungry or filled, in either case alike how to be equally well satisfied with the opportunity afforded by the moment for responding in the right way, whether to the want, or to its satisfaction, or to the call for active exertion. There is no passage in any spiritual writer which depicts a more active, a more expansive, a more positively exalted attitude of mind than St. Paul describes in this passage as the virtue of Content. Content is the condition of mind in which nothing can foil the energy of the spirit. It is the quality, which, having evoked generosity in others, flows forth in gratitude for that generosity; which, having failed to evoke generosity, manifests itself in submission to disappointment and patient trust in the future germination of the seed sown; which, having neither succeeded nor failed, but only perceived that more needs to be done before the work is finished, shows itself in loyal and unremitting endeavour to stir to generous effort those who are as yet supine. This is what the true Content means,—that hearty willingness alike for calamity, or joy, or weighty responsibility, which is inspired by the magic secret that in each condition alike there is some divine spring of help, some opportunity of so dealing that the actual conditions, however apparently calamitous, shall be better, there and then, than any alternative, however bright. This is certainly the sense in which St. Paul regarded Content,—as resourcefulness of the highest kind, involving a spiritual elasticity of the highest kind, a power to transform what often seemed like mere wounds and pangs and fetters into new strength and life and freedom. Surely nothing less like a merely passive virtue can be imagined than the virtue of Content as described by St. Paul.

But, doubtless, there is a sense in which the world is right in supposing that Content,—even true Christian Content,—encourages what the world wrongly regards as supineness, apathy, pliancy to circumstance. The superstition,—for superstition it is,—that human energy should be strung to its highest pitch to people the earth, to multiply material wealth, and to increase the physical resources of civilisation, is one with which the exercise of the virtue of Christian Content can never be reconciled. If you are to regard want or demand only and solely as providing the opportunity for an increased supply, and not also as an opportunity for teaching you how best to bear, and learn the lesson of, want, you certainly do not regard it from the Christian point of view. We do not doubt for a moment that in the Gospel of what we may call the Teutonic races, the first duty of man is to overcome physical difficulties wherever they are not insuperable, and to engage his whole soul in the conflict with the natural obstacles to human desires; but this is not a Christian and not a true Gospel. It is, as Carlyle would say, a Berserkir Gospel, the Gospel of the Sea-kings, the Gospel of men who had derived their religion more from the worship of Thor than from the worship of Christ; but it is not a Gospel that regards the perfection of the inward nature,—and especially the power at any higher call to forbear seeking what you most desire,—as of infinitely more importance than the satisfaction of the natural desires. In this matter we do not hesitate to say that the Protestant peoples have never yet recovered the higher stand-point of the Roman Catholic Church before the Renaissance,—the stand-point from which it matters comparatively little whether man achieves wonders or not in the conquest of the physical world, so long as he can achieve those greater wonders which consist in learning to extract gladness of the heart from persecution and misfortune, and true humility from wealth, prosperity, and praise. Even Matthew Arnold,—who, with all his scepticism, thoroughly understands one of the great key-notes of Christianity,—teaches England a great and needful lesson, when he reminds us how scornfully the more spiritual East regarded the physical irresistibility of Rome:—

> "The East bowed low before the blast
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the Legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again."

The "Secret of Jesus," as even Matthew Arnold teaches us, is the secret that the satisfaction of desire is often a very poor thing, as compared with the deliberate waiving of our own desire, of our own self-will,—a waiving of self-will which expresses an inward and higher form of the spiritual will itself. But which of the Teutonic nations at least, has learned this secret? Not the English, who will cloud heaven and disfigure earth to get over a slight difficulty in moving a few tons of slate; not the Yankees, who sweep Red Indians out of their path much as they sweep rattlesnakes, with a total disregard of the opportunity offered them for chastising their own desires; not the Germans, who lavish blood and iron for rebuilding their empire, when they might have rebuilt it, probably even more solidly, by a less liberal expenditure of sweetness and light. Nor, indeed, so far as we can see, has any great modern people learned the secret. The view that the renunciation of a certain class of natural desires is often essential to the satisfaction of wants of an infinitely higher and purer order, is, we should say, almost confined now-a-days to a few spiritual Christians,—mostly Catholics, Anglicans, or Quakers,—and a few spiritual Buddhists, amongst whom we might, perhaps, include Mr. Arnold, and all the other believers in "the Secret of Jesus," who, nevertheless, professedly at least, worship only "a stream of tendency not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Protestantism, properly so called, though in many respects a noble and spiritual, and in every respect a most manful creed, is in essence a fighting creed, and a creed which can hardly understand the overcoming of evil by any power but that of fighting, a creed whose devotees have never seriously considered or entered into the significance of our Lord's hint that there is much evil which will never be overcome by fighting it, and which may be overcome by *ceasing* to resist it,—by suddenly conceding to its aggressive injustice even more of that which you have a right to concede, than evil itself demands. But then Protestantism is not the religion of Content; it is the religion of Discontent, of noble discontent, of grand discontent, of laborious discontent, but of discontent all the same, discontent with the physical obstacles to progress, discontent with the moral obstacles to progress, and discontent, most of all, with the moral failures and collapses within. In Carlyle's life and writings you see

this discontent written out large,—unassuaged by any gleam of revelation,—and reduced to the naked rage of its primeval genius. So far as we know Protestantism, Content has never been one of its favourite virtues. It has always preached the crusade against external difficulties rather than that magic "secret of Jesus,"—the surrender of the self-will which loves to wrestle with these difficulties. It has preached the gospel of Progress, and not the gospel of Content. But surely there is a limit to the truth of this gospel of progress, and surely most of us have long ago passed that limit. The English people at least have, we believe, much more to learn in the direction of the surrender of their self-will and their darling desires, than they have in the direction of the maxim, "It's dogged as does it." It is by no means always "dogged as does it." Or rather, if it be "dogged as does it," the thing which "dogged" does, is often not nearly so well worth doing as the thing which renunciation does, if renunciation be animated by a truly spiritual motive. The creation of the Christian character is a product partly of Christian effort, but partly of the consequence of renouncing effort where the object of the effort is desired, as it so often is, chiefly out of indomitable self-will. The self-will of Englishmen is apt to be indomitable; but, in spite of the apparent paradox, the victories of the spirit which is content often to welcome defeat, are much greater than the victories of the spirit which revels in the reputation of indomitability, and holds on to self-will even with its dying clutch.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CONTENTMENT AND THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Does not the question altogether turn on what is meant by *contentment? To be contented* is, of course, quite compatible with the being eager to rise above the station in which one is born. It is not the suppression of aspiration or acquiescence in a stunted, limited, undeveloped, down-trodden condition of life. A contented man may be always striving to remove the obstacles, social and other, that ought not to be before him; and to destroy privilege, and everything that artificially favours one against another. The word for *contented* in the New Testament is *αὐτάρκης*, "self-sufficient." And so *to be contented* means to be able to bear up oneself, at whatever stage of one's progress one may be; to be self-possessed, not fretful, not out of sorts, *æquanimis*, not inclined to murmur against God, not malevolent towards one's fellow-men, not envious, or jealous, or bitter against one's fellow-men, but cheerful and gracious. And *to be contented* also includes the being not addicted, or a slave, to the love of money, according to the words *Ἀφιλάργυρος ὁ τρόπος* of Hebrews xiii., 5. And so, "the state of life unto which it shall please God to call me" (not to speak of the words being addressed to children, who have all their lives before them), is not a fixed, unchangeable state, until I have done my best, and reached the last and highest position that I can reach. I would just add that, much as some might wish it to do so, the word *betters* evidently and historically does not mean those who are more good than one is oneself, but those who are over one in the Lord. And it is most important to insist, especially in these days, for the maintenance of political and social life, that there are those who are rightfully clothed with authority, placed over us, ordained, by God.—I am, Sir, &c.,

St. John's, Westminster. Henry D. Thomas.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. S. Headlam denies that the words "my betters" mean "those of higher rank than myself." Shakespeare, however, uses the phrase in a convincing way. I quote a few out of many instances:—

Tempest, i., 2: That I am more better than Prospero, master of a full, poor cell, and thy no greater father.

Twelfth Night, i., 3: As [good as] any man in Illyria. . . . . under the degree of my betters.

As You Like It, i., 1: The courtesy of nations allows you *my better*, in that you are the first-born.

King John, i., 1: Our country manners give our betters way.

Henry V., iv., 1: What are you? Pistol. As *good* a gentleman as the Emperor. K. H. Then you are a better than the King.

I. *Henry VI.*, v., 5: Her father is no better than an earl. . . . . Yes, my lord, her father is a King.

II. *Henry VI.*, v., 1: York. I am far better born than is the King. . . . . The sons of York, thy betters in their birth.

III. *Henry VI.*, ii., 5: Methinks it were a happy life, to be no *better* than a homely swain. *Ibid.*, v., 5: I am *your better*, traitors as ye are.

Lear, i. 4: Your disordered rabble make servants of their betters.

Hamlet, iii., 4: I took thee for *thy better*.

Did Hamlet esteem his uncle "more good"—so Mr. Headlam glosses the phrase—than Polonius? Once at least in the Authorised Version (Hebrews i., 4) this sense appears,—"*Better* than the angels."

The Catechism certainly teaches, with Romans xiii., 7, "Custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Long Crichel, Dorset. C. P. Phinn.

"WANTING IS—WHAT?"

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I would suggest two other interpretations of the words, "Where is the spot?" in Mr. Browning's enigmatical poem, "Wanting is—what?" besides that which is given in your article on "Startling Poetry:"—(1.) "Where is the blemish which mars the beauty of the scene?" (2.) "In what part of the picture is the want felt?" It seems to me impossible in this case to fix with certainty Mr. Browning's meaning. In my limited study of his poetry, I have very frequently come across similar vagueness. The context of a passage often proves no guide in the selection of one out of many equally eligible meanings. This, though undoubtedly a source of infinite delight to Browning Societies, is irritating to most readers, and, perhaps, more than anything else has prevented the poet from finding that large audience which, on account of the matters of which he loves to treat, and the penetrating insight to which he subjects them, it is to be regretted he has failed to influence.—I am, Sir, &c., A. E. T.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your interesting notice of Mr. Browning's new volume, you give a paraphrase of the fourth line of his introductory lyric which seems to me hardly correct. The line is,—"Where is the spot?" which you expand thus:—"Where is the spot where the redundant summer and the abundant blueness find their way into the soul so as to satisfy it?"

Would it not be simpler to suppose that Mr. Browning meant,—"In spite of the summer and the blueness, there is a spot somewhere?" This idea is suggested in his first line, "Wanting is—what?" and also in the fifth. Indeed, it seems to be the *motif* of the poem. Taking the words in this more natural sense, you escape the abrupt ellipsis which, as you say, has the nature of an electric shock.—I am, Sir, &c., R. F. D.

[Most likely our correspondents are right, but it is a very unusual thing to use "spot" as "blemish," without a context that at once suggests it.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

"TO THINK LONG."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The phrase "To think long," in the sense of "feel weariness," could probably be paralleled from other English writers besides Milton. It is certainly good Scotch, as may be seen from the quotation given by Jamieson from Ross's "Helenore," to which may be added the following well-known stanza of Burns:—

"The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!"

—I am, Sir, &c.,

2 *Clifton Place, Glasgow.* James Morison.

POETRY.

BRAITHWAITE AND BUTTERMERE RAILWAY.

A Cry from Lancashire to the Peers.

You ask high thought, pure poetry, and prate
Of England's wealth and happiness secure,
Then, whirled at ease on Continental tour,
Forget the rush of Town, the hot Debate,
The Factory stench, the steamy sounds that grate

On fevered brains. Our Poets are but poor!—
Who toil in Hells need Heavens at their door!
The student has small time to recreate!

My Lords, since Commerce, with her clarions rude,
Has scared our birds, and quite disflowered our homes,
Unleaved our trees, fouled every Northern stream,
Spare us one little mountain solitude,
Where still in quiet beauty Summer comes,
And men may find the England of their dream.

H. D. Rawnsley.

BOOKS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CARLYLE AND EMERSON.*

This correspondence is less interesting as a correspondence, than it is as affording traits of the two correspondents. On the whole, we have seldom read any correspondence between men of the same mark in which there is less real answering of one mind to the other. We do not mean, of course, that either Carlyle or Emerson is wanting in interest for the other. Quite the reverse. Each is supremely interesting to the other. But they live in such different planes that neither really helps the other at all with the thoughts with which he is struggling, so that the letters appear to be written rather in the hope of affording each a glimpse into the world in which the other is living,—a glimpse which each knows that the other will value,—than with any hope of contributing what shall help the other in his thoughts, or what will elicit from the other what shall help the writer. Considering that Carlyle is always telling Emerson that no other person on this planet appears to understand him so well as Emerson,—a compliment, by the way, which Emerson never reciprocates,—it is a great evidence of the supreme loneliness of which Carlyle so constantly complains, that he never once appeals to Emerson to help him in any train of thought, and that it never seems to occur to either that any such help would be possible on either side. This correspondence is not so much a correspondence in any true intellectual sense as a deliberate exchange of monologues (so far as it is not an elaborate series of beneficent business arrangements for Carlyle's benefit promoted by the disinterested and generous care of Emerson). Each is content to exhibit his own state of mind to the other, well convinced of the interest with which the exhibition of that state of mind will be received, but apparently without any expectation or wish that his friend will be able to offer any effectual aid. In part, this is due to the fact,—which Emerson had apparently more or less clearly grasped,—that Carlyle is not so much a thinker as an imaginer,—one who fills in the detail and colour of all such physical and spiritual scenery as is suited to his genius, but who deliberately refuses to apply his mind at all to any kind of scenery—physical or spiritual—which it does not suit his genius to take into account. For instance, one would have supposed that one who in theory had so much respect for the dumb inarticulate side of man, as Carlyle, would not have counted it the great sin of the universe that there was so little of articulate speech in it, and so much speech that missed its true mark altogether. Yet, as a matter of fact, this charge against the universe that it hardly even dimly guesses its own wants, and at all events cannot articulately state them, is a sort of parrot-cry with Carlyle that is repeated in nine-tenths of his letters with more or less vehemence, and reiterated in many of them till we are quite sick of it. "In Carlyle, as in Byron," wrote Emerson, "one is more struck with the rhetoric than the matter. He has manly superiority rather than intellectuality, and so makes good hard hits all the time. There is more character than intellect in every sentence, herein strongly resembling Samuel Johnson." That is perfectly true, but there is also more imagining power,—within a specific and rather limited area,—than even character. Hence Carlyle's letters, like his books, are not so much embodied thoughts as efforts at insight and at picturesque delineation of what he saw. Emerson, on the contrary, though not, in the opinion of the present writer, a great philosophic thinker, was a very admirable critic. He could not only see lucidly,—more widely, though with less wealth of imaginative vivacity than Carlyle; but he could try a man by his own standard, and by the standard of his peers, and see where he fell short either of himself or of them. Emerson's criticisms are charming in their nicety and shrewd culture. Carlyle truly charges him with being at bottom an aristocrat, and an aristocrat of refined culture he certainly was; while Carlyle is at bottom a sans-culotte, with a huge contempt for refined culture, and for everything almost except masculine energy and fire. What could be a finer criticism on Carlyle than the very first here given,—"Be pleased," writes Emerson, "to skip those excursive involved glees, and give us the simple air, without the volley of variations. At least, in some of your prefaces you should give us the theory of your rhetoric. I comprehend not why you should lavish, in that spendthrift style of yours, celestial truths." Carlyle might have answered that Emerson was much more competent to give the world the theory of his (Carlyle's) rhetoric than Carlyle himself was, that, indeed, though his genius was the proper subject for a true speculative theory, there was hardly a man alive so little likely to come at it as himself, or so competent to come at it as Emerson.

Take these two volumes as a whole, and we should say that they are a little disappointing. We find in them a few very graphic portraits by Carlyle, a few very shrewd and sometimes humorous literary criticisms by Emerson, but of the spiritual and moral exchange of deep convictions between the two which we had vaguely looked for, hardly anything at all. Here is a specimen of the kind of insight in which Carlyle's letters most abound, in this sketch of O'Connell's tail:—

"We are a singular people, in a singular condition. Not many nights ago, in one of those phenomenal assemblages named routs, whither we had gone to see the countenance of O'Connell and Company (the Tail was a peacock's tail, with blonde-muslin women and heroic Parliamentary men), one of the company, a 'distinguished female' (as we call them), informed my Wife 'O'Connell was the master-spirit of this age.' If so, then for what we have received let us be thankful,—and enjoy it *without* criticism."

Here is Richard Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), in 1840:—

"Milnes is a *Tory* Member of Parliament; think of that! For the rest, he describes his religion in these terms: 'I profess to be a Crypto-Catholic.' Conceive the man! A most bland-smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianised little man, who has long, olive-blond hair, a dimple, next to no chin, and flings his arm round your neck when he addresses you in public society! Let us hear now what *he* will say of the American *Vates*. . . . . You have doubtless seen Milnes's review of you. I know not that you will find it to strike direct upon the secret of *Emerson*, to hit the nail on the head, anywhere at all; I rather think not. But it is gently, not unlovingly done;—and lays the first plank of a kind of pulpit for you here and throughout all Saxondom: a thing rather to be thankful for. It on the whole surpassed my expectations. Milnes tells me he is sending you a copy and a Note, by Sumner. He is really a pretty little robin-redbreast of a man. . . . . Richard Milnes had a letter from you, one morning lately, when I met him at old Rogers's. He is brisk as ever; his kindly *Dilettantism* looking sometimes as if it would grow a sort of Earnest by and by. He has a new volume of Poems out: I advised him to try Prose; he admitted that Poetry would not be generally read again in these ages,—but pleaded, 'It was so convenient for veiling commonplace!' The honest little heart!"

In 1843, Monckton Milnes, grown in worldly wisdom, has learnt an irony of his own:—

"I said to Richard Milnes, 'Now in honesty what is the use of putting your accusative *before* the verb, and otherwise entangling the syntax; if there really *is* an image of any object, thought, or thing within you, for God's sake let me have it the *shortest* way, and I will so cheerfully excuse the *omission* of the jingle at the end: cannot I do without that?' Milnes answered, 'Ah, my dear fellow, it is because we have no thought, or almost none; a little thought goes a great way when you put it into rhyme!'"

Here is Monckton Milnes in 1847:—

"This morning Richard Milnes writes to me for your address; which I have sent. He is just returned out of Spain; home swiftly to 'vote for the Jew Bill;' is doing hospitalities at Woburn Abbey; and I suppose will be in Yorkshire (home, near Pontefract) before long. See him if you have opportunity: a man very easy to *see* and get into flowing talk with; a man of much sharpness of faculty, well tempered by several inches of 'Christian *fat*' he has upon his ribs for covering. One of the idlest, cheeriest, most gifted of fat little men."

Or, take Heraud and Landor:—

"You ask me about Landor and Heraud. Before my paper entirely vanish, let me put down a word about them. Heraud is a loquacious scribacious little man, of middle age, of parboiled greasy aspect, whom Leigh Hunt describes as 'wavering in the most astonishing manner between being Something and Nothing.' To me he is chiefly remarkable as being still—with his entirely enormous vanity and very small stock of faculty—out of Bedlam. He picked up a notion or two from Coleridge many years ago; and has ever

* *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1834-1872. 2 vols. London: Chatto and Windus.

since been rattling them in his head, like peas in an empty bladder, and calling on the world to 'List the Music of the spheres.' He escapes *assassination*, as I calculate, chiefly by being the cheerfulest best-natured little creature extant.—You cannot kill him he laughs so softly, even when he is like killing you. John Mill said, 'I forgive him freely for interpreting the Universe, now when I find he cannot pronounce the *h's*!' Really this is no caricature; you have not seen the match of Heraud in your days. I mentioned to him once that Novalis had said, 'The highest problem of Authorship is the writing of a Bible.'—'That is precisely what I am doing!' answered the aspiring, unaspirating.—Of Landor I have not got much benefit either. We met first, some four years ago, on Cheyne Walk here: a tall, broad, burly man, with gray hair, and large, fierce-rolling eyes; of the most restless, impetuous vivacity, not to be held in by the most perfect breeding,—expressing itself in high-colored superlatives, indeed in reckless exaggeration, now and then in a dry sharp laugh not of sport but of mockery; a wild man, whom no extent of culture had been able to tame! His intellectual faculty seemed to me to be weak in proportion to his violence of temper: the judgment he gives about anything is more apt to be wrong than right,—as the inward whirlwind shows him this side or the other of the object; and *sides* of an object are all that he sees. He is not an original man; in most cases one but sighs over the spectacle of common-place torn to rags. I find him painful as a writer; like a soul ever promising to take wing into the Æther, yet never doing it, ever splashing web-footed in the terrene mud, and only splashing the worse the more he strives! Two new tragedies of his that I read lately are the fatalest stuff I have seen for long: not an ingot; ah no, a distracted coil of wire-drawings salable in no market. Poor Landor has left his Wife (who is said to be a fool) in Italy, with his children, who would not quit her; but it seems he has honestly surrendered all his money to her, except a bare annuity for furnished lodgings; and now lives at Bath, a solitary sexagenarian, in that manner. He visits London in May; but says always it would kill him soon: alas, I can well believe that! They say he has a kind heart; nor does it seem unlikely: a perfectly honest heart, free and fearless, dwelling amid such hallucinations, excitations, tempestuous confusions, I can see he has. Enough of him! Me he likes well enough, more thanks to him; but two hours of such speech as his leave me giddy and undone."

Emerson's reply about Landor shows much more of the critic than Carlyle, though much less of the painter:—

"Sumner has since brought me a gay letter from yourself, concerning, in part, Landor and Heraud; in which as I know justice is not done to the one, I suppose it is not done to the other. But Heraud I give up freely to your tender mercies; I have no wish to save him. Landor can be shorn of all that is false and foolish, and yet leave a great deal for me to admire. Many years ago I have read a hundred fine memorable things in the *Imaginary Conversations*, though I know well the faults of that book, and the *Pericles and Aspasia* within two years has given me delight. I was introduced to the man Landor when I was in Florence, and he was very kind to me in answering a multitude of questions. His speech, I remember, was below his writing. I love the rich variety of his mind, his proud taste, his penetrating glances, and the poetic loftiness of his sentiment, which rises now and then to the meridian, though with the flight, I own, rather of a rocket than an orb, and terminated sometimes by a sudden tumble. I suspect you of very short and dashing reading in his books; and yet I should think you would like him,—both of you such glorious haters of cant. Forgive me, I have put you two together twenty times in my thought as the only writers who have the old briskness and vivacity. But you must leave me to my bad-taste and my perverse and whimsical combinations."

Finally, as a specimen of Carlyle's description, take this admirable portrait of Webster, the American statesman, whom Carlyle saw on Webster's visit to London:—

"Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman, such Limbs *we* make in Yankeeland! As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown*; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed:—I have not traced as much of *silent Berserkir-rage*, that I remember of, in any other man. 'I guess I should not like to be *your* nigger!'—Webster is not loquacious, but he is pertinent, conclusive; a dignified perfectly bred man, though not English in breeding: a man worthy of the best reception from us; and meeting such, I understand. He did not speak much with me that morning, but seemed not at all to dislike me: I meditate whether it is fit or not fit that I should seek out his residence, and leave *my* card too, before I go? Probably not; for the man is political, seemingly altogether; has been at the Queen's levée, &c., &c.: it is simply as a mastiff-mouthed *man* that he is interesting to me, and not otherwise at all."

To find Emerson at his best, one must look not for pure description, but for what we may call speculative description,—description penetrated by reflective comment. The following is written at New York:—

"I always seem to suffer some loss of faith on entering cities. They are great conspiracies; the parties are all maskers, who have taken mutual oaths of silence not to betray each other's secret, and each to keep the other's madness in countenance. You can scarce drive any craft here that does not seem a suborning of the treason."

And this is a comment on Carlyle's essay called "The Diamond Necklace":—

"I thought as I read this piece that your strange genius was the instant fruit of your London. It is the aroma of Babylon. Such as the great metropolis, such is this style: so vast, enormous, related to all the world, and so endless in details. I think you see as pictures every street, church, parliament-house, barrack, baker's shop, mutton-stall, forge, wharf, and ship, and whatever stands, creeps, rolls, or swims thereabouts, and make all your own. Hence your encyclopediacal allusion to all knowables, and the virtues and vices of your panoramic pages."

Emerson's reflections when visiting the seat of Congress at Washington are very striking:—

"Between my two speeches at Baltimore, I went to Washington, thirty-seven miles, and spent four days. The two poles of an enormous political battery, galvanic coil on coil, self-increased by series on series of plates from Mexico to Canada, and from the sea westward to the Rocky Mountains, here meet and play, and make the air electric and violent. Yet one feels how little, more than how much, man is represented there. I think, in the higher societies of the Universe, it will turn out that the angels are molecules, as the devils were always Titans, since the dulness of the world needs such mountainous demonstration, and the virtue is so modest and concentrating."

One rises from this correspondence with a sense that these men, who believed themselves possessed of some of the most vital truths of the day, dwelt singularly little upon them in their correspondence. The nearest thing to a great truth which Carlyle anywhere expresses is the conviction that the value of literature is determined not after all by what is written, though that is essential to it, but by what is *not* written,—by the personal life which gives its depth and intensity to the conviction expressed. This is a real and great truth, and was deeply cherished by Carlyle. But in all these letters we have come on none other anywhere near so valuable, while of mere Carlylese jargon and formula of the following kind there is enough, and to spare:—

"Man, all men seem radically *dumb*; jabbering mere jargons and noises from the teeth outwards; the inner meaning of them,—of them and of me, poor devils,—remaining shut, buried forever. If almost all Books were burnt (my own laid next the coal), I sometimes in my spleen feel as if it really would be better with us!"

Surely, for men who were so willing to "put off their Jewdom" as Carlyle and also Emerson, there is visible in this correspondence a wonderfully small residuum of vital truth by which to live and die. And it is very melancholy to find the two old men, with all their boasted transcendental faith, confiding to each other towards the last, the one that some euthanasia for old age, which should prevent its expiring in undignified imbecility, is desirable, the other that he is quite indifferent to the survival of his personal life beyond the grave. Obviously, the universal Mind which they worshipped was not the object of much individual trust or love. Emerson's nature, on the whole, comes out of this correspondence the more disinterested, saner, and wiser, though not the stronger and grander of the two.

EVERY-DAY ART.*

This is by no means a common-place book. Not that the author can be said to have propounded anything distinctly original with respect to his subject, but he discourses ably on the views which are current among those who have sound and cultivated views. We think it will not only be useful, as teaching good lessons on its own subject, Every-day Art, but by suggesting thoughts which might lead the mind to wider interests. The author gives his own subject a sound, useful, common-sense basis, by linking the consideration of it to thoughts which, though far from irrelevant, tend to a more comprehensive interest than we might expect from a work with so modest a title. Such sentences as the following are examples of what we mean:—

"Æsthetic culture is not the high-road to all the virtues, and, indeed, certain of the vices have been known to infest it. Neither, on the other hand, is there any special grace in ugliness. Art is only utterance. It must express something; and the vital question is,—What does it express? The daily association with honest, manly, real work, with graceful fancy, individual character, and refined art, must exert on us an influence less demoralising than the continual contact with falsity, pretence, and affectation. The fact that we may be wholly unconscious of the influence about us does not destroy its effect. The fresh air is tonic, whether we feel it to be so or not, and the germs of disease that emanate from a foul atmosphere are none the less fatal, though our nostrils be not sufficiently delicate to make us aware of the poison we breathe. . . . . To-day's interest in decorative art may be only a fashion. It is more encouraging to believe that yesterday's apathy was but an episode."

And again:—

* *Every-day Art: Short Essays on the Arts that are not Fine.* By Lewis Foreman Day. London: B. T. Batsford.

"It is curious to observe how little correspondence there is between the progress of civilisation and of taste. Each appears to have gone its own way, quite independently of the other."

We ourselves believe that the great difficulty in all Art matters in this modern life of ours is to maintain originality in Art expression, which is only another word for a natural, spontaneous expression for an unfeigned delight in beauty, and, in maintaining such originality, not to transgress against a standard which the ordinary education of cultivated people obtains from a more or less superficial acquaintance with the Art of the past. Great power and genius are required in order that an artist should, so to speak, *find himself* among all the various influences which legacies from the past have left him. Such influences should be as useful servants to his native gifts, and not act the rôle of masters. Unqualified devotion should be to Nature, and Nature alone. Though the standard works of geniuses of the past ought undoubtedly to enrich, we see that they more often stifle the spontaneity of genuine artistic powers. Like parasites on a tree, they more often injure the healthy growth and spoil its natural beauty than add to its effect. It is probably the complicated conditions of modern culture which sap the earnestness out of many fundamental truths in the right feeling with regard to taste, as well as the grace out of the forms of so much of our social intercourse. We believe that the root of the evil, *superficiality*, lies in the fact of artists restraining the real impulse towards creation and expression of genuine feelings, lest the bugbear of the artist's craft, the critic, should find weak points. It is fatal to real taste, when the truth is forgotten that such a thing as real taste in human work does not exist till it is stamped by human individuality and preference. But we have only to remember the early pre-Raphaelite work, to realise how many weak points are at once offered to the critic, if such individuality and preference are made the first law of the artist's craft. Notwithstanding such weak points, there is a flavour about such efforts which, when compared to the work hedged in on every side by the countenance of Academical precedents, is like the early growth of plants when they push in juicy knobs out of the earth in spring, a growth of which artificial flowers never even remind us.

The chapter on taste headed, "I Know What I Like," is suggestive of many good ideas, though the argument is not, to our way of thinking, always conclusive. For instance, to the conclusion suggested by the following sentence we demur:—"'After all,' says the popular fallacy, 'it is a matter of taste!' But taste is not a personal matter. It is no more mere preference than judgment is mere opinion. It is as rare as it is supposed to be common. It implies not only artistic feeling and critical power, but their cultivation too." A really true feeling as to what is beautiful arises, we believe, far more from an instinct, from a genius in perceiving and enjoying beauty, than from any result of the critical faculty or any education of the eye. These are essential, when it is a matter of judging whether the art under consideration is right according to the conclusions of certain Academies which have made standards of right and wrong, based on the works of the geniuses of the past. But such standards are not likely to be exhaustive as guides to genius of the present day. At present, the conditions of life seem peculiarly unfavourable for the multiplication of this genius of perceiving and enjoying true beauty. Moreover, the artist has often to transplant himself into another atmosphere of taste to that which is fashionable in many respects, before he can develope anything like high art. For instance, in the case of the human form, the eye which has studied and enjoyed the beauty which Nature gave it finds nothing but deformity in the woman's pinched waist and in the man in his modern dress. The aspect of a people is unquestionably the strongest influence on the eye of the artist, for human beings must be the strongest interest in the life of any healthy-minded man; and when we fill our world with deformities of the human species, as far as the aspect of the human race goes, how can we expect any radical or genuine improvement in matters of taste? This awryness in such a principal matter is the cause, we believe, why the improvement which has undoubtedly taken place during the last twenty years in decoration, and in the every-day art of which Mr. Day's book is a very worthy and interesting exponent, is still simmering, as it were, on the surface of life, not really becoming ingrained into our national feeling. If beauty were a necessity to us, how could we stand the hideous fashions always present in men's costume, and always recurring in women's dress? If a pretty fashion happens to be adopted for a few months, it is a mere chance that it is pretty, and is quickly changed by the despotism of milliners to one as irrational and ugly as it is possible to imagine. If we stand with perfect quiescence such ugliness, beauty is distinctly not a necessity to us. As Mr. Day says:—"How astonishingly crude is the criticism of persons who are, except in Art, cultivated! They do not even know what an artist means, when he talks of vulgarity in his craft. Coarse language and loud tones, mincing affectation and pretence, offend them; but they would be startled to be told that the brutal workmanship, the crude colours, the mechanical affectation of finish, and the pretentiousness of cheap show, which are to be found broad-cast in their drawing-rooms, are simply vulgar." We believe that anything like a universal awakening to a sense of fitness and reality is quite impossible, while we allow our eyes to be accustomed to such ugliness and unfitness of form as modern fashion converts the human form into, associated as it is with people whom of necessity we must care for so much more than we do for our walls, our furniture, or our houses. We think Mr. Day lays too strong a stress on the value of culture in taste. Without an encouragement of those conditions which inspire an original individual native instinct for beauty, culture will only lie like an idle accomplishment on the outside of our nature. It must always remain like a language we learn only through a book, and not through the ear; never a language we should think in or dream in. Still, to end our consideration on the chapter on taste as we began, we believe the reader will find it full of suggestiveness; and as our strongest feeling in Art matters, whether the art under consideration be high art or every-day art, is that originality and individuality should be the prominent features, any writing which suggests thoughts on the subject to be carried farther by the reader's own mind is, we think, essentially useful and interesting.

In the chapter "House and Home," there is a satisfactory stress laid on the truth that the aspect of a home should translate the individual taste of its owner; that not only trouble must be taken, if the aspect of a home is to add to the cultivating influences of life, but that that trouble should be taken more or less by the inhabitant himself, not merely delegated to others whose business it ought to be to carry out individual tastes according to knowledge. Mr. Day goes on to say, if the owner is too busy or idle to do this, he should, at all events, take the trouble to find out the decorator whose taste seems best to agree with his own. Mr. Day, throughout his book, wisely lays a great stress on the absolute necessity of reticence and modesty in decoration, if it is to play its true part in the beautifying and refining influences of our surroundings. Decorative art must never try to struggle forward into the prominent, isolated place which is that which a work worthy of being called *high art* ought to take. Decoration should be like the accompaniment to a melody,—never overpowering or obtrusive, but having a very real, legitimate place, as a harmonising and completing influence. It is interesting to reflect on the influences which the presence or absence of high art has on the quality of the decorative work of a time. Decoration is apt to become obtrusive in its character, and purely imitative in its quality when high art ceases to be a spontaneous utterance, and ceases to understand its mission—rather, it may be more truly said, when high art ceases to be created. When the art which is elaborate, and which is not intended to ornament architectural design or domestic surroundings—in other words, framed pictures and pedestalled statues—lowers its character from the ideal or dramatic to merely decorative or realistic effects, then we shall nearly always find the decorative feeling forgetting its own special *rôle*, and assuming an imitative character. The times which produce the finest high art will also produce the best decorative art. The wave of Art feeling which passes over certain periods in the civilisation of nations naturally touches various phases of Art expression, the decorative no less than the poetic and the illustrative. Hence, in our own times we have artists who are great as poet-painters, Watts, Rossetti, and Burne Jones; and we have a corresponding greatness in decorative genius, such as is shown in the work of the poet William Morris, in furniture, silks, stuffs, and stained glass; again, by Walter Crane, in pictorial dramatic decoration; and again, by William de Morgan, in pottery. The exact aptness shown in the beauty of the work of all these artists to the true aims of their own special lines of art, is the true sign of the touch of inspiration in their genius.

From Mr. Day's book, we should say that his place is that

of a perfectly practical mediator between the genius of the actual inventor and those who are in the position of making use of his inventions. His book is a valuable and common-sense exposition on the actual fitting together of things necessary in the house of any one wishing his home to be one which shall not only express his own taste, after he has taken the trouble to put thought into the matter, and find out what are his real preferences, but also a home which by its aspect may lead to the cultivation of gentler, purer tastes and more gracious manners. There are numerous illustrations, showing that Mr. Day is an able draughtsman. There is a graceful delicacy in some of the designs for panels which is admirable,—for instance, on p. 29, "Treatment of Medlar;" p. 52, "Clematis Panel;" p. 81, "Magnolia Panel;" and p. 183, "Strawberry Panel." In conclusion, we recommend *Every-day Art* to our readers, as a book which raises its subject out of the common-place, by the honest and genuine taste which the writer displays for all the beauty that is appropriate to the secondary and modest *rôle* suitable to house decoration, and by the cultivation and mastery of the teachable qualities of his art which he displays.

PROFESSOR NICHOL'S HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE limits which were imposed upon Professor Nichol by the extent and variety of his subject compelled him to compress into a single chapter of forty pages—that on History, Romance, and Criticism, 1800-1850—his account of a period which contains, among others, Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley, Irving, Cooper, and Poe. Under such conditions, it is the hard fate of an historian that the greater the interest of the brief sketches he can give, the louder is the complaint of the reader that they are not more extensive. If, therefore, we are inclined to find fault with a long history of American literature in which Prescott and Motley together occupy only eight pages, Washington Irving only five, and Fenimore Cooper only three, our complaint must be attributed in part to the success of the author in making his brief sketches so interesting. Professor Nichol endeavours to make up in point what he loses in extent, and with considerable success, as, for instance, in his epigrammatic verdict upon Prescott:—"Boys read his *Mexico* and *Peru* as they read the *Arabian Nights*. Critics can point to few flaws in the accuracy of his judgment." Poe receives more adequate treatment, eight pages being devoted to his prose alone, of which an excellent analysis is given. Professor Nichol throws much light upon a perplexing subject by a suggestive classification of Poe's tales, showing that significance and instruction exist where we are apt to see only horror and the workings of a diseased imagination. The treatment of Poe's poetry is too short to be satisfactory. It contains, however, a brilliant simile. Speaking of the purity of Poe's verses in contrast with the disorder of his life, the author says:—"They are like nuns in the convent of a riotous city."

Professor Nichol finds that Bryant "stands on a high level," but that he exhibits the one-sided spirit of exclusive nature-worship. The author's arguments, however, in support of this claim for a high rank for Bryant seem to us inadequate. The "nature-worship" of the latter is too often a mere inventory of scenery, the natural procedure of a man whose life was passed "amid the jostling crowd" of the office of a daily newspaper. There stand the purple hills, above them the blue and arching sky, the rippling brooks beneath; the air is filled with the sweet melody of birds,—and so on; picturesque and wholesome, but not poetry of high rank. Or, lest we are accused of misrepresentation, here it is in his own words:—

> "The thick roof
> Of green and stirring branches is alive
> And musical with birds, that sing and sport
> In wantonness of spirit; while below,
> The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
> Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
> Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
> That waked them into life. Even the green trees
> Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
> To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
> Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
> . . . . . The mossy rocks themselves,
> And the old and pouderous trunks of prostrate trees
> That lead from knoll to knoll a causeway rude
> Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
> With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
> Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet"

—but we spare our readers the rivulet. Bryant's nature-worship does not reach to the insight which gives us in a word the key to the union of mind and scene. He transfers Nature accurately enough; he never transmutes it. We are surprised that Professor Nichol does not mention Bryant's translations of the Iliad and Odyssey; he makes a singular mistake, too, in quoting as "the concluding lines of the poem that William Wordsworth had learnt by heart," the passage ending with the words "yet the dead are there," which in the original are followed by a colon, and are some thirty lines from the end.

Longfellow is clearly the author's favourite, and he writes of him with affection and delicate insight, as in the following passages:—

> "In the New World, but not wholly of it, he dwells with almost wearisome fondness on the World 'Old.' Volumes of old days, old associations that we cannot buy with gold, quaint old cities—Nuremburg, Bruges, and Prague—old poets and painters—Becerra and Bassalin, Albert Dürer and Hans Sachs, the cobbler bard—sweet old songs, old haunted houses, the gray old manse, Nature the dear old nurse, dear old England,—on phrases and thoughts like these his fancy broods." "His favourite virtues are endurance, calm; his confidants, gentle hearts; his pet themes, the praise and love of children." "There is nothing startling or *outré*, or 'wild and wondrous,'" in Longfellow's lyrics, "but, in a degree only inferior to the songs of Burns, they enhance our joys, soften our sorrows, and mix like music with our toil, floating upwards in storm and calm."

With all Professor Nichol's admiration for *Hiawatha*, he cannot help misspelling several of its outlandish names; and although he makes some learned remarks about the poem, he omits the most important fact, viz., that it is, in almost every respect, a reproduction of the Finnish *Kalewala*. Professor Nichol's regard for Longfellow's genius has led him into an unpleasant denunciation of what he is pleased to term "the half-scornful, half-clamorous conspiracy against Longfellow." He says:—

> "Miss Margaret Fuller, in *The Dial*, leads the attack by a notice, in which she openly professes her dislike of Aristides; she has been followed, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the new school of critics, who have determined that nothing is to be accepted as poetry which is not either unintelligible or disgusting. These very clever people do not want a guide to direct, or an artist to charm, or a musician to lull them to repose amid 'the tumult of the time disconsolate.' They seek a phenomenon to stare at, an enigma to unravel, an ugly subject to dissect, a double lock to pick, something on which to show their own skill as intellectual conjurors or mental funambulists."

Now, in the first place, Margaret Fuller's severe criticism of Longfellow's poems did not appear in *The Dial*, if we remember aright, but was written for Horace Greeley in the *New York Tribune;* in the second place, it was forgotten years ago, and no one pays much attention to it now, any more than to Poe's jealous insinuations; thirdly, Professor Nichol can hardly have read the American reviews for the past year, or he would have known that hostile criticism of Longfellow's poetry is almost entirely confined to this side of the Atlantic; and finally, although it is true that "unintelligible and disgusting" verse seems lately to have become precious to many people, the statement that we have a "new school of critics' who will accept nothing as poetry which is not either the one or the other, and that this school has organised a "half-scornful, half-clamorous conspiracy against Longfellow," seems to us extravagant, and, so far as regards Longfellow, ridiculous. The truth is that the recent disparagement of his poetry has come, not from the "fleshly" school, but from the strictly intellectual school of critics, and has been provoked in great part by the unfortunate efforts of his admirers to secure for him a foremost place for qualities other than those which constituted his chief merit.

In spite, however, of the temptation to follow Professor Nichol step by step through his attractive volume, with much agreement, and only here and there dissent, we must confine ourselves to a few words about the remainder, and then pass on to the critic's special duties. In his account of Walt Whitman he treats a difficult subject with great discrimination; it is an admirable piece of literary criticism, and the description of the imaginary scene when Whitman bursts in upon a meeting of the Boston Saturday Club, which is basking in the serenity of Emerson and the "mellow sunshine" of Longfellow's presence, is one of the best bits in the book.

We can hardly speak too highly of Professor Nichol's essays upon Emerson and Hawthorne; the latter, especially, and the comparison of Emerson with Carlyle, is both profound and brilliant. His account of Thoreau, too, is admirable, and perhaps the most complete and satisfactory sketch in the book, but we fancy some readers will catch their breath when they

* *American Literature: an Historical Sketch*, 1620-1880. By John Nichol, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1882.

come to the expression "a stoico-epicurean adiaphorist." The author's attitude toward so-called "American humour" may be judged from the following remark (one of the caustic passages to which we have alluded):—

"As the names of those who supply mental garbage (a species of food in great and increasing demand) should be left to sink in the oblivion from which they have unfortunately emerged, I shall refer to some of the worst of these caterers to a corrupted and corrupting taste by their self-assumed titles."

Professor Nichol's book bears the marks—we say it with regret, but without hesitation—of great carelessness. We have noted no fewer than a hundred inaccuracies of various kinds, of which we cannot, of course, give a complete list; first, typographical errors, misspellings, and misquotations; then, errors due to a want of familiarity with American life; and third, inaccuracies of statement. The first of these three classes comprises half of the entire number, and is due wholly to carelessness. For instance, *gymastical, penetential, chesnut, Massachusets;* on page 76 a word omitted; *storey* for *story*, 1819 for 1619 (p. 33), *gleam* for *glean* (p. 149), *bétise* for *bêtise, approchments, denoûment, unbarreable* for *unbarrelable*—making nonsense of a sentence of Emerson (p. 297), and *demoniac love* for Emerson's *daemonic love* (p. 299), &c. A still worse case is where he says (p. 139):—"The moment Garrison was out [of jail], he went on printing, with the declaration, 'I will not recede an inch, and I shall be heard.' Such a voice could not be stifled." We are inclined to think that such a voice would easily have been stifled. What Garrison really said—and, if we remember aright, it was when he began the publication of the *Liberator*—was:—"I am in earnest,—I will not equivocate,—I will not excuse,—I will not retreat a single inch,—and I *will be heard*,"—a very different thing from Professor Nichol's milk-and-water version. The most misleading inaccuracy occurs, however, in the quotation (p. 301) of Emerson's *Brahma*. Professor Nichol announces it as a "transcendental enigma," and challenges his readers to unravel it; and then—by way, we suppose, of putting their wits to a more severe test—he omits the word *not* from the third line of the first stanza. Our readers may judge of the effect this is likely to have upon the "unravelling" process:—

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know [not] well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again."

In most poetry, the fault of metre would rouse the reader's suspicions, but Emerson is frequently irregular, so there is nothing to betray the blunder. Many of the poetical extracts in the volume—*e.g.*, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, Whittier's *Maud Muller*, Emerson's *Brahma*, Lowell's *Fable for Critics*, Leland's *Hans Breitmann's Party*,—are garbled or badly mispunctuated. Finally, in the index alone there are nearly a dozen mistakes.

Of the second class of errors, those arising from an imperfect acquaintance with America, we will specify only *Newhaven* for *New Haven* (p. 49), *Van-Buren* for *Van Buren* (p. 114), the name of the Φ B K Society wrongly written with hyphens between the words (p. 357), *Empress City* for *Empire City*—New York (p. 193), and *Pennsylvanian, Philadelphian*, and similar forms wrongly used as adjectives, instead of *Pennsylvania, Philadelphia*, &c.

A large number of names of American writers are given incorrectly, as follows:—*Dred Scot* for *Dred Scott, R. C. White* for *Richard Grant White, Halliburton* for *Haliburton, Gustapon* for *Gustafson, Nora Percy* for *Nora Perry, H. R. Dana* for *Richard H. Dana, W. G. Curtis* for *George William Curtis, C. C. Leland* for *Charles G. Leland, Faucett* for *Fawcett, Phœbe Carey* for *Cary, Miss* Whitney for *Mrs.* Whitney, *Gale Hamilton* for *Gail Hamilton, Brookes* for *Preston S. Brooks*, the assailant of Charles Sumner, and in Mr. James's *Portrait of a Lady* the hero is *Ralph Touchett*, not *Roger Touchett*. Professor Nichol speaks (p. 174) of Irving as at home "among the slopes of Sleepy Hollow, by which he built his New England home." This is also a mistake: Sunnyside, Irving's little home in the Sleepy Hollow region, was not in New England, but in the State of New York, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson. The date of Cooper's *Pioneers* was 1822, not 1823, as Professor Nichol gives it (p. 175). Longfellow's *Kavanagh* is called (p. 178) "a perfect prose idyll [*sic*] of a schoolhouse in the West." The scene of *Kavanagh* is laid in New England, as may be seen from the beginning of chapter xxi. The well-known song *My Maryland* is wrongly included among the "anonymous ballad literature of the war" (p. 239); it was written by James R. Randall. The date of the death of Theodore Winthrop was June 10th, 1861, not April 10th, as given by Professor Nichol (p. 371), and the name of the battle in which he fell was Big Bethel, not Great Bethel.

We cannot refrain from an allusion to the style of this book. What can the learned and brilliant author mean by allowing himself to write such sentences as "the, to him, face-haunted waters," or "this long anonymous and yet undeservedly-obscure romance," or "but, in both cases, a purely disinterested, was invoked by antagonism to a merely selfish, intolerance," or "a highly creditable, because frequently imaginative though sometimes rough, translation;" or, worst of all, "the most famous of whom had she never met it would have been well for both"? They sound more like extracts from Mark Twain's chapter on "The Awful German Language," than the deliberate writing of a Professor of English Literature, and the author of a *Primer of English Composition*.

In conclusion, we would suggest to Professor Nichol that the value of his book would be much increased by the addition of chronological tables of the writers of the different periods, and especially of a chronological table to the chapter on "American Politics and Oratory;" that a short bibliography of American literature would be very welcome in the appendix; and that since the book is a "sketch" only, and he disclaims all intention of making it a catalogue, he would do well to omit several long lists of names. In one place (pp. 185-6), he gives forty names on a page, and in the addendum, among novelists who "seem to have attained considerable celebrity," veteran authors like Edward Everett Hale and T. W. Higginson are classed with Robert Grant, whose only book, *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl*, is the worthless scribble of a man just out of college; and among "American poetesses" to whom the author pays a sarcastic "tribute of imperfect knowledge, but implicit belief," Mrs. Lydia Maria Child is mentioned with half-a-dozen young ladies who have contributed occasionally to *Harpers'* or *Scribner's* magazine. This is mere cataloguing, and is unworthy of a place in such a work.

As we have criticised this volume at considerable length—a task which devolved upon us the more, since the three of our learned contemporaries which have already reviewed it have made no allusion to its inaccuracies, an omission which would hardly have occurred in the case of any literature except that of America—we recur with satisfaction to the author's prefatory statement that he will "be only grateful for corrections or suggestions, whether to omit or to add, that—friendly or otherwise—may proceed from any well-informed source." He will have seen already that we belong to the friendly class, and we congratulate him again upon the production of a timely, valuable, and very interesting work.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

This is a slight book, and possibly too thin in matter to satisfy the curiosity of the general reader. It is not likely to be sought after with eagerness by the subscribers to Mudie's, or the Grosvenor; but the interest of the volume is, we think, amply sufficient to justify publication. The editor, Mr. Richard Twining, who dates from the well-known house in the Strand, states that his great-uncle is known to scholars by his translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, and that the compilation which now appears in print for the first time was commenced in 1817 by his grandfather, the half-brother of Thomas Twining, and brought to a conclusion by the Rev. Daniel Twining, who died in 1853. "Shortly before his decease," the editor writes, "he made over the charge of all the letters and papers to myself. Thus it has fallen to my lot, in such intervals of leisure as a busy life has afforded, to complete a work for which others had made so much thoughtful preparation." The necessity for such laborious and prolonged preparation is not apparent. It may, however, have prevented errors, and if there are mistakes in the volume, we have been unable to detect them.

A few facts from the brief memoir written in the early years of this century may be worth stating, before striking into the heart of the volume. Thomas, eldest son of Daniel Twining, tea-dealer, of London, was born in 1735. He was placed in his father's business, but his love of literature and his aversion to

* *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the Eighteenth Century.* Being Selections from the Correspondence of the Rev. Thomas Twining, M.A. London: John Murray. 1882.

trade were so strong, that after some private tuition he was sent to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where, it seems, he was elected a Fellow, upon taking his B.A. degree. At the age of twenty-nine he married, and, having taken Holy Orders, settled at Fordham, near Colchester, where he lived for nearly thirty years, spending most of his time in his study devoted to books and music. We are told also that,—"In the constant habits of his life, and in the performance of all the duties of a clergyman, particularly of the most important duties of the minister of a parish, he was exemplary;" but his correspondence contains no intimations of his clerical position. A letter of condolence to a nephew on his sister's death, the sole page in the volume in which the mystery of life and death is alluded to, might have been written word for word by a thoughtful heathen. It should be added, however, that Twining published three sermons. In the latter years of his life he left Fordham, for the living of St. Mary's, Colchester. When he died, in 1804, Dr. Parr, who considered him "one of the best men that ever lived," placed a Latin epitaph to his memory on the walls of that church. Parr's admiration for him was extreme, and the feeling was mutual. Between Twining and Dr. Burney, also, there was a strong friendship, due, doubtless, to the similarity of their tastes. When Burney projected a history of music, Twining, who had in contemplation a work of a similar kind, promised him all the help in his power, and gave it without stint. The letters that passed between the two men are not confined to one subject, and will be found among the most entertaining in the volume.

In 1767 the piano was used for the first time in England, and seven years later Twining thanks his friend for sending him the instrument. "It is delightful," he writes, "and I play upon it *con amore*, and with the pleasure I expected. If it has defects which a good harpsichord has not, it has beauties and delicacies which amply compensate, and which make the harp wonderfully flashy and insipid when played after it." At times, when the ear asks only for harmony and a pleasant jingle, he turns to the harpsichord, but "as soon," he adds, "as ever my spirit wakes, as soon as my heart-strings catch the gentlest vibration, I swivel me round incontinently to the pianoforte." Books were as much his passion as music; like Southey, he received a parcel of them with almost boyish delight. "I have been reading like a dragon," he writes, "I wish I could leave off this silly trick. I have sometimes a great mind to administer an oath to myself that I will read nothing for one whole year, by way of experiment. I wonder what would be the effect? Sometimes, I think I should find myself very much improved at the year's end; sometimes, I think I should hang myself *par ennui*." Twining's talk about books is always interesting. He delights in Chaucer and the old ballads, and finds the Rowley poems full of genius, making up his mind that they are partly forged and partly not; and though he does not appear to give much credit to Chatterton, when writing seven years after the tragedy of his death, he confesses that he can scarce bear any poetry after taking up his. Of Swift, Twining's admiration was great. He will not admit that he was a misanthrope, or that his writings "have any one bad tendency." He was simply a great humourist, and the world, from the lack of humour, has taken all he said of himself for truth. "What connection is there," he continues in a letter to his brother, "between indignation at the vices of mankind and hatred of mankind? . . . . . But, *basta!* pray, now, agree with me about all this. Your hand, your hand, I will have your hand! You do love Swift, now, don't you? Ay, ay, I knew it! And yet can you possibly love an ill-natured man? No. *Ergo*, Swift was not an ill-natured man."

When Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* appeared, the "Country Clergyman" read them with eagerness, and criticised them frankly. His comments on the Great Cham of Letters show an independent judgment, and might have been written in the early years of this century, when a reaction against Johnson's judgments was one of the signs of a great poetical revolution. Twining's opinions contain a goodly portion of truth, but they are not the whole truth, for although Johnson had no ear for the divine music of *Lycidas*, or for the majesty and harmony of Milton's blank verse, although he sneered at some of the grandest sonnets in the language, abused Gray, and failed to appreciate the rare art of his friend Collins, he was not without the *vivida vis animi* which goes towards the making of a poet, and wrote "after his kind" with a power surpassed only by Pope. Yet it is impossible not to sympathise with Twining when he writes that, in matters of poetry, he finds his palate continually at variance with Dr. Johnson's, and observes that what he esteems poetry is only good sense put into good metre. When Boswell's *Life* appeared, Twining was "prodigiously entertained and gratified." "I have met with those," he writes, "who call this book tiresome; I never read a book that was less so,"—a judgment with which every reader will agree who appreciates good literature. If Twining overestimates in some degree the charm of Fanny Burney's *Cecilia*, the mistake must be set down to his friendship for her father. Why the book should have made that age cry, as by all accounts it did, is a perplexity to ours. Mrs. Chapone, we know, lost her sleep for a week after reading it, and the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany "thrice wept their way through the five volumes." Thomas Twining has a similar story to tell:—

"I know," he says, "two amiable sisters at Colchester, sensible and accomplished women, who were found blubbering at such a rate one morning! The tale had drawn them on till near the hour of an engagement to dinner, which they were actually obliged to put off, because there was not time to recover their red eyes and swelled noses. The person who caught them in this pathetic pickle was alarmed at their appearance, and thought of nothing less than of some domestic calamity. As to myself, *Cecilia* has done just what she pleased with me. I laughed and cried (for I am one of the blubberers) when she bade me."

How strangely this reads! But probably half a century hence the pathos of some modern writers who can now do what they like with us will have lost its moving power. It is only genius of the highest order that is untouched by time, and outlives all the chances and changes of this mortal life.

To one feature of this volume we have not yet referred, and now we must content ourselves with alluding to it. Like Gray, whom he estimated at his full worth, Twining had a genuine love of scenery, and describes his home travel—we believe he never crossed the Channel—with the intelligence of a man of culture. Every one knows Lamb's delightful essay, "Grace before Meat," in which he asks why "the received ritual has prescribed this form to the solitary ceremony of manducation." "I own," he says, "that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day beside my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts,—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the *Faery Queene?*" The same idea had, it appears, occurred to Twining long years before. The sight of a fine view upon the banks of the Calder makes him exclaim:—"I never felt anything so fine. I shall remember it, and thank God for it, as long as I live. I am sorry I did not think to say grace after it. Are we to be grateful for nothing but beef and pudding?—to thank God for life, and not for happiness?" Curiously enough, another remark of Lamb's, in which he writes of the statue of Garrick in Westminster Abbey, is also in the same strain as one in Twining's letters, and in this case the similarity has been noted by the editor. Of course, there could be no plagiarism on Lamb's part in either instance, but these passages serve as examples of the way in which minds running in the same groove think the same thoughts.

We had marked several passages for quotation and comment, but the space already given to the volume will suffice to illustrate its character. The lover of literature may spend an hour or two delightfully over these pages, and will not be able to imagine that his time has been wasted.

THE SCIENCE OF FORESTS.*

Among the many lessons which are being taught us by Science, in this age of progress, none is, perhaps, of more consequence to mankind in general than the ameliorating effect of arboriculture on soil and climate, a fact now beginning to be generally acknowledged by learned men. In our desire for the increase of cereal crops, we have even in these kingdoms, but more especially in America and in the Colonies, swept away trees and forests with a ruthless hand, going far, in some instances, to cause the earth to return to that state of barrenness in which we find it in many treeless regions. For the want of foliage, increasing, as it does, both the heat and dryness of the air, not only lessens the amount of vapour which is necessary for the health of vegetation, but also has an effect not merely upon the climate of the country in which such a state of things exists, but, in the case of very large clearances, even indirectly upon our own. For these reasons, conjointly with other economic

* *The Forester.* By James Brown, LL.D. Fifth Edition, enlarged. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

considerations, Dr. Brown, in his new edition of his valuable and exhaustive work on forestry, presses upon us most earnestly the necessity of thorough scientific and practical training in arboriculture for all those who have to take any part in the management of woods and forests, and he does not say too much, when he adds that it would be the duty of the English Government to establish a thoroughly-equipped School of Forestry, for the benefit not merely of this country, but of all our colonies and dependencies. It is indeed singular that such teaching should still have to be sought from private and often inadequate sources, and that owners of large properties should, in many cases, be willing to entrust such an important part of their demesnes as their forests to men who are as uneducated as they are unskilful, on the very false ground that the profit derived from their woods is insufficient to warrant the payment of high salaries. Dr. Brown shows very clearly that were the forester possessed of a thorough knowledge of woodcraft, a very considerable profit might in a reasonable time be made; and his arguments ought to have great weight with the owners of forests, who at present, however, would not find it easy to meet with persons really up to their requirements in this branch of science. A forester should, of course, be a good arithmetician, so as to be able to make elaborate calculations and keep proper accounts; he must have a knowledge of grammar, be able to write well, and understand the lower branches of mathematics, that he may take measurements and draw plans; and he ought also to be able to read French and German, since there is much instruction to be obtained from foreign works. Besides all this, he is bound to understand botany, entomology, chemistry, and vegetable physiology, at least to a certain extent. So much for theory. This, however, will avail little, without practical knowledge, which can only be attained by working under a skilled manager. Dr. Brown advises the formation of an Arboricultural Association, composed of leading landed proprietors, and the establishment of a college, say, for a hundred students, such an association being liberally assisted by Government, if, indeed, the whole business should not be undertaken by the State, which possesses so many facilities for carrying it out efficiently. For our own parts, we should advise the combination of instruction in arboriculture with that in horticulture, a national school for the latter science being also a great desideratum; and we do not see why this latter section, at all events, should not be open to women, who might perfectly well become landscape gardeners, and also occupy themselves with the production and culture of both fruit and flowers, departments at present monopolised by a class of specialists.

To return to Dr. Brown's book, however, after asking what is the cause of so much waste land being found in the north of Scotland and in many parts of England, and replying that it is the want of trees to give shelter, and after stating that it is a well-known fact both in Canada and the United States that the yield of the wheat-crop gradually diminishes as the forests are cleared away, and that the heaviest crops of this cereal are found on land sheltered by wood, he goes on to say, "If the population of a country doubles itself every fifty years, where is the supply to come from, in one hundred years hence, if the waste land be not improved by forestry? This is a question which demands serious consideration, and must, upon reflection, point out the influence of planting upon the general welfare of a country. If any piece of waste land, after being drained and ploughed, will yield twenty bushels per acre in a state unsheltered by forest trees, the same land will yield at least thirty-five bushels per acre if judiciously sheltered by them; and from this, we are bound to conclude that the inhabitants of a country have a right to expect that such a state of things should exist. And not only is the community at large benefited by an extended system of improvement, but every proprietor who will plant forest trees not only gives shelter to his fields, but, at the same time, greatly enhances the value of his estate."

As a proof of the drying effects of the absence of trees, the author tells us that he has repeatedly seen in North America the beds of former watercourses under cultivation, and only observable as such by the hollow lines running through the farms, and been told by the settlers that when they first came into the forest a never-failing supply of water ran down these courses, which gradually became dry as the woods were cleared, and that hundreds of families have been obliged to change their locations for want of water from a similar cause. "But," adds Dr. Brown, "we need not go out of Britain, for proofs of the drying effects of injudicious clearing of forests on the land. In our own experience in dealing with woodlands, we have seen, after a large tract of wood had been cleared from the hill-side, springs which had, while the land was covered with trees, yielded a constant supply of water, completely dried up, and there are many who can attest this from observation in respect to similar cases in their own parts of the country."

On the shortsightedness of depending upon foreign countries for our supply of timber, Dr. Brown also strongly insists, remarking with great truth that not only do vast forests everywhere diminish as civilisation extends, but also that, with the increase of that civilisation, the demand for timber increases too, and each country, as it becomes more refined, will have enough to do with its own supply. At present, the United States are depending upon Canada for their useful timber, but Canada consumes an enormous quantity of wood for fuel, and it is already believed, by those who are well acquainted with the subject, that this commodity will before long be not only very scarce there, but very dear. If it be true, as the author asserts—and it is but fair to say that he adduces many proofs of his statements—that, as a general rule, land which is unfit for high farming can, under good management, be made to pay the proprietor, at the end of seventy years, nearly three times the sum of money that he would have received from any other crop upon the same piece of ground, we surely ought to turn our attention to intelligent planting, more especially as we are by no means restricted to the use of the trees which either are or have been for ages indigenous with us, since there is no country so well adapted as ours for the introduction of foreign species; and, as Dr. Brown shows us in his admirable *catalogue raisonné* of the different kinds of trees, there are a great many exotics which we should do well to cultivate. Speaking on this subject, however, he is careful to remind us that only seeds taken from trees growing in an equally cold climate with our own can be expected to produce plants hardy enough to succeed satisfactorily with us, and that it is, therefore, of the highest importance to collect seeds only from trees growing on the high and cold regions of the mountains on which they are found. In acclimatisation—that is to say, in accustoming tender plants to grow in cold climates—Dr. Brown does not believe; and he therefore insists, not merely that the seed-gathering should take place, whenever possible, in a temperature like that in which the tree is expected to grow, but also that, in making new plantations, we should select the young trees very carefully with reference to the sites they are to occupy, not merely having regard to the kind of trees employed, but also to their age and their manner of growth in the nursery. If for a high situation, for example, they must have stood wide in the rows, since very close planting is equivalent to several additional degrees of heat. It is for this reason that injudicious thinning is so especially to be deprecated.

In Continental Europe, forestry is, as we all know, in a much more advanced state than with us, the various Governments taking the lead in efficient management; in Portugal in particular, a great deal is being done in this direction, and much attention is paid to the experimental planting of new coniferæ. We should do well to emulate so good an example. From the study of Dr. Brown's work alone, a man anxious to improve himself in forestry might learn much; and to the general reader also the work is of considerable interest, or at least that large portion of it which is descriptive of the different kinds of trees and their habitats, with the uses to be made of their timber. We find that there are no less than sixty distinct species of the oak, although but two of these are British, the others being chiefly natives of Europe and America; while out of the exceedingly numerous varieties of the pine tribe, the Scotch alone is indigenous to our country, but as this is precisely one of the most useful of the species, we have at least no reason to complain, nor have any of the new kinds of fir trees as yet apparently surpassed in value our old friend the larch,—indeed, although some of the new importations of coniferæ are of undoubted value, the greater portion of them have either not yet had time to prove their useful qualities, or should be cultivated merely for the ornamentation of our parks and gardens. Where the useful only is to be considered, the proprietor who intends planting extensively will do well to read with attention that section of Dr. Brown's work which treats of the kinds of trees which may most profitably be planted in a given part of the country, and in this section we find a most curious enumeration of the requirements of different classes of tradesmen and manu-

facturers, and discover that it is almost as essential to find out what is of value in the nearest market, as it is to know what kind of timber will flourish on a certain tract of land.

TWO CENTURIES OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.*

We have read this book with great care, and some interest. The subject forms a significant portion of the history of England, but the treatment it has received from Mr. Molesworth is far from satisfactory. He has ample materials at his disposal, he can accumulate facts, and in a dry sort of way understands how to relate them. On the other hand, he fails, we think, in passing from the sphere of the chronicler to that of the historian. We look here in vain for an intelligent and comprehensive view of a great subject. Nor is this all. A writer with an unattractive style often compensates his readers for this deficiency by scrupulous exactness, and by a clear perception of the difference between what is of mighty significance and what of trivial importance. Such a man may be solid, if not brilliant, but Mr. Molesworth's *History* is neither one nor the other. The narrative is monotonous, and occasionally it is inaccurate, and appears to have been written with carelessness and haste. Sometimes the author states the exact opposite of the meaning which he wishes to convey, as when he observes, upon page 135, that while under James II. the preachers of Protestantism had full license to attack, the preachers of Catholicism were strictly forbidden to defend; sometimes he fails to conclude a sentence, as may be seen on page 92; sometimes, too, we meet with passages which appear nearly, if not wholly, contradictory. In writing of Bishop Burnet, Mr. Molesworth says, upon one page, that in his writings he shows great unfairness to his opponents, "in whom he can seldom discern any merit whatever;" and on the next that, "in showing courtesy and hospitality to men of all classes and opinions, no English prelate has ever surpassed him." Courtesy to opponents in society may exist with unfairness in the study, but if this is what the writer meant, he should have stated it more plainly. Repetitions also are frequent, and of chronology the writer has a vague impression.

As an historian, Mr. Molesworth strives to be just, and this is surely a great merit. He looks at his subject with honest eyes, and if at times he lacks judgment, he is never wanting in justice. We differ from him at the outset. After agreeing with the late Henry Melvill that the post-Reformation Church was simply a continuation of the Church which had existed before the changes which were made, changes affecting, indeed, its character, but in nowise compromising its existence, the writer adds:—

"But the same cannot be said with regard to another period in the history of the Anglican communion. Then there was a distinct solution of continuity, which admits of no denial. At the period of the Great Rebellion, the State not only separated itself from the Episcopal Church, but violently suppressed it,—substituting for it a Presbyterian Church, forbidding, under severe penalties, the use of its Liturgy, and holding it up to the scorn and hatred of the people. It is not, then, either from Christ and his Apostles, nor yet from the period of the Reformation, that we must date the foundation of the present Established Church of England. If we would seek out its origin, we must come down to a much later period in the history of our country, reckoning from the time when the Stuart dynasty was restored in the person of Charles II., and the Legislature adopted that last great Act of Uniformity, by which she recalled into renewed existence the Church she had previously abolished."

It is quite beside our purpose to argue in favour of Apostolical succession, but we may observe that those who hold that dogma will not find it difficult to reply to this assertion. Let us grant, they may say, that the National Church was violently suppressed from 1642 to 1660, a period of eighteen years; that the hierarchy was dissolved, that 2,000 of the clergy were deprived of their livings, that it became illegal to use a form of prayer or to administer the Sacraments according to Anglican rites. The Church did not cease to exist because the clergy were treated with contempt, or because the rites they held so sacred had to be administered in secret. Bishops and priests did not lose the powers they had received, when restrained by force from exercising them. Is a meadow less a meadow because it is flooded by a violent tempest; and can it be said that a Church ceases to exist because it is thrust down for a time from its high and natural position? We think that Mr. Molesworth's statements will not only be objected to by High Churchmen, but that, in his view of the Church as an Establishment, he makes too much of the temporary success of the Presbyterians, and too much also of that most objectionable measure, the Act of Uniformity. The bigotry and narrowness of the men who forced the Westminster Confession upon Englishmen, and prohibited even the private use of the Book of Common Prayer, was as conspicuous as the bigotry of Laud. They were not more enlightened, they were not more humane, as a rule they were not more devout; and, to use Mr. Molesworth's words, "after having bitterly denounced the tyranny which they had suffered during the reign of Charles I., they had themselves imitated, and even surpassed, the intolerance of which they had so loudly complained." But toleration, unless by a few select souls, was not understood in those days, and even a wise and good man like Baxter confessed that he abhorred it. Presbyterianism was virtually dead in England before the Restoration. It did not suit the genius of Englishmen, and the severity of its discipline was felt to be intolerable. Charles II. and his advisers could never have acted as they did, had not the bulk of the nation been with them; not, indeed, in the licentiousness and political degradation which made the reign of the so-called "Merry Monarch" the worst in our annals, but in their determination to throw off by any means and every means the burden under which they groaned. So sternly had the people been driven in one direction, that they took the other with a bound at the first opportunity. The people, it was said at the time, were "doting on the old service." It may be questioned, indeed, whether the love of it had been ever lost in the country; and if, as Mr. Molesworth observes, the Prayer-book only a few years before had been cast aside with every expression of disgust and disdain, it was from the hands of the dominant party that it suffered this treatment. The case was widely different in Scotland, where Episcopacy and a form of public prayer were at all times obnoxious to the people. In England, devout persons rejoiced in being able once more to worship God after the manner of their fathers; but devotion, despite the influence of such saintly men as Bishop Ken and Jeremy Taylor, was not a strong feature of Restoration Churchmanship. Its power was chiefly felt in the political arena, and the persecution under the Protectorate, when Cromwell's *Triers* formed, as it has been well said, a spiritual court-martial, without a military code to guide them, was re-enacted in another form.

Mr. Molesworth takes what may be called the popular view of the characters of the Second Charles and his brother, and, indeed, there is no other view to take. Charles II. was cruel and unprincipled, because he was a sensualist and loved his ease; James II. was cruel, partly because he had a hard, unforgiving nature, and partly from the sincerity of his convictions. Both of them were bad kings and bad men, but James possessed at least the virtues of sincerity and courage. Truly does the writer say that he was honest, brave, and sincere, and that "the tenacity with which he clung to his religious opinions, not only throughout his short reign, but also after its unfortunate termination, shows that he possessed these qualities in a degree that was very unusual in his day." Both the brothers were as absolute as they could be, and neither of them had the faintest respect for conscientious scruples. William III., on the other hand, did not trouble his head about them. He had not the faintest interest in the ecclesiastical questions that agitated his reign, but handed them over to his wife; yet this indifference, which amounted to contempt, did not give emancipation, or even a limited toleration, to the Roman Catholics, for in the early part of the reign of William and Mary, as the historian reminds us, a Bill was passed "that contained clauses condemning a Roman Catholic priest to fine and imprisonment for life if he said Mass, and that disqualified a Papist from becoming the proprietor of land, either by inheritance or purchase." And similar disqualifications oppressed the Roman Catholics in the reign of Anne. Some of them, although contemptible, were none the less annoying, as, for example, the law that no Papist might purchase a horse above the value of five pounds. "Even the most ardent advocates of civil and religious liberty," says Mr. Molesworth, "the moment that the Catholic Church was in question seemed to cast away their principles, and to become the advocates of the most abominable tyranny and the most flagrant injustice." This is historically true, but the surprise it naturally excites will be lessened when we remember how deeply and comparatively how recently this country had suffered from the tyranny of Rome. No one can excuse the mad doings of a bigot like Lord George Gordon, but it is not difficult to account for them.

Mr. Molesworth exposes the defects of the Church of

* *History of the Church of England, from 1660.* By W. Nassau Molesworth, M.A. London: Kegan Paul and Co. 1882.

England, in the days when formalism and respectability, rather than zeal and piety, marked its rulers; but at its lowest stage, there were always men distinguished by learning and devotion. Bishops of lasting reputation, like Beveridge, Taylor, Sancroft, and Ken, lived in the reigns of Charles II. and his brother; Burnet, Tillotson, and Tenison did their duty honestly in the reign of William and Mary; and in the reigns of the Georges there are names which, like that of Butler and Wesley, must ever stand in the front rank for learning and piety. Mr. Molesworth's *History*, by the way, begins with the Restoration. Such a history demands a notice, however brief, of the great men, whether belonging to the clergy or laity, whose earnestness and wisdom have done more than any mere ecclesiastical arrangements to elevate the character of the Church of England. The true history of a Church is the history of its members, a fact of which, judging from a passage in the preface, the author seems to be aware. Yet this important branch of his subject is, for the most part, neglected. Sancroft, Tillotson, and Ken obtain, perhaps, sufficient recognition; Sheldon and Baxter, also, are not neglected; but Jeremy Taylor is not mentioned, or is barely mentioned; and in a curious sentence, which implies that the influence of the following laymen was "at work about the same time," he is content to link together, without any discriminative comment, the names of Nelson, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Burke, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilberforce.

The last chapter of the volume relates the history of the Oxford Tracts, of the Gorham case, of the Papal aggression, of the Church Union and the Church Association. Men, as well as measures, appear in this chapter, in which Maurice and Kingsley are granted a page and a half between them, while more than two pages are devoted to Mr. Voysey. We may note, in conclusion, that Mr. Molesworth states he was unacquainted with Messrs. Abbey and Overton's well-known work, published, we believe, in 1878, *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, until a great part of his book was already in type. "I will, therefore," he adds, "content myself with remarking that their work is of a different character from mine, and intended for a different class of readers."

MR. PICTON'S LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.*

That the reading public takes interest in the history of England during the seventeenth century seems to be proved by the large number of books written upon the subject. Nor is this surprising, for the seventeenth century is, for practical purposes, our transition time between past and present, the period when, in din of battle and clamour of controversy, our affairs were getting placed on their modern footing, and the terms of that partnership between England and Scotland, that arrangement between Church and State, that compromise between Crown and Parliament, which have since been, in the main, preserved, were being settled. And yet we are convinced that ignorance of our history during the seventeenth century is widely prevalent and very dense. The literature of the time, except here and there a book, has become obsolete. Its watchwords, its party cries, its nicknames, its dominant ideas, have passed away. Not long ago, Mr. Harrison, a man of information and intelligence far above the average, called Milton, in one of his pieces of fervently eloquent declamation, the "great malignant." The words might thrill Milton's bones with horror, after their rest of two hundred years. To apply the term "maliguant" to Milton is what it would be to call Gambetta "the bold Imperialist." The word expressed, more perhaps than any other, that combination of fury and hatred with which the Puritan and Parliament party regarded the party of prerogative and of prelacy.

This train of reflection has been strongly pressed upon us in looking over Mr. Allanson Picton's volume upon Cromwell. It is in many respects meritorious. Mr. Picton is an able, careful, studiously candid writer. No man could approach the subject with more sincere purpose to speak the truth. He has read a good deal in the authorities, has mastered Cromwell's letters, and does not, we think, fall into serious mistakes on matters of detail. True, we have not hunted for such, but if there were many they would have come in our way; and we recollect nothing more important than the statement that Carlyle does not give a letter of Cromwell's containing a notable allusion to Naseby, which letter Mr. Picton will find in Appendix No. 9 of Carlyle's book, third edition.

His account of Cromwell's early life is remarkably clear and ample,—perhaps a little, but certainly not much, too ingeniously imaginative in fitting the circumstances of Cromwell's boyhood to his future career. In the general estimate of Cromwell, we find a great deal to admire and accept. Mr. Picton has the right notion of Cromwell as a mass of rugged energy and lightning-like genius, thoroughly imbued and inspired with what Hume called enthusiasm, what German discoursers on the philosophy of history would call the religious idea, and what he himself called faith in God. Need we say more to evince our belief that this volume is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject?

Nevertheless, Mr. Picton's book illustrates the extreme difficulty of attaining to a really deep and intelligent apprehension of the motives and objects, the good qualities and the shortcomings, the opinions and the sentiments, the party distinctions and real causes of misunderstanding, among our ancestors of the seventeenth century. He often strikes us as writing like an outsider,—an outsider who, standing on the wall of a city, can discern the costume and movements, and even to some extent the features, of those who people its streets, but has no inner vision of their hearts and souls. His temper is that of a philosophico-religious critic of great mental serenity; and he has to judge of men who were in the throes of intense excitement. He does not give us the atmosphere of the time, with its terrible vibrations. It is in this respect that, despite grave drawbacks, Carlyle has value,—nay, even transcendent value, as an historian. He has not only the Homeric breadth and vividness of narrative, but that intense Homeric sympathy which, as we read the *Iliad*, makes us feel that the poet lives in his own Achilles. Carlyle is, indeed, the Homer of revolutions, and chiefly of the Puritan revolution. He entered into the stern enthusiasm of the men who rose against Charles, with the impassioned sympathy of a Puritan or a Covenanter born out of due time. Even Carlyle, however, did to some slight extent, though less beyond all comparison than previous writers, translate the language of the seventeenth century into that of the nineteenth; and it may be reasonably doubted whether Cromwell would have endorsed at all points the exposition and vindication of his character and purposes tendered by his most celebrated worshipper.

But Mr. Picton is much less capable of feeling as Puritans and Covenanters felt than the son of the grim Presbyterian peasant of Ecclefechan. He makes us aware, at a critical and crucial stage in his narrative, that such a thing as popular theological enthusiasm—such a thing as a nation caring intensely about questions of doctrine and Church government—has not been imaginatively apprehended by him. But here we come upon the *differentia* of the Puritan period. Mr. Picton has not realised the truly singular, yet strictly historical phenomenon of an England and a Scotland in which, for the great body of the people, from squires, well-to-do farmers, and merchants, down to ploughmen and apprentices, the points in dispute between Papist and Protestant, between Arminian and Calvinist, between Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Independent, were matters of an interest as intense and consuming as that which Jacobins of 1794 took in their Republic, or that which Reformers of 1831 took in their Bill. He says that the grievance of "the English people" against Charles, Laud, and Strafford "had been mainly that of illegal impositions, and only secondarily that of religious persecution." This we hold to be the most comprehensively fatal error into which it is possible for any man to fall in treating of the history of Great Britain in the seventeenth century. Without forgetting for one moment that the popular party was resolutely bent upon placing the political liberties of the country on an impregnable basis, and making Parliament not the mere instrument and appanage of the Sovereign, but authoritative, in the last resort, over the Sovereign himself, we, nevertheless, are absolutely certain that the main impelling fervour of the Revolution was religion.

How any one can read Milton's pamphlets, and in particular that apostrophe to England sitting like a mother bereaved of her children, who had been driven into the wilderness of the West, and yet think that it was for exemption from taxes, and not for freedom to worship God according to conscience, that the Puritans drew the sword, we are unable to comprehend. When we speak, however, of the Puritan demand for liberty to worship God according to conscience, we must beware of the almost equally fatal error of supposing that they fought for what we

* *Oliver Cromwell: the Man and his Mission.* By J. Allanson Picton. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co. 1882.

moderns understand by toleration. That was not, in England at least, the contention of the time. Toleration was on the way; the century was not to close before, with the aid of Dutch William, our perverse ancestors found themselves grudgingly and grumblingly compelled to adopt it; but the generation of the Civil Wars had, for *their* special work in connection with toleration, to demonstrate, amid bloodshed and heartburning, that civilisation had become impossible without it, that its evolution was a necessity of progressive national life. If we would understand the Puritan Revolution, we must realise that *no one* in the time of the Long Parliament was tolerant. Some men were vastly more tolerant than others. Milton and Cromwell distanced the great body of their contemporaries in this matter. But Cromwell fiercely refused to tolerate the Mass even in Ireland, and Milton expressly held that Roman Catholics could not be tolerated. Indeed, the English of that age, even the foremost of them, were hardly on a level with men of light and leading on the Continent. Richelieu's scheme of toleration embraced Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, and Cromwell, while claiming privileges for members of the Reformed Church in France, avowed himself unable to meet Mazarin half-way by granting at home what he asked for abroad.

What rendered the problem of arrangement and pacification amid the contending parties impossible in England, except by the transmutation of Cromwell's sword into a sceptre, was that each party made conscience of finality for its *own* principle. Had the Episcopalians been able to tolerate the Presbyterians, or the Presbyterians to tolerate the Independents, the sword might never have been drawn, or would have been soon restored to its sheath. Mr. Picton frankly admits that, when the Independents had their own chance, in America, they were as intolerant as the others. This fact will present to us no difficulty, and cause us little offence, if we apprehend that each party believed itself to possess the very truth of God, and conceived that all other doctrines were more or less hateful and insulting to Him. It was not to escape a dreaded spiritual despotism, it was to procure liberty to adopt their own model of doctrine and discipline, that the Independents came to a quarrel with the Presbyterians. Mr. Picton concedes, with his usual candour, that the inquisitorial despotism of Presbyterianism, of which he speaks, has never been exemplified. But he might have added that the Presbyterian Churches have everywhere been conspicuously self-contented; that in Scotland (where the Presbyterian system, whatever he may suppose to the contrary, was in operation in absolute perfection during the ascendancy of the Covenanters), all Dissent has originated in the wish of the people to be *more* Presbyterian than the State Church; and that neither in Scotland nor in America has Presbyterianism been other than a nurse of political freedom. Accustomed to the Congregational discipline, under which the Church satisfies itself that every member is in a state of grace, Mr. Picton omits the enormously important consideration, as bearing on the question of inquisitorial despotism, that the Presbyterian Churches have always made membership depend not upon proof afforded of personal grace, but upon such reasonable presumption thereof as is afforded by a satisfactory acquaintance with Biblical doctrine and an externally unblemished walk. Let it not be fancied that we are pleading the cause of Presbyterianism, or maintaining that the Presbyterians of the Long Parliament were, on the whole, justified in coming to a breach with the Army and with Cromwell. What we say is, that Mr. Picton, in expatiating on the general principle of toleration, misses the mark in respect of the *particular grievance* complained of by the Independents. The hardship was that they, who had been the forlorn hope in the struggle, should be stigmatised as "Sectaries," and not permitted to practise their own worship. How, the modern reader asks, could the Parliament, led by the Presbyterians, make so monstrous a proposal? The answer is that, *on parchment*, their case was very strong. In the Grand Remonstrance, the manifesto of the popular party on the eve of the conflict with the King, it is expressly and pointedly declared that no liberty is claimed for the separate Congregational model. In the League or Covenant drawn up between the Parliament and the Scots, when the Army of the latter entered England, before the great battle of Marston Moor, the clause relating to the ecclesiastical arrangement to be adopted in England was, probably through the adroitness of Vane, left ambiguous, but the Presbyterians could reasonably argue that its meaning had been determined by the specifications of the Grand Remonstrance. In one word, the Presbyterians had a lawyer's case; Cromwell and the Army planted their feet on natural justice. No previous understandings, no parchment provisions, said Cromwell and his men, could justify the Parliament in decreeing that the soldiers of Naseby and Preston, if they wished to serve God in the manner of the so-called Sectaries, must follow their brethren to the wilds of America.

We have said that, in matters of detail, Mr. Picton is generally right, but we cannot add that he has presented a quite accurate view of the great forces and influences that played a part in the Revolutionary commotions of England in the seventeenth century. Can it be believed that the name of Charles's Queen does not occur in Mr. Picton's index? He seems wholly oblivious to the part she played in the troubles. Yet we have it under the King's hand that it was to save her that he took steps at the most critical moments, and nothing can be surer than that, had she been away, all would have been different.

MR. GRENVILLE-MURRAY'S ACQUAINTANCES.*

No doubt, as the preface tells us, the author of this book, "during a long and chequered experience of life . . . . . had opportunities of seeing a great deal," and of gleaning "an ample store of material" for "contemporaneous portraiture." Nevertheless, the "People I have met" are by no means true types of English society as it is, or, indeed, for the matter of that, as it ever was, though, doubtless, thirty or forty years ago some of the traits described might have been more frequently observed than at the present day.

About the time when the lively author of that brilliant and incisive satire, *The Roving Englishman*, a book that did much good in its day, may have been contemplating his first essays in literature, the legends embodied in Thackeray's wicked Marquis, in Warren's smooth-mannered physician full of grim experiences, and in the stock lawyer of the popular novelist laden with dreadful mysteries, were accepted almost as social facts. But the world knows itself better in the last than in the second or third quarter of the nineteenth century. It has ceased to put faith in the special wickedness of "old Earls," or the mysterious puissance of "family solicitors," and most of these sketches will owe whatever popularity they may attain simply to their amusingness, as clever presentments of recently extinct myths. Not that all of them are of this character. The "family solicitors" of real life do not, like Mr. Vellumson, live on the basement floors of their offices; but dwell in big houses, built in sunny suburban aspects, surrounded by large, well-kept gardens, containing, perhaps, an acre of "glass." Nor do they resort to a species of "chantage" to force even Dukes to do justice, still less do they pocket the interest on trust funds confided to their care, in addition to any usual per-centage, which is, we should imagine, where charged at all, much below five per cent. But the "usurer" is still among us, and Mr. Benoni Crabbe, with face "clean-shaven, save for about an inch of cropped whisker just before his ears," awakened eyes like those of a "pig in the wind," fox-like face, and massive jaw, is much too easily found by those whom their vices, follies, or misfortunes compel to seek his pernicious services. The money-lender is, indeed, a permanent type of society, and has presented pretty much the same characteristics in all ages,—no rogue, but what, perhaps, is a more dangerous personage, a callously merciless, honest man. His life of concentrated selfishness is, however, commonly a joyless one. Mr. Benoni Crabbe had but a single pleasure, the trivial amusement of breeding canaries. The portrait of the "College Don" is a most pleasing one, and, despite current notions to the contrary, is not too flattering a sketch of the modern University dignitary. The glimpse given of the late Regius Professor of Hebrew bears witness to the grateful veneration in which he is held by all who came within the sphere of his influence. Of Mr. Wyse, the "Bachelor," the traits are drawn with vigour and a good deal of fidelity to a type commoner in England perhaps than in any other country, and of which not a few examples may be seen disconsolately shuffling from one club-room to another, or yawning over the damp second edition of the *Times*, yet always with a certain air of self-complacency and self-contained-ness. One would be glad to meet governesses as charming and high-souled as Miss Beauchamp, the daughter of the clever Civil-Service clerk, who had never dared to give up a certainty for an uncertainty, and at sixty was a "nervous, dejected, old person,

* *People I Have Met.* By E. C. Grenville-Murray. Illustrated from Designs by Fred Barnard. London: Vizetelly and Co. 1883.

with six grown-up daughters, all unmarried, and five hundred a year," tortured, to boot, by a constant dread of supernumnation. There are, perhaps, many Miss Beauchamps, but few of them have the luck to find themselves residuary legatees of a rejected suitor, and we are afraid it is rather an optimistic view that self-sacrifice and steady good-conduct seldom go unrewarded. "Le Nouveau Riche" is, perhaps, the cheeriest of these portraits. But our author, going beyond Juvenal, not only scorns pedigrees and long descent, but falls down in an ecstasy before new-made wealth. "Pick out half-a-dozen or a score of them [nouveaux riches] in any country of the world," he exclaims, "and see how advantageously they will bear comparison with the titular nobles, both in mental and physical development." Still, among the merits of the richest Englishman of his generation was the fact that "he looked, spoke, and acted like a Conservative Duke."

The key-note of Mr. Grenville-Murray's writings is a detestation of the aristocratic and official classes, to both of which he belonged. "I would rather," he makes his typical lawyer say, "I would rather that a son of mine broke stones upon the road than that he entered the public service. Neither his fortune nor his character is ever safe there, for he may be condemned to utter ruin without a trial." No less a personage than the Master of Muriel, giving advice to a friend, exclaims, "Now, and at all times in England, it is, and has been, a very wise thing to be on prudent terms with persons of quality. Rank has many methods of exalting itself at other men's expense, in these islands, and very small scruple in using them." But the satire is too bitter to be amusing, and too infected with a tone of personal resentment to make much impression on the reader, who feels that he is not listening to an impartial judge.

Mr. Grenville-Murray was a genre painter, preferring striking effects and dramatic contrasts, to those subtle touches and subdued methods which suggest rather than blurt out the story. After *The Roving Englishman*, we like, on the whole, *French Pictures in English Chalks* and *The Member for Paris* more than any of his other writings. He was, indeed, of a French rather than an English turn of mind, a *beau raconteur*, fluent, keen, and fertile, but superficial. He possessed to the full the French quality of never being dull; his pages sparkle with cleverness and with a shrewd wit, caustic or cynical at times, but by no means excluding a due appreciation of the softer virtues of women and the sterner excellences of men. We cannot say that the present volume will prove much of an aid to what Pope calls the proper study of mankind, but those who look to it for amusement, and not for instruction, will not be disappointed. It is only right to add that these sketches are free from slang, and are, indeed, throughout written in a clear, lively, unaffected style.

We have left ourselves no space to give Mr. Barnard's illustrations the notice they deserve. Among the best of them are the portraits of the "Usurer," in which the keenness, and cold, joyless nature of the character are well brought out; the scene where the "Butler" is discovered drunk by his sly rival—a subject quite after Mr. Barnard's heart—the "Bachelor," whose easy, self-complacent air is admirably rendered; and the pretty "Favourite Daughter," whose sweet face makes the reader sigh the deeper over her silliness. The talent of the artist is, indeed, akin to that of the author, and the result of the combination is a book that once taken up can hardly be laid down until the last page is perused.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Alirabi; or, the Banks and Bankers of the Nile. By a Hadji of Hyde Park. (Blackwood.)—If this volume could be looked at simply as a story, it would probably be found entertaining enough by the ordinary reader. The adventures of Mrs. Chrysanthema Warwick, the lively and fascinating widow of a banker, with, or on account of, Alirabi, an officer in the Egyptian Army, who becomes her mad worshipper, are told with much liveliness, although we think the incident of her running away with a baby crocodile is rather forced and farcical. Besides, we are not quite sure that Chrysanthema does justice to Alirabi. She gives him up, because he is accused of the murder of his senior officer, which is one of the most melodramatic episodes of the story. But his guilt is certainly "not proven." The writer shows undoubted knowledge of Cairo, and of Bedouin and Coptic characteristics; and there are in his pages some lurid revelations of domestic Egyptian life, and of the oppressed condition of the wretched Fellaheen. Yet the reader of *Alirabi* is uneasily conscious all the time he is perusing it that he is being hoaxed by the author, that the book is a squib on the late military rebellion in Egypt—as such, indeed, it looks as if it had been rather hurriedly prepared—and that he cannot find the key to it. There are passages in *Alirabi* of the kind popularly known as "graphic," which recall the style of more than one veteran author of the day. It may, indeed, be the first vigorous effort of a new writer, or a piece of somewhat "scamp work" by an "old hand" who delights in mystifications.

Mollie Darling. By Lady Constance Howard. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—The author of this novel, doubtless, means well. Her sympathies are with right and goodness, such as she conceives them to be, but she has not a very judicious way of showing them. She thinks, for instance, that Circe Dysart is a bold, bad woman, and much disapproves of her *liaison* with Mollie's husband; but to describe the love-scenes between them, is not exactly the best way of pointing her moral. Indeed, even her good people are dangerously given to the practice of kissing. Geoffrey Adair, who is supposed to be a paragon, kisses a certain Vivienne, a married woman, after having told her plainly more than once that he loves her. It is something worse than bad-taste to talk of this kiss as being "such as we give to our beloved dead." Lord Mark, another paragon of virtue, kisses the heroine, in a scene which, to our mind at least, seems a little too warmly coloured. We cannot help wondering who are the readers for whom Lady Constance writes. Do the ladies of the class to whom she belongs really like what would certainly make less highly placed women blush? As for the form in which this very doubtful matter is presented to us, it is, to say the least, remarkable. Here is a sentence which describes the way a would-be profligate feels for Circe's lover:—"Happily, his conduct will not be so iniquitous as that of the man he is now envying with all that organ called his heart, as, being only a few years removed from a babe in the nursery, and under age, he has not yet caused one more unhappy woman to wish it had pleased Providence not to create her, by the misery of becoming his neglected wife."

The Greater Poems of Virgil. Edited by J. B. Greenough. Vol. I. (Ginn, Heath, and Co., Boston, U.S.)—This first volume contains the *Bucolics* and Books I. to VI. of the *Æneid*, a curious departure from custom, and, we may add, from correctness, hardly justified by considerations of convenience. One valuable feature of the edition is the copious illustration from ancient wall-paintings, vases, coins, and the like. This valuable, we might almost say indispensable, addition is made in a simple and inexpensive fashion, and is highly to be commended. There is nothing specially noteworthy about the annotation, which, though generally useful, and especially praiseworthy for its brevity and compression, is not free from fault. In Ecl. ix., 48, "quo segetes gauderent frugibus," the note, "gauderent, subj. of purpose," is inadequate. The tense requires explanation, as it is difficult to take *processit*, in the preceding line, otherwise than as a perfect. In *Æneid* vi., 11, the unusual rhythm of "mentem animumque" should have been noticed. In l. 22, "Stat ductis sortibus urna" should have more than the remark, "ductis sortibus, abl. absol." *Ductis* looks very like an unusual *present* participle passive, as the artist must be supposed to have chosen for the subject of his representation the agony of suspense while the lots were being drawn. In l. 620, the anomaly of Phlegyas' call to repentance addressed to those who were hopelessly doomed deserves some notice. The ingenious transposition that has been suggested in the passage beginning "Quisque suos patimur Manes" should have been mentioned. We may not choose to adopt it, but it solves a difficulty. In l. 818, "fasces receptos" is not adequately explained by "wrested by Brutus from the kings, and restored to the aristocracy." The aristocracy never had possessed the power. The note on "paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis"—"since their power was about equal"—is surely very frigid. It is better taken as proleptically descriptive of civil strife, where both combatants are similarly accoutred. The volume contains a vocabulary covering the whole of Virgil.

American Humourists. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. (Chatto and Windus.)—Mr. Haweis's book is disappointing. In the first place, the style is unpleasing, even provoking. The writer arranges what he has to say in little snippets of paragraphs. Such paragraphs are tolerable only at very rare intervals, when there is something very weighty to be said. Mr. Haweis uses them for the most trivial and common-place statements. Then the matter itself is, for the most part, poor; there is nothing striking in the criticism, and the extracts do not show much judgment in selection. The first lecture, "Washington Irving," gives a most imperfect account of its subject; the lighter humour of "Knickerbocker's History," for instance, is wholly unrepresented. The second and third, dealing with O. W. Holmes and J. R. Lowell, are no better. The greater part of them has nothing to do with the humorous characteristics of these writers. If a writer gives us extracts from "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," how can he omit that most side-splitting account of the island of Sumatra? But Mr. Haweis

has far too much to say for himself, and far too little for his authors. A lecturer, like a biographer, should be willing to efface himself. Mr. Haweis we should judge to be anything but willing. In the lecture on "Artemus Ward," his personal experiences come in very opportunely. It was a happy chance that brought so thoroughly an appreciative listener to Mr. Charles Browne's lecture. He describes it admirably, in a way that brings back the reality to any one who was present, as the present writer can testify, in the most vivid way. The two remaining lectures, "Mark Twain" and "Bret Harte" are better than the three which stand first in the volume, in proportion as their subjects are easier to deal with.

The Blackest of Lies, by Albany de Fonblanque (Remington), is a very unpleasant story about very unpleasant people, such as a hysterical clergyman and a Jesuit Father who is given to thieving and poisoning, and a lady who drinks to excess and elopes with a boy. Even the heroine finds herself in such unfortunate circumstances and in such peculiar company, that the telling of "black" lies to her discredit is no matter for surprise. Yet the story is told with some vigour, and one character, that of an American Judge, who knows his mind and can express it, is so well drawn that we are sure Mr. de Fonblanque could do much better than he has done in these three volumes, if he tried.

Nature Studies. By Grant Allen, Andrew Wilson, Thomas Foster, Edward Clodd, and Richard A. Proctor. (Wyman and Son.)—This is another pleasant volume added to the "Knowledge" library. Out of the twenty-four essays which it contains there is not one which may not be read with pleasure, even though the reader have but the very slightest tinge, or even no tinge at all, of science. The first is a memorial of Charles Darwin, brief, but giving an effective view of his services to science; and the second is a very eloquent and able comparison of the same great philosopher with Newton. Of the others, we may single out for notice "Intelligence in Animals," with the general conclusion of which, that animals do exercise reason, most readers of the *Spectator* will probably agree; "Strange Sea-monsters," which takes up a very reasonable position about the "sea-serpent"; a very instructive paper by Mr. Grant Allen about "Our Ancestors"; "Found Links," by Dr. Andrew Wilson; and "Brain Troubles," a subject of engrossing interest, we need hardly say, to all who write, and not a few of those who read. It is comforting to be told that the loss of memory, which is one of the most amazing as well as alarming symptoms of advancing years, often indicates a temporary rather than a permanent weakening of the brain-power. In "A Wonderful Discovery," Mr. Proctor exposes the hoax which doubtless took in some readers of the newspapers, that means had been found in Australia of freezing animals into insensibility, and restoring them to life when they were wanted. He might have added to his paper a very apposite illustration, in M. Edmond About's famous tale, "L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée," in which a French colonel of the First Empire, frozen in the year 1813, wakes up to life some fifty years afterwards, much to the discomfort of the new generation. We cannot agree with Mr. Clodd in ranking "ghosts" with "the predictions in Zadkiel's 'Vox Stellarum.'" In another paper, Mr. Proctor quotes from Dr. Carpenter words which are apposite to this matter,—"Every one who admits that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy' will be wise in maintaining a 'reserve of possibility' as to phenomena which are not altogether *opposed* to the laws of physics or physiology,' but rather *transcend* them." That men exist after death is certainly probable; that they may appear to the living is not "opposed to any law of physics or physiology."

Eve Lester. By Alice Mangold Diehl. (Bentley.)—The girl who gives her name to this novel shows force in her vigorous efforts to overcome the obstacles that a bad education has placed between her and a life of true womanhood, and her portrait has been carefully finished. It is difficult, however, to have patience with her half-mad father and his wretched Brotherhood of Freedom, or her lover, Ross Grant—or Grant Ross—with his morbid imaginings, his habit of lecturing, and his strange hospital or menagerie. If Miss Diehl would wait a little before she writes again, forget all about the course of loose, pseudo-philosophical reading she has evidently gone through, and pay strict attention to English grammar, she might produce a fair story.

The Mississippi, by Francis Vinton Greene (Trübner), is the eighth of a series of volumes descriptive of the campaigns of the American Civil War. So far as maps, statistics, and actual narration of military movements are concerned, it may be found useful. But the style is exceedingly dull, and the author shows too clearly on which side his sympathies lie.

Melodramatic vigour, strong situations, and ejaculations in very dubious French and German, are the leading features of *On Dangerous Ground*, by Edith Stewart Drewry. (F. V. White.)—Lady Glen-Luna, the would-be murderess and social panther of the story, shows some originality in her designs against her invalid step-son, for instance, in causing an accident to the lift in which he is taken from one part of his house to another, and in throwing at his head, in the capacity of private secretary, a fascinating woman who is separated from her husband. But no other merit can be assigned to a very crude literary performance.

Weighed and Wanting. By George Macdonald, LL.D. (S. Low.)—This is probably the poorest and least pleasant story Dr. Macdonald has ever published. The Raymounts are a disagreeable family; there is not a truly manly or womanly character in the whole book; and there are some disagreeable incidents, such as the horsewhipping administered by a father not only to his son, but to that wretched weakling's wife. Dr. Macdonald must not allow the pious children he is so fond of to indulge in something very like blasphemy. Little Mark Raymount, who figures in *Weighed and Wanting* as the spokesman of the author's favourites, is simply repulsive, when he comes on the stage with his "Dear God" and "Good-bye, God," and "How happy Jesus must have been when he went back to his papa," and "You know if God were to go to sleep, and forget his little Mark, then he would forget that he was God, and would not wake again." Dr. Macdonald should go through a course of the Calvinism of his native country, or of Carlylian "mysticism." Neither of these is irreverent, or teaches aught but reverence, in the presence of the Eternities and the Immensities.

William I., German Emperor, and King of Prussia. By W. Beatty-Kingston. (Routledge.)—Mr. Kingston was special correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph* during the Franco-German war, and its representative at Berlin during the seven following years. Of these opportunities he has made use to write this agreeable little memoir of the Emperor. We cannot, of course, look to it for a thorough and searching analysis of his character as a ruler. For this, the time has not yet come. But the book does what it professes to do satisfactorily. The vindication of William I.'s conduct during the troubles of 1848 is noteworthy. The Crown Prince, as he then was, had no authority whatever in the capital, and steadily refused to give any orders. It is probable that his sympathies were not with the popular party, and that the inhabitants of Berlin perceived this, and hated him for it; but it is tolerably clear that he *did* nothing to deserve the odium which necessitated his temporary exile.

Sweet Inisfail. By Richard Dowling. (Tinsley Brothers.)—This is not one of Mr. Dowling's best stories; indeed, it has every appearance of having been written in a hurry. Otherwise, nearly one-half of a volume would not have been devoted to a conflict in a bedroom between an Irish carman and Frederick Manton, murderer in intention, and chief villain and nuisance of the story. The heroine is a mere phantom; we obtain no information about "sweet Inisfail," and have but little that smacks of Ireland, except the humour of the carman Doherty, and the egotism of a constable ambitious of promotion. Yet there are scenes and situations in *Sweet Inisfail* marked by that peculiar descriptive power which Mr. Dowling has at his command, and it would have been in every way enjoyable had it been compressed within the limits of one volume.

The Married Women's Property Act (1882): *What it Does, and What it Does Not Do.* (Ward and Lock.)—Here we have a review of the state of the law relating to the status of married women as it was up to January 1st, 1883, and the changes wrought in it by the legislation of last Session. We may hope that most households will go quietly on without any appeal to this new legislation; but it is well to know what it has really done, nor could this be better learnt than from this little handbook.

For King and Kent, by Colonel Colomb (Remington), is far too long and discursive; and the plot is very loosely constructed. The story of the rising of the men of Kent on behalf of Charles I. is sufficiently healthy, and even enjoyable, if the reader accepts or adopts the Cavalier stand-point. Colonel Colomb has, further, shown considerable skill in giving his characters the proper historical costumes, and in placing the proper historical language in their mouths. If he had said all he had to say in one volume, we should have had only favourable criticism for it and him.

A Royal Warren; or, Picturesque Rambles in the Isle of Purbeck. By C. E. Robinson, M.A. (Typographic Etching Company.)—We have more to say in praise of the illustrations than of the letterpress in this volume. Mr. Robinson is sometimes jocose, after Dickens's least effective manner; sometimes pathetic and picturesque, with but indifferent success, and not unfrequently very vague in his constructions. But he writes with enthusiasm, and he knows the country which he describes very well. A book written under these conditions is sure to have some value, and we may be content to put up with its defects. The etchings are distinctly good, elegant, perhaps, rather than powerful, but certainly pleasing and effective.

My Beautiful Daughter, by Percy B. St. John (J. and R. Maxwell), is full to overflowing of old-fashioned love-affairs and villainies, and is written in crisp paragraphs, on an average not more than two or three lines in length. Mr. St. John's villains are all arrange-

ments in the blackest of black, and he hurries over his ground like the "Flying Dutchman," till Rupert Leslie, the "superior fiend" of the whole, is stabbed, gets a glass of brandy, and dies. The effect of the hurry on the reader is rather bewildering, but not unpleasant.

Talbot's Folly. By W. B. Guiuee. (Tinsley Brothers.)—This is a story with a well-constructed plot, and full of a humour which, if rather broad and rollicking, is enjoyable, if too much of it is not taken at a time. Talbot, the hero, is a spirited young fellow, and the "Blossom," with whom his "folly" brings him into the relations of fiction, is a pleasing contrast to the young ladies who figure in ordinary novels of the day. Wellbore, as a typical Member of Parliament, is, however, a mere caricature; and political life generally is looked at too much from the stand-point of the Reporters' Gallery. If, however, *Talbot's Folly* is a first effort, it is more than ordinarily promising.

We cannot profess to be acquainted with the subject of *The Practical Pigeon-keeper*, by Lewis Wright (Cassell and Co.), but we may commend it to the notice of those who are interested in the matter. The writer's "Practical Poultry-keeper" has been a success, and we do not doubt that this manual, which seems thorough and exhaustive in its treatment, will prove equally satisfactory.

We have before us *The Vazír of Laukurán: a Persian Play.* Edited, with translation, &c., by W. H. D. Haggard and G. le Strange. (Trübner and Co.)—The play is a recent Persian translation from the original, written in Azerbaijan Turkish, and its suitability for its present purpose, the convenience of travellers, &c., is that it contains, not the classical, but the colloquial Persian of the day. The editors supply, besides the text and English translation, a grammatical introduction, notes, and a vocabulary, with the words marked for pronunciation.

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 1883. Edited by R. H. Mair, LL.D. (Dean and Son.)—*Debrett* now appears for the 170th time, containing about two months' later information than can be procured from kindred works. Hitherto confined to relating facts anent living members of the nobility and of those collaterally related to them, the present volume contains upwards of sixty pages of information referring to predecessors of Peers.

New Editions.—*Life of Lord Wolseley.* By Charles Rathbone Low, I.N. (R. Bentley and Son.)—This is the second and enlarged edition of a book first published in 1878. Mr. Lowe has now added to it an account of Sir Garnet Wolseley's administration in Cyprus, his doings, military and political, in South Africa, when he went out to succeed Lord Chelmsford, and finally, his campaign in Egypt. Mr. Low, as those who know his books are aware, does well all the work that he takes in hand; in this case, he seems to have had the advantage of unusual acquaintance with the subject of his memoir. His narrative derives fresh interest throughout from personal reminiscences with which he has thus been able to illustrate it. Fresh interest has naturally been given to a volume which we had the pleasure of welcoming at the time of its first appearance.——*Boy-life; Sundays in Wellington College*, 1859-1873. By E. W. Benson. (Macmillan and Co.)—There are forty-seven sermons in all, divided into three books. We cannot do better than hope that the Archbishop's utterances may be as appropriate and effective as were those of the Head Master.——We have received the second part of Vol. II. of an excellent publication, of which we have already spoken with well-deserved commendation, *The Encyclopædic Dictionary.* (Cassell and Co.)—The speciality of this work, we may remind our readers, is to give not only the meaning and usage of a word, but when it stands for an art, a science, an object in nature or art, to give a brief description, illustrated, when occasion demands, by an engraving. The part before us takes in from "Conation" to "Destructionist."—— A second edition of T. Hancock's sermons, *Christ and the People.* (Hodges.)——The fifth edition of *Handbook to the Masterly Series*, by Thomas Prendergast. (Longmans.)

Books Received.—*Contributions to the Physical History of the British Isles*, by C. Hull. (Stanford.)—*Salaminia.* By A. Palma di Cesnola and S. Birch. (Trübner.) This book is an interesting and well got-up illustrated history of the treasures of Salamis, in the island of Cyprus.—*Notes on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians* (Kegan Paul and Co.), intended for readers of the Authorised Version, or the original Greek.—*Brand's Decisions*, by E. G. Blackmore. (Spiller.)—Volume V. of the serial illustrated edition of *Our Own Country.* (Cassell.)—Volume II. of the *Sunbeam Library*, containing reprints of Whyte Melville's "Kate Coventry" and "The Interpreter," and Trench's "Realities of Irish Life."—*Australian Aborigines*, by J. Dawson (Robertson, Melbourne), the vocabulary of native languages, in which will be useful to missionaries, emigrants, and settlers.—*Electric Illumination*, edited by J. Dredge, with abstracts of specifications, prepared by W. L. Wire; being Volume I. of the "Engineering Series," compiled from or reprinted from the *Engineer*, and published at the office of that newspaper.—*The Incorporated Law Society Calendar for* 1883.—*A Dictionary of Christian Biography*, edited by W. Smith, and H. Wace, (Murray.) Vol. III., "Hermogenes—Myensis."—*The Boundary Disputes of Connecticut*, by C. W. Bowen. (Osgood and Co., Boston, U.S.; Trübner and Co., London.)—*A Synopsis of Moral and Ascetical Theology*, &c., by J. A. Skinner, M.A. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—*The Law of Master and Servant*, by J. Macdonnell, M.A. Parts I. and II., "Common Law" and "Statute Law." (Stevens and Sons.)—*History of the Boehm Flute*, by C. Welch, M.A. (Rudall, Carte, and Co.)—*Principles of Agriculture*, by W. T. Lawrence. (Chambers.)—*A Summary of Tactics*, by H. F. Morgan (Ward and Co.), intended as a companion volume to the "Summary of Military Law," issued by the same publishers.—*How to Help Cases of Distress*, by C. S. Loch. (Longmans.)—*The Dismal Science*, by William Dillon (Gill, Dublin), is not so much a treatise on political economy, as an essay by a student, who has also the advantage—or disadvantage—of being an Irishman. The author has read a good number of the popular works on the subject of which he treats, and seems to have become infected, to some extent, with the Georgian and Reciprocitarian heresies.—*Pen-and-Ink Sketches on Military Subjects*, by "Ignotus" (W. H. Allen and Co.), is a series of articles reprinted from a weekly contemporary. We agree with some, we probably disagree with more, of the special views in regard to military reform advocated by "Ignotus." But he invariably writes well.—*Float-fishing and Spinning in the Nottingham Style*, by J. W. Martin. (Sampson Low.) This treatise on the "coarse" fishes of the chub, roach, and pike type is written in a lively style, and the author knows his subject. The chapter on pike-fishing is exceptionally good.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Armfield (H. T.), The Three Witnesses, cr 8vo	(Bagster)	3/6
Cervantes (M.), Journey to Parnassus, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	12/0
De Maistre (X.), A Journey round my Room	(Chatto & Windus)	2/6
Evans (G.), An Essay on Assyriology, 8vo	(Williams & Norgate)	5/0
Ewald (H.), History of Israel, Vol. VI., 8vo	(Longmans & Co.)	16/0
Gay (S. H.), History of the United States, Vol. II.	(S. Low & Co.)	15/0
Glas (J.), A Treatise on the Lord's Supper, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	4/6
Greenwood (J.), Odd People in Odd Places, cr 8vo	(Warne)	2/6
Grimm (J.), Teutonic Mythology, Vol. II., 8vo	(Bell & Sons)	15/0
Haeckel (E.), Visit to Ceylon, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	7/6
Hershon (P. G.), Genesis, with a Talmudical Commentary, 8vo	(Bagster)	10/0
Hints for Home Reading, cr 8vo	(Putnam's)	3/0
Holt (E. S.), Not for Him, cr 8vo	(Shaw)	3/6
Horace, edited by M. Petschening, 12mo	(Sonnenschein)	2/0
Irving (W.), Sketch-book	(Putnam's)	4/0
Lowe, The Mishnah, on which the Palestinical Talmud Rests	(Camb. Press)	21/0
Macaan (G.), Manitoba, roy 8vo	(Jack)	12/0
Miall (Prof.), Charles Darwin, his Life and Work, cr 8vo	(R. Jackson)	1/6
Molloy (J. F.), What Hast Thou Done? 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Morshead (E. D. A.), Suppliant Maidens of Æschylus, 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	3/6
Muller (E.), Ancient Inscriptions in Ceylon, 8vo	(Trübner)	21/0
Philip, Geography and Atlas of Ireland, 4to	(Philip)	3/6
Povah (C.), Handy Digest of the Wesleyan Rules, 12mo	(Hamilton)	2/0
Robinson (P.), Poets' Birds, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	7/6
Stepniak (M.), Underground Russia, cr 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	6/0

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The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by Mr. Beard at Oxford in the Music Room, Holywell Street, at 4.30 p.m., on each of the following days, viz.:—Tuesday, 17th, Friday, 20th, Tuesday, 24th, Friday, 27th, April; Tuesday, 1st, Friday, 4th, Tuesday, 8th, Friday, 11th, Tuesday, 15th, Friday, 18th, Tuesday, 22nd, and Friday, 25th, May. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free, without ticket.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

REUTER'S Roman correspondent sends a sketch of the understanding which, according to the Foreign Minister of Italy, has for some time existed between Germany, Austria, and the Italian Government. The three Powers undertake to use the greatest care not only in avoiding a war with France, but in keeping up friendly relations with that country. If, however, any one of the three should be attacked by France, the other two will declare war on her behalf. In the event, again, of any one of the three declaring war on any Power other than France, the other two, though they may remain neutral, must not join the attacked Power. Really, Prince Bismarck, from his own point of view, is a great diplomatist. Under that Treaty, he remains free to attack any single Power he pleases, certain that neither Austria nor Italy will interfere; while if his grand apprehension proves true, and he is ever attacked by Russia and France together, Austria and Italy must advance to his aid. In return, he guarantees Austria against France only, a mere phrase, as the two Powers have no conflicting interests, and also Italy, which by that very guarantee is rendered safe against the assumed contingency. For France to invade Italy with 200,000 men—and less would be useless—while Germany was pouring across the Rhine, would be an act of something like political insanity. There is probably, in addition, a private promise that Italy will keep up her Army and Navy at what the German Staff consider an effective level.

M. Léon Say, the best French financier and most influential Free-trader, is, we are sorry to see, entirely in favour of the policy of Colonial expansion. He believes evidently that foreign trade depends upon foreign influence, regrets the retirement of France from Egypt, and is desirous of pursuing a forward policy in Tonquin, Madagascar, and the Congo Valley. Those expeditions hardly concern us; but it is becoming evident that the upper classes of Frenchmen feel a keen jealousy of England, and suspect her of designs to impede French colonial progress. Fortunately, the masses are entirely opposed to war; but the situation should be watched, if only because it is one so different from all anticipations. In France, the "reasoning" middle-class is agog for expeditions, while the "unreasoning" masses are for the policy of the fireside. We are not sure that we may not see something of the same change in England before long. The Members are much more warlike than the people.

At Scarborough on Tuesday, Mr. Dodson made a good speech at a meeting of the Scarborough Liberal Association, in which he declared that the Government would continue "their policy of justice to Ireland, whatever the clamour, reproaches, or menaces addressed to them, and would do what in their consciences they believed to be right towards Ireland; and they would do so in the hope that in time, be it long or be it short, the doing of right would bring its own reward." He also spoke out very clearly and strongly about the Affirmation Bill, declaring that it was a considerable mischief in itself to multiply oaths, and much better to let everybody who preferred it take an affirmation, instead of an oath. Still more was it unjust to refuse to any constituency the right to return whom they would to Parliament on account of unpopular, or untrue, or even offensive religious opinions, so long as the representative chosen was prepared to accept loyally the political constitution under which he must act. In short, everything that Mr. Dodson said was manly, and much of it courageous. The speech proved him to be one of the heartiest Liberals in the Cabinet, though he is probably less well known to the people than any other Commoner whom it contains.

Lord Salisbury has been tilting this week against the Radicalism of Birmingham, having made two speeches and two speechlets, the best of them addressed on Wednesday to 500 members of the Midland Conservative Club at a banquet in the Town Hall. This was one of Lord Salisbury's most telling efforts. He began by replying to Mr. Bright's Glasgow speech on the wastefulness of war, remarking that Mr. Bright ignored the creditor's side of the account, and claiming for British wars that we are still inheriting all the advantages of the Duke of Marlborough's wars, of the war with France in Canada, and of the Duke of Wellington's wars against Napoleon, to which last, in his opinion, we owe it that England is not French territory. Lord Salisbury then twitted the Liberals with their composite Ministry, remarking that the Government reminded him of the old weather-toy, which he described wrongly by saying that when the old man came out it was fine weather, and when the old woman came out it was the reverse. "I will not for a moment attempt to indicate who is the old man; but you may safely say that the mechanism of our political system is this,—when it is going to be fine, Lord Hartington appears; and when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain appears, then you may look out for a squall." The coalition between Whigs and Radicals had led to a zigzag policy,—first a Whig tack, then a Radical tack, never a continuous line. The policy adopted on the Radical tack persuaded the Egyptians that no force would be used; then the Whig influence prevailed, and force was used. During a Whig tack the force was sent to restore order in the Transvaal, when suddenly the Radicals got the upper-hand, and it was discovered that "though there was no blood-guiltiness in fighting, there was in winning;" and to this craze, said Lord Salisbury, we owe it that at the present moment there are "hundreds of thousands"—so at least he is reported to have drawn the long-bow—of trusting South-African natives slaughtered, starved, and driven out of their homes, because they had confidence in English pledges.

Lord Salisbury also made his usual attack on the Irish policy of the Government, declaring that the Burlesque which should be entitled "Ireland Governed by Irish Ideas" had been concluded, as it had been begun, by "an explosion." He remarked with great bitterness on Mr. Dodson's declaration at Scarborough that the Liberals intended to clear their conscience with regard to Ireland, asserting that the most saintly Liberal conscience ought to be satisfied by this time, and that if it was not, and if the conscience was to go on, there would very soon be a renewal of disorder. The Marquis concluded by expressing his conviction that "the growing Conservatism of the country" was largely due to the lessons that Liberal inconsistencies teach,—which may be true, whether "the growing Conservatism of the country" be a fact or an illusion. If it be a fact, it is, we suppose, due to a greater dissatisfaction with the Liberals than with the Conservatives; if it be an illusion, there is no formal inaccuracy, though there is something misleading, in suggesting that that which has no existence is due to an imaginary cause. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*

Mr. Gibson also spoke, but spoke badly. As usual, he tried to make out that the House of Commons was far too

magnificent an Assembly to be of much importance in its legislative capacity, and gave the impression that the less legislation it does, the better it deserves its grand historical position. We had been, he said, under a Radical Government for more than three years, and he wanted to know who was the better for it? Is agriculture more prosperous? Is trade more thriving? Bad workmen find fault with their tools, and the Ministers found fault with their legislative tools in the House of Commons, though he would not say they were bad workmen. The "God-given Ministry" had adopted "a profane programme." The "Rads.," as Mr. Gibson, with refined playfulness, called the Radicals, were always "despotic," and, in his experience, "invariably intolerable." To use the words of a great American orator, "for downright double-barrelled, copper-bottomed, bevel-edged bigotry, "give me," said Mr. Gibson, "a man who calls himself a Radical,"—and the delighted assembly cheered this silly slang as heartily as the Yankee inventor of it could have cheered it himself.

The speeches of Thursday were not so remarkable, at least as regards Lord Salisbury's efforts; of Mr. Gibson's we have seen as yet no adequate report. Lord Salisbury spoke three times. He attacked the caucus, declaring, with a singular bias towards the *mal à propos*, that on a question like the Affirmation Bill, the caucus would ride down all independent dislike to it among the Liberals,—the fact being that on the Bradlaugh question, as it is called, the caucus had either not attempted to assert itself at all, or utterly failed to dictate to the Liberal party,—men of all shades having, with what we regard as a singular want of apprehension of a question of principle, refused to vote for allowing Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath, and stayed away even when it was a question of making an affirmation. Lord Salisbury further complained of Ministers for not offering a formal opportunity for discussing for the tenth time the over-discussed Kilmainham treaty, and for the second time their Transvaal policy, though the latter opportunity has never been refused. He accepted Lord Beaconsfield's description of the Conservative policy as national, stigmatising the Liberal policy as "sentimental, cosmopolitan, or poetical." And he tried to convince his hearers that the Liberal Government, left to itself, would soon be "stripped of India, stripped of the Colonies, and humbled before Europe." But of this, as we need not remark, he did not attempt to offer any tittle of evidence.

The *Standard* reports its belief that the Mastership of the Rolls has been offered to, and declined by, Sir Farrer Herschell, and has since been offered to Mr. Horace Davey, Q.C., M.P. for Christchurch. We only hope for the sake of the country that Sir Farrer Herschell has really determined to stay in the House of Commons. That he would have made an extremely able judge, we do not doubt. But in the House of Commons he would be greatly missed. Lucid and masterly in exposition, a universal favourite, endowed with at least as sound political as he is with legal abilities,—both of no common order,—he is one of the few lawyers in the House who are heard with as much deference in a great political debate as he is on a subject professionally his own. Such a man can ill be spared in the chaos of an assembly where crystallising forces are comparatively few.

The ceremony of the enthronisation of the new Archbishop of Canterbury was performed on Thursday, in the Cathedral, the Archdeacon pronouncing the operative words, "Induco, installo, et inthronizo," which would, we suspect, have amazed Cicero, though not Gregory VII. Six Bishops of the Province appeared as officers of the See, and three other English Bishops, three Colonial Bishops with Sees, one American Bishop, and seven Colonial Bishops without Sees, assisted in the grand procession, led by the Archbishop, wearing the long scarlet train which stands in place of the ancient pallium from Rome. The Duke of Edinburgh, and a host of dignitaries, officials, and visitors were present, much of ancient magnificence and form having been restored to the show. The Archbishop afterwards made a speech in the library, the most noteworthy sentences of which were that the Church ought to reject temporal dominion, that she should not fear intellect, which was of God—but is, we may remark, like the rain, given to just and unjust alike—and that he personally admired the comprehensiveness of the English Church, shown in allowing the French Protestant Church to exist within the limits of the Cathedral. Dr. Benson is, therefore, effectively Archbishop, after a delay, for one futile form or another, which we agree with the *Times* is wholly unsuited to modern circumstances, and after an expenditure which ought to be thoroughly revised. Between nomination and enthronisation, an Archbishop Elect is plundered at every turn.

The death of Mr. John Brown, the Queen's personal servant, has created some interest in society. He has for years been a conspicuous figure in the Royal Household, and at one time the most absurd stories of his influence with the Queen were greedily believed. The truth is, that he was a confidential servant, so trustworthy and devoted that the Queen treated him, as he deserved, as a humble friend, and in particular relied more upon his vigilant watchfulness than upon any police or guards. Kings value devotion like Mr. Brown's with a feeling compounded of true gratitude and of a master's kindness for a great dog, and naturally consider service to themselves service also to the State. In this light, there is nothing unusual in the strong expressions with which her Majesty, in the *Court Circular*, records the "grievous shock" she has felt at the "irreparable loss" of "an honest, faithful, and devoted follower; a trustworthy, discreet, and straightforward man," whose unceasing care in the performance of his duties "had secured for himself the real friendship of the Queen." There is a ring of true and most creditable feeling in the whole official notice. Mr. Brown died of erysipelas, supervening on a cold caught while inquiring, at the Queen's desire, into the reported attack on Lady Florence Dixie.

The House of Commons reassembled on Thursday, and began business by taking the bit in its teeth. Dr. Cameron moved that "the minimum charge for postal telegrams should be reduced to sixpence," his theory being that if sixpence was sufficient, the difference between that sum and a shilling was a special tax levied on the telegram-sender, which is not sound, the community benefiting not by the sending of telegrams, but by the power of sending them. Dr. Cameron might just as well say that, if a letter to Kirkwall costs in transmission more than a penny, the difference is a special tax levied on the community for the benefit of Orcadians. It is levied for the benefit of all, for all may want some day to send a letter to Kirkwall. He showed, however, that a shilling was a high charge; and Mr. Fawcett did not really oppose, only pleading that if the Treasury would risk the £177,000 a year to be lost at first, he would be happy to try the experiment. Mr. Childers objected to give up his money, though he said he would see what could be done by next year; but the House, by 68 to 50, decided that there had been waiting enough. The expense will be considerable, for Mr. Fawcett must have new buildings, and the organisation of delivery will be difficult,—though we think a cheap *Echo*-boy system could be managed; but the increase in telegrams will be very great, especially if the office will take threepence for the single words "No" and "Yes." We do not envy the operators.

The police of Liverpool have received information that buildings "in a neighbouring town" are to be blown up by a local branch of the "Invincibles," and are keeping strict watch. On Wednesday, a man was arrested on a Cork boat with a box full of a very powerful explosive, nitricised glycerine and sawdust, and two clock-work machines, like that used by the "monster of Bremerhaven." The police also arrested a railway porter, in whose residence it is said important documents were found. Further arrests have been made in Cork, and so important is the whole matter deemed, that the Home Secretary on Thursday refused any information to the House of Commons. The police are said to be thoroughly informed, and are acting in Ireland and England at once, the law being the same in both countries. We said last week that legislation could do little; but a good, heavy tax on the importation of explosives, levied with the severity of the tobacco-tax, would make importation more difficult, and if the money were given to informers, would enlist the sailors' wits on the side of order. They do not greatly love men who bring dangerous explosives on board without the captain's permission, and so risk the safety of the ship, and they would search closely.

The *Times* on Thursday gave a front place and its largest type to a letter from "A Tory," complaining that Sir Stafford Northcote is to unveil the statue of Lord Beaconsfield, instead of Lord Salisbury. This decision he regards as one more attempt of the "section" or "faction" who follow Sir Stafford to achieve a permanent triumph over the more numerous followers

of Lord Salisbury. He affirms that a rumour is being widely circulated that a decision has been taken "in high quarters" to send for Sir Stafford, whenever the country again requires Conservative statesmen, and deems it indispensable to "denote" intrigues "which threaten the vitality of a great political party." That sounds like theatrical thunder, but it shows that the unity of the Conservative party is not quite perfect. That, however, is of little importance. They will have plenty of time to recover themselves, and, to do Tories justice, when in office they are as obedient as soldiers could well be. We have always thought that the world did not sufficiently honour Lord Beaconsfield for his magnanimity in not abolishing the Ten Commandments. If he had made the proposal, the Lords might have saved them, as "very ancient institutions," but the Commons would not.

On Thursday, Lord Grey published in the *Times* a bitter, and Sir Bartle Frere an able, though preposterously prolix, letter on Cape affairs. The latter maintains that under the Convention with the Boers, Great Britain is bound to protect the natives on the borders of the Transvaal, and especially the Bechuanas. He proposes, therefore, that a British Resident should be sent to Bechuanaland, to guide the chiefs, punish native maranders, and remonstrate, when necessary, with the Government of Pretoria. The better section of the Boers would then, he believes, help to create an opinion which would keep the filibustering section in check. The assertion that we took upon us an obligation to interfere, instead of claiming a right to do so, is the precise one which the Government denies, and the suggested remedy is a very feeble one. If the Boers despise us, as Sir Bartle Frere asserts, they will pay no respect to our Resident, and as he will represent the British Government, we shall in no long time be compelled to back his representations by force. Mr. Forster's plan of compelling the Boers to keep the Convention or accept war is more direct than this, and more manly, too.

The late Master of the Rolls was buried in the Jews' Cemetery at Willesden yesterday week, and this day week the Delegate Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler, preached a sermon on the occasion at the Central Synagogue, which was preceded by a prayer for the soul of the deceased Judge; so that it is clear that the Jews do not countenance the curious superstition of some Protestants against prayers for the dead. The prayer was that God would "remember in mercy" the soul of the departed, that his soul might be "bound up in the bond of life everlasting," and that his rest might be "in peace." Dr. Adler's sermon was on the duty of the Judge, and on the qualities essential to a perfect Judge, as described by the old Jewish sages, of which seven were enumerated, two of which are, we should think, by no means indispensable to a great Judge, and far from conspicuous either in the best and ablest of our other Judges, or in the late Master of the Rolls,—"wisdom, modesty, fear of God, hatred of gain, love of truth, love of one's fellow-creatures, and an unstained reputation." Probably the second has not belonged in any remarkable degree, and the fourth not in any degree (unless it be construed to mean hatred of gain earned by the perversion of justice), to any great Judge of our time. For the rest, probably no Judge of our day had a better right to have these qualities ascribed to him,—though they do not seem to us to cover any very specially judicial characteristic,—than the late Master of the Rolls. In addition to all these qualities, his mind was characterised by singular uprightness and impartiality, and his power and will to do justice promptly, were greater than that of any of his great contemporaries. The judgment in the Epping Forest case, for instance,—a case the argument of which occupied twenty-two days, covered documents filling many folio volumes, and the evidence of 150 witnesses,—was delivered at once on the conclusion of the case, "without a moment's hesitation or preparation," as Mr. Robert Hunter, who was engaged in the case, testifies to the *Times*, and the judgment was so unassailable in its reasoning that it put an end to all litigation at once.

On Saturday last (Easter Eve), a curious outbreak of what we suppose we must call fanaticism, took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, a man of the name of George Campion, who had, according to his own account, lost a good business through the prejudices which he had excited against himself by denouncing the Ritualists, interrupting the evening service by springing on the Communion table and knocking down the large cross, the candlesticks and candles, and other ornaments, all of which had been there for the last twelve years, and all the Easter floral decorations, before he was secured. Canon Gregory appears to have taken the lead in securing him, Campion charging the militant Canon with an attempt to suffocate him by thrusting a handkerchief into his mouth, an act not very inappropriate, when Campion was crying "Protestants to the rescue!" in the middle of evening prayer.

Campion, who was brought up before Sir Thomas Owden on Monday, described himself as an inventor of agricultural implements, and wanted to justify himself by pleading the wrath of God against idolatry, and the apathy of the law in putting it down. Sir Thomas Owden, however, very rightly remarked that if there was anything illegal in the service, there were legal means of putting an end to the illegality; but that no one could be allowed to interrupt a religious service, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or Freethinking, by an act of violence of this kind, and he entirely refused to go into the Ritualistic argument into which the prisoner sought to divert the case. Eventually, as it was asserted that Campion's wife was ill, and even dying, on promising the Court never to be guilty of such violence again, he was only fined £5,—the fine being paid by a friend,—and got his discharge almost too easily, considering the violence and irreverence of which he had been guilty. Nevertheless, we cannot regret the lenity of the Court. It is always well, where it is possible, to treat genuine fanatics with exceptional lenity, partly because fanaticism is a disease which is greatly aggravated by severity, partly because it is not altogether ignoble, and is generally due rather to ignorance than to malice. In many Protestants there is still a sort of *physical* horror of what they call idolatry, though they are quite unable to define even to themselves in what idolatry consists, except it be in the use of solid religious symbols under a certain size. The Gothic arch does not seem to excite this superstitious fury,—we suppose because it is too big,—but the Christian cross and the Jewish candlestick do.

The English Clergy seem to us to be taking a very false step in signing the memorial to Mr. Gladstone against the Affirmation Bill, and we wish they would read an admirable letter to this week's *Guardian* on that subject, by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, who seems to us to prove to demonstration that what the Clergy are really contending for is not in any sense a genuine test of Theism, but rather for imposing a formal, and in the minds of true Christians almost blasphemously hollow, use of the *name* of God, on men who, because they do not in the least believe in any personal God, will feel little or no scruple in using the term in any sense they please. And the logic of such a test will, Mr. MacColl argues, necessarily lead rather to the substitution of pallid and unmeaning latitudinarianism in all the forms of the House of Commons,—the daily prayers, for instance,—than to anything approaching to genuine religious creeds. The *argumentum ad clerum* is ably put, and is well worth reading.

Six men were sentenced by Mr. Justice Lawson at the Antrim Assizes on Wednesday to long terms of penal servitude. They had all been members of a criminal society called the Patriotic Brotherhood, founded by an Irish-American for the murder of landlords and agents of the law, and had all specially conspired to murder a landlord named John McGeough. The evidence was most extraordinary, an informer named Duffy swearing that a regular record was kept of the decisions and acts of the society. These records were produced, and implicate O'Donovan Rossa, among others, in the most direct manner. Their genuineness was, of course, impugned with great earnestness; but they corroborated much of Duffy's evidence, though he could not have seen them, and they were written in a way which almost precluded the idea of forgery. The letters were imitations of print, obviously to conceal handwriting, and it was shown that one man in the Brotherhood was expert in caligraphy. Mr. Justice Lawson's charge was singularly moderate, but he, as well as the jury, obviously considered the records genuine; and if they are, there is no doubt of the prisoners' guilt. It seems possible, among certain classes in Ireland, to form these societies almost at will. Nothing is necessary but an Irish-American, a room, and a few pounds, and men come forward to pledge themselves to murder by the score. They do not always keep the pledge, but they take it.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 102¼ to 102⅜.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE QUEEN.

THERE is something very touching and motherlike in the frankness with which the Queen, through the *Court Circular*, asks her people to sympathise in the grief she feels for the loss of a devoted attendant. The grief is perfectly natural, for service like John Brown's, the service of a servant who makes life easier at every turn, yet is as trustworthy as a gentleman, is what every one seeks, and few ever find. The Queen has relied for years upon her husband's favourite attendant, not only for the usual services of a chasseur, but for a personal guardianship against the lunatics whom even she, as her history shows, has constantly to dread. The Queen is in no danger from her British subjects, and is, we believe, more protected than any Minister against Fenians by the Irish certainty that America would never forgive any attempt on her life; but the danger from lunatics is irremoveable and real, and the constant guardianship of a powerful and devoted attendant is essential to her Majesty's freedom to ride, and walk, and enjoy the chilly air she loves. A man so trusted must become a humble friend, and we honour the Sovereign for expressing so publicly that "friendship" was the feeling she entertained for one so humbly faithful for so many years.

We wonder how many of her subjects ever reflect on the pathetic element in the Queen's present position, the contrast between her place in the world, as the only woman alive now reigning over a great people by legitimate right—the only other great reigning lady, the Empress of China, is only Regent for her son—popular or even beloved by millions, half-worshipped, as a well-informed correspondent tells us to-day, in India, a separate figure known to the whole human race, yet burdened with a solitariness only to be felt by Kings. Sovereigns are always more solitary than others of mankind, for, except with husband or wife, a Sovereign can have no perfect intimacies; and if their lives are long prolonged, their friendships must grow few. The "friends" of every young Sovereign are always persons older than himself—a fact markedly true of the Queen, to whom Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lansdowne, all men of an earlier generation, stood first in that relation—and as they drop off, they are irreplaceable. The Queen has survived not only her husband, but almost all relatives of her own time, all her earlier political friends, and an entire group of closely-attached dependants, like Sir C. Phipps, Sir Arthur Helps, and many another less known to the general world. There is no one living who could address her by her Christian name, or, indeed, on any terms of equality; while all her children but one are married, scattered, immersed in business and households of their own. It is a lonely peak to sit on, at the top of the world, and as age draws on the Sovereign, who already has reigned so long that men passing middle age have consciously known no other, must feel this more and more painfully, with a sadness which the movement of the world does not diminish. The Queen has had no misfortunes such as have afflicted many of her predecessors, no loss of subjects like George III., no loss of public honour like George IV., but she has to bear the burden of an ever-increasing pressure of interests, incidents, movements of mankind, of all which she must to herself seem the centre. Nothing eventful can happen in the world which is not in some way or other borne in pressingly on the Queen. The special feature of the age, the new complexity of life arising from rapid communication, began shortly before her accession—Huskisson was killed in 1830—and from that moment to this, affairs must have seemed to press in ever-increasing volume upon her, as if the very atmosphere had grown more weighty. Imagine what the telegraph alone has been to the Queen. To feel imperative duties increasing, and strength decaying, and life growing more and more lonely, is a sad position for any one; but what must it be to a Sovereign who receives every day evidence that she is one of the central figures of the world, who hears on Monday that all America is glad because the report of an accident to her had proved exaggerated, on Tuesday that an Indian tribe has accepted her as goddess, on Wednesday that her daughter, one day to be Empress of Germany, has celebrated her Silver Wedding with Princes for train-bearers, on Thursday that a plot has been discovered which renders doubled watchfulness necessary round Windsor? It is a strange position, one not to be desired; and, remember, it must be judged not from the Constitutional point of view, that the Queen only accepts advice, but from her own point of view that the Queen, after taking advice, gives her own commands. No Monarch ever yet quite lost the feeling that in some indescribable way he was himself in some special degree responsible for the welfare of his people, and in that responsibility alone, be it as unreal as it may—and Englishmen often underrate the Queen's direct influence on affairs—is a burden which to a lonely woman long experience can only make the heavier. Experience teaches us what to do, but teaches also how useless the doing often is. We are no devotees of Monarchy, gravely holding self-government to be more educative and more dignified; but there has never been in history a reign like that of Queen Victoria, who, surrounded by an impenetrable etiquette, breaks it to tell her people that devotion, even in the humblest of followers, has roused in her "real friendship." Republicanism in England sleeps, and will sleep while the Queen reigns. Is there not in that mere truism a sufficient biography?

LORD SALISBURY AT BIRMINGHAM.

LORD SALISBURY'S first speech at Birmingham was much the ablest of the group which he has fired off in the capital of Radicalism. But we may fairly say this of the whole group of speeches, that, considering the tone of bitterness which has pervaded such speeches of late years, Lord Salisbury has not, as was his wont, exceeded, but rather reduced the amount of superfluous acrimony which seems to be the distinctive characteristic of the present tone of the Conservative party. We have not yet had an opportunity of reading any full report of Mr. Gibson's second speech, but so far as we can judge, Mr. Gibson has made an effort to introduce more of acrimony into his one tone, while Lord Salisbury has abated a good deal of his political malice, and thus the two orators have hit a tolerable mean of severe but not indecent political vituperation. We note this alteration of Lord Salisbury's tone for the better—Mr. Gibson's change for the worse is, we suppose, due only to a natural and we hope temporary effort to accommodate himself to Lord Salisbury—as the only ominous sign for the Liberals in the Tory campaign. We quite admit that it *may* really be a result of increasing confidence in the force of the Conservative party, and that it is a change of tone likely, so far as it goes, to gain a hearing for that party amongst reasonable men. Party Conservatives, of course, cheer most warmly the most furious speeches, but it is not the furious speeches that win Conservative votes. The strength of that party is and must always be amongst the moderates, who do not like abrupt change, but for that very reason, also do not like extravagant imputations on public men whom, as they well know, the nation at large respects and trusts. Lord Salisbury will gain a more respectful hearing amongst such men by his tone at Birmingham than he could possibly have gained by his popular speeches of last year, at Hatfield, for instance, or in Edinburgh. The more he condescends to recognise in his opponents men who are not altogether devoid of statesmanship or of regard for political duty, the more we recognise his speeches as forces which may take effect on the mind of his own party, and of that not inconsiderable section amongst Englishmen who pride themselves on not belonging to either party, and on voting sometimes with one and sometimes with the other, as they in their discretion may think most fit.

Lord Salisbury's cleverest speech was undoubtedly the speech of Wednesday, on what he termed the unfortunate "zigzag" line of policy in which the deliberations of a Cabinet representing a coalition between Whigs and Radicals are apt to end. Conservative Cabinets, of course—for this was what he implied, though he did not say it—never show any traces of divergent elements. It is only since the Radicals have been admitted into alliance with the Whigs that the disastrous phenomenon of successive slants, which hardly seemed to be dictated by the same general aim, has appeared. In Ireland, he said, the view of Mr. Bright that "force is no remedy" was tried first, and much too long. It was only after it appeared that the outragemongers had fairly got the upper-hand, that the Whig policy prevailed, and drove the Government into the second branch of the zigzag. It was the same in Egypt. There Mr. Bright's policy was tried first, and it was not, in Lord Salisbury's view, till the Egyptians had fully persuaded themselves that no other would be tried that recourse was had to arms. It was the same again, he held, in the Transvaal, only that there the Whig policy was tried first, instead of second, and the Radical policy substituted for it, just as the Whig policy was on the eve of success. All that is

very skilfully put. It has thus much amount of truth in it, —that in all these cases, just as in relation to the problems which most puzzled Lord Beaconsfield's Government, there are two quite distinct classes of considerations, one set of which probably found the ablest representatives in one section of the Cabinet, while the other found the ablest representatives in the other. It is very likely true that there were some members of the Cabinet who would have suppressed the Land League before others were willing to do so. It is very likely true that there were some members of the Cabinet who would have applied force in Egypt before the others were willing even to send the fleet to Alexandria. It is possible that there were some members of the Cabinet who thought that the Boers must be reduced to obedience before their claims to independence could be reconsidered, while there were others who would have been glad to make overtures of a conciliatory character before invading the Transvaal at all. But when was this anything but true of any Cabinet in the world? Did not Lord Beaconsfield, on his return from Berlin, honestly avow to the Tories who feasted him at Knightsbridge that he was in favour of war with Russia at a time when his colleagues were not prepared for war, and that he therefore had to acquiesce in a zigzag policy in which he could not himself feel any satisfaction? Did anybody doubt that Lord Palmerston, at the time of the Danish war with Germany, accepted from the majority of his colleagues, and from the overpowering representations of his Radical followers, a policy with which he himself was not satisfied? Everybody knows that it was the same with the Cabinet "of all the Talents" at the time of the Crimean War, with the Conservative Cabinet which "dished the Whigs" by the Reform Bill of 1867, and, indeed, with almost every Cabinet which has had a critical question before it within the memory of men. The very use of Cabinet Government is to ensure that the policy adopted shall not be the policy merely of one masterful mind, but rather a policy which shall recommend itself to the average Englishman, and which, therefore, shall rest on those complex considerations which appeal partly to one kind of mind and partly to another. The only difference that we know of between the policy of previous Cabinets at such crises and the policy of this, is that in previous cases the Prime Minister has not unfrequently been notoriously overborne by his colleagues or his party,—Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Beaconsfield were all so overborne, —while, so far as we have any means of knowing, Mr. Gladstone's judgment has gone decisively and cordially with the most important steps taken by this Cabinet, and has even sanctioned more or less heartily the time chosen for taking them.

For example, as to the suppression of the Land League, we know pretty well by Mr. Gladstone's speech at the Guildhall that the time chosen for that strong course recommended itself completely to him, and that till then he had hoped—perhaps a little beyond hope,—in the efficacy of Mr. Forster's "Protection of Person and Property Act" to prevent outrage, by the seizure of "village ruffians" only, without the suppression of the Land League or the imprisonment of its leaders. There was, indeed, a very great deal to be said for that long forbearance by all statesmen who believed,— as the Liberal statesmen, without exception, did,—that it was the failure of the Compensation Bill in the Lords, and the unjust evictions consequent on that failure, which led to outrage, and that after the passing of the Land Act the outragemongers would lose the tacit sympathy of the Irish peasantry. But, without rediscussing a very difficult question of policy, this at least is clear,—that for a Liberal Cabinet, the first duty was to try remedial measures, and the second only, to suspend the ordinary law. In point of fact, the two duties were discharged together, only that, in consequence of the unfortunate choice made by Mr. Forster in relation to the *kind* of suspension of the ordinary law which was most desirable, the latter measure never took the effect intended, and, indeed, rather aggravated the situation. Again, as regards Egypt, whatever Cabinet had been in power, there must have been a section reluctant to apply force up to the very last moment, and another section which believed that an earlier action would have been better. That was undoubtedly so in all the other War Cabinets of our time, and on general principles we may safely conclude that it will be so in those of the future. Able men will differ in judgment as to the right moment for applying kill-or-cure remedies. But so far as we can see, there is very much less reason to think that any differences of opinion of this kind were pernicious in this case, than there has been in any previous instance of the same kind that has occurred during the last thirty years. The presence of a great fleet at Alexandria,—the messages and warnings sent to the Egyptian authorities,—the deliberate notice given at the last,—were all emphatic indications of what was coming, if Arabi continued his high-handed action. The zigzag in this case seems to us to reduce itself rather to a continuous curve. And as for the Transvaal case, Lord Salisbury, when he cleverly puts it that the Government, though they had no scruple as to the bloodguiltiness of making war, saw the most serious bloodguiltiness in winning the day, chooses to ignore the fact that in the interim the Boers had offered terms in which the British Government saw the conditions of a reasonable settlement. The zigzag there was determined not from within, but from without; the force which altered the line of policy was the offer received from the Boer Triumvirate.

Clever as Lord Salisbury's "zigzag" speech was, we submit that he made out no zigzag of policy which is not to be discovered in even more strongly-marked lines in the case of every Cabinet that has had to deal with great questions in recent times, and certainly none in which, so far as the public can judge, the judgment of the Prime Minister has been more completely reflected, both as regards the resolves taken and the moment at which they were carried out.

The most remarkable point in Lord Salisbury's speech of Thursday is the curious Conservative zigzag for which he himself pleaded in relation to Free-trade. 'I am a Free-trader,' he said in effect, 'but it is only on expediency grounds that I accept Free-trade; and if by any temporising, by any partial regression to Protection intended to bring others to Free-trade, we can convert the rest of the world more rapidly, why, to that temporising and partial regression I should not object.' That appears to us to be Lord Salisbury's drift, and if it does not mean that, if it does not mean that he wants to avail himself of Mr. Lowther's help, without committing himself to Mr. Lowther's views,—that he wishes the Conservative policy on this subject to be a sort of zigzag, tacking now towards Free-trade and now towards a retaliatory policy of protection as against Protectionists, we have no comprehension at all what it does mean. Lord Salisbury should not taunt Liberal Cabinets with their proclivity for zigzag, when he shows himself so much greater a proficient in devising a zigzag policy for his Party, even while out of office, than Mr. Gladstone has ever been.

THE "ENTHRONISATION" AT CANTERBURY.

THE special interest of the grand ceremonial performed at Canterbury on Thursday is not difficult to explain. The imposing display attracts all antiquarians, all devotees of ecclesiasticism—always a wide-spread cult—all the lovers of many-coloured, slowing-moving pomp, and two much more numerous classes besides. All those who hate and many of those who love the Established Church are irresistibly drawn towards the scene. They are all English, the English nature, in spite of its admiration for splendour, is realistic to the core, and it is impossible for them to see or to read of all this ecclesiastical pageantry, this show in which Bishops are the players, and the nation audience, and the Sovereign standard-bearer, without asking themselves what is the moral and intellectual justification of it all. Here is a ceremony as elaborate, as scenic, as pompous, to use the plainest word, as a coronation, a ceremony in which form is everything, magnificence a decency, and ostentation eagerly expected, which is described in a word—"enthronisation"—more mouth-filling than the one we apply to Royal shows of the same kind, which tries the descriptive powers of reporters who luxuriate in magniloquence, and which is, after all, only intended to recognise that a Minister of Christ charged to assist with his guidance other ministers has been regularly selected. There can hardly be a sincere Christian in the Protestant world, however steeped in Church feeling, who has not felt a doubt, however swiftly it may have passed, whether such a pageant can be wholly right, —whether Christ can have intended such a recognition of his Church, whether a true teacher of the Christian Faith could be so unlike an Apostle in outward seeming, an "enthroned" Prince, first among Peers, the occupant of a Palace, ordered to live with the great of earth, cut off, so far as external circumstance can cut a man off, from the great community of the suffering and the poor. Such a Christian cannot but feel that, outwardly at all events, there is more of the Cæsar than of the Church about the whole affair, more of ostentation than humility, more of earthiness than spirituality, and some-

thing horribly unreal besides, and cannot but long in his heart for a Chief Bishop dignified only through the respect of the just, who should enter on the office as on a burdensome but simple career, and should be to all the Church, or, for that is nobler, to all the nation, a wise counsellor, somewhat apart, yet always accessible, conveying his message with an authority derived only from visible likeness to his Master,—or if that may not be, and the ideal is too high, from visible single-heartedness in interpreting his will. Granting that Episcopacy is the divinely ordered organisation, or at the lowest, an organisation permitted by the Divine, should not the true Overseer be nearer to those of whom he accepts the charge, nearer in daily life, in those sympathies which, if they have their origin deeper, yet flourish most when they are nourished by like circumstances of position? We confess we do not understand the Christian to whom that view is not, at the first blush, the true one; who does not, at least till he has reasoned the matter out, feel a sensation of regret as he reads the reporters' "purple patches" about the public recognition of one who should be, and let us add, often in spirit has been, *servus servorum Christi*.

It takes thought to justify an Archbishopric of Canterbury, but yet it may in its essential features be fairly justified. Of course, the pomp with which insignificant details like the formal recognition in the Cathedral of Canterbury—the "enthronisation" is only that—are surrounded can be defended only on the historic ground. The ceremony has been for ages, and therefore should be; that is the only explanation possible or needed, until it is certain, which it is not yet, that the pageant, in itself a matter of indifference, works positive injury to the cause. We could not devise such a scene anew, lest it should be ridiculous or offensive; but we can tolerate it or like it, as we tolerate or like other survivals of the kind. Sweep away the Lord Mayor's Show when the citizens loll out their tongues as it passes, but not till then. But the Archbishopric, in its essence as an ecclesiastical institution intended to be "grand" in the earthly sense, can be defended. To begin with, the assault is based on far too abject a recognition of the effect of clothes, far too great a concession to the strange and most un-Christian theory that true religion cannot exist under splendid externals; that the only possible Apostle is the Fisherman; that humility and full dress are incompatible; that Cæsar cannot be converted and remain in a golden palace. Because the humble may be Christian, the great are not necessarily Pagans, any more than a tribunal is necessarily unjust because the presiding Judge wears the wig of another age, and a robe needlessly magnificent. The "position" even of a pastor is but his dress, and therefore a matter of detail, which it may be useful, or decorous, or attractive to regulate by historic usage, attention to which so often sobers and quiets men. But for a stately etiquette often intensely artificial the House of Commons would be a bear-garden, and an army a camp of brigands; and Christ never told the Church to fling away useful powers. There is no more harm in the Archbishop's pomp than in any other earthly etiquette, much less harm than there would be in any forced or artificial assumption of humility. Better "enthronisation," even if we wince at it, than the washing of beggars' feet previously made clean for the fastidious touch. An emperor may reach heaven, though he sits on a throne, and do all his duties too; and so may a Christian priest, if only his work does involve the acceptance of that seat. The only true question is whether it does, and though we cannot for ourselves honestly answer in the affirmative, believing, for one thing, that a true Church should recognise and sanctify every growing force not contrary to morality, even if it be such a force as the passion for equality, we can see clearly that those may be right who think otherwise, who doubt if men have yet advanced to the point when grandeur does not bespeak reverence, who question if authority can put off trappings, and who believe that in cathedrals, in music, in stately worship, there is an influence which lifts the soul to a higher atmosphere than that of daily life, which, for the majority of men, doomed as they are to labour, must always be somewhat colourless and sordid. If that is true—and it was true for almost all men once, and may be true for millions now—the incidental pageantry of the Archbishopric is amply justified. It is, we must recollect, at bottom truthful pageantry; for the Head Presbytership of the English Church, with its hold over millions, its antique history, and its influence with the great, is still a vital power, an actual force, which in assuming all this pomp only announces actual facts to the world. The ceremony of Thursday is but the crown of a system, as little immoral and as useful as that formulised worship with which no people as yet has ever shown itself able to dispense, yet retain in its common life the deep impression of its creed. While other things which should be spiritual, like justice, need and use trappings, the Church may use them too; and if they are used, let them be of the very best. We can conceive of a Church whose head should be an anchoret, fenced round only by unbought reverence—and, as our readers may, perhaps, suspect, we prefer that ideal—but if he is to have "position," let it be with the highest, till even in that detail there is acknowledgment that the spiritual forces are equal in men's regard to the secular, that even in rank the teacher of religion may stand by the side of the victorious soldier or the successful statesman. A less position than that, if "position" is to be granted at all, except involuntarily, only deepens the constant suspicion of the millions that those far above them hold such teachers in disregard, and think those only honourable who increase their wealth, or repute, or power. It is not the noblest way of influencing mankind, or the most effective, but it is morally unobjectionable, and it has as least this advantage, that powers and capacities otherwise lost to the Church, and indispensable to her working as an institution, are thereby attracted to her service and her aid. Rome knows all that well, and the machinery of Rome—we are not speaking of doctrine—has been organised by men who had the world to think of, and not one country only, and who, therefore, never forget that till man is civilised he is affected even in spiritual things by external ceremonial,—that the Ark had not for Syrian wanderers the impression of a gilt box. We have a suspicion, and a strong one, that the civilisation of England has advanced beyond that ceremony of enthronisation; but we have also, on the other hand, a deep conviction that London journalists read many things into the minds of the millions over whom, and not over the hundred thousand of the educated, Dr. Benson was so splendidly announced to be the leading pastor. We all make too much of clothes, in being annoyed at them; and yet, and yet,—the only preacher who ever hurried the masses of Europe out to voluntary death for the sake of a great idea, who for a moment extinguished in the millions fear, and greed, and selfishness, was a Hermit, without a home, clothed in a dirty shirt of unbleached wool.

MINORITIES AND THE DEMOCRACY.

IN Mr. Bright's second speech at Glasgow last week, he gave vent to one of the very few virulent political animosities which he still permits himself to entertain, in his attack on the representation of minorities and on the mode in which, in the three-cornered and four-cornered constituencies, that representation is achieved. We are not in the least disposed to contend specially for the latter expedient. It is unquestionably a very great anomaly that whenever a minority seat is separately vacated, it must necessarily be filled up by a representative of the majority. And in every case the minority Member feels a shamefaced consciousness of representing not the deliberate preference of the whole constituency, but only that of the outvoted part of it. Moreover, it may be admitted to be an anomaly, and a serious one, inherent in the present accidental and so to say hand-to-mouth system of representing minorities, that it tends to diminish unduly the practical influence of the great constituencies to which it applies in the House of Commons,—the effect of it being that a great constituency, like Liverpool for example, whenever it happens to have a minority Member seated for its third seat, can only add as much to the majority by which any measure is carried as Portarlington itself contributes if its Member happens to vote on the same side. The vote of the minority Member for Liverpool cancels the vote of one of the majority Members, and leaves Liverpool only as much net influence over the practical decision of the House as Portarlington itself exerts. We fully admit that in both these aspects our present minority clause is extremely objectionable. But the mischief of the latter flaw is in reality due not to that more adequate representation of Liverpool opinion which the minority principle brings about, but to the excessive influence assigned in our representative system to a bare majority of an infinitesimal constituency like that of Portarlington. If Portarlington included no more political influence than any other collection of some hundred or hundred and fifty voters, and if the minority of every constituency had as much chance of getting its views represented in the House as has the minority of Liverpool, it would not be possible to say that the practical influence of Liverpool in the House of Commons was outweighed by the

practical influence of a very much smaller place in the same Assembly. This last anomaly, though it is mischievous in its results, is really one arising from the excessive influence given under our Parliamentary system to the bare majority of minute constituencies, and not one arising from the attempt to make the voice of Liverpool speak the convictions of Liverpool with greater exactness than it would do if some two-fifths of the electors had never any better prospect than that of voting unsuccessfully against a candidate with whom they disagree.

It will be seen, then, that we are not at all disposed to fight for the clumsy and truncated attempt to assert the rights of minorities to a fair hearing in a true representative assembly, which is embodied in our present tentative and very inadequate political experiment. But when we find a contemporary as clear-headed as the *Pall Mall Gazette* going far beyond the present awkward arrangements to the very root of the matter, and boldly denying that any attempt ought to be made to give minorities a fair hearing in Parliament at all, we are compelled to say that what is struck-at, seems to us to be the very principle of Democracy itself,—the very principle of representative institutions,—and that what is really advocated is a system of representing political opinion in which only one side need be represented in the House of Commons at all, and in which the other side of opinion, even though it were enthusiastically adopted by two-fifths or three-sevenths of the nation, might be "conspicuous by its absence," and by that alone. The *Pall Mall* on Saturday last appeared to be quite prepared to adopt such a view, and even disposed to contend for it as right in the abstract. "Mr. Bright," said our contemporary, "had an easy task in exposing the unreasonable absurdities of the present minority clause. But the battle will have to be fought, and at no distant date, on the whole principle, and not merely on this irrational and mischievous application of it. The *Times* is only too well justified in saying that Mr. Bright will find, when the Reform Bill comes on for discussion, that a very large number of men, by no means confined to the Conservative side of the House, will contend for the principle of the representation of minorities. In fact, many less likely things have happened than that a serious split should take place both in the ranks of the Liberal party and in the Administration upon this issue. It will be the test, as we think, of true Liberalism. Whatever schemes you may frame for representing minorities, they will operate solely in strengthening all those anti-popular interests which are always too strong by their intrinsic position." What our contemporary here maintains appears to be this,—that all true Liberals should be in favour of *artificially* strengthening the opinion of the majority of the nation, so as to exclude from view, as far as may be possible, the evidence of the fact that a very strong opposition was registered to that opinion; and this for the simple reason that Conservatism always has a natural advantage by virtue of its "intrinsic position,"—a natural advantage so very great, that it needs to be balanced by constitutional contrivances for securing that the Conservative Party shall exert considerably less influence relatively in the House of Commons than they exert in the constituencies themselves. Now, is this seriously to be called a "test of true Liberalism," namely, that we shall deliberately choose to make the Commons an assembly *not* representing as nearly as possible the opinions of the country, but, on the contrary, representing as exclusively as can be managed, the opinion of that class in the country which happens to be most in favour? What is the true "Liberal" theory of representation? Is it that the House of Commons shall reproduce, as near as possible on a reduced scale, the opinions of the country at large? Or is it that the House of Commons shall reproduce as exclusively as possible on that reduced scale the opinion *predominant* in the country at large? Is it "Liberal" to wish to silence the deliberative voice of our opponents,—even though that voice would only be heard in exact proportion to the popular influence which those opponents wield,—on the express ground that Conservatives have so immense an advantage in their "intrinsic position" that there ought to be a counterweight intentionally put into the Liberal scale, to make up for the advantage of that Conservative possession which is said to be nine points of the law? If this is to be a test of Liberalism, we confess to thinking it the most illiberal test of Liberalism ever suggested, and the most undemocratic burlesque on the theory of Democracy. The very notion of a Democracy is, that the people shall settle political matters for themselves as nearly as they can; and that as they cannot all meet together to discuss the national politics, a Council of the nation shall be summoned, which shall reproduce as nearly as may be on a small scale the opinions spread abroad in the nation at large. If the whole people could meet together, the minority, we suppose, would be allowed not only to express their views, but to show the world how large a proportion of the people hold those views. But, according to the new doctrine which it is to be a test of Liberalism to hold, the Conservative minority in the House of Commons should be distinctly prohibited from exerting any influence in proportion to that wielded by them out of doors, on the astounding pretence that Conservatism is in a position of so much greater natural advantage than Liberalism, that we ought to muffle its voice artificially, lest Liberals should, after all, fail to make their own voice duly heard. Is that the true opinion of Liberals? Does any genuine Democrat fancy that when the majority of a nation can both make its voice heard, and make it heard with the exact authority attaching to its preponderance, it will yet need to have its authority artificially enhanced by keeping generally out of sight the popular weight of the minority which it has beaten? Such a doctrine seems to us one of the most ignoble ever proposed in the name of Liberalism and Democracy. It is the doctrine of men who do not desire representative institutions at all, but misrepresentative institutions in which exaggerations shall be deliberately authorised,—all these exaggerations to be in the direction of making the stronger side seem relatively a good deal stronger than it actually is.

In saying this, we are by no means condemning the doctrine that the minority of a nation *may* be fully represented, without any attempt to elect what are now called minority Members. We are quite willing to admit that under the very great difficulties of the case, a system in which the constituencies are so carefully and uniformly subdivided, that the majority of one constituency may be trusted to speak for the minority of another, might prove the fairest of all. All we contend for is the principle that we ought to try by one means or another to get in the House of Commons as near a copy of the shades of opinion in the nation as the best representative institutions,—and these, at the very best, are necessarily imperfect,—will admit. What we insist upon is that we ought to aim at getting the opinion of the minority represented in one way or another, and fairly represented,—represented in the full weight attaching to its proportional diffusion through the nation. If this can be best attained by subdividing large constituencies into wards, and giving each ward a Member,—every elector in each ward having but a single vote,—we shall be satisfied with that way of attaining it. It may very well be that, with a system of that kind, there will be little chance of a misrepresentation of the total result, for the minority of one constituency might, under these circumstances, be sure to get its due influence in the House of Commons, through the voice of a majority of another constituency of the same general kind; the minority of one agricultural constituency by the majority of another agricultural constituency, the minority of one middle-class borough or manufacturing town by the majority of another middle-class borough or manufacturing town. But we do protest in the warmest manner against this new-fangled test of Liberalism which actually assumes that, unless Liberalism is to have an artificial advantage over and above the natural advantage of its superior popularity,—the artificial advantage, namely, of commanding in the House of Commons a very much stronger majority than it actually commands in the country at large,—it cannot make any headway against the force of Conservative prejudice and of Tory possession. That is not the view of a democrat, but the view of a friend of privilege, who wishes to arm the majority with greater powers than that of their numbers and of the moral and intellectual superiority of the doctrines to which those numbers give in their adhesion.

THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.

A CHANGE has occurred in the Russian situation on which it is hard to avoid speculating, even though the uncontested facts are so few. The cloud of dread which, after the murder of Alexander II., had settled down upon the Court of St. Petersburg, has evidently been partially lifted. Though the old, free life of the Czars has ended, probably for ever, and no Russian Emperor will again stroll unattended through the streets of St. Petersburg, or enter uninvited a private house, as Alexander I. and Nicholas used to do, Alexander III. is again moving among his subjects, holding reviews, giving entertain-

ments, and even presiding at semi-public dinners in his honour. It is possible to obtain an order from him without a visit to Gatschina, and most citizens of St. Petersburg have seen his face. Whether the police, as they boast, have arrested all conspirators, or some secret arrangement has been made with their chiefs, or the Court, in despair, has resolved to disregard them, the Czar has certainly recovered his freedom of action, the Czarina is relieved from fears for her children, which at one time threatened either life or reason, and the Ministry are relieved in part of their unendurable extra charge. The Coronation, without which the Russian Sovereign is held by the mass of his subjects to be only Czar-elect, has been determined on, a day for it has been publicly announced—to be changed, it may be, as the time approaches—and Asia and Europe are ransacked for means to make the ceremonial magnificent. It is noted, as a mere indication of the scale of the preparations, that Russian agents have purchased in advance all the flowers obtainable on the Italian Riviera, and that the final salute will be repeated, so far as possible, in the same indivisible moment of time, at every artillery station from St. Petersburg to Petropaulovski, the melancholy fortress on Behring's Sea. Every Court in Europe or Asia, including, we hope, India, is to be represented by a Prince or a special Mission, as well as by its regular Embassy, and the heirs of those semi-dependent Tartar Kings of Northern Asia of whom the Western world knows so little—for the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara are only two out of ten or eleven, each with power of life and death—are all to pay their homage to the White Czar, whose shadow protects while it crushes them. They know better than the West does what security the Russian uniform gives them against China, against insurrection, against their tribal enemies, and their representatives will not be merely prisoners of war. There is no such gathering of the representatives of the world in our day as that which attends a Russian coronation. In spite of the condition of Russian finance, the ceremonial is to be of "Arabian Nights" magnificence, and to overawe by its bewildering pomp the representatives from every province and city, who have been summoned in order that on their return they may convince the eighty millions that a Czar, autocratic, magnificent, and fearless, has again received the visible sanction of Heaven and the Church for his claim to rule.

The eagerness to perform this ceremony, though it is, of course, indispensable in Russia, is not altogether hopeful, for it suggests that the Czar's impulse amid the dangers which surround him is to strengthen his hold on the unreasoning reverence of the masses, who are still impressed with the divine right of a crowned Emperor, rather than to make any effort to conciliate the educated, whose teaching, now spreading in the Army, and in some provinces among the peasantry, most endangers his throne. The Nihilists will not worship because the Czar is crowned. It is difficult, however, to repress a hope that Alexander III., who certainly has considered the results of a liberal course, once crowned and liberated from the fear of appearing to yield to personal violence, may be induced to allow the people of Russia some further measure of freedom. We have never been among those who think it possible, or even certainly right, for the Czar to surrender his autocracy. Ultimate power in a State must reside somewhere, and it is by no means certain that, amidst a people so ignorant, so numerous, and so scattered as that of Russia, the Sovereign may not be a safer depositary of it than any representative body he could summon, or any electorate that he could invest with power. His moral claim to rule cannot be rejected while the people would give him a plébiscite of ninety per cent., and he can be guided by their wishes, once expressed, as readily as by their orders. An autocratic Peasant Parliament, as ignorant as Russia, as autocratic as the Czar, and beyond even the restraint of assassination, rather appals the imagination even of men who hold strongly, as we do, the faith that liberty educates. The ablest reformers of Russia have never asked this, nor is there anything in the circumstances which renders so enormous a change peremptory or unavoidable. But it is manifest that Russia has advanced beyond the stage of silent submission; that the hostility of the educated paralyses the Government; that the Czar, if he is to exercise his immense powers in security, must take his people into council, must give them the means of stating their views, their grievances, their hopes, publicly and freely and with authority. This can be done safely only through a deliberative Assembly, and with the autocratic right openly and expressly reasserted in the Constitution, as it once was asserted in that of Denmark, we fail to perceive what there is under existing circumstances for an Emperor of Russia to dread. He need not call the Assembly together in Moscow; and even in Moscow, with the garrison he can command, he has nothing to fear from popular insurrection. The Deputies will be devoted to him, and granting they were not, would all be on the road to Siberia twelve hours after they had declared against the throne. The Czar, if protected from criticism—and in Germany, or for that matter, England, the protection of the Crown is nearly perfect—has nothing to fear from free speech. His agents may have, for no doubt if speech were once really free in Russia, even though the right were limited to the Deputies, a flood of light would be poured upon dark places; but the Czar gains nothing by ignorance of oppressions committed in his name, or by allowing to his servants powers which only make them hated by the people. He does not want to govern more strongly than, for example, the German Emperor governs, and he would retain indefinitely greater authority. Not only the present Czar, but even his father and grandfather, have allowed ordinary affairs to be conducted according to law; and the bureaucratic violences, which are, in fact, breaches of law, produce nothing to the dynasty. The attacks which a Deliberative Assembly would, no doubt, direct upon the Treasury could not affect the Emperor, whose state is kept up, for the most part, by a quasi-private fortune beyond compare in Europe. The Deliberative Assembly could not of themselves abolish a tax, or reduce the Army, or decree a special course in foreign politics, and their representation on any such subject would not of itself be executive. Perhaps the Court fears it would be, that when grievances were once frankly stated and proved, such a weight of public opinion would gather behind the Deputies, that their representation must be obeyed; but if Russia is so forward as that, resistance is ultimately impossible. Public opinion, when it is powerful, is not the weaker for not being formulised. We suppose the true objections in the Czar's mind are, in reality, two; one, that the mystical charm of his authority, its independence or self-existence, would be broken, if he were seen to be guided; and the other, that the administrative machine would give way, or be unworkable, under the weight of popular criticism. The first objection has undoubtedly a weight in Russia not quite comprehended in the West. It is the one which is always put forward by the sincere and, so to speak, pious absolutists like the President of the Synod, and it convinced the Monarch himself, at the great Council held after his father's death; but it is completely met by the reply that the independence of the Throne is not attacked. The Czar is not asked to part with any portion of his sway. Under the scheme proposed, the Emperor remains the free autocrat from whom alone the laws derive validity. He only accepts a Council as counsellor as he might accept an individual as counsellor, and the Deliberative Assembly's petition is but the "Report" which precedes action in any department. The second objection in part is solid. No one familiar with Russian methods of administration will doubt that the bureaucracy would greatly fear the Deliberative Assembly, would lose much of its independence under free criticism, and would for a time grow perplexed and out of heart. It is most difficult when you have managed affairs as you pleased, to manage them under strict surveillance. But the answer is, that this is the very change to be sought first of all, that the independent action of the bureaucracy is in Russia the root of evil and the cause which most spreads dissatisfaction, and that the reorganisation of the service upon the German principle, that the official must obey both his superiors and the law, is the grand necessity of the Empire. The Czar cannot lose by adopting it, and it is hard to believe that, with his knowledge of Germany, the fear of losing it renders his mind impervious to a concession which might recement his power. It is the harder, because the Czars feel bitterly their difficulty in controlling subordinates, and the excessive exertion necessary to enforce improvements, more especially the abolition of bribery and the honest collection of taxes, which they themselves desire. Not to mention that an Assembly of any kind might authorise taxation which would put the finances straight, no absolute monarch likes a revelation like that which within this month has been laid before the Czar as to the peculations in the Ministry of the Interior; and they go on, more or less, in every distant office, and can be stopped only by the publicity which a Deliberative Council and its necessary supplement, a fairly free Press, would secure. The representative of Samara would have no power to punish the theft of contributions for his province,

but the mere fear that he would expose them would carry the money safely on its way. The Russian officials, when detected, execute themselves.

Everything still depends in Russia upon the character of an individual, and that of Alexander III., though it may now be known to a few Councillors, remains to most of his contemporaries a sealed book. Considering the commotions of his reign, the freedom of speech among Russians outside the Empire, and the eagerness with which an autocrat is scrutinised, it is astonishing how undefined his mental outline remains. It is not even known yet whether he possesses any of the ability which has hitherto been wanting to few of his House. It is probable, by all accounts, that, though obstinate and tenacious, he is equal to the average in intelligence; and the average intelligence of a man used to great affairs, and accustomed to regard them as his affairs, has sufficed to make considerable Sovereigns. Many men govern estates fairly well who are not very brilliant; and we all forget that the business which strikes outsiders as political, and therefore difficult, must strike a despotic master as work which he has constantly to do, and therefore can do as well as another. The Czar must know what his troubles are, though they concern an Empire, as well as a noble knows his own, though they only concern an estate, and must, from the habit of a lifetime, be fairly accustomed to weigh advice. He may believe, as so many another man does, that any change is dangerous; but he may also believe that the present situation does not admit of rest. If the latter impression should in the end dominate his mind—and one specialty of his mind is known, that he dislikes and dreads financial disorder—he will hardly find a better opportunity for making changes than the moment when he is accepted by the immense majority of his subjects as the crowned Czar who must be on their side, and whose decisions spring from purposes they cannot fathom, and a wisdom beyond their measure. Whatever he gives will be accepted with enthusiasm as a free gift, and if he will but give enough, the educated may be as powerless to resist his initiative as the nobles were to resist his father's decree of emancipation.

MR. LOWTHER AT KIRKBY MOORSIDE.

MR. LOWTHER'S speeches out of Parliament have always an interest of their own. They show us the natural man of Toryism. Sir Stafford Northcote is a Conservative, because "moderate," being with us always an adjective, cannot stand alone; and as it must be associated with some substantive, Sir Stafford prefers that it should be with the substantive "Conservative," rather than with the substantive "Liberal." Mr. Lowther's reason for the name that belongs to him is altogether of another type. If he were perfectly out-spoken, he would probably set down his leader as a mere Laodicean, afraid to be frankly hot or frankly cold, and constantly disappointed by Englishmen not proving as lukewarm as himself. Whatever Mr. Lowther is, he is not lukewarm. His theory of Opposition strategy consists in taking care of the pence, and leaving the pounds to take care of themselves. If he were speaking to only ten men, he would be as bent upon securing their votes, and as indifferent to the effect his words might have upon others, as though they constituted the whole Electorate. His speech at Kirkby Moorside on Tuesday is an excellent example of his peculiar method. Considering how large a share the Conservatives have had in the formation of the Grand Committees, a common-place Conservative would have thrown his abuse of the new machinery into the future tense. He might have dwelt upon the danger that, under other circumstances and in another Parliament, Grand Committees might not fairly embody the sense of the House of Commons; but he would have congratulated his hearers upon the success with which this danger had been for the present averted. Mr. Lowther's dislikes have this in common with Omniscience,—that the future and the present are all one to them. What a thing may conceivably become, that, if it suits his purpose to make it so, it is already. No respect for Sir John Mowbray prevents him from calling the Grand Committees "carefully packed representatives of the Birmingham Caucus." That Mr. Chamberlain should have found a willing tool in the Conservative Member for Oxford University, has no improbability in Mr. Lowther's eyes. If he happened to differ from Lord Salisbury, he would have no scruple in describing him as the self-constituted mouthpiece of the 'atant Radicalism of the Northern towns. Nor will any regard for names or appearances make Mr. Lowther deaf to the summons of duty. When the Bankruptcy Bill or the Criminal Procedure Bill comes back from the Grand Committee, he, as an elected representative of the people, will be ready to consider its provisions. He will move amendments and take divisions upon every clause, and do his part, unassisted, to make the Bill "Lowther's entire."

In speaking to farmers, however, it is necessary to come nearer home than questions of Parliamentary procedure. A remedy has to be suggested for agricultural depression, and it must be such a remedy as a Liberal Government can be trusted not to provide. Mr. Lowther sees at once that, from this point of view, compensation for tenants is not at all a safe subject. It is certain that the Liberal Government will give the farmers as much compensation as a Conservative Government, and it is probable that it will give them something more. Consequently, Mr. Lowther's cue at Kirkby Moorside was to present tenants' compensation as a very small matter indeed. "They heard," he said, "a vast deal of stuff and nonsense talked about so-called compensation for improvements; but this talk about improvements, exhaustible and inexhaustible, only concerned the man who happened to be going to leave his farm." In these times, we should have thought that too many farmers "happen" to be going to leave their farms, to make this jaunty reference to such a state of things quite prudent. Perhaps, however, Mr. Lowther felt sure that men who were under notice to quit for non-payment of rent would hardly be among the guests at a Conservative banquet. Perhaps, also, he had so much faith in the beautiful vision he was about to conjure up for them, that this reference to their possible misfortunes seemed to him nothing more than a trick of oratory. The farmers were to be set meditating on rent-day, which they see no chance of meeting, in order that they might the better appreciate the panacea which Mr. Lowther was preparing to bring out of his pocket. Parliament is to insure that every man shall have a fair return for what he lays out. It is true, Mr. Lowther inserts a condition—if it can be equitably done—but he evidently has no fear that this condition will be wanting. All that Parliament has to do is protect the British producer against foreign competition. Mr. Lowther is shrewd enough to see that he cannot hope to get Protection for any one British industry, however important. He must find other industries willing to make common cause with the one in which he is interested. Help must come not through a league of British farmers against British manufacturers, but through a league of British producers against foreign producers. Not one tradesman only, but every tradesman, is to have an interest in the new political venture. Everything that is grown or made in England is to be protected against everything that is grown or made abroad. In this way the farmer will once more be independent of sunshine. Sunshine is no better than a quack remedy for agricultural depression. "With wheat at the price at which it has frequently stood of late, it will be impossible," according to Mr. Lowther, "for farmers to carry on their industry, whatever sunshine they may enjoy." If they are to live at all, prices must be raised; and so long as the Americans ask no more for their wheat than they have asked lately, prices cannot be raised, unless American corn is kept out of the country.

Mr. Lowther takes credit to himself for being so much more outspoken on this point than the leaders of his party. A great many of his best friends, he admits, are not prepared to go thoroughly with him in regard to Protection. It is strange that this abstention on the part of his friends excites no suspicion in Mr. Lowther's mind. He does not see that it would be the cue of every Conservative to promise the farmers protective duties, if it were possible to do this without incurring worse dangers in the opposite direction. Mr. Lowther has no such doubt. He has, to all appearance, persuaded himself that it is quite safe to think only of the producer, and to leave the consumer out of the account. He does not even remember that the producer of one thing is the consumer of everything else, and that a great deal of his consumption goes to help in his own special production. Even farmers, the class which of all others would benefit by Protection, might not be willing to close the door against American machinery. They would like to be protected themselves, but they might not be equally impressed with the importance of protecting the British ironmaster. It is certain, therefore, that Mr. Lowther's notion of combining producers would end in nothing, and that in the end he would have to come before the country with a naked proposal to give Protection to British agriculture. It is no wonder that his friends are not prepared to go this length with him.

The Conservative leaders have very little notion of playing their cards well. If they had, the really good cards which they sometimes hold would more often give them the trick. But they are too sharp to identify themselves with Protection to British wheat. Only, so long as they have no policy of their own to propose, they are naturally powerless to keep politicians like Mr. Lowther silent. In the absence of instructions from his leaders, he sets to work to frame a policy for himself; and pleasing as the result of this creative act may be to himself, it must have given Sir Stafford Northcote some uncomfortable moments, if he had the courage to read what his follower had said.

"ABU TELFAN."

IT is not often that much teaching is to be obtained by Englishmen out of translated German novels. There is amusement in Freytag's books, principally derivable from the contrast of English and German manners; and we all acknowledge the charm of Werner's scene-painter style—hardly any Englishman wields so broad a brush—but Spielhagen's strength is mainly untranslateable humour, and the teaching in all is very slight. We stumbled the other day, however, on a German novel with wisdom in it. Anybody who happens to be very miserable, and especially anybody who is miserable from the feeling that his life has become for the moment a prison, in which unfavourable circumstances are crushing down energy and naturalness, and even hope—and who among us is so fortunate as never to feel thus, if it be but for moments at a time?—may, we think, read with advantage "Abu Telfan" by Herr Raabe, translated by Madame or Mademoiselle Sofie Delffs. The translation is not perfect, from incomplete mastery rather of English than of German, and the writer's slightly bitter humour may not strike others as strongly as it struck ourselves, with the odd sense of pleasure one derives from entirely new and piquant food, of which one does not want to eat much; but the reader who goes on steadily will, we feel confident, come to one conclusion. He is somehow a little stronger for that book. We are not going to review it, for the original was published in 1867, but its central figure is a German loafer, half *mauvais sujet*, who, finding home intolerable, enters the service of the Engineers who first reported on the Suez Canal, wanders southward up the Nile, is carried by a negro tribe to a village of Darfur named Abu Telfan, and is kept in slavery for ten years. Nothing is described of his slavery, except that it was cruel, endless labour in insufferable heat, his mistress, a fat old negress, using the whip incessantly; but at the end of the time Hagebucher was bought, out of pity, by a German dealer in beasts for menageries, and sent home. His adventures when he arrives at home, with his character modified by his suffering, make the book, which is well written and readable, but not specially notable, except for sly sarcasm, and for the main thought, which, though not obtruded, is made with really admirable subtlety to pervade every page of it,—the thought that Abu Telfan, instead of destroying, *made* Hagebucher. The man has been baked, like bread which was dough. In that utter misery, a specially constricting and confining misery, endless labour under a blazing sun, with the whip for thanks, and more labour and more whip and less strength for future, with the brain unfed and cheerfulness impossible, and the whole nature seeming to its possessor crushed, and dwarfed, and insensible to aught but pain, the soul had gathered strength and calm. Not from religion. The author, we should fancy, believes little, and does not bring that little forward; but Hagebucher in his slavery has reached the bottom, has touched the realities of things, and has thenceforward the benefit of a stoicism which is liker Christian resignation or the Quaker quietness than any stoicism—to be, after all, mainly stoicism, and not something higher—that we ever saw portrayed. Naturally, what is personal suffering, or mental depression, or spoiled hopes, or any misery of life, even that great one of seeing wrong triumphant, when one has been German engineer and slave for ten years in Darfur, without hope of escape, under the whip of Kulla-kulla? But the difficulty is to get the benefit of that exemption, and this Hagebucher, not through reflection or any panacea, but simply by unconscious endurance and a certain manliness, has done. The dough is not reflective in the oven, but it becomes bread. (By the way, there must be a moment when it was dough and is bread, though people say conversion is a lie.) And Herr Raabe, though he does not preach ever, and sometimes leaves the oddest impression of not quite seeing his own wisdom, clearly thinks that every man, especially, be it noted, for Raabe is essentially satirist, every German who is not well off, well liked by the police, and utterly Philistine, passes through his own Abu Telfan, be the same external or internal, his slavery sometimes lasting years, and might, if it were in him, profit thereby, and come out of boudage more of a man, not to say hero, than he went in. "We have all heard that before," do you say? "from nurses and mothers and preachers, and it is only the old story that trials are sent for our good, and is horribly irritating." Not exactly, though we may have sufficiently failed, from want of art, to leave that impression. There is no preachiness in Herr Raabe, and he does not think trials for our good, but for our bad,—very detestable things, to be eschewed and escaped, whenever that is honourably possible. But they come, and his notion is that when they come, and especially when they come in the form he most detests, namely, actual bondage—bondage, he hints, as of Germans under their princely *régime*—or spiritual bondage, there may be, for some well-tempered natures, in the bondage itself, in its strong constriction and compression, its blasting effect upon all that is unreal, an annealing force that makes the soul strong enough not only to endure, but to comprehend in enduring,—a much higher level of being. It is the Christian teaching in a way, but not from the Christian stand-point, and will address minds, if we have judged the book aright, on which Christianity, or, at all events, the Christianity taught in pulpits, has lost its capacity to bite.

We are not saying that the teaching is valuable to all. Souls are not cucumbers, to be all quickened alike by heat; nor is suffering good for all,—the irritating mistake preachers are apt to make. There are some men, and more women, so happily organised that expansion comes to them, as to most flowers, from the sunshine, and there are others whom hot suffering shrivels up or withers. Their souls die out in it, as a fire does in the afternoon rays. One-half our common people, if too miserable, are driven into drink, which then, at all events, benefits no one. They drink from dronth of happiness, not drouth of throat. But there are others to whom suffering, even when presented in that horrid form of bondage, slavery to detested or unacceptable conditions, to chronic ill-health, say, or to a loathed kind of work, or to a conviction which yet somehow you have lost and do not quite know you have lost, is a strengthening force. The man comes out of it more strong, more tolerant, more refined, with the refinement which is not outside polish, but a change of nature. That last effect has been noted for ages, we suppose because refinement shows at all times, instead of occasionally; but the others are true, too, and how, setting Christianity apart, as we are doing all through this paper, do they come? A Hindoo or a disbeliever benefits also sometimes from residence in Abu Telfan, and how does that happen? A man's courage can hardly be increased by bondage—Kingsley used to say it was the one condition which cowed the brave—and certainly slaves acquire a notable and artificial timidity of their lords. Nor can bondage which involves the non-use of powers increase them as use does. Cheerfulness increases force, and misery, even when it is past, can hardly increase cheerfulness, though the contrast may make us see causes for indulging the dwindled power which we never saw before. Is not Raabe's explanation the true one,—that misery so brings us to the sense of the realities of things that we cannot again deceive ourselves so utterly, or see men as trees walking? Everything about you except your inner self is so trivial under that burning sun, and daily toil, and Kulla-kulla's whip. The essential principle of the true stoicism, which is, after all, that the inner self is all and the externals nothing, the stoicism of Buddha as well as Seneca, is begotten in the sufferer without his own consent, and therefore with the power which most of the unconscious tendencies have. (You do not will that the eyelids shall snap at light, and therefore your eyes are protected with a certainty that the most intense conscious volition could not secure.) With that stoicism comes endurance and patience, and if the nature is large, toleration. The clear touch of an overpowering reality has burnt up effeminacy and impatience, and the incapacity to bear. "Toothache, did you say? Ah, I was a slave in Darfur! You cannot wait? I had to wait 3,650 days,—87,600 hours. Bad, is he? He is an angel to Kulla

kulla. The scoundrel triumphs? Ah, the huge negro who caught me lived by murdering children!" There is one curious evidence that Raabe is right, and that it is in making men see realities that suffering benefits them, which all our readers may not have seen, but which yet must be a widely diffused experience. Did you ever see a man thoroughly recovered from a long and real suffering—a long illness with actual pain in it, or a bereavement severe enough to shut his mind to externals, or a period of biting adversity, not fear of adversity, but actual down-coming—who was not, in however faint a degree, more humorous than before? The smile, if he happens to have one—an extraordinary number of men do not smile, but only laugh or grin—is deeper and more frequent, as well as gentler. Well, the source of humour is the perception of the incongruous, and in no one is that perception so certain as in the man to whom suffering has made patent the realities of things. If you have been in Abu Telfan, and not perished there, as, of course, most do, the German policeman *must* strike you as slightly comic, if only because he thinks himself so much above an old negress, and is so much less terrible. Be hungry for three days, and see how much you will care about high cooking.

That the sense of reality is what we gain from suffering, and that it is much, we are certain; but wherein for the non-Christian, the higher stoic, the gain lies, is a question hard to answer. If a man can say with Ebenezer Elliott,—

> "Pain but appears to be;
> What are man's fears to Thee,
> God, if all tears shall be
> Gems on thy throne?"

the matter is simple enough; but if not, how then? Yet it is true that bondage in Abu Telfan often benefits the unbeliever, and also true that the reality of things by itself is not always either an ennobling or an encouraging subject of contemplation. "All flesh is grass" is reality, and yet half mankind, perceiving it clearly, live like cattle. The explanation is, we suppose, that whether a man believes or not, he cannot get from under the laws, the very first of which is that truth is harmony, and that in perceiving any truth he comes into a relation to all other truths which makes them educative to him. That all men live under a capital sentence is not by itself an ennobling fact; but when you see it as the miserable do, it is the base, if not the germ, of every thought which has lifted man above his worst enemy,—the self which in suffering occasionally loses its dominance.

WOMEN AND COMMERCIAL GAMBLING.

CHICAGO has been the first place, apparently, to provide regular accommodation for those women who gain their livelihood by speculating on the rise or fall in the cost of provisions. There, if we may trust the reporters, there is a regular place set aside for the resort of women so engaged. It is not a Stock Exchange, but a Provision Dealers' Exchange. One lady is said to have made £1,600 sterling on "the Corn Corner" of January. Another has "planked her bottom dollar" on the May wheat; a third is speculating deeply in pork, and in "futures in hog-products." The reporters say that this occupation has a curious effect on the countenances of the women who frequent this Exchange. They lose the mobility of feature and expression which is one of the great charms of women, and don the mask of impenetrability peculiar to the man of business whose great object it is never to betray for a moment how things are going with him. Now, so far as we know, there is no reason whatever, except the prepossessions of the existing Committees of the various Exchanges of Europe and the West, why women should not be admitted freely to all these Exchanges; and it is pretty certain that, at a time when the legal restrictions which exclude them from other professions are being one by one removed, no legal restriction to exclude them from this profession is likely to be imposed. If, therefore, women are not to embrace these speculative careers as freely as they will, doubtless, embrace before long law and medicine and soberer commercial pursuits, it must be their own choice which is to prevent them, and not any permanent external obstacle which it is out of their own power to overcome. If women as a rule think fit to engage in speculative businesses, women will before long undoubtedly be allowed to engage in them almost as much as they please, and to speculate as freely as they please in "the futures of hog-products," or in the liveliness or droopingness of "Scotch pig." Nothing but their own resolve is at all likely to deter them from the least suitable of all careers except, perhaps, that of a soldier—and we are not quite sure that even that would injure the feminine beauty of their characters so much,—upon which they could contrive to enter.

For this very reason we are disposed to press upon women the question whether they themselves are prepared to regard all careers which do not involve great physical daring as equally suitable for women. The late Lord Beaconsfield has told us what he thought of speculative women in the clever little sketch of "Lady Bertie and Bellair," who pretends to wish to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but is really plunged heart and soul in railroad speculation, and who faints on hearing that "the narrow gauge has won." Lord Beaconsfield's verdict,—delivered, as usual, through his favourite oracle, Sidonia,—is, "She pesters me with her letters, but I do not like feminine finance;" and perhaps there was more reason for this judgment than there was for most of Mr. Disraeli's epigrammatic and sententious decisions. Undoubtedly, of all careers which are likely to unsex women, that of staking considerable stakes on the results of a complicated series of dubious commercial events seems to us the most likely to produce that effect. Impersonal excitements which depend for their interest on heavy pecuniary risks, can hardly be really good for any human being. But if they must be undergone by any human being at all, certainly they do least harm to those who have the least susceptibility to finer feelings, who are most impersonal in the whole attitude of their mind, who are nearest to intellectual engines and furthest removed from the life of the affections. We have known many men who could run great pecuniary risks with little or no disturbance of their best personal life,—and in deprecating these gambling commercial pursuits as morally dangerous, we must not be understood to express any doubt that the equalisation of prices which results from calm and wise speculation on a sound basis of capital in the upward or downward movements of stocks and commodities, is of great advantage to the world,—but the present writer, at least, has never known a woman to whom it would have been reasonable to attribute the same imperturbability. Nor do we think that if such a woman existed, she could be, in the best sense of the term, feminine. A true woman is utterly vulgarised by having her highest excitements and preoccupations not merely removed from the personal to the purely impersonal world, but made dependent on doubtful events containing a large element of chance. That which is best and finest in women will not stand the wear-and-tear of this kind of life; and though that is true of most men also, it is not so true, and will never be so true, in their case, as it is in that of women. The corruption of the higher type, as was long ago observed, is almost always a worse corruption than the corruption of the lower. Now, women's sensitiveness of perception and liveliness of affection, and that delicacy of tact which arises from sensitive perceptions and lively affections, form unquestionably a much larger proportional part of their whole nature than the same elements form of men's. And as the excitements of commercial gambling,—*i.e.*, of speculation on the risks and chances of commerce,—undoubtedly blunt that sort of sensitiveness and affectionateness and tact, it does much more harm to women than it does to men. And yet in unsexing them, it bestows upon them nothing of the better masculine life, for we do not count a little addition to the power of wearing a mask through ordinary chances and changes, one of the better aspects of masculine life. Just conceive what the Turf would become, if women were the chief managers of all its tricks and rascalities! Imagine what a woman acting as Mr. Trollope made Major Tufto act in "The Duke's Children" must become! The bare imagination is almost enough to demonstrate the hopeless ruin which gambling must bring on what is noblest in women. It is true, of course, that in dealing with what may be a perfectly legitimate and useful profession,—the making of large investments in commodities or stocks, on the strength of indications as to the changing needs of the public,—the gambling is not so demoralising as it is in cases where the sole and only effect is to drain money out of other people's pockets into your own. But it is gambling still, and the excitements of gambling are so preoccupying, so prejudicial to the healthy exercise of all the more human parts of our nature, that it should never be pursued by any one without a very cool head, and a very great power of limiting by the exertion of a strong will the risks to which he exposes his fortunes and the fortunes of those dearest to him. We believe that what may be called the refining influences of life can never be wielded by one

whose eye is ever on the compass and his hand ever on the wheel, to prevent the ship from striking on a reef, or turning her beam to a heavy sea. You cannot be thinking of the little kindnesses of life, of the slight indications that others are happy or unhappy, that this change would make a house brighter, that that would make it more home-like, if your whole mind is concentrated on the risks which you are running by a great speculative transaction in shares or goods. A mind without oppressive impersonal preoccupations is essential for those personal amenities for which we all look to women. And, therefore, women,—who can, almost always, do more to make others at their ease and happy and gentle than men can,—should, in our opinion, never hide their gifts under a bushel by assuming the blunting and hardening career of a commercial speculator. We say this even of those cases of commercial speculation which are quite legitimate,—the cases where the speculator has an ample capital, does not risk more than he can afford, acts upon scientific calculations and indications of the movements of affairs, and really confers on the community the benefit of equalising prices by raising them when they are too low, and lowering them when they are artificially high. Undoubtedly, there are very few women who could really observe these limits so as to confer a great good on the community, while even those few would necessarily thereby sacrifice a great proportion of their best private influence. But we do not lay so much stress on the rarity of these women, because undoubtedly this is partly because women have had so little discipline in the calculations of risk, and of course they might acquire that discipline in a few generations. We put it on the much stronger ground that if they did acquire that discipline, they would deprive human life of a great deal more that is good than they can ever add to it by doing the heavy and blunting work of the Stock Exchange, or the other Exchanges of the world. You cannot at one and the same time be speculating heavily for a rise, and making the life of a home brighter and purer than it would otherwise be. It takes a great deal of self-command, a great deal of tenacity, a great deal of calculation, a great deal of careful reflection, observation, and strenuousness, to do any speculative business on which the fortunes of your house depend, with judgment and sobriety. All this means the expenditure of a great deal of vitality, and the draining of that vitality from a sphere in which it can be made to contribute vastly to the refinement, the graciousness, the goodness, the sweetness, and the harmony of life. If women are prepared to draw off their life from their own special sphere, and invest it in a hard calculating forethought and an indomitable volition, we can only say that they are prepared to inflict a great misfortune on the world. Let all kinds of life be as free to women as to men. But at least let them exercise their freedom with equal regard to the qualities in which they are strongest, and by which they can contribute most to the refining of human character. We think we may safely say, that amongst these strongest qualities women would not find in one case in a million those which specially suit the possessor of them for a life of sober and reticent speculation, and in that one case in a million would probably find also brighter qualities which must be suppressed, or at least, allowed to rest unused, if the former are to be put to the highest use.

GRATITUDE.

WE have before this remarked on the tendency in the English language, and to some extent in all language, to stamp moral epithets with too distinct an implication of praise or blame, or perhaps we should say rather of blame alone, for the impulse that approves is a much fainter one, and gives its verdict with less emphasis. We want the power of disinterested moral description. We have not a dialect in which to state moral characteristics as facts, without implying a judgment upon them; and it seems impossible to point out many types of character which in their concrete manifestation rouse no particularly strong feeling of revulsion or displeasure, without exaggerating all their evil. How black a shadow, for instance, is cast by our words, when we speak of any one as ungrateful! Hardly any other accusation would be so impossible to soften with explanatory circumstance; it implies the opposite, not the deficiency of good; not human frailty, but diabolic wickedness. Yet, the truth is that, though what we mean by ingratitude is rare—for it implies much more than the absence of gratitude—yet gratitude is so little common, that we hardly look upon its absence, except when it is lighted up by strong personal feeling, as involving any serious moral offence whatever.

An ungrateful person, as we ordinarily understand the words, is one who is conscious of important obligation, and chooses to disregard it. Such a character, for the experience of most of us, does not exist. We cannot look at the world as it is, and deny that there is such a thing as good consciously received, and requited with evil; but for the world of average humanity, this kind of ingratitude is as though it were not. The ordinary human being remembers benefits, not so definitely as injuries, certainly, but he does remember them, and when occasion offers, if it involves no very great self-sacrifice, he acts upon them. Most of us, probably, would have to ransack our memories, and peer into many a shadowy corner of the past, before we could recall any one of whom we could honestly say that, taking the word in its ordinary acceptation, he had treated us with ingratitude. And the misfortune of the ordinary acceptation of the word lies here,—that seeing ingratitude is not a danger of average human beings in this sense, we are inclined to think it is not a danger in any sense. We relegate gratitude to the world of exceptional achievement and heroic self-sacrifice, so that in the unheroic world where most of us live and die it does not appear, because it is never summoned. But let no one think it is not missed. Because we do not aim at it, we are by no means incapacitated for regretting its absence, though we often mistake the thing we miss, and sometimes exaggerate it. And it would be the double gain from a truer view of this virtue that we should both expect it less and show it more.

We should expect it less, because we should see that it has as its foes not only all the vices, but also some of the virtues. Indolence is the foe to every form of goodness, and, therefore, to this among the rest. Gratefulness—so let us designate the quality we would describe, to distinguish it from that heroic development which has usurped the place of the homelier type—gratefulness implies a good deal more mental exertion than is obvious at first sight, as any one will allow who compares the occasions on which the feeling has been expressed by him with those in which it has failed to find any expression of word or deed. Pride, too, is its enemy,—at least, what we generally mean by the word is so; ideal Pride, being fastidious in accepting obligations, and scrupulous in acknowledging them, would rather appear as its ally; but the cheap substitute we put up with in every-day life somehow keeps only the first of these characteristics, and not always even that. And some of the qualities we most admire, we must confess, appear on the same side. It cannot be denied that this must be said of generosity, in a general way; although the fact is one we are slow to admit, mainly because we mistake the impressiveness of exceptions for their frequency. Probably most of us have known more than one person who was both generous and grateful, and the link forged by such a memory seems a thing no experience of its uniqueness can break. There are a few persons who shine both as a giver and receiver, but we shall be more just to ordinary humanity, if we remembered that it is not a small thing to exhibit one-half of what makes up the ideal of human nobility, and that we must never look for more.

After allowing that more than one of the virtues are apt to ally themselves with ingratitude, we must make the same concession for genius, for moral attractiveness, and for enthusiasm. The man of genius is as ungrateful as the child. In the child's case, we are all so prepared for the absence of gratitude, that the word strikes us as altogether inapplicable. Children cannot be grateful, and cannot therefore be ungrateful. Something not altogether unlike this is true of the man of genius,—indeed, it is true of a very much larger class than one we could designate by anything that the world recognises as *genius*. The wealthy, richly-endowed nature keeps habitually the standard of gratitude that we all held when we were four years old; love bestowed is as natural, service is as much a matter of course, merely to draw near one's benefactor is, in the one case as in the other, an ample requital of all service. We cannot say that the external effect is the same; it must always be with a certain shock that we discover that any mature human being keeps the child's recklessness of obligation, whatever reason may urge in defence. But reason has much to urge in this case. "It goes against me to see 'X' take his obligations to you so easily," says some wife, fully conscious of all she could have done for her children with the hun-

dreds that have gone to make life easier for her husband's gifted friend. "You make too much of a little money," says he, but an uneasy feeling is revived by her words, and perhaps does not again slumber. Yet, after all, on which side lies the true obligation? It may be a matter quite indifferent to him that his name will be known to the generations that come after as the friend of "X;" he is not solicitous, perhaps, to be remembered otherwise than in the loving memory of a few survivors, but has not he received more from the poet or the teacher than he has given him? Is not his life more improved by the friendship than that which it has sheltered from penury? This is the question which, whenever he asks himself, he answers with an emphatic affirmative; but it is one of those truths of human relation which seem to depend for their truth on the lips that utter them, and it is always a shock to find that the man of genius himself takes this view of the relation. But indeed, though we speak of genius, we would point out the temptation of a much larger class. Genius is but the summit of that mental elevation of which the lower heights, though unrecognisable from afar, have to those who tread them not a few of the characteristics of genius, and many a name associated with no world-wide resonance rouses memories that could not be surpassed in vividness and significance by any that are enshrined in classic biography and revived by stately monument. Wherever there is this mental wealth, we shall be apt to find a certain poverty in the power of feeling gratitude. The man who is always welcome, who feels his presence a boon, who cannot but be aware that he leaves all society the chillier for his absence, does not associate any services rendered him with self-denial. Was it you who introduced him to this delightful home? He can hardly remember the fact, so many there are who seek his society. Did your painstaking service render possible this brilliant achievement? He feels you fortunate in having had a hand in anything that has seemed to him worth doing. Indeed, there is a great deal of careful, disinterested service, which the person for whose sake it is done would scornfully repudiate, if he supposed that any gratitude was due from him to the worker. Gratitude! Were you working at a noble cause, then, with merely personal objects? An enthusiast is indignant at the possibility of loyalty to himself coming in to eclipse the claim of devotion to his work. He cannot remember how mixed are the springs of most human action, how small a class of motives we can divide into good and bad, how unwise it is to discourage the personal influences that dilute a pure love of a principle or a cause. There is something noble in his ingratitude; but it is not politic, nor rooted in any real depth of moral wisdom.

On the one hand, then, the richly endowed are rarely grateful. On the other hand, we must say the same of the needy, when their whole experience is of need. This is one of the innumerable cases where extremes meet. The recollection is one we need most with regard to outward poverty, and the first warning we should give to a person who was trying to serve the poor would be not only that he must avoid looking for gratitude—that is true of all service, and hardly needs saying, though it needs remembering—but that he must be prepared for ingratitude. Many a noble life would be spared a bitter pang by the knowledge that the worst misfortune of need is its tendency to exclude the power of gratitude for its own mitigation. The discovery cannot be made without a shock. It is not that a man who has given time, and money, and anxious thought to the welfare of his workmen, and finds that at the first stress of difficulty they treat him merely as one belonging to a hostile class, was looking for gratitude: that is never the motive of one who really works for others, but the discovery of ingratitude rouses a question of the whole value of his service,—to what effect has he worked, if his desire to aid be not even believed in? The doubt is not ignoble, though it is mistaken. He is working to create the possibility of that grateful feeling which is a better thing than the outward advantages by which it is gradually developed. And the truth he needs to remember, though it is with regard to outward poverty we have most cause to remember it, is not confined to outward poverty. It is true of all need. The unhappy are ungrateful. Gratitude belongs to the temperate zone of the spirit. It withers alike in the tropic glow of unbroken prosperity and under the icy blast of arctic despair, it can live only where breezes alternate with sunshine, and the heart knows the meaning of a wish fulfilled, as well as of a wish disappointed. It is true that this is, we trust, the condition of the majority of the human race. Still, the minority is important enough to be constantly borne in mind when we think of gratitude. It is well to remember that the feeling is impossible to a large proportion of those we are tempted to envy, and a still larger proportion of those for whom we feel compassion. The happy and the unhappy, beyond a certain point, *must* be ungrateful.

We have pointed out the alliance of ingratitude with virtue, genius, and the extremes of good and evil fortune, not as an apology for it, but as an attempt to show that it is something against which any of us may be on our guard. Ungrateful, in the sense of seeing a benefit and not requiting it when we have an opportunity of doing so, most of us know that we are not, and we fail, therefore, to be alive to the many small claims for gratefulness that lie half hidden in the intercourse of every day. Human effort is so blind and so feeble, that much energy is given out in efforts at help that have had almost as little result as if they had aimed at filling a neighbour's cup in the dark; his thirst is unsatisfied, but the bottle is empty. It is a part of the general dislocation of aim and attainment that makes up so much human history in this world. The thing to which gratitude is due is aim, and not attainment. The young fail most towards the old,—innocently at first, as we have admitted, but not so innocently, on the whole, that an accurate memory of youth affords a painless review to any one. And then, again, if life continues, the old are apt to fail towards the young, though the ingratitude of age is a much smaller thing than the ingratitude of youth. But it is a more injurious thing. The young need encouragement, and never more than when they try to serve their elders, and it is surprising at such times how little gratitude is supplied by a great deal of love. A child's efforts to serve are often ineffectual and tiresome, but the most precious thing in the world has its roots injured when they are discouraged. And if *gratitude* seem too large and weighty a word for the father's smile and the mother's kiss when the book is found or the footstool put straight, that is exactly the thing we are complaining of. There is a thing that we want every day, that would more than anything else supply sweetness to average life, and we surround it with associations that make us feel it inaccessible, except at some crisis that comes, perhaps, once in a dozen lives. It is as if we treated sugar as our most precious possession, and had to take every meal that was not a feast without it, because to unlock the casket in which we had enclosed it were an effort too great to make more than once or twice in a year. And it should be a strong influence in driving us to make some effort to express thankful feelings in the trifles of every-day life, that the unthankful ones are sure to be expressed. Dissatisfaction, we may say, expresses itself. The natural impulse of human beings is to be silent about what goes right, and put every cause of displeasure into words. As long as servants do their duty carefully and completely, they hear nothing about it, but one detail wrong is a grievance. They should, perhaps, be distinctly told of a failure oftener than they are; but that should not be the only thing they are made aware of, and more often than not it is so. The habit of making a claim on others for sympathy in all our dissatisfaction has not always even the excuse that we are prepared to teach them to set the matter right. How common it is to hear the person for whose pleasure an expedition has been planned point out all the ugly features in the view, not the least in a spirit of ill-humour, but as an exhibition of his critical powers, while he leaves its beauties to be taken for granted! It is curious that it should be so much easier to say "I think that ugly," than "I think that beautiful," but there is no question that it is so. We all feel it cleverer, it is hard to say why, to discover flaws than merits, and with no tendency towards grumbling or complaint, the most natural form of remark will generally be found to be depreciatory. Perhaps that does not express the speaker's whole feeling, but it is the part of it that is easiest to put into words.

There is one reason why gratefulness should be made a conscious effort which may strike some persons as far-fetched, but seems to us a very real one. It is that Gratitude is the only virtue to which law gives no encouragement whatever. In a general way, we may say that disapproval, beyond a certain point, casts some shadow on the criminal code. When unkindness has gone far enough in the direction of cruelty, or untruthfulness of dishonesty, the legislator takes cognisance of these things; but a moral failing, which rouses more indignation than either, lies, even in its most heartless and revolting forms, utterly beyond his province. Ingratitude affords, indeed

the most telling illustration of the truth that the sphere of morals and politics are not conterminous, nor even concentric. Perhaps we might even say, with very little violence to the natural meaning of words, that so far as the law takes cognisance of gratitude at all, its attitude is a disapproving one. All grateful feeling, in the sphere of law or politics, becomes treachery to the State, and while the law interposes to prevent this sense of personal gratification being a basis of the relation between a constituency and its representative, it does not interpose to punish the offence against grateful feeling which the social code most disapproves. And if the law cannot urge us towards gratitude, neither can the person to whom gratitude is due. All high motives preclude such a claim, and a good many that are not particularly high. Pride comes in to aid humility here, as so often elsewhere; and good taste and a sense of the absurd are more effective, it is to be feared, than a true magnanimity. A quality that is so large an ingredient in the pleasantness of life, and is at so many disadvantages, should be cultivated by all the aid that can be given by education. And there is hardly any other in the cultivation of which parents might feel that they did so much for the happiness of their children. An average life to a thankful disposition becomes a happy life, for gratitude is one of the most delightful emotions the heart can entertain, and there is no life in which there is not some cause for it. And there are not many emotions more painful than the recollection of ingratitude, as most persons will acknowledge who have a clear recollection of their own youth. Perhaps we are not always just to ourselves, as we look back. It may be that if we could call back the teacher or parent from his far-off home, we should find that the acknowledgment, so faint and inadequate in our memory, had left on his an impression even of humorous exaggeration. But not even that contradiction, if it were possible, would assuage the pain of some memories of the patient kindness and wisdom poured lavishly on our youth, and recognised only in our age. Let us endeavour so to train our children that the pain shall come to them more lightly; in some degree and some form, we cannot save them from it, for it is the heritage of humanity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE POLITICAL SCHOOLMASTER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As a general rule, the Masters of our great Public Schools have, I think wisely, abstained from mixing themselves up with party politics. I doubt whether the departure from this salutary rule which I observe chronicled in the *Harrow Gazette* of last Saturday will afford satisfaction to any considerable body of Harrovians, whatever may be their political creed. It appears that on the 15th inst. a meeting of the Harrow Conservative Association was held at the Public Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Cecil F. Holmes, an Assistant-Master in the School, and a J.P. for the county of Middlesex. The chairman commenced the proceedings by saying that the object of such meetings as the present was to give sound information to the working-men of Harrow on the leading political topics of the day, and after commenting, in the customary Tory style, upon some of those topics, he proceeded to deal with a speech delivered some days previously by the President of the Harrow Liberal Union, as follows:—

"He would now expose what the President called an instance of Tory misrepresentation, viz., that the 'Government were entering into contract with atheists and assassins,' which was the fact. Had not Mr. Gladstone given every sort of moral support to Mr. Bradlaugh, even to leaving the House sooner than to vote for his expulsion; and as to assassins—thanks to Mr. Forster—the infamous Kilmainham Treaty had been at last brought to light, by which Mr. Gladstone made terms, notably with one Sheridan, whom he knew was steeped to the lips in murder. . . . . And how was this so-called 'misrepresentation' received by the Liberal Union, involving as it did such grave matter?—with laughter. 'Had the Liberal Union forgotten,' the chairman continued, 'the agony that Ireland had gone through ever since the Government came into power? Had any class or sex been spared—peer or peasant, farmer or labourer, landlord or tenant? Had not delicate ladies of rank been brought to the verge of starvation and the workhouse? Even dumb animals had been grossly maimed and ill-treated by savages, virtually hounded on by the Government. This was hardly a subject for merriment. For as sure as there was a God in Heaven, the blood of these murdered innocent people lay on the heads of the Government,—let them look to it. . . . . The chairman concluded by saying:—The times, ladies and gentlemen, are very serious, and when in the Harrow Chapel I hear the prayer read for the High Court of Parliament, the words seem to fall with but little meaning on my ears, that the honour and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions should be maintained, and that 'truth and justice, religion and piety, be established amongst us for all generations.' Could this be said to be the case under the present Government? It, therefore, the more behoved not only every Conservative, but every lover of his country, to be up and doing, and show what good stuff true and loyal Englishmen were really made of."

It is with considerable astonishment that I observe that this language was not only listened to without protest by a General Officer in her Majesty's Service, but that a vote of thanks to the chairman was moved by that gentleman, "in his usual polished and courtly style."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Stet Fortuna Domus.

[A schoolmaster is a citizen, and has a right to his opinion. If, as in this case, it is a nonsensical one, that affects his reputation for efficiency, not his rights. Mr. Holmes, however, is fortunate not to live under a Liberal Dr. Hornby.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE CLERGY AND TOLERATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—May I state some of the reasons for which I hold that the present clerical and religious movement to defeat the Affirmation Bill is a serious mistake, likely, for a short season at least, to injure the cause of religion, and frustrate the intentions of those who take a part in it? It should not be necessary to say that civil or political disabilities consequent on the maintenance of religious or irreligious errors are entirely out of date. A man is plainly responsible for his faith or his unfaith to God and his own conscience, but in no sense to the State or general community. I do not deny that virulent and offensive blasphemy against the religion of the vast majority of the nation may be carried to such lengths as to call for repression, as a public scandal, injurious to morals, or incentive to breaches of the peace. But we shall all feel that State interference and judicial punishment are only possible in the most extreme cases. Any attempt to close the lips of assailants of existing institutions is not only incompatible with liberty of speech and action, but defeats its own end, by leaving an impression, on all uninstructed minds at least, that the cause of order is unable to defend itself, and therefore calls the arm of physical force to its assistance.

There are two conceivable theories of a Christian State,—one the absolute, that that citizen only is entitled to political rights who shares the faith recognised by the State, or that of the established religion of the country; and what I may call the relative theory, which, while it confirms the Church in the possession of her own, and recognises religion, yet grants full civil and political rights to all citizens alike. The latter theory is the only tenable one in modern Europe, and it is that on which we act. Therefore did we abolish the Test and Corporation Acts, and so admitted Nonconformists to all State privileges; therefore did we emancipate, and that most wisely and necessarily, the Roman Catholic and the Jew; and I am at a loss to conceive on what ground we can refuse the same simple justice to the avowed Agnostic. Should we refuse the services of a great Admiral or General in the hour of national danger, because he had the misfortune (as we consider it) to be an Agnostic?

Mr. Bradlaugh sees that he cannot prove a negative, cannot reasonably maintain that there is no God. He can only avouch, and does so, that the existence of God is not proved to his mind, and he further openly rejects the Christian revelation. So do other Members of either House whom we could all name, yet they accept the Oath of Allegiance as a decent formulary. They are willing to affirm their loyalty, or their submission to the Powers that be, in the name or in the presence of what is to them avowedly an abstraction. Can Churchmen or any Christians think that we can advance the interests of the Christian revelation, or promote the honour of our God, by enforcing an indefinite formula? The Positivist is perfectly willing to accept it, telling us plainly that his God is Collective Humanity. Another may say that his God is *Anima Mundi*, or the Principle of Life. Nobody proposes to enforce an orthodox construction of the word. Are not men fighting, then, for a shadow? Would it not be far more becoming for the Positivist and the Agnostic also to make a simple declaration, since, as a matter of fact and necessity, we are willing to admit, and do admit, both Positivists and Agnostics to the Houses of Legislature?

But, it is argued, Mr. Bradlaugh is personally offensive, on account of the character of his attacks on revealed religion and,

his moral teaching. The answer is, that Mr. Bradlaugh, like every other citizen, is amenable to his country's laws. Punish him, then, I would say, if you can, and if you will, on legal grounds. Nothing, in my poor judgment, could be more unwise, but that is not to the purpose; but, in any case, do not deny him his essential rights as a citizen. Though he is in the abstract, and that avowedly, a Republican by choice, yet, as living under a monarchy, he is willing to accept that monarchy. Wisdom and justice alike command us to take him at his word. By excluding him from the Legislature, we do our utmost to develop sympathy with him and his opinions. By drawing him within the bounds of the Constitution, we pledge him to some moderation of language and propriety of behaviour.

Why should the Quaker be allowed to affirm, and the Agnostic forbidden? Surely this is essentially unjust. But will the State cease to be Christian, because certain avowed Atheists or Agnostics find a place in the House of Commons, as they do already in the House of Lords? Surely the idea is preposterous. It is the moral sense of the majority which makes a country Christian or un-Christian. Thank God, the majority of our educated and thoughtful classes would rank themselves as Christians, and I almost think, I might add, as Churchmen. The chief danger to our institutions lies in the direction of well-intentioned narrowness; and this is true of the theological, as of the political questions of the hour.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ARCHER GURNEY.

Llangunider Rectory, Crickhowell, March 27th.

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have never hitherto taken part in political controversy, oral or written, but I can no longer refrain from expressing a very earnest hope that, as you urge in last number, the Government may be able to face the situation without flinching. The mass of intelligent voters cannot constantly show in a palpable form the emotions by which they are animated. But I am confident I utter the feelings of very many quiet, educated men, when I say that I look on the present condition of Parliament with "silent ferocity."

Let the Government stick to their Queen's Speech, and—avoiding, if flesh and blood can, any heated words which might give a handle to bitter enemies—let them hold on like grim death, till they fulfil its promises. And yet, while writing thus, I am conscious how hard that may be. Three years of baffled efforts will try the temper and shake the pertinacity of any man, or group of men. And when I think of the treatment in store for the Prime Minister during such a Session of determined effort, I do so with a sense of pain and shame which words cannot express.—I am, Sir, &c., A SCOTCHMAN.

EMIGRATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will allow me to place a few facts before intending emigrants, in order that they may be able to leave their native homes with something like a feeling of security for the future. You may probably have heard that amongst the adjuncts of the London Samaritan Society we have separate means of having personally conducted parties taken to Canada, and thus, while adding nothing to the ordinary emigrant fares, securing to them a comfortable passage, conveniences on landing, an immunity from the "sharks" always attendant upon the unwary, and in most cases employment on landing. During the year 1882, we took over about 1,500 emigrants, chiefly mechanics, general and agricultural labourers, and domestic servants, I myself crossing the Atlantic half-a-dozen times, and in no instance have we heard anything but good report, alike from the emigrant and also from the employer. Our *modus operandi* is to meet the emigrants at London, or at the various stations between here and Liverpool, to see them and their luggage safely on board the steamers, and by special arrangements with the Dominion and other lines we have increased advantages in regard to berths, &c. For the comfort and safety of the domestic servant and governess class, a lady has kindly consented to accompany the parties gratuitously. My first personally-conducted party this year will be on May 3rd, and I shall be glad to give all information to intending emigrants, as to their prospects of success, &c. The advantages we offer are merely security of person and belongings *en route*, through and inclusive fares, reduced railway rates, and negotiations as to employment prior to and on arrival; but this has been vastly appreciated, as testified by the hundreds already taken out under our auspices. Our engagements up to the present are,—a party for Canada on March 29th, and every Thursday up to end of July, and on May 3rd and June 28th to be accompanied by myself. The object of the London Samaritan Society is to supply information and to make it safe and easy for those seeking new homes, and consequently your kind assistance is asked on behalf of those interested.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN JAMES JONES, Director.

98 *High Street, Homerton, London, E.*

THE CONNAUGHT EMIGRATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your very interesting article of March 24th on the question of emigration from the West of Ireland, you refer to an offer made to the Government to remove 50,000 persons from thence, and to settle them on railway lots in the North-West of Canada. Will you allow me, as the author of the proposal, to correct some misapprehensions you appear to be under as to the exact nature of my proposal?

I did not propose to take 50,000 persons "at once"—it would be physically impossible to arrange for their transport—but I am confident I could create an organisation which could arrange for their transport to, and settlement in, the North-West in two years, and on terms satisfactory to her Majesty's Government. Nor do I wish to settle these emigrants on "railway lots," but upon the 160 acres of free land granted by the Dominion Government to each able-bodied emigrant.

I do not expect each emigrant to cultivate at first anything like the whole of his allotment; but it is easy for any man to till enough land of his own to supply his family with food, and then, in the great amount of spare time he will have on his hands, to earn handsome wages, either as a railway labourer, or by hiring himself out to work on some of the large wheat farms which are springing up with incredible rapidity throughout the North-West territory.—I am, Sir, &c., GEORGE STEPHEN,

President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

7 *Seamore Place, Curzon Street, March 26th.*

QUEEN VICTORIA AS GODDESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—My attention has only to-day been directed to the article in your issue of March 17th on "Queen Victoria as Goddess." Your notice of the addition to the Pantheon may tend to produce the good results upon "even English electors" which you indicate, but, if it is worth mentioning, I may say that the wonder you express that this recognition of the Queen as a goddess has never occurred before is somewhat misplaced, for the deification is nothing new; indeed, I am inclined to think that we should not have heard of it now, if Serjeant Atkinson had not been greatly impressed by hearing for the first time what has been a frequent experience to many, though possibly among the tribe in Orissa referred to the veneration may have taken a more tangible form than elsewhere. Further south and west, I have frequently had occasion to enlighten the good people as to the mortality of their Sovereign; one instance particularly occurs to mind. Coming across a town of no little importance on the borders of Hyderabad, rather more than six years ago, the regard of the people for the Queen as a *Devi* (or goddess) was expressed to me by one of the most intelligent and respectable of the inhabitants, and the apprehensions that were entertained respecting the then recent visit of the Prince of Wales. Strange imaginings had got abroad, and I was not allowed to leave until I had left in this man's hand some little account in the vernacular of the district, correcting the prevalent ideas, and allaying their fears.

How the Queen will feel when acquainted with the honour done her depends entirely upon her knowledge of Hindu ways, and if she understands how readily a new god or goddess is added to existing ones, she will not feel very much exercised; the likelihood of the worship, if so we may speak, of the ignorant but profound veneration producing any political effect seems to me to be very remote, or, indeed, to misrepresent the attitude of the great unreasoning masses of the people to practical politics. There is a possibility of people at home connecting the veneration as goddess with the conferring of the title of "Empress;" I may add that the two things have no connection, indeed I doubt whether any, except a very few here and there, know that

a more honorific title has been assumed who do not read English papers, and certainly the fact that our Queen is their Empress is not appreciated by those who regard her as a goddess. —I am, Sir, &c.,

Manchester, March 24th. E. L.

THE DYNAMITE DANGER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Within an hour of reading the article with this title in the last number of the *Spectator*, I have come across a passage in Dante (*Inferno*, c. xxxi., ls. 55-57.), which seems so felicitous an illustration of the line of thought which you have taken, that it is, I think, worth while sending it on to you:—

"Chè dove l'argomento della mente
Si giunge al mal volere ed alla possa,
Nessun riparo vi può far la gente"

which I render thus,—

"For where the mind's clear faculty to see
With power and evil purpose doth combine,
No bulwark can from them a people free."

—I am, Sir, &c., E. H. Plumptre.

Deancry, Wells, Somerset, March 26th.

BOOKS.

DIARIES AND LETTERS OF PHILIP HENRY.*

As to the value and interest of this rude but graphic self-portraiture of a man learned and able above the average, of exemplary life and devotion to principle, who lived through the Puritan Revolution, and, a Cavalier by birth and associations, lived and died a strict Presbyterian, there cannot be two opinions. It is singularly difficult for us, in whose days "no altar standeth whole," to put ourselves in his place, to see ecclesiastical matters and the relative importance of the greater and minor doctrines of the Christian creed as he saw them; but we can at least do honour to his consistency. In the maintenance of his principles he took joyfully the spoiling of his goods, he suffered gladly bonds and imprisonment, he sacrificed not only the hope of promotion—that he valued little—but also, what he valued very much, the official charge of the souls of those among whom he lived, and the privilege of attending to their spiritual needs. He was a favourite pupil of Busby, the foster-father of so many Cavaliers and High Churchmen, and, on his visiting his former master, after refusing to comply with the Act of Uniformity, the Doctor asked him, "Prythee, child, what made thee a Noucouformist?" "Truly, Sir," was the answer, "you made me one; for you taught me those things that hindered me from conforming." His account of his conversion is so characteristic, and the glimpse it gives of the great pedagogue so novel, that it deserves to be quoted verbatim:—

"April 14 (or yer-abouts), 1647. The Lord was graciously pleased to bring me home effectually to himself by ye meanes of my Schoolemaster, Mr. Richard Busby, at the time of ye solemne preparation for ye Communion then observ'd. The Lord recompense it a thousandfold into his bosome. I hope I shal never forget. There had been Treatyes before between my soul and Jesus, with some weak overtures towards him, but then, then I think it was that the match was made."

In 1648, he became a student of Christ Church, but the Parliamentary Visitation speedily removed Hammond, Sanderson, Morley, and others, who would doubtless have greatly influenced the lad's theological development. In a vacation visit to London, he stayed with his father, who had an official post and lodgings in Whitehall, and was present at the execution of the King, "at the instant whereof there was such a grone by the thousands then present as I never heard before, and desire I may never hear again." His views of the Regicide may be gathered, among other passages, from the entry in his Diary on the anniversary of that event, in 1680:—

"My opinion is, with all due reverence to the law-makers, that there is no warrant or precedent for such an observation in the Word of God; there is of Thanksgiving days for mercies received, as those of Purim, but not of Humiliation days for sin committed, especially not after the judgment caused by that sin is at an end.—Zech. viii, 19; Heb. x., 2, 3. I saw the blow given, but abhor the fact upon every remembrance, yet like not the annual commemoration of it, though perhaps many good men do."

Philip Henry, it will be seen, shared to the full the over-scrupulosity of the Puritans as a body. He might almost be described as a "Bible-intoxicated" man. He seems to need a Scripture ground to show that it is lawful to sing psalms in families. In the spirit of Bishop Bailey's *Practice of Piety*, he hints that the Great Fire was a judgment for the desecration of Sunday, too prevalent in the capital. He was once greatly distressed to find that his church had been, according to the precept of George Herbert, decorated with flowers. He observes his birthday as a day of mourning, because "the Scripture mentions but two that observed their birthday with feasting, and they were both wicked men;" but he does not wholly condemn festivities at a christening, because he recollects that "Abraham feasted when he weaned the child." One Sunday, he notes, "Bells rung for pleasure,—a sin." He mourns for the repair of the cross in a village churchyard. He cannot make up his mind as to the use of the font. He considers the rites of the Church of England at the burial of the dead to be but superstitious vanities, though he lends a too willing ear to strange superstitions himself. His attitude towards the arts is far different from that of the enlightened Puritan, John Hutchinson. In 1674, he notes, at all events without disapproval:—"Mr. Richard Hampden, of Hampden, finding a picture of the Trinity among his grandmother's goods, which fell to him and his sister at her death, for which he was bid £500, rather threw it into the fire and burnt it." It is, however, pleasing to find that, in some particulars, Westminster influence prevailed over the extreme rigour of his Puritanism. At Whitchurch, he once saw *Heautontimorumenos* acted by the children; "It may be some may blame me," he adds, "for being present, but I judged it both lawful and expedient to encourage, being desired." Towards the close of his life, he sends to London for the new edition of the Greek *Epigrams*, and he certainly kept up his Latin and his love of literature to the end.

As was the case with so many of his party, Philip Henry strikes us as distinctly deficient in a sense of humour. There are but few playful passages throughout the volume, and we cannot help thinking that the editor has robbed him of one of these. In 1685 he is represented as writing to his son Matthew, afterwards the famous commentator, who was then at Gray's Inn:—"I understand not where you dined; if with *Dr.* Humph., it was not well, for fasting, and especially going so into assemblies, may be very prejudicial to your health, ere you are aware." The passage, as it stands, is pointless, but Philip Henry no doubt alluded to "dining with Duke Humphry," a well-known proverbial phrase for going dinnerless. There are one or two other blemishes in the editing. At p. 243, through wrong punctuation and misplacement of a note, the diarist is represented as laying the scene of the battle of Edge Hill in Ireland. In 1665 he writes, under April 5, "Day of Humiliation for success of Navy against the Dutch;" upon which the editor remarks, "The Dutch had nineteen ships sunk and taken; the victors lost one." It need hardly be pointed out that signal victories are not, as a rule, the occasions of a day of national humiliation, and that this particular fast-day was intended to *implore* a victory, not to return thanks for it. The remark that "Thistleworth [*i.e.*, Isleworth] has not yet been identified" shows a want of adequate research. Many of the editor's allusions to modern politics and the present posture of ecclesiastical affairs are better suited to a polemical pamphlet than to an edition of an historical document. In some cases, the minute details of the neighbourhood in which Philip Henry's life was spent might have been with advantage reserved for the local history which the editor has in preparation. But after all allowance is made for these flaws, Mr. Lee deserves our thanks for his labour of love in collecting and piecing together these fragments of a good man's autobiography, and for the loving and reverential hand with which he has set before us the picture of his half-forgotten ancestor.

Philip Henry's position often reminds us of that of the more moderate among the Non-jurors. That he had a conscientious desire to conform, and that he entered upon the conferences with Lloyd and Dodwell here described with a mind genuinely open to conviction, is clear from several passages; and by his partial conformity to the Church of England, he offended the extreme members of his own body. He sums up his position thus:—

"I do not conform to the Liturgy, &c., as a minister to read it, that I may bear my testimony against Prelacy. I do conform to the Liturgy as a private person, to hear it in public assembly, that I may bear my testimony against Independency, looking upon both of them as by-paths, the one on the left hand, the other on the right,

* *Diaries and Letters of Philip Henry, M.A., of Broad Oak, Flintshire, A.D.* 1631-1696. Edited by Matthew Henry Lee, M.A., Vicar of Hanmer. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1882.

and the truth between them. Three things I do not like in the Independent way:—(1), That they unchurch the nation; (2), that they pluck up the hedge of parish order; (3), that they throw the Ministry common, and allow persons to preach who are unordained."

Few of our readers will rise from a study of this book without feeling that it was well for the spiritual and temporal interests of England that the Presbyterians did not prevail. In that iron ecclesiastical system there was scant room for toleration, and many a passage in the diaries before us might be quoted in justification of Milton's complaint that "new presbyter is but old priest writ large." In 1670, Henry writes how one Richard Tupping, after leaving the Church of England, had become a Quaker, "by whose persuasion or by what temptation I know not, but I imagine it might be through want and by the instigation of Buttars." Himself a seceder from the Church of his fathers, he cannot imagine a change in a different direction from that which he had himself taken to be the result of honest conviction. Afterwards, he records Tupping's death, "without repentance that I know of for his great apostacy from the truth, denying Baptism and Lord's Supper to be Gospel ordinances, expecting justification by a righteousness within him." Far different from this was the large spirit of toleration which, in their better hours, animated Cromwell and the Independents, and which, though baffled for a while by the combination of Presbyterians and Cavaliers that brought about the Restoration, was finally triumphant in a measure at the Revolution, and has since become a part of the fibre of the English nation.

Many of the chief historical personages of the time pass across the stage. An attempt has recently been made to whitewash Scroggs; and Jeffreys (who, by the way, appears as two distinct persons in the index) is here presented to us in a more favourable light than usual. He seems, at the assizes for Flintshire, to have expressed disapproval of the rigorous execution of the statutes against the Nonconformists, and to have had a particular kindness for Philip Henry. "He spoke with some respect," we are told, "of Mr. Henry, saying he knew him and his character well, and that he was a great friend of his mother's (Mrs. Jeffreys, of Acton, near Wrexham, a very pious, good woman); and that sometimes, at his mother's request, Mr. Henry had examined him in his learning when he was a schoolboy, and had commended his proficiency." A story is told of Monk—surely one of the smallest men whom the irony of fate ever chose to be the arbiter of a nation's destinies—that he died with cards in his hand, and that his last words were, "Who must have the stock?"

It must suffice to say that whoever masters this book will gain more insight into the course of the ecclesiastical and political history of the time than could be earned by the study of many formal treatises. But it is pleasant to turn from the dust and din of theological controversies, where the bandying of texts goes for so much and Christian charity for so little, and from the mire of political intrigue and corruption, to the idyllic picture of a good man's private life, in the sweet English country which our fathers knew, presented to us in Henry's diaries. It is a simple record of a family in which there is no waste and no want, where much joy is chequered with much sorrow, but where domestic purity and the fear of God sanctify alike the sorrow and the joy. It is a country and a life which have passed away for ever; but it is fortunate for England that she possessed, in an age when vice and corruption were rampant in high places, centres of light and virtue such as Philip Henry's household. A more attractive domestic interior it would be difficult to find in any age; and though the sense of beauty and humour, and the cultivation of an Evelyn, throw no glamour upon the page, yet the book that contains the record of Philip Henry's life at Broad Oak will have a singular charm for those who love the past, its pictures and its lessons.

SHANDON BELLS.*

Few men could write verses more certain to leave echoes in the ear than did Father Prout, and Mr. Black has evoked a host of pleasant associations by the title of his novel, and struck its Irish note most skilfully by the mere mention of—

> "Those bells of Shandon,
> Which sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

Master as he is of the charm of Highland life, he treats of Cork, and of all that is distinctively Gaelic in South Ireland, with a sympathy and truth which few, if any, modern and militant Irishmen can equal. He sees Ierne not as the stained field of corrupt and cruel politics and theological battle, but as St. Columba saw it, when he wrote his beautiful farewell, and grieved to leave its "delightful" shores when he went "travelling over the noble sea to Alba of the ravens." *Shandon Bells* is essentially an Irish novel, though its two heroines are English maidens with whom Mr. Trollope might have been acquainted; and the hero, Willy Fitzgerald, for all his Norman name, is Gaelic to his finger-tips. The English girls with whom his life is bound up bring him and his temperament and his country within measurable distance of the London apprehension. The story opens at Inisheen, a fishing village, not of County Cork as it actually is, but of that dreamland, that Hy Brasil, or enchanted island visible in the glory of the setting sun, which exists for all true Gaelic hearts, so persistently that at last we strangers are compelled also to believe in it. Mr. Black never was more Gaelic than in this book, which is full of the glamour of style. His hero charms us by his distinction, though he is but a village innkeeper's son, and by his high-bred simplicity and sense of honour. He has the gifts of writing, of sympathy with nature, of sporting, of beauty, and of reverence, gifts ascribed to the legendary hero Cuchullin two thousand years ago. Mr. Black has bravely turned towards us the silver lining of the cloud that overhangs Ireland, and reminds us of qualities the defects of which are all that we have for a long time seen.

Miss Kitty Romayne, who had sung at the Crystal Palace with Tietjens and Santley, arrived during a professional tour at Cork, and by her singing of "The Bells of Shandon" she turned the head of the sub-editor of the *Cork Chronicle*, a fair-haired Apollo Belvedere, squireen and poet, with a winning voice and ingenuous blush. And Mr. William Fitzgerald and Miss Romayne plight their troth one moonlight night, in a fairy and stream-haunted glen, in a formula of which the Gaelic charm is characteristic, dignifying by a certain nobility of words whatever it touches,—

> "Over running water: my love I give you; my life I pledge to you; my heart I take not back from you, while this water runs. Over running water: every seventh year, at this time of the year, at this time of the night, I will meet you at this well, to renew my troth to you; death alone to relieve me from this vow. Over running water: a curse on the one that fails; a curse on any that shall try to come between us two; and grief to be a guest in their house for ever."

Kitty's talk fired her boyish lover with courage and ambition to achieve success as a writer. He had made acquaintance by a salmon stream with Mr. Hilton Clarke, a London critic, who took a fancy to the fine young fellow, and was unduly revered in return as a more real hero of the Press than he proved to be. Reverence is a marked trait in the provincial genius, as indeed it is in most young Irishmen, before they have been driven to brag by English contempt; but Mr. Hilton Clarke must have marvelled at the innkeeper's son, who was equally at home with snipe and Gautier, crag-climbing and Baudelaire. Good-bye, sweetened with tears of love and hope, was said to Kitty, and the Inisheen boy reappears in Mr. Clarke's rooms in the Albany, suffering from a modest sense of his social inadequacies, when he finds that he is to meet a capitalist conscious of his purse, and the editor of the *Liberal Review*, Mr. Gifford. The dinner is well given, as are also the sparring of Hilton Clarke, whom Mr. Gifford had once described as "a sort of man who writes triolets, parts his hair down the middle, and belongs to the Savile Club," and the great editor, whom his host snarls at as "fearfully in earnest." During dinner, in which the Apollo from Cork suffers the pains of education in caviare, olives, and other acquired tastes, Hilton Clarke starts his scheme of a weekly paper, for which he wants Fitzgerald's pen, Mr. Scobell's money, and Mr. Gifford's good word. It should be called *Jeshurun*, the great editor suggests, not without scorn, as it is to be suited to the use of "those who have waxed fat." It is to lie on the tables of "Sassiety," or Mr. Scobell will have nothing to do with it; and it would not be Hilton Clarke's paper, if it had not a flavour of French novel and neo-pagan art. Mr. Gifford lays lance in rest for each subject that turns up, tilting always on the side of a broader humanity than is conceivable by the cynic Clarke or the Philistine Scobell; and when Fitzgerald walks away in his company, the young man's head is rather turned by the honour, as he listened to the "vehement, combative, and occasionally brilliant and incisive talk" of the Liberal editor. His cup brims over when the great man tells him to try his hand at a review of a novel just then the fashion;

* *Shandon Bells.* A Novel. By William Black. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

and, full of zeal, he shuts himself up in his garret, determined to do or die as was ever knight of the tiltiug ages. The Scotch "penter," John Ross, who has his studio below, quickly makes his rough presence felt by singing, smoking, and grumbling, till an adventure with a thief, in which Fitzgerald helps him, makes a beginning to a friendship such as Mr. Black loves to describe. Indeed, John Ross is, perhaps, the least original figure in the story, however characteristic of the author. He has a rough exterior, but he is the mouthpiece of Mr. Black's ideas concerning landscape feeling and landscape painting. The rise and fall of Mr. Scobell's magazine are amusingly told. Mr. Hilton Clarke elopes with a fast fine-lady of the newest fashiou, and Fitzgerald's unworldly honesty and high spirit leave him, after five months' sub-editing, with an empty purse and enlarged experience of how to cheat his appetite. His contribution to the *Liberal Review* fails of acceptance, and he is going the way of Chatterton, when John Ross rescues him, and renders to him the services which only natures tuned to the same key can receive from one another. As in all Mr. Black's novels, the moral tone is manly and good, and he is not afraid, in these days of uncertain sentiment, to describe his hero's agony when Kitty throws him over. Struggling as he is to make a place for his wife in the world, Fitzgerald does not and will not see how she is drifting from her first faith. It is not, indeed, till the end of the second volume that she resolves to "marry mouey" and throw over genius, and the study of her gradual and reluctant treachery is good. She is very feminine, and circumstances were hard on her, we feel, as she slips from the higher to the lower level of life. Meantime, a series of papers in the magazine in which sportiug and poetry go hand-in-hand attract the attention of a charming and rich old lady, Mrs. Chetwynd; and notably, a description of a day's cliff shooting in the south of Ireland. Mrs. Chetwynd had lost a nephew, who had beeu like a most dear son to her; the fancy seized her that if her Frank had ever written, he would have written in the same style, and she had given him a small property on the shores of Bantry Bay, iu the very country which had inspired Fitzgerald's eloquence. Though our prose-poet had come to the point of shabby dress, and a diet of cocoa-nut and new bread, he left a note from Mrs. Chetwynd's niece unanswered; bnt Mr. Scobell, proud that his writer's work should be appreciatcd iu "Sassiety," insists on iutroducing him to the little, white-haired lady, who henceforth acts as fairy godmother, by the help and high-bred discretion of her niece Mary, who is tall, handsome, frank, and bright, as, for instance, the "Blessed Damozel" is *not*. She does battle with Whitechapel misery in all its forms, and believes in sanitation, but not that it is the only gospel. Her aunt clings to older fashions, aud declares "that a human life laid bare is moro interesting than a frog's foot, or the question whether there is bismuth iu the moon." With diplomatic art she engages Fitzgerald to read to her for an hour every afternoon, iustead of her niece, and insists on making his salary one hundred, and before long two hundred a year. Here we get into regions of such improbable romanee, that we can only suppose that there really is a Mrs. Chetwynd in the world; but the romance serves to accent the Irish traits, and to prove Mr. Black's power in catching the best and most poetic aspects of his favourite Gaelic nature. He skilfully contrasts, to their mutual advantage, Fitzgerald's ideas and feelings and the English customs and standards with which he has to deal. The love of dear old Mrs. Chetwynd for Bantry Bay, as the home of her dead nephew, represented somehow to her by Fitzgerald, keeps his sentiment warm, in presence of the masterful science and plain speech of Miss Chetwynd's allies. He has plenty to disenchant him. Never giving himself idleness, he wrote article after article, and found that the contributions best received were "uot literature at all." John Ross's society saved him from the curse of disregarding the beauty of things, except as he could make money out of it. He will not "warstle wi' pigments," like his friend, but the poetry in him will out in unsaleable scraps of verse,—sparks of true fire from his heart, not yet heated to the consuming glow, however, in which his geuius will be recast and strengthened. He will not see the growing coolness in Kitty's letters, till an Irish follower, Andy the Hopper, arrives, and speaks lightly of her flirtations with other men. Instantly he starts for her lodging at Cork, and only a trusting gentleman as he is could have misiuterpreted the presence of her future, Mr. Cobb, of Liverpool. And so, with well-managed irony, Mrs. Chetwynd's offer to Fitzgerald to nse her Bantry property as his own happens just wheu he receives a formal intimatiou that Kitty, nubelieving in his prospects, has married her commercial admirer:—

"And now he had nothing to say about perjured lips, women's deceit, or anything of the kind. The wound had struck deeper than that. It had struck at the very foundations of his faith in human nature. Rather vaguely and thoughtfully, for these pictures of Inisheen were still before his eyes, he got his hat and stick, and weut out into the mild, summer air."

It had required all Mary Chetwynd's fine tact to reconcile him to her aunt's plan that he should treat Boat of Garry, its horses, steam launch, and full establishment, as his own; but when he arrived at Glengariff, within a few miles of his new possession, nothing mattered very much. He is haunted by the ghost of his dead passion, which he dare not look at or lay. He reads "human sorrow and the tragedy of human life into every sight and sound that meets him." With a quiver at the heart, he forces himself to seek out the beauty of his surroundings, as John Ross had trained him to do. The sting of prosperous circumstance when the heart is sore is well described when he finds himself at Boat of Garry, thoughtfully welcomed and provided for by Mrs. Chetwynd's orders. Au acquaintance made at the bright Eccles hotel gives him a letter of introduction to the editor of a great London paper, but even that fact had grown shadowy to the hard-hit mau. Our readers can imagine the skill with which Mr. Black deals with South-Ireland scenery. Little by little, nature did its healing work, and in passages of beautiful description the author makes us understand how the Great Mother ripened the fruits of Fitzgerald's imaginatiou by the storm and sunshine of his life. In a new series of London papers, and in records of sport, made beautiful by pictures of sea and mountain, cloud-land, wild-creature-land, and flower-land, he took all lovers of beauty by storm. By the deep power, not of joy, but of grief, he saw into the "life of things," and even Pall Mall was touched. Mr. Scobell thought he would take an Irish shooting, and men of science envied the gift of accurate observation. The writer was anonymous, but all recognised the genius; and Mary Chetwynd guessed whose it was, and felt, as none of the others did, that Fitzgerald was writing with his heart's blood, and must not be left without kindly companionship. Persuading her annt to go to Irelaud, the English ladies join the recluse at Boat of Garry, and gradually he is reconciled to his brighter fate. Even by admission of Mr. Gifford, his literary career is assured; adventures with a bull and in a steam launch increase his friendly intimacy with Miss Chetwynd, and the last bitter wave of regret is deadened by a struggle with a sea-trout. The example of Mary Chetwynd, who is a lovely sketch of serious girlhood, in Mr. Black's best manner, reminds Fitzgerald that life means work with all onr power for good, and he rises from his baptism of pain his eyes cleared of love's mirage, but not insensible to love's truer enchantmeuts. The book would not be rounded without a return to London and a dinner giveu by Mr. Scobell, at which Mr. Gifford and a popular R.A. who has taken the "penter" by the hand, not to mention seven millions sterling incarnate in six City gnests, are collected in true London motley. The millionaires give the party that tint of opulence which leaves a reader gaping, and of which *Monte Christo* sets the fashion. A scene or two of East-End philanthropy cement the loves of Fitzgerald and Mary Chetwynd, but Mr. Black has painted so well the running water over which Kitty pledged her troth, that we do not sympathise with the filtered water and filtered politics whieh are accessories to Fitzgerald's second betrothal. We are biddeu farewell by the London *dramatis personæ* at a private view in the "Bolsover" Gallery, where Ross's pictures have the place of honour, and are only second to the portrait of Mrs. Fitzgerald, in a "wall-flower aud daffodil" gowu. That the author's sympathies are with the glen of Inisheen, within sound of Shandon bells, is sufficieutly seen in the last word of all by which he takes up the only link missing in his plot. Years pass, and Fitzgerald and his boy are by the fairy glen. While the successful man scrambles down to the place, never quite out of his heart, where he and Kitty had engaged themselves, a lady in mourning came to the carriage and kissed the boy, and hurried away. Fitzgerald knew that it must be his lost love, by the stir of his whole being. Then he turned himself maufully to the gleanings—plentiful, in his case—of that golden promise of his youth which Kitty had so wasted, and yet not wasted, since "knowledge by suffering entereth."

We have the less scrupled to reveal the plot of *Shandon Bells*, because the grace of its style and the artistically touched

sketches of London life will lead the reader from page to page. But probably he will agree with us that Mr. Black's best title to his popularity is his glamour of "natural magic," and that he should find appreciative listeners to his idylls of the western coasts, the lands of sunset, is at least one good sign, in our perplexed generation.

THE EVIDENTIAL VALUE OF THE EUCHARIST.*

THERE is much that is striking in this volume, and there would be still more, if Dr. Maclear did not fall too much into the natural habit of believers,—which ought, however, to be carefully avoided by apologists,—the habit of seeming to be as much gratified at those deficiencies and gaps in the evidence which show that the evidence was not artificially manufactured and welded into a complete demonstrative chain for the purpose of producing conviction, as they are at those aspects of it which are really powerful and unanswerable. Now, it is all very well for one who has finally made up his own mind on the subject, and does not doubt for a moment that Christ is what he proclaimed himself, and what his Apostles thought him, to regard the weaker points in the narrative as helping to show that we have here no carefully got-up case, but simply an inartificially arranged statement of the sources of Christian belief. But that is not the impression which such weaker points can by any possibility make on the minds of sceptics and doubters, and it is for them that the apologist writes. It would, therefore, be far better that in writing for them, the apologist should take care not to be as much disposed to congratulate himself and his readers on the difficulties of the narrative, as he is to congratulate himself and them on those indications of reality and truth which are most impressive, and at the same time most unintentionally indicated. It is quite true that a frank and straightforward way of saying what at first sight seems anything but consistent with other statements, *is* a proof of the absence of all art, of the absence of all conscious desire to make out a telling case; but then this, of course, must produce a double effect on the mind of a doubter. If it convinces him, on the one hand, that the writer was not trying to make out an effective case, but was just telling what he had seen or heard, even though that should happen to furnish a new difficulty instead of a new proof of the truth of his belief, still, it must also be given its due weight, on the other hand, as introducing elements of inconsistency with the rest of the story which increase the difficulty of accepting that story as it is told. Apologists are too apt to ignore the latter aspect of the matter, and to keep our attention exclusively to the former. And thereby, instead of carrying conviction to the minds of doubters, they inevitably provoke the remark that apologists are never staggered by any difficulty, but take all the apparent inconsistencies as proving only candour, while they take all the evidences of consistency,—of the reciprocal confirmation of one set of facts by another set of facts,—as final grounds of belief. But if apparent inconsistency is to cause no difficulty, why is clear consistency to produce belief? And if clear consistency is to produce belief, why is not the absence of it to suggest doubt? Apologists should not forget that they write for doubters,—that doubters are not convinced, but impressed with the deficiency of the evidence,—and that therefore to take instances where the deficiency of the evidence is admitted, as proving nothing decisively, except that the writer is perfectly ingenuous, is to convey to the minds for which chiefly they write, the notion that they cannot even enter into their difficulties, or appreciate the force of that which staggers them and makes them hesitate on the frontiers of belief. As one illustration of what we mean, Dr. Maclear insists very justly that after the Apostolic account of the Resurrection had become generally known, no one would ever have thought of attributing to our Lord the saying that Jonah's existence for three days and three nights in the sea-monster was an anticipation of his own burial for three days and three nights in the heart of the earth, and for this very sufficient reason, that the Apostolic narrative directly asserts that he was so buried for only two nights and a single complete day. That is, no doubt, a very sufficient proof that the verse in Matthew to which reference is made was not likely to have been invented by an artificial compiler of a life of Christ, after the story of the Resurrection was known. But is it not also a proof that the so-called "sign of the prophet Jonah"—if it really depended on the story of the prophet's existence for a long period in the inside of a sea-monster—was not a sign of the length of our Lord's own interment in the earth at all, and that St. Matthew's language on the subject rather points to an error in the interpretation given to this saying by the first Evangelist (and given by him alone), than to any new evidence of the truth of the revelation? It is the same with other points which present at once, on one side, difficulty, on another side, testimony of importance. Dr. Maclear ignores the difficulty, or treats it *only* as affording additional proof of the ingenuousness of the narrative (which it does), and yet he rests on the testimony as fully as if there were no difficulty in the matter. Thus, he shows us how early in the narrative of St. John, our Lord anticipates the sacrifice of the Cross, and gives the sign of the brazen serpent in the wilderness as prefiguring his crucifixion, and the healing power it will exert over man; but when insisting, as Dr. Maclear does insist later, on the careful and gradual way in which our Lord prepared his disciples for the suffering and the ignominy awaiting him, he does not help us in the least to understand why that which in the Synoptic Gospels is so cautiously and gradually unfolded, is in the Gospel of St. John assumed, as it were, from the first, as the very basis of our Lord's discourse. Surely, an apologist who avails himself of both these kinds of evidence for his purpose should have at least acknowledged the difficulty of fully reconciling them, even if he could not have helped us to remove it. This is the only fault we have to find with this valuable book. It unquestionably suppresses several of the difficulties with which the sceptic must be beset, instead of frankly confessing them and so far as may be, trying to meet them fairly.

Otherwise, it cannot be denied that Dr. Maclear puts a strong argument with great power. He opens by reminding us of the question put by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, before the destruction of Jerusalem, and while the sacrificial system of the Temple was still in full force, whether if these sacrifices, so punctually made, had answered their purpose, they would not have ceased to be offered, because the worshippers, having been once cleansed, would have had no more consciousness of sin. And then Dr. Maclear remarks that in a thoroughly historical age this, which the author of the Epistle suggested as possible under a certain hypothesis,—that a great system of sacrificial ceremonies which had lasted for ages should cease,—did actually very soon come about. Within a single century, not only had this great ceremonial and sacrificial system ceased among Christians, but the cessation of that sacrificial system had begun to affect the religion of the Roman Empire itself, and on so great a scale that Pliny complains to Trajan of the alarming change:—

"The date of this revolution, I repeat, places us in distinctly historic times and falls within definite historical limits. What was utterly unknown in B.C. 12 had become notorious by A.D. 112. Let us contrast these epochs. i. On the sixth of March, B.C. 12, owing to the death of Lepidus, the Emperor Augustus was elevated to the chief pontificate. Successively imperator, censor, tribune, and consul he now attained the last of the great offices of the Republic, which remained to complete his functions as monarch of Rome. Whatever may have been his religious sentiments in earlier days, he had lately distinguished himself by his zeal for the maintenance of the religious system of the Empire. He had already erected or repaired temples on the most extensive scale, and had instigated others to emulate him in the same career. He had restored the ancient 'supplication' for the safety of the State. He had appointed the high priest of Jupiter. He had revived many solemn festivals. He had celebrated 'the secular games' as a grand sacrifice of prayer and praise to the gods for the welfare of his people. Now, however, he was the highest religious officer of the State, and the first occasion on which he exercised his new functions revealed the carefulness with which he intended to discharge them. A month after his elevation he received intelligence that his faithful minister, Agrippa, had died in Campania. He instantly hurried thither, conveyed the body himself to the city, and pronounced a funeral oration over it in the Forum, with a curtain drawn before his eyes, because the chief pontiff might not look upon a corpse. The punctilious carefulness displayed on this occasion he carried into every department of his office. Invested with the conduct of the whole system of religion, he superintended all the colleges of the pontiffs. He filled up the vacant benefices. He himself named the Vestal Virgins. He was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, and was the first to extend the range of his pontifical authority from the Capitol to the provinces of the Empire. As he surveyed the various dependencies of the Roman dominions there was nothing to suggest to him any important changes imminent in the religious system, of which he was the recognised head, least of all in the sacrificial ceremonial universally connected with it. In what quarter could the signs of such a change be discerned? During his eventful career the emperor had visited many lands, and had made himself familiar with the customs of many nations. His wars had brought him to Greece, to Spain, to Asia Minor, to Egypt. But wherever he

* *The Evidential Value of the Holy Eucharist, being the Boyle Lectures for* 1879-1880, *delivered in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall.* By the Rev. George Frederick Maclear, D.D., Warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, late Head Master of King's College School, London. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

had been, and whatever province of the Empire he had visited, one feature of religious worship remained uniform and constant. Whether he called to mind the famous temple of the Asiatic Artemis at Ephesus, with its hundred and twenty-seven columns of green jasper, each the gift of a king; or of Cybele, the mother of the gods, at Pessinus in Galatia, whose fame extended over the whole ancient world; or that of the Syrian goddess of nature at Hierapolis, the gold and silver of which Crassus had spent days in weighing; or that of Jerusalem, so lately visited by the deceased Agrippa; or, nearer home, the famous shrines of Greece, and the familiar fanes of his own capital; one feature of the religious rites celebrated from age to age had undergone no change, *the ritual of animal sacrifice*. In other respects the various nations united under his sway might and did differ as widely as possible. In this habit of sacrifice they were as one, for without sacrifice prayor itself was not considered efficacious. Now, whatever anticipations the new pontiff may have formed as regards the future, it may be taken as certain that he never for a moment anticipated the coming of a day when this feature of religious worship then so universal and so constant would have vanished as a dream. No augur or diviner had ever whispered the possibility of such a revolution of religious thought. No indications could be anywhere detected that such a change was 'in the air,' or that sacrificial observances had lost their hold over the religious instincts of mankind. ii. But from the year B.C. 12 let us transport ourselves to the year A.D. 112. During the interval much has taken place. Augustus himself no longer occupies the imperial throne. His successors have each in turn assumed the sacred title of supreme pontiff, and in respect to religious ceremonies have been careful to follow in his footsteps. The members of the Flavian family have not neglected the worship of their fathers, or ventured on changing any of its characteristic features. Trajan is now clothed in the purple, and the younger Pliny is acting as governor of the province of Pontus and Bithynia. Vigilant, laborious, and conscientious, personally attached to his imperial master, and resolved to govern his province as a philosopher and not as a soldier, he communicates freely with the successor of the Cæsars on such points as appear to call for his attention. Not, as Horace describes himself,

'Heaven's niggard and unfrequent worshipper,'

but ever mindful of his religious duties, he had erected more than one temple on his own property in Italy, and in his correspondence with the emperor, we find him consulting his master on various topics of religious interest. Thus in one letter he asks of him the office of augur, that he may have the satisfaction of offering those vows in public for the prosperity of the Empire which he daily prefers to the gods in private. In another he solicits his advice as to the restoration of an ancient temple, and in yet another consults him as to the sacrifices which ought to be offered on the anniversary of the emperor's accession. But in one of these letters there is a complete change from all that has gone before. Instead of asking advice as to the erection of new shrines, he solicits the imperial counsel as to the mode in which he should deal with a new and extravagant 'superstition,' which had already caused many of the temples to be almost deserted, the sacrifices to cease, and the sacrificial victims to find few purchasers."

The explanation of this change is supplied by the rise of the Christian belief that Christ himself had become the sufficient sacrifice for the whole human race,—the sacrifice commemorated in the Eucharist, which was instituted before that sacrifice, in view of that sacrifice, and for the express purpose of reminding all who joined in it that that sacrifice was sufficient to cleanse every one who desired to take the life of that sacrifice into his heart, from all that heavy burden of sin which the sacrificial system had been intended to lighten. Here, then, insists Dr. Maclear, we have the clear evidence that one of the most striking aspects of the ancient world was altogether altered by the introduction of a new creed and a new rite,—which creed and which rite were utterly foreign to the prepossessions of the people amongst whom they were introduced, and could only have been naturalised amongst them by the deepest possible conviction of their supernatural origin, and the supernatural power they conveyed. The popular genius of Judaism was sacrificial, and this rite swept away the whole system of sacrifices. The genius of Judaism was national and exclusive, and this rite professed to be the evidence that a sacrifice had been offered which included all Gentile nations in its scope, no less than the Jews. The genius of Judaism was opposed to all anthropomorphism and to anything savouring of a human sacrifice, yet this rite professed to be the declaration that in the self-sacrifice of one perfect being, both human and divine, for the whole world, and by the purifying influence of his blood, the whole world had gained release from sin, if it would but avail itself of that release:—

"The celebration of this Rite embodied in a palpable form, and in a manner utterly unexampled before, the idea that the blood of the Institutor was effectual to produce consequences of inconceivable moment, even the forgiveness of sins, an attribute regarded as special and peculiar to the Supreme Being alone. Associations, again, the most solemn and august had ever been connected with the act of breaking Bread and drinking Wine at the Passover Eve Service, at the Passover, at the Sabbath Eve Service of the Synagogue, and even at ordinary meals. Uniformly it was accompanied by a solemn commemoration of the Supreme Being as the Creator of 'the fruit of the ground,' and 'the fruit of the Vine.' But the same Elements, which from time immemorial they had blessed and received with thoughts of thankfulness to Him, to whom belonged the 'Ineffable Name,' they ate and drank in memory of One who had passed away on His Cross of shame a 'very scorn of men,' and 'an outcast of the people.' Nay, more, though, as strict Jews, they had ever shrunk from the very idea of drinking blood 'wherein is the life;' though their great Lawgiver had even made it a capital offence to do so, yet now they presume to drink wine as symbolical of the blood of a Human Victim, of One who had died not for their own favoured nation only, but in marvellous contrast to the stern exclusiveness of Judaism, for the sins of the whole world! What had the genius of their Religion in common with such a Rite? To what was it more utterly opposed than the idea of human sacrifices?"

Dr. Maclear remarks that such a revolution in one of the most deeply ingrained habits of the ancient world as this, carried out by the agency of a people to whose genius it would seem to have been most alien in its spirit, can only be accounted for by the truth of the story told in the Christian Gospels,—by the truth of the statement that Christ had for two years been preparing his disciples for his suffering and death, had been preparing them to look upon that suffering and death as life-giving, and had taught them, after that suffering and death had taken place, and after his resurrection, that they were actually life-giving. Dr. Maclear enters very carefully into Christ's prophecies of his own suffering and death, and shows that it is simply impossible to explain those prophecies, with all their minute gradation, all their apt framework of circumstance and local colouring, as invented after their fulfilment, except, indeed, by conscious and deliberate fraud, which no one now imputes to the Evangelists. All this, Dr. Maclear puts in a very clear and forcible way, and proves, we think, that the Evangelists reported what they believed to be within their own knowledge and what was in no way short of that which was absolutely essential to convince Jewish disciples of the meaning of the great sacrifice of the Cross. We only regret that Dr. Maclear sometimes takes as much credit for what is difficult and apparently inconsistent in the Gospel narrative as he does for what is convincing and persuasive in it, and thereby seems likely to make sceptics wonder whether there be anything at all in the Christian story which Dr. Maclear would or could regard as a stumbling-block to belief, and for which he would *not* be thankful as at least an indirect proof of the credibility and truth of Christianity.

CREIGHTON'S HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.*

The Reformation is a term that may be used in several senses. It may be restricted to the actual revolt against the Papacy which led to the severance of the Teutonic peoples from the Roman Church, and so its history may begin with Luther's defiance of the Pope. A history of the Reformation thus limited might give us an excellent narrative of the great schism of the West, but would afford us no insight into the causes of the movement, or into the growth of the ideas which had been slowly maturing themselves long before they broke forth in action. Or, again, by the Reformation we may mean the great change in thought and feeling which separates the mediæval from the modern; St. Louis and Dante from Henri Quatre and Shakespeare. From this point of view, the revival of letters is but one factor in a great process of evolution, which includes also the whole development of Christian doctrine, and the historian who was determined to go back to the beginning would find himself engaged in an endless succession of causes, unless, perhaps, the conversion of St. Paul offered him a sufficiently marked crisis for a starting-point. We need hardly say that Mr. Creighton's scope comes between these two extremes. Whatever else the Reformation was, it was a revolution by which the ecclesiastical organisation of Western Christendom was broken up, and the central government of the Church lost control over half its subjects.

As his title indicates, he takes the fortunes of this central government for the main thread of his narrative. This method has the advantage of being at once more definite and less broken than any attempt to follow the development of doctrines or ideas. It places the historian at the centre of affairs, and enables him to direct his attention in various ways without shifting his position. He must, however, beware not to forget the main current of events, while engaged on the study of personal aims and diplomatic contrivances.

Mr. Creighton has chosen to start from the great schism of

* *History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation.* By M. Creighton, M.A. London: Longman and Co. 1882.

1378, which is a marked epoch both in the political relations of the Papacy and in the spiritual or intellectual revolt that was preparing. Of this latter movement, the leader and representative at the moment was Wyclif; and all his later biographers are agreed that with the schism began the period of his unrestrained antagonism to the Roman system. It is even more important that within a year or two he made his first direct attack on Church dogma, and by the publication of his heresies on Transubstantiation raised a question which (as Mr. Creighton says) remained the prominent one in the controversies of the Reformation movement. Although Wyclif left behind him no organised sect, nor even a school of disciples upholding his precise views, yet his teaching was a leaven which spread throughout the religious thought of England. Novel ideas often influence profoundly those who most strongly oppose them, and it would not be difficult to show that Wyclifism modified the views of the most orthodox and conservative Englishmen of the fifteenth century. Meanwhile, on the Continent, Wyclif's impulse was shown even more clearly, since Huss and his associates acknowledged the Oxford philosopher as their master. In whatever else they differed, the Hussite and Wyclifite movements were alike in being attempts at a lay reform of ecclesiastical abuses. The leaders of both were convinced that the hierarchy was hopelessly corrupt, and that the only chance of amendment lay in an appeal to secular rulers or to popular pressure. The experience of a century proved that their opinion was correct, but Europe was not yet ready to admit it. Yet the difference between heretics and orthodox showed itself more in the choice of a remedy than in the perception of disease. Nowhere are the abuses of the time exposed more ruthlessly than in the *De Ruina Ecclesiae*, which, there is little doubt, was written by the Secretary to Benedict XIII. Nor is this an exceptional instance. "Lamentations on the corruption of the Church," says Mr. Creighton, "were not confined to a few enthusiasts; men of high ecclesiastical position and of undoubted orthodoxy spoke openly of the abuses which everywhere prevailed." Indeed, the abuses were so flagrant that no man could shut his eyes to them, and they caused a reaction which was visible in the Parliament of England, as in the University of Paris. The culmination of all scandals was, of course, the double Popedom, and it was to amend this that the first efforts were directed. The attempt was made ineffectually at the Council of Pisa, and when that had only made matters worse, the general demand for a reform in head and members led to the Council of Constance.

When that Council came together, its most active clerical members, no doubt, sincerely hoped, as did King Sigismund, to procure a general purification of the Church, and such a change in the constitution and power of the Curia as would guard against the return of the old evils. Yet practically all that was accomplished was the substitution of one decent Pope for the three rivals who had been contending which should disgrace the Papal Chair. When farther reform was attempted, it became evident that the body of the Council was stirred by no such passionate earnestness for good as could overbear the jealousies and interests of its several members. Some were Cardinals, whose first thought was for the revenues of the Papal See; others, statesmen with political ends to serve; and even the scholars who had been most eager in demanding reformation, began to fear lest a purer system of patronage should lessen the rewards of learning. A few illusory statutes were passed, which would have been unimportant even if they had been observed; and with this lame result of three years' deliberation, the reforming zeal of Churchmen was appeased, if not satisfied. The last chance of any efficient action had been lost, when the election of a Pope was allowed to take precedence of constitutional reform; but there yet remained the possibility that the new Pontiff might share the aspirations of the Church, and might endeavour to carry out the desires which his electors were too weak to formulate. If any such hopes were entertained, they were speedily crushed. Martin V. was a Pope like another, regardless of the rights of National Churches, tenacious of all powers that could increase his income, and, above all, careful of his position as an Italian Prince. Thus men were driven back again upon the idea of Conciliar reformation, and it became impossible to evade the rule which had been made at Constance for the summoning of a fresh Council from time to time. The first, held at Sienna, was burked by the hostility of the Pope. The next, at Basel, seemed to start under more favourable auspices. Summoned unwillingly by the astute Martin V., it met under a new Pope, Eugenius IV., who had already discredited himself by foolish violence. Once more the leaders of National Churches had an opportunity which they failed to seize, for want of the wisdom that attends on a sincere endeavour to accomplish high and unselfish ends. It soon became clear that the Council cared more for asserting its own dignity and humiliating the Pope, than for any really efficient reform. Its best members lost faith in its action, and withdrew, rather than incur responsibility for proceedings which they could neither approve nor control. Only a rump of violent partisans was left, and the Council was utterly discredited. Its last resource, the election of an anti-Pope, served only to prove its weakness, and alienated more than ever the mind of Europe, which was not willing to see the one good work of Constance undone by the renewal of the schism. Henceforth, all hope of a peaceful and constitutional reformation was gone. A General Council, to which all had looked as the one instrument for amending the evils of the Church, had been tried, and had failed completely. The spiritual rule of Christendom was settled more firmly than ever in the hands of the Pope and his Court, and the only check upon them was the occasional self-assertion of the secular Prince. As is usual with unquestioned power, it was directed more and more to selfish aims; and the Popes, regardless of their high responsibilities, employed the revenues of the Church in extending their dominions or aggrandising their families.

For a moment, the fall of Constantinople thrilled the pulse of Europe, and it seemed as if a Pope might hurl the force of united Christendom against the unbeliever; but the faith which moved men to crusades was dead. Statesmen and monarchs had other preoccupations, and though we may allow that Pius II. was sincere in his advocacy of the enterprise, yet he was but a clever worldling, without a touch of the consuming enthusiasm which alone gives a chance of achieving impossibilities.

With the death of Pius II., this instalment of Mr. Creighton's work ends. In the slight sketch we have given of its subject, we have necessarily left unnoticed much that is of first-rate importance, as, for example, the war in Bohemia, and the attempt at union between the Eastern and Western Churches. Throughout, Mr. Creighton shows that he has had not only the courage to undertake an important work, but the capacity to qualify himself for its execution. Every page bears evidence to his command of his subject, and we see that without neglecting the older collections of materials, he has kept himself abreast of modern historical study, and taken advantage of recent researches, both at home and abroad. Moreover, he has not only read his authorities, but digested them, and the result is a book well and carefully planned, not a mere chronological arrangement of notes. In his judgment of persons, he is singularly impartial and tolerant—we may even say sympathetic—regarding his characters as far as possible from their own point of view, and always taking note of the better side even of his villains.

He has, perhaps, confined himself too closely to the actions of political leaders, and has dwelt too little on the waves of popular opinion or sentiment by which they were urged or controlled. Probably this is due to intentional self-restraint, and it may justly be said that an historian's business is with facts that he can verify, and not with ideas that may be the offspring of his fancy. Still, in a history of this sort we need some suggestion of the drift of popular feeling, and of the general tendency of affairs, or we are apt to be wearied and perplexed by the continual shiftings of political intrigue. We do not say that such suggestion is altogether wanting here, but it is on this side that Mr. Creighton's treatment of his subject seems to us defective. His style is generally clear and adequate, though with occasional blots which we would gladly see removed. These are most frequent in the introduction, where the author seems hardly to have settled properly to his work, but even elsewhere we occasionally get such vulgarisms as that Eugenius IV. was "a martyr to gout." Such slight blemishes, however, even if they were more frequent, could not seriously detract from our debt of gratitude to Mr. Creighton for a work which is a real gain to English historical literature.

SEVEN YEARS AT ETON.*

The writer of this volume tells us that he will be "no moralist;" his book is to be "a holiday book." This it certainly is, if gaiety, good-humour, and liveliness are "holiday" qualities. We may say at once that a better book of its kind we have

* *Seven Years at Eton*, 1857-1864. Edited by James Brinsley-Richards. London: Bentley and Son. 1883.

never seen. We have no knowledge of Eton beyond what has been gained by a pretty attentive study of its history during the last twenty years, but we recognise at once a picture which is as veracious as it is vivid. The Eton of the author's recollection is not the Eton of a remote past. Not twenty years have passed since he left it. The time has been just enough to mellow his judgments, without producing that strange haze, half-sentiment, half-forgetfulness, which often blurs the memories of our early days. A moralist he certainly is, even in spite of himself. He speaks his mind freely of men and things, and is quite the ideal friend of the Psalmist, who "smites friendly and reproves."

Now for some of the subjects of these recollections. Even at Eton, the work of the school must be allowed the first place. "To enjoy respectability," says our author, "a boy had need to follow one of the three recognised professions of dry-bob, wet-bob, or sap." This is putting the matter a little too favourably, if it is meant to imply that the third of these professions was on anything like an equality with the other two. The evidence which a well-known Etonian, by common consent a most competent witness, gave before the Public Schools Committee tended to show that "sapping" was looked down upon by the public opinion of the school. It might be the proper business of a Colleger, but an Oppidan who followed it was lowering himself. Doubtless, there was a minority that approved the better things which they did not follow, and our author, who does not pretend that he worked, except under compulsion, was probably one of them. Anyhow, he gives a prominent place to the school work, describing with much force and liveliness the actual operation of the system. It is a satisfaction to find that even at Eton there were masters who could make their forms do their proper work. The author had the unspeakable advantage—appreciated vaguely at first, but very distinctly afterwards—of being under such a master for a year. But it is abundantly clear that an exceptional skill in teaching and strength of character were required to make such a master, and that to these had to be added an uncommon steadfastness of principle, making him stick to his point in face of the odious comparison of his strictness with the prevailing laxity. Such paragons are not to be found every day, and no school can be in a sound condition where teachers of average ability and constancy of purpose cannot achieve a fairly satisfying success.

The subject of work naturally suggests the subject of punishment, and punishment at Eton very often meant flogging. Of this theme, we have copious and amusing illustrations. One admirable story, of which every one must wish that it were true, relates how a young fellow, just about to join his regiment, was condemned to the birch. His pride rebelled, and he left the school. But his father sent him back. When he arrived, he found the Head Master had started for Switzerland. He bought two birches, packed them in his portmanteau, and followed him; missed him at Geneva, and again at Lausanne, and finally, after an exciting chase, came up with him at the monastery of Mount St. Bernard. Touched by this persistence, the Head Master consented to his request, flogged him in the refectory, in the sight of the monks, received the customary bank-note, and presented him with Murray's *Guide to the Alps* as a leaving-book. Another good story has already been in print; nevertheless—or perhaps we should say, therefore—we venture to repeat it. A youngster (our curiosity is whetted by being told that he sits in Parliament) was told by his friends that fresh walnut-juice would render the skin insensible to pain. He followed the prescription, and anointed himself, ignorant till too late of its better known power of dyeing. But it worked in a quite unexpected way the predicted effect. Dr. Goodford "fairly recoiled" from the sight, when the boy was prepared for punishment, and was so overcome with laughter when the phenomenon was explained, that he could not or would not proceed.

Flogging naturally suggests the name of Dr. Keate, for whose memory, at least in the capacity of a Head Master, the author entertains but little respect. The punishment which he wielded with a brutal want of discrimination confused, as the writer truly says, his pupil's notions of right and wrong. Serious moral offences and venial offences against a discipline which was as arbitrary in some respects as it was lax in others, met with the same retribution, which became so common as to lose even its vulgar attribute of terror. In other respects, he was deplorably deficient. He contributed nothing, except it may be by accident, to form the characters of those who came under his authority. He could not keep decent order, with all his terrorism, even in his own form. Even the narrow scholarship of the school sank, while it was under his care, in a deplorable degree. Yet he contrived to achieve, and still retains, a fame which has been denied to men abler and better in every way. The grim humour which is the easy accomplishment of tyrants associates him with a number of excellent stories. And his name clings like a parasite to great reputations. He will be remembered as having flogged, with shameful injustice, it may be added, one of the greatest of English Missionaries, Bishop Selwyn; and of having come very near to flogging one of the greatest of English statesmen, Mr. Gladstone. On this occasion, the persuasive eloquence which, though the future orator was only fourteen, had begun to develop itself, saved him. Gladstone *minor*, as he then was, had omitted to mark down, as præpostor, the name of a boy, who happened to be a friend, as having come late into school. Keate upbraided him for a breach of trust. "If you please, sir," was the defence, "my præpostorship would have been an office of trust, if I had sought it of my own accord, *but it was forced upon me*."

In more than one amusing story, we find the laugh turned against this despotic wielder of the lash. One year, in which the floods were dangerously high, Keate, who was not supposed to know officially that there was such a place as the River, was compelled to acknowledge its existence by forbidding the Eight to go out. He heard that they intended to defy him. They had, in fact, hired a crew of watermen, dressed them up in their uniform, and covered their faces with masks. Keate ran after them, shouting, "I know you!" "I'll flog you all!" The men raised their masks, and the head master retired, not a little out of countenance.

That Eton as it was in the early days of this century, and as it continued to be long after, should have turned out so great a company of illustrious *alumni* is really much to the credit of the class which frequents it. Boys who found there very little education, even in the lowest sense of the word, contrived to educate themselves and each other; nor did any set themselves to this end with more energy and success than the young Gladstone and his associates. "Mr. Gladstone's Schooldays" is the heading of one of the best chapters of this volume. The writer gives us, indeed, a whole gallery of portraits, touched, for the most part, with uncommon skill, and with an art which contrives to be personal without giving offence. Many readers will be amused by the resuscitation of one of Mr. Gladstone's juvenile poems. It is curious that the author, who is commonly intelligent enough in such matters, does not perceive that it must have had much about the same intention as many of the pieces in the *Anti-Jacobin*. The last stanza of the poem, which was entitled an "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler," runs thus:—

> "I hymn the gallant and the good,
> From Tyler down to Thistlewood;
> My Muse the trophies grateful sings,
> The deeds of Miller and of Ings.
> She sings of all who, soon or late,
> Have burst Subjection's iron chain,
> Have sealed the bloody despot's fate,
> Or cleft a peer or priest in twain."

Thistlewood and Ings were hanged in 1820 for contriving the Cato-Street plot for assassinating the Ministry. It would be congenial to the good sense of Lord Randolph Churchill to ask the Premier whether he still adheres to these opinions. Lord Randolph, by the way, figures in these pages as an incarnation of riotous mischief, very amusing in a school-boy, but a little out of place in a politician of thirty-five.

The opinions expressed are for the most part so sensible, that we regret an occasional tendency to apologise for the insolence to inferiors which is one of the worst characteristics of Eton manners. Most readers of the story told on pp. 255-7 will sympathise rather with the unlucky tradesman, than with the young patricians who nearly killed him, for presuming to object to their breaking his windows. Of other fault we have little to find with a book which is uniformly entertaining, and often instructive. Before we take our respectful leave of the author, we would invite him or his editor to reconsider a very curious foot-note on p. 362:—

> "Lord Francis [Hervey] gave promise of becoming a poet. In the Final Schools at Oxford, having to translate a difficult passage in Greek, he did it in verse. He had not time to do much, but what he did was so good, that he got full marks, and obtained his First Class."

If the examiners in the Final Schools, where no poets are taken up, can be so effectually propitiated by a poetical rendering of

a passage, say, in the *Ethics* or the *Politics*, tutors and students had better alter their method of preparation without delay.

MR. WHITELAW'S SOPHOCLES.*

We have willingly given to Mr. Whitelaw's volume the careful attention which is the due of a conscientious and reverent effort to render worthily into English a great classic. The leisure which a schoolmaster's life affords might indeed—so small is the public to which such books appeal—be more lucratively employed, but scarcely more honourably or usefully. There is no such effective way of becoming thoroughly acquainted with any great masterpiece of language as by editing or translating it. The reader may be content if he comprehends his author, but the editor or translator must put this comprehension into a practical shape. We do not doubt that any class which may have the advantage of reading *Sophocles* with Mr. Whitelaw will reap the greatest benefit from his labours as a translator.

We find little or nothing to criticise, so far as scholarship is concerned, in Mr. Whitelaw's renderings. This is not the occasion to discuss passages of disputed meaning. We may find ourselves differing now and then from the translator, but he is perfectly competent to form and to defend his own opinions. The only positive mistake that we have found is evidently due, not to any defect in the Greek, but to his ignorance of the practice of horsemanship (an imputation, by the way, which most Englishmen will judge far the more serious of the two). It occurs in the account of the imaginary chariot race in which Orestes is said to have been killed. The original runs thus :—

"Κεῖνος δ' ὑπ' αὐτὴν ἐσχάτην στήλην ἔχων
Ἐχριμπτ' ἀεὶ σύριγγα, δεξιόν τ' ἀνεὶς
Σειραῖον ἵππον εἶργε τὸν προσκείμενον."

This Mr. Whitelaw translates :—

"And ever, against the pillar where they turned,
Orestes grazed his axle, and his traces
Loosed on the right and tightened on the left."

The turning was evidently from right to left. To effect this, the charioteer, says the teller of the tale, slackened the pull on the right horse, and tightened it on the left or near horse. But the effect of this action would be to curve the near horse's body, and with it to curve, that is, to slacken, the trace, while the outside trace would be simultaneously tightened. The translator has, in fact, wrongly substituted "trace" for "rein."

Of the blank verse into which Mr. Whitelaw has rendered the dialogue of the plays, we have to complain that it is unnecessarily rugged and harsh. Here is a specimen, from the *Electra* (766-787). Clytaemnestra has just heard the false tidings of her son's death, and cries,—

"Zeus, what shall I say,—this is glad news to me,
Or dire news, and yet good news? Oh, 'tis bitter
That by my own calamities I live.
Pedagogue. Lady, why does thy heart fail for this hearing?
Clyt. 'Tis dire to be a mother. Howe'er unkind
The child of one's womb, one cannot learn to hate.
Ped. Then all in vain it seems that we have come.
Clyt. Nay, not in vain. How shouldst thou say in vain?
If hither you bring to me proof of his death,—
His death, whose life from my life sprang, but he
Would none of my milk, and from my nursing fled,
And lived an alien, and since he went from hence
Saw me no more; but called me murderess
Of his father, and with dire reckoning menaced me,
So that the kind sleep neither by night nor day
Covered my eyes, but still the tyrannous time
Seemed ever to drag me onward to my doom.
But now, for on this day I am rid of fear
From him and from this maiden, who, worse plague,
Dwelt with me, sucking from me day by day
My sheer heart's blood,—now, now, methinks, in peace,
Untroubled by his threats, my days shall pass."

Here are twenty-two lines, and nine of them have eleven syllables (not reckoning those that have a superfluous syllable at the end), and one has twelve. Of course, some of the syllables it would be possible to shorten or elide. An occasional licence of this kind may be granted even to verse that is meant for reading, not for recitation. In genuine dramatic poetry, the poetry of the actual stage, it is still more common. But Mr. Whitelaw has exceeded all bounds, and has consequently made his verse exceedingly unmelodious. It is evident, too, that this has been done, sometimes at least, of set purpose. Why the wholly superfluous article, not at all required by the sense, and a positive offence to the sound, in the line,—

"So that *the* kind sleep neither by night nor day"?

What kind of affectation is this, to spoil a verse by introducing a word which no one would think of using in prose? Must we seek for an explanation in the dedication of the volume, which expresses the writer's obligations to Mr. Browning? No student of the Greek drama, certainly no one who seeks to present it in English form, can afford to neglect Mr. Browning's admirable studies from Euripides. But much as may be learnt from him, he is of all masters the most dangerous for a disciple to imitate, as dangerous as Carlyle would be to a young writer of English prose. Again, even if we allow the dramatic licence to verse never intended for the stage, is this speech of Clytaemnestra's a fit occasion for its use? Can we suppose it to have been broken by passion? Not so. It is a long-meditated defence, for she must have often contemplated the possibility of her son's death, and was prepared to justify the unnatural calm with which she heard it.

We have said "unnecessarily harsh," for Mr. Whitelaw can give us melody in verse, when he pleases. There is no fault to be found with this, from the opening scene of the *Philoctetes* :—

"Deeds now, not words; thine, to perform the rest,
And seek, not far from hence, a cave that looks
This way and that, whereof at either mouth
A man may sit, to feel the winter's sun;
And breezes cool in summer, fraught with sleep,
Course through the tunnelled chamber of the rock.
And lower down, a little on the left,
A springing fountain mark, if still it flows."

Or this, later on in the same play :—

"O two-mouthed aspect of the cave I know,
Robbed, and without the means to live, to thee
I must return, and there beneath thy shade
My lonely life shall waste itself away!
And no winged bird, no mountain-roaming beast,
These shafts shall slay, but I myself shall die
Unhappy, and make a feast for these, whereby
I once was fed; they whom I hunted then
Shall make their prey of me, and I shall render
My life a forfeit for the lives of them,—
Slain by this all so guileless-seeming man."

This is smooth enough; and yet it is a passionate utterance, to which a rougher rhythm might have been appropriate.

The choral odes and recitations have been rendered into unrhymed verse, which follows the strophe and antistrophe of the original. There is much very meritorious work in this part of the translation. The language is often adequate to the beauty of the Greek, and is never quite unworthy of it. Mr. Whitelaw does not reach, indeed—who could hope to reach?—the exquisite music of Mr. Matthew Arnold's unrhymed verse, in his drama of *Merope*, but he has acquitted himself well; and he is here, as indeed he is everywhere, admirably faithful. Here is part of the joyous song into which, most unreasonably, but to the reader's gain, the chorus breaks forth, when the dark secret of Oedipus' birth is just about to be revealed :—

"Thy mother, O fair son,—
Some mountain nymph was she,
In fadeless beauty clad,
Whom Pan upon the mountain saw and loved?
Or her to his embraces
Did Lycian woo and win?
For well our pastoral lawns he loves!
Or else Kyllene's lord,
Or Bacchus, who delights
The mountain-heights to haunt,
Did some fair nymph of the Heliconian train
(His playmates best-beloved)
Leave on the hills his babe for him to find?"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages. Adapted from the work of Dr. W. Wägner by M. W. Macdowall, and edited by W. S. W. Anson. (Sonnenschein.)—Among the legends collected in this volume, some of the most interesting are those which the great sound-poet whom Germany and the Western world have lately lost chose for the speech-substance of the wonderful creations in which, for the first time in the annals of art, the eye, the ear, and the mind were sought to be moved to simultaneous and adequate comprehension of the beautiful, as perceived by the intellect and the intellectual senses. The legends themselves call for no particular remark. They are fairly well told, and adequately represent the original stories as given by Dr. W. Wägner in the work from which they are adapted. On the whole, they are less interesting than those contained in Mr. Anson's former volume, "Asgard and the Gods," but the story of the Nibelungs, the tale of Sigurd's daring, of Gudrun's love, and Regin's falsehood, bears repetition, even after the wonderful alliterative and rhymed verse in which Mr. Morris's genius has cast them. Of the

* *Sophocles.* Translated into English Verse. By Robert Whitelaw. London: Rivingtons. 1883.

Carolinian and Arthurian legends, the treatment is somewhat meagre; and in the version of "Tannhäuser," which closes the volume, we miss much of the intrinsic grace and charm of that poetic myth. The book is well got-up, and amply illustrated; some of the woodcuts are full of spirit, and of the indefinable chill and weird gloom, of the sense of pain and conflict, rather than of joy and hope, characteristic of Northern folk-lore.

Valentina: a Sketch. By E. C. Price. (Chatto and Windus.)—This is a remarkable story, with one great defect, which prevents it from taking the high place among recent works of fiction to which it would otherwise be entitled. This defect is the repetition of the device by which the hero of the story, a very attractive person, in spite of his fatal indecision, twice over loses his chance of marrying Valentina. The strain on probability is too great, especially as the characters and the other incidents are all kept within the bounds of good sense, good taste, and moderation, with truly artistic skill. There is a great deal of merit of a rare and delightful kind in the story, the unfortunate heroine is a charming creature, her gentle waywardness, her sweet impulsiveness, her faultless refinement, combining with her bright originality, to make her fascinating to the reader almost to the point of pain, for one shrinks from contemplating Valentina in the ruthless hands of her tormentor. From the first, we know the end must be tragic; such a girl as the author puts before us with really vital and vivid force is not of the "staying" kind, in the race of life. There is no silliness, no sentimentality, but much feeling and passionate pain in the story; while the pathos and realism of the brief episode of Valentina's first marriage, and poor "Billy's" death, the girl's entire ignorance of her kind and indulgent husband's state, and her unintentional exactingness, are quite admirable. We cannot say anything about *Valentina*, so well as the author has said the following, putting the words into the mouth of the sister of the poor girl's faithful, unrewarded lover:—"Her story is one of those which people reading it would call unnatural, as well as sad. It is like some of the saddest of the old tales, where a man falls in love with a goddess, or a mermaid, or a fairy, and giving his life up to her who has no use for it, walks on earth as if he was in a dream. From all I have ever heard of her, and all her picture says, this woman must have been like one of those enchanting, irresponsible beings from a borderland."

Snakes: Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life. By Catherine C. Hopley. (Griffith and Farran.)—Miss Hopley gives us in her introduction an almost pathetic account of the difficulties which she encountered in inducing the publishers to favour her effort to write about snakes. They represented the prejudices of the public, which was unwilling, they were sure, to read anything about creatures so hideous and alarming. But the tide, it seems, is turning, and we may even expect to find the fancy, once so eccentric, of keeping snakes for pets, becoming general. Miss Hopley's interesting book should certainly recommend the creatures with which it deals to the notice of the curious. She has studied the literature of the subject, and she has watched to good effect the fine collection of ophidians which the Loudon Zoological Society possesses. The skilful illustration of scientific description by these personal experiences is a specially attractive feature of the book. What Miss Hopley has seen herself is naturally supplemented by what she has heard from the intelligent men who act as keepers to the serpents. Very curious things these men sometimes see; as, for instance, the swallowing of a rat-snake, some eight or ten feet long, by a python. The rat-snake fastened on a rabbit which was meant for the python. The python also began to eat, and when he came to the rat-snake, swallowed him also. Fortunately, a keeper observed the transaction before it was completed. Only a foot was left, when the keeper seized the python and made it open its mouth, an assistant pulling meanwhile at the victim. The victim was removed without injury, and immediately showed its vitality by swallowing a rat. We hope that any lingering prejudices on the part of the public will disappear under the influence of this charming volume. People may, at all events, read about snakes, even if they cannot get as far as watching, much less keeping them. We must confess for ourselves that we have not yet reached Miss Hopley's height of philosophy, and could not contemplate the swallowing of singing finches by her favourites.

How to Decorate Our Ceilings, Walls, and Floors. By M. E. James. (George Bell and Sons.)—This useful and tasteful manual of instructions has the merit of proposing "arrangements" which are within the reach of householders of moderate incomes. In the main, we agree with the author's theories, and like his suggestions, but there is always the dreary difficulty of the smoke in the way of the piquant prettiness with which he would invest our sombre houses, and we can hardly help admitting a fatally recurring, despondent conviction that, on the whole, it is better to leave things so that the dirt may show least, and mix most pleasantly with surfaces. To those who can shake off this despondency, we recommend the precepts of Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss) James.

Rebecca; or, a Life's Mistake. By R. Dansey Green Price. (Roworth and Co.)—This is a story of how a Welsh gentleman of blood and estate wooed and wedded a Welsh peasant girl, whose brother was a "Rebecca," and "wanted" for a desperate salmon-poaching affray; how the romantic marriage did not quite "do," on account of the perverse and narrow views of society, so that the pair (to do them both justice, unrepentant) retired to Auckland, New Zealand, there to live happy ever afterwards. The simplicity and good-faith of the writer, whose notions of literary composition are elementary, disarm criticism as much as his humility deprecates it. We do not find it easy to understand why, feeling himself incompetent to write a story, as he freely admits, he should have made the attempt. The only motive that appears on the surface is Mr. Price's desire to dedicate a book to the Rev. Lister Venables, and we can hardly admit this to be an adequate justification.

Political Economy Examined and Explained. By Arthur M. Smith. (Williams and Norgate.)—"The Free-trade theory is constructed upon an egoistic system for producing idleness, instead of being, like Protection, founded upon an altruistic system for increasing labour." This is one of Mr. Smith's most characteristic utterances of the theoretic kind; his practical policy seems to be included in the recommendation to the Conservative party to introduce protection into Ireland. This is a novel panacea, but it is not so amazing as the suggestion of Lord Randolph Churchill posing as an enthusiastic altruist, with his proposition for adding twenty millions or so to the incomes of the landlords by imposing duties on imports.

Handbook of the Jones Collection in the South Kensington Museum. (Chapman and Hall.)—This handbook is a perfect piece of work. It is thoroughly satisfactory, full, agreeably written, instructive without being pedantic, and as pleasant as a story. It is to be regretted that it costs too much to be within the reach of the very class to whom it would be most valuable, the working-men, who might see in the costly and beautiful objects bequeathed by Mr. Jones to the nation what great things have been done by handicraftsmen, as well as designed by artists. There are materials in this very interesting *Handbook* for a series of popular lectures, to the address of the artisans. Why should not some Jones Collection conferences be given in the course of the summer? We entirely share the view of the accomplished compiler of the *Handbook* about letting it be known how costly many of the objects were. It may be inelegant, unæsthetic, but it is eminently natural, to like to know what things cost.

This Work-a-day World: Thoughts for Busy People. By E. Wordsworth. (Hatchards.)—This sound, excellent little book—a reprint of short lectures to girls in factories and other centres of industry—is described by its author as "a humble attempt to aid those who live in this work-a-day world not merely to look *beyond* it, but to look into it." The purpose and the execution are alike admirable.

Faithful to the End: the Story of Émil Cook's Life. Adapted from the French by Louise Seymour Houghton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—There is too much gush about this biography of a good, pious, and eminent man. It has the fault of the French pietistical school,—over-unctuousness. M. Émil Cook was a French Methodist preacher, who led a most useful and exemplary life, underwent many trials, and did a great deal of good, especially during the period of the Commune in Paris in 1871. He appears to have been singularly free from the exaggerated and over-emotional tone which has unfortunately been lent to this memoir of him. The adapter has done her work with better will than judgment, and if the chapter-headings are of her own application, we cannot compliment her on them; we do not think M. Émil Cook would on his own account have borrowed so freely from St. Paul.

Dr. White has added to his series of "Grammar-school Texts" the *Epodes and Carmen Seculare of Horace.* (Longmans.)—The difficulties of the *Epodes* can scarcely be met in an adequate way by the vocabulary which Dr. White appends to his editions; nor indeed are they, however presented by an editor, suitable reading for grammar-schools, though they are interesting to older students. Dr. White has expurgated them, but not, in our judgment, sufficiently. The eleventh epode might very well have disappeared, and the fifteenth contains at least one gross passage which offends against the *debita pueris reverentia.* Familiarity with the Classics seems sometimes to produce a curiously hardening effect on the minds of editors.——We commend to the notice of teachers a very useful little manual, *A Select Vocabulary of Latin Etymology*, by W. H. Williams, M.A. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.) It is a volume of unpretending size, but full of well chosen and useful information.

Saint and Sybil. By Mrs. Pirkis. (Hurst and Blackett.)—Mrs. Pirkis improves; she writes more carefully, and sees her people more plainly than she did at first. There are fewer violent delights in this novel, and consequently a less imperative demand for violent ends. The story is interesting, and the characters are sympathetic.

NOVELS.—*After Long Grief and Pain.* By "Rita." 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—These three volumes contain three tales, a fact of which we have no warning on the title-page. This is better, perhaps, than if the first had been spun out till it filled the three,—a feat quite, we should say, within the writer's capacity. But then the reader should be warned. Everything about the three stories seems very familiar. The ornaments of style may be very fine, but they are certainly not new. Surely we have read before how "the great stars shone above us in the blue width of the stretching heavens, and the white moon hung like a silver lamp in the midst of a cloudless sky"? Then the machinery of the stories is certainly old. How often have we been asked to pity the heroine who is called upon to save a bankrupt father or a felonious brother by marrying the man whom she does not love, while she is separated from the man of her heart by letters intercepted, or even forged! As for the scene, full of passion that does not go beyond the limits of virtue, in which the true lovers bid an eternal farewell, the printers might almost keep it in type. "Rita's" facile pen might, if we remember accurately her previous work, be better employed than in making up again these well-worn materials.——*Great Grandmother's Days; a Tale of the Irish Rebellion.* By Eleanor L. de Butts. (Remington.)—There is no lack of interest in this story. Such a struggle as that of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 suggests to this tale-writer genuine elements of tragedy. Here we have brothers fighting on different sides, and a woman loving against her will one whom she believes to be an enemy of her country. Miss De Butts makes a skilful use of good materials, and constructs a really interesting tale.——*A Noble Name.* By B. H. Buxton and W. W. Fenn. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—The longer tale, occupying the first and second of the three volumes, was the joint work of Mrs. Buxton and Mr. Fenn. There is little to be said about it. The surprise which breaks upon us at the end of the first volume is one which practised novel-readers will have anticipated, and the *dénouement* is according to rule. Meanwhile, the story is worked out with fairly satisfactory skill. There is something pathetic about the helplessness of poor, blind Philip, and the heroine, Lina is as interesting as the average of her kind. The short tales which occupy the third volume are the work of Mr. Fenn, and do credit to his pen. There is little that is new about them, indeed, we are reminded more than once of well-known narratives; but they are certainly readable, and, now and then, even striking. Of the last, "The Boat-house on the Island," we would remark that the details of a ghost story ought to be scrupulously exact, and that a dish of trout was not a likely dish to be found on the table of a house on the upper Thames in the month of October. The weirdness of the story "The Whisper in the Wood" is marred by the thought that there was no real necessity for the dead man's spirit to take so much trouble about the missing will. The Courts would certainly have granted probate where there was an existing copy, and the lawyer who drew it still alive to testify how the original had been lost.——*The City of Three Spires.* (Bemrose and Sons.)—"A marriage entered upon otherwise than with the benediction of the Church—resulting in the lack of grace and guidance in fulfilling its duties in the training of a family—is the great lesson of the tale." It turns out that the unlucky couple were not guilty of the enormity of being married in a registry office. The ceremony was performed by a deacon, when it should have been performed by a priest. We cannot recommend the author to persist in the business of tale-writing, but she might compose a successful little book on the Thirty-nine Articles. The twenty-fifth article, "Of the Sacraments," is manipulated in the "non-natural-sense" direction with much courage. (Vol. I., 281-2.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Collette (C. H.), St. Augustine, and the Controversy with Rome	(W. H. Allen)	5/0
Evangelical Succession, Vol. 2, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	5/0
Franc (M. J.), Two Sides to Every Question, 12mo	(Low)	4/0
George Eliot, by Mathilde Blind, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	3/6
Griffin (R. W.), Guide to Examinations of Trin. Coll., Dnb., cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	2/0
Hime (M. C.), Morality, cr 8vo	(Churchill)	1/6
Howells (W. D.), Dr. Breems' Practice, cr 8vo	(Douglas)	2/6
Howson (J. S.), Horæ Petrinæ, 12mo	(R.T.S.)	3/0
Nicoll (H. J.), C. Sonnets by C. Authors, cr 8vo, parchment	(Simpkin)	3/6
Porson (F.), Manual of Agriculture for India, cr 8vo	(Thacker)	6/0
Riddell (J. H.), The Uninhabited House, &c., 12mo	(Routledge)	2/0
Ronsselet (L.), The Drummer, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Sewill (H.), Student's Guide to Dental Anatomy, 12mo	(Churchill)	5/6
Shakespeare, Othello, edited by R. Mongan, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	2/0
Stevenson (J.), History of Mary Stewart, 8vo	(Paterson)	18/0
Voice of Wisdom, selected by J. E., cr 8vo	(Nimmo)	2/6
Walmsley (H. E.), Cotton-spinning, 8vo	(Hayes)	5/0
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BILL for the PROHIBITION of VIVISECTION. APRIL 4th, UNITED PRAYER.—The Friends of the Anti-Vivisection Cause are invited to join in Special Prayer for the success of Mr. Reid's Bill. For a Paper of Suggestions, apply to the Secretary of the "Ashley Grove" Prayer Society, Box, Wilts; or to the Secretary of the London Anti-Vivisection Society, 180 Brompton Road, S.W. In accordance with the above invitation, a Meeting for Prayer will be held in the Westminster Palace Hotel, Victoria Street, S.W., Tuesday, April 3rd, at 3 o'clock.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. CHILDERS made a very interesting and clear Budget statement on Thursday night, the first interest of which was in its striking exposition of the remarkable decline in the consumption of alcoholic drinks, of the remarkable growth in the normal expenditure on Army and Navy, and of the relative achievements of the Conservative and Liberal Governments in paying off and contracting Debt. His proposal, which is to involve no immediate burden, for using the £5,000,000 odd of terminable annuities which fall-in in 1885 for the gradual extinction,—when spread over twenty years,—of £172,000,000 of Debt, was the most important feature of his speech. He leaves £800,000, also falling-in in 1885, for the reduction of taxation. Mr. Childers further proposes to take off the additional 1½d. of Income-tax imposed to cover the cost of the Egyptian expedition; he provides the cost of reducing the lowest price of telegraphing to sixpence; he reduces the duty on silver, and makes arrangements for its abolition, by extinguishing gradually the stocks that have paid duty on which a drawback would be demanded; he takes off the railway-passenger duty for all fares under one penny a mile, conditioning in return for accommodation for this class of passengers; and he sacrifices a trifle on tobacco for fiscal objects.

The Revenue accounts for last year, 1882-3, were as follows :—

	Estimates (as modified in July).		Receipts.
Customs	£19,300,000	.....	£19,657,000
Excise	27,230,000	.....	26,930,000
Stamps	11,145,000	.....	11,841,000
Land-tax and House-duty	2,775,000	.....	2,800,000
Income-tax	11,662,000	.....	11,900,000
Post Office and Telegraphs	8,800,000	.....	9,010,000
Crown Lands	380,000	.....	380,000
Interest on Advances	1,180,000	.....	1,218,845
Miscellaneous	4,725,000	.....	5,267,611
Total	£87,197,000		£89,004,456

—showing a surplus of actual over estimated revenue of £1,807,456. The total estimated expenditure (including the Supplementary Estimates) was £89,906,000; but the actual expenditure had fallen short of this, and reached only £88,906,000, and subtracting this from the actual revenue of £89,004,456, the surplus for the year past was £98,456, after paying the whole expense of the Egyptian Expedition out of the revenue of the year.

For the current year, Mr. Childers's estimates were as follows :—

Estimate of Expenditure.—1883-84.		*Estimate of Revenue.*—1883-84.	
Consolidated Fund	£31,319,000	Customs	£19,750,000
Army	15,607,000	Excise	29,900,000
Indian Charges	1,730,000	Stamps	11,510,000
Navy	10,757,000	Land-tax	1,040,000
Civil Service	17,253,000	House-duty	1,785,000
Customs	2,775,000	Income-tax (at 6½d.)	12,400,000
Post Office	4,124,000	Post Office	7,400,000
Telegraphs	1,518,000	Telegraphs	1,750,000
Packet Service	706,000	Crown Lands	380,000
		Interest, &c., on Advances	1,185,000
		Miscellaneous	4,380,000
	£85,789,000		£88,480,000

That would give £2,691,000 surplus, of which Mr. Childers disposes as follows :—

1½d. off the Income-tax	£2,135,000
Extra for Telegraph Service	170,000
Partial Repeal of the Silver Duty	10,000
Railway Passenger Duty	135,000
Tobacco Duty	1,000
	£2,151,000

—which, deducted from £2,691,000, leaves an estimated surplus of £240,000.

More discoveries of dynamite have been made this week. The police on Thursday arrested a young man, named Norman, at a hotel in the Strand, who had in his possession 1¾ cwt. of nitro-glycerine, so pure that its force would be equal to that of a ton and a half of gunpowder. He maintains that he did not even know what the stuff was. They subsequently arrested a second man, named Wilson, in Nelson Square, Blackfriars, and a companion named Gallagher, the two possessing between them some £900, partly in American notes. They also were in possession of the liquid explosive. A fourth, named Dalton, has also been seized, and it is believed that this arrest is of the last importance, and that the police will now be able to track out the whole conspiracy. As a beginning, they have arrested one Whitehead in Birmingham, whose rooms were found to constitute a regular factory of nitro-glycerine. This man is believed not to be a Fenian, but a man who sells his knowledge of chemistry to the Secret Societies. It has been found necessary, among other precautions, to increase the rigour of watchfulness over Windsor Castle, which is threatened. Sir W. Harcourt stated on Thursday that the newspaper accounts were correct, and that he intended at once to propose alterations in the law affecting explosives. Not the least alarming part of the affair is the entire recklessness with which the accused appear to carry their explosives about. Wilson's stock would have laid Nelson Square in ruins. The accused are of superior education.

There has been a great deal of correspondence this week about the Tory leadership,—commencing with a manifesto of Lord Randolph Churchill's in last Monday's *Times*, in which he bitterly condemns the management of the Tory Party in the House of Commons,—more especially, if we understand him rightly, the action of Sir R. Cross, Mr. W. H. Smith, and such of Sir Stafford Northcote's lieutenants as sometimes take up Sir Stafford's authority when he himself is absent,—and makes a strong appeal for more active leadership, and for leadership conceived in the spirit of Lord Salisbury, to whom he attributes the "English" habits of mind most needful for the Conservative Party. Of Sir Stafford Northcote he speaks as fit only for leadership during a period of neutral politics. Of course, this letter elicited a great many vehement attacks on Lord Randolph, and notably an enthusiastic demonstration on Tuesday, chiefly from the Conservative benches, but taken up also on the Liberal side of the House, in favour of Sir Stafford Northcote, though the wish to snub Lord Randolph was, doubtless, at least as active as the wish to strengthen Sir Stafford. On the whole, the discussion shows that the dispirited Conservatives of the country like a leader who plies them with stimulants, like Lord Salisbury, but that the cautious Conservatives of the House like a leader who does not require them to make themselves needlessly ridiculous by tilting at windmills or crying for the moon.

The Attorney-General's proposal, introduced on Monday, to allow an appeal in criminal cases—though open to some objections, the most serious of which are that juries may rely too much upon the Appellate Court to correct their own errors and that the Crown, with the consent of the Judge, should have an appeal against perverse acquittals—is, we think, in principle sound. The power of pardon, which is valuable, is still retained;

and there can be no doubt that innocent men are sometimes condemned, or that an acquittal on appeal rehabilitates the accused better than a pardon. Sir H. James's statement that in those trials which, though nominally civil, are really criminal, character being gravely involved, *forty-seven per cent.* of decisions are reversed on appeal, is a startling argument in favour of the change. He has, however, limited his reform till it is scarcely possible to discuss it. Upon the ground that it is necessary to proceed cautiously, and that the Judges must not be crushed with appeals, he confines the right to capital cases, calculates the appeals at twelve a year, and says three Judges may settle them, by sitting together four days a year. What is the use of disturbing a system for which much may be said, especially on the ground of the cheapness of procedure, for the sake of a dozen capital cases, which are notoriously more carefully tried by the counsel and judges, as well as by juries, than any other? The injustice which the Attorney-General thinks so serious is done in the cases sentenced to penal servitude, yet Sir H. James refuses criminals so sentenced their right of appeal. We trust the Grand Committee will either extend the Bill, or drop it, till opinion is ripe for a more complete one. To secure to murderers a special justice refused to other criminals is a jest of the grimmest type.

Although the operation of the Bill is limited to capital cases, Sir H. James admitted that he hoped to proceed much further by degrees, and the debate turned almost exclusively upon the general principle. The Tory lawyers contended that appeal would be mischievous, as it would so greatly increase the expenses of defence; but the general sense of the House was clearly that the present risk of wrongful conviction was too great. Mr. Hopwood, who closely expresses the popular mind on the subject, made this his chief point; and Mr. C. Russell, by no means a sentimentalist, urged the same plea, alleging that in civil applications for new trials twenty-five per cent. were granted, and that the Courts, so often wrong in questions of money, could not be always right on questions of crime. Sir W. Harcourt also declared himself greatly impressed with this danger, and related one frightful case. He had seen reason to inquire into the appeals of two men convicted of burglary, and condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude. He found that both were innocent, and, moreover, that one of them had been previously convicted of the same crime, had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, had served his time, and was innocent all the while. The man had been robbed of his whole active life by unjust sentences. The accidental suppression of essential evidence on a trial, said the Home Secretary, was very frequent, one man in particular having been condemned to death for arson, because circumstances indicated that he wished the death which had incidentally occurred. The chief witness, however, went to Sir W. Harcourt, and stated that he had forgotten to mention in Court that the accused brought up the escape-ladder. On the other hand, it is to be noted, the Parnellites are eager for the Bill.

Mr. Chamberlain moved on Tuesday that a Committee of five Members should be appointed to form, with five Peers, a Joint Committee of both Houses to inquire into the expediency of sanctioning the Channel Tunnel. Mr. Gladstone explained that this course was necessary, because only Parliament could now resist the Tunnel. Former Governments had so committed the Executive to an international agreement on the subject, that the present Government, though it could submit to Parliament, could not *proprio motu* forbid the project. We presume there are members of the Government who favour it, though not, we trust, because they secretly hope for the conscription, which the Tunnel will render indispensable. Fortunately, neither the Joint Committee nor any other Committee can do much harm. Parliament and the people have decided that Great Britain shall not be a peninsula hanging on to the Continent, and with its trade at the mercy of any Fenian with a gallon of nitro-glycerine; and if both the Front Benches joined to support the Bill, they could not carry it. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive how sane men can support a project which will so increase all the foreign embarrassments of the Government, and render panics so incessant.

After the oratory of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gibson, Birmingham plunged yesterday week into that of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain. Their addresses took the form of speeches to the Birmingham Junior Liberal Association, delivered in the Birmingham Town Hall,—the object being, we suppose, truly described by Lord Rosebery as analogous with that of the roll in the snow with which the Russian bather sometimes concludes the violent perspirations of the hot-air bath, and the flagellations which accompany it. Both speakers spoke well, but there is necessarily a good deal of confutation to be done in such cases, which though not superfluous considered in relation to the audience addressed, is entirely superfluous for the careful student of politics. Lord Rosebery made a clever hit, when he said that even though David made mistakes, Israel preferred to be ruled by David to being ruled by Shimei, for Lord Salisbury has certainly railed somewhat in the style of Shimei. The future of this country, said Lord Rosebery, pithily, rests "not with the wasps, but with the bees." Nor could a better description of Lord Salisbury's policy in general have been suggested than that. A waspish policy it has ever been, and if ever Lord Salisbury returned to power, a waspish policy it would certainly be again.

Mr. Chamberlain congratulated the Conservative banqueters on their beefeaters, their trumpeters, and, above all, on their peacocks,—and generally on "the mediæval mummeries which formed the fitting reception for a statesman who was two hundred years behind his time." He illustrated Lord Rosebery's remark on the waspish character of Lord Salisbury's policy by enumerating the wars of which Lord Salisbury had been an advocate,—the Afghan war, the proposed raid against Russia in Asia, the African wars, and finally, the Irish civil war, which he virtually favours. "May we not say, with Shakespeare," said Mr. Chamberlain, "'See what a desperate homicide this Salisbury is?' I say that Lord Salisbury constitutes himself the spokesman of a class; of the class to which he himself belongs, who toil not, neither do they spin; whose fortunes, as in his case, have originated in grants, made in times long gone by, for the services which courtiers rendered kings, and have since grown and increased by levying an unearned share on all that other men have done by toil and labour to add to the general wealth and prosperity of the country of which they form a part." He rather unkindly spoke of Mr. Gibson as the Sancho Panza to Lord Salisbury's Don Quixote; and taking up Mr. Gibson's challenge, said that the Tory Party had been labouring for a policy of Obstruction, and had thrown their whole influence in favour of that terrible waste of time before Easter which resulted in the Government's having but *one* out of twenty-five days of session at its own disposal,—the one in which the Bankruptcy Bill was read a second time. Mr. Chamberlain appealed very emphatically to the country to support the Government, in insisting on passing the few important measures which they have this year introduced. We believe that that appeal will receive something more than a cordial,—a thoroughly enthusiastic answer.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is very anxious to visit Lord Ripon, and the *Times* contends strenuously that the visit should be allowed, and that the Ameer's requests should be heard in a "sympathetic" spirit. The Ameer, it is alleged, wants "countenance and encouragement," in order to strengthen him to keep Herat. It might be discourteous to refuse the proffered visit, and Abdurrahman Khan may be assumed to know his own business; but we, nevertheless, question if the project should be encouraged. The Ameer is certain to ask something which cannot be granted, and to go away irritated by the refusal. Moreover, the *Times* forgets one cardinal point in the situation,—the uneasy suspicion with which Afghans regard any "collogueing" between their ruler and the powerful white Infidels to the south. They believe, just as Greeks would have done, that he is plotting to increase his ascendancy by the aid of the barbarians, and just so far as he is "countenanced and encouraged" by the Indian Viceroy he is distrusted by his own people. From the days of Runjeet Singh, interviews between an independent sovereign and a Viceroy have been followed by demands from Calcutta, and the Afghans are not likely to regard a renewal of the old fatal policy with approval. The seldomer the iron pot and the earthern pot touch in mid-stream, the safer for the weaker vessel.

A serious debate on foreign policy was raised on Tuesday by Mr. Jacob Bright. He objected to a design attributed to the Foreign Office of recognising Portugal as Sovereign on the Congo, the giant river which it is now known flows from Lake Tanganyika to the West Coast of Africa. We have explained the

facts elsewhere. Mr. Jacob Bright proposed to forbid the Government to recognise any European Power upon the Congo. The Government refused to accept this, but acceded to an amendment proposed by Mr. Wodehouse, which binds them to make no treaty inconsistent with existing engagements, and with the security of the civilising and commercial agencies at work on the Congo. Lord E. Fitzmaurice, moreover, promised that the treaty, if made, should protect commerce and the natives, and Mr. Gladstone pledged himself that the previous concurrence of Parliament should be obtained. The debate was remarkable for a kind of explosion of horror against Portugal from all sides. The cruelties tolerated by the Agents of that Power, and their contempt for treaties, whether of civilisation or commerce, are better known in the House than we had imagined. Even Lord E. Fitzmaurice justified some of the most serious charges, and we should not wonder if Sir R. B. Morier found his position very uncomfortable.

A dispute has broken out in the French Cabinet which is not without significance. General Galliffet, who suppressed the Commune with such severity, had been appointed to command the cavalry manœuvres of the year on the eastern frontier. The Radicals fancied that the General might use his extensive command to make a demonstration against the Republic, and induced the Minister at War to order that the command should be entrusted to the senior General present. General Galliffet protested, and General Thibaudin found himself in the Cabinet in a minority of one. He thereupon withdrew his order, but did not resign, and reduced the force to be manœuvred to two Divisions. General Galliffet will still command, but the reduced force will not be massed upon the eastern border. The incident reveals the sleepless dread of the Army entertained by the advanced Republicans, who have no General, except General Thibaudin. They may have reason, but their mode of showing their fears is fatal to the Army. A General who is publicly declared suspect, yet retained in his command, is a General who is wilfully made dangerous to the State.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday virtually withdraws what it did say on the subject of the representation of minorities, and says something very different. What it asserted was that the battle would have to be fought against the *principle* of representing minorities, and not merely on the anomalies of any particular scheme; and that it would be a test of true Liberalism to repudiate the very attempt, as one certain to result "in strengthening all those anti-popular interests which are always too strong by their intrinsic position." What the *Pall Mall* now says is that it is impossible to hope for an exact mirror of public opinion, and undesirable, in aiming at what is beyond reach, to establish so exact a balance of political forces that nothing can ever get itself done. That is a very different matter, indeed. We are, however, by no means prepared to admit that the most exact mirror of the public mind which we *could* attain would result in any such balance. As a rule, public opinion is very clearly in favour of one particular policy or party and against the other, and a House of Commons that represented it truly, would not be in a state of see-saw at all, but in an attitude of clear and vigorous resolution.

The General Synod of the Church of Ireland has adopted, —not, however, without opposition,—a resolution petitioning Parliament against any Bill which will have the effect of admitting Atheists to either House. Why, then, do they not accept the logic of their position, and ask at once for a Theistic test to be imposed on Members, one defining the sense in which the word "God" is used, and pledging the Member taking it to a belief in God in that sense? The present oath no more excludes Atheists from Parliament, than it excludes Agnostics or Pantheists. It does not even exclude *avowed* Atheists from Parliament. It excludes only Atheists who happen to have avowed their Atheism to either House. In other words, it is a premium on hypocrisy, not a prohibition of unbelief. Which is it most un-Christian to do, to put a premium on hypocrisy, or to remove a barrier against unbelief?

A very able Royal Commission has reported that scarlet is not a good colour for Army uniforms. It is unusually visible to the enemy, as are also black and white. The Commission, therefore, recommend that either mud-colour, the well-known khakee of the Indian Service, should be adopted, or that a grey believed to be unusually durable should be selected. The white facings and belts will be made umber, and the metal will be bronze, instead of brass. They suggest, however, that scarlet may be retained for full dress. The argument looks strong, and has apparently been accepted by Lord Hartington, but is the Commission quite certain that comparative invisibility at a certain distance signifies much, at a time when field-glasses are so efficient? The Prussians do not think so, or that pickelhaube would be doomed; nor do the Austrians, with their white uniforms. If the necessity is not strong, it is a pity to abolish "the hue of England's war," the thin red line, whose visibility does not increase the enemy's readiness to charge. We had much rather hear, if we are to have a new dress, that it was to be one which left the men their fullest powers. No gamekeeper would put on those tight things.

In the exhibition of inventions at the Inventors' Institute, Dashwood House, New Broad Street, there is a smokeless fire-place which is worth notice. We know nothing of its merits, but it is said to succeed, and the inventor, named Moerath, deserves the credit of having understood English conditions. We, being sentimental idiots, do not want a close stove, but an open fireplace, which will burn up its smoke. Mr. Moerath, therefore, places a quantity of asbestos and tubing eighteen inches above the fire. The smoke goes up the tubes, the asbestos heats the carbon till it is consumed, and the residuum, gas, is conveyed away through a pipe, and may, we presume, be utilised. That is not quite a perfect arrangement, for we want the smoke-burner to be out of sight, above the fireplace, in the entrance to the chimney, but the principle is there. If the English would agree to close stoves, the smoke nuisance could be abolished in a year or two; but this is precisely what they will not do.

We are glad to see that the emigration experiment in the West of Ireland is succeeding admirably, not only in its practical working, but in the popular favour it commands. Yesterday week, 350 souls were embarked from Belmullet, County Mayo, under the personal supervision of Mr. Sydney Buxton, one of Mr. Tuke's ablest lieutenants, for Boston, Massachusetts. The 'Nestorian' came into Blacksod Bay for the purpose,—two gunboats, the 'Seahorse' and the 'Orwell,' with a much less draught of water, conveying the poor emigrants to the steamer, after they had been rowed in the boats of these vessels to the gunboats. The whole scene seems to have been a thoroughly cheerful one, in consequence of the non-separation of the families; nor can there be any doubt that emigration thus supervised is extremely popular in Mayo, in spite of the violent efforts of the Connaught priests and Bishops to discredit it. The reporter of the *Irish Times* speaks very strongly on this point, and of the admirable character of the arrangements made.

Mr. Reid, the Member for Hereford, moved on Wednesday a Bill for the total abolition of vivisection, from which he would have done well, we think, to exclude all the ordinary experiments on inoculation intended for the benefit of the animals inoculated, which the House would never consent to prohibit. Indeed, if the licences granted under the existing Act were but more stringent, specifying the number of individual creatures to be experimented on under them, and if the licences were refused,—which they have not been,—for every experiment savouring of true torture, such as Professor Rutherford's on the biliary secretion of dogs, there would have been no good case as yet for fresh legislation. Mr. Reid, however, was able to show, in his admirable speech, that the Act of 1876 is very inadequately administered, nor did Mr. Cartwright or Dr. Playfair break down his case. Dr. Playfair's statement, often repeated, that the successful killing of mice by inoculating them with the virus of cholera, gives you fresh knowledge as to how the population of London might have been saved from cholera, is one of those wild statements on which physiologists would never rely, if they did not give average men credit for jumping to just such conclusions as their prompters desire. Sir William Harcourt made a speech chiefly memorable as proving that he does not understand at all how the Act actually works. And Mr. G. Russell, the Member for Aylesbury, made an admirable speech in favour of further restrictions, after which the debate was interrupted by the clock, so that it comes to an end without a division for this Session.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 102¼ to 102⅜.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE BUDGET.

MR. CHILDERS made a much greater impression by his Budget speech than he had led his audience at its commencement to expect. There was visible throughout it the genuine financial mind,—the mind which occupies itself naturally with these subjects, to which financial considerations are not mere burdens of official duty, but matters of something like personal fascination. You could see this in the care with which Mr. Childers, in comparing the finance of one year with the finance of another, made allowance for all those smaller considerations which really affect the meaning of the figures. For example, in his comparison to show how the consumption of alcoholic liquors had diminished of late years, nothing could exceed the care with which he made, not only, of course, the due allowance for increase of population, but the allowance to be made, as regards the consumption of beer, for the change of the malt duty into the beer duty. The same elaborate care pervaded his discussion,—otherwise perhaps somewhat too militant in tone for a Budget speech, though we fully acknowledge the provocation he had received,—of the amounts of debt imposed and paid off by the two Administrations during the various years which he included in his survey. Everywhere you saw evidence not merely of the accurate financier, but of the financier who is so absolutely determined not to be misled by accurate figures into an inaccurate reconstruction of the facts behind the figures, that he is always on the look-out for possible causes of fallacy in comparing one year's figures with the apparent return for another year. That, however, was but a small part of the interest of Mr. Childers's Budget. Its chief interest was the comparative weight he laid on the different elements of his statement,—the stress with which he insisted on the reduction of Debt, and the arrangements for a serious enterprise in that direction,—the prospect which he held out of taxing the property of Corporations so as to make it yield a fair equivalent for the Succession duties paid by private individuals whose death transfers property from one to another,—and the anxiety he showed to diminish the cost of the poor man's journeys, rather than to increase the gains of the Railway Companies which carry him. In all these respects, Mr. Childers showed that he had fixed his mind on critical and permanent financial considerations, and that he was actuated by no caprice. Even in his proposition for the abolition of the duty on silver, he was no doubt actuated by the conviction that the ultimate abolition of this duty will be of infinitely greater importance to India than it will ever be to England. There was no vestige of caprice in his statement. Nothing could be more unfair than to call his main proposal—the taking-off of the 1½d. income-tax imposed last year—the proposal of "a rich man's Budget." If so, then the putting-on of that 1½d. should have been called the proposal of a poor man's Budget. In point of fact, it is only fair that those who can best bear the burden of war should be the first to feel it. But then, if that is to be so, they should also be the first to feel the relief from it. The State which has taken the cost of a small war out of the pockets of the middle class, clearly cannot be reproached with class-favouritism when it refuses to continue that special imposition on the middle class after the expense of the war has been paid. To call that favouritism to the rich, is like calling it favouritism to the rich to cease extracting from them subscriptions for a charity which has learnt to pay its own way. Mr. Childers was bound almost in honesty to restore to the well-to-do what Mr. Gladstone had extracted from them in order to prevent any sudden pressure on the poor.

Much the most important feature of the speech was that part of it which entails no burden on the finances of the year,—the proposal to pledge the country at once to the disposition of the large resources falling-in in 1885, for the reduction of Debt. To this proposal Mr. Childers led up with great skill. Indeed, we are disposed to think that what Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir R. Cross complained of as the vehemently partisan character of the Budget was due much less to Mr. Childers's wish to vindicate the Government from the perfectly baseless assertions of the Tories, than from his desire to preclude any danger of their objecting to those dispositions of future resources which he was about to make. By showing how little in comparison the Tories had done for the reduction of Debt, he almost shut off the possibility of their objecting to what he was about to do for the reduction of Debt during the next twenty years. Any such objection would at once give rise to the cry that they were hoping to return to office before 1885, and desired in that case to make a more immediately popular use of the financial resources at their disposal than any the benefit of which would be reaped chiefly by our posterity. Mr. Childers is so little of a militant politician, that we do not believe he could have administered the various raps and pricks which seem to have told so powerfully on the Front Opposition Bench, if he had not had some object in doing so by no means partisan in character. That object we suspect to have been to estop the Tories by anticipation from any attempt to remonstrate against his proposal of committing the nation at once to the right use of the financial resources of 1885, before they shall fall in. To stimulate their pride in Sir Stafford Northcote's honest attempt in the same direction, and to pique them by showing how much less Sir Stafford had been able to do in furtherance of his own policy than Mr. Gladstone had done for that policy, was the very best security Mr. Childers could have taken against any obstructive move. The proposal to extinguish at once seventy millions of Debt by borrowing from the Chancery Suitors Fund and the Savings Bank Fund, and to replace these funds within twenty years, besides further extinguishing within that time 102 millions of Debt more, through the agency of the terminable annuities which Mr. Childers proposes to create, is, if we may not exactly call it a *great* policy, at least a strenuous and worthy policy in the right direction, to which the Tories, stung by the comparison between their financial achievements and ours, will hardly find it feasible to object.

Mr. Childers' proof that between the year 1875-76 and the year 1882-3 the people of the United Kingdom have diminished their consumption of alcoholic liquors by an amount the duty on which alone amounts to £5,000,000 a year, is, in our opinion, a very remarkable evidence of the result of compulsory education. It was not till 1875-6 that the first-fruits of the Education Bill were becoming visible, and the seven years of Mr. Childers' comparison are the first seven years in which we could have expected that policy to have affected at all the adult population. We only wish Mr. Childers had shown how far the change in the latter of these years has or has not been progressive, as compared with the change in the earlier years. It would have been a very encouraging thing to be told that it is progressive, and that we may expect this progress to continue. It is clear, at all events, that the change is not due to bad times, for the progress in the consumption of tea shows that it is not want of means which prevents the increased consumption of spirits and beer. Mr. Childers showed how truly he understood the meaning of this change, when he devoted £135,000 of his surplus to the abolition of the railway-passenger duty on third-class fares. This is a reduction of duty conceived with the view of encouraging and promoting the very class of social changes which the rapid progress of temperance favours. To make it easier for our poorer class to travel,—whether in pursuit of work or in pursuit of pleasure,—is to give them the means of spending with the greatest profit to themselves all that they save by their more temperate habits of life. And we believe that this change will have a very great effect on the policy of our great Railway Companies, which must, from this time forth, consider the convenience of their poorest passengers as the most important of all the conditions of their own success. We congratulate Mr. Childers heartily on having proved,—and this in a year when he had no opportunity of producing a brilliant Budget,—that he knows exactly the critical parts of our finance, that he is prepared to accept all the best precedents of his predecessors; and most of all, that he is determined, whenever it is possible rightly to reduce taxation, to do justice, first, by taking off the burdens specially imposed for a special purpose, and then by relieving as much as is in his power, the financial pressure which arrests the social progress of the poor.

THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERSHIP.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S trumpet-call to the Conservative party, delivered on Monday, has not been without result. It produced the most emphatic demonstration of enthusiastic support which the Conservative party have yet rendered to the leader at whose power Lord Randolph Churchill struck that ostentatious but weak and ill-directed blow. And, further, it induced apparently one-third of Lord Randolph's following,—in the person of Mr. Gorst,—to desert to the

enemy, by claiming publicly to have acted in the House of Commons in the way best fitted to win the approval, not of Lord Randolph Churchill, but of Sir Stafford Northcote. It must have been humiliating enough to Lord Randolph to hear the deafening cheers which greeted Sir Stafford Northcote on Tuesday night, but it must have been still more humiliating to find Mr. Gorst on Wednesday morning positively whining that it should have been imputed to him that he had thrown off the authority of his official leader, and quoting testimonials from that official leader to prove that he (Mr. Gorst) was really in favour with him, and not regarded at all in the light of a secret or open enemy, like Lord Randolph Churchill. "Such a series of neglected opportunities, pusillanimity, combativeness at wrong moments, vacillation, dread of responsibility, repression and discouragement of hard-working followers, collusions with the Government, hankerings after coalitions, jealousies, common-places, want of perception on the part of the former lieutenants of Lord Beaconsfield, no one but he who has watched carefully and intelligently the course of affairs in Parliament can adequately realise or sufficiently express;" to all which the Conservatives answer by deafening cheers for the man who is mainly responsible, if Lord Randolph be right, for this dismal blundering, while one of his own three followers boasts loudly to the country at large of possessing a certificate to character from the very leader at whom that futile thunderbolt was launched. We sympathise most sincerely with Lord Salisbury. It is a hard thing for him to be patronised openly by Lord Randolph Churchill,—harder almost, we should think, than finding all the Tory Lords deserting to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's view of the Arrears Bill. For while the loneliness of Lord Salisbury's attitude in relation to Ireland had in it something dignified and almost tragic, to have the impotent aegis of Lord Randolph Churchill flourished over him, and flourished over him with this absurd result, makes him the mere laughing-stock of a political farce. And indeed there is something most ridiculous in declarations delivered *urbi et orbi* by Lord Randolph Churchill, that the only leader who can rescue the Conservative Party from the mire is the one who cannot carry with him even the pure Tories of the House of Lords,—who has no following at all except Lord Randolph and Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons,—and who sensibly wanes in favour with every effort made by these most unsuccessful of panegyrists to bid the welkin ring with Lord Salisbury's name. Lord Salisbury has always shown force enough in dealing with his foes, but he must indeed pray Heaven to save him from such extremely discrediting friends as Lord Randolph Churchill.

Lord Randolph's impotent flourish of trumpets gives rise to many thoughts as to the decomposing elements in the Tory party, and we cannot help thinking that thoughtful foreigners might fancy that they find in "the Fourth Party" a group of Conservative germs—or bacteria, as they are called—of an attenuated character, such as M. Pasteur and Herr Koch are said to use for the purposes of preservative inoculation. Lord Randolph Churchill himself is obviously a germ attenuated—very much attenuated, indeed, in the energy of its life—from the type of Mr. Disraeli,—the Tory Democrat whose political tendency it is to indulge in insolence and braggadocio proceeding from the notion that there is something in insolence and braggadocio specially stimulating to the imagination of the people, and specially characteristic of the aristocracy who are best able to lead them. So, too, Mr. Arthur Balfour might be regarded as a still more highly attenuated Tory germ of the type of Lord John Manners, professing high doctrines of English honour, and supporting them with a certain lackadaisical feebleness of sentiment that brings them into discredit. Mr. Gorst is an attenuated Tory germ of the old-fashioned Roebuck or "Tear 'em" type,—a mixture of lawyer-like astuteness and somewhat bullying defiance, a type that finds its Toryism in a bulldog temper, and its Conservatism in a chronic discontent with modern life. And Sir H. Drummond Wolff is, perhaps, an attenuated germ of Lord Salisbury's own type, with a taste for training the Turks to fight the Christians, and using the Atheists to scatter the believers. Thus, at least, a foreign student of the Tory party, in its evident decomposition, might fancy; but his reflections would, we think, go on to suggest that these attenuated germs of Toryism, far from so inoculating the Tory party as to preserve it from the more dangerous virus, appear to produce a condition of general debility and morbidness, worse by far than any of the stronger forms of Toryism itself. Just as, for anything we can see, the theory of M. Pasteur and Herr Koch should lead to giving sheep and cattle such a frightful number of preservative diseases that the poor creatures are sure to perish under the profuse generosity of their vaccinating friends, so it seems to us that the Tory party is getting so thoroughly inoculated with such very weak forms of Tory virus, that the result is political decomposition of the whole body. Instead of a few master-minds, strong in their way, and guiding by their influence a considerable section of the nation, we now get, both on the Tory and the Liberal side, but especially on the Tory, a number of very inferior minds, still more representative, perhaps, of the average ability and taste of the party, but for that very reason possessing much less than the old kind of influence over the party. It was possible to be led by Mr. Disraeli, for the genius and passion of the man were conspicuous, however defective were his principles; but who can be led by such a man as Lord Randolph Churchill, who has changed Mr. Disraeli's gold for brass, and the genius of defiance for the shrill chatter of a scold? It might still be possible to be led by Lord Salisbury, so long as he keeps his passions within reasonable control of his judgment, for the man has undoubtedly a deep spring of wrath in him, and even wrath may be, as Carlyle would say, "nobly human;" but who can be led by Sir H. Drummond Wolff, who has all Lord Salisbury's slipperiness, without any share of his wrath? It seems to us that the great mischief of the day is the number of pretentious and second-rate politicians, who influence hardly anybody, while they take up a very large proportion of the public time and public attention, and definitely lower the interest of the public in politics by the petty tone which they give to the struggles of the day. We recognise fully, as the House of Commons recognise, that Sir Stafford Northcote is far better entitled to lead the Conservatives than any of these pretentious rivals. But even in him there is a great deficiency. Sir Stafford Northcote himself might truly be described as an attenuated form of customary Conservatism,—Conservatism without its depth of affection for the past, without its profound faith in the genius of the nation, without its pride, and without its stubbornness. The consequence is that Sir Stafford Northcote does not and cannot lead his party as Mr. Gladstone leads his; he cannot command its confidence by the great weight and deep significance of his own convictions, as compared with the lighter weight and less significance of the average Member's convictions. The political evil of the day on both sides of the House,—though it is much further developed among the Conservatives than among the Liberals,—is the deficiency of strong leaders and the multiplication of weak leaders—the deficiency of guidance and the multiplication of counsellors. It is this which is decomposing the House of Commons. That assembly is rapidly succumbing to the large number of individually insignificant morbid influences with which it is being inoculated.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE CONGO.

THE Debate on the Sovereignty of the Congo on Monday was really a very important one, and thirty years ago would have excited as keen an interest throughout the country as it now does in the manufacturing towns. Recent travellers have revealed to the world the great importance of this river, which cleaves the ponderous mass of South-western Africa as the Ganges cleaves the mass of the Indian Peninsula, or the Yangtse Kiang the huge bulk of Eastern China. The river reaches, under the name of the "Lualaba"—which, now that the facts are known, should be disused—up to the lacustrine system on the east, 1,800 miles away in a direct line, and it is perfectly possible, in the distant future, when it has become worth while to blast away the rapids, that a steamer may travel straight from the South-west Coast to Lake Tanganyika. The volume of water poured down is prodigious, the banks are fertile beyond belief, and the most tameable of the negro tribes tend to collect upon the river banks. Even as it is, on the magnificent debouchure of the river, 350 miles long, and at its narrowest part two miles wide, the negro tribes have begun to cultivate and trade, purchase English goods to the amount of £500,000 a year, and export produce estimated at two millions sterling. If England controlled the Valley, and kept order with five or six negro regiments organised like those of the West Indies, and a flotilla of small armed steamers, the population would soon grow dense and the country rich, and thirty years ago Great Britain would have been eager for the enterprise. It had then a desire for territory, which satiety has blunted, and realised far more fully than it does now that there are races which,

until they have been conquered, never develope their full strength, from inability to establish the first condition of progress, order sufficient to allow accumulation to commence. At present, however, the British people is either disinclined for enterprise, or is supposed to be so; and the Foreign Office, aware of the growing importance of the Congo Valley, of the trade it may develope, and of the anarchy which irresponsible Europeans create along its borders, has looked round for an alternative.

We do not think it has found a good one. Practically, four courses were open to Lord Granville. He might have hoisted the British flag, declared the Valley for 350 miles a Crown Colony, and have awaited an attack, which would hardly have arrived. That course would, however, have been unpopular with a section of the Radicals, would have irritated France, which is hankering for the Valley, and would have involved a further strain upon an overburdened Naval establishment. He might, secondly, have prohibited any advance from any European Power, leaving things as they are; but that would have involved a nominal Protectorate, a continuance of the present atrocities—which are bad, negroes being drowned and flogged *ad libitum*—and a running contest of years with the adventurers, French, American, Belgian, Portuguese, and English, who see their way to carve out principalities in the Valley. It was, again, open to him to favour French pretensions, or to recognise the vague claim of Portugal, which has already a colony, Angola, 150 miles to the south, with 500,000 inhabitants, to be supreme upon the Congo. In this dilemma, after a great deal of hesitation, faithfully reflected in the speech of Lord E. Fitzmaurice, his lieutenant in the Commons, the Foreign Secretary fixed upon Portugal; and though he has not explained his reasons, and probably will not explain them, they are not far to seek. Lord Granville does not date politics from 1870, he knows perfectly well that in a very short time France will again be a great, possibly an aggressive Power, and he is disinclined to place in her hands interests so large as those which may grow up upon the Congo. She might found an empire there, and shut out Britain for ever. Portugal, though inferior in energy, would be much more manageable, and might, if she misused her new authority, be deprived of it altogether. Moreover, Lord Granville, who watches the new tone of Republican France attentively, was not unwilling to give M. Challemel-Lacour a hint, which that gentleman greatly needs, that if France is about to embark on a policy of expansion beyond seas, English acquiescence is of the last importance, and that the perpetual worry kept up about Egypt impedes the prospect of that acquiescence. He took steps, therefore, which were not, perhaps, quite so definite or irreversible as they seemed, but which raised an impression that he intended to acknowledge Portuguese sovereignty on the Congo.

Lord Granville's course, judged as it would be judged by other diplomatists, was an able and even astute one; but there was an impediment in the way on which he had scarcely reckoned, and that was the horror with which the Portuguese dominion in Africa is regarded by the trading classes and the philanthropists of Great Britain. The Portuguese statesmen, who in home affairs are fairly reasonable, are the worst colonial administrators in the world. In Goa, Macao, Angola, Mozambique, their course is always the same. They not only regard their colonies as estates—which is true of French statesmen also—but as estates to be managed with a single view to the extraction of immediate gain. They therefore crush trade with taxes, which, as English traders aver, are often not only too heavy, but are treacheries. Lisbon will agree with perfect readiness to limit herself to customs-duties of ten per cent. *ad valorem*, and then, when goods begin to arrive, will demand 50s. a ton, or some preposterous sum of that kind, for harbour-dues. The Governors—possibly without orders—are always playing tricks of that kind, and have irritated English exporters, till they say they would rather deal with any Power in the world than Portugal, and till their mouthpiece for the hour, Mr. Jacob Bright, certainly no Chauvinist, denounces Portugal with injudicious violence as "that rotten Power." The philanthropists, on their part, agree with Mr. Jacob Bright. They say, and say truly, that whatever the Portuguese may be at home, they tolerate abroad cruelty and misgovernment which are a discredit to European mankind. They have allowed Goa to die of atrophy. They have possessed Angola for centuries, and have never cut a road. They evade all the anti-slave-trade treaties. They wink at slavery in a horrible form as hard as the Brazilian coffee-growers do. Lord E. Fitzmaurice, with all his official responsibility, was compelled to make the following statement:—

"He would lay briefly before the House the statements made upon this painful subject by a gentleman whose name was familiar to many Honourable Members. Mr. David Hopkins, her Majesty's Consul at Loanda, in a despatch, dated May 1st, 1877, to the Governor-General of Angola, informed him of the abominable excesses practised by some Europeans on the Zaire. Mr. Hopkins especially denounced the assassination of about thirty negroes, including women and children, who, having been more or less justifiably accused of having taken part in the burning of the properties belonging to the Portuguese subject, Manoel Joaquim Oliveira, were, by the latter's orders, and with the connivance of other Europeans and some natives, among the former being a British subject, bound hand and foot and thrown into the river, some of them at Boma and others at Port Lenha. As a climax of monstrosity, the presumed accomplices or witnesses, the victims, as they were called, were put to torture by him. According to the information of Mr. Hopkins, similar atrocities were frequently perpetrated in the region under notice; and the same Consul specially named the Spanish subject José del Valle, better known as Don Pope, as the person who inflicted frequent cruelties on his black labourers, and who had even caused the death of some of them, whom he ordered to be drowned. Mr. Hopkins added that slavery was, in fact, reinstated on the Zaire; and that the black labourers in the service of Europeans were literally sold to these by the native chiefs."

Mr. Jacob Bright added that,—"In Portuguese Africa, many of the inhabitants were transported convicts; in Angola, the army was largely composed of the worst kind of convicts, that is, of murderers. This he was told by a Portuguese merchant, on the authority of Mr. Watson, late her Majesty's Consul at Loanda. What were the relations between the Portuguese colonists and the natives? In Mozambique and Delagoa Bay, the Portuguese officials did not dare to venture on the mainland for fear of the revenge of the natives; and in Angola, no Portuguese could travel between Loanda and Ambriz for the same reason." That last statement has possibly an exaggerative effect, as we also populated Tasmania with convicts, and sent convicts—though not murderers—to swell Clive's ranks; but there can be no doubt that the Portuguese have, of all European peoples, the least respect for the lives, property, or natural rights of dark-coloured Pagans, and that to those who know the facts of their history in Africa, the transfer of such a territory to them as the Valley of the Congo, with its endless potentialities, is impossible. The Foreign Office, it is quite clear from Lord E. Fitzmaurice's speech—a most creditable speech, the circumstances being considered—has been seriously doubtful of its own course, the House was manifestly opposed to the plan, and Mr. Gladstone finally gave what was understood to be the *coup de grace* to the whole project. There should, he promised, be no Treaty without Free-trade and without protection for the natives, and no treaty whatever without the special sanction of Parliament previously obtained. Mr. Gladstone even rose a second time to pledge himself that the crowded condition of public business should not be pleaded in bar of full discussion. As the Portuguese do not care for the Congo, unless they can tax as they please and wink at slavery, the project is at an end.

It would be best, perhaps, if some decent third-rate European Power, like Belgium or Holland could be trusted for a time with the Valley of the Congo; but if it must fall either to France or to filibusters, we do not see why France should not have it. She will, at any rate, not re-establish slavery, and would probably agree, in consideration of our acquiescence, not to make the Valley a convict settlement, and not to embarrass trade with crushing duties. Her statesmen know how to introduce order of a kind, her capital is eagerly pressing towards new outlets, and she has plenty of gunboats and marines. As to any danger from her expansion, that is a dream which even Lord Palmerston pooh-poohed. Colonies are only safe when the mother-country rules the seas. Every possession France obtains beyond seas is a pledge that she will not fight Great Britain, which, though powerless to march to Paris, could in six weeks deprive her of every dependency, Algeria included. England herself would govern the Congo Valley much better and more leniently, but she is just now overloaded, and in no mood to take on herself more of the work, the vivifying government of dark races, in which, of all her works, she probably succeeds the best.

LORD DUNRAVEN ON THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

WE have no desire to gain victories on false pretences, and therefore decline Lord Dunraven's assistance in abolishing or transforming the House of Lords. He is a man who, though not a statesman, knows the world well, has seen

more than most men of two continents, and has much of the quickness of understanding natural to an Irishman, and his view of the position of the House of Lords, when obviously a product of his own mind, and not a conventional utterance, is worth more than a moment's study. It is, however, we are convinced, essentially wrong. Lord Dunraven, himself a Conservative, and on Irish questions a rather bitter one, holds that the Conservative party lacks alike "vitality, vigour, and the principle of growth," and that one main reason of its "partial paralysis" is the "anomalous position of the House of Lords in the Constitution." That House now represents nobody not represented in the Commons, and its power is without any constitutional check, it is dominated by "a permanent and overwhelming majority of one party," and consequently it is "constantly obliged to efface and stultify itself." It "must agree to legislation it disagrees with, or cause a complete deadlock in our whole system of government." It "must discredit itself, or disgrace the Constitution." That position is of itself degrading, but it produces, in Lord Dunraven's judgment, an evil not confined to the House of Peers. "The people govern," but the representation in the Upper House of one dominant party compels the majority, "aware that the sanction of Parliament to measures approved of by their elected representatives" cannot be obtained, to resort to agitation. "Popular agitation is a threat of appeal to physical force, and the knowledge that agitation has become an essential element in our system of government, and that in it, and not in any Constitutional check, lies the only check upon the absolute power of the Upper House and of one of the great political parties, is not calculated to form a law-abiding national character, to engender reverence and love for our ancient Constitution, or to create respect for our system of government by party." Hence the strength of Mr. Chamberlain and his caucus, and hence also much of the inability of Conservatives to compel appeal to the nation for a revision of its judgment. They are weighted by the public dislike of the Upper House, which, if elected or full of senators of both parties, would not be disliked; and they can, therefore, never obtain the immense advantage of showing the people that Conservatives have resisted an injurious measure to "the bitter end," viz., appeal to the country. The Irish Land Act, for instance, in Lord Dunraven's opinion, will produce great disasters. The Upper House, but that it is a House of Lords, would have braved a dissolution to defeat it; and even if it had passed, Conservatism would have had all the credit of resistance, when the eyes of the people were at last opened. Moreover, the grand Conservative interest, "the land," is becoming unpopular, not from its own fault, so much as because it shares in the unpopularity of the House of Lords, which, composed as it is almost exclusively of large owners, is supposed to be swayed by landlord feeling. Conservatism, therefore, loses heavily by the position of the Upper House; and Lord Dunraven would replace it by a new body, apparently either a body of elected Peers, or a body of Peers and experienced men, selected at the beginning of each Parliament by the Crown.

This is an attack on the Lords from an entirely new quarter, directed by a Peer, Lord Dunraven, who claims, in Burke, *fifteen* centuries of nobility, and is described in the recently compiled Domesday Book as receiving a first-class income from land, and we are not disposed to deny that it is in part a just one. It is quite true that the unalterable majority in the House of Lords fosters "agitation," quite true that the Peers have less power to reject measures than an elected Upper House would have, quite true that if the Lords force a dissolution, the Liberals go to the country with all the advantages derivable from the fact that a few hundred wealthy gentlemen with no moral claim to rule have set themselves, in appearance at all events, to defy the national will. And we need not, we suppose, say that in Lord Dunraven's conclusion we heartily agree. The House of Lords as at present constituted is a mischievous anachronism, which in small matters constantly prevents improvement, and in great matters dams up the current of reform and swells the waters till, when the dyke yields, their overflow often destroys as much as it fertilises. But for the perfectly accidental circumstance that the obstinate old sailor on the Throne in 1831 at heart disliked the great Peers, and, being Sovereign of Hanover, was not carried away by dread of a democracy which in the last resort he could abandon to itself, the Lords in 1831 would, with their want of imagination, have brought on a Democratic Revolution. The Peers—apart from the Law Lords—amend the laws very little, they spoil the laws a good deal, and they do not check, but increase the rush of the Democracy. So far we are with Lord Dunraven, yet we cannot honestly accept his assistance, for we do not honestly believe that Conservatism in the habitual English sense—and, we suppose, also in his sense, though he has learned much in America—is impaired by the existence of the House of Lords. Lord Dunraven has forgotten the social side of his problem altogether. That hierarchy of deferences, that fundamental inequality of conditions which is the essence of English Conservatism, and the principle for which most of the party would make sacrifices, is dependent to an immense extent on the House of Lords. Without that institution to protect and, as it were, consecrate their present system, by making the existence of a social hierarchy visibly part of the Constitution, the British people would obey their second instinct, reverence for utility, and sweep away everything that could not clearly justify itself. They would make the Premier of the time—not of the day, for it is *not*, though the Tories think so, a light-minded people, but one obstinate in its likes and dislikes—the Head of the State, and insist on laws which, in the long-run, would produce much greater equality. The effect of that change could not be "Conservative," in the sense in which English gentlemen now understand the word; and we doubt if it would be Conservative in any sense. Lord Dunraven does not perceive the strength which the liking for the hierarchical system, for ornament in general, for gratification to the special British imagination—which is not pensive, like the Highland imagination, or melancholy, like the Irish, but concrete in its tendencies—lends to the Conservative party. He probably despises the villa population, the new wealthy, the lower middle class, and all the multitudes they influence, because they "look up" to the aristocracy, and respect wealth, and vote, as Charles Dickens put it, "for the Gentlemanly Interest;" but these men make up the solid core of the English Conservative party. He ignores a cardinal fact of our history, that Englishmen and Scotchmen have most of the vices, but have not that one of social envy, and are attracted, not repelled, by those who are legally allowed to be above them. They like "betters" to exist, and will follow them, while the bettership has in it any remnant of real force. When that is gone, when, with the House of Peers, the legal stronghold of the aristocratic sentiment disappears, they will either sulk, as the same class is said to do in America, or gratify their secondary instinct, which is for reality, by approving changes more sweeping than Radicals now formulate. So far from believing that Conservatism, in Lord Dunraven's sense, would be benefited by the "reformation" of the House of Lords, we believe that the number of Conservative voters would instantly decline, that strong Radicalism would be triumphant for a time, and that the Conservative Party of the future would defend other things than those which the present party is anxious to protect. "Individualism," as opposed to "Socialism" in its better sense, would much more closely describe the two ultimate parties that would arise than Conservatism and Liberalism. That, however, is only an ultimate thought. Taking short views, as politicians should, we believe that with the House of Lords much of the English ingrained respect for the hierarchical organisation of society would disappear, and with it much, if not most, of modern Conservatism. We do not share that respect, holding it to be merely a form of the worship of clothes, of artificial forces instead of real forces, and inconsistent, moreover, with the broad tendency, though not exactly with the peremptory laws of Christianity, and therefore have, as moralists, no sympathy with a House which, as politicians, we believe to be mischievous; but those are not Lord Dunraven's ideas. He wants just what we deprecate, and we cannot, therefore, accept his aid, which is offered, as we believe, under the influence of a hopeless misreading of the situation. Lord Dunraven is disinterested in sawing away at the bough he sits on, in order to preserve the tree, and does not see that but for the attraction of the shade, the owners would cut away the trunk, to grow more wheat.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

THE great experiment lately made by the Italian Government, the introduction of a low suffrage, together with scrutin de liste, has, we fear, failed, and the circumstances of the failure are worth attention. Italy, after she had been formed, started on the constitutional career with what may be called a Ten-pound franchise. The electoral right was not based, as in England, upon rental, but the payment of direct taxes to the amount of forty francs a year had an exactly

similar effect; and the 600,000 electors were mostly officials, landlords, rich peasants, shopkeepers, professional persons, and *rentiers*, the idle men who have saved or inherited small fortunes, and who in Italy, as in France, form a much more numerous class than they do in England. This electoral body sent up Members who, on the whole, did their practical work fairly well, that is, they made an Army and a Navy, organised decent municipalities, sanctioned codes of law, and taxed themselves with a patriotism such as our own Ten-pounders displayed when they put on the Income-tax. They brought up Italian credit, till the Roman Government could raise money at four and a half per cent.; they provided for a specie currency; and they got rid entirely of the bad old system of deficits supplied by loans. Within the limits of business the Deputies worked well, and showed considerable sense; but beyond them, they shrank from action. They slurred over "the social question,"—that is, the horrible poverty of a fifth of the population, which is worse off than the people of Mayo; they refused to touch tenure, which in the old kingdom of Naples is as ill suited to national wants as that of Ireland was in 1869; and they neglected the severe supervision which alone makes an over-numerous and powerful bureaucracy beneficial to the people. Finally, as external dangers died away, they split into groups, deeply separated by personal questions, very reluctant to support any Ministry whatever, and over-greedy of patronage, and but for the peculiar ability of S. Depretis, whose genius is that of an acrobat able to ride upon four horses at once, they would have rendered government impossible. He holds the groups in a leash, making concessions to each in turn, and so, in a way, continues to get along. The groups, however, take all steadiness out of government, make initiative too difficult, and forbid statesmen to rise, unless they belong to the class which can "manage" men by appeals to their interests, prejudices, or fears.

The few men who in the last resort govern Italy, among whom the King is the central figure, grew alarmed at the situation, and true to the policy of the House of Savoy, which has always sought support in the people, they resolved to strengthen Parliament by a large reduction in the electoral qualification. They desired, what Governments so seldom desire, more "go" in the representative body. We have an impression, which we cannot prove, that some of them would have sought their end in a daring way, by openly adopting universal suffrage, but for the impossibility of passing the Bill, an impossibility produced by the dread of clerical influence entertained by the middle-class. This was not a dread felt by the democracy, which never fears itself, but it was overwhelming among the professionals, littérateurs, and wealthy men who in Italy are the active politicians. Consequently, a moderate Bill was proposed, conceding the franchise to all who paid any direct taxes, and who could read and write, a franchise often talked of, though, we think, never proposed in this country. This would have doubled the electors, and, probably, have worked like our own Five-pound Bill, but the managers of the change were not content. They either secretly suggested, or accepted with suspicious readiness, a second Bill, declaring that for two years every adult male should be legally a voter, if he demanded the privilege in the presence of three witnesses and a notary. This law granted the suffrage to every man who demanded it, if only a complaisant notary could be found, and, as S. Villari informs us in the *Contemporary Review*, no less than 2,125,000 persons immediately registered themselves. The suffrage was not made universal, and therefore irresistible, but it was quadrupled at a blow, and, of course, the Deputies elected under it were certain to extend the *ad interim* law. Considering the keenness of Italian politicians, the certainty that Deputies would not disfranchise those who had chosen them, the hold S. Depretis had over the House, and the dread of a dissolution on the old basis, it is very hard to doubt that the Italian Premier, like Mr. Disraeli on a similar occasion, was at least quite willing to accept the result, and was a consenting party to the Parliamentary "dodge." At all events, he introduced in addition the Scrutin de Liste, which he, and all Italians, taking their cue from M. Gambetta, believed to be the necessary supplement of a wide suffrage. The new Parliament was, therefore, elected by new electors in the new manner, and it is already recognised that the experiment in great part has failed. The people were not really interested. As we imagine, they care for the present only about the social question, and do not believe that Parliament, which for nearly twenty years has avoided social reform, will now buckle to the work, and in their disbelief betake themselves to individual efforts to make money. A certain distrust of legislators, too, is always noticeable among Italians, as well as a disposition to allow certain representative classes to do the work they should do for themselves. At all events, though under the pressure of the local wirepullers one adult in every four or five registered his name as an elector, only one in two electors went up to the poll. With the exception of a few districts which sent up Reds, the old constituency remained master of the situation, and, for the most part, sent up the same men. Moreover, scrutin de liste broke down. The grand justification for that system of election is that, whatever its defects, it must produce a "strong" Chamber,—that is, a large, homogeneous, and determined majority, the "lists" being accepted or rejected *en bloc*, and every man fearing that his name will be left out of the next list by the Central Committee. In Italy, however, localism is very strong, and politicians are not very scrupulous. The Committees of each Department arranged their lists for themselves, and, whenever there was danger of defeat, consulted their opponents, and arranged joint lists which crushed fresh opposition, and left the representation where it was. The new Chamber, therefore, is no more united than the old, S. Depretis has still to waste his great powers on the management of groups, and no new men are thrown up fit for governing work. There is a scarcity of ability, and especially of ability of the first order, which is unusual in Italy, a land where genius is endemic, but which is visible at this moment in all the three Latin countries. In them all the Parliamentary system evolves astute managers, but not men who will even try to cope with the social evils which in all three are becoming of paramount importance. With the exception of S. Minghetti, an able financier whose influence has waned, S. Depretis is the only man well in front; while a certain timidity, as of men who must conceal their real opinions, has infected all aspirants for office. They are, in fact, afraid of being crushed by the selfish action of the groups, before the body of the people have time to recognise them. A leader will, perhaps, arise, but, meanwhile, the Government is dully bourgeois, and the only party which increases is the Republican, which may yet take up the social question as the lever of power. The national freedom from impatience and the common sense about concrete affairs which mark Italians will probably save the peninsula from great misfortunes, but the lowered tone of statesmanship interferes with all progress except in the material direction. This, however, is great, more especially in the towns, although in some districts positive want, permanent want, producing the terrible disorder known as the *pellagra*, seems incurable, even by the emigration which has assumed such large proportions. The Government endeavour indirectly to check this, but it goes on, and is probably an evil, not from the loss of population, which increases quite fast enough, but from the subtraction from among the Italian people of the most energetic spirits. Italy wants all the men she can keep who are detached enough and instructed enough to dream of a home in a foreign land. The kind of men who made the Revolution, or swarmed in 1866 into the National Guard, or gave Garibaldi a voluntary Army, are now pouring by thousands a year into the valley of the River Plate, where they will eat out the Spaniards, as in the Italian Tyrol they eat out the Germans.

FRENCH SCHOOLBOYS.

THE *Times* of Wednesday contained a curious and suggestive account of the rival systems of education under which French boys of the middle and upper classes are brought up. Neither of them promises well for the national future, though both are strangely characteristic of French ways of thinking and acting. The occasion which has suggested the article is the epidemic of insubordination that has lately broken out in the Lycées, or State schools. The first symptom of this was a mutiny, some eighteen months ago, at the Lycée Henri IV.; and the latest, the outbreak the other day at the Lycée Louis le Grand. Between these two there have been riots in the lycées of Toulouse, Valenciennes, and Montpellier, and a schoolboys' congress at Bordeaux, which was attended by delegates from the upper forms of twenty-seven lycées, and ended in a series of resolutions condemning every detail of school management and discipline. The mutiny at the Lycée Henri IV. took the form of resistance to the rule which obliges the Catholic boys in the State schools to hear Mass and to go to Confession. In other cases, the badness of the dietary was the excuse. The boys asked for a dish of roast meat, in addition to the bouillon and haricot beans which form the staple of their dinners. The real cause probably of all the outbreaks is the intolerable

dullness of life in a lycée. The boys have only their work to interest them, and to a large proportion in every school this is tantamount to saying that they have nothing to interest them. Before the Revolution, the Lycées had large playgrounds, and it is only since these were sold by the Revolutionary Government that French boys have been characterised by their present total ignorance of games. Everything in a lycée has to be calculated closely, and the item on which money has been most consistently saved is space. Consequently, the hours when the boys are not at work are not play-hours. They are spent in dusty, crowded yards, in which games are impossible. Their only real amusement is found in visits to the cafés, when they can get leave to go into the town; and reading bad novels, when they are kept within the school bound. It is, perhaps, from a consciousness how little else there is for them to do, that the authorities take no notice of the manner in which the boys spend their holidays. If a master sees a boy drinking absinthe in a café, he regards it as no business of his.

These defects in the Lycées give the Church an opportunity of which she has made liberal use. The *collège*, which is the general name for a school conducted by the Clergy, is in many ways a marked contrast to the Lycée. The discipline is more human, and less military; the buildings are more like a home, and less like a barrack; the boys are treated as though they possessed bodies and souls, as well as minds; they have ample playgrounds, and abundance of games. In no point is this superiority more conspicuous than in the quality of the Ushers. In the Lycées, they are regarded by the boys as so many spies, and despised and hated accordingly. In the Collèges "the usher is a young priest or religious brother, perhaps a future Bishop and Cardinal. He is always young, active, and intelligent, else he would not be selected for the post. He mixes with the boys in all their games; he strives to make himself popular with them; he becomes their confidant and monitor." So far, the Church seems to be fully alive to the policy of making the Collèges popular. In other ways, however, she uses her advantage strangely. Even as it is, there are Republicans who, for one reason or another, send their sons to a collège rather than to a lycée. They think the education better; or they are not quite easy at the thought of the moral training a boy is likely to get at a lycée; or they like the better manners which are taught at the Collèges, or the higher social standing which belongs to them; or they wish to please their wives, or, perhaps, the boy himself. It might have been thought that the Clergy would lay themselves out to make things additionally smooth for men of this type; that they would minimise the political and religious distinctions between the Collèges and the Lycées, so far as these distinctions do not involve admitted questions of principle; that they would do their best to deprive the act of sending a son to a collège, instead of to a lycée, of some, at least, of the compromising significance which now belongs to it, and rather increase than diminish the freedom enjoyed by the boys. As a matter of fact, they have done none of these things. It is a much more marked thing for a Frenchman to send his son to a collège now than it was a few years ago, because the Collèges have "grown to be centres of opposition to the Government of the day, very hot-beds of anti-Republican propaganda." The Clergy set more store by the impression they make upon the boys entrusted to them, than they do by the number of boys whom they have the opportunity of impressing. They would rather, apparently, make ten violent anti-Republicans than twenty Moderates, who, so long as they have the kind of Government they like, do not care what it is called. This preference deserves to be noted, because it shows how the French Clergy read the signs of the times. If they thought that the Republic would last, they would, no doubt, take a different line; they identify themselves so frankly with its bitterest opponents, because they think that by so doing they can contribute effectually to its downfall. They have shown themselves on many occasions so destitute of political foresight, that we are not at all sure that their taking this view is not a good sign for the stability of the Republic; still, that they take it, is worthy of remark. If they were all Legitimists, it would mean nothing, because the Legitimists have not given up the hope that a miracle may yet be worked in the Comte de Chambord's favour. But the French Clergy are by no means politicians first and Clerics afterwards; on the contrary, their politics are very apt to be kept in strict subjection to their theories of what is best for the Church. Their attitude towards the Republic at least testifies to two things,—their conviction that the Republic will never be anything but an enemy, and their belief that it is not an enemy whom it will long be necessary to conciliate.

Besides the strong political colour which the Clergy are more and more giving to the Collèges, we learn from the writer in the *Times* that their internal discipline has been made much stricter. They require that day boarders up to the age of eighteen shall daily be brought to the collège and fetched away from it, and that they shall come to the collège on Sunday mornings, for Mass and instruction. They stipulate that their pupils during the holidays, or when they are on leave, shall never enter a café, except in charge of some person; and shall not read prohibited books, or associate with unbelievers. They expect that the parents shall take care that their sons say their prayers regularly, when they are at home or when they are at school. And to ensure obedience to these directions, they require the boys, when the school meets again after the holidays, to make a full confession of all that they have done since they went home, in order that they may know what warning to give their parents before the next holidays. This seems a very strange way of making the Collèges popular, either with parents or children. Probably it is not, like the political tone given to the Collèges, a piece of deliberate calculation, but merely an example of a kind of precise Puritanism which seems to be a characteristic of the French Clergy,—of the feeling which leads them, in the books of devotion they put into the hands of their flocks, to put going to balls or to the theatre under the head of sins to be confessed and repented of. They must know perfectly well that the laity will continue to go to balls and to the theatre; but they seem to derive an inconsistent satisfaction from the contemplation of this useless prohibition.

MRS. CARLYLE.

IF Mrs. Carlyle married for ambition, as Mr. Froude reports, it is probable that she has gained what most ambitious people hope to gain,—whether they ultimately value what they have gained or not,—a name of her own in literature, and not merely the name of a faithful companion to her famous husband. Never were letters, unless they were the letters of Cowper, so full of fascination as Mrs. Carlyle's. Her letters surpass those of her husband in every quality which letters should have except vividness,—in variety, naturalness, lightness of touch; in the rapid, but never abrupt, change from tender to satirical, from satirical to imaginative, and from imaginative, again, to the keen, shrewd, matter-of-fact of mother-wit; while in a few of them there is a wild gipsy kind of waywardness which is of course entirely foreign to Mr. Carlyle's sphere. But we are not going to discuss Mrs. Carlyle's letters, but to attempt to reconstruct, so far as it is possible, from the insight they give, the figure of the author of the letters, who, while linked with a man of marvellous, though narrow genius, made for herself,—quite unconsciously too,—a fame which shines distinctly enough even in the immediate neighbourhood of his; and which shines by no reflected light.

We are told in these volumes that Mrs. Carlyle's grandmother was grandniece of a notable gipsy, Matthew Baillie, who came to be hanged, and whose wife was the original of Scott's "Meg Merrilies." Mr. W. E. Forster, to whom Mrs. Carlyle mentioned this gipsy descent, is said to have replied that this information was the first thing to make her mind intelligible to him as a cross between that of a gipsy and that of John Knox (from whom also she was descended). But, so far as we can see, there was but little of John Knox in Mrs. Carlyle. She had no taste for abstract doctrine, or, indeed, for the abstract in any shape. Nor was she didactic. The gipsy clearly predominated in her over the Calvinist divine. Like the gipsies, she loved a certain wilful order, an order improvised out of chaos; and one great source of her suffering in the extreme repression of her life with Carlyle was that he had no love for these snatches of fitful and changeful energy, and wanted nothing so much as constant protection against surprise. A brother of General Cavaignac, who was intimate with the Carlyles, used to say of Mrs. Carlyle that hers was a genius for "detail"; and so it was,—as well for the imagination as for the execution of detail. She could always see how much really skilful detail could effect; and to this, we believe, she owed much of her extraordinary power of managing others,—ranging from the power of pacifying Carlyle to the power of "writing-down a parrot." Considering how wonderfully tender and accessible were her sympathies,—at one time she, justly enough, called her head "a perfect chaos of other people's disasters and despairs,"—her answer to the question, "Why do women

marry?"—because, "like the great Wallenstein, they do not find scope enough for their genius and qualities in an easy life," would scarcely have been a sufficient one, for she could have found scope for her genius and qualities in almost any life. But undoubtedly the enormous difficulties of engineering Carlyle's life for him, did make an impression on her ambitious imagination, and launched her into the pursuit of an ideal which she often found quite too hard for her. Perhaps the reason why it was often too hard for her was her gipsy pride. As a Haddington cooper told her twenty years after her departure from Haddington, she had been even as a girl "not just to call proud,—very reserved in her company," and it was this proud and reserved side of her which rendered her life with Carlyle often so much more unhappy than it otherwise need have been. For though she was sweet, pitiful, and fascinating to those who leaned on her, she had a keen sense of her own dignity, and could not endure to be herself treated as a mere detail of life; and this was how Carlyle not unfrequently treated her. What she loved best was to queen it over men, and Carlyle was not the man to let his wife queen it over him. And how she could queen it! Long after she was a middle-aged woman, she could pick up chance acquaintances in a coach, and so fascinate them, that when she left her parasol in that coach, one would compete eagerly and secretly against the other for the chance of recovering and restoring it to her. In her old age,—indeed, a year or two before her death,—when she had partially recovered from a most dangerous illness, middle-aged men of the world burst into tears at the sight of her whom they had never hoped to see again, and quivered all over with the joy of recovering her. She owed this power of fascination, no doubt, partly to her ready tenderness of sympathy, partly to her volleys of gentle scorn. It is clear that women who cannot make themselves feared, seldom gain the same empire as those who *can* make themselves feared as well as loved. It was this double power obviously which gave Lady Harriet Baring, afterwards Lady Ashburton, that victory over Mrs. Carlyle which embittered some eight years or so of Mrs. Carlyle's life. Lady Harriet, though she can hardly have had Mrs. Carlyle's literary power,—otherwise *some* of her letters at least would surely have been preserved,—combined with her intellectual brightness and wit the great advantage of genuine high-breeding, an advantage which Mr. Carlyle, with his vivid perceptions and his own peasant-breeding, was the first to perceive and enjoy. That was how Lady Harriet placed Mrs. Carlyle at a disadvantage, for Mrs. Carlyle, thorough lady as she was, had never queened it over the kind of men who were at Lady Harriet's feet, and had, in spite of that pride and reserve which distinguished her as a middle-class woman, nothing like the distinction which marked her rival. And bitterly did Mrs. Carlyle feel the defeat. It is obvious that she, who never fretted over the most homely tasks before, chafed passionately against having—for example—to mend Mr. Carlyle's trowsers at the very time when Mr. Carlyle wanted to go and worship a woman to whom servile domestic tasks were things of little meaning,—rumours of the servants' hall. For, we do not believe that the sore heart which Mrs. Carlyle bore about with her through some seven or eight years of her married life, would have been anything like as sore as it was through jealousy alone. She was not a jealous woman, and we should doubt if she had any of that passionate feeling for her husband which stirs jealousy to its depths. But she was a very proud woman, and it crushed and humiliated her to be slaving for the man who was so captivated by the air of royalty borne by one who had never thus slaved for him. It is the queen trodden under the foot of a conquering queen, who groans so bitterly in Mrs. Carlyle's diary of 1855. And she groans, as she is well aware, not as that conquering queen, if she in her turn had been trodden down, would groan, but with less scorn for herself and more of middle-class self-pity, and more, too, of those feminine consolations which she derived from dwelling on her own power of painting her misery. Mrs. Carlyle never succumbs to her misery. She fights it vindictively. Throughout it you see that it is Mr. Carlyle's indifference to her, his scorn, as she understood it, his cool exactingness when she felt that the right to exact was hers rather than his, that stung her to the quick. Had anything but her personal pride been wounded, she would hardly have suffered so much. As it was, she never fathomed the deepest depth of wretchedness, for she never quite lost the pleasure of painting vividly the inward wrath with which she was overflowing at this preference of the aristocratic queen to the gipsy queen of Carlyle's earlier life. And evidently, too, she frequently met Carlyle's imperious *exigeance* with rapier thrusts that wounded him keenly.

We have said that Mrs. Carlyle had little conversance with dogma or creed of any kind, but she had imagination enough and critical faculty enough to let in gleams of speculative wonder on her life, and some of these sceptical touches have a marvellous force of their own. In the dialogue between her watch and her canary, she makes the watch reprove the canary for complaining of its prison. "Alas, my bird! here sit prisoners. There, also, do prisoners sit. This world is all prison, the only difference for those who inhabit it being in the size and aspect of the cells; while some of these stand revealed in cold, strong nakedness for what they really are, others are painted to look like sky overhead and open country all around, but the bare and the painted walls are alike impassable, and fall away only at the coming of the Angel of Death." Nothing could better present her impression of the Universe, for while Mrs. Carlyle had apparently no faith but an imaginative one, she had imagination enough to paint the bare walls of her universe for herself, and with a fresco of no mean beauty. She was keen enough to see through the hollowness of false creeds, and to penetrate now and then to some of the more beautiful aspects of true creeds; but even while she could appreciate the dreariness of a Church of which she could say, "Anything so like the burial-place of revealed religion you have never seen, nor a rector more fit to read the burial service," she was quite unprepared to contend that there should not be a burial-place prepared for revealed religion, and that the time for reading its burial service had not arrived. Her religion consisted in glimpses of noble ideals, and in the gracious human charities for which, when her pride was not touched, she was always more than ready. She had a humour, too, that combined with her natural tenderness to make life, by fitful gleams, radiant as well as interesting. But on the whole, it is the gipsy queen whom we see in her,—the wild lively queen whose mission it was to bring order out of chaos by the help of her fine genius for "details,"—who fascinated most men's hearts but smarted under her inferiority to a choicer type of queenhood, and who chafed bitterly against the sense of imprisonment which the constant society of such a man as Carlyle necessarily imposed on a character so full of vivacity, and so eager to feel the consciousness of its own power. Such is the picture impressed on the mind by the perusal of Mrs. Carlyle's frank, charming, playful, and bitter letters, eloquent now with tenderness, and now, again, with impatient wrath and a mortification hardly rising to the point of scorn.

A GLIMPSE INTO RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

THOSE who believe that the suppression of self is in and by itself a great virtue, or as some of the more fanatical "altruists" say, is the sum and substance of Christianity, should read "Underground Russia," by "Stepniak," the former editor of the Russian Terrorist paper *Land and Liberty*. They will find it full, for them especially, of material for thought. It is full of interest for everybody, for if we could all comprehend clearly the Slav nature, we should understand what will one day be a tremendous factor in the world's history, and there has hitherto been no glimpse into that nature so instructive as that afforded by the Nihilist movement. If we could only get at the secret hearts of the few hundred men—we doubt if there are a thousand in all—directly affiliated to the Revolutionary conspiracy, the ringleaders, as we may call them, we should perceive more alike of the merits and defects of the Russian character than reams of despatches, or volumes of travels, or even a careful study of Russian novels will ever teach us. These men are by the necessity of their position mentally without clothes. They have no inclination, and very little power to conceal anything. Utterly at war with the past and present, with the system of society and the religious idea, with all habits, all conventions, and nearly all accepted moralities, they are compelled to fall back on instincts; and if those are separate, we may be pretty sure that the something separate which makes the essence of national character, round which institutions, manners, and history gather like clothes, lies revealed before us. We are bound to say that we see this separateness displayed in "Underground Russia," and that, despite a certain contempt for the intellectual views of the Terrorists as revealed by themselves, and an abhorrence of their perverted morality, we find in the revela-

tions of the book, ground for belief that the Russian character has in it some traits of a quite peculiar nobleness and charm. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* recently said that whenever the Slavonic race had spoken its "great word," it would be found to be a "religious one," and there is a sense in which that apophthegm is, to those who know Nihilism, beyond dispute. It is not the true sense, for "religion" should mean not the effacement of self in itself, but the effacement of self before a power recognised to be nobler than self; and that is not the Nihilist impulse. But if by religion we understand, as all Hindoos, for example, do, a capacity for faith so strong that action follows of necessity, and that when the faith demands it, self is crushed down till it is paralysed, hardly perceptible, or even dead, then the French essayist is justified. The Russian people is one which, if Stepniak is not a mere romancer—and the book, for all its adjectives, strikes us as true—if it accepted obedience to the Czar as the dominant idea, the true expression of faith, would hurl itself into the Neva without a thought, that he might pass over dry-shod. One can understand as one reads "Underground Russia," and especially when pondering the unconscious evidence it affords, how a sect like the Skoptzi, the Self-mutilators, has grown to a large community, how Russians have been found to die on the gallows for the right to spell "Jesus" with two *j's;* how there once arose in the South a sect with suicide for creed, which actually alarmed the authorities by the increase it made in local mortality. The Russian, as portrayed here, has two instinctive specialties. The relation between thought and action is in him terribly close, so close that thought is usually immature, and when a thought has possession of him, self is totally suppressed. These Nihilists, for example, having forgotten God—all educated Russians, says Stepniak, are Materialists, and certainly all Nihilists are—have accepted as their dominant idea or faith that, to bring happiness or even endurable existence to the Russian millions, the existing method of government must be swept totally away. That state of opinion is, of course, quite conceivable, and should lead, like any other new faith, to relentless intellectual propagandism, as, indeed, in Belgium, France, and Germany it does. Being Russians, however, the Nihilists are impelled instantly to correlate thought and action, and propagation by teaching being slow, they spring on the quickest and strongest instrument they can find, which is necessarily Terror. The faith may be made quickly executive through destruction, therefore destruction must for the time be part of the faith. It becomes part of it, and in a moment, as it were, all who hold it, who just before were virtuous and unpractical professors rather than politicians, become ruthless assassins, incendiaries, conspirators laying the axe alike to evil and good, because it exists. Murder—plain murder, and not only the assassination of Kings—becomes for them only an act, and, being required by their belief, is acted. The right of arson is not one they discuss even in thought, they assume it; and though we see no plain reference to it, we do not doubt, from the facts at Odessa and Kief, that Stepniak, if money needful for the cause were wanting, would admit that he approved theft or forgery to obtain it, at least if the victim were a Department of the State. Even this state of mind is not without examples. We do not suppose that Philip II. of Spain, with Catholicism at stake, would have hesitated at murder, or fire-raising, or forgery, and, in fact, he did not hesitate at the two first. But here comes in the strange peculiarity of the case. These Nihilists are not in the least like Philip II. They are men who possess in a degree almost unparalleled that power of self-abnegation, of suppressing the carnal man, as Christian doctors say, which seems to many men, not unreasonably, the perfection of virtue. They are murderers who go to the gallows smiling and gentle; fire-raisers who would jump into the blazing houses, if that would help; thieves who would regard the abstraction of a copper coin from the stolen money for their own indulgence as a disgraceful crime. All of them hold the doctrine of free-love, most of them find female companions essential to their plans, but many of them, if not all, in order to devote themselves more exclusively to their work, treat them as their sisters. Imagine a millionaire who would sanction and help a murder, approve fire-raising, and not condemn theft from a Treasury, and who, holding and acting on those opinions, practises for years the most relentless parsimony towards himself, in order that all he possesses may go in furtherance of an idea which he hopes will bring good to men whom he thinks oppressed. Such a man lived in Demetrius Lisogub, who acted on his belief in precisely those details which seem to most of us the hardest of all:—

"His determination not to spend a single farthing of the money with which he could serve the cause, was such, that he never indulged in an omnibus, to say nothing of a cab, which costs so little with us that every workman takes one on Sunday. I remember that one day he showed us two articles, forming part of his dress-suit, which he wore when, owing to his position, he was compelled to pay a visit to the Governor of Cernigov, or to one of the heads of the Superior Police. They were a pair of gloves and an opera-hat. The gloves were of a very delicate ash-colour, and seemed just purchased. He, however, told us that he had already had them for three years, and smilingly explained to us the little artifices he adopted to keep them always new. The hat was a much more serious matter, for its spring had been broken a whole year, and he put off the expense of purchasing a new one from day to day, because he always found that he could employ his money better. Meanwhile, to keep up his dignity, he entered the drawing-room holding his opera-hat under his arm, his eternal leather cap, which he wore summer and winter alike, being in his pocket. When he passed into the street, he advanced a few steps with his head uncovered, as though he had to smooth his disarranged hair, until, being assured that he was not observed, he drew the famous cap from his pocket."

And Demetrius is by no means the most extraordinary example. The Terrorist Nihilists have sympathisers in all ranks, and among them men who, unable from one cause or another to take any active part, devote themselves to "concealing" the executive agents of the Revolutionary Committee. One of these was Tarakanoff—the names are false—an officer in the Ministry of the Interior, who was constitutionally so cowardly that he never rode or crossed the Neva, or could keep from trembling when in the slightest danger; yet this man, with the scaffold or Siberia full before him, steadily made of his apartment a refuge for the Terrorists. Stepniak, who was once sheltered by him, noticed that Tarakanoff never slept, and on the second day asked him the cause:—

"He had, in fact, a woeful aspect. He was pale, almost yellowish; his eyes were sunken; his look was dejected. 'What is the matter with you?' I asked.—'Nothing.' 'Nothing! Why, you have the face of a corpse, and you did not sleep before four o'clock.'—'Say rather that I did not sleep all night.' 'But you must be ill, then?'—'No; I can never sleep when there is any one with me.' Then I understood all. I took his hand and shook it warmly. 'I thank you with all my heart,' I said; 'but I will not cause you so much trouble, and at the very first moment I will go away.'—'No, no! certainly not; certainly not. If I had imagined what you were going to say, I would have concealed it. You must remain. It is nothing.' 'But you may fall ill.'—'Don't give it a thought. I can sleep by day, or, better still, take some medicine.' I learnt afterwards, in fact, that in such cases he took chloral, when he could bear up no longer."

This was no isolated instance. Tarakanoff received all refugees who applied, sometimes kept them weeks, during which he never slept, and was known by all Nihilists to be the most devoted of adherents. Casabianca did nothing nobler, yet the self-denial was displayed to shelter men who, judged not by human laws, but by the human conscience, were all criminals, though among them were men who for years threw aside all hopes and all comforts to live among the peasants and artisans, and so win them to the cause. We need not say such men were not informers, or that they rejected life when offered them on condition of petitioning the Emperor for pardon. That would have been to acknowledge the Emperor's authority. In fact, with the Russian Nihilists selfishness disappears.

That self-suppression so complete should have so little result in virtue, and especially in the virtue of mercy, may seem strange, but after all, it is not beyond explanation. The mere suppression of self, if it be not performed in obedience to a nature loftier than our own, can produce little good result, for it must then be performed in obedience to self of another kind, which may not be good at all. The Russian Nihilist, in starving for years, or ascending the scaffold, or coldly facing Siberia, does but compel himself to obey himself, and has no proof whatever that the self which commands is any better than the self coerced into obedience. He assumes that the instinct of pity for the millions which dominates him is nobler than the instinct which forbids murder; and the assumption has, upon his theory of the universe, as well as upon ours, absolutely no ground. There is no evidence for it in human experience, no proof of it in success, no consensus in favour of it on the part of the wise. It is simply an idea, as self-generated as the idea of a man without food that he may take it; and in yielding to it the Nihilist suppresses not himself, but only a bit of himself,—and that bit which, being the uniform outcome of good training continued through ages, is presumably the best bit. We do not think persistent parsimony in buying food in order to buy fine ribbons a noble virtue, and we do not see why

—religion being a fable—the sacrifice of one set of aspirations for the sake of gratifying another set should be noble either. It is true the Nihilist says and thinks that he is acting for the benefit of the community, but that is only an opinion, in proof of which he can produce no evidence, and which may be, and probably is entirely imaginary. The mere disinterestedness displayed is no evidence, for if it were, the Hindoo faquir who holds up his arm till it withers, in order that flesh may not rule spirit, or still more, the contemplative nun who lies daily for hours stretched before the Cross in order to help towards the expiation of human sin, is as noble as the Nihilist. He would reject that last comparison with scorn, because he would say the nun is only dreaming; but why, evidence other than supernatural being absent in both cases, are her dreams less realities than his? *Prima facie*, they are more so, for he is suppressing, and knows he is suppressing, the good self as well as the bad self, the instinct which forbids murder, as well as the instinct which induces the timid to save themselves from pain. That instinct the Nihilist ought to respect, for if such instincts are nullities, why pity the poor?—who, again, if their humanity, of which conscience is a part, is valueless, are not worth all this trouble. That many of the Russian Terrorists are among the moral enigmas of the age, and widely distinguished from any other Anarchists, we frankly acknowledge, but why they are to be admired on their own theory we do not see. On ours, they are men who suppress their own best instincts and do positive evil, in order that problematical good may come.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PAYMENT OF AUTHORS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. Kegan Paul, in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "The Production and Life of Books," tells us many things which will interest, in the first place, writers of books, in themselves no inconsiderable public, and, in the second, readers generally. He devotes one paragraph to the payment of authors, or rather to the methods of payment. On this subject I should like, with your leave, to say something, which shall be, in part, drawn from my own experiences.

The quarrel of authors against publishers is, I suppose, only one form of the complaint, which must be almost as old as society itself, of labour against capital. If authors have contrived to accentuate it, to make it seem more piteous, more intense, it is because whatever else they may have lacked, they have not lacked the power of expression. But it really comes to the old story. Labour cannot wait, must have something on which to live from day to day, and capital takes advantage of its necessities. The author is worse off than some of those who live by the work of the brain, but not than all. He is certainly more favourably situated than the inventor. His stock-in-trade is of the simplest and most inexpensive kind. If he does not always know whether his work is valuable, he certainly knows whether it is original, and is spared the bitter disappointment of finding that a discovery, genuine as far as he himself is concerned, has been long since anticipated. And he can protect his property without a cumbrous and costly machinery. But he certainly suffers from having to wait longer than those who follow other professions. The barrister sometimes, I suppose, gets his fees in ready money, and generally receives them, if he receives them at all, within a year. Solicitors are supposed to have means at hand for securing the payment of their services, and not to suffer seriously from delay. If the rank and file of the medical profession have to wait sometimes a long time for their earnings, and it is to be feared that some of them wait very long indeed, the chiefs, the consulting surgeons and physicians, receive a payment which is enviably ample, speedy, and safe. But an author, if he publishes on the system of "half-profits," which, notwithstanding Mr. Kegan Paul's emphatic condemnation of it, is still very common, cannot possibly have a speedy return. I will suppose myself to be devoting the first half of 1883 to the production of a book. It will issue from the press about October, and if the subject be one of general and immediate interest, will meet with a remunerative sale within the six months following. In October, 1884, I shall receive from the publisher my account, made up to the end of June, and may look for payment in December or, it may be, January, 1885. Possibly the book, though one of real worth, may be of a kind that makes its way into circulation but slowly. In this case, the remunerative sale will be postponed till June, 1885, and the payment till January, 1886. I have actually published a book which, though successful, brought me no return for five years.

Mr. Paul, as I have said, condemns the system of "half-profit." It is, he says, "misleading and unsatisfactory." It must entail upon the publisher a great amount of trouble, and the author, apart from the long delay which it aggravates, if it does not cause, has no reason to love it. An account of items which there are no possible means of checking is an obvious absurdity. It is only natural to vaguely suspect the charges which it is impossible to verify. Are these prices for printing, for paper, for binding, real or nominal, as nominal as the "publishing price" of a book? And this charge for advertising, how is it made up? Do not the newspapers allow a considerable "commission," of which the publisher, not the author, gets the benefit? Why should I be debited, as I remember I once was, with a "share of a trade dinner," or with "trade expenses," surely the concern of the publisher only?

The "royalty" system which Mr. Paul advocates has the merit of simplicity and economy of trouble. The publisher has only, as regards the author, to keep an account of the copies sold. Payment might be made, I suppose, within a short time of a certain number having been reached, in the case of a first edition, or within a stipulated time after the publication of a second or subsequent edition. My own experience of the royalty system has been perfectly satisfactory.

But either the "half-profit" or the "royalty" system is to be chosen, rather than the "sale of copyright." Mr. Paul prefers this for a certain class of books, as, for instance, for the "ordinary novel." Possibly he is right, though what may seem at the time to be an "ordinary" novel may turn out in the end to be something very extraordinary. If "Jane Eyre" or the "Scenes of Clerical Life" had been sold for a lump sum, the arrangement would not have been by any means "good for the author," to use Mr. Paul's expression. My own experience on this point is so striking, that I give it in some detail, though I cannot hope that experience will avail much, in the face of necessity. Something like a quarter of a century ago, I published a volume which achieved a considerable success, and still holds its ground. My name was then unknown, and I had to pay the publisher a certain sum by way of guarantee against loss. Four years afterwards I sold the copyright, receiving for it and for other work done just as much as I had advanced, the advance being repaid at the same time. I was very poor in those days; I wanted very much to take my wife and children into the country, but had not the means. Then, on a day when we were all wearying for fresh air, came the cheque. I had not asked for it; it was offered by the publisher. I do not blame him; he took the legitimate advantage which every trader takes of his own means and the workman's wants. But it was a good bargain for him, and a bad one for me. I know this to a certainty, because I have since published a precisely similar volume, which had had about the same measure of success. Of this I have retained the copyright, and I receive from it annually nearly as much as I got for the fee-simple of the other.

I can give, again from my own experience, another instance to the same effect. Some years ago, I wrote or compiled sundry small books. Other gentlemen who were associated with me did the same. They sold their copyrights for, say, £20 a piece (I do not give the true figures, not wishing my good friend the publisher to identify me, but I guarantee their proportional accuracy). I retained mine; and I now annually receive for some of these volumes more than the total sum paid to my colleagues, while in one case the income has amounted to nearly three times as much.

Let me say, then, to my brother-authors, with all possible emphasis, *don't sell your copyright!*—I am, Sir, &c.,

An Author.

M. DE CYON ON VIVISECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—From the discourteous and thoughtless nature of Dr. Cyon's article in the *Contemporary Review* of this month, and the naïveté of the doctor's statements, it will probably, on the whole, prove more injurious to his friends than his enemies. There are, however, some misrepresentations in it which I think ought not to pass unnoticed by the Anti-vivisectionists.

Firstly, with regard to the plates in his work, which he says have been reproduced on a placard. When he tells us that these plates are, "of course, drawn from the dead body of the animals,"

he probably is speaking the literal truth as regards the plates, but in as far as he wishes us to infer that the operations they represent were done on the dead body, he is saying what his book shows to be untrue. For, concerning one of the plates (No. xv.), I find on p. 264 of the work the following paragraph :—

"If the experiment is made only for demonstration, one can drug the animal beforehand with chloral, chloroform, or curari ; and if the last-named poison is applied, artificial respiration must be used. If, on the other hand, one wishes to use the experiment for purposes of observation, particularly if the investigation concerns the influence of the circulation on the activity of the glands, it is better to avoid these drugs, on account of their influence on the circulation. One should choose for the experiment strong, lively animals, which have been well-fed for a few days previously."

Can our innocent Professor understand that it is not the pictures that we object to, but the experiments which they illustrate ?

Again, as regards the rules for the guidance of vivisectors, which he quotes from his work as follows :—

"If, then, all discussion of the legitimacy of vivisection is idle, on the other hand the experimenter must never lose sight of [the original is 'nicht ganz ausser Acht lassen'] these two points :—1. Never to attempt a vivisection without having first tried to attain by other means the object in view. This holds good especially in the case of mere demonstration. 2. Wherever the nature of the experiment admits of it, always to use anæsthetics, such as chloral, chloroform, opium, &c."

Dr. de Cyon is particular to inform us that these words were written "long before the agitation against vivisection sprang up in England." This may or may not be true, according to the date which one fixes for the commencement of the agitation. That they were not written before "discussion" on the subject had sprung up, his own words show, and the juxtaposition of the two ideas in his book more than implies that the "discussion" and the insertion of these two rules were not unconnected in his mind.

With reference to the rules themselves, the first, holding good especially in the case of demonstration, presumably applies less to original research, and, taken with the other, may even signify that, where the nature of the experiment requires it, vivisection may be made without anæsthetics, even for mere demonstration, in which opinion Dr. Cyon will find himself in opposition to all his English brethren, who were, I believe, unanimous before the Royal Commission in condemning such a practice.

The second rule, too, brings little satisfaction to those who know, from these and other similar books, how numerous are the experiments—including many of the most painful on record, and all of long duration—in which anæsthetics cannot be used, and how trivial are the objects which are considered by physiologists sufficient to justify these painful experiments.

If any other evidence than his own article is needed of the spirit in which Dr. de Cyon approaches the subject—a spirit not necessarily of intentional cruelty, but of great indifference to the interests, not only of animals, but also of human beings, when they clash with a scientific object—it can be found in the words *immediately preceding* these two "humane" rules, of which I give the following translation :—

"The medical man, who speaks with horror of the torture of animals in physiological experiments, will do well to remember how often he has prescribed most repulsive, and not always safe, treatment for a patient, in order to obtain some insight into its effect. Many a surgical operation is performed *less for the benefit of the patient than for the service of science; and the utility of the knowledge aimed at thereby is often much more trifling* than that attained by vivisection of an animal."

—I am, Sir, &c., ERNEST BELL, (M.A., Camb.)

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—That secrets which have been whispered in the ear should be "proclaimed on the housetops" has, no doubt, always been an unpleasing prophecy for guilty consciences. It was reserved, however, I think for Vivisectors to entertain the liveliest aversion to finding their operations, performed in closed laboratories, discussed in Parliament, and diagrams intended to illustrate sumptuous manuals for fellow-physiologists posted life-size over the hoardings of London. Professor Owen was so impressed by the disagreeability of this kind of thing, that he wrote last year a vivid, albeit fanciful, description of a certain "Vision of Judgment" which he experienced in Seven Dials, where the opinion of the inhabitants on experimental physiology was expressed with a candour which obviously startled their venerable auditor. Now, we find Professor de Cyon, in the *Contemporary Review*, still suffering, after five years, from the same short burst of street celebrity ; and as his statements on the matter require some little correction, and were the only ones left unanswered in the second article in the same review, I will beg your kind permission to reply to them in the *Spectator*.

The great importance of the distinction between an "illustrious" and an "illustrated" physiologist must be keenly felt by M. de Cyon, since he dedicates, first, half a page (p. 500), and then a whole page (p. 502-3) to his wrongs in the matter, and tells us frankly he "shall never forget the painful impression" he received some years ago, when one of his most eminent fellow-labourers in London sent him a letter in which he excused himself for keeping silence about his book, much as he wished to speak of it, on the ground that he was afraid of exasperating public opinion." And yet while Professor de Cyon was thus snuffed out by his "eminent fellow-labourer," he was, oh, cruel fate ! denied the benefit of this "modest effacement," for his book did not escape the Anti-Vivisectionists, who utilised the plates, which they got up after a fashion of their own, and placarded in all the railway stations, with the taking title, "The Horrors of Vivisection !"

I must here remark that if the "eminent fellow-labourers" in England with whom M. de Cyon is in such close communication told him that "The Horrors of Vivisection" were placarded in the railway stations, they must have treated him even as they are wont to treat the profane and vulgar public, with statements "accurate enough for scientific purposes," but for no other. I happen to know that no illustrations of vivisection, good, bad, or indifferent, were ever admitted for exhibition at the railway stations.

But to proceed. M. de Cyon next tells us, in the following page, returning to the painful subject, that some years ago "his English friends," (how many friends has not a Continental vivisector, even the worst in England, so that, like Goltz, he may even dedicate a book to them ?) sent him a placard purporting "to contain drawings from his *Physiologische Methodik*, as they had appeared in certain illustrated papers. These placards had been posted up by hundreds of thousands in every corner of the kingdom."

Now, Sir, whether the circulation of the *Police News* reaches "hundreds of thousands," or extends to every "corner of the kingdom," I am not competent to affirm ; but it was, to the best of my knowledge and belief, exclusively in that "certain illustrated paper" that there appeared the clever though somewhat rough sketches of supposed scenes in a vivisector's laboratory. The Professors and students were depicted (of course out of the moral consciousness of the *Police News'* artist) decidedly in an unflattering manner ; but the condition of their victims was copied fairly enough from M. de Cyon's work. I regret that at this distant date I do not know where to lay my hand on these now historical woodcuts, though at the time I procured a good many clean ones, which afforded delight to our Central and East-London allies, in whose shop windows, I believe, they occasionally formed an attraction. Little did I imagine that the illustrious—and illustrated—Professor would ever come forward, and in the pages of the great *Contemporary Review* pen such a complaint against them as this delicious *morceau*,—"The Professor who is supposed to represent *me*," says M. de Cyon, "is a shabby old man, with a pimpled face and spectacles. I was thirty-two when my book appeared !" Alas ! poor injured M. de Cyon ! Not only presented to the English public in "hundreds of thousands" of pictures, engaged in his favourite occupation of cutting up living animals—bad as this would be, divine philosophy might help him to bear it—but to be represented as a "shabby old man, with pimpled face and spectacles," and this when he was only thirty-two ! It really was more than French physiological nature would be expected to bear. But then, likenesses of the characters who usually figure in the *Police News* are, I fear, seldom appreciated by their originals.

Seriously, the real blow struck at M. de Cyon, and through him at Vivisection, was the exhibition in February, 1877, of three hundred large posters over the hoardings of London. These posters were life-sized transcripts, carefully made under the supervision of an experienced physiologist, of the plates in M. de Cyon's great "Methodik." When a writer in the *Globe* newspaper ventured to describe them disparagingly, I publicly offered him in the same journal £10 from my own pocket to point out a single line exaggerated or altered in any way from the original. Needless to say, the challenge was never accepted.

It is enough to look at the plates (which we retain, for possible future use) to be quite sure that they, at all events, do not,

as M. de Cyon would have his readers believe, merely reproduce diagrams of dead animals intended for anatomical study. Even vivisectors, I presume, do not muzzle with elaborate apparatus, or continue to pump air into the lungs of dogs and rabbits whose agonies are over for ever. The experiments in question are, moreover, altogether familiar things; for it must be remembered that these hideous operations are not the exceptional and casual resource of a baffled physiologist, but the regular stock studies, which each tyro in succession, as he takes up one branch or other of the subject, goes through, just as a student of music plays his scales and exercises.—I am, Sir, &c.,

One of M. de Cyon's Hysterical Old Maids.

1 *Victoria Street, S.W., April 5th.*

[We understand, then, that the placards complained of by M. de Cyon were not issued by the anti-Vivisection Society at all, and that no such Society was in any way responsible for the misrepresentations complained of by the French physiologist.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

MR. RUSSELL ON VIVISECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The *Times* of yesterday, in an article on the Vivisection debate, had these words:—"Mr. George Russell 'maintained that a man in whom the moral sense had so far decayed as to bring himself to perform excruciating operations on defenceless creatures, could not be expected to show an acute sensibility as to the lesser faults of evasion and equivocation.' It is no extenuation of this injurious and baseless charge that Mr. Russell's psychology is as crude as his misstatement of the facts is glaring." In reply, I wrote the following letter, which the *Times* has characteristically failed to publish. Perhaps you will kindly insert it.—I am, Sir, &c., G. W. E. Russell.

2 *Morpeth Terrace, Victoria Street, S.W., April 6th.*

[To the Editor of the "Times."]

Sir,—In commenting on my speech in the Vivisection debate, you are good enough to say that my "psychology is as crude as my misstatement of the facts is glaring." Now, this is very plain language, and demands equal plainness in reply. You would not wish me to take up your space by restating my facts in order, and adducing proof of each. But the task of disproving them rests with you. If you can perform it, I will gladly acknowledge my error. But in the meantime, a mere assertion that I have misstated facts goes for nothing.

As to my "crude psychology," that, of course, is matter not of fact, but of opinion. I need not inform you that eminent casuists have held that not only equivocations and evasions, but actual lies, are allowable, and even necessary, in certain circumstances, and for certain ends. Without accepting this doctrine, I hold that the same casuistic considerations which would justify the worst practices of the Vivisectionists on the ground of scientific necessity, would justify the concealment or denial of them when the State interrogates with a view to their limitation or prohibition.

Nor, it appears, do I stand alone in this opinion. The champions of the Vivisectionists are with me. In yesterday's debate, you report Mr. Cartwright as having said, "If this Bill passed, experiments would be made upon human beings, instead of animals." And you report Mr. Playfair thus:—"We might retard, but we could not stop, the progress of science. (Hear, hear.) If, at the instance of the greatest physiologists of the country, they were not going to allow these experiments to be made, they would relegate those experiments to foreign lands, or they would do what was much worse—they would create a criminal class among the highest professional men, in order to evade an unjust law. (Opposition cheers.)

Now, it is not to be supposed that our men of science will experiment upon human beings openly and avowedly. Such experiments would surely require concealment or evasion for their safe performance. And Mr. Playfair goes further, and uses the very word which, in my mouth, so excites your ire, for he foretells the formation of "a criminal class among the highest professional men, in order to *evade* an unjust law."

Now, Sir, the mental and moral qualities in men of science which would reconcile them to this concealment and this evasion cannot be created by the passing of any Act of Parliament. Men who, on the showing of their friends and champions, would, if this Bill passed, be ready to experiment surreptitiously on human beings, and to form themselves into "a criminal class," in order to evade the law, must be regarded as not keenly sensitive to the moral heinousness of evasion or equivocation in the cause of science. Thus it would seem that Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Playfair are equally responsible with myself for the "injurious and baseless charge" which so disturbs you, and that my psychology is not so crude as your criticism.

It only remains that I should say one word with reference to a point on which some confusion seems to exist. My charges were against vivisectionists as such, not against doctors. I, for one, most gladly acknowledge the abounding tenderness and humanity of our great physicians. But it must be borne in mind that they, as a rule, are only theoretical advocates of vivisection. They have no personal acquaintance with its horrors, least of all do they themselves actually vivisect. This makes all the difference between them and the "practical biologists."—I am, Sir, &c.,

House of Commons, April 5th, 1883. George W. E. Russell.

[Mr. Russell perhaps is not aware that the extraordinary self-contradictions of some of the physiological witnesses at the time of the summons against Professor Ferrier, for vivisecting without a licence, *sustains* practically his charge of the great danger of evasions and prevarications.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

OBSTRUCTION AND THE PUBLIC.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me to remind "A Scotchman," whose letter on "The Duty of the Government" appeared in your last issue, of what is the duty of that part of the public who are of the same opinion as himself on the subject of Obstruction,—that is, to strengthen the hands of the Government, by holding public meetings, and passing resolutions calling upon them to take whatever steps are necessary to put Obstruction down, not only effectually, but in such a manner that their own health and capacity for work will remain unimpaired? It is not fair to our public servants that they should be expected, or be obliged, to prolong sittings beyond a limited period, in which work is done in the most exhausting manner,—namely, past midnight. As to the same thing repeated again in the autumn, when statesmen ought to be taking restorative rest, it is simply ruinous. The results of it last year on Mr. Gladstone and others should be a warning.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Amroth, April 3rd. A. Boyle.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I was surprised to see it stated some weeks ago, in a review of Mr. Romanes' book on "Animal Intelligence," that the female ostrich takes *no* part in the duty of incubation. And I am still more surprised to see the assertion repeated in a long note, in answer to Mr. Romanes' letter on the subject. Here, in South Africa, there are opportunities in abundance for observations on this disputed point, and as there are some three or four pairs of breeding ostriches at the present moment about one hundred yards away from the spot where I am writing, I may be allowed to assert positively, in opposition to your reviewer, that the female ostrich *does* take part in the duty of incubation. The facts of the case, so far as I have observed myself and learned from ostrich-farmers, are these:—(1.) The male takes the greater share in the duty of incubation, and is the more careful in regard to the eggs. (2.) The female sits usually during the day more, the male more during the night. (3.) The case which may have misled your reviewer,—it sometimes happens that the female is very careless, and then the male does double duty. I have been assured by people here familiar with ostriches that the male occasionally uses gentle persuasion, in the form of vigorous kicks, in order to induce his indolent mate to take a fair share of the common work.

The above assertions are founded on observations of the ostriches which are kept here in thousands on farms, for the sake of their feathers. Whether or not the absolutely wild ostriches differ at all in their customs, I cannot say, but as the ostriches kept by farmers are to all intents and purposes wild (and very dangerous customers, as a rule, to encounter when breeding), I should suppose that the same assertions would be true regarding them also.—I am, Sir, &c,

Capetown, March 12th. W. R.

"BROAD PRESBYTERIANISM."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—At St. Giles's, Edinburgh, on July 23rd, 1637 (as Carlyle tells us), when "Laud's pretended Bishop" tried to read the Collect for the day, Jenny Geddes' stool and shriek, "Deil colie the wame of thee, thou foul thief! Wilt thou say Mass at my lug?" silenced him, and with him all *read* prayers in Scotland,

even in Episcopacy, for fully a century. At the Settlement after the Revolution, the Cathedral received a Presbyterian minister. It is now being restored by Dr. W. Chambers, and its rebuilding seems synchronous with happier spirit and utterances. A few years ago, Dr. Cameron Lees, its minister, asked an Episcopal clergyman—Dr. Ross, of Stepney—to preach in its pulpit, and bade him before the sermon use the Collect (the one for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity) which "the pretended Bishop from his tippets" could not out with:—

"Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

A fortnight ago, the tenth of a series of lectures on "Scottish Divines" was given by Dr. Lees. The subject was "Bishop Ewing." I commend to your readers the report of the lecture (too long to ask you to insert in your columns), given in the *Scotsman* of March 26th. The evident sympathy of Dr. Lees with the Bishop's views as to the Fatherhood of God, as opposed to Imperialism, the nature of the Atonement as different from the "forensic" scheme, inspiration, and the destiny of the unsaved in this world, is a sign of how much liberality and breadth of hope and faith those who are bound by the Confession of Faith (even as those bound by the Athanasian Creed) may exercise. Would that both they and we were "well rid of" such sham and hideous ligatures!—I am, Sir, &c.,

St. Lawrence, Jewry, April 4th. MAIN S. A. WALROND.

THE "ENTHRONISATION."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow one who has a natural distaste for much ceremonial, and who rather prides himself upon being a "'bus Bishop," to make two remarks upon your article of last Saturday upon the Canterbury "Enthronisation"?

1. Is it true, that "here is a ceremony as elaborate, as scenic, as pompous, to use the plainest word, as a coronation"? It appeared to me, on the contrary, that the actual ceremony, described though it be by so "mouth-filling" a name, was simple enough, and, except for its repetition in respect of the threefold relation to the Church of England, the See of Canterbury, and the Diocesan Chapter, little more than takes place whenever an Honorary Canon is installed by the Dean of his Cathedral.

2. Was not the real pomp and display caused by the large number both of clergy and laity anxious to show that respect to the Primate which you rightly suggest would be his truest dignity? Had but few clergy swelled the procession, and but a meagre congregation assembled in the Cathedral, such an article as yours could not have been written, for there would have been no splendour and no pageantry to call for remark. The grandeur of the spectacle was surely in a large degree the measure and the witness of the popularity won for his high office by the late Primate, and of the high hopes entertained of the present.

—I am, Sir, &c., W. WALSHAM BEDFORD,
Bishop Suffragan for East London.

[Dr. How forgets the Archbishop's train borne by pages, the six Bishops officially acting as servants of the See, the representation of the Royal Family, and the official formula "inthronizo."—ED. *Spectator*.]

BOOKS.

TEN YEARS ON A GEORGIA PLANTATION.*

THE South has never failed to attract champions of her cause from without; but her own sons and daughters have seldom been gifted with the power of literary expression. We welcome, therefore, the more heartily this volume, written, as it is, by a genuine Southerner, and recording experiences of life acquired during that critical period which followed immediately on the cessation of the Civil War. Mrs. Leigh, then Miss Butler, accompanied her father to Georgia in the early spring of 1866. They went, she tells us, to look after their property in Georgia, and see what could be done with it. Circumstances which she does not explain had kept them in the North during the conflict, and their situation was more hopeful than that of others who were going on the same errand, because they had property in the North, on which they could draw for help. It took the travellers a week, a week of no little hardship, to get from Washington to Savannah. The railroads had been broken down during the war, and were not yet repaired, the towns were more than half destroyed; even food could only be procured at two places on the road. Arrived at the plantation, they found the outlook anything but promising. The most hopeful sign for the future was the evident joy of the negroes at their return. Many of them had refused work elsewhere; some "had spent their all to get back." And they had substantial proofs of their affection to give. "Everything that was left in charge of the negroes has been taken care of, and given back to us without hope or wish of reward." One old couple brought ten silver half-dollars which had been paid them for some chickens by a Northern officer, in the second year of the war. But this loyalty and honesty did not imply a readiness for hard work. Miss Butler's first impression was that no crop could be raised by such labour as the negroes were willing to give. This impression was afterwards corrected. The labourers of whose capacity for profitable industry she had doubted, raised considerable crops of rice, when the plantation had been got into working order. Mrs. Leigh does not give us a balance-sheet, but she certainly leaves the impression that the farming operations of her father and herself were, on the whole, fairly profitable, and this though matters were evidently not managed with the strict economy which is prescribed by the instinct of money-making, or, in default of that, by necessity. A store, for instance, for selling provisions, clothing, &c., at cost price was kept up for some years, at the cost of some thousand dollars, spent, indeed, to little purpose, as the negroes preferred to buy costly and inferior articles in their own way, and at places of their own choice. But profitable farming was, Mrs. Leigh gives us to understand, the exception. The Northerners who brought capital to invest in what seemed a profitable field failed because they could not understand the people. The old planters, who possessed this qualification, failed for want of capital.

Both the attraction and the value of Mrs. Leigh's book are increased by the fact that it is made up of letters written at the time, and recording with the vividness and freshness of a personal experience the vicissitudes of failure and success. The writer forms opinions which she has afterwards to discard, and expresses both hopes and fears which are not realised. This makes it difficult to gather from her pages what is her precise opinion of the character and value of the negro as a labourer, what prospect there is of his working in such fashion that he may rise himself in the scale of comfort and civilisation, and encourage the investment of capital. We doubt, indeed, whether she has ever formed such an opinion. She lived through a time of great difficulties, and these she had soon to face alone. Her father died in the summer of 1867, and she found herself obliged to conduct a large and complicated business, for the management of which, even under the happiest circumstances, few women, trained as they commonly are, would be found to possess the necessary qualifications. The embarrassments of the situation naturally obscured her judgment at the time, and probably have left behind them an impression which will not be easily effaced. Then it was not easy to put away the prepossessions of the old *régime*, or to merge completely and absolutely the character of the owner, with his absolute power of command, in that of the employer dealing with men who were free to accept or to refuse. There is a curious instance of this in Mrs. Leigh's account of her correspondence with General Meade, the military Governor of the district, on the occasion of an election in 1868. She had issued an order to her negroes that they were to do their day's work first and vote afterwards, and she felt, and, it appears, still feels, great indignation with the General for telling her that she had no right to prescribe the time of voting. As it turned out, the negroes did not vote at the time appointed, but went to the poll early in the morning, though they came back in good time, and did their day's work. On the whole, she seems to have been satisfied, for on the eve of her departure from Georgia, when she was about to marry Mr. Leigh, she writes, "The negroes are behaving like angels!" Against this, indeed, must be set the less favourable opinion expressed in the chapter entitled "New Times," and recording the author's impressions received during a visit to the South made six years later. Curiously enough, the old leaven of slave-holding feeling shows itself here more strongly than elsewhere. Mrs. Leigh is confident that the masters are the better off for abolition, and the slaves the worse. This feeling probably distorts her judgment; but it must be observed that on one matter she emphatically confirms a very unfavourable opinion which has lately been

* *Ten Years on a Georgia Plantation since the War.* By Frances Butler Leigh. London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1883.

expressed of negro morality. "They have now cast all semblance of chastity to the winds." On another point, the alleged illiterateness of the population, she gives a clear testimony; "with one or two laudable exceptions, no one sends his children to school now."

But if we cannot look to Mrs. Leigh for a definitely-formed judgment on matters social and political in the Southern States, we may certainly find in her books excellent materials for forming one. Neither is there any lack of interest and amusement in its pages. What a curious survival of primitive feeling is this!—Among the many who brought their little gifts to Mr. Butler's grave was an old woman, who brought a basin, water, and towel, saying, "If massa's spirit come, I want him see dat old Nanny not forget how he call every morning for water to wash his hands." "Old John Bub," the plantation preacher, is an amusing sketch. It was one of his functions to marry, and he used the service of the Episcopal Church. Much of this he knew by heart, but the rest he had some difficulty in spelling out. "On one occasion, after he had read the sentence, 'Whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge,' he said, with much emphasis, 'Yes, children, it is a *plague*, but you must have patience.'" We have to thank Mrs. Leigh for a book which is full both of information and of entertainment.

A LAYMAN ON ANGLICANISM.*

We have so much sympathy with a great deal of what is said by the able Oxonian who has recently directed on Ritualism the assault named below, an assault grounded on a thoroughly Protestant creed taken together with Cardinal Newman's view of the Anglican position, that we think there is some call upon us to explain why other laymen who accept many of his premisses differ very widely from his conclusions. That conclusion is very hostile to the Ritualists, and though "Oxoniensis" does not go into the question of comprehension or exclusion, we should gather from his contemptuous tone, in speaking of the Ritualists as "endeavouring to re-establish one by one all the superstitious and abominations which were cast off at the Reformation," that he would throw his influence into the scale of exclusion, rather than of comprehension. No man, we think, could have used the word "abominations" who was not desirous to get rid, in any decent way, of the authors of the abominations. We shall hardly, therefore, be very far wrong in assuming that "Oxoniensis" would like to see all the issues at present in the balance as to our ecclesiastical policy,—all those involved, for instance, in the controversy between Mr. Green and the Bishop of Manchester, or between the Ritualists and Lord Penzance,—settled finally in a manner unfavourable to the Ritualists. We differ entirely from that view of the matter, and agreeing, as we do, very generally with the view taken by "Oxoniensis" of the meaning of the Reformation, we should like to explain why we differ so profoundly from his conclusions.

We hold, then, with him, that it is beyond question that the Reformation was intended to claim, and did effectually claim, for the anti-sacerdotal view of Christianity a recognised place in the Church of England, and that so far as that necessarily implies the exclusion of all who hold indifference to sacerdotalism, or the recognition of unepiscopally ordained presbyters, to be an act of heresy, they were so excluded by the avowed policy and deliberately sanctioned acts of the State at the time of the Reformation. But it is one thing to say this, and quite another to say that any explicit rejection of the sacerdotal view was required from either the clergymen or the laymen of the Church of England at the time of the Reformation. There is nothing to show that any one was expected to repudiate the Sacerdotal view, and a good deal to show that even those who rejected the sacerdotal view themselves did not at all mean to exclude those who held it. It seems to us simply impossible that the Ordination Service, and the Form of Absolution for the Visitation of the Sick, could have been retained as they were by men desirous of absolutely imposing on the members of the Reformed Church the belief that there is no real significance in "Orders." The wonder is that anti-sacerdotalists could swallow these forms at all. We may say the same of the Sacramental theory of the Eucharist, which "Oxoniensis" regards as bound up with the sacerdotal theory, but which we do not think is so absolutely identified with it as he maintains. It is not credible that the Reformers meant to impose the Zuinglian view of the Lord's Supper on the English Church when they left the Communion Service as it is. What they did mean, doubtless, was to *admit*, but not to *impose*, the Puritan view of that service. The difference is, of course, plain enough. Just as the Court of Appeal in the Gorham case declined to exclude either the view taken by Mr. Gorham or the view taken by the Bishop of Exeter of the Baptismal Service, so we feel no doubt that the statesmen and ecclesiastics of the Reformation, in their strong wish not to turn the Church inside out all at once, intended to leave untouched all those who were willing to stay in it after the Puritans had once been included, without requiring from them to abjure any but the most obtrusively Romanist side of their own faith. It may be quite true that it is not very intelligible how believers in Apostolic succession could cling by a Church which had been governed by Archbishops and Bishops who notoriously rejected it, and who had frequently accepted Presbyterian Orders for their own clergy. But that was a difficulty affecting only the Anglican view of Apostolic succession, but not in the least touching the question whether an Anglican who had in his own mind got over this difficulty, had any right to remain in the Anglican Church. We hold, with "Oxoniensis," that an Anglican who holds at once to the doctrine of Apostolic succession, as divine, and to the Anglican Church as free from the guilt of heresy, has an omnivorous faculty of belief. But that is no reason at all why an Anglican who can perform the feat should not reap the advantage of performing it, by remaining quietly in a Church which has retained in its liturgy so much that favours his view, though it has sanctioned by its practice so much which is quite inconsistent with it. When "Oxoniensis" says (p. 48) that there is not a single word about the doctrine of Apostolical succession in the "Formularies" of the Church of England, he surely goes too far. It is quite true that the phrase is not mentioned, but is it at all consistent with any other view to affect to *confer* the grace given to the Apostles by the laying on of hands at all? The Puritans surely affected no such thing. The laying on of hands was with them a mere symbol of the unction of the Spirit, and not in any way essential to it, quite non-essential indeed. But the Anglican formulary insists everywhere that the Holy Ghost is actually committed to the priest and bishop "by the imposition of hands," and with it the power to forgive sins and to retain them. Now, as that is precisely what was originally committed to the Apostles, it is at least a plausible inference that the like power, if transmitted, or transmissible at all, has been derived step by step from those to whom it was first given. But however doubtful this kind of assumption may be,—and we, of course, do not feel the smallest confidence in its trustworthiness,—the political question is not the question of its validity but of its admissibility, as a part of the Anglican creed. And of this admissibility we feel no manner of doubt.

But there is another and still more important question which "Oxoniensis" discusses, namely, whether the actual tendency to accept views of this kind among the clergy and to listen to them among the laity is a sign of sheer intellectual and moral degeneration, or rather of a variety of mixed influences, some of which are good, and some superstitious. "Oxoniensis" takes the former view, and takes it without any manner of hesitation:—

> "It is not too much to say that sixty years ago if an educated Englishman joined the Church of Rome, his doing so would have created more astonishment than would at this moment be excited by a similar person becoming a Mohammedan; and that if at the same date an English clergyman had ventured to preach the doctrine and practise the ritual which may be heard and seen in a hundred English churches next Sunday, he would have had no opportunity of repeating the offence; yet now all these things occur without exciting any surprise, and with scarcely more than a few murmurs of disapproval. To what causes are these vast changes due? and is the state of things which admits of them to be looked upon as an improvement or a deterioration—an advance or a retrogression? We know well the stock answer of the partisan of the change, that it is due to increased zeal and learning on the part of the clergy, bringing once more into the light the almost forgotten claims of the Church to 'teach with authority,' and to the increased humility and teachableness of the laity, corresponding to and educed by this revival of clerical power, and concurring with it to produce the 'improved tone of Church feeling,' on which they are never tired of felicitating the existing generation. But a truer answer, if a less flattering one, would be to say that the causes are to be found in the increased wealth and luxury of the day, and in certain other characteristics—social, moral, and intellectual—more or less connected with this, either as causes or as effects, to wit idleness;

* *Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism: being a Layman's View of Some Questions of the Day, together with Remarks on Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome."* By "Oxoniensis." London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

cowardice, and religious indifference on the part of the laity, ambition, vanity, and poverty on that of the clergy: and appetite for excitement equally in both. The greatest of all prevalent delusions is the belief that the success of the High-Church movement is any measure of the religious zeal of the day; it is, on the other hand, a very serious indication of the indifferentism of the lay Englishmen of the period. Englishmen, for generations past, when they have had any real care for religion at all, have been before all things Protestants; and so long as they remained really convinced Protestants, the one thing towards which they were a little inclined to be intolerant was that old hierarchical slavery which they believed their fathers had cast off for ever. They are, in feeling and disposition, much what they were, for national characteristics change but slowly; and it is just so far, and so far only, as they have unhappily acquired an indifference and a contempt for religion altogether, that they are induced to admit hierarchical claims again in any degree, as believing that they are too unimportant to call for serious resistance. . . . . Again, idleness and cowardice are direct and admitted products of luxury, and they, too, in their turn tend directly to lead men to a sacerdotal religion. Idleness makes a man anxious to get his religion done for him by the parson, just as he gets his law business done for him by his solicitor, and his estate managed by his agent; and cowardice again pulls him in the same direction, by making him hate responsibility, and salve his conscience to the best of his ability by trying to shift off some of it on to the shoulders of the priest. Can we 'live for pleasure, and lose nothing by it?' is the question which, consciously or unconsciously, a luxurious age sets before itself, and it is one which a sacerdotal religion, and that alone, seems to answer for a time at least, in the affirmative. Such an answer must be a lie, for it is as contrary to the law of God as the transmutation of metals is to the law of Nature; but, as it ministers to human greed, it may sometimes be long before its falsehood becomes apparent. The discovery will come sooner or later, and the longer it is delayed, the more terrible will be its effects; but in the meantime, we need look no further to account for the favour which High-Churchism notoriously finds among fashionable young ladies and dissipated young Guardsmen, and the rich and luxurious classes generally."

While agreeing heartily in our author's view of the untenability of any high sacerdotal doctrine by the Anglican Church, we differ very widely indeed from this conclusion. In the first place, we should dispute entirely the fact that it is among the rich and luxurious that the more Ritual form of religion has made most way. What we hear of places like St. George's-in-the-East, St. Alban's, Holborn, St. James's, Hatcham, Miles Platting, &c., does not look like it. And, in fact, we are convinced that the ceremonial side of Anglicanism has found at least as much favour with the poor as with the rich, with the toiling as with the luxurious. And we believe that there is a good reason for this. As a matter of fact, whatever the religion of the Primitive Church was, it was certainly not free from those sacramental mysteries which Puritanism abhors. St. Paul's description of the Eucharist is as full of mystical elements as the anticipation of it in the sixth chapter of St. John. Deny sacerdotalism as vehemently as you please, and it remains true all the same that the Primitive Church attached the most mysterious importance to a rite upon which it has been the tendency of modern Puritanism to shower suspicion, as leading to the most dangerous sort of superstition. However successful Cardinal Newman may have been in showing how difficult it is to get at "Primitive" doctrine without including something almost more like Roman Catholic doctrine itself than anything which Anglicanism is disposed to accept, this at least is clear, that if "Oxoniensis" be right,—as we believe he is,—in assuming that the Christian revelation is true, it cannot be denied that what it confers on us is something more than the impress of a divine will and a divine character,—namely, a living belief in the ever revivifying power of the rite by which Christ's self-sacrifice was not only commemorated, but made to feed anew the souls of those who joined in that commemoration. It is as the Sacramental party, not as the Sacerdotal party, that the Anglicans have made good their influence over the modern world. It was as the depreciators of Sacramental ideas, not as the depreciators of Sacerdotal ideas, that the purely Protestant party lost ground in the Anglican Church. "Oxoniensis" himself appears to admit this, only he appears also to deny that there is any excuse for it in the Christianity of Christ and his Apostles:—

"Mankind may be roughly divided into those who are susceptible to religious motives, and those who are not; and if the former division, which is by far the larger, can once be got to look upon the clergyman as the priest, who in some sense differs from other men, and possesses, as they do not, the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, there is no fear that his influence will be slight. Amongst the unthinking portion of mankind, whether belonging to the classes conventionally called ignorant or not, a strong tendency always exists to put superstition and something scarcely distinguishable from magic in the place of religion, to trust in a greater or less degree in rites and ceremonies and forms of words, and this above all in the hour of death, and amid the terrors which belong to such a time. Men seem to long for something which shall save them without any labour of their own, and which, being mysterious and unintelligible, they can accept without the trouble of inquiring into its credentials, and with a kind of half-acknowledged idea that it will serve them as a valid excuse that they knew no better—even though they took no pains to know."

That is very just, only it is an indictment against almost all who are impressed by the Christian revelation itself, and not against those only who are deeply impressed by the sacerdotal idea. The truth is that the very idea of revelation involves the practical communication of a mysterious influence closely connecting the physical with the spiritual world, on the origin of which we cannot impose our petty intellectual conditions, and the nature of which we cannot pretend to analyse. No doubt the sacerdotalist assumes that most of the Sacraments depend exclusively on the Order of men to whom "the custody of the Sacraments" was, in their belief, exclusively committed. But undoubtedly also that view has been very much modified and softened in modern times by the assumption,—which even theologians often concede,—that it is not so much the unbroken material transmission of Orders which is essential, as the believer's sincere desire to submit to the historical conditions first associated with any divine gift, so far as those historical conditions may be within reach, their shortcomings being supplemented whenever the full conditions are not within reach by the freedom of divine grace itself. Thus many Anglicans, who do not deny that there may have been positive breaks-down in the material transmission of the supposed Apostolic powers in more centuries than one, still believe that all these deficiencies are repaired by the divine goodness, which looks only at the wish of men to fulfil the appointed conditions to the utmost of human ability, and not to the mere technical success. That is a view of Apostolic succession which is getting more and more common among the High Anglicans, and it is certainly one which extracts a good deal of the poison from the Sacerdotal view, and brings it much nearer to the Christianity of the Gospels and Apostles.

As a matter of fact, we should deny that High Anglicanism,—including even Ritualism,—is due to increasing ignorance, and an increasing love of pleasure and sensuous enjoyment. No doubt, a good number of the Ritualist Clergy are men of narrow intellects and large pretensions. So, for that matter, are many of the Evangelical Clergy and of the ultra-Protestants. No doubt, a good number of pleasure-lovers are attracted by ceremonialism; and so also are a good number of pleasure-lovers attracted by sensationalism of another kind,—sensational interpretation of prophecy, sensational conversions. But, for the most part, the strength of the High-Anglican section is in the devout Sacramentalism of that section of the Church, and the profound conviction they represent that the reception of the divine influence is not a matter of accurate theology, but of humble submission to the rites prescribed by a divine love. It is not his use of confession and absolution which makes the Ritualist popular; that makes him unpopular. It is the high value attached by him to the Communion Service which makes him popular. To exclude such a party as this from the Church of England,—whatever their superstitions may be,—is to exclude, as we believe, the best teachers, not only of the poor, but of the famished Rationalists of our over-cultivated day. Carlyle's horror of "Shovel-hattery" we heartily share. But "Shovel-hattery" itself, *with* Sacramentalism,—*i.e.*, the belief in a mystical blending of the material and the spiritual,—is not so poverty-stricken a creed as the Puritanism which abjures sacramental devotion as well as ecclesiastical tyranny.

MR. GODWIN'S "CIVIL WAR IN HAMPSHIRE."*

As an Army chaplain, Mr. Godwin may be able, like Bishop Compton and other ecclesiastics, to "set a squadron in the field." But if he can marshal files, he cannot marshal facts. He has scarcely an inkling of the order which gives all things view, and one could almost wish that he had arranged his materials alphabetically. As it is, he has carted them in heaps like ballast, and his work is not, strictly speaking, a history, any more than a brick-field is a house. The surrender of Portsmouth, for instance, is fully described in chapter iii., and it turns up again at the end of chapter vi., Mr. Godwin tranquilly remarking that "after the capitulation, Colonel Goring, *as we already know*, took ship for Holland." It is true that the

* *The Civil War in Hampshire* (1642-1645), *and The Story of Basing House.* By the Rev. G. N. Godwin, Chaplain to the Forces. London: Eliot Stock. 1882.

campaigns which he essays to describe are not easy to follow. The fruitless and endless marches and countermarches, the fights, sieges, and "alarms" of the Hoptons and Gorings and Essexes and Wallers, till Cromwell swept down like a flood of fire upon the weltering struggle, are confusing enough. But Mr. Godwin's narrative makes their confusion worse confounded, and may be fairly characterised as a work of paste and scissors, and not good at that. His book, however, may be looked at from another side, and a much more favourable judgment passed upon it. As a history, it may be pronounced worthless *sans phrases*. As a miscellaneous collection of curious and entertaining illustrations of the Civil War in general, and of its least instructive phase in particular, it is by no means without its value. In this amorphous pudding there are many plums. If it has a hero—not of Mr. Godwin's choosing, be it said, for his proclivities are Royalist—that hero is Sir William Waller. This "valiant soldier and patriot of his country" began his part in the Civil War with a civility, which, so far as he was concerned, leaves an old jest stingless,—

"My affections to you," he writes to Sir Ralph Hopton, "are so unchangeable that hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person, but I must be true to the cause wherein I serve. That great God who is the searcher of all hearts knows with what a sad fear I go upon this service, and with what perfect hate I look upon a war without an enemy. But I look upon it as *opus Domini*. We are both on the stage, and must act those parts that are assigned to us in this tragedy; but let us do it in the way of honour, and without personal animosity."

Sir Ralph Hopton, says Mr. Godwin, was Waller's "constant and able opponent." "Well matched" would be a better second epithet, for neither of these brave officers was, in the true sense of the word, an able commander. The Royalist captain had none of the best of it in their tussle at Landsdown Heath, which Carlyle confounds with Roundway Down; but in the latter fight his "Blacks" broke and dispersed Waller's "Lobsters," as the Puritan cuirassiers were nicknamed. (It is curious, by the way, that English soldiers are on other grounds still called by this cant word.) But it was not till the December of that year (1643), Roundway Down having been fought in July, that Sir Ralph had to admit a defeat. This was at the storming of Alton, and the letter which he wrote to Waller after the fight will bear comparison with the letter quoted above:—

"To Sir W. Waller.—Sir,—This is the first evident ill-success I have had. I must acknowledge that I have lost many brave and gallant men. I desire you, if Colonel Bolles be alive, to propound a fit exchange; if dead, that you will send me his corps. I pray you send me a list of such prisoners as you have, that such choice men as they are may not continue long unredeemed. God give a sudden stop to this issue of English blood, which is the desire, Sir, of your faithful friend to serve you,—RALPH HOPTON."

How Lord Crawford left his sack—his sherris sack, that is—at Alton on this occasion; how that town was taken at the very time when the Cavaliers at Oxford were making "bon-fyers with much triumph" for the death of Pym; and how Lady Butler shot herself with a pistol on hearing that her paramour, Sir Giles Porter, had been wounded at Alton, are all told on the same page with Sir Ralph's letter. And this is a fair sample of the plums already mentioned. But if the reader wishes to feel in what a fog Mr. Godwin's narrative will land him, he may study the description given in chapter xx. of "the great struggle which has been variously styled the Battle of Cheriton, Alresford, Brandon Heath, Brandon, Bramdean, and Winchester, as well as Cheriton Down Fight and Cheriton Fight." It was a victory for Waller, but Mr. Godwin strangely and ludicrously exaggerates its importance, induced to do so apparently by the fact, as he says with solemnity, that the "appellations of that dread and stern reality are truly manifold." This fight took place on March 29th, 1644, and on June 29th, after an unsuccessful skirmish with the King at Cropredy Bridge, Waller was "wandering Londonwards," as Carlyle says, "and gradually 'losing his army by desertion,' as the habit of him was." Poor Waller's "crowning victories" lacked the Cromwell touch; but he has something to say about his deserters, and says it with so much vehemence, that some abatement may be fairly made for the disparaging innuendo of Cromwell's biographer:—

"And for the payment of arrears, I may say I was for it to the uttermost farthing. I may not say who were against it, but those who seemed to be pillars, or somewhat, whatsoever they were it maketh no matter to me, contributed nothing, nay, gave their flat negative to it. And, truely, herein did but discharge my conscience, for I was ever of opinion that a soldier's pay is the justest debt in the world. For if it be a crying sin to keep back the wages of an hireling, that doth but sweat for us, it must needs be *a roaring, allitonant* sin to detain pay of the soldier that bleeds for us. There is a cry of blood in it, and God will make inquisition for it."

This sounding reclamation moves Mr. Godwin to exclaim, "Well and nobly said, Sir William!" It is easy to read between the lines the sorceness of a commander who had no genius like Cromwell's, and no tact like that of Essex, to remedy the eternal want of pence which vexed him.

We often meet in these pages with a personage whom Carlyle would have treated as contemptuously as he treated Frederick William's butt, Gundling, had not Hugh Peters—for he is that personage—prayed, preached, and scribbled under Cromwell's ægis. One trait of this foolish fanatic's buffoonery we may find room for. When the Prince of Orange's troops were marching from the West of England to London, their route, says Macaulay, "lay close by Stonehenge, and regiment after regiment halted to examine that mysterious ruin, celebrated all over the Continent as the greatest wonder of our island." Had the Rev. Hugh Peters been as strong for mischief as he was willing, this halt would not have occurred. For in the July after Naseby he was with Fairfax "at a place called Stonage (Stonehenge)," and piously urged its destruction, as being "one of the monuments of heathenism." Fairfax, whose men were "marching in battalia," had no attention to spare for this suggestion; but it classes Hugh Peters as a dolt for ever, after the order of Dogberry. Concerning the dress and accoutrements of the contending forces in the Civil War, Mr. Godwin has many curious particulars to communicate. It would seem from some of these that Macaulay, following the author of *Hudibras*, rather antedated the adoption of red as the colours of the Ironsides' uniforms. It is worth noticing, too, that Cromwell himself was called "Ironsides," before his cuirassiers received that appellation. Heath and Winstanley are the authorities which Mr. Godwin quotes for this statement, and there is nothing intrinsically improbable in it. It appears also that the buff jerkin was far more valuable than the cuirass, for "cavalry corslets, consisting of back, breast, gorget, and head-piece," were valued at 22*s.* each; and the owner of one of the "most sweet robes of durance" said, just after the Restoration, "I would not have taken £10 for it." It is curious also to read, and throws light upon the origin of the word "clubman," that 1,000 Danish clubs were issued from store to Sir William Waller's army in 1643." Such a penny-wise provision of primitive weapons was, perhaps, a sin not less altitonant than the non-payment of arrears, but was almost inevitable. Civilian soldiers have ere now shown that they can hold their own against professional warriors; but an improvised civilian War Office has a patent of its own for organising defeat.

A considerable portion of Mr. Godwin's book is devoted to Basing House, and its sieges; but this is a subject which has been exhausted by previous writers. Cromwell, resting, if Hugh Peters is to be believed, "upon that blessed Word of God written Psalm, cxv., 8," but quite assured, meanwhile, that his artillery was irresistible, stands out to point the moral of the well-known Hampshire saying, "Clubs are trumps, as when Basing House was taken."

We regret to add that this compilation, which required to be most carefully printed, is printed with an inaccuracy that would indeed be surprising, if the publisher were responsible for it. But Mr. Eliot Stock is otherwise known to us, and Mr. Godwin's sins must rest on his own head. His list of errata resembles one of Sulla's or Napoleon's bulletins, and might be enlarged indefinitely, as will readily be imagined from the fact that, while the book itself is dedicated to the Honourable W. T. Orde Poulett and the Rev. James Elwin Millard, the latter is casually referred to in p. 64 as the Rev. T. Millard, D.D. We should, in conclusion, be glad to know from what writer the author is quoting, when he says that Napoleon's levies at Waterloo proved themselves "small, but biting." Such a description might not be inapplicable to the army with which he won Lützen, but his army at Waterloo was a finer one than any that he had led since the campaign of 1807. Mr. Godwin, we fear, like the most recent historian of Waterloo, has been trusting too implicitly to the guidance of Erekmann and Chatrian.

EGYPT AND HER BURIED RECORDS.*

AFTER a charming introductory chapter, in which the author pictures in the most vivid manner the peculiar features of Egypt as she now lies before us, Mr. Poole resuscitates, as it were, her ancient cities, in the hope of arousing some adventurous spirits to search in earnest for the priceless records

* *The Cities of Egypt.* By Reginald S. Poole. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

of their former history. The moment for this attempt is fitly chosen, while the fate of Egypt is still attracting the attention of the greater part of the civilised world, and it certainly ought to result in vigorous and systematic effort on the part of Biblical students and Egyptologists. Mariette, the persevering explorer who achieved more than any one else in the way of Egyptian exploration, and succumbed at last to overwork and difficulties, has left behind him, in the document published by the French Academy of Inscriptions, precious indications of the spots where his genius led him to suspect the existence of much historic treasure; but until very lately no one had succeeded to his labours, and the subject has been treated with an apathy and an indifference for which it is hard to account.

And yet, as Mr. Poole so justly says, it is only by digging into the mounds, those vast store-houses of lost Egyptian annals, that we can master the story of those Royal lines that stretch away into the shadow-land which the Egyptians called the Reign of the Gods, closing conjecture by coming face to face with actual certainty, as we do when we peruse the engraved tablet or the pictured hieroglyphic. Already, at the bidding of Mariette, "buried cities have thrown off the grave-clothes which had enwrapped them for thousands of years, and risen to tell us their story, and to fill the ages of oblivion once more with the joy of overflowing life;" and did we continue his work, and continue it in the direction he has pointed out, Goshen, Zoan, and Hanes would probably furnish the answer to many a problem, while in the two former, at any rate, we should be almost certain to find contemporary records of the sojourn, the oppression, and the exodus of the Hebrews.

Researches such as these are of European interest, and should not all be left to French enterprise. "Our failure in this duty," says Mr. Poole, "is a disgrace to our love of knowledge, a scandal to our love of the Bible. We have an evil eminence in Europe for our neglect of research in Egypt." The reproach, however, was scarcely uttered, when M. Naville, despatched by the newly-started Society for the furtherance of Egyptian exploration, began his labours at Tel-el-Maskuta, labours which have just been so amply rewarded by the discovery of Pithom, one of the store cities built by the forced labour of the Hebrews, and its identification also with the Succoth of the Bible. So cheering a success must surely lead to renewed energy and increased liberality on the part of all who take an interest in Egyptian and Biblical history, and this latest discovery lends increasing value to the story of what has been done and what yet remains to do, as we find it in Mr. Poole's fascinating pages. We walk through the vast necropolis of Memphis, visiting the tombs of kings and the humbler sepulchres of their subjects, recalling the great works of Menes, and seeing visibly in the fallen Colossus and the fragments of the Temple of Ptah how, as Ezekiel says, "the false gods have ceased out of Noph." Then we come to Hanes, the site of which, discovered after long speculation, has never yet been explored, though it was the second capital of Egypt during the rule of two ancient dynasties, and, as Heracleopolis, was well known to the Greeks. The mounds of Ahnas-el-Medeeneh mark the position of what was once a celebrated city, the seat of the worship of Hershefiu, the Egyptian Hercules. No remains of his temple are known to exist, but excavations would probably reveal them to us, as also the ancient necropolis; and in these ruins, as pointed out by Mariette, we may hope to discover such material as would fill up the great gap of four centuries and a half of Egyptian history regarding which we do not possess the smallest fragment.

Of Thebes and its splendid monuments, as being better known, and unfortunately sadly desecrated, Mr. Poole naturally says but little; but it will probably surprise most readers to learn that neither the Rameseum, nor the hall of columns at Karnak, in which the Cathedral of Notre Dame could stand without touching the walls, at all approach the magnificence of the great Temple of Zoan. This splendid city, the civil capital of Joseph's Pharaoh, and the residence of Menptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, which from its position is styled by Mr. Poole the Alexandria of primitive Egypt, was standing in the remote days of the sixth dynasty, and flourishing in the time of Abraham, if not much earlier. At the close of the twelfth dynasty it must have been, says the author, almost the first town to fall under the dominion of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, who left great monuments behind them. Rebuilt by Ramses II., and called Pe-Ramses, "the House of Ramses," the new city attained to a magnificence unknown to its precursor; and we must not forget that this is the other treasure city erected by the Children of Israel, and that this second Ramses was their oppressor, an especial reason for desiring that investigations should be made into a site which promises so rich a harvest. The outline of the vast, monotonous Delta is broken by the lofty mounds of Zoan; a crude brick wall, a massive fort of the same material, alone are now visible, and all around is desolation; but here stood two temples of the red granite of Syene, and numbers of obelisks, the remains of which, thrown down possibly by an earthquake, and bearing marks also of the agency of fire, lie in confused heaps. Yet this was formerly "the best of the land" of Egypt, and we cannot refrain from quoting the vivid description of Zoan in the days of Ramses, by an ancient Egyptian poet, which Mr. Poole has taken from the *Mélanges Égyptologiques*:—

"I arrived at the city of Ramses-mi-Amen. She is beautiful, beautiful. There is naught like her among the monuments of Thebes, the very secret of the pleasures of life. Her fields are full of lovely places, abounding in the produce of food daily; her pools are full of fish, her ponds of ducks, her meadows are verdant with herbage, the bower with blooming garlands. The garden is perfumed with the odour of honey; the meadow-land steeped in moisture. Her granaries are full of wheat and barley, heaped up as high as heaven; vegetables and reeds (are) in the garden of herbs; flowers for posies in the fruit house; lemons, citrons of two kinds, figs, in the orchard; sweet wine there is which one mixes with honey; fish of various kinds, some from the Euphrates, others such as are presented to the greatest of conquerors. The pond of Har-phra (is there) containing salt, the well containing natron. Her (ships) go and come daily, laden with products for food. The joys have there fixed their seat; there is no word of want; the small are there, as well as the great."

Then follows the invitation to keep the festival of the fourth month. We see the joyous people bearing "branches, posies from the orchard, garlands from the garden, the fowler with his thousands of birds." The "sea brings to the King her tribute of fish, the distant lands their tributes. The people bear on their heads fresh skins of sweet drink. They stand at their doors, waving posies, branches, and garlands, for the King is making his entry in the morning. This was not in spring-time, but in our 'chill October,' when Egypt is awakened by the cool, north breeze, and refreshed with the waters of the wide-spread inundation."

Goshen, Migdol, Pi-Beseth, and Sin each form the subject of a very interesting chapter; but the account of the city and university of On is especially worthy of the reader's notice, that place having been a celebrated seat of learning from the earliest ages, until its teachers and its obelisks were transferred to Alexandria, the new capital. And here we cannot help sympathising with the author's lament over the change which has come over the pursuit of learning in modern days, as he contrasts the Universities of yore, generously open to rich and poor alike—as, indeed, is still the Azhar of Cairo—with our present seats of learning, where the idea now prevalent is that study is a means to an end, and that end success in life, and where a brain-exhausting competition but too often ends in intellectual incapacity. "The inferior knowledge of the centuries that are gone was," says the author, "better than our higher science, so far as it taught the love of wisdom, and left men thirsting for more learning, not surfeited with 'cram.' Perhaps, in a better time, our children's children may go back to the ancient way, wherein wisdom was a delight, because none thought that she could be bought with money, or that she held in her generous hands the coarse rewards of trade."

IN A VAIN SHADOW.*

The writer of this clever novel is an apt disciple, if not a master, in the school of "penny dreadful" fiction. We have not passed page 12 of the first volume before we come to a murder, described in the most approved style, a murderer springing with "the appalling bound of an infuriated ape," and the corpse turning over in the pond into which it has been thrown, while "the two empty sockets glare up frightfully at the living man's starting eyes." Then we have a wicked earl, no boisterous, mediæval cut-throat, but a polished and refined gentleman of the nineteenth century, of whose secret load of guilt none but his own conscience, his foster-mother, and the novelist are aware. And there is a still more wicked countess. She is deceased, indeed, before the story begins, but we are not spared the horrors of her deathbed, or even the ghastly sight of her face, as she lies embalmed in her coffin of glass. The scene of the story suits the characters. It is an ancient castle, with all appropriate

* *In a Vain Shadow.* A Novel. By Evangeline F. Smith. 3 vols. London: Remington and Co. 1883.

belongings,—ruinous towers, subterranean passages, and secret dungeons, in one of which the wicked earl keeps the murderer through whose deed he has acquired the title and estates. In one of her most carefully elaborated passages, Miss Evangeline Smith describes how the earl's son, accompanied by a faithful friend, makes a stealthy entrance into the castle. He is persuaded that his father has usurped the dignity and the wealth which he holds, and he is determined to recover the documents which would restore to the true heiress her rights. The two friends make their way by a panel which opens in an altar tomb into the family vault. On the ghastly details of the scene, the writer expends all her powers. It must be allowed that she rises to the very height of her art, when she makes her young hero apostrophise the corpse of his grandmother, visible through the glass, as aforesaid, with "Oh, wicked woman! Must you lie there like a block, and say no word of confession or remorse;" and grasp the coffin, ready, but for his comrade's interposition, to shake it in his anger. From the vault, they find their way by a subway, where "large earthworms [not in the least likely, we should say, to be found in any such place] dragged their fat cold bodies along the broken floor," into the secret dungeon. There the first object that meets their view is the corpse of the concealed murderer, with, by his side, "the thin cat, dead also, for her master, in his impotent fear and envy, had determined that she should not survive him, and had wrung her neck, as a parting salutation." From the dungeon the hero makes his way into his father's bedroom, watches him as he sits up in bed reading "the accursed papers," waits till he falls asleep, snatches them from his side, and escapes from the castle, to find,—that "he has stolen his mother's love-letters."

We should have been content to express our opinion of the absurdity and bad-taste of this and other similar passages in the briefest way, but for the undoubted ability which the author of *In a Vain Shadow* shows from time to time, and which, notwithstanding all her extravagances, deserves a respectful recognition. She is evidently new to her work. The prodigal liberality with which she treats her readers is proof enough, were other evidence wanting. Instead of the eight hundred pages which, loosely printed, with large margin and thick paper just make up to their barest standard of size and weight the three volumes of the veteran novelist, we have twelve hundred and fifty pages of closely packed type, sufficient to furnish, as we have taken the pains to calculate, at least six volumes of the average capacity. To this inexperience we willingly attribute the crudeness and extravagance of this book. That Miss Evangeline Smith can write well is quite evident. She can even wield the weapon of terror—which we would by no means forbid to the novelist, but which is apt in inexperienced hands to lose its dignity—to good effect. The description of the Earl's dream, in which he sees himself and his bride in the church, with a company of the dead assembled to witness their wedding, is really powerful. Here is a fine touch, not spoilt by being lengthened out with sentiment:—"Further back, in a seat by herself, enveloped in a chilly, death-like vapour, and still and colourless beneath her veil of grey, was his dead wife." In another style, described with genuine beauty of language, which is not marred by excessive ornament, is Geraldine's dream. (Vol. II., pp. 400-1.)

In curious contrast with the absurdity of her melodramatic flights are the shrewdness and good-sense which the author shows in her pictures of ordinary life. Nothing can be more strange than that she should not have applied to her own work the keen feeling for the ridiculous and the lively satire which appear to be at her command. In her portraits of the clergy she is peculiarly happy. They are drawn, for the most part, in a style that reminds us somewhat of Miss Austen. It is hardly needful, therefore, to say that they are entertaining rather than attractive. But the kindly Archdeacon Egerton redeems the character of his cloth. We laugh at his guide-book antiquarianism, but his genial temper, his charity, his liberal faith are represented in attractive colours. Here, certainly, Miss Smith has succeeded in a difficult task, the creation of a character which the reader rejoices to add to the company of his "friends in fiction."

In parting with Miss Smith, we may assure her that we have applied to her book a severe criticism because we have felt that it might bear a good result in the future work which we hope to see from her pen.

THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Knowles has induced such a number of known persons to write papers for this month's *Nineteenth Century*, that it is quite difficult to notice them all. The most interesting paper to politicians is "The Future 'Constitutional Party,'" by Lord Dunraven, which we have noticed elsewhere, but the one which will be most read is Mr. Matthew Arnold's criticism on Isaiah. It is in form a plea against authorising a revised translation, lest in revision the mystical charm of the old words should evaporate, and that singular advantage which Europe has derived from habitual study of a grand poetry which is not its own, or like its own, should be for ever lost. This argument is put with few illustrations, but with a force of expression which, perhaps, only a poet writing of a greater poet could have used. The substance of the article is, however, an effort to state Isaiah's position as a great poet and considerable, perhaps for a time a ruling, politician in Jerusalem, who clearly foresaw that without a thorough cleansing of the society in which he lived the nation could not escape destruction, but foresaw also that, as Immanuel reigns, a remnant must ultimately escape, to commence a nobler dispensation. Mr. Arnold pleads that if Isaiah were rearranged, yet so far as possible left unaltered, we should see this position, and in seeing it, greatly increase our enjoyment of one of the greatest teachers who ever lived. The ordinary student of Scripture will read his paper with a pleasure possibly slightly heightened by the reflection that this is the comment of one who judges the prophet only as a man of admirable genius and mental fire. There should be something of Isaiah in Lord Lytton's poem, "The Land of Promise," for he also denounces the deceits of foolish guides who are leading the people on a vain quest, but there is not. There are two or three lines of glittering, or rather of iridescent, satire; but the fire which should live in a composition of the kind is wholly wanting. You feel that the writer thinks of making a poem, not of denouncing falsity, and does not particularly care, even though, as he concludes, "the Land of Promise rests the Land of Dreams." Politicians will read the paper of the Rev. John McKenzie on South Africa with interest, but not, we think, with adhesion. It is full of instruction lucidly conveyed, a perfect repertory of facts; but its conclusion will not be palatable. It is that England should appoint a Viceroy of South Africa, who should receive from each self-governing colony a part of its revenue, and should expend it in administering the Native "Territories" outside for himself, under British control. We could then, Mr. McKenzie thinks, annex northward in freedom, without fear, until we reached some well-administered kingdom, as the natives under direct British rule would be contented and obedient. In short, South Africa should be an India, with white protected States within it. If England were ready, for the sake of South Africa, to maintain an army of 20,000 Europeans and 30,000 disciplined Kafirs this would be a statesmanlike plan; but it is useless to ask any such effort, and without it the plan must fail. Unless we could finally and effectually compel the Boers to reverse their native policy, we should fail, and we cannot without a large and permanent force compel them. Mr. McKenzie, whoever he is, is, however, a man of thought, whom his superiors should not lose sight of. This is a very different "report" on affairs from the one we usually receive from a South-African clergyman, and we only wish it had been made more complete by a sketch of that southward movement of the great tribes of the African interior which is undoubtedly going on, and which is the ultimate explanation of the new native pressure on the Colonies. "What shall I do with my Son?" is an attractive heading, but we do not see how special education for the Colonies is possible, and must pass on, only sympathising with the writer's wish. Mr. Leslie Stephen finishes his thoughtful monograph on "The Suppression of Poisonous Opinions" with the conclusion that, except conceivably in a few very rare cases, they ought not to be suppressed. His argument is, "Toleration is a necessary correlative of the respect for truthfulness," and includes, *ex necessitate*, toleration of opinions expressed with brutality. If not, we shall treat want of manners as a criminal offence. That is sound, as a general principle, but Mr. Leslie Stephen rather glides over the exceptions. Apparently, for instance, he would tolerate the preaching of free-love, but punish the reducing of the doctrine to practice. Is not that to punish the ignorant led, while leaving the thinking leader free? We wish all students of politics would read Sir John Lubbock's seemingly very dull papers

the British Balance-sheet. They would, for the most part, gain knowledge, especially of the facts, first, that our taxation is really only £72,000,000, the rest being money expended in purchasing remunerative labour; secondly, that we really pay off nearly £7,000,000 of Debt a year,—in great part by providing for the operation of the Terminable Annuities; and thirdly, that in spite of the great progress of society, only £5,000,000 a year of all we spend directly adds to the comfort of the population. The rest is either penalty for wrong-doing, or insurance against future evil. In other words, if we had no Debt and Europe were civilised, five or six millions would be a sufficient revenue,—a reflection of no practical use, but tending to restrict the worship of that tinselly fetish, the Nineteenth Century. So also will Mr. S. A. Barnett's description of the workmen in his parish, whose condition has made him a Christian Socialist, who would tax all realised property—for that is what he means by his crude suggestion of a land-tax—in order to give the poor free secondary instruction, the free service of medical science, and good lodging. We shall come, perhaps, to something like that, but the poor must bear their share. If there is to be a "Socialist" property-tax, let there also be "Socialist" sugar and beer taxes. Otherwise, men will be fined for money-making, that is, for being intelligent and thrifty. The first is a grace, the second the most doubtful and imperfect of the virtues, but neither deserves punishment.

We do not see that the German Field-Officer's speculation on English military power, which is the first paper in the *Contemporary*, amounts to more than this,—that a foreign officer who cordially admires the British character and the British Constitution still thinks that the country is endangered by escaping universal compulsory military service. It is useless to argue that. Conscription may be adopted when the nation has felt itself in terrible danger; it will not be adopted before, and Europe will not like the result when it has been secured. The Continent has never stood face to face with 600,000 thoroughly organised English soldiers, or considered the kind of work they might do. We should, however, like to ask this friendly German whether he has ever thought-out the possibility of a conscription for Asiatic service? No nation possesses such an institution, not even Russia. Major-General Hamley evidently thinks the ship canal to Manchester can be made, and as evidently doubts if it will be anything like as cheap as the promoters fancy. We also doubt that, and something else. Has General Hamley ever looked closely into the calculations of those who believe that if the great railway companies built a third and fourth line of rails, heavy goods could be carried over them at low speeds at rates with which canals could not compete? The rates of carriage for goods are now affected, to a degree which only a few statists understand, by the permanent necessity of keeping the goods trains from smashing up the passenger trains. Some recent works constructed in America seem to show that a two-storied railway, the upper one for goods, built of iron only, and only twenty feet high, is not the mere dream it would once have been considered. Canalisation is not wholly a question for engineers. There are two papers, answering each other, on Vivisection, one by Dr. E. de Cyon, who writes more argumentatively than most scientific men, though with that undertone of scorn which once on a time was the mark of theological writing; the answer, by Mr. E. Hutton; and there is a valuable account of Italian politics, by Professor Villari, who endeavours to account for the partial failure of Parliamentary government in Italy, which arises, in the main, from want of interest in the electoral body. The leading paper of the *Contemporary*, however, is M. de Laveleye's, on "The Progress of Socialism," which he believes to be rapid, and to be urged on by the decay of faith He believes that Socialism will gain serious victories, if it adheres to peaceful methods, but will fail, if it resorts to insurrection.

M. de Laveleye's paper must be read, however, with another of his own in the *Fortnightly*, called "The European Terror," in which he describes what may be called the executive parties of Socialism. Of these, the Anarchists, whom we all know, form the extreme Left, and though formidable from their unscrupulousness, are not yet numerous. Their creed is substantially that all is evil, and all must be destroyed, in order that a new *régime* may spontaneously arise. M. de Laveleye thinks the early Christians wished the same thing, which is partly true; but then they expected the "new order" from the direct will of God, and did not assume, as the Anarchists do, that the fruit to be certainly produced by spontaneous generation must be happiness. Far apart from the Anarchists are the Collectivists, who would liquidate society by making the State or Commune all. Their great leader is the Belgian Colins, who maintains that God does not exist, but that man is immortal, possessed of free-will, and bound for his own sake, because of his infinite duration, to obey a moral code. He must, therefore, establish his views, even when demonstrably accurate, by moral means. The view which he ought to establish is that land, originally the only capital, belongs to all, and should be rented by all to the individual. That rent should be expended in securing for all the raw material other than land which they require to expend their labour upon. The method of this labour will be as follows:—

"Society must give theoretical and practical instruction to all minors gratuitously, and children be taught, by physical science, in what manner to act on matter to be able to turn it to the best advantage, and, by moral science, how they must behave to their fellowmen. On leaving the establishments for public education on coming of age, young men will be called upon to serve a sort of apprenticeship for active life in the service of the State, thus paying in a measure the debt incurred during childhood. When of age, each member of society will be given a fixed sum as a dowry to establish himself in life, and this sum will be taken from the surplus of the State receipts. Three different careers are now open to the young man—he can either work alone, or associate himself with others to produce in common, or, if he prefer avoiding all personal risks, he can hire himself to another, who will direct and take the responsibility of all operations."

The money thus made belongs to the individual, but at his death it will be heavily taxed, and if he has no children will return *en bloc* to society. In fact, Collectivism, according to Colins, only divides the land and capital resulting from the land, and limits taxation to a succession duty, and, as we imagine, though the point is obscure, insists that all men shall be educated alike. It would, if the land were fairly acquired, be little more than a gigantic experiment in co-partnership, and would end infallibly in the industrious whipping the idle, whom on the theory they would have to maintain, till they worked too; or if men were logical, as in China, in the weeding-out by famine of all who would not work. It is not intended to produce equality, and could hardly yield much happiness. In practice, of course, even Colins's Collectivists sympathise with violent attempts to upset Society, though in theory they would not join them. H. Barthélemy, Professor of Military History at St. Cyr, gives a sketch of the French Army, from which it appears that it consists of 1,289,000 trained men, supported by 554,000 more trained men in the Territorial Reserve, and by 2,000,000 more men liable to serve, but untrained. These men are commanded by 27,000 officers and 8,000 officers of reserve, besides the immense numbers of the non-commissioned, who, however, are not very good, and are to be superseded by soldiers' children, thoroughly trained to the work in the military schools. M. Barthélemy points to his figures with great pride, but the new organisation has still to be tried upon the field, and in Tunis it certainly did not succeed. Lord Aberdeen's view on the Affirmation Bill is only noticeable because he advises that it should be allowed to pass, but that its opponents should formally protest by walking out in a body,—a device which strikes us, who approve the Bill, as slightly feeble. If you disapprove it, vote against it; or if you disapprove, but hold it unavoidable, quietly abstain from voting. There can be no solatium offered to God—for that is the real motive pleaded for resistance—by a feeble protest from men who could, if they would, act. Mr. Kegan Paul chats pleasantly about the production of books, suggesting, *en passant*, that the best way of paying authors is by royalty; and General Sir H. Norman, with intimate knowledge, defends Sir A. Wilson, who took Delhi, from the charges brought against him in the "Life of Lord Lawrence;" while Mr. Sutherland Edwards condenses for us Prince Gortchakoff's testament, an account of the foreign policy of that diplomatist recently published by the Russian Foreign Office. The sketch is interesting reading, and shows that during a quarter of a century Prince Gortchakoff had a single idea,—that of undoing the results of the Treaty of Paris, so far as regarded Russia. He succeeded in this, but, be it noted, at a tremendous price, nothing less than the substitution of the mighty German Empire for a weak confederation of States. Diplomatists will find curious morsels in the article, but the public will be most interested in the formal admission that, before the war, Russia held different language to Lord Aberdeen, then Premier, and to Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary. Prince Gortcha-

koff thought Lord Aberdeen much more easily hoodwinked, or perhaps detected in him a much stronger reluctance to go to war for the Turk. The sketch of "Home and Foreign Affairs" is still determinedly Liberal, the writer in particular calling on the Government to insist that their programme for the Session should either be accepted or rejected.

We see little of much interest in the *National Review*. Mr. H. E. Hoare, though he has actually lived among the criminal classes, has as yet little to tell us of them, except their tendency to violence; and Mr. A. Tilley's criticism of the "New School of Fiction," the Howell School, is not entertaining; while Mr. Boulger's on Lord Lawrence's masterly inactivity, though most moderate in tone, is only a restatement of the old fallacy that the politics of Afghanistan are important to India. They are not, if we defend the Indus, which was Lord Lawrence's idea. The only political article is Mr. Raikes's, on "The Redistribution of Political Power," and it leaves us with an impression that its writer, for all his experience, does not comprehend the world he is living in. Fancy fighting Democracy with this sort of mop:—"The Inns of Court, the Chambers of Commerce, the learned societies, the Mercantile Marine (which has no local habitation in the constituencies), even the Incorporated Law Society, to say nothing of the great profession of medicine, might each be awarded electoral privileges, which could not be denied a metropolitan character."

In *Blackwood*, besides a political article, this time in the form of a story of 1950, rather cleverly done, there is the commencement of a new novel, "The Millionaire," not very bright, so far; a story in one number, "Fleurette," so clever and original that we should attribute it to M. Lindau, but that it is not signed; and "The Ladies Lindores," which will prove, we suspect, the most successful of Mrs. Oliphant's novels outside the "Chronicles of Carlingford." If Mrs. Oliphant would only imagine that a man could by possibility be as right-minded and resolute as a woman, her stories would leave a still pleasanter impression; but the sketch of John Erskine's bitterness and Lord Rintoul's weakness is admirably well done. The stronger feelings, and especially tragic feelings, are, of course, reserved for the heroines; who, moreover, as women, and therefore sufferers, escape the gentle and often half-conscious ridicule which Mrs. Oliphant pours on men, when they are not, like old Rolls, in a subordinate position. Then she sees and depicts a vein of heroism in them.

Macmillan, besides "The Wizard's Son," in which the supernatural machinery begins to grow unmanageable—a ghost almost flirting is bathos—there is a bit of biography, "Recollections of Lord Westbury," by "One who knew him," and we may add, like most persons in that position, did not like him. A more candid friend could hardly be found. The only virtue allowed to the Chancellor, who is described as a hopeless coward, a gross debauchee, and a turn-coat, are over-kindness to his family and a certain fidelity to his work. His intellect is not depreciated, but he is denied wit, and we suspect, though we cannot affirm it, his perfect sanity is questioned. At least, the strange trait in his character, his habit of buying houses too big for him, fitting them up, and then suddenly quitting them from some inexplicable aversion, is described in a way which suggests that thought.

The *Cornhill* has a sympathetic memoir of Crashaw, the pietistic Catholic poet of the seventeenth century, who had in him the true lyric cry, though it was usually wasted in ecstasies which are to northern Protestants almost unintelligible; and the commencement of "By the Gate of the Sea," a new story, with some clever touch-and-go satire in it, but a plot which, so far, disturbs the reader by its violent improbability. "Misunderstanding," as a *motif*, ought to be discarded from the repertoire of the novelist.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Belgravia has three papers only, besides the monthly instalments of fiction (these latter being contributed by Messrs. Justin McCarthy and Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Alexander), but is none the worse, we think, for that. Mr. J. M. Corban's "The Green Turban: a Mystery," is very ingeniously contrived. We must own to not feeling much interest in this kind of story, except it be a transcript of genuine experiences; but it must be allowed that this example has quite the look of verisimilitude. The "Four Japanese Folk-tales" are interesting, though we cannot see "their dissimilarity from anything in our language." "The Two Bamboos" might, "fir-tree" being put for "bamboo," have been translated from Hans Christian Andersen; and the "Cure for Discontent" reminds us of the prologue of "The Taming of the Shrew."——*Time* presents us with a great variety of readable articles. We may mention a notice of Professor Palmer's "Poems of Beda'ed-din-Zoheir;" a lively sketch of "The Author of 'Vathek,'" by Mr. G. Barnett Smith; and a curious collection of legal curiosities, under the title of "Case Law," by J. Stanley. One remarkable case was that of "Gilbert *v.* Sykes." Mr. Gilbert, a clergyman, offered to pay one hundred guineas on the last day of May, 1802, if Sir Mark Sykes would pay him a guinea a day as long as Bonaparte, whose assassination was then commonly expected, should live. He got his guinea for more than two years. Then Sir M. Sykes refused to pay, and was upheld by the Courts, which ruled that such a wager was void, as being against public policy. We may mention, *à propos* of the curious survivals of "Postman" and "Tubman," in the Court of Exchequer, of which Mr. Stanley speaks, that the late Lord Justice Lush was once "Tubman," his accession to that dignity being celebrated by one of the Judges in an epigram which turned upon his name.——The best things in *Tinsley's Magazine*, not reckoning the current novels, are a curious reminiscence, which must be now not much less than fifty years old, of the Carlist war, entitled "Twenty-four Hours in a Spanish Prison;" and "The Headless Ghost," by Mr. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, which is not, as might be supposed, a ghost-story, but a collection of the various beliefs and legends which have taken this particular form. There is a piteous complaint about "Green Rooms and Dressing Rooms," which will, we hope, touch the hearts of the managers to whom it is addressed.

Readiana: Comments on Current Events. By Charles Reade, D.C.L. (Chatto and Windus.)—To the zeal rather than to the discretion of Mr. Charles Reade's publisher we owe this volume of "personal convictions on various subjects." Collections of this kind are generally a mistake, and frequently just a little of an impertinence; a development of the odious system of interviewing, personal gossip, and vulgar publicity which has crossed the Atlantic, with so many other disturbances. This particular collection we regard as a very special mistake. The simple good-faith of Mr. Charles Reade's self-estimate, the cork-like buoyancy of his egotism, are traits which his contemporaries smile at and pardon in a clever novelist, who is amusing in more ways than he means to be; but it is a pity to set down such utterances as seriously as the truisms of the Prince of Denmark. The inutility of flogging a dead horse is proved to demonstration that might convince her Majesty's Opposition by Mr. Charles Reade's elaborate exposition of why the unfortunate nobleman who has not very much longer to remain at Dartmoor must be Arthur Orton, and the public hardly cares to have its memory refreshed about the Stauntons. Mr. Charles Reade's quarrels with his critics are not the affair of the public, and it is a pity that an author who will always be ranked among "considerable persons" should also present himself in the undignified position of a *claqueur* at his own plays. A writer's judgment may fairly be tested by his discrimination between what is of merely accidental and what is of enduring interest in his own productions. *Readiana* is a whole volume of evidence that Mr. Charles Reade's judgment has not stood that test.

Zoological Notes on the Structure, Affinities, Habits, and Mental Faculties of Wild and Domestic Animals. By Arthur Nicols, F.G.S. (Upcott Gill.)—Mr. Nicols's "Notes," as he modestly calls his volume, are certain to become a favourite with boys, and a standard book of reference for students of natural history. They deal with snakes, marsupials and their allies, and birds. Mr. Nicols has travelled in all parts of the world, is a keen sportsman, an accomplished naturalist, and a shrewd observer. The volume abounds in anecdotes of adventure, mainly derived from his own experience, and is full of entertainment from beginning to end. But Mr. Nicols is no mere anecdote-monger; he is a thoughtful student of natural history, much concerned with the many interesting problems to which the speculations of the late Mr. Darwin have given rise. All his anecdotes and observations, therefore, have a bearing on some special line of thought, and all his investigations are intended to shed light on some important point in biology. With snakes especially, in all their varieties, the author appears to have an intimate acquaintance. And yet he tells us he has never been able to overcome the shrinking dread with which the sudden sight or touch of one of these reptiles seems to inspire nearly all other living creatures. We say nearly all, for there are a few exceptions, among which are the mongoose, certain birds, and the obtuse pig. Mr. Darwin sought to account for this dread by inherited instinct, but Mr. Nicols suggests a solution which some may think better accounts for all the facts. He believes it rather to be the dread of the unknown and unfamiliar, "the mental attitude which sees a ghost in an unusual effect of moonlight, or makes a dog bark at his shadow on the wall, or a horse shy at some strange object in the road." One of the most interesting and useful chapters in the volume deals with "Snake-charming," than which "no superstition has taken so firm a hold on the average Anglo-Indian." Mr. Nicols

maintains, and gives ample reasons for his position, that snake-charming is pure charlatanism. There is no mystery about the art whatever; either the snakes are harmless (sometimes painted skilfully to resemble poisonous species), or their fangs and poison-bag have been extracted, or, if not, they have become attached and perfectly friendly to their owners. Another chapter deals with the classification of snakes, in which some popular errors are corrected; and a fourth, full of exciting anecdotes, deals with the subject of poison, and includes some sensible remarks on the "Sea Serpent." The second section of the work, on marsupials, deals mainly with the opossum, kangaroo, and that strange creature, the platypus. The section devoted to birds, covering about two-thirds of the volume, is more systematic than the first two sections. It treats of their structure, flight, their physiology, development, and classification, and discusses with great moderation and good sense some of the interesting problems in evolution suggested by the subject. Altogether, the work is a model, which we commend to all travellers, and is likely enough to become a classic in natural history. There are a few well-executed illustrations.

The Life of Jean Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of the Ban de la Roche. By Mrs. Josephine E. Butler. (The Religious Tract Society.)—This is a very interesting and well-written book. The memory of the patriarch of the Ban de la Roche, in Basse Alsace, is piously preserved, and the house in which he and his family lived and served God throughout the darkest of the revolutionary days is in the same condition as it then was. The life, labours, and character of Oberlin, especially the dash of mysticism which removes any harshness from its outlines, are all full of interest, and the writer handles her subject with sympathy and discrimination.

The Church in Roman Gaul. By the Rev. R. T. Smith, B.D. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—In a volume of convenient size, well printed, and furnished with a useful little map, Mr. Travers Smith has managed to convey a great amount of information in a very agreeable manner. He traces the history of the Christian Church in Gaul from its earliest beginnings during the Roman supremacy down to the definite termination of the Imperial rule in the year 536, when, with the sanction of Justinian, the cities of Arles and Marseilles (the last remnants of Roman dominion) were formally ceded to the sons of Clovis. In making extensive use of the formidable array of authorities, ancient and modern, named in the preface, the author is to be congratulated (and surely the reader likewise) on the ease and lightness with which such a mass of material is handled. The clearness and occasional vigour of the style afford very pleasant reading, while the narrative is now and then judiciously relieved by suggestive comment. The avoidance of all exaggeration of epithet, and the entire freedom from a didactic or bigoted tone in a work of this character, deserve special recognition. The opening chapters deal with the ancient Gauls, their origin, their beliefs (the pages on Druidism are specially good), and the first effects of Roman conquest. After this appropriate introduction, the main subject is wisely dealt with in the biographical form, for the most part; but amongst the accounts of the various saints and bishops who played the leading parts in the story, are interspersed excellent vignettes of the life and manners of many periods. The chapters towards the end which, after describing the life and work of St. Sidonius Apollinaris, borrow from his writings a picture of the secular as well as the religious life of the time, are as lively in manner as they are interesting in matter. We close the book with a certain feeling of surprise at being enabled so easily and pleasantly to get over a great deal of ground which, at the first glance, would appear to promise a decidedly undesirable journey.

Sweetbriar; or, Doings in Priorsthorpe Magna. By Agnes Giberne. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—A well-intentioned, amiable book for girls. It is not vividly interesting, but it is well principled and sensible, and teaches the evil of tittle-tattle and the good of minding one's own business pointedly, if not forcibly. Its sphere is, perhaps, rather limited intellectually, and its atmosphere a little too gossipy.

John Hus. By A. H. Wratislaw, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—This account of John of Husinetz, commonly called "John Hus," is a painstaking and straightforward endeavour to make English readers more familiar than most of us can boast of being with the character and surroundings of a most remarkable man. We use the words "painstaking" and "straightforward" advisedly. The information here condensed within a small compass has obviously been gathered with no little labour and research, while the complete unpretentiousness, the absence of all affectation and over-wrought word-painting, together with the evident desire to include faithfully defect as well as excellence in the portrait, are such as are at least entitled to respect. Perhaps, indeed, the severity of virtue is even pushed a little too far in regard to simplicity of style. Wholesome as it is to despise that meretricious, highly-coloured rhetoric which so often degrades historical writing, still it is quite possible to value too little those legitimate attractions which heighten effect without falsifying it. We do not say that such qualities are here altogether wanting, but we wish their presence were more continuous and more marked, for it would be most regrettable if any shortcomings of the kind should hinder the popularity of a book so much needed. The historical introduction is too dry and tame, and the sketch of the precursors of Hus can hardly be considered powerful. These two sections might be rewritten with advantage, and we hope they will be. In the descriptions, however, of the conflicts between the Bohemian King, Wenceslas IV. and Zbynek, the Archbishop, and between Hus and the Cardinals, in whom was embodied the authority of Rome, the pulse of the narrative decidedly quickens. On the other hand, in the unadorned simplicity, as well as the transparent fairness and impartiality, with which the trial of Hus by the Council of Constance is set before us, we get precisely the cool, quiet tone which the subject demands. Such handling is far more effectual than eloquent elaboration, and that hysterical interjection of comment which one meets with far too often. The facts, being left to speak for themselves, do so with a force which cannot but be felt. Mr. Wratislaw deserves the thanks of all who care to know, on good authority, what manner of man was this follower of Wycliffe and forerunner of Luther. Hus had much in common with both. From both, also, he differed on important points. We fear that few of us know as we ought the facts as to his teaching, his character, his attainments, his powers as writer and theologian. That knowledge is now available as a result of the labours of Palacký and Tomek, and Mr. Wratislaw has done good service in making it so accessible to the English public. In spite of there being room for improvement in the manner of presenting it, we feel sure that the genuine interest of the subject, and the candour and industry with which it is treated, must appeal to any reader who will himself bring candour and industry to the perusal of the volume.

Misterton. By Unus. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—Walter Beresford is, no doubt, a very manly curate; Lilian Beachwood is worthy and Maud Wyncombe altogether unworthy of him. But "Unus" need not have lectured her readers (we say "her" advisedly) so long and strenuously on the virtues and vices impersonated by these two young ladies respectively. Besides, if she must lecture, let her be more attentive to the proprieties of grammar. It may be true, historically and otherwise, that "a true and noble woman is, on the whole, truer and nobler than a true and noble man; she was God's last and greatest creation," though Burns, with his "'prentice hand on man," &c., said the same thing with more point long ago. But when our author proceeds to say, "as a compensation, true and noble women are rare, but when found, they are a jewel," &c., we must remind her that "they," even "when found," cannot be considered "a jewel," except in countries where polygamy is permissible. "Unus" is, however, in earnest, evidently knows something about Anglican life, and is, in the meantime, content to trouble the public with only one volume.

Paladin and Saracen: Stories from Ariosto. By H. C. Hollway-Calthrop. (Macmillan and Co.)—An admirable compilation, intended, as the author explains in a justificatory preface, to which we refer the reader, "not for scholars or students, but for boys and girls;" therefore, Bowdlerised. This delightful book is almost as great a boon to the readers it is meant for as a new "Arabian Nights" would be. Worse woodcuts than it is illustrated with we have not seen, except in the magazines. To what depths is the art (!) descending?

The Training of Teachers, and other Educational Papers. By S. S. Laurie. (Kegan Paul.)—Many sensible things are said in these papers, which deal with such different subjects as "The University Training of Teachers," "Authority in Relation to Discipline," "The House of Lords and Popular Education," and "The Claims of Latin as a Subject of Instruction." The author, who is Professor of Paideutics in Edinburgh University, need not, however, have been at the trouble to reprint them, but should have been content with their having done duty as inaugural addresses and magazine articles of a controversial character. The interest in many of the subjects treated of has evaporated, while several articles have a ludicrously self-conscious, *ex cathedra*, or "inspired dominie" look. Yet, after all, perhaps Mr. Laurie is at his best when he is airing his learning, as in his "Montaigne as an Educationist." We are not quite sure that we understand how he would have Scotch educational affairs managed in the future; would he have a Board of Education or an Educational Commission established in perpetuity in Edinburgh? One of his contentions is thoroughly sound,—that the problem of secondary education in Scotland was not solved by the passing of the Endowments Act of last year.

Beyond Recall: a Novel. By Adeline Sergeant. (Richard Bentley and Sons.)—The title and the binding of this novel are in harmony with its contents. The book is bound in black cloth, with ornaments in red, apparently copied from an Egyptian pattern. The plot, if plot it may be called, is laid in Alexandria and Ramleh during the year 1882, and includes the bombardment of the Egyptian forts, and the massacre and burning of Alexandria. There is much that is

clever in the book. The character of Michelle, a jealous, passionate girl, who afterwards develops into a loving wife, is well sketched; and the happy ending of her attachment to Mr. Eastlake, who had known her from childhood, redeems the story from utter sadness. While we hope next time for a more cheerful story from Adeline Sergeant's pen, we may congratulate her on what we believe to be her first attempt.

A Glimpse of the World. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." (Longman and Co.)—Miss Sewell is the Mrs. Sherwood of the present generation. The young people of our day do not, we presume, read "The Lady of the Manor" and "Stories on the Church Catechism," at least we do not hear those meritorious works talked of. But "Amy Herbert," and many others of Miss Sewell's stories, are great favourites in the school-room; and Miss Sewell's latest story, *A Glimpse of the World*, deserves to be. It is sound, without being dull, quite free from preachiness, and decidedly interesting.

Little Hinges to Great Doors. By F. S. D. Ames. (Burns and Oates.)—A little volume of Roman-Catholic stories for children, each illustrative of some point of conduct, worthy aim, or sacrifice, as inculcated by the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church. The stories are attractive, and well adapted to the purpose of the writer, who tells us that "simple as these little histories are, some are true biographies," and that she means them to show the principles of faith, hope, and charity struggling against the weight of worldly influence.

Fair and Free. By the Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine." (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—This story is told with a good deal of power, and its pictures present themselves with a certain lifelike reality to the reader's mind. But then, what hideous realities many of them are! It is surely a mad act to lead a child through a fever-laden court that he may learn to appreciate pure air, and yet the motive of such stories as this is very similar. Right triumphs in the end, it is true; but the scenes through which the progress of the heroine is depicted are of a nature to disgust one with the "society" of which they purport to be a representation, or, at least, with the imagination which can thus display its power.

Kaffir Folk-lore. By George McCall Theal. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—Mr. Theal gives his guarantee for the genuineness of these stories. They were told by Kaffirs and taken down by Kaffirs. His part has been to add the notes. An introductory chapter gives an account of the Kaffir people. Of the stories themselves, perhaps the most curious is that of Hlakanyanat, a sort of South-African Sisyphus; but all are curious and interesting.

The Angelic Pilgrim; an Epical History of the Chaldee Empire. By W. H. Watson. (G. Redway.)—This is a volume in what the author calls "lyric verse," in his preface, but to which we feel quite unable to give so honourable a name. He seems to have no idea either of rhyme or rhythm, and though he tries various metres seems equally unsuccessful in them all; and the "reason" is wanting as much as the "rhyme," which is disappointing in so well printed a book.

We have received:—Vol. I. of *The Student's Encyclopædia*, which is in reality a reissue of the "Globe Encyclopædia" on smaller-sized paper and in less bulky form; *Old-Testament Revision*, by A. Roberts, D.D.; *The City of God*, a series of discussions in religion, by A. M. Fairbairn, D.D.; *The Acts and Epistles of St. Paul*, by Rev. F. A. Malleson, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—*The Doctrine of the Holy Spirit*, by G. Smeaton, D.D., the ninth series of the Cunningham Lectures; *Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament*,—the Epistles of James and John, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, translated by Dr. J. E. Huther and the Rev. M. J. Evans, B.A.; *The Epistle to the Romans*, by D. Brown, D.D., an addition to the "Handbooks for Bible Classes" series; Vol. I. of *Biblical Theology of the New Testament*, translated from the third revised edition of Dr. B. Weiss, by the Rev. D. Eaton, M.A. (Clark.)—*The Basis of Religion*, by the Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A. (Blackwood and Sons.)—*The New-Testament Scriptures*, by A. H. Charteris, D.D. (Nisbet and Co.), being the Croall Lectures for 1882.—*A Digest of the Law of Criminal Procedure*, by Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen and Herbert Stephen; *The Colours of Flowers*, by Grant Allen, an addition to the "Nature Series." (Macmillan and Co.)—*A Group of Hindoo Stories*, collected by Anaryan. (Allen and Co.)—A new edition of the Rev. F. Arnold's *Turning-Points in Life*. (Bentley.)—*Christ our Ideal*, by the author of "The Gospel of the Nineteenth Century." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—*The Groundwork of the Christian Virtue*, a course of lectures by Bishop Ullathorne. (Burns and Oates.)—*Chapters on Evolution*, by Dr. Andrew Wilson, with 259 illustrations. (Chatto and Windus.)—A second edition of Yonge's *Constitutional History of England*, from 1760 to 1860. (Marcus Ward and Co.)—*Register of Merchant Taylors' School*, by Rev. C. J. Robinson, M.A. (Farncombe and Co., Lewes.)—A new edition of Chaffers' *Hall Marks on Plate*. (Bickers and Sons.)—Volume II. of *A Short History of the English Parliament*, by A. Bisset. (Williams and Norgate.)—*Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, by T. Westwood and T. Satchell. (Satchell.)—*Botany*, by G. T. Beltany, M.A. (Ward, Lock, and Co.), an addition to the "Science Primers for the People" series.—*The History of the Year.* (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.)—*The Shenandoah Valley in* 1864, by G. E. Pond. (Trübner and Co.)—A new edition of Rosa M. Kettle's *Carding Mill Valley.* (Weir.)—*A Guide for Pianoforte Students*, by R. Prentice. Grade I. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Ainger (A.), Essays of Elia, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	5/0
Armitage (E.), Lectures on Painting, cr 8vo	(Trübner)	7/6
Aynsley (J. C. M.), Our Tour in Southern India, 8vo	(F. V. White)	10/6
Benson (E. W.), Singleheart, cr 8vo	(Parker)	2 6
Boole (M.), Message of Psychic Science to Mothers and Nurses, 8vo	(Trübner)	5/0
Brown (R.), Eridanus, River, and Constellation, 4to	(Longman)	5/0
Chalmers (M. D.), Local Government, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	3/6
Chiltern (F.), Messengers of Truth, cr 8vo	(Tweedie)	1/6
Cowell (G.), Lectures on Cataract, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	4/6
Emerson (R. W.), Essays, 12mo	(Macmillan)	5/0
Engel (C.), Early History of the Violin, 8vo	(Novello)	7/6
Fergusson (J.), The Parthenon, 4to	(Murray)	21/0
Geldart (E.), Simplified Greek Grammar, cr 8vo	(Trübner)	2/6
Gibbon (C.), The Braes of Yarrow, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Gilder (W. H.), The Ice Pack, &c., 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	18/0
Halkett (S.) & Laing (G.), Dictionary of Anonymous, &c., Literature	(Simpkin)	42/0
Hulbert (C. A.), Annals of Church and Parish of Almondbury, 8vo	(Longman)	15/0
Jefferies (R.), Nature near London, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	6/0
McHardie (E.), The Midnight Cry, 8vo	(Partridge)	10/6
Pusey (E. B.), An Historic Sketch, by B. W. Savile, 8vo	(Longman)	3/0
Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian, cr 8vo	(Tinsley)	6/0
Richer (A.), Public-Examination Grammar, cr 8vo	(Relfe)	2/0
Row (C. A.), Revelation and Modern Theology, 8vo	(Williams & Norgate)	12/6
Sacred Books of the East—Fo-Sho-Hing-Tsan-King, 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press)	10/6
Sacred Books of the East, The Vinaya Texts, 8vo	(Oxford University Press)	10/6
Sacred Books of the East, Zend Avesta, 8vo	(Oxford University Press)	10/6
Schaff (P.), Religious Encyclopædia, Vol. 2, roy 8vo	(Clark)	24/0
Sime (W.), King Capital, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Blackwood)	17/0
Spurgeon (C.), Illusions and Meditations, 12mo	(Passmore)	2/6
Stanley (A. P.), Addresses, &c., Delivered in United States & Canada	(Murray)	6/0
Story (R. H.), Creed and Conduct, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	3/6
Student's Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge, 4to	(Hodder & Stonghton)	7/6
Thorold (F.), Story of a Year, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	6/0
Wall (A. J.), Indian Snake Poison, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	6/0
Westcott (B. F.), The Historic Faith, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Wilberforce (Bishop), Life of, Vol. 3, 8vo	(Murray)	15/0
Wordsworth (C.), Shakespere's Historical Plays, Vol. 3, cr 8vo	(Blackwood)	7/6
Wright (C. H. H), The Book of Koheleth, 8vo	(Hodder & Stonghton)	12/0

DEATH.

BEESLY.—On March 30th, at Seaton, Devon, Gorald James Beesly, aged 46.

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A PUBLIC MEETING, in AID of the LONDON HOSPITAL, WHITECHAPEL, E., will be HELD at the MANSION HOUSE, on FRIDAY, April 13th next, at Three o'clock p.m.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in the Chair.

The COMMITTEE have the pleasure to announce that,—

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., President,
His Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G.,
His Grace the Duke of Westminster, K.G., Vice-President,
The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., Vice-President,
The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.,
The Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, M.P.,
Sir H. W. Peek, Bart., M.P., Vice-President,
Sir Wm. Rose Robinson, K.C.S.I.,
O. E. Coope, Esq., M.P., Vice-President,
Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq., Treasurer,
J. H. Buxton, Esq., Chairman of the House Committee,
Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.,
James H. Crossman, Esq.,

And other Friends of the Charity, will take part in the proceedings.

A. H. HAGGARD, Secretary.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.—SEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be OFFERED for COMPETITION on July 24th.—For further particulars, apply to the Rev. the HEAD MASTER, School House, Sherborne.

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DISESTABLISHMENT.—The TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE of the LIBERATION SOCIETY will be held in LONDON, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 1st and 2nd. Delegates may be appointed by Congregations, and political and other Societies embracing objects cognate to those of the Society. Previous connection with the Society is not necessary, the only qualification being concurrence with its objects. Particulars may be obtained by addressing "The SECRETARIES," 2 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.

The usual MEETING at the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 2nd.

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For all particulars, apply to the REGISTRAR, University College, Liverpool.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—There will be an ELECTION in OCTOBER, 1883, to a DURAND SCHOLARSHIP, of the value of about £60 a year. This is confined in the first instance to the Sons of Indian Officers; also to FIVE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS. Candidates must be under 14 and over 12, on June 1st, 1883.—For particulars, apply to the BURSAR, Wellington College, Wokingham.

EIGHTH DIVISION OF PROFITS, Dec:, 1881.

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Further particulars may be obtained, on application to the SECRETARY, King Edward's School, New Street, Birmingham.

Birmingham, March 21st, 1883.

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TWO ASSISTANT-MISTRESSES being required in the Girls' Grammar School at Aston, Birmingham, Ladies who are desirous of becoming Candidates are requested to send in their applications and a copy of their testimonials to the Secretary, on or before the 18th day of April next. Salaries from £100 to £150 per annum, according to qualifications.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, King Edward's School, New Street, Birmingham.

Birmingham, April 3rd, 1883.

THE HIBBERT LECTURE, 1883.—A COURSE of TWELVE LECTURES on "The REFORMATION in its RELATION to MODERN THOUGHT and KNOWLEDGE," will be delivered by the Rev. CHARLES BEARD, B.A., of Liverpool, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on the following days, viz.:—Wednesday, 18th, Monday, 23rd, Wednesday, 25th, Monday, 30th, April; Wednesday, 2nd, Monday, 7th, Wednesday, 9th, Wednesday, 16th, Monday, 21st, Wednesday, 23rd, Wednesday, 30th, May; and Monday, June 4th; at 5 p.m. Admission to the Course of Lectures will be by ticket, without payment. Persons desirous of attending the Lectures are requested to send their Names and Addresses to Messrs. WILLIAMS and NORGATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., not later than April 10th, and as soon as possible after that date tickets will be issued to as many persons as the Hall will accommodate.

The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by Mr. Beard at Oxford in the Music Room, Holywell Street, at 4.30 p.m., on each of the following days, viz.:—Tuesday, 17th, Friday, 20th, Tuesday, 24th, Friday, 27th, April; Tuesday, 1st, Friday, 4th, Tuesday, 8th, Friday, 11th, Tuesday, 15th, Friday, 18th, Tuesday, 22nd, and Friday, 25th, May. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free, without ticket.

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Under the same Scheme, and with the same object in view, the Grocers' Company also propose to offer for competition, once in every four years, a Discovery Prize of the value of £1,000. The Prize is to be open to universal competition, British and Foreign. In the month of May next, the Court of the Company will announce the subject proposed for the first competition, which is to terminate at the end of 1886; and at the time of announcing the subject, they will announce the full conditions of the competition. Meanwhile, such of the conditions as are hitherto settled will be communicated by the Clerk of the Company, on request made as above.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Explosives Bill introduced by the Home Secretary passed both Houses on Monday night. In the Commons, although the Bill authorises judicial inquiry, with witnesses on oath, before any one has been arrested, and compels witnesses to criminate themselves, and authorises prisoners to give evidence, and throws the onus of proof on the accused, and punishes preparation to commit felony with fourteen years' penal servitude, it was not seriously challenged. Sir R. Cross warmly supported the Bill on behalf of the Conservative Party, no Irish Member opened his mouth, and the Bill was read three times in succession, and sent up to the Lords. There Lord Salisbury, to the consternation of his friends, burst into a savage denunciation of the Bill, as one drawn in a panic and forced upon the House by a surprise, and drew down upon himself a grave reproof from Lord Kimberley and Lord Selborne; but no Peer adhered to the Tory Chief, and before eleven o'clock the Bill was passed. It received the Royal Assent on the following morning, and is now law. There is some doubt whether, from its unusual wording, the prisoners now in custody might not be punished under it; but Mr. Poland stated distinctly when they were brought up on Thursday that the Act "did not apply to these men," though they might be tried for conspiracy or under the Treason-Felony Act, and would then be liable to ten years' penal servitude. It certainly was not intended to make the Act retrospective.

Lord Randolph Churchill fired off another letter against Sir Stafford Northcote and in favour of Lord Salisbury in Monday's *Times*, which would not have done much execution in any case, but being followed, as it fortunately was, by Lord Salisbury's explosion in the House of Lords on Monday night, only served to illustrate the singularly blind and undiscriminating judgment which Lord Randolph Churchill carries into political life. His chief contention is that Sir Stafford Northcote, instead of standing by Lord Salisbury on the question of the Arrears Bill, virtually threw him over, and rendered it impossible for Lord Salisbury to insist successfully on the Lords' Amendments; and that Sir Stafford would have joined the Government on the subject of the Bradlaugh dispute, but for Lord Beaconsfield's declaration on the other side. We do not in the least doubt that Lord Randolph is quite right on both heads. Sir Stafford Northcote is a genuine Conservative,—thoroughly indisposed to concede large Liberal demands, but also still more indisposed to excite the country by rash resistance to those demands, when he foresees that sooner or later they must be conceded. That is, of course, an attitude of mind very vexatious to the Tory Democrat who really believes that he could lash the nation into fury with the Liberals and their proposals; but then, where is the evidence that the Tory Democrat is, we do not say so much *right*, as even not very far wrong? Lord Salisbury seems to us to show as little sympathy with the genuine Tory instincts as he does with the genuine Democratic instincts, and Lord Randolph Churchill, in this respect, follows faithfully in the footsteps of Lord Salisbury.

The papers this week have been filled with dynamite. No further arrests have been made, but the police have been busily collecting evidence, and there are rumours that the person who can tell most has agreed to turn Queen's evidence. It is evident, from the language of the Home Secretary, that the Government consider that they are dealing with a regular plot,—the plot devised in America, "to bring the British Government to its knees," by blowing up London in fifteen places at once. Mr. Poland, indeed, stated at Bow Street, on Thursday, that this was his substantive charge against the prisoners. The police are acting with extraordinary energy and courage, and handle carboys of nitro-glycerine as if they were kegs of illicit whisky. They are only doing their duty, but other employés of the State, for doing acts not one whit more heroic, receive the Victoria Cross. We hope the Government will consider seriously whether there is any physiological difference between a serjeant in a regiment and a serjeant of police; and whether, if there is not, a reward for special service other than money would not greatly increase the ardour of the Force. We have had many Orders established of late for which less could be said than might be pleaded on behalf of a branch of the Victoria Cross for civic valour.

A private telegram of a serious kind has been received from China, and published in the *Times*. The writer, supposed to be the head of one of the greatest houses, believes that, with the recall of M. Bourrée, the French Minister at Pekin, the hope of peace has passed away. The Chinese will now defend Anam, and the French will find themselves engaged in a long and costly war, in which they must employ considerable forces. The impression at Pekin, we believe, was that M. Bourrée was in favour of a forward policy, but he may have patched up Tonquinese affairs in a way that M. Challemel-Lacour disapproves. At all events, it is evident that Minister intends to risk an encounter with China. It is simply impossible that a diplomatist of some experience, responsible for Foreign Affairs, should have gratuitously affirmed in the Senate that he must attack Anam *because* its ruler acknowledged Chinese suzerainty, unless he meant to set Pekin at defiance. The suzerainty is a fact of centuries, and the Empress-Regent must now either defend her vassal, or cede Anam to a European Power. There is little doubt among those who know China that the first serious resistance to the French in Tonqnin will be offered by Chinese Regulars, and that the expedition now arriving will consequently be found insufficient for its work.

The Government have determined not to make the Affirmation Bill retrospective, in other words, to make it apply only to persons elected after the passing of the Bill. This was the course taken in relation to the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829, and that is a precedent on all-fours with the present case. We cannot say that,—considering the evidence as to the superstitious condition of the clerical mind, and of those who are affected by the clerical mind,—we think the Government wrong in their decision. But, undoubtedly, we think that the Relief Bill would have been much more just, both in 1829 and now, if it had admitted at once to the Houses of Parliament duly elected Members, on their complying with the law as altered by the passing of the Bill. Mr. Bradlaugh, if the Bill passes in the shape now proposed, must resign, and seek re-election from his constituents, before he can be admitted to take the Affirmation. Whatever, therefore, the new Bill will be, it will not be a Bradlaugh Relief Bill. We, however, have always thought that where a clear injustice has been done,—were it to the meanest of mankind,—a Relief Bill, so

far from being undignified or discreditable, would be all the more honourable for the small esteem in which the person relieved by it was held.

Mr. Bradlaugh has succeeded in his appeal to the House of Lords on one point which is probably not an unimportant point for him. The House of Lords have decided, by three judicial votes against one—for we do not count Lord Denman's vote, which is not that of a lawyer, and ought never to have been given—to reverse the decision of the Court below on the question whether the informer in Mr. Bradlaugh's case can claim the penalty of £500 for every vote given by Mr. Bradlaugh in the House of Commons, or whether Mr. Bradlaugh only becomes liable to that penalty on the claim of the Attorney-General, as representing the Crown. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Watson, and Lord Fitzgerald gave judgment that under the wording of the Act of 1866, the Crown only could claim the penalty to which Mr. Bradlaugh had rendered himself liable; Lord Blackburn, on the other hand, declaring (with the probably unwelcome adhesion of Lord Denman) that, in his belief, there was nothing in the statute of 1866 to indicate that any intention existed of changing the law which previously governed that point, and that it should, therefore, be interpreted on that point consistently with the tenour of the statutes which it repealed and replaced. The majority of the Court held, on the other hand, that as the statute of 1866 omitted the words allowing any informer to claim the penalty, it must be assumed that it omitted them intentionally, and that the penalty was only to be forfeited on the demand of the Crown. Mr. Bradlaugh, therefore, is not liable for the fines to Mr. Newdegate's representative, and as the Crown has not prosecuted him, it is not likely that he will be asked to pay anything beyond his own costs. If Mr. Bradlaugh were not forbidden by his creed to indulge any religious emotion, he might well have thanked God that there is a House of Lords, a very curious element of our institutions to become the shield and buckler of Mr. Bradlaugh.

At the annual dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers, which took place last Saturday, Mr. Bright, who answered for the House of Commons, made some remarks on the inconveniences of doing work in an assembly of which a large minority always pulls in the direction opposed to that of the majority. His observations appeared to imply that he envied the engineers their administrative unanimity in projecting and executing any great work. But surely that is very like a pair of scales envying a hammer the promptness and directness of its execution. The duty of a representative Assembly is, in the first place, to weigh opinions, and only in the second place to give them effect in action. Mr. Bright went on to argue that the isolation which is secured to us by the Channel is no guarantee for peace, and that if the engineers can tunnel successfully under the Channel, that will bring us more promise of peace than any insulating "silver streak" can secure to us. We have said something of Mr. Bright's almost superstitious faith in the efficacy of physical traffic and the means of traffic, in another column. We may add here that we heartily second Mr. Bright's hope that, in this matter of the Channel Tunnel, we should act coolly, and "not under the influence of panic." It is precisely, indeed, the panics which the Channel Tunnel—once opened—would be likely to cause, which we want the public to anticipate in imagination, before deliberately sanctioning the step which would bring them upon us.

The Conservatives made very little of their reply to Mr. Childers's Budget speech on Monday. Indeed, their reply was not to his facts, but to inferences which they feared that the country would draw from his facts. The simple truth is, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer put it, that leaflets describing in most misleading terms the alleged financial crimes of the Government, have been distributed in thousands in all the great boroughs, which it was simply the Chancellor of the Exchequer's duty to answer by actually comparing the achievements of the two Governments in paying off Debt and in paying for the wars in which they had embarked. Neither Mr. W. H. Smith, nor Lord George Hamilton, was able to put his finger on a single misstatement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; while Sir S. Northcote fell into some curious blunders, in his effort to justify his own finance and to depreciate that of his successor. Thus, he represented the efficiency of the Army and Navy last year, at the time of the Egyptian expedition, as due to the purchase of ships and stores made with the vote of credit asked for by the Tory Government, the fact being that the stores of that time had been wholly consumed long before the date of the Egyptian expedition. Sir S. Northcote romanced also in attributing the unpreparedness of the Military and Naval services in 1878 to the undue economy of the Liberal Government which went out of office in 1874, and this though every penny which the Tories had asked for between 1874 and 1878 had been granted at once by the House of Commons. In point of fact, the Tory attack on the Budget speech was a failure, and probably felt to be a failure by the party. When the storm of criticism subsided, Mr. Childers remained in possession of the field.

Mr. Barry on Wednesday brought forward Mr. Healy's Bill creating Elective Councils for Irish Counties, giving them full powers of local taxation, and the right of nominating Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, and all other county officers. The Bill—which is absurdly extreme, as it introduces an elective Magistracy, which, in the only place where it exists, the City of London, we are about to abolish—was warmly supported by the Parnellite Members, but resisted by the Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Trevelyan showed that it left most important questions—for example, the right of the Councils to tax as Improvement Boards—entirely unsettled; but he rested his argument mainly on the inability of the Government to take any such Bill from a private Member. No responsible Government would touch such a measure without having its details ready, and being prepared to carry it through as a Cabinet Bill. The second reading was, therefore, defeated by 231 to 58. If the Irish are sincere in desiring local self-government, they should press it on Mr. Gladstone, not bring forward crude Bills which could not be worked, and which will make the Government Bill, when it comes, seem tame. We are heartily for local self-government in Ireland, but we reject the election of magistrates, either there or anywhere else.

Mr. Parnell concluded the debate in a bitter speech, which left his general policy less intelligible than ever. After making the Parliamentary but perfectly useless points that Mr. Gladstone, who supported local government in Ireland, was absent from this discussion, and that Mr. Trevelyan, though now objecting to receive such a Bill from a private Member, had in the last Parliament voted for a similar private Member's Bill—as if Mr. Trevelyan could learn nothing from official experience—he threatened future action. In a very short time a reformed Parliament, based on household suffrage, and with a very different set of Ministers, would "settle the question upon Radical and permanent lines." Let us trust that may prove a true prophecy, at least as to the finality of the settlement; but Mr. Parnell, who makes it, on every vacancy orders his followers to vote against the Liberals. That is to say, he believes in the Millennium, and hopes for it, but does his uttermost to keep it back. What is the sense of anticipating everything from Radicals, and at the same time telling the Irish of Liverpool not to vote for Mr. Smith. The only effect of that course is to make Radicals believe that Irishmen are incapable of political gratitude.

Lord Alcester (Admiral Seymour) and Lord Wolseley were on Wednesday presented, the former with the freedom of the City of London, and the latter with an address of congratulation, enclosed in a gold casket. They were subsequently entertained at a banquet at the Mansion House, where they and the Duke of Cambridge and the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Childers all made speeches. These were none of them very good, though Lord Wolseley took the opportunity of Mr. Childers leaving the War Office to pass a warm eulogium on his services in the recent campaign—a gracefully timed recognition—and for once, the Duke of Cambridge's was the best. He spoke with a directness and jerky plainness which were effective. "I am all for moral influence. What does moral influence mean? It means physical force to back it;" and physical force not latent, but ready for use, at what, in our days, "is very short notice indeed." Moral influence is an excellent thing, but "it is the power of an empire which produces moral influence." That is only a bit of a truth, for after all, moral weight has belonged to Powers physically very feeble,—the Papacy, for example, cannot fire a shot, but is a formidable antagonist,—but it is a bit which, amidst a deluge of sentiment, it is useful to recall. The Law, which is moral influence made concrete, is on the side of the policeman; but still, a wise

Commissioner picks six-foot candidates, and prefers that they be plucky.

There never was such a position as that of the Czar of Russia. Europe and Asia are being ransacked to increase the splendour of his coronation, the church where the ceremonial is performed will be entirely filled with Princes, Grand Dukes, Ambassadors, and Bishops, and the crowds of grandees swarming up from the whole world are raising rents in Moscow till, on the days of festivity, they will exceed the normal standard by two thousand per cent. All Europe is interested and all Russia excited, and the centre of the whole scene, the all-powerful Czar, is to enter the city by a circuitous railway route, which will be strictly concealed. He may come in from east or west, for if he comes by the direct road he will be blown up. The precaution is an extreme one, but many signs indicate that the danger is real. The Revolutionists, in Russia as well as abroad, have formally warned the Czar that he shall not be crowned, one mine has already been discovered, and in every Continental capital there is a murmur among the zealots as of expectation. It is simply impossible to recede, but there will not be a moment of the ceremony during which its hero will not believe that he is being "covered" by an assassin. It is a strange passage, however it may end, in the history of despotism. The Cæsar rarely died in his bed, but at least he was safe while his Lictors were round him.

The *Times* of Thursday intimates that Lord Dufferin, after his visit to Constantinople and to England, will not return to Egypt. That would be a grave misfortune to that country, as any diplomatist who might take his place—say Sir R. Morier, Minister at Lisbon, or Mr. White, Minister at Bucharest—the latter a man familiar with Turkish provinces—would hold a much less weighty influence, and have much to learn, especially about persons, from the beginning. We trust Lord Dufferin will return to Cairo in spite of the rumour that if Lord Ripon resigns in December, owing to his wife's health, Lord Dufferin may be appointed Viceroy. He deserves the Indian post, which he wished for when he was despatched to Canada, but the difficulty of replacing him at Cairo is almost insuperable. The question raised by the *Times* as to the status of our Representative in Egypt is easily settled. We constantly supplement the regular Ambassador by an Envoy Extraordinary—for instance, that was Lord Beaconsfield's official position at Berlin—and there is no reason why the Envoy Extraordinary to the Sultan should not reside in Cairo, which is technically within the Sultan's dominion.

The Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway Bill, otherwise the Bill for destroying Borrowdale, has been withdrawn. The promoters persisted till they reached the Lords, but at last even they felt the indignation of every educated man in England.

Mr. Justice Fry is to be the new Lord Justice in place of Lord Justice Brett who has been made Master of the Rolls. Sir E. Fry is one of the soundest lawyers on the Bench, and will make a very good Judge of Appeal,—especially if he will beware of the danger of refining and making too much depend on single issues not of the widest kind. He is at once lucid and conscientious, and while grumblers might call him too scrupulous a Judge, even grumblers would find it difficult to name any other Judge so fit for the Court of Appeal. His forte is discrimination, and his danger is excess in the same direction. Mr. A. L. Smith is to be raised to the vacant seat on the Bench.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury received yesterday week a deputation bringing up the address against the Affirmation Bill, signed by nearly 14,000 of the Clergy, but his Grace's reply was very guarded. He reserved the chief part of what he had to say on the ground that he should probably have to speak his mind in another place. He observed, nevertheless, that he could see no abstract irreligion in substituting an affirmation for an oath, and he pointed out that it was by a simple declaration that the clergy now repudiate the crime of simony, and by a declaration that they give their assent to the Articles and the Book of Common Prayer. The Archbishop intimated that if any change were made, it should be made on religious grounds, and ought not to be open to the sort of interpretation to which the deputation had alluded,—the interpretation, we presume, that an Atheist was, somehow or other, to be got into the House of Commons. The Archbishop's remarks were cautious but not unsatisfactory so far as they went. But we should like to see our clergy openly admitting that there *is* a religious motive in doing plain political justice, even to a man whose *morale* and whose scorn for religion we heartily detest and repudiate.

The debate on Tuesday night on Mr. O'Connor Power's large proposals for an extensive scheme of Irish migration,—*i.e.*, for removing the Irish peasants from the bad land in the west to better land elsewhere in Ireland which they are to be aided to reclaim,—seems to us to have disposed finally of the dream that any such scheme is feasible, or offers the slightest prospect of success. He proposed to spend three millions sterling in buying half a million of acres of reclaimable land, and two millions more in draining and building, so as to render them habitable, which would provide farms of twenty acres each for 25,000 Irish peasants. Mr. Trevelyan showed that the cost of this operation would greatly exceed £5,000,000, while the prospect of ever getting the expenditure back again would be extremely bad; whereas the same number of people could be established in comfort in Canada or the United States for a sum not greatly exceeding £625,000, about one-eighth of the sum which Mr. O'Connor Power demands for the far more risky operation which he proposed. Mr. Trevelyan's speech seems to us to have proved to demonstration that emigration, and not migration within the island, is the true remedy for the extreme poverty of the West Coast. Mr. O'Connor Power's motion was rejected, in favour of Lord Lymington's recommendation of emigration, by 99 to 33; and then Lord Lymington's proposal was put, and negatived without a division, on the ground that, though it suggested the right remedy, it suggested it in an impracticable form.

The *Times* of yesterday argues for the keeping up of the useless and futile Bishopric of Jerusalem, on no ground whatever that we can understand, except that a few English tourists might like it, and that it will be a lasting monument of the willingness of the Anglican Church to ally itself with the Lutheran and Calvinist Church of Prussia. At least, that is the only meaning which we can give to its reply to the very pertinent question, "What has the Bishopric done, and why should any attempt be made to retain it?" That reply is apparently that at least it had the merit of forcing Dr. Newman into the Church of Rome. To advocate the sending of a Bishop where he has no see and no clergy worth talking of, that he may comfort the minds of a few tourists, and remind Englishmen at home that the Anglican Church once at least proclaimed itself nearer to a Lutheran and Calvinist Church than to the Church of Rome, is one of the most puerile suggestions ever made by an English journalist. That is not half as sensible as a proposal to keep up the burning of the effigy of Guy Fawkes on November 5th, because it pleases many boys, and reminds the English public of the bloody intentions of a few Romanising traitors. Will the *Times* write next November deploring the disuse into which the burning of effigies of Guy Fawkes has unfortunately fallen?

James Stephens, the well-known Fenian head-centre, has written a remarkable letter to the Paris Correspondent of the *Standard*. In it he declares that if the defenders of the dynamite policy can only be crushed speedily, the Parnellites and the Irish Republican Brotherhood will be able, and will be compelled, to unite in one compact party for the deliverance of Ireland by force of arms. Mr. Parnell, by no fault of his own, has totally failed in his constitutional agitation. Stephens adds his belief that Mr. Parnell will ultimately agree to this course, as did Washington, Lord E. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Smith O'Brien. He believes that an insurrection, provided its object is separation, might, if carefully organised, be successful, and looks to a subsequent alliance with England so close as to be virtually federal. The total absence of insurrectionary plots in Ireland during the last few years, and the expressed repugnance of the leaders to the idea of a rising, will be quoted by the historians of the future as the strangest fact to be noted in the struggle. It seems to show either that the Irish leaders are less in earnest than they are supposed to be, or that they believe their followers to be so. Their excuse, the disproportion of force, is inadmissible. The disproportion is far less than that between the Low Countries and Spain, the American Colonies and England, the Highlanders and England in 1745, or La Vendée and France.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 102½ to 102⅝.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE DYNAMITE BILL.

THE living force remaining in our Parliamentary institutions was severely tested on Monday evening. The Houses were called upon to act rather like a Convention entrusted with power to do anything necessary for the safety of the people, than as deliberative bodies charged to discuss all proposals thoroughly before reducing them to law. One of those emergencies had occurred, happily so rare in our history, in which deliberation is in itself an evil, in which the thousand or more persons who make up the National Committee of Safety must act, instead of debating,—must recognise that the ship is on fire, and that the alternatives are obedience to the officers or a grand calamity. The Home Secretary informed the House of Commons on his responsibility that the rumoured plot for the destruction of London was a reality, that "the pirates of the human race"—they are rather its enemies, for pirates seek plunder—were preparing to use those malignant gifts of science, the new explosives, for the destruction of parts of the capital; that though many had been arrested, fresh agents were immediately expected to arrive, and that the law was insufficient to enable the Government to deal with them. It was necessary to act at once, and to depart from many cherished principles of English legislation. He called upon them to authorise the prisoner to claim the right of giving evidence, to enable the Magistrates to insist on answers criminating a witness—though such answers will not be produced against him—to sanction inquiries on oath when no one is in custody, to make British subjects responsible for acts done abroad, to make illicit possession of explosives of itself a felony punishable with fourteen years' penal servitude, and to declare design when accompanied by preparation equivalent to successful action. There was material for a night's debate in every clause of the Bill, and in ordinary times parties would have divided in defence of or attack on every new principle it implies. There was, too, exactly that condition of parties which might tempt such a division. The regular Opposition is eager for chances of effective debate, and not indisposed to waste time during which it is supposed that the popularity of the Government is diminishing. An irregular opposition of Free Lances, composed of four clever aspirants, and six or seven eccentrics, bores, and Irreconcileables, is favourable to veiled obstruction as an effective policy. More than thirty Irish Members have shown that they consider Obstruction a weapon to be used on behalf of Ireland, and were suspected—unfairly, we believe, as regards the majority—of considering Sir W. Harcourt's "pirates" a forlorn-hope from their own army. Debate, which would be equivalent to failure, seemed eminently possible until the Houses sat; but once assembled, the Houses acted as if obstruction had never been a possibility. One single voice, that of the Tory Chief in the Lords, was heard in protest against rapid legislation; and for the rest, both Houses were unanimous. The Tories helped on the Bill heartily. The Irish Irreconcileables stayed away. The Fourth Party, the eccentrics, and the bores cowered before what they felt to be the national command, and a Bill which in principle is as stringent as any ever passed for the repression of crime in Ireland, a Bill which is really a milder Thuggee law, was swept through both Houses in a night, and was law on the following morning. And it would have been law had any one of the smaller factions ventured to oppose, for they would, in the determined mood of the Houses and the country, have been silenced or expelled, without consideration for any consequences, except the passing of the Bill. Parliament, in fact, showed itself a true exponent of the feelings of the people, rose to the height of the national danger, and met the declaration of war hurled at the country by the enemies of society with all the vigour and, we need not say, with five times the force that could have been displayed by any form of Dictatorship. The Houses were not carried away, either. The Bill is pronounced by the watchful Americans, who on many occasions play to England the part of posterity, "very mild," the single clause which might be perverted was pointed out, and the merciful clause, which allows the accused to give his own evidence in contradiction to that of accusers, a right invaluable when motive is so completely the essence of the crime, was passed as readily as the clauses which punish.

Whether the Bill is an adequate Bill, remains to be proved; but we think it is. There is no moral reason in the world against inflicting death on those who prepare explosions of which death is an intended or is certain to be an incidental consequence; but there are reasons of expediency against it, the strongest being the difficulty of retaining extreme measures as permanent parts of the law. The present conspiracy, if experience may be trusted, will come shortly to an end, the excessive tension involved acting on the conspirators like a nervous disease; but the danger from science in malignant hands must remain permanent. Human curiosity, which we dignify so often with such fine names, has undone the casket, and the released Genius cannot be again confined. Scoundrels of all kinds are aware of nitro-glycerine, and all safeguards against crime are impaired thereby. No antidote is possible to the nitricized combustibles, or to those, still more dangerous, which do not destroy, but burn or asphyxiate—*vide* Colonel Majendie's effort to destroy the contents of the Birmingham carboys—and the preventive laws must not, therefore, offend the national conscience in its normal state. The punishments are sufficient, and the real object of the Act, which is to untie the hands of the official investigators, who form our first line of defence, is most ably pursued. It is in prevention, it must not be forgotten, that safety is to be found. The Dynamiteurs—we had better adopt the French word at once—may yet secure, what they have not yet secured, fanatics as agents, and then punishment will not be of much avail. It is to prevention we must look, and the Bill authorises search as it would be authorised in a magazine with lucifers suspected to be hidden therein, enables Magistrates to take evidence at discretion, to correlate evidence, and to question criminal witnesses, and, in short, does everything that Irish experience has proved to be of value. These powers will be ably used. There are plenty of Magistrates in England with Mr. Jenkinson's special faculty for tracing out crime—though Government was beaten by some of the worse Trades' Unions—and the Police, under the new call upon their energies, are developing quite unexpected force. Their behaviour in presence of the new danger, which, it must be remembered, keenly affects the imagination, has been splendid, and has called out deserved encomiums in every Continental capital. Sergeants not specially picked travel miles with sleeping volcanoes between their knees, which, as they know, an extra rough jolt or an overturn might suddenly make active. They enter buildings which could in an instant be blown, with themselves, to atoms, without a shade of hesitation; and watch places compared with which a powder magazine is a secure residence, for weeks, with unflagging zeal. One policeman in particular seems to have chosen a house which he knew, "from his chemical studies," to be perpetually exporting nitro-glycerine, as the proper place for him to sleep near. The work of detection, too, appears to have been honourably as well as vigilantly done, there being no trace of the employment of *agents provocateurs*, and no squeamishness whatever in ascertaining facts. The former device cannot be justified by any danger; but mere search, however secret, is, when legal, exactly on the same footing as the opening of letters under a Home-Office Warrant,—that is, it is a regrettable expedient, to be adopted only when the public safety requires, but then not to be neglected. That safety does require that a suspicion of manufacturing hundredweights of nitro-glycerine should be rebutted or confirmed, even though skeleton keys have to be employed by responsible officers in the process. With the new energy of the Police, the new powers of the Justices, and the aroused vigilance of the working-classes—who entirely object to have their children blown up at the bidding of persons in safety at a distance—and with steady avoidance of panic, we may, we believe, keep the enemy at a distance. If not, it must not be forgotten that English mining industries went on very well before nitro-glycerine was discovered, and that we cannot afford to cheapen stone, and slate, and coal, and tunnel work at any expenditure of uninterested human life. The explosion of cities must be prevented, if we have to buy up all the dynamite factories in the country, and make the Government sole manufacturer and possessor of the new artillery. States are not bound by any commercial consideration whatever to allow of private war, any more than they are bound to allow the construction of tunnels which may prevent seasickness, at the cost of a conscription.

LORD SALISBURY'S ESCAPADE.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Monday letters are likely to obtain a certain success, if one may call it success, as fiascos. Last week, his Monday letter in favour of

Lord Salisbury, was followed by far the most enthusiastic demonstration in favour of Sir Stafford Northcote which that statesman has yet obtained in the House of Commons. This week his Monday letter to prove that Lord Salisbury is the only leader under whom the Conservative Party can ever act with force and unity, was followed within only a few hours by a most curious and striking demonstration on the part of Lord Salisbury himself,—undertaken, one would almost say, for the very purpose of destroying the idol which Lord Randolph Churchill had set up, and proving that the one man in the Conservative Party who is resolved to mortify every Conservative instinct, is the Marquis of Salisbury. "It is impossible," wrote Lord Randolph on Monday morning, "to foresee what may be the effect on the Liberal Party of the very liberal use of dynamite which has recently been made, and with which we are still threatened." Lord Salisbury himself was determined to verify in a most unexpected manner Lord Randolph Churchill's shrewd *aperçu*. The Marquis is, it is said, a scientific chemist, and possibly he had been trying his own hand on the experimental manufacture of dynamite. At all events, he felt so profound a sympathy with the makers of dynamite that he determined to explode a little moral nitro-glycerine of his own in defence of their rights, and before Lord Randolph's letter had been fairly digested by the greater number of his party, Lord Salisbury was heard in the House of Lords heaping the most contemptuous reproaches on the Government for their Explosive Substances Bill, accusing them of having "made a breach in the courtesy of the House," of having "practised a manœuvre on our Parliamentary system," and, to the horror of the Conservative Peers present,—whose blood almost ran cold as they heard their Leader making his furious onslaught on the Government for the energetic proposal with which they ask leave to deal with the party of Dynamite,—threatening the Government that when the Conservative turn comes, the Tories will spring a mine on the Liberals in the very same way.

Probably no speech ever made in Parliament in our time has been heard with a greater sense of surprise and dismay. Some have conjectured that the only explanation of it is that Lord Salisbury fears a descent on the laboratory at Hatfield under the new Act, and resents the restrictions put upon his daring investigations into the chemistry of nitro-glycerine. Be that as it may, the explosion at the Local Government Office itself did not cause so much emotion as Lord Salisbury's speech. The House of Commons had passed the measure through all its stages without a division, and almost without a conversation, Sir Stafford Northcote not even opening his mouth, and Sir R. Cross, as the Conservative Home Secretary, giving the Bill his most cordial approval, though with some expression of hesitation as to the permanent character of its fourth section,—the section which would touch Lord Salisbury, if, indeed, he did attempt the manufacture of any appreciable quantity of nitro-glycerine in his private laboratory. But when Sir William Harcourt pointed out that no prosecution could take place under the Act except with the consent of the Attorney-General, and that in order to deal with the nameless owners of dynamite whose motives it is impossible to prove, it is absolutely essential to take vague powers, though it will be necessary, of course, to use them with the utmost discretion,—Sir R. Cross gave way at once, and even entreated the House not to diminish the responsibility of the Government for a measure adopted distinctly on their advice, by resisting any of its clauses. When the Bill, thus passed through all its stages in the Lower House within something like an hour, came up to the Lords, the last thing which anybody expected was that it would find its most bitter assailant in the leader of the Tory party. It was a measure which, had the Tories been in power, they might have proposed with some hesitation to the Liberals, knowing how constitutionally reluctant Liberals are to grant very large and vague powers to any Administration, even for the better protection of life and property. But it was a measure against which nobody dreamt that one of the richest and most arbitrary nobles in the kingdom, and one to whom all those who are rich and arbitrary look to denounce fiercely the democratic assailants of wealth and power, would take up the cudgels. Yet Lord Salisbury accused the Government of availing themselves of a popular panic for the purpose of excusing a violation of the Constitution and a trick on the usages of Parliament. We believe that the few Conservative Peers present felt as if a chasm had opened suddenly at their feet when they saw how near they had been to making a supreme leader of the man who thus attacked a measure after their own hearts. What did these Conservatives think of Lord R. Churchill's prophesying, after they had listened to Lord Salisbury's plea for the liberty of dynamite, as they read and re-read Lord Randolph's assertions that in the matter of the Arrears Bill, and in the matter of the Oaths or Affirmation, Lord Salisbury had been right and Sir Stafford Northcote wrong? They must have impatiently asked themselves what either Arrears Bills or Affirmation Bills matter, compared with power to put down these attempts to blow up London, and compared with the indecency of a Tory leader personally attacking the Government of the day for frankly asking the power it needs to put them down. Lord Randolph Churchill is certainly very unlucky. His suggestion that the "liberal use of dynamite,"—Lord Randolph does not spell "liberal" with a capital letter, but he evidently intended to play upon that meaning of the word,—might produce some vast change in the policy of the Liberal party, who might be induced to meet dynamite by proposing revolution, showed a real instinct of what was in the wind, though a perverted instinct. He scented danger, but he scented it from the wrong quarter. It was the Tory leader of his own heart who was meditating a liberal use of dynamite for the better guidance of the Tory party,—who was meditating the *coup* of blowing up his own reputation by an explosion in favour of Explosives.

After this, it is very little use discussing who may have been right and who wrong in relation to the Oath or Affimation question, or in relation to the Arrears Bill. It is interesting to know on such good authority, what, however, was pretty well known before, that Sir Stafford Northcote originally sided with the Government on the Bradlaugh question, and was only brought over to the view of those champions of orthodoxy Sir H. Drummond Wolff and Lord Percy by the authority of Lord Beaconsfield. It is interesting to be assured that Lord Salisbury wanted to throw out the Arrears Bill on the second reading, and would have carried his party in the House of Lords with him, had not Sir Stafford intervened to plead for amendments; and had he not promised that if the amendments were rejected, he would support Lord Salisbury in throwing out the Bill. All these facts betray, what, indeed, no one who knows Sir Stafford Northcote can doubt, that he understands the genuine Conservatism of the country,—the spirit that dislikes change, and yet is never prepared for too violent a resistance to strongly supported change,—far better than Lord Salisbury. Sir Stafford Northcote, no doubt, like all Conservative statesmen, believes that when he surrenders the outworks he is not surrendering the citadel itself, but is going to make a strenuous defence in the citadel. Only when the moment comes for that strenuous defence, his prudence tells him that it is useless, and he surrenders the citadel too. That is not very gallant leadership. But it is thoroughly Conservative leadership. It is the kind of leadership that the timid party like, and what they are, on the whole accustomed to. Lord Salisbury does not belong to the timid party, and does not in the least understand them. He belongs to the raging party, the party that would smite democracy hip and thigh, if it could, from Dan even to Beersheba, but that if it could not, would welcome destruction on itself, rather than not express its passionate detestation of democracy in a pitched battle, however disastrous. He is the Coriolanus of our day; and no doubt, part of his interest in dynamite is a sort of dumb sympathy with restrained and captive violence such as that which burns within his own soul. A devotee of political epilepsy like Lord Randolph Churchill may well fix on Lord Salisbury as his trusted leader. But the true Conservative party, which dislikes nothing more intensely than political epilepsy, will not follow him. Sir Stafford Northcote has an easy game to play, which consists chiefly in holding his tongue, and letting his rival ruin his own cause. The fiasco of Monday night will not soon be forgotten. We take it that after that, Lord Salisbury has about as much chance of being recognised as Commander-in-Chief of the Conservative Party as O'Donovan Rossa himself.

THE REASONS FOR PAYING-OFF DEBT.

IT is worth while to consider the arguments for paying-off English Debt, for there is more latent distaste for Mr. Childers' proposals in that direction than their reception in Parliament would indicate. Everybody accepts them, but everybody does not like them; and if the electors were, as in France, the Fundholders, the resistance might speedily be perceptible. The opposition, which as yet is hardly overt, comes from two classes. A good many men, of whom Mr. Hubbard,

we see, has made himself the spokesman, question whether the payment of Debt is really as beneficial to the country as the remission of taxes. You pay off an obligation, they say, to the extent of a million a year, and that money stays in the pockets of the people; but if you remit a tax of a million, the money also stays, and so, in addition, does all the profit from the fresh trade produced by every remission. If the tea-duty is taken off, for example, the poor benefit by the reduced cost of their tea, and, in addition, the exporter, the importer, the shipowner, and the distributing shopkeeper benefit by the increased consumption. That argument quite carries away some men, who forget that, apart altogether from the general reasons of State policy, which we give below, every remission of a tax tends, in the first instance, to benefit a class, the traders; while every reduction of Debt directly relieves the whole community, which is not only taxed for the Debt, but is answerable for its security. There might, of course, be a tax so bad in principle or oppressive in its incidence, that no reduction of Debt could be as valuable as the remission of the impost; but, unless we consider tobacco a necessity, or believe the Income-tax to be deducted from the wage-paying fund, instead of the fund for buying superfluities—as is now nearly, though not quite, true—no such tax can be said to remain. Those who oppose reduction of Debt on this ground are not, however, so formidable as those who dislike it on another. These are the whole body of Trustees, including Corporations like the Hospitals, timid investors, and men interested in Banks, Insurance Companies, and all the concerns which must place large sums in securities at once safe and saleable at short notice. They know perfectly well the first secret of 'Change—that, as compared with the bulk of the Debt, the quantity of Consols bought and sold is very small indeed; they see that Two and a half per cent. Stock mounts with the steadiness of mercury in fine weather, and they fear that with the heavy and continuous purchases arranged by Mr. Childers, Consols will speedily reach the point—105, we believe—at which conversion becomes a financial certainty. They see a gaunt spectre before them, a National Stock yielding only two and a half per cent., with a subsidiary Stock behind that yielding only two; and they ask, with deep sighs, half of alarm and half of fatness, what, then, will be the use of accumulating cash? Every safe investment sympathises with Consols, their great old rival, Land, is terribly out of favour, and it seems possible that 2 per cent. may, within ten years, be for the time a usual minimum dividend. Some of our readers will smile, but in every country except England and America this odd fear—a fear, in truth, lest one's credit should be too good—weighs heavily on Treasuries, preventing operations of great profit to the taxpayer. In France in particular, the Treasury is at this moment paying £2,250,000 a year more than it need, from a fear that the peasant holders of the Fives will be enraged if they are suddenly paid off, or offered Fours.

There is, of course, no danger from this fear in England, where the notion of taxing the people for a needless payment to Fundholders would be scouted; but still it operates silently, and it is well every now and then to state the great reasons for paying Debt. One distinctly is a moral one, that if we have borrowed foolishly or lavishly—and we have undoubtedly done both, though not on our grandfathers' scale—we ought to pay off our own Debt, if we can, and not burden posterity for ever. Posterity is justly liable for any cost of insurance, but not in the same degree for the cost of blundering. Of course, it must pay, just as the son of a drunkard must pay for his father's drunkenness; but the liability is more an affliction than a duty. Another reason, a temporary one, is the certainty that, as gold is becoming appreciated—we wish Mr. Goschen would give us a better word—the Debt must, while that process continues, press more heavily, the interest on Consols being guaranteed in gold. A third argument is the strong probability that this generation is eating too greedily of the great cake, its territorial fortune. We may be exhausting the soil, we are certainly exhausting the woods, the quarries, and the brick-fields, and we shall shortly be exhausting the coal-mines. There may be remedies for this, for we do not know what science will do for us,—if we could store the electricity developed, for instance, by the tide, we might almost dispense with coal,—but the probability of exhaustion is great enough to be considered, as is also the chance that emigration may at no distant date deplete the population of Great Britain, as well as of Ireland. There is no present danger, for the emigrants, though they carry away energy, leave room for those left behind to use their energies in; but a large reduction of population would make the Debt a much more serious weight. We should stagger under it, if we were only twenty millions, with a soil pining for a period of recuperation, and producing, therefore, poor crops,—a state of affairs which many keen observers believe to have already arrived in Ireland. To pay off Debt under such circumstances is only wise, as wise as it would be in a landlord who expected a fall of rents to clear off his mortgages while his income remained at its high level. Englishmen hardly feel the taxes just now—the true secret of the tendency to increased Estimates—and they should utilise their prosperity to reduce the burdens on their future.

The grand reason for paying Debt is, however, none of these, but a very different one. We want to strengthen the credit of the State, as the cheapest and best of all Insurances. That Credit is, in truth, a gigantic force, which enables England even now to maintain her position in the world without a conscription, and which may hereafter enable her to undertake great schemes for the internal benefit of the people. The ability to raise huge sums at once rapidly and cheaply is the steam-power in our engine. The Continent smiles at our Army, but does not want to provoke us, because it knows that it could be quintupled for defence without the Treasury quaking. A hundred millions a year would give us a million of men, and we could spend that for five years, and still be burdened only with an extra fourpence on the Income-tax and threepence a pound on sugar. That is a brutal form of stating the truth, but it is a truth; and in the truth, which becomes more true with every payment of Debt, is the most potent application of the principle of Insurance. We have not to pay the money, because we could pay it. If any one doubts that, let him look at the position of the United States. That grand Republic has no Fleet, and on the water could hardly fight Spain. But she has reduced her Debt by strenuous paying to a trifling amount, barely ten millions a year, and every one knows that if she wanted a fleet to blow Spain out of the water, or to contest the seas with us, she would buy and build one in twelve months. Her payment of her Debt is an insurance not only against defeat, but against attack. Nor is this all. If there is one movement in modern society which is gaining in distinctness, startling distinctness, it is that which impels the whole community to use its aggregate force for the benefit of the suffering masses at its base. Call it Socialism, or any nickname you please, but the impulse is there. At this moment, England has given sixty millions,—the capital value of the permanent tax of three millions,—for the education of the Poor. At this moment, Lord Salisbury, the Tory chief, not the Liberal, has publicly stated that it would be well for the State to assist in rehousing the body of the people, that is, practically to rebuild, or repair, or improve the majority of the six million houses in the country, a task of appalling extent. It is certain that not only will such propositions continue to be made, but that some of them, once reduced to solid plans, will sooner or later be carried out. The Democracy will not live in wretchedness, if it can be comfortable without plunder. The whole question, whether this movement shall be ruinously costly, that is, shall involve such taxation as will make industry languish, or shall be comparatively cheap, will depend in the long-run on State credit, and that is dependent on payment of the Debt. Suppose, again to put the matter with brutal distinctness, it took a loan of £500,000,000 to repair the lacunæ in our civilisation, the bad housing of the people being one of them. What would that cost in dividend? At present, probably four per cent., or £20,000,000 a year; but, if conversion could be effected, and a Two per Cent. Loan be started, it might be only three per cent., or only £15,000,000. In other words, Mr. Childers' principle would have increased the potency of the State for social improvement, as well as for battle, by one-fourth, a calculation which is possibly in excess of present truth, but which will bring the actual truth home to all minds. That truth is, that not only is every hundred millions we pay off available for future expenditure, but available at a lower rate, the investors thinking the State promise still more secure. In other words, if we could gradually pay the whole Debt off, the Kingdom could raise a thousand millions for any beneficial or needful purpose, and then be no more burdened than it is now. We despair of conveying to our readers an accurate impression of the magnitude of that force, for a mouth-filling phrase like a thousand millions—though it is only two-thirds of the French Debt—is, except to financiers, beyond realisation; but perhaps this will give them some idea of it:—The power to raise a thousand millions means

the power to employ a million of workers or fighters at £1 a week for twenty years. Of course, the Debt will not be paid, though the Americans are setting such an example; but Mr. Childers's heavy blows at it, which he would redouble if the Representatives encouraged him, do proportionately store up new force for the State, which Parliament may in twenty years employ in furthering great efforts for the improvement of the condition of the people. Socialism, as usually explained, we distrust utterly. A man in health should either earn his own living or go where he can do it, not pillage his neighbours; but that the community can make this earning easier, by securing certain conditions of civilisation at the general expense, we make no doubt whatever. It is all very well to talk of Socialism, but if the English were a non-subscribing people, like the French and Irish, a State-supported Hospital for Accidents would have to be set up in each great city. All the chatter in the world about paying for one's own broken bones would not hinder that work one week.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE discussion which has been raging this week upon the Continent as to the alleged Tripartite Treaty between Germany, Austria, and Italy, has thrown a flood of light upon Prince Bismarck's present policy, and on the situation of France. In the first place, it is clear that he has succeeded in binding the three States together in a defensive league against any attack from France, or France at the head of a coalition. It was from the beginning certain that Reuter's telegram of last week, with its official form and simple directness of statement, either emanated from the Italian Ministry, or was sanctioned by them, as otherwise it would never have got over the Italian wires. Continental Governments, fortunately, do not allow semi-official corporations like "Renter's" and the "Agence Havas" to publish statements of that kind, statements which might produce a breach of international relations, at their own discretion. If they did, the fortunes of all fundholders, and perhaps the peace of the world, would lie at the mercy of a cosmopolitan group of acute speculators, whose agents know exactly how news will affect the markets. The denials instantly made signified little, the governing theory of foreign diplomatists being that if you have a right to keep a Treaty secret, you have *ex necessitate* a right to deny its existence; and now the form of denial has been given up. The Foreign Minister of Italy, S. Mancini, has admitted in Parliament, while employing all forms of politeness towards France, that there is an agreement which, in his judgment, will tend to make Italy more secure; and an "eminent Italian" in Paris, obviously not an independent personage, has explained to the *Daily News* the object for which it has been made. The Government of Vienna has suddenly stopped some costly preparations it was making for the additional defence of its southern frontier, and is slowly moving garrisons from the south to the east; while in Berlin, Prince Bismarck has spoken for himself, in the *North-German Gazette*. In an article admitted to be directly inspired, that journal points out that the interests of the three Powers compel an alliance, inasmuch as all must be endangered if one were defeated, and allows that the three Courts have simultaneously perceived wherein their interest lies. In fact, though a formal reticence is still preserved, in order to avoid international questioning, the fact of an agreement is conceded, and whether it is in the form of a Treaty or of an accepted memorandum matters little. That it is unwritten we do not believe, for there are no facts more constantly present to Prince Bismarck than his master's age and his own broken health, and he would not leave either Rome or Vienna the chance of denying hereafter that she was bound in honour to support Germany. As to the precise nature of the agreement little is said, but Renter's original account was plainly either an official lie or an official truth, and was most probably the latter. At all events, the drift of the agreement may safely be taken to be that, if France attacks either Germany, or Austria, or Italy, the remaining two Powers shall defend the attacked one; and that if Russia alone attacks either, the other two shall either assist or remain benevolently neutral. Prince Bismarck has, in fact, bound Central Europe, from Koenigsberg to Naples, into a single defensive league, so strong in men and organisation that attack on it would be almost an act of madness. The combined German and Austrian armies, two millions strong, are set absolutely free, without dread even of a diversion from the Italian side. No Power not carried away by a Revolutionary mania would risk so dangerous an enterprise. So long as this agreement continues, and is not transmuted into an offensive league, Europe is safe from war, except under one contingency. A Revolutionary party may master either France or Russia and pour over the frontier, carrying an idea before its armies, as happened in 1793. Such an occurrence might dissolve all combinations, but though possible, it is outside the range of practical politics, and for the present there is peace,—armed, burdensome, and costly peace, but still peace.

The state of affairs now admitted, and commented on in France with extreme though natural acrimony, has been for some time suspected, and we turn with fresher interest to the arguments which have produced it. These are not, as might have been supposed, fears of a Revolution in France, but fears of a Restoration. Prince Bismarck has a low idea of popular forces; he thinks, like a true Prussian, that they are always weak for war, and he avows in the *North-German Gazette*, for the twentieth time, that he has no dread of France while she is still Republican. Her institutions bind her, he says, to keep the peace. He does not believe, in fact, that she will be able to go to war, and he says so with a crude frankness which has almost put the Republican journalists of Paris beside themselves. They cannot bear to be told that Republicanism means weakness abroad, and they would like to march to Berlin, just to show Monarchists that Republics can fight, if they please. Their anger is a little unreasonable, as Prince Bismarck has expressed the same opinion before; but it is accentuated by his avowal of another and a new belief. He thinks the French Republic in danger, and that not from the Extremists, but from the Royalists. He expects, he hints, to see a King in France who must rely upon the Army and the Clericals, and who will, if it is humanly possible, declare war either upon Germany or Italy. The claim of the new monarch to his throne will be the revival of French ascendancy in Europe. The Italians are under the same apprehension. Their statesmen think the Republic has failed because its Ministers change so rapidly, and expect its successor to be a King. Indeed, the "eminent Italian" who instructs the *Daily News*, and who is plainly acquainted with the arguments which move his own Court and Berlin, affirms that the leading Generals of the French Army have an understanding among themselves that the Monarchy shall be restored. In this event, he says Italy would at once have to dread invasion for the restoration of Rome to the Papal Chair, and of course Europe would be in flames. No date for this action of the Generals is mentioned, but a remark made by M. Ferry, during the debate on the Expulsion Bill, that the Comte de Paris would be a "formidable personage" when the Comte de Chambord died, suggests that this is the contingency that the Generals are supposed in France, as well as in Italy, to await.

All this seems to us rather dreamy, but the dream is one of a kind which may weigh heavily both with Prince Bismarck and King Humbert. The latter probably inherits his father's dread of the Roman Question as the one serious danger of the new Monarchy, while the former has been consistent all through. He cannot conceive that a Republic can be strong, or that "an Army" can mean anything but its General Officers. He, therefore, though expecting peace while the Republic lasts, disbelieves in its lasting, and he may very well think he knows that the General Officers in France are both discontented and inclined to Monarchy. His two data—that the Republic will not last, and that Generals are the Army—being granted, his policy is clear enough; and it is as to his data, if anywhere, that he is making mistakes. We believe he is making them. We question the grounds for his belief that the Republic will fall, and deny entirely that the French General Officers are equivalent to the Army of France. The latter assumption was disposed of when Marshal MacMahon resigned, for, but that he knew that a *coup d'état* would produce "war in the barracks," he would have retained the Presidency. The French Generals will not face that danger, and if they will not, they must wait till the peasants and artisans who fill the ranks weary of the Republic. Where is the sign of that? The peasantry are so content that they hardly care to go to the polls, and scarcely know the names of the Ministers whom the National Assembly chooses to set up. So far from their sympathising in the rage at the loss of prestige which is supposed to influence the Army, they notoriously abandoned Gambetta for fear he should go to war, and would turn out any Chamber which embarked on a policy of enterprise. They refused even to permit action in Egypt. Their

feeling may change, of course, but till it changes it must sway the private soldiery; and if it did change, why should they turn to a King? Because, Prince Bismarck will say, he alone could give them the needful military strength. That is his view, and it may be a true one—we do not think so—but it is the exact opposite of the view of French Republicans. Their belief, certainly justified by their history and by the example of 1870, is that a Republic has more energy than a Monarchy, that the People can find a better General than a King can, and that if they are to fight, they had better fight under a Dictatorship. Had Gambetta lived, it is to him they would have turned, and French capacity did not die with Gambetta. We see nothing even plausible in Prince Bismarck's view, while its expression will undoubtedly produce two grand results. The peasantry will be more convinced than ever that the Republic means peace and the Monarchy war, while the Republicans will be more angrily zealous than ever to place men of their own opinions at the head of the great military divisions. The Prince has made the Monarchy and its adherents alike "suspect," and has so far done all he could to prevent the realisation of his own dream. He may, of course, retort that this is what he wishes, but he must not complain if increased belief in his patriotism is accompanied by decreased belief in his sagacity.

THE NEW ASPECT OF THE AFFIRMATION BILL.

WE are not particularly well pleased—except so far as the change promises a speedier, though a scantier measure of justice—with the decision of the Government that what is called the retrospective action of the Affirmation Bill is to be dropped. If it is just to allow any constituency to elect whom they will to a seat in the House of Commons, without imposing on the person chosen any theological test, it is clearly just to insist that, when once he has been thus chosen, —hateful as we regard some of his convictions and some of his denials,—he ought to be permitted to take his seat in the House of Commons without imposing on him any such test, and without subjecting him to special disabilities on the ground that he has been franker with the House of Commons than many of his brother-Members. The Clergy seem to us to have got into their heads the very unmanly and immoral idea that if you can find the means of politically plaguing an Atheist of immoral opinions, you ought to do so, even though you cannot justify on any principle the course you pursue. Nobody pretends that a genuine theistic test ought to be elaborated and enforced on Members of the House of Commons. Nobody pretends that the present Oath was imposed in order to play the part of such a test, or that it could be defended on principle if it had been imposed for that purpose. And yet, all those who argue against the Affirmation Bill, argue that it is right to take advantage of a sheer political accident, which no one asks us to erect into a permanent barrier, for the purpose of keeping an objectionable Member outside the House of Commons. We confess that that seems to us a very petty sort of political injustice. We could say a great deal in favour of making one of Mr. Bradlaugh's books the ground for expelling him from the House of Commons. We can say nothing at all in favour of the spiteful advantage which the pseudo-religious party have taken of his frankness with the House of Commons, to keep him out of his seat by a side-wind. It seems to us that it is often right to smite evil as evil. But we deny that it is ever right to deny to a man in whom we find evil, simply because we find that evil in him, the full advantage of the general principles which we have laid down for all Englishmen alike. We therefore take no pleasure at all in the decision of the Government to follow a precedent in itself tainted with the same kind of injustice, by refusing retrospective effect to the Affirmation Bill. The only result of that refusal is that it will put Mr. Bradlaugh to the expense of seeking a new election, and will give his opponents one more chance of defeating him at the poll,—unfairly, as it seems to us, in both cases. Nothing would please us better than to see Mr. Bradlaugh defeated at the poll, if his seat had been vacated through any of the ordinary causes which vacate seats. But we feel more keenly any deliberate unfairness to one whose principles we condemn so strongly as we condemn Mr. Bradlaugh's, than we should feel it towards a man whom we could admire and revere. There is nothing which seems to us more obligatory than to be scrupulously just in our treatment of those whom we dislike and condemn.

Still, the effect of the new departure is undoubtedly this, —that the Conservatives, instead of being able for the future to call the Affirmation Bill a Bradlaugh Relief Bill, ought, if they were but just, to call it a Bill for compelling Mr. Bradlaugh to run the gauntlet of a third election before taking his seat. Considering that no one pleads for a genuine theistic test for Members of Parliament, that no one supposes that such a test is even possible, that every one of the "pious" party regards the chance of keeping out Mr. Bradlaugh as a mere windfall for them, to which his own frankness has accidentally exposed him, it must be admitted, we think, that, far from being a Bradlaugh Relief Bill, this is a Bill for imposing a mild species of pains and penalties on a particular atheist who happened to have confided his state of mind to the House. We quite admit that the precedent drawn from the reluctant relief afforded to Roman Catholics is a strong precedent, and covers exactly the same ground. Only we should say that there also injustice was done, owing to the exceeding parsimony with which English religion usually deals out justice to those whom it has formerly thought it its duty to withstand. Mr. O'Connell, the elected Roman Catholic candidate of 1829, was elected with a full knowledge of his Roman Catholicism, and, indeed, because of his Roman Catholicism; and to put him to the necessity of appealing again to his constituents to say that they would elect him none the less willingly because Parliament had accorded to him a tardy and scanty justice, was to our mind simply unfair. And so with Mr. Bradlaugh. Northampton, no doubt, had the bad-taste to elect him in great measure because of his well-known denial of faith in a God, and it would be simply ridiculous to suppose that anybody voted for him so long as the Oath stood in his way, who would refuse to vote for him after the obstacle had been removed. At least, if any such there were, they certainly deserved to have no new chance of rejecting him, for they knew that the House itself might at any time admit him to take the oath, if the majority should be disposed so to do. We think that both in 1829 and now, the election validly made, and to which effect could not be given only because the oath could not be taken, should have been accepted, so soon as the special difficulty was removed. However, the Government have decided otherwise, and we do not doubt that their decision will much facilitate the passing of a good Bill, though not the Bill which we should have preferred. And certainly, it takes away the last excuse which any one not desirous of imposing a strict Theistic test can offer for opposing it. Even the House of Lords will hardly venture to refuse the House of Commons the power of accepting an affirmation instead of an oath, from those who regard the affirmation as equally obligatory on them and as a more veracious expression of their true mind. At least, if the Peers do choose to make a great constitutional question of the oath, it is clear that they must, in common consistency, alter the oath itself, and do whatever they can to prevent its being taken, as it has so often been taken, by Agnostics, Secularists, Positivists, and Indifferentists,—in fact, by men to whom religious questions have never been serious questions in any sense, and who have repeated the oath just as they would stand up at grace, just to conform to a convention which did not interest them sufficiently to dispose them to challenge or resist it. If the Oath is, in future, to be a bulwark of Theism, it must be a very different thing indeed from what it has been. And this, we think, even the House of Lords must recognise, should they feel disposed to throw out the Affirmation Bill. The only thing to be said in favour of the abandonment of the retrospective clause is this,—that incomplete justice speedily granted is often a great deal better than complete justice long deferred; and that the abandonment of the retrospective clause will undoubtedly make the Bill a great deal easier to pass, though not so complete a satisfaction of the political justice of the case when once it is passed.

THE GRAND COMMITTEES.

THE important experiment of delegating the detailed work of the House of Commons to Grand Committees has now been on trial for a week. The Standing Committee on Trade meet on Mondays and Fridays, the Standing Committee on Law on Tuesdays and Thursdays. By this arrangement, the members of the two Committees are placed as nearly as possible on an equality. Each Committee has to give up a morning and a Government night; each will enjoy the comparative leisure of a morning and a private Member's

night. The Members of the Committee on Trade came off a little the worst, because Supply is usually taken on a Friday evening, whereas Tuesdays very often end in a count-out. But when the burdens are not identical, it is impossible to adjust them with entire accuracy, and though the easier work of the two falls to the Committee on Law, it comes upon the men who, in other respects, have most to do. The accommodation in the two Committee Rooms is sufficient,—a point which in any building associated with the House of Commons deserves notice for its strangeness. At starting, an effort has been made to obliterate the usual party division as regards seats, the first move in this direction being appropriately made by Mr. Forster. As the Bills which will be referred to the Standing Committees will be those into which party considerations are supposed not to enter, this is a sensible innovation. Inasmuch, however, as party considerations do sometimes intrude themselves where they are least expected, it is not impossible that in the end the gangway of the Committee Room may be as significant a division as the floor of the House itself. There is but little room for Reporters, and the morning papers seemingly hold themselves emancipated from the obligation of reporting the proceedings any earlier than suits their convenience. At least, the report of Monday's proceedings did not appear in the *Times* until Wednesday. On the whole, this is no disadvantage. Discussions in Committee are, or ought to be, meant for the Committee itself, not for the outside public. It is enough for them to follow the debates on general principles, which are still reserved to the full House. Nothing probably will more promote the business like shortness, which has hitherto characterised the meetings of the Committees. The members scarcely speak for five minutes, but they thresh-out all the stronger arguments, till their debates are far more interesting to read than those of the House. They evidently mean business, and they advance it rapidly.

The first question that had to be decided on Monday was the position and functions of the Chairman. Ought he to regard himself as the Speaker of the Committee, or may he leave the Chair, and make a speech like any ordinary Member? The question is not one that decides itself. On the one hand, if the Chairman declares himself for or against an amendment, it may bring his impartiality into suspicion. It is not often, indeed, that a Chairman has the opportunity of making or marring an amendment, but from time to time such an occasion does present itself, and when it does, it is undoubtedly convenient that the Chairman should have taken no part in the discussion. On the other hand, the Chairman's opinion will usually be better worth having than that of most other Members of the Committee as regards the particular Bill which is being considered. Mr. Goschen, for example, is a great authority on trade and commerce, and if he is silenced, as he wishes to be, the Committee will undoubtedly be the losers. The shortest way out of the difficulty would be for the Chairman of each Committee to be taken from among the less qualified Members; but this would hardly, in the long-run, add to the dignity of the Committee, or help to speed the despatch of its business. All things considered, we incline to think that Mr. Goschen's view is needlessly formal, and that the advantage of hearing his opinion on critical questions overbalances the risk that, when he interferes to keep order, he may be supposed to lean too strongly to the side on which he has himself spoken. Of one thing, however, we are clear, and that is, that the Chairman ought not to have power to "sum up." The case of a Judge summing-up the evidence to a jury is not really parallel. Grand Committees will be quite able to form their own conclusion upon the arguments they have heard, and what the Chairman would have to lay before them would not be evidence which needs analysis by a trained mind, in order to show the true bearing of what has been said, but opinions which have already fulfilled, or failed to fulfil, the end for which they have been stated. A Chairman's summing-up would really be the most effective of all the speeches on the side which he really favoured, and it would be all the more effective, because it would have the apparent impartiality of a Judge's charge.

It is not, however, in the Committee-rooms that the fate of the Grand Committees will be decided. So long as a Bill is before them, everything may go well. The experiment may seem to show that the details of a long and complicated measure can now be settled without undue delays or unnecessary chatter, and that a Standing Committee can be made so fair a representative of the best sense of the House, as to make its judgment upon matters of detail more valuable, because more intelligent, than that of the House itself. But when all this has been made plain, the ill-considered action of a minority may, unless the House is at once patient and resolute, undo all that the Grand Committee have effected. In theory, every point that has been fought-out in a Standing Committee may be fought-out again on the Report. The House of Commons has merely delegated its powers in a particular stage of certain Bills; it has not definitely parted with those powers. Every amendment that has been proposed and rejected in the Committee may be reproposed when the Committee submits the result of its labours to the House; and if Mr. Lowther is to be believed, there will be some Members whose high sense of duty will forbid them to be content with any conclusion in framing which they have not had a hand. On this theory, the fact that a Standing Committee has spent weeks on a Bankruptcy Bill must go for nothing, so long as there be in the House a single country gentleman, Guardsman, or younger son who has still something to contribute from the depths of his impecunious consciousness to the true view of the question. On the other hand, it may sometimes happen that some point of real importance, or—what in legislation comes pretty nearly to the same thing—what a good many people think of real importance, has either been neglected or too soon dismissed in the deliberations of the Standing Committees. A Member who makes this omitted point his own will have no opportunity of pressing it upon the Committee, and his only chance of calling attention to it will be to move an amendment on the Report. The success of the Grand-Committee experiment will depend in a great measure upon the power of the House to discourage the first kind of reconsideration, without discouraging the second. It must learn how to resist endeavours the object of which is not so much to alter the result, as to repeat the process by which it has been reached, and yet listen willingly to any honest effort to show that the Committee has left a part of its work undone, or has done it badly. It will not be an easy combination to secure, but Grand Committees have already disappointed so many prophets of evil, that it is allowable to hope that this further triumph may yet be in store for them.

THE FEAR OF DYNAMITE.

THAT Dynamite should be greatly dreaded is natural, because anything which will destroy great numbers at once is greatly dreaded. The sympathy between human beings is so strong, that a prospect of the simultaneous death of a large group creates more fear—or is it more agitation?—in each of them than the fear of death for himself only does. Good troops will not face fire which, in military phrase, has more than a certain "weight"—that is, kills more than its fair proportion of men at once. Each soldier will face death for himself, but if it is to come to all dying at once, then he will not face it. English soldiers are panic-stricken if they fancy a mine below them, though a mine can only inflict on each the death which each is prepared to encounter in the course of his duty, with no especial shrinking. English sailors are brave to recklessness, but the Admirals in the Crimea discovered and reported that the new shells "must be kept out," for if they are allowed to enter as they are in wooden ships, the sailors would not fight. The multitude of deaths occurring all at once in the confined space cowed them, as they were not cowed by equal, or nearly equal, risks from a succession of shots killing two or three men apiece. The inventors of the mitrailleuse rested the argument for their machine not so much on the number of men it would kill—for, of course, an increase of riflemen in number equal to the tubes of the mitrailleuse would kill as many—as on the moral effect of the destruction of so large a number at once. A mitrailleuse was really only a number of rifles in line, but its effect on the imagination was as if a new rifle had been made to fire ten scattering bullets at once. Indeed, the question is hardly arguable. Everybody feels that he would rather face a force which may kill one man of the regiment in three, than a force which, if it kills at all, will kill a third of the regiment at once. Whether he feels for the multitude, or, as cynics would say, fancies his own chance lessened, he fears the second force more; and dynamite is a force of the second kind. It can kill crowds at once. It is, therefore, natural that it should be dreaded, until men have begun to exaggerate its powers to a rather absurd degree. Those powers are terribly great, within a certain range; but, as we pointed out a fortnight since, there are limits to their action. No explosive

manufactured by man can pass through a mountain, or through the obstacle presented by the curvature in the earth's surface; and the notion, therefore, of destroying London at a blow by an explosion of dynamite is simply preposterous. If all the nitro-glycerine in the world were exploded on Hampstead Heath, Westminster would be unaffected, except conceivably as to its windows, which might be blown-in by the impact on the air. Indeed, Mr. George M. Roberts, Technical Manager of Nöbel's Explosives Company—a company which plants its works in Ayrshire, to be well out of the way, and could, we imagine, tell strange stories of men's indifference to the chance of death—informs the world that the limit on the action of nitro-glycerine is very much closer than this. He has, no doubt, an interest in allaying an alarm which may threaten his works, by rendering it necessary to stop manufacture altogether; but still he is an expert, with a scientific reputation to lose, and he tells us that the destroying force has been ascertained by experiment to decrease in such a ratio to the distance, that if on the spot it were represented by one million, at a hundred feet distance it would be represented by only one. The ton becomes at that distance in its effective force only the thirtieth part of an ounce. "If a ton of dynamite were exploded in a London street, the effects would be felt severely in the immediate neighbourhood only of the explosion, and beyond that they would be confined to the mere breakage of windows." That is not quite the whole truth, because, as we know from the history of the explosion in Parliament Street, dynamite can exert a projecting force, and a shower of blocks of masonry flung some hundred yards with the force of solid shot would be more destructive than the fire of any battery. Nevertheless, Mr. Roberts' statement shows that natural terror has produced great exaggeration, and that entire cities cannot be destroyed, as people fancy, at a blow; while the superstition that the Anarchists possess some unknown explosive of hitherto unimagined powers, is declared to be unfounded. There is nothing stronger, Mr. Roberts affirms, than "blasting gelatine"—which cannot be made by unskilled persons—and the strength of this is only fractionally greater than that of nitro-glycerine, and only fifty per cent. higher than that of dynamite, which, again, is to gunpowder as eight to one. He does not affirm that no stronger exploding compound could be made, but evidently, with his large knowledge of the subject, believes that it has not been made.

So far, the awe inspired by dynamite is intelligible enough, even if we exclude, as we ought not to do, the political dread arising from it, akin to the dread, which so influences soldiers, of not only being killed, but defeated by new guns; but there is another question more difficult to answer. Why do men fear an explosive of this kind more than another cause of death? The statement may be denied, because so many men, with Colonel Majendie at their head, have recently shown that they can master the fear; but it is, we imagine, true. We suspect, if we could interview Colonel Majendie, he would tell us that mixing nitro-glycerine "not clean of acid," and therefore "unstable" to the last degree, with Hanoverian earth, was more nervous work than facing a battery; and that he would, on the whole, rather take death from a bullet than from a pail of the greasy hell-fire. At all events, there is one bit of evidence which everybody can test for himself. Have we a reader who does not think it rather braver of a policeman to carry about a carboy of nitro-glycerine than to charge a burglar presenting a revolver at his head? In the one case, the impression produced is that of courage, in the other, that of heroism; and yet in both cases the risk is the same,—the risk of an instantaneous death, which, moreover, would probably be more painless from the dynamite than from the revolver. What is the cause of the difference? We believe it to be an effect produced on the imagination, whether of the man endangered, or of the man who reads about him, by three separate causes. One is the shock always produced by the belief that numbers must die, which, as we have seen, affects the bravest and most disciplined men, and which is the secret of the panic in individuals caused by diseases like cholera, which notoriously are not so certainly mortal to any individual as, say, cancer, and nothing like so painful. Another is the special dread, or rather horror, created by unaccustomed modes of death, or death from forces as yet little known or measured. The European public is not yet accustomed to dynamite, except as a blasting agent, and feels a little as if a new and specially fatal disease had broken out like a "black plague" in its midst. In its inexperience, it imagines for the victim tortures which could hardly exist, and general results which are a mere heaping together of improbable possibilities. In fact, it gives its imagination the rein, as it could not do if it were more experienced. Our correspondent, "M." evidently thinks that this is the whole reason of the fear of dynamite, and that if the world, when gunpowder was discovered, had been as sensitive or electric as it is now, it would have imagined from that discovery all the evils we now expect from dynamite. That is very shrewd, for undoubtedly the origin of the alarm is not a new force—gunpowder being dynamite with less power—so much as a new form of human wickedness, and if all dynamiteurs committed suicide from remorse, or retired penitent to convents, the new discovery would speedily be ranked with gunpowder, as nothing but a new resource. But still this is only a part of the truth, the horror being increased, as we have said, by the multitude endangered, and also by the absence of personality in dynamite. We expect it to explode, and in most cases it has exploded, without any man there and then manipulating it. This might be quite as true of gunpowder, which also could be fired in barrels by slow fuses, but owing to its use in war and sport we do not think of it in that way. We expect to find a man behind the rifle or the revolver, and have a courage for the combat with man, however armed, which does not exist for a combat with a blind, speechless, and, so to speak, natural force. To face dynamite is to the imagination to face the lightning, or an earthquake, or a lava-stream, or any other death-giver, before which fortitude is useless, and retreat not dishonourable. Nothing, not even habit, will give men courage in the presence of earthquake, though, like everything else, an earthquake can only kill you once; and to the imagination the true analogue of earthquake is dynamite. It can give death when death has not been directly willed by any one, death by its own invisible, unaccountable, inexplicable rage; and man, under all circumstances, dreads the stone that can speak. The dread may diminish with time, if ever long periods dynamite remains inert, as gunpowder does; but whenever it is used, it will, we believe, revive. If meteorites were ten acres broad, and could kill mortals in heaps, men would fear them who do not fear bullets, and who would be willing, on good cause shown, to accompany forlorn-hopes. Death without the possibility of resistance is far more appalling than death with a fight for it, however hopeless, for it excites the imagination more.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE.

MR. BRIGHT'S speech at the Institution of Civil Engineers, on Saturday, in Kensington Town Hall, evinced a strange sort of unreasoned, not to say almost superstitious, conviction, that under all kinds of circumstances, the more intercourse you can promote between one nation and another, the more friendly, and the more likely to profit by their friendship, those nations will become. Mr. Bright's object, apparently, was to pursuade his hearers that if the Channel Tunnel could be made to answer commercially,—on which he offered no opinion,—it could not but answer morally. The mercantile profit of the transaction might be a dubious question, and without that necessary condition Mr. Bright did not appear willing to answer for the moral advantage of the enterprise. But, granted its mercantile success, he seems to think that the moral consequences of the undertaking are not within the limits of discussion. "Anything which will bring the people of the Continent into cordial relations with the people of this country," says Mr. Bright, rather naïvely, "will be much more likely to preserve peace, than any of those strange notions that peace is to be preserved by our being kept separate from them." Now, if the relations established are to be always and uniformly "cordial," *cadit quæstio*,—Mr. Bright need not tell us that the more cordial we become, the less we shall be likely to quarrel. That is not only a true, but an identical proposition. But supposing Mr. Bright were asked whether it must necessarily be an advantage to the cordial friendship of two neighbours to have a door opened between their houses, so as to obviate the necessity of going round by the front entrance, would he answer in the affirmative without the smallest hesitation, and without having the least regard to the character of the friendship between them, or of the misunderstandings to which they had been liable?

Has it never occurred to him that there are cases in which the promotion of too great intimacy between neighbours has resulted not in closer friendship, but in an abrupt termination of friendship? Surely, nothing is more obvious than that a certain separation, even a positive distance between friends, may be a security for the duration of the friendship, instead of an obstacle in the way of it. We are quite ready to admit to Mr. Bright that a physical separation is far from being a security for peace. The moats round the feudal castles no more kept their owners at peace with each other, than the moat round England kept England at peace with France. But almost for the same reason for which it is true that isolation does not mean peace, it is still more true that the removal of isolation does not mean peace. Isolation does not mean peace where there is the disposition to quarrel, because the disposition to quarrel is active enough to overleap small obstacles. But once grant the smallest disposition to quarrel, and then open and active communication, so far from ensuring peace, will undoubtedly facilitate strife. Mr. Bright will say that the more people there are who are friendly to France in England, and the more people there are who are friendly to England in France, the less fear of war there must be. Perhaps so, so far as these people are concerned. But then, again, the more close and delicate are the relations between any two countries, the more mischief a few evil-disposed persons can do, which the many well-disposed persons can never undo. Nothing is more misleading than to assume that the multiplication of intercourse operates only to draw people closer together. Why have we quarrelled so much more with France than with Germany? Why, simply because we have been in much closer communication with France than with Germany. Why has France quarrelled much more with Germany than we have quarrelled with Germany? Simply because France has been in much closer communication with Germany than we have been. Which of the European peoples has been at war with the United States except ourselves? And why have we alone been at war with them? Simply because the people of the Anglo-American Colonies,—subsequently the people of the United States,—and the people of England had much closer relations with each other than the people of the Continent had with them. Was there ever a war between any European people and the people of the American continent as severe and protracted as the Civil War of 1861-5 between the Northern and Southern States? Yet there was absolute Free-trade and free intercourse of every conceivable kind between these Northern and Southern States, and it was precisely in consequence of that close and free interconrse, that the deep-rooted divergence between the genius of the two peoples and of their institutions resulted in so fierce a strife. It is absolutely the reverse of true that the closeness of the relations established between two States is the measure of security against war. Judging by history, it would be much nearer the truth to speak of this closeness of relations as the measure of the danger of war. Until the point has been reached at which two peoples are really fused into one, closeness of intercourse, far from averting the danger of conflict, greatly enhances it. It is quite true, as Mr. Bright says, that there has been less quarrelling between France and England since there were constant steam-packets plying between the two countries than there was before. And that, no doubt, may have been partly due to that general increase of mutual respect between the two nations which has resulted from the multiplication of newspapers and other means of knowledge, as well as from the personal knowledge gained by direct travelling. But it has been in a very much larger degree due to that rapid development of French military power, and of English naval power, which has secured the strength of the two countries from any possibility of collision, the kind of strength peculiar to the insular power being precisely that which could best secure us against the pressure of military strength. It is needless to remark that any change which tended to do away with the separating line between the two kinds of power, would tend also to do away with the security against a collision. Anything which enabled the swordfish to fight in the jungle, or the tiger to fight in the sea, would certainly increase the prospect of battles between the swordfish and the tiger. And so anything which made England accessible by land, would increase the prospect of collisions, and still more the fear of collisions, between England and France. Yet we do not mean to imply for a moment that the multiplication of means of communication is only another name for the multiplication of the chances of quarrel. Of course, it implies also the multiplication of an indefinite number of friendly relations for every unfriendly relation which might arise. Unfortunately, however, the dangers which close intercourse involves from those who desire war, are very much greater indeed than the securities for peace which are given by the same closeness of intercourse on the part of the friends of peace. The power of an assassin to cast a shell of dynamite into London streets, is not neutralised by the power of a thousand lovers of peace to denounce and punish him. The dangers of intimacy are aggravated by the existence of one traitor in a degree indefinitely greater than that in which the safeguards are multiplied by the existence of ten thousand cordial friends.

Mr. Bright indulges in a rapture which is intelligible enough, though a little common-place, on the rapidity and safety of his railway journeys from London to Rochdale. We are by no means insensible to the wonders of the new traffic, which has, doubtless, so changed the surface of this island since the accession of William IV., that it is difficult for us to realise the England of 1820, and would be difficult for those who died before the new era to realise the England of to-day. Still, what puzzles us is this,—that Mr. Bright, with his great imagination, his strong poetical insight into the life that underlies the external world, should regard all this transformation with a sort of religious awe, as if it introduced nothing but blessedness into the world, and should apparently not be in the least sensible of the manifold moral dangers which all this rapid change, and rapid stimulus to the love of change, has brought us, along with the rich stream of material blessings. The ancient notion of a traveller was decidedly unfavourable to travelling. It used to be held in the old Greek world that commerce, so far as it involved travel, was the most dangerous and unsettling of pursuits, since it removed a man from the steady pressure of one kind of national conviction, while it did not subject him long enough to any other kind, to give him an equivalent for what he had lost. And in the ancient world, there was a great deal of truth in the prejudice. No doubt, there was less fixed creed, less steadying conviction among the commercial peoples,—among the Phœnicians and the Greeks, for instance,—than among any of the races which grew up under the same steady and constant influences. Doubtless, a time came in the history of the West when all this was changed, when prejudice had crystallised men into types much too hard and rigid, and when experience of different creeds, customs, and laws, was needful in order to give the requisite charity to human feelings. But even in our own age, the effect of easy and frequent change of place is by no means one of pure good. Indeed, we are inclined to ascribe to the over-stimulus of frequent contact with new ideas, much of that breaking-away from all moral conviction which marks so considerable a class in what we may call the more mobile-minded races of the modern world,—the Slavs, the French, the Irish. The English, no doubt, with their heavily-built and slowly-moving character, probably take more good and less harm from the frequent and easy changes of modern life than any other race in the world. Yet even for the English, it is by no means true that the multiplication of the means of locomotion is pure blessing, or that we ought to look upon it, as Mr. Bright seems to look upon it, as almost sacramental,—as conveying through physical means a purely spiritual strength. It requires a very strong head to hold one's own in this moral whirligig of a world; and this strong head is not given to all Englishmen, much less to all members of the human race. That is no reason, we admit, why we should forbid the utilisation by man of all physical discoveries which he can turn clearly to his own use. But it is a reason why we are not bound to regard the convenience of commerce as the final and authoritative consideration by which to test the desirability of any change which must have great political and social, as well as great commercial consequences. It is clear enough that it would be immensely for the convenience of commerce that the various nations of the earth should all use a single language. But would any statesman in his senses propose, on that account, to begin the effort to substitute a universal language for the language spoken by any one people? It seems to us childish in Mr. Bright to assume that the decisive question in relation to the Channel Tunnel is its mechanical possibility and its commercial remunerativeness. It might be

both mechanically possible and also sure of the very highest commercial success, and yet be as undesirable,—if it is to promote Stock-Exchange panics, and to put all our military advisers on the fidget for generations to come,—as it would be, for instance, to propose to the French Government to exchange Dover for Calais, in order that each of the two Governments might be identified with the safety and welfare of a bit of territory belonging to the other Government. There is no manner of absolute religious duty obliging us to extend the commerce of the world, if there be anything to set off against that extension which concerns the world at least as vitally as commercial enterprise itself. No doubt, there should be a very good reason for refusing to do what would render our intercourse with other men easier and cheaper. But we all recognise in our individual daily life that such reasons do exist, and are often very weighty ones; and there may be,—and we think there are,—just as good reasons for refusing to do what would render international intercourse somewhat easier and cheaper, as for refusing to do what would render family intercourse easier and cheaper. Over-exposure to each other's whims is by no means the best security for true friendship; and it is the friendship of nations which is the true end to keep in view, not the mere multiplication of their opportunities of intercourse.

"STUDY AND STIMULANTS."

WHAT is the real influence of stimulants and narcotics upon the brain? This is a question which has suggested itself to every man who has had much intellectual work to do, and especially to that large class of persons who earn a living by the exercise of their brains, instead of by the sweat of their brow. Theoretical discussions of it we have had in abundance, indeed in superabundance, and the effect of them has only been, for the most part, to prompt the resigned inquiry,—Who shall decide, when doctors disagree? Mr. A. Arthur Reade, however, in a book bearing the above title, has raised this question again, to apply to it a new method of solution, certainly far more entertaining than the old one, whatever its ultimate value may prove to be. He has changed the venue, as the lawyers would say, from the theoretical to the practical realm, and instead of asking what is the real influence of alcohol and tobacco upon the brain, he asks what has been the experience of those engaged in intellectual work. And in pursuance of his method, he has addressed inquiries to a large number of distinguished men of letters, including statesmen, essayists, novelists, journalists, and inventors, and their replies constitute the present volume. Mr. Reade deserves great credit for the felicitous and insinuating manner in which he must have framed his inquiries, to wheedle this *irritabile genus* into such interesting replies, for he furnishes us with two hundred pages of reading matter possessing that element of personal interest which the most scrupulous of us enjoy, without arousing any of those qualms of conscience which haunt us during the perusal of the indiscretions of literary executors, or the familiar and sometimes libellous gossip of the Society journals. In spite of our just denunciation of the modern "interviewer," we feel more than an abstract interest in reading of Mr. Boehm's vigorous daily regimen, or in learning that Mark Twain finds three hundred cigars a month sufficient to keep his constitution upon a firm basis. Of course, the excessive use of either alcohol or tobacco is beyond the range of this discussion; "excessive" means harmful, and it is absurd to ask if that which is harmful is beneficial; we are concerned with the inquiry whether the proper use of them leads to the production of more and better work.

As we have said, one learned theoretical argument may generally be set-off against another, with the corollary that the majority of doctors smoke and take wine, so that we are not surprised, on opening Mr. Reade's book, to come upon several flat contradictions. Mr. Allibone leads off with the opinion that the chief benefit of smoking is that it keeps its devotee quiet for an hour after dinner, "which is a great thing for digestion." He may be paired with Mr. Ruskin, who bases his dislike of it mainly upon the belief that it makes a man content to be idle, when he would otherwise be at work. Again, Mr. Robert Buchanan believes that, physiologically speaking, both alcohol and tobacco are invaluable to humankind; while Mr. G. F. Watts cannot help thinking that the introduction of tobacco by civilised races has been an unmixed evil. Professor Rawlinson begins his letter by saying that it does not appear to him that the method of the present inquiry can lead to any important results; while Mr. Charles Reade, in the next letter, writes:—"Your subject is important, and your method of inquiry sound." We care comparatively little, however, what most of these gentlemen think on the subject, our interest lies in learning what they do; actions speak louder than words, and many of Mr. Reade's correspondents entirely miss the point when favouring him with their own ideas on the subject. Dr. J. A. H. Murray, for instance, begs the question when he says:—"I thought it was now generally admitted that the more work a man has to do, the less he can afford to muddle himself in any way. . . . . *Fiat experimentum in corpore viliore.*" This "generally admitted" may be ranked with "every schoolboy knows"; the object of the present investigation is to find whether alcohol and tobacco, properly used, do muddle a man. The book abounds, however, in interesting bits of autobiography.

The letters are given in alphabetical order, an arrangement which brings Mr. Matthew Arnold's characteristic letter to the front. He has always drunk wine, chiefly claret, and has never smoked. He writes:—"Real brain-work of itself, I think, upsets the worker and makes him bilious; wine will not cure this, nor will abstaining from wine prevent it. But, in general, wine used in moderation seems to add to the *agreeableness* of life,—for adults, at any rate; and whatever adds to the agreeableness of life adds to its resources and powers." Dr. Alexander Bain informs us that the difficulty which presses upon him is this:—"In organic influences you are not at liberty to lay down the law of concomitant variations without exception, or to affirm that what is bad in large quantities is simply less bad when the quantity is small. There may be proportions not only innocuous, but beneficial." Professor Paul Bert expresses his opinion in four propositions, of which the following is the last:—"The use of alcoholic liquors and of tobacco in feeble doses affords to many persons very great satisfaction, and is altogether harmless and inoffensive." Mr. Isaac Pitman, in a "breef skech ov mei leif," which looks like Swedish, but is afterwards discovered to be the "parshiali reformd speling,' expresses his "ferm konvikshon that they ekserseiz a dedli influens on the hiuman rase." Professor Blackie considers smoking "vile and odious;' Mr. Ruskin "entirely abhors" it; Mr. G. F. Watts, as we have said, thinks the introduction of it has been an "unmixed evil;" Dr. Martineau's "intense dislike of it" has restricted his travelling to a minimum, and kept him from all public places where he was "liable to encounter its sickening effects;" Mr. Cornelius Walford believes it to be "a more insidious stimulant than alcoholic beverages;" Mr. Gladstone "detests" it; and Professor Mayor computes that he must have saved some £1,500 by abstaining from it. Surely, Byron's

> "Sublime tobacco! which from East to West
> Cheers the tar's labor, and the Turkman's rest,"

has not often been subjected to such a severe indictment, and if many of the readers of this volume are like that ingenuous Member of Parliament who recently declared that he should be influenced much more strongly by the example of the Princess of Wales in the matter of pigeon-shooting, than by all the arguments of the opponents of it, we may expect to hear of an immediate and great defection from the ranks of the smokers. Side by side, however, with the above sentiments, the volume contains numerous grateful testimonies to the opposite effect. Mr. Boehm finds that, after a long spell of work, a cigarette is a soother for which he has a "perfect craving;" Mr. Buchanan smokes "pretty habitually," and, as we have said, believes tobacco to be "invaluable to humankind;" Mr. Wilkie Collins writes that when he is ill, tobacco is the best friend that his irritable nerves possess; when he is well, but exhausted by work, tobacco nerves and composes him; and he maliciously adds: "when I read learned attacks on the practice of smoking, I feel indebted to the writer,—he adds largely to the relish of my cigar." Mr. Darwin found that "two little paper cigarettes of Turkish tobacco" rested him, after he had "been compelled to talk, with tired memory, more than anything else;" with Professor Dowden, tobacco "soothes away small worries," and "restores little irritating incidents to their true proportions;" Mr. R. E. Francillon finds that his consumption of tobacco and his production of work are "in almost exact proportion," and has a very strong suspicion that if he did not smoke (which he finds harmless) he would have to conquer really dangerous temptations; Mr. G. A. Henty believes "smoking, if not begun until after the age of twenty-one, to be advantageous alike to health, temper, and intellect;" Mr. James

Payn smokes the whole time he is engaged in literary composition, and says: "As I have worked longer and more continuously for thirty years than any other author (save one), I cannot believe that tobacco has done me any harm." Dr. W. H. Russell has "felt comforted and sustained" in his work by both alcohol and tobacco, especially by the latter; M. Taine finds cigarettes useful between two ideas,—when he has the first, but has not arrived at the second. Finally, Mr. Clemens, "Mark Twain," contributes a long and very funny account of his experience. He began to smoke immoderately—one hundred cigars a month—when he was eight years old. Before he was twenty, he had increased his allowance to two hundred; before he was thirty, to three hundred. At various times he has abstained for several months, but has quite forgotten whether the result on each occasion was good or evil. Being under a contract to produce "Roughing It," he wrote, without smoking, six chapters in three weeks; resuming smoking, he burned the six chapters, and wrote the book in three months, "without any bother or difficulty." When he takes his annual eight months' holiday, he finds three hundred cigars a month sufficient to keep his constitution on a firm basis; when he is at work,—but he must take the responsibility of the next awful statement:—"I allow myself the fullest possible marvel of inspiration; consequently, I ordinarily smoke fifteen cigars during my five hours' labours, and if my interest reaches the enthusiastic point, I smoke more. I smoke with all my might, and allow no intervals." Our readers must determine for themselves whether he is serious, or whether he is hoaxing Mr. Reade. Thus the smokers need not despair under the indictment we gathered from the volume; the case for the defence is equally strong, and they may take refuge behind the same old antinomy:—for every Oliver, there is a Roland.

With regard to the use of wine, there are, of course, many of the correspondents who wholly condemn it. None admit that they resort to it for inspiration, and the majority find that a very moderate quantity—say, a couple of glasses of claret at dinner—is best for them. One or two confess that they take it not from belief in any benefit received from it, but simply because they like it,—because it adds to the agreeableness of life, as Mr. Arnold says. This is probably the true explanation in the vast majority of cases, from the confident "Quid non ebrietas designat?" of Horace, down to the last German student, two-thirds of whose *Geschmack* consist of *ein starkes Bier, ein beizender Tabak*.

This leads us to say a word on the literature of the subject. Here, too, the same antithesis is found. The cup and the weed have been exalted and denounced with equal eloquence and insight, except that the former had a long start in literature. What would not Horace have said about a cigar? The lovers of the weed make up for the late arrival of their favourite by finding classical prophetic references to it; for instance, to take the first that occurs to us, "Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros." As we desire to see fair play, we will suggest to the opposite party that they will find a comfortable passage in Martial:—

> "Me focus, et nigros non indignantia fumos
> Tecta juvant."

Of all the passages, however, in praise or in defence of tobacco, we know of none that comes up to Mr. Lowell's exquisite and characteristic lines:—

> "Now the kind nymph to Bacchus born
> By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
> Gifted upon her natal morn
> By him with fire, by her with dreams,
> Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
> Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
> We worship, unforbid of thee;
> And, as her incense floats and curls
> In airy spires and wayward whirls,
> Or poises on its tremulous stalk
> A flower of fairest revery,
> So winds and loiters, idly free,
> The current of unguided talk,
> Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
> In smooth, dark pools of deeper thought.
> Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
> A sweetly unobtrusive third;
> For thou hast magic beyond wine,
> To unlock natures each to each;
> The unspoken thought thou canst divine;
> Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
> With whispers that to dreamland reach
> And frozen fancy-springs unchain
> In Arctic outskirts of the brain;
> Sun of all inmost confidences,
> To thy rays doth the heart unclose
> Its formal calyx of pretences,
> That close against rude day's offences,
> And open its shy midnight rose!"

But what, in conclusion, do we learn from Mr. Reade's new method? Very little. These interesting confessions cannot possibly combine to form a rule; even if the present writer were to state that within his reach there stands a familiar yellow-and-white jar bearing the inscription "ΤΩΙ ΒΑΚΧΩΙ," which seems to him happily to combine sentiment and fact, the statement would have no value for any one else, either as a guide or as a warning. It is the old story of *Suum cuique*,—what is one man's meat is another man's poison. We cannot improve much on Captain Fred. Burnaby's "humble opinion," that "every man must find out for himself." On the whole, however, the perusal of this volume, with its varying estimates of wine and tobacco, has confirmed us in our opinion that—as Professor Tyndall puts it in his letter—"the man is happiest who is so organised as to be able to dispense with the use of both."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"A LAYMAN ON ANGLICANISM."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In confirmation of your remarks in your review of "Romanism, Protestantism, Anglicanism," by "Oxoniensis," that there is no necessary connection between the Sacramental and the Sacerdotal theory of the Eucharist, I may mention that the former view is stated, and that in a very strong sacrificial form, in a recent volume of lectures on the "Worship and Offices of the Church of Scotland," addressed to the Divinity students at the four Scottish Universities by Dr. Sprott, one of the Lecturers on Pastoral Theology appointed by the General Assembly of the Kirk, assuredly one of the most definitely non-sacerdotal communions in Christendom.

To myself, the strongest argument against the Zwinglian theory is its admirable clearness, simplicity, and consistency. It possesses these qualities in so high a degree (being capable, besides, of taking a very devout form), that if it had ever been the belief of ancient Christendom, it must have left the clearest traces in patristic literature, if not in ancient liturgies. However soon corruption and superstition might have crept in, the original belief must have held its ground with sufficient tenacity to be at least still discoverable, even if it did not actively combat the intruding views on a large and public scale. But not the faintest suggestion which is so much as patient of Zwinglianism is discoverable, so far as my reading has gone—and I think I must have read almost every word in patristic treatises which bears on the matter—until the rise of the mediæval sects.

With regard to the discussion by "Oxoniensis" of the view taken by the Church of England of non-episcopal ordinations, his facts and arguments are borrowed (I think without a single exception) from a quite curiously inaccurate, unhistorical, and paralogical article in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1878, entitled, "Is the Church of England Protestant?"

The fallacy in this article—or rather one of the fallacies, for it swarms with them—lies in confusing between the apparent fact that during Elizabeth's reign non-episcopalian ministers were admitted to Anglican benefices in some cases (only about four of which can be substantiated), and the legal regularity of such admissions. In point of fact, they were entirely illegal always, being barred by the Preface to the Ordinal, then, as now, statute law, and owed their impunity to the difficulty, in those wholly newspaperless and nearly roadless days, of calling powerful dignitaries and patrons to account for obscure jobs, such as presentation to a rural living. Where the case allowed of publicity, as in Whittingham's appointment to the Deanery of Durham and Travers's application in London for preferment, the evidence shows that the illegality was recognised and appealed against. I am not discussing the moral or theological merits of the question, but simply stating its legal bearing.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Richard F. Littledale.

9 Red Lion Square, London, W.C.

THE DYNAMITE DANGER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I understand your article of March 24th, on "The Dynamite Danger," to maintain that the sudden arising of this danger is not so much due to the newly increased intensity of political passions, as to the new fact of the invention of dyna-

mite. If you are right, this warrants a hope that the effect of this newly acquired power on the minds of the discontented classes may wear off with its novelty. As you truly remark, incendiarism has always been an easy crime to commit; yet quiet people are not in a constant panic about incendiarism, nor are discontented people, for the same reason, in a state of delirious excitement.

It may help us to face this new danger, if we will reflect on the effect that would be produced on our minds by the invention of gunpowder and the whole system of firearms and artillery, supposing—what may be easily imagined, though impossible in fact—that all these had been brought to perfection in secret, and suddenly made known. Gunpowder, in the supposed case, would seem far more alarming than dynamite does now; for though dynamite is a great advance on gunpowder in destructive power, yet gunpowder is a much greater advance on the destructive agencies known before its invention. And as to the effect of rifles and artillery in war, we should no doubt say:—"All existing military systems will be revolutionised, or rather, annihilated. Numbers will be only an embarrassment, when the destruction of life caused by an exploding shell will be in proportion to the numbers within reach of the fragments. Courage cannot be maintained, and discipline and organisation will be useless, when no man can see the hand that is to destroy him. War will be a mere game of chance, nothing can be foreseen; and if any moral quality will go for anything in deciding battles, it will not be sober, disciplined, deliberate courage, but mere reckless, dare-devil audacity. The world will belong to the greatest ruffians. The only hope for the future of mankind consists in this,—that war will be too uncertain to be ventured on by Governments, and too terrible to be faced by soldiers." All this would have been plausible, yet how untrue! Notwithstanding all changes of weapons, victory has always belonged, and probably will always belong, to numbers, courage, discipline, and organisation.—I am, Sir, &c., M.

LORD ABERDEEN ON THE AFFIRMATION BILL.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your notice of the Earl of Aberdeen's article on the Affirmation Bill in the *Fortnightly* leaves the impression, which I am sure you could not have intended, that Lord Aberdeen is not quite decided upon this important question. No one has expressed himself more firmly than he has done that the passing of this Bill is a simple act of justice, and his recommendation that those should leave the House in whose minds Mr. Bradlaugh is uppermost in connection with this question, was simply intended to meet the difficulty of Members who supposed that the direct object of the Bill was to admit an Atheist. Now, however, when the Government have declared the Bill not to be retrospective, all difficulty is removed, and its opponents can no longer call it a Bradlaugh Relief Bill. I have read the article carefully, and certainly regard it as a strong plea for the Affirmation Bill.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Christian D. Ginsburg.

[We had no intention of leaving the impression referred to, and were quite aware that Lord Aberdeen was counselling weaker brethren.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

"OUR BETTERS."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—If not too late, the following might be useful, in the way of indicating a common, perhaps *the* common, interpretation of our "betters." Some years ago, a young Wesleyan minister told me that, as a boy, with the other village children, duly marshalled, he had stood on the village green on the Sunday morning, and, as the Squire and his friends drove up to the parish church, had sung:—

"God bless *the Squire*,
And all his rich relations;
And teach us poor people
To keep our proper stations."

The words italicised give, I apprehend, a tolerably accurate idea of what "betters" has been taught to mean, to the great mass of the English people.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Woodhill, Ramsbottom, April 9th. Wm. Hume Elliot.

THE WORSHIP OF RANK.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your very interesting article on Lord Dunraven's paper does not seem to reach the root of the English love of aristocracy,—*i.e.*, of a national system of hereditary rank and power. It is not (I take it) that the average Englishman has any great pleasure in feeling that he has "betters," but *he likes other people* to feel it. If each of his associates can say,—"I am as good as you," it is a comfort to him that they cannot say, "I am as good as anybody." He thinks that society, as a whole, is more wholesome, pleasant, stable, and in the truest sense free, as well as more noble and beautiful, for being built rank above rank, than if strewn loose on the dead-level. This conviction of the value to the national life as a symmetrical whole of great inequalities in social rank and political power, be it right or wrong, has nothing of "flunkeyism" in it, and deserves the thoughtful regard of all reformers.—I am, Sir, &c., Diotus.

[We do not accuse Englishmen of flunkeyism, but of liking ornament in social arrangements. We fear a good many of them feel that paying undue deference justifies them in claiming it in their turn.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

MR. JACOB BRIGHT AND THE CONGO DEBATE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your article of Saturday last on "The Sovereignty of the Congo," criticising my speech, you say, "Mr. Jacob Bright, certainly no Chauvinist, denounces Portugal with injudicious violence as 'that rotten Power.'" May I state that I should certainly not have ventured to employ such words on my own authority. I quoted them from Monteiro, a well-known and trustworthy Portuguese author, who used the expression in characterising Portuguese government in Africa. I subjoin the passage which I read to the House:—"Were the natives otherwise than inoffensive and incapable of enmity, they would long ago have swept away the rotten power of the Portuguese in that large extent of territory."—"Angola and the Congo," Vol. II., p. 42.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Alderley Edge, Cheshire, April 9th. Jacob Bright.

IRISH EMIGRANTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In last week's *Spectator*, third page, it is stated that the late embarkation of emigrants in Blacksod Bay, County Mayo, was a "thoroughly cheerful occasion." I hope you will allow me to correct this statement in your next issue. The account which I saw of the affair (in or from a daily paper) was that, as each boatload of emigrants left the shore for the steamer, a wail of lamentation arose. I think that any one who has been present at the departure of Irish emigrants from their homes, will agree with me that loud and sorrowful lamentations usually accompany such departures from friends and country, not likely to be seen again.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Waterford, April 9th. E. Harvey.

[We took our report from the *Irish Times*, and have had it confirmed on the best private authority.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

EDUCATION, AND DRINKING HABITS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I am afraid you are mistaken, though I should be glad to think you are not, in ascribing the diminished consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United Kingdom to compulsory education. Switzerland, one of the best educated countries in Europe, is very nearly, if not quite, the most drunken; and Geneva, beyond all comparison the best educated Canton of the Confederation, is the worst of all. The State spends on the education of a population of 100,000, £50,000 a year (equal to an expenditure for the United Kingdom of fifteen millions), and the people spend on drink a sum equal to £10 per head of population per annum! I should rather be disposed to attribute the lessening addiction to drink in England to the effects of teetotal societies, and the growing conviction among all classes that alcohol in any shape is rarely beneficial, and often hurtful, to health, an idea which, as yet, has not so much as dawned on the Continental mind. Here and in France mothers give their babies wine, and most people regard it as one of the prime necessaries of life.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Geneva, April 10th. William Westall.

[The Teetotal Societies are all fed by Bands of Hope or children's Teetotal Societies, and Bands of Hope are almost all created at school and have become prosperous since schools became universal."—Ed. *Spectator*.]

RATIONAL DRESS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—We have heard a good deal lately about "rational dress," and we are promised one, if not two, exhibitions of it this year; but as everybody does not go to exhibitions, and as, moreover, an exhibition is rather calculated to convey to ignorant minds the idea of something *not* intended for every-day use, I am anxious to suggest a method of propagating the new doctrines which, if the ladies who preach them are really in earnest, will no doubt be very easily carried out. It is this:—Let every woman who, either in print or on any platform, has ever urged upon any other women the foolishness, or unhealthiness, or immorality of the present style of dress, assume at once a costume strictly in conformity with "rational" rules, and let her wear it for the next two months, in every public place or private assembly. Supposing fifty ladies, or even less, to do this, most people in London would have an opportunity of seeing what "rational dress" really is, and of judging, the women for themselves, the men for their wives and daughters, whether it ought to be adopted. But there must be no half-measures, no compromising with vicious fashions. We are told that all shoes should have flat soles and broad toes, that all waists should be as guiltless of restraint as that of the Medicean Venus, that sleeves should be roomy, skirts straight, and bonnets fit to protect the head effectually from sun and wind, and a great many other things which I, for one, should like to see exemplified, not only on the persons of young and pretty girls who look well in anything, but on the more mature ladies who have hitherto done the talking and writing, and who are, naturally, the persons to show the world the excellence of the new way. Perhaps, if you are good enough to print this letter, my suggestion may reach the proper quarter, and who knows but we may presently begin to meet rationally dressed ladies at every turn?—I am, Sir, &c., A.

MR. RUSSELL ON VIVISECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I was much obliged to you for publishing my letter on vivisection last Saturday. Had I longer deferred writing to you, I should have been too late for last week's *Spectator*, and by next Saturday the matter would have been rather out of date. As, however, I called attention to the fact that the *Times* had failed to publish my letter of the 5th inst., it is only fair that I should, with equal publicity, record the fact that they have published it to-day. Better late, than never.—I am, Sir, &c.,

April 9th. G. W. E. Russell.

MR. NICHOL AND THE POEM OF "BRAHMA," BY EMERSON.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You did well to correct Mr. Nichol's misquotation, in his "History of American Literature," of the above poem; but there is still another blunder in it, the correction of which will, perhaps, enable him and others to understand this poem better, and which I will explain thus.

When Emerson was last in England, in 1873, he spent his last evening with me before sailing for Boston. When in my library, he asked me if I had an English edition of his "May Poems," as, he said, he had been asked whatever the one on "Brahma" could mean. To which he had replied, call it "Jehovah," and perhaps you will understand it better. But another friend had said to him that it seemed only nonsense! I found the poem for him, and on looking it over, he exclaimed, "Well might they call it nonsense! Not only is the word 'not' omitted in the third line [as you pointed out], but in the seventh line they have printed *vanquished*, instead of *vanished*, which, of course, spoils the whole meaning of the poem." I have always admired this poem, as clearly giving the Brahmin belief that each soul is part of the Divinity, and hope this correction will help to make it more clear.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Prince's Park, Liverpool, April 7th. R. C. Hall.

BOOKS.

MRS. CARLYLE'S LETTERS.*

With a little suppression of the innumerable repetitions concerning bad nights, digestion, insect annoyances, and other household matters, of which no one can expect the public to enjoy more than is needful to show the domestic character and capacity of the writer, these three volumes might be compressed into two of the most fascinating in the English language; but this compression they certainly require. Mrs. Carlyle evidently wrote without a thought of her letters ever serving any purpose but that of telling her correspondents what she was thinking, feeling, suffering, or enjoying at the time, and letters so written by a woman continually employed in the same class of tasks, and suffering from the same class of causes, could not but contain a vast amount of needless and even profuse repetition. Mr. Froude might, we think, have added greatly to the charm of this book, without in any way detracting from its frankness, if he had abbreviated almost all those letters in which the various house-cleanings and the various headaches are minutely described, leaving one or two of each type to stand in full, but cutting down the rest. As it is, the reader at times forgets that Mrs. Carlyle is not responsible for all these egotisms, and imputes to her the sin of repetitions which are really the fault of the editor. Were all such redundancies of household and medical detail eliminated, there would remain in these volumes ample stores of vivacity, and brightness, and satire, and pathos, and patience, and impatience, and humour and wit; stores ample enough to constitute a lasting memorial to Mrs. Carlyle's memory, and nothing to incline any one to skip. As it is, the horrors of London four-posters and the details of sleepless nights are sometimes multiplied till the admirable vividness, sharpness, tenderness, and originality of the letters are a little hidden from view.

Mrs. Carlyle did not invent quite such remarkable phrases in describing the people whom she best knew, as her husband. But in bringing their figures before our minds, she was hardly, if at all, his inferior. Take, for instance, this description of Mr. Carlyle's lady admirers, with the sly hit in conclusion at himself:—

"Let no woman who values peace of soul ever dream of marrying an author! That is to say, if he is an honest one, who makes a conscience of doing the thing he pretends to do. But this I observe to you in confidence; should I state such a sentiment openly, I might happen to get myself torn in pieces by the host of my husband's lady admirers, who already, I suspect, think me too happy in not knowing my happiness. You cannot fancy what way he is making with the fair intellects here! There is Harriet Martineau presents him with her ear-trumpet with a pretty, blushing air of coquetry, which would almost convince me out of belief in her identity! And Mrs. Pierce Butler bolts in upon his studies, out of the atmosphere, as it were, in riding-habit, cap and whip (but no shadow of a horse, only a carriage, the whip, I suppose, being to whip the cushions with, for the purpose of keeping her hand in practice)—my inexperienced Scotch domestic remaining entirely in a nonplus whether she had let in 'a leddy or a gentleman!' And then there is a young American beauty—such a beauty! 'snow and rose-bloom' throughout, not as to clothes merely, but complexion also; large and soft, and without one idea, you would say, to rub upon another! And this charming creature publicly declares herself his 'ardent admirer,' and I heard her with my own ears call out quite passionately at parting with him, 'Oh, Mr. Carlyle, I want to see you to talk a long, long time about—"Sartor!"' 'Sartor,' of all things in this world! What could such a young lady have got to say about 'Sartor,' can you imagine? And Mrs. Marsh, the moving authoress of the 'Old Man's Tales,' reads 'Sartor' when she is ill in bed; from which one thing at least may be clearly inferred, that her illness is not of the head. In short, my dear friend, the singular author of 'Sartor' appears to me at this moment to be in a perilous position, inasmuch as (with the innocence of a sucking dove to outward appearance) he is leading honourable women, not a few, entirely off their feet. And who can say that he will keep his own? After all, in sober earnest, is it not curious that my husband's writings should be only completely understood and adequately appreciated by women and mad people? I do not know very well what to infer from the fact."

Too much has certainly been made of Mrs. Carlyle's sufferings through her husband's indifference to her. That she suffered greatly at intervals for perhaps ten or twelve years, partly through Lady Ashburton's influence over her husband, partly from Carlyle's selfish absorption in the monster work of his life, the *Life of Frederick the Great*, is undeniable; but it is clear enough that even during parts of this time she was at heart not only devoted to her husband, but conscious that nothing pleased him better than to hear how truly she was wrapped up in him. Take, for example, these two tender letters, both written during the middle and least happy period of their lives. The first was written in July, 1844, after she had just left home on a visit:—

"*July* 2.

"Indeed, dear, you look to be almost unhappy enough already! I do not want you to suffer physically, only morally, you understand, and to hear of your having to take coffee at night and all that gives

* *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.* Edited by James Anthony Froude. 3 vols. London: Longmans and Co.

me no wicked satisfaction, but makes me quite unhappy. It is curious how much more uncomfortable I feel without you, when it is I who am going away from you, and not, as it used to be, you gone away from me. I am always wondering since I came here how I can, even in my angriest mood, talk about leaving you for good and all; for to be sure, if I were to leave you to-day on that principle, I should need absolutely to go back to-morrow to see how you were taking it."

And the following was written in July, 1846, when Carlyle had apparently forgotten to write to her on her birthday, the truth being that the letter was waiting for her, but that the post-mistress had made some mistake:—

"*Seaforth, Tuesday, July* 14, 1846.

"Oh! my dear husband, fortune has played me such a cruel trick this day! and I do not even feel any resentment against fortune, for the suffocating misery of the last two hours. I know always, when I seem to you most exacting, that whatever happens to me is nothing like so bad as I deserve. But you shall hear how it was. Not a line from you on my birthday, the post-mistress averred! I did not burst out crying, did not faint—did not do anything absurd, so far as I know; but I walked back again without speaking a word; and with such a tumult of wretchedness in my heart as you, who know me, can conceive. And then I shut myself in my own room to fancy everything that was most tormenting. Were you, finally, so out of patience with me that you had resolved to write to me no more at all? Had you gone to Addiscombe, and found no leisure there to remember my existence? Were you taken ill, so ill that you could not write? That last idea made me mad to get off to the railway, and back to London. Oh, mercy! what a two hours I had of it! And just when I was at my wits' end, I heard Julia crying out through the house: 'Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle! Are you there? Here is a letter for you.' And so there was after all! The post-mistress had overlooked it, and had given it to Robert, when he went afterwards, not knowing that we had been. I wonder what love-letter was ever received with such thankfulness! Oh, my dear! I am not fit for living in the world with this organisation. I am as much broken to pieces by that little accident as if I had come through an attack of cholera or typhus fever. I cannot even steady my hand to write decently. But I felt an irresistible need of thanking you, by return of post. Yes, I have kissed the dear little card-case; and now I will lie down awhile, and try and get some sleep. At least, to quiet myself, I will try to believe—oh, why cannot I believe it, once for all—that with all my faults and follies, I am 'dearer to you than any earthly creature.' I will be better for Geraldine here; she is become very quiet and nice; and as affectionate for me as ever.—Your own J. C."

These letters will give an adequate idea of the tenderness and passion of which Mrs. Carlyle was capable, and which, had Carlyle been other than he was, she would, no doubt, have lavished freely on her husband. But we do not in the least mean to convey that all the shortcoming was on his side. Many of her letters,—and still more her diaries,—show the hardness, pride, and tauntingness with which she met what she regarded as his neglect, and of course, this did not tend to restore the confidence between them. As somebody said, there was too much of the diamond on the surface of each of them to make life together quite easy, and though in her the tenderness was deep beneath, it was by no means always get-at-able, for she loved to play the man when she found her husband not recognising the woman in her. That Carlyle himself was hard, the ease with which he threw off even intimate friends like John Stuart Mill seems to show. Speaking of the appearance of his own screamy and foolish little pamphlet, "Occasional Thoughts on the Nigger Question," Carlyle says, quite coolly, that it produced "execrative shrieks from several people, J. S. Mill for one, who, indeed, had personally quite parted from me a year or two before, I know not why, nor indeed very much inquired, since it was his silly pleasure, poor Mill!" Mrs. Carlyle evidently felt the estrangement much more deeply. When she got a cold note from Mr. J. S. Mill in reply to a cordial message from herself, she speaks of having had something like a trembling fit, from the pain it gave her. But when Mrs. Carlyle met with hardness from one she loved, though it wounded her deeply, she always strove to affect a hardness she did not feel, and which she would have done much better not to put on. She admits that on the few occasions when she gave way to a natural burst of feeling, Carlyle was not in any way indifferent to her distress. Mrs. Carlyle calls the long ten years or so while *Frederick the Great* was being written,—"the valley of the shadow of Frederick the Great," and truly it was to her much worse than the valley of the shadow of death, especially as during a part of it, Lady Ashburton contrived to cast on her lot a shadow at least as chilling as the departed Frederick himself. But even in this period, though her letters get a bitterer tone, there is no falling off in their brilliancy. Nothing can be more amusing, for instance, than her account of Count d'Orsay, and her contrast between him and Lord Jeffrey:—

"*April* 13, 1845.

"To-day, oddly enough, while I was engaged in re-reading Carlyle's *Philosophy of Clothes*, Count d'Orsay walked in. I had not seen him for four or five years. Last time he was as gay in his colours as a humming-bird—blue satin cravat, blue velvet waistcoat, cream-coloured coat, lined with velvet of the same hue, trousers also of a bright colour, I forget what; white French gloves, two glorious breast-pins attached by a chain, and length enough of gold watch-guard to have hanged himself in. To-day, in compliment to his five more years, he was all in black and brown—a black satin cravat, a brown velvet waistcoat, a brown coat, some shades darker than the waistcoat, lined with velvet of its own shade, and almost black trousers, one breast-pin, a large pear-shaped pearl set into a little cup of diamonds, and only one fold of gold chain round his neck, tucked together right on the centre of his spacious breast with one magnificent turquoise. Well! that man understood his trade; if it be but that of dandy, nobody can deny that he is a perfect master of it, that he dresses himself with consummate skill! A bungler would have made no allowance for five more years at his time of life; but he had the fine sense to perceive how much better his dress of to-day sets off his slightly-enlarged figure and slightly-worn complexion, than the humming-bird colours of five years back would have done. Poor D'Orsay! he was born to have been something better than even the king of dandies. He did not say nearly so many clever things this time as on the last occasion. His wit, I suppose, is of the sort that belongs more to animal spirits than to real genius, and his animal spirits seem to have fallen many degrees. The only thing that fell from him to-day worth remembering was his account of a mask he had seen of Charles Fox, 'all punched and flattened as if he had slept in a book.' Lord Jeffery came, unexpected, while the Count was here. What a difference! the prince of critics and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beautiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's! The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more interesting than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to in a looking-glass; while the dark penetrating ones of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into millstones."

Again, take the witty account of the way in which each of the two doctors who attended Mrs. Carlyle ignored the particular ailment for which she had consulted the other one. "Mr. Barnes," she says, "regards my leg as his patient and my arm as Dr. Quain's patient, which he has nothing to do with; and he is rather glad to be irresponsible for it, seeing nothing to be done." Nor could anything be more powerful, in its way, than this reproach against her husband, sent to her intimate friend, Mrs. Russell:—

"5 *Cheyne Row: December* 15, 1862.

"I should not be at all afraid that after a few weeks my new maid would do well enough if it wern't for Mr. C.'s frightful impatience with any new servant untrained to his ways, which would drive a woman out of the house with her hair on end if allowed to act directly upon her! So that I have to stand between them, and imitate in a small, humble way the Roman soldier who gathered his arms full of the enemy's spears, and received them all into his own breast.* It is this which makes a change of servants, even when for the better, a terror to me in prospect, and an agony in realisation—for a time."

* *Note by Mr. Carlyle.*—"Oh heavens, the comparison! it was too true."

But if Mrs. Carlyle had been a little more reticent with her friends and a little less reticent with her husband, he would, doubtless, have made her a better husband, and she would certainly have made him a better wife.

Nothing strikes us as more remarkable than the complete way in which a woman of so much genius as Mrs. Carlyle,—a woman whose observation and style are her own, and never become in any way Carlylese,—assimilated, without ever questioning them apparently, all Carlyle's crude ideas; his notion that the only true religion consists in imaginative wonder and impatience of shams,—his scorn for science whenever it touches the borderland of religion,—his cruel contempt for the sufferings of the less dignified races of men like the negroes, or what he was pleased to think the scum of our British population,—his belief that men were "mostly fools," and his strange notion that men could discern by a sort of second-sight who were the rulers to whom they ought to submit themselves. These crude ideas never filled either Mrs. Carlyle's mind or her heart. That she was miserable in part for want of a better faith is clear throughout these letters, and yet she assumes all through that Carlyle is possessed of the only truth in the world that is of any real significance, and that all men who are worth anything should come over to his creed. For example, she tells frankly a Liverpool Unitarian minister of eminence that he ought at once to abandon his half-and-half position, and come over to Carlyle's. And yet this book is curiously full of evidence that neither Carlyle nor his wife had any creed which subdued their hearts and minds, or gave them guidance and peace in time of trouble. It contains the letters of a brilliant woman without any inward source of rest at all, or anything that she herself mistook for it. Nevertheless she is apparently

as proud of her intellectual position and of her spiritual vacuum as if the one had given her a complete key to human weaknesses, and the other a constant spring of human strength.

MR. BENN'S GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.*

Mr. Benn's work on the Greek philosophers is a remarkable production. It is subtle, learned, and eloquent. He brings to the illustration of his proper subject information gathered from the most varied sources, and has been able, in quite a felicitous way, to show the frequent parallelism between Greek and modern thought. Neither the vast learning, nor the systematising power, nor the fascinating style in which it is written, nor all of these taken together is sufficient to enable us to account for the book, nor for the particular conclusions set forth in it. It is one of those books into which a personal element largely enters, and unexpressed considerations form a large part of the logical process which justifies the results won by Mr. Benn. It is all the more necessary to point this out, because Mr. Benn is one of those who seem to think that truth can only be reached when we eliminate the personal element altogether. This book of his, is, on the contrary, one of the best illustrations we have seen of the large part which unconscious preconceptions play in conscious logical processes. He has come to the study of Greek philosophy, and to the study of philosophy in general, with quite a number of presuppositions, some of which are present in clear consciousness to his mind, and some of which lie more or less completely in the background. One of these conscious presuppositions is what he calls "the modern conception of the universe as an absolute whole, whose parts are not caused, but constituted by their fundamental unity, and are not really separated from each other in nature, but only ideally distinguished in our thoughts." (Vol. II., pp. 346-7.) Alongside of this we may put another conception, the consistency of which with the foregoing we do not quite see. Yet it is a conception which finds frequent expression in these volumes, chiefly, however, when Mr. Benn puts on the mantle of prophecy. The time will come "when the truths of science are seen by all, as they are now seen by a few, to involve the admission that there is no object for our devotion but the welfare of sentient beings like ourselves; that there are no changes in Nature for which natural forces will not account; and that the unity of all existence has, for us, no individualisation beyond the finite and perishable consciousness of man." (Vol. II., p. 265.) Another preconception in the mind of Mr. Benn is a hatred of superstition. By superstition, he means almost all that other people mean when they speak of natural and revealed religion. Frequent allusions occur to "organised superstition." So far has this gone with Mr. Benn, that hatred of superstition often rises to the altitude of religious faith. His language attains to a warmer glow and becomes urgent and passionate, in its denunciation of the evil wrought by a faith in the supernatural, in any form whatsoever. A curious illustration occurs in a paragraph in the third section of the chapter on the religious revival. Mr. Benn is speaking of the military organisation of the Roman Empire, and of some of the results of it:—"On the other hand, when it came to be a question of supernatural agency, a man of this type would astonish the Jews themselves by his credulity. Imbued with the idea of personal authority, he readily fancied that any one standing high in the favour of God could cure diseases from a distance, by simply giving them the word of command to depart." (Vol. II., p. 207.) This is one of the few allusions to the New Testament to be found in these two volumes, and we quote it because of the illustration it affords of the extreme arbitrariness of Mr. Benn's method of criticism. It shows how a mind imbued with preconceptions will pass through a mass of evidence, and like a magnet, will attract only what has affinity with itself. It was open to Mr. Benn to take the story of the centurion as a whole, it was equally open to him to omit all reference to it. But it was not open to him, without critical inquiry, simply in this arbitrary way to take as much as suited his purpose, and to cast the remainder overboard as superstition. The story of the centurion hangs together. Instead of manifesting credulity, he showed a reasonable faith. He argued from what he knew just as cogently as Mr. Benn does; even more so. Personal authority was a fact. A word from the Emperor was enough, as the centurion well knew, to set troops in motion from Palestine to Britain. He himself was a man under authority, and others obeyed him as he obeyed his superiors. Was there anything irrational in supposing that similar authority and obedience might obtain in other spheres? If the story in the Gospels be true, and if Jesus Christ is what he claims to be, then it is not the centurion who exhibits credulity; it is Mr. Benn. If the story is true, the centurion was right, and Mr. Benn is wrong in his opinion. It is time that it should be understood that superstition may be negative as well as positive. And people may err as much in refusing to faith its proper sphere, as in yielding to extra-belief.

The truth is that Mr. Benn is an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm is twofold. It is positive when he is looking at the scientific intelligence, its methods, and its triumphs. For him science is the beneficent healing power, whose office it is to redeem humanity from all evils. On the other hand, he is a negative enthusiast, who hates as passionately as he loves. He can see no good in supernaturalism. It is simply an obstruction to science, and must at all hazards be removed out of the way. It is this enthusiasm which evidently has set Mr. Benn to the enormous toil of writing this book, and of the vast preparatory study which has issued in this result. It is as good a way of attack on Supernaturalism as any which can be found now-a-days. To write a history of Greek philosophy, and to show how supernaturalism coincided with reaction, and how progress, in all the breadth of its meaning, coincided with the triumph of what Mr. Benn calls the scientific spirit, was a happy thought. It would bring the forces of history to bear on the formidable defence which supernaturalism is still able to offer. What had resisted the direct attack, and indeed had attacked in turn and not without success the exclusive scientific prejudices of our own time, might not be able to resist a flank attack by the circuitous route of the philosophers of Greece. No doubt Mr. Benn has a certain interest in Greek philosophy, for its own sake; but to us it appears that it has a deeper interest for him, in so far as it enables him to overthrow the citadel of superstition. He has brought to the study of Greek philosophy the intensity of his own convictions, and his eyes see just what they have the power to see, and no more. From the tone of the book, the author seems to imagine that he has got free from preconception, and is as far as possible from reading into history what his own mind brought with it; and yet, if Cardinal Newman were seeking a new illustration of the leading principle set forth in the *Grammar of Assent*, he could find none more appropriate than *The Greek Philosophers*, by A. W. Benn. The reasoning of this volume has a personal and individual character.

Sometimes, indeed, these preconceptions fall into the background, and Mr. Benn allows himself to stand face to face with the objects of his study. Then we have true, earnest work, and results of abiding value. The studies of the pre-Socratic schools, and of Socrates, of Plato, and Aristotle, are worthy of all praise, when they are confined to these philosophers, and their place in the history of human thought. The exposition is always good, but it is not allowed to proceed undisturbed for any length of time. Mr. Benn has to point a moral and adorn a tale, and takes occasion to show how superstition comes in, in a quiet, disguised way, or destructively like a flood. Now and then we come across an enjoyable allusion to modern times and thought; a fair specimen is the following, which occurs in his description of the Sophists:—"Wherever the rhetorician comes into competition with the professional, he will beat him on his own ground, and will be preferred to him for every public office. The type is by no means extinct, and flourishes like a green bay-tree among ourselves. Like Pendennis, a writer of this kind will review any book from the height of superior knowledge acquired by two hours' reading in the British Museum; or, if he is adroit enough, will dispense with even that slender amount of preparation. He need not even trouble himself to read the book which he criticises. A superficial acquaintance with magazine articles will qualify him to pass judgment on all life, all religion, and all philosophy. But it is in politics that the finest career lies before him. He rises to power by attacking the measures of real statesmen, and remains there by adopting them. He becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer by gross economical blundering, and Prime Minister by a happy mixture of epigram and adulation." (Vol. I., p. 97.) These allusions add much to the enjoyment of the reader, but not very much to his knowledge or information. Frequently, indeed, they break the continuity of argument and exposition, although we have no doubt that they appear to the author the most valuable feature of the book. In the midst of the exposition of Plato's system, when we have reached what many regard as the highest point of his thought,

* *The Greek Philosophers.* By Alfred William Benn. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Benn stops short to apologise for Plato, and to point out how even out of this evil good did eventually flow. The Theism which Plato reached is regarded by critics "who, like Lange, are most imbued with the scientific spirit as a retrograde movement. We may to a certain extent agree with them, without admitting that philosophy as a whole was injured by departing from the principles of Democritus. An intellectual, like an animal organism, may sometimes have to choose between retrograde metamorphosis and total extinction. The course of events drove speculation to Athens, where it could only exist on the condition of assuming a theological form. Moreover, action and reaction are equal and contrary. Mythology gained as much as philosophy lost. It was purified from immoral ingredients, and raised to the highest level which supernaturalism is capable of attaining. If the *Republic* was the forerunner of the Catholic Church, the *Timaeus* was the forerunner of the Catholic faith." (Vol. I., p. 267.) The statement in the last sentence is either a truism or an untruth, according to the meaning we are to attach to the word "forerunner." If this means only that the *Timaeus* came first in time, then, of course, this is true. If it means that the *Timaeus* determined either the form or the contents of the Catholic faith, nothing can be more untrue. That this is, however, Mr. Benn's meaning is obvious from many paragraphs in his work. He speaks in the preface of Hellenic culture having to repair "the ravages of the Barbarians, and, chiefly under the form of Christianity, to make itself accepted by the new nationalities which had arisen on the ruins of the Roman Empire." The Christian interpretation of life is a "great supernaturalist reaction," which had its time and passed away; and when it passed away, "Nature could once more be studied on scientific principles."

To suppose that Christianity owed its strength and success to Hellenic culture is so contrary to historic evidence, that he who makes the supposition and gravely proceeds to build on it, by the very fact shows himself disqualified for the task of reading history aright, and appreciating what are its moving forces. The motive force of Christianity did not come from Greece. It came from Palestine. Its power did not spring from Plato. It sprang from Christ. Christianity confronted the thought of Greece with a greater thought by far, and brought satisfaction to the needs which the culture of Greece could awaken but could not satisfy. Christianity could use all that Greece had won, just because it came to Greek thought and life from a higher stand-point, and had in it the energies of a larger life. Just as Christianity met the wants created by the thought and culture of the Greeks, so also it met those new wants of humanity which had been awakened for the first time in history by the wide dominion, the equal justice, and the common citizenship of the Roman Empire. Christianity brought to the Roman Empire a wider citizenship, a vaster dominion, a more large-hearted brotherhood, a more equal justice, just because it brought them an organisation in which differences of nationality, speech, history, race, and sex, were made to blend in the higher unity of the body of Christ. This new organisation has its origin, form, and motive in Christ. He was in the thought of Christianity, the beginning and the end of it. And to every Christian, union with Christ was both the source and the end of eternal life. These are common-places which every student of history ought to know, and yet they are utterly ignored by Mr. Benn, who can see nothing, as far as we can gather from these volumes, in Christianity which cannot be found in the culture of Greece. We have read these volumes from end to end, some chapters we have read more than once, and we have sought to discover whether Mr. Benn was prepared to allow any factors to have influence in the history of Europe save those which are derived from Greece or Rome. We have found that he can appreciate the forces derived from Judaism before Christianity began to be, that he can also see that some influence was derived from the union of Greek thought with the thought of Arabia. But when we sought to discover whether Christianity had any direct power, any moulding influence on the thought and life of men, we have not found that Mr. Benn was prepared to allow that it had. It seems to us that Mr. Benn regards both the "supernaturalist reaction" and the influence which overcame it as having been derived from the thought and culture of Greece, a position which every student of history knows to be utterly untenable.

We have already exceeded the limits which we can afford to this book, or we should have liked to look closely at the issues raised by Mr. Benn, in the chapter on "Religious Revival." We do not think that he has made good his case, or shown that the accepted conclusions regarding the civilization of the Roman Empire have to be rejected as inadequate or untenable. But if he has made good his case, and if the picture he has drawn be true, then the worse for his general position. For if the religions which Christianity overcame were not effete, worn-out, and contemned, but strong, vigorous, and adequate for the expression of the religious life, then the testimony to the vigour, truth, and adequacy of the Christian religion becomes all the stronger, unless, indeed, Mr. Benn takes refuge in the shelter for the distressed which men of his way of thinking have built for themselves, and say that the more vigorous a religion which recognises the supernatural is, the more dangerous and the more untrue it is.

HERR EBERS'S LAST NOVEL.*

The realism which is the key-note, and also in some measure the bane of our modern spirit, in its artistic expression, has in Germany, in the domain of fiction, not yet developed into naturalism. For the German, the craze for actuality is satisfied by historical accuracy; always fond of instructing himself, and being instructed, he asks from his work of art that it should teach him something. Professor Ebers has very happily apprehended this demand on the part of his countrymen, and to this apprehension he owes the great success that has unquestionably attended his work. If excellence of workmanship be commensurate with popularity, then, beyond doubt, Ebers is the greatest of living German novelists; for his works, and his alone, command a large public, and are read and bought in a country which, notwithstanding its reputation for learning, reads few and buys fewer books. For ourselves, we have never had a great regard for Ebers' semi-sentimental, cumbrous treatment of historical subjects; but, at the same time, we cannot deny to him a certain graphic power, which, combined with his really accurate knowledge of ancient matters, enables him to cause the past to live again before our eyes,—a past, however, always skilfully draped with a certain nineteenth-century decency and refinement. His *Egyptian Princess* was an eminently readable book. But of late, Ebers has steadily declined, and has written too hastily. It has become the fashion of late that no German Christmas gift-table is complete, if there be not upon it a new volume from the pen of this favourite author, who ever writes with such decorum, who never permits himself to forget that it has been said that novels are written "pour les jeunes gens et les femmes;" and Ebers has been only too true to this demand. His latest Christmas gift, while in some respects superior to the *Burgomaster's Daughter*, suffers yet more from hasty and careless workmanship. In point of style, this is one of the least admirable of his productions; it would seem at times as if the Professor had forgotten how to handle his mother-tongue, such strange pranks does he play with her adjectives and verbs,—her involved sentences grow yet more so in his hands. He cannot surely have read his own proofs, or it could not have escaped so excellent a scholar that he occasionally perpetrates nonsense. If, therefore, his English translator has now and then fallen into the same trap, she can scarcely be blamed, for in one or two cases her error is merely too strict fidelity to her original. Her work also suffers a little from hastiness, but as a whole, Miss Bell has, as before, acquitted herself bravely in her task, though her alternate redundance and economy of punctuation certainly do not enhance the enjoyment of reading.

Only a Word misses excellence. The book falls sharply into two parts, that do not cohere. It would almost appear that the author, while writing, had entirely changed his design. Like most German novels, the composition is faulty and ill-proportioned; and while the beginning is detailed, related with warmth and poetry, the later portion is hurried, and becomes at last a mere dry chronicle of historical actions. No doubt, Professor Ebers modelled his new tale upon the mediæval German novel of adventure, which, in some respects, it resembles; but in adapting it *in usum Delphini*, he has made it, in great part, a tedious, twice-told tale. And a twice-told tale it is indeed, for in its pages we have quite a microcosm of contemporary mediæval history,—the Spanish persecutions in Flanders, the battle of Lepanto, Andrea Doria and the Genoese victories in

* *Ein Wort.* Von G. Ebers. Stuttgart: Hallberger. 1883.
Only a Word. By G. Ebers. Translated by Clara Bell. London: Macmillan.

the East, the Court of Philip of Spain, Venice in the times of Titian, and what not else, all grouped, or rather dragged, with more or less success round the protagonist, the Swabian boy, whose pursuit of a word has led him thus far afield. This word is the keynote of the tale, and as a fundamental idea is so charming that we regret the more that it is not more skilfully worked out. The young Black Forester, Ulrich, the son of the sturdy, worthy smith, Adam, lives with his father among the outcasts of the Richtberg, where lives also a learned Spanish Jew, whose daughter is the play and lesson-mate of the boy. Costa is an outcast for his faith's sake, Adam a self-constituted pariah, for he is unable to bear the shame brought upon him by his light-natured, frivolous wife, who left him years ago to follow the wandering instincts of her nature and the silken clothes of a gay, young cavalier. Ulrich and little Ruth are imaginative children. They have seen the grave Hebrew brood over his books, and in answer to their inquiry as to what he sought therein, they have extracted the reply, "A word!" A word,—their childish fancy transforms this into a conjuror's tale, they seek the word that shall change them into fairy princess and prince, they plan a thousand splendid things that the word shall perform for them and theirs, and among these is ever foremost the secret desire of Ulrich that his "mammy" may return, the sweet-voiced, fair-visaged woman whom he remembers in his dreams, for whom he cherishes a tender memory, that remains alive for all his father's prohibitions against his lost wife's name being mentioned in his presence. The blood of his mother is strong in the boy, the world of his fancy is far different from that of the brainless lads around him. The image of the unhappy woman, of whom no one had ever spoken a good word to him, who had abandoned him, and whose faithlessness had given other boys a right to laugh him to scorn, ever floated before his eyes; he sees his mother, he beholds motherhood in every pure and sacred virgin that graces the altar shrines, and through love for his mother there awakes in the lad's mind a love for art, which is wisely fostered by the Jew. The visit of a Benedictine friar ends the childish idyl of free intercourse between Christian and Jew; on pain of persecution for Costa, he forces Adam to send his boy to the convent school. While here, he learns that his beloved tutor is to be put to the rack, and he effects an escape, to warn the Jew of the danger that awaits him at the hands of the monks. The smith, Ulrich, Costa, his wife, and child, all flee in the dead of night, protected by a snowstorm that wipes out their traces, to seek across the borders the peace, the right to live their lives after their own fashion, that is denied to them at home. They are betrayed and pursued; Ulrich is decoyed, Costa is basely murdered while he pleads for the life of his persecutor, and Adam is left alone with the sickly wife and little daughter of the Hebrew. At this point the story suddenly makes a break. Up to this point it has been full of freshness and charm, and written with a crispness in which Ebers has touched once again the level of his highest work. The hundred pages in which these incidents are condensed are full of pictures, the feeling of the middle ages is reproduced with easy power, without sense or evidence of effort. The descriptive scenes recall the objective treatment of nature that is so attractive a feature in the poems of the Meister and Minnesingers of the time. We are attracted, too, by the burly, true-hearted smith, the gentle-spirited, learned Jew, lord of the wide world of thought, and desiring no other or better world. Ruth, too, the poetic little maiden, has endeared herself to us. Yet at one fell swoop all these attractive characters are blotted out of the story, and we follow the fortunes of Ulrich only, fortunes too crowded with incidents, too baldly told to hold our interest. The farther we read the more tedious do these grow, and at the last we weary heartily of the manifold adventures of this plaything of a word. For though the break between the early and latter portion of Ebers' book is sharply delineated in the figure of his hero also, he yet retains of his old self the fancy that life can be rendered easy and successful at the bidding of a word. But that word? What is it? A fugitive on the wayside, Ulrich is rescued by the Dutch painter Antonio Moro, who is on his road to Spain, to paint for Philip. While halting at a wayside inn, he hears a rough soldier's song, whose confident burden is ever the word "Good-fortune," "good-fortune." Ulrich shouts, catching the refrain with rapturous glee, that surely is the word he has been seeking. And indeed, for a while, Fortune seems to justify his choice; she showers gifts from her cornucopia over his head. He is the favourite, the pupil of Moro, he is the inmate of the Spanish palace, nothing disturbs his enjoyment, save the thought that perchance Art be the word to enclose within it Good-Fortune. It is a pity that Ebers has marred what might have been a most original psychological study by his desire to pander to the German love of instruction. At the Spanish Court we have to endure an Ebers version of Don Carlos, we are obliged to meet many well-known characters, we are wearied by the number of personages that flit across the scene without connection with the tale; and even that fascinating Italian, Sofonisba Angnisciola, becomes tiresome at this author's hands. Then, too, how far Ebers is justified in the picture that he draws of Philip II. is a matter for question. His Philip is scarcely the one with whom history has rendered us familiar. Yet, having respect for Ebers' historical knowledge, we should, perhaps, accept him upon his authority, but for the astonishing family likeness he bears to the same writer's portrait of the Emperor Hadrian. Even the incident in *The Emperor* where Hadrian tries his hand at sculpture is here reproduced, under the altered form of painting. In all other respects, the two episodes and their ultimate outcomes are alike.

Meanwhile, good-fortune, while obedient to our hero in all else, fails him in Art, and this because his mother's light blood moves in him, and makes him want to take things too easily; the drudgery of his profession is distasteful to him. He begins to doubt himself, his future, the word and the efficacy of its spell. A visit to Italy disgusts him with his own paintings, and turns him into a gambler; his inherited restlessness and love of self-display, the vagabond nature of his mother, come uppermost; he becomes a soldier, under Don Juan of Austria, and we are forced to be present with him at the battle of Lepanto. "Glory" is now the word he lives for; he is convinced that glory is the word, the last and highest goal of man's endeavour. We encounter him next in the Netherlands, perpetrating the grossest inhumanities in the name of Christ and his Church, yet finding that glory, too, fails to fulfil his expectations. Then he remembers that Don Juan has said that laurels are leaves that wither, that power is a field to till, and henceforth "Power" is the word that he pursues. He gets himself chosen Electo, that is, leader of the mutinous army that clamoured for towns to sack, in return for arrears of pay. Here in the camp he finds his mother, who has sunk to a common camp-follower, the soldier's sibyl, fortune-teller, mistress, boon companion. Yet Ulrich is not repelled at finding her again thus. This may be psychologically correct, but in what follows Ebers is both absurd and wanting in good-taste. He would have us credit that, in spite of the foul associations of camp life, this woman has kept herself superior and absolutely high-minded. All this episode concerning the camp sibyl is truly unpleasant, and casts an ugly reflection upon the poetic remembrance ever cherished by Ulrich, and which was the one high note in his life that was never shifted, even when he touched his lowest depths of mental abasement. Accident reveals to the Electo that his father is still alive and at Antwerp, where he has become a noted armourer and a Protestant. Instantly Ulrich dreams of a reconciliation between his parents. He hurries to Antwerp, to find that old Adam not only does not take the same view of his wife's purity as her son, but that he will have nothing to say to this blood-stained man in Spanish uniform. Stunned, overwhelmed with grief, Ulrich returns to the camp, to find his mother stabbed in a fit of jealousy by one of her lovers. With more fury than before he throws himself into his duties as Electo, and leads his troops on to the sack of Antwerp. Wounded, he is rescued by his father, nursed by Ruth, and learns to know that the word is still in a measure Art, but that there is a truer and higher word,—and that word is Love. Thus, after all, this story of wild adventures ends, as all properly-conducted stories should, with marriage-bells and a general harmony. This may be possible, with Ebers' faith that character remains untarnished by even the vilest acts. For ourselves, we doubt it.

LORD HATHERLEY.*

Lord Hatherley's character, apart from his work, was so high, that he deserved a memorial in the shape of a biography, discreet, modest, and just, like himself. Mr. Stephens's memoir undoubtedly merits such a description. He has carefully borne in mind his own belief that "at the present day the interests of biography are at stake," and in his pages Lord

* *A Memoir of the Right Hon. William Page Wood, Baron Hatherley, with Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by W. R. Stephens, M.A. 2 vols. London: Bentley and Son. 1883.

Hatherley never figures as saying ill-natured things of his contemporaries, although we actually find him describing—doubtless, in moments of genuinely "virtuous indignation"—a statement of Cardinal Wiseman's as "audacious lying," and a speech of Mr. Disraeli's as "scandalous." Nor is it necessary to certify of the biographer of Dr. Hook that he does not thrust himself before the public to the detriment of his subject. But his new work is far too long, and in the selections he has made from the materials placed at his disposal he has not always borne in mind the necessity for consulting the wishes of the general public as to the life of such a man as Lord Hatherley. We do not object—although doubtless objection may in some quarters be made—to the publication of the pious reflections and epistolary critiques of religious and philosophical books with which Wood, as a busy barrister and a careful judge, filled his letters to his friend Hook. He was known to the world as an actively religious man, of what, with unconscious ingenuity, he once described as the "Hookite persuasion." With him, religion was certainly what Carlyle and Joubert, for once agreeing, consider all religion should be, "not a theology or a theosophy, but a bond, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement." It is right, therefore, that the world should know how the religion of such a man affects his daily conduct and labour, and to what extent it influences his career. But Mr. Stephens need not have given his readers so many of the boyish confidences and literary enthusiasms which Wood poured forth on paper, when studying at Geneva and elsewhere. One is glad is know that he was a warm admirer of Shakespeare, and one may well believe that he had little sympathy with Byron's morality. But why should we have page after page of "sweet seventeen" criticism like this?—"One might say, in comparing the French poets to Shakespeare, as in comparing Homer to Virgil, that Racine, for instance, never falls so low as Shakespeare, nor does he ever mount by any means so high. For my part, I was always fond of native genius uncramped by rules. . . . . I like Homer ten thousand times more than Virgil, and Shakespeare ten million times better than all the French poets put together. . . . . By-the-bye, have you read the new work of Lord Byron, the *Curse of Minerva?* I think I never read such an infamous publication, or one more worthy of being burnt by the common hangman." Finally, Mr. Stephens might have spared us altogether Lord Hatherley's poems, consisting mostly of sonnets addressed to his much-loved wife, Charlotte. Easy-flowing album rhyme like,—

"The leaves are falling, dearest,
Oh! how thickly all around,
Yet so gently, that thou hearest
As they hover, not a sound,"

does not merit preservation for its own sake, nor can it be truly said to serve as a window through which one can look into the heart of the writer, however deserving of private respect it may be, as the sincere expression of a love that ran very smooth.

Lord Hatherley's career was singularly placid and successful, as is well brought out in the unpretentious fragment of autobiography which in 1863 he wrote for Mr. Foss, who was then preparing the last chapter of his *Judges of England*, and with a slight amplification of which Mr. Stephens might, perhaps, have contented himself. He was born on November 29th, 1801, in Falcon Square, Cripplegate. He seems to have derived his courage, pertinacity, and perhaps, also, his, in many respects, advanced Liberalism from his father, the well-known Alderman or "Absolute" Wood, the friend and champion of Queen Caroline. His mother was the daughter of John Page, a surgeon, of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, who is notable chiefly for having had the poet Crabbe as one of his apprentices. The most eventful portion of Wood's school career was that spent at Winchester. Here he formed his life-long intimacy with Dean Hook. During his time there, also, a rebellion broke out against the head master, Dr. Gabell; and, singularly enough, Wood, although a great favourite with Gabell, took the side of the rebels—simply because he thought them in the right—and was expelled. He was next sent to Geneva, where he was much influenced by Rossi's lectures on ancient history, and ultimately to Trinity College, Cambridge. He came out twenty-fourth Wrangler, and was elected to a college fellowship; his health, however, was such as to prevent him from doing so well at college as otherwise he would have done. He was called to the Bar in 1827, and for some time took considerable delight in the society which sat at the feet of Coleridge, at Highgate, and assembled in Mrs. Basil Montagu's drawing-room in Bedford Square. Industrious, religious, irreproachable in all moral respects, he soon obtained a comfortable professional income, and married a lady who was his "second self" in philanthropy, Sunday-school work, and the like. His independence was finally assured by his benefiting from the legacy of a singular relative, who seems to have been generally known as "Jimmy Wood, of Gloucester." In 1847, Wood entered Parliament, as Member for the City of Oxford. His politics were a singular mixture. He was behind his time in resisting the abolition of Church rates, if not also in opposing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He was before it in advocating the removal of religious disabilities, the substitution of an affirmation for the Parliamentary Oath, the abolition of the game laws, and—fortunately for his political and legal prospects—household suffrage and the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. Of all the leading politicians of his time, he seems to have admired Lord John Russell most, although in 1855 he had the prescience to indicate Mr. Gladstone as the one man of genius then in the House of Commons. In 1851 he became Solicitor-General. He announces the fact in this letter, which is thoroughly characteristic of the man:—

"Just a line to say I am Solicitor-General as soon as the office is vacant (I believe to-morrow). Lord John very handsomely said, 'I hope, after my declaration as to the suffrage, you can accept the office.' I told him I would not otherwise have done so. God grant that it may be for good to me, a poor sinner, to be thus placed in a more responsible position! I have not sought it, but pray for me. I have given my £1,000 to Palmer's Village Church, Westminster; and I am sure you will not grudge it, when I tell you poor Mr. James (the incumbent) was in despair, having only £700. I thought, if he could say he would have £1,000, provided £4,000 could be raised in a given time!—and lo! in a fortnight it was done, and he is overjoyed. It is a wretched district."

Wood abandoned his career in Parliament and at the Bar for a Vice-Chancellorship in 1852, and thereafter considered himself as politically "shunted." In 1868, however, he was made a Lord Justice, and finally, on Mr. Gladstone coming into power the same year, and Sir Roundell Palmer being "impossible" for the Lord Chancellorship, on account of his opinions on the Irish Church question, Sir William Page Wood succeeded to the highest honours of his profession, as Baron Hatherley. Failing eyesight compelled him to retire in 1872. In 1881 he died, having survived both his wife and his dearest friend, Dean Hook. He was especially lamented by his colleagues, and by the poor of Westminster, for whose spiritual, educational, and material welfare he had laboured long and earnestly. Although not one of the most eminent, Lord Hatherley was one of the most respected of Chancellors. His defence of the appointment of Sir Robert Collier to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and his characteristically courageous vindication of his old college contemporary, Mr. Beales, will not soon be forgotten.

These two volumes are largely composed of the judgments Lord Hatherley passed in private letters on the men he met, and the books, mainly of a theological and philosophical character, that he read in the course of a long life. They are marked by fairness rather than by acuteness. The bias and capacity of his mind may be gathered from what he says on Warburton, or this typical passage on Berkeley:—

"Cambridge was a dangerous place for a young, inquiring mind, and the philosophy 'falsely so-called' would have been singularly dangerous to me, had I not from a boy been imbued with Berkeley's spiritual views. It is often supposed that his notions are pure theory: to me they were singularly practical; and I cannot say how fixedly, in its worst state of sinfulness, my mind clung to the reality and eternity of spiritual things as being the 'ὄντως ὄντα,' the only realities. The miracles also which in youth [not childhood, which is all-believing] are a severe test of faith, were always made so plain and easy to me on Berkeley's views, who resolves all phenomena into the direct will of God, that I was saved from the influence of works like Hume's. I have much to answer for in not having been saved from other sins, with all the helps I have received, but shall ever feel deeply grateful to Berkeley for the assistance he has afforded me. Such men are like the pious Eastern sovereigns who dig wells and build cisterns for the wayfaring traveller."

Occasionally, he says things that are rather happy, simply on account of their author's fairness. Thus, speaking of Buckle and his *History of Civilisation*, he says:—"It will be severely reviewed, and justly, for it is in the conceited intellectual style, and goes out of the way to favour infidelity; but I think there is something better in the man, and his dedication to his mother, of whom he is devotedly fond, is a good sign of it. . . . . I think the book too large to do much harm, and the man too good not to make an effort to guide him better." Again, we should have regarded the following, on Mr. Froude's *History of England*, as a good example of Carlylian "mischievousness," could we conceive Lord Hatherley to have been capable of anything

of the kind:—"Froude's whole style is detestable; and, in fact, anything like a fixed belief in a dogma with him is like setting up a red rag before a bull. He has, I think, at bottom a sound affection for what is right, but his prejudices are enormous. It is curious how full of prejudice every man is who complains most of it in others." Finally, take, as a good example of unconscious humour, this, on Theodore Hook, the graceless uncle of the Dean of Chichester:—"I can easily imagine that he would feel great pleasure in tying crackers to the coats of the mourners at a funeral, without stopping to inquire whether they were parents following a deceased child, or undertakers' assistants merely hired for the solemnity." We may say of this biography, in conclusion, that in spite of the faults we have indicated, it is calculated to increase the reputation of its subject, as an upright judge, as a high-minded, veracious, and courageous politician, as a sincere and, on the whole, enlightened, Christian gentleman.

THE PARISH OF HILBY.*

This is not a pretentious book, and after reading on its title-page that it is merely "a simple story of a quiet place," no one will expect to find therein startling incidents, passion torn to rags, scenes of great power, or anything of the sensational kind. But though it does not make great promises, at all events it performs as much as it had undertaken, after a thorough and enjoyable fashion which is not always to be met with in more ambitious works. It deals exclusively with a small country neighbourhood and its inhabitants, indulges in no squires or smart folks, and introduces no nearer approach to the aristocracy than a parson and his family, who are believed to be descended from a baronet about two generations off. The hero, Massey, is an honest, good sort of young tenant-farmer, rather more gentlemanly than the generality of his class, and with such a strongly developed predilection for the society of girls, that the reader is amazed to find that he has actually managed to attain the age of thirty without getting married. Having gone to establish himself in a farm which he has taken, in a hitherto unknown locality, he proceeds immediately to "get foolish about" (as Mr. Howells' Shakers term falling in love) the only two unmarried girls in the place simultaneously. One of these girls is the parson's sister, a shade above him socially, and thoroughly worthy of being loved; while the other is a shade his inferior in position, daughter to a tenant-farmer, and an affected, silly, vulgar little thing. The former he speedily longs with his whole soul to marry, the latter he never desires to do more than flirt with; and his behaviour in regard to these two women is the part of the story with which we are most inclined to find fault. A man who is filled by a really great and passionate love for a woman who fully deserves to be so loved, is very unlikely to find pleasure in continuing at the same time to carry on a vigorous flirtation with a shallow-minded, pushing, ill-mannered, rustic coquette; and yet this is what the author represents her hero as doing. He ought to have felt—and we believe that such a man as Massey *would* have felt—that to kiss, caress, and trifle with the ill-bred village flirt was an insult to the lady whom he really cared for; and to a man of his stamp, it would have been a sheer impossibility to insult the object of his love. Therefore the fault in him rings harsh and untrue, like an unresolved discord in music, and is more offensive than it would otherwise have been, because it is out of keeping with the rest of his character. It is a pity, for he is brave, manly, generous, amiable, and in other ways a lovable young man enough; but the liking which he inspires is considerably lessened by his behaviour in his love-affairs, and when he gets into a mess over them, one feels that he richly deserved his troubles. For a further account of how he comported himself, and what fortune attended him, we refer our readers to the book itself, with the confident expectation of thereby earning the gratitude of all who do not despise a good and carefully-drawn picture of tranquil country life, drawn by a person who is evidently at home in her subject, and knows what sort of people tenant-farmers and labourers are, and how they are likely to speak, think, and act.

All the characters are life-like, but perhaps the *chef d'œuvre* of them is Pollie, the forward, pretty, vain, worldly, flirtatious, farmer's daughter, who has a great ambition to be fine, and who is "conscious that it was in her to live up to dress-clothes every evening of her life;" in which opinion, however, the reader differs from her wholly, perceiving that Nature had rendered her eminently well adapted to the society of the class to which she belonged by birth, and that she must inevitably have been thoroughly miserable and out of her element in the atmosphere of any more refined state of life. Having two lovers, she appears also to have two selves, which are continually at war together as to which of the suitors is to be the favoured one. Her own genuine self cordially approves of, appreciates, and prefers the sweetheart who is least genteel and most funny, and whose jokes and style of courtship are alike atrociously vulgar, and exactly suited to her taste and understanding. But then there is in her another self as well, which finds an irresistible charm in the superior appearance and manners of the more gentlemanly lover, and to him she seems unable to help giving what small portion of heart (if any) she possesses, even though almost against her own will. The contest between these two selves, as now the former predominates, and now the latter, is well delineated; and there is nothing forced or untrue to nature in Pollie's conduct, nothing analogous to what we have complained of in Massey's. Mrs. Mann has the excellent gift of being able to put herself into the place of the individuals she writes about, looking at things from the point of view they would be likely to take, and sympathising with their sentiments; and this gift imparts real human nature to her work, and enables her to render faithfully delicate gradations of disposition and feeling which are not very easy to put into words, though it is by no means unusual for people to have a vague impression of their existence. From beginning to end of the book there is not an atom of slovenly work to be found; and though its pages are not marked by any special power or originality, we have, nevertheless, found it to be very pleasant reading.

* *The Parish of Hilby.* By Mrs. F. J. Mann. London: Elliot Stock.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

British Quarterly Review. April. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—This number is in a great measure occupied with ecclesiastical and political controversy. The article on "Welsh Education and the Established Church in Wales" is a powerful answer to an attack made by the *Church Quarterly*. There is no doubt that a large proportion of the religious life of the Principality is connected with the Nonconformist communities. But surely Mr. Richard goes a little beyond the truth when he says:—"There is not one of the upwards of 3,000 Dissenting pulpits in Wales where the pure and lofty morality of the Gospel is not habitually and honestly enforced." Wales is exceptionally fortunate, if it is free from Antinomianism. Another vindication, this time of an historical character, is to be found in "The True Character of the Pilgrim Fathers." "Notes on the Reign of Charles II." is a thoughtful essay, which deserves high commendation for its moderation and candid spirit. Mr. R. J. Griffith is surely a little hasty when, in "The Future of English Politics," he asks, "Where, except in London, would a heavy tax on coals, for the benefit of a mere insignificant section of the community, be permitted?" The redemption of Epping Forest, among other things, has been done by the tax on coals. And Paris, to mention one city only, puts up with much more in the way of taxes than London. And is it not a distinct retrogression to advocate "a wise and flexible system of out-door relief"? The most interesting of the literary articles is the account of the Italian scholar, Muratori. The paper on "The Late Bishop Wilberforce" is well worth reading. The other contents of the number are "Thought and Speech," an able contribution to natural theology, "Shakspere's Immortals," and "The Political Survey of the Quarter."

Social Wreckage. By Francis Peek. (Isbister.)—This is a book which, instead of criticising, we feel rather disposed to encourage the reading of, and mainly on account of the obvious earnestness of its author, who belongs to the philanthropic, rather than economical, school of theorists on social questions. It is a review of the laws of England as they affect the poor, and is practically a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Peek's former book, on "Our Laws and our Poor." While Mr. Peek, in our opinion, goes to extravagance in his sweeping condemnation of the Poor Laws for fostering pauperism, while there is indignation rather than suggestion in what he says of the Licensing Laws and the laws relating to women, he marshals before the dispassionate reader a great number of alarmingly significant facts as to the cruelty with which witnesses are often treated in the course of trial, and to the inequality of the punishments inflicted by judges and magistrates. Mr. Peek's opinion is that "a terrible responsibility rests upon our legislators, upon our churches, and upon all members of the community who, without protest, permit things to remain in their present condition." His book, however, will stimulate not so much legislation as voluntary effort, which, being too frequently

suffused with anger, sometimes obstructs rather than promotes legislation.

The Book of Psalms in English Blank Verse. By Ben Tehillim. (Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh.)—The author of this translation thinks that "to chant a prose version is an absurdity; music, being rhythmical, needs a rhythmical subject." Rhyme he rejects, as imposing "on a faithful translator difficulties which are insurmountable." Thus he finds himself shut up to blank verse. But he does not mean by "blank verse" what is commonly signified by that phrase. He means simply unrhymed verse, commonly, indeed, of ten syllables, but often of eight or six, and without any attempt at the variety of pauses which goes so far to make the music of blank verse properly so called. This is the form in which he gives us his new translation of the Psalter. As a translation, we have no intention of criticising it. It claims to use "the verbal and lineal arrangements of the original," and therefore moves under very considerable constraint. But we may say emphatically that if "Ben Tehillim" thinks that this "blank verse" of his has any one quality (besides faithfulness to the original, of which we do not speak) which should make it preferable to the prose of the Authorised Version or of the Prayer-book Version for reading or chanting, to be used with music or without music, he is grievously mistaken. Here is a whole Psalm (iii.):—

"Jehovah, O how many are my troublers!
Many are rising up at me!
Many are saying to my soul,
There is no saving help for him in God.
But thou, Jehovah, art a shield round me,
My glory and the raiser of my head.
Aloud unto Jehovah I will call;
And me he'll answer from his holy hill.
I did down lay me, and would take my sleep.
I have awaked again,
Because Jehovah is upholding me.
I will not fear the myriads of folk
Whom they have set against me round about.
Arise, Jehovah! save me, O my God!
For thou hast smitten all my foes on cheek;
The teeth of wicked men thou shattered hast.
Unto Jehovah is salvation due;
Upon thy people may thy blessing be."

Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges: St. Mark's Gospel. By the Rev. G. F. Maclear. (The University Press.)—It is scarcely necessary to say more than that Dr. Maclear's contribution to this excellent series is worthy of its predecessors. His annotation is, perhaps, more didactic and more apologetic than we should expect in a book intended for educational purposes; but there is little with which the reader into whose hands the book is likely to fall will disagree, and nothing to offend. On the other hand, it is satisfactorily full, nor would it have been easy to compress without injuring it. In the criticism of the text, Dr. Maclear seems to us very successful in hitting the just mean. The detailed knowledge of manuscripts and reading which it is sometimes the practice to impose upon lads at school seems to us quite out of place. It is fitted only for advanced students. Nevertheless, all intelligent readers of the New Testament should be acquainted with the outlines of the subject. These are exactly what Dr. Maclear gives us in this volume. In the series of the "Cambridge Bible for Schools," from the same publishers (in this series the *English* text is given), we have *The Epistle to the Hebrews*, edited by Canon Farrar. We may specially recommend to readers the able contrast which the editor draws, in his introduction, between the view of the Mosaic Law as it is developed in the Epistles of St. Paul and as it is set forth in this Epistle. This tells strongly against the Pauline authorship, the particular arguments on this subject being given later on. The annotation, as far as we have examined it, seems full of interest and value.

The Adventures of Halek, an autobiographical fragment, by John H. Nicholson (Griffith and Farran), is intended to set forth in an allegorical form varying states of growth in the mind of a thinker of the nineteenth century. The narrative is skilfully woven, although here and there the veil is almost drawn aside; and all through, it requires only ordinary attention to discover the originals of the dwellers in Benuben, that island between the distant countries of Adironda and Kashep, whose inhabitants only partly believe in the existence of these other places, while yet they are blessed or cursed by those who come from them. Some idea of the author's opinions is given in such passages as the following:—"Kashep may indeed be considered as a house of correction, for it is only inhabited by those Benubenas who wholly give themselves up to evil, so that the happiness of others would be destroyed were they not separated till they are willing to make an orderly progression in usefulness and wisdom." In the course of the narrative, the author manages to satirise a great many familiar usages and old customs, whilst inculcating throughout a spirit of reverence and humility.

We have received the first of a series of *The Student's Hand-book of Philosophy—Psychology*, by Professor Cocker, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—The first book, entitled "Prolegomena," gives in outline the views of different schools of thought; the second deals with methodology; in the third we are introduced to psychology proper, this being divided into phenomenal psychology, with the subdivisions of cognition, feeling, and volition, and dynamical psychology, subdivided into intellect, sensibility, and will. Professor Cocker is great in classification. His nomenclature gives the impression of being too elaborate and technical, but he certainly contrives to give lucidity and order to his exposition of a very difficult subject.

Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum Liber IV. Edited, with Notes, by T. E. Page, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)—Mr. Page shows us that there is still something to be done for Horace, after all the labour which commentators almost without number have bestowed upon him. More than once he finds an usage or a construction, an antithesis or an allusion, which has been missed, or not adequately noted by his predecessors. In iii., 68, the mood of *contuderit* ("neque res bellica. . . . . Quod regnum tumidas contuderit minas, ostendet Capitolio") requires notice, though it can scarcely be described as "very difficult," an expression which would have been more appropriate, if the poet had used the indicative of a purely hypothetical and conceptive reason. In ix., 49-52, the antithesis between "poius leto flagitium *timet*, non ille pro caris amicis et *timidus* perire," is well pointed out. In xi., 4, 5, the indicative *fulges* might have been noted, seeing that Phyllis was not actually wearing, but was to wear, the ivy, of which Horace has, he tells her, a good store. Mr. Page would have made the construction of ix., 1 ("ne forte credas," &c.) clearer, if he had told his readers how the *ne* ought *not* to be taken. It is only too possible that, in the face of his summary and note, a boy may take it as = *ne credideris*. Possibly it might be well to substitute a comma for the colon at the end of the stanza. We should certainly do so in xii., 21-4, after *poculis*:—

"Cum tua
Velox merce veni: non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis:
Plena dives ut in domo;"

otherwise, the *dives* might be taken with the subject of *veni*. We cannot accept the suggestion that *plurimum* should be taken with *nemus*, in ii., 29-31,—

"Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas;"

per laborem standing for "laboriously" without an adjective does not sound right. But we have no serious fault to find with Mr. Page's edition, but on the contrary, believe it to be a work of very considerable merit, the outcome of a scholarship that is ingenious, as well as accurate.

A Short Constitutional History of England. By Henry St. Clair Feilden, B.A. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford.)—"A Short History of the Constitution" would have been a better title for this book. It does not, as one might expect, give a continuous history of the country regarded from the point of view of the student of the Constitution, but takes in order its various political institutions, and traces their growth. There are ten chapters, dealing with such subjects as "The Crown," "The Central Assembly," "The People," "The Towns," "The Church," and "The Defences of the Realm." It is a good plan, and, on the whole, well worked out, though we notice some strange omissions. Here, for instance, is the account of the Reform Bill of 1867:—"In 1867, Lord Derby's Reform Bill was passed. By it thirty-three seats were redistributed, the county franchise was reduced to £12, and a lodger franchise was added." There is nothing here about the household franchise, for which we have to refer back (not that any reference is given) to p. 134. A careless reader would certainly suppose that a "lodger franchise was added" to the £10 borough franchise of 1832, mentioned in a preceding paragraph.

A Narrative of the Boer War. By Thomas Fortescue Carter. (Remington.)—If we cannot accept this volume as history, and to do this would be to pronounce definitely on some very obscure and difficult questions, we may say without hesitation that it contains some valuable materials for history. Mr. Carter has not the gift of very articulate utterance; he is apt to lose, if not himself, yet certainly his readers, in a multiplicity of details. But he has had good opportunities of gathering knowledge of the subject about which he writes, and he is obviously candid and anxious to do justice. He was present at the disaster of Majuba Hill, and his narrative does not make that dismal affair seem any brighter. On one point—of which we have lately heard something, and of which we shall certainly have to hear more—the bad shooting of our troops, he is very emphatic. On the whole, though we can hardly recommend this book to the general reader, we may say that no one who wishes to find out for himself the truth about the war, its causes, its conduct, and its result, can afford to neglect this valuable contribution to its history.

River Songs. By Arthur Dillon. Illustrated by Margery May. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—There is some really fine verse in this volume, though the author's feeling for rhythm seems uncertain. He has caught, too, something of the spirit of the legends which he tells, though the framework in which they are set is somewhat clumsily contrived. The fancy of their being related by holly-bushes and drops of water comes perilously near to the grotesque. Still, Mr. Dillon has imagination and power of expression, and can give, as in the description of the three homes which his wandering mariners

visit—"The Home of Revel," "The Home of Sleep," and "The Home of Pain"—distinct and impressive pictures. For quotation, however, we may find a more suitable passage in the last of these *River Songs*:—

> "Let the wind be roaring his loudest, or sunk in death-like swoon,
> Still the Ocean, the changeless lover, follows the changeful moon;
> But she above in the night-time unmoved looks down on h's love,
> Like a god and less than human, as she sits on her throne above.
> And now she watches his yearning, and now she hides away,
> And turns her bright face from him that worships the Lord of Day.
> But, seen or unseen, he loves her, and follows her round the world,
> And vainly he stretches towards her, with his silvery locks and curled,
> And his great heart moves within him, and he heaves a mighty sigh;
> And thus, for ever and ever, he worships his Queen on high."

The shorter poems seem inferior to the more sustained efforts. There is spirit in Miss M. May's illustrations, but the drawing is occasionally questionable,—witness the calves, in that which faces p. 63.

A History of Wood Engraving. By George E. Woodberry. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Wood engraving, if we take no account of certain mythical stories which give it an earlier origin, seems to have preceded printing by about a quarter of a century. The history of its early developments in Flanders, in Germany, in Italy, and in France is narrated in an interesting way by Mr. Woodberry, with no lack of illustration. We are then brought on to Albert Dürer and his school, a marvellous advance both in power of design and in delicacy of execution. Then begins the story of the decline of the art, a decline which may almost be said to have ended in total extinction. Finally, we have the revival, with the names of Thomas Bewick and William Blake in the forefront of the movement. Of modern wood engraving, the account is necessarily brief and imperfect; more than one name, especially of English artists that might well have been mentioned, is lacking. All that is said, however, seems sensible and sound; and we have a valuable account of the recent development of the art in America, a development which has produced surprisingly successful results. The author gives us some good examples by way of illustration. We may mention especially a fine portrait of Dean Stanley. He adds a useful list of works on wood engraving.

A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Loreto. By George Falkner. (Elliot Stock.)—Mr. Falkner describes the "Holy House," the gorgeous church in which it is enshrined, and its treasury, rich with the offerings of many generations of devotees, with the feeling of a lover of art; and he tells its story, not exactly from the standpoint of a believer—which, indeed, it must be difficult even for a convert to assume—but with that sympathy which it is not difficult to feel with the genuine belief of others. The volume is handsomely illustrated from drawings and photographs, and makes a very appropriate record of an interesting expedition.

Behind a Brass Knocker. By Frederick Barnard and Charles H. Ross. (Chatto and Windus.)—Here we have sketches of the inmates of a boarding-house, a numerous company, among which a dismal cynicism permits us to see few that are not knaves, fools, or lunatics. Few would live by choice in a boarding-house; but we take it that those who find it necessary or convenient to do so are about as honest and as sane as other people. Dickens set the example of laughing at them, but his laugh was good-humoured, not the *risus amarus* with which Messrs. Barnard and Ross introduce these "grim realities," as they call them. There is a certain cleverness in these sketches, and, it may be owned, a certain truth. But, as a whole, they are false. There was never gathered together such a menagerie of evil beasts as we find collected at "Mrs. Mite's Boarding-house."

Paris in Peril. Edited by Henry Vizetelly. 2 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—The story of the siege of Paris is told in these two volumes with much detail, gathered, one may safely conjecture, from personal knowledge and experience. There have been many sieges more tragical in their incidents and their *dénouement*, but none which have had a more varied and remarkable history. None certainly have been more thoroughly described. All the civilised world was watching the scene; and, not to speak of the besiegers, the besieged were possessed of even too great a gift of expressing their feelings. Hence, there arose the most curious mixture of tragic and comic elements. There was no lack of genuine heroism, and side by side with it the exhibition, at once pitiful and ludicrous, of mean and cowardly natures trying to assume an heroic pose. All this made a succession of very remarkable scenes, of which we get in these volumes impressions that are photographic in their minuteness and fidelity. The editor's care in collecting information is worthy of all praise, and his general method of dealing with his subject, and of judging the conduct of both sides in this terrible conflict, are excellent. It is a pity that he should have injured the effect of the whole with the absurd conclusion which his political prejudices lead him to draw. It is simply irrational to suppose that our action was influenced by the fact that Mr. Gladstone, and not Mr. Disraeli, was at the head of affairs. A Conservative Government would have been as unable to intervene as was the Liberal.

Plays for the People; or, Common Rights and their Defenders. By C. Edmund Maurice. (Bell and Sons.)—Mr. Maurice wishes to "popularise" the work of the Commons Preservation Society by presenting to the public "some of its more picturesque aspects." With this hope, he has written three little dramas, the first of which has for its subject the preservation of Epping Forest, (why should we not have now a Part II., turning on the rejection of the High Beech railway scheme?) the second celebrates the good deed of Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton Wick, who in 1752 vindicated a right of way through Bushey Park; while the third is an imaginary story, setting forth the jobbing tendency of local boards, and the still more culpable laches of ex-officio members. This last, with its more rapid action and obvious issues, is, perhaps, the best of the three. We wish well to Mr. Maurice's plays, though we do not feel very sanguine. For the most part, it is not books that make movements popular, but movements that make books. It is a curious fact that to ninety-nine people out of a hundred the "common rights" in which they are interested mean something quite different from the reality. They are eager to assert the privilege of the public to enjoy certain open spaces. True "common rights" are really "commoners' rights," to which the interests of the public are really adverse. Grazing rights, for instance, become valueless, when a common becomes accessible to the "toiling millions." "Lopping," to take another example, had its use as an instrument for defeating the claims of grasping lords, but lopping has had to be extinguished, in the interests of the public, which likes to see the trees in full beauty.

The Companion to the Grammars. By F. Venosta. (Williams and Norgate.)—Signor Venosta has put together a collection of words, phrases, &c., in English, French, German, and Italian. The book is likely to be useful, though the English is not altogether beyond reproach. Our usage of articles has not been mastered, and some of the phrases and terms are incorrect. We do not speak of "a made-up dish," or "a copy-book of penmanship." A "Fallow," for "Fellow," on p. 212, is a ludicrous, but suggestive misprint. "Town-due" scarcely represents "l'octroi," though it would not be easy to suggest a real equivalent. The City of London "corn and coal" duties are our nearest approach. But after all, we can find but few errors.

New Zealand As It Is. By John Bradshaw. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This is certainly the most complete book on New Zealand that has yet come under our notice. The author describes the country, the population, the life which they lead, the characteristics of their government, their farming, their commerce, the education which they can secure for their children, in fact, their whole social state. The author's object is to "consider the characteristics of the country rather as they affect those who are about to leave their native land than as they appear to colonists themselves." To enable him to do this, he has had a considerable experience of life elsewhere than in New Zealand, and he confirms and supplements the information which he supplies by official documents, statistic and other. The general reader will find much interest in it; the intending emigrant can hardly have a more complete, and, we should say, trustworthy guide.

English as She is Spoke; or, a Jest in Sober Earnest. With an Introduction by James Millington. (Field and Tuer.)—This is not the first time that fun has been made out of the ingenious Señor Carolino's attempt to instruct the studious youth of Portugal and Brazil in English "clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases," but the jest will bear repetition. A more curious example of a dictionary-constructed language could not be found. Schoolmasters know what absurd results follow when their pupils have the free use of an English-Latin dictionary, but they will not be able to match this. Sometimes, indeed, the compiler has soared beyond the dictionary, and gone through processes which it is impossible to trace. It is perplexing to find among "kitchen utensils" "the shovels," and "some wigs" among "eatings." An ordinary acquaintance with "hunting" does not include the term "hound's fee," nor is "starch" commonly included among "metals and minerals." "Gleek" is an obscure "game," and the "degree" of "harbinger" is uncommon. As a sample of continuous English, we may take this advice of an old physician who had "enjoied of a health unalterable,"—"I live of the product of my ordering without take any remedy I command to my sicks."

We have received *Sonnenschein's Special-Merit Readers.* Standard III. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—Notes, illustrations, and glossaries help to make what seems a careful selection of extracts, both prose and verse, attractive and useful. There are one or two poems in Scotch; why not take some in Dorsetshire, from Mr. Barnes' volumes?——Book IV. of *Chambers's Historical Readers* (W. and R. Chambers) is the last of the series, and takes in the history of England from 1688 to 1882. From the same publishers we have also *Chambers's Graduated Readers*, Book III. Each reading is supplied with a glossary and exercises.

Novels and Tales.—*Lost in the Crowd*, by the Author of "Recommended to Mercy" (White and Co.), is the story of an

octoroon, who in the old days of slavery loved "not wisely, but too well," an impulsive yonng Englishman. We are introduced during the slow progress of three volumes to typical people of all nationalities, and in spite of the occasional tedium of long drawn-ont details, becomc interested. Happily, all comes right for the pretty octoroon in the end.——*Upton-on-Thames*, by Thomas A. Pinkerton, 2 vols. (Chapman and Hall), is an amusing story of county-town life, circling round a vnlgar and ambitious solicitor and his eqnally vulgar and still more ambitious wife. The heroine is tolerably attractive. There is an account of a coroner's inquest, which, though somewhat tedious, hits off pretty effectively the weak points of that institution.——*Killed at Sedan*, by Samuel Richardson (Washbonrne), is not a particnlarly entertaining story relating to the Franco-Prussian war. There is far too much "fine-writing" in it. ——*Mary St. John*. By Rosa Nouchette Carcy. 3 vols. (Bentley.) "The Chnrch" and its work plays a prominent part in this novel. Mary St. John is one of those young womeu who have a "mission," and fearlessly carry it out, though happily, iu the end, she is content to find her work in the common-place sphere to which most of her sex devote themsclves. There is much affliction and death towards the end, and some hard things are said of Dissenters; but the story is likely to prove acceptable in certain circles.

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for April:—Part 1 of a serial edition of the *Doré Gallery* (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.)—Part 32 of *Picturesque Palestine*.—The *Magazine of Art*.—*Art and Letters*.—Part 6 of *Greater London*.—The *Gentleman's Magazine*.—The *Army and Navy Magazine*.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine*.—The *Month*.—The *Nautical Magazine*.—*Science Gossip*.—The *Theatre*, a good number.—*London Society*.—The *Folklore Journal*.—The *Antiquarian Magazine*.—*All the Year Round*, which contains an interesting paper on "Rats."—*Chambers's Journal*.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.—*Cassell's Magazine*.—*Good Words*, in which the papers on "Alpine Resting-places" are concluded.—The *Sunday at Home*.—The *Leisure Hour*.—The *Sunday Magazine*.—Part 1 of a reissue of Cassell's *Dictionary of Cookery*.—The *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*, which gives a description of the dresses worn at the recent Royal Drawing-room receptions.—*Harper's Monthly Magazine*, which opens with an illustrated article on "English Farmers."—The *Atlantic Monthly*.—The *North-American Review*.—The *China Review*. The *Continent*.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Brown (R.), The Peop'es of the World, Vol. 2, roy 8vo	(Cassell & Co.)	7/6
Browne (W. R.), The Stndent's Mechanics, cr 8vo	(Griffin)	4 6
Cambridge Bible (The), Obadiah and Jonah, 12mo	(Cambridge Univ. Press)	2,6
Chronicle of James 1., King of Aragon, by John Forster..	(Chapman & Hall)	28 0
Collins (M.), Transmigration, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3 6
Crane (W. G. E.), The Smithy and the Forge, cr 8vo	(Lockwood)	2 6
Dandet (A.), Port Salvation, 2 vols. 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	12 0
Davies (G. J.), Homilies, Ancient and Modern, No. 1, 12mo	(Bell)	2 6
De Valded (J.), The Epistle to the Romans, 8vo	(Trübner)	6 0
Footman (H.), Reasonable Apprehensions, &c., 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	3 6
Forlong (J. E. R.), The River of Life, 2 vols. 4to	(Quaritch)	126 0
Gower (R.), My Reminiscences, 2 vols. 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	30 0
Granville (J. M.), Doubts, Difficulties, and Doctrines, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	2 6
Hall (S. C.), Retrospect of a Long Life, 2 vols. 8vo	(Bentley)	30 0
Harting (J. E.), Sketches of Bird Life, 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	10 6
Hardy (R. S.), Jack Halliday, cr 8vo	(Oliphant)	2 0
Haslam (W.), Yet not I, cr 8vo	(Morgan & Scott)	2 6
Hatton (J.), Modern Ulysses, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	31 6
Hawthorne (N.), Mosses from an Old Manse, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	7/6
Hawthorne (N.), Twice-told Tales, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	7 6
Her Majesty's Prisons, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6 0
Heywood (J. C.), Sforza: a Tragedy, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	3 6
Historical Records of the King's Liverpool Regiment of Foot	(Harrison)	25/0
Hogarth (W.), Works, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Oliphant)	22 6
Hope (A. J. B.), Brandreths (The), cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	6 0
Jennings (C. E.), Transfusion, its History, &c., cr 8vo	(Baillière)	2 6
Johnson, Epitome in Verse of the Life of the Prince Consort, 12mo	(Nisbet)	2 6
Jones (H.), Sandringham, its History, &c., cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	8,6
King (E. H.), Book of Dreams, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	3 6
Lindsay (Lady), A Few Choice Recipes, cr 8vo	(Bentley)	4/6
Linton (W. J.), Rare Poems of the 16th and 17th Centuries	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5 0
Lucian's Dialogues, Introduction and Notes by L. D. Dowdall	(Simpkin)	3 0
Lumby (J. R.), Popular Introduction to the New Testament, cr 8vo	(Hodder)	6/0
McAlpine (D.), Practical Lessons in Animal Physiology, 4to	(Baillière)	5 0
McCarthy (J.), Serapion, and Other Poems, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	6 0
Macdnff (J. R.), Early Graves, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	5 0
Mechanical Exercises, a Means of Cure, cr 8vo	(Churchill)	2 6
Miall (L. C.), Life and Work of Darwin, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	1 6
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Row (C. A.), Revelation and Modern Theology, 8vo	(F. Norgate)	12 6
Schadow (D.), Art Stndent's Guide to the Hnman Form	(Chapman & Hall)	31,6
Shakespeare's Works, Vol. 8, 12mo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6 0
Sime (J.), The Kingdom of All Israel, 8vo	(Nisbet)	15 0
Sichel (W. S.), Law Relating to Interrogatories, cr 8vo	(Stevens & Sons)	12 0
Smith (H. P.), Glossary of Terms and Phrases, 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	12/0
Swan (A. S.), Aldersyde, a Border Story, cr 8vo	(Oliphant)	5/0
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Wilton (T.), Mongrels, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Wonderful History of Dame Trot, 4to	(Chapman & Hall)	3/6
Wordsworth (W.), Poems, edited by W. Knight, Vol. 3, 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	15 0
Xenophon's Anabasis, Book I., by R. H. Parker, cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	3,0

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NOTE.—There will be a few vacancies in September next in the "Hammond" Company Electrical Engineering College (2 Red Lion Square, W.C.). It is desirable that early application should be made by intending students to the Secretary of the Company, as above.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall. —The THIRTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures, by Artists of the Continental Schools, including Professor Müller's Studies of Eastern Life, is NOW OPEN. Admission, One Shilling.

DISESTABLISHMENT.—The TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE of the LIBERATION SOCIETY will be held in LONDON, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 1st and 2nd. Delegates may be appointed by Congregations, and political and other Societies embracing objects cognate to those of the Society. Previous connection with the Society is not necessary, the only qualification being concurrence with its objects. Particulars may be obtained by addressing "The SECRETARIES," 2 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.

The usual MEETING at the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 2nd.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.
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Applications are invited for the post of FRENCH LECTURER at University College, to be forwarded, with testimonials, to the COLLEGE REGISTRAR, on or before May 1st. The Lecturer will be required to commence his duties at the end of September.

For all particulars, apply to the REGISTRAR, University College, Liverpool.

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The Governors of this School being about to APPOINT a HEAD MISTRESS, to take charge of the Girls' High School, which is to be opened in September next, Ladies who are desirous of becoming Candidates are requested to send to the Secretary, on or before the 16th day of May next, twenty-five printed copies of their Applications, and of any Testimonials which they desire to submit. The Salary consists of a fixed payment of £300 per annum, together with a capitation fee of £1 on every girl in the School, provided that the maximum salary shall not exceed £500 per annum. A salary of £400 per annum will be guaranteed for the first four years.

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Birmingham, March 21st, 1883.

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The NEXT ENTRANCE EXAMINATION will be HELD in LONDON and EDINBURGH, beginning June 11th.

Forms of Entry may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss KENSINGTON, 22 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, London, W. The Forms must be returned, filled up, on or before April 30th. The Clothworkers' Exhibition, of the annual value of Eighty Guineas, for three years, will be awarded in connection with this Examination.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL. — SEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be OFFERED for COMPETITION on July 24th.—For further particulars, apply to the Rev. the HEAD MASTER, School House, Sherborne.

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Under the same Scheme, and with the same object in view, the Grocers' Company also propose to offer for competition, once in every four years, a Discovery Prize of the value of £1,000. The Prize is to be open to universal competition, British and Foreign. In the month of May next, the Court of the Company will announce the subject proposed for the first competition, which is to terminate at the end of 1886; and at the time of announcing the subject, they will announce the full conditions of the competition. Meanwhile, such of the conditions as are hitherto settled will be communicated by the Clerk of the Company, on request made as above.

So far as the administration of the Scheme will involve scientific considerations, the Court of the Company propose to act with the advice of a Committee of eminent scientific men, and the following gentlemen have kindly consented to form the first committee:—John Simon, C.B., F.R.S., John Tyndall, F.R.S., John Burdon Sanderson, M.D., F.R.S., and George Buchanan, M.D., F.R.S.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—There will be an ELECTION in OCTOBER, 1883, to a DURAND SCHOLARSHIP, of the value of about £60 a year. This is confined in the first instance to the Sons of Indian Officers; also to FIVE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS. Candidates must be under 14 and over 12, on June 1st, 1883.—For particulars, apply to the BURSAR, Wellington College, Wokingham.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENT was amused on Monday to hear officially that the Governor of Queensland had sent a policeman to annex Papua, an island about a third larger than France. Members laughed out as the telegram was read, not, we think, from ridicule, but from a certain excitement and sense of the incongruity between the means and the end. It appears, from a short speech by the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. E. Ashley, that in the Colonial Office the annexation is supposed to have been made in self-defence, the Queenslanders expecting a German or French descent on Papua. If there is ground for that fear, it may, as we have argued elsewhere, be expedient to adopt the annexation, though Papua must be a separate colony. There will, of course, be much debate, but substantially the matter is of less importance than it looks. Papua is sure to fall to Australia, and the Queenslanders are only a little in advance of inevitable occurrences. The great island will not allow its most important strait to be in anybody's hands but its own.

The German Parliament was on the 14th inst. startled by a Message from the Emperor, countersigned by Prince Bismarck, in which his Majesty stated that legislation for the benefit of the working-classes must go on. He had already in his hereditary dominion relieved them of the Income-tax, and he had now "obtained the assent of the allied Governments"—a curious paraphrase for the Federal Council—to a proposal for passing the Budget of 1884. If the Reichstag also assented and passed that Budget, the winter would be left free for economic reforms. The Liberals are greatly annoyed with this message. They think Prince Bismarck is using the Emperor and the workmen to force on them his proposal for an anticipatory Budget, which will leave him for eighteen months free from Parliamentary control. They are, therefore, resolved to resist, but resistance will, as usual, depend upon the action of the Catholic Centre, which may have been conciliated. The Vatican, however, can hardly desire to untie Prince Bismarck's hands.

Sir Stafford Northcote unveiled on Thursday, at Westminster, the noble bronze statue of Lord Beaconsfield by Signor Raggi, at the request of Lord Arthur Russell, who with happy courtesy has taken the lead in rendering this tribute of honour to one of the greatest of his uncle's adversaries. Sir Stafford's speech was not particularly happy, for it consisted chiefly in attributing to Lord Beaconsfield those qualities and that kind of popularity which you would suppose *a priori* that a great English statesman would possess, but which, as a matter of fact, Lord Beaconsfield certainly did not possess, though he possessed other qualities and another kind of popularity far more unique. Sir Stafford said that Lord Beaconsfield had "rooted himself in the affections" and obtained "a command over the hearts" of the whole British people, which we believe to be as far as possible from the truth. And he attributed to Lord Beaconsfield's individuality of character the power to make all of us "sympathise with him," even while we feel our own unlikeness. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, attributed to Lord Beaconsfield a fixed resolve to make war on all the tendencies which threaten the separate nationality of England, and the diminution or extinction of her peculiar glories,—which is true enough, only Lord Salisbury went on to identify Lord Beaconsfield's whole "nature and being" with a passionate desire for the greatness of this country, of which there seems to us absolutely no evidence. Lord Beaconsfield made the best he knew how to make, of course, of the nation with which he had identified his career. But whether he ever loved us in the least, or even liked us heartily, we entertain the gravest doubt.

The heartiest speech was that of Lord John Manners, who was really attached and grateful to his hero, and expressed his attachment with manly force and gratitude. He declared that Lord Beaconsfield was "a charming,—an ever charming companion,—and a true friend." He further described him as having, behind a somewhat impassive appearance, "a heart full of the most generous emotions, and alive to the tenderest and gentlest sympathies,—a fancy ever free, an imagination ever soaring, a faith that was constant even unto death." We can hardly imagine words that seem to us less accurately descriptive of the man. That they truly and fairly describe, however, Lord John Manners's private ideal of the man, we are well aware. But was it not part of Lord Beaconsfield's speciality that the leading features of his character were far more powerfully impressed on those who studied him from afar than on his friends,—that the *near* view of him confused the observer?

There is talk of taking four nights for the discussion of the Affirmation Bill, which comes on next week. Such a waste of time on a Bill the principle of which has been discussed and rediscussed for years, till the whole country is sick of it, and wants simply to decide the matter, would be monstrous. We hope that if any organised attempt to waste the time of the House of Commons in this way should be made, there may be a very significant explosion of opinion on the subject in the country. A single night's debate is more than enough for a subject beaten-out already as fine as goldbeater-skin.

Joseph Brady and Daniel Curley, the two men who with Kelly were accused of being the ringleaders in the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, have both been found guilty, and sentenced to death. An alibi was set up on behalf of each, but the evidence against them was irresistible. Four approvers, none of whom had any motive for fixing on these men, swore to their guilt, and were corroborated by independent testimony. Curley, who made a long speech in his own defence, accused the police of teaching the independent witnesses to identify him after his arrest, but he offered no proof; and it must be remembered that these witnesses had every temptation to escape the popular dislike, if they could have done it on so easy an excuse. The jury, who were very painstaking, felt no doubt; and Curley, a very bold and decided man, admitted frankly that he had been a member of the Invincibles from his youth, and stepped down saying, "God save Ireland!" Carey, in his final evidence, accused him of having suggested the murder of the carman Kavanagh, who, he contended, "ought to be wiped out," lest he should peach; but there is no corroboration of this. The most extraordinary feature of Curley's case is that, while acknowledging that he had taken the oath to commit murder when ordered, he declared and believed that he was a man of unusually high "moral" character. It seems as if with such men, as with the followers of Bhowanie, murder had been struck out of the list of crimes.

Another informer! There is no help for it, and no reason why a bad man should not confess and so aid the law, but it is

very unlucky that the right cause must rely on such agency. Norman, the possessor of the dynamite taken in the Strand, was on Thursday admitted Queen's evidence against the arrested dynamiteurs. He stated that his name was Lynch, that he was an American, of Irish parents; that he wished to free Ireland; that he was induced to join one of many New York societies ruled by O'Donovan Rossa, who is called by them "The Old Man;" that he was ordered to England at a moment's notice, and there found, principally from the statements of Dr. T. Gallagher, now under examination, that he was expected to aid in a conspiracy to blow up the House of Commons and other public buildings. His evidence has still to be corroborated, but if it is true, it for the first time directly implicates the American leaders of the violent party. The legal advisers of the Crown, moreover, consider it sufficient to justify a prosecution of the dynamiteurs for treason-felony, the penalty for which is ten years' penal servitude.

Lynch's revelations have greatly accelerated the growth of healthy opinion in America. The great majority there have for some time been doubtful as to the propriety of allowing such plots to be arranged on their territory, but have doubted the evidence. Knowing Lynch, and being able to test his statements about persons and places, they are growing convinced, and the feeling is rapidly rising that a great State professing Christianity ought to prevent the despatch of agents and money for murderous purposes against a friendly people. This opinion has been loudly expressed in the Press, and by public speakers —one speaker in particular, a Mr. Davis, President of the Young Hebrews' Association, accusing the Fenians of "sheltering their cowardly carcases behind the American Constitution"—and is, it is said, beginning to influence the respectable Irish. The strong language employed is no proof of strong action, but it is proof that the Americans are not afraid of the dynamiteurs, either as criminals or voters, and will when the time arrives deal with them with their characteristic decision. The ultimate remedy, as we pointed out long since, will come from that side.

Sir William Harcourt was rather overdoing his part of guardian of the public safety, when he went so far on Monday night as to say, in answer to Mr. Parnell, that he would ask for permission to dispense with the rule which allows prisoners to have a private interview with the solicitor who is to defend them, and that he had actually given instructions that no such interviews were to be allowed in the case of persons accused of belonging to the dynamite conspiracies. The truth is that such instructions were quite inconsistent with the present law, and it is doubtful enough whether Parliament would have granted the Home Secretary an Act of indemnity for breaking it. That in such cases it would be quite right to insist that no solicitor whose respectability is not known to the Government should be permitted to defend this class of prisoners,—a precaution formerly adopted in cases of treasonable conspiracies,—we admit. The safety of the public is of paramount importance, and, no doubt, under cover of interviews with legal advisers, steps might be taken to destroy all evidence of conspiracies which it is essential for the public interest to bring to light. But though that is a good reason for not letting the person accused of dynamite conspiracies choose their own legal advisers without check, it is no reason at all for the monstrous injustice of refusing them a perfectly free and unfettered consultation with any respectable legal advisers who undertake their defence. Sir W. Harcourt poses extremely well as the enthusiastic guardian of our hearths and homes, but he should beware of overdoing the part. We observe with pleasure that he is not acting up to his threat.

At the annual dinner of the Conservative Central Committee, held on Wednesday night, Sir Stafford Northcote declared that he did not remember a single occasion "since the death of our lamented and revered leader," on which Lord Salisbury and himself had seriously differed on the course of policy which ought to be pursued. That certainly takes one somewhat by surprise. Did Sir Stafford Northcote really agree with Lord Salisbury when the latter proposed to the Conservative Peers of the House of Lords to reject the Arrears Bill, since so many of the Lords' amendments had been disagreed with by the Commons? If he did, why did he support the Lords' amendments in the Commons so languidly, and give everybody the impression that far from desiring to bring up the whole strength of the Conservative party to the support of those amendments, he was not in the least serious in the wish to force a dissolution on them? Lord Randolph Churchill has expressed the view which the whole public took of Sir Stafford Northcote's attitude,—his very wise attitude, we venture to call it,—on that matter. But if he did not agree with Lord Salisbury, what an extraordinary declaration was that of Wednesday night. But perhaps Sir Stafford Northcote does not think it a "serious" difference, when Lord Salisbury wishes to risk a dissolution on a matter on which he himself thinks that a dissolution would be an act of madness.

The full operation of the remission of the passenger-duty effected by Mr. Childers is not yet perceived. It will not only enable the Companies to improve third-class travelling, as long as the charge is kept below a penny a mile, but it will tempt them to do it. Trains heavily loaded with third-class passengers will pay, and we hope to see the order, which is the great want of the third-class traffic, fully established. This can only be secured by the introduction of the Swiss carriages, with their short benches and free gangway between them stretching from carriage to carriage, down which a conductor can walk, with authority to remove drunken men, prevent riot, and suppress foul talk. Such carriages will be eagerly sought, the seclusion which is desired by first-class passengers being just the quality which third-class passengers dislike. "They like company," and when assembled in large numbers will help to keep decent order. It is to the increase of this class of travellers that the Companies must look to keep down the expense of haulage, and with the Swiss carriages they would soon add one-third to their receipts. Female travelling especially would be doubled. At present, a decent or feeble woman able to pay only third-class fare travels only when compelled.

Mr. Goschen, on Wednesday, delivered to the Bankers' Institute an address on the increased purchasing power of gold. Its drift was the same as that of his speech in the House of Commons, but he adduced much evidence, and entered into further detail. He holds that the gold production of the world since 1862 has sunk to £20,000,000 a year, of which £10,000,000 is used up in the arts and other ways, leaving £10,000,000 to swell the volume of the currency. Three Governments, however—those of America, Germany, and Italy—have absorbed £200,000,000 in changing silver and paper currencies into gold, and have thus swept up the whole surplus, while the rapid increase of trade and intercommunication makes the demand for metal yearly more eager. There should, therefore, be a heavy fall in all prices not kept up by special causes, and Mr. Goschen quoted a mass of returns proving that this had been the case. We have rarely, or indeed never, seen a speech which approached so near a mathematical demonstration; and, if it is correct, it follows that rents must fall. It is impossible for the farmer, with all his prices reduced—permanently reduced, unless a new gold supply is discovered—to pay the rents based upon a higher average of receipts. The landlords may, however, take comfort. They have had nearly thirty years of prosperity.

The House of Commons did not distinguish itself on Thursday. General Wolseley and Admiral Seymour, having received orders to act against Arabi, did act, and acted with success. As the action was great, it was needful to reward them with honours and money. Being baronets, they were made peers, and granted about £30,000 each, in the cumbrous shape of pensions of £2,000 a year for two lives. Parliament, of course, had to vote the money, and in the House of Commons all who dislike the war, all who object to pensions, and all who hate Britain, joined together in an ungenerous and unmannerly resistance to the grant. Eighty-five Members voted against Lord Alcester and fifty-five against Lord Wolseley. The whole proceeding is contemptible. To expel the Government for its conduct in Egypt is reasonable, but to support the Government and snub its agents for doing their work so well is almost base. As to the amount of the grant, it is nothing compared with what the country saves by rewarding the Services with occasional prizes instead of permanent pay, and about half the year's profits of several big shopmen. We are ashamed to see sound Radicals so ignorant of the first conditions of efficient State service. If the hereditary principle alone was the object of

dislike, why did not the objectors propose an adequate grant at once?

The Queen has hit the West-End butchers a hard blow, by notifying publicly that, in view of the declining numbers of English sheep, lamb will not be eaten this year in the Royal establishment. The higher classes always follow the Queen, the price of lamb has fallen, it is said, 4d. a pound, and as the butchers gain their best profit on this meat, they are proportionately hurt. Householders will not grieve for them, but it is doubtful if the Queen's idea, though purely benevolent, is economically right. If the lambs are allowed to become sheep, there will be more mutton, and more potentiality of producing mutton,—that much is clear. But whether the flockmaster will be equally anxious for large flocks is not so clear. His profit is derived, first, from his wool, which, as Mr. Goschen shows, is horridly cheap; secondly, from his mutton, which is dear; and thirdly, from his lamb, which is extravagantly dear, and in fact makes up for the decrease upon wool. Whether, without this excessive profit on lamb, he has still sufficient temptation to go on, is the question. Buyers of mutton say yes, but the flockmaster says the profit on mutton all goes to the butcher, and that, so far from the stock-breeder growing rich, on the Downs of South England half the sheep are pawned a year before killing, at heavy interest.

To Monday's *Times* the Duke of Argyll addressed a letter attacking Mr. Chamberlain's last Birmingham speech,—mainly for the sentence concerning Lord Salisbury's wealth as having grown and increased while his ancestors and he slept, "by levying an unearned share on all that other men have done by toil and labour to add to the general wealth and prosperity of the country of which they form a part." Against this comment the Duke of Argyll directs a sharp criticism, which might have been more pertinent if he had fully understood Mr. Chamberlain's drift, which he certainly does not. Of this, however, we have spoken elsewhere. Here we may add that the Duke of Argyll, while admitting that Lord Salisbury has a sharp tongue, and that he himself has sometimes smarted under his piercing shafts, testifies that he never heard the Marquis direct an illiberal attack upon the whole class to which any of his antagonists belongs, or indulge in "allusions to the sources of his adversaries' private fortune alike invidious and unjust." As a matter of fact, the defence for Mr. Chamberlain was that Lord Salisbury's only sympathy appeared to be with the Irish proprietors of the "unearned share," while he had nothing but hard names for another class,—those tenants whose *earned* share of the value of their property the recent Irish Land Act had just been restoring to them. Mr. Chamberlain's attack on Lord Salisbury was not gratuitous. It was an attack on the class legislator, not on the individual peer.

Mr. Bradlaugh was acquitted on Saturday, after a three days' trial, of any legal complicity in the responsibility for those blasphemies of the *Freethinker* for which Mr. Foote and his colleagues have been convicted and punished. The Lord Chief Justice in his charge was as fair to Mr. Bradlaugh as Lord Selborne had been in the appeal case of the previous week; and as neither Lord Selborne nor Lord Coleridge feels anything but disgust for Mr. Bradlaugh's peculiar views, we have some reason to congratulate the English Bench on their completely impartial review of the law and the facts of Mr. Bradlaugh's various issues with his accusers. The Lord Chief Justice on Saturday pointed out, in the most emphatic way, that, unless the jury could find proof that Mr. Bradlaugh was directly responsible for the publication of the condemned blasphemies of the *Freethinker*, it would by no means be enough to show that he might, had he chosen to do so, by the exertion of his authority and influence have prevented their publication. There was no adequate evidence at all that Mr. Bradlaugh had personally authorised the publication of any of these blasphemies, and he was, therefore, very properly acquitted. If the Legislature were only as well able to detach their minds from the irrelevant offences of Mr. Bradlaugh, as the Judges are, the fame of his rank creed and of the indiscreet persecution to which he has been subjected would soon vanish out of the popular view.

We are sorry to find, by a letter addressed to Thursday's *Standard*, that the authorised report of the Archbishop of Canterbury's reply to the deputation which waited upon him with the remonstrance against the Affirmation Bill,—the report revised by Dr. Benson himself,—ends with a declaration that though he sees nothing intrinsically irreligious in the substitution of an affirmation for an oath, he regards the present proposal to allow that substitution, as objectionable,—apparently because it would remove the obstacle in the Member for Northampton's way,—and that he shall oppose it. Does the Archbishop think that an abstractedly right proposal is transformed into a wrong one, by the fact that it removes an admitted injustice from the path of an unbeliever and an enemy of Christian morality? Or does he suppose that a beneficial change of the law would ever take place, if it were carefully postponed till there was no practical grievance to cry out against?

Eight thousand lay Churchmen, "including several Peers, Baronets, M.P.'s, J.P.'s, &c., &c.," have expressed their opinion that the Bishop of London did very wrong in seconding the Archbishop of Canterbury's dying wish for the peaceable settlement of the feud between Mr. Mackonochie and the party bent on getting him deprived of his benefice at St. Alban's, Holborn. These eight thousand have got Dr. Deane and Mr. Jeune to give them a legal opinion that the Bishop of London had sufficient legal ground for refusing to permit Mr. Mackonochie's resignation of St. Alban's (suggested by Archbishop Tait himself), and also for refusing to institute him to St. Peter's, London Docks; and that, having sufficient legal ground for both these refusals, Dr. Jackson ought to have acted as the Bishop of Manchester acted in Mr. Green's case, and have thwarted the Archbishop's dying effort for the peace of the Church. With all respect to these eight thousand members of the Evangelical Church Militant, we presume to think that a mind so little prepossessed in favour of Ritualism as Dr. Tait's,—we may say, so strongly prepossessed against it,—was much more likely to judge aright when, under the very shadow of death, he endeavoured to retrace steps which he had formerly taken, than any 8,000 of them, though justified by a legal opinion from Dr. Deane and Mr. Jeune, under the annoyance of a party defeat, are at all likely to judge. In the number of counsellors of that kind there is no safety, or if any, only a safe misguidance.

Mr. Childers has given up the proposal for the gradual abolition of the duty on silver-plate. Finding that the trade object altogether to the suggestion of warehousing silver plate in showrooms under the Queen's lock and key till it should be bought by the public, when the duty would be paid of course by the buyer, and regarding the drawback on any remission of duty which, without some such arrangement of this sort for getting rid gradually of existing stocks, would have to be paid to the trade, as altogether too costly to the public, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has completely abandoned all notion of repealing the duty at present, either in whole or in part. It is a pity. India would certainly benefit greatly by the abolition of the duty; and would the trade suffer so much even if no drawback were paid? They would gain, of course, in the end. Even for the moment, would they lose more than a considerable part of their profit?

M. Tirard, the French Minister of Finance, has brought forward a very weak proposal for converting the Five per Cents., which now amount to £228,000,000. He proposes to reduce them to Four and a Half per Cents., exempt from repayment for five years. The effect of this proposal will be to save £1,140,000 a year, but to irritate all holders of the Fives, who will not only lose income, but will find their stock gradually sinking as the time for repayment approaches. The true way would have been to consolidate the whole Debt in one Three-per-cent. stock, at a fraction above present prices, thereby saving £2,280,000 a year, and giving the holders the advantage to be derived from the gradual rise which any safe stock, once limited, is sure to experience. Huge as the French Debt is, the savings of the people, if order were maintained, would very speedily force it up to ninety, more especially if English investors were to come in, as, but for their chronic panic about *émeutes*, would happen even now. The late Mr. Bagehot, a first-rate judge, used to say that the French Debt was, for permanent investment, the safest of all, for the stockholders all carried bayonets.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 102⅜ to 102½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S STATUE.

SIGNOR RAGGI has done his work admirably, and it is perhaps not, on the whole, to be regretted that the distinction of creating so fine a statue to Lord Beaconsfield should have fallen to an Italian. The countryman of Machiavelli, if he was present at the ceremony of the unveiling, must have been amused to find Sir Stafford Northcote singling out for special remark the one moral feature which, so far as we know, was not only "conspicuous by its absence" in Lord Beaconsfield, but is quite as conspicuous by its absence in the lineaments of that splendid and characteristic statue. "He might be said," remarked Sir Stafford Northcote to his audience, "to have been one of those characters with whom, although they are unlike ourselves, we all so deeply sympathise." It is tolerably certain that Signor Raggi never dreamt of representing the countenance of a man with whom, although he is unlike ourselves, we English all so deeply sympathise. The face with which the great political strategist looks down on London is certainly not one to attract much sympathy from Englishmen, though it is one to fascinate with a certain wondering admiration. Signor Raggi has caught perfectly the attitude of mind in which, as we believe, the whole career of Lord Beaconsfield was lived. That attitude is one of dubious and quizzical inspection of a scene which is but half-understood, but, nevertheless, understood sufficiently for very effective action. Lord Beaconsfield is deeply interested in the people he surveys; he sees much in them of a narrow efficiency; he feels, indeed, more disposed to thank God for their grotesque prepossessions than even to quiz them, though he cannot wholly restrain the doubtful smile into which his lips break as he inspects them; but the last thought which would enter that ingenious and finessing brain, would have been one of sympathy with them, or even one of a kind to which they could give their sympathy, if they would. We do not think that Lord Salisbury shot his arrow quite as carefully away from the true mark as Sir Stafford Northcote. But when he said that Lord Beaconsfield's "whole nature and being were bound up in a desire for the greatness and continued existence of his country," we imagine that Lord Beaconsfield, if he could have listened to Lord Salisbury, would have indulged in one of those dubious smiles. It is quite true, no doubt, that he did set himself to protest against the tendencies threatening "to obliterate the line that divided us from other lands, and which seemed to neglect and to efface the peculiar glories of the English people;" but then, he set himself to protest against those tendencies because he was the head of the Conservative Party, and because that was the aspect of Conservative feeling in which he discerned more of common-sense and significance than in most other aspects of it. He never forgot his own early remark that "it is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathise, because the people must have leaders." And in this case, no doubt, he held that England, while she remained distinctively English, would be greater than she could ever become as a mere yeast or leaven in the fermenting mass of cosmopolitan life. But whether he ever indulged in that disinterested and passionate desire for the greatness of his country with which Lord Salisbury credits him, we must say that we profoundly doubt. Judging by his writings, Lord Beaconsfield's sympathies were rather with Eastern than with Western peoples, and the interest with which he marshalled the ranks of those peculiarly English country gentlemen, "acred up to their lips," whose army he commanded, partook perhaps in about equal proportions of the interest with which Sir John Lubbock experiments on his ants, and of the interest with which Frederick the Great drove back his flying soldiers, and taunted them with being unwilling to die in his service, ("Wollt ihr immer leben?") Lord Salisbury is not quite as far from the mark as Sir Stafford Northcote, for it is clear that what Lord Beaconsfield really intended to do was to enhance the greatness of the British people. But to say that his heart and imagination were bound up in that achievement, which he undertook because he was the Conservative leader, and because he loved to succeed in his career, seems to us singularly rash in any one who has studied all Lord Beaconsfield's writings, and noted the diffused indications of genial contempt for the British people which they contain.

We cannot, then, concur in the least in the conventional Conservative praise that the late Lord Beaconsfield "rooted himself in the affections and obtained a command over the hearts of the whole British people." Such a boast seems to us to miss the true significance of that great career altogether, as well as to miss entirely the expression of the fine statue which Italian sympathy with Lord Beaconsfield's audacity and finesse has created for our admiration. It is a genuine political diplomatist who looks down upon Westminster, with that wrinkled forehead and that dubious smile, though a diplomatist to whom the characters of individuals, much as they mattered, mattered even less than the characters of large masses and classes of the people. The lesson taught us by the statue is the lesson of the old fable of the horse and the man over again. Mr. Disraeli learnt enough of the English people—whom he never, however, fully understood—to spring into the saddle more than once, and to manage them not without even some grandeur of effect. But his interest in us was, as we believe, more the kind of interest taken by a skilful rider in a horse which he had never thoroughly learnt to understand, than any of a nature to attract to himself a large measure of sympathy such as that with which Sir Stafford Northcote so quaintly credits him. That we were all of us fascinated by the spectacle of his achievements, that we all felt that the interest of our public life was greatly enhanced by the element of Mr. Disraeli's unknowableness—for never did a British Minister have colleagues who were more complete agnostics as to the probable strategy of their chief,—that we all regretted his death as the vanishing from amongst us of a strange and picturesque figure, the secret of whose power we had never penetrated, is certain enough. But just as he was a student of England—with occasional intervals of mastery—to the end, so England in her turn was to the end rather absorbed in studying Lord Beaconsfield than in either obeying him or trusting him. He was a pleasant enigma to us, which we never solved, though we believed—not always wisely—that his power was too much limited by the character of the medium in which it moved, to endanger greatly our safety and our welfare. We do not in the least believe that this attitude towards Lord Beaconsfield has changed in any way since his death. On the contrary, as we look back on his career, its main features come out more significantly. The sudden and unscrupulous change from Radicalism to Conservatism, — the fierce but wholly unimpassioned assault on the late Sir Robert Peel, a mere necessity of Mr. Disraeli's great ambition,—the advice which induced the late Lord Derby "to dish the Whigs" by furthering the progress of democracy, instead of arresting it,—the attempt to make the Indian Empire the pivot of our influence in Europe,—and the profound sympathy with Mahommedanism which breathed through the whole policy of Lord Beaconsfield's last administration,—are understood now as they were never understood before, as indicative of a policy grandiose and imaginative, but wholly experimental and unscrupulous, the policy of a sort of political alchemist ruthlessly trying to turn the English clay to gold, and caring little what risk he might be running by the pretentious pyrotechny in the display of which his unscientific science had embarked him. To our minds, the best lesson which the English people could deduce for their own benefit from that striking and most picturesque career might be expressed in the words of Scripture:—"Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." Lord Beaconsfield put the bit in our mouths and the bridle on our necks, and though we were able to throw off his yoke, we may some day, if we do not grow in wisdom, find a new Lord Beaconsfield whom, once seated in the saddle, we could not again displace.

THE ANNEXATION OF PAPUA.

ON one condition, and one condition only, we can approve the annexation of Papua, and that is, that Parliament deliberately sanctions the act with its eyes open, votes the small necessary sums, and arranges for the government of the island as a Queen's colony. The precedent set by the Government of Queensland in annexing the island on its own responsibility is too dangerous to be sanctioned. We cannot have New Zealand annexing Polynesia, as Sir Julius Vogel officially recommended, or the South-African Colonies claiming Madagascar, or the Canadian Dominion making a spring at Haiti, just because they think those possessions are necessary, or may be advantageous. The foreign policy of this country must remain in the hands of the central authority, if England is to remain responsible for the external safety of her Colonies; and foreign policy is impossible, if we are to be burdened with new possessions acquired without any volition

of our own, or in opposition to the will of Parliament. Moreover, Queensland is not the colony to be trusted with a vast island, at least as large as France, with a black population of which we know little, but which certainly exceeds half a million. Her colonists have not the resources for the necessary occupation, even if it is to be accomplished gradually, and have not learned thoroughly the great lesson that in dealing with inferior races, absolute and painstaking justice—which does not preclude strong government—is not only right, but also wise. Slavery is always paid for, either in the demoralisation of the ruling race, or in some war costing more than all the value of the labour stolen from the oppressed. If the Papuans, unjustly governed or made to labour unfairly, break into wars like those waged by the Maroons, who were simply blacks driven mad by oppression, England, and not Queensland, will be called upon for aid, and where she may have to fight she must employ her own civilising agency. It is true that to the bewildering expanse of the great semi-tropical colony, even a vast island like Papua is not an addition such as it appears to Englishmen accustomed to the minute measurements of Western Europe; but still, it is not a mere piece of land, but a place occupied by tribes who, in an imperfect and savage way, can, if ill-treated, fight. England must protect and quiet them, and to protect them in peace, must govern.

While, however, we reject the idea of an annexation by Queensland, we think the arguments for direct annexation unusually weighty. We do not, in our own interests, want any more tropical territory. We have more than we can well manage already, and the picture of sugar-canes and minerals, pearls and edible sea-slugs, drawn by Dr. Robertson, will not inflame the British imagination. There is sugar enough in the world, the Australian minerals are not half worked, and if there were no more pearls or bêche de mer, nobody, except jewellers and gourmands, would ever grieve. Nor do we want any more copper-coloured subjects. We are already responsible in all the continents for some ten times our own number, and, except in India, we have not been successful enough to encourage us in voluntarily seeking for further work. But least of all do we want a position in which we should be thrown into direct collision with Germany or France, under circumstances in which the suspiciousness of our people would give rise to constant panics; and that is the position into which, if we reject Papua, we may be thrown. It is the belief of the Queenslanders, and indeed of all Australians, that if we do not claim Papua, the French, Germans, or Italians, who are regarding all tropical islands with hungry eyes, will seize it, and use it for the establishment of convict settlements. If that is true, a point which the Foreign Office can easily ascertain, annexation is the easier course. Our people, with Germans or Frenchmen established north of Torres Straits—that is, within striking distance of the Australian ports—would always be trembling for Australia, as they now are for India, and would in no long time grow as unreasonably hostile to either of them as they now are to Russia. There would be constant clamour for a stronger Fleet in the Southern Pacific, there would be huge expenditure on fortifications, and whenever a Tory Ministry came into power, the despatch of 10,000 men "to secure Australia" would be represented as an act of vigour. Moreover, the Australians would share these apprehensions in an exaggerated degree, would be moved by every revolution or war in Europe, and would in a few years take upon themselves that hideous burden of the European States, an active foreign policy. We are bound to think for them as well as for ourselves, and to remember that the American Union owes half its progress to the fact that it has no neighbours, and may in practice dispense alike with a standing army and a fleet. It is far cheaper, to use the plainest English, to govern Papua, which can be protected by sea, than to be eternally suspecting France or Germany, and considering every corvette which goes Southward from Cherbourg or Kiel a reason for increasing the British Navy.

This argument of safety might be laid aside, if we were asked to do an injustice, but there is none apparent. We do not, for ourselves, believe that it is best for the savage races to be left ungoverned, for we see that when they have been so left for thousands of years, as in the interior of Africa, they have not only not advanced, but have kept up practices, like slave-catching, head-hunting, and tribal war, directly fatal at once to happiness and progress. If Europe only realised the sum of human misery always existing in Africa, Europe would grow either wretched, or, as is more probable, sanction conquest on a large scale. Granting, however, that the Papuans, who are in the main Negritos—negroes deeply crossed with Polynesian blood—would be happiest left alone, it may fairly be assumed that they will be happier under British rule than that of either Frenchmen or Germans. The French, though they are in a singular and as yet unexplained degree exempt from the pride of colour, are not good masters, and have done little either for the Marquesans, or the Arabs of Algeria, or the natives of Guiana; while the Germans, though as yet they are untried, would probably display a temper very like the Dutch. The Papuans, if they knew the facts, and could vote, would give us a plébiscite, and in doing it, would only be anticipating their own nearly inevitable destiny. There is an element in the question of which no one has yet spoken, because no one now-a-days looks more than ten days ahead, but which is of the last importance to a wise decision. Papua will within two generations neither be English, nor French, nor German, but Australian. The Federal Republic of Australia is a certainty, and when it is born it will claim Papua, even if it has to fight Germany or France. The great isolated Island State, supreme in the South Pacific, will no more bear to see its entrance-gate to the Asiatic world, and therefore to Europe, dominated by a distant Military Power, than the United States would bear France in Louisiana, or Spain in Florida. Dr. Robertson, who last December reported to the Government of Sydney on the necessity of annexing Papua, is probably right in supposing that the greatest city in Australia will grow up on the coast of Northern Queensland, and be the dépôt for all Asiatic produce; but even if it does not, the Straits must remain the grand channel of communication. This is clearly perceived in Australia, where already all the Colonies have petitioned for the annexation, where the Governors one after another are applauding the act, and where the idea of a foreign convict settlement on Papua is regarded with angry horror. The Government, therefore, if it agrees to annexation, will be but hurrying events a few years, and settling peacefully a question which otherwise might have to be settled by an exasperating war. If, upon full consideration, the Government reject the proposal, we shall not blame them, for we have no need of fresh tropical estates, and Australia will soon be strong enough to take her own way in the world; but if they accept, they will save the Southern Colonies from an irksome situation, and the British people from a new source of suspiciousness and unrest. Papua should not be much worse to govern than Fiji, and we have men in hundreds competent to exercise there a wise, a gentle, and a vivifying authority.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON "UNEARNED INCREMENT."

THE Duke of Argyll is over-eager to spring at any one of his former colleagues who errs in the direction of what he deems Radicalism. We do not think that his attempt in Monday's *Times* to make it appear that the *obiter dicta* of every Cabinet Minister, speaking as an individual, are the personal concerns of every other Cabinet Minister amongst his colleagues, to be by them carefully weighed, and, if disapproved, publicly disavowed, is at all likely to recommend itself to men of the world of any kind. So far as we remember the earlier Cabinets of the political generation now living, nothing was more remarkable than the indifference of the most successful statesmen in them to the individual expressions of opinion by their colleagues. The notion of Lord Palmerston making himself responsible for every opinion expressed, for instance, by Mr. Gladstone—whose most official utterances he not unfrequently treated with anything but adequate candour and respect—or the late Lord Derby committing himself to all the incidental doctrines developed out of the lively consciousness of Mr. Disraeli, must be, to any one who remembers the history of the Liberal and Tory Cabinets of the last quarter of a century, something positively ridiculous. Read by the light of history, the Duke of Argyll's letter last Monday suggests but one comment,—that the Duke would like to discredit the present Cabinet with the public opinion of this country, and especially to discredit it by holding it responsible for the rasher sayings of Mr. Chamberlain. Whether that rather unchastened desire will improve the Duke of Argyll's standing as a statesman, we venture to doubt. At any rate, while we do not share Mr. Chamberlain's apparent disdain for the historical reputation of Lord Burleigh and Robert Cecil, we sus-

pect that his political economy is somewhat sounder than the Duke of Argyll's, and that the Duke, in his extreme desire to catch Mr. Chamberlain tripping, has rather got out of his own depth in treating the doctrine of what is called "unearned increment."

The Duke's wrath is kindled by Mr. Chamberlain's remark that Lord Salisbury's wealth, like the wealth of most great landowners who have inherited their lands from a somewhat remote ancestry, has grown and increased, while he and his fathers have slept, "by levying an unearned share on all that other men have done by toil and labour to add to the general wealth and prosperity of the country of which they form a part." What difference is there, says the Duke, in this respect, between landowners and any other class? The value of agricultural products, he declares, does not depend more than the value of other products upon the general progress of society. The value of all products depends in some degree on the general progress of society. The labourer's wages rise with the general progress of society,—rise sometimes by leaps and bounds. The capitalist's profit may often rise in the same way. And the Duke might have added that the literary man's success and reward are dependent on the same conditions,—that Lord Macaulay and Tennyson could not have sold their works as they have sold them, to a perfectly uneducated middle-class, and that the Penny Press of the day has been more or less actively appropriating "an unearned share" of profit which is due solely and exclusively to Mr. Forster's Education Act.

Well, all that is perfectly true, but the Duke of Argyll, in referring to the economical doctrine of "unearned increment," has left out the one most important feature of the whole,—the question of the strictness or looseness of the monopoly on which either the exclusive possession, or the gradual distribution of that increment among society, depends. And, indeed, we can hardly exonerate him from want of candour in referring so exclusively to the value of "agricultural" products, which, as he well knows, in a country where Free-trade has prevailed for nearly forty years, present hardly any of the features of the products of a true monopoly. It is not agricultural land, but town land which, for the purposes for which it is bought and sold, presents at the present day in England the features of a strict monopoly, and triples, quantuples, often multiplies within comparatively short periods even ten or twenty-fold in value without any effort of the owner, without the expenditure of capital, indeed without any condition but the application of ordinary foresight on the part of some remote ancestor to "earn" that increment. Now, no doubt, there are other monopolies besides town lands which are absolutely strict and limited. Such are works of art done by hands whose skill can never be approached by any imitator, but they are, on the whole, comparatively few, and there is nothing to be compared with land within or in the neighbourhood of great cities, for the enormous rise in value which accrues to the happy owner during a progressive epoch, without labour or skill of his own. Doubtless, a successful speculator in stocks and shares obtains an advantage of the same kind; only the moment his gains are clearly perceived, they are at once limited by the competition of similar enterprises, which are started for the very purpose of sharing the profits of the mine he has discovered. So it is with "the unearned increment" in that literary profit which the cheaper newspapers owe to the progress of primary education. No sooner does that reach a certain point than other newspapers are started to share their gains, which do succeed in appropriating a considerable portion, if not of the actual gains already achieved, at least of the indefinite increase which might have been achieved, had no such rivals entered the field. The Duke of Argyll is, of course, quite right in saying that in this country,—for near forty years back a country of Free-trade,—*agricultural* land has not recently risen in value more, perhaps has risen considerably less, than many other kinds of property. It is obvious enough that any owner of funded property who was an owner before Mr. Childers announced his scheme for paying off Debt, must have found himself considerably richer, and richer by an increment which he, at least, had not earned, though Mr. Childers had earned it for him, a few days after that scheme had been announced. But then his "unearned increment" reaches a speedy limit, and is not indefinitely progressive, while the value of a strict monopoly indispensable to the public is indefinitely progressive. The very essence of the doctrine of Mr. Mill that that increase on the value of strict monopolies which is due to the mere growth of population, and to no addition to the intrinsic value of the product itself, is a fair subject for taxation, if you could only find any just standard by which to estimate that increase,—the real knot of the difficulty,—is totally ignored by the Duke of Argyll. No one in his senses wants to deprive any man of the extra value given to his labour, or his abilities, or his ingenuity, or his fidelity, by the general progress of society,—for it is perfectly clear that this extra value is strictly limited by competition, that no sooner is it perceived how valuable it is, than other labourers, other competing abilities, other rival ingenuities, other equally trustworthy fidelities rush into the vacuum; and though they do not deprive the first-comers of their advantage, yet they do prevent them from using those advantages with all the rigour of a strict monopoly. But this is not the case at all with land of which the particular locality,—the proximity to a particular point,—is the essential value. Nothing can increase the supply of such land, while the demand is multiplying rapidly from year to year; and there is no agency in the world by which other members of the community besides the owners, can be made to share the advantage of the leaps and bounds in value which it makes, except a tax; and therefore, could we only provide fairly and without arbitrariness,—which is the great difficulty,—for estimating that enormous and unearned gain, there would be, so far as we can see, no sort of injustice in saying, 'Well, all taxation is more or less of a grievous burden, and it is only fair that those shall contribute most of that burden who have gained exceptionally, without any effort of their own, from the general progress of the community to which they belong.' We quite admit the enormous, we believe the insuperable, difficulty of finding any just standard by which to measure this 'unearned increment.' We quite admit the serious danger of attempting to demand for the State a share in the unearned gain, unless the State is equally willing to bear the burden of corresponding unearned losses. We are not in the least contending for the practical application of Mr. Mill's doctrine to taxation at the present moment, for we believe that application to be at the present moment dangerous and impracticable. But we must point out that the Duke of Argyll, writing as a pure economist, has missed the very essence of the economical question at issue. No one has ever contended that all that a man does not strictly *earn* by his own labour, but only gains from the progress of society, is a specially suitable subject for a tax. It is most desirable, it is essential to every healthy society, that we should all share freely the advantage of each other's progress; and that is precisely what happens in the rise of wages, in the rise of special profits in special businesses, in the rewards of inventions as they are limited by patents, and so forth. But in all these cases, there is a clear and steady tendency at work which limits the prize accruing to the individual, and which compels him beyond those limits to share it with the rest of the world. That is not true of the value of strict monopolies such as land in the neighbourhood of great cities; nor is it, indeed, true of agricultural land in any country cursed by a strict system of Protection. In both cases the monopolist absorbs the whole "unearned share" instead of dividing it, as public policy requires, with the community at large, and therefore justifies Mr. Chamberlain in contrasting his position unfavourably, as regards public advantage, with the position of those who toil and spin. But that is just the point which the Duke of Argyll absolutely ignores, though that is the pivot on which the doctrine he attacks exclusively turns.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE RATES.

IT is quite natural that the first dangerous division of the Session should have been upon Rates. Rates come home to us all. They are for many classes, indeed for all below the Income-tax level, far heavier than the "Queen's taxes;" they have never been scientifically adjusted; and as they rise with every advance in civilisation, they begin to be severely felt. Moreover, there is just now a certain impatience about them, especially in rural districts. As we have repeatedly warned the Government, the constituencies expected the Ministry to show more energy in reforming local government than they have shown. The electors, it is true, issued no clear mandate, asked for no definite measure, and were, we believe, a good deal muddled as to the exact relation between rates and rural government. But they had for all that a very strong idea that Mr. Gladstone was the very man to put the whole matter straight, to give the counties municipal institutions, and at the same time to propose a Rates Reform which, like his reforms in taxation, should make the incidence of those imposts at

once more equitable and lighter. The farmers want to manage their own money; the owners of land and houses do not see why they alone should pay for so many improvements in civilisation, which, like education, for instance, benefit everybody; and everybody wants a readjustment in a system under which, at this moment, the poorer a district is, the more it pays, till Shoreditch is twice as heavily taxed as Belgravia. The electors lump rates in towns, rates in villages, the incidence of rates, and county self-government all together, and with a dim but genuine consciousness of suffering ask from the only man in England who possesses the courage, the influence, and the financial genius to accomplish the task, a radical reform.

The answer of the Government—produced once more on Tuesday night, in reply to Mr. Pell—that it is impossible to do anything considerable towards this reform until the government of rural districts and of London is provided for, is, we believe, quite sound. It is in practice impossible to abolish old rates, and impose new taxes to be expended by local authorities, while nobody knows who those authorities are to be. It is proposed, for example, in some quarters to give up the house-duty, the licence-duty on public-houses, the duties on dogs, carriages, armorial bearings, and guns, nearly £5,000,000 in all, and expend that money in relief of rates for local purposes. But the quota of that money paid in London, probably a third of the whole, would be handed over to nobody knows who, that is, to the extraordinary list of Vestries, Councils, Boards, and Commissions which among them are supposed to govern the Metropolis; while in the counties the money would be paid to the Justices, that is, to men who are not elected by the Ratepayers, or responsible to them. That might be bearable, if the Vestrymen and the Justices were to continue to govern, but notoriously both are condemned. The former are to be superseded by Councillors elected by all London, the latter by Councillors elected by the Unions and other county districts, and the money would, in fact, be paid to *ad interim* authorities just about to disappear. That would be a mistake, even if the method of taxation were independent of the character of the authorities; but it is not so. Supposing the question that rates are to be supplemented by taxes, upon which we shall have a word to say presently, is taken as settled; the equally large question remains whether the Inland Revenue Board shall levy the taxes and distribute them to the Municipalities, or the latter authorities shall levy them for themselves. There is a great deal to be said on both sides, and something to be said for a composite system, but there is nothing whatever to be said or even thought till we know who the local authorities are to be. One set could be trusted with a Property Duty on the American plan, which, if entrusted to another set, would prove ruinous. It is one thing to allow a steward to pay your bill when you trust him, and another when you do not. The reform of county government must precede reform of rates, even if there were no political necessity for insisting on that order of procedure, and there is such a necessity. The County Reform Bill is a very difficult one to carry. The landed gentry do not like it, and are not likely to like it. The London Bill is also a difficult one to carry. The "City" does not like it, though it may in the end give way. To overcome this resistance, which is backed by the House of Lords, and is in the aggregate most serious, the Government, as Sir Charles Dilke admitted with the utmost frankness, need a motive force, and the motive force is the discontent with local taxation as it exists. Reform that in part, and the motive force will die away, and the Government will be left to encounter the stubborn "interests" assailed, with little or no help from popular enthusiasm and middle-class dissatisfaction with the rates.

It seems to us that this reasoning is unanswerable; but then why is not county reform pressed forward? If it is the condition precedent of all reform, as is clearly the case, why does not the Government introduce its measure, state boldly its whole plan, and insist, under penalty of an appeal to the people, that it shall be carried through? We could not have a better subject on which to dissolve, for, unless we wholly misread the debate, the Government have made up their minds to a proposal of unexpected magnitude, which will burn up opposition like fire. We cannot understand Mr. Albert Grey's speech, which was endorsed by the Government, or Sir Charles Dilke's speech, which is the official utterance of the Minister responsible for local government, or the speech of Mr. Gladstone, who is Premier and more, if the whole Cabinet have not decided on a most momentous change, the substitution as regards all local expenditure except Poor Relief, which always was a burden on the land, of general taxes for taxes levied on rental only. Mr. Albert Grey's whole speech was based on the express assumption that personalty ought to pay its fair share of rates as well as realty, —that, in fact, if we could only manage it, there ought to be a local income-tax. Sir Charles Dilke was still more definite, and, indeed, made a promise which, if the country ratepayers only understood it, would bring them in masses to his side. He said:—"There was one part of his speech with which they [the Ministry] found themselves in much more close agreement. The hon. baronet [Sir Massey Lopes] declared, as the mover of the resolution had previously declared, that persons ought to contribute to local objects according to their ability and means. He agreed with the remarks of the hon. baronet on that subject. There could be no doubt that persons ought to contribute to local objects according to their ability and means, and not only in respect of land and houses. The principle was undoubtedly very difficult to apply, and the manner of applying it always needed deep consideration. There was no difference, therefore, between the Ministry and the hon. baronet as to the principle itself." And Mr. Gladstone said: —"There is a point which I trust those who sit on this side of the House will never forget, in discussing this question. The transfer of rating-charge to the Exchequer, in whatever form it is done, is a question of a transfer from a fund supplied almost entirely by property to a fund supplied in a very large degree by labour. I am far from denying that the general contention on which the hon. gentleman proceeds has truth and justice on its side. We have never denied the principle that there is no call of justice to lay the supply of local wants exclusively on physical property, but this House ought not in the dark to set about clandestinely from time to time and piecemeal, to transfer and hand over to a fund largely supplied by the labour of the country, charges which ought to lie on the property of the country." There can be no mistake about the meaning of sentences of this kind. The Government really intend, if the factions will only let them get to work, to propose, together with a reform of county government and London government, a grand reform of Rates, based upon the principle that, as regards part of the rates at all events—perhaps all rates newer than the Poor-rate—every kind of property is liable, and not lands and houses alone. That is precisely the principle for which every landlord, every farmer, and every poor urban householder has been crying out for the last twenty years. It is as regards many rates, *e.g.*, the education-rate, police-rate, highway-rate, lunacy-rate, and improvement rate, undeniably just. Can anything be conceived more absurd than that a triple millionaire and a Brook-Street doctor should pay equal police-rates, because they inhabit houses of equal size—the case actually happens —and that a hard-driven freeholder of 200 acres should pay the same education-rate as the capitalist who in the same parish is amusing himself with losing money on what he is pleased to call a "home farm" of the same extent? It is the rich man who benefits most, both by police and education, and the rates for them are neither of them, as is admitted by the grants from the Consolidated Fund, liabilities which was purchased with the land or houses. We do not believe that if a working plan for the reform of this evil—a plan such as Mr. Childers could draw, and Mr. Gladstone sanction —were definitely laid before the country, resistance could even be attempted. The County Members would lose their seats, if they tried it, and they know it. So believing, we cannot understand how the Cabinet excuse themselves to themselves and to their followers for their delay, or why they do not place this reform as a whole in the forefront of all their designs. Mr. Gladstone hinted that the difficulty was Ireland, for he could not tax the Three Kingdoms for the benefit of Britain only, and could not be sure that the scheme was applicable to Ireland. We believe he under-estimates for once both the power of justice and the common-sense of the English people. Let him bring forward his scheme as a whole, including Ireland, with power given to Sir Charles Dilke to veto anything monstrous done by a local Board—a power which, as regards the London Council, ought to exist—and he will find that the body of the electors are too heartily in its favour for resistance from any party and, *a fortiori*, any individual. The excuse about the Budget is only an excuse. The reform need not date till 1884, but it ought to be produced and carried now, before all thought of other changes is lost in the commotion which must be excited by the next Bill for the redistribution of political power.

CONTINENTAL GOVERNMENTS AND SOCIALISM.

WE cannot, we must say, reconcile ourselves entirely to the new form which social improvement is taking upon the Continent. Kings and Ministers have been frightened by the acute discontent of the lowest class, and appear disposed to offer heavy pecuniary bribes for their acquiescence in existing order. We do not deny that they have before them a great precedent, the English Poor Law, which was decreed from above by a domineering Queen and a proud aristocracy, and has, on the whole, succeeded; nor do we deny that an improvement in the condition of the poor is a matter of pressing moment. But we should like to see the remedies come from the people themselves, through their representatives, and not be forced upon them in this way from above. Kings when they make grants are dealing with other people's money, and are very apt to believe that the first object of a State is not to improve the men in it, but to develop in them a habit of acquiescent obedience. Ministers, too, are much tempted under a *régime* of universal suffrage to buy the votes of the masses at the base of society, without much consideration either for justice or for the principles of sound finance. There is nothing to object to, for instance, in the Message of the German Emperor to the Reichstag, so far as it is a mere exhortation to Parliament to press on "social and economic reforms." The Germans allow their Emperor a kind of paternal position, and are no more affronted by his interference than the English people are by their Queen's counsel to them to abstain for a year or two from eating lamb. But when the Emperor suggests that in order to discuss the social reforms, it will be well to pass a prophetic Budget—that is, the Budget of 1884—and thus to deprive Parliament for eighteen months of its only substantial control, it is impossible not to regard his advisers with some suspicion. Are they anxious about the poor, who are to be relieved of taxes and provided for when sick, or are they planning, through an appearance of such anxiety, to relieve themselves of an irksome and hampering control? It looks very much as if Prince Bismarck, who recently asked for a prophetic Budget, and was refused, had calculated that if he persisted and pleaded the distress of the poor, and the necessity of finding time to consider their case, the Members would be afraid to resist, lest on a dissolution the vote of the lower masses should be thrown against them. If that is so, and the Progressist Members certainly believe that it is so, the German Chancellor is using the social cry not to introduce ameliorations in the condition of the poor, but to secure the support of the lowest class in depriving Parliament of a portion of its power. Suppose that in England, Mr. Gladstone brought forward a Bill containing a grand scheme of Insurance for the Poor, and asked that in order to allow time for that Bill the Executive should for one year remain uncontrolled, should we not doubt his motives? Yet this is precisely what Prince Bismarck has done, at a moment when, as he himself avows, he expects affairs abroad to take a very dangerous turn. He will allege that the Members are not disposed to his Bill, are in fact middle-class men, reluctant to consider the poor; but he forgets or conceals the facts that they are elected by universal suffrage, and that they will not be the more inclined to the poor because they have voted the Budget in advance. He would advance the cause he professes to have at heart much more rapidly by allowing Parliament more control, both over economic legislation and the expenditure. Instead of that, he is trying, with the assistance of the poor, to limit both.

In France, the danger perceptible is of a different kind. The Ministry there does not ask the Chamber to give up any of its powers, well knowing that such an appeal would be hopeless; but it does ask support from the most dangerous section of the people, in consideration of bribes. The Ministry dreads only one portion of the population—the workmen of Paris—and it therefore makes them two offers, one comparatively reasonable, one of a most indefensible kind. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Minister of the Interior, is exerting himself greatly to comfort the men of the building trades, who are out of work and inclined to riot. He has, therefore, asked the Crédit Foncier, a company which advances money for industrial undertakings, to advance £2,000,000 sterling for the construction of workmen's barracks, with flats, to be let at £8 a year. This speculation probably will not pay, and as it may be subsequently extended, the Crédit Foncier asked for a guarantee, and were originally promised that of the State. As, however, the Treasury objected to this plan, it was modified, and the Minister now asks the Municipality of Paris to guarantee the loan. That would not be unreasonable or unwise, if the Municipality were free to accept or reject the proposal, but that is scarcely the case. It is elected by universal suffrage, its first object is to keep well with the labourers, and it is quite aware that the project having been pressed from above, the labourers will not bear its rejection quietly. Of course, there is a remedy in the Chamber; but the Chamber is equally afraid of riot which brings soldiers to the front, and so the project will, there is little doubt, be carried through, and the force of the whole State, though not the money of the whole State, will be used for the benefit of Paris alone.

As the Municipality is, in the first instance, to make the experiment, though under a Ministerial impulse, this project may pass; but M. Waldeck-Rousseau intends to go much further. He is inclined, very wisely, to encourage co-operation, and his method of encouraging it is to give great State contracts, by preference, to societies of workmen. Whenever work is to be done, he proposes that "a company" of workmen shall be formed to do it, and when formed shall have this immense advantage over the competing capitalist, that it "*is to give no security for the performance of its contract.*" We are not exaggerating, in any way. M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself made that precise proposal, in those words, to the Commission appointed to consider the subject, and added that, a State contract being of itself a valuable asset, the working coparcenary could have no difficulty in borrowing necessary capital. We never remember to have seen a more dangerous suggestion. It is hardly necessary in this country to show that under such a system the workmen would have a monopoly of contracts, for if they did the work badly nothing could happen to them, and they could, therefore, undersell all competition. They could hardly even be punished for bad work, for the only punishment possible would be to refuse them further contracts, that is, to throw gangs of unemployed and starving workmen on the streets by a direct Ministerial order, and so to reproduce in a most exaggerated form the very danger it is intended to avoid. The Communist idea, that contracts should be abolished and the State do its own work, is better than this, for the State as employer, as experience shows, can, through its right of dismissing individuals, secure very good work indeed. The fault of the English Dockyards and of the French State factories is that they turn out work too good, and, therefore, too costly, for the necessities of the case. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's proposal is not yet adopted, but if it is, it will close State work to private enterprise, and thereby throw thousands out of work, who will form Companies, without capital, give no security, and do the State work, which is to be given to them exclusively, as well or as badly as they please. Moreover, the State will, in a city like Paris, become the great employer of labour, and must always keep its workmen employed, if it be only at polishing shot, under penalty of an *émeute* in the streets. We suppose, or rather hope, that all these tentatives will end in some reasonable plans for ensuring subsistence to workmen when thrown out of work, and thus diminishing the sense of insecurity which alarms and irritates them; but at present, ruling men seem to have caught only at the idea that the lower classes are dangerous, and that to make them less dangerous, the easiest way is to grant them State or Municipal funds levied by taxation. That is bad political economy, and if it is acted on to any great extent will sooner or later exhaust the resources accumulated by ordinary industry, besides demoralising the workmen, who will speedily perceive that all these exceptional advantages are granted them because they are, in the last resort, the masters of the State. In England, the Socialist proposal is to nationalise land, but it is resisted by all in authority; on the Continent, where they dare not touch the freeholding peasantry, it is to nationalise labour, and authority is visibly giving way.

PENSIONS FOR WAR SERVICES.

IT is unfortunate, though perhaps not unnatural, that the Bill to grant pensions to Lord Wolseley and Lord Alcester should have met with so much opposition. The reasons on which this opposition is founded have a kind of momentary plausibility that is usually enough to catch the votes of some small section of the House of Commons. Some Members dislike the Egyptian War altogether, and why, they say, should they consent, as a matter of course, to burden the taxpayer with rewards to those who carried it to a successful conclusion? Others think that though the war in itself was necessary, a great deal too much fuss was made about it, and the peerages and pensions of the two Commanders seem to them

the last and most complete expression of this fuss. Others hold that men should not be rewarded for doing their duty; and what, they ask, has Lord Wolseley or Lord Alcester done more than his duty? Others, again, think pensions a bad form of reward, even supposing reward to be due. The last of these objections we should be quite ready, if it would be of any use, to make our own, though not for the reason commonly alleged. Pensions are a bad form of reward, but not because they burden future generations of taxpayers. That is merely a question for the Actuaries. The nation, it must be assumed, wishes to make a grant which may either be expressed by £2,000 a year for two lives, or by the capital sum which such a payment represents. If it makes it in the former shape, it takes the chances of the pensioner's death, and of his leaving no son. If it makes it in the latter shape, it washes its hands of the whole business at once, and charges the entire payment to the account of a single year. We have no doubt whatever that this last is the best method to adopt. When the grant is first voted, the public gratitude is fresh. The nation knows what services have been rendered to it, and it is anxious to give something in return. But a quarter of a century hence, these services will have passed out of memory. They will be recorded in the histories of the time and in "Peerages," but payments the explanation of which has to be hunted up in books are never very willingly made, and the propriety of continuing them is not unlikely to be called in question. We may hope, indeed, that regard for the national word will never become so weak as to put an end to the payment before it naturally runs out, but even a debate upon the propriety of paying our debts is a thing to be avoided, if such avoidance is within our power. And it is within our power. The present value of an annuity for two lives is a perfectly ascertainable quantity, and there is nothing except habit to prevent us from acknowledging our obligations to Lord Wolseley and Lord Alcester in this way, rather than by pensions. It would have been a very wise move on the part of the Government, if they had brought in a Bill for giving the two Commanders so many thousands down, instead of spreading the payment over an uncertainly and possibly large number of years.

With the objections, however, which relate to the substance, not the form, of the gift, we have no sympathy whatever. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the Egyptian War was as unnecessary and as unprovoked as Mr. Labouchere affects to consider it; or that, even if its necessity be conceded, it has been made out to be a much bigger thing than it was. These objections are really objections either to the policy of the war, or to the account which the Government have thought proper to give of it. The proper way of giving effect to them is to turn out the Government which is responsible for what fighting there was, and for the account they thought proper to give of it when it was over. Lord Alcester and Lord Wolseley were not asked whether they thought it right to bombard Alexandria or to take Tel-el-Kebir. They were simply consulted as experts as to what, on the understanding that Arabi and the movement he headed were to be put down, were the right means to take for the purpose. If they could for a moment be held responsible for the ends for which the war was undertaken, there must be an end to armies and to military discipline. What was allowed to the officers could not be denied to the men. Each and all of them would be bound in their several stations to disobey orders which they thought unjust or inexpedient. Every declaration of war would be a signal for a partial mutiny, for there is no war probably which has not furnished some ground in which an ingenious person may find a cause of disapproval. The one question that ought to be raised in connection with the proposed pensions is whether Lord Wolseley and Lord Alcester have played the part attributed to them in bringing the war to an end. The character of the war may be a very proper subject for a hostile motion in Parliament, but it in no way affects the value of the services which Lord Alcester and Lord Wolseley rendered at Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir. The second class of objectors,—those who protest against what they maintain to be the needless fuss which has been made about our exploits in Egypt,—argue that other and greater exploits have been rewarded with only equal honours, perhaps not even with those. Surely this is not a question to be decided by individual Members of the House of Commons. The Government must be allowed to gauge the service that a successful Commander has done to the State, because only the Government can have the knowledge which makes it possible to gauge it accurately. If a case were to occur, as conceivably, no doubt, it might occur, in which a Government grossly exaggerated the merits of some creature of their own, in order to find an excuse for making him a grant of public money, a mere resistance to the grant would be a most inadequate and inappropriate kind of censure to pass. The real sinners would be the Government, and it is they who should be made to pay the penalty. The pension, it is true, would perish, but it would perish with the Cabinet that proposed it.

The opposition that takes its stand on the asserted impropriety of rewarding men for simply doing their duty, overlooks the system on which officers in the English Army and Navy are paid. That system may be most correctly described as a combination of small dividends with occasional bonuses. The ordinary promotion that lies before an officer who has never seen a battle is altogether inadequate to reward distinguished services in war. Indeed, but for the hope that an officer has of finding himself in circumstances which will give him a chance of rendering these distinguished services, ordinary promotion would hardly be adequate to reward the ordinary routine of a Military or Naval career. Men are found, however, to run this risk—to spend their lives in passing from barrack to barrack and from garrison to garrison—for the pay of an ordinary clerk; or in the Navy, to remain idle for years, in what is really poverty, hoping against hope for a ship, and then to be superannuated, perhaps in their prime, because without this even the slow flow of promotion that actually goes on would come to an end. They do this because the nation prefers to reward them very much on the principle of "No cure, no pay." A mere pittance is gladly accepted all the best years of their life, in order that they may be in the way of honours and pensions on those rare occasions when such things are to be had. This is true of both Services, but it is true of the Navy in a quite remarkable degree. The Army, in time of peace at least, allows a man to remain in England; the Navy does not do even this. To command a ship is probably to be away from home for five years, and then to stay on shore, with half-pay and no occupation, until such time as he is sent to sea again. It is only fair that when a man has an opportunity of earning distinction, it should be such as will at once give him rank and fortune, for that rank and fortune do not represent simply the reward of his specific services. They constitute a prize for which the whole Navy has, in fact, contended, though only one has been lucky enough to win it. The grants and honours are not payments to individuals, but devices for creating spirit in Services to which we entrust the safety and the grandeur of the nation.

THE WORSHIP OF POSITION.

THE Vicar of Selby is a very clever man, who not only loves the process generally known as "taking the bull by the horns," but even the still less common process of challenging a bull which would otherwise shrink from charging at you, to charge at you with its horns. The Church Catechism, he argues, in another column, does mean and ought to mean by your "betters" any one superior to you in station. The old rhyme,—

> "God bless the Squire,
> And all his rich relations;
> And teach us poor people
> To keep our proper stations,"

appears to him thoroughly sound morality,—not, of course, that he feels more respect for the mere holding of a higher station than he feels for the worthy fulfilment of the duties of a lower station, but that apparently he despairs of testing the worthy fulfilment of the duties of any station whatever, and takes refuge, therefore, in the regard paid to external appearances as the only feasible mode of fitly recognising some shadow—a very distorted shadow, we should deem it—of the divine order of creation. His argument is that we cannot appreciate intrinsic merit at all, and that no one can appreciate it for us; that rank, genius, talent, beauty, energy, are all qualities more or less inherited, and not earned by any acts exclusively our own; that even wealth, which is a form of power, is usually either inherited or acquired by some specific faculty born with us; and that, therefore, there is no more that is unspiritual in respecting a lord more than an artisan, than there is in respecting a true poet more than a Registrar of births, deaths, and marriages. If we understand Mr. Harper's letter

rightly, he regards the relation between a duke and a dustman (say) much as he regards the relation between a mountain and a mound. Both are what it was given them to be, and both are useful in their way; but as it is impossible to avoid having your attention more fascinated by the mountain than by the mound, so it is impossible to avoid having your attention more fascinated by the duke than by the dustman. If honour is due to anybody, it is not for any merit of theirs, but solely for the functions which the long order of the ages has resulted in assigning to them; and so viewed, the functions of lords and millionaires cannot fail to command more interest and more deference than the functions of artisans and paupers. At least, that is how we understand Mr. Harper's terse and vigorous letter, and if we are misrepresenting him, we must ask our readers to turn to it for themselves, and correct our misreading of it.

Now, there are here some most weighty assumptions which we wholly reject. In the first place, we repudiate the notion that we can form no estimate at all of true merit,—in the sense that is, not of the value of human qualities, but of the value of the voluntary use made of those qualities by the trustees of them. We all of us know the difference between the Duke who uses his great wealth as public men should use it, to make the whole community happier and richer by it, and the Duke of whom nobody out of his own set ever hears, except, perhaps, on the racecourse or in the columns of a fashionable newspaper; just as we all know the difference between the artisan who hoards and pushes himself till he becomes a capitalist on his own account, and the artisan who devotes all his leisure to the dissemination of higher habits of life and higher principles amongst his class. Mr. Harper may assert that this very faculty of making the noblest use of the functions into which you naturally enter, is itself only a finer gift of a higher kind; but if he pushes that doctrine to the farthest point, he will find himself denying, what we are sure he would never deny, the ultimate distinction between good and evil altogether, or rather, resolving the distinction between good and evil into the very different distinction between beautiful and ugly, or between pleasant and unpleasant. As a matter of fact, we do not doubt that men discern pretty fairly the difference between the talents into the use of which their fellow-men enter, and the account to which they turn those talents. If so, then in the highest sense we call our "betters" those who turn to the best use the talents,—whether rich or poor,—which they are free either to improve, or to keep unused, or to abuse, and we refuse to regard as our "betters," whatever may be their position, those who seem to us to have notoriously abused their talents, whether those talents were small or great.

That, however, touches but a minute portion of our difference with Mr. Harper. Let us admit that it is a task of great difficulty, about which the world makes the most gigantic mistakes, to discriminate between that part of human conduct for which the agent is really morally responsible, and that part which flows naturally from some intrinsic gift or quality of character and position. Let us admit even, for the sake of argument, what we really deny, that any such discrimination is impossible, and that the only tangible distinction is between the actual circumstances and qualities of men. Still, we should deny altogether that external differences of position represent differences in the esteem or honour due to those who hold them in the same sense in which specific talents, or knowledge, or affections, or even tastes of the higher kind represent such differences in that esteem. Mr. Harper says that the honour a man should give to his father and mother represents simply "the better position in which God's providence has placed them towards him, because towards him they are so largely God's representatives. *Honour God's representatives* is the underlying principle of the Fifth Commandment, and of all the Church Catechism's instances given in explanation of it." That means, we suppose, that during the first period of their relation the parent is in a better position to know what the child should do, and in a better position to enable him to do it, than the child is to know or act for himself, and that the honour to be accorded by the child rests upon the assumption of that higher knowledge and power in the parent. That we take to be perfectly true, as explaining the attitude of mind in which honour to the parent should *begin*. But then, in this case, the external difference does signify a very great advantage in power and knowledge, in him to whom the honour is due; and no one in his senses would deny honour to superior knowledge and power, to say nothing of the love which should be inspired by the tender use of that knowledge and power in the parent. The honour here is given to real superiority, first of knowledge, next of power, and lastly, if these are properly used, of care and love. We say the same of the honour due to Kings, Presidents, and Ministers,—indeed, to all who occupy a position of official dignity. Honour is due to them, in the first instance, because from their position they have more knowledge and power than those who are not in such a position; in the next place, if they use that knowledge and power well, because gratitude is due to them for using it well. But we want to know why the respect properly due to greater knowledge, larger power, finer talents, higher tastes, simply because all men are greatly benefited by the use of these qualities, is due to mere superior station, which represents nothing but rank and wealth. If you grant, indeed, that rank means descent from men of great gifts, and that with the descent some share of those great gifts has come down, then honour to rank is intelligible enough. We all honour those whom Mr. Galton has produced as instances of the partial inheritance of great qualities, in so far as they have actually evinced those great inherited qualities. Unfortunately, however, many of the Peers of this country have inherited their name from men at least as remarkable for bad as for good actions, for poor qualities as for great qualities, and we fail to see the least reason for according special honour to such as these.

And then Mr. Harper goes on to argue that even wealth implies power, and is entitled to the same sort of honour as official power. Well, when wealth has been accumulated by its actual owner, it undoubtedly implies power of some sort, though it may be power so little creditable to the owner that one would much rather be without it than with it. In those cases, however, in which it does imply nothing except energy, shrewdness, perseverance, constancy of mind, without any admixture of mean quality at all, it is clearly entitled to honour, and gets it in much larger measure usually than it deserves. But is this a reason for yielding honour generally to those who are richer and more comfortable than ourselves? In seven cases out of ten at least,—if so few,—the rich have done nothing towards creating their position for themselves, and have really no advantage over the poor, except the advantage perhaps,—if it be one,—of an easier life and less carking cares; while the poor in their turn have all the advantage which a keen sense of self-dependence and of the absolute necessity of effort gives, by way of compensation. It would not be hard to say which class of advantage is the greater. We do not doubt at all that social position and wealth taken alone, and without the powers necessary to gain them for oneself, are minus quantities, which should count for social disadvantage,—we do not say dishonour, because dishonour is not the mere deficiency of honour, but implies moral culpability,—in the estimate of a rational-minded man. Conceive two men of the same calibre of mental and moral qualities in every other respect, one of whom has leisure, a peerage, and £10,000 a year, and the other, heavy professional duties and £1,500 or only £500 a year, and to our mind there would usually be more "honour" in the position of the latter than in the former. The Vicar of Selby's delight in a lord as a lord, is to us, we confess, unintelligible. There are some men in that position who are deserving of the highest honour, many who deserve some honour, more who deserve a little, and a good many who deserve none at all. But looking to the use made by the average English Peer of his rank and wealth, it would never occur to us to feel special honour for him. We suspect that the average standard of life achieved by the Professional class in general is worthy of a great deal more honour than that of the average peer, and for a very simple reason, that the life of toil and duty *not* self-imposed is much more suitable to the average Englishman, and much better calculated to bring out his good qualities, than the life of leisure and of duties which, so far as they are acknowledged at all, are imposed not by the pressure of circumstances, but by the free choice of the individual. We may charitably join in the prayer for God's blessing on the Squire and all his rich relations, but less because they have earned our blessings, than because they are likely to stand in much greater need of them than those who occupy a so-called inferior station below that of the Squirearchy.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH MILLIONAIRE.

THOSE who watch the new Mammoth Millionaires now coming forward in such numbers from America and Australia, say that one definite reason for dreading them is their

incapacity for spending their fortunes in amusing themselves. A man who has made twenty millions sterling, say, by vast "corners" in Railway shares, finds that unless he goes on making money, or is one of those fortunate persons who can continuously devote themselves to an object, the excess to which his fortune transcends that of other rich men is of very little use to him. He can, of course, get out of it all the personal luxury, in the way of fine houses and good eating, and purple and fine linen generally, that he may happen to wish for, but in those things there is for him no special satisfaction. Anybody with, say, £50,000 a year, or other bread-and-butter fortune of that kind, can buy all the personal luxury he can enjoy, including in some places social deference; and the mammoth millionaire wants something more. He wants to feel the value of the difference between his resources and those of the merely rich, to do or enjoy something which they cannot attempt. Elephantine amusements may be amusing, but they are only elephantine, and he is a mammoth, wants larger trees to crash through, a bigger forest to browse in, a deeper swamp in which to gambol and roll. In a little planet like ours this is not easy to obtain. He desires, like the rest of us, to utilise his special advantage, which is the command of the modern form of the wishing-cap in a degree to which no one else can pretend, and it is difficult to wish for anything that nobody with a smaller cap can get. He can travel about if he likes, travel very pleasantly; but so can the ordinarily wealthy man, money beyond a certain amount adding little either to the enjoyment or the conveniences of travel. The present writer was travelling once on the track of an Empress, and was so inconvenienced by her wealth that he watched to see what it gave her. It was very little indeed, nothing compared with what she obtained from her European rank. When crossing the Alps, she swept up for two days in advance every available horse, engaging at one point no less than eighty; but she could only sit in one place in one baronche, and moved, on the whole, no quicker than other people. The huge suite seemed to be merely a burden, choking-up the roads, calling forth tiresome crowds, and sometimes creating wearisome delays. There was a physician, for instance, who actually fell ill, to the loss of eleven hours. The Empress upset the travelling arrangements of a great line for three days by her requirements in the way of a special train and extra precautions; but any one rich enough to hire a saloon-carriage for himself, and pay for a pilot-engine in front, a matter of less than a pound a mile, would have travelled with just as much of personal enjoyment. The Empress's rank, no doubt, helped her greatly in opening inaccessible castles, attracting experts as ciceroni, and securing her near Naples a paradise to live in which no money would have purchased; but the command of millions of itself procured no more than thousands would have done. As to creating a grand place—the idea which Edgar Poe puts into the head of his imaginary millionaire—it is to be done, no doubt, with skill and judgment; but when the colossal once enters into an enterprise of the kind, it becomes unenjoyable. No private man would be happier even in his own thought for creating a Versailles, and short of Versailles, half a million well laid out will do all that is required. To "fonnd a family," in the English sense, is in America or Australia impossible; and a great estate gives comparatively little influence, and, beyond a certain limit quite attainable by any rich man, no particular pleasure. What is the use of owning square miles when nobody will "cap" to you, or vote for you, or recognise your greatness in any way that is not half-hostile? Of course, if the mammoth millionaire is a collector, he can make a mammoth collection; but when once you have acquired all the snuff-boxes, or jade bowls, or fine cat's-eyes to be procured, a thousand more specimens add very little to your gratification. A collection loses its charm when it is magnified into a museum. Besides, all these things cost comparatively little. They can, any one of them, be done to any reasonable extent by a man with a hundred thousand a year; and we are talking of the new millionaires, to whom that income seems respectable poverty. The true Mammoth Crœsus is forced to accumulate by the difficulty of getting rid of his money, and soon finds that really to use it with a visible result adequate to the power expended, there is no way except to increase and increase his business operations. That is the reason why, in America, he continues his trade; and why his son, with still greater wealth, will be tempted to continue after him, and to keep on rolling up the snowball, till smaller men declare, as they are declaring now about the Railway Kings, that its bulk is becoming dangerous.

Here is Mr. Jay Gould, for example, the greatest of "operators" in railway and telegraph shares. After making his first "pile," which was not enormous, he had the luck to fall-in with Jim Fiske, and the self-restraint to bear with the vulgar egotism with which that extraordinary character, the only perfectly vulgar man of genius we can recall, irritated all his other associates. Fiske used, it was said at the time by his biographers, to spend hours in Jay Gould's room pouring out plans, till his cooler-brained comrade stopped him to say that some one was worth working out. The suggestions of the daring speculator tripled Mr. Gould's fortune, and when his comrade was killed, he had the sense to use it in speculations which excited less popular hostility than the famous "Corner in Gold." He devoted himself to what was really a hunt for monopolies, the purchase of so many shares in great undertakings that he could raise or depress them almost at pleasure. It is hardly possible, if a man possesses immense means, a head for figures, and ordinary financial courage, not to make money in that pursuit; and Mr. Jay Gould, who is personally, we believe, by no means the worst of his kind, possessed, among his other resources, the element we call luck, and which is, we suppose, in business an intuitive perception of the direction in which profit lies. His monopolies paid him on a scale adequate to his risk. His last stroke was, we believe, to possess himself of a supreme voice in a great part of the telegraph system of the Union, and that turning out well, he suddenly declared that he felt content. He had, the American papers say, amassed twenty millions sterling; and though that may be an exaggeration, there is good reason to believe that he possesses fifteen millions, invested in railway shares, telegraph shares, houses, and other fairly safe securities, returning on an average seven per cent. He recently showed his friends ten millions sterling in shares which he must have possessed for years, and may very well now possess £15,000,000, invested at seven per cent. That is a million a year, after allowing £50,000 a year to pay for competent managing agency, and is three times the nominal fortune and probably five times the available fortune of the richest English nobles, while it is unburdened by those obligations in the way of pensions, necessary establishments, and over-numerous residences which hamper wealthy Sovereigns. What is Mr. Jay Gould, at, we suppose, forty-eight years of age—self-made millionaires in America run younger than in Europe—to do with that very large wishing-cap? He does not want £5,000 a year for himself, he has never sought political power, and he is not a philanthropist. The papers say he is going to see the world in a very comfortable way, that is to say, he is going to visit all places on the sea, in a steam yacht large enough to carry his wife and numerous younger children. He is to be absent three years, and to see everything accessible by water, from London and Naples to Yeddo and Honolulu. He will doubtless see Paris also, and possibly Benares, and other places worth a few hours of discomfort in a railway-carriage. Well, that is, in a way, worth doing. Most of us would like to steam about over earth, at our own will, in a roomy vessel, hampered by nobody, with infinite means of purchasing curios, with the power of leaving pleasant impressions everywhere, and with no sense that the journey would be in any way costly or embarrassing. To see our whole planet, small as it has become, and most great cities on it, in a leisurely, pleasant way, with no rush to catch trains, and no crowds to get through, and no worrying heat, and no special exertion, is as enjoyable a way of spending eight per cent. of one's active life as could well be imagined; and we do not know that, for Mr. Jay Gould, there would be any waste of time. He will learn more in a yacht than in Wall Street, and be taught more by savage tribes, in clothes and out of them, than by New York brokers in gold and shares. But the journey will make no impression at all upon that fortune. Whatever the size of the yacht, £2,000 a month will keep it going, and if we allow four times that sum for purchases, benefactions, and needless outlays of all kinds, we have still only an expenditure of £100,000 a year; and Mr. Jay Gould's trip will, in fact add to his wealth, without any exertion of his own, £3,000,000 sterling, or, at the American rate of interest, an additional income equal to that of a first-class English noble. That is the dangerous specialty of these huge fortunes in personalty, accumulated in countries where dividends are still high; they grow like the prophet's gourd, or children of fifteen. Every day he lives, Mr. Jay Gould has only to do nothing—to sit and muse in his yacht, for instance—and he is a richer man

by £2,700, in America a large professional income. Nothing but gambling on a gigantic scale, gambling involving a loss of more than £2,700 every day for years on end, could even appreciably affect such a fortune; while in a generation, by merely investing its interest safely, it could be brought up to a sum the possessor of which could in six months master all the great English railways, or secure immovable ascendancy in the Bank of England. Mr. Jay Gould will probably, being a tired man, do nothing great whatever, or even *outré*, unless, indeed, he should take it into his head to march up the Congo Valley with an adequate escort to the other side of Africa—£1,000 a day would do that—and live afterwards in American memory as one of the greatest of explorers. That feat would, we think, wipe out the memory of his financial history. But with younger men, wealth like his would speedily produce satiety, and with satiety the hunger to realise the impossible which tormented Nero; and some day or other, one of them will do something which will force the world to acknowledge that the power which resides in wealth, if accumulated in one hand, is as dangerous as any other power. A man with fifty millions is not only a King, but a despot. Imagine a Jay Gould with the ideas of an O'Donovan Rossa, and give a reason why that ghastly suggestion involves an impossibility.

THE FASCINATING SIDE OF SELFISHNESS.

IN the suggestive collection of "Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne"—a book which adds interest to all the author's other books, because it gives us a peep into the workshop where they were constructed—there is one sentence at which many readers must have paused to make a mental note of interrogation. It is a sentence which seems to declare that mankind at large has made a mistake concerning a matter about which mistake appeared impossible,—not a matter of argument regarding which we may be misled by reason, or of external fact which may be misapprehended by sense, but of emotional sensation itself. The matter in question is the effect produced by Selfishness upon those who suffer from its manifestations, and there appears little to be said concerning it that would not at once win universal assent. That selfishness is a universally hateful quality seems a maxim not only true enough, but trite enough for a copy-book heading,—one of those ultimate facts of human nature which are too well established to need defence, and, indeed, too obvious to need statement. And yet, in spite of this universal consensus of feeling, Hawthorne, in the sentence of which we have spoken, boldly and unreservedly utters the apparent paradox that "Selfishness is one of the qualities apt to inspire love."

Concerning the nature of the special thought that was in Hawthorne's mind when he made the general statement expressed in this enigmatical sentence, we can only form conjectures, which are necessarily unverifiable. The "American Note-books" were, in the main, a storehouse of hints for future elaboration, and many of them were actually elaborated in his finished works. This, however, is not one of the many. So far as we can remember, Hawthorne never returned to the idea of which this note is a memorandum rather than a record; and it therefore remains a riddle, to which we have to find our own answer. The first impulse of the reader is naturally an impulse of contradiction; the statement seems to demand not interpretation, but denial. Nothing, at the first blush, seems more certain than that selfishness is the one quality which is absolutely fatal to love. Irritability or violence of temper, instability of emotion, egregious folly, ingrained dishonesty, repeated unfaithfulness, and various forms of vice, all try love to the uttermost; but numberless facts prove incontestably that it may maintain life in spite of them, because it is possible for any of them to exist in company with that genuine affection which the most abandoned seldom give without getting a return in kind somewhere. But selfishness is exclusive of this, for when fully developed, it is not merely a love of self, but such an absorbing self-love that it simply leaves no room in which any other affection can grow. If there be in existence a single person in whom selfishness is absolutely supreme, the tenderest emotion of which he can be capable is a feeling of mild complacency in those who contribute to the satisfaction of his desires, and so help to make up the pleasantness of his life. Being thus incapable of feeling love, he seems equally incapable of receiving it; we see no crevice in his nature through which tenderness can enter, no outgrowth around which affection can cling.

Still, we are inclined to think that there is a solution to Hawthorne's enigma, a valid defence for his apparent paradox. Selfishness is one, but its manifestations are many; and while the naked quality is always repellent, it is possible for it to attire itself in clothing which shall be positively attractive. Of course, in the majority of cases, it does not so attire itself. There is, for example, nothing to attract in the selfishness of the cold-hearted man whose resources are within himself, who has not enough interest in others either to feel their claims upon him, or to make claims upon them; who does not rob his neighbour, but when the neighbour has been robbed by some one else and lies bleeding on the highway, quietly passes by on the other side. A man of this kind has often many of the sterner virtues, and receives accordingly his tribute of respect; but a warmer feeling does not visit him, and if it did, he would probably close his door against it. Even less is love drawn out by that vulgarer form of selfishness with which we are most familiar, and which is generally in our minds when we use the word. It is not only aggressive, but is often brutal in its aggressiveness. It totally and openly disregards the rights and tastes of others, and is always asserting some real or fancied rights of its own; always setting up its own tastes as the standard by which those around must regulate their lives. No one can mistake it; it puts on no veil, for if its end be attained, it cares nothing for the unsightliness of the means. It is possible that a man whose ruling characteristic is of this type may have love bestowed upon him—indeed, some of the most pathetic tragedies of life arise from such bestowal—but he does not *win* the love that he receives; it is a free gift, or rather an offered sacrifice, and in no sense is it true that the selfishness inspires the love.

There are, however, other forms of selfishness, so cunningly veiled that they often pass without recognition; or if the veil do not altogether hide the ugly reality beneath, it so transfigures it as to give it an inexplicable charm. If the word might be applied to a being in whom the moral sense is quite undeveloped, we might say that a very young baby is the most absolutely and frankly selfish of mortals. It insists upon every desire being gratified, and cares nothing whatever for the inconvenience or even the pain that such gratification may entail upon its vassals. And yet the person who suffers the most from these demands, the mother, is the person who loves the most; and it is not fantastic, but quite reasonable, to attribute the unique intensity of her affection to the very constancy of these demands, to her recognition of the fact that the little life is sustained in health and happiness only by the warmth of her heart and the activity of her hand. This is the explanation of the double sense of the word "care," when used as a verb. It is in caring for her baby, in the sense of taking care of it, by protecting it on every side, and allowing it to know no unsatisfied want, that she comes to care for it so intensely in that other sense of being drawn to it by affection; and it is, indeed, impossible to find a genesis for the peculiar love of the mother, unless we can trace it to the mother's pains and burdens.

Now, there are men and women who throughout their lives play consciously the part which the baby in the household plays unconsciously. They pose as the poor, helpless, unprotected member of the social circle, the baby of the family; and if the *rôle* be skilfully maintained, the results are frequently the same as in the case of the long-robed tyrant of the cradle. They manage, like him, to impress the surrounders with the feeling that from them nothing is to be expected, but that to them everything is to be rendered. They are not, like the exigent little morsel of humanity, vociferous in their demands; but they have a quiet way of taking it for granted that every one wishes to do just what they desire to have done, which is as effective as the baby's wrathful cry or mournful wail. Few people who find themselves thus credited with an unfailing store of self-abnegation can refrain from an endeavour to live up to their reputation. "This afternoon," says the student, "I ought to write the chapter of my book for which the printer is waiting; but I know poor Mary expects me to offer to take her out, and it would be brutal to disappoint her." "I should like to go to the concert to-night," says the young girl, who hardly ever has an evening's enjoyment; "but if we all go out, there will be no one to read aloud to Uncle Edward while he smokes his cigar, and I know he will be hurt." And so poor Mary and Uncle Edward get their own way, and are, moreover, thought of pityingly and tenderly as people who need to be "compassed about

with sweet observances," and who suffer keenly when they are withheld. True, they suffer in silence, but there is a look of disappointment which is harder to bear than any words of reproach; and how cruel to call it up, when it can so easily be kept away! And so, out of pity and the multitude of little services which pity prompts, springs a genuine affection, of something the same kind as that of the mother for the baby. Love, indeed, is not given for love half so often as it is given for musical tones, and soft touches, and sweetly-urged claims. Affection tends to fix itself, not upon those from whom we receive gifts, but upon those who receive gifts from us. The irresistible appeal, made, not with rude demand, but with touching confidence, calls out the most generous part of our nature; the best and noblest of our capacities—that of sweet self-renunciation—becomes inextricably associated with them; and as they become bound up with our loftiest ideal, they become the recipients of our purest love. With no feeling into which the thought of self does not enter, they attract the ardent affection of unselfish souls, and their very demands are the weapons with which love is conquered.

There are people in whose lives selfishness assumes another disguise, which equally justifies Hawthorne's statement. They are people of the pure, pleasure-loving nature, refined and sensitive, with keen æsthetic appreciation, and an intense delight in all harmonious and tranquil life. Really caring for no pleasure but his own, the man who belongs to this species is too tremblingly alive to be able to feel pleasure while in view of pain. He will, if need be, sacrifice everything and everybody to the satisfaction of his tastes, but of these tastes the most noteworthy is for a life of Epicurean calm. The storms which surround the course of the aggressively selfish man would mar his keenest delights; it is absolutely essential to his happiness that his social atmosphere should be peaceful,—stirred by gentle breezes, but never agitated by tempests. To secure this, he must be pleasure-giving as well as pleasure-getting, the giving being, indeed, a needful preliminary to the getting. To scatter gladness among others is not more truly the aim of the benevolent man than it is of the man of whom we are speaking; but with this difference, that in his case it is not an end, but simply a means to the supreme end,—the making of his own life comfortable.

The man who is not only selfish, but sensitive, *must* consider others, must endeavour to make himself and the circumstances over which he has control pleasant to them. This is simply a necessity of his nature. Pain of all kinds is distasteful to him, and as his finely-made organism compels him to feel the pain which he sees, he must needs exclude pain from his presence. The unjust judge of the parable was a specimen of this type, though an imperfect one. When the woman came with her pleading again and again, he said,—"I will grant her request, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Her happiness was nothing to him, until it was brought into a certain definite relation to his own. Had he been a more typical example of the species, he would not have waited for repeated demands; had his sensibilities been more acute, they would not have needed the stimulus of importunity; he would have seen and foreseen the whole state of the case, would have yielded graciously to the first and least pressing request, and so would have won a rich store of ungrudged gratitude and humble affection. For in these matters people are, perhaps happily, very easily deceived. If appearances be pleasant, they are not careful to look for an unpleasant reality behind them; and if they get kind words and considerate actions, if, indeed, they get nothing but pleasant common-places of courtesy uttered in feeling tones, they are ready to give their hearts away, with a full belief that there is a heart waiting to be taken in exchange.

Though Hawthorne did not elaborate his own hint, it has been elaborated by other writers of fiction. Charles Dickens and Alphonse Daudet, in their portraits of Harold Skimpole and M. Delobelle, have done justice to the selfishness which cunningly plays the part of the grown-up baby, and ingenuously casts all its cares upon other people; and in Tito Melema, George Eliot has given us a subtle and veracious study of the other and more complex type of which we have spoken. Tito is an admirable embodiment of Hawthorne's thought. An inferior author would have told us that Tito was fascinating and loveable, but the value of George Eliot's portraiture lies in the subtle manner in which she enables us to feel his power, and to analyse the elements out of which it was evolved. She has shown us how his peculiar attractiveness was the inevitable result of his peculiar form of selfishness. Absorbing pleasure, he must needs radiate it, and his mere presence brought indefinable satisfaction. The account of the early days of Romola's love for him enables us to realise the true nature of this gift, and to understand something which is almost unsusceptible of expression, save by actual representation. The nearness of such a joyous, joy-loving nature gave to Romola's life a light and colour it had never possessed before, and she could not but love him who had glorified her world for her. And yet "the trail of the serpent was over it all." She, like Baldassarre, found out the truth, when the finding could bring only pain. She found that the pleasure he gave, in so far as it was a conscious gift, was given simply for the sake of its reflex action upon himself. He was glad to diffuse delight, because it made his world delightful. He could not keep pain away for ever, but he would do so for a time; he would make the most of the noon, and ignore the inevitable night. When brought to bay, his selfishness came out in its naked repulsiveness; and, unable to gain any new delight from the contemplation of her delight, he never hesitated to purchase safety at the price of her pain.

When a woman like Romola is attracted by a man like Tito—and attracted she surely will be, if he cross her path—there is a tragedy in preparation. The veil of superficial graciousness cannot long hide from some eyes the features behind. A really great nature will sooner or later see through it, and then, save for the strongest, there is nothing left but despairing faithlessness. Smaller souls—souls like Tessa—may be deluded for ever, and in their delusion will be happy; but for Romola and Baldassarre there is a great blank in the universe, and their poor consolation is that woe has brought wisdom, and that they have learned the lesson of Hawthorne's paradox.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE AFFIRMATION BILL.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The proportion of the Clergy of the Establishment who are "Liberal" is undoubtedly a small one, but I hope and believe that the large majority of that minority are heartily at one with the opinion expressed in the *Spectator* of last Saturday, namely, that there is a deep religious motive in doing plain, political justice; and further, that that religious motive should be all the deeper, when the act of justice involves the fair treatment of one whose views on several subjects are personally odious.

The determination, therefore, of the Government not to make the Affirmation Bill retrospective, though probably a good party move, does not commend itself in any way to my religious sense of the justice of the case. The very essence of Liberalism seems to be bound up in this question of the Affirmation Bill, and the mere accidence of the Northampton electors' choice has brought it to a focus. What is Liberalism, unless it means that civil liberty shall not be conditional upon religious belief? What is Liberalism, if it attempts to fetter constituencies in their freedom of election?

Then, too, another and quite distinct consideration influences me in giving any support in my power to the principle of the Affirmation Bill, and that is the usually profane character of all oaths. Having had several years' experience as a magistrate before taking Holy Orders, I can honestly say that I do not believe that one in twenty of the oaths taken before me were prayers. Putting aside all cases of perjury—and perjury in *alibi* cases at petty sessions is very common—what can be a greater insult to the Deity than the lip-smack of the Holy Gospels, and the heedless repetition of the set phrase by the tongue of the average policeman or gamekeeper? If "So help me, God," is not a prayer, it is at the best an "idle word," for which the utterer will have to give account. Anything, therefore, that tends to lessen the repeated breaches of the Third Commandment, that are, alas! so common in our Courts, whether of petty session or of the High Court of Parliament, ought, I think, to receive the warm support of a religiously-minded clergy.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Lichfield, April 17th. J. Charles Cox.

THE REVERENCE FOR RANK AND WEALTH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Out of,—

"God bless the Squire,
And all his rich relations,"

I made most of my sermon this morning. With your leave, I should like now to make a letter out of it. I, for one—or, since every one represents a class, let me rather say we—very much like to have "our betters" to look up to; and by our "betters," we mean not merely men of more merit than ourselves—how are we to determine that, or who is to determine it for us?—but those who by birth, office, rank, power, yes, and riches (a very effective form of power) are in a better, that is, a superior, position to our own. Why should a man honour his father and mother? Not, surely, for his judgment as to their better merits, but because of the better position in which God's Providence has placed them towards him, because towards him they are so largely God's representatives. *Honour God's representatives* is the underlying principle of the Fifth Commandment, and of all the Church Catechism's instances given in explanation of it. We (my class-fellows and I) are well content that there should be superiors and inferiors, were it but that without them the world, to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, would be so "mighty flat." And as to a scale of superiority according to men's personal merits,—what *are* personal merits? It is no merit in a man to have been born of a great family. Is it any more a merit in him to have been born with great talents? Is it any more a merit in one man that he is a born orator or a born poet than it was sin in that other man, whom the Disciples inquired about, that he had been born blind? And in like manner, as to great natural energy and industry, or, in women, as to great beauty. To all of these alike applies St. Paul's question,—"What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now, if thou didst receive it it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?"

"Honour *all* men." Yes, for all are God's representatives. But St. Peter does not say, honour them all to an equal extent. To respect a working-man, as such, is very well; we do it, and delight in doing it. But to respect a lord, as such, is equally well,—nay, more than equally. We would not walk into a snail's shell without first knocking at the door, any more than into Windsor Castle. But the Castle has limits larger than those of the shell. And manifold damage would be done by cutting up the Castle into snails' shells. The mound and the mountain, as portions of the entire earth, are of one nature, and scarce differ in dimension. Yet it is a long look upward to the mountain from the mound.—I am, Sir, &c., F. W. Harper.

Selby Vicarage, Third Sunday after Easter.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Can your correspondent, Mr. Hume Elliot, or his friend the Wesleyan minister, tell us the name of the squire mentioned in the former's letter to you dated the 9th inst.? Was it by any chance Sir Joseph Bowley? Sir Joseph's biographer states that Lady Bowley introduced pinking and eyelet-holing among the men and boys in the village, as a nice evening employment, and had the lines,—

"Oh, let us love our occupations!
Bless the Squire, and his relations;
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations,"

set to music, on the new system, for them to sing the while. Surely the squire in question must have been Sir Joseph Bowley, or else the young Wesleyan minister was cruelly hoaxing your correspondent.—I am, Sir, &c., C. A.

IRISH EMIGRANTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In answer to the letter in this week's *Spectator*, I may say that lately I went from this to Moville, in one of the tenders, with 500 emigrants on board, and can testify that it at least was a "thoroughly cheerful occasion." I was deeply interested, and watching closely, but did not see a tear shed, either by the emigrants, or their friends assembled to see them off. I felt the scene sad and solemn, but, I believe, was only joined in this feeling by one grey-headed man, who was saying good-bye to some of his family. Instead of "sorrowful lamentations," handkerchiefs were waved, hearty cheers were exchanged, and I heard many laughs and jests.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Londonderry, April 16th. Grianan.

BOOKS.

MR. FOOTMAN ON MODERN UNBELIEF.*

This is perhaps the calmest, the most courageous, and the steadiest effort to look modern unbelief in the face which we have yet had from a clergyman of the Church of England. Inadequate, of course, Mr. Footman knows it to be. The limits of two lectures of this kind are confessedly inadequate to state fully the most critical points either of the unbelief of the day, or of the reasons against that unbelief. We ourselves should have insisted on some points under both headings as of primary importance which Mr. Footman has ignored altogether. We should have assigned a somewhat different proportion of value to other points. But differences of judgment on matters of this kind are absolutely inevitable, and we never differ with Mr. Footman without feeling that his judgment may be weightier than our own. There is in his little book a steadiness and a resolution to see the worst of his opponents' case, and to see it without hysterics or affected horror, which gives us the greatest confidence in his judgment. And in his "reassuring hints," though he omits some heads on which we should have laid great stress, and insists more on others than we should have insisted, he never takes a weak point, or, to use Sydney Smith's old simile, attempts to keep out the Atlantic by trundling his mop.

In noticing this book, we can but give, first, an instance of the manly and vigorous way in which Mr. Footman faces the facts of unbelief, then, of the pertinence and thoughtfulness with which he meets the principles of that unbelief; and, finally, say something of points of the case which, even in his short review of the subject, we wish that he had not ignored. It would be hard to sum up the modern argument *against* divine design in Creation, we think, more forcibly than Mr. Footman manages it in the following pages:—

"Do you not think, we may say, that there is evidence in nature, including the structure of our human frame, *of design*, of *a purpose?* Were not, for instance, the lungs adapted for respiration? No, says Professor Clifford, in a popular essay, or Sunday lecture, 'you must distinguish, you must not argue as you would about the design of a corkscrew. A corkscrew was made by man with a purpose in his mind. *No one made our lungs.* The respiratory apparatus was adapted to its purpose by natural selection (*i.e.*, by the gradual preservation of better and better adaptations, and the killing off of the worse and imperfect adaptations).' This is 'an unconscious adaptation.' This is said in a lecture delivered to hundreds, printed and lying on the drawing-room tables of hundreds. Not only so, Mr. Bradlaugh, in the twentieth thousand of a pamphlet just published, points out that in his opinion the argument from Design does not prove the creation of something out of nothing, because all you have is the *adaptation* of what are already pre-existing substances. He quotes, too, in this same paper (twentieth thousand) from a man who did much to popularise materialism, G. H. Lewes, 'There is not a single known organism which is not developed out of simpler forms. Before it can attain the complex structure which distinguishes it, there must be an evolution of forms which distinguish the structures of organisms lower down in the series. On the hypothesis of a plan which prearranged the Organic World, nothing could be more unworthy of a supreme intelligence than this inability to construct an organ at once, without making several tentative efforts. Would there be a chorus of applause from the Institute of Architects if such *profound* wisdom as this were displayed by some "Great Architect" of houses'? One of the great characteristics, you see, of our modern unbelief is that it finds for itself a popular voice with such amazing rapidity. Therein lies its danger to men for our time. It is hardly out of the lips of the student before it is in the ears of the multitude. The philosophical speculation, especially if it have in it a dash of an ironical innuendo, is so soon thrown in as a 'new light' among the passions and prejudices of the crowd. We miss no small part of the significance of the situation, if we ignore this most striking acceleration of the pace at which the sceptical, the atheistic, the anti-Christian ideas are moving from class to class in this one generation. But I have quoted this arraignment by Lewes and Bradlaugh of the processes of Infinite Wisdom, not only becomes it seems to me (circulated as it is by tens of thousands) to be one of the most dangerous and deadly of the weapons of Atheism, but because it leads me briefly to notice that *Pessimism* which would destroy all one's joy in the works of God, and in the old tradition that the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. It is very important in this respect to notice how thoroughly the method of attack is changed from that of the *Deistic* controversy of the last century. Then it was the glorification of Nature, in order to depreciate the arguments for the need of a Revelation, with which Christianity was assailed. Now, we find ourselves depreciating Nature, and finding in her alleged imperfections and apparent cruelties an argument against the benevolence *or* against the omnipotence of God. One is reminded of the assertion of a once distinguished lawyer, circulated in a widely-read magazine

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* *Reasonable Apprehensions and Reassuring Hints: being Papers designed to attract Attention to the Nature of Modern Unbelief, and to meet Some of its Fundamental Assumptions.* By Rev. Henry Footman, M.A., Vicar of Norton, Lincoln. London: Field and Tuer; and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1883.

article after his death, that there was so much pain and misery in Nature, that if he knew she were about to perish, and if, by lifting his finger, he could save her from annihilation—he would not lift it. One is reminded of the doctrine of Schopenhauer that the world is the *worst* of all possible worlds, and that *annihilation* (almost equivalent to the Nirvana of Buddhism) is the highest end of man. One is reminded, too, of a more popular philosopher, *Hartmann*, who determines, not with a yawn of ennui, but philosophically, that existence is in itself an evil, in proportion as its range is larger and you know it more. The whole constitution of the world (so stupidly does it work) would be an unpardonable crime, did it issue from a power that knew what it was about, which, of course, upon the Materialistic theory, it does not. But one is reminded, still more forcibly, of that tremendous indictment which Mr. Mill (a still more popular philosopher) brings against Nature, in the first of these celebrated and widely-circulated essays, which contain the explosive shell with which my Cambridge friend threatened me some years ago, as certain to be thrown into the Christian camp. 'In sober truth,' says Mill, 'nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another, are Nature's every-day performances.' And let us remember, this short but trenchant sentence is a fair specimen of the conclusions of the whole paper. In short, I know not in the whole range of English literature a more tremendous catalogue of charges against Nature, than that which this essay contains. It will take a good deal of preaching to undo its effects on men, and yet it cannot be ignored with impunity."

Nor do we think it would be possible to meet the force of that statement more powerfully and wisely than Mr. Footman meets it, in the corresponding passage of his second lecture:—

"The thought of the pain, of the apparently undeserved and hopeless and useless suffering of which this earth has been for countless ages the theatre, is a thought which generates harassing and harrowing questions, as to the goodness of God; and apart from the *Revelation of God in Christ*, I must own I know of no answer to those questions, no answer which even hope itself can seize on as completely reassuring. I suppose that each man has some difficulty, some thought which weighs at times very heavily, and which he feels is too heavy to be rolled off without the aid of the Christ who has redeemed him. Such a difficulty, such a heaviness assails my own mind at times when I think of the indifference, the apparent cruelty, the devouring maw, of Nature's laws. As a Christian, indeed, I can afford to look at this awful thought steadily and often. Nay, if I want words to express my sense of the incubus which seems to lie upon the Universe, and which suppresses at times the Hosannas of rapture, I can find none so apt as those of the great Apostle, when he tells us that '*the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now*.' But at the same time, I must candidly avow that, on the ground of 'Natural Theology,' I am frequently embarrassed as I think of the problem which it sometimes ventures to solve, that of the *Character*, the Nature, and the Disposition towards the sentient Creation of the Eternal God. This being the case, I shall revert to this painful and difficult matter again, in the second division of this paper, in which I shall have to bring into prominence the more strictly Christian aspect of the whole subject. In the few remarks which follow here, we shall try to offer only the considerations which Natural Theology seems capable of affording or suggesting on this point to her students. In the first place, I think we learn from a contemplation and study of Nature, that the production of pleasure, or of the pleasing or soothing sensations of which animal life is capable, is not a *paramount object* of its Author and Governor. As things are now, and as things have been so far as we can trace them back, the process of creation and of development seems too terrific to permit us to rest in what I may venture to call the *Hedonist* view of God. Neither does it seem to me that Nature indicates that the paramount object of its Creator is the preservation of *individual* sensitive existence, except for a very limited period, nor even that of any one type or species, except for a correspondingly limited period. If no being can be called good in whose works and ways one or other (or both) of these ends cannot be discovered as their final cause, then I do not see how from Nature alone you can say that God is good. I speak with great diffidence, with great deference, but so far as I can see, the law which is paramount, and the furthest reaching in Nature, is the one which combines into one decree these two clauses: '*Be fruitful and multiply—slay and eat.*' And the main object, if I may venture so to construe in inadequate language the apparent object of an Infinite Mind proclaimed in facts, seems to be the production, *through sacrifice*, of higher life out of the death of the lower. The more I read and think and try to observe of 'Nature,' the more deeply does this view of God's work in Nature seem ingrained in me. This may at first seem rather a melancholy conclusion, and it certainly does add a sadness often to my daily life, even to my daily meals, but it adds, too, a *sacredness* to them, and helps me to find an answer to my friend who asked as we sat down to feast together, '*Why* should *this* act of all others be made religious in this arbitrary way by "grace?"' If then this be the teaching of Nature as to the end of its Creator's work in her, we can see how readily she lends herself to the charge or the suspicion of cruelty or indifference to suffering,—especially in the ears of those who go to Nature with a feeling that if her god were good and benevolent there would be no *pain* inherent in her system at all. On the other hand, if we fully recognise the purpose which, as I have said, Nature seems to lead us to infer is paramount in the mind of her Author, we shall be very much struck with the immense and incalculable amount of happiness which prevails in the sentient creation at any given moment, and which has prevailed upon the earth through countless ages of pre-historic times. The feeling which will then attend our contemplation of Nature will be one of wonder that a design and a method which, prior to experience, we should have said must be attended at every turn by individual suffering, and must have almost excluded pleasure from the universe, should yet have been executed in a manner so wise and so kind as to have filled the earth with such a vast aggregate of pleased and enjoyable existences."

The difficulty in this suggestion is not to understand how pain may and often does minister to the higher life of those who unquestionably have a higher life than that of pleasure or pain, but how the almost intolerable pain of creatures which, so far as we know, have no such higher life at all, and which suffer in a manner which does not even admit of their transmitting a nature annealed by endurance to their posterity,—the pain, for instance, of the giraffe flying through the desert with a panther draining its life-blood firmly seated on his back,—can be even subsidiary to a higher purpose at all. We can see that a destructive *instinct* does answer good purposes in the evolution of the higher nature, and that it is not easy to conceive the existence of such an instinct, in such a world as ours, without some consequences which are purely grievous, such as the long agony which individual creatures may suffer in the act of dying. But the experience which we have of sacrifice which is healing, ennobling, the very highest thing we can conceive, can hardly reconcile us to instances of lonely animal suffering which are absolutely unknown to all creatures except the victim itself, and which leave no moral trace in the universe when the suffering comes to an end. Nevertheless, it may be fairly said that the knowledge which we now have of the immense value and meaning of sacrifice in the higher planes of the moral world, should make us hesitate to dogmatise on appearances even in the cases where suffering seems to answer no end at all. Little as we know of the ultimate end of animal life, we are founding an argument on our ignorance only, when we assume that there can be no after-life for the lower victims of innocent suffering, no after-life in which the mere endurance of great suffering may answer some considerable purpose, such as we often see it answer in the higher world of human consciousness. *A priori*, one would have supposed that the higher and more sensitive the nature, the worse would be the evil of suffering. As we know that this is false in the case of man, to the secrets of whose nature we have a real access, it would be very rash to assume that in the case of those creatures to the secrets of whose nature we have no real access, no good purpose is answered by the sufferings they undergo. At all events, Mr. Footman's suggestion puts the matter in its true light. Undoubtedly, the first purpose of the Creator has not been the production of happiness, but the production of something to which happiness is quite subordinate; and only those, therefore, who can assure themselves that the production of happiness is the only legitimate end of moral action,—an assumption absolutely contradicting the teaching of Revelation,—are in a position to arraign the Universe as a failure. We may add that any one who can feel sure of such a doctrine as this must be one of the poorer thinkers of the world, and not worthy of much intellectual respect.

And now let us say a word on the few central points which, as it seems to us, Mr. Footman has ignored, on both sides of the picture. And first, we think he has laid too little stress on the materialistic, as distinguished from the agnostic, view of Nature. It is quite true that the two views are inconsistent; that you cannot first plead that there is no such thing as "cause" at all,—that "cause" is an illusion of the mind, and can mean nothing but "invariable antecedent,"—and yet appeal to the primary physical forces of the universe as the sole and sufficient causes of all the intellectual and moral life which appears to come out of them. The two views are perfectly inconsistent, it is true. It is also true that the former or agnostic view is, as Mr. Footman has duly perceived, much the more formidable philosophical form of doubt of the two. But we believe it to be for popular purposes far the less effective form of doubt. A truncated, inadequate cause,—like material force,—is much more intelligible to the popular mind than Hume's agnostic view that "cause" is an illusion, and that we know really nothing in the world in the nature of causes except uniform antecedents. The real explanation of creeds like Mr. Bradlaugh's and those of the *Freethinker* is not Hume's philosophy, but the idolatry of material force, the picture of the Universe as an iron chainwork of physical destiny from which no atom, and no mind,—mind being assumed to be nothing but an inexplicable backwater of atomic forces,—can escape. It is this which overawes the popular imagination. It is this which drives men to regard themselves as mere puppets in the hand of some over-mastering power which, though itself unintelligent, enslaves the intelligence to which it has unwittingly given birth. It is not science as a thinker like Mill understood science, but science as the ordinary mechanician

understands it, which so subdues the imagination of men as to charm away that consciousness of true inward power which, whether it be exerted or not exerted, is either exerted or not exerted at their own discretion. And just as Mr. Footman has more or less ignored the fatalistic side of the popular materialism, so it seems to us that he has ignored the true antidote to it, in that ineradicable consciousness of man's power to change his own destiny which dispels the dream of fatalistic materialism, and shatters, in thousands of millions of places at once, the iron framework of the Materialistic as well as of the Agnostic creed. Mr. Footman insists admirably on the absolute knowledge of personal identity as confuting the agnostic philosophy which disowns all knowledge of true Being. We wish he had insisted also on our equally unconquerable belief in the power of the will either to resist or not to resist the solicitations which so often beset us,—*i.e.*, in our power to make our destiny other than we actually shall make it, and in our former power to have made our destiny other than we actually have made it. To any one who can eradicate—as some Necessitarians fancy that they have eradicated—this belief, either the agnostic or the materialistic fatalism is, of course, credible; to him who owns that he cannot eradicate it without weaving a thread of positive insanity into his moral life, every sort of fatalism and every kind of final agnosticism becomes incredible. Dr. Chalmers's idea of the divine cause as the one root of all-embracing law—so much admired by Mr. Footman—seems to us to approach dangerously near the Pantheistic fatalism which philosophically annihilates man, in order to make more of God. Another very strong confutation of materialism of the vulgar kind is to be found in the unquestionable facts more and more thoroughly verified by science every day, as Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers are proving, which show that intelligence often works, where there is no physical organ of intelligence,—no brain and body present to explain it.

Another point on which Mr. Footman might, we think, with profit have enlarged more than he has done, is the strong testimony of human language to an origin of human nature in something not below, but above man. If, according to Hume and the sceptics generally, the words 'cause,' 'duty,' 'liberty,' 'effort,' are full of illusion—if the chief duty of philosophy, in fact, be to explain them away, and show how much less they mean than they are popularly supposed to mean—may we not fairly ask how, then, in the name of all that is reasonable, words grew into our language which filled it with a mystery and idealism and a sense of the supernatural, for which there was absolutely no ground,—why, if human words come only as the stammering utterances of animal life awakening for the first time to its own powers, and groping after something like rational self-guidance, they embarrass us with a whole heaven of divine obligation and a whole philosophy of inverted significance, for which there is no basis? It has always seemed to us that the testimony of those little words 'why,' 'because,' 'will,' 'must,' 'can,' 'ought,' to a class of notions which, if they represent pure illusions, could hardly have got into our minds at all, is decisive as against the philosophy either of pure agnosticism or pure fatalism. These, however, are mere suggestions of central points which we think Mr. Footman might have improved his manly and thoughtful survey by including within his range. None the less, we recognise gratefully the vigour and candour of his two papers, and recommend them to the Clergy of all denominations as worthy of their respect and emulation.

DIARIES OF PRINCESS AMALIE OF SAXONY.*

Frequenters of the Royal Theatre at Dresden before 1870 must have been familiar with the figure of an old lady who, on most nights when a good performance was given, could be seen sitting in an armchair in the royal box. Occasionally, plays were acted that bore the author's name of "A. Serena," and then spectators would send friendly glances up to this lady's seat; for she was none other than Princess Amalie of Saxony, who, under this pseudonym, wrote a series of comedies and dramas. Many of these hold their own to this day on the boards of the German stage, while five were ably translated into English by Mrs. Jameson, as excellent pictures of German social life, and yet another six were translated anonymously some years after. And good pictures of German life they are, for the author, princess though she was, laid the scene of her plays, with few exceptions, in higher circles; and she certainly caught the tone, reproduced the conditions, the modes of thought and feeling, that characterise the German middle class, with surprising fidelity. On the death of this princess, there were found among her papers twelve large volumes of journals, kept from her childhood till shortly before her death, thus extending over nearly seventy years of the most painful, but most interesting period of German history. By permission of the present King of Saxony, Robert Waldmüller, the accomplished poet and novelist, has been allowed to publish extracts from these diaries, and a very attractive book they form. The period of the Napoleonic disorders in Europe were the times when the saying is more than commonly true, that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." We know much of this from the historical point of view, but it has hitherto been little given to us to know how the prominent sufferers in the drama felt, what they thought and experienced. Here, in the diary of this intelligent Saxon princess, we encounter an often laconic, but most graphic presentation. Were the volume not otherwise interesting, it would be interesting on this account alone. But it abounds in attractive features, in the pictures it gives of the life of the times generally, of the simplicity mingled with rigid etiquette of the Saxon Court. Moreover, the Princess was a great traveller; she visited Italy ten times as guest of her sister, married to Archduke Leopold; she visited Spain, to stay with her sister Josepha, Queen-Consort of Ferdinand VII.; she came in contact with most of the notabilities of her day, and a brilliant galaxy of names gleam across her pages. Goethe, Napoleon and his Marshals, the little King of Rome, Louis Napoleon, Charles X., three Popes, Cardinal Antonelli, Nelson, Metternich, Washington Irving, Scribe, and many more. Indeed, in an idle moment, the Princess once amused herself with summing-up the famous people she had known, and the famous people she had visited; the former number amounted to 472, and the latter to 398.

Princess Amalie was the eldest daughter of Prince Max of Saxony, brother to the childless King Anton, whose wife became a mother to her and her brothers and sisters, when an early death deprived them of their own. Their home was the royal palace at Dresden, and here, in the midst of a Court distinguished by its love of culture, the Princess early imbibed that taste for music and literature that led her to exercise her powers in both arts, and eventually to become something more than a distinguished dilettante in one. She was allowed to remain unmarried, though various eligible *partis* were offered to her. She did not wish to share the fate of most princesses, and enter upon marriage without love. In one of her dramas, with evident reference to herself, she makes a princess say to her royal mother,—"I have been permitted intimately to gaze upon the majesty of the Throne from early childhood, and it can neither tempt nor dazzle me." Her simple, direct, amiable nature is further reflected in another passage from her plays. She makes her heroine say:—"There is other happiness in life besides that found in love." "And what is that?" "Pleasure in the joys of others." The same unadorned straightforwardness characterises the diary of the Princess.

Amid the wealth of material contained in this volume, we can only dip here and there. It is amusing to read that Prince Max was one of the first persons to have his children inoculated. Princess Amalie narrates how they were kept three weeks in quarantine in a separate building, their parents being only allowed to speak to them through the window. The operation was regarded as most serious, the doctor handsomely remunerated, and, in accordance with the taste of the time, a memorial "repos" was built in the Park, bearing the inscription,—"Dis au promeneur, que tu n'existes qu'en mémoire de l'inoculation heureuse," &c. The Princess was only twelve when Napoleon occupied Saxony and visited Dresden. With heart and soul she was attached to the German cause, and so were her brothers and sisters. Herein they differed from their Royal uncle, whose fidelity to Napoleon was, later on, to cause annoyance to his family. The girl notes the various victories of the Emperor in tones of despair in her diary. In 1809 she had to fly with her family from their capital, the first of several such sad journeys that they were forced to take during the ensuing years. To the privations they then suffered, the contact they had with common life, the Princess ascribed her knowledge of conditions outside the charmed circle of a Court. Many a night she had to sleep on straw; on the first occasion they were thankful to get shelter in some wretched rooms, and to sleep upon chairs. During the conference of potentates held at Dresden in 1812, the Princess

* *Aus den Memoiren einer Fürstentochter.* Edited by Robert Waldmüller. Dresden: Meinhold. London: Nutt. 1883.

frequently saw Napoleon. Of his impatience she has preserved a characteristic anecdote. "On May 25th," she writes, "boar-hunting at Moritzburg. Napoleon found the *déjeûner* too long, so he said quite suddenly, 'Que l'on serve le dessert,' which was at once done, so that the roasts were never brought on, much to the annoyance of Aunt Elizabeth." A few months later, the family were once more seeking safety in flight, suffering much bodily discomfort and yet more mental torture from the contradictory and disquieting rumours that reached them from Saxony. In June, 1813, they were back in their beloved Dresden. "Heaven grant this may prove my last flight journey!" she writes, a wish not to be fulfilled. For the time being, Napoleon was more master of the situation than ever. He had taken up his temporary abode in Dresden, and ruled in autocratic fashion. At his State banquets, held in honour of his victories, he insisted on the presence of the whole Court, the gentlemen placed on one side of the room, the ladies, including the Princess, on the other; all obliged to stand and watch the tyrant dining. Napoleon's day was kept with great pomp. The Princess wonders if it be an omen that the firework initials "N. and M. L." become accidentally extinguished on the Elbe. Napoleon himself communicated the news that he was about to wage war against Austria to the Princess Theresa, the wife of Prince (afterwards King) Antony. Very characteristic is the story of how, when she came into his presence, she found him standing on one leg and kneeling with the other on a chair. In *nonchalant* fashion, he addressed her with "La Princesse Thérèse sera fâchée contre moi, parceque je fais le guerre à sa famille, mais elle doit y être accoutumée." "On ne s'accoutume pas à ces choses-là," replied the lady, with firmness and presence of mind. The reply scarcely pleased the Emperor. This time the children of Prince Max did not leave Dresden, and Princess Amalie became acquainted with all the horrors of war in close proximity. Of the misery that prevailed in the city she furnishes a touching picture. Dying soldiers were to be met staggering in all the streets. Even the royal conservatories were full of wounded. Bread ran short, the captives suffered the pangs of starvation, and wherever it was possible they would let down their caps, gloves, or whatever else they could turn into bags, and solicit alms from the passers-by. The royal family were absolutely cut off from all intelligence. Not till October 27th did they hear from a journeyman that Napoleon had been defeated at Leipzig, and even then the news was so mere a rumour that they dared not credit it. Once again the family of Prince Max had to seek safety in flight, and nearly two years were passed by them in Prague, shunned by their equals as allies of the French, whom in fact they detested as cordially as the other European Sovereigns did. This pained the Princess exceedingly. On learning the entry of the Allies into Paris, she notes,—"If only he has not set them some trap." "The peace vexes me," she records afterwards, "for France remains larger than before." When Prague illuminated in honour of the event, she writes:—"It was a splendid spectacle, but it hurt me, so that I left the windows. All are glad, for all there is peace, but we alone are pursued and shunned." She wept so much for the fate of her country and its king, her uncle, that she injured her eyesight, and could not read for a time, and scarcely write. She even took the bold step of inditing a private letter to the Emperor of Russia, entreating him to intercede for her beloved uncle, "Hélas!" she says, "s'il faudrait une victime, je me devouerais volontiers aux malheurs qui ménacent ma famille, pour l'en préserver." She does not say, and probably she did not know, that the preservation of Saxony after the overthrow of Napoleon was chiefly due to the diplomacy of Talleyrand. Very interesting is the account the Princess gives of the first meeting of the Emperor of Austria with his daughter, after Napoleon's abdication. She calls it "terrible." "For the first moment, the two stood opposite each other like statues. Then the little one began to play with the Emperor's sword, upon which father and daughter wept. After the peace of 1814 the family continued to live their quiet domestic existence, writing and acting plays and operettas. Various marriages of the younger members brought about festivities; the quaint ceremonies that took place are recorded by the Princess.

Of the various visits paid by her, that to the Court of Madrid is the most entertaining. She paints most humorously the medley of etiquette and informality that characterised it. Thus, when the family dined *en famille*, "the princesses appear in the deepest *négligée*, the Infanta generally with her hair in curl-papers; no one waits for any one else, everybody helps himself without ceremony." By way of greeting, the members of the family only address each other by their Christian names. "When many of them come into the room together, this sounds like some litany," writes Princess Amalie. The whole tone of the Court appears to have been touched by this strange mixture of ancient formality and modern innovation, and the taste displayed was equally bizarre and confused. The aristocracy cared only to witness translations from French melodramas; Calderon was played solely to an audience of workpeople. Grotesquerie in every shape and form was eagerly cultivated by the better classes, with some strange results. Thus the Princess tells of a house that was built in the Chinese style; an obelisk stood in front of it, upon the roof sat a statue of Dante, the principal salon was painted like the inside of a ship, the bed was an organ that played when lain on, and so forth.

In 1850, after a happy and varied life, divided between literature and friends, the Princess had the misfortune to lose her eyesight. An operation partially restored it, but she had to save her vision, and the entries in her diary become scantier. The war of 1870 broke her heart. She had lived to see another Napoleonic war against Germany; she remembered too vividly the sufferings inflicted by the first; she could not share the Army's hopes of victory. On September 18th she was gathered to her fathers.

SIMCOX'S HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE.*

A DOZEN years ago a good history of Latin literature was one of the most marked *desiderata* of the student. There was no work even professing to give a complete survey of the subject which showed any considerable literary power, or which could claim to be at all abreast of the best current knowledge. Since that time, several attempts have been made to fill the gap. Teuffel's history has been translated with fidelity, if not with elegance, by Dr. Wagner; but invaluable as Teuffel's work is for its conscientious and laborious collection of facts and references, there is probably no Englishman living who has read it through, or who would not shudder at the thought of doing so. Mr. Cruttwell has published a careful and scholarly work, and Dr. Schmitz a not less scholarly but slighter sketch, which are well adapted to meet the needs of the classes of readers for which they are severally intended. But still, there was room for a fuller treatment of the subject from a different stand-point, and Mr. Simcox was warranted in assuming that his labour would not be wasted, if he once more took up the theme. His work is, indeed, its own justification. It is not easy to determine what should be the limit assigned to a history of Latin literature. If we include all the literature written in the Latin language, we run out into the infinite (as Aristotle has it), and find ourselves committing trespass on many an alien field. On the other hand, if we limit it to the classical literature commonly studied in our schools and colleges, we exclude not a little that is of great importance, both for the history of human thought, and also for the proper understanding of the literature as a whole. Mr. Simcox has hit the happy mean in the line which he has drawn at Boethius. He is thus enabled to trace the literature of Rome, not only through its stages of development and decay, but also in its temporary revival with fresh vigour, after a period of barrenness; and to show his readers how the old forms were remodelled to express the new thought of the early Christian writers. Thus not only Fronto and Gellius, but also Jerome and Augustine are brought within his view, and he does not pause until the feeble productions of writers like Eunodius and Maximianus have made it plain that "it was time that Latin literature should retire into the cloister, that Latin civilisation should become a memory." Over all this wide expanse Mr. Simcox guides us with the firm step of one to whom the ground is really familiar. It is quite refreshing, in these days, when the claims of many forms of literature, to say nothing of the rival urgency of science, are so distracting, and when we have to be content too often either with second-hand compilations or with the monographs of specialists, to find an author who has plainly read largely for himself, and who is giving us his own fresh impressions. His knowledge is, of course, more complete in some departments than in others, and there are some striking instances of inequality of treatment, of which the writer is himself not un-

* *A History of Latin Literature, from Ennius to Boethius.* By George Augustus Simcox, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1883.

conscious. There is also one serious fault, which a critic cannot leave unnoticed, and which may as well be disposed of, before we pass to the pleasanter and not less imperative function of appreciation. Mr. Simcox professes to have written in order "to do something towards making Latin literature intelligible and interesting as a whole to the cultivated laity who might like to realise its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no." He has, therefore, avoided all parade of learning, and page after page is to be found unadorned with a single reference. For the benefit of the student, he has prefixed to each volume chronological tables, giving the dates of all important writers, and the principal contemporary events, with remarks appended as to the best MSS. and editions. This only supplies to a very small extent the means for verifying statements made in the text. But it is a more serious fault that the tables have been revised with such great and, considering the available *subsidia*, such surprising carelessness, and the information given is so capriciously distributed, that they often prove most untrustworthy guides. The date of Cicero's study at Rome under Molon (here called Apollonius Molon, which, if we may trust Strabo, is the name of "two single gentlemen rolled into one"), is not that accepted by the best authorities; nor is there any reason to suppose that Cicero wrote "four books on rhetoric, of which the two now extant (*De Inventione*) form part." No remark is made as to editions of Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, or Horace; for Livy the student is sent only to Drakenborch, which, with all its merit, is far inferior in its text to Madvig, and for practical use to Weissenborn, pronounced, by no incompetent judge, one of the best editions of any classic. For Ovid, Burmann is named, with Merkel for the text; but no notice is taken of Riese, of Haupt for the *Metamorphoses*, or Palmer for the *Heroides*. For Propertius, again, no edition is named, though Hertzberg's edition is a perfect mine of learning; Paley's is an excellent book, and Palmer's one of the most brilliant contributions to contemporary scholarship. Umpfenbach's *Terence* is ignored; and so is all the work of Baehrens. One of the most eminent of the German Latinists, selected as successor to Ritschl at Leipzig, appears under three different forms. Ritter's edition of *Tacitus* of 1864, and Schaefer's of Pliny's *Letters* of 1868, are unlike unknown to us. Nothing is said of Studemund's *Gaius*, or of Hertz's *Gellius*. Under A.D. 416 we have the enigmatical statement, "Ousius dedicates his Rivellas: Teubner, Leipzig, 1871," of which we cannot offer even a conjectural interpretation. These things ought not so to be. They leave an impression of carelessness, which, it is only fair to add, there is little or nothing in the text to confirm, and ought to be carefully corrected in a second edition. A gentle protest may, perhaps, be allowed against the undue neglect of the linguistic side of the literature. A reader would hardly gather from Mr. Simcox's pages that Virgil was one of the most accomplished artists in words to be found in any literature. He would certainly learn nothing of the idiomatic vigour of Plautus, or the fresh and tender grace of Catullus at his best; nor would he suspect, at the other end of the scale, what a queer, mongrel diction it is that in Apuleius has to pass for Latin. We may note in passing, too, that nothing is said of Quintus Curtius, of Columella, or of Celsus, all three writers quite as much deserving mention as many who are fully discussed. But when all deductions have been made for occasional slips and for inequalities of treatment, the book remains a highly creditable piece of patient and intelligent work, and a real contribution to the history of literature. Mr. Simcox strikes us, indeed, as somewhat less happy in his treatment of poets than he is when dealing with prose writers. In his desire to avoid the sin of gushing enthusiasm, he appears to have occasionally forgotten that the duty of a critic is quite as much to teach us what to admire, as what to censure. Thus he gives a clear analysis of the argument of the great poem of Lucretius, and points out with great acuteness its weak points as well as its strong ones. He says, very justly:—

"The six books on the Nature of Things deserve more attention than they have always received, as a very fresh, vigorous, and earnest contribution to the formation of opinion; it *(sic)* is quite as able, as interesting, and as telling, as many of the great books of the eighteenth century, which, eighteen hundred years hence, are likely to seem as preposterously incompatible with true knowledge as Lucretius seems now. . . . . As a thinker, Lucretius ranks with men like Vico, rather than with men like Rousseau or Montesquieu; he gathers up much of the thought of the past, he anticipates much of the thought of the future, but he is not a leader or director of the thought of his own times."

True enough, but is it for this that Mrs. Browning calls him "chief poet of the Tiber side, by grace of God," for this that Niebuhr ranked him higher than Virgil, for this that Goethe expresses for him an almost unbounded admiration? It is to be feared that Mr. Simcox's two-and-twenty pages will leave a reader who comes fresh to the subject utterly unable to imagine any reason why Lucretius is accounted a poet at all, except that he had a certain power and flow of versification. Catullus comes off no better; there are some remarks, just enough in themselves, on some of his weaker points, but what we complain of is that no one would imagine after reading Mr. Simcox's criticisms that the poet so dealt with was simply the most tender and passionate master of song between Sappho and Burns or Béranger. The inadequacy of the treatment here given to these two poets will seem all the more painful to any reader who has in his memory Professor Sellar's sober but still most sympathetic studies. Virgil and Horace receive, the former perhaps a little less, the latter a little more than justice; but Mr. Simcox seems nowhere quite so much at home as among the poets of the Silver Age. It is not unnatural to suppose that his own style, often epigrammatic, and invariably thoughtful, but not always either easy or clear, has been tinged by his study of writers who, whatever their faults, are always pointed and ingenious. There is a completeness of appreciation, not only of Martial and Juvenal, but also of Petronius and of both the Plinies, which seems to be wanting in the case of some earlier and greater writers. His treatment of Statius necessarily suffers by the inevitable comparison with Professor Church's admirable essay. But it is impossible within the limits of a brief notice to criticise the criticisms passed, with more or less of detail, on some scores of writers. Let it be said, in conclusion, that Mr. Simcox's two volumes contain a history of the best thought of men, as expressed, for little short of a thousand years, in the Latin language, such as has not hitherto been accessible to the English reader. The form in which that thought has been expressed has been sometimes insufficiently appreciated, or, at any rate, imperfectly interpreted to the reader. But the substance of it has been reproduced with a diligence, accuracy, and intelligence which call for warm recognition at the hands of all who know how to value honest work.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S LATEST BOOKS.*

Mr. George MacDonald is as prolific and, within what is now a well-ascertained orbit, as versatile as ever. The first of these volumes is a collection of very miscellaneous papers, some critical, some didactic, and one or two of a kind to which it is difficult to give a name; while the second is one of those works of pure imagination, intended primarily for children, but not less interesting for adult readers, in which perhaps, more than in any other class of Mr. MacDonald's books, the bright, consummate flower of his peculiar genius blooms most fully and flawlessly. Like most writers who in their work accentuate rather than disguise a well-marked individuality, Mr. MacDonald has in his time encountered a good many hostile critics, and it seems rather a pity that he should to so great an extent have given the enemy occasion to blaspheme, by the singularly unhappy title which he has chosen for his volume of essays. The word "orts," though it appears with tolerable frequency in the English literature of about three centuries ago, has, save in certain districts, become entirely obsolete, so much so, that two writers whose names are known to all cultivated readers have expressed to the present reviewer their entire ignorance of its meaning. Such prominent use of a word of this character is always open to objection, on the ground of obscurity or affectation; but the objection may fairly be set aside, in cases where the word in question has special force or appropriateness. Here it has neither. By "orts," we understand not merely fragments, but worthless fragments,—indeed, it may be said that while the word sometimes loses its significance of fragmentariness, as in the cases where it is used for the lifeless remains of the dead, it never, so far as we know, loses its significance of worthlessness, and perhaps the substantive "refuse" may be considered its true modern synonym. Mr. MacDonald confesses that he himself has had a doubt of the appropriateness of the title, and it is unfortunate that this doubt did not arise until it had been printed through the volume.

This, however, is comparatively a trifle, and is of more importance to the author than to his readers, who do not care

* *Orts.* By George MacDonald, LL.D. London: Sampson Low and Co. *The Princess and Curdie.* By the Same. London: Chatto and Windus.

much what a book may be called, so long as it is worth perusal; and, provokingly unequal as Mr. MacDonald is, it would be impossible for him to produce a work of which this at least could not be said. The *Orts* which are gathered together between the boards of the volume are so varied in character that it is difficult to comment upon them in mass, for though they lie together, they do not amalgamate, and have no unity, apart from that which necessarily belongs to all the utterances of any single mind. We do not share the prevalent feeling against the republication of magazine articles in book form, for whatever is really worth reading once is worth reading twice; but we do think that in making such collections care should be taken that either in substance, in form, or in both, the collected papers should have something of a common character, and should not present the appearance of a mere *olla podrida*. This mistake has been made in the compilation of *Orts*, and to it must be attributed the necessarily desultory character of our remarks upon it.

The place of honour in the volume is given to two articles which have been reprinted, if we remember rightly, from the *British Quarterly Review*. One deals with "The Imagination, its Functions and its Culture;" and the other, entitled, "A Sketch of Individual Development," will be remembered by many readers as a remarkably interesting illustration of the manner in which the faculty described in the preceding paper may be utilised for the highest spiritual purposes. In Mr. MacDonald's analysis of the essential character of imagination there is both subtlety and solidity of treatment; and thoughtful young readers in particular can hardly fail to receive instruction of permanent value from the writer's exposition of the function of imagination in those regions where they have not been wont to suspect its presence. Still, as a whole, this essay travels over familiar and well-trodden paths of thought, and, though it contains passages written in its author's best and most characteristic manner, is, we think, less noteworthy than the study which follows it. "A Sketch of Individual Development" is full of fine suggestion and mental stimulus, and the only limitation of its practical worth—a limitation which was perhaps unavoidable, save by an alteration of the whole scheme of the paper—lies in the fact that the imaginary person whose mental and spiritual history is sketched with such masterly veracity of insight does not represent an ordinary, but an exceptionally fine type of human nature, resembling less the Smith or Jones of common life than such a character as Mr. MacDonald's own Robert Falconer. We mention this merely as a hypothetical objection, for possibly a sufficient answer to it might be found in the plea that only in the more complex and finely strung natures do the successive stages of typical human development present and differentiate themselves with sufficient distinctness for recognisable portraiture, and that in all regions of study we best understand the ordinary individual when we have previously familiarised ourselves with the ideal type. The early portion of the paper, which deals with the dawn and growth of consciousness, is specially beautiful, but indeed there is no part of this thoughtful paper that will not repay the study of those whose own "individual development" is sufficiently advanced to enable them to enter into it. Only at one point of Mr. MacDonald's imaginary biography do we find ourselves doubting the inevitableness of a recorded stage in his hero's spiritual progress. He writes:—

"And now, probably at school, or in the first months of his college life, a new phase of experience begins. He has wandered over the border of what is commonly called science, and the marvel of facts multitudinous, strung upon the golden threads of law, has laid hold upon him. His intellect is seized and possessed by a new spirit. For a time, knowledge is pride; the mere consciousness of knowing is the reward of its labour; the ever recurring, ever passing contact of mind with a new fact is a joy full of excitement, and promises an endless delight. But ever the thing that is known sinks into insignificance, save as a step of the endless stair on which he is climbing, whither he knows not; the unknown draws him, the new fact touches his mind, flames up in the contact, and drops dark, a more fact, on the heap below. Even the grandeur of law as law, so far from adding fresh consciousness to his life, causes it no small suffering and loss. For at the entrance of Science, nobly and gracefully as she bears herself, young Poetry shrinks back, startled, dismayed. Poetry is true as Science, and Science holy as Poetry; but young Poetry is timid, and Science is fearless, and bears with her a colder atmosphere than the other has yet learned to brave. It is not that Madam Science shows any antagonism to Lady Poetry; but the atmosphere and plane on which alone they can meet and understand one another is the mind and heart of the sage, not of the boy."

We differ with hesitation from Mr. MacDonald, but this unqualified assertion concerning "the boy" seems to us rather too large a generalisation. We feel inclined to ask, "What boy?" and to answer, "Certainly not the boy of the quick, imaginative sensibilities which in preceding pages Mr. MacDonald has described as the inheritance of his hero?" As a matter of fact, the question whether in such or such a person Science shall or shall not expel Poetry does not seem susceptible of being answered by a mere enumeration of years, but depends upon the existence or non-existence of qualities which may be very early developed, or may remain undeveloped to the close of life. Just as physical cold may be long resisted by the man who has made himself thoroughly warm before exposing himself to the sharp frost or the piercing wind, so the chilling influences of the mere dead facts or mechanical laws of science may be successfully repelled even by a boy who is protected by the warmth of imaginative apprehension; and, to carry the figure still further, we might even say that just as there is no more grateful glow of animal heat than that caused by long conflict with a cutting north-easter, so there is nothing more vivifying to an imagination that is really alive than a turn out of doors into the dry, keen, bracing air of science. This, indeed, is the recorded experience of many, and to mention only one name by way of example, it is clear from the recently published record of the early years of Sir William Rowan Hamilton that he, as a youth, found even in what will seem to most people the arid desert of pure and applied mathematics both nutriment and stimulus for his imaginative nature.

The elaborate study upon which we have only been able to make one brief comment is followed by three very interesting essays on Shakespearian topics, which must perforce be treated with similar brevity. The first, "St. George's Day, 1564," is devoted to an exposition of the character and mind of Shakespeare, as made manifest in his life and works; the scope of the second is made sufficiently apparent by its title, "The Art of Shakespeare, as Revealed by Himself;" and the third, "The Elder Hamlet," is a reconstruction of the murdered king, in his habit as he lived, from suggestions found in the utterances of his disembodied spirit. Much in these papers will be familiar to hearers of Mr. MacDonald's spoken lectures, but much more is, we think, entirely new; and in the new portion, as well as in the old, will be found a large mass of acute and illuminating criticism and comment, with here and there a passage which we cannot but think strained and fanciful. When, for example, there are so many obvious and unmistakeable proofs of Shakespeare's familiarity with the Bible, what could possibly seem more far-fetched than the following?—

"Macbeth on his way to murder Duncan says,—

> 'Thou sure and firm-set earth,
> Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
> Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
> And take the present horror from the time
> Which now suits with it.'

What is meant by the last two lines? It seems to us to be just another form of the words, 'For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in the darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops.'"

It may seem rather unfair to quote only passages to which we take exception; but they seem to stand out more prominently, in virtue of their very infrequency, and were we to discourse upon the many things in these papers which strike us as specially true or beautiful, we should be puzzled where to begin and where to stop. Of the remaining essays in the volume, some are mere specimens of magazine padding,—good of its kind, but still padding, and hardly deserving preservation. From this criticism we must, however, except a reported lecture on "Wordsworth's Poetry," which concerns itself mainly with Wordsworth's treatment of Nature—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, with Nature's treatment of him—and an admirable exposition of the spiritual significance of Mr. Browning's *Christmas Eve*, which is interesting, not merely as an interpretation of one poem, but as an aid to a comprehension of the poet's general method. Of the two noble discourses which find a place at the end of the volume, we need say no more than that they are worthy of the author of that collection of *Unspoken Sermons* which has been to many readers one of the most inspiring of books.

Of *The Princess and Curdie* we have left ourselves little space in which to speak; but, happily, Mr. MacDonald's genius as an imaginative tale-teller for children has been so widely recognised, that it is unnecessary to do more than to announce the appearance of a new fairy-story from his pen.

Curdie is not unknown to the author's juvenile friends; he is already one of their heroes, and this story is the record of how he encountered enemies almost more dangerous than his old foes, the goblins. The incident of the pigeon which has been wounded by Curdie's arrow, and which serves to restore him to his better self, is beautifully told; and all Curdie's interviews with the wonderful great-grandmother of the princess, who constitutes herself his "guide, philosopher, and friend," are not only charming, but full of subtly-conveyed spiritual teaching. In place of comment, which would at the best be ineffective and expatiatory, we extract one of the few quotable passages in the story. It comes just at the beginning, and is a description of mountains that any imaginative boy or girl will, or at any rate ought to, enjoy with a great enjoyment:—

"I will try to tell you what they are. They are portions of the heart of the earth that have escaped from the dungeon down below, and rushed up and out. For the heart of the earth is a great, wallowing mass, not of blood, as in the hearts of men and animals, but of glowing-hot, melted metals and stones. As our hearts keep us alive, so that great lump of heat keeps the earth alive; it is a huge power of buried sunlight, that is what it is. Now, think, out of that cauldron, where all the bubbles would be as big as the Alps if it could get room for its boiling, certain bubbles have bubbled out and escaped,—up and away, and there they stand in the cool, cold sky, mountains. Think of the change, and you will no more wonder that there should be something awful about the very look of a mountain; from the darkness—for where the light has nothing to shine upon it is much the same as darkness—from the heat, from the endless tumult of boiling unrest, up, with a sudden, heavenward shoot, into the wind, and the cold, and the star-shine, and a cloak of snow that lies like ermine above the blue-green mail of the glaciers; and the great sun, their grandfather, up there in the sky; and their little cold aunt, the moon, that comes wandering about the house at night; and everlasting stillness, except for the wind that turns the rocks and caverns into a roaring organ for the young archangels that are studying how to let out the pent-up praises of their hearts, and the molten music of the streams, rushing ever from the bosom of the glaciers fresh-born."

FLETCHER OF MADELEY.*

This latest and largest memoir of the saintly Fletcher of Madeley is a very poor book on a very interesting subject. Considered as a contribution to biographical literature, it is so complete a failure, that were it not for the charm of Fletcher's own character—a charm which, though minimised, cannot be destroyed even by Mr. Tyerman's treatment—we should be content to confine our notice to a brief expression of disappointment; but it is clearly impossible to treat in so cursory a manner the most inadequate portrait of so noteworthy a figure. Some partial explanation of Mr. Tyerman's want of success may perhaps be gathered from a rather curious sentence in his preface, in which he says, "I have no artistic talent; and if I had, I should not employ it in writing biographies." These words are somewhat enigmatical, but it seems clear that Mr. Tyerman is speaking contemptuously either of "artistic talent" or of "biographies," possibly of both; and whichever of these hypothetical explanations be correct, it is needless to point out that the writer of such a sentence was hardly the man to undertake the task of preparing such a volume as this. Were it not for some sentences here and there which forbid the supposition, we should be compelled to regard Mr. Tyerman as blind to the one thing in Fletcher which made his life worth writing at all. The world, or rather that portion of the world which is in any way interested in the subject of this memoir, is interested in Fletcher as a beautiful type of saintliness, not as an Arminian controversialist; and yet, of the twenty-six chapters in Mr. Tyerman's volume, no fewer than ten are devoted to a record and exposition of Fletcher's voluminous and now utterly uninteresting contributions to the fierce discussion which raged so long between the followers of Wesley and the little group of Calvinists who gathered round that devout but self-willed woman, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. In justice to Mr. Tyerman, we give his apology for, or rather his vindication of, this very wearisome portion of his work. He writes:—

"The chapters respecting the Calvinian controversy may, to some readers, be somewhat dry; but they could not be omitted, because that controversy was the great event in Fletcher's life, and hastened his death. Besides, it was by his publications on this subject that he rendered service to Wesley and the Methodist Movement which neither Wesley himself nor any other of Wesley's friends could have furnished. I have refrained from discussing the truths which Fletcher's pen defended; but I have said enough to indicate what the doctrines were which created Methodism, and which alone can perpetuate its spiritual life and power."

No plea could well be more unsatisfactory than this. From the point of view of a true biographer, the great event in a man's life is the event which is either the most important in its results, or is in itself the most characteristic and illuminating; but the Calvinian controversy, as Mr. Tyerman calls it, produced no apparent result at all, save in the form of embittered feeling in many of the controversialists; and the polemical attitude, far from being characteristic of Fletcher, was quite alien to the genius of his nature, so that instead of aiding our realisation of his character, it only confuses it, just in the same way as a youthful student would be confused by an estimate of Mr. Ruskin which devoted more space to his politico-economical speculations than to his artistic criticism. In the face of the fact that Fletcher died of a virulent epidemic fever, caught in the course of his fearless pastoral ministrations, the statement that the controversy hastened his death is simply unintelligible; and, as regards the last sentence in our quotation, the only doctrine which can with any show of truth be said to have "created Methodism" was the doctrine concerning the action of the Holy Spirit in the work of regeneration, which was admitted by controversialists on both sides. Mr. Tyerman says truly that he has "refrained from discussing" the points at issue, but discussion conducted with any measure of judicial impartiality would have been more edifying, more instructive, and certainly more "artistic," than repeated statements that Fletcher's arguments were "unanswerable" and "irrefutable," and that this or that "virulent," or "frothy," or "calumnious" antagonist deviated into vituperation, or lapsed into silence, because he felt himself utterly vanquished by the logic of Wesley's champion. Even in an avowedly polemical work, which a biography surely ought not to be, such epithets as those just quoted would be in thoroughly bad taste; but there is something worse than bad taste in the remark that an eminently Christian letter, in which Mr. Richard Hill expresses his desire that the controversy should cease, was prompted by "cowardice rather than courtesy," and was merely the utterance of a man who, having been "vanquished more than once, ... now wished to retire from the arena." Mr. Tyerman has so much of the spirit of the theological gladiator that, when he finds it necessary to the preservation of chronological order to break his interminable narrative of these wretched squabbles by a chapter which has some real biographical interest, he laments the "long and awkward interruption," and returns with almost ludicrous gusto to the details of renewed conflicts in the theological arena. No mistake could well be greater than this; for of Fletcher's polemical achievements it must be said, not merely that they throw little light upon his personality, but that they are in themselves quite unremarkable. Isaac Taylor, in a passage quoted, but disparaged, by Mr. Tyerman, says very justly that while Fletcher was no such reasoner, no such master of Biblical criticism, as might have made it possible for him as a theological writer to survive his day, his claim to remembrance lies in the fact that he was a true saint, whose saintliness was "as little lowered by admixture of human infirmity as we may hope to find it anywhere on earth."

It is this peculiar quality of Fletcher's nature and character which makes us regret so much the inadequacy and one-sidedness of Mr. Tyerman's method of portraiture. The ideal saintly life is one not only of high contemplation, but of wide activities; it is a life both of elevated divine communion, and of far-reaching human sympathy and helpfulness. In this biography we witness the contemplative, but not the active, side of Fletcher's life; we see his face shining as he comes down from the mount, but hardly catch a glimpse of the reflection of the glory in the countenances of the human brothers among whom he moved. The nature and extent of his pastoral work at Madeley, which was undoubtedly the work of his life, will be to readers who make his acquaintance in this biography matters of inference rather than of knowledge. Of what he was to the Wesleys, and his other Methodist friends, we learn much; but of what he was to the rough miners of his obscure parish we learn next to nothing, and yet the latter is surely of greater importance than the former. We do not think that there is throughout the volume more than one quotable anecdote of his pastoral labours, but this one is sufficiently characteristic to be interesting:—

"Fifteen years ago [*sic*], soon after he came to Madeley, at Christmas time, in a dark night, Fletcher, on the top of Lincoln Hill Woods, was at a loss which way to take to reach his vicarage at Madeley. Providentially, he met a working-man of Coalbrookdale, Michael

* *Wesley's Designated Successor: the Life, Letters, and Literary Labours of the Rev. John William Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley.* By the Rev. L. Tyerman. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Onions by name, who was on his way to Broseley, to fetch a fiddler for a dancing-party in Michael's house. Fletcher told him he had lost his way to Madeley, and asked him to put him right. Good-tempered Michael went half a mile out of his way to render the muffled stranger the necessary guidance. Conversation ensued; Michael explained the object of his journey to Broseley; Fletcher warned him of his sin and danger; Michael became alarmed, and instead of proceeding to Broseley to secure the services of the fiddler, returned to his dwelling at Coalbrookdale. On his entering, the assembled dancers asked, 'Have you brought the fiddler?'—'No,' said Michael.—'Is he not at home?'—'I don't know.'—'Have you not been to Broseley?'—'No.'—'Why! what's the matter? you look ill, and are all of a tremble.' Michael then stated that he had met some one on the top of Lincoln Hill Woods, but whether man or angel he knew not; and, after relating the conversation between them, added, 'I dare not go to Broseley—I would not go for the world.' Next Sunday morning Michael and some of his dancing friends went to Madeley church, and there, in the voice of Fletcher, he recognised the mysterious traveller he had met with on Lincoln Hill. Michael was converted, and became one of the first Methodists in Coalbrookdale."

It will be seen that Mr. Tyerman's style, of which this is a fair sample, is a very bad one; but even people whose literary palates are not specially sensitive may possibly find something in the matter of this anecdote to repel them. Few of us, now-a-days, will believe that the giver of a humble dancing-party on his way for a fiddler is necessarily in a condition of "sin and danger;" and those who are really repelled by the Puritan type of sanctity had better leave Fletcher alone. It is certainly not so charming, because not so human and lovable, as the best Catholic type, of which St. Francis of Assisi may be taken as an example; but those whose wide sympathies enable them to delight in any embodiment of high spiritual vitality, will find in such a nature as Fletcher's a fascination similar to that which belongs to a lofty and solitary mountain peak holding communion only with the stars. There are, undoubtedly, obstacles in the way of full appreciation; his phraseology is often artificial, sometimes almost ludicrously so, as when he says that God has shown him he must "begin to hang upon frames no more;" and we occasionally feel somewhat tired of his self-analysis and elaborate self-disparagement; but these obstacles are all surmounted when the true spiritual features of the man become plainly visible to us. It is doubtful whether Fletcher can be described as a genuine mystic, but that he had in him the material for the making of one is abundantly manifest. The following extract is somewhat long, but is, particularly when we consider the writer's theological surroundings, too remarkable not to be quoted. Fletcher writes:—

"If, because we have the letter of Scripture, we must be deprived of all immediate manifestations of Christ and his Spirit, we are great losers by that blessed book, and we might reasonably say, 'Lord, bring us back to the dispensation of Moses! Thy Jewish servants could formerly converse with thee face to face, but now we can know nothing of thee but by their writings. They viewed thy glory in various wonderful appearances, but we are indulged only with black lines telling us of thy glory. They had their bright Shekinah, and we have only obscure descriptions of it. . . . . They conversed familiarly with Moses their mediator, with Aaron their high priest, and with Samuel their prophet; these holy men gave them unerring direction in doubtful cases; but, alas! the Apostles and inspired men are all dead; and thou, Jesus, our Mediator, Priest, and Prophet, canst not be consulted to any purpose, for thou manifestest thyself no more As for thy sacred book, thou knowest that sometimes the want of money to purchase it, the want of learning to consult the original, the want of wisdom to understand the translation, the want of skill or sight to read it, prevent our improving it to the best advantage, and keep some from reaping any benefit from it at all. O Lord! if, because we have this blessed picture of thee, we must have no discovery of the glorious original, have compassion on us, take back thy precious book, and impart thy more precious self to us, as thou didst to thine ancient people!"

The series of letters from which this passage is taken was not published until after Fletcher's death, when his words had the authority conferred by the popular canonisation of their writer. Had they become known at an earlier date, he would hardly have escaped a suspicion of heresy, for they anticipate with singular distinctness the protest, made by Coleridge, and after him by Mr. Maurice, against the unspiritual bibliolatry which exalts the dead letter at the expense of the living spirit, and attaches more importance to the Bible than to the great facts of which the Bible testifies. Here, again, are some sentences which have a still clearer mystical ring. They occur in a letter of condolence written to a friend:—

"We are all shadows. Your mortal parent has passed away; and we must pass away after him. A lesson I learn daily is to see things and persons in their *invisible root*, and in their *eternal principle*, where they are not subject to change, decay, or death; but where they blossom and shine in the primeval excellence allotted them by their gracious Creator. By this means I learn to walk by faith, and not by sight. Tracing his image in all the footsteps of Nature, and finding out that which is of God *in ourselves*, is the true wisdom, genuine godliness. I see no danger in these studies and meditations, provided we still keep the end in view,—the *all* of God, and the *shadowy nothingness* of all that is visible. . . . . The Lord crucifies my *wisdom* and my *will* every way; but I must be crucified as the *thieves*. *All my bones must be broken*; for there is still in me that impatience of wisdom which would stir when the tempter says, 'Come down from the cross.' It is not for us to know the times and the seasons, the manner and mystical means of God's working; but only to hunger and thirst, and lie passive before the great Potter. I begin to be content to be a vessel of clay or of wood, so that I may be emptied of self and filled with my God, my all."

This really recalls the large utterances of the great mystics, of such men as the author of the *Imitation*, John Tauler, and Jacob Behmen; and it is a curious indication of Mr. Tyerman's utter inability to discern Fletcher's real power, that he always introduces or dismisses such outpourings with something like an apology. Had we a volume of them, we could cheerfully lose the *Checks to Antinomianism*, upon which so much precious space is wasted. The Fletcher of this biography is a truncated Fletcher, but *ex pede Herculem*, and from the arc we can complete the circle. So long as sanctity is venerable among us, the Vicar of Madeley will be venerated as a saint indeed, and even Mr. Tyerman will receive his meed of gratitude for having done what in him lay to keep green the memory of a life sweet with the perfume of holiness.

THE FREE-TRADE SPEECHES OF MR. VILLIERS.*

Although, as a rule, old speeches, even on burning questions—perhaps we should say when they are on burning questions, on the Laureate's theory that passion leaves dry what it sweeps through—are dreary reading, the publication of the chief addresses which, between 1838 and 1852, the now venerable Member for Wolverhampton delivered on the subject of Free-trade, is a step both the propriety and the wisdom of which will be at once seen. Of all Members of Parliament whose careers come within one's vision, Mr. Villiers approaches, perhaps, nearest the realisation of what Mr. Spencer calls "the straight man." In a lucid political memoir, which precedes the republished speeches in these volumes, and which errs, if at all, in being too modest, we find that Mr. Villiers, while studying at Hayleybury—but for weak health in youth, he would have gone to India, and probably would not have been heard of again—read Malthus, Mackintosh, and McCulloch. His studies in political economy made him a Free-trader, a supporter of the principles of Huskisson and Canning, a devotee to what he himself, in one of the best of his speeches, has called "commercial liberty." In 1832, he acted as Assistant-Commissioner under the Royal Commission for inquiry into the administration and practical operation of the Poor-law. This inquiry, says his biographer, "brought him into direct contact with the labouring classes, and introduced him to one of the most instructive branches of political science. He 'actually touched the political facts that surrounded him,' and it was the real apprehension of the condition and needs of the people he then gained that constituted one of the sources of his strength during the prolonged opposition he afterwards met with, when he came to deal with some of the gravest economical questions of our times." When he came forward for Wolverhampton at the General Election of 1835, his programme was ready and his course was clear. The one he never abandoned, from the other he never swerved. Social and political pressure was brought to bear upon him with a view to detaching him from a course which was considered "vulgar," and his championship of which undoubtedly stood in the way of his political promotion. But neither seems to have had any effect upon him whatever; his hereditary and aristocratic "grit," perhaps that "cheery stoicism" which Carlyle so admired—unhappily, from a distance—seem to have rendered him proof against all seductions. He was ridiculed in Parliament. He was told that he was a Robinson Crusoe standing alone on the island of opposition to the Corn-laws. He was informed—and not always so respectfully as by Mr. Disraeli, who had a curious respect for him—that he had only one speech. Yet there is no evidence in these speeches, even in such of them as were addressed to popular and excited audiences in Drury Lane Theatre and elsewhere, that remarks of this kind affected him in any way whatever. He was content to speak of his exertions thus coolly and unpretentiously at Manchester:—

* *The Free-trade Speeches of the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, M.P.* With a Political Memoir. Edited by a Member of the Cobden Club. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1883.

"By constantly nibbling away at the net, the little mouse at last made a hole big enough for the lion to get out. And it is on this principle that year after year I go on nibbling away—though the task is no pleasant one, I can assure you—hoping each time to make the hole in the horrid net of monopoly a little bigger, until at last the British Lion shall be free."

It may be doubted if Mr. Villiers, after the Free-trade cause was practically won, was very generously treated by many of those for whom, and in advance of whom, he fought; though he was thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Bright and Cobden, and also by the general mass of the Free-traders outside the Anti-Corn-law League. On this subject, Cobden wrote, in his warm-hearted way, in a letter which was alluded to by Lord Granville, when unveiling the Villiers statue at Wolverhampton in 1879:—"I have trod upon his heels, nay, almost trampled him down in a race, where he was once the sole man on the course. When I came into the House, I got the public ear and the Press (which he never had as he deserved). I took the position of *the* Free-trader. I watched him then; there was no rivalry, no jealousy, no repining; his sole object was to see his principles triumph. He was willing to stand aside and cheer me on to the winning goal; his conduct was not merely noble, but god-like." When the Leaguers resolved to "testimonialise" Cobden alone as the incarnation of their principles, Cobden wrote to Mr. Villiers, in case he should be annoyed, and thus speaks of the result:—"He has returned me a noble answer, just like himself. I could cry over it, and kiss the hand that penned it." But if there is any doubt as to one section of the Free-traders not fully appreciating their Parliamentary leader, there is no doubt at all that Mr. Villiers's Whig friends, in spite of the characteristic exertions made by Cobden on his behalf, behaved somewhat shabbily to him. He was first offered the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade, at the time when his brother, Lord Clarendon, was President! Afterwards he was asked to accept the Governorship of Bombay, but the East India Company, then (1846) supreme, refused to confirm the appointment, on account of his connection with the Anti-Corn-law agitation. It was not till 1859 that his services to the country were recognised, by his appointment to the office of President of the Poor-law Board, with a seat in the Palmerston-Russell Cabinet. For seven years he discharged the duties of this office, and did good work which is not yet forgotten. But the fall of the Ministry of which he was a member meant, at his age (sixty-four), retirement from official life. There is no proof that he resented or even felt what to other men would have seemed neglect. Mr. Villiers belongs, indeed, less to the class of official politicians than to that of what Lord Beaconsfield, when speaking of Cobden, called "great Members of Parliament"—it would, of course, be impertinent at present to seek to assign him his position in the class—who are powerful by reason of their principles, and the persistency and purity of motive that distinguish their advocacy of them.

The author of the *Life of Lord George Bentinck* bore testimony to "the terse eloquence and vivid perception of Charles Villiers." All things considered, this criticism will be found to be justified by the speeches republished in these two volumes. They are not eloquent, in the Gladstonian sense. They are not fired by such a "social imagination" as that of Cobden, nor can the admirers of Mr. Villiers claim for him very much of the skill in intellectual fence which made his leading coadjutor in the cause of Free-trade so much feared and respected, both in Parliament and on the platform. There is in them nothing of Mr. Bright's fire or humour; one can never conceive Mr. Villiers comparing Constitutional progress by "vehement jerks" to Captain Cuttle's watch, which went tolerably well if it was put on a quarter of an hour every morning at breakfast, and half an hour every day at dinner. Yet there is in these volumes a great deal of dry light, and even of dry, if unconscious humour. Take this, by way of example:—

"The other day I heard a Cabinet Minister lamenting the injustice and folly of making a free people pay 40 per cent. more for their food than they need do, in order to support a monopoly. Nothing could be more just than what he said; only, unfortunately, when he said it, he was talking of Jamaica and the negroes, and not of England and her people. But as I cannot of course suppose that this Minister cares more for an African than for an Englishman, I expect that when I bring on my motion for the repeal of the Corn-laws he will express the same indignation at Englishmen paying 40 per cent. more than they ought for their food, as he did at the injustice imposed on the negroes of Jamaica."

Like Cobden, and ultimately Peel, Mr. Villiers was much affected by the actual sufferings the poor endured during and in consequence of the Protectionist *régime*. Like Mr. Bright, too, he appealed to the religious sense of his hearers. Thus there is neatness, and something more, in such a sentence as this:—"I cannot conceive anything more immediately within the province of the servants of Him who said, 'Feed my people,' and 'The labourer is worthy of his hire,' than to inculcate their Master's great lessons of charity, by enabling the poor, through honest industry, to feed themselves."

But the best quality of Mr. Villiers's Free-trade speeches, especially in Parliament, is their clearness,—clearness of statement, clear perception, and calm exposure of Protectionist fallacies. We do not know a better storehouse of the purely statistical arguments against Protection than these volumes; the statement which he read to the House of Commons in 1839, and which appears at p. 91 of the first volume, showing the value of the wages of all the productive classes of the country except the agricultural labourers, under different prices of provisions, is especially well put. As an example of Mr. Villiers's skill in exposing a popular fallacy, the following may be quoted:—

"It is contended that Protection is part of a system, and that the landed interest ought to be protected as well as the interest connected with manufacture. The motto of these logicians is, 'Live and let live,' which is strangely like, 'Take and let us take;' for if examined it will be found to be the defence of one injustice to the community at the cost of another. But, in the first place, it is no defence of the policy arraigned to show that taxing the consumer for the benefit of the producer is done in more cases than one. Again, there is a convenient fallacy in this mode of arguing, for it implies an equal application of the principle of Protection to every interest that is protected; whereas in this case, while the landowner has a protection of from 80 to 100 per cent. and upwards, the manufacturers in no instance are protected to a greater amount than 30 per cent., and in most cases less."

Here, again, is the statement of a distinction so pithy that one wonders why it ever needed to be made at all:—

"It is very important to distinguish clearly between what is called agriculture and the ownership of land. These interests are in many respects distinct; but because they are the same in some respects, the landowners claim for themselves all the arguments usually advanced in support of the laws that have reference solely to agriculture. The fact is, the connection between the cultivation of land and its ownership is not nearer than that between a house and the business carried on in it; or that between the merchant and his banker who may lend him the capital to conduct his business; or that between the manufacturer and the person of whom he purchases the raw material. These respective interests are in some material points distinct, and nobody confounds them; and there is no more reason for confusion between the interests of the cultivator and the owner of the soil than between the other interests. The landowner may hardly know where his property is; he may be unable to distinguish one kind of produce from another; he may live abroad, and know no one connected with his property but the receiver of his rents. The cultivator, on the other hand, may be equally ignorant of any of the circumstances connected with the ownership of the land beyond the price he pays for its use."

Mr. Villiers's speeches are, for the time at which they were delivered, singularly free from passion, or from anything of the character of personality. This is about the strongest thing he said in the course of his Parliamentary crusade, and we quote it less for its strength than for its conciseness, which ought to put to shame the long-winded and strident "land-nationalisation" writings of the day:—

"Nothing ever was more shameless than the manner in which the State has been deprived of its due amount of the Land-tax by a gross violation of the bargain the landowners made with the Crown when it was imposed. It was strictly in lieu of the feudal services by which alone their lands were held, and for which 4s. in the pound on the rental were required—clearly an inadequate commutation for the inconvenience to which such services would have exposed them; but which, did it yield what it ought, would now cover the whole amount of the Excise, and thereby dispense with it. If the Land-tax now paid its proper quota, it would yield thirteen millions a year, instead of little more than one million; and by causing the assessment to be fixed upon the valuation of the land made 150 years since, the public have been defrauded of the difference. But the plea of a special burden borne by the landlords of England is unquestionably the most barefaced pretext for the Corn-laws that was ever put forward: it is matter of history that there is no country in Europe where the feudal system has prevailed, in which the landowners and the aristocracy have made such favourable terms with the Crown as in England. In every other, whether Austria, Italy, Prussia, Belgium, France, they have submitted in lieu of services to a considerable direct tax on their land, bearing a large proportion to the whole taxation of the country."

It is odd that the only thing in these volumes which can be considered to be at all ill-natured was said of Mr. Gladstone, when (in 1844) President of the Board of Trade. "As far as my experience goes," said Mr. Villiers, at a rather heated meeting in Covent Garden Theatre, "this young statesman is not of the stuff of which martyrs are made." This, however, simply proves Mr. Villiers's perception of character not to have been so "vivid" as his perception of facts and of principles.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Dublin Review, for April, 1883. (Burns and Oates.)—This is a number of unusual interest, in the first place, for the article on the accomplished and much more than accomplished, the very original, translator of Calderon, Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy. Miss E. M. Clerke gives a very good account of that poet's work, which is none the less to be admired that he devoted his genius chiefly to interpreting to Englishmen the works of a much greater genius than his own, the poet Calderon. Next, the paper on the novels of Anthony Trollope is a clever one, though we do not agree with its eulogy on Mr. Trollope's painting of English girls. We hardly know one of his heroines,—certainly not Lily Dale,—whom we should think of placing amongst Mr. Trollope's greater efforts. His pictures of the social converse of women of the world,—as, for example, in the conversations between Mrs. Grantly and Lady Lufton,—are beyond all praise; but his heroines are apt to be tainted with vulgarity, and even if you admit the novelist's intention that they are so tainted, do not strike us as conceived at all to the core of the inner life. The very interesting paper on "Fifty Versions of the 'Dies Iræ'" is completed in this number, and is one which will afford great pleasure to all careful students of that noble poem. And again, Mr. John George Cox's paper on "The Changed Position of Married Women," is one of the ablest and most accurate comments on the state of the law on that subject, and of the probable consequences of the new law, which we have ever met with. It is a strong number of the *Dublin*.

The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber. Edited by Thomas Sergeant Perry. (Trübner and Co.)—This is a somewhat overgrown biography, of little interest, in proportion to its size, to the average reader, although doubtless attractive enough to the personal friends of its subject. Yet Lieber was undoubtedly a remarkable man, and there are materials for a really interesting memoir—one-third of the size of the one before us—to be found in its pages. Here is one of his sayings, which dwells in the mind of the present reviewer:—"Aristotle said, 'The fellest of all things is armed injustice.' I know a feller thing,—impassioned reasoning without purity of heart in him that has power in a free country." Some of our neighbours in Ireland would do well to attend to this warning.

With a Show through South Africa, and Personal Reminiscences of the Transvaal War. By C. Duval. Numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. (Tinsley.)—In this jaunty record of South-African experiences, the reader will find an amusing and not uninstructive picture of society at the Cape, in Natal, among the diamond diggers of Kimberley, the Dutch farmers of the colony, and the Boers of the Transvaal. The description of the Diamond Fields is particularly graphic and interesting. It was in 1867 that the chance discovery of the precious stone by a wandering trader, who came across a little child playing with what seemed an ordinary pebble, but turned out to be a 22½ carat diamond, worth £500, "changed, as with a magician's wand—a general monetary depression and imminent bankruptcy into a still more general affluence and financial recovery." Since that day some twelve millions' worth of diamonds have been extracted from the dirty "blue ground" of the district, where a geological expert declared not a single diamond would be found. But the main interest of Mr. Duval's book lies in the picturesque, truthful, and fair-minded account he gives of what he saw of the Transvaal war, to which almost the whole of the second volume is devoted. He was in Pretoria during the entire period of its investment, serving as a volunteer, and contrived amid his military duties to find time and energy for editing the *News of the Camp* under difficulties that would have daunted or disheartened most men. Of the Boers he has, on the whole, a good opinion; save in their relations to the natives, towards whose condition they approximate the more closely the further north their "trekking" propensities carry them, but whom, nevertheless, they treat as cattle or as vermin, to be made use of or got out of the way. Their "earth-hunger" is of a tolerably pronounced character; a Boer is hardly satisfied with a farm of less than 6,000 acres. In fact, the Boers constitute a sort of rough aristocracy, with many of the virtues, if few of the graces of that form of society. How the terrible mistake of undervaluing their courage could have been perpetrated, Mr. Duval's record makes it harder than ever to understand. At Maritzburg, he became acquainted with Mr. Aylward, whom he describes as a stout, full-bearded man, "with dark eyes of a not agreeable kind," rudely brusque, and animated by a fervent dislike of the Saxon, death to whom was his favourite toast. He heard also a sermon from Bishop Colenso, a short-sighted, gentle-mannered, diffident personage, thin-lipped, lantern-jawed, with white hair and heavy, black brows, but an uncompromising and tireless champion of the native races. We can cordially recommend the book; if a little over-jaunty at times, this is due to an excess of high spirits, and is more than made up for by the good-sense and good-feeling that are prominent in its pages. Many of the illustrations are excellent, and the portraits of Kruger and Joubert, at an interview with the latter of whom the author was present, give the impression of being lifelike.

Poems: the Sorrow of Simona, and Lyrical Verses. By E. J. Newell. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—This is a harmless little volume of feeble verse. There is no urgent reason why it should have been written, but, on the other hand, there is no particular reason why it should not, if the writer found a pleasant pastime in stringing together such lines as the following:—

> "But that face, what art can tell?
> For painter never thought it,
> Nor 'neath slumber's witching spell
> Hath e'er the fancy sought it.
> Ah, my heart! I love it well!"

All observations on productions of this kind are wasted; nevertheless, we do just draw the writer's attention to the fact that painters are generally supposed to paint, not to 'think' faces.

Sandracoltus: a Drama in Five Acts. By W. Theodore Smith. (George Bedway, London and New York.)—Mr. W. Theodore Smith has chosen an ambitious mode by which to illustrate the truth that there is nothing new under the sun, for his Indian drama, 340 B.C., is full of familiar allusions, and winds up with a "silver wedding," for all the world as though Berlin or Broadway were in question. Unintentionally, Mr. W. Theodore Smith is a funny person. A passage in his preface sets forth with all the gravity due to the subject and its antiquity, how Chandra Gupta, named by the Greeks "Sandracoltus," reigned in India in the year 340 B.C.; how Seleucus, a successor of Alexander, invaded the country, and how Damaichus wrote an account of his embassy at that time, and peace was concluded by a treaty, by virtue of which Seleucus gave his daughter in marriage to Chandra Gupta. The joke begins with the list of *dramatis personæ*, in which we find Marian, the wife of Seleucus, Princilla, his daughter, "Douce, Maid of the Wife," and "Jaunty, Maid of the Daughter"—just like Goldsmith's "Garnet" and Sheridan's "Trip"—and also "Spearquick," an officer of the Macedonian Army, whose appropriate name is, it is to be presumed, "all the same in the Greek." This is a faint surprise, however, in comparison with the blank verse in which the drama is written, and which is, apparently, an exercise in the art of verbal distortion by the separation of nouns from their articles and verbs from their particles. Examples of this peculiarity may be taken from any page at random. Here is one. The speakers are "Goodalla, Priest of the Pagoda of Buddha," and "Seleucus, King of Macedonia." The latter has dropped in, it would seem, in the friendliest fashion, to besiege Seringham. Says Goodalla:—

> "I am glad you make a happy future
> For India, for she is now troubled with
> Warlike neighbours. When peace is proclaimed, she
> Will rise in commerce and art. As a priest
> Of the pagoda, I have permission
> To read the books of Vedas; they are long
> And interesting, and were written nine
> Hundred and sixty years ago; but
> I regret not being able to obtain
> Permission for you to read them.
> *Seleucus.* You are very kind; it is not in your
> Power to do so. However, after
> I am introduced to the high priest, he
> Will give me the books to read.
> *Goodalla.* No, sir, you are wrong; no stranger can do
> So; our laws are strict, and the high priest would
> Suffer death. The books cannot be defiled
> In any way; so precious are they, that
> Watchers are over them every hour, day
> And night."

Things in general are almost as much mixed in this queer drama, wherein Buddha and Brahma stagger about indifferently, as the author's notions of the distinction between prose and verse, so that there is nothing surprising in finding Sandracoltus accusing himself in a love-trouble of having "sinned against Providence," and Princilla, the cause of his anguish, bidding him "cheer up, and have a care." Only the lady's advice is very like Captain Cuttle's to Florence Dombey, "Cheer up, and eat a deal!" so that one closes this foolish production with an association that makes one forgive it.

Early Poems. By Joseph Smith Fletcher. (William Poole.)—There are some pleasing verses in this little volume, and one poetic story, absurdly called "An Idyll," of a blind man and his dog is really worth the honours of print.

Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and Other Poems. By Douglas B. W. Sladen. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—There is more merit in this collection of poetic efforts than is to be found in most books of this kind, though there is nothing to entitle the author to more than a *succès d'estime*. The most important of the poems, "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," is the best; the structure of the verse is good, and the strong and simple spirit of the old Scandinavian story is well conveyed. The same may be said for "The Last of the Vikings." The social, sentimental, and accidental pieces are not above the commonplace order of such things.

Ten Years: an Old-World Story. By Henry Rose. (Nisbet and Co.)—The revival of an old fashion is indicated by the lengthy and elaborate, unhappily also dull, story, told in more or less correct rhymes, under the title of *Ten Years*. It is long since this particular form of "poetry book" found favour, for there is not a touch of the fleshly school about the forcedly-fanciful narrative, and it is chiefly

that school which has told long stories in redundant verse of late. The merits of the poem are less than its bulk, but it has some merit, and there is a pretty song to be met with occasionally, breaking into its too deadly-lively pages.

The Annexation of the Punjaub and the Maharajah Duleep Singh. By Major Evans Bell. (Trübner and Co.)—The Maharajah has not found a judicious advocate in Major Bell. It is really idle to go back upon the question of annexation. The thing is done, and its undoing does not come within the range of practical politics. The dilemma,—restore the *de jure* Sovereign, or treat him more liberally, is futile, because every one knows, no one better than the Maharajah himself, that to set up again the throne of the Punjaub is as impossible as to restore the Heptarchy. A statement, kept strictly clear of all this useless matter, and setting forth the Maharajah's claims, in respect, for instance, of the private property which is said to have been confiscated without due compensation, might do the Prince some good; to mix up his claims with the anti-annexation policy (Scinde, Nagpore, Oude, and we know not what else, must go the way of the Punjaub), must do him harm.

Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain. By a Retired Chaplain. (Sampson Low and Co.)—A scrappy book, gossipy in kind, not very grammatical in style, and hardly deserving publication at all, though it contains passages of some interest as to the characters, capabilities, and deep affectionateness of many of the natives.

Novels.—*Ebb and Flow.* By G. Lloyd. 2 vols. (Smith and Elder.)—We feel disposed to give this story a brief but emphatic commendation to our readers, rather than to criticise it. It offers, in fact, very few points for criticism. The story is slight, without surprises or complexity of plot, and with but few incidents. There is nothing ambitious in the drawing of character, or in the style. But there are proofs of true and earnest feeling, of a knowledge of men and things, and of genuine culture, on every page. There is humour, especially in the description of Gervase Attiwell, the æsthete, and pathos, which is very powerfully developed in the history of the so-called Lewis, once an Italian monk, and afterwards a struggling painter in London; while the central figure of the tale, the bright and genial artist, Frank Ellerton, is one which the reader always sees with pleasure, and will not easily forget. We must not forget to give a word of praise to the female characters,—good, all of them, in their way, and showing in their variety, as well as in their truth to nature, much real power in the author. There is, in short, some admirable material here. A little dramatic force in making it up would have raised *Ebb and Flow* into a high class of fiction.——*Portia; or, "By Passions Rocked."* By the Author of "Phyllis," &c. 3 vols. (Smith and Elder.)—This book is a strange mixture of melodrama and low comedy. The hero is suspected of forgery; the heroine loves him, yet believes him to be guilty. The scene in which they discover their love is very strange. She finds him asleep on the grass, after a ball; the time, about "the dawning day;" the month, as far as we can make out, September. Still prudent, though "by passions rocked," she satisfies herself that there is no dew upon the grass, and then sits down beside him, "taking her knees into her embrace,"—a phrase as happy as it is graphic. He wakes; "he draws her hand nearer to him—still nearer—until her bare, soft arm (chilled by the early day) is lying upon his lips. There he lets it rest, as though he would fain drink into his thirsty heart all the tender sweetness of it." And so it goes on, till she remembers the forgery. At last the mystery is cleared. An old man, happily named Slyme, confesses his guilt. "But," says the hero, "deliverance has come too late." Then comes in the use of the ocean, which has been mysteriously roaring, in calm and storm, throughout the three volumes. There is a wreck; the lifeboat goes out; he is killed; the heroine dies of a broken heart. Then there is an under-plot. Two lovers, betrothed by a family arrangement, quarrel furiously, part, and are reconciled. Then, by way of chorus, there is a low-comedy man, who talks more nonsense than we have ever seen in print before, stumbling once in a way, as such people will, on something funny. And there are some supernumeraries, who serve no purpose whatever. There are traces of literary skill here and there, making us think, together with what we remember of an earlier venture, that the author is capable of better things; but in *Portia* we find nothing to commend.——*Miss Cheyne, of Essilmont.* By James Grant. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—Mr. Grant mixes again, for the delectation of his readers, the familiar ingredients of love and war. The war is the Ashantee Expedition, which has certainly the merit of not having yet been used up by writers of fiction. This does not occupy much of the three volumes, but the narrative is as well done as we may expect work of this kind by Mr. Grant's pen to be. There are three love-stories; three gallant officers are made happy, Providence interfering, when it is necessary to smooth away pecuniary difficulties. Nothing is more natural than that an impecunious captain should have a wealthy uncle in India, and nothing easier than to kill him. It is less according to the nature of things that the heir of an embarrassed property should fall in love with the daughter of the family lawyer, who happens to hold all the mortgages. The third love-story, in which a man proposes to his own wife, offers a pleasing variety. Mr. Grant never loses the opportunity of holding up to execration low-born vice, and it is to be hoped that unhappy people who have the misfortune to be without a grandfather will at least learn to be moral, from the terrible picture which he draws of Lord Cadbury. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the long-descended Sir Ronald Cheyne, of Essilmont, is one whit better than the vulgarian peer. The story is diffuse in style and conventional in tone, but still fairly readable.——*A Lincolnshire Heroine.* By Edwin Whelpton. 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—Mr. Whelpton does not seem to possess the gifts that are necessary for success in writing a novel of this kind. It is meant, in the first place, we suppose, for a study of rural life, and we have accordingly much talk of rustic folk, given, for all that we know, in irreproachable "Lincolnshire." But then there is no humour in the talk, except when we come across an occasional proverb, and that is a capital defect. Then, again, the novel is a study of character, yet there is not a character that interests us. The heroine herself is a colourless creature, beyond a vague impression of sweetness and goodness, commendable enough, as far as it goes. Far on in the three volumes the author seems to think it time to introduce some incident, but the book is not improved by it; the story fails to arrest the attention, and it wants clearness of development. Neither Mr Whelpton's English nor his Latin are as good as his Lincolnshire. "Metropolises" and "consolidateds" are queer-looking plurals, and "solitariness" is not a pleasing word; while "cor humana," plunging "in media res," and "an uncultured strata of society," are expressions not countenanced by the grammars.——*An April Day.* By Philippa Prittie Jephson. 2 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—This is a harmless little love-story, which fills, though not with very good measure, two volumes of the ordinary size, but might have been compressed, both with ease and advantage, into considerably less than the space of one. Obstacles, not too difficult or obstinate, are put in the course of true love. The stern father proves admirably amenable to reason, and the Irish gentlemen who appear upon the scene do not shoot with their accustomed accuracy at the hero. There is something pleasing, however, about the book. It is correctly written, and wholly free from offence of any kind.

We have received a *Synopsis of the Classification of the Animal Kingdom.* By Henry Alleyne Nicholson. (Blackwood and Sons.)—Professor Nicholson enumerates in these tables the sub-kingdoms, classes, orders, and sub-orders, and, for the most part, the families of the Animal Kingdom. Sub-Kingdom 1, the *Protozoa*, for instance, is briefly described; then comes Class 1, with its four orders; Class 2, with four orders; also, the third of those (Foraminifera) have two sub-orders, containing five and seven families respectively, &c. Illustrations of the more important objects mentioned accompany the text, and references are given to the most recent zoological authorities.——Of mathematical books, we have to acknowledge *A Treatise on Elementary Trigonometry*, by the Rev. J. B. Lock, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.), dealing with "that part of the subject which can be conveniently explained without the use of infinite series;" *Geometrical Exercises for Beginners*, by Samuel Constable (Macmillan); and *Conic Sections Treated Geometrically*, by S. Holker Haslam, B.A., and Joseph Edwards, B.A. (Longmans.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Ainslie (General), Life as I have Found It, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	12 6
Ashton (J.), Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne	(Chatto & Windus)	7/6
Bale (M. P.), Saw Mills, &c., 8vo	(Lockwood)	10/6
Blackie (J. S.), The Wisdom of Goethe, 12mo	(W. Blackwood)	6/0
Brook (S.), The Naggletons, 12mo	(Bradbury)	3/6
Brown (J. C.), French Forest Ordnance of 1669, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	4/0
Brown (J. T.), Photometry and Gas Analysis, 8vo	(Scientific Publishing Co.)	4/0
Bryant (W. C.), History of the United States, Vol. 3, royal 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	15/0
Burgess (J.), Report on the Buddhist Cave Temples, 2 vols. 4to	(Trübner)	126/0
Burnett (F. H.), Through One Administration, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Warne)	31/6
Burns (R.), Works, edited by Douglas, 6 vols. 8vo	(Simpkin)	45/0
Caldecott (R.), Some of Esop's Fables, 4to	(Macmillan)	7/6
Chattock (R. S.), Practical Notes on Etching, 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	7/6
Coate (J.), Manual of Pathology, 8vo	(Longmans)	31/6
Collins (M.), From Midnight to Midnight, cr 8vo	(Chatto)	3/6
Comfort in Sorrow, cr 8vo	(Satchell)	3/0
Curtois (M. A.), My Best Pupil, cr 8vo	(Remington)	10/6
Dryden (J.), Works, Vols. 1 and 2, edited by Sir W. Scott, 8vo (Simpkin)—each		10/6
Electric Lighting Act, 1882, cr 8vo	(Scientific Publishing Co.)	5/0
Ellis (T. G.), Sketching from Nature, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	2/6
Emerson (R. W.), Poems, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	5/0
Fielding (H.), by A. Dobson, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	2/6
Froude (J. A.), Short Studies, Vol. 4, cr 8vo	(Longmans)	6/0
Galton (F.), Inquiries into Human Faculty, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	16/0
Hastings (C. W.), Gas and Water Company Directory	(Scientific Pub. Co.)	10/0
Jackson (G. F.), Shropshire Folk-lore, Part 1, 8vo	(Trübner)	7/6
Jackson (L. D. A.), Accented Five-figure Logarithms, royal 8vo	(Alleu)	16/0
Lehndorff (G.), Horse-breeding Recollections, royal 8vo	(Cox)	10/6
Mackay (W.), Pro Patria, 2 vols. cr 8vo, cloth	(Remington)	21/0
Macquoid (K. S.), Her Sailor Love, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Morgan (H. F.), Summary of Military Law, 12mo	(M. Ward)	5/0
Murphy (D.), Cromwell in Ireland, 8vo	(Simpkin)	12/6
Neil (R.), Andrea the Painter, &c., cr 8vo	(Ellis & White)	8/0
Ransome (C.), Rise of Constitutional Government in England	(Rivington)	6/0
Reed (Sir C.), Memoir, by His Son, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	4/6
Robinson (A. M. F. R.), Arden, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Longmans)	21/0
Ross (D.), The Laud of Five Rivers, 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	12/0
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Stebbing (G.), Lost her Shoe, 12mo .....(Shaw) 1 6
Wallace (E.), Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle ...(Camb. Univ. Press) 4 6
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PERCY LAWFORD, Secretary.
University Hall, Gordon Square, London, W.C.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE debate on the Affirmation Bill began on Monday, with a very thoughtful and dispassionate speech by Sir Henry James, in which he showed how absolutely destitute of any trace of a theological test the original Oath of Allegiance was; that it was imposed for political purposes, and for political purposes only, the Peers, as a loyal body, being then wholly exempted from it; and that it was not till the feud between the Roman Catholic and Protestant succession broke out that any religious test was engrafted on the oath, a religious test which was gradually removed, as inconsistent with true civil and religious liberty. Sir Richard Cross, who moved the rejection of the Bill, fretted himself into a state of considerable excitement on the various sins of the Government, accusing it of despicable trickery for proposing to abandon the retrospective clause. Mr. Torrens, who seconded Sir R. Cross,—the only Liberal, as we hope, who is likely to vote against the Bill,—offered a good deal of sympathy, as is usual with Liberals who take this side, to the proposal to get rid of oaths altogether, both in the House and out of it, but no sympathy at all to the advocates of relief for the particular grievance involved in this case.

In the desultory debate which ensued, Baron H. de Worms, who appeared to triumph in the success won by the Liberals for his own faith, the Jewish, insolently suggested to Mr. Gladstone to start a new Midlothian campaign, of which the war-cry should be "Bradlaugh and blasphemy." Sir Walter Barttelot warned the Prime Minister that he had misled the country, and that the country would not forgive him; while Mr. Baxter and Mr. Illingworth made very vigorous speeches in favour of the Bill, Mr. Baxter declaring that the ecclesiastical bodies in Scotland were favourable to it; while on Thursday, Sir H. Drummond-Wolff resumed the debate, with a very dry and rather personal attack on Lord Selborne for sitting in judgment on the recent appeal case, though he was responsible for the Oaths Act of 1866, and had at least some share of responsibility for the opinion given by the present Solicitor-General that the common informer could proceed against Mr. Bradlaugh for the fines imposed on any one who had sat and voted in the House of Commons in contravention of the Oaths Act.

Then Mr. Gladstone rose, and it was at once evident that he was at his highest point of power, and that his mastery of the House had never been more complete. The central point of his speech was the mischief, nay, the danger, of associating the religious feeling of the country with a kind of injustice which is not only inconsistent with the principle of civil and religious liberty, as Lord Lyndhurst defined it, but wholly insufficient for its purpose of securing any true religious sanction for the allegiance which the oath imposes. Not only may it avowedly be taken by an atheist who has openly professed his atheism everywhere except within the walls of the House, but it may be taken without scruple by a Deist, who believes in the Lucretian God who sits apart from mankind; or by the Agnostic, who regards an intelligence as the origin of Creation, but regards that intelligence as quite inaccessible to our griefs, and cries, and prayers. If it secures any belief at all, it secures belief in a bare, abstract Deity,—a Deity who need not be regarded in any sense as the living Judge of human acts and thoughts. For such a *caput mortuum* of belief,—a *caput mortuum* from which Christianity is excluded as a mere excrescence and superfluity, which Voltaire could have accepted with all his blasphemy against Christ,—Mr. Gladstone held that it is most prejudicial to religion to sacrifice the broad principle that civil equality is to be granted before the law, independently of all religious conviction. There ought to be a total divorce between the question of religious differences and the question of civil privilege and power. There ought to be "no test whatever applied to a man with respect to any exercise of civil functions, except a test of civil capacity and a fulfilment of civil conditions." Mr. Gladstone recognised in the strongest way the immediate unpopularity of this measure. At every contested election, he said, the Government well knew that they lost votes, and that the Conservatives gained votes, by the supposed alliance of the Government with the party of unbelief. It had always been so. It was so when the Jews were naturalised 130 years ago; it was so when the Roman Catholics were emancipated; it was so when the Jews were admitted to Parliament. The Liberal party had almost always suffered in fighting the battle of religious freedom; but they continued to fight it, not only because it was the battle of liberty, but because it was the battle of religion, because religion suffered frightfully by its alliance with these exclusions believed by the sufferers to be both cruel and unjust.

After this speech, the debate sank into insignificance. Mr. Stanley Leighton deprecated the pulpit eloquence of Mr. Gladstone,—unfortunately, eloquence like his is extremely rare in the pulpit or out of it, and Mr. Stanley Leighton is no judge of either,—Lord Algernon Percy was struck by the want of argument in the debate, and proceeded to illustrate that deficiency; Mr. Gibson said the oath at present embodied the apostolic precept, "Fear God, and honour the King;" but if you got rid of the fear of God, the honour of the King would not long remain. The name of God was to be shut out of the House of Commons, in order to get Mr. Bradlaugh into it. Mr. Osborne Morgan replied to Mr. Gibson, and the debate, which had little or no life in it after Mr. Gladstone sat down, was at length adjourned, on the motion of Lord R. Churchill.

The Government has completed its arrangements for the creation of a Ministry of Agriculture. An Agricultural Committee of Privy Council will be formed, with a Vice-President in charge, who, it is intended, shall always be the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. This officer has no departmental duties, and is to preside over Agriculture, instead of being, as Lord Dufferin said, "maid-of-all-work to the Ministry." The effect of this arrangement will be that the Department will have a Minister to itself, as that of Education has; but he will usually, though not necessarily always, have a seat in the Cabinet. We do not see that the farmers could wish for a better arrangement. There is a responsible Minister, with clerks and offices and the like, whom they can worry to death, with whom Agricultural Chambers can correspond, and upon whom statistics can be poured in a deluge. We do not envy Mr. Dodson his correspondence, but the only defect of the scheme that we see is that it relieves the President in Council too much. Is Lord Carlingford only to "superintend"?

Sir E. Watkin was the first witness examined before the Channel Tunnel Commission, and certainly showed that he had the courage, not to say the audacity, of his opinions. He declared that 250 trains each way would be run daily through the tunnel, being one each way every six minutes, although the trains are to travel at 45 miles an hour, and they would carry

14,000,000 passengers and a corresponding amount of goods every year. "We had £700,000,000 of import and export trade, and if we had no way out of England except by sea, our position was a most dangerous one." If England were blockaded, what would be the effect? The fort for the defence of the tunnel should be built of half a million tons of concrete, and could be built for a quarter of a million sterling, which the Railway Company would pay! He did not think the two Governments would quarrel over the management of the tunnel; but if there were any friction, the dispute could be settled in the way adopted for the 'Alabama' claims. It is difficult to believe that Sir E. Watkin expected his evidence to be treated seriously, and a gentle reminder from the Committee that it was composed of persons of ordinary intelligence would not have been out of place. Sir Edward finished off by asking the Committee to inspect the works on the French side. He has evidently missed his vocation. What a horse chaunter he would have made, how he would have praised any spavined beast, talked away all evidence of faults, and have wound up with an invitation to finish the deal over a social glass!

The proposal of the French Government to convert the £220,000,000 of Fives into a 4½ per Cent. Debt has succeeded. The holders were hopeless of resistance, and although heavy orders to sell were sent to Paris, the fall was not serious. The Government, to soothe the market, pledged themselves against farther conversion for ten years, and on Tuesday, at midnight, the Chamber swept the Bill through by a vote of 472 to 94. The Senate followed suit by a still heavier majority. The truth is, no project of conversion now-a-days fails. The mass of Securities offered does not increase in any proportion to the savings of the nations, and the demand for "safe" bonds outruns the supply. The consequence, bonds being only goods, is an increase of price so great that conversion is always safe, and even Hungarian Rentes can be converted. There is now scarcely a first-class security in the European markets which pays a clear four per cent., and the soundest States can borrow at less than three. Modest investors may, however, take comfort. If there are no great wars to make loans cheap, the Governments are entering upon a course of "social reforms" which will cost them at the outset nearly as much. There will be loans yet for social purposes on the De Freycinet scale—he is quite equal to borrowing a National Debt in a year—to be expended, let us hope, with a little more judgment.

The trial of Kelly, the third man accused of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, has so far broken down. The first jury called was unable to agree, the jurors for conviction being, it is said, eleven, while one stood out for acquittal. A second jury was empanelled, but again no agreement was obtained, two resisting the verdict desired by ten. The case will be heard a third time, but it is more than possible that the result will once more be disagreement. The evidence is not quite so complete as in the cases of Brady and Curley, the prisoner looks a mere lad, and the evidence for an alibi, though untrustworthy, was less completely disproved. Add to these causes the fury of detestation with which Carey is regarded, and which his hard cynicism continually rouses afresh, and the disagreements are accounted for. They are, however, like all Irish incidents, most unfortunate. They encourage the belief of "Invincibles" that murder is safe, and they deepen the English suspicion that the Jury system and government of any kind are, in Ireland, incompatible. The Government cannot let guilty men go free, yet repeated trials enable the Irish Americans to dilate on English vindictiveness and cruelty.

The Irish-American Land League resolved on Wednesday to merge itself in the Irish National League, which met on Thursday, in Philadelphia, for the first time. The Convention, which includes eight hundred delegates, elected a Catholic priest, Father Maurice Dorney, as Chairman, a selection which is held to make it certain that the Convention will not openly sanction dynamite. It is believed, however, that although, in view of the opinion of the American Government, dynamite will not be mentioned, the Extremists will master the Convention, and that something like a "declaration of war" will be the result. We shall know in a day or two, but this is most improbable, the majority of the Convention being old members of the Land League, who, as their President, Mr. Mooney, said, "hate England with an intensity of detestation unequalled by any class of Irishmen in Ireland," but are of opinion that it is wise, in preparation for Irish independence, to win local self-government and the abolition of landlordism. They are devoted to Mr. Parnell, and even according to the *Irish Nation*, which expressly declares that morals have no place in the struggle, they, though willing to employ dynamite, think it will injure Ireland. There is a large section of Moderates in the Convention, and the leaders are evidently alarmed at the attitude of American opinion. "There is a flavour of Knownothingism" about it, says the *Irish Nation*, referring to the old explosion of American feeling under which the Irish immigrants were so nearly deprived of the suffrage. The result should be known by Sunday, as the five-minutes rule was adopted, though after some fierce protests from orators who felt their eloquence suppressed.

The agitation against the Contagious Diseases Acts, which has lasted since they were brought into operation, ended on Friday week in their virtual abolition. Mr. Stansfeld, who has made the question his own, in a speech which made a deep impression on the House, and drew from so cool a man of the world as Mr. Whitbread a warm encomium, moved a resolution condemning compulsory examination, which was opposed by Mr. O. Morgan, as Advocate-General, and Lord Hartington, as War Minister, who stated that the Members of the Cabinet had been pledged to different sides on the question before the Government was formed, and that the Ministry, therefore, could give the House no guidance. Finally, the resolution was carried by 182 to 110, and is, of course, fatal to the Acts, which will either be repealed or rendered inoperative by the withdrawal of the grant for carrying it out. Upon the whole, though we supported the Acts originally, we are neither surprised at the vote, nor sorry for it. It is not a victory of sentimentalism, though a great many sentimental people are on its side. The coolest heads in the country are divided as to the utility of the Acts; the workmen keenly dislike them, under the impression that they punish the women, while letting the men go free; and they raise in certain classes the erroneous impression that the State protects vice. The argument against them is at least as strong as the argument for them, and when that is the case, Acts so keenly disliked by the majority are better away. To be rid of the discussion is in itself a social good.

The Standing Committee on Law on Thursday carried a vote against restricting the right of criminal appeal to capital cases. Mr. Gorst moved an amendment the effect of which will be that any prisoner convicted of felony will be allowed to appeal, if the Court of Appeal think there is reason for it. The result of this amendment will be that appeals will be numerous—Sir H. James says 4,000 a year—and that a separate Court must be constituted to sanction and to hear them. The Attorney-General fought hard for his experiment, and was supported by Mr. Bright; but he was defeated by 28 to 19, and even of this minority one man openly allowed that he voted for the Government, but his opinion was the other way. Sir H. James accepted the vote, and told the Committee that before Tuesday he would tell them what he could do in the way of recasting the machinery. There can be little doubt the Committee is right. If an appeal is wanted at all, and we think it is, it is wanted least for capital cases, which are so patiently tried. We hardly know what makes the Government so fractious about the cost of legal machinery. Suppose a new Court is necessary, what does its cost matter?

The Metropolitan District Railway Company have discovered that quarrelling with the House of Commons does not pay. They have a Bill in Parliament, and on Tuesday Mr. Marriott moved an instruction to the Committee to which the Bill is referred to insert a clause compelling the Company to pull down the ventilating shafts, which poison the Embankment. The Committee are to settle any reasonable terms. The motion was hardly opposed, except by the Railway interest, and was carried by 200 to 110. It is understood that the Company will give way; and it is as well they should, as Parliament might, if resisted, give them sharper treatment. It is quite evident from several recent votes that the constituencies will not endure the claim of corporations to maltreat the public for their own advantage any longer, and that the Railway interest in particular must dismount. We do not despair of seeing a railway chairman hanged, or of recording a Bill compelling the railways to run workmen's trains at a halfpenny a mile.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has odd ideas about the functions of a Church. He will not license an English church in Monaco,

because he thinks Monaco a sink of iniquity, into which it is wrong to attract English families. "The Church," he writes in the *Times*, "will give an appearance of respectability" to Monte Carlo, and so "draw English families into that nest of temptation and vice." How wrong Christ must have been to dine with those "sinners!" We really had thought that there was no party in the Church of England, many as her parties are, which doubted that her mission was to the erring, or which believed that the end of her being was to keep up an unreal appearance of respectability. One Bishop, however, at all events, thinks that the frequenters of Monaco had better go to the Devil, than that more frequenters should be attracted there. Does the Bishop really believe that the people who will go to Monaco if it has a church, and stay away if it has not, are the people who will be ruined by roulette and lorettes?

One of the most unfortunate results of the recent foolish prosecutions for blasphemy, of which we have had the third this week, is that it gives audacious and able men who desire nothing more earnestly than a chance of showing their ability, the opportunity of winning a certain amount of intellectual admiration for the defence they make for themselves, and that that admiration is very apt to be placed to the credit of their opinions. In the extremely injudicious, as well as somewhat vindictive, second prosecution of Mr. Foote and Mr. Ramsay for blasphemies published earlier than those for which they have already been sentenced, tried before Lord Coleridge this week, Mr. Foote pleaded his own cause, and made an extremely able defence. He did not in any way deny his responsibility for what had been published, but took the ground that it was nothing but the popular equivalent of what men as distinguished as Arnold, and Grote, and Mill, and Shelley, and Lord Amberley, and John Morley, and Swinburne had published with impunity, and some of it not at all more coarse. He denied that it was possible to take an effectual distinction on the ground of the *style* of such attacks on Christianity, when it was admitted that the substance might legally be expressed in graver language, and he endeavoured to treat the whole law of blasphemy as simply obsolete.

The Lord Chief Justice, who summed up on Tuesday in a very remarkable judgment, gave his reasons for believing that Christianity could not be considered part of the law of the land in a day when Jews had been expressly admitted to Parliament, and when, on that theory, a Jewish Master of the Rolls might have been asked to condemn as blasphemy a calm statement of the conviction of the Jews that Jesus Christ is not the Messiah. Moreover, he showed, by citing cases at intervals of seventy or eighty years from each other, in all of which he showed that great stress was laid on the indecent character of the attack on Christianity, the Judges being most anxious to emphasize the difference between grave argument and gross or insulting scoffs, and that the insulting character of the language used was of the essence of the matter; and he pointed out that individual *obiter dicta* as to Christianity being part and parcel of the law of the land, could not count for so much as the positive condemnation of an author for a seditious libel who had only quietly discussed whether a Monarchy or a Commonwealth were the best form of government,—a condemnation which actually took place in the early part of the last century, in the case of "The King *versus* Bedford," though no Judge of the present day would for a moment dream of ruling his judgment by such a decision. The Lord Chief Justice intimated his belief that some of the distinguished authors quoted by Mr. Foote had been quite as insulting in their language as the authors of some of the libels now complained of, and declared that if he ever had to try them for it, he would deal out to them the same justice. The question for the jury was whether these attacks on Christianity were or were not blasphemous libels in the sense of coarse and insulting attacks, not appealing to the graver reason, but irreverent in spirit and intention. The jury disagreed, and were discharged.

Mr. Bradlaugh, too, has secured another legal triumph. On Monday, Lord Coleridge delivered judgment in his favour in the suit which he has instituted against Mr. Newdegate for "maintaining" Mr. Clarke in suing for the £500 penalty which Mr. Bradlaugh had incurred by voting in the House of Commons without taking the Oath. It was not denied that Mr. Newdegate did give Mr. Clarke a bond to pay all his costs in this action; and the Lord Chief Justice held that Mr. Newdegate, in doing so, had illegally promoted a litigation in which he himself was not interested, his interets as a Member of the House of Commons extending at most to the invalidation of Mr. Bradlaugh's seat, and not to the recovery of the fines for every vote given. Mr. Bradlaugh was awarded costs against Mr. Newdegate for all he had lost through this suit of Mr. Clarke's. It is understood that the decision is to be appealed against.

It is some comfort to know that some of the most eminent divines of our day,—eminent for their orthodoxy, no less than for their deep religious feeling,—approve the substitution of the Affirmation for the Oath of Allegiance, under present circumstances, and approve it as religious men. Mr. MacColl, in his able letter to the *Guardian* of last Wednesday, quotes Canon Bright's words as follows:—"What weighs strongly with me is that, although oaths may be a help to many consciences, yet, where they can be dispensed with, the Sermon on the Mount implicitly commands us to dispense with them. And they can, I consider, be dispensed with in such an assembly as that of the Legislature, even if they cannot, as yet, in regard to the average witness in a criminal trial. Moreover, I cannot think that those who call the present Parliamentary Oath a safeguard of national Christianity have weighed the facts of its history, as you have stated them. If objection be made to your term 'anti-Christian,' the oath is at least non-Christian; it cannot, I conceive, be claimed as having any relation to any definite revealed religion, to Biblical theism in particular." These are the words of the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and if the statement publicly made in the newspapers be true, the Dean of St. Paul's and Canon Liddon also support the Affirmation Bill. The *Daily News*, too, has learned that Cardinal Newman declined to sign a memorial against the Bill. With such support, the cause of the Affirmation Bill may well scorn the imputation of being irreligious.

Lord Carlingford made an interesting speech in the House of Lords on Monday, in answer to one of Lord Dunraven's, on the condition of Ireland. Lord Carlingford stated that while the Government could not see their way to any great land reclamation scheme in Ireland such as Mr. O'Connor Power had advocated, they were not only willing but anxious to lend money for the purposes of reclamation to tenant-farmers who could give good security, and that a beginning had been made by the sanction of small loans amounting in all to £96,000,—while the lending of £108,000 more was still under consideration,—to tenants anxious to reclaim and improve upland wild land in connection with their existing farms. Of this £96,000 already sanctioned, £22,000 had been actually lent. If any public body or company proposed a *migration*, as distinguished from an emigration scheme that was at all hopeful, it would be most carefully considered by the Government, said Lord Carlingford. And we are not entirely without hope that some such scheme may be proposed before long, by one of the great London Companies possessed of Irish estates.

On the relief to be afforded by emigration, Lord Carlingford was much more hopeful, but he insisted that it must not be such voluntary emigration as Ireland had had going on ever since the famine, for that was a kind of emigration which affected most the most prosperous parts of Ireland, and relieved the poverty-stricken land of Connaught least. Between 1851 and 1882, while 63 per cent. of the population had gone from the Province of Munster and 44 per cent. from Ulster, Donegal had sent away only 37 per cent., Mayo 35 per cent., and Sligo only 34 per cent. of the population. In other words, the unassisted and unguided emigration helped least those who wanted it most. Lord Carlingford intimated that large offers of a very hopeful kind had lately been made for assisted emigration, and we believe that he alluded to the plan of Mr. Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway,—concerning which Mr. Stephen wrote to this journal on March 31st last,—for settling 50,000 persons on the free lots of 160 acres each, offered by the Canadian Government to each able-bodied emigrant. The *Times* must, however, we think, be taking a great leap in the dark, when it assumes that our Government is at all likely to resolve on lending a sum of one or two millions sterling for ten years to any Canadian Association for building homesteads and settling these emigrants in their new homes.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 102¼ to 102⅜.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

IF the country be as sensitive to the grandeur of Mr. Gladstone's mind as we believe it to be, the speech of Thursday night will decide the question whether, in the opinion of the nation, Religion or Irreligion is to profit the most by the passing of the Affirmation Bill. The Liberals have been often supposed to favour the irreligious side of the issue, and to take that side strongly. Indeed, so far as we can judge from the significant silence of Mr. Gladstone on the result of the defeat of the Bill, the Liberal Ministry does not intend to accept a defeat from the House of Commons, if this painful controversy should end in a majority of the House denying the civil right of every man to take his seat in that House, whatever his opinions on religious subjects may happen to be. We believe that this is as it should be. It would be impossible for a Government defeated on this subject in the House of Commons to carry on the Administration with any credit. For this is in every sense a question of popular confidence in the Liberal instincts of the Administration; and it is certain that no House which had once avowed its belief that it is for its sympathy with Atheism, and not for its sympathy with civil and religious liberty, that the Affirmation Bill has been introduced by the present Government, could ever give that Government effectual support through the maze of delicate issues which are still in the future. The issue should be put boldly to the House and to the country,—Do they, or do they not, think that it is from active sympathy with the Irreligious party that the Government have introduced the Affirmation Bill? If they do think this, the Government, it is certain, can receive no support from them adequate to carry the Administration through the vast difficulties of the present and the future. If they do not think so, but hold, with Mr. Gladstone, that the whole religion of the country suffers grievously by its apparent alliance with a miserable remnant of religious exclusiveness, then they will take pains to declare that, in the thoroughgoing Liberalism of the Government, they not only see no threat to religion, but the highest possible guarantee for the growth and influence of all true faith.

Mr. Gladstone could not have put the question on higher ground than he did on Thursday night. It is of no use to give civil and religious liberty with the reserve of halves or quarters, or rather minute decimal fractions of that liberty; it spoils the effectiveness, the grace, the significance, in one word, the *justice* of the concession, and it does not reserve what could in any conceivable case be of the least use to the friends of religion. What, said Mr. Gladstone, are the Conservatives confessedly prepared to sacrifice? They are prepared to grant at once that the Member who takes the Oath need not be a Christian,—and this without any relation to the special admission of the Jews; they are prepared to admit that he may be an Atheist, even an avowed Atheist, so long as he has not confided his Atheism to the House before taking the oath; they maintain, no doubt, that in that case he has used language in a very non-natural sense, but they do not quarrel with Members who have never concealed that they did take the oath in that non-natural sense. They admit, like Sir H. Wolff, that even without straining the conscience, a bare Deist may take the oath, though he may believe that he neither knows nor can know anything at all about God, not even whether God does or does not punish us for our evil deeds, and reward us for our good deeds. All this they admit, and yet they regard this irreducible minimum of appeal to something above man, as an important guarantee of the Parliamentary standard of decency, —indeed, as one worth the enormous sacrifice in the principle of civil and religious liberty which it involves; and this though the very man whom in this instance it happens to exclude has repeatedly demanded the right to take the oath, and though no one, so far as we know, contends that, after the dissolution of this Parliament, he could be refused the right to take it, unless he were foolish enough to repeat to the next Parliament the unwary communication which has cost him so long an exclusion from this. Mr. Gladstone regards such a policy as this as in the highest degree mischievous to religion. It keeps up the tradition that religion claims the right to exclude from political influence men who declare that they have examined into the evidence of religion, and have found it wanting,—that it opens to all citizens a great civil career, on condition that they shall not find against its claims, but forbids them all entrance to that career if they do,—and it keeps up this injurious tradition for the most ingloriously ineffectual result, a result which irritates many, and really excludes nobody, if you except, at least, the accidental exclusion of a single man for a single Parliament. The Tories might contend, perhaps, that the oath does exclude some conscientious Atheists or Agnostics, who, in spite of their Atheism and Agnosticism, have too much honour to use solemn words in an unreal sense. But then, the persons who are kept out in that case, would be the scrupulous persons,—the very persons whom, if you are not to keep out the unscrupulous, you would certainly least object to admit. The oath in that case is a bar to the tender conscience, while it is no bar to the loose conscience. Look at it which way you will, this lopped and truncated oath, so far as it is imposed on reluctant Members, becomes of no conceivable use for any purpose in the world except that of making Mr. Bradlaugh into the hero of a three years' political struggle, from which he has emerged with more followers and more readers than he could ever have hoped to obtain for himself. And luckily, even that triumph is not likely to be repeated after a dissolution of Parliament. But is it wise, is it anything but ignoble, to derogate from the great principle of civil and religious liberty, for the sake of so meagre and wretched a result as this?

On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone showed from what ignoble views of the Oath as it is, the frank substitution of an Affirmation, for those who cannot assign to the more solemn elements of the oath their full significance, will relieve us. As it is, Members are compelled to admit that the oath must mean very little, that it can only represent a bare minimum of belief in the supernatural, that a man's Christianity is one of the superfluities no longer appealed to by the oath, that his belief even in an Almighty Discerner and Judge of human actions, is an excrescence no longer necessarily implied in the oath; that the oath can, strictly speaking in its Parliamentary sense, cover no more than a bare, abstract admission of an external Power above man. Now, they are compelled to admit this just because it is well known that so many take the oath who do not and cannot include in it any larger significance than this, while some probably would not even construe it as meaning so much. But, said Mr. Gladstone, if you give the alternative of an affirmation to all who prefer it, for all others the oath may recover its fuller meaning. The Christian who will then *elect* to take the oath rather than the affirmation, will give to the oath, as he kisses the New Testament, its full Christian meaning, since he will no longer be compelled to minimize its significance for the sake of those reluctant persons on whom the House forces it, and who cannot possibly assign it that larger meaning which a deep belief in Christ's revelation lends it. That, at least, is how we understand the latter part of Mr. Gladstone's speech, in which he explained the private significance which he himself should put upon the oath, were it not that Parliament, by forcing it on every Member, has compelled society to clip and wear away its real significance, very much as society clip and wear away the image and superscription impressed on the coinage of the country. It is the necessity of paring the oath down to the significance attached to it by the minimizers, which has necessarily robbed it of its fullest meaning for those who are not minimizers. It has been the wish not to exclude decent Deists, which has spoiled the impressiveness of the Oath for hearty Christians.

What will impress the country in Mr. Gladstone's speech is the depth of his belief in the value of the principle of civil and religious liberty in all its breadth and fullness, on the one hand, and his unspeakably deep conviction on the other, that the acknowledgment of that principle, instead of playing into the hands of unbelief, will tell more and more every year in favour of that faith which has suffered more from the alliance with unjust civil privilege, than from any other source whatever. It was in a world in which no such scoff could be levelled at it, that Christianity won its greatest and most signal triumphs. It will be, if we may believe Mr. Gladstone, in a world in which no such scoff can be levelled at it, that it will win its greatest triumphs again.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN CONVENTION.

THE cause of Ireland, as her English friends understand it, will not be benefited by the proceedings of the Irish-American Convention. The number of Delegates was con-

siderable, 800; there were able men among them, and the passion displayed was hot; but if the object was to impress Great Britain with a sort of terror, it will hardly be attained. The Union itself, great as it is, is not so formidable to England as France was when she had not only "taken up" Ireland, but had sent a fleet and an army to liberate her from her dependence; and the Union is not on the Irish side. The Irish, with their delight in magniloquence, are fond of saying that they are "eleven millions across the Atlantic;" but for their purpose few Protestants can be counted. The religious statistics of the Union are carefully compiled, and there are not five million Catholics in the States, of whom a considerable proportion must be Frenchmen, South Germans, and Spaniards. The threats come, in fact, from a population less than that of Belgium at the outside, and as threats of honest war can hardly be seriously regarded. Nor has the want of force so far been compensated by any display either of wisdom or of energy. The managers are very anxious to raise money; but if they have, as they say, millions behind them, they ought to be able, with American high wages, to collect at least ten times the money placed at their disposal. The Irish in America are a generous people, they remit to their friends with a liberality that extorts admiration, and if they were as excited as their orators say, a dollar a head a year would not be a large subscription. They do not, on their own calculation of their numbers, send five cents a head; or, on our calculation, fifty cents. As to the wisdom displayed, the Convention apparently intends to avoid the whole dynamite subject, thus leaving themselves under the odium of approving murder, while failing to evoke the ferocious energy which a resolution in favour of immorality might have produced. They have, moreover, while asking for certain measures of justice to Ireland—many of which English Radicals would heartily concede—increased the doubt in the English mind whether it is of any use to concede them. Not only did every speaker in the Land League Convention, held the day before the great Convention, frankly declare that the independence of Ireland was his one object—thus finally cutting the link between himself and two-fifths of Irishmen at home—and that he regarded peasant-proprietorship, local self-government, and judicial reform as mere steps towards that great end; but the Convention was even heartier than its orators. The purpose which the majority cheered—and they must from their numbers be the majority in the great Convention—the hope which excited them most, the end for which they were enthusiastic, was the old Nationalist one,—to create an Irish Republic, with its own flag, its own army, its own foreign policy; to become, in fact, a nation, instead of a nationality. That is not, as we have constantly admitted, either an ignoble end, or an irrational end, or an end which places the Irish who seek it beyond the pale of sympathy; but then it is an end only to be attained by hard and fair fighting in the open field. If those who propound it are ready to take the field, well and good, *cadit quæstio*, and Great Britain has only to collect soldiers; but if they are not, it is the height of folly to ask Parliament for legislative reforms, and at the same time affirm solemnly and with every appearance of passionate earnestness that all those reforms shall be misused. That fear will not deter us, for we do not believe in one-legged races, or deem it possible that justice, mercy, and freedom can increase hate; but the mass of Englishmen ask a return for their efforts, and will declare that if Ireland is to use all fresh powers to organise rebellion, fresh powers shall not be granted. It is hard enough for genuine Liberals to do battle with that conviction even now, and when the proceedings of this Convention have penetrated through the country, it will be harder still. Mr. Parnell in Parliament and the agitators out of it, will alike be met with the English form of the "Non possumus," which those of them who know history best will be the last to deride.

For the rest, we look upon the Irish-American Convention as we should upon an Irish Convention, if it were possible to hold one which should not be a Parliament, with as little distaste as fear. In politics, as on the field, we look on organised opposition as far less dangerous than anarchical opposition. If the Irish Extremists in such meetings as this can see one another's faces, and hear one another's opinions, and come to some common agreement as to what they actually desire, so much the better for Great Britain. We could deal much more easily with an informal Parliament, in which the able would speedily come to the top, and in which the votes would be intelligible, than with a series of public meetings and their inflated talk. The majority of men are very rarely mad, or fanatic, or desperate, and in an assembly the majority must rule. In this very meeting at Philadelphia, we note that average sense is much more in the ascendant than in smaller meetings; that O'Donovan Rossa and his unscrupulous party are in a small minority, and that the grand effort of all the managers is to maintain the unity of the movement. The method adopted is, no doubt, curiously childish. The Convention wished "Ireland" to decide on the great quarrel, the fusion or federation of the different "leagues;" but instead of choosing representatives from Ireland, they choose one from every State of the American Union. That is to say, they treated the exiles who happen to have chosen America to labour in as the people of Ireland! We might as well choose the English in America, whom it has never been necessary to count, as the people of England. The blunder was a curious one, and will one day produce consequences, the fissure between the homekeeping Irish and the Irish exiles being already apparent; but the effort at unity is to be heartily commended, for with unity will come caution and common-sense. The Irish in America intend to say through this Convention that they hate us very much—nearly as much, perhaps, as Frenchmen did in 1816—and are determined to wrench Ireland from us; and it is better we should know that, if it is so, in an official and intelligible way. We can then be prepared, and if we are to go down on our knees, shall at least know how little chance we have of pardon. It will be observed that Mr. Mooney, the President of the Land League, who put this hatred in the forefront of his speech recommending the dissolution of his League in the bigger one—very properly, for hatred is one grand cause of the whole difficulty—spoke throughout as the advocate, and, indeed, as the authorised representative of Mr. Parnell, who is himself rather of the American-Irish than of the true Irish people, both in blood and in intellectual nature. At all events, we know the truth, viz., that the American Irish, while supporting this or that reform, are earnestly desirous only of one thing,—that Ireland shall be a completely independent Republic. That declaration clears away fog, and should be a new and a strong incentive to all Englishmen so to act in Ireland that the true Irish shall be induced to declare that their kinsmen, like all exiles, misunderstand and do not represent them. The work seems to be impossible; but when all has been said, the reconciliation of one more fifth of the Irishmen in Ireland would enable us to take a plébiscite for the Union, with the certainty of a majority. That looks to our readers, whose ears are filled with Dublin trials, and dynamite trials, and Irish-American speeches, a hopeless dream; but when Lord Durham landed in Canada, how many French Canadians, separated from us by creed, race, language, and an unsuccessful rebellion, would have voted for Great Britain? How many would vote against us now? There are Englishmen, we verily believe, who doubt whether the influence of time is not suspended in Dublin, whether in Ireland there ever was a yesterday, or will ever be a to-morrow. Perhaps, when they are cooler, they will reflect that they were once frightened by a vote for Maynooth, and denounced the Catholic priesthood as the "autocrats of Ireland" and the "unsleeping enemies of British rule." There is a yesterday in Irish religious affairs, at all events.

THE DILATORY AND DILETTANTE HOUSE.

WHAT the enlarged Constituencies seem to lack is a spontaneous initiative. In 1879 and 1880, none but the very few,—Mr. Adam and a few others,—knew how determined the constituencies were to throw off the yoke of the Beaconsfield Government; and to most Members, even though their own constituencies were in that conspiracy, the strength and clearness of the resolve came with a certain shock of surprise. And the same thing happens in relation to smaller matters. There can be no doubt that, but for the signals given by the leaders in all parts of the country, we should never have known last autumn how determined the constituencies were to carry any Standing Orders that their chiefs thought necessary for the better despatch of business in the House of Commons. Without being convoked in local assemblies, the new constituencies, however strongly they really think, remain mute. There is little or none of that spontaneous letter-writing to their Members which, in the years before 1867, used to betray to the Representatives how popular opinion was going;—the reason for the change being, we suppose, that to the great majority of the new constitu-

encies the writing of a letter is an effort, to say nothing of the uncertainty that may prevail as to the proper address; while the minority feel too little confidence in the sympathy of the constituency at large, to write letters which might only elicit that their view is not generally shared by the Electorate. At all events, nothing is plainer than this,—that even on subjects on which, when interrogated properly, the new constituencies hold very strong opinions indeed, they appear to be apathetic up to the last moment, only because they have no easy mode of expressing their opinion of their own proper motion. None the less, the result is often mischievous, and we see one of the mischiefs of that result, as we believe, in the present apathy in the House of Commons as to the deliberate waste of precious time which is going on before our eyes.

Here, for instance, is this Affirmation Bill, which is nothing in the world but a Bill for abolishing the last shred of unintended theological test which appears to remain—to the great injury of religion and the great advantage of irreligion,—and for enabling any constituency to seat its duly-elected representative without his affecting to believe what he does not believe. It is a Bill the principle of which has been discussed for three years, with more warmth and more coolness, with more elaboration and more terseness, with more enthusiasm and more sobriety, than any other question of the day. It has been put in all possible lights and sifted with all imaginable ingenuities, in the House and out of it, by lawyers, by divines, by statesmen, by Conservatives, by Tories, by Liberals, by Radicals, by men of no party, and by men of all parties. There is absolutely nothing left to be said of it that has not been said. If ever a question were ripe for simple decision, that question is ripe. The country is eager for a little evidence that the House can carry a few needful English and Scotch reforms, after three weary Sessions in which Ireland has absorbed almost every available moment of legislative time. The Cabinet have been exceedingly moderate, almost humble, in their proposals for the year. Politically speaking, there is nothing but this Affirmation Bill, the Tenants' Compensation Bill, and the London Municipality Reform Bill to pass, for nobody can say that the proposed alterations in the Bankruptcy Law, the Patent Law, and the Criminal Code are in any sense political measures. Yet of one of these three measures statesmen already begin to despair, and the reason they despair is that the House of Commons is threatened with a measureless loss of time on this Affirmation Bill, on which every Member in the House knows all that he can ever know, and on which even the constituencies are probably better informed than they ever were before on any other legislative proposal. We say, quite without reference to the decision to be taken,—whether for the Affirmation Bill and for quick progress to other and wider work, or against it, and for a change of Ministry,—that it is simply monstrous disloyalty to the country to waste night after night upon this over-discussed measure. The second reading ought to have been carried or rejected in a single night's debate; and if the second reading had been carried, the Committee on it should not have occupied another night. It is asserted that apart from discussion, Members wish for an opportunity of publicly declaring themselves on the subject. Well, have they not had that opportunity over and over again in their own constituencies, to say nothing of the endless debates in the House of Commons? The country does not want to have Members declaring themselves again and again, at the cost of all reasonable reform. Every hour spent upon these exhausted questions is an hour lost to the proper work of Parliament. Every hour lost to the proper work of Parliament at the present time is spent in sapping the confidence of the country in our Parliamentary institutions. We believe that whatever view the constituencies take of the Oath question itself, every constituency that does not really wish to see legislative reform at a stand-still,—as some constituencies no doubt do,—is filled with wrath and bitterness at this disgraceful waste of Parliamentary time on a matter ripe for decision two years ago. It is as bad as if the Board of Inland Revenue devoted meeting after meeting to perusing the old ledgers, or as if the masters of all the great schools in London devoted hour after hour to seeing the boys scribble their old lessons on their slates, only that they may be again rubbed out. The business of legislation is to legislate, not to debate questions which have been debated till the country is sick of them. An assembly that talks on after the moment for action has come,—whether it be to prevent other action which would be otherwise taken, or simply from the taste for superfluous talk,—is no more worthy of the confidence of the people than a convention of magpies; and whatever is doubtful, this at least is certain, that such conduct will injure it a great deal more than even wrong decisions taken with the requisite promptitude and resolve. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten, a wrong decision promptly taken is better than none, for it leads more quickly to the right decision. It entails on us the uncomfortable consequences of error, and gives us new data for proving that it is error. But pure dilettanteism, pure talk, such as that in which the House of Commons is now indulging, leads to nothing in the world but popular dissatisfaction with the institutions that exist, and vague, painful gropings after new institutions of which at present we have no living germs. We are very much mistaken if the judgment of the country on all this "much cry and little wool" about Affirmations and Oaths will not be this,—"Let there more work be laid upon the men, that they may labour therein, and let them not regard vain words." Might not the ministers of all Churches preach a terse and timely sermon upon that text next Sunday, to the great advantage of Parliament, and the great satisfaction of the Constituencies?

THE RUMOUR OF DISARMAMENT.

THE rumour, stated in some quarters as a fact, that Prince Bismarck intends to use the Tripartite Alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, in order to propose a European Disarmament, should not be dismissed too hastily. The probabilities are heavily against it, but there are elements in the situation of Europe not unfavourable to such a scheme. The Governments of the Continent are alarmed, not only at the situation of their Treasuries, but at some of its political results. In Russia, Germany, Austria, France, and in a less degree Italy, the ruling men, whether Princes or statesmen, eagerly desire at once to obtain more money for the work they have to do, which is perpetually increasing, and to reduce the taxation on the lowest class. The Russian Government is at its wits' end to pay expenses, desires to spend more on public works, especially railroads to the eastward, and at the same time wishes to remit the demands still pressing on the peasantry in consequence of their enfranchisement. In Germany, Prince Bismarck desires to try his "Socialist" schemes, some of which are plausible, but all of which will be expensive, and at the same time to remove the burdens now pressing upon all below those earning or possessing £50 a year. He has, indeed, in Prussia abolished the two lowest categories of income-tax, and is anxious to proceed in lightening burdens in that direction. In Italy, S. Depretis is striving for a gold currency, for a remission of the grist-tax —the only direct tax on bread now levied in Europe—and for a reduction in the severe "direct taxes" on small properties, all at once. In France, the Cabinet spends on public works in a style which appals men like Léon Say, accustomed to big figures, yet is harassed by constant votes of the Chamber in favour of remissions, and by demands for "exemptions on the ground of poverty," and only on Tuesday promised a reduction in the tax on transfers. There is not a Government on the Continent which dare put a new tax on necessaries, or any tax the incidence of which is exactly perceived; or which would not be delighted to reduce taxation one-fifth, or which is not fully aware that the only reducible expenditure is that on armaments. Moreover, reduction, large reduction, if the Continent were only agreed, is quite possible. All nations have adopted the conscription—that is, universal military service for short periods—as their principle of armament, with comparatively limited, though positively vast, armies actually in barracks. By limiting the number of men on actual duty, they can, therefore, diminish expense, without weakening themselves or destroying any advantage they may gain from their comparative numbers. In fact, they do this in part already, the numbers yielded by the conscription being found insupportable. If, for example, the Five Continental Powers could agree that the Conscription should be worked as at present, but that only 5,000 men per million of population should be retained in barracks beyond one year, they would halve their peace armies and reduce the expenditure on them one-third, while leaving their comparative position unaffected, and their cadres unaffected. It would only be necessary to appoint an International Commission to watch the levies, and to insist, on penalty of a declaration of war from the remaining Powers, that any Power intending war should give six weeks' notice of active hostilities, and nothing in the

present system would be injured. The relief to the Treasuries would be immense, while the armies and the people are sure to approve a plan which would send so many hundred thousand unwilling soldiers back to their work.

It is easy to believe that all statesmen have thought of this possibility, and particularly Prince Bismarck, who, though morbidly anxious to make Germany safe, shows no disposition to enlarge her bounds. He does not want Catholic Austrians or Catholic Poles, and has since 1870 steadily refrained from any effort to acquire territory. If he could disarm the Continent, he would feel it a relief, provided always that the military organisation of Germany, upon which he relies, remained unimpaired. Nevertheless, we doubt if any such proposal will be made, or will, if made, succeed. Nothing of the sort could be accomplished without the assent of all the Military Powers, and they are most unlikely to assent. The Russian Government would declare, and with much truth, that they could not get on with, say, to make the argument definite, 200,000 men. The vastness of their territory, their liability to peasant insurrections, their permanent dangers in Asia, require more merely for internal duty. The Hapsburgs would feel that with such a force their composite empire would not be safe from internal risings, while their plans of extension in the Balkan, plans very dear to an Emperor who has lost so much, must come to a sudden halt. The Italian statesmen would dread the Republican propaganda acting from Paris, and would say with truth that the Army was their only instrument for fusing populations still parted by history, by provincial jealousies, by differences of creed, and by degrees of civilisation. Finally, the French Government would declare the scheme a plot to compel them to remain content with the results of 1870, would point to the social danger constantly latent in their great cities, and would urge that French peasants, disliking both military life and effective control, cannot be made good soldiers quickly, but actually need the three years of separate life in barracks, garrisons, and cantonments to become disciplined. Scarcely any of the Powers would be cordial to the plan, if the disarmament were to be effectual; while one or two, certainly France, and probably Russia, would dislike disarmament for itself. All would be so jealous, so watchful, so inclined to panic, that the injury to prosperity would be almost as great as if they continued armed; while one, France, would have to resign dreams which may die out, but which voluntarily she will not abandon. "Ah! but," says M. Andrieux, a grave politician, usually well informed, "we may be compelled to disarm." That, indeed, he intimates in other words is Prince Bismarck's secret intention. Russia is to be drawn into the league, and then France, as the European disturber, is to be called on to disarm, under penalty of war. We cannot believe that theory. The precedent would be too dangerous, the outrage on autonomy too gross, the risk of forcing England and France into a defensive league too serious, to allow of such a menace. France might be destroyed, and no Power save Germany could consent to see France destroyed without feeling that she herself also had become isolated in the world, and that Prince Bismarck, even more than at present, was master of Europe. Disarmament cannot come through war, or the menace of war. There must be some inner agreement on the Continent, some willingness to remain quiescent for a generation, before such a scheme could be adopted, and there is no such basis for the plan.

We wish it were otherwise. It is a pain to any reasonably humane observer to see how near Europe is at this moment to the formation of a Tribunal which could prevent war, yet how impossible it is to use it to diminish armaments. As against all the rest of the world, there is such a Tribunal in effective working order. The system is cumbrous and complicated, but still nobody can fight outside the Ring, if it be only to suppress Arabi, without the consent of "Europe," that is, practically of the Six Powers. They can, and do, solve burning problems, like the control of the Danube—an incident far too carelessly studied—by their collective action. Even among themselves, they can on occasion prevent war, and they do practically prevent war between great Powers and little States by informal pressure. Germany itself, with all its energy, could not take Denmark or Holland without a European consensus, express or implied. The thing they cannot do is the thing which would be most beneficial,—to formulise their own action, till Europe could feel comparatively secure, and entitled to disarm. They can act as a Vigilance Committee, but not as a Tribunal. They cannot even compel the nations to plead before the Tribunal before fighting, or put a veto on the sudden spring of one country upon another without warning, which statesmen either believe, or affect to believe, to be as possible as ever. Prince Bismarck says that, "under certain contingencies," France would invade without a declaration of war. If only notice of war could be secured, if only it could be arranged as a rule of public law that cession of territory in Europe required European consent, if only the standing section of modern armies could be seriously diminished, Europe would be relieved of the heaviest of her burdens, the one which most impedes progress in the direction of social amelioration in which she is clearly longing to go, and yet it cannot be done. The sole difficulty is suspicion, the inability of a few men so to trust each other as to arrange for a "Truce of God," say, for ten years; but the obstacle is apparently insuperable. Europe can combine against the world, but not against her own jealousies, and must therefore go on paying to her own infirmity a tribute certainly not less than a tenth of her whole strength. Taking forced service and military expenditure together, the Continent certainly devotes a tenth of its whole working power to insurance against calamities which a reasonable agreement would make impossible. We are not members of the Peace party, and do not believe that the use of force is always immoral, or that slaughter is the worst evil a nation can suffer; but we can declare as heartily as Mr. Bright or Mr. Richard, that this situation is as discreditable to the capacity of the nations for government as it is to their professions of Christianity.

THE NEXT EASTERN QUESTION.

LORD DUFFERIN returns to Constantinople on May 4th, to settle, if possible, two or three questions too serious, either in their results, or in the interests they involve, to be entrusted to any Chargé d'Affaires. One of these is the successor to Rustem Pasha, the Governor-General of the Lebanon, whose term of office has expired. His post is of high importance, for it is held under a European guarantee, and is intended to serve as a buffer between tribes each of whom has a European backer, and who, if released for a week from leading-strings, would be at one another's throats. The natural course would have been to reappoint Rustem Pasha, as he has kept the peace, committed no outrages, and is fairly popular; but he is disliked in Paris, and the French Government have made his removal a test of their influence in Constantinople, threatening, it is said, to withdraw their Ambassador, if Rustem is reappointed. The Sultan has yielded, perhaps not unwillingly, for Rustem is too independent, and has suggested Bib Doda, the hereditary chief of the Catholic Albanians, who is retained in Constantinople as a hostage for his countrymen, and who would, as the Sultan fancies, lose, as a servant of the Porte, his hold over his clansmen; while, from his want of local following, he would be compelled to rely on Constantinople for the means of governing. As Bib Doda, however, possesses no qualifications for a most difficult task, and Europe does not want an insurrection in the Lebanon, the remonstrances have been too pressing to be resisted, the Sultan has given way, the appointment is open, and Lord Dufferin will be able to bring his special knowledge both of the Lebanon and of the personages of Turkey to bear. His mediation ought to be successful, for there is no special English interest to be served. If a reasonably good Governor-General can be found who is acceptable to France, there is no reason for thwarting the French Cabinet, already penetrated with the notion, entirely unfounded, that the first object of British policy is to destroy her influence in every quarter of the world.

This question, which is both pressing and important, pressing because Rustem Pasha's term has already expired, and important because of the relations between London and Paris, being once settled, another, much more grave, will, we believe, be brought to the front. It is impossible that Europe should for ever ignore the claims of the Armenians. The Powers bound themselves under the Treaty of Berlin to secure to this people a tolerable Government, and ever since matters in Armenia have been going from bad to worse. The Government of Constantinople has done absolutely nothing. The Pashas probably understand that the province is lost, and by the consent of all official reporters of all nations regard it only as a field for plunder. Justice is bought and sold almost openly, disorder is so great that trade and cultivation are almost impossible, and no Armenian oppressed by an official can obtain redress. The promise of Europe has served only to embitter instead of lightening a

secular oppression, by inspiring the victims with hope and the oppressors with jealous fear. This situation must end, and it is most expedient that it should be terminated before Lord Dufferin quits Constantinople. The Turks know that he never gives way, that he has always succeeded, and that he is always supported to the full by his own Government; while the Russians are aware that, for good and for evil, he understands them. Moreover, circumstances are not unfavourable to the settlement of a question which looks much more difficult than it is. Most of the European Powers care nothing about Armenia. They are willing to keep their word, willing also to protect a people who, as the only Christian nationality in Asia, greatly interest the cultivated, and they have no object whatever in supporting Turkey, but they are not disposed to expend either money or influence on behalf of the Armenians. Two Powers, however, are keenly interested in the Armenians, —the British, who wish them to be independent; and the Russians, who, besides their sympathy for all Christians under Mussulman domination, would like greatly to reckon the whole race among their subjects. They respect the Armenians, raise them to high commands, and are in return regarded by them as of all Europeans their most trustworthy friends. All over Asia, from Constantinople to Pekin, the Armenians are friendly to Russia, and as they penetrate everywhere, being the only Christian people whom Asiatics fully recognise as non-European, and are everywhere among the cleverest of mankind, they are invaluable allies. If, therefore, these two Powers can agree, the field, as regards Europe, is clear, and their agreement is not impossible. If they quarrel, to begin with, nothing will be done, for the Sultan will pit one against the other; while, if they agree, the pressure on the Palace will be irresistible. Then, there is no ground of quarrel. The Russian Government does not want to annex just now. It is overburdened with work, with difficulties, and with financial trouble, and would be content if only Armenia were permitted to govern itself. That also would content the British, and the autonomy of Armenians is consequently the object towards which both will be willing to struggle. No promise from the Porte is, in such a case, of the slightest value. No "reform," even if it were conceded, could remove the original difficulty, which is that the Armenians, as Christians, are not entitled under the "Holy Law" to equal justice, and, therefore, while Mussulmans govern the country, will not receive it. The Sultan himself could not make an Armenian's testimony as valid as that of a Mussulman, and every Court of Justice is, therefore, the scene of a bad comedy. The only possible cure is autonomy; and it is towards autonomy, either in its Roumelian form or in the form adopted in the Lebanon, that the two Governments will work. Even together they will have enough to do. The Sultan will contend for an Asiatic province as he would never contend for a European one. He has already lost Egypt and the Lebanon, and will fear lest another retreat in Asia should arouse new desires for freedom among the Mussulmans themselves. He does not want to lose his hold over a race which hitherto has done what we may call the lawyer work for the dominant caste, or to see an autonomous State attracting away from every corner of the empire some of the most taxable of his subjects. He will be afraid of the Ottomans, on whom his throne rests, and who all believe that to surrender a conquered State without any compulsion on the field is an impiety, as well as a disgrace. He will yield, we may be sure, only to pressure, but still the pressure may be sharp. The English Government cannot fight to keep Armenians in slavery, and the Russian Government can, therefore, threaten force, which, as the Sultan knows, could be very readily applied. Russia in this instance has no Roumanian permission to ask before she crosses the frontier, and no Danube to separate her from her foe. Turkey, with her finances all disorganised, her functionaries unpaid, and her soldiers ill supplied, is in no position to declare war, while a pitched battle lost in Armenia might shake down the Sultan's throne. The sovereignty over the principality, though it would be but nominal, would not be given up, and Armenia, once set free, could afford a tribute which would be a welcome relief to the Sultan's impoverished exchequer. It may be necessary to apply pressure in a very decided form, but the Sultan must give way in the end, as he did about Montenegro, about Thessaly, and about Egypt, and after three months of bitter negotiation, Armenia would be free. That would be a result worth a struggle, which Lord Dufferin, with his knowledge of St. Petersburg and Constantinople, and his special experience of such struggles, may be able to avert, though we cannot flatter ourselves, with the *Times*, that mere conversation will have any weight with the Sultan. No man yet was ever talked out of an estate, and stubbornness is not the quality in which Turks are apt to be deficient. The talk, however, will explain British objects, and Lord Dufferin will have this advantage, that for once even the Sultan cannot suspect the British of interested motives. Armenia has no Bonds—or she would be free by this time—and no Canal.

THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES BILL.

IT has long been the fashion to attribute the intelligence of the Scottish people, and the diffusion of a taste for serious reading and thinking among them, to the system of parish schools which the Reformers of the sixteenth century created. But, perhaps, no less credit is due to the Universities. They have always been, and still are, thoroughly popular. Whereas, in England, during the last two centuries and a half, the middle-classes have resorted very little to Oxford and Cambridge, and the poorer classes not at all, the four (formerly five) Universities of Scotland have been cheap enough and accessible enough to serve the poor as well as the rich, and have, in point of fact, drawn five-sixths of their students from among those to whom a University education would have been in England an unattainable luxury. Partly, perhaps, from this cause, the Scottish institutions have never sunk into the sloth to which their English sisters succumbed in the last century. They have been obliged, by their very poverty, and by the fact that those who resorted to them needed a practically useful education, to give a more or less practical training. They have retained those professional faculties, divinity, law, and medicine, which in Oxford and Cambridge dwindled away, and are being with difficulty revived. They have addressed themselves to the mass of the students, aiming rather at bringing this mass up to a fairly good level than at giving a very fine and high polish to a few choice minds. They have shown a reasonable power of keeping pace with the requirements of the age, and so far from caring for pure scholarship only, or pure mathematics only, they produced a hundred years ago the founder of one great modern science in Adam Smith, and one of the earliest and most inventive masters of another in Joseph Black. Since then there has been an unbroken series of distinguished names among their Professors, while the afflux of students has gone on increasing in a much more rapid proportion than the population of Scotland.

In spite, however, of these evidences of efficiency, there has been for some time past a prevailing feeling in Scotland that the Universities need to be reformed. In 1858 an Act was passed reconstituting their government, which had been previously entirely in the hands of the Professors, and appointing an Executive Commission, by which a number of changes were carried out during the three years following. And when experience had shown that these changes had not done all that was needed to provide adequate teaching and enlarge the courses of study, a Commission of Inquiry was named, which presented its Report in 1878. We have not space to enumerate the recommendations of this Report, nor have all of them been approved by the educated opinion of Scotland, which seems to be unanimous upon three points only. They are these,—firstly, that the restriction of the Divinity Chairs to ministers of the Established Church can no longer be maintained; secondly, that new Professorships are wanted, and endowments for them; thirdly, that the curriculum of studies must be enlarged, new subjects more fully recognised, greater freedom of choice among subjects given to students, and in this way a means provided for carrying on persons of special capacity to a much higher proficiency in particular lines of learning and research than is at present found possible. Upon two other points of much importance, opinion is divided. One relates to the University of St. Andrew's, the most venerable by its age and picturesque in its externals of all the Northern seats of learning, but also the smallest and the worst placed. Some hold that it ought to be extinguished altogether, because the expense of keeping it up is out of proportion to its services. Others would transfer it across the Firth of Tay to Dundee, and unite with it the Science College which has been lately founded in that prosperous town. Others, again, propose to hand it over to women, and in this way turn to a new account its buildings and its traditions. And to all these views there is opposed that of the St. Andrew's people themselves, who think their seclusion in some sense an advantage, and

declare that, with a little help from the State, they could continue to do valuable work. The second point of controversy is as to the desirability of instituting, in all the Universities, an entrance examination. The provision for higher secondary education in Scotland is admittedly imperfect, and many students come to the Universities who are weak in Latin and mathematics, and entirely ignorant of Greek, so that it becomes necessary for the Professors or their assistants to undertake, in these subjects, a great deal of elementary work which ought to have been done in the schools. This would be corrected by an entrance examination, which, while relieving the Professors from this less worthy work and giving them more time for the higher teaching, would before long react on the schools, and tend to bring them up to a better average. On the other hand, it may fairly be said that the schools ought themselves to be improved before this severe test is imposed on them, and that men of merit and promise will be kept out of the Universities through insufficient preparation who, if once admitted, would have rapidly repaired their deficiencies. There is much force in this argument, for many of those students who now most distinguish themselves in mathematics, or natural science, or metaphysics do, in fact, come up very ill-grounded in Latin, and often from parts of the country where little teaching of Latin is to be had. It is a further difficulty that the attendance at the junior classes of some of the Professors would be seriously diminished, and therewith the incomes of those professors. Such an obstacle can hardly be suffered to stand in the way of a reform approved upon sufficient grounds. But it opens the question of compensating these Professors, and thereby bringing in a new element of expense and complication.

The Bill which the Government have brought in, and whose second reading is to be taken as soon as the Affirmation Bill has been disposed of, does not directly grapple with any of these problems. It proposes to create an Executive Commission, to last for four years, by which the work of reorganising the Universities is to be undertaken. To this Commission the widest powers are to be given. They may abolish all or any theological tests. They may alter the conditions of endowments and the patronage of Professorial Chairs, and the powers and the constitution of the various Governing Bodies. They may create new Professorships and allot salaries to them. They may deal in any way they please with the courses of study, the manner of teaching, the amount of fees, the length of the sessions, the degree examinations, the establishment of entrance examinations, in short, with every department of the University system. And it is left to their discretion to suppress or to reconstitute, as they may think fit, the University of St. Andrew's. These are vast powers to entrust to a body of yet unknown persons, and it could hardly be expected that the Universities would allow themselves to be flung into the crucible, except in return for some substantial benefit in the way of additional endowment. That benefit is conferred by the sixteenth clause of the Bill, which charges on the Consolidated Fund the annual sum of £40,000. But as the Universities now receive a sum of about £33,000 per annum, and as it is proposed to throw upon one of them, the University of Edinburgh, certain charges which the State now bears, the total new endowment to the Universities is only some £6,000 or £7,000. This is no great amount, to be distributed over four establishments, and will not go far in the way of providing new Chairs or more complete educational appliances. There is, therefore, considerable disappointment in Scotland with the pecuniary provisions of the Bill, and many Liberals may be heard to say that Scotland would probably have fared better under a Conservative Government, which would have sought to propitiate her by more generous grants. But otherwise, the measure has been received with tolerable favour. There is, of course, much difference of opinion as to the suppression of theological tests, a pretty strong party in the Established Church wishing to keep the Divinity Chairs to themselves, while the extreme Voluntaries would destroy the Chairs with the tests, and have no faculty of theology at all. But on the more important question of remodelling the courses of study, it is so generally felt that something must be done, that both the scientific party and the classical party are willing to take their respective chances. There will be plenty of criticism from a few of the Scotch Members, but little or no opposition, and the only danger the Bill need fear is want of time and the disposition to sacrifice measures in which the smaller divisions of the United Kingdom are alone interested.

The example of the Commissions which have recently dealt with the two great English Universities is not calculated to induce a cordial confidence in this method of educational reform. They were composed of men eminent, no doubt, but with no special fitness (except in the case of a very few of their members) for their difficult and delicate work. And the changes they have made, while perhaps in themselves an improvement on the preceding state of things, have not brought those Universities nearer to the broader reforms which are really needed, nor solved any of the main problems which confront them. In Scotland, the deficiencies of the Universities are less considerable than their merits, and the danger of ill-considered changes is therefore greater. The English Commissioners have patched up an unsatisfactory system, but they have not spoiled anything which was working well. The Scotch Commissioners may easily do so, and may destroy the distinctive merits of methods which have grown up with and out of the national life of Scotland. Yet it is hard to see how otherwise than through a Commission, University reform is possible. Parliament is utterly incompetent; it has neither the knowledge nor the leisure. No one would surrender such matters to the Executive Government. The Universities themselves have not sufficient legal powers, and the interests of the Professors are too much involved to make it right to leave a large discretion in their hands. We are, therefore, driven back on the expedient of an Executive Commission. But it becomes important to scrutinise closely the powers which this Commission is to receive, taking care that they are no larger than is absolutely necessary, and that ample opportunity is given for objecting to their acts. And it is of even greater consequence to see that the best attainable men are chosen, men who know Scotland and its educational methods thoroughly, and will not seek to supersede those methods by that rival system which has triumphed in England, the system that puts examination above teaching. No delicacy towards persons, however eminent, ought to prevent the names of the Commissioners, when announced, from being fully and freely discussed, and better names suggested, if any can be found. Governments think far too much in such cases of getting persons whose names the public know, Peers or Judges, Members of the House of Commons, prominent clergymen who represent the denominations, and far too little about the special fitness of the men, and of their possession of that sort of fairness and wisdom which prevents special knowledge from degenerating into a crotchety doctrinairism. It is upon the composition of the Commission that the fate of the Bill ought to depend. But we cannot leave the subject without expressing the hope that the clause which empowers the total extinction of the ancient University of St. Andrew's will be omitted, and that a somewhat more liberal pecuniary provision for all the Universities will be made. No expenditure has ever proved more reproductive, to England as well as to Scotland, than that made on the Scottish Universities; and desirable as we all agree retrenchment to be, it is not with this best kind of reproductive expenditure that retrenchment ought to begin.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT.

THE meeting held on Tuesday at the Rooms of the Society of Arts differed in one very important respect from most gatherings of the kind. Its object was to supply a want which has been long and generally felt, and so far it resembles many other meetings. Wants are still common enough, and in many cases they do not seem to be much affected by the efforts made to supply them. But a meeting called to establish a Boys' Public Day School Company had the very great advantage that it could point to a similar want which has been faced in a similar way, and to a considerable extent has been actually met. The Boys' Public Day School Company is framed on the lines of the Girls' Public Day School Company, and what the Girls' Public Day School Company has already done, that the Boys' Public Day School may fairly hope to do. It cannot, perhaps, be said that the need of good Secondary Schools for boys is greater than the need of good Secondary Schools for girls was when the older Company was founded. There are many good boys' schools in existence, and before the High Schools were set up it could hardly be said that there were any good girls' schools. But though the need may not be greater, it is felt by more people. The number of fathers and mothers who would like to give their sons a good education if they only knew how to set about it, is probably much larger than the number of those

who wish to give their daughters the same benefit. Every parent above the class which, as a matter of course, sends its children to elementary schools, has a direct interest in the work of the new Company. The case could not be better stated than in the letter from the Bishop of Exeter, which was read to the meeting. "Our secondary education," he says, "is defective in every way. It is poor in quality, deficient in quantity, and out of due harmony both with the elementary education on one side, and with the higher education on the other." There has been a disposition of late on the part of some School Boards to try to remedy these defects for themselves. They think that in default of any better arrangement, secondary education may be given up to a certain point in an advanced department of their own schools. But to this there are two great objections. One was stated by Mr. Forster in his speech. The country is not at present disposed, it is doubtful whether it ever will be disposed, to maintain, either out of the rates or out of the taxes, schools for children whose average age is above thirteen or fourteen years. Now, the earliest age at which secondary education ought to stop, if it is to deserve the name, is fifteen or sixteen, so that the School Boards would not be allowed to meet the need, even if they were anxious to do so. The second objection is that elementary education and secondary education, if they are mixed up in the same school, can only injure one another. "It is perilous," says the Bishop of Exeter, "to the elementary education that the schoolmasters in elementary schools should be tempted to find their real pleasure in, and to give their hearts to, a kind of instruction in which the bulk of their scholars can have no share. It tends to the sacrificing of the many to the few, of the average to the clever, which every one deprecates. And meanwhile, the secondary education thus given is poor of its kind, and not to be compared with what would be given in a school devoted to secondary education entirely." If neither the rates nor the taxes can be applied to this purpose, two other methods remain,—the utilisation of endowments, and some form of private effort. The utilisation of endowments is going on. The Endowed Schools side of the Charity Commission is gradually organising secondary schools, wherever the bounty of past generations has given it the means of doing so. But when its labours are at an end, though it will have created, or re-created, a large number of excellent schools, they will be arbitrarily distributed over the country. There will be many in one county, and few or none in another. It is only by private effort of some kind that the vacuum can be filled.

On the calculation of the Schools Inquiry Commission, there are 50,000 children in London alone who should be at school during the years between eight and sixteen. Such schools as the City of London, St. Paul's, University College, and King's College schools provide for some of these; but they can but take in a fraction of the whole numbers, and even if the accommodation they give could be indefinitely increased, they would be too costly for a great many parents,—for the parents, for example, whom Mr. Forster describes as "persons to whom small sums of money are of immense importance, many of them being shopkeepers, who, while wishing to give their children a good education, have to pay considerable sums in rates on account of their business," and who, "as much as any class in the kingdom, "find it difficult to make two ends meet." It is to such parents as these that the new Company chiefly addresses itself. It proposes to offer them a good education in one or other of two kinds of school of a lower intermediate and a higher intermediate class, the fees in the one ranging from £6 to £9 a year, and those in the other from £9 to £15 a year. Thus, for £6 a year a boy may be kept at school till fifteen, while the outside charge for boys up to seventeen will be £15 a year. One great guarantee that this will be possible is the fact that Mr. Stone, the Chairman of the Girls' Public Day Schools Company, is also the Chairman of the new Company. It may turn out, of course, that there are difficulties in store for the one that have not been encountered by the other, but the success of Mr. Stone's first undertaking suggests, to say the least, a probability that the second will be a success also. The Girls' Public Day School Company had, in this respect, a more disheartening task before it than can fall to the lot of the new Company. Its way was cheered by the example of how much energy and judgment could achieve in a similar experiment. But without any such encouragement it went on boldly, and it has prospered greatly. When the Company was founded it only asked for £12,000, and even this modest sum was not raised for some time. Now the capital raised is £100,000, and upon this the earnings of the twenty-six schools already founded enable the Directors to pay a dividend of £5 per cent. Most of the schools are self-supporting; some are so much more than self-supporting, that they make up for the few that cannot yet pay their way. Unless the calculations of the best-informed experts are altogether wrong, there is a larger field open to the new Company than was open to its predecessor,—a greater demand for school accommodation, a greater readiness to pay the price asked for it, provided that this price be not beyond the means of the parents. If this be so, failure can only come from some unforeseen and unsuspected cause, and such a contingency as this is too remote to be taken into account, except by those timid spirits who are never quite in their element outside the Three per Cents. What the Boys' Public Day Schools Company asks from the public is not charity, but a loan,—a loan on what analogous experience has shown to be very fair security. The purchaser of shares will probably get five per cent. for his money; and the consciousness that he is helping to start a new and hopeful experiment in middle-class education, may very well make up to him for any temporary uncertainty whether that return will actually be realised.

ATHEISM AS AN INSULT.

WE are convinced that some part of the popular feeling against the admission of any Atheist into Parliament is rooted in a confused feeling that the public avowal of Atheism is a kind of insult to God, which will bring down a certain amount of guilt and punishment on those who permit it without branding it by some mark of disgrace. The line of thought is something of this kind:—'So long as the Atheist is compelled to cover up his Atheism by keeping silence, and by adopting decent forms of speech that would suggest to the world at large that he is, or may be, a Theist, the nation is not made an accomplice in his denial of God; but the moment his Atheism is avowed to the people, and the people, instead of taking steps to brand him with shame, admit that they are compelled by their principles of toleration to put him upon the same political level with every other citizen, that moment they become parties to the insult levelled at God, and share with the atheist the danger of retribution.' This, or something like this, is at the root of such a speech as that of Sir Richard Cross, for example, and also of Sir W. Barttelot. Now, we are not going to discuss the argument here suggested, or the assumptions wrapped up in that argument, except so far as concerns the notion that it is so insulting to the Almighty Being whom we ourselves reverently recognise, that another should deny his existence, that we are positively bound by loyalty to him to put some slur or mark of discredit on the man who thus denies that existence. That appears to us to proceed from the assumption that the Atheist only *ignores* God, just as a rude man might ignore the presence of his superior in rank, instead of really failing to discern him. No one would regard it as an insult to a Sovereign if a man born blind failed to recognise his presence and to pay the respect which follows such recognition,—hardly even, if when assured of his Sovereign's presence by those who could see, he still insisted that they had never satisfied him of the existence of that marvellous faculty of sight by which they pretended to be assured of the Sovereign's presence, and that, failing the verification of their power, he must decline to accept their assertion that they possess it in lieu of proof. Under such circumstances, we might, perhaps, deplore the blind man's infirmity, and even gently blame his reluctance to accept the assertions of others in place of his own experience; but we should never deem such a man's infirmity, or even the incredulity which accompanied it, insulting to the Sovereign whose presence he had really failed to discern, and had failed reverently to acknowledge only because he had failed to discern it. We should pity the man who could not see, and who could not find it in him to believe the report of other men's eyes; but we should never think of branding him with infamy because he had this infirmity. And, therefore, we assume that those who regard it as insulting to God that one who does not believe in God should be admitted to any position of trust in English public life, do so under the impression that an Atheist is a man who, being perfectly conscious of the divine presence, yet chooses to ignore it, in order that he may not be required to pay those becoming tokens of respect which all who recognise it pay as a matter of course. They want to see Mr. Bradlaugh

excluded from the House of Commons, not because they look upon him as a man deficient in one of the most important of all the avenues of human knowledge, but because they look upon him as one who, having that avenue of knowledge, affects to be destitute of it only in order that he may withhold the act of reverence which would otherwise become due from him. In other words, they hold the Atheist as not in reality an Atheist at all, but as a rebel cloaking his rebellion under a pretence of an inability to see. Nor would we deny that such forms of Atheism really exist. Doubtless there are deniers who deny not as a simple expression of their personal conviction that there is no God in whom to believe, but rather as a veiled expression of their defiance of the object of belief. Just as one who wants to insult an acquaintance will look him carefully in the face and absolutely ignore him, so there are Sufis who deny God rather because that strikes them as the most insulting way of defying him, than because they really discern vacancy where others discern an awful personal Creator. We would not be understood to assert that even in England there is no such form of Atheism. We do not doubt, indeed, that in very many hearts the incredulity about God is partly the result of shrinking from him, just as a sick man's incredulity if told that he is in imminent danger of death is not unfrequently due to his reluctance to meet death. Still, incredulity is one thing, and defiance is another. And we cannot imagine a man really intending to insult God by ignoring his existence, who could be in the least incredulous on the subject. Defiance of any one implies a very confident belief in him, and a wish to subvert his power. The intention to insult God by denial of his existence must be based on absolute belief, not on unbelief,—on the belief of hatred, the belief of evil beings who loathe the righteousness whose existence they acknowledge even while they try to shake off its hold on them by feigning not to see it. Whether there is among English Atheists any such spirit of defiance as this, we incline to doubt. For this is the state of mind not of dull or carnal unbelief, but of bitter spiritual antagonism to God; and of bitter spiritual antagonism to God we have seen but little trace in this country as yet. At all events, it must be obvious to those who maintain that the Atheism of the day is a disguised insult to a Power fully recognised, and not true failure to discern Him whose touch on men's consciences is sufficiently acknowledged by the world in general, that the burden of proof lies with them. It is for them to prove that this Atheism is insult, and not blindness, since it is clear enough that to treat true blindness,—whether moral or intellectual,—as wilfulness plotting insult, is a fatal error, both in public policy and for the purpose of treating the particular case. It is a fatal error in public policy, because by punishing as deliberate and criminal what is more or less involuntary, you create and multiply enemies of the State, where you need have made no real enemies at all It is a fatal error also in the treatment of the particular case, because nothing hardens a man more in an opinion, than to be conscious that he is punished for one which he had involuntarily, though it might be not very fixedly, entertained. It is as certain as anything can be that to insist on treating the profession of Atheism as a disguised form of deliberate insult to God, is as fatal a blunder, from either the political or the religious point of view, as the State could commit.

The vague impression which some people entertain that those who recognise the divine presence are guilty of a sort of conscious participation in the insolence or blindness of those who won't or don't recognise it, unless they put some indignity on the refusal or the failure, seems to us to partake of the etiquette of an Oriental Court forward to resent seeming insolence or negligence to the Monarch, rather than of the devout worship of that righteousness which ignores all mere semblances and trains us to respect realities alone. What we have to ask ourselves is, whether the God of Christ can possibly be sensitive to external homage, whether he is not more concerned to forbid even the trace of a true injustice, than to multiply, however profusely, that external homage which has been rendered in far larger degree to false gods than it has ever been rendered to him. It is simply impossible that the God whom Christ revealed can desire us to resent any unwitting offence against his majesty. It is certain that he condemns us far more gravely for running the smallest risk of injustice, than for incurring the greatest risk of error by letting off guilt. In the case of a profession of Atheism, we have absolutely no right to assume that the blindness is affected for the purpose of insult, and we have very seldom any good reason for suspecting it. And this being so, that we should ever venture to risk a gross injustice for the sake of evincing our zeal in the cause of Deity, only shows how jealous we are for the external majesty of a being whom to conceive externally is to conceive falsely altogether; and how careless we are of the infinite righteousness on which alone Christ himself founds the majesty of God.

ENGLISH LONGEVITY.

MR. N. A. HUMPHREYS, in his paper on the decrease of mortality, read before the Statistical Society on the 17th inst., has done a considerable service to the public. With infinite care and painstaking, he has brought a mass of floating and vague opinion upon the subject of English health to the test of accurate statistics, and has told us exactly what modern hygiene has and has not done for Englishmen. In July, 1881, for example, writing on an approaching Medical Congress, we mentioned the prevalent belief in the increase of longevity, and asked the European Doctors to tell us how far it extended, and whether we really gained by it,—whether, that is, the young lived longer, or the mature, or the old. We ourselves suggested, as results of observation, that old age had grown stronger, the pantaloon stage of mumbling senility being now seldom seen, except among the over-worked poor; and that youth or ladhood was now protracted further into life. Men of twenty-eight are beginning, instead of men of twenty-four. Both those suggestions turn out to be accurate. Mr. Humphreys, who has even drawn up a new Life Table to compare with Dr. Farr's, shows that ever since 1872, when the first Public Health Act was passed, the longevity of the English people has sensibly increased. Whether from the operation of that Act, or from the general attention to health which produced the Act, or from an unobserved change in the ways of the people akin to the development of temperance now going on, or from one of those alterations in the virulence of disease which have repeatedly occurred in history, the mortality from epidemic diseases suddenly declined, till the mean mortality in England, which between 1838-54 had been 22·5 per thousand, dropped in 1876-80 to 20·8, and is dropping still, the mean death-rate of 1881-82 being only 19·3, a total improvement of very nearly one-seventh. This increased longevity is not, it is true, quite equally divided between the sexes. Owing to causes which are still only partially ascertained, but which probably have some relation to the extra liability of women during the child-bearing period of life, females benefit most by improved sanitary conditions, and the total progress effected may be broadly stated thus. Men live two years longer than they did thirty years ago, and women three years and four months longer, a difference, we need not say, quite large enough to be perceptible in human life. It is equivalent, if with Mr. Humphreys, we take forty years to be, roughly speaking, the usual term of life, to an improvement of six per cent., and would in a generation leave a country of thirty millions with two millions more people in it than it otherwise would have had. A population greater than that of Denmark would have been saved from perishing. Whether that addition to numbers is a good must, of course, depend upon a multiplicity of conditions. We have never ourselves been able to accept that rabbit-warren theory of national growth of which statists are so fond; do not believe that China is an ideal country; and contend that Canada is, or may be, a nobler, as well as happier, place than Belgium. Of the fact, however, as regards England there can be no reasonable doubt; and it is well that the fact, whatever it is worth, should be universally recognised. Our people tend more strongly year by year to keep alive.

This is the broad fact, but Mr. Humphreys adds details of the highest interest. Our suggestions, derived not from figures, but from observation, were, it appears, correct. The very old live longer,—that is, of course, they are, as we suggested, stronger, less liable to that senile feebleness and degeneracy which struck our ancestors as their natural condition. They decay, of course, and lose powers of all kinds, but they no longer sink into a second childhood; but, except when over-worked, die, so to speak, standing, as only heroes used to do. We see men and women now-a-days over eighty with all their faculties intact, able to converse, to eat well, and to walk, and with a decided and admitted influence on the affairs amidst which they live. This is the more striking, because the increased longevity of the very aged is not shared by the old. Both in men and women, the chance of survival between fifty-five and seventy has not increased, but has rather,

if anything, declined. People of that age do not benefit so much by the reduced power of epidemics; they feel, unless exceptionally strong, the influences, such as sudden falls of temperature, over which science has little power, and they decidedly suffer from the increase of worry and anxiety which, among men and women with grown families, so markedly characterises modern life. It is, however, in youth and early maturity that the improvement is most marked. The man's chance of life is increased most decidedly between five and thirty-five, and the woman's between five and fifty-five; and as, of course, great numbers, though not increased numbers, who reach those ages survive, Mr. Humphreys condenses extensive calculations into the following sentences:—"Although a large proportion of young people cease to be dependent before twenty, and a large proportion of elderly persons do not become dependent at sixty, we shall not be far wrong in classing the forty years from twenty to sixty as the useful period of man's life. Table IX. shows us that of the 2,009 years added to the lives of 1,000 males by the reduction of the death-rate in 1876-80, no less than 1,407, or 70 per cent., are lived at the useful ages between twenty and sixty. Of the remainder of the increase, 445, or 22 per cent., are lived under twenty years; and 157, or 8 per cent., above sixty years. Thus, of the total increase, 70 per cent. is added to the useful, and 30 per cent. to what may be called the dependent-age periods. The increased number of years lived by 1,000 females, according to the rates of mortality that prevailed in 1876-80, is 3,405. Of these (see Table X.), 2,196, or 65 per cent., are lived at the useful ages between twenty and sixty; 517, or 15 per cent., under twenty years of age; and 692, or 20 per cent., over sixty years."

If, therefore, Mr. Humphreys' figures are correct—and there is every reason to believe them—the question we put in 1881 is finally answered, and answered in the affirmative. Hygienic progress, so far as it extinguishes or diminishes disease, does not merely lengthen life, which would be no boon, if the extension were confined to the Psalmist's period of "labour and sorrow;" but it increases efficiency. More youths live and more men and women in their prime, and youth and early maturity are less suddenly and frequently cut short. The reservoir of force in the nation is deepened as well as the reservoir of vitality, and a generation of the English people, taken as a whole, gains more time to do its work, whatever it may be. Three minutes for men and five minutes for women is added to every hour of their time on earth. That is most satisfactory, even to us, who see with a painful clearness to what extent crowding diminishes the happiness of life, and reduces it to a continuous struggle, for if effective vitality is increased, so also is the capacity for emigration. Moreover, Mr. Humphreys, adhering, like a true statist, to his figures, might, had he wandered out of them, have indefinitely strengthened his case. An addition of six per cent. to the longevity, taking the sexes together, must mean a much greater addition to health. The epidemic disease kills fewer, because it attacks fewer, and strikes those it does attack more lightly, leaving fewer of those terrible sequelæ which interfere so deeply with human happiness. If scarlet-fever kills fewer persons, it leaves fewer still with that liability to disease and incapacity to work, often for years on end, which attend a severe attack. We all saw this when small-pox passed away. The result of vaccination was not merely a diminished death-rate, but a diminished amount of blindness, rickettiness, and—for that also is an evil, often a torture—of artificial ugliness. The race is healthier in a proportion which the advocates of sanitation would do well to ascertain more definitely than they do; and a healthier race is a happier and a more energetic one. Whether it is a better one is not quite certain, the "pride of life," as we understand that phrase, having its own vices; but mental energy depends greatly on physical energy—great Generals say dysentery extinguishes soldiers' courage, and certainly no man can be enterprising under a bilious attack—and that must be beneficial. Courage, endurance, cheerfulness, and resignation are all fostered by good health, as is also the charity which, though it often blossoms in the feeble, is seldom strong in those who suffer pain. Upon the whole, we can grant Mr. Humphreys the victory which he claims over the *Spectator* and his other opponents with hearty cordiality, and shall not be displeased if, twenty years hence, he proves that English life has increased ten years, and that all the increase has been to the benefit of early manhood. Science, if it is to Science we owe the improvement, will in that direction have done much for mankind, to whom some of its gifts have not been unmitigated boons. We may set vaccination against dynamite, and greater longevity against the telegraph—greatest, perhaps, of thought-destroyers—and "on balance," as the City men say, concede that something has been acquired.

WILLS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ONE of our contemporaries entertains, or it may be tantalises us, with a weekly account of how testators whose Wills have been recently proved have distributed their property. Beyond the evidence of a widely distributed wealth which these notices supply, on which we have furnished statistics before and shall furnish them again, and the satisfaction of a certain curiosity about other people's affairs which few of us are too philosophical not to feel, these accounts have little novelty or interest. Testators seem very seldom to look beyond their own family or kindred. The only noticeable exception is to be found in bequests to charities; and these bear but a small, and, we are inclined to think, a decreasing proportion to the total of the wealth devised. One would think that so cheap and easy a form of liberality would commend itself to people who do not give away in their life-time—and these, it must be remembered, constitute a large majority of the wealthy—but this does not seem to be the case. The motive of personal advantage which suggested the vast religious bequests of earlier days is absent, and there is nothing to disturb the feeling of the absolute right to property which seems, notwithstanding the development in an opposite direction of Socialist thought, to grow continually stronger in modern life. The average Englishman stares at you with unmixed amazement, if you tell him that the privilege of making a will is a concession, and a revocable concession, from the State to the individual. He is quite unable to realise the idea of his being bound by any duty outside the ties of family attention in distributing it. It is, he feels, absolutely his own, and when he ceases to be able to keep it himself, he shows his ownership by leaving it to those who are nearest to him. This may account for the really curious rarity of bequests outside the circle of kindred. Legacies suggested by feelings of friendship, by admiration of political services, or appreciation of literary excellence, all of them more or less common at other times, are now rare exceptions to the general rule. An admirer, indeed, of Lord Beaconsfield bequeathed to him a considerable sum, on the condition that she should have a niche in his family vault, and two or three other eminent personages in our time have received similar gifts; but the sentiment or the imagination of wealthy testators is now very seldom capable of such efforts.

If we go back to mediæval or to classical times, we shall find ourselves in the presence of a widely different state of feeling. A curious volume* just edited for the Early English Text Society, by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, shows us the passion for religious and charitable bequests apparently at its height. The wills published are not selected for any peculiarity in their contents, but because they are the earliest that are written wholly or partially in English. They tell us much of great interest relating to domestic life at the time (they take in about fifty years from 1387), but the characteristics that predominate in all, with but few exceptions, is the subjection of the family feeling to the absorbing interest in the future welfare of the soul. The earliest of them all (that of John Corn, in 1387) says:—"I bequeath my goods in two parts, that is for to say, *half to me*." John Corn reminds us of the miser who, having been with difficulty persuaded to make a will, left his property to himself. His meaning, of course, was that it should be spent in masses for his soul, and in bespeaking the prayers of religious persons and of the poor generally on his behalf. John Pynchin, in 1392, leaves nothing to his family or to his friends, but provides that "when men may espy any poor man of religion, whether Monk, Canon, or Friar," such poor man is to have six-and-eightpence. Lady Alice West, in 1395, after giving her best beds and second-best beds to her daughters and daughter-in-law, proceeds to develope an elaborate scheme for the benefit of the souls of Sir Thomas West, of her relatives, and of all Christian folk. Besides a sum of £14 10s. (equivalent to about £160 of our money) for 4,400

* *The Fifty Earliest English Wills.* Edited by F. J. Furnivall. (The Early English Text Society.)

masses, there are nearly twenty bequests of 100 shillings to various religious bodies, such as "the Menouresses dwelling without Aldgate," "the Friars of Newgate," "the Friars of Ludgate," for the same purpose. A bailiff or reeve and sundry old servants are not forgotten, but they are of far less account than the dispensers of purgatorial relief. It is characteristic of the prevailing feeling of the time that only one secular priest is found among the recipients of Lady Alice's bounty,—the Vicar of Newton Valance is to have forty shillings. This noble lady, however, seems to have had the territorial instinct, and does not alienate her lands. We find other testators more thorough in their devotion to the same object. Thomas Walwayne leaves the third of the value of his land to go to the building of the steeple of Marcle Church, and after providing for the immediate saying of a thousand masses, leaves land for the founding of a chantry, "where a priest is to sing continually." John Chelmeswyk goes far beyond this. After many smaller bequests for spiritual purposes, he gives £70 to two priests, to sing for seven years for his soul. His manors of Hay and Tasley are to be sold for the same purpose, and if he die childless, his manor of Haverton is to be similarly disposed of. Here a secular priest, the parson of Tasley, comes in for nothing but the friendly gift of some bedding. Richard Bokeland, in 1436, provides for a *million* masses at fourpence each (a more liberal payment than Lady Alice West's, forty years before). William Newland makes provision for pilgrimage to be made for his spiritual benefit. His executors are to find a man who will go to Jerusalem for fifty marks (something about £300 of our money). Another is to go to Canterbury *barefoot* for ten shillings, and a third to the shrine of St. James of Compostella for £5. Another common characteristic of these wills, one of which, by the way, we may find traces in the provision of modern testators, is the jealousy shown of wives. In one, it is provided that the widow, as a condition of holding the manors bequeathed to her, was to make a solemn vow of chastity, in the presence of the Bishop and the congregation.

Circumstances change, again, entirely when we get back to the testamentary dispositions of Roman times. We find, indeed, that property was extensively burdened for religious purposes, so much so, that an inheritance free from these troublesome and onerous obligations—*sine sacris hereditas*—became a proverbial phrase for exceptional good-fortune; but these burdens were rather provisions of immemorial age for the performance of the worship peculiar to a family than recent bequests. But a distinguishing characteristic of the wills belonging to the period which literature has made familiar to us is the wide range taken by the testator's bounty. That the Emperor was frequently made a legatee was doubtless due in part to the necessities of the time. "It is only a bad Emperor," says Tacitus, "whom a good father would make his heir." But other motives were extensively recognised. Legacy-hunting became a regular profession, on which satirists were never tired of expending their wit. Of course, this was partly due to the childlessness then so commonly found in the wealthy class. But it was certainly developed by the prevailing custom of looking beyond the family circle in dealing with property. It was evidently the custom, perhaps we might say, the fashion, for a wealthy Roman to divide a considerable part of his property among his friends. Nor did he always wait till he could no longer enjoy it himself. We find Pliny, for instance, making up the property of one friend to the qualification of an *eques*, and giving a marriage-portion to the daughter of another. But legacies of this kind were of continual occurrence. Nor was it only friends who were thus favoured. Literary excellence was evidently considered to be a claim. One of Pliny's letters is curiously significant upon this matter. He is writing to Tacitus, and has been flattering himself that they are pretty nearly on a level. "Whenever there is any talk on literary matters, we are named together. . . . . And you must have noticed in wills the following fact. Unless it so happens that a man is on very friendly terms with either of us, we receive the same legacies, and from the same quarters." We do not suppose that Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning among poets, or Mr. Payne and Mr. Besant among novelists, could exchange a similar experience. Roman testators were not free, as we have grounds for knowing, from selfishness and caprice, but in this respect they certainly showed a larger and more liberal sense of duty than the wealthy now seem able to attain.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INFORMERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I am glad to see that your conscience (like that of many of us, I suspect) is vexed by the system of justice which secures success to a villain like James Carey. But is it certain that a good cause *must* rely on such means? We have now a Government which, in many points, looks beyond the mere conventional arguments of immediate advantage, and considers moral principles. It has thrown off, apparently in spite of some pressure, the wicked plan of "agents provocateurs"; it has rejected the old injustice of packed juries; could it not go a step further, and give up encouraging "informers?" The favourite argument seems to be that by the treachery of their accomplices these men will be taught that conspiracy is useless, as their allies cannot be depended on. But is a disbelief in honesty the most desirable thing to encourage, in men too much inclined in that direction already? Plato was disposed to point to "honour among thieves" as the first step to the justice which was the foundation of a State. Do we wish to show them that we Englishmen, who talk so pharisaically of Irish lying and dishonesty, really like their lying, when it serves our turn?

Let us look a little further than the immediate execution of these wretched murderers, for the results of the principle. The death of an honourable and duty-doing man like Mr. Burke evidently startled many; the heroic self-sacrifice of Lord Frederick Cavendish threw a halo round the cause of order. Is it not clear that the employment of James Carey has destroyed much of this halo? If the Phœnix Park murderers had escaped their just fate, the law might have seemed weak; but it must now seem unjust and immoral. Which is the worst?

At the same time, I would venture to add that you may be doing an injustice in bracketing Norman and Carey. A man who, finding himself dragged into schemes whose purport he had not realised, may well be horror-struck and ready to expose them, when he finds out their real meaning. A man who first stirs up men to murder, and then saves himself by betraying them, is surely a different being altogether.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Sydney Cottage, Roslyn Hill, Hampstead. C. E. Maurice.

[Our correspondent expresses the latent feeling of many minds, but he forgets the imperative duty of the State towards those murdered, and those liable to murder. He forgets, also, that the alternative is trial by court-martial, with sentences based, not on evidence, but on moral conviction.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

THE REVERENCE FOR RANK AND WEALTH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It would be impossible to add anything to your demonstration of the inadequacy of the title to reverence which your correspondent, the Vicar of Selby, recognises in the possession of land or money. But perhaps you will allow me to suggest, by way of corollary, that when clergymen of the Church of England undertake, as I believe most country clergymen do undertake, to inculcate the worship of mere position, they throw away a most efficacious instrument for the promotion of higher aims and a higher morality.

Reverence, or hero-worship of some sort or other, comes naturally to the great majority of men; cynics, real and pretended, are, fortunately, a small minority. Few people, however, are so constituted as to be always reverencing. Reverence, like other forces, has its limits; and the more of it we expend, as recommended by your correspondent, on the squire and his rich relations, the less of it have we left for other objects. Now, it is quite certain that there is an intimate connection between the characters of men and the direction in which their reverence is bestowed. What a flood of light, for instance, is thrown upon the aspirations and ethical standard of the bulk of our comfortable classes by their recent manifestations of reverence for the career of Lord Beaconsfield? To give a right direction, then, to the feeling of reverence is one of the most potent means by which one man can influence for good the character of another. It is true that each man's heroes must be of an order not wholly uncongenial with his own. But so far as men can be got to reverence what they are able to recognise in other men, living or dead, of magnanimity and generosity, of self-sacrifice for wise or noble ends, of intellectual gifts worthily used, there is always hope that they may be thereby stimulated to imitate what they reverence

The Catholic Church acts wisely in everywhere disseminating amongst its members the "Lives" of its Saints. Does the Church of England clergyman act as wisely in making the possession of land and money his test, or one of his tests, of reverence justly due? Does he not thereby misdirect a weapon powerful for good, alienate some (and those not the worst) of his parishioners, and encourage others, perhaps capable of better things, to take for their ideal and main object in life the reverence they may expect to gain by rising to be squires, or to be the rich relations of squires? And is this the kind of ideal and object that a Christian minister should wish to promote amongst his flock?

By far the least agreeable feature in the English character is the too common servility of each class towards the classes above it. This repulsive tendency seems to be very widely diffused, tempering, I believe, the relations of the upper and under servants in kitchens and servants' halls, but perhaps culminating in the abject demeanour of tradesmen before a profitable customer, or of newly-enriched plutocrats before a lord. I know not how far viscounts and barons order themselves lowly and reverently in the presence of dukes and marquises. But, surely, this unfortunate national failing deserves repression, and not development, wherever it be met with.—I am, Sir, &c., A Constant Reader.

GOD AND PAIN.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Many of the Clergy will be grateful to Mr. Footman for his lectures, and to you for calling attention to them. We are beginning to find out that Ritualism, Dissent, and Disestablishment are small matters, compared with the subversion of all faith in Christianity, or even of belief in a God at all.

The existence of suffering, *contemplated in itself*, is one of the Theist's saddest troubles. But if all human life is for the education of souls, and if suffering be, in one way or another, a mighty influence, indispensable to much that is noblest in human character, how could that suffering appear in man without previous traces of it in his animal forerunner? And we may remember that although certain physical signs are generally indications of severe suffering, yet they are not always so, even in mankind; and that even among men themselves, the highly cultivated appear to be susceptible to pain in circumstances and to a degree which their savage kinsfolk seem almost to escape.

That such considerations only diminish, but do not remove, the difficulty, is true enough; but what right have we to expect to see, at this stage of human progress, all moral difficulties cleared away, any more than scientific difficulties as to the origin of life, the relations between mind and matter, and the like? We see our way but darkly; the passing cloud lies heavy, and depresses us. We must watch, and wait.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Another Lincolnshire Parson.

BISHOP BUTLER ON THE PURPOSE OF THE CREATOR.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In connection with your remarks on Mr. Footman's book, it may not be uninteresting to call attention to the development of Bishop Butler's views on the main subject of your article, the character of God as revealed in nature and morality.

In the "Sermons," in spite of constitutional melancholy, Butler's mind is not yet completely emancipated from the shallow, hedonistic optimism of Shaftesbury. Thus, in Sermon xiii., the character of the perfect (human) being who might fully satisfy all human desires, as he believes that God will hereafter satisfy them, is thus described:—"Here, then, is a finite object for our minds to tend towards, to exercise itself upon: a creature, perfect according to his capacity, fixed, steady, equally unmoved by weak pity or more weak fury and resentment; forming the justest scheme of conduct; going on undisturbed in the execution of it, through the several methods of severity and reward, towards his end, namely, the general happiness of all with whom he hath to do, as in itself right and valuable."

Ten years' reflection convinced the great apologist of the impossibility of ascribing such a character to the Creator of such a world as ours. In the "Analogy," he says, "Some men seem to think the only character of the Author of Nature to be that of simple, absolute benevolence. This, considered as a principle of action, and infinite in degree, is a disposition to produce the greatest possible happiness, without regard to persons' behaviour, otherwise than as such regard would produce higher degrees of it. And supposing this to be the only character of God, veracity and justice in him would be nothing but benevolence conducted by wisdom. Now, surely this ought not to be asserted, unless it can be proved so? And the object of the two following chapters, "Of a State of Probation," is to show that "the present is peculiarly fit to be a state of discipline in virtue and piety," which are treated as ends in themselves.

The change in Butler's position is still more clearly traceable in the dissertation "Of the Nature of Virtue," published with the "Analogy." (Butler in the "XV. Sermons" is, notwithstanding his view of the authority of conscience, in many respects a Utilitarian.) "It is manifest," he says, in Sermon xiii., "that nothing can be of consequence to mankind, or any creature, but happiness." (Again, "That mankind is a community, that there is a public end and interest of society, which each particular is obliged to promote, is the sum of morals."—Sermon ix.) In the "Dissertation," he says:—"Were the Author of Nature to propose nothing to himself as an end but the production of happiness, were his moral character merely that of benevolence, yet ours is not so." (Although there is no formal retractation, the "Dissertation" was probably written to correct a view of moral philosophy inconsistent with the argument of the "Analogy," to which the Bishop felt he had given too much countenance in his "Sermons."—I am, Sir, &c., H. Rashdall.

STUDY AND STIMULANTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your very interesting article on this subject, in the conclusion of which I am disposed to agree, recalls to me, however, the late Canon Kingsley's panegyric on tobacco in "Westward Ho!" chapter vii. Salvation Yeo, *loq.*: "Ah, Sir, no lie, but a blessed truth, as I can tell, who have ere now gone in the strength of this weed three days and nights without eating; and, therefore, Sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war parties; and no wonder, for when all things were made, none was made better than this; to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire, Sir; while for stanching of wounds, purging of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven." And the Canon, like the Poet Laureate, was a smoker himself, you know.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A Lover of Kingsley.

MODERN UNBELIEF.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Permit me to thank you for your review last week of Mr. Footman's book on "Modern Unbelief." What is wanted now-a-days is the evidence that a man may thoroughly understand the stress of sceptical arguments, yet calmly hold his Christian faith. And further, he, as Coleridge says, who views opposing systems *from their inside* is the only man who is able to help others to hold Christianity as intellectually reasonable. Of course, I do not mean that everybody is to accept Christianity only in this way; it would be a large estimate to say that one in a hundred ever *thinks* at all, and religion, like all other practical matters, influences us in a thousand different ways, appealing to our emotions, will, conscience, imagination, as well as our reason proper. Still, there *are* honest thinkers here and there, whose logical conclusions, in the long-run, will exert a wide-spread influence. Such an one I hail in Mr. Footman, and I would venture to recommend his book strongly, because it combines honest thought with earnest conviction, freedom from prejudice with a reverential spirit, wide reading with a charming and forcible style.

I should like to say a word on one or two points to which you specially refer. First, as to pain. It seems to me that we are all disposed to judge of the Universe as good or bad by the one touchstone of happiness and suffering. Is not this really childish? Is it not the fact that the noblest amongst us *somehow* develope into an intense practical belief that truth and duty are ends of equal, I will not say greater, importance, with happiness? But then, if there is to be any real unity between all creatures, a thought natural enough to the Christian, and emphasised by the theory of evolution, that which manifestly brings nobility to the highest creatures would almost necessarily be found in a rudimentary form in those lower down. If

happiness be the only end, this would imply the sacrifice of that to something else; but if happiness be only one end, then other ends less important must have their weight. This argument would have little force *if suffering predominated*, but only pessimists (as closely connected with disbelief in God as gloom follows the hiding of the sun by a cloud) hold this. Happiness predominates, and the exceptions may surely be explained by the consideration I have suggested.

And secondly, as to "the materialistic, as distinguished from the agnostic view of Nature," of which you add that "it is quite true that the two views are inconsistent." For years I have been trying to get people to see that the purely phenomenal philosophy of J. S. Mill is utterly opposed to the fatalistic materialism of H. Spencer. But it is really marvellous how opposers of Christianity will in the same breath argue against it, because we can know only phenomena and nothing of the Power behind, and then set aside free-will, &c., as absurd, because of the absolute and mechanical rigidity of cause and effect.

Mr. H. Spencer's philosophy is an attempt to unite these two opposite conceptions, and the absurdity of this attempt has been more than ever exposed. I conceive, myself, that the present popular Pantheism has a fascination for many minds because, from want of thought, the irreconcilability of the two philosophies has not yet been generally perceived. Still, that time must come, and then it will be clearly seen that a purely phenomenal philosophy is too opposed to every instinct of human nature to last a moment, and that a purely Materialistic or Pantheistic solution of the mysteries of life can never satisfy man's noblest aspirations. Hence, Christianity may calmly wait the intellectual issue, for it harmonises law with liberty, reverence for mystery with revealed knowledge; it satisfies all that is human, while it proclaims the divine. As the fittest, it will, it must survive.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. Lloyd Engström.

United University Club, Pall Mall East, S.W., April 25th.

OSTRICH INCUBATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—My attention has been called to a review in the *Spectator* in which it is stated or inferred that among ostriches the female bird does not sit upon the eggs in hatching. As a good many errors with regard to the habits of this bird prevail among naturalists, will you permit me to set right the false impression which your reviewer seems to have gathered from them? The female bird regularly takes part in hatching, where birds are reared naturally instead of by artificial incubation, or where they propagate in their wild state; and this statement applies to the North-African as well as the South-African ostrich. The statement can be verified by any visitor to an ostrich camp where breeding is carried on by natural means. In an article in the January number of the *Century* magazine, I mention this among other facts concerning the habits of ostriches; and other recent writers corroborate me, among these being Mr. Arthur Douglass, an experienced ostrich-farmer, who, in his book on "Ostrich-farming in South Africa" (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.)," pages 106 and 107, says, "Whilst some pairs will bring out nearly every egg, nest after nest, others, again, never bring out more than a small per-centage. This is generally caused by one of the parents beginning to sit before the other. . . . . The less the birds are visited or noticed [during incubation] the better, as also in the frequent cases where the cock will not sit at all," &c. On the page opposite this is an engraving of a hen bird sitting, the engraving being from a photograph taken at Heatherton Towers, near Grahamstown.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Toronto, Canada, April 11th. E. B. Biggar.

BOOKS.

GEORGE ELIOT.*

The faults of this book appear to us chiefly two,—one, that Miss Blind has written in anticipation of the materials for a true biography, and has consequently been compelled to make her book more of a literary criticism than of a life, and so disappoints our expectations; the other, that she does not really face the chief act of George Eliot's life, on which it is certain that the estimate of her as a woman must more or less turn, and while Miss Blind is herself doubtful about it, she does not attempt to reconcile it with the principles which she admits that George Eliot herself laid down for her own guidance and the guidance of others, in cases of similar trial.

Of the former, the literary side of the book, we have not very much to say. Miss Blind is not an indiscriminate admirer. She knows the weak points of George Eliot's writing, and points them out clearly enough. She is not a profound admirer of the poems. She can see the falling-off from the standard of George Eliot's former works in the book called *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, though why she attributes to that dull book "cutting irony and incisive ridicule," we cannot imagine. She is quite alive to the weak element in *Daniel Deronda*, and generally we may say that Miss Blind's literary judgment is extremely sensible, though she is apt to use somewhat pedantic and high-flying phraseology in expressing it. Why, for instance, in speaking of George Eliot's first period of scepticism, should Miss Blind close her sentence with the extremely pedantic and very unintelligible phrase, "It was a period of transition, through which she gradually passed *into a new religious synthesis*"? Miss Blind means at most a new religious 'doctrine,' and had no real occasion at all for that new-fangled use of a purely logical word in a purely common-place sense. Again, what is it but a mannerism, and a bad mannerism, to talk of the following passage from George Eliot's essay on "Worldliness and Other-worldliness" as *scathing?* There is nothing even aggressive in it; it is only a defensive remark, made on the part of those who do not believe in immortality, to the effect that a good deal of morality remains as potent over themselves as ever it was,—nay, that there are moral claims which seem to be even the more potent for the loss of their belief in a future world:—

"For certain other elements of virtue, which are of more obvious importance to untheological minds,—a delicate sense of our neighbour's rights, an active participation in the joys and sorrows of our fellow-men, a magnanimous acceptance of privation or suffering for ourselves when it is the condition of good to others, in a word, the extension and intensification of our sympathetic nature, we think it of some importance to contend, that they have no more direct relation to the belief in a future state than the interchange of gases in the lungs has to the plurality of worlds. Nay, to us it is conceivable that to some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away, that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones, and to our many suffering fellow-men, lies nearer the fountains of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence. . . . . To us it is matter of unmixed rejoicing that this latter necessity of healthful life is independent of theological ink, and that its evolution is ensured in the interaction of human souls as certainly as the evolution of science or of art, with which, indeed, it is but a twin ray, melting into them with undefinable limits."

It may be true that one sentence here was intended to reflect on the selfishness of those who attach more importance to the prospect of their own future reward or punishment than to the actual pangs or joys of their fellow-creatures, but even that implied reflection is mild enough, and to speak of it as "scathing" is to misapply language altogether. Again, what in the world does Miss Blind mean by speaking of "the *transfixing* medium of George Eliot's genius"? She is speaking of the Dodson family painted in *The Mill on the Floss*, and remarks:—"Realism in Art can go no further in this direction. These women, if present in the flesh, would not be so distinctively vivid as when beheld in the transfixing medium of George Eliot's genius." How can a medium transfix? And if it could transfix, how could it make anything more vivid by transfixing it? Was St. Sebastian any the more vivid for being transfixed by the arrows? Miss Blind is at bottom a woman of good common-sense, but her style is, unfortunately, a little pretentious; and when she tries to say something fine, she falls much below the mark, instead of, as she intends, rising above it. On the whole, however, we should be inclined to say that Miss Blind knows very well what is best and what is least good in George Eliot's writings, and tells her readers truly enough what she knows. But we do not think that her extracts and criticisms answer any very good purpose, except that of refreshing a failing memory. The latter are usually sound, but they are never subtle or original.

On the other hand, Miss Blind's treatment of the most critical resolve ever taken by the subject of her memoir is wholly unsatisfactory. She hardly ventures to pass any judgment on it herself. And she does indicate her surprise that a writer whose openly expressed convictions on the general sanctity

* *George Eliot.* By Mathilde Blind. One of "The Eminent Women Series," edited by John H. Ingram. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

of marriage appeared to incline so strongly in the direction of reverencing the marriage tie above almost every other social institution, should have adopted for herself a course so widely at variance with the apparent drift of those convictions. Speaking of the poem of "The Spanish Gipsy," Miss Blind says:—

"Nowhere do we perceive so clearly as here the profonnd sadness of her [George Eliot's] view of life; nowhere does she so emphatically reiterate the stern lesson of the duty of resignation and self-sacrifice; or that other doctrine that the individual is bound absolutely to subordinate his personal happiness to the social good, that he has no rights save the right of fulfilling his obligations to his age, his country, and his family. This idea is perhaps more completely incorporated in Fedalma than in any other of her characters—Fedalma, who seems so bountifully endowed with the fullest measure of beauty, love, and happiness, that her renunciation may be the more absolute. She who, in her young joy suddenly knows herself as 'an aged sorrow,' exclaiming:—

'I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
It is a part of me—a wakened thought
That, rising like a giant, masters me,
And grows into a doom. O mother life,
That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,
Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,
Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,
And pledged me to redeem!—I'll pay the debt.
You gave me strength that I should pour it all
Into this anguish. I can never shrink
Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be.'"

Surely, if these high sentiments mean anything, then, to one who held, as George Eliot certainly did, that on the sanctity of the marriage tie depend the highest bonds of social life, it should have been impossible to set the example which George Eliot set, an example which, as Miss Blind candidly admits, has tended to neutralise,—in all probability, indeed, has much more than neutralised,—the direct influence of George Eliot's own teaching. If the individual be "bound absolutely to subordinate his personal happiness to the social good," and if, as Miss Blind contends, George Eliot's writings "inculcate an almost slavish adherence to whatever surroundings, beliefs, and family ties a human being may be born to,"—an expression much stronger than any which we ourselves should have used,—the great authoress could hardly have dealt a severer blow to the moral influence of her writings than by personally setting at defiance that belief in the sanctity of marriage which, to do her justice, her stories most religiously inculcate. It is not enough to say, as Miss Blind says, that the companion whom she chose was already married, though his married life was over, and that he could not obtain a divorce. And we cannot understand how she, even without any reverence for the divine authority under which marriage usually shelters itself, can have held that it was really "subordinating her individual happiness to the social good," when she struck this heavy blow at the domestic morality of her country and her age. Miss Blind speaks strongly enough of George Eliot's own private convictions:—

"Circumstances prompted her to disregard one of the most binding laws of society, yet, while she considered herself justified in doing so, her sympathies were, on the whole, more enlisted in the state of things as they are than as they might be. It is certainly curious that the woman who in her own life had followed such an independent course, severing herself in many ways from her past with all its traditional sanctities, should yet so often inculcate the very opposite teaching in her works—should inculcate an almost slavish adherence to whatever surroundings, beliefs, and family ties a human being may be born to."

We cannot disguise our conviction that George Eliot, whilst holding up in her works a view of marriage not only noble, but almost sacramental in its strictness, deviated in her own life from her own high standard, without apparently having even the excuse of that engrossing and absorbing species of personal devotion which leaves its stamp on the entire life. The sequel of her own history makes its most important incident much more difficult than it otherwise might have been to interpret in any fashion consistent with the moral reverence with which George Eliot's tone on these subjects usually inspires us. Mr. C. Kegan Paul, in a biographical study of George Eliot which he has just published, is bolder on this subject than Miss Blind, for he speaks of her step in uniting her lot to a man whom she could not marry, as not one "for which there was need of excuse." We entirely differ from him, and agree with Miss Blind that we find the gravest reason in George Eliot's own writings to think that, whatever she may have believed her final decision to be, her own mind was never easy on the subject, and that she was always striving to make compensation in her works for the influence of her example. That, no doubt, was noble in her. Indeed, it is the unquestionable nobility of her writings which makes us grieve the more deeply for the still graver loss of her example. But that she did conceive of a far higher ideal of moral duty in this matter than any which she realised, we entertain no doubt at all. The truth, probably, is that her scepticism as regarded the divine authority of the most sacred of human institutions, unhappily sapped her practical reverence for that institution itself.

As regards George Eliot's genius, it is pretty clear that its chief defect was want of instinct, want of spontaneity, want of spring. Her voice, her style, her cast of thought were all somewhat heavily self-conscious. Her voice was musical, but severely graded. She intoned, rather than conversed. Her style was without ease, moulded into august sentences often painfully scientific. Her whole cast of thought was wanting in spontaneity. She believed too much in the power of elaborate reflection to reach truth, and assigned far too little importance to the vehement protests of those spiritual instincts which assured her that, in deference to one section of her intellect, she was browbeating what had more claim to intellectual authority than all the power of her skilful analysis. To our minds, she is never at her greatest when she is giving us her own thoughts. Her essays, her prologues to her novels, her satire, her chitchat, her poetry, rich as they are in powerful thought, are prevailingly heavy, careworn, and weary in tone, without any victorious life in them. It is when she paints others, and chiefly when she paints those most different from herself, that she rises into a world of genius all her own. Her pictures of Dinah and Hetty, of Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Cadwallader, of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Brooke, of Tito and Tessa, and dozens of other characters, raise her to one of the highest levels of creative genius ever attained in English literature. But no sooner does she drop into the reflective and satiric vein, than she seems to us to fall heavily to the ground,—to become cumbrous, self-conscious, and sometimes even pedantic.

Mr. Kegan Paul, who knew her well, speaks of her countenance as reminding him of the countenances of Dante, Savonarola, and Cardinal Newman. But surely there was not that expression of passionate self-abnegation in her face which is in that of the two first, at all events, if not also in that of the great Oxonian Cardinal. Miss Blind, on the other hand, gives a very odd hint of one of the elements in that expression, for which we were quite unprepared, and which, so far as our own knowledge goes, we should have entirely denied:—

"Besides M. d'Albert's Genevese portrait of George Eliot, we have a drawing by Mr. Burton, and another by Mr. Lawrence, the latter taken soon after the publication of *Adam Bede*. In criticising the latter likeness, a keen observer of human nature remarked that it conveyed no indication of the infinite depth of her observant eye, nor of that cold, subtle, and unconscious cruelty of expression which might occasionally be detected there."

Is there any authentic foundation for that criticism? There is certainly no trace of cruelty in George Eliot's writings, though there is of intellectual scorn, which is a very different quality indeed.

On the whole, we should say that Miss Blind's book is as good as we could have expected from a competent but not a brilliant writer who has not had access to any original biographic store of material, and who has been compelled, therefore, to produce a study of a life before the materials for that study were in her hands.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.*

We have a difficulty in passing judgment on this book. It is possible, even probable, that the impression it has made on us is individual to this reviewer, and due to an accident which, with other readers, will not repeat itself. He had taken up the book in idleness, and with a certain sense of disgust, due to its catchpenny binding, it having pleased the Religious Tract Society, in a fit of imbecility, to issue a record of Missionary life in bright blue cloth, slopped over with gold, a gold picture, gold names, and gold borders, all awry. It was impossible to hope anything from such a binding, or from a few sentences of *banal* religious reflection on which the reviewer's eye first rested. Having time, however, and an interest in nomads, he read a page or two, and read on, and read on, for five hours, till he had finished the book,—which is much too short,—fascinated, lost, carried out of himself and

* *Among the Mongols.* By James Gilmour, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

England. He was in Mongolia, sitting under a blue-cloth tent, with savage dogs howling around, and gazing outside, through the doorless doorway, on a vast panorama of poor tufted grass, stretching away to huge black hills in the distance, and Tartars on camels, Tartars on horses, Tartars on springless, unbreakable ox-carts, hastening up to the encampment; while inside he listened to a quiet Scotchman, resignedly yet clearly explaining everything in a voice—— there was the puzzle. Where in the world had the reviewer heard that voice before, with its patient monotone, as well known as his oldest friend's, its constant digressions and "reflections," its sentences so familiar, yet so new, sentences which, as each topic came up, he could write before they were uttered. "James Gilmour, M.A." Never knew him, or heard of him; yet here was he, talking exactly as some one else had years ago talked a hundred times. So oppressive at last became the will-o'-the-wisp reminiscence, that the reviewer stopped, after an account of the Desert of Gobi, and deliberately read it through again, in search of a clue which might reawaken his memory. It was all in vain, and it was not till another hundred pages had been passed, always under the impression of that bewildering reminiscence, that he exclaimed to himself, "That's it! Robinson Crusoe has turned missionary, lived years in Mongolia, and written a book about it." That is this book. To any one who, perhaps from early neglect, does not perceive this truth, our judgment will seem erroneous; but to any one who does, we may quite fearlessly appeal. The student of *Robinson Crusoe* never expected that particular pleasure in this life, and he will never have it again; but for this once he has it to the full. Mr. James Gilmour, though a man of whom any country may be proud, is not a deep thinker, and not a bright writer, and not a man with the gift of topographical, or, indeed, any other kind of description. He thinks nothing extraordinary, and has nothing to say quotable. There is a faint, far-off humour in him, humour sternly repressed; but that, so far as we know, is the only quality in his writing which makes him *littérateur* at all. But Heaven, which has denied him many gifts, has given him one in full measure,—the gift of Defoe, the power of so stating things that the reader not only believes them, but sees them in bodily presence, that he is there wherever the author chooses to place him, under the blue tent, carecring over the black ice of Lake Baikal, or hobnobbing in tea with priests as unlike Englishmen as it is possible for human beings to be, yet, such is his art, in nowise unintelligible or strange. It may be, as we have said, that it is an individual impression, but we never read, save once, the kind of book in our lives, did not deem it possible ever again to meet with this special variety of unconscious literary skill. We are aware of a dozen shortcomings, of a hundred points upon which Mr. Gilmour ought to have given light, and has not; but there has been, if our experience serves us at all, no book quite like this book since *Robinson Crusoe;* and *Robinson Crusoe* is not better, does not tell a story more directly, or produce more instantaneous and final conviction. Heaven help us all, if Mr. Gilmour tells us that he has met any unknown race in Mongolia, say, people with the power of making themselves invisible, for Tyndall will believe him, and Huxley account for them, and the *Illustrated London News* publish their portraits—in the stage of invisibility. We do not say the book is admirable, or perfect, or anything else superlative; but we do say, and this with sure confidence, that no one who begins it will leave it till the narrative ends, or doubt for an instant, whether he knows Defoe or not, that he has been enchained by something separate and distinct in literature, something almost uncanny in the way it has gripped him, and made him see for ever a scene he never expected to see.

We do not know that we have any more to say about the book. Its merit is that, and no other; and we do not suppose anybody ever proved *Robinson Crusoe's* value by extracts. But we must say a word or two about the author and his subject. Mr. Gilmour, though a Scotchman, is apparently attached to the London Mission, and seems to have quitted Pekin for Mongolia on an impulse to teach Christ to Tartars. He could not ride, he did not know Mongolian, he had an objection to carry arms, and he had no special fitness except his own character, which he knew nothing about, for the work. Nevertheless, he went, and stayed years, living on half-frozen prairies and deserts under open tents, on fat mutton, sheeps' tails particularly, tea, and boiled millet, eating only once a day because Mongols do, and in all things, except lying, stealing, and prurient talk, making himself a lama. As he could not ride, he rode for a month over six hundred miles of dangerous desert, where the rats undermine the grass, and at the end found that that difficulty had disappeared for ever. As he could not talk, he "boarded out" with a lama, listened and questioned, and questioned and listened, till he knew Mongolian as Mongols know it, till his ears became so open that he was painfully aware that Mongol conversation, like that of most Asiatics, is choked with *doubles entendres*. As for danger, he had made up his mind not to carry arms, not to be angry with a heathen, happen what might, and—though he does not mention this—not to be afraid of anything whatever, neither dogs nor thieves, nor hunger nor the climate; and he kept those three resolutions. If ever on earth there lived a man who kept the law of Christ, and could give proofs of it, and be absolutely unconscious that he was giving them, it is this man, whom the Mongols he lived among called "our Gilmour." He wanted, naturally enough, sometimes to meditate away from his hosts, and sometimes to take long walks, and sometimes to geologise, but he found all these things roused suspicion—for why should a stranger want to be alone; might it not be "to steal away the luck of the land"?—and as a suspected missionary is a useless missionary, Mr. Gilmour gave them all up, and sat endlessly in tents, among lamas. And he says incidentally that his fault is impatience, a dislike to be kept waiting! In the real or Chinese Mongolia, the vast region between the Chinese Wall and the Russian frontier, half the nomads are lamas, priests, vowed from childhood to celibacy, and maintained for the most part by the labour of the "black" folk, or laity. They are vowed to the profession as children, but something in the national character also inclines them to that career. Mr. Gilmore thinks the Mongols have lost their courage since they swarmed out behind Tchengis and Timour Leng; and though we doubt that interpretation, seeing that Chinese dread Mongols, it is possible that the energy of the race was exhausted in those efforts,—that all the brave emigrated, settled abroad, or perished, and that the residuum became a changed people. At all events, the Mongol of to-day is in many respects a separate man, timid, yet given to long, lonely journeys over pathless deserts; habitually abstemious, yet a drunkard; a controversialist, yet superstitious; a thief by instinct, yet law-abiding; rough, brutal, and cruel—using torture, for example, to extort evidence—yet in one respect gentler than any European. Nothing can induce him to hurt an animal, however low in the scale of creation:—

"Nowhere will you find less cruelty than in Mongolia. Not only do their cattle and flocks receive expressions of sympathy in suffering, and such alleviation of pain as their owner knows how to give, but even the meanest creatures, insects and reptiles included, are treated with consideration. One of the best proofs of the habitual kindness of the Mongol is the tameness of the birds on the plateau. Crows perch themselves on the top of loaded camels, and deliberately steal Chinamen's rusks and Mongol's mutton, before the very eyes of the vociferating owners; hawks swoop down in the market-place at Urga, and snatch eatables from the hands of the unwary, who simply accuse the thief of patricide and pass on; and swallows, year after year, build their nests and rear their young *inside* the very tents of the Mongols. A Mongolian's pity seems to flow out freely towards the suffering of all creatures, even the meanest and most vexatious. My bald-headed camel-driver was nearly driven to distraction one evening by a cloud of mosquitoes, which kept hovering over and alighting on his shining pate. During the night there came a touch of frost, and, when we rose in the morning, not an insect was on the wing. Looking at them as they clung benumbed to the sides of the tent, he remarked, 'The mosquitoes are frozen!' and then added, in a tone of sincere sympathy, the Mongol phrase expressive of pity, '*Hoarhe, hoarhe!*' There was no sarcasm or hypocrisy about it."

This tenderness is the more strange, because the Mongols, in their few cities or standing camps, let beggars die of cold and exposure, though they never display the complete callousness of Chinese. The Chinese Government in Lama Miao, the great entrepôt, punishes highway robbery with violence by a sentence of death from starvation; and Mr. Gilmour saw this sentence carried out, the man being placed in a cage in the street, with his head outside, so that he might see the eating-shops, and die slowly of hunger and thirst. He was four days dying there in public. The Chinese citizens found this interesting, and strolled up every evening, laughing and jesting, to see the unhappy wretch suffer. "The feature of that Lama Miao crowd was the apparently entire absence of any commiseration or compassion in every one, young or old." To a people like the Mongols, entirely filled with belief in Buddhism, the life of a lama offers ease, freedom from cares, and future "merit," and

they adopt it till, to the delight of the Chinese, who dread them, the population is kept too thin to be capable of combination. The Russians, who wish for population, will not stand the system, and contrive to keep the proportion of Lamas down to twenty per cent. of the whole, still a larger proportion of priests than any known elsewhere. Mr. Gilmour, though he has no prejudices, and gives Buddhism its full share of credit as a faith, is satisfied of the superiority of Russia to China as a civilising Power. She protects her people efficiently, and she raises the Mongols:—

"English travellers in Siberia sometimes sneer at the Russians there, as being only half-civilised. But it is the primitive simplicity of their style and manner of life that enables them to elevate the Mongol. Some of the Russian poor live very rudely. The difference between them and the Mongols is slight. The first upward step to be made in the social scale is so low, that many make it, and once begun, they go on. Buriats till the ground, work at handicrafts, and engage in trade, just as the poorer Russians do. Russians and Buriats live together on good terms, eating and sleeping together. The Buriats learn the Russian tongue, go to Russian schools, know what the Russians know, have all their aspirations in the direction of agriculture, manufactures, trade, learning, and Government service, fostered by the Government; and it is no uncommon thing to meet with respectable men, educated, intelligent, and wealthy, who were born mere Mongols, but who have been elevated to the civilisation and intelligence of the nineteenth century by the happy influence of the judicious measures adopted by the Russian Government for the amelioration of the condition of its more lowly subjects. One of the most interesting sights to be seen anywhere is the process of elevation."

In becoming Russian, however, the Mongols lose much of the simplicity which makes them free, and in their way happy. They wander on horseback with their flocks over the endless plain, live in tents which are only poles with blue cloth hung over them, wear sheepskin, and eat only one meal of meat a day, without bread or vegetables, except a little millet steeped in tea. When they want anything more, they go to China or Russia for it, thinking nothing of continuous journeys three months long, during which they receive hospitality in every tent. If the horses fall ill, they leave them to get better; if the camels get footsore, they *mend their feet*. "After the camels had travelled some days the soles of their feet began to wear through to the quick in one or two places, and had to be mended! The animal was thrown over on his side, his feet put up on a low stool, and the tender part covered by a patch of leather, which was held in its place by thin thongs drawn through the adjacent callosities of the sole. The animal's foot was mended very much as a cobbler mends a shoe." If thongs are wanting, they pluck hair from the horse's tails, and twist it into a strong thread, and thus, sleeping when needful in the open air, they could cross the world. They believe intensely in Buddhism, with its doctrine of "merits," —that is, of virtuous acts carried to your credit,—and in the Grand Lama, the incarnate Buddha, who is found by the priests among the children, treated as half-God, half-King through his whole life, but controlled in secret by a Board of Lamas, who, if he shows signs of will, or realises, as has happened, his own complete ascendancy over the tribes, poison him, and find another. In all this there is nothing new whatever. The newness and the value of the book consist solely in its Defoe quality,—that when you have read you know, and will never forget, all Mr. Gilmour knows and tells of how Mongols live.

A NEGLECTED STUDY.*

THERE is no doubt that of late years the science of Political Economy has fallen into some disrepute in this country. We seem almost to have come to the conclusion that we have realised in practice as much of it as can be safely put into operation for the present, and the apparent inconsistency is observable of the science being least honoured where its precepts are most adhered to. In France, in Germany, and in Italy, where economical laws are violated with almost universal applause, their study shows considerable activity, but in England both publicists and public regard the subject with distrust and disfavour. The explanation of this anomaly is not far to seek. Either political economy is a science, or it is not. If it is, its conclusions must be true, universally and for ever. But recent legislation wears the appearance of being in opposition to its fundamental principles, and the notion has therefore got abroad that it is a science rather for the study than for the forum or the market-place. The mistake is a natural but a dangerous one. Two special difficulties beset political economy; the mass and complication of the facts it deals with are such as to render the drafting of its conclusions a most troublesome and perplexing task; and its connection with sociology on the one hand and politics on the other is so close, that a completely satisfactory definition and delimitation of its province verge upon the impossible. Hence the enunciations of its pundits have too often, during a period of great social and political change, been open to the comment both of the philosopher and the politician; and the apparent harshness of the science, especially in its pronouncements upon the universally interesting questions of labour and capital, wages and distribution, have brought it into evil repute with the masses of the people.

The study of political economy is, however, no less important now, than in the days of Mr. Bright's famous predecessor at Glasgow. Indeed, disobedience or neglect of its laws, which M. Say has recently compared with those of mathematics and physics, meets with a speedier and ampler retribution in the nineteenth century than at any previous period of history. Many, if not the majority, of the most interesting social questions that are pressing for answer can only be understood in their full significance, to say nothing of their being satisfactorily solved, by recourse to what has been foolishly termed the "dismal" science. A glance at the excellent little book before us will show the variety, the importance, the deep human interest of the problems with which political economy is concerned. In a modest preface, Mr. Milnes states his aim to have been simply the instruction of students preparing for the various university and public examinations. With that view he has collected some two thousand questions from the examination-papers in political economy set during the last decade, which he has arranged according to the main divisions of the subject, and as far as possible in an ascending order of difficulty, appending to many of them references to the works of the principal economists who have discussed the theories and problems involved in them. But the book appeals in reality to a far wider circle than that of University and Civil-Service candidates. Its pages are full of interest, and rich in suggestion for all who care to labour in the fruitful field where Adam Smith, Mill, Ricardo, and Jevons reaped such plenteous harvests. Even the general reader will find his curiosity awakened by many of the problems presented to his ingenuity, and no intelligent person can scan these pages without gaining some clearer perception of what the science of political economy really is, and of the vast importance to mankind of the questions with which it concerns itself. Gathered from many sources, and spread over a period of at least ten years, these two thousand questions, each of them embodying a test applied to a high order of candidates by an eminent worker in the subject, present an interesting and most instructive view of the actual condition of the science, and of the principal aspects of it which excite discussion. A number of moot points are brought together, very differently treated by different economists, sought out and formulated by the ingenuity of examiners for the purpose of testing both the knowledge and the original capacity of their candidates, and equally available for the purposes of those who have leisure and inclination to work out some of the many attractive problems of modern society. It is just such "moot points," such *quæstiones vexatæ*, that, adequately considered, lead to a thorough comprehension of fundamental principles. Take, for instance, the difficult subject of capital. How is capital to be defined? Is credit to be reckoned as capital? Are unimproved land, muscular force, learning, skill, money, &c., to be considered as comprised in the term? Are human individuals capital, can there be a glut or excess of it, is the profit on its use necessarily diminished by a rise in wages? A variety of queries and concrete problems, many of which are very suggestive, bearing on these and other points connected with the subject, are given in the chapter on "Capital," and students, old as well as young, will find it a most instructive and by no means an unamusing task to work them out. It is curious that economists should have written so little on the value of morality as a kind of capital. Mr. Milnes finds only two questions on this matter. Mr. Bright lately complained that £1,400,000,000 sterling had been spent in wars by this country during the present century, an expenditure which represents only a portion of the loss induced by a laxity of international morality. The greater part of our annual civil budget is needed to ensure a rough and insufficient protection of person and property at home. The vast crowd of functionaries of all kinds—whose number the course of legisla-

* *Problems and Exercises in Political Economy.* Collected, &c., by Alfred Milnes, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1882.

tion, especially of regulative legislation, tends yearly to augment—the ever-increasing battalions of lawyers, whose costs remove justice further and further from the suitor, the expensive devices of all kinds necessary to furnish some sort of defence against fraud, constitute a most serious drain on the resources of the nation. It would be interesting to calculate the total cost in this country, less of actual crime and fraud than of their prevention, a much heavier item; the sum, we feel assured, would be of startling amount.

The questions gathered together under the heading "Free Trade, Reciprocity, and Protection," present a really valuable survey of the principal arguments used by the advocates of these doctrines, and those contained in the chapter on Trades Unions are even more worthy of attentive consideration. To any one interested in the last-named much-contested, and difficult subject, we can recommend the solution of the various problems connected with it which Mr. Milnes has here brought together. One of the questions goes to the root of the whole matter, and the candidate who answered it satisfactorily must have been a clever fellow. It is, shortly,—how far a miners' strike was justifiable that had taken place upon the owner's refusal to dismiss a non-Unionist collier? The question, set at an Oxford examination, appears to imply that the strike *was*, to some extent at least, justifiable. Of the miscellaneous questions, many are of a very suggestive character. We can only briefly indicate the nature of a few of them. The effect of custom on competition, an important inquiry, is the subject of some. Others deal with the economical results of an increase of the industry devoted to amusements, or with the ultimate incidence of the losses caused by the cattle-plague. The proportion between the cost of food, labour, and materials, four centuries ago, and the cost of erecting buildings at the same period, is contrasted with the like proportion at the present day; the principles are hinted at on which hospitals should be administered so as to avoid pauperisation; the economic results of the modern movement from status to contract—a movement in some important relations now under reversal—are inquired into, and many other subjects of permanent or passing interest are worked into questions often ingenious, but some of which must have sorely puzzled the candidates who had to answer them. What satisfactory reply, for instance, can be given to the question, "What are the natural laws relating to human wants?" An interesting query asks what checked mechanical invention in ancient times, and the editor pertinently appends the note, "Would a slave care to invent?" The development of inventive power in modern days, however, is more probably one of the many effects of the enormous increase in the intercourse of nations and individuals due to the perfection and cheapness of the various means of communication.

None of the questions bear upon the subject of statistics, nor are we aware of any treatise, except that of De Jonnés, upon this important division or adjunct of economical science. Hardly any means of illustration or proof is more abused, owing to the almost universal ignorance of the mode in which statistics are obtained, of their scope and signification, of the fallacies that beset them, and of the proper methods of using and applying them. We trust that in some future collection Mr. Milnes may be able to include questions showing that the subject has received more attention. Meanwhile, we can heartily praise the one before us. Not only are the difficulties and problems of economical science admirably stated in this little volume, but the views of the more prominent schools of thought are also indicated, and the sources of information upon the points raised mentioned. A good deal of labour has been expended upon the work, which economists and publicists will find as valuable as it is unpretentious.

MR. AINGER'S "ELIA."*

Lamb has not been always fortunate in his commentators and critics. His acquaintances, indeed, have tried to preserve a faithful portrait of this incomparable essayist; and Barry Cornwall's recollections of his old friend are worthy of the writer and the subject. The subject should be treated modestly and tenderly, not for the sake of displaying a man's own acquisitions, but in order that the retiring virtues and exquisite art of a great humorist may be brought into the light more distinctly. Some years ago, an attempt was made to produce a complete edition of Charles Lamb's works, but, like Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, it was left imperfect, a single volume only remaining to tell the world what might have been. We know nothing as to the cause of this failure, but the oppressive and elaborate brilliancy of the introduction which preceded the correspondence proved, we think, that the clever editor had in this instance mistaken his vocation. The reader is tempted to forget Lamb altogether, in the discursive talk about Lord Byron and Napoleon Bonaparte, about Pepys and Sterne, about Abelard and Heloise, about Horace Walpole, Thackeray, Dickens, and fifty other personages, ancient as well as modern, whose names, linked together like onions on a string, are intended, we suppose, to give a racy flavour to the essay. That they give it pungency is not to be disputed, but it is not every one who, like Porson, can drink spirits of wine, or swallow a bottle of embrocation.

Readers familiar with Mr. Ainger's biography of *Charles Lamb*, in "English Men of Letters," do not need to be told that his treatment of the essayist is wholly free from the defects to which we have alluded. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a greater contrast than the style of the essay on Lamb's life and genius published in 1868, and the judicious introduction to *Elia* in the volume before us. The editor writes with the perfect knowledge that springs from love, with the critical sagacity that is the growth of sympathy. He is doubly fortunate, first, in having produced a portrait of Elia that is likely to supersede all others, and then in publishing an edition of Lamb's choicest work with which no earlier issue can bear a moment's comparison. We cannot say that the appearance of the volume is entirely satisfactory. It is a pleasant-looking, but not a beautiful book; a book to be used, but scarcely one to be admired. Yet there is surely no writer who deserves better the lavish attention so dear to the bibliophilist. The peculiar charm of the *Elia* essays is well defined by Mr. Ainger. The discursiveness of some writers is wearisome. Neither Burton nor Sir Thomas Browne is always a welcome companion. De Quincey can be tedious, and in some moods Southey's *Doctor* will irritate; but Lamb never delays us too long or carries us too far, we never feel that his good things would be better for compression, we are never inclined to say, "What a pity he had not the sense to stop at this point, or at that!" Free to do what he likes, to go where it pleases him, his joyous liberty—a boon merited only by great spirits—never degenerates into licence:—

"To 'wander at its own sweet will,' was the first necessity of Lamb's genius. And this miscellaneousness of subject and treatment is the first surprise and delight felt by the reader of Lamb. It seems as if the choice of subject came to him almost at haphazard,—as if, like Shakespeare, he found the first plot that came to hand suitable, because the hand that was to deal with it was absolutely secure of its power to transmute the most unpromising material into gold. 'Roast Pig,' 'The Praise of Chimney-sweepers,' 'A Bachelor's Complaint of the Conduct of Married People,' 'Grace before Meat,'—the incongruity of the titles at once declares the humorist's confidence in the certainty of his touch. To have been commonplace on such topics would have been certain failure."

No writer, perhaps, was ever more indebted to books than Elia, and yet there is not an author of our century who is more original. He wears, apparently, an antique garb; but it is of his own weaving, and what he borrows he has a poet's skill to change and to adorn. Every lover of this unique humorist will agree with the following estimate of his style. After quoting a fine passage from the *Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, "one of the most varied and beautiful pieces of prose that English literature can boast," Mr. Ainger adds:—

"It is in such passages as these that Lamb shows himself, what indeed he is, the last of the Elizabethans. He had 'learned their great language,' and yet he had early discovered, with the keen eye of a humorist, how effective for his purpose was the touch of the pedantic and fantastical from which the noblest of them were not wholly free. He was thus able to make even their weaknesses a fresh source of delight, as he dealt with them from the vantage ground of two centuries. It may seem strange, on first thoughts, that the fashion of Lamb's style should not have grown in its turn old-fashioned; that, on the contrary, no literary reputation of sixty years' standing should seem more certain of its continuance. But it is not the antique manner, the 'self-pleasing quaintness,' that has embalmed the substance. Rather is there that in the substance which insures immortality for the style. It is one of the rewards of purity of heart that, allied with humour, it has the promise of perennial charm."

And now it may be as well, without dwelling on Lamb's special charm as an essayist, a subject which, although well worn, is none the less tempting, to state what Mr. Ainger has done to elucidate the text. The *Essays*, as all readers know, are frequently autobiographical; and they are full, too, as the editor points out, of mystifications. Lamb liked, as it were, to

* *The Essays of Elia.* With Introduction and Notes by Alfred Ainger. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

turn his facts and confessions upside down; and he had also "a certain natural incapacity for being accurate,—an inveterate turn for the opposite." Then he is fond of using initials, and Mr. Ainger has been happily able to identify the persons they stand for by a list filled in with the real names by Lamb himself. He can vouch, he states, for the handwriting, phraseology, and the spelling being indubitably Lamb's. When necessary, an account of these friends and acquaintances is given in the notes and obscure allusions to places as well as people are also cleared up. There may be no explanation that is singly of great importance, but the variety of explanations afforded gives a fresh interest to these invaluable essays. Even readers who pride themselves on their familiarity with *Elia* will gain some addition to their knowledge from the careful research of Mr. Ainger. What he has done is contained within a narrow compass, but it must have involved no ordinary amount of labour. In spite of every effort, he has been unable to verify some of the quotations, and it is possible they saw the light for the first time on Lamb's pages. Why should not he, like Walter Scott, have coined a verse, when it suited his convenience to do so? There are some mysteries in the *Essays* to which there is no clue. We scarcely know more of the fair "Alice W——n" than of Wordsworth's "Lucy." Some have regarded her as an imaginary being, but, in Barry Cornwall's opinion, the attachment so often hinted at was to a real woman. Mr. Ainger identifies her with the Anna of Lamb's sonnets, and in some respects also with his "Rosamond Gray." In the key to the initials already mentioned, he explains that "Alice W——n" stood for Alice Winterton, but adds that the name was feigned. Better, perhaps, that this one dream of love in Lamb's life should be treated as a dream, for such to all intent it became; and the editor rubs off a little of the bloom of the romance by saying,—"Her actual name was, I have the best reason to believe, Ann Simmons. She afterwards married Mr. Bartram, the pawnbroker, of Princes Street, Leicester Square." And so the "fair Alice" was concerned with other pledges than those of a poet-lover!

Lamb, like all men of large imagination, and therefore of human sympathy, had a dear love of children. It is one of the most striking traits of his character, and is seen in some of his best writings—what a tender heart must he have had who wrote the "Dream Children"!—and now Mr. Ainger supplies us with a new illustration of this delightful characteristic. The letter we are about to quote, not hitherto printed, was addressed, we are told, to a little girl (one of twin sisters), the daughter of Kenney, the dramatist, after Lamb and his sister's visit to the Kenneys at Versailles in 1822. At the close of a short note to Mrs. Kenney, Lamb adds, 'Pray deliver what follows to my dear wife, Sophy':—

'My Dear Sophy,—The few short days of connubial felicity which I passed with you among the pears and apricots of Versailles were some of the happiest of my life. But they are flown! And your other half, your dear co-twin,—that she-you,—that almost equal sharer of my affections, you and she are my better half, a quarter apiece. She and you are my pretty sixpence, you the head and she the tail. Sure, Heaven that made you so alike must pardon the error of an inconsiderate moment, should I for love of you love her too well. Do you think laws were made for lovers? I think not.—Adieu, amiable pair, yours and yours, Charles Lamb.

'P.S.—I enclose half a dear kiss apiece for you.'"

With this Elia-like notelet we shall do well to close this brief review of a volume that deserves a welcome in every English family. Lamb has secured his place as a classic, and few even moderately good libraries are without a copy of his works; but this new edition of *Elia* has claims which cannot be neglected.

THE STORY OF A PLAIN WOMAN.*

"*My Trivial Life and Misfortune; a Gossip, with No Plot in Particular.* By a Plain Woman. In three vols." This is the announcement which we read upon the title-page of the novel before us, and we proceed through the two first volumes (comprising 614 pages!) in the constantly confirmed conviction that we have herein read a full, true, and particular description of the work of the "Plain Woman,"—that it is a gossip, and nothing more, and that the woman is certainly a plain, and a very plain, woman indeed. But as we enter upon the third volume, we are compelled to alter our opinion, not as to the plainness of our heroine—certainly not—for that fact is more painfully forced upon us in each succeeding page, but as to the truth of the statement that the story contains "no plot in particular." We cannot admit this plea as to the third volume, though it is abundantly true of the first and second. But to begin with, may we be allowed a few words as to the plainness of our heroine? It would be unreasonable to complain because we are called upon to take an interest in the fortunes, or, as in this case, in the misfortunes of a plain woman—for many a plain woman is interesting, charming, attractive, she may even be elegant, or have beautiful hair, a musical voice, a redeeming smile or laugh. What is more charming in a woman than a sweet voice and melodious laugh? She may sing, or play, or paint, without interfering with her plainness in the least; or she may be highly educated, and a cultivated and interesting companion; but the Sophy who tells her own story in these pages is not one of all these things. Nature has not endowed her with a single attractive gift; not one external or mental charm are we allowed, to lend a grace to the young lady whose misfortunes we follow closely through 895 pages. She is, according to her own description, "common-looking, with fat cheeks, a double chin, a large and fat nose;" she is "short and stout, with no one good feature, with hair of no particular colour," and she is, we regret to add, pert—a fact which she does not herself seem to appreciate. She dwells, in a humiliating and abject manner, upon the subject of her personal appearance, and on the constant snubbing and neglect which she receives at the hands of all her friends and acquaintances, and she never gives us an opportunity of forgetting for a moment any of her social disadvantages. All this, we feel, is hard upon the reader, and we resent it warmly; such extreme uninterestingness is unusual in real life, and unnecessary and unpardonable in fiction. When we come to her mental powers, we find that Sophy cannot learn German; it is too hard for her. She cannot sing or play, and only once takes a few lessons in painting; her grammar also is of a doubtful character, and sins in omission, if not in commission; and many of her expressions are ugly, we might almost say vulgar. She speaks, for instance, of being "deadly sick" of this, that, and the other; she talks of "botherations" familiarly, instead of annoyances; we hear of "dowdy frights" or "old dows," "tall dashers," "carriages snailing along," &c. All this is to us very unpleasant, though it may be considered lively. The tone of the "good society" in which she lives is, we think, questionable, when two ladies, who are neither deaf nor dumb, talk to one another in the deaf and dumb alphabet in the presence of other ladies—strangers—at a ball. But we must desist from loading the already too much enduring Sophy with our censure, in addition to the trials which our authoress most unrelentingly piles upon her, from the first page to the last. Indeed, her life seems to be one long misfortune, which begins at her birth; for, brought up by a weak and good-natured mother, to whom, however, she is devoted, and an exacting Evangelical aunt, whom she cannot endure, Sophy acquires a flippant and unpleasing manner of speaking of religious subjects generally, though she is herself an excellent young woman.

In the first volume, Sophy describes for us the small spites, envyings, triumphs and disappointments, slanders and backbitings of the society in which she and her mother live together, after the marriage of "Aunt Jane" to "an excellent Christian gentleman of sound Evangelical views." All this is told in a very lively and amusing—perhaps we should better express our own opinion by saying smart—style, and to all those who are satisfied with the smallest chitchat of gossip—as to how Miss Tutterton "interpreted classic" music, and was immensely applauded by "her set," to the great disgust of Mrs. Elmer-Elmer; or of how Miss Ermyntrude Elmer-Elmer took her high notes, and thereby sent Lady Tutterton and her daughter sweeping out of the room in jealous rage at the applause of "*her* set," and especially of a certain Pasha, Houstapha Koustapha Bey; or of how Denis Rigardy-Wrenstone cut his aunt and cousin, and "walked about with his hat all on one side in search of his shirt-cuffs,"—this volume will, no doubt, be very edifying.

In the second volume, we have an account of Sophy's life of intense, dreary, almost maddening monotony with her uncle and aunt, and a friend of her aunt's—the "admirable Catherine Sherbrook-Stewart"—at Sherbrook Hall. The only redeeming feature of this part of the story is that we become, in a quiet way, attached to the honourable, but narrow-minded and one-ideaed Uncle Sherbrook, whose character is the best in the book. We may say here that Sophy is remarkably unfortunate in her

* *My Trivial Life and Misfortune.* In 3 vols. London: William Blackwood and Sons.

circle of acquaintance, for it comprises only six really honest, right-minded people in all, of whom only three are possessed of an average amount of common-sense, and only one of an average amount of will and independence. "Uncle Sherbrook" is a really interesting character, and so is his heir-apparent, his good, but weak-willed cousin, James Sherbrook, the rector of the parish. The tedium of this part of the story is relieved, but unpleasantly so, by a visit of Sophy's to a very fast and abominable set of people of the "quite-too-awfully-awful" type; and here she meets her future husband, David Scott, who is being harassed by the exaggerated flirtation of the girl with whom he is in love, the beautiful, but unprincipled, Louisa Clarcke. At the end of the second volume, the "trivial life" of the heroine may be considered over, and "the misfortune," *par excellence*, to befall her. In the first chapter of the third volume, she is married by David Scott for love, as she fondly supposes, but really for two wholly different reasons,—for the £30,000 which he hears she is to receive by her uncle's will at his death, and because Louisa Clarcke has become engaged to Mr. Fred Tankney, of Tank Court. The plot of the third volume is twofold, and consists, in the first place, of the scheming together of the evil genius of the story, "the admirable and Evangelical Catherine," and the solicitor, Buggle, to defraud the natural heirs of Mr. Sherbrook; and, in the second place, of the endeavours of Louisa Clarcke and "her set" to estrange David Scott from Sophy.

The authoress of *A Plain Woman*, as we find ourselves unconsciously styling this novel, is not more relentless to Sophy, and the few other honest, but most unfortunate people of her story, than she is to her readers, in refusing to pander to their hankering after a little poetical justice. She evidently acts on the principle laid down by Mark Twain in his treatment of "the good little boy who came to a bad end," and "the bad little boy who prospered," for everybody worth anything comes to grief, and all the company of evil-doers prosper, without apparently ever coming to the knowledge of what villains they are.

The book, however, is far from being without ability. The authoress evidently finds it easier to deal with extremes in character than to paint with moderation; but she does it with wonderful consistency; and each character, even the most unimportant, remains in the mind clearly defined and never straying off its lines. In *The Plain Woman* we have the extremely silent person, the extremely diffuse, the extremely rigid, the extremely lax, the extremely civil and the extremely rude, the extremely insincere flatterer, and the extremely honest and abrupt plain-speaker. Mrs. Rigardy-Wrenstone represents the last extreme, and a capital character she is. In Sophy we have the extremely devoted daughter, niece, and wife; almost always patient under circumstances of unparalleled provocation, extremely high-principled, and extremely plain. In Uncle Sherbrook we have the most rigidly honourable, kind, just, but narrow-minded man, who excites our respect always, and our pity and affection towards the end of his life. Perhaps his letter to Sophy is one of the nicest little bits in the book, and most characteristic of the writer. Sophy has been told by her Aunt Jane that her Uncle Sherbrook refuses to go to law with her nephew Denis, though "Denis has been teasing your uncle about the two oaks in the front avenue." Sophy is alarmed at this intelligence, "for," as she says to her husband, "when a man like Uncle Sherbrook no longer jumps at a law-suit, believe me, there is something radically wrong with his constitution." So she writes, inquiring anxiously after his health, and begging him to consult Dr. Daly. The following is his reply:—

"Dear Sophy,—You may be unaware that the Wrenstone and Sherbrook estates are somewhat curiously intermixed. Your aunt's nephew holding a part of his kitchen-garden and the piece of land covered by his flower-garden, from me; while I am forced to rent a small portion of my own lawn and front avenue from him. Your aunt's nephew has lately cut down some of the trees on his land. The two old oaks beside the front avenue were levelled to the ground early one morning, before there was time to apprise me of the trespass. I have taken the first opinion in London. Sir Wighead Pighead advises legal proceedings, and, moreover, says that I am entitled to heavy damages, the terms of my lease expressly annulling the landlord's right to cut timber until such time as the lease shall expire. Were I a younger man, I might perhaps be tempted to file a bill against your aunt's nephew, but I feel that at my time of life, the worry of such a lawsuit would be but a bad preparation for eternity. I cannot also refrain from reflecting that no lawsuit could make the old oaks grow again in my day. I have not had occasion to consult Dr. Daly, my health being no worse than my age should lead me to expect. When threescore years and ten are past, the earthly pilgrimage is over. I am glad to hear a good account of you and your husband.—I remain, your affectionate uncle, E. Brewen Sherbrook."

To sum up, then, in spite of the ability which the book undoubtedly contains, we cannot estimate it highly. It is, for the most part, a study of the poor, small and mean side of human nature, the amusement to be derived from which does not, we think, warrant the chronicling of it, especially where every germ of better things in the characters is immediately seized upon and stifled by the authoress, as though she believed in the ultimate triumph of Evil over Good. We should advise her to give up this theory,—if she holds it,—to take better materials, and then, with her talent, she ought to produce a book well worth reading.

JUBILEE LECTURES.*

If the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the representative of the Church of England, were to begin singing to himself,

> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us,"

he could not do better than borrow these *Jubilee Lectures* of the Congregational Union of England and Wales; for they contain the deliberate opinions of some of the leading Nonconformists of the day on the polity, the character, and the prospects of the Church of England. The Committee of the Union disclaims in the preface any intention of controversy with any other religious body. "It" had no wish to turn the "grateful emotion which the retrospect of the last fifty years of Congregational Church life in England and Wales had evoked into polemical channels." But the lecturers, who were allowed perfect freedom in dealing with the subjects assigned to them, have not confined themselves to praising the polity they approve, or recording the work and progress of the "Congregational Churches," but have plunged one and all into the sea of controversy. Professor Fairbairn, for instance, whose introductory chapter is marked by considerable learning and ability, devotes twenty-one pages to an attempt to prove that the sacerdotal polity, by which he means the primitive organisation and government of the Church by bishops, priests, and deacons, had an evil effect upon the doctrine, the ethics, and the politics of the religion founded by Jesus Christ,—upon the doctrine, because it substituted "justification by sacraments" for justification by faith; upon the ethics, because it rendered impossible that "inwardness" which is the distinctive mark of Christian morality; and upon the politics, because it depraved the moral and social ideal of Christ and his Apostles, by dividing the Church into the two classes of laity and clergy, and by substituting official for moral distinctions. We do not intend, in the short space of an article, to controvert these propositions, which receive so much apparent support from the facts of ecclesiastical history during the centuries preceding the Reformation. But we may fairly ask for the "ecclesiastical polity" which during 1,800 years has continuously kept alive in the world the Christian faith, what Dr. Fairbairn claims in his first sentence for all Churches and societies, that it should be studied (and judged) "in its history, but through its ideals." The ideal of a Churchman is that of St. Paul, who compares the Church to a body, Ephesians iv., 16; or a building, Ephesians i., 21, in which each part, however small, ministers to the convenience and beauty of the whole.

But this ideal of a Church is also claimed by the Independent, according to Dr. Fairbairn, who analyses the ideas of Browne, Barrowe, Greenwood, Johnson, Ainsworth, Robinson, and Jacob, in four sentences:—

"A Church is a society of the godly, or of men who truly believe and piously live. It is a society expressly to realise in the personal and collective life the religious ideals of Christ. It is capable of extension only by means that produce faith, of development only by agencies that create godliness. It is autonomous and authoritative, possessed of the freedom necessary to the fulfilment of its mission, the realisation of its ideals, endowed with all the legislative power needed for the maintenance of order and the attainment of progress."

These articles remind us of the constitution of some of the South-American Republics, so perfect on paper, so unrealisable in practice. For in the first lecture, on the early Independents, we are informed (p. 16):—

"How long he [*i.e.*, Browne, the founder of Congregationalism] remained in Middleburg is uncertain. But within a year, a quarrel

* *Jubilee Lectures.* A Historical Series, delivered on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. 2 vols. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1882.

broke out between Harrison and himself; the Church was split into parties; all attempts to restore peace failed."

And again (p. 19), it is said of Barrowe, "one of the most famous of the early Congregationalists," that the relations between him and his friends, and those who acknowledged Browne as their leader, are extremely obscure and perplexing. Greenwood had no more respect for Browne's opinions than Browne felt for his. This lack of unity, this constant liability to schism, which must necessarily ensue when each little society of three or four believers, however ignorant its members may be, claims the exercise of supreme authority and absolute discipline, is frankly acknowledged by Mr. Dale as the weak point of Congregationalism. Yet, as Tertullian exclaimed, "Credo, quia impossibile," so Mr. Dale may say of his ideal system, "Amo, quia impossibile;" for the possible, he tells us (p. 53), is hardly worth living for.

From the history of the early Independents, with whose struggles for religious freedom one cannot but feel sympathy, we are conducted by different writers through the periods when Laud tried to stamp out Puritanism, when the Erastians, the Presbyterians, and the Independents attempted to settle their differences in the Jerusalem Chamber, when the Independents had a brief triumph under Cromwell, when they were again oppressed by the cruel acts of Charles II. and the restrictions of the Georgian era.

In the able essay with which the second volume opens, we are reminded of the attempts which have been made in the past at comprehension, and of the reasons why such attempts always have and always will fail. It has frequently been a dream of generous minds, that by adopting the principle of Victorinus, "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas," all men who call themselves Christians might be able to worship and to work together. It is possible that many a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's might be preached in St. Peter's, and many speeches of Archbishop Manning might be redelivered in the Tabernacle on the south of the Thames. Yet to the end of time men have differed and will differ as to what is "dubium" and what is "necessarium," and, moreover, will lay more stress on those points on which they differ than on those on which they agree.

It seems as though truth were not merely circular, but globular, so that it is impossible for any society or individual to view it in its entirety. It has been our hope and belief that to each sect, however small, has been entrusted some seed of truth which it is bound in duty to cultivate. The design will appear at last when each has worked out its own portion of the great mosaic. From a careful perusal of these *Jubilee Lectures*, we have come to the conclusion that the portion of truth which the Independent has to preserve, is the right of the individual conscience to judge and act for itself in religious matters. This, no doubt, is an important truth. The recognition of it would have saved Europe from centuries of bloodshed. But there is no truth, political, scientific, or religious, that can be carried without peril to its extreme logical limit. It is and must be conditioned and balanced by other truths.

If we may refer to the Old Testament, the most lawless period of Jewish history was during the time of the Judges, when every man was allowed to do that which was right in his own eyes. The outbreaks of religious fanaticism in the sixteenth century, and even in our own time, show to what extravagancies men and women may be led by the promptings of a diseased conscience.

Some suffering for conscience' sake, or some deference to authority, is absolutely needed for the preservation of order in the State, or of peace in the Church. Except in the chapter above quoted, on the early Independents, we have no information as to the practical working of the Congregational system. In that lecture (Vol. I., p. 36), it is laid down "that for an individual to resist the judgment and power of the Church was to incur an awful risk." There might be circumstances in which the resistance was necessary; but if he resisted the Church, when the Church was acting under the control of the law of Christ, he was resisting Christ's own authority, and would suffer terrible penalties. This statement agrees in the main with the fifteenth section of the lecture by Mr. Rogers, on "Clericalism and Congregationalism:"—

"Our ideas of the prerogative of the Church are as exalted as his own [*i.e.*, Professor Blunt's]. We hold the prerogative of the Church to be supreme in its own sphere; but we differ with him as to the Church, as to the sphere over which its rule extends, as to the foundation on which its authority rests. Our contention is that every society, if believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, united together for fellowship, worship, and work, is a Church, and that in it all the authority which belongs to a Church is vested. . . . . Christ is wherever his saints meet in his name, and the presence of Christ makes the Church, and gives its decision validity and force."

We will suppose, then, that three earnest, conscientious, Christian men, say, Brown, Smith, and Jones, form a Church. In due time, Brown has an infant son, whom he wishes to be baptised. But Jones and Smith come to the conclusion that this little child cannot, in accordance with their ideas of the meaning of Scripture, be baptised. And Brown has to accept this, and any other decision of his two brothers, as the decision of the Church, or to resist it, at the "terrible risk of being excommunicate and cut off from fellowship with Jesus Christ." We may be bigoted, but it does seem to us that the consensus of the holiest men who have lived on earth since the time of Jesus Christ is more worthy of deference and respect, than the crude and often hasty judgments of one or two converted and well-meaning people, from which there is no appeal. We have no space to refute the numerous errors that are to be found in these lectures as to the Church of England,—*e.g.*, that she has made a dogged, senseless, and godless opposition to every measure of progress.

What the Congregationalists would have done well to prove is not that the Church of England or the Presbyterians are wrong, but that they themselves are right. Let them, instead of abusing other forms of Church organisation, and raking up old sores, which, we trust, are in process of healing, out-teach, out-preach, out-pray, out-live all other communities in holiness of life, in their love for the fallen, the degraded, and the outcast; and their next series of Jubilee lectures, to be delivered fifty years hence, will be hailed by all as a record of work done for the sake of him in whose name they meet together.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ART.*

These two magnificent and fascinating volumes, which have been admirably translated and edited by Mr. Walter Armstrong, are "the first instalment of an undertaking which has for its aim the history and critical analysis of that great organic growth which, beginning with the Pharaohs and ending with the Roman Emperors, forms what is called antique art." In themselves, however, they form the most complete contribution to the scientific study of Egyptology which has yet appeared in this country. M. Perrot, who is mainly responsible for the literary portion of them, amply recognises the value of the labours of M. Maspero and of Mariette Bey; and Mr. Armstrong has done well to do for the English public what Professor George Ebers has done for the German, and, it may be added, to call to his aid Dr. Birch, Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, and Miss A. B. Edwards. Before the late Egyptian Expedition, a stimulus was given to Egyptology by the discovery at Thebes, immediately after the accession of Professor Maspero to the Directorship of Egyptian explorations, of thirty-eight royal mummies, with their sepulchral furniture. This occurred after the completion of M. Perrot's work, but was in Mr. Armstrong's opinion the result of one of those inductive processes of which M. Perrot speaks as characteristic of modern research. Mr. Armstrong has, in an appendix, given a short account of this discovery, and of some of the art objects which it has been the means of adding to the Boulak Museum. We have, indeed, but one fault to find with the special work of Mr. Armstrong, and that will be regarded as the reverse of a fault, by those who think that the sole duty of a translator is to stick to his text. He might have taken a few more liberties than he has done with the rhetorical exuberances of M. Perrot. He might, above all things, have reduced to a fourth, if not a tenth of its present proportions, the original Introduction, which, eloquent and full of antiquarian learning though it is, somehow recalls one of those long "graces before meat," with the "reduction" of which good-taste and sound ideas as to reverence have had even more to do than the light but wholesome humour of Charles Lamb.

Two passages in this work may be quoted as giving between them a key to the whole. M. Perrot tells us (Vol. I., p. 38):—

"The art of Egypt resembled that of Greece in being a complete and catholic art, seeing everything and taking an interest in everything. It was sensitive to military glory, and at the same time, it did not scorn to portray the peaceful life of the fields. It set itself with all sincerity to interpret the monarchical sentiment in its most

* *A History of Art in Ancient Egypt.* From the French of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. 2 vols. Translated and edited by Walter Armstrong, B.A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1883.

enthusiastic and exaggerated form; but while it placed Kings and Princes above and almost apart from humanity, it did not forget 'the humble and meek;' on the contrary, it frankly depicted them in their professional attitudes, with all those ineffaceable characteristics both of face and figure which the practice of some special trade so certainly imparts. Looked at from this point of view, Egyptian art was popular, it might even be called democratic, but that such a phrase would sound curious when used in connection with the most absolute monarchy which the world has yet seen."

Again (Vol. II., p. 176), we are told:—

"It may seem to some of our readers that we have spent too much time and labour on our analysis of Egyptian architecture. Our excuse lies in the fact that architecture was the chief of the arts in Egypt. We know nothing of her painters. The pictures in the Theban tombs often display great taste and skill, but they seem to have been the work of decorators, rather than of painters in the higher sense of the word. Sculptors appear now and then to have been held in higher consideration. The names of one or two have come down to us, and we are told how dear they were to the Kings who employed them. But the only artists who had a high and well-defined social position in ancient Egypt, a country where ranks were as distinctly marked as in China, were the architects or engineers, for they deserve either name. Their names have been preserved to us in hundreds, upon their elaborate tombs and inscribed shells."

Looked at in the light of the former passage, these two volumes are in reality a representation of the history of Egypt, and of the life of the Egyptians,—that is to say, of the true Egypt, and the true Egyptians. We quite believe that in the best days of their history the Egyptians were tolerably happy, contented, and prosperous; the original gaiety of the country flashes out still, as M. Perrot reminds us, in the animal spirits of the Cairo donkey-boy. That the architecture of Egypt reached a genuine perfection of its kind, the admirable and abundant illustrations of M. Chipiez conclusively prove. Yet there is a chilling monotony and poverty of design about it; nor are we quite sure that it is adequately explained by the difficulties under which the artists laboured, and the character of the materials at their disposal.

About a third of this work is devoted to the sculpture, painting, caricature, the decorative, and industrial arts of ancient Egypt; but in reality, and leaving architecture out of consideration, sculpture in stone and wood was the one Egyptian fine art. And the characteristic of that art in its first stage was realism of the most startling, complete, and merciless character,—the realism of "The Sheik-el-Beled" at Boulak, of the pair Ra-hotep and Nefert, and of "The Scribe," who, as coloured in these pages, looks even more human than he does in the Louvre. "The realism of the Egyptians," says Mr. Armstrong in his preface, "was a broad realism. There is in it no sign of that research into detail which distinguishes most imitative art, and is to be found even in that of their immediate successors; and yet, during all those long centuries of alternate renascence and decay, we find no vestige of an attempt to raise art above imitation. No suspicion of its expressive power seems to have dawned on the Egyptian mind, which, so far as the plastic arts were concerned, never produced anything that in the language of modern criticism could be called a creation." That is true, and we prefer Egyptian Art at its oldest, and as exemplified in the figures we have just mentioned. The idealising effect which religion usually produces on art seems to have been but slight in Egypt; at all events, the kings, queens, and sphinxes who stare at one from M. Perrot's pages are simply so many representations, not of "anointed dignity," but of anointed ugliness. There may be said to be one exception to this rule,—that of the female head discovered by Mariette at Karnak, and believed to be that of Taia, the Queen of Amenophis III. But then it is doubtful whether Taia was of Egyptian blood; Mariette thinks not, and believes that, as her husband's empire extended to Mesopotamia, she might have been Asiatic. Even in the case of Taia, there is nothing of the character of idealisation. What we have is simply the realistic representation of the face of a charming woman, who might have been an Aspasia. Can we offer no better explanation of this want of creative or idealising power in Egyptian art and Egyptian religion than the old one,—"*Paupertina philosophia in paupertinam religionem ducit*"? The explanation may be historically true, so far as it goes; but then, it goes such a provokingly little way.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Merry England, May, 1883. (Publishing Office, 44 Essex Street, Strand.)—This new magazine is, at all events, well edited, and the opening article, on "The Young England Party," by Mr. Saintsbury, is extremely well written. He ignores, however, the leading defect of the Young England Party, that while it adopted good secondary reforms, it opposed all those substantial primary reforms without which the good secondary reforms would have been of no use. It tried to feed the hungry masses on whipped-cream and tipsy-cake. The etching of Mr. Disraeli addressing the House of Commons is admirable. The little tale called "Miss Martha's Bag" is a very skilful and touching one, and Mr. Blackmore's quaint verses on "The Blackbird" are interesting and original. So are the verses—which we extract—on "Primrose Day," which have a flavour in them of Coventry Patmore, though we object to the line "That unappropriated yet," as the most prosy we have seen in verse for many a day:—

"PRIMROSE DAY.

Why dedicate the primrose lowly
To this proud Pillar of the State?

In fields of asphodel
His shadow flits—we know it well.
The amaranth and moly
Beseem him wholly.
A bolder flower and more complex
Will better mate his mind ornate,
His affluent fame,
Than this which, timorous, decks
Our April fields, and flecks
Our April forests with faint flame.

But even as when
The Seer passed out of sight of men,
And people cried:
'What flower shall shroud him?' Nature's self replied
'Take ye the pale primrose
That, unappropriated yet,
(With the meek violet—
Imperial chosen!) blows
In his beloved woods at Hughenden:'
So says our England at this hour
Of him who gave to her his dower
Of strange romance and effort strong,
And purpose that outdid his power,
And service half-a-century long:
'He was not of our clime nor race;
The Orient owned his speech and face;
His mind was Eastern as his mien:'
Yet, since he served our England thus,
And won the worship of our Queen,
Henceforth we hold him one of us
In thought, in feeling, and in fame,
By linking our familiar flower
For ever with his name."

On the whole, this magazine promises to be a social success.

An Old-Testament Commentary for English Readers. Edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Volume II. (Cassell and Co.)—This second volume contains the books from Deuteronomy to II. Samuel. The first-named book, together with Joshua, has been annotated by the Rev. C. H. Waller, Judges by Canon Farrar, Ruth by the Rev. R. Sinker, I. Samuel by Canon Spence, and II. Samuel by Professor Gardiner, of Middletown, Connecticut. The work of all these contributors, while varying in character and, to a certain extent, in value, seems to be well suited for the purpose in view. The "English reader" will get the information he wants in a convenient form. Difficulties, too, are fairly met. Saul's ignorance of David's person in I. Samuel, xvii., 55, for instance, is well explained. We notice a curious oversight in page 180. The age of Jacob at his death was 147, not 130 years. The latter number gives his age when he came into Egypt, and he survived that event seventeen years (Gen. xlvii., 28).

Evolution and Creation. By H. Boase, M.D., F.R.S. (J. Leng and Co.)—The author of this work describes it as "a thesis maintaining that the world was not made of matter by the development of one potency, but by that of innumerable specific powers." An argument of this order needs every aid that it can gather from directness of expression, clearness of thought, and mastery of scientific fact. Deficiencies in these qualities are conspicuous in the volume before us, and will prevent the majority of scientific readers from considering the cogency of the objections which Dr. Boase urges against the doctrine of evolution. It is difficult to believe that any writer can seriously say, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century (p. 112), "Nor is there any reason to believe that the air which we breathe derived its oxygen in any considerable proportion from vegetation, which probably consumes as much and even more than it produces." And again, "The mutual convertibility of natural forces rests on unverified assumptions" (pp. 113 and 227); or, "Ether is pure matter . . . . . a binary compound of the physical powers, attraction and repulsion" (pp. 217, 218); "Are molecules and chemical elements the same thing? I think not; the thing analysed is not matter, but chemical compound; and the products obtained are not diverse kinds of matter, but those of various elements, the constituents of this compound." Scores of quotations of the same character might be made, but the four above given may be regarded as sufficient and fair specimens. Even where Dr. Boase's argument, though it be not new, is expressed with some force, as in the chapter on vitality (pp. 95-120), we find the old fable reproduced concerning the Theban mummy wheat germinating, after having lain dormant for ages! We wish we could honestly have said some commendatory words about the contents of this well-printed and comely volume, for the object with which it has been prepared is a worthy one,—the defence of revelation. We ought not, however, to allow ourselves to be irritated by the defects of this book, after the discovery

that its author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society so long ago as May 11th, 1837.

Idler and Poet. By Rossiter Johnson. (Osgood and Co., Boston.)—These verses are not all bad. There is a dash of imitation in them, now of Longfellow and now of Praed, and the best of them, "A Rhyme of the Rain," has something of Edgar Poe, and just a faint suggestion of Clarence Mangan in it. The imitation is lively, and some of the conceits are amusing. We do not remember ever to have met with a more flagrant example of bad-taste than one piece in this volume: it is called "An Indian Love-song," and it would be witty, but is simply coarse and repulsive. There is no humour in such lines as,—

"And to beguile the voyage, if thou wilt come aboard,
Till sunset fire the waters the fire-water shall be poured;"

or as,—

"A thousand thongs from thy dear hide are knotted round my soul."

The refrain of the song is very unpleasant:—

"Then clad in noiseless mocassins the feet of the years shall fall,
For I will cherish thee, my love, till Time shall scalp us all."

Mr. Rossiter Johnson's little volume contains one or two samples of his better mind and manner that ought to have secured the exclusion of this sample of his worse.

Judæa and her Rulers. By M. Bramston. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—The author of this work explains that its object is "to give a connected view of the history of the nation of Israel between the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar and that by Titus, for the use of such persons as have not access to libraries where books containing the necessary information on the subject may be procured." What that necessary information is may, doubtless, be a matter of opinion; but inasmuch as it is probably not intended absolutely to restrict the use of the volume to the unfortunate persons alluded to, we regret that the author has not appended, for the benefit of the unlearned who may wish to learn, a short list of standard works dealing more fully with various portions of the subject. To such works the present book might well form a useful introduction. We believe that the history of the Jews is sure, sooner or later in life, to rouse some interest in all intelligent people, and that the interest usually tends to increase rather than diminish, as more information accumulates. Assuming this to be the case, it would be gratifying to see a book like this, which presents a general outline of a most attractive section of history, so planned and equipped as to constitute the first step in a progressive study. Having said so much, we gladly acknowledge that the author has written a fairly adequate summary of the various relations between the Jews and those nations under whose influence they successively fell. It appears to be, on the whole, sufficiently well adapted to the class of readers in view, who, we may infer from the tone observable in certain passages, which have a strong flavour of the Sunday-school class, are expected, as a rule, to be young. If this hypothesis is correct, we will not complain of the somewhat didactic manner occasionally assumed, nor object too seriously to the avowedly imaginary pictures which embellish the chapters from time to time. The style has, at least, the virtue of simplicity, and the strong good-sense of sundry incidental remarks, the clear recognition of the complexity and contradiction in human character, and the excellent use made of the Apocryphal Books, deserve full credit. These merits go far to redeem the occasional tendency to assume the attitude of a preacher, and will certainly give the book a higher value than could have belonged to a mere compilation of facts.

Rienzi: an Æsthetic and Historical Poem. By T. Stanley Rogers, B.A., LL.B. (Ponsonby, Dublin; Pearce, Southport.)—"Among the most vicious effects of the modern crusade against those forms of faith and aspiration which have hitherto preserved in varying degrees of development the co-operation of individuality with society, may be observed an increasing tendency towards limitations of individuality by the intolerance of majorities," &c. When the reader has mastered "The Argument," he will, perhaps, be sufficiently inflated with self-complacency to go on with the poem. It will not reward him.

Coming; or, the Golden Year. A Tale. By Selina Gaye. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—This is a story of German religious life, very enthusiastic and speculative; full of yearning for the Millennium, and hopes of "the brightness of His Coming," who has tarried long. There is some good writing in it, but the story, as a whole, is, we should think, much over the heads of the young people who are supposed to be its readers.

The Causation of Sleep. By J. Cappie, M.D. Second Edition. (James Thin.)—It would be manifestly impossible to do adequate justice to Dr. Cappie's argument in a brief notice. But we may commend his clearly written essay on the causation of sleep to those of our readers who are interested in this difficult but interesting subject. The essay before us was published in a different and less perfect form long ago, but the present book is almost a new work, so largely has it been augmented and altered. We do not venture to pronounce in favour of Dr. Cappie's views as to the balance of the distribution of blood within the cranium (rather than an alteration in its amount) corresponding to the sleeping and waking states, but his statements are worthy of attentive study. An exquisite chromo-lithograph represents the circulation in the comatose and in the waking retina.

A Study; with Critical and Explanatory Notes of Alfred Tennyson's Poem, "The Princess." By S. E. Dawson. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Very critical, highly explanatory, rather pompous, and quite unnecessary. "The Princess" is not a mystery, and Mr. Tennyson has displayed the great charm of lucidity to peculiar advantage in that work. The loving labour of these explainers of the meaning of the men who of all others explain themselves best, is a ridiculously apposite realisation of the French proverb that tells us how needless it is *enfoncer une porte ouverte.*

The Little Princess. From the German of E. Marlitt. Translated by Blanche E. Slade. (Remington and Co.)—Without feeling that *The Little Princess* possesses any extraordinary merit, we must most sincerely condole with her author on the singularly clumsy dress in which she has been presented to the English public. A great many people seem to think that the merest smattering of a foreign language entitles them to translate books out of it, but at least such people generally have a fair knowledge of their own tongue. Miss Slade apparently has not, and the result is much more curious than agreeable. The story she has tried to translate is one which, with certain variations of time and place, has been told over and over again. There is a young girl brought up in the country, a gentleman of middle-age who falls in love with her at first-sight, an absent-minded father; various persons who draw the girl into difficulties, from which her elderly lover rescues her, and a faithful old servant to whom she flies, in order to be brought back by the said lover. But this particular heroine is so very wild and childish, that she evidently ought to have been seven, instead of seventeen; and it passes even the most indulgent novel-reader's powers to believe that Mr. Claudius's "large, blue, fiery eyes" could have seen anything attractive in her. In fact, "it is incredulous," as one of the characters pertinently remarks; and after that we are not surprised to read that "she contemptibly pushed aside some fine, embroidered sheets," and did a great many other odd things. There is one word, apparently a favourite with Miss Slade, her authority for which we should like to know,—it is "scrouched." "The bolt scrouched as it was pushed;" "the gravel scrouched." She ought also to explain what she means by "the game of La Grasse," which does not quite suggest the same idea as "the game of La Graee;" why she chooses to say "Frankish," instead of "French;" and why, when Mr. Claudius has just shown some acquaintance with horses, he should be said to have "a knowledge of cavalier manners."

Nights at the Play. By Dutton Cook. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—Mr. Dutton Cook has collected in these volumes some hundred and fifty theatrical criticisms, contributed during the years 1867-1881 to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *World.* No man has a higher reputation as a dramatic critic; he is above the suspicion of partiality, a failing which is probably at least as common among the critics of the drama as among the critics of literature, and he has unrivalled qualifications in his knowledge of the past of the English Stage and his familiarity with the present. The two volumes contain a record of the best things that have been seen in the London theatres during, we may say with fair approach to accuracy, the last fifteen years. The present generation will find in them not only a vivid and agreeable refreshment of their own recollections, but a store of sensible criticism; to generations to come they will be an invaluable store-house of information. Nor is it impossible that the theatrical history which he relates will seem to those generations to contain events not less important than those which Hazlitt commemorated, "the advent of Edmund Kean and the triumphs of Miss O'Neill." It is interesting to note that, in the performances criticised by Mr. Cook, we find sixteen of Shakespeare's plays, half of them being tragedies and half comedies. *Othello* and *Hamlet* occur three times in the table of contents, *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice* and *Richard III.* twice.

The Medical Language of St. Luke. By the Rev. W. K. Hobart, LL.D. (Hodges, Figgis, and Co.)—This elaborate treatise discusses with much learning and acumen the arguments in favour of the position that the Gospel according to St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles were written by the same person, and that the writer was a medical man. Dr. Hobart cites the usage of medical words in narratives and descriptions which do not deal with subjects connected with disease. He shows how the writer of the Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts imported medical language into accounts in which other New-Testament writers did not use it. The references to the works of Hippocrates, Aretæus, Galen, and Dioscorides are very full. A good index and a critical table of contents add largely to the value of the work, which is, moreover, carefully printed. Dr. Hobart's treatise is published in the Dublin University Press Series.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on Monday resumed the adjourned debate on the Affirmation Bill in a clever speech, which he commenced by taunting Mr. Gladstone with his obscure dissertations on mediæval divinity,—Lord Randolph appeared to think that Augustine, Origen (whom he pronounced "Orīgen"), and Jerome, all lived in "the middle ages,"—and then continued by launching into an elaborate dissertation on the analogy between Judaism and Arianism, a creed which he appeared greatly to favour, and described in a flight of most original theology as an improved form of Judaism. Lord Randolph's inquiries into the life and times of Athanasius had quite convinced him that, so far as it was lawful to pry into the causes of religious progress, "it was as much owing to accident as to anything else that the whole of Europe at the present moment was not Arian." The orthodoxy of the West "depended entirely on the caprices of a despotic Emperor, the intrigues of an Oriental Court, and upon the hairbreadth escapes of an adventurous Bishop." He went on into a close imitation of Mr. Disraeli's defence of "the Semitic principle," but did not attempt to show why the Jews, who, if they be true Jews, must hold Christ to be an impostor and blasphemer, should have any more claim on Christian sympathies than the naked unbeliever who has never believed enough in God to regard the case of Revelation as even plausible. It is true that Judaism stands to Christianity in a certain relation, but it is the relation of the morning twilight to the day; and, when the day has come, the eye that prefers the twilight must be regarded as longing for the night.

Mr. Labouchere followed, with a lively speech, in which he remarked that Lord Randolph's chief object had been to prove that it was he on whom "the mantle of Elijah had descended," though of the new Elisha Mr. Labouchere had formed evidently no very reverent estimate. He illustrated the value of the present oath, by stating that there were gentlemen in that House who had themselves told him that they had never taken either the oath or the affirmation; and he pointed out that the admission made by the Conservatives, that an Atheist might take the oath unless he happened to have specially communicated his atheism to the House of Commons, really meant nothing but this,—that they would look through their fingers, like a marine-store dealer at stolen goods. The debate then became very languid, and was concluded on Monday by Mr. Stanhope, who urged that if the popular opinion of the moment was against the Affirmation Bill, that was the final and absolute court of judgment, from which there was no pretence for appeal,—a curious sentiment for a Conservative, and one savouring strongly of the principles of the plébiscite.

On Thursday, the debate was resumed by Mr. Newdegate, in a speech which was a variation on the well-known song, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!" indeed, a threnody on his hard fate, in being worsted, by Lord Coleridge's judgment, on the question between him and Mr. Bradlaugh. Then the most remarkable speech of the evening was made by the Solicitor-General,—a speech calm, clear, vigorous, in which he exposed Lord Randolph Churchill's blunder in relation to the construction of a repealed statute, of which he had treated the preamble as the operative part, and which, being directed solely against persons converted from Trinitarianism, he had treated as if it applied to Atheists. The Solicitor-General expressed his profound conviction that to insist, as at the time of the relief of the Jewish disabilities, on the omission of the words "on the true faith of a Christian" as an abandonment of the national recognition of Christianity, was infinitely more plausible than to insist now on the admissibility of affirmation as a rejection of God, and concluded a very remarkable speech by a strong plea for the admission into Parliament of men who have already been relieved from their conscientious difficulties in Courts of Justice.

The rest of the debate was not very impressive, except that Mr. O'Brien naïvely suggested that Members who found difficulty in swearing allegiance to Queen Victoria, and who would have been very glad to admit conscientious Atheists into the House, if conscientious Republicans could be admitted on the same easy terms, were not going to aid the Government in relieving the former, and in refusing relief to the latter. In other words, Mr. O'Brien, who had scruples about taking an oath in a non-natural sense, but had got over them, would not hear of relieving the similar scruples of others. Mr. Goschen made a vigorous attack on the Conservatives for their party use of religion, to which Sir S. Northcote replied in a very moderate speech, deprecating the discussion of this subject on party lines; and Lord Hartington closed the debate, in a vigorous but very ill-reported plea for the Bill. The Bill was then thrown out, by 292 votes against 289,—majority against the Government, three.

The Liberals who voted against the Government were the three Messrs. Fitzwilliam (South-West Riding, Malton, and Peterborough), none of whom explained their remarkable vote; Sir E. Watkin (Hythe); Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens (Finsbury); Mr. Montague Guest (Wareham); Mr. Jerningham (Berwick), who expressed himself, we believe, in his canvas in favour of the Affirmation Bill, but has since been subjected, it is said, to a great deal of Roman Catholic pressure from behind the scenes; with Mr. Nicholson (Petersfield), and Mr. Foster (Bridgnorth), troglodytes, who seldom lose an opportunity of entering a cave, however small and inconvenient. Further, a few Liberals copied the example of Mr. S. Morley, who stayed away from the division, and whose remorse, it is said, for having helped Mr. Bradlaugh's candidature once, now takes the remarkable form of assisting the party which is making a martyr of Mr. Bradlaugh, and so spreading his views broadcast through the country. Mr. S. Morley's remorse is even more mischievous to his religion than the sin for which he feels that remorse.

Two remarkable incidents have occurred in the course of the Irish trials. Fitzharris ("Skin the Goat"), the carman who drove the murderers of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, has been acquitted by the jury. Nobody doubted his presence in the Park, and he may have been guilty; but there was no evidence that he was a consenting party to the murder, except his own interference, and no one can tell what was in his mind. The Judge pointed this out strongly to the jury as a defect of legal evidence, and Fitzharris was very properly acquitted, subsequently pleading guilty to the charge of being accessory after the fact. The next two prisoners were Thomas Caffrey and Patrick Delaney, and both pleaded guilty; Delaney pleading that he was betrayed into the affair, and that he had

saved Judge Lawson's life. He added, "What Kavanagh," the carman, "states is perfectly true, and what James Carey states is true; but I took no act or part in it. It was Brady and Kelly committed the murders, and no other person." This unpremeditated confession, so strongly supporting Carey, has created a deep impression, as Delaney is a very different character from the informer, and did, it would seem, save the Judge. Both prisoners were sentenced to death, but it is not likely that they will receive capital punishment, though their solicitor stated that no inducement had been held out to them, and that they had pleaded guilty in defiance of his advice. Caffrey also affirmed that he had been sent to the Park without warning, and would have been put to death if he had not obeyed his orders. The whole incident shows the necessity of treating the entrance into these Societies as a criminal offence, and completely justifies the Roman Church in its extreme severity towards all who enter such communities.

The Irish-American Convention at Philadelphia on Friday week passed unanimously a number of resolutions, declaring, among other things, that the English Government "has no moral right whatever to exist in Ireland"—the consent of the majority of Irish representatives having apparently no meaning—and that it is the duty of the Irish race throughout the world to secure "national self-government" for Ireland by all "legitimate" means. The Irish-Americans, therefore, merge all Societies in one "Irish National League of America," for "the purpose of supporting the National League of Ireland, of which Charles Stewart Parnell is President." The members of the Convention also resolve that they honour Mr. Parnell the more because Mr. Forster attacked him; that they sympathise with the Irish labourers, and demand on their behalf from the farmers a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; that Irishmen ought to buy only Irish and American goods; that the English Ministry, in first reducing Irishmen to pauperism, and then sending them as emigrants to America, is unnatural and inhuman, and should be resisted by the Government of the States, who should prohibit the despatch of Irish paupers; that Mr. Patrick Egan is "a sturdy, undaunted patriot and prudent custodian"—what of is not stated—and finally, that as a "brutal Government" compels large numbers of Irishmen to emigrate, they must be warned of the snares of poverty in large cities. A governing Council, with one member from each State, was appointed; and Mr. Alexander Sullivan, of Maine, thirty-five years of age, and born an American, was elected president. He is a lawyer, and has once, the despatch-writers say, been tried for murder, but was acquitted.

Mr. A. Sullivan has, it is said, stated that, while the League does not contemplate warfare, which is outside its organisation, it considers warfare for Ireland as lawful as the warfare for the Thirteen Colonies. The League, however, still trusts in peaceful means, and will forward the funds it collects to Mr. Parnell, to be used for the relief of distress, and "for keeping up agitation." The practical outcome of this programme is that the Irish-Americans propose for the time to support Mr. Parnell, but will not condemn those who would resort to much more extreme measures; and the effect will be that Mr. Parnell, to keep his position, must enter on some sort of new campaign. The resolutions point to an agitation for the labourers, but as this will irritate all farmers, and only farmers vote, this will soon be given up, and Mr. Parnell may be thrown back on his Parliamentary resource, Obstruction. The party under his control has, since the American meeting, shown a decided increase of spirits.

Egypt has probably been delivered from a serious danger by the victory which Colonel Hicks, in command of the force in the Soudan, has gained over the followers of the Mahdi. He was attacked on his march to Obeid by about 4,000 men, but the Egyptians held firm, and the enemy fled, leaving 500 dead. The affair was probably not a general engagement, but it will have two important effects. It breaks the prestige of the Mahdi among his followers, and it removes the danger of the Egyptian troops going over to the Pretender. Whatever else is uncertain about the expected "Messenger," it is certain that he is expected, as the immediate Agent of Allah, to win his battles; and that if he does not, true Mussulmans will wait until the right man appears. The troops engaged were most of them the old Egyptian soldiery, who thought their despatch to the Soudan part of their punishment.

At the meeting of the Wordsworth Society, on Wednesday, which was held in the Deanery, Westminster, Mr. Matthew Arnold presided, and delivered one of his eloquently humorous and humorously eloquent speeches on the genius of Wordsworth. He had reached an age, he said, at which it became a man to spend much of his time in reviewing his past life, and striving after the final exaltation and amendment of his own character. In old times, one in his position would have entered a monastery. It was not possible for him to enter a monastery, but the next thing to it that was open to him was probably the step he had taken in joining the Wordsworth Society. The monastic life involved vows of poverty, of chastity, and of obedience. To join the Wordsworth Society was to submit oneself to the spirit of Wordsworth, and the spirit of Wordsworth had consecrated "plain living and high thinking," the severity of a crystal purity, and a reverent submission to the authority of higher and nobler minds. His address, unfortunately delivered on a day when there was much else (much of it of less significance) to report, has received little notice from the Press, but was curiously felicitous, and passed from gentle badinage to true criticism by those delicately graded transitions of which Mr. Arnold is one of the few living masters. Interesting papers were also read, one written by Mr. Aubrey De Vere, on the highly-charged personality of Wordsworth's poems, and one by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, on the poetical feeling exhibited in Wordsworth's "Guide to the Lakes."

The National Liberal Club, which was opened on Wednesday with great *éclat* by a magnificent banquet at the Westminster Aquarium, where some 1,900 members, representing at least 400 English towns, sat down together, showed that it understood the exigency of the hour, by passing a resolution at a preliminary meeting calling upon the Government not to prorogue Parliament till it had passed all the measures named in the Queen's Speech, in spite of obstruction. At the dinner, which was served under brilliant electric lights—blue, yellow, and crimson, lights which have, however, this disadvantage, that the muffled sound of the engines which supply the electric force materially aggravates the already very bad acoustic properties of the place as a hall of audience—Mr. Gladstone's reception was enthusiastic in the extreme, hundreds of ladies in the long galleries and the nineteen hundred assembled members of the club waving their handkerchiefs with unanimous desperation for some five minutes together, when he entered and stood up to speak. Lord Granville, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. John Morley were the principal speakers,—Lord Granville remarking that a seat in the Cabinet was at least a good stage-box from which to watch the drama of politics, and describing the impression made upon himself by the political obstruction which had taken place. He commented in strong language on the terrible danger to the Constitution involved in this damming-up of the stream of legislation, and on the ruin which a Conservative mind might reasonably anticipate from the time of reaction, when the torrent would break down the dam and sweep away many of the ancient landmarks.

Mr. Gladstone opened by remarking on the strange device assumed by the Conservatives for a new Conservative journal,—a picture of the beautiful clock tower and clock of the Houses of Parliament. It was curious because, the merit of a clock being to keep good time, the Conservatives would hardly be expected to appreciate that merit, inasmuch as it was the invariable rule of the party to be many years behind time. For instance, they had within the last few days been parading their tardy sympathy with Catholic Emancipation, which was carried fifty-four years ago, and with the removal of Jewish disabilities, carried twenty-five years ago, they having been the steady opponents of both these reforms at the time when they were first carried. From this Mr. Gladstone passed into a review of his own Administration since taking office in 1880, and of the manner in which the Government had dealt with the legacy of embarrassments left to it, for which he claimed at least a respectable amount of success. But the cream of his speech was his very lucid comparison of the financial achievements of the triennial period 1877-1880, under Tory administration, and the triennial period 1880-1883, under his own. He began by admitting that the total expenditure of the first three years was 253 millions and a half, while the total expenditure of the last three was 259 millions, leaving an apparent

balance against the Liberal Administration of five and a half millions of expenditnre. Bnt deducting in both cases the expeuse of collecting the revenue, this balance against the Liberals is reduced to about three and a half millions, instead of five and a half millions, and that without reckoning how much of the expenditure went to pay-off Debt. Deducting repayment of Debt, as not constituting true expenditure, but only saving in disguise, the balance is turned from one of three and a half millions against the Liberals to one of eight and a half millions in their favour; which, again, when increased by the three millions handed over to India on account of the Afghan war, in which India had been improperly and unscrupulously involved, swelled the amount in favour of the Liberal Government to eleven and a half millions. Mr. Gladstone went on to claim the Egyptian and South-African expenditnre of the present Government as an obligation handed down to them from their predecessors. But without taking that into account, the financial comparison between the two Governments is remarkable enough, and favourable enough to the present Administration.

Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley both made speeches of interest, Lord Rosebery quizzing the Tories for their attempt to represent their party as the true friends of popular measures, and Mr. John Morley insisting that England was the only great Western State which had not suffered a revolution during the last twenty-five years, and that she owed that immunity from revolution wholly to the steady increase of the popular power in this country. Instead of fearing agitation, Mr. Morley invited it, being more and more assured that it was the deficiency of ready communication between the constituencies and the House of Commons which alone rendered the existing system of deliberate obstruction possible, not to say easy. The whole demonstration was a most impressive one.

On Wednesday, Mr. Bright, for the first time in his life, attended the annual meeting of the Liberation Society. After the formal proceedings, in which the abolition of the Scotch Church was strenuously urged, as the first work to be done, and Mr. Dillwyn received quite an ovation for his proposal to disestablish the Church in Wales, an evening meeting was held, and Mr. Bright spoke. He declared that his purpose was not to injure the Church of England, but to terminate its union with the State, which, as he maintained, injured both. So far from the union making the State more merciful and peaceful, the Bishops, the picked men of the Clerical body, voted for the cruel old criminal laws, under which sixty-seven crimes were capital, defended the slave-trade and slavery, and were never to be found resisting war. Indeed, they had accepted a prayer in which the Egyptian Expedition, with its bloodshed, was attributed to the Lord. The Established Clergy resisted the Burials Bill and the abolition of the Theistic oath, "many more men being willing to worry Government than to honour God," and they keep thousands of families in misery by resisting a reform of the marriage laws. He entirely admitted the virtues of thousands of State clergymen, but could not believe they would be worse or less efficient, if separated from the State. An Established Church "was the slave of the State," and when Establishment was abolished, as it would be, it would look back with horror upon the chains from which it had been delivered. The speech, though containing little that is new, was heard with the deepest silence and attention, and Mr. Bright's voice reached every ear in his great audience.

The Due de Broglie on Tuesday brought forward the question of the Tripartite Treaty in the Senate, in a speech which was really a declaration of policy. He asked the Government whether the alliance was or was not menacing to France. He feared it was, though France had given no provocation, either to Germany or Italy. The idea of an alliance with Russia had ended, and surely the Government was anti-clerical enough to secure Italy against any machinations from that side. Still, there was the alliance, no doubt in form defensive; but then sometimes the mode of defence adopted was attack. "Whenever a Power meant to attack, it could always find its Kroumirs." He therefore thought concentration of force the first duty of the Ministry, and deprecated the foreign expeditions to Tonquin and Madagascar, which could not be made successful without sacrifices both of men and money. The speech was intended, of course, to discredit the Republic, which has certainly not succeeded in diplomacy, partly from its distrust of the old diplomatic men; but its drift in some degree justifies Prince Bismarck's idea that Germany has more to fear from a Restoration than from a Republic. The Duke suggests, with a certain truth, that a Monarchy would set itself to find allies; and French alliances or coalitions are precisely what Prince Bismarck dreads. He has repeated again this week, through the *North-German Gazette*, that the Republic, even if ill-tempered, is safer than a Monarchy in France.

The reply of M. Challemel-Lacour was in one respect a singular one. He denied official information of the alliance, stating that French Ambassadors could only know what they were told, and they had not been told about this. He thought "rapprochement" would be a better word than "treaty" to define the agreement, and maintained that it had existed for some time, and was not directed against France. She took no umbrage at it, and conforming to the exigencies of the present time, would seek no alliance with any Power, but would endeavour to live on good terms with all. It was natural that a country which had been conquered, which was seeking recovery, and which was surrounded by young and ambitious Powers, should be solicitous, or even anxious; but that only imposed the duty of watchfulness upon the Government, and watchful the Government would be. "Silence, in certain circumstances, was dignified." This speech is said to have been favourably received everywhere, and more especially in Vienna, where they are by no means anxious to begin a quarrel *à outrance* with France Prince Bismarck is an invaluable ally, but might he not, think the Hapsburgs, grow a little,—well, a little insupportable?

Sir W. Lawson on Friday week carried his resolution in favour of Local Option by 206 to 130. His idea is that the inhabitants of districts should have power to abolish all public-houses in their districts, if they please; but his supporters in the division do not all mean this. The Government, for instance, favoured the resolution, but Sir W. Harcourt explained that what they intended to do was to entrust the power of regulating the grant of licences to the municipal and rural Councils. It is now entrusted to the Magistrates, and is, Sir W. Harcourt said, quite absolute, the licences having been recently decided in court to be annual grants, and the Magistrates having power to refuse them all. The Government, therefore, propose a mere transference of power; but they did not intend that this should be exercised through a popular vote. The right must be conceded to permanent bodies elected by the people, and enjoying their confidence. Until, therefore, the County Government Bill has been passed, it will be impossible to do anything in the matter. Mr. Gladstone pointedly added that the views of the Home Secretary were his also, and that when he was enabled to create municipalities over the whole country, the control of the liquor traffic would be confided to them. "The views of the Government were settled." We suspect, when action commences, it will be found necessary to name an irreducible minimum in the Act, or the local council may find itself suddenly besieged by bodies of navvies or other labourers crying aloud for beer.

The Victoria-Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection held a very successful meeting on Tuesday, at the house of Lord Mount-Temple, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. The Bishop of Oxford discussed at it the meaning of Dr. Lyon Playfair's principle that "man's duty to man is greater than his duty to beasts," and maintained that to subordinate absolutely man's duty to the beasts to his duty to man, would necessarily be subversive of his duty to man itself, since it would extinguish in him that spirit of compassion for suffering, as suffering, which could not be extinguished anywhere, without being weakened everywhere. Mr. George Russell, M.P., and Mr. Reid, M.P., reviewed the recent debate, and showed how little the Home Secretary appeared to understand the working of the Act which he had to administer, and how alarming was his statement that he intended to be guided in its administration by the Association for the advancement of Medicine by research, a mere Association for promoting Vivisection, so far as it can be promoted under the present Act; and Lord Coleridge made one of his profoundly impressive speeches against the principles and doctrines of the friends of Vivisection,

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Consols were on Friday 101$\frac{7}{8}$ to 102.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE English people have many fine qualities, but a steady reasonableness is not one of them. They cannot emulate the Scotch and Welsh here for a moment. The Scotch and Welsh are both very religious, but they can see what really injures religion and what does not, and are not misled by superficial appearances. The English, on the other hand, are subject to somewhat spasmodic impulses, and like bolting horses, are very apt to take the bit between their teeth, when they find that it guides them in a direction in which they do not want to go. The dislike to Mr. Bradlaugh,—founded, we believe, even more on other publications of his than on his atheistic opinions,—has been so rampant in many constituencies, that English Members, no doubt sharing this dislike to the full, and caring very little how far they could or could not justify on principle the vote which they wished to give against him, have done Mr. Bradlaugh a very great service, in the effort to express their aversion. They have set him up as a persecuted man for another spell of two or three years, and have given all the vogue they can to those peculiar opinions on the subject of religion and morality for which they desire to express their loathing. They have done a very foolish thing, whether they voted against the Affirmation Bill, or whether they adopted that very weak and unmeaning course of refusing to give a vote at all; and before many weeks are over, they will probably bitterly regret the impulse which led them to take the bit between their teeth and bolt. But there will always be plenty of Englishmen to act on irrational impulses, even when they know in their own minds that the impulses on which they act are not sane ones, as they pique themselves on these impulses,—in other words, on the unsteadiness of their own judgments. And the only hope is that as the influence of education is brought to bear more and more upon England, Englishmen will feel less proud of their unconquerable disposition to ignore the bridle of reason, and bolt under the influence of panic where it is least safe for them to go. We are aware, of course, that these remarks do not in all probability apply to such Members as Messrs. Fitzwilliam, Sir E. Watkin, and Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens. They have voted with their eyes open, no doubt from sheer dislike to the Government, and not from dislike to a particular application of the principles of religious liberty. But it was the impulsiveness of their constituents that alone rendered it safe for them,—safe, at least, in their own estimation,—to express their dislike to the Government in this way; and so long as the English people are what they are, they will constantly furnish excuses to their representatives for helping the cause they would prefer to defeat, and undermining the cause they want to help. English public opinion has none of the steadiness of Scotch and Welsh public opinion. Liberals in Wales and Scotland know what they mean and do it, and so do the Conservatives. In England, neither Liberals nor Conservatives, as a Party, always know exactly what they mean; and even if they do, they will sometimes follow their humour, and do the opposite. Their convictions are only *some* of the elements on which they act. Not unfrequently, they will act against their convictions to express an irrational but overwhelming aversion. Some of the English and many of the Ulster Liberals have acted thus on the occasion of the Affirmation Bill, and if we judge rightly, the result will be most mischievous to the cause they have at heart. We do not in the least blame the Irish Home-rulers, Catholic or otherwise, for seizing the occasion to do what they think will injure a Government which they cannot forgive for its various efforts to do justice to Ireland. They have acted on the supreme instinct of their political being, and by that they are to themselves justified. But the English and Ulster Liberals have, by their desertion or abstention, done all in their power to weaken the hands of the only Government from which they can get the measures they really want, and that, too, with the result of extending the power of the man whose mischievous influence over the country they wish to blot out. They will soon repent their blunder, and their constituents will repent it still sooner. For we regard the vote of Thursday night as likely to cripple the Government very materially, not only in its conflict with obstruction, but in its general moral influence.

We conclude that after Sir Stafford Northcote's pointed remark that he deprecated the attempt to discuss the question on party lines, there is on neither side of the House the smallest wish to make a political crisis out of the defeat of the Government. Why the Conservatives do not wish this, it is not very easy to see. Probably Sir Stafford Northcote knows that a dissolution on an all but accidental question of this sort, even if he could force one, would give him a following of a very unsatisfactory kind; and perhaps his ascendency in the councils of the party is not yet securely enough established over that of Lord Salisbury to render an immediate crisis desirable. But however this may be, it is clear that Sir Stafford in his very moderate speech of Thursday night did intend to deprecate as much as possible any party aspect for the division, and it is obvious enough that the Liberals will not court an appeal to the country on a matter on which the drift even of Liberal opinion is so vacillating and capricious. But none the less it seems to us idle to deny that the Government have received a blow from the effects of which they will hardly recover before they have gone to the constituencies again, and that their own policy should now be shaped with the view of rendering possible an appeal to the country as speedily as is consistent with the pledges they have already given. We do not for a moment think that they should give up the Tenant-farmers' Compensation Bill, for that is a matter on which their opponents will hardly venture to join serious battle; and it is, moreover, one of great urgency in the present condition of agriculture. It is most desirable, too, that the common impression of the indifference of the Liberals to the welfare of the farmers, should not be confirmed by any apathy on a practical matter so pressing and so definite, and we earnestly hope that this measure will be pressed on with all convenient speed. But as regards the rest of the Government programme, we hold that they would do well to drop all reforms which essentially require a strong and united party,—like the Government of London Bill, for instance,—and which are not very well understood by the public at large, in favour of those on the character of which a very strong opinion will be formed by both parties in the country, and on which an appeal to the country is far from improbable. We all saw in the Government of 1869-74 how completely the defeat of the Government on the Irish University Bill paralysed it for general work, and how soon after that defeat the collapse came. If the Government go on with a long programme of measures of somewhat local significance, for passing which they require great authority, without possessing it, they will fritter away their influence, as they did in 1873. The only course to be pursued now, as it seems to us, is to prepare as soon as possible the greater political measures promised by the Government,—especially the County Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill,—and thereby to quicken the popular interest felt in an Administration which has suffered this serious shock. No Government in England undergoes a blow of this kind without suffering in influence, and we do not believe that even Mr. Gladstone's Government will be an exception. The vote of the House of Commons has declared that, in the opinion of the majority of that House, the effort which the Government made to defend the cause of religious liberty was not demanded by the circumstances, and partook rather of the nature of unjustified sympathy for Mr. Bradlaugh than of respect for the principles of religious liberty. We all know, of course, that this opinion is a false opinion. We all know that Mr. Gladstone, in his magnificent speech, expounded the true ground for the action of the Government; but it is impossible for a Government which has failed to convince the House of Commons of this, to command the same influence after the hostile vote as it commanded before it. The only wise course, therefore, is to press on as soon as possible the larger political measures with which the Government is identified, and to appeal to the people, if necessary, upon the character of those measures. Let us not again make the mistake of allowing the confidence of the country to ooze away in driblets, while the Government is pressing on difficult and complicated measures, the significance of which will not be fully realised in the provinces, though they expose a great surface to the opposition of open foes and of disaffected allies. A shaken Government should concentrate its efforts on those larger issues on which alone the country will rally to its aid.

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

IT is simply ridiculous for the Tories to object to the National Liberal Club, whose opening was celebrated on Wednesday, as a kind of Supreme Caucus. They have had the

thing in full operation for years. There is not a Tory Agent in the country, or a Tory working politician, who does not look to the Carlton as a centre, from which advice and aid and, in certain cases, motive-power can be obtained. The Political Committee of that Club is a supreme caucus for that party, with this peculiarity, that it is independent of Tory electors, instead of representing them. The only innovation introduced by the Liberals in founding the new Club, is that they make it more genuinely popular, that the provincials, instead of visiting a shrine, are to come to a home, and that the London politicians, instead of being hosts and superior hosts, will be comrades in council, with valued visitors. That deviation from the old routine seems to us most wise. There are two impediments in the way of organising the vast masses of voters who now bewilder statesmen which all parties in all countries, if they desire power, must remove. One, the extent of which men living in a capital can hardly conceive, is the difficulty of making the true leaders known to the people,—accurately known, known so that rumours and calumnies have no weight. One would say that, with public speeches incessantly going on, with the public men incessantly "starring" about, and with the journalists pouring out volumes of criticism, the work would be easy enough; but all experience shows that it is not so. In America, the trouble drives politicians to such despair that unless they can catch a successful General, like General Grant, they prefer a dark horse, as being, at all events, less sure to be misunderstood. In France the electors know no one, except the head of the State, or an exceptional man like Gambetta; and even in England the difficulty distinctly contributes to the one-man ascendency, which since 1867 has marked our politics. The people knew Lord Beaconsfield and they know Mr. Gladstone, but they could not remember the names of the Tory Cabinet, and do not recollect half the Liberal one. Lord Hartington has the advantage of his rank, which induces Englishmen to take much for granted; but just ask ordinary voters in that huge province, Lincolnshire, where Cabinet Ministers never speak, their idea of Lord Hartington? He will be Premier before they know anything about him. The National Liberal Club will help greatly to dissipate that kind of ignorance. The average voters will not attend it, of course, but their delegates will, and each man who comes up to town and haunts it for a week will, on his return, be to his own circle a trusted News-letter embodied in the flesh. He will have a distinct conception of a dozen men who before were names to him. Every leading man has not, of course, the personal magnetism of Mr. Gladstone, which so impressed the host assembled on Wednesday, that if the Dissolution arrived next week, that one dinner would have a perceptible effect on the results, but every leader worth obeying has an impressiveness of some sort, which is felt most in personal contact with him. Lord Hartington, for instance, a totally different man from Mr. Gladstone, never speaks without increasing his influence. The second difficulty, when personal contact has been established, is that of keeping the electors *en rapport* with the shifting state of affairs. They are sure, even when intelligent, to be a little behind; to expect something which cannot be done; to have missed some argument which, if they heard it, would seem irrefragable; to be under some illusion, which ten words of rough sense would dispel. There is no device tolerable by English manners for curing that evil equal to a London Political Exchange, where information can be procured, and people seen, and country politicians with a certain social timidity, but very useful, can feel themselves in place. The National Liberal Club will give all that, and we only wish that more Ministers had been able to be present, and to make speeches in the least formal and cumbrous way.

We do not know that the speeches actually made on Wednesday were specially good, though they impressed the audience mightily. Mr. Gladstone's short but carefully prepared sketch of the actual facts as to the comparative finance of Tories and Liberals, with its really wonderful lucidity and adaptation to the knowledge of the audience, had, no doubt, a profound effect; and so had the speeches both of the Foreign Secretary and the Premier, on the "veiled obstruction" which is stopping work. The latter helped greatly to clear the minds of men who do not watch the House closely, of a latent idea that the Cabinet lacks energy, and could force its Bills through, if it would. They brought home to the audience the truth that in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, the day has only twenty-four hours, and that if twenty-four men are allowed to waste an hour apiece and are determined to do it, no time for anything will remain. They deepened the perception that a remedy must be found for the evil, and that it will not be found unless the constituencies will enable, or if need be compel, their representatives to take very strong measures indeed. To our minds, that is now the first question of British politics. We deliberately believe Parliamentary Government to be in danger of asphyxia, and would, rather than see the danger continue, consent to radical changes, such as the true "Clôture," the formation of a Speaker's Committee with most extensive powers over procedure, and a serious reduction in the existing number of the House of Commons. It is evident, from the speeches of Wednesday, that the danger is engrossing the attention of statesmen, and the words used in the Aquarium were well adapted to make provincial delegates realise fully the central fact of the political situation. They saw that the Tories did not intend business to go on. But beyond this, which was most important, we do not know that there was much said. The leading speakers missed or refused the chance offered of speaking on the Liberalism of the future, and they were compelled, in speaking of the past, to dwell, except as regards finance, on generalities. The total drift of all said was that the Government had inherited a bad situation, and had, on the whole, extricated the country from it; and that was patent before, to all who can see. Still, the audience saw the facts more vividly than before, and they went home enthusiastic, with a conviction of the vitality and movement of the Liberal party stronger than the one they brought. That is a most valuable result, and one which, as time goes on, those who govern England must seek even more attentively than they do. It is a hard burden to put upon them, but they will be compelled to do more educating work than they have attempted, to visit unvisited districts, and to visit them in groups. We should like to see the experiment of two or three meetings, large and cordial as that at the National Club, tried in a county like Lincolnshire, with the distinct intention of letting light into that county, and breaking the prestige of pretentious windbags like Mr. Chaplin. We believe it could be done, and that if all electors could only be made to realise what the Liberal Ministers are like, and what they really mean, the Government might dissolve even on a question like the Affirmation Bill, and still strengthen their majority. Wire-pulling, we may depend on it, has had its day. A popular constituency must be conciliated by popular means, and the best of those means is argument directly addressed to thousands of representative men, by speakers who are responsible for acts, as well as words. Speeches may not change votes in the House of Commons, though even that is not true, but they most unquestionably change them in the country.

MR. VILLIERS STUART ON THE CONDITION OF EGYPT.

THE Government has evidently made up its mind not to retire from Egypt in a hurried manner, or without the fullest evidence that its objects have been accomplished. The few and short sentences in which Mr. Gladstone on Wednesday, in his speech at the Aquarium, referred to the situation of affairs there, made as they were, in the presence of so many who dislike the Expedition, show that he was both conscious of the difficulty of his task, and determined to discharge it. Lord Dufferin is even more emphatic. In the complimentary letter to the Egyptian Premier with which he took his leave for Constantinople, he allows himself gradually to glide from pleasing assurances and rose-coloured descriptions into sentences of serious warning that the new system "is destined and intended both to succeed and to endure." Lord Granville, says his agent, has promised this repeatedly, and "words of this kind, uttered in Parliament, are not lightly spoken." Finally, the situation itself almost compels the Cabinet to take this course. There is too much evidence that as yet the Khedive has not recovered his authority, that Egypt is still disorganised, and that nothing but the presence of British troops prevents a relapse to anarchy. The new army, the new gendarmerie, the new police are all in process of formation, but as yet there is no strength or grip in any of them. The mere rumour that the British troops were to be withdrawn caused a panic in Alexandria and arrested trade, and neither fear nor caution were unjustified, as the incident of Sunday at Port Said clearly revealed. The Greeks of the town and the Arab soldiery got into one of their perpetual quarrels; the Greeks drew their revolvers, and instantly all native authority

ceased. The Governor, with plenty of soldiers at his back, found himself powerless to prevent a riot, in which the safety of the whole town would have been compromised, and, acknowledging his powerlessness in writing, begged Captain Rice, commanding the 'Iris,' to land sailors and marines, and restore order. This was done, Captain Rice, with 200 men, instantly reducing the rioters to submission; but if he had refused, Port Said would have been burnt and pillaged. As invariably happens after such occupations, all true authority —the authority which can secure order without bloodshed —has passed to the Europeans, whose will alone upholds the administrative system. Even when the Army has been reformed, this difficulty will survive; and the certainty of disorder will retard, probably for years, the departure of the small garrison whose presence assures all Egyptians that insurrection cannot ultimately succeed.

It is well that this should be clear, for without it administrative reform in Egypt will never begin, and its commencement is more imperative than ever. It is positively sickening to read of the condition of the Egyptian peasantry, and to know that for one at least of its worst features the people of this country are responsible. Mr. H. Villiers Stuart, the able and experienced Member for Waterford, who knows rural Egypt probably better than any man alive, consented in December last to inspect the condition of the people, and report to Lord Dufferin at Cairo. He visited all the provinces of the Delta, and examined forty-four groups of witnesses, in twenty-six communes, and then repaired to Upper Egypt, where he held thirty-five separate inquiries. His Report, though most temperate in tone, as becomes a man who knows that all the world is not governed like Westminster, would, if made of a British province, leave the Government no alternative between instant and radical reform or dismissal in disgrace. He found everywhere, though more in the Delta—which is our special business—than in Upper Egypt, that with the restoration of order the usurers who had fled before Arabi had returned, and were demanding and receiving interest at from 65 to 120 per cent. per annum, the total paid to these villains exceeding *the whole State taxation of the country* (page 7 of Blue-book, No. 7, of 1883), heavy as that is. When the peasant, as usually happens, is unable to pay, the Mixed Tribunals, setting aside the old Organic Law of Egypt, under which the cultivator could not be dispossessed of his holding for mere debt, decree the land to the usurer; and "in many villages I saw handsome European houses, surrounded by gardens, vineyards, and well-stocked farms, and invariably the natives told me that these properties belonged to money-lenders, who had become possessed of them by degrees, adding field to field, through the instrumentality of the Mixed Tribunals. They had drawn the net of indebtedness around the fellah, and when it suited them to absorb his land they have foreclosed; and then, although the debt might fall far short of the value of the land, yet from the method of procedure, far away in the Courts in Cairo, a procedure utterly obscure to the poor, ignorant peasant, the land has been knocked-down to the foreign creditor, well versed and instructed in the ways of these Courts. In one small village, the Greek had 200 acres, and no other inhabitant had more than a few acres left; even the Sheikh had only twelve. The Greek's estate had been carved out of theirs, and the little community had been reduced by this means from prosperity to proverty." Of course, the usurers are hated, till the secret of Arabi's popularity was a decree promising that their bonds should be cancelled, and till the personal popularity of the English, to which Mr. Villiers Stuart testifies, is lost in the hatred of the foreigner, to whose tribunals the Fellaheen attribute the whole evil. They could, they say, in the last resort, have bribed their own Judges to give them redress. As if this misery, which is disorganising all society, and will lead to an agrarian strike fatal to the Revenue, was not sufficient, the corvée still exists; and the impoverished peasants—"every landowner up to 100 acres being liable"—are forced out to work "in distant parts of the province," not their own villages, under the following circumstances:—"Those who are liable get no pay whatever for their work, neither does the Government provide them with any food whatever; their friends at home have to send them food from their villages, usually bread dried in the sun is their sole nourishment; it is sent in sacks, a couple of men from each village being deputed to convey it to the scene of operations. They have also to find their own tools and baskets; as a matter of fact, their hands are often their only tools, with these they load the baskets and excavate the soil; no shelter is provided for them at night, nor any covering; a certain number of overseers are appointed, these are armed with sticks, and superintend the work." It is as it was in the days of Pharaoh, only the Egyptians are under the lash of the taskmasters, and Israelites in Paris and London wield the whip. The stick spoken of is freely used, and also the whip of hippopotamus-hide:—"The use of the 'courbash' (hippopotamus-hide whip) and of *the stick has increased since the rebellion,* as also imprisonment in heavy chains; these punishments often fall upon the innocent; for instance, if a fellah selected for military service runs away to the Desert, his relatives are chained and thrown into prison, although in no way accessory to the offence." The European usurers, who alone could protect the people, look on with indifference; and, indeed, says Mr. Villiers Stuart, in his calm, unemotional way:—

"I met with a Greek gentleman who is much prejudiced against the natives; he said they were very obstinate, and in illustration he narrated an incident which he had witnessed the day before. A postal runner had been waylaid and robbed near a house at night; the owner of this house was not suspected of the robbery, but he was seized and brought before the Mudir, who asked him why he had not gone to assist the postman; he said he had been asleep in his home, and had not heard the cries of the plundered man; the Mudir said he must have heard them, and on his persisting in his statement he ordered him to be beaten on the soles of his feet with the courbash; he received no less than 800 blows, till his feet were reduced to a jelly, and then, as he still refused to confess that he had heard the noise, he was taken home. 'You see,' said the Greek, 'how obstinate these people are!'"

Five millions of people, so industrious that Egyptian land yields a higher rental than land in Lincolnshire, so moderate that, says Mr. Villiers Stuart, they will willingly pay one per cent. per mensem for loans, and only talk of usury when the exaction rises above that figure, and so peaceful that 2,000 Europeans are a sufficient garrison, are subjected to the miseries faintly indicated in these extracts, mainly because, the British being there, insurrection is impossible.

We say at once, hearty advocates as we are of the occupation, that if we cannot end these things, our duty is to withdraw; but we can end them. The Representative Council just decreed will do nothing, for it will at first represent oppressors, and not oppressed; but the British Resident can do everything. He can just as easily compel the Khedive to forbid the use of the lash, and to make his order effectual by the steady execution of those who disobey it, as he can compel him to issue a code which every official will violate whenever he dare. He can just as easily direct him to declare that the old Organic Law as to holdings is again in force, as to set up the International Tribunals, which are, unintentionally, causing such a dissolution of society, and he should direct his energies to those two ends. It is nonsense to talk of interference. It is the old scandal of Bengal over again. If we are not entitled to interfere, and cannot make the native ruler do justice without interference, our duty is to withdraw our support and leave his subjects to their natural remedy, their right of deposing him, a right as fully acknowledged by Mussulmans as by Christians. It is as utterly wrong to guarantee an oppressor against his people by our civilised force, as to use that civilised force in order to oppress for ourselves. There is, however, no necessity for such *a priori* arguments. The steady pressure of a Resident determined to prevent gross oppression, even if he has to change the Sovereign, can prevent it; and we ought to appoint one, and support him in all needful exercise of authority. It is a cumbrous and a weak system, compared with the direct action of a British Viceroy, who in six months would terminate these iniquities for ever, and secure personal freedom to the whole population; but if the British people fear responsibility too much, let them compel action through the slower scheme. The alternative is to quit Egypt, whatever the consequences to our future.

THE RESULT OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN CONVENTION.

WE take it that the Parnell party among the Irish-Americans did, on the whole, carry the Philadelphia Convention. The representatives of the Ultras were numerous and fierce, so fierce that it was necessary to avoid any formal condemnation of their tenets, and that they held after the larger meeting a Convention of their own. No formal resolution was passed condemning the use of dynamite, the most furious Irreconcileable leaders, though shouted down, were not expelled, and a special resolution of compliment was passed in favour of Mr. Egan, who is supposed, rightly or wrongly, it hardly matters which, to be in a special degree the link be-

tween the secret and the public societies. We say it hardly matters, because if he is the link the Convention desired to condone the action of the former, and if he is only supposed to be, its managers wished to leave the impression among Irishmen at large that this was their secret policy. In either case, the Convention was either cautious or sympathetic towards O'Donovan Rossa and those he represents, and the delegates drew down on themselves most justly warm reproaches from those who value the character of Irishmen among the nationalities of the world. The Convention, moreover, was compelled to pander in its Resolutions to the hatred of England which, far more than love for Ireland, animates the Irreconcileables. Instead of pleading that Ireland as a nation had a right to independence, even if England were behaving well—a perfectly reasonable proposition, from the Nationalist point of view, and admitting of any policy not condemned by ordinary morality—the majority of the Convention cannot mention the British Government without calling it "brutal," and condemn Coercion Bills and assistance to emigration in the same opprobrious terms. Still, the Gironde did, on the whole, get the advantage of the Mountain. The friends of Mr. Parnell succeeded in inserting the word "legitimate" into the clause declaring it "the duty of the Irish race throughout the world to sustain the Irish people in the employment of all legitimate means to substitute for British rule national self-government." The word is vague, and indeed useless, as the Ultras consider dynamite legitimate, but it will enable Mr. Parnell to say that his friends have not stepped over the line which renders discussion impossible. They succeeded in inserting a strong vote of confidence also in Mr. Parnell himself, for that is the meaning of the rather absurd resolution which declares that "every stroke of Forster's savage lash was for Irishmen a new proof of Parnell's worth." That sentence suggests the man who, having just been thrown from his horse, replied to the friends who anxiously inquired whether he was hurt, "Quite the contrary;" but Irishmen, when furious, lose their sense of humour as quickly as other people, and the object of the words, despite their grotesque form, is unmistakable. Then the plan adopted is Mr. Parnell's own. All the Leagues and Associations, even the oldest of them, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, are merged in the National League, which is, moreover, avowedly devoted to the support of the kindred League on this side the water, "of which," say the framers of the Resolutions, with clear significance, "Charles Stewart Parnell is the President." And, finally, his latest idea, that of enlisting the labourers in his cause by holding out to them indefinite promises, and sinking, for the moment, the war on landlordism, is embodied in a regular resolution which would hardly have been proposed in Philadelphia without inspiration from this side. It is the farmers, not the labourers, for whom the American-Irish have hitherto declared; but this time they say nothing of the right of the people to the soil, and everything of the right of the labourers to "fair wages." Mr. Parnell, in fact, wants a new instrument.

The Parnellites have won, though after a struggle which, if the history of Revolutions may be trusted, bodes them little good. The Gironde always wins till the Mountain swallows it, the tendency in such movements being always to transfer power to the desperate till they awaken the inevitable reaction; but still, taking the "short views" necessary in politics, the Parnellites have won. Their leader is officially and nominally chief of the whole party in Ireland and America, can depend upon certain, though probably limited, supplies of money—for it was the Irreconcileables who sent most cash through Mr. P. Ford—and can manipulate that scrutin de liste under which, in the disaffected districts, Irish elections are practically managed. Mr. Parnell can nominate the Parnellite Members, can pay expenses for such as need it, and can therefore, on grave occasions and within certain limits, overrule dissent. The question, therefore, for English politicians is how he will use his power. He has the usual three courses open to him. One, incomparably the best, is to regard himself as chief of the Irish Radicals, and steadily insist, whatever Government is in power, on the changes which Ireland, from the Radical point of view, now requires, namely, the alterations in the Land Act asked for by Ulster; a relaxation of the peasant-proprietary clause; the reduction of all franchises to the English level; the concession to urban municipalities and County Councils of all powers now exercised by Birmingham, except, for the present, the control of the police; the substitution of qualified Stipendiaries for the gentry as Magistrates; and the complete decentralisation of the work now concentrated in the Castle. Mr. Parnell, with thirty or thirty-five followers who would really obey, could carry all those reforms, and probably confer immense benefits upon his country, if only because he would train all classes to the responsibilities of power. His support, steadily and honestly conceded to either side, would be worth all that; and either party would, if wise, risk the misuse of the powers conceded for the ends of the Secessionists. His second course, the one he is apparently pursuing now, is to throw his whole weight both in Parliament and with the constituencies against every Administration as it arises, thus, whenever the parties approach equality, making Government unsteady, until the statesmen, in utter weariness, grant Home-rule. This course is, we believe, as hopeless as it is immoral, as the statesmen will not make the concession, but would try in preference new experiments, including even, if driven to despair, the partial disfranchisement of Ireland. A good many things which look impossible become possible when a necessity is visible, and among them the idea of regarding general perversity as as much a disqualification as what the law terms "widely-diffused corruption." Still, this course may seem possible to Mr. Parnell, who is already doing his best to destroy the Government which has done most for Ireland, and it is practically open to him. A third course, the one very recently adopted, is by persistent, scientific obstruction, to render Parliamentary Government impossible, until either by independence or Home-rule the Irish Members are withdrawn. That plan also must fail, because Parliament in the last resort will risk any consequences to save itself; but we greatly fear the logic of events will tend in that direction. Mr. Parnell's difficulty, looking at his position as we might if we were reasonable Irish Home-rulers like Mr. Shaw, is that he is again dependent not on Irish opinion alone, but on Irish-American opinion also, which, moreover, will outweigh the other, because Irish-Americans will find the funds. That opinion will hardly be conciliated by true reforms, because it seeks not a happier Ireland, or a better governed Ireland, but an independent Ireland. Nor will it be greatly mollified by a long Parliamentary battle, in which the heavy blows can be delivered only at intervals, and the great result—the weakening of successive Governments—will scarcely be perceptible at a distance. It will demand visible effects, struggles, "scenes," as evidences that the work is going on, and they can be furnished only through Parliamentary obstruction. Mr. Parnell may hesitate, knowing well the consequences of such a campaign; but the pressure upon him will be in that direction, and may be irresistible. In that event, Procedure may yet become a national question, and we shall have Tories as well as Liberals ridiculing the New Rules, as absurdly weak for the necessities of the day.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

MR. BRIGHT'S speech on the Establishment proves to demonstration what, for our part, we have never doubted, that the Established Church of England is not, and has never been, a reforming influence in the State, if by a reforming influence we refer to the influence exerted over public opinion on public questions. At the beginning of the century, the Church of England and its chief authorities were passive in relation to one of the most savage Criminal Codes in Europe. Later on, the dignitaries of the Church were far behind the public opinion of the day in relation to the question of slavery. In our own time, the Church has been one of the great props of the Tory party, and so far as we can judge is likely to remain a prop of the Tory party as long as it exists. Where we differ broadly from Mr. Bright is in believing that in this respect Disestablishment would make much difference. Look to the Colonies and to the United States, where there is not only no Establishment, but no State endowment, and the attitude of the Episcopal Church will be found to be pretty much the same. Its prevailing sympathy is with the Conservative, not with the reforming, sections of the peoples to which it ministers. The spiritual life which it cherishes, so far as it is vivid, is seen rather in the strength it throws into the moral and social charities than in the strength it throws into political agitation. We would not go so far as to say that the Establishment, as an Establishment, has nothing to do with this. We do not doubt that the great temporal dignity of the Bishops acts not unfrequently as a stimulating element, and an unhealthily stimulating element, to this Conservative tendency. Indeed, though the Bishops are the only Life-Peers

in the House of Lords, and though it is in the direction of creating Life-peerages that the greatest statesmen have looked for the reform of the House of Lords, the Bishops must be said to be failures as Life-Peers, if only on this account,—that they do not really give their minds to any political questions which do not specially interest them either as ecclesiastics or as Conservatives. But what Mr. Bright seems to have overlooked is the fact that, so far from being subservient to the Government of the day, the Bishops have never been subservient to Liberal Governments at all. On the contrary, if we were asked where some of the sturdiest opponents of Mr. Gladstone's two Governments had been found, we should have replied, amongst the Bishops, and not least among the Bishops of his own creation. Let us do the Bishops this credit, at least. Doubtless they are biassed by their position of dignity, doubtless it makes them more Conservative than they might otherwise be; but it does not, on the whole, make them time-servers. They feel no scruple at all in banning the Government to which they owe their temporal dignity, and are allies not of the Government as a Government, but of the ancient Constitution as an ancient Constitution. And our profound belief is that they would remain on the whole allies of the ancient Constitution, even if they were both disestablished and disendowed to-morrow. Some of the rulers of the Church might be rendered a little less worldly and a little more other-worldly, by Disestablishment; and by Disendowment they would undoubtedly be brought into a position of greater dependence on the laity, with all the good and all the evil of that dependence; but neither by Disestablishment nor by Disendowment would the Episcopal Church of England ever be turned into a vividly Liberal Church, like the Church, for instance, of the Independents or the Baptists. There is something in Episcopacy itself which tends towards the discouragement of democratic feeling, though it is not necessarily incompatible with that feeling. Indeed, it is to our mind all but certain that while genuine popular leaders who, like Mr. Gladstone, combine a deep faith in the popular instincts with deep reverence for what we may call a submissive type of religion, will always throw something larger and more catholic into their statesmanship than mere Radicals can ever throw, they will yet be rare among Liberals, and will always be regarded by the rank and file of the Liberal party with a certain historical wonder. It is perfectly true that no leader of the Liberal Party has ever been so popular, so much the delight and the hero of the party at large, as Mr. Gladstone; partly, no doubt, from the thoroughgoingness of his Liberalism, but partly, too, from the very feeling of grateful astonishment that one who can feel as he does in relation to matters ecclesiastical, should yet sympathise so passionately with the people in relation to matters political and social. We deny, of course, that there is any adequate justification for that astonishment. We believe that at bottom, the acquiescent, not to say submissive, temper towards "things as they are," in relation to God's disposition of events of the past that are unchangeable, is not only perfectly consistent with, but in the deepest minds calculated to stimulate, the effort to make better manifest the true mind of Providence in the future as compared with the past. It is not in the least that we find any inconsistency between what may be called a submissive creed, a submissive religious attitude, and a sturdy political spirit of reform. But though there is no radical inconsistency between the two, the mass of men are so constituted that they cannot easily embrace both attitudes of mind; and so it happens that while the most powerful leader we Liberals have ever had, does embrace both attitudes of mind, the greater number of his followers regard his High Anglicanism with a mixture of wonder and thankfulness that it did not keep him in the Conservative ranks. We ourselves hold that the Episcopal Church, even if it were disestablished to-morrow, would in both its sections—its High-Church, as well as its Evangelical section—remain, on the whole, a distinctly Conservative force, though there would always be good reformers in both sections of it. It would, on the whole, continue to oppose democracy, and to maintain the aristocratic attitude, on political affairs. But we quite admit to Mr. Bright that we should feel no objection at all to the experiment of banishing the Bishops from the House of Lords, where, as it seems to us, they are perfectly useless as Life-Peers, while their temporal dignity rather tends to injure their influence as Christian pastors and preachers.

Mr. Bright made no attempt to show that the passive attitude of the Episcopal Church in relation to political affairs was really due to its connection with the State. Nor does it in the least follow that because a Church is passive in relation to public matters, it does not do a great deal of good to which no Voluntary Church would be equal, in relation to the social condition of the country. Mr. Gladstone has always maintained, and we think quite truly, that a Disestablished Church which should be only so far disendowed as was the Irish Protestant Church in 1869, would be a monster in the State, far too powerful for an independent corporation; while, if you proposed to strip it much barer than the Irish Established Church was stripped, you would do an immense deal of practical injustice, and cause an immense deal of suffering to the poor themselves, for which there cannot be a just demand so long as the English people really desire to see that part of their national inheritance employed as it has been employed for so many hundred years. Mr. Bright's argument seems to us to fail in this. It shows us a serious evil which would be certain to survive Disestablishment, and not only Disestablishment, but even Disendowment. It shows us no compensating good to be gained by that violent interference with English institutions which the Society on behalf of which he spoke contemplates, and is pledged to bring about.

FRENCH DIPLOMACY.

THE debate in the French Senate on the Triple Alliance, or understanding, or, as M. Challemel-Lacour prefers to calls it, the *rapprochement*, between the two central European Empires and Italy, had an incidental result which the author of the interpellation probably intended to bring about, and the Foreign Minister knew that he could not avert. It showed the completeness of the diplomatic isolation in which the events of the last five years have placed France. This diplomatic isolation is something distinct from political isolation. Political isolation has been the lot of France ever since 1870, and so long as Prince Bismarck's ideas are faithfully carried out, it will, to all appearance, continue to be her lot. But this is, in the strictest sense of the phrase, the fortune of war. It would have been the same if the Empire had survived Sedan, or if it had been followed by a Bourbon restoration. A great defeat, involving the annihilation of an army, the collapse of a military system, and an unprecedented increase of public burdens, must isolate the nation which sustains it. Influence ordinarily follows power, and when France lost power she could not expect to remain an important factor in European combinations. She would still be valuable for what she might one day become; but her value necessarily ceased to be anything but prospective and potential. All this, however, was quite compatible with the retention of a very real diplomatic importance. That is very largely a matter of habit and tradition. It is often enjoyed by countries which, if they were judged by their physical resources only, would count for very little indeed. Diplomatic importance mainly consists in the confidence into which the representative of one power is taken by the representatives of the rest,—depends on whether, to use a slang phrase, he is "in it." This is very largely a matter of social intimacy. The best diplomatist is the man who not only is best able to use his opportunities, but has most opportunities to use. In one way, indeed, these opportunities are fewer than they once were, because the consolidation of the German Empire has abolished the Missions at the small German Courts. These Missions were sometimes of great value, as channels of information about the affairs of greater Powers. A Minister knew, perhaps, what his Government was contemplating at the other end of Europe, and the want of any connection between this information and the affairs of the Power to which he was accredited made him more careless about imparting it to his colleagues. Lord Malmesbury once told a Committee of the House of Commons that the two most important pieces of information he received while he was at the Foreign Office—the intention of the Austrians to cross the Ticino in 1859, and the intention of Napoleon III. to annex Savoy—came, one from the English Minister at Hanover, and the other from the English Minister at Berne. The Diplomatic Body at these petty Courts was a little group of men in constant and intimate association with one another, and when men live together in this way for years, they naturally come to have but few secrets that are not common property. This is a very fair illustration of what diplomatic importance means. It depends on the maintenance of constant, intimate, and equal intercourse. How little this is enjoyed by France at this moment was shown by Tuesday's debate. She has, says M. Challemel-Lacour, "her diplomatic agents, whose duty it is to inform the Government of what occurs abroad; but they can only tell

what they know." The Minister did not go on to say that they knew very little, but the whole tenour of his speech said it for him. It was just such a speech as might have been made by a cautious journalist,—a man who really has no more knowledge of what is going on than his readers can equally gain from each morning's telegrams, but who is anxious not to display his ignorance more than he can help, and so keeps as closely as possible to generalities. No doubt, M. Challemel-Lacour was at a disadvantage. He was answering a man who has been both Ambassador and Foreign Minister, and who is supposed even now to be exceptionally well informed of what goes on in Europe. But when the fullest possible allowance has been made for this, no one can read M. Challemel-Lacour's speech and not see that he was altogether in the dark as to the subject of which he was talking. He knows no more about the Triple Alliance than the man in the street, and the reason of this ignorance is that he has no better sources of information than the man in the street.

What is the reason that the French Republic should be so great a failure, in a line in which success was of real moment to its well-being? The mere fact that it is a Republic is clearly not enough to account for it. The Venetian diplomacy was the best in the world, and the diplomacy of the United Provinces was almost equally famous. At this very day, American diplomacy is successful for its own objects, and if it is less omniscient about European affairs than the diplomacy of other countries, it is simply because it is less interested in them. If at this moment France were represented at a foreign Court by the right man, the habits of old familiarity would revive, and the Minister would find abundance of matter to send home to his Government. Yet the example of the United States seems to show that it is not necessary that a diplomatist should belong to any particular class, or hold any particular rank. It is not because an aristocratic profession resents the intrusion of men who are not aristocrats that French diplomacy is in so low a position in Europe. No doubt, the desire to send as Ministers men of pronounced Republican views, which has shown itself during the last few years, is in part responsible for the change. There is a sense of comradeship in men, and especially in young men of the same social standing, which makes an excellent foundation for professional intimacy. But where the men themselves are clever and judicious, the absence of this foundation may be supplied. What is really injurious to diplomatic success is the fact that a nation cannot send as its representatives to foreign Courts the men who are best qualified to represent it. The omission to do this is a revelation of the extent to which political dissension prevails at home. The Government of a nation for the time being can ordinarily command the services of any one of its subjects. When their help is wanted, political differences are not allowed to stand in the way of its being both asked and given. In France, at this moment, there are men admirably qualified to represent the country who are never asked to undertake the work, and who, if asked, would undoubtedly refuse to undertake it. They are not asked, because there is a rooted determination among Republicans to cut France adrift from Monarchical traditions, and as one means of doing this, to send none but members of their own party as Ambassadors or Ministers. And if asked they would refuse, because the Republic has identified itself with a home policy which forbids them to regard it as anything more than a stop-gap, to be got rid of as soon as an opportunity can be found or created. Foreign Governments and foreign diplomatists know this thoroughly well, and they know also the lesson which it conveys. If France were really a homogeneous nation, men like the Duc de Broglie would not be permanently excluded from the public service. They would go in and out with their party, but they would not be treated as aliens, who can have nothing but an intellectual interest in French affairs. If France was a homogeneous nation, men like the Duc de Broglie would not criticise the acts of the Government as though they were the acts of an army of occupation, whose presence must be put up with until France is strong enough to throw it off. These things are just as visible to foreign Courts as they are to observers at home, and the fact that they are so makes it quite natural that M. Challemel-Lacour should be so badly served by his agents. They are the wrong sort of men, to begin with, and they are chosen not because they are the best that France can supply, but because the better men that she could supply are regarded by the party in power as traitors to the Republic, and would regard themselves as traitors to France if they were anything else. There is no time, consequently, for social distaste to die away, because those who feel it do not believe that it is necessary or even convenient to overcome it. Continental diplomatists regard the ascendancy of the Republic as merely a passing phase of the French kaleidoscope, and as it is a phase which they heartily dislike, they have every motive for exaggerating its transitional character.

BIOGRAPHY IN MORTMAIN.

MRS. OLIPHANT and Mr. Venables both take up the cudgels against Mr. Froude, in current numbers of the May Magazines,—Mr. Venables in the *Fortnightly*, and Mrs. Oliphant in the *Contemporary*,—both intimating that Mr. Froude has done his duty very ill, and is responsible for representing the relation between Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle as much less satisfactory than it really was. For our own parts, we have done our best to show that the public impression on this head was very hasty, and that for a very large part of her life at least, Mrs. Carlyle was obviously as devoted as a wife as she was brilliant as a woman. But apart from the question as to the proper inferences to be drawn from the facts, we must say that Mrs. Oliphant, whose very vigorous attack on Mr. Froude is much the more formidable of the two, has not at all sufficiently weighed what was Mr. Carlyle's share of this responsibility, and what Mr. Froude's. She writes as if the publication of the fragment of Diary rested on Mr. Froude's sole responsibility, whereas, as we understand Mr. Froude, Mr. Carlyle had himself selected for publication a part, and a most painful part, of the Diary, though affording no clue to the bitterness of Mrs. Carlyle's tone. "A part only of the following extracts," says Mr. Froude, in giving extracts from the Diary, "was selected by Mr. Carlyle, a part sufficient merely to leave a painful impression, without explaining the origin of his wife's discomfort." Mrs. Oliphant represents it as if no part of the bitter Diary of 1855-56 had been selected by Mr. Carlyle at all, but only fragments of letters which seemed to demand explanation, and that Mr. Froude had out of his head hunted up the Diary to expose the black spot in the relations between the wife and the husband. If we have understood the matter rightly, this is not so. Mr. Froude is, indeed, we suppose, responsible for obtaining and publishing the indiscreet and evidently highly-coloured letter from Miss Jewsbury with which the extracts from the Diary conclude, and is also responsible, we suppose, for some extension of the extracts taken from the Diary, but not,—so we understand what seems to us his explicit statement,—for authorising the publication of passages which reveal the blackness of desolation in which Mrs. Carlyle was sunk at the time this Diary was written. It is quite another question, of course, whether Mr. Carlyle was not exceeding greatly the right of a husband, in authorising, without her consent, the publication of passages which could not but draw public attention to the bitterness of soul in which his wife at one time seemed to be lost,—passages which, we are well inclined to believe, with Mrs. Oliphant, that Mrs. Carlyle herself would never have written had she thought it possible that they would one day see the light. But if we are to blame any one, let us at least blame fairly, and not make Mr. Froude the whipping-boy on whom to vent all our indignation.

It seems to us that Mr. Froude has responsibilities enough to answer for. He has to answer for the literary reduplications which have extended what would have made two charming volumes of unique letters into three volumes of letters abounding in repetitions and monotonies. He is responsible for inviting Miss Jewsbury to add an evidently over-coloured and *ex parte* criticism to the most painful part of the correspondence. He is responsible, as we understand him, for revealing the explanation of Mrs. Carlyle's darkest moods,—the indignation which she felt at the intellectual charm exercised over her husband by Lady Harriet Baring. But he is not responsible for revealing the fact that these moods were at one time very dark. Mr. Carlyle himself, apparently as a sort of penance, had given his sanction deliberately to this revelation, and had heard with satisfaction that Mr. Froude acquiesced in that decision. So we understand the case. And, therefore, Mr. Froude's responsibility appears to us to consist of three distinct elements,—(1), responsibility for not dissuading Mr. Carlyle from an act of questionable penance, but rather confirming him in it; (2), responsibility for bringing out the secret of Mrs. Carlyle's desolation of heart, instead of leaving it a riddle to the public; (3), responsibility

for darkening the picture, by adding Miss Jewsbury's comments. We confess that we think the first of these decisions the most serious of the three, and the second much the soundest of the three exercises of discretion—not a mistake at all, granting that the first course had been irrevocably decided on; while the third seems to us an unquestionable mistake of secondary importance. We do not think that if any evidence of the darker moods which beset Mrs. Carlyle during some years of her life were to have been given at all, it would have been wise or fair to Mr. Carlyle to leave them unexplained. The public imagination is none too charitable in such matters, and while we think it certain that before very long the spirit in which this temporary alienation of feeling between Mrs. Carlyle and her husband is judged, will not be very harsh, we do not know what might not have been the inferences drawn, if Mr. Froude had left extracts from the Diary showing us Mrs. Carlyle in her misery, and had not afforded us any explanation. As for Miss Jewsbury's comments, they seem unquestionably to make matters worse than they really were, and, therefore, they should have been rejected. But they are so obviously inconsistent with some of the facts, that they will not exercise any lasting influence on the estimate of either Mr. or Mrs. Carlyle. It is clear, however that Mrs. Oliphant minimises excessively when she represents these moods of Mrs. Carlyle as so transient that on turning a few pages you may always come again on the old affectionate language. We believe that for some years at least the tone of Mrs. Carlyle's letters remains more or less proud and frigid, and that you must turn very many pages at some parts of the book, before you can find any trace of the old playful affectionateness and fondness.

To our minds, the primary blunder which Mr. Froude made was in not dissuading Mr. Carlyle from the ill-judged act of penance which, unless we mistake Mrs. Carlyle's nature altogether, she would herself so strenuously have disapproved and condemned, and so certainly have prevented had she had anything to do with the decision. There is a great deal of indignation expended in modern times on the tyranny of "the dead-hand," and it is not we who would contend for the right of "the dead-head" to control unconditionally the disposition of property among the living, seeing that the living brain is much more competent to judge of the expediency of continuing those dispositions of property which a once living brain conceived, than any brain which had no foresight of the present exigencies of society, possibly could have been. But if, on the one hand, the dead-hand controls the destinies of the living too much, we are ready to maintain that it does not control the disclosures that most concerned the owner of that dead-hand, half enough. It may be maintained, indeed, that no one has any right of monopoly in his own most secret history, if in any way whatever, accidental or otherwise, he puts it out of his own power to keep the secret. Nor would we go so far as to assert that a man, say of the tenth century, whose private history should now be recovered, would have much claim on us of the nineteenth to respect his privacy, if it could be shown that the publication of his story would confer a great benefit on the modern world. The reason, as we understand it, why the privacy of a person lately dead,—or even dead within a period so short that the revelation of his private circumstances would seriously affect a good many living persons,—should be respected, is this,—that he (or she) had means, inaccessible to any one else, of judging how far it was right or wrong to divulge these private circumstances, and when, if ever, the wrong of divulging them would cease to be a wrong. To refuse to respect the privacy of the dead,—at all events, while the dead are still a felt influence among the living,—is to refuse to respect the one judgment which alone was competent to decide on the rightness of privacy or publicity. Thus, supposing we could be sure,—as we quite agree with Mrs. Oliphant that we can be all but sure,—that Mrs. Carlyle would have protested vehemently against the publication of those of her journals or letters which express either personal dissatisfaction with her husband, or a passionate gloom from which the public could at once have inferred the existence of that dissatisfaction, if not of more than the dissatisfaction which actually existed, we may surely say that it distorts the truth of her character and misrepresents her feeling for her husband, when we, the outside public, receive the confession,—even though we know the confession to be involuntary,—of feelings which she could never have written down without great qualification, if she could have written them down at all, had she imagined that they would be overheard.

Why is it simply dastardly to go and repeat to an assembled party a soliloquy accidentally overheard, which we well know that the utterer would have cut out his tongue rather than publish? First, because it grossly misrepresents the person who inadvertently says aloud what he believed himself to be saying only to himself. Next, because the reticence he intended to display was in all probability not only for his own sake, but for the sake of others also, and because he was a better judge of the right and wisdom of both kinds of reticence than he who accidentally overhears him can be. Lastly, because we all trust each other not to break the implied confidence we repose in each other in this way. Precisely the same reason applies, in our opinion, to this unauthorised revelation of Mrs. Carlyle's journal. So far as Mr. Carlyle was the only one to suffer by it, he might, perhaps, be excused for thinking that he had the right to give permission. But then, in the first place, he was not the only person to suffer by it. In the opinion of many of us, Mrs. Carlyle's character has suffered as much, and in part unjustly, because her whole soul would have revolted from this seeming disloyalty to her husband, from which, nevertheless, our knowledge of its involuntary character cannot wholly absolve her. In the next place, even so far as the revelation affects our judgment of Mr. Carlyle himself, surely her judgment was entitled to much weight. No one knew him so well. No one would have been more eager to assert that these crude journals, never intended for the public eye, would misrepresent the truth as to Carlyle himself, even though we know that we are, as it were, eavesdroppers, listening to her private soliloquies, and not taken by her into willing confidence. Now, should not these things weigh with us? Is it fair to her to overhear her in her moods of anguish talking to herself? Is it fair to her husband? Is it fair, indeed, to the present generation, to give it notice that if we can but overhear its secrets,—or, worse still, if we can overhear what it might like us to fancy its secrets, supposing it could be sure that we should try to worm them out and publish them,—we shall have no scruple in betraying those secrets? To our minds, the very same reasons which make it so undesirable that "the dead-hand" should govern the disposition of modern wealth and energies of which the brain which governed that hand had no anticipative grasp, make it in the highest degree desirable that it should govern the responsibility of giving or withholding confidences to the world which survives it, of the wisdom and delicacy of which no one living could have the same power or right to judge as belonged to the dead. No doubt, that right diminishes with every distinct remove from the generation which those confidences would be most likely to fascinate and interest, because the reasons for reticence or disclosure gradually expire with those removes. But, as it seems to us, "the dead-hand" has not half enough power to suppress one-sided and inadequate materials for biography, the communication of which in their present form would have given the most exquisite pain, and caused the most exquisite self-reproach, to the mind and conscience which directed that hand. But in this case, at all events, we blame Mr. Carlyle even more than we blame Mr. Froude.

"THE MAN OF THE FUTURE."

"I WAS a fish, and I shall be a crow," said Lady Constance Rawleigh, who had just been reading the "Vestiges," to the horror of Tancred, who had thought the young beauty spiritual, and had dreamt of making with her a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Mr. E. Kay Robinson is not quite so absurd as the lady who amused her leisure with study of the "Vestiges" and scientific gossip, and whom Lord Beaconsfield should not have extinguished so summarily, but he has ideas which are nearly as unpleasant. He informs the world, through the *Nineteenth Century*, that he has worked-out the problem of the future of man from the Darwinian data, and with all the newest lights from embryology and the like, and that the following is the result of his investigation:—"'The Man of the Future'—that mysterious being who will look back across a dim gulf of time upon imperfect humanity of the nineteenth century with just such kindly and half-incredulous scorn as we now condescend to bestow upon our own club-wielding, ape-like ancestor—will be a toothless, hairless, slow-limbed animal, incapable of extended locomotion. His feet will have no divisions between the toes. He will be very averse to fighting, and will maintain his position in the foremost files of time to come solely upon the strength of one or two peculiar convolutions in his brain. This may seem to be a poor prophecy; but it differs from most

prophecies in being a mere logical deduction from accomplished facts." He will not be attractive, certainly, that object of Positivist worship, being exactly like an old, closely-shaven Mandarin, who has lost his teeth, his physical courage, and his capacity to walk, but that is no objection to the theory. A good many prophecies which are unpleasant may, nevertheless, prove true—for example, that the Chinese may conquer Asia and Europe—and if Mr. Robinson can produce evidence for his belief, we shall not, for our own part, be disposed to set up any passionate cry of alarm. Ugliness and goodness are compatible, witness Socrates; moustache and beard are not essential to intelligence, witness Cardinal Newman; and a toothless biped, with bald head and toes like children's mittens, may possess an immortal soul. We cannot admire an old bonze, who just at present is the only being who comes up to Mr. Robinson's conception, but he may be a most estimable and a most competent person, for all that. But we think we may ask that, if we are to believe that beauty, valour, and strength are all sure to retrograde, while intelligence will advance, the evidence presented to us should be very convincing, and Mr. Robinson's is not. His grand postulate seems to us one that will only convince the man who has, as Carlyle described it, the "mind of a kangaroo," moving always in a series of hops. To argue because the child in embryo resembles the animal from whom Darwin thought man was descended, therefore the changes suffered by man in his passage from maturity to old age indicate the changes to be suffered by the species, is surely an audacious jump. Growth is Mr. Kay Robinson's law, and he takes as his evidence of the result of growth the result of decay. Why should Nature, which in forming the embryo does not prophecy, but rejoices to set prophecy at defiance, depart from that course in order to give man a certain prescience of his doom? Mr. Kay does not argue, we repeat, that humanity at large will, like the individual, grow old, and therefore display similar signs of age—which would be a conceivable, though fanciful proposition—but maintains that the Darwinian laws will work on *in secula seculorum*, and that these unpleasantnesses will happen to man as part of his progressive advance. He will be more of a man than he is when he has no hair, and no teeth, and no toes, and no power of locomotion, and a great dislike to fighting! Well, prejudice is weakness, even though it be prejudice in favour of manliness, as part of the destiny of man, so let us look at the evidence. If all these things are to happen, they ought to be beginning to happen, and Mr. Robinson says they are. Man, for instance, is losing his teeth. The wisdom-teeth come or do not come, as may happen; the canines have become small, man not having now-a-days to fight for his bride with his teeth, as the gorilla does; and teeth in general are decaying much earlier than they did. They will, therefore, disappear, "probably two at a time," and be replaced by hardened gums, "which cannot fail to be incomparably more convenient and suitable to the viands of civilised life." Has Mr. Kay Robinson the evidence for all that such as Mr. Darwin would undoubtedly have accumulated, before he gave his theory to the world? He himself admits that he has none as regards savage races, which still retain their "powerful dentition," and why should not Red-Indian teeth decay, as well as those of white Americans? Mr. Robinson says because the Indians are nearer to an animal ancestor, but where is the evidence of that? Why do we assume, in the teeth of evidence, that Englishmen are "older" than the hairy Ainos of Japan? They are not. The oldest race of which we have any clear evidence, the Copt, retains the teeth he always had, and, for all that is recorded, an Essex ploughman can bite quite as hard as an Australian or Papuan, though he does not look quite so "near" to his ancestor, the monkey. There is evidence that in certain classes of human beings, notably Englishmen, Americans, and Frenchmen, teeth suffer more and earlier than they appear to have done three hundred years ago; but there is no evidence that humanity at large has altered in that respect. Not to mention that our ancestors either were less sensitive to pain, or whined about it less, is it not at least as probable that the theory of the great dentists is true, and that Europeans are suffering for their habit of drinking hot liquors, as that man is advancing to a "more convenient" condition of toothlessness? Why is it more convenient? Most of us think so when we have toothache, but gums have not begun to harden; and on the Darwinian theory, man's teeth were developed by his food, and his food cannot seriously change. We shall not, we may be sure, all live on "messes" like sago and gruel, and short of that, what change is conceivable? We may all become vegetarians? Certainly we may, and shall, if man continues so greedy of mutton as he is now, for all the eatable beasts will be dead; but if Mr. Kay Robinson will ask the next Hindoo he meets to show him his teeth, he will find they are unusually white, even, and firm. That man's ancestors have touched no meat for two thousand years.

As to hairiness, it is the savage and the Mongol, not the European, who tends to be hairless, the Englishman of the cultivated classes being among the most heavily bearded of mankind. Mr. Kay Robinson affirms that man acquired hair by sexual selection—a moustache being, in fact, attractive—and that the operation of this cause is dying away; but he can scarcely mean to be taken seriously. The Chinese value beards immensely, and have not got them; and some races have shaved for ages—showing that they did not consider hair ornamental—and still are bearded. The hair of the head grows thicker and longer as the man more needs protection from the sun, and though the world, no doubt, is cooling, when sunlight in the tropics ceases to be unpleasant man will begin to cease, too. As to the clubbed toes, we thought that one of the few Darwinian laws absolutely past discussion was that no injury from without was heritable, that no result of an operation was transmissible, and that if man wore boots for ages, babies would still be born with toes. Certainly for the present they are so born, the big toe of the Anglo-Indian baby—heir of ages of top-boots—being exactly as prehensile as the big toe of his Aryan cousin in the next cottage, heir to two thousand years of barefootedness. Mr. Robinson's fact is pure imagination, as is also his notion of the decline of locomotive power. He says:—"In that particular form of endurance, again, which enables a man to travel long distances on foot, the savage is, as was to be expected, immensely superior to his civilised brother. And increased facilities of artificial locomotion, by rendering the use by the latter of his lower limbs more and more unnecessary, will reduce them in time to a comparatively rudimentary condition." If there is one fact better proved than another, it is that the civilised man in training can walk a savage to death, outstrip him in a race, and fling him in a wrestle. A troop of naked Guardsmen or costermongers would strangle any troop of naked savages that could be got together, and, if in training, beat them in any conceivable feat of endurance not involving the patient endurance of pain. The "supple savage" is a pure delusion, as great a delusion as the superior size of our ancestors. There are not ten suits of armour in Europe which a Life Guardsman could put on, and there is not and never was a savage who, in water as cold, could rival Captain Webb, who swam across the Channel. The notion that the human race degenerates physically has not only no evidence to support it, but is exactly contrary to all evidence obtainable, and has been repeatedly exposed. We do not believe in the coming grandeur of humanity on this planet, and see little advance that man has made since Pericles save in morals and mechanical appliances; but we should, on the evidence, be much readier to believe that the men of the future, when sanitation, and good food, and temperance have done their work, would all be six feet high, well bearded, and able to run three miles.

There is little use in dreaming about the Man of the Future, for, for anything we know or can help, some horrid little teredo or other evil-minded insect may learn how to eat the silica-covered grasses, produce a corn disease, and alter all human destinies; but granting that present conditions continue for a thousand years, three changes in man are at least within the range of possibility. The peoples, brought close by electric railways, steamers, and education, will, in all human probability, give up the prejudice of race, and largely cross their blood. Past evidence shows that when that occurs, as it did once in India, the dark races give the white races their tinge, but take their outline of form; and the usual man would be a well-formed human being, slighter and rounder than the present European, and with skin of a very light brown, dark eyes, and hair uniformly black. Then the human race will be crowded, and, being crowded, will have a fierce struggle for means, and in that struggle will develope the enduring power of the Chinaman, the best *industriel* of the world, who will work sixteen hours a day, and put will into his labour all the while. The slight, brown man

will, therefore, be very strong and industrious. And, finally, he will have had a thousand years of brain-toil, will have begun to reject such toil in self-defence, and will tend to intellectual quiescence. In short, he is much more likely to resemble a slightly handsomer and browner Chinese than either the European of to-day, or Mr. Kay Robinson's hairless, toothless, club-toed, timid, and non-locomotive monstrosity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR WILLIAM PALMER AND CARDINAL NEWMAN.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You have for many years taken so kind an interest in me, that I venture to hope you will let me publish in your columns a few lines on a personal matter, which in no sense concerns the *Spectator*.

Sir William Palmer, with whom I was very intimate fifty years since, and who had so much to do with the start of what was called the "Oxford Movement," in an account of it which he has given in the May number of the *Contemporary Review*, writes about me as follows:—"[Hurrell] Froude had, with Newman, while travelling in Italy, been anxious to ascertain the terms upon which they could be admitted to communion by the Roman Church, supposing that some dispensation might be granted which would enable them to communicate with Rome without violation of conscience." (p. 647.) Again, after saying that I considered myself "predestined," &c., he proceeds:—"Those who conversed with him were not aware of this; nor did they know that while in Italy he had sought, in company with Froude, to ascertain the terms on which they might be admitted to communion with Rome, and had been surprised on learning that an acceptance of the decrees of the Council of Trent was a necessary preliminary. Had I been aware of these circumstances, I do not know whether I should have been able to co-operate so cordially as I did with this great man." (p. 654.)

To this statement, namely, that I was party to an inquiry as to the terms on which, by dispensation or otherwise, Hurrell Froude and I might be admitted to communion with Rome, I give an absolute and emphatical denial. The passage in Froude's "Remains," on which Sir William founds it, with the note appended by me as editor on its publication, runs as follows:—Froude says, in a letter to a friend, "The only thing I can put my hand on as an acquisition is having formed an acquaintance with a man of some influence at Rome, Monsignor [Wiseman], the head of the [English] College, who has enlightened [Newman] and me on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We got introduced to him, to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay that not one step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole." (pp. 306-7.)

I added this note in protest:—"All this must not be taken literally, being a jesting way of stating to a friend what really was the fact, viz., that he and another availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting a learned Romanist to ascertain the ultimate points at issue between the Churches." (*Ibid.*)

As on the publication of the "Remains" I disclaimed by anticipation Sir William Palmer's present misstatement, so I repudiate it again now. One thing I thank him for, that, by publishing it in my lifetime, he has given me the opportunity of denying it.—I am, Sir, &c., John H., Cardinal Newman.

THE WORSHIP OF POMP.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—"A Constant Reader" seems to be in fear for the village children, lest engrossing reverence for their squire (like that decreed to Darius) should leave no room in them for reverence for "any other, God or man." High as my estimate is of the ideal squire and his position, I do not share in that fear. Moreover, man's faculty for reverence, like his other faculties, the more it is exercised, the stronger, and readier, and more responsive will it become. The danger is rather that when, young and tender, it needs nursing and training, it should remain undeveloped and practically perish for want of employment. Objects, manifestly, must be found for it among those near at hand; as to which, I could wish your correspondent had condescended somewhat upon particulars. Thereafter with divine reverence it will be as with Plato's divine beauty and St. John's divine love. Through the lower forms will the passage be up to the higher. The Jacob's ladder which reaches to heaven will rest upon earth.

But the radical difference, I doubt not, between your correspondent and myself is in our differing thoughts and estimates about the "My Lords and gentlemen" class. He probably, as the lover of the human race, would improve them *off* the face of the earth. I, as his rival in the same love, would improve them *upon* it, believing them to be, as a class, earth's very best, and longing for the improvement of all other classes by and through *their* improvement. And we shall help them to be truly great by making them feel that we expect them to be so, not by grudging them the accompaniments of greatness, and treating their "so-called" higher position as an expiring anachronism, which they may do well, therefore, while it lasts, to make some mean and miserable most of. That a plutocrat should look up to a nobleman, seems to me natural and proper.

Human equality is a dream, but if one must be a dreamer, I would dream not that the tall men had their heads cut off, but that they grew much taller, and by some magic of brotherhood and sympathy drew up all other men to be tall, too, after their towering example.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Selby Vicarage. F. W. Harper.

GEORGE ELIOT'S EXPRESSION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you kindly allow one who knew "George Eliot" for many years, to reply to your query in the *Spectator* of April 28th,—"Is there any authentic foundation for that criticism?" *i.e.*, that in her eye there was occasionally "cold, subtle, and unconscious cruelty"? I unhesitatingly answer, no foundation whatever, nor the shadow of it. I never, in my whole life, met one so delicately, so tenderly careful of the feelings of others.

To wound the heart, even the self-love of another, although involuntarily, would have given her deep pain, and was what she recoiled from in others. I have heard her say that she believed the only one thing she would wish to see punished was cruelty. So strongly was this extreme sensitiveness of hers to what hurt others borne in upon me, that though at one time, during a severe illness of mine, she came nearly daily to see me, I always disguised, with great effort, my sufferings from her (thereby depriving myself of the comfort and happiness of her loving sympathy), being sure that even to know them would cause her great, kind heart little less than anguish. I kept up the same disguise in my letters to her, when I left London, for the same reason.

No tenderer heart, none more compassionate, ever beat in human breast. Sainte-Beuve, speaking of Madame de Staël, uses the expression,—"The maternal compassion of genius." I always felt how fitly this applied to "George Eliot." What a *living* emotion it was in her, how evident in the tones of her voice, and in her eyes!—I am, Sir, &c.,

Bonn, Germany, May 2nd. E. Stuart.

ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(first impressions.)

This is not intended to be more than a sketch of a first impression of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and the hope of giving any criticism that is worth reading of special works, after having seen them on only one occasion, is so infinitesimal, that it is better to give up the attempt to criticise, or, rather, to put it off till a later occasion.

A good exhibition, or a bad exhibition?—that is the question. On the whole, bad, less in commission than omission; and worst, in the works of the best men. The President sends nothing very important, nor anything very new; Mr. Millais has two good portraits, and a single figure of a ghost; Mr. Poynter has not finished his "Queen of Sheba," and contributes only a picture of the "Ides of March," and "Psyche," whereof more anon; Herkomer, chiefly portraits; Albert Moore sends nothing, disgusted, as well he may be, at his last rejection as an Associate. Henry Moore, too, has nothing of great importance. Orchardson is better, Pettie worse, than usual, and Graham and Macwhirter much about the same. Mr. Long's large picture is only a magnified pot-boiler, and his single figures nothing but uninteresting damsels, with interesting names. Mr. Yeames has taken a fancy to imitate the President, and sends a pensive young woman, who looks like an unwashed Leighton. Marcus

Stone is less interesting than usual, but still lingers in the green shade of his old-fashioned gardens. Brett is as bright, and Walter Shaw as scientific, as of old, in their painting of ocean and sky. Whatever may be the drawbacks of the latter's art, the painter does not deserve that his beach and waves should be hung on the sky-line. Hamilton Macallum does not exhibit, and his rival, Colin Hunter, is not seen at his best. The Tademas are unusually small, and quite below the artist's usual mark,—even in actual technique the falling-off is considerable. Mr. Gow and Mr. Dicksee both send important pictures, neither quite successful; and the new Associates, Messrs. Macbeth and Gregory, seem to have reserved their chief efforts for future occasions. Anstey and Calderon and Eyre Crowe are neither better nor worse than usual.

As far as I could see, there was not one single picture of the nude in the whole Academy, unless Mrs. Merritt's "Camilla" could be called such.

There is no great historical picture; there is no great poetical picture; there is no great record of actual life; there is a considerable amount of good portrait-painting; there is an inordinate quantity of semi-picturesque, semi-humorous incident; there is some faithful study of Nature, both in her details and in her broad effects. So much for general impressions. Now to run through the rooms quickly, and see if we can gain some idea of them.

In the first room, we are glad to catch sight of Mr. Hook's cliffs and sea, and notice them to be as fresh and bright as ever, though a little less delicate. Why is it that Mr. Hook's sea always looks so much deeper than other people's, we wonder, as we pass on to Millais' "Grey Lady," flitting drearily up a dimly-lighted stairway in some old manor-house. A fine shadow of a picture this, very literally "a nocturne in grey." We will leave Mr. Arnold's "Spanish duellist" to choose between "a lobster supper" and "father's dinner," between which he seems to be hesitating, and look at Mr. Goodwin's "Enchanted Lake," another scene from "The Arabian Nights," such as this artist has painted before. But this will not do, Mr. Goodwin, after earlier "Sindbad Voyages;" it is too coarse, too spotty, and too much like a weak repetition of the same motive. Imagination is there, but imagination wearied and worried from want of fresh material to feed upon. A solid portrait of a Mr. Collins, "Senior Past Master and Father of the Court of the Worshipful Society of Butchers," will at least rid us of the last dregs of imagination, and prepare us for Mr. Long's "Merab" and "Michael," (or Michal) two half-length female figures, gazing placidly at the spectator, with beautiful, large eyes. Betwixt these, notice Mr. Faed, as simple as ever in his "Wacfu' Heart," a woman and her children sitting in the midst of "Logan braes." Mr. Barnard's pictures of "The Jury" in the "Pilgrim's Progress" ought to be amusing, but it escaped our attention; and Andrew Gow's "Consuelo" is meritorious, but hardly poetical enough for its subject. Mr. Gregory's "Drawing-room Day, Piccadilly," is a small, clever view of our celebrated street, taken apparently from a window on the second-floor; very clever, and somewhat uninteresting. This is Mr. Gregory's only picture here, except a portrait.

And in the second room, Mr. Wyllie's "Home from the Brazils, Refitting," is simply a fact of dockyard life, given very truly, and with the artistic perception of a true painter, but absolutely unfitted for reproduction on so large a scale. And the long, scattered frieze by the President cannot be considered worthy of either his position or his powers. The last word we would have ever thought of calling Sir Frederick Leighton's decoration was "awkward," but little else can be said of this. And it carries uninterestingness to the pitch of yawning, which, by the way, the central figure of the composition is apparently engaged in. Underneath this hangs Mr. Frith's "Private View," a work which is notable for the portraits of a good many well-known people, of whom perhaps the best known are the worst painted. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Irving, and Sir Frederick Leighton himself, may be mentioned as singularly unsuccessful, even accepting Mr. Frith's essentially vulgar reading of their characters. Mr. Oscar Wilde, however, beams forth from the canvas with more than seraphic sweetness, and there is a young lady with a sunflower opposite to him whom we should recognise anywhere. In truth, a hopelessly inartistic rendering of what should be an interesting scene. Look for a moment at the sunset picture by Mr. Macwhirter, which hangs next to this, in which "all the fat seems to have got into the fire," with the usual result of blaze and fizzle, and test the effect of covering up the lower portion of the picture, so as to leave only the sky exposed. If, after so doing, the spectator can see any resemblance to cloud or firmament, any beauty of colour, or any delicacy, or even hint of form, in what remains, he will have keener sight than the present writer. But we said we would not criticise. Close to Mr. Macwhirter is Mr. Arthur Hughes' "Home Quartet," three girls playing violin or violoncello to their mother's accompaniment on the piano. Very clever and very pre-Raphaelite, and a good antidote to the last mentioned. Here, too, are Poynter's "Psyche," and Napier Hemy's "Oyster Dredgers," and close by a delightful little picture by Mr. John Reid, called "Darby and Joan," unpretending, careful, and good.

Mr. Dicksee's "Too Late," five foolish virgins, is the first picture that arrests the attention in the third gallery, as well it may, for the figures are rather over than under life-size, clever, and well painted, but not a success; and the same words almost may be used of Mr. Gow's "Trophies of Victory." It has that bad fault of historical painting, that it represents an incident which is neither momentous nor well known. One puzzles one's brains to remember or understand what it is all about, and then discovers that it was not worth the trouble. However, this composition is full of ability, the faces are all clever character-studies, and the painting, if a little hard and dull, is more solidly good than ever. Mr. Poynter's "Ides of March" requires careful examination; it is in some ways an advance upon the painter's late work, and there are traces in it of imaginative power such as we rarely notice in Mr. Poynter's art. Mr. Pettie's single figure of "Osric" is his best contribution this year. Both his larger compositions show his worst faults, and show them to excess. Mr. Orchardson is as yellow and as strong as ever; indeed, he is stronger. Both his "Voltaire" and his picture of the "Hairdresser" are fine examples of his work; and Millais' "Marquis of Salisbury" is a worthy pendant to his "Earl of Beaconsfield." Mr. Percy's "High Tide at Kynance, Cornwall," as realistic a bit of seascape as there is in the Academy, has pushed poor Mr. Shaw's "Rising Gale" up into the skies; and M. Carolus Duran's "Countess of Dalhousie," has all this splendid painter's power and "swish," but is unfortunate in its key of colour. In painting, it might give a lesson to most of our Academicians. A lovely bit of domestic waxwork by the President, hangs under a very undomestic fancy-dress portrait of Mrs. Hall as "White China;" and Mr. John Collier's "Professor Huxley" is as life-like as a cheap looking-glass. Mr. Collier's best work this year is that of "The Three Sisters" in the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Marks' "Old Clock" is the most perfect piece of *genre* painting in the Academy, and Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Beyond," though affected both in title and treatment, has a touch of genius. Mr. Britain Riviere has two works, one of which is of "The Drove of Swine;" the other, of a sick child and a collie dog, and is called "Old Playfellows." The first is clever, but burlesqued; the second, one of the truest bits of work in the Academy, with but a single fault, as far as the idea and treatment of the composition go. This is the position of the collie's head, which, though true enough, is singularly ugly; it always looks in life as if the dog's neck was almost out of joint when he puts his head back thus, and in this picture it looks absolutely dislocated. Technically, the painting is better than Mr. Riviere generally treats us to, though the white ruff of the collie could be improved by being toned down, and not being scrabbled about so much. The child is excellent in every respect, both in pose and expression, and has been drawn and painted with great delicacy. No picture of a similar subject with which we are acquainted, has given so true an expression of the listlessness of great illness. This boy has all the passivity of age about his face, without losing, too, his reality of youth. Note, as a little bit of true observation, the manner in which the boy's hands lie idly in his lap. In the whole Academy, so far as I have yet seen it, this is the only picture which I think deserves to have the word "pathetic" applied to it; it touches a true source of tears,—touches it, too, with real sympathy and power.

I must leave all the rest of the pictures to next week, only mentioning Mr. Logsdail's view of the Piazza of St. Mark, Venice. Nothing, we suppose, would tempt Mr. Ruskin to write another word about the Academy, but if it would, it would be this work. I cannot enter into its details till next week. Suffice it to say here that it seems to me that if there be such a thing as morality in Art, this picture would be rightly called, what many are wrongly, "devilish clever."

HARRY QUILTER.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

This is a good exhibition, a high average of work, and several pictures which are far above the average. Pictures, moreover, look well here, some little regard to relative tone, subject, and shape, being paid by those who have the direction of the Gallery. When all allowance, however, is made for this, I find it difficult not to think that as an exhibition of pictures, this year's Grosvenor is a better one than the Academy. However, fortunately, there is no necessity to make the comparison, and in this notice I only purpose to say a word or two about some chief pictures, leaving the majority of the contributions to another time.

The first consideration should be rightly given to the "Fortune and her Wheel" of Mr. Burne Jones, a picture which might well puzzle a critic to estimate or to define. For though its merit is very great, it is merit of a kind for which it is hard to find an exact description, or to remember an exact parallel, and its shortcomings are evident to "the merest schoolboy." On a gigantic cartwheel are bound (we suppose they are bound, though we see no evidence of the fact) three male figures, felon, king, and poet, or whatever they are intended to represent; whilst by the side stands Fortune, with closed eyes and listless face, languidly turning the wheel. The originality of the treatment is manifest, and there are certain beauties of line in the arrangement of the figures and their attitudes, but the peculiar charm of the whole is excessively difficult to define. Partly, no doubt, it lies in a very exquisite quality of painting, and in the genius for design which appears in every portion of the composition. The arrangement, for instance, of Fortune's robes, is in itself a masterpiece of combined imagination and patience. But all this would not account for the peculiar power of the picture, a power which exists absolutely independent of its painting or its composition. Look for a minute at the portrait by the same painter of young Carr, a little chap about six years old. This has the same charm and the same unreality, and perhaps it is easier to trace the artist's secret in the latter instance.

It is the charm of the triumph of spirit over matter, essence over substance, soul over sense. The peculiar flavour of Mr. Burne Jones's art lies in this, that with a keen, almost too keen, sense of the beauty of form in which it resides, it is, nevertheless, the spirit of a scene or a person which the artist seeks to depict; and it is not strange that this being so, he seldom succeeds in painting characters which are alien to his own—for he can only conceive one kind of spirit, and if he does not discover that in his subject, his sitter, or his model, he finds nothing at all. And this painter, as he reveals himself in his work, is a strange mixture compounded of very diverse materials, showing, equally,—

> "Bursts of great heart,
> Foul slips in sensual mire."

It is strange that his strength lies in this contradictory combination. All his finest pictures have had some trace in them of that purely physical side of love, which he depicts in such strange conjunction with its most immaterial aspect. A painter who varies his subjects between Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," and "The Annunciation," gives plenty of food for reflection to his critics, and it is, as I have said, when he combines the two that this artist does his best work. However, this Fortune has practically none of sensual element evident. It is an almost monochromatic design (some people would call it a harmony in slate-and-gold colour), which attempts in no way to render the physical truths of the scene, but which takes advantage of the subject to obtain a conjunction of beautiful lines, to display much subtle drawing of the figure, and to depict a scene which shall have no relation to the coarse, hard-and-fast motives and actions of the present day, an illustration of,—

> "All passes: naught that has been, is;
> Things good and evil have one end.
> Can anything be otherwise,
> Though all men swear all things would mend,
> With God to friend?"

Regret and beauty, loss and love, desire and weariness, those are the aspects under which the world appears to Mr. Burne Jones; and even of these he has no gospel to tell us,—only under his hands these things take a lovely shape, and their recesses are sounded to the bottom. A strange art, strangely powerful in its appeal to many of us. Expressing failure in the loveliest way in which it could possibly be expressed. An exact antitype in painting to the old Grecian sculpture; for the perfection we see here brings no joy or peace to its possessors, who have all, like Wolfedicterig, "lain under the Linden," and known that which has made life tasteless to them for the rest of their days.

Look, for an instance of entirely different art, at the portrait of the Duchess of Westminster, which hangs close by; this is by Mr. Millais. A fresh young English lady, in a black-silk dinner dress, black gloves, and a fan in her hands, turning little more than a profile to the spectator; one of the best of Mr. Millais' women's portraits, absolutely lifelike in its reality, without in the least degree straining after effect. The vivid beauty of the flesh-painting, possibly a little exaggerated, braces one like a cold bath, after Mr. Burne Jones's brown men and women, and the work of a very genuine artist, and of a very healthy one; and yet, and yet,—well, there is more real art in Mr. Burne Jones's imperfections than in the merits of these later Millais's, for Mr. Millais now is tending nowhither, and has no great aim in view. He paints as well as he cares to paint—better, in fact, I might say—inasmuch as he seldom paints as well as he can. And the simpler his motive, the more he is pleased. Within the last four years, it would be interesting to know how often he has painted the same model under different names; a very pretty girl she was, too, this "Cinderella," "Sweetest Eyes ever Seen," "Caller Herrin'!" &c.

And as a contrast to Mr. Millais' simplicity, if not lack of meaning, look at Mr. Nettleship's picture of "Blind,"—a blind lion followed by jackals, cautiously feeling his way along the edge of a precipice. For the painting, *quâ* painting, it would be difficult to say much, but both the tragic power and meaning of the work are indisputable; it is a drama of animal life which must end in a tragedy, and is touched with a very sympathetic hand. There is a certain rough grandeur about some of Mr. Nettleship's work which places it in a class of its own amongst English painters; he lacks the humour and the grace of Mr. Britain Riviere, and he lacks the solid, good craftsmanship of such men as Hardy, Davis, and Beavis; but he has certainly succeeded on more than one occasion in seizing the essential characteristics of lions and tigers, and in endowing their sufferings with true pathos.

At another end of the pole of painting are the three Venice drawings by Mr. Gregory, the last-elected Associate to the Royal Academy. So minute and faithful that they seem almost as if they had been done from a photograph, these little works are singularly free from the usual defects of small work. They are bold, vivid, and delicious in colour, and are worthy of very careful attention. Mr. Gregory is essentially a figure painter, but few of our architectural artists could equal such work as this.

I must close this exceedingly brief and imperfect first notice, by the mention of Mr. Alfred Parson's two summer landscapes,—one in a green garden, the other in a meadow by a river, with the chief object in the composition a flowering May-tree. Both are essentially clever work, smacking, perhaps, just a little of French training (seen, for instance, in the rather heavy quality of the greens, and the rather blottesque manner of painting foliage), but very English in their fullness of colouring, and almost pre-Raphaelite in their accuracy of detail. Close to one of these is Mr. Richmond's chief work—he sends nine others—of Miss Netty Davis, which deserves fuller notice than I can give at the end of an article. I have some little hesitation in calling the attention of my readers to Mr. Rooke's series of "Designs in the Nativity," because they belong to myself; but this industrious painter is so rarely seen to advantage in exhibitions, and these little compositions might be so easily overlooked, that it is only fair to him to say that these little pictures, which were originally designed for Christmas cards, seem to the present writer to be very good work of their kind. They do not, of course, profess to be Michelangelos or Tintorets, but they certainly succeed in telling their stories with grace, propriety, and clearness, and in making a little space beautiful with colour. I fear I must add, that of the drawing, the less that is said the better.

HARRY QUILTER.

BOOKS.

THE WISDOM OF GOETHE.*

PROFESSOR BLACKIE has collected and skilfully translated for us in this little book a very striking and valuable collection of some of Goethe's most weighty sayings,—a collection of

* *The Wisdom of Goethe.* By John Stuart Blackie. London: Blackwood and Sons.

which he would, however, have greatly increased the value, had he supplied us with the reference for each of them in Goethe's own works. As it is, even the reader who is most familiar with Goethe's works will often have the greatest possible difficulty in finding the context of many of these passages, though he will often desire to know the context, if only for the due appreciation of the weight attached by Goethe to the thought itself. For instance, to take a passage which no reader of Goethe will fail for a moment to identify, the Faust passage from "The Prologue in Heaven," wherein the Almighty says a good word for Satan, which is reciprocated heartily by the Tempter as the scene closes, Professor Blackie will hardly dispute that the passage which he gives us in its isolation, is much more significant of Goethe's real view of good and evil when it is taken in the context of the great scene we have referred to:—

"*Good and Evil: their action and issue—*
(loquitur Dominus Deus).

Of all the spirits that deny,
The clever rogue sins least against my mind.
For, in good sooth, the mortal generation,
When a soft pillow they may haply find,
Are far too apt to sink into stagnation;
And therefore, man for comrade wisely gets
A devil, who spurs, and stimulates, and whets.
But you, ye sons of Heaven's own choice,
In the one living Beautiful rejoice!
The self-evolving energy divine
Enclasp you round with love's embrace benign,
And on the floating forms of earth and sky
Stamp the fair type of thought that may not die!"

That this conception of the Tempter as a being meant to keep the higher energies of men on the stretch,—a mere instrument in the hands of Providence, even when he brings men to their fall,—is much more significant when it stands as a prelude to the voyage of life in which Faust wrecked himself so sadly, than it is in this isolated form, must be obvious to everybody. And that it actually represented Goethe's prevalent view of the subordination of evil to good, and consequently of the purely relative and temporary character of evil, we do not in the least doubt. Indeed, that is just the reason why we take such a very different view of the significance and influence of Goethe's character from that which Professor Blackie has given us in the biographic sketch which precedes this selection from Goethe's writings and sayings. Professor Blackie concludes his rather ostentatiously special pleading for Goethe's nobility of character, with the following words, in which, as it seems to us, he misleads those of his readers who are not intimate with Goethe, as widely as words could mislead them in the appreciation of that character:—

"And what is this 'culture,' which certain persons in this country have hastily construed into a monstrous intellectual idolatry and sinful self-worship? as if a nature so keenly sympathetic and so widely social as Goethe's could have dreamt of a human culture as a thing possible, made up merely of intellectual dexterities and artistic presentations, without the fine bond of love, the sweetness of social intercourse, and the expansive joy of a large dispensing faculty. By *Bildung* or culture Goethe meant nothing less than that high human-godlike ideal set up for us in the text of the great Teacher when he says, 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect;' which, as absolute perfection to mortal men is impossible, practically means that it is every man's duty to make the most of himself that he can with the faculties he possesses and the circumstances in which he is placed; and whosoever does this, may retire from the scene with the consoling consciousness that he has led a perfect human life, in a spiritual sense, and it may be also a prosperous life, as the world is accustomed to estimate prosperity. Goethe did both; and with the exception of the human failings here and there, which I have not been anxious to cloak, he may well deserve to be studied by our generation, and to be handed down to long generations as the model of a perfectly wise and virtuous man."

Here is another example of the mischief of not having the context in which a great saying is uttered. The words here taken from the Sermon on the Mount, and applied to describe Goethe's idea of self-culture, seem to us about as inapplicable to it as it is possible for human words to be. Would Professor Blackie indeed venture to assert that *Wilhelm Meister*, in which Goethe's idea of education is most fully developed, is a book the ideal life of which is moulded on the morality of the Sermon on the Mount? We can imagine no statement not merely more erroneous, but we will say, to careful and thoughtful minds, more ludicrous than this. What is the root-idea of the Sermon on the Mount in reference to the matter we have just had to speak of,—moral temptation. Is it not this,—"If thy right eye cause thee to offend, pluck it out and cast it from thee, for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell"? Is that the ideal teaching of *Faust* or *Wilhelm Meister*, or of the *Elective Affinities*,—nay, is it the guiding principle of Goethe's own letters? If so, what shall we say of the many prurient passages in his works, some in *Wilhelm Meister* itself, some in the *Letters from Switzerland*, some in *Elective Affinities*, and several in his *Roman Elegies* and other minor poems? Goethe's *Elective Affinities* is one of the most wonderful illustrations of the complete divorce between his genius and the teaching of Christianity that we ever met with, though he upholds the book as intended to illustrate one of the deepest of the sayings of the Sermon on the Mount:—

"*The Poet's Function—Elective Affinities.*

The very simple text, of which my novel, 'The Elective Affinities,' is a paraphrase, reads thus (Matt. v., 28):—*Whosoever looks on a woman to lust after her has committed adultery with her already in his heart.* Whether any one, among its numerous readers and critics, has ever recognised this text behind the paraphrase, I cannot tell. The public never can be made to understand that the true poet is only a masked father confessor, whose special function is to exhibit what is dangerous in sentiment and pernicious in action, by a vivid picture of their consequences. Before the moral significance of a true work of art can be generally apprehended, a much higher degree of culture on the part of the public must be attained. To understand this sort of confession, in fact, the reader must have been trained to play the part of father confessor to himself."

Goethe may, if he pleases, say, and say with truth, that this is the moral of that detestable tale. So, too, it may be said to be the moral of more than half the histories of illicit passion which are contained either in real life or in fiction. But there is more than one way of teaching a moral. It may be taught by warning the moral nature against contamination. Or it may be taught by contaminating the mind, and then enlarging on the bitter results of that experience. It is in this last way that the story of the *Elective Affinities* enforces, so far as it does enforce, the teaching of the passage in the Sermon on the Mount to which Goethe referred. In Goethe's writings, temptation, however ruinous, is always treated in the same way,—as a subject for delicate analysis and elaborate dalliance, indeed as productive of no true evil even if it results in occasional triumph over man's virtue, on the ground that the full teaching of human "experience," that great object of Goethe's adoration, has thereby been gained in full. Professor Blackie's attempt to represent Goethe's "Selbst-bildung" as a genuine pursuit of Christian perfection, in the proper sense of that term—that sense in which voluntary sin is the one unspeakable evil of life to which no other evil is for a moment comparable—is, to any one who knows Goethe's writings and his history well, hardly serious. The truth is, that with all Goethe's calm appreciation of Christianity as a great power in the world, and on the whole, as he would have said, a very beneficent power, Goethe never pretended to be a Christian. He could enter into his "fair saint's" view, but he never shared it. His was at bottom the Hellenic view, both of pleasure and of virtue. He had no supernatural horror of sin. On the contrary, it, like almost everything else that was human, fascinated him. He loved to probe it, to trifle with it, to measure its power. He never thought of the admonition simply to flee from it, as anything but a Hebraic superstition.

We cannot acquiesce at all in Professor Blackie's account of Goethe's life. Whatever else the first six years at Weimar were, they were certainly not good years. There can be no doubt at all of the course of dissipation in which the Court, and Goethe with it, was plunged during those years. And the impress of this dissipation is left on his works and on his life. To speak, as Professor Blackie does, of the connection which Goethe formed on his return from Italy as a marriage in which the ecclesiastical ceremony was but a few years delayed, is, so far as we know, quite without any sort of authority. There is nothing, we believe, to show that Goethe at first intended marriage at all. Indeed, Christiane Vulpius did not, till after her son's birth, live in his house. And then it was some seventeen years before he married her. There is certainly everything to show that he neither expected nor demanded for his companion the respect which a man would demand for any one whom he regarded as his wife, and whom he had only delayed making his wife from defective respect for the religious rite itself. How could a man who really thought of a woman as his wife write of her to another in the contemptuously patronising

style in which Goethe wrote of Christiane to the Frau von Stein? Professor Blackie's account of this and other matters in Goethe's life will not survive for a moment any serious comparison with the facts of the case. The truth is that Goethe, first in leaving Lili for the Court of Weimar,—then, in all his relations there,—and finally, in forming the connection which he had subsequently the right-mindedness to turn into that of marriage, was thinking entirely of what suited best his own self-culture in a very poor sense indeed, as compared with that grand sense in which Professor Blackie regards it, namely, as synonymous with the craving after spiritual perfection. That Goethe knew pretty well how faithless to his own highest nature he had been when he broke through his engagement with Lili for the life at Weimar, he betrayed plainly enough to Eckermann in his old age. In 1830, two years before his death, he said:—"I see the fascinating Lili again in all her vividness before me, and it is as if I felt again the breath of her delicious neighbourhood. She was, in truth, the first whom I deeply and truly loved. Also, I may say, that she was the last, for all the inclinations which affected me in the remainder of my life were, compared with that first, only slight and superficial. I was never so near to my true happiness as in that time of my love for Lili. The obstacles which separated us were, at bottom, by no means insuperable, and yet she was lost to me." And there is no manner of doubt why she was lost to him. Lili was lost to Goethe because he could not endure at that time the prospect of the domestic fetters which marriage would impose, and because he lusted after the personal freedom and ambition of the Court life to which he was bound. Professor Blackie may be as eloquent as he pleases, he will never convince the present writer, who has studied the facts,—and we believe that he would hardly have convinced Goethe himself,—that Goethe approaches at all near to the moral standard of a great, good man. A great man intellectually, Goethe was. Morally, he stood very much below many who were vastly his intellectual inferiors.

But of Professor Blackie's selection we can speak much more favourably than of the memoir he has prefixed to it. It is full of weighty sayings, sayings weighty with centuries of illustration. Take this, for instance, on "freedom," and consider in how remarkable a way the history of Athens, of Rome, of France, of England, and of the United States,—to say nothing of any other national life,—illustrated its depth:—

"*Freedom.*

The moment men obtain perfect freedom, that moment they erect a stage for the manifestation of their faults. The strong characters begin to go wrong by excess of energy; the weak by remissness in action."

Or take this, on self-limitation:—

"*Self-limitation.*

The smallest man may be complete, if he confine his activity within the natural range of his capacities and dexterities; but even superior talents will be obscured, defeated, and destroyed, if this indispensable instinct of self-limitation is wanting. Mistakes arising from this defect will come more and more to the front in modern times; for who shall be able to satisfy the demands of an age, living under the stimulus of a constant high pressure, and the excitement of a hot-spurred progression?"

Or take this still finer saying, on "Truth," which reminds one of Lord Bacon, though given in the modern manner, and not in Lord Bacon's sententious style:—

"*Truth.*

Truth is a torch, but a terrible one; oftentimes so terrible that the natural instinct of us all is to give a side-glance with a blinking eye, lest, looking it fairly in the face, the strong glare might blind us."

Or this, again, on the function of the prophet in relation to the past,—one of his functions too often left out of sight. It might have been written to bring out the true strength of Carlyle, though Goethe, by the way, never lived to see Carlyle's true strength illustrated:—

"*The Prophet.*

Not the Future alone; the Past is the realm of the prophet;
Often, how often, their past reads like a riddle to men!
Whoso knows the Past may divine the Future: the present
Binds with a perfecting bond link unto link of the years."

We thank Professor Blackie heartily for his specimens of Goethe's wisdom, while entirely repudiating his estimate of the greatness of his hero's moral character. Goethe was a glorious man of the world. But into the spiritual and ethical life which Christianity has held up to us, he had glimpses through his fine imagination rather than through his own voluntary experience.

A NEW NATURAL HISTORY.*

In his preface, the editor of these beautifully got-up volumes asserts that more interest is usually taken in natural history early in life than later on, and there are indications in the body of the work that this notion has exercised some influence upon the plan and execution of portions of it. The notion, of which we believe the popularity to be on the wane, involves, in our opinion, a conception of natural history sufficient, perhaps, in Goldsmith's time, but altogether inadequate at the present day. A natural history of animals not written mainly upon biological lines would be simply another *Animated Nature*, and would appeal principally to a youthful public. Despite the preface, the editor seems to have felt this to some extent, and the result is that the treatment of the subject is often almost purely scientific, while it is occasionally popular, even to triviality, and one cannot resist the suspicion that in some instances the letterpress has rather been intended to explain the woodcuts, than these to illustrate the text. The ideal natural history would be such a work as a Bronn, a Brehm, and a Darwin might combine to write; not merely a description of the more obvious characteristics of animals, and of the salient peculiarities of their modes of life, but an account which, without being recondite or overcharged with detail, should be philosophic and adequate, of the wonderful adaptations of means to ends displayed by their structure, of their blood relationships, of their geographical distribution, and of their psychology. In fact, the boundary-line between a zoological treatise and a natural history is by no means easy to draw, and the chief distinction, perhaps, ought to be simply in the greater prominence given in the latter to what we may term animal portraiture and biography.

The monkeys and lemurs occupy nearly five-sevenths of the first volume, an amount of space that seems disproportionate. The gorilla alone has forty pages to himself, many of which are taken up with extracts. Some of the space thus used might, we think, have been reserved with advantage for a fuller description of the classes Pisces, Mollusca, and Insecta, especially of the more interesting British genera and species of these classes. Further, the treatment of the various divisions of the subject is not based upon any uniform plan; and lastly, the whole work is, so to speak, written backwards. Instead of leading the student—and more or less of a student every reader of the book must be—from a consideration of the simpler forms of life to a comprehension of more complicated organisms, the contrary process is adopted, with the result that the difficulty of gaining clear and connected conceptions of animal life as a whole, and of the typical forms of life exhibited by species, genera, and orders, respectively, is unnecessarily increased. Upon the method pursued, at all events, the description of the primates should have been prefaced by a brief account of the principal member of the order,—man. He is the criterion or standard to which the various forms and phenomena of vertebrate existence are referred, and without some knowledge of his structure an adequate comprehension of the scientific aspects of the class is not easy of attainment. The osteology of the Vertebrata, especially of the skull and limbs, is well described and admirably illustrated throughout. The internal anatomy is less attended to save in the case of the birds, the account of which, by Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, is in every respect a model, both in plan and method, of what, in our opinion, a natural history should be. Mr. Sharpe, whose extraordinary knowledge of his subject we need hardly advert to, prefaces his description by a general view of the structure and relations of the class which is as clear as it is interesting. He then proceeds, in language which hits the exact mean between rigidly scientific accuracy of terminology and popular phrascology, to exhibit, with the aid of excellent illustrations, the anatomy of man's "feathered favourites," showing in sufficient detail how their various organs and structures are specially adapted to the aerial lives they lead. We regret that the opportunity was not seized to give a brief explanation of the development of the chick, some knowledge of which process, or of some like episode in the life-history of animals—though not usually furnished by natural histories—is absolutely necessary to understand the unity of the animal world, and the significance and scope of Darwin's great discovery. Lastly, the division of existing birds into those with a keeled sternum or breast-bone, affording a greater purchase to the powerful muscles by which the wings are made

* *Cassell's Natural History.* Edited by P. M. Duncan, M.B. (Lond.), F.R.S. Illustrated. 6 vols. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co. 1882.

to beat against the air, and those with a flat breast-bone, is considered before the systematic description of the class is proceeded with. To many readers, the latter portion of the subject will prove the most attractive; and so full and interesting is the account given of the migrations, instincts, and habits of the most universally admired of all the classes of the animal kingdom, that the pages of the third and fourth volumes will probably be turned over more frequently than those of any others of the series. We wish, however, Mr. Sharpe had given some description of the song of birds. It would have been well if the method of treatment applied to this class had been followed with the other vertebrates. Their zoology and anatomy can, it is true, be gathered with fair sufficiency from the chapters devoted to them; but the details must be sought out and pieced together, which none but ardent students are likely to take the trouble to do.

The sixth and last volume, as a whole, is the most satisfactory one of the series. It is more of a zoology and less of a mere natural history, in the popular acceptation of the term, than any of the preceding volumes; and, as we have already hinted, the distinction between the two is becoming less obvious with every advance of science, which now neglects no fact connected with the life, habits, or actions of animals. Of the Arachnida, Mr. Dallas contributes an excellent survey. Had he had more space at his disposal, we cannot doubt he would have given us a fuller account of the spiders, the curious habits of many of which have been so ably investigated by the late Mr. Moggridge. Mr. Woodward's description of the Crustacea is especially valuable, and exhibits the same orderly and exhaustive method we have already noticed in Mr. Sharpe's history of the birds. The principal points in the anatomy of the class are admirably explained and equally well illustrated; the engravings of the different kinds of lobsters are, indeed, magnificent examples of the artistic talent the scientific naturalist now has at his command. Equal praise must be accorded to Professor Sollas' treatment of the difficult group of the Spongiæ, the more important points in the life-history of which are explained in a manner as interesting as instructive. Here, again, as throughout these volumes, the publishers have been lavish of illustrations, many of which are of exquisite beauty. The Infusoria are excellently handled by the editor, but the subject is too vast to be capable of anything like adequate treatment—even for the purposes of a natural history—in a score of pages. The concise bibliography which Professor Duncan has appended is a most valuable aid, and a similar assistance to the reader might well have been furnished throughout the work.

On the whole, we must confess to some disappointment with these volumes taken together. The interest in natural history increases every year with the spread and improvement of education in natural science. Professor Duncan and his eminent collaborators might well have aimed throughout at meeting the wants of an older and more instructed public than they appear to have had in view when they began their task. As it is, much of the book is beyond youth, and portions of it will be unattractive to real lovers of the subject. It is to the plan and method rather than to the matter of the work that we have ventured to take exception,—for the character and accuracy of the scientific element in it the names of the contributors afford a sufficient guarantee; and despite its defects of method, it is considerably in advance of any natural history hitherto published in this country.

AT FAULT.*

Captain Hawley Smart is a capital story-teller. We use the expression advisedly; for in these days of many-mouthed criticism, a novelist is nothing unless he has his species in the genus. "Many men, as many minds,"—is truer of novel-readers than of most classes, and their name is legion. Some like melodrama to form the basis of the work, while it is caviare to others, who prefer a study of character without a plot; and still-life pictures have admirers as warm as moving narrators of fire and murder. There never was more of a melodramatist than Walter Scott, and never less of one than Miss Austen, and Miss Austen and Sir Walter were great novelists both. Charles Dickens began with taking the fortunes of some individual being, after whom he christened his book, and letting those fortunes lead hero and reader whithersoever they would. In later days he followed the stage-bent which was so strong in him, and constructed elaborate plots leading up to the end from the first. Mr. Ward, his latest biographer and critic in the Morley series, thinks the latter work very superior to the first; and the present reviewer, following his individual taste, takes a directly opposite view; whence arises food for reflection, and much suggestion of modesty in the propounding of opinions. It has struck us more than once, with some inward amusement, that authors are generally far less sure of their own work than some of their critics are of their opinions about it. This critical cocksuredom would seem to be greatly on the increase, and certainly the posthumous form it has recently so much assumed, in the shape of essences of biography, promises to add a new terror to individual fame. Fancy being told after you are dead, as Macaulay has lately been informed by Mr. Cotter Morison, that you ought not to have been so frivolous as to recite Homer to yourself when sea-sick on the way to Dublin, instead of "thinking out" the Irish problem. A certain Homeric laughter possessed us as we read and amused ourselves by reflecting how Macaulay himself, in his Montgomery mood, would have pulverised this funny and modest critic of his greatness. Mr. Morison is very angry with Macaulay for wanting to write history which young ladies could read with pleasure, holding that the dignity of history has too much of the big "H" about it to allow that it should be in a tongue understanded of young ladies. We have not yet quite reached that point with novels; though, alas! there are signs abroad, in the quick-march of so-called information, that soon we shall. In the wide-spreading field which, as we have said, they occupy, it might have been said a short time ago of novels, at all events, that for them, "tout genre est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux." The exception hardly holds good now, we fear, for we can think of certain latter-day works of fiction whose success is due more, apparently, to their powers of mental exhaustion than anything else. Nobody enjoys them, but it looks so clever to say you do. The hypocrisy, parent or child of Matthew Arnold's "want of lucidity," which a wise man once said was the chief characteristic of the British nation, is assuredly not on the decrease in the fields of literature. Whatever may be the case with the average reader, to be "lucid" in a writer is rapidly becoming a crime.

Now Captain Smart, whom we have kept waiting too long, is a very lucid writer indeed; and we say so at once to attract the young ladies for whom Macaulay sang, for whose suffrages so many of us have yet a sneaking and ill-informed desire. We as frankly warn off the wise, which category, let Mr. Morison reassure himself, includes now-a-days a large proportion of young ladies, of whom Macaulay dreamed not. The present reviewer,—who may at least pretend to this much of wisdom, that he finds the great majority of novels quite unreadable,—galloped straight and without skipping through *At Fault*, from cover to cover of its three volumes; and he hopes that the simile may not be inappropriate to the well-known characteristics of the novels of the author, who has been long recognised as Whyte-Melville's bright and legitimate successor. In this instance, to our surprise we discovered, Captain Smart has deserted the racing and riding world altogether, except where, just within sight of the "finis" winning-post, his private version of Uncle Dick's memorial (which all men carry about with them in some shape or another) suddenly breaks out in one irrepressible allusion to the "great annual spring riddle on Epsom Downs." We can assure all readers, for the benefit both of those whom the assurance will attract and those whom it will repel, that there is practically no Thought in the tale, scarcely more than in Macaulay when he was so reprehensibly sea-sick. Yet, after all, a good deal of thinking of some kind must have been spent upon the ingenious mystery which forms the basis of the plot of *At Fault;* and we are apt to believe that there is a growing class of men now-a-days who are fond of depreciating all forms of the many-sided process of thinking, which do not happen to be that in which they are themselves given to indulge. Nor is there much elaboration of character in Captain Smart's novel, though there is plenty of suggestion of it. The detective is the most complete; but the detective of fiction has an inevitable sameness about him, from Inspector Bucket onwards, which makes him more of a stage type than a reality. The two pairs of lovers, Philip and Bessie, and Herbert and Nid, are simple and delightful, with no more character about them than lovers ought and used to have; healthy, straightforward young Britons, with a flavour of Kingsley, and without any suggestion of his peculiar preference for the east wind and the Athanasian Creed. The

* *At Fault.* A Novel. By Hawley Smart. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1883.

story, in which we can detect no padding from beginning to end, is told with the directness of the old Italian novelettes, which supplied the subjects for such fine dramatic work in the hands of more elaborate masters. It is just this dramatic quality, the life-blood of good story-telling, which attracts us so much, and not for the first time, in Captain Smart's work. We do not mean that this particular novel would make a good play; for the mystery is not of a kind which, as far as we can judge, would lend itself to stage treatment. But it is very dramatically conceived and kept up: and when, at the end of the second volume, its solution is suddenly flashed upon the reader, the effect is considerable, as it is well contrived. It is much to the author's credit that, after the secret is guessed, the interest in working it out is, nevertheless, well kept up, and the book laid down with a sense of satisfied completeness. The story, moreover, is quite possible enough to be probable; the only fault which we have to find with its probabilities being that we do not think that, under the peculiar circumstances of the trial to which the story leads up, any judge would have charged for murder, or a jury have found the prisoner guilty of it. Not only the absence of motive, which is properly dwelt upon, but the absolute presence of strong motive the other way, would bring the crime on which the trial runs into the category of manslaughter.

We have avoided anything like quotation, or even the usual abstract of the plot, because in novels of this class anything like the latter is unfair to the author, and only spoils the reader's pleasure. Nor is there anything very salient to quote, from a writer whose sound and straightforward style is now so well known, especially as in this instance he has deserted the field in which he is a passed master, and given us none of the Turf intrigues which he excels in describing. But Captain Smart is a shrewd and amused observer of life in more forms than one, and his minor characters show no falling-off in his faculties in that way. The wretched landlord who suddenly finds his inn the scene of a murder and an inquest, and resents it as a personal injury, is very entertaining, and well-contrasted with the provincial busybody who has a vaulting ambition in the way of local boards, and regards the *cause célèbre* with which he is accidentally connected as a sort of possession of his own. The youthful clerk who helps Serjeant Usher in his inquiries, and is promptly snubbed when he presumes too much—as a young gentleman whose only chance of not becoming a thief lies, in the serjeant's opinion, in turning detective as soon as possible—is the means of introducing another amusing episode. In days when there is so much talk about the want of dramatists—talk with the usual proportions of truth and falsehood in it—it is a pity that the system of collaboration, which has produced such successful results in France, is not more generally and carefully studied. Captain Smart appears to us to have just the qualities which, in combination with others which a skilled playwright could supply, would produce some good English plays. As it is, we owe him our thanks for a well-conceived and well-written story, which it must have been a pleasure to write, as it is to read.

MEXICO TO-DAY.*

Since the publication of Madame Calderon de la Barca's life-like sketches of Mexico, forty years ago, no work has appeared which gives such vivid pictures, combined with so much solid information as to the resources of the country, as are to be found in Mr. Brocklehurst's "Mexico To-day." It is, of course, impossible that in a visit extending only over seven months he could acquire so thorough an insight into the habits and customs of the people, into their ways of thinking and acting, and into their domestic and every-day life, as was attained during a residence of two years by the observant and accomplished Scotch wife of the first Spanish Minister to the Republic; yet the author has succeeded not only in reproducing, for the benefit of those who have not been there, those impressions which the aspect of a country comparatively so little known must make on every traveller, but he has also done good service, both to his own countrymen and to his late hosts, by calling attention to the magnificent capabilities and the rapidly developing resources of a country which can exhibit within the radius of a few miles every production, whether of the temperate or of the torrid zone.

* *Mexico To-day: a Country with a Great Future; and a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas.* By Thomas Unett Brocklehurst, with Coloured Plates and Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. London: John Murray.

It is interesting to compare these two pictures, taken at an interval of forty years, and to note the differences which the increased facilities of communication have made between them. When Madame Calderon de la Barca wrote, Mexico was perhaps the most isolated of the civilised countries of the world; its intercourse with the world outside may be said, indeed, to have been then restricted to the single port of Vera Cruz; harbour it had none, nor even land communication with its neighbours north and south, for its frontiers, both with Guatemala and with the United States, were undefined, and infested by hostile Indians, who practically intercepted and prevented all commerce; the Panama Railway had not been made, gold had not been discovered in California (which then formed part of Mexico), Japan was still closed to foreigners, so there was little or no trade with the Pacific ports. The capital lay at a distance of over 250 miles from Vera Cruz, which distance took passengers three days' hard travelling in a diligence to accomplish; and merchandise was, under favourable circumstances, a fortnight on the road, and during the rainy season, *i.e.*, nearly half the year, usually occupied about six weeks. The communication with Europe was restricted to one packet a month, and even that was occasionally unable to land her letters for some days, when the "Norte" blew straight into the open roadstead of Vera Cruz. The internal communications were hardly better; even between the capital and the coast, the roads which had been made by the Spaniards in the old colonial days had been allowed to fall into such a state of disrepair, that the diligences as frequently went across the open fields as along what had once been a well-paved chanssée; while the passengers, who always went well armed, were not unfrequently stopped and plundered even of their clothes by a few half-armed robbers, whom it was not considered etiquette to resist. At one time the diligence was regularly stopped at a point near Orizaba, and blackmail was levied by a band which consisted of a woman armed with a blunderbuss and her boy with a stick; and it was a common joke in the city of Mexico that the passengers of the incoming diligence were unwilling to alight in the crowded courtyard of the Iturbide Hotel, because the robbers had left them nothing but the latest intelligence in the form of newspapers to dispose as gracefully as they could about their persons. This state of isolation was maintained for twenty years—up to the time of the French intervention—indeed, it was not until after the French had, on the termination of the Civil War in the United States, received notice to quit from Mr. Seward, and had in consequence deserted Maximilian and left the country, that the first railway, that between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, was completed. At the present moment there are over a thousand miles of railway open, and Mr. Brocklehurst states that in less than two years travellers will be able "to board the train at New York, and reach the halls of the Montezumas within five days."

Twenty years ago, there was not such a thing as a bank-note in the country; the currency was entirely specie, consisting mainly of the well-known silver dollar, which circulates all over the coasts of China and Japan, and of a small amount of the old gold "ounzas,"—handsome, broad pieces, worth $16 each. It was a curious sight at the gambling-tables and cockpits at the annual fair of San Angel to see the piles of these ounces which changed hands on the turn of a card or the thrust of a spur; and it was no easy matter to pay a debt of any large amount, when even in gold a sum of $5,000 was as heavy as you would care to carry for any distance. Mr. Brocklehurst found bank-notes of two banks in the capital in common use, and the Government were about to issue nickel coin, to relieve the scarcity of small change.

Another point in which very great progress has been made is that of religious toleration. It is not too much to say that until 1860, nearly half of the city of Mexico and of Puebla and other large towns, as well as a very large proportion of the richest "haciendas" (or farms) in the country, belonged to some religious corporation or other. The power of the Church was broken by the nationalisation of ecclesiastical property by Juarez and the Liberal party in that year. a measure which the return to power of the Church party under Miramon and Almonte shortly after was unable to repeal. It was under the auspices of this latter party that the unfortunate Maximilian was summoned from Miramar; but, at heart a Liberal, he soon found himself out of sympathy with his nominal supporters, while at the same time, chiefly owing to the double-dealing of Marshal Bazaine, he was unable to attract to his

standard that Liberal element by whose support he would have gladly ruled. He thus fell between two stools; he had alienated the Clericals, without attaching to himself the Liberals, and when the French withdrew he had no following of his own to fall back upon. By the Constitutional Edict issued by Maximilian, freedom of worship and toleration of all religions were proclaimed as the law of the land, though practically, from lack of sufficient Protestants or other denominationalists to form a congregation, these principles were not put to the test. Maximilian, however, evinced his readiness to carry them out in practice, by granting a disused convent in Mexico to the Freemasons as their headquarters, by whom it was used as such without provoking any opposition or complaint, though, perhaps, this may be due to the comparative obscurity in which they worked. In one corner of the country the presence of a Protestant clergyman must certainly be welcome. There has for many years existed a considerable English colony in the mining district of Real del Monte, chiefly Cornishmen, many of whom have their wives and families with them; they were warmly attached to their Protestant faith, and sufficient in number even twenty years ago to compose a congregation of seventy or eighty, to whom the English "Administrador," or Resident Manager, of the Company used to read service in his own house on Sunday morning. This gentleman, however, hardly felt himself equal to celebrating the Marriage Service, which was occasionally demanded in the community. The Mexican priests would not bless the union of heretics, and there was no Protestant clergyman within a thousand miles. What was to be done? On one of these occasions it chanced that the captain of an English ship was on a visit to the place, and he was persuaded by several anxious couples into stretching his authority, which admittedly on board his own ship extended to the exercise of certain clerical functions in the absence of a chaplain, so far as to perform the wedding service for his own countrymen at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea in the interior of Mexico. The matter was in course of time reported home by her Majesty's Minister, and under the circumstances it was considered right to condone this assumption of the binding power, and a special Act of Parliament was passed to legitimatise the issue of the marriages which had been thus in perfect good-faith, if somewhat irregularly celebrated. Such a necessity no longer exists, for if there be not a clergyman resident at Real del Monte, the English miners there are, at any rate, within reach of the capital, where Mr. Brocklehurst found four different Protestant congregations, under their respective pastors, who had developed the usual ecclesiastical prejudices and animosities, thereby, as he points out, affording to the Catholic priests an opportunity of cautioning their flocks against joining a body which was so divided against itself. He paid special attention to the work and operation of Missions, in the course of a journey round the world, and came to the conclusion that in many instances positive harm was being done, and that the money would be better spent in our crowded cities at home.

In two respects Mr. Brocklehurst would appear to have been led away by what he heard and saw into adopting too roseate a view of the condition of Mexico, namely, as to its financial position and the stability of its political institutions. He avers that the old habit of resorting to a "pronunciamiento" is at an end, owing to the influence of the iron road and telegraph. Considering that the present President, Gonzalez, came into power little more than two years ago in consequence of a revolution which overthrew his predecessor, Porfirio Diaz, this seems a somewhat hazardous assertion; and the author's incidental mention of the fact that on starting from Vera Cruz it was necessary for the rear carriage of the train to be occupied by an officer and fifty men as a guard against robbers, is a curious commentary on the assumption that the railroad has done away with the old state of things. With regard to her finances, Mr. Brocklehurst maintains that Mexico, so far from being, as is generally supposed, a hopeless bankrupt, "has the resources to even increase her Debt and pay every penny of it;" and yet on the same page he admits that she has repudiated her Debt to France, and has not paid that due to England. Do not these statements, taken together, make her out to be something very like a fraudulent bankrupt? He is mistaken in saying that since the recall of Mr. Ashton Forbes, in December, 1861, we have never renewed diplomatic relations, the fact being that Mr. Ashton Forbes never represented Great Britain in Mexico at all. Sir Charles Wyke resided there as her Majesty's Minister till December, 1861, when he and General Prim withdrew from the tripartite convention with the French, on the latter making it manifest that they intended to interfere in the internal affairs of the country; and, further, on the establishment of the Empire, Mr. Scarlett was accredited to Maximilian, and our Legation was not withdrawn until after the execution of the Emperor, in June, 1867. Mr. Brocklehurst deplores the absence of any British Representative, and assures us, on the faith of the Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs, that the latter's Government have in no way repudiated their debts to England, but have simply been unable to meet them. Surely, if Mexico desires to renew relations, the first advances should come from her, and should be accompanied by a frank statement of what she intends to do towards fulfilling obligations contracted long anterior to the French intervention, and recognised by successive Governments of the Republic. Two-thirds of the foreign trade of Mexico are with the United States; the average of imports of British produce into Mexico during the ten years 1871-80 is under a million, while that of exports to Great Britain is but little over half that sum, so there cannot on commercial grounds be any very pressing necessity for renewing British representation in that country.

Space fails to do more than give a word of praise to the excellent manner in which the book is got up; the illustrations of scenery are, most of them, faithful representations, though in some, notably in the frontispiece, the outlines of the mountains, and in Plate xxii., the angle of the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, have been much exaggerated. The plates of Mexican antiquities are especially valuable, as they have never been figured before in any popular work, and most of them have never been figured at all. It is curious, by the way, that the author should not have remarked that the so-called Greek fret is a very common ornament on the clay whorls and other articles of pottery; and he seems to be unaware of the existence of the Aztec obsidian mines, deep and very narrow shafts in the mountains near Real del Monte. A little more care in the spelling of Spanish words would have been desirable; "zarepa," for "zarape;" "macheta," for "machete;" and "Plaza Mayo," for "Mayor," are all errors in words of every-day use that might have been avoided; and no book is complete without an index. Still, these are slight defects in a work which cannot fail to give both pleasure and information to any reader who does not know the country; while to one who does, it recalls half-forgotten memories, and induces a longing to visit again one of the most attractive regions and the finest climate on the face of God's earth.

MR. MOZLEY'S LECTURES.*

Dr. Mozley's literary remains would have been well worth publishing, if it were only for the sake of giving to the world his very remarkable essay—the third in the volume—on "The Jewish and Heathen Conceptions of a Future State." The interest of this paper is not by any means confined to the author's treatment of the immediate question it deals with, but consists as much or more in his exposition of principles of religious knowledge never, perhaps, of more practical importance than at the present crisis in the history of the world. In days like these, when religion is watered-down to mere sentiment, and a belief in the supernatural is readily ascribed to the force of habit or inclination, or to the credulousness of a disordered fancy—parallel to a child's fear, when left alone in a dark room, that there may be a ghost in it—it becomes of the highest importance to draw a sharp, a well-defined line between mere feeling and imagination, which, as such, are purely subjective, and tell of no truth beyond themselves, and those deep instincts of our moral nature—the sense of sin and reverence for virtue, the yearning after what is noble and outside the range of our sensual needs—which point to something beyond themselves; which are, as it were, the shadow of the Divinity, and the first indications to our minds of His presence in the world. Dr. Mozley was, we think, singularly happy in the suggestions he made on this subject, and his essay has the advantage of treating of it in connection with concrete historical facts. Whether or no his principles fully and truly explain these facts, we shall not inquire. They undoubtedly do so to some extent, but the importance of his remarks goes, as we have said, far beyond the theme which he is im-

* *Lectures, and Other Theological Papers.* By J. B. Mozley, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1883.

mediately engaged in discussing. This theme is stated broadly in the following passage :—

"It has been remarked, by those who have wished to derogate from the value and rank of the Jewish dispensation, that the Jews were worse-off than the Pagans in one important point,—namely, that they were without a doctrine of a future state, whereas Paganism taught that doctrine. This is a question, then, not only of speculative interest, but of great moment, considering that the estimate of a divine dispensation is affected by it. But in order to decide it, we must first have before us with some accuracy what the Pagan doctrine was, and what the Jewish absence of doctrine was; for we must know both of these conditions of thought, in order to compare them together, and judge whether the positive conception of the Pagan was, being compared with the absence of definite conception in Judaism, a ground of superiority to him. Again, we cannot estimate the Jewish attitude towards a Future State without a reference to the Christian conception of a Future State, for which the condition of the Jew was a preparation."

In this passage, Dr. Mozley lays down the lines on which he is to proceed. He goes on to show how different were the various forms of the Pagan doctrine—whether in its popular shape, or as taught in the philosophical schools—from the Christian idea of eternal life. The continuance of personal identity is at the root of the Christian conception, and this disappears entirely in metempsychosis, and in the doctrine, so common among ancient philosophers, of the absorption of the soul in God after death; while it is attenuated to an unreal shadow of self, in the poetical accounts of the state of the dead. "It has been remarked, indeed," he adds, "by an acute writer [Archbishop Whately] that the shadowy character which the ancients attributed to existence after death was a mode of betraying their own want of true belief in that existence." And here we have the first indication of the line of argument which the author works out afterwards in detail. The notion of immortality prevalent among the Pagans was not a real belief, he holds, but the offspring of an impatient curiosity. They longed to penetrate behind the veil, and to solve the awful mystery suggested by the phenomenon of death, which was so constantly before their eyes. They were not, Dr. Mozley holds, in a state in which reason could tell them anything on the subject, and consequently, to obtain relief, to free themselves from the pain of suspended judgment, they filled their minds with theories of their own construction, not seriously believed, but dwelt upon for the sake of the immediate satisfaction they afforded to the imaginative mind. But why, we ask, could they not see by the light of reason a truth which Dr. Mozley holds to be within the grasp of the intellect of a Christian? This leads us to his treatment of the Jewish absence of conception of any future state. The doctrine of eternal life, Dr. Mozley argues in effect, is far above and beyond the requirements of human nature in its *primâ facie* aspect. Both heaven and hell appear to be beyond the deserts of mortal man. Most of our acquaintance seem, at first-sight, "o'er gude for banning, and o'er bad for blessing." It is only after the spiritual element in man's nature has been fostered and developed, and his dependence on God and awful responsibilities in this world fully realised, that he is able to know his own greatness, and to see the fitness, nay, the necessity, of an eternal life, to complete the divine scheme in his creation. And this raising of human nature, this development of its noblest instincts, was, Dr. Mozley contends, the work of the Jewish law :—

"To build up, then, the Christian doctrine of everlasting life, so incredible to human nature, a new foundation was necessary, and that foundation was a *moral* one. And it was this moral foundation which was laid in the Jewish law. It is as a moral being that man feels his value; that he feels himself not a creature made for this life only, but for another; that he feels even everlasting life, sublime and transcendent thought as it is, not unsuitable or unfit for him. The law was a schoolmaster that gave man a knowledge of himself, that awakened his conscience, enlightened his perceptions, and revealed him to himself; acquainted him with the moral purpose of his creation, and with his own moral nature and capabilities. The law was thus a preparation, an education, and a discipline for the revelation of this truth, and introduced man to the designs of God for him."

But, Dr. Mozley pertinently asks, if the law raised his conception of his own nature, and pointed to the fitness of a great and eternal destiny for him, how came it that the Jew never rose to a clear and explicit belief, such as the Gospel enjoins, in life everlasting? The answer is that, although occasionally, as in the Book of Job, the truth may have flashed more or less distinctly across individual minds, yet, on the whole, it was a part of the temper of mind enjoined on the Jews by their lawgivers to refrain from speculation, and to be content with a calm and patient trust in God, conscious that all would be well with them, so long as they remained faithful to Him. "The whole religion was in its very nature expectant, acknowledging in itself its own want of finality." Attention to duty and obedience to the law being the very key-note of the life of a pious Jew, he refrained, as he was bid, from carrying his knowledge of his own lofty destiny to its legitimate outcome, being content with that general confidence that God would be with him to the end which is implied in such texts as, "Let me die the death of the righteous," or, "The end of that man is in peace."

"It was his trial to restrain curiosity and fancy, and submit quietly to a midway position. It was a trial to the imagination analogous to that which Butler lays upon the intellect in a particular case. The impulse of a sceptical mind is to total disbelief as the decision of, and relief from, doubt. The impulse of the imagination is to the very contrary, not to illegitimate demolition, but to illegitimate construction; but the motive is the same, namely, that of obtaining decision and relief. The false repose of the arbitrary settlement of a question, and having done with it without regard to the evidence, is the same in either case; and the discipline of resisting either impulse, namely, the restraining of impatience, is the same."

The contrast between the two pictures is, to our mind, very striking, and places in most prominent relief the wide difference between two states of mind which religious sceptics love to identify. On the one side, there is the curiosity of an imaginative mind, credulous but flippant in its beliefs, unchecked by the sense of duty or responsibility, little impressed by the sacredness of the claims of truth; and, doubtless, such a temper of mind will readily lead to the wildest and grossest superstition. On the other side, there is the sense of law, the perception of the great possibilities of human nature, consciousness of dependence on God and of duties towards Him, and, at the same time, great fear of error, and caution in speculation; while, nevertheless, the sense that there is a truth to be known in connection with the mysterious and deep aspirations to which so much attention has been given becomes ever stronger, and must lead in the long-run to its attainment.

SOME MAGAZINES.

The *Nineteenth Century* is readable, though amidst the crowd of contributions we notice nothing of unusual importance. Mr. Matthew Arnold finishes and does not improve his monograph on Isaiah, descending in this second part to the style of the modern commentator who is so anxious about authorship, and interpolations, and dates. That is useful work in its way, but not the work we expect of Mr. Arnold, who in doing it is forced to rely on second-hand knowledge, and can gain no aid from his peculiar genius. When he tells us that the source of the tragic impressiveness of these prophecies is the ground-tone of inexorableness which pervades them, we listen impressed, for the writer is a great critic of poetry, and his opinion on such a point is of itself evidence; but when he discourses of Lowth's emendations and the proper divisions of Isaiah, we turn unsatisfied to the Hebraists, and ask if they have no sense of intrusion into their kingdom. We hope, when Mr. Arnold publishes this essay by itself, he will give us a little more criticism and a little less dissertation, and, above all, include in his volume Isaiah printed as it should be according to his theory. Earl Cowper, in spite of the jerky and as it were lazy style in which it pleases him to express himself, gives us, in "Desultory Reflections of a Whig," a paper of some real value, if only from its author's point of view. He evidently cares little for abstract ideas, and tries questions by the test of political expediency. Upon that ground he maintains that the Whigs are right as yet in adhering to the Radicals, who, so far, are not encouraging Revolution by their innovations, but by removing grievances rendering the Revolution less probable. He quotes the Irish Land Act as a wise measure, because a measure dictated by political necessity, and utterly rejects the notion that it will be a precedent. There is nothing very new in what he says, but it is interesting, because he is no Radical, has no wish except to govern well, and brings everything to the test of a rather hard common-sense. He sees as yet no sign of Revolutionary passion in Great Britain. Sir Julian Goldsmid is as coldly sensible in discussing the "Questions of the Day in India," which he has recently visited. He is entirely in favour of Lord Ripon's ideas of local self-government, which, as he shows, have already succeeded in the Central Provinces under Mr. Morris, but he holds Mr. Ilbert's Bill for increasing the authority of native magistrates over Europeans

uncalled for. The privilege of the Europeans should be swept away when all are made equal before the law, not now, when a thousand natives in Calcutta alone are exempt from the obligation to give evidence in the ordinary way. They can require to be examined at home by a special commission. To take away their right would raise an insurrection; and why take away that of the Europeans, of which, till the question was raised, the majority of the people were unconscious? Sir Julian's impression of the administration of India as now conducted is, on the whole, most favourable; though, like every other visitor, he lays too much stress on the material improvements we have introduced. They are very great, but we doubt whether new roads, or even new cultivations, have ever much conciliated a people, and the experience of the Mutiny showed that our even-handed justice had impressed the Indians much more than our material improvements. They asked their new rulers to continue "the English laws," not the English engineering works, which, after all, hardly rival their own. Mr. Froude, in his two papers on "An Unsolved Historical Riddle," has been rather wasting his time, the riddle being only whether Philip II. of Spain murdered a troublesome subject, or ordered him to be secretly executed for reasons of State. The latter appears to be the truth, but the point was hardly worth clearing up. The puzzle to us is not that, but why a man like Philip, who had outraged so many peoples and families, remained so safe from the dagger of the assassin. Mr. E. Kay Robinson's queer speculation on "The Man of the Future" we have noticed elsewhere, and need here only call attention to Mr. S. Smith's paper on "Social Reform." The Member for Liverpool is one of those who believe that the mass of poverty and suffering in our great cities constitutes a terrible social danger, and who have a definite plan for mitigating it. His notion—and his immense experience gives him a right to speak—is, that we must attack the evil at its source, deal with the million and a quarter of nearly destitute children, who ought to be wards of the State, enforce parental obligations much more rigidly, and commence a vast, steady, State-aided system of transferring such children to the Colonies. The plan does not commend itself to us, except as one of several, but the thought at the bottom of it does. It is in the improvement of the children that the chance lies, and to seize it we must give up one or two of our notions of exclusive parental responsibility. After all, the whole community, if it can only do it, has as much right to see that the child has a chance of a career as to see that he is kept alive and taught the rudiments of learning. The American States are already adopting this principle, and are sanctioning laws under which destitute or degraded children are rescued by force, and turned into decent citizens; and in Liverpool, private persons, among whom Mr. Smith is not the least eminent, are working out the same idea. They have saved, Mr. Smith says, 1,200 children already, all of whom would have become criminals or paupers.

The most interesting paper in the *Contemporary* is Mrs. Oliphant's account of Mrs. Carlyle, touched on elsewhere this week in our columns; and the most brilliant "The Responsibilities of Unbelief," by "Vernon Lee." If this name really conceals, as is rumoured, a very young lady, we venture to predict that we shall soon see another female novelist of the first rank. The slightness and accuracy of the touches with which the character of Rheinhardt, the Voltairian of her dialogue, are made manifest are really extraordinary. Her object is to show that in teaching others, and especially their children, the responsibility of unbelievers is as great as that of Christians. They have no right to conceal the light they think they have obtained, in order to secure easier lives for their children, or to avoid distressing their wives. This is sound enough, provided the unbeliever unbelieves as sincerely and certainly as the believer believes; but the attraction of the article is the brilliant cynicism of Rheinhardt, who prefers Catholicism to Protestantism because dissidents from Catholicism give up the supernatural, while Protestants only surrender such beliefs as seem to them to endanger faith by too great a demand upon credulity. "The Reformation," remarks Rheinhardt, incidentally, "was a piece of intellectual socialism. It consisted in dividing truth so that each man might have a little scrap of it for himself, and in preventing all increase by abolishing all large intellectual capital." Sir William Palmer describes clearly the part taken by himself in the early history of the "Oxford Movement," a part greater than this generation recollects, and adds one more testimony to the wonderful influence of Cardinal Newman,—a testimony the more remarkable because he strongly disagreed with Mr. Newman's desire that each man who desired to forward the movement should do it in his own way. Sir W. Palmer hungered for more corporate action. Mr. Baxter writes on "The Business of the House of Commons" a paper principally remarkable for his advocacy of a stronger Closure, and his belief that a reduction in the number of the House would be directly beneficial. We shall, perhaps, hear more of that last idea before the discussion ceases. Mr. Haweis sends a sympathetic sketch of the late J. R. Green, the historian, asserting his strong Liberalism in matters of belief; and Sir Arthur Gordon a most interesting account of the self-governing system of the native Fijians, now carried on through District Councils, Provincial Councils, and a Chief Council, which, after debate, recommends measures to the Governor. Most of these recommendations have become law, and Sir Arthur bears emphatic testimony to the excellent working of the whole system, especially through the complete ventilation of native grievances. Great care was taken, whenever the native suggestion was in itself reasonable, not to supersede it by a better one, it being found that the natives were more hearty in carrying out their own plan, a point which constitutionalists too often forget. The following speech by an hereditary chief will show that oratorical ability is not wanting in Fiji. The question was, who was liable to replant the trees? Roko Tui Bua rose, and said:—

"Do you think they will send us yams and bananas and sugar-canes from England? Is the Government to plant our trees for us? If we are men we have to live; we have hands; our fathers planted and we too must plant, and our children after us. In many parts where there was formerly much water, there is none to-day. It is because the timber is cut down the land is bare and the water dry. We listen to the idle words of every stray white man who says that this and the other is not done in the white man's land. But if we make inquiry, we find that after all it is much the same here as there; that the man who is industrious in the white man's land becomes wealthy, and the slothful does not. I hear some say, 'Who ever heard of planting forest trees?' I have heard of it. I have seen it done. I know of trees that have been preserved for years. Many will say, 'What folly! do these trees bear fruit?' Well! what about your house? Is that built of fruit or of wood?"

Mr. O'Donnell's article on "Fenianism" contains little that is new, except his account of the hope entertained in Ireland in 1865 that the Irish soldiers trained in the American war would land in the island, and set it free. This plan seems to have been seriously entertained, but the soldiers did not come, and the movement failed. Mr. O'Donnell complains bitterly of the sentences of penal servitude passed upon the Fenian leaders, as cruel, and it certainly seems to be true that the old system of honourable execution for treason by the axe left less bitter memories than the modern system of penal servitude.

Lord Randolph Churchill, in the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title of "Elijah's Mantle," continues his bitter attacks upon Sir Stafford Northcote, whom he considers wanting in force of character, genius, and courage. He maintains that the tactics of Opposition, as illustrated by Mr. Disraeli, may be summed up thus:—"Take office only when it suits you, but put the Government in a minority whenever you decently can,"—principle being obviously of no importance. Lord Randolph is strongly in favour of a Premier in the Lords, declaring, with refreshing frankness, that "the nucleus of the Tory Party is in the House of Lords," and that everything which exalts that body will strengthen the party. This is especially the case when the party is in a minority in the Commons; at such times the lead in the Lords is everything, and the leader there is only unwisely hampered by a co-ordinate leader in the Commons. As permanent power resides in the Commons, and a leader fit for office must be found there, Lord Randolph Churchill's ideas will hardly meet with general acceptance. The number contains two excellent biographical sketches, one on Mr. Green, describing mainly his earnest work in East London; and another on Mr. H. J. S. Smith, intended to describe his unequalled rank as a mathematician, a rank of which his most intimate friends scarcely knew. He never spoke of his researches, and they were far better known on the Continent than at home. This story has an intellectual interest:—

"Only three months before his death, referring to the opinion (expressed by a speaker at the Balfour Memorial Meeting at Cambridge) that a man's most original ideas came to him before he was thirty, he said that in his own case he was certain that not only had his power of seeing and understanding things uninterruptedly increased all through his life, but that his thoughts and ideas and 'invention'

had undergone a corresponding progression and development. A glance through his note-books affords striking evidence of this, for the later entries are especially rich in suggestions for future researches, and in 'guesses' at what the results may be found to be."

The controversy is as old as man, and we suspect that every individual would give a separate answer, and also that there is a radical confusion in many minds between energy and insight. The mind loses its capacity for effort long before it loses its power of perceiving, even if it ever does, while in health, lose it at all. The old in particular "understand" the proportions of things to each other far better than the young do. Professor Jebb puts in an able plea for a British School of Classical Studies to be established in Athens, and to be in most respects a consulate for travelling students, with a director, who would act as consul, direct studies, and give assistance, a library and a house. He thinks the school could be established for £18,000, and is sanguine that such a sum could be raised by subscription. So are we, or double the money, provided Mr. Jebb will show some tangible *quid pro quo*, in the shape, let us say, of annual reports on Greek archæology, from the director. The subscribers will want to see something, such as the subscribers to the different Palestinian funds do see. Without that, he must trust to individual liberality; but there ought to be a cultivated millionaire or two in England ready to do the work. Mr. Auberon Herbert's second paper, "A Politician in Trouble about his Soul," grows a little tedious. After all, he is only asking at great length the old question whether leaders derive their ideas from themselves, or from those they lead, the answer to which is,—from both, in proportions that no mind can discern, because the mixture must be to a large extent unconscious. A man may be perfectly sincere, yet convinced of the wisdom of a course originally suggested to him by observation of the public mind. Father Matthew would probably never have moved, had he not become aware through observation of a craving desire in his particular public for "help agin the dhrink;" yet he was a leader, and a sincere one, too. The remaining papers, on explosives, by Colonel Majendie, on the "Political Condition of Italy," and on "Local Government in Counties," are all very instructive, and perhaps a little dull. The Italian writer, however, forwards some valuable statistics of the new Chamber, from which it appears that the Government has a fairly steady majority, and that when supported by the Right, which is now only a collection of eminent individualities, it can count on 400 Members in a House of 514.

The grand temptation of modern Tories, the craving desire to attack Mr. Gladstone personally, has been too strong for the *National Review*, and under the title "The Prime Minister's Dilemma," Mr. Anstin indulges in a kind of prolonged "yah." He declares Mr. Gladstone incapable of fortitude in adversity. In the view of this historian, he gave up the lead of the Liberal Party in 1875 out of mortification, in 1876 he "snatched at power with gratuitous eagerness," and in 1883 he desires, "in a situation of bewilderment bordering on despair," to retire again, but cannot, because to do so would be discreditable. Mr. Austin contrasts this conduct with the "sweet patience" of Lord Beaconsfield in 1880, who utterly refused to believe that the Liberal victory was due to bribery, and attributed it to vituperation and the general distress in the country. Lord Beaconsfield had patience in plenty, but to attribute a grand defeat at the polls to abuse is hardly an illustration of it. Usually, when a man attributes his losses to "vituperation," he is raging with secret anger. We need not add that Mr. Gladstone's Administration, in Mr. Anstin's judgment, has been a failure from beginning to end; or that under it the Queen "has been degraded into a Suzerain," a wonderful climax of humiliation. The article contains an anecdote or two of Lord Beaconsfield of some interest, but as a specimen of political swearing it is not effective. Lord Pembroke sends a thoughtful paper on "Liberty and Socialism," in which he denies that any "principle" can be found which will regulate the degree of State interference permissible in a well-organised society. Life, he believes, has become too complex, and he traces much of the present hesitation in the national temper to the new perception of that complexity,—a remark showing much insight. Lord Pembroke contends that the degree of State interference must be regulated by a comparison of expediencies, and points out with really crushing effect that the doctrine of negative regulation or "absolute freedom, limited only by the like freedom for all," would be fatal to the law of marriage:—"It is the clearest case of positive regulation; and it is not aimed directly at the securing of freedom. The State does not content itself with enforcing such contracts as men and women are pleased to make. It prescribes the contract. I think we have a right to ask those who tell us this is an infallible practical rule, whether they are prepared to adhere to it in this instance." This is much the best paper in the magazine, which for the rest contains nothing striking, unless it be "John Hodge's" notion of the Essex dialect.

The older magazines present nothing for remark, except the stories, which are in all cases good; as is also, in *Longman's*, Mr. Stevenson's "Treasure of Franchard." That is full of originality.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Moorish Lotos-leaves. By George D. Cowan and R. L. N. Johnston. (Tinsley Brothers.)—A residence of some standing at Mogador has given to the authors of this volume considerable advantages over the ordinary traveller. They know the ways of the country, have acquired a large circle of acquaintances, and can dispense, wherever Arabic will suffice, with the services of an interpreter. The longest of the six papers which the book contains is entitled, "A Ride to Maraksh by a Round-about Route." (Maraksh is the town which is commonly marked in the atlases as "Marocco.") It is as pleasant a narrative of travel as we have seen for some time. It is disfigured, here and there, as, indeed, all the papers are, with a jocosity which fails to be humorous, but it is lively and picturesque. The Berbers seem to have made the most favourable impression on the minds of the travellers; of the general condition of the country, their report agrees with the unanimous testimony borne by all who visit regions under Mahommedan Government. About slavery they are particularly emphatic. Where European influence reaches, the slaves are well treated; beyond this, they may be said to have no human rights. The writers who sit comfortably at home, and evolve an ideal Islam out of their consciousness, might profitably spend an hour or two over *Moorish Lotos-leaves*. Here is a pleasing account of Moorish integrity:—"Every reference to future events is coupled with *Inshallah*, twice or thrice repeated. Let not the guileless Christian imagine that a verbal promise to pay 'in three months, *Inshallah*,' represents the debtor's intentions, for non-payment at the appointed time becomes *Ma-shallah*—what God has pleased—and the Moslim conscience is at rest. A story is told of a Moor visiting Gibraltar in quest of credit, who on being shown some Manchester goods, asked the price. 'Eight-and-six the price in sixty days,' was the reply. 'Ah!' murmured the true believer, 'eight-and-six, sixty days, *Inshallah*.' Quoth the merchant, who had acquired an expensive experience of the native commercial morality, 'No. Sixty days, eight-and-six; but sixty days, *Inshallah*, ten shillings.'" "Canoo Rambles in Mogador Bay" is a tantalising description of climate and scenery, with hints of sport. Something of a corrective is supplied by the chapter on "Moorish Gastronomy." The other papers are "Boar-shooting in Siadma," "Notes on Agadir and Mossah," and a "A March by Moonlight with the Army." This volume will furnish by the way no bad test of the comparative merits of recent atlases.

Record of the University Boat-race, 1829-1880. Compiled by G. G. T. Treherne and J. H. D. Goldie. (Bickers and Son.)—In 1881 a great boating festival was held, at which some two hundred "Old Blues"—*i.e.*, oarsmen and coxswains who have taken part in the University contests—attended. The total number on the list was, at that time, 485. Out of these, 404 survived. These statistics suggest the fact that rowing does not seem to shorten life. "Old Blues," indeed, appear to realise more than the average "expectations of life." To be a coxswain, indeed, seems to conduce strongly to longevity; only *four* out of *forty-eight* of these gentlemen are marked as "deceased." The earliest race represented at the festival was that rowed at Henley in 1829. Of that contest, Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrew's (who was represented by his jersey, as the Queen is sometimes by her robes), was the hero. Besides achieving numerous academical honours, he played in the University eleven; and we are told that he never lost a race or a match. The crews contained not a few other men who were to achieve distinction. Oxford was steered by a future dean (Fremantle), and a future bishop (Selwyn, of Lichfield), and a dean (Merivale) rowed for Cambridge. Distinctions have not been wanting to these great oarsmen. At Oxford they have achieved an average, and at Cambridge more than an average of honours. And in after-life they seem to have done well. Some, as Lord Justice Brett and Justices Chitty and Denman, have risen to high place, and very few, much fewer than an average proportion of University men, are "missing." Any one who wishes to see what sort of character this "bodily exercise" (which is of a kind that does "profit" something) helps to develop in a fine and kindly nature, should read the account (pp. 119-120) of the late W. R. B. Jacobson. He died in his

prime, unknown to the world ("Opore in medio defixa reliquit aratra," as the epitaph, chosen by himself, puts it), but the East End, in whose service he spent himself, loved him. This volume is not a mere record of athletic feats. It gives, indeed, every detail of the contests which it commemorates, and it suggests a good deal more.

Novels and Tales.—*In the Flower of Her Youth.* By Mabel Collins. 3 vols. (F. White and Co.)—No one who compares this novel with what we have had before from Miss Collins's pen will doubt but that the literary quality of her work is much improved. She writes with vigour and correctness, not unfrequently with eloquence. But we wish that she would choose a subject less distasteful. She tells the story of a woman who marries for love in her extreme youth, finds after a few years that her husband wearies of her, in the presence of some more potent attraction, and seeks to set him free by a disappearance, which he supposes to be death. The associations of her old life naturally reappear in the new, and her troubles break her heart. We do not injure the interest of the story by this brief epitome, for Miss Collins is one of the authors who make little of plot, and much of the study of character. And much of this study is good. The most vigorously drawn of the *dramatis personæ* is evidently drawn from life, and reproduces, with something, perhaps, of the flattering touch of affection, the likeness of one whom the author had the best opportunities of knowing. But the heroine is also a vigorous portrait, and the same praise may be given to Adelaide Mainwaring and her mother. It seems scarcely likely that a man so profoundly attached to his wife as was Charles Newman should have become utterly indifferent. If a man protected by such a safeguard is liable to be carried away by a sudden passion, the data on which human conduct is founded are sadly wrong, and we might have to consider seriously Miss Collins's dangerous ideas about divorce. A genuine affection between husband and wife is supposed to be durable. Miss Collins thinks that even where it is most genuine it is absolutely, insecure. As it is, we prefer what is here called the "iron hold which the law keeps on the innocent," to the licence which no law, or a law seriously relaxed, would give to the guilty.——*A Modern Ulysses.* By Joseph Hatton. 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—Mr. Hatton is very severe upon the critics, but we shall not be deterred by his severity from expressing a candid opinion that the "modern Ulysses" is a much less entertaining personage than the ancient hero. The man-eating savages, for instance, among whom he falls, are less impressive than the Laestrygonians (who, by the way did not live, as Mr. Hatton seems to think, in a country called Laestrygon), and to come to more modern travellers, are far less effectively described than the Malays whom Mr. St. John has recently pourtrayed. Mr. Hatton is, indeed, more hazy about his classical allusions than he who writes about a Ulysses, whether modern or ancient, should be. Why is Nausicaa travestied into "Nausicao," and Artemisia and Mausolus into "Artemisa and Mausoleus"? And why are Seneca and Paulina, Orpheus and Eurydice, Arria and Paetus, Artemisia and Mausolus, singled out as "examples of uninterrupted felicity and increasing happiness?" They were, surely, rather unlucky examples, than otherwise. We shall further take the liberty of pointing out to Mr. Hatton that "*who* I at first compared to Circe" is not good grammar; and as he is a student of manners, that widows do not have bridesmaids when they are married. There are some entertaining chapters in the book, though it is constructed out of very slender materials; and once,—in the scene where George Harmer is tried for passing bad money,—the writer reaches real dramatic force.——*Only a Black Box; or, a Passage in the Life of a Curate.* By Greville Phillimore. (Blackwood and Sons.)—Mr. Phillimore writes with good-feeling, good-sense, and refinement. His characters always interest us; one of them, who is the hero of the episode, Alfred Eames, the curate, is peculiarly pleasing. There is a good deal of skill in the way in which the reader is made to like him. It looks, in fact, like a sketch from life, sufficiently idealised to make it safe from recognition. But for the story itself, little can be said. The mysteries are too transparent, the surprises come to nothing; there is nothing but what the simplest novel-reader can guess with ease. In short, such plot as there is rather mars than makes the work. Mr. Phillimore may comfort himself with reflecting that some of the most favoured novels of the day do not aim at being anything more than subtle analysis of feeling. For this kind of work, Mr. Phillimore has some qualifications.——*What Hast Thou Done?* By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—Mr. Molloy's novel is not put together with much art, but it has merits of its own. If there is nothing to interest us very strongly in the story, we always read the descriptions and the dialogue with pleasure. The humour, perhaps, is better than the sentiment; but we always recognise the work of a facile and practised pen. The least successful character in the book is the one which the author probably considers to be his masterpiece,—Purcell, the successful novelist. We see few traces of genius in him, except, indeed, it be a love of paradox, which leads him to say, among other strange things, that "the maxims which men and women preach in their pages are exactly the opposite of what they practise in their lives." Nor do we perceive what there was in him which won the heart of the heroine. Fitzmauriee, the adventurer, is more finely drawn. The writer, however, seems to get tired of him, and finishes the account of him with about as rapid a conversion to honour and good principles as we have heard of. What, by the way, are "fratres pirati?"——*Darkened at Noontide.* By Mrs. George Elliott Kent. (S. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—It is a pity that Mrs. Kent has not, with other intellectual gifts that she may possess, a little sense of the ridiculous; or, if that is too much to expect, that she has not learnt, as part of what an author should know, the things that people do actually laugh at. How is it possible for any one to live at all near the world of letters, and not know that it is absurd to speak of breakfast as a "matutinal meal;" and that such sentiment as, "so a stately ship plied its way down the sacred Ganges, freighted with a rare and costly cargo,—gems, gold-dust, and ivory, but what was their value, in comparison with the one true woman's heart?" is just a little trite? The story is of the most common-place kind. Margaret St. Oshert is left penniless, for her father has "mortgaged his estate for twenty years." A young soldier courts her—in a ruined chapel, wearing his sword, by the way—but he is bound to marry a wealthy bride. The wealthy bride in course of time elopes, and Margaret goes to take care of his house and child, a questionable arrangement, even though its "lord" is absent." Of course, he returns. The wealthy bride is conveniently removed, and the life that is darkened at noontide has as bright an afternoon as marriage with a widower can give. It is an absurd story, told in absurd language.——*A White Child.* Written and illustrated by Mrs. Francis Rye. (Remington.)—This is a fairy-story, written in a rambling way, but not without merit. The idea of the village where the people have their childish wishes fulfilled against their will, when they come to years of discretion, is a happy one. So, in another way, is that of the maidens who cannot help weaving their own thoughts and natures into the texture of the wedding dress which they have to make. Mrs. Rye wants the art of construction, but she has the merit of having something to put together.

Poetry.—*Heart Harmonies: Poems, Songs, and Sonnets.* By Edward Croasdaile. (Elliot Stock.)—This volume of verse belongs to the class of books—their number is legion—which cannot possibly afford any gratification, except to their authors, and those household readers who may be presumed to know all about their contents before they are published. Nice little rhymes upon pretty little topics whereon everybody whose capacity for stringing verses together surpasses that of Mr. Toots, has exercised his or her ingenuity, but devoid of all claim to be called poetry, form its contents. In a sonnet to Charles Kingsley, we find the line, "I move my spluttering pen in feeble rhyme." Out of his own mouth Mr. Croasdaile is condemned.——*Poem and Hymns.* By George T. Coster. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—This is a welcome little book. The poems on the ever-sympathetic subjects of love, bereavement, and the blessed hope of everlasting life, are simple, unpretending, and harmonious. The hymns are not very successful; it takes a saint or a genius to write a hymn that will live. Among the "pieces," "The Healing of King Pharaoh's Daughter" and "Miriam" are of remarkable merit.——*Hereafter.* By A. F. Heaton, B.A., Senior Curate of Worksop Abbey. (Provost and Co.)—We do not admire the novelty that is presented by the printing of the lines of this poem in large type along, instead of across the page. This method makes the book awkward to hold. Of the poem, there is neither more nor less to be said than is almost always suggested by the attempt to render in human speech a mortal's conception of those things "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive,"—that it fails to kindle imagination, or to gratify taste.——*Songs of a Lost World.* By a New Hand. (Allen and Co.)—We were in hopes that the imitators of Mr. Swinburne had ceased from their superfluous naughtiness, and that the oblivion into which the masters of the fleshly school are sinking, to the satisfaction of clean-minded people, would deter their puny disciples. *Songs of a Lost World* teach us, by reviving the old, nauseous nonsense, that such hopes are presumptuous. The "new hand" is no better, and not much worse, except that he is appreciably more silly, than the old hands, when he babbles, in a poem called "Pausanias," about "the silver of a saying in my ear," addresses Here, in "The Passion of Ixion" as a

> "Goddess-woman with brow-binding hair,
> Brighter than a lily's burning heart;"

and goes on as follows,—

> "Thy motion is the swaying of a reed;
> Thy stature a desire and a despair;

[these two lines, we submit, might figure in a competition of nonsense verses]

> Thy words mellifluous wisdom thick with breath
> Kissed from the cores of roses; thy fresh mouth,
> A bud that blossoms in a passing smile,
> Then is a bud again; thy dove-like breasts
> Throb at their prisoning zone; thy lithe, round limbs
> Garments express but to a sweeter grace."

Dove-like breasts, and limbs that are expressed by garments, would surely carry off a prize for foolish maltreatment of language; yet are they not the uttermost samples of nonsense to be found in this volume, for we find Ixion addressing to Here the following amazing prayer:—

"Take my soul,
And set it in the tiar of thy brow,
Or clasp it on the swelling of thy zone:
Dissolve me in the amber haze of dews
That clothe thee round."

The italics in the above quotation are our own, and we willingly acknowledge that it is the first time, in our long experience of poet-asters, that we have encountered an aspiration on the part of a lover's soul to act as a brooch.——*Poems of Life and Nature.* By Mary Clemmer. (Trübner and Co., London; Osgood and Co., Boston.)—If to strike all those chords of the human heart which give out sweet and solemn harmonies with a gentle and tender hand is to be a poet, Mary Clemmer may fairly claim that coveted title. Deep feeling, good-taste, and refined fancy mark these *Poems of Life and Nature*, and although they are not remarkable for strength, they bear an impress of individuality, and reveal a pious and lofty mind.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Armytage (Mrs.), Old Court Fashions and Modern Court Rule	(Bentley)	10/6
Ashley (W. J.), James and Philip Van Artevelde, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Bate (J.), Influence of Mind on Mind, cr 8vo	(Wes. Conf. Office)	12/6
Beddome (R.), Handbook of Ferns in British India, cr 8vo	(Thacker)	18/0
Bithell (R.), The Creed of a Modern Agnostic, cr 8vo	(Routledge)	2/6
Burke (S. H.), Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty, Vol. 4	(Hodges)	15/0
Collins (M. & F.), Blacksmith and Scholar, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Cruikshank (G.), Batchelor's Own Book, 16mo	(Simpkin)	2/6
De Broglie (D.), Frederic II. and Maria Theresa, 2 vols. 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	30/0
Drummond (H.), Natural Law in the Spiritual World	(Hodder & Stoughton)	7/6
Dumas, Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon, 1883	(Chatto & Windus)	5/0
Duntzer (H.), The Life of Schiller, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	10/6
Farrar (F. W.), With the Poets, cr 8vo	(Suttaby)	7/6
Fleet (F. R.), Essay on Wit and Humour, cr 8vo	(Bogue)	3/6
Frankfürter (O.), Handbook of Pali, 8vo	(Williams & Norgate)	16/0
French (G. B.), Walks in Abney Park, cr 8vo	(Clarke)	2/6
Goodwin (H.), Walks in the Regions of Science and Faith, cr 8vo	(Murray)	7/6
Green (A. T. H.), Prolegomena to the Ethics, 8vo	(Oxford Univ. Press)	12/6
Griffin (J.), Flags, National and Mercantile, 8vo	(Simpkin)	7/6
Heatley (G. S.), The Stockowner's Guide, cr 8vo	(Blackwood)	4/6
Hodgson (H. J.), Lusus Intercisi, Verses, &c., cr 8vo	(Bell)	5/0
Hopkins (E.), Autumn Swallows, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Howard (C.), Sweetheart and Wife, 12mo	(White)	2/0
In the Olden Time, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Longmans)	12/0
Jeaffreson (J. C.), The Real Lord Byron, 2 vols. 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	30/0
Jevons (W. S.), Methods of Social Reform, 8vo	(Macmillan)	10/6
Johnson (S.), Life of, by Boswell, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Routledge)	10/6
Judson (A.), Life and Letters of, 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	9/0
Krikorian (J.), A Knave and Fool, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Tinsley)	31/6
Macqnoid (T. and K.), About Yorkshire, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	10/6
Marine Insurance, Notes and Clauses, 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	10/6
Marvin (C.), The Russians in Merv and Herat, 2 vols. 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	24/0
Moister (W.), The West Indies, Enslaved and Free, cr 8vo	(Wes. Conf. Office)	5/0
Norris (W. E.), No New Thing, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Smith, Elder, & Co.)	31/6
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Has been celebrated for more than half a century as the best, purest, and most fragrant preparation for the teeth ever made; it whitens and preserves the teeth, imparts to them a pearl-like whiteness, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Health depends in a great measure upon the soundness of the teeth, and all dentists will allow that neither washes nor paste can possibly be as efficacious for polishing the teeth, and keeping them sound and white, as a pure and non-gritty tooth powder; such Rowlands' Odonto has always proved itself to be
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"Spectacles can only be perfectly adjusted by those having a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the eye, combined with optical experience."
WE have the highest Medical Authorities, confirmed by daily experience, that imperfect glasses, together with the haphazard plan of selection generally employed by the mere vendor, is the cause of most cases of blindness and defective vision. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT writes:—"I have tried the principal Opticians in London without success, but the spectacles you have adapted suit admirably. The clearness of your glasses, as compared with others, is really surprising." The Rev. Profe sor W. A. Hale, M.A. Cantab., 2 Minford Gardens, West Kensington Park, writes:—"The Spectacles are perfect, and a most decided boon. I had occasion on Monday to write to Lord ——, and took the opportunity to mention your name, and the wonderful power of your Spectacles." Dr. Bird, Chelmsford, writes:—"I could not have believed it possible that my sight could have been so much improved and relieved at my age (82). I can now read the smallest type, although suffering from cataract on the right eye." Testimonials from Earl and Countess Lindsay; F. D. Dixon Hartland, Esq. M.P.; the Venerable Archdeacon Palmer, Clifton; Rev. Mother Abbess, St. Mary's Abbey, Mill Hill, Hendon; C. J. Alford, Esq., Gas Light and Coke Company, Horseferry Road, Westminster, &c. Mr. HENRY LAURANCE, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 39 OLD BOND STREET, W. (late 3 Endsleigh Gardens, Euston Square), PERSONALLY adapts his Improved Spectacles daily (Saturdays excepted), from ten to five. Special arrangements are made for Invalids and others unable to wait on Mr. Laurance. Pamphlets—"Spectacles, their Use and Abuse," post free. City Branch—6 POULTRY, CHEAPSIDE.

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Highly recommended by the Medical Profession for
INDIGESTION.
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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.
The popularity Pepsine has acquired as almost a specific for chronic dyspepsia, indigestion, &c., is due to the fact that it is the nearest possible production of the active principle of the gastric juice of the stomach. Unfortunately, like all other inventions of a like nature, Pepsine has been not slightly discredited by the spurious manufactures that have been issued from time to time; it is therefore necessary as a guarantee of its efficacy to see that each bottle bears the maker's name,
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His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.
OPENING CEREMONY.

The STATE OPENING CEREMONY will be performed on SATURDAY, May 12th, at noon, by His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, by command of, and on behalf of, Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

The CEREMONY will consist of a Royal Procession —comprising Their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES and other Members of the ROYAL FAMILY, the ROYAL COMMISSIONERS, the FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS, &c.—to and from the Dais, from which, amid a flourish of trumpets, His Royal Highness will declare the EXHIBITION OPEN.

On the OPENING DAY there will be:—
FOUR HUNDRED REPRESENTATIVE FISHERMEN from all parts of the United Kingdom.
FISHER-GIRLS, in NATIVE COSTUME, from Scotland, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands.
HER MAJESTY'S WATERMEN in their State Livery.
CHORUS of 350 Voices.
ORCHESTRAL BAND of 70 Performers.
BAND of the GRENADIER GUARDS.
BAND of the ROYAL MARINES, &c.

ADMISSION to the OPENING CEREMONY solely by SEASON TICKETS, price Two Guineas, which may be obtained by letter or personal application at the offices of the Exhibition at South Kensington; the City office, 27 Great Winchester Street, E.C.; the Railway Book Stalls, and the Libraries.

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Open from 10 till 6.

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ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in WILLIS'S ROOMS, on SATURDAY, May 19th, at 6 o'clock.

The Right Hon. Sir STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE, Bart., M.P., in the CHAIR.

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F. LAMBE PRICE, Secretary, 24 Old Bond Street, W.

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The Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton.

For Prospectus of COLLEGE and FARM, List of Scholarships, Prizes, Diploma, &c., apply to the Principal.

NEXT SESSION begins May 22nd.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL. — SEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be OFFERED for COMPETITION on July 24th.—For further particulars, apply to the Rev. the HEAD MASTER, School House, Sherborne.

THE GRANGE, BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.—BOARDING-SCHOOL for LADIES, conducted by Miss GEDDES. Indian Children would here find a bright, happy home. Ladies wishful to prepare for the Higher University Examinations received.

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A First-grade School, preparing boys for the Universities, and for the Army, Navy, and Civil-Service Examinations. Junior boys prepared for the older Public Schools.

Spacious and airy buildings, healthy situation, facing Dartmoor; fives courts, gymnasium, and carpenter's shop; extensive playground.

NEXT TERM begins FRIDAY, MAY 4th.—For further particulars, apply to the HEAD MASTER.

EDUCATION at FRANKFORT-on-MAIN.—GUSTAV BOESCHE, Master in the Realgymnasium, RECEIVES a FEW BOYS into his Family. Careful supervision. Special advantages for scientific and mercantile studies. Highest references.—Address, Saalgasse 31, Frankfort; or, MELVILLE LYNCH, M.A., Redhill, Surrey.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, Eight £40, Four £20. Election third Tuesday in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

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(To be Incorporated by Royal Charter.)

President.—Lord ABERDARE.
Vice-President.—Mr. H. RICHARD, M.P.
Treasurer.—Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN, Bart.

APPOINTMENT of PRINCIPAL.

The Council-Elect are now prepared to proceed to the immediate APPOINTMENT of a PRINCIPAL. He must be one of the Professors either in Arts or Science. As a member of the Council, he will have the opportunity of assisting in the selection of the Professors and the framing of the statutes. Salary, £750 per annum. Subject to the promised Government Grant of £4,000 per annum being included in this year's estimates, it is proposed to open the day classes in October next. Meanwhile, and from the date of his appointment, the Principal will be expected to devote himself to the preliminary organisation of the College. Applications, accompanied by full particulars of qualifications, age, and experience, together with testimonials and personal references, to be endorsed "Principal," and addressed to the "Chairman of the University College Committee, Town Hall, Cardiff," on or before Friday, June 1st, 1883.

BURTON-on-TRENT UNITED DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARD.
INSPECTOR and EXAMINER of SCHOOLS WANTED.

The above Board requires the services of a Gentleman as INSPECTOR and EXAMINER of its SCHOOLS. There are 27 Departments, with a School Roll of about 7,500. The person appointed will be required to devote the whole of his time to the duties of the office, particulars as to which may be obtained of the undersigned. A thorough knowledge of the working of Elementary Schools is essential, and a Candidate being in addition a Graduate of one of the Universities would be a recommendation. Salary, £250 per annum, payable monthly.—Applications (endorsed "School Inspectorship") stating age, qualifications, and previous experience, accompanied by original testimonials, copies of reports, parchments, &c., to reach the undersigned by May 16th next. Canvassing Members of the Board will be deemed a disqualification.

By order,
W. N. GRAHAM, Clerk to the Board.
School Board Offices, Burton-on-Trent,
April 24th, 1883.

ROSSALL SCHOOL. — ELEVEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be COMPETED for, June 26th. Value from 70 Guineas (covering school fees), to £20. Limit of age, Juniors, 14½; Seniors, 15½. Candidates may be examined at Oxford or Rossall, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

A. M. HEATHCOTE, B.A., Oriel College, Oxford, PREPARES BOYS, under Fourteen, for ETON, WINCHESTER, &c. Country house close to the Hursley Woods, four miles from any town. Healthy situation and good air. Sixteen Pupils taken. Terms, £150 and £135.—Apply to A. M. HEATHCOTE, Esq., Woolley Green, near Romsey.

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30 Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.
Mr. T. Barlow Kennett offers £100 as a Contribution to the funds of the School, if £400 more are collected by May 21, 1883. The Council beg their friends to enable them to fulfil Mr. Kennett's condition. A first list of contributors will shortly appear. Subscriptions may be sent to the HON. SEC., 30 Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, W.C.; or to Messrs. Barnett, Hoares, and Co., 60 Lombard Street, E.C.

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THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

Net Premiums for 1882	£224,472
Losses paid and outstanding	144,422
Total Funds in hand after Payment of Dividend	1,233,572
Capital uncalled	800,000
Total Security offered by the Association	1,083,572

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having the prospect of at least average life, will find in the Association's BONUS SYSTEMS advantages far exceeding what can be obtained under any of the ordinary systems.

See Illustrations in Prospectus.

CLAIMS PAID and BONUSES	£4,335,729
ANNUAL REVENUE	451,304

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Wise Men Insure against their Cost!
ACCIDENTS BY LAND OR WATER
Insured Against by the
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,
the Oldest and Largest Company, insuring against Accidents of all kinds.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
PAID-UP CAPITAL AND RESERVE, £250,000.
MODERATE PREMIUMS.
BONUS ALLOWED TO INSURERS AFTER FIVE YEARS.
£1,840,000
HAS BEEN PAID AS COMPENSATION.
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Head Office—64 Cornhill, London.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

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Capital Paid up	250,000
Life Funds, in Special Trust for Life Policyholders, exceed	809,000
Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	1,077,000

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CATALOGUES POST-FREE.
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Reserve Fund	£880,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors	£3,000,000

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Highest quality, will wear for 20 years as Silver.

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Tea Spoons	14s ,,

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3½-in. Handles, Tables	15s	11s
3⅜-in. do. do. to balance	22s	17s
4-in. do. do. do.	28s	20s
4-in. do., fine ivory do.	36s	26s

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SPRINGTIME.
BIOGRAPHY.
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London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15 Waterloo Place.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 310, is published THIS DAY.

CONTENTS.

1. LORD LAWRENCE.
2. MEXICO.
3. THE ENGLISH STAGE.
4. JAMES NASMYTH.
5. ILLUSTRIOUS MOTHERS.
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LORD SALISBURY and Sir Stafford Northcote spoke at a banquet in the Riding School of Knightsbridge Barracks on Wednesday,—the same place where Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were fêted when they brought back "peace with honour" from Berlin,—to celebrate the acquisition of the new Beaconsfield Club in Pall Mall. The Marquis of Salisbury fiercely attacked Mr. Gladstone for laying at the door of the Tories the responsibility for the troubles in the Transvaal, declaring that, when the Transvaal was annexed, the vast majority of its inhabitants wished for annexation,—not, indeed, the majority of the Boers, who were a mere handful, but of the native tribes inhabiting the same province. Lord Salisbury entirely ignored the true danger,—the danger of uniting the whole Dutch population of South Africa against us,—and preferred to speak of the native populations as if all Governments should, in the first place, secure their interests, and place the interests of immigrant Europeans and their descendants quite in the second place. It is remarkable enough that, in relation to our policy in India, his views are precisely inverted, and that he denounces the Indian Government for not securing the interests of Anglo-Indians first and thinking of native interests only afterwards.

Sir Stafford Northcote was very bland and frank. He regarded the fact that fresh primroses are frequently laid at the base of Lord Beaconsfield's statue as absolute proof of the profound love of Londoners for that statesman's memory. He attributed Mr. Gladstone's triumph at the poll to Mr. Gladstone's ability and unscrupulousness, by which he had produced on the mind of the people an impression as strong as it was "utterly false." He pretended to be quite unable to understand how a Government that has spent five and a half millions more than its predecessor, though it has employed (say) fifteen millions more than its predecessor in the payment of debt, could be said to have been thriftier than its predecessor; and he confided to his Conservative friends his belief that Parliamentary obstruction, under proper circumstances, is no very great sin. He compared, indeed, his own party's obstructiveness to the obstructiveness of Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylæ,—a comparison which assumes that a constitutional majority, returned deliberately by the nation, ought to be regarded as an alien host of foreign invaders. Sir Stafford Northcote will not soon hear the end of these frank admissions. He seems to have quite thrown off on Wednesday the disguise of moderation.

The man Kelly, accused of a direct share in the murders in the Phœnix Park, about whom two juries in succession have disagreed, has been tried a third time, and convicted. He was the man selected to "make sure," while Brady made the first attack upon the victims. Out of thirty-six jurymen who in the three trials heard the evidence, only three doubted his guilt, and in the third of them the Judge pronounced the evidence irresistible. It was, moreover, supported by the confession of Delaney, made after he had been found guilty, and without hope of reward. On hearing his sentence, which was, of course, death, Kelly declared himself innocent of murder, probably from a belief that the man he stabbed was already dead, and there seems no doubt that he is one of those in whom national hatred has disordered the conscience till he does not think the assassination of the alien a crime. He is asserted on all hands to have lived a respectable life. Owing to his youth and good looks, his case has excited much more sympathy than Brady's, and the foreman of the Jury has been already threatened with death; but even for Brady, there is much feeling. It is said that on Whit-Monday, the day originally fixed for his execution, the excursions universal in Ireland will be avoided, in order to show respect for the assassin.

It is clear that the proceedings of the Dynamiteurs are exciting the anger of Americans. The Pennsylvanians have a terrible experience of Irish secret societies, the struggle with the Molly Maguires having been carried on in the mining district of their own State, and consequently the State Senate has passed a Bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of explosives under severe penalties. It has been sent down to the Lower House. General Grant, also, who represents an immense party, has made a speech directly menacing the Irish. He condemns "adopted citizens of the Union" for refusing to feel the obligations placed upon them by their citizenship, and for claiming immunities not accorded to the native born, who, it must not be forgotten, by the latest census constitute 82 per cent. of the population of the Union. The greater journals are all favourable to extradition if murder is proved, and even General Butler, who has been elected Governor of Massachusetts by the Irish vote only, asks that the immigration of paupers shall be stopped. He does not venture in the face of public feeling to demand that the use of dynamite against the foreign friends of the Union shall be deemed praiseworthy, or even be protected. It is stated that the party of violence are convinced that they have traitors in their midst, and are profoundly alarmed by the intimate knowledge which the British Government possesses of their plots. They suspect treachery, probably with justice, in very high quarters in their organisation.

The Government Bill for securing compensation to agricultural tenants was brought forward on Thursday, but not till after one o'clock. Mr. Dodson, therefore, who has charge of the Bill, made only a descriptive speech, and there was no discussion, though Mr. Howard and Mr. Barclay contrived to intimate their disappointment with the measure. It is by no means a revolutionary one. The right of distraint is not abolished, but only limited to one year's rent. The tenants gain an absolute right to compensation for permanent improvements, if made with the landlord's consent, and for temporary improvements even without it; and can, if the landlord refuses to do necessary drainage, perform the work themselves, obtaining compensation on quitting the holding. But, as we understand the Bill, a new tenant can agree on entering his farm to any compensation for future improvements he pleases; and if he does, he writes himself out of the Act. In prosperous years, this will be done, though not in such times as the present; and the tenants, who have all along asked for compulsion, will not, therefore, be content. Still, they gain one grand point. Under the old Act, the landlord could abrogate the right of compensation. Under the new one, that power passes to the tenant, who, if he chooses, may insist on the full benefit of the law. We should imagine the Bill would pass, and be frequently quoted hereafter as a "settlement" which it is unfair to disturb.

Yesterday week, the Speaker read a letter from Mr. Brad-

laugh, claiming to be called up to the table to take the oath, and asking that if there were any difficulty in following that course, he himself might be heard at the Bar of the House in support of it. Sir Stafford Northcote at once explained that he should ask the House to prohibit Mr. Bradlaugh from going through the form of repeating the words of the oath, but should not object to allowing Mr. Bradlaugh to be heard at the Bar of the House. Mr. Bradlaugh accordingly was heard at the Bar, and spoke with great effect, absolutely denying that he had ever paraded his atheistic opinions in the House, though he had asked to be allowed to affirm, as being one entitled to affirm in Courts of Justice,—a title which by no means necessarily implied that he was an atheist, since others besides atheists are entitled to avail themselves of that Act. So far from having paraded his opinions, they were extracted from him by the Special Committee which examined him,—he never for a moment supposing that his honourable frankness under the pressure of the Committee's questions, would afterwards be used against him as proving that he flaunted those opinions in the face of the House. He asked the House if they would not admit him to take the oath, either to declare his seat vacant at once, or to introduce a Bill to deprive him of all his civil rights, and to render him incapable of sitting for any constituency. While he had his full civil rights, he claimed the right to use them, and he claimed for his constituency that he, their duly-elected Member, should be accorded by the House the full representative position of such a Member. The law gave him the seat, and in the name of the law, he asked for it.

Mr. Labouchere raised the issue against Sir Stafford Northcote's motion by moving the previous question, which Mr. Gladstone personally supported, though he expressed his opinion that there was very little use in trying conclusions with the opposite party again, on a less advantageous issue. After a fierce outcry from Mr. O'Donnell, who professed to see in this step of Mr. Gladstone's a discreditable manœuvre intended to snatch a victory by a surprise, and who, adopting that tone of graceful courtesy which distinguishes his speeches, described Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bradlaugh as "the two heads of the Liberal Party," the House divided, when there voted for Sir Stafford Northcote's resolution 271, and for the previous question only 165; majority, 106.

On Monday, Lord Randolph Churchill gave notice of a motion,—to which he can give effect only by making of it a Standing Order,—to prevent Mr. Bradlaugh (if elected) from being called to the table to take the oath within three weeks of the return of any new Parliament. Lord Randolph is not satisfied with the temporary fame which the House has conferred on Mr. Bradlaugh; he is endeavouring to make it durable, if not permanent.

Prince Bismarck's star is not in the ascendant. On Sunday the Select Committee on the Accident Insurance Bill, which was specially recommended by the Emperor in his recent Message, struck out the clause granting a State subvention, and has thus destroyed the scheme without rejecting it. On Monday, Herr Richter proposed that the Budget for 1884-1885, instead of being passed as Prince Bismarck proposed, should be referred to a select committee, which will understand quite well that its mission is delay, and will not even report on this side of Christmas. And finally, on Tuesday, the Reichstag rejected, by a vote of 177 to 150, the Bill for an increase in the import duties on timber. The latter defeat was the more striking, because the Centre voted with the Government, and because the Progressists, to their great delight, were able to argue that the Bill would be oppressive to the poor, who would have to pay higher prices for their wood. Prince Bismarck is said to be furious at this opposition, but does not threaten either to resign or to dissolve. He thinks he can get along quite comfortably for the present, even if his Bills are thrown out. The Reichstag can only affect him by refusing the supplies, and we have stated elsewhere the reasons for believing that the majority will do nothing extreme. They cannot touch the Army, they are afraid to make Prince Bismarck resign while French affairs are unsettled, and they are unwilling to begin a contest with an Emperor of eighty-six, to whom the German Parliament owes its own existence.

M. C. Brun, the French Minister of Marine, has made a most serious statement to the Committee on Tonquin. He told the members that the Government intended to compel the Emperor of Anam to consent to the occupation of the province of Tonquin, to acknowledge a French protectorate over the rest of the country, to entrust all power to French officials, and to make over all revenue, receiving in return a French guarantee, and one-third of the net receipts for himself. The whole of Anam, a kingdom larger than Great Britain, stretching from Saigon to China, with a population of 5,000,000, is, in fact, to be annexed at once, and governed on the Tunisian system, the revenue of £1,200,000 being divided into three parts. One will be left to the native Sovereign, one will be spent on public works, and one will be used for administrative purposes. The country is to be garrisoned by marines, and by 6,000 Tonquinese militia to do fatigue duty. M. Brun admitted that the Chinese Government had already despatched 2,000 men to Tonquin, but thought the presence of French troops would overawe them, and that there would be no complications. The Committee agreed with him, and will report in favour of a credit of £220,000 for the expedition, but it is still doubtful if the Chamber will assent. The Deputies certainly will not, if they understand that the ruler of Anam can sign no such cession of his kingdom, he being tributary to Pekin, and that the result will be a dangerous war with China. France can defeat China, but not with a handful of marines operating 1,600 miles from Pekin.

The French are furious under an idea that the British Government is favouring the construction of a British Canal through the Isthmus of Suez. They think the credit of their great engineering feat will be smirched, and that they will lose dividends, and a Frenchman hurt at once in his vanity and his pocket can be very angry. The wrath is, this time, not reasonable. It is a certainty that the traffic has outgrown the Canal, that the blocks are very frequent, that the demurrage is double what it used to be, and that British shipowners, who supply 80 per cent. of the traffic, are heavily fined. It is also most probable that all these evils will increase, until the Canal has lost much of its utility. There must, therefore, be a second canal, and, under present circumstances, that canal must be under British control. But there is no reason whatever why France, as she showed the way, should not take credit for both, or why the French shareholders in the present Canal should not be allowed a preferential right to purchase half the new canal shares. That would comfort them greatly, and in no way interrupt the new project, which appears to have been seriously taken up by very considerable capitalists and shipowners. M. de Lesseps deserves all honour, but the commerce of the world cannot pause for fear his *amour-propre* should be hurt.

If the *Times'* correspondent in Paris is right, the Government of M. Jules Ferry has proposed a law on seditious displays which can only be described as savage. To take part in an "outdoor demonstration" is made punishable with six months' imprisonment; while the sale, exhibition, or wearing of seditious emblems, the singing of seditious songs, or the utterance of seditious cries will bring upon the offender from a fortnight's to two years' imprisonment. The offenders are, it is true, to be tried by a jury; but that is not much security in France. It is, we suppose, necessary to prohibit mass "demonstrations," as, owing to the traditions of Paris, they are apt to end in a rush upon the Legislature or the Municipality, but songs, cries, and emblems might surely be let alone, or punished with fines only.

The Government sustained an annoying defeat on Thursday. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed that, in the English towns, the collection of Income-tax, now confided to collectors appointed by the local assessors, should, as vacancies occurred, be entrusted to the collectors of Inland Revenue. He showed that the saving would ultimately amount to £30,000 a year, and believed that the change would be popular, as under the existing system one tradesman could learn facts about another's affairs. The change, though reasonable, was, however, greatly disliked by the Boroughs, and Mr. Slagg, a very able Member, who does not come to the front often enough, showed that the prospect of saving was by no means certain. Mr. W. H. Smith, in a very moderate speech, also resisted the change; first, on the Conservative ground that it was a change, and secondly, because the officers of the Inland Revenue would be more rigorous as to the time of payment. Several Liberals had been strongly pressed by their constituents on the subject, and on a division the vote was rejected by 168 to 161. The matter is of small moment, but a majority which will not support a purely ad-

ministrative measure recommended by a Chancellor of the Exchequer ceases to be quite trustworthy. The defeat on the Affirmation Bill has helped, we fear, to relax the bonds of discipline among Liberals, though as yet not seriously.

The Royal Academy Dinner, last Saturday, was distinguished chiefly by the extreme skill and elaboration of Sir Frederick Leighton's numerous speeches, of which we have said enough elsewhere. Lord Granville may, perhaps, have been understood by some of the guests as reflecting ironically on the too artistic manipulation of the ceremony, when he described Sir Frederick Leighton as descending into the arena of public speaking as an amateur, and "putting completely out of the field us poor professionals, who, some for a quarter, and others, I am afraid, for nearly half a century, have been hired and paid for this particular work." Mr. John Morley, in answering for "Literature," aptly observed that the growing love of pictorial art had, perhaps, injured literature, by inducing literary writers to make their style more pictorial than language can ever be made with advantage; and Professor Huxley, answering for "Science," made an amusing attack on some imaginary Persons of the Press, clad in the cap of invisibility, and armed with the Medusa head of vituperation, who is always striving to deliver the Andromeda of Art from the jaws of the Dragon of Science. We do not know who "the Perseus of the Press" aimed at may be, and quite agree with Professor Huxley that towards the Andromeda of Art the Dragon of Science shows himself a very debonair monster, and quite devoid of any bloodthirsty intent. Probably they not only understand each other very well, but are friendly enough with Perseus, too.

Lord Granville gave away the diplomas, medals, prizes, and certificates of the London University on Wednesday. He referred to the death of Sir George Jessel, the late Vice-Chancellor, with due warmth of feeling, intimating gracefully his satisfaction that on the advice of the Prime Minister,—advice, no doubt, suggested by himself,—the Queen had at once conferred a baronetcy on Sir George Jessel's eldest son, and so gracefully acknowledged to the son the national services rendered by the late Master of the Rolls to the nation at large. Lord Granville went on to refer to the remarkable success of a lady graduate in medicine, who had not only obtained the medal in obstetric medicine, but a third place in the honour examination in surgery, thereby showing herself admirably fitted for her profession as a physician among the native women in the Presidency of Madras. His remarks on this subject were somewhat spoiled by a conventional compliment to the lady, which was as much out of place in a University as would have been a remark of the same kind on the appearance of one of the other sex. Sir John Lubbock, in an interesting speech on the modern system of education, told a good story of a public-school man, who, when asked the meaning of a theodolite, said he believed a theodolite to mean one who hates God,—his imagination, no doubt, running on the Foote and Bradlaugh controversies; after which Sir James Paget, the new Vice-Chancellor, closed the meeting by a few sentences of almost Baconian strength and dignity, on the immeasurable perspective of the intellectual field.

The College of Music was opened on Monday by the Prince of Wales, amidst a great concourse of persons eminent in the musical world. It was stated by the Director, Dr. G. Grove, who, like almost everybody else, has been knighted, that, exclusive of the cost of the buildings, which have been given by Sir C. Freake, £110,000 have been collected. With part of this money, fifty scholarships have been founded, thirty-five of which secure a free musical education of the highest order, and fifteen that education and free maintenance besides. The competition for these scholarships was extraordinary. It was stated that no less than 1,588 candidates came forward from the United Kingdom, who were winnowed down by severe examination to 480. These were again examined in London, and, according to the Prince of Wales, who made a much better and more human speech than usual, fifty were selected,—twelve from London, twenty-eight from fourteen different counties in England, five from Ireland, only two from Scotland, one from Wales, and one from Jersey. No attention was paid to condition. One scholar is the daughter of a brickmaker, another the son of a blacksmith, while the best violin-player is the son of a farm hand. The Council of the College intend all examinations to be most strict, for they are invested by their charter with some University privileges, being authorised to grant the degrees of Bachelor of Music, Master of Music, and Doctor of Music, we presume to both sexes. There seems little doubt that the College will become the centre of hope to all poor musical ability, and should therefore succeed.

In the House of Lords, on Tuesday, Lord Dunraven moved a resolution in favour of opening the picture galleries and the British Museum on Sundays. The discussion chiefly turned on a side-issue, the question, namely, whether the working-classes really are desirous of access to places of innocent amusement on Sunday, or are so fearful of the result of relaxing the restraints on Sunday labour that they do not urge any such wish,—an issue of merely temporary importance, since it is evident that any change in the view of the working-classes as to the amount of serious risk involved in thus extending Sunday recreations would at once change their view on the question of expediency. Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Cairns fought the resolution under the pretext of defending the Sunday immunities of labour, though they were, of course, more influenced by their Sabbatarian views than by their fear for the infringement of the Sunday holiday. Lord Granville pointed out that the majorities in the Commons against this extension of the Sunday recreations had been steadily diminishing, and that there was no distinction in principle between the opening of Kew Gardens and Hampton Court, and the opening of the picture galleries and the Museum, after which Lord Dunraven's resolution was rejected by a majority of twenty-four (ninety-one against sixty-seven). Not a single Bishop voted for the resolution, while the Archbishop of Canterbury and thirteen Bishops (among whom we regret to find the Bishop of Winchester and the Bishop of Durham) voted against it.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says he has been living in a dream ever since he accepted the Archbishopric, and we are not very much surprised at that; but we think it is time he should be waking-up, and his speech at the dinner given to him by his old schoolfellows at King Edward's School, Birmingham, on Thursday, does not look much like waking-up. The *Standard* reports him as having said that he could not adequately convey to his old schoolfellows the feelings with which he found himself "in the chair of the martyred Laud," and, further, that he hoped "worthily to follow in the footsteps of Archbishop Tait." Now, is there not a good deal of evidence of internal vacillation, of his not having made up his mind which leg to stand upon, in that? If he is going to follow "worthily in the footsteps of Archbishop Tait," it is surely a great pity to talk about "the martyred Laud." Laud's execution was not a step which any reasonable historian would now approve, but still it was not exactly a martyrdom. He did not die for a cause which any one not a fanatic would call *wholly* divine. Dr. Benson, we trust, will follow worthily in the footsteps of Archbishop Tait, especially his later footsteps, but he is not doing so in talking of "the martyred Laud." Archbishop Tait would have been almost as likely to use that expression as he would have been to live for five months in a dream.

The *Pall Mall* of Saturday last attributes to our "strange love of far-fetched explanations" our belief that the English constituencies have been much moved by an impulse against Mr. Bradlaugh which they cannot justify on principle; and remarks:—"Imagine Sir Edward Watkin or the Fitzwilliams as the product of the impulsiveness of English constituencies!" But we never attributed the action of the deserters to any capricious impulse; we only attributed that feeling in the constituencies which makes such desertion safe, to capricious impulse; and it seems to us simply childish to argue that thirteen Liberals would have absented themselves from the division without pairing, and that nine more would have voted against the Government, had not many of them believed, and believed on plausible grounds, that their constituencies would not be gravely displeased by that act of disloyalty to their principles and their party. As Mr. Rowlandson undoubtedly lost his election for the North-West Riding chiefly by the unpopularity of the Liberal view of the Bradlaugh question, why should not the Hon. W. H. W. Fitzwilliam have regarded his seat for the South-West Riding as safe, in spite of his desertion to the Tories on that same question?

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 101⅝ to 101¾.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S THERMOPYLÆ.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is making a tardy convert of his leader. Little by little, he is screwing up that leader's courage to the sticking-point at which men do not fail to accomplish the evil deed which has been suggested to them by the darker powers. The success achieved on the Affirmation Bill has mounted into Sir Stafford's head. He is like Macbeth when made Thane of Cawdor, and so convinced that the witches had had a real insight into the future. The higher promise, "All hail, Macbeth, that shall be king hereafter!" begins to work already, on what we should, till now, have called Sir Stafford's frigid imagination, and like a yeast of the spirit, throws his calm mind into a mass of fermentation. His speech at the Knightsbridge Riding School on Wednesday was the speech of a changed man, of a man in whom the tempter had conquered.

The peculiarity of Sir Stafford Northcote's speech was the open favour with which, for the first time, he treated Obstruction, a favour the more remarkable that he followed Lord Salisbury, who had been taking pains to deny that the Conservatives had favoured obstruction at all,—just as if, of the eleven nights' debate on the Address, the Conservatives had not taken a goodly share, and almost rivalled the Irishmen themselves. Lord Salisbury, however, was anxious to disavow obstruction for the Conservative party. But the more moderate in this way Lord Salisbury became, the more did Sir Stafford Northcote's soul incline towards the policy which Lord Salisbury disavowed ; and after mildly remarking, what was certainly erroneous, that the charge of obstruction is not made in the House of Commons against the Conservatives, Sir Stafford went on to vindicate the policy of obstruction in a very remarkable passage, the emphasis of which is most significant, the passage in which he claims the right for the Conservative party to detain the Liberal party in the passes of Thermopylæ, while the unready nation is girding up its energies to meet the invading army. The metaphor is a meaning one, in several ways. It suggests, and was, we suppose, intended to suggest, that Sir Stafford Northcote looks upon the Liberals not as Sparta looked upon Athens, but as Sparta looked upon the Persian host,—that is, as a foreign invader, bringing new and inferior habits and customs, as well as an arrogant horde of unintelligible depredators, to the attack. It implies also, of course, that the struggle with the Liberals is to be a mortal one, in which not only victory, but delay, is to be secured at any cost. And it implies, lastly, that Sir Stafford Northcote sees a prospect, if he will but adopt the policy of "thorough," of achieving a glorious success, —a Marathon for the Conservatives against the Liberal invaders. Here are his words:—"Really, gentlemen, if you are in the habit of reading the debates in the House of Commons—I do not know whether you are—I am afraid a great many people find them extremely uninviting ; but if any one were to study them, and to look at the whole conduct of business during the Session which is now proceeding, he would see that there might be some other reasons besides the obstructiveness of the Opposition for the very slow progress of the Government. I do not know that we ought altogether to confess that obstruction, under proper circumstances, is a very great sin. We have heard of examples of obstruction which, I think, have been very much honoured in the history of mankind. Leonidas, and his 300 Spartans, were uncommonly obstructive. I have not the least doubt that the newspapers circulated in the Persian camp denounced them in the most unmeasured language. But if we have a position to defend, and if we are in a minority, we know that, given a little time for the country to recover, and for the people to understand what they are about, we shall succeed in defeating the machinations and the evil designs of our opponents. I say we ought to make a stand, and not to be frightened out of our position by being told that we are Obstructives." That, we take it, involves an absolute surrender to the evil suggestions of Lord Randolph Churchill and his friends. Sir Stafford Northcote means that the Liberal measures are to be obstructed till a dissolution is forced, on the plea that the country will declare against the Liberal measures, so soon as it is challenged to do so. Considering that the country declared in favour of them three years ago, though the course of events and the obstruction of the Irish and Tory parties have prevented them from being embodied in our law, that comes exactly to this,—that if, after a great election, the defeated party can stave off the policy accepted by the people for a year or two, at the end of that year or two, the minority will have secured their right to treat the majority as having lost the confidence of the country, and to stop legislation by any tricks at their disposal, in order to force a new appeal to the constituencies, on the very same points on which the old appeal had been made. As Sir Stafford Northcote very well knows, there is nothing new, nothing that it is possible to speak of as a surprise, which the Liberal party is now urging forward. The measures which we want to carry are the measures whose principle was approved in hundreds of constituencies three years ago. The only events which have since happened are either events affecting our foreign and colonial policy, or affecting the Irish policy of the Government. None of these modify in any way the English measures to which the Government are pledged and to which, after much inevitable delay, they are now addressing themselves. And yet Sir Stafford Northcote treats those measures as new designs of evil, for which the country is quite unprepared, and of the character of which it ought to be warned at any cost.

Well, we suppose the die is cast, and that Sir Stafford Northcote has made up his rather halting mind to go forward with the extreme section of his Party. But whether, in determining on this policy, vaulting ambition has not overleaped itself, seems to us more than doubtful. An appeal to the country on this issue would be the very appeal for which the Liberals most wish, an appeal on Obstruction itself. The great effort made by the Government in the autumn to pass a moderate reform of the Procedure of the House of Commons, and to make that moderate reform do, has already been seen to have been inadequate. It was right, perhaps, to try the moderate policy first, in order to cut away all ground of excuse. But the constituencies are already more than half aware that the moderate policy has failed, and Sir Stafford Northcote's new departure in openly advocating an active policy of obstruction will awaken them fully to the true character of the situation. There is no question on which we would sooner see a formal appeal made to the country than on that of legislative obstruction. If the policy now announced by the Conservative leader results in paralysing Parliament for all legislative purposes, rather than submit we had far better adopt Triennial Parliaments at once, and let it be known that it is the Conservative, not the Liberal Party, which has forced on the country the policy of a triennial dissolution. Let it be granted that after three years no legislation, however fully sanctioned by the country, is to be acquiesced in by the Opposition if it sees any chance of defeating the Government at the next General Election, and it becomes obvious at once that an appeal to the country at the end of three years is absolutely necessary for all purposes of efficient legislation. It would be strange enough if the Conservatives, and not the Liberals, had been the prime agents in breaking down Septennial Parliaments, and compelling the Democracy to renew its lease of power every three years.

In truth, however, it would not be on the durability of Parliaments alone that a General Election forced on us by Conservative obstruction would turn. The question for the country would be no less than this,—Ought not any Administration placed in power by the vote of the nation to have full responsible disposal of much the greater part of the time of Parliament ? Must not the Administration have the right to lay out all the Government days on its own responsibility, to exclude from those days the innumerable questions with which private Members now waste the time needed for deliberation, to consider how many days' debate is reasonable for each issue presented to the House, and to insist on taking a division at the end of the time fixed ? Without regulations of this peremptory kind, the legislative power, even if it were to be renewed every three years, will soon cease to be a legislative power at all, for it is impossible to avoid seeing that the encroachments of private caprice and of party malice are sweeping away steadily and even rapidly all the old safeguards of legislative efficiency. There is nothing we would sooner desire to see placed gravely before the Constituencies of Great Britain than the absolute necessity for a great revolution in procedure, and a revolution of this kind, a revolution which would not only give us the true Closure by a majority, but the Closure by a majority at the instance and on the responsibility of the Government, as the guardian and dispenser of parliamentary time.

Sir Stafford Northcote has, we suppose, taken his resolve, or he would never have made his Thermopylæ speech. If he is not going to seize the passes with his three hundred or his two hundred and forty-four heroes, he is very silly to have

talked about it, for he will only increase his own reputation for vacillation. If he is going to seize the passes, then he will force a dissolution on the very point on which we believe that the constituencies are best prepared to give back a decisive answer, and a decisive answer in the Liberal sense. Apparently at least, the victory of last week has given Sir Stafford Northcote a foretaste of the delights which Lord Randolph Churchill promised him if he would but obstruct successfully, and his virtue is not equal to the strain put upon it. The visions flashed before his imagination by the witches of the Fourth Party are too much for him. But will they not lead him, as those other witches led Macbeth, to temporary triumph indeed, but final ruin? The witch that had "the pilot's thumb, wreck'd as homeward he did come," was probably the same who promised Macbeth his throne. If Sir Stafford Northcote acts on the advice of such weird sisters,—and he evidently inclines in that direction,—let him remember that he is more likely to win for himself, by doing so, not the eternal glory of Leonidas, who fought against a foreign foe, but the rout and disgrace which fall upon the usurper who will not fight a fair civil fight, but is led by his ambition to call one section of his own people to arms against the rest.

THE TENANTS' COMPENSATION BILL.

AS usual, now-a-days, time was wasted in the House of Commons on Thursday, till the Premier was obliged to threaten that the new Bill granting Compensation to Tenants should be brought forward, however late the hour might be. This had its effect; but the hour was so late (1.5 a.m.) that Mr. Dodson was compelled to make an inadequate speech, or rather a speech so condensed that it is possible to misapprehend its meaning. We write, therefore, with all reserve; but as we, on a first glance, understand the new measure, it is one erring, if at all, on the side of moderation. We have never been able on the subject of tenant-right to keep step with the Farmers' Alliance. We entirely understand the immense social gain which might arise from an extreme measure, authorising a tenant, on payment of compensation to the landlord, to become a copyholder beyond eviction while his dues are paid, for we see that such a law might create a new agricultural middle-class as independent as the old freeholders; but we do not see either the utility or the justice of leaving the owner his full authority, yet refusing him the right of picking his tenants. Free sale, in fact, seems to us inconsistent with the whole English system, which, if altered, should be altered in a much larger way. But certainly, if we understand the Government Bill, we would go further than it does. It is moderate to timidity. The newest clause, for example, limiting the right of distress for rent to one year's rent, will, we fear, hurt instead of benefiting the farmer. The objections to distress from his point of view are that the landlord's right limits his credit with his banker, who can only recover his loan after the landlord has swept away everything to satisfy his rent, and that it tempts the owner to trust insolvent applicants who offer high rent and mean to cheat everybody but the landlord. The reduction of the right does not remove, though it lessens, those objections. The landlord will still be first creditor, though only for one year's rent, and will be almost compelled, therefore, to refuse any credit beyond that period for fear of losing his rent. He will be made harder than before, while the tenant's gain in credit will be inappreciable. The right of distress, which is radically unjust—the landlord hiring out his land just as the banker hires out his money, or the engine-maker his machines—ought to be abolished altogether, not whittled away till it seems unimportant to the landlord, yet continues grievously to fetter the tenant.

The remainder of the Bill is much more valuable, but the provisions are unexpectedly moderate. The tenant can ask for permanent improvements, and if the landlord consents can make them, and if he makes them will recover at the end of his tenancy their full value, estimated according to their value to the incoming tenant. That is simple justice, and an immense improvement on the existing law, under which a tenant might build a barn with his landlord's consent, and then be evicted next year in favour of a speculator who offered more rent, without compensation for his barn. But we do not understand that the right to compensation could not be given up, and in years of competition for farms it would be given up by agreement. Mr. Dodson said, in the plainest way:—"For these and other permanent improvements, in order to obtain compensation under the Act, the consent of the landlord must be obtained. The consent might be given either unconditionally or upon such terms as to compensation or otherwise as might be agreed upon between the landlord and the tenant. In the event of any agreement being made between the landlord and the tenant, the compensation payable under it would be substituted for the compensation under the Act." The landlord, therefore, could, with the tenant's consent, fix compensation at one farthing,—that is, contract himself out of the law altogether. The tenantry hoped, we fancy, for a clause allowing them, if the landlord proved unreasonable, to apply to a court and obtain an order; but this is not conceded, except as to drainage, which the tenant, after giving due notice to the landlord and receiving a refusal, can do for himself, and obtain full compensation. That is a substantial advantage, but it is not so much as tenants hoped for; and we do not quite see why, if it is fair to compel drainage, it is not fair to compel irrigation, and allow for it as an improvement.

Temporary improvements are guaranteed much more thoroughly. The landlord must pay their full value, estimated by the amount of their value to the incoming tenant, a very good and satisfactory principle already adopted on all well-managed estates. But even here, though the landlord cannot contract himself out of his obligation, he can apparently whittle it away to nothing. Mr. Dodson says:—"The tenant would be entitled to make these improvements and to claim compensation for them without obtaining the consent of or giving notice to the landlord. If there were an agreement under a new contract of tenancy, then the compensation under the agreement would be substituted for the compensation under the Act." The effect of that is surely that present tenants are safe, but that new tenants, if they agree to accept sixpence an acre in compensation for all temporary improvements, will have no more security than they have now. That system is quite intelligible and quite just, and is the system on which all house property is held; but we understand the tenants to ask far more. Their contention is that owing to certain circumstances, and especially to the fact that land is limited in quantity, they are not quite free; that it is exceptionally advantageous to the community that they should be free; and that, consequently, they should be forbidden by law to submit to over-hard terms. Unless we misunderstand Mr. Dodson, they are not forbidden under this Bill, and will, therefore, not be satisfied. His words, indeed, are unmistakable, and our only doubt is whether, as both parties are forbidden to contract themselves out of the Act, a visibly inadequate compensation arranged by agreement might not be held to be a colourable evasion of the law. We fear, however, that is not the case, and if not, new tenants gain under the Bill valuable rights in the absence of agreement, but are liable to be asked to agree to terms which, except for drainage works, leave them no more security than before. The compulsory principle is introduced, but is not applied in the thorough way for which, as we conceive, the tenant-farmers of England and Scotland have been agitating. The Bill, of course, may be strengthened in Committee, but if the Tories oppose, so many landlords will join them, that change will be nearly hopeless. The question will, therefore, be left open, and though we are not ourselves sorry for that, thinking that the best compromise between full proprietorship and tenant-right has not been found, we fear the agricultural tenantry will remain discontented. They obtain much security against their landlords, but they asked also for security against themselves.

WHERE WERE THE BISHOPS?

"EPISCOPI Anglicani semper pavidi!" a Bishop was heard to mutter, as he took up the *Times* on Wednesday morning, and found that not a single one of the rulers of the Church had opened his lips on a subject on which, as one would have supposed, they were especially called upon to guide the opinion of the nation, the subject of Sunday recreation. In the presence of Lord Shaftesbury, it seemed, they dared not approve of extending the range of Sunday recreations; but how, as rational beings, and without taking refuge behind the rather ignominious shelter of the imaginary labour difficulty—which is encountered and somehow surmounted in various cases of outdoor, and one of partially indoor, amusement already—were they seriously to oppose it? So they neither approved nor opposed it, except so far as their votes were concerned, all of which were given for opposition. We can hardly imagine a more striking illustration of what we ventured to say last week as to the absolute inefficiency of the Bishops as Life-

Peers. We only remarked then that they are almost useless as Life-Peers, because they will not attend at all to any questions except those which specially interest them either as Conservatives or as Ecclesiastics. But here was a question which should have interested some of them as Conservatives, and all of them as Ecclesiastics, and yet not one opened his lips. We do not pretend to be seriously at fault as to the reason. The reason is very simple, that there are no really sound arguments of principle against the extension of sober Sunday recreations,—recreations of a kind not inconsistent with the more spiritual life to which the various religious services of the day are intended to lead the mind,—and that the more thoughtful of the Bishops see this plainly, but fear to lose the influence they exert, or suppose themselves to exert, over religious people by saying plainly what they think. Certainly nothing could better illustrate the criticism so long ago passed on English Bishops that they are always timid. And in this case we sincerely believe them to have been timid without excuse. We are well aware of the extraordinarily superstitious character of the old Puritanical feeling about Sunday occupations, a feeling which, in Scotland at least, as everybody knows, is not seriously offended by the day being spent in private drinking, while it is most seriously offended by anything which partakes of the character of innocent cheerfulness publicly displayed. But surely the time has come for a deliberate attack on that superstitious feeling. Surely, if there were any leading power in our spiritual leaders, that conception of public cheerfulness as a sin against the God of the Sabbath, is in the last stages of senile decay, and might well have received its death-blow from a great master of oratory,—such as the Bishop of Peterborough, for instance, whose name we looked for eagerly, and missed with surprise from the debate,—and might then be left amongst the utterly dead superstitions of the past to which it would never again be possible to return. What opportunity could have been nobler for a delineation of the true day of rest, a day in which no mind should be strained except towards the Source of all power, and not over-strained even towards that, a day in which there should be no other excitement of a nature to unfit the spirit for the high and serious excitement which it needs so much, but in which that high and serious excitement should be alternated with every mild and lively pleasure which comes most naturally after the passionate business and competitive labour of the week? It strikes us with something like amazement that the Prelates of the Church should leave it to men of the world to plead for something like "sweet reasonableness" on this subject. It ought not to be men of the world who should best understand the danger of making the day of religion a day of unrelieved gloom,—or who should most clearly see that even that necessary and universal element in all true religion which, because it involves true contrition, is not, and cannot, be free from pain that must be steadily faced, will only be caricatured into hypochondriac affectation, or positive hypocrisy, if it is to give the whole colouring to one day in seven, and to make of the contemplation of the highest life an occasion for putting on the air of unmanly dejection. We cannot understand the timidity which leaves it to men of the world to plead for the genial cheerfulness of Sunday. Surely no one knows so well as the Bishops that genial Sundays have done a great deal more to win the irreligious to true religion than sanctimonious Sundays,—that it is not by pulling long faces that men are ever best persuaded to face the deadly weakness and insincerities of their own hearts, much less to rise to the Source of all strength and all sincerity. We must say frankly that the abstention of the Bishops from such a debate as that of Tuesday night, under the dread of losing influence with good but narrow people of Evangelical views, only shows that spiritual avocations do not strengthen the spiritual nerve, and that no set of men live more in dread of that gelatinous compost called "Public Opinion" than the men who should most despise it because they are so often forced to contemplate how public opinion has been changed by one breath of divine inspiration.

It seems to us all the stranger, and all the less creditable to the Bishops, that they showed this extreme fear of what is called the public opinion of the religious world, that the religious world itself, as represented by Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Cairns, showed an equal fear of the world of common-sense. Neither of them ventured to base his opposition on principle; both of them took refuge under the rather ignominious shelter of those working-men who fear that any further infringement of the Sunday may result in depriving the working-classes of their day of rest. In other words, while the friends of sober recreation are frightened out of their wits lest the religious world should pronounce them unholy, that religious world itself is just as frightened lest the world of common-sense should condemn its sanctimonious gloom. Such is that Public Opinion which is held in ignominious reverence,—a confused conglomerate of timidities, playing a game of hide-and-seek with each other, and of ignoble timidities which not even our spiritual leaders dare to unmask, to reprove, or to uproot.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S DEFEATS.

THE Parliamentary situation in Germany at this moment is, perhaps, more interesting to the speculative observer than to the newsmonger. Probably nothing will happen in consequence of Prince Bismarck's defeats, for the problem is soluble only by time, and Germans possess in an eminent degree a capacity for waiting till they are ready, which is sometimes a long while. Nevertheless, to all who are interested in representative government, the position of affairs is singularly striking. We have in Germany a spectacle entirely without precedent in constitutional history, namely, that immensely powerful instrument, a Council elected by universal suffrage, contented to exert its powers only by way of veto. The Reichstag exerts this right continuously, courageously, we might say, even pitilessly; but it stops short with the exertion, insists on no initiative, and does not demand the dismissal of the Government, whose proposals it nevertheless rejects. The abstinence of the Reichstag from any strong initiative is, no doubt, intelligible. Not to mention the immense difficulty which the Liberal leaders would find, in the present situation of parties, in securing a majority willing to commence large reforms, or to enter in any way upon a struggle with the Throne, there is always the sense that any Bill passed in defiance of the Imperial Government would be sterile. As we long ago pointed out, Prince Bismarck, when he framed the Constitution, devised the strongest Upper House in Europe, a Federal Council, representing Princes who cannot be set aside without revolution, and who have a historic hold upon their States. There is no provision enabling the Reichstag to compel the Bundesrath to agree with it, and in the Bundesrath the Emperor and his Chancellor are still sure of a majority. The Reichstag, however, though it has voted away for seven years its power of altering the Military Budget, still possesses much financial control,—can, for instance, refuse any civil estimate, can reject any scheme involving new outlay, and can refuse to grant any new tax. Moreover, it uses these powers. A year or two ago it refused to vote the salary of an Ambassador to the Vatican; it has declined recently to assent to the Workmen's Insurance Bills, and will decline again, for the Committee has reported against them; and on Tuesday it rejected a Protectionist Bill to increase the timber duties. It has, moreover, thrown out every proposition for an increased Tobacco-tax, it is known to intend to reject a Beer Bill, if presented, and although it has not formally rejected the request for a prospective Budget, it has accepted a resolution submitted by Herr Richter hopelessly at variance with that project. In fact, the Reichstag not only possesses, but exercises, a complete financial veto, with a steadiness and vigour which should, to all outward appearance, lead to a change of Government. Nevertheless, it does not lead to it. Prince Bismarck, it is affirmed, probably with truth, is irritated by the votes; but he does not intend either to resign or to dissolve, but to pass on as if the Reichstag had no existence. He does not attend its debates, he receives any resolution with a cold rebuke—last week, for example, he answered one on military affairs with a note saying that the Reichstag was exceeding its rights, which appears to have been true—and he goes on quietly governing, quarrelling with his colleagues, and proposing his schemes again and again. He is apparently confident that the Reichstag, however resolute not to take his advice or obey his orders, will take no action to lock the machine, by refusing supplies or otherwise, so as to compel his resignation, and he has probably good reason for his confidence.

The majority in the Reichstag, besides being divided into five groups, and singularly poor in leaders who could claim, or even accept, office, has three definite reasons for not entering upon a struggle with the Throne. In the first place, it might not win. Nothing in the least degree approaching violent agitation could, of course, be attempted, for it would be suppressed at once by the Army, who have been trained to regard the Emperor as their legal head, and obedience to their officers as their

first duty. An order to arrest the Reichstag would be obeyed like any other. The Reichstag must confine itself to its strictest legal rights, and those rights are not fully operative. The Emperor has not forgotten that for three years—from 1863 to 1866—he dispensed with a legal budget, raising and expending the revenue without sanction, and that Parliament not only forgave, but by formal statute absolved his action. He would do it again, on very slight provocation, and all the more readily because he could proclaim that Parliament had shown itself specially indisposed to accept his proposals for conferring additional security on the poor. The people could not rise in the teeth of that Army, and would, however annoyed, do as they did before, quietly await the issue. The Liberals dread a contest of that kind which they lost in the Prussian Parliament, which takes a long time, and which while it lasts reduces Parliament to a debating club. They see, moreover, no reason for it. Germans are not in a hurry, they have not the confidence in Parliaments felt in England, and they remember, what we often forget, the vast age of the Emperor, so far greater than the average life of man, and the certainty that with him a *régime* will end. The German Empire is not Russia, but the power of the Sovereigns who first made Prussia and then Germany, who are the objects of devotion in the Army, and who have repeatedly shown themselves competent to govern, is still so great, that a new reign has many of the characteristics of a new cycle. New ideas prevail, new men come to the front; there springs up a new way of looking at all great affairs. No one understands the Crown Prince, but, at all events, there may be great changes, and to the German mind it seems far better to wait and see what they will be like. This tendency to quiescence is increased by an indisposition to harass the Emperor himself, who has done such great things, who is personally so imposing a figure, the head of an ancient dynasty, with the halo of success still round him, and who bears unfalteringly such a weight of years, and latterly, of troubles. And finally, the Reichstag is not quite certain in its inner mind what it does want. Almost every man in it has been a soldier, all were of mature age in the great war, and all are painfully aware of military dangers, which they may exaggerate, but which impress men with the nerve of Prince Bismarck and the German Generals. A doubt whether they could do without the Chancellor—whether, if he departed, peace might not depart, too, whether a Parliament could direct a difficult foreign policy or control an Army necessarily always vast—weighs on every German mind, and makes the men who might be leaders hesitate to push anything to extremes. This generation does not wish to endanger unity or risk invasion, even to secure self-government, and half doubts whether, in such a camp as Central Europe now is—a camp with a million of men actually in barracks—representative bodies are strong enough to govern. Events may prove that the hesitation was only on the surface, but for the present it exists, and would defeat any proposal for vigorous action, say, for example, an address to the Crown praying for a new Chancellor. If, indeed, the Parliament had to bear, instead of to wait, the course of the majority might be different, but that is not the case. The Parliamentary veto is as strong as the Parliamentary initiative is feeble. Prince Bismarck himself once stated in the House that, high as he held the Royal Prerogative, it did not extend to the imposition of a new tax; and when a non-financial measure has been defeated he fumes and thunders, but does nothing. The Parliament can prevent new action, and that prevents despair. The whole situation, in fact, greatly resembles that of England in Elizabeth's time, when also the Sovereign governed, and Parliament remonstrated or forbade, but did not nominate or dismiss the Sovereign's counsellors. The oddity is, and it is one well worth observation, that such a situation should exist, when the "Parliament" is practically a body of representatives freely elected by universal suffrage. The prevalent theory, that this system, with all its faults, at least evolves irresistible force, requires reconsideration.

THE INDIAN EXCHEQUER.

THE debate of Tuesday night in the Commons on Indian Expenditure was a very sound and instructive one, though, as usual, very dull to read. In every such discussion the principal speakers are naturally anxious to prove their statements, and produce a quantity of figures, amid which the two secrets of Indian expenditure escape general recognition. The first of these, though patent to all Anglo-Indians, is hidden from almost all Englishmen. Alone among the great States of the world—and remember, India is, at lowest, the eighth Power—the Indian Empire is administered by men who have no interest in its future. The greatest officials, the Viceroy, the Governors, the Chief Commissioners, the Commanders-in-Chief, the Members of all Councils, intend after five years of office to depart to a distant land, where their achievements or their blunders are alike unknown, where they are lost in the crowd, and where, amidst the movement of a more vivid and intellectual civilisation, they half forget the affairs of the secluded and monotonous peninsula they have helped to govern. They are, for the most part at all events, laborious, able, and well-principled men; but they cannot, if they would, think of the future or of far-reaching policies as statesmen do who will feel their effects for life, and know that they will be felt also by their children. A scheme, for example, of Terminable Annuities to be operative fifty years hence has and can have no interest for them. They learn, unconsciously, to live for the year, and to plan for the term of office. If they can but leave their "mark," they are satisfied, and no "mark" can be left without expenditure. Upon men thus situated there falls a pressure towards outlay almost unexampled in Europe, or paralleled only by the pressure now experienced by the Republican Government of France. The whole world around Indian statesmen is asking them to improve things,—to build more railways, to cut more canals, to construct more roads, to give more education, to establish more Courts, to give better and more civilised administration. The Services amid which they live, and which evolve almost the only effective public opinion, ask not indeed for more pay, which they know they would not get, but for more help, which means more officers, more "leave"—which means, again, more officers—and more pension, which means not only more outlay, but more loss by exchange. The requests are endless, the reasons often sound, the retarding criticism usually non-existent. The European journalists in India to a man must support "liberality," or lose their audience, and the few native journalists who are influential either attend to other matters or fight for an increase of allowances, often well deserved, to the huge Native establishments, the scale and pay of which may be imagined from Mr. Kynaston Cross's statement that there are 151,000 Policemen in India, maintained at an average cost of £16 a head per annum. Naturally, the tendency of expenditure, especially upon great public works which glorify the rulers in English eyes, is towards incessant increase; and, so far from wondering, with Mr. E. Stanhope, that outlay has increased by three and a half millions since 1879, we only wonder the addition has not been three times the amount. But for a certain dread of deficits, it would have been. We know nothing of the secrets of the present Administration, but we venture to say with certainty that the defensible proposals placed before the Government of India in any one year would raise the immediate expenditure by ten millions sterling.

There is, we are convinced, but one final remedy for this tendency. The Government of India, reluctant, as it is, to "cut down," will do it with a strong hand, rather than face deficits. Those make too much fuss at home, influence the loan market too directly, and vex the local statesmen—who, remember, are at bottom men of high public spirit—too keenly to be endured. If, therefore, Parliament orders that the charge for Debt shall always be calculated, as in England, at four millions, or even two millions, in excess of the fact, and that the difference shall be expended in buying up the bonds payable in England, expenditure will be adjusted to that new demand. Nothing short of that order will have the slightest permanent effect, but that would be obeyed, would keep down Debt, and would give India in a few years a heavy Reserve Fund against calamity or unexpected war. To niggle at details is waste of power, and breaks the heart of the Local Governments till they let all things drift. What is wanted is a broad principle of public policy made so legal and compulsory that the Commissioners of the Indian Debt should have a right of suit if their money were not forthcoming, and that a Viceroy would feel the discharge of Debt to be a law, and not an administrative order. It was to a policy like this that we believe Mr. Gladstone to have pointed in the speech of 1879, quoted by Mr. E. Stanhope, in which he maintained that Indian finance could not be made solid without a reduction of four millions a year. That is substantially the exact truth, and we are farther from realising that dream than when the great master of finance spoke.

The second secret of Indian finance is the vastness of the sum to be provided at home. It is supposed popularly that this sum, or a huge cantle of it, is wasted in Home Establishments, but that is a mere illusion. India pays for her entire governing apparatus in England half a farthing a head of her people, a sum—it is only £127,000—less than might fairly be assigned to her Sovereign for a Civil List, less by four-fifths than the personal expenditure of the Great Mogul. That is a drop in the bucket, the real burden being elsewhere. India, with the third best credit in the world, is in the position of a Spanish-American State. She has to remit huge sums to London for her loans, State loans, railway loans, loans for public works. She has also to remit huge sums for military stores, for officers' pay on leave, and for pensions,—the Civil dead-weight alone exceeding two millions a year—and has in all to send home eighteen millions a year, a sum equal to half her net revenue, and one increasing, in spite of desperate efforts, year by year. Much of the money is interest on capital profitably invested. Much is paid because it is fancied that loans can most easily be raised here. Much could not be touched without breach of faith. Still, the burden is the one which presses on and disorders the Indian Exchequer, and should be studied seriously and by financiers of the first rank, with a resolution to sweep part of it away. It is not a subject for a Parliamentary Commission, but we do not believe that if a Royal Commission, consisting of Mr. Goschen, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Baring, were appointed to investigate and report on "Indian Remittances," the present condition of affairs would be allowed to continue. It must be possible to pay Indian charges in India, as Austria, for example, pays all demands in Austria. We will not venture to suggest, but we believe that some changes are ultimately possible which would go to the root of the matter. We see no reason why, in future, Railway dividends should be remitted by the State, instead of by the Companies. All pensions should be paid in India, and not here, to a Pension Trustee, who should remit, like any other banker to private clients, without Government intervention. All future pensions should be abolished for every grade and class, and a deduction of 5 per cent. from salaries —on the Civil-Service system—be paid to the same Trustee, a home annuity equal to the sum saved being purchased for the officer on his resignation. All loans should be raised in India, and the subscribers left to themselves, as was formerly the case, to get their interest home. And, finally, a huge slice of the sums to be remitted should be sent in produce, such as wheat and tobacco for the French Government, the largest buyer in the world, not to make a profit, but to extinguish the losses by exchange. Any one of these ideas may be proved by experts to be unsound, but that the burden can be reduced by wiser men than ourselves to endurable limits we are convinced. Whether the attempt will be made is a different matter, but the experience of thirty years has not made us sanguine. While the Indian Exchequer, though groaning and fretting, can still pay its way as punctually as the British, the statesmen shrink from incurring the odium which a radical reform would involve; and in petty reforms there is no hope, because the necessity for making them is not strong enough to overcome the permanent tendencies of the Government of India, both in Simla and in Downing Street. In both places, the permanent passion is to introduce European completeness into the administration of a State which has Asiatic distances, Asiatic poverty, and Asiatic revenue. To govern India as many among us wish to govern her would take a European average of revenue, say £2 a head, or £500,000,000 a year. Deducting the dead-weight, we have less than a tenth of that to spend, and no more is obtainable.

CROWN PROPERTY.

MR. JESSE COLLINGS came in for some hard words on Tuesday. He is a Radical of Radicals, and in that character he has been a chief denouncer of Obstruction, and foremost among those who have urged the Government to adopt a very short way with it. Yet, on Tuesday, Mr. Collings availed himself of a right which, though it has only been a little time in existence, has already become famous as a means of taking up time. He asked leave, when the questions were exhausted, to move the adjournment of the House, "on a matter of definite public importance," and more than forty Members rose in their places to signify their wish that leave should be given. The spectacle was too much for Colonel Alexander's patience. He waited until the grievances of a "wretched watering-place in Lancashire" had been discussed for an hour and a half, and then the fire kindled, and at the last he spake with his tongue. The majority of Members, he said, had come down to listen to matters of real importance, and they could not stomach Mr. Collings's audacity in inflicting on them the particulars of a purely local question like the Southport foreshore. The fact that Mr. Collings was the gentleman who the other day pressed Mr. Gladstone to consider the propriety of keeping Parliament sitting until all the measures mentioned in the Queen's Speech had been passed made his conduct worse, since it showed that he cared as little about his own consistency as about the public time. As far as consistency goes, Mr. Collings's conscience is probably untroubled. A man may think it inexpedient that a particular practice should be allowed, and yet be quite ready to avail himself of it, so long as it is allowed. The House of Commons has determined that whenever forty Members wish that a certain motion shall be made, leave shall be given to make it. Those who question the wisdom of such a permission are not bound to forego the use of it, since, if they did, the only result would be that the points which they hold to be specially deserving of the attention of Ministers would be the points least pressed on them. Nor is the fact that the question raised had only local interest, any reason why the time of the House of Commons should not be given to it. It might be a reason for setting up some other kind of tribunal to deal with local questions, but so long as the House of Commons continues to be charged with them, it is quite right that they should from time to time be brought before it. Until County Courts were established, the Superior Courts had sometimes to busy themselves with the recovery of very small debts. Mr. Collings had a perfect right to move the adjournment of the House, in order to call attention to the grievances of a "wretched watering-place in Lancashire," provided that the grievance when produced turned out to call for redress.

We are of opinion that Mr. Collings was materially as well as formally justified in what he did,—that he not only used a discretion which no one is entitled to challenge, but that the use he made of it was in itself a wise one. The question raised by his motion was not merely a local question of importance, but was nothing less than the method and end of the administration of Crown Property. The Duchy of Lancaster has lately disposed of the Foreshore of the town of Southport to a private purchaser. There is no doubt that the Duchy has a perfectly legal right to sell what it sold, or that on the principle on which Crown property has customarily been managed, it was a very proper bargain to conclude. It is precisely such a sale as a careful trustee might have made on behalf of a minor. The land disposed of was of no value to the Crown, and brought in nothing. It was of value to the landowners who bought it, and they were willing to pay handsomely for it. The trustee thought only of the balance-sheet of his ward's estate, and sold the foreshore. Mr. Collings, however, contends that there was another ward in the business, and that in thinking of the abstract entity, the Crown, the Duchy forgot that very concrete entity, the people of Southport. He does not say that the Crown ought to have made them a present of the foreshore, all he insists on is that their right of pre-emption should have been recognised. If this had been done, the Corporation of Southport were seemingly willing to give the Government anything they asked. As long ago as October, 1880, the Corporation had proposed to buy the foreshore, and the Duchy had sent a surveyor to value it. When this had been done, it appeared that the right of the Crown to the foreshore was not undisputed, and that if the Corporation bought it, they might turn out to have bought a lawsuit with it. Even with this prospect, the Corporation, as it now appears, wished to go on dealing; and, as a matter of fact, they did go on. But they thought, not unnaturally, that the possible defect in title ought to be considered in fixing the price, and down to February 21st, 1882, negotiations, chiefly verbal, went on between the Town Clerk and the Solicitor to the Corporation. On that day a letter was written, to which the Corporation and the authorities of the Duchy attach different meanings. The Corporation hold that it was merely a link in a long correspondence, of no more importance than any other link; the authorities of the Duchy hold that it amounted to a notice that the Corporation no longer wished to buy the foreshore. In this belief, the Chancellor listened favourably to an application from the two riparian owners who contested the Crown's right to the foreshore to extinguish their claims, and bar future litigation by a sale of the foreshore to them. On the

9th of last month, the Corporation heard accidentally that this sale had actually been made. Since that time, they have been vainly seeking to set it aside; and, failing in this, they appealed to the House of Commons, by the mouth of Mr. Jesse Collings.

It is admitted that neither the Chancellor of the Duchy nor his subordinates have meant to deal unfairly by the Corporation of Southport. They thought, rightly or wrongly, that the Corporation were not prepared to pay the price asked for the foreshore, and they thereupon did what was best for the Duchy, and sold it to those who would give it. It is a dilemma in which the Government are constantly placed when selling Crown property, and hitherto they have usually, if not always, dealt with it in the same way. The question they ask themselves is,—What will bring in most money to the Crown, and as "the Crown" is now only another word for "the nation," they think that they are only doing their duty in looking at every proposal exclusively from this point. Until recently, nobody doubted that they were right in thinking so. The nation, through the Crown, holds certain lands, and the method of management which makes these lands most profitable was assumed to be the proper method. But of late years more attention has been paid to local needs and national interests, and it has been realised that a transaction which puts a few thousand pounds into the Exchequer at the cost of an irreparable injury to a populous neighbourhood or to a whole class of persons may, after all, be a bad bargain for the public. This was Mr. Collings's argument on Tuesday. Here, he said, is a town of 45,000 people, which in twenty years has doubled its numbers twice over, and may, perhaps, repeat the process during the next twenty. Between these 45,000 people and the sea is a foreshore, which by the act of the Crown has now become the property of two landowners, without whose consent the inhabitants cannot even walk upon the beach in front of their houses. Perhaps the next act of these landowners will be to sell the beach to a railway company, and so spoil altogether the sea-front of the town. Is this a proper use to which to turn Crown property? May the Government consult the infinitesimal interest of the nation in having a few thousand pounds added to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's surplus next year, and so deprive Southport of that access to the sea which constitutes the solitary charm of a Lancashire watering-place?

As a matter of what ought to be, rather than of what is, Mr. Collings's contention is perfectly sound, and he ought to have gone a great deal further. Even Southport ought not to have been allowed to purchase the foreshore. The Crown should have held it for ever, allowing the Corporation the usufruct, but retaining the right to prevent them from selling or doing any injury to the general interest. Even if we grant all that Mr. Dodson and Mr. Gladstone asked for—that the authorities of the Duchy had only done what it has till now been supposed that they are bound to do, and that the negotiation with the riparian landowners has gone too far to be rescinded—it does not follow that the system hitherto pursued is a good one. The nation would benefit, so far as money goes, if the Crown were to let the whole of the Regent's Park on building leases; and the New Forest, if divided among the neighbouring proprietors, might bring in a larger profit than now, when it is kept in the hands of the Crown. But in the first case Londoners, and in the second every Englishman who is ever able to get a holiday, however short, in the finest tract of forest land in the country, would lose far more than the nation would gain; and the same thing may be said with regard to the inhabitants of Southport and their foreshore. For the future, either some new instructions ought to be given by Parliament to the Managers of Crown Property; or notice of each separate sale ought to be given to the House of Commons.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

A SUDDEN and delightful change came over the country at the end of April, when a late spell of winter gave way to refreshing showers and a more genial temperature. Fields, pastures, orchards, and gardens burst into full, verdant life, as if by magic. Everything was backward, kept in durance by the cold hand of frost and the terror of the biting blast, but only waiting for an opportunity to put forth its reserve of force, to exercise its accumulated vitality. The opportunity came, and vegetation literally rushed into growth with a suddenness rare in our slowly-maturing climate. When such quick bursts of vegetable life occur early in the season, they are sources of anxiety to the experienced observer, and rarely fail to be followed by disastrous results; but at the end of April "more haste" does not necessarily imply "less speed," for the time has then come when it is scarcely possible for lost time to be too quickly made up. A check such as we had during last week is very likely to follow, but not to do serious injury. Sharp frosts in May unfortunately are not uncommon; but they are not often numerous. From observations taken during the years up to the end of 1881, in the neighbourhood of London, it appears that the average number of frosts in the air was two; in 1877 there were five, and in 1872, 1875, and 1878, none at all. The average number of frosts on the ground was eight; in 1874 there were fourteen, and in 1878 only one. But these frosts were not all sufficiently severe to be very dangerous to vegetation, the average number of injurious ground-frosts being only four. Moreover, when field crops are as backward as they are this year, serious damage is to be apprehended in the garden and orchard, rather than on the farm. There will be scarcely any wheat and no barley or oats sufficiently advanced during the present month to be in danger of anything beyond the cutting off of the blade, which is undesirable, but not irrecoverable, as the seed-heads will not have emerged from their protective sheathing, and we shall look in vain for the proverbial May wheat-ear. Winter beans, now coming into blossom, would suffer from a sharp frost, potatoes would be injured more or less, and early-feeding crops would be diminished in bulk; but in other respects the lateness of the farmer's produce will prove a great safeguard against the climatic vicissitudes of fickle May. There were two or three night frosts last week, which did a little damage to wall-fruit not protected, and to cherries and other orchard fruit in the South of England, where an unusual abundance of blossom had appeared. The bitter east and north-east winds that blew so persistently were also unpropitious to all kinds of field and garden produce. This unseasonable weather, however, has had little effect on the farmer's crops, beyond checking the progress which had so beneficially commenced a week previously; and in orchards and gardens the damage appears to be comparatively small. The present week set in with more sunshine and a higher temperature, although, as the wind was still in a cold quarter, the change was not all that could be desired. The hardy field crops, however, quickly showed signs of recovering from the check they had suffered, and to-day there is reason for congratulating farmers and the public generally upon the prospect of a good harvest.

In such a climate as ours, crops are never safe till they are under cover, and in speaking of the promise of Spring, we must always be conscious of the possibility of the brightest of hopes being doomed to disappointment. Yet when we contrast the Agricultural outlook at the present time with appearances at the opening of the year, it would be hard, indeed, if we were precluded from the expression of a natural feeling of congratulation. In January, comparatively little wheat had been sown, and less was up sufficiently thick in plant to show any promise of a fair yield. Ploughing was greatly in arrear, there had been no frost to pulverise the land, and the prospect of a good seed-bed for spring corn was anything but hopeful. Suspense on this score was prolonged through February, a month of rain and floods, so that the hope of sowing spring wheat to make up for the deficiency of the autumn-sown varieties seemed to have passed away. The wintry weather of March still further delayed farming operations, but the sharp frosts did work that millions of harrowings could not have performed so effectually; and by working in the afternoon, when the sun had thawed the ground, a considerable quantity of spring wheat was sown, as well as some barley and oats. April was perfect, from a farmer's point of view, in relation to the state of work, and the rapidity with which sowing was proceeded with had never been exceeded in the history of British husbandry. The land literally "worked like a garden," and spring crops were put in with a minimum of labour, and under the most advantageous conditions. Just when farmers in all but the late districts of the country had finished sowing, excepting on turnip land, always necessarily left over, the gentle rain and genial temperature which came with the closing days of April formed a climax to the advantages already described. Winter wheat, which had been making good root-growth and tillering nicely above ground, quickly showed a strong vitality, and is now generally thick enough for a fair crop, though there are many fields in which the plant is still gappy; while spring corn of all sorts is almost universally abundant and vigorous in plant. Mangolds have been for the most part sown under the most favourable conditions, and the weather has been excellent for preparing the land for turnips.

Walking over the fields to-day, the skilled observer sees much to assure him, and very little to cause apprehension. He notices that wheat is dark in colour, and hugs the ground; that the early barley has that early formation of the blade which denotes an almost frisky vigour; that winter beans are very strong and healthy; and that spring beans and peas are thick in plant. That everything is backward is no matter for regret, on the whole. Peas and oats have both been tried by the drought and east wind of April, but have grown fairly since the rain came; and the same remarks apply to vetches, clovers, and pastures. That feed is late is the most unsatisfactory feature of the agricultural outlook, so that, for the first time for many years, farmers whose holdings are pastoral or chiefly so have the worst of it, just now. But although the owners of live-stock must be seriously short of keep for their herds and flocks for a few weeks, genial and showery weather would speedily bring them abundance, especially where they have a few fields of clover, which is almost universally very thick and healthy this season. They have lately had much loss and inconvenience to put up with on account of the existence of foot-and-mouth disease; but, fortunately, this very troublesome complaint is rapidly subsiding, and the veto against lamb has been removed, so that they have relief from fears that recently oppressed them. Nor should we neglect to mention that the lambing season, which started unfavourably in many parts of the country, closed under much happier auspices, the general result being a crop of lambs but little, if at all, under average, taking the country, as a whole, into consideration. A review of agricultural prospects all round, then, at least with respect to England, shows cause for rejoicing, and for trusting that the long lane of agricultural adversity is taking a turn for the better at last.

In the orchard and garden, the lateness of the season is only in some respects a subject for congratulation. Growers of early vegetables have had a bad time of it, and where they are not fruit-growers also their losses can scarcely be made up to them this season. Flowers and shrubs, too, have suffered from the spells of wintry weather. But if everything had not been kept back by cold weather in the early spring, the recent frosts would have been disastrous. At present there is some doubt as to the extent of damage done to cherries and wall-fruit—almost invariably sufferers more or less from frost—and it has already been intimated that other fruits may have received some injury in early districts; but apples, pears, and bush fruits have probably escaped serious damage. It is a treat to walk through the fruit-growing districts of Kent, and to enjoy the beauty of the apple-blossom now covering the trees in unusual abundance. It is premature, however, to speak of fruit prospects, as a single sharp frost may destroy the fairest of promises. All that can safely be said is that to-day, in the orchard, as on the farm, the promise of Spring is golden.

MUSIC AS OCCUPATION.

THE Prince of Wales on Monday opened the Royal College of Music, in the presence of a representative audience, and to indicate the opinion of the Court, three persons eminent in the musical world—Professor Macfarren, Mr. A. Sullivan, and Dr. G. Grove—were announced in his speech as having received the honour of Knighthood. That distinction will not, perhaps, do them much good just now, when every third man about is becoming Sir Somebody Something; but the honour is in accordance with English ways, and is unobjectionable, as was also the Baronetcy bestowed a little earlier upon Mr. C. Freake, the builder, for presenting the needful buildings for a College, nominally to the Prince of Wales, but really to the nation. The cultivation of Music is evidently to be made fashionable, and we have not a word to say, except that we wish the work could be done with a little less of sentimental exaggeration in the talk about it. Music is an excellent thing, and an enjoyable thing, as also are poetry, and oratory, and histrionic power; but it is not the unqualified and celestial good which its advocates assert it to be. Owing, we imagine, to the Western fancy that making music is an inevitable occupation in Heaven—think how bored poor Dr. Johnson must be, if that is true!—those who enjoy music always claim for it a sort of special sanctity and holiness, a sort of grace in itself and by itself; and the Archbishop of Canterbury actually embodied that idea in his opening prayer, and prayed, "God, the only author of order and beauty," to "perfect science and skill in his pure gift of Music." Why is music so "pure" a gift? All other gifts of God are so given that their use or misuse depends on human free-will, and why is music purer than poetry or oratory? Does Dr. Benson, perchance, believe that there are two Musies, and that Offenbach got his gift from the Devil; or does he forget that if there is one music of St. Cecilia, there is another of Thérese? Music is neither good nor bad, any more than poetry or eloquence, but is a method of expression which to many organisations is capable of conveying higher, more delicate, and, above all, more exact meanings than any other. But it can convey any meaning, and does very often convey a sensual one. If all that is said of its purifying and elevating influence were true, we should not find that great musicians, composers occasionally, and instrumentalists very often, were men of most irregular lives, or that musical amateurs were not infrequently among the worst of mankind. Nero was not exactly purified or elevated by his devotion to music, nor have the patrons of the art among the little Princes of Germany been nobler than those who, from some defect of organisation, probably connected with the structure of the tympanum, had no sympathy for sweet sounds. Charles II. was not exactly the superior of William III. It is not clear that the Neapolitan, who is so often born *fanatico*, is higher in character than the dull Saxon, so often sensible only to the rhythm of music; nor are the races among which musical capacity is indigenous so much purer than those among whom it must be cultivated with assiduity, not to say coddled. Mr. Disraeli always said, and we believe truly, that the gift of music had been bestowed in largest measure upon the Children of Israel; but great as their services both to religion and to thought have been, they are not, as a race, the least earthy of mankind.

To give to an inarticulate and sad race like Englishmen, who have almost ceased to feel joy, and are dropping the word "gladness" out of the language, a new means of expression and of enjoyment, is, however, excellent work, the true meaning of which is only hidden by conventional exaggeration. Music is capable of misuse, as poetry is; but the gain from the study of music is great, and more especially the gain to the overworked sections of the people. The power of acquiring musical skill seems independent of situation in life, and even of mental capacity, for though great composers have been usually as intellectually gifted as poets, that has not always been the case with great singers or instrumentalists; while the faculty of musical apprehension is, apparently, the most culturable of all, more culturable than the power of criticism, and the man who succeeds even a little in the study gains much of happiness. He has not only obtained something of the creative faculty, like a poet or a painter, but he has found one of the best of earthly weapons against trouble, a secondary occupation which interests and absorbs like work, yet is not work. Englishmen, possibly because of the strenuousness with which they labour, and the respect, perhaps the undue respect, with which they regard toil—at least, we do not find that the admirable industry of the Chinaman makes him a specially lofty being—are singularly deficient in secondary occupations. They take them if they come, but they do not seek them as distinct helps in the art of living. A few draw, a few paint, a few grow flowers, a few betake themselves earnestly to science. So few are they among the working-classes that those who do it are pointed out as remarkable, and in the middle-class the proportion is not much higher. The man in commerce or in a profession who can do something else, do it heartily and not perfunctorily, is far happier than his neighbour, so much so as to be an object of avowed envy among his acquaintance; yet the number of those who can do it is comparatively very few, and the complaint of tedious evenings is one with which thousands sympathise. Englishmen do not go out so readily as Continentals, they do not, except in rare cases, enjoy conversation so much—in this respect workmen are far better off than their social superiors—and they are consciously dull; yet unless drawn by some pronounced and, in its way, irresistible taste, they rarely strive to give themselves a secondary occupation. If they can read, they are safe, imperfect as the English system of distributing books is, but the literary class would be astonished if they knew to how few reading is at once a secondary occupation and a recreation. The majority feel time a burden, with no true relief but sleep, a state of affairs all the more noteworthy because this majority not only works, but enjoys work. Any secondary occupation which could interest them would add directly to the pleasure of life, and to those who can appreciate it, or are even without the dislike of it which in many natures is almost unintelligibly strong, there is no such occupation quite equal to music. It is a sensuous

pleasure, a spiritual pleasure, and a thoughtful pleasure, all in one, and unlike so many other occupations, makes no continuous demand upon time. To attain excellence, it is true, even with the flute—that melancholy instrument of so many Britons, who will not see that it is of all others the one in which imperfection is most trying—continuous devotion is indispensable; but far less than excellence can on many instruments give pleasure, and to the comprehension of music devoted study is not indispensable. The power is one of the few which does not decline with each intermission. There is no occupation which can be so taken up at intervals, none so cheap, none in which intermittent absorption can be so readily attained. A man may be genuinely devoted to music, yet neglect no duty of life, and provided he does not torture unwilling ears, need not be selfish, not even so much so as the devouring reader, whose occupation, though the modern world has conspired to praise it, is consistent with a most selfish self-absorption. The gain from such an occupation is endless, and the taste for it may be diffused to an almost inexplicable degree. Why it should, among people capable of it, remain latent, we cannot explain; but that it is so, is as certain as that the same peoples have displayed it in widely different degrees at different times. Fifty competent musicians, such as the Royal College will train from among those who accept its bursaries, will develope in fifty circles a musical taste which must have been there before, but found no spontaneous expression. That is well, for though we grow impatient of exaggeration till we have half seemed, in the beginning of this article, to depreciate music, we have no intention of denying its charm or of refusing to it this exceptional merit,—that it is impossible to acquire the power of apprehending the lower music without attaining the power of comprehending the higher. There is bad music, as we said, as well as good; but you cannot gain the capacity of understanding one, and remain dense as before to the other. The devotee of Offenbach perceives, as the uninstructed do not, what St. Cecilia's music means; and in that new capacity there must be, though not elevation, a potentiality at least of being elevated.

ELABORATENESS.

THERE is one quality which artistic culture tends, we fear, to develope amongst us, as a great number of facts,—the Royal Academy dinners, for instance, among others,—testify more and more every year, which we do not think it is possible to regard with unmixed satisfaction, and that is, elaborateness. No one understands how either to speak or to paint elaborately, and how to speak and paint admirably in the elaborate style, better than Sir Frederick Leighton; but it cannot be denied that it is in an elaborate style,—a very elaborate style,—that his best performances both in painting and in speaking are achieved. His speeches at the Royal Academy dinners are models in that style. For courtly grace, for picturesque compliment, for his almost dramatic abdication before the most honoured of the speakers, for skill in proportioning his language to the expectations of his hearers, for artistic delineations of war, and for poetic tributes to heroism, it would be hard to find the equal of Sir Frederick Leighton's series of speeches. In proposing "The Army and Navy," for instance, he said—"It is not a human foe alone who tests the mettle of a man; in the flames of an African sky, in the shifting furnace of the desert sands, and in the ambush of putrid waters, may lurk a foe more deadly than the foe who broke before our arms at Tel-al-Maschuta or Tel-el-Kebir;" or again, in praising Lord Alcester and Lord Wolseley,—"Of Lord Alcester, then, what may I say? That alike in the long-forbearing pause before the day of action, on that day when at last, from Pharos to Marabout, he poured on the long, low line of forts the simultaneous thunder of his fleet, and in the swift and sudden seizure of the waterway to Suez, those qualities of tact, celerity, resource, and resolution which have made the seamen of England famous were conspicuously shown in this brilliant English sailor. Of Lord Wolseley, I may venture to say that both in its conception and in its carrying-out, his masterly campaign in Egypt has set forth in fresh distinctness that happy blending of breadth of view with precision of knowledge and that wise balance of restraint and daring, which belong only to the strong, and through which he has risen to so wide a fame." Or take the art with which he introduced Lord Granville, abdicating almost dramatically, as it were, in his favour:—"Well knowing that he who precedes so great a master of happy words cannot too soon make way for him, I hasten to be silent." How swiftly he passed over the merits of the Lord Mayor, and how deftly he acknowledged the meridian fame of Professor Huxley and the rising sun of Mr. John Morley! But, like a true student of proportion, he reserved his most elaborate art for his reply to the toast of the evening, and especially for his delineation of the two great deceased artists who attracted so much attention in the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy. His picture of Linnell was almost blank verse:—"Him the tumult of white clouds delighted, and the blue riot of rolling hills, the red-ripe corn, and slopes brown and burnished, and the green forest's gloom. On his canvas the drowsy reaper nods beneath the sheaf, the shepherd pipes and watches, the new-felled timber strews the ground or strains the waggon's aching wheel." Of Rossetti, his portrait was hardly less ornate:—"A recluse, and yet a leader, so kindling and so contagious a fervour glowed within him, that to the intimate among his friends, who, now that he lies in death, live on in an afterglow of loving memory, it is scarcely yet given to gauge him and his work in the light of a dispassionate vision. To Rossetti's pencil, the outer inanimate world, unless, perhaps, it be the world of flowers, seemed to have little charm. But the contemplation of the soul's inner world, and of the storms and passions of the human heart and the workings of an imagination steeped in mysticism to the lips, these filled and absorbed him, and, be it in burning words or in burning colours, compelled expression on the canvas or on the written page." Well, all this shows, with a completeness which it would be difficult to surpass, that the President of the Royal Academy is as great a master of elaboration in speech as he is of elaboration in form and colour. But in the former Sir Frederick Leighton does not stand alone. Of the greatest poet and the greatest novelist of our generation,—Tennyson and George Eliot,—precisely the same might be said. Tennyson, with his own exquisite delicacy, has hinted to us how much it was his habit,—a habit he deprecated,—"to add and alter many times, till all be ripe and rotten;" and whatever else may be said of his poems, alike of the "Idylls of the King" and of the delicate little lyries of sweet and tender regret in which he most excels, it may safely be said that they have a perfect elaboration about them which is often in the highest sense satisfying where elaboration seems to be in keeping with the feeling of the poem, but which sometimes produces the effect of a superfine touch and of a drawing-room atmosphere, where it is not. With George Eliot this applies rather to her reflective and analytic moods, than to her masterly pictures of homely character; but in the former you often see elaboration carried to an exhaustive point, and sink under the artificial analysis, irony, or melancholy, till you feel almost as if you were under the receiver of an air-pump. And in the great writers on Art,—even in Mr. Ruskin, with all his genius,—you feel the same note predominant, the note of elaboration. As for Mr. Rossetti and the votaries of passion to whom Sir Frederick Leighton referred, one may fairly say that though there is no manner of doubt about the passion, there is also no manner of doubt about the artificially self-conscious manner in which the passion is expressed. And this is what we find so oppressive about the atmosphere which Art prefers,—Art in the sense of composition, as distinguished from the love of beauty,—that it has a tendency to exorcise nature, and to make all men's thoughts and actions cohere in a purpose which, whether it be good or evil, affects us as painfully stiff, and as thoroughly ill-suited to such a creature as man, in whom set purpose, however wise, is a very poor equivalent for the abounding nature of the earlier world.

It seems to us that, though it is very well to have an art in life, in the sense of setting before us great objects which we pursue earnestly, so far as we pursue definite objects at all, it is a serious mistake to suppose that the whole of life can or ought to be reduced within the bounds of these set limits and purposes. Indeed, the more completely a man succeeds in elaborating his whole life to suit set purposes, the more completely he is likely to prove that he has had no purpose really worth elaborating at all. Nor is this, in reality, a paradox. We do not, in the least, mean to make light of great lives in which one high object seems a sort of inspiration,—such lives as Arnold's, or Maurice's, or Newman's, or Livingstone's. But then these lives are not lives elaborated by art at all, they are all governed by those imperious

instincts or affections which are not elaborating, but rather inspiring agencies. The life elaborated by art is a totally different affair. Perhaps Goethe's is the most perfect type of it. In his life—especially after middle-age—almost every course of action was brought under the magnifyiug-glass of a self-conscious purpose, and worked-up into the most perfect and conscious keeping with those of his powers by which he set most store. We do not for a moment mean that Goethe, who was one of the greatest of the great, was an artificial talker or thinker. His mind was far too clear, far too keen, far too wide, for that. He was a poet by nature. And the thorough naturalism of his poetry was of the kind best suited to keep his mind free from anything partaking, however distantly, of affectation of thought. But in relation to the ordering of his life, he certainly brought what we may call the elaboration of self-culture into more prominence than any other teacher of our day, for he alone had the distinction requisite to give that elaboration a certain dignity.

"For he pursued a lonely round,
His eyes on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man,"

says one of his greatest admirers amongst ourselves,—not very truly, we think, for Goethe undoubtedly made man too much a God, and especially made too much of a God of Johann Wolfgang Goethe. But Goethe certainly initiated the praise of a kind of artificial elaboration of culture and life, which has grown more and more into vogue in our modern days, a plan of trying to bring the whole of human thought and action into a great, harmonious whole of self-conscious purpose, a plan which is, in our opinion, pretty sure to banish nature effectually, without substituting for it anything half as healthy or half as safe. The truth is, that over-elaborateness is by no means suited to a being a great part of whose best actions are in some measure instinctive,—due, that is, to the instinct of genius, or the instinct of morality, or the instinct of love. In all these directions alike, over-elaborateness spoils instead of improving. The efforts of the highest genius are not artistically arranged. Carlyle was right about that. The truest morality is not reasoned out to its very foundations, and is sure to exhale in the process, even if a George Eliot attempt it. The noblest love is not self-conscious, and the more self-conscious love becomes, the more it tends to rottenness, as Rossetti's poetry proves. Art is good in its way, but it is a small way; and the fear for our generation is that it is every day encroaching on the proper sphere of genius, of conscience, and of affection.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In his latest deliverance on the Church of England, after a historical retrospect of former evil deeds almost antiquarian in its character, and marked by the spirit and temper familiar to us all, Mr. Bright addresses himself to the immediate present, and from the aspect of the Church to-day selects two points for special condemnation, on neither of which, oddly enough, does the *Spectator* say a word, in its interesting comment on the speech in question. These two are,—first, the form of thanksgiving recommended by the Ecclesiastical authorities after our successes in Egypt; and, next, the hostile attitude of the Church toward the threatened invasion of the law of marriage.

Now, as to the first point. After dwelling with his own unrivalled power on the horrors, the unutterable miseries of war, and of that particular war, Mr. Bright proceeds to pour out his indignation,—on whom? On the authors or kindlers of the war? On the Liberal Ministry? No; on the Church of England, whose only connection with the whole thing was the usual (almost formal) suggestion of the acknowledgment of divine goodness in the successful termination of hostilities; and success was unspeakably better than failure, at any rate! To any one not blinded by party passion, the attitude of Mr. Bright is a strange thing to contemplate. He asserts—let this be noted well—that the war was *unnecessary*. If so, it was an unspeakably wicked thing. All who provoked it, stirred it up, kept it up—above all, Mr. Gladstone and the Government—are steeped to the lips in "bloodguiltiness," and deserve the execration of every true man. *But of all this, not a word.* Not one syllable of blame for the authors of the war; but censure, keen and bitter, for those whose only offence was that they thanked God when the war was over.

Of the only other count in the indictment (surely a strangely light one!) it is only necessary to say that the fact is simply as stated by Mr. Bright. The overwhelming majority of English Church people do most certainly view the threatened permission to marry two sisters with disgust and dismay. But at this point it is to the article in the *Spectator* that one turns with some surprise. Passing over this portion of Mr. Bright's speech, as I observed, *sub silentio*, what you say, in a general way, is this:—The "speech on the Establishment proves to demonstration . . . . . that the Church of England is not, and has never been, a reforming influence in the State." Do you mean this to apply to the instance specially selected by Mr. Bright,—that the proposed law on marriage is a reform, that the Church is wrong to resist it? *If not*—if, on the contrary, you share this feeling of repugnance and dread, if you feel that here, at least, the Church is wholly right—why not say so? But not only do you not say so, but the whole article is dreary and disappointing to a Churchman,—disappointing, on account of its cold tone and low level. For I venture to say that while all of us Anglicans agree in admiration of Mr. Bright's great gifts—and some of us sympathise with his political aims—yet not one of us cares one brass farthing for his opinions on the Church of England; whereas, we do care for the opinions of the *Spectator*.

With respect to the Conservative tendency which you attribute, and with reason, to the Church, this may be traced to one important cause, among others, on which, however, I do not venture to trouble you at present. But, in so far as this tendency is connected with its Episcopalian form of order and government, as you suggest, it may naturally be pleaded that a Church which is Episcopal must of necessity have Bishops.—I am, Sir, &c., H. J. V.

[Our view on the law against marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been often expressed. We believe that it is not a case in which the State ought to interfere, and that in many instances, especially among the poor, it does incalculable mischief by interfering. There is certainly no teaching of revelation on the subject, and this even the most candid of the opponents of the change admit. Whatever the more delicate social sentiments may suggest—and we have no doubt that natural and spontaneous feelings do exist which are averse to such marriages—the right rule is non-interference except on the plainest moral grounds, where so much serious evil is caused as is caused by the prohibition of such marriages. —Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE POLITICAL EFFECT OF DISESTABLISHMENT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your article on Mr. Bright's recent speech on Disestablishment, you express the opinion that "the Episcopal Church, even if it were disestablished to-morrow, would in both its sections—its High-Church as well as its Evangelical section—remain, on the whole, a distinctly Conservative force."

May I suggest that you have forgotten a very material fact, viz., that, even supposing your view to be correct, the political power of the Bishops and the Clergy must of necessity be diminished by the loss of their present privileged position and legal powers, to say nothing of pecuniary resources derived from public endowments? And, in addition, it must surely be the case that the desire to retain all these, supplies a powerful stimulus to political activity, which would be wanting after the Church had been disestablished.—I am, Sir, &c., J. C. W.

GEORGE ELIOT'S EXPRESSION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent's tribute to George Eliot's capacity of affection towards the individual is probably not exaggerated. Still, there was at times a something in her expression which, if it would not justify, might yet account for Miss Blind's description.

George Eliot's eye had usually a tranquil depth of garnered observation, but occasionally this positive expression passed away, and gave place to a look which could only be described as stony. This may have been no more than the retreat of the royal intellect within itself, and the severance, for the time, of its relations with the outer world. But I can well imagine that some who saw this look might have interpreted it to signify the

coldness of cruelty. Cold, marble-cold, it certainly was, and taken in conjunction with the weariness of the face, it might have made even an acute observer doubt whether there were not moments in which human life in the aggregate seemed to her so little worth the living, that she might hardly have cared to take any active part to secure its continuance. And in this quality of mind there is, perhaps, what might be called the passive element of what, in its more active form, men call cruelty.

Of this feeling, there are surely traces in her writings. As you yourself say, when she was most herself her style was laboured,—it became then the painful reflection of the deep-seated, moral weariness which lay at the bottom of her nature; and it was only when she threw herself into some fictitious character that she could rise on the wings of fancy into a lighter and more loveable style. Whoever holds as a fundamental truth that human life is little better than a vast waste-heap of blighted possibilities will, however tender he may be towards the objects of specialised affection, yet naturally fail in that keenness of love towards all living which is the only certain safeguard against the subtler forms of cruelty. No one, it is true, enforced more uniformly than George Eliot the truth of duty to the race; but that this was a part of her philosophy, rather than of her nature, her own private history would seem to prove. Beneath her philosophy lay a heart feminine when stirred to tenderness towards the individual, but hopeless, and therefore, in a way, merciless, towards the race. The atmosphere of her works is the leaden atmosphere of fate, in which human frailty meets no mercy, and human longing can find no hope.

Her countenance was certainly of the type we associate with Dante. And who can read the works of the great Florentine without recognising the fact that there was in him, too, a certain impassiveness towards human suffering? A tenderer genius would have shrunk back appalled from the hideous scenes of the "Inferno," and the light of his poetry would have grown dim with horror. But Dante bears it all, not, indeed, without a passing shudder, but still with an inexorable steadfastness of purpose which proves the hardness of his moral fibre. No pang is spared, no nicety of torture is prætermitted; the whole ghastly catalogue of woes is gone through, to the last iota. Nay, and this is most significant, it is here that Dante, as a poet, is at his highest.

Such natures are objective; and all objective natures are, if not cruel, at least inexorable. For they look at things from the outside; life in the aggregate is to them interesting rather than loveable; the throb of human hearts is a scientific phenomenon; pity is but a mode of waste of power,—in a word, they may be sweetly, tenderly human towards their chosen loved ones, but they are extra-human as regards the race. Of such sort were Dante, Goethe, and George Eliot.—I am, Sir, &c.,

50 *Terrace Royal, Nottingham.* A. Eubule-Evans.

"SLAY AND EAT."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

"He that drinks the heavenly cup
Loveth downward, and not up."—Emerson.

Sir,—Is it too late to say a few words on the Manichean interpretation which Mr. Footman puts on the command, which he calls divine, "Slay and eat"? If I accepted his interpretation, I should consider that I was imputing divinity, not to the Father, whom Jesus revealed to his followers by his own parental care of them, but rather to Moloch, or to "the crew of the 'Nancy' brig," or perhaps Antichrist would be a more appropriate title. For a being that fed on its children would be diametrically opposed to one who gave his life to sustain his children. Mr. Footman's grace before meat must be rather a stern and sad one if, when he sits down to carve a hare and to eat it, he says to himself, "That miserable object and its present visible fate is an emblem of me and my fate, which is to yield up my life, with the little stores it has accumulated, to enrich and nourish some higher life, that seeks not to draw it to itself by the cords of humanity, but to absorb it into itself." Both these religions, that of Christ and this of Antichrist, are based on the recognition of the fact that all living things stand in need of one another, and are irresistibly drawn towards a latent harmony, whose traction, acting on all living things, conscious or unconscious, like an unseen magnet, constitutes their living movement.

That traction which I have spoken of, which is incessantly compelling all living things (while they live) towards a closer interdependence, by making them hunger for one another, makes each living man a mere beast of prey towards plants, and towards those animals which have not as yet taken such hold on his sympathies that he would rather hunger than obey the voice that says slay and eat.

It seems to me that God reveals himself to us in his creative power, not in the voice of necessity, which seems to us to say, "Slay and eat." The divine voice, which we in our blindness thus interpret, really says, "Sustain life;" and all living things obey this command, sustain life according to their light. To a blind mollusc, nothing is alive; that is, it feels or sympathises with nothing but its own craving to cling to what yields it comfort. Every creature must be sensitive to its own wants and pains first, before it can sympathise with the pains and wants of others. The mollusc, and every creature in its earliest molluscous state, must be alive first only to itself; by-and-by, it becomes alive to its offspring, and lives in them; and this motherly love, though manifest first as a mere uterine affection, involves in it in embryo that charity which we are told, in the Epistle of St. John, that God is.

There is not a more insensate doctrine, or one more opposed to the *spirit* of Christianity, though it may seem here and there justified by the letter of it, than the duty of worshipping or deifying a being that either makes or tolerates evil. Plato, whom the world canonises as one of its greatest philosophers, I suppose, forbids us to identify what is necessary with what is admirable. Shakespeare says of life:—

"Thou art not noble,
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed on baseness."

Goethe says of Nature (meaning in that place living nature),—"I am not of opinion that Nature is beautiful in all her creations. Her intentions are always good, but the conditions of existence are not always either good or perfect."

Evil, it is true, may only seem to us so; but while it does seem to us so, it is our duty to fight against it. I grant that in Gloster's sense (*Henry V.*), "There is a soul of goodness in things evil;" but he did not mean to say that the French army, the evil he alluded to, was good to adore or to bow down to, but good to fight against. Modern infidelity owes what little moral strength it has to its being a reaction against the deification of necessary evils. Space only forbids my anticipating and answering ulterior difficulties.—I am, Sir, &c., G. D. Snow.

MONACO AND THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Permit me to say a word in defence of the Bishop of Gibraltar. He has not, as you suppose, refused to send, or sanction, a mission to call to repentance the gamblers and harlots of Monte Carlo. The promoters of an English Chaplaincy there have quite another object; and it is they, and not the Bishop, who hold that "the end" of the Church is to keep up an unreal "appearence of respectability." They say that vice is so well regulated at Monte Carlo that its decency is quite admirable. All their reasonings show that this outward decency is virtue enough for them; but for the sake of weak brethren, they desire that the vice should be made still more respectable, and so sanctioned, not denounced and attacked, by an English Church and Chaplain. They know, though you, Sir, doubt it, that there are plenty of our countrymen who will consent to ignore the vice with such sanction, but not without it. And then, what is at least one main object of the scheme, the price of land would go up, as in other parts of the Riviera, to a guinea a yard, or even double that. These promoters of English piety at Monte Carlo remind me of the mistress of the brothel who always had family prayers with her household.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Edward Strachey.

THE WORSHIP OF RANK.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In "The Chimes," by Charles Dickens, are the lines:—

"O let us love our occupations,
Bless the Squire and his relations;
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations!"

Have we not *here* the original, and is not Charles Dickens *the poet?*—I am, Sir, &c., Everard Green, F.S.A.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, May 10th.

POETRY.

SONNET.

When Philomel her evening psalm hath ceased,
Whilst raptured Echo sinks to sleep again,
And men return to consciousness of pain,—
On glow-worms doth she solitary feast.*
E'en so the Poet in his deepest breast
Seeks for that mystic light which, not in vain
Bestowed by Him whose wisdom, as his reign,
Is boundless, leads to everlasting rest;
And of this gift celestial weaves such charm
As penetrates the clouds of earthly night,
Stealing the souls of men from vain alarm,
And Heav'n discloses to their erring sight,—
Song born of light to light is turned at will,
For poetry is silent music still. C. M. F.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

SUGGESTED BY MR. ARNOLD'S POEM, 'THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.'

Sweet singer of the sandy dunes,
And oozy beaches glistening wet,
Lo, here, methinks, 'neath Southern moons,
Thy Merman lingers yet.

Outstretched above the gleaming waves,
He watches through the summer night,
Or stables in the sounding caves
His wild sea-horses white.

They foam amid the fretted rocks,
They toss and chafe and landward roar,
And shake beneath their thunderous shocks
The hollow, caverned shore.

For here an ampler moonlight steeps
A world of waters rolling white;
And here the racing billow leaps,
Sheer pausing on the height.

And hidden caverns, breathing deep,
Suck shuddering in the roaring wave;
Then out again the smoke-wreaths sweep,
And fountains spout and rave.

Will nothing win thee, Margaret!
And must thy Merman ever mourn;
Nor e'er his mortal love forget,
Of thy sweet eyes forlorn,—

Through many a hundred years of life,
In green, cool depths beneath the wave;
While thou may'st rest from mortal strife
Within thy quiet grave,—

Thy grave upon the windy hill,
Where all thy kinsfolk sleep, and where
From the grey kirk sound murmurs still
Of solemn-chaunted prayer?

Nay, choose, fair Margaret. Yonder yet
The foam-white horses plunging wait;
Sways the green surge—they champ and fret—
Ah, Margaret, come, though late!

Oh, listen, listen! "Choose, sweet wife,
Love, and thy children round thy knees;
In wide sea-halls a joyous life,
Untroubled centuries."

For surely yet in yon white town,
That strews its lights about the hill,
Somewhere she stands, and gazes down
Seaward, and weeps her fill;

And over moonlit wastes of sea,
And billowy ridges of the foam,
Merman, she looks and longs for thee,
For her dear babes, for home.

Her sad eyes pierce the purple dark,
And half enthralled by Ocean's spell,
She hurries o'er the threshold. Hark,
A silver-chiming bell!

From the grey kirk, where sleep the dead,
Swings out the solemn, midnight sound;
Shuddering, she sinks, and bows her head,
Her dim eyes sorrow-drowned.

She lists the ancient call to prayer,
She clasps the Book, she tells her beads,—
Turn, Merman, turn, in love's despair,
Thy wild, unwilling steeds.

They thunder in the echoing caves,
They toss their manes, they linger yet:
"Come down, come down, beneath the waves;
Return, love Margaret!" L. I. L.

* There is an old tradition that nightingales are supposed to feed on glow-worms.

ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

Many visitors to this Gallery will pause before Mr. Hale's "Venus and Psyche," and wonder at the artist's temerity in painting in so frankly unconventional a manner a subject of such difficulty, and perhaps danger. Our climate is a little uncertain, for Venuses; the freshness of Italian waters looks out of place in Bond Street. And in the chorus of critical reprobation which has been raised round this daring work, the virtuous, or fancied virtuous, feeling of its impropriety has been singularly manifest. Critics who stood without winking before the nude models whom Mr. Calderon and Mr. Van Haanen exhibit in this same gallery could find no words in which to describe their feelings at the sight of this Venus, who sits above the spectator, with a golden throne casting warm reflections upon her delicate limbs, revelling in the simple consciousness of power and beauty. It had not been worth while to mention this specimen of our critics' powers, were it not that it is rather hard upon the artist (Mr. Matthew Hale) that he should be condemned for what is really one of the merits of his work; harder still that he should be blamed for having sought beauty by its nearest and simplest road, on account of the suggestiveness of his critic's mind. The branding of an artist's work with the name of one of M. Zola's heroines, is a species of blame which is as immoral as the work from which it is drawn, and the insertion of such abuse is just one of those pieces of injustice which prevent artists from feeling any respect, or paying any regard to the critic's words.

Mr. Hale is a young English painter who has studied chiefly in France, under M. Carolus Duran, and has many of the merits and drawbacks of that painter. His work has all the lightness of touch, the ease, and the "chic" of the French school; it has also too much of the audacity, an audacity which verges upon insolence. In this picture he shows both his excellencies and his defects. He tells his story at once too plainly and too crudely, and he has carried his realism at once too far and not far enough. For instance, he has painted carefully the golden hue of the reflections from the throne upon the limbs of Venus, but he has left many details of Psyche's figure (the hair, for example) only just suggested. The result is, that the attention is drawn somewhat unduly to the painting of the nude figure, and that her nakedness somewhat overpowers the rest of the work.

We cannot spare more space to consider this painting, and have only dwelt upon it so long because it is well worthy of careful attention. We have not so many serious efforts at poetical and imaginative art, that we can afford to pass over such a brilliant attempt in that direction as this. Look, for another example of a picture which surrenders nothing to the popular favour, at Mr. George Wilson's "Arcadia" (219), a ring of dancers in a wooded landscape,—a picture, by the way, which merits a better place for its elaborate, delicate work, than that which the directors of the Gallery have been able to afford it. This is at the very opposite pole of Art to Mr. Hale's painting. It disdains method, as much as that artist cherishes it. So far from being done at once, it might fairly be described as never being done at all, for there is no reason why another year or two's work should not be added to that which has already been given. And if it is un-French in its minuteness, and its want of direct impression from Nature, it is no less so, in its aim at fullness of colouring, and in its Greek purity of spirit. In quality it has more resemblance to an old, classical fresco than to anything modern. Mr. Wilson's drawing has great merits and curious faults, but his power of colour is very great, and no less subtle

than it is powerful. Portions of the landscape in this composition are singularly beautiful in this respect,—beautiful, too, with a minute, varied intricacy of colour such as is very rare, akin, perhaps, in some ways to the best work of Samuel Palmer, the old water-colour painter who died a year ago.

If we take our reader from Mr. Wilson's "Arcadia," to Mr. Richmond's "Miss Netty Davis," it is only for the sake of another contrast. A young lady in brown velvet is lying in a dully-green landscape, with an open book by her side, and a big dog at her feet. The dog and the landscape are conventionally bad, and may be dismissed at once. The lady, however, deserves careful attention, not alone for her beauty, though the face is a very sweet type of English loveliness, but for the power with which she has been portrayed. The painting is very broadly and powerfully executed, and especially good in its relation of tone, and the composition is treated with certain qualities of style derived from the study of the later Italian painters. It is quite the finest piece of work which Mr. Richmond has done, but it is worthy of notice that the approach to Nature in one way of this artist, is no nearer than that (in another) of Mr. Burne Jones. The colour of the landscape and the girl's flesh herein, is as simply conventional as any type of figure or limb which our pre-Raphaelite artist gives us; and if any of our readers will take the trouble to look first at Mr. Wilson's background to his "Arcadia," and then compare Mr. Richmond's background to Miss Netty Davis, he will see the difference between natural and conventional colouring. Note, too, that, despite its largeness of design, the picture is a little affected in its simplicity,—the whole smacks of get-up. We suspect the stage and the foot-lights.

Mr. Macbeth's "Sheep-shearing" does not show him at his best. The subject is, after all, rather an unpleasant one. A man wiping, with a very realistic fervour the sweat from his forehead, forms the main motive of the picture, and the figures grouped round have little special interest. Nevertheless, it is a strong, clever piece of painting, and, as usual in Mr. Macbeth's work, the figures have a stalwart manliness and womanliness which is refreshing. Contrast, again, with this Mr. Henry Holiday's rendering of "Dante meeting Beatrice" (165). A large picture this, with a view of Florence and the Arno for background, and two or three impossibly anatomical women in the centre of the picture. The figures are well placed in the landscape and carefully painted, but their drawing is singularly bad. The lower limbs of Beatrice are out of all proportion to her body, whilst the absurdity of showing the modelling of the form, as if it were nude, under a thick, red-velvet (or is it cloth?) robe, need hardly be insisted upon. Mr. Holiday means well, and his picture deserves praise for its seriousness of aim—but for little else. Underneath this hangs what is, after Mr. Millais' "Duchess of Westminster" and Burne Jones's "Little Boy," the best portrait work in the exhibition,—Mr. John Collier's triptych of his wife and her sisters. All three of these portraits are only of head and shoulders, painted against a creamy-white background. All are good, well drawn and carefully painted, and very lifelike. Indeed, with no great powers of design, and little appreciation of colour, Mr. Collier is at once the most thorough, and in his way the most skilful, of our young portrait-painters. He is, too, as faithful as a photograph. Those who care to see the painter himself, to study an artist "at home," will do well to look at Mrs. Collier's portrait, entitled, "An Artist at his Work," a picture which, though chiefly delectable to the family circle, is almost absurdly true to its original. The artist has a palette-knife in his hand, and a brush in his mouth, and an expression of "I'm going to have you now, with this lump of paint!" which is irresistibly comic and life-like. We acquit Mrs. Collier of all intention to burlesque her husband, but the result almost verges thereupon. Mr. Burne Jones has, in what is known as the East Gallery, a composition of six figures seated in a row upon a kind of dais, against a mountain background, and entitled, "The Hours." The object of the picture is not very clear, and we notice the work mainly to point out how, from working in the cold, almost monochromatic style of his later pictures, this artist is losing his hold upon real power of colour. The mass of the critics have noted this picture for its splendour of colouring; had they said for its *attempted* splendour, they would have been right. In truth, the picture aims at the old, gorgeous key, and fails utterly. Examine these women's robes from one end of the picture to the other, and you will not find a single piece of really fine colour, though the rainbow might be said to be well represented. The first robe is a bad blue,—a hard, crude blue, with a tinge of purple in its composition. The crimson next to it has undertones of purple in its shadows, and is poor in its lighter portions—the green is without brilliancy or quality. The reddish-orange and the light buff robes are simply negative, and the grey, which concludes the series, is an absolute and most objectionable lilac. Now, consider that this artist, up to four years ago, was the greatest colourist in England, perhaps in the world, and the pitiable result remains of neglecting a great artistic power which one possesses, in order to cultivate an alien quality.

HARRY QUILTER.

BOOKS.

ITALIAN BYWAYS.*

MR. SYMONDS's candle is set upon a candlestick, and his light shines before men, so that it invites a closer criticism than would the brilliance of less confessed masters of prose, while the praise we should award to a new writer of his power is superfluous. But in closing his last volume, we feel that we are given a halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack, while we are reminded in every page how admirable is the provender offered to us. His own excellent words in one of these essays supply the text for our observations, at least in part:—

"The logical criticism of art demands that we should not only estimate the technical skill of artists and their faculty for presenting beauty to the æsthetic sense, but that we also ask ourselves what portion of the human spirit he (the artist) has chosen to invest with form, and how he has conceived his subject."

Though the slightest of his hitherto published prose works, this volume shows at once the extent and the limit of the author's power as it has not yet been shown. It proves him a suggestive critic, a keen-witted but near-sighted student of Italian annals, dwelling too lingeringly on their seamy side, and listening chiefly to the obscenities and the blasphemies which were the wild reply, as of fallen angels, to the serene sanctities of mediæval Italy. Admirable is his sketch of Webster's heroine, the "White Devil," Vittoria Accoramboni. The English playwright had, like Mr. Symonds,—

"Gazed long and earnestly into the mirror held up by Italy—that enchantress of the nations. Aghast and fascinated by the sins he saw there flaunting in the light of day—sins on whose pernicious glamour Ascham Greene and Howell have insisted with impressive vehemence — Webster discerned in them the stuff he needed for philosophy and art. Withdrawing from that contemplation, he was like a spirit 'loosed out of Hell to speak of horrors.'"

But the author of *Italian Byways* can hardly claim to give his readers, as he says Webster does, "the moral impression made by the condition of Italy on a northern imagination," rather he treats the revolting stories of Vittoria and of Lorenzino de' Medici, the "cinque-cento Brutus," as subjects for somewhat dilettante art, likely to interest certain curiosities of our society, and for which he can paint as background, landscapes ostentatiously pagan in sentiment. His is hardly Webster's spirit, when he reiterates examples of crime, selecting with deliberation the *fleurs du mal* whereof to weave his garland of beautiful phrases. We do not trace in his work the moral revolt of a "northern imagination," though of revolt there is enough. The last sonnet of his latest book of poems is, indeed, in praise of Prometheus. The last sentence in *Italian Byways* winds up a dream of the Titan with the sentence, "'This is Prometheus,' I whisper to myself, 'and I am alone on Caucasus.'" Yet Mr. Symonds frequently, though unconsciously, reminds us how little he has to do with the agony of Prometheus; rather does he sit as high as he may on Parnassus to be worshipped, determined that we should observe the sunshine on his brow.

In dealing with the *mémoires pour servir* of Italian personages, Mr. Symonds excels all contemporary artists. His literary appreciations are precious, but he is less agreeable when he condescends to personal narrative. His experiences of gondolier society and Davos amusements are disappointing, but it is when he mounts his Pegasus, and goes forth in ostentatious search of the picturesque and the romantic in landscape, that he is least admirable. What he sees is wonderful, but what he fails to see is yet more wonderful. His former works prepare us for much "invincible ignorance" of the better aspects of Italian

* *Italian Byways.* By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1883.

history, but we feel a certain shock of surprise that in the very presence of Monte Cassino, St. Benedict's home, he should say :—

"Monasteries are almost invariably disappointing, to one who goes in search of what gives virtue and solidity to human life, and even Monte Cassino was no exception. . . . . The atmosphere of operose indolence, prolonged through centuries and centuries, stifles ; nor can antiquity and influence impose upon a mind which resents mookery itself as an essential evil."

Yet, that Mr. Symonds feels that his judgment is narrow, we observe, when, immediately after, he exclaims :—

"I longed for the spirit of Montalembert. I longed for what is called historical imagiuation, for the indiscriminate voracity of those men to whom world-famous sites are in themselves soul-stirring."

When, however, it is a question of gorgeous crime gorgeously housed and of the iridescence of corruption, Mr. Symonds shows no lack of the "historical imagination." Can it be that, great as is his sympathy with beautiful form, his criticism of spiritual phenomena, the mediæval monastic life, for instauce, is narrowed by that besetting modern envy described by Théophile Gautier as essentially bourgeois, which decries all splendour not our own, and all judgment that is not "private"? The thoughts that for most men are suggested by many an Italian shrine are as distasteful to Mr. Symonds as to a Puritan would be the Venus of the Louvre, aud it would be as wise to take a Puritan's aecount of the treasures of the Belvedere, as Mr. Symonds's opinion of Benedict or Francis, Philip Neri, or Carlo Borromeo, and the world they created alongside of the world he vividly portrays. Meantime, he is an unsurpassed guide in the palace of Urbino, and to follow him in Umbria, and by the Adriatic and Tyrrhene sea, is to feel somewhat of the Italian spell. Quite lovely passages of rhythmic prose translate adeqnately the emotions which arise in presence of almost any wide prospect of the Circean land, as, for instance, when he writes of the view from Monte Pulciano :—

"The charm of this view is composed of so many different elements, so subtly blent, appealing to so many separate sensibilities, the senso of grandeur, the sense of space, the sense of natural beauty, and the sense of human pathos, that deep internal faculty we call historic sense, that it cannot be defined. First comes the immense surrounding space,—a space measured in each arc of the circumference by sections of at least fifty miles, limited by points of exquisitely picturesque beauty, including distant, cloud-like mountain ranges, and crystals of sky-blue Apennines, circumscribing landscapes of refined loveliness in detail, always varied, always marked by objects of peculiar interest where the eye or memory may linger. Next in importance to this immensity of space, so powerfully affecting the imagination by its mere extent, and by the breadth of atmosphere attuning all varieties of form and colour to one harmony beneath illimitable heaven, may be reckoned the episodes of rivers, lakes, hills, cities, with old historic names."

We have not space to give his brilliant catalogue of the towns and castles he saw from thence, but our readers will recognise the beauty of what we have quoted, and in it there is not that excessive luxuriance aud almost confusion of colour which are not infrequent in Mr. Symonds's descriptions of landscape. We feel that to many it will seem a literary heresy to question the perfection of his style, but no man may dash his palette full of colours into his reader's face with too impetuous a disregard to the due limitations of prose. By so doing, Mr. Symonds disturbs our enjoyment of his work, and he provokes us to compare his descriptions with those, let us say, by Mr. Ruskin. He obliges us to say that brandish his brushes as he may, strike what Olympian attitude he chooses, he fails when he should not fail to affect us. In this book, at least, his dainty essays appeal to an artificial taste. Critic, but not creator, he does not rouse our sympathy, and we remain unimpressed, as we measure his efforts to remain at the highest level of style. To rank with the monarchs of the pen needs larger knowledge of a healthier humanity than is apparent in *Italian Byways*.

Though to compare prose with poetry is scarcely fair, we imagiue that Mr. Symonds would not shrink from comparison with Wordsworth or Shelley, and even Byron ; if we did so compare him, we should note a difference amply justifying severer criticism than ours. We could but regret the airs of superior information which he assumes as he goes to and fro on the spiritual battlefields of Italy, and announces himself as the mouthpiece of the pseudo-Pagan Renascence, which has just now a certain vogue. We are fascinated by his historical narratives, but when he would gain our friendliness by his records of travel, he should attach us to him by some touch of nature which should make us feel akin, before he startles us by such rhythmic confidences as "we rested well in large, hard beds, with dry, rough sheets," an innocent sentence, but to which is given a touch of bathos by its immediately following the description of a sunset which was "a conflagration of celestial rose upon the saddest purples and cavernous recesses of intensest azure." We do not follow him with any sympathy when, at a table d'hôte, he tells us that he "felt as though he had got into the cabin of the 'Flying Dutchman,' and that all these people had been sitting there at meat a hundred years, through storm and shine, for ever driving onwards over immense waves in an enchanted calm." We cannot think the description of a Duke of Urbino happily expressed :—"He drew a second consort from the convent, and raised up seed unto his line by forethought, but beheld his princeling face untimely in the bloom of boyhood." Granting the admiration many feel for Mr. Symonds, we hardly think that for the public he should pose as Dante when he begins a chapter of his travels :—"About three in the morning which divides the month of May into two equal parts, I woke and saw the waning moon right opposite my window, stayed in her descent upon the slope of Epomeo."

Shade of Puff, are we to approve such sentences as, "When it was over, he shrugged his shoulders, wrote his magnificent apology with a style of adamant upon a plate of steel?" Are we to think of a boatman as an "animate splendour," and rise with the author into rapture about another, who had been "drinking and eating from a dish of fried fish set upon the coarse, white, linen cloth." "Here for me, at least, the mythopoem of the Lagoons was humanised ; the spirit of the salt-water lakes had appeared to me ; the final touch of life emergent from nature had been given. I was satisfied, for I had seen a poem." It is scarcely necessary to observe that Mr. Symonds has little, if any, sense of humour ; and to read travels by an eloquent writer without that gift is disappointing, but still his literary instinct might have suggested that only when the reader's emotions are deeply stirred, and hardly even then, could he accept such phrases as the "road plunges at a break-neck pace," or "careering in our sledges down perpendicular snow-fields." We might not have cared to point out the exaggerations which mar that artistic perfection of which Mr. Symonds writes so well, but for the prevalent tendency to admire mannerisms and affectations as such. We are glad to turn from his less good work, and quote an excellent answer to the vexed question of what Art is and should be, when he analyses Cherubino's part at the Scala Theatre, and explains why that pretty page is "the dear, glad angel of the May of love, the nightingale of orient emotion." We entirely agree with and admire the passage with which we conclude :—

"When we think of the really great statues, pictures, poems, music of the world, we find that these are really great because of something more,—and that more is their theme, their presentation of a noble portion of the human soul. Artists and art-students may be satisfied with perfect specimens of a craftsman's skill, independent of his theme, but the mass of men will not be satisfied ; and it is as wrong to suppose that art exists for artists and art-students as to talk of art for art's sake. Art exists for humanity. Art transmutes thought and feeling into terms of beautiful form. Art is great and lasting in proportion as it appeals to the human consciousness at large, presenting to it portions of itself in adequate and lovely form."

Mr. Symonds here supplies a canon of taste whereby to judge his *Italian Byways*.

TWO GOOD NOVELS.*

We bracket these two novels, because in both there is the same peculiarity. Each must be judged as an intellectual effort, by its author's treatment of a single character. Mr. Trollope's first posthumous novel—we believe there are others to come—differs from the ruck of his novels only in this, that he has endeavoured to use a very singular character as his *deus ex machina*. "Mr. Scarborough's Family" and their friends are for the most part very ordinary people, less carefully described than was Mr. Trollope's wont ; and their adventures, though readable, are described at too great length. Mountjoy Scarborough is a fierce, sullen officer, who thinks a great deal of himself, has a lunatic passion for gambling, and to pay his gambling debts has parted with his reversion to his father's estate, worth £20,000 a year, to the Jews. His brother Augustus is a cool, keen barrister, remarkable mainly for selfishness, which he parades in a way no real personage would do. There is the regular young lady of Mr. Trollope's stories, with little to distinguish her from Lily Dale, except that she is fortunate. There is a hero who knocks a man down, and does very little else. There is a weak,

* *Mr. Scarborough's Family*. By Anthony Trollope. London : Chatto and Windus. 1883.
No New Thing. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. 1883.

but conscientious lawyer, Mr. Grey, with an elderly daughter, also conscientious, but very strong, who is perhaps the best painted figure in the book. And there is Mr. Scarborough, the *deus ex machina*, who is, so far as our reading extends, absolutely original. He is a very old man, very rich, but stricken with some terrible internal complaint, for which repeated operations are indispensable. He meets them and all other troubles with that perfect courage which cares nothing for death and very little for pain, and indeed with a nearly complete disregard of self, which is insisted on throughout the book as his grand characteristic. The old man, however, is no Christian, quite the reverse. He has at heart a profound contempt for all authority; admires lying, if it is only skilful; doubts the value of marriage, is little annoyed by any conduct not the evidence of cruel character, and hates mere human laws till it is a delight to him to break them. Finding that his eldest son has sold his reversion, he coolly sets himself to cheat the Jews of their gains; declares his eldest son illegitimate, proves that he was born before the marriage ceremony, and helps his second son, now the heir, to pay off the Jews with the bare money that they had advanced. This done, he finds that the second son is a selfish scoundrel who desires his death, while the elder, though haughty and violent, is furious at the slur thrown upon his mother. Old Mr. Scarborough thinks him, after all, the finer character of the two, and though aware that the passion for play is incurable in him, turns round on the second son, brings forward a certificate of an earlier marriage ceremony, leaves everything to the elder, tells the younger in a burst of hatred of his revenge, and so dies, in Mr. Trollope's opinion, evidently rather a fine character:—

"He had contrived in spite of his great faults to create a respect in the minds of those around him which is itself a great element of love. But there was something in his manner which told of love for others. He was one who could hate to distraction, and on whom no bonds of blood would operate to mitigate his hatred. He would persevere to injure with a terrible persistency. But yet in every phase of his life he had been actuated by love for others. He had never been selfish, thinking always of others rather than of himself. Supremely indifferent he had been to the opinion of the world around him, but he had never run counter to his own conscience. For the conventionalities of the law he entertained a supreme contempt, but he did wish so to arrange matters with which he was himself concerned as to do what justice demanded. Whether he succeeded in the last year of his life the reader may judge. But certainly the three persons who were assembled around his death-bed did respect him, and had been made to love him by what he had done."

The secret of his life was that, despising entails, he had from the first determined to do as he liked with his property, and had persuaded his wife to go through two wedding ceremonials, in order that by producing either certificate, and deceiving everybody, he might divide his fortune between his sons as he would. The sale to the Jews deranged his plans, but he immediately robbed them of all but the cash they had advanced, and went his own wilful way.

We cannot say we think such a character possible. With Mr. Trollope's view of its merits we are not just now concerned, but we cannot think it possible. That an unselfish man might plot against the law of entail, and blind himself to the fact that he was thieving, is, of course, possible, and the robbery of the Jews would to many minds seem no robbery at all; but that an unselfish man with a strong capacity of love in his heart should plot through life for such an end, intending from the first to traduce his wife, merely to have the satisfaction of breaking a law he despised, should then, when he had traduced her, upset his own work, and should finally leave everything to go at Monte Carlo, as it actually does go, is incredible. We have to believe that a man without the most ordinary human feelings is yet hungry for love, that a man persistent enough to plot villainy for thirty years gave up his plot the moment it turned out badly, that a man entirely cynical and defiant was yet guided in his acts mainly by a keen appreciation of the relative goodness of two very bad men, and that, finally, a man always indignant at cruelty, was when provoked, utterly cruel and unforgiving. That is impossible. The description is in parts fine, you catch the impression of a powerful Voltairian personality; but Mr. Trollope had not thought-out his new character fully, and Mr. Scarborough is, therefore, from first to last a mere bundle of discordant qualities, which are hidden a little by the writer's art, but are always there, and always affecting the story in some unexpected way. The portrait, on which the novel depends, though, of course, there is plenty of amusing writing, must be pronounced a failure.

Mr. Norris, on the other hand, has succeeded. His story, *No New Thing*, is a very curious one. We have great difficulty in doubting that he has studied life for artistic purposes in novels, instead of reality, and has amused himself by taking Dobbin and Amelia from *Vanity Fair*; Mr. Bennett, with alterations, from *Pride and Prejudice*; and Tito, from *Romola*, and placing them in new situations and among new people. At all events, Mrs. Stanniforth is Amelia, in prosperous circumstances; Colonel Kenyon is Dobbin, unchanged; and Philip Marescalchi is Tito, in modern dress and English scenery. He has even his Tessa, a pastry-cook's daughter, whom he marries. Nevertheless, though it is impossible to resist this thought, Mr. Norris's work is not to be despised. Tried by the test we have applied to Mr. Trollope, he has succeeded. He has written a good novel, as novels go, with some life-like description in it and much entertaining dialogue, and one or two life-like side characters—witness Mr. Brune, a good-natured Mr. Bennett, who would not discredit Miss Austen—and among them all he has placed Tito—Philip Marescalchi—and so guided him that the reader, even if he has absorbed *Romola*, feels no sense of failure in the portrait. It is difficult work, too. Philip Marescalchi is an Anglo-Italian lad, adopted by Mrs. Stanniforth, the young and wealthy widow whom we think copied from Amelia Osborne. She educates him, sends him to Cambridge, finds him over-liberal allowances, and loves and trusts him all through with a motherly love which is wonderfully described, though all through he calls her Meg, and treats her as an elder sister. Philip repays all this by becoming the pleasantest of mankind, and a singer of second-rate force; by neglect, lying, gambling, and plunder; by marrying secretly a pastry-cook's daughter, a Tessa whose English vulgarity in her loveableness is a stroke of genius; by trying to oust his foster-mother from her property; by publicly marrying, after Tessa's death, a fat, old prima-donna with money; and finally, by refusing to visit his patroness, when he knows that she is dying. A most detestable brute? Certainly, judged by any code; but, nevertheless, Margaret Stanniforth loves him all through, and you like her the better for it; his friends do not desert him, and the reader feels for him in his strong contempt an admixture of pity and of liking. The man is throughout visible as he is, not a brute, not a complete villain, not a coward, and incapable of visible cruelty; an artist lost in a gentle, self-pitying, "sweet" kind of selfishness. He loves to the end the pastry-cook's daughter, whose death he feels a relief. To the end, the being he cares most about is the foster-mother whom he has so ill-treated, whom he refuses to visit on her death-bed, and who dies moaning for him, and excusing his hopeless selfishness. He never is ruffianly or sordid, does not trick Tessa, does not conceal any fault, and has a certain ultimate truthfulness always in him, which makes his inward nature worse, but his outward nature better. We knew Philip once, intimately, and he was just like that. So sound is the art with which he is portrayed, that the reader feels all through that the man is not villain, that he is in some way the victim of his nature, a nature artistic and amiable, but incurably selfish and shallow, and that were circumstances but favourable, Philip would be as nearly a pleasant gentleman as an incurable habit of lying when convenient will allow. He never once, unless it be in refusing to visit his foster-mother's death-bed, does or says anything in the least exaggerated or unexpected. His naughtiness is economised, till the spectator half thinks it does not exist, and that he is forming an uncharitable judgment on a man very hard bested. This is the sort of way in which the man who will not perform any one duty, if it goes in the least against the grain, meets a direct insult. Colonel Kenyon has told him he is robbing his protectress:—

"'Colonel Kenyon,' said Philip, in a rather graver tone, 'you have always had the worst possible opinion of me, and you are heartily welcome to it. Pray believe that your opinion is a matter of the most absolute indifference to me. More than once you have taken upon yourself to interfere in my affairs in a helter-skelter, blundering sort of way, and I haven't complained. It is your nature to be like that, I suppose, and I don't quarrel with you for it, any more than one quarrels with dogs for delighting to bark and bite. Perhaps, however, it would be pushing forbearance too far to allow oneself to be called a wholesale robber; and therefore I must respectfully invite you to retract that expression.'—Hugh was stroking his moustache with lean, brown fingers, which trembled a little. At this direct throwing-down of the gauntlet his eyes glistened. 'I won't retract a single word that I have said,' he replied, shortly.—'You won't?' returned Philip, deliberately swinging his legs off the sofa, and assuming a sitting posture, while he looked his visitor straight in the eyes. 'You won't retract the expression? Then we must proceed to extremities, I'm afraid. I thought perhaps you might have insulted

me without quite meaning it, for your temper seems to have got rather out of hand; but, since you choose to stick to your words, I can only ask you to give me your address, so that I may send a friend to call upon you to-morrow.'—'You young jackanapes!' called out Hugh, 'do you suppose I am going to fight a duel with you? I'll see you hanged first!'—Philip raised his eyebrows. 'You won't fight, and you won't retract? I suppose you know what is generally said of a man who acts in that way?'—'I'll tell you what,' said Hugh, getting up; 'I won't fight a duel, because it's ridiculous, and nobody ever does fight duels in this country; but if you would like to call me a coward, you had better do it—and I'll give you such a hammering, that you won't do it again for a year.'—Philip did not take advantage of this handsome offer. He looked at his angry antagonist for a minute with a certain amused curiosity, and then burst out laughing. 'What a ludicrous position we have got into!' he exclaimed. 'We both look rather foolish; but, vanity apart, I must say I think you look the more foolish of the two. My height is five foot nine; yours, I suppose, is about six foot two or three; and in weight and length of reach there is probably an even greater disproportion between us. Therefore I see nothing to be ashamed of in acknowledging that, if it came to a regular ding-dong tussel between us, you could thrash me. But I think it is just possible that there may be something to be ashamed of in insulting a man whom you know you can thrash, and declining to meet him upon equal terms."

Redeeming touches like that are endless, till at the end the reader half feels that the fat prima-donna—who, by the way, is a good creature—is almost penalty sufficient. Mr. Norris has the art of analysing character in a high degree, and, after all, that is the novelist's first need. *No New Thing* is full of very human people, of whom only one is certainly a caricature. Mrs. Winnington's hardness, and imperiousness, and scheming greediness are overdone, as in the final scene between her and Mr. Brune the author has recollected, but most of the personages are natural throughout. A little more incident, to relieve a certain tediousness, would be acceptable, and we could bear a little more compression as to time, though in this matter Mr. Norris can plead Thackeray's example, but there is unmistakeable capacity in his work. He has given us a striking story, and left a strong impression that he will do still better, perhaps even rise into the ranks of the very few who can satirise without rendering the object of their satire unloveable. The greatest danger in his way is Thackeray's, the unreadiness to believe that nice women can have sense. Mrs. Stanniforth is feeble, Nellie Brune is a fool in crises, the pastry-cook's daughter is a fool always till she dies, and Edith is a fool whenever her mother is about. Women are not all like that, and Mr. Norris's impartiality in making most of his good men, Kenyon, Walter, Tom Stanniforth, and the rest, as weak as the women, in a different way, does not redeem the blunder.

PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S WORDSWORTH. VOLUME III.*

Our appreciation of Professor Knight's edition of Wordsworth grows with every volume. Indeed, when completed, it will be an edition which the student of Wordsworth would not exchange for all the others put together. In familiarising himself with this third volume, the present writer has found himself not indeed actually *reconciled* to the poet's baldest lines—for no lover of Wordsworth can help regretting the violent and obtrusive flaws in that great imagination, where Wordsworth's poetry declines not merely into prose, but into prose of the flattest kind—but in some degree helped to understand how it was that Wordsworth could ever have been unconscious of those clumsy deformities of speech to which he sometimes seems positively to invite attention, even at the very opening of a poem. In this volume, for instance, we find the stanzas addressed to "Mr. Wilkinson's spade," commencing, "Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands," an absurd invocation, which has probably repelled as many readers from Wordsworth and his poetry as ever were repelled from Mr. F. W. Newman's *Iliad* by such lines as (if we recall it rightly) "Autolycus held up the meat, divine Ulysses sliced it." To break at once on the reader of a poem with the vocative case of 'spade,' and then describe the spade so addressed merely as one that belonged to a gentleman of the name of Wilkinson, is indeed to indulge in one of those familiarities with the reader which we can hardly distinguish from a practical joke. It is something of the nature of a burlesque to invoke a spade at all, and still more to invoke it simply on the ground that it has been used by Wilkinson, the reader knowing nothing of Wilkinson but his name. But one almost forgives Wordsworth his clumsy burst of invocation, when one has read what Professor Knight here tells us of the Wilkinson in question, and realises that it was because Wordsworth already knew the man, and knew him to be invested with these simple and touching and manly qualities, that this invocation never suggested to him that effectual wet blanket for a kindling imagination which it has represented to so many of his readers:—

"Thomas Wilkinson of Yanwath, the friend of Wordsworth and the subject of these verses, deserves more than a passing note.

He was a man
Whom no one could have passed without remark.

One of the old race of Cumbrian statesmen—men who owned, and themselves cultivated, small bits of land (see note on *Michael* and *The Brothers* in appendix to Volume II.)—he was Wordsworth's senior by nineteen years, and lived on a patrimonial farm of about forty acres, on the banks of the Emont,—the stream which, flowing out of Ullswater, divides Cumberland from Westmoreland. He was a Friend, and used to travel great distances to attend religious conferences, or to engage in philanthropic work,—on one occasion, riding on his pony from Yanwath to London, to the Yearly Meeting of the Friends; and, on another walking the 300 miles to town, in eight days, for the same purpose. A simple, genuine nature; serene, refined, hospitable, naïve, and humourous withal; a quaint, original man, with a true eye for Nature, a keen relish for rural life (especially for gardening), and a happy knack of characterisation, whether he undertook descriptions of scenery in the course of his travels, or narrated the incidents which befell him in the way. This is how he writes of his farm, and his work upon it:—'We have at length some traces of spring (6th April, 1784); the primrose under the hedge begins to open her modest flower, the buds begin to swell, and the birds to build; yet we have still a wide horizon, the mountain tops resign not their snows. The happiest season of the year with me is now commencing—I mean that in which I am at the plough; my horses pace slowly on before, the larks sing above my head, and the furrow falls at my side, and the face of Nature and my own mind seem to wear a sweet and cheerful tranquillity.' The following extract shows the interest which he took in the very implements of his industry, and may serve as an illustration of Wordsworth's stanzas on his 'spade.' 'Eighth month, 16th, 1789. Yesterday I parted without regret from an old acquaintance—I set by my scythe for this year. I have often this season seen the dark blue mountains before the sun, and his rising embroider them with gold. I have had many a good sleep in the shade among fragrant grass and refreshing breezes, and though closely engaged in what may be thought heavy work, I was sensible of the enjoyments of life with uninterrupted health.' In the closing years of the last century, when the spirit of patriotic ardour was so thoroughly roused in England by the restlessness of France and the ambition of Napoleon, he lived on at his pastoral farm, 'busy with his husbandry.' In London, he made the acquaintance of Edmund Burke; and Thomas Clarkson, the philanthropist,—whose labours for the abolition of the slave-trade are matter of history,—became his intimate friend, and was a frequent visitor at Yanwath. Clarkson afterwards bought an estate near to Wilkinson's home, on the shores of Ullswater, where he built a house, and named it Eusemere, and there the Wordsworths were not infrequent guests. (See note to *The Daffodils*, p. 7 of this volume.) Wordsworth stayed at Yanwath for two days in 1806. The '*Tours to the British Mountains, with the Descriptive Poems of Lowther and Emont Vale*' (London, 1824), have been referred to in the note to *The Solitary Reaper*, one of the poems in the 'Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803' (see Vol. II., p. 347). It is an interesting volume—the prose much superior to the verse—and might be reprinted with advantage. Wilkinson was urged repeatedly to publish his 'Tour Through the Highlands,' but he always declined, and it was printed at last without his knowledge, by some one to whom he had lent his MS. [Wilkinson's relations to Wordsworth are alluded to in the note to *The Solitary Reaper*. He is occasionally referred to in Miss Wordsworth's Grasmere Journal of January and March, 1802, *e.g.*:—'Monday, March 12th.—The ground covered with snow. Walked to T. Wilkinson's, and sent for letters. The woman brought me one from Wm. and Mary. It was a sharp, windy night. Thomas Wilkinson came with me to Barton, and questioned me like a catechiser all the way. Every question was like the snapping of a little thread about my heart. I was so full of thought of my half-read letter and other things.' The following are extracts from letters of Wilkinson to Miss Mary Leadbeater of Ballintore:—'Yanwath, 15. 2. 1801.—I had lately a young Poet seeing me that sprang originally from the next village. He has left the College, turned his back on all preferment, and settled down contentedly among our Lakes, with his Sister and his Muse. He . . . . . writes in what he conceives to be the language of Nature, in opposition to the finery of our present poetry. He has published two volumes of Poems, mostly of the same character. His name is William Wordsworth.' In a letter, dated 29. 1. 1809, the following occurs:—'Thou hast wished to have W. Wordsworth's Lines on my Spade, which I shall transcribe thee. I had promised Lord Lonsdale to take him to Lowther, when he came to see me, but when we arrived he was gone to shoot moor-game with Judge Sutton. William and I then returned, and wrought together at a walk I was then forming, which gave birth to his Verses.'"

This account of Mr. Wilkinson does not in any degree atone for the much more than flat opening to what are, on the whole, exceedingly flat stanzas, but it does help one to understand how Wordsworth may have invested his friend with an atmosphere of individuality and simplicity which disguised from himself how little he had succeeded in telling the public what he too easily took for granted that the public would infer from his own

* *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.* Edited by William Knight, LL.D. Vol. III. Edinburgh: William Paterson.

halting lines. So, again, when we know that his sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, suggested the following lines, we can in some degree pardon Wordsworth for supposing that they would convey to the outer world what was clearly in his own mind, though it certainly never got into the verses :—

"LOUISA,
AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.
Comp. 1805. Pub. 1807.

I met Louisa in the shade,
And, having seen that lovely Maid,
Why should I fear to say
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May ?

She loves her fire, her cottage home ;
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak ;
And, when against the wind she strains,
Oh ! might I kiss the mountain rains
That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine 'beneath the moon,'
If I with her but half a noon
May sit beneath the walls
Of some old cave or mossy nook,
When up she winds along the brook
To hunt the waterfalls."

Dorothy Wordsworth was so much to her brother, was, indeed, so indissolubly associated with all the poetry that was deepest and truest in him, that he probably hardly knew how much of his own intense feeling for her he had introduced into his verse, and how much of it remained quite unexpressed in his own breast. The deadly-lively stanza which opens the verses just quoted would suggest nothing in the world to an ordinary reader except the query, "Why, indeed, should you fear to say it? but that is no reason at all why you should not fear to publish so very pert a verse as that;" and though the two next verses rise to something better, they do not succeed in extinguishing the unpleasant impression of the opening verse. But, knowing, as we now know, all that Dorothy Wordsworth was to her brother, we cannot doubt that what he wrote concerning her was to his mind invested with a specially glorifying atmosphere of feeling, even when he did not succeed in sufficiently steeping his own words in that atmosphere of feeling, and therefore failed to impress his thought on the mind of the reader.

And that reminds us how much the value of this volume is increased by its extracts from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal, a journal full of the essential poetry which breathed in the noblest of her brother's verse. We know few poems of his which are more perfect and more buoyant with genuine poetical delight than "The Daffodils," but even the poem on "The Daffodils" grows in beauty and value, when we have this marvellously lovely description by his sister of the scene which suggested it :—

"The following is from Miss Wordsworth's Journal, under date, Thursday, April 15th, 1802. It is a specimen of the general character of that Journal. 'It was a threatening, misty morning, but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusmere. Mr. Clarkson went a short way with us, but turned back. The wind was furious, and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large Boat House, then under a furze bush opposite Mr. Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The lake was rough. There was a boat by itself, floating in the middle of the bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns black and green; the birches here and there greenish, but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the twigs. . . . . A few primroses by the roadside—wood-sorrel flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry-yellow flower which Mrs. C. calls pilewort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more, and yet more; and, at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake. They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again. The bays were stormy, and we heard the waves at different distances, and in the middle of the water, like the sea. . . . . '"

But it is not in extracts from Miss Wordsworth's Journal only that this edition is so rich,—though it would be impossible to exaggerate the value of these illustrative extracts. Everything we want is here. For example "The Waggoner,"—one of Wordsworth's most delightful poems, and as Sara Coleridge well said, one touched off with a lightness and spirit which Wordsworth very rarely attained,—was dedicated to Charles Lamb, and the dedication acknowledged in one of Lamb's most charming letters, which, of course, one wants to read at the time one reads the poem, and not to have to hunt up in Talfourd's *Memoir*. Professor Knight appends it for us. Again, when Wordsworth lost his brother,—the captain of an Indiaman,—by shipwreck, Mary Lamb wrote to Miss Wordsworth to express her tender sympathy, and the beautiful letter, with its simple and touching verses, is quoted by Professor Knight in an appendix to the poems which Wordsworth wrote on the occasion of his brother's death. And so it is all through. Whatever one needs to illustrate the poems is found either in Miss Fenwick's notes, or in the editor's, or in the appendix.

"The Prelude" gains less in proportion by Professor Knight's notes than the minor poems, and for a very good reason, that Professor Knight reserves for the volume of biography what he has to say on this great autobiographical poem. To that volume, —the sixth and last, we believe, of the series,—we shall look forward with the most vivid interest. It will, we hope, form the fitting crown of a work of great and lasting value, a work in which the individuality of a great poet is made to illustrate his poems in a manner more complete, than any in which it has ever been the good-fortune of a previous critic to illustrate the poems of the author to whose works he had devoted himself.

MR. JOHN SKELTON'S NEW ESSAYS.*

To readers with a delicate literary palate, anything from the pen of Mr. John Skelton, better known to all of us as "Shirley," is of the nature of a *bonne-bouche*. It would be difficult to analyse the charm of Mr. Skelton's work, but it is doubtless largely due to the fact that he never writes upon any subject until his emotions have been stirred by it, and the stirring of emotion is in him one with the awakening of the imagination. He muses till the fire burns, then he speaks with his tongue, and such speech cannot but be attractive at a time when nearly all the literature of the class to which these papers belong comes so obviously "from the teeth outward," as Carlyle so pertinaciously put it. Imaginative criticism is not merely critical, but constructive; and in many of these papers we do not simply get a new "view" of this or that historical or literary figure, or merely see the familiar form posed in a way which gives it an unfamiliar expression; the portrait itself is new, it is a fresh conception, which demands to be judged not by the judicial reason, but by the judicial imagination of which it is the outcome. Let us take, by way of example, the most elaborate and, in some respects, the most important paper in this volume, "The Speech for the Queen," as Mr. Skelton has entitled his defence of Mary Stuart :—

"Mary was not a person likely to come under the sway of a violent and absorbing passion. Her whole nature was masculine in its moderation, its firmness, its magnanimity. She was tolerant, uncapricious, capable of carrying out a purpose steadily, yet with tact and policy. She was never hysterical, never fanciful. With her, love was not an engrossing occupation; on the contrary, to Mary, as to most men, it was but the child and plaything of unfrequent leisure. . . . . She admitted Rizzio to a close intimacy. Rizzio was her intellectual mate, the depository of her State secrets, her politic guide and confidant; but the very notoriety of her intercourse with him showed how innocent and unsexual it was in its nature,—the frank companionship of friendly statesmen. . . . . Her marriage with Darnley was not exclusively a love-match; it was a marriage to which her judgment, as well as her heart, consented. Her love-letters abound in pretty trifles, her business letters are clear, strong, rapid, brilliantly direct. . . . . A love-sick girl, when her castle in the air was shattered, might have come to hate Darnley with a feverish feminine hatred; but the sedate and politic intelligence of the Queen could only have been incidentally affected by such considerations. She knew that, even at the worst, Darnley was a useful ally, and the motives which induced her to marry him must have restrained her from putting him forcibly away. . . . . Bothwell, again, was in her estimation a loyal retainer, a trusted adviser of the Crown, but he was nothing more. . . . . He had been recommended to her acceptance by the unanimous voice of the aristocracy, Protestant and Catholic. As the honest Craig observed, 'The best part of the realm did approve it, either by flattery or by their silence.' On a woman of ardent sentimentality these considerations would have had little effect; they were exactly the considerations which would appeal to Mary's masculine common-sense."

In these sentences we see what it is in Mr. Skelton's method which makes it so fresh and attractive, and yet now and then so tantalising also. Such questions as whether Mary signed the Catholic League, whether she

* *Essays in History and Biography, including the Defence of Mary Stuart.* By John Skelton. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

were privy to the murder of Darnley, whether she really had a passion for Bothwell, so long as they are argued out along the old lines, have now little interest, save for historical specialists; but a novel reading of Mary's character changes the value of every piece of evidence, and every question becomes practically new. Of course, we have not space to discuss the credibility of Mr. Skelton's portrait; we only wish to draw attention to the way in which his imaginative revolt against tradition—a revolt which is certainly not merely whimsical—gives another lease of life to a controversy which had all but died of inanition. There is the same freshness, the same imaginative integrity, in Mr. Skelton's portraits of Claverhouse, of Dryden, of "the great Lord Bolingbroke," of Charles Fox, as we see him in the essay entitled, "From Chatham to Canning," and of Lord Beaconsfield, whose character and career seem to have for Mr. Skelton a peculiar fascination. He can build up a character from a hint, from a saying, from an anecdote, in the same way that Professor Owen can build up an extinct animal from a tooth or a fragment of bone. Just as Burke formed his opinions like a fanatic and defended them like a philosopher, so Mr. Skelton constructs an image with his creative imagination, and then vindicates its *vraisemblance* with the foot-rule and compasses of fact and inference.

From the arc he completes the circle; and perhaps the one defect of his portraiture is that it is rather too rounded, too symmetrical, more symmetrical, at any rate, than real men and women are wont to be,—that there is in it a too obvious lack of the inconsistent things, the incongruous things, the incredible things, as we should call them were they not there, which make life varied and interesting. Still, in spite of some defects in the method, Mr. Skelton has his successes. We may agree or disagree with his estimate of Bolingbroke, but we feel how realisable it is; and we feel, too—a feeling which counts for much—that the writer is striving to be true, rather than to be effective. It is, again, much easier to believe in Mr. Skelton's Dryden than in Lord Macaulay's, if only for the reason that the former is more like a human being than the latter; and whatever be doubtful about Dryden, one thing is certain,—that he was a man. Even the essay on Disraeli is, on the whole, one of the most satisfactory things that has been written about the deceased Tory leader, and it probably is so because Mr. Skelton really felt for his hero that affection which alone enables one man fully to understand another; but it would have been more satisfactory still if the eulogist had kept his instinct for symmetry a little more in check. Mr. Skelton is angry with Disraeli's other biographers and critics, because they have adopted a tone of apology:—

"We have apologies for his early Radicalism; we have apologies for his conduct to Sir Robert Peel; we have apologies for his economical heresies; we have apologies for his Reform Bill; we have apologies for his foreign policy. *That* is the tone, for instance, which his eulogist in the leading journal adopts. If all these apologies were necessary, it is difficult to understand what is meant by the universal sorrow and sympathy that have been expressed, not only in England, but over Europe. Treated in this way, the character of Disraeli loses its picturesque identity; any credible likeness of the man in his habit as he lived becomes impossible,—what we get is a mere *caput mortuum*. I believe (and I have enjoyed some rather unusual facilities for forming an opinion) that there is, throughout that remarkable career, from the point of view of the man himself, *an essential consistency*."

There is, of course, a sense in which we may say of any career that it exhibits an essential consistency, meaning that there must be some kind of harmony among all the diverse manifestations of any single nature; but when we accuse a man of inconsistency, we mean that his action at one part of his life and his action at another part of his life have no recognisable common ground other than self-interest, and stand in visible antagonism to each other. To deny to Disraeli's career this kind of inconsistency would be childish; and indeed his peculiar greatness seems to us to lie in the skill with which he improvised his life, calmly considering each situation on its merits, and making the very most of it on his own behalf. He did not, indeed, care to repeat himself, he had a passion for surprises, and the fantastic vindications of his consistency in which he sometimes indulged were simply meant to keep his followers together, at times when their bewilderment imperilled their fidelity. Still, though we think Mr. Skelton is at fault in making for Disraeli a claim which Disraeli would never seriously have made for himself, his estimate, as a whole, seems to us full of insight, and may be specially commended to the perusal of militant Liberals who are wont to appraise the Conservative statesman in a somewhat too rough-and-ready manner. Here, for example, is something which is true and worth remembering, though likely enough to be forgotten:—

"It is to be noted that while he was moved by the jeers and taunts of his foes, he was always able to resist—what is far more difficult to resist—the reproaches of his friends. He had to 'educate' his party up to his own level, and full-grown men do not take their education easily. There can be no doubt, for instance, that a large majority of the Tory squires shared the opinion of Mr. Gladstone,—that Jefferson Davis had created a people. But Mr. Disraeli remained incredulous; he had no belief in the creative force of anarchy; the unity of America was an idea that appealed directly to his imagination; and, when the secret history of these years is written, it will be found that his firmness mainly contributed to the preservation of friendly relations with our kinsmen across the sea."

Mr. Skelton makes a curious blunder, however, in his explanation of the reason why Mr. Disraeli kept on the right side. Mr. Disraeli's imagination was not in the least possessed by the idea of the unity of America. He expressed his belief, in a most effective speech, that the continent of North America was undergoing the process of being broken up into competing States like those of Europe, though he declined to commit his Party to either side in the conflict.

Of the twenty-four essays in this volume, we have mentioned only a few, and those few, with one exception, all belong to the historical section; but the literary papers, particularly those on Blake, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë, are delightful reading. There is nothing "intense" or "subtle" about them, but still less is there any trace of self-sufficient Philistinism. They are full of a refined and sublimated common-sense, with a fine graciousness of touch which testifies to a warm heart and a quick imagination. The essay on Macaulay seems to us one of the truest things ever written of a great writer who, at one time the object of ridiculous and unmeasured praise, has of late had to run the gauntlet of rather inconsiderate and reckless censure. We will only say of Sir Noel Paton's head of Mary, Queen of Scots, which forms the frontispiece, that it is very characteristic, very beautiful, but utterly ridiculous as a portrait of the Mary of Mr. Skelton.

ITALIAN ART IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.*

This is a valuable book, but it is not one adapted to the general reader, for the style is dry and wanting in charm; and besides, he would probably find it rather bewildering reading, from the mere fact that the plan of the work does not allow of much detail or elaboration of subject. Dr. Richter does not write for the general reader, he specially addresses the art student; and it is from this point of view that the book must be considered. His object is to give a history of the Italian schools as illustrated by the pictures in the National Gallery, and he combines therewith a rapid sketch of the rise and fall of Italian art. The Florentine pictures of the fifteenth, the Umbrian school of the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, and the Venetian school of about the same period, are those best represented in our National collection. There is, perhaps, out of Italy, no picture gallery which affords equal facilities for becoming acquainted with the development of these particular schools. There are also excellent examples of the Ferrarese, the Veronese, and Milanese schools. The development of Italian painting, from its first efforts to free itself from the Byzantine tradition to the glories of the Renaissance, can be studied here as a whole, as well as or better than in any other collection on this side of the Alps; but whoever wishes to obtain a thorough knowledge of any local Italian school can only do that in Italy, as most of the greatest works were executed in wall paintings, and still remain on the spot:—

"There is, however, in the national collection, a small number of pictures which, to a certain extent, enable us to trace the great connection between some painters in the particularities of their styles. To these we shall have to pay particular attention, because they are the only evidences here at hand of the organic and, at the same time, spontaneous continuity so characteristic of artists of the classic Italian schools."

Dr. Richter has adopted what he calls the modern scientific, or so-called experimental method in criticism, in contradistinction to that which was chiefly founded on subjective and artistic predilection. He considers it almost presumptuous on the part of writers on art to take on themselves to teach their contemporaries, as well as coming generations, what styles and kinds of pictures they should consider beautiful, and what they should like and dislike. Therefore, he does not allow any other basis

* *Italian Art in the National Gallery.* By Jean Paul Richter, Ph.D. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1883.

on which to discuss advantageously the questions concerning artistic productions, except a thorough investigation of the works of art themselves. Naturally, the first question to be decided is their genuineness, and in order to be able to decide this, careful investigations of the individual style of every master must be made, "and we have to take into account not only his general conception and the tone and harmony of colours used by him, but also his rendering of details, and especially the manner in which he represents single parts of the human figure."

There is no doubt about it that fashion, terrible fashion, does influence even the appreciation of pictures, and it is, moreover, a most difficult point to decide exactly how far we each and all take our tone from it. Indeed, it is almost impossible to judge exactly how far we are acted on by any influence. Therefore, a question may be raised as to how much unqualified good the art student gains by a close study of the painters we indiscriminately class together as the "old Italian masters," both those painters before Raphael and those of the Renaissance with whom the strong, passionate feeling for nature, according to modern views, holds so little place. Though perhaps not *unqualified* good, we cannot but hold the opinion that in the hurry and rush of modern life, where people seem only to ask for amusement and excitement, a close and reverential study of those "old masters" must raise the tone of the artist and lead him to true feeling and noble thought, and so lift him beyond the trivial aims and small ambitions of modern painting, where the love of mere technical skill seems now to reign paramount. No fashion can ever rob these Italian masters of the exalted place they have held for generations, through their glorious colour, and more especially through their grandeur of sentiment and elevated feeling.

Dr. Richter's book will probably lead the student to further studies, and will form an admirable nucleus round which he will be able to collect ever more and more knowledge of the Italian schools, whenever opportunity offers. It is full and comprehensive, and gives us, as clearly as is possible in such a condensed form, the various complicated ramifications of the different schools. The casual observer would, perhaps, be surprised at the interest in the whole progress of Art which is created in the mind of the student by tracing the influence which one painter has on another. For instance, not many will have given probably more than a cursory attention to the two large altar-pieces by Piero della Francesca, in room thirteen, for they are not particularly attractive to the untrained eye. But when led by Mr. Richter to recognise in them the influence of an earlier painter, Uccelli, they assume an individuality which instantly clothes them with interest. First, we are introduced to Uccelli as the first representative of the scientific and realistic tendencies in painting, and in his pictures, as well as in his private life, he appears to have been the regular professor. Vasari, in his life of him, explains that, his efforts being chiefly directed to the problems of perspective, his style was in consequence "of a dry and angular hardness, which is a very common result of too close a consideration of minute points." We do not see, however, much proof of Uccelli's love of perspective and foreshortening in his picture in the Gallery. His most ardent follower was Piero della Francesca, who studied at Florence, but neither tradition nor documents tell us the name of his master. In the years 1439 and 1440 he worked with Domenico Veneziano, and this statement has led to the belief that he was Piero's master in painting. Dr. Richter, however, shows us that a totally different conclusion is to be drawn from a study of the above-mentioned altar-pieces:—

"It was the Commendatore Giovanni Morelli, the celebrated connoisseur, who first pointed out the striking affinity of style between the landscapes of Piero's pictures and those of Paolo Uccelli. It is therefore very probable that Piero was a pupil not of Domenico Veneziano, but of Uccelli. The peculiar construction of these landscapes, with steep mountains of an uncommon type, is more remarkable, because they are the starting-point of all the later achievements in realistic landscape painting. The background of the picture No. 665, representing the baptism of Christ in the River Jordan, is especially instructive in this respect. The tops of the mountains appear reflected on the surface of the river in the foreground. In the middle distance there is an extensive valley, with a foreshortened view of a street leading to a fortified town. The landscape in the second altar-piece, No. 908, representing the Nativity of our Lord, is not less rich in combination of picturesque details. The painting is said to be unfinished, but the assertion is probably an error. Even minute details, such as the pearls on the robes of the Virgin, have been worked out with an accuracy which excites astonishment. One of the two shepherds, standing on the right side and seen in front, appears to have no pupils to his eyes, and this strange fact might account for the theory of the unfinished state of the picture. On the other hand, it seems to me to have suffered very much from repainting in all the flesh parts. The drawing of the features of the singing angels is entirely out of proportion. So are the toes and some of the hands,—faults which are common with picture-restorers. It would be certainly unjust to impute such errors to the hand of so gifted and conscientious a painter as Piero. The restorer has, I believe, forgotten to paint in the pupils of the shepherd's eyes, after having destroyed them by the cleaning of the original picture. Generally, the most tenderly and carefully executed parts of a picture—namely, the flesh parts—suffer most under the hands of picture-cleaners. A fully convincing evidence of this regrettable fact is Piero's picture No. 665, where the destroyed parts have not been subjected to restoration. Two portraits of ladies in the same room are said to be by Piero. . . . . No. 758 was ascribed by Commendatore Morelli to Uccelli, and the reasons which he brings forth for this can easily be verified by comparison with the above described picture by that master; the treatment of the hair recalls that of one of the portraits in the battle picture, while Piero used to represent curls in a thin and thread-like shape. The ornament on the left sleeve of the lady also reminds one of the decoration on the standard of Uccelli's picture."

The history of the Florentine painters is treated at greater length than any others. After showing the inadequacy with which the early Siena and Florentine Schools are represented in the Gallery, and after touching on the different aims of those early artists, Dr. Richter enters more fully into the characteristics of their successors. In examples of these the collection is very rich. He classes these painters in a way which may seem arbitrary to some, but which cannot fail to be instructive. He gives a chapter to each class, and works out the differences and resemblances in an interesting and useful way. There is a chapter on the early realistic painters of the Florentine school, another on the artists of the Florentine quattrocento following dramatic tendencies, and, again, on those of plastic tendencies. The next chapter is on Florentine colourists of the cinqueceuto, then one on Michel Angelo, and, finally, on the decadence of Florentine art. There are but few pictures of the Umbrian school in the national collection, but they are, fortunately, by the most prominent of their painters. There is little of moment to be learnt about the early painters of this school, whereas there is much detail and discussion to interest every one in the account of later painters, and in those of Ferrara. There are magnificent works of both the Paduan and Veronese schools. In the chapter on the Venetian quattrocento colourists, the question of the introduction of oil painting into Italy is discussed, and Vasari's testimony on the subject is questioned. There is a chapter on the cinqueceuto Venetian painters, another on the schools of Brescia and Cremona, one on that of Milan, and a final dissertation on the decay of the Italian school of painting. Here, however, it must be confessed that any difficulty there may be in the subject has been avoided by the easy remedy of ignoring it.

Where the value of the book as a whole is so great, it is perhaps ungrateful to carp at want of style; but still, where one meets occasionally with such an awkwardly constructed sentence that one remains in doubt as to Dr. Richter's meaning, it cannot be passed quite without notice. For instance:—"The charm of naïveté which Lippi succeeds so well in impressing on the features of his saints is always confounded with a worldly expression, and this romantic poetry places his representations of sacred subjects beyond the realm of pure religious art." Is "confounded" here a Germanism? We suppose he means that Lippi's saints have an expression of romantic, poetical, worldly love on their faces. Of the photographs which illustrate the book, it is impossible to speak with too high praise. They are simply beautiful, and thoroughly well chosen to illustrate this history of painters. There are also numerous wood engravings and etchings, which are fairly well done, but which naturally appear only inadequate representations by the side of the "heliographs." They are of use, however, in helping us to call to mind the different pictures. In conclusion, we must add that for those who do not wish to make an extensive study of the subject, Dr. Richter's *Italian Art in the National Gallery* will serve admirably as a guide and book of reference, pointing out what is best worth considering, and leading us, perhaps unconsciously, to a more intimate acquaintance with the pictures than can be readily gained by the usual superficial way of "doing" a picture gallery. The book will be found the more valuable now that the late Mr. Wornum's catalogue is out of print, for the present one is condensed away into truly pitiable, scanty proportions.

HERALDS OF THE CROSS.*

Miss Arnold-Forster has done a greater work than she is probably at all aware; the words she has prefixed to her description of

* *Heralds of the Cross.* By F. E. Arnold-Forster. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.

Captain Allan Gardiner's work might not inaptly be applied to her own: "I was given a seed to plant, and when most I loved it, I was bidden to bury it in the ground; and I buried it, not knowing I was sowing." The results of much patient and evidently much loved labour are buried in the modest volume before us, but we are very much mistaken if they do not take new shape and life in the hearts and lives of hundreds of readers. "Exeter Hall is dead,"—granted; but that for which Exeter Hall under a thousand distorted forms strove, the manifestation of the power of a living Christ, lives still. There is a passing fashion to believe that it is wise and well to smile contemptuously at the very name of "Missionary work," the words to many minds suggest only the shibboleth of a narrow creed, or still narrower culture. There could scarcely be a greater mistake. After many years of careful observation on this very point, the present writer unhesitatingly believes that a child *intelligently* interested in the work going on in the great spheres of Missionary labour has a broader foundation for further knowledge to grow upon than (we had almost said) in any other form of education whatever. To take one or two points only, a child so interested is at least removed from that main difficulty in the way of all true mental growth, the absorption of the mind in "the miserable aims which end with self,"—an absorption which may be quite as complete at one end of life as at the other. Then it is an enormous gain to know, with a knowledge not barren, but pregnant with thoughts which must bear fruit in action, the geographical insignificance of this island of ours, to early realise that the European civilisation is but one of the civilisations of earth, that the Maker of this little world must have some designs other than those we daily grasp when He made every third man a Chinaman; these and co-relative facts widen the mental horizon. To understand that everywhere the intuitive conscience of mankind is one, while yet the individual never rises above his ideal, to find, to put it briefly, that one touch not of nature, but of Christ, doth make the whole world kin, goes far to kill insular prejudices, and merge them in a wider brotherhood, a more extended citizenship; and these results, we contend, are the legitimate outcome of the insight afforded by a careful study of the work of Christianisation going on in all parts of the globe. "But does it go on?" "A handful of men here and there, perhaps, out of a whole empire, and these little or nothing the better," is the constant observation of those who simply do not know. And it is just here we think that Miss Arnold-Forster may find she has accomplished a good deal. Her work has all the strength and all the charm of great simplicity and most careful accuracy, and while written professedly for children, her narrative will, we do not doubt, be read by hundreds of others in whose hearts it will awaken, in many cases perhaps reawaken, a keen interest. But her subject is a wide one, and our limited space will only allow us to glance at one or two of the main features of it. The writer lays no claim to originality, she has collected the facts she narrates from all available reliable sources of information, has studied very carefully that remarkable little atlas issued by the Church Missionary Society (an atlas we commend to the attention of the readers of the volume before us), and for her own part has simply the gift, not a universal one, for telling her story well. Whether taking her young readers to the heart of Africa, to the cities of India, or to the islands of the Pacific, they will at least while listening find themselves there, and be the wiser for their visit.

Few of us read unmoved the news of the death of Colcridge Patteson, the martyr-bishop of Melanesia; but the story of his life, as Miss Arnold-Forster tells it in these pages, may send more than one Patteson into the same field. It is difficult by any extracts to give an idea of the true nature of the work going on in the islands in which he laboured. The narrative needs to be read as a whole; and so is it also when passing from this subject to the wide fields of China or Japan, of Africa or India. The story of Buddha has a chapter to itself, and is graphically told, so that the mind even of a young, intelligent child might grasp at least some of its meaning, while all its beauty and all its sadness are but another call to show to the people a more excellent way. We should, perhaps, differ from the writer as to her exact estimate of the influence of Buddhism in the world, but that is a question in philosophy upon which we are not called to enter. The possible future of the millions to whom Buddhism is now a faith, when the despair which is its very root shall have given place to a living hope, is fairly indicated. The way in which natural cowardice disappears under the influence of a living faith, comes out very strongly in the history of some of these millions when first convinced of the truth of Christianity.

But perhaps we cannot better indicate the lines on which the whole narrative is laid than by following it in one direction to which public attention has recently been so specially drawn. We mean the case of Madagascar. Even while we write, the latest news of Madagascar lies under our eye in the *Times* newspaper; and we find Mr. Peill, in a paper read before the Society of Arts, detailing the rapid, "almost precocious," social development of the Malagasy people. Compulsory education prevails in the island, we read, and "the conversion of the Malagasy to Christianity—a religion adopted by them with much sincerity and intelligence—has unquestionably struck the death-blow to the institution of slavery, while the further construction of roads and the opening up the material resources of the country are matters which would more speedily be taken in hand, if the ruling race were better assured as to their immunity from foreign invasion." So writes Mr. Peill; and yet in the early part of this century, less than seventy years ago, the first Christian missionary visited this island, "the third largest in the world, four times the size of England," and found it full of fierce idolators. For ten years the Christian missionaries found a welcome in the island, then King Radama died, and Ranavalona, one of the worst queens who ever lived, succeeded him, and a time of persecution ensued, and the Missionaries had to leave the country; but first they had succeeded in translating the Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress* into Malagasy, copies were circulated in secret from family to family, and when after a reign of thirty-five years Ranavalona at last died, and the country was once more open to the Christian foreigner, "the Christians, so far from having become fewer in number during the persecutions, were found to be twenty times more numerous when the Missionaries came back to the island than they were when their first teachers were driven out." And to these people, as to so many others, Christianity means a higher national as well as individual life, the promise of the life that now is as well as that which is to come.

To turn to another spot, Miss Arnold-Forster leaves Sierra Leone out of her history, *because* its advanced Christian condition has made it already so well known, yet we imagine not many of her readers will be aware that the Bishop of Sierra Leone "oversees" a field of labour extending over 1,560 miles of sea-board, with an almost limitless and densely populated area beyond. Little more than sixty years ago, Sierra Leone was a heathen land. The census of 1881 registers in the colony 35,400 souls as liberated Africans and their descendants; there are 60,546 souls in the colony, of whom nearly forty thousand are Christians. In Lagos, the same work is beginning to manifest important results; but it is useless to multiply instances; the whole subject is one which demands the most careful study and attention. Miss Arnold-Forster has given us in her little book abundant evidence of the value of the work that is being carried on, so quietly that the non-observant take no heed of it, but which carries with it a vital force, which is slowly, but surely, influencing whole peoples.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MAGAZINES. — *Good Words.*—This month's instalment of Mr. Besant's tale is most amusing. The French Professor's reflections when he comes into a fortune, and the "valedictory oration" which, by permission of the schoolmistress, he delivers to his pupils, make excellent fun. Among other good papers, which fully maintain the high standard of the magazine, we may mention "The Green Corn," one of Mr. R. Jefferies' instructive articles on rural things; the second part of an account of the Paris workmen, "The Ouvrier at Work," by Mr. R. Heath; a sermon on "Progress and Poverty," by the Rev. C. W. Stubbs (the sermon was preached before the University of Oxford, now, perhaps, the most appreciative audience in England of advanced social teaching, as, fifty years ago, it was the most hostile); and "The Central-Asian Desert," by Professor Arminius Vambery. Mr. Frederick Lansbridge, who is winning his way steadily to a place among the poets of the day, contributes a ballad, "Sent Back by the Angels," which, however, seems to us scarcely one of his happiest efforts.——*Aunt Judy's Magazine* continues to show the same sympathetic appreciation of what children really like, that has won for it so much favour in the past. "Convalescence," the quaint piece with which the number begins, is something that all little invalids should have read to them. The romantic history of Cervantes furnishes the subject of an in-

teresting article, and there is a good natural-history paper on "Fish Out of Water," with curious details of the peculiarities which enable some species to live and even to move out of their natural element. ——*Forestry* (Rider and Son) gives us the first number of a new series, edited by Mr. Francis George Heath, a gentleman who has done excellent service in many ways to English trees and woods. The practical and the æsthetic aspects of the subject are both dealt with, and that, as far as we can judge, in a satisfactory way. Nor is general agriculture neglected. Mr. D. Sym Scott, for instance, writes on "The Stall-feeding of Cattle," giving his opinion strongly against roots as a winter food. If turnips could be banished, how all eaters of butter would rejoice! There is a notice of the reafforestation scheme in Ireland. We wish the magazine in its new form all success. ——*The Theatre.* Edited by Clement Scott. (David Bogue.)—The first article in this number, "Talma, and the Dramatic Art," would be better, if it told us a little more of its subject. Some sketch of Talma's books would have been interesting to many readers. There is a sympathetic notice of the last performance of "Caste;" criticism of the principal dramatic performances of the month, and a variety of notes on kindred matters, make up an interesting number. The two photographs, Miss Eastlake and Mr. Forbes Robertson, are good. The poetry, of which there are three specimens, seems to be above the average of magazine verse.

The Bantoffs of Cherryton. By Arthur Kean. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—This book states on its title-page that it is a story without a villain or a crime. That is perfectly true; and if it had added also that it is destitute of any study of character, of human nature, of plot, or anything worth reading, it would have defined itself still more accurately. Its people act, speak, and think as no living men and women would be likely to do; its moralisings are sometimes of the common-place cynical and sometimes of the gushingly sentimental order; its English is not always correct; its so-called high-class gentlemen and ladies appear ignorant of the ordinary usages of society,—as, *e.g.*, when one of them introduces a peer's son to a lady with the words, "Permit me to present to you Lieutenant the Honourable Horace Varleigh;" and it is decidedly dull. Unwilling to give a needlessly harsh judgment, we have sought carefully to discern some redeeming point that might counterbalance the manifold faults and silinesses of the work, but the search was to no purpose. Perhaps the chief sign of grace about the book is that its author has, at all events, sufficient good-sense to wish to hide her identity under a feigned name, for we think there can be no question as to the female sex of "Arthur Kean."

The Parthenon Frieze, and other Essays. By Thomas Davidson. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Davidson's first essay is one of real importance. He seeks to show that the subject of the Parthenon Frieze is not, as is now commonly supposed, the Panathenaic procession, but a "Panhellenic thanksgiving sacrifice,"—a conception of Pericles, never actually realised. The great Athenian proposed, somewhere about the middle of the fifth century B.C., a convention at Athens, "for the restoration of the temples burnt down by the Barbarians, for the performance of the sacrifices which the Greeks owed to the Gods, in fulfilment of the vows which they had made when entering into conflict with the Barbarians; and, finally, for the preservation of the security of the sea and universal peace." So Plutarch tells us. His real object, so at least Sparta thought, was the union of all Hellas under the hegemony of Athens; and the Dorian States held back. Mr. Davidson sees in the two processions of the frieze—and it seems clear that there is more than one—the representatives of the Ionian and Dorian cities respectively, each coming to pay honour to its own group of gods. We give no opinion on the merits of the theory, but must say that it is persuasively set forth. The second essay deals with "The Group of Gods on the Base of the Olympian Zeus," the third with "The Pelasgic Wall of Athens." The object of the fourth is, as far as we can make it out, to bring the "Œdipus Tyrannus" out of the region of heroic life into that of every-day humanity. Mr. Davidson would have us see in the three principal characters of the drama "a weak, sentimental, well-meaning despot, a prosaic, strong-minded, robust woman, and a Jesuitical churchwarden." It is not a happy effort of criticism, or a pleasing specimen of style. What in the world does the writer mean by "the half-squeezed, spongy realism" of Euripides?

A School Course of Heat. By W. Larden, M.A. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This treatise combines, within moderate limits, an elementary text-book for beginners, with lessons for advanced classes. Equal attention is paid to the experimental and to the theoretical aspects of the subject. The illustrations are freely introduced, and if not new, are for the most part appropriate. Here and there we may meet with statements which are not quite in accord with the latest experimental results (as in the sections on "absorption," pp. 257, *et seq.*) Again, we may object to the usage and definition of such terms as "force" and "weight" (pp. 270 and 271), but the book will, we think, supply the want of a suitable class-book on the subject of Heat for our public schools.

The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860. By C. D. Yonge, M.A. (Marcus Ward and Co.)—Professor Yonge's compilation is to be welcomed rather on account of the importance of the subject and the need of some such work, than on account of any addition it makes to our knowledge, or of any valuable judgments it contains on constitutional history. He has been diligent in consulting authorities, he is temperate in statement, cautious in conclusions, and devoid of literary merit. The result is that the book is unattractive to beginners and disappointing to students. It would, however, be unfair not to acknowledge that he has included within moderate compass an amount of information not easily obtainable elsewhere, and that his book forms a convenient work of reference for those interested in this study. A familiarity with the constitutional history of the period between 1760 and 1860 is most necessary for modern politicians, but the means of acquiring it are not so obvious. Within the last ten years there has been a great change in the attitude of the English people towards politics. Whether this is due to education, or to the democratic tendency of modern thought, or to both these factors, are questions weighty and interesting, which cannot be incidentally discussed. We have only to deal with the fact that at the present moment political matters are debated more earnestly and more hotly than at any other period since the Reform Bill of 1832, and for this reason it is desirable that the new social stratum should be permeated (in the old sense) by some knowledge of constitutional theory and practice. Hence we are inclined to receive Mr. Yonge's book indulgently, and even to express a hope that it should appear in a more popular form, so that it might reach the real power in the electorate, and so influence their aims and their methods. In the chapters treating of the Royal Marriage Act, the dispensing power, the "Nullum tempus" controversy, and with Lord Mansfield's theory of virtual representation, afterwards rhetorically amplified by Edmund Burke, Mr. Yonge gives a clear statement of the opposing opinions and fairly accurate judgments, though in the last instance he is too lenient towards a theory which, if logically developed, would do away with all local or direct representation. In reference to the power of the House of Lords on money bills, Mr. Yonge says, "The Lords alone of the whole nation are unrepresented in the House of Commons." He might have found an excellent instance of virtual representation in the 144 members of aristocratic families who sit in the Lower House. The names of Henry Hetherington and John Cleave should have been mentioned in connection with the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, and the allusions to the Peterloo massacre and the Birmingham Bull-ring riots might have been brought into closer agreement with the facts. Finally, it may be said that this book will have done much good, if it should induce some more independent thinker, some more skilful writer to treat the subject.

The Parallel New Testament, Greek and English. (Oxford University Press.)—It will be a sufficient recommendation of this volume if we briefly describe it. The left-hand pages contain in parallel columns the Authorised Version and the Revised Version. The former is printed as it appeared in 1611, with references and marginal notes, the latter with the Revisers' marginal notes. The right-hand pages contain the Greek Text, from which the Revisers translated, as it was edited by Archdeacon Palmer. In a parallel column stand the readings of the *Textus Receptus* which were displaced. The Revisers' preface is prefixed.

Country Rambles, and Manchester Walks and Wild Flowers. By Leo H. Grindon. (Palmer and Howe, Manchester; Simpkin and Marshall, London.)—Mr. Grindon's volume suggests to the ordinary reader, and must suggest much more forcibly to country-loving dwellers in Manchester and neighbouring Lancashire towns, some melancholy reflections. Part of it was published some twenty-five years ago, and twenty-five years have wrought a sad change, not wholly due to the growth of population and other necessary causes, but some of it the work of bad-taste and wanton destruction. Still, it is something to have an appreciative record of vanished beauties. Happily, too, much remains to be enjoyed, and to this Mr. Grindon is an agreeable guide, just as he is a sympathising historian of the past. Nothing in his book is more interesting than his notices of the artisan botanists and entomologists whom the Lancashire towns have produced. The volume is adorned with some agreeable illustrations of buildings and scenery from the pencil of Mr. T. Letherbrow.

Science in Short Chapters. By W. Mattieu Williams. (Chatto and Windus.)—Here are four-and-forty essays, papers, and letters, on various scientific subjects. They have been collected from the various newspapers and periodicals in which they first appeared, and are here reprinted, with occasional notes. Most of them were published within the last ten years. The subjects discussed are mainly astronomical and geological, but the later essays chiefly relate to such domestic questions as fuel, ventilation, and stoves. Mr. Williams writes forcibly, and makes his meaning clear. His views on some cosmical questions may not meet with general acceptance, but the world of science is certainly indebted to him, not only for correcting unrecognised errors, but also for suggesting new working hypotheses.

His skill in presenting the results of scientific discovery and invention in a popular and intelligible form is considerable. The republication of the longer and more thorough papers in this volume may be readily justified, but the same statement cannot be made concerning the short notes. The "Corrosion of Building-stones" (pp. 337 to 341), a brief paper published so lately as 1881, in no way adequately represents the present condition of our knowledge of this subject; it should not have been printed, much less reprinted. How Mr. Williams, in 1882, could add this note to his slight sketch of some experiments, in which he was himself once engaged, in electric lighting (p. 85), is hard to understand:—"The burnt card, burnt bamboo, and other flimsy incandescent threads now (1882) in vogue merely represent Starr's preliminary failures prior to his adoption of the hard, adamantine stick of retort-carbon, which, I suppose, will be duly re-invented, patented again, and form the basis of new Limited Companies, when the present have collapsed." And the questionable taste, to say nothing stronger, of Mr. Mattieu Williams's lofty disdain of the public analysts in his paper on "Iron-filings in Tea" (p. 244) cannot be commended. The strain in which his attack on a most useful class of public officers is written may be gauged by the opening sentence:—"I have watched the progress of the tea controversy, and the other public performances of the public analysts, with considerable interest; it might have been with amusement, but for the melancholy degradation of chemical science which they involve."

Theology.—*The Claim of Christ on the Young.* By Anthony W. Thorold, D.D., Bishop of Rochester. (W. Isbister).—Four of these six sermons were preached before the University of Oxford, being especially addressed by the preacher to the younger part of his audience. They are neither controversial nor apologetic. Of these kinds of sermon there are enough, perhaps more than enough, delivered from the pulpit of St. Mary's. They are didactic, and their appeal to the conscience of the hearers is manly and sensible, as well as earnest. Perhaps the second sermon, "Jacob," with its analysis of the patriarch's character, is the best of the series. Bishop Thorold, though he cannot follow in all things the theology of F. D. Maurice, is one of those to whom that great thinker has "made the Old Testament absolutely luminous;" and he is never seen to more advantage than when he is following this light.——*Sermons.* By Richard Twigg. (Griffith and Farran).—Mr. Twigg was a devoted parish priest, and an effective preacher. He was the first or one of the first to hold a "mission" in his parish (St. James', Wednesbury), and he afterwards became a "mission preacher" of considerable repute. His sermons have the excellencies and, we must add, the faults which we should expect in this account of his work. They are direct, vigorous appeals to the conscience. Stripped as they come to us here of the personal power which accompanied their delivery, they are still effective. But they use over much the instrument of terror. Here is a passage from "Dives and Lazarus," which certainly errs in this way:—"He is in torment. How? Through every sense. His hearing is tormented by the cries of demons, and by the wailing of the damned. His sense of taste is tormented; for his tongue is parched with thirst, and in his agony he bites it with his teeth, and thus adds to his pains. His taste of smell is tormented; for he is almost suffocated with fire and flame, brimstone and smoke. His sense of feeling is tormented; every nerve is on the rack. His sense of sight is tormented, as we have already seen, by beholding on every side the means which torment him." This elaborate detail suggests that the passage is borrowed from the Latin or French. It is certainly not native to the Anglican pulpit. ——We find a much more liberal theology in *Sunday Mornings at Norwood: Prayers and Sermons.* By the Rev. S. A. Tipple. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—The prayers, indeed, seem to us, we must say, too rhetorical. Perhaps this is a prejudice suggested by attachment to a liturgy. But the sermons are excellent, thoughtful, eloquent, without any excess of ornament, and, we should think, genuinely helpful to those who had the privilege of hearing them. We may single out for special praise the sixth sermon, "The Election of God." The preacher clearly apprehends and plainly sets forth the underlying principle of the fact, which no one who looks at life can deny, of the election of some to privileges and blessings which are denied to others. According to Calvinism, the elect are chosen, to the exclusion of the rest; a more hopeful creed holds that they are chosen for their benefit.——*Three Books of God: Nature, History, Scripture.* By George Dawson, M.A. Edited by George St. Clair. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—These sermons present the well-known characteristics of Mr. Dawson's style. They are fearless, outspoken utterances, somewhat rugged, sometimes, we should say, not sufficiently well considered; but manly and energetic, and full of a faith which, though often widely departing from orthodoxy, was vivid and genuine. A sentence from the first sermon will give a good idea of the preacher's aim. He begins by quoting Hazlitt:—"In the days of Jacob, there was a ladder between heaven and earth; but now the heavens have gone farther off, and have become astronomical." And further on, he says:—"There are two books—one of the body, and one of the soul—one of matter and one of spirit; and that declaration of Hazlitt about the heavens having become astronomical, is the result of trying to read God in the wrong book." The two sermons, "Christ Fulfils Moses," and "Christ and Moses; or, Love Better than Law," may be specially mentioned. Those who are inclined to find their ideal in Islam, or, at least, to put Islam above Christianity, should read the two admirable discourses entitled "Christ and Mohammed" and "Christ Increases: Mohammed Decreases." They will see what an able thinker, who formed and expressed his convictions with perfect freedom, had to say upon this subject. The sermon on "Evolution" is forcible. "It is to me," says the preacher, "quite as pleasant to have had a lowly beginning and to have climbed to loftinesss, as to have been lofty and to have gone downhill." The following sermon, "The Ascent of Man from Savagery," is good, too, in its way. This is fine satire:—"When I go through the country, I get a vision of kings, and dukes, and highnesses and mightinesses, and I find that every one of them is a butcher, with his tools by his side. We are carried back to the tiger. These men are going to have a gala-day, so they go to the tiger and say, 'Lend me a stripe or two.'" We notice a mistake, common enough, but still such as we should hardly expect from so acute a thinker. "Judge Phillimore . . . . . having been brought up in the human learning of the law, settles whether there is a Real Presence in the Eucharist." He does nothing of the kind. He settles whether the language of certain formularies asserts, or denies, or allows—for there are these three possible issues—the tenet of a Real Presence.——We have also received *The Collects Exemplified.* Illustrations of the Collects for the Sundays after Trinity, edited by the Rev. Joseph Jackson, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), a series of twenty-five sermons, constructed on strictly orthodox lines, by a layman.—*Old Faiths in a New Light,* by the Rev. Newman Smyth (C. Higham), which comes with the powerful recommendation of Professor Bruce.—*Abbott's Young Christian* (Roberts Brothers, New York), "a memorial edition," with a sketch of the author, from the pen of one of his sons.—*The Story of the Bible, Told in Simple Language for the Young.* By Charles Foster. (C. Griffin and Co.)—*Introductory Hints to Readers of the Old Testament.* By the Rev. John A. Cross, M.A. (Longmans.)—*Living Truths for the Head and Heart.* By the Rev. Rev. C. D. Bell, D.D. 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New Editions.—Messrs. Smith and Elder send us cheaper editions, in a single convenient volume, of three good novels,—*Caritâ* and *Within the Precincts,* by Mrs. Oliphant; and *For Percival,* by Margaret Veley.

We have received the following magazines, &c., for May:—Part 24 of *English Etchings,* the subjects this month being the work of W. H. Urwick, W. Strang, and W. Holmes May.—The *Magazine of Art,* a good number.—*Art and Letters.*—*L'Art,* the plates and illustrations in which are above the average.—The *Century,* the woodcuts of the illustrated articles in which are very fine. The English issue of this magazine is now published by F. Warne and Co.—Part 7 of *Greater London.*—*Time,* which opens with the first three chapters of a story by Jean Middlemass, entitled "Silvermead."—The *Gentleman's Magazine.*—*Belgravia,* in which "The Admiral's Ward" is concluded.—The *Army and Navy Magazine.*—The *Nautical Magazine.*—*Colburn's United Service Magazine.*—*Tinsley's Magazine.*—The *Irish Monthly.*—*Science Gossip.*—The *Folk-lore Journal.*—The *Antiquarian Magazine.*—*Chambers's Journal.*—*All the Year Round* and its spring number.—*Letts's Household Magazine.*—*On the Road,* the first number of a new series of the organ of the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association.—The *Sunday Magazine* and the *Sunday at Home,* in both of which new serial stories are commenced.—The *Month.*—The *Catholic Presbyterian.*—The *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion,* which contains three coloured plates of the latest styles in female dress.—The *Ladies' Treasury.*—The *American Journal of Mathematics.*—*St. Nicholas,* a good number; the illustrated paraphrase-parodies of well-known fables are clever and amusing.—The *Continent.*—The *Atlantic Monthly.*—The *Manhattan.*

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Balzani (U.), Italy, cr 8vo	(S.P.C.K.)	4/0
Barclay (J.), Life of, 8vo	(Partridge)	18/0
Barrett (G. S.), The Temptation of Christ, 12mo	(Simpkin & Co.)	3/6
Brodhurst (B. C.), On Curvature and Diseases of the Spine, 8vo	(Churchill)	6/0
Burnaby (F.), The High Alps in Winter, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	14/0
Collins (M.), The Story of Helena Modjeska, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	7/6
Cotterill (H.), Does Science Aid Faith, &c., cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
Creed Sermons	(Simpkin & Co.)	1/6
Curtis (C. B.), Velasquez and Murillo, &c., roy 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	31/6
De Vere (A. D.), Select Specimens of the English Poets, 12mo	(Burns & Oates)	3/6
Evans (P. F.), Solicitors' Remuneration Act, 8vo	(Maxwell)	2/6
Faber (G. L.), Fisheries of the Adriatic, &c.	(Quaritch)	31/6
Gallenga (A.), Iberian Experiences, 2 vols. 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	32/0
Gray (L. M.), Mine Own People, cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	6/0
Greville (H.), Leaves from the Diary of, 8vo	(Smith & Elder)	14/0
Hopkins (E.), Autumn Swallows, 12mo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Hull (A. M.), Royal Musings, cr 8vo	(Hawkins)	2/6
Lahee (M. R.), Acquitted, though Guilty, 12mo	(Simpkin & Co.)	2/6
Local Loans of England and Wales, 8vo	(Knight)	21/0

Mathers (H.), Sam's Sweetheart, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett) 31 6
Miller (F. F.), Readings in Social Economy, cr 8vo	(Longmans) 5 0
Muir (M. M. P.), Heroes of Science—Chemists, 12mo	(S.P.C.K.) 4 0
Neale (Dr.), Medical Digest, oblong, 4to	(L. Smith) 26 0
Owen (J.), Materia Medica, 8vo	(Churchill) 6 0
Pavillon (N.), Life of, 12mo	(Skeffington) 5 0
Physiological Cruelty, 8vo	(Tinsley) 3 6
Pratt (S. C.), Field Artillery, 12mo	(C. K. Paul & Co.) 6 0
Rasher (G. B.), The Principles of Rating, 8vo	(Maxwell) 9 0
Rossetti (C. G.), The Letter and Spirit, 12mo	(S.P.C.K.) 2 0
Scarth (H. M.), Early Britain, 12mo	(S.P.C.K.) 2 6
Scott (L.), Luca della Robbia, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.) 2 6
Scottish Divines, from 1505 to 1872, cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.) 5 0
Smith (J. G.), Diocesan History of Worcester, 12mo	(S.P.C.K.) 3 6
Students' Encyclopædia, Vol. 3, 4to	(Hodder & Stoughton) 7 6
Tales, Sketches, and Verses, by "A. E. I.," 12mo	(Simpkin & Co.) 6 0
Taylor (J.), The Alphabet, 2 vols. 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.) 36 0
Taylor (R. P.), Yorkshire Anecdotes, cr 8vo	(Whittaker) 6 0
Tichborne (C. R. C.), The Mineral Waters of Europe, 12mo	(Baillière) 3 6
Twain (M.), The Gilded Age, cr 8vo	(Routledge) 7 6
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Webber (B.), Pigskin and Willow, cr 8vo	(Hogg) 3 6
Williams (M.), Some London Theatres, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.) 7 6

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By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

The AUTHOR says:—"The real problem I have set myself may be stated in a sentence. Is there not reason to believe that many of the Laws of the Spiritual World, hitherto regarded as occupying an entirely separate province, are simply the Laws of the Natural World? Can we identify the Natural Laws, or any of them, in the Spiritual Sphere? That vague lines run everywhere through the Spiritual World is already beginning to be recognised. Is it possible to link them with those great lines running through the visible Universe which we call the Natural Laws, or are they fundamentally distinct? In a word, is the supernatural natural, or unnatural?"—From the Preface.

CONTENTS:—Natural Law in the Spiritual Sphere—The Law of Continuity—Biogenesis—Degeneration—Growth—Death—Mortification — Eternal Life—Environment—Conformity to Type—Parasitism—Semi-Parasitism—Classification.

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For Prospectus of COLLEGE and FARM, List of Scholarships, Prizes, Diploma, &c., apply to the Principal.

NEXT SESSION begins May 22nd.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL. — SEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be OFFERED for COMPETITION on July 24th.—For further particulars, apply to the Rev. the HEAD MASTER, School House, Sherborne.

THE GRANGE, BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.—BOARDING-SCHOOL for LADIES, conducted by Miss GEDDES. Indian Children would here find a bright, happy home. Ladies wishful to prepare for the Higher University Examinations received.

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ROSSALL SCHOOL. — ELEVEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be COMPETED for, June 26th. Value from 70 Guineas (covering school fees), to £20. Limit of age, Juniors, 14½; Seniors, 15½. Candidates may be examined at Oxford or Rossall, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, May, 1883.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £80 to £15 a year, together with four Council Nominations, giving immediate admission, will be COMPETED for in June next. One of these Scholarships (£80) is confined to Candidates not yet members of the School, the rest are open to members of the School and others, with distinction; two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of candidates from 11 to 16.—Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELLICK, the College, Marlborough.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE. (To be Incorporated by Royal Charter.)

President.—Lord ABERDARE.
Vice-President.—Mr. H. RICHARD, M.P.
Treasurer.—Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN, Bart.

APPOINTMENT of PRINCIPAL.

The Council-Elect are now prepared to proceed to the immediate APPOINTMENT of a PRINCIPAL. He must be one of the Professors either in Arts or Science. As a member of the Council, he will have the opportunity of assisting in the selection of the Professors and the framing of the statutes. Salary, £750 per annum. Subject to the promised Government Grant of £4,000 per annum being included in this year's estimates, it is proposed to open the day classes in October next. Meanwhile, and from the date of his appointment, the Principal will be expected to devote himself to the preliminary organisation of the College. Applications, accompanied by full particulars of qualifications, age, and experience, together with testimonials and personal references, to be endorsed "Principal," and addressed to the "Chairman of the University College Committee, Town Hall, Cardiff," on or before Friday, June 1st, 1883.

BURTON-on-TRENT UNITED DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARD.
INSPECTOR and EXAMINER of SCHOOLS WANTED.

The above Board requires the services of a Gentleman as INSPECTOR and EXAMINER of its SCHOOLS. There are 27 Departments, with a School Roll of about 7,500. The person appointed will be required to devote the whole of his time to the duties of the office, particulars as to which may be obtained of the undersigned. A thorough knowledge of the working of Elementary Schools is essential, and a Candidate being in addition a Graduate of one of the Universities would be a recommendation. Salary, £250 per annum, payable monthly.—Applications (endorsed "School Inspectorship") stating age, qualifications, and previous experience, accompanied by original testimonials, copies of reports, parchments, &c., to reach the undersigned by May 16th next. Canvassing Members of the Board will be deemed a disqualification.

By order,
W. N. GRAHAM, Clerk to the Board.
School Board Offices, Burton-on-Trent,
April 24th, 1883.

ST. JOHN'S FOUNDATION SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD.
APPOINTMENT of HEAD MASTER.—The Committee will be glad to receive applications for the office from Clergymen in full orders, Graduates in Honours, of not less standing than M.A. in some English University. Full particulars as to salary and duties may be obtained from the Secretary.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials, to be sent to the Secretary, Rev. J. W. GEDGE, 1A St. Helen's Place, London, E.C., before Saturday, June 2nd next.

ALDENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ELSTREE, HERTS. — FOUR JUNIOR PLATT SCHOLARSHIPS of the average value of £30, tenable for three years, will be offered for COMPETITION on July 19th and 20th. Open to boys under 14.—For further information, apply to the HEAD MASTER.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON (for LADIES), 8 and 9 York Place, Baker Street.—The HALF TERM will begin on THURSDAY, May 17th. Professor John W. Hales will continue his Lectures on Early English and Elementary Anglo-Saxon, at 1.45, on Wednesdays, beginning May 23rd. B. SHADWELL, Hon. Sec.

A. M. HEATHCOTE, B.A., Oriel College, Oxford, PREPARES BOYS, under Fourteen, for ETON, WINCHESTER, &c. Country house close to the Hursley Woods, four miles from any town. Healthy situation and good air. Sixteen Pupils taken. Terms, £150 and £135.—Apply to A. M. HEATHCOTE, Esq., Woolley Green, near Romsey.

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May 10th, 1883.

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Reserve Fund	...	...	£880,000
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FIFTIETH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED.

MAY 10TH, 1883.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £12,037,500.

CAPITAL—Paid	£2,126,250
Uncalled	1,886,250
Reserve Liability	8,025,000
	£12,037,500

RESERVE FUND, £1,332,500.

NUMBER OF SHAREHOLDERS, 6,935.

DIRECTORS.

The Most Hon. the MARQUESS of AILESBURY.
CHARLES BARCLAY, Esq.
GEORGE HANBURY FIELD, Esq.
JOHN OLIVER HANSON, Esq.
DUNCAN MACDONALD, Esq.
GEORGE FORBES MALCOLMSON, Esq.
HENRY PAULL, Esq.
JOHN STEWART, Esq.
Sir JAMES SIBBALD DAVID SCOTT, Bart.
RICHARD BLANEY WADE, Esq.
ROBERT WIGRAM, Esq.
Hon. ELIOT THOMAS YORKE.

JOINT GENERAL MANAGERS.
THOMAS GEORGE ROBINSON and FREDERICK CHURCHWARD.

SOLICITORS.
ERNEST JAMES WILDE, Esq.
WALTER EDWARD MOORE, Esq.

RICHARD BLANEY WADE, Esq., in the Chair.

THE Directors have the pleasure to report that the Profits for the year 1882, inclusive of £39,351 16s 2d brought forward, and after making ample provision for bad and doubtful debts and for rebate of Current Bills under discount, amount to £497,323 10s 7d.

The Directors have, from the above amount, added £20,000 to the Reserve Fund, and now recommend that a further bonus of 7 per cent. be paid to the Proprietors, free of Income-tax, in July next, making, with the dividends and interim bonus already paid, 20 per cent. for the year 1882, and that the balance of £52,073 10s 7d be carried to the year 1883 as per the following statement:—

UNDIVIDED PROFITS from 1881		£39,351 16 2
NET PROFITS for the year 1882		457,971 14 5
		£497,323 10 7
Less Dividend of 4 per cent. paid July, 1882 ...	£85,050 0 0	
,, do. 4 ,, ,, January, 1883...	85,050 0 0	
,, Bonus 5 ,, ,, ,, ,,	106,312 10 0	
,, do. 7 ,, payable in July ,,	148,837 10 0	
	425,250 0 0	
,, Amount added to Reserve Fund	20,000 0 0	
		445,250 0 0
		£52,073 10 7

The RESERVE FUND of £1,332,500, which is wholly invested in Government Securities, shows an increase during the year of £53,750, as under, viz.:—

Amount at December 31st, 1881	£1,278,750 0 0
Premiums on New Shares received in 1882 ...	33,750 0 0
Added from Profits, December 31st, 1882 ...	20,000 0 0
	£1,332,500 0 0

The year 1883 being the Fiftieth Anniversary of the foundation of the Bank, the Directors have, in order to mark the event and to evince their appreciation of the services of the Staff, presented one month's salary to each Officer in the Establishment.

The Directors have to announce the retirement of Mr. Robert Fergusson, from the position of Joint General Manager, after a long and faithful service.

The following Directors retire by rotation, but, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election, viz.:—

Sir SIBBALD D. SCOTT, Bart.
DUNCAN MACDONALD, Esq.
GEORGE FORBES MALCOLMSON, Esq.

In conformity with the provisions of the Act, it will be requisite for the Shareholders to elect Auditors, and vote their remuneration. Mr. Edwin Waterhouse, of the firm of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., and Mr. Roderick Mackay, of Messrs. R. Mackay and Co., offer themselves for re-election.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED.

DR. **LIABILITIES.** December 31st, 1882. CR.

TO PAID-UP CAPITAL:—		£ s. d.	
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s paid		420,000 0 0	
133,750 ,, £60 ,, £12 ,, ...		1,605,000 0 0	
16,875 ,, £60 ,, £6 ,, ...		101,250 0 0	
		£2,126,250 0 0	
TO RESERVE FUND:—	£ s. d.		
At December 31st, 1881	1,278,750 0 0		
Premiums on New Shares received during the year 1882	33,750 0 0		
Added from Profits, 1882	20,000 0 0		
		1,332,500 0 0	
,, Amount due by Bank on Deposits, &c.		32,690,166 3 8	
,, Acceptances		473,637 1 11	
TO PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT:—			
Balance from year 1881	39,351 16 2		
Net profits for year 1882...	457,971 14 5		
	497,323 10 7		
Less Dividend paid July, 1882 ... ... 85,000 0 0			
Added to Reserve Fund 20,000 0 0			
	105,050 0 0		
		392,273 10 7	
		£36,414,826 16 2	

ASSETS.

BY CASH:—		£ s. d.	
At Bank of England and at Head Office and Branches ...		2,648,218 9 10	
,, Call and Short Notice		4,254,200 0 0	
		6,902,418 9 10	
BY INVESTMENTS:—	£ s. d.		
English Government Securities	5,727,944 8 3		
Indian Government and other Securities, Railway Debentures, &c.	3,569,613 2 3		
		9,297,557 10 6	
,, Bills Discounted, Loans, &c.		19,154,023 11 9	
,, Securities against Acceptances, per Contra		473,637 1 11	
,, Banking Premises in London and Country		587,190 2 2	
		£36,414,826 16 2	

RICHARD B. WADE, D. MACDONALD, ROBT. WIGRAM, } Directors.
T. G. ROBINSON, F. CHURCHWARD, } Joint General Managers.

We beg to report that we have ascertained the correctness of the Cash Balances, and of the Money at Call and Short Notice as entered in the above Balance Sheet, and have inspected the securities representing the investments of the Bank, and found them in order. We have also examined the Balance Sheet in detail with the books at the Head Office and with the certified returns from each Branch, and in our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs as shown by such books and returns.

EDWIN WATERHOUSE, ROD. MACKAY, } Auditors.

The above Report having been read—It was unanimously resolved—

That the same be adopted and printed for the use of the Proprietors.

That Sir SIBBALD D. SCOTT, Bart., DUNCAN MACDONALD, Esq., and GEORGE FORBES MALCOLMSON, Esq., be re-elected Directors of the Bank.

On the motion of Mr. J. T. Belk, seconded by the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley—

That this Meeting of the Shareholders of the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, held in the fiftieth year of the Bank's existence, desires to record its appreciation of the great services rendered by the Board of Directors—services which this Meeting feels have conduced materially to the Bank's sound and prosperous condition. As some recognition of these facts, this Meeting begs the Directors' acceptance of £5,000, and now votes that sum for the purpose. (An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Proprietors will be held on June 4th, 1883, to give effect to this Resolution.)

That Mr. Edwin Waterhouse and Mr. Roderick Mackay be appointed Auditors of the Bank, and that they be paid four hundred guineas for their services during the past year.

That the best thanks of the Proprietors be presented to the Directors for their very successful management of the affairs of the Bank.

That the best thanks of the Proprietors be given to the General Managers, and to the Branch Managers and other Officers of the Bank, for their efficient services.

That the best thanks of the Meeting be presented to the Chairman for his able conduct in the Chair.

Extracted from the Minutes by

T. G. ROBINSON, F. CHURCHWARD, } Joint General Managers.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF IMITATIONS OF

LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE,

Which are calculated to deceive the Public,

LEA and PERRINS beg to draw attention to the fact that each Bottle of the Original and Genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Bears thoir Autograph Signature,

LEA and PERRINS'.

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A pure Solution.
For Acidity of the Stomach.
For Heartburn and Headache.
For Gout and Indigestion.
Safest aperient for delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Tories are in a high state of delight. They all think that what Mr. Lowther calls the disastrous blunder of 1880 is about to be repaired. Even Mr. Gibson, who is a sensible man, speaking on Friday week at Cambridge, quite capered with pleasure. One almost fancied, in reading his speech, that in certain states of exaltation he might be guilty of a joke. He did not utter one, of course, but he almost lapsed into poetry, talked of "clouds" disappearing, of "happy atmospheres," of the "dictates, the instincts of patriotism," and denounced the Liberals with energetic bathos as men who could find no basis. They had secured "peace without honour" in the Transvaal, had demoralised Ireland, had been nobly lavish of unperformed promises, had misrepresented finance, and so on, and so on. One expected to see at the end of the speech that Mr. Gladstone "had alienated the Sultan" and "degraded his Sovereign into a Suzerain." All this is very unlike Mr. Gibson, who expects office, and only to be explained by the mental intoxication produced by the Roman Catholic victory on the Affirmation Bill, the signal by which the speaker judges that "the tide has turned." As we have argued elsewhere, Mr. Gibson will find that his joy is a little premature, as well as excessive, and would be wise to leave war-whoops of triumph to Mr. Lowther and his like. He is not prepared, we imagine, to pay the price demanded for the permanent alliance of Messrs. O'Brien and Biggar, and without that he is where he was yesterday,—in presence of a majority delayed, but not defeated, in their plans, by systematic Tory obstruction.

An unexpected and severe blow has fallen upon the Parnellites. Archbishop Croke, always a violent defender of the party, recently solicited subscriptions to the Parnell Testimonial Fund, which does not flourish much in Ireland. He was thereupon summoned to Rome to explain himself, and made his submission; while, on the 11th inst., the Pope issued, through the regular channels, a strong circular to all Catholic Bishops in Ireland. They are informed that, while it is lawful for the Irish to seek redress for their grievances, provided that they observe the divine law, "it being wicked to further any cause, no matter how just, by illegal means," it is the duty of Bishops to curb the excited feelings of the multitude, so that they may not be led away "to place their hopes of public prosperity in the shame of criminal acts." All collections are forbidden which "are raised in order to inflame popular passions, and to be used as the means for leading men into rebellion against the laws. Above all things, they, the clergy, must hold themselves aloof from such subscriptions when it is plain that hatred and dissensions are aroused by them, that distinguished persons are loaded with insults, that never in any way are censures pronounced against the crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves; and especially when it is asserted that the measure of true patriotism is in proportion to the amount of money given or refused, so as to bring the people under the pressure of intimidation." Under these circumstances, the Pope absolutely prohibits the clergy from promoting the Parnell Testimonial Fund.

The effect of this letter, which in language and in drift is unusually clear, cannot as yet be ascertained. Its first result has been to induce Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, a Catholic, to assume once more his favourite attitude of Ajax defying the lightning. He has sent £10 to the Parnell Testimonial Fund, and a letter in which he declares that English emissaries have poured the poison of lying assertions into the unsuspecting ears of the Vatican, and have "beguiled with specious mendacity the pastoral simplicity" of the Pontiff. The *Freeman's Journal* says the same thing in more respectful form, and Mr. Sexton, at a meeting of the National League called to consider the subject, intimated that so much of the Irish future was bound up in Mr. Parnell's personality, that the Pope could not be attended to; Mr. Mayne, M.P., also said Mr. Parnell's reward had been "an affront from people who knew nothing of his work, or of the political duty of the Irish people." Mr. Kenny, M.P., denounced the letter as "a shameful insult to the priests and people of Ireland." The serious leaders of the party are not, however, likely to talk nonsense of this kind; and if they did, it would not matter. Nobody suspects them of reverencing the Pope, any more than anything else. The important question is the effect of the letter upon Biddy and Pat in America, who forward dollars to help Mr. Parnell to separate Ireland from England. As they are sure to ask the priests, and as the priests cannot very well hint, with Mr. O'Donnell, that the Pope is an imbecile, the subscriptions will probably be greatly lessened. At all events, those who subscribe from fear will now have an excellent reason for not yielding to compulsion. It must be convenient for Mr. Parnell just now that he is not even nominally a Catholic, and so escapes the necessity of feeling damned.

We have received, from a correspondent who has access to good sources of information, the following version of the proceedings consequent upon Archbishop Croke's summons to appear at the Vatican:—"Archbishop Croke arrived in Rome on the 2nd inst., and it was announced by his friends that he proposed to have an immediate audience of the Pope, and to return forthwith to Ireland. But the Holy Father fixed the date of his audience for Friday, the 11th. Meantime, the recent letter of the Archbishop on the Parnell Testimonial Fund, the strong representations of leading Irish ecclesiastics on the state of the Church in Ireland, corroborated by much evidence, such as comes in the regular correspondence of Propaganda, had been well weighed by the Pope personally, and it was determined that the terms of the document to be now issued should not be capable of misinterpretation or misrepresentation, such as had happened with previous Papal letters on the troubles of Ireland. The letter to the Irish Bishops, which you will have already seen, was accordingly prepared and issued on Friday, the 11th, and on that same day the Pope received Dr. Croke at the Vatican and made him aware of its contents, and of his intention no longer to tolerate the course hitherto pursued by that prelate. The Pope was, it is said, greatly agitated during the interview, and at its close, when Dr. Croke completely submitted, two of his priests who had accompanied him from Ireland were summoned in a somewhat marked manner to the Papal audience-chamber. I believe Archbishop Croke left for Ireland the following day, without taking the usual formal leave of the Prefect of Propaganda."

The existence in Dublin of sympathy with the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke may be considered proved, but it is difficult to gauge its depth and extent. On the one hand, among the classes summoned on juries the Crown officers found it impossible to collect jurymen sufficient without

heavy fines, and difficult to exclude men certain not to convict; and in Kelly's case, they twice failed. On the other hand, the juries, once empanelled, usually did their duty, and every man accused of those murders, or of the attempt to murder Mr. Field or Mr. Poole, has been convicted and sentenced. The Special Commission finished its work on Thursday. Even Fitzharris, who was, with the Judge's consent, acquitted of murder, was convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Again, the mob all through showed the greatest sympathy for Brady, the actual murderer. It was necessary to guard him on his way to and from prison like a Czar, and among the American-Irish especially he was described as a martyr. The most stringent precautions were taken on the day of his execution, and a solemn demonstration in the shape of funeral processions was expected all over Ireland. Nevertheless, he was executed on Monday, and everything passed off quietly, and there was no special exhibition of popular feeling, even in the easy form of wearing crape. The truth seems to be that Irishmen of the extreme type try hard to believe that the men are unjustly condemned, and adhere to their faith in words, but cannot, even in their hatred, delude their own minds completely. The condition of the public mind is, however, heart-breaking to contemplate. Not only is the natural horror of murder suspended, but also instinctive logic. If, as all just men say, Brady was a murderer, he was fairly condemned; while if, as the agitators say, he was a soldier in a war with the British, the British had a right to make war on him. The Irish of extreme opinions reject equally either deduction, and declare that no one ought to die except the innocent.

The more moderate of the Farmers' representatives appear to be better pleased with the Government Agricultural Holdings Bill than we thought they would be. Mr. W. C. Borlase, Member for East Cornwall, and President of the Farmers' Alliance, told an audience at Hackney on Wednesday that, although he wished for some amendments, and an extension of the drainage clauses to some other improvements, he regarded the Bill as "an honest and conscientious attempt to settle the question," which the Alliance would not oppose. This declaration is the more noteworthy, because Mr. Borlase is by no means Conservative about land, but as regards its enfranchisement would go the whole Radical length,—that is, would make it as saleable as Consols, abolishing alike primogeniture and settlement. He warns the landlords, moreover, that they must submit to a permanent reduction of rent of 50 per cent. That is, we imagine, premature and exaggerated, but we quote it to show that Mr. Borlase does not accept the Bill from any concealed feeling of sympathy with extreme landlord views.

In a letter to Mr. Chesson, Cardinal Newman defines his mental attitude towards the Affirmation Bill. He "cannot consider" that it "involves a religious principle; for, as I had occasion to observe in print more than thirty years ago, what the political and social world means by the word 'God' is too often not the Christian God, the Jewish or the Mahometan—not a personal God, but an unknown God—as little what Christians mean by God as the Fate, or Chance, or *Anima Mundi* of a Greek philosopher." "Hence," "all that is secured to us by the Opposition" is "an Impersonal, or Material, or Abstract and Ideal something or other." Consequently, "nothing is lost to religion" by the Affirmation Bill, "and nothing gained by its being rejected." The conclusion seems to be that if Cardinal Newman were in Parliament, he would, on the whole, support the Affirmation Bill, but would prefer the entire abolition of the mockery of "swearing by an Impersonal, or Material, or Abstract and Ideal something or other," an opinion in which a good many sound Protestants concur. It takes cultivation, however, to understand Cardinal Newman, and he will no more move the ordinary Irish Catholic than if he were a layman.

A great fuss is being made in the papers over an incident which we believe to be quite trivial. Mr. Justice Norris, of the Calcutta High Court, in the course of a trial, and on good Hindoo advice, ordered an idol to be brought into the verandah of the Court, that the Judges might see it. The native Editor of the *Bengalee* did not approve this, and not writing his own language, used exaggerated phrases, probably taken from some reminiscence of his reading in college, about Scroggs and Jeffries. The Judge, not having quite the self-control of his colleagues at home, sentenced him to two months' imprisonment for contempt of Court. That irritated the natives, who held a meeting, said to have been attended by 10,000 persons, who declared that they had lost confidence in the Government, whereas they had only lost confidence in Mr. Justice Norris. The speakers, with their usual cleverness, instead of attacking the Judge for his severity, attacked him for an insult to their religion. He had offered none, and if he had, the Mussulmans who also attended the meeting would only have chuckled, and wished for the old days when they could occasionally make remarks on an idol with a hammer. The incident has been eagerly seized upon in England as proof that Lord Ripon is "letting India slip out of his hand, and waking-up race hatreds." That is pure nonsense. Lord Ripon has, as we believe without intention, greatly annoyed Europeans by a premature attack on their right to be tried only by their countrymen; but he has not annoyed the natives, not one in a million of whom has heard of Mr. Ilbert's Bill. The endless gossip of the Presidency towns is not native opinion, nor are the few cultivated natives of the coast-fringe the people of India. The former, too, though they sometimes talk disaffection, are much too clever to be disaffected. They know quite well what a Sikh Sirdar would do to them, and that the alternative of a Viceroy is a Sikh Sirdar.

The Northbrook Indian Club, formed to promote intercourse between Indian and English gentlemen, has excited much interest in India, and £12,000 has been subscribed there to obtain a more central site for the Club in London. This Club, which will be called the "Northbrook," will be opened next Monday, by the Prince of Wales, at 3 Whitehall Gardens, and will, it is hoped, form a point of meeting for the two races. The President is Lord Northbrook, and the committee comprises the best known of retired Indian officials. The scheme is an admirable one, for its end, if its underlying thought is true; but that has still to be ascertained. It is supposed that frequent intercourse between Englishmen and Indians will bring them closer together, but it may also, as in so many other cases, make them more hostile. Intimacy has not made the relations of England and Ireland cordial, nor do Negroes and Southerners love each other because they live in the same cities. We seem to see that race dislike increases as the races draw together, and half-believe that the ancient seclusion which placed a social wall round both the Englishman and the Indian was most favourable to their mutual respect. They jar, when they touch. It is well, however, that the other theory should be tried to the uppermost, and tried fairly; and it could not be tried under better auspices than in the new quarters of the Northbrook Club. Hitherto, the managers report that the attendance of Indian gentlemen has been full and regular, but not of English.

It is difficult for Englishmen to estimate the extent of the Czar's danger during the forty-eight hours that his coronation practically lasts, but it is probably quite real. No care will guard a life which another man would give his life to take, and the Nihilists, besides being excited by the fear they inspire, are aware that if the Emperor, after all their threats, escapes, their wand of power will be broken. At all events, the Russian Court believes that the struggle is most deadly. The Czar, it is stated, has requested the eight royal personages who will attend the ceremony to enter Moscow alone, as it is during his entry, and not during the actual ceremonial, which takes place in a small church, that the danger will be greatest. The ancient capital is being occupied by picked troops like an enemy's city, entire detachments of police have been forwarded from St. Petersburg, and although the Ambassadors are beginning to arrive, the day for the crowning ceremony is not yet officially announced. All that human skill can do will be done, but still the Czar must be visible to thousands, must pass through streets, and must be surrounded by guards, priests, and officials, among whom may be his destined enemy. The grand chance in his favour is that expected crimes never occur, the expectation trying the nerves of the criminals more than those of the victim, whose position is, however, horrible. To be crowned with the consent of 80,000,000, and expect death at that very hour!

South Africa is still in unrest. The Basutos have broken out again, and are fighting each other, and President Brand has appealed to the Queen's Government to carry out the Treaty of Aliwal. Under this agreement, the British pledged themselves to keep the Basutos quiet, and, as the Cape Government is

reluctant to interfere and has this year a deficit of £500,000 to meet, the work will be left to the Imperial authorities. At the same time, the Government of the Transvaal professes itself shocked with the anarchy in Zululand, where Cetewayo has evidently lost the habit of victory, and asks the Queen's representatives to restore order. The Government will be most unwilling to interfere, but if it does not, the Dutch colonists will declare that it never keeps agreements when they are to the benefit of Boers. The English colonists are eager for more annexations, the Dutch colonists are suspicious of the English, and the Government is so hampered by agreements that it can pursue no policy without accusations of bad faith. Affairs in South Africa need a thorough overhaul by a great officer, who can remain long enough to pursue a well-defined policy, intelligible alike to the two white races and the blacks. Nowhere, as we argue elsewhere, is a Viceroy more needed.

The French Chamber, on Tuesday, voted the conquest of Anam by 358 to 50. This amazing majority, so entirely at variance with the recent temper of the Chamber, was secured by two minimising speeches from M. Challemel-Lacour, who described the expedition as a mere promenade. He assured the Chamber that China was not a military power, and would not fight, that the cost would be less than nothing, as the taxes of Tonquin would pay for the troops employed, and that the Anamese people ardently desired the aid of France. There were, moreover, coal-mines in Tonquin, which M. Bourrée, the Minister recalled from Pekin, had wished to sacrifice to China. If the Emperor of Anam resisted, and, no doubt, he was hostile, France behind her occupied fortresses would await his inevitable submission. Only two speakers opposed the Bill, and many of the Extreme Left, who were supposed to be hostile, voted for it. We fear the Republicans will find that they have been deceived. The Chinese will strengthen Anam till it is in a position to defend itself, and the Highlanders of Tonquin, who have never been conquered, will slaughter Chinese soldiers and French marines with perfect impartiality. The design is practicable, if France will spend £5,000,000 and 10,000 men; but the demand for a credit of £200,000 is either an absurdity or a fraud.

The Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, who has been sent to Madagascar, reports that the whole island is determined upon resistance to the French. The majority of the Sakalavas, who were supposed to be in the French interest, have made up their quarrel with the Hovas, the dominant race, and the French will have no effective native assistance. They can bombard the principal port, Tamatave; but if they do, the Hovas will institute a land blockade, keep up constant attacks, and cut off supplies. To put an end to annoyance, the French will be compelled to march upon the capital, but the broad belt of forest between the coast and the interior will be stoutly defended by twenty thousand Regulars with fire-arms, and a mob of fifty thousand spearmen, formidable in the forest. Such an expedition will require at least fifteen thousand men, and as will be seen from an account we publish elsewhere, the French will have difficulty in finding them. They are reluctant, for the reasons there stated, to use the Line, and of their 20,000 seasoned troops specially intended for colonial service, at least half are required for Tunis and Tonquin. The Admiral, who has many ships, but less than 2,000 troops, will therefore be locked up for months in Tamatave, until the French Government decides either to use adequate means, or to agree to a compromise under which the independence of the Hovas will be recognised, but the French will be allowed the right of holding land.

The suspicion that Prince Bismarck intends Austria to acquire provinces in the Balkan has received this week a noteworthy though small confirmation. A Bulgarian paper, not known to be inspired, but possibly in relations with Prince Alexander, recommended that the States of the Balkan should confederate themselves, in order to protect "European Turkey" against the great military Powers. This advice, probably because it is so practical, roused the anger of Prince Bismarck, and the *North-German Gazette* roundly tells the Balkan States that they must devote themselves to their internal affairs. If they attempt to pursue an "adventurous" foreign policy—that is, a combined foreign policy of any kind—the Great Powers would raise the question whether it was not unwise to create these minor States. Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Montenegro, and Greece are, in fact, all informed with brutal plainness that they exist by sufferance, that they are to obey orders, and that they are not to combine even in a defensive league. Those sentences have, we suspect, advanced confederation by years. The Princes are all jealous, but if they are to be swallowed one by one, they will soon discover a basis for a strong alliance, which even now could control 300,000 good troops.

The grand result of the lowering of the Italian franchise has been, it is said, to re-form parties into two great divisions, which we may call the Whig and the Radical. S. Minghetti, the leader of the Right, has announced that he and those who think with him will in future lend a steady support to S. Depretis and his Government, which is now face to face with an Advanced Party almost or quite Republican in its views. He adds that the Government must for the next few years devote itself to domestic and social questions, rather than "political"—that is, external—affairs. With this reinforcement, S. Depretis is completely master of the Chamber; but it is expected that at the next election many more Radicals will obtain seats, and out of doors they have behind them large masses who are still below the suffrage, and who, in Naples and Lombardy, desire improvements of tenure, which the Monarchy hesitates to grant. Ultimately, it would not be surprising if, when Leo XIII. abandons the sterile policy of sulking, the balance of power fell, as in Germany, to the Ultramontanes. For the time, however, S. Depretis is supreme.

The *Débats* states that the Suez Canal Company have resolved to meet the demands of the British shipowners, which are creating an extraordinary amount of ill-feeling in France, by a grand concession. They will themselves cut a second Canal, and allow to England a much larger power of control over the double undertaking. That is really a large offer, if it is made in sincerity, and would sufficiently meet commercial requirements. With two canals, one reserved to the "up" and one to the "down" traffic, blocks would be avoided, and the time occupied be regulated only by the speed of the steamers. The position, however, would still be an unfortunate one. The Canal would be maintained by a French Company for a trade of which four-fifths is British, in a country which is virtually a British dependency. A collision of authorities in such a case is nearly inevitable, and can be avoided finally only by M. Leroy Beaulieu's suggestion that the new Company should be English, and should buy out the old one. This suggestion, however, is repudiated by the French journalists, who see in the whole matter not an ordinary business transaction, but a subtle plot of Lord Granville's to obtain complete ascendancy in Egypt.

The International Exhibition of Fisheries was opened on Saturday by the Prince of Wales, in full regal state, with a prayer from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, by a happy inspiration, alluded to Christ's direct sanction of the catching of fish. The collections forwarded by half the Governments of the States and Colonies of the world almost outrun the capacity of the vast Exhibition buildings at Kensington Gore, and the crowds who visit them are never tired of expressing their amazement. All known fish, all modes of catching fish, all kinds of fishing vessels, all sorts of fishermen, from whalers to Thames punt-fishers, and most sorts of fisher-girls, are there represented, and excite keen interest among a people who never lose the feeling that the sea is their domain. The gathering is described elsewhere, and it is of course too soon as yet to know what we may expect from the Exhibition. Experts say, however, that, so far as can be perceived, the world has little to teach us in catching fish, that no new fresh fish is visible likely to be popular food, but that an important trade in cured fish may be developed by the Exhibition. Barrels of such fish hitherto unknown to Londoners have been forwarded, and will, it is hoped, become familiar, the managers, with unusual wisdom, having taken pains to show how any fish for which they desire to cultivate a taste ought to be cooked. The English commonalty, aware that "fish is not fillin'," have hitherto too greatly ignored its value as a relish, and most of them have never even seen cured fish, except haddocks, herrings, and sprats. There are dozens as good, and some of them will henceforward find a demand.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 101⅞ to 102.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE PARTIES.

WHITSUNTIDE is always a good time for taking stock of the position of the two great Parties, and this year it is a better time than usual. The holiday has occurred exactly in the middle of the Session, and both sides have gone into the country under the influence of excited feeling. Liberal Members are depressed, as we think, unduly; and Tory Members are exultant, as we think, unreasonably. The Liberal depression, though real and well justified, for the defeat on the Affirmation Bill unquestionably weakened the Government, is not very deep, and probably will disappear after contact with the Constituencies; but the Tory exultation may be less evanescent. It is certainly extreme. If we may judge from the dance of delight which Mr. Gibson, usually a sober-sided and even moderate man, performed at Cambridge on Friday week, Tories of the highest position believe that the Liberal Ministry is dying, that power is immediately within their grasp, and that when they dissolve the country will give them a long lease of rule. "The fortunes of the party," sang Mr. Gibson, in an irrepressible burst of ecstasy, "so long apparently under a cloud, were about to emerge—had already emerged—into a brighter, happier atmosphere!" He "was speaking at an encouraging and happy moment. The tide was turning,—the tide had turned." At "the present moment their opponents in Parliament and the country were disunited, dispirited, demoralised." "Not only the Conservative leaders, but their rank and file were united, energetic, and courageous." The "Opposition, sometimes dispirited, was now active and triumphant!" And in short, the Liberals, who had accomplished nothing and spoiled everything, were, in Mr. Gibson's judgment, about to be turned out. The Cabinet was plainly before his eyes, and he, oratorically, skipped for joy.

It may be so, for when the question is of the opinion of the millions who now govern England, experience is of little value, and the most sensible man is he who dogmatises the least; but, looking at the whole situation without party feeling, we think Mr. Gibson will find himself mistaken. He does not misread the facts, but he misapprehends their consequences. The defeat on the Affirmation Bill has undoubtedly injured the position of the Government. Any serious defeat does that, and this was a serious one, for although the Bill was not made a question of confidence, and although it was thrown out by an alliance of incompatible parties, still the Government made every effort to carry it, and, had the majority proved faithful, they would have been successful. But the injury is not one of the kind which cannot be repaired. There are not many questions on which the Irish Liberals will be forced to quit the Government for fear of the Catholic vote, and very few on which the English Liberals will venture to do so. They could plead their consciences in the case of this Bill, and the plea might be accepted; but if they ratted on secular subjects, they would lose their seats. The Government, therefore, will be able, after the holiday, to command the votes of a majority which, though shaken in courage, is little diminished in numbers, and which, if called on to act with determination, will undoubtedly respond. That it will be so called on we make no doubt, and it will in two respects, at least, be more efficient than before. The idea of a possible overthrow of the Government having been spread abroad, every vote will be watched, and Liberals will be compelled to be much more cautious in deserting their leaders, and to work much harder in forcing the Government Bills through. At the same time, the obstruction will be less. We do not say it will be much less, for the obstructive group is almost beyond the influence of reason; but it will be less, for the Tory leaders know that no reason for dissolution would please their opponents like persistent obstruction. If Mr. Gladstone could only dissolve upon that, with a case clearly visible to the country, the Liberals, and more especially the Liberal provincial journalists, would work as they have never worked before, and the majority would be large enough to defeat both the Tories and their Parnellite allies. Upon the result of a dissolution to crush obstruction we entertain no doubt whatever. No Tory, from Sir Stafford Northcote downwards, would be returned, unless pledged to the lips to put obstruction down. The supposition that a dissolution could not be sanctioned because of Irish affairs is, we believe, a delusion. Whether the dissolution comes now or next year, the Parnellites will still be strong, and Government cannot avoid a dissolution for ever because of its possible results in one section of the Kingdom. Those results are by no means certain, and if they were, must be met as best may be when they arrive. If the Government cannot overcome the hostility of the Irish Extremists, as little can the Tories benefit by it,—unless, indeed, they are prepared, by granting Home-rule, to shatter their Party into atoms; and this fear cannot outweigh every other. The dissolution must be arranged, when the time comes, on broad reasons of public policy, the first of which is that Parliament must be efficient. We venture to predict, therefore, that while the Government may be compelled to throw overboard some of its measures, it will carry those on which it insists with steadier majorities and less resistance than it has hitherto encountered. Expectation is very often defeated, and the Session hitherto wasted may turn out unexpectedly fruitful.

But the Constituencies? They, it is said, we do not doubt in good faith, are "turning against the Government." It may be so; for, as we said before, the Householders are counted by millions; but we see none of the signs which in 1874, and again in 1880, we interpreted aright. The regular argument of the calmer Tories is that many Liberals have been alienated by the Affirmation Bill, and by the idea, true or false, that it is a Bill to admit Mr. Bradlaugh, and there must be some truth in that. There must in each constituency be a section of voters, a very prominent and possibly influential section, irritated on that account. The Clergy alone would make that true. But if the irritation were deep or extensive, it should first of all destroy the personal popularity of Mr. Gladstone. The Bill was his device for extricating Parliament from an *impasse*, and the Tories have lost no opportunity of hammering this fact into electors' heads, and concentrating all odium upon their great adversary. Do they themselves think they have succeeded? To all appearance, Mr. Gladstone, though defeated, has with the people lost neither prestige nor popularity. With some he has increased both, for the effect of his speech, circulated as it has been, is wonderful; and with the mass there is no appearance of loss. He is received as enthusiastically as ever, his name elicits the same continuous cheering, there is the same oppressive desire that he should not retire from politics. We believe that the truth is this. Those who hate Mr. Gladstone hate him a little harder on account of the Affirmation Bill, which, as the motive of a vote does not count, is, from the point of view of party, of no importance; those who like him and thought him right admire him a little more, which also is of no importance; and those who like him, but thought him wrong, intend to support him still, subject to their distaste upon that one question. And as it is with Mr. Gladstone, so it is with his Party. If the dissolution occurred to-morrow, there would be more excitement, if that is possible, than in 1880, and majorities would be smaller; but the causes which produced a majority then would produce one again, though the Liberal representatives in many places might be bidden, as they were almost throughout Protestant Ireland, to leave the Oath of Allegiance alone. The party would win as if Affirmation had never been heard of, though possibly with the loss of some determined men, who on such a point would adhere, in season and out of season, to their convictions. None of the remaining Tory arguments would have the least weight. Grant for the moment that they are right about South Africa, still the mass of electors do not care a jot about South Africa; while as to Egypt, they know the Tories would go further, and as to the failure to perform promises, they set that down to Tory account. Mr. Gibson knows Ireland, but he does not know England, and he may rely on it that in this last division of the subject he is under a distinct illusion. Every sentence he utters about "failures to pass Bills" is a nail in his Party's coffin. Obstruction, if it has succeeded in Parliament, has failed in the constituencies. Apart altogether from its own demerits, that mode of resistance has excessively annoyed all devotees of Mr. Gladstone—whom our opponents will admit to be numerous—all "local leaders"—read the language of Mr. Smith, the Member for Liverpool, a typical local leader,—and all provincial journalists, who have the literary irritability under delay. The matter has been explained, and explained week after week, day after day, by all Liberal speakers and writers, till the voters are possessed of the facts, and regard the Government's failure to carry its Bills as one main reason for punishing enemies of the Government, who, and not the Government, are for those failures held solely responsible. Their other reason, dislike

and distrust of the Tory leaders, of Lord Salisbury, who out of mere fury stormed against a Bill for suppressing dynamiteurs —which he would certainly have brought in—and of Sir Stafford Northcote, who defended the Obstructives as the Spartans in the English Thermopylæ, and so revealed his deep sympathy with those who would paralyse Parliament, remains as before, and will, we have little doubt, overcome all the prejudice created both by the facts as to Mr. Bradlaugh, and the Tory misrepresentation of those facts, which on one point has not been adroit. They should have fixed on somebody else as a secret sympathiser with Atheism, and not on Mr. Gladstone. That was foolish, as foolish as it would be for Liberals to fix on Lord Salisbury as a secret sympathiser with O'Donovan Rossa. So far as we can judge, a dissolution to-morrow would not increase the Tory list by ten votes, would increase Mr. Parnell's list by twenty votes, unless the Pope's letter dries up his supplies, and would leave the Liberals where they are, though with some of their men pledged, like the Irish Attorney-General, not to vote on an Affirmation Bill.

We have, of course, confined ourselves to the situation as it stands. Should the Redistribution Bill be in front, or should Mr. Gladstone have resigned, or should a new topic like a war in Europe have arrived before the Dissolution, all the conditions of calculation would be changed. But apart from those new factors, we have, we believe, described the situation rightly, and certainly with as little party bias as human nature will allow.

LEO XIII. AND THE PARNELLITES.

THIS Pope strikes straight. In language of most unusual clearness, language intended to be understood by common people, the Pope, as Head of the Catholic Church, has formally condemned all collections for Parnellite purposes, and especially the Testimonial Fund intended to do honour to Mr. Parnell himself. He has denounced "absolutely" all "such collections as are raised in order to inflame popular passions, and to be used as the means for leading men into rebellion against the laws;" has commanded all Catholic Clergy "to stand aloof from such subscriptions," and has declared it "not to be tolerated that any ecclesiastic, much less a Bishop, should take any part whatever in recommending or promoting the Parnell Testimonial Fund." Such collections are utterly evil, "when it is plain that hatred and dissensions are aroused by them; that distinguished persons are loaded with insult; and that never in any way are censures pronounced against the crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves." This is plain speaking, and the issue of the Circular containing such expressions to the Catholic Bishops of Ireland may prove an historical event. This is no *pro formâ* denunciation of "unlawful means," of unnamed Secret Societies, or of rebellion in the abstract. The Pope names the clique he condemns. Before such words could have been used, and especially words of such popular plainness, the Papacy must have been thoroughly informed, must have studied the whole situation, and must have taken one of those resolutions from which it seldom swerves under any pressure whatever. Many considerations must have induced the Pope to pause before he struck so resolute a blow. He is thoroughly aware of the special difficulties of his Church in Ireland, of the deep variance among its Bishops, of its dependence for means on popular favour, of the disposition, so widely spread of late years, to declare that the Church shall only be obeyed on matters non-political. It is nothing less than schism that he risks in Ireland. He knows that in America the Parnellite movement is far more Roman Catholic than in Ireland, that it has gathered to itself all sorts of Catholic societies, and that its leaders have assiduously courted and honoured the priests, through whose aid alone they can work on their subscribers. He has been in incessant communication with Bishops avowedly on Mr. Parnell's side, he has studied letters from Archbishop Croke, the most rabid of them all, and he has round him men who know Ireland as it is known only to her clergy and her agitators. There was no special demand pressing on him for so uncompromising an utterance, no recrudescence of outrage, no great horror amid which even Protestants might have looked for an utterance for Rome. It is in the face of the circumstances, and not under strain of circumstances, that he speaks out in unqualified terms, and prohibits in America, no less than in Ireland, the collections which are the life-blood of the Parnellite movement. No Catholic will henceforward be able to subscribe to a Parnellite fund without the sense that he is furthering a movement denounced by the Pope in the precise method held by the Pope to be most blameable, and no priest will be able to collect for Mr. Parnell without imminent risk of suspension for overt disobedience to the direct command of the Pope and the settled policy of his Church.

We did not expect such decision, though we have long since been in the habit of annoying many of our readers by pointing out plainly that the popular view of the situation was misled by religious prejudice, and that the Catholic Church was not and could not be in complicity with recent movements in Ireland. That Church has never been heartily favourable to the independence of Ireland, which, as its rulers perceive, would leave Great Britain one of the least Catholic of the European States, in fact in most Sessions without a Catholic in her representative body. It has always been hostile on ecclesiastical grounds to Secret Societies of any kind, and of late it has seen too many signs that the leaders of the Irish party hostile to Great Britain sympathise with the cosmopolitan Revolution, and at heart detest all clerical control. It was certain, therefore, that the Pope would be on the side of Cardinal M'Cabe, that he would inculcate moderation on all Bishops, and that his more favoured representatives in Parliament would not be Parnellites. But, in the face of Irish difficulties, we did not expect such decision as this, such a distinct effort, for it is nothing less, to cut off the supplies from the Parnellite agitation, and we can only explain the Pope's action in one way. Leo XIII. is not only a philosopher, but a good man, and thoroughly detests the unscrupulousness which from first to last has marked this movement, and for which he condemns all priests who favour it. He has heard, as he could not but hear, from the Catholic nobles if from no one else, of the long series of agrarian outrages, murders, beatings, and boycottings, paid for no one knows how; he sees, as we all see, that for such crimes, to use his own words, "never in any way are censures pronounced," and, alike as gentleman and as the head of Catholic Christendom, his blood boils at such things; and he has denounced them, leaving all consequences to the God whose Minister in some special sense he claims to be. In so doing, he has only acted on the unbroken tradition of his Church; but those traditions have often slept, and Popes have usually been content to denounce evil, without naming names.

What the consequence of this utterance will be, it is hard as yet to tell. One consequence may be distinctly bad. Such of the Irish leaders as are defiantly infidel will obtain a higher place in the organisation, as being beyond all secret dread of the thunders of Rome; and their tendency will be towards violence, and they will choose for instruments men to whom the censures of all Churches are equally mere words. Utter infidelity, an entire disbelief in any power not entirely of this world, makes much of the strength of Nihilism. But no Irish party is strong without the sympathy of the people, and the question for politicians is the effect of the Pope's action upon the Catholic majority. It is one to which we at least can give no confident reply. There is no subject connected with the condition of Ireland so hopelessly puzzling as the religious attitude of the Catholic section of her people. They say they are Catholics, but on agrarian matters they will receive no guidance, they defy the parochial clergy, and they pay to any Bishop who differs with them a cold respect which is as little a sign of an intention to obey as open defiance. Mr. O'Donnell represents them, and he publicly ridicules the Pope as a simple old pastor, easily hoodwinked. The priests have been unable to check outrage, to prevent intimidation, or to obtain any reverence for the law. Thousands of Irishmen supposed to be faithful Catholics declare that the priests shall keep to the churches, and in a few cases the clergy have not been left free even there, for if the sermon has been too "strong" against breaches of the law, the congregations have walked out. The greatest clerics in Ireland, if known to be hostile to Parnellism, have been distinctly unpopular; and though the threats said to have been levelled at Cardinal M'Cabe were denied, the circulation of that report marked clearly the new attitude attributed to the Catholic laity. On the other hand, the Catholic Church retains a singular authority. On religious questions, Dr. Manning regulates a great many votes. A man like Carey finds it pay him not only to be exact in performing all ceremonial religious duties, but to join a special Brotherhood of the faith. Brady heard mass before he went to the Phœnix Park. The Philadelphia Convention selected a priest for chairman, and an attempt to "enfranchise" the meeting from "clerical ideas" was suppressed with the energy

of alarm. The priestly approval or veto is still an important factor at elections, an irresistible one indeed, if the leading priests happen to be popular. It is impossible to be certain, for the evidence is hopelessly conflicting, but we presume that, as in all other Catholic countries, the Papal utterance will sever from the movement many good Catholics—not to its improvement—that it will immensely strengthen those Catholics who wish to resist, and that for the rest, it will be rather evaded than defied. The priests who favour Parnellism will not appear on platforms, but will be present in the body of the hall. Still, censure of this kind checks energy; and the Pope has given the world a test by which to judge his influence in Ireland. If the "Parnell Testimonial Fund," directly and by name condemned in his Circular, proves fruitful either in Ireland or America, the authority of the Papacy over Irishmen has sunk to a low ebb. Lord Cairns, to judge by his recent speech, will exult at that; but calmer Protestants see reason to doubt whether in Catholic countries belief in the Church is not often inextricably bound up with belief in anything, even in the sanctity of human life. Bigots become assassins sometimes, but we have not seen in the Secret Societies which work by assassination any deep mark of respect for any Christian creed.

THE BARRISTERS' AGITATION.

THE recent meeting of the Bar, and the resolutions which it is understood to have adopted in favour of a more permanent and effective organisation of the Profession, have given rise to a good deal of speculation, and some alarm. It is a just instinct which leads the public, already too much at the mercy of an army of compact and well-disciplined "Interests," to suspect that it is witnessing another, and this time a most formidable, accession to the ranks of its natural enemies. There is, moreover, it must be admitted, at first sight something that verges on the ridiculous in the spectacle of the Bar, of all people in the world, posing in the character of sheep without a shepherd. There is no profession which makes so much show, takes so many of the great prizes of life, or apparently exercises an influence at once so visible and so far-reaching and many-sided. What other class or calling is there in England which contributes anything like the same number of Members to the House of Commons, of writers to journalism, of successful candidates for the highest and best paid posts in the service of the State, both at home and abroad? The conditions, moreover, under which a great part of a successful barrister's work is done secure for him in a peculiar degree the attention and good-will of the public. The name, the face, the minatory tones, the slipshod style, the highly-flavoured and full-bodied humour of an eminent Nisi Prius leader are familiar to thousands to whom the personality of the most distinguished doctor, or engineer, or artist, is altogether unknown. It seems difficult, therefore, to believe that a profession so ostentatiously strong, possessing so many mouthpieces, carrying on its labours in the full glare of publicity, animated (as it is always supposed to be) with an unusually powerful *esprit de corps*, and by no means given to waiving its pretensions, should have been suffering in silent impotence, from its inability to take corporate action in defence of its own interests.

There is, no doubt, a certain amount of exaggeration, both in the complaints which the Bar is making of its present helplessness, and in the expectations which many of its members entertain of the benefits which the new organisation will confer. At the same time, it is certain that, powerful as the profession appears to be, and in many ways unquestionably is, its real strength for all corporate purposes, whether of internal control or of external influence, is singularly small. Nor is the explanation far to seek. The Bar is suffering from that worst form of anarchy which consists in the make-believe of government. In theory, the organisation of the profession is complete. No one can enter it except through one of the Four Inns of Court, each of which is governed by a body of Benchers, recruited from time to time from among the most distinguished and experienced practitioners. The enforcement of domestic discipline, the representation of the interests of the profession, the expression of its views in all public matters by which it is directly affected or in relation to which it can speak with peculiar authority, might naturally be supposed to be tasks which these eminent persons were both competent and zealous to discharge. When they were silent or inactive, it might reasonably be inferred that the Bar was either contented or indifferent. In fact, however, the governing bodies of the Inns of Court appear to have neither the will nor the power to perform the multiform and delicate duties which they alone, under the existing organisation of the Bar, are in a position to undertake. So far as the outside world can judge, their energies of late years have been mainly directed to the pulling-down of a number of more or less interesting old buildings, and the setting-up in their place of a number of more or less ugly new ones. It would be unfair to deny that they have rendered service to the profession, and done what they could to raise its educational standard, by the creation of professorships, the foundation of scholarships and prizes, and the institution of examinations. Nor can it be doubted that they deal justly and effectively with such cases of professional misconduct as are from time to time brought to their notice. But, for the most part, if they do good, they do it by stealth, and it would be difficult to name an occasion during the last ten years—one of the most critical periods in the history of the English Bar—upon which they have interposed to resist an encroachment, to remedy a grievance, or to suggest or support a beneficial reform.

The causes of the marked and growing impotence of the Inns of Court are to be found partly in the altered conditions under which the work of the profession is carried on, partly in the composition and character of the governing bodies themselves. Within the memory of living men, the Bar consisted of a comparatively small number of persons, all living and practising in London, under the eye and within easy reach of the arm of the paternal authority of the Masters of the Bench. Twice a year its members were dispersed over the country, on the various Circuits; but to prevent them from abusing their temporary freedom, they were environed, wherever they went, by an iron fence of protective etiquette, and subjected to the penal jurisdiction of the ambulatory Circuit Court. The profession was, in fact, governed by a kind of club law, which was easily enforced among a body of men not too numerous to be personally acquainted, bound together by community of pursuits and interests, and peculiarly well situated for making their wishes known and their influence felt. But this state of things has been completely changed by the large increase in the numbers of the Bar, and its gradual and growing decentralisation. Rules of conduct and prescriptions of etiquette which were well adapted to the old system have become unsuitable, nor is it even any longer possible to secure by means of the old machinery the observance of such of them as are fit to be retained. For the same reason, it is far more difficult than it used to be to ascertain and to find expression for the floating opinion of the profession. The Bar has, in short, reached a stage when it can neither be governed nor take any kind of effective corporate action without representative institutions. And the essential weakness of its existing organisation is that it is in no sense representative. The Benchers of the Inns of Court form, for most purposes, four entirely distinct and independent bodies. They are, moreover, constituted upon a thoroughly vicious principle, all vacancies being supplied by co-optation; while tradition dictates that no one shall be considered eligible who is not either a Queen's Counsel, or a "junior" who has long since passed his prime. The younger members of the Bar, who are, after all, a vast majority even of the practising part of it, are completely excluded from all share in the choice of its rulers and spokesmen. It is not to be wondered at that feebleness, want of initiative, and caution carried to the point of timidity should constantly mark the action of bodies which rest upon no popular basis, and are only accidentally in sympathy with the constituency on whose behalf they profess to speak and act. Accordingly, the main object of the recent meeting of the Bar was to secure the establishment of a permanent, elective Committee, on which the interests and ideas of all sections of the profession would be adequately represented.

If it be asked what interest the public has in a better organisation of the Bar, it ought to be a sufficient answer to point to the good results which have attended a similar process in the case of the other branch of the Legal Profession. The services rendered by the Incorporated Law Society, both to professional morality and to the improvement of the Law, have been conspicuously great. Every attorney of the baser sort lives with the fear of the Society constantly before his eyes, and there is good reason to believe that, in consequence of its strenuous and indefatigable efforts, the class is being sensibly thinned down. In the matter of Law reform, the value of the criticisms and suggestions which the Society, focussing as it does the opinions of a mass of experts, has from time to time offered, with reference both to the form and the substance of

pending legislation, has been attested by successive Lord Chancellors. Like benefits may surely be expected from any such organisation of the *disjecta membra* of the Bar as will make the profession, for the first time for many years, really articulate, and capable of united action. The temptations to the grosser forms of professional misconduct are not great at the Bar, and are rarely yielded to; but the public is as much interested as the profession itself in a thorough revision, undertaken by competent hands, of its traditional regulations, conventions, and etiquettes. A quasi-legislative authority is urgently wanted, both to get rid of much that is antiquated and superfluous in its present code, and to lay down definite rules for cases which are now unprovided for. A really strong and representative Committee of the Bar would also be invaluable as an aid to Parliament in certain departments of general legislation. If, for instance, the Criminal Appeal Bill, which is battling its way wearily against the ignorant obstruction of Lord R. Churchill and his friends, had been submitted to and revised by such a body, it would have been presented to the House of Commons in a better form, and with far greater authority. And Parliament, having in its inscrutable wisdom entrusted to the Judges the power, which they use most liberally, of transforming our whole system of civil procedure from time to time at their discretion, it is certain that many past mistakes would have been avoided, as it is to be hoped that some which are now imminent may be averted, if all the new rules were laid in the first instance before the authorised representatives of the Bar.

THE SOUTH-AFRICAN COLONIES.—A SUGGESTION.

THERE is a tendency just now to exaggerate the badness of all news from South Africa. Many of the colonists are very sore at the absence of high-handedness in Liberal policy, and at what they think undue concessions to "Dutch" feelings and ideas. They represent every event—and events are always occurring in South Africa—in the worst light, and find eager allies among Tory speakers who have convinced themselves that "Mismanagement in South Africa" is an effective hustings cry. It is not, for the real feeling of the householders is that such matters are for Governments to arrange; but the Tories think so, and they therefore study all reports from the Cape, exaggerate them, and pour out the names of little-known chiefs and unknown localities with amusing fluency, and very often amusing ignorance. According to many of them, the Liberal Government is too lenient to Boers, and is therefore hated by the Dutch; too favourable to black men, and therefore hated by the tribes; too generous with its franchises, and therefore hated by the settlers! Nevertheless, in spite of all the allowances to be made on this account, the situation in South Africa cannot be pronounced good. The British Government, whether Tory or Liberal, succeeds there less than in any quarter of the world, except, perhaps, Ireland. The broad ends of its policy are never satisfactorily secured. The native population is never quite at peace; the Colonial Ministries are never quite content; the Boer Governments are never without an alleged grievance. The troubles, too, are not merely troubles, but always threaten to develope into explosions, which will lead, and that very rapidly, to demands for military intervention. We tolerate much in the Boer Governments, but still there is a point at which we should fall back on force. The Colonial Governments are let alone, but still they may force large territories on us, to defend or to give up to barbarism. We bear incessant native risings with equanimity; but still, if the white men were in danger, we should send out troops without delay. It is in ignoring that perplexity that the error of the *Times* lies. That journal has maintained for years, with unusual consistency, that our South-African possessions are not worth having, and that all power and responsibility should be handed over to the Colonists, with permission to do the best they can at their own expense. That would be easy advice, though immoral, if the Colonists were united, or were always certain to win; but neither of these conditions can be reckoned on with any certainty. The Dutch and the English are not united, and if the British Government withdrew, the Dutch element would probably demand supremacy under a threat of civil war, while the native strength is uninterruptedly increasing. Upon the first point there may be some difference of opinion, men like our correspondent of to-day, who live in towns and talk to the educated, reporting that the ill-feeling between the white races is not deep; but the mass of authority is all the other way. Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly stated that the Dutch, as a body, sympathise with the Boers, and Lord Kimberley only the other day declared that this was the difficulty of the situation. Without wary walking, he said, the Colonial Office might find itself resisted by two-thirds of the white population; that is, in fact, might have all South Africa to reconquer. Sir Hercules Robinson is coming home, it is said, to impress the same truth. That consideration alone is fatal to the *Times'* plan of withdrawal, while the second one, the increase of native strength, is never questioned. So strong is the pressure of emigrants from the North, so rapid the increase of the settled tribes, that a general rising of the dark races is always a possibility, and if it occurred, and there seemed even a chance of Europe being slaughtered out of Africa, the *Times'* policy of abstention would go at once to the winds. No Government could exist an hour which consciously permitted such a catastrophe.

Under these circumstances, might it not be worth the while of the Colonial Office to consider whether an intermediate authority between themselves and the South-African Colonies would not be of use? The effort to secure Federation has failed, for the time, owing partly to the Transvaal war, partly to the jealousies of the Colonies, and partly to the incurable difficulties of the Native question, but could not much of the benefit expected from that scheme be secured in another way? Suppose her Majesty were represented in South Africa by a Viceroy carefully selected, to whom the Governors would report, with whom the Boer Presidents would negotiate, and who would, as regards natives, possess all the authority the Crown and Parliament could give him. Such an officer might be invested with the commission of Captain-General, once or twice given in India—Lord George Bentinck, for example, held it—he would be for the Colonies a Colonial Office present on the spot, for the natives a Grand Protector, and for the Boer States a Plenipotentiary with whom they could negotiate frankly. Wielding such powers, in personal communication with the leaders of South-African politics, always on the spot, and always watching opinion, he would, we conceive, be able to remove, and frequently even to anticipate, difficulties which press severely on the Colonial Office, hampered as it necessarily must be by want of local knowledge, by conflicting reports, and by those defects of vision which so constantly debar exiles from understanding the precise situation in the countries they have left. If a Viceroy is useful anywhere, it should be in a country of vast extent, filled with nearly independent States and tribes, and harassed by differences of race, of colour, and of civilisation. A supreme referee upon the spot, placed above the strife of parties, is always necessary in such circumstances, if it be only to keep the Home Government informed as a competent Ambassador would do; but the Viceroy could do more, for he could steadily impress upon all British representatives that, so far as they needed British aid, a definite line of policy must be adhered to. Moreover, he would adhere to it himself, and so steady the policy of the Colonial Office, which in a country like South Africa is apt to respond too readily to party changes at home.

It may be said that the experiment has been tried, a High Commissioner having several times been appointed, not always with success. The High Commissioner, however, has always been a Governor of some one colony, has always been something of a partisan, and has never been able to travel easily, to confer with the Chiefs of the Independent States, or to make Colonists, Boers, and Natives alike understand the separateness of his position. The Viceroy should be free of detailed duties, should regard himself as Ambassador far more than ruler, and should be of such rank among politicians that Governments could quote his authority as one in which they confided. He should be, in fact, the kind of man whom a good Government selects for the Viceroyalty of India. We have always hoped that the Government might one day be able to avail itself at the Cape of its own good-fortune in possessing in the House of Lords a Peer who is also a Dutch noble, who is familiar with the inner feelings of both races, and who would be at all events understood by both. Lord Reay, born Baron Bentinck, and trained to diplomatic work in the service of the Netherlands, would, if he would accept the post, make a perfect representative of the Crown in South Africa; but the suggestion is independent of any individual name. What is wanted is a man of high rank, familiar at once with administration and diplomacy, who could represent England on the spot, hold together the various and often-conflicting authorities—could *reign*, as far as natives were concerned—and be, in fact, the Colonial Office on the spot, in the very face of the problem

which so puzzles them, and which may be measured by a single week's news. Since Friday week, the country has been informed authoritatively that Cetewayo has been defeated in a rather serious engagement,—which means possible anarchy in Zululand; that the Basutos have all broken loose,—which means that the Cape Ministry will declare them subjects of the Crown only; that President Brand, of the Orange River Free State, has demanded the fulfilment of the Aliwal Convention with him,—which means that Great Britain must conquer the Basutos, lest they should trouble the Free State; and that the Cape Government is sending home the Attorney-General to confer with Lord Derby,—which means that the Cape statesmen see difficulties close ahead not to be settled by despatches. None of these things may come to much, for, as we have said, all affairs at the Cape are exaggerated by the atmosphere through which we see them; but they are all serious enough to make politicians long for a little white light. As for cost, no South-African trouble ever lets the Treasury off under millions.

THE EFFECT OF CONSCRIPTION ON LITTLE WARS.

IT is often said, and generally believed, that the enormous Standing Armies which in these days Continental States deem it expedient to maintain tend to render wars more frequent, and peace less secure. The correctness of this view is, however, open to very grave question. There can be little doubt that universal military service, whereby alone great standing armies can be raised, especially when associated with universal suffrage, makes aggressive warfare less probable, and distant expeditions more difficult. Only those who have lived in countries where military service is universal can form any adequate idea of the terrible memories left by the most glorious of wars, and of the unspeakable horror with which the bare possibility of future wars is regarded. It was the lot of the present writer to spend two years in Germany shortly after the war of 1870-71, and he saw and heard enough to convince him that only under pressure of the sternest necessity will this or the rising generation of Germans engage in another contest. For universal military service is all-devouring. Once the Army is mobilised, every valid man between twenty and twenty-eight must go to the front. Should the struggle continue, and the Landwehr be called out, the limit of age is extended to thirty-three. The only son of his mother, the rising physician, the popular advocate, the busy merchant, the spoiled darling of fortune, the newly-married workman,—all must shoulder the Mäuser, don the pickelhaube, fare as common soldiers fare, and face wounds, hardship, and death. Except among officers hungry for promotion, and young men eager for excitement and adventure, the mere idea of war is viewed in Germany with a repugnance which in England is hardly conceivable. A considerable proportion of the Germans who leave their country for the Far West, leave it less to better their condition than to avoid the incidence of military service. The two great wars in which Germany since 1815 has been involved were in both instances followed by a portentous increase of emigration. Ask an American-German, or his son sent to the old country for his education, which country he prefers,—that of his birth or of his adoption. The answer is invariably the same,—"America, of course. There is no military service there!" Nobody knows better than Prince Bismarck the wretchedness wrought by war, a wretchedness far more keenly felt by those who stay at home than by those who have to face the bullets of the foe. The survivors are always the greatest sufferers. His never-ceasing efforts to strengthen Germany by alliances arise far more from a desire to reduce the chances of war by a general understanding among the Military Powers than from fear of French revenge,—a fear for which there was never less warrant than at the present moment, war being even more dreaded and universal military service more detested in France than in Germany. The system in France is comparatively new; the people are more restive and rebellious, and by reason of the relative smallness of their families, the blood-tax is harder on the French than on their neighbours. The German peasant, with three or four sons—and most German peasants have three or four sons—can spare one at a time for military duty without serious inconvenience; but when the French peasant parts with one of his two children (the regulation number) he loses his right-hand, and the mere hint of a possible war drives him positively wild. "What is the feeling of people in Savoy about the connection with France?" asked the present writer, a few days ago, of an intelligent Savoyard peasant. "We would rather be French than Italian," was the answer, "*so long as there are no more wars.*"

The tendency of universal military service to make people more pacific is, indeed, too palpable to be denied. It arises from the nature of things. Citizen soldiers, who would fight cheerfully in defence of their country, would not easily be induced to risk their lives in an unprovoked attack on a neighbouring nation; and in France and Germany, the right to vote and the liability to serve go together. The Tunisian war showed most significantly that universal military service is incompatible with distant expeditions, except on a very small scale. The reason is obvious. A French regiment is composed of the men actually with the colours and of the reservists. The latter have served their time, and nothing save imminent war with a great Power would justify their recall to the regiment. Of the men with the colours, some have only just joined and are not fit to serve, and some have so nearly completed their term of service that it would not be worth while to send them far from home. The residue—perhaps half, possibly only a third of the regiment—would consist of men who had two years to serve, and even they would not be seasoned soldiers, capable of sustaining the hardships of a campaign in such countries as Anam or Madagascar. These are the reasons which rendered the organisation of the expedition to Tunis so difficult, and which compel the French Government to send out reinforcements to Tonquin in driblets of 1,000 or 1,500 men at a time, most, if not all, of whom have either volunteered expressly for the occasion, or belong to the Foreign Legion or to the Infanterie and Artillerie de Marine, which are composed exclusively of volunteers, and constitute in effect the sole force of which the French Government can dispose for carrying out a policy of adventure. We have been at some pains to ascertain the strength of this force. The Foreign Legion numbers, at its full strength, 3,000 men; but recruits are often lacking, and its effective strength cannot safely be computed at more than 2,500. According to *La Statistique* of Maurice Bloert, the Infanterie de Marine, including the transport service, consists nominally of 15,215 men. But the force is far below its proper strength; it contains many non-combatants, and Élisée Reclus, in a recent communication to a friend, estimates the effective strength of the Marine Infantry and Artillery at 16,000 men at the outside. We have thus something less than 20,000 men, all seasoned soldiers, theoretically available for distant expeditions, without disorganising the regular army by breaking up regiments, or creating discontent among the peasantry by sending their sons to perish in African jungles, or conquer colonies in the China Seas. But as some of these men must be retained for service in the Fleet, and several detachments are on duty in the West Indies, Cayenne, and elsewhere, the number actually available is probably not more than from 10,000 to 15,000. With so slender a force it is impossible to do much, and men in authority, however much they may desire "to extend the influence of France," are compelled, in the main, to keep to the fireside policy which universal military service, by bringing home to every French citizen the unpleasantness of war, has imposed upon them. The same difficulty is experienced in other countries where a similar system prevails. During the debate on the Egyptian Question in the Italian Parliament, the Minister frankly admitted that one of the reasons why the Government declined to join England in the suppression of Arabi's insurrection was the difficulty of organising a force for foreign service. And yet Italy has a standing army of 200,000 men, and a potential force of 1,400,000! The lesson of Tunis has not been lost. We owe the non-intervention of France in Egypt, as well as of Italy, more to the exigencies of universal military service than to deliberate policy. So long as that system obtains, peace is likely to prevail. When voters have to fight in person, they will not sanction wars the causes of which they do not clearly understand, and in defence of which they are not willing to lay down their lives. Sanction for the expedition to Tonquin was only obtained by official statements that there would be no war.

THE CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS.

THE figures given in the Report presented to the Fifteenth Co-operative Congress are not very clearly set out, and they are not quite identical with those quoted by Mr. Baxter in his opening address. But even with these drawbacks they

are exceedingly striking. The Societies which made returns for the year 1881 were 865, with 515,000 members. The total sales for the year came to very nearly twenty millions, the net profit on which amounted to £1,333,513. These profits were made on a share capital of not quite six millions. In Scotland there were 238 societies, with 85,439 members. The total sales for the year were £3,496,137, and the net profit £303,733, on a share capital of £473,633. Taking the ten years from 1872 to 1881, Mr. Baxter says the profits on the share capital have been at the rate of 29 per cent. per annum for England and 65 per cent. per annum for Scotland. It would be interesting to know why there should be so great a difference in the rate of profit between the two countries. The only reason that suggests itself is that to the Scottish mind it is more pleasant to see much money coming in than to see little going out. In a co-operative society the members have their choice between paying little for the goods they buy and paying highly for the goods, while receiving large returns in the shape of bonuses on their purchases. Mr. Baxter speaks as though there was something creditable in the fact that the dividend of the Scottish Societies is "more than double that which had been realised by our friends on the other side of the Tweed." This national self-glorification surely betrays that infection of nature which doth remain, yea in them that are regenerate. It savours of the old pride in making large profits out of a public which was regarded as the appointed prey of the retail tradesman, and as such has no place in the new world of Co-operation. Who pay this dividend of 65 per cent.? The purchasers. Who receive this dividend of 65 per cent.? The purchasers. It is merely a transfer from one pocket to another. There is no question about this, because the interest on the share capital is allowed for before the net profit is calculated. Consequently, there is neither merit nor demerit in paying large dividends. That I give ninepence at a Scottish Co-operative Store for what I could buy at a similar store in England for fivepence, is really of no importance whatever. In the one case, I receive fourpence back at the end of the year; in the other case, I receive nothing. The article, whatever it is, costs me precisely the same in the two cases, unless, indeed, my purchases are so large as to make it a serious matter to lie so long out of the money. All that is really essential to the success of a Co-operative Society is that the prices shall be fixed sufficiently high to guard against any possibility of loss, and for this purpose a moderate return in the shape of bonus to purchasers is the best and simplest system that can be adopted.

Besides the numerous Societies with which the Co-operative Congress dealt, there are the great London Distributing Agencies. The accounts of the five largest of these were given in the *Statist* of last Saturday. Their annual sales in 1882 amounted to £4,778,530. Their gross profits in the same year were close upon £450,000. A single society, the Army and Navy, sold last year £2,148,288, and made a gross profit of £189,864. With the exception of the Manchester Wholesale Co-operative Society, of which the sales are £4,500,000 a year, the Army and Navy is the largest Store in the kingdom. The main difference between these Societies and the Working-men's Societies is that in the latter the dividend on capital is limited to £5 per cent., and any surplus profit is divided among the purchasers; whereas, in the former, there is no restriction on the dividends beyond the interest of the shareholder not to drive away trade by unduly high prices. In fact, the London Societies are really Joint-Stock Companies for the distribution of all goods in general request, and, in the first instance, there was nothing to prevent them from putting their charges at any figure which would still leave the purchaser an advantage in dealing with them. Now, however, a new form of rivalry has risen up, which promises in the future to exercise a very effectual check on this tendency. The points in which Co-operative Stores have the advantage over the shops which they are superseding are ready-money payments, the saving of the cost of carriage, and the large scale on which they do business. How is an ordinary shopkeeper to stand up against them in any one of these respects? His customers are accustomed to have long credit given them, and if he refuses it, they leave him. He has to keep men, carts, and horses to deliver at short notice very much fewer parcels than he could deliver with the same staff, if he could but secure the necessary orders. He cannot hope to increase his trade, because he sells only one class of goods, and even in this has half-a-dozen rivals in the same street. Consequently, he cannot bring his prices anywhere near those charged at the Stores, unless he either sells inferior goods, or submits in the long-run to make a loss, instead of a profit. Now, however, there are shops which do business on as large a scale as the Stores, insist as rigidly on ready-money payments, and only differ from them in providing free carriage. So far as the convenience of the buyer goes, shops of this kind have the advantage of the Stores. The prices charged are about the same, the delivery of the goods is more rapid, and there is not the constant sense of having to pay extra for it. Still, the cost of delivery has to be met somehow, and if it is not paid by the purchaser, it must come out of the profits of the shopkeeper. But if the shopkeeper is to contend successfully with the Stores, he must charge prices which only return the shareholders of the Stores some 5 per cent. on their capital; and if out of this he has to deduct the cost of delivering the goods, how will it be worth his while to sell at all? The answer to this question touches upon the really weak point in the Co-operative system,—its inferior command of individual energy and individual courage. If the manager of a Co-operative Store is unconscientious, he is likely to be careless about a business which, after all, is not his. If he is conscientious, he is likely to be timid in the expenditure of money which, after all, is not his. These are the two rocks upon which Co-operative Societies almost necessarily run, and neither of these has any dangers for the private trader. He has a direct and immediate interest in pushing his business, and if, in order to do this, he runs any serious risk, he puts no one in peril but himself. He may reckon, therefore, upon making very much more than the £5 per cent. which contents the shareholders in a Co-operative Society, and out of this margin will come the cost of carriage.

Thus the Retail Trade of the future seems to reveal itself as divided between Co-operative Stores and those large private concerns which can afford to supply the best goods at equally low prices. We shall not pretend to see in this a perfect millennium. The small shopkeepers are, after all, a very numerous and a very industrious class, and the prospect of their slow, but inevitable extinction, is not to be welcomed with enthusiasm. They have been very useful in the past, and between them and their customers there is a link of human sympathy which, if it be not always perfectly disinterested, is at least more attractive than the universal indifference with which one of a hundred shopmen takes down the orders of one of ten thousand buyers. "They always," says Miss Thackeray of the tradespeople, in "Old Kensington," "conversed with their customers while they measured a yard of silk, or sold a skein of thread across their counters. Dolly would feel flattered when Mr. Baize found her grown. Even Lady Sarah would graciously reply to his respectful inquiries after her health, on the rare occasions when she shopped herself." Pleasures of this sort will not hold their own against the current of a great social change, but it is what we cannot keep that we most naturally regret. It may be that the constantly changing conditions of modern civilisation will disclose some new chance for the small retail traders. What form that chance will take cannot now be foreseen; possibly, indeed, it will only be developed out of a more complete ruin than has yet overtaken the class it is to benefit.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

ONE'S first vague impression is that one has "been there," in a previous state of existence; and that impression settles down into a combined reminiscence of the Exhibition in 1862, the permanent marine department of the Museum over the way, and the life-saving inventions at the Agricultural Hall last year. There is a suggestion of the Trocadero in the curved galleries sweeping away from the great conservatory, where the Queen's State Barge lies in state, a dead emblem, disinterred after a hundred years, and attended by mutes in scarlet and badges; but the Prince's Pavilion, with its £9,000 worth of solidly sumptuous upholstery, and its darkness visible, leaving the Windsor tapestries upon the walls to be taken on trust or seen by electric light—hardly appropriate to a summer show—is a less agreeable, though a more magnificent object than the *maisonette* in the Champ de Mars, whose doors only have been transferred to South Kensington. The foreign flavour of the great show speedily makes itself felt, for not only are the representative fishing people to be seen in each division, but a much-beaded Canadian of preoccupied aspect, who might be one of the "brothers" of Moore's beautiful old song, paddles his own canoe in a very navigable pond, and two live pelicans stand on one leg

apiece in the water, with their big bills despondent, as though regretful of the distant delights of free fishing—in the Nile, perhaps—and contemplating a resentful dive at the holiday crowd, which is everywhere. An animated crowd, interested and good-humoured, with much strange speech among it, such as one has not heard since '62; and in the practical galleries, down Dutch and Canadian ways especially, a prevalence of the marine element. Ham Peggotty is well to the fore, and with his "mates" is curious as to nets and boats—not of the pleasure pattern—and frankly suspicious of the sea-going sincerity of the Chinese division (entirely perfect in its arrangement, and as serenely ready as if it had been there for a year, when every other was in wild confusion), on account of the glow of colour, the flaunting, outlandish flags, and the great, undulating, glittering, red-bearded dragons that guard the doorway. "This here's a theayter!" said Ham, with a disconcerted pull at his loose neckkerchief, as he caught sight of a sculptured group of spectacled Mandarins, seated in carved arm-chairs in a grove of Chinese lanterns, and also found himself in the living presence of a mild yellow gentleman (in blue silk, with a wide black hat, a bare throat, and shoes like flat-irons) whose calm politeness seemed to control the crowd, so that "China" was a restful haven, in comparison with the Western world.

Only a superficial view is possible on a first visit to this gigantic Exhibition, which has aroused interest amounting to enthusiasm, and got an immense amount of work out of everybody concerned in it; and that view is generally, but not completely, satisfactory. The main effect is grandiose, but while one is astonished at the amount of invention, art, and decoration, occasionally dropping into poetry, connected with fish, one also observes the ugliness of the chief entrance, with its prison-like barriers, the ill-arranged trophy of patchy flags stuck up against bare boards in the "hall," instead of being displayed upon a draped background; the vulgar, staring advertisements, worthy of a Continental railway waiting-room; and the hideous, heavy cases, so judiciously placed that they hide the valuable series of paintings lent by the Fishmongers' Company, and afford a fine relief for the thrilling announcements above-mentioned. Lastly, the ugliest clock (we hope) that ever was made in this world,—a clumsy, plate-shaped, black-faced monster (with a fine voice, though), urges its monotonous lesson upon holiday-making mankind about as attractively as a school black-board. The incessant din of the newspaper and programme boys, reminding one of the opposition bawlers in the streets on dynamite days, might be suppressed with advantage; and perhaps it would not be too much of an infringement of British liberty, if visitors to the vast and very picturesque gallery in which the boats, sails, and sail-making are exhibited were invited to "circulate," after the French fashion, going down on one side and coming back on the other. At present, they are suggestive of Malays running amok, but happily unprovided with the kris. The determined explorer who forces himself into the narrow passage behind the cases in the hall will find some pictures worth looking at, especially Scott's Westminster and London Bridges, in 1757, (the latter reminds one of the old ferry-song, "Sing ho, my Lady Lee!") and a few by Arnold van Hacken, in which fish are treated, now with Zola-like realism as to their insides, and again, with a touch of artistic feeling. There is one dramatic, blunt-nosed gasper expiring against a background of flat-fish, with a gashy mouth somewhere near its waist, that is quite fascinating. In the "Fine Arts" department adjoining the hall sentiment is not wanting. We could dispense with a monstrous picture of a fish-stall and its saleswomen, that occupies the place of honour; but the fish portraits, the river scenes, the "Anglers' Delights" (one is benignly presided over by a cathedral), the pretty rarities illustrative of the gentle craft, with its impudent assumption that the silvery victims "don't mind it," the peculiarly mild jokes in which "piscatorial artists" indulge, and the recognition of a quiet but absorbing enthusiasm, leading to the braving of wet feet and chills, which, however incomprehensible to us, possesses wholly a great number of our not insane fellow-creatures, render this preliminary to the severer purposes of the Exhibition very pleasant. The jokes on canvas "took" like the fish. "The Biter Bit"—a very replete pike being triumphantly landed—was much appreciated, and "A Catastrophe" collected an admiring crowd, as well it might, for the too confiding cat who has staked upon the black, not the red, lobster, and is securely nipped in a strong, short claw, makes an uncommonly clever picture. An adjacent otter, with his prey, is tragic after the manner of a Briton Rivière, reminding us of a tribute once offered by a domestic poet to a feline pet,—

"With all my paws, and all my jaws,
My food I claws."

The arrangement here is very pretty; everywhere are marine emblems, flags, anchors, and nets in festoons, and the long vista beyond, stretching down to the Goods' Entrance, like an enormous light tunnel, with flags, nets, machinery, boats, all sorts of things that give one a general sensation of being "on board," with several thousands of shipmates and a month or so to shake down in, is charming. But there is the fish-market to tempt us at one side, while endless colonnades in every direction invite us to come and learn all about fisheries all over the world; splendid cases display the treasures of the great deep, and tell of the peril of those that go down to the sea in ships; the manifold industrial devices of the Thames Mission appeal to public support on behalf of its objects; the huge stand of the Bible Society is prominent, as becomes it; and Lady Brassey's wonderful collection of coral, madrepore, carved shells, feather and shell ornaments, and other objects from the Southern Seas, is surrounded all day long by an admiring crowd. Curiosity, rather than admiration, is aroused by a stand containing articles of use and ornament, cunningly contrived from crab and lobster-shells mounted in silver and gold. These are ingenious, but ugly: knives and forks with handles formed of lobster-claws are objects which every gentleman's dinner-table is better without, so far as comfort is concerned. Equally uncongenial is the notion of a toilet mirror framed in the distended jaw of a shark. Death and the Lady, indeed! The force of eccentricity and bad taste could hardly go farther. A fish market (approached by a Gothic gateway of twisted columns) forming an agreeable promenade, and where the smells, if "fish-like," do not get time to become "ancient," is a pleasant novelty. Here one may behold fishes beautifully becalmed in transparent slabs of ice, and mysterious to the uninitiated as flies in amber, green vases of ferns and water-plants and artistically treated seaweed, "wet" fish, shell-fish (the oyster stalls have suggestive cruets on the premises), fresh-water fish, the sportive French crayfish all alive in a tank, unconscious of the dainty sealed bottles of his ultimate expression (*bisque d'écrevisses*) on the slab above him, the pale-pink prawn, and the familiar shrimp, in persuasive half-pint packets, handy for the proletariat tea, as a souvenir from South Kensington.

Who shall tell of the tinned fish and the dried fish, of the kippered salmon and the roe of cod, of the herring "cured" to every taste, national and particular; of the pretty canisters of condiments, provocative of unappeasable thirst, ready to be sent out to our dear ones in India; and the nice adaptation of the fan and the festoon to the arrangement of Finnan "haddies," Yarmouth bloaters, and "the herrin'" of all the seas? How gay are the stalls, how little sloppy (considering) is the pavement; what models of locomotive elegance are the light vans, blue-grey, picked out with red, for market purposes,—chariots in which Masaniello might have driven, and King Naso held his fish auction—how well the "bit of red" shows up in banks of lobster, and what a pretty lightness is lent to the scene by the globes of perpetually circumnavigating gold and silver fish! To say that one's mind expands alarmingly on the subject of sauce, is sternly made up to have it out with the cook on the piscatorial monotony of existence, and to stand no nonsense for the future, is feebly to express the effect of the fish market, and what we may take leave to call the oil-and-pickle arcade. The latter is a truly amazing place; one gets to the end of it, receiving by the way a tribute of glazed cards, silently presented, with a notion that, in a world in which so many good things are to be had in such beautiful bottles and such loves of pots, life should be worth living, in a flat, with a tall press in the wall crammed with "selections" from all the compressive countries—chiefly Norway—in peace unbroken by any "tradesman" except the baker, though, indeed, even he might be baffled by biscuits. But from this "fond, fond vision, happy, happy dream!" one must awake, for it is not business, and Canada calls, Columbia hails, North and South summon one to behold how they each and all bring their harvests "home from all the seas." There is the foreign fish market on the other side, and some day, late in June, perhaps, one may reach it; and there is the promenade, a vast play-ground, where the bands perform, and concerts are to be given (with "O Pescator!" "Tom Bowling," and Dibdin generally, let us hope). And there is India, ap-

proached by a noble entrance, with such alligators as would not condescend to call cousins with the feeble and muddy reptiles we have hitherto been put off with, stuffed, and sleeping sweetly on the roof. Then one is wanted in Russia, and in Poland (a country we do not naturally think of as connected with fish), in Heligoland and Scandinavia, all over Italy, Greece, Spain, and France, up at Stornoway and the Lewis with Sheila's people, in the Bahamas, where the fish have strange faces; down among those wonderful Dutchmen in the Low Countries, so "bad to beat" at anything, whether it be an art of war or peace; away in our own Australian Colonies, admirably represented according to their wont; in Japan, where the swarming sea and rivers are the life-source of the people; in China, where fish-culture is carried to a height that astonishes even at a passing glance, and would reward the closest study; in short, everywhere, and all at once. Breathes there a man or woman in the vast enclosure, a garden no longer, but where flirtation still flourishes, who is not eager to contemplate the sea-fishes in the aquarium, see Grace Darling's boat, and make a call on the Marquis of Exeter's whale? Not only can one not do it all, but one can only grasp a small portion of what there is to do. There's fascination for a week in China only; in the beautiful fishing fleet, with grass-mat sails, that seems to be coming to shore with a fair wind; in the slender and fragile-looking, but almost indestructibly strong fishing apparatus, all made of bamboo; in the wonderful silk nets (as fine as those our children used to have their golden hair packed into before mane-and-fringe time) with which the unwary fish are caught by the gills; in the curious oyster-culture processes, and seine fishing with rafts. Then there is the tetradon, a knobbly, bladder-shaped creature, used by the Chinese as a lantern, when he has been scooped; a collection of beautiful shells, and a hammer-headed shark from Formosa; models of boats with luminous edges for fishing by moonlight (we are not even a match-box ahead of the Yellow Man), and of the salt-pans used all over the vast empire that has no salt mines. The cases of fish, resting on their fins at the bottom of spirits-of-wine lakes, the admirable drawings by native artists, the beautiful models of cargo-junks, a fishing-house, and a fisherman's temple; the otter-nets, in which the terror of the finny tribes is let down to fish, not for his own paw, but for his master's behoof; the innumerable inventions that tell of the patient toil of the Yellow People, and their wonderful faculty for utilising everything, render this division supremely interesting. Then there is the Stuffed-fish Department, which has its fascination, not for the captors only, to whom each cool, contemplative, anxious-looking specimen represents a victory. For instance, Mr. Pugh's trophies, "all taken in three years" from the bosom of Father Thames, are positively characteristic; they are poised, not pinned, in their cases; and two dace, in particular, are passing one another, with that strictly unrecognising, minding-their-own-business aspect, which no one who has learned the various expressions of fish, by watching them in an aquarium, will fail to observe. There is in the same collection an otter climbing up a rock, with a fish in his jaws, that is a triumph of taxidermy. The fierce satisfaction and anticipation in the compression of the jaw and nostrils, and the grip of the hinder claws on the wet stone, bringing out the muscles of the leg, are perfect. But, neither is the Stuffed-fish collection the business of the Exhibition. It is no use; it cannot be done; the International Fisheries afford the latest example of those things that are "not to be tasted in a sip."

MR. AUBREY DE VERE ON THE SCEPTICAL BIAS.

IN a remarkable article contributed to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, on "The Subjective Difficulties in Religion," he discusses at some length the question whether the alleged inability of the modern reason to believe in religious truth be due to the defect of the creed which it rejects, or to the defect of the intelligence which rejects it. If the flaw be in the former, of course the rejection is right. In that case, reason has detected, what it is the proper function of reason, by comparing, and measuring, and analysing, to detect, notes of error—intrinsic flaws—in the object of study, or intrinsic contradictions between the constitution of the faculty which conducts the study and that attitude of reverence for the object presented to it for consideration, which the creed requires. The historian who studies the story of Cagliostro finds that in a great number of instances, while pretending to much greater knowledge than his dupes, he acted just as if he possessed just thus much more knowledge than they, and thus much more only, that he knew they were easily to be duped, while they did not even know as much as that. If, on the contrary, the same historian examines the careers (say) of St. Francis of Assisi or John Howard, and finds the whole of those careers explicable only by the key of a devout and self-sacrificing holiness, he decides that these are lives to be interpreted from above, and not from beneath. Just so, if our reason discovers in a creed presented to its acceptance as a creed from above, that it is just what might be manufactured from below, and that it contains nothing of a nature to stimulate, elevate, fortify, and subdue us, as supernatural wisdom must, then we should rightly reject it as spurious. On the other hand, if the defect lies not in the creed, but in the intelligence which too feebly, hastily, and inadequately attempts to grasp the creed, then what we might expect to find, and what Mr. De Vere believes that we do find, would be this,—that, so far as the creed is really apprehended, the mind which apprehends it is strengthened, widened, stimulated, elevated, and also chastened; and that those who fail to apprehend it, fail also in gaining this additional strength, stimulus, elevation, and healthy humiliation, and consequently seem to miss something of calm, of strength, of loftiness, and of humility, for which there is room in them. Such is the point of view from which Mr. Aubrey De Vere discusses what he calls "the subjective difficulties in religion," in other words, the sceptical bias. He holds that the sceptical bias is one which speaks of defect in us, not one which is caused by the flaws in the object presented to us for our spiritual acceptance.

Mr. De Vere insists, of course, very naturally and very truly, on the complete unfitness of the sceptical bias for the early lessons of life. "It is through a sympathetic and joyous docility," he says, "that we learn to walk, to speak, to exercise and direct our first affections, to reach out to the rudiments of all wisdom." That is true, and yet Mr. De Vere does not do justice to the sceptical bias, when he only insists on its complete incapacity for the early training of the mind. Of course, the child who should refuse the guidance of its parents, through premature scepticism, would perish of hunger; and the heart that should resist the growth of instinctive love, through premature distrust, would perish of ossification; but then it may fairly be answered that the time for the activity of the sceptical bias is not in childhood, that it comes later, so soon as the growing mind comes into contact, as it soon must, with misleading experiences and with profound moral disappointments. Mr. De Vere does not concede enough to the sceptical bias. It is perfectly true, as the man of science tells us, that without the sceptical bias, we should never have had the inductive sciences, if, indeed, any sciences at all. The man who dared to doubt whether the sun really rises as it appears to rise, dared a doubt which was prolific of true astronomy. The man who dared to doubt whether any tradition of custom could justify the enslavement of human beings like ourselves, dared a doubt which was prolific of true morality. The man who dared to doubt whether it could be pious to persecute those who met their persecutors with radiant forgiveness, dared a doubt which was prolific of true faith. Mr. De Vere is unjust to the sceptical bias, when he ignores this. It is perfectly true, as he says, that all healthy human life begins in "a joyous docility," but it is equally true that almost all healthy human life soon dashes itself against the rock of some misleading lesson, some poignant disillusion, some authoritative iniquity, some successful hypocrisy, and it is then that the proper moment for the development of the sceptical bias comes. True, even then the highest sceptical bias is only faith, or love, or trust in disguise; it is not scepticism simply, but resistance to some demand on faith which offends a deeper faith, repudiation of some illusion of the senses which violates the conditions of some intellectual principle of our being, rejection of some exercise of authority which implies disloyalty to some higher authority though one less ostentatious and less outwardly peremptory. All this we admit to Mr. De Vere; but none the less, his striking article sins by appearing to condemn the sceptical bias as wholly unfavourable to the true growth of man, whereas, in some form, it is essential to that growth. He approves the Socratic doubt which "doubts our doubts away;" but not, apparently, any other kind of doubt, any kind which takes at first a more serious form. Now, we maintain that though the true sceptical bias is rooted in faith, it is yet rooted in a faith which often sets him who cherishes it at odds with all the so-called natural authorities

about us, and which requires us to assume the attitude not only of incredulity, but of rebellion, towards teachers who seem to be set over us, and to be the natural guardians both of the public peace and of domestic life. It can hardly be said that the sceptical bias is wholly misleading, if there be, as we believe there are, great eras of the world, and little eras in everybody's private life, when the primary duty is to trust the impulse of distrust, when the highest belief is involved in a stern incredulity, when the truest humility expresses itself in the attitude of insubordination, and the "non-possumus" of modest defiance. It is true that the highest life begins in "joyous docility," but it is not true that that goes very far before the bias of scepticism should begin to play its part. The only fault we find with Mr. De Vere's paper is in its apparent ignoring of the value of that part, and even of its direct service to the cause of lofty and living faith. In one of the finest passages of his essay, Mr. De Vere says that the soul always exercises its freedom most in humbling itself before a truth which solicits it from above :—

"The will, the spiritual within us, when it is a 'good will,' becomes the highest expression of our freedom, lifting the reason into its loftiest sphere, and delivering the heart from the thraldom of inferior motives. The obedience of this nobler will to grace is the *fiat* which unites man with God; and faith, the light of the soul, is the child of that union. The Creator's primal 'fiat lux' was an act of supreme authority; the creature's 'fiat voluntas tua' is an act of humility, and irradiates the world within."

That is powerfully put; but surely Mr. De Vere understands that in a world of appearances many of which are so false, there must come—almost for every one before mature faith can be reached—a time when the challenge of illusion, sometimes so fierce a challenge of illusion as to run on into passionate cynicism, takes the place of "joyous docility." As we grow up to manhood, we see so many false things sheltering themselves under the pretext of representing God's will, so much authority that is blind and cruel, so much morality that is a bad kind of conventionality, so much religion that is mere hypocrisy, that it is no wonder a question arises in many a soul as to whether this is God's world at all, and even after that is decided in the affirmative, as to whether any specific claim made upon us in God's name is really divine, or something very much short of divine, even down to the point of being diabolic.

Mr. De Vere seems to make no allowance for this almost necessary stage in the growth of every adequately matured mind, the stage in which the mind runs the gauntlet of a hundred falsehoods, and is, unless singularly pure, brought to the very edge of utter disbelief in the divine will as the basis of things. But even the purest has to go through this battle with falsehood and illusion, this encounter with mocking shadows and evil dreams. And it is a healthy scepticism which challenges these false appearances, and requires even divine truths to stand and make good their authority to the heart, before it surrenders itself to their guidance. Long after the 'fiat voluntas tua' has been honestly said, the painful doubt and difficulty as to what the divine will really *is*, goes on. Hence, the sceptical instinct is given us, as we believe, as a necessary buttress to faith in such a world as ours. If we are to believe strongly, we must disbelieve strongly too. We must challenge strenuously all sorts of shams which come before us wearing the exterior appearance and presenting themselves in the name of divine authority. It may be—we agree with Mr. De Vere that it is—"something in ourselves" which prevents us from accepting all the divine truth which we might otherwise accept and live by; but this is only the excess of that other "something in ourselves" which prevents us from taking what is false as if it were true, and what is plausible as genuine. It seems to us that in a healthy mind, scepticism is the complement of faith. We do not quite agree with Tennyson that, "there is more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds," but we do hold that the truth in the creeds can never be heartily appropriated by those who have not first doubted either the true creeds themselves, or the false creeds which come to them with all the authority of the true, and without having tested link by link the strength of each imposing claim. All that we should condition for in the sceptical bias is that it be true scepticism, and not unbelief, that is, true suspense of judgment till the truth be found, and should be based on a deep conviction that to him who will search patiently and perseveringly enough, the truth *is* to be found; and will be, when found, the solid foundation of all true life, the sure light of God. The sceptical instinct itself,—the instinct for challenging superficial appearances,—far from being a mere defect in the human intellect, appears to us to be intended, in this world of outsides, as a kind of guardian angel of true faith. If our minds be only half fit to take in truth, they are a great deal too fit to take in falsehood, and but for the sceptical instinct, they would swallow falsehoods wholesale, and live on them till they were poisoned. Mr. De Vere, it is certain, does not do full justice to the sceptical bias.

BRITISH MILLIONAIRES.

A LITTLE more than ten years ago, having an interest in that curious and little-studied subject, the History of Property, we published a list, compiled from the *Illustrated London News*, of all British fortunes exceeding a quarter of a million personalty which had been transferred by death within the decade. That list, which was the first of its kind, and excited at the time a preposterous amount of interest, showed that within the ten years ten persons had died in Great Britain leaving more than a million, fifty-three leaving more than half a million, and a hundred and sixty-one leaving more than a quarter of a million sterling. We promised to repeat the list at the end of another decade, and here it is, compiled in the same way :—

		£
1873.		
Jan.	4.—Mr. Algernon Perkins, Hanworth Park, Middlesex	250,000
—	11.—Mr. E. H. Beddington, 98 Lancaster Gate, W. ...	300,000
—	11.—Sir David Baxter, Ironmaster, Dundee	1,098,000
Feb.	1.—Mr. Charles Meeking, Linen Draper, Holborn ...	250,000
—	22.—L. Levy, 100 Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park...	300,000
Mar.	1.—Ernald Mosley Smith, Selsdon, Surrey	250,000
—	15.—S. M. Samuel, 29 Park Crescent, N.W.....	500,000
—	15.—Sir T. Beckett, Bart., Somerby Park, Lincoln ...	350,000
April	5.—Mr. John Hargreaves, Accrington, Lancashire...	400,000
May	10.—Mr. F. Wright, Osmanton Manor, Derbyshire ...	700,000
—	10.—Rev. G. G. Harter, Rector of Cranfield, Beds ...	300,000
June	21.—Sir W. Tite, K.C.B.	400,000
—	28.—Mr. Nathan Lees, Dukinfield, Cheshire.....	400,000
July	12.—Mr. Francis H. Toone, 80 Portland Place.....	400,000
Aug.	2.—Mr. Charles Pease, Southend, Darlington.....	350,000
—	23.—Earl of Zetland, 19 Arlington Street	250,000
—	23.—Baron Wolverton (G. Glyn), Lombard Street.....	1,000,000
—	30.—Lord Westbury, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park ...	300,000
Sept.	6.—Mr. John R. M'Clean, M.P., 2 Park Street, W....	700,000
—	20.—Mr. Alfred A. Pollock, Heathfield, Hampstead...	400,000
—	27.—Mr. Wheeler, Bolingbroke House, Wandsworth ,,	350,000
Oct.	11.—Mr. F. C. Braun, Holly Lodge, West Derby	300,000
Nov.	1.—Baron Marjoribanks, Ladykirk, Berwick	300,000
—	8.—Sir R. Fitzwygram, 42 Brunswick Ter., Brighton	250,000
—	29.—Mr. Alexander Findlater, Kingstown, Dublin ...	350,000
Dec.	13.—Mr. James Blyth, Hyde Park Gardens	250,000
—	20.—Mr. G. Crawshay, Colney Hatch	500,000
—	27.—Mr. T. Baring, Banker, 8 Bishopsgate Within...	1,500,000
1874.		
Jan.	3.—Mr. J. Heald, Parr's Wood, Didsbury, Lancs. ...	350,000
—	17.—Rt. Hon. Baron Lyveden (Robert Vernon)	250,000
Feb.	21.—Mr. Mark Phillips, Meleombe, Warwickshire ...	400,000
Mar.	28.—Mr. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street and Hornsey	350,000
June	13.—Mr. E. R. Langworthy, Victoria Park, Manchester	1,200,000
July	11.—Mr. H. M. Ames, 30 Queen's Gate, S.W.	250,000
—	18.—Mr. William Dunville, 37 Eaton Square	250,000
Aug.	22.—Sir William Martins, Hyde Park Gardens.....	350,000
Sept.	5.—Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., Doncaster, York ...	300,000
—	19.—Mr. Wm. Leaf, Park Hill, Streatham, Surrey ...	300,000
—	26.—Earl of Egmont, 26 St. James's Place	350,000
—	26.—Mr. Bryce Allan, Fairfield, Liverpool.....	250,000
Nov.	14.—Mr. Samuel Beale, Warfield Grove, Berks	350,000
Dec.	19.—Mr. A. Gagniere, 3 Cambridge Terrace, N.W....	400,000
—	26.—Mr. J. Wormald, Highbury Lodge, Islington ...	250,000
1875.		
Jan.	9.—Mr. William Joynson, St. Mary Cray, Kent	350,000
—	23.—Rev. R. Palmer, Holme Park, Sonning, Berks ...	350,000
Feb.	13.—Mr. Roger L. Jones, Prince's Park, Liverpool ...	350,000
Mar.	6.—Mr. John Hargreaves, Silwood Park, Berks.....	600,000
—	6.—Mr. William Tarn, Newington Causeway	500,000
April	10.—Mr. J. Hodgson, 65 Queen's Gate, S. Kensington	300,000
—	17.—Mr. Joseph Love, Mount Beulah, Durham	1,000,000
May	22.—Lady S. K. des Vœux, Drakelowe Hall, Derby...	250,000
June	19.—Mr. Joseph Goff, Hale House, Somersetshire ...	350,000
July	7.—Mr. A. R. Strutt, Makeney Duffield, Derby	900,000
Sept.	4.—Mr. H. Adderley, 76 Inverness Terrace, W.....	250,000
Oct.	2.—Mr. William Gibbs, Hyde Park Gardens	800,000
—	30.—Mr. J. A. Arbuthnot, Coworth Park, Windsor ...	400,000
Nov.	13.—Mr. Peter Ormrod, Halliwell Hall, Lancashire...	700,000
—	13.—Mr. Robert Allfrey, Wakefield Park, Berks	400,000
Dec.	18.—Mr. James Houghton, Rodney St., Liverpool ...	250,000
1876.		
Jan.	8.—Mr. Wynn Ellis, Tankerton Tower, Whitstable...	600,000
—	15.—Mr. H. Moses, 2 Park Square W., Regent's Park	600,000
Feb.	26.—Mr. W. Graham, 195 St. John Street, Clerkenwell	300,000
Mar.	11.—Sir William Jackson, Bart., 61 Portland Place...	700,000
—	11.—Mr. Philip Lytcott Hinds, Portland Place	250,000
April	15.—Mr. H. W. Nunn, Broadlands House, I. of W....	400,000
May	6.—Mr. W. Herrick, Beau Manor Park, L'c'st'rshire	800,000
—	13.—Earl Howe, Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire	250,000

		£
1876.		
May	20.—Mr. Walter Caradoc Smith, Selsdon, Surrey ...	250,000
June	10.—Mr. Henry Kenway, Balstone, Manchester	250,000
July	1.—Sir S. Fludyer, Bt., 27 Great Cumberland Place	250,000
—	8.—Rt. Hon. Sir J. W. Hogg, Grosvenor Crescent ...	350,000
—	22.—Earl of Sheffield, 58 Portland Place	300,000
Aug.	26.—Mr. T. Anderson, Waverley Abbey, Farnham ...	250,000
—	26.—Mr. James Baird, Cambusdoon, Ayrshire.....	1,190,000
Sept.	2.—Mr. Charles Lambert, 3 Queen's Street Place ...	900,000
—	9.—Marquis of Conyngham, 5 Hamilton Place, W....	500,000
—	16.—Mr. W. Duckworth, Orchard Leigh Park	250,000
Dec.	2.—Earl of Leven & Melville, Roehampton House ...	300,000
—	9.—Mr. Edward Tew, Crofton Hall, Yorkshire	600,000
—	16.—George Wostenholm, Kenwood Park, Sheffield ...	250,000
—	30.—Mr. George Moore, Bow Church Yard	400,000
1877.		
Jan.	20.—Mr. C. Chatfield, Broad Green House, Croydon...	250,000
Feb.	10.—Mr. Henry Tritton, Lombard Street	250,000
Mar.	24.—Mr. William Matthew Coulthurst, 59 Strand ...	600,000
—	24.—Mr. P. Wood, Woodbank, Southport Lancaster...	400,000
April	28.—Mr. Robert William Moore, Brixton Rise	300,000
—	28.—Admiral Sir A. Clifford, Westfield House, I.W....	250,000
May	5.—Mr. William Holland, Deptford Bridge, Kent ...	300,000
—	19.—Mr. D. Mocatta, 5 Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park	250,000
June	9.—Mr. John Pemberton Heywood, Liverpool.....	1,900,000
—	23.—Mr. Graham, 11 Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park	250,000
July	7.—Earl of Shrewsbury, Alton Towers, Staffs	350,000
—	14.—Mr. James Brown, Rossington, Yorkshire.....	250,000
Aug.	18.—Mr. John Knowles, 4 Moorgate Street	350,000
Oct.	20.—Mr. Nathaniel Caine, Liverpool	500,000
Nov.	3.—Sir Titus Salt, Crow Nest, Halifax, York	400,000
Dec.	8.—Mr. John Leschallas, Page Green, Tottenham ...	500,000
—	22.—Hon. Mary Howard, Ashtead Park, Surrey	250,000
1878.		
Jan.	5.—Mrs. Frances H. Miles, Firbeck Hall, York	350,000
Feb.	9.—Dr. J. Blundell, 1 Great George St., Westminster	350,000
—	16.—Sir Charles Forbes, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire ...	250,000
—	16.—Mr. Hollond, Stanmore House, Great Stanmore	350,000
—	23.—Rev. Francis Swan, Sausthorpe, Lincolnshire ...	350,000
April	27.—Mr. George Moffatt, 103 Eaton Square	350,000
May	25.—Mr. G. Stone, 24 South Bank, Regent's Park ...	250,000
Aug.	17.—Mr. Edmund Pepys, 20 Portland Place	350,000
—	31.—Mr. J. Pearson, 10 St. James's Place, West	250,000
Sept.	21.—Mr. Alfred George, Bristol	250,000
—	28.—Mr. James Martin, Lombard Street	500,000
Oct.	12.—Mr. J. Rotherham, High Street, Shoreditch	350,000
—	26.—Mr. John Penn, the Cedars, Lee, Kent	1,000,000
Nov.	16.—Miss Helen Hallifax, Chadacre Hall, Suffolk.....	300,000
—	23.—Mr. Henry H. Kennard, Milford, Southampton...	400,000
—	30.—Mr. Richard Durant, Copthall Court	600,000
Dec.	14.—Earl of Dysart, 34 Norfolk Street, Strand	1,700,000
—	21.—Mr. R. Thornton, W. Streatham Hall, Exeter.....	1,000,000
—	21.—Mr. Alfred Brooks, 67 Finchley Road	250,000
1879.		
Feb.	8.—Earl of Lauderdale, 83 Lancaster Gate.....	466,000
—	15.—Mr. Wyld-Browne, 7 Upper Hyde Park Gardens	250,000
—	22.—Mr. Henry Gardner, 1 Westbourne Terrace	600,000
Mar.	8.—Baron Heath, Director of the Bank of England	250,000
—	8.—Mr. Charles Cammell, Derby	250,000
May	10.—Mr. A. F. Arbuthnot, Hyde Park Gardens	350,000
—	24.—Mr. J. Hatton, Higher Broughton, Manchester ...	700,000
June	21.—Mr. Crawshay, Cyfartha Castle, Glamorgan... ..	1,200,000
—	28.—Baron L. N. de Rothschild, 148 Piccadilly	2,700,000
—	28.—Mr. George Hadfield, Sheffield	250,000
July	5.—Mr. John Foster, Prospect House, Bradford	250,000
—	26.—George Hamilton Fletcher, Liverpool	250,000
Aug.	9.—Mrs. Vernon Harcourt, Swinton Park, York ...	250,000
—	16.—Mrs. Samuel C. Whitbread, Southill, Beds	350,000
—	16.—Rev. H. Shrubb, Brabœuf Manor, Guildford.....	300,000
—	30.—Mr. J. E. Ralli, 33 Gloucester Sq., Hyde Park...	350,000
Oct.	11.—Mr. Lionel Lawson, 2 Brook St., Hanover Sq. ...	*900,000
—	18.—Mr. Thomas Southey, Caversham, Oxfordshire...	500,000
—	18.—Mr. Charles Myers, Liverpool.....	400,000
Nov.	15.—Mr. K. D. Hodgson, 8 Bishopsgate St. Within ...	400,000
Dec.	27.—Mr. J. R. Mills, Kingswood Lodge, Tunbridge ...	1,200,000
1880.		
Jan.	10.—Earl of Durham, 39 Hill St., Berkeley Square ...	500,000
—	31.—Earl of Clanwilliam, 32 Belgrave Square	250,000
—	31.—Mr. Thomas Cross, Ruddington Hall, Notts. ...	350,000
Feb.	7.—Mr. J. Rennie, 22 Norfolk Street, Park Lane ...	350,000
—	14.—Mr. Martin Goldstein, 126 Piccadilly.....	300,000
—	14.—Mr. John Torr, M.P., Liverpool	250,000
—	21.—Mr. Henry Crawshay, Oaklands Park, Gloster...	300,000
—	28.—Miss Palmer, Eolme Park, Sonning, Berks	350,000
—	28.—Mr. Philip Cazenove, Clapham	250,000
Mar.	6.—Sir G. H. Seymour, 10 Grosvenor Crescent	400,000
—	13.—Mr. Alfred Gilbey, Pantheon, Oxford Street ...	350,000
—	13.—Mr. T. Dives, Lavender Sweep, Battersea	350,000
—	20.—Mr. William Paynter, 21 Belgrave Square	350,000
—	27.—Duke of Portland, Cavendish Square.....	1,500,000
—	27.—Hon. Augustus Duncombe, Dean of York.....	500,000
—	27.—Mr. Julius Beer, 27 Portland Place	400,000
April	3.—Mr. J. J. Foster, Moor Park, Ludlow, Salop	700,000
—	10.—Mr. J. Williams, Caerhayes Castle, Cornwall ...	1,600,000
—	10.—Mr. E. Joisey, Whinney House, Gateshead	600,000
—	10.—Rev. George B. Paley, Freckenham, Suffolk.....	300,000
May	1.—Mr. Thos. Wigley, Timberhurst, Lancashire.....	1,300,000
June	12.—Lieutenant J. A. S. Freeland, Royal Artillery ...	300,000
—	19.—Mr. Alfred Harris, Oxton Hall, Yorkshire..... ..	300,000
—	26.—Mr. Philip Twells, Chase Side House, Enfield ...	300,000

* From the *World*.

		£
1880.		
Aug.	21.—Right Hon. Sir S. Cave, Sidbury Manor, Devon	350,000
Sept.	4.—Sir R. Burdett, Bart., Foremark, Derbyshire ...	300,000
—	4.—Mr. J. E. Fordham, Melbourn-Bury, Cams.	250,000
—	25.—Mr. Edward Pease, Darlington, Durham	500,000
—	25.—Mr. Joshua Appleyard, Halifax, York	300,000
—	25.—Mr. H. Christopher Robarts, 15 Lombard Street	250,000
Oct.	16.—Mr. Edward Moon, Bank Chambers, Liverpool...	500,000
—	30.—Mr. W. H. Poynder, Upper Brook Sreet, W. ...	250,000
—	30.—Mr. E. Mackenzie, Fawley Court, Bucks	1,000,000
Nov.	27.—Mr. Martin Tucker Smith, Lombard Street	350,000
Dec.	11.—Sir Thomas Hare, Stow Hall, Norfolk	300,000
—	11.—Mr. Robert Bell, Copse Hill, Wimbledon	250,000
—	18.—Mr. Joseph M. Montefiore, Worth Park, Sussex...	600,000
—	25.—Mr. Eyre, called Count Eyre, 25 Manchester Sq.	400,000
1881.		
Jan.	15.—Mr. John Middleton, Glasgow	292,000
—	22.—Mr. J. Jones, Abberley Hall, Worcestershire ...	500,000
—	22.—Mr. H. F. Shaw-Lefevre, 29 Green Street, W....	350,000
—	29.—Mr. Deakin, Moseley Park, Cheadle, Cheshire ...	250,000
Feb.	5.—Right Hon. Baron Wenlock, Wenlock, Shropshire	250,000
—	19.—Mr. Mark Firth, Oakbrook, Sheffield.....	600,000
Mar.	5.—Mrs. Julia Ripley, Springfield Hall, Lancaster...	250,000
April	9.—Earl of Crawford & Balcarres, Haigh, Lancashire	300,000
—	23.—Right Hon. Baron Ashtown, Woodlawn, Galway	350,000
—	30.—Mr. James St. George Burke, Sudbury, Essex...	250,000
May	7.—Mr. S. Courtauld, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park...	700,000
June	11.—Mr. H. W. Eyres, 41 Upper Grosvenor Street ...	300,000
—	25.—Mr. E. Hermon, M.P., 13 Berkeley Square	588,000
—	25.—Mr. E. W. L. Popham, Hungerford, Berks.	300,000
July	16.—Mr. John Allnutt, 14 Charles St., Berkeley Square	433,000
—	23.—Mr. William G. Mantle, Leicester Square	280,000
—	30.—Mr. T. Broadwood, 33 Great Pulteney Street ...	423,924
Aug.	13.—Mr. Henry Pease, Pierrepoint, Darlington.....	360,489
Sept.	10.—Mr. Thomas Lambert, 41 Lancaster Gate.....	345,000
Nov.	5.—Mr. M. F. Braxner, 5 Hyde Park Terrace.....	263,000
Dec.	3.—Mr. John Thorpe, Elston Hall, Notts.....	380,000
—	17.—Mr. Raikes Currie, Minley Manor, Hants.....	280,000
1882.		
Jan.	7.—Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton, Battersea Rise	330,000
—	14.—Mr. J. Laycock, Tynemouth, Northumberland...	464,000
—	14.—Mr. George Perton, Birmingham	261,000
—	28.—Col. Joicey, Nowton Hall, Stocksfield-on-Tyne...	678,000
Feb.	11.—Mr. Joseph Henry Nettlefold, Birmingham	287,000
Mar.	11.—Mr. John Jones, 95 Piccadilly.....	359,000
April	1.—Mr. James Macfarlane, 147 Leadenhall Street...	890,000
—	15.—Rt. Hon. Baron Robartes, Lantrydrock, Corn....	570,000
—	15.—Mr. Charles Ford, 7 Russell Square	353,000
—	22.—Mr. Louis Cohen, 84 Gloucester Place, W.	623,000
—	22.—Mr. Alfred Kitching, Darlington	344,000
—	22.—Mr. Alex. Scrimgeour, 18 Old Bond Street	338,000
—	29.—Mr. Hodgson, 24 Sussex Square, Hyde Park ...	688,000
June	3.—Mr. Frederick Schwann, 6 Moorgate Street.....	280,000
July	15.—Mr. R. Brooks, St. Peter's Chambers, Cornhill...	370,000
Aug.	12.—Mr. Ralli, 102 Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park	437,000
Dec.	2.—Baron S. B. de Worms, the Lodge, Egham	427,271

This list is a disappointment. We had expected that the number would have doubled, or at least greatly increased, and that the scale of fortunes would be much larger; but this is not the case. The number of fortunes ranging between £100,000 and £250,000 has increased enormously, and is now far beyond anything we care to print, and a fact perceptible in the old list might have been made a marked feature in the present one. The wealthy of the world are investing in England very largely indeed, especially the Spanish-Americans, who find it convenient to place a section of their often gigantic fortunes beyond the reach of plunder. But excluding a Rothschild, whose wealth is of a separate kind, there is no double millionaire in the list, and no man whom the rich Americans and the cosmopolitan Jew millionaires, with their fingers in every pie, would allow to be possessed of a first-class fortune. No one approaches even at a distance the wealth of W. Vanderbilt or Jay Gould, and no one's personalty enables us to compare him with a first-class English landed property. About £80,000 a year would represent the very highest sum upon the list. No British subject, in fact, has left wealth so large as to raise social questions or seriously affect the Budget, and the fact is a very curious one. It is, of course, in part explained by the method of computation. These returns are based on the payments made for probate duty on personalty, and do not include land and houses, still a favourite investment in England, or the enormous masses of wealth now held abroad, which, though liable to income-tax, escape legacy duty altogether. Much of this mass belongs to the very rich, who have accurate information, who like a good per-centage, and who are in many cases haunted by an idea that distribution in many countries is equivalent to insurance. The English holdings in the Rentes of all countries, in Railways and Banks abroad, and in foreign house property elude this list altogether, as do also the immense sources of wealth classed as "businesses," with their offices outside Great Britain. Still, we are surprised at the figures. Only

thirteen men have left more than a million, only fifty-six more than half a million, and only a hundred and ninety-five more than a quarter of a million. That is an increase among millionaires of thirty per cent., among half-millionaires of six per cent., and among quarter-millionaires of eighteen per cent., and we expected the numbers to be doubled. Considering the increase of opportunities, there must be some cause operating against excessive accumulation, and we are happy to believe it is a reluctance to spend life in mere amassing, which prevents the children of millionaires, who in England are usually cultivated, from treading in their fathers' footsteps. They either retire altogether from such work, or pursue it with a certain languor, and end by merging themselves in the ordinary aristocracy, who hunt down exceptional wealth with persistence and success.

Still, what a list it is! Amongst all those millionaires and demi-millionaires and quarter-millionaires, there is only one great grandee, the late Duke of Portland, whose eccentric wastefulness did not in the least impair his magnificent income; only three or four Peers; and not above ten persons who were at all widely, not to say nationally, known. The immense majority were quiet traders, bankers, manufacturers, ironmasters, and the like, who led usually quiet, though wealthy lives, spent money on collections and gardens, and were unknown even to those who make it a business to know. They represent the profits of Trade, and that is all; and their wealth increases the wages fund, without disturbing the social calm. If they do good, it is generally by cultivating Art; if they do harm, it is by keeping up a standard of outlay which destroys much of the ease and enjoyment of social life, and would anywhere but in England make the able restless and discontented. Here, however, the wall which surrounds private life is seldom broken, expenditure is apt to be steadily profuse rather than ostentatious, the love of country seclusion is deep-rooted, and ambition is much more common than acrid envy. The foible of rising men in England is sensitiveness rather than ostentation, and though purse-pride often exists in a high degree, it is lost amidst other prides, and toned down by the social ascendancy of an aristocracy which loves money and despises moneyed men. As to popular hostility to the millionaires, there is no trace of it. We detect strong signs of a growing desire to spoil certain privileges, rather than let the rich monopolise them—as, for example, in the agitation to throw open gardens which are worthless, and worse, the moment they cease to be secluded—but of dislike to an individual because he is rich, we see no sign. Any butler in London who, on reading our list, finds that his master inherited more than he thought, will not only respect him more, but, oddly enough, will resent his economies less. Wealth, when not too pompous, is liked, like any other ornament; and if a man shod his horses with silver, his grooms would quote that fact as one reflecting a certain credit and rank upon themselves. Indeed, even opinion hardly presses on the rich; there is no "feeling," as in America, that a millionaire should do something for the public, and we very much doubt if legacies to charities excite any great respect. They become more frequent, we fancy, but the comments upon them delivered on omnibuses are not entirely eulogistic. "He was a charitable beggar; but Lord, how his folks must feel!" was actually said, and expresses forcibly, if inelegantly, the genuine popular idea. There is no point on which English and Continental feelings differ so widely as the appreciation of wealth. To "kill a bourgeois," as the French Socialist did the other day, strikes Englishmen as something worse than killing a man; and they lament over a fire all the more, if the person burnt out was rich.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EPISCOPAL TIMIDITY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—For some forty years I have held the *Spectator* in honour, as almost the only paper for which the maxim *Audi alteram partem* had any practical meaning. May I reckon so far on its loyalty to that principle as to ask leave to say a word for the Bishops, with whom it has dealt so hardly of late?

First, as to the Sunday question:—The Bishops approach it, you say, under no other influence but that of an "ignoble timidity." Is it not possible that some of them, looking thoughtfully beyond the English horizon, and seeing a state of social life in which the Lord's Day is distinguished from the other six by horse-racing and political elections, may doubt whether that foreign ideal, however "cheerful" it may be, is really better for the people, or more true to the divine ordinance, than the English Sunday? They may be right or wrong in thinking so, but I am at a loss to see what their thought has to do with "timidity." You must remember that the kind of Sunday which you describe so eloquently has no existence outside your own columns, and that the leading opponents of our English Sunday would like your Sunday quite as little as they like our own. Amusement without restraint is their ideal,—a very different one from that which you propose.

Secondly, as to the marriage question, we have at least the right to ask the supporters of change to explain their own principle. At present, the innovators maintain an ominous, and not very honest, silence on the fundamental part of it. Is relationship by affinity a bar to marriage, or is it not? If it is a bar, why do they propose, in one important case, to overleap it? If it is not, why do they propose to prohibit all marriages of this kind but one, the *only* reason for the prohibition having been abandoned as unsound? If the Bishops have so much knowledge and reason as to see that the marriage law as altered by Lord Dalhousie's Bill would be so utterly indefensible as to bring it into general and speedy contempt, what has this to do with "timidity"? To look before you leap is, to my mind, better than to take a leap in the dark; to call the former course "timidity," is an abuse of terms. It may be well to note that there is no country in Europe in which the marriage law at all resembles what it would be in England, if Lord Dalhousie's Bill were passed. I must not, however, enter on the general question; but, having been in a minority on most important occasions in my life, I do feel just a little aggrieved at being told that I am habitually afraid. I rely on the courtesy of the *Spectator* not to launch its censures, and leave the object of them to be, in this case, as he often has been,

Auditor Tantum.

[We did not blame the Bishops for taking any view of Sunday, but for not expressing their view, whatever it was. That is timid. As to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, our correspondent proposes an unreal dilemma, constantly used to excite prejudice. All marriages of affinity are not in the same category. None are prohibited, as we conceive, by Christian law; but some are, by an instinct older than revelation. That prohibition may still be expediently registered in law. No divine law and no English law prohibits a man's marriage with his adopted daughter. Nevertheless, such marriage is held abhorrent, and all Continental laws rightly prohibit it. Where divine law does not exist, the feeling of the people is on such subjects the best guide.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your review of my work on "The Greek Philosophers," for the generally complimentary tone of which I am much indebted to you, there are some remarks to which I may be permitted to reply, relating as they do not to the literary and scientific merits or demerits of the work, but to the motives which led me to undertake it, and to my intellectual character in general.

It is perfectly true that I do not believe in the existence of the supernatural, and that I brought this negative conviction with me to the study of Greek philosophy. But I do not see why a disbelief probably shared by at least half the philosophical students of the present day should be spoken of as "personal," nor in what sense it is more a "preconception" than disbelief in Aristotle's "Physics." At any rate, such a disbelief has nothing in common with the prejudices which led some of the thinkers whom I have criticised to adopt theories having little or no evidence in their favour, and a great deal of evidence against them.

It is true that "superstition" and "supernaturalism" are with me synonymous. In this use of words, I do not depart from common custom, for by "superstition" we generally mean those supernaturalist beliefs which we do not ourselves accept. But it is incorrect to say that by either term I mean "almost all that other people mean, when they speak of natural and revealed religion." For, in my opinion, and in that of much more authoritative writers, such as the author of "Ecce Homo," belief in the supernatural is neither the whole of natural religion, nor even its most essential element.

Further, it is not true that I regard supernaturalist beliefs as

being in all circumstances either useless or mischievous. In certain stages of thought, they may furnish the only possible expression of the highest ideas of the human mind. And I imagined that there were many passages in my first volume embodying an adequate recognition of this truth. With regard to Christianity in particular, I have never doubted its long-continued utility, and its immense superiority to the various forms of Paganism which it displaced. I certainly held that it owes these advantages in great measure to the incorporation of a Greek element with its original Judaic nucleus. But there is nothing personal, or prejudicial, or anti-religious, about an opinion sanctioned, if I am not mistaken, by Professor Goldwin Smith, and other learned and pious historians.

Finally, my work, taking it altogether, was not intended as an attack on the supernatural, but as a contribution to the better understanding of several detached points in the history of philosophy, and as an attempt to exhibit the development of abstract thought in thorough-going connection with all the great interests of life.

On two points only has your reviewer attempted to show that my judgments on matters of fact have been distorted by my theoretical "preconceptions." The first relates to the story of the Centurion in the Gospel. It seems to be implied that I have no right to accept any part of a narrative professing to record a miraculous incident, unless I accept that incident as true. I must, however, claim the right to separate a probability from what I, in common with many other persons, regard as an impossibility, healing by word of command to the disease. Now, it seems far more probable that the speech attributed to the Centurion, and referred to by me, was really pronounced on some occasion or other by a Roman officer, than that it was invented by a Jew; while the speech itself seems to betray a conception of the physical world, as controlled by a hierarchy of spiritual agencies, perfectly false, and, at the same time, perfectly in harmony with the modes of thought encouraged by military discipline. The general thesis that militarism tends to favour supernaturalist beliefs is not itself incompatible with the entertainment of those beliefs.

The second point is my description of Plato's "Timæus" as the forerunner of the Catholic Faith. This your reviewer characterises as either a truism or an untruth. He seems to forget that forerunners often not only precede, but clear the way for what comes after them. I do not mean that Plato's monotheism created Christian monotheism, but that it predisposed the West for the reception of that dogma. A Bishop might agree to this, although he would probably not agree with me in regarding Plato's language about the world as the only-begotten offspring of a Divine Father ("Tim.," p. 50, *D*, and *sub fin.*) as a step towards the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Florence, 8th May. A. W. Benn.

[Mr. Benn has a right to speak with authority as to the motives which led him to undertake the writing of his book on "The Greek Philosophers." Our statement was only an inference from the character of the work, in which hatred of superstition bulks as largely as the exposition of Greek philosophy. Mr. Benn acknowledges that he brought a negative with him to the study of Greek philosophy. He objects to our speaking of this conviction as personal, inasmuch as it is "probably shared by at least half the philosophical students of the present day." It may be none the less a prejudice and a preconception. We have called it personal in the present instance, because Mr. Benn brought it to the study of the facts, and, so far, his conception of the facts is prejudged. The question of how far natural religion is dependent on a belief in the supernatural is a large one, far too large to be discussed here now. Nor shall we discuss the question of the usefulness of supernatural belief at certain stages of thought. The fundamental difference between Mr. Benn and us emerges here. We hold that supernatural belief is true and useful in the highest stages of thought. Mr. Benn holds the opposite. As regards the story of the Centurion, we still hold that Mr. Benn had no right to cite it, as an illustration of extreme superstition, without a critical examination of its contents, and without disposing of those reasons which have led many to regard the story in all its parts as true. We do not disagree with Mr. Benn's definition of "forerunner" as now formulated. But it appears to us that Mr. Benn did in his work claim for Platonism a larger share in the formation of the Catholic Faith than he now does in his letter.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES BILL.—A PROPOSAL.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It is said that the only remaining question on this Universities Bill is as to the Theological Chairs. The Established General Assembly is apparently going to oppose the removal of the tests, and the House of Commons is sure to disregard its protest now, as it did that of 1853. Will the Lords do otherwise? Time will show; but in the meantime, there is room for an appeal to all parties. Is there no possibility of their uniting, so as to isolate the Universities from the approaching Disestablishment cataclysm? May not a basis for this be found in the proposals of the Edinburgh Council to affiliate the theological chairs of all the Scotch Churches, and so to have one large and free and various Hall, which each may use as each desires?

There are only two difficulties, and neither is insuperable. The criticisms on this Bill hitherto have usually been disguised "daughters of the horse-leech," crying, through the lips of learned Professors, "Give, give!" But this money difficulty has no place in the question of the theological chairs. Everything on that side is only too easy. Take Edinburgh alone. The number of theological students in the Established Church Hall is reported as 101, about one-thirtieth part of the whole number annually matriculating at the University. But the number at the United Presbyterian Hall is 111, and that at the Free Church Hall, I am told, is 146. And the two institutions which thus draw superior numbers from the University (often including very distinguished graduates) have not a penny of support from the public funds. Is it not clear that if the whole of the students were thrown together, 350 instead of 100, with a staff of nearly a score of Professors instead of half-a-dozen, the union would be a gain to all parties? The Free Church at present spends £10,000 yearly on all its Chairs throughout Scotland, and the United Presbyterian Church about £4,000 on its one Edinburgh Hall alone. If these voluntary contributions were received as part of the national enterprise, supposing even that the Established Church were in the meantime to retain all, or nearly all, the present public money for its own use, and that we left to the future those more generous proposals to the others which would surely come, would not a bare country be enriched all round?

Its theology at least would. All who know Scotland (I do not include the Cockney reader who is charmed rather with our questions of organ and ritual), know that its Theological Colleges are the centres of a movement and progress which really exist. Presbyterianism, indeed, like every truly constitutional system, does not move very fast. But it moves, notwithstanding, and it moves organically. Last week, the English Presbyterian Church resolved to remodel its creed, and to confer with the Pan-Presbyterian Council on the subject. Four years ago, the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland did the same thing, without conferring with any other at all. It is quite certain that in a short time the Free Church and United Presbyterian Halls above referred to will be united, and when they are united, there will be a saving of money, with a multiplication of academical topics or "chairs," and an enrichment of the curriculum. Why should not the three Halls be now united, with a still larger result? Generous as the Scotch Churches are, there is not one of them whose unaided exertions can at present maintain a properly equipped College. On a united system, it would be abundantly and superfluously easy. Any pecuniary contribution by the members of the Established Church need be excessively little; their brethren would still bear the academic load. There remains only the difficulty as to doctrine, and that does not seem to be a serious one. The objection to tests, which is still put by Dr. Flint, is scouted by Dr. Tulloch. In any case, it is a domestic difficulty. Suppose even that the event took place which the former anticipates, that the Church was unable to approve of a particular Government appointment to a chair. The very worst that would happen would be that the favoured Presbyterian communion would have to set up for a time one professor of its own, instead of maintaining a whole staff, as each of the others already does. There need be no burden on any side of such an enterprise as this, except "the burden that wings are to the bird."

I assume in all this that scientific theology (in a sense immeasurably higher than mere negative theology) is a reality and a moulding power in Scotland, and that while it works through the national life in the future, it will in any case maintain some connection with and build upon the Universities.

But why should not the University be its home, as well as its porch or pedestal? Is that not an object worth making some pecuniary sacrifice to secure?—I am, Sir, &c., ACADEMICUS.

BRITISH POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I make a few remarks from a colonial point of view on your able article on the Transvaal question, in the *Spectator* of March 17th?

You admit that the decision of the British Government not to protect the Bechuana Chiefs would be wrong, if it meant for those chiefs "total spoliation." But that is precisely what has already happened to them. The new line, drawn at the time of the Convention, between Bechuanaland and the Transvaal, ceding, as it did, a large tract to the latter, left Mankoroane and Montsioa only just sufficient territory to maintain them and their people, both in the supply of water and for agricultural purposes. Cut off and robbed as they are of most of their water and land, they are starving, and it is quite out of the power of the Cape Government to give them any habitable country, much less a "good one;" so that practically they will be extinguished, by becoming hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Boers and their friends. And when it is said that they are to blame themselves, for their "irrepressible proclivity to intertribal fighting," it should be remembered that it was their British alliance or connection which deprived them, on the one hand, of any ammunition or means of defending themselves — for the colonial frontier was strictly guarded — and furnished their enemies, on the other, with an endless supply of European men and arms from the Transvaal border. The notion, taken up apparently by statesmen at home, that these chiefs will save themselves by uniting against the Boers, is quite illusory. Natives never do unite, fortunately for the white population of South Africa, unless they are made to by some such despotic process as that of Cetewayo; and if they should do so for the moment, their union is never proof against a bribe.

I venture to think that when you state that an enforcement of the terms of the Convention by the British Government would mean "a quarrel with all the Dutchmen in South Africa," you do a large number of that people a great wrong, and it is a wrong which, if Imperial statesmen are going to act upon it, will cause grave political consequences. I speak without fear of contradiction, when I say that a firm insistance on the part of the Imperial Government that the Convention should be carried out by the Transvaal Government, and a prompt suppression of the marauders in Bechuanaland, would have met with the approval of all educated and intelligent Dutchmen; while an opposite policy is regarded with contempt, as showing that the Convention was not really an act of magnanimity, but the result of the defeats incurred at Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill. It is the ignorant, illiterate Boer who hates everything English, because it means government, civilisation, and *equality for white and black alike;* that is the class of Dutchmen which will be dominant, if British supremacy is not to be upheld in South Africa. The best class of Dutchmen is perfectly loyal to the British connection, and views with anything but pleasure the Power to which he bears allegiance evading its duties and forgetting its position at the bidding of the Boers of the Transvaal. The danger is that persistence in this misconception by British statesmen may have the effect of driving loyal Dutchmen, in self-defence, into the arms of the Extremists. The policy of the last two years has created a feeling of general insecurity throughout South Africa. No one knows whether the British Government means to retain its South-African Colonies; and after what befell the loyalists in the Transvaal, loyal Cape Dutchmen cannot afford to pronounce too strongly against what, if England deserted her colonies, might be the dominant party.

Moreover, a wrong impression is given, if you will forgive me for saying so, by the statement that the Cape Government "categorically refused to assist" the Home Government in restoring order in Bechuanaland. All that the Cape Government did was to decline to act alone. It was perfectly ready to act in conjunction with the other South-African Governments, and to find mounted police not only for itself, but also for the Home Government. But it could hardly be expected to do single-handed the work of the Imperial Government, at the risk of embroiling itself both with the Transvaal and the Free States.

With regard to what you say as to the inexpediency of maintaining the Convention under existing circumstances, there is a pretty unanimous agreement throughout South Africa; and it is to be hoped that the influence of the *Spectator* may be employed in obtaining the cancellation of a document which, interpreted as it has been, has caused irritation and discord among the two sections (*i.e.*, loyals and disloyals) of colonists, and brought ruin to the natives. The Convention could only have been beneficial if its terms had been energetically carried out for the protection of natives, and for the vindication of the supremacy of the British Government. If it was to be violated, as it has been, with impunity, it could only weaken the cause of law and order throughout South Africa, and materially impair the predominance of English influence. Mr. Forster did not exaggerate in estimating this Bechuanaland question as one which concerned the stability of British power in South Africa. If the British nation understands this, and deliberately assents to a sacrifice of a part of its Colonial Empire, well and good; but it must not be thought that under the political circumstances which exist in South Africa, anything short of this can follow from a continuance of the policy of Imperial self effacement and retreat which has been carried out during the last two years.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Capetown, April 17th. CAPE LIBERAL.

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IN this notice we intend to speak a little fully of some of the most important pictures, reserving our criticism on the minor ones for future occasions.

"Too Late" (232), by Mr. Frank Dicksee. It is difficult to say, without seeming to be at once unjust and unkind, how great a disappointment this picture of Mr. Dicksee's has afforded us. As for the subject, we need hardly describe an illustration of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, but only say that in this treatment of it we see only the foolish virgins, after the pronouncement of their sentence. One kneels sadly on the ground, fronting the spectator; the others, in various attitudes of sadness or despair, are turning away into the outer darkness. The lower portion of the picture is lighted, as it were, from within the palace, but above there is only a faint twilight, from the starlight sky beyond. The figures are at least life-size, clad in pseudo-classical robes, and of a somewhat massive, languid beauty. The picture is very carefully drawn, very solidly painted, and composed with a great deal of skill, but the whole result is intensely unsatisfactory. That short-coming of Mr. Dicksee's, which we have noted in previous years, of losing sight of the distinction between labour and enthusiasm, emotion and thought, has grown upon him, until his work has lost all true artistic quality, and resembles nothing so much as an industrious treatise upon Dutch farming, or some other equally dull subject. It would be a true criticism to say that this is at once one of the best painted and one of the least artistic works in the whole exhibition; there is not a single portion of it upon which minute labour has not been bestowed, nor is there one upon which that labour has produced a less successful result. The moonlit sky, composed of (how many) pounds of ultramarine, has no true relation to Nature, no true beauty even in the picture itself; it is simply a blue back-ground, less desirable, because less frankly conventional, than that which Giotto painted behind his pictures six hundred years ago. The carefully disposed robes, lose, in their elaborate folds, all the grace and freedom which give loveliness to drapery; they are, if not mechanical, at least premeditated. The lifeless beauty of the women's faces is scarcely touched by any of such grief, horror, or despair, as we might imagine would come to such women at such a time. Their stage manager has told them to be sad, but they are only amateurs at the business, and this is the first rehearsal. In fact, it would be appropriate to say that this is a "well-dressed piece" and nothing more, and bears to great art, a similar relation to that which a Drury-Lane tableau bears to great acting. Never, perhaps, has there been a more perfect example of the inadequacy of mere technical skill to produce a great picture; for in this painting the skill is very great, and the picture practically does not exist.

"Voltaire" (271), by W. Q., Orchardson. This is Mr. Orchardson's great picture of the year, and probably the best he has ever painted; it shows Voltaire appealing to the Duc de Sully for revenge upon the Duc de Rohan, who has just

caused the philosopher to be horsewhipped at the door of Sully's house. The Duc and his guests are seated at a long table, regarding Voltaire with glances either indifferent or mocking; he stands before them, with his head thrown back, his hands clenched, his frame quivering with passion. To say that Sully's dining-room is a cross between a garret and a palace, that Sully's guests are a somewhat ragged, dishevelled lot of nobles, that the picture is half empty, and the painting at once powerful and careless, delicate and coarse, is only to say that it is by Mr. Orchardson. And its dramatic quality also goes without saying; but if we except a certain amount of repetition in the faces of the principal personages, who have been too evidently painted from one or two models; and if we accept a rendering of the scene which evidently aims more at the qualities of the theatre, than the dignity and reality of life, there is little to be said for this work but praise. Granting that all the people portrayed are a mean, unworthy crew, that Voltaire was a shabby scribbler, and Sully an insolent aristocrat, that, in fact, in such a scene neither the nobility of intellect, nor the nobility of rank, would have a fitting place, Mr. Orchardson's painting gives us all that we can expect or wish for; and it is above all alive in that very respect in which Mr. Dicksee's work is dead,—it is a genuine artist's work, done with a genuine artistic motive.

"Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide" (1,493), by W. L. Wyllie. Mr. Wyllie has been exhibiting at the Academy for a good many years, and doing work which, though frequently careless, and insufficiently thought-out, has always possessed great qualities of truth to atmospheric effect, and freshness of natural impression; his, essentially, have been always out-of-door pictures, painted out-of-doors, or at least if not actually so painted, studied sufficiently in the scenes they depicted to render them true; but he has seldom or never done such good work as he has done this year. He only sends this one picture, but that merits careful attention. It is a scene of river-life in England, mainly concerned with barges, tugs, and wherries; a muddy river and a smoky sky; and besides its technical merits, which are very great indeed, it has the following essential quality: it depicts a scene of national life, truly and powerfully as to fact, freshly and beautifully as to impression. It actually does succeed in endowing common things in which most people see nothing that is lovable, with a beauty which really belongs to them. Health, strength, energy, the freshness of the air, the excitement and danger of the work, the shifting scenes of the river; the atmosphere, above all, of reality and life, as opposed to that of shams, and conventionalities, and morbid fancies, which make up a good deal of the thought and painting of the present day,—all these things contribute towards the beauty of Mr. Wyllie's work, one which we are pleased to hear has been bought by the Academy with a portion of the funds bequeathed to them by Mr. Chantrey.

"T. C. Hook, Esq., R.A." (29), by J. E. Millais, R.A. This is Mr. Millais' finest portrait in this year's exhibition, and as if prompted by the personality of his sitter, it is one of his strongest, freshest, and most brilliant pieces of painting. The old sea and sea-coast painter has been taken in his "habit as he lived," in a rough frieze suit, with a palette on his thumb, and his face glowing as if it were fresh from wind and wave. A fine portrait of an English gentleman, and worthy to hang as a pendant to the same painter's "Duchess of Westminster," in the Grosvenor Gallery. Turn from this most realistic, most literal piece of work, to the "Grey Lady," who is gliding, with upturned face and outstretched arm, up a staircase faintly illumined by pale moonlight. It is a strange, and a rather humiliating fact, that this painter, who as a rule absolutely welters in the common-place, can yet, when he likes, produce pictures which, if they have not the highest imaginative power, have yet an almost unrivalled faculty of touching our feelings. When we think of such work as the "Huguenots," "The Vale of Rest," and "The Gambler's Wife," and then consider that as a rule Mr. Millais rarely gives us more at the present day than babies and beefeaters, we are almost inclined to fancy that a truly paternal Government would hang him and his babies in a row, as an example to all painters who could do great work, and preferred to do little. But however this may be, the present picture, slight and unsubstantial as it is, has a rare charm. It is a work of true, if of somewhat thin imagination, it touches that chord of mystery and eerieness which vibrates within most of us; it is not a picture to hang in a corridor on the way to your bedroom, in an old-fashioned country house.

"The Ides of March" (260), by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A. This represents the scene from *Julius Cæsar* where Calphurnia warns Cæsar of the danger that waits him:—

> "When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
> Of princes."
>
> —*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii., Scene 2.

Mr. Poynter has taken a new departure, and in some ways justified it. This, though a cold, is a fine picture, fine in the sense that it completely realises the artist's intention, that it manifests the power of entirely working out a somewhat unlovely but dignified conception. We are acquainted with no other painter in England who could at once have imagined so fine an interior as the one in this picture, and realised it for us so soberly. Not Mr. Tadema, for he would have found it necessary to introduce many marbles, and bronzes, and much picturesque matter, to show his own dexterity. Not Sir Frederick Leighton, for he would have failed in giving the massive solidity which Mr. Poynter has caught so well. Not Mr. Burne-Jones or any of the pre-Raphaelites, for they would have imported some trace of mediæval Italy into this Roman palace. Not Mr. Albert Moore, or any of our Greek painters, for such would have transformed the Capitol into the Acropolis. This is not a great picture, for the two dimly-lighted figures of Cæsar and Calphurnia are scarcely more than shadows cast upon the darkness of the night beyond them, and because, both in the architecture within and without the hall, there is scarcely any real feeling for beauty of form, or beauty of colour. Even Mr. Dicksee's ultramarine sky is preferable to this cold, indigo one, and the portents which Calphurnia dreads, only flash with a very weak, watery light; nevertheless, it is a genuine attempt by an unimaginative man to realise a scene which was worth painting, and though it has a certain Scotch harshness and formality of utterance, it has, too, a Scotch trustworthiness.

HARRY QUILTER.

BOOKS.

MODERN RESEARCHES INTO BUDDHISM.*

THE second and third of the books whose names are appended to these remarks ought, according to usage, to have been noticed by us somewhat earlier; but such is the influx of writings on subjects belonging to the same range of investigation, that we fear to nauseate our readers by too frequently recurring to matters which, deeply important as they are, and interesting to a rapidly increasing section of the public, are still probably "caviare to the million." The first book, however, that of Dr. Oldenberg, has been very recently made accessible to English readers, and if it does not throw much absolutely new light on the study of Buddhism, at least confirms many of the more novel views which deeper researches have developed, and which are different from what have long been the popular, and indeed, even among the learned, the prevailing ideas of the teaching of that great and mysterious system. In the rapid growth of that thoughtful study of the natural history and development of religious belief, and of the ideas and sentiments of man in relation to the unseen, it is not wonderful that that of Buddhism should have assumed so prominent a place, and should have engaged the attention not merely of purely scientific minds, but of earnest Christians who would, a century ago, have looked on such phases of belief with simple abhorrence. On the one hand, to the Christian philosopher it throws a not unwholesome light on Christianity itself, while on the other its peculiar tenets, the facts of its growth, and the nature of the myths which have encrusted those facts have been largely utilised, some times openly, and sometimes by innuendo, for the purpose of undermining the foundations of all supernatural religion, by dwelling on the close analogy which exists between the development of all faiths which are above the most

* *Buddha: his Life, his Doctrine, his Order.* By Dr. Hermann Oldenberg. Translated from the German by W. Hoey, M.A., &c. London: Williams and Norgate. 1882.

Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by Some Points in the History of Indian Buddhism. (Hibbert Lectures.) By T. W. Rhys Davids. London: Williams and Norgate. 1881.

The Life and Legend of Gautama, the Buddha of the Burmese. With Annotations by the Right Rev. P. Bigandet, Bishop of Ramatha. Third Edition. London: Trübner and Co. (Oriental Series.)

barbarous class, and also by the encouragement which Buddhism, as generally and vaguely understood, appears to hold out to the denial of the universality of certain intuitions of the human spirit,—intuitions the universality, or at least the normal nature, of which goes far to the unprejudiced mind to prove that they have some foundation in objective truth.

A religion springing from, or at least greatly encouraged by, reaction against a prevailing system which had lost its higher attributes, and had become little more than a complex system of ritual, a new system rigidly ethical, preached by one professing and believed to be the subject of Messianic prophecy, whose birth was foreshadowed by portents, who, after a long period of seclusion and meditation, underwent a fearful conflict with the tempting powers of evil, and immediately proclaimed himself as one of those periodical visitants of earth, whose mission it was to purify and enlighten, who gathered thousands of disciples, and instituted an order of the "religious," numbering at this day, after the lapse of twenty-five centuries, many hundreds of thousands, to whom he committed the charge of propagating his doctrines and who were vowed to the utmost poverty, purity, and holiness, not to mention innumerable details which, from their accidental and, so to speak, irrelevant nature—such, for example, as an ethical discourse delivered on a mountain, and Buddha's interview with a woman who was a sinner—are all the more striking in their resemblance to the Christian story, presents a most puzzling phenomenon; for all attempts to trace any historical connection, or borrowing either of principles or facts by the one from the other, have, we have no hesitation in saying, utterly failed, and we have nothing to fall back upon, but the common workings of human nature in somewhat analogous circumstances.

It is not surprising that the existence of this religion, without a trace of a Personal First Cause, without prayers, without sacrifice, and with no distinct recognition of the prospect of individual life apart from body, and forming the faith of a third of mankind, should be held by the Agnostic as a triumphant fact, apparently disproving the innate nature of the Theistic intuition, and of that concept of spirit as entirely distinct from matter, to which our Materialists and Monists apply the name, or rather nickname, of "Animism," while Buddhism may be held up as a notable example of pure and noble morality, not dependent for its continued existence upon the support of faith in a Divine Author and Judge,—a foreshadowing, indeed, of that "natural religion" consisting of the admiration or adoration of the old trilogy of the true, the good, and the beautiful, which the author of *Ecce Homo* has recently so eloquently analysed, and which, now that that author has put it into systematic form for them, a few are beginning to look upon as the religion of the future for all cultured souls. Mr. Rhys Davids, accordingly, claims for Comtism, Agnosticism, and Buddhism the merit of being the only systems which have completely broken away "from the venerable soul-theories which have grown out of the ancient Animism," &c. Like most of his school, he apparently assumes a universality for non-Animistic views among thoughtful and educated mankind which, widespread as such ideas now are, we certainly have not yet discovered.

This author, whose lectures cannot be too highly praised for learned research and lucidity of expression, finds the rejection of "Animism" to have been the cause of Gautama's adoption of the doctrine of Metempsychosis, which he found existing in India, if not in the Vedic theology, at least in the popular belief, and which seems to have some foundation in human nature, for traces of it are found in the Valley of the Nile, as well as that of the Ganges, and in some rude tribes of Australia, as well as in the contemplations of Plato and Pythagoras, and even in the pages of the Talmud. He says that the founder of Buddhism, having abandoned Animism, and consequently all idea of future reward or retribution in a future state, and having a profound sense of the necessity of equity in some shape or other in the arrangements of the universe, took refuge in this peculiar form of Transmigration, not of *souls*, for there were in his view no such things, but of the "karma" of each individual. Whether he is correct or not in his analysis of the workings of Gautama's mind, there is no more valuable or interesting portion of his work, or, indeed, of any work on Buddhism which we have seen, than his exposition of this fundamental doctrine, so mysterious and almost unthinkable to the European mind. We doubt not that Mr. Rhys Davids is correct in looking upon Gautama as in some sense a Monist, and as one who held all objective existence in the ordinary sense as compound, and that everything that is compound is necessarily perishable, so that every existing entity or change must be only a link in the endless chain of causation. This idea pervades the original Buddhist writings. When the individual ceases to be, his actions, or rather his *character*, must entail certain results. How the Oriental mind could attain to the idea of character or attributes, apart from substance, being transmitted from one being to another without conscious identity of personality, so as to satisfy eternal justice, it is not easy to conceive; but had we space, we do not think it is impossible to find traces of something involving the same apparent absurdity in some popular phases of Christianity itself.

Plato's idea of Metempsychosis was certainly not identical with Buddha's. In the *Phædo* (69), he puts into the mouth of Socrates the well-known statement of how the *souls* of men are sent into the bodies of animals resembling them in their brutal and selfish qualities, "but he who is a philosopher or lover of learning, and is entirely pure at departing, is alone worthy to attain to the Divine Nature." This is very nearly Buddhism, only it substitutes the conscious soul for the mystical karma.

Dr. Oldenberg agrees with Mr. Rhys Davids in that view of the Buddhist Nirvana which differs from the idea of its meaning entertained by the elder investigators, and even by Bishop Bigandet, in the work now before us. We believe the more recent view to be correct. Nirvana, in the mind of Gautama, was not a condition to be attained in a future state. He either believed in no future state of the conscious individual (indeed, if his total rejection of "Animism" is correct, he could not), or he considered all inquiries into such questions as useless and vain. Nirvana is a state of high ethical perfection, to which he himself attained in this life; absolute freedom from desire (except the desire of knowledge and the passion of universal benevolence), which is the origin of all evil and of all unhappiness,—absorption in the contemplation of truth, truth being, let it be observed, not the mere truth of facts, but truth ethical, and in a sense, practical. In some of its aspects it has its analogues in many other religions and moods of mind, sometimes referring to this life and sometimes to a future state. What are the "suave mari magno" of the Epicurean poet, the contemplative life of quietists and ascetics in all ages, the repose and "peace" of many a world-weary Christian soul unable to picture the spirit-life as one of endless progress in wisdom and active goodness, but varied examples of the same spirit? The Aryan races of India, after living for generations in the enervating climate of Hindustan, may have become more receptive to an intensified type of the Paradise of Nothingness than they originally were; and the Oriental races in general have less of the instinctive desire for continued existence and activity, than the more masculine natures of Europe. Nor can we wonder at the charm which this form of asceticism had for the purer and more benevolent portion of a people living in a land of sensuality and cruelty, where even Nature, teeming with the infinite variety and beauty of tropical life, is "red in tooth and claw" with rapine, and where animal instincts are so conspicuously associated with destruction and agony.

Our space does not admit of our fully entering on the question how far the facts of Buddhism can be legitimately founded on by the Agnosticism of the present day; but one or two observations we can make, which an unprejudiced student of the subject may find it not unprofitable to carry along with him. 1. Although in their primitive form, the teaching of Gautama ignored the existence of a First Cause having a moral relation to man and his doings, the subsequent history of Buddhism, in the various modifications which it has undergone in Ceylon, in Thibet, in Burmah, and in China, affords sufficient evidence that as a mere system of ethics (which is all that it can claim to be), it has had a very short and limited existence and that the irrepressible instinct of Theism and worship has almost universally invaded it, although often in somewhat degraded form, and that even in its purer shape, it was unable to throw off something very like "Animism," for it retained a belief in a very swarm of unseen Powers, under the name of Brahmas, Devas, and Nats, peopling the universe, and exerting influences on human minds and affairs, and Gautama himself after his death speedily became an object of worship or quasi-worship; 2, that in the minds of by far the greater number of Buddhists there are gleams of a belief in personal existence beyond the grave, either in other material forms, or in the prolongation of a happy Nirvana. Nothing can be more absurd than to hold that so mystical a doctrine as that of the Karma has a practical hold on any large portion even of Asiatic

humanity. Neither Buddhism nor Comtism, in its primitive form, can "expel nature with a fork," and theories of this kind are but transitory and exceptional phases of human thought, in its process of development.

The student will find all these three books well worthy of study. That of Bishop Bigandet refers mainly to the present condition of Buddhism in Burmah, a region with which the author is abundantly familiar, and concerns itself less with its tenets than with the facts of its history and with its present institution. The "Karma" doctrine is scarcely alluded to. The other two works are an admirable introduction to the study of Buddhism in a more metaphysical spirit. The more this subject is investigated, the deeper will be the interest felt in what has been certainly one of the greatest attempts ever made by unaided reason to solve the mysteries of existence, and to provide a remedy for human misery and sin. We have said "unaided reason,"—who shall determine whether, and to what extent, some supernatural help was not accorded to Gautama, and not to him alone, among the non-Christian teachers of men?

SIR JAMES STEPHEN'S HISTORY OF THE CRIMINAL LAW OF ENGLAND.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

"The law of England, or even the criminal law, as a whole, can scarcely be said to have a history. There is no such series of continuous connected changes in the whole system as the use of the word 'history' implies." In these sentences, Sir James Stephen does great injustice to the topic of his work; he does even greater injustice to his own highly interesting book. Our author's own pages are the complete confutation of his own doctrine, and supply the best answer to his own depreciation of the result of his labours. The *History of the Criminal Law in England* establishes past a doubt both that criminal law exhibits a process of historical growth, and that the problems of English history will never be thoroughly solved until historians have followed the example of Professor Stubbs, and have with him realised the fact that the political, the constitutional, the moral, and the religious phases of English life receive constant explanation and illustration from the annals of the Law Courts. The *History of the Criminal Law in England* further proves that its author has, whether he admits the fact or not, made a most valuable and serious contribution to our knowledge of English history. The book, it is true, is not purely, we might say not mainly, historical. Legal polemics fill a good part of its pages, and the logical training and controversial habits of the writer affect, and at times perplex the flow of his narrative. But though this be true, and though Sir James Stephen's controversial disquisitions deserve separate attention and criticism, the best service which a critic can render to his readers is to direct attention to the historical side of the learned Judge's work, and show from Sir James Stephen's own pages what singular light the study of the criminal law sheds on more than one dark place of legal or general history.

Nothing, for example, is a more perplexing problem than how to account for the gradual change which took place in the position and character of the Jury. Modern ideas of justice involve the careful separation of the duties of the witnesses from the functions of the Judge; it is, however, plain that jurymen have gradually been transformed from witnesses into judges of fact. How has this transformation (which is not the effect of any sudden revolution) taken place? Sir James Stephen, if he does not give a complete answer to this question, assuredly supplies facts which contribute greatly towards its solution. The jury, he points out, not only gave, but took evidence; the jury also often gave, in earlier times, what we should now call special verdicts; they determined, that is to say, particular facts on their own knowledge, or on the information they could collect. Hence the distinction between juror and judge was far less clearly marked than it appears to modern observers. Sir James Stephen, however, gives us on this point something of much more worth than inferences based on general considerations. He adduces two most striking instances of the mode in which the functions of the Jury-box and the Bench have been found in combination during modern times. On April 30th, 1650, thieves were legally tried, found guilty, condemned to death, and, it would appear, executed by a court consisting of sixteen jurors, who performed the parts of witnesses, jurymen, and judges. This was done under the custom of Halifax, and we have here an undoubted survival of what was once a normal mode of trial. If any critic should (most gratuitously) decline to trust the tract called "Halifax and its Gibbet Law," the sceptic may be referred to transactions passing before our own eyes, but which, like other such facts, we most of us never notice. In the Court of the Liberty of the Savoy, proceedings even now take place "which will help us to realise the nature of the ancient trial by jury, and to understand how they dispensed with witnesses." The court consists of the steward and eight burgesses, two from each of the four wards of the manor. Any inhabitant who thinks a neighbour's house disorderly complains to the foreman of the jury for the time being, the jury satisfy themselves in any way they please as to the matter complained of. They give notice to the party in fault, and if the nuisance is not abated they embody their complaint in the form of a presentment, which is given in on court-day to the steward. If the presentment is in proper form, and the jury think the offender should be fined, four of the jury settle the fine. The finding of the jury is conclusive. They "hear no evidence, examine no witnesses, and go through nothing in the nature of a trial. The leet jury thus represents that stage in the history [of trial by jury] at which ordeal and purgation had fallen into disuse, and the substitute for them had not been discovered." Within a hundred yards of the *Spectator* office, justice, that is to say, is still administered after a method which was antiquated in the days of Edward I. A more instructive and impressive instance of an historical survival was never pointed out, even by a professed antiquarian, and every philosophic student must feel grateful to Mr. Justice Stephen for having brought the existence of this survival into notice. One such fact is worth a hundred disquisitions. There is a certain ingratitude in complaining that a writer who has added to our knowledge has not done more for us than he has. But we must make some complaint that Sir James Stephen has not pressed his inquiries to a conclusion. "It is not my intention," he writes, "to try to trace out in detail the history of trial by jury. The authorities already given show with sufficient clearness how it originated, but the steps by which the jury ceased to be witnesses, and became judges of the evidence given by others, cannot now be traced, without an amount of labour out of proportion to the value of the result." The reason alleged for omitting to trace out the process by which the modern jury was created is more unsatisfactory than the omission itself; the notion that the result of such an investigation would be without value betrays a certain indifference to research, which constitutes the main flaw in Sir James Stephen's treatment of history. He is, even when engaged in describing the growth of institutions, a good deal more of a lawyer, a logician, and a controversialist, than an historian.

This deficiency in the spirit of research is the main defect in Sir James Stephen's historical work. Still, that the annals of England should be looked at mainly from a legal point of view is not without its gain, and as we have already intimated, nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the details of criminal law illustrate, under Mr. Justice Stephen's hands, the more general aspects of English history. To take one instance out of a hundred, his account of crime, and the mode in which crime has been dealt with by the Courts and by the Legislature, throws new light, both directly and indirectly, on that most curious of topics, the astounding mixture of success and of failure which marked the Puritan Revolution. The criminal legislation of the Commonwealth gives us a new standard by which to measure the political capacity of the Puritan leaders. Measured as reformers of the law, the statesmen of Puritanism were infinitely in advance of their day. The Barebones Parliament is constantly talked of as an assembly of ignorant zealots. If you look at their scheme for reforming the criminal law, you see at once that they were in many respects as enlightened a body of men as any Parliament which has ever sat in England. The abolition of the *peine forte et dure*, the provision that prisoners should be entitled to counsel, the total doing-away with benefit of clergy and the like are proposals anticipating modern reforms, and well worthy of a committee presided over by Hale. This is not the legislation of ignorance and fanaticism; it may be the legislation of revolutionists who are in too great a hurry to carry out rational improvements not yet sanctioned by the public opinion of the nation. The much-reviled Barebones Parliament

* *A History of the Criminal Law of England.* By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., D.C.L., a Judge of the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division. London: Macmillan and Co.

were, in short, if we look at their proposals for reform of the law, enlightened enthusiasts, who erred (if at all) not through ignorance or fanaticism, but from under-estimating the permanent force of prejudice and conservatism. Mr. Justice Stephen is not an enthusiast or an admirer of enthusiasm, but he has placed the legislation of so-called fanatics in a new and favourable light. But the direct information which Sir James Stephen gives his readers with regard to the criminal law of the Commonwealth is of far less importance than the conclusions which he indirectly suggests as to the causes both of the fall of the Monarchy, and of the failure on the part of the Puritans to establish the Commonwealth on permanent foundations. As an intelligent reader peruses the *History of the Criminal Law*, he is almost forced to the conclusion that the main ground of popular hostility to the Monarchy of the Stuarts has been overlooked or greatly underestimated. We had, we confess, never realised till we read Mr. Stephen's work the extent to which not only the Star Chamber, but also all the Ecclesiastical Courts throughout the country, interfered in the most delicate, the most private matters of domestic life. Profanity, heresy, drunkenness, defamation, immorality, matters many of which are now dealt with by no tribunal whatever, and some of which are, like libel, the ground of regular actions in the Courts of common law, were, in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, under the control of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and, to a great extent, of the clergy :—

"Such," writes Sir James Stephen, "were the old Ecclesiastical Courts. I have tried to illustrate, as clearly as I could, the character of their jurisdiction, because I think it has a more important place in legal and general history than has usually been assigned to it. The only difficulty which is suggested in the present day by the account given of it, is to understand how people submitted to it so long as they did. It is difficult even to imagine a state of society in which, on the bare suggestion of some miserable domestic spy, any man or woman whatever might be convened before an archdeacon or his surrogate, and put upon his or her oath as to all the most private affairs of life,—as to relations between husband and wife, as to relations between either and any woman or man with whom the name of either might be associated by scandal, as to contracts to marry, as to idle words, as to personal habits, and in fact, as to anything whatever, which happened to strike the ecclesiastical lawyer as immoral or irreligious."

This paragraph, and the whole chapter in which it is contained, ought to be read and re-read by any one who wishes to understand why, in 1640, the English nation was prepared for revolution. The discipline of the Church, which meant the interference of the clergy with the affairs of every household, had long been intolerable; and the policy of Laud was to make the discipline of the Church—in other words, the power of the parsons—seen and felt as it never has been seen and felt before or since in England. From the time of the Reformation, the Crown, in taking over the authority, had incurred much of the odium which had at other times fallen upon the clergy. Men who cursed Laud were not likely to be loyal to Charles. Religious enthusiasm, theological fanaticism, zeal for Protestantism, fervour for liberty, were all, no doubt, sentiments which influenced Cromwell and his followers; but if, as we may fairly suppose, Englishmen of the seventeenth century were in essentials very like their ancestors and their descendants, we may feel pretty sure that the mass of the nation were in 1640 far more anxious to be delivered from the burden of clerical domination, than to ensure the triumph of Calvinism or to found an enlightened Commonwealth.

In 1640, "Clericalism was the enemy" in England in a truer sense than it now is in France; the Monarchy was overthrown, because the monarch supported the domination of the clergy. By one of the strange, but perfectly comprehensible paradoxes of history, the cause which led to the fall of the Monarchy, namely, the hatred of clerical tyranny, was also in a certain sense a main cause of the failure of the Commonwealth. The rule of the Saints was found nearly as intolerable as the rule of the Parsons. But this was not all. There is a general, but very mistaken idea that the Restoration restored everything which the Long Parliament had destroyed. In fact, the one thing which ordinary laymen cared to destroy was never restored at all. The Cavaliers who triumphed in the return of Charles II. had no more affection for the Star Chamber than had the most fanatical Republican among Cromwell's Ironsides. The Restoration brought many evils, but it did not bring back the hateful clerical domination of Laud and his followers. As long, indeed, as the Stuarts were on the throne, there was always a risk that ecclesiastical tyranny might revive, in one form or another. The Revolution put an end to this peril, and the nation was satisfied, and at rest. If, in short, the true cause, or rather one true cause, of the fall of the Monarchy under Charles was the insufferable tyranny of ecclesiastics and Ecclesiastical Courts, it is easy to understand why the majority of the nation suffered the Monarchy to be destroyed, and then, with no real inconsistency, welcomed a Restoration which did not restore that clerical domination which had brought hatred on the Monarchy; it is easy also to see how it happened that the Revolution of 1688, though it satisfied none of the Puritan ideals, thoroughly met the wishes of the English people. This, at any rate, is the reading of history forcibly suggested by Sir James Stephen's work. It is a reading well worth consideration, and it is only one among the many new interpretations of old facts suggested by a careful study of *The History of the Criminal Law*.

A HISTORY OF NEW ZEALAND.*

English interest in New-Zealand history is centred in the record of the unequal struggle between the white settlers and the native race for the possession of the land, which seems likely to end in the extermination of the latter. In three closely-printed volumes of some 600 pages each, Mr. Rusden, with whose honourable career as Clerk to the Victorian Parliament Australians are familiar, has traced the annals of antipodal Britain from its first colonisation by Hawaiian refugees in the fourteenth century to the close of the past year. His main object has been to show the reckless cruelty and injustice of the treatment which the Maoris have constantly met with at the hands of Europeans, almost from the date of Cook's rediscovery, in 1769, of the islands discovered by Abel Jansen Tasman in 1642. The indictment he has drawn up is a long and heavy one, but ample proof is offered of every count, and the impression left on the mind of the reader is that the proof is valid. The author, though as enthusiastic an advocate of the Maoris as the well-known "Pakeha Maori," to whom we are indebted for that singular and striking book, *Old New Zealand*, is not unmindful of their faults; and the savagery of the natives, illumined, though it often was, by traits of chivalric courtesy, may, indeed, well be pleaded as at least an extenuating circumstance in favour of the colonists. Allowance, too, must be made for the intrinsic difficulty of the problem, no satisfactory solution of which seems yet to have been attained, save, perhaps, in Canada, of conciliating the irresistible progressiveness of modern civilisation with modes of native life which are more or less incompatible with social and political advance.

The treaty concluded at Waitangi in 1840 conveyed the whole political power and sovereignty of the Chiefs to the Queen, and expressly confirmed and guaranteed to the chiefs and tribes of New Zealand, and the families and individuals thereof, the full and undisturbed enjoyment of all their rights of property, as long as they desired to retain the same. The document was duly executed by a large number of chiefs, but it may well be doubted whether many of them were aware of the real nature of the transaction; in all probablity, their principal motive was to escape the annexation about that time threatened by the French. The treaty, in mentioning, seemed to recognise the existence of individual proprietary rights; but it is clear that all lands were, by Maori custom, tribal property, and that the members of the tribe were merely usufructuaries of the plots they occupied, while not even the chiefs could dispose of any portion of the tribal estate without the consent of the tribe. A sort of *jus postliminii*, too, was recognised by the natives; and a tribe, by the performance of certain formal acts, which was rarely omitted, could keep alive for an indefinite period its proprietary rights in lands which had in any other way than by conquest passed out of the occupation of its members. That the treaty was not adhered to by the colonists in the spirit any more than in the letter is indisputable, but it seems probable that it could not have been adhered to with any strictness, without involving an abandonment of the further colonisation of the country. Quarrels with the natives concerning land were of almost daily occurrence; and the main, one might say the only question of New-Zealand politics, was how to oust the natives from the possession of their tribal districts. The war of 1861 grew out of a dispute concerning the sale of a tract of land, known as the Waitara block, over which rival chiefs claimed "mana," or supremacy. The whole transaction is minutely described by Mr. Rusden, and the upshot of the evidence he presents is that

* *History of New Zealand.* By G. W. Rusden. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. Melbourne and Sydney: Robertson. 1883.

the Chief Rangitake, who was unwilling to join in or sanction the sale, had the better title. It was determined to take the land by force, and troops were sent to Taranaki for that purpose. Rangitake was careful not to begin hostilities; he erected a pah, and refused to surrender, but did not fire until the colonial forces had opened upon the fort with guns and rockets. The colonists felt that the struggle which ensued was one which threatened to overtax their resources; troops were hastily applied for from Australia, and the aid of the mother-country was likewise invoked. Sir George Grey was sent out as Governor, and, after a prolonged investigation of the Waitara matter, was obliged to acknowledge the validity of the native title, and to abandon the claim. The war, however, lasted, with occasional intermissions, to 1865, ending in the submission of the "rebels," the whole of whose lands in the Taranaki province were confiscated. A fresh rising broke out in the same district three years later, but was put down within twelve months. Rangitake himself, better known as Wiremu Kingi, could not be induced to return to Waitara until 1872. Of the further policy of the Colonial Government a disagreeable view is afforded by a despatch from Sir Arthur Gordon, dated February 26th, 1881, and printed in the appendix. The despatch is a very long one, but is especially interesting by reason of the luminous *résumé* it gives of the history of the land question after the close of the Waitara war. The nominal confiscation of the country north of the Waingongoro was not enforced, and the district, with the tacit approval of the Government, was reoccupied by the natives. Indeed, Sir George Grey expressly stated that it was the intention to restore it to the native owners. Nevertheless, in 1877 the Government determined to sell a portion of this tract, and commenced the survey, without consulting with the Maori occupants, or proposing any arrangement for safeguarding their interests. The natives "had every reason," says the report of a Royal Commission, "to believe that the land would be sold, without any reserves being made for them." A Maori chief, the well known Te Whiti, pleaded the cause of his people; but his arguments were not listened to, and he was driven to the conclusion that a demonstration of some kind was the only means of arousing the attention of the Government. The demonstration took the not very formidable form of ploughing certain plots of land which had been granted to white settlers. Some of these gentlemen proposed to shoot down the natives, others demanded that, should hostilities occur, the land might be declared "free" even of "friendly Maoris." The intruders were, apparently, unarmed, and though they repeated their "trespasses," made no resistance upon being arrested. Some were punished at once, others were kept in prison for years, without being brought to trial. Meanwhile, a Royal Commission pronounced the native claims to be by no means visionary, but real and substantial. A variety of Acts were passed, one of which created the offence of being *suspected of an intention* (the italics are not ours) to commit the trespasses, &c., mentioned in the Acts. What followed is current history. Te Whiti, who had made various speeches of a mystical, semi-religious nature, was arrested at a great *marae*, or meeting of his people, near Parihaka. It is difficult to read Mr. Rusden's record of the brutal details of the proceedings without a shudder of shame and disgust. No legal offence could be brought home to him, even under the disgraceful Acts we have referred to; and recourse was had to a Bill of Attainder, by virtue of which he was kept in prison, where, for aught we know, he still lies. It must be remembered, in connection with this history, that neither Te Whiti nor any one of his people had laid a finger upon any white man.

When New Zealand was rediscovered by Captain Cook, the population numbered considerably over 100,000 souls. The northern island was much more thickly populated than the middle island, though the latter seems better fitted to support a large population. The introduction of European diseases and European firearms resulted in the fall of the population to 56,000 in 1858, of whom 53,000 were inhabitants of the northern island. According to the official statistics contained in the appendix, the Maoris numbered 44,000 in 1880, the whites nearly half a million. Of the sixty-seven millions of acres which are comprised within the limits of the colony, fifteen and a half millions have been sold, for £11,524,867. Perhaps Mr. Rusden can tell us how much of this, in money or other value, has passed to the Maoris. The book is well written, in a vein of mingled enthusiasm and indignation that lends eloquence to many of its pages, but occasionally leads to what we cannot but think harsh judgments upon various public men. No pains seem to have been spared in collecting and collating authorities, and the record appears to be, on the whole, as trustworthy as it is minute. But we fear it is destined rather to cause the descendants of the present colonists to be ashamed of their foregoers, than to induce the latter materially to alter their ways.

AN ITALIAN CONDOTTIERE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.*

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, the Emperor, despite Dante's frantic appeal, refused to bestride the saddle of the Cæsars; while the Pope, at a somewhat later date, became a French priest at Avignon. The Republics of Northern and Central Italy were losing or had lost the liberties they had won from Ghibelline Counts and Guelf Bishops. Political power was passing from the hands of the democracies to oligarchies split up into a number of shifting and bitterly hostile parties. According to Sismondi, the tale of enfranchised citizens diminished from nearly two millions in the thirteenth to less than two hundred thousand in the fourteenth century, and at the close of the fifteenth century not more than eighteen thousand citizens, out of a population of eighteen millions, possessed any political power whatever. The energies of the Republics, uncontrolled by Pope or Emperor, were spent in wars with each other, and in domestic quarrels, for which the slumbering tradition of Guelf and Ghibelline, in the absence of other causes, was always sufficient to afford a pretext. The fatal interference of some saviour of society became an annual necessity, and the military adventurers called in alternately by the successful factions, and invested with the title of Podestà, Captain of the People, or Preserver of the Peace, were soon able to convert their temporary dictatorship into a more or less permanent despotism. In M. Yriarte's exhaustive monograph on the great *Condottiera* house of the Malatesti of Rimini, we have the record of one of the most signal of these usurpations, together with a curious and interesting account of the Court of an Italian mediæval despot, of the life he led, and of the singular state of society which rendered such an existence possible.

It was the policy of the petty tyrants of the time to withdraw their subjects as much as possible from military pursuits, and up to the middle of the fourteenth century the quarrels of the despotised Republics were chiefly fought-out by foreign mercenaries, disbanded Germans, Frenchmen, or Hungarians, led by their own captains, and making their own terms. One of the most celebrated of these free companies was composed of Englishmen, whom Sir John Hawkwood, one of Fuller's "Worthies," took with him into Italy after the peace of Bretigny, and hired-out to the best paymaster. Each man-at-arms seems to have received pay at a rate equivalent to about £8 per month, to which he added considerably by plunder and by the ransom of prisoners. To so lucrative an employment the Italians were soon attracted, and by the end of the fourteenth century hardly a foreign mercenary remained in the country. The service was not a dangerous one. The military tactics of the time consisted chiefly in marching bodies of heavy cavalry up and down the enemy's country until it was exhausted, when they retired, and the people came out of their fortified towns, or *castelli*, of which the remains are so numerous in Central and Northern Italy, to resume their avocations. Actual fighting was avoided by both the opposing parties, who wisely reserved their valour for the unlucky inhabitants of the invaded districts.

M. Yriarte's account of the origin of the Malatesti is by no means clear. The first of the family is generally said to have been a Ravennese count of the creation or following of Otto III., but the one to whom the surname of Malatesta, or "Wrong-head," was given seems to have been a Count Carpegna la Penna de' Billi. In 1239 his son, Giovanni, whom M. Yriarte makes the first of the Malatesti, was called in to the defence of Rimini, and in due course became podestà of the town. Of his four grandsons, the eldest was the husband, and the second, Paolo, was the lover of Francesca da Rimini, whose sad and tender story is so pathetically told by Dante in the fifth canto of the *Inferno*. The third son, Malatestino, is the terrible, bloody dog of the twenty-seventh canto. In 1417 the most distinguished of the Malatesti, Sigismondo Pandolfo, a natural son of Pandolfo, great-grandson of Malestino, was born at Brescia. "Of all the Italian princes of the fifteenth century," says M. Yriarte,

* *Un Condottiere au XV. Siècle: Rimini.* Etudes sur les Lettres et les Arts à la Cour des Malatesti. Orné de 200 Dessins. Par Ch. Yriarte. Paris: Rothschild.

"he was probably the one who best represents the tendencies of a period when, under the high culture of the beginnings of the Renaissance, could still be discerned the harsh traits, the violence, and the savagery of the middle ages." To compass an end or satisfy a caprice he recoiled before no deed of force or fraud, yet he was a discriminating and enthusiastic lover and patron of art, and a poet who wrote verses full of tenderness and sweetness. Morality, however, does not always accompany a fine taste in literature and art, and the position of an Italian despot of the fifteenth century, surrounded by fierce and unscrupulous enemies and doubtful friends, was not one to soften the character or refine the conscience. The most interesting events of Sigismond's life were his love for Isotta, and the building of the so-called "Temple of the Malatesta," now the Cathedral of Rimini. The portraits of Isotta given by M. Yriarte probably do her scant justice, for contemporary writers agree in extolling the beauty of her person as well as the charm of her character. An affecting letter is reproduced in fac-simile, in which she implores her lover to make her his wife, and it is at least one pleasant fact in the history of this truculent condottiere that he acceded, albeit with some reluctance, to her request. Of the celebrated temple, the chief work of Alberti, a very complete and interesting description is given. The building is a sort of architectural *tour de force*, an outer romanesque construction in coloured marble enveloping and in part assimilated with the earlier Gothic church, which held the tombs of the Malatesta family. The chapels are richly adorned with bas-reliefs, the subjects of most of which are of a classical rather than of a Christian character. Of the more important of these, admirable woodcuts are given, affording a good idea of the singular energy of the modelling, which is neither Classical nor Christian, but rather modern and realistic, both in conception and execution. The dedication of the Temple to "the immortal God" is another sign of the Pagan turn of mind of its founder. The principal Italian States successively availed themselves of the services of Sigismond, but, disgusted with his ambition and violence, finally combined against him and deprived him of all his possessions on the Adriatic, save the seignory of Rimini. There, worn out with disappointment and forced inaction, he died, in 1468, his last moments occupied with devising means for accomplishing the completion of the great Temple, which was designed to carry down his name to posterity. Of the inner life of his Court not much is known, save what can be gathered from the public acts and from the monuments of his reign. Following the custom of the age, he surrounded himself with such of the scholars, poets, and artists of the day as he could induce to attach themselves to his Court. A great name in literature or art was regarded much in the same light as an antique statue or a rare manuscript, and the possession of either category of treasure was disputed with equal keenness by the polished despots of the period. Thus Petrarch had been the guest of the Malatesti of Pesaro, Dante of the Polentas of Ravenna. According to Tiraboschi, the first academy in Italy was established at Rimini, in 1406. Giotto was induced to assist in the adornment of San Francesco, and Ghiberti was employed by Carlo Malatesta to paint the frescoes of his *gattolo*, while Venturi, the forerunner of Da Vinci, and Battista Alberti were the engineers and architects of Sigismond.

The most interesting chapters of M. Yriarte's sumptuous volume are those devoted to this portion of his subject, which is treated with an amplitude of knowledge and a critical but sympathetic appreciation which leave nothing to be desired. The very numerous illustrations which enrich the book are worthy of equal praise. A few of them are apparently taken from photographs, such as the view of the Bargello at Florence, and these are the least pleasing. But the majority are after sketches made upon the spot, and reproduce with vividness the characteristic traits of eastern Italian scenery; while the numerous fac-similes of miniatures in old manuscripts, illustrative of mediæval life, are extremely curious and interesting. The documents appended to the volume have a philological as well as an historical value. The *Ferma*, or contract between Sigismond and the Republic of Florence, is a good example of fifteenth-century Italian, and with its repetition of "*concio sia cosa*" (whereas), &c., its recitals and its tautological accuracy of expression would delight an English conveyancer of the old school, while the glimpse it affords of the Condottiere system is especially valuable. By it the "Magnificent Community" take over the services of Sigismond from the Duke of Milan at the rate previously agreed upon between the latter, of 50,000 florins for one year, payable monthly, for which 1,400 cavalry and 400 infantry were to be provided to fight for the Republic within the limits of Tuscany, as the Balia or their Commissioner might direct.

M. Yriarte writes in a clear, simple style, never striving after effect, but rather avoiding anything like eloquence or enthusiasm. Yet the interest of his pages never flags; so thorough is his knowledge of his subject and so real his sympathy with it, that the fascination of the reader is complete, without any sense of its being sought.

A ROUGH JOURNEY.*

This book may be viewed in several lights. If the reader takes it to be a prospectus of new gold diggings on the West Coast of Africa, he would do well to skip the whole of the first volume and half the second. In what remains, a good deal of information will be found, particularly in Mr. Cameron's portion. The veteran traveller and bookmaker Captain Burton is always in too slap-dash and go-ahead a humour to give his readers the information he has to convey in a digested form. But the book may be also taken as the record of a pleasure trip. Then the reader should skim lightly through it, stopping where it interests him, passing swiftly by the dull, stony reaches where there is no relief. In this way, a small modicum of enjoyment may be got from its pages, but we are bound to confess that our own experience has taught us that it is very small. We tried hard to read the book consecutively and closely, and had to give up the attempt in sheer despair. Reading Captain Burton's slovenly, slangy sentences, jumping after him from one topic to another in hot haste, and submitting between jumps to what may be described as random thwacks from his self-opinionative cudgel, fairly broke us down before the end of the first volume was reached, and we had to take the rest in little stages after dinner, cautiously feeling the way. This is why we have described the book as "a rough journey." It was, indeed, that,—the roughest we have taken for a long time.

And yet a certain astuteness of calculation has entered into the design and production of this book. An enterprising gentleman of Liverpool is interested with others in auriferous mining on the Gold Coast, and, no doubt, experienced in the great difficulty there is in attracting public attention to the wealth supposed to lie there. Other people had brought out companies, and in various ways tried to induce mankind to see the golden prospect through their eyes, but with very limited success. Something more was requisite to bring the new El Dorado effectively into public view, and this gentleman seems to have hit upon the idea of getting Captain Burton to accompany Mr. Cameron to the Gold Coast, and to write a book about it, or about his journey to it. The idea was not at all a bad one. Captain Burton is a celebrated traveller, who has written many books,—books read apparently by society and the subscribers to Mudie's. He had been at the Gold Coast before, and he possesses a fine, full-chested, dogmatic way of enunciating his opinions that goes far to convince the thoughtless. At times, too, he describes well, and can be lively. The chances were, then, that his book would be read, that the gold of West Africa would, at all events, get talked about by the public and noticed by the Press in a way never before seen. Such, we say, appears to have been the idea lying at the root of this journey, and the resulting book. Perhaps the event will justify the enterprise displayed in the conception; but whether or not, the book is a bad one, ill-written, flighty, discursive to a degree beyond Captain Burton's usual standard. To some extent, however, these defects can scarcely be ascribed exclusively to the author. His task was an excessively difficult one. In the first place, there was not enough material for a book in a mere record of journeyings to look at mines, actual or possible, within a few miles of the coast at Axim, even when descriptions of the fevers and other plagues of the region were thrown in. Captain Burton had consequently to begin further back, but he has been such a voracious sight-seer, that nowhere in all his route had he new ground to tread upon. He had even been in that very quarter of the Gold Coast before, and had published in 1863 a book called *Wanderings in West Africa*, so that there was positively nothing fresh for him, except a few mine-shafts and alluvial gold-working appliances. The task, then, was to make a book of two volumes.

* *To the Gold Coast for Gold.* By R. F. Burton and V. L. Cameron. London: Chatto and Windus.

aggregating more than 700 pages octavo out of old materials, and twice or thrice seen sights. It was too great a task to be done well, particularly as Mr. Cameron plays a very secondary part in performing it, merely describing a few mines that his fellow-traveller was too ill to go and see; and from this point of view, Captain Burton is deserving of a reviewer's sympathy. He undertook the impossible, and failed.

But when all allowance has been made, we must still protest that the chief author of this book has disregarded the fair treatment of his readers, and has sacrificed them too ruthlessly to the exigencies of book-making in forcing them to start with him for the Gold Coast at Trieste, and in taking them first, *viâ* Patras and other dull Mediterranean ports, to Lisbon, and for a whole fortnight to Madeira. Ah! that fortnight. If Captain Burton wanted to imbue his readers' minds with a horror of the place, and all that belongs to it, to make them swear an oath, deep and solemn, that, come weal or woe, they never would put foot on Madeira's shore, then is his success great indeed! It is cruel, but the readers must bear with us while we give a sample or two from the records of this terrible fortnight. Opening the book at page 54, we find this:—

"Amongst other things, Governor Farrobo indulged his fair friends with a display of the old *jogo de canas*, or running at the ring. The Praça Academica had been rigged out to serve as a tilting-yard, with a central alley of palisading and two 'stands,' grand and little. The purpose was charitable, and the performers were circus-horses, mounted by professionals and amateurs, who thus 'renowned it' before the public and their *damas*. The circlet, hanging to a line, equalled the diameter of a small boy's hat; and when the 'knight' succeeded in bearing it off upon his pole, he rode up to be decorated by the hands of a very charming person with a ribbon-*baudrière* of Bath dimensions and rainbow colours. Prizes were hand as medals after a modern war, and perhaps for the same purpose—to prevent unchristian envy, hatred, and malice. Almost any trooper in an Anglo-Indian cavalry regiment would have done better; but then he would have couched his bamboo spear properly, and would have put out his horse to speed—an idea which seemed to elude the Madeiran mind. The fête ended with a *surprise* less expensive than that with which the Parisian restaurant astonishes the travelling Britisher. A paper chandelier was suspended between two posts, of course to be knocked down, when out sprang an angry, hunch-backed dwarf, who abused and fiercely struck at all straight backs within reach."

That is the best description in this part of the book. And now take a taste of the Captain's cudgel. He is speaking of the non-success of sugar-making in Madeira:—

"Here sugar-working in the present day requires for bare existence high protective duties. The Government, however, has had the common-sense, and the Madeirans patriotic feeling enough, to defend their industry from certain ruinous vagaries, by taxing imported growths 80 reis (4d.) per kilo. A hard-grit free-trader would abolish this abomination and ruin half the island. And here I would remark that in England the world has seen for the first time a wealthy and commercial, a great and generous nation proclaim, and take pride in proclaiming, the most immoral doctrine. 'Free Trade,' so called, I presume, because it is practically the reverse of free or fair trade, openly abjures public spirit and the chief obligation of the citizen—to think of his neighbour as well as himself, and not to let charity end, as it often begins, at home. 'Buy cheap and sell dear' is the law delivered by its prophets, the whole duty of 'the merchant and the man.' When its theorists ask me the favourite question, 'Would you not buy in the cheapest market?' I reply, 'Yes, but my idea of cheapness is not yours: I want the best, no matter what its price, because it will prove cheapest in the end.' How long these Free-trade fads and fooleries will last no one can say; but they can hardly endure till that millennium when the world accepts the doctrine, and when Free Trade becomes free trade and fair trade."

And so Captain Burton goes on, with opinions equally fixed and nice on all topics, including the amount of gold to be dug up or worked out in West Africa. On the whole, too, the above extracts exhibit his eccentricities and his "cosmopolitan" English in a fair, average way. We could give the reader much more gritty matter, but forbear. What is most irritating of all to the ignorant, untravelled mind is Captain Burton's habit of spluttering along with myriads of allusions to scenes, men, and things he knows and has seen, but of which his readers can know nothing. He talks of the most unfamiliar places in Africa much as a Cockney might talk of Trafalgar Square, and the result is not conducive either to interesting narratives or vivid portrayal. The best thing in the book is an account of an ascent of Mount Atlas. The description of the sunrise seen from the top becomes nearly eloquent, but is spoilt, as usual, by the statement, referring to the rolling-away of the vapour-cloud from the landscape below, that "Martin the Great might have borrowed an idea from the waste of waters, as it seemed to be." Immediately after this journey has been described, we get a chapter called the "Spanish Account of the Repulse of Nelson from Santa Cruz de Teneriffe," extracted from a "circumstantial account" published in Madrid in 1798; and so, by one device or another, the due two volumes are in time brought to completion,—the Gold Coast is reached. The part of the book that is filled with Gold-Coast matter may interest a few people, but we are sure that if the gold does not attract men there, the descriptions of the country and of the people will not. Both are set before us in as bad a way as they can well be, and are in themselves most unlovely.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Sunny Lands and Seas: a Voyage in the SS. 'Ceylon.' By Hugh Wilkinson. (John Murray.)—The yachts that circumnavigate the globe are doubtless among the luxuries of advanced civilisation. But the arrangement has its "seamy" side, and we see it in such a book as this. Here is a gentleman who spends five months in voyaging from "China to Peru," writes his experiences to his friends—a blameless, and even laudable act—and then is led away by their polite acknowledgments to publish a bulky volume. Is every such voyage—and they are sure to be multiplied—to produce a crop of these superficial notes of travel? Of all tiresome people, on paper and in talk, the worst are those who lay down the law about strange men and cities, because they have paid them a flying visit. But Mr. Wilkinson is worse than tiresome. He writes the most utter fallacies about Missionaries and native populations, because he spent a week or so among the Islands of the Pacific. It must be either folly or spite that makes him attribute to the preachers of religion the decay due to the avarice and profligacy of traders and adventurers and sailors. The condition and prospects of the South-Sea paradises are bad enough. Does Mr. Wilkinson think they would have been better, if the Missionaries had left the traders and adventurers entirely to themselves? Which does he think the better civilised, Bishop Patteson, or the sea-captain who fires on a native village because it will not send out its young girls for prostitution?

A Child of the Menhir. By Austin Clare. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—This is one of the few novels which we can recommend without reserve to our readers. The scene is laid in Brittany, the time is the era of the French Revolution. The hero is a foundling, whom the young couple, just bereaved of their eldest child, adopt. The childhood of Christophe, that is the hero's name, as he grows up among his foster-brothers and sisters (one of whom is a young count), is very prettily described. Then comes a period of darkness and trouble. The beggar who first found him claims him as his son, and forces him to become the companion of his wanderings, and even an accomplice in his crimes. The misery of these scenes forms a powerful contrast to the brightness and gaiety of earlier days. Then come various vicissitudes till he returns at last to the home of his childhood. And all along there is the constant conflict in his mind between the claims of religion, as personified in the person of the enthusiastic young priest Bernèz, and the natural emotions of his age. As the story approaches its *dénouement*, it becomes remarkably interesting. The disturbed course of French history at the time is skilfully intermingled with the troubles and perplexities of the characters of the tale. And throughout the whole, the peculiarities of Breton manners and customs are touched with no common skill and picturesque power. *A Child of the Menhir* is well contrived, well written, and thoroughly wholesome in tone.

Ensilage in America. By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—It is just possible that some of our readers may not know that "ensilage" is the practice of storing green fodder in pits—if that may be called a pit which may be wholly, and generally is in part, above-ground—that are air-tight and water-tight, as far as may be. The practice has been largely adopted in the United States, and Mr. Rogers has collected in this little volume a number of facts relating to its economical value. To marshal these facts is one of his objects in this little volume; the other is to discuss the prospects of the method in English agriculture. Certainly, the matter, to an outsider, has a very hopeful look. If the landlords would build, or encourage their tenants to build, silos, it is probable that they might be more usefully employed than in trying to shift the burden of local taxation from the right shoulder to the left.

Of High Degree. By Charles Gibbon. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—This is a remarkably well-constructed story. Few readers, we imagine, will be altogether satisfied with the conclusion of Mr. Gibbon's narrative; but none will deny that it is reached by a very ingenious process. The opening scene introduces us to the two characters whom we must recognise, we suppose, as the hero and heroine of the story, though they are not the most interesting of Mr. Gibbon's *dramatis personæ*. Ruth Clark bids farewell to Stephen Meredith. He loves her, and she loves him; but he is embarrassed and she is penniless, and she thinks it well that they should part. The story tells us how her purpose is accomplished, and how also she does not miss her own happiness in the end. It is in this last

point that we find the weak places of the story. Ruth finds a wealthy husband, but we cannot see that she finds more. We cannot but feel, too, that Stephen is badly treated. Why should he be made prosperous against his will, if he preferred love and poverty. For all this, the story is excellently well told, and Dahlia Whitcombe, the young woman to whom the unlucky lover is handed over, with her blind, jealous love, is a finely-drawn character. So is the intriguing Rapier, the clever schemer, whose elaborate plans we are delighted to find foiled by the energy and vigilance of more honest folk. The third volume, with its rapid action, intricate, without being confused, and carrying on the reader in absorbed interest, does the greatest credit to Mr. Gibbon's ability as a writer of fiction.

The Wonders of Nature. By Professor Rudolph, revised by Alex. Brown, LL.D. (A. Gardner.)—This little book, of American origin, is attractively written. It mainly treats of that popular subject, the wonders of astronomy; but there is a single chapter, "The Wonders of Oxygen," which belongs more strictly to the domain of chemistry, and which should have been revised or omitted. To affirm that elements are substances "in their natural state," that "the atmosphere is a *compound* of oxygen and nitrogen," and that 1·2 of the solid globe and 1·9 of the air are oxygen, is curiously inexact.

Unspotted from the World. By Mrs. Godfrey. (R. Bentley and Son.)—Mrs. Godfrey has worked up into this novel the situation which Mr. Barrett Browning so pathetically describes in "Bertha in the Lane." As this situation would of itself hardly suffice, she adds some circumstances of a tragical kind to the younger sister's life. Her father hates the sight of her, because he believes her mother to have been unfaithful to him; she loses her heart to a worthless lover, who goes very near to ruining the happiness of her married life, when she has found a really worthy husband. This younger sister's character is drawn with delicacy and discrimination. In her weakness and in her strength, she is genuinely natural. Dorothy, the self-sacrificing elder, fails sometimes to interest us, perhaps because she is preternaturally good and wise. The story of the younger girl's season in London, under the care of her grandmother, a miracle of the cosmetic art, is told with much spirit, though the picture of fashionable life is anything but flattering.

Indian Snake Poisons. By A. J. Wall, M.D. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—This is an interesting account of the action of snake poison, especially of the poison of the cobra. The practical conclusion is given in the sixth chapter, where Dr. Wall deals with the questions of prevention and treatment. He discusses the policy of the rewards given for the destruction of venomous snakes in some Indian districts, and pronounces in its favour, when practised under restrictions. The subject of the treatment does not present any hopeful features. The only chance is in immediate isolation of the bitten part; as 94 per cent. of the bites are in some one of the extremities, this is possible, if only the appliances are at hand. But this "if" is, of course, a very important condition. Potassium permanganate absolutely neutralises the poison chemically by oxidisation, but injected into the system it is useless, because it oxidises not the poison specially, but everything with which it comes into contact. We cannot help remarking that no practical result whatever seems to have come from the experiments on living animals which are here recorded.

My Heart and I. By Elinor Hume. (Bentley and Son.)—A heroine who tells her own story seldom tells it well. She is generally self-conscious, telling us, for instance, that she is very selfish, while she really thinks herself self-sacrificing; and that she is plain, while she evidently cherishes a secret belief in her own beauty. Nina, Miss Hume's heroine, is full of these affectations. A more tiresome person, with her perpetual protestations, self-accusations, and self-justifications, we have seldom met with, even in fiction. The plot is not very clearly developed. At one time we think it is to be another repetition of "Bertha in the Lane;" then the tables are turned, and the elder sister triumphs over the younger. One thing is plain, that a less interesting set of people than the characters of *My Heart and I* have seldom been brought together. This is the more to be regretted because Miss Hume has undoubtedly some literary power.

Bid Me Discourse, and other Tales. By Mary Cecil Hay. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—Miss Hay's powers do not appear to much advantage in the short tales collected in these three volumes. We can see that she knows how to contrive a plot, for now and then we come upon a dramatic situation, and there are occasionally forcible touches of character. But for the proper development of this, there is not sufficient space or opportunity. We may take as an instance the tale entitled "Kenneth." Something might be made of the leading idea. A young woman is forced by circumstances to hide her real character from the man who is ready to love her; an accident reveals it, and all ends well. But in "Kenneth," the development of events is almost ludicrously hurried. The two young people have been as distant, not to say as rude to each other as possible, and then we have the transformation scene of the avowal of mutual attachment. One is irresistibly reminded of the "wholesome aversion" which a famous character recommends as the beginning of love. It is perhaps the result of the constraint thus put upon the writer, that the sentiment of these tales is somewhat sickly and wanting in reality. Miss Hay ought to know that in England magistrates have not the power, even if we could suppose they had the will, to sentence a child to "solitary imprisonment for two years."

Facing the Footlights. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Francis Lean). 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—There is some better work in these three volumes than we have lately seen from "Florence Marryat's" pen. All that concerns the heroine's training for and appearance on the stage is well told; the girl, too, bears herself with spirit and good-sense, and awakens the interest of those who follow her fortunes. The theatrical follies of fashionable amateurs and the silly curiosity of audiences who come to see not a skilful actress, but a celebrated beauty, are justly denounced. The surprise of the book, the mystery that surrounds the end of Mrs. Gerome, is ingeniously contrived, though it does not lead to anything, as far as we can see. We half expected that it would have resulted in the discomfiture of the worthless husband and his favourite. How would things stand with a man who married again on the strength of his wife having given herself out as having died? All this writer's practice in writing has not given her a perfect command over English. Envoys, not facts, are said to be "accredited," and an "infinitesimal" run is not a thing that theatrical managers desire.

We have also received *The Evolution of Christianity.* (Williams and Norgate.) An elaborate treatise, which has for its object to prove that the present creed of Christendom was developed in the course of the first three centuries.—*The Gospel according to St. Matthew*, with Notes, critical and practical. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler. (Bell and Sons.)—*Importance of Faith in Scripture Miracles.* By an Associate of King's College. (Houghton and Co.)—*Many Voices.* By Marguerite Tollemache. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) A sketch of eminent personages in Christendom of the first sixteen centuries, beginning with St. Clement of Rome, and ending with Reuchlin.—*Romanism; or, Doctrinal and Practical Examination of the Creed of Pope Pius IV.* By the Rev. R. C. Jenkins, M.A. (Religious Tract Society.)—*Fulfilled Prophecy in Proof of the Truth of Scripture.* By the Rev. Bourchier Wrey Savile, M.A. (Longmans.)—*The Kingdom of Grace Triumphant.* By John Coutts. (F. Pitman.)—*The Coming Kingdom.* By T. K. (Elliot Stock.)—*The Age to Come.* By Albert Hill. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)

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ADDITIONAL HOME BISHOPRICS ENDOWMENT FUND.

A MEETING to PROMOTE the FOUNDATION of the SOUTHWELL BISHOPRIC will be held, by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor, in

The EGYPTIAN HALL, MANSION HOUSE, on FRIDAY, June 1st, at 2 p.m.

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR will preside. The Resolutions will be moved and supported by—

His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, the Right Hon. the Earl of Devon, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and others.

Cards for reserved seats may be obtained on application, by letter (enclosing stamped and addressed envelope), to the Hon. Secretary, the Rev. A. J. INGRAM, St. Margaret's Rectory, Finsbury Square, E.C.; or at the Office of the Fund, 7 Whitehall, S.W.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the LONDON SOCIETY for the ABOLITION of COMPULSORY VACCINATION will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 23rd, in NEUMEYER HALL, Hart Street, Bloomsbury. The chair will be taken at 7.30 by the President, P. A. TAYLOR, Esq., M.P. Alfred Milnes, Esq., M.A., F.S.S.; Dr. W. J. Collins; Dr. E. Haughton; Hon. T. Dwight Stowe, M.D., of Massachusetts, U.S.A.; William Tebb, Esq.; and other Gentlemen, have promised to be present, and take part in the proceedings. Admission free.

A limited number of Seats have been reserved (price One Shilling each), for which early application should be made to the Secretary, Mr. W. YOUNG, at the Offices of the Society, 114 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square.—The FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the MEMBERS will be held in the READING ROOM, on THURSDAY, May 31st, at 3 p.m.

ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.
May 1st, 1883.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

The SEVENTH ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be HELD on TUESDAY, the 22nd inst., by permission, at the ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, 28 Jermyn Street, S.W., London, when a Paper will be read on "Popular Education in England and Wales, before and after the Elementary Education Act of 1870," by Rowland Hamilton, Esq. The Chair will be taken at 7.45 p.m.

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The Right Hon. Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P.
Lieutenant-Colonel R. Nigel F. Kingscote, C.B., M.P.
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Ambrose L. Goddard, Esq.
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M. H. N. Story-Maskelyne, Esq., M.P.
The Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton.

For Prospectus of COLLEGE and FARM, List of Scholarships, Prizes, Diploma, &c., apply to the Principal.

NEXT SESSION begins May 22nd.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL. — SEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least will be OFFERED for COMPETITION on July 24th.—For further particulars, apply to the Rev. the HEAD MASTER, School House, Sherborne.

THE GRANGE, BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.—BOARDING-SCHOOL for LADIES, conducted by Miss GEDDES. Indian Children would here find a bright, happy home. Ladies wishful to prepare for the Higher University Examinations received.

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ROSSALL SCHOOL. — ELEVEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be COMPETED for, June 26th. Value from 70 Guineas (covering school fees), to £20. Limit of age, Juniors, 14½; Seniors, 15½. Candidates may be examined at Oxford or Rossall, as preferred, in Classics or Mathematics.—Apply to Rev. the HEAD MASTER, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

EDUCATION, STUTTGART.—Fräulein KOPP receives YOUNG LADIES as either PUPILS or only BOARDERS. Special advantages for young Ladies requiring to complete their Education. Good references.—Address direct, 7 Bergstrasse, Stuttgart, or Mrs. YATMAN, Winscombe Hall, near Weston-super-Mare; or Mrs. ALBERT FRY, 8 Cambridge Park, Redland, Bristol.

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The Head Master must be a Graduate of an English University, and a Member of the Church of England. Other things being equal, a Clergyman will be preferred.

Full particulars may be obtained from the Clerk of the Grocers' Company, Grocers' Hall, London, E.C., to whom the Applications of Candidates, accompanied by testimonials, must be sent, on or before the 12th of June. The Election will take place on or before the 11th of July. The new Head Master will be required to commence his duties in Michaelmas Term next.

Grocers' Hall, May, 1883.

THE COUNCIL of the GIRLS' PUBLIC DAY SCHOOL COMPANY, Limited, will shortly APPOINT HEAD MISTRESSES for their LIVERPOOL HIGH SCHOOL and one to be opened at CARLISLE. Salary, in each case, £250 per annum, besides capitation fees. Applications must be sent, not later than June 16th next, to the SECRETARY of the COMPANY, 21 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., from whom further information may be had.

MANCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL for GIRLS.

The Committee DESIRE to APPOINT a LADY as LECTURER or ASSISTANT-MISTRESS who is competent to give Teaching in Classics to the Middle and Highest Forms in the School.

The Appointment will date from September next.

Applications, which should state experience and certificates, are to be addressed to Miss DAY, the High School, Dover Street, Manchester, from whom further information can be obtained.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—ELECTION of HEAD MASTER.—The Office of HEAD MASTER of this SCHOOL will become vacant in August next, and the Governing Body of the School will proceed to ELECT a HEAD MASTER in the Month of July. Candidates are requested to forward their applications, accompanied by testimonials, on or before June 9th next, to the undersigned, from whom particulars of the tenure and emoluments of the Office may be procured by written application, on or after the 12th inst.—HORACE W. SMITH, 40 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C., Secretary to the Governing Body, May 10th, 1883.

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The HALF-TERM begins JUNE 4th. FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS will be competed for early in July. Prospectuses and particulars may be obtained from the Office, Gower Street, W.C.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

ALDENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ELSTREE, HERTS. — FOUR JUNIOR PLATT SCHOLARSHIPS of the average value of £30, tenable for three years, will be offered for COMPETITION on July 19th and 20th. Open to boys under 14.—For further information, apply to the HEAD MASTER.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON (for LADIES), 8 and 9 York Place, Baker Street.—The HALF TERM will begin on THURSDAY, May 17th. Professor John W. Hales will continue his Lectures on Early English and Elementary Anglo-Saxon, at 1.45, on Wednesdays, beginning May 23rd. B. SHADWELL, Hon. Sec.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Russian Czar reached the suburbs of Moscow on Sunday by train, and on Tuesday made his state entry into his ancient capital. He rode in on a white horse, preceded and followed by a procession miles long, including all the representatives of Europe, his subordinate Kings in Asia, his own family, the chief nobles of Russia, the great officials of the Empire, hundreds of Generals and other officers, and hundreds more of the servitors of the Court. The Empress sat with her little daughter in a large carriage which looked like one mass of gold. The way was lined with soldiers, and guarded by great bodies of cavalry, cuirassiers, Uhlans, and Cossacks, and the scene was full of an original kind of pomp, half military, half Asiatic. No accident whatever occurred, except that a Court chamberlain was thrown and broke his head, and the reception by the people was most enthusiastic. The devotion, it is specially noted, extends to the Imperial family, the Grand Duke Sergius in particular being followed everywhere by admiring crowds. The actual coronation will not take place till Sunday, after which the Emperor must ride unattended among his people; but so far, nothing has been heard of the Nihilists, though the Police continue to make numerous arrests. The time of danger is now short, and it is most probable that the extreme precautions taken will prove successful, more especially as assassins are always affected by the popular mood. Nevertheless, the Ides of March are not yet passed.

It appears to be settled that Major Evelyn Baring, the Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer, shall succeed Sir E. Malet as Consul-General in Egypt, though as yet no official announcement has been made. Indeed, we are not sure that a vote will not be needed, as Major Baring is to receive special powers, and as he surrenders £8,000 a year in India, a special salary. He will, in fact, be Resident, and we hope will be marked by some special designation, such as "Envoy Extraordinary to the Porte resident in Egypt." That will give him the necessary rank. The selection is a very good one, as Major Baring has great experience, both of general political business and of Egyptian finance, thorough knowledge of Egyptian personages, and a strong will. He will be able not only to guide and support the Khedive, who is surrounded by rascals intent on peculation, but to neglect trifles, the great difficulty of a man in his position. Every European in Egypt thinks that his special affair is the pivot of the universe, and that the Resident who does not listen to him fails. Major Baring can be deaf when needful, a form of strength which is rapidly becoming more scarce.

The Italian Premier, having on Saturday obtained a direct and unqualified vote of confidence, by 348 to 29, on Sunday placed his resignation in the King's hands. His object in taking this step is to rid himself of certain members of his Cabinet, who consider his policy too Conservative, and resent his acceptance by the Right. He has, of course, been asked to form a new Ministry, and in spite of some hitches will, it is believed, retain all his colleagues except two, and replace them by two Conservati*vish* men, who are not by party Conservatives. He is quite absolute in the present House, but believes that the Radicals are strong out of-doors, and will have a much stronger party at the next elections. As his intention is to govern with any majority obtainable, he does not wish to break with the Radicals more abruptly than he can help, and would gladly retain their more moderate men. No Minister in Europe occupies quite the same position, though it has analogies with that once occupied by Lord Palmerston. The difference is that the Italian Tories give S. Depretis open instead of secret support.

A great Liberal demonstration took place at Hengler's Circus, in Liverpool, yesterday week, the chief speakers being Mr. S. Smith, the Liberal Member for Liverpool elected last December, and Mr. John Morley, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Smith made a very weighty and impressive speech on the great difficulty of the day,—the block of business in Parliament,—which he ascribed to three causes,—the immense multiplication of local business which ought to be dealt with in local bodies; the loquacity of Members; and the definite wish to obstruct. He did not believe that anything short of completely new rules limiting the time allotted not only to each speaker, but to each great debate, would adequately put down the loquacity and the obstruction. In speaking of the Affirmation Bill, which he eloquently defended from the religious point of view, Mr. Smith expressed his hearty confidence in the Government; while, on the Irish question, he was disposed to adopt more or less Mr. Mitchell Henry's view of our duty to that country. He thought that we ought to develope Ireland as we develope India, by applying a considerable sum to the construction of public works.

Mr. John Morley's speech was less social and more political in its drift. He defended the Affirmation Bill, on the ground that all opinions on religious questions—whether they might be called religious or irreligious—should be treated as wholly outside politics; nay, he went further, and said the same of all social opinions. Now, surely there are social opinions which it ought to be penal to propagate. A teacher who should be found inculcating on his pupils, even out of school, contempt for the sacredness of marriage, ought to be ineligible as a teacher in State schools; and we can see no reason why the House of Commons has not a perfect right to take notice of a book propagating immoral doctrines, and written by any of its Members, if it should think that course wise and expedient. Mr. Morley expressed very frankly his belief that Ireland would never be pacified till there was much greater freedom of local self-organisation in Ireland, and much more regard paid to Irish opinion on Irish topics in the House of Commons, than there is at present. And on what is called "non-intervention" he expressed very sweeping views indeed, which go far beyond any in which we can concur. Nevertheless, his speech was full of manly and vigorous Liberalism,—Liberalism partly, perhaps, of the past, mostly of the future.

The Liberal meeting at Wolverhampton yesterday week was important, as showing that the Liberal party in the country have seen the importance to be attached to Sir Stafford Northcote's "Thermopylæ" speech, and have interpreted it just as we interpreted it on the day after it was spoken, as meaning that the Tory party are prepared to force triennial dissolutions on the country, by obstructing to the last point of their ability measures cordially accepted by the constituencies only three years ago. Mr. H. Fowler, the junior Member for Wolverhampton, insisted that triennial Parliaments might now be regarded as part of the programme of Tory democracy, and urged the Government, on the reassembling of Parliament this week, to appropriate Tuesdays and Fridays for pressing forward the Government measures now before Parliament. Mr. Osborne Morgan made some caustic remarks on the new Tory Elisha,

s attacks on the "honourable" Tadpoles by whom, in prophetic person's opinion, the Tories of the House of ions are now led; and also upon Sir Stafford Northcote's apt to immortalise the tactics of Mr. Warton as akin to those of the Spartan King Leonidas. It is clear enough that the Wolverhampton Liberals understand precisely the exact issue now before the country, and are determined to fight it out on the true lines, "though it take," as General Grant said, "all the summer."

Mr. Stanhope's speech at King's Lynn on Monday shows either a curious dullness of financial mind, or else a very unfair desire to mislead his audience as to the actual expenditure of the last and the present Government. He actually asserted that "since 1880 the expenditure of the country had gone on increasing every year," and also that the expenditure of the Liberals in India "is £3,500,000 in excess of that of the Conservatives." Mr. Stanhope ought to know that both assertions are absolutely unfounded, unless the incurring of Debt and the repayment of Debt,—which last is, in fact, saving,—are not to be counted. In India, the last Government heaped up Debt for the most mischievous and disgraceful of wars, and in England they borrowed what Mr. Gladstone has ever since been painfully paying back. Mr. Stanhope also took much pains to convince the farmers that the present Government are hostile to their interests, but had the candour frankly to admit that the principle of the Bill for compensating tenants for unexhausted improvements is quite sound.

Mr. D. Plunket, in his speech at Chelsea on Tuesday, was still more wild in his hitting than Mr. Stanhope had been at King's Lynn. He remarked, in relation to South Africa, that "it was plain that all the old respect for the dignity, the power, the permanent policy, and the resistless will of the English people, which had so long dominated the wild people in Africa, had vanished away." How "old" is the respect to which Mr. Plunket refers? Is it older than 1879? In that year certainly, when Cetewayo fell upon the British forces at Isandlana, there was not much sign of "respect for the dignity, the power, the permanent policy, and the resistless will of the English people." Mr. Plunket went on to refer to the condition of domestic questions, and spoke of the present House of Commons as a patient whose fine constitution had been much "knocked about by the hard life and drastic remedies of the doctors who took it in hand." "They had tried the caucus, they had tried the clôture, they had tried a devolution, and they had tried permeation, and he knew not what other quack Radical remedies they might yet apply." Mr. Plunket mistakes. The caucus was not a remedy for the troubles in the House, but a device to get at the true view of the constituencies which was completely successful; and the closure has never been actually tried at all, but only adopted for future trial. Devolution seems to be succeeding fairly well, and "permeation" is no more a specific remedy than the diffusion of gases or any other natural process which no one set of persons can either retard or hasten, is a specific remedy. The "drastic" medicines have not been applied to the House of Commons by Liberals, but by the Irish and the Tories; and of these, Mr. Warton's quack remedy of obstruction is by far the most remarkable, especially since it has been consecrated by the approbation of Sir Stafford Northcote.

The motion on Tuesday for adjourning over the Derby Day was moved by Sir Heron Maxwell, in a very dull speech, in which, of course, he appealed to the authority of Lord Palmerston and his regard for the Derby; and was seconded by Mr. Heneage, who relied simply on the love of holidays, and asked for a whole holiday, just as school-boys ask for the same indulgence. Sir Wilfrid Lawson resisted the motion, on the very sound principle that the majority who want to take a holiday should have some respect for the more hard-working minority who do not. "A great public entertainment, under the auspices of the Blue Ribbon Army, would win his hearty approval; but if any one were to propose the adjournment of the House in connection with that entertainment, he should say, 'No,—let us respect the feelings of the drunkards.'" Last year, the House did not adjourn over the Derby Day, and no one was any the worse for it; and legislative lassitude could certainly not be pleaded this year, since they had only just returned to their labours from their holiday. Finally, there was an ecclesiastical measure down for Wednesday, which he was sure Mr. Beresford-Hope would much rather discuss than go to the Grand Stand at Epsom.

Mr. Labouchere, however, took up the cause of cakes and ale, and regarded it apparently as a moral duty to adjourn over the Derby Day, in order not to appear unsympathetic towards the popular pleasure taken in our great democratic picnic. That is very weak ground, and would, as we have elsewhere remarked, apply much better to an adjournment over the August Bank holiday, which is a universal national picnic, than to one over the merely Cockney festival of the Derby. But, in point of fact, Mr. Labouchere only wanted an opportunity to attack the severe puritanic Radicals of whom we do not think Sir Wilfrid Lawson a very happy specimen for Mr. Labouchere's purpose. However, laziness always wins the day. Sir Heron Maxwell's motion was carried by a majority of 100 (185 against 85).

Mr. Cowen, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gorst, Sir H. Wolff, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. O'Brien, and lastly Sir Stafford Northcote, baited Lord E. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Gladstone on Thursday night with all sorts of questions as to Mr. Errington's connection with the late Papal letter to the Irish Bishops, while most of them gave notice that they would repeat their questions on future occasions. They only elicited that Mr. Errington, having been regarded by the Government as a man conversant with Irish affairs, and a thoroughly honourable man, had been represented in this light to the Papal See some time ago, but that he had received no official commission of any kind, either then or now, and had received no new recommendation this year; that the Pope had done what he had done, without any urging from the British Government; and that Mr. Errington had done what he had done, without any official suggestion, and, therefore, had received no official thanks. All this, of course, is just as Lord E. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Gladstone state it to have been, though if it had been otherwise,—if Mr. Errington had had an official mission,—we, for our parts, should have seen nothing but commonsense in the appointment of such a mission. However, as it is not so, it is hardly decent to affect to disbelieve everything the Ministers say in the matter. There is nothing creditable in supposing that great officials are always acting as Jesuit negotiators are supposed to act,—with the wisdom of the serpent, but without the innocence of the dove, or, indeed, innocence of any sort or kind.

Archbishop Croke has come back to Ireland, and has tried to make the best of his position as a prelate whose political action has been virtually censured by the Holy See. He has stated that he was listened to both by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda and by the Pope himself with the greatest interest and patience, and that on taking his leave the Pope gave him his blessing and good wishes,—which, of course, is true enough. He added that the Pope is a true friend of Ireland,—he might have said a much truer friend than Archbishop Croke,—and ended his speech at Thurles thus:—"It is needless for me to say that any mandate issuing from the Holy See shall ever be received with filial reverence and obedience by the Bishops and Priests of Ireland, and by none of them more than by myself. I shall say no more." That is equivalent to a submission to the Pope's letter, though a somewhat sulky submission. Archbishop Croke does not admit that he did wrong before, but he does virtually admit that he is not going to do again what he thought it right before to do.

The French Government, if we may trust the *Times*, has extricated itself in great part from the financial abyss into which M. de Freycinet's desire for grand public works had plunged it. He had committed the State to spend some three hundred millions on a network of additional railways. The incessant demand for these works burdened the Treasury beyond endurance, and on the suggestion of M. Léon Say, a compromise has been made with the great Railways. Each will complete the system which belongs to it, paying over to the State four-fifths of any profit beyond three per cent. The effect of this is to disburden the State, and to postpone, probably for a long time, the State purchase of the Railways, of which the Railway interest has long been afraid. The State, we fear, will suffer; but the Railway Companies have not been exacting, and the people will get their local Railways, which they greatly want. M. de Freycinet, though he over-rated the resources of the French Treasury, was right there. Nothing is easier in France than to send produce on a railway line, and nothing so difficult as to get it across the large spaces where no line exists. We have the same trouble here, but distances are greater in France.

The French have commenced operations against Madagascar. According to a telegram from the French Consul at Zanzibar, confirmed by another from the English Consul, Admiral Pierre on the 16th inst. bombarded the port of Mayunga. The Hova loss was considerable, the French none, and the place was occupied by marines. The Admiral reports that he shall levy all customs on French account, that he has caused all Hova forts in the Sakalava territory to "disappear," and that he has assumed the protectorate of that tribe. This is annexation, and the Hovas will, no doubt, act on their preconcerted plan of surrounding the French posts and keeping up incessant attacks, until the French either retire, or send troops sufficient for an advance into the interior. Should this policy be adopted, there will be a smouldering war most injurious to Madagascar, and of no benefit to France. M. Jules Ferry, with Tunis and Tonquin on his hands, has not 5,000 colonial troops at his disposal, and it would be folly to advance on Antananarivo without 10,000. The Government must, therefore, either call on the Line, which will at once awaken the Chamber, or go on with a murderous kind of pottering, which can create nothing but mischief, and may cause anarchy in the interior.

It is announced officially that Lord Lorne will be succeeded in the Governor-Generalship of the Canadian Dominion by the Marquis of Lansdowne. There is no objection, that we know of, to that appointment. The Marquis, though in English political parlance he is called a "young" man, is thirty-eight years old, has been trained to politics, and has strong hereditary claims upon the Liberals. He is reputed able, and though an occasional deserter from his party, Irish Peers are not expected to be faithful when Land Acts are proposed. He will do as well as another, while his rank will make him acceptable in Canada. It is curious to see, while Democracy advances, how the nobles keep the great appointments. It was so also in Rome, where, though the Cæsar represented the Democracy, the great civil appointments were most frequently filled by members of the Senatorial Houses. Men have never been philosophic about pedigree, and the great families were liked.

Mr. Forster, on Wednesday, made a powerful speech to the Aborigines Protection Society, on the wrongs of the Bechuana Chiefs. He said that the Missionaries had tamed and civilised them, that they were on our side during the war, and that they were now harried and despoiled. The spoilers were English and Dutch freebooters from the Cape, Natal, and the Transvaal, egged on, as appeared from the Blue-books, by the Transvaal Government. They appealed to us for protection, and we were bound to give protection, not, indeed, by any treaty with them, but by pledges to protect the Natives given in the face of the whole world. Mr. Gladstone himself at Leeds, in 1881, stated that the Government "would recollect and faithfully maintain the interests of the numerous and extended native populations." All that is clear enough, but does Mr. Forster mean to say that the Government left itself no choice of the method through which it would carry out its policy? Was it really bound to declare war whenever the Boers impinged on native rights? Would it not be at least as true to say that the Government gave no pledges, but declared a policy, that this policy is subject to the will of Parliament, and that it is useless to ask Parliament to declare war for Bechuanaland? That the chiefs can be defended by less than war, by the direct conquest of the Transvaal, and its subsequent military occupation, we cannot, in the face of the facts, believe.

Herr Lasker, for many years leader of the German Liberals, intends, it is said, to quit political life. He is wearied out and disheartened, as well he may be. There may be much in store for a German Parliament, but for the present, the popular element is distinctly weaker than it was when it was first created. The Liberals have lost the Catholics, and a large section of the workmen, who have drifted over to Socialism, and have not increased their hold over the peasantry. They have been unable to contend against Protectionist proposals, have not been able to affect Prince Bismarck's general policy, and have, in fact, retained only a veto upon his taxing Bills. Above all, they have failed to make their leaders of importance. No orator is in the position of a statesman with whom the Government must carefully reckon. This is not altogether their own fault, but still it is so in part. No party can ensure a supply of first-class men, but it can by rigid discipline make second-class men formidable. The Catholics have known this. We do not see in Herr Windthorst any signs either of genius or of very lofty capacity; but his party follow him with such zeal, that he constantly holds the balance of power, and secures, if not victory, at least a position from which to negotiate.

The reported illness of the Comte de Chambord has given rise to a quantity of speculation in French circles, amidst which a very old story has cropped up again. Modern Frenchmen and Englishmen have always held that in reckoning succession to the old French throne, the House of Orleans ranked as the first cadet branch of the Bourbon stock. Therefore, as the direct Bourbon line ends with the Comte de Chambord, who is great-great-grandson of Louis XV., the Comte de Paris, as head of the Orleans family, is legitimate King of France. That belief is correct, but correct only because the Spanish Bourbons were, by the Treaty securing them the throne, struck out of the succession in France. Louis XIV.'s second grandson, when in 1700 he set out for Madrid to reign, renounced even his Dukedom of Anjou, and every other right as Prince of the Blood, for himself and his descendants. The object, of course, was to prevent the crowns of France and Spain falling to the same individual. That arrangement has lasted 183 years, and has never been challenged; but is it binding, now that the "legitimate Spanish Bourbon has lost the throne of Spain"? If it is not, Don Carlos is heir to all Bourbon claims in France, the throne included, and the Orleans family are shut out. The argument seems almost farcical to Englishmen; but there are men round "Henri Cinq" who urge him to believe it, and to declare Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, legitimate heir of France. The Comte de Chambord is not likely to yield, and so violate his word to the Comte de Paris; but if he did, he might, after his death, break the Legitimist party in two.

Professor Bonamy Price makes, in Thursday's *Times*, a very good suggestion as to the best mode of compensating tenants who do not wish to leave their holdings, for their improvements. He says, let them hold on at the same rent, but let the increase of rent which could have been obtained from any other tenants be estimated, and capitalised so as to become a deduction from the compensation to which—when they ultimately leave the holding,—they would be entitled. In that way they will gain all the advantage of their own improvements while they stay without any increase of rent being charged for those improvements; and if they should go, they would then be compensated only so far as they had not already been adequately compensated by the extra yield due to their improvements. That seems to us really to meet the difficulty.

The Sunday Closing Movement gains strength rapidly. It is completely triumphant in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; and on Thursday, Sir W. Harcourt received deputations from Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Monmouthshire, Cornwall, and the Isle of Wight, all praying for the same thing. He promised to bring the views of the deputations before the Cabinet, and added:—"It is no use preaching to a man who is already converted. I was not always of this opinion, but I do not require to be converted now." The union of the teetotallers, the saving workmen, and the people who hold the odd view that it is more wrong to be drunk on Sunday than on Monday, is too strong for resistance. We do not know why it should be resisted; but if the movement becomes universal, all eating-shops and coffee-shops ought to be permitted to stay open throughout Sunday. The people will have nowhere to go, and the streets will be filled with crowds which will soon find walking ennuyant, and take to horse-play.

There were some sad blunders in our article of last week on British millionaires. We missed, under a false impression, all whose wealth was exactly a million. Counting them as they were counted in the register of the previous decade, we find the total number of millionaires seventeen, an increase of seventy per cent., very nearly the increase we had deemed most probable. That five persons should have possessed precisely a million out of seventeen, ranging from that figure up to £2,500,000, is curious, and points either to some unexplained method of computation, or to a fancy in the millionaires for keeping their personalty at the round figure. We under-rated also the number of Peers in the list. It should have been twenty.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 102⅛ to 102¼.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. ERRINGTON AND THE PAPAL SEE.

THE attitude of English Protestantism on the subject of our relations with the Papal See always seems to us a little crazy. We cannot pretend to understand either that state of the public mind which appears to make it an unpopular thing for the Government to hold any formal communication with Rome, or the timidity of the Government in not boldly confronting this condition of feeling and challenging its rationality. Of course, if the popular feeling be really as deep-rooted as the timidity of the Liberal Press and the triumphant tone of the Conservative Press in relation to all communications, official or unofficial, between the Government and the Pope, appear to indicate, we should understand the attitude of the Government on the matter, and perhaps approve it, for the good to be gained by official relations with the Holy See is not enough to render it worth while to assume prematurely a saner state of public feeling than would in that case exist. Only, we confess that we do not believe in the least in the reality of the popular panic which is supposed to exist on this subject. Supposing that there were any religious authority amongst the Mahommedans as well recognised and as constantly exerted over the Mahommedans of the world, as that of the Pope over the Roman Catholic Church, we should advocate quite as strongly our sending an official Envoy to the seat of Mahommedan authority, for the purpose of informing that authority rightly on all matters connected with the good government of our Mahommedan subjects, and of using every right influence which could be used to promote their moral and domestic welfare. If the Government could gain anything by explaining fully its fears and hopes for those of its subjects who are Methodists, or Independents, or Baptists, or Positivists, we should encourage it at once to explain fully the drift of its fears and hopes to the highest authorities in the Methodist, or Independent, or Baptist, or Positivist Church. Of course, that is unnecessary, because there is nothing singular and unique, nothing foreign enough about the genius of these Dissenting bodies, to render it in the least likely that special explanations would be explanatory. But that is not so as regards the Church of Rome, and would not be so as regards the Mahommedans and the Hindoos, if there were religious authorities in those Churches of anything like the active and influential kind to be found in the Roman Catholic Church. It is a matter of the first importance that the Papal See should know truly what the Government believe the state of our Catholic population to be, as well as, of course, what those who are opposed to the Government believe it to be; and nothing seems to us gained, and very much lost, by the crazy dread of official communication which once pervaded English society, but which, so far as we can judge, has vanished away almost as completely,—unless it be from that last refuge of dead beliefs, the Press,—as the dread of witchcraft itself.

However, the Government have told Mr. Cowen and Mr. O'Donnell, and the whole gang of Obstructionist orators on this subject, quite frankly that while they spoke to the Holy See of Mr. Errington as a man well informed on Irish affairs, who might, in their opinion, convey much useful information to the Roman Catholic authorities on those affairs, they did not take any responsibility for what Mr. Errington said, and did not use him to get the recent Papal Circular issued, and consequently have not congratulated him on the result of his efforts. What, therefore, we have to consider is the value of Mr. Errington's personal exertions in this matter, and though the Government have not congratulated Mr. Errington on the result of his efforts, we do congratulate him very cordially on that result. It seems to us that the more widely we differ from the Roman Church or any other Church, the more we should value all that it does to promote the cause of what we believe to be genuine morality, and the more warmly we should encourage those of its efforts which seem to us to further the cause of true religion. If the Pope has been very cautious in his declaration on the moral consequences of the Land League organisation in Ireland, the Pope has in this matter only followed the British Government at a respectful distance. The primary object of the Land League was not only legal, but good. It was very long before the British Cabinet could make up its mind that the authority of the Land League organisation in Ireland was so exerted as to promote distinctly immoral and illegal, as well as unchristian conspiracies, which no decent Government could allow. It is natural enough that what the British Government was long in finding out, the Pope, at a great distance from the scene, and receiving all sorts of contradictory accounts of what was going on, should have been still longer in finding out. However, he has found out the truth pretty fully at last, thanks, no doubt, in great measure to Mr. Errington, as well as to Archbishop Croke, and the extreme weakness of the case which that Parnellite Archbishop had to present on the other side. The Pope has heard all sides fully, and has satisfied himself that, on the whole, the British Government were right when they put down the Land League, and right on those clear moral grounds which would have compelled the Papal Government itself to condemn the action of the Land League. In a very important paper published in Rome, confessedly on the highest authority,—the authority is, the *Journal de Rome* says, that of a venerable ecclesiastic "well known and honoured in Ireland, and who, in spite of all solicitation, has always had the courage to affirm the imprescriptible right of Christian morality, at the risk of being boycotted,"—the moral mischiefs resulting from the action of the Land League are carefully enumerated from the point of view of the moralist, and are shown, on the evidence of the Confessional itself, to be most terrible. The people no longer feel as they used to feel, it is said, the obligation of paying their debts. The No-rent cry has weakened the sense of pecuniary obligation most seriously, and that not only in relation to rent, but in relation to all other debts. The sin of perjury has grown rapidly in Ireland. The sin of lying has grown still more rapidly, and is now almost treated as no sin at all, even though the lies affect the most important interests. The people commit perjury so often that they are prevented from attending the Sacraments of the Church, from their reluctance to confess it. Even in Confession itself, the priests find that their penitents now often tell lies, so greatly has their sense of the sacredness of truth been undermined. "Boycotting" has been the cause of cruelty in many persons, and of ruin to great numbers, and "boycotting" is the confessed fruit of the Land-League agitation. Assassinations, and outrages of all kinds both on men and on the lower animals, have resulted in large numbers from that agitation; and honest priests who condemn these things, as they are bound to condemn them, lose influence with their people, and are no more treated as their moral and spiritual guides as they were before. How is it possible, pertinently asks this Irish ecclesiastic, "with such excesses before their eyes, for the bishops or priests to praise the first author, the chief, of this movement, as if he were the benefactor of his country, deserving a national testimonial?" Of course it is impossible; and it is because the Pope has seen how impossible it is that he has issued his very plain condemnation of the Parnellite testimonial, and instructed all good Catholics not to give their support to that testimonial. If Mr. Errington has been one great means of ensuring this result, Mr. Errington deserves the thanks of every good Irishman and Englishman, whether Lord Granville should ever recognise his merits officially or not.

Nothing can show more clearly that the Pope, in taking the strong line he has taken, is simply acting on the uniform tradition of his See, than the pamphlet which has just been published, containing the various charges and circulars of Cardinal Cullen to the Irish people in relation to similar movements in earlier times. Cardinal Cullen is supposed to have represented the policy of Pio Nono rather than the policy of Leo XIII., and so, no doubt, he did. But the policy of Pio Nono and the policy of Leo XIII. on subjects of this kind could not but be identical. It is impossible for any Church which holds by Christian principles at all to encourage movements which result in assassination, cruelty, perjury, lying, insincere confession, desertion of the Church's Sacraments, and so forth. Cardinal Cullen was as severe on the illegal and immoral practices of the secret societies of his time, as ever Cardinal M'Cabe has been on the illegal and immoral practices of the secret or semi-secret societies of the present day. "All I insist on," said Cardinal Cullen, in May, 1870, "is that unlawful and sinful means of obtaining redress, all conspiracies, all violence, all resistance to authority, all deeds of darkness, so well calculated to bring the wrath of Heaven upon us, should be avoided, and that the maxim of Ireland's greatest friend, namely, that any one who commits a crime is a traitor to his country, should not be forgotten. . . . . The statesmen now [1870] in power, encouraged by the good dispositions and growing liberality of the English people, have determined to obliterate the memory of past wrongs, to bind up the wounds of the country, and to put us on a footing of

equality with all other classes of her Majesty's subjects. By a great measure carried last year, they commenced the good work of conciliation, and they are determined to go on in the same direction, settling the relations between landlord and tenant, and providing protection for the existence and welfare of the great masses of our poor people. This is a great undertaking, but it is surrounded by innumerable difficulties in itself, and is opposed by the interests and passions of many." Can it be doubted that Cardinal Cullen, if he were now living, and had watched the Land Act of 1881 in its passage through Parliament, would have done all that Cardinal M'Cabe has done to put down the violent and unprincipled men who have endeavoured to defeat that beneficent legislation for the merest germs of which Cardinal Cullen was so grateful? We do not believe that Rome, while it remained Christian at all, could have acted otherwise than it has acted. None the less, every good Protestant, no less than every good Catholic, owes his thanks to Mr. Errington for having urged Leo XIII. to act as he has done. And whether that appreciation is to be expressed formally by Lord Granville or not, all men of sound morality and common-sense will approve; and think that Mr. Errington has done well if he has urged the Pope to act as he has acted, and that the Pope has done well in following Mr. Errington's advice. We suppose that there may still be a few Mr. Newdegates to whom it seems positively impious to say that Rome ever does anything well. But we confess to the belief that there are *very* few, and that on this occasion English public opinion will cheer on the Pope, and not fall into hysterics at the Pope's name.

THE COURSE OF BUSINESS.

IT is understood that before next week ends, the Government will make an important statement as to the conduct of business, and we do hope it will be a firm one. We do not intend by this that Mr. Gladstone should threaten the House with a protracted Session, or should claim its whole time—though private Members must sacrifice something—or should reopen the endless question of Procedure; but that he should convince the House that the Government holds certain Bills to be indispensable, and intends, whatever the obstacles, either to pass them, or to declare the House in bondage to Obstruction, and dissolve. What Bills should be thus pressed, it is for the Cabinet to settle; but we trust the Agricultural Holdings Bill will not be the only one of political importance. That is a useful measure, which we are glad to see so much better received than we expected; but it will not be seriously resisted by the Tories, and the Radical amendments should not occupy more than three or, at the most, four nights. The principal one will, no doubt, be the total abolition of the law of distress. The Bankruptcy Bill will, of course, be passed, and, we hope, the Patent Bill and the Scotch Universities Bill; but something more is necessary, if the country is not to consider the Session wasted and the Cabinet guilty of unfulfilled promises, and we do not see why the London Bill, so strongly promised at the beginning of the Session, should be abandoned. If, as the rumour runs, there is a difficulty about the Police, let it be postponed till the new Municipality is in working order, when, if the country approves its action, the new body can be loaded with any amount of power. But let us have the Municipality, and not be driven to discuss a London Bill next Session, when everything must be postponed to county government and the new Reform Bill.

We are most anxious about this statement, and desire to warn the Government of a feeling which we can see slowly spreading, and which may prove most injurious. They have lost no popularity for anything they have as yet done—with the exception, in certain quarters, of the Affirmation Bill—and they are not as yet held responsible for any broken promises. The country quite perceives that they have been baffled by a plot to waste time, concocted by the Free-lances, and favoured by Sir Stafford Northcote; and is angry, not with the Government, but with its opponents. But an impression is growing that the Ministry, for some undiscovered reason, is a little half-hearted; that everything is left to Mr. Gladstone; and that the Cabinet does not, as a collective body, show a sufficiently determined front. Nobody sees "the Government" in the House, though they see Mr. Gladstone. The whole body does not declare itself earnestly enough against obstruction, does not press forward enough, does not denounce the wasters of time with sufficient energy. Lord Hartington, in particular, does not make himself felt sufficiently. There is an appearance of lassitude, which may be totally unreal, but which is commented on in acrid terms by those more especially who resent the constantly repeated doubt whether the Premier will see this Parliament out, or not. They say the hesitation about this, however factitious or due to unauthorised and foolish rumour, checks progress as much as Mr. Gladstone's sickness would do, and is as serious a cause of delay as Obstruction itself. That is most unfair, but politicians are often unfair, and the only way to put an end to such talk is to press forward energetically, and compel the House to consider proposals of adequate importance. If they are defeated, well and good; Parliament is Sovereign; and if they are obstructed, the country can be made to see clearly where the offence lies. No blame will be attributed to the Government for over-much energy. It is only in avoiding labour for fear of obstruction that danger lies, and it is from this imputation that the Cabinet should clear itself at once and unmistakeably. If it wants time, let it claim that of Private Members which they only waste on matter fitter for a debating club; and if it distrusts the co-operation of the majority, let it call the party together, and lay the situation before them with frank plainness. After that, the Member who shirks or rats will be marked by the Constituencies, as Mr. Jerningham—the most guilty of all the deserters on the Affirmation Bill, though he is a Catholic—has been marked by the Liberals of Berwick. There is plenty of time still to do much work, and the plotters should be taught that they are powerless whenever the Government is ready and the majority determined. If not, the Cabinet will be accused of weakly yielding to the obstruction which it promised to defy.

THE HEALTH OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

THE French journals have been full recently of speculations as to the health of the Comte de Chambord. According to some of them, he is dying slowly of the same internal disease as Gambetta,—is unable to walk, and is declared by his doctors past all hope of a radical cure. According to others, he is quite well, about to go out on a hunting tour, and only amused with the anxiety of his enemies that he should pass out of the way. A third group of the well-informed, however, affirm that he is not dying, or near it, but that he has hurt his knee, or his foot, and that the quiescence to which he is unaccustomed seriously injures his health, which, he having the Bourbon appetite, requires constant exercise. This last account corresponds with the few certain facts, and with the testimony of those who saw him arrive at Frohsdorf, and is probably more or less true; while the tendency to exaggerate what at first sight is so unimportant is easily explained. The leading Republicans, and the leading Monarchists of France, like the leading foreign statesmen, are all alike of opinion that the death of Henri Cinq would greatly affect French politics, by bringing fairly to the front a Monarchical candidate who is at least possible, as "Henri Cinq" and Prince Napoleon are not. The rumour that the Comte de Chambord would acknowledge Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos,—the head, if the Salic Law is observed, of the Spanish Bourbons, and, indeed, the eldest of the whole Bourbon Family, if they are considered as an undivided stock,—as his heir, is evidently disregarded in France, and we should think with justice. It is most improbable that the Count would break the compact with the Orleanists, and impossible that the Legitimists, by acknowledging a foreigner whose claims to the French succession are barred by Treaty as the representative of the House of France, should perpetuate division, and make success all but impossible. Deep as their prejudice against the Orleans branch has been, they would adhere to French tradition, and the Comte de Paris, uniting both lines, would become, in certain contingencies, a formidable candidate. The Bonapartes are out of the question while Prince Napoleon lives, and his son's character is as unknown to the people as his person. The Comte de Paris, though not popular, leader of no party, and indeed little known, is understood by politicians to be a man of good, though not first-rate abilities, thoughtful and calm, and free of those fixed ideas which have wrecked all modern Bourbons, except Louis XVIII. It is believed that it would be easy for a considerable General, say, the Duc d'Aumale, to reign under him, or a considerable statesman of the temperate type, and that he would consent to rule upon modern principles and through a Liberal constitution. If, therefore, the Army or the peasantry grew dis-

satisfied either with internal politics or the position of France, they would have a possible candidate ready to their hands, whose elevation would not preclude the selection as the real ruler of any able man who could accept a dynasty at all. That such a contingency is at present visible, no one affirms; but the lives of nations, it is said, are long, misfortunes always arrive in due season, and the existence of a candidate who would unite Legitimists and Orleanists, the larger portion of "Society," the majority of the clergy, a section of the peasantry—the Bretons, for example—and large numbers of the higher officers, is a new danger for the Republic to encounter.

These ideas, which are freely uttered in French society, are sufficient to explain the otherwise unintelligible interest with which the Courts and the politicians of all parties watch the health of the Comte de Chambord, but we suspect that anxiety predisposes them all to involuntary exaggeration. The defect of French Republicans, as of their predecessors, is want of fortitude in politics. The Monarchists saw dangers in every Liberal movement and every Liberal who gained the popular ear, and the Republicans, with less reason, dread every Monarchical intrigue, and grow frantic with every rumour, or it may be accurate report, of a new combination among the Princes. They seem to fancy that a throne may suddenly be evolved in their midst by the operation of unknown forces. None of them produce the smallest trustworthy evidence that the three permanent forces of France, the peasantry, the Army, and Paris, have grown unfavourable to the Republic. Paris notoriously has not, or if it has, it is only because the Republic is not advanced enough to suit workmen who are out of temper not with this or that form of Government, but with the system of modern society. The Irreconcilables are not wanting Bourbons back again. The peasantry, so far as appears, are contented with the Republic. In France, as in England, it is most difficult to fathom the latent ideas and test the secret feelings of such masses, but those who go to the poll elect Republicans. For the past six years the Right in the Chamber has been slowly dying down, and is now in a minority even in the Senate. The only serious doubt is as to the feelings of the abstainers, who, it is true, are numerous, but who are just as likely to abstain either from content or indifference as from hostility. The reluctance of the ignorant to vote whenever the emergency is not sharp enough to press upon dulled intellects, is of itself sufficient to account for great numbers of abstentions. The discontent must be strong to make great numbers wish for a revolution, and if they wished one, what should make them select "the King," who, in the minds of half the peasantry of France, is associated with traditions they abhor, with the reign of nobles, with the corvées, and with the priestly ascendancy which, and not the existence of priests, the average rural Frenchman dislikes. The French politicians of a certain class forget that the Comte de Paris under the new circumstances would be proclaimed not as the heir of Louis Philippe, or as representative of a Constitution, but as "the King" by hereditary right, that is, as the heir of the old and detested régime. Personally, he is unknown, and his family has, outside the educated, no party. Mr. Hamerton indeed affirmed, in 1870, from his long acquaintance with French peasants, that, though they knew "the Bourbons," and the Bonapartes, and the Republic, they knew absolutely nothing of the separate claim of the House of Orleans. The Comte de Paris would be to them the Bourbon back again, and that they should with any willingness accept that, is to us incredible. They value their suffrage, they revel in their right to elevate a new *couche sociale*, and they desire the steady peace which, as every Republican would tell them with only too much vigour, they could not expect from Monarchy.

It is from the Army only that the danger could come, and but for the excitement among Republicans, and their readiness to proscribe any Prince whom any section of the Army appears to approve, we should regard this apprehension also as chimerical. What has the Army to obtain from the Bourbons? Position? The King will never make masters of the Marshals as Napoleon III. did, or place military men at the head of society, a course opposed to all Royal traditions, and to all that is known of the character of the Comte de Paris. War? That might be a result of a Restoration, as Prince Bismarck believes it would be, for a successful war would gratify France; but, then, is the French Army, taken as a whole, and not limiting the word to a section of the higher officers, thirsting for a war which, with the Triple Alliance still in existence, must be both great and dangerous? Every one assumes that armies want war, and that the French Army in particular is fretting at finding the prestige of France so lowered in Europe and in the East; but what is there in conscription to make young soldiers differ so radically from the class from which they sprang? That the French Army, if conscious of some new strength, such as the possession of a first-class General, or a new weapon, or a fresh organisation, should desire a war, we can conceive; but a throne will not, to French imaginations, give new military force, the Comte de Paris is not a soldier, and the Duc d'Aumale, though there is no reason to undervalue his capacity, has never done anything to attract the full confidence of an army well aware that the work before it must be of the most arduous kind. A few diplomatists, we imagine, seriously hold that a French Monarchy could secure alliances more easily than a French Republic, and that may even be true; but such a belief as that cannot be spread in a great Army. It is not the tradition of the French Army to "pronounce," except under two circumstances, when called upon by a victorious General who can himself bear rule, or when ordered, as in 1852, by the legal chief of the State; and neither of these conditions exists at present. We do not believe the Army will move, unless discontented on its own account—that is, discontented at its treatment by the Chamber—and no instance of bad treatment can be suggested. There is a tone, no doubt, among the Radicals which an Army conterminous with the nation may not like—the tone displayed in the foolish vote of last week forbidding the Government to appoint any soldier Commissioner in Tonquin—but the tone is not more "pékin" than it has been at any time these ten years. Every vote required for the Army has been granted eagerly. The position of non-commissioned officers has been distinctly improved. The conscription, though wider in area, has been made less severe; and the most advanced Republicans are always urging that the time of service should be shortened. The expedition to Tunis, with its terrible losses from sickness, had, it is true, an evil effect; but then, it was not an effect tending to increase the enthusiasm for war. It is impossible to be certain, but, on the evidence, the only probable effect of the death of the Comte de Chambord would be to increase Republican jealousy of the Bourbons, and perhaps to excite a successful demand for their expulsion. Such a vote would be mischievous, because it would revive Party hatreds, already much too strong; but it would in no way increase the chances of the Bourbon restoration, which some men believe would be imminent were the Comte de Chambord once out of the path.

THE LIBERAL DEMONSTRATION IN LIVERPOOL.

THE Liverpool meeting of yesterday week was neither a mere display of oratory, nor a mere demonstration of Liberal feeling. It was unique in this way, that it elicited something of the *statesmanship* of the younger members of the Party, something of those formative convictions which are slowly growing in them to a new importance. Hengler's Circus, filled with between five thousand and six thousand eager Liberals, is hardly a place where you would expect to hear any political criticism of the higher kind; but both Mr. S. Smith's speech and Mr. John Morley's did contain a certain amount of such criticism, and nothing apparently was received with more enthusiasm than any indication that the speaker was grappling seriously with political problems as yet unsolved. Thus, when Mr. Smith said that the great increase in the density of our population had forced upon us a variety of complex legislative measures, chiefly for the remedy of social rather than political ills, measures which press very heavily on the resources of our Legislature, and which are an indication that our country is becoming "increasingly democratic," the great assembly cheered as enthusiastically as if they clearly recognised that the reconstitution of society on a more democratic basis is an object sufficiently great as well as sufficiently difficult to excuse a great deal of preliminary confusion without justifying any loss of heart. And again, when Mr. Smith observed that the representatives of great constituencies appear to be much more sensible of what they owe to the House of Commons than the representatives of minute constituencies,—three of whom, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and Mr. O'Donnell, consume probably more than fifty times as much of the time of the House as any three representatives of the largest constituencies in the country,—the great audience again showed their keen appreciation of the fact that a sense of public responsibility is impressed on Members by the magnitude and importance of their constituencies, a fact which at once suggests in what direction

the next Reform Bill ought to proceed. It is not merely for political purposes, it is much more for the purpose of weighting Members of Parliament adequately with the sense of the very great and growing difficulty of social organisation, that it is so necessary to sweep away those petty constituencies whose spokesmen are the freebooters of debate,—men apparently quite destitute of any sense of duty to the House of Commons, or of reverence for those who have gained the confidence of the House of Commons, or even of such an appreciation of the various constituents of public opinion as can alone make irresponsible oratory impressive. Mr. S. Smith was singularly fortunate in impressing on his audience that the greatest difficulties of the day are all the consequence of these new social pressures. The immense multiplication of private Bills,—which ought, of course, to be delegated to new local bodies,—is the first result of this rapid social growth. The demand for difficult and complex measures like the Irish Land Law, and also, though a measure not needing the same amount of revolutionary change, the English Tenants' Compensation Bill for unexhausted improvements, is the product of the same need for a reconstitution of social relations. And in referring to the various measures rendered necessary by the same causes, such as the Factory and Workshops Act, the various Acts controlling the labour in mines and on canals, Mr. S. Smith indicated clearly enough that the rapid growth of population itself, necessarily compels a democratic society to protect the weak against the strong, for the sake not only of the weak, but of the strong. It will be impossible, however, to get these issues properly discussed in a House of Commons in which irresponsible levity, representing no eager pressure of social want at all, can swoop down upon the public time which ought to be sacred to the discussion of the most urgent issues, and waste it in insolent vituperation or more insolent badinage. Mr. Smith showed that he understood the real exigency of the case when he said that something approaching to the rules adopted at public conferences, where the speeches are limited as to time, and a given time only can be allotted to a given discussion, would be absolutely necessary, before the House of Commons could be so reorganised as to get through even the most necessary part of its legislative duties. A democratic reconstitution of society is a big sort of thing, and it is that, and no less than that, as Mr. Smith explained, which is bringing upon us all this legislative pressure, and providing the opportunity for these anarchical conspiracies against the efficiency of our representative Assembly.

Mr. John Morley struck the same note when he said, in his vigorous and masculine speech, that Tory democracy was simply a chimæra, because the very root of democratic legislation must be a revision of the relation of the landowners to the other sections of the population, while no Tory party can be imagined which would be willing to guide that legislation in the democratic direction. And, again, he struck a note to which his great audience heartily responded, when he said that it did not become genuine Liberals,—or, indeed, genuine politicians of any kind,—to fret too much over questions of party tactics,—over the effect which this or that measure might have on the cohesion and loyalty of parties. There were matters, said Mr. Morley, which would be best left to determine themselves, and which should be more or less excluded from the view of true politicians. The true politician should feed himself on principles, and let tactical considerations well alone. We quite agree with Mr. Morley, and find in this remark the real justification of the course of the present Government on the Affirmation Bill. Unquestionably that Bill was a tactical blunder. Quite as unquestionably it was a political duty, which a Liberal Government could not have ignored without betraying its true Liberal principles. Well, then, the Government was right and wise to fling the tactical considerations to the winds, and to fortify the Liberal Party by presenting to the country in the plainest form the true solution of the disagreeable question forced upon it by Mr. Bradlaugh's return for Northampton. If the principle of religious equality requires that even the irreligious,—so far as they are irreligious in the sphere of opinion and belief alone,—should be placed on a perfect equality with the religious, let us carry out that principle conscientiously, even though Mr. Gladstone be right,—and we disagree from Mr. Morley in believing him to have been right,—in facing the fact that such conscientiousness will temporarily lose us many votes, and add many to the votes gained by our opponents. What is the use of preaching against the doctrine that you may do evil if you expect good to come of it, if the moment we are tried we are ready to acquiesce in doing evil for so paltry an end as to keep in Liberal hands the victory which we won three years ago? It may be that we shall lose by being true to our principles. But it is better for our principles, and better for their diffusion, to lose by being true to them, than it is to win by being false to them. And a victory won by adhering to principles in difficult circumstances is worth many victories won by base evasions of principle. Mr. Morley's exhortation to eschew the consideration of party tactics, and to feed our minds with the true principles of the party, was worth more than a whole assemblage of those astute party-cries by which the Tapers and the Tadpoles of political life endeavour to reanimate the failing courage of their party. Political parties, like individual organisations, do not live by that alone which seems most to assuage the appetite. They live by that which stimulates them to higher courage and bolder justice. If Liverpool has only learned from Mr. John Morley to despise tactics and to seek the inspiration of genuine principles, Liverpool will have learned that the secret of political progress lies in political faith.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT IN EGYPT.

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC'S defence of his Service, appended to the Report of Lord Morley's Committee on the Medical Department, is ably written, but it misses the true point of the accusation. Whatever the ideas of the Committee, the country is not accusing the Army Surgeons in Egypt of neglect, or of want of sympathy with the soldier, or even of allowing a high rate of mortality; but of a certain helplessness, from which sick soldiers suffer always unnecessary torture, and often unnecessary risks. That this helplessness, however begotten, was displayed in Egypt, follows irresistibly from the evidence prematurely published in the *Times*. What, in fact, can be the answer to Lord Wolseley's statements, except the impossible one that he is, for some unknown motive, telling deliberate falsehoods? He declared before the Committee that he inspected the hospital at Ismailia, with every desire to make allowances; that he found the sick soldiers lying for the most part on the ground, that they were tormented by the flies, which they had no whisks to keep off; and that the bread served to them was, by the admission of the medical officer in charge, "unfit for human food." Rotten dough was, in fact, given to men in diarrhœa and fever. All this while, bread was procurable in any quantity in Ismailia. No one would have objected to an order for good bread, and an application to Lord Wolseley himself would have at once elicited sanction covering any sort of pecuniary responsibility. In Cairo, matters were even worse. The population of Cairo is 300,000, and everything is procurable there, yet,—

"I found very great fault the first day I went to the hospital in Cairo, and I found there again every man lying on the ground. At the same time, I went to see Lady Strangford's hospital. . . . . I am not quite certain as to how many days she may have been there. At all events, I found her hospital all ready to be opened, and I found in every room, for the number of patients in the room, a very neat, nice little bedstead allotted to each. I asked her where she got them, and she said, 'I bought them in the town, and I can get you any quantity you like.' I said, 'how much did you pay for them?' and she told me it was three francs apiece—or 2s. 6d. for each bedstead. It was made out of the stalk of a palm-leaf, and a charming bed it was. I cannot fancy a sick and wounded man wishing for a better bed. . . . . I was very angry with a hospital doctor the first day I went over the hospital at Cairo. It was on a Saturday, and I found the hospital very dirty. I found the men, as I have already said, lying on the ground, and lying in those filthy dirty clothes that they had fought the campaign in. They had no change of clothes, and they seemed to have very little opportunity of washing themselves. There was a washing room, but it was very imperfectly provided with basins. The ophthalmic cases, too, were put in a tent outside the hospital in a garden, I think about as bad a place as it could possibly be for them, on account of the flies, which were so troublesome that I cannot give you any description of them, except that they were like the plagues of Egypt. They were in myriads and myriads, and they covered everything. You saw the poor sick men asleep, with their faces undistinguishable in some instances by reason of the quantities of flies on them. I have seen a man lying awake, trying to brush them off with his hands, and I said to the medical officer in charge, 'Why do you not go out in the town and buy whisks? Every little dirty Egyptian boy has got a whisk to keep the flies off; why cannot you go and buy them for a few pence?' He said, 'I have not got any myself, but I have applied to the Commissary of Ordnance to get them.' I said, 'Never mind the Commissary of Ordnance; go out and buy them yourself, and I will pay for them.' Several other faults I found with him, and I said the same thing, 'Why do you not go out into the city, and get everything you want?' I said I would come back in a week, and I came back in a week, and I found

a small supply of those whisks, but very few with the men, and I naturally was very angry; but he sheltered himself behind the Commissary-General of Ordnance, that the Commissary of Ordnance had not supplied them. And the same thing with regard to the mosquito-curtains."

In the face of statements like that, what is the value of Sir W. MacCormac's argument that the ratio of mortality, especially from operations, was very low? It was low, but the use of surgeons is not only to ward off death. So was the French mortality in Tunis very low. What happened there during those hideous months of the first occupation was not that thousands of conscripts died, but that thousands were invalided, and that the distaste for military service throughout France was intensified to a degree which perceptibly affected the policy of the Government. In every village of the south there was some peasant's son broken for life as a labourer. It was just the same in Egypt. The mortality was not great, the arrangements for carrying off the wounded were admirable; but the soldiers, once sick, were left in so needlessly miserable a condition that an unnecessary proportion were ruined in health, and that wherever the convalescent men may go, a dislike for the service is spread abroad most injurious to recruiting. Soldiers, as the whole history of the campaign in the Crimea showed, do not dread the fighting, but the other incidents of warfare, and in particular the needless miseries of bad supplies and suffering when sick. They feel these more even than their officers do. Englishmen of the lower class, though curiously stupid about some sanitary laws, look upon their strength as their capital, are morbidly sensitive about any decline in it, regard decent food as its first source, and as all hospital nurses can testify, think decent treatment in sickness as of the last importance. They did not get it in Cairo, and as the country and the Army chiefs intended they should get it, it is reasonable to ask why. It certainly was not from any wish to save money, or any impediment of circumstances, or any of that general indifference to the men which prevailed in Tunis, and which will be found by careful observers in every conscript army. The country did not care what was spent on hospitals, money would in Egypt have procured any appliances required—Lady Strangford did procure them—and as to indifference, if there is a fault on the subject, either in the officers or the people, it is that they are too ready to fall into a passion of pity, so ready that a constant feature in the situation, the physical exhaustion of the surgeons, is too often forgotten. We have read complaints of delay in treating the wounded which must have seemed to the surgeons engaged almost infamous, they being simply worn out with thirty hours' of unremitting toil. People talk of a field hospital, and do not realise to themselves what the scene is, when perhaps five hundred men are brought up, each requiring either an operation or scientific bandaging taking nearly as much time, and there are not perhaps six men present competent to perform it all. Their assistants are no help, they must work themselves, and they do, to be told, after perhaps ten hours of the most cruel and responsible labour, that Corporal Blank lay those ten hours unattended. Somebody must wait.

We believe that there are two reasons for the constant failures in hospitals during a campaign, failures not infrequent even in India, where organisation should be perfect. One is, that the headship of the hospital, its internal care, is thrown far too much upon the medical officer in charge, who is worn out with the strictly professional part of his work. He must be absolute, of course, but he needs under him some one much greater than orderlies, a gentleman who can do in the hospital all that a head nurse and a secretary combined can do in a London hospital,—who can be responsible for expense, for cleanliness, for cooking, for everything for which a purser is responsible in a ship. He should be the Medical Commissary on the spot, and his signature, countersigned by the surgeon in charge, should be final warranty for any expense, or any order to a hospital orderly, or any arrangement whatever not forbidden by the General, who, of course, must remain supreme. Whether he should be a military officer, as the Committee suggest, we do not know, though his rank and his liability to court-martial may be convenient; but we do know that he should be a gentleman, and should not be a doctor. If he is not the former, he will not be obeyed; and if he is the latter, he will be drawn off as an assistant in the professional work, which often seems in such a scene, a scene of incessant and cruel emergencies, so much more pressing. The other cause is the "helplessness," as we have called it, of the Medical Service itself. This is not in full measure its own fault. The Surgeons are not liked at Head-quarters, they are not regarded as fighting men, their interference is resented, and their claims to rank in the Army are detested, till they come to feel themselves perpetually on the defensive, and grow not only timid about breaking through regulations, but sulkily resolved not to do it. They are made harder by training than civil Surgeons, that is, more accustomed to find certain evils incurable, and to deal with patients in masses, instead of as individual friends; and this treatment hardens them still more, till they grow to care sincerely only about "treatment," the branch of their art in which they feel free and unwatched by non-professionals. The remedy for this is to give them more authority in their domain, and at the same time more responsibility. The medical officer who does not provide beds for his sick when they are procurable should be broke, as an officer would be for *crassa negligentia;* but his order for pay for them, checked as above, should be as absolute on a campaign as Lord Wolseley stated that his own would have been. He should be encouraged, not snubbed, for spending for his men, and at the same time held responsible if they suffer. At present, the fear of the Regulations is on all surgeons to such a special degree, that the conduct of which Lord Wolseley complained at Cairo would have been the conduct of two men in every three, and the third man would not have been a popular surgeon with the Military Chiefs. He would have been considered one who habitually took too much upon himself. The spirit of independent decision needs to be fostered in the Department, and it can only be produced by requiring and authorising greater independence of action.

We suppose we need not, at this time of day, defend ourselves from the charge of attaching too much importance to this matter. We are not in the least disposed to coddle the men, or to suppose that war can be made comfortable for private soldiers. But in every army sickness is as much to be dreaded as the enemy, and in a modern European army its moral effect is even worse than its effect in reducing numbers. The men know what is possible, they accept wounds not only as things inevitable, but as things carefully and liberally paid for; but there is no requital for sufferings from sickness, and they produce, not only among the men, but in their homes, a dangerous distaste for military service, which it costs us every day more and more to remove. Already we pay more than any people in the world, except the Americans. Already there are signs of a possible agitation against "punishments," which, if it developed, would be an agitation against discipline; and if an opinion once spreads that the sick soldier is a broken soldier, we shall find every difficulty increased threefold. To spare expenditure on the Medical Service, or to allow it to be enfeebled by routine, by want of authority, or by failure to punish neglect when authority has been granted, is one of the worst of follies. The doctor in warfare should have power, and be held responsible for using it with his commission.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY ON IRISH TAXATION.

WE cannot share the emotion with which the *Times* views Mr. Mitchell Henry's letters. "Downright despair" is not at all the sentiment which they awake in us. Rather, it is a passionate longing that every sentence in them were demonstrably true. If it were, how trifling and transient would the Irish problem become! There would no longer be any difficulty in explaining any obstacle in the way of its immediate removal. "Irish hate" would have been shown to be due to the simplest and oldest of causes,—a sense on the part of a weak nation that it is being plundered by a stronger. Of Mr. Mitchell Henry's three contentions,—the first is that Ireland is greatly over-taxed; the second, that this over-taxation is the cause of the detestation in which the existing political order is undoubtedly held by a large part of the Irish nation. Even if Mr. McLaren had not entirely disposed of the former statement, the latter, we fear, would be altogether baseless. There is not the slightest evidence to show that the Irish people feel themselves over-taxed. They are not unskilled in agitation, and they have of late taken very unmistakeable methods of showing their dislike of specific classes of persons. How is it, on Mr. Mitchell Henry's theory, that throughout the two terrible years between October, 1880, and October, 1882, no tax-collectors were murdered? Granting that the superficial cause of disturbance was different, would it not have been natural

that at a time when the great deeps of popular passion and individual hate were so strangely stirred, some reflex hostility to the real Irish enemy should have shown itself? Surely, it would occasionally have occurred to the Irish peasant that though he ought to have killed the land-agent, or the tenant who took a farm from which his predecessor had been evicted, he ought not to have let the tax-gatherer go free. It is not even as if unjust taxation were a peculiarly subtle and recondite cause of discontent. On the contrary, it is one of the simplest and most familiar. In a hundred cases in which Governments have not been to blame and populations have been ordinarily peaceful, the tax-gatherer has been the object of some sudden outburst of hate. What Mr. Mitchell Henry asks us to believe is that in presence of the most genuine and flagrant injustice on the part of the Government, the Irish nation—of all nations in the world—has not been acute enough to see, or resentful enough to take vengeance on, the real cause of its poverty. If Mr. Mitchell Henry's statistics were accurate beyond the possibility of challenge, we should still feel that we were as far off as ever from the particular conclusion he seeks to found on them.

Still, this conviction of ours would not constitute a valid reason for dismissing the question as unimportant. Time spent in removing a real injustice is never wasted, whether the injustice has been recognised or not. It would have been well indeed for England if, where Ireland was concerned, she had spent more time in this way. Though we cannot believe that a reduction of Irish taxation would have the precise result which Mr. Mitchell Henry anticipates, it might have good effects of another kind; and anyhow, if that taxation is unduly high in proportion to the taxation of England and Scotland, the inequality ought to be redressed, whether anything comes of it or not. At this point, the accuracy of Mr. Mitchell Henry's figures becomes all-important, and in the light of Mr. McLaren's criticism they are seen to be wildly inaccurate. Mr. Mitchell Henry puts the taxation of Ireland at eight millions and a half, which, with a population of a little over five millions, gives about 34s. per head. It may be said, in passing, that even if this were true, it would be difficult, in the face of Scottish statistics, to contend that this is the sole and sufficient cause of Irish hate. Scotland, Mr. McLaren says, pays in taxes £7,318,014, with a population of 3,744,679, or about £2 per head. Yet the Scotch do not hate England. If they have any feeling in the matter, it is rather in favour of a stricter and more intimate union with her. Consequently, Mr. Mitchell Henry's argument breaks down under the simplest test that can be applied to it. If both countries were over-taxed, and both hated England, we should not know much about the relation in which the first fact stood to the second. But when both are over-taxed, and one hates England while the other does not, we know absolutely nothing about it. It is not true, however, that Ireland pays about 34s. per head in taxes. The real sum is only 23s. 6d. Mr. Mitchell Henry has overstated the total amount of Irish taxation by nearly two millions and a half. He has done so quite innocently, and Mr. McLaren tells us what it is that has misled him. Irish whiskey is taxed at the rate of 10s. a gallon, and this tax is collected, in the first instance, in the country in which the whiskey is distilled. But, in common with all such taxes, it is ultimately paid by the consumer. Consequently, so much of the tax as is levied on Irish whiskey consumed in England or Scotland really falls on Englishmen or Scotchmen. The whiskey distiller pays the duty, and is repaid it by his English or Scotch customer. Oddly enough, Mr. Mitchell Henry seems to think that this fact makes no difference. "The gist," he says, "of Mr. McLaren's statement is that the Irish taxes have not been doubled since 1853, but have only been increased by somewhat more than one-half,—a correction which, if true, does not touch the rationale of my argument." Mr. Mitchell Henry has evidently forgotten what the rationale of his argument was. In his first letter, it is thus stated:—Originally, "Ireland contributed four millions annually to this country. The amount may have been too small, but the inequality was more than redressed in the year 1853, when, by the imposition of the Income-tax and the equalisation of the Spirit Duties, the Irish taxes were raised to eight millions and a half." But whether the inequality was more than redressed, or only just redressed, is of the essence of the question; and when Mr. Mitchell Henry is proved to have over-stated the taxation of Ireland by considerably more than a fourth, it is more than probable that he has confounded the two processes.

It is fair to say, however, that there is another part of Mr. Mitchell Henry's case which Mr. McLaren has not disposed of,—possibly because he has not attacked it. "In the course of the last three years," he says, "we have paid off twenty millions and a half of Debt, and in 1885 terminable annuities amounting to a sum just short of six millions fall-in." Of the former sum, the Irish people, he reckons, have contributed upwards of two millions and a quarter; and towards the terminable annuities to fall-in in 1885, they have for years been paying annually more than half a million. "Yet during this time there have been misery, famine, and disorder almost unparalleled," and the country has really wanted every farthing that could be raised in it for the execution of productive improvements. Even if this part of Mr. Mitchell Henry's calculation stands in need of the same proportionate correction as the remainder, this will not alter the fact that Ireland equally with England is paying-off Debt. Mr. Mitchell Henry sees in this a wasteful and unjust expenditure of money. England is a wealthy country, and she cannot spend her wealth more profitably than by paying off Debt. But Ireland is a poor country, and instead of paying off Debt, she ought rather to be borrowing more money to provide herself with the means of making herself wealthy. What is sauce for the goose is not, in this instance, sauce for the gander. The gander is lank and skinny, and it will not do to serve him in the same fashion as the fat and well-liking goose. If two men own adjoining estates, one excellently farmed, with all the latest improvements, and yielding a large rental, and one badly farmed, with all the necessary improvements still to be made, and consequently yielding a very small rental, would any prudent solicitor give the same advice to both owners as to paying off mortgages? On the contrary, he may say to the one, "You are well-to-do, you have the means of clearing your estate of all encumbrances, and so saving what you now have to pay in interest, and you cannot lay out your income to better advantage." While to the other he would say, "Your real need is capital, and if you have saved anything out of your income, the wise thing to do with it is to spend it in making your land more profitable. If you pay off your mortgages, you will, it is true, reduce your outlay by the amount of the interest due on them; but if you spend it in making the land more productive, you may not only have the money to pay the interest, but a great deal more beside." This is Mr. Mitchell Henry's plea, and supposing the facts to be true—that Ireland is very poor, and that by a judicious expenditure of various kinds she may be made richer—we do not see how it is to be disputed. Why should Ireland be made to pay off Debt because England does, if the circumstances which make it economical in the one case do not exist in the other?

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

RUSSIANS are much annoyed when told that they are Asiaties, and no doubt the statement, except so far as it is true of all mankind, is untrue of them; but it is impossible for them to deny the Asiatic tone which pervades the wonderful scene on which all Europe has this week been gazing. We do not mean that the accessories of the Coronation festival are Asiatic, that Asiatic costumes are visible in the streets of Moscow, that Asiatic princes are prominent in the Kremlin, that Asiatic customs are maintained in some of the rites. The Czar is a great Asiatic Sovereign—the greatest, except two, Queen Victoria, and the Empress Regent of China, whose name Europe does not know—and when he calls his subjects together for any grand function, much of all that is external must be Asiatic. But this scene in Moscow is Asiatic in more than accessories. If we were asked to state in a word the "note" or central fact which differentiates Asia from Europe, we should answer, "Immoderateness." Nothing in Asia is sufficiently restricted. Empires are too big, populations are too vast, all features of nature are too huge, the arts are too gigantesque, the powers entrusted to men are too awful, calamities are too wide-spread, all things have in them a trace of immoderateness, as if gods and men alike had lost the sense of wise limitation. Forests in Asia cover kingdoms. Mountains occupy the area of large States. Peoples are numbered, like the Chinese and the Indians, by their fractional relation to the whole human race. Mythologies are full of monstrous figures. A cyclone desolates a province. A tidal wave sweeps away half-a-million of men. A famine slaughters out eleven millions. A

wall bounds an Empire. One Sovereign is brother of the Sun, another is God's Vicegerent, a third is incarnate deity. Everything, from the powers of kings and the conceptions of men to the forces of nature and the number of mosquitoes, is gigantic, enormous, fatiguing to the brain, in fact, when measured as all things must be measured by a standard of which man is the unconscious unit, immoderate. This characteristic of immoderateness is the dominant one in the Russian Coronation. The splendours of the scene weary imagination. It is not a country, but two continents which are summoned to be present. All nations are in the Kremlin, by their representatives. It is but a ceremonial, but the troops present might invade a first-class State. The procession is one such as Rollin imagined to be following Darius. The festivities are spread over days. The multitudes to be dined are counted in hundreds of thousands, are to eat whole herds and drink out of reservoirs in which men might drown. Roasted mammoths would not be out of place, and the Tun of Heidelberg would seem small. The expenses, 20,000,000 roubles, are those of a little war. The monarch to be crowned claims freedom from restriction like that of a deity, and actually exercises powers which recall Simmons's strained effort to express in verse the prerogatives of the Roman Cæsar, "earth's awful lord,"—

> "Whose whispered word
> Fills like pervading Nature land and flood;
> And if but syllabled in wrathful mood,
> Had the swift lightning's soundless power to pierce,
> Rending and blasting through the Universe."

A word from the cynosure of that throng, the pale man on the white horse, who, as his people shout their devotion, and all the world bends in reverence, feels chiefly the necessity of fortitude to await what may meet him at the next turning, would precipitate Russia on the West, or submerge Asia under a million of conquering soldiery; and he rides on, expecting, though probably not fearing, instant execution. His risks are as immoderate as his powers, his responsibilities, his roll of peoples and of kingdoms. His Opposition speaks with dynamite, argues with the bullet, satirizes with the knife. He has not to fear loss of unpopularity, or untoward events, or even resistance, but immediate and painful death. If any point is unguarded, if his police have misread a warning, if a soldier is faithless, the Czar, riding there behind the representatives of two continents, amid the Royalties of half the world, before a wife seated on a chariot "like a mass of gold," fenced round with the devotion of millions, and armed with illimitable powers, may stumble dead into an open grave. The immoderateness in all around him, in the number of his guards, the costliness of his festa, the preparations for his glorification, is also in the faction which defies him, and which responds to his claim of all rights by denying all, even the right to keep alive. All that—the exaggerated grandeur and the exaggerated liability, the awful power and the awful powerlessness—is strictly Asiatic, belonging to the continent where everything dwarfs man, and man, as in revenge, endeavours to overleap restrictions, only to recognise in despair that man is nothing, existence misery, and heaven eternal unconsciousness.

The men of the West, who are accustomed to restriction, and know that there is no buttress to the mind like an imperative law, that even day-dreaming is bewildering unless the dreamer adheres to his self-made conditions, wonder at the vastness of this ceremonial, and think all needful impressiveness would be obtained by one much smaller. Surely, one day, they think, might suffice, and one religious ceremony, a tenth of the expense, and a third of the troops and other adjuncts to the scene, which cannot gratify the Czar, and must in its long protraction greatly increase his danger. The characteristic of immoderateness, they believe, might be cut out, without risk of diminishing the impact to be made on the popular imagination. That is, we suppose, true; and for ourselves, we can imagine for a Russian Czar no coronation more impressive than the ancient Tartar one, the raising of the Sovereign on a shield in the sight of the whole nation, assembled on some vast plain, each morsel of the shield being borne up by the representative of a tribe. Tchengis was enthroned so, and the tradition of the scene has lingered for centuries in men's minds. But ceremonials usually grow of themselves, and it is not difficult to detect the causes which have made this one so separately grandiose. The first idea has been to make it religious, to show the Czar to the people of his faith as the consecrated ruler delegated by the Almighty and by the Orthodox Church to govern them. In nations which do not reject symbolism, great religious functions are always slowly performed, and always tend to accrete to themselves a more and more elaborate magnificence. No precedent must be departed from, and precedents accumulate like paraphernalia,—like Bishops' robes, for example, or the Russian regalia, which were forwarded to Moscow in a special train. A Pope who was elected in a moment would hardly seem a Pope, and the very notion of hurry is inconsistent with the movements of a Church. The Czar is Patriarch, as well as Sovereign; and in his consecration a religious function is performed which, in the eyes of the Russian people, is first of all, and must, as other ceremonials are slow, and costly, and magnificent, be slowest, costliest, most magnificent of any. Otherwise, Czar and Church would alike lack the sense of the becoming. This is indeed the *ultima ratio* of the Coronation, without which Alexander III. would hardly have encountered its special dangers or sanctioned its enormous expense. Till he is crowned he is not sacred, and as his sacredness is the source of his prerogative, the crowning must be so done as to be past all question, must be known by direct evidence to every person in the Empire. Coronations were arranged before newspapers began, and much of the immoderateness of the ceremonial arises simply from the multitude of witnesses from all the nations beneath the Czar's sceptre whom it was necessary to summon, that on their return they might testify that all had been regularly and solemnly performed. The Kings of the Desert do not come to Moscow to please themselves, but because they are summoned to see, and do homage, and bear witness on their return. And then the Czar is something more than Patriarch or Sovereign, he is also Cæsar, the "elect" and representative of all who obey him. The origin of the dynasty was elective, and the Romanoffs, hated by the aristocratic chiefs, and without a citizen class to support them, have always made it their policy to proclaim themselves representatives of the dim, common populations. They have probably felt that position also. All Kings feel it more or less; and to the Czar of Russia, so far removed above his subjects, the "mass" must always seem the most interesting as well as the most formidable object within his dominions. The second main end of the Coronation is to impress them, and in the effort to reach the true people, to become visible across two continents and to a hundred millions, a ceremony naturally becomes grandiose. It is a people which is to see, not a set of spectators, a people which is to be fed, a people which is to recognise that something has occurred so great that each one even of them bears in it some part. When the tenantry count thousands, the kitchen must be big, the roast oxen many, and the beer-vats deep; and the Czar only increases adequately the preparations of the squire. Add to all the forms necessary to the recognition of a Patriarch, and all the forms essential in the election of a Cæsar, all the forms usual in the crowning of a European monarch, who this time is anxious to outdo precedent rather than depart from it, and we have the materials for a ceremonial which would be magnificent anywhere, and which in Moscow, the capital of Northern Asia, as well as of Northern Europe, the city where East and West have embraced each other, becomes a stupendous function, such as could not elsewhere be performed. In no other city could a coronation be a festa at once religious and democratic, Asiatic and European, modelled upon most ancient precedents, and decorated by all the aid of modern inventiveness and knowledge. Only there could Europeans gaze astonished at a building at once fortress, palace, and basilica—the largest of fortresses, the hugest of palaces, the most stupendous of basilicas—and watch Tartar Princes gazing up thunderstruck under the electric light. And only there, we hope, could the man who is the centre of all be in more imminent risk of a violent death than a criminal tried, convicted, and expecting sentence.

MR. LABOUCHERE ON THE DEMOCRATIC LOVE FOR CAKES AND ALE.

MR. LABOUCHERE was, as he usually is, amusing on Tuesday, when pleading for the recognition of what he called the "great democratic picnic," and upbraiding the stern Radicals with their contempt for cakes and ale. But he was not careful to show why a hearty feeling of sympathy for the people's open-air festival, should tell in favour of the adjournment of the House of Commons over the day of that festival. Would not the million have enjoyed their holiday quite as much without the participation of the working Members of the House of Commons? Might not the thought that these public servants were working away for them in the House of Commons have even

enhanced the pleasure of the million in their open-air picnic? Would the absence of any group of serious politicians from the Epsom Downs have diminished the satisfaction of the crowd in the bright sun and gaieties of the occasion? We doubt whether Mr. Labouchere himself would have been much missed from the great scene, and we are quite sure that the resolve of the House to sit on the Derby Day, had such a resolve been taken, would have had no sort of influence in keeping him away, had he otherwise intended to go. Hence, we find it difficult, not, indeed, to understand the drift of his speech, but to understand what bearing that drift had on the motion for adjournment which he supported. He did not say that it was the duty of a good representative of the people to go and study the demeanour of the people on Epsom Downs, yet that would have been the only connecting link, so far as we can see, between his general position that the people ought to have their gaieties and that those gaieties ought to be held in honour, with the particular motion for the adjournment of the House over the Derby Day for which he spoke. This would, however, have been a very poor argument, even if he had brought it forward, for the serious-minded Members would certainly never have used their holiday to go to Epsom, while the Members whose delight in such amusements is more nearly that of Mr. Labouchere himself would have very little to learn, and would, besides, be pretty sure to learn that little, whether the House adjourned, or whether it did not. Except as an act of abstract homage to cakes and ale, the adjournment of the House of Commons over the Derby Day cannot be said to embody any particular feeling of respect for the great picnic of the people. The Bank holiday in August is a still greater occasion for open-air popular enjoyment, since it affects the whole kingdom, but no one ever proposed to adjourn over the Bank holiday in August as a mode of showing the sympathy of Parliament with the open-air enjoyments of the people.

Perhaps, however, all that Mr. Labouchere intended to say was this,—'Don't set up for being virtuous Catos who despise pleasure; people will not like you at all the better for it, and may like you the worse. If you would win the favour of the people, you should own to being rather too much given to such pleasures, instead of prone to despise them. The people like large, sunny men, who are not strait-laced in such matters; not earnest, high-souled men, who affect a puritanical devotion to duty.' If that was all that Mr. Labouchere meant, he was partly right. For though, if the Wednesday were worth saving for the sake of the measures put down for discussion on that day, it ought to have been saved, whether the devotees of the Derby were thereby excluded from the debate or not, it would have been a complete mistake for any Member to suppose that he would gain popularity by voting against the adjournment over the Derby Day as a mere demonstration against the Derby Day. No attempt would be less likely to gain the favour of the people, who do not at all admire stern-minded patriots for giving themselves airs as to the political virtue they display in defence of the people. The members whom the Democracy usually like best are certainly the men who share their tastes as well as their opinions, and who are not above enjoying what they enjoy, and craving for a holiday just as the people crave for it. They will not like Sir Wilfrid Lawson the less for his laughing attack on the laziness of honourable Members, but they will like Mr. Labouchere all the better for his open confession of sympathy with the enjoyments of the Derby Day. And if the only question were as to the course intrinsically best adapted to win a commonplace popularity, we should be inclined to prefer Mr. Labouchere's course to that of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It is always more popular to confess a sympathy with popular weaknesses, than to assume a superiority to them. Indeed, the assumption of any virtue is unpopular, even though the assumption be founded in truth.

Nevertheless, we cannot agree with Mr. Labouchere, if he means that Englishmen will always admire a statesman of the higher rank who affects cakes and ale, better than the statesman who, in the unconscious sincerity of his heart, ignores cakes and ale without affecting to institute a crusade against them. Lord Palmerston was very popular, and Lord Palmerston somewhat paraded, perhaps, his love for cakes and ale, and lost nothing of his popularity by doing so. But the two last party chiefs, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, have neither of them been in any sense at all devotees of pleasure, Lord Beaconsfield openly preferring ambition to pleasure, and declaring that in his belief the two pursuits were incompatible; while Mr. Gladstone's pleasure has always consisted in his eager and ardent devotion to political duty, the feature in his career which the people have always regarded with the utmost enthusiasm. We should say, on the whole, that what is most popular in England is a strong nature, freely and impressively displayed in its public aspects, so that it really takes hold of the imagination of the people; and that it matters comparatively little whether that strength of nature exhibits itself most characteristically in care for the public interest or in sympathy with the public recreations, so long as that care and sympathy are genuine and their expression adequate. Sir Robert Peel and Earl Russell both deserved the greatest gratitude from the English people, but we doubt whether either of them obtained as much as they deserved, and simply for this reason,—that there was something frigid and reticent about the manner of both which partly cut them off from popular sympathy. Mr. Disraeli was, perhaps, more truly reticent,—that is, less really *known* by the public,—than either of them; but little as he displayed his inner mind to the people, there was nothing of dryness and frigidity about his political attitude; he was always at his ease, and always seemed perfectly frank in his political confessions. Consequently, both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone managed to impress their own image on the people with much more effect than either Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel, and hence, doubtless, their much wider popularity. The people gained a vivid impression of what they were, which they never gained adequately of either Sir Robert Peel or Lord John. And they certainly came to place as much confidence in Lord Beaconsfield as they had ever placed in Lord Palmerston, and more confidence in Mr. Gladstone than they had ever placed in Lord Palmerston. This seems to show that the English people do not insist on the love for cakes and ale as in any degree a *sine quâ non* of popularity. We are disposed to think that Mr. Labouchere would make a great mistake, if he were to imagine that a frank love of the common pleasures of life is at all essential to popularity. What the Democracy does dislike is any sign of supercilliousness; what it does love is largeness and strength of nature made visible and conspicuous to the people. Nor will they object much to the particular manner in which largeness and strength of nature are expressed, so long as they *are* expressed, and expressed vividly. The notion that a democracy likes fastness for its own sake, we believe to be an absolute mistake, though it undoubtedly dislikes for its own sake anything in the least approaching to priggishness or virtuous assumption. What it heartily admires is genuine character strongly displayed. We believe, for instance, that the Constituencies will be quite as much inclined to applaud Sir Wilfrid Lawson for his chaff of the pleasure-seekers, as they will be to like Mr. Labouchere for his chaff of the moralists. They would admire Mr. Gladstone much more for an earnest appeal to the moral feeling of Parliament not to waste a Government night, than they would Mr. Lowther for denouncing such an appeal as Pharisaic strategy. Genuineness, force, and strong public feeling are the qualities to impress a democracy, and it matters very little whether amongst those qualities a certain amount of sympathy with lighter gaiety be or be not visible. If it is there, they like to see it frankly acknowledged. But if it is not there, they like their stronger leaders all the better for not professing sympathy with it. It is all nonsense to say that because the people at large love cakes and ale,—as, of course, they do,—they will not tolerate any one who does not love cakes and ale, too. They will not tolerate anything that looks like ostentatious virtue. But they will love all the better the man who, not being in love with such delights himself, shows himself simply as he is, without the smallest depreciation of those who care more for such indulgences than he cares. The popular mind is wonderfully catholic in its tastes. Greatness of any kind, even of the purely intellectual kind, easily "fetches" it, as the phrase goes. Prince Bismarck is popular in Germany, General Grant in the United States, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone in England, Garibaldi was popular in Italy, all without any well-marked sympathy for the pleasures of the people, just because all of them managed to show strong character strongly identified with the national welfare. No doubt, Mr. Lincoln and Lord Palmerston both gained popularity partly by their known sympathy with the easy-going side of the people's mind. But we question whether even Mr. Lincoln, with all his jokes, would, but for his

assassination, ever have been as popular in the United States as Mr. Gladstone, without any special sympathy with the humours of the people, has long ago been in this country. No prig can ever become popular. But one whose instincts really range higher than the instincts of the majority of the people, does not lose, but gain by his genuine indifference to the pursuit of the minor indulgences and pettier excitements of life.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

THE death of Dr. William Chambers, which occurred at Edinburgh last Sunday, brought to a close a life which was not only long and useful, but rich in biographical interest of a kind which seems to be becoming rarer every year. The Dick Whittington of legend, who in boyhood could find no resting-place more luxurious than a milestone, but who in manhood reclined in the Lord Mayor's chair of state, died long ago, and has not many present-day successors. Even the traditional hero of later times, the possessor of the solitary half-crown which, by a careful practice of the self-regarding virtues, grows into a million of money, is heard of more frequently in popular lectures than in real life; and the so-called successful man of our day finishes his career near the top of the ladder partly because he had the good-fortune to begin it some distance from the bottom. Apart, therefore, from other and better reasons, the life of William Chambers is interesting because it vitalises the old traditions, and justifies to the imagination such wise words as certain of the proverbs of Solomon and the maxims of Benjamin Franklin, which have of late been rather generally discredited in practice, even by people who respect them in theory, and find them admirable for purposes of hortative quotation.

Few people who have left their mark upon the world have been more heavily handicapped at starting than the boy William Chambers. His father, a good, intelligent, fairly-cultivated, but thoroughly shiftless man, was a hindrance, rather than a help, to his sons, and did little for them beyond entangling them in a law-suit, which in their early days of struggle robbed them of money that they could ill afford. William and his brother Robert had not even the advantage of a decent education. Such schooling as the former had, terminated when he was thirteen years of age, and in his fascinating autobiographical reminiscences he calculates that altogether it cost, "books included, somewhere about £6." Of the first of his schools an account is given which is more amusing than satisfactory. It was "kept by a poor old widow, Kirsty Cranston, who, according to her own account, was qualified to carry forward her pupils so far as reading the Bible; but to this proficiency there was the reasonable exception of leaving out difficult words, such as 'Maher-shalal-hash-baz.' These, she told the children, might be made a 'pass-over,' and accordingly it was the rule of the establishment to let them alone." The educational limitations of the other schools were less startling, and probably William Chambers got a full return for his father's money; but, at the best, six pounds' worth of education can hardly be considered an adequate intellectual equipment. Both the brothers had, however, been born with a passion for culture; and though the means for gratifying it were terribly scarce, every means was made the most of, so that when William Chambers, at the age of nineteen, conceived the bold idea of beginning business as a bookseller, it is probable that his acquirements were equal, if not superior, to those of most youths in his own rank of life. He was, as far as money was concerned, better off than the favourite heroes of self-help treatises, for his capital consisted not of one half-crown, but of two; and this sum—his wages for the last week of his apprenticeship—was devoted to the purchase of wood, with which the young tradesman himself constructed all the shop-furniture he required. A stock of goods, small, indeed, but not contemptible, had been secured by one of those accidents to which even the scorners of happy chances sometimes owe so much. A bookseller's sale was to be held at an Edinburgh hotel, and the agent in charge, to whom young Chambers had been recommended, engaged him as an assistant, and was evidently favourably impressed by the way in which he went about his business. "On the day succeeding the bibliopolic festival," wrote William Chambers, more than fifty years afterwards, "I attended to assist in packing up, in the course of which I was questioned regarding my plans. I stated to the friendly inquirer that I was about to begin business, but that I had no money; if I had, I should take the opportunity of buying a few of his specimens, for I thought I could sell them to advantage. 'Well,' he replied, 'I like that frankness; you seem an honest lad, and have been useful to me; so do not let the want of money trouble you; select, if you please, ten pounds' worth of my samples, and I will let you have the usual credit.'"

It is interesting to recall this beginning of a career the middle and end of which are known to all the world. The kindly agent's samples were sold and paid for, and the little business grew from week to week. Robert Chambers was taken into partnership; printing was added to bookselling, and publishing to printing; and on February 4th, 1832, appeared the first number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, to be followed rapidly by the "Information for the People," the "Educational Course," the "Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," the "Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People," the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," the "Book of Days," and other hardly less important works, which have made the name of William and Robert Chambers familiar in every place where the English language is spoken and English books are read. The undertakings of the two brothers were followed, not only by success of the real and best kind, but by that special result to which the name of success is more generally given; wealth was well-earned and well-distributed; and Paisley and Edinburgh have substantial memorials of the liberality of the man to whom the former gave life and the latter the means of living.

It is not, however, by his benefactions that William Chambers will be longest and most warmly remembered. It is not, we think, even as a pioneer in the movement for providing cheap and wholesome literature that he has the greatest claim upon our regard. Others, Charles Knight, for example, did almost as much as he in bringing books and periodicals within the reach of the humbler class; but it was William Chambers who, in the fullest sense of the word, popularised literature, by making it not only accessible, but attractive. To the cheapness which was such a boon to the studious artizan or junior clerk, he added the literary charm which attracted the artizan or clerk who was *not* studious, and by whom reading was regarded less as recreation than as a form of labour, differing from other labour only in being entirely unremunerative. It would be grossly unjust to speak in even a mildly depreciatory tone of such works as the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but it is a fact which cannot be ignored, that their general solidity and weight—we do not say heaviness—were better calculated to satisfy than to excite intellectual hunger. The Brothers Chambers seem to have felt instinctively that the classes to whom they specially appealed needed something more than a supply of literature,—an intellectual stimulus to avail themselves of the supply; and that the wide utility of the former was dependent upon the existence of the latter. We do not mean that attractiveness was pursued as an aim in itself; had it been so pursued, William Chambers and his brother would, like others, have fallen into such popular literary vices as sentimentality or sensationalism, from which their work has been conspicuously free; but it was achieved in pursuit of another end—the propagation of a wide love for wholesome and elevating literature—and while this end was kept steadily in view, it was impossible to miss the indispensable means.

The literary work of William Chambers, of his brother Robert, and of such collaborators as caught their tone, was characterised by what may be best described as sublimated common-sense. In his delightful and suggestive book, "Companions of My Solitude," Sir Arthur Helps makes Ellesmere speak of common-sense as the distinguishing quality of Gretchen; and he goes on to say—we quote from memory only—that the common-sense of the vulgar is hard and materialistic, but that Gretchen's was the common-sense of an imaginative person, with a keen sense of the ridiculous. This is a just and helpful distinction. What Ellesmere called the common-sense of the vulgar is, indeed, too common, and its effects in literature are as baneful as those of the pseudo-culture which is its latest rival. The higher common-sense, compact of imagination and humour and a general sanity of the intellect which is more easily recognised than defined, is as beneficent an influence in literature as it is in life; and it is to be found nowhere more free from alloy than in the pages written by William Chambers. The potency of its action in the mind of the man in whom it is either a native gift or an acquired accomplishment, is illustrated by the one fact that it preserved him alike from the narrowness of the sectarian

partisan, and the supercilious indifference to great interests of the person who makes it his boast that he "sits apart, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all." He was a safe thinker, not because he thought timidly, but because his thought always turned in the direction of practice, and was thereby saved from the extravagances of the mere doctrinaire. His matter and his manner were alike characterised by the lucidity which Mr. Matthew Arnold has so feelingly commended to us; by an utter absence of the "note of provincialism;" by freedom from affectation, eccentricity, or spasm; and by the natural grace which cannot be acquired, because it is the outcome of a well-poised and harmonious nature. That William Chambers died before his baronetcy was gazetted has naturally provided matter for mention, but it hardly provides matter for regret. He will be ranked with worthier peers than municipal magnates who have had the luck to entertain Royalty.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A KERRY EMIGRATION SCENE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I witnessed yesterday the departure of some 400 emigrants from the South of Ireland, in the steamship 'Lake Manitoba,' which steamed up the Kenmare River on her way from Queenstown to Quebec, for the purpose of taking the fifty-one families of the Kenmare contingent on board. These emigrants, consisting exclusively of unbroken families, are being sent out by the Guardians of the Poor, under the Emigration clauses of the Arrears Acts. It was high time that they should move in the matter, for the rates in the Kenmare Union amounted to 6s. in the pound, and I was assured that in winter-time the poor habitually got food but once a day. Yet the workhouse, capable of holding 600 inmates, actually contained but 106, so deep-rooted is the abhorrence in Ireland of entering its doors. And, indeed, although its cubic capacity may be sufficient for 600, a portion of the building itself is utterly unfit to receive inmates, from its neglected condition.

It was by the merest accident that I learned from the public car-boy of emigrants leaving Kenmare, through which place I was intending to pass hurriedly, in the usual tourist course, on my way to Killarney. Instead of the one hour, which the public car allows for lunch, I spent nearly forty-eight in and about Kenmare, mostly devoted to gathering particulars about the causes of its pauperism and the circumstances of the intending emigrants.

I was greatly assisted in these inquiries by the kindness of Captain Colomb, the energetic chairman of the Emigration Committee of the Kenmare Union, who permitted me to accompany him during the various processes of preparation for equipping and despatching the emigrants, with whom I conversed freely. I was likewise fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Major Spaight, the Inspector of the Local Government Board in the South-Western division of Ireland, of Captain Samson, Government Emigration Commissioner, and Captain Christian, Board of Trade Inspector of Emigrant Ships, all of whom gave me valuable information. But, in the limited space which I can reasonably ask for in the *Spectator*, I had better confine myself to the particulars gathered from the emigrants themselves, and to a description of the scene at the workhouse, where they assembled, and of their conveyance to and embarkation on the 'Lake Manitoba,' which lay off the point where the Blackwater joins the Kenmare River, some seven miles from Kenmare town.

Throughout the day—Friday, 18th—families kept dropping into the workhouse—the children mostly barefooted, and in a ragged condition—bringing the one box which contained all that remained of the family effects, on an enlarged sort of costermonger's cart, drawn by a half-starved horse or donkey. What would be the ultimate fate of this last vestige "of live and dead stock" of the small holding, I regret that I omitted to inquire particularly; but I conjecture that the incoming tenant would, in most cases, take it at a valuation. The first family I became acquainted with was that of Michael Godfrey, consisting of father, mother, five girls and three boys, all under twelve, ragged and barefooted. The mother, too, was only half-clad, dark, with straight, black hair, sharp, pointed features, high cheek-bones (reminding me strangely of the Mexican-Indian type), and nursing an infant. The four elder girls were the very image of the mother; the boys favoured the father more, whose face was less pointed, but equally pinched. I accompanied them upstairs to the clothing department, where a very kind and gentle-mannered matron handed each a complete suit of brand-new clothes, hat or cap, and boots, even including the baby, somewhat in advance of her immediate requirements. After the lapse of the best part of an hour—the ladies were long in dressing—the whole family reappeared, wholly transformed, and hardly recognisable. The father had been brought to ruin partly by his own improvidence, partly by the barrenness of the plot of ground on which he had struggled in vain to get a living. He paid £12, rent of a small arable bit of land and eight cow-runs, which plot and cow-runs his brother would now take over and add to his own holding. This arrangement seemed eminently satisfactory, and was just what I was hoping to hear.

The next family was that of Patrick Leary, consisting of father, mother, four boys, and two girls. These I had not seen in their chrysalis state; but as butterflies in their new clothes, they looked highly respectable, and Mrs. Leary had cheap artificial flowers in her black bonnet. I have every reason to believe, though it was too delicate a subject to inquire into, that this bonnet was not provided by the Guardians, but was the gift of a charitable lady, who was seeing them off. As far as I observed, it was the only bonnet worn by any woman present, most of whom made their shawls do double duty, for shawl and bonnet. Patrick Leary likewise had been brought to the verge of starvation, by the impossibility of getting a living out of a barren mountain-side, where for every rod of cleared ground is at least an acre of boulder-strewn bog. Leary had given up the hopeless attempt some years ago, even when agriculture was less depressed, and had since hired himself out as a cowherd to a master, from whom he produced an excellent character. Both Leary and Godfrey had made previous trips to America, without their families; and both were provided with letters from friends there, without which the United States Government will not allow Irish emigrants to land.

The next case I inquired into was that of Margaret Lynch, a respectable, quiet-looking widow, a fact proclaimed by no outward sign of cap or bonnet, for she had nothing but the usual shawl drawn over her head. She supports three children exclusively by her needle. A workhouse official gave her an excellent character. Her husband, she told me, had been a car-driver, but, to use her own words, "his three horses died one by one, and himself died after them." Although present at the workhouse yesterday, Margaret Lynch will only leave with the next batch of emigrants on June 1st.

The gathering at the workhouse for the cars and emigrants was fixed for 5 a.m., Saturday, May 19th. By 5.15 the first family had mounted the first of the line of cars, of which there were six large and about as many small. The whole fifty-one families were conveyed in two trips, and the whole were despatched by 7.30 a.m., so excellent were Captain Colomb's arrangements, and so docile were the emigrants in general. From time to time an occasional howl was raised by some, I think, semi-professional howler; and not a few women shed tears quietly at quitting their friends gathered round the workhouse, but during the embarkation I did not see a tear shed, except by a little girl, who was "sure she was going to be drowned."

Nor did I see but one case of drunkenness, and that was in the case of the only single man of the party. A striking example was made of him, for he was ejected by the fellow-occupants of his car on the road to the point of embarkation, and left behind.

The embarkation itself was effected in the most orderly manner, owing to the fact that the boats of H.M.'s gunboat 'Britomart' were told-off for that service. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the under-officers and sailors to the women and children, and the whole two hundred and seventy-three souls were got on board without the slightest accident. The weather was brilliantly fine, and the occasion was made a sort of fête by the whole neighbourhood, who swarmed round the 'Lake Manitoba' in boats. Not till the ship had got some half a mile off did the priest arrive, wearing a very shiny tall hat, in a boat with some ladies. From beginning to end, he had taken no part in the whole proceedings, so far as I could observe.

There can be no question as to the eagerness of the poor people to fly from starvation and stagnation to a land of abundance and enterprise. It is the change of moral atmosphere, which will be just as potent for good in America as the bettering of their

material condition. An emigrant recently wrote back to his friends,—"Let priest and agitator say what they please against emigration, do you come out." Another wrote,—"If you worked as hard in Ireland as we do out here, you might get on at home." But the fact is that the spirit of work hardly exists in Ireland, and the priestly incubus, encouraging idleness, weighs heavily on the land. The driver of one of the cars, who gave me a lift for a short distance, had caught the infection of the emigration-fever, and exclaimed, "It's too enticing, sure I'll be off myself next trip!" Unhappily, the £100,000 voted by Parliament is all but exhausted, and several Unions who were late in their applications will, I fear, get no Government assistance, unless a fresh sum is voted. The urgency of the need is unquestionable.—I am, Sir, &c., W. H. (Bullock) Hall.

Killarney, May 20th.

P.S.—I may add that Ireland is crying out for tourists, that the weather is magnificent, and that you are as safe here, and far more welcome, than in Bond Street.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—A little imaginative sympathy, enabling us to realise another's stand-point, would often save us from misunderstanding and misrepresenting those who hold different opinions from our own. A larger measure of that quality would have given to the hastily written letter of "H. J. V." a different tone. His criticism of Mr. Bright's strictures upon the Archbishop's thanksgiving prayer is based upon an inaccurate idea both of the prayer and the denunciation. "H. J. V." tells us that it was upon the Church of England Mr. Bright poured out his indignation for the errors of the prayer, whereas he dealt with the Archbishop of York as solely responsible for that production, and carefully discriminated between its authorship and those clergymen who were so shocked at its mercenary spirit that they refused to use it in their churches. The severest censure upon the thanksgiving I have read came from the *Spectator*, for whose opinions "H. J. V." cares so much. The last thing we should expect to come from an "Anglican" is that the Archbishop of York is the Church of England. "H. J. V." blames Mr. Bright for refraining from condemning the Government, and yet censuring the Archbishop. But this blame is entirely undeserved, for in retiring from the Cabinet, Mr. Bright stated that he did so because, in his judgment, the bombardment of Alexandria was a violation of international and moral law. In his speech at Glasgow there was also an implicit condemnation of the Egyptian war, and it was repeated in his latest address. As the strongest disapproval of the Egyptian policy had been expressed by one whose object throughout his life has been to honour God rather than worry a Government, it is doubtful what purpose could have been answered by public expressions of his dissent. The relation, however, of the dignitaries of the Church to the war had not been dealt with; and as the annual meeting of the Liberation Society presented the only opportunity when this could be appropriately done, that relation was fair matter for discussion, in an assembly whose first question would naturally be, "What is the moral and religious utility to the State of an Established Church?" That Mr. Bright's censure of the action of the dignitaries of the Church in relation to our aggressive wars generally, and of the Archbishop's prayer in particular, was justifiable, is the opinion of many who do not hold the doctrines of the Peace Party. What shocked the moral feeling of many in the Archbishop's address to the Supreme Being was its cold-blooded indifference to the sufferings of the conquered, and its Jacob-like utilisation of the political advantages of the situation. The Archbishop did not merely thank God when the war was over, or because the war was over, but mainly because our highway to India had been secured, and because God's power had been manifested in our camp, and was the cause of victory. It was a prayer worthier of the times of the Judges than of the nineteenth century. It practically praised the Infinite One for holding down one section of his family, while another attempted to kill it; and for strengthening our cavalry to pursue and cut down the flying fugitives of Arabi's army. Can any one for a moment suppose that he whose presence is so spiritual that he dwelleth not in temples made with hands, but in the sanctified thoughts and hearts of the good, could manifest *himself* in the passions, and storms, and ravages of a battle-field? The Apostle James, when he asked, "Whence come wars and fightings?" returned a very different response. The day is gone for such anthropomorphic nationalisation of the divine as makes the militarism as well as the sanctity and philanthropy of a people equal expressions of his working. The Christian spirit views the sufferings of Egyptians and Englishmen as part of that martyrdom of humanity which has marked the generations that have gone, and cries, in sadness, and yet hope, "How long, O Lord! how long?"

I am not one of those who concur in Mr. Bright's view of the Egyptian war. I think Mr. Gladstone had sufficient reasons for his action, and I trust his feeling and judgment in this matter. At the same time, I can understand how, from Mr. Bright's stand-point, the war was unnecessary. Every student of philosophy knows the ambiguity of the word "necessary," and its implications. To Mr. Bright, that only is necessary which *ought* to be, which is in harmony with the moral law and the moral sense of man. His ethics are Kantian; he must have a categorical imperative for a certain course, or he cannot commend it. Now, politics are mainly based upon ideas of utility and tradition; they are determined in their evolution by what has preceded them. It is inevitable that collisions should arise between such a statesman as Mr. Bright and the organisers of national opinion into national measures and acts. The defenders of the Egyptian war would not claim that their policy was "necessary," in the Bright sense of necessity. Their arguments at the most maintain that it was so far expedient, from various considerations, as to make it their duty to declare war. That the war was absolutely necessary, so as to be unavoidable, so that the opposite of a state of war was utterly inconceivable to human intelligence, or impossible to finite power, is a proposition which I venture to think few would assert.

One word more, and I close. "H. J. V." says "we care not a brass farthing for Mr. Bright's opinions, but we do care for those of the *Spectator*." If we are to accept without qualification the first of these statements, we must ask,—If so indifferent, why write half a column upon Mr. Bright's opinions, a half column full of veiled concern about the effect of these opinions, on the public mind? The *Spectator* for years has, with admirable wisdom and largeness of view, and with that variation which must mark independent thought, taught its readers to admire Mr. Bright's eloquence, and to appreciate many of his political principles. The English race will admire that eloquence and will reverence those principles as long as the English language is spoken,—as long as human liberty is sacred, and as long as sympathy with the oppressed and suffering remains the noblest passion in the heart of man.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Holmlea, Barnet. John Matthews.

EMPLOYMENT FOR GEORGE WILSON.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—George Wilson, the miner (now a student at St. Andrew's), on whose behalf the readers of the *Spectator* have so kindly interested themselves, is anxious, during the present long vacation, to find some employment. He would be well suited to teach and have the care of young boys, or might act as private secretary. Communications may be addressed to me.—I am, Sir, &c.,

West Nab, West Malvern. Edward Liddell.

ART.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

In some ways, this has been an unfortunate year for the old Society. The blare of trumpets and general success which attended the opening of the rival Society—of the Royal Society's new Galleries in Piccadilly—attracted attention from its older rival, and the tide of picture-seers has to some extent deserted the neighbourhood of the National Gallery, for the neighbourhood of Burlington House. These things are very much a matter of fashion, and it seems to be the fashion now-a-days for picture-seers not to go east of Waterloo Place. It was to be regretted I thought, as indeed, I said at the time, that the Old Society did not accept the offer of the Institute, to make one great Water-colour Exhibition, and so do away with all the past jealousies, and heart-burnings which have hitherto existed between the two institutions. However, the error, if error it were, will bring its punishment with

it; and it is more important at the present time to draw the attention of the public to the fact that the members of the Royal Society do not paint the worse because their policy was short-sighted. Well, it does not follow that because there are nearly a thousand works in water-colours in the galleries of the New Institute, that the three hundred in the room of the Old Society are less worthy of notice. I wish, indeed, that I could say that this is a better exhibition than usual, but such is certainly not my impression; it is, on the whole, slightly inferior, though there are several pictures of considerable merit, and though the average is, on the whole, decidedly higher than that of the Piccadilly Gallery. The real defect in the constitution of this Society has always been its ultra-conservatism, and the niggardliness which has been shown in admitting younger members; this has resulted at the present time in causing the Society to consist chiefly of artists who have passed their prime, and it must necessarily follow, unless there is a considerable change of policy, that for the next few years the exhibition of the Society will decrease in interest. There is no sufficient body of younger members to take the place of those who are passing away. However, I have said all this before. Let me rather note a few of those pictures which seem to be the best of this year.

"The Invincible Armada" (10), by Mr. Albert Goodwin. On the whole, this is the best picture in the gallery, though it is only a repetition by this clever artist of a former motive. If I recollect right, it was last year that he exhibited a drawing of similar title and somewhat similar treatment. The present composition shows one of the great galleons of the Armada stranded upon a rocky coast, and showing dark against a stormy sunset; it is, indeed, a very beautiful drawing, instinct with a stern, almost savage poetry, a pictorial equivalent to one of Kingsley's declamations on the same subject. I must just pause to note here that Mr. Arthur Marsh, who is to the figure painting of this Society what Mr. Goodwin is to its landscape, sends this year nothing of importance. "A Comfortable Seat" (1), by Mr. E. K. Johnson. This deserves notice as one of the prettiest little pictures we have seen for a long time; it represents the painter's little daughter, sitting in an old-fashioned garden, with a big Persian cat on her knees; it has all this painter's well-known delicacy of execution, and its simple motive is exactly suited to the style of his work. Mr. Thorne Waite's work is rapidly losing its chief meritorious qualities,—those of freshness of impression and ease of manner; it has long been evident that his sketches were far superior to his finished work, and this year he shows this still more plainly.

Mr. Moore has half-a-dozen drawings here, all interesting, and all on his usual subject and in his usual style; they call for little remark, except the one I have made so often, that for painting of the sea, as distinguished from the painting of waves, and painting of the sea-coast, Mr. Moore is our most accomplished artist, despite all his faults of over-roughness of execution, and his leaving too much to the spectator's imagination in the forms of his waves and clouds. His paintings and drawings of the sea possess all the freshness and healthiness of the scenes they depict, and have, too, no small share of the mystery of the sea. It is notable, too, that he is one of the very few painters who, having worked for years in an unnaturally low key of colour, has deliberately set himself to remedy the deficiency, and who is rapidly succeeding in so doing. "Fleet Street" (9), by Mr. Herbert Marshall. On the whole, this is the best picture of London which this artist has given us; it is on a rather larger scale than usual, and is full of figures, omnibuses, and carts. Mr. Marshall will have soon to take out a patent for the smoky poetry with which he has surrounded London life. It is far too good to be allowed to be imitated at random, and as Ruskin once said of another artist, "to be degraded by the fallacy of its echoes." It is interesting to note that this is the first drawing of any real merit, which has taken in the new Law Courts, and the site where Temple Bar once stood. As a contrast to this, it is worth while to look at its next neighbour, Mr. Goodall's "Cairene Mosque," shooting a slender minaret up into a sunny sky; a fair, but not a first-rate example of his work. "Waiting for the Boat, Scheveningen" (217), by Mr. R. Bevis. A fine, industrious, careful composition, well drawn and well painted, but not remarkable for any great amount of imagination, or any very minute observation of nature; in fact, industrious and accurate, and a trifle uninteresting. Mr. Collingwood Smith's "Rome, from the Pincio," should be looked at as a survival of a form of art which is rapidly passing away, and should be contrasted with Mr. Glennie's "View of the Palazzo del Popolo," the same place from a lower point of view.

I find it excessively difficult to select a single figure picture as being worthy of special praise. Probably the best is one by a new Associate, who is, we hope, a comparatively young man, William Wainwright. This gentleman sends three drawings, all of which should be carefully looked at; but his most important is called "The Singers," and represents some youths in mediæval costume singing to an unseen audience. This drawing shows very plainly the marks of foreign teaching, and has a good deal of that somewhat unpleasant ability which marks much of the French work; but it is well and strongly drawn, is full of power, and has a definite style and meaning in its painting; in fact, it is by a man who knows his business, and is neither namby-pamby nor trivial. Whether it is not insolent is another question, and if Mr. Wainwright means to become a great artist, he must guard against that coarseness both of feeling and execution of which his work at present shows distinct traces.

Mr. Carl Haag's large picture (130), of a "Sheik in Cairo Receiving a Deputation from the Desert," at the door-way of a mosque, is not a good example of his work, in anything but technical skill; the figures are singularly uninteresting, and the architecture, though beautifully painted, does not compose pleasantly with them. The elaborate style of this artist always borders a little upon the artificial, and, in the present instance has overstepped the line. On the whole, the most interesting landscapes in the exhibition, after those of Mr. Albert Goodwin, are by Mr. W. Matthew Hale, no relation to the figure painter of the same name. These are very tender, delicate studies of atmospheric effect, and the finest of them is called, "Just as the Setting Sun Made Eventide," a picture of a woodland glade against a faintly-pink sky. This last is, without exception, the most perfect piece of harmonious colour in the Gallery, and is absolutely true to an effect of nature which is as beautiful as it is difficult to reproduce. Mr. John Parker is an artist who has taken up the waistcoat, if not the mantle, of the late Mr. Pinwell; and though his work fails in the eerie charm of his predecessor, and fails too, in its over-prettiness and its lack of other meaning, it has several meritorious qualities. "The New Milkpail" is a good example, both for its excellencies and defects; it is very cleverly and elaborately composed, is full of pretty things prettily drawn, and has a pleasant, almost idyllic character; it lacks, however, the "one touch of Nature," and it lacks any reason for the collection into a focus, of the incidents and what may be called the furniture of the picture. The things, and the people seem to me to be there, not because they were on the spot, or ought to have been, but because the painter wanted to make a pretty picture. Mr. Tom Lloyd and Mr. Ernest Waterlow are again two artists who suffer from this disease of unmeaning prettiness. They will stick gracefully dodged-up studio figures into their really delicate landscape studies; they seem to me absolutely incapable of understanding that there must be a certain relation between a figure and the landscape in which it is placed. If they could be shut up in the Luxembourg, and fed on François Millet, and Jules Breton for a month or so, they might, perhaps, do some good work; as it is, their painting has been for years of a kind which impresses me as futile beauty.

Mr. Alfred Newton's drawing of the "Propylæa, Athens," is a refreshing contrast, and errs only in its over-severity. Like all his work, it is a little stern, and tells us a little too plainly that art is a serious business; in this respect, perhaps, it may be compared with Mr. Ruskin's water-colour drawing of the "Duomo at Lucca," a delicate study of various-coloured marbles, in details of architecture. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Plains of Esdraelon" is at once over-brilliant, over-laboured, and unattractive, dwelling upon detail with no apparent object, and giving me no pleasure either as a whole or in part. It seems natural to mention Mr. Boyce along with Mr. Hunt, if only because both are such staunch pre-Raphaelites; but we need not speak of Mr. Boyce's work at length this year; it is as minute and as refined in quality as ever, but as in the exhibitions of the last three or four years, it is far less interesting than of old. Indeed execution has grown to be with Mr. Boyce an end, rather than a means; his pictures therefore suffer.

HARRY QUILTER.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"The Institute of Painters in Water-colours, which has now beea in existence more than half a century, has this year taken a new departure in its history. The exhibitions of the Institute have hitherto been confined to the works of its own elected members, the Galleries which the Institute occupied in Pall Mall having been sufficient only for that purpose. The members have, however, long felt that it was important for the interests of the art that there should be in London an exhibition open to all painters in water-colours, and with this object they have erected their present Galleries in Piccadilly. They have also organised free schools for the education of students in the art of painting in water-colours, instruction in which will be given by the members of the Institute, whose aim and endeavour are to afford the same advantages to painters in water-colours that painters in oil have derived from the Royal Academy."

The above quotation expresses, with tolerable preciseness, the nature of the change which has been made this year in the constitution of the "Institute," and it is only fair that those who have inaugurated and carried out such a much-needed reform should have the merit of their work. Let me say at once that the present exhibition bears to former "Water-colour Galleries" a similar relation to that which the Royal Academy bears to our other exhibitions of oil-paintings. It is not the collection of the work of a small clique of artists, but is, to some considerable extent, fairly representative of Water-colour Art. I cannot spare the space to dilate further upon this alteration, but with the brief assertion that this is, upon the whole, the most complete water-colour exhibition which I have seen in England, pass to the consideration of the principal pictures. I will take them as nearly as may be in the order of the catalogue, and have only to premise that since there are nearly a thousand works in the Gallery, this notice must be necessarily imperfect. I do not profess to mention all the pictures, or even all the best, but to give a note here and there, upon work which is either first-rate of its kind, high in its aim, or remarkable for its truth to nature. M. Jules Lessorc's "La Grosse Horloge, Rouen," is a good example of that grey French manner in which the chief attraction is the observation of "les valeurs." It is a delicate, silvery drawing, of somewhat slight execution, but very refined and quiet in its effect; it has, too, a certain "style," which is rare in English painting. Compare with this No. 646, by Mr. Anderson Hague, a composition in greyish-green of an English hayfield, and it will be noticed that the two pictures have exactly the same charm, and that it is in both cases due to the same cause. Carry the comparison a step further, and look at "Waiting" (746), by Joseph Israels, and it will be seen how enormously the merit of this last great painter's work depends for its effect on this same observation of "the values" which gives the sole attraction to the two former pictures. "The Rouen Clock" and "The Hayfield" have this merit alone, and it suffices to make their work interesting. Herr Israels adds this to his sense of pathos and dignity, and in so doing compensates us for his abnegation of colour.

Mr. Alfred Parsons has sent several landscapes of great interest, in which the only great defect appears to us to be the over-heavy quality of the colouring; he affects a peculiar, dull, deep green for his meadows and foliage, and gets an unpleasant, "puddingy" sort of look into the actual painting; it seems rather as if it had been mixed with a trowel, and had a good stirring-up before it was placed on the paper; but when this is said, nothing remains but praise. The work is elaborate and careful, and at the same time perfectly bold; and the way in which the artist paints the flowers in a garden, or the rushes in a stream, has very many of the pre-Raphaelite virtues, with none of the pre-Raphaelite failings. Of his four drawings here, the last, entitled, "Market-day at Lechlade," is an excessively pleasant, unaffected piece of work. The others, which have figures by another artist named Abbey, are, we think, less interesting from that very cause; it is but rarely that two painters can work in the same picture with perfect success, and I infinitely prefer both Mr. Parson's landscapes and Mr. Abbey's figures unadulterated. A small drawing of "An Autumn Wood" (26), by Mr. W. B. Gardner, deserves notice for its fidelity. It is just a little bit overworked, and the mossy tree-trunks, which are painted with great minuteness and success, are a trifle flat, but, nevertheless, the drawing is very delicate and good.

Mr. C. E. Johnson, who has just been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, has also become a member of the Institute, and sent two large drawings. The most important of these is called "The Black Coolins," and is a vivid sketch of a Scotch mountain scene; it is a very bold and striking study, but it has hardly enough truth in its rock-forms to give real pleasure; indeed, it fails, from being neither a picture nor a study; it has not enough interest for the one, or veracity for the other. A very elaborate drawing, entitled, "Wanderers" (41), by Mr. Edwin Bale, should be noticed for its almost microscopic work, but it is singularly tepid and uninteresting as a whole. Over-sweet, over-refined, and over-laboured, the chief impression that it gives is one of wasted time and wasted skill.

Those who care sufficiently for Art to notice how the charm of the "Old Masters" can filter through to modern times, will do well to look carefully at the four drawings by Mr. Spenser Stanhope. They are all badly drawn, affectedly composed, overstrained in their meaning, and confused in their expression; but they have, notwithstanding, defects that a Kensington student would be innocent of, a beauty of colour, a sincerity of purpose, and an appreciation of the dignity of Art, such as is powerful to vulgarise nine-tenths of the work by which they are surrounded. Compare with these the "Spring," of Mr. Walter Crane, and one sees at once the difference between real and sham feeling for ancient art. Mr. Crane's "Spring" is almost as frankly ill-drawn as any of Mr. Stanhope's figures, and is painted in a rough, sham-fresco sort of way, which is archaic enough in all conscience; but I try in vain to discover therein any of the compensating qualities of colour or meaning, such as I find in Mr. Stanhope's compositions. A certain grace of line there is in the arrangement of its draperies, and there its merits begin and end.

Perhaps Mr. Lionel Smythe's "Field of the Cloth of Gold" is the pleasantest landscape in the exhibition; it is certainly the brightest. A half-mown field of waving corn, a long stretch of English landscape behind it, the brightest of skies above, and the brightest-coated reapers, make up a composition as bright as one of Mr. Brett's seascapes. Mr. Smythe has possibly a little exaggerated the brilliancy of his labourers and his cornfield, but the picture is wonderfully true to atmospheric effect, and I seldom remember to have seen the distance of a flat landscape indicated more cleverly, more simply, and more clearly. Mr. Smythe is a worker in the same school as the Wyllies, and has probably only one great defect, in which they, to a certain extent, share. He is just a little over-clever; he gets too easily up to a certain point, and cares too little to carry his work further.

I cannot afford space in this article to describe the many fascinating sketches of water and shipping which Mr. W. L. Wyllie sends. They are eight in number, they are all bright and pleasant, and all instinct with a certain clear, fresh poetry of their own. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, who has just joined this institution, is also in great force, and his water-colour painting is, in my opinion, immensely superior to his oil. His most important work is called "In Flood-time," a picture of stormy weather on the Thames, or some kindred stream, and is a very strong, fine drawing, not quite free from the artist's dullness of colouring, but less faulty in that respect than usual; but his finest picture is "A Wet Day at the Sea-side" (245), a very patient and beautiful little sketch in pure water-colour; it is delicate, and rather old-fashioned in style, and greatly preferable to Mr. Halswelle's larger pictures. Worth while to note is the unaffected manner in which the reflection of the light through the bow window is indicated, and the suggestion of the wet pavement and the muddy look of the sea is full of truth, and brilliantly simple in its execution; note, too, the knowledge with which the scraps of pure colour are introduced; the drawing, as a whole, has all the breadth and delicacy of early water-colour work.

Mr. E. J. Gregory's little genre picture of "The Sanctum Invaded" (325) is probably the most perfect work of its kind in the exhibition; but I notice with great regret that this artist is, to some extent, neglecting his power of colour, and becoming as dull and domestic as most of his Academic brethren. It would be better for him to paint to the end of his days in the old, slapdash manner, than to degenerate into the chronicler of a child's stockings and a housemaid's duster; we have plenty of such painters, and Mr. Gregory can do better work.

Mr. George Clausen has a curious small picture of "A Shepherd with Lamb,—Early Morning" (417). The drawing has considerable pleasantness of colour, and that tinge of quiet poetry which is the artist's specialty; though why Mr. Clausen should think it necessary to work in this scrubby

manner, I cannot conceive. The paint seems to have been laid on with a hay-rake.

Mr. Andrew Gow sends a very spirited sketch for the large picture of "Montrose at Kilsyth," which was exhibited at the Academy last year. The sketch is better than the picture, and it is curious to note that Mr. Gow's work in water-colour is, as a rule, finer than his work in oil.

The most important picture in the whole exhibition, and, taking into consideration the height of its aim, the best, is "The Admonition" (484), by Mr. W. J. Linton. It is another of his scenes from mediæval life, and represents a Bishop admonishing a young woman, who, by the extreme dejection of her attitude, must have been guilty of some heinous offence; but, whatever may be the interpretation which Mr. Linton desires us to put upon this scene, of the manner in which it is painted there can be no doubt. It is in this respect a work of the very highest merit, skilful, laborious, thorough and original in the manner of its execution, and possessing many fine qualities of colour, much observation and variety of character, and a good deal of sound drawing. The only drawback to the picture is a certain lack of spontaneity; it is too evidently composed; it is just a trifle dull, like the German translation of a French novel; all the elements of the drama are there, the indefinable "go" of the original has somehow faded. I must here close this first notice of the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours, leaving for another time the mention of more than half the most interesting work. HARRY QUILTER.

BOOKS.

THE LAND OF MORNING CALM.*

THE peninsula which we call Corea, first noticed in Western writings by an Arab geographer of the ninth century, who called it Sila, was known to the Japanese as Shinra, and afterwards as Korai (whence Corea); the latter being the official title of the nation from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. It is probably the least familiar portion of the great Eastern world to travellers, and in imagination the least known to the general reader. Here is its position, briefly stated:—"The peninsula, with its outlying islands, is nearly equal in size to Great Britain. Its area is between eighty and ninety thousand square miles. It hangs down between the Middle Kingdom and the Sunrise Land (Japan), separating the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea. When looked at from the westward on a map, Corea resembles the outspread wings of a headless butterfly, the lobes of the wings being toward China, and their tops toward Japan." The Chinese now call Corea the Eastern Kingdom, but the native name of the country, which appeals strongly to the imagination by its immense antiquity and its resolute seclusion, is the poetical one of Chō-sen, or "Morning Calm," bestowed upon it by Ki Tsze (Kishi, or Kicins), who invaded the unknown region of the north-east of China, after the deposition of the Yin dynasty, B.C. 1122, accompanied by several thousand Chinese emigrants, and became its king. If anything could ever conquer the sense of strangeness, of other-planet-like unapproachability, in all things Chinese, that leaves them curious, indeed, but hinders them from being heroic or pathetic to us, it might be the story of Ki Tsze, for he was a scholar, a sage, a great soldier, a wise counsellor to a cruel and foolish tyrant, and so loyal that when Chow Sin, "the Nero of China," perished in the flames of his palace, he would not serve the conquering usurper Wu-wang, but set forth to carry the civilisation of China to the aboriginal tribes whose history is lost in the mists of time. The people whom he found in the north-east were ignorant savages; they lived in caves and holes, dressed in leaves, and were ignorant of morals, manners, cooking, and agriculture. Kishi taught them reading, writing, medicine, the political principles of feudal China, and many of the arts. The country over which he reigned, and where his descendants ruled until the fourth century before the Christian era, was destined to give Buddhism to Japan, a country for a long period far inferior in Chinese-originated civilisation to Corea, whence it also derived literature, the art of printing, and in comparatively recent times, the art of pottery, afterwards carried to such perfection by the workers of Satsuma and Hizen. The names and the deeds of the forty-one generations of Kishi's descendants, making a blood-line of eleven hundred and thirty-one years, are unknown; but the sage and soldier is accepted and honoured as the founder of Corean social order; a civilisation that is one of the very oldest in the world, being contemporaneous with that of Egypt or Chaldea. The contempt of the natives of "the Little Kingdom" for Western civilisation is as the contempt of the Hindoos and Chinese. "When the American Admiral, John Rodgers, in 1871, entered the Han River with his fleet, hoping to make a treaty, he was warned off, with the repeated answer that 'Corea was satisfied with her civilisation of four thousand years, and wanted no other.' The perpetual text of all letters from Seoul to Peking, of all proclamations against Christianity, of all death warrants of converts, and of the oft-repeated refusals to open trade with foreigners, is the praise of Ki Tsze as the founder of the virtue and order of the Little Kingdom, and the loyalty of Corea to his doctrines."

In one of the titles of the ancient sovereigns of Corea, "Lord of Ten Thousand Isles," we have an indication of the physiognomy of the hermit kingdom. The archipelago contains an amazing number of fertile and inhabited islands, rising out of deep water; the mainland consists of eight provinces, and the rulers of the country have striven to convert it from a peninsula into an inaccessible island:—

"Corea," says Mr. Griffis, "has not built a great wall of masonry, but a barrier of sea and river flood, of mountain and devastated land, of palisades, and cordons of armed sentinels. Frost and snow, storm and winter, she hails as her allies. Not content with the sea border, she desolates her shores, lest they tempt the mariner to land. Between her Chinese neighbour and herself, she has placed a neutral space of unplanted, unoccupied land. This strip of forest and plain, twenty leagues wide, stretches between Corea and Manchuria. To form it, four cities and many villages were suppressed three centuries ago, and left in ruins. And only wild beasts, fugitives from justice, and outlaws from both countries, have inhabited this fertile but forbidden territory."

The aggressions of Japan upon Corea, and the fixed Japanese idea that the Land of Morning Calm is, and always has been since the invasion of Queen Jingu (A.D. 202), a tributary and dependency of Japan, form a large portion of the history of the two countries, and are illustrated by the leading features of the pictorial and plastic art of both, in whose designs we find the Corean tiger, the dragon of the Western Kingdom, and the Japanese dog, repeated in a multitude of fantastic forms. On the whole, the history is a prosaic one, and tedious to follow; but it has its gleams of romance, and its touches of poetry, in the legendary time, and in the later days of the Dutch explorers, whose tales were no more believed than those of the long-suffering, late-rehabilitated Mendez Pinto, or those of the Jesuit missionaries who first "caught something like a Pisgah glimpse of the country which, before a century elapsed, was to become a land of promise to French Christianity." It was but a glimpse then; the French priests were forbidden by the Emperor to cross the Tumen (in 1707), and when the Mission afterwards made its way in, it was destined to encounter and record some of the most awful trials and sufferings that find a place in the long roll of Missionary experiences. Here is a passage which puts a vivid picture before us:—

"At Hun-chun, on the Manchiu and Kion-wen, on the Corean side of the river, once a year, alternately, a fair was held, up to 1860, where the Coreans and Chinese merchants exchanged goods. The lively traffic lasted only half a day, when the nationals of either country were ordered over the border, and laggards were hastened at the spear's point. Any foreigner, Manchiu, Chinese, or even Corean suspected of being an alien, was, if found on the south side of the Tumen, at once put to death, without shrift or pity. Thus the only gate of parley with the outside world on Corea's northern frontier resembled an embrasure or a muzzle. When at last the Cossack lance flashed, and the Russian school-house rose, and the church spire glittered beyond the Tumen, this gateway became the terminus of that 'underground railroad' through which the Corean slave reached his Canada beyond, or the Corean Christian sought freedom from torture and death."

Through all the centuries of Chinese suzerainty, and those of Japanese occupation, succeeded, in 1627, by the withdrawal of the Japanese from the peninsula, and the acknowledgment by the Corean King of the Manchu supremacy; through the two centuries of peaceful self-government and absolute isolation which were disturbed by the Missionaries in 1866, and the Japanese in 1875, the author carries his readers, conveying an impression that this hidden people have remained unchanged since they first received the Chinese impress. Of the eight provinces, six are poetically named; these are, the Province of Serene Loyalty (the scene of frightful cruelties practised on the Missionaries and the native Christ-

* *Corea, the Hermit Nation.* By William Elliot Griffis, late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. London: Allen and Co.

ians), the Province of Peaceful Quiet, that of Complete Network, that of Respectful Congratulation, and the River Meadow and Complete View Provinces. Only the Capital and Yellow River provinces descend to common-place. The mountains have also poetical names, which reveal the fears and the faith of the people, for we find among them the Yellow Dragon, the Hidden Dragon, and the Flying Phœnix. There is much natural beauty in the country, the beauty of mountain, forest, and prairie, of profuse vegetation, and plentiful rivers and cataracts. And the people are not indifferent to these beauties; they are a "seeing" race, and proud (among themselves) of their marine and mountain views. The country is fertile, but the climate has great extremes of heat and cold. The Indian story of "the tiger that owns my village" would be thoroughly appreciated in Corea, where a very large and fierce species of that terrible animal abounds, and the idea of it pervades all works of art. To Japanese children, Chōsen is known as "the land of the tiger." Leopards, bears, and wolves are also very numerous, the wild deer and the wild hog abound, monkeys are found in the southern provinces, and alligators and salamanders in the rivers. The people are large eaters, especially of meat; small oxen in great numbers supply them in the south, and dogs are eaten commonly. Tea and rice are rare luxuries, and fish is chiefly devoured raw. Altogether, the "diet" chapter is an uncomfortable one. Sheep are imported from China for sacrificial purposes only, and goats are rare. The poorer classes are meagrely fed; they live, like the Japanese, on millet and beans. All classes use tobacco very much. We may take it that the manners and customs which Mr. Griffis describes as existing now are just the same as they have been for ages; domestic slavery in its mildest form, for instance, the position of women, the fraternal principles on which trades and industries are conducted, and the curious ceremonies of marriage, burial, and mourning. Women are not so ill off in Corea as in many other less secluded heathen countries. They have no rights, and are disposed of like the other animals; but they are not ill-treated by their owners, and though their personal insignificance actually extends to their having no names, they receive titles of honour in public, their apartments are secure from intrusion, they cannot be punished for any crime, the males of the family being responsible for them, and they are free (and safe) to go about at all hours. Widows of position are not supposed to marry again, and are expected to mourn all their lives, but a man whose wife dies wears half mourning for a very short time. It is a breach of good manners to be vehemently sorry for one's wife, and the sex that makes every law finds that one easy to keep. A Corean king is a rather absurd personage; nobody must touch him unbidden, and any one who accidentally does so has thenceforth to wear a red cord round the neck. Metal, also, must never approach the royal person. The King has despotic power, but it is tempered by many kindly customs; he hears the complaints of his subjects, and is in constant communication with the populace, by means of commissioners. The Royal outings are tremendous affairs, with caparisoned horses, dragon flags, and the sacred fan and umbrella. The nobles are a bad and cruel class, according to all accounts of them: the officials and magistrates are "literary." Literature has from time immemorial been held in honour in Corea, from whence the Japanese adopted printing in the twelfth century, when a work of the Buddhist canon was printed from wooden blocks. "A Corean book is known which dates authentically from the period 1317-1324, over a century before the earliest printed book known in Europe." The Coreans are Buddhists, but Shamanism has never lost its hold upon them, and the old gods are reverenced still, just as the old myths remain in modern Greece. The air is not empty for a Corean, and every month has its three unlucky days, the fifth, the fifteenth, and the twenty-fifth. The worship of ancestors, and the Chinese system of ethics, or Confucianism, are their ruling principles, and the fulfilment of the parental and filial relations in an admirable manner is the distinguishing virtue of the hermit race.

They accept their tradition of thirty centuries as undoubted history, and it cannot be denied that in the attitude of the people there is grandeur and poetry. They will be forced to change that attitude, no doubt; the several interests of Japan and the United States will lead to a combined pressure which they will be unable to resist; we read already that "the friendly whistle of Japanese steamers is heard in the harbours of two ports in which are trading settlements." Mr. Griffis is hopeful for the future of the strange and hidden country whose ancient story he relates to us in detail that indicates a vast amount of study. "The near future," he says, "will see Corea open to the world. Commerce and pure Christianity will enter to elevate her people, and the student of science, ethnology, and language will find a tempting field, on which shall be solved many a yet obscure problem." The prophetic precedence given to commerce over pure Christianity may be accidental, but we fear it is ominous; for violence and injustice have marked the enterprises of commerce in Corea up to the present time. We are more struck by the cheerful complacency of Mr. Griffis than by his powers of observation and reasoning, when we find him expressing simultaneously his conviction that Corea is the pivot of the future history of Eastern Asia, that on her soil the problem of supremacy by those jealous rivals, China, Japan, and Russia, will be decided, and also his hope that "whatever may be the issue upon the map of the world, paganism, bigotry, and superstition in Corea may disappear, and that the Christian religion, science, education, and human brotherhood may find an abiding dwelling-place." It may be so, but we confess the "friendly whistle" seems to us to pipe all hands to the active preparation of a bad time for the big-hatted people of the Land of Morning Calm.

EMILY BRONTË.*

This volume, which belongs to the Eminent Women Series, is to a great extent a compilation from other works already published relating to the Brontë family; and the author's object is to give, as far as possible, a portrait only of the fourth daughter, Emily. So closely was her life bound up with that of her family that the book is necessarily a picture of a group rather than of a single individual; yet, on the whole, to the one whose name it bears has been assigned a sufficiently prominent place to justify her being regarded as the heroine. The leading characteristics which she, her brother, and four sisters inherited from their parents were strong will from the Irish father, and consumption from the Cornish mother. From infancy her circumstances seem to have been of a kind adapted to inculcate that stern self-repression, and intense concentration of affection upon the few people with whom she had familiar intercourse, for which she was distinguished. Living in a small house, where there were an anxious, irritable father and a dying mother to be considered, and where the stone floors echoed to every sound, the children were accustomed to think nothing so necessary as that they should amuse themselves in quiet and keep out of the way. But if this state of hushed calm and restraint reigned amongst them perforce while in the house, it was a very different matter outside, where they could ramble to their hearts' content upon the great, bleak, wild Yorkshire moors, enjoy perfect liberty, and study the face of Nature undisturbed by the society of any human beings except themselves. Thus Emily's earliest recollections were "a constant necessity of keeping joys and sorrows quiet, not letting others hear; the equal love of children for one another, the only five children that she knew in the world; the free, wide moors, where she might go as she pleased, and where the rabbits played, the moor game ran, and the wild birds sang and flew." When Mrs. Brontë died, in 1821, her eldest daughter, Maria, an old-fashioned, motherly little girl of seven, with tender, thoughtful ways, took care of the five younger babies, "protecting her little family with gentle love, and discussing the debates in Parliament with her father." Even at that early age the children had developed an aptitude for writing stories and plays which denoted imaginations rather precocious than healthy. Their mother's sick-nurse says:—

> "You would not have known there was a child in the house, they were such still, noiseless, good little creatures. Maria would shut herself up in the children's study with a newspaper, and be able to tell one everything when she came out; debates in Parliament, and I don't know what all. She was as good as a mother to her sisters and brother. But there never were such good children."

Mr. Brontë, though not unkind, troubled himself but very little about his young family. He forbade their having meat to eat, or associating with the village children; but seems otherwise to have left them to do as they pleased, with the moors for a playground, newspapers for literature, and the seven-year-old, loving Maria for chief guardian. So we read that "they devised plays about great men, read the newspapers, worshipped the Duke of Wellington,

* *Emily Brontë.* By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

and strolled about the moors at their own sweet will, knowing of and caring for absolutely no creature outside the walls of their own home." Altogether, Emily's early life seems to have been peculiarly adapted to help to mould the solitary, shy, silent woman that she eventually became; unswerving of purpose, rugged; passionately attached to liberty, to all animals, and to her family; so fond of home that whenever away she could not help being heart-sick for it, and never getting reconciled to the jarring strangeness of other places.

A year after the mother's death, a new element was introduced into Emily's life by the arrival of a prim, snuff-taking, maiden aunt, from Penzance, who taught the girls sewing, dusting, pudding-making, and similar domestic duties, and probably laid the foundation of the talent for housekeeping that Emily developed in later life. Then, when only six years old, she and her three elder sisters were sent to the horrible Cowan's Bridge School, which supplied the original of Lowood in *Jane Eyre*. At this grim, cold, and hungry charity school, managed by a man who "deliberately ignored the apple-and-pegtop side of child-nature," and where the miserable scholars were ill-fed, ill-lodged, ill-clothed, and harshly treated, everything must have tended to increase rather than to counteract the stern, self-concentrated, repressing influences of her earlier training; and, by proving fatal to her two eldest sisters, the school did yet more to confirm her in her previous habits, by thus cutting off two from the already narrow circle of those whom she loved, and in whose company her nature could expand itself. So wild, unsociable, and untractable had she become by the time she was sixteen, that her sister Charlotte could not, without great misgivings, send her out walking for the first time alone with Miss Nussey, Charlotte's own friend, and on their return from the walk immediately drew aside the visitor, to ask eagerly, "How did Emily behave?" A young lady of this disposition could hardly be expected to prove otherwise than formidable to Mr. Brontë's curates, and we are told that if by chance they found her instead of her father in his study, they would beat a retreat so hastily as to make it an established joke at the parsonage that she appeared to the outer world in the likeness of an old bear. Notwithstanding this ruggedness, however, fidelity to old friends was a marked feature in her character, as well as in that of her sisters, as was shown by their conduct when their old servant Tabby broke her leg:—

"She was already nearly seventy, and could do little work; now her accident laid her completely aside, leaving Emily, Charlotte, and Anne to spend their Christmas holidays in doing the housework and nursing the invalid. Miss Branwell, anxious to spare the girls' hands and her brother-in-law's pocket, insisted that Tabby should be sent to her sister's house to be nursed, and another servant engaged for the Parsonage. Tabby, she represented, was fairly well off, her sister in comfortable circumstances; the Parsonage kitchen might supply her with broths and jellies in plenty, but why waste the girls' leisure and scanty patrimony on an old servant competent to keep herself? Mr. Brontë was finally persuaded, and his decision made known. But the girls were not persuaded. Tabby, so they averred, was one of the family, and they refused to abandon her in sickness. They did not say much, but they did more than say—they starved. When the tea was served, the three sat silent, fasting. Next morning found their will yet stronger than their hunger—no breakfast. They did the day's work, and dinner came. Still they held out, wan and sunk. Then the superiors gave in."

The practical and the imaginative were ever curiously blended in Emily, and both kept in constant action by the resolute, energetic spirit that made determined work as natural to her as breath. A capital housekeeper was this woman of remarkable genius; her bread was famed throughout Haworth for its lightness and excellence, and whilst she kneaded the dough she would study German from a book propped open in front of her, and have a scrap of paper and pencil at her side wherewith to jot down any thought worth remembering that might occur. There was a sort of double life always going on in her, of which Miss Nussey appears to have derived some inkling from observing the way in which Emily would be affected by wild Irish tales of horror, which Mr. Brontë loved to relate at breakfast, and which made the visitor's blood run cold as she listened. Far different, however, was their effect on Emily, for Miss Nussey tells us that,—

"Sometimes she marvelled as she caught sight of Emily's face, relaxed from its company rigour, while she stooped down to hand her porridge-bowl to the dog: she wore a strange expression, gratified, pleased, as though she had gained something which seemed to complete a picture in her mind. For this silent Emily, talking little save in rare bursts of wild spirits; this energetic housewife, cooking and cleaning as though she had no other aim in view than the providing for the day's comfort; this was the same Emily who at five years of age used to startle the nursery with her fantastic fairy-stories. Two lives went on side by side in her heart, neither ever mingling with or interrupting the other. Practical housewife with capable hands, dreamer of strange horrors: each self was independent of the companion to which it was linked by day and night."

We have dwelt so long on the impressions which Emily's nature received whilst in its earliest and most malleable stage, that we have no space here to follow the processes by which it was subsequently shaped and developed. Yet we cannot conclude this notice without alluding to the evil genius of the family, her brother Patrick, dissolute, drunken, opium-eating, and good-for-nothing. Painful as the subject is, it is none the less necessary to be taken into account, by whoever seeks to understand the history of the sister who ever gave him sisterly love and loyalty, in spite of sin, degradation, and excesses which she abhorred, and for which she was forced to suffer. A baneful and abiding element in her life, it was from him that was partly taken the character of Heathcliff, the weird, unique hero of *Wuthering Heights*, a book which, whether or no wholly satisfactory to all tastes, must at all events be universally admitted to be entirely original; a novel standing by itself, and neither founded on nor borrowed from, any other work. Weak as Patrick was, yet he showed himself in death to be not altogether destitute of the strong family will. When the last moment came,—

"He would die as he thought no one had ever died before, standing. So, like some ancient Celtic hero, when the last agony began, he rose to his feet; hushed and awe-stricken, the old father, praying Anne, loving Emily, looked on. He rose to his feet and died erect, after twenty minutes' struggle."

The nature of Miss Robinson's theme makes her book at once sad and interesting, as any account of Emily Brontë must inevitably be. It is the record of the life of a rarely-gifted, loving, lonely woman, of indomitable will and dauntless courage. Wealth, ease, pleasure, domestic joys, success in plans, fame, all these things were denied her; and she might well have echoed Faust's bitter cry that "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren!*" was the doom imposed upon her. Yet she never gave way under her troubles. She would seem always, like Goethe's Iphigenie, to have been impelled onwards by the thought, "*Der vorwärts sieht, wie viel noch übrig bleibt,*" and so to the last breath she fought gallantly with soul and body, and was true to herself.

"Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure,"

she writes, in one of her poems; and to such a soul as she desired, she seems in truth to have attained. Is it admiration, love, or pity, that should predominate in the feeling of posterity towards her, as they learn to know her as she really was?

AN ANTI-VIVISECTION NOVEL.*

Mr. Wilkie Collins, as his custom is, gives in the forefront of his latest book a semi-descriptive, semi-critical preface, which is, unlike the majority of such compositions, certain to be read. "In the abstract," as Sydney Smith's Scotch young lady would put it, a preface to a work of art is a work of supererogation, possibly an impertinence; for such a work ought not to need explanation or supplement, while, as for criticism, readers can supply *that* for themselves, and resent it as cordially as they resent unsolicited advice. Mr. Wilkie Collins, however, can do for a preface what Swift, according to Stella, could do for a broomstick,—he can make it entertaining, which he does partly by the sheer force of a bright and perfectly lucid style, pleasantly salted with the special kind of humour which never fails him, but mainly by his delightfully confidential manner, which probably leads some simple-minded readers to think that, having been told how the books are written, they could write them for themselves, "if they had a mind."

In this particular preface, Mr. Wilkie Collins returns to an old theory of his, and insists that the qualities in fiction which find most favour with the British public are character and humour, and that incident and dramatic situation only find a second place in their favour. He tells us that he has "always tried to combine the different merits of a good novel in one and the same book," but that he has "never succeeded in keeping an equal balance," and that in the present story we shall "find the scales inclining, on the whole, in favour of character and humour." Perhaps Mr. Wilkie Collins hardly states the case quite correctly. The ordinary novel-reader of the day does,

* *Heart and Science, a Story of the Present Time.* By Wilkie Collins. In 3 vols. London: Chatto and Windus.

indeed, value character and humour, but he values also incident and dramatic situation, as is amply proved by the continued popularity of the writer's own book, *The Woman in White;* and we are inclined to think that he values most of all the simple skill in the art of narration which is one of Mr. Wilkie Collins's strongest points. Whether there be much or little story in a novel, the reader demands that it shall be well told, and it is in this telling of a story that Mr. Wilkie Collins is supreme. There is less plot in *Heart and Science* than in many of the writer's previous works, but we do not find this out until we have closed the third volume; for what there is of story is so deftly managed, that we have in reading it the *feeling* of plot, just as in reading such an unrhymed poem as "Tears, Idle Tears," we have the feeling of rhyme.

When we began to speak about this preface we were, however, thinking not of such matters as these, but of the announcement that *Heart and Science* has been written partly as a contribution to the literature of the Anti-vivisection movement. We are not sure that this announcement is not a mistake, for if a novel have a distinct purpose apart from mere entertainment, it is, perhaps, better for several reasons that it should be left to reveal itself; but Mr. Collins has probably sufficient confidence both in himself and his cause to feel that he will lose little by thus showing his hand. We have never been able to see the force of an objection frequently brought against the polemical novel, that it attempts to substitute an appeal to the imagination and the feelings for the logical arguments which are asserted to be the only legitimate weapons in controversy. The heart, the conscience, and the imagination have their own arguments, not less than the reason; and when Mr. Collins traces in one of his characters "the result of the habitual practice of cruelty (no matter under what pretence) in fatally deteriorating the nature of man," he is making as genuine a contribution to the settlement of a vexed question as that made by the physiologist who proves, by hard fact, that vivisection has been misleading to science, as well as repulsive to morality.

Dr. Benjulia, the vivisecting surgeon, is not only an impressive figure, but a curiously interesting psychological study. Nothing could be truer to human nature than this picture of a man in whom the lust of knowledge has become as purely selfish and degrading as the lust of gold. Even granting, as in fairness we perhaps ought to grant, that a man like Benjulia begins his experiments with the desire of obtaining through them some knowledge which may be of use in relieving human suffering, it seems clear that indifference to suffering anywhere—say in a tortured dog or rabbit—must in the nature of things result in indifference to suffering everywhere; and knowledge which had been but a means to a beneficent end becomes an end in itself, and an end pursued in the manner which is purely selfish. Benjulia's supreme aim at the time when we make his acquaintance is not that a beneficent discovery should be made, but that he should be the man to make it; and he dissuades his friend Ovid Vere from visiting Italy, and sends him to Canada instead, because he fears that in Italy he may meet with physiologists who may put Vere on the scent which he himself has so long been following. This seems to us an entirely truthful conception, having behind it an irrefutable argument; nor does Mr. Collins stray from the path of psychological certainty, when he goes still further, and represents Benjulia, in the absorbing passion of his unhallowed quest, as allowing Carmina, the charming heroine of his book, to reach the very gates of death, in order that he may study, under favourable conditions, the phenomena of "simulated paralysis."

The portrait is rendered at once more truthful and more impressive by the fact that Mr. Collins does not yield, as an inferior artist would have yielded, to the temptation to make Benjulia wholly repulsive. There is something in the loveless solitude of his life, cut off as it is not only from human sympathy, but from the simple amenities of ordinary human intercourse, which irresistibly compels pity, even for a man who is himself pitiless; and the strongly-conceived picture of the last day of a wasted life—the day in which Benjulia discovers that the prize he has been seeking has slipped from his grasp—is an adequate and powerful realisation of Aristotle's often-quoted definition of the scope of tragedy. In one of the medical journals which are supplied to him every week, and which he examines, but never reads, Benjulia has at last found the thing that for years he has been fearing to find,—the review of a new book in which the problem upon which he has been working is solved. In the darkness of the winter evening, he starts for London, driving furiously, as if upon an errand of life and death—as indeed he is—and secures a copy of the fatal book. He drives to his club, and the library waiter finds him busily engaged in reading:—

"The man whose business it was to attend the fires went in during the night, from time to time, and always found him in the same corner. It began to get late. He finished his reading, but it seemed to make no difference. There he sat—wide awake—holding his closed book upon his knee, seemingly lost in his own thoughts. This went on till it was time to close the club. They were obliged to disturb him. He said nothing; and went slowly down into the hall, leaving his book behind him. It was an awful night, raining and sleeting; but he took no notice of the weather. When they fetched a cab, the driver refused to take him where he lived on such a night as that. He only said, 'Very well; go to the nearest hotel.'"

The bed at the hotel is unslept in, and the next day Benjulia sallies forth, to return home for the last time, staying only to make an attempt to see once more the little girl, Zoe Gallilee, the only human creature who has ever stirred in him something like affection. The attempt is unsuccessful; the family has left the house; but the old woman in charge admits him, and nothing that Mr. Wilkie Collins has written is fuller of pathetic power than the story of how Benjulia visited the deserted school-room, bringing away from it as a relic of his little friend a torn paper cover, "which bore on its inner side a grotesquely-imperfect inscription,—'*my cop book xo.*'" Benjulia returns home, and until night he remains inactive. His pipe is unlit, the so-called laboratory outside the house where his mysterious experiments are made is unvisited, and only one demand is made upon the servants, that one being, however, sufficiently startling. They are called up to receive written characters and their wages in lieu of notice, and two of them are requested to witness the signature of their master's will. Then, when the darkness has fallen, Benjulia and his footman carry out into the still, cold starlight "the big basket for waste-paper, three times filled with letters and manuscripts, the books, the medicine-chest, and the stone jar of oil from the kitchen," and set them down at the door of the strange, dark building, the secret of which has been so well kept. Benjulia himself carries everything inside, and when the door is shut, the footman, bent upon discovery, posts himself close to one of the side walls:—

"Now and then he heard—what had reached his ears when he had been listening on former occasions—the faint, whining cries of animals. These were followed by new sounds. Three smothered shrieks, succeeding one another at irregular intervals, make his blood run cold. Had three death-strokes been dealt on some suffering creatures, with the same sudden and terrible certainty? Silence, horrible silence, was all that answered. In the distant railway there was an interval of peace. The door was opened again, the flood of light streamed out on the darkness. Suddenly the yellow glow was spotted by the black figures of small, swiftly-running creatures—perhaps cats, perhaps rabbits—escaping from the laboratory. The tall form of the master followed slowly, and stood revealed, watching the flight of the animals. In a moment more, the last of the liberated creatures came out—a large dog—limping as if one of its legs was injured. It stopped as it passed the master, and tried to fawn on him. He threatened it with his hand. 'Be off with you, like the rest!' he said. The dog slowly crossed the flow of light, and was swallowed up in darkness. The last of them that could move was gone. The death-shrieks of the others had told their fate."

The footman sees his master retire into the building, and hears him bolt the door behind him. He goes back to the house, and to bed, but, horror-stricken at his discovery, he can get no sleep. The thought of the dog torments him, and he wonders if the maimed creature has found a refuge. He steals downstairs, and gently opens the house-door:—

"Out of the darkness on the step there rose something dark. He put out his hand. A persuasive tongue, gently licking it, pleaded for a word of welcome. The crippled animal could only have got to the door in one way,—the gate which protected the house-enclosure must have been left open. First giving the dog a refuge in the kitchen, the footman, rigidly performing his last duties, went to close the gate. At his first step into the enclosure he stopped, panic-stricken. The starlit sky over the laboratory was veiled in murky red. Roaring flame and spouting showers of sparks poured through the broken skylight. Voices from the farm raised the first cry,—'Fire! fire!'"

Such is the end of Benjulia. The chapter in which the terrible story is told has a more powerful effect upon the imagination than anything we can remember in recent fiction; and vivid as the picture is, it cannot be said that it owes its vividness to partial or exaggerated presentation. Benjulia is consistent throughout,—consistent with himself, consistent with human nature, consistent with that law of conscious being the operation of which is seen in the reflex influence of action upon character. He is shown to us as a man utterly devoid of imagination, and this one fact alone suffices to account for his life and

his death, and to give to the record of both a terrible homogeneity. We have heard it said that the portrait is drawn from life. We do not know whether this is so, and the question is not one of much interest. A picture so drawn is not necessarily lifelike; but whether Benjulia has or has not a living original, he is himself alive, we know him and understand him, and the conception owes its impressiveness to its imaginative veracity.

We have left ourselves without space in which to speak of the story itself, and of the subsidiary characters. The former is, it need hardly be said, thoroughly interesting, though a little slighter in conception than is usual with Mr. Wilkie Collins. The latter are, for the most part, average specimens of the writer's workmanship; but the delightful child, Zoe, represents the high average, while the more elaborately drawn portrait of her mother, Mrs. Gallilee, represents the low one. If we are intended to regard Mrs. Gallilee's devotion to science and her combined cunning and cruelty as standing in the relation of cause and effect,—and it seems to us that something like this *is* intended,—then Mr. Collins is guilty of the exaggeration which is so conspicuously absent from the portrait of Benjulia. Mr. Mool, the lawyer, is admirable, and Mr. Gallilee is very amusing, though not nearly so good as Zoe, whose reminiscences of her Scotch visit, in the third volume, are intensely funny. Quite apart from its special purpose, *Heart and Science* is a most fascinating story, and is certainly none the worse as a novel because, to quote the words of the preface, it "pleads the cause of the harmless and affectionate beings of God's creation."

THE ACADEMY, 1872-1882.*

We should not review a pamphlet which embodies so many of the opinions on Art which Mr. Quilter has expressed in the *Spectator*, did we not think that a criticism even of our own Art critic, by one who accepts many of his principles, while often differing from him on the application of them, might be of real advantage to our readers. In the following article, we shall endeavour to speak with perfect freedom and independence of the pamphlet before us. We do not think that Mr. Quilter will object to our assuming that his writing on Art has certainly had the effect of increasing rather than of lessening the standing feud which exists between the artist and the critic. We believe Mr. Quilter would prefer being accused of any amount of barbarity to an artist, to its being thought possible that he would cede too much to the sensibilities of any one. He likes to startle us with abrupt truth, truth in its most naked form. But the artist who is criticised and condemned naturally asks, "What is truth? Why must it be what Mr. Quilter says it is?" Mr. Quilter treats his mission as an Art critic with an almost Biblical solemnity. He prefaces his pamphlet with the following quotations,—

> "More is it than ease,
> Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
> To have seen White Presences upon the hills,
> To have heard the Voices of the Eternal Gods;"

and,—

> "*Leonato.*—Are these things spoken, or do I dream?
> *Don John.*—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true."

More moderate are the following remarks of Mr. Quilter as to his own conceptions of his task:—

"At best, the pamphlet only pretends to be a Liebig's biscuit of Art, compressed food in a somewhat unpalatable form. The sole merit I claim for it is that it attempts to tell plain truth in plain English. It may be that the opinions herein expressed are erroneous, and even absurd; but, at all events, those opinions have a definite meaning, are susceptible of a clear statement, and are firmly believed by the present writer. I pretend to no critical infallibility."

Mr. Quilter states his general drift in the following manner:—

"In these notes an attempt has been made to describe the character of English painting during the last ten years, and to mention, as far as was possible within the limited space, a few of the merits and peculiarities of the most notable pictures. It is no part of my object to frame an indictment against the Academy, but it would be simply cowardly, in professing to estimate the work which has been lately done therein, and the influence which the institution has exercised over English painting, to conceal my conviction that the Royal Academy, in its present constitution, exists for the good of itself rather than the good of the nation, and is detrimental rather than favourable to many of the best interests of English Art. It is, in plainest words, a private club administering public functions, and irresponsibly applying public interest and public money. That in such a position it fails of acting with regard to the good of the governed many, rather than the governing few, is only to say that its administrators are men, not angels. *The blame rests with those who permit such administration to continue.* The blame rests with the English people."

We entirely agree with Mr. Quilter in thinking it unfortunate that the Academy has not centred all the different branches of Art which have been developed during the last thirty years within the interests of its own body. All artistic industries ought, we think, to have found a generous patron in the Royal Academy. Surely the idea of South Kensington and the many branch schools for teaching art and design should have emanated with the Academy. The particular purpose for which the Grosvenor Gallery was started should have been thought of and fulfilled by the Academy. The new Water-colour Institute should long ago have been made unnecessary by the Academy's interest and encouragement of that branch of painting. Many of the Royal Academicians would, we believe, agree in wishing that the genius of such artists as Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Walter Crane, W. Morris, and William de Morgan was associated with their own institution. Probably there are rules, unknown to outsiders, which make it difficult to incorporate into their system the branches of Art in which these artists are so distinguished, and certainly the red-tapeism must be difficult to get over, if the present President does not succeed in doing so. Sir Frederick Leighton has shown his appreciation of all kinds of genius in a very practical way, and would, we believe, certainly make the Academy as catholic in its sympathies as any one could wish. But we feel that the more difficulties there are inside the Academy in making its spirit elastic and sensitive to merit in every line of Art, the more should the public outside clamour for more real sense in the governing of such a national institution, and for a change in all those rules which create the difficulties. They should not be allowed to stand in the way of the real importance which such a body ought to have as an influence in the country.

Mr. Quilter's second chapter is entitled "Traditions and Changes." In this, though there are many interesting passages, we do not feel that Mr. Quilter meets what he says "is a great need in England just now, of art-writing which can be definitely traced to its first principles." We do not feel that his standing-point is so high that he can get a sufficiently wide horizon for a comprehensive view of his subject. Not that he does not touch every side of his question, but he does not so command it that he brings it harmoniously into a whole. Like the light of a bull's-eye lantern, his criticism strikes one point startlingly, but leaves the surrounding space all the darker. Hence, we believe, the inconsistencies in his expressions of opinion. As one example of the want of a truly comprehensive grasp, we might cite the way in which Mr. Quilter is constantly suggesting it as possible to separate the excellence of the technique in a work of art from the value of the feeling. Our opinion is that the one dominates the other so entirely in the work of a born artist, that it is most misleading to disentangle the power of the workmanship from that of the intention, as Mr. Quilter does in such sentences as the following:—"The perfection of Sir Frederick Leighton's technique will not save his dainty-skinned damsels from the oblivion that awaits them." There are also strangely inaccurate statements of facts made to play part in Mr. Quilter's arguments, which remind us of a story told of a famous lawyer who instructed his pupil in this wise,—"Never make a mistake in your logic, you are sure to be found out. The facts remain at your disposal." Speaking of the irresponsibility of the Academy, Mr. Quilter says, in a note, "The best proof of this is that the Academy as a body has never deigned to answer, much less to remedy, any complaint which has been made against its proceedings." It was only last winter that the Academy, finding that Rossetti's pictures were not hung to the taste of many of his admirers, had them rehung, though they had been hung in the first instance with the greatest care, and on the principle that to break the view of them altogether by screens would be an advantage, considering the similarity in the type of the faces delineated. Again, to our minds nothing could be further from the truth than the following statement with reference to Mr. Watts's portraits:—"The painter has never mastered his method, or, rather, he has never had a method that was not an experimental one." The late exhibition of Mr. Watts's works will, we think, to those who recall it, be a sufficient proof of the inaccuracy of this sweeping assertion. His pictures painted years ago prove how good and safe has been his method. They become fairer, lighter,

* *The Academy*, 1872-1882. By Harry Quilter. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

and clearer the older they are. The famous picture of Daphne is a notable example of this.

The present writer quite disagrees in Mr. Quilter's verdict expressed at the end of chapter ii., namely, "that there is no very great Art in England just now." In chapter iii., Mr. Quilter begins his criticisms of the yearly Academy exhibitions, from 1872 to 1882. We find in them much with which we heartily agree, much from which we dissent. He is not, we think, sufficiently alive to the untrue and ugly side in the workmanship of the pre-Raphaelites, the workmanship in which each spot in the nature represented seems to have been put under a microscope, and there and then accentuated in vivid hue, irrespective of all surrounding influences. To us, such painting, skimming, as it were, the bloom of atmosphere from colour, even as workmanship, seems as little to represent the truth in the beauty of Nature's colour as an *écorché* figure in which the muscles are denuded of the skin impresses us with the beauty of the human form. We often regret the form in which Mr. Quilter puts his criticisms. We think his opinions are too often deformed by the positiveness of his style, especially when his reasons are not given. We are convinced that Mr. Quilter's criticisms are most sincere. They are sometimes remarkably clever, and, as isolated opinions, often true. Nevertheless, he makes a mistake, we think, in somewhat naïvely feeling that entire confidence that his desire and intention to be honest must insure the result that "these things are true." "What is truth?" is as difficult a question to settle with respect to Art, when once the teachable qualities are mastered, as it is with respect to religion. Every one who feels keenly and fervently on matters of Art believes his view to be the truth. There is no provable right or wrong, when once the boundaries of the teachable qualities are passed, and we believe the writing on Art which does not fully realise the inevitable variety in human tastes and impressions, cannot treat the subject sufficiently sympathetically to influence the public in a wholesome and truly enlightening manner. No two people's eyes see exactly the same, not only because colours affect the actual vision differently, but because there will be in different people unconscious preferences, affected by unconscious memories and associations; so also will certain aspects and renderings of Nature affect the moral and spiritual side of our nature in a wholesome manner, or the reverse, according to individual associations and sensibilities. We know of work by contemporary artists which very genuinely appeals to the most refined, delicate, spiritual side of many natures, whereas to other natures, the very same art as genuinely affects them as sensuous and maudlin in feeling and affected in expression. The skill of the critic is proved by his meeting the first and obvious necessity of his art, namely, expressing his individual opinions in an entirely sincere, honest, and unbiassed way, while, at the same time, he frames those opinions in a form which proves his mind beyond and above narrow dogmatism, and by intelligent reasoning and by reference to general principles he inspires his readers with a desire to think with him. Criticism, like all other arts, depends partly upon its form for its influence and power. Our own experience is that true-born artists do not resent hearing any honest expression of opinion about their work. The standard they are aiming at, the conception of their own artistic natures, is far beyond and above what even any art critic might require of them, and they are the first to know that their work never can, never will reach it. At the same time, the manner in which their achievements impress other minds of any intelligence must be a matter of great interest to them. But what reasonable artists do condemn is that any critic should direct the public taste in any degree merely by dogmatic assertions maintained by no adequate reference to generally-acknowledged principles. Such assertions may often be true, but what the artists feel is that the critic's style is unwarrantable, if it be such as to suggest that, before having proved his accuracy of judgment, he should himself take his right to dogmatize for granted. We all know when the *Times* or the *Spectator* speaks on subjects such as Art, it is an individual speaking, though, perhaps, under slight editorial correction; it is no synod of wise minds evoking judgments out of weighty evidence and principles. Still, the popular mind, which has never come into intimate relation with the real producers of art and literature, is, perhaps, unduly impressed by the importance of what the papers say on such matters. The creative mind resents the probability that an individual opinion on matters which are very difficult to discuss with perfect fairness and fullness will gain the undue prestige wielded by the Press. The real grievance of the artist as against the art critic lies in the former's belief that the more dogmatic the style of the critic, the more will the simple-minded public fall under its influence. Really valuable influence among the more cultivated minds has been lost by the wrong form in which critics have expressed their opinions. We cannot too much regret the influence that even Mr. Ruskin has lost by the form in which he has expressed some of his sweeping, even if at times jocular condemnations. Certainly, if any one has made for himself a right to speak dogmatically, it is the author of *Modern Painters*, a classic for all times, in which the author has proved, not only that he has profoundly studied his subject, but that his genius and fine instinct for perceiving, enjoying, and analysing the sources of the impressions which beauty produces is as great as that possessed by the best artists themselves. Mr. Ruskin has, so to speak, won his spurs in that field where all great poets, artists, and writers have won their glory. To do anything as well as he has done it is impossible without the rare fibre of true greatness; but to descend to a lower level, all who have ever tried their hands at art and criticism must know how comparatively easy the one is, compared to the other. Mr. John Morley, in returning thanks for "Literature" at the Royal Academy banquet this year, said:—"As I look round these walls, it is with humiliation that I contrast the energy and industry, the patient and arduous apprenticeship that have gone to the production of these works, with the comparatively superficial manner in which men of my own profession perform their work. What amazes and humiliates me is the contrast between the industry and study that precede success in Art, and the comparatively superficial preparation that achieves a kind of success in literature." We believe firmly that much good might be done if a more genuine sympathy existed between those who follow art and those who follow art-literature; but such a sympathy is not likely to come about while the form in which the Art critic puts his opinions in is that of, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark." We agree with many of Mr. Quilter's criticisms so often, that we regret the more the undue dogmatism by which his censure is sometimes disfigured.

We think the mistake Mr. Quilter makes is that he asserts an opinion, and instead of using his very uncertain, though often great literary power, to prove it true, takes it as already proved when once asserted. The following are a few out of many examples in the pamphlet before us where assertions are made without being explained:—"Mr. Fildes is not a great painter;" or, again, with reference to a picture by Mr. Orchardson, "With nearly every defect of subject and method a painting could have," &c. In speaking of Mr. Frith's "Road to Ruin," "This is not fine art, not even nature. It is simply cheap shoddy, manufactured sentiment, sentiment of the scene-shifter and the costumier, and the sooner it is estimated at its proper value, the better." And of Sir F. Leighton's "Elijah,"—"Elijah was large, ambitious and unsatisfactory, unpleasing in the attitude of the prophet, and uninteresting in the angel." Of Mr. Rooke, "Neither a great painter nor a good draughtsman." Of Mr. Long's "Diana or Christ," "his least meritorious picture, utterly failing to tell its story, or to realise the scene intended." These may or may not be right criticisms, but they are not verified in any way, and they are not only vexatious to the painter, but are of no value to the public without being verified. A truth, we feel, is not the truer for being bare, still less is it the truer for being roughly expressed. On the contrary, one isolated truth is falsified, if it be accentuated into prominence; whereas, were the subject treated exhaustively, it would take a relatively almost subordinate place. It is a temptation in current literature to condense a subject without reference to the relative importance of its many sides. The striking and startling element is retained in its entirety, often at the expense of a sense of balance, the firm strength of reserve, of all "sweetness and light," in fact. In conclusion, we believe that if Mr. Quilter could change his too dogmatic style, his criticism on Art might not only be clever, which it generally is, and sound, which it often is, but be of much more value to the public.

OLD AND NEW EDINBURGH.*

This is not a perfect book, for Mr. James Grant is by no means a perfect writer. Incessant production, for a generation, of

* *Old and New Edinburgh: its History, its People, and its Places.* By James Grant. 3 vols. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

novels of the "romantic" kind does not conduce to accuracy of thought or of style, and Mr. Grant has not got beyond the Cavalier and other convictions or prejudices of his early *Yellow Frigates* and *Black Dragoons*. He evidently still considers Argyll—the Argyll who was the rival of Montrose and the correspondent of Cromwell—as a canting traitor. After all that recent historical research has proved, he has no better description for one of the ablest monarchs that ever ruled England—although he quite misunderstood the character of the forces that resisted him in Scotland—as "the cruel and treacherous Edward I." There is, too, a note of guide-book provincialism in his estimates of men and things. All his Scotch geese are cosmopolitan, or at least Imperial, swans. The rocks in the vicinity of Edinburgh are "stupendous craigs;" the professors she "raises" or honses are almost all "distinguished," or "eminent," or have "world-wide reputations." Considering everything that has been said and written of late years, one gets a little tired of "the Edinburgh through the noble streets of which Scott limped in his old age, white-haired and slow, leaning often on the arm of Lockhart or the grey-haired Ettrick Shepherd; the Edinburgh where the erect and stalwart form of the athletic 'Christopher North,' with his long locks of grizzled yellow—his 'tawny mane,' as he called them—floating on the breeze, his keen, blue eye seemingly fixed on vacancy, his left hand planted behind his back, and his white neckcloth oft awry, strode daily from Gloucester Place to the University, or to 'Ebony's,' to meet Jeffrey, Rutherford, Cockburn, 'Delta,' Aytoun, Edward Forbes, and Carlyle; the Edinburgh where Simpson, the good, the wise, and the gentle, made his discovery concerning chloroform, and made his mark, too, as 'the grand, old Scottish doctor,' whose house in Queen Street was a focus for all the learned and all the *literati* of Europe and America; the Edinburgh of the Georgian and Victorian age."

On the other hand, the preparation of this work has obviously been to Mr. Grant a labour of love. Nothing but indefatigable industry, stimulated by unflagging enthusiasm, could have produced three large and closely-printed volumes on Edinburgh. He has read all that has been written about the place—a library in itself. He has made a street-to-street, a house-to-house visitation of it. Every "land," every monument, every "cairn," every church, has been forced to give up its historical secret. Edinburgh is besides, a city of a size quite manageable for the purposes of such description as we have here. Mr. Grant, indeed, talks of "the Edinburgh of the Victorian age" as "a vast city stretching nearly from the wild and pastoral hills of Braid to the sandy shores of the Firth of Forth." But, after all, a town with a population of less than a quarter of a million cannot in these days be described as "vast." Besides, Edinburgh is not likely to increase much or rapidly. It is no longer what Mr. Grant would style "a focus for *literati*; the railway has brought it too near London for it ever to play that part again. The overshadowing commercial importance of Glasgow, and the rapid growth of Dundee and Aberdeen, will prevent its ever being a capital again in any real sense. Its natural beauty, and what its inhabitants delight to call its "advantages," clearly indicate its future as a city of education, and retirement, and pleasant, if somewhat "superior" bourgeois society,—a combination of Oxford and the Hague. Such a city is not likely to increase to unwieldy dimensions. It is bound to live essentially in, if not on, the past. But it will always be "very interesting," as the lady globe-trotter whom one is sure to meet at a Continental table d'hôte styles every old town under the sun. It is possible to write a perfect "Old and New Edinburgh," it is hardly possible to write a perfect "Old and New London." It may certainly be said of this work that, between Mr. Grant's letterpress and the abundant and admirable illustrations, ranging from maps and views of Edinburgh, at all stages of its history, to the inimitable though widely different portraits of Kay and Raeburn, and the productions of modern photography, it is much better and completer than anything of the kind that has preceded it. In all essential respects, it is a model work of the kind.

Edinburgh, as the city of beauty and violence, of tragedy and letters, of conviviality and religion, of Mary and Bothwell and Knox, of Nichol Muschat and Major Weir and Deacon Brodie, of the Porteous mob and the Burke and Hare murders, of the Countess of Eglinton, Miss Nicky Murray and Dr. Alexander Webster, of the Hellfire Club and the Free Church, of Jeffrey and Wilson and Russel, is far too well known for us to require to dwell upon the main points and special excellences of any work descriptive of it. There is no central idea in these volumes. Mr. Grant's method is simplicity itself; after giving the general history of Edinburgh, he visits every street and square, wynd and close, and tells the story of all the houses in each. But then there seems to have been no central idea in the history of Edinburgh, properly—that is to say, municipally—so styled. Its burghal life is singularly poor. It has produced no man of the calibre of the Arteveldes, or of the De Witts, or even of Alderman Beckford. Its citizens at no time played even such a spirited part in the national history as did the men of Aberdeen, who fought and fell in repelling Celtic invasion at that Battle of Harlaw which was at least as great a deliverance for Lowland or Saxon Scotland as Bannockburn itself. They seem, indeed, from the days of the Bruce to the days of Charles Edward, to have gone on their way trading and making money, and going to law, and to have taken but slight interest—save, indeed, when Knox and his successors called the whole Scotch middle-class to arms—in the foreign invasions, Holyrood intrigues, and "Clean-the-Causeway" butcheries, which passed for the history of Edinburgh and of Scotland. One rises from these volumes with a painful sense of the servility of the Edinburgh burghers to the nobles that bickered and swaggered in their midst, although, as Carlyle writes in his diary, those were "a selfish, ferocious, famishing, unprincipled set of hyænas, from whom at no time and in no way has the country received any benefit." "Persons of distinction" appear to have been allowed to do almost anything they chose, in old, and even in new Edinburgh. Tolerably far on in its history, the leader of a band of riotous schoolboys shot a leading magistrate dead, but got off scot-free, because he was "a gentleman's son"! In 1739, but little seems to have been thought of the eccentricities of James, second Earl of Rosebery, the ne'er-do-well of his house, who published in the Edinburgh newspapers an advertisement relating to the elopement of one Polly Rich, who "had been engaged by him for a year," in which he offered a reward of three guineas to any one who would return Polly to "her owner," either at John's Coffeehouse "or the Earl of Rosebery's, at Denham's Land, Bristow, and no question will be asked. She is a London girl, and what they call a *cockney*." It may be true that the struggle for existence was so keen in Scotland, that no time was allowed for the growth of a spirit of burgher independence in towns like Edinburgh. If so, then "pity 'tis, 'tis true."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A Visit to Ceylon. By Ernest Haeckel. Translated by Clara Bell. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Professor Haeckel's volume may be read with unmixed pleasure by the scientific and the unscientific, the evolutionist and the non-evolutionist alike. It is a masterpiece of description. Even the beauty of Ceylon, one of the loveliest spots in the world, receives an adequate treatment at his hands. And he describes man, as well as nature. The gift of humour, with which his countrymen are not commonly credited, is abundantly present. To this he often gives a peculiar point by a delicate raillery of his own scientific pursuits, or even his own theories. Thus, he tells us that his cook, Babua,—

"Seemed to fancy that I, as a zoologist, must take an equal interest in every class of animal life, and that, therefore, the end and purpose of curry must be an important natural problem. So, if on Monday the vertebrata were represented by some delicate fish in my curry, on Tuesday this was replaced by some noble prawns and shrimps, or by small crabs, as representing the Crustaceæ, on Wednesday, cuttle-fish (*sepia*, or loligo) would appear, the most highly organised of the Mollusca; while on Thursday we condescended to some edible univalve, or to baked oysters. On Friday, the worthy race of Radiata were represented by starfish or echinodermata, the eggs of the sea-urchin or the gelatinous texture of a holothuria (trepans). On Saturday, I fully expected to come down to the Zoophytes, and to find medusæ or corals, sponges or actiniæ, in my bowl of curry. My cook, however, clinging to an antiquated system, evidently regarded Zoophytes as plants, and supplied their place with some winged creature, bats or birds, or sometimes the fleshy body of a horned beetle."

So, again, he thinks that when Babua tried to make him eat shark's flesh, "he reckoned on the philogenetic interest attaching to these primeval forms—the survivors of the common progenitors of the higher Vertebrata, including man himself." ("Sharks, and bays," in this passage, should surely be "sharks and rays.") He is much amused to find himself presiding within a very short interval at a Buddhist festival and a Wesleyan Mission festival, and he remarks, with admirable gravity, *à propos* of the astonishment with which the Cinghalese regarded his dredging operations, that while the majority

believed him to be a magician concocting philtres of mysterious power, "the more judicious regarded him simply as an European madman." Humorous, too, in another way, is his generalisation about hotels. The "dynastic," such, that is, as have the "Czar of Russia," "Prince Carl," &c., for their signs, are bad and dear; while the "Zoologico-botanical," named after the "Golden Lion," "Golden Vine," &c., are good and cheap. But the crowning stroke of humour is when he constrasts German moderation in eating with English voracity. Our travelled fellow-countrymen will regard this comparison with stupefaction, till they recognise its true character. We may conclude with a sincere tribute of praise, which all will read with satisfaction :—"The opportunities afforded me during my journey of observing the English colonial system raised it infinitely in my estimation." The translation seems to be well executed.

A Peeress of 1882, *and other Stories.* By Mrs. Alexander Fraser. 3 vols. (F. White and Co.)—The novelettes which Mrs. Fraser has collected in these volumes are certainly not edifying reading. "Omnia vincit amor" is the motto and a heart the emblem with which she adorns her covers; but the love is not the heavenly Aphrodite, and the heart, if not "desperately wicked," not a little way removed from innocence. Yet we may suppose that she means well, and is even fully persuaded that she is a persuasive advocate of goodness and purity. If it is so, we would suggest that she should reconsider the wisdom of her methods. Warnings against the song of the Sirens or the wiles of Calypso may be so given as to do more harm than good.

With the Poets. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. (Suttaby and Co.)—No one will quarrel with the modest conclusion at which Canon Farrar has arrived, as he tells us in his preface, that he "can at least do no harm by publishing the following selections." It is so much gain, if the favour with which his name is received among a certain circle of readers is made the means of bringing about a wide knowledge of these masterpieces of the English muse, and a distinct debt of gratitude is due to him for his preface, for his sympathetic criticism of the ballads which he quotes, and for the manly energy with which he claims for Milton the moral pre-eminence among English poets. There is a tendency now-a-days to disparage the "Puritan poet," and it is well to have a voice raised on behalf of a sounder standard of judgment. The principle of arrangement is to class the poets by the centuries to which they belong, dividing each class into "Poets" and "Minor Poets." (Canon Farrar, by the way, seems to think that the years 1400, 1700, 1800, were the *first* years of centuries.) In the series themselves there is necessarily little or nothing that is not familiar to readers of English literature. The volume is handsome in appearance, but not sensibly increased in value, we should say, by the illustrations.

The King: a Book for Boys. By L. G. Gillum. (David Stott.)—This is a history of David, an unpretending little volume, but bearing on every page the evidences of intelligent and sympathetic study. Mrs. Gillum looks at the history in a free and independent spirit, but she has evidently no liking for a destructive criticism. With the subject of her book she deals frankly and candidly. The motto on her title-page, "The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false," expresses her way of looking at David's character. A great life marred by great failures, but, on the whole, faithful to duty, would be something like the impression left by the whole account. And, indeed, any other view is something like an insult to the intelligence of mankind, which has agreed to regard him as one of its heroes. One of the valuable features of the book is the illustration from the Psalms. Such illustration is familiar enough to Biblical students, but ordinary readers are surprisingly ignorant of it. A parent or teacher who wants to interest young people in David's life, and has not the opportunity of study, cannot do better than take *The King* for a text-book.

German Culture and Christianity. By Joseph Gostwick. (F. Norgate.)—Mr. Gostwick points out in his first chapter the importance of Lessing's attitude, the acceptance of revelation, together with the belief that the revelation of Christianity is not final. He thus indicates his own view. In the second chapter, he begins the orderly discussion of his subject with an account of English Deism; and in the third, he points out how, by a remarkable movement, which has assuredly had its converse in more recent times, this deism introduced rationalism into Germany. The early Germany rationalists are noticed, Semler and Bahrdt at some length; then follows a more detailed discussion of the philosophy of Lessing. Separate chapters are allotted to Herder, Jacobi and his friends, Kant, the uncertainty of whose utterances on the connection between ethics and religion is very properly dwelt upon, and Fichte. We would especially commend to the notice of our readers the account of the later philosophy of Fichte, a philosophy, as Mr. Gostwick says, ignored by Carlyle, who did much to popularise his earlier ethical teaching. Carlyle himself forms the subject of the next chapter. The treatment which Mr. Gostwick gives to this great writer is not only fair, but sympathetic; but he points out forcibly that, however much the world has learnt from his teaching, its conclusions were unsatisfying. Human freedom was the central article of his creed, but he ended by worshipping despotism. And, indeed, it is quite possible that despotism may be the more endurable alternative to a freedom that is not Christian. The connection of much that we find in the following chapters with the main subject is not evident, perhaps we might say not existent. We are not disposed to undervalue Mr. Gostwick's literary judgments, but they seem out of place in this particular volume, and they materially swell its bulk, a result to be much deprecated, when the public is not too favourably disposed to apologetic literature. Still, there is much in the latter part of the book, especially when the writer comes to treat of Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher, which is both appropriate and valuable. The volume concludes with a chapter on "Christian Evidences," written on the same lines as those followed by Mr. Rowe, though, as the author tells us in his preface, independently. We heartily thank Mr. Gostwick for a laborious and able contribution to "Christian Defence."

The Bibliography of Thackeray, by Richard Herne Shepherd (Eliot Stock), is an appropriate "companion and supplement to the *édition de luxe*." Thackeray's greater works most readers know, but there is a large body of contributions to periodical literature much of which is necessarily obscure. Other things there are, too, published in early days, of which few people have heard, the "Flore et Zéphir, Ballet Mythologique, par Théophile Wagstaff," for instance. Mr. Shepherd has done his work carefully and thoroughly.

Stray Papers on Education. By "B. H." (Kegan Paul and Co.)—This little book is more than a memorial of one to whom many generations, as generations are reckoned in the life of a school, owed a debt of gratitude. It contains the expression of a ripe and kindly wisdom, which can hardly fail to teach others something, at least, of the secret which made "B. H." a successful teacher, or, rather, for that may be a misleading phrase, an educator in the best sense of the word. "Kindness," "Religious Teaching," "Punishments," "Emotion," "Obstinacy," "Truth," are the titles of six out of the seven *Papers on Education*. The seventh is "Cricket—its Uses in Education," and shows, taken in conjunction with "Cricket" which is one of the "Scenes from School Life" (papers of a lighter cast, which form the second part of the volume), a quite remarkable power perhaps the most valuable that a teacher can have, of viewing things from a boy's point of view. Cricket, of course, is a thing in which the ordinary master does not find it difficult to sympathise with his pupils; but that a woman should so thoroughly enter into the game is a proof of a vivid sympathy which must have shown itself most strikingly in other things. These "Scenes," of which it is easier to speak in a brief notice than of the more serious essays, are capital. The boys who disown with pathetic humility the charge of having lamed a duck—they could not possibly have hit it, for stone-throwing was a forbidden act—Dot, who wants to be a missionary, rather to the consternation of his friends, but explains that he "does not mean to have any natives," but to be shipwrecked on a coral island, these and other like passages are very amusing. And here, too, we find that there is nothing that forbids "ridentem dicere verum."

Novels.—*The Admiral's Ward.* By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols. (Bentley and Son.)—The merits of Mrs. Alexander's last novel are considerable, but they are to be discerned in what may be called its accidents rather than in its substance. The "Admiral," though he could be spared from the story without any material injury to its development, is more interesting than his ward; and Mrs. Crewe, who fills the humble rôle of giving a home to the heroine, for a proper consideration in money, is a happier effort of the novelist's art than either. There is something peculiarly life-like in this fussy, kindly old lady. Her portrait is almost worthy of a place in Miss Austen's gallery. Indeed, the painting of a life which seldom passes out of ordinary limits is worked throughout with a skill which reminds us of the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. As for the story, we must own that it does not set off the characters to much advantage. The heroine is jilted by her lover, who deserts her for a friend, and finds her revenge in bringing him back to his wife, when he is preparing to desert her, by exercising over him a power which circumstances put into her hands. While this is going on, her own happiness is being properly provided for, and the tale ends with a poetically just but not too strict distribution of punishments and rewards.——*The Hands of Justice.* By F. W. Robinson. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—There is ability in this story, as there is in all that the author writes, but the effect of the whole is depressing. A feeling of gloom and mystery prevails from the beginning to the end, and the reader is not sensibly relieved by the usual ending of the marriages which, according to the conventional ideas of the novelists, are supposed to secure happiness. It must be allowed that the author keeps the secret on which the plot turns very well. A murder is committed early in the tale, and the criminal is not discovered till nearly the end. The reader meanwhile is kept in the dark successfully, though he may be inclined to excuse his own want of perspicacity by questioning the probability of the solution. But it is not a great attraction in a novel to keep a dismal secret of this kind perpetually present to the mind. The central figure of the drama is finely conceived. John Woodhatch is a man who has worked

his way out of the slough of crime into which he was plunged by the associations of his early life. He devotes himself to the work of rescuing others similarly situated; his self-sacrifice is admirable, but it is marred by the defect which does often, we fancy, mar such lives, that he will have things work themselves out in his own way. "Farm Forlorn," where this strange philanthropist gathers together the scum of prisons and reformatories, is scarcely a possible place, and the record of its history is unpleasing, but the figure of its master is drawn with genuine force.——*Mongrels.* By T. Wilton. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—The first and third volumes of this story display, though in different ways, marked literary power. The descriptions of the early part, and the development of the tale in the later chapters, deserve high praise, praise which is the more significant if, as the blank title-page seems to show, this is a first effort. The lonely childhood life of Tom Wilton, spent with the savage old miller and his wife, is a fine picture of the gloomier sort; while, on the other hand, we have seldom seen anything dramatically finer than the scene of Marjory's death. The catastrophe is happily contrived, because the reader, upon whom it comes, of course as a surprise, yet owns that the author has been leading up to it. At the same time, he feels that a very difficult personage is conveniently removed. As for the working-out of the scene itself, the pathos of the girl's last hours is very effective indeed. Our only adverse criticism on this part of the story concerns the lost letter. Men do not allow letters of transcendent importance to slip into the linings of old coats. It is quite impossible that the hero should not have remembered, in such case, that he had not actually posted the letter. Between the beginning and the end, the story sinks to a level which is really surprisingly low, considering the power displayed elsewhere. If this part could have been,—the episode of Clara, which is neither entertaining nor instructive, being, for instance, omitted, *Mongrels* would have been a more striking success than it is.——*Society Novelettes.* By F. C. Burnand, H. Savile Clark, and others. 2 vols. (Vizitelly and Co.)—A number of clever novelists have combined to produce these two volumes, and have not achieved a noteworthy success. A dish of scraps is seldom very good, and *Society Novelettes* is no exception to the rule. Of course, Mr. Burnand is bound to be amusing, and the author of "A French Heiress in her Own Château" to write a good story, but neither they nor their collaborateurs, all of them, we fancy, more or less practised in literature, show to much advantage. The best story is, we think, the second, "An Entr'acte." The subject is a single incident, the struggle in an ambitious woman's mind between love and fame. It does not, therefore, suffer from compression. Most readers will feel that it is powerfully given. For the most part, a somewhat bewildering effect is produced by the rapid succession of the personages introduced to us. Like other books of the season, these volumes must be read continuously, and the consequence is that they tire. ——*The New Mistress.* 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers)—The young lady who, under pressure of family misfortune, takes up the occupation of a national schoolmistress, seems likely to become a favourite heroine. The author of *The New Mistress* does not commit the mistake of making Hazel Thorne pass *per saltum* from a drawing-room to a school-house. She knows what she is writing about, as she proves both in this and in other matters, and provides that her heroine goes duly through a training college. But there is little more to be said in praise of her tale. Hazel is provided with an overwhelming number of lovers. There are two who survive from the previous state of existence, both of whom come down to annoy her, and to make the village talk. And there are four who belong to the new life, to wit, the master of the boys' school, the vicar, (why not, for the sake of completeness, have added the parish clerk?) the neighbouring squire, and a wealthy ex-butcher, the chief supporter of the school. The poor girl has other troubles. The maiden ladies of the parish naturally hate her. Her brother robs his employers, and her mother, who is, perhaps, the silliest person that we ever have seen in fiction—for even Miss Nickleby had lucid intervals—appropriates the school pence. The complication of these troubles is too great to be borne, and as there seems to be no way out of them except by Hazel marrying the ex-butcher, whom the writer has been ridiculing throughout, typhoid fever is called in to cut the knot, and the tale ends with a dismal surprise.—— *Moncrieffe's Second Wife.* By "Lolo." (F. V. White and Co.)—Mr. Bruce Moncrieffe marries a second wife, not so much because he loves her, as because he wants some one to look after his daughters. Constance de Vere marries Bruce Moncrieffe not so much because she loves him, as because she wants a home. Of course, trouble springs out of this arrangement, the more readily because one of the daughters has a vile temper, and the other is the most deceitful of womankind. The luckless young stepmother—why did not so dispassionate a wooer as Mr. Moncrieffe look out for a woman of more suitable age?—fights with these wild beasts through a large part of these three volumes. The struggle scarcely makes pleasant reading, but it is certainly well told. "Lolo" writes with an ease that few writers of the ordinary novel attain; and her characters, if not very profoundly studied, are natural. The deceitful Julia is, perhaps, too unredeemedly bad; and Mr. McMickie, of Drum, too intolerably disagreeable. On the other hand, the "agreeable rattle" of the story, Sir Eldred, is a very entertaining personage; and his relation to Constance is touched with a good deal of delicacy and tact. Some fairly good comic business is furnished by the loutish "Josh" de Vere, though the scene in which his cousin makes an electioneering speech in his stead is suited to farce rather than to comedy.——*Honest Davie.* By Frank Barrett. 3 vols. (Bentley and Son.)—The first volume of this book is very pleasant reading. Mr. Barrett has caught with singular felicity the style of the period to which his story belongs. There is just the touch of formality in it which belongs to the writings of eighty years ago. The resemblance is all the more hard to secure, because the characteristics imitated are not strongly marked. The early scenes, too, between the hero and his Delia are very pleasantly described. Altogether, we thought that we had found a novel far above the average in *Honest Davie.* Nor, indeed, does Mr. Barrett conspicuously fail in the after-part of his story. But he comes to be entangled, so to speak, in his story, which is not very happily conceived, and much of the charm of the early chapters disappears. Still, this is a good novel, the work evidently of one who knows something of the literary art, has studied good models, and knows how to profit by what he has seen.

We have received:—Vol. II. of *A Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain,* by the late S. Halkett and the late Rev. J. Laing, M.A. (W. Paterson.)—*The Book of Koheleth,* being the Donnellan Lectures for 1880-81, by the Rev. C. H. Hamilton Wright, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—*The Kingdom of All-Israel: its History, Literature, and Worship,* by J. Sime, M.A., F.R.S.E. (J. Nisbet and Co.)—*Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science;* Nottingham Meeting, 1882. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—Lorimer's *Institutes of the Law of Nations.* Vol. I. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—A translation of Von Reber's *History of Ancient Art,* by J. T. Clarke. (Sampson Low and Co.)—A third edition of Sir J. F. Stephen's *Digest of the Criminal Law.* (Macmillan and Co.)—Vol. VII. of the *Professional Papers of the Corps of Royal Engineers,* edited by Major R. H. Veteh, R.E. (E. Stanford.) —Hershon's *Genesis, with Talmudical Commentary,* to which is added an introductory preface by Rev. H. D. M. Spence, M.A. (Bagster and Sons.)—*Kashgaria,* translated from the Russian of Kuropatkin by Major W. E. Gowan. (Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta.)—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning,* edited for Indian students by F. G. Selby, B.A. (Government Book Depôt, Bombay.)—A new edition of the *Life of Nicholas Pavillon,* with a preface by the Bishop of Lichfield. (Skeffington and Son.)—Vol. II. of *A Commentary on the New Testament,* translated from the German of Schmidt and Holzendorff, by F. H. Jones, B.A. (Williams and Norgate.)—An eleventh edition of Goschen's *Theory of Foreign Exchanges.* (Effingham Wilson.)—*Pulpit Prayers,* by Eminent Preachers (Hodder and Stoughton), an addition to the "Clerical Library" series.—*Cruces Shakespearianæ,* by B. G. Kinnear. (Bell and Sons.)—A fifth and revised edition of Hare's *Walks in London,* in 2 vols., clearly printed and neatly bound. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A new and cheaper edition of *The Commercial Products of the Sea,* by P. L. Simmonds (Griffith and Farran), a book the contents of which will be found especially valuable to those who take an interest in the Fish Supply question, or are connected with the present Fisheries Exhibition. It is a book that should find a place in Board Schools and mechanics' libraries.—Vol. II. of the *Religious Encyclopædia,* edited by P. Schaff, D.D., the Rev. S. M. Jackson, and the Rev. D. S. Schaff. (T. and T. Clark.)—A cheap edition of Sturge's *Angel of Love, and other Poems.* (Provost and Co.)—Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12 of the *Oxford Magazine,* containing reports of the "Lectures on the Reformation."—A packet of *Standard Authors Readers.* (Griffith and Farran.)—*Our Choir,* by C. G. Bush. (Putnam's Sons, New York.)

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Adams (W. H. D.), Good Samaritans, 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	9/0
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His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, the Right Hon. the Earl of Devon, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, M.P., the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, the Right Hon. Sir Richard Cross, M.P., J. S. Gilliat, Esq., Governor of the Bank of England, the Rev. Canon Gregory, and others.

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LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square.—The FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the MEMBERS will be held in the READING-ROOM, on THURSDAY, May 31st, at 3 p.m., the Right Hon. the EARL of CARNARVON in the Chair.

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May 1st, 1883.

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The Meeting will be addressed by Albert Grey, Esq., M.P. (Chairman of the Association), the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Morley (Under Secretary of State for War), Arthur Balfour, Esq., M.P., Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B., M.P., Thomas Burt, Esq., M.P., Henry Fowler, Esq., M.P., and others.

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WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—ELECTION of HEAD MASTER.—The Office of HEAD MASTER of this SCHOOL will become vacant in August next, and the Governing Body of the School will proceed to ELECT a HEAD MASTER in the Month of July. Candidates are requested to forward their applications, accompanied by testimonials, on or before June 9th next, to the undersigned, from whom particulars of the tenure and emoluments of the Office may be procured by written application, on or after the 12th inst.—HORACE W. SMITH, 49 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C., Secretary to the Governing Body, May 10th, 1883.

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Grocers' Hall, May, 1883.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Czar got through alive. That is, in blunt language, the foreign event of the week. Either the Revolutionary party were daunted by the enthusiasm of Moscow, or they waited to see if any concessions would be forthcoming, or the precautions of the Russian police were most successful. At all events, the Czar was crowned on Sunday, in the regular place, and with full formalities, dined in state clad in robes and crown, and drove out, unescorted, among his people, and suffered nothing worse than tedium. Not only was he not blown up, but no attempt was made upon his life, and to all external appearance he was as safe in his capital as any other European Sovereign. His escape will be a sore blow to the Nihilists, whose hold upon the public mind is based upon the belief that they can always, when resolved, find agents who will at least attempt to perform their task. This is evidently not the case, and the revelation deprives the party of much of its evil fascination. It should be observed, moreover, that although great precautions were taken, the Emperor was not secluded. He rode miles through the city in procession, he walked round the tower of Ivan the Great under thousands of eyes, he attended the opera, and he drove out to see the illuminations nominally, at all events, unattended. Still, he was unassailed, and must be pronounced in the pitched battle with the Nihilists, on ground they themselves chose, completely victorious. Even if they should assassinate him afterwards, they failed to keep their threat that if the Emperor remained obdurate, he should never be crowned.

We have said all we have to say of the Coronation elsewhere, but may note here that unless the Correspondents are unusually courtly, the ceremonial was exceptionally well arranged. Nothing appears to have gone wrong, the magnificence was uniform and sustained, and no accident occurred among the vast crowds who assembled to see the ceremonial. The illuminations impressed even experienced spectators as something marvellous, and the only defect in the ecclesiastical ceremonies was their excessive length. The Ambassadors, many of whom are well up in years, were compelled to stand the whole time, like all others within the cathedral, and at last mustered up courage to fidget perceptibly. All the narratives, indeed, leave on the mind two impressions,—first, that the Russian people are cordially favourable to the Government; and secondly, that the governing mechanism works with unusual precision and force. The difficulty of organising so grand a festival, with its concourse of dignitaries, its aggregation of troops, and the mobile multitudes who attend it, is inconceivable, and we suspect the impression of danger to the Czar which pervaded Moscow lent unprecedented earnestness to the officials entrusted with the preparations. It will be observed in the accounts that the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, was throughout treated as the second man in the Empire, and that no Russian not royal makes any separate figure at all. For the moment, the absence of any great personage among Russian statesmen, governors, or soldiers is a noteworthy feature in Russian politics. No one stands much above the crowd save the Czar himself.

A meeting of Liberal Members was held at the Foreign Office on Tuesday, and was attended by two hundred and eighty gentlemen. Mr. Gladstone made the only speech, and announced that the Government, seeing the time which had been consumed, partly through "unfavourable circumstances," such as the protracted debate on the Address and the Affirmation Bill, which was "introduced from a deep sense of the necessity of maintaining the order and dignity of the House of Commons," propose to abandon the London Bill for the Session. They would, however, make an "energetic" effort to carry the Tenants' Bill and the Bill for Corrupt Practices, and the Bills, such as the Bankruptcy Bill, the Patents Bill, and the Bill for Criminal Appeals, which had been referred to the Grand Committees. These Bills he thought could be passed, with the assistance of the party, though he warned them that it might be necessary to deal with that "tempting opportunity for obstruction," the return of Bills from the Grand Committees. We have remarked on the speech elsewhere, but may mention here that it was approved by many representative men, such as Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Forster, Mr. Dillwyn, and Sir J. Lubbock. It was disapproved by Mr. Jesse Collings, who ridiculed the word "energetic," and wanted stronger pressure applied to the House; and by Mr. Firth, who bewailed the fate of the London Bill. It really is hard on him, after all the pains he has taken, but his work will not be thrown away. Mr. Gladstone replied to Mr. Jesse Collings that "he could not threaten the House of Commons," and to Mr. Firth that he saw no reason why this Parliament should not deal with London,—rather a sanguine view of its vitality. The speech in the House in the afternoon only confirmed these arrangements.

Sir Stafford Northcote held an unreported meeting of his party at the Carlton Club, on the same day. His ideas have not transpired, but it is said that he pressed on his audience the expediency of "jealous criticism" upon all proceedings of the Government, which is, we note, the hint also given in the *National Review* by Mr. Balfour. That gentleman condemns obstruction by Parnellites, but approves criticism by Tories. The difference in idea, no doubt, is great, but we fear the difference in practice will be small, and should like to see how compact the criticism would be, if it were expressed on paper, and taken as read.

The *Daily News* of Thursday, following the lead of Wednesday's *Standard*,—how is it, by the way, that official hints to Liberal malcontents so often ooze out through the *Standard?*—speaks with a sort of airy candour of the steady growth of a feeling below the gangway on the Liberal side of the House unfavourable to the National Debt Bill,—Mr. Childers's Bill, that is, for re-creating long annuities, in place of the five millions about to expire in 1885, and for the ultimate cancelling of £170,000,000 of Debt within the next twenty years. Of course, our Liberal contemporary is aware that this proposal is one of the principal elements of the Budget, that it has received the sanction of the Cabinet, and that the Liberal constituencies in the country have accepted it with the utmost cordiality. Does the *Daily News* really mean to smile on this new attempt to hollow out a very formidable cave, which might very easily result in a political crisis? If it does not, it should have treated this growing disloyalty to a most important Liberal measure,—if growing disloyalty there be, except in the imagination of one or two intriguers,—with rebuke and displeasure. If it does, how are we to distinguish the tone of the *Daily News*, on this important question, from the tone of the *Standard?*

At yesterday's sitting of the Grand Committee on Bankruptcy, opposition was threatened in the interest of the country bankers

on a vital point of the Bill; and the Government are likely to be defeated on the point, unless mercantile men and the public generally bestir themselves. This point was the payment of money by trustees in bankruptcy to an account of the Board of Trade at the Bank of England. By having such an account, the Board of Trade hope to obtain a large balance, which will help materially to defray the expense of the new administration in Bankruptcy, which may otherwise cost the country £30,000 to £40,000 a year. Balances, if accumulated, though each one of them is small, will amount to a large sum, so that the administration, if the clause passes, would be provided at little or no loss to the creditors in each case. The country bankers, however, will not let their interests be touched in the slightest degree, so that the Government, if the scheme is to be worked out, must either impose new charges on creditors, or face a new burden on the Exchequer. The drift of the Committee on this point is as unintelligible, on the supposition that they want a good Bill, as it is unfortunate.

The Government Bill for Tenants is, at all events, a success in one respect. All parties accept it as a reasonable compromise. On Tuesday, the Bill passed its second reading without a division, and, as Sir M. Hicks-Beach said, amid "practical unanimity." The severe discussion will, of course, be in Committee; but the Government, through Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, expressed a clear intention of adhering to the Bill pretty much as it stands. The agrarian Radicals will, however, move several amendments, and two of them, we confess, though we are not inclined towards double proprietorship, have our sympathy. One is the total abolition of the law of distraint, the first effect of which is that the decent farmer is always liable to be overbid by the speculator, who can offer any rent, because he means to pay nobody but the landlord, who, but for this law, would not accept him. The other is the protection of the sitting tenant, who may have his rent increased on him in consequence of his own improvements. One remedy for this is Mr. Bonamy Price's, quoted last week, but a simpler one might be devised. Why should not a rise of rent without formal notice to quit be made illegal? The notice need not be acted on, but the farmer's right to compensation would at once accrue, and could be settled as he and his landlord pleased. The Peers, however, who are submitting to universal reductions, in hope of better times, will certainly reject any clause benefiting the sitting tenant, and the farmers must fight it out with them. The debate was one of the forgotten kind,—solid, temperate, and instructive, and without a single reference to the wrongs of Ireland.

A small disaster, which may have great consequences, has befallen French arms. Captain H. Rivière, a Naval officer of distinction, about April, 1882, succeeded in capturing the citadel which dominates Hanoi, the capital of Tonquin. Here he remained twelve months with a small garrison, vainly imploring the shifting Governments of France to send adequate reinforcements. On the 20th or 21st ult., pressed, it is supposed, by want of supplies, and surrounded by Chinese troops in Anamese dress and under Anamese colours, Captain Rivière led a sortie through some fields of bamboo. His men were surrounded and driven back, leaving Captain Rivière, his second-in-command, and twenty-two men dead on the field. It is rumoured, but denied, that the citadel has since been taken, and the garrison massacred. The news terminated discussion in Paris. The credits were instantly voted, and a force of 3,000 Marines and Colonial troops has been ordered to Hanoi, where they are expected to arrive on July 10th. Twelve hundred men have also been despatched from Saigon, but many of these must be Anamese, and if the citadel has fallen they will be too late. A much larger force will be required, and owing to the difficulty in using the Line regiments, the Madagascar quarrel may be allowed to simmer.

The point of first importance in the Tonquin affair is the attitude of China, which is still uncertain. The Chinese Embassies in Europe all say China will defend Tonquin, but the Court of Pekin is slow to take great resolutions. The Empress-Regent has ordered her ablest Proconsul, Li Hung Chang, to his provinces, which touch on Tonquin, and he is at Shanghai, gathering up force to send forward by sea. So far as we can judge from scattered notices, necessarily imperfect, the Pekin Cabinet, which has one eye on Russia, has determined to await a declaration of war from France, and to despatch troops to support its vassal King of Anam; but the troops are to fight as Anamese, and not as Chinese regulars. Considerable bodies have already appeared in Hanoi—they arrive *viâ* the Songcoi River—and are armed with chassepôts, a portion, no doubt, of M. Dupuis' large importation of those weapons. This policy is convenient for Europe, which thus escapes the annoyances of a French blockade of China, and may not be inconvenient for France. She need not recognise Chinese action, and may fight the battle out in Tonquin and before Hue, the capital of Anam. The campaign will, however, be serious, the season is deadly, and the Government in Paris are incurably averse to make an adequate effort. They want, in fact, to make the Marines and Colonials do, and if they are not exceptionally lucky, they will accomplish very little.

Lord Salisbury made one of his acrid speeches to the Southwark Conservative Association on Wednesday, at the Town Hall, Bermondsey, occupying the greater part of his speech with one of those violently partisan reviews of public affairs which no human being not prepossessed by the most bitter political animosity could accept as even pretending to historical accuracy. Towards the close he became a little more rational, and attacked the Government for trying to deal not directly with the evils which were admitted on all sides, but indirectly with these evils, by altering the political machinery by which, in the view of Liberals, these evils are fostered, and even in the view of Conservatives not abated. For instances, he gave the overcrowding in London, which the Liberals propose to reach through a change in the government of London; and the unequal pressure of rates on property, which the Liberals propose to cure by creating new rating authorities in the counties. Surely it is a very reasonable, not a very unreasonable view, that in a place like London, where an unlimited number of different authorities can pull up a street separately,—and where they actually use that authority,—each for their own isolated purposes, to hold that unless you centralise these authorities, you can never deal adequately with local evils. And the same is true of county rating. Finally, Lord Salisbury did his best to depreciate the importance of the Tenants' Compensation Bill.

On Monday, Mr. Cowen renewed, and on Thursday resumed, his attack on Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, in relation to Lord Granville's supposed congratulations to Mr. Errington on the occasion of the Papal letter to the Irish Bishops; and, on the former occasion, was told in reply, by Lord E. Fitzmaurice, that Lord Granville had sent no letter of the kind either to Mr. Errington or to any one else in Rome, and that Lord Granville regretted that his former denial through Lord E. Fitzmaurice had been more sweeping than the question, and had consequently been construed as evasive. This was, we suppose, an amiable way of conveying to Lord E. Fitzmaurice that he had not shown Sir Charles Dilke's tact in answering questions, and no one can question that so it is. On Thursday, a great deal of time was discreditably wasted in this miserable guerrilla warfare; but the Opposition only elicited that Lord O'Hagan and Lord Houghton had both done exactly what Mr. Errington has done,—*i.e.*, conveyed to the Pope on their own authority trustworthy information in relation to the state of Ireland,—and that it is as absurd to speak of Mr. Errington as an official ambassador to the Pope, as it is to speak of Lord O'Hagan and Lord Houghton in that light.

We have spoken of the plague of Questions elsewhere, but must add here that Thursday night illustrated the very grave disposition of Members of the House of Commons to countenance the disgraceful waste of time which these idle interrogatories cause. The Earl of Aberdeen, who has, it seems, been appointed her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, has circulated a letter, signed by himself and five others, deploring the decision of the House of Commons upon the Affirmation Bill, and recommending a perusal of Mr. Gladstone's speech on the subject. Sir H. Maxwell accordingly asked on Thursday whether the Earl of Aberdeen had acted in this way, and whether in doing so, if he had done so, he was acting under the advice or with the approval of her Majesty's Government. Mr. Gladstone replied that he had no official knowledge of the circumstances, and did not deem it within his duty to make any official inquiry. As a matter of fact, he believed that Lord Aberdeen had issued the circular two days before he was appointed Lord High Commissioner, but that in any case the Government had nothing to do with the matter; a Peer was not deprived

of his ordinary political rights by being appointed Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Hereupon, though later in the evening, Sir H. Maxwell asked permission to move the adjournment of the House, in order to enter on a full discussion of the subject, but was supported by only thirty-nine Members in so doing. A fortieth, Mr. A. O'Connor, stood up, after the Speaker had announced that there were only thirty-nine, but was, of course, too late to alter the decision of the Speaker that Sir H. Maxwell was insufficiently supported in his request to be allowed to move the adjournment of the House. This is a flagrant instance of the favour shown by the House to obstructive motions. A more trumpery matter for cavil was never brought before the House. It might as well be proposed to waste the time of the House in discussing how far it was right that a Crown member of the Senate of the University of London should have his own views, and freely publish them, on the subject of the Affirmation Bill. Sir H. Maxwell should have been put down by the unanimous disapproval of the House of Commons, instead of being allowed so nearly to gain his point.

Mr. MacCoan brought a question of Privilege before the House of Commons on Thursday, in the shape of a challenge from Mr. O'Kelly, which had arisen out of a reference made by himself in an Irish speech to Mr. O'Kelly's suspension in February last for giving the lie to Mr. Forster. Mr. O'Brien was referred to by Mr. O'Kelly as his second, and Mr. MacCoan was asked to name a second to act for him. This he refused to do, and as no withdrawal of the challenge had been received, he thought it his duty to bring the matter before the House. The Prime Minister approved his action, and moved that Mr. O'Kelly be ordered to attend in his place on the following day (yesterday), to give a pledge that he would not go on with the quarrel. Mr. O'Brien would not answer for Mr. O'Kelly that he would admit the intervention of "the English Parliament" in his private quarrels; and Mr. Sheil, referring ironically to Mr. MacCoan's earnest desire to keep the peace, suggested that an application to a magistrate would have been more to the purpose; a suggestion supported by Mr. Parnell, who maintained that as this challenge had arisen out of a speech not made in the House of Commons, the challenge was not properly a question of Privilege. Mr. Gladstone's motion was, however, carried, by 250 votes against 19.

The House of Commons on Wednesday affirmed the important principle that, as regards Sunday closing of public-houses, each county shall give its own decision. At least, it passed the second reading of a Bill shutting all such houses on Sunday in the county of Durham expressly on the ground that the people of the county wished it, and that of the twelve Members whom they send up, eleven supported it, only one opposed, and he refused to vote the other way. The only good speech against the Bill was Mr. Peter Taylor's, who attacked its principle, objected to moral tyranny as nearly as bad as immoral tyranny, and said legislators were now prostrate before benevolent men, who made benevolent mistakes. There is truth of a kind in his objection, but it is impossible to prove that a people has not a right to put down a social nuisance, if it pleases. The people of Durham say that drinking on Sunday, when men have their pockets full, spoils their only day of rest, and the evidence is that it does. Then why not stop drinking, as, for the same reason, we stop trading? As to stopping it piece-meal and by districts, that is convenient, because there are other places which, like London, would not endure the restriction. There ought, however, to be a general Act, for this reason,—that if Durham repents, her people cannot get rid of the special Act of Parliament.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes a letter from "Stepniak," the Nihilist author of "Underground Russia," upon the position of the party during the recent coronation. The letter was written on May 24th, but the writer prophesies an unimpeded ceremony, declaring that the Revolutionary chiefs have changed their method. So great was the excitement caused by the death of Alexander II., that they were overwhelmed with recruits, and were obliged to reject many, lest they should admit men too weak-minded for the work. They have, however, stopped their assassinations, for they suddenly see a chance of proceeding by insurrection, and abolishing not this or that Czar, but the Czardom. The statement is nearly incredible, in the face of the huge Army of Russia and the peasant feeling; but the absence of any attempt during the coronation is to be noted, as well as the public statement about the officers of the Guard, who were arrested as the "Revolutionists, but not Nihilists."

Mr. Auberon Herbert may take rank with the best phrase-makers of the day. His letter to Monday's *Times*, headed "Some More Political Generosity," contains some of the best (and worst-applied) rhetoric we have read for a long time. It is a denunciation of the promoters of the Tenants' Compensation Bill, and a prophecy that the dam erected by those who have promoted this Bill will soon be swept away by the rush of the agricultural labourers' interests, which will find the interests of the tenant-farmers blocking their way. Mr. Auberon Herbert, though strongly opposed to all revolutions, little or big, prefers "a revolution in fustian to a revolution in broadcloth," and concludes his attack on the politicians who have taken up the case of the tenant-farmers with this artistically composed bit of highly inapplicable invective:—"Let me end by congratulating the politicians of both sides on the part so successfully played as concerns this measure. For courage in asserting one's own interests, for a want of courage in defending the foundations of a healthy public life, for recklessness in party fighting, for blindness in misunderstanding the forces of the situation, the politician, whether agitating or administrating, has on this occasion fairly surpassed himself. If we can profitably wish him nothing else, we can always wish him the enjoyment of a short memory, a defective vision, a light heart, and a long life." Nothing could be happier, if only the facts were but in any decent correspondence with the language in which they are described. But we should have said that there has hardly been an agitation of our day to which this language is more comically inapplicable. Mr. Auberon Herbert is a Draconian judge of imaginary political crimes. He sums up with scathing indignation against criminals whose careers exist only in his own fancy, and pierces with lofty scorn the immoralities of his own ingenious invention.

All who are interested in the Church controversies of the day should read the two remarkable articles published in the *Fortnightly* for June, by Professor A. V. Dicey and the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, on "The Legal Aspects of Disestablishment" and "The Clergy and the Law." Professor Dicey's paper is one of the ablest analyses of the bearing of the law on Disestablished Churches that we have ever read, though we exceedingly regret the rather unworthy sneer, on page 829, concerning a minister of the Independent Church at Huddersfield, against whose claim to retain his position under the trust deeds Vice-Chancellor Sir Charles Hall had given his decision. "It is worth remark," says Mr. Dicey, "that if Mr. Stannard had thought fit, with the aid of his congregation, to disobey the injunction of the Court, he might have found himself as tightly and permanently lodged in prison as Mr. Green. Unfortunately, a 'minister in gaol' has not the alliterative impressiveness of a 'priest in prison.' The disobedience of a Dissenter does not excite the sympathies of good society." So far as we can judge, the sympathy with Mr. Stannard, if he had resisted the law, would have been much greater than the sympathy with Mr. Green. The feeling that Mr. Green was a salaried official of the Established Church diverted the sympathy of ordinary Liberals from his case, instead of attracting it to his case. Mr. Stannard's martyrdom would have caused a critical Parliamentary issue.

But those who are disposed to echo Professor Dicey's sneer should read Mr. MacColl's extremely able paper. There they will see that it is in no way the refusal to obey the law which excites sympathy, but the refusal of a man in earnest to obey a very doubtful provision of the law, so long as Bishops who are not in earnest show not the smallest hesitation in setting at defiance provisions which are not doubtful at all. It is the gross inequality of the way in which the law is applied, and the cool indifference to previous decisions with which it is laid down, that has gained for a few Ritualists a sympathy which would never have been accorded to their specific views. More instructive reading on the relation of the law to ecclesiastical affairs than Professor Dicey's and Mr. MacColl's papers, we have not encountered for many months.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 102 to 102⅛.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE PARTY MEETING.

THE faint disappointment among Radicals created by Mr. Gladstone's speech to the party meeting on Tuesday—a disappointment accurately reflected in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—will, we feel confident, disappear after more consideration. So great is the expectation which Mr. Gladstone always excites, that when it was known he was about to address his party, an impression spread abroad that he had some heroic, or unusual, or even novel course to suggest, whereby the delays of legislation would be peremptorily suppressed. There was little reason, except impatience, for that supposition. The Premier, it should not be so often forgotten, is something more than a great orator, or even a great statesman and leader in reforms. He is the most experienced of living Parliamentary chiefs, he knows the interior history of the House of Commons during half a century, and he has in a very curious degree, considering his temperament with its *perfervidum ingenium*, confidence in that slow and cumbrous, but unresting machine, Parliamentary Government. He recognises, as he frankly admitted, that it is never safe to threaten the House of Commons; that it is far better to put up with its occasional aberrations, and that more work can be got out of it by gentle, steady pressure, than by any heroic device. He therefore informed his followers that the Government had decided to reduce the work to clearly practicable dimensions, and then to ask their special help in carrying it forward. Of the three political Bills in hand—the Tenants' Bill, the Corrupt Practices Bill, and the Bill for the Government of London—they would abandon only the last, and press forward the other two with their whole energy. The Tenants Bill interested the whole country, and the Corrupt Practices Bill was "indispensable," a phrase received by the meeting with enthusiasm. They would also press on all Bills referred to the Grand Committees which those Committees might send up, a phrase which, it is well understood, is intended to exclude the Criminal Code Bill, which will not escape in time, and reduces the list to the Bankruptcy Bill, the Patent Bill, and the Bill allowing criminal Appeals. Even these Bills, said Mr. Gladstone, would demand exertion, for it might be necessary that the House should "deal with" an attempt to rediscuss them or their details all over again.

This programme is not extensive and not exciting to the imagination, but it was received by all sections of the party, except the Extreme Left, with strong approval, and it has on the face of it two considerable advantages. It is practicable, and it is usual. The House, if it will only attend and moderate its desire for irregular discussion, can pass those five Bills, and can pass them without assenting to any novel or heroic device. This latter was, in truth, not feasible. A great many public meetings have proposed that Parliament should sit till Christmas, but the proposal, besides disgusting all Members who want to see the trees and the grass before winter, would have been utterly sterile. The Lords would have adjourned at their usual time, and the Government, after irritating the Commons, would have found itself with a sheaf of perfected Bills, but no laws, left upon its hands. The Lords could not be punished for a moderate adjournment, for half the country would consider the demand upon them unreasonable and imperious. Moreover, Ministers themselves are vertebrate animals, and continuous sittings through the entire year exhaust their strength too much. England chooses, not unwisely in quiet times, to be governed by old and middle-aged men, and her Ministers are worked already much more closely than is good either for them or for the public business. A Minister has to do all that the permanent Head of a Department has to do and all that the busiest Member of Parliament has to do, and to receive deputations, confer with colleagues, and keep himself informed as to the general movement of politics besides; and to deprive him of his only chance of a holiday and of quiet thought over his administrative work, is to destroy his usefulness, as well as endanger his health. That proposal was inadmissible, and so also for the time was the alternative one, to take away the Private Members' nights. Private Members sometimes waste their nights abominably, and are often counted out; but they are jealous of their privilege, and will not surrender it willingly, except in the last resort. Mr. Gladstone, like any other Premier, wishes to conciliate, not to fret them; and he accordingly proposed only to ask for morning sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays, and then, with those extra ten hours at his disposal, to press forward the very moderate list of Bills mentioned above. Heavier measures being out of the question, that was the judicious course, and as such we believe it will, on one condition, be welcomed by the country. The condition is, of course, that, as the Session is to be one of light work, the work remaining shall be actually done, that no further delays be permitted, and that no Bill of the list shall be left over to be considered again from the beginning.

This will be comparatively easy, for there is one advantage to be derived from the great moderation of the course adopted which has hardly been sufficiently perceived. The Government stands in an excellent position towards Obstruction. It is by no means certain that the Tory leaders mean to permit any work whatever to be done this Session. They would be very glad to load the next with prearranged work, and they have discovered how to do it without appearing to resort to un-Parliamentary devices. They have only to hint to their followers, as Sir Stafford Northcote did on Tuesday, at the meeting of his own party, that the measures of this Government ought to be "criticised with jealousy," and they will take care so to consume the time with "criticism" that nothing shall actually be accomplished. They can, as they do, debate on Supply to an unprecedented extent; they can, as they do, with the help of their Irish allies, extend the right of interpellation till it becomes almost the only one remaining, and Parliament is compelled to listen to inquiries which a decent clerk in the Department could answer much more satisfactorily; and they can, and they do, foster every irregular debate raised, no matter upon what subject. Through these devices and "jealous criticism" they hope to wear out the Session, and then to accuse the Government of weakness in passing none of its Bills. Those tactics, however, have now to be very carefully pursued. Had Mr. Gladstone threatened to sit till Christmas, the Obstructives might have said that there was time for everything, even for their vapidities. Had he asked for Private Members' nights, they might have pleaded that all time being absorbed, they must take some of it for their grievances and their "irregular but most important" discussions. Had he pressed the London Bill, they might have argued that it was important enough of itself to occupy a whole Session, and was brought in too late. And had he insisted on the full programme, they might have defended themselves by pleading that the Government had overloaded the House, and had asked for so much, that the alternatives were a barren Session or the passing of a quantity of laws undiscussed. As it is, they must either pass or reject the Bills proposed, or stand confessed before the country as men who are unwilling that legislation should go on. They will be reluctant, with the shadow of a Dissolution slowly ascending the political horizon, to run that risk of displeasing their constituents, and the Government Bills may receive an unexpected amount of fair-play. Whether, even if they do, they will get through depends, of course, upon the action of the majority, which recently has been getting a little out of hand. Mr. Gladstone, however, has done his utmost to reduce them to discipline without tyranny, and the Constituencies, seeing that, are sure to second his efforts. The electors cannot prevent obstruction, especially as the great obstructives sit for trumpery villages, as incapable of political foresight as of political interest, but they can make their representatives very sedulous in urging forward work. The election cannot be very far off, and for a year before an election the remonstrances of watchful local Committees are received with considerable respect, even by Members who would not be sorry if legislation stopped.

THE NATIONAL DEBT BILL AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE *Standard* of Wednesday is sanguine of a successful resistance to Mr. Childers's Bill for diminishing the National Debt by re-creating for a considerable period the Long Annuities which will expire in 1885; and the *Daily News* of Thursday, if not exactly sanguine of the same result, contemplates it apparently with mild satisfaction. And, indeed, it is certain that Mr. Peter Rylands—a Liberal who is now too apt to walk in crooked ways—has given notice of his intention to move an amendment that would be fatal to the proposal of the Government, that Lord George Hamilton will raise a similar class of objections from the point of view of the Opposition, and that Mr. Mitchell Henry will take a special objection to asking Ireland, in her present state of poverty, to contribute towards such an arrangement. The *Standard* says that Mr. Anderson, a Scotch Liberal who occasionally

enjoys administering a snub to his party, is to swell the ranks of the deserters, though of this we know nothing except on the authority of the *Standard*, which may, perhaps, be confusing between Mr. Anderson and Mr. Rylands. But be this as it may, looking to the very discreditable defeat which Mr. Childers encountered the other day,—probably through some deficiency in the Whips,—in his proposal to substitute national for local collectors of the Revenue, we think it not so improbable as it may appear that the *Standard* is not speaking quite without book, when it anticipates some difficulty in passing this Bill. What the ground of apprehension may be we cannot tell, but this at least is clear,—that either the Whips have not done their work very efficiently lately, or else that there must be some malign influence at work defeating their efforts. The Whips are, perhaps, taken at present too much from the Whig section of the Liberal Party. We should like to see one of them taken from amongst the Radical Members of that party, who would be more likely to know what was brewing in relation to motions such as that of which Mr. Rylands has given notice in relation to the National Debt Bill. But a change of this kind cannot, of course, be made in a moment. However much we may wish that the Government should keep in mind its own apparent want of good information in relation to Radical defections from the Ministerial policy, the danger, if there be a danger, in relation to the National Debt Bill, must be dealt with at present by bringing public opinion to bear distinctly upon it. This, however, we will say, that it is simply impossible for the National Debt Bill to be "dropped" by the Government, as the *Standard* suggests. It is a proposal which is of the very essence of the Budget, and, indeed, the most important proposal in the Budget. To leave the initiation of the scheme proposed for another year,—*i.e.*, till within a year of the actual expiration of the long annuities,—would be a very grave act of weakness indeed, of which we are quite sure that neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer nor the Prime Minister would take the responsibility. The defeat of the National Debt Bill would be the defeat of the Cabinet on the most important of its financial proposals, and in our view ought to be followed either by a resignation or by a dissolution. No policy announced by the Government this year has been received with more hearty approval than Mr. Childers's wise proposal to anticipate the falling-in of these long annuities, and to renew something like five millions of them for another considerable period, with a view to a very substantial reduction of the Debt. The country is, we believe, in thorough earnest on the subject, and will give very short shrift indeed to Mr. Rylands, or any other Liberal who attempts to thwart the Government on this head. As for Lord George Hamilton's opposition, we cannot as yet believe that it will receive the support of his leader. Sir Stafford Northcote is so deeply pledged to the policy of paying off Debt, that it would be a conspicuously shifty party-move in him to try to trip up the Government on a proposal of this kind. But whether Sir Stafford Northcote is shifty or straightforward in the matter, is nothing to the Liberal party. It is something to the Liberal party to see that its own Members shall go straight on a policy of this kind,—a policy of pure justice to our posterity, to whom we are handing down a great load of Debt of very disputable origin, while we are handing down to them, in some directions, as, for instance, coal, greatly diminishing resources, —one, moreover, proposed by the Premier himself, taken up warmly and with great ability by his successor, and accepted by the country at large with a chorus of approbation. If the Government should be defeated on such a measure as this, we hold that it would be simply impossible for it to accept such a defeat tamely. It would be equivalent to a vote of want of confidence in its policy, and ought to involve the usual consequences of votes of want of confidence. Mr. Rylands, of course, must vote as he pleases. But we think we may assure Mr. Rylands that Burnley will be very little likely to accept him as its Liberal candidate again, if he contrives to inflict a defeat on the Government in a matter so important as this. The Liberal Whips should be warned of the very serious nature of their responsibilities, which have not lately been discharged with the usual efficiency and energy. Whether, as it is rumoured, this may be because there is disunion of any sort in the Cabinet itself, we, of course, have no means of knowing. But this we do know, that nothing would be resented more gravely by the Liberal party at large than the least evidence of disloyalty to the Government on a grave question of this kind, either in the Cabinet or outside it. In the country, the party was never more united than it is now. The least trace of a Parliamentary cabal would bring down upon those who gave comfort or aid to that cabal a very swift and memorable retribution.

As regards the Irish side of the case, it may be true, as we said last week, that Mr. Mitchell Henry might perhaps succeed in showing that this is not a very happy moment for spending the taxes paid by the Irish people in paying off Debt incurred by the United Kingdom. But then it is no secret that the Government are not adopting a niggardly policy towards Ireland, but are willing to sacrifice a very large sum for the purpose of such an assisted family emigration as the Western Irish have embraced with so much eagerness and gratitude. It is well known that the Government are prepared to advance to the Canadian Government a sum large enough to enable Canada to establish fifty thousand Irish comfortably on its virgin soil, without running any of the risks of hand-to-mouth emigration. That would, of course, be taking a good large sum out of the Imperial Treasury for Irish purposes, and would probably cancel, for the year at least, the Irish share of the cost of extinguishing Debt incurred in that year. And it is childish to ask the House of Commons to give up a great scheme for the reduction of Debt, for the sake of improvement loans to Ireland on which the Irish Members themselves are as yet in no way agreed, nor even likely to be agreed. Let advances to Ireland for the purpose of improvement of the soil, or for railways, or for any other development of the national resources, be considered on their merits, as the occasion may arise. We, at least, should certainly support the proposal to open up the West Coast of Ireland by one or two State-guaranteed railways, such as Mr. Tuke and his colleagues have more than once suggested. But these are small matters, which ought to be judged on their merits. The Irish Members are not agreed, and are by no means likely to be agreed, on any big scheme for devoting a large capital sum to public works in Ireland; and all such schemes are so purely imaginary at present, that it is ludicrous to consider them as competing with the proposal for paying off the Debt of the Empire. That is a question of national credit and of justice to posterity which is hardly affected, except theoretically, by the arguments of Mr. Mitchell Henry, so easy is it to balance the annual contribution which Ireland would pay to such a scheme by special contributions towards the relief of Irish distress, such as are already before the Government in the case of the Canada Emigration Scheme. The Irish Members cannot expect, and the more reasonable of them will not expect, that we should delay indefinitely the reduction of the Imperial Debt, in order to accumulate funds for visionary drainings of the Shannon region, or still more visionary reclamations of bog.

To return to the pinch of the question. Mr. Childers's National Debt Bill will come on soon,—next week, we believe—for consideration, and whether the Tories trim on the subject or not, we hope to see the Liberals staunch, and the Whips up to their duty. If there be any failure in the matter, the irritation in the Liberal Party will be extreme, and will be well founded. A defeat of this Bill ought to involve the usual consequences of a defeat of the Government on a matter of first-class importance; and a defeat of the Government in such a cause would be followed by an explosion in the country for which the handful of intriguing Liberals are very ill prepared.

SOCIAL DISCIPLINE FOR THE LIBERALS.

A LIBERAL who seems to be 'somewhat' writes a grave complaint in the *Fortnightly Review* for June that Lady Granville's invitations are not nearly so skilfully adapted to cement the cohesion of the Liberal party in Parliament, as are the Marchioness of Salisbury's to cement the cohesion of the Conservative party; and it is added that the Carlton Club is much more efficient in the empty social distinctions which it deals out to the Tories than the Reform Club, or the Devonshire Club, is, or than the National Liberal Club is at all likely to be, in distributing the same class of social distinctions to the Liberals. The writer of the article takes the matter very seriously. He is aware, apparently, that this delicate social bribery and corruption is of no real importance, as regards the vote of the country. He admits frankly that to make one of the new-rich men feel at home among the aristocracy of his party produces no substantial effect on the constituency which he represents, though he thinks it may, perhaps, exert some very minute influence of a satisfactory kind. But, says this advocate of the corruption which aristocratic favour can exercise, it is, after all, a matter of some importance to keep your party well together

in the House, as well as in the country. It may be of no importance, so far as regards the next general election, that Lady Granville should ask plebeian plutocrats to her assemblies, or that the Master of the Buckhounds should give them tickets for the Royal Enclosure at the Ascot Races. But it is of the greatest importance for the purpose of keeping these plutocrats to their duty in the House of Commons, and preventing them from joining cabals against the Government. It was, says this writer, Lord Beaconsfield's great credit that he held his party together by the social cement of a little aristocratic patronage of this sort, during the whole of the last Tory *régime*. The country, it is true, had made up its mind to throw off Lord Beaconsfield's yoke, but till the crash came there was absolutely no sign of party disloyalty to his Administration. And the reason was that the Tory aristocracy sent out their cards for balls and dinners and receptions generally, with the greatest tact and generosity, and filled the hearts of vulgar parvenus with delight. The reason, we are told, why the Liberals when in power do not manage as well, is that they despise these things, or are too lofty-minded or too proud even to think about them. The consequence is that the Tory world encroaches on the world of ambitious Liberalism, and undermines the Parliamentary party, even when the voice of the country is as unanimous and as loud as ever in favour of the Liberal cause. Such is the teaching of this anonymous Liberal, who seems to be "a pillar." It really comes to this,—'Let the great nobles of the Liberal party lavish blandishments on all who serve it in Parliament, especially if they are vulgar enough to care for that sort of thing. These blandishments will not alter the opinion of the country, or will alter it only infinitesimally. But they will stimulate the zeal and discourage the disloyalty of tepid Liberals who care for social distinction, and do not care much otherwise whether they get into Parliament on Liberal principles, or on Conservative principles, or on any one of the various shades of Conservative-Liberal and Liberal-Conservative principles.'

Well, we have only one reply to make to this Liberal counsellor. He is very likely quite right as to the uses of social blandishments in keeping a man zealously to his political duties, when he might otherwise become very lukewarm and languid about those duties. But then, is it a price which Liberal leaders can properly pay for political cohesion, nay, is it possible that they can really pay it without losing some of their sturdy faith in Liberalism? The Conservatives may do, and may do without discredit to themselves or their principles, what Liberals cannot afford to do. The Conservative takes his stand on the principle of rank. Well, as he takes his stand on that principle, there is nothing discreditable to him in illustrating the force and significance of that principle, —such as it is. If he wants to strengthen the Conservative party, he cannot do better than make good the influence of rank, as rank, over wealth and every other sort of power. If he wants to show how essential an aristocracy is to society, how can he show it better than by providing a long train of willing captives who have surrendered themselves to the influence of rank? Lady Salisbury is winning a recruit to true Conservatism, whenever she makes a millionaire own the ascendancy of high society over political ties. But Lady Granville is not winning a recruit to true Liberalism, she is winning a sham recruit at best, when she makes good the ascendancy of high society over political ties. There is something of treachery to true Liberalism in making social blandishments do the work of conviction. And we may depend upon it that no political leader who really devoted his mind to the exerting of social blandishments over his followers, could well avoid descending to a lower and meaner level of political life, and losing faith in his own principles. We should say, "Let the dead bury their dead," *i.e.*, let those who really think that aristocratic influence ought to tell more on conviction than historical or political argument, put forth that aristocratic influence to the utmost of their ability. But let not those who hold that there are in the political field plenty of considerations far more weighty than the preferences of Dukes and Duchesses, Marquises and Marchionesses, try to trim the balance by appealing to what they sincerely regard as false motives, motives which cannot work powerfully without telling against all the forces on which true Liberals rely.

The Conservatives cry out that the tyranny of the Caucus is an intolerable tyranny,—that a constituency which gives its Member warning that if he votes against the Government which they elected him to support, they will not return him again, is a despotic constituency, exceeding its constitutional rights. True Liberals reply that constituencies are perfectly entitled to tell their Member that if he ceases to represent their convictions on any essential point, he shall at the next vacancy cease to be their representative. But they might well add that there is nothing half so unconstitutional,—as they view what is unconstitutional,—in indicating their wish to sever the tie between them and a Member who misrepresents their views, as there is in trying to twist, or even to confirm, political opinions by social blandishments, *i.e.*, by a class of influences which are entirely irrelevant to political truth and falsehood. The constituency which says, 'Vote thus, or you shall lose your seat,' may induce a Member to give an unprincipled vote; but it applies that inducement only incidentally, and because it is not otherwise possible to get itself truly represented in the House of Commons. But the Duchess or Marchioness who says in effect, 'Vote thus, or you shall not come to my parties,' causes her victim to give what may be an unprincipled vote for no reason which will bear justification at all. The Duchess or Marchioness in question has no constitutional right to be represented in the House of Commons,—which the constituency that elects a Member certainly has,—and, therefore, alters, so far as she does alter, her victim's political opinion, by a pressure which, according to all true Liberals, is a perverting one, a pressure which is purely dislocating, mischievous, and corrupt.

Our reply to the Liberal who wants to reorganise the Social Discipline of the Liberal Party would be very brief, namely, that such social discipline is essentially hostile to Liberalism, even when it is incidentally favourable to it. It is a lowering influence. It introduces disturbing, perverting, and intoxicating influences, which taint the atmosphere of Liberal politics. The Liberal leaders who lay themselves out to ingratiate themselves not as statesmen but as nobles, with the rank and file of the party, lay themselves out to darken counsel by a refined sort of corruption. And they can never do this long without emasculating their own influence as leaders, and lowering their only legitimate attraction for those whom they desire to guide. The gilded-saloon business may be very fit and proper for the devotees of rank, as rank. For those who are not devotees of rank, as rank, but who think that the promotion of the popular welfare should be the supreme law of politics, it is not only a little degrading to exert consciously the blandishments of rank, but a degrading strategy which can never have any effectual success. It will do a great deal more to eat out the hearty convictions of Liberals, than it will ever do to keep crooked Liberals on the straight track.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THE irritation expressed by the French journalists at the English comments on their Colonial enterprises is, on the surface, a little absurd. They seem to think that when France is in movement, Englishmen should either be silent or approve, and detect in the most straightforward criticism a sinister intent. Of course, Englishmen will criticise, and as they are not much occupied with their own affairs just now, they will criticise closely, and close criticism of the French expeditions now on hand cannot be honestly made favourable. The English, for the moment at all events, are disposed to regard conquest as immoral, and if ever expeditions had conquest for object they are those despatched against Madagascar and Tonquin. As against the Malagasy, the French have simply no case at all. They say they are not allowed to hold land in Madagascar, but they are no more banished than other people, and great States do not invade to secure privileges of that sort. They are, too, obviously seeking much more than a change in internal law. They are asking a protectorate over half the island, and a dominant influence in the remainder, and between a French Protectorate and annexation there is only this difference,—that under the former word a Commissioner reigns much more absolutely than a Governor would dare to do. In Tonquin the pretext is a little better, for a petty war has been simmering for some years, there is a Treaty alleged to have been broken, and a French garrison has suffered a reverse, but the French Government in this instance make little concealment of their intentions. They demand in so many words the right to hold Tonquin by means of fortified places, the right to collect the whole revenue and assign it as they please, and the right to "protect," that is, to govern through a native Prince, the whole kingdom of Anam. The English think this cynical, as it is, and being accustomed to study Asiatic expeditions, they think it foolish besides. They do not question that if France likes to use 30,000 men in the

work, she can conquer Madagascar and Tonquin; they only say the work will be serious, and far beyond anything the French people have been led to expect. To dictate terms to the Hovas, a French General must reach the capital by marching 300 miles through a country of which 120 miles is a swampy, malarious forest, must overthrow 70,000 brave barbarians, of whom 20,000 are, for Africans, good soldiers, and must hold a line of positions not more than 30 miles apart. To do this, with full hospitals and all stores to be sent by sea, will take 15,000 men and a large expenditure; and the Chamber will be loth to spare the money, and indignant at being asked for the troops. In Tonquin, the business will be much more serious. As we read the recent intelligence, the Anamese have found allies, and the attack on the Citadel of Hanoi, which is proceeding so disastrously for the French, is being carried on by foes very different from the peoples of the Cochin-Chinese Delta. The King of Anam has enlisted the fighting Mountaineers, and has received from China a few well-armed soldiers, who will fight under his banner and in his name. That, in fact, is the characteristic policy which the Chinese have adopted. The Government of Pekin, though determined, is at once cautious and slow. So long as it can avoid that extreme measure it will not declare war on France, but will aid its vassal with troops, who are being rapidly collected in the neighbouring provinces. These troops will swarm down to Hue and Tonquin, and fight as Anamese; and the French, when they land the inadequate reinforcements they are sending, will find themselves opposed by some 30,000 men, well armed, fairly disciplined, and full of confidence in their leaders. The Chinese know the country, they will be assisted by the natives, and they can live in positions in which Frenchmen would perish wholesale of disease. That they will defeat the French in pitched battles is improbable, but they will waste them, and waste them continuously, in the morasses and forests, till the French Government will find that for a serious advance an army with reserves is indispensable. It will take 15,000 men, at least, to hold Tonquin, even if China does not openly declare war; and the moment no other course remains, China will declare war, and use her Fleet, now formidable in shallow waters. To talk of this expedition as insignificant, or to limit its cost to a quarter of a million, is trifling with the country. The French have embarked upon an expedition as serious as the invasion of Afghanistan, and are likely to reap from it just as little profit.

At the same time, while it is clear these things must be said, if the English are to speak honestly at all, there is one excuse to be made for the French journalists. They note much more carefully than Englishmen do the utterances of a few among us who criticise them not for their own sake, or for the sake of truth, but from a belief that these expeditions seriously threaten English interests. There are men among us, some of them in good positions, who are anxious that England should interfere even with menaces, who believe English interests distinctly threatened by the French expeditions, and who conjure up visions of danger to India and danger to British commerce as readily as if the French were Russians. This tone is most unwise, and should be censured by every politician of experience. Hardly anything France could do in the way of Colonial enterprise would inflict so much injury on Great Britain as a quarrel between the two nations, even if it were kept within the limit of tart despatches. We should instantly be compelled to "watch France," that is, should lose our present freedom in every quarter of the world, and be hampered by endless intrigue in every Eastern Court. A revolution in Paris would mean positive danger for us, and every reinforcement sent to a French squadron would be a reason for a similar addition to our own Fleet. The expeditions on hand neither threaten us nor concern us, except so far as we regret to see France frittering away her strength in immoral or sterile enterprises. We are not bound to prevent all wars of aggression because they are unjust, nor are the Hovas or the Tonquinese specially deserving of sympathy by reason of their civilisation or their weakness. The Hovas can fight for themselves very well, and we venture to predict that they will not, in the end, be conquered. The Tonquinese, on the other hand, have protectors as efficient as we could be, so efficient that the French are rash in arousing their hostility for so inadequate an object. Fighting China in Indo-China, that is, on a spot where no final blow can be delivered, is fighting a great Power. The argument as to our geographical interests is almost puerile. It is said that if France held Madagascar in force, she could stop our commerce on its way to India. So she can now, much more easily, by sending her ships into the Channel. We are not, we presume, about to recommence the old system of peace to the west and war to the east of the Cape, and if we are not, the seizure of a British vessel off the Cape would be answered in the Channel and the Mediterranean, not in Africa. France would lose Algeria, not the Sakalava country, as Lord Palmerston pointed out, when Count Walewski, in a moment of arrogance, ventured to talk of war. As to the masters of Tonquin conquering all Indo-China, and threatening India, it is worse than the talk about Russia in Afghanistan. It will take the French half a century to build up an effective Power in Indo-China, and when they have done it, the new "Empire" would be absolutely at the mercy of Great Britain, which by a few words at Pekin could press the dependency from both sides. The Deputy for Cochin China may gasconade about French destiny in Asia, but it will be time enough to fidget when the French threaten Siam, which, with a few decent officers, could make a stout defence: and even if Bangkok were French, India would not be endangered. To attack her by sea would be difficult enough, but to attack her in British Burmah by land, through that wilderness of jungle and swamp and mountain, all infested with miasma, is an enterprise from which the wildest of French Generals would shrink. To read some of the letters written and speeches made, one would think that the whole course of French history in Asia, and indeed in all the colonial enterprises of France, had been forgotten. That history has been almost unbroken. France has every now and then commenced a great enterprise, has achieved a first success, has met unexpected difficulties, and has abandoned openly or secretly its further prosecution, throwing over her agents with reckless ingratitude as persons who have failed. To quarrel with France because she may at some future time secure a great dependency in Indo-China which, at a farther future time, may be used against India, is like quarrelling with a child because he may when a man propagate effectively dangerous ideas. Prophetic statesmanship of that kind always fails, and it is only to the prophetic eye that this expedition to Tonquin can appear dangerous. Of course, if France quarrels with China and tries to blockade her ports, England would be injured, though not half so much as she was injured by the blockade of the Southern States; but the blockade will injure all Europe, and can be dealt with by all Europe, when the time arrives. Meanwhile, the true position for English politicians is to regret the action of France, chiefly because it is bad for the world that France should lose more influence in Europe by frittering away her strength on expeditions almost certain to prove sterile. If M. Challemel-Lacour thinks the annoyance of the English in itself a sign of hostility, what does he think of the delight of the Berliners? They are not angry because France is going to invade Tonquin, and probably quarrel with Pekin, but quite rejoiced, seeing clearly enough that every soldier and every pound expended east of Suez is just now a loss to France.

THE QUEEN'S SONS.

WE congratulate Baron de Worms. Like Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, Sir Drummond Wolff, and others of that type, he is always trying to draw attention to himself, and this week he has succeeded. His rather impudent attempt to patronise, or, to use official slang, to "protect" the Duke of Albany, raises a question of considerable social interest and great political importance, and Baron de Worms will be talked of in all London Clubs. The Member for Greenwich has heard, and according to the *Daily News* has heard accurately, that the Agent-General for Canada, presumably under some authority from his Government, asked the Duke of Albany to accept the Viceroyalty of the Dominion; that his Royal Highness was favourable to the project, and that it broke down through the reluctance of the Ministry to agree to the nomination. Baron de Worms sees in that account a means of making Mr. Gladstone appear to have refused a Royal request—which, in the eyes of the *nouveaux riches* and of all suburban respectability, is worse than blasphemy—and he is accordingly, on Monday, to ask the Premier whether he has seen the statement, and whether it is true. If it is not true the matter drops, and Baron de Worms will have the satisfaction of feeling that he tried to do a service to the Royal Family not likely to be forgotten; while if, as we rather presume, it is true, a discussion may be raised as to the manner in which the Liberals, "out of secret dislike to the Monarchy, have thrown away a grand opportunity of conciliating all Conservative and Imperial instincts in Canada." The stroke would really have

been very clever in Baron de Worms, if the ten-pounders had been ruling, and though, under household suffrage, it will probably cost him his seat, there are others, say, Kidderminster, in which an Austrian Baron will be a most acceptable candidate.

If the Ministry have refused to make the Duke of Albany Viceroy of Canada, they have done a public service, all the more to be noted by the electors because there is no personal objection to Prince Leopold. He is the most thoughtful and cultivated of his House, he would understand his rather anomalous position as the moderator of an avowed democracy, and he possesses the power of adequate expression, which Royal personages, trained as they are to a sort of mental stutter, are so apt to lack. Were he a little older, he would not, as far as he himself is concerned, make a bad Viceroy; but even were he fifty, and abler even than he is, he would be a most injudicious selection. The appointment would establish a precedent which could do nothing but mischief. No son of the Queen, however able, could, in the nature of things, make a good British Viceroy. The secret of British management in the great Colonies, and in a less degree in India, is that the Viceroy, or Governor, or Commissioner is an Ambassador; that he represents in an effective way the Central Government, and that he responds easily, quickly, and with untiring tact to any hint from home. To be certain of complete hold on him, to be sure that he will feel censure and desire reward, is of the last importance, not only to this or that Government, but to the Imperial system. A Governor who is self-willed is a nuisance, but a Governor who is too strong for his place may be a calamity. A Prince is always too strong for his place. Half our Military troubles proceed from the difficulty a Cabinet feels in snubbing or removing the Duke of Cambridge as it would snub or remove any non-Royal Field-Marshal, and a Prince as Viceroy would be stronger even than Prince George. He would not be so well known to the electors at home, would be more easily defended in Parliament, and would be much less afraid of comments in the newspapers. We have, as it is, to choose War Ministers because they have backbone, but backbone never can be put into the Colonial Office, which feels always that it has endless enemies and few defenders. It would be nearly impossible to control a Royal Viceroy, and in Canada, in India, or, worst of all, in Ireland, he might do irreparable mischief, before the Queen would consent to the affront to her family involved in his recall. Indeed, we need not take Canada, with its relations to the great and sensitive Republic, or India, with its wars always visible in the horizon, or Ireland, with its sources of political despair, as illustrations. A much smaller example will suffice a great deal better. Imagine a Prince, and worst of all, a Prince with an ambition to do something creditable in the world, in the position of Sir Bartle Frere in South Africa. It was difficult enough to remove that rhetorical Anglo-Indian, with his undying favour in high quarters; but if the Prince had been in his place, his removal would have been impossible, the Transvaal would have been subjugated, and the British flag would have been flying up to the banks of the Zambesi. So much the better, Tories may say, with their simple belief that Englishmen, if only of the caste, could govern the world without soldiers, and we may, to save trouble, grant their proposition; but then, that is not the country's will. Our contention is not that a Prince cannot govern—he may be perfectly well able to govern, though, happily for us all, that has not happened among the German branch of the Stuarts who have presided over us so well—but that the country has the right to govern, and intends to govern, and cannot govern him. The Prince, brain for brain, is probably just as qualified as Lord Lansdowne, and might be more so; but the necessary qualification for such a position is not only fitness, but amenability to a control without which the Empire would go to pieces. It would die of the constant jar between its own aspirations and those of its lieutenants. Baron de Worms would be furious, if compelled to appoint agents who did not fear him, to whom he could offer no promotion, and who considered hints impertinencies; but that is the precise position in which he thinks it discreet and even advantageous to place the Government of the United Kingdom. The experiment is too dangerous for modern statesmen.

But, we shall be told, in appointing the Queen's Sons to Vice-royalties, we are doing our best to reconcile colonists to the British system, to spread among them a liking for Courts, and to diffuse a tolerance for that organisation of social disparities which, for good or evil, has so long been established in England, and which, if it has impaired many virtues, has not been inconsistent with success in the world. That, no doubt, was the idea by which Lord Beaconsfield would have defended his avowed, though inchoate project of planting the Queen's sons about everywhere as Viceroys; and he may have believed in it, for he was capable of believing anything into which the notion of pedigree could enter. Baron de Worms, for what we know, may believe it, too. We are conscious of a certain irritation at seeing these German "Barons," strong in their wealth and in the favour of their great tribe, trying to interfere in our national politics, and it may be we are unjust to the convictions of the Member for Greenwich. But his possible sincerity on the social side of his mind makes no difference. The potting-out of Princes in Colonial gardens, however scientifically done, will not alter the character of the soil. Emigrant Englishmen are Republicans at heart, and in trying to set up mock Courts, and an aristocracy with no roots in history, we do but foster that radical difference of sentiment which, sooner or later, produces separation. Colonists love a Lord and worship a Prince, and when their wives are ordered to wear low dresses and long trains in order to be "received," defiantly disobey. The sentiment of courtiership, the true bend in the back, is not in them. It would be as sensible to expect to "foster" Colonial Establishments, with Bishops in the Legislatures, or to order a Colony to be divided into what Sir Rainald Knightley considers the "natural divisions of the soil." The man who thinks that the Dominion of Canada will some day become a kingdom, and the great landowners Prairie Peers, knows nothing of history, and very little indeed of emigrant human nature. It is not only Englishmen who reject Monarchy beyond seas. Spaniards are not democrats by instinct, but, after eighty years of Republican failures, what Spanish-American dreams of summoning Bourbon cadets to reign over him? The Mexicans shot a King as competent personally as a people are likely to find. If Prince Leopold were appointed Viceroy, the only result would be that he would be the target for every Irish dynamiteur, that the Queen's heart would be broken with suspense and anxiety, and that the confidence which Viceroys should feel while honestly doing their work would be irretrievably destroyed. Nor, for on such a subject concealment is unworthy, if Lord Beaconsfield's idea were as sound as we believe it to be unsound, should we admit that a Liberal Ministry would be in the right in appropriating it. It is not the business of the British Government to plant the British social system in all its Colonies. That system is historical here, and, therefore, endurable—or, if Tories please, excellent—and certainly is approved by the people; but it is not a good one in itself, and but for tradition it would not last. Millions of workers, guided by some ten thousand wealthy, and reigned over, if not governed, by a single family, is not a social ideal which it is at any hazard our duty to diffuse. And that it is a hazard, is unquestionable. Once appoint an excellent and thoughtful young Prince, because he is a Prince, to be Viceroy of Canada or Australia, and some day we may find it impossible to resist the nomination of a Duke of Cumberland, or a Frederic, Prince of Wales.

THE PLAGUE OF QUESTIONS.

THERE are many ways of wasting time in the House of Commons, but all but one are imperfect in this or that particular. They require some degree of concert on the part of those who resort to them, and concert is troublesome to arrange, and apt to fall through when arranged. A man will not be at the trouble of employing them, except when some obvious party advantage is to be gained, and this is not a condition that can be satisfied every day. Or they conflict with the New Rules of Procedure, and then a Member who has come down with the best intentions of hindering the despatch of business, may see his plans hopelessly upset by the intervention of the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees. The supereminent way we have in view has none of these faults. It is in the power of every single Member to ask a question, and before doing so he need take counsel with no one but himself. Then, a question makes so small a demand on the time or the energy, that the busiest or the most indolent man may put half a dozen in succession, without being either hurried or wearied. In this respect the New Rules have made no change whatever. The Closure may put an end to a debate, the power of moving adjournments may be used up; but the sacred right of asking the noble

lord or the right honourable gentleman the question number so-and-so, "that stands in my name," still exists unchallenged. Besides this immunity from the defects which belong to other modes of wasting Parliamentary time, Questioning has two specific advantages of its own. One is, that it is peculiar to no party. When a Liberal Government is in power, Liberals feel as free to question it as Conservatives. When a Conservative Government is in power, Conservatives sin quite as much in this way as Liberals. The privilege is too precious to be waived, on any consideration. Private Members will give up their Tuesdays and Fridays, or even their still more precious Wednesdays; but we doubt whether, if the fate of a Ministry depended on it, a single Member would be found to withdraw his own special question from the Notice-paper. He would say, not always truly, that that one question need not take two minutes to answer. The other advantage is that it is the cheapest possible method of obtaining notoriety. There are many Members who would be only mocked if they were told to bring in a Bill, or to draft a resolution, or even to make a speech. They have neither the ability nor the courage to take the advice, if it were given to them; and if they had both, it would depend on a hundred chances whether the opportunity of displaying them would ever arrive. They must be lucky in the ballot. They must be men of importance, and get "a day" from the Prime Minister. They must have influence with the Whips, and so catch the Speaker's eye beforehand. But they can all ask a question, and they have nothing to do but to give notice in order to secure an indefeasible right to ask it. More than this, the reward is out of all proportion to the labour. Now that Reporting is rapidly becoming a lost art, and long speeches are ruthlessly cut down to an inch or two of type, a question may look as imposing the next morning as if to put it had taken half-an-hour. As regards a man's constituents, it may even be better than a speech, because a speech is necessarily compared with others in the same debate; whereas the questioner has the field to himself, and the subject of a question may be full of local interest, while the subject of a debate may only concern the nation at large. Put all these things together, and the moderation of the House of Commons will be seen to be something extraordinary. Why should Members be content with two hours in an evening, when they might take up four, or six? Why should sixty or a hundred questions be asked, when five hundred would not be a question apiece? It is no wonder that the practice grows; the wonder is that it has not grown much faster.

Yet, though it is perfectly easy to explain how and why Questioning has come to take up more and more of the time of the House of Commons, it does not the less constitute a serious and mischievous abuse. The House of Commons, as we have repeatedly been told, has in practice a limited number of days in which to get through the work of the Session. For one reason or another, a day is constantly subtracted from this series. Sometimes the House is counted out. Sometimes a question of little or no public interest receives an amount of attention altogether out of proportion to its real importance. Sometimes an open effort is made to prevent business from being done. But what, after all, is the loss of a Parliamentary day, which at most yields from eight to ten hours, compared with the steady loss of from one to three hours every day that the House sits? Something like an eighth of the time of the House of Commons—one whole Session in every eight—is, under the present system, almost wholly wasted. There are exceptions, of course, to the rule,—questions that relate to subjects of genuine moment, or that draw from a Minister information of real value. But as regards the majority of the questions, no human being is the better for their being answered, or would be the worse if they had never been asked. They minister to nothing in the world but individual vanity. They have their beginning and their end, their first origin and their final cause, in the self-esteem of the men who ask them.

This being so, it becomes a very urgent matter how some order can be introduced into this chaos. That Questioning cannot be abolished will be admitted by the most ardent reformers of Procedure. It sometimes supplies a very valuable means of bringing a Government to book, or of gaining official information. The thing to be aimed at, then, is not suppression, but regulation; not to prevent Members from asking questions that deserve the asking, but to ensure that as few as possible that do not deserve it shall take up time which might so easily be turned to better account. One way of doing this would be to limit the right of question in the case of ordinary Members to Tuesdays and Fridays. This would have two good results. Though questioning would still encroach on the time of the House of Commons, it would encroach on the less valuable part of it; and so far as needless questioning is part of a system of designed obstruction, it would make it almost useless. Hours might be lost on these two nights, but they would not be deducted from the aggregate devoted to those Government measures which more and more constitute the serious business of the Legislature. Any loss that the public might suffer from the prohibition of questions on Mondays and Thursdays would be entirely prevented, if the right of putting questions were retained in its integrity for all Members who are Privy Councillors. Thus the Front Opposition Bench would be wholly unaffected by the restriction, and this would enable a sufficient number of independent Members to ensure that a question which ought, in the public interest, to be put on a Monday, shall not be kept back for twenty-four hours. With this exception, however, it would be possible to go a good deal further in the way of restriction. Why should not notice of questions be privately given to the Minister to whom they are addressed, and then the answers be printed in the votes, with the questions? The information would thus be obtained every day, just as it is now; but it would be obtained with no sacrifice of Parliamentary time. If the answer were really unsatisfactory, the questioner would have no difficulty in getting some Privy Councillor belonging to his party to repeat the question in the House. But ordinarily, every purpose would be answered by an inspection of the notice-paper. Nobody would be the worse for the change, except the men who see in asking questions the one means by which they can hope to become famous.

THE CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

THE note of Asiatic Immoderateness of which we spoke last week, ran through the Coronation ceremonial at Moscow to the last, and even infected the service in the Cathedral. We should have thought that difficult, men seldom straining themselves to be or to look gigantic when bending before an Almighty throne, especially when they are sincere believers; but even in the religious service the genius of the Russian Court—which, we may remark, is genuine, and not artificial, and represents truly a characteristic want of limit in the people—remained true to itself. The desire to separate the Czar from ordinary humanity, to give him, as it were, some separate and higher relation to the Creator, to which ordinary man may not aspire, was perceptible in a hundred details, two at least of which must, we think, be without parallel in Christian worship. That the Czar should crown himself, just when the course of the symbolical ceremonies seems to demand that the representatives of the Church should crown him, is not out of keeping with Russian history, or with the separate position which, since the time of Peter the Great, the Czars have always assumed in religious affairs, a position which has in it an assumption of an authority above that of the Church itself. It has, too, many precedents. Napoleon crowned himself, and so always does, we believe, the King of Prussia, each trying, we may suppose, to indicate either that his power is self-derived, or that even in a Church there is nothing between himself and God. That the Czar should crown the Czarina is *en règle*, the idea being that she derives everything save her consecration from her husband, and her prostration before him, kneeling as in worship, though outrageous to Western notions, is not inconsistent either with Russian ideas of marriage, or with the Court forms which Moscow has inherited from Byzantium. The anointing, of course, though most elaborate in Russia, lingers in all European coronations, and is possibly of older origin even than Judaism. But that scene of the whole audience and the entire priesthood suddenly kneeling in the Cathedral to supplicate God for the Czar, while the Czar himself remained standing upright, as if, in the presence of that universal prayer, he had no need to supplicate for himself, as if even before God he could remain erect, must be absolutely unique. It is said to be an etiquette intended to distinguish between the supplicants and the subject of supplication, but no such etiquette would be sanctioned for other than the Czar, and its object must be a separateness still more strangely indicated soon after. The Greek Church, like the Roman Catholic Church, grants to the laity Communion only in one kind, reserving the cup most carefully to the priesthood alone. It would be sacrilege to break the

rule under any pressure, but it is broken for the Czar, who, from the moment of his coronation, as a consecrated being, a layman, yet religiously apart from all the lay world, receives the Communion in both kinds, a distinction the more surprising because, though the Church obeys him as Patriarch, and the Patriarchal Chair is never filled, the Greek Church has never recognised, save in this mystical privilege, that the Sovereign is in any way priest. The object clearly is to attribute to the Czar, no doubt after consecration, a sacredness in the strict and even technical sense in which Churches use the word, beyond that of any other of mankind. Even his wife, though she also is consecrated with the holy oil, is refused the cup; and it would not, we conceive, be granted to any other Sovereign who might chance to be received into the Greek Church. It is the unique privilege of the Czars, and must originally have been one of the many efforts visible in this ceremonial to mark the Czar off from mankind in the eyes of his subjects as invested with quasi-supernatural attributes, and above even the religious law which levels all other laymen in an indistinguishable equality. It is as if in England the Sovereign, once consecrated, could by the Anglican theory administer the Communion, or ordain by fiat. There is nothing that we can recall in the least like this in any Christian ceremonial, or indeed, with the possible exception of the reception of the Grand Lama, who is not only priest, but deity incarnate, in any ceremonial whatever. The Khalif is as subject to the Mussulman Holy Law, in theory, as the meanest Moslem, as, indeed, was the Prophet he represents; and the Emperor of China, though as Father of the people he receives "worship" from his subjects, as does also every Chinese father from every Chinese son, is in no way released from the burden of performing all rites, but rather, as the representative man of China before the altar, is more bound to perform them all.

There is something un-Christian, almost unholy, in this deliberate effort to exalt a man above humanity, something which an old Greek would have thought a wilful affront to the Gods; and one can hardly avoid speculation as to what the Czar thinks of it all himself. How far does he believe what his Church and his people, and even his enemies, conspire to press upon him as true? He can hardly believe it all, knowing himself and his own weaknesses; but how much does he believe? More than other Kings? The records of all Courts, and especially the secret records, seem to show that no Sovereign quite escapes the notion of a separateness residing in himself, of a special relation to God, "in whose hand are the hearts of Kings," of something in him and his personal destiny which is not in other men; and how this must be exaggerated in the case of the Czar! His will is executive through two continents. He is released from law. He is, by the consent of his Church, in some sense Priest, as well as King, and in reality the most powerful of all priests. He is not only master, but consecrated to masterdom. The Archbishop of Novogorod comes from his distant diocese to tell him, in the sight of the representatives of mankind, that "Russia lies before thee," and it is all so true. It is impossible, human vanity and the influence of power and the weight of tradition on the mind being all taken into account, but that the Czar must believe some of it, must think of himself as in some way separate from his kind, and entitled as of right from above to his unrestrained authority. Thousands of priests, in all ages and of all creeds, have believed that of themselves sincerely, and why should not a King also in all sincerity believe it of himself? If he does, in any degree, however slight, how it must accentuate the natural resentment against rebellion, the natural readiness to believe himself justified in demanding obedience, the natural reluctance to surrender any power, and especially any of that *free* power unhampered by advice or sanction which seems to all men so much the truest power? We can hardly wonder, amidst such a worshipping world, if a Czar looks on a demand for a Constitution as tainted with something of iniquity, and this even if he should grant it; as if rebels were declaring against Heaven, and asking God's Vicegerent to obey man also, and more humbly. The sense of the duty of retaining authority felt by all who legally possess it, must rise strong in the heart of a Czar, till it becomes almost as impossible for him to yield it up as for a good man deliberately to do wrong, yet not suffer. And how the loneliness which is the curse of Kings, the sense of profound inequality between himself and other men, must be increased in a Czar, till the only true relation of mankind to him must seem that of service. There is danger of lunacy in that loneliness, and in the pride it feeds, the lunacy which, as De Quincey thought, beset the early Cæsars—the later men had to struggle for their power—and which has so often, though in milder forms and with more of melancholy, reappeared among the Czars.

For the rest, the festival in Moscow, unique in so many ways among ceremonials, seems to us greatly marred by the privacy which surrounded the central or crowning ceremonial. The chapel, rather than cathedral, in which it was all conducted, in which Princes, and Bishops, and Ambassadors, laden with gold cloth and heavy silks and the insignia of Orders, were packed till motion was impossible and standing-room difficult to maintain; the services drawn out till strong men grew faint with weariness and standing; the thin light barely struggling into the building; the overwhelming masses of images, ornaments, paintings, gilding, jewels, all leave on us, watching so far off, an impression of stuffy magnificence, splendour got up to order and overdone, which, in its immoderateness, does not impress. The open air would have been a fitter scene, or that cathedral which Alexander I., after much hesitation, refused to sanction, and which, had it been completed, would have been, of all Russian structures, the one most characteristic of the people and the land. A rocky hill outside Moscow was to have been eviscerated, and turned into a chancel; while a circle of gigantic monoliths, treble the height of those of Stonehenge, closed-in the plain into a vast church, within which a hundred thousand men could stand, with the sky for adequately lofty roof. The Czar, to make the scene complete, should have been seen, as he sat in such a basilica, in his gold robe and diamond crown and sceptre of jewels, by the millions of his subjects, as the gods of India are seen when they are wheeled with slow jerks to the terrace of some pagoda for the adoration of multitudes.

THIN PESSIMISM.

MR. HENRY JAMES, Junior, in his very interesting paper on "The Correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson," published in the June number of the *Century*, remarks that Emerson was by nature an optimist, with a high and noble conception of good, but without any definite conception of evil; while Carlyle was a pessimist of pessimists, with a vivid conception of evil, but no corresponding perception of good. Further, he remarks that Emerson's genius, like the genius of the whole of the New-England literature of his day, had "a singular thinness, an almost touching lightness, sparseness, transparency, about it;" while Carlyle's was full of the dense, warm life of his London atmosphere. Emerson's mind was full of ghostly hopefulness, Carlyle's of passionate and wrathful despondency. "No one," says Mr. Henry James, "maintained a more hospitable attitude than Emerson towards anything that any one might have to say. There was no presumption against even the humblest, and the ear of the universe was open to any articulate voice. In this respect, the opposition to Carlyle was complete. The great Scotchman thought all talk a jabbering of apes, whereas Emerson, who was the perfection of a listener, stood always in a position of hopeful expectancy, and regarded each delivery of a personal view as a new fact to be estimated on its merits." Mr. Henry James regards both the eminent correspondents as eccentric to the verge of madness, Emerson in a gentle fashion, with a mild and moonlight madness of his own; Carlyle with a moody madness as exemplified in the fierce and violent gesticulations with which he made his mock at the universe, and flouted "the Dead-sea apes" of whom he conceived the human race to consist. Mr. Henry James himself evidently stands between the two men. He is struck by the whimsical spectacle of Emerson's transcendental hopefulness and optimism. It amuses him to think that so clear-minded and painstaking a man should have been so sanguine and so deferential to the fellow-creatures with whom he lived. On the other hand, Carlyle's convulsive agony under the spectacle of human folly and misdoing seems to him profoundly irrational. If all the world is out of joint, what is the good of trying to set the innumerable dislocations of limb? "Pessimism, cynicism," says Mr. Henry James, "usually imply a certain amount of indifference and resignation, but in Carlyle these forces were nothing if not querulous and vocal." "Other persons have enjoyed life as little as Carlyle, other men have been pessimists and cynics; but few men have rioted so in their disenchantments, or thumped so perpetually

on the hollowness of things, with the view of making it resound." Mr. Henry James hardly knows which of the two makes him smile most, Emerson's mild and urbane infatuation of hope, or Carlyle's fury of despair. One can well understand his embarrassment. All his own works breathe, not Emerson's thin optimism, nor Carlyle's murky and chaotic pessimism, but, on the contrary, a thin pessimism of his own, as mild, quiet, and observant as Emerson's optimism, but as free from anything like satisfaction in what he observes as Carlyle's pessimism. He does not toss his arms about, and fret or fume, like the imprisoned Scotch Titan under his pile of mountains,—that would only be consistent, he thinks, with some substantial hope of making the world the better for these gigantic struggles,—but he combines the twilight calm of Emerson's impassibility with the "current contempt," as he calls it, of Carlyle's attitude towards the universe in which he lived.

What Mr. Henry James would regard as the most defensible attitude towards the universe is a smiling acquiescence in the shallowness and poverty of things, from which nothing short of Emerson's moon-struck exaltation could expect infinite good; while to wrestle furiously and wildly with its evil seems to him, no doubt, to imply a great deal more bottom of belief than is consistent with the "Dead-sea ape" view of human life and action. The genuine optimist must be gifted with a singular reticence and self-distrust, if he does not fling himself into the most conspicuous movements of his day, if he does not adore the Zeit-geist as a sort of divine oracle. The genuine pessimist must be overborne by a singular sense of fatality, if he takes any very great trouble to row against a stream which he believes to be irresistible. But what can be more suitable than for a pessimist who is a pessimist in truth, to be quiet and acquiescent, to smile, when it is possible, at the inevitable mishaps which overtake men, and to dry his tears as soon as may be when smiling is not possible; to offer no vain resistance to the confusion in which he sees human affairs more and more inextricably involved, but to avail himself of every little opportunity of saving what may be saved from the abyss, and to ignore, as far as possible, the cries of helplessness and terror proceeding from the various wrecks which sink into it. This, or something like this, we should gather from Mr. Henry James's various books, is the attitude which he would take, in preference to either the thin optimism of Emerson, or the yeasty fury of Carlyle; for he cannot really understand either the modest infatuation of hope with which Emerson watches for the oracles that he cannot himself hear, or the convulsive wrath with which Carlyle rages against the Destinies which he himself recognises as wholly uncontrolled and uncontrollable, when he declares God's creatures to be mostly fools or Dead-sea apes, for whom he finds no salvation in their theoretically divine origin. Mr. James blames Emerson for being deficient in the salt of "current contempt" for the manifest tendencies about him. He blames Carlyle for sighing after "so crude an occurrence" as the return of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides to authority in any modern realm. 'Despise the present, and hope nothing from the future, but, above all, don't hanker after the past,' appears to be the sort of attitude of mind which Mr. Henry James would inculcate in the reader alike of his novels and his criticisms. 'The world is getting into a hopeless tangle,' he seems to say, 'but at least you cannot use the old-world shears to divide the threads. Probably the tangle cannot be disentangled at all, but whether it can or cannot, it is but a mad aspiration to yearn after anachronisms in the hope of severing the knot.' With the equanimity of Emerson, Mr. James would combine a good deal of the pessimism of Carlyle, and blend the two into a principle of calm acquiescence even in a destiny that merits little except to be seasoned with what he calls "the salt of current contempt."

We believe that the fierce pessimism of Carlyle, the thin optimism of Emerson, and the thin pessimism of Mr. Henry James, represent in a descending scale the creed inherited from the old Puritanism, as it comes out after the dropping of all faith in revelation. Carlyle's Puritanism was not quite emptied of all its faith. It is perfectly true that he was, as we may say, always virtually quarrelling with God, finding fault with him, just as Mr. Ruskin also does, for not having created a very different being from man; finding fault with him for making man so disposed as he is to fall into mechanical habits; to vegetate with but a small share of spiritual life; to drone out the thoughts of his ancestors instead of thinking fresh thoughts for himself; to interest himself so much in commerce, and to attach so much importance as modern man does to what he calls freedom. Against all these conditions, concerning which Carlyle knew as well as any one that they arise from the constitution of human nature, and not from any abuse of human nature, he raged as if he were raging against mere mendacity and wickedness, and, indeed, was never weary of calling all language that did not please him "jabber," and all laws and constitutional customs that did not please him mere formulas. But, with all this fury against the constitution of the universe, Carlyle had at heart a belief that honest and true men might find power in God to alter things for the better, and this was the one living ember of the old Puritanism which still burnt vividly in his mind. Emerson snatched eagerly at Carlyle's transcendentalism, which was in Carlyle rather the product of his wonderfully vivid imagination than due to any deep intellectual conviction, but at once separated it from Carlyle's belief that God forms true heroes, and does not care for the "dim, common populations," except so far as they can be stirred by true heroes into giving them a loyal and passionate support; and in Emerson's hands, this transcendentalism became, as he himself remarked, a mild optimism, that was disposed to accept almost anything as divine, and to treat almost all ills, physical, spiritual, or moral, with an almost ignoble patience,—the one exception being in Emerson's case the evil which seemed to Carlyle almost a positive good, slavery. For the rest, Carlyle's deep belief that in some true sense God does bring to naught all insincerities and consumes them with his wrath, hardly reappears in Emerson at all, who regards the great source of life as too sublime for any share in the passions of the prophet. Practically, Emerson's transcendental optimism, which shows little sympathy with Carlyle's view of God as a God of battles, was, we think, a very inferior form of Puritanism even to Carlyle's,—a form which held fast to the purity of Puritanism, but not to its internecine war with evil. No doubt, it took up the divine benevolence which Carlyle almost rejected, but it dropped altogether that potent belief in the spiritual interventions of God in human affairs, which gave to the old Puritanism all its power,—a power which can never long survive the faith in divine revelation, but which did survive that faith in Carlyle. In Mr. Henry James's view of life, if we may trust his melancholy though wonderfully subtle novels, and the hints thrown out in this delicate criticism, we have the lowest form of the rapidly dwindling Puritanic faith, a thin sort of pessimism which recognises the taint in human things without recognising any divine remedy for that taint, which believes in no real power to fight against the inevitable evolution of things, which believes in nothing, indeed, except the importance of critical lucidity in contemplating the facts of life, and in the mild despondency which that contemplation is apt to inspire. He likes Emerson's tranquillity, but he would base it on a gentle pessimism rather than a gentle optimism. Optimism might lead to enthusiasm, pessimism never can; and yet pessimism, unless it is profound enough to make the world unendurable, and an exit from the world imperative, ought to extinguish the fiercer passions. If evil, and especially a growing confusion of evil, is inevitable, a spirit of toleration, and of ever-growing toleration, is necessary, too. You cannot train yourself too soon to be amused with the evils which no one can uproot. Adapt your eye, then, to the twilight; learn to smile at that which it is useless, and therefore unbecoming, to storm at; teach yourself to look for nothing excellent, but to recognise that which is not excellent,—which is, indeed, even less and less excellent, as probably our lot in life. Such is, we should say, Mr. Henry James's inner creed. Such, at least, is the temper of his many delicately painted pictures of life, and of his criticism of the two great men whose correspondence he so well describes. 'Most life is superficial, all life is a tangle; nothing, then, should put us out; but it is an intellectual duty to expect little, and not to fret, even when we get less than we expect.' The duty of lucid observation and of a low tone of expectation, is almost the only duty which, so far as we can see, Mr. Henry James thoroughly and universally approves. A sadder remnant of the old Puritanism it is not easy to conceive.

ORGANISED CHARITY IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Charity Organisation Society has given expression to a sense of dissatisfaction with the desultory, haphazard character of our benevolence, which had long been a growing one in many minds. But it is somewhat humiliating to us English-

men, who boast of being practical, to find that what we have only been talking about, and trying to do, within the last few years, has been actually done in a Swiss city for more than a century. There has been no talk about charity organisation in Bâle, but since the year 1777, the Canton has possessed a Society (Gesellschaft zur Beförderung der Guten und Gemeinnützigen), established on so simple and broad a basis as to afford room for the organic development of every form of benevolence, so that at the present day (or at least at the end of 1881) it can provide at once for forty-five different objects, which in practical England would have required forty-five offices, forty-five paid secretaries, forty-five separate subscription lists, and forty-five separately published yearly reports. It has over 1,700 members, over £8,000 funds, and an income of over £3,000. Its objects include the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring class, public eating-rooms, baths and washhouses (including men's and women's swimming-baths), athletics, a skating-rink, public lectures, Sunday schools for girls, choral singing, various libraries, kindergarten, infant schools, drawing and modelling schools, music schools, sewing schools, assistance of various kinds to clever or to poor scholars, provision for orphans, the maintenance of apprentices, help to discharged prisoners, the care of young deaf mutes, the protection of the insane, the prevention of cruelty to animals, the embellishment of the environs of Bâle, a savings-bank, sick, and burial societies, an asylum for the aged, the furtherance of domestic industry, the providing of appliances for the relief of the sick, the maintenance of the city museum of natural history and of its mediæval collection. The machinery of the Society consists, besides a Directorate (*Vorstand*) of nine persons, for the most part of separate Committees for the several objects, ranging from three to seventeen members; in other cases, where particular undertakings have passed out of the hands of the Society, or are simply contributed to by it, of from one to four delegates for each of such. In one or two cases, companies or societies which have sprung out of it report directly to it. For it has repeatedly happened in the history of the Society that it has served as pioneer to the State, and has seen objects taken up as of public obligation which it had originally sought to compass by private effort; whilst in other cases, the work which it has initiated has either so developed itself as to require an organisation of its own, or from its costliness has required this from the first. Hence, its forty-five present objects represent nearly seventy which it has had in all, although new ones are frequently added, in place of those which have passed out of its hands. In a few cases, indeed, it has had simply to give up what it had undertaken. In other cases, where a first attempt had failed, another has succeeded in later years. Thus, instead of the senseless, sickening, intolerable competition of charity with charity which fills the advertisement columns of the *Times* and the waste-paper baskets of every person who has a discoverable address, these Swiss burghers have made it a practice, for now these 106 years, to bring their benevolence to a focus, to set it to work in a manner which is at once the most practical and the most scientific, and which at the same time answers best to the spirit of true Christian fellowship. No political or religious differences have ever been suffered to exclude from its membership; it has been found wide enough for men of the most various characters, sympathies, and tendencies.

The following passages from the Rules of the Society, which were adopted on Easter Day of 1777 by the seven original members, may seem to explain the largeness of its aims:—"Object of the Society.—The furtherance, encouragement, and extension of all that is good, praiseworthy, socially useful, all that can raise and increase the honour and welfare of the community, the happiness of the citizen, and of mankind at large, has a right to the attention of the Society. Choice of Members.—Admission to the Society must therefore be open to every friend and furtherer of that which is good. Duties of Members.—Every member, in the same manner as he will strive for himself to make that use of his knowledge, his gifts, his position, his fortune, which he considers most conducive to the general happiness, so will he also have always this principle before his eyes in reference to the aims of this Society." The Society thus presupposes active individual benevolence as a many-sided duty, and then proceeds to make it collective. Hence, whilst it has not disdained to spend money freely on occasional commemorative festivals (more particularly that of its centenary, in 1877), it has been able to do its quiet work without any grand yearly dinners, and, above all, without any voting machinery; and yet it has grown almost uninterruptedly, though slowly at the first. Its income during its first year was only 2,126 francs (say, £85). After 1809, it was never under 3,000 f.; after 1815, never under 5,000; after 1816, never under 6,000; after 1821, never under 7,000; after 1829, never under 8,000; it was over 9,000, in 1830; over 10,000, in 1831; over 14,000, in 1834; over 15,000, in 1838; over 34,000, in 1851; over 42,000, in 1863; over 47,000, in 1874. Its lowest number of members was 121, in 1784; in 1804, it was over 200; in 1813, over 300; in 1823, over 400; in 1827, over 500; in 1845, over 600; in 1853, over 700; in 1861, over 800; in 1868, over 900; in 1869, over 1,000; in 1870, over 1,100; in 1871, over 1,200; in 1872, over 1,300; in 1874, over 1,400; in 1876, over 1,500; in 1881, over 1,700, being more than three per cent. of the whole population. What is still more remarkable is that the same names remain connected with it during its century and more of existence. Its founder was one Isaac Iselin, and a Major Rudolf Iselin was its treasurer in 1882, and twenty-one Iselins are among the subscribers. A Peter Burckhardt was another of the seven original members, and three Burckhardts were members of the Directorate for 1882, besides over seventy subscribers of the name. A Jacob Sarasin was another original member, and a Sarasin-Stehlin was a director for 1882, besides ten subscribers. An Andreas Merian was another original member, and a Hoffmann-Merian was President for 1882, besides thirty-eight subscribers. Thus, out of the seven original names, four appear after the lapse of 106 years in the Directorate of the Society, and only one seems to have died out of the list of Members. There is surely something very fine in this hereditary benevolence, generation after generation devoting themselves to the furtherance of a common work. No doubt, the S. P. G. in this country and a few local charities, might afford similar instances out of their subscription lists; but few amongst us would be disposed at the first blush to connect such fixity of purpose with Republican institutions. And there is something touching to note that, although the area of the Society's operations is local, it has many members not only in other Cantons, but in foreign countries. One subscribes from Heidelberg, another from Milan, a third from Naples, two from Havre, another from Weimar, another from London, another from Troyes, another from Marseilles, another from New York, another from St. Alban's. (Be it observed that the Report gives simply a list of members, not the quota of individual benefactions.)

It may, indeed, have been noticed that among the various objects of the Society there are none of a directly religious character, although the Protestant Union for Church-singing (*Kirchengesangverein*) reports to it, as well as the Klein-Basel Choir (probably Roman Catholic), and a delegate from the Church Choir (*Kirchengesangchor*, apparently a different body from the first-named). That the existence of the Society has in nowise quenched religious zeal in Bâle, nor its restriction to local objects narrowed the range of Bâle benevolence, is shown clearly by the coexistence in the same city of the well-known Bâle Missionary Society, almost the pioneer among such institutions, and which has rendered signal services to Christendom. Many clergymen are members of the "Gesellschaft zur Beförderung der Guten und Gemeinnützigen," and it is obvious that its position is in nowise that of antagonism to the Christian faith, but rather of friendly, but wholly unsectarian, co-operation with it.

It would, of course, be idle simply to imitate such a body in this country, or even in this metropolis, this "province covered with houses," of which the Canton of Bâle City would form but a fragment. The field is long since preoccupied,—the vested interests of hundreds of charities would no longer allow of the growth of a body capable of combining so many important objects as the Bâle Society. But it is a question whether some inspiration might not be derived from its example. It is possible to conceive of a group of friends, united, perhaps, by the influence of some precious memory, bringing together their efforts, in whatever direction, for what is right and good, and instead of trying to set up separate societies (a benevolent nobleman is reported to have said that he sometimes lay awake at nights for thinking what new Societies required to be formed), resolving themselves into Committees only, all acting in harmony with each other. What might grow out of such an attempt at co-operation in benevolence, time alone could show. But our present competition in benevolence is as odious as it is wasteful.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ULSTER FARMER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It is deeply to be regretted that so few English legislators have taken the trouble to visit Ireland, and given themselves the chance of getting penetrated to some extent with Irish sentiment, by coming into personal contact with the people on the spot. I learned more about Ulster tenant-right by spending some hours yesterday on the farms of a couple of Ulster tenants, than I had done by a dozen years of reading about the Ulster Custom. I really think it ought to be made compulsory on the British M.P. to produce a certificate of having spent, (say) at least four weeks in Ireland,—one in each of her four Provinces.

In despair of comprehending the Irish Land Question in England, I am come over to endeavour to get some idea of its working here. I have come to the conclusion that it is only by divesting oneself of all one's English ideas of the relations of landlord and tenant, that one is in a condition to enter on the inquiry. The Irish landlord, as a rule, seems to have left his tenant to do everything which, as a matter of course, an English landlord would have done for him. In the north of Ireland, tenants' improvements are conspicuous everywhere, in the shape of commodious buildings of all kinds, and drainage appears to have been largely carried out. In the south and west, improvements of any kind are conspicuous by their absence, so I cannot see where the landlord found his opportunity of confiscation. Between Dublin and Belfast, the farming, as a rule, appears up to the English standard. In the south and west, it seems below any standard at all. There can be no question that in many parts of Ireland, the land has been purposely allowed to get into a foul state, with the view of deceiving the Commissioners, so as to ensure a low valuation in the interest of the tenant. The result must inevitably be that for many years to come there must be a considerable falling-off in the produce.

I am convinced that it was not excessive rents which ground down the peasant-farmers of the south and west, but the smallness and barren nature of their holdings. "If they had them rent-free down there," an Ulster farmer remarked to me yesterday, "they would starve on them." No wonder there is no disposition to buy in Kerry or Connemara.

But I am disappointed to find an equal indisposition to buy in Ulster. "I would rather sit in practical perpetuity at a low rent, than own my own farm," was the opinion uttered in a very decided tone by the same Ulster farmer who condemned the small holdings. "Land," he went on to say, "is falling in value, and I believe it is going to fall further still, so I am not inclined to buy at present." I am convinced also that both in north and south the tenants expect further favours from Parliament, and that there is a natural unwillingness to change the blessed state of occupier, for whom the State shows so much consideration, for that of owner, which is in such bad odour everywhere, and especially in Ireland.

I cannot feel sanguine as to the beneficial effects of the Land Act in quieting the disturbed spirits of the peasant-farmer. He is generally an indolent fellow, engaged in the hopeless task of trying to get a living where no living is to be got. The practical fixity of tenure it confers will do something, doubtless, to encourage the exceptionally industrious and enterprising amongst them to improve their holdings; but the land is so deteriorated, from want of drainage, which can only be effectually carried out by a combination of adjoining occupiers, that I fear the prospect is a very hopeless one. I can discover no trace of any real subsidence of the bad-feeling of the bulk of the people in the south and west.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Armagh, May 30th. W. H. Hall.

A KERRY EMIGRATION SCENE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I am sure no one would regret more than Mr. W. H. (Bullock) Hall that any wrong impression should be the result of his kindly letter. I therefore ask you to grant me space to say a few words relative to the passage in his letter referring to the priest who happened to be too late to witness the embarkation. In the first place, it was my fault, not his—I having named eleven a.m. as the hour best suited to see the emigrant ship—that this estimable clergyman was late. The 'Lake Manitoba' was under weigh at 10.45 a.m., sooner by an hour than I calculated.

Again, such is the interest as to the future of the Kenmare emigrants taken by the priests of this district, that this same gentleman, the Rev. M. Neligan, whom Mr. (Bullock) Hall saw in the boat, sails from Queenstown on June 8th, at the request of his Bishop (the Most Rev. Dr. Higgins), to investigate the condition and prospects of those who have left the old country in the hope of bettering themselves in a new, under the Assisted Emigration Scheme. He has, from a sense of public and religious duty, laid aside his own convenience, in order to discharge a most charitable and excellent mission, suggested by the wisdom and kindness of his Bishop. I may add the announcement of the fact of his undertaking was received with the greatest satisfaction by all creeds and classes here.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Droumquinna, Kenmare, May 29th. J. C. R. Colomb.

HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES—AN URGENT QUESTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Efforts have recently been made on behalf of St. George's, London, and King's College Hospitals to obtain an extraordinary levy from the philanthropic public for these institutions. However energetic and laudable such efforts may be, it goes without saying that they can hardly, year by year, be maintained. The obvious conclusion follows that the constantly-increasing population of London taxes the resources of the London Hospitals beyond their strength. The causes of this and the evils engendered by such a state of things, though familiar to most of us, are not necessary to enumerate here. A remedy must, of course, be found. It seems, therefore, worth while, with this object, to draw public attention for a few moments to an attempt which has been made for the last two years in London to cope with the difficulty, and to do something to lessen the strain upon the hospital out-patient system. In April, 1880, an Association was formed, at a meeting of representatives of the Friendly Societies, the Hospital Saturday Fund, the Charity Organisation Society, and members of the Medical profession, and others, for the extension and consolidation of the Provident-dispensary system throughout London. This Association is in active work, and with your permission I will describe, as shortly as I can, the results up to the present time. Nine dispensaries have been established in different parts of London. Already about £3,000 a year is being paid in small sums by members of these institutions. In each of three neighbourhoods there are over 3,000 persons thus absolutely insured against medical risk, although one of these centres is within a mile of three large hospitals. That even with the present few branches, about 150 additional persons join in each week. That assistance is given by unpaid voluntary committees of members numbering more than 150 persons, and that several letters are constantly being received, inviting the formation of such dispensaries in working-class neighbourhoods in and about London. That in a comparatively short time, it is estimated, if the necessary branches were established, the system would embrace a membership of between 150,000 and 200,000 persons. This would in a great degree mitigate the strain upon the Hospital out-patient system, relieve the Hospitals from overwork and pecuniary pressure, and give the people practically more available and effective medical attendance, while preserving their independence, save the time, often of money value, now occupied in waiting at the out-patient department of the Hospitals. As I have stated, the scheme has generally received the support of the Friendly Societies, but it is obvious that until a further extension of it becomes practicable, many such men might live beyond the radius which is touched, and would thus be out of benefit until the system is sufficiently developed to include them. I have now briefly described this work; the principle is not new, and it is only the general and systematic application of it that gives it a claim to public attention. Although it has none of the sensational characteristics which attend the efforts now made on behalf of the Temperance movement, nor those which have for their effect the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, the scheme is simple, but it is in full swing, the working-classes in Dalston, Bow, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Kensal Green, and other outlying districts of London are eager for its extension; and it is a work which, one would think, would recommend itself to that large number of persons who have the amelioration of the condition of their less fortunate countrymen at heart.

A meeting will be held on Wednesday, June 6th, at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, 8 Grosvenor Crescent, at which the Right

Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., will preside, to consider the progress of this work, and the desirability of its further extension in London. —I am, Sir, &c., H. N. Hamilton Hoare.

Offices of the Metropolitan Provident Medical Association, 24 Bedford Street, Strand.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE ESTABLISHMENT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—My "hastily-written letter" has been somewhat hastily criticised, even in the elaborate and almost solemn castigation which it has received at the hands of Mr. Matthews. That gentleman thus writes:—"'H. J. V.' says 'we care not a brass farthing for Mr. Bright's opinion, but we do care," &c. *I did not say that.* Indeed, from certain little verbal inaccuracies, it would seem that Mr. Matthews, while writing, did not even take the precaution to look at the words which he professes to quote.

What I did say, in substance, was this,—that while all of us Anglicans admired Mr. Bright, and some of us were his political adherents, yet none of us cared for *his opinions about the Church of England*,—his opinions on that one subject only. Here was the "qualification" distinctly stated. Whether the statement, thus guarded, expressed the truth accurately or not is another question, and is fairly open to criticism. The matter is one for the judgment of your readers.

I may be allowed to suggest to Mr. Matthews that there is hardly a more effectual method of "misrepresenting those who hold different opinions from our own," than the garbling of a quotation, even when, as, of course, in the present case, this is done quite unintentionally.—I am, Sir, &c., H. J. V.

THE BARRISTERS' AGITATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I venture to think, from the general tone of your article of May 19th, on "The Barristers' Agitation," that you are under some misapprehension as to the quarter from which that movement sprang. Owing to the great recent encroachments of the lower branch of the profession on what used to be considered the peculiar sphere of the Junior Bar, some of that body were forced to the conclusion that they could no longer exist, under the restrictions which the rules of etiquette were understood to impose upon them. You may, however, have noticed that by a peculiar coincidence, if nothing more, there appeared in the *Law Journal* and other papers within a few days of the meeting to which you allude, the result of an inquiry, addressed to the Attorney-General, as to the extent of the rule of etiquette which prohibits barristers from doing work for outside clients for a fee without the intervention of a solicitor. The answer was that the rule only applies to contentious business, after litigation has begun; in other words, that the entire department of conveyancing proper, the drawing of wills, settlements, and agreements, and advising on the case, are within the legitimate province of a barrister, without any necessity for employing a solicitor as an intermediary. To give you some idea of the immense saving which the public would effect by availing themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, in all cases not requiring much preliminary investigation, I will refer to the simple instance of a marriage settlement of £10,000 Consols. The *ad valorem* scale suggested by the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, and which presumably represents the charge of the most respectable firms, fixes the remuneration of the lady's solicitor in this case at £60, and of the gentleman's at £30, this being exclusive of stamps, counsel's fees, and certain extra expenses. Now, if a barrister were employed direct, instead of a solicitor, his fee for drawing the settlement would be about £6 6s., the cost of engrossing, and other out-of-pocket expenses, would not exceed £8 8s., and allowing £10 for conferences and correspondence, the total cost would amount to about £25, or say £30, if the draft were perused by another counsel on behalf of the husband, being a net saving of £60. I need scarcely insist on the additional security which would result from resorting to that branch of the profession which is specially qualified for the purpose by study and education, instead of trusting entirely to the solicitor, whose sphere embraces so many other and complex operations.

It is only by insisting on the maintenance of the old supposed rule of etiquette that Solicitors can enforce their monopoly, and keep the scale of fees in non-contentious business at its present exorbitant pitch; and the public must decide for themselves whether they will acquiesce in this monopoly, or will avail themselves of the services of Barristers, whom the recent declaration of the Attorney-General has relieved from all further scruples of etiquette on this point.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A Member of the Junior Bar.

"SLAY AND EAT."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In reference to my previous letter on this subject, I have been asked, "Do I hold it unlawful to kill?" Certainly not. We must kill or be killed. If ἀγάπη bids us *cherish* our little ones, and if God is this ἀγάπη, it may be said, perhaps, though I should not like to put it so, that it is he who bids us kill,—bids us rob the cow of its calf and eat it, and use the milk which he made to prepare for its little one, for our own little ones. But then, *the same* ἀγάπη, the same God that makes us do this, makes us hate to have to do it, and cry out against the cruelty of this necessity, as a necessity only to be groaned under, not to be acquiesced in, and a necessity that can find no place in the coming kingdom. What I protest against, and what I find the cause of Atheism, is the attempt to debit God with those necessities that war against the life. I do not believe that it is given to man to see anything good, or divine, or intentional in the imposition of those evils which it was the mission of Jesus to save us from. While we treat them as foes to be fought against they may do good, but the moment we look at them as beneficent ordinances appointed for our good, it seems to me that we are in danger of worshipping that incubus, that temporary evil arrangement from which St. Paul says that Jesus came to save us.

To say that God is not pure benevolence seems to me not only dangerous, but utterly senseless. I can see no clear creative purpose manifest in Nature, except in the movement which makes living things make themselves. Life is harmony, *i.e.*, sympathetic co-operation; the internecine and competitive relations of living things are due to this,—that the harmony that animates each living organism has not yet succeeded in doing *what it is manifestly trying to do*, harmonising them with one another.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Langton Lodge, Blandford, May 22nd. G. D. Snow.

WOMEN AND THE HOSPITALS IN EGYPT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Lord Morley's report on the state of the sick and wounded in our Egyptian hospitals, as commented upon in your columns, brings out a fact of some significance, on which too little stress, perhaps, has hitherto been laid. At Cairo there were two Army hospitals,—one engineered from first to last by a woman, Lady Strangford, who collected funds for the purpose, and went out to Egypt to see herself to their disposal; the other managed by men alone, with all the resources of the State to back them. The first, according to Lord Wolseley's evidence, was in perfect working order, complete in all appliances, nothing wanting, nothing forgotten, everything turned to account and made the best of,—witness the cheap and comfortable palm-leaf bedsteads, discovered in the town by Lady Strangford herself, and bought by her, any number of them, for 2s. 6d. each. At the other hospital, according to the same report, all was muddle and misery. The food was bad; dirt and discomfort reigned supreme. The sick and wounded were lying on the ground, suffering torments, for want of the commonest necessaries, the officials helpless in the midst of chaos.

In view of this contrast—repeated also at the Crimea and elsewhere—it may be seriously urged: Is there no way in which the admitted efficiency of women in hospital management can be recognised officially, and turned to account in these national emergencies? Their large resourcefulness, their genius for detail, their quickness in utilising make-shift material, would render their counsel and co-operation in this department pre-eminently valuable. Hospital management is, in effect, but a more arduous kind of housekeeping,—housekeeping combined with the charge of the sick. For both these functions, women by nature have a special fitness. So long as war is a necessity for us as a nation, so long it is not only sound policy, but a duty of the highest order, to do the best we can for our wounded, sick, and dying soldiers. I would humbly submit that before the need surprises us again, means be devised for securing officially the supervision or assistance of capable, experienced, and sensible women; women of standing and education, loyal and self-devoted, who would bring into the work the element which now

it lacks. Nothing, perhaps, would do more to redeem our war-hospital service, so far as commissariat, sick nursing, and detailed management are concerned, from the charge of inefficiency which has been justly brought against it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Malvern, May 30th. M. C. TABOR.

PHYSIOLOGY AT OXFORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—A decree will, on Tuesday next, June 5th, be submitted to Convocation at Oxford authorising the expenditure of £10,000 from the University Chest on the erection of a laboratory, working-rooms, and lecture-room for the Waynflete Professor of Physiology, and in providing fixtures, &c., for the same. If this should be carried, it will convey an expression on the part of the University of approval of extended Vivisection. Hitherto, little of this, I believe, has been done in the museum. When it was under the direction of the manly and humane Rolleston, the amount of vivisection is thus summarised at page 343 of the Report of the Royal Commission:—"Half a dozen frogs used annually, and occasionally, but not regularly, small birds and mammals; but in all cases in which any pain can be supposed to be likely to be caused, anæsthetics are employed."

I must express my fear that a more extended class of experiments is in contemplation now; the evidence of the present Waynflete Professor, pp. 115-123, 138-148, shows that he regards the matter from a different point of view to that of which you are the advocate. His words leave a doubt at least on the mind whether he feels the utter abhorrence of painful experiment which Rolleston used to express. In his evidence, no doubt, as in that of most of the physiologists and of the physicians examined by the Commission, there is implied, if not always strongly expressed, a dislike of the callousness of thought on the subject which is said to exist in certain Continental laboratories, and which in the last century excited the scorn of Voltaire. But, on the other hand, the Professor stated that he thought that any amount of pain might lawfully be inflicted, for the purpose of arriving at an important result. And this is the fallacy of physiologists. Other men acknowledge, or are compelled to acknowledge, certain limits set about the objects of their pursuits; but again and again physiologists set up the claim of being only a law to themselves, and they dislike the interference of lay opinion.

It is this which causes many to dread the extension of vivisection,—and as regards Oxford, though this, I acknowledge, is a mere matter of sentiment, in the very playground of the University,—outside, cricket and little children at play; inside the museum walls, wilfully-inflicted suffering, perhaps of the dog who was their companion and guard yesterday.

I have been compelled, since the Waynflete Professor's name is mentioned in the decree, to speak of him, and so it would not be becoming for me to write anonymously; but I am far from imputing to him any carelessness as to pain. His own words are that "it should be made as small as possible." But whether there are limits which man's moral sense should set to the amount of pain he would inflict for any presumably sufficient object, is the point on which he and his critics differ.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Charlbury, May 30th. C. F. C. WEST.

[We understand the Waynflete Professor's view to have been deliberately expressed that there is no limit to the torture which may be, and ought to be, inflicted, for a sufficient purpose, provided only that no "unnecessary" pain is inflicted. There is certainly nothing to show that any scientific purpose would be considered by him insufficient, solely on account of the pain which the experiments made to fulfil it might involve.—ED. *Spectator.*]

DR. RHYS DAVIDS' HIBBERT LECTURES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In thanking you for your very kindly notice in the *Spectator* for May 19th, of my "Hibbert Lectures" on Buddhism, I would ask you to be so kind as to allow me to remove one misapprehension of my views into which the reviewer has fallen (through a want, no doubt, of that lucidity of expression on my part for which he is good enough, on other points, to give me credit).

He speaks of "that concept of spirit as entirely distinct from matter, to which our Materialists and Monists apply the name, or rather the nickname, of 'Animism.'" Further on, he not only includes myself among such persons, but supposes that I have represented Gotama also to be one of them. I must agree that, if used in that sense, the word "animism" would be a nickname. But I did not intend so to use it; nor, indeed, to give expression to any opinion of my own, or to ascribe any opinion to Gotama, on such a concept. I used the term—as, I believe, all other writers have done before me—to denote a "rudimentary philosophy" which sees separate and distinct spirits or ghosts everywhere animating the material world, and "finds in the action of such spirits a natural and final explanation of every mysterious event." (See pp. 14-74 of the "Lectures.") I plead guilty to the charge of assuming that this philosophy is dying out among educated and thoughtful people.

I must ask leave, however, to repudiate, very emphatically, for myself, the name, or rather the nickname, of Materialist. Neither is it a term which is at all applicable to Gotama. That great teacher looked at things from a point of view so entirely apart from the discussion suggested by the word, that there is not a single passage in the Pali "Pitakas" dealing, either one way or the other, with the question of Materialism. But his constantly reiterated doctrine of the essential impermanence of all complex states, whether of mind or of matter, perhaps involved and certainly developed (centuries after) into a thorough-going Localism, which is one of the most characteristic marks of the later Buddhist speculation. Being told by their master that all things were not so much being as constantly *becoming*, they drew the corollary that being, in fact, merely passing phenomena, they had no real or independent existence at all. Nothing, surely, is more different from the spirit ascribed to modern Materialism than this teaching of Gotama's; nothing more opposed to that spirit than the conclusions drawn from Gotama's own doctrine by his later followers.—I am, Sir, &c.,

3 *Brick Court, Temple.* T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

[We are sorry that we have in any way misrepresented either Mr. Rhys Davids' own philosophy or the ideas of Gotama. The only expressions in our article which seem to have any bearing on the former are contained in the few lines following the word "accordingly," in allusion to his saying that Comtism, Agnosticism, and Buddhism are "the only systems which have broken away in the most uncompromising manner from the venerable soul-theories which have grown out of the ancient Animism." Mr. Rhys Davids does not, we admit, anywhere in these lectures lay down his own opinion in a direct manner, and we regret that we made the mistake of supposing that the page quoted and its context implied sympathy with the schools of thought in question. As to the term "animism," no doubt he applies it mainly to the more barbarous form of thought which attributed an indwelling soul to *everything*; but the words on page 13 of the lectures,—"They" (the remote ancestors of the Buddhists) "had come to believe, most probably through the influence of dreams, in the existence of souls, or ghosts, or spirits, inside their own bodies," with the statement (page 88) that "the various religious faiths professed in Europe are so inextricably interwoven with the belief in a soul," &c., led us naturally to suppose that the author included in the term "animism" also those modern beliefs in the distinction between matter and spirit as different entities, which are at the foundation of modern Christianity and of much still surviving philosophy. We should like to know at what point "Animism" ends, and the more civilised soul-theories begin. It is quite true that Gotama did not concern himself with ontological speculations in the shape with which we are now so familiar, for his aims were ethical and practical; but if he had to invent Karma, in consequence of a rejection of "animism," including in that term the existence of an ego capable of retaining its *conscious* identity, apart from the body, it is difficult to avoid looking upon him as "in some sense a Monist," which is all that we have said about the analogy of his ideas to any modern form of thought. Certainly it is impossible to hold that his doctrines had any resemblance to the grosser forms of Materialism now prevalent.—ED. *Spectator.*]

POETRY.

COMPTON PLACE.

FAIR beeches, though your brother trees
In forests stand so proud,
Yet here the fierce winds from the seas
So oft your heads have bowed,

That still, when softer airs prevail,
Your tops seem bending from the gale.

With salt dews from the sea-foam wet,
By many a tempest torn,
Scarred trunks and twisted limbs show yet
What terrors ye have borne;
Nor any years can now undo
What the past years have done to you.

Yet, when the Spring is in the land,
And bright the heaven o'erhead,
In sullen gloom ye will not stand,
Though life's best hopes be dead;
New leaves break forth from buds unseen,
Till all the wood is clothed in green.

Fair souls, that from your high intent
By bitter fate are barred,
Though past all hope your lives be bent,
And past all healing scarred;
Yet learn of these, to do as they,—
Not what ye would, but what ye may!

F. W. B.

BOOKS.

DE BROGLIE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT AND MARIA THERESA.*

The Duc de Broglie says early in the first of these volumes, and with a characteristically elegant sigh, that "we have not, as yet, any history of the eighteenth century, properly so styled. That which is called history is simply the product of party-spirit, always recognisable by one characteristic feature,—a blind credulity, that admits the most baseless suspicions when it can turn them to advantage, and contests all evidence which it finds inconvenient." One might ask M. de Broglie what is the particular party-spirit that animates Von Ranke or Mr. Lecky, or even "that eminent English writer, Mr. Carlyle." What the Duc de Broglie means, however, no doubt, is that no complete history of the eighteenth century has been written from the stand-point of what may fairly be styled the ante-Voltaire, and ante-Rousseau half of that century, with which alone he has genuine sympathy. His career and works alike prove that he has not got beyond the ideas of that period. He has never forsaken Leibnitz, his early love in religion and philosophy. His recent speeches in the French Senate on Egypt and the Triple Alliance are proof positive that, as regards foreign policy, he has not outgrown the tradition of Guizot,—a tradition that in itself was an attempt to revive that ante-Voltaire, ante-Rousseau Balance of Power which, if Carlyle and Mr. Bright may for once be combined, was but a "monstrous, wigged mendacity," not perhaps constructed, but certainly maintained, to provide incomes for the younger sons of Europe. Even the graces of M. de Broglie's style, undoubted as these are, are the graces of the earlier half of the eighteenth century, not of the latter half, much less of our own time. He is a maker of phrases, but he has not at his command words that burn, for the good reason that he is not filled with thoughts that breathe the modern spirit. He has knowledge, but he has no desire for that "plebification of knowledge" which Coleridge dreaded, but which is becoming one of the enthusiasms of our times, as a contribution to what the wiser Wordsworth appreciated as "joy in widest commonalty spread." Yet stranded politician and "fossil ideologue" though the Duc de Broglie must be accounted, he will always deserve and command a certain amount of respect, especially for his contributions to literature. If his ideas are those of the Regency somewhat clarified, he has also not a little of its grand air; and even if his new volumes were not interesting as a contribution to an important historical controversy, they would be enjoyable and valuable for the grace, and high politeness of their author's style.

M. de Broglie does not disguise his real purpose in rewriting, with the aid of the fresh historical material recently supplied from the Berlin and Vienna Chanceries, in the shape of D'Arneth's *History of Maria Theresa*, Droysen's *History of Prussian Policy*, and the political correspondence of Frederick the Great, the story of the connection of France from 1740 to 1742 with the memorable struggle between Frederick and Maria Theresa. His volumes are not a direct attack upon the Carlyle, or a direct defence of the Macaulay-Stanhope, theory of Frederick and of his conduct in seizing Silesia, although both are implied in them. He concerns himself mainly with his own country and with the diplomatic "idea" which at that time gained an ascendancy there, and which in his opinion has had a baleful effect, even down to our own day. "I think," he says, "I have proved to my readers that on the death of the Emperor Charles VI., it would have been easy to have obtained from his daughter Maria Theresa such an accession of territory as would have strengthened the defence of our northern frontier, and probably rendered it secure for ever, by the surrender of the whole or a part of the Low Countries. To this practical, certain, tangible advantage, France preferred the 'idea' of re-establishing the German Empire according to its primitive conception, that is to say, free from Austrian preponderance and heredity. . . . . For this 'idea' did France rush into a great war, of which she had, ultimately to bear the whole cost, and from which under the best of circumstances she could have derived only an imaginary advantage. The re-establishment of the German Empire, striven for under such conditions as these, was simply a conception, under a form consonant with the spirit of the time, of that vague principle of nationality which we have twice defended, and to which we have now fallen victims." A passage like this might fairly be cited as evidence of how little the writer is affected by the nineteenth-century ideas of nationality and democracy, and how full he is of the old eighteenth-century or chess-board doctrine of diplomacy. He would have seen no immorality in France absorbing the Low Countries as the price of assistance to Maria Theresa, without consulting the wishes of their inhabitants; on the contrary, his book is in effect one long regret that some such step was not taken. Apart from this, however, M. de Broglie supplies no evidence, beyond diplomatic "sentiments" which counted for less in the middle of last century than they do even now, that the aged Fleury and the dashing but conceited Belleisle, who entered into alliance with Frederick in 1740, were animated by any such even pseudo-magnanimous idea as that attributed to them. The one thought only of how with the least trouble he could seem to pose before France as continuing the "Quatorze" tradition. The other thought only of how France, as represented by himself, might pose before Europe as controller of its destinies; and this Frederick evidently believed from the beginning, as he said at the end, of what was rather a political *liaison* than an alliance. As proof of this may be taken a curious document, found in Frederick's political correspondence, which has neither date nor signature, and which, says M. de Broglie, "had it emanated from any other person, might be called an examination of conscience": —

"The document is divided into two parts respectively, entitled as follows:—'A Statement of the Reasons which I may have for remaining in alliance with France.' 'A Statement of the Reasons which I may have for making a Peace with the Queen of Hungary.' The for and against is laid out before us; the whole soul of the writer is revealed. Under the first head (and even in the first rank) he thinks proper to place a consideration of honour and morality among the number of the motives that militate for the maintenance of the French alliance. 'It is ill done,' he says, 'to violate one's word without reason, and up to the present time I have no ground of complaint against France nor my allies' (this acknowledgment is precious, and worth retaining). 'If one does not carry out one's projects, and passes often from one side to another, one gains the reputation of vacillation and levity.' Reflections of a more self-interested kind follow; as, for example, that a fresh victory gained over the Austrians would place Prussia in the first rank in Europe, and that the King of Prussia would then have all the authority of the Emperor, while the Elector of Bavaria would have only the trouble; and that the Queen of Hungary (if she were treated with) would always regret the ceded provinces, and would endeavour to retake them, so that there would never be anything more than a plastered-up peace. It is, however, under the other head, that which enumerates the possible advantages of a separate peace, that the true sentiments of the writer are to be found. First come the usual denunciations of the slowness, the hesitation, the military mistakes of the French Generals, and the impossibility of campaigning with them any longer without sharing the consequences of their errors. Then come complaints that to work for the King of Poland is only to aggrandize neighbours who may repay service by ingratitude. But now let us note the final trait; 'The fortunate termination of this war would render France the arbiter of the universe.' This is the final word; this is the last figure of the reckoning, and it strikes the balance and settles the account."

No one, of course, seeks to defend Frederick's conduct in 1741 in entering into secret negotiations with Maria Theresa, while bound by a solemn treaty of alliance with France, from the stand-point of high morality, and there was, as Mr. Morley says, in his study of Voltaire, "a gratuitous infamy in

* *Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, from hitherto Unpublished Documents, 1740-1742.* By the Duc de Broglie. From the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1883.

hinting to the Austrian General, as Frederick did, how he might assault with advantage the French enemy, Frederick's own ally at the moment." But there is nothing to disprove the Carlylian doctrine that at the time of the Klein-Schnellendorf negotiations of 1741 both Austria and France were playing with cogged dice, and that Frederick "knew it, and sought to profit by his knowledge." Possibly enough, France had not taken steps towards the conclusion of a separate and special treaty with Austria; and perhaps the most successful historical point made by M. de Broglie is his protest against any such notion. Possibly, too, it was not the possession of Luxemburg that the viewy Belleisle was aiming at, as Frederick thought. But a nation is surely none the less a dicer, if the stake she plays for is the position of "arbiter of the universe." Besides, France, as the ally of Prussia, had played badly. What with Belleisle's ill-fortune, his vanity, which prevented him from seeing clearly his own relationship to his surroundings, and his misfortune in having as his military colleague so obstinate a man and so pedantic a strategist as the Marshal de Broglie, whose faults the Duc shows no inclination to screen, "of the immense efforts which his diplomacy has caused to be made there remained nothing but an army of 25,000 Frenchmen, destitute, and blockaded behind dismantled ramparts, far away in Germany." Frederick himself wrote candidly to Belleisle:—"I look upon this affair as a navigation undertaken by several with the same object, but which, being upset by a shipwreck, places each of the navigators under the necessity of saving himself by swimming, and landing wherever he can." There is nothing magnanimous in a *sauve qui peut*. But Frederick did not pretend to be magnanimous. He did not even claim, by his own chief apologist's confession, to be "superstitiously veracious," a fact which that apologist evidently thinks a credit to him rather than the reverse, much as Goethe records, as a compliment to Philina, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, that her dress was not "superstitiously clean." All he sought to do was "to win his stake out of that foul, weltering medley, and go home safe with it, if he could." The events which followed the hollow peace that resulted from the secret negotiations of Klein-Schnellendorf proved that Frederick was not wrong in his estimate of the true character of French policy, veiled though it was by the phrases of Belleisle.

Maria Theresa figures in M. de Broglie's pages, especially in the second volume, as well as Frederick. We are told once more how pure she was, how devout, how attached to her husband, how she felt but a *pauvre chienne* (the translators might have spared their explanatory note about this phrase), without him. M. de Broglie has given us the most coherent and accurate narrative that has yet appeared of her memorable visit to Hungary, in which she aroused into a passion of loyalty the people which once reckoned "the divine right of rebellion" as a prominent article in its Constitution; although his description of the touching spectacle which so affected that plain Englishman, Sir Thomas Robinson, is not so brilliant as Macaulay's. But Maria Theresa's great part in European history, even her great part in her own magnificent vendetta, was played after 1740; and almost in spite of himself, Frederick is the hero, or rather, if we may borrow from the vocabulary of cricket, the "demon bowler," of M. de Broglie's volumes. Not, indeed, that he proves anything fresh against Frederick, except, perhaps, that he would at the beginning of his struggle with Maria Theresa have preferred an English to a French alliance. He took the latter as a *pis-aller;* and he ultimately found in Pitt what he failed to find in Walpole, whom M. de Broglie quite inadequately, though also quite characteristically, describes as an English Fleury. He has little that is really original to say on Frederick's claims to the Silesia which he seized; on the contrary, he passes too lightly over the fresh historical material Droysen has collected to prove that, after all, Silesia was, so far as Prussia was concerned, "a stolen horse." There is, indeed, not much more to be written on this subject than what Mr. Seeley says in his *Life of Stein*:—"The true view of Prussia in the eighteenth century seems to be that it was a State which found itself unable to be safe without being dangerous at the same time, which created, for legitimate purposes, a weapon it was always suspected of wishing to use, and sometimes did use, for illegitimate." After all, this is but the polite interpretation which "historical science" places on Frederick's own confession that, having a well-filled treasury and an army ready to act, he was bound to do something with them. For the rest, how true it is, as Carlyle says, that "Frederick, after such trial and proof as has seldom been, got his claims on Schlesien allowed by the Destinies; his claims on Schlesien and on infinitely higher things, though he had not been consciously thinking of them in making that adventure!" But M. de Broglie has constructed from a variety of sources a very interesting account of Frederick's explanation of his conduct to Sir Thomas Robinson, the English Minister, who visited and remonstrated with him, which deserves quotation:—

"When the day of audience arrived, he hardly gave Sir Thomas time to state his proposals, before he rose and stood before him in an attitude of simulated surprise and indignation. The offer (which was indeed a mistaken one) to pay him two hundred thousand pounds for retiring out of Silesia, seemed to exasperate him particularly. 'Am I a beggar,' he exclaimed, 'that I should be offered money? Have I made war for that? Am I supposed to want to sell the fame and the interests of my house? Go and offer money to a petty prince, like the Duke of Gotha and his fellows; I am of those who would rather give money than take it; but where should the Court of Vienna get it to give? That is just like its usual pride and effrontery.' The proposed cession of Austrian Guelderland was equally ill received. 'Podewils,' said the King, turning to his Minister, who was present at the audience, 'how much of the Duchy of Guelders is still in the possession of Austria?'—'Very little,' replied the Minister, with a bow.—'You see, this is another beggarly trick *(gueuserie)* that they propose to play me.' So violent was his anger, that Sir Thomas Robinson thought the moment had come for bringing out the Limburg proposal. 'I cannot understand,' said the King, how Austria can think of stripping her frontier in this way. Has she any right to do it? Has she not treaties with Holland that prevent it?' Frederick was right; by a treaty made with Holland in 1713, and which is known in diplomatic history as the Barrier Treaty, Austria had pledged herself to maintain a line of defensive fortifications against France on the Netherland frontier, and this, of course, implied that she should never alienate that territory. 'Besides,' continued Frederick, 'I do not want to have anything to dispute about with either Holland or France; they have not offended me, and they would be disturbed if I came into their neighbourhood. And then, who is to guarantee these cessions that you propose to me?' Robinson begged the King to observe that his Government, by acting as mediator, also gave guarantees. 'Ah, guarantees!' exclaimed Frederick, 'and who cares about guarantees now-a-days? Did not everybody guarantee the Pragmatic Sanction? Did you not guarantee it yourselves? Why don't you all come to the aid of the Queen, then?'—'We cannot answer for everything,' said Robinson, 'but if Austria is pushed to extremity, she will have friends.'—'Who are they?'—'There will be the Russians, who cannot resist Turkey without Austria.'—'Good! As to the Russians, I have nothing to say, but I have means of taking care of myself with them.'—'There are other Powers who have engagements, and will fulfil them, however painful those duties may appear.' The King laid his finger on his nose, and cut Sir Thomas short, by saying, 'No threats, Sir, if you please, no threats!' Podewils, in a terrible fright, struck in at this point with a few words of conciliation, and Robinson, recovering from a momentary emotion, said quietly, 'I use no threats, Sire, I only state that which cannot fail to occur; it is my zeal for the public good that brings me here.'—'The public ought to be very much obliged to you; but hear me: as for Russia, I have told you about that; I have nothing to fear from the King of Poland; the King of England is my kinsman, he will not attack me, and if he does, the Prince of Anhalt has an army which will take care of him.'—'But,' said Robinson, 'are you not afraid that the Queen, in despair, may throw herself into the arms of France?' On this point the King would not make any answer, but said, with a raised voice and theatrical emphasis, 'I am at the head of an invincible army, I am master of a country which I will have, which I ought to have, and I would rather die with all my men than let myself be driven, or rather bought, out of it. My ancestors would come out of their graves to reproach me with betraying the rights that I hold from them. And what would be said of me if I were to abandon an enterprise which has been the first act of my reign, entered upon after due reflection, steadily pursued, and which I am resolved to carry out to the end? Is it for a Protestant sovereign to counsel me to replace poor, oppressed Protestants under the dominion of a persecuting Catholic clergy? After all, I am the conqueror, and it is for the conqueror to make conditions. To-day I demand Silesia and Breslau, and if I do not obtain them to-day, in six weeks I shall demand four more duchies.'—'Is this your Majesty's final decision,' asked Robinson, 'and the answer that I am to take to the Queen?'—'Yes, it makes me as sick as a pregnant woman to have the same question put to me over and over again.' Sir Thomas Robinson begged that he might at least be allowed to explain in detail to Podewils the bearing of the Queen's proposals, on handing him the text of them, but the King said, 'No, Sir, it is useless to think of it.' He then turned his back, took up his hat, and retired behind the curtain that divided the tent. Sir Thomas remained alone with Podewils; the one was as much disconcerted as the other. 'You trust in France,' said Sir Thomas; 'she will forsake you.'—'No, no!' replied Podewils; 'France will not leave us in the lurch; unless, indeed,' he added, after a few moments' hesitation, 'we were to leave her in the lurch ourselves.'"

It is quite unnecessary to say that this book is well written; for M. de Broglie cannot write badly. Had space permitted, we should have quoted his estimates of the characters of Fleury and Belleisle, his description of the state of French society at the time that Frederick took the step that led to such tremendous results; and, above all, his narrative (Vol. I., pp. 38-45) of Frederick's remarkable and incognito visit to

Strasburg, the governor of which at the time was the second Marshal de Broglie; "a circumstance to which I owe the advantage of possessing a narrative of this little affair at first hand, written on the spot, and more correct than the stories that appeared in the gazettes, and are to be found in the memoirs of the time." A work of such a kind as this does not give scope for M. de Broglie's skill in shooting individual character, while on the wing, with an epigram. Still, he occasionally retires from the dusty road of special pleading into the inviting hostelry of pure literature, where he composes such a sentence as,—"First to encourage and then to trade upon the affections and the wounded pride of a young woman was a game that came easy to an octogenarian, whose age, while it rendered him insensible to the passions of the heart, made him all the more skilful in manipulating its weaknesses." Occasionally, indeed, M. de Broglie quotes from his authorities rather too lavishly, and so overweights his narrative, without strengthening his arguments. But even readers who dispute his conclusions will frankly allow that his work is a very valuable one, and has high merits, both literary and historical. M. de Broglie writes such delicate French, that the translation of it into excellent English without doing injustice to the inevitable *nuances* must have been no easy task. This, Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, who have already done so much good work of a similar kind, have accomplished with a success that may fairly be described as perfect.

AUTUMN SWALLOWS.*

There is a genuine passion and not a little of vivid imagination in this volume of lyrics, which seems to give us some measure of the inward force that has gone to the making of Miss Ellice Hopkins's beneficent career. In one of the semi-epigrammatic versicles with which Miss Hopkins fills a few of the pages of her book, she illustrates the saying that "the blood is the life" with characteristic vigour in words that might be taken as the motto of both her poetic and her unpoetic work:—

"Yesterday's living sacrifice
Is but to-day's dull carcase; rise,
Nor dare to offer the All-living, death
And dead decay;
But fresh life-blood pour out, and warm new breath
Each new to-day."

Certainly, we may say of these lyrics that whatever some of them may want in distinctness of form, they never want the freshness of living feeling or wear the aspect of dead-alive emotion. Some of the poems are hardly clear enough to follow in detail, though one never misses the key-note of the whole. Indeed, the detail sometimes seems to confuse rather than to illustrate the meaning which we gather from the whole. But when Miss Hopkins succeeds, as she often does, in keeping all difficult detail out of her lyrics, they are often striking, from the depth and singleness of their feeling. Take, for example, the following, in which Miss Hopkins suggests the bewilderment with which an atom of vibrating air tossed to and fro in the whirlpools of song, might strive to understand and trace the law of its own motion, though it could discover nothing but an apparently purposeless flux and reflux, and this notwithstanding that all the time it was contributing to the expression of triumphant delight in victory over wrong:—

"THE SONG.

Birth too and death, slumber and wakefulness, motion and immobility, crowned majesty and squalid filth, discordant clamour and the voice of gods.—Empedocles.

An atom of air still hither and thither swung,
Hither and thither tossed and aimlessly flung,
Never at rest on the breath of a passionate song,
A passionate song of love and triumph o'er wrong,
Poured from the trembling lips of the singer afire,
Leaping like flame from the golden heart of the lyre,
A passionate song of triumph!

And ever it mused:
By what law of my being perplexed and confused
Am I tossed thus idly about, nor suffered to rest,
Now in the gulf of the billow and now on its crest,
Hither and thither moved by a Hand in the dark,
Ever to random shocks a wandering mark,
Ever impelled by forces that lie without,
In a dance of death that ends in confusion and doubt,
A rhythm of loss, an upward life in defeat,
The onward turned back on itself with death for its beat.

And it searched out the laws of vibration, the bound and th' impact
Now swift and now slow; and patiently traced out each fact
Of its being, how atom with atom ever must meet,
And the limits which still each upward movement defeat—
Impassable law that limits the freedom of each.

And still as far as the utmost science could reach
Impulse it found in the lock of mechanical law,
Nought in it all but a backward and forward saw,
Opposite motions that ever each other defeat,
Barren of progress or plan, left still incomplete.

But the song, the passionate song of triumph and love,
That yet all the while like a living shuttle it wove,
The passionate song of love and triumph o'er wrong,
That conditioned the laws of its wonderful life all along,
It knew not nor heard. For it was but a finite part;
And the song is the infinite whole, the throb of a Heart."

That has the ring of genuine poetry in it, as well as of genuine thought. Still more effective, perhaps, is the little lyric called "A Wave," in which Miss Hopkins expresses with beauty and force the constant death-in-life and life-in-death of all the nobler purposes of man, comparing them to the continual breaking and re-forming of the ocean wave. That is not an uncommon metaphor, but it is not common to find it embodied with so much warmth and truth of feeling as it is in the beautiful little lyric we are about to quote. Indeed, we may notice throughout this volume a remarkable and passionate sympathy with that weakness which is strength in disguise, and that strength which almost prefers the form of weakness:—

"A WAVE.

O Being in thy dissolution known
Most lovely then;
O Life that ever has to die alone,
To live again;
O bounding Heart that still must bow and break
To touch thine end;
O broken Purpose that must failure take,
And deathward bend,
For the great tide to stretch from rock to rock
His shining way;
O wandering Will that from the furthest shock
Of sea-deeps grey,
Silver constraint of secret light on high
Leads safe to shore;
O living Rapture that dost inly sigh,
And evermore
Within thy joy the wailful voices keep;
I see thee now,
O Son of the unfathomable deep!
And trembling know
The crowned Shadow of man's opposites,
The forces dread
That sway him into being, blanched with lights
Of thunder bred;
A poised Passion wrought from central breath
Of whirling storms,
And evermore a deathless life in death,
That still re-forms.

And thou, man's prototype in varying moods,
Didst lonely beat
The vacant shores and speechless solitudes
With silver feet,
Through the great æons wandering forlorn
In search of him,
As rose and fell like vacant flames, lone morn
And evening dim,
Ere light had grown articulate in love,
Or silence knew
Herself as worship. Then didst thou ever move
Beneath the blue,
An incommunicable mystery,
About thy shore;
A visible yearning of the earth and sea,
That evermore
Flung out white arms to catch at some far good
Yet unfulfilled,
And failing sobbed and sank in solitude
With heart unstilled;
A voice that ever crying as of old
In deserts dumb,
With hollow tongue reverberate foretold
A Life to come."

Miss Hopkins, however, is by no means always so clear and so musical as she is here. There are a few poems in which the expression seems to us forced and hard, though we do not doubt the depth of the feeling beneath. For instance, in the following attempt to compare the reality of life as it really is to a Gorgon face which turns to stone all those who look steadily upon it, unless their eyes are already so saturated with the splendour of a heavenly vision that the Medusa face is smitten "into night" by the glory within, we perceive a too ambitious attempt to condense two very different trains of feeling into a single sonnet:—

"MEDUSA.

Gaze thou upon the face, serenely bright,
Of Him whose countenance is as the sun
Shining in midmost strength, ere yet is run
His race of fire. Gaze, nor avert thy sight;
Shrink not for any bitterness of light,

* *Autumn Swallows.* A Book of Lyrics. By Ellice Hopkins. London: Macmillan and Co.

Nor nightward fallings of thy soul, undone
By heavenly lightnings till high use is won.
So when Life's Gorgon face, with dread affright,
Stoops close upon thy shuddering flesh, nor flee
Thou must, but gaze, or fail in heavenward might,
Fronting unblanched the freezing mystery:
Then that dear Splendour stamped upon thy sight,
May blur the deathful features, and for thee,
Light-charmed, and safe, may smite them into night."

On the whole, real life is hardly to be fitly compared to a Medusa face. Nor is the spiritual vision of that divine splendour which is treated as the antidote to the vision of Life, one which can be obtained at all without a steady gaze on life itself. Hence, the sonnet is a bewildering one, which seems to fail of its effect, and only to leave us more perplexed than it found us. Doubtless, the vision of God is a cure for the paralysing terrors of earthly views of life. But then, the vision of God is hardly ever gained except by those who begin, at least, by finding life no Medusa, but rather too full of beauty and charm. Miss Hopkins does not often give way to the wish to startle, but in this and a few of her other poems she attempts rather grim effects, which she seems to us to dash off too abruptly, and without taking sufficient pains to work out the complexity of her thought.

But we must not part from this little volume of lyrics, in which every thoughtful reader will find great pleasure, with fault-finding. We prefer to take leave of Miss Hopkins with a beautiful little poem on the loneliness of death, in which she seems to us at once perfectly simple, as well as impressive:—

"'Je mourrai seul.'—*Pascal.*

The silent chariot standeth at the door,
The house is hushed and still from roof to floor,
None heard the sound of its mysterious wheels,
Yet each its presence feels.

No champing bit, nor tramp of pawing feet,
All dark and silent up and down the street,
And yet thou may'st not keep it waiting there
For one last kiss or prayer.

Thy words, with some strange Other interchanged,
Strike cold across us like loved eyes estranged,
With things that are not franght; our things that are
Fade like a sun-struck star.

And thou too weak and agonised to lift
The cup to quench thy dying thirst, or shift
Thy pillow, now without our help must rise,
Nor wait our ministries.

Thou, loved and cherished, must go forth alone,
None sees thee fondly to the door, not one;
No head is turned to see thee go; we stay
Where thou art not, and pray.

No panel bars thy white, resistless feet,
Our walls are mist to thee; out in the street
It waits, it waits for thee, for thee alone:
'Arise, let us begone!'

Alone, alone upon thine awful way!
Do any show thee kindness? Any stay
Thy heart? Or does the silent charioteer
Whisper, 'Be of good cheer?'

We know not. None may follow thee afar,
None hear the sound of thy departing car.
Only vast silence like a strong, black sea
Rolls in 'twixt us and thee."

A considerable proportion of the lyrics in this little book touch as high a point as this,—one, that is, which only a powerful character, and a character penetrated with true emotion, could attain.

THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH PROSE.*

The translation of the great Classical poets into prose that has a distinct literary character is one of the achievements of recent scholarship. Some, perhaps most, are scarcely susceptible of this treatment, but Homer lends himself readily to it. The *Odyssey* has already been rendered into prose which is more attractive than anything that has yet been accomplished in verse, Pope and, perhaps, Worsley being excepted; while it is far more representative of the original than the heroics of the one and the Spenserian stanza of the other; and we have now to welcome a companion translation of the *Iliad*. It comes strongly recommended by the three names borne on the title-page. Messrs. Lang and Myers have already achieved success in this field of labour, while Mr. Leaf has done good work as an editor of a portion of the text.

The three qualities which we look to find in a work of this kind are exactness of rendering, purity of style, and rhythmical flow. Scholars so competent as the three gentlemen who have shared the twenty-four books between them (Mr. Leaf has taken i.-ix., Mr. Lang x.-xvi., and Mr. Myers xvii.-xxiv.) are not to be attacked single-handed with a light heart. Still, we cannot but think that there are passages where, like their original, if Horace be right, they have "nodded." In *Iliad* i., 234, *seq.*, Achilles says of his sceptre that "it shall no more put forth leaf or twig," "ἐπεὶ δὴ πρῶτα τομὴν ἐν ὄρεσσι λέλοιπεν." This Mr. Leaf renders by "seeing it hath for ever left its trunk among the hills." It would surely be better to take "ἐπεὶ δὴ" as temporal, modified as it manifestly is by "πρῶτα." The word "ever" seems to have been strangely transposed in the rendering. "Ever since it hath left," or "from the hour it left," would be better, if we do not feel bound to stick to the perfect form. In xii., 301-2, we find it said of a lion that "his brave spirit urgeth him to make assail on the sheep, and come even against a well-builded homestead." This reads as if the two acts were distinct, and so does not well represent the original, "μήλων πειρήσοντα καὶ ἐς πυκινὸν δόμον ἐλθεῖν·" "he will go after the sheep, even when they are protected by a well-builded homestead." We should question "he in turn arose with the bronze," for "ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὦρνυτο χαλκῷ" (xvi., 479), and "a night assault," for "ἐννύχιος προμολὼν" (xxi., 371), where the words refer rather to the setting-forth of the hero, than to his attack on the orchard. "A night foray" might be better. "To thee am I in the bonds of suppliantship" is too strong for "ἀντί τοι εἰμ' ἱκέταο αἰδοίοιο" (xxi., 75). Lycaon advances the plea more tentatively. He does not venture to assert actual suppliantship, only something like it, seeing that he had shared his foe's hospitality. In lines 103-5 of the same book, a too literal rendering of the Greek has spoilt the English. In old days, Achilles says, he had sold his captives beyond the sea, "but now there is none that shall escape death, whomsoever before Ilios, God shall deliver into my hands,—yea, even among all Trojans, but chiefest among Priam's sons." Grammatically, we have to supply, "there is none that shall escape death" before "chiefest among Priam's sons." "Least of all among Priam's sons," would certainly be better.

We should like to have a statement of the translators' views on the proper representation of the particles. A complete representation of them would be fatal to any compactness or beauty of form. Here, most of all, the subtleties of Greek expression defy the clumsy machinery of a language which is, in some respects, a not unworthy rival. Something may be done by emphatic position, by collocation, or by antithesis. We may take as an instance, i., 298-9, "Know that not by violence will I strive for the damsel's sake, neither with thee, nor with any other; ye gave, and ye have taken away." The last clause in the Greek is "ἐπεὶ μ' ἀφέλεσθέ γε δόντες." From a literary point of view, this is unexceptionable; and a teacher would be glad to get such good style from a pupil, only he would hardly be satisfied with such a free dealing with the particles. But then it is not the business of a translator to make a pupil satisfy his teacher, though he may help towards that result. The translation that a lad can carry into an examination-room in his head and write down without change is a very doubtful boon.

The difficulty of the conventional epithets has been met with adequate success. It would be difficult, anyhow, to suggest better equivalents. "Lady mother," for instance, may hardly satisfy us for "πότνια μήτηρ," but what are we to substitute for it? We object, however, to the use of "goodly" in a single speech (that of Andromache to Hector) for "δῖος," applied to Achilles, and "θαλερός," an epithet of "παρακοίτης."

In the matter of style, we have very little fault to find. We should have been disposed, perhaps, to a more rigid purism than has approved itself to the three associates. Now and then we find a phrase which jars somewhat on the ear, as, *e.g.*, in xxi., 90,—"Thou wilt butcher both." This is not in the "grand style," though elsewhere we should find in "to butcher" a good equivalent of "δειροτομεῖν." But, on the whole, the style is all that could be wished, distinctive without affectation of archaism. Vigorous and expressive renderings are frequent. "Some small thing, yet mine own," for "ὀλίγον τε, φίλον τε," has, perhaps, too much of humorous suggestion about it to suit the context; but "the more men, the better work," for "πλεόνων δὲ τοι ἔργον ἄμεινον," "the Erinnys that walketh in darkness," for "ἠεροφοῖτις Ἐρινύς," "garments that wax not old," for "ἄμβροτα εἵματα," to give a few specimens out of many, are unquestionably felicitous.

* *The Iliad of Homer.* Done into English Prose. By Andrew Lang, M.A., Walter Leaf, M.A., and Ernest Myers, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

In the matter of rhythmical flow, we do not find the whole translation as uniformly excellent as we could have wished. After much careful examination, we are inclined to give the preference to the work of Messrs. Lang and Myers, who seem to have found a help in the gift of poetical expression which they have both proved themselves to possess. Book ix., however, which is part of Mr. Leaf's work, has been particularly well done throughout. Here is a passage from the speech of Phœnix :—

"Nay, even the very gods can bend, and theirs, withal, is loftier majesty, and honour, and might. Their hearts by incense, and reverent vows, and drink offering, and meat offering, men turn with prayer, as oft as any transgresseth and doeth sin. Moreover, prayers of penitence are daughters of great Zeus, halting, and wrinkled, and of eyes askance, that have their task, withal, to go in the steps of Sin. For Sin is strong and fleet of foot, wherefore she far outrunneth all prayers, and goeth before over all the earth, making men fall, and Prayer follows behind, to heal the harm. Now, whosoever reverenceth Zens' daughters when they draw near, him they greatly bless and hear his petitions; but when one denieth them and stiffly refuseth, then depart they, and make prayer unto Zeus, the son of Kronos, that sin may come upon such an one, that he may fall and pay the price."

We do not like "bend" used intransitively, and why not "daughters of Zeus," instead of the awkward sibilation of "Zeus' daughters"?

Here is Mr. Lang's presentment of a famous passage (xvi., 617-636), where the crowded similes offer a task of no small difficulty to the translator :—

"Yet not even so might he break them, for all his eagerness. Nay, they stood firm and embattled, like a steep rock and a great, hard by the hoary sea, a rock that abides the swift paths of the shrill winds, and the swelling waves that roar against it. Even so the Danaians steadfastly abode the Trojans, and fled not away. But Hector, shining with fire on all sides, leaped on the throng, and fell upon them, as when, beneath the storm-clouds a fleet wave, reared of the winds, falls on a swift ship, and she is all hidden with foam, and the dread blast of the wind roars against the sail, and the sailors fear and tremble in their hearts, for by but a little way are they borne forth from death, even so the spirit was torn in the breasts of the Achaians. But he came on like a ravening lion, making against the kine, that are feeding innumerable in the low-lying land of a great marsh; and among them is a herdsman that as yet knoweth not well how to fight with a wild beast concerning the slaughter of the kine of crooked horn, and ever he paces abreast with the rear or the van of the cattle, but the lion leaps into the midst, and devours a cow, and they all tremble for fear."

Our last extract shall be from the "Shield," a passage allotted to Mr. Myers :—

"Furthermore, he set in the shield a soft, fresh-ploughed field, rich tilth and wide, the third time ploughed; and many ploughers therein drove their yokes to and fro as they wheeled about. Whensoever they came to the boundary of the field and turned, then would a man come to each, and give into his hand a goblet of sweet wine, while others would be turning back along the furrows, fain to reach the boundary of the deep tilth. And the field grew black behind, and seemed as it were a ploughing, albeit of gold, for this was the great marvel of the work. Furthermore, he set therein a demesne-land deep in corn, where hinds were reaping with sharp sickles in their hands. Some armfuls along the swathe were falling in rows to the earth, while others, the sheaf-binders, were binding in twisted bands of straw. Three sheaf-binders stood over them, while behind, boys gathering corn and bearing it in their arms, gave it constantly to the binders; and among them the lord in silence was standing at the swathe with his staff, rejoicing in his heart. And henchmen apart beneath an oak were making ready a feast, and preparing a great ox they had sacrificed; while the women were strewing much barley, to be a supper for the hinds."

On the next page, we find a not very happy rendering, in "the herdsmen in vain tarred on their fleet dogs to set on." The repetition of "on" is awkward, and to "tar on" is a very unusual phrase.

A few pages, every one will wish that they had been more, of excellent notes have been appended to the translation. One, on vi., 169 (the story of Bellerophon), from the pen of Mr. Lang, states very forcibly the case for Homer's knowledge of writing.

We must not forget to mention the two fine sonnets which Messrs. Lang and Myers have given us by way of prelude. The second of these we take leave to quote :—

"Athwart the sunrise of our western day
The form of great Achilles, high and clear,
Stands forth in arms, wielding the Pelian spear.
The sanguine tides of that immortal fray,
Swept on by gods, around him surge and sway,
Where through the helms of many a warrior fair,
Strong men and swift, their tossing plumes uprear.
But stronger, swifter, goodlier he than they,
More awful, more divine. Yet mark anigh;
Some fiery pang hath rent his soul within,
Some hovering shade his brow encompasseth.
What gifts hath Fate for all his chivalry?
Even such as hearts heroic oftenest win;
Honour, a friend, anguish, untimely death."

TWO BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

The subjects of the two works on Ireland we have bracketed together are very nearly as dissimilar as a disease and its cause. Yet they resemble each other in possessing literary and other qualities that are too rarely to be found in books dealing with matters on which beats the fierce light of controversy. Such titles as "The Irish Question" and "Cromwell in Ireland" suggest at first pamphleteering from the Parnell or the anti-Parnell, the Froude or the anti-Froude point of view. Happily, however, the authors of the books before us are better than their titles; possibly, indeed, they have risen superior to the temptations involved in them. Not, indeed, that Mr. King and the Rev. Mr. Murphy are without strong sympathies or decided opinions. The American professor has not been converted from democratic notions by his visit to this country; he is all for the Liberal and all against the Conservative methods of dealing with the Irish people and of solving the Irish problem. The Jesuit Father, again, accepts the Clarendon or "great bad man" theory of Cromwell. But both writers are so manifestly honest in their desire to get at political and historical truth, and have been so painstaking in their search for it, that they never allow their special views to interfere with the results of their industry, and the reader, for all practical purposes, loses sight of these altogether. What with visits to Ireland in 1881 and 1882, with listening to debates in Parliament, with reading all the important books on his subject, and with interviewing and obtaining special information from various important Irish authorities, including Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Mitchell Henry, the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. O'Connor Power, Professor King has done his best to show "how it strikes a stranger;" while, by an excellent series of appendices, containing the charter of the Land League, the No-rent and Archbishop Croke's manifestoes, and the texts of the Land, Coercion, and Arrears Acts, he has striven to give his book the character of a manual. Mr. Murphy's abundant foot-notes, on the other hand, are sufficient proof that he has gone through an amount of "literary buck-washing" that would have drawn groans from Carlyle himself. Although neither author writes brilliantly or attempts high political thinking, and although finality in respect either of Irish literature or of Irish legislation is but a vain dream at present, these books are of such a character that they transcend, and are morally certain to survive, the polemics of the hour.

We think none the worse of Professor King or of his book that he has no heroic remedies to offer for the woes of Ireland. The more stubborn factors of these problems, the partial solution of which he has witnessed, will, in his opinion, "yield only to patience, forbearance, kindness, justice, and the magic of prosperity." He has much sympathy with the Irish anti-landlord agitation, and has in some instances forgotten to take the statements of certain of the Irish "leaders" with the necessary grain of salt. Yet he thinks that a survey of the whole question will lead "most Americans" to the conclusion that "the English Liberals are, after all, the true friends of Ireland, and much more likely to promote the objects that the masses of the people desire, and that are needed for the peace and prosperity of Ireland, than the Conservatives." He asks very pertinently, "Would it not be far wiser for the Irish Party in Parliament to support the Liberal Party earnestly and fairly in its efforts to promote reforms, than to hinder and embarrass it, and so delay business as to excite the indignation of the English people, and hinder conciliatory measures?" There is shrewdness, too, of the statesmanlike kind that "dips into the future far as human eye can see," in his quoting from Peel's farewell speech as Prime Minister in 1846—a speech which is, perhaps, unique in our political history as a mine at once of prophecy and of practical suggestion—the passage which runs thus :—"There ought to be complete equality between England and Ireland in all civil, municipal, and political rights, so that no person viewing Ireland with perfectly disinterested eyes should be enabled to say a different law is enacted for Ireland, and on account of some jealousy or suspicion, Ireland has curtailed or mutilated rights." In fact, a perusal of Professor King's book strengthens the conviction that all that can be expected of British politicians in respect of Ireland is to aim at the

* *The Irish Question.* By David Bennett King, Professor in Lafayette College, Pa., U.S. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1883.

Cromwell in Ireland: a History of Cromwell's Irish Campaign. By the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. Dublin: M. W. Gill and Son. 1883.

ultimate realisation of Peel's ideal, and until that is in sight, to deal with each case of Irish grievance or difficulty as it arises, and strictly on its own merits or demerits. Mr. King goes over the old ground of eviction, absenteeism, and "Celtic tenure," saying such naïve things as, "In the United States, no one questions a landlord's right to live where he pleases," and proves, perhaps more clearly than ever has been proved before, that while "English conquest" has much to do with the bitterness of the feeling in Ireland towards the sister-country, it is absolutely hopeless to think of going back to the communal or other land system that prevailed before that "conquest." The dealings of the Englishmen of the past with the Irish people are so saturated with injustice and unwisdom, as to compel their descendants, the Englishmen of the present, to be "long-suffering, slow to wrath, in mercy plenteous." But this fact should not induce them to enter on a career of historical romanticism, which could only end in confusion, if not in political chaos. The Irish, for whom Professor King has such sympathy that he quotes, apparently with approval, Mr. Arnold's celebrated characterisation of them, so unfavourable to ourselves, would do well to ponder what he says about Home-rule—the Home-rule of American fact, and the Home-rule of Celtic imagination—and such general statements as, "I have great doubts of their being able to live in harmony under any system of government they themselves would devise."

Mr. King is so cautious, and his book is so much of the character of a manual, that we find in it few theories and few statements of fact to challenge. Yet we think that in connection with the history of the events that led last year to the release of Mr. Parnell and his brother suspects, he should have named his authority for this statement, which appears on page 190:—"An Irish gentleman, who has for many years been engaged in Irish affairs, and has an intimate knowledge of Irish politics, and has been associated with Mr. Parnell in many matters, said to me recently, in explaining Mr. Parnell's letter and the conduct of the Government, 'The fact is, when Mr. Forster, by a tyrannical use of the Coercion Act, broke up the open organisation of the Land League, and suppressed open agitation, the Ribbonmen and other secret societies flourished, and got a powerful hold on the country, the Government was embarrassed, and Mr. Parnell from Kilmainham saw that he and his friends were losing their hold upon the people, and that other leaders were getting a powerful grip on the country. If matters went on in this way, it was evident that the Parliamentary party would lose its power. The result was the overtures to Government, and the Kilmainham letter." Then, again, Mr. King does not get rid so easily as he appears to think of the objections offered, both in England and in Ireland, to the "Castle" system of government, by noting the fact that the Dublin officials are chiefly "Irishmen appointed not for political or military reasons, but by examination." The chief objection to the "Castle" is that in practice it means one set of Irishmen with strong prejudices and special ideas governing another set of Irishmen with different and, indeed, antagonistic prejudices and ideas. Those amongst us, again, who are of opinion that the experiment of governing Ireland from London, and not by a Chief Secretary, but by an Under-Secretary, responsible to Parliament and to a Home Secretary for the Three Kingdoms, may be worth trying some day, support it on the ground that it would mean the bringing promptly to bear upon the problems of Irish administration and upon Irish "ideas" the fair-mindedness of Englishmen and the resolute reasonableness of Scotchmen, in an atmosphere untainted by Irish prejudice, Presbyterian or Catholic, Ribbon or Orange, from Belfast or from Tipperary.

The "Curse of Cromwell" means rather the Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland than, in spite of the horrors of Drogheda and Wexford, the actual Irish campaign of Cromwell, which began in August, 1649, and ended in May, 1650. It is of the campaign only that Mr. Murphy writes, although he finds it necessary in preliminary chapters to show the condition of the great political parties, both in England and Ireland, before Cromwell made his appearance in the character of Protestant scourge. From the newspapers of the day, from the narratives of eye-witnesses, actors, or sufferers in the tragedies of these terrible months, above all, from Cromwell's own letters, numerous and full of details, Mr. Murphy has compiled a narrative of his doings, and the doings of his lieutenants, from his landing at Dublin to his setting sail from Youghal. It is an old story that is told in this volume, but seldom if ever has it been told so fully, or with such an accumulation of proof in regard to every incident. It may fairly be said that Mr. Murphy has proved beyond all possibility of doubt that Mr. Froude has totally failed in his attempt to minimise the Drogheda and other butcheries, and has also shown, from the speeches of Pym and from Puritan pamphlets, that these were thoroughly in accordance with, and, indeed, the fruit of the theological spirit then dominant in England. Cromwell's own intention, as a military and political tactician, was to strike terror into the hearts of the Irish Catholics, while, as is proved by his manifesto on landing at Dublin, which is given by Mr. Murphy, his hope was to gain the hearts of the native and humble Irish by affording them protection, and insisting, in his tremendously effective way, on his soldiers being fair in all their transactions with them. He was wonderfully successful, too, mainly, perhaps, on account of the wretched morale of the Irish leaders of the time. This—the weakness of Ormonde, the vacillation, unscrupulousness, and "saleability" of Inchiquin and Broghill—Mr. Murphy's pages bring into startling relief. Owen Roe O'Neill, the chief of the Ulster Catholics, was much above his colleagues, or rather rivals, alike in heart and head, and his mysterious death removed from Ireland the only soldier who might have proved an obstacle in Cromwell's path. Yet even he saw nothing immoral in coquetting with both Royalists and Parliamentarians. Mr. Carlyle has quaintly speculated on what might have been, had Cromwell been a Scotchman by birth. Ireland is the land of historical and tragic might-have-beens, and one can hardly help wondering, after reading Mr. Murphy's book, what would have been Ireland's fate, had she "raised" a Cromwell of her own, instead of being "cursed" to the latest day by one from England.

AN AFRICAN NOVEL.*

We do not know whether *The Story of an African Farm* is its author's first book or no, and this uncertainty makes our criticism more hesitating than it would otherwise be. If this is a first book, it would incline us to think the author capable of very good, if not very great things. He writes clear, grammatical, and even graceful English. He has the gift of putting unfamiliar scenes and circumstances before us vividly, instead of piling up words in the vain effort to do so. He is not without humour—though there are passages in the book which, taken separately, would suggest that he is—and finally, he can understand partially and sketch lovingly a character whose simple goodness is the natural outcome of the Christianity which he apparently rejects. All this would make us disposed to say to a new writer, "Go on and prosper," for the faults of his work are such as experience and good-sense may easily rectify. But if those faults are the results of a confirmed habit of thought, it is a great pity, for the book is much above the limits of the common-place, and we should be glad to see another with all its virtues and without its defects.

By far the cleverest, most interesting, and most original part of *The Story of an African Farm* is that which justifies its title. The farm, a remote one, appropriately called "Kopje Alone," is in temporary possession of a Boer woman, widow of its late English owner, and guardian of his daughter and niece. "Tant Sannie" is capitally drawn, and one soon becomes intimately acquainted with the fat, lazy, superstitious woman, keen after her interests, easily imposed upon by flattery, vindictive when offended, but not generally ill-tempered, sitting motionless for hours with her feet on a stove (apparently a kind of "scaldino"), and drinking coffee from morning till night. She is a widow for the second time, and is quite prepared for a third matrimonial venture, as soon as her stepdaughter shall attain the age of seventeen, and become mistress of the farm. In the meantime, she finds and dismisses a lover, whose portrait is one of the defects of the book. He is a most repulsive compound of Mr. Chadband and Mr. Alfred Jingle, painted with strokes so broad and black that his originals fade into the most delicate colours beside him. But when Tant Sannie's "fixed period" does arrive, her wooing is characteristic.

It appears that an "upsitting" is a necessary preliminary to a Boer wedding,—that is to say, the betrothed, or about to be betrothed, pair are expected to sit up together for a whole night, while the rest of the household are quietly reposing. Tant Sannie's Kaffir maid looks out one evening, and sees a horseman approaching:—

* *The Story of an African Farm.* By Ralph Irons. London: Chapman and Hall.

"The coloured woman, having duly inspected him, dashed into the dwelling. 'Here is another one,' she cried, 'a widower; I see it by his hat.'—'Good Lord!' said Tant' Sannie, 'it's the seventh I've had this month; but the men know where sheep and good looks and money in the bank are to be found,' she added, winking knowingly. 'How does he look?'—'Nineteen, weak eyes, white hair, little round nose,' said the maid. 'Then it's he! then it's he!' said Tant' Sannie, triumphantly; little Piet Vander Walt, whose wife died last month,—two farms, twelve thousand sheep. I've not seen him, but my sister-in-law told me about him, and I dreamed about him last night.' Here Piet's black hat appeared in the doorway, and the Boer woman drew herself up in dignified silence, extended the tips of her fingers, and motioned solemnly to a chair. The young man seated himself, sticking his feet under it as far as they would go, and said, mildly, 'I am Little Piet Vander Walt, and my father is Big Piet Vander Walt.'—Tant' Sannie said solemnly, 'Yes.'—'Aunt,' said the young man, starting up spasmodically, 'can I off-saddle?'—'Yes.' He seized his hat, and disappeared with a rush through the door.—'I told you so! I knew it!' said Tant' Sannie. 'The dear Lord does not send dreams for nothing. Did not I tell you this morning that I dreamed of a great beast like a sheep, with red eyes, and that I killed it? Was not the white wool his hair, and the red eyes his weak eyes? and my killing him meant marriage. Get supper ready quickly; the sheep's inside and roaster cakes. We shall sit up to-night.' . . . . . Nevertheless, when all the rest of the house had retired, when the long candle was lighted, when the coffee kettle was filled, when she sat in her elbow-chair, with her lover on a chair close beside her, and when the vigil of the night was fairly begun, she began to find it wearisome. The young man looked chilly, and said nothing. 'Won't you put your feet on my stove?' said Tant' Sannie.—'No, thank you, aunt,' said the young man, and they both lapsed into silence. At last, Tant' Sannie, afraid of going to sleep, tapped a strong cup of coffee for herself, and handed another to her lover. This visibly revived both.—'How long were you married, cousin?'—'Ten months, aunt.' . . . . . 'It's very hard when we must give our husbands and wives to the Lord!' said Tant' Sannie. . . . . 'She was such a good wife, aunt; I've known her break a churn-stick over a maid's head for only letting dust come on a milk cloth.' Tant' Sannie felt a twinge of jealousy. She had never broken a churn-stick over a maid's head. 'I hope your wife made a good end,' she said. . . . . The next morning at dawn, as Em passed through Tant' Sannie's bedroom, she found the Boer woman pulling off her boots, preparatory to climbing into bed. 'Where is Piet Vander Walt?'—'Just gone,' said Tant' Sannie, 'and I'm going to marry him this day four weeks. I am dead sleepy,' she added; 'the stupid thing doesn't know how to talk love-talk at all,'—and she climbed into the four-poster, clothes and all, and drew up the quilt to her chin."

Unfortunately, neither Tant' Sannie nor her stepdaughter Em is the heroine of the story. That post is filled by Em's orphan cousin, Lyndall, who is attractive as a pretty and thoughtful child, but becomes quite tiresome in her womanhood. Not that she is common-place. She is, on the contrary, very remarkable in her actions, though more loquacious than wise in her words. She is one of those lovely creatures, generally supposed to be invented by female novelists, with whom every man must needs fall in love, and she is fully conscious of her power. "Look at this little chin of mine," she says, "with the dimple in it. I can win money with it; I can win love; I can win power with it; I can win fame." She does not, however, win any of these, except the second, and that not of the most creditable or comfortable kind. After robbing Em of her betrothed, Gregory Rose, she goes away with a mysterious stranger, wanders about the Transvaal with him, leaves him, and dies, by no means of a broken heart. The oddest part of her history is that Gregory, having traced her, and found her lying ill at a country inn, disguises himself as a woman, and nurses her for weeks, or months, without being ever suspected either by her or by the doctor. To this episode we decidedly object.

Lyndall, it has been said, talks too much. Another character, perhaps, thinks too much. This is Waldo, the son of Tant' Sannie's German overseer. For the greater part of the first volume, this boy is charming, and he never quite ceases to be interesting. He is a sort of dumb poet, unable to express his feelings and fancies, otherwise than in wood-carving of a primitive order. The son of a deeply-religious and simple-minded father, Waldo as a child goes through the sort of religious experience not very uncommon to imaginative children. He prays, and is wretched because he finds no visible or immediate answer to prayer. He despairs and trusts and despairs again, and in the description of his perplexities and wretchedness there is power and vividness that make one feel it to be true, though only a part of the truth. But before the end of the first volume the boy's honest questionings are replaced by a vague, chilly, and yet high-flown philosophy, and the interest he has inspired almost dies out.

The Story of an African Farm has the merit of being in two volumes instead of three. We are inclined to think that if it could be reduced to one by the almost complete excision of Lyndall and the cutting-short of Waldo's meditations, it would be entitled to a high rank among recent novels. But it is quite probable that these are the very last portions Mr. Irons would be willing to cut away.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Tinsley's Magazine, for June, contains two sketches (besides the continuous stories, which we have not as yet attempted) that are very good; Miss Dillwyn's "sketch of an unladylike girl," called "One June Night," a fresh, vigorous, and admirably told incident in the life of an "out-of-doors girl," as we should have preferred to call her; and also "An Unforeseen Conclusion," by S. S. Dexter, an American sketch of considerable spirit. Lady Bulwer Lytton's "Reminiscences of Walter Savage Landor" are also very amusing, especially of his wrath with Ben Jonson, for being admired so much as he was by a generation whose imaginations ought to have been taken up with Shakespeare. It is a very good number of *Tinsley's*.

Women are Strange, and Other Stories. By F. W. Robinson. (Chatto and Windus.)—Mr. Robinson tells his stories like the veteran novelist he is. They are all interesting in a comfortable, not over-absorbing way, though they take us into queer places and among queer people. It is not very clear why the first story should be entitled, "Women are Strange," for in reality the men it introduces us to are quite as strange as the women. It deals chiefly with theatrical personages and matters, and the author scarcely seems so much at home among them as among the City clerks, river-side watchmen, waiters, and wandering musicians, who tell the other stories. It is probably very difficult to make a music-hall waiter tell a tragical story without putting into his mouth language too correct to be quite natural, but we think the attempt might be made with more success than it is in the case of the head waiter at the Apollo. On the other hand, there is a narrative by a merchant's clerk of the worst type which seems to be very true to life, in the vulgar self-assertion and petty dishonesty the teller is made to show in every sentence. As these tales are, of course, merely reprints, they have probably already reached most of the readers for whom they were intended—we fancy Mr. Robinson's audience is largely American—and it is scarcely necessary now to speak of them in detail.

Kingsthorpiana; or, Researches in a Church Chest. Edited by J. Hulbert Glover, M.A. (Elliot Stock.)—Mr. Glover, Vicar of Kingsthorpe, near Northampton, has printed here a calendar of certain documents existing in the church chest of his parish, and ranging in date from 1346, when Edward III. granted a right of free warren to Ralph de Drayton, to 1705; and he has also given the documents themselves, *in extenso* and *verbatim*. The most interesting of them refer to the subject which is suggested by King Edward's grant. The "ground game" question was very much to the front in the middle of the sixteenth century. A certain Sir Thomas Tresham and his keeper, Thomas Latham, raised the head of "conyes" to a point which the Kingsthorpe people could not endure. A commission was sent down to hold an inquiry, and some very curious evidence was produced. Henry Tanner deposes that, forty years before, one Thomas Aylmer did "acustomably kyll conyes in the feldes of Buckton and Rysford, both with his long-bow, his dogge, ferrett, and purse-nette;" and that he would never ride between Northampton and Buckton "but that he wonld have his cross-bowe hangyng at his saddle-bowe wt. hym, to the intent to kyll conyes by the waye." He himself had killed conyes with his bow, and his dog, without denial of any keeper. Now, the conyes had turned up two hundred acres of grass-land. Thirty acres of corn land was left fallow, "for fere lest it should be destroyed wt. conyes." The common was so damaged, that the "bests and cattel of the inhabitants of Buckton ben almost sterved and redy to dye for hunger." Worst of all, in the churchyard of Buckton the conyes had "dygged up many mennys bones, that it is dangerous for men to go in it, for breaking of their necks." Keeper Latham seems to have been a masterful person. He "made assaute of Master Williams, because he was wont to walke in the feids of Boughton with doggs, and there slewe the said Williams." He even seems to assaulted the chantry priest of Boughton, Sir John Chese, for hunting in the warren. The cause was tried at Westminster, and three of the chief inhabitants of Kingsthorpe went up to London to look after it. Their expenses, which are recorded in detail, came to something over £9 (this for a stay, including a journey of nearly five weeks). Fees and presents also were defrayed out of the same sum, but their counsel was satisfied with three shillings and fourpence. Counsel, by the way, seems to have done solicitor's business. Mr. Glover deserves our thanks for the careful way in which he has done his work. We wish that other rectors and vicars would follow his example.

We have to notice two new volumes of the series "The English Citizen." (Macmillan and Co.) *The State in its Relation to Trade*, by T. H. Farrer, touches on one of the most difficult questions of modern life. Though the volume is, in the main, explanatory and descriptive,

it sometimes becomes polemical. Mr. Farrer speaks of the late Professor Stanley Jevons' work on the "Relations of State to Labour," and finds himself "more averse to central State interference" than he was. Nevertheless, after describing the various modes in which the State interferes with trade—and it is astonishing to see their multiplicity, when they are thus enumerated—he comes to a general conclusion that "the chief feature of the system is as much individual freedom as is consistent with the welfare of an organised society." This does not prevent him from criticising the system in various details; and this criticism seems, on the whole, judicious. At the same time, we take leave to differ from what he says about literary copyright. Mr. Farrer was the inventor, we suppose, of a proposed stipulation in the negotiations for international copyright between this country and America which met with an unanimous disapproval from authors and publishers. His main article of faith in this matter is "cheap books," but he fails to take into account the extraordinary unwillingness of the British public to buy books, however cheap. Books are always the smallest item in the average Englishman's expenditure, and the first retrenched.——*Local Government*, by M. D. Chalmers, is a lucid statement of a system which almost incredible complications have made obscure. Mr. Chalmers gives some alarming figures about local expenditure, which has increased in the last twelve years from £29,000,000 to £50,000,000. This is, indeed, calculated to cause anxiety, if it be true that the total rateable value of the property on which this burden is imposed is not more than £133,000,000, on which there is, as Mr. Chalmers reminds us, a first charge of £4,000,000 for tithes. This gives nearly 40 per cent., or *eight shillings in the pound*. Can this be true? One has heard of rates approaching this sum, but the cases are rare.

Crœsus's Widow. By Dora Russell. 3 vols. (John and Robert Maxwell.)—Nora Sudeley, who loves and is loved by William Vyner, an artist, is induced to marry the wealthy John Treloar, induced by a downright falsehood, which seems to pass the limits which even an unscrupulous match-maker would allow herself. Mr. Treloar dies, leaving her all his wealth. Hence she becomes "Crœsus's Widow." But the real heroine of the book is Nellie Blythe, who marries an impecunious and unscrupulous young nobleman, one Lord Seaforth. The marriage is runaway and secret; and after a while, Lord Seaforth, finding his debts pressing more and more hardly upon him, resolves to ignore it, and to marry the wealthy widow who, by skilful manœuvring on the part of mutual friends, has been made to look favourably upon him. Miss Russell tells the story very well; in fact, this is as well constructed and as interesting a novel as we have seen for a long time. And while all the characters are drawn with creditable skill, two or three are very vigorous sketches indeed. Campbell of Strathearn, with his great, manly heart, is a striking contrast to the weak and selfish Lord Seaforth; and Joannah Brewis, who, half against her will, shows kindness to poor Nellie in her trouble, is, in another way, full as effective a personage. We are glad to find that there are no signs of exhaustion in Miss Russell's work, large as is the quantity of it which she gives to the world.——*Milicent's Story*. By Fayr Madoc. (Macmillan.)—The setting of this tale is excellent. Delysford, a sort of "Sleepy Hollow," which the movement of the world has quite left behind, and Delysford people, who cannot conceive of happiness as existing outside their own borders, and speak with the pitying epithet "poor" of the young woman who has made an excellent marriage with a stranger, are described with a quiet humour which is highly entertaining. The merits of the tale itself are but indifferent. René du Lys and his sister are the last representatives of a noble family which came over with the Conqueror, while the Tremaines are descendants of the first Du Lys' barber. The family of the barber has contrived to acquire all the property of their noble employer, all but one house, which several generations have coveted in vain. The last Tremaine hopes to secure it from the last Du Lys by means of his daughter, whom Du Lys loves. But Milicent du Lys sacrifices herself, by accepting Mr. Tremaine's hand on the condition that her brother should be allowed to marry Amy Tremaine without the condition of parting with his ancestral property. This is a story which is neither probable nor attractive, and the natural repugnance excited by it is not removed by the prospect of seeing the lands of Du Lys come back to their original possessors. But when we get away from the story, and read what Delysford folk thought about the world, we are sure to be entertained.

The History of Scarborough. By Joseph Brogden Baker. (Longmans.)—Mr. Baker has collected a great mass of information in this volume. Some of it is valuable and interesting, some of it might have been profitably retrenched. All would have been set forth to more advantage by a better and more orderly arrangement, and by the addition of what it is really surprising to find wanting in such a volume,—an index.

Farm and its Inhabitants. By Rachel C. Lowe. (Privately printed.)—"Farm," originally called "Owen's Farm," has been the dwelling-place of the Lloyd family since 1758. In this volume we have pleasant and profitable reminiscences of them, and of their visitors. The Lloyds have been Friends now for many generations, and forward in all the good work, public and private, with which Friends have been wont to occupy themselves. Of their visitors from the outside world, Samuel Johnson is, perhaps, the most famous. He went there with Boswell in 1776, and missing his friend Hector, was very glad of entertainment from the Lloyds. After dinner he had a fierce argument about baptism, suggested by "Barclay's Apology." The family tradition is that he threw the book upon the floor, and stamped upon it. Next morning he apologised, in this characteristic fashion, —"I say, Lloyd, I'm the best theologian, but you're the best Christian." A very interesting volume this, which should have more than the private circulation for which it seems to have been intended.

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FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PRINCE BISMARCK, in despair at his Parliamentary defeats, has at last compromised with the Centre. On Tuesday a Bill of six clauses was introduced into the Prussian Diet, under which the obligation of the Bishops to notify to Government all candidates for benefices is abolished, so far as any priests are concerned not holding what the English would call "livings." Curates, chaplains, and adjoints are all exempted from the law. The clergy, moreover, are allowed to appeal in clerical questions to the Minister of Public Worship, who is flexible, instead of the Ecclesiastical Court, which is rigid. If the Government objects to the presentee of a benefice, its reasons must be stated, and all penalties on priests administering the Sacraments in vacant parishes are abolished. The Bill has been received in Rome with delight, and the Liberals declare that it repeals the Falk Laws, which is substantially true. The Bill will, of course, be passed, the mere anticipation of it having given the Chancellor a victory for his Sick Fund Bill, which, often rejected, was carried by 216 to 99.

Nothing is settled as to peace or war between France and China. On the one hand, the expedition to Touquin has started, and the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador to England, who is now in Moscow, has informed the Havas Agency that if it lands without a previous arrangement with Pekin, war is certain. The Chinese Government would recognise the Treaty of 1874, and would open up Yunnan to French trade; but it would insist on protecting the King of Anam, and on a formal recognition of its own suzerainty. As this suzerainty is specifically and constantly denied by M. Challemel-Lacour, this would mean immediate war; but on the other hand, Li Hung Chang, the statesman entrusted by the Pekin Government with the defence of Tonquin, dreads Europe, and has, it is reported, suggested an acceptable compromise to M. Tricou, who has arrived at Shaughai, on his way to Pekin. The French Chamber, too, is getting uneasy at the prospect of a serious campaign, and would have no scruple in dismissing the Foreign Minister, and accepting any agreement which would avert hostilities. According to the most recent telegrams, Hanoi, too, had been relieved, by the arrival of 600 French, and time has therefore been gained for negotiation. The probabilities are that the French will land, that a petty victory will be gained, and that everything will then be allowed to languish.

The *Times*' correspondent, who evidently reflects official opinion in Paris, states that he has "solid reason" to believe China will not declare war on France, but will confine herself to blocking and fortifying the river which gives access from Tonquin into Yunnan. At the same time, he intimates that the King of Anam is expected to defend himself, and that it will, therefore, be necessary for France to take possession of the entire kingdom, which her statesmen believe, on very little evidence, to be full of minerals, and of land fitted for plantations. This statement is made in all sincerity, for the writer disapproves the project, which he thinks accidental in its origin, and calculated in the end to exhaust France, without yielding her any sufficient advantage, and it is quite in accord with the facts. The French Ministry evidently expect serious resistance, and are not only shipping Marines in greater numbers than they intended, but have warned a regiment of Rifles now in Algeria to be ready for service, and are discussing means of raising their Colonial Army, which is raised by voluntary enlistment, to 30,000 men. They will, it is stated, shortly ask for a second credit, but they are making no provision that we see for their great danger,—the depletion of their ranks by disease. The troops will, unless much better medical arrangements are made, be prostrated by fever and dysentery.

Mr. O'Kelly attended in his place in the House of Commons yesterday week, as ordered by the House, but did not at first seem at all disposed to give the pledge not to proceed in the matter of his challenge to Mr. MacCoan, M.P. for Wicklow, which the House required. He made a hectoring little speech. "I do not care much," he said, "about the opinion of this House, or the opinion of this country,"—though our flag was once valuable to him, if he was the man whom it protected from death in Cuba at the hands of the Spaniards. "But," said Mr. O'Kelly, "I do think a good deal about the opinion of men of honour who live outside this country, with many of whom I have, during the better part of my life, had intimate relations. I believe that men of honour outside this country will justify me in the position I have taken; but so far as the junior Member for Wicklow is concerned, I see no reason why he should have thought well to bring this matter before the House, because he had already placed himself beyond any risk that might have arisen through my action, by declining to meet me. Sir, my opinion of a man who deliberately offers an insult to another, and then deliberately refuses either to apologise or to afford reparation, is that that man, by that act, falls out of the category of honourable men, and is therefore no longer worthy of attention from any man." Mr. Gladstone thereupon, after remarking that Mr. O'Kelly's slight respect for the House of Commons "is not perhaps a matter on which the character and dignity of this House will, in the main, ultimately depend," insisted that Mr. O'Kelly had not given the undertaking required; whereupon Mr. O'Kelly rose again, and declared that he had intended to say that after the receipt of Mr. MacCoan's letter, he considered the matter practically at an end. Mr. Gladstone and Sir S. Northcote accepting this as an assurance that hostile proceedings were to be dropped, the discussion terminated, Mr. O'Kelly having compensated himself by an affront to the House of Commons and the British nation, who care nothing about it, for his reluctant promise to let Mr. MacCoan alone.

The Corrupt Practices Bill was read a second time on Monday without a division, the Tories and Liberals alike approving, though the former think the Bill too severe. This is true as to agency, as we have argued elsewhere, a candidate being disqualified for contesting a particular seat. for seven years, in punishment of an offence which may have been committed by an agent in the teeth of his instructions. This will, doubtless, be omitted in Committee, but the easy passing of the Bill is by no means certain. Mr. Parnell sees that many Tories are on his side; and, therefore, proposed in Committee on Thursday that Ireland should be omitted from the Bill. It was not wanted there, he said, and would impose on candidates the necessity of employing agents. The Irish Judges, moreover, would interpret the Bill unfavourably to popular candidates. His motion was defeated by 243 to 31, but the Irish see a stalking-horse in the Bill, and will propose innumerable amendments, which must all be discussed. It should be observed that they accepted the much more severe Bill of last year, but of course they are not bound to be consistent.

The immense festivities in Russia have not been entirely unbroken. The *Times'* correspondent intimates that some incidents occurred even in Moscow which it is not advisable to report just yet; the German papers assert, though this is denied, that the Mayor of Moscow asked for a Constitution, and was peremptorily exiled; and a riot occurred in St. Petersburg, so political that it is believed the Czar will make no state entry into the city. It is certain that the Czar, in a speech to the Marshals of the nobility, strongly repudiated the idea of making political concessions, and that no constitution of any kind will be granted. There is evidence that the Imperial grants at the coronation are not considered sufficient, and that discontent is wide-spread, though we can scarcely believe that it has infected the Army. The author of "Underground Russia," however, in a letter subsequent to the one we quoted last week, affirms that this is the case, that Alexander III. is disliked in the Army, that large numbers of the officers in the regiments quartered in great cities are regularly enrolled in revolutionary clubs, and that they are bound by oath to march, when the signal arrives, with all the soldiers they can control. Their idea is to demand a Constitution. That military revolutions have occurred in Russia is true, and that some officers are Revolutionists is probable, but that such a movement could be formidable is difficult to believe. The soldiers are only peasants in uniform.

A number of telegrams have reached England this week intended to hint, with more or less of obscurity, that the Sultan has been intriguing against the British in Egypt. According to the story, he has employed for this purpose his private secretary, Kadri Bey, who has been living in Cairo as his representative. Kadri Bey, it is alleged, has been instigating disturbances. The matter was brought before the Embassy in Constantinople, the recall of Kadri Bey was demanded and granted, and he is not to be replaced. Kadri Bey has clearly been recalled, but the Sultan's motive in intriguing is not clear. He can hardly hope to gain anything unless he changes the Khedive, and he cannot possibly do that without obtaining British consent. It is quite as possible that he was only watching the movement towards an Arabic Kaliphate, which is said to have revived, and that Kadri Bey, while organising his forces against that idea, became suspected of intriguing against the Egyptian Government. Whatever its object, the Sultan's policy has once more failed.

Lord Rosebery has resigned the Under-Secretaryship of the Home Department. It is announced that he has no difference with the Government, and only desires to facilitate the appointment of a Commoner, as the Liberals in the debate of Thursday week appeared to wish. This was confirmed by Sir W. Harcourt on Thursday, in language of unusual strength, the Home Secretary even talking of his "affection" for Lord Rosebery, and is of course true, even though Lord Rosebery may also have felt hurt at Sir W. Harcourt's rough assertion in the debate of Thursday week that he had only been appointed for a moment as a sop to the Scotch Members. Mr. Hibbert has been selected for the vacant office, and Mr. G. Russell, Member for Aylesbury, has been appointed Under-Secretary to the Board of Trade. Mr. Russell is quite young (only thirty), is a Member of the Woburn family, and is a Radical of promise. He speaks well, thinks clearly, and has an individuality about him apt to be wanting in men of aristocratic birth and strongly popular opinions. He will be a gain to the official world, which wants backbone as much as anything.

Lord R. Churchill made nothing on Friday week by his attack on the discipline of the Civil Service. His motion, technical in form, in reality meant that Civil Servants might combine to bring pressure to bear on Members of Parliament in regard to their pay and promotion, and was discussed on that basis. Lord Randolph, of course, argued that orders forbidding such combinations were tyrannical, but was sharply told by Sir Stafford Northcote that he knew nothing about his facts. "I do not think," he said, "I ever heard a speech which for its length contained so many misstatements." Sir Stafford defended the sound doctrine that while Civil Servants, like others, may make general statements of grievances, they may not combine for their own special advantage. This was supported by Mr. Childers, who complimented Sir S. Northcote on his "admirable speech," and by Mr. Gladstone, who declared that the attempt to influence Parliament in regard to salaries was "intolerable" and fatal to economy. Mr. Gladstone also defended the appointment of Private Secretaries to good posts in the service, which Lord Randolph had attacked, as a just promotion of invaluable men, specially defending Sir S. Northcote, who had appointed his son to the Board of Inland Revenue. On the division, Lord Randolph Churchill had only 37 votes, against 120.

In spite of the severe snubbing which Lord Randolph Churchill received from Sir Stafford Northcote yesterday week, his Jack-in-the-box elasticity displayed itself in a speech at Chatham, to Mr. Gorst's constituency, last Wednesday, a speech in which he said most truly that, "if all the Conservative Members were as active as Mr. Gorst, the Government would not have such an easy task as they now have in ruling the country." If all the Conservative Members were as active as Mr. Gorst, the only possibility of ruling the country at all would be to follow in Cromwell's steps, and "take away that bauble" before the Speaker's chair. Lord Randolph, who showed his statesmanship by proposing to reduce the Army, to cut £5,000,000 off the estimates for the Civil Service, and either to abandon Egypt or to annex it, professed to be in great difficulty as to the meaning of 'veiled obstruction.' The meaning is very simple. The veiled obstruction of the Conservative party consists in this,—that it throws its veil over the obstruction of Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gorst, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. Warton, and the rest of the Conservative Obstructives. But since Sir Stafford Northcote's "Thermopylæ" speech, it can hardly be called "veiled" obstruction any longer. That speech openly exulted in Conservative obstruction, and if that speech is to bear fruit, open obstruction it will become.

Lord Lytton, Mr. David Plunket, and Lord George Hamilton made a threefold attack on the Liberal party, at a meeting of the Middlesex Conservative Association held at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday night. Lord Lytton described the tremendous victory obtained by outraged facts over Liberal principles, and assured his party that "the day of dupes" was drawing to its close. Mr. Plunket declared that "curses, like chickens, came home to roost," and appeared to regard Mr. Bradlaugh as the most homesick of these chickens, as well as the most unwelcome to the Liberal party. Lord George Hamilton dilated on the wickedness of importing emotion and hysteria into party politics, taking great pains to illustrate practically the mischiefs of emotion and hysteria by his own very violent and very unreasonable speech. Lord George Hamilton felt sure that Middlesex, which had so long resisted the charms of "eloquent humbug," would be soon backed up by the decision of the constituencies at large. The tone of all three speakers was that of men gloating over the spoil they are just about to seize upon, and almost "fey" with the delights of their premature anticipations. For them, at least, the day of dupes is not very near its close.

Mr. Bass, one of the Liberals who gave no vote on the Affirmation Bill, and who is now beginning to feel the need of repose, has since resigned his seat for Derby, and Mr. Alderman Roe has been selected by the Derby Liberals as his successor. Mr. Alderman Roe expresses full confidence in the Government, and declares himself in favour of the Affirmation Bill,—a striking comment on Mr. Bass's conduct in withholding his vote. A Conservative opposition was talked of, but it is now thought more probable that Mr. Alderman Roe will be returned unopposed. This is significant enough, for in Derby Evangelical opinion runs high.

The subject of Mr. Errington's representations to the Pope was renewed on Thursday by Lord R. Churchill, who did his best to make Mr. Gladstone ridiculous for his thoughtful little speech on Garibaldi, at Stafford House last Saturday, Lord Randolph representing it as a monstrous inconsistency that a statesman, who is not unwilling to avail himself of the Pope's aid in restoring social order in Ireland, should yet speak with public appreciation of so great an enemy of the Papacy as General Garibaldi. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, remarked that what he said at Stafford House was almost altogether on Garibaldi's private character,—the union in him of exceptional valour with exceptional horror of war; and, indeed, it would be absurd if a statesman whose whole career has been so blended with the restoration of Italian freedom and self-government as Mr. Gladstone's, were to be debarred from rendering a simple tribute of respect to a great Italian patriot, solely because he is very glad to help the Pope in making any effort to suppress outrages and assassinations in Ireland. One of the Irish Members was not ashamed

to identify Garibaldi's name with the cause of assassination,—one of those monstrous accusations which only bring disgrace on those who make them. Lord Randolph Churchill's *razzia* produced, of course, no effect. The Government, however, recognise that Mr. Errington's personal exertions at Rome have been important enough to render it desirable to keep a record of them at the Foreign Office.

The Parisians have been amusing themselves with a paper in the *Figaro*, in which a serious writer, M. Leo Lavedan, professes to reveal "the secret of Bismarck." The German Chancellor, he says, has framed the Tripartite Alliance in order to dismember France. Germany would under this plan take the remainder of Lorraine, including Nancy; Italy, Nice, Savoy, and Corsica; Belgium, French Flanders; Switzerland, Chablais; and Spain, Roussillon. Austria is apparently to get nothing, but would presumably be compensated with territories in the Balkan, while England would receive a French port. The story, which involves the previous conquest of France in a war of pure aggression, during which England would look on benevolently, and would snatch a port on the Continent, is obviously absurd, but the French study it with avidity. It is possible that M. Lavedan has got hold of some scheme of Prince Bismarck's, sketching out what he would do if France, under a restored monarchy, were to attack Germany and to be totally defeated, but the Germans are not going to spend their children in scores of thousands to make the fortune of Italy.

The House of Lords had a debate on Tuesday on the Cathedral Statutes Bill, of which the Bishop of Carlisle moved the second reading—a debate made memorable by a powerful speech of the Bishop of Peterborough's, not on the Cathedral Statutes Bill, but on any kind of attempt at ecclesiastical legislation during the existence of Liberal Administrations, which he vehemently deprecated and condemned. His chief object was to represent the Liberal Government as the covert enemy of the Church, and to take immense credit for the Church for her neutrality between the two great political parties in the State; but his speech, full of power as it was, tended to discredit effectually both the impressions which he desired to produce. In the first place, it was evident that the Church, as represented by her other prelates,—the two Archbishops, the Bishop of Carlisle, and, apparently the Bishop of London,—desire to pass the Bill which the Bishop of Peterborough denounced, and that the Government are favourable to it, which, so far as it goes, does not look as if the Liberal Administration were a covert enemy to the Church, but rather as if the Bishop of Peterborough were an open enemy. In the next place, the Bishop, who took so much credit for the neutrality of the Church in politics, made almost as sharp an attack on the Liberals as Lord Randolph Churchill himself, and a much cleverer one; and this suggests significantly in which direction the Church swerves from neutrality. Dr. Magee is a great orator, and in a sense persuasive; but then, he persuades us to take not his side, but the other. He delights us very much, and completely convinces us that on his own showing he is altogether in the wrong. The Bill was read a second time, without a division.

The Grand Committee on Law has completed its consideration of the Criminal Appeals Bill, and got to work on the Criminal Code Bill, which it is hardly possible, however, to suppose that it can get through during the remainder of the Session. Not only have a vast number of Irish amendments been proposed, but Mr. Warton and Mr. Paget,—not the Mr. Paget who represents South Leicestershire, but he who represents Mid-Somerset,—neither of whom is an authority in law, propose such a number of amendments, and speak so repeatedly, that the Attorney-General is said to have described the measure now under the consideration of the Grand Committee as "a codification of the English Criminal Law by Messrs. Warton and Paget, assisted by distinguished amateurs." It is just possible that, without the aid of Messrs. Warton and Paget, the Criminal Code Bill might be passed this year. *With* their aid, it cannot even come within a measureable distance of becoming law.

A curious story comes from Pesth of a society of six lads, between sixteen and eighteen years of age, who agreed together to throw all their spare money into a common fund and spend it in a great carouse, after which they very naturally found themselves in straits, and came to the conclusion that they could not get out of the scrape better than by a collective act of suicide. For this purpose they had only a single six-chambered revolver. One of them, Rumbauer, a wood-engraver of seventeen years of age, asked leave to begin, and shot himself in two places, inflicting very grave wounds which may prove mortal, but not killing himself. The spectacle of his physical anguish horrified four of the six, and they crept away to Pesth; while the sixth, Liszka, a musician and a boy of only sixteen, attempted to follow Rumbauer's example, but only inflicted on himself a slight wound, and was able to make his way to a friend's house, to whom he explained what had happened. If the intention of collective suicide had been serious, it would have been more easily attained by the use of a little dynamite; but the truth is that the pleasure-loving temperament which determines on such a mad course as this, is not the temperament best fitted to carry out the grim design of suicide, collective or otherwise. The lusts of the flesh are not ascetic, and do not fit men for suicide, or any other resolute infliction of pain on one's own body.

Sir G. Bowyer, for a long time a Member of Parliament, a Knight of Malta, and a Companion of various other foreign Orders, died at his chambers in the Temple on Wednesday night. He was a rather learned lawyer in some departments, and showed a considerable amount of moral courage as M.P. for the county of Wexford in repudiating the Home rule party, when its leader went beyond what seemed to him the limits of a constitutional agitation. He became a Roman Catholic in 1850, and remained staunch to that faith to the end. He was, indeed, one of the bitterest foes of the Italian Revolution in the House of Commons, and often measured swords with Mr. Gladstone in the years following 1860, on the subject of Italy. His knowledge was greater than his ability, but his tenacity of purpose earned him general respect.

In the Convocation of the University of Oxford on Tuesday, the vote of £10,000 for Professor Burdon Sanderson's physiological laboratory was carried by a very narrow majority of 3, 88 voting for it and 85 against. Professor Burdon Sanderson avowed again the very same principle which he avowed before the Commission of 1875, that while it is wrong to inflict any unnecessary suffering on animals, it is often necessary to inflict suffering for the purposes of physiological investigation, and that any suffering, however keen, which is inflicted for a sufficient purpose, is rightly inflicted. That Professor Sanderson regards every purpose as sufficient which recommends itself as sufficient to a carefully-trained physiologist, there can be no doubt; and we do not question that Professor Burdon Sanderson would entirely justify Professor Rutherford's eight hours' torture of some scores of dogs, operated on without anæsthetics, for the purpose of discovering the effect of various drugs on the secretion of bile. That a physiologist of these views should be authorised to introduce vivisection into the heart of Oxford, where boys and girls who never see the worst experiments, will certainly hear of them, and know that they are sanctioned by the full authority of the University, seems to us nothing short of a national calamity. We wish we could hope that the vote might yet be rescinded.

A startling rumour has arrived from Ireland that the Police have discovered evidence that the Invincibles used poison. They poisoned, in particular, a hotel-keeper named Jury, who had accidentally opened a letter which contained information dangerous to "No. 1." The story is denied, and seems dreamy, though it is true that Mr. Jury's body has been exhumed, but it has brought out a curious phase of opinion. The *Freeman's Journal* is horrified at the insult to Ireland involved in the charge. Why is it an insult, any more than the charge, admitted by the *Freeman*, that certain Irishmen killed certain other Irishmen, on political grounds, with knives and pistols? Where is the difference, either in morality or honour, between the use of a pistol from behind a hedge or of a knife to an unarmed man, and the use of prussic acid? Both are murders and both have the same motive. That the character of Ireland is injured by such a charge is true, but so also it is injured by the whole proceedings of the committees of assassination. Are we to have a special version of the Commandment,—"Thou shalt do no murder by drugs?"

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday $100\frac{1}{4}$ to $100\frac{3}{8}$ x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LORD ROSEBERY'S RESIGNATION.

LORD ROSEBERY'S resignation of his Under-Secretaryship does not signify much in itself, because in the form which the Government is assuming no resignation signifies very much. People wonder a little at the slight effect produced by the secession of men like the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Forster, all of them Ministers of the first force and all of them representative men, and every now and then some Tory says or writes that such losses must ultimately be fatally felt. In truth, however, though the individual is not dwindling in politics—think of Germany without Bismarck—the importance of individual Ministers is. In France they are shadows, in America names, in Germany clerks. This Government, like the one which preceded it, sheds Ministers without pain or injury,—not because, as its enemies say, it is so molluscous that it feels no change of structure; and not because, as its friends say, it is a tree too full of vitality to miss even healthy branches, but because it derives its power from a constituency so extensive that it hardly recognises persons. Whoever goes or comes except Mr. Gladstone, there is "Mr. Gladstone's Government," erect and untouched, and that for the Householders is sufficient; as also, when Lord Carnarvon seceded, "Lord Beaconsfield's Government" sufficed for them. Cabinet Ministers, being human, would be rather tried, we fear, if they knew how many of the electors recognise only one name in the Cabinet, or at most two or three, or how many more would fail in the effort to repeat the names of the Governing Committee, entrance into which is such a prize. Lord Rosebery's departure, therefore, would matter little, even if he had been a Secretary, which he was not; and if he had gone off angry, which is by no means the case. Lord Rosebery's Liberalism is of a very staunch quality, and he will be back in a short time, and remain a steady supporter, and not a candid friend, in the interim. Still, he is a man of unusual abilities, great power of speech, being nearly, if not quite, the only humourous Peer, and of special position in Scotland, and we should like to know a little more exactly why he resigned. The official explanation is that another Under-Secretary was wanted to aid Sir W. Harcourt in the Commons; and, no doubt, that is true, but then is it the whole truth? Any Secretary of State is glad of help, but the Department is not overworked just now in the House, and though it is overworked in the Bureau, where, for example, Sir W. Harcourt has elaborated his London Bill, Lord Rosebery could give as much help there as any other man, and much more than most. It looks as if there were something else, and as the "else" is not any secret revolt of Lord Rosebery from a Government he cordially approves, we have a little human curiosity to know what it is.

We might not feel that curiosity, but for the rumour, repeated everywhere, and on Thursday emphatically denied both by the Home Secretary and by Lord Rosebery, that Sir W. Harcourt was glad to be rid of his Under-Secretary. The denial disposes of the rumour, but it does not dispose of the state of affairs which made the rumour seem probable, and induced even serious politicians to believe it. Mr. Rylands, whose function just now is to exude rather vitriolic criticism on his political friends, who have perhaps felt his priggishness as much as his untiring laboriousness and zeal, raised a discussion on Thursday week on the question whether the Under-Secretary for Home Affairs ought not to be in the Commons. The Radicals below the gangway, who did not care a straw where he was, but who are a little sick—not unnaturally sick—of the preference still accorded in politics to the caste, cheered Mr. Rylands; and Sir W. Harcourt remarked, in his most aggressive manner, that Lord Rosebery's appointment had never been intended to be permanent, and that it was "only a sop to the Scotch Members." It was instantly, and not unnaturally, believed that Sir W. Harcourt thought Lord Rosebery's appointment bad. As the Home Secretary must agree to the appointment of his subordinate, he had, we suppose, a right to make the remark, though it would have seemed more in its place from the Premier, who represents the appointing power; and its ungraciousness is only a mistake of manner, which the House regards as a trait of individuality. Still, it cannot be denied that the remark was unexpectedly crude in form, and suggests, with other things, that Sir W. Harcourt's own idea of his own place in the party is very high. He does not, of course, think of himself as Mr. Gladstone's heir, for that is Lord Hartington's position; but Lord Hartington has always a coronet hanging over him, some day to crush his head, and it is quite conceivable that the ultimate leadership of the Liberals in the Lower House is already an object of ambition. We hope it is not, for we want a long term for Lord Hartington, and dread the dissolving influence of such ambitions, and their tendency to induce men who feel them to push against all rivals; but still, it may be. Even Americans catch the Presidential fever, and we know of nothing in Liberalism which should exorcise human nature, or induce a man to reject the instinctive thought that if justice were done, and all men were wise, and circumstances were favourable, he would be a long way up the hill towards the top of the world. It is quite possible that two or three "leaders" are thinking of the future, and dreaming dreams, or even conceivably laying far-sighted plans.

And yet it must be unjust to Sir William Harcourt even to fancy that he dreams of himself as Leader in the House of Commons. With his keenness and experience of men, and long habit of the House and of politics, he must be well aware that, unless he changes greatly, no such leadership will come to him. He has quite sufficient power of oratory, though he makes, for a leader, the mistake of using the whip too often, and of exasperating opponents needlessly; he is a fair, or we may even say successful, administrator; and he may have proved himself, in this coming London Bill, a legislator of some acumen and largeness of view. But he has never established sympathetic relations either with the party or the country, never excited the smallest enthusiasm, never left the quite essential impression that he is a representative man. Whom or what does he represent, except Sir William Harcourt? He either has so few convictions, or he has allowed so few to manifest themselves, that men doubt to this day, after his long and, on the whole, successful public career, whether he is Whig, or Liberal, or Radical in his sympathies, or whether, indeed, he has any; whether he does not think, with his friend Lord Beaconsfield, that a statesman should use ideas, but not be governed by them. Nobody would know, if the Queen sent for him to-morrow, what his Government would be like, what would be its tendency, or what ends it would seek, except, possibly, the passivity in Ireland which is so often mistaken for peace. It is not that the views of a Harcourt Administration would be unknown, for that often happens, but that its tone would be undiscoverable in advance. It would not even be Opportunist, for Sir William Harcourt can occasionally, when events press sharply and men grow excited, be inopportune. We have nothing, as matters stand, to say in reprobation of his intellectual position. There must be a *Times* in every Cabinet. Liberalism, like every other system of ideas, benefits by the adhesion of clever men; and the Member for Derby makes as good a Home Secretary as we shall find. But in that position a man, unless he has, like Lord Beaconsfield, a separate and unmistakeable genius, rarely finds solid foothold in this country; and Sir William Harcourt has not got it yet. If he seceded to-morrow, men within the House would be interested, and Tories would be delighted, because a most dangerous Free-lance was at liberty again, and there would be hard knocks going, and Ministers would be worried; but the constituencies would be quiescent. They are not to be moved in our days by cleverness, however remarkable, or speech, however sharp, or manœuvring, however adroit, but only by certain forces of character which we should find it hard to define, but which all politicians will allow that the Home Secretary either does not possess, or does not display. He could lead the Lords well, because the Lords, granted certain conditions of birth and knowledge of the world, greatly appreciate intellectual cleverness, and listen to oratory like Sir W. Harcourt's with a sense of sipping champagne. The fizz is pleasant to them, as well as the flavour. But to lead the Commons is to lead the constituencies, and the constituencies ask something—call it character, or morale, or the stream of tendency which makes for steadfastness, or what you will—which they do not see in Sir William Harcourt. They do not distrust him so much as they feel inclined to ask seriously what are the reasons for trust. Sir W. Harcourt is not the man to be a self-deceiver, and must see all this far better than we can; and, therefore, we disbelieve that he exaggerates the position which, from his ability, his standing as Minister, and his undoubted cleverness, must belong to him. If he does, he will find, and his colleagues will find, that he has reckoned without the people, who now-a-days make leaders of the Commons by a very direct, though informal, method of election.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH ON THE CHURCH.

THE Bishop of Peterborough compares the position of every ecclesiastical reform proposed to the House of Commons, to that of a chubby little boy left for the first time remote from loving parents and sisters in the play-ground of a great school, and rapidly surrounded by treacherous playmates, who, under the disguise of deep interest in his welfare and his person, proceed to all the well-known amenities of crushing his hat over his eyes, pulling his hair, pinching his arms, chalking "ass" upon his back, and overwhelming him with every kind of practical joke and indignity. The picture was a lively one, and suggests to us that Dr. Magee must once have understood perfectly the art of making the early school experience of chubby little boys severely instructive to them. Even now, if some well-known Dissenter should be made a Peer, we do not feel quite sure whether Dr. Magee might not find it in his heart to revive in some more diguified, though not, perhaps, less exquisitely painful form, on the stage of the House of Peers, those innocent tortures which he so well remembers and so graphically describes. But however this may be, we cannot remember that any Bill for the real reform of the Church of England has been treated in the House of Commons in the manner which Dr. Magee so vividly and significantly suggests. No doubt, such Bills when sent down very late in the Session to the Lower House have been snuffed out by the Radicals, who insist that all ecclesiastical measures shall be fairly discussed, and not slipped through *sub silentio* in thin houses at the fag-end of a Session; nor do we think that Radicals are greatly to be blamed for insisting on such full and adequate discussion. But it is easy to recall ecclesiastical Bills which have been most fairly treated by the House of Commons,—the Bill, for instance, giving power for the amendment of the old Table of Lessons; the Bill for altering the form of the clergyman's adhesion to the Articles and Prayer-book; and most of all, we should say, the Burials Bill, in relation to which we wholly deny the Bishop's statement that it was desired by the enemies of the Church, and deprecated by its friends. As for the enemies of the Church, everybody knows that the passing of the Burials Bill was a serious blow to the Disestablishment agitation, and that many of the Liberationists avowed their regret that they were losing the help of so substantial a grievance in their campaign against the Establishment itself. Moreover, if the laity of the Church of England, as distinct from the clergy, could have been polled, there is no manner of doubt that an immense majority of them desired to see the passing of the Burials Bill, for the very reason that they regarded it as an act of justice which would tend to restore the Church to her true position as the Church of the nation. Doubtless, some of the laity and some of the national Clergy objected to that Bill, just as some of the laity and almost all the clergy objected to the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill; but in both cases alike the true friends of the Established Church saw clearly that, so far from the Church suffering by this measure of justice, a most telling weapon was in each case struck out of the hands of the advocates of Disestablishment and Disendowment. So far is it from being true that the Liberal party in the House of Commons object on principle to all measures which render the Church of England more popular, that we sincerely believe the worst ecclesiastical measure passed within recent years, —that measure for "putting down Ritualism" which had the assent of the great majority of the Bishops,—was passed solely in the view, a very short-sighted view, we confess, of meeting the popular demand, and removing one of the most unwelcome features in the services of the Church of England. So far as we can judge from close observation of the House of Commons, the Bishop of Peterborough's ideal Dissenter—can he, by the way, name the man, or is he a mere legend?—who piously prayed that the Church of England might grow worse than she then was, in order that she might stink in the nostrils of the English people, has absolutely no existence amongst the Radicals of that House. When they oppose an ecclesiastical reform brought forward in time for a full discussion, it is not because they fear that it may improve the Church of England, but because it is, in their opinion, a change for the worse.

"The Church of England," says Dr. Magee, "has not yet earned from the Prime Minister the dubious and unfortunate compliment that she is the backbone of the Liberal Party." Certainly not; and such speeches as Dr. Magee's show why she has not earned that compliment. She is not only not the backbone of the Liberal party, but so far as her Bishops and Clergy are concerned, she must be said to be the backbone of the Conservative Party. We do not deny, of course, that there are exceptions to this rule, that in the mind of the Bishop of Exeter, and, perhaps, of the Bishop of Oxford, there may be a true sympathy with the great masses of the people; that there are a few clergymen who, like the Dean of St. Paul's or Canon Liddon, or Mr. Llewelyn Davies, think of the true interests of the innumerable poor first, and of the numerable rich afterwards; but on the whole, the Clergy of our Church are "the backbone" not of the Liberal, but of the Conservative party, and anything more contrary to fact than to speak of them as in any sense "neutral," which was the mild word chosen by Bishop Magee to describe their attitude towards the two great political parties in the State, we cannot well imagine. There are clergymen—we hope Dr. Magee is not one of them —who, if they had been asked to anticipate the Beatitudes, instead of giving them as St. Luke gives them, would have put them all the other way; who would have described as the grossest Socialism and Radicalism our Lord's blessing, "Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. . . . . But woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep," and who would have described this as the partisan blessing bestowed by a bitter revolutionist on the dregs of the earth. Indeed, it is because the Liberals,—some of them, no doubt, without the least sympathy with the religious motive of our Lord's blessings, more of them, as we hope, in the eager desire to realise the full force of that religious motive,—attempt to diminish the great gulf, both physical and moral, which separates the rich from the poor, that the dignitaries of the Church of England look down upon them with such profound distrust, and even contempt. Mr. Gladstone was unfortunately right when he described the Dissenters as the backbone of the Liberal party in England. And it is not because we cannot afford to resist Dissenters, as Dissenters, but because we cannot afford as Liberals to resist those who wish to do something towards attenuating the awful contrast between the lot of the poor and the lot of the rich, that we must recognise the greater number of Dissenting Churches as the backbone of the Liberal party. It would indeed be a good day for England if the clergy of the national Church ever became as truly national, as truly neutral in mere politics, as heartily willing to take up a Liberal measure if it promises to win our poor to a better spirit, as even Lord Shaftesbury, whom we regard as, in this sense at least, much more of a Christian than a politician. It is the bias of all who hold sway in the national Church in favour of the petty oligarchy of the rich, which keeps our Church where she is in popular esteem. If there were men in her who, like a very few of the Evangelicals, more of the Broad Church, a few of the High Church, and the greater number of the small party of extreme Ritualists, appear to know nothing of party ties when they interfere with the deeper spiritual ties, there would be none of the coldness towards the Church of England in the House of Commons, of which Dr. Magee complains, but which he does the best that his genius and eloquence can do, to increase. The neutrality of the Church, indeed! Why, Dr. Magee and most of his brother-prelates are about as neutral in politics as the prelates of the Church of France are neutral in any contest between the Republic and the White Flag. Which would be the more difficult to the majority of our English Prelates,—to believe their Christianity mistaken and their politics true, or to believe their politics mistaken and their Christianity true? Let them answer that question to themselves honestly, and judge by it which is the deeper in their character, the Conservative politician, or the Christian disciple.

PRINCE BISMARCK AT CANOSSA.

PRINCE BISMARCK has at last discovered that artillery, however scientifically constructed or carefully served, is of no avail against ghosts. The Roman Catholic Church, though without a soldier, has beaten him and all his forces, and after a struggle of nine years he has retreated from his position. The essence of the "May Laws," by which the Chancellor hoped to impose upon the Roman Catholic Church the yoke of the State, was contained in two clauses, one prohibiting the appointment by the Church of any priest to any office without previous notification to the Ministry of Public Worship, and the other punishing the administration of the

Sacraments in proscribed parishes by unauthorised priests. The Chancellor calculated that between these two provisions Catholic parishes would, if Rome were obstinate, be left empty, and that the people, deprived of all the Offices, would either become schismatics, or would apply such pressure to Rome that the Papacy perforce must yield. The plan seemed at first sight astute, but the method of coercion was in reality singularly ill chosen. Upon the notification, Rome could have yielded, but she was bitterly reluctant to yield. A priest's sanctity is not impaired by a secular acknowledgment of his qualifications, which is to the Church pure matter of indifference; but in recognising such assent as necessary, the Vatican would have given too strong a weapon to its foes. Any scheme of education, any method of teaching, almost any variety of opinion might have been fostered by the State, by the simple expedient of rejecting all candidates who dissented from the official views. Rome, therefore, refused to yield, and then the second proviso came into play. Parish after parish was left vacant, and no "unauthorised priest" could perform the ceremonies in lieu of the beneficed clergy, until over large sections of the country the holy offices were almost unattainable. It is said that in no less than a third of Catholic Prussia when the Sacraments are required it is matter of difficulty to find a priest, and that very often the only resource is to risk the penalties of the law. This state of affairs should, on the calculation, have increased either schism or discontent with Rome, and on those two results Prince Bismarck had relied; but he had forgotten two elements in the question, the character of his people and the tradition of the Vatican. The German Catholics were as obstinate as German Protestants had ever been. Instead of becoming schismatic, they became much more religious; men who had previously been indifferent feeling that, under direct persecution of this kind, they must in honour as well as from morality cling to their Church with a new fervour. Rome, again, though sorely vexed by what she regarded as "heathenism" in so many parishes, could not even attempt to yield. She might have notified her candidates to the State, but to admit that the substitutes for them, the missionary priests, could lawfully be subjected to punishment for performing their most imperative religious duties, was on the face of things impossible. The Church might as well have denied her divine mission altogether, renounced her independence, and recognised human law as necessarily and rightfully above the laws of Heaven. We cannot conceive how the Ministry of Public Worship, which must know the theories of the different creeds, could have expected concession on this subject, and half suspect that Herr Falk intended to introduce an impossible proviso into his statutes, so that, as they could never be accepted, the quarrel might become irreconcileable. Rome, of course, did not retreat, the German Catholics adhered to Rome with new fervour, and Prince Bismarck found that their entire voting strength of more than a hundred Members was steadily thrown against him. Utterly baffled, unable to secure a majority for any proposal, and aware that in one-third of the kingdom discontent was growing shrill, the Prince offered compromise after compromise, only to be met in Rome by a smiling immovability which led him on one occasion to hint a wish that the Papacy still had territorial possessions. His very last offers—offers carefully revised by the King, who has never been hearty in the Culturkampf—were rejected, and then at last, eager for votes in favour of his biennial Budget, he gave way. He "did not go to Canossa," as he proudly avers, but he did introduce a Bill which we shrewdly suspect is regarded in the Vatican as establishing a system preferable to the old one.

By the fifth clause of this Bill, the penalties imposed on Missionary or other priests for administering the Sacrament in proscribed parishes are abolished, and the effect of the May laws upon the people is finally destroyed. Rome leaves no member of her flock without the offices, except upon compulsion; and the people do not care who provides them, provided only he is a priest acknowledged by the Church. The absence of the regular priesthood, therefore, signifies nothing, except an inconvenience to the Bishops, who have to find too many Missionaries, and the whole efficacy of the May Laws is destroyed at a blow. They become mere opinions, without effective sanction. Prince Bismarck has, however, gone further than this. He not only proposes to legalise the functions of Missionary priests, but by the first clause of his Bill he surrenders the claim of the State to a notification whenever the candidate is not irremovable,—that is, whenever the priest is "adjoint," or curate, or chaplain, or anything except the regular incumbent of a benefice. The effect of this is that every parish in which the regular Catholic pastor is inhibited or absent can at once be supplied by an adjoint selected by the Bishop, and removable by him at will; and Rome loses, by resisting the laws, nothing but a trifling stipend. If every parish were empty, she would lose a moderate amount in cash, but gain a priesthood absolutely submissive of necessity to her disciplinary orders. That is triumph, not defeat, and we do not wonder either at the exultant tone of the Roman organs, or at the wailing statement of the Liberals, that this is surrender all along the line. So it is. It would positively be less advantageous to Rome to have the May Laws definitely and permanently repealed. She gains in authority, gains in prestige, and yet keeps the vague but real advantage which every Church acquires from appearing to labour under petty and irrational persecution.

Two thoughts will, we think, suggest themselves to all politicians who study this Bill, which, we may add, is sure to pass, as the Conservatives, Ultramontanes, and Poles when acting together possess a clear majority in the Chamber. One is the old one that persecution is, in our day, a stupidity; and the other is, that the Papacy has gained strength in some directions from the loss of its temporalities. As to the first, we have little to say, Englishmen having nothing to learn, except that the Prussian instance is a nearly perfect illustration of the old truth. There never was a country in which persecution could have a better chance. The Catholics were lax in opinion, careless in discipline, prejudiced against Italians. The anti-Catholics were two-thirds of the people, and had with them the most powerful of European Governments, the majority of the "educated," two-thirds of the Parliament, and a military force so irresistible that resistance to the law was not so much as thought of. Nevertheless, persecution failed, as it invariably fails when the persecutor dare not extirpate those who differ, and the only result was to strengthen slightly the persecuted Church. That is the unvarying teaching of history, and it is as applicable to dissidents from Protestantism as to dissidents from Rome, and should be remembered in trials for blasphemy as fully as in discussions on anti-Catholic legislation.

On the other point, however, there is a word to be said. This is the first occasion on which the Vatican, since it was deprived of its temporal power, has fought a great State, and it is clear to all observers that, because of the absence of that power, the Papacy has been more powerful. Prince Bismarck could do nothing against his enemy for want of leverage. Had the Pope been King still, he could have sent ships to Civita Vecchia, or threatened a siege of Rome, or have stirred up insurrection within the Pope's dominion, and the Curia, though it could not have yielded, would have been enfeebled and in bonds. As it was, it was free. The ruler of Germany could do nothing against his unarmed opponent, except excite a dangerous fear in part of his own subjects as to the safety of their souls. His forces were paralysed by the absence of other forces to oppose them, and he was left in the absurd position of a man who is ordered to arrest invisible foes by aid of a cordon of policemen. Rome had nothing to fear, and, therefore, Rome could wait; and the Church which can wait is, as against every foe but opinion, that is against every foe less spiritual than herself, an unconquerable Church.

THE VIOLENCE OF PARTY FEELING.

IT is a curious fact that the Conservative speakers who most vehemently condemn Mr. Gladstone for what they call the violence of his Midlothian speeches, themselves use language in comparison with which the language of the Midlothian speeches is leniency itself. As a matter of fact, those who have really studied these speeches know that speeches more devoid of personalities, more strictly limited to a manly condemnation of a policy which Mr. Gladstone held to be morally wrong and politically mischievous, were never delivered than the speeches delivered in Midlothian. The Conservatives, however, who are always speaking of those speeches as initiating a new era of violence in politics, do whatever in them lies to make good their position by the extreme passion with which they now attack the object of their animosity and, we fear, of their envy. Thus, only last Wednesday Lord Lytton spoke of Mr. Gladstone as having at first denied the existence in Ireland of those criminal conspiracies of which he "afterwards encouraged the development." That seems to us equivalent to a charge against Mr. Glad-

stone of the blackest treachery and treason,—certainly not the sort of charge which has any tendency to diminish the party passion of which, when it comes from their antagonists, the Conservatives complain. Again, Lord Lytton says :—"I think the day of dupes is drawing to its close, and the hour of reckoning is at hand. They [the Liberals] may still make their great feasts and drink before thousands of their followers; their soothsayers in the Press may prophesy to them smooth things, and praise those brazen political idols to which they have sacrificed the honour of the country, but the retributive hand has written '*Mene, mene*,' upon their walls; they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; their incongruous kingdom is divided at the core, and the power of its mischief is passing away from it." That, too, is hardly language which has a tendency to bring back a tone of moderation into politics; indeed, it is only excuseable on the principle that all political language may be violently over-coloured without producing any more of the effect of over-colouring, at the distance from which ordinary politicians survey the political scene, than the painting-up of actors' complexions produces the effect of over-colouring on the spectators in the gallery and the pit. On that principle, we should find little fault with Lord Lytton's language,—which, no doubt, he does not really mean us to accept without deducting a very large discount for theatrical effect,—but then, on the same principle, how can he find fault with the Liberal attacks on the late Government, especially with Mr. Gladstone's, which are almost reduced to the character of mild expostulations, when compared with the violent abuse to which he and his Government are now subjected? At the same meeting, we find Mr. D. Plunket, usually an extremely moderate man, speaking of the present Administration as "the Maniac Ministry." And Lord George Hamilton proceeded to echo Lord Lytton, describing Mr. Gladstone's victory in 1880 as gained "by the denunciation of patriotism, and the encouragement of sedition and discontent." And yet these are in no degree remarkable speeches. Lord Randolph Churchill has frequently spoken with infinitely greater violence,—violence to the point of fury, if there were not so much appearance of manufacture about the fury,—than either Lord Lytton, or Mr. Plunket, or Lord George Hamilton. It may be said to be the regular course of a Conservative speech of to-day that the orator begins by accusing Mr. Gladstone of turning Lord Beaconsfield out of office by a series of the grossest misrepresentations of his policy, and continues it by travestying in the most marvellous manner the policy which he affects to condemn,—that is, by so depicting the policy of the present Administration, that no one who had simply followed it with the eye of an impartial historian could well recognise what it was that the orator was describing.

It is an interesting question whether this exaggerated tone of speech be really due at bottom to the democratic extension of our Constitution, and the necessity for broad effects and glaring colours in order to impress the masses at all, or whether it be due only to a false theory that such broad effects and glaring colours are needful in order to popularise an otherwise unpopular policy. We are inclined to adhere to the latter view. We do not doubt that Liberals, like Tories, have often been guilty of a good deal more party violence than was at all justifiable, though we do wholly deny that Mr. Gladstone, or any, indeed, of the elder Liberal chiefs, have been guilty of such violence. Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Midlothian, and Lord Hartington's speeches in Lancashire, are models of manly but carefully-reasoned party criticism. Nor can we find any trace that the masses of the people prefer to hear violent language from the leaders, to hearing restrained and carefully justified criticisms. Lord Beaconsfield undoubtedly had a theory in favour of personalities, and indulged in them, not from passion, but from policy,—as when he referred to Mr. Gladstone as no better than the Bulgarian atrocity-mongers. But though, of course, he got cheers and laughter when he perpetrated these savage personalities, as any man of position will always get cheers and laughter for attacking his political opponents mercilessly, it is extremely doubtful whether he really added to his popularity by his political personalities. At least, Lord Salisbury, who has taken up the same line, has not inspired so much confidence among his party as Sir Stafford Northcote, who always abstains from this sort of acrimony. Again, are not Colonel Stanley and Mr. Stanhope of more account than Sir R. Cross or Lord George Hamilton, just because Colonel Stanley and Mr. Stanhope are very measured in their speech, while Sir R. Cross is impulsive and rash, and Lord George Hamilton deliberately unmeasured in his declamation? Again, on the Liberal side of the House, we venture to doubt very seriously whether the men who are at present regarded as the hardest hitters ever inspire so much confidence as those who are regarded as the most guarded and careful critics. Does Sir William Harcourt, for example, with all his brilliancy, inspire half as much confidence as Mr. Childers, who never indulges in personalities at all? Does Mr. Chamberlain, who shows at times a rather dangerous wit, inspire so much real confidence amongst Radicals as Sir Charles Dilke, who is as self-restrained as he is cautious and accurate? Why, again, is Lord Hartington better trusted than any one in the Cabinet except Mr. Gladstone? Is it simply because he is a Duke's son, or mainly because all his statements have the air of being carefully weighed, accurately expressed, and free from all exaggeration? It seems to us a great mistake to believe that in England, at present at least, violence *tells* half as well as moderation. Amongst the Radicals, again, does violence seem to have any special popularity? Where is there a more moderate speaker than Mr. Burt or Mr. Broadhurst? Do Mr. Henry Fowler and Mr. Dillwyn gain the confidence of Radicals which they so completely enjoy by any violence of language? The truth appears to us to be that there are no really violent speakers in the House on the Liberal side, and that those on that side who wound the most, are probably the least trusted by the Liberals; while the few violent speakers on the Conservative side, though they may have gained notoriety by their violence, have not gained the confidence of the people at all. Lord Beaconsfield's theory, that in order to win the Democracy you must lay on the colour thick and draw your lines with exaggerated violence, seems to us, like most of his political theories, altogether false. The English people are amused with invective, but it does not inspire them with confidence. We believe that what they look for is rather force of character than anything else; and in general, force of character is much better guaranteed by moderation than by violence. Of course, there are exceptions to either rule. There is a moderation which is vacillation in disguise; and there is violence which is carefully calculated, like the late Lord Beaconsfield's. But, on the whole, strong men are moderate men; and when it is so, their moderation is positively liked, and not disliked, by the British people. As for the Irish, we say nothing. But even in Ireland, the one man most trusted by his party, violent and dangerous as he has been in action, has been conspicuously the most moderate of them all in talk; while even in action he has probably felt himself compelled by his colleagues to go beyond what he himself desired.

ELECTIONEERING AGENCY.

THE debate on the second reading of the Corrupt Practices Bill was characterised, as is usual on such occasions, by an edifying unanimity as to the necessity of doing something to secure purity of election. But there is undoubted truth in Mr. Lewis's remark that legislation undertaken under an impression on both sides that something must be done generally turns out very bad legislation. The cheek ordinarily supplied by Opposition criticism is weakened, and men are afraid of saying that a punishment is too severe, or that it is likely to fall on the wrong head, lest they should be suspected of wishing to shield really guilty persons from any punishment whatever. The difficulty is increased in the case of a Corrupt Practices Bill by the necessity that exists of punishing one man for another man's sins. There is no escape from this, because if a candidate were only made to suffer for his own offences, he would never suffer at all. There is not the least necessity, in a well-managed election, that the existence of corruption should ever be brought to his knowledge. Agents are ready to do everything that is wanted in the way of bringing the electors to see the merits of the candidate by whom they are employed, and they must be very new to the work, if they cannot manage to hide from their employer whatever it is expedient for him to remain ignorant of. Consequently, it is indispensable that the rule of justice which limits a man's criminal responsibility to things which he has either done himself, or been privy to in others, shall undergo some modification in the case of corrupt practices at elections. At least, if it is not modified, we may as well give up the hope of making elections any purer.

On the other hand, if this doctrine of constructive responsibility is pushed too far, it is certain to work its own defeat. Judges and jurors will not be made the instruments of a law which they hold to be unjust; or if once in a way they consent

to be so used, the public are so shocked by the inconsistency of punishing one man for doing what a score of others do and escape scot-free, that the law is at once amended. The extension of the customary rule that seems best to meet the case, is that a candidate should be held answerable not merely for what he does, or was privy to, but for what he might have prevented, had he chosen to take the necessary trouble, or make the necessary sacrifices. For example, suppose that a candidate is at the pains to inquire into the ordinary methods of bribery, and gives specific orders to all the men whom he knows to be his agents that not one of these methods shall be resorted to. The agents are afraid that if they disobey this direction the candidate will refuse to pay the bills they present, and they consequently take care that their employer's wishes are scrupulously carried out. By-and-by, when the candidate has been returned, and a petition is presented, it turns out that some of these methods have been resorted to by men whom the candidate did not know to be working on his behalf, and over whom he had no possible control. Those who are learned in the history of Election petitions are well aware that when political passion runs high in a constituency, men will often be found willing to spend their own money, and take their chance of ever getting it back. Though they are members of the candidate's committee, the bribery of which they are guilty is not committed in their own persons, and so the candidate never suspects that it is going on, until he discovers that under the doctrine of constructive agency he has lost the seat, by reason of things done by men of whose very existence he was ignorant. As regards the loss of the seat, we see no help for him, for unless the doctrine of constructive agency is very severely interpreted, a candidate who is not averse from bribing, if he can but bribe safely, would be able to do pretty much what he likes. But it is a different matter when we come to criminal liability. To subject a man to punishment over and above the loss of his seat, for things in which he really is not in the least concerned, has an obvious injustice about it which is not calculated to build up a sound public opinion on the subject.

The present form of the Bill is less severe than the form in which it appeared last year, and the chief inconvenience to which an agent can expose an innocent candidate is disqualification for representing the constituency in Parliament. No doubt, that is a milder penalty than imprisonment; but to a politician it may be still a very severe penalty. It is true that where a candidate has been reported guilty of corrupt practices by his agents, this disqualification goes no further than the particular constituency. It is only where the candidate is personally guilty that it extends to all constituencies. But to many men, disqualification for a particular constituency is tantamount to disqualification for all constituencies. They have really no chance of being returned, except for the one constituency with which they are locally connected. The instance mentioned by Mr. Lewis certainly seems hard. An agent takes a voter to the poll in a carriage. He knows very well that the conveyance of voters is illegal, but he sees that if the man is left behind he will probably not come to the poll at all. And he tells him to jump in and be carried there. The act is so innocent in itself, and may be so innocent even in an election agent, that it may be committed without the least corrupt intention. Yet to prove the absence of corrupt intention may be impossible, and for want of such proof, a candidate may not only lose his seat, but be disqualified for standing for that constituency for seven years. Would not the loss of the seat be penalty enough for an act so trifling, and, possibly, so harmless? It may be quite right that a man should not gain by an illegal act done on his behalf, even though it be done by some one he does not know, but is it necessary that he should lose by it? Must his position at the end of the election be not only no better, but positively worse than it was at the beginning? If the Corrupt Practices Bill is to pass in its present form, it ought at least to be accompanied with some limitation of the doctrine of Agency. There is Lord Bramwell's authority for saying that as it stands the law is very harsh in its bearing upon the candidate, that by it men have been unseated "under very cruel circumstances." If this harsh law remains unaltered and the Corrupt Practices Bill undergoes no amendment, these cruel circumstances will become decidedly more cruel. The loss of the seat will be followed by inability to contest the same seat for seven years. We have no desire to make corruption a less dangerous offence. It is because we have no such wish that we suggest a modification of the Bill. In so far as definition of corruption or the punishment allotted to it becomes more rigid than the public conscience bears out, corruption will be a less dangerous offence. Convictions for it will be less certain, because in many cases what is called corruption in the Statute will not be regarded as corruption, even by those who are genuinely anxious to see elections made purer. It ought not to be impossible to devise methods of disclaiming Agents or forbidding specific acts of agency which should exempt a candidate at all events from the penal consequences of conduct which he had honestly, and as he believed successfully, endeavoured to prevent.

THE FAILURE OF RECRUITS.

TWO points strike us strongly and painfully in the Lords debate of Monday on Recruiting. One is, that there is even now no consensus of opinion as to the comparative advantages of long or short service; the other is, that we have even now not succeeded with all our immense expenditure, in making service in the Army attractive. As to the first, the facts are almost unintelligible. The country was under the impression that although some old officers still murmured, and although the Duke of Cambridge still expressed his hunger for a conscription, and although there was a serious question as to the youthfulness of the men, the Short-service system had, upon the whole, succeeded. Recruiting had doubled, as compared with the old system, the ranks were fairly full, indeed slightly in excess, and the Reserves had risen to 35,000 men, who responded at once to any call for active service. The Egyptian Expedition was believed to show that the Army, though still insufficient, could be mobilised with rapidity and ease. Now, it appears that this impression was delusive. The rank and file are short by 6,000 men, at least. Lord Morley, in one part of his speech, gave 8,000 men as the figure, of whom 5,000 are missing from the Indian roster. The Indian Army, which is an army on active service, and ought to be ready for a campaign at any notice, is 10 per cent. short of its strength, never more than strictly adequate to its work. It is said that the deficiency is due in part to accident, the turn for retirement of an unusual number of old soldiers having arrived, in part to the raising of the age of entrance from eighteen to nineteen, and in part to the condition of the labour market; but the fact is as unquestioned as it is disappointing and disastrous. The merit of short service is that it brings recruits, and still they do not come. So great is the loss and the impression of the loss, that the Government which was committed to short service up to the lips half gives up the reform from which so much was hoped. It does not, indeed, abandon the principle of short service, for it still allows all recruits to retire into the Reserve after three years; but it tries, by small bounties and pensions, to tempt them, or a section of them, to stay for seven, twelve, or twenty-one years, that is, in fact, for their whole efficient lives. As the men who stay are the men who would have gone into the Reserve, and are also the men who like soldiering, this change depletes that invaluable force, and deprives it, moreover, of its most trustworthy men. In other words, the scheme on which the country has relied for its future Army is sensibly weakened, both as to numbers and efficiency. This would never have been risked, if the real managers had been quite convinced of the advantages of the scheme, and we are forced to the conclusion that there is still doubt, still uncertainty, among the highest experts as to the very basis of our whole Military system. That is most disheartening. We are absolutely without prejudice as to one system or the other, or any probable alternative, and are prepared to accept without demur any suggestion on which competent experts are agreed; but we ask that at least some system shall be adopted, and steadily carried out; that if we are to rely on Reserves, they shall be filled, and if we are not, they shall be abandoned. It is not any plan, but the want of decision as to any plan, which fills us with alarm, and rouses in us anew the old doubt whether, after all their sacrifices, the people of England will ever have an Army. At this moment they pay, speaking roughly, and adding the Indian expenditure, £140 a head per annum for every white soldier, and they are thousands short of a strength intended always to be comparatively small.

The second point, the unattractiveness of the Army, is more disheartening still. All this talk about the age of entrance, the methods of discipline, the desire for more promising careers, though most important, is, broadly considered, beside the matter in hand. There are in England scores of thousands of young men, strong, healthy, and unskilled in the highly-

paid trades, who are in search of a maintenance, and only ask fairly secure lives. They are not timid, they bear in the field, in the mine, and in the railway-cutting, severe toil, and for the most part they ask only ten shillings a week in money and their keep. Why cannot the State get them? Because, say the economists, the State cannot pay enough; but the State in India and England pays more than £2 10s. a week per man, pays as if her private soldiers were Oxford students, and how is it that out of all that is spent there is not for the men a fair market wage? The Duke of Cambridge says about once a week, and repeated in this debate, that it is not because the State cannot, but because it will not pay sufficient money, that the ranks are ill supplied. Well, how much does he want us to give? What is the sum which would bring the men? The work is not hard, fair chances are open, the number who are fit is indefinite; what is the necessary figure? Instead of grumbling without effect, and remonstrating in vain on £15,000 a year, why does not his Royal Highness try to teach the people what is, in truth, the sacrifice they must make; and if they refuse, resign? He says they are unteachable; but that is the opinion of a man bred in a palace, not of a man who comprehends the English Democracy. Convince them that it is indispensable to pay twopence in the pound on sugar, to secure an efficient Army—and that is an extreme suggestion—and they would pay it at once. It is because they are not convinced, or rather are convinced that the money would be wasted, that they are so reluctant to see Military estimates advance. But is the difficulty money? The Duke says so; but he has no sooner said it than he adds that it is not money, but the practice of shifting the men from regiment to regiment, so that they are never among their friends. The Cavalry are not so shifted, and there is never any want of recruits for the Cavalry. "It is not that," says another great authority, "but the recruits' hatred of an oppressive and niggling discipline, a discipline which to raw hands makes life a burden." The punishments are too numerous. "Oh dear, no!" says a third, "it is not the pay nor the discipline that is in fault, but the want of a civil career after the man quits the Army." "And even that is nonsense," declares a fourth, "for the secret lies not there, but in the aversion of the English-speaking races for military life of any sort, an aversion so deep that in the United States the Government is compelled to hire foreigners at an extravagant wage." The opinions are endless, but they are all ineffective. The Government listens to all, accepts all in some degree, makes endless reforms and improvements, and still finds that the youngsters whom a private employer with the same means would secure by the hundred thousand hold aloof. We do not believe one word of it all,—either that the burden of sufficient wages would be unendurable, or that the lads of the country repudiate discipline, or that the British people are averse to a military life. We could pay the highest civil wage, if it were necessary; the lads bear in mine, and stable, and factory harsher discipline than that of the Army; and as to military life, there is not a grandee who is not persecuted for help towards a commission, or a middle-class family in which some lad does not urge that he may be educated, at great cost and with severe toil to himself, in order that he may be "a soldier." And yet we open careers for private soldiers, and there is no result; we abolish flogging, and the recruits stay away; we raise the wage almost annually, and the vacancies exceed by thousands the competitors for them. If there were three applications for every two vacancies in the Line, Great Britain would have no military troubles; and yet, with thirty-five millions of people, most of them workers, with limitless wealth, and with a history of triumph in the field, this great country cannot make military service acceptable, and her greatest soldiers, when asked the reason, stutter, rather than speak. The defect must be in management; and yet after fifty years of incessant discussion, effort, and expense, the country fails to get that management improved, and with its whole future depending on success, cannot so much as ascertain clearly why sufficient recruits are not attainable for the Army, and hears her Commander-in-Chief affirm that they never will be obtained, and that they must be taken, as on the Continent, by force.

THE PRINCES.

IN almost every Monarchy the position of the members of the Royal Family is one of the difficulties of statesmen, and we should not wonder if it became one even in England. Princesses, indeed—unless they fall in love unwisely, an event which, though it has occurred both in France and Austria, witness the cases of the Duchess de Berry, and of Napoleon's widow, the Grand Duchess of Parma, happens wonderfully seldom—are rarely troublesome. Either they marry more or less acceptably, and go away, or they live at home as quiet daughters of the house, or they vegetate apart from the current of affairs in dignified retirement. They cannot form political parties, they very rarely lead society, and they have not often been so popular as to be individually formidable. In modern history, two Princesses, our own Mary Stuart, and the German lady who became Catherine II. of Russia, have headed successful rebellions, the Duchess de Berry was Louis Philippe's most dangerous foe, and the Princess of the Asturias was for a short time supposed to govern Spain; but as a rule, the lives of Royal ladies have interested courtly biographers, rather than serious historians. Princes, however, are often troubles. It is, we suppose, impossible to base a system upon pedigree without conferring some kind of importance upon all who can claim that pedigree as their own; and in all States the rivalries, ambitions, popularities, or unpopularities of Princes have fretted or perplexed statesmen. Either the Princes have been employed by the Sovereign, which is the more usual policy, and then their disasters have reflected disgrace upon the dynasty in a special manner, and have cost it popularity with the Army; or they have been shunted out of politics, and then they have been discontented subjects, formidable from their rank. Some families, such as the Hapsburgs, have been nearly exempt from this danger, which is scarcely noticed in Vehse's pages; but it has been a great one for the Bourbons, it was felt by English Tudors, Stuarts, and the House of Brunswick, and it has not been entirely absent from the history of the Romanoffs. Even in very recent years the Russian Grand Dukes have headed parties in a dangerous way, and the son of Alexander I., the Grand Duke Constantine, never reconciled himself perfectly to his brother's elevation. The late Emperor was repeatedly called upon to "regulate" family difficulties, and in the gossip of Russia, at all events, they press heavily on the present Czar. Even in England, where all such cabals are supposed to be hopelessly out of date and forgotten, history has been compelled, and that very recently, to take note of them. Not to speak of the Tudors, whose reigns were one long war against possible rivals resting their claims on pedigree, and of the Stuarts, who were three times supplanted by cadets—Mary and Anne both reigning because they were Stuart Princesses, and the Electress Sophia being selected by Parliament for the same reason—there was that still obscure affair of the old Duke of Cumberland in 1835. Thousands believed that he aspired to the Throne—aspired, we mean, by active intrigue—and Joseph Hume, a keen observer with exceptional means of information, attacked him in his place in Parliament. It is difficult to believe that the Duke could have so deluded himself, but he had an energetic Orange following, party spirit ran very high, and he may have hoped for a Parliamentary vote. He had a much better position than Monmouth, and it seems incontestable that Monmouth thought the people of England would declare for him, and against the legitimate line. He was not wrong in thinking that a "usurpation" was possible.

The rise of a cadet branch in this country with a distinct political or social position justifying a pretence to the Crown seems quite impossible now, and, we presume, it really is so. A soldier Prince might save the country from an invasion, and so establish a claim; but, apart from the improbability of the event, the English people would be shocked by his asking for that particular reward. They would give him anything else, in money, or honours, or even office; but, from a change of feeling which has been little observed, but which, we think, has certainly occurred, they would think him as unreasonable in aspiring to the Throne as they would have thought the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon believed the Iron Duke would never remain a subject, and could not imagine that if ten days after Waterloo he had ordered a regiment to march on the House of Commons, his officers would have laughed in his face, and the people would have considered him a lunatic. No Prince in a country like this could show himself a Bismarck or a statesman of the first order in other ways; and if he did, though he might conceivably be beyond dismissal, he could never get the vote of Parliament, without which he would be powerless as an aspirant to the Throne. Even in extreme circumstances, with the Empire visibly falling, the claim to that one prize would destroy the public confidence and the popular

affection. The single contingency in which such a trouble could occur would be the existence of a Jacobin Prince of the Blood in whom the body of the people confided, at a moment when they were demanding something, say the nationalisation of the land, which the Sovereign and the middle-classes were resolute not to grant. That contingency is not probable, as little probable as another which was once threatened, and by possibility might occur, the election of a cadet Prince by the people of Ireland to be their favourite and their King. A Guelph Parnell would be an ugly phenomenon, but it is out of the range of practical politics, and even of political dreams. Nevertheless, though we do not expect to see an English House of Orleans, English statesmen may yet be troubled by the Princes. Every Sovereign may not be as wise as Queen Victoria, or as coolly constitutional, and we can easily imagine an unpopular Premier seriously embarrassed by a claim like that which, on Monday, Mr. Gladstone, with a frown for Baron H. de Worms and a smile for the Duke of Albany, so quietly pushed aside. That will not be the last claim of the kind. It will be much more difficult one day, unless the House of Commons possesses more backbone than at present, to resist the claim of the Duke of Connaught, "who has seen service," to the Command-in-Chief; and by-and-by, the Princes of the English House may possibly be many, and their position worse. Even now, a Prince of ability is most unpleasantly placed,—he is forbidden by etiquette to take a political part, the function of social leadership is to many minds most *ennuyant*, and the great offices are practically closed to him. Mr. Gladstone wisely refused to say why he had not appointed the Duke of Albany, hinting that if he could be questioned in favour of one Prince, he might be questioned out of hostility to another, but we doubt not that, if he had spoken, the nomination of Princes would have been proved to be impossible. Thirty years hence we may see a dozen personages in society all within the succession, all claiming to take precedence of the Dukes of Norfolk, all noticed by the people as few statesmen are, and all in circumstances which of all others most provoke ambition. Parliament will be most reluctant to vote them incomes—every such vote now calls out a democratic demonstration—and will certainly not vote them adequate incomes, and without such votes their position will be indescribably provoking. Some of them may be able men, as the Coburgs have often been, and a solidly able Prince, poor to pauperism, but so favoured by Society as to have a party at his back, would be a severe embarrassment to any but a first-class Premier. If the Sovereign favoured the claimant, the Premier would have to resist the claim by nearly impossible explanations to Parliament; and if the Sovereign disapproved, he might find party feeling extend itself to hostility to the wearer of the Crown. Observers say, and sometimes write, that the difficulty will be met by the abolition of George III.'s Royal Marriage Law, and that the Princes will carry off the heiresses, and so become county gentlemen; but in that case they will be subjects, and a Prince not restrained by the etiquettes of his caste might be a dangerous politician. Is there any law or binding custom which prevents a Prince, not being either Peer or pensioner, from standing for the House of Commons, to which, if he were able, a big democratic borough—say, for example, Stoke—might be quite willing to send him? The suggestion will strike most of our readers as a little bizarre, but the "Royalties" are growing numerous, and, but for accident, there might have been in twenty-five years half-a-dozen Campbells alive, each one eligible to Parliament, and each one a direct and acknowledged representative of every family ever seated on the British Throne. Time arranges all things, the matter is not pressing, and the drift of opinion is Republican; but some day the question what to do with so separate a caste will be among the preoccupations of a Premier who, even before that time, will be puzzled whether to find appanages indefinitely, or to face the risk that a Prince may open a theatre, turn Jacobin politician, or marry a dancer at the opera.

COWARDICE.

MR. O'KELLY'S magnificent scorn for Mr. MacCoan because the latter gentleman very properly declined to fight a duel, is a survival from a world now almost passed away, the world in which all indisposition to risk your life on another's challenge was supposed to arise from cowardice, and in which cowardice was the one unforgivable sin. The thinking world of to-day accepts neither of these assumptions. It is well aware that unwillingness to risk your life on the challenge of another, though it may arise from cowardice, may be strongest of all in a mind incapable of any kind of cowardice; and again, it is well aware that while what is called cowardice is often pure selfishness, and nothing else, it is often a mere nervous recoil due to intense sensibilities, which, if these sensibilities be controlled by the will, as they often are, may give rise to the most magnificent form of courage. The officer who was taunted by a comrade in a fiercely-fought battle for appearing to be in a blue-funk, and who replied, "My dear fellow, I *am* in a blue-funk, and if you were in half such a funk as I am in, *you* would run away," knew what true courage meant a great deal better than his friend. True courage is the power to control impulses to desert your post springing out of terrors which, as mere terrors, are not to be subdued. In ordinary speech, a man is supposed to be courageous whose temperament never allows him to feel terror at all, but rather stimulates him to a keener and more aggressive activity under danger than he would display if no danger beset him. But that is the mere courage of temperament. It is a far higher courage which, from the mere sense of duty, can keep down these impulses to run away, and probably a much rarer kind of courage as well as a far higher kind. The truth, doubtless, is that physical courage—in men—is more or less of an inherited quality of temperament, a quality closely connected with the masculine sex, and greatly developed during the barbarian period, in consequence of the immense advantages which the men possessed of it have always had in life over those who did not possess it, not only in the favour of women, but in the general respect of the society in which they lived. Even in our time cowardice which is regarded as wholly ignoble in a man, is not condemned at all seriously in a woman; and this implies, we take it, that the average man is much more likely to be courageous by temperament, as regards the ordinary shocks of life, than the average woman, though the average woman will doubtless show more of the passive courage of fortitude in bearing inward pain than the average man.

But even as regards the temperament itself,—we are not now speaking of that very common sort of cowardice which is pure selfishness, like the cowardice of the man who will not save a drowning fellow-creature because he is afraid to wet his feet on account of the bad cold and headache that wet feet always give him,—we hardly do justice as yet to that timid or cautious temperament which is so often wrongly call cowardly. Man's warning instincts are always of the nature of fears, that is, recoils from dangers not really visible but more or less suspected, yet dangers all the more real for being, like sunken rocks, so little visible. The recoil of true innocence from vice is always more or less the recoil of a warning instinct which does not and cannot disclose the true meaning of the dread felt. Such was the horror which Gretchen, in *Faust*, feels for Mephistopheles, and which, had Goethe been greater than he was, he would have represented her as feeling also for those urgencies of Faust which were suggested by Mephistopheles, and the outcome of his evil compact. A great deal that is falsely called cowardice is nothing in the world but the recoil of man's best nature from what is really destructive to it. Not only is there a warning recoil in true purity from what taints it, but there is an equally warning recoil in true holiness of nature from the worldly ambitions which threaten it, and in true singleness of nature from the multitude of half-sincerities with which society is honeycombed. Again, in many minds, minds in their best nature solitary, there is a true recoil of this same kind from the confusion and distraction which the demands of society make upon them. There is, we are persuaded, more of sound teaching in what we often call cowardly fears, than most men are at all aware. Of course, we are now explicitly excluding that selfish dislike of inconvenience of which we entirely understand the meaning and the scope. That is cowardice for which nothing is to be said. But much that is supposed to be cowardice of temperament is nothing but the same kind of warning instinct in the soul which, in the body, makes the eyelid automatically shut to protect the eye from dust, and the head instinctively shrink to avoid a shattering collision. It may be urged truly enough in reply to this, that as we instinctively shrink from the surgeon's knife, even though it only cuts away what must be cut away if we are to live, so the soul instinctively shrinks from much which it is of the very essence of true courage to bear, and not only to bear, but to become indifferent to,—as, for instance, ridicule of one's higher principles. And that is perfectly true. But though that may be called instinctive shrinking, since in its origin it is so, yet so soon as we know what it is we shrink from

and why it is that we shrink from it, the warning function of dread is over for us, and it becomes as purely cowardly to shrink back from a pang which we understand, and which we know to be useful to us, as it is right and natural to shrink back while the shrinking is a recoil from danger only half-understood. We are not saying for a moment that men ought to be ultimately *guided* by the innumerable warnings of danger which their sensibilities give them,—but only that they may often be greatly the better for these warnings, if they will only use them as warnings, and look out carefully for the character of the mischief threatened. Fears are only watchmen, whose cry ought to make us not blench, but be vigilant, and anxious to discern what that hidden danger of the approach of which we were warned, really is. Sometimes it will be seen that that danger was nothing but pain, and wholesome pain; and in that case we can, of course, set ourselves to work to subdue the fear. But very often it is much more than pain, some real invasion of the inner truthfulness, or inward purity, or the essential personality of one's character,—of something which it is impossible to lose without losing a part of our best self, and in this case the warning recoil ought to make us more clear-sighted to discern the true nature of the contagion from which we shrink back, even though it be our duty, as it may be, after being thus put on our guard, to run the risk of that contagion. There is nothing more delusive than the idea that the shrinkings of the mind are all mere forms of cowardice.

That only is cowardice which impels us to flee from what it is a duty to resist. But one of the great arts of life is to discriminate between what it is a duty to resist and what it is a duty to flee from. For instance, there are some men and some women perhaps, whom flattery does not hurt, because it does not even please them, and these feel no warning instinct when they hear it. But there are others who, much as they enjoy it, feel a sort dread of those who praise them, just because they instinctively anticipate the harm it may do them; and there are men who, if they have gifts which may bring them much popularity, should be all the more careful so to use them that they may not court popularity, and may even invite a healthy unpopularity where there is room to choose between different exercises of these gifts. The so-called cowardice which makes some men shrink from public life is very often indeed, we believe, a true warning instinct, an instinct that they are too self-conscious for public life, or too incapable of living their own life when others' opinions upon them are always being freely expressed, and that their true life can only be lived in an atmosphere free from the constant pressure of public praise and blame. Of course, that applies chiefly to men of no great weight of character, for men of any great weight of character can face and master, and, indeed, wholly subdue, many temptations which another might not be wise to face. We do not in the least say that the warning instincts ought to guide, but only to warn us, to make us gauge in all their force the temptations which will have to be subdued if the warnings given are to be used only as warnings, and not as vetos on the course against which they seem to warn us. We are not in the least arguing that our fears are to give us a law. That would be cowardly doctrine, indeed. We only say this, that the recoil of the soul, like the recoil of the body, constantly points to formidable dangers which it may or may not be our duty to confront; but whether it is so or not, it must be our duty to gauge these dangers, and either to avoid them, or to confront them, if we confront them, with a clear knowledge of what it is that they threaten. The temperament which is sometimes called anxious, sometimes timorous, and sometimes cowardly, is generally, we believe, a temperament that really needs the warnings which this shrinking disposition gives,—not by any means always for the purpose of disarming the intentions formed, but always for the purpose of putting those who form them in possession of the real danger. The active men of the world are too often supposed to be the greatest men. There are other men, however, who are great in consequence of their anxieties and fears, men great, like Bishop Butler, by virtue of their caution and sobriety of mind, great through the warnings of their nature against moral dangers which they would otherwise despise, but which the inward timidities to which they so wisely attend, enable them to gauge, to disarm, and ultimately to conquer.

A DRAWING-ROOM LECTURE.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN, to please some of his friends who could not obtain admission to his Oxford Lectures, repeated to them this week, in a private house at Kensington, much of what he had said as Slade Professor on the merits of Miss Kate Greenaway; but he gave his hearers besides the pleasant surprise of finding in Miss Francesca Alexander, some of whose drawings were exhibited, an artist whom we may take to be a good exemplar of Professor Ruskin's lifelong teaching. Slightly altering their application to Miss Greenaway, his words express so well what these drawings appear to us to do, that we venture to quote them:—"The beauty of them is being like. They are blissful just in the degree that they are natural, and the fairyland"—or, in Miss Alexander's case, the spiritual land—"she creates for you is not beyond the sky, nor beneath the sea, but nigh you, even at your doors. She does but show you how to see it and how to cherish. Long since I told you this great law of noble imagination. It does not create, it does not even adorn, it does but reveal the treasures to be possessed by the spirit."

And these drawings by "Francesca" go far, by their power of truth and grace, to reveal to us Professor Ruskin's meanings. They show us wherein his magic lies, and partly explain to us the spell by which he binds all who acknowledge him as a teacher. The opening words of his lecture express the sympathy which exists between his delight in "whatsoever is lovely" and "Francesca's" expression of peasant life and wild-flower beauty in their fairest forms. "I have never until to-day," he said, "dared to call my friends and my neighbours together to rejoice with me, over any recovered good or rekindled hope. Both in fear and much thankfulness, I have done so now; yet not to tell you of any poor little piece of upgathered silver of my own, but to show you the fine gold which has been strangely trusted to me, and which before was a treasure hid in a mountain-field of Tuscany; and I am not worthy to bring it to you, and I can't say what I feel about it, and am only going to tell you simply what it is and how it came into my hands, and to leave you to have your joy of it."

In the first part of the address, the Professor roused his listeners, as he alone knows how, to sympathy with Miss Greenaway's genius, supporting his admiration of her "minuteness and delicacy of touch carried to its utmost limit" by a quotation from M. Chesneau's volume on "La Peinture Anglaise." Then Professor Ruskin, with earnest words, spoke of the idyllic English landscape in Miss Greenaway's drawings. "Would you wish me," said the critic of the ideal life not less than he is the critic of modern Art, "with Professorial authority to advise her that her conceptions belong to the dark ages, and must be reared on a new foundation; or is it conceivable to *you* that perhaps the world we truly live in may not be quite so changeable as you have thought it,—that all the gold and silver you can dig out of the earth are not worth to you the king-cups she gave you of her grace, and that all the fury, and the flutter, and the wistfulness of your lives will never discover for you any other than the ancient blessing, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul'?"

The canons of taste, which he declared in his lecture, canons so well known that we need not discuss their adequateness, were very remarkably illustrated in twenty drawings in pen and ink by Miss Alexander, an artist, we believe, until Mr. Ruskin's recent Oxford Lectures, unknown in England. Since Leonardo da Vinci's flower studies, we can recall no drawings of the "herb of the field" equal to "Francesca's" for strength and delicacy, for truth, and the reverence that comes of truth, though she has perhaps somewhat to learn in expressing human form. From an improvisatrice of the Tuscan villages Miss Alexander received most of the legends and hymns which have suggested her drawings, and which have been collected by her during many years of constant intercourse with the Tuscan *contadini*. They are the sparks which have kindled her imagination and given life to her skill. They remind us, in their innocent freshness, of the *Fioretti* which, six centuries ago, gathered round the memory of St. Francis. The illustrations of "La Madonnina" visiting, with St. Joseph and her child, the gypsy's cottage, in four designs, are, perhaps, the most charming of the drawings which were shown to his friends by Mr. Ruskin; and of them, we may select the group which illustrates Mary's words to her humble hostess as specially full of true sentiment. Of the Divine Child she says, and the drawing declares:—

"Figlio è dell' Eterno Padre,
Come Dio di maestado,
E come uomo; e figlio mio,
Per sua mera cortesia."

We know no modern design comparable to this for meaning and grace, unless it be one by the same artist of a Tuscan woman sitting, and the study of the daisy-plant which illuminates the text is worthy of the main figures. "Francesca's Book" deserves, as it is to have, publication, and we trust that before long these twenty drawings may be available to the public, not only because of their intrinsic excellence, but as they are a commentary on much of Professor Ruskin's teaching, and are a presage of hope for a future Art that may possess the qualities for which he now looks to Pre-renaissance centuries. The Tuscan legends, no doubt, had large part in the spiritual suggestiveness and the singular sweetness which give their charm to Miss Alexander's conceptions. The radiance she evokes from the simplest visible things makes belief in what is not seen easy. The faith of the Tuscan peasant guides, perhaps unconsciously to herself, her accurate design, and she reveals more than she may herself know of what her "Holy Family," her "St. Christopher," and even her lovely "Tuscan Women," truly mean, to those who, shutting out the nineteenth-century glare, study them in earnest and in quiet.

Meantime, they aptly hit the special mark in drawing at which Professor Ruskin teaches his disciples to aim. They illustrate the dictum that all the magic and power of Art are in its truth to Nature, as Nature was created by the Great Artist. The fidelity of "Francesca's" drawing in black-and-white, forces many complex and far-reaching truths on us, and proves once more that very simple means are adequate to rouse in us the highest emotions, when used in good-faith by genius of "good-will."

All Professor Ruskin's friends must be glad to see how well his Oxford work has agreed with him. He has gifts of insight and power of reaching the best feelings and highest hopes of our too indifferent generation which are very rare. Agree or disagree with some of his doctrines as we may, he constrains the least hopeful of his listeners to remember that man is not yet bereft of that "breath of life" which enables him to live in spiritual places that are not yet altogether depopulated by the menacing army of physical discoverers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BARRISTERS' AGITATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The letter signed "A Member of the Junior Bar," in your issue of Saturday last, is, I am afraid, of a nature likely to arouse unnecessary misapprehensions, if allowed to pass without comment.

The new Bar Committee is not designed to be a "Trades Union," nor is there any ground for the conjecture that the recent pronouncement of the Attorney-General upon the point of etiquette referred to by your correspondent was made in response to its inquiries, or at the instigation of its members. It will be an object of the Committee, no doubt, to protect the Bar, wherever and whenever it is necessary to do so; but there ought to be, and there need be, no antagonism between the two great branches of the profession. Each is necessary to the other, and both to the public.

On the contrary, it is to be hoped that the formation of a Committee thoroughly representative of the whole Bar, and with whom the Incorporated Law Society may be able to confer upon the various matters affecting both branches of the profession which from time to time arise, will do much to dissipate any unworthy feelings of jealousy or animosity which may have been silently gaining hold and strength under the old *régime*.

In reply to a somewhat common sneer levelled at lawyers, which has been repeated by a certain portion of the Press since the present movement took shape, let me point out that there is no profession or class in the country so strongly represented in Parliament which has shown itself so entirely disinterested in the matter of legislation as the Bar of England.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. C. Hedderwick,
Hon. Secretary of the Provisional Bar Committee.

2 *Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C., June 4th.*

CHARITABLE ORGANISATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I have read with great interest the article of your correspondent on the charitable organisation of the Canton of Bâle. From that article it appears that forty-five separate objects are included in the work of one society, which has an income of £3,000 and a fund of £8,000. With all due respect to the excellent individuals who form this society, and to the principles which have united them for so many good purposes, we should like to hear a little as to the successful results achieved in each of the forty-five branches of work which occupy the attention of the society, and as to the way in which the money is distributed. To say the truth, £3,000 does not appear to be a very large sum, and if divided by forty-five, would barely allow £66 to each department of the work.

No, Sir, the cumbrous English system, in spite of its many defects, works best, if we may judge by the results achieved, and for this simple reason, that it is more in accordance with human nature. No nine humane gentlemen in the world could feel an equally keen interest in forty-five different charities. There is, probably, not a county town, certainly not a county, in England, where a larger aggregate sum is not collected, and where the work of, say, forty-five societies is not carried on by those who are most interested in their own department of beneficence. While one man is wild about washhouses, another is of opinion that nothing is so much needed as a hospital dispensary.

It is true that the English system involves a slightly increased expenditure of paper and envelopes. But even this is good for trade, and exercises the public, who are asked to give, in the virtue of patience. I could say more, but forbear.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Edward Liddell.

COMMUNION IN THE GREEK CHURCH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Are you not mistaken in saying that "the Greek Church, like the Roman Catholic Church, grants to the laity Communion only in one kind?" Dr. Harold Browne, in his book on the Articles, says:—"The fear of spilling the consecrated wine led to the administering of the two elements together, by dipping the consecrated bread into the cup: which custom still prevails in the Eastern Churches."

Moreover, even in the Roman Church, the Kings of France communicated in both kinds till the Revolution. And at coronation, the cup seems to have been usually given to a King. Mr. Walcott, in his "Sacred Archæology," says:—"The Emperor of Constantinople, at his coronation, partook of the chalice; and Clement VI. allowed the King of Gaul to partake at pleasure, although other Princes were permitted the privilege only at their coronation and at the hour of death."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Chelmsford, June 4th. R. E. Bartlett.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Allow me to correct a serious mistake in your article on the Czar's Coronation. The Greek Church is most scrupulous in communicating the laity in *both* kinds, and the only approach it knows to Communion in one kind is that an infant's *first* communion is made with the species of wine alone. The ritual difference made between clergy and laity is that the former receive the two kinds *separately*, and that of wine from the chalice; while the laity receive both *together*, in a spoon. The Czar is allowed, on the ground of his sacerdotal anointing, to have a hieratic character, and thus communicates as do the clergy. It was the custom to communicate the Kings of France with the chalice at their coronation, long after it was taken away from the rest of the laity in the Latin Church.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Richard F. Littledale.

9 *Red Lion Square, London, W.C., June 2nd.*

[We have had quite a mass of letters on this subject. It appears from them that the Russian etiquette as to Kings is also the Roman. The Kings of France received the Communion in both kinds till the Revolution, and our own Kings before the Reformation. The King, in short, is considered consecrated.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

"SAINT, OR SINNER?"

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You are not "Notes," and I am not "Queries," but some of your readers may solve me a question, upon some authority which I can accept. What is the name of the chief city of Russia? The question sounds elementary, but in conversation, at all events, nobody seems to know. Or rather, as usual in conversation, everybody knows; but no two people know in the same way. All the Britons (telegrams included) call the place St. Petersburg; all the French, I believe, Petersburg. It was

certainly built by, and called after, Czar Peter, whom I imagine to have been as little like St. Peter as anybody can well be. Some very remarkable letters in the *Times* a year or two ago, by some outsider ("aut Freeman, aut *Diabolus*," I thought), ridiculed the English fashion, as against the French (a nation much more exact of true scholarship than ours is), of calling Czar Peter's city St. Petersburg. Which authority I adopted, and stated that only Englishmen so called the place. Whereupon I was at once confronted by an *Indépendance Belge*, which called it "St. Pétersbourg," without variation. I consulted a friend, who said that "Petersburg" was a mere traveller's familiarity, and "St. Petersburg" the proper name, the city having been christened after St. Peter and St. Paul. Why not "St. Peter and Paul's-burg," then, after the usual precedent of the sweet Zanipolo (Giovanni e Paolo) of Venetian Italy?

On the other hand, a young lady of the modern-educational school, whom I at once consulted, as more likely to know than anybody, assured me that all her professors taught her to speak of "Petersburg," and to laugh at the conventional ignorance of the British newspaper. Which, then, on genuine authority, is right? One must be very wrong.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Eastbourne, June 4th. HERMAN MERIVALE.

VIVISECTION AT OXFORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The Convocation of the University of Oxford has just voted £10,000 for building a laboratory, and supplying means and opportunities for Dr. Burdon Sanderson to pursue his "researches." Your readers do not require to be told what these "researches" of the well-known vivisector are.

I write now, as an old member of the University, which I once could honour, and which still I love, to ask your valuable aid in appealing to other members of that University who know what vivisection is, who know what Dr. Burdon Sanderson has professed himself to be, and who feel that the vote of last Tuesday, if it be not rescinded, or at least qualified and guarded by very stringent provisions, will commit the University to a course of action which we may lament as a misery and a deep disgrace, but which it will be hardly possible to restrain or to regulate. I am not aware whether the vote of £10,000 to carry on these cruel and useless brutalities can be appealed against or rescinded in the ordinary course of University procedure. If anything can be done by those who are on the spot to prevent altogether the execution of this iniquitous scheme, I trust it will be done; but if it cannot be altogether prevented, it must be quite possible to enact provisions forbidding the practice of vivisection cruelties *for any purpose*. Dr. Burdon Sanderson pleads that vivisection will not be practised in this laboratory "for purposes of instruction," but only "for purposes of research," hence, no doubt, the number of animals required for torture would be smaller; but I have yet to learn that the cruel and deliberate torture of a helpless and inoffensive animal is at all the less a brutal act, or at all the less a disgrace to the man who performs it, because it is done "for purposes of research," and not "for purposes of instruction."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Innellan, N.B., June 7th. F. NUTCOMBE OXENHAM.

POETRY.

A CRY FROM ERIN.

ERIN, our country,—our dear one!
Sadder thy days grow, and sadder;
Never a promise before thee,
  Hardly a record behind.
Ever a yearning for greatness,
Ever a crying for freedom,
Ever with failure on failure;
Thy children untrue, disunited,
  Blind men leading the blind.

Oh, for a leader to lead us!
O God for a leader to lead us!
To teach us our strength and our weakness,
  To tell all the world we are true.
Oh, that one rose up among us
Who should be as the voice of thee, Erin!—
The cry, for which we have waited,
The cry that has never been uttered,—
A leader to show us our trouble,
  And meet it, and carry us through.

But never the true one arises;
Only false leaders, self-seekers,
Showing the world all our folly,
All that is worst in us, weakest;
Always the selfish and little,
  Never the true and the strong.
Branding us unto the nations,
As one which has bartered its birthright;
Yelling for rights which are no rights,
  Leaving unspoken our wrong.

O green isle in the ocean,
Land of the soldier who fears not,
Land of the warm-hearted comrade,
  Land of the true-hearted maid!
Fought have our fathers,—how nobly!
Joy there has been in the old time;
Songs in the past, in thy sunshine,—
  None can sing now, in the shade!
All our hearts' gladness is darkened,
Heavy the shame lies upon us.
Fight! We have nothing to fight for.
  Dishonoured we are, and dismayed.

We hear our own false ones belie us;
We hear how the English misjudge us;
  We hear their pity and blame.
But we know the fire of our spirit,
And we know we are misunderstanded.
We are proud, and despise all the pity;
And yet we have no voice to speak with,
  And needs must abide in our shame.

Not so in olden time, Erin.
Once thou wert famed among nations
For piety, honour, and learning,
  Peace, and good-will unto men.
Holy men came from afar off,
Lived tranquil lives in thy shelter,
And, among turbulent nations,
  Thou sentest glad tidings again.

But now we are fallen, are fallen!
Discord, and tumult, and murder,
Clamour, and impotent ravings,
  Are the voices we give to the world.
We are slaves to our own meanest passions;
The flag of mad licence is brandished,
  The flag of old Freedom is furled.

Because of our love of our country,
Because we are simple and trustful,
Because our hearts soon may be fired,
  So twice be the shame upon those
Who knew it,—made Erin the watchword
To make us unworthy of Erin,
To goad us to murder and meanness,
  And made us our own hardest foes.

And because of our love of our country,
Because we are simple and trustful,
Because our hearts soon may be fired,
  O God that a leader would rise,
To speak for our desolate country,—
To show us the way we may serve her,
To wipe out our shame and dishonour,
  And open our enemies' eyes!

SIDNEY RHYSAGHT.

ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

IN this notice we intend to speak, as fully as our space will permit, of the majority of the pictures which we have hitherto left unmentioned; but we do not profess to give at all an exhaustive description. Many meritorious works must remain unnoticed, simply for the old reason that "a quart cannot be put into a pint pot," with which brief apology we begin our article with the mention of Mr. Holloway's large picture of "The Old Wellesley." This is a river-picture, somewhat similar perhaps in character to that very famous one of the "Old Téméraire," and

taken from pretty much the same spot. We do not mean to depreciate Mr. Holloway's work, if we say it possesses little of the charm of the last-mentioned picture, for Mr. Holloway has a pleasant poetry of his own, which, though it bears little relation to Turner's glory of colour, has a sufficient attraction. For several years we have called attention to the peculiar fidelity with which this artist paints harbour and coast scenes, and we can only say with regard to the present work that perhaps the subject reminds one too closely of the "Old Téméraire," to be fairly judged. We doubt whether the artist understands, or cares for the beauty of calm water as much as that of a rough sea. Compare with this large picture, the small oil-study of "The Mouth of the Harbour," by the same artist; it will be seen at once how much more at home Mr. Holloway is, when he seeks to express motion, than when he paints repose. Near this, Mr. Ernest Parton has a rather fine twilight landscape, in which a man and horse are going up the avenue of a wood, behind the leafless trees of which we see the last glimmer of sunset. Mr. Parton paints his tree-trunks capitally. May we suggest to him that there are other things in Nature not less worthy of his attention? The little picture by Mr. T. M. Rooke, which hangs next to this, should be noticed for its unpretentious and elaborate workmanship, and for a certain charm of colour, which, though somewhat monotonous, marks all Mr. Rooke's paintings. Mr. Nicholson's study of "The Market-place of Verona," has all the merits which accurate draughtsmanship, and careful observation can give; it is only deficient in that it is "a study," and not a "picture." And perhaps this same remark might be fairly applied to the exquisite little Venetian scenes by Mr. E. J. Gregory, of which we have spoken in a former notice.

Mr. Arthur Lemon is an artist whose work is less known in London than it deserves to be, and for this perhaps his very unattractive subjects are partially responsible. He has this year a large picture of "Ploughing in the Tuscan Maremma," in which the principal feature is the fine drawing, and the quiet careful painting of the white oxen; the whole composition moreover is good and effective in its simplicity. The artist has scarcely attempted to give any great beauty of colour to the scene, and has deliberately forborne to alter or beautify any of its details; but his picture has, nevertheless, a very marked style, and even dignity of its own. Sir Robert Collier's "Deserted Pond" may be cited as an example of the utter unattractiveness of careful landscape-painting, when it is neither informed by any special beauty of workmanship, nor made interesting by any special object. The "Deserted Pond" is as careful and accurate as could be wished, but we doubt whether one in a hundred of the visitors to the Grosvenor Gallery will pause to notice its accuracy or enjoy its care.

Mrs. Jopling's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as "Portia," in a scarlet robe and cape (which, as a matter of fact, that lady did not wear when she played the part), is a picture whose merits are almost as unpleasant as its faults; we mean by this that it is one of those good portraits which, while it is undeniably faithful to each individual detail, manages in some unfortunate manner, to miss all the finer characteristics of the sitter. Miss Terry's strongly marked and attractive face, has here lost the greater part of its charm, while it has gained only a sort of smooth varnish, such as Madame Rachel might have laid thereon, at a somewhat similar price. The actress has come out of Mrs. Jopling's bath "beautiful for ever," but her most intimate friends will hardly know her again. The picture, nevertheless, is brightly and industriously painted, its worst point being the hands, which are badly drawn.

Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., has next to this, "The Model," a naked little boy who has taken up an artist's palette, in the intervals of his "sitting." It is in no unkind spirit that we notice that this artist has three or four pictures of babies in the Royal Academy, and two here; they are all very nice, plump, healthy, pretty children, with the reddest of cheeks and the roundest of limbs; and Mr. Morris seems to be quite happy and quite successful in their delineation; in fact, the painter has, at last, found his *métier*. At the present rate at which the population increases, there is no reason why he should ever lack occupation; no mother could ever wish for prettier baby-pictures than these. A passing word must be given to Mr. Haynes Williams's "Gleam of Sunshine," a picture of an old gentleman, in a square-cut coat, taking his grandchild's face between his hands, and tracing the resemblance therein to his dead daughter. The composition is, perhaps, a little mawkish, and the whole picture too evidently made up in the studio; but it is fairly well painted, and expresses its motive clearly. Mr. Jacomb Hood's "Half-holiday" deserves somewhat similar praise; it is artificial, but pleasing. So, again, is Mr. Brewtnall's large composition, "The Fairy-tale," an old grandfather telling a story to his grandchildren, under the shadow of a chestnut-tree in a sunny garden; this last is full of brilliant colour, graceful forms of women and children, and displays a considerable amount of good painting; but it is utterly unspontaneous, has no meaning whatever, and no reason to exist; the painter has nothing to say, not even of the sunlight and the chestnut-leaves, and therefore cannot interest us by the way in which he says it.

Very different, indeed, and deserving of far more careful notice than we can give in this place, both for its faults and its excellencies, is Miss Pickering's "By the Waters of Babylon." We confess a certain sympathy, uncritical, but quite irresistible, for a young painter who takes such a subject as this, and struggles with it so earnestly; and her failure, if it be a failure, is worth more than a good many babies smudging themselves with neglected palettes, or listening to their grandfathers' cock-and-bull stories. But the picture is hardly to be rightly described as a failure, for it has, despite certain conventionalities of treatment and a too obvious echo of other artists' work, much truth of feeling, with considerable beauty of colour; the figures are well grouped and well painted, the whole work is distinctly pleasant to look upon, and improves upon closer acquaintance. Not the rose, but one who has lived near her. Miss Pickering deserves this praise,—that she honestly prefers to fail in the highest school, to succeeding in the lowest, and perhaps her chief fault is that she disdains almost too entirely, all the cheap attractiveness of modern painting.

Mr. George Howard's "Vale of Mentone," though a landscape, has a somewhat similar quality of painting, or at least a somewhat similar reference to the work of the elder schools, as that of Miss Pickering. We do not think that this is a good example of the painter's merits, but it is worthy of attention for the curious manner in which it combines realistic detail and a conventional method of treatment; it sees everything very sharply, but sees it through ancient spectacles, and the result is a curious combination of what is, with what has been.

Mr. Herkomer's chief portrait in the Gallery is that of Herr Joachim, violin in hand. As usual with this artist, it is somewhat exaggerated in size, and is, we are bound to say, exaggerated in manner and effect. The truth is, that Mr. Herkomer is spoiling his undeniably great artistic gifts, by treating them as an American contractor treats a railway line,—laying down so many hundred miles per week. This might have been a picture of a great artist, by a great painter. It is only a caricature of a musician, by one who has no time to be an artist. The haste and what we should call the "insolence" of the painting are evident throughout, but especially evident in the thick, shapeless claw which represents Herr Joachim's hand. Those who remember Mr. Watts's magnificent study of the same subject will be little apt to forgive Mr. Herkomer for this later rendering. We do not in the least mean to deny Mr. Herkomer's ability, but only to point out that it is ability to which its possessor refuses to give a fair chance.

At the very opposite pole of Art to this, is Mr. Watts's little landscape, called "Haystacks," which hangs close by. It is simply a slope of arable land, on the crest of which stand two or three haystacks, against a blue sky, into the height of which a great, cumulus cloud is slowly rising. Somehow, all the music which ought to have been in "Herr Joachim" has filtered through into Mr. Watts's "Haystacks;" but we cannot stay to enlarge on this subject, nor to speak of Mr. Watts's "Knight," an almost too roughly painted study of a man in armour. Mr. Walter Crane's "Diana and the Shepherd," only demands notice here as another example of how futile it is for an artist to rely upon his imagination, beyond a certain point. Mr. Crane has been a resident in Italy now for some months, yet we doubt if any artist who had ever seen an olive-tree, could have painted with less fidelity to nature than Mr. Crane has displayed here, in the grey foliage and silver stems. Still more notable is the absence of accurate knowledge in the drawing of the figures in this composition. We must conclude the present notice of this exhibition, with a mention of Mr. Poynter's very faithful and beautiful study of Dover Castle, one of those simply veracious landscapes which Mr. Poynter executes every now and then, to show us that he can see beauty in simple English scenery, though he is accused of being unable to display it in

ancient Greek legends. Perhaps the truth is that the earnestness of Mr. Poynter's work as a figure-painter, though unsuccessful in raising him to the height at which he aims, enables him to touch all slighter subjects with something of the dignity and meaning of those elder artists in whose footsteps he follows so conscientiously.

BOOKS.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN'S HISTORY OF THE CRIMINAL LAW OF ENGLAND.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

Sir James Stephen's work has a twofold aspect. It constitutes an important addition to our knowledge of English history; it also consists of a series of disquisitions on moral and logical problems suggested by the study of law. Our aim to-day is to consider the book not as a narrative, but as a treatise on criminal jurisprudence. Of its interest, when looked at from this point of view, candid critics can hardly speak too highly; but a reviewer who tries to imitate Sir James Stephen's own outspokenness and honesty must, out of the very respect due to an eminent writer, state freely that the book contains a large number of positions which are meant to excite—as, no doubt, they will excite—criticism and opposition. On this matter, we need not confine ourselves to prediction. Lord Coleridge has already questioned from the Bench one at least among the numerous hard doctrines propounded by Mr. Justice Stephen. It is certainly not our business to pronounce any opinion upon the point at issue between the Lord Chief Justice and his colleague. The differences, however, of eminent magistrates, as of respected divines, have at least the advantage of restoring to humbler individuals a perfect freedom of judgment which is untrammelled by excessive deference for legal or theological authority. The rapidity, moreover, with which Sir James Stephen's views have evoked contradiction calls attention to a characteristic which marks the whole body of his already voluminous and always instructive writings. Narrative in his hands always turns into discussion, with him discussion always means controversy, and controversy means a vigorous onslaught upon the errors of sentimentalists, humanitarians, admirers of popular government, and numerous other classes of persons who maintain, or are held by Mr. Justice Stephen to maintain, fallacies, errors, or follies, which it is his mission utterly to rout, confound, and destroy. We have ourselves considerable sympathy with the polemical spirit of Mr. Justice Stephen's controversial writings, but it may perhaps be doubted whether his manly pugnacity, and the strength of feeling which lies at the bottom of his combativeness, is compatible with the scientific calmness necessary for the complete solution of the problems presented by legal science. With much of Sir James Stephen's sentiment, all sensible readers will agree. "It does one's heart good" (as the expression goes) to hear murderers described as the villains, scoundrels, liars, sneaks, and generally contemptible persons, which they invariably turn out to be, on close acquaintance with their characters. But though there is a real pleasure in seeing gallows-birds stripped of their false claim to sympathy, it is impossible for thoughtful readers not to remember that the attitude of a denunciatory moralist is different from the position of a scientific investigator; a student of crime has no more reason to be angered at murder or murderers, than a student of disease to be filled with wrath at the contemplation of fever or of smallpox.

We dwell on the element of personal sentiment discernible in our author's speculations, because, while it adds to their popular interest, it detracts a little from their juristic value, and occasionally affects even the logical worth of conclusions drawn by a trained and acute logician. Of all the sentiments obviously entertained by Mr. Justice Stephen, few are more respectable and, in their way, more useful than the bias of his mind against popular, and what is pretty much the same thing, lax and inaccurate modes of thought or of feeling. It is, however, quite possible for a thinker to be too much on his guard against the idols of the market-place, and it is still more possible for a trained logician to assume that notions which are inaccurately expressed in the current language of mankind are themselves inaccurate and worthless. The Plutarchian hero—Phocion, if our memory does not deceive us—who, whenever his speeches were applauded, asked what folly he had uttered, was not, after all, more successful as a statesman than as an orator. And a writer who is determined never to be the victim of fallacies which pass current with the crowd, is liable to miss truths which are none the less important because they are expressed in lax terms and defended by inconclusive reasoning. No better illustration of our meaning can be found than Sir James Stephen's treatment of the question of intention. Every word he writes on the matter is worth the most careful consideration. No one, whether he agrees with all our author's conclusions or not, can read the dissertation about intention and motive without feeling that the subject is one on which popular conceptions are so hazy and indefinite as often to amount to misconceptions which cause profound moral confusion. It is well every one should be warned in the clearest terms against that identification of motive with intention which fosters the pernicious idea that a man cannot rightly be punished for acts, however criminal, which have been done with a laudable object, or even with an object which he may reasonably think laudable. It is high time for conspirators to be told that murders committed by patriots are just as much murders as murders committed by highwaymen or burglars. But when Sir James Stephen, not content with noting the confusion between motive and intention, goes on, apparently, to assert that the "supposition that the presence of an ulterior intention takes away the primary immediate intention" is a fallacy, cautious pupils feel that their teacher is getting on to shaky ground, and that a statement which is in one sense a truism may be so used as to cover very startling inferences. This suspicion is increased when we find what is the practical conclusion to which Mr. Justice Stephen's doctrine leads him, in reference to the well-known case of "R. *v.* Woodburne, 16 State Trials, 54." In this instance, one Coke was tried, under the so-called Coventry Act, for wounding Crispe, "with intent to maim and disfigure him." The "intent," be it noted, was, under the statute, part of the crime. What Coke did was to attempt to murder Crispe, and in carrying out the attempted murder, he maimed and disfigured his victim. His object, and, as we should say, his intent, was to murder Crispe, and he was utterly indifferent as to whether, in the course of the murder, Crispe was disfigured or not. At the time when Coke was tried, an attempt to murder was only a common-law misdemeanour. The curious result followed that if the prisoner could be rightly convicted of wounding "with intent to maim and disfigure" Crispe, he could be punished far more severely than on conviction for what would popularly be called his real offence. Coke, who was a lawyer, defended himself on the ground that his acts did not bring him within the statute under which he was tried, since he intended Crispe to be killed, and not that he should be disfigured. Coke was, however, in accordance with the charge of Lord Chief Justice King, found guilty of wounding Crispe with intent to maim and disfigure, and was in due course hanged. Mr. Justice Stephen maintains, as we understand him, that in logic and in law Coke's conviction was right. Laymen would, we suspect, be of opinion that though Coke well deserved his fate, he was executed for a crime which he had never committed, because he could not be adequately punished for his real offence; in other words, that by a monstrous straining of the law, a bad man was judicially murdered. And we are strongly inclined to hold that in this case the view of a layman would be logically and legally right.

It is, of course, true that the motive or even the object with which a man does a criminal act does not, in most cases, affect his criminality. Suppose that each of the men who killed Lord Frederick Cavendish had a different motive or object. The one wished to promote the independence of Ireland, the second revenged a private wrong, the third did not care to kill Lord Frederick Cavendish at all, and only desired to disable a friend who might have saved Mr. Burke. None of these differences in the objects, motive, or intent of the criminals prevented each and all of them from being guilty of murder. So far, we entirely go with Mr. Justice Stephen. But to the general rule that the intention or object of a crime makes no difference in its criminality must be introduced the exception that the law may make the character of an action depend upon the "intent," or, to use plain language, the "object" with which it is done. "R. *v.* Woodburne" comes precisely within

* *A History of the Criminal Law of England.* By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., D.C.L., a Judge of the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division. London: Macmillan and Co.

this exceptional instance. The offence at which the Coventry Act was aimed was a peculiar crime,—namely, wounding with intent to maim and disfigure, or (in popular language) wounding a man for the purpose of maiming and disfiguring him. Now, Coke's purpose was not to maim, but to kill an enemy. No doubt, the mode in which he attacked Crispe did involve incidentally the infliction of wounds which disfigured Crispe. But this was not the object or intention of the attack, and the assault, therefore, did not fall within the meaning of the statute under which Coke suffered death. That this is the right legal view of the matter may be maintained with the more confidence because, as our author himself points out, there is judicial authority distinctly opposed to his view of the law. "Williams' Case, 1 *Leach*, 529," was decided under a different Act, but involves precisely the same considerations as "R. *v.* Woodburne." Rhenwick Williams was the so called "Monster," who a little less than a century ago used to go about stabbing any woman whom he had an opportunity of assaulting. On January 18th, 1790, he stabbed one Anne Porter. He was indicted not for his real offence, but under 6 George I., c. 23, for the special crime of assaulting a person with intent to tear his clothes. His real crime was a murderous assault, the offence charged against him was tearing Miss Porter's petticoats. The judges, not, be it remarked, a single judge, held that the indictment would not lie. This conclusion was, it is true, rested on several grounds, but the majority of the Bench were of opinion that "the case, as proved, is not substantially within the meaning of the Act of Parliament. This statute was passed upon a particular and extraordinary occasion. Upon the introduction of Indian fashions into this country, the silk weavers . . . . . made it a practice to tear and destroy the clothes . . . . . which were of a different commodity from that which they wove; and to prevent this practice the statute of 6 George I., c. 23, was made. To bring a case, therefore, within this statute, the *primary intention* must be the tearing . . . . . of the clothes; whereas, in the present case, the primary intention of the prisoner appears to have been the wounding of the person of the prosecutrix." This is sound law, and in spite of Mr. Justice Stephen's ingenious line of argument, we venture to assert that it is also sound sense and good logic. If a decision resting on the principle involved in "R. *v.* Woodburne" could stand, which, in the face of "Williams' Case," we maintain it could not, there would be no guarantee whatever against enactments passed to punish a definite offence being construed so as to cover acts of a totally different character.

We have gone at length into Mr. Justice Stephen's doctrine as to intention, because it happens to present a point of interest which admits of being definitely dealt with within a limited space, and also because it affords a specimen of the sort of bias against popular opinion which, to a certain extent, colours many of his theories. It may, for example, be doubted whether this bias is not discernible in the treatment of what it must be admitted are, from any point of view, the very difficult questions raised by any attempt to define the law relating to libel, to treason, or to blasphemy. But it would be the height, not only of injustice, but of stupidity to treat what seem to us the occasional flaws in Mr. Justice Stephen's mode of argument, or, perhaps, rather in his turn of thought, as if they were in any sense fair specimens of his work. Whoever wishes to see how much our author can do towards clearing up a subject about which lawyers, no less than laymen, are apt to entertain very confused ideas, he should read the few pages which treat of the nature of property, and which impress on the reader the constantly forgotten fact that property consists not of things, but of rights, though, by an unfortunate ambiguity of language, the word is constantly used to designate the things with which certain classes of rights are associated. It would have been a gain if Sir James Stephen had pressed his analysis a step further, and had pointed out that the common characteristic of the rights which make up property is the fact that they may legally be dealt with as objects of sale, or, to use slightly different language, are legally capable of having a money value. Though one may regret that this fact was not pointed out to the reader, it is hardly possible to rate too highly the service rendered to legal science by a writer who dispels a great part of the confusion and mystery which in ordinary English law-books obscures the whole topic of ownership. If, again, a critic wishes to see how ably Sir James Stephen can, when he brings his whole mind to a subject, discuss a most difficult problem, in which legal, moral, and medical considerations are curiously mixed together, he should read and ponder over the chapter on the relation of madness to crime. It is plain that the learned Judge has studied the matter from every point of view, and the careful thought which he has given to a difficulty has prevented him from falling into the temptation, which besets every lawyer who writes about madness, of becoming so indignant at the pretentious fallacies often propounded by so-called mad-doctors as to believe that no attention ought to be paid to the medical aspect of lunacy. The result is that with the law as propounded by Sir James Stephen, no moralist of ordinary judgment and no physician endowed with common-sense need quarrel. The only question which may fairly be raised is how far Sir James Stephen's exposition may not be called rather a judicial amendment of the law, than a statement of the rules intended to be laid down by the different judges who, under one form or another, have stated and, in fact, have made the law as to the criminal effect of lunacy. A careful perusal of his account of the relation of madness to crime leaves on our own minds the impression that the earlier Judges took a very narrow view of the nature of lunacy, and that the celebrated answers given by the Bench to the inquiries submitted to them in McNaghten's case rested on imperfect knowledge of the phenomena presented by mental disease. It is, however, apparent that if, even so late as 1843, the law as to the connection between madness and responsibility was, in effect, created by men who knew much more about law than they did about lunacy, the Judges have, like less able persons, modified their views, under the influence of increasing knowledge. The law, in short, as understood and enforced by the members of the High Court of Justice, consists of rules as sensible and fair as can be framed under the present condition of medical and moral science, but it is not exactly the law which existed in 1843.

Here, however, we touch upon a topic far too interesting and intricate to be dealt with at the end of an article, namely, the nature and limits of that judicial legislation which is the source of the greater and by far the best part of the Law of England. Three remarks, however, on the subject, suggested by the study of the *History of the Criminal Law of England*, are worth making. The first is that judicial legislation has not only been tolerated, but has, on the whole, met with popular approval, because Judge-made law is, in many respects, superior to the Statutes, which are the fruit of Parliamentary fussiness, ignorance, and partisanship. The second is that half the defects of judicial legislation are due to this, that Judges, failing to recognise the fact that they constantly act as legislators, and that it therefore may well be doubted whether one mode of improving the law would not be to recognise openly, and rather to increase than diminish, the legislative authority of the Bench. The third remark is that writers like Sir James Stephen, who are in search of fixed and definite rules, underrate the flexibility and expansiveness of judicial legislation. Whether these qualities are virtues or vices is fairly open to discussion. What cannot be fairly disputed is that the so-called principles established by the decisions of the Courts are rules which have nothing like the fixity of statutory enactments. If you wish to know how a given case will be decided, or in other words, if you wish to ascertain what is the law on a given topic, you must, if the matter depends on reported cases, look rather to the tendency of the decisions, than to the absolute rules which they establish. Williams' case overrules or repeals "R. *v.* Woodburne." An expression such as the dogma that "Christianity" or "hereditary monarchy" is "part of the law of the land," has a different sense in the mouth of Lord Justice Coleridge from the sense which it had in the mouth of Coke, or even of Mansfield. The legislation of the Courts gives, like other legislation, expression to the changing sentiments, principles, and beliefs of each succeeding age. This point needs to be pressed home, because a logician and a codifier such as Sir James Stephen almost of necessity tends to impress upon his readers an idea that cases which show the direction in which judicial legislation moves, can be taken as embodying principles or rules as strict as those to be found in the Statute-book. This notion is to a certain extent erroneous. But readers who wish either to increase their knowledge of English law, or to study most interesting applications of logic to the actual affairs of real life, can take no wiser course than to try to determine for themselves what is the nature of Judge-made law by a careful perusal of the *History of the Criminal Law of England*. It is very rarely

that laymen have an opportunity of studying an account of a whole province of law, written in English which every man of education can understand, by a writer who is at once an eminent judge and a trained jurist.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.*

We regret to have anything but praise to bestow upon so charming a writer as the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* and *The Atelier du Lys*, but we hope that she will look upon our blame as the very opposite of that faint praise which is condemnation, when we say that what we chiefly complain of as to her last story, is that she has chosen a subject which does not suit her genius,—or rather, that other subjects suit it so very much better, that it *seems* not to suit her genius. *In the Olden Time* is an historical romance; and if we had not been spoilt for historical romances by Sir Walter Scott and a few others, or even if this story were not by an authoress who excelled in another branch of fiction, our criticism of it might appear hyper-criticism. The scene is laid in Germany, and the story begins during the time of the Peasant War which raged in some parts of the empire in the reign of the Emperor Charles V., in the years 1524-5—a turbid and dark period, marked by tyranny and oppression on the part of the nobles, and by savage revenge and crime on the part of the serfs; by rivalry between the different Courts of Austria and Germany, scheming and plotting amongst the nobles against one another, and amongst the powerful monasteries,—then more like small courts than anything else, with soldiers and money at their command, which they lent now to one of the rival princes now to another.

Through all the confusion of these public affairs runs the history of a child,—the daughter of a noble who is murdered at the instigation of his cousin, the next heir to his property in succession to the little heroine of the story, Rosilde of Burgstein, whom he makes his prisoner, and destines to be the bride of his savage young son; and of her deliverer, a lad, the son of a freedman on the neighbouring lands of Geyer. Parallel to the history of these two—we may almost say—children, moves that of a young priest of noble birth, exiled by some jealous superior to the Ilzthal, a valley in the Thuringian Forest belonging to the Barons of Burgstein; and of a leper—or one supposed to be a leper—who lives apart from his fellow-men in a cave above this valley. The stories of these four characters, as we have said, runs through or by the side of all the historical incidents of the book, but are too independent of them for the latter to give any very absorbing interest to the plot. The times being such as we have described them, it would require a master-hand, such as Sir Walter Scott's, so to interweave the fortunes of the hero and heroine with the failure or success of all the political schemers, as to give intense interest to the tale. Few men, and still fewer women, are able to throw themselves successfully into other times than their own, and the power of creating real, living characters out of the actors in the stormy, warlike Middle Ages, is a very rare gift indeed. The dash and fire, the lawless aiming at the overthrow of others, the skilful and, at the same time, wary carrying-out of plot and scheme, are beyond most of us who live in this lawful and, for the most part, law-respecting nineteenth century of ours. Again, plot should be one of the strong points of the writers of historical romances, and we do not consider that it is a strong point in the stories of this author. The dangers and difficulties through which Rosilde and Hildemund pass, are rather a series of short adventures, out of each of which they emerge safely and soon, than one continuous danger which is triumphantly overcome in the end, although the peril arising from the Graf von Lichtenberg's tyranny runs through the whole story. The re-establishing of Rosilde in her rightful rank and position—which of course is the chief purpose of the story—excites no strong feeling of interest in the reader's mind, because Rosilde herself is indifferent to it, or rather, because she has cast off, in disgust, the class to which she belongs, and embraced, with all their cares and dignities, the burgher class, amongst whom she has found a good home, and in which she has centred all her affections. Now, this may be, no doubt is, the right state of mind, but it is not the one which lends interest to the righting of a great wrong, the main point of the story. The author stands too much apart from her characters, and from their mediæval life, superstitions, and class-prejudices, as few indeed could avoid doing. She writes back, as it were, from her own age to theirs, instead of being—as Sir Walter Scott, for instance, is in *Quentin Durward*, a tale of only a few years later date—one apparently of the time, writing of them as a contemporary might do, sympathising with all their violent loves and hates, and not putting the reader into a critical state of mind about all their old-world faults and superstitions. The authoress of *In the Olden Time* fails also in creating a good, sound, hateful villain; for though the actions of the Graf von Lichtenberg are bad enough unquestionably, and though his character is as unprincipled and unscrupulous as self-interest can make it, he does not, somehow, create in our minds the active and comfortable hatred which the true villain of a piece should do, and his downfall, therefore, is not the gratification to our love of retributive justice which it might have been.

The story shows very minute and careful study of the times and of the manners of the people, and it is unnecessary to say, in speaking of this writer, that the English and the style of expression are faultless, and that the sentiments throughout are of the highest and purest. The character of the leper is very good indeed, and his terrible struggle for resignation, to a lot so hideous, touchingly and admirably described; the only thing we have to regret about him is the short episode in his life in which he appears, after his return to the world, as a lover. To see him in this character jars upon our feelings a little, and spoils the striking picture of the lonely man—striving to give himself up, both body and soul—helped and encouraged, amidst the contempt and loathing of his fellow-creatures—or at best their pity and compassion—by the admiration and love of a child, and the unshrinking caressess of the hare and other wild animals around his cave, which he tames. Had he at once, on being restored to life and health, given himself up—as he eventually does—as an offering of thanks, to ministering to such wretched ones of his fellow-creatures who are actually what he had believed himself to be, the picture would have been complete. In Pfarrer Basil we have the most attractive character in the book, and in his life there is no discordant element. Believing ardently in the great doctrines at the foundation of the Christian religion, his affection for the Church from which he had learnt them, the force of early training, and his modest want of confidence in himself, bind him, from first to last, to the Church of Rome, though his intellect and his sympathy with the people incline him to embrace the broader teachings of Luther, and to join the band of Reformers which is every day augmenting its ranks. His final step in joining the Brotherhood of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem, who devote themselves to ministering to the wants of lepers, and to assuaging, as much as possible, the wretchedness of their outcast lot, is characteristic of the way in which—just because, as it were, of his doubts of his Church—he subjects himself to her severest discipline. To atone for the shrinking of his sensitive nature from the loathsome disease of leprosy, when endured by one so noble as Ulfrich von Lichtenberg, he relinquishes all the pleasures of life among his fellow-men, and dedicates himself to the alleviation of the leper's lot. The excessive refinement of his sympathy with suffering, and his shrinking from pain, are beautifully illustrated in the following passage, which is perhaps the most striking in the book. Pfarrer Basil meets the young Hildemund one evening after mass, and walks with him through the glades of the Thuringian Forest. They are speaking of a serf, who had had his hand struck off for poaching:—

"'You were not alone when you left the village. Who was that I saw with you—a tall, meagre, swart man, with one hand?'—'Kaspar, sir; he was maimed for fishing in the Freiherr von Burgstein's waters, but it truly was to keep his sick mother from starving.'—Hildemund could not read the look which passed over the priest's face. Killing game or catching fish was so grievous an offence, that it never occurred to him it was abhorrence of the cruel penalty exacted which that look expressed.—'And the sick mother?' asked Pfarrer Basil, abruptly.—'She died, sir. Old Martin, Kaspar's father, was ailing too, and could earn nothing, and it was winter-time, and the ways blocked with snow; no one knew they were in such evil case till Kaspar was set free from the castle prison, and came home and found her dead, and the old man too weak to seek help to bury her. But the Baron showed them mercy, for he remitted the death-tax; so they put her under ground.'—'Ah!' said Pfarrer Basil, with a sarcastic curl of his finely-cut, sensitive lips; 'aye, that was merciful! What is that?' He spoke with a start and accent of dismay which astonished Hildemund. 'A rabbit, sir; yes, see, there it comes, and a weasel after it; how the poor beast screams! Nay, then, master weasel, not this time, let my lord's game alone;' and he sprang forward and snatched up the exhausted, terrified little fugitive just as the weasel was upon it. The rabbit lay powerless with exhaustion and terror in Hildemund's hands; the weasel glided swiftly into the fern. 'I would I had a stick here; the beast should not have escaped so easily,' said Hildemund, caressing the panting captive. 'There, get to thy burrow; see, sir, it lies still, too fearful to stir; now it lifts its ears; it will be

* *In the Olden Time.* 2 vols. By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys." London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

gone directly.'—'What a cry! Can a beast feel such mortal terror? It will ring in my ears all night,' muttered Pfarrer Basil. He was quite pale and overcome. Hildemund, though a thoroughly kind-hearted boy, and fond of all live creatures, could not help feeling a little wonder and contempt at the effect produced by the rabbit's danger. 'You often hear it, sir. If you did not know what it was, you might think a hawk had screamed.'—'In that sight and sound I see and hear the impotent anguish of all helpless, tortured things,' said the priest, passing his hand over his brow. 'My God, how dreadful pain is, wherever it is found!' Hildemund only dimly understood his meaning, and more dimly still the over-sensitive, nervous nature that could feel thus,—a nature that must inevitably have suffered keenly wherever and whenever it existed, but was certain to cause its owner peculiar pangs at such a rough time, and in such hard and uncultured surroundings."

We should very much like to be allowed here to make a suggestion to authors. It would add greatly to the convenience of reviewers and of the public in general, and would, we imagine, also promote the sale of authors' books, if a complete list of all the previous works of the author were attached, as a matter of course, to each fresh production, and a revised list to each new edition. In the present case, for instance, we see *In the Olden Time*, "by the author of *The Atelier du Lys*," and in other works of hers, "by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*." Now, to our minds, the two infinitely most attractive of those of her works with which we are acquainted are systematically omitted, namely, *On the Edge of the Storm* and *Denise*. *Mademoiselle Mori* is, like the story we are noticing, more or less of an historical romance, though of modern time, and is also a good deal inclined to be guide-booky and long-winded, and the *Atelier du Lys* falls off decidedly in interest towards the end; while *On the Edge of the Storm*, though historical also, as treating of the French Revolution, yet touches upon history only as it affects the private life of the heroine; and, in *Denise*, this authoress has struck the most harmonious chord of her genius. The quiet, yet wonderfully picturesque life of the little town of Farnoux, on the steep hill-side, with its pale, olive groves above its vine-covered hills, and its delicious orange gardens overlooking the exquisite blue waters of the bay below, and the delightfully interesting and comic old artist aunt, Mademoiselle le Marchand, and, above all, the beautiful, peaceful, and devoted character of Denise herself, make a story quite perfect in its way. We should welcome with delight another such novel from the hands of the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* and *The Atelier du Lys*.

SECULAR CHRISTIANITY.*

THERE are many signs that the chief religious controversy of the immediate future will be concerned, not with the questions of the existence of God, of design, or even of immortality, but with the great and singularly difficult subject of Personality. Among the really educated, sheer atheism hardly exists; and even Agnostics will generally own that there is a God, if only because there must be a First Cause. But there comes in the fundamental difference,—Is your God personal, or is He not? The difference is fundamental, for in the belief in the personality of God there seems to be involved the belief in our own personality, and therefore in our own personal immortality. And it is this gulf that men are making the most earnest efforts to bridge over, or rather to conceal. The author of *Ecce Homo* leaves the study of the historical person of Christ to manufacture a Natural Religion which shall be accessible to all; and he makes it accessible by shrouding the personality of God in a convenient vagueness, and by making admiration, not love, the foundation of religion. And just as Theists and Agnostics are invited to join in a common admiration of a God who need not be personal, so Christians and non-Christians are every day being called upon to unite in a common reverence and "sympathy" for a Lord whose present personal existence need not be believed or maintained. Christians will have to define their thoughts and phraseology more strictly than they have hitherto for the most part done, if they wish to preserve that which seems to us to be the very central point of their religion, a personal union to a personal Saviour.

These thoughts have recurred to us on reading Mr. Fremantle's earnest and vigorous and often lofty attempt to widen the common conception of Christianity, so as to make it include all secular life. Put shortly, the whole volume is a development of the idea that sacred and secular are one. Faith, he declares, is the great uniting power that brings together those whom Churches and creeds have separated, because faith is "a deep moral principle," and no mere belief in dogmas, and therefore faith can be the moving force in every department of life. There is no separate sphere for worship, but Christianity is a social state, and in that social state true worship, the true religious life, is carried on, through the spirit of Christ. Christ is shown to be supreme over the whole field of life, over education, trade, literature, art, natural science, politics. The work of establishing this supremacy is common to all, and religious privileges only mean pre-eminence in this work. Of course, therefore, Mr. Fremantle is led to lay stress on the universal Christian priesthood, and to minimize any clerical or sacerdotal claims; of course, also, he bases these conclusions on what he calls the "immanence of God," the doctrine that "God is a Spirit;" and finally, he uses this doctrine of the Holy Spirit to prove that progress is the law of the Church, by the quickening influence of the Spirit of Christ.

We feel it difficult, in criticising a book of this kind, to avoid giving a wholly incorrect impression of our own position on the subject it deals with. It is hard not to be one-sided in discussing a book which seems to us so true and lofty in its positive assertions, but so deficient and untrue in what it denies. We are compelled to lay stress on the deficiencies, and therefore to run the risk of seeming indifferent or hostile to the positive merits. And the difficulty is increased by the fact that Mr. Fremantle only leaves us to infer his defects, for there are few negative passages in the book. And yet we suppose he would hardly deny that in identifying the secular and the sacred, in making so prominent the work of the Church on the common life of men, he really intends, though he does not say so, to obscure and put into the background the function of "worship" and the supernatural aspect of the Church. Now, we may say most strongly that in much that he lays down we heartily agree with Mr. Fremantle. We hold with him that "Christians should be interested in and should foster all that is excellent in science, or art, or political life." We agree with nearly the whole of the third sermon, in which he claims for the Spirit of Christ "supremacy over the whole range of the secular life," especially with the admirable passage on trade. (pp. 98-101.) We should echo much of what he says on religious privilege, even though we could by no means say, with him and in his sense, that it is "simply the opportunity of doing good." And we need not say that we fully appreciate the fine eagerness for the elevation and improvement of the world that Mr. Fremantle consistently displays throughout these sermons. But, with these qualifications, we cannot but take great exception to the omissions and negations of his theories, and, above all, to the fundamental vagueness on the great question of Personality.

We admit that Mr. Fremantle begins by laying down that "Faith is trust in a person;" and that he safeguards his doctrine of the immanence of God by premising that "whatever the supreme power is, He cannot be thought of as destitute of mind and love." But these passages are, more or less, isolated and peculiar; the tone of the whole book is against them. Mr. Fremantle's tendency is to make of God not a righteous and loving person, but Righteousness and Love; Christ is an image of abstract qualities, rather than a living Person. What else can we make of such passages as this?—"Whether the strict monotheistic tendency be maintained, or whether *that more spiritual tendency* prevail which tends to trace out the divine in the evolving forces of nature and of mankind, the image of Christ remains ever before us," &c. The words we have italicised apparently mean that, in Mr. Fremantle's opinion, Pantheism is more spiritual than Theism; and, at all events, he seems to contemplate with equanimity the possible transformation of "personal" religion into what can surely be nothing but Pantheism. Again, in the statement (p. 198), "we are no longer to think of the Divine as confined within the personality of a man," Mr. Fremantle seems to go counter to either one or other of two Christian truths, both of which, we suppose, he would acknowledge. Either he means that God once existed only in the Person of Christ, which contradicts even the vaguest form of the doctrine of the Trinity; or he holds that the human personality of Christ no longer exists since the Ascension, which surely destroys all that is most elevating in the doctrine of the Incarnation. The qualification, indeed, on the previous page, that the personality of Christ "has passed away from the earth," would partly evade this dilemma; but throughout the

* *The Gospel of the Secular Life.* Sermons preached at Oxford. With a Prefatory Essay. By the Hon. W. H. Fremantle, late Fellow of All Souls', Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, and Canon of Canterbury. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co. 1882.

book, nevertheless, there seems to run an indistinct notion that the "personality" or the Person of Christ has passed away altogether, and left us with only "the image of Christ," to which (p. 43) we are united by faith, and which (p. 59) is at the root of our religion. Now, we cannot help asking as we read, whether Mr. Fremantle really thinks he can bring all Christians to unite in this amorphous belief. Is a God who is spoken of as "the divine" to be "traced out in the evolving forces of nature and of mankind," and a Christ who has become nothing but an "image," a recollection, to take the place of the Christian Father of souls, of the Christian Lord and Saviour to whom, and not to whose image, every Christian is now united? We are not quibbling on a word or a definition; we hold that the essence of Christianity is personal union to a personal Saviour, and we see underlying all the vagueness of Mr. Fremantle's writing about the image of Christ, the futile modern tendency to substitute a recollection and an example for the abiding presence of Christ in us and in the world. Whether we misrepresent these sermons our readers may judge from such a passage as this:—"The faith which is strongest, and which unites men together is not primarily the belief in the Church or the sacraments, in the miraculous birth of Christ or his bodily resurrection, nor even that which we call, perhaps with too much confidence and strictness, the Personality of God. These are the supports and guarantees, the external fences or the outgrowths of faith. But the faith which saves and which makes us true to our Lord is that which welcomes truth and goodness, and treasures them up; for these are the very nature of God. Let the heart be filled with the image of Christ; and this will lead you on to life and immortality, to a fuller view of God, and to the filling-up of the outlines of the life of Christ." All this may be very good and true, but Christianity is surely something more; and it is that something more that Mr. Fremantle has, to our mind, failed to grasp, or at least to display.

As he falls short in his doctrine of the personality of God and of our Lord, so he seems to us to misrepresent faith. Faith, he says, "has suffered much more from over-definition than from indistinctness in its object." This struck us as strange, for though it may be true to say that the life of the Church has, historically speaking, suffered from over-definition, we do not see how it can be held that faith, the means by which we apprehend God, can fail to benefit by whatever makes the character of God clearer to the mind, and it is a mere *petitio principii* to say that definitions of faith fail to do this. But our difficulty was removed by the next sentence:—"Certainly, the greatest *quarrels among Christians* have arisen from the attempt to define what might well have been left indefinite" (p. 43), for then we recollected that what Mr. Fremantle calls faith is "a deep moral principle," a "sympathy with divine goodness . . . . . a communion of service rendered to mankind, an aspiration . . . . . for a goodness unseen, unrealised." He may well say that no one "can refuse to admit" faith of that kind (p. 134), but whether there is any advantage in confusing faith with every other spiritual faculty, with love, with hope, and with admiration, we may well doubt; and this doubt becomes certainty when we find him, in the passage above quoted, identifying "quarrels among Christians" with the "suffering" of faith.

In order to fuse sacred and secular things, Mr. Fremantle devotes one whole sermon and many incidental remarks to attacking the principle of worship. Of course, this is not openly, perhaps not consciously done. In the prefatory essay, he simply sets worship aside, as out of his scope, and as well provided for by existing organisations, and directed by "competent men." "It is not necessary," he says, "to disparage the ordinary work of the Church." (p. 8.) But in his second sermon he sets himself to prove nothing less than that the Apocalypse presents us with an ideal Church, in which "the appliances of worship are completely absent." This remarkable assertion is based, in the bad fashion of preachers which we should have thought Mr. Fremantle would have scorned, upon one text, "And I saw no temple therein." Surely, no one can read the Apocalypse without recognising there the ideal, the almost exaggerated ideal, of a life which is all worship, in the technical sense of the word. And though the harps, and the incense, and the golden crowns, and the altar are not mentioned in the description of the New Jerusalem, yet the reference to them in the earlier part of the Apocalypse should at least prevent the inference that "it is not a system of worship that Christianity came to bring to mankind." Quite true, in one sense; Christianity came to bring much more than this, and it did not promulgate any very definite *system* of worship; but it is a great misrepresentation to say that "the ideal of the Primitive Church was one not of worship, but of a life pervaded by the Spirit of God." (p. 64.) Mr. Fremantle here falls into the common fallacy of opposing two perfectly compatible things, and he is led into it by his calm assumption that worship, as generally understood, is a thing "abstracted from the common life of men." "Faith is not best promoted when men try to realise it in a system of religious worship and teaching which is kept separate from the general aims of human life." (p. 70.) We do not deny that this has been, and is, perhaps, still a danger; but it is a danger not to be avoided by disregarding worship altogether, or by trying to prove that our Lord "ignored" the ceremonial law and the Temple services. His practical example must in this matter be taken with his teaching, and in his practice there was certainly no ignoring of the ceremonial law. Christianity maintains a system of worship because of the very necessity that Mr. Fremantle emphasises so much, the necessity of consecrating the common routine of life. This is to be done not by waiting till we find God in our "trivial round," but by bringing Him into it from the special moments of communion and intercourse with Him in acts of prayer and worship. The difference between a religious life and a life of high morality is the difference between a life coloured and transformed by periods of devotion, and a life which is one dead-level of duties, with no special points of intercourse with God. Perhaps Mr. Fremantle would agree with us, but if so, it is a pity that his sermons leave so partial an impression on the mind.

A few separate matters of criticism we may shortly notice. The statement that the "distinction between things sacred and things secular was unknown to the early Church" cannot be maintained, in the face of the appointment of the seven Deacons to look after those matters which were considered too secular for the Apostles. What does Mr. Fremantle (p. 73) mean by saying that "the arrangements for the serving of tables . . . . . was (*sic*) in the hands of the Apostles?" There can scarcely be a clearer refutation of his view than Acts vi., 2-4, where the "serving of tables" is opposed to "prayer and the ministry of the Word," which were to be the special occupations of the Apostles.

There is a most misleading reference on p. 22 to Dr. Westcott's *Gospel of the Resurrection*, as justifying the statement that "the Resurrection itself is to be viewed rather as a disclosure of another state of existence, than as belonging to the order of events with which physical science is conversant." It is enough to say that in the introduction to that work Dr. Westcott deals exhaustively with the whole subject of miracles and law, in order to justify the Resurrection of our Lord as an historical fact.

Lastly, we would remark that Mr. Fremantle, in his anxiety to abolish Sacerdotalism, is led into some very wild statements about its results in England. (pp. 52-3.) No one who knows what Ritualism, as distinguished from the other sections of the English Church, has done, will be inclined to agree with any one of his charges. It is "alienating class after class of men." "We are no nearer to union with any of the forms of so-called Catholicism." "Religion is being gradually eliminated from common life," and Christianity, under this influence, becomes "the foe of human progress." Whatever the faults of modern English sacerdotalism may be, and we shall not be suspected of ignoring them, it often strikes us as strange that it is so commonly and closely linked with Radicalism in politics, and that it has shown itself so powerful to win back at least one class, the working-class, which Evangelicalism and the high-and-dry school had effectually "alienated." Such charges too faithfully reflect the one-sided character of Mr. Fremantle's sermons. In his generous desire to be just to secularists, he misrepresents his own fellow-believers; and in his energetic zeal to Christianise secular life, he succeeds only in secularising Christianity.

TWO BOOKS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

Mr. Welsh's large work is accompanied by a circular from its American publishers. They state that it is unique, graphic, and scholarly—the ablest that has ever appeared

* *Development of English Literature and Language.* By Alfred H. Welsh, A.M. 2 vols. Chicago: Griggs and Co. London: Trübner and Co.

Landmarks of English Literature. By Henry J. Nicoll. London: John Hogg.

on the subject—and that it is "digested and arranged with a clearness and system that at once hold the interest and attention of the student and reader, and present the clearest picture of its theme, it is believed, to be found in the language." From this prospectus, which, no doubt, has been kindly drawn up in the interest of reviewers, who, according to Professor Welsh, rarely look beyond the preface of a work, it may be as well to take some more particulars. They are very impressive, and must make many a poor English author wish he were blessed with publishers at once so capable and so willing to magnify his work:—

"Each of the periods," we read, "into which the work is divided is introduced by a sketch of the features which distinguish it, and of the forces which shape it, including politics, the state of society, religion, learning, language, poetry, the drama, the novel, the periodical, history, theology, ethics, science, philosophy. Periods are re-created, the past is resuscitated. The actors are made to reveal themselves in their own words. Passions are not simply described as existing, but are exhibited in the souls and hearts possessed by them. . . . . The work satisfies the imagination, by being individual and minute; it satisfies the reason, by being interpretative and philosophical. The author has aimed at a judicious union of facts and philosophy, of narrative and reflection, of objective description and subjective meditation; above all, to make a truthful and useful book in the highest degree,—one that will tend to form habits of reading with discrimination and with ardour, that will add power to the intellect, range to the imagination, and finish to character."

This eulogistic estimate of Mr. Welsh's volumes, so far from making them attractive in English eyes, will probably lead the critic to regard them with suspicion. And this feeling of distrust is likely to be increased upon reading the rather pretentious prologue, in which Professor Welsh states that he has aimed at a judicious union of facts and philosophy, of narrative and reflection, of objective description and subjective meditation. "Colour and form," he adds, "may be desirable to attract the eye, but the interlacing spiritual force, that blends them into harmony and coherence, is required to make their lesson disciplinary, available, and enduring."

The first three chapters describe with sufficient knowledge and skill the earliest history of Britain, the origin and development of the language, and the representative writers who, like Caedmon and Bede, sowed the seeds of our literature in verse and prose. Then follows what is called "The Initiative Period," which brings us to the age of Mandeville and Wycliffe, of Gower and Chaucer, the first great poet of England having his genius illustrated by copious and well-selected passages. Mr. Welsh's style does not add any attraction to his matter, but this portion of the work and the succeeding chapter, called "The First Creative Period," show a careful study of the subject. Yet even here, though by no means so much as in later chapters, bad-taste, absurd imagery, and the grandiloquence so often mistaken for eloquence, are conspicuous features of the narrative. We may let Mr. Welsh's inaccurate assertion pass when he calls the Church of England a flourishing branch of the Church of Rome, but he loses his head altogether when he describes this branch as "shooting forth in the open air, amid satin doublets and stage attitudes, amid youthful bluster and fashionable prodigality." The account of the literature of the Tudor period, although without novelty, might be read with interest, were it not for the author's jerky, interrogative, and irritating style. Yet at times an evident attraction to his subject gives comparative simplicity to his diction, and the comments on Sir Philip Sidney and on Hooker are likely to impress the reader favourably. Several of our early writers Mr. Welsh seems to have read with care, but on coming to a later period the references appear to be made in many instances at second-hand.

The picture drawn of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is in the main a correct one, but Mr. Welsh studies grotesqueness in his comments, and succeeds to admiration. Of Dryden, after saying that he has left no single work which is universally read, he observes:—"Without an unapproachable mirage of excellence, for ever receding and for ever pursued, no man reaches his full or conceivable stature. A self-reliant independence is the Adam and Eve in the paradise of duties." And of the essays of Addison and Steele he writes, "The end was moral health, the means were sugar-coated pills." Mr. Welsh is carelessly inaccurate, by the way, in calling the *Spectator* a news-organ, and his estimate of its writers shows, at least, that he has not studied Addison's style with advantage. Of Steele, he says, "Occupying a more elevated plane than many of his contemporaries, he is paled in his powers by the overshadowing presence of his illustrious friend;" and in the criticism on Addison, we read:—

"Human immortality is of three kinds; objective in God,—the immortality of conscious existence; subjective in the minds of men,—the immortality of fame; subjective in the life of the world,—the immortality of energy, energy that expends itself in good works, and by the natural transmission of force lives to perish never. These three were the inheritance of Addison."

With a similar pomposity and absurdity, Mr. Welsh writes an epitaph over the grave of Swift, which we are supposed to hear "as in the sigh of the wailing wind." "This hideous treatise, so shudderingly calm," is the exclamation called forth by *The Modest Proposal*, and we are told that Swift was constitutionally incapable of religion. "Joy is wanting, save the joy of tearing." Defoe is, on the whole, fairly estimated, though no account is taken of the six letters which reveal his political tergiversation, nor of the grossness with which such works of his old age as *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana*, are so painfully infected. And in depriving him of the ears which he never lost, we suppose the author has accepted too literally the statement in the *Dunciad*. In the critic's judgment, the *Essay on Man* is the noblest of all Pope's works and the surest guarantee of his immortality. Yet the reader is informed on the same page that Pope was not master of his subject, and undertook to teach what he could not comprehend. "He aspired to harmonise conflicting systems of thought, and succeeded in making a chaos." And what does the student of poetry gain from the common-place statement that Pope is without the universality of Shakespeare, or the sublimity of Milton?—or from the observation, which sounded common-place in the last century, but has been long ago exploded in this, that to Pope the English language will always be indebted, since "he more than any other, before or since, discovered its power of melody"? Goldsmith would probably have preferred Johnson's epitaph to the stilted praise of the author who observes that "he who was once a journeying beggar, now rides on the shoulders of the world." This gentle poet combined with his other gifts a true sense of the niceties of language, and he would not, we feel sure, have written, as Professor Welsh does, of Marlow and Hastings as "two parties." And passing from Goldsmith to Cowper, we read that when he died, "English poetry was again in possession of its varied endowment," and it became apparent for the first time "that the despotism of Pope and Addison had passed away"; but Addison as a writer of verse had no followers, and exercised no despotism.

The extraordinary progress in physical science in the present century is duly chronicled by Mr. Welsh, who observes, when writing of the electric telegraph, that "thought was postilioned across the air." On the men of letters who have flourished during this period, the author writes vaguely, as if he were not always sure of his ground. After praising what in reality are the weak points of Campbell's verse, and leaving without recognition the lyrics, on which his reputation rests, the critic adds, "Another of sterner tone and fuller swing is Southey," an observation which means anything or nothing; and Moore, who follows Southey, is described as "equally factitious, but more radiant." Coleridge receives, as he deserves, higher recognition than either as a poet, and when the writer observes of one poem, "how trancingly rolls its melody!" and quotes another with the question, "Who shall estimate the wild beatings and the widowed longings of the heart of genius?" we must at least acknowledge that his method as a commentator is unique. "Shakespeare's works," we are told, with very great inaccuracy, are "models of Teutonic simplicity;" to judge from Mr. Welsh's own style, he does not understand the meaning of the term. If a student, for example, turns to the chapter on Tennyson, he will read that his style is,—

"Pure, simple, correct, polished, elegant, ornate; wanting the variety and freedom of the forest-like Shakespeare and the impassioned Byron, yet not unfrequently rising to the level of the former in expressiveness; sometimes Homeric in severity and elevation, sometimes Spenserian in splendid imagery and cloying music; mingling in chaste harmony the flowers of all ages, native and exotic."

It must not be supposed that this history of our literature is the work of an ignorant, though it is certainly the work of an uncultivated, man. Professor Welsh has, no doubt, read much of the history and literature of the different periods he undertakes to describe, but he includes far more in his plan than he is able to treat adequately, and wastes whatever strength he has and his readers' patience also in the futile effort to write impressively. A vast amount of material is brought together, and an attempt has been made to give unity to the work. It contains 1,100 pages; but, if we may venture to

oppose the estimate of the publishers, the book will neither satisfy the reason nor the judgment.

A few words only must be said with regard to Mr. Nicoll's *Landmarks of English Literature*, but they will be words of praise. It is possible that Mr. Nicoll has far less knowledge than Professor Welsh, but he knows better how to use it, and his well-arranged volume will be of service to the student and interesting to the general reader. Biography and history are combined with criticism, so that the men are seen as well as their works, and seen, we think, more clearly, because described more simply, than in Mr. Welsh's volumes. In those volumes dates are employed so sparingly that the reader in search of the exact period referred to is forced to look elsewhere. On the other hand, the copious and careful table of chronology constructed by Mr. Nicoll gives a distinct value to the book as a work of reference. The volume is without pretension, and deserves praise for simplicity of purpose, as well as for careful workmanship. We have noticed some slight errors. It is not quite correct to say that Rogers called on Dr. Johnson. He went with his friend Maltby to his house in Bolt Court, but on reaching the door their courage failed them, and they retreated. Mr. Nicoll rarely goes far wrong in his criticisms; but in saying that in *Sir Charles Grandison*, Richardson sinks below the level of *Pamela*, he must have forgotten the finely-drawn character of Clementina, whose madness is described with a subtle art unsurpassed, in our judgment, by any English author save Shakespeare. Again, we meet with an apparent contradiction in his estimate of Richardson's great rival. "Fielding," he writes, "at all times resembled Thackeray in having a thorough and healthy aversion for anything approaching to making a hero out of a blackguard." Yet on the next page he is disposed to agree with Byron's verdict that "Tom Jones" was "an accomplished blackguard," a judgment which few modern readers will be likely to contest.

TWO NEW NOVELS.*

Mr. Murray in his preface criticises with a severity that is scarcely courteous the opinion expressed by a brother-novelist that all the stories have been told. The statement is an exaggeration, and was, of course, meant for an exaggeration. It is certainly true that many incidents and combinations of incidents which were once effective, have now become so hackneyed by use as to be practically unavailable for the purposes of fiction. Mr. Murray himself, who evidently takes much pains with his plots, and is generally very successful in constructing them, begins this his latest novel with a repetition from his latest but one. The motive of *Val Strange* was the struggle between friendship and love, and the motive of much, at least, of the story of *Hearts* is the same. We do not say that Mr. Murray does not introduce so much difference into his second treatment of the subject as to justify the repetition. We think that, on the whole, he does, though the resemblance will certainly suggest itself to any reader of the two novels, and will probably diminish the pleasure that is given by the second. To enjoy a tale thoroughly, one ought not to have lurking in one's mind even a suspicion that one has seen the same thing, or something very like the same thing, before. It is obvious that the impression of reality, in which the success of all fiction mainly lies, must be more or less impaired by the thought.

Mr. Murray has not been fortunate enough to invent a character that can be matched with Hiram Strange, the admirable Yankee who is so conspicuous a figure in the pages of *Val Strange*. A novelist could, indeed, hardly hope to achieve very soon another such success. The most notable personage in *Hearts* is of a very different type. Mark Carroll is a villain of the most pronounced kind, whose utter wickedness is artistically justified by the author by the example of Shakespeare's Iago. Whether or no we admit the justification, we must allow that the picture is drawn with remarkable skill. The man has a genuine disbelief in goodness, yet the cynical frankness with which he disavows for himself all higher motives gains for him a certain credit for honesty. "He cannot be as bad as he makes himself out," is the common verdict. The art with which he trades on this impression, the skilful diplomacy with which he increases, while he seeks, it would seem, to cure the mischief which he has wrought, and the fatal taint of weakness in his villainous plans, which makes him find out at last that honesty is really the best policy,—all this is worked out with much skill. This Mark is perhaps the real hero of the story, as Satan is of the *Paradise Lost*; Tom Carroll, to whom the place rightfully belongs, is scarcely a success. He would be an admirable fellow in real life, but his weaknesses, rather than his virtues, impress us, as he moves before us on the stage of fiction. The Italian Barretti, on the other hand, is a fine study. Tom has befriended him, and he finds himself making him the atrocious return of robbing him of his love. There is much dramatic power in the struggle in the Italian's heart between his love, which, as Mr. Murray describes it, is something like the overmastering power which the Greek tragedians imagined, and the sense of gratitude and duty. As for the way in which the cross-purposes are set right, it is managed, perhaps, as well as the circumstances admitted. The novelist who has to make these transferences of affection appear tolerable to his readers has not an easy task, and all that we can say is that it is accomplished in *Hearts* as well as we have any right to expect. Mention must be made of another skilful portraiture in Carroll the elder, with his sublime belief in himself, ending in the monomania that he is the one sane man in a world of madness. In this ending there is, perhaps, a touch of farce, and we are reminded of Mr. Easy, Senior, in the best of Captain Marryat's stories. As for the tale, regarded as a tale, it is good throughout, and towards the end, where the action becomes more rapid, rises to a high level of merit. One noticeable feature in Mr. Murray's writing must not be omitted, and that is the acute observation of life with which it is not unfrequently illustrated. We notice a tendency—we should say, having read the author's novels from the first, a growing tendency—to occasional cynicism, but we find reflections that are often both vigorous and just. It is well said, for instance, that "the clock that stands still tells the truth twice a day, and the mental attitude which never varies will find itself justified on occasion;" and it is only too true that "conscience, popularly supposed to be a sentry, is so untrustworthy that he will go to sleep on guard, unless you watch him keenly."

The ingenious lady who writes under the name of "Ouida" need never fear that for her "all the stories have been told." She has the enormous advantage over her rivals in fiction that she can invent at her pleasure worlds quite different from those in which others are constrained to move. The number of possible—but why should we say "possible?"—combinations thus becomes unlimited. *Wanda* gives us a faint conception of what the world of "four dimensions," as some philosophers phrase it, might be. That the heroine herself is a more magnificent personage than these common-place times of ours can endure, a feudal princess with right of life and death within her domain, is but a little thing; her castle, Hohenszabrasburg (a curious compound, symbolising, we suppose, Austro-Hungary), is an imagination that transcends terrestrial limits. "A thousand glaciers [how many, we wonder, does all Switzerland boast?] glow in the sunrise, and bar the sight of sunset." Such is one of its surroundings. The interior is not less marvellous. The library is "a great, cedar-lined room, holding half-a-million volumes." Thus, even on page 60, it far surpasses the Bodleian. When we come to page 91, we find that it has outstripped the British Museum, for it now contains "a million volumes." Everything else is in keeping with this more than human magnificence. The "opium-eater's" dreams seem tame, in comparison with it.

We must not, however, let our readers think that there is nothing better than this foolish extravagance in *Wanda*. Judged as a romance, it contains much that is striking, and however often we may smile at the wildness of its vagaries, we read it certainly without weariness, and for the most part with pleasure. The central idea—extravagant, perhaps, in itself—is finely worked out. There never could have been so magnificent an impostor as the Marquis de Sabran. But granting his existence, his story is powerfully told. The love of Wanda wins him from idleness and pleasure to a life of noble effort; but the consciousness of the falsehood on which his whole existence is built poisons all his enjoyment. He dare not reveal his secret to his wife. Her pride of race, he feels, could never allow her to pardon him. But the secret is discovered at last. How the toils close in upon him, till he lies helplessly entangled in them; how all the while his real love for wife and children make life a bitterness to him, is finely described. We have seen nothing from "Ouida's" pen that struck us as being, on the whole, so well conceived and so skilfully wrought out, and, we

* *Hearts*. By D. C. Murray. 3 vols. *Wanda*. By Ouida. 3 vols. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.

may add, containing so little that need offend. There is no attempt here, as we are constrained to say there has been in some of her tales, to put a gloss on vice, but she takes vice too much for granted. She admires virtue, and certainly in *Wanda* gives a noble portraiture of it, but she seems to accept it as an axiom that many women and very nearly all men are profligate. If she would cultivate a less cynical habit of mind, would prune a too luxuriant imagination, and curb her strong desire of seeming learned (the girls on Wanda's estate learn botany, that they may not "poison their people at home with a false *cryptogram*," while soldiers "from *Scylla* to Michael Skobeleff" are fond, we are told, of a certain martial coquetry), we would gladly give to "Ouida's" work more unmixed praise than we have been able to bestow on *Wanda*.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have already noticed one or two of the papers in the *Fortnightly*, especially those by Mr. A. Dicey and Mr. MacColl, on the relation of the Clergy of the Church of England to the law, and the one on "The Social Discipline of the Liberal Party." Mr. John Macdonell sends another very good one on the law of blasphemy, which he maintains, differing therein from Sir James Stephen, has varied in every age with the current of opinion. The statutes remained unchanged, except by the repeal of William III.'s law for the protection of the doctrine of the Trinity; but the tone was changed and the Judges' with it, until in the period between 1797 and 1817 the Judges' charges became constantly evasive. They were willing enough to say that such and such a publication was a blasphemous libel, but they were not willing to state distinctly what kind of denial of Christianity was a civil crime. Lord Coleridge is willing, and his dictum that any belief may be assailed if the decencies of controversy be observed, is, in Mr. Macdonell's opinion, perhaps "the first clear rule on the subject expressed from the Bench by an English Judge." The law, however, even when thus explained, is harsh, and as Mr. Macdonell points out, might be interpreted by Judges without juries so as to have serious civil consequences. For instance, a bequest for the publication of Buchner's or Häckel's works, or, we should imagine, Darwin's *Descent of Man*, must inevitably be held invalid. Moreover, even if Christianity is protected, no special form of religion, if unestablished, is, and the Jew, or the Swedenborgian, or, we may add, the Roman Catholic, may be subjected to merciless ridicule or direct abuse. He would, therefore, repeal the blasphemy laws, and substitute for them the Indian law, which makes attack on any religion with the intention of insult a penal offence, adding, however, the proviso that the insult must be serious. Even that law, however, might be worked so as seriously to hamper controversy, and we disagree with Mr. Macdonell in his proposal that the magistrate shall decide, and not a jury. The country clergyman, who is often the magistrate in a country district, is hardly qualified for the exercise of such great power. Mr. Boulger's paper on China, though not novel, except in the paragraphs as to the jealousy felt in Pekin for the land-borne trade of the Empire, is very thoughtful and convincing. Mr. Boulger's proposition is that China cannot maintain her authority over her distant provinces without a great army, unless she keeps foreigners from her frontiers, and that the ruling men in Pekin are thoroughly aware of this. They will, therefore, struggle energetically to keep the Russians out of Kuldja and the French out of Tongnin, and ourselves out of Thibet; and they will, Mr. Boulger thinks, succeed. They have millions upon millions of brave and hardy subjects who approve the ancient system, and they will in the end succeed in making from them a formidable army. If the Empire were really endangered, he believes that the Chinese would demand, and perhaps ensure, a total cessation of all foreign intercourse. Mr. Sydney Buxton draws a frightful picture of the state of Connaught, with its congested population, and shows that emigration from it has hitherto been far less than from richer districts. Some counties have lost 10 per cent. of their people, but Galway has lost only 3 per cent., and Mayo only $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Moreover, in the latter counties, those who go are exclusively the bread-winners, the strong young men, the remainder being too poor. These latter, moreover, are growing poorer, all accidental sources of income dying away, while the land becomes less and less productive of corn. Mr. Buxton therefore argues strongly for family emigration, and shows that wherever it takes place the population does not fill up, but remains thinner, and the holdings are consolidated. He thinks, moreover, that the relief required is sometimes exaggerated, and that the departure of 25,000 families will make a sensible difference.

This number of the *National Review* is decidedly the best which has appeared. Mr. A. J. Balfour's argument that the Tories are criticising, not obstructing, is most temperately written, and supported by figures which show that the Liberals in 1881 and in the debates on Supply in 1882 consumed more time than the Tories. That does not prove that the Tories were not obstructing, for the object of the consumption of time must be considered; but it does prove that blank denial has been abandoned for argument, which is an advance. Mr. Colquhoun, the explorer, sends a most valuable account of the great Shan race, who now occupy the whole of Indo-China, except the portions immediately touching the seaboard. They are keen traders, devoted to their independence, and have shown such vigour that the Chinese have never been able to conquer them. Mr. Colquhoun believes they will contend just as successfully against the French, though he does not draw the deduction we should, that the two peoples should be left to fight out their own battle. Mr. Mallock is as bitter as usual, and much more shallow, in his article on "The Radicalism of the Market place," which is really only an extension of the old taunt that the cause of Liberalism is envy. He says that a minority, the new middle-class which has risen within thirty years, wants to oust the old families from their position in the land, and that this is the root of Radicalism such as Mr. Chamberlain's. His object is not democracy, but middle-class sovereignty. All we can say in reply is that if so, the object is sought in a very curious way, for the new Radicals are steadily, and, as many think, rashly increasing the power of the workmen, whose love for the new aristocracy is very small. It is certainly not in the interests of Villadom that they are enfranchising the agricultural labourers, whose votes, wherever they go, will certainly not go to the kings of the counting-house. The whole argument belongs to another age than ours. There is force, to us unexpected, in Earl Percy's answer to the question, "What is a Whig?" We cannot agree with a sentence in the answer, but Lord Percy clearly has an opinion, and expresses it with a strength and a moderation which in his speeches we do not find. His charge against the modern Whigs is that they are opportunists; that, unlike the Radicals, whose "intense belief in general principles" gives them strength and energy, they attend only to what is immediately before them, and so drift in the direction settled by their more resolute allies, the Radicals. They "regard politics as a field to which tentative processes only are applicable," and therefore lose all power. There is a certain truth in the statement, but Earl Percy should not forget that in accepting movement, even if it be blindly, the Whigs check and regulate it; and that if, as he wishes, they seceded from the Liberals, the country would be split into two camps, those who possess or approve privilege, and the entire remainder. That would not be a safe situation for men of his opinions, who in fact regard with distrust any further change, as leading inevitably to Revolution, not, he is careful to say, in the sense of anarchy or disorder, but in the sense of a change in the fundamental principles of accepted political science. Mr. Moffat in his paper "On National Unity" maintains that this change has gone so far already that a struggle of principles is at hand, and that national unity is already lost, as it is among some nations of the Continent. There is no idea common to the whole people upon which general action can be based. We believe Mr. Moffat wrong in his facts, the cleavage of ideas being more shallow than he supposes, but he points to a danger which statesmen are feeling very seriously. We seem to approach a time during which parties may be, at least apparently, irreconcileable. Mr. Saintsbury, in his sketch of Quinet, is amusing and shrewd, as usual; and Mr. Anstin's poem in defence of the Northern Spring deserves a less foolish title than "Lines to an Unknown Cockney." It is full both of poetry and feeling for Nature, and after a fine burst of appreciation of the South, "where fades not flower, nor falls the leaf," ends thus:—

> "But none of these, nor all, can match,
> At least for him who loves to watch
> The wild-flowers come, hear wild birds sing,
> The rapture of an English Spring.
> With us it loiters more than where
> It comes, it goes, half-unaware;
> Makes winter short, makes summer long,
> In autumn half renews its song,
> Nor even then doth hence depart,
> But hybernates within my heart."

Professor Goldwin Smith, in the *Nineteenth Century*, asks why we should send more Irish to "America," that is, Canada or the Northern States, and would prefer to send them elsewhere, to Crown Colonies, or even to the Southern States. The article is, however, in the main, a tirade against the Irish, a lecture on the expediency of putting down "the rebellion of the vote." The answer is clearly that the Irish will only go to America, that abuse of them, just or unjust, is of no more use than scolding at one's wife, and that a rebellion of the vote cannot be suppressed by mere force, any more than a rebellion of opinion. We must convert the votes, not silence them, if the country is to be governed by the Parliamentary system at all. Mr. Finlayson, in a paper on "Falling Trade and Factory Legislation," attributes the occasional defeats of English manufacturers by foreigners to over-humane legislation, which has reduced the hours of labour, and sighs for a return to the old thirteen hours per diem as the proper stint of work. He might as well ask for the eighteenth century back again, and even if he were right, would be sacrificing to success the objects of success. If the English cannot live here with fifty-four hours of toil a week, they are better elsewhere. Mr. W. Bromley Davenport repeats the well-worn arguments in favour of fox-hunting, in a good-humoured, breezy style, which it is pleasant to read. He does not argue that fox-hunting is a divine duty, but that it is a pleasing folly, good to be kept up, for the happiness it confers. He dreads a saturnalia of prigs, an apotheosis of claptrap, and fears that a day is coming when "the butcher shall lie down with the lamb, the alderman with the turtle, and the oyster shall not be eaten without anæsthetics; when nature itself shall be under the eye of the police, and detectives watch the stoat's pursuit of the rabbit and keep guard over spider's webs; when all property (and not in land alone, my advanced friend!) save that of Hardware magnates, who have made a monopoly and called it peace, shall be confiscated as an 'unearned increment' to the State," and when many other woes shall be on the land. It is all nonsense, but Mr. Davenport writes nonsense with a vigorous heartiness that Radicals should appreciate. Mr. Howell sends an instructive paper on "The Dwellings of the Poor" and the operations of the Peabody Trust, and evidently agrees with Lord Salisbury that the State ought to extend the system by lending money for the construction of more Peabody houses at low rates of interest. He should promote the Government plan of creating a corporation for London strong enough to grapple with the evil. Mr. George W. E. Russell, in spite of his hereditary position, is nearly as sharp upon the Whigs as Earl Percy, declaring that it is impossible to become a Whig, that the men of the party are born so, and that "Whiggery will have no place in the Liberalism of the future, because it distrusts the people." Is not that a little like Frederick the Great's "You ought to love me, sirrah"? Demos, as we hold, is rightful monarch, but a little gentle distrust of any monarch is a security for liberty. We are unable to forget that if one people elects Lincoln, and another Grévy, a third, with hurrahing and delight, sends up Parnell. Prince Krapotkine continues his argument with Mr. Lansdell about Russian prisons, and gives at least one frightful and authenticated story of the confinement of a prisoner for fifteen years in a dark and damp cell. This was M. Pushkin, who was only released in 1881, having been confined for that long period in solitude because he expected a new Messiah to descend. There are two agricultural papers, in one of which Mr. J. Howard shows that the Tories are not the farmer's friends; while in another, Mr. W. E. Bear criticises the Agricultural Holdings Bill, first, because of the agreement clauses, which, he thinks, make the Bill permissive; secondly, because it does not protect the sitting tenant; and thirdly, because it retains the right of distress, even for one year. It is satisfactory to find that so steady an advocate of tenant-right as Mr. Bear has discovered no new defects in the Bill. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's paper on "The Manufacture of Public Opinion" has the merit of originality. He maintains that the great debating clubs, of which a hundred have been opened all over England, and which imitate the procedure of the House of Commons, form a great educational agency, in which the subject of education is politics. The amateur members take to their work earnestly, and their rules of procedure are clearer and more definite than those of the House of Commons. They usually limit speeches to ten minutes, and insist on a division on the fourth night, at the latest. Mr. Jerrold, we think, exaggerates their influence; but such as it is, it is undoubtedly beneficial.

By far the most readable article in the heavier magazines of June is Mr. Traill's, in the *Contemporary*, headed, "Wanted, an Elisha." Mr. Traill answers Lord Randolph Churchill, and boldly intimates his doubts whether Lord Beaconsfield ever was an Elijah, whether he had any mantle, that is, any policy, to leave; and whether, if he was Elijah, and did leave a mantle, and Lord Salisbury has received it, anything will come of those facts. Mr. Traill's theory is that defeats in Parliament are of little moment to the Government, for the householders scarcely notice them; that the sway of opinion in the electorate is absolutely beyond the ken of the most experienced, and that in all human probability the voters will insist on a change when they want repose, and not before. He adds that Lord Beaconsfield's idea, if he had one, was to conciliate the masses by improving their condition, that although he brought out this notion in 1871, he never acted on it, and that the probability is it was one of his many dreams. Even if it was not, the policy is not a working one, for though there may be Democracy in it, there is no "Toryness." There is nothing in the conception on which the Liberals could not outbid their rivals. The article is the more striking because the rest of the number is a little heavy. We doubt if M. Émile de Laveleye's proposal to neutralise the Congo by placing the control of the river in the hands of an International Commission is not a little premature, and England certainly will not as yet declare all stations on the Congo founded by the International African Association neutral. Nobody could protect their neutrality but herself, and she has more African work already on hand than she can well manage. The article contains, however, a lucid account of recent explorations. Miss Cobbe writes a fine protest against that doctrine of hereditary conscience, as distinguished from intuitive conscience, which she says is necessary to the Agnostic system, and must ultimately kill morality, leaving only a kind of rule of the road. She maintains that with agnosticism triumphant, there would be no Father, and, therefore, no obligation of benevolence, and no personal duty owing to man himself by himself. There would be nothing but duty to the community, which would perish under the sense that its fulfilment or neglect would in a short time not matter. Yes, and would not duty to the community produce, instead of pity, mercilessness? If that duty is to be the sole law, the killing-out of the unmanageable would seem to be the most effective method of improvement. Suppose we hang the whole criminal class, all hereditary paupers, and all incurable idiots and lunatics, would not the race have a much better chance? And if it would, which is undeniable, where, if there is no God, no future state, and no duty except to the community, is the objection? Sir Arthur Hobhouse argues with great wealth of illustration and evidence that the Ilbert Bill is a necessary consequence of all recent Indian legislation, and is essential to our policy of doing equal justice to all subjects. If it is so, *cadit quæstio;* but the opponents of the Bill argue that the white man is as much entitled to justice as the dark man, and that he does not get it when he is made amenable to a Judge who, from radical differences of creed, civilisation, and upbringing, is unable to understand him. Mr. Gordon Cumming, in defending cremation, gives some curiously disgusting details of American funerals. The practice of making the dead look alive has there developed an art, and the embalmed and painted corpse is exhibited to friends in a "casket" with a glass top, and lined with different-coloured velvets:—"A gentleman returning from the Philadelphia Exhibition told me that he had heard two ladies discussing the exhibits, and they agreed that the Funeral Department was quite the most interesting. Said the first, 'Oh! that lovely casket of delicate blue velvet lined with pale-rose satin so beautifully quilted!' 'Well,' said the other, 'for my part, I preferred the black velvet with crimson-velvet lining. You know, *crimson is so becoming to a corpse!*'" Mr. Sheldon Amos defends the new Egyptian Constitution with needless vehemence. Already the world has decided that nothing is wanting to it, except the public spirit which must be its motive-power.

The *Cornhill* announces that from next month its price is to be sixpence, and it is to be "readable from cover to cover." That is an excellent promise, but then, readable to whom? Apparently, to those who love short stories; but there may be better matter behind. *Macmillan* is already under its new management, and its editor contributes a thoroughly workmanlike account of the politics of the month, full of interest and suggestion. We cannot agree with it all, especially with the

prophecy that we shall annex Zululand; but in every page there is something to arrest attention, *e.g.*, the remarks on the universality of "black" in the legislatures of the world. The sketch of Mr. W. R. Greg is delicate, as well as appreciative, though the praise given him for humility covers too large a surface of his mind. Like most strong men, Mr. Greg believed in himself on points with decision. The paper styled "French Souvenirs," really a study of M. du Camp and some of his friends, by "M. A. W.," is a fine example of delicate, white-light criticism, by a mind almost pitilessly impartial. This is new to us. We had fancied that in France the littérateur was well paid:—

"Another is the impression of the material difficulties which surround the French literary man. As we all know, pure literature is nowhere a very lucrative profession. But certainly it would seem that in France the intelligent reading public is more limited, and the rewards of the critic or the poet more scanty than amongst ourselves. Alfred de Musset would gladly have sold the copyright of *all* his poems, towards the end of his life, for a life-income of £100 a year. Théophile Gautier earned a bare pittance out of his dramatic *feuilleton* for the *Presse*, and found existence a hard struggle to the end. Flaubert, after his generosity to his family had ruined him, thankfully accepted a post of about £100 a year at the Mazarin Library, well knowing that he could not count upon his pen to support him. Charles Barbara was all but killed by the intensity of the writer's struggle to live; and so on. In England, the reading public is more widely diffused; in France, for literary, as for political purposes, Paris is the country."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Art and Letters gives its readers an ample supply of illustrations. There are twenty in all, of which the most attractive are the two views of Mont St. Michel. The pieces of detail are not so good. Wood engraving of the orthodox kind does not find it easy to hold its ground against etching, on the one hand, and the wonderful effects produced by American artists on the other. The frontispiece of the present number, "The Poultry Market, Paris," for all its merit as a drawing, strikes one as being a little hard. The chief articles, besides the description of the Abbey of Mont St. Michel and its surroundings, are "Pottery and Porcelain" and "Modern French Sculpture." Literature is represented by Mrs. Comyns Carr's tale of "Fortunina," which is brought in this number to a conclusion.——It is almost needless to say that *St. Nicholas* is very good. The adventures of a crew of three on a cabin that was carried off by a Mississippi flood and "Recollections of a Drummer-boy" are full of interest. So, in another way, is the account of the "Fresh-air Fund," an admirable New York charity, which last year gave a fortnight's holiday in the country to between five and six thousand poor children. We wish that something of the kind could be done in London. Possibly there is, and yet we, so vastly overgrown is this city, know nothing about it. The story of these little creatures' ignorance of country things, and delight in country ways, is touching in the extreme. One is glad to have the relief of a little mischief, as when some youngsters paint the deacon's young pigs, while the good man is at church. The illustrations of *St. Nicholas* are plentiful and excellent, and there is a great store of puzzles and enigmas of all kinds.——*Aunt Judy's Magazine* begins with a pretty fairy-story, "Midsummer's Eve in an Old Oak;" the two tales are carried on another stage, and the useful has its due share. There is an article on "Signals," beginning with Agamemnon's message of fire from Troy to Argos; and ending with an Australian invention, for which a name has yet to be invented, by which electricity projects to a distance the images of objects. It might be called "telephany." Another describes "Summer Flowers."

The Portfolio. The gem of this number is the etching, by M. Menpes, of a "Breton Beggar," an admirable figure. The editor carries on his description of Paris, but the formal and monotonous outlines of the Louvre do not lend themselves very readily to graceful illustration. There is a very interesting account of a Greek vase found in Kertch (the ancient Panticapæum), the design on which Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd interprets to be the warning of Themis to Zeus against his marriage with Thetis.

About Yorkshire. By Thomas and Katharine Macquoid. With sixty-seven Illustrations. (Chatto and Windus.)—A partnership of a pleasant kind has been undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Macquoid. Already they have travelled together in the Ardennes, through Normandy, and through Brittany, and in each instance an attractive-looking volume has been the fruit of the tour. Mrs. Macquoid pictures what she sees with the pen and her husband with the pencil, and the workmanship both of author and artist is excellent of its kind. *About Yorkshire* will do admirable service, if it induces many readers, as it may well do, to visit a county so full of historic interest and of natural beauty. Emerson said that to see England properly would take a hundred years, and if so, several years out of the hundred should be devoted to Yorkshire, which, for things of fame, if not for things of beauty, ranks even above Devonshire. The pretty volume before us makes no pretence of describing the county, and in what it does describe is of necessity superficial. Mrs. Macquoid has a bright, cheerful style, and carries her readers over the ground without any feeling of exhaustion. She can tell a story well, and her descriptions of scenery are appreciative and judiciously brief. Indeed, from the literary stand-point there is no fault to be found with *About Yorkshire*, if it be regarded as an agreeable drawing-room book. To work of a higher character, the writer probably does not aspire; but her achievement is no idle labour. Kindly feeling, a hearty sense of enjoyment, an unaffected style, a love of what is beautiful, an interest in the associations of literature and history,—these are no mean virtues in a traveller, and they are conspicuous in the volume. The illustrations are admirable. They recall familiar spots at once, and feed the memory, if they do not satisfy it. This, indeed, would be impossible. Who, for instance, that has lingered with a lover's incapacity of saying farewell by the ruins of Bolton and Rievaulx, which have so much more than their own beauty to commend them, or has spent summer days amidst the scenery of Scott's "Rokeby," can be contented with the restricted scope of a colourless illustration? The artist has done his best, however, and deserve our thanks.

P. Ovidii Nasonis Ibis. Edidit R. Ellis. (The Clarendon Press.) This volume reminds us of the days when scholars were learned men. We have scholars now more than it would be easy to number, men versed in the difficulties of moods, particles, and the like, but our learned scholars we might almost count on the fingers of one hand. School-books, admirably done for the most part, and forming a most satisfactory contrast to the almost worthless books with which our fathers, and even the middle-aged among ourselves, had to be content, come forth in multitudes. But they are confined within a narrow round, and editions of books that may be called extra-academical are very rare. We welcome, therefore, all the more this work of Mr. Ellis. There is no particular value in the *Ibis*, though it is an ingenious composition, but it is *optimi exempli* that a great scholar should busy himself with work that lies outside the narrow circle of academical requirements. The *Ibis* seems to have been a translation or an adaptation of a poem written by Callimachus against Apollonius Rhodius. Against whom Ovid directed it is not certain, nor is it certain how great were his obligations to his original, as of that original not a fragment remains. Its chief claim on the reader's attention is its relation to the poems of exile,—a part of Ovid's surviving work which has scarcely received the attention which it deserves. A good edition of the "Tristia" and the "Epistolae ex Ponto" is a desideratum. There has, indeed, been no edition, good or bad, for many years in this country. Mr. Robinson Ellis gives us "Prolegomena," in which he discusses the origin of the poem and its critical history; a text abundantly illustrated with various readings, "Scholia in Ibin" reaching to more than sixty pages, and a "Commentarius" amounting to eighty-eight more. Altogether, we have here a model of completeness and careful labour.

Transplanted. By M. E. Fraser-Tytler. (Bentley and Son.)—

> "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
> Die hat einen andern erwählt;
> Der andre liebt eine andre,
> Und——"

The above quotation from Heine, which stands on the title-page, supplies a better clue to the contents of this book than does its name; and the reader must be prepared to follow young people whose affections have a tendency rather to pursue each other in a circle, than to come to a satisfactory meeting-point. This naturally gives a sort of half-plaintive tone to much of the work, something like that of a piece of music wherein the minor key predominates. One peculiarity about the story lies in the difficulty of determining precisely who is meant to be the hero, as there are two brothers whose claim to that honour is so evenly balanced as to make it hard to tell which of them had the preference in the mind of the author. The tale is not an exciting one; but it is told smoothly and gracefully, and will beguile a spare hour pleasantly enough. The characters would have been all the better for additional force of colouring.

The Chronicle of James I., King of Aragon (written by himself). Translated from the Catalan by the late John Forster, Esq., M.P. for Berwick, with Historical Introduction, &c., by Pascual de Gayangos. 2 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—These bulky volumes present us with a translation of the "Commentari dels Feyts Esdevenguts en la Vida del molt alt Senyor," James I., of Aragon, whose long reign (1218-1276) forms one of the most interesting and important epochs of Spanish mediæval history. The most remarkable events of which these Commentaries give a detailed record are the conquest of the Balearic Isles, which was completed in 1232; the expulsion of the Moors from Valencia, accomplished towards the middle of the thirteenth century; and the abortive crusade, undertaken at the instance of the Khan of Tartary, in 1265. The King had not

been long at sea when a storm arose, and so battered his fleet that he came to the conclusion that God "thought it was not for our good nor for that of Christianity" that they should not return home. Towards the close of the second volume, a curious account will be found of the King's interviews with Pope Gregory X. at Lyons, where a Council had assembled, in 1274. The Pope could not sufficiently praise his visitor for the readiness he had shown in organising an expedition for the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre. James thought the opportunity a good one for getting crowned by the Pope, but Gregory made a slight difficulty. He wanted the Aragonese monarch to confirm a tribute granted by the latter's father to the Holy See "which was of two hundred and fifty masmodinos jusefichs" (golden *masmudis*, struck by the Yusuf dynasty, according to a foot-note), together with payment of arrears; but James replied that he had come as a guest, not as a tributary, and that he would rather return home without the crown than with it at such a price. A preface, together with numerous explanatory foot-notes and several appendices on the Moorish annals of Spain, by Don Pascual de Gayangos, greatly enhance the value and interest of these volumes, and the simplicity and quaintness of the narrative are additional attractions to the student of old-world annals and manners.

Q. Horati Opera. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—A very elegant little volume, printed in beautiful type, on dead-white paper. But why the gilt top? Surely the rough edges are better, especially when the process of gilding seems to leave a disfiguring brown mark, for which we cannot account otherwise. So very pretty a book ought to have no drawback. The text has been carefully edited by Mr. F. W. Cornish.

The Galilean Gospel. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. (Macniven and Wallace.)—We heartily commend to our readers this little volume, as giving an outline, ably drawn, of the teaching of Christ, as it is found in the Gospels. The "Beatitudes," "The Sympathy of Christ," "The Vicarious Virtue of Faith," "Christ the Great Innovator," are among the subjects discussed. We cannot do better than quote, as a sentence representative of Professor Bruce's teaching, the following:—"These miracles may be regarded in three lights, in all of which they are full of permanent significance: as a *revelation of Christ*, as a *prophecy of better days*, and as an *inspiration to all who honour the name and cherish the spirit of Jesus.*"

Bishop Ewing. By James Cameron Lees, D.D. (Macniven and Wallace.)—Dr. Lees has given us, in this little tract, one of the series of "St. Giles' Lectures—Scottish Divines," an admirable picture of the Bishop—the finest mind that the Scotch Episcopal Church has had since Leighton. Dr. Ewing's influence was perhaps more felt outside his own communion than within it. Such men as Dr. Lees himself in the Established Church, and Dr. Forbes Robertson in the Free Church, would acknowledge him as one of their teachers. Here, in England, he is remembered with affection and gratitude by many who recognised in him the characteristics of the true prophet, the bold speaker-forth of hidden things into which it was given him to have an insight.

Sir William Hamilton, the Man and his Philosophy. By Professor Veitch. (Blackwood and Sons.)—Professor Veitch had two hours to talk of his subject; and it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to compress more within the narrow limits of space thus imposed. The reader who wishes to learn something about this great thinker and his work cannot do better than possess himself of this little volume. And if he goes on to make himself acquainted with the longer account which the author has given of his subject, in the series of "Blackwood's Philosophical Classics," he will certainly not repent it.

The Poems of T. B. Aldrich. (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston, U.S.)—We have seen the chief, if not all, of these poems before. "Judith" certainly, in which the writer has worked out the fancy, not very happily conceived, of making Judith in love with her victim, Holofernes, "Spring in New England," perhaps the gem of the collection, "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," and "The Legend of Ara Caeli," revive, as we read them, an impression generally favourable of Mr. Aldrich's poetical powers. He always works as one who knows his craft; there is no slovenliness about his execution. Perhaps there is commonly a want of fire, except when, now and then, some real feeling seems to stir him. It only remains to say that the volume is of a handsome appearance. We do not wholly believe in these loose-parchment covers, which it is the prevailing fashion to use for binding. The illustrations, the work of the "Paint and Clay Club," are of various merit in design, but in point of engraving almost invariably good.

School Books.—*The First Greek Book.* By Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M.A. Edited by Francis David Morrie, M.A. (Rivingtons.)—We are glad to see these very useful school-books of Mr. T. K. Arnold's adapted to the newer methods of teaching. Excellent as they were, they wanted, above all things, simplification; and this they have received, at the hands of the skilful editors to whom they have been entrusted. One considerable change now introduced into the book before us is the postponement of all discussion of the dual to the end. *Primâ facie*, it commends itself to us, as tending to diminish the very great difficulties which Greek accidence presents to the beginner. Generally, the considerable remodelling which the manual has received seems to have been judicious. But what does Mr. Morrie mean, when he says that "'ai' is sounded as *ai* in 'aisle'?" Surely the sound is much more full.——Mr. T. T. M'Lagan's *Latin Course: Second Year* (W. and R. Chambers), strikes us as scarcely giving the good Latinity which we should expect. The writer of a school-book may often find it convenient to construct his own sentences, but he must be very careful about the construction. Is there any authority for "Babylone *discessit* [died] Alexander Magnus," or for the accusative in "*unum diem* pontem in flumine Arare Cæsar fecit, idem Helvetii *viginti dies* confecerunt"? In Ex. xxi., 2, Mr. M'Lagan quotes Cæsar's own words, "Diebus viginti confecerant."——We have before us two excellent specimens of "Bell's Reading Books,"—*Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*, and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, edited by H. Conrthope Bowen, M.A. (Bell and Sons.)—The originals have been abridged, but abridged, it would seem, with judgment, by the editor.——Mr. C. L. Dodgson publishes a second edition of his *Euclid, I., II.* (Macmillan.)—Mr. Dodgson does not think with those who would supersede Euclid altogether, but he regards the "Elements" as being capable of improvement. The changes are not great, but they are of some importance, and all tend towards simplicity. There is a very neat alternative proof of ii., 8, reducing the length by about nine parts out of ten. In this edition, words have been introduced, in the place of algebraical symbols.——*Shakespeare's King Richard III.*, with Notes, Examination Papers, and Plan of Preparation. (W. and R. Chambers.)—The "Plan of Study" is much to be commended.

New Editions.—We are glad to see that a third edition has been called for of Professor Bruce's valuable work the *Training of the Twelve.* (T. and T. Clark.) Professor Bruce is one of the thinkers, happily becoming more common among theologians, who know how to learn and to move, and it is satisfactory to perceive that his contributions to theology are properly appreciated.——The new edition of *Studies in Church History*, by Henry C. Lea (Henry C. Lea's Son and Co., Philadelphia), has been supplemented by an interesting essay on "The Early Church and Slavery." Mr. Lea has studied the authorities, both classical and ecclesiastical, with care; but why does he speak of the Younger Pliny "having amused himself" with torturing two female slaves suspected of Christianity? The truth is, that the account which those who had abjured gave him of Christian practices seemed to contain nothing that could account for the popular feeling against them. He could not but believe that something more remained behind. "Wherefore," he continues, "I thought it the more necessary to find out, even by torture from two female slaves, who were called ministers, what was the truth." Pliny was a humane man, and his fault was that he believed, as men long continued to believe, that truth could be drawn out by torture. ——We have also received a handsome, illustrated edition of *Sacred Allegories*, by the Rev. William Adams, M.A. (Rivingtons.)—These *Allegories*, if we put out of account Bunyan's great work, are as beautiful as anything of the kind in our language. "The Old Man's Home," in particular, is a masterpiece of vivid writing, so vivid, indeed, that, not a little to the author's distress, it was commonly taken as the account of an actual person. A short memoir is prefixed. The illustrations are of varying merit, the landscapes good, the figures not so pleasing.——*The Invasion of the Crimea.* By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VII. (Blackwood and Sons.)

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for June:—Part 1 of a reissue of the serial edition of the *Doré Dante*, embracing the "Inferno," "Purgatorio," and "Paradiso," illustrated with the well known full-page illustrations by Gustave Doré. (Cassell and Co.)—The *Magazine of Art*, the article on "The Slade Girls" in which will be interesting to those engaged or concerned in the work-for-women question.—Part 33 of *Picturesque Palestine.*—*L'Art*, the illustrations in which are above the average.—Part 8 of *Greater London.*—Part 1 of *The Fisheries of the World*, being an illustrated and descriptive record of the International Fisheries Exhibition.—The *Antiquarian Magazine*, which is now published by D. Bogue, St. Martin's Place.—*Decoration*, completing Vol. V. of the new series.—No. 2 of the *Social Zoo*, entitled "Nice Girls."—*Science Gossip.*—The *Gentleman's Magazine*, containing a paper by Karl Blind on "The 'Holy Grail' a Coral Stone."—*Time*, completing Vol. VIII.—*Belgravia*, in which the story by Mr. Wilkie Collins is concluded, and a new one commenced by Mr. C. Gibbon.—The *Theatre*, completing Vol. I. of the new series.—*To-Day.*—*London Society.*—The *Oxford Magazine.*—The *Nautical Magazine.*—The *Army and Navy Magazine.*—*Colburn's United Service Magazine.*—*Health.*—The *Folk-lore Journal.*—The *Catholic Presbyterian.*—The *Month*, containing the first instalment of an account of a personal visit to Ireland, by the editor.—*Good Words.*—*Cassell's Magazine*, containing an interesting paper on "Alligator

Farming," by C. F. Gordon Cumming. The extra holiday number of this magazine also contains a well selected collection of stories, &c., by well-known writers, the illustrations to which are good.—*All the Year Round*, in which a series of "Chronicles of English Counties" is commenced; also a new serial story by Mrs. Pender-Cudlip.—*Chambers's Journal.*—*Letts's Household Magazine.*—The *Sunday at Home.*—The *Sunday Magazine.*—The *Leisure Hour.*—The *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.*—The *Ladies' Treasury.*—The *Continent.*—The *Atlantic Monthly.*—*Harper's Monthly*, the opening illustrated article in which is devoted to "Lambeth Palace." The woodcut illustrations to the paper on "The Home of Hiawatha" are of a very high class.

We have received from the Fine Art Society a portrait of Dr. John Brown, etched by Mr. C. O. Murray.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander (T.), Applied Mechanics, Part 2, cr 8vo .....(Macmillan) 10/6
Alford (E. M.), Romance of Coombehurst, 2 vols. cr 8vo .....(W. Blackwood) 17/0
Andrews (W.), Historic Romance, &c., cr 8vo .....(Simpkin) 5/0
Beard (C.), Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, 8vo (Williams & Norgate) 10/6
Beunet (W.), King of the Peak, cr 8vo .....(Chapman & Hall) 6/0
Black (W.), Yolande, 3 vols. cr 8vo .....(Macmillan) 31/6
Burgoyne (R. H.), Historical Records of the 93rd Highlanders, 8vo (Bentley) 30/0
Burton (J. H.), My Home Farm, cr 8vo .....(Longman) 3/6
Chapman (W.), Notable Women of the Covenant, cr 8vo .....(Sounenschein) 3/6
Courtenay (C.), Joe Jasper's Troubles, cr 8vo .....(Jarrold) 1/6
Derwent (J. L.), Circe's Lovers, 3 vols. cr 8vo.....(Chatto & Windus) 31/6
Duke (J.), Recollections of the Kabul Campaign, 8vo..... .....(W. H. Allen) 15/0
Emerson (R. W.), Works of, Vol. 5, cr 8vo .....(Macmillan) 5/0
Frankland (P. F.), Agricultural Chemical Analysis, cr 8vo.....(Macmillan) 7/6
Galdos (B. P.), Gloria, 2 vols. 16mo .....(Trübner) 7/6
Galdos (B. P.), Marianda, 16mo.....(Trübner) 4/0
Green (T. H.), The Witness of God and Faith, 12mo.....(Longman) 2/0
Greenwood (T.), A Tour in the United States and Canada .....(Bazaar Office) 2/6
Grindon (L. H.), Guide to the Shakspere Flora, cr 8vo.....(Simpkin) 6/0
Hammond (W. A.), Treatise on Insanity, 8vo .....(Lewis) 25/0
Hollingshead (J.), Footlights, cr 8vo .....(Chapman & Hall) 7/6
Hope (M.), Because of the Angels, 2 vols. cr 8vo .....(Longman) 12/0
Horder, Selections from the Book of Praise for Jewish Children ...(Trübner) 2/6
Hughes (L.), Analysis of Jeremiah, Ezra, and Nehemiah, cr 8vo ...(Simpkin) 1/6
Hutchisson (W. H. F.), Pen and Pencil Sketches, &c., 8vo .....(S. Low & Co.) 18/0
Langford (J. A.), The Bright Birthday Book, 16mo .....(Simpkin) 3/6
Lee (V.), Ottilie, 12mo .....(Unwin) 3/6
Logan (W. E.), Life of, by B. J. Harrington, 8vo .....(S. Low & Co.) 12/6
Meredith (G.), Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth, cr 8vo .....(Macmillan) 6/0
Merrifield (J.), Treatise on Navigation, cr 8vo .....(Longman) 5/0
Parker (J. H.), Archæology of Rome, part 6, 8vo .....(Parker) 12/0
Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum, Libri 4, edited by T. E. Page, 12mo (Macmillan) 6/0
Ransome (A. H.), Sunday Thoughts for Little Ones, 32mo .....(W. H. Allen) 1/6
Rosmini (A.), Five Wounds of the Holy Church, cr 8vo .....(Rivington) 7/6
Sansom (A. E.), Valvular Diseases of the Heart, 12mo ....(Churchill) 3/6
Senior Songman (The), 3 vols. cr 8vo .....(Hurst & Blackett) 31/6
Shakespere's King John, edited by C. E. Moberley, 12mo .....(Rivington) 2/0
Stirling (V.), The Henry Irving Birthday-book, 18mo .....(Routledge) 3/6
Swinburne (A. C.), A Century of Roundels, 16mo.....(Chatto & Windus) 8/0
Sylvia Despard's Revenge, 16mo .. ..(Simpkin) 2/0
Tanner (J. G.), The Sevenfold Gift, cr 8vo .....(Shaw) 2/6
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Wigram (W. K.), Twelve Wonderful Tales, cr 8vo .....(Bentley) 5/0
Wordsworth (C.), Guides and Goads, 32mo .....(Rivington) 1/6

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THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Bristol.
The Office of HEAD MASTER of the School is VACANT, by the Resignation of the Rev. J. W. Caldicott, D.D., and the Governing Body of the School will proceed to elect a Head Master in the month of July. Candidates are requested to forward their applications, accompanied by testimonials, on or before July 10th next, to the undersigned, from whom particulars of the tenure, duties, and emoluments of the Head Mastership may be procured by written application.
F. W. NEWTON, Clerk to the Governing Body.
Lucas Hall Chambers, Baldwin Street, Bristol, June 7, 1883.

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Grocers' Hall, May, 1883.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENT has been the scene of a scandalous discussion this week. Suleiman Sami, the Egyptian officer believed by her Majesty's agents in Egypt to be immediately responsible for the burning of Alexandria, was tried, by order of the Khedive, before a court-martial and condemned to death. Lord R. Churchill, humbly followed by Sir S. Northcote, demanded on Friday week that the British Government should interfere, alleging the sentence to be unjust, and Suleiman a mere scapegoat for the Khedive. Mr. Gladstone, while utterly repudiating these statements, agreed to ask once more if the British agents thought the sentence just. They reported in the affirmative, and the man was executed on Saturday. Lord Randolph thereupon on Monday attacked Mr. Gladstone as guilty of a judicial murder, and reaffirmed that the Khedive had been the author of the burnings and massacres. He offered no proof whatever of his charges, which Lord Dufferin pronounces absolutely absurd; but nevertheless, he was supported by men like Sir S. Northcote, Sir R. Cross, and the Tories generally. We have said enough of the affair elsewhere, but must add here that the discussion was most discreditable to the House of Commons. If our representatives in Egypt are to be publicly discredited, and the Khedive accused of murder, in order to secure a party triumph, our position in Egypt will become untenable.

As regards the actual guilt of Suleiman Sami, the evidence would appear to be conclusive. He himself admits it, to begin with, and only pleads that he acted under Arabi's orders. He was, moreover, seen ordering the burnings by scores of witnesses. The Khedive, too, affirms that the Commission which examined the charges was not ill-affected to the rebels, and its members unanimously found Suleiman guilty, while the court-martial, which was equally unanimous, contained Major Morris, an Englishman, and Federigo Bey, an Austro-Italian, while Major Macdonald watched the proceedings. That the burning was not a "military measure" was, moreover, proved by the fact that the spot where the English would land was the spot which was not burned. In truth, the only plea worth a moment's attention was that Suleiman was acting under Arabi's orders, and that, even if true—as all Arabi's friends deny—is worthless. Suppose that the dynamiteurs plead that they all acted under the orders of O'Donovan Rossa, and that the Irish of New York are at war with the British Government.

The trial of the six Americans charged with the conspiracy to blow up London buildings with dynamite ended on Thursday in a verdict of acquittal in favour of two of them, and of guilty against four. They were all indicted under the Treason-Felony Act of 1848, and were tried before three Judges, of whom the Lord Chief Justice was one; and the four were, if the evidence could be trusted, guilty past dispute. Lord Coleridge, therefore, as mouthpiece of the Court, after pointing out that the accused had absolutely no wrongs to avenge, being "citizens of a great country in amity with the Queen," sentenced them to penal servitude for life. The sentence is terrible, but so was the offence, which was nothing less than a conspiracy to murder innocent persons, out of enmity to this country. It is notable that one of the prisoners avowed that he knew nothing of the history of Ireland.

The Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill passed its second reading in the House of Lords, on Monday, by a majority of seven (165 for it and 158 against it), the division showing a much larger number on both sides than have ever been mustered on this Bill before; the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Albany voting for the Bill, while the two Archbishops and twenty Bishops voted against it. Not a single Bishop gave his vote in its favour. The discussion was not a very great one. Lord Dalhousie, who moved the second reading, treated the matter as one virtually settled, so far as argument went, and did not take much pains to review the case. Lord Cairns, who moved the rejection of the Bill, did so partly on the ground that you must go a great deal further than to legalise this particular kind of marriage, if there is to be any sort of principle in the measure, and partly on the ground that the countries in which this kind of marriage is legal are looser altogether in their view of the state of marriage than the United Kingdom, and much less happy in consequence. Lord Bramwell made a vigorous, but rather too jocose speech in favour of the Bill, while Lord Carrington showed that there is a very real demand for it among the working-classes. Lord Coleridge replied to Lord Bramwell, maintaining that no Bill which does not put the whole relations of consanguinity and affinity on some footing of distinct principle is even worthy of consideration; while the Archbishop of Canterbury insisted on the supposed Scriptural prohibition, and argued that the dispensations for such marriages so early given by Rome prove that the Church had disapproved such marriages from the beginning,—which is true; but then, these dispensations also prove that the Church's disapprobation was never of an insurmountable kind. It was disfavour, rather than moral condemnation; and the disfavour might, by sufficient make-weights, be changed into positive sanction.

On Monday Mr. Bright was received in Birmingham, for the week of rejoicing over the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with Birmingham, and the fortieth of his entrance on public life, with demonstrations of public affection such as few Englishmen indeed can boast of. The *Times* says that near a million of persons were stationed along the five-mile course of the procession, and that the continuous roar of their welcome produced an impression of the meaning of popular feeling for which it would not be very easy to find a parallel. Nearly fifty thousand people joined in the procession following Mr. Bright and afterwards passing before him, and amongst the most effective of the symbols displayed were the Birmingham bakers' loaves and the enormous loaf, nearly six feet high and broad in proportion, which the agricultural labourers, headed by Mr. Joseph Arch, carried before him. On each side of the way were densely packed, six and more deep, for the whole five miles, Birmingham artisans and their wives, who cheered Mr. Bright vehemently as he passed. Mr. Bright himself, no doubt, was rather overpowered both by the prospect and by the spectacle of all this homage. But the remarkable thing is that the hundreds of thousands who lined his way far more thoroughly enjoyed rendering the homage than he could have enjoyed receiving it. Birmingham and its neighbourhood felt all the happier for showing their hearty allegiance to the eloquent orator who had so often pleaded passionately for their rights, and denounced the artificial restraints placed upon both their energies and their aspirations.

On Wednesday, Mr. Bright was presented by the Liberals of Birmingham, in Bingley Hall, with a silver dessert service and

with the picture painted of him by Mr. Holl, no fewer than twenty thousand people being, it is said, packed into the hall on the occasion. In reply, Mr. Bright, quoting from Young's "Night Thoughts," dwelt upon the wisdom of reviewing the past, and bantered his opponents for the reluctance they very naturally feel to dwell upon that past. The Conservative party insist much on the study of ancient history, but when the history of the last fifty years is referred to, they push it aside with contempt, on the ground that it is "only ancient history," as if that ought not to be, for them, its highest recommendation. Mr. Bright then went on to a powerful contrast between the sufferings of the people before the repeal of the Corn Laws, and their comparative comfort during the last seven years of bad harvests and depressed trade. Mr. Bright anticipated a speedy triumph of the principles of Free-trade in the United States, and thought that the consequence of that triumph would be an example on the part of the great English-speaking communities that would first convince the world, and then pacify it,—a sanguine view of the omnipotence of interest over passion in which we have never been able to follow Mr. Bright's anticipations. "Neither Emperors, nor Kings, nor statesmen, nor the public Press," says Mr. Bright, "will be able to bring nations into war, when these nations are united in their interest by perfect freedom of industry between them." Are the prosperous nations, then, free from passions, both noble and ignoble, which threaten that prosperity? All history replies in the negative. Were not the interests of the Northern and the Southern States most closely intertwined before 1861? And yet neither did that bond of interest strangle slavery, nor did it prevent a most bloody and lasting war. Mr. Bright's hopes for once master his imaginative power.

Mr. Chamberlain, at the same meeting, made an outspoken speech, in which he denied that, under the present distribution of power, the people were represented at all. He believed that the people were more Radical than the House, though not more Radical than the Government. He inveighed against the system under which Warwick had two-thirds of the weight of Birmingham, and one-fifth of the registered electors returned one-half of the House of Commons. All this was excellently put, as was also a most eloquent argument for the enfranchisement of the labourer, who, Mr. Chamberlain maintained, had managed the agricultural strikes with both moderation and temper; but Mr. Chamberlain was not wise all through. He has no right whatever to say that a plébiscite would disestablish the Church, a point upon which the keenest observers admit themselves at fault; and he should not allude to universal suffrage as he does. He has a right to his opinion, if he is in favour of that awful change; but it is not for Ministers of the Crown to excite hopes so indefinitely distant, and throw on the table propositions which, if they were seriously made, would cleave all parties into fragments.

Lord Granville presided at the banquet of Thursday in the Birmingham Town Hall, and proposed Mr. Bright's health. He mentioned that he had suggested to Lord Aberdeen, when forming the Cabinet of 1853,—the Cabinet of all the Talents,—that the Government would be all the stronger for including Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, and that Lord Aberdeen had personally agreed with him, though he did not think it possible to get over the difficulties which others would have made. Lord Granville remarked on Mr. Bright's success in making changes possible which had been thought previously impossible, illustrating what he said by the late Sir George Grey's remark that the Irish Protestant Establishment was "absolutely indefensible in itself, and also impossible to remove." He remarked on the fidelity of Birmingham to Mr. Bright, and on Mr. Bright's love for Birmingham, though that was certainly not the love described in *King Lear*, which makes "breath poor and speech unable," as Mr. Bright remained "one of the greatest orators ever found on an English platform, or perfected in an English Parliament."

Mr. Bright in reply described, as he had been asked to describe, how his political convictions had grown up. The forcible levying of Church-rates from members of other Churches was the first occasion which had turned his thoughts into active political agitation, and his first public address was delivered from a tombstone to an anti-Church-rate assembly. Then, when he came to pay the small wages which alone he could afford to handloom-weavers, whose work, had the American market been open to them, would have exchanged far more food than the English farmer could afford to give for it, he could not help having his mind forced by pity into the advocacy of Free-trade. Afterwards his mind turned towards reform, of which, however, he maintained that he had always been one of the most moderate advocates, in the sense that he was always eager to accept substantial concessions, even though not up to what he thought the highest mark of justice.

But the most remarkable passage of his speech was that in which, after remarking on his long-tried devotion to the principle of securing the Irish peasants in the possession of their own farms, and making them proprietors where it was possible, he diverged into an eloquent rebuke to the Conservative Obstructives of the hour:—"And, what is worse at this moment, as you see—you do not so much see it here as it is seen in the House—they are found in alliance with an Irish rebel party (loud and long-continued cheers), the main portion of whose funds, for the purposes of agitation, come directly from the avowed enemies of England, and whose oath of allegiance is broken by association with its enemies. Now, these are the men of whom I spoke, who are disregarding the wishes of the majority of the constituencies, and who, as far as possible, make it impossible to do any work for the country by debates and divisions in the House of Commons. I hope that the constituencies will mark some of the men of this party, and that they will not permit Parliament to be dishonoured and Government enfeebled by Members who claim to be, but are not, Conservative and constitutional. Our freedom is no longer subverted or threatened by the Crown, or by a privileged aristocracy. Is the time come—I quote the words from history—is the time come to which the ancestor of Lord Salisbury referred 300 years ago, when he said that 'England could only be ruined by Parliament'? The great constituencies must look to this. The ballot has given all electors freedom. On them the country must rely for the preservation of the honour and the free working of the House of Commons. The reform must come, and cannot long be delayed. It must wrest the power and close the era of the men who now afflict the House, who from night to night insult the majesty of the British people." That is a passage which is likely, we hope, to find an echo in every constituency in Great Britain.

Prince Bismarck has gained two important victories this week. On Monday, Herr Bennigsen, the leader of the National Liberals, announced to his followers that he resigned his post, and with it his seat in Parliament. He retires for a time from political life. His avowed reason is dislike to vote with his party against the repeal of the May Laws; but he is also, it is known, disheartened at the position of affairs in Parliament. There is nothing, he believes, to be done. His resignation, following that of Herr Lasker, has disorganised the Liberals, and Prince Bismarck, supported by the Conservatives and Ultramontanes, has it all his own way. On Tuesday, therefore, the Reichsrath passed the measure on which the Chancellor has most set his heart—the prophetic Budget for 1884-85—and was instantly and quite unexpectedly prorogued, all the social Bills mentioned in the Emperor's speech being thus lost. The Chancellor had gained his end, and did not want Parliament any more. It is believed that next Session, the "Socialist" Bills granting aid in sickness, and so on, will again be proposed, and will be carried, and that the Reichsrath will then be dissolved, the Chancellor believing that with the Liberals so out of heart, and the lowest class conciliated, he will obtain a majority at the polls. His calculation, if the Catholics adhere to him, is probably correct.

A deputation of Armenians waited on Lord Dufferin on Wednesday to congratulate him on his efforts on their behalf, and to express their hope that the Ottoman Government would at last see its own true interest. Lord Dufferin, in reply, told the deputation that he had assured the Sultan of the loyalty of Armenians, and had pressed on him the necessity of sending a Commissioner to govern the province who would remove all corrupt officials, and wherever the Armenians were in a majority would appoint Armenians in their places. His plan is, in fact, self-government for Armenia, under a removable Commissioner. The Sultan listened, Lord Dufferin said, and was gracious; but he had himself little hope, and he had warned the Sultan that "a term must come to patience." The Russian Armenians were in a very different position from those of Turkey, the latter began to draw invidious deductions, and in a short time a situation might arise most disastrous to the Porte and its supre-

macy. Of course, the object of this very unusual demonstration is to attract attention in Constantinople; but it is hardly probable that the mind of the Sultan will be much affected. What does he care what Mr. Hagopian, or Mr. Apcar, or other Asiatic Christians may feel? When the Russian troops appear on the border, the Sultan will grant autonomy; and till then, his Pashas will plunder hard, taking all the more because the province is going. Think what mosquitoes would be, if they knew that their last chance of sucking had arrived!

The French Government have thought fit to publish a most outrageous statement. Their organs affirm that during an interview with Li Hung Chang at Shanghai, M. Tricou, the new French Ambassador, informed him that orders had been issued to shoot every Chinaman found in the Anamite ranks. It is added, in a tone of pride, that this announcement made a great impression on Li. We should think it did, for even China would hardly issue an order so unjust and impolitic. The Chinese in Anam are in a country in which they have as much right as we have in Canada, and are in the worst case only obeying the orders of their Government. Their appearance under Anamite colours might justify a war with China, but could by no possibility excuse a massacre of men who demand quarter. The consequences of a similar threat ruined the French cause in Mexico, and they will find that the Chinese with quarter refused are very formidable enemies. Are the French Government so in love with defeat, that they refuse to let their enemies run away?

The freedom of the Press means on the Continent something very different from what it means in England. The Queen of Spain wants a holiday, as everybody wants who is condemned to live the Court life, and proposes to pay a short visit to her relatives in Vienna, returning to Madrid at the end of a month. Thereupon, a number of Spanish newspapers affirm that she has left her husband in wrath at his infidelities, and will never enter Spain again. There is not a particle of truth in the statement, the King and his wife being on such terms that she is to be appointed Regent during the approaching tour; but so widespread is the scandal, that the *Times*' Correspondent has evidently been asked by the King and Queen, through a third party, to deny it by telegraph throughout Europe. The world, perhaps, does not get worse, for scandal always existed; but it certainly grows more vulgar, in that way in which vulgarity is demoralising. It loses, too, the old fortitude, which once enabled Kings, at all events, to live down lies.

Newnham College had a festivity of its own last Saturday, when a portrait of Miss Clough, who thirteen years ago opened with half-a-dozen women students the institution which now holds eighty, was presented to Newnham by the former and the present students. The enthusiasm of the girls appears to have been cordial, though the soprano and contralto cheering rather alarmed the masculine visitors, who were not accustomed to the collective voices of womenkind. Doubtless, the cry was something like that to which Homer compares the cry of the Trojans,—that which the migrating cranes send forth when they bear destruction to the pigmies. And surely the students of Newnham and Girton, of Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville College, do bode destruction to the pigmy race of merely fashionable girls.

Wednesday was a great day at both the older Universities,—Commemoration at Oxford, and the day on which the honorary degrees were conferred at Cambridge. At Oxford, Dr. Schliemann, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Justice Bowen (an old and brilliant Balliol Fellow), Professor Fraser, and others received the honorary degree; after which Mr. Merry, the Public Orator, made a Latin speech of much more than ordinary ability and wit, marked by a certain banter directed at his own peculiar Latinity,—with not a few uses of *quippe qui*, for instance,—and concluding with a humorous apology to his audience if by chance he had not used the subjunctive mood often enough. At Cambridge, where the Chancellor himself was present, an honorary degree was conferred, among others, on Mr. Matthew Arnold, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. Roscoe, and the great artist, Mr. G. F. Watts,—the Public Orator, Mr. Sandys, referring pointedly to Mr. Arnold's birth on the Thames at Laleham, and speaking of him as inspired by its pellucid genius,—"qui amnis, poetarum landibus celebratus, tranquillus, at non tardus, it, profundus et pellucidus idem est." Sir John Lubbock was complimented with equal grace on his study of prehistoric times and on the Bank holidays he had given to England, Professor Roscoe on his spectrum analysis, and Mr. Watts on his great classical pictures. Mr. Merry and Mr. Sandys vie with each other in giving a certain lightness to their Latinity, and an effective allusiveness to their criticism of life.

It is clear, not only from the letters which we publish elsewhere, but from other equally remarkable indications, that the Oxford feeling against the organisation of a physiological laboratory with every arrangement for vivisection is very deep and wide-spread. Here is an illustration. The Rev. Coker-Adams, of Saham Rectory, Thetford, has sent to the Bursar of New College, Oxford, the following letter:—"To the Senior Bursar, New College, Oxford.—Saham Rectory, Thetford, St. Barnabas' Day, 1883. My dear Bursar,—If the University of Oxford has no better employment for its money than the expenditure of £10,000 in promoting Vivisection, that learned body cannot want and shall not have another sixpence from me. Should there be any way of becoming unattached to the University, while remaining, technically as truly, attached to my College, I will gladly avail myself of it. Otherwise, I must regretfully request that you will take my name off the books at the end of the academical year.—Believe me, yours, very truly, Coker-Adams." But we sincerely hope that Mr. Coker-Adams will reconsider his course. It is always a pity to diminish the number of the Opposition, especially if there be any chance of turning the Opposition into the Ministry. Our notion is that while there is a good war to wage, an efficient soldier should never throw up his commission.

The Lord Mayor presided yesterday week at the Mansion House over a meeting of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants (14 Grosvenor Road, S.W.), held partly to raise funds for this very valuable association, and partly to prepare for a new branch of it to be opened in the City and Shoreditch. The Lord Mayor, Lord O'Hagan, the Dean of Llandaff, Mr. Hubbard, and the Chairman of the Association, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, addressed the meeting, appealing to them for the funds without which it is simply impossible to found homes or find them for thousands of servants out of place, and to provide discipline and training in the temporary homes for shiftless and stupid girls. A few subscriptions, amounting to nearly £50, were raised in the meeting, but much more is needed. We wish the Charity Organisation Society would give us a Lloyd's classification, as it were, of the various charities of London, placing in the highest rank those only which do great good, without doing any harm. If they would, the Association at 14 Grosvenor Road would certainly be classed "A 1."

Mr. Gladstone announced on Thursday that the Government would consider whether the Agricultural Holdings Bill could not have precedence of the Bill against Corrupt Practices at Elections. It is probable, therefore, that they intend to give the former Bill precedence. It is, of course, assumed in some quarters that the Attorney-General's Bill is, therefore, given up, but this is not the case. Mr. Gladstone informed his followers that it was indispensable, and it will be strenuously pressed. The change of purpose is due to the representations of landlords, who want to discuss the Tenants' Bill and get away, and to the necessity of giving the Lords time for consideration. Those unhappy gentlemen have had nothing to do all the Session, and are naturally not in a pleasant mood. The division of work between the Houses is indeed preposterous, but no one is able to devise a remedy. For a Liberal Government to propose political Bills in the Upper House first is to ensure their rejection.

The following is the official return of the results of the St. Andrews Arts Examination of 1883 for Women,—the examination for the diploma of L. L. A., as that University terms it:—Passed in Latin, 9 (1 with honours); mathematics, 2; logic and metaphysics, 8 (1 with honours); moral philosophy, 6 (4 with honours); English literature, 109 (68 with honours); natural philosophy, 1; education, 111 (33 with honours); political economy, 15 (4 with honours); French, 115 (24 with honours); German, 43 (19 with honours); Italian, 3; comparative philology, 14; history, 47 (9 with honours); chemistry, 1, with honours; physiology, 48 passed; botany, 17 (7 with honours); zoology, 2 (1 with honours); geology, 10 (7 with honours); Church history, 3 passed.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 100½ to 100⅝ x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE EXECUTION OF SULEIMAN SAMI.

THE Government on Monday put forward two arguments in defence of their conduct in allowing the execution of Suleiman Sami, and in answer to Lord Randolph Churchill's outrageous accusations. One of these two seems to us sufficient to satisfy any reasonable mind, to be, in fact, final, as far as this particular affair is concerned; but the other involves a theory which we regard with fixed distrust. Suleiman Sami, after the destruction of the forts of Alexandria, ordered the town to be burned, and the resident Europeans who were its unarmed guests to be massacred. As he had no right whatever to give any order of the kind, his own Sovereign, the Khedive, ordered him to be tried for what was in truth murder, arson, and mutiny combined. He was tried by a mixed tribunal, found guilty, sentenced to death, and executed. Between the sentence and the execution, Lord Randolph Churchill raised the question of his guilt in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone, to satisfy him, asked the Foreign Office to inquire again whether its agents on the spot considered the sentence just. They replied in the affirmative, but because the execution was not delayed, Lord Randolph Churchill, with the support of Sir Stafford Northcote, accuses the Khedive of committing "a judicial murder," and the British Government of conniving at it. The Khedive's motive, he alleges, was to conceal the fact that he had himself ordered the burnings and massacres, and the motive of the British Government is to screen the Khedive. To this the Government reply boldly that they have acted on the opinions of their most trusted agents on the spot. Sir E. Malet, the Consul-General, who must have known all the facts, was satisfied that the charge against the Khedive was unfounded, and that the trial and sentence were in accordance with the substantial rules of justice. Major Macdonald, specially ordered to watch the trial, concurs in that report; while two European Judges of character—Morris Bey (English) and Federigo Bey (Italian or Austrian)—acceded to the sentence. Lord Dufferin, moreover, who had the fullest opportunity of knowing the truth, and who is now in England, denounces Lord Randolph's statements as utterly without foundation, and concurs as to the fairness of the trial. Consequently, so far as the British Government are concerned, the trial was a fair one. They could by possibility do no more than see that their agents were awake, and were satisfied that no injustice was done. That is all they can do anywhere, even in British dependencies. Suppose Suleiman Sami had been tried in Calcutta, and Parliament had been asked to interfere with his sentence, Government could only have acted on the advice either of their legal representatives or of their political representatives, and in Egypt both authorities reported against Suleiman Sami. Sir E. Malet is just as competent and just as honest as the Chief Justice of Bengal or the Viceroy of India, on whose opinions in the case supposed the Cabinet must have depended. Does Sir Stafford Northcote, who was quite as bad as Lord Randolph Churchill, though not quite so violent, seriously expect a British Government, in the teeth of its own convictions, on the strength of the gossip of Alexandria, where a dozen grandees are perpetually circulating inventions about Tewfik because he finds them no money, to override a judicial proceeding ordered by a subordinate Sovereign, and declared to be just by their own agents? If he does, he does not know the first conditions of government. The Government were really asked not only to pronounce the Khedive a villain, for that could have been the only reason for forbidding execution, but to declare Lord Dufferin and Sir E. Malet untrustworthy representatives, and Major Macdonald and Morris Bey judicial murderers, to brand the Khedive and his Courts and our own representatives all at once with the deepest criminality. The demand of itself displays the utter recklessness and contempt for the ends for which Government exists by which even moderate Tories can be carried away, when there is a chance, however remote, of giving a stab to Mr. Gladstone.

The Government were perfectly right in allowing the sentence to be carried out, but we cannot admit their second argument,—that they had but a partial responsibility for the affair. Their responsibility was full, and can be demonstrated in a single line. Had they believed Suleiman Sami innocent, they would have stopped the execution. It is an insult to them even to imagine otherwise. A telegram would have gone to the Khedive couched in unmistakeable terms, and the respite would have been granted. They could not have interfered with the action of the Court, but they could have interfered with the action of the Sovereign, and no one is malignant enough to doubt they would have done so. Their responsibility for all that occurs in Egypt in consequence of the action of its Executive is complete, and must necessarily be so, for if it is not, in maintaining the Khedive in his present position we are committing a crime. We have no right whatever to arm Tewfik with our irresistible strength, with the whole force of a first-class civilised State, to garrison his fortresses, and to overawe his subjects, if we are not prepared in grave matters to insist on his acting rightfully. We do so insist when it is a matter of indemnities or honest finance, and we are bound to insist when it is a matter of human lives. Not only is it wrong to avoid the responsibility, but it is impossible, for the House of Commons will never act on any theory of non-interference when the power to interfere imposes on it, in its own judgment, also the obligation. Theoretically, we are only the Khedive's allies, but practically we are his protectors against insurrection, and in destroying that defence for the people we bind ourselves to give them another, which is, in fact, our own watchfulness. As a matter of fact, we did give them another in the most effective form,—the presence of Major Macdonald, who would have protested at once, had a judicial murder been going on, and would have appealed not only to the Consul-General, but, if needful, to the General in command of the British troops. The responsibility is full, and it is inconvenient only because it is not formulated, and is opposed to the impracticable official theory that Egyptian action is to be independent, yet in accordance with British ideas. If it is independent in any true sense, why does Sir E. Malet, or Major Macdonald, or any other British Agent interfere with the local tribunal? In an Indian Protected State, the Resident would make himself master of the facts, and if the matter were important enough, would "advise" the native sovereign with irresistible authority. The Resident's decision would be, in fact, final, and if there were any failure of justice, he would be held responsible by his employers. That is the proper system for Egypt, so long as we occupy the country, and till it is adopted there will be nothing but confusion. The Khedive will be told to act independently, and so long as he acts as Englishmen approve he will be independent, but the moment he acts on principles opposed to ours, the House of Commons will compel the Government to make his independence cease. The only possible method of making control regular is to inform the Khedive that till we retire he must, if Major Baring interferes, act on his advice, and then, if criticisms are volunteered in the House, either to support or recall Major Baring. The present system imposes on the Government the fact of responsibility, and all the trouble of it, without giving them any regular method of exerting their unquestionable power.

We must add, though on this point there will be many dissidents, that the discussion of Monday greatly discourages us as to the possibility of controlling a country like Egypt, which the House of Commons, as it were, can see, through a Native administration. The House does not trust it, its motives or its objects. There was no universal sense of indignation at the monstrous charges of Lord Randolph Churchill, monstrous because offered without evidence, even if they were true. A large section of the House evidently thought it quite possible that Tewfik Khedive was publicly assassinating an enemy, in order to save himself from inconvenience, and that his Ministers and higher servants were aiding in that crime. There was in the House no full confidence that even the rudimentary Asiatic morality existed in the Egyptian Administration. As that Administration must be trusted more or less, if business is to go on at all, this is a very dangerous symptom. Parliament can overthrow the Khedive to-morrow, and if the second strongest party in it is to accuse him of murder without evidence and with impunity, his authority cannot last. In his very sensible defence of himself to the *Times'* Correspondent, Tewfik says he does not care much about personal abuse, and that may be quite true. He is by nature as well as descent a Fellah, and given to submission. But it is quite impossible for Europeans to work frankly with a ruler accused in this style, not by enemies, but by his own protectors, or for any ordinary Sovereign to feel kindly to the Power which publicly allows such treatment. With any Prince but Tewfik, the arrangement would collapse in a week; and even with him, with distrust so

manifest among a party which at any moment may be in power, very little good can be effected. Mr. Gladstone might rule if a third of England suspected him of murder, but his rule could be of little benefit, either to his country or himself. If the partisans cannot respect the Egyptian Government enough to confine their accusations to provable facts, working with that Government will be very like fighting with a sword which the soldier knows, or suspects to be, half-sawn through.

THE MARRIAGE LAW IN THE LORDS.

THE majority in the Lords for the Bill rendering it lawful to marry a deceased wife's sister, is at least as important in its bearing on the relation of Canonical to Statute Law, as in relation to the subject with which it deals. For our own parts, the debate of Monday night confirms us in the impression which we have always entertained, that the law which this Bill proposes to repeal is a mistaken interference with liberty, on a subject on which the State has no good ground to interfere. The mere fact that the Roman Church herself frequently grants dispensations to those who can show what is called sufficient reason for asking leave to break this law, shows that that great Church does not regard the Canonical prohibition as resting on divine law, which is absolute and final, but at most as an expedient prohibition which may be relaxed for any reasons which the Church deems adequate. And still more significant of weakness is the Archbishop of Canterbury's attempt to define the *principle* on which certain marriages of affinity are to be forbidden. These marriages, he says, are always unlawful if in describing them you are not obliged to mention more than three persons, namely, the man, his former wife, and the wife's relative. But they cease to be unlawful if in describing them you are obliged to count four, namely, the man, his former wife, the wife's relative, and another relative of the man himself,—so that father and son may marry sisters without canonical prohibition, in spite of the theory advocated by the opponents of the Bill, which insists that the stepmother should be accepted as canonically a true mother, and her sister, therefore, as a true aunt. No sound principle of objection can be at the bottom of a theory which requires so unnatural and untenable a qualification as this. Either affinity identifies a man's relations with his wife's, or it does not. If it does, the man's relations are his wife's, and his are her's, and exactly in the same degree. If it does not, the man himself is not related to his wife's relations, nor she to his, in the same degree as the other partner to the marriage. Now, nothing is more evident than that the Jewish Law could not possibly have regarded the man and his wife as each of them holding the same relation to each others' relations as he or she holds to their own, otherwise the Mosaic Law *requiring* a man under certain circumstances to marry his brother's widow, would have been simply impossible and iniquitous. We may assume, then, that the attempt to represent the statutory repeal of the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister as a trampling on divine law has utterly broken down. Whatever the legitimate ground of distaste against such marriages may be,—and we heartily admit a sufficient basis for such distaste in the general rule that relations which partake chiefly of the brotherly and sisterly, though never, we think, quite those of the true brother and sister, cannot very well be changed into relations of a very different kind, without passing through disturbing and unnatural transformations, against which the natural conservatism and the natural loyalty of the heart is very apt to rebel,—we do not believe that they are of a kind which the State ought to prohibit, since the prohibition, resting on such doubtful grounds as it does, does not, in fact, succeed in uniformly preventing the transformation of feeling which is the true misfortune; and, when that transformation of feeling has once taken place, the prohibition does nothing but mischief in preventing the sanction of marriage to the new state of feeling. If there were a real and substantial moral ground, or a real and substantial ground of physiological objection, to such marriages, the case would be different; but as neither can be made out, it is undoubtedly a very great mischief that changes of relation which, though they are comparatively rare, are quite common enough to claim the serious attention of the State, should not be allowed by our statutory Law to form the basis of a marriage contract. Lord Carrington sufficiently showed that, in the opinion of an immense number of working-men, the present marriage law is a serious evil, leading to consequences infinitely more objectionable than any offence against the higher moral taste; and that is the true argument for a removal of this dangerous prohibition.

However, it is not denied that Parliament, though it can make marriage with a deceased wife's sister legal by statute, cannot repeal a Canon of the Church, any more than it can repeal a rule laid down in the constitution of any of the Dissenting sects. Lord Dalhousie does not at present even propose to compel the Clergy to celebrate these marriages, but only to compel the Registrars to register them. But, while we heartily approve this moderation, so far as it exempts all the Clergy who may conscientiously object to having anything to say to such marriages from celebrating them, we do not think that it would be wise in Parliament to leave these marriages in the position of purely secular contracts, necessarily destitute of any religious sanction. If they are absolutely wrong, the law against them ought not to be repealed. If, as we believe, they are not necessarily wrong, but at worst only marriages involving a transformation of one class of feelings into another and very different class, which, though it offends some of the finer instincts, is not comparable in moral mischief to many of the violences done to feeling by marriages of pure convenience,—then they ought to have a religious sanction, and it will do nothing but harm to make those who contract them feel that they are in some sense outlaws from the religious world. Although, therefore, we should be very sorry to see the State insisting that all clergymen should be required to celebrate these marriages, whether there be a conscientious objection to do so or not, we do think that any clergyman of the Established Church who has no such conscientious objection should be protected by the State from all the ecclesiastical consequences of violating the Canon Law, if he celebrates such a marriage. Religious persons will see that nothing can be more mischievous than the existence of a class of marriages which are good enough for secular morality, but not good enough for religious sanction. Such a condition of things would be a great premium on pure secularism; and, in point of fact, everybody knows that these marriages, if they be morally admissible at all, as we sincerely believe they are, will very often be contracted by religious people who wish nothing less than to be regarded as violating all religious principles in contracting them. Not a few of the Bishops who have argued most strongly against these marriages have, as we all know, admitted that there is no divine law against them; and if this admission be made by a very considerable number of the best theologians of the Church, and if the State, on the ground of expediency, sanctions these marriages, it would be too monstrous to exclude them from the sanction of religion, so far as the State can secure any such sanction for them. Of course, the State cannot provide that any Dissenting sect—over whose rules it has no control—shall require its ministers to celebrate them; but then, as a rule, the difficulty will not often be serious, we take it, amongst the Dissenters. The State, however, can fairly require that clergymen of the Established Church shall not be molested by the ecclesiastics of the Established Church for celebrating such marriages, even though the canonical Law be against them,—in other words, it may fairly require that canonical penalties, even though they be incurred, shall not be enforced against any clergyman who has celebrated a marriage valid under the statute. We suggest that the House of Commons shall engraft this provision on the Bill, as being one that is really needful to bring these marriages within the range of the religious life. Nothing could be more unfortunate for the Church than to alienate needlessly a class of persons encouraged by the State to disregard a particular canonical law which is not a moral or religious law.

The arguments which go to prove that if this class of marriages are to be declared valid, there are many others resting on the same logical basis which ought to be declared valid also, are interesting, but for the present very unpractical. It may well be said that while the State is called upon to reconsider its rule in reference to a particular class of uncanonical marriages, for which there is a real popular need, and the prohibition of which leads to many infractions of the law and very great hardship to innocent children, there is no need for it to go further while the canonical Law remains what it is, unless a new case of real urgency springs up. Let us see whether the Church may not be persuaded to reconsider the Canon Law as regards marriages of this kind first. We are well aware of the difficulty that there is about any action at all on the part of our paralysed national Church. But to us, it seems clear that if one Church can grant dispensations, another Church may fairly abolish the rule which makes such

dispensations needful, so soon as it is persuaded that the rule itself does more harm than good.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S VICTORY.

PRINCE BISMARCK has won, though at a great price. In spite of a determined resistance, and after a contest of nearly twelve months, he has carried his test-vote, the prophetic Budget for 1884-85, and has thus released himself for eighteen months from the necessity of attending to Parliamentary opinion. The machine would go on for that time, that is, till about February, 1885, even if the Reichsrath did not sit; and though it will sit, its votes will be unimportant, and a dissolution comparatively easy. The Executive may still want help from Parliament, but it is freed from Parliamentary control. This is precisely the situation that Prince Bismarck, who at heart passionately despises the Liberal leaders as mere ideologues, most desires, and it is difficult to doubt, from all the information that reaches England, that he has attained it by "breaking the heart" of his Parliamentary opponents. His recent successful attempt to conciliate the Ultramontanes, though it has greatly facilitated his final victory, has not been his sole means. He has worn down the Opposition. He has for years acted upon two fixed ideas: one, that the people, in their dread of foreign pressure—a real dread of a real pressure—would not allow him to be dismissed; and the other, that to pass his measures he might lawfully use any of the parties in the Reichsrath as instruments, irrespective of their convictions. He has not, in fact, regarded them as parties at all, but as factious groups, to be played off skilfully against each other. This policy has been pursued with the persistence and courage of his character. No group has been too hostile, or too anti-national, or too extreme, in the Continental sense, for Prince Bismarck to seek its temporary alliance. He has used the Conservatives, the National Liberals, the Radicals, the Socialists, in turn, as he is now using the Ultramontanes. The consequence has been an utter disorganisation of parties, Opposition after Opposition crumbling away, as some heavy group went over to the Chancellor's side. A leader might spend years and energy which would have built a kingdom upon the organisation of a party strong enough to be a restraining force upon the Prince—nothing more than a restraining force could be hoped for—and then, without notice, the Prince would execute a *volte-face* which nobody expected, and which was at variance with his whole policy, and so there was a majority for him again. No vote of refusal produced on him the slightest moral effect. He simply, if refused a great Bill, cast about for means to buy-off a great group, found them, produced his Bill again, and carried it. It is as if Mr. Gladstone, to carry his Church Bill, had offered the Tories Protection, and then to carry a reform of the Lords had offered the Radicals universal suffrage.

These tactics, pursued with the almost Italian patience and finesse which underlie the broad brusquerie of the Chancellor's utterances, have gradually worn out the courage of the Liberals. They see that, the condition of Prince Bismarck's irremovability being granted, they can secure nothing, not even the right of veto, to which they limit their aspirations, and they have lost heart and energy. At last, Prince Bismarck, who had attacked the Catholic Church to secure the Liberals, protected it to secure the Centre; and his opponents, in exasperation and hopelessness, have thrown up the struggle. Herr Lasker, leader of the Radicals, worn out in health and hope, has retired from politics; and Herr Bennigsen, leader of the Whigs, has given up his seat, alleging that he can do nothing with his party, and can neither resist nor support the Chancellor. The Opposition, already dispirited, feels itself disorganised, and the great vote has passed, leaving a sense in the minds of the great majority of Germans that Prince Bismarck, while he retains power, must be allowed to do as he pleases, and that a useless struggle with him only destroys the moral dignity of his opponents. If he is determined on his Socialist Bills, he must have them, or he will purchase support again. That seems very weak to Englishmen, who have so often contended against irresistible strength; but it must be remembered that the German Liberals have fought very steadily for seven years, that in fighting they have gained nothing—not even strong popular support—and that they are fettered from the first by what they all acknowledge, the absolute impossibility of removing Prince Bismarck. His protection is not the Crown only. Their constituencies would not bear it,—would rather, it is gravely asserted, see the Reichsrath suspended by decree for the remainder of the Prince's rule, a contingency which, as many observers believe, is never quite off the cards.

Prince Bismarck must be considered Germany, for the time, and the only useful speculation is what he will do with his power. We should be inclined to say, for ourselves, that he would do nothing, but quietly continue governing as he pleases, leaving the future to provide for itself; but that is not exactly the opinion of Germans, though, be it observed, they are very far from unanimous. As we understand the situation, there are in Germany two broad and different currents of opinion on the Chancellor's policy. One is that he is determined to maintain peace during the remainder of his life, and has arranged the Tripartite agreement or alliance with the view of concentrating a mass of force so great that attack from the outside shall be impossible. He is not seeking the opportunity of aggrandisement, but the means of security, and does not wish either to change the relative proportions of States or to exaggerate the strength of Germany. That looks true, because it is in accord with the accomplished facts. No statesman in Europe would think it safe for any two Powers, say Russia and France combined, to attack the combined armies of Germany, Austria, and Italy, with their splendid position in the centre, protected on the north by the Baltic, and on the south by the Mediterranean. They could not hope for success, and have little motive for trying so dangerous an experiment. They would fight outside of their own territories, and with forces inferior to those of their opponents, who would be upon their own soil. That is obviously the conviction of the financial world, and it is, in our judgment, the one most in accord with Prince Bismarck's professions, with the steady policy of the Hohenzollerns, who do not love war for itself, and with the known horror of purposeless war entertained by the German people.

Nevertheless, there are Germans who are not satisfied, who believe that Prince Bismarck still doubts whether Germany is secure from a coalition, and who think he may still be determined to place some final barrier, say a Kingdom of Poland, under a Hohenzollern Prince, between his people and the huge Slavic Power. They doubt, in short, if the Prince has yet given up the idea of a war with Russia, in which the combined armies would drive Russia back, and decide once for all that the Romanoffs should rule neither the Poles nor the South Slavs. That war, they say, if successful, would leave Germany finally a solid State, with good frontiers, and beyond danger even from a coalition. The Army, they say, would of course obey; and the people, though inclined for peace, have an irrational dread and dislike of the Slavs, which, if the Hohenzollerns gave the signal, would instantly become active. We confess we cannot credit this suggestion. That any ruler of Germany would like to weaken Russia, we can readily believe. It is not pleasant to see a million of soldiers constantly moving over plains not separated by defensible frontiers from your own dominions. It is too like watching the sea from a meadow which a storm-wave might flood. Nor have we the slightest confidence in Prince Bismarck's love of peace. If he thought that a rush upon Russia, and the loss, say, of 50,000 men would secure the eastern frontier for a century, he would rush, without needing any other reason. But we have much confidence in his intelligence, and much more in that instinct which teaches great dynasties like the Hohenzollern not to play for unlimited stakes. Adventurers may think it worth while to offer double or quits, but not rich winners. In declaring war on Russia, with France behind him, Prince Bismarck would place everything at hazard, and compel the most numerous and stubborn of European races to fight to the death. The Romanoff dynasty could not survive such a defeat, it is doubtful if Russia could; and both would exhaust all their resources—and for defensive war those resources have scarcely a limit—before they would even consider the chances of negotiation. France could never be kept quiet, and if the war lasted at all—and there is no Paris in Russia to take, and no means of bringing an invasion to a sudden close—the enemies of Germany would find out every weak place. Such an adventure, to be ordered by prosperous men of large experience, is to us incredible, and we expect an armed and strained, but still solid peace; but it is vain to discourse of Germany, without considering possibilities which experienced Germans take into account. Prince Bismarck has now the control, with his master's consent, of all the regular resources of Germany for eighteen months; he has battled hard to get them, and he must have had before his mind some end worth all that personal trouble and political disrepute.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BRIGHT CELEBRATION.

THE great ovation of the week to Mr. Bright has evidently been anything but a pure pleasure to himself, though it must have at least convinced him that the great mass of his fellow-countrymen regard his public career with even more unmixed pride and satisfaction than he himself has ever indulged in his review of it. But this is precisely one of its most significant features,—that the celebration cannot in any sense have been organised solely to give pleasure to Mr. Bright, though it has been organised to do honour to him, for the motive evidently has been, and has rightly been, to find a vivid expression for the public feeling with which Mr. Bright is regarded, even though it may be very true that Mr. Bright himself would have spent the week much more pleasantly, if he had passed it in some quiet retirement on the lonely banks of a Scotch river, or in some bright retreat on the Welsh coast. These popular celebrations are not devised for the sake of the hero of them, but for the sake of the people whose multitude gives them their meaning and effect. It is for their sakes that Mr. Bright consents to be the prominent figure of a mighty population during so long a festivity,—and he is quite right. Nothing really does more to foster and develope the growth of popular convictions than those well-earned popular triumphs. They succeed in imprinting indelibly on the minds of the Democracy of the future the type of statesman which it should set before it and try to raise into an ideal. Mr. Bright will be as weary before the end of the week as he was apprehensive of his inadequacy to come up to the demands upon his strength at the beginning of it; but he will not regret that he accepted the invitation of the town to make him the centre of its interests, if he is sure at its close, as he well may be, that for a generation to come the young people of the Midland Counties will be more disposed to hold fast by his counsels and to try their representatives by the standard of his principles than they would have been if he had followed the instinct of his own modesty, and the natural apprehensiveness of a septuagenarian, in begging to be excused so exciting and so tumultuous a tribute to his political achievements.

It is obvious from more than one of Mr. Bright's speeches that he felt keenly the insuperable difficulty of adequately interpreting the popular enthusiasm he beheld. He realised that language was absolutely and wholly unequal to the task of reflecting in any sense the magnitude of the demonstration. It is very hard to represent to ourselves by anything but abstract signs the difference between ten thousand grateful hearts and a hundred thousand grateful hearts; still more, the difference between a hundred thousand and a million; and it is quite impossible to represent the difference in any effectual speech. Yet even this absolute impossibility of conveying the impressions made upon him by the hundreds of thousands who thronged his path and cheered him as he passed, must have been in a sense satisfactory to Mr. Bright, as showing how little politics really depend on the abstract truth or falsehood of special political ideas, and how much they depend on the forces of popular sympathy which can be awakened by some natures, and which cannot be awakened, even under the influence of precisely the same thoughts, by others. It would be impossible to imagine a more potent illustration of the difference between political ideas and political force, than the Birmingham enthusiasm of this week. Not a thousandth part of the enthusiasm would have been awakened by the career of a man expressing the very same ideas, if uttered by less eloquent lips than Mr. Bright's. It was the peculiar effect with which he expressed the ideas, the power in him,—which multitudes who hold his ideas would not possess,—to thrill others with his own feelings, that has given him such a hold over the hearts of the people. He has wielded infinitely greater forces than almost any other man, though thinking exactly as he did, could have wielded; and no doubt he derives from his experience a perfectly sagacious though an unreasoned distrust of all thoughts which seem to him ill-adapted to stir these popular emotions, of all thoughts which appeal only to the understanding, and do not send any electric current through the hearts of the people. When we reproach, as we have often reproached, Mr. Bright for his impatience of anything like an exact representation of the popular view,—a representation of the minority, for instance, as well as of the majority,—doubtless he might reply, and reply with great force, 'I know better than you do the kind of thing which you can say to a multitude with full confidence that it will work; and also the kind of thing that you cannot say with the smallest hope of its working; and this finikin desire of yours to get a representation of the views of the minority as well as of the majority is one of these last,—a desire that you cannot express with the least hope that the multitude will take it up, or in any way respond to it. The power of dealing with a democracy is, to some extent, an instinct. I have always had the instinct, as you see, and you may trust me that you will work no wonders by those mathematical notions of yours about exact representation.' That would seem to us a very unsatisfactory sort of reply, but we should frankly recognise that it was founded at least in truth,—that you cannot affect a great democracy except by a rough sort of justice, which may at times involve no insignificant amount of injustice,—and that only the men who can put in motion the larger forces will in the end come victoriously out of the fray. Politics, as the Birmingham demonstration most impressively teaches us, do not consist in the manipulation of true *ideas*, so much as in the manipulation of wide-spread and contagious *feelings* of right and justice. The man who can stir the last will always come out victorious over the man who can only verify the first.

At the banquet of Thursday, Mr. Bright, in reply to Lord Granville, took some credit to himself for his frequent political moderation in asking less than he might have obtained for the people, and, indeed, sooner or later did obtain. Thus, he said that he had advised the House of Commons in 1866 to accept a £7 borough franchise, though he had himself advocated household suffrage, and within another year carried household suffrage for the boroughs. And this is perfectly true. A part of Mr. Bright's popularity has, undoubtedly, been due to a kind of moderation. Mr. Bright has always been moderate, when his opponents were disposed to meet him half-way, just as he is moderate now, deprecating almost the proposal to insist at once on equal electoral districts, and arguing only for a very large and substantial redistribution of seats, which shall readjust political power mainly in proportion to population. But the moderation which has made Mr. Bright so popular has been moderation towards those who were coming half-way to meet him, not moderation towards those who met all his proposals with obstinate negatives. To these, he has never been specially moderate. He has gained a great deal of his popularity by pouring the vials of his indignation on the enemies of the popular cause, by denouncing them from time to time in no unmeasured language of scorn and invective. Moderation towards friends, inexorable wrath toward foes,—that has been one of the secrets of the immense popularity which Mr. Bright enjoys. The English people love moderation, when it hastens the moment of a desirable settlement; but they are hardly educated enough to like moderation when it consists, as it often must consist, in finding excuses for genuine enemies, and discussing the modicum of truth in the position which those enemies assume. Mr. Bright, with his deep instinct for the manipulation of popular force, has sympathised with both these attitudes of the popular mind. He has been ready to give something, that he might get much all the sooner,—or to go "step by step," as he says, when he thought the first step taken, a reasonably long one. But he has himself felt too angry against those who did nothing but oppose his demands, even to attempt to do them justice. He has been moderation itself, to those who came with honest gifts in their hands; but he has been proud of his own intolerance of those who wished to fight every inch of ground with him and with the people. He would hardly have been the orator he is, had he felt otherwise. The mood of candour to real antagonists is not usually the mood in which burning words can be poured forth, such as kindle popular enthusiasm, and carry away the nation's heart.

THE TORIES AND IRELAND.

IT is, in our judgment, evident that Liberals must very shortly make up their minds as to their attitude towards the question of Peasant Proprietary in Ireland. The Tories have obviously made up theirs, and we gather from Mr. Gladstone's cautious speech, and Mr. Trevelyan's rather incautious one, that the Government perceive this, and acknowledge that the matter is becoming of first-rate political importance. Indeed, although Lord George Hamilton was careful to say that he spoke for himself alone, it is incredible that his speech of Tuesday—by far the best speech he ever delivered in his life, and the one which had in it most of the ring of statesmanship—could have been uttered without the approval of the Tory leaders. It was not a burst of rhetoric or a flourish de-

signed to catch passing votes. The speech contained an immense and a carefully thought-out plan, though, as we deem it, an unworkable one, for enabling all tenants in Ireland to buy out all landlords at twenty-three years' purchase, paying the money by instalments of two and a half per cent. annually back to the State. That is an offer which will move every tenant in Ireland, and the tenants with their families form three-fifths of her people, and, if accepted by the Irish and rejected by English Liberals, must for years to come throw the weight of the Irish vote upon the Tory side. Moreover, it will attract a great many English Radicals and some Liberals who are not Radicals at all, and it was not met by a simple rejection by the Government. Mr. Gladstone did not, indeed, as so many newspapers have said, give a half-assent to the plan. On the contrary, he obviously thought it involved some very dangerous consequences, and rejected it as too large. But he did admit, in plain terms, that "an early revision of the purchase clauses of the Irish Land Act, 1871, is necessary, in order to give effect to the intentions of Parliament contained therein," accepting, without a division, an amended resolution in those words. A large extension of peasant-proprietorship must, therefore, be regarded as conceded in principle by both parties, and the question to be settled is the terms to which the country will assent.

Those suggested by Lord G. Hamilton are dangerously easy, but in discussing them we have a difficulty to get over. We have as little wish as Mr. Gladstone to reject the principle of Lord George's motion. The *Spectator* has maintained for twenty years that Ireland is one of the countries in which, owing to social hatreds, the landlord's authority produces more evil than good; that the tenant must ultimately become a copyholder, exempt from eviction, except for non-payment of dues, and that property will never be safe until the physical strength of the country is enlisted, as in France, Belgium, and Prussia, on its side. But the acceptance of those views is no justification for carrying them out by the plunder of the British taxpayer, and it is to the danger of such plunder that Lord G. Hamilton exposes us. His plan is that a local Board, probably a Board of Guardians, shall borrow money enough to buy its own district, and hand it over to the farmers. As it must borrow cheaply, it would offer only three per cent., and would be allowed to pledge the faith of the United Kingdom, which would be as responsible for the money as it is for Exchequer Bills. To redeem its bonds, the Board would collect from the tenant every year for forty years a sum of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon the purchase-money, besides the interest, in all a little less than the rental, and so year by year pay off one-fortieth till the whole debt was extinguished, and the farmers free. That looks simple, and, if Ireland were Norfolk, or were governed like Prussia, it would be simple, but neither of those conditions exists. The farmers are Irishmen, full of an idea that rent is an oppression, harassed by occasional seasons of distress approaching famine, and living, as we believe, over large districts, upon a soil deteriorating from over-cropping. Suppose in a bad year they decline to pay. Are the members of the Local Board to evict a whole population? They could not do it if they would, and we all know they would not, for they live among the people, and they would be terrorised. A Guardian can be shot as easily as a magistrate, and if he voted for eviction in bad seasons he would be shot. The Board would refuse to act upon some pretext of distress, and the work would be left to the State, which, though not terrorised, would be almost equally powerless. It has not the agency to collect the rents of a kingdom. No Chancellor of the Exchequer will collect Treasury dues by means of civil war, and the collection would be delayed and delayed until at last the steady vote of one hundred Irish Members compelled a compromise. That might not matter much financially if the sum were moderate, but both Lord G. Hamilton and Mr. Parnell expect that the bulk of the peasantry would accept the offer, and then the total responsibility would, as Mr. Gladstone calculated, amount to between two and three hundred millions. In other words, the British taxpayers would, under the scheme, risk additional taxation of from six to nine millions a year—a doubled income-tax—in order that Irish tenants, who can pay rent like other people, though they cannot pay immoderate rent, should sit rent-free. Is it reasonable even to ask a kingdom, which the askers say is "foreign," to undertake the risk of such a burden as that? Obviously it is not, more especially when those Irishmen who advise it also plead for Home-rule, which, if granted, would deprive this country of the power even to attempt the collection of the instalments. Lord George Hamilton's plan is impracticable, and would secure to the State upon which he would lay such a heavy burden nothing but odium.

The first condition of any grand plan for creating peasant-proprietors in Ireland on a grand scale, is that reasonably safe security for repayment should be found; and this is what nobody attempts to offer. All Irishmen admit that a British guarantee is indispensable, but they offer only the land as security; and as land is worthless unless rent can be collected, that security is obviously imperfect. The State might be the only landlord which could collect rent without fail, because the State is beyond assassination; but it also might be the most powerless landlord of all, because it is governed by the tenants' representatives. That risk is too great to be faced for such vast sums, and they must be reduced if any scheme of the kind is to be seriously considered. Whether they can be reduced is the question on which experts disagree. The *Statist* some time ago, in a series of articles advocating a similar plan, said they could, but the calculator did not venture to bring the sum below £180,000,000. Mr. Parnell brings it down to £100,000,000, but he does not offer any proof of his figures, which are inconsistent with the known rental of the country. We ourselves think that the landlords would take less than twenty-three years' purchase, and that it would not be necessary to extinguish the whole rent. A third, or a fourth at least, might be left as a perpetual rent-charge, or "ground rent," as is done in London and in Scotland with so little difficulty that such ground-rents sell at a specially high price. But no contrivance can bring the amount below £120,000,000, and why should England and Scotland guarantee that great sum? They might, if the unity of the kingdom were past all question; but the Irish, who are seeking their aid—justifiably seeking it, if they form part of the same community—not only deny that the unity will be maintained, but denounce it as an evil thing. Ireland, therefore, must find at all events part of the money for herself if the plan is to be accepted, and this is precisely what she does not offer to do. Mr. Parnell resists strenuously Mr. Gladstone's condition that the farmer shall pay part down, and would probably regard a special tax in Ireland to be voted as a collateral security as an unspeakable tyranny. The guarantee is to be furnished by Britain, and a British guarantee for an Irish expenditure is equivalent, as a rule, to a British gift. That gift might be given if Ireland were heartily at one with the sister island; but Mr. Parnell would be the last man in Parliament to make a promise of the kind. He looks to his solution of the agrarian question to help him to Irish independence, and if he is right, it is a little hard to ask us all to contribute the fund upon which he is to base his success. With a burden of £200,000,000 to be shaken off, every Irishman's interests would be clear on the side of independence.

PROTECTION AND RETALIATION.

THE figures which the Duke of Rutland laid before the House of Lords yesterday week were gloomy enough to justify all that he said about the gravity of the Agricultural depression. One is tempted, sometimes, when the remedies suggested are very impracticable or very inappropriate, to put the question aside as one that it is useless to talk about. But the loss and the suffering are there, though they may not yet have brought with them the wisdom which can turn them to account. When the Duke of Rutland said that in the last ten years a million acres of land have gone out of cultivation, he possibly means, as regards some of it, that corn-growing has been abandoned, and some less profitable form of cultivation substituted. In that case, there must be something to be set against the eight millions at which the Duke estimates the dead-loss. There is no doubt, however, that on a large amount of land which was once under profitable cultivation, nothing, or nothing that pays the farmer, is any longer grown, and, of course, the consequent injury to the country is very great. In part, no doubt, this state of things is due to bad seasons. The wonder which has been excited in us by the fine weather that has now lasted a month is a significant testimony to our recollections of recent summers. But though the farmer would have been very much better off if he had been living in a different cycle, he would not have been prosperous. The principle of Free-trade is that each country shall grow the crops for which it is best suited, and on this principle England is not a wheat-growing country. We can bring grain from abroad more cheaply than we can grow it here, and when the movement of trade is unfettered, this fact

becomes quickly known, and is not again lost sight of. As yet, however, English agriculturists have not thoroughly mastered this truth. They have proved, to their cost, that England is not fitted for wheat-growing, but they have not yet found out what it is fitted for. By-and-by, no doubt, this discovery will be made; crops which the English climate will allow to ripen in security, or which cannot be brought from a distance without injury, will take the place of those golden harvests which were once our pride, and in the dairy or the market garden the farmer will seek, if not find, compensation for his lost wheat-sheaves. It is because this revolution in the agricultural imagination is so indispensable, and yet so hard to bring about, that we regret that such advisers as the Duke of Rutland should still have the farmer's ear. So long as any dreams of protective duties still have possession of him, he will close his eyes against the cold daylight of actual fact. The margin between profit and loss seems so small, the discrepancy between them might so easily be bridged over by a moderate duty on foreign corn, that it is not surprising that he should find it hard to believe that the thing is impossible. When legislators and great landowners refuse to be convinced in their own persons, how can the farmer be expected to be in advance of them?

The Duke of Rutland appeals, for the confirmation of his theory that a return to Protection is the proper and only effectual remedy for the present distress, to certain facts which are really destructive of it. He says, very truly, that trade is bad, and he rightly attributes its badness to the protective policy of other countries, and notably of the United States. But then, by a curious perversion, he finds the seat of the mischief not in the adoption of this policy by foreign nations, but in its rejection by our own. If Englishmen were as wise as Americans or Frenchmen, or even as their own Colonists, duties on one side would be balanced by duties on the other; and though our goods might be kept at bay by our neighbours, we should still be happy in the consciousness that we were equally dour against their goods. The Duke of Rutland quoted a letter from a Sheffield manufacturer, in which there occurs this extraordinary passage:—"The want of reciprocity necessitates the manufacturers here reducing the wages of the workman to a shockingly low scale, to enable them to climb the barrier of Protection . . . . . and in consequence of our suicidal policy, we shall find ourselves supporting a large portion of our able-bodied workmen out of the poor-rate." If the words "suicidal policy" were omitted from this statement, it would be true, though even then it would be exaggerated. Want of reciprocity, in the sense that France and the United States are not Free-traders, does keep down wages in England. It is plain, however, from the insertion of these words, that what the writer means by want of reciprocity is not that other countries are not Free-traders, but that England is not Protectionist. With the imposition of retaliatory duties, all would go well. But the only effect of this policy would be to lower wages still further. The sum actually paid would remain the same, but it would not go nearly so far. The sums actually paid would remain the same, because the imposition of duties would not enlarge the market for English-manufactured goods. English iron and English woollens do not stand on the same footing as English wheat. If there were a duty on similar goods imported from abroad, it would not increase the home demand. The foreign manufacturers do not, to any appreciable extent, undersell us in our own markets; they only succeed, by the help of protective duties, in keeping us out of their markets. No doubt, there are industries in which the foreigner can under-sell the Englishman, even in England; but this does not apply to the great trades which the Sheffield manufacturer has in his mind. In them, the market can only be appreciably enlarged by the removal of the barriers which keep English goods out of foreign countries. But though the wages stated in money would remain the same, the wages stated in value would be less. The workman has managed to live through this last bad time by the cheapness of food, and the cheapness of food would be at an end as soon as the principle of reciprocity had been admitted. If we once take to the levying of duties for purposes not purely fiscal, we cannot stop short of a duty on corn. Agriculture is the industry that most suffers from foreign competition; consequently, agriculture has the best claim to be protected against such competition. Corn is the one thing which the Americans must either send here, or keep it at home unsold. No fall in prices will induce people to eat more bread than they want, and it is from the surplus over and above what they want that the corn with which America supplies us is drawn. The United States would keenly feel a duty on corn imported into England; but in proportion as they suffered from the cessation of the demand, the English workman would suffer from the diminution of the supply.

Here comes in Lord Salisbury's way of looking at the question. 'You have admitted,' he might say, 'that the Americans would keenly feel the imposition of a duty on corn imported into England, and this is all I want to prove my point that retaliatory duties would very soon bring the Protectionist Powers to their senses.' But at whose cost? At the cost of the unhappy English industries, which had first been galvanised into unnatural life by the incidental protection of a retaliatory duty. The silk manufacture, for example, which is now almost killed by French competition, by the application of reciprocity would come to life again. French silks would naturally be chosen for the imposition of retaliatory duties, in order that the silk manufacturers of Lyons might put pressure on their Legislature not to shut them out from the English market for the benefit of the cotton manufacturers of Rouen or the wool manufacturers of Elbœuf. And so long as the French Legislature held out against this pressure, the English silk manufacture would flourish. Workmen would come back to it, capital would again flow into it, new machinery would be invented for it. But the moment that the French Chambers were really disposed to listen to the Lyons cry, negotiations would be opened with the English Government to ascertain whether, if France took off the duties on woollens and cottons, England would take off the duty on silk goods. On the principle of retaliation, we should have no choice but to do this. As the duty on silk goods would have done its work, we should be bound in prudence, as well as in honour, to remove it. But with what consequences to Spitalfields and Coventry? Simply that their last state would be worse than their first,—that we should have tempted back men and capital for a time, only to alienate them more hopelessly in the end. Substitute agriculture for the silk manufacture, and the fable is equally true of a retaliatory duty on corn. It is fortunate for his clients that though Lord Salisbury declares himself in favour of fiscal retaliation, it is with the safe proviso,—"If it were any longer in our power to resort to it."

THE PECUNIARY PROSPECTS OF YOUNG MEN.

THE prospect before young men who are earning their living, whether in the civil professions, or in business, or in that work of superintending which year by year demands better men, is not very bright, just now. An economic cause often described, but even yet scarcely realised by general society, is tending to produce what in the fighting Services is called a "block of promotion." The old stagers do not go, and the young, who see so much prosperity around them, are shut out of what they regard as legitimate, or, at all events, as expected chances. Men who announced long since an intention of retiring stay on indefinitely, men just below them murmur that, like the farmer who drank claret, they "get no forrarder," and with wealth everywhere there is a general sense of *malaise*. The young, in fact, are suffering from peace and prosperity. The regular course of English life among middle-class working bees has been for the professional man or the business man to save up a certain sum, fixed in his own mind, as an "independence"—very often, as compared with his previous income, a strangely moderate sum—and then, possibly with a further annuity from the "office," or "practice," or shop, to resign active work and the chance of fortune-making to younger men. A change has, however, occurred in this process. It is just as easy or as difficult to save up the money as it ever was, indeed, it is easier, for the increase of investing caution is, as the Stock Exchange well knows, quite amazing; but it is no longer possible to make the saved capital produce adequate income. A man now sixty, with saving ideas at forty, looked forward to living in old age, say, for the sake of round numbers, on £1,000 a year, and calculated that with a little care and trouble £20,000 would yield him that amount. He has accordingly saved £1,000 a year for twenty years very steadily, though perhaps with some groanings on the part of his children—the wives, as a rule, approve hoarding more than any other form of self-denial—and has now accumulated his "independence," and looks round to find it is not independence at all. It is not only that the price of meat, rent, washing, and wages have all risen, for he has

watched and discounted those changes, and some other things have fallen, but that he can no longer get £1,000 as rent for his money. He cannot get £800, cannot, in his own fancy at least, get £700 safely. When he began to save, he believed, and was fairly right in believing, that with a good, solid mortgage at 5 per cent. for £10,000, and perhaps a mortgage on houses for £6,000 at 5¼ per cent., and £4,000 placed in some fair home Stock, like the Railway Preferences, he should receive his interest with very little risk. Now, however, he distrusts mortgages, as "irregularly paid," or, trusting them, must put up with 4 per cent.; while, as to "sound Stocks," they yield comparatively nothing at all. What with the long comparative peace, and the increasing volume of general savings, and the steady sway of the vast mass of trust-money towards the high-priced Securities, and the financial thriftiness of the great borrowing bodies, the cities, the railways, and so on, the bulk of the good Stocks have been taken out of the market altogether, and there is such a fight for the remnant, that 3½ per cent. clear is good interest, and 4 per cent. is, in Home Securities, positively unattainable. Investors can nearly get it in a few Securities, liable to be paid off, but the following short list shows the state of the case:—

Three per Cent. Consols	100½
Two and a Half per Cent. Consols	88¼
Bank of England Stock, dividend 10 per cent.	295
Bank of Ireland, dividend 12 per cent.	324
Great Eastern Four per Cent. Debenture	113
Great Northern Four per Cent. Debenture	116
Great Western Four per Cent. Debenture	117
Midland Four per Cent. Debenture	116
North-Eastern Four per Cent. Debenture	115½
South-Eastern Four per Cent. Debenture	112
India Three and a Half Stock	103

No one not engaged in buying and selling on 'Change knows how scarce the best Stocks have become. Even Consols respond to a large purchase in a most suspicious manner, as if the markets were in reality very bare; indeed, it is said that five-sevenths of the total Debt may be described as locked away, while many Stocks daily quoted cannot be bought in "lumps" at all. It is, for instance, we believe, literally true that nobody could get £10,000 of "Midland Five per Cent. Perpetual Preference," though there is eleven millions of it somewhere, and though it is always quoted; and that is only an extreme case. Stocks as good, which are still sold, fetch prices at which the dividend is only £3 12s. 6d.; and Bank of England Stock, East India Three-and-a-Half per Cents., Board of Works Bonds, and the like, have gone beyond that. The unlucky hoarder finds that £700 is all he will get for his £20,000, and if he is an unusually safe man, he will not get that. Consols do not yield three per cent. Moreover, the best men tell him that they see no prospect except of still further reductions, and there is a curious little barometer which indicates that they are right. There is a Stock which is entitled to rank as the very safest of all the Stocks which brokers jest about as "sleeping draughts," the English Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Consols. That may be fairly taken to be the safest investment in the world, safer even than American Threes, for it will not be paid off in our time, it will not be repudiated, and it will not be paid in anything but gold. It is, however, the dearest Stock in the world, and it goes creeping up in a way which shows that the far-sighted expect no fall in the price of Trustees' investments. The *Economist* pointed out last Saturday that the Stock had "recovered the dividend in a week," that is, had risen one and a quarter per cent.; and that means that the perfectly "safe" investors believe that it will go much higher. In other words, they look to see £2 10s. per cent. the normal minimum interest for sleeping money, instead of the five per cent. on which old ladies still reckon, and which old men who have held on, say to water shares, are still obtaining.

What is the saving middle-class man to do? The difference in his income means for him the difference between comfort and mere existence, the loss of all luxuries, the arrest of all liberalities, an inability to help those whom he would like to help. Though he has succeeded, he is, to his own thinking, a poor man. He has hardly attained two-thirds of the irreducible minimum of his dreams. He is half-ruined by unearned decrement, which, again, as if to exasperate him purposely, is only decrement because everything is so prosperous, and the value of property is jumping upward in such leaps. He dreads with a positive cowardice the petty economies made necessary by such an income, and dreads almost more anything but regular investments. He will try, perhaps, a mad speculation; but he will not trust himself and his future to foreign Stocks, yielding, perhaps, a little above 4 per cent. He does not like even French Rentes, which he says jump about too much; and will not look at Bonds like the Russian, which still yield the "natural" interest of money. He is suspicious of Swedish Fours, which to all appearance are as safe as Consols, and will not purchase Victorian Fours, though the Colony is as rich as many sound States. There is nothing to do but accumulate a little more, which naturally, at his age, has become easier, and so he stays on at his work, grumblingly, blocking the way for his expectant successors, who find that their time for marrying and for saving and for retiring is thrown back out of sight. It is hard on him, perhaps, but it is harder on them, for they lose hope, and he has almost survived that most potent stimulus. They find, if professional men, that there is a long "check," and that the cream of the custom does not come to them; while, if they are men in business, the partnerships to which they look seem always further off. True, they benefit, perhaps, some day by the additional heapings; but they do not always know that, and in any case they are intent on things just a little nearer. They are kept waiting, and waiting is never a pleasing occupation. The stagnation and loss of heart are not quite so complete as they are in a blocked Service, because the cause of the evil is not so visible; but still they are perceptibly felt, and make early middle life far less cheerful than it used to be. We can hold out no hope of a change, for a rise in the rate of interest will only follow a great destruction of capital by war; emigration does not affect the class we speak of at all; and as for the appreciation of gold, though it goes on, it does not affect the imagination. If gold rose in value a hundred per cent., nobody would believe that £500 a year was as good as £1,000, or that 2½ per cent. was a reasonable interest for money. And necessaries being once supplied, a man is poor or well-to-do very much according to his habitude of looking at things. A thousand a year seems wealth to the curate, even though he is one of the men who, having the thousand a year, must spend twice that amount. There are many men like that, and save drunkards who drink beer, we know of no class so hopeless, or so little happy.

THE BASIS OF DIGNITY.

DIGNITY is a quality which grows rarer as the world grows more populous, and for a very obvious reason, that there is a certain inwardness about all dignity which needs tranquillity for its condition, and which is not congenial to the bustle and competition of a crowd. It is a quality more of the East than of the West, more congenial to aristocracy than to democracy, more akin to the work of the imagination than to that of the understanding or the heart. It is fast deserting the House of Commons, for instance, where the younger blades like Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Gorst take pleasure in ignoring its existence, while only the Speaker, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright can be said to display it conspicuously, unless, perhaps, we may except the occasionally forlorn dignity with which Mr. Newdegate feeds himself on the exploded and barren traditions of earlier days. To some slight extent, certainly, dignity is aided by appropriate costume. The present writer heard two of the ablest of the younger Members of the House of Commons confessing the other day that the only presence in which they really trembled was the Speaker's, and that the stately way in which he grants their requests, reserving, nevertheless, something for which they had never asked, just to show that he granted their requests of his own grace, and not of their merit, habitually sends a shiver through their nerves. And there is no manner of doubt that dignity is much more easily supported on a tradition of some kind, whether official or hereditary, than on individual character alone. Yet there is, of course, such a thing as a genius for dignity, a dignity which comes neither of descent nor of official responsibility, but simply from a sort of inward stateliness; and this, where it exists, is even more impressive in the peasant,—in Wordsworth's Cumbrian "statesmen," for instance,—than in the stately office-bearer, or the peer of long descent. Dignity, indeed, though it is often stimulated by tradition, depends far more on patient confidence in the future, than on any pride in the past. It belongs to the mind that can wait, the mind that is not in a hurry, the mind that has a fund of strength and insight in itself:—

> "True dignity abides with her alone
> Who in the silent hour of inward thought
> Can still respect, can still revere herself,
> In lowliness of heart."

So says Wordsworth, and there is no poet in English literature who, where he does not fail altogether, depends more on his dignity for his greatness. In this he resembles Milton, the most dignified of all our poets, both of them having displayed a certain almost antique dignity such as recalls the time when there was ample space for man's individual genius, and but little hustling of mind on mind. Dignity cannot live without inexhaustible patience, and the ago of competition is, unfortunately, the age of impatience. Dignity lives in soliloquy, but it must be true soliloquy, not that petty gossip with yourself which sometimes does duty for it. One hears all sorts of false criticism on dignity,—that it is pride in disguise, that it is wholly inconsistent with conceit, that it is a sort of self-love. Yet, the humblest men are often the most dignified; nor is dignity in the least inconsistent with conceit, if the conceit be not a loquacious and fidgetty, but a contemplative and reserved conceit. The present writer has known profoundly conceited men of very great dignity of manner, but they have certainly been men who, as Wordsworth says, can still respect, can still revere themselves, "in lowliness of heart." Dignity and conceit are perfectly consistent, where the conceit is not the fussy, outward egotism it generally is, but a grave yet excessive satisfaction in personal qualities that really afford the owner a personal scenery such as feeds his imagination. It may be thought paradoxical to say, first, that humility is often one of the constituents of true dignity; and next, that such dignity is not by any means incompatible with personal conceit,—*i.e.*, with an exaggerated estimate of one's own powers, and of the value their exertion may be to others. But the paradox is only apparent, Dignity depends ultimately on honest, inward self-reverence, and self-reverence is perfectly consistent with either humility or conceit, or indeed with various quaint mixtures of the two. Humility and pride are, no doubt, opposed to each other, but humility and conceit are not, for many a very humble-minded person is not a little prone to exaggerated estimates of the importance attaching to some one aspect of his life. Dr. Johnson, for instance, was substantially one of the most humble-minded men who ever lived, and yet no one with a keener sense of his own dignity or more complete consciousness of his own importance can be found in our history. Mr. Ruskin, again, writes as if his mind were the very centre of the universe for many purposes—with the air of almost Papal infallibility—and yet he produces on us the same sense of a profound element of personal humility as Dr. Johnson. In fact, the source of dignity, namely, the moral interest felt by a man in himself,—or, if you like to call it, "self-esteem," though self-esteem does not describe it half as well,—is quite consistent both with elements of self-satisfaction and with elements of deep humiliation. All that is wanted for dignity is a reserve of interest which may be half-sad and half-glad, in your own character,—a reserve of interest which is not noisy and showy and petty in its manifestations, but which makes a man pause before he speaks, and think a little how far what he is going to see will fit in with the picture which he desires to have within him of his own character. Heedless men,—men heedless of the effect their own actions produce upon themselves,—cannot well be dignified. Impatient men,—men in a hurry to produce some particular external result,—cannot well be dignified. Men who are too sociable, who think only of producing a genial effect on others, cannot well be dignified. To be dignified, you must know what is in yourself, and for some reason or other,—be it noble, or be it commonplace,—attach a considerable importance to not saying anything that does not accurately represent that true self. But this state of mind is perfectly consistent both with very deep humility, and with a very considerable amount of self-conceit. It is consistent with great humility, because that deep self-distrust which many good men feel, produces this self-collectedness, this tendency to pause before saying what one might afterwards be dissatisfied with and regret; and this has all the effect of dignity. Again, it need not be deep self-distrust at all, but rather a strong imaginative command of a particular kind of impressive moral scenery, which makes a man reluctant to say anything jarring to such a self-consciousness. Mr. Bright's dignity as an orator, which has always been very great, appears to us to be of this kind. It originates probably in the strong sympathy which he has always felt with the griefs and hopes of great communities, and his keen appreciation of the note which will best elicit a clear echo in the popular mind. An orator who cannot speak without feeling himself the spokesman of a great community is, unless he quite mistakes his own powers, almost necessarily dignified in his speech. His speech is, to the speech of ordinary men, what the notes of a fine organ are to the notes of a drawing-room piano. They are attuned to reach a wider field, and to command the concordant sympathies of a multitude of hearts.

The common note of all men who are remarkable for true dignity is, however, a conscious self-respect; and this is getting less and less common, as the contemplative temper merges in the competitive temper of modern times. Mr. Arnold has, with more than his usual skill, described the dignity of the East, in its contrast with the restlessness of the West, in the lines in which he paints the scorn felt by the East for the Roman conquests:—

> "The East bowed low before the blast,
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the Legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again."

You have the whole secret of true dignity in that verse. It is patient; it is inward; and it really prefers the inward to the outward scenery. Dignity cannot be impatient; it cannot be external; yet even if a mind is both patient and inward, it will have no true dignity so long as its whole feeling for the inward scenery it contemplates is that of displeasure and disapprobation. A dignified man must feel a certain amount of interest and pleasure in expressing himself adequately in speech and conduct. He must keenly value the moral symmetry of his own thoughts and also the symmetry of his thoughts with his actions; and therefore it is that in the externality and hurry and irritability of our day, dignity is starved.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"NATURAL RELIGION," AND ITS DRIFT.

[From a Correspondent.]

[The author of *Ecce Homo* and of the recent book on *Natural Religion* permits us to publish the following interesting extract from a letter of his, written a few weeks after the appearance of *Natural Religion*, to a clergyman who had sent him some comments on it, accompanied with a pamphlet on the subject of a future Life.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

"Your comments on my book rather took me by surprise. You ask why I omitted to say this and that, and assume that I disbelieve, or at least regard as of slight importance, whatever is thus omitted. I see that you regard the book as a sort of confession of faith, or exhaustive statement of all that I believe on the subject of religion. Pray look again at the concluding pages, and at the preface and at the first chapter. You will see that my subject is most rigidly limited, and I say distinctly in the last paragraphs that what I omit seems to me all-important. I undertake to show that if all the negations of the fashionable scientific world were true, there still remains a religion of considerable and indispensable use. It would have been a mockery to undertake this, and forthwith to introduce notions and conceptions which the fashionable school treat with contempt. My only chance of obtaining a hearing from those for whom I wrote lay in keeping my engagement rigidly, in dismissing once for all whatever savoured in any way of the Supernatural. It was impossible to please the complete unbeliever and the Christian, even the liberal Christian, at once. I have laid myself out to win the attention of unbelievers. Now, I know how difficult it is to do this. I know by long experience (experience which it is very difficult for a clergyman to have, for I lived for many years in the intimate society of people to whom Christianity in all its forms seemed as ridiculous as any religion professed by barbarians), with what unbounded contempt they treat all the *Vermittelung's Ansichten*,—everything, for instance, written in the tone and style of Maurice. Everything of this kind, so I have found, they hate far more than old-fashioned theology. That, particularly in the form of Roman Catholicism, they can at least respect, but this they do not even respect. Of course, this state of mind is thoroughly unreasonable—to me especially it seems so, who feel every day how much I owe to Maurice,—but the men whose minds are in this state are now all-powerful over opinion, and they are forming a vast school of young crusaders, whose one ambition is to destroy religion.

"Only, I notice that just in the moment of victory they are seized with a misgiving. They begin to stammer out that it is not religion they hate, but only Christianity; that of course, when Christianity is destroyed, some other religion must be

substituted for it. I try to catch them in this mood. I ask them to tell me what religion they will substitute. Now, if it appears that this religion is, after all, a good deal like Christianity, is not this result such as ought to be welcome to Christians? 'But,' you say, 'I make such terrible concessions.' I make no concessions; I only show that I am honestly prepared to put certain doctrines entirely on one side for the purposes of argument. 'But you will frighten pious Christians.' I do maintain that the time for such scruples is gone by. Few will be frightened, because the old have been thoroughly frightened already, and the rising generation have in general too little religion to be liable to such fright. No doubt, you would have thought it a more triumphant thing, if I had met the opponents of the faith with a direct, convincing demonstration of all its dogmas; such a book, if I were able to write it, would no doubt be read eagerly by Christians; but by the people whom I have in view it would not be read at all. I know that there are a vast number of young men who have quite broken with these dogmas, but yet feel themselves to be Christians, though they do not know how. I hope to get a response from some of them. You will see that, though I address unbelievers in the first instance, I also want to explain to Christians that I think them much in the wrong. To me it seems that the present reign of scepticism may be a wholesome discipline for them, by forcing them to bring out, as I say, the 'social, political, and historical' side of religion. My opinion in general about a future life is that we ought to believe in it, and then think as little about it as possible. This, just now, is, no doubt, very difficult. For this reason, such speculations as yours are necessary and interesting; but I am so full of the bearings of religion on life, society, and politics, that I find it hard to do justice to what treats of death, not life."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

VIVISECTION IN OXFORD.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I trust you will allow me, as a still older and equally loyal member of the University of Oxford, to add a word of practical warning and counsel in regard to the deplorable vote for £10,000 endowment of Dr. Burdon Sanderson's new torture-chamber—for every laboratory where vivisection is practised is a torture-chamber—snatched last Tuesday by a majority of three in Convocation. I do not write to supplant, still less to controvert, the letter of my relative, Mr. Frank Oxenham, in your impression of to-day, with every word of which I heartily concur; but in order to point out, to those whom it may concern, the plain and obvious explanation of the bare victory then scored by the Vivisectionists, which is a very simple one. In political contests at Oxford—which are always, however, matters of public notoriety beforehand—every single voter on the Roll of Convocation, on either side, is sure to be actively canvassed, and may think himself lucky if he does not get a dozen letters, instead of one. In this case, where there was, of course, no such previous notoriety, there must have been either no canvassing, or, at best, a very inadequate one. I myself, for instance, who for some ten years past have taken an active part in the anti-vivisection movement, and was, till my retirement, two years ago, on the Executive Committee of the International Association, was left to learn for the first time that such a contest was imminent by learning that it was over, when on Wednesday morning I read, with mingled feelings of indignation and disgust, the report of the proceedings in Convocation in my *Times*. Had I known of it, I should have felt it my duty to travel, if necessary, all across England to vote, if not also to speak, against a measure which I cannot but regard as a deep dishonour to the University, as well as a very grave practical evil. And if I received no previous notice, who am personally known to several members of the Victoria-Street Committee, it is not an extreme assumption that at least three more M.A.'s, like-minded with myself, whose votes with mine would have turned the scales, were left in the same ignorance.

Most sincerely indeed do I trust that some opportunity may yet be given of rescinding the unhappy vote of Tuesday last. But in my case, it is surely not too much to ask that, whenever any similar occasion occurs, those engaged in organising the opposition shall make a rather better use of their *Oxford Calendar*, and take care that *every single member of Convocation not known to be hostile* (whose address is accessible) *shall be written to beforehand*. It is abundantly clear that, had this simple rule been followed in this case, the defeat would have been turned into a victory.—I am, Sir, &c.,

New University Club, June 9th. H. N. Oxenham.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The very week of my arrival in this beautiful city was signalised by a most unfortunate triumph on the part of the friends of pseudo-science. By a majority of 3—88 to 85—the University sanctioned the practice of Vivisection in Oxford, in the supposed interest of humanity; and for two days we have lost a household pet, a very amusing and affectionate dog, who has probably proved one of the first victims of these new grand inquisitors. As one who has valued and loved many medical men,—

"Life-grapplers with the primal curse,
Utility their meed,"

allow me to entreat them not to ostracise themselves, not to raise a strong barrier of feeling between them and all other classes in the community, not to persist in a practice which must encarnalise and brutalise the minds of medical students. Let me grant, what is doubtful, that they can thus obtain some knowledge, some *useful* knowledge even, possibly valuable in the application of the healing art, and freely grant that their motive is a noble one, to lengthen human life, remove some pressing ills, and increase our command of the domain of knowledge; still, all this does not pay for the moral injury wrought to the hearts of the young by deadening them to the sufferings of God's creatures. Doth God take care for oxen? Ay, most assuredly; as the Mosaic Law, trumpet-tongued, proclaims, which forbade even to seethe a kid in its mother's milk. Was not Nineveh spared for its children and "much cattle"? Did not our Lord tell us that God takes heed of sparrows even? Does not St. Paul himself give us to understand that the creature, the brute creation, is in some sense predestined to immortality,—"shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and have a share in the liberty of the children of God"?

Sport is a separate question. Foxes would be exterminated, were they not preserved for sport, and have always a fair chance of getting off. *Battues* are almost given up by civilised human beings. Skill is needful to the sportsman to shoot and kill. The bungler is unintentionally cruel, and should be punished by ridicule.

But, to return to the matter in hand, what can be more unfortunate for a University, than that learned cruelty should be established in its midst? Is there not enough to tempt our human weakness to social excess, without legalising the tortures of dumb creatures? Does not all experience prove that dissection and medical operations, which are needful, drive young men to the wine-cup and punch-bowl by way of reaction? Must we add the far more defiling horrors of vivisection? I will not do more than glance at the fearful sufferings of God's trustful creatures, for, as Lear says,—

"That way, madness lies."

But, I repeat, I, who have loved medical men, entreat them not to persevere in a course which would end by making them the pariahs of the community. Public opinion will not tolerate those horrors that hold their revels in France and Germany. Surely, the University can reconsider its vote, and cancel a resolution which will be fatal to the moral healthfulness of Oxford.—I am, Sir, &c.,

9 *Keble Terrace, Oxford, June 11th.* Archer Gurney.

ORGANISED BENEVOLENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Edward Liddell, appears to be one of those persons who estimate the value of a charity by its expenditure. It has not occurred to him that in many cases the exact converse holds good,—*e.g.*, the ideal district visitor is one who should spend no money on those under his charge, by enabling them all to help themselves; the ideal Missionary Society would make all its missions self-supporting, &c. He does not think much can be done by a society which has forty-five objects and an income of £3,000 a year, and has, consequently, only £66 to spend on each.

Now, in the first place, out of the forty-five objects, forming each the subject of a separate report, only thirty-three figure in the accounts of the Association, its connection with others (*e.g.*, the sick and death funds) being only of a moral nature. Out of

the thirty-three which do appear in the accounts, twenty-four represent institutions reckoned as belonging to the Association, the remaining nine being only helped ("befriended" is the term used) by it, *e.g.*, the Mediæval and Natural History Museums. Out of the institutions in the first class, again, four did not in the year 1881 cost the Association a single penny, *e.g.*, the Women's Baths on the Rhine were absolutely self-supporting, although an enlargement of them was intended, involving, of course, a further outlay of capital. In the other cases, the contribution of the Society is supplemented from other sources, and may even form only a fraction of the total amount raised. For example, its contribution (the largest of any) of £220 towards the drawing and modelling schools is met by one of £240 by the State, over £120 from other contributions, chiefly those of trade guilds, over £800 in fees, &c., forming a total of over £1,400. I find that a total expenditure by the Society of about £1,100 on the 24 institutions of its own was met by nearly £960 of donations, and over £4,300 from other sources. The Society thus administers through its various Committees about five times as much as it expends from its own resources.

When Mr. Liddell asks to hear "a little as to the successful results achieved in each of the 45 branches of work which occupy the attention of the Society," the answer is that this would virtually amount to the translation of nearly 300 pages of reports. But I will take as a sample the report of the Committee for the care of deserted children, consisting of seven members, (I may here observe that but few members of the Society appear to belong to more than one Committee, so that they are not in the least called upon to take "an equal interest in 45 different charities"). This report, which in England would form a volume of itself, consists of exactly six pages. It gives details as to 56 children whom the Committee looked after during the year, stating the number retained under its charge from the previous year, the number taken in charge and given out of charge during the year, their sex, and the institutions or families (spread over six Cantons) where they were placed, what became of those who were given up, where all the fifty-six were born, the occupations of their parents, their family circumstances—with special details as to two—the help received from parents, communes, and private persons; and concludes with a cash account, showing a total expenditure of something under £200, of which rather over 21 per cent. was contributed by parents, and 79 per cent. nearly from other sources, the grant from the Society being £60.

The economy with which the Society is managed is simply marvellous. The total cost of the general management appears to be under £120, and that of the individual Committees is equally moderate. For instance, that of the one just mentioned, for the care of deserted children, was under £4 10*s.*, although it is obvious from the fact that the objects of its care are widely scattered, that its operations must be unusually costly. Be it observed, moreover, that among the sources of income figures no single dinner, ball, concert, bazaar, fancy fair, or any other of those tricks by which money is sought to be wheedled out of the otherwise unwilling. Every contribution goes straight to its object. The Society has its occasional commemoration festivals, and that of its centenary in 1877 appears to have been a very grand affair, but a special fund is always raised for the purpose.

I trust, indeed, that before long a more extensive study of the working of this remarkable Society than can be given in a newspaper may appear in some monthly periodical. Mr. Liddell will then be able to judge whether these Swiss burghers have not acted successfully on a somewhat higher conception of human nature than appears to be his own.—I am, Sir, &c.,

THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE.

THE FAILURE OF RECRUITS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—After reading your article on "The Failure of Recruits," I think it may, perhaps, be worth while to tell you my experience on the subject. I live near a small town, about ten miles south-east of London, where of late years, owing to vicissitudes in the building trade, there has been a good deal of pressure—not severe distress—but "slack work." I am sure that at least one-third of the lads of the place would gladly go into the Army, as far as their own choice is concerned. But the respectable parents are almost, without exception, against it. They have still the idea, belonging, I suppose, to a past state of things (for we are a slowly-moving set, in spite of our nearness to London), that enlisting is the resource of a ne'er-do-weel; and they also shrink from the separation, partly, perhaps, for the sake of the lad's wages, but mostly as a matter of feeling. They are not used to look forward to parting with their sons, nor broken-in to it by sending them away to school, as we are; and, for the most part, the habit of reasoning is not strong enough to enable them to put this on one side, for the sake of a remote benefit. Now and then, a boy does carry his point and enlist, and then almost invariably he does well, and the parents become very proud of him; but this has not hitherto happened often enough to remove the prejudice. Of course, the consequence is that the more steady and dutiful lads give up the idea.

From the more needy families, a larger number do try to enlist, but most of them fall short of the standard either of height or of health. You will object that I have used the words "respectable" and "needy" as necessarily opposed to each other; but in practice, though not in reason, this is very generally the case among cottagers, at any rate here. Of course, I can suggest no remedy for the difficulty, and in other places the case may be different; but if several ignorant persons will give their experiences, perhaps some wiser head may discover an expedient.—I am, Sir, &c., E.

ST. PETERSBURG, OR PETERSBURG?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Herman Merivale asks the interesting question, "What is the name of the chief city of Russia?" He says in his letter:—"All the Britons (telegrams included) call the place St. Petersburg; all the French, I believe, Petersburg." Since reading Mr. Merivale's remarks, I have consulted the "Nouvelle Géographie Universelle," by Élisée Reclus, Paris, 1880, and I find in its pages both forms, "Pétersbourg" and "Saint Pétersbourg," used, with complete impartiality. On page 589, M. Reclus has the following remarks on the name of the city:—"Par un singulier caprice, en donnant son nom même à la capitale de son Empire, il employait ce nom sous la forme hollandaise de Piterburg. En Russie et à l'étranger, l'usage a fait prédominer la désignation allemande de Petersburg (Peterbourg); mais dans le langage ordinaire, la ville est encore appelée simplement, Piter." In literary Russian, I believe, the usual form is "Peterburg." It seems, then, that Mr. Merivale was wise in consulting the young lady of the modern-educational school.—I am, &c.,

18 *Bradmore Road, Oxford, June 11th.* A. L. MAYHEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I beg leave to inform Mr. Herman Merivale that the proper title of the Russian capital is, in English, "St. Petersburg," and in French "St. Pétersbourg," its original Russian name being "Sanktpeterburg," *in one word*. Russian and French people often say "Pétersbourg," to save trouble, but this is only colloquial.—I am, Sir, &c., A RUSSIAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Allow me to add another query to Mr. Herman Merivale's. Why are we so particular in prefixing "Saint" to the Russian Peter, whereas at home, where the "burg" is undoubtedly named from the Saint, we always speak of "Peterborough"?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Chelmsford, June 9th. R. E. BARTLETT.

GARIBALDI & THE POLICY OF ASSASSINATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of yesterday you say, "One of the Irish Members was not ashamed to identify Garibaldi's name with the cause of assassination, one of those monstrous accusations which only bring disgrace on those who make them." I now beg your permission to repeat, on my own account, most positively and distinctly, this accusation of the Irish Member against Garibaldi; and I shall be much obliged if, in order to show how he and I have disgraced ourselves by this accusation, you will do me the favour of answering the following questions:—

1. Did Garibaldi, as Dictator at Naples, or did he not, decree the erection of a statue to Milano, the Neapolitan soldier who was executed for an attempt to assassinate his Sovereign, the late King Ferdinand II.?

2. Did Garibaldi, or did he not, publicly express his approval and admiration of the blowing-up of the Serristori Barracks in Rome by Monti and Tognetti, an act by which a large number

of Pontifical Zouaves were wilfully murdered, and which was designed to destroy the whole regiment?

3. Did Garibaldi, or did he not, publicly express his admiration and approval of Hartmann's attempt to assassinate the late Emperor of Russia?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, S.W., June 10th. ASHBURNHAM.

[Lord Ashburnham asks us a number of questions without giving us the dates of the alleged events mentioned, and the words attributed to Garibaldi. Without these data it is impossible to test the accuracy of the imputations made. That Garibaldi committed himself to the policy of assassination was what we understood the allegation of the Irish Member to be.—ED. *Spectator.*]

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

IN this notice we propose to speak chiefly of those works which are otherwise likely to escape observation, either from their lack of size, their inconspicuous position, or the comparative unattractiveness of their subjects. In an exhibition like the present, which is notable chiefly for the absence of remarkable works, the inconspicuous pictures are frequently the best; and we have been surprised, on going carefully round the rooms, to find how much good work in the department of landscape is to be found in the higher places of each gallery, where it can scarcely be seen, and is almost certain to pass unnoticed. The attempt to mention all the works which deserve attention being perfectly hopeless, we shall ease our own minds, and gratify the patience of our readers, by giving up the endeavour to do more than say a few words almost at random on the painting and the subject of those pictures which arrest our attention.

There is a work in the first gallery called "The Last Look," by Mr. Maynard Brown, which has excited a good deal of comment since May 1st. It represents a scene in a manufacturing town, in which a mother and her children are taking a last look at some unknown object, probably intended to be the dead body of their father, since there is a large coffin on a chair by the side of the bed. The picture is dully painted in the manner of the Munich school, very carefully and well composed, and very restrained in its general effect; there is almost absolutely no colour in the work, and the chiaroscuro is of the simplest kind; such attraction as the composition possesses is entirely due to the truth of expression of the faces of the mother and her children; and it is remarkable that so artificial and so sickly a sentimentality prevails in English painting, that the mere fact that this picture depicts sorrow amongst the poor plainly and unaffectedly, has been sufficient to place it in a class by itself at the Royal Academy. It is, in truth, rendered impressive less by its own power and sincerity, than by the absolute triviality and sham prettiness of the works around it. From the technical point of view, it should be noticed that the manner in which the interior is intended to be lighted by no means explains itself; it is certainly not from the dying candle, near which one of the children stands; it does not seem to be light of dawn, noonday, or evening,—in fact, the whole of the scene, except the figures, is sunk in an obscurity which is relatively impossible. The light and shade are entirely arbitrary, and such as we believe could not exist under any natural conditions.

Mr. Barnard's picture of "The Jury, in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,'" is one of those clever but somewhat vulgar pieces of character-painting which this artist so frequently affords us; it is, in fact, a study of twelve unpleasant types, conceived with more skill than subtlety, and executed with more force than beauty. It devotes great ability to the delineation of noxious and unpleasant things, without any adequate reason for so doing; it seems to take an actual delight, like Mr. Gedge, the landlord of the Royal Oak, in telling us what a "poor lot these people are, big and little;" it lacks that "sæva indignatio" against the base, and that aspiration after the worthy, which alone could render such a painted satire tolerable. "The Enchanted Lake," by Mr. A. Goodwin, we have before mentioned, but call attention to it again, as we find that its merits increase on further acquaintance. It is really a delightful piece of quaint fancy, and were it not that it seems to have been somewhat hurriedly executed, it would be entitled to rank with Mr. Goodwin's finest work. It is worthy of mention that during the many years this artist has contributed to the Academy, he has, if we remember right, never once been hung upon the line. All these pictures are in the first room. In the second, Mr. Boughton's "Dutch Ferry" has all his usual charm of tone and delicate colouring, but is sadly uninteresting in all other respects. It is now some years since this able artist painted a real picture, such as his admirers have a right to expect from him; he has lived on the reputation of "The Bearers of the Burden," and, having proved by that picture that he was capable of both power and insight, he has given us some reason to be dissatisfied with the lukewarm compositions of Dutch peasants and the large-eyed theatrical maidens which have formed his staple artistic commodities for the last four or five years.

Mr. Frith's picture of "The Private View of 1881" is one of those remarkable works which are fortunately less common in the Academy of the present day, than they were a few years since. Without descending to the level of abuse, or at least what would seem such to those who have not seen the picture, it is quite impossible to state our opinion as to its merits; but it is little less than heart-breaking to any one who cares for Art, to see such a picture as this in the place of honour at the great picture-show of the year.

A passing word of mention must be given to Mr. Rooke's delicate little composition of "Autumn," in which every detail, from the grapes in the foreground to the green lizard which is running behind the principal figure, is elaborated with an almost over-loving minuteness. The face of the girl who is carrying the grapes is a little lacking in expression, and not too well drawn; but the picture is a beautiful study of colour, of the full, rich kind that one seldom sees in the Academy. The hues employed have somewhat of the same deep, satisfying lustre peculiar to ancient mosaics, and have a little, too, of the mosaic lack of variety,—the colours are placed against each other, that is, piece by piece, and, though unity of tone is procured to a considerable extent, it is at a little loss of freshness and ease; like an essay by a young beginner, the picture is divided off into so many coloured paragraphs; and details seem to be introduced more for the sake of details than any other purpose. Mr. Henry Wood's "Preparation for the First Communion" is another of his scenes of Venetian life, on a rather larger scale than that which he generally attempts. The result has not justified the artist. The picture is, it is true, full of vivid expression and character, and is cleverly arranged, but the defects of Mr. Wood's paintings show more prominently the more he increases the size of his pictures. The colour is at once coarse and uninteresting; sentiment and meaning are almost absolutely absent, and the lack of chiaroscuro, which is always a peculiarity in Mr. Wood's work, is very evident here. For the rest, the picture will please those who regard painting from the point of view of an illustrated newspaper, and will annoy all those who think that a picture is scarcely worthy of the name, unless it tells us something important, shows us something beautiful, or hints to us something grand. Mr. Adrian Stokes's landscape of a "Spanish Mill" should be noted for its brilliancy and its truth of tone. And we must say one more word for Mr. John Reid's "Darby and Joan." It is the most quiet, unaffected, charming little picture of home-life to be found in the whole exhibition. All these pictures are in the second room.

In the third, the largest, gallery, look first at Mr. Watts's study of "Katie," a little girl with a pink dress and a pink face, a reddish background and scarlet stockings, a nice, demure, innocent, good little child, utterly spoilt as a picture, in our opinion, by the garishness of her stockings and her very prosaic button-boots. Mr. Watts, of all men in the world, should not succumb to this shabby pre-Raphaelitism of leather and cotton. It does not consist with the style of his painting, nor with the poetry of feeling with which all his work is marked; on the contrary, it strikes an absolutely incongruous note. Nearly above this there is a rather powerful, rough landscape, by Mr. Thomas Hope M'Lachlan, of "Moonrise on a Teesdale Moor." It is a dark, almost colourless picture, roughly executed, but fresh, true, and instinct with a certain inarticulate poetry of its own. Compare with this, Mr. Goodall's tiny, highly-finished picture of "Returning from the Pasture at Ghizeh." We confess that this small landscape seems to us to be of far more value than the majority of Mr. Goodall's more ambitious works; it is delicate, beautifully drawn, and very good in colour, a delightful remembrance of the place under its most beautiful aspect, that is, of course, at sunset. Another good landscape, this time by

an amateur, is "In the Highlands of Surrey," by Sir Arthur Clay, Bart.

In the fourth gallery, Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Recreation" is one of the chief pictures, and though it touches only the humorous side of Art, one of the best. Mr. Sadler never paints anything but monks, and monks grinning,—but these monks are grinning very well, and each of them has a separate grin of his own; the picture, moreover, is original in its treatment, and is painted with a certain brisk incisiveness, as of a man who understands his work and means to do it thoroughly; to get it over as soon as possible, and then do another. Contrast with this Mr. Weatherbee's "To Everything there is a Season, and a Time to Every Purpose under the Heavens;" this last is a picture of a young man standing in a field by the side of a plough, putting on his coat after his day's work. In the distance, one sees a farm lad taking the cart-horses home. A picture somewhat in the manner of Walker, but with a more foreign style of colour, and perhaps a little more foreign motive; it deserves mention, if only for the fact that the chief figure has considerable power and truth, and is not, or at least does not appear to be, a studio model who has never worn a pair of gaiters or done a day's field-work in his life. Above this may be seen a good example of what careful painting and careful training can do to produce a picture. This is "At Last," by Mr. Fred. Cotman, thus succinctly and correctly described by that accomplished critic, Mr. Henry Blackburn,—"A soldier returning home; a woman on the bank; dog swimming to meet him."

"Nerina," by Mr. C. E. Perugini, is the frankest and the best imitation of one of Sir Frederick Leighton's brown-skinned damsels which we have ever seen. It is so manifestly and so utterly an imitation that it seems scarcely necessary to say any more about it, but it it is perhaps worth while to point out, as throwing some light upon the possible shortcomings of Sir Frederick's work, that this imitation of his manner gives exactly the same kind of pleasure, though not in so great a degree, as does the original. It is in its way quite exquisitely skilful, and though the face and the hands are not drawn with that precision and grace of which the President is capable, the draperies, the stonework, and all the surroundings of the figure could scarcely be told from those of the last-mentioned painter. Is the secret of the lack of power which art of this kind has to affect the majority of thoughtful people hinted at in the following sentence by Emerson?—"Art makes the same effort which a sensual prosperity makes, namely, to detach the beautiful from the useful, to do up the work as unavoidable, and hating it, pass on to enjoyment. These solaces and compensations, this division of beauty from use, the laws of Nature do not permit. As soon as beauty is sought not from religion and love, but for pleasure, it degrades the seeker."

If we mention Mr. Walter C. Horsley's "Fighting his Battles o'er Again," it is only to mark our opinion that so crude, violent, and insolent a picture, so coarsely painted and so vulgarly conceived, has no business upon the line at the Academy. It represents a half-naked, Eastern potentate swinging a gigantic sabre across the nose of a chuckling negro, whilst the Eastern potentate's favourite wife, with commendable indifference to the result of this perfectly uncalled-for proceeding, is gazing abstractedly into an Eastern landscape, composed of three anomalous trees; the remainder of the work is filled up with yellow-satin cushions, very uninteresting furniture, and a female attendant playing the banjo, apparently for the purpose of exciting the ancient warrior's warlike reminiscences. It may be that Mr. Horsley intends this work to be taken seriously, but we prefer to consider it as one of those pictorial eccentricities which occasionally, by some strange mischance, get shifted from the office in Bouverie Street to the walls of Burlington House.

In the fifth gallery, Mr. McWhirter has his best picture in the exhibition, which represents, as usual, a silver birch, and is similar in shape and size to the other work of the same character which this artist has exhibited in previous years. But the chief picture in this gallery is, without doubt, Mr. Logsdail's composition of "The Piazza San Marco;" it represents the evening gathering in the great Venetian square, in front of Mr. Ruskin's favourite cathedral. For the accuracy of one at least of the portraits the present writer can vouch confidently, since it represents a gondolier who punted him about Venice for more than a fortnight; but, indeed, most of the characters are evidently portraits of the *habitués* of the place. It is difficult to describe the hard, unnatural naturalness of this painting; it is like life, but like life with a twist in it,—very literally, "the trail of the serpent is over it all." We mean that Mr. Logsdail has, as is generally the case with painters of his school, seen his subject in all its details, both personal and architectural, with eyes which have only understood, or at all events have only been able to reproduce, the elements of bizarrerie, coarseness, and eccentricity which are to be found therein. The loveliness of the Cathedral, the finer details of character, the minute delicacies of colour and light and shade, the dignity of form and gesture, and all the hints of poetry and meaning which might and should have been in such a picture, are absent here. It is not a composition which reproduces worthily one of the most beautiful squares and the most motley assemblage of nationalities that can be found in the world; it is simply a large, double-page illustration to a Venetian journal.

BOOKS.

METHODS OF SOCIAL REFORM.*

The republication of these valuable papers will recall and increase the profound sense of loss with which the news of Professor Jevons's untimely death was received a year ago by the English public. Lucid, calm, and usually as cautious as he was sagacious,—though when he discovered, or thought he discovered traces, of a popular feeling unjust to men of science, no one could be more impetuous, and, as we think, more rash, than Professor Jevons in running a tilt at that popular feeling,—Professor Jevons was the man of all others to whom we might have looked for guidance in the many difficult social and economical questions of the day; nor, since Mr. Bagehot's death, do we know in whose hands we could have placed with so much confidence the review of the dangerous and difficult questions so crudely raised by Mr. Henry George, in his *Progress and Poverty*, as in those of Professor Jevons. Of the papers here republished, we may say that all are able, and most are wise, though we cannot say that we think wisdom by any means the characteristic of the vehement attack on those who regard the rapid extension of that professional physiology which makes Vivisection one of its chief instruments of investigation a very serious moral danger, against which it is absolutely necessary to warn the public, and to take the strictest guarantees. We should say much more of the paper called "Cruelty to Animals, a Study in Sociology," if its author were still living. As he is gone, we will only comment on one aspect of his paper so important that we should not feel it right to pass it by. Nothing can be more misleading than to use the cruelties of sport as a sort of buttress for the cruelties of science. If Professor Jevons was right in assuming that something like three million living creatures are wounded every year without being killed by the sportsmen who find their pleasure in shooting at them, and that other and much less painful means,—such as netting,—might be found for procuring the same amount of food, and keeping down the numbers of the animals which are now destroyed almost wholly by the gun, he would have been well justified in saying,—if he did mean to say, but of this we are not sure,—that this is monstrous and wholesale cruelty on the part of society, which deserves to be denounced. But Professor Jevons seems to us to have attacked society for the cruelty of its sport, less because he condemned its proceedings than because he wished to meet an attack on physiologists by a counter-manœuvre. And to suppose, as he did, that we ought to have refrained from even condemning the deliberate infliction of torture for scientific purposes, although that is the business of a new and rapidly-growing profession which invokes the authority of scientific right, until we had succeeded in putting down the unintended cruelties of the sportsman, seems to us to be most misleading. Is it conceivable that a public sanction given to the principle that any amount of torture may be deliberately inflicted by a great profession on any creature less than human, for any useful human purpose, would result in a more humane public feeling as regards sport? Would it not at once be said that if we may be as cruel as we please in order to improve our knowledge of the laws of health, we may clearly be equally cruel to increase our actual stock of health,—the former producing only a promise of contingent good to human health, while the latter produces a certain and measurable addition to

* *Methods of Social Reform, and Other Papers.* By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan.

it? It should, we think, have been perfectly clear to so lucid a mind as that of Professor Jevons, that if you want to impress on human beings their grave responsibility for the humane treatment of their poor relations, you must begin by challenging a grave profession of the highest scientific claims, when it demands the right to torture at will any number of animals that it may be needful to torture,—so long only as pain unnecessary for the object in question is avoided,—for the clear prospect or even a reasonable chance of adding to the stock of useful scientific knowledge. "The vivisector," says Professor Jevons, "like most discoverers in pure science, must look for his reward in the pleasure of pursuing knowledge for its own sake, or for the sake of the millions of men who will in the future be benefited by his discoveries. Of course, I do not mean to say that the vivisector has clearly before his mind in each experiment the good of mankind generally. Men are usually driven to work for a great end by some instinctive tendency, some pleasure in the action itself, or some minor motive, just as the bee gathers a store of honey, not because he is conscious of its future utility, but because it is agreeable to gather it. We approve the industrious actions of the bee, because they lead to a useful end; and it is quite sufficient defence of the vivisector's character that his labours are likely to result in the diminution of disease and suffering." We reply that it is precisely the growth of this formidable "instinctive tendency" to amass knowledge by inflicting pangs on our fellow-creatures, as the bee amasses honey by sucking it out of the flowers, which we dread, and desire to extinguish. If it be allowed to grow, it will not stop at creatures beneath the rank of man; nor is there any good reason why it should stop exactly at the point where an immense advance of knowledge might easily be gained by going further. But even if it did stop at beings lower than man, this "instinctive tendency" would harden the heart, render human life altogether more cruel in its selfishness, and extinguish absolutely the last chance of putting a stop to the inhumanities of sport. Professor Jevons was amongst the gentlest and tenderest-hearted of his generation. We do not believe that he himself could have borne to torment even a frog, in order to have solved the most important physiological problem conceivable in "reflex action," or in any other department of the science. We believe that he threw himself into the cause of the physiologists suffering under the attacks levelled against them, very much as he would have thrown himself into the cause of the frogs, if he had ever realised the frogs' sufferings. All the more do we regret that this essay proceeded from his pen, and gave the great authority of his distinguished name to what we hold to be a bad cause.

The striking paper on "Cram" is the one which we should select as the best, and, in many respects, the most brilliant, in the book before us. Professor Jevons loved to expose the fallacy of a popular cry, and, in this case at least, he has performed the task most powerfully. He maintains that there is "good cram," and "bad cram." "Bad cram," he says, "consists in temporarily impressing on the candidate's mind a collection of facts, dates, or formulæ, held in a wholly undigested state, and ready to be disgorged in the examination-room by an act of mere memory." "Good cram," on the contrary, he defines as training which is of a thorough and arduous character, directing the candidates' studies into the most important lines of a given subject of examination, "so that the faculties of the pupil are stimulated and encouraged to the utmost in those lines." Professor Jevons maintains, and maintains, we think, with the utmost truth, that for nine men out of ten, this is precisely the most useful and telling education in the world. In reply to a very effective speech of Sir Richard, then Mr. Cross,—at that time Home Secretary,—against cram, Professor Jevons says:—

"Both in this and his other remarks, Mr. Cross commits himself to the popular but wholly erroneous notion that what boys learn at school and college should be useful knowledge indelibly impressed upon the mind, so as to stay there all their lives, and be ready at their fingers' ends. The real point of the objections to examination commonly is, that the candidate learns things for the examination only, which, when it is safely passed, he forgets again as speedily as possible. Mr. Cross would teach so deliberately and thoroughly that the very facts taught could not be forgotten, but must ever after crop up in the mind, whatever we are doing. I hold that remarks such as these proceed from a wholly false view of the nature and purposes of education. It is implied that the mind in early life is to be stored with the identical facts and bits of knowledge which are to be used in after-life. It is, in fact, Mr. Cross and those who think with him who advocate a kind of 'cram,' enduring, it is true, but still 'bad cram.' The true view of education, on the contrary, is to regard it as a course of training. The youth in a gymnasium practises upon a horizontal bar, in order to develope his muscular powers generally; he does not intend to go upon posturing upon horizontal bars all through life. School is a place where the mental fibres are to be exercised, trained, expanded, developed, and strengthened, not 'crammed' or loaded with 'useful knowledge.' The whole of a youth's subsequent career is one long course of technical 'cramming,' in which any quantity of useful facts are supplied to him *nolens volens*. The merchant gets his technical knowledge at the clerk's desk, the barrister in the conveyancer's offices or the law courts, the engineer in the workshop and the field. It is the very purpose of a *liberal education*, as it is correctly called, to develope and train the plastic fibres of the youthful brain, so as to prevent them taking too early a definite 'set,' which will afterwards narrow and restrict the range of acquisition and judgment. I will even go so far as to say that it is hardly desirable for the actual things taught at school to stay in the mind for life. The source of error is the failure to distinguish between the *form* and the *matter* of knowledge, between the facts themselves and the manner in which the mental powers deal with facts. It is wonderful that Mr. Cross and those who moralise in his strain do not perceive that the actual facts which a man deals with in life are infinite in number, and cannot be remembered in a finite brain. The psychologists, too, seem to me to be at fault in this matter, for they have not sufficiently drawn attention to the varying degrees of duration required in a well-organised memory. We commonly use the word 'memory' so as to cover the faculties of Retention, Reproduction, and Representation, as described by Hamilton, and very little consideration will show that in different cases we need the powers of retention, of suggestion, and of imagination in very different degrees. In some cases, we require to remember a thing only a few moments, or a few minutes; in other cases, a few hours or days; in yet other cases, a few weeks or months: it is an infinitesimally small part of all our mental impressions which can be profitably remembered for years. Memory may be too retentive, and facility for forgetting and of driving out one train of ideas by a new train is almost as essential to a well-trained intellect as facility of retention. Take the case of a barrister in full practice, who deals with several cases in a day. His business is to acquire as rapidly as possible the facts of the case immediately before him. With the powers of representation of a well-trained mind, he holds these facts steadily before him, comparing them with each other, discovering their relations, applying to them the principles and rules of law more deeply graven on his memory, or bringing them into connection with a few of the more prominent facts of previous cases which he happens to remember. For the details of laws and precedents he trusts to his text-writers, the statute-book, and his law library. Even before the case is finished, his mind has probably sifted out the facts and rejected the unimportant ones by the law of obliviscence. One case done with, he takes up a wholly new series of facts, and so from day to day, and from month to month, the matter before him is constantly changing. The same remarks are even more true of a busy and able administrator like Mr. Cross. The points which come before him are infinite in variety. The facts of each case are rapidly brought to his notice by subordinates, by correspondence, by debates in the House, by deputations and interviews, or by newspaper reports. Applying well-trained powers of judgment to the matter in hand, he makes a rapid decision and passes to the next piece of business. It would be fatal to Mr. Cross if he were to allow things to sink deep into his mind and stay there. There would be no difficulty in showing that, in like manner, but in varying degrees, the engineer, the physician, the merchant, even the tradesman or the intelligent artisan, deal every day with various combinations of facts which cannot all be stored up in the cerebral framework, and certainly need not be so. The bearing of these considerations upon the subject of examinations ought to be very evident. For what is 'cram' but the rapid acquisition of a series of facts, the vigorous getting-up of a case, in order to exhibit well-trained powers of comprehension, of judgment, and of retention before an examiner? The practised barrister 'crams' up his 'brief' (so called because, as some suppose, made *brief* for the purpose), and stands an examination in it before a judge and jury. The candidate is not so hurried; he spends months, or it may be two or three years, in getting up his differential calculus or his inorganic chemistry. It is quite likely that when the ordeal is passed, and the favourable verdict delivered, he will dismiss the equations and the salts and compounds from his mind as rapidly as possible; but it does not follow that the useful effect of his training vanishes at the same time. If so, it follows that almost all the most able and successful men of the present day threw away their pains at school and college. I suppose that no one ever heard of a differential equation solving a nice point of law, nor is it common to hear Sophocles and Tacitus quoted by a leading counsel. Yet it can hardly be denied that our greatest barristers and judges were trained in the mathematical sciences, or if not, that their teachers thought the classics a better training-ground. If things taught at school and college are to stay in the mind to serve us in the business of life, then almost all the higher education yet given in this kingdom has missed its mark."

It would be hardly possible, we submit, to put the case more powerfully, or on a surer basis of principle, than Professor Jevons puts it here. We have always maintained that the better class of "crammers" give better instruction in the modes of acquiring the principles of knowledge, and in the aptest use of them when acquired, than any other class of teachers. They are not the men who inspire the highest of all intellectual passions, the love of knowledge and truth for its own sake; but they are the men who best understand the gymnastic of the mind, and best train young men in the exercise and use of their own powers.

The inaugural address to the Manchester Statistical Society in 1869, and the opening address to the Economic Section of

the British Association in 1870, are both of them full of valuable matter, and from the last we cannot help extracting, for the benefit of the member for Burnley, the passage in which Professor Jevons compares the policy of further reducing taxation with the policy of paying-off Debt. This is what Professor Jevons says,—and it is, we venture to think, almost as applicable to the year 1883 as it was to the year 1870:—

"But I venture to raise another question. I doubt whether the remission of taxation does as much good at the present day as it would at a future time. There are comparatively few signs that the wages of the working-classes, even when sufficient, are saved and applied really to advance the condition of the recipients. All is expended in a higher scale of living, so that little permanent benefit results; and when bad trade comes again, there is as much distress as ever. It is only with the increase of education and temperance that the increase of wages will prove a solid advantage. Thus, when the really hurtful taxes are removed, it by no means follows that the further remission of taxes leads to the profitable expenditure of income. The money may be spent in a way far more profitable to the whole nation than it will be spent by those whose taxes are remitted. I am glad, on this and many other accounts, that the propriety of reducing the National Debt is beginning to be very generally recognised. The question was ably raised by Mr. Lambert during the recent Session, and both in the House of Commons and in the newspaper press many strong opinions were expressed in favour of reduction. In fact, there was almost a general feeling that Mr. Lowe's small measure of reduction was altogether inconsiderable, compared with our opportunities and the greatness of the task before us. During every interval of peace we ought to clear off the charges incurred during the previous war, otherwise we commit the serious error of charging to capital that which should be borne by income. If a railway company needs periodically to renew its works, and charges all the cost to capital, it must eventually become insolvent; so if at intervals we require to maintain the safety and independence of this country or its possessions by war, and do it all by borrowed money, we throw the whole cost of our advantage upon posterity. If, indeed, one great war could free us from all future danger, we might capitalise the cost and leave it as a perpetual mortgage upon the property of the country; but if the effect of any war wears out, and we are liable to be involved in new wars at intervals, then we cannot fairly or safely go on adding perpetually to the mortgage upon the national property. The wars at the commencement of this century have secured for us fifty years or more of nearly unbroken peace, and yet at the end of this period of ever-advancing wealth, the great Debt stands almost at the same figure as at the commencement. We enjoy the peace, and leave our descendants to pay its cost."

No doubt, the working-classes have learned something since 1870, and do save a larger proportion of any addition to their wages than they did then. On the other hand, it is still true that the greater portion of any relief that might be granted to them in the shape of diminished taxation would be expended in a higher scale of living, and our subsequent experience has rendered it more certain than ever that "we are liable to be involved in new wars at intervals," so that "we cannot fairly or safely go on adding perpetually to the mortgage on the national property," and therefore that it is simply wrong for us "to enjoy the peace and leave our descendants to pay its cost."

Another impressive paper is that on "Married Women in Factories," in which the evils arising from the fact that the mothers of children leave them in the care of others, while they themselves attend the factory, are very powerfully stated. We feel, however, the greatest doubt whether the remedy which Professor Jevons proposes might not result in evils greater than those which now exist. We fear that so long as there continue to be so many mothers wholly unscrupulous as to the duties of mothers, no law which disqualified them for working in factories while their children are infants would answer the purpose required. It is but too certain that even as it is, criminal means are not unfrequently found of evading the burden and expense of children, and we fear that the remedy suggested by Professor Jevons would result in multiplying the use of these criminal means. The truth is that moral and spiritual influences alone can remove moral and spiritual evils, and we should feel the greatest uneasiness lest any serious attempt to bring home the responsibilities of parental life to unworthy parents might only end in the way one would expect, when one adds greatly to the temptations to evil, without adding to the amount of moral force by which evil is resisted.

There is not a paper in this volume from which even those who differ most from its conclusions will not derive great instruction; and we may add that, serious as most of the subjects are, they are treated with a lucidity and force which make these papers anything but dry reading to those who have really studied the subjects treated. In Professor Jevons's early death, the world has suffered a very grievous loss.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD HENRY PALMER.*

We cannot bestow on this Life all the praise lavished on it by some of our contemporaries. It is an interesting book all through, in parts even a brilliant book, but it is not a good biography. Of all that Professor Edward Henry Palmer, Orientalist, author, and explorer, did, of all that he learned, of all that he wrote, and of most things that he appeared to his contemporaries to be, we have the fullest account in the pleasantest words; but of what he was, absolutely nothing at all. There are no letters in the book, except some half-official from Suez, very few memoranda of conversations, and no indications whatever of the inner life. The Professor lived half his life at Cambridge and half among Orientals, and knew about the latter, their minds, their ways, and their interests more perhaps than any European; but of what he thought of them, whether he approved or disapproved, loved or hated them, we never obtain one glimpse. For those who trust this biography, Mr. Palmer's endless knowledge of languages, his sympathetic study of men, his patient and laborious investigation into facts, produce absolutely nothing except a certain childlike wonder that one man could know all that he evidently knew. Of the knowledge there is no doubt. Mr. Besant is faithful to his friend, and piles up evidence on evidence proving that his reputation was not artificial, that he was an exceptional Orientalist, that learned Asiatics held him their equal or superior, that Arabs of the Desert and Arabs of the city, Arabs of Sinai and Arabs of Algeria alike took him to be in some sort a compatriot. A "Turco," or Arab soldier, in Paris, abused him for wearing the European dress, when he was a Moslem; the gipsies thought him a gipsy masquerading as a gentleman; Indians wondered how a mere Western could have acquired all their learning. But of the thoughts this knowledge, so wide and deep, had brought him, of the convictions it had induced, of the mental nature it had modified, we hear nothing whatever. We see him only as in a looking-glass. It would be impossible to gather from this book an idea of Professor Palmer's creed, of his politics, of his view of society or morals, of human duties and obligations, of any mental acquisition, in fact, by which other men might be benefited and improved. Even of himself we learn comparatively little. We know that he was small, but hardy, very brave, and with the power of making himself felt, with a gift for the rapid acquisition of tongues, with unusual power of rapid literary work, with a turn for dexterous manipulation such as conjurors possess, and with great attractiveness for all whom he liked or came into intimate converse with; but his mind, the ultimate drift of his ideas, is never revealed to us. Was he even a thoughtful man? We know that he had a childlike faculty of enjoyment, that he was humorous as well as learned, with a humour which had in it a trace of farce, and that he could neither keep money nor arrange his pecuniary affairs; but still, of him as a whole man we know little. To the question, What did he do? the reply is complete and satisfactory; but to the question, What did he think about any of his multifarious subjects? there is no answer. He translated the Koran and other Oriental classics, he studied secret sects, he knew much of many creeds, but of his religious faith we could not give a notion beyond a guess, which is only based on an impression, that he was a convinced Theist, who thought most beliefs, possibly all beliefs, mental phenomena. He passed his life in the effort to comprehend Orientals, and succeeded in that task beyond all men,—succeeded till he could make of himself a Oriental; but of what he thought about Orientals, and the distinction between them and Westerns, we know, and from this book can know, nothing. Of his relation to his fellow-creatures, we hear little. Mr. Besant observes *en passant* that his hero did not love them very much, but was interested in them with a kind of watchful wonder; but what was the cause of this wondering?

The Professor was mesmerist and conjuror, and at one time a spiritualist, and one of those men who are quick to examine any pretension to occult knowledge; but whether he thought this branch of inquiry worth pursuing, we have no means of telling. Mr. Besant thinks he despised the whole subject, but he gives no evidence of this, he only guesses the reasons for his hero's careful silence; he acknowledges that he was a mesmerist of the higher kind—he once, for example, sent a girl in a trance to a hospital a mile away, to submit to a painful

* *The Life of Edward Henry Palmer.* By Walter Besant, M.A. London: John Murray.

operation, a story opening up illimitable possibilities as to mental influence—and he quotes no final or intelligible opinion.

Even of his character we are left in some doubt. Mr. Besant praises his friend on every page, quite justly by the consent of all who knew him, but he rarely proves his good qualities, except his entire disinterestedness about money, and it is not our fault if we gather that he was at bottom somewhat unscrupulous, especially as to accuracy of statement. He would invent a firman, if necessary, he would tell stories that create at least doubt, and he would carry mystification beyond the permissible. Does not Mr. Besant himself mean that he was a little unscrupulous when he repeats, *à propos* of some wonderful stories, that it is necessary to remember that Professor Palmer was a very clever man? The view may be most unfair, and may even seem brutal, when we recollect that Professor Palmer died for his country, and is still unrewarded; but we rise from the account of him with a feeling that he was more like Donatello, like Margrave, like any hero of fiction, with wonderful gifts, but with the soul left out, than any real person of whom we ever read.

The son of a small tradesman of Cambridge, Mr. Palmer showed from the first the tastes which distinguished him in after-life. As a mere boy he acquired Romany, the gipsy tongue, so perfectly, that throughout life the Gipsies believed him to be a man of their tribe; and as a clerk in Eastcheap, doing the dock business of his firm, he spent his whole leisure and spare silver in cafés, picking up French and Italian in all its dialects. He had for all words a cloudless memory, he possessed that mimetic faculty essential to easy speech in a foreign tongue, and he had profound confidence in his own power:—

"'Either you want to learn a language,' he would say, 'or you do not. If you do not, follow the way of the English schools, and you will succeed. If, however, you do——'—and here he would go on to explain how it should first be studied without the grammar, and with the intention of acquiring, to begin with, the most important part of the actual vocabulary; how languages, being in groups, present vocabularies which, with certain variations, are common property; how inflections, suffixes, and so forth, also resemble each other, and therefore come quite easily to the man who has begun with the words, so that in learning simply how to read a tongue, without opening anything more than a dictionary, you acquire insensibly a vast amount of grammar and a great quantity of syntax. The true reason, he always insisted, of the really brilliant failure to teach modern languages which distinguishes our schools is that we only approach them by the aid of grammars modelled after the Latin and Greek manner, and that we mistake the teaching of inflection and syntax for that of language. Any intelligent person, Palmer maintained, can learn to read a language in a few weeks, and to speak it in a few months, unless it be his first attempt at an Oriental language."

When forced in 1859 by ill-health to return to Cambridge, where, though an orphan, he had an aunt with money, he made the acquaintance of Syud Abdullah, then teaching Indian languages, and thenceforward devoted himself to Oriental study. He learned Urdu till his letters were the delight of native editors and scholars in India; Persian, till Professor Cowell, a master of that tongue, declared his vocabulary "exhaustless;" Arabic, till he could render old Arabic with the original swinging rhythm, and could talk modern Arabic till the Bedaween half believed him a kinsman, and men like Garcin de Tassy and Stanley Lane Poole expressed utter "wonder" at his acquirements. The Engineers who surveyed Palestine trusted him in the incredibly difficult task of ascertaining and verifying the Arab names for places, and their relation to the Hebrew names, and he explored the "Desert of the Wanderings" as it has never been explored yet. He hoped, after his labours, to be made Professor of Arabic in Cambridge, but the Heads of Houses found he had only taken a third-class in Classics, they thought him a bit of a Bohemian, and they passed him over, in favour of a man quite worthy, but an outsider—an affront he never forgave. Fortunately, the Dean of Windsor, Dean Wellesley, who then, as Queen's Almoner, held the patronage, gave him the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic, and this, though it yielded only £40 a year, enabled him to keep his Fellowship after marriage. He married at once, and a year after the University increased his income by £250. He did much work besides, some of it splendid work, though he was too rapid, and might have been prosperous, but he could not keep money; he was unlucky in his wife's health, which drove her to gentler climates, and he had, from the moment he was passed over, a distaste for Cambridge. After his wife's death, he assigned his income to creditors, came up to London, and was gradually acquiring a place in journalism when he was asked by Lord Northbrook, on the part of the Government, to perform a dangerous service, for which there was no other fit man. He was to go to the Desert of Sinai, and persuade the Sheikhs, who might have brought 50,000 men to the aid of Arabi, to sit quiet, and if necessary, to engage them to protect the Canal. He had no written instructions, but he knew precisely what to do, and he rode into the Desert as the wealthy Sheikh Abdullah, the friend of the Beni Ismail, and, at the price of much suffering, contrived to see and convince the leading Sheikhs. During a ride of days through the Desert, he so conciliated the leading Sheiks that they agreed to desert Arabi, to remain quiet, to protect the Canal, and if it were threatened by the Nile tribes, to attack them with fifty thousand men. Palmer returned to Suez on August 1st, 1882, supremely successful in his mission, to find himself appointed interpreter-in-chief to her Majesty's Forces in Egypt, and authorised to draw on the Government for any expenses, and furnished with £20,000. It was characteristic that he was ordered to fix his salary, but could not attend to such a detail. After a short rest, he set out again with Captain Gill to buy camels, taking with him £3,000. He was misled by a treacherous guide, and attacked and murdered by a party of Arabs, either anxious for the money, or, as Mr. Besant believes, acting under superior orders, transmitted through the Governor of Nakhl from Constantinople. The whole party were taken to the edge of a deep ravine, and shot down. So perished a man of high attainments, who fascinated his friends, and who was enabled in the last year of his life to perform a grand service for his country, which, as yet, has not been adequately acknowledged. We trust for the sake of justice that the omission will be recognised, and that, moreover, the best of the Professor's work, including his very striking and original poetical efforts, will yet be given to the world in a collected form. He was a man of rare gifts.

MR. CALDECOTT'S ÆSOP.*

THERE are occasions when a critic's duty becomes as simple as it is pleasant, and the present is a case in point. This book is indeed a delightful one, and this assertion can be made without hesitancy or limitation; nor does this refer alone to the illustrations with which Mr. Caldecott has enriched the volume. The paper, the printing, the binding, the reproduction of the drawings are all alike simple and efficient, pretty and appropriate. In fact, the whole get-up of the book is exactly what it should be for its subject, and a special word of praise is due to Mr. J. D. Cooper, who has engraved the artist's drawings with wonderful spirit, and apparently perfect fidelity. Says the translator, who is a brother of the artist, "The translations aim at replacing the florid style of our older English versions, and the stilted harshness of more modern ones, by a plainness and terseness more nearly like the character of the original," and in this we think he has certainly succeeded. Compare, for instance, the two versions of the fable, "The Fox and the Crow," the first from Bewick's *Æsop*, the second from Mr. Caldecott's:—

"A Crow, having taken a piece of cheese out of a cottage window, flew up into a high tree with it, in order to eat it; which a Fox observing, came and sat underneath, and began to compliment the Crow upon the subject of her beauty. 'I protest,' says he, 'I never observed it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that I ever saw in my life! Ah, what a fine shape and graceful turn of body is there; and I make no question but you have a tolerable voice! If it is but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can pretend to stand in competition with you.' The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was; but thinking the Fox a little dubious as to the particular of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in that matter, began to sing, and in the same instant let the cheese drop out of her mouth. This being what the Fox wanted, he chopped it up in a moment and trotted away, laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the Crow."

And this:—

"A Crow stole a piece of cheese, and alighted with it on a tree. A Fox watched her, and wishing to get hold of the cheese, stood underneath and began to make compliments upon her size and beauty; he went so far as to say that she had the best of claims to be made Queen of the Birds, and doubtless it would have been done, if she had only a voice. The Crow, anxious to prove to him that she did possess a voice, began to caw vigorously, of course dropping the cheese. The fox pounced upon it and carried it off, remarking, as he went away, 'My good friend Crow, you have every good quality; now try to get some common-sense.'"

* *Some of Æsop's Fables.* By Randolph Caldecott. London: Macmillan and Co.

We have selected this instance, simply as the first that came to hand; but it we think justifies Mr. Caldecott's claim to superior terseness and vigour.

The chief point, however, of this new version of the *Fables*, consists of the modern instances which the artist has appended to the text. These are given without a word of explanation, and translate into terms of human life, the story which has been told by beast or bird. Thus in regard to the fable of "The Fox and Crow," we have after the first design representing the actual fable, two illustrations showing us its modern application. The first of these depicts a drawing-room, in which a stout, good-natured mother is keeping watch over a pretty daughter, who sits by her side on the sofa. Eagerly bending forward to speak to these, is a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, who is evidently persuading the mother to exercise what musical talent she possesses. In the next drawing, we see the elderly lady screaming her hardest at the piano, whilst the young man is kissing the daughter as hard as he can. This modern instance is simple and *banal* enough in the description, but the little brown-ink outlines in which it is shown, are full of real wit and originality; and those who care to notice what a really fine, expressional artist Mr. Caldecott is, should look carefully at the drawing of the young man's hand in the first of these two sketches. The left hand helps to explain the complimentary speech with regard to the mother's music, and the right says as plainly as can be, "Well, there is the piano quite ready, won't you give us one song?"

All, of course, are not equally good, but all are excessively funny, and it is no mere figure of speech to say, that as much genuine drollery has hardly ever been compressed into so few lines of illustration. Mr. Caldecott's essential strength is the evidence of his sympathy, which not only embraces and understands the brute creation, but also has a strong hold on the characteristics of mankind. It is very rare in any form of literature or art, to find a man who is capable of seeing the funny side, at the same time that he perceives the qualities of beauty; and it is the possession of this faculty which makes our artist's work so especially delightful. The drawings in this book are as graceful as those of Mr. Walter Crane, and infinitely better drawn; whilst the fun, though it borders upon the satirical, rather than the purely humorous, is as true as one of Hood's poems. Take as a last illustration, the fable of "The Man and his Two Wives," which we shall be, perhaps, excused for quoting in its entirety:—

"A man whose hair was turning gray had two wives, one young and the other old. The elderly woman felt ashamed at being married to a man younger than herself, and made it a practice whenever he was with her to pick out all his black hairs; while the younger, anxious to conceal the fact that she had an elderly husband, used similarly to pull out the gray ones. So, between them, it ended in the man being completely plucked, and becoming bald."

The first illustration to this fable shows us the unfortunate husband sadly contemplating the bald pate to which his wives have reduced him; and the modern instance depicts an unfortunate artist, who has fallen flat on the floor of his studio between a classic statue, labelled "The Ideal," and one of a modern young lady in tennis costume, labelled "The Real;" whilst in front of him is a smudged canvas, described as "The Namby-pamby."

It is useless to multiply descriptions of these drawings, and we can only conclude by reiterating our statement, that this is emphatically a good book.

EARLY LONDON.*

A WORK which purports to contain the history of the "greatest city the world has ever seen," in two volumes of some 850 octavo pages in all, of which 100 are taken up with lists of names, is not one which could easily be (to borrow an adverb from Mr. Ruskin, and an epithet from Mr. Matthew Arnold), "entirely adequate." But of all recent books on the subject—on the early part, at least—Mr. Loftie's, perhaps, most nearly approaches to adequateness. The second volume, which deals with "Greater London," is, partly from the nature of the topics, rather scrappy. But the first volume, which deals with the City itself, is an excellent summary of the early history of the City, and forms a valuable contribution to the literature of historical London. The author has evidently availed himself of all the latest researches which bear upon his subject, and has himself resorted to the fountain-head of original documents, instead of merely following the streams of second-hand authorities. He consequently writes with freshness, vigour, and clearness. His chapters on what one may call the making of London are perhaps equal, in point of style and interest, to Mr. Green's *Making of England*, to which writer he gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness. But the upshot of the latest researches in the early history of London before the times of Edward the Confessor, is that very little is really known about it. The old stock beginning of histories would adequately describe that of London,—"Its origin is shrouded in the mists of antiquity." The topographer, the etymologist, and the archæologist can reconstruct London for us, as Professor Owen from a few fragments of bones reconstructs an extinct animal; but of story proper, Mr. Loftie has to confess that he is very much in the position of the needy knife-grinder, and has none to tell. But, happily, he is strong as a topographer and an antiquarian, and has apparently resorted to good sources for his etymology. The map called "London before the Houses," which prefaces the first volume, is fully justified in the text, and brings before the reader a striking picture of the original "Lake-fort," which the geologist and the etymologist combine with the topographer and the antiquarian to assure us was the origin of London. Its early history was like that of Rome,—the growth of a "fortified cattle pen," and pirate den, happily situate on hills close to a navigable stream and natural harbour, guarded by morass and forest on the land side, into a busy mart of foreign merchants.

Mr. Loftie withholds his belief from the old legends about Roman London. He refuses to recognise the bronze statue said to represent Diana as an argument for the existence of a Roman temple on the site of St. Paul's, and equally denies that any vestiges have been found of Romano-British churches. "In the arts of house decoration, the Londoners" of that time, not unlike those of the present, "were fairly advanced, but the rooms they occupied were miserably small," and this though they were in scattered villas, surrounded at a late period of Roman occupation by a wall, the date of which is not known. "All we know is that in 350 London had no wall, and in 369 the wall existed." From that year to the year 609, a blank of two centuries and a half exists in the annals of London, broken only by the statement that in 457 the British fugitives from the terrible battle of Crayford took refuge within the walls. Then London, as a town, ceased to exist. The Britons were unable to defend its walls, the English despised them. When London appears again on the scene, it is as the seat of a Bishop and a King, who was appointed by the Kings of Kent to preside over the East Saxons, who occupied London. From that time its name reappears at intervals, not as the capital of an independent kingdom, but as a port subject to the predominant power, Kentish, Mercian, Northumbrian, West Saxon, or Dane, as the case may be.

Not until the days of Alfred, in 884, did it really become of importance in English history, but from that time the "area" enclosed in the circuit of the old Roman walls, "loosely" as the population "fitted into it," became practically (*pace* the author who objects to the title) the "capital" of England, and its citizens for many a long year the arbiters of her destinies. Indeed, until the last half-century, the cause which had the City of London on its side was pretty certain to be the cause which conquered.

Not that the City was never a house divided against itself; on the contrary, the internal history of the City is a story of continual strife, the leading features of which are well and fairly drawn by Mr. Loftie. The City magnates, like their compeers beyond the walls, though they took the side of liberty against the Crown, were no less anxious to keep up their own petty tyrannies. There was probably some sort of struggle, before the government of the City was transferred from hereditary and territorial aldermen, with their probably independent "Sokes," to the centralised Merchants' Guild. The tale of the later struggle between the Merchants' Guild and the Crafts' Guilds can be told with more or less detail. It was part of a general movement, which took place at one time or another in all the cities of England and Europe, and is amply illustrated in the pages of Professor Stubbs and in Brentano's celebrated essay. It was the mediæval form of the perennial struggle between oligarchy and democracy, between privileged classes and the multitude, between the rich and the poor. It ended, as such struggles always end, in the victory of the many against the few, and the triumph of the workers with their hands, the craftsmen of the City Companies, over the old oligarchic families of merchants and shipowners and landowners. The revolution

* *A History of London.* By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A. London: Edward Stanford. 1883.

did not take place without bloodshed, whether on the field of battle of Cheapside, or on the gibbet. Happily, though, for the city, the struggle within was contemporaneous with that without, and the life of Simon de Montfort runs parallel with that of Thomas FitzThomas. The final and definitive establishment of the powers of Parliament coincides with the final victory of the City Companies, when Edward III. enrolled himself amongst the Livery Armourers.

But no sooner had the revolution been consummated than the old quarrels broke out anew. The old oligarchy became members of the new Companies. The Companies themselves became exclusive bodies, and tried to control those outside and to monopolise civic power as their predecessors had done. The Court of Aldermen became practically co-optative, and the elections to the Common Council and to the great City offices became matters of dispute between the liverymen of the Companies and the commonalty of the City, and were bandied about between them, until the constitution was settled on its present basis, in 1475,—an important event, of which, by the way, Mr. Loftie takes hardly any notice. How it is that since that time the constitution of the Corporation has remained almost unchanged, he attempts no explanation. Probably it is because, with the end of the Wars of the Roses, England became a civilised country. The wealthier citizens began, with the accession of Henry VII., to spread into the country, and having attained wealth, retired from business and merged themselves in the country nobility and gentry, instead of forming an aristocratic class in the City itself. There was, therefore, a constant influx of new blood into the ranks of the Corporation office-bearers, and the elections being placed on a democratic basis, there was no sharp line of demarcation between one class of citizens and another. Indeed, of late years the complaint has been that the City magnates have been too little, and not too much, drawn from the "upper" classes. An oligarchy has, indeed, been formed, but it is one of locality and business, instead of blood and wealth. It is, in fact, an oligarchy, but not an aristocracy. Why this oligarchy of place exists Mr. Loftie does attempt to explain. According to him, the City was anxious to extend itself, but could not, because of the opposition of the lords of the surrounding manors, who were jealous of their power and privileges. But this explanation is hardly borne out by the facts. For he himself shows that when the City did try to extend its boundary to include part of what is now "Farringdon Ward Without," at the expense of the Abbot of Westminster, it was able to do so; and by a decree of the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1222, it was also enabled to extend itself towards Temple Bar. Moreover, as late as 1550 Southwark was granted to the City, and was at first, according to the finding of the Municipal Corporations Commission in 1837, an integral part of the City, being a separate ward, electing its own alderman, in the same manner as the other wards of the City. But in 1557 this right was abolished, and Southwark has since been ruled by the Corporation as a Crown colony is governed by the Colonial Office. The true explanation would seem to be that the City was willing to extend its jurisdiction, but not its privileges. It was agreeable to taxing the suburbs as it taxes them now by the coal and wine duties, but it was not willing to share with them its electoral rights, its self-government, nor, above all, its trading immunities.

On this last point, and on trade generally, Mr. Loftie hardly dwells enough. We hear too little of the Steel-yard, of the Jewries, Old and New, of the Lombards, of the Wool Staple, of the Merchant Adventurers, of the growth of Lloyd's, of the City markets, and of the gradual dying-out of the exclusive privileges of trading which formed so prominent a feature of old London life. His answer would, no doubt, be that we cannot have everything. But then he might well have spared us the concluding chapters of both volumes, which deal respectively with the City Corporation and the "Metropolitan Area," as they now are, and with many incidental passages which not only show a want of appreciation of the true lessons to be drawn from history, but also a want of knowledge of fact. When he tells us, for instance, that the new Law Courts are partly within the City boundary, and that, therefore, it is possible to transfer business to them from the Guildhall, he is at issue with the City itself and the Lord Chancellor, who had to invoke the aid of an Act of Parliament, an Order in Council, and a Note of the Common Council to effect the change. So, too, he is making a blunder when he says that the "day census" refused by Parliament was carried into effect under a measure of the Common Council, as though under compulsory power. The day census, such as it was, was taken under exactly the same powers as Mr. Loftie might himself have employed, if he had chosen to take at his own expense a census of the precinct of the Savoy; that is to say, that the returns were purely voluntary, and therefore not improbably inaccurate. The study of the history of London and its suburbs, as told by Mr. Loftie, shows us, if it shows anything, the superior efficacy and stability of democratic government and institutions, and is the strongest possible argument for the extension to the inhabitants of London in general (he will not allow us to say "metropolis") of the advantages now enjoyed by a constantly diminishing population in its central area. "The most extraordinary thing about this vast area," he says, "is the looseness of its governing system. . . . . As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the dwellers cannot distinguish between the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Board of Works, which is a department of the Government of the country, and used to be known as the 'Woods and Forests,' a title too picturesque for the present age." The wonderful inaccuracy of this last statement of a matter of fact on which any almanack would put him right, rather throws doubts on the general accuracy of Mr. Loftie as a historian. The Board of Works is not called the "Board of Works," but the "Office of Works." The "Woods and Forests" has not been found too picturesque a title for the Office of "Woods, Forests, and Land Revennes," which Mr. Loftie would quickly make acquaintance with, if he were to set to work to cut turf in the New Forest. It is clear that Mr. Loftie is not "up" in the current history of his own times, and it is a pity, therefore, that he should have disfigured his book by misleading statements and shallow essays on current politics, which, to say the least, are out of place.

ARDEN.*

Some one has recently stated it to be his opinion that the fund of possible novel-incidents is now exhausted, and that the world must henceforth be contented with an altered and less eventful style of fiction than that which it has hitherto enjoyed. Against this doctrine we protest energetically, believing incidents to be so essential to the success of the average novel as to make it better to introduce the stalest and most hackneyed, than to have none at all. We do not deny that there is often a good deal of sameness about them; yet they are almost always saved from being altogether monotonous by the endlessly varying individualities of the narrators,—for how seldom do two people give an exactly similar account of any occurrence that they may both have witnessed! But though diversity of treatment may make the same incident readable over and over again, and even impart freshness to it, yet a story where there is no incident at all runs an alarming chance of being dull. Of course, this does not apply to the works of first-rate authors; for instance, George Sand's idyllic tale, *La Petite Fadette*, is, perhaps, one of the most charming ever written. If a writer is very humorous, or can draw a character remarkable enough to be worth reading about, or has some unusual story-telling spell which arrests the attention, then he may safely dispense with the time-honoured methods for exciting and keeping up the interest of readers; but otherwise, it is imprudent of him to do so. Just as a great genius might manage to make a beautiful picture out of a stagnant duck-pond, which would never look anything but ugly and common-place if painted by an inferior artist, so an exceptionally gifted writer may render highly interesting a story that would be intolerably dreary if related by a more ordinary mortal. Geniuses, however, are the exception, and not the rule; and when the average author rashly attempts to imitate them in producing a book without anything eventful in it, the result is very apt to be that he is prosy—one of the most fatal errors that a novelist can commit, since the majority of us are of the same mind as Lord Macaulay, when he said, "To me, a book that is not amusing wants one of the highest recommendations."

The views just expressed, however, are not those of Miss Robinson, judging by the book now before us. It contains hardly anything that can be called an incident, in the sense in which the term is generally employed, and seems to us to suffer considerably from that deficiency. The heroine has a toothache,

* *Arden.* By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: Longmans and Co.

goes to a strange chemist to pull the tooth out, faints in his shop after the operation, and then the hero arrives, just in time to relieve the chemist's alarm, sit by her till she recovers, and drive her home. Again, she gets into difficulties when picking flowers in a muddy place, and he extricates her, by means of an old hurdle. These are about the most exciting scenes described, and however cleverly and prettily told, are evidently not of a very thrilling nature. The reader's pulses beat no quicker than before, even when he finds that sal-volatile failed to recover the lady from her swoon; and we defy the most nervous of mortals to get up any anxiety on the score of her rescue from the mud, nasty and black as it is,—aye, and with even a hint thrown in of possible leeches lurking amongst the reed and lily-roots at the bottom! The heroine who undergoes these fearful perils, Arden, is a motherless girl, who passes the first seventeen years of her life in Rome with her father, amongst artists and travellers; and then, at his death, is suddenly uprooted and transplanted to an English farm, where existence is a most bucolic and humdrum affair. She is "a person tenacious in affection, dense of perception, subject to an unimaginative, practical, but all-pervading dreaminess." Unimaginative, practical dreaminess being a state of mind extremely difficult to realise, and therefore liable to remove its owner out of range of the sympathies of ordinary people, the heroine appears, perhaps, less delightful than she might do if she were more easily comprehensible; and however practical her dreaminess may have been, her behaviour in real life is not particularly distinguished by that quality, as a rule. For all that, she is a good, well-meaning girl, and very fairly interesting. Directly after her arrival at the farm, the hero sees and is smitten by her. He does not seem at first sight a very suitable mate for a well-educated, lady-like, refined young woman, because he is an unpolished farmer, with somewhat of the loutish country bumpkin about him. But on further acquaintance he proves to be such a thoroughly good fellow, that one has to gulp down one's sense of what is naturally fitting, and feel that it is all right when he marries her. Her real love for her husband does not prevent her from moping after marriage and pining for the old Italian life, till she is suddenly brightened up by a visit from a young man with whom she had been intimate since childhood. He had not heard she was married, was come with a view of proposing to her himself, and is consequently much taken aback at the existing state of affairs. The sight of him recalls former happy days in Italy, and makes her brisk-up immediately and become her old self again. This sudden alteration, and her innocent pleasure in the society of a man who is her equal in position, and in love with her (though she is ignorant of the latter fact), naturally troubles the poor rustic husband's mind. Finally, there comes a catastrophe of a rather peculiar kind, wherein a man struck by sunstroke or apoplexy, either of which illnesses is generally supposed to take almost instantaneous effect on the brain, manages after the stroke to walk sensibly up to his house, assemble the household around him, deliberately harangue them, and read them his will, before he falls dead.

It appears to us that the book is an attempt at an idyl by an author whose powers are inadequate to the task. Yet, notwithstanding the foregoing criticisms upon it, we think that it shows considerable merit and promise, more especially in the part which gives a picture of the rustic lover wooing and winning a girl who is superior to him in birth, breeding, and education, and twenty-three years his junior. Whether he would have succeeded in overcoming these obstacles in real life may be doubted, but, at all events, he does it gracefully and well in the story. The best of the other characters are three Americans named Rose, who have a distinctly marked national flavour; they are clever and agreeable in a way, though restless, superficial, and too practical, and are sufficiently amusing to make them welcome whenever they appear on the scene. Indeed, they have latent potentialities which Miss Robinson might well have developed more than she has done. Ellie Rose, in particular, hard, selfish, worldly, quick of perception, and shallow of feeling, agreeable, and ready to make mischief whenever it is to her interest to do so, is a young woman who might probably have done great things in the Becky-Sharp line; it seems quite a pity to see so little made of such talents as she possessed. Several of the other people represented are of no importance to the story, and would therefore have been better omitted,—for a superfluous person in a novel is like a needless piece in a chess problem, serving merely to confuse and distract the attention from more important considerations.

THE FAMILY OF GEORGE III.*

The title of this book would lead an ordinary reader to expect an account of the sons and daughters of George III., but any one who has enjoyed the privilege of making acquaintance with Mr. Fitzgerald's previous works will be prepared for something more extensive. Accordingly, after hearing something about George II. and his sons, we have considerably more than a hundred pages of description and anecdote relating to George III. and his wife. All this is sufficiently amusing, but Mr. Fitzgerald has nothing new to tell us. He goes to familiar authorities for his facts, and contributes little of his own but an arrangement which is not always felicitous, and a criticism which is not always just. We have, for instance, eight pages of continuous quotation from Miss Burney. Now, Miss Burney's account of her life at Court is not difficult of access, and most people would prefer to read it for themselves, notwithstanding what Mr. Fitzgerald calls her "foolish affectations about the way she was treated, and her coquetries to the equerries and every one she met."

It is not till we reach page 155 that, the King being disposed of, we find the author promising that he will now "pass on to a more particular account of the Royal Dukes and Princesses." But this promise is not immediately fulfilled. The first chapter of Book ii. is devoted to the melancholy story of Caroline Matilda of Denmark; the second to the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland (the King's brother), and the claims of the so-called "Princess Olive" and her daughter, Mrs. Ryves; and the third to the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester with Lady Waldegrave, and to an account of the life and death of Edward, Duke of York (the King's brother), a personage of whom a contemporary says that "his private conversation was as weak and low as his person was contemptible." He died in 1767, being "not thirty years of age," as Mr. Fitzgerald vaguely puts it (his eldest brother the King was but just thirty in that year). Vagueness and confusion, indeed, we encounter continually in these pages. A ludicrous instance occurs in the account of this Prince. We read on p. 213:—

"The Prince of Monaco showed the greatest feeling, putting all his Court, officers, servants, even the bells, in mourning, and having cannon fired every half-hour till the Duke's remains were put on board. A magnificent present of horses was sent to him from the Court of England in gratitude. It was curious that, like Goldsmith and many more, he carried his devotion to 'James's Powders' to the extent of imperilling his life."

This ought to mean that the Prince of Monaco was one of the devotees to the famous powders. But even Mr. Fitzgerald could not be so irrelevant as to tell us this *à propos* of his "Royal Dukes and Princesses," and we are obliged to do violence to the text by referring the statement to Prince Edward.

At last, on p. 217, we get to Book iii., and "The Princesses." The author, aware, perhaps, of his characteristic failing, plunges at once *in medias res*. He does not even give us a list of these august ladies in the order of their age, but begins with the illness and death of the Princess Amelia. Her alleged marriage with General Fitzroy is dismissed in three or four lines. Then we are introduced to the Princess Royal, afterwards Queen of Würtemberg. Of course, the opportunity of telling the story of the mysterious disappearance of her husband's first wife is not to be neglected, and we have several pages devoted to it. Of the Princesses themselves, we really hear very little. We do not even get an idea of their personal appearance. Mr. Fitzgerald's utterances on this subject are, to say the least, obscure. On p. 303, we read "that six such young and unattractive women (with the exception of the Princess Royal) had been studiously kept till they had grown elderly without any attempt at arranging marriages for them, was extraordinary;" and on p. 312, "the last survivor of these Princesses, who impressed their contemporaries as 'fine, handsome young women,' was this Princess [Augusta], who died unmarried, September 22nd, 1840." That they were young, at one time at least, Mr. Fitzgerald seems tolerably certain, but about the beauty he is evidently much in doubt.

Book iv. brings another digression. The "English reader" would find, we are told, some account of the House of Brunswick "specially interesting," and he must not be disappointed. Accordingly, we get, among other things, the mediffying story

* *The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.* By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1882.

of Duke Charles, the eccentric benefactor of Geneva; and a quantity of details, which might very well have been spared, about the peculiarities of Caroline, Princess of Wales. Book v., "The Princess Charlotte," may be allowed to be relevant, though it contains little with which most readers will not be perfectly familiar. Still, Mr. Fitzgerald has taken pains to collect some interesting details about the Princess's life, especially about her early days. We are particularly obliged to him for a curious document which he has quoted on pp. 31-5 of Vol. II. The death of the Princess left the succession to the English Crown in a very strange situation. The Royal Marriage Act had effectually hindered the birth of legitimate heirs to the Throne. The Prince Regent and the Duke of York, the first and second in succession, were childless. Then came five unmarried brothers, the youngest of whom was forty-three; then, again, five Princesses, the eldest of whom was widowed and childless, the rest unmarried, the youngest being forty years of age. The Duke of Gloucester, great-grandson of George II., was childless; and his sister, the Princess Sophia, unmarried. After these came Prince Charles of Brunswick, who might have reigned over the country in which he afterwards contrived to acquire a peculiarly sinister reputation. It is interesting to find in the succession another distinguished personage who has since achieved notoriety, if not fame. "Jerome Napoleon, aged three," son of Frederica Catherine of Würtemberg and Jerome Buonaparte," is no other than the "Pretender" who has lately been fluttering the Republican dovecotes across the Channel. Englishmen, with the memories of the Napoleonic wars fresh upon them, could not have been pleased to think that the crown might possibly come to so near a relative of the "Corsican monster," the "indigenous devil," as one of the Princesses calls him, by way of ingenious contrast with the "fallen archangel" Satan. This "stemma Georgiorum," far more intricate than the "stemma Cæsarum" which encounters the students of the history of the Roman Empire, is the most interesting thing in the book. There is a quite surprising list of persons, some of them anything but desirable, who stood in the line of succession.

In Books vi.-x., we have Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the "Royal Dukes," among whom he includes their cousin, the second Duke of Gloucester. This account is fairly just, and, being just, is naturally not a narrative which can be read with pleasure. That the Duke of York did something for the comfort of the private soldier may be allowed, though his reappointment as Commander-in-Chief after the frightful Clarke scandal, and the erection of a column in his honour, show a state of public feeling which it is now difficult to understand. We can only conclude that our grandfathers had a way of looking at these things which was very different from ours. The Duke of York, after all, was better than his elder brother, to whom, as many a visitor to the sea-side has read with astonishment, the town of Ramsgate erected a costly obelisk, in recognition of his "gracious condescension" in selecting that port as his point of departure for Hanover, and of whom some local scholar wrote, in elegant Latinity, "Sui unice colunt, venerantur externi."

The most interesting of these memoirs is naturally that of the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, an unlucky prince, who was always in difficulties, not always of his own making. He was as extravagant as the rest of his family, but it must be put down to sheer bad-luck that he lost three or four outfits in succession by shipwreck or capture. The last of his misfortunes was the choice of the doctors who attended him in his last illness. "Though his Royal Highness lost *one hundred and twenty* ounces of blood from the arms and by cupping, he died on the morning of the 23rd." He had been taken ill but two days before.

If Mr. Fitzgerald had contented himself with about a fourth of the space which he has occupied (and we make as large an allowance as possible in consideration of habits which it would be difficult to overcome), we could have bestowed on him more praise than we have found it possible to give to these two bulky volumes.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The History of England. By Dr. Lingard. (Nimmo and Bain.)—We are glad to see that the demand for Dr. Lingard's *England* still continues. The work of the learned Catholic requires on points to be supplemented by the results of recent research, but in the main its accuracy and impartiality are incontestable, while it is, among such histories, perhaps the most equally pleasing to read. Few histories give the reader the same impression of exhaustive study, while the separateness of the stand-point, that of a temperate Roman Catholic who desires to see the truth, secures a certain flavour of originality. There are points, perhaps, on which the Doctor was prejudiced; but even on these, his narrative is of great value to those who can recognise that history is rarely simple, and always admits of a reading other than the popular and accepted one. This new edition is in ten volumes, is excellently printed, and illustrated with ten portraits of the greatest personages in our history, including Cardinal Pole. The single defect of the edition is that of all modern books of weight—a want of half an inch more margin on the inner side, so that the volumes should lie a little more open. Publishers, however, are upon this point all alike,—immovable.

Lusus Intercisi. By Henry John Hodgson, M.A. (Bell and Son.)—A volume of Greek and Latin verse from the pen of so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Hodgson is sure to find, at least, some appreciative readers. One distinctive feature of this collection is the original verse, a kind of composition too much neglected by scholars of the present day. Translations can never reach the first rank in style, and, useful as they are, should not be suffered to have the monopoly which, in direct contrast to the practice of the last century, they now enjoy, in many, at least, of our homes of classical scholarship. Here is a happy epigram on the *mitrailleuse* (1871):—

"Tormentone novo patriam tutabere, Cæsar,
Fulmineo centum quod vomit ore globos?
At virtute opus est, opus est et milite fido;
Non hæc clausisset machina Thermopylas."

As a specimen of translation, we give the epitaph on Sir John Franklin:—

"Non hic, Nauta, jaces, præclare; tua ossa nivalis
Arctos habet rigido contumulata gelu;
Tuque magis faustis, anima a fortissima, velis
Non iam terrestrem pergis adire polum."

Our readers may compare this with the versions collected by Mr. Wright, and will probably think it better than most, but surpassed by some, as, for instance, by the following (one of the five versions contributed by Dr. Butler, of Harrow):—

"Non hic, magne, jaces: Boreas habet ossa nivalis,
Ause polum titulis addere, nauta, tuis.
Cape serenus iter; nunc te polus attrahit alter;
Et freta terrenae non adeunda rati."

Old Court Customs and Modern Court Rule. By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage. (Bentley and Son.)—A readable magazine article might have been made out of the materials which Mrs. Armytage has been at the pains to collect for this volume, if only she had arranged them a little better. As it is, there is not a little confusion. Under the head of "Royal Balls and other Entertainments," for instance, we learn that in the last century, "Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses were entitled to a message from the Queen on the birth of an infant, or upon the death of their husbands, or any relative for whom they put on black gloves." Generally, we find much that everybody knows, or, at least, might know, and much that nobody need care to know. On the whole, the impression is left that Royalty is much less in sympathy socially with its subjects than it was. But this refers to the upper class only. With the people generally it is more in sympathy, being brought into it by the share taken in various movements, philanthropic or other. Two hundred years ago the King dined and played cards in public, but then there were no openings of museums and exhibitions, no hospital festivals, and the like. These bring, if not the Queen herself, yet the Royal Family into constant communication with the people.

Guide to the Lake District. By Herman Prior. (Gansett, Windermere; Simpkin and Marshall.)—This is a very handy little volume, containing all that is to be found in the large editions of Mr. Prior's book, but of such a size as to be most conveniently carried in the pocket. The type is clear, and the binding has a durable look. Two maps accompany it, one giving the usual information, the other geological. Both will be useful, though, of course, not sufficient for the pedestrian. The general merits of Mr. Prior's *Guide* are well known; it only remains to notice the great convenience of its present form. These three hundred and fifty pages, in leather binding, with two maps in pockets, weigh exactly *five ounces*.

Moloch. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—Most readers will be a little surprised by the scenes in which they first make acquaintance with Mrs. Campbell Praed's heroine. If this young lady had dropped from the moon, she could not have been more careless of the manners and customs of society. But this surprise will change to a very different feeling, when they come to realise the plot of the story. Briefly put, it is this. A man falls in love with and engages himself to the daughter of a woman whom he has taken away from her husband, with whom he has lived for several years, and who has borne him children. Now, this is a very frightful story. We can imagine it told, with the utmost gravity and dignity, without a single superfluous word, as an impressive warning against

profligacy. But it becomes a grave offence against taste, and we may say against morality, though nothing could be further, we are sure, from the author's thoughts, when it is mixed up, as it is here, with the ordinary frivolities of fiction. And for whom, let us ask Mrs. Campbell Praed, as we have asked others on like occasions, for whom does she write? Does she know who they are that actually read novels? Does she suppose that they are men of pleasure, or rather young women whom it can serve no purpose to shock, and, we do not hesitate to say, to harm, with such stories as these? This is really, for a book that we quite believe to have been well meant, the very worst offender that has come under our notice during an experience of many years. Is there no way to teach authors and publishers their plain duty to society in this matter? Surely, the great libraries, which minister to, if they do not create this enormous demand for fiction, might exercise a censorship which would put a stop to the production of such books as *Moloch*.

Azahar. By E. C. Hope-Edwards. (Bentley and Son.)—Miss Hope-Edwards gives us here extracts from a journal which she kept in Spain, during the winter of 1881-82. She entered Spain by way of Barcelona, and spent the greater part of her time at Valencia. Valencia is a place where Spain can be seen with even less veneer of foreign manners than is to be found elsewhere. The place, therefore, was rightly chosen, and sufficient time was given to it for some real acquaintance with its people to be made. We do not remember to have seen anything about Spain more vivid, and without any effort at fine-writing, than the eight chapters (iv.-xi.) which make up the account of places, men, and manners in Valencia. Among other notable possessions, Valencia has a University, which is so far abreast of the times as to admit women students (who do not, however, to any great extent, avail themselves of the privilege), and a library of fifty thousand volumes. *À propos* of books, Miss Hope-Edwards gives us some interesting details about Spanish literature, its present condition and its prospects. These seem feeble enough, and the Spaniards themselves are anything but sanguine. It is certainly a fact that Fernan Caballero, the best known of Spanish *littérateurs*—and she is not more than second-rate—is half German by extraction. One of the Valencian chapters gives an account of a visit to the monastery of Montserrat, which is interesting not so much from what the writer saw of the monastery, as from her record of the very characteristic experiences of travel. From Valencia, Miss Edwards went to Cordova, thence to Malaga, where she heard a preacher improve upon St. James by saying, "It is not enough to *believe*,—the devils believe, Protestants believe;" and from Malaga, again, to Seville, to which she devotes four chapters, and Granada. Her stay at Seville included Holy Week, still observed in that city with a fuller ceremonial than is preserved elsewhere. Her description of this is very full and interesting, and written, too, in excellent taste. It is a constant source of pleasure to the reader throughout the volume to find the author so truly sympathetic. At Granada, the most interesting object, after the Alhambra, was the gypsy Mariano. Spanish gypsies, however, seem to be less characteristic than their English brethren. Madrid and Toledo were visited after Seville. The book is eminently readable, and not a little instructive.

Her Sailor Love. By Katharine S. Macquoid. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—We must own that these three volumes of lovers' affairs, even treated with the skill which Mrs. Macquoid's pen can command, seemed to us a little wearying. It can hardly be said that there is any plot. No one supposes for a moment that the young sailor whom Elsie loves has really been drowned, or that Mrs. Limber, the evil genius of the story, will be allowed to do any real mischief, in the end. The most inexperienced of novel-readers sees almost from the beginning how things are going to turn out, and will not allow himself to be misled by the very simple devices which Mrs. Macquoid employs. But though he is not thrilled, or startled, or excited, he will, granted a fairly good appetite for this particular kind of literary food, be satisfied. The dialogue is easy and sometimes brisk, there are touches of nature in the characters, and pleasing bits of description of scenery. Still, this is not the kind of work by which the author of *Patty* made her reputation.

Our Eastern Sisters and their Missionary Helpers. By Harriett Warner Ellis. (Religious Tract Society.)—There is much that will interest the reader in this volume. It is a record of work that has been done among women in India and the Further East, in Persia, Egypt, and Syria, during the last fifty years. There is in the world much silly and some spiteful talk against Missionaries; no better refutation could be found than is offered in this unpretending little book. Let any one read, for instance, if he wants to know more, what has been done by them among the Khonds, where hundreds of girls doomed to death by a hideous practice of infanticide have been rescued. The question of belief may be set aside; about the gain to humanity there is no question. Nothing in the volume is more interesting than the account of the "Female Medical Missions," which are doing a daily increasing work in India.

The Conservation of Solar Energy. By C. William Siemens, F.R.S. (Macmillan and Co.)—Mr. Siemens publishes here, together with the original paper, read to the Royal Society last year, the correspondence which that paper, with the remarkable theory which it stated, called forth, in *Nature* and the *Comptes Rendus*. The subject was well threshed-out, and no one will doubt the benefit of having all the argument preserved in this convenient form.

Contradictions. By Frances M. Peard. 2 vols. (Bentley and Son.)—Miss Peard does not trouble herself to provide much incident for the entertainment of her readers. Of course, there are misunderstandings, and there is a rescue, an heroic affair upon a railway bridge. It must be owned that, with this element wanting, six hundred and fifty pages of talking and love-making grow a little wearisome. Yet there is merit in the story, if story it is to be called. The two sisters, Dorothy and Gina, are an attractive pair of fresh, right-thinking, vigorous English girls; and Olivia, with her more conventional and worldly aims, which do not, however, wholly occupy her heart, forms an effective contrast. Life in Venice, too, is described with some skill, and there are descriptions of scenery and of the effects of light and colour in the canals and lagoons which are well and forcibly written. Miss Peard once ventures into a domain which is evidently strange to her. Before she mentions cricket again, she should get coached by some schoolboy of her acquaintance (it is the only thing a schoolboy is pretty sure to know). He would not allow her to talk of a man being "caught at slip from a skyer." A skyer at slip is not, perhaps, an absolute impossibility, but it is not far off.

Letters from a Young Emigrant in Manitoba. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—The gist of this book is to be found in the few words which are appended by the editor to the last of the letters. The writer of them went out at eighteen, and "he has been able, within two years, to establish himself in a farm of about seven hundred acres, his own property, and a fair proportion of it already under cultivation; he has his house, two teams of horses, cows, pigs, &c., eight stacks of corn, and fifty tons of hay, besides his ploughs, reaping and binding machine." What these two years were, what difficulties intervened and were overcome, and how, generally, the result was obtained, may be learnt from the letters themselves. But one thing may be mentioned, by way of encouragement, for, of course, all is not plain-sailing, that the writer's friends at home, as they read his letters, were most struck with the kindness which he received from all whom he met.

The Land of the Five Rivers and Sindh. By David Ross. (Chapman and Hall.)—This volume may be briefly described as a gazetteer of the Punjaub and Sindh. Information, both historical and geographical, is abundantly supplied; and with regard to the Punjaub, at least, connected as it has been with European history for more than two thousand years, the historical associations are considerable and important. A glossary and an index complete a volume which should be in the hands of all who have connections or interest in these provinces of British India.

Sophocles: the Seven Plays, in English Verse. By Lewis Campbell, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Professor Campbell has done so much good work for Sophocles, that any contribution of his to the understanding and appreciation of the poet must be received with respect. We have now from his pen a complete translation of the seven plays. (A part, our readers will remember, was published some time since.) The impression left by the whole is rather of the carefulness and industry and sound scholarship which Professor Campbell's labours on the text have led us to expect from him, than of any great aptitude for the special work of a translator,—a translator in the sense of one who gives the force and beauty of his original in a way at least approximately adequate. The blank verse is correct and smooth, the lyric parts sometimes happy, and mostly possessing a fairly good rhythm; but we miss strength in the first, and beauty in the second. Here is a specimen, from the curse which Œdipus pronounces on his son Polynices, at Colonos:—

> "Begone, rejected and renounced by me,
> And take with thee, thou vilest of the vile,
> This imprecation:—Vain be thine attempt,
> In levying war against thy father's race;
> Frustrate be thy return to Argos' vale:
> Die fouly by a fratricidal hand,
> And foully slay him who hath banished thee!
> I call, moreover, from his dread abysm,
> The power that waits upon a father's curse
> To bear thee off to his confine: I invoke
> The spirits who haunt this ground, and the fierce god
> Who hath filled you both with this unnatural hate."

"Rejected and renounced" is but an indifferent equivalent for ἀπόπτυστός τε κἀπάτωρ. "My father's race" does not give the idea contained in γῆς ἐμφυλίου. And we should certainly prefer to take, with Linwood, πατρῷον Ἔρεβος, "of the Tartarean darkness, where dwelt the father of Œdipus," than to follow Professor Campbell's interpretation. The allusion to the murdered Laius introduces a new element of horror. The pronunciation of "confine" cannot be altered by printing an accent over the second syllable. Indeed, the word, however it may be pronounced, does not make the line a

good one. Philoctetes' farewell to his island is more happily executed:—

"Come, let me bless the region, ere I go.
Poor home, sad comrade of my watch, farewell!
Ye nymphs of meadows where soft waters flow;
Thou ocean headland, pealing thy deep knell,
Where oft within my cavern, as I lay,
My hair was moist with dashing south-wind's spray,
And ofttimes came from Hermes' foreland high
Sad replication of my storm-vext cry;
Ye fountains, and thou, Lycian water sweet,
I never thought to leave you, yet my feet
Are turning from your paths,—we part for aye.
Farewell! and send me kindly on my way,
O Lemnian earth! enclosed by circling seas,
To sail where mighty Fate my course decrees,
And friendly voices points me, and the will
Of that heroic power who doth this act fulfil."

We can speak with unmixed praise of the prefatory note which introduces the translation. Besides much that is truly and forcibly said about the special characteristics of the Sophoclean drama, it administers a strong rebuke to the quasi-Hellenism which some admirers of the Classics would seek to impose upon us. "On turning," says Professor Campbell, "from the forms of Greek art to the substance of Greek literature, we find that Beauty, although everywhere an important element, is by no means the sole or even the chief attribute of the greatest writings, nor is the Hellenic consciousness confined within the life of Nature, unless this term is allowed to comprehend man without his thoughts and aspirations."

Retrospections, Social and Archæological. By Charles Roach Smith. (Bell and Son.)—We are not inclined, nor, indeed, do we feel competent to criticise, this book. Mr. Roach Smith gives us pleasant recollections of persons—pleasant, that is, for the most part, for sometimes people have made light of or hindered his archæological researches, and he cannot forgive them—and recollections, even more pleasant, of places. "Ingoldsby" Barham, Thomas Wright, Thomas Waghorn, and J. R. Planché are among the friends whom he commemorates. The proceedings of Congresses are described, not without an occasional touch of humour. But the chief attraction of the volume will certainly be found in the accounts of Mr. Smith's explorations. The "Visits to the Roman Wall," begun nearly forty years ago, may be quoted especially as interesting. We were more ashamed than surprised to read, in the account of Binchester (the Roman *Vinovia*),—"Dr. Hooppell finds that the Church of Escombe was built out of the ruins of Vinovia; and Dr. Bince tells us that when the estate passed into the hands of the Bishop of Durham (Van Mildert), the mansion was pulled down, and the altars and other antiquities which had been collected were utilised in forming the 'stoppings' of a coalpit. An altar to Fortune, by a prefect of cavalry, was rescued at the pit's mouth by Dr. Raine." The Christians of earlier days destroyed images and altars from genuine feelings of fear and hatred; the Vandals whom Mr. Roach Smith describes had no more exalted motive than the greed of gain.

Sam's Sweetheart. By Helen Mathers (Mrs. Henry Reeve). 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—Miss Mathers' story opens in a gold-diggers' camp, called by the probable name of "Misogamy," and situated in Australia, though possessing a certain resemblance to such places as we are accustomed to find described in American fiction. The dialect is curiously like the talk of American camps. The situation, a little child humanising a very rough company, is one that has been employed before, and Miss Mathers does not make it her own by any peculiar force in putting it. Her picture wants clearness, and is not always in good taste. When she is most serious, she is capable of writing such slang as "these men were likely to come a cropper over their best instincts." In Book ii., the scene is changed and the time advanced by some fifteen years. We find the heroine grown to a maiden of surpassing beauty, with a very decided inclination to flirt, and are introduced to a young savage, who may be described as the Uneas of Australasia,—we say Australasia, because the savage in question seems to be a Maori, while the action takes place in Australia. It is to Bathurst, certainly, that the heroine and her English lover take their romantic journey, and by Bathurst we suppose to be meant the place of that name in New South Wales. We have called the journey romantic; it is something more. It is, in fact, a very strained situation. The pair take their "solitary way," like another Adam and Eve, only unmarried; and we are perpetually reminded what a perilous way it is, what a struggle there is between passion and duty. However, Bathurst is safely reached. The Englishman goes home, and Wantha (that is the Maori maiden's name) turns back to the bush, where she finds her father, John Trefusis, *alias* "Cucumber Bill," and now Earl of Thor. By his dying command, she comes to England, where she is received by a cousin, the Rev. Amos Trefusis. Mr. Trefusis' resources are scanty, and Wantha makes herself useful by killing game for the family larder, not taking any heed of close-time, of which, however, the clergyman, if he was at all like other country parsons, must surely have heard. (Yet he thanks a neighbouring proprietor, under the impression that the game had been sent as a present.) But it is needless to pursue the story any further. It is brimful of improbabilities, nor is there any trace of the art which sometimes can make the reader accept even improbabilities without question. The book has merits, as all that so clever a writer as Miss Mathers writes must needs have. There is some brisk action, and graphic description; but, as a whole, it seems to us anything but a success.

Adoniram Judson: his Life and Labours. By his Son, Edward Judson. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—The filial piety of Mr. Edward Judson has given us here a more complete account than we have hitherto possessed of a laborious and noble life. Dr. Judson has been placed by common consent—for we have heard High Churchmen loud in his praises, Baptist though he was—in the front rank of great Missionaries. Tried by the test of visible success, his work was great. Nowhere in India, except, perhaps, in some districts of Southern India where Christian influence has been long at work, have Missions done more than they have in Burmah. Something of this Dr. Judson saw in his lifetime—sixty-three churches had been established, at the time of his departure from Burmah—but more has been developed since his death. He left behind him also work of another kind, closely related to his missionary labours. He had finished a translation of the Bible into Burmese, and had put together the larger part of a Burmese dictionary.

Poetry.—*Love in Idleness.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—It is plain enough to any one who reads a page or so of this volume that its author possesses no small poetical gifts. His work wants substance. We read his poems through, and find that, beyond a vague sense of melody and sweetness, they leave little impression on the mind. The writer feels; he has a keen sense of the beauty of things, the gladness and the pathos of love find an harmonious expression in his verse; at the same time he is wholly free from the faults of the "fleshly" school; but we see little that can be called thought in his work. This art of thinking he must learn, if he would win a place among poets. When he grows to this—as, being, we suppose, yet young, he may well grow—his command of language, fine sense of rhythm, his vivid fancy, and the scholarly feeling which enables him to enjoy the classical models, will stand him in good stead. The first and most important of the poems, is a legend quaintly compounded out of the "Odyssey" and Lucian's *Vera Historia.* Nausicaa, after long centuries of sleep, is made happy with Ulysses. Only Homer's Nausicaa would have disdained the love-sick maiden who is here depicted; and Lucian's Ulysses forgets his Penelope, not for the Phaeacian maiden, but for Calypso. Among the other notable pieces may be mentioned "Afternoon," a pastoral of some beauty, but a beauty too artificial, and the two "Nocturnes," in which Chopin's music is translated into verse. "The History of Philip the Deacon: a Pageant," is a clever imitation. The translations from the Greek are as good as anything in the volume. Here is the version of "Meleager to Heliodora:"—

"Tears, bitter tears, all I can give,
Tears to the depth, to thee I pour,
To thee in Hades, Heliodore,
All of my love that there may live.

Tears, bitter tears, I pour to thee,
Tears of libation, wept above
Thy tomb, in memory of thy love,
In memory of thy love to me.

Ah! with what sighs, with what tears shed,
I, Meleager, mourn thy face,
To Acheron a bootless grace.
To me still dear among the dead.

Alas! my blossom, whither must
I seek thee now? Hades it is,
Hades hath snatched away my bliss,
And trod my perfect flower to dust.

Yet shall not tears disturb thy rest,
Rather, I pray thee, mother earth,
Our mother, thou, who gav'st us birth,
To fold her gently to thy breast."

——*Poems and Sonnets.* By Eugène Lee-Hamilton (Eliot Stock.)—In an introduction which contains some pathetic expression of personal feeling, the writer makes this apology to his reader:—

"But if some shape of horror makes you shrink,
It is, perchance, some outline he has got
From nightmare's magic-lantern. Do you think
He knows it not?"

And, indeed, there is overmuch of the nightmare in this volume. The "New Medusa" is a story, told with much power, but too horrible for art, of madness and murder. The subject of "A Ballad of the Sack of Prato" is possibly admissible. The heroine is an Italian Judith, with a difference, avenging her wrongs on a Spanish Holofernes, but it is disfigured with horrors that seem to indicate a morbid imagination. The "Idyl of the Anchorite" offends still more grossly against the canons of true art. In his insatiate love of the ghastly, Mr. Hamilton permits himself to step over the line of the ludicrous. "A colour more sallow than baker's paste" moves mirth rather than terror. We regret this mistake all the more, because there is real force in much of the verse. Here is a specimen, from "An Elegy on the Death of a Lady":—

"And now beneath these Tuscan hills she lies
Where friendly sunbeams kiss away the tears
Which every passing April cloud lets fall
Upon her grave. All through the day

Such tears and kisses and the songs of birds
Have been the gift of spring—the spring she missed.
But now the sun is low: before it leaves
It sends a slanting ray to kiss the stone.
Then pearly twilight settles over all;
The cypresses grow black, the air grows chill,
The mighty dome of Florence stands distinct,
With Giotto's belfry near it, on the sky.
Then by degrees they mingle with the night,
Like fading ghosts. The city's hum is hushed,
And through the dusk there comes the mellow boom
Of a great bell, tolled slowly, which brings home
A sense of peace in mutability."

Unfortunately this poem, a passionate declaration of atheism and pessimism, is the most repulsive in the whole book.——*Poems by Two* (D. R. Clark, Dundee), is a volume of ordinary verse, sometimes, indeed, sinking below this level but once or twice, as in the ballad of "The Skipper of Dundee," rising above it.——*Wayside Songs: with other Verse.* (Wilson and McCormick, Glasgow.)—This volume shows some real lyrical power. Now and again there is a "lilt" in the verse which makes us feel that the author has at least approached to the secret of song-writing. We read the verse, for the first time at least, with pleasure. Whether we should care to read it again, we doubt, yet feel, while we doubt, that it is not impossible. The writer is one of those perplexing people whose writing is good in form, but somewhat wanting in substance, and who are consequently peculiarly difficult to class. Here, for instance, are some pretty verses, which yet have no glow about them:—

"By the Sea.

We gazed into the world that lay
Beyond the golden verge of day,
A world of dreams from whose bright shore,
Tho winds a whispered message bore.

The flowers around were wet with dew,
One star had kindled in the blue,
While at our feet the stream sang still
The music of the purple hill.

With rhythmic beat, and rippled flow,
The bright waves smote the rocks below.
While circling 'mid the hazy blue,
With many a cry the sea-birds flew.

The sense of perfect calm and rest
Fell with the glory of the West,
And Nature and our hearts in tune,
Waited the rising of the moon.

For, oh! how sweet it was to stand
One moment on enchanted land,
To feel that life had perfect grown,
And all the present was our own."

——*So Tired! and other Verses*, by M. E. Townsend (Rivingtons) are sweet and musical, beyond the average of verse of the day, and full of devotional feeling.——We have also received *The Vision of the Eucharist*, by Alfred Gurney, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.); *Mirabeau: a Historical Drama*, by George H. Calvert (Lee and Shepherd, Boston, U.S.); and the fourth edition of *Cosmo de Medici: a Historical Tragedy, and other Poems*, by Richard Hengist Horne (Redway); *Sketches in Verse, and the War on the Nile*, by John McCosh (James Blackwood and Co.); *The Book of Songs*, by Heinrich Heine, translated from the German by Stratneir (W. H. Allen and Co.); *Lays of the Saintly*, by Walter Park (Vizetelly and Co.); *Scenes from the Pilgrim's Progress*, by Richard Ball Rutter, (Trübner and Co.)

We have received:—*The Leofric Missal*, as used in the Cathedral of Exeter during the episcopate of its first Bishop, A.D. 1050-1072, edited, with introduction and notes, by F. E. Warren, B.D., F.S.A. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.)—*About England with Dickens*, by A. Rimmer, illustrated by the author, C. A. Vanderhoof, and others (Chatto and Windus), the contents of which are pleasant and enjoyable reading. It is a welcome addition to the series of books on chatty and out-of-the-way subjects issued by the same publishers.—A second edition of *Cæsar in Egypt, and other Poems*, by J. Ellis. (Stewart and Co.)—*Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris, &c.*, edited by the late W. Wagner, Ph.D. (Bell and Sons), an addition to the excellent "Classical Series" published by that firm.—*The British Letter-writers*, a collection of English letters from the fifteenth century to the present time. (Nimmo and Co.)—*Third Historical Reader*, by Rev. D. Morris, B.A., illustrated. (Isbister and Co.)

*** *For Publications of the Week, see next page.*

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STATISTICAL SOCIETY.
The EIGHTH ORDINARY MEETING of the present SESSION will be held on TUESDAY, the 19th instant, at the ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, 28 Jermyn Street, S.W., London, when a Paper will be read on "Food Production and its International Distribution," by Stephen Bourne, Esq. The Chair will be taken at 7.45 p.m.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Baddeley (M. J. B.), Guide to the Northern Highlands, 12mo	(Dulau)	4/0
Beale (S. S.), Complete and Concise Hand-book to the Louvre, 16mo	(Harrison)	3/0
Bentley (R.), Students' Structural Botany, cr 8vo	(Churchill)	7/6
Boulnois (H. P.), Municipal and Sanitary Engineers' Hand-book, 8vo	(Spon)	12/6
Christianity and Common-sense, by a Barrister, 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	7/6
Church (A. J.), Heroes and Kings, 32mo	(Seeley)	1/6
Cobb (J. T.), In Time of War, cr 8vo	(Griffith & Farran)	3/6
Colville (C. F.), Military Tribunals, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	2/6
Compendium of Church History, 1688-1830, cr 8vo	(Bell)	6/0
Dangerfield (J.), Grace Tolmar, 12mo	(Ward & Lock)	2/0
Davies (D.), Echoes from the Welsh Hills, cr 8vo	(Alexander)	7/6
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FOR THE

No. 2,869.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883. [Registered for Transmission Abroad. Price.....6d. By Post, 6½d.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ANOTHER night (Monday) has been nearly wasted. Mr. Bright, in the speech at Birmingham which we noticed last week, accused the Conservatives of having formed an alliance with a "rebel party" among the Irish Members, for the delay of public business. Sir Stafford Northcote, to repudiate the charge, and also, perhaps, to consume further time, brought the statement forward as a breach of Privilege. His speech was temperate, and consisted principally of an utter repudiation both of Obstruction and of alliance with rebels. It was endorsed in warmer terms by Sir R. Cross, and in a really good, though forensic, speech by Mr. Gibson. Mr. Bright's rejoinder was mild, but firm. He showed how time was wasted by Members who acted in combination, though not in alliance; quoted the exultation of the Tories and Irish at the defeat of the Affirmation Bill, as proof of their common sympathies; denounced the personal attacks on the head of the Government, and then proceeded to justify the word "rebels," for which, however, he would heartily apologise, if Mr. Parnell would repudiate disloyal designs and his American associates. It was expected that the Irish Extremists would be furious, but they did not really care; Mr. Parnell stayed away, and those who spoke only insulted Mr. Bright. A division was taken, and the House refused by 151 to 117 to treat the speech as breach of Privilege.

The Government has decided that all affairs in dispute between ourselves and the Governments of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State shall be settled by a Special Commissioner, and Lord Reay has been asked to accept the office. We trust he will accept. He is a trained diplomatist, a Dutch noble and an English Peer, and a man of resolute moderation. He will understand almost by instinct what the Dutch Colonists really want, and will be able to report how far their demands can be conceded without destroying the future of South Africa, and without surrendering the natives too completely to a people without pity. Lord Reay will, moreover, be able to report on the whole situation of South Africa with a fresh mind, and especially to decide whether the time has arrived for the creation of any central authority, whether nominee or elective. We have had many able men at the Cape, but never one who could be trusted, yet could talk to the old Dutch settlers as one of themselves, and perceive clearly how deep the fissure between the white races goes. The experiment, as we have maintained for years, is one full of hope.

Sir Henry James admits that the Criminal Code Bill cannot get through the Grand Committee on Law during the Session, and that it must be abandoned. He stated in the House on Thursday night that he had given up hope, "in consequence of a circumstance which had occurred in the morning, when they had been prevented from forming a quorum by the active exertions of one member of the Committee;" and it is said that Sir Henry James will make mention of the active obstruction which the Bill has encountered in the Grand Committee, in his report to the House. After this statement, Sir H. Drummond Wolff asked the Prime Minister whether, "having regard to the signal success of the principle of delegation and devolution,"—and here he was interrupted by the loud laughter of Lord Randolph Churchill,—he intends to refer to this Committee any other Bill during the present Session. Mr. Gladstone replied that, owing to the loud laughter of Lord Randolph, he had not distinctly caught the question, but that if it referred to the reference of other Bills to this Committee, it was a matter needing an early consideration and decision. We hope the constituencies will note this incident. It, and the indecent laughter which accompanied it, have a distinct bearing on the question of the "alliance" for obstructive purposes between the Conservatives and the Irish Members, which Sir Stafford Northcote so eagerly repudiated on Monday night.

Against the evil omens of the day, we must never forget to balance the good. Mr. Gladstone has written to the Midlothian Liberal Association, expressing a hope that he may yet fulfil the engagement to speak there which he had to break in January in consequence of his attack of sleeplessness, and he adds:—"I also hope that when the time comes I may still be able to say, as I can now say, that I do not perceive the action of the disintegrating forces which were visibly at work during the latter years of the Administration of 1868-74, nor find any reason to believe that the country has altered its mind on the important issues which were decided in 1880." This is weighty enough in itself. It is still more important when accompanied by Mr. Gladstone's expression of his belief that he may still be able to address his constituents on the work of the Administration, since that gives ground for a reasonable expectation that Mr. Gladstone is not thinking of a retirement which could hardly fail to be a heavy blow to the Liberal party, and also to the Liberal policy of the hour.

The Bishop of Natal died on Tuesday last, in the seventieth year of his age. Dr. Colenso was Second Wrangler at Cambridge in 1836, and also Smith's Prizeman; and his name was long known chiefly as the author of very clear and useful mathematical works, which are still widely used. He was, however, always deeply interested in religious work, and took in 1846 the rectory of Forncett St. Mary, in Norfolk, where he did work and preached "village" sermons that made a very great impression on his parish, and are still remembered there. In 1853 he was made Bishop of Natal, being at that time regarded as a follower of Frederick Denison Maurice. In 1862 appeared the first part of the criticism of the Pentateuch which made so great a stir, and in 1864 he was formally deposed by his metropolitan, Bishop Gray, of Capetown, from his see. Dr. Colenso appealed, and in March, 1865, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council declared that in making Bishop Gray Dr. Colenso's metropolitan, and in giving Dr. Colenso himself a Natal diocese, the Crown had done what it had no legal power to do, and that, therefore, Bishop Gray's sentence of deposition was legally null and void. None the less, Bishop Gray appointed a rival Bishop, whom he consecrated Bishop of Pietermaritzburg. This did not, however, disturb Bishop Colenso's equanimity. Of late years, the Bishop of Natal has been widely known and deeply respected as a steady friend to the natives of Zululand, and the ablest English counsellor of the native chiefs of those parts, of Langalibalele and Cetewayo. He has throughout his episcopate shown courage, dignity, and complete independence in African politics, and his memory will long be cherished in South Africa, where he has played the part of a wise, influential, and faithful adviser of the native tribes. Justice is a rarer characteristic among ecclesiastics than self-sacrifice itself; but justice was the most distinguishing characteristic of Dr. Colenso.

A terrible catastrophe occurred on Saturday at Sunderland. A conjuror named Fay, who had taken the Victoria

Hall, offered to admit school-children to his afternoon entertainment for a penny. An enormous number, probably 3,000, of all ages from four to twelve, therefore attended, and were distributed between the floor of the hall and the gallery, the dress-circle being left empty, because the custodians of the building thought the prices too low. Fifteen hundred children, therefore, stood in the gallery, which is reached by a staircase seven feet wide, with many landings to break the descent. At the conclusion of the performance, Mr. Fay, who had promised to distribute toys as prizes, sent a caretaker to the gallery with a basket full, but the man finding the rush of children oppressive, descended, and stood by the door into the body of the hall. The children pursued him, and a few, taking their toys, entered the hall, when a valve of the swing-door was suddenly bolted. The caretaker says the children swung it and it bolted itself, while the children say he bolted it. At all events, the entrance became too small, many children fell, and the weight of the descending stream of babies drove the foremost files on to one another, till a heap had been formed eight feet high, seven feet broad, and, as we calculate, about seven feet thick from the door. All in that heap died, many instantaneously from asphyxia, the bodies being, so to speak, welded together by the weight, till strong men could scarcely disentangle them. One hundred and eighty-two children perished in six minutes, and double that number would have died, but that a door above, opening into the dress-circle, was at last unlocked.

We have said enough of this ghastly tragedy elsewhere, but may repeat here that givers of entertainments must avoid these vast collections, unless they can find officers to govern the children's movements. There was no special fault, except in collecting such numbers without discipline or division. The notion that a crowd of children cannot suffer, because of their lightness and mobility, is entirely illusory. Collectively, they weigh tons, and in descending a staircase in a stream it is their collective weight which crushes. Their want of strength forbids them to keep back the crowd, and they are specially liable, from want of height, to the sudden fainting which in such scenes precedes death. "We fell asleep on the staircase," said one little girl, who fainted, but being near the top, was recovered; and that sudden fainting was probably the fate of most. A few, however, had fought desperately for life, but not one got out of the heap, which grew momently higher and higher. Every possible consideration has been shown to the survivors and their relatives; the town made arrangements for the burials, and a large subscription was raised at once to defray expenses. The grief of the parents was, of course, frightful, and it was at last necessary to summon soldiers to prevent the crowds of excited men and women from causing a second catastrophe.

The French have gained what they think a further success in Madagascar. Admiral Pierre, after bombarding Majunga, presented to the Queen, or to her Ministers—for it is said the Queen is dead—an ultimatum demanding the protectorate of the north-western coast, or Sakalava country, the grant to Frenchmen of a right to purchase land, and a payment of £60,000 as an indemnity. These terms being refused, the Admiral destroyed two small ports, Foulepointe and Tenerive, and then shelled Tamatave, the chief port of the island, until it submitted. He proposes to levy all import duties and stop all munitions of war until the Court of Antananarivo submits to his terms, but not to endeavour to force his way to the capital. He will not succeed. The Hovas are very resolute, they want nothing but powder and rifles, and they will obtain both from traders, who will swarm into the smaller harbours, both from Zanzibar and the South-African ports. Madagascar is too big to blockade, and the French Government will soon be compelled either to advance or to patch up an agreement.

A very curious letter, bearing a London post-mark, was received on Wednesday by the Mayor of Sunderland, which professed to be written by E. Mindful, the private secretary to the "President, *pro tem.*, of the Irish Republic," expressing sympathy in the fearful catastrophe of Saturday last, and taking credit for not regarding that catastrophe as a judgment on the children for the sins of their fathers towards Ireland. As the fathers of the children who perished in Sunderland have had no appreciable share of responsibility for the Irish policy of this or any other Government, we do not think that the "President, *pro tem.*, of the Irish Republic" need take credit for any great enlightenment in declining to regard the Messrs. Fay as the instruments of a vindictive providence charging itself with special retributive functions on behalf of Ireland. But the letter is a very significant one, if only as showing what strange and harum-scarum devices the disaffected Irish love to adopt, in order to impress their wrongs upon the imagination of the public. The next thing will be that the imaginary private secretary of the imaginary President will write to the Queen, congratulating her in the President's name on her recovery from the accident to her knee, and disavowing any wish to regard that as a judgment on her for assuming the title of Sovereign of the United Kingdom. The disaffected Irish play at tragedy.

Mr. Bright concluded his speeches at Birmingham on Friday week by an unexpected and almost furious outburst in favour of the Channel Tunnel. He declared that those who believed that Englishmen could not defend the Tunnel, a mere hole under the earth twenty feet wide and twenty miles long, were only worthy of Bedlam. He did not believe that the French were a nation of brigands, or the English a people of imbeciles, and held the idea of the transmission of an army through the Tunnel without warning to be absolutely preposterous, past discussion. He considered the notion of the seizure of the end of the Tunnel to be equally absurd, because if men could come in boats to seize the Tunnel, they could come in boats to seize Dover, and they do not do it. He believed that the Tunnel would be of enormous commercial advantage to the country, and that by rendering communication easier it would increase the probabilities of peace, which had now lasted fifty years, and ought to last five centuries. It seems to us that Mr. Bright's argument does not go far enough. If we can trust the French so far, and if, as he intimated in another sentence, our numbers are a sufficient protection, and if communication so finally prevents war, why do we keep up a Fleet? The truth is, that freedom of communication is constantly a cause of war, and that the gain from the Tunnel, if there was any, would be nothing to the loss from incessant panics. France cannot seize Dover now by boats because her men would be isolated, but they would not be isolated if she had control of both ends of a submarine road only twenty miles long.

The Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister passed through Committee in the House of Lords on Tuesday, after a discussion on the retrospective clause legalising marriages of this kind, the result of which appears to have been that if the amendment accepted by Lord Dalhousie becomes law, it will legitimate children of parents who have gone through such invalid marriages in the past, but will not make those marriages valid. Lord Dalhousie also introduced an amendment, of which we do not as yet really understand the scope, but which he explained as intended to make it possible for clergymen who do not feel any conscientious objection to celebrating these marriages, to celebrate them, without depriving clergymen who do conscientiously object to them of their canonical ground of objection. If this is the real drift of the amendments proposed, Lord Dalhousie has been very wise in adopting them. On Lord Salisbury's advice, Lord Beauchamp withdrew his amendment to the retrospective clause of the Bill, Lord Dalhousie, on his part, having promised not to make the Legislature eat its own words by now declaring marriages to be valid which were by statute previously invalid.

A long discussion took place in the House of Commons on Friday week, which was continued through the sitting of Monday, on the proper definition of spiritual intimidation for the purposes of the Corrupt Practices Bill. It was at first maintained that a spiritual teacher might *not* declare it to be a sin which God would punish in the next world, to vote for any given candidate, and that such a declaration ought always to constitute an offence punishable under the Bill; but, after much discussion, this statement was withdrawn, Mr. Gladstone himself admitting that it might conceivably be far from wrong for a spiritual teacher to speak of such an action as a sin, and that in that case, if he believed that such a sin would involve punishment in the next world, he ought not to conceal that belief. The Attorney-General, however, refused to limit spiritual intimidation to threats of excommunication or of the refusal of the Sacraments, but did not explain what, short of this, he would regard as a punishable act of spiritual intimidation. In our opinion, Mr. Arthur Arnold, Mr. H. Fowler, and those who maintained that spiritual intimidation should be altogether excluded from the purview of this Bill, obtained a complete intellectual victory over their opponents. Mr. Arnold's amendment was, however, defeated by 254 votes against 43,—majority, 211.

On Monday night Lord Salisbury asked Lord Granville in the Lords, and Mr. Warton and Mr. Lowther asked the Prime Minister in the Commons, if their attention had been called to the speech of Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, advocating universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, and the payment of Members; and whether that avowal of Mr. Chamberlain's represents the mind of the Cabinet in relation to the coming Reform Bill. Of course, both Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone intimated, what Mr. Chamberlain himself had indeed at Birmingham expressly stated, that he expressed nothing but his own individual view; and Mr. Gladstone added that he believed that Mr. Chamberlain had even reserved to himself to consider "within what limits he would apply his own personal view, if he had the opportunity." Further, Mr. Lowther having asked whether the fundamental basis of the Constitution were to be treated by the Cabinet as an open question, Mr. Gladstone replied that the party opposite had declared the fundamental basis of the Constitution to have been destroyed ten or twelve times at least, but that, unless Mr. Lowther would tell him what the fundamental basis of the Constitution was, he could not undertake to answer the question. The Tories took very little by their attack. Nevertheless, we wish Mr. Chamberlain had been more prudent than to intimate that whatever the Cabinet might propose, the country should not look upon it as a discharge of the public obligations incurred unless it came up to the standard of the measure sketched by himself. That is an intimation which will needlessly weaken the Government, whenever the Reform Bill is produced. The younger Ministers should remember the fable of the bundle of sticks, and not needlessly untie the bundle in which they are themselves bound up.

The polling for Peterborough, for a successor to Mr. Whalley, was going on yesterday, and the result will be known before this journal is issued. The only candidates in the field were Mr. Sydney Buxton,—who has recently exerted himself to so much purpose on behalf of Mr. Tuke's Irish emigration scheme,—and Major Fergusson, of the Rifle Brigade, who came forward in the Conservative interest. Mr. Sydney Buxton, in his address, promised that he would heartily co-operate with the Government, if they asked for further powers for regulating debate in order to give legislation a fair chance, and engaged, "as a matter of principle, and not of person," to give the most cordial support to any measure having for its object the abolition of any religious test which bars the entrance into the House of Commons of a duly elected Member. Mr. Buxton's address is, indeed, that of a thorough-going Liberal. Major Fergusson, of course, declared his intention to resist any measure intended to facilitate Mr. Bradlaugh's entrance to the House of Commons, asserted that "Great Britain has lost all the allies left her by Lord Beaconsfield," and "holds a position of isolation,"—a romance of which he offers not a tittle of proof, —and ascribes all the Irish difficulties of the moment to Mr. Gladstone, while heartily approving the administration of Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, who are Mr. Gladstone's appointees.

The ancient and extraordinary charge against the Jews of sacrificing human beings in their Passover rites has been revived in Hungary. A girl named Esther Solymosi was recently murdered, or supposed to be murdered, at Tisza Esslar, and certain Jews were accused of cutting her throat in the synagogue, to mix the blood with unleavened bread. The principal man accused was the Jewish butcher, Scharf, who is half a rabbi, and the witness against him is his own son, Moritz, a boy of fifteen. This lad says he saw the murder, and his testimony, if believed, would be final; but the defendants allege that he is abnormally wicked, and has invented the whole story. It is certain that he endeavoured to stab his mother, and that his evidence against his father is marked by virulent hatred, both of him and of all Jews. The charge looks *primâ facie* ridiculous, and derives its whole importance from its recurrence from time to time in widely separated countries and in nearly every century. We have read much apologetic Jewish literature, but have never seen a reasonable explanation either of the charge, or of what is much more wonderful, the persistent popular belief in it. If that has any foundation, which is most improbable, there must exist embedded in Judaism a cabalistic sect which has preserved through ages some dark tradition of the efficacy in extreme cases of human sacrifice. Such a sect, it is almost certain, is embedded in Hindooism, though the teachers of that faith repudiate it with unaffected horror.

The Irish Members are always most successful when they ask for money. On Wednesday, Mr. Blake moved the second reading of a Bill ordering that a quarter of a million should be granted from the remaining funds of the Irish Church to improve the harbour accommodation of Irish fisheries. Mr. Forster supported the application, as without harbours the big boats, made necessary by the Atlantic storms, could not be employed. Mr. Courtney, however, objected, on behalf of the Treasury, alleging that the Church Fund was nearly exhausted, that the scheme had not been thought-out, and that the money would be scattered uselessly among seventy harbours. It was, therefore, believed that the Government would resist the grant, but the "whipping," as usual, was bad, it was whispered that the Government would be defeated by a majority of twenty-seven, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, rising, said he would assent to the proposal, if the Church Fund could supply the money. The second reading, therefore, passed without a division. If Irish fisheries are benefited, the money is well bestowed; but will they be? Experience does not make us hopeful.

Lord Carnarvon made a very sensible speech on agricultural depression on Tuesday at Newbury, in which he deprecated the disposition to rely on Government for help in relation to such matters as agricultural depression, and quite admitted that so far as it was not due to the increase of competition from the United States, it was due chiefly to bad seasons, though he thought something might be done by a fairer system of rating and more care in preventing the importation of disease, to diminish the farmer's difficulties. We are glad to see Lord Carnarvon sticking steadily to his Free-trade doctrine, at a time when Lord Salisbury flirts with the friends of retaliatory tariffs, and Sir Stafford Northcote pleads for a fair hearing for Mr. Ritchie, and is quite benignant even to Mr. Lowther.

Mr. Peter Taylor has done a great service to sanitation. On Tuesday he moved a resolution declaring the compulsory laws for vaccination "unadvisable and dangerous," and made a speech repeating all the old arguments, the best of which are that other diseases have died away as well as small-pox, that the vaccine virus is sometimes impure, and that some vaccinated persons die of small-pox. Sir L. Playfair answered him by showing that out of 17,000,000 cases of vaccination, it was doubtful if disease had been produced in four cases; that small-pox was one of the most fatal as well as hideous of diseases; that the rate of mortality before vaccination was introduced was 3,000 per million, and is now 156 per million; and that if sanitation had anything to do with the matter, it would have affected other diseases equally, which it has not done. He quoted also the awful mortality caused by small pox in 1870 in the French Army among the Breton soldiers, whom there was no time to revaccinate. The House divided, and 16 Members were actually found to vote for Mr. Taylor's motion, against 286.

Two important Irish returns have been issued this week whose figures are too eloquent to need comment. One is the return of agrarian offences during the month of May. The number of offences against the person amounted to 5,—2 of firing (without result), and 3 of assault. Of offences against property there were 24, and of offences against the public peace 66, of which 44 were threatening letters,—making a total of 93 offences in all, not one of which involved loss of life. Kerry seems to be now the most disordered of the Irish shires. It has 19 cases of crime, in which are counted the 2 cases of firing, 4 incendiary fires, and 3 cases of cattle-maiming. The return is a pleasing contrast with the grim bills of mortality of last year and the year before. The second paper is that giving the return of proceedings under the Land Law, also to the end of May. To that date, there had been 97,207 applications to fix fair rents received. Fair rents had been fixed in 35,628 cases. There were 7,738 applications dismissed, and 5,862 withdrawn, —some indication that the Court does not invariably mulct the landlord. What is more satisfactory still, there were 41,644 agreements to fix fair rent out of Court. Of the 1,500 leases cases, 1,224 had been disposed of; and of the 8,417 appeals, 3,009 had been heard or withdrawn. At this pace, another year ought to see the new settlement of Ireland completed, and, so far as agrarian crime is concerned, its pacification also accomplished.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 100¼ to 100⅜ x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. BRIGHT'S BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

WE do not suppose that Sir Stafford Northcote expected the House of Commons to declare that Mr. Bright's charge against the Conservatives of allying themselves with the "Rebel party" among Irish Members was a breach of Privilege. It is not his business to defend the Parnellites, who were most gravely attacked, and as regards his own party, he must have known that such a vote would be too unjust even for a partisan majority, had he controlled one. Mr. Bright intimated that an alliance existed between the Conservatives and the Irish Extremists; but for months past every Tory speaker in the House and out of it has railed at the Liberal leaders for arranging a "treaty," the "Treaty of Kilmainham," with Mr. Parnell,—that is, from their point of view, for making a regular compact with a party whose object is the dismemberment of the kingdom. They have repeated this charge in every possible form and with every vituperative addition which anger could suggest, have wasted hours in a futile effort to prove it, and have specially endeavoured to fix it on Mr. Gladstone, but no one has ventured to accuse them of breach of Privilege. How often have we not heard that Mr. Gladstone was the confederate of infidels and treason-mongers, because he let out Mr. Parnell and voted for the Affirmation Bill? The accusation levelled at Mr. Bright, as formulated by Sir Stafford, is in truth nonsensical. He may not have the right to accuse a party in the House of being rebels, for rebellion is a criminal offence, but he has a right, if he believes the charge, to accuse the Conservatives, or any other section of the House, of combining with a faction to delay business. If he has not, freedom of speech upon politics is gone. The very first question upon which the constituencies need instruction is the cause which delays public business, and one of the suspected causes is an agreement, open or tacit, between certain Conservatives and certain Members from Ireland to exhaust the time of Parliament. If a Member speaking to his constituents may not state that suspicion, and say that for himself he believes it, he may not instruct them as to political transactions which they are bound to study, and one of the first objects of a representative system is given up at once. He should give evidence, of course; but Mr. Bright did give evidence, namely, the state of public business, and his own experience as to its cause. If our institutions are to work, the Member and his constituents must take counsel together, and take it publicly; and they cannot take it without an amount of freedom of speech which, in the instance before us, was certainly not excessive. There is not a party in the country which has not accused its rivals of combinations quite legal and quite Parliamentary, but fatal to self-respect. Sometimes the accusations have been true and sometimes false, but in neither case have they ever been treated as breaches of Parliamentary Privilege. To set such a precedent merely because Mr. Bright's voice, when he speaks, reverberates through the country, would not only be absurd, but fatally injurious to political discussion.

Sir Stafford Northcote's object, visible in every line of his temperate speech, was to raise a debate, and repudiate publicly a charge which he knows perfectly well undoes with the constituencies all the good his party might receive from the failure of the Government to carry its promised measures. He succeeded in raising the debate, but we question if it will benefit him much, unless, as is possible, he thinks any consumption of time a benefit to his party. Speaker after speaker from the Tory side repudiated Obstruction, but no one met the obvious facts that Bills do not get through as they were wont to get through, that they do not get through because time is wasted, and that time is wasted by the combined action, it may be accidentally combined action, of the Parnellites and a section of the Tories. They all fastened on an illustration used by Mr. Bright, which undoubtedly was not a happy one. The Affirmation Bill was not defeated by an alliance between the "Rebel party" and the Conservatives, but by an alliance between the Conservatives and the Members for Ireland at large. Mr. Bright's own figures prove this, for if, as he says, England and Scotland accepted the Bill by a majority of sixty-three, thirty-one Members, the highest Parnellite figure, could not have defeated it. Notoriously the Bill was defeated not by a combination of Conservatives and "Rebels," but of Conservatives and Catholics, who either acted from religious feeling, or under pressure from their electors. The Tories escaped under cover of that error of Mr. Bright's, but they never faced the remaining facts, or disproved the evidence known to all men, that night after night business is arrested by trivial discussions, by useless amendments, and by shoals of questions; and that discussions, amendments, and questions are in the main brought forward by Tories or by Parnellites. Suppose the Fourth Party, three or four Parnellites, and Mr. O'Donnell out of the House! There may be no alliance whatever, as Mr. Bright admitted there was none, still less any treaty; but the two parties perceive the situation, think that legislation can be stopped, desire, though from very different motives, to stop it, and do stop it, till the will of the constituencies, as expressed in the elections, cannot be carried out. Why, Mr. Parnell himself said on one occasion that "he left the Tories to do his dirty work." That is the charge, and the debate only gave Mr. Bright an opportunity of bringing it more closely before the people, who, being rough in thought, will ask why, if Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir R. Cross, and Mr. Gibson are so anxious that business shall advance and Bills be accepted or rejected, they do not help it on, and compel the more violent Members of their party to fall into line behind them? They may allege that they are not followed, but do they really try to be followed, as they would try if they were in power? Obviously they do not, and the reason is that they think the waste of time makes in their favour, and exhausts the Gladstone period.

The speech was not one of Mr. Bright's best, for he was full of the Irish, who had not seriously raised their case against him. Mr. Parnell did not appear, no one rose from the Irish side till Mr. Bright sat down, and though many Extremists spoke, and insulted Mr. Bright as much as they could, it may be doubted if any one of them cared a straw for his words. Men never really care much for denunciations which help them with their constituents, and in Ireland, unhappily, the words "rebel" and "patriot" have become historically synonymous. Even the accusation of taking pecuniary help from American-Irish falls very dead. Half the poorer Irish in Ireland look for help to Irish-Americans, and see no more reason why their Members should not cultivate such support than why they themselves should not be helped by their kinsfolk to emigrate. What was wanted was a still more crushing exposure of the waste of time and its causes, the kind of exposure which a master of statistics who was also a master of eloquence could give. That kind of exposure is not Mr. Bright's forte, and though he did all he could, and did it with singular command alike of words and temper, he did not do all he might have done. Still, he emphasised his charge, and Sir Stafford Northcote has only to glance over the country papers to see how completely his attack failed, how strong is opinion that the Tories are either obstructing or consciously allowing obstruction to go on. That is, we repeat, the gravamen of the charge against them, which can be disproved only by their lending effective aid to the conduct of public business. Nobody disputes their right to oppose Bills which they disapprove, by every argument in their power. What is denied is their right so to occupy time that votes upon Bills—votes which actually advance the machine—cannot be taken. The fact that Government passes few Bills is, of course, no evidence against the Tories; but the fact that Government takes few decisive votes for or against, is. The Tories deny that their conduct on the Affirmation Bill is evidence to Mr. Bright's charge; but it is evidence, though not in his way. They hated that Bill. They declared it irreligious, atheistic, and we know not what, and were ready to take any course by which it might be defeated. Nevertheless, as they saw a chance of victory, they allowed a decisive vote to be taken, and consequently it was taken without any unusual delay. All the country asks of them is to treat the Government measures as they treated that Bill, to fight as hard as they can, or as they like, but to let the final vote be taken, and then respect it. It is because they do not do this, or at all events are suspected of not doing it, that the electors are growing savage, and that, as the Tories will find, day by day men's minds are widening about the Redistribution Bill, which would at least put a final stop to English Obstruction. In failing to remove the public impression by means much simpler and more direct than attacks on Mr. Bright, they are making Great Britain Radical with a speed of which they have no conception. Men are often greatly moved by slight arguments, and the fact that no large constituency would bear to see its Members stopping work, may yet be a fatal one for those petty boroughs in which Conservatives put their trust.

SPIRITUAL INTIMIDATION.

WE will not go so far as to say that there is no species of intimidation applied exclusively by ecclesiastics, and which, therefore, may technically be called spiritual, that ought not to be treated as the exercise of an undue influence in a political election. The major excommunication, as it was sometimes put in force in old days, undoubtedly amounted to Boycotting of a most formidable kind, not only in spiritual concerns, but in civil and social life; and the attempt to enforce or even the threatening of the major excommunication for any political act, if it were within the limits of practical possibility in modern times, which it hardly is, might have a most formidable tendency to cause not only spiritual, but physical loss and injury to an honest and independent voter. Still, this is just one of those exceptional cases in which spiritual intimidation entails all the consequences of physical intimidation, and is, therefore, though it would be wielded by ecclesiasties if it were wielded at all, within the meaning of the Corrupt Practices Bill without any express inclusion of spiritual intimidation amongst the unlawful agencies to be prohibited and punished. We go, therefore, entirely with Mr. Arthur Arnold and those who hold with him that spiritual intimidation alone,—spiritual intimidation not involving physical injury and loss,—ought not to have been made penal in the Corrupt Practices Bill at all. The net result of the long argument in the House of Commons was admitted to be this,—that no spiritual teacher is worth his salt who does not, on sufficient occasion, denounce sins which affect political life, just as much as sins affecting the moral and social life; and that no spiritual teacher who really believes that the consequence of sin is suffering, either in this world or in the next or in both, can properly abstain from pointing out this consequence to his congregation, and from pointing it out in any kind of language which is best fitted to bring it home to their hearts. Well, if that is admitted, it seems to us as clear as daylight that the only difference between undue influence and due influence, is the difference between a conscientious exercise of this influence by spiritual persons, and an unconscientious exercise of it? Is that a matter on which a Judge,—perhaps of another faith and almost certainly of another phase of culture and political belief,—sitting in judgment at the trial of an election petition, can properly pronounce with any sort of authority? Let us suppose that Mr. Healy, brought up as he has been in the heart of Catholic Ireland, and in habits of almost invincible ignorance as to English modes of thought on many subjects, were suddenly seated on the English Bench, and sent to try an election petition in any English borough in which it appeared that every Minister of the Baptists, of the Methodists, and of the Independents in the place had been preaching vehemently during the whole election that Ireland was the one fatally diseased spot in the United Kingdom, that the only remedy for its disease would be to isolate it completely from the rest of the Empire and to govern it by a wise despotism, and that no man was a good citizen, or could expect to find salvation in the next life, who did not vote for a serious effort to rule Ireland for ten years by something like despotic government, in the hope of redeeming her from her present moral degradation. We are putting an impossible case, we admit, but we are putting it advisedly, because we believe that Mr. Healy suddenly called upon to try an election petition in such circumstances as these, would not be at all less capable of treating these spiritual denunciations as conscientious, than many of our Irish Judges at present are of treating the spiritual denunciations of the priests in Ireland as conscientious. And yet, how would England like a judgment such as Mr. Healy would pass on the corrupt character of such an election? If it comes to this,—as we think it does,—that the only difference between undue and due spiritual influence is the unconscientiousness or conscientiousness of that influence, we can hardly insist too much on the extraordinary difficulty in which many of the Irish Judges are placed, in attempting to estimate the political conduct of the Irish priests. As we have already intimated, many of these Judges are of a different faith; all of them have lived in a totally different plane of culture from the priests whose political interferences they are called upon to judge; and what is most important of all, almost all of them have throughout their lives been in the habit of thinking that what the priests desire for Ireland is mischievous, and what they dread is desirable. Is it possible for a Judge in that position to form an estimate worth having on the conscientiousness or unconscientiousness of an Irish priest's action? Mr. Healy, in the case we have supposed, could not be more violently prejudiced than Mr. Justice Lawson was in the trial of that election petition for Galway in which Mr. O'Donnell was unseated by a decision characterised by even Mr. C. Lewis, the Protestant and Conservative Member for the City of Londonderry, as unfair. The simple truth is that it is childish to pretend that Judges of one political creed, religious faith, and social caste, can judge with any approach to fairness the conscientiousness or unconscientiousness of the use made of their spiritual influence by priests of a violently opposed political creed, religious faith, and social caste; and yet, so far as we can see, the sole distinction between the use of due and undue spiritual influence in political elections is the difference between a conscientious and an unconscientious use of it. If a priest honestly and sincerely believes that a particular political act is a sin which God will punish,—just, for instance, as many a Protestant Dissenting minister would seriously have believed that the attempt to prop up the Slave power in the Southern States of America was a sin which God would punish,—he is bound to state that belief, whether in the pulpit or on the platform. And if he states it, then, as Mr. Gladstone frankly admitted, he cannot but state the consequence which he sincerely expects to attach to the commission of that sin. It is of the very essence of spiritual influence that it enters necessarily into all the duties of life, the political duties amongst the rest, and that the use of it must appear "undue" to those who think that it is used for mischievous ends. Suppose that a proposal had been made to endow the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland,—a proposal like that of the Maynooth Grant on a larger scale,—and that half the Dissenting ministers in England did their best to paint in the most graphic manner the sins of which the Catholic Church had been guilty,—the sanction given, as Lord Acton believes, by Pius V. to the assassination of Queen Elizabeth, the horrible dishonesty of Roman casuistry, and the rest,—how is it possible that these representations,—many of them, no doubt, inaccurate and misleading,—should not be regarded as "undue influence" by the Roman Catholics of the United Kingdom? And supposing there were a Roman Catholic Judge on the Bench who had to try an election petition, how could he well refrain from declaring that "undue spiritual influence" had been used in the very effort to induce simple people to believe, on the faith of their pastor, a number of doubtful, misleading, false, or even thoroughly calumnious statements? Yet is it seriously to be asserted that Judges ought to go into the character of statements of this kind, with a view to deciding whether the spiritual influence used has been due or undue?

Even in relation to the refusal of the Sacraments and to excommunication, we believe that Parliament would be wise in refusing altogether to meddle, and in saying that these are matters which must be left to each Church to determine for itself. As a matter of fact, we believe that nothing is rarer, or likely to be rarer, than a use of such weapons as these for political purposes in such a country as Ireland. The Roman Church now hardly ever excommunicates by name, did not excommunicate by name even Victor Emanuel, and hardly ever refuses a communicant, except when great scandal would be caused by not refusing one,—as when a man or woman has long been living an openly sinful life, generally known to the congregation. Personal excommunications are weapons which the Church hardly ever dares to use, and when she does dare to use them, it is for purposes plainly and conspicuously moral and spiritual. In our day, there is no case of "undue" spiritual influence which could be determined to be so by Judges of a different faith and a different political creed, with any chance of commanding popular respect and adherence to their judgment. Therefore, we say that the attempt to bar out undue spiritual influence is a blunder, which we should have liked to see the Government deliberately eschew, and which, as it is to be made, may, we hope, be as little used as possible by the Judges. It is certain that whenever any man is found guilty of "undue" spiritual influence he will be regarded as a martyr, and will gain far more proselytes in prison than he could ever gain on the platform.

MINISTERIAL AND INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

LORD SALISBURY did not take much by his belligerent questioning of Lord Granville on Monday, in relation to Mr. Chamberlain's speech. It is quite new doctrine that a Minister may not individually entertain views going far beyond those to which he and his colleagues give effect. Lord Beaconsfield confessed very frankly to the assembly

which entertained him at Knightsbridge, after his return from Berlin, that he individually had been in favour of making the kind of declaration which would have involved us in war with Russia, if it had not prevented her from invading Turkey in 1877. Doubtless, Lord Beaconsfield did not publish that opinion of his till after the policy of England had been determined beyond recall, and published it then only as matter of history. But this proved at least that in the opinion of the Tory Prime Minister it was matter of course that a Minister might, if he thought it for the public welfare, assent to a policy far short of that for which he would have accepted the responsibility, if he could have converted his colleagues to his own view. It is not, therefore, the mere fact that Mr. Chamberlain holds views of his own on the subject of Reform with which probably his Birmingham constituents have long since been familiar, which need embarrass him as a Minister in accepting any measure which he honestly thinks it for the advantage of the country to propose and pass. And if Mr. Chamberlain's own private opinions on this subject have long been known in Birmingham,—as we believe they have,—there can be no reason in the world why Mr. Chamberlain should make a mystery of them now, when he is speaking as a Member to his constituents, and not even affecting to commit any one of his colleagues. It does not in any way disqualify a man for supporting one measure, that he himself, if he could persuade the country to agree with him, would carry not only that measure, but something considerably larger in the same direction. The larger policy includes the smaller; and there is no sort of inconsistency in a man who would like to give the country twice as much, if he could, coming forward cordially to support the offer of half what he himself would give, as proposed by his colleagues. Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism doubtless goes beyond the Radicalism of the present Government,—as it certainly goes beyond ours,—but even if it does, there is nothing for him to be ashamed of in holding views more Radical than any to which the Government he has joined is prepared to give effect.

What, however, appears to us in much more questionable taste than Mr. Chamberlain's avowal that he himself would be personally favourable to proposals which no one expects the Government to endorse, is the remark on which Lord Salisbury laid hardly any stress,—that if the country had to accept "a composition," instead of the full claims which Mr. Chamberlain makes on its behalf, it would nevertheless not accept that composition as "a discharge." That seems to us a much more important and much more embarrassing statement than any profession by Mr. Chamberlain of his own abstract individual opinion. Let us consider the difference. A Minister who did not conceal from the country that he himself, had he found public opinion ripe, might have advocated a larger measure than the one to which he agreed, might yet very well say that, considering the inexpediency of frequent constitutional changes, and the great importance of using such political machinery as you have in the most efficient manner rather than always pottering at the substitution of one machinery for another, he would not be a party to any speedy disturbance of an organic change of this kind once arrived at with his consent. Indeed, that is precisely what we should expect, and justly expect, from any Minister who assented to an important Reform Bill such as the country looks for probably in the next Session. If the measure proposed seemed to any Member of the Cabinet altogether inadequate to the emergency, we should expect him to resign his seat rather than give it his support. If the measure did not seem inadequate to the emergency, we should expect him to give it all the support in his power, and it certainly is not giving it all the support in his power to declare publicly that in case it falls below a certain specified point, the country will not accept it as a discharge of the political liabilities incurred. It seems to us that no measure of this kind ought to be accepted at all which is so insufficient that immediately on its passage, agitation for something larger should be renewed. Yet Mr. Chamberlain's speech means, if it means anything, that if the Reform Bill of this Government falls short of the point of giving universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of Members, he will not approve of its acceptance by the country as a discharge of the immediate liabilities of the Liberal party, but will favour the instant renewal of agitation for something more. This seems to us a very indefensible position for any Minister to take up. On the one hand, we now know that if the Reform Bill falls short,—as it certainly will fall short,—of Mr. Chamberlain's own recommendations, there is one Minister in the Cabinet who is not even prepared to accept it as a sound settlement. On the other hand, as it is nearly the youngest Member of the Cabinet who desires to see the agitation renewed the moment the last farthing which can be extracted from the present Government is gained, we have the prospect that the present Government will immediately split up into sections, one of which will be headed by the youngest and, perhaps, the most vigorous of its number. What heart can there possibly be in passing a Bill already denounced by one of the ablest of its advocates as a mere composition, which he, for one, is not going to accept as a discharge of the obligations of the Liberal party to the nation?

Consider only the position in which Mr. Chamberlain has placed not simply himself, but the Government, in relation to the Conservative party, in case a Bill is brought in falling far short,—as, of course, it must,—of the claims he makes on behalf of the party of Reform. Sir Stafford Northcote will explain to the House that the Reform Bill proposed to it is not, in the opinion even of all the Ministers themselves, a sufficient settlement. The President of the Board of Trade, he will tell the House, has beforehand encouraged the Radical party not to accept it as a fulfilment of the obligations of Liberals, and has, in fact, virtually assured all those who refuse to accept it as a fulfilment of those obligations, of his personal sympathy, if not of his leadership. Here, then, Sir Stafford Northcote will remark, is a Government one of the youngest and most vigorous of whose members has given fair notice that he regards the measure now before the House as a mere basis for new agitation, without even affording a temporary resting-place. Is that what either the Conservatives or the moderate Liberals can possibly approve? Do they want to keep large constitutional questions always open, and open in such a sense that one of the foremost reformers in a Cabinet which proposes one measure, is already committed to the utter insufficiency of that measure, and the demand for something much more drastic? How can Mr. Chamberlain as a statesman himself accept what he has promised his constituents to consider a mere dividend on the reforms which the country needs and asks for? Can the House seriously take from the Government a Bill which one of the Ministers has pledged himself to treat as a mere stepping-stone to something further? If Mr. Chamberlain the Minister gets what he proposes, Mr. Chamberlain the agitator promises to appear at once on the scene, and make the best use in his power of what Mr. Chamberlain the Minister has conceded. Is that a prospect which any House of Commons can regard with satisfaction?

It seems to us that Mr. Chamberlain, for whose abilities and character we need hardly say that we feel the sincerest respect, has in this matter committed a grave, though, no doubt, in so young a Minister, a pardonable error. He was quite within his right in declaring his unchanged private opinion, but he was ignoring dangerously his responsibility as a Minister, when he declared that whatever the Government might propose short of his own view, he did not wish the public to accept as a discharge of Liberal liabilities. That menaces us with Radical half-heartedness and Radical reserves, as likely to undermine from the outset any proposal which does not come up to the principles advocated by Mr. Chamberlain himself. It assures the public that in the case of any Bill falling short of these principles, there must be a divided Cabinet, and large unsettled questions left to hang over the heads of Parliament, even though the Bill should be passed. It is clear, indeed, that Mr. Chamberlain the Member for Birmingham weakened deliberately the hands of Mr. Chamberlain the Minister, when he encouraged his constituents not to accept as a discharge of Liberal pledges any measure which did not come up to the ideal of his own private views.

BISHOP COLENSO.

FEW men have had a stranger fate in life than Bishop Colenso. He made his reputation first as a second wrangler who wrote very excellent mathematical school-books. To this he added a reputation for moral earnestness which was thoroughly well deserved, but which took a somewhat misleading form, when it made him appear before the world as a disciple of the late Frederick Denison Maurice, with the essential genius of whose writings Dr. Colenso can never have had any deep sympathy, since his own mind was much more impressed by such matters as the blundering numeration of the Book of Exodus than the moral revelation it contained. Later on, he developed the rationalism,—or shall we say the mathematical matter-of-factness?—of his Scriptural criticism, in

the book which excited so much more interest than it deserved, and which really only proved what all genuine scholars knew,—that the historical part of the Pentateuch is a human composition, by no means exempt from error, though it contains the most satisfactory evidence that a divine revelation was the source of the great migration which it chronicled, and that a primitive Theocracy was the basis of the wonderful and undying faith in the guidance of Providence which threads together the whole of Jewish history in all its various phases. More important, in our opinion, were some of Bishop Colenso's subsequent theological confessions, which showed that Bishop Gray had interpreted less inaccurately than we at the time believed, the rather shallow rationalism of some of Dr. Colenso's theological publications. Then, too, it was Dr. Colenso's strange fate to be saved from the consequences of the very prejudiced judgment of his ecclesiastical Superior, by the discovery of the old blunder committed by the Crown in granting to him and to his nominal metropolitan, bishopries which really conveyed no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, so that he was saved from deposition by the discovery of the lawyers that he had no proper See from which to be deposed. The late Lord Romilly's proposal to try the charge of heresy against him, if it were really contended that by that heresy he had forfeited his right to the salary promised him by the Council of the Colonial Bishopries Fund, was declined by that body, so that the invalid judgment of deposition passed by Bishop Gray was never reviewed upon its merits in any Court. Thus the Bishop of Natal, though he retained his position, won his victory by a kind of legal accident, which not only disqualified his supposed superior for sitting in judgment upon him, but made of himself also a Bishop unattached. This seemed almost a freak of fortune.

But the greatest and for Dr. Colenso the most fortunate change of phase through which he ever passed was yet to come. So soon as the settlers of Natal began to quarrel with the native chiefs, Dr. Colenso shone out in his true light,—that of a true friend and protector of the Zulu people, who, though he never concealed from them their transgressions, would never allow the might of the Western civilisation to blind his eyes to the right of the weaker race. In the contest with Langalibalele, and in the contest with Cetewayo, Bishop Colenso never flinched from the high position which he took from the first,—that of a thoroughly informed spectator, who insisted on equal justice for both sides; and would not hear of winking at the transgressions of the settlers, or permitting the grievances of the natives to go unavenged. In the latter part of his life, Dr. Colenso sank the mathematical reasoner, the rationalistic critic, and the earnest but rather shallow theologian, almost entirely in the position of the spiritual judge, who insisted on doing justice between Zulu and European, so far as his own indomitable will enabled him to do it. To the Zulus, he was, indeed, a fair representative of that ideal of divine humanity set forth by the prophet in the inspired words,—"a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a rock in a weary land." The practical earnestness of the man came out in the highest form when he had to plead against the wrongs done to Langalibalele and to Cetewayo; and it is no exaggeration to say that the Zulu people will regard the loss they have suffered with dismay, and will look back on Dr. Colenso with the deepest reverence. He was a man whose greatness we should never have known, if he had not passed out of the phase of mathematician and critic into the phase of the political guardian of a race beneath his own in civilisation. It was as a just man that he became great, and possibly his justice was made all the truer and purer by the injustice which no doubt he suffered,—or, at all events, believed that he suffered, and, we think, with truth,—at the hands of brother-ecclesiastics, both in Africa and in England. The calmness and dignity with which Bishop Colenso treated the procedure of Bishop Gray,—a procedure which seemed to us at the time singularly unfair,—during the trial for heresy, were striking enough then. We now know that they were significant of the still greater qualities which Bishop Colenso displayed in the latter part of his career. There was so much magnanimity in him, that to find himself the victim of injustice only made him the more scrupulously anxious never to commit or sanction injustice himself. And, doubtless, the rather barren controversies in which he passed the earlier part of his episcopate did much to train him for the great position of mediator between the Zulu and the Teutonic races, which he held with so much dignity and so much benefit both to his own countrymen and to the Zulus, at the end of his laborious and beneficent career.

THE PARNELLITES AND THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.

We should, under certain circumstances, have a good deal of sympathy with the Parnellite proposal of Wednesday to abolish the Viceroyalty of Ireland. Mr. Justin M'Carthy's Bill is a great deal more logical and more far-reaching than it looks, and if Ireland were as loyal as Scotland, or even sullenly aware that the Union must continue, the idea underlying his measure might be a practicable or even a beneficial one. His Bill is not, as is imagined, one for abolishing the Viceroyalty only, but for transferring all Executive power in Ireland from Englishmen to Irishmen. Mr. M'Carthy's proposal is that the statutory powers of the Viceroy of Ireland should be transferred to a responsible Parliamentary Minister for Ireland, who should be invariably selected from among the Irish Members returned to the House of Commons. There would, in fact, be an Irish Secretary of State in Parliament, who would combine in himself the statutory powers of the Viceroy and of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Moreover, the same great officer would exercise also the "regal" power, such as patronage, appertaining to the Viceroy. Although Mr. Trevelyan shrewdly asked where that power was to go, he knew quite well that in the absence of the Viceroyalty it would revert to the Crown, to be exercised on the advice of a responsible Minister, who could only be the Minister for Ireland. Being responsible, his advice must be taken, just as in Indian matters the Secretary for India's advice is taken. The total result, therefore, of Mr. M'Carthy's scheme would be that the Head of the Irish Executive would be an Irish Member sitting in the Commons; and Mr. M'Carthy calculates that he would want to keep his seat, and to be popular with the majority of Irish Members, who, he thinks, will at the next election be mostly Parnellites. The distinctively Irish party would, therefore, in his belief, control the Irish Minister, distribute his patronage, and direct executive affairs, very much in their own way. We should say, judging by the example of Scotland when the Lord-Advocate happens to be strong, that, given Mr. M'Carthy's data, this calculation would prove correct, and that the Bill, like most Bills favoured by Mr. Parnell, was for his purposes exceedingly adroit. The Member for Cork has seen, what so many Irishmen fail to see, that Irish Members could influence a Minister sitting among them, and probably dependent for his seat upon their favour, much more directly and more strongly than they can influence "the Castle." Nor, if Ireland were as loyal and as well represented as Scotland, should we at all object to that solution of the problem. We have long been convinced that only Irishmen can govern Irishmen well, for only Irishmen understand them, and know when their action is a result of thought and when a display of perversity; and that the governing Irishmen should be Members of the House of Commons, sitting in Westminster, and taking counsel together and arranging their own affairs, subject to the general vote of the United Kingdom, is what we all desire. If only that were possible, and compatible with unity, there would be an end of trouble.

But then the conditions are not present. In the present temper of the majority in Ireland, and with the projects avowed by the most popular Irish Members, Mr. M'Carthy's plan would, from his point of view, and possibly from an accurate point of view, hand over Ireland to a party which avows itself disloyal to the core. We are not among those who deny the right of insurrection for adequate cause and with a good object, and we do not wish in this article to use any opprobrious terms, but as a plain matter of fact, acknowledged by themselves, the Irish Extremists are hostile to the Union and to the general government of the kingdom. At present, they are in a minority; but they hope to be in a majority, and if their hopes are realised—a point upon which no man can be certain, though Mr. Healy's contest for Monaghan may throw on it some light—the habitual control of the Irish Minister, and, therefore, of Irish patronage, pardons, rewards, and all statutory powers, would fall to the enemies of the Union. The Minister might be the best of men, and loyal to the core; but he would want the Irish votes, and would be sure that if he lost them, he would lose his seat too. He would be under continual pressure of the strongest kind, a pressure which would never sleep, and which would gradually fill all Irish offices with anti-Union men, hidden or avowed. The very Judges would be National, and the Stipendiaries friends of the National League. That would never do, even if we could

be sure that these men would stop short of rebellion, for it is the melancholy peculiarity of Ireland that her "patriots" dislike and disregard the execution of the Law. The laws would never be carried out, and we should have anarchy protected and justified by half the official world. We have to keep order in Ireland, as well as to keep Ireland within the Union, and order can only be confided to those who are heartily its friends.

Mr. M'Carthy's Bill, therefore, belongs to that world, wherever it is, where so many Irish measures must be kept, the world in which ideas are executive even when opposed to facts, and we must fall back on the humbler proposition to improve the Viceroyalty by confiding it ultimately to Irishmen. Nothing which has occurred within the past four years has altered our opinion of the justice and necessity of that change, which we advocate in the face of our full consciousness that the country will never be better served than by Earl Spencer. It is impossible to exaggerate the claim which he has established on the whole kingdom by his firm administration, by his judgment, and above all, by his self-devotion. He has abandoned the most attractive position in the world, that of a wealthy English Peer, to assume an office which never yields personal fame, which is often as repugnant as that of a gaoler, and which demands as its first condition entire indifference to a pressing risk of assassination. The Lord-Lieutenant, in the eyes of a class in Ireland, is a wolf, to be killed whenever killing is safe. He is excepted from the operation of the Sixth Commandment, and is in more danger every day than if he were charging a battery. As Mr. Trevelyan said, "his life, from the moment of his landing, in the disposition of a class is not worth one moment's purchase." That Lord Spencer, under such circumstances, rules calmly, without hatred as without fear, is sufficient evidence of his qualities; but, nevertheless, we should prefer an Irishman. Even Lord Spencer lacks the insight into Irishmen which comes to Irishmen by instinct, takes every movement too seriously, and does not allow sufficiently for the *gamin* element in the national character. He accepts threats too much *au grand sérieux*, and leaves on Irishmen the impression that he is English, which is equivalent in their apprehension to one who does not understand. An Irishman who governed them worse would yet be better liked. We do not believe even yet that no trustworthy Irishman competent to fill the post could be found, and rather than not find him would modify some of the conditions of the post itself. There is no reason why the Head of the Executive in Ireland should be either a Peer or a rich man, or surrounded with a Brummagem kind of Court. The most powerful man in Ireland is at most a poor country gentleman, for whom a subscription is being raised. Let the Viceroy be simply a great official, like a Lord Chief Justice or Commander of the Forces, and if he is a strong man, governing well, he will have reverence enough. That change of itself would immensely widen the area of selection, now narrowed till the first difficulty of a Premier, when a vacancy occurs, is not to select among applicants, but to induce any sufficient man to apply. The *Times* talks of the irrational hatred felt for "the Castle," and no doubt much of it is mere hatred of civilised control, but what would its language be if Britain were confided to the ten cleverest Catholic Irishmen in the House? Their action apart, would the *Times* consider a good deal of popular distrust, and therefore of popular hatred, so entirely unreasonable? The Irish say—not the Parnellites alone—"You English profess to understand us, yet you cannot find, among all our millions, five or six men whom you think competent, even under your own direction, to govern us. Either, therefore, you misjudge us to a degree showing inherent incompetence, or you know in your secret hearts that every able Irishman is your enemy." The Vice-royalty must be retained; but, nevertheless, there is, as matters are now arranged, an element of truth in that objection.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

NEITHER the magnitude nor the number of the questions raised by the Corrupt Practices Bill grows less, as the House of Commons becomes better acquainted with its provisions. But, though Members are not the least blind to what they are doing, they are, on the whole, anxious that it should be done. The truth, probably, is that corruption has become a burden to those who employ it, and that they are quite willing that some check should be put upon it, provided that it leaves them possessed of the same relative advantages that they had before. There is not much doubt, we fear, that in this respect their wishes will be fulfilled. No matter how stringent and effectual the law may be made, there will still be constituencies in which the mere possession of money will be an advantage to a candidate. It has been too long the one quality which the electors reverence, for them to think lightly of the man who has it, even though his opportunities of employing it are reduced almost to nothing by a tyrannical statute.

The second clause, which in an amended form was passed on Tuesday, makes "treating" a corrupt practice; and, by the first clause, the guilt of treating attaches not merely, as under the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, to the candidate, but to every person who provides, or pays the expense of providing, any meat, drink, entertainment, or provision, for the purpose of corruptly influencing votes, and to every person, whether an elector or not, who accepts or takes any such meat, drink, entertainment, or provision. As Mr. Raikes pointed out, it will be necessary, now that this wider definition has been adopted, to look very carefully at the penalties enacted by the subsequent clauses. If the interpretation affixed to treating by the Judges is as comprehensive as the words which define it appear to the lay mind, eating and drinking at the expense of another person must no longer make a part of human life. The whole country is mapped out into Parliamentary constituencies; every man, woman, or child is either an elector or a non-elector; and our whole earthly existence is covered by the words "before, during, or after an election." No doubt, the "meal, drink, entertainment, or provision" must be given for the purpose of "corruptly" influencing votes. But it will often be difficult for the sinners themselves to say whether corruption was or was not their object. The motives with which one man gives a glass of ale to another, or bids another "get something to eat" at his expense, may be very mixed. We are not arguing against the clause. Treating has played too large a part in the degradation of English constituencies to make it expedient or even possible to show any tenderness. But the measure of severity is a different matter, and we fear that if treating in its milder forms is visited with unduly heavy penalties, either very few persons will be convicted of treating, or an irresistible demand will grow up for making the law less stringent.

On Tuesday an amendment of Mr. Lewis's to the third clause was debated at some length, and in the end the Attorney-General consented to modify the clause in Mr. Lewis's sense, though not to the same extent. As it stood, it provided that where, on the trial of an election petition, "any corrupt practice has been proved to have been committed by, or with the knowledge and consent of," a candidate, he shall for ever be incapable of sitting for that constituency, and for ten years be incapable of sitting in the House of Commons. Mr. Lewis proposed to leave out the words "any corrupt practice," and to insert the word "bribery," his argument being that between bribery and undue influence there was a great and conspicuous distinction, and that it was absurd not to recognise this distinction in meting out punishment. This brought up the question of treating once more. Mr. Rathbone contended, very truly, that treating might be, and often was, as demoralising as any more direct form of bribery. Sir Richard Cross admitted the demoralising influence, but dwelt on the difficulty of saying where innocent treating ended, and demoralising treating began. The Attorney-General consented to make a difference between "treating and undue influence," and other corrupt practices, and in the former case to hold the candidate responsible only for acts done by himself, and not for those done "with his knowledge and consent." It is not very clear why the Attorney-General made this concession, since if a candidate knows and consents to the employment of treating or other undue influence, he is morally quite as much to blame as if he had himself resorted to it. We should have thought it better to make the punishment for the lesser forms of corruption lighter than those for bribery. However, the change met with the approval of the House, Mr. Lewis's amendment was thrown out, and the Attorney-General's adopted.

The next question that came up was the amount of the penalty. The Attorney-General had already declared his preference for seven instead of ten years, as the extent of a convicted candidate's incapacity of sitting for any constituency; but Mr. Raikes proposed to reduce the incapacity of sitting for the particular constituency in which the offence has been committed from life to ten years. The Attorney-General argued

that nothing short of perpetual disqualification would guard against the danger that illegal practices might render a candidate popular in a constituency, and so conduce to his benefit years after he had been guilty of them. The old difficulty then presented itself. There is influence and influence, and what is only proper punishment for one kind of influence is excessive punishment for another kind. Mr. Clarke quoted the case of a Member who gave a holiday to his workmen on the following day, and was unseated for doing so; and Mr. Rylands asked whether it was fair to declare a candidate for ever incapable of representing a locality with which he was connected, through a mere act of kindness or inadvertence such as this? The Attorney-General's answer was that Parliament must mark with a heavy penalty the offence of intentionally corrupting a constituency, and this being so, he could not enter into any question of lessening the life disqualification. But this reply does not really dispose of the difficulty. May not there be acts which it is necessary to punish, lest worse things be done under cover of them, and yet not necessary to punish severely, in view of the almost infinitesimal blame that may attach to them? It seems to us that in this, as in other parts of the Bill, what is wanted is greater elasticity. The definition of an offence is necessarily rigid. The enumeration of the acts which come under a definition is necessarily precise; but the degrees of guilt in the persons committing these acts are very various, where other offences are concerned. A corresponding variety in the sentences is ordinarily secured by leaving much to the discretion of the Judge. Sometimes, perhaps, the limits assigned to this discretion may be too comprehensive; but, on the whole, it is found well that the Judges should be invested with it. Manslaughter may be only just distinguishable from murder, or it may be quite adequately punished by a day's imprisonment. What but a Judge's discretion can possibly meet with a range of criminality so extensive as this? It is very much the same with undue influence. Between acts which on paper seem hardly distinguishable there may, to the practised eye of a Judge, be an immense gulf. The fault of this Bill is that it gives the Judge no means of adapting the penalty to the degree of guilt; and the change we should suggest would be that the disqualification created by clause 3, and by many subsequent clauses, should be for life, or for so many years, or for such lesser term not less than so many years, as the Judge in his discretion shall think fit. If we entrust to the Judges the very delicate task of determining whether a candidate has or has not committed such and such offences, why should we withhold from them the not more delicate and equally necessary task of estimating the degree of guilt he has incurred by committing them?

THE CHARITABLE TRUSTS BILL.

THERE is, we fear, no chance that Mr. Shaw Lefevre's Bill will become law this year. Looking at the opposition it has excited, it seems hardly probable that it will reach the Select Committee to which the Government proposes to refer it after the second reading. Yet the case for the Bill is unanswerable, and the need for it urgent. Unfortunately, the public at large knows nothing about the matter, while many of the people who do know, like to keep things as they are. The Charity Commissioners are an unpopular body,—to a great extent, we believe, from their own fault. They are too official, and do not co-operate cordially with those who are anxious to check and expose abuses. On the other hand, they are disposed to take a doctrinaire view of the pecuniary interest of Charities, and sometimes with the object merely of increasing funds, use their powers in relation to charitable property in a way very injurious to third parties, and even to the objects of the charity. Thus, it is not long since the Commissioners had to be forcibly restrained from converting fuel allotments set out under old Inclosure Acts into private property, without regard to the value of the land to the labouring population for recreation and for allotment gardens. Again, in some cases they have acted with great harshness towards persons holding property of a charity by some old-fashioned tenure—such as renewable leases—well understood in the neighbourhood, but lacking the full protection of the law. They have, consequently, very few friends, whilst every trustee and every officer of a charity with whom they interfere is their enemy. Add to this unpopularity of the Commissioners the fact that hatred of waste is not a national virtue, and that there is a half-acknowledged liking with many people for the haphazard species of charity which it is the main object of legislation to uproot, and we have, perhaps, a sufficient explanation of the difficulties encountered in proceeding with the pending Bill, though in discussion few would be found to oppose its principle.

The subject is certainly sufficiently large to be interesting. The annual income of the Endowed Charities of the United Kingdom amounts to no less a sum than £2,200,000. In this total is not included the property of the Universities and Colleges, of Eton and Harrow, of Cathedral Foundations, of Friendly Societies, or of Societies supported by Voluntary Contributions; nor are the huge possessions of the City Companies taken into account. About half the income we have quoted belongs to Educational foundations, to Medical charities, and Nonconformist and Church endowments. The other half, upwards of £1,000,000, is devoted to "charity" in the popular and least exact sense of the word,—to the relief of the poor by means of doles of money, food, or clothes, by means of almshouses, and of apprenticeship premiums. It is with the gigantic property thus employed that the Charity Commissioners are in the main concerned. At present, much of it is frittered away, generally doing no appreciable good, and sometimes working positive harm. On the other hand, no one will deny that there is much to be done for the benefit of the poor, and of the community at large, for which money is sorely needed. What a long way, for example, will £5,000 go towards preserving an open space, how incalculable is the benefit resulting, and how very difficult it is to get the money! The rescue and dedication to the public of Epping Forest cost only about £280,000, but little more than a quarter of the annual income of the Endowed Charities. It is a pity that such a work should be accomplished (as it was) by means of a tax upon bread, however small, if it could be achieved by the expenditure of charitable funds. The supply of free libraries and baths, improved dwellings for the artisan class, and other boons at present insufficiently and grudgingly provided at the expense of the rates, would be an employment of charitable funds which would confer great and widely appreciable blessings. While, at the same time, such things are wanted, and large benefactions exist in an almost useless state, there is ample ground for public interest in the subject, nay, for a public demand for reform.

It will be said, however, that the difficulties in the way of anything like a broad adaptation of charitable foundations to the needs of modern society are very great, and that what is really practicable is already within the power of the Charity Commissioners. This is a mistake. The powers of the Charity Commission in any effective shape apply only to small Charities. The legislation which called the Commissioners into existence, the Charitable Trusts Act of 1853, had for one main object the prevention of litigation, by which the property of Charities was squandered. In this object it succeeded. Lawsuits concerning the administration of charitable property have since 1853 been impossible without the consent of the Commissioners, who have kept a tight hand upon them. But although Chancery suits were an expensive remedy, and the cure effected by them was sometimes worse than the disease, yet they were remedial in their nature, and the legislation which practically put an end to them should have provided an efficient substitute. This it failed to do. No power of modifying charitable trusts, in such a way as to make them minister to the wants of the present day, was reposed in the Commissioners. All they were empowered to do was either to certify to the Attorney-General cases in which application should be made to the Court of Chancery, or to lay before Parliament proposals for the better administration of the charity. By Mr. Lowe's Act of 1860, a more substantial power was given with regard to small Charities. When the income of a charity does not exceed £50 a year, the Commissioners can frame a new scheme for its management. But when the income is over this amount, they must obtain the consent of a majority of the Trustees of the Charity before exercising a like power. It may well be imagined that the worse a Charity is managed, the less likely are the Trustees to consent to a new scheme. Practically, therefore, at present the Commissioners can do nothing useful with any considerable Charity, except invoke the aid either of the Attorney-General and the Law Courts, or of Parliament. From the former course they shrink, on account of the expense to the Charity. The latter is nugatory, since the Commissioners are not directly represented in Parliament, and no facilities are given for the confirmation of their schemes by an Act. Large Charities may, therefore, defy the Commissioners with impunity, and

it is not surprising that Mr. Lefevre was able to cite to the deputation which recently waited npon him curious instances of waste and mal-administration. Thus, there is a Charity in Berkshire with an income of £220, to be expended under its trust in providing bread to be put into a basket every Sunday, to be set on the gravestone of the founder, in the church, during divine service, and after the service to be distributed to the most indigent and helpless poor of the parish. One hundred and fifty-four persons receive two pounds of bread apiece every Sunday. There is an influx of the thriftless into the parish, and probably it would be found that cottage-rents are proportionately higher than in adjoining villages. In another case, in the Midland Counties, Mr. Lefevre tells us, out of an income of £1,300 applicable to almshouses, £575 is spent in the remuneration of a Governor and a Deputy-Governor to rule over twelve almspeople, and this while the Charity is in financial difficulties, owing to the agricultural depression. The climax of absurdity in management is perhaps reached in the case of a third Charity, in Middlesex, possessing an income of £80, expended in doles. This very moderate income is distributed by a firm of solicitors in London, who act on behalf of another firm in Bristol, to whom they remit the income as it comes to hand, receiving it again minus the costs of the two firms. There are trustees,—indeed, three new ones were recently appointed. Two of these, however, are solicitors in Bristol, and the third, although at the time of his appointment Vicar of the parish, has now removed into Hertfordshire. The inhabitants of the parish have strongly protested against the mode of distribution, but the Commissioners are powerless to act without the assent of the trustees, who are well satisfied with things as they are.

Mr. Lefevre's Bill proposes to meet such cases as these by enabling the Commissioners to frame new schemes for the application and management of charitable funds, without the consent of the trustees, in the case of Charities with a gross income of more than £50, as freely as they have hitherto done in the case of smaller Charities. No new principle is involved in this change. It is simply a question of machinery. The Law Courts have now the power to reform Charities. But the action of the Courts is cumbrous and costly. The Government proposes to substitute a less expensive and more suitable agency. It is difficult to see how objection to such a course can be justified. But it is not difficult to understand why it exists. A principle which cannot be applied owing to defects in mechanism, is a thing of which no one is afraid. To give it practical effect is a very different matter. Those who wish, from whatever motive, to maintain unsystematic and casual charity, are undoubtedly well-advised in opposing the substitution of an accessible and cheap, for a slow and expensive, agency. But it is desirable that the public should realise that it has a strong interest in the matter. An income of £1,000,000 devoted to the benefit of those who need help should be applied economically and reasonably. It is impossible to conceive that an over-worked legal tribunal is the proper machinery for the purpose. Parliament has decided to the contrary, by creating a special administrative Department for the work. If there are defects in its constitution or working, they should be remedied. An inquiry before a Select Committee, such as the Government desires, would give an opportunity for protesting against the action of the Commissioners when it has been oppressive or unwise, and would probably prevent such action in future. But it is halting between two opinions to create and maintain such a body, and yet so to limit its sphere of action as to render it almost useless.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

ONE fact comes out very painfully in the history of this ghastly tragedy at Sunderland. The public under-rates rather than over-rates the danger from a crowd, and especially a crowd descending. So far from the consequences of a "rush" being exaggerated in the popular imagination, they are not sufficiently appreciated, the truth being that whenever a crowd debouches from the gallery of a theatre, or of a music-hall, or of a church, there arises a momentary possibility of a great catastrophe. No special cause for a "rush" is necessary. If anything, no matter what, arrests the flow of human beings, and yet it does not stop, lives may be instantly in danger. There never was, so to speak, a more unreasonable calamity than this slaughter of children. The accounts vary, as usual, but all agree that in the enormous gallery of the Victoria Hall, with its 1,500 children, there was no alarm of fire, no panic, no cause for a stampede, and in truth no stampede at all. The children were either called to receive some presents of toys, from a man who, feeling their pressure, descended rapidly to the floor, or they ran down of their own accord to share the gifts, but in either case the running was of the normal kind. The children moved quickly, but not more quickly than is common. It is proved that many of them passed quite safely into the body of the house. Nevertheless, the moment the bolt of the half of the swing door was dropped, whether on purpose or accidentally, and the crowd became too large for the narrowed space, a block was created, the children as they descended fell upon one another, and were welded instantaneously into a mass of flesh so solid that breathing became impossible. So tremendous was the wedging-power of the descending crowd that the children were crushed together as by a machine, bones and lungs gave way together, and the first rescuers were positively afraid to act rapidly, "lest," says one of them, "they should pull the bodies to pieces." It seems almost incredible that tripping children, few over twelve years of age, and a majority about eight, descending by a staircase seven feet broad, should have exerted such pressure, or have been so unable to stop themselves; but it is not difficult to comprehend it, if we think of the children not as individuals, but as a mass. We shall then find, as is said on the spot, that as long as the column of childhood descended, a steady pressure was exerted on the block of humanity formed by the first falls equal to that of a three-ton weight advancing at three miles an hour, a pressure which nothing made of human material could oppose, which was as irresistible as that of a hydraulic machine, and instantly packed human beings like sardines. Breathing was impossible under such conditions, and the poor little children died of asphyxia—in most cases, let us trust, painlessly—in all with such bewildering rapidity, that the tragedy was over before those in the body of the house, only a few feet off, were aware that anything dreadful had occurred. Within six minutes at the outside, layer upon layer of children had been flung, packed, and killed, till the official total, which may be under the truth, exceeds one hundred and eighty. Let it be remembered that while the poor little things' weakness was against them, and their softness, before the crushing impact from above, their lightness was in their favour, and we may understand the risk incurred on hundreds of staircases every week, or, indeed, in the case of theatres, every day. A crowd in movement, however light or however slow, is in its effect a column of water, incompressible till it stops, before which everything, even the human frame, must perforce give way. The pressure would, if there were no opening, have driven the bodies through the very doors, and as it was did raise the pile six, seven, or eight feet into the air. The weight of such a column is a simple matter of calculation, and for every hundred adults descending the gallery stairs of a great church, there is a pressure of two and a half tons, flowing, rather than moving, at a walking pace,—enough to crush men like flies.

We do not know that special blame for the tragedy attaches to any one in Sunderland, unless it be to the giver of the conjuring entertainment. The hall itself is unusually well built, with a broad staircase, numerous landing-places to check any rush, and wide doors swinging both ways. There is, it is said, a sharp curve on the staircase towards the bottom, which prevented the children seeing the danger before them, but this would rather check than accelerate the descent. If a caretaker did bolt half the door, which is denied, he did it from stupidity, under the fancy, so constantly entertained, that the sight of a narrow space will make a crowd more careful and go slower. The parents, who are blamed for want of care, had no reason to suppose the numbers collected would be so great, and are accustomed every day to see their children go in flocks to schools where half of them run down-stairs twice a day. They are unaccustomed to the idea of escort, they saw no more danger in the Hall than in a school, and probably they never gave the matter a thought. Mr. Fay ought, indeed, with his experience of a lifetime, to have recollected the mobile nature of a crowd, and to have provided more caretakers to govern and direct his troops of infants; and we suspect, from one bit of his letters, that he was not quite easy in his mind. He tried to decrease the descent by putting the children in the immense dress-circle, only half-way up the Hall; but the custodians of the Hall would not allow this, unless he raised his

prices of admission. Whether they acted from a fear that the seats would be injured, or from some fancy as to etiquette, their action had much to do with the catastrophe. Mr. Fay, however, though he did not provide enough men to guard against what he must have known to be a possibility, presses with considerable force, as reasons for his confidence, the unusual size of the Hall, and the experience of eight entertainments of the same kind, during which no accident had occurred. He, in fact, expected nothing but the ordinary rush, and he looked after everything himself, and can hardly be treated as guilty for not doing what no manager of a theatre does,—that is, assume that the balance of probability is on the side of accident, and provide accordingly. The moment the calamity was known, every one seems to have behaved admirably, and the tone of the town since has been the true one, that of sad but helpful resignation to an inexplicable Will.

For it is an inexplicable Will, especially to those who believe, as we do, that God governs, as well as reigns. What should we say of a man who, merely by putting a thought into Mr. Fay's head, the thought to stand at the gallery-door and see the children out in batches, could have prevented that ghastly massacre, and did not put it? Yet that must be true of the Almighty, if any one of our ideas about his attributes is true, if he foresees, if he is all-powerful, if he has free-will. Apart from the suffering—suffering often to the good, for it was probably the kindest parents who sent their children to the show—why does he allow all that monstrous waste of life among the innocent, that destruction of potential usefulness? The only answer is the simple and unsatisfying one that we know nothing about the matter, and never shall know all, though we may know much more than we do now. Man cannot know the policy of God, which is not shown as changed, but as always the same, in these great catastrophes. They do but concentrate a process which never stops. Taking Asia and Europe together, the half of all children born die before they are two. It is certain that more children died in London in the week of the catastrophe unnoticed, than died in Sunderland to the horror and pity of the world. It is quite probable, though there are no statistics, that more children died in the United Kingdom still-born on Saturday than died in that staircase shambles. Vast, unending, inexplicable waste of life, never utilised even for a little while, is the law of the planet, the will of its Creator, as little to be made intelligible by thought as the endless mystery of non-educative pain. Theology gives us no more light on the subject than Science does, and though it is best, or at least most comforting, to think that the children are the happier for escaping this life and its miseries, there is no proof of that,—rather evidence from analogy that they lose an opportunity which would have been to their profit. Why not, if the world, and life in the world, are, as we all suppose, of any use at all? Men are not the better for escaping, but for fulfilling, duties. There is no explanation whatever to be found, nor is there any need of one. If man acknowledges God at all, he must acknowledge a Being whose wisdom must be so far above his own that failure to perceive it is failure in the creature, not in the Creator. It may not be an absurdity, though it seems one to us, to recognise God, and yet think that he can err, but it is certainly a folly to think that we can detect error in him. The theologian, like every other man, is studying the Infinite, and when he has thought himself out, he can only acknowledge that he is always at last face to face with a mystery past his solution. Thought sometimes only helps us to pile up more figures on the recurrent decimal.

THE THOUGHT-READING WAGER.

"NONSENSE dies hard," says Mr. Labouchere, and he is perfectly right; but no nonsense dies harder than the nonsense of infatuated prejudice. Amongst literary men, those who know Mr. Henry Sidgwick and Mr. Labouchere,—the two who wrote to the *Times* on the Thought-reading wager,—very few, we suspect, would prefer Mr. Labouchere's judgment on a matter of evidence of this kind to Mr. Sidgwick's. Mr. Sidgwick has as cool and sceptical a temperament as Mr. Labouchere himself, but he has in addition a very much larger knowledge of the subject under investigation, and knows how absolutely childish it is to speak of such a power as some persons impute to Mr. Bishop as a miraculous and all but incredible thing. We say this without having formed any definite opinion ourselves on the subject of Mr. Bishop's powers, and, indeed, with a strong prejudice against a man who mixes up common conjurors' tricks with the professed attempt to illustrate obscure psychological powers of this nature. If he is, as we have been told that he is, a gentleman who never gained a penny by the use of such power as he possesses,—one intellectually interested in the question of Thought-reading, but not in the least professionally interested in that question,—then we should certainly suppose that in the accounts of the case, as the various correspondents of the *Times* state it, there is no pretence at all to impute fraud; but, then, in that case, why on earth does he try the patience of his audience by illustrating common sleight-of-hand? Of course, if we have been misinformed, if Mr. Bishop is gaining anything by the public experiments in which he plays a principal part, the matter must be put on a totally different footing. It is always reasonable to be incredulous about the claim laid to extraordinary powers by those who gain a good deal by being supposed to possess those powers; and we should regard Mr. Labouchere's non-appearance at St. James's Hall on Tuesday week as perfectly excusable, if he really regarded Mr. Bishop's refusal to be limited to any particular subject—Mr. Firth, M.P. —as the refusal of a professional gentleman who wanted to evade a test to which he felt himself unequal. But if, as many declare, Mr. Bishop has nothing to lose by failure, and nothing to gain by success, except the pleasure of establishing the existence of a certain rare class of psychological facts which are declared to be impossible by the dense sagacity of men of the world, we think that Mr. Labouchere ought to have gone to St. James's Hall, and judged for himself whether or not he could not agree with Mr. Bishop's Committee on some one "subject" satisfactory both to himself and to Mr. Bishop. His evasion of that test ought, we think, in that case to count for more on the one side, than Mr. Bishop's refusal to have his power judged absolutely by his success or failure in any one case, should count for on the other side.

However, the real interest of the wager is less in the test itself,—for comparatively few people can know how far Colonel Statham is above all imputation of collusion, on the one hand, and how far, even if he be above all imputation of collusion, the conditions were so rigid that Mr. Bishop had no other means than "thought-reading" of discovering the number of the note, on the other,—than in the extreme difficulty of proving an extraordinary fact to the satisfaction of the general public which it seems to demonstrate. We can imagine, indeed, a test which might perhaps be sufficient. Suppose twelve of the gentlemen whom Mr. Labouchere named in his first letter,—the letter printed in the *Times* of Friday week,—viz., Sir John Lubbock, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. W. Fowler, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Brodrick, Lord Edward Cavendish, Mr. Albert Grey, Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Cohen, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, were all to experiment with Mr. Bishop, each of them writing down for himself a number of not less than five figures, and keeping his mind upon the figures thus written down, while Mr. Bishop attempts to read his thought on the subject, then we should say that if the experiment succeeded fully, say in two cases out of the twelve, even though it should fail more or less in the other ten, the existence of a power not to be accounted for by guessing, would be demonstrated beyond question. But then it would be almost impossible to get these conditions fulfilled. Some of these gentlemen might probably decline to mix themselves up in a matter to which they would think ridicule likely to attach, and even if they served, and if the test succeeded in two or three cases out of the twelve, we are disposed to think that its failure in several cases, and still more in a majority of cases, would be excuse enough, with most of the public, for attaching no importance at all to the results of the experiment. The truth is that there is nothing so impossible as to persuade ordinary men of the world that what they call "common-sense" is no sufficient guide to the obscurer phenomena of human nature.

We have said that we have ourselves formed no opinion at all as to the nature of Mr. Bishop's feats, not having had the means of doing so, and that we feel a strong prejudice against the conglomerate of conjuring tricks and professed thought-reading which Mr. Bishop exhibited to his audience at St. James's Hall. But this we will say, that to all who have studied the subject, evidence literally *abounds* of the existence in rare cases of powers of thought-reading much more remarkable than any alleged in the case of Mr. Bishop. Now, as we do not like to make this sort of statement without any kind of verifica-

tion, we will take a modern instance, from the writings of a Bristol medical man, Dr. Davey, who published a paper in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, for April, 1881 (Part 1 of Volume VII. of the *Journal*), which records the case of a patient of his, investigated by him in concert with two other Bristol medical men —Dr. Andrews and Dr. Elliot. Dr. Davey records the results of his investigation in this rather obscure medical journal of which no one has ever heard half as much as the world has heard lately of Mr. Bishop. Here is his description of Mrs. Croad's state :—

"In 1870, it is stated, 'she became totally blind;' in the following year deaf, and in 1871 speechless. The paralysis, which was limited to the lower extremities, involved, in 1879, the upper limbs; but at this time the loss of sensation and motion is limited to the left arm, the fingers and thumb of the left hand being but partially affected. The right hand and arm have recovered their once-lost functions. She is now able to articulate, though with difficulty, from, as it appears to me, a tetanic rigidity of the temporal and masseter muscles, by which the mouth is kept, to a large extent, fixed and closed. It was in October last [*i.e.*, October, 1880] that I was asked to see Mrs. Croad. I found her sitting in a semi-recumbent position on a small bedstead, her head and shoulders resting on pillows. The eyelids were fast closed, and the left arm and hand resting by the side. The knees I found then, as they are still, bent at an acute angle, the heels closely pressed to the under and upper parts of the thighs. . . . . Since October, and through the months of November and December, 1880, I have subjected Mrs. Croad to many and various tests with the view of satisfying myself as to the truth or otherwise of the statements given to the world of her blindness, sense of touch, and marvellous sympathies. To my near neighbours—Drs. Andrews and Elliot—I am much indebted. The various tests referred to were witnessed by them in my presence, and with the effect of assuring us that she (Mrs. Croad) was and is enabled to perceive, through the aid only of touch, the various objects, both large and small, on any given card or photograph. After an experience extending over some nine or ten weeks, during which the 'tests' were many times repeated, and, now and then, in the presence of several medical and non-medical (ladies and gentlemen) friends, there remained (I believe) not the least doubt of this 'transference of sense' from the eyes of Mrs. Croad to her fingers and the palm of her right hand. It need not to be supposed that I and others were content to believe in Mrs. Croad's blindness, and to take no specific precautions against any possible trick or deception—far from this. On solicitation, she very kindly assented to be blindfolded, after a very decided fashion; and so blindfolded, that neither deception on her part nor prejudice nor false judgment on ours were—either the one or the other—possible. The blindfolding was accomplished thus: a pad of cotton wool being placed on each orbit; the face was then covered by a large and thickly-folded neckerchief; this was tied securely at the back part of the head, and—even more than this—more cotton wool was pushed up towards the eyes, on either side of the nose. Not content, however, the aid of two fingers of a bystander were called into requisition, and with these a continued pressure was kept up, during the 'testing' outside and over the neckerchief and wool and above the closed eyes. At this stage of the proceedings the room was, on two different occasions, very thoroughly darkened. Under such circumstances it was the testing commenced, and continued to the end; the result being, as theretofore, in the highest degree, conclusive and satisfactory. The transference of sense from one organ to another as an acquired and spontaneous condition of being must, on the evidence here adduced, be accepted as a demonstrated and certain fact. I would state here, that on receiving a picture card or a photo' from a bystander she (Mrs. Croad) places it on and about the chin or mouth, and perhaps draws it across the forehead, but the minute examination of the card is, apparently, the work of the fingers of the right hand. These several acts are, for the most part, followed by a quiet and intense thought, a well-marked concentration of mind on the picture or whatever it may be, when, after a short time, she writes on a slate kept near her, a description—sometimes a full and detailed one—of the card, its colouring, and the several objects thereon. I have seen some forty or fifty picture-cards and photographs described by Mrs. Croad at different times with various degrees of accuracy, during the whole period I have known her. Occasionally her rapid and precise perception, or, if you prefer the word, conception, of the picture, and of the many yet minute and trifling objects going to form its entirety, is really startling. I have but seldom seen her wholly at fault, though she has met with her failures."

Now, this seems to us a much more marvellous power than that of thought-reading; but this is not all. Mrs. Croad appears to have had the very power which Mr. Bishop attributes to himself, in a very much higher degree :—

"Sitting quietly by or near to Mrs. Croad, my attention has been again and again rivetted on the manner in which Miss Croad holds communion with her mother. Miss Croad does very certainly move her fingers over and about the face of her mother, but few, if any, letters or words are formed by her. Watching her very narrowly on several occasions, I felt at length assured that Miss Croad's communications were altogether unlike those made by either visitors or friends. The latter named formed letters, and with these words, and so conversed—if the expression be allowed—with Mrs. Croad; but it is not so with her daughter. Impressed with the fact as above stated, I spoke to Miss Croad of it, when she told me that as the rule it was requisite simply that she put herself in a close or personal contact with her mother to convey to her what was wished, or to give her a knowledge of this or that, as the case may be. Now so marked a mental sympathy or concordance as this is altogether without or outside the experience of most of us; and it is therefore well worthy the attention of those present who have the courage to investigate, what I may well call, unorthodox medicine. . . . . As a further illustration of Mrs. Croad's peculiar and clairvoyant gifts, it should be stated that at my second interview with Mrs. Croad, and in the presence of Dr. Andrews and others, certain of my own personal and private convictions on a particular subject became, as it would seem, in a strange and exceptional manner, known to Mrs. Croad. She asked me if I would allow her to tell me a secret in my own life history, and would I be offended if she wrote it on her slate. I replied 'No.' That written on the slate was and is a fact, than which nothing could or can be more truthful and to the point. Dr. Andrews is prepared to verify this; the others present on this occasion were but little known to me."

Here we have one of the most remarkable amongst numbers of instances of thought-reading, known to all students of the more abnormal facts of psychology,—an instance encountered by steady-going professional men, in the ordinary course of their profession, and never produced on platforms for the amusement of the crowd at all. Dr. Carpenter, in his remarkable work on "Mental Physiology," has admitted the probability of the existence of some such power as this, on the evidence in his own possession; indeed, Mr. Bishop declares that Dr. Carpenter has verified the real existence of some kind and degree of this power in Mr. Bishop himself, and has stated his belief that Mr. Bishop's powers have been tested under strictly scientific conditions. Now, we do not pretend to have any specific opinion of our own upon Mr. Bishop's case, and have absolutely no right to any such opinion. But we do say that nothing is more marvellous than the assumption of a mere man of the world like Mr. Labouchere, that because the phenomena have never come within his knowledge, they are incredible. To him, apparently opinions like Dr. Carpenter's are not even entitled to a respectful recognition, for he does not refer to them in his second letter of Wednesday last, unless it be in the remark that "nonsense dies hard." At all events incredulity dies hard; though, perhaps, in Mr. Bishop's case there may be good reasons why it should.

It is very possible, not to say likely, that those who came away from St. James's Hall convinced, as apparently was Professor Lankester, that Mr. Bishop had simply juggled successfully, are right. But undoubtedly there are plenty of facts on which eminent medical men have come without having any motive whatever for credulity, and to which they have been compelled to give their attestation, such, for instance, as those we have quoted from Dr. Davey's address to the Bath and Bristol Branch of the Medical Association, far more remarkable, and far more difficult to bring under any of the known laws of nature, than the achievements of Mr. Bishop, even if these achievements be what Colonel Statham and Colonel Trench affirm, and what Mr. Labouchere denies.

M. JULES CLARÉTIE'S PLAY AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

THE seemingly small portion of the French-play-going public which selects the serious series of the Gaiety performances has an intellectual treat offered to it in M. Jules Clarétie's comedy, *Monsieur le Ministre*, which was played for the first time on last Monday night. The house was dismally thin, the empty, lightless boxes producing a depressing effect, and the piece was not very warmly received. Most of the persons present, who had seen the play in Paris, expected to see Marais in the *rôle* of Vaudrey (the Minister) and Landrol in that of Guy de Lissac, the philosophical friend of Vaudrey, who fulfils the office of Chorus and Commentator with easy philosophy and witty cynicism. Those favourite actors were, however, replaced by Messieurs Bertal and Lagrange, who acted their parts well; still, the audience was cold, and very weary of the prolonged *entr'actes*, which, considering that the *décor* is as shabby as usual all through, and that the fifth act is played in an almost empty room, are inexplicable. It would not, however, be fair to set down the coldness of the audience to lack of appreciation; it arose in a great measure from an almost embarrassing expectation; the piece is so very little dramatic, that those who did not know this beforehand were expecting the satire *motivé*—M. le Ministre really is that—to develope into a play, until the only bit of genuine drama in it had come and gone. It is not more talky than *Le Demi-Monde;* it is not more exclusively concerned with personages who appeal to our intellectual sympathies only, and who do not arouse in us the faintest sentiment of respect, than *Dora* or *Fédora;* it is not more subversive of our notions of justice, divine, human, or even poetical, than most

French plays and almost all French novels, though the only man who approaches the ideal of an honest gentleman retires from the scene with a wife who has deceived him, to the knowledge of two of the other persons concerned, and amid the derisive conviction of all the rest. It is simply, as a spectator observed, "Very fine indeed, but hardly a play." The story, much more complicated in the novel, is simple on the stage. M. Vaudrey, a Deputy, goes with his wife to Grenoble, to "inaugurate" a statue to a local celebrity, and is there received by his friend Guy de Lissac. In the midst of the *fêtes*, Vaudrey learns that the Pichereau Ministry is overthrown, and the new chief offers him the Portfolio of the Interior. The local authorities, very drolly represented, come to congratulate him, and some people—who turn up afterwards to contribute to the satirical meaning of the piece—instantly press their claims. Vaudrey is triumphant and excited; Adrienne, his wife, is submissive, rather than pleased; Guy de Lissac is observant, sarcastic, good-humoured, and cynical. The chief interest of the first act is in the talk between the friends, by which we learn that a certain Mademoiselle Kayser, the niece of a needy and pretentious artist in search of commissions for his "projet de peinture régénératrice," has been present at the inauguration, and that Vaudrey has never taken his eyes off her. Lissac's former relations with this lady make him uneasy about his friend, and a fine point is the cold disdain of Marianne's recognition of him and of his perception of her game. Vaudrey, whose weakness is a little too pronounced, presents her to his wife, and appoints to see her at his new official residence the next day but one. The second act passes at the Ministère, and shows us Vaudrey taking possession, Guy de Lissac as his *secrétaire-général*, Adrienne busy with her *installation* in the grand apartments so often vacated, the place-hunters on the war-path, and Marianne steadily pursuing her ends. A long scene between her and De Lissac, in which she is calmly defiant, and we discover that she loves the Duc de Rosas, a grandee "du pays du Cid et de Don Quichotte," who has left her because she has been "si bête" as to confess, not all the truth, but "une faute." Lissac says, "une seule!" and Marianne remarks, in a sentence which is a fair sample of the wit and the morals of the piece,—"Eh! mon cher, quand une femme a failli plusieurs fois, et que, tout-à-coup, elle aime, toutes les fautes n'en font plus qu'une, car tous les hommes n'en font même plus un." Then comes a passage which reveals the perverted notion of honour on which most modern French plays turn. Lissac is a devoted friend of Vaudrey, who has just given him the best place within his disposal; he knows Marianne to be a dangerous adventuress; he admires and esteems Madame Vaudrey, whose praises he sings in the first act; he has perceived the effect that Marianne has produced upon his friend; at a later period he makes a noble sacrifice for Vaudrey; nevertheless, he receives Marianne's avowal of her intentions thus:—

"*Marianne.*—La Providence, qui a l'air de me faire des excuses, m'a mise sur le chemin de votre Ministre, qui m'a remarquée. C'est un provincial, un naïf. En tout cas, c'est un Ministre. Il a une puissance, momentanée, peut-être, mais qui peut un servir à moi, ou à mon oncle. Je viens tenter de refaire ma vie, dans un autre sens. Je n'ai pas de projets arrêtés. Au fond, tout m'est égal. Qui vivra verra. Vais-je vous avoir pour ami, ou pour ennemi?

Lissac.—Je garderai la position que vous m'avez faite; je serai neutre.

Marianne.—Alors, pas de denonciations à M. Vaudrey, pas même de confidences?

Lissac.—Pour qui me prenez-vous, Marianne?

Marianne.—Est-ce qu'on sait? Les hommes sont si lâches!

Lissac (galamment).—Excepté un.

Marianne (insolente).—Mais celui-là est si loin!"

So Vaudrey's friend leaves him to his fate, and when, after a scene of admirable finesse, acted to perfection between the Minister and the adventuress, but for which flirtation would be too innocent a name, Marianne goes out by the private door—to which a satirical allusion has previously been made—Lissac merely remarks, to the audience, "Déjà!"

The progress of the intrigue is distinguished by no novel feature, the inevitable compression for stage purposes doing away with the fine and skilful treatment of the novel from which the play is taken; the Duc de Rosas turns up, Marianne resumes her power over him, and he suspects Vaudrey, who has made himself accountable for Marianne's debts, contracted on the liberal scale usual under such circumstances. Political affairs are as complicated as pecuniary ones; Vaudrey's friends freely discuss, in his wife's *salon*, his relations with Marianne, and a society journal gives the *alerte* by a paragraph distinctly intimating those relations. Marianne and the Duc de Rosas are both present at an entertainment at the Ministère, when the Minister's wife receives an anonymously sent copy of the scurrilous but well-informed print; and then comes the one really dramatic situation. The crowd is dispersed through the apartments, the *intimes* are collected in one room, when Adrienne, wild with jealous fury, rushes in and calls upon her husband to clear himself, and turn Marianne out of the house; he tries to calm her in vain; she orders Marianne off; the Duke de Rosas advances, demands the truth from Marianne, who unhesitatingly swears to a falsehood, and he then says to Adrienne, "On vous a menti, madame, et la preuve, c'est que dans huit jours, si votre mari ne m'a pas tué, Mdlle. Kayser sera Duchesse de Rosas." The exit of the Duke, who is supposed to behave sublimely, but whom everybody present knows to be a dupe, and of Marianne, whose quiet triumph is of the fiendish order, leaving Adrienne clinging to her husband's arm, and striving to receive the crowd flocking into the room with composure, is a fine scene. The concluding act gives Marianne a splendid opportunity, but is not really dramatic. The duel has taken place, Vaudrey has been severely wounded, and has kept his bed for some weeks under pretext of inflammation of the lungs; the Duke and Duchess have called to inquire for him every day, and his political enemies have been making their hay during the sunshine of their adversary's misfortune. All Paris knows all about it; the doctor has come to pay his last visit, one of congratulation. Adrienne, having nursed her husband with the usual devotion, is about to separate from him with the usual stoicism; Lissac has undertaken that Adrienne shall "receive" the Duchess, so as to stop the tongues of the world and support her deception of the Duke, and has promised to hand Marianne her compromising letters in return for the Minister's bonds, which she has got out of the hands of an enemy to whom Vaudrey had refused a place. In the meantime, Gralet, who is bidding for the political succession to the Minister, is to speak against him on that day in the Chamber, and Lissac and Vaudrey prepare a surprise. The Minister, supposed to be still confined to his room, slips off in a cab to confront his antagonist unexpectedly in the tribune, and the scenes between his friend, his mistress, his wife, and his intimate enemies take place in his absence. Those scenes are eminently characteristic; the dialogue between Lissac and Marianne bristles with sarcastic epigrams, and the exit of the victorious Duchess is a triumph indeed; for Marianne rejects the money which Lissac tenders her, and which he has sold his estate to raise, on the ground that her husband has already given it to her. Lissac asks her if the Duke knows what she wanted it for, and she replies that he did not ask. Then she makes a great point:—

"*Lissac* (railleur).—C'est un bon garçon.

Marianne (hautaine).—C'est un gentilhomme. Oui, et si étrange, si sincère, si loyal, si grand seigneur, qu'il ne peut pas être ridicule!"

Adrienne, who has observed the transfer of papers, insists on knowing the truth from Lissac, and then comes a truly astonishing finale, one which finds favour from a French audience, but went very near to ruining the play with its first English one. The inexorable Adrienne, who has turned a deaf ear to Vaudrey's assurances that he has never really loved any one but herself, and that his temporary infidelity was mere madness, is suddenly converted by the discovery that Vaudrey has had to pay for his folly in money, as well as in peace and reputation. Then Adrienne cries, "Ainsi, elle recevait de l'argent? . . . . . Il la payait? Mais alors [avec un grand cri de joie], il ne l'estimait pas! . . . . . il ne l'aimait pas!"—and, Vaudrey entering at the moment, she throws herself into his arms. "Tu pardonnes, donc?" asks M. le Ministre; and the wife, whose train of reasoning is obscure to foggy insularies like ourselves, who fail to see what esteem has to do with such relations, exclaims, "Oui,—et j'oublie!" With this solid security for future fidelity and unchanging bliss, and the resignation of his Portfolio by M. le Ministre, to the surprise and gratification of the place-hunters, who set off to leave their cards on Gralet, the play comes to an end. But Lissac has administered strong consolation to Adrienne. On the haughty exit of the Duchess, the outraged wife says:—"Ah, cette femme! Et l'on dit, que le vice est toujours puni. Le voilà qui sort triomphant!" Lissac answers:—"Patience! Elle a joué sa vie! La voilà dans la cage! avec le tigre royal. . . . . Et s'il se reveille!" This is a fine comment on Marianne's own words in the decisive scene with Lissac, which reveals the intensity of her character and the social and political cynicism, is the measure

of the piece. Lissac has complimented her on her beauty; she has replied that she owes it to her happiness, her success:—"J'ai réalisé le triple rêve de ma vie; le mariage la fortune, et l'amour." Lissac says:—"Mais le Duc est jaloux, il est violent; le jour où il apprendra la verité, ce ne sera pas drôle!" This is Marianne's answer:—"Il me tuera. Je le sais parfaitement. Ce danger ne me déplait pas. Je m'ennuierais, peut-être, sans cela, et autant cette mort qu'une autre. Elle est moins banale. Et puis, je l'aime. . . . . Au petit bonheur!"

It takes all the charm of the fine acting of the Gymnase Company to disguise the bitter taste of this comedy under its subtle and all-pervading wit; and the little interlude of a free-spoken workman, who comes in to mend a lock in Marianne's apartment, and frankly imparts his political opinions to that lady and the Minister, unconscious of the identity of the latter, was a sensible relief to the cynicism of the subject. This little part, so true, so homely, so convincing, acted to exquisite perfection by M. St. Germain, cheered up the audience, and took off the strain.

The strength of the piece lies in its wit,—in the file-firing of sarcasm and epigram, in the dialogue bristling with points, in the characteristic small touches which enliven the picture of political life, contemptible to a painful degree, and of a socially pestilential condition of things. Are these, or are they not, *actualités?* The Parisian public has accepted them without protest, and seems well content with them. If they are the truth, then the epoch is what the late Bishop of Orleans called it. "ecile de la pourriture." The acting of M. Lagrange as Lissac is almost too finished; very soon one knows precisely where and how his points will be made. M. Bertal's Vaudrey is very good; the weakness of the character is the author's, not the actor's, work. The small and unpleasant *rôle* of the Duc de Rosas was rather too formally and solemnly acted by M. Barbe; Marianne was represented by Mdlle. Rejane altogether admirably. How such acting as this lady's makes the playgoer wish for something like it at home, and shrink from the coarse daubing that is imposed upon us as art! Her only charm of face is expression, but that suffices; her flexible voice, perfect enunciation, command of every *nuance*, tone, gesture, and look; her quiet self-control, her perfect repose and as perfect action, when one or the other is called for; her easy manners, as natural to the adventuress as to the Duchess; her profound cynicism, her hardihood, never bold or coarse, but simply immovable; her scorn of Lissac and Vaudrey, her calculating cruelty and hardly veiled contempt for her victims, the insolence that dominates all around her, and the *vide au fond* of her own life, form a study of art which no one who has seen it is likely to forget. The way to enjoy this performance thoroughly is to read the play in the first instance, so that one does not lose the wit of the dialogue in the swiftness of its flashes; and then, having seen it, to read it again, with the light of the fine acting of Mdlle. Rejane cast on its subtle, cynical, intellectual power.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LIBERALISM IN THE SOUTH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Living in a very large and growing southern town, may I ask you to insert the appended letter, if you agree with me, as I think you will, on the importance of the question which it raises? This much I know, that it represents a just and growing feeling of angry dissatisfaction, at all events in this part of the world. The letter has been written to a member of the Ministry, and may for the rest speak for itself. Names are omitted. It may be added, however, that the writer had no intention of suggesting that leading ministers could themselves find time for attending Liberal dinners in the country during the session. He asked for their help in securing the attendance of some of those who both would and ought.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Publius.

[Copy.]

Dear ——,—The promptness as much as the courtesy of your personal reply to my request tempts me to write to you once more upon the *general* aspect of a question interesting to us both. The special case is past praying for; but I wish it were possible to impress upon the Liberal chiefs the serious consequences of their neglect of the South, while the "sturdy Liberalism" of the North waxes fat upon their constant feeding. I have lived here three years, and in another Conservative stronghold for two years before that, and in both places have been equally impressed by the natural strength of the Liberal plant, and by its sore need of watering. We have had many meetings and many "dinners," but never once, after efforts of all kinds to bring them, have we seen or heard in the flesh any one of those Liberal leaders, old or young, whose names fill the minds of men. They always make excuse, directly they are asked, and the effect upon the rank and file and upon local lieutenants is painfully discouraging. Here we cannot get beyond Mr. —— and Mr. ——, excellent men, no doubt, in their way, but not calculated to stir enthusiasm. Their "local connection" makes them less, not more, interesting. For our coming annual dinner, for which I asked your help, thirty-five invitations to leading Members of Parliament have met with thirty-five refusals. ——'s note, which your secretary kindly sent me, has given me cause for amused disappointment, with which feeling alone I shall placidly watch the young man's future career. A more frankly cynical confession of indifference to the Liberal cause (upon which he is so eloquent on platforms which may be useful to him), except as regards himself, I never saw. Whatever the failings or virtues of the Conservative cause, devotion of the active kind is not wanting there. In the North or in the South, its prominent men are always ready and willing. There has been and is a strong Liberalism in this town, strong enough, on the formation of one of those "Local Houses of Commons" which have lately been growing, to make a Liberal majority (by me, at all events, unexpected), in spite of indifference on one side and exertion on the other. But we are losing ground, I believe entirely through the contrast to which I have called your attention; and the next Parliamentary election, which might have been won, will be lost. Followers will not believe in what does not interest leaders apart from themselves. For myself, I have no political purpose or ambition to serve, but for four years I have given money, time, and speech to the service of the party, besides suffering seriously in my own profession from my outspokenness. The result of this last failure to get any of the right help is that I am resigning all connection with the work, and my place on the County Committee and the Local Associations, and for the future confining myself to my own last. I may have been but a humble ally, but *ex uno disce*, at all events *plurimos*.—Faithfully yours, ——. June 19th, 1883.

"NATURAL RELIGION."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The interesting passage cited in your last number from a private letter by the author of "Natural Religion" reminds me that, as far as I know, it has never been yet pointed out that the motto or text chosen by the author for his book is, in fact, a garbled quotation.

On the fly-leaf appears the motto, with the name of Wordsworth subjoined, "We live by admiration." What Wordsworth wrote, in the Fourth Book of the "Excursion," is as follows:—

> "We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love;
> And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
> In dignity of being we ascend."

Now, we clergy are often justly blamed for preaching from single verses or portions of verses of Scripture, as if they contained the whole truth of the matter. I think we may fairly retort the blame, in this instance. What Wordsworth meant to teach is most certainly not represented by the first four words of the first line. It is precisely the omission of the two things Hope and Love from the passage that, as it seems to me, leaves the new religion proposed for the world by the ingenious author, a sterile and ineffectual thing.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Alfred Ainger.

2 *Upper Terrace, Hampstead, June 19th.*

ST. PETERSBURG, OR PETERSBURG?

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I was scarcely prepared to find even the answers to my query in the *Spectator* leaving me in just the same doubt as before upon a point so simple. In private, I have asked the question of grave authorities without any apparent chance of agreement; in public, I quite expected to be rebuked for what I feel to be ignorance. Petersburg, or St. Petersburg? Mr. A. L. Mayhew, in your number of this morning, answers the first. "A Russian" says the second, and rebukes me a little in a way which I might feel, but for Mr. Mayhew's more decisive (because more reasoned) answer the other way. Privately, I have received a very interesting letter, from which I may quote the following:—"The Russian name of the Russian capital is 'Sanktpeteropol;' the *official* French name *(teste, Le Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, 'Mémoires de l'Académie Impériale de St. Pétersbourg,' vii. série, t. xxiii, pp., 279 ff. 409 ff.) is St. Pétersbourg. The German official name is 'Sanktpetersburg'" (authorities quoted).

Granting, then, that my correspondent and "A Russian" (what Russian?) are likely to be correct, does not the initial difficulty remain? And does not it look like the truth that the Russians' official name for their own city is a corruption? (Nobody calls the Roman Basilica, Peter's, "to save trouble.")

In that case, the writer in the *Times*, Mr. Mayhew, and the young lady are borne out, and with them the curious scholarship of the Frenchman, unofficial. The city of Czar Peter was as much called after him as Washington after the famous American. As there was no St. Washing, the latter name survived. When and how was the saintly prefix first discovered for the Russian city? An editorial answer would be persuasive. So far, I am no wiser than I was, but it certainly looks very much like a new version of an old question. Do not officials sometimes blunder?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Eastbourne, June 16th. HERMAN MERIVALE.

[We fancy Mr. Merivale is right. The legal name is now undoubtedly St. Petersburg, but the Rev. T. Milner in his "Russia" quotes a letter from Peter calling his capital, still unbuilt, Petersburg (p. 204.)—ED. *Spectator.*]

MR. WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE IN THE GROSVENOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me space to make a slight correction? It is in regard to a statement about a work of mine, in a notice of the Grosvenor Gallery appearing in the *Spectator* of June 9th, to which my attention has only now been called. Your critic seems so surprisingly well informed as to my personal movements, that I feel it is a pity he should not be equally so in regard to my pictorial practices and intentions. I am sure he will be relieved to hear that "Diana and the Shepherd" was not designed in Italy, and that there is not "an olive tree" in the picture.

Whether your critic has not, in the free assumptions he has thought fit to make in regard to my work, himself furnished, to use his own words, "another example of how futile it is" "to rely upon his imagination beyond a certain point," I must leave your readers to judge.—I am, Sir, &c., WALTER CRANE.

Beaumont Lodge, Shepherd's Bush, W., June 16th.

VIVISECTION IN OXFORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Oxenham has touched on a point of great importance to all non-resident M.A.'s, namely, the difficulty of procuring information of University progress. Might I venture to suggest to the authorities that all important matters should be published in the daily papers, for if this suggestion was carried out, we should know what was going on, and by our votes be able to stop such deplorable results as we may anticipate will take place in the new torture-chamber at Oxford?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Ashton-upon-Mersey, June 18th. T. STAMFORD RAFFLES.

A CRICKET SLIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Who is to guard the guardians? The writer of a notice of "Contradictions," by Miss Peard, in your number of last week, charges her with her ignorance in describing a cricketer as "caught at slip from a skyer," a fate which he declares to be next door to an absolute impossibility. Allow an ancient cricketer to turn the tables in Miss Peard's name. Of all the fates that await an uncertain batsman, none, especially in the long slip, is more common.—I am, Sir, &c., H. KATENKAMP.

[We still doubt whether the term can be so applied. A "skyer" is a ball hit or driven with the batsman's full force, but with the left shoulder not sufficiently forward. A very late hit to leg might just conceivably send a skyer to the slips, but any ordinary catch in that part of the field cannot be so called. —ED. *Spectator.*]

A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to correct two misprints in my letter of last week? "I do not write to *supplant*," &c., should be "to *supplement*;" and "But, in *my* case," should be "But, in *any* case."—I am, Sir, &c.,

New University Club, June 18th. H. N. OXENHAM.

POETRY.

IDYLLS OF THE ILIAD.—IX.

ÆNEAS.

ZELEIA, Lectum, spurs of Gargarus,
Shoot out their pine-clothed ridges to the north
Of Ida, rolling to the western sea,
And waves that laugh on Lemnos. In between
There lies an emerald meadow, sloping down
From caverned grottoes such as Proteus loves,
A thousand paces' breadth, this way and that.
To the white margent where the sea-mews shriek.
Here, while the heat yet quivered o'er the place
Which once was Troy, a battered band of men,
Stained with the stains of toil and fight and fire,
Came wearily, and guarded in their midst
The piteous relics of their vanished homes;
Motherless children, childless mothers, men
Whose manhood age had quenched, and lifeless things,
Vessels and raiment, and the secret sheen
Of jewels, and whate'er in yon dark hour
Each perilled life held dearest, nor was lack
Of pious reverence for the household gods,
Whose power the mightier power of Zeus had foiled.
Chiefest of all, in birth, in mien, in arms,
Æneas, goddess-born, with either hand
Guided the feeble steps of sire and son,
Troy's past and future. Stern his brow, and sad
With thoughts of lost Creusa, Priam lost,
And lost the joy of battle with his peers.
Yet somewhat of a light was in his eye,
And brave resolve, and, as the coming dawn
Glimmers behind the blackness of the night,
So through the settled sorrow of his gaze
His steadfast purpose shone. Around him thick
Gathered the crowd, as shipwrecked mariners
Gather around the man who, all night long,
Through sea, and surge, and surf, has held the helm,
Undaunted, and, amid the crash of oars
And parting planks, has cheered their sinking hearts
To safety. So Æneas stood, and spake:—
"Comrades, brave hearts, ye who have dared to live
When Priam, Pergamus, and hope are dead,
And all the sweet of life is changed to sour,
Hear me, and mark the words that I shall say.
For not without the guidance of the Gods
Reach we the shelter of these hills, the home
Of Dardanus, and cradle of our race.
Yea, and when great Poseidon came between,
And snatched me from Achilles and from Death,
Great words of promise sounded in mine ears,
That Pergamus and hope should live again,
And, if not Priam, yet a greater name
Of me, and kings that shall be born from me,
Sons of my sons, an empire without end.
And if some after bard shall sing the deeds
Of Hector, and the great ones that are gone,
I also in the mouths of men shall live,
Not unremembered, and the tale of Troy
Shall be but preface to a nobler tale,
Named from Æneas, and Æneas' crew.
Hear, then, this counsel, which my wiser sire,
Known to you all as little less than god,
Confirms. Build we, beneath these sheltering hills,
Stout ships, to bear us to our Western home,
The land of promise, which the dim presage
Of Oracles, and voice of all the Gods,
Has granted to our destinies, and named
Hesperia, Heaven-pledged haven of our rest.
These kindly grots, meanwhile, a safer Troy,
Shall house our weakness; and you piny wood,
For many an age the Mighty Mother's haunt,
Lending its sacred timbers to our need,
Shall hallow all our voyage by her grace,
And speed us to our goal. Only be men,
After this sunset of your fortunes, face
A night of labour, and the morrow's sun
Shall rise, and lighten with a wider flame
All after-time, nor ever set again."

So spake Æneas, and the valley rang
With loud assent; and all that winter through
Rang Ida's ranges with the fall of trees,
And sound of axe and hammer, and the toil
Of men, the destined Masters of mankind.
And with the spring they spread their sails, and sought
Hesperia, Heaven-pledged haven of their rest.

O. OGLE.

ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

[LAST NOTICE.]

In this last notice of the Grosvenor Gallery, the majority of our remarks will be confined to the pictures in the east gallery, the two smaller rooms, and the entrance-hall. But there are two or three compositions in the large, west gallery which must first be briefly mentioned. Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of John Tenniel is a striking and characteristic piece of work, but it lacks that finer dramatic quality which used to distinguish this artist's paintings; and it is worth while to observe here that in the portraits which Mr. Holl exhibits this year, both at the Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, there is to be traced a distinct decrease of refinement, and a very marked increase of conventionalism. The work is as strong as of old, but not nearly so individual; and its individuality, as we have often pointed out, made most of its charm, for its method was in many ways an abominable one, consisting as it did of an almost total abnegation of local colour, and an excessively exaggerated use of light and shade. But in his flashy chiaroscuro, Mr. Holl's mind worked intelligently and sympathetically. He gave us lime-light portraits, it is true, but his flashes of the lantern were accompanied by flashes of insight; and if in the depth of his shadow and the brightness of his lights many minor details of form and feature vanished, there was sufficient left to give us a clear interpretation of the sitter's personality. But now he is halting between two stools; he has, apparently, been so overwhelmed with work, that he cannot find time to feel, as well as to paint; and nearly every one of his portraits exhibited this year have upon them that stamp of mechanical similarity which, desirable as it may be in a rifle or a billiard-ball, is almost wholly destructive to a work of Art. It is worth while to enlarge upon this point a little, for Mr. Holl is one of the finest portrait-painters in England, and one whom we can ill afford to let fall from his high estate. As we have been of the number of those who, from his earliest efforts in this line, recognised his powers and praised his ability, we are in some sort entitled to say now, at a time of almost universal panegyric, that he is degrading his genius to the level of common-place. In another two years, if his work continues to decrease in quality as it has done for the last two years, he will be simply a less accurate and second-rate Ouless. It is bad enough for a painter who has a distinct power of touching our sympathies to confine himself to the reproduction of any Tom, Dick, and Harry who will pay for a portrait; but it is far worse that he should get into a conventional manner of turning out Toms, Dicks, and Harries by the dozen. This is the Nemesis of portrait-painting for an artist,—that it is almost inevitably bound to result in the destruction of the sympathy which is as the very life-blood of his heart. For an artist's sympathy is by its very nature of a somewhat exclusive, personal kind, and destroying its personality destroys its power; and its personality must be destroyed if it is allowed no opportunity of asserting itself in work of a different character. So long as Mr. Holl made all his deans, doctors, and divines look equally dramatic and disreputable, his work, though he frequently failed in giving a true interpretation of his sitter, always succeeded in giving a true interpretation of its artist, and so was always of real power and real value; but now that he is too hurried, or too weary to think or feel much beyond how soon he can paint this sitter, and get on to another, his portraits have become as dull as they were previously dramatic, and are as like one another as sausages that are turned out of a machine. One cannot blame the artist, for the public, which would have left him to starve when he put his soul into his work, now floods him with commissions for ten years because he is the fashion; but long ere the ten years comes to an end, the public, like the unwise old woman in Tennyson's poem, will have killed its goose with the golden eggs, and there will be no more golden eggs. We will not attempt to criticise or to estimate the worth of Mr. Whistler's two contributions, but will only say that his admirers will find two good examples of this painter's work in the west gallery.

Mr. John Collier's picture of "Pharaoh's Handmaidens" deserves notice, as a piece of singularly vivid realistic work. It is not quite easy to see what intention the artist has had in painting it, for it can hardly be called a subject-picture, and the three naked, brown girls are not specially beautiful or interesting; but, like all Mr. Collier's work, it is well painted, and has a certain sincerity of speech, which is, perhaps, almost too marked for the artistic merit of the picture. Very certainly there is no mystery here, nor does the artist probably find anything mysterious in any subject which his pencil depicts. He is perhaps to be likened, in portrait and subject-painting, to Mr. Brett in landscape; he sees very clearly, very accurately, and very minutely; he does not see very far or very much, and this is because he cannot believe that there is anything which he does not see.

Mr. Napier Hemy's "Old Putney Bridge in 1882" is a fine, vivid, and faithful study of the most picturesque bridge over the Thames; it is now either pulled down, or in process of being so. Mr. Hemy is one of those artists whom the public have always treated with a neglect which, though somewhat uncalled for, is easily explicable. There is an element of strangeness in his work which is apt to affront the ordinary picture-buyer, who likes nothing that he cannot understand; and this strangeness of Mr. Hemy's is of neither a sentimental nor a sympathetic kind, it is more an intellectual than an emotional quality; one almost needs a special mental key to comprehend his paintings, and the artist, besides, is one of those who utterly disdain to follow in one narrow track of subject. He paints now devotional processions in an old French town, now a fishing-boat coming into harbour after the bad weather, now "Old Putney Bridge;" and this capriciousness, for such it seems to many people, even where it does not offend is apt to cause the picture-buyer, who is always something of a specialist, to pass the work by. More and more, year by year, it is noticable how success in art is gained by concentration rather than diffuseness, by the cultivation of some little tiny grass-plot of feeling or incident, rather than a wide outlook over the wider thoughts and passions of mankind. Like the dropping of perpetual water, the artist who hammers away sufficiently long at a tree, a cloud, a nose, or a petticoat, will end by securing his public, and all who love specially trees, noses, clouds, or petticoats, will go to him for their artistic sustenance.

Mr. J. R. Reid's picture of "The Yarn," like most of his other works this year, shows increased power and skill. The picture suffers a little from a defective rendering of the values in foreground and distance, the near and distant objects both appearing to be painted in the same plane. Compare the broken pitcher, which is the nearest thing in the foreground, with the group of figures behind it and the house in the extreme distance, and it will be seen how all three objects or groups of objects are treated in exactly the same manner, and have an exactly equal value. Indeed, Mr. Reid occasionally loses sight so entirely of the distinction between distance and proximity as to give more detail to the objects which are further away; for instance, the house at the end of the street in this picture shows more details than the wall, which stands half a mile or so nearer to the spectator; for the rest, this is a very pleasant and faithful picture of the realistic school, and has that sort of homely, quiet humour about its figures which Mr. Reid excels in depicting.

Mr. David Murray's "Haymaking in the Scotch Fens" is a very fine example of impressionist art; a more vigorous attempt to tackle a very splendid effect of stormy sunlight we have rarely seen, and the whole picture is full of carefully-observed truth; look especially at the lighting of the figures, the reflected gleams in the water, and the mingled gloom and sunshine which shadow and brighten the marsh. Mr. Howard Campion has a good landscape here, entitled, "Midwinter, Brittany," which deserves a word of notice for its originality of treatment; as does the decorative frieze of boys and dolphins designed by Mr. W. E. F. Britten for the Earl of Leconfield. Signor Costa sends only small landscapes to this Gallery, but his work, even on so small a scale, is intensely interesting, and, despite its minuteness and delicacy, possesses a breadth of manner which might teach many of our painters a much-needed lesson; still more might they learn of the delicate iridescence with which Mr. Costa paints his foliage, his meadows, and his flowers. Mrs. Stuart Wortley's "Partridge Shooting" is a marvellously vivid piece of landscape-painting, executed with a sort of slapdash pre-Raphaelitism which would be insolent, were it not so accurate; it is not a pleasant picture, for it is at once both hard in effect and exaggerated in colour, and it lacks all touch of sympathy for Nature, but it is uncommonly well painted and carefully drawn, and the attitudes of the sportsmen are all absolutely right,—the sort of work, we imagine, which it would pay a sporting publisher to reproduce in chromo-lithography.

BOOKS.

THE LADIES LINDORES.*

The Ladies Lindores must be tested by the scenes in which Caroline Lindores appears. The rest of the story is of the kind to which Mrs. Oliphant has so well accustomed us. She is always readable, but never so entertaining as when she lays the scene in Scotland, and describes for us the little laird of the modern kind, not Scott's kind; the Scotch lord, with his pride and his ambitions; the old Scotch lady, with her originality, independence, and devotion to her House; the Scotch servants, with their fidelity, their whims, and their ways; and the whole life of the Scotch country-side. We catch the true impression of that life, and we know the figures she draws. She blunders often, as in the description of Beaufort, who is impossibly limp—limpness is a usual defect of Mrs. Oliphant's men—and of Lord Lindores, who is reasonable and unreasonable at once; but it is impossible to imagine sketches more life-like than those of old Rolls, the pragmatic butler, who accepts imprisonment for his master's sake, but gratifies himself with a tour to Edinburgh beforehand, and calculates whether by accusing himself he shall lose so very much; of Miss Barbara Erskine, the high-spirited, punctilious, yet sensible old aunt; of Lord Rintoul, the weakly, yet coolly selfish and sensible young lord, who would sacrifice his sisters to increase the family prestige, but follows his own fancy in marriage; of the ordinary young laird, John Erskine, who is the hero in spite of himself; and of the most modern of Marquises, Lord Millefleurs, who loves the dissipation of daring adventure, and though a chubby lad who says "don't you know?" and has no mental power except that of keen observation, is still somehow dignified and important. That sketch is a test of Mrs. Oliphant's wonderful observation, and, but for a trace of caricature, into which a little inner contempt for grandees of the kind tempts the author, would be quite perfect. All these things, however, except the Marquis, together with the pleasant, lively story, the fine descriptions, and the humorous, half-satirical asides, can be found in any of Mrs. Oliphant's novels. The separateness of this one lies in the character of Caroline Lindores. She is a thoroughly modern girl, cultivated, addicted to literature and to sentiment, and deeply in love with an English barrister, the weak young Beaufort mentioned above, when her father, who has unexpectedly inherited a poor Scotch earldom and is mad to win an English peerage, orders her to marry Pat Torrance. Pat Torrance is a hulking brute of a laird, impossibly arrogant, and cruel, who has inherited by the mother's side the vast wealth of a railway contractor, and can, therefore, help on Lord Lindores' plans. Though born in his huge house, he is as vulgarly vain of his possessions as if he had been new to them, and he thinks "Lady Car," with her air of distinction and intellect, will be the finest among them. She shrinks with horror from the brute, who drinks already, and whose only good quality is physical courage and his only acquirement horsemanship; but her father is too strong for her essentially weak nature, and she marries the wealthy boor. Thenceforward her life is a torture to her. She cannot endure her husband, and Torrance, touched in his vanity by her abhorrence, insults her incessantly, suspects her friends, and at last proposes to invite Beaufort, in order that he may watch and enjoy her suffering. "You will never go wrong," he tells her, as he mentions his plan, which she, with her fatal keenness of perception, thoroughly understands. Then, as she shrinks in despair and fear, Torrance dies. He is a mad rider, often half-drunk, and always quarrelsome; he makes, while passing a dangerous "scaur," a blow at Rintoul, who had remonstrated on his sister's behalf, and partly through Rintoul's clutch at the bridle, partly through his own headlong violence, falls over the precipice and is instantly killed. Lady Lindores and her daughter drive over to console Carry, and find her apparently stupified by the accident, until the very servants say that unless she can cry she will lose her reason. "Carry, Carry!" says Lady Lindores,—

"'You are putting too much force upon yourself—it is unnatural; it will be all the more terrible for you after.' Carry stood stooping over her mother, holding Lady Lindores's head against her bosom. She smiled faintly, and shook her head. 'Has it not been unnatural altogether?' she said. . . . . Edith's impulse was to escape from a problem which she could not deal with. 'I will go and see the children,' she said. 'The children—poor children! have you seen them, Carry? do they know?' said Lady Lindores, drying the tears—the only tears that had been shed for Torrance—from her cheeks. Carry did not make any reply. She went away to the other end of the room and took up a white shawl in which she wrapped herself. 'The only thing I feel is cold,' she said.—'Ah, my love, that is the commonest feeling. I have felt sometimes as if I could just drag myself to the fire like a wounded animal and care for nothing more.'—'But, mother, you were never in any such terrible trouble.'—'Not like this—but I have lost children,' said Lady Lindores. She had to pause again, her lip quivering. 'To be only sorrow, there is no sorrow like that.' She had risen, and they stood together, the fantastic firelight throwing long shadows of them all over the dim and ghastly room. Suddenly Carry flung herself into her mother's arms. 'Oh my innocent mother!' she cried. 'Oh, mother! you only know such troubles as angels may have. Look at me! look at me! I am like a mad woman. I am keeping myself in, as you say, that I may not go mad—with joy!' Lady Lindores gave a low terrible cry, and held her daughter in her arm, pressing her desperately to her heart as if to silence her. 'No, Carry—no, no,' she cried.—'It is true. To think I shall never be subject to all *that* any more—that he can never come in here again—that I am free—that I can be alone. Oh, mother, how can you tell what it is? Never to be alone: never to have a corner in the world where—some one else has not a right to come, a better right than yourself. I don't know how I have borne it. I don't know how I can have lived, disgusted, loathing myself. No, no; sometime else I shall be sorry when I have time to think, when I can forget what it is that has happened to me—but in the meantime I am too happy—too——' Lady Lindores put her hand upon her daughter's mouth. 'No, no, Carry—no, no; I cannot bear it—you must not say it,' she cried. Carry took her mother's hands and kissed them, and then began to sob, the tears pouring from her eyes like rain. 'I will not say anything,' she cried; 'no, no—nothing, mother. I had to tell you to relieve my heart. I have been able to think of nothing else all these hours. I have never had so many hours to myself for years. It is so sweet to sit still and know that no one will burst the door open and come in. Here I can be sacred to myself, and sit and think; and all quiet—all quiet about me.'"

Now, is that natural? If it is not, the story is a failure artistically, for this is the supreme scene of it, it has been carefully led up to, and "Carry" persists in her attitude to the end, pleading with her lover Beaufort to marry her indecorously soon, lest by any turn of fate her happiness should again evaporate. It is very difficult to answer the question. That a woman so situated might be glad, glad exceedingly that her husband was dead, is natural enough; and no doubt Carry has the truthfulness to herself which characterises women of the modern education, but still, is this outburst probable? Torrance was the father of her two children, and though a horrible brute, was neither faithless nor a criminal. He was a man to fear rather than despise, except with cold, intellectual contempt, full, as his dependents acknowledged, of a rough manliness. It seems to us that, in the moment of release, the wife, because of her release, would have felt a new pity born, and would have experienced, if no sorrow—that was impossible—some human sense of shock. If she did not, she would have been harder and stronger than Carry Lindores, who, remember, with all her desire for cultivation, was a feeble and timid creature. Test the scene by placing it on the stage. The audience would never bear it, not because of the rough tearing-away of the conventional dress for feelings, but because they would know by their own hearts it was not true, that the realism was too bald. Many a man and woman suffers by a life till its extinction would be a joy, and more would not for worlds revive a torturing life which has passed away; but to all, if sane, the first relief restores the naturalness of feeling from which human affection springs. Carry, be it remembered, is thoroughly good, does not hate her children because they are his, avoids her lover while her husband lives with painful care, and is in no more danger of turning murderess under her worst trial than of going mad. Her burst of exultation over a violent death would never have come, though a delicious sense of relief from torture might gradually have supervened upon the shock. There is a defect of art, we are certain, in the description, which we regret, because we are always pleased when Mrs. Oliphant steps out of her beaten track, and lets her genius have a rush, as she did, for example, in the splendid scene in *Philip Musgrave*—otherwise not a strong novel—in which the gipsy mother finds that her sons, in whom she is wrapped up, have involuntarily—for one is mad—killed each other. We doubt if there is anything finer in dramatic literature than that chapter, which could have been written only by one who is something more than a novelist. That scene, however, is true; while this is false, especially false to the carefully described nature of the woman who thus exulted. We are not asking of Mrs. Oliphant any hypocrisy. Let her portray the truth as she finds it, and Carry's horror of her husband may well be literally true; but this joy because he

* *The Ladies Lindores.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Blackwood.

is dead, felt at the first moment in a passionate rush of exultation, is not true. Mrs. Oliphant may have seen it, but she saw it in an exceptional nature, as unlike to Carry Lindores as to the rest of mankind.

AUT CÆSAR AUT NIHIL.*

The clever author of *German Home Life* has in *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil* given us a story which is powerful, ambitious, and interesting, but is yet, from the artistic point of view, amorphous, and in other respects unsatisfactory. Its length is portentous, to begin with. It consists of three volumes, and each of these in turn contains as much matter as a volume and a half of ordinary fiction. Then the asides, and the digressions, and the comments on character are preposterously numerous, and in the end become almost as tedious as the critical chatter of an insipid girl in a picture-gallery. Finally, though there is, as there could not fail to be, smart writing in *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil*, it is unequally distributed over the whole. There is as much of it in the first half of the first volume as there is in the remaining two volumes and a half. The truth would seem to be that the Countess von Bothmer, in her anxiety to utilise for the purposes of fiction so tragic an event as the assassination of Alexander II., has written hurriedly, and in consequence spoiled what would otherwise have been an excellent historical romance. Were it not for the marks of haste that are painfully evident in the second and still more in the third volume, we should have infered from *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil* that its author, while she can do justice to character in mass, class, or caste, has not the finer touch that is necessary for individual portraiture. As things are, we shall suspend our judgment on this point until she presents the public with another and, it may be hoped, a smaller and more carefully executed story.

What makes our disappointment with *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil* all the keener, is that there is in it enough of boldness of conception alike of plot and of character to make the fortune of half-a-dozen works of the kind. The Countess von Bothmer presses into her service German and English, Greek and Russian, the anti-Jewish crusade and the frivolities of the Kursaal, the amours and the assassination of Alexander II. She gives us cabinet portraits of Nihilism in all attitudes and all costumes, in all places and in all ranks,—patiently setting up revolutionary type in the slums of St. Petersburg, waltzing in rouge and paste diamonds at an Imperial ball, talking scandal and making proselytes at a German watering-place. By far the most powerfully drawn character in the book—if only the Countess could have let him speak for himself, instead of doing most of the speaking for him—is the Baron Mellin, the inscrutable visionary and relentless disciple of Herzen and Bakounine, to whom everything of the character of human emotion and weakness comes as grist to the mill of "the cause,"—the personal devotion of impulsive Bianca Martello, the beauty and racial enthusiasm of Esther Rodostamos, Julie Kerezoff's thirst to avenge a dishonoured visitor, Helena Perowsky's determination to punish the Imperial lover who has deserted her. The author might, we think, have spared us the Perowsky episode. There is something singularly repulsive in the idea of a woman of an almost saintly character submitting to a mock marriage to a brutal and brainless Tartar noble, and becoming the mistress of the Czar, even although she satisfies her conscience by trying to consider her rôle as that of Egeria, consoling and sustaining the Imperialist Numa, worn-out with anxiety, and battling with rebellion in household, court, and nation. Nor can we conceive such a woman, simply because she is discarded for a younger sister, at once seeking the vulgar revenge of the murderess. Of the female characters that figure in *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil*, we admire most the "three generations of fair Owens,"—Léonie, the sweet French Canadian, married to a shifty and coarse-grained Irish squire, who dabbles in speculation, and, like the Great Frederick, is not "superstitiously veracious;" Hero, her daughter, sacrificed to an Italian scoundrel; and finally, her grand-daughter, poor, impulsive Bianca, who, with the blood of so many races coursing through her veins, is just the moth to be attracted to Mellin and his Nihilist candle. We may safely lay the flattering unction to our souls that the best of the Countess's male characters are English. Lord Dovedale, who will not take a final "No" from Esther Rodostamos, is by no means a bad specimen of the modern English aristocrat, healthy, stoical, and, it must be added, a trifle Dundrearyish and even dull. We must protest, however, against the spice of 'Arry which the Countess puts into the character of good-natured Reggie Hudson. Loquacious though he is, indolent though he has been, he is still an English gentleman, and we cannot believe that he would descend to the atrocious vulgarity of "Second-best Sunday-go-to-meeting togs, Lincoln and B., and patent-agonies." Gerald Fitzgerald, the male guardian angel of the Owens, who vacillates between Hero and her daughter, is, after Mellin, the best character in the book. He has the patience and self-control of a cultured Englishman, and preserves them wonderfully, in spite of extraordinary provocation from a singularly shrewish and vituperative mother. As we have said, there is so much that is good, yet so much also that is only the raw material of goodness, in *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil*, that one cannot help wishing Mr. Hardy could have aided the Countess with her plot, and Mr. James could have given the finishing-touches to her portraits.

There are not so many quotable passages in *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil*, as in *German Home Life*. The Countess von Bothmer has not the English language and English ideas—at least, modern English ideas—altogether at her command. Otherwise she would not horrify us with talking, at this time of day, about "Will Shakspere," nor would she give us such strenuous satire, as "The mean ambitions, the vulgar aspirations, the coarse contempt, and uncultured ridicule of those a step, or it may be several steps, lower in the social scale, hardening their hearts, snubbing their noses, and widening their mouths, from generation to generation of prosperous shop-keeping, gig-driving, face-grinding, and money-grubbing progenitors, present an aggregate of complacent and unlovely ignorance appalling to contemplate." The Countess, as is well known, has no slight power of saying "good things," which, however, we decline to consider epigrams. "That risky product, an only child" is not bad, though it is spoiled by the variety of meanings borne now-a-days by "risky." "Those mystic instincts of self-devotion which make Christianity more especially the religion of maternity," is richer and truer. Daudet might have written this, which the Countess puts in the mouth of Julie Kerezoff, "There was nothing I did not do and would not have done for her. I even lent her my false hair." Still happier is Hero's comment, "It would have been so much pleasanter had there been no necessity either for the false hair or the free confidence." We like Countess von Bothmer best, however—at least in *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil*—in what special correspondents style "graphic" work. Here is a piece of description which recalls that now forgotten writer, the author of *Granby*:—

"The road led by a gradual ascent through an avenue of Spanish chestnuts which presently became a dense forest. Here and there a ranger wished them good-day; now and again a woodcutter, driving a donkey that looked like a perambulatory faggot-stack, crossed their path, and, with a rough and ready greeting, disappeared down a sunlit glade. A fresh breeze was rippling the surface of the young wood; the shining leaves seemed to be babbling and prattling in their joy that the winter was over and past, and the song of the turtle heard once more in the land. The driver asked if the *Herrschaften* would get out and walk, explaining that the footpath was nearer, easier, and pleasanter. Mr. Owen, scenting an attempt to evade the bargain, and crediting their clumsy Jehu with a desire to impose and cheat the unwary Briton, felt indisposed to move. The young men were glad to stretch their long limbs, cramped with the exiguity of a conveyance which not even the maddest *cultus* for courtesy-titles could classify as the conventional 'carriage.' Hero, folding up the frivolous sunshade, descended with alacrity. The earth beneath their feet appeared to give way; they did not really touch the ground, but trod upon the dried leaves of immemorial autumns, elastic and springy, with a fine woodland odour, familiar (and dear) to all pedestrian lovers of sylvan scenery. The chequered shade lay in bright moving patches, flecking the ground with intermingled sunlight and shadow, like little tricksy translated cloudlets chasing each other over the ground in frolicsome pursuit. Against the clear blue sky, the fresh young leaves of this season fluttered joyously in the light mountain breezes. Hero, walking bareheaded through the upland forest, in her simple white dress, attended by a knight and a squire of goodly thews and sinews, suggested Una with far more justice than the pink-lined parasol had recalled Narcissa; and something of the contrition he felt for having wronged her, though only by a passing thought, made itself apparent in the inflection of Fitz's voice."

There are, too, power and promise, though marred by overstrenuousness, in this piece of dreamy characterisation:—

"Life, in Russia, is bounded by large horizons. Once outside St. Petersburg or Moscow, or any other town which the traveller may choose to recall or imagine, vast, limitless plains stretch away in level uniformity, monotonous, melancholy, immense. The solitary peasant, the lonely shepherd, gazes up at you from his sheepskins or his *touloupe*, and, in an accent pitched to a minor key, wishes you, in

* *Aut Cæsar aut Nihil.* By the Countess M. von Bothmer. 3 vols. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1883.

soft, pathetic inflections a wondering 'Good-day.' Why should you put yourself to the expense and inconvenience of travel, expose yourself to the extortion of innkeepers, the heat of frowsy hostelries, cheating *moujiks*, and exorbitant charges? And vaguely commiserating you,—whom he reckons one of the great ones of the earth, in your pictured difficulties,—the herdsman gazes in your face, prince or potentate though he dreams you to be, with the sympathy and pity of a gentle brotherly soul. In the villages you pass through, it may be that now and again some Russian *Volkslied* falls upon the ear. Weeks afterwards you will find yourself haunted by its pathetic rhythm, by its yearning refrain, and you will wonder why this half-barbaric song has the power to absorb you, and touch you by its appealing, plaintive melody. It is as though some unknown spirit of fraternity stretched its arms forth across the dreary miles of waste and wild, murmuring: 'I, too, despite our widely-differing experiences, am thy brother. From the deep forests and silent plains, from Siberian mines and Tartar steppes, from the dim Caucasian peaks, from Aryan myths and empires of utmost Ind, shrouded in the mists of immemorial ages, I call to thee, across Time and Space, out of the depths of my unheeded century-old solitude!' In this vast, mysterious country, where all the Russias, and each, has its qualifying adjective, where the styles and titles of Cæsar read like the projected geographical course of a college term on an extended scale, the very impossibility of things suggests the possible. Rigorous ice-bound nature broods above more ardent aspirations than warm Italian skies ever ripened into an easy enthusiasm, and, beneath a winding-sheet of snow, men's blood burns in fierce revolt, frozen though for the nonce it be into seeming silence. Under gigantic conditions, to count the pigmy items is impossible. Temperate or torrid zones may reckon with fate, but the frigid must overleap half a world, and trust to chance or fate for the result. There is a point at which cold becomes heat; and the frost-bitten sufferer seems to endure the torments of the fiery furnace. In such a condition was Russia at the time of our story. The snow-clad volcano might burst forth in destructive eruption at any moment, and those who knew how thin was the crust of the crater, were prepared to see the signal-flames, like those of some giant watch-fire on a mountain peak, shoot up into the midnight skies, the token amidst surrounding silence, obscurity, and gloom, of a far-spreading conflagration. In old times, it took a hundred horses and seven days to travel from St. Petersburg to Moscow. To-day, the journey is performed by train in fifteen hours, and your fellow-travellers will probably be as 'mixed' as the company to be met in an American 'car.'"

MR. CHURCH'S "HEROES AND KINGS."*

Mr. Church's literary cunning in selection, translation, and paraphrase, does not in any degree desert him. A more charming supplementary volume to his other Greek tales it would be impossible to find, and we only regret that as yet at least it is not published in a shape uniform with the long series of Classical tales which have done so much to render for English readers the spirit of the Greek and Latin legends. The form, indeed, could be hardly prettier than it is. Both type and illustrations are as good as ever, and the cheapness of the book is something marvellous. But there are many who will wish to possess this delightful series of Classical tales as a whole, and for them we hope that there may be given at some future time an edition of the present volume uniform with those which have preceded it. This volume may be regarded as supplementary to the tales from Homer and from Herodotus, though its first and longest tale, "The Voyage of the 'Argo,'" is taken from Apollonius Rhodius, who, if he may be said to be of the school of Homer, lived so long after him that he bears nearly the same relation to Homer that some of our modern Chaucerians bear to Chaucer. Partly however for that very reason, the story of the Argonauts is well worth telling in connection with the Homeric tales. One sees in it glimpses of that later day in which it was written, but those glimpses heighten the effect of the Homeric episodes which fill up the middle portion of Mr. Church's book. The scepticism of Idas as to the importance to be attached to the wrath of Zeus, is one of such signs of the later origin of the story of the 'Argo'; the complaint of Aphrodite as to the selfishness and hardheartedness of her son Eros, is another; and the beautiful passage in which Medea takes leave of her bed-room, when she is about to trust herself to Jason and the Greeks, is a third. No one, we think, could compare it with the leave-taking of Hector and Andromache in the *Iliad*, without being conscious that the pathos of the later book is cast in a more self-conscious mood than the pathos of Homer:—

"All that night the King sat with his nobles, meditating harm against Jason and the heroes; for he knew that the thing had been done by craft, and also that his daughter was concerned in the matter. And Medea also sat grievously troubled in her chamber, fearing the wrath of her father; and oft-time she thought that she had best kill herself with poison. But at last Heré put it into her heart that she should flee, taking the sons of Phrixus for companions. Then she arose from bed, and took the medicines that she had from their chest, and hid them in her bosom. And she kissed her bed and the posts of her chamber-doors and the walls. Also she cut off a long lock of her hair to be a memorial of her to her mother. And when she had done this she cried with a lamentable voice, 'Farewell, my mother, and thou, Chalciope, my sister! Would that this stranger had perished before he came to the land of the Colchians!' Then she went out from the house, the great gates opening before her of their own accord, for she had anointed them with a mighty drug; and, being come into the street, she ran very swiftly, holding her robe over her head, till she saw the light of the fires where the heroes sat feasting all the night in the joy of the victory that Jason had won. Then she came near, and, lifting up her voice, cried to the youngest of the sons of Phrixus, whose name was Phrontis. And Phrontis heard her, and knew the voice that it was the voice of Medea, and told the thing to Jason. Then Jason bade the heroes be silent; and they listened. Thrice she cried, and thrice did Phrontis answer her. And the heroes loosed the ship and rowed it across the river; but ere ever it came to the other shore Jason and the sons of Phrixus leapt from the deck on to the land. And when Medea saw the brothers, she ran to them, and caught them by the knees, and cried to them, 'Save me now from King Æætes! yea, and save yourselves also, for all things are now known to him. Let us fly hence in the ship, before he come upon us with a great army. But first I will give the Fleece into your hands, having laid to sleep the dragon that guardeth it. But do thou, Prince Jason, do as thou didst promise, calling the gods to witness.' And Jason was glad when he saw her, and took her by the hand, and lifted her up, and spake kindly to her, saying, 'Dearest of women, now may Zeus and Heré his wife, that is the goddess of marriage, be my witnesses that I will take thee to wife so soon as we shall have returned to the land of Greece.'"

Compare this even with a passage of much less power than the parting of Hector and Andromache, a passage contained in the present volume, the interview of Ulysses with the soul of his mother in the shades, and we shall see at once how different the temper of the pathos is,—how much less of the spirit of self-pity natural to a self-conscious age, it contains:—

"So Ulysses abode in his place; and the soul of his mother came near, and drank of the blood. And when she had drunk, she knew her son, and said, 'My son, why hast thou come into the land of darkness, being yet alive? Hast thou not yet returned to thy home?' To her Ulysses made answer. 'I came hither to inquire of Teiresias of Thebes, and my home have I not seen. Truly trouble hath followed me from the day that I first went with King Agamemnon to the land of Troy. But tell me, how didst thou die? Did a wasting disease slay thee, or Artemis smite thee with sudden stroke of her arrow? And my father and my son, have they enjoyment of that which is mine, or have others taken it from them? And my wife, is she true to me, or hath she wedded some Prince among the Greeks?' Then said his mother, 'Thy wife is true, and sits weeping for thee day and night. And thy son hath enjoyment of thy possessions, and hath his due place at the feasts of the people. But thy father cometh no longer to the city, but abideth in the country. Nor hath he any couch for his bed, but in winter-tide he sleeps, even as sleep the slaves, in the ashes near unto the fire, and when the summer comes, in the corner of the vineyard upon leaves. Greatly doth he sorrow, waiting for thy return, and the burden of old age lies heavy upon him. But as for me, no wasting disease slew me, nor did Artemis smite me with her arrows; but I died of longing for thee, so sorely did I miss thy wisdom and thy love.' Then Ulysses would have laid hold upon the soul of his mother. Thrice he sprang forward, eager to embrace her; and thrice she passed from out his hands, even as passeth a shadow. And when he said 'How is this, my mother, art thou then but a phantom, that the Queen of the dead hath sent me?' his mother answered him, 'Thus it is with the dead, my son. They have no more any flesh and bones, for these the might of the fire devours; but their souls are even as dreams, flying hither and thither. But do thou return so soon as may be to the light, and tell all that thou hast seen and heard to thy wife.'"

In this story of the visit of Ulysses to the shades, Mr. Church loses not a few, we think, of the many delicate effects of the original, by narrating in the third person what Homer gives us in the first person as the direct narrative of Ulysses to the Phæacian king. Mr. Church leaves out, for instance, not unnaturally under the circumstances, Ulysses's own expression of anguish at the shadowiness of his mother's form and at the failure of his attempt to embrace her; and this deprives the passage of much of its naturalness, as well as of some of its tenderness. Again, there is a special effect of simplicity conveyed by the language in which Ulysses is made to narrate his mother's address to him, a simplicity lost when the words are no longer put into his own mouth. As Homer gives it, the shade of his mother says to Ulysses:—"But it was yearning for you, and for your words of counsel, and for your gentleness, noble Ulysses, which broke my heart." That, as an address from the mother to the son, repeated by that son himself to a third person, has a simplicity that is absent from an impersonal narrative. Still, even in the form of an independent tale, which Mr. Church could not well have avoided, the contrast between the style of the late disciple of Homer and the style of Homer himself is extremely striking. And we are sure that the effect, both of the later and of the earlier style, is heightened by giving them both in the same volume.

* *Heroes and Kings: Stories from the Greek.* By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A., Professor of Latin in University College, London. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

We may congratulate not only Mr. Church, but ourselves also, on the success with which he has followed up the hint given him in these columns, and rendered for us that most quaint and humorous as well as splendid passage in the twenty-first book of the Iliad, in which the Gods descend to encounter each other on the plains of Troy. Mr. Church has never given us a passage of greater spirit and vivacity, and has rendered, as indeed he was sure to render, the touches of humour with the most admirable vividness and fidelity. The conception of the battle of the Gods seems to have been suggested by the antique belief that when a river rises to flood, it is by the will of the river-god that this happens, so that the flooding of Scamander is represented by Homer as a voluntary act of the local river-deity done to curb the rage of Achilles—an act which directly brings on the intervention of the scandalised deities on the other side:—

"Furiously did Achilles rage over the plain, and he dravo the sons of Troy before him as a man driveth sheep, till they came to tho river of Scamander. And when they leapt into the river seeking to escape him, even as locusts fly before a fire that devours them, then Achilles leapt in also, pursuing them. His spear he left on the bank, and slew them with his sword, smiting them this way and that, till the water was red with blood. Very wroth was the River to see such slaughter, for he loved the sons of Troy, and first he put courage into the heart of Asteropæus, the Pæonian; but him Achilles slew, for all that he was the son of a river-god and a great warrior that could throw a spear with his left hand even as he threw it with his right. And when tho River saw that Asteropæus was dead, and that Achilles was slaying many of the Pæonians—for these were troubled, their chief being dead—he took upon him the shape of a man, and spake to Achilles, saying: 'Truly, Achilles, thou excellest all other men in might and deeds of blood, for the gods themselves protect thee. It may be that Zeus hath given thee to slay all the sons of Troy; nevertheless, depart from me and work thy will upon the plain; for my stream is choked with the multitude of corpses, nor can I pass to the sea. Do thou, therefore, cease from troubling me.' To him Achilles made answer: 'This shall be as thou wilt, O Scamander. But the Trojans I will not cease from slaying till I have driven them into their city and have made trial of Hector, whether I shall vanquish him or he shall vanquish me.' And as he spake he sped on, pursuing the Trojans. Then the River cried to Apollo: 'Little thou dost the will of thy father, thou of the Silver Bow, who bade thee stand by the men of Troy and help them till darkness should cover the land.' And he rushed on with a great wave, stirring together all his streams. The dead bodies he threw upon the shore, roaring as a bull roareth; and them that lived he hid in the depth of his eddies. And all about Achilles rose up the flood, beating full upon his shield, so that he could not stand fast upon his feet. Then Achilles laid hold of a lime tree, fair and tall, that grew upon the bank; but the tree brake therefrom with all its roots, and fare down the bank, and lay across the river, staying its flow, for it had many branches. Thereupon Achilles leapt out of the water and sped across the plain, being sore afraid. But the River ceased not from pursuing him, that he might stay him from slaughter and save the sons of Troy. So far as a man may throw a spear, so far did Achilles leap; strong as an eagle was he, the hunter-bird that is the strongest and swiftest of all birds. And still as he fled the River pursued after him with a great roar. Even as it is with a man that would water his garden, bringing a stream from a fountain; he has a pickaxe in his hand, to break down all that would stay the water; and the stream runs on, rolling the pebbles along with it, and overtakes him that guides it. Even so did the River overtake Achilles, for all that he was swift of foot, for indeed the gods are mightier than men. And when Achilles would have stood against the River, seeking to know whether indeed all the gods were against him, then the great wave smote upon his shoulders; and when he leapt into the air, it bowed his knees beneath him and devoured the ground from under his feet. Then Achilles looked up to heaven and groaned, crying out: 'O Zeus, will none of the gods pity me, and save me from the River? I care not what else may befall me. Truly my mother has deceived me, saying that I should perish under the walls of Troy by the arrows of Apollo. Surely it had been better that Hector should slay me, for he is the bravest of the men of Troy, but now I shall perish miserably in the river, as some herd-boy perisheth whom a torrent sweeps away in a storm.'"

Nothing could be more graphic than that. Indeed, we hardly know a better piece of English in the language. But that is only the beginning of the fray among the deities, high and low, who concern themselves with the fate of Troy. We must give one more passage from the same fine story, that in which Artemis unwisely endeavours to persuade Apollo to assist the Trojans, and suffers for her temerity:—

"And he turned to depart; for he feared to join battle with the brother of his sire. But his sister, Artemis, the great huntress of beasts, was very wroth when she saw him depart, and rebuked him, crying: 'Dost thou fly, Far-Shooter, and yield the victory to Poseidon? For what then hast thou thy bow? Never let me hear thee boast again, as thou hast been wont to boast in the hall of thy father, that thou wouldst do battle with Poseidon!' No answer made Apollo; but the wife of Zeus spake to her in wrath, 'How thinkest thou, shameless one, to stand against me? No easy one am I for thee to match, for all that thou hast a bow, and that Zeus hath made thee a devouring lion for women to slay whom thou wilt. 'Tis better for thee to hunt deer upon the hills than to fight with them that are stronger than thou.' Then did Heré lay her left hand upon the hands of Artemis by the wrist, and with her right hand she took from her her arrows and her bows, and smote her with them about the ears as she turned away, smiling the while; and the arrows fell from the quiver. And the goddess fled, leaving her bow behind, even as a dove flieth from before a hawk to her hole among the rocks. Then spake Hermes to Latona: 'I will not fight with thee, O Latona! 'Tis a hard thing to strive with them that Zeus hath loved. Boast as thou wilt among the immortal gods that thou hast conquered me in battle.' So he spake; but Latona gathered together the bow and the arrows that had fallen this way and that way in the dust. And Artemis came to Olympus, to the hall of Zeus that is paved with bronze; and, weeping sore, she sat on her father's knee; and her veil was shaken about her with her sobbing. Then her father took her to him, and laughed, and said: 'Who, of the dwellers in heaven hath so dealt with thee, my child?' And Artemis said: 'It was Heré, my father, that smote me—Heré, that always maketh strife and quarrel among the immortal gods.'"

That could not have been given with more effect, unless, indeed, by continuing the story a little further, instead of ending so abruptly with the complaint of Artemis against Heré—in her complaint against whom, by the way, Homer does not exactly attribute to her the statement that Heré "*maketh*" strife and quarrel, but only that it has been the decree of fate that from Heré the strifes and quarrels of the Immortals shall proceed,—and this partly explains the perfect frankness with which Artemis lays the blame on the Queen of Olympus. We wish Mr. Church had added the short sequel in which Homer relates simply how the one party of divinities went back to Olympus in great dudgeon at their discomfiture, and the other exultant at their feats of arms. It would have put a more natural conclusion to this most naïf passage in the story of the Homeric mythology. For the tale of Periander of Corinth we think Mr. Church might have substituted some more characteristic legend from Herodotus. But the story of Polycrates of Samos, with which the volume concludes, is one of the most effective of the Herodotean tales.

On the whole, we have not had any more attractive volume from Mr. Church; and we sincerely hope that the enterprise of his publishers in bringing out a little volume so perfect in shape, at so low a price, may be rewarded by the large sale which it seems to us to deserve.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.*

It must be admitted that these volumes are calculated to appal even a reader who is genuinely interested in the subject of which they treat. Eleven hundred large-octavo pages are not a trifle, and when a very cursory examination shows that these pages bristle with lists of names, tables of statistics, and official documents, the ardour of the enthusiastic student cannot but be somewhat damped at the very outset of his task. Unfortunately this first impression, this foretaste of weariness, does not pass away, but is rather intensified by the laborious perusal of this bulky work. The author, Mr. George W. Williams, is, in some respects, eminently fitted, but in others as eminently unfitted for the labour he has undertaken. He is himself a Negro of the finest physical type, as can be perceived from an attractive portrait which serves as a frontispiece to the first volume; and the description of him on the title-page as "first coloured Member of the Ohio Legislature, and late Judge-Advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic of Ohio," is a sufficient testimony to his mental capacity. His subject, it is needless to say, is one which he has treated not perfunctorily, but *con amore*, and every page bears witness to the industrious thoroughness of his research; but he is altogether wanting in the purely artistic and literary instincts, in the power to arrange facts coherently and to describe them effectively; the consequence being that what he has produced is not, in the strict sense of the word, a history at all, but a mass of raw material which, though it may be of inestimable service to the historian of the future, will leave little but weariness and vexation of spirit with the reader of the present.

In the space at our command we can only touch upon one or two salient points, and we may at once dismiss as mere surplusage the whole of the first eleven chapters of "Preliminary Considerations." These considerations deal with such subjects as the unity of mankind, primitive Negro civilisation, the Negro kingdoms of Africa, the Ashantee empire, and the like, which, though having an interest of their own, do not seem to deserve so large a share as 114 pages in a work which professes to deal only with the Negro in America. The history proper begins with the second part,

* *History of the Negro Race in America, from 1619 to 1880.* By George W. Williams. In 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

which deals with "Slavery in the Colonies;" and here Mr. Williams makes the mistake—quite fatal to effective treatment—of telling separately the story of the growth of slavery in Virginia, in New York, in Connecticut, and so on, instead of surveying the Colonies as a whole, and giving a broad and readily realisable picture of the growth of the "domestic institution" during the colonial period. The various records have so much more of what is common to all than of what is peculiar to any, that the history would have been both more interesting and more intelligible had its divisions been chronological rather than topographical, and the author would still have been free to vary the locality of his centre of interest with the course of events. It was not necessary to devote a chapter to New York in order to tell fully the story of the pretended Negro plot of 1741, or to Massachusetts to justify a sketch of the Negro poetess Phillis Wheatley; for these things would have found their place in a continuous narrative, and the plan adopted seems to combine the maximum of confusion with the minimum of advantage. Perhaps the best, if not the only argument for Mr. Williams's method, is that by mere force of reiteration the less-informed reader is impressed by the strong hold which slavery had taken of the Colonies long before the War of Independence, and by the large share of responsibility to be laid at the door of the Home Government for forcing the institution upon communities which, if not absolutely opposed to it, were anything but unanimous in their approval.

How thoroughly the feeling that the slaves were a separate caste, with interests apart from those of their masters, had become established at the time of the outbreak of the Revolution, is proved by the reluctance of Washington, and many of his friends—a reluctance only overcome when perseverance in it would have been fatal—to authorise the employment of Negro soldiers in the Revolutionary Army. The step would certainly never have been taken, had not the British General, Lord Dunmore, forced the hand of the Colonist leaders by his proclamation calling the Negroes to his standard. Only when Washington saw the formidable nature of the weapon which the enemy were appropriating did he consent to avail himself of it, and the result of his unwilling consent was, in all probability, nothing less than the success of his cause. Colonel Alexander Hamilton had declared of the Negroes, "their natural faculties are as good as ours," and, as Mr. Williams states, "the assertion was supported by their splendid behaviour on all the battle-fields of the Revolution. Endowed by nature with a poetic element, faithful to trusts, abiding in friendships, bound by the golden threads of attachment to places and persons, enthusiastic in personal endeavour, sentimental and chivalric, they made hardy and intrepid soldiers. The daring, boisterous enthusiasm with which they sprang to arms disarmed racial prejudice of its sting, and made friends of foes."

Logically, of course, the victory of the Colonists ought to have been the death-blow of American slavery. The necessary inferiority and subordination of the coloured race had been denied practically by the call to the Negroes to fight for their country, and had been exploded logically by the opening sentence of the great Declaration of Independence:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident,—that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain invaluable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These words were not mere empty rhetoric, they fairly represented a large body of public opinion which was opposed to slavery, and which was prevalent not merely, or even prominently, in the North, but in many of the States which afterwards became strongholds of the slave-power. In 1778, two years after the Revolution, we read that "Virginia passed a law prohibiting the importation of slaves, and in 1782 repealed the law that confined the power of emancipating to the Legislature, only on account of meritorious conduct. Private emancipations became very numerous, and the sentiment in its favour pronounced." So rapid, however, was the deterioration of public sentiment, that in 1785, Washington, in a letter to La Fayette, stated that "petitions for the abolition of slavery, presented to the Virginia Legislature, could hardly obtain a hearing."

It is just at this point that a luminous narrative, tracing the various steps in the history of the consolidation of slavery in the United States, would be so valuable; but in place of this, we have little more than an undigested collection of documents, statistics, and reports of debates, out of which the reader is left to manufacture history for himself. Still, one thing is made obvious,—that the main factors in the movement were political, rather than social; that slave property was attractive less as a domestic institution than as a political engine; and that it was to the jealousy of some of the weaker Slave States, rather than to the greed of individual slaveholders, that the slave-power in the South owed its strength and coherence. Many even of those who defended the original Acts which made slavery part of the Constitution of the United States, regarded it as a thing destined soon to pass away; but the builders "builded better than they knew," and the edifice they reared was destined to stand until overthrown by the shock of a second revolution.

The most interesting portion of Mr. Williams's work is that which deals with the rise and progress of the organised Anti-slavery agitation. Here we are allowed, in great measure, to leave mere names, figures, and documents, and to come into contact with men, women, and events; and the change is very refreshing. To Horace Greeley it seems to us that Mr. Williams is somewhat unfair. It was the idiosyncrasy, but certainly not the fault, of that distinguished journalist that he advocated abolition as a far-sighted politician, rather than as a fervid philanthropist. Slavery was a crime, but it was a blunder as well; and the man who exposed the blundering, was as useful and as praiseworthy as the man who denounced the criminality. The sketch of the noble William Lloyd Garrison is, it is needless to say, marred by no such defect of sympathy, and few narratives could well be more ethically inspiring than the record of Garrison's works of faith, and labours of love and hope. One thing concerning him that we did not know before we learn from this history,—that Garrison was not only a worker, a speaker, and a writer of strong, incisive prose, but a poet as well; and we cannot forbear to reproduce a sonnet with which he concluded his memorable manifesto in the first number of the *Liberator*, and which, if it did not end weakly, would be almost Miltonic in weight and dignity of emotion and expression:—

> "Oppression! I have seen thee face to face,
> And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
> But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
> For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
> Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
> Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,
> I also kneel—but with far other vow
> Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base.
> I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
> Still to oppose and thwart with heart and hand
> Thy brutalising sway, till Afric's chains
> Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,
> Trampling Oppression and his iron rod;
> Such is the vow I take, so help me, God."*

Not less interesting than the story of the Abolitionist agitators is the record of the labours of those who, in the face of obloquy, insult, and not unfrequently of actual violence, endeavoured, by emancipating the minds of their coloured neighbours from the thraldom of a debasing ignorance, to prepare them for a larger and more absolute enfranchisement. Few more thrilling narratives of the kind have ever been told than that of which the heroine was the young Quaker lady, Prudence Crandall, who, in the Free State of Connecticut, was consigned to a cell just vacated by an executed murderer for the offence of setting up a school for Negro girls. The pages devoted to her and her fellow-labourers are very fascinating, and if the whole work were equally readable, it would be a pleasanter task to review it. Unfortunately, it is not so, and in many important matters this book is as defective in matter as it is infelicitous in manner. For example, the information concerning the so-called "underground railroad," about which there must be so much of interest to be told, is of the scrappiest and most fragmentary character; and, still worse, the growth and history of the great Free-Soil party are all but entirely ignored. It will hardly be believed that in such a work as this there is only one brief passing allusion, certain to be overlooked, save by a careful reader, to this memorable political body, which, by pledging itself to the restriction of the area of slavery, would in the natural course of events have achieved its extinction; and which, by its success in the election which sent Abraham Lincoln to the White House, brought about a sudden and unanticipated triumph for the cause for which the Abolitionists had long been labouring. We regret to see that Mr. Williams's treatment of the great President is as chilly, as unsympathetic, and, we may add, as unintelligent as his treatment of Horace Greeley. We have often had to expound to Englishmen the absurdity and injustice of bringing it as an accusation against

* In Mr. Williams's version of this sonnet, the third line begins with the word "By," but this is so obvious a misprint, that we have substituted the reading given above, which is clearly the original one.

President Lincoln that he declared his main object to be the maintenance of the Union rather than the abolition of slavery; but we did not suppose we should ever have to expound it to an American and a Negro. Abolitionism, as such, had no *locus standi* in the programme of a constitutional President, because the "domestic institution" was constitutionally recognised in the States where it existed, and so long as they remained within the pale of the Constitution it could not be legally disturbed. The Emancipation Proclamation was in itself simply an act of war, and might as such have been made even by a President who had no anti-slavery convictions; but every one knows that Lincoln was the representative of the anti-slavery feeling of the nation, and that even had there been no war, the certain outcome of his restrictive policy would have been the speedy strangulation of the slave-power. No one knew this better than the authors of those Secession Ordinances which declared that Secession found its justification in the election of Lincoln. Mr. Williams, on the contrary, says,—"So the issues were joined in war. The South aggressively, offensively sought the extension and perpetuation of slavery. The North passively, defensively stood ready to protect her free territory, but not to interfere with slavery." It is hard to speak with becoming patience of writing like this. The protection of the free territory was in itself an interference with slavery of a decisive kind, being nothing less than the reading of its death-doom; and to say of some Oriental despot that he deprived a wretched victim of food and drink, light and air, but did not interfere with his life, would not be one whit more nonsensical than the extraordinary distinction drawn by Mr. Williams in his last sentence.

We have said our say. The *History of the Negro Race in America* is not a good history, it is, in fact, as bad a history as we have ever read; but the subject is an interesting one, of which comparatively little is known on this side of the Atlantic, and, as we have said already, the store of materials which Mr. Williams has collected can hardly fail to be of invaluable service to some better-equipped successor.

CECIL LAWSON.*

This is a very gorgeous édition de luxe, of a very simple, short memoir, by Mr. Edmund Gosse. We confess that we think the matter somewhat slender to have been expanded to the limits of a folio volume, to have been bound in white vellum and gold, to have such gigantic illustrations,—to have, in short, all the surroundings of an important treatise.

Before mentioning the way in which the subject of the biography is treated, let us say a few words upon the illustrations, which probably formed its chief *raison d'être*. The first is a large, bold, and singularly coarse etching of Mr. Lawson, by his friend Mr. Herkomer, and has been executed from the latter artist's portrait of the deceased painter. As a likeness, it is, we should say, fairly accurate, but as a work of art, simply detestable; and as for the half-naked female, with her few clothes tumbling off her, and a veil over her face, as if in shame for the state in which she has been drawn, we can only say that she is as unlovely as she is uncalled for, and what on earth her meaning can be in the corner of the plate in which she is etched, above the portrait, we are perfectly at a loss to understand. Mr. Herkomer's ability is, when he chooses to exert it, very considerable, but in the present instance he has certainly done little justice either to himself or his subject; and the same may be said of the other etching which he contributes to this book, a reproduction of Mr. Lawson's picture of "The Hop-gardens of England."

The other etching is from an unfinished picture (also by Mr. Lawson) of "The Swan and the Iris," and is by Mr. Whistler. The subject is very slight, and the etching is slighter, but represents the spirit of the original with sufficient accuracy. The remaining illustrations are chiefly woodcuts from Lawson's earlier work, and there are also two facsimiles, one of a pen-and-ink, the other of a crayon drawing. Let us now consider Mr. Gosse's memoir of the painter.

In some ways this is one of the books which are apt to irritate more than they please. The uniformity of admiration and panegyric which seems to be necessary, in a memoir which is published directly after an artist's death, by a personal friend, is apt to exhaust, even if it does not disgust a reader's powers of admiration. But perhaps in the case of Mr. Lawson, it was well that such a work should be undertaken, and undertaken by one who had known him well. For this artist seems to have been one of those who was known to few, and who habitually concealed from the world his real nature. We doubt even after reading this account of his life, whether Mr. Gosse really understood the character of his friend; for the account he gives, though evidently sincere, and founded upon intimate acquaintance, is a little confused and perplexing.

A few facts, however, stand out plainly from the pleasant generalities of the writer, and we understand, after reading this account of Mr. Lawson's life and painting, that he was one of those men who probably could never have been generally popular, or generally successful. Art was to him not only a pursuit, but a passion, and he sought in it not so much a definite expression of any facts of Nature or life, as an embodiment of those undefined, perhaps undefinable feelings, which have troubled the minds of poets, and men of a poetic temperament since the world began. It may be doubted whether the life which closed so early (for Mr. Lawson was but thirty when he died) would have produced richer or better fruit, had its way been as smooth as it was stormy. It is at least some confirmation of this view, that the artist's best painting was done in a year of, and under the stress of, comparative failure; he painted better when the Academy rejected, than when the Grosvenor Gallery applauded him. There is another cause, though one intimately connected with this one, which was responsible for much of the shortcomings of his work. He had never received the technical training of a painter, had never learnt what he could do, and what he could not. In all his pictures, we find a confusion between means and end; they seem to be attempting to cover a greater amount of ground than the artist's powers quite enabled him to manage. They are, with rare exception, rather magnificent attempts than complete successes.

Mr. Gosse tells us a few interesting details of Mr. Lawson's early life. The artist was the fifth son of a little-known portrait-painter, and was born at Wellington in 1851. He began painting when he was four, and at that time copied one of Clarkson Stanfield's pictures in oils; at six, he began to paint the portrait of a lady who lived next door; and at ten, on being reprimanded by the mistress of a dame-school which he attended, for some childish blunder, astounded her by leaving the school, and returning with a canvas bigger than himself, to ask her whether a boy who could paint like that did not deserve to have more respect shown to him?

Mr. Gosse tells us, too, of his admiration and friendship for Fred. Walker and George Pinwell, and of the many studies of fruit and flower which he executed while quite a lad. He seemed to have sold these to the dealers at a very early age; "at fourteen he was a professional painter." The remainder of his life is a record of comparative failure, interrupted by two bursts of popularity. The first of these occurred in the summer of 1871, when he exhibited the "Summer Evening in Cheyne Walk" and "The River in Rain," two pictures which expressed with almost equal power the pleasant and the dreary side of our great national river. Again, in 1878, after having for several years had his large pictures rejected or skied at the Royal Academy, he rose at once into universal popularity at the exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, where two of the largest and, on the whole, best of his paintings were exhibited in places of honour.

The subsequent history of his life, is that of a man who was not made for success, and whom success, to some extent, unnerved and distracted. He cannot be said to have then begun to do unequal work, for his painting had always been of a fitful and uncertain quality; but he certainly did then begin to play tricks with his powers, and to rely upon his inner consciousness for the materials of his art. Though this latter period was one of decadence with the man, for the artist it was perhaps one of exaltation. For there had commonly been lacking from his earlier and completer paintings, the emotional power which appeared in such intensity in some of the dark landscapes of this later period; it is true that they surrendered many qualities of colour and defined form, but they gained in power and concentration of meaning, to a more than compensating extent. The strange part of the matter is, that when he was going up-hill, the painter felt little and did much; and when he was going down-hill, he felt much and did little. This is not the place nor the time to attempt any adequate description of his genius; indeed, we have perhaps even now said too much to be in keeping with the feeling of bereavement,

* *Cecil Lawson: a Memoir.* By Edmund Gosse. Published by the Fine-Art Society.

which those who knew him have recently experienced. But it may be said in conclusion, that whatever were the defects of his art, they were those of a peculiarly generous and noble character, and arose from a genius which, like the English nation, "never knew when it was beaten," and which only regarded success as a stepping-stone to higher achievements. Of such temper as Mr. Lawson's are the men who do yeoman's service to Art, and who, by their failures as well as by their successes, help to swell the stream of noble feeling and thought which keep alive the beauty of the world.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The third number of the *Scottish Review* is marked by strength and solidity, and what, for want of a better word, we may call "Scotchiness." These are especially the characteristics of two excellent papers, on "Early Scottish Burghs" and "Archæology in the South-West of Scotland," which are evidently the productions of men who are familiar with their subjects. There are good things in two moderate articles, on "Educational Endowments and Secondary Education" and "The Future of the Highlands," though they strike us as rather thin and hesitating. The most vigorous as well as the best written paper, however, is one on Lord Macaulay, which is really a very good piece of special pleading against Mr. Cotter Morison. The "husband's case" is very well stated in "Mrs. Carlyle's Letters," and we are glad to see Agnosticism treated by a thoughtful Scotchman, who has no weakness for pulpiteering. A word of cordial praise is due to the "Summaries of Foreign Reviews;" in regard to these the *Scottish Review* sets an example that older magazines would do well to follow. By the way, why does not the *Review* give us some indication of the view taken by reflective men North of the Tweed of the "Home-rule" movement there, which might help English politicians in coming to a decision upon a question in respect of which their sympathy with Scotchmen is greater than their knowledge of Scotch wants?

Poetry.—*Serapion, and other Poems.* By Justin H. McCarthy. (Chatto and Windus.)—Mr. Justin H. McCarthy is an addition, and, we willingly own, a considerable addition, to the ranks of the "Pagans." The principal poem deals with an episode in the last struggle of the ancient faith against Christianity; and the poet leaves little doubt which way his own sympathies incline. His Christians are a set of howling fanatics, whose asceticism, the only notable quality which they possess, is found to be but of a doubtful value against temptations of the flesh. The Pagans are not, indeed, transcendently better. Porphyrius, the young Athenian, whose renunciation of a promising career when he hears of the death of Julian, is meant to indicate a noble character, is certainly more inclined to the philosophy of the Garden than of the Porch. He falls passionately in love with Lalage, a shamelessly venal beauty, and expresses his faith and his philosophy of life in these words:—

"Because we know no better way than this
To brighten with all beauty our brief life;
And if some girl of Aphrodita's mould,
With tender hair and eyes that shame the stars,
And fair limbs fashioned for a god's desire,
Gladden our sight and set our hearts afire:
Why, I should hold him basest of the base
Who'd lay against the kisses of her lips
The Empery of Cæsar. All things die,
And glory lasts a day, and proud names perish;
Bright youth goes out too soon, but ere it flies
Seize with warm hands the blossom flower of love,
And for one kiss of hers, one hour's embrace,
Lose the world lightly."

We are glad, however, to find him risen to something higher in the last scene of the drama:—

"I am resolved;
I have no portion here: I cannot tread
The Galilean triumph, so farewell!
I am not to be pitied that have seen
The greatest, noblest soul on earth, the last
Made in the antique fashion, and have loved
Earth's fairest woman; and believe me, lady,
That to the latest second of my life
Your beauty shall be by me, and your eyes
Shine on me in my loneliness. Farewell!"

It may not be fair, however, to judge a writer by a drama, in which he may possibly be found to give prominence to sentiments that are not his own. We must look, therefore, at what Mr. McCarthy says in his own character. "The Gods of Hellas" may be taken as the expression of a sentimental regret, which must not be too strictly interpreted; but what are we to think of a sonnet to "An Angel by Cimabue," which tells us in melodious verse—and Mr. McCarthy's verse is always melodious—that an angel "at the right elbow of Madonna's chair" should by right have played its part "with those that worshipped Venus long ago"? We hope that Mr. McCarthy will eschew these follies and rebellions of youth. If he will, he may as well, for we have seldom seen of late years a volume showing more command of poetical gifts. Here is a sonnet fashioned with uncommon skill:—

"A Garland.
For you, how many a posy have I tied
Of blood-red poppies that must fade too soon,
Pale lilies with the magic of the moon
In their white petals, the imperial pride
Of starred narcissus, violets purple-eyed,
Sad hyacinths with its written rune,
All-coloured roses the delight of June,
Anemones with blood of Adon dyed!
For all these flowers the self-same tale repeat,
'Learn to be wise, and let no flower of spring
Go by unheeded for its odour sweet;
For soon chill age and conquering time defeat
Love, youth, and beauty, even as they fling
A ruin of marred blossoms at your feet.'"

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," has seldom been better expressed; but is there anything much worse to be said?——*Poems in Many Lands.* By Rennell Rodd. (David Bogue.)—Mr. Rodd has republished here some of the poems which appeared for the first time in "Songs in the South." The whole are described in his preface as "early lyrics." As such, we do not hesitate to say that they show considerable promise. There is an unmistakeable ring in the verse. It may or may not be developed into a really powerful music, the music that is full of thought, as well as of sound. Meanwhile, it is there, and is quite sufficient to raise this volume considerably above the average of contemporary verse. "The Seaking's Grave" has something of the wild power which befits its subject. "The Song of the Dead Child" touches, with not less power, the note of pathos. But the chief distinction of the poems is that they really answer the description of their title. They represent many moods, and are instinct with the inspiration of many scenes. There is probably a hindrance in these varied experiences of travel to the attainment of the first rank, for they are apt to dissipate the energy, but to a man of culture and poetical faculty they give the motive and the occasion which are often wanting to those who would write verse. There is something fine in the expression of the following:—

"At Tiber Mouth.
The low plains stretch to the west with a glimmer of rustling weeds,
Where the waves of a golden river wind home by the marshy meads;
And the fresh wind born of the sea grows faint with a sickly breath,
As it stays in the fretting rushes and blows on the dews of death.
We came to the silent city, in the glare of the noontide heat,
When the sound of a whisper rang through the length of the lonely street;
No tree in the clefted ruin, no echo of song nor sound,
But the dust of a world forgotten lay under the barren ground.
There are shrines under these green hillocks to the beautiful gods that sleep
Where they prayed in the stormy season for lives gone out on the deep;
And here in the grave street sculptured, old record of loves and tears,
By the dust of the nameless slave, forgotten a thousand years.
Not ever again at even shall ship sail in on the breeze,
Where the hulls of their gilded galleys came home from a hundred seas,
For the marsh plants grow in her haven, the marsh birds breed in her bay,
And a mile to the shoreless westward the water has passed away."

And there is something felicitous in the Horatian adaptation of the following:—

"At Lanuvium.
'*Festo quid potius die*
Neptuni faciam.'
—Horace, *Odes*, iii., 28.

Spring grew to perfect summer in one day,
And we lay there among the vines, to gaze
Where Circe's isle floats purple, far away
Above the golden haze;

And on our ears there seemed to rise and fall
The burden of an old-world song we knew,
That sang, 'To-day is Neptune's festival,
And we, what shall we do?'

Go down, brown-armed Campagna maid of mine,
And bring again the earthen jar that lies
With three years' dust above the mellow wine;
And while the swift day dies

You first shall sing a song of waters blue,
Paphos and Cnidos in the summer seas,
And one who guides her swan-drawn chariot through
The white-shored Cyclades;

And I will take the second turn of song,
Of floating tresses in the foam and surge
Where Nereid maids about the sea-god throng;
And night shall have her dirge."

——*A Year of Life, &c.* By John Cameron Grant. (Longmans.)—Mr. Grant touches on most things in the principal poem of his volume. He speaks of philosophy, theology, questions social and literary, and, in fact, *quidquid agunt*, and, for the matter of that, *quidquid cogitant, homines*. In one stanza, for instance, he delivers his judgment on the "Permanent Settlement" of Lord Cornwallis, which he calls "a wretched feudal lie, that could not live;" in two others, which we may quote as good specimens of his manner, he characterises trees of the wood and garden,—

"There, glowing, stood the glorious copper-beech,
Like a brown beauty blushing thro' her skin
Of warmer colour than the blood within
Allows the blonde; and there the flowering peach;
The yellow-green laburnum drooped; and each
Strong Scotch fir stretched its arms aloft to win
Some boon from Heaven; in silver, straight and thin,
The graceful birch, that, stooping down, did reach
Her lady fingers out to all to kiss;
The walnut, with large leaves and lordly head;
The ebon-budded weeping ash; and his
Wide-branching arms, the oak of lordly spread;
The aspen, saddest of all trees, that is;
The autumn chestnut burning into red.

There, too, the dear holm-oak, my favourite tree,
Of silvery under-leaf and light and shade,
With dreams of many a story, many a maid;
Magician of the woods, that back to me
Brings many a legend, that of old, may be,
Was acted, ere the garden-world was laid
Or bound with brick and mortar: there the staid,
Stiff poplar shoots up like a lance to free
Some dame that sits beyond the silver cloud
Waiting her knight; and that quaint character,

The araucarian, with his prickly crowd
On every branch, whence ape and man defer
Their climbing for another; and the proud,
Broad cedar, king of every conifer."

But the most remarkable thing about Mr. Grant is his metre. Here is a poem of as many stanzas as there are days in the year, and each stanza is a sonnet. Was ever such a thing done in the world before? Three hundred and sixty-five sonnets! A man who gave up his life to sonnet-writing could not hope to do more. It would, indeed, have been better for Mr. Grant, if he had not attempted to do so much. There is something in the verses we have quoted, but there are also obvious feeblenesses, which sadly mar the reader's pleasure. But it is not hard to understand how this comes to pass, when we come to read Mr. Grant's own account of how he produced one of the other poems included in the volume. "It was written one winter's morning, and I knee-deep in snow, out among the deer and rabbits." When we turn to it, we find it contains *one hundred and sixty-eight* verses. And this was done "in a winter's morning"! At this rate, the *Æneid* might have been written in a couple of months. But Virgil was not less than ten years over his great epic, and was so dissatisfied at the end, that he wished to have it burnt.

Cambridge Scholarships and Examinations. By Robert Potts. (Longmans.)—Mr. Potts gives here an account of the scholarships, exhibitions, prizes, and other "aids and encouragements" for learning in the University and Colleges of Cambridge. Apart from the special interest which this possesses for all who are likely to receive any benefit from these endowments, it is in itself noteworthy. We must not forget that there are private persons, if not here, yet certainly in the United States, who have incomes larger than that of the University and the Colleges put together. Still, the wealth here catalogued is very large, if you compare it with the resources of similar institutions elsewhere. And the portion of this wealth devoted to the helping of students is not only considerable, but continually increasing. It has risen, for instance, at St. John's College, from £3,907 in 1852 to £6,700 in 1881. Mr. Potts adds a copious collection, extending to upwards of five hundred pages, of examination-papers set at various colleges, and dealing with classics, mathematics, science, and law.

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MONTHLY RETURN of CONVICTIONS (not including those obtained by the Police or by kindred Societies) obtained during the month ending June 15th, 1883, as follows:—

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—	Travelling (unharnessed) when lame	4
—	Abandoning when fallen—consequent suffering	2
—	Inserting ginger into anus	1
Donkeys	Working in an unfit state	5
—	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	21
Cattle	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	5
—	Overstocking (neglecting to milk full udders)	6
—	Travelling when lame	3
—	Hoppling improperly (causing wounds)	3
Calves	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
—	Starving by withholding food	1
Sheep	Travelling when lame	1
—	Improperly tying legs	1
—	Exposing shorn sheep to inclement weather	1
Pigs	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
—	Conveying in an overcrowded cart	3
Dogs	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	8
—	Setting to fight, with consequent suffering	5
—	Pouring turpentine on back	1
Cats	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	4
—	Wounding, by setting dog to worry	5
Goose	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
Fowls	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
—	Cockfighting	4
Pigeons	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
—	Conveying in trousers pocket	1
—	Tying fireworks to tail	2
Wild Birds	Shooting, &c., during close season	3
Various	Owners causing inabove	102
—	Infringing Knacker's Sections	7
—	Assaulting and threatening Inspectors	2
		466
	From January to May	1,731
	Total during the present year	2,197

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a panic in Egypt. The cholera has appeared in Damietta, and according to the most favourable accounts eighty deaths occurred in three days, in a population of 30,000. Less favourable statements raise the mortality to 113 a day, and report the number of other deaths as unusually high. The disease has also appeared in Mansourah, Tantah, and Port Said, but it has not yet been acknowledged in Cairo or Alexandria. The accounts presage a regular visitation, and the result has been the usual explosion of cowardice. Nothing can convince Continentals that cholera, though highly epidemic, is not contagious,—for instance, doctors rub their patients without catching it,—and the residents are flying the country in crowds. Damietta is surrounded by troops, who drive back all who attempt to escape; but so great is the general flight that the orders from Egypt to sell Stock have affected every European Bourse, and on Tuesday and Wednesday caused a general fall of one and a half per cent. in Eastern Stocks. The French Press fiercely denounces the greedy selfishness of English commerce, which, rather than bear quarantine, has brought the disease from Bombay, and the relaxation of the absurd quarantine laws for which Lord Granville has been contending has been indefinitely postponed. It is even suggested that the organisation of Egypt may be broken up for want of officers, and that an outbreak among the British troops may cause their withdrawal. These, of course, are panic-struck opinions, but the interruption to business and to affairs will be considerable.

The ex-Khedive Ismail has been interviewed by the *Times* Correspondent, and has given his opinion on Egyptian affairs with his usual shrewdness. He admits that the English possess Egypt, and must retain it, but maintains that the easiest method of governing it will be through the Egyptians themselves, or rather through native functionaries, "who will be governed by the enlightened views of the English." If they are employed, and share the advantages as well as burdens of government, they will not be humiliated, and administration will be easy. The new protectors can introduce reforms which no Khedive could attempt without foreign remonstrances, and will have "a peaceful rule." A foreigner visibly at the head of the Government would outrage religious feeling, and an Armenian would not be respected. As to Tewfik, he will probably intrigue against his protectors, being a weak man "who, if he does not conspire himself, will be delighted to know others are conspiring." As to the Suez Canal, it belongs to Egypt, and if a second one is cut, that will belong to Egypt also. As England rules Egypt she rules the Canal, and "in discussing its nationality, she only weakens her own case." A special position is accorded, by European respect, to M. de Lesseps, but when he passes away, the "factitious French character" of the Canal will disappear too. Ismail has brains.

After some hesitation on the part of Lord Dalhousie, who was probably influenced by weighty advisers outside the House of Lords, the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was so altered as to render such marriages legal in any Dissenting or Roman Catholic church, where a Registrar is bound to attend in Great Britain, and in any Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland,—where a Registrar is not bound to attend,—but was never to be legal in any Anglican Church. In other words, the Canon law would prevail in the Anglican Church, and no Anglican clergyman, whether approving or disapproving of such marriages himself, would be permitted by the proposed change in the laws of the realm to marry a man to his wife's sister. The effect of this would have been to turn Anglicans who determined on such marriages into either temporary Secularists, or temporary Dissenters, or temporary Roman Catholics; and we hope that the House of Commons would never permit so needless an outrage on Anglican feelings.

The Bishop of Peterborough on Tuesday consecrated the extended and restored Church of All Saints', Narborough, and in doing so referred incidentally to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, saying that the Clergy should imitate the example of John the Baptist, whose festival they had just been celebrating, and say boldly, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." We suppose that St. John the Baptist, in denouncing Herod's marriage, was speaking of what he held to be forbidden by divine law. The Bishop of Peterborough has, we believe, admitted that in the case of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, revelation proper contains nothing explicit on the subject, so we conclude that his denunciation of these marriages rests either on a Canon law for which dispensations have been frequently granted by the Church which established that law, or on private judgment. In either case, he is not taking up very solid ground for his prophetic denunciations. In a subsequent speech, the Bishop was very indignant with those censors who had described the silence of the Bishops in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Bill as unfaithfulness to the Church. It was due solely, he said, to the anxiety of the Bishops to negative the Bill, since they might have lost votes by prolonged debate. Perhaps so; indeed, that, we have no doubt, was the conscious motive. But Bishops certainly do like excuses for not taking a very pronounced attitude on public affairs, and for lingering, like violets, in the shade,—though we would not exactly accuse Dr. Magee of being a violet that seeks the shade.

The Lords have changed their minds once more. The second reading of the Bill legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, was carried by a vote of 165 against 158. The third reading of the same Bill was rejected on Thursday night by a vote of 145 against 140, so that the friends of the Bill were fewer by twenty-five, while its foes were fewer by eighteen. The debate was not a remarkable one, unless the speech of Bishop Temple against the Bill may be called remarkable. The Duke of Marlborough insisted strongly on the argument that the Bill, if carried, would put in the strongest light the opposition between the law of the Church and the Law of the land,—the Church refusing altogether to sanction marriages which the Statute Law would allow,—and insisted that this conflict must lead soon to Disestablishment. We are not sure, however, that the refusal of the Church to permit, even among Dissenters, marriages which most Dissenters believe to be perfectly right, may not lead rather more directly to Disestablishment. Bishop Temple insisted on the grave danger of unsettling the principle of our marriage law, without having any new principle to put in its place;—and this would be a good argument, if the principle on which it now stands commanded general respect, which, however, it is clear that it does not. It is better surely to sanction—cautiously—exceptions on which the conscience of a community is clear, than to stand by an untenable principle *against* which, as a general principle, the conscience of the community is clear.

Lord Salisbury made a speech at the annual dinner of the Constitutional Union on Wednesday at St. James's Hall, which contained something more than the old criticisms on the parti-coloured character of the Liberalism of the century (in which, by the way, he forgets the still more remarkable patchwork of which the Conservatism of the century is made up). He announced it as a great law that you can never depend on the Conservatism of the extremely rich,—because they have so much, that they can afford to lose a good deal without missing it. You can only depend on the Conservatism of the moderately well-to-do, the people who would lose their all if the foundations of proprietary right were in any way unsettled. It is to those who have no margin, those to whom revolution would mean a great inroad on their habits and comforts, that Lord Salisbury trusts implicitly the safety of the Constitution. As for Lord Hartington, he is too rich to care. He might lose a great deal, and still find all he wanted well within his reach. That is a very neat theory of Lord Salisbury's, but, as we have elsewhere shown, it will hardly hold water.

Nor will Mr. Alfred Austin's, who spoke later, and who maintained that "the tendency of mature intellect is towards Conservatism," on the ground that Mr. Froude is a Conservative of the anti-Irish kind, and Matthew Arnold a Conservative of the anti-Dissenting kind. We do not exactly know why mild scorn for Philistinism should be called Conservative. So far as we remember Mr. Arnold's views on the regeneration of Ireland, they were Radical far beyond the Radicalism of Mr. Gladstone. The truth is that "mature intellect," tempered by fear, is Conservative; while "mature intellect," tempered by sympathy and hope, is Liberal. But the same probably may be said of immature intellect. The maturity of the intellect affects the clearness, the finish, the adequacy of the political creed; but does not affect its general direction.

Lord Spencer, who is travelling in Ireland, on the 27th inst. made an important speech at Limerick to the Agricultural Society. He said that the insecurity of the farmer had now disappeared, and that he saw signs of agricultural improvement in the West. Culture was still behind-hand, the peasantry, without sufficient stock, raising exhausting crops on impoverished soil, but still the beasts were better and slightly increased in number, there were more tiled houses, and the number of poultry, a stock raised by the smallest tenants, had increased two millions. The quality of the butter also had been improved, till the article which ten years ago fetched £96 a ton in London, now fetched £120. He urged strongly more attention to material improvement, as the only method by which the poverty of the West could be permanently relieved, but thought that, upon the whole, "we might again look forward with some hope to the future." These remarks appear to have been well received, and it is reported that the decrease of bitterness towards the Viceroy is marked throughout his tour. We fancy, however, that the bitterness has never been greatest among the agricultural population, who expend their hatred rather on local enemies and on the law, than upon the Government, which is slightly beyond their grasp.

Leo. XIII. has addressed a letter of twelve pages to M. Grévy personally, a sketch of which has been communicated to the *Times* Correspondent in Paris. The Pope comments on the legislation of the past three years, the expulsion of the Orders, the subjection of seminarists to the conscription, and the right assumed to suppress curates' salaries, and observes that all these measures are contrary to the spirit of the Concordat. His Holiness adverts, moreover, to the spirit shown in the discussions on the Concordat, especially in M. Paul Bert's report, and observes that he would be regarded as wanting to his duty if he were to pass over such events in silence. He prays the President, therefore, up to the limits of his power to discourage these attacks upon religion, and so diminish the probability of a rupture between the Papacy and France. The letter will, it is said, be answered in a temperate spirit, though M. Grévy is believed to be very anti-clerical, but it may be questioned if a rupture can long be avoided. The more popular a body in France is, the more violently is it opposed to religion, and the Municipality of Paris has only this week suppressed the chaplaincies of the great hospitals, and forbidden the entrance of priests, except when summoned by patients. The Papacy must take a stand at some point or other, and declare that the Government of France can no longer be recognised as Catholic.

The trial of Scharf and the other Hungarian Jews for the murder of a Christian girl at the Passover still continues, and the evidence gradually elicited discredits the prosecution, which appears to have been dictated by the worst kind of religious hatred. The evidence as to time has been disproved. It seems certain that the police threatened, and probable that they tortured, the most important witness, the boy Moritz; and it was proved that Peczeli, the inferior magistrate who took his deposition, was a felon, condemned to twelve years' imprisonment for murder. A Police Commissioner also stated that the boy, in his presence, had retracted his whole evidence. The case is, therefore, breaking down; but the Court is evidently perplexed by the fierce excitement of the populace, who audibly threaten witnesses favourable to the Jews, and accuse them of being purchased by large bribes. It is as necessary to guard their lives as if they were Irish witnesses favourable to the Crown.

A telegram from Shanghai was received by the Chinese Legation in London on Thursday, denying that any settlement of the Tonquin difficulty had been arrived at. Li Hung Chang, the official entrusted with the negotiations with M. Tricou, had been so irritated by the Frenchman's rudeness, that he declined to meet him, and retired to Tientsin. "He sees no chance of falling into an accord with M. Tricou." This means, of course, that the Pekin Government has made up its mind that France must acknowledge Chinese suzerainty in Tonquin, which is the specific point M. Challemel-Lacour has decided not to concede. War, therefore, would be inevitable, but that it is known the French Cabinet is divided. M. Jules Ferry, supported by the President, and, it is believed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, is strongly opposed to the war, and M. Challemel-Lacour threatens to retire. The struggle is not yet ended, but as the Chamber is distinctly against any war of moment outside Europe, we venture to predict that the concession required by China will be made, and that the expedition to Tonquin will be content with avenging M. Rivière. The vacillation of the Republican Government upon this subject has been deplorable.

Quite an excitement has arisen in America about pauper emigrants from Ireland. It is stated that two or three ships have recently landed emigrants from Irish poor-houses who are too feeble to work, who have no money, and who will be a burden upon the American ratepayers. The Emigration Commissioners of New York have accordingly ordered these persons to be taken back. Mr. Trevelyan, when questioned on the subject, replied that he knew of only five such families, all of whom were offered homes by their relatives, and landed with travelling-money in their pockets. The amounts given them are, however, exceedingly small, generally about a pound, and it is probable that, unknown to the Government, the Unions have shipped a few totally destitute persons. The practice must, of course, be stopped; but the fuss made about it is exaggerated, the Irish-Americans thinking the question will serve to put the two Governments at loggerheads. A moment's thought would show anybody that aged paupers or pauper children do not belong to the dangerous classes, and that the Government could have no interest in lightening the rates of one or two Irish unions by a few pounds. Its object is to reduce the congestion in the West of Ireland, which can only be done by helping poor tenants to emigrate, the paupers not being settled on the land.

Sir Henry James, with all his astuteness, is hardly a good manager of the Bills of which he has the charge. In the Grand Committee on Law he first disseminated the impression that he would report the conduct of particular obstructors to the House as a good reason for not proceeding with the Criminal Code Bill,—indeed, what he said in the House itself was equivalent to a charge against Mr. Warton for trying on one occasion to prevent the Committee from getting a quorum,—and then he dropped all such criticisms, and simply reported that the progress made with the Bill warranted no hope of finishing it this Session. Either Sir Henry James should not have threatened to report the conduct of special Members at all, or he should have persevered with it. The consequence, of course, was an angry wrangle at the last meeting of the Grand Committee on Law, and a general impression on the part of the public less favourable to the work of these Grand Committees than is justified by the facts. The result was that the Committee reported that,

having dealt with only eight clauses, and the Bill containing 120 clauses, on which there were 390 proposed amendments, there was no prospect of passing the Bill through Committee this Session. The truth, no doubt, is, as Mr. Bryce indicated in his very excellent speech in the Committee, that this Bill was not a good subject for the work of a Grand Committee. First, it was drafted by a Commission, and not by the Government draftsman; and secondly, great alterations of *principle*, as distinct from codification of the existing law, were introduced into the Bill. Both these circumstances rendered it a very bad specimen Bill for the purpose of testing the powers of a Grand Committee.

Two Presidents of the Royal Society have died on successive days of this week,—Sir Edward Sabine, the aged Arctic explorer, and an eminent student of the phenomena of magnetism, on Tuesday; and Mr. William Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society at the time of his death, in the full vigour of middle life, on Wednesday. Mr. Spottiswoode was best known as a great mathematician, and especially for his speculations on the possibility that to higher apprehensions than ours space may have more than three dimensions, indeed, any number of dimensions corresponding to the degrees of equations. Moreover, Mr. Spottiswoode had worked with great success at the phenomena of the polarisation of light, on which we believe that he had established new and original theories of his own. He was conspicuous, too, as an Oriental scholar, and as a patron of learning, a department in which his generous nature and large means enabled him to effect much. His modesty and gentleness were, at least, as remarkable as his abilities, and there are few circles, whether in Science, Art, or Learning, in which his presence will not be long and grievously missed. He died of typhoid fever, contracted, we believe, in Rome.

There is a remarkable letter from Rome in the *Times* of Tuesday, on the subject of the extraordinary fibs told in the Roman Press, and thence transmitted to Ireland and elsewhere, on the subject of the Pope's attitude towards Ireland, towards the Irish Bishops, towards Mr. Errington, and towards the Propaganda itself. The number of these "Hiberno-Roman" fables, as the Roman correspondent calls them, is portentous, and a careful collation of these fables would clearly prove that either there are two distinct Mr. Erringtons, or else no Mr. Errington at all. The writer intimates that the Pope himself determined that the recent letter to the Irish Bishops should not on any account be put away in the pigeon-holes of those prelates, and so be deprived of all its effect; in other words, that the Pope himself took care that what was called the "indiscretion" of confiding that missive to the Press should be committed. Leo XIII. never uttered a *brutum fulmen* in his life, and when he has once decided on a course, though he never over-expresses what he means to say, he never fails to say it, and to say it effectually. The "Hiberno-Roman" fables may try to raise a mystification on the subject, but Leo XIII. is too much of a statesman to be easily foiled by the legends of the Roman and Hibernian Press.

Nothing is more remarkable in the recently-published "Acts of the Holy See relating to the affairs of Ireland," than the confidence which the Pope, as a statesman, expresses in the justice of the present Administration. In Leo XIII.'s letters, this confidence is expressly declared more than once. In the letter of January 3rd, 1881, the Pope declares, "We have confidence in the justice of those who rule the country, and whose great experience is generally tempered with judgment. Ireland will far more safely and easily obtain what she wants, if she will adopt only the means sanctioned by law, and avoid causes of offence." Again, in the letter of August 1st, 1882, the Pope says, "As we signified to you on another occasion, we are confident that the statesmen who preside over the administration of public affairs will give satisfaction to the Irish when they demand what is just. It is not only reason advises, but their well-known political prudence." Expressions of this kind used towards an Administration at the head of which stands the author of the treatise on "Vaticanism," show that Leo XIII. harbours no grudges, and is statesman at least as much as Pope.

The fighting between the two English parties, or rather the wings of the two parties, is now so bitter, that it is positively pleasant to find a Tory leader standing up to defend the Liberal Government. Colonel Stanley did this on Thursday. The old, endless question whether transport for the troops should always be kept in readiness was brought up as usual during the debate on the Army Estimates; but, as is not usual, a Tory Minister answered, to relieve a Liberal one. Colonel Stanley pointed out that Parliamentary governments had to think of cost, and the cost would be something enormous, for if we had not a complete transport, things would be worse than at present. "It was better to know you were not ready, than to think you were, when you were not." As to regimental transport, the proposal to keep it always with the regiment was impracticable, for till the destination has been settled the kind of transport wanted could not be settled either. The Transport Service could be and should be perfected, but the means of transport must be left to the occasion. That is only sense, and old sense, too; but, now-a-days, Tories will not even talk sense, if it relieves Liberals.

We regret to perceive that the project of sending Lord Reay to the Cape as Special Commissioner has been abandoned. Mr. Gladstone stated on Monday that he had been prepared to send the Commission, and to lay its instructions on the table, but that he had received a telegram announcing the intention of the Government of the Transvaal to send either their President or Vice-President to London. The Government had thought it expedient to accept that offer, and consequently the Commission would not be sent. It is, doubtless, easier to receive a Commission than to send one, because that course limits the subject of negotiations, the President of the Transvaal being able to speak only for his own State; but the Commissioner could have reported on the whole of South Africa, throughout which the quarrel between the white races is the first factor in politics. The *Times*' assertion that the Dutch of South Africa hate the Dutch of Europe more than they hate Englishmen, requires evidence. It is inconsistent with M. Joubert's language in Holland, and with the strong sympathy expressed by the Dutch with their brethren of the Transvaal. Spanish-Americans do not, however, love Spaniards, nor did our own American colonists love Englishmen.

The *Standard*'s correspondent at Sierra Leone relates at great length and with full detail a shocking story. It had become necessary for the authorities in Sierra Leone to punish a chief named Gbow, for constant and cruel raids upon protected natives in the Sherbro territory. He was accordingly attacked on May 25th, in his principal stockade, by part of the 2nd West India Regiment, 200 of the constabulary, and 500 native allies. Gbow, who commanded 2,000 men, fought with desperate courage, but his negroes could not stand up against a rain of shells from the howitzers, and either broke or surrendered. Those who fled were followed by the Kossus—a friendly tribe, we presume—and slaughtered; while those who surrendered were taken to the captured town of Hahoon, and there murdered "in cold blood" by "our allies." Gbow's town, Jalliah, was set fire to after its capture, and razed to the ground, and it is believed the expedition will "have a most beneficial effect upon his mind." If this story is true, the business was infamous, and the commanding officer should be at once ordered to explain why he could not stop a hideous and senseless massacre. Even if the allies broke loose, he had force enough with him to quell a mutiny. No wonder Gbow's men fought bravely, if they were aware that after surrender they would be murdered in cold blood, and then mutilated.

James Carey, the informer, has left Kilmainham at last, after having greatly embarrassed the Government by a demand for police protection in Dublin. This was refused, as every day would have produced a separate riot, and he at last agreed to go either to London or a colony. It is a curious proof of the universal diffusion of Irishmen under the British flag, which they say they detest, but which they never leave except for the American, that Carey would be safe anywhere in the world except in a British colony. He might be comfortable enough in Norway, or the Argentine Republic, or Switzerland, as his income is considerable for his wants, but even in Heligoland some Irishman would find him out.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LEO XIII. AND FRANCE.

IT is to be regretted, in the interests of contemporary history, that the acts and words of Leo XIII. are not more carefully noted and recorded. He does not excite the imagination of Roman Catholics as Pius IX. somehow did, lacking, perhaps, a certain ray of originality, which lighted up his predecessor's character, and he is, therefore, not watched with the same assiduous care. He is coming, however, out of the mist, and as his figure grows more distinct, it will attract many observant eyes. A philosopher on a throne is always a rare sight, and no one quite like Leo XIII. has sat for centuries in the Papal Chair. Able Popes, and astute Popes, and Popes with a capacity for finesse there have been many—for, after all, the Popes are picked Italians—but this one gives the impression of being a wise Pope, who marches to his ends as a modern statesman of high character and serene thought would march. There is a moderation in his inflexibility, and a certain honest plainness in his denunciations which are not supposed to be usual among ecclesiastics. We once compared Pio Nono, with his fidelity to his Church, his belief in himself, and his vein of humorous originality, to a fine old English rector, who had always had his own way, who thought Dissenters rather impertinent, but who wished to be obeyed because he sincerely believed that obedience must of necessity be best for the parish. Leo XIII. is not like that at all. He is rather like a statesman of a type we occasionally see in all countries, in whom nature or circumstance has bred toleration, but whose advice is weighty because he intends the machine to move on, and who can, when needful, recommend grave acts. This Pope has been tried in four very grave affairs, the struggle with Germany, the struggle with the Czars in Poland, the struggle with Italy, and the struggle with the Irish Reds, and in all he has shown the same qualities,—inflexible devotion to his Church, a cool perception of all circumstances, and a patient wiseness—we do not quite mean wisdom—which in the end secured at least partial success. No man can have a more formidable opponent than Prince Bismarck, and the Chancellor has not come well out of that fight, nor can any one fairly say that the Pope has won by unworthy devices. The Czars in Poland are supported by irresistible force, but they have yielded in the contest about Bishops so completely that the Vatican is content. Nowhere is reverence for the Papacy weaker than in Rome, where each successive Pope lives under a microscope; and in Rome, in the municipal elections of last week, the Papalini swept everything before them. They seated two-thirds of all candidates. Nowhere among Catholics is the Papal authority so resisted as in Ireland, but the Pope has given a heavy blow to the Parnellites, which, though it has not dried up the subscription he denounced, has altered the tone not only of the clergy, but of mass meetings.

Now the Pope has turned to France, and very quietly, but quite unmistakably, has intimated, in a letter to President Grévy, that if the tone of the Government cannot be modified, the Papacy cannot keep on its old terms with France. The two Powers will, as in Germany and Russia, be openly at war. The letter to the President from the Pope, read in the Cabinet on Tuesday, and though not published allowed to ooze out, is understood, we think correctly, to mean this, though Leo XIII. carefully abstains from any menace. It was time for such a declaration. We do not know that the Assembly has yet passed any law to which the Roman Church cannot submit under protest, unless it be the one subjecting divinity students to the conscription; but the tone of recent legislation in France is so anti-Christian that a self-respecting Church is bound, at all events officially, to declare that it is submitting only to direct force. The recent laws on education go far beyond any possible definition of State neutrality in religious affairs. They amount to this,—that every teacher is tolerated except the Catholic priest, who is excluded with his emblems almost by name. The abolition of military chaplaincies, though not exactly persecution, is in a Catholic country pretty clear intimation that the State thinks Catholicism worthless; while the abolition of chaplaincies in hospitals goes even further. Unless the Cardinal-Archbishop Guibert has deliberately falsified the facts in his circular to the Curés of Paris, the Municipality, with the sanction of the Government, which has a legal veto on such votes, has not only abolished the chaplains—who were, of course, its own officers—but has closed the hospital chapels on week days—the Prefect opens them once a week—and prohibited the voluntary entry of any priest into the wards. He can enter only when summoned by a patient. Considering the importance attached by Catholics to the last offices, the immense extent of these hospitals, and the antagonism of most French doctors to the priesthood, this order goes far beyond "neutrality," and amounts to direct persecution alike of the priesthood, who are inhibited from preaching even to willing hearers, and of any religious patients the hospitals may relieve. As the Cardinal-Archbishop puts it, the summons to the Curé may never be delivered, and even then he is distant, and often occupied with a parish containing 50,000 souls. If the Pope, under such circumstances, did not warn the Government that its tone was one of hostility, that the obvious meaning of the Concordat was not respected, and that serious consequences might follow, he would be gravely wanting, not only in self-respect, but in his duty to the Church, whose mouthpiece he claims to be. So would the Archbishop of Canterbury be under the same circumstances, and the Archbishop would not be under the spur of a system of theology which makes the intervention of the priesthood in the hour of death a necessity.

The letter will, it is said, be answered by the President with respect, but we question, strong as the motives are which bind both the Papacy and the Government of France to moderation, whether a rupture can ultimately be avoided. That the Pope will suffer long is true. He has repeatedly warned the French Episcopate to be moderate, and has recently selected a Nuncio whom he can trust to guide his rather hot-headed ecclesiastical team in that sense. He must, too, be keenly aware that in France he is not fighting, as in Germany and Russia, rulers of another creed; but men who sincerely disbelieve all creeds, who are full of a scientific Paganism, and who would, if provoked to fight, go strange lengths. They might suppress outward Christianity altogether. France is the only country which, in modern times, has been laid under an interdict by secular authority, and all Frenchmen still feel the effect of that long intermission of religious teaching. That might happen again, and no Pope would lightly run such a risk. Moreover, the disestablishment of the Church, which would be the first counter-blow struck by the Chamber, would in France have serious dangers of its own. The spread of materialism in some districts has been so great, and the reluctance of the peasantry to pay for anything not visible is so rooted, that, as the Bishops believe, large patches of the soil, possibly whole Departments, would be left without the offices of religion, and a generation would grow up to whom Church services would seem needless innovations on habit. That is a distinct danger, not to mention that an open contest would embitter the Atheistic propaganda which is so active in France—as it also begins to be in England—and compel the Church to a warfare of argument, at the very moment when it was struggling to retain its corporate existence. Rome, too, which has to think of the whole world, and not merely of the corner of it which to French and even English journalists seems to make up the universe, is anxious for French assistance at a hundred points, and were the French Government sincerely hostile, might see her converts abandoned in a hundred provinces, from Manchooria to Montenegro. Nevertheless, the Pope can hardly go on in apparent amity with a Power definitely anti-religious. If he does, he justifies the sarcasm that Rome is only inflexible to the weak. If he does, he weakens for a generation the coherence of his Church in France, which will undoubtedly be rent into two parties,—those who approve and those who disapprove the policy of submissiveness. And finally, if he does, he destroys his power of fighting in all lands, for he cannot excommunicate in Mexico, or Ireland, or Italy for acts which he visibly passes over in France without open reprehension. We conceive that in a very short time, if the temper of the majority does not change, the Pope will be compelled to withdraw his Nuncio, and thus announce to the whole world a rupture with France, which will undoubtedly impel the majority to extreme courses, including the suppression of the Ecclesiastical Budget. What will be the result of the contest it is difficult to foresee, for unless the Chamber goes revolutionary lengths the Papacy will not have its usual leverage, the absence of priests among a population which wishes for them. It must, according to its modern practice, supply the churches with priests, missionary or other, so long as the secular power will allow. But we should imagine that, as in all other cases, the believing section of the community would derive new energy from the insults cast upon their faith, that their antagonism to

the Republic would become more definite, and that in no long time Republican statesmen would see the folly of wilfully exasperating such a force, and would seek a *modus vivendi*. They may be very fanatical, but they are not as fanatical as the Terrorists, and very energetic, but they are hardly more energetic than Napoleon or Prince Bismarck. The entire experiment has been tried before, under conditions very favourable to the anti-religious party, which, be it remembered, during the period of the suspension of services tied victory to its banners; and it ended in a victory for Rome, which can wait, if need be, for centuries. This, however, is a speculation as to the future. All we wish to point out to-day is that Leo XIII., the most moderate of Popes, finds it necessary to warn the Government of France that a contest with the Church is at hand; and that if it begins, the whole power of that Church, with its persistence and its hold over the common people, will be thrown decisively against the Republic.

THE BISHOPS AND THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

THE Lords are not high-minded and have no proud looks. They follow the Psalmist's admonition to refrain their souls, and keep them low, like a child that is weaned from its mother. To reverse their judgment on a matter of first-rate importance within a fortnight, is hardly a step to give new weight to the judgment of the House of Peers. Perhaps they were more influenced than they would like to admit by the *Guardian's* appeal to them to consider the tendency of the Bill to introduce a conflict between the law of the Church and the law of the State, which might end in Disestablishment. It is certain that the Duke of Marlborough put that argument in the front of the battle, and it is possible that this influenced some of the Conservative Peers who formerly supported the Bill, and induced them to stay away. If so, we congratulate our ecclesiastical contemporary on the generalship which—like an hour of inspiration from Wallace or Bruce—has so soon turned Flodden into Bannockburn. But the victory will be dearly bought, if it induces the Dissenters to see in the amiable deceased wife's sister, the lever with which they may disestablish the Church of England. They will be very apt at learning the lesson inculcated by the *Guardian*. And perhaps they may now bend all their energies first to obtain the legalising of these marriages in the form most likely to excite the denunciations of the Church, and then to aggravate the conflict between the law of the Realm and the law of the Church which must ensue. They will remember that it is lawful to be taught by an enemy; and perhaps they may strike out a new and more effectual path towards the Disestablishment and Disendowment for which they wish.

For it is certain, we take it, that this Bill must pass into law, and must pass into law before very long. A measure which has so large a majority in the Commons, and which has once gained a majority in the Lords, can hardly be stayed for any considerable period. This last hasty act of aristocratic repentance will bring delay, but it will bring nothing more, unless it also causes an agitation in the provinces against giving the Bishops seats in the House of Lords. We may say, by the way, that that agitation could hardly be based on worse ground than the recent action of the Bishops in relation to this Bill. The case against the Bishops as Peers is that they take so puny a part in general legislation, and hardly dare to call their souls their own, even on a matter so germane to their special province as the proper mode of spending Sunday. But to denounce the Bishops for taking an active part in such a controversy as this, and for giving a vote according to their consciences, is altogether unfair. It is true, we do not think their vote a wise one; we do not think that it is a good thing, in the interests of religion, to forbid marriages on no good ground of expediency, to which apparently the conscience of the people is not generally opposed, and which take place, therefore, or else ought to take place, in spite of the legal prohibition. But no fair-minded man can deny that there is something to be said on the other side, and that the Bishops have said it, and said it with a good deal of earnestness. They are members of the House of Peers expressly that they may say what they think on subjects of this kind, and it is, to our minds, a very great set-off *against* the reasons which would make it desirable to exclude them from the House of Peers, that they have exerted themselves actively on the subject of this Bill, and have shown a certain unanimity in their judgment on it. That judgment may be wrong,—and we believe that it is wrong,—but we do not place the Bishops in the House of Peers to increase the chance of getting right judgments, but rather to secure a certain amount of representation in that House to the Clergy of the Church of England; and that in this case they have really represented the view of the Clergy of the Church of England, there can, we conceive, be no doubt. We are always ready to be candid friends to the Bishops, when it is needful. But on this occasion candour compels us to say that if the Bishops had spoken their mind more fully, we should have thought them entirely within their right, and that by the part they have taken in resisting the Bill they have done something, though not enough, to vindicate their position as representatives of the mind of the Clergy in the House of Lords. The argument against their position as Peers is that they represent so little of any mind at all in relation to nine out of every ten measures of the highest importance. That they have more or less effectually represented the mind of the Clergy on one such measure should go to their credit, and not to their debit, as Life Peers.

As to the main question, it seems to us that the Bishop of Exeter alone made a point of real importance. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal to be said against disturbing any fixed and intelligible principle on which the law of marriage is based, without putting some other even more fixed and more intelligible principle in its place. If the present law were but well observed, and not constantly broken by really serious-minded people,—if the present law did not lead to positive mischief of a very serious kind in the families of the poor,—we should have nothing to say for the legalising of a single kind of marriage which the present law forbids, without attempting to lay down a new ground of legality. We should reply to Bishop Temple simply by saying that piecemeal legislation is the best kind of legislation in cases where a specific grievance is clearly seen and widely felt, without its being clearly seen that there is any great principle on which it would be safe to base the law that would remedy that grievance. Undoubtedly, as Lord Kimberley said, a marriage law which rendered consanguinity the only ground of objection,—a marriage law which permitted a man to marry his step-mother or his step-daughter, and a woman to marry her step-father or step-son,—would create an amount of instinctive horror in the public mind which would be very dangerous, if only on the ground that a marriage law which permitted what the people at large think unnatural, must sink in the respect of the people. Doubtless, the relation of parent and child implies such a multitude of those associations which must banish all thoughts of marriage from any undepraved nature, that to permit marriage between step-parents and step-children would be positively degrading to the thoughts of the community, and might even lead to popular outbreaks against marriages which the law would allow. We are even disposed to think that, if the law sanctioned adoption as a legal step,—as we wish it did,—it ought to forbid marriages between an adopted parent and an adopted child, so entirely is that relation, even when only artificially taken up, one exclusive of the passions. Still, with this one exception, why should not all marriages of mere affinity be legalised, and those finer instincts which, as we quite admit, revolt against marriages between people who have once held to one another the position of even quasi-brother and sister, be trusted to hinder this kind of marriage from becoming frequent? What we really care for is to legitimate marriage in the poorer classes between people who are quite certain to form illicit connections if marriage is not permitted,—illicit connections which are the sources of all sorts of suffering and vice. Bishop Temple's argument almost goes as far as this, that the death of the husband or the wife ought not in *any* degree to alter the nature of the feelings with which the wife or the husband regards the family into which marriage has introduced them. We quite agree that it would be a very desirable thing, if it could be so. But then, as a matter of fact, every one knows that it is not so. When a poor man no longer has his wife to love, and when her sister is always doing for him those offices which his wife formerly did for him, it is simply impossible that, if they live under the same roof, his feelings for that wife's sister can remain year after year just the same as they were when his wife was alive. It is not human nature that they should remain unchanged, and, as a matter of fact, everybody knows that they do not. If, then, there is no substantial ground for insisting that these two should part the moment when any feeling not purely brotherly or sisterly springs up between them, it is of the highest moment to morality and religion that the change of feeling, if it comes and when it comes, should be allowed to seek the sanction of religion. That is the ground on

which we regard the question as one of first-rate moral and religious importance, and we find Bishop Temple's speech utterly inadequate to break down that ground. For our own parts, we would rather see this single exception to the illegality of marriages of affinity within given degrees, legalised, than see no change in the law at all. But we should be quite willing to see all marriages of affinity legalised, except only marriages between step-parents and step-children, against which there would be a general feeling of public aversion, grounded, we believe, on the special inconsistency between the parental relation and any kind of passion.

LORD SALISBURY ON THE POLITICAL BIAS OF PROPERTY.

AT St. James's Hall on Wednesday, Lord Salisbury was very condescending to the middle and lower classes. It was they, he said, not the millionaires, not the great nobles, on whom you must rely for supporting the Constitution,—because it was they, and not the millionaires and not the great nobles, who had most to lose by any revolution which disturbed the solid basis of proprietary right. Men like Lord Hartington, he declared, can never be relied on to support the Constitution from self-interest. In the prodigality of their generosity, they can afford to throw away what would seem a great stake in the country, and yet have so much left as is enough to gratify every desire they are at all likely to form. It is the same, of course, with Lord Salisbury himself. If he is faithful to the principles of the Constitution, it is by a sort of happy accident that he is so, for he, too, could afford to lose a great deal, and yet never leave a serious want ungratified. It is not, therefore, he teaches us to think, on himself or on his order, but on the industrial classes, including in that term all who earn their own living, that the Conservative creed is enjoined by the great guarantee of self-interest. Those who, if they lost anything material by the unsettling of proprietary rights, would lose what they would keenly and constantly miss, are the persons to whom you must look to maintain proprietary rights with a severity commensurate with their interest in them. The splendid noble cannot be trusted; he may choose to stake much on his ambition or his whim, because, even after staking and losing much, he will find himself still in all essentials where he was before. But villadom and trade and manual labour will not venture what they dare not lose, and it concerns villadom and trade and manual labour, therefore, as it does not concern the richer classes, to take care that the rights of property are not tampered with, and that vested interests are properly revered.

And no doubt, there are certain political phenomena which seem to confirm Lord Salisbury's theory. There is, indeed, very little to show that trade and manual labour discern the paramount duty of Conservatism as Lord Salisbury has expounded it, but then villadom does. From suburban villas by scores of thousands flock the steady Conservative voters, who in Middlesex, East and West Surrey, and the three divisions of Kent, as well as in the vicinity of all the great provincial towns, support what Lord Salisbury calls the Constitution, and what Lord Beaconsfield preferred to speak of as the majesty of the Empire. But is it really the imperious power of Property which makes these good people in their semi-detached villas into Conservatives and Jingoes? Would the mere feeling of panic at any menace to proprietary right have had the least power to inspire what was called the Jingo feeling,—a feeling which undoubtedly did a great deal more to rally voters to the late Government than the proprietary feeling ever did? Was not Lord Beaconsfield a great deal nearer the mark when he relied on what he called the power of the imagination to rally the country party, than Lord Salisbury when he relies on the iron gripe of self-interest? How is it that the Dissenting tradesman and the artisan do not find the gripe of this same self-interest making Conservatives of them, just as much as the suburban-villa residents? Why do the Baptist greengrocer and the Methodist miner vote for the Liberal candidate, while the managing clerk at the Bank and the small stockbroker vote for the Tory? Does not the screw of self-interest press as close on the worldly interests of the former, as it does on the worldly interests of the latter? Why does the imagination of the one class take a scornful attitude towards the poor, and the imagination of the other class take a scornful attitude towards the colonial and diplomatic ambitions of the showy politician? Surely Lord Salisbury must see that, whatever weight his appeal to the pocket of the middle and lower-class *ought* to have, it *has* very little to do with the actual creed of these people, and that the lightest grain of sympathy with special grievances and special ideas easily turns the scale against what he regards as the promptings of self-interest? It is clear enough, we suppose, that the dislike of privilege felt by the Dissenter when he contemplates the dignities of the Church Establishment, has far more to do with his Radicalism than any wish at all to lighten the burden of his own Church on his own pocket, a burden of which he is probably very proud; and that in like manner the jealousy of any sacrilegious interference with what he regards as divine claims has much more to do with the Conservatism of the Conservative Churchman than any dread of the claims of a Disestablished clergy on his purse. Lord Beaconsfield was at least right in saying that passion and imagination play a far greater part in politics than mere self-interest: and we cannot imagine that Lord Salisbury's proprietary Conservatism will recommend itself at all warmly to the minds of even the suburban villa-residents themselves. They would all, we suspect, more easily turn Liberal under any stirring appeal to their imagination—such as the anti-slavery agitation caused—than consent to found their Conservatism consciously on their distrust of the honesty of the masses of the English people.

Nothing is, to our notion, more curious than the fascination which the idea of Property seems to have for Lord Salisbury. In reality, there is no English party in existence that wishes to play fast and loose with property. There is a party, and a very flourishing party, which holds that a great deal of injustice has been done between class and class by the laws governing the distribution of property as we now have them. But the very root of the creed of this party is a belief in the possibility of finding a *juster* law of distribution,—a belief wholly inconsistent with the notion that the distribution of it should be decided by a scramble or by the will of the impecunious, and not by the wish to give to the labourer more precisely what he has earned, and what at present some one else receives. Lord Salisbury's strange notion that nothing which unsettles a proprietary arrangement sanctioned by custom, can by any possibility rest on the respect for property, but must proceed from a contempt for proprietary right, will find, we believe, extremely little hearty support even amongst the Conservatives and Jingoes to whom he appeals. They know perfectly well that those Radicals who are in any degree formidable, assail not the sacredness of property, but the unsacredness of an unfair property law, and wish to make the law of property sounder, not weaker than before. And this they understand so well that a political campaign hardly ever turns on the mere question of confiscation, but on the alleged justice of giving more of the yield of a particular kind of property to one of the classes interested, and less of it to another of those classes. Lord Salisbury's imagination must surely be very feeble, if he imagines that by a trumpet-call of self-interest he can awaken an enthusiasm which has not been awakened by more disinterested and more imaginative war-cries.

It seems to us something of a riddle how a nobleman of considerable powers of invective, and not a little literary subtlety, who has followed his late leader in experimenting pretty freely on the imaginative sentiment of Englishmen, should yet cherish a political creed carefully pivoted on this notion that proprietary rights are at the source of all political questions, and that proprietary rights are unchanged and unchangeable. May it be that the cynicism of Lord Salisbury accounts at once for his power of scorn, and for his curious theory? No doubt, predominant scorn, by throwing suspicions on every new claim on the sympathies, would tend to make a man a Tory; while, by its tendency to ascribe low motives to men, it would also make him think it easiest to keep Tories to their faith by appealing blankly to their self-interest. That is the only way in which we can account for the curious tenacity with which Lord Salisbury broaches low theories of Toryism, even while he lavishes on Tories the whole store of his rather dry political affections.

THE GRAND COMMITTEE ON LAW.

IT is not very evident why Liberal Members should be so eager to get to the conclusion that the experiment of Grand Committees has failed. That Conservative Members should take this view is natural enough. The experiment is not of their trying, and if so important a part of the Procedure resolutions were to break down, the Government which introduced them might possibly be brought into discredit. But why should Liberal Members, Members who are supposed

to wish well to the Procedure Resolutions, be in such a hurry to make out that Grand Committees are of no use? Why, for example, should Mr. Buchanan wish to tell the House that the Bill has been reported owing to its progress being rendered impossible by opposition, and why should he find six friends to support his amendment? Opposition, as here used, means obstruction, and to admit that obstruction can make the labours of a Grand Committee of no avail, is to proclaim that a Grand Committee is no better as a working machine than a Committee of the whole House. In the Irish legend, when the man who was leaving his home to get rid of the Brownie saw his tormentor sitting on the furniture which had just been put into the cart, he wisely had the cart unloaded, and made up his mind to stay where he was. And so, if obstruction is to follow Members into the Grand Committee, they may as well stay in the House. A Grand Committee is valuable as an instrument for saving time and getting through business. If it ceases to answer these ends, it must be accounted to have lost its savour. We maintain that the belief that this happened is altogether unfounded, and we will state our reasons for thinking so.

To begin with, the Grand Committee on Law is not the only Grand Committee that has been sitting. It is at most but half an experiment. The experience of the Grand Committee on Trade is as encouraging as that of the Grand Committee on Law has been depressing. For years past, the impossibility of getting a Bankruptcy Bill through the House of Commons has been a constant theme of lamentation, and now, before June is over, a Bankruptcy Bill—and quite a revolutionary Bankruptcy Bill—has been brought into a state in which, if the House chooses, it may at once be read a third time. Surely that is a very great testimony to the utility of Grand Committees. The work may be pulled to pieces over again, but if so, that will be the fault of the House, not of the Grand Committee. In a larger sense, it must be admitted that even the Grand Committee on Trade is still on its trial, because, till the House has actually accepted its conclusions, we cannot say how much time has been saved. But so far as the Grand Committee is concerned, there is no question as to the saving of time. The Bankruptcy Bill has been threshed out at least as thoroughly as it would have been in a Committee of the whole House, and the House of Commons has been left free to do other work. Nor is that the only proof that has been given of the efficacy of Grand Committees. This very Committee on Law has reported the Criminal Appeal Bill, and though in this case we could wish that their labours had been less successful, fruit is not the less fruit because you do not like the flavour of it. It is possible, indeed, that the reason why the Grand Committee on Trade has done better work than the Grand Committee on Law is to be looked for in Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable business ability. But the question now to be considered is not what goes to make Grand Committees a success, but whether there is any sufficient proof of their failure; and from this point of view, the fact that in two instances out of three they have answered the end for which they were designed is important evidence on the other side.

The case in favour of Grand Committees will be strengthened, if it should appear that the Criminal Code Bill, out of the withdrawal of which the controversy has arisen, was in any way unsuited for consideration by a Grand Committee. The discussion which preceded the adoption of the Attorney-General's Report shows plainly that it was in some respects very decidedly unsuited for such consideration. Thus, Sir Joseph Pease suggested that it might be well on another occasion to distinguish between what was new in the Bill and what was old, so that Members might know more precisely when they were legislating and when they were codifying. Mr. Bryce thought that the Committee would have been on firmer ground if the Bill had come from the Government, and not from a Royal Commission,—the difficulty probably in the latter case being that there is no one to whom the Committee looks, as of course, to say which provisions will be passed and which withdrawn. Mr. Collings complained that great changes had been introduced into the Bill, and that he had become "seriously alarmed" at the prospect of their adoption. When Mr. Collings is seriously alarmed, he is very apt to make those with whom he is working, confidants of his fears; and if the Committee had prolonged their sittings, a good deal more to this effect would probably have been heard. Mr. Labouchere was even more plain-spoken. The reason, he said, why the Bill had not passed was that it was not what it professed to be. Instead of being a codification Bill, it is a Bill introducing new principles. As such, it ought, in his opinion, to be opposed both in Committee and in the House,—and "opposed exhaustively." These last words are enough to make legislators shudder. The prospect of Mr. Labouchere applying his audacity and fertility of resource to the work of exhaustive opposition! These criticisms are quite enough to show why the Bill did not get any further in the Grand Committee. A Grand Committee is intended for the discussion of details. It is supposed to take its principles from the House. They have been explained and examined in the course of the debate on the second reading, and the business of the Grand Committee is to determine how they can best be carried out. If, instead of this, the Committee has to give up its time to the consideration of principles, a different kind of discussion necessarily comes into play. Members do not know how far they can trust to their objections being threshed out when the Bill goes back to the House: consequently, they are resolved to thresh them out in Committee. The result is that they bring to the discussion the same persistence which they would have brought to a similar discussion in the House itself. When men meet to consider details, each has a preference for his own method of arranging them; but if he cannot get that method adopted, he is ready to put up with some other. It is not so where principles are concerned. There, negative results are of as much importance as positive: a man's whole energy may naturally, and properly, be devoted not to doing a thing in one way rather than in another, but to preventing it from being done at all. From the moment that this feeling comes into play, a Grand Committee has no advantage, as regards the despatch of business, over the House itself.

The temptation to amend the Law, at the same time as it is codified, is a very strong one. It seems to economise time which would otherwise be wasted, either in debating isolated provisions in a body of law which needs to be looked at as a whole, or in framing a Code which will have to be altered as soon as framed. But the experience of the Grand Committee on the Criminal Code Bill seems to show that, notwithstanding this apparent advantage, the temptation had better be resisted. The law is not in a state to be codified, until it is in a state which those who have to codify it have agreed to accept as at all events provisionally satisfactory. Any attempts to treat it as final before it has reached this stage are in the nature of make-believes. The temper of mind which is needed for codification is distinct from that which is needed for the law amendment, and men who are brought together for the former work are likely to forget it altogether, in the excitement aroused by the latter. Before the Criminal Code Bill is again sent to a Grand Committee, it will be well that the House of Commons should have determined what law it is that is to be codified. Is it an amended law or an unamended law? When that point has been decided, we see no reason why the Grand Committee on Law should not do its work as well as the Grand Committee on Trade.

THE HOUR IN EGYPT.

THE European public has a curious instinct about Egypt, a feeling that, however well matters may look there, nothing is permanently settled. The slightest event, a rumour, a disaster in the Soudan, the breaking of a dyke, an outburst of sickness, anything, produces a rush to sell Egyptian Stock, Suez Canal shares, all property affected by Egyptian prosperity. On Tuesday, for example, it was known that cholera, or it may be choleraic fever, had appeared in Damietta, and immediately there was a rush of sellers in every description of Eastern Bonds. As a rule, a popular impression of this sort has a serious basis, but this one is undoubtedly exaggerated. We do not like the situation in Egypt, because we believe that until a Resident is appointed with a right, legalised by treaty, to offer his advice, good government in the Delta will be either a sham or an accident, and that we shall be morally responsible for oppressions which we neither desire nor sanction. We dislike, too, arrangements which are only "understood," and against which, therefore, every one may intrigue without punishment; but we are not blind enough to facts to deny that some sort of *modus vivendi* has been attained. Lord Dufferin has created a working Administration, though it may work in certain departments in too Oriental a way. So long as the Khedive lives, a sudden catastrophe need not be apprehended. He is a weak man, and possibly not so loyal as he is, very properly, assumed to be; but he and his Ministry have recovered the reins, and are as clearly aware as the ex-Khedive Ismail, in

the *Times* of Wednesday, professes himself to be, that England is now the protecting State, and that they must take her instructions. At the head of every Department a qualified Englishman has been placed, and although they must obey the Ministry, the Ministry will be guided by Mr. Evelyn Baring, an experienced and, above all, a determined man, who knows what he is expected to do, and what are the limits of interference. A Minister who was openly recalcitrant would go, as Riaz went. Nothing but the direct intervention of the Sultan, or a local insurrection, can stop the wheels of the machine from moving, and of either event there is little immediate probability. The Sultan, of course, dislikes the situation, for though he hated and dreaded the House of Mohammed Ali—which, if it had but the right man, would attract half the Mussulman world—he frets still more about the wound to his ascendancy in Arabia caused by the loss of Egypt. That huge peninsula matters little to Europe, but a Mussulman Prince claiming to be Khalif must watch Mecca, or he may find his throne undermined by schism, and the Sultan does not like to see the English seated astride his nearest road to the Holy City. Still, he cannot interfere, except by intrigue, and a hint that intrigue would not be tolerated recently caused the recall of Kadri Bey, his agent in Cairo. As to insurrection, there is no prospect of it. The upper classes of Egypt like neither Tewfik Khedive, whom they consider a Fellah, nor ourselves, whom they regard as disagreeable Westerns, intent on taking all pleasantness out of life, and indifferent to their claims to spoil; but they understand the force of England, and have not the people with them. The latter are beginning to comprehend that their taxes will not be increased, and gradually, if Mr. Baring can only enforce some compromise with the usurers—that is indispensable, and should be arranged more quickly—they will settle down to their labour. A few Sheiks will be thrown into prison for using the courbash too freely, and by degrees the Fellah life, though not as happy as English rule would make it, will be more endurable than in old days. The soldiers in the Soudan, who are peasants in arms, showed no reluctance to obey English officers, and those officers are slowly recovering ascendency for the Khedive. Except the peasantry, there is no class in the country to be dreaded. Egypt is not India, full of warrior races, and with peoples in it which, like the Sikhs, can make themselves visible and formidable without the sympathy of the majority. There is no warrior race in the country, and there is therefore time to try the remarkable experiment now going on. We do not believe it will succeed, because we do not believe that Eastern and Western notions of government can be made harmonious; but there is no reason why it should end in a cataclysm, and not in a reform; the failure will only be visible by degrees, and in the position of the people, not of the Protecting State, which is quite strong enough to maintain order. Of course, if Great Britain retires from Egypt, it will be time for capital to retire too, and there will be reason for any kind of alarm; but Great Britain cannot retire till the mud has solidified, and that is a long date. If it does solidify—if, that is, a Native Administration feels that it can maintain itself easily without external support—then the object will have been maintained; but till then, British protection, even if represented by a single sentry, must be visibly present.

As to the scares of the hour, they seem to us unreasonable. That an outbreak of cholera may drive away some foreigners is possible, for Continentals, especially Frenchmen, Italians, and Greeks, lose their heads in presence of an epidemic. Even now, though the disease has probably been generated by filth, as it was when it first appeared in Lord Hastings' camp in the Mahratta country, the foreigners accuse the British of bringing it into the country by their laxity as to quarantine, that wonderful device for concentrating and intensifying all germs of disease. But the officials will not fly, and the troops will not fly. The latter, if the disease struck them, would be camped out in the Desert, which is healthier than England, and the former encounter cholera every year in India. There it is never wholly absent from the great cities, and breaks out unexpectedly at short intervals of time at station after station, inflicting always much private suffering, but not disorganising the Administration. There is no evidence that the epidemic will rise to the height which disorganises society, much less that it will attain the dimensions of a true plague. Egypt is not and will not be for years a sanitarium, or even a healthy residence for Europeans; but the English face far worse climates in their African settlements, and yellow fever is, except in its influence on the imagination, as dreadful a scourge as cholera, which, again, can come as easily from India as from Egypt. The panic is a panic of cowardice, excusable only because it is not entirely selfish, and will do much more injury to Egypt than the epidemic itself. There is as little in it as in the other panic, about the Suez Canal. M. de Lesseps is not going to endanger his undertaking out of spite to the British, nor are the British going to fight France in order to take down M. de Lesseps' rather irritating pride. A second Canal is wanted, wanted exceedingly, wanted as much as a second line of rails on an overburdened line, but the second Canal will pay. It will, therefore, be cut, and the idea of an international quarrel over the privilege of cutting it is too absurd to be entertained. We think ourselves the existing Company should cut it, because they have earned the right, because they are on the spot, and because they, and they only, can make the two Canals supplement each other, instead of competing; but whoever cuts the ditches, the sovereignty over them will remain with Egypt. The ex-Khedive in his able sketch of the situation is perfectly right there. The State cannot part with its ultimate rights, and so long as it does not part with them, the nationality of the engineers of the Canal is a matter of the smallest importance. The Canal must be Egyptian, by whomsoever it is made. There may be difficulties, and quarrels, and troubles of every kind in Egypt, and there will be, while this experiment lasts, much misgovernment; but disorder of the serious kind, the kind which imperils States, will only begin when the British flag retires. Long before that happens, the world will have full notice in a Parliamentary division that it is about to happen, and that Egypt for the second time is about to be left to itself, without the guidance even of authoritative advice.

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS.

WE wish greatly that some Member of Parliament possessed of the ear of the House of Commons would endeavour to strengthen the "Cheap Trains Act" which Mr. Childers is passing through the House. He might fail, but he would have large support, and he would wake up the public mind to a necessity which every year becomes more pressing. We mean the necessity for improving Third-class railway accommodation, which, though regarded as a detail of Railway administration, is of national importance, for two reasons. One of these no one will dispute. The congestion of our great cities must be relieved, if they are to remain safe, and it can be relieved by nothing but cheap and easy railway communication. It is not the rich who crowd our cities till rent is the heaviest of taxes, and the amenities of life can no more be preserved than its decencies; but the poor, the poorish, and the class which, though officially regarded as well off, is compelled to live with the most rigid economy. A clerk on a hundred a year is not regarded as "poor," nor is a petty tradesman, but to both rent is the one nearly insupportable burden. In London, especially, every year sees a great city like Norwich added to the population, a city composed of people of whom thirty per cent. are workmen, poor clerks, and their tradesmen, and sixty per cent. more are their wives and children. Houses cannot be cheap in presence of such an invasion, and the practical alternatives are cheap trains to the further suburbs, or a packing every result of which is bad. The second reason is less visible, but it is, as we believe, equally true. British prosperity greatly depends on the easy movement of the population, on its power of transferring itself rapidly, silently, and willingly to the place where it is wanted. If Paisley wants hands, and Spitalfields is overcrowded, every week by which movement from Spitalfields to Paisley is delayed is a loss of thousands of pounds to the hands, and of still more thousands to the mill-owners, whose "command of labour" is their life, and depends on easy locomotion. This is only one illustration, and not the strongest, for, as every landlord knows, agriculture is more weighted by what we may call the localism of labour than by any other single cause.

The perfect freedom of internal travel, by which alone existing difficulties can be removed, depends upon Third-class travelling by railway, to which neither Parliament nor the Companies have given sufficient attention. The latter will make no serious experiments in the way of vast traffic at low rates, while the former, filled as it is with rich men, will not understand that even a penny a mile is, for the families of the poor, a prohibitory rate, and that third-class passengers have grievances other than the price of tickets. The workman may pay two shillings a week in railway tickets for the sake of a decent home, but to set his family free to move about, to enable his wife

and children also to benefit by the city demand for labour, to move elsewhere at a moment's notice with all his belongings—to be, in fact, as free as when everything was for everybody within walking distance—is in practice impossible. It would take seven shillings a week, or two suburban rents, for locomotion alone, and even then the locomotion would be of the worst kind. Readers who give sixpence for the *Spectator* hardly know, unless they are clergymen, what the morning and evening third-class trains are like, or how they "take it out of" the passengers and their wives. The rush is worse than a severe walk, the crowd pushes and almost fights, the compartments are sweltering pens, and the overcrowding is positively dangerous. The people will not be left behind, and submit to anything rather than lose a train, including a packing which wears out the men's tempers, and is declared by their wives "disgusting." The passengers are at such times packed like goods, while paying eight times as much; and the Companies declare that it is their own fault, or the fault of circumstances, and that there is no remedy.

There never will be one, unless Mr. Chamberlain and the Railway Chairmen take the matter up in earnest, for till then experiments will not be tried. The notion of a penny a mile has got into people's heads, like the notion of five per cent. for money, and cannot be got out, and a gigantic "interest" prohibits all changes in the wretched carriages adopted when the traffic first began. What is wanted, is an outside force to compel new efforts on behalf of the Third Class, and it can come only from the Board of Trade, armed with a power of remitting taxes and a right to inflict fines. We believe that, had he only legal rights, Mr. Chamberlain would in a short time bring round the Companies, and in accord with them try on some choked line the experiment wanted,—of running trains of cars built like the Swiss second-class, at a farthing a mile, with tickets sold at every post-office, conductors to every train maintaining rigid order, as well of words as of acts,—we should just like to send a few M.P.'s fifty miles in a hoppers' train—filled on system, instead of by a mad rush, and approached by half-a-dozen doorways and other means of access, where there is now one. Such trains should be shut off totally from the public five minutes before departure, and hurry be treated within the barrier as an offence against station etiquette. Such trains would be constantly full, there would be no waste of haulage, and the "poor" would slip in and out of them as readily as their own house-doors. Overcrowding should be prohibited absolutely and finally, and supplementary trains run where needful, at a small increase of fare, as a fitting penalty for being too late. In short, it should be as easy for anybody, however feeble, to enter a third-class compartment in the morning or evening as it is to enter a sixpenny omnibus. Is that too much to ask, or must we, in despair of other means, appeal to the democratic sentiment, declare the existence of classes an insult to the majority, and, as in America, compel millionaire and labourer to travel shoulder to shoulder? The masses would be attended to then.

There is an effort in Mr. Childers' Bill to give the Board of Trade powers to enforce some improvements, but we doubt if the words are strong enough. The words run:—"If, on an inquiry under this Act, it is proved, to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade or the Railway Commissioners, as the case may be, that such proper and sufficient accommodation as aforesaid is not provided by any railway company, the Board of Trade or the Railway Commissioners, as the case may be, may order the company to provide such accommodation at such fares as, having regard to the circumstances, may appear to the said Board or the Commissioners to be reasonable." That seems wide enough, more especially as the Board, if not obeyed, can exact the passenger-duty; but we want an addition of two lines, and the insertion after the word "accommodation" of the amendment, "Which shall, if the Board judge right, include the provision of decent carriages, with gangways down the centre." Without this, the word "sufficient" will be interpreted by precedent, and by precedent a third-class passenger is entitled only to a narrow cattle-pen, into which twice the legal number of drunken men may force themselves, and keep up a free-fight for miles, roaring out songs so atrocious that at last, on the solicitation of mothers in the next compartment, some non-commissioned officers present will interfere by force. That scene, which we saw ourselves, was accompanied by incidents which we cannot give, and is only a slight exaggeration of scenes which occur every day, and which, were the sufferers first-class passengers, would be stopped by force.

LOUISE MICHEL.

THE cruel sentence passed this week upon the Parisian lecturer, Louise Michel, for inciting the people to plunder bakers' shops, calls attention once more to that curious puzzle, the difference in the development of the passion of pity in England and on the Continent. The passion certainly exists here, as witness, for a single illustration, Mr. Plimsoll. Apart altogether from the multitudes of religious men and women who devote themselves to good works, there must be hundreds of persons in our midst who, without strong religious convictions, occasionally with very strong agnostic convictions, devote themselves, their lives, and their fortunes to the poor, out of sheer compassion. They have nothing to gain, not even reputation, but they work on steadily for years. They realise the sufferings of the poor so completely that they cannot rest unless they are battling strenuously with some evil, poverty, or disease, or ignorance, or intemperance, for their sake. They very often feel the pressure of such evils so painfully that idleness seems to them wickedness, the enjoyment of wealth a cruelty, and any departure from the law of abstinence in drinking, and even, though rarely, in eating, an immorality. We have known them abstain from carpets, lest they should forget what bare floors meant. Such men, and more women, often grow heated in the endless contest, lose sight of the proportion of things, and begin to regard cool judgment as evidence of callousness. They dream and brood until the impossible becomes easy to their minds. We have often been startled to hear persons whose whole lives were an honour to Christianity, and who possessed for all purposes of charity a true faculty of organisation, gravely defend proposals to which Parliament would scarcely give a hearing, proposals involving sometimes plunder, sometimes the abrogation of parental rights, sometimes the extinction of liberty absolutely essential to the national character. We have heard it gravely suggested that a five-shilling income-tax should be devoted to the poor, that the people should be rehoused by the confiscation of all legacies above £10,000; that all children should be taken from their parents to bring up "properly," and that marriage should be prohibited to all who do not receive at least a pound a week. The total prohibition of the sale of liquor is one of their common-places, and so is the compulsory despatch of babies to the crèche. But those who suggest such things, furious as they often are, and full of anger with classes and individuals, are rarely or never cruel. They do not wish to injure anybody. It has been our lot to listen to most kinds of English philanthropists, when most thoroughly in earnest, but except once in regard to slavery, and once in regard to vivisection, we never remember to have heard cruelty advocated, and never acquired an idea of the speaker having any secret sympathy with riot or insurrection. The pity seemed to extend to all classes, and a proposal to "card" the Duke of Westminster would have excited as much horror as did the condition of any labouring family in a London slum, or the oppression of any agricultural labourer. On the Continent, it is not so. There exists there in almost every country a class of philanthropists in whom a passion of pity for the "dim, common populations," for their sufferings, for their toil, for their want of food, seems to overpower not only the judgment, but even the moral sense. Sometimes wealthy, often cultivated, they become filled with hatred against those who, as they think, oppose their reforms, till they would confiscate all the property of the rich, banish all priests, and kill out all who would defend laws for the protection of either. Like Louise Michel, they do not object to dynamite or assassination, if all other means fail, and suspect those who do object of a secret half-heartedness in their horror of human suffering. There is no reason to doubt the evidence given by M. Rochefort as to Louise's devotion to the wretched women whom she found on board ship or in New Caledonia. He was not in a rhetorical mood, and his evidence is quite of a piece with all that has ever been recorded of her life,—with her devotion to her mother, her toil to give to the poor, her anxious and faithful attendance upon the wretched. She is by the testimony of her *quartier* a Sister of Mercy, without uniform or vow. Yet the Judges who hear these things hear her also justify the plunder of bakers' shops, receive evidence showing that she threatens fire and sword at the next social uprising, and deem her from her past history as Communist a dangerous revolutionary character, who would, were the needful circumstances to occur, order a great massacre. They are as right as M. Rochefort. She is, in fact, a woman in whom the passion of pity has transformed her blood to gall,

who hates oppressors, real or fancied, more than she loves the oppressed, and who has forgotten to consider the morality of means, if only she may arrive rapidly at benevolent ends. An English newspaper sneers at her reluctance to hear M. Rochefort give testimony to her virtues, as savouring of mock-modesty, but it is most probable that the reluctance was real, though it had nothing to do with modesty at all. Louise was simply impatient, as she said, of such a fact as her pity for the poor being brought forward as an argument in her favour. It was, to her mind, a necessary fact of her life, with no relation to the charge, and she might as well have been defended by a plea that she had dark or light hair. She despised such pleas, maintaining not that she was benevolent—which was to her a detail of no moment—but that it was positively right, if people were hungry, to incite them to take bread out of bakers' shops. She would not take it for herself, but she would incite them, that being, as she holds, a right thing to do. She would, in fact, levy war for the poor, and if the rich perished in the war, that was their fault, for being rich.

It is very difficult to think out the cause of a difference like this, for it does not arise either from comparative ignorance or from any feature of national character. Louise Michel's opinions are those of scores as educated as Élisée Reclus, that is, twice as educated as are most of our own philanthropists. They are repeated in Germany by men as Teutonic as the English, the latter again, if properly provoked, being quite capable of becoming bigots. A little of the difference may be due to the Poor-law, which by taking actual starvation out of the list of probabilities, greatly, though unconsciously, relieves the philanthropic imagination. A little more, too, may be ascribed to the English want of logic, their refusal to draw the deduction that though a landlord may be harsh, and being harsh is starving his tenants, he, therefore, deserves death. But the main reason, we suspect, is the old one that on the Continent the philanthropists are the religious-minded, and that the religious-minded, when they have no religion, supply its place with a Cause. Thenceforward, the Cause being heartily adopted, its opponents are the wicked, to be suppressed out of the way. As, till the Revolution arrives, there is no means of suppressing them except force, the philanthropists justify force as being, on the whole, better than the further toleration of immorality. Of course, a great deal of actual passion, unreasoning and cruel passion, enters into the matter too, for the battle heats the blood; but the conscious theory is as we have stated it, and we can give this further evidence. The philanthropists who have a faith, the leading members, for example, of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who are often quite fanatical for the poor, never display this cruelty, or attempt to stir up the people to insurrection. The agnostic philanthropists, on the other hand, are, in their own eyes, a Government legislating and acting to remove an evil; and their opponents, being evil, have no more right to demur than thieves have a right to demur when the law lays hold of them. That the law calls their agents thieves or assassins has nothing to do with the matter, except to increase the necessity for doing away with law. It seems no more binding to them than the Smugglers' Code seems binding to Supervisors of Excise. They have developed a morality which inverts everything, their own position, that of their agents, and that of their opponents, and which strikes those who believe the old one as half mad and half bad, or, if the latter are Philistine as well as Christian, as entirely mad. It is bad and it is mad, but it is a morality, and the difficulty of dealing with those who hold it is one of the problems of modern jurisprudence. The mind revolts at a sentence such as was passed on Louise Michel—of six years' imprisonment, and ten more years' surveillance—as a monstrous cruelty, her offence, at most, being that of a ringleader in a trumpery bread riot, which in England would have been punished with three months', or at most six months' imprisonment. Yet what were the Judges to do? What sentence, except a lengthened imprisonment, could they inflict on a woman who avowed anarchical designs, and who they felt certain would, on the day of her release, incite the people again? The true remedy would be a kindly reclusion until the culprit had become more reasonable, but the Judges could not inflict it, and they availed themselves therefore of Louise Michel's position as a relapsed convict to confine her for the longest possible term. The only effect is to discredit justice, and to make new horrors possible in revenge; but the legislators have not yet founded a political Gheel, a city specially reserved for the kindly guardianship of all who are politically mad.

THE SUPPOSED APPETITE FOR FICTION.

THE Sixpenny *Cornhill* is admirable if the Sixpenny public really prefers illustrated stories to anything else; by the way, if any one in this world can give conclusive evidence that he knows the sixpenny public, we should like to have a good long conversation with him. If the sixpenny public does not prefer illustrated stories to anything else, and does not, indeed, prefer a diet of pure fiction at all to one of greater variety, then Mr. Payn, skilful as he is, has made something of a mistake. For our own parts, we greatly prefer the inimitable nonsense which he himself writes for us on the subject of imperfect or failing memory, to the cleverest tale in the new number of the *Cornhill*. Few know how to write nonsense as Mr. Payn does, and nonsense of that calibre is worth all the short stories of mere skill that you could collect. No doubt "The Lay-figure" is a good variation on the kind of story which turns on the preternatural, but it will not give one-tenth part of the pleasure to the great majority of the readers of the *Cornhill* which they will derive from Mr. Payn's paper on failing memory. We want to know where the editor of the *Cornhill* gets the notion that his confectioner's shop should be filled with every variety of sweetmeat, to the exclusion of all solid food. There is nothing that we know of in the few successes of sixpenny literature to justify such an impression. *Chambers's Journal*, which is, we believe, sevenpence a month, and, of course, much less in its weekly parts, has always been more valued for its pemmican articles on travel or the Arts than for its stories themselves. When Dickens began *Household Words*, he would never have dreamt of giving so much fiction and so little lively information as the editor of the *Cornhill* apparently designs to give. We should have said that the English middle-class, to whom the sixpenny magazines, the *Cornhill* and *Longman's*, must look for their success, are easily sated with fiction, and that they would value a periodical in which they obtained a certain amount of fresh knowledge at once vivid and precise, and only a limited proportion of fiction, a great deal more than one full of story and adventure only, even if the calibre of the stories could always be kept up to the highest point, which is barely possible. If the appetite for fiction were as great as it seems to be supposed in the reading public of England, surely we should have more newspapers which, like the French newspapers, embody a feuilleton with the journal itself; yet no English newspaper of real weight has ever ventured to do this. We believe, indeed, that a very considerable class of English readers positively dislike fiction, and will read nothing that is not more or less of an attempt to narrate, or discuss, or explain facts. We are not speaking of those who feel anything of a moral or religious objection to what is called the frivolity of fiction; we are speaking simply of English taste, and we conceive that there is a very considerable number of Englishmen whose pleasure it is to occupy themselves with the domain of fact, rather than with the domain of the fancy and the imagination. And though it may be truly said that such as these can never be regarded as properly belonging to the magazine-reading public at all, yet there is enough of this love of fact even in those who do not despise fiction, to make it more agreeable to the latter to have a fair share of what they regard as improving reading mingled with their amusement, than to have their amusement absolutely undiluted, as Mr. Payn apparently intends to offer it them,—for his own humorous paper, delightful as it is, cannot pretend to be more improving than even "The Lay-figure" itself. There is a good deal in almost every Englishman of the little boy who asked his uncle if he were not taking him almost *too* often to the cake-shop;—that is, there is something in him of real misgiving when he finds himself indulging in frequently reiterated acts of pleasure-seeking, unless he can console himself with at least the shadow of self-improvement. For such creatures,—and much as Mr. Payn may despise them, they are numerous among the Philistines of English society,—it would have been well to provide something more than a tiger-hunter's adventure and an inimitable bit of nonsense, as the make-weight of so much story-telling.

Mr. John Morley, in his speech at the Royal Academy Dinner, intimated that, in his opinion, the great popularity of pictorial art has tended to injure literature, by making literary men aim at a higher pictorial effect than language,—or, at all events, the language of any but most exceptional genius,—usually admits. That is perfectly true, and what is intended for graphic writing is the pest of our modern literature; indeed, the average "Own Correspondent" style is a monstrosity such as it took a

world of readers as hungry as ours for a second-hand sort of experience, to produce. But that only shows the more effectually what it is that the public really hanker after, namely, the closest sort of contact, or appearance of contact, with life more or less new, which is any way obtainable by the help of books alone,—in other words, an actual enlargement of one's experience, without the necessity of moving from the narrow circle in which duty confines most of us. No doubt, this is the secret of the enormous appetite for fiction itself. The dressmaker pores over pictures of high life, in the fond belief that she is gaining at second-hand the very sort of excitement which she would obtain in a more perfect form by entering that society itself. The clerk in a counting-house, as he reads of the imaginary Australian or Californian gold-digger's exploits, has all the pleasure of a second-hand introduction to the perils and exultations of a finder of nuggets and a companion of outlaws. But if the pleasure in fiction be, as we believe it often is, mainly the pleasure in an enlarged circle of experiences,—though a circle of experiences enlarged only at second-hand,—it is clear that the very taste to which good fiction ministers, might be gratified very much more effectually by equally good narratives of fact, if only these could be stripped of all that encumbering and uninforming detail which is too apt to disfigure personal memories. It cannot be denied that the awkwardness and petty egotism of personal experience far too often render the account of it intolerable to others, and quite unfit to impress them as the same experience of their own would have impressed them. The skilful writers of fiction are selected from the mass by their power so to tell a tale that others will read it. But the narrators of actual life of any unique kind have so great an advantage in having actually had the experience which they ought to be able to make interesting to others, that they do not sufficiently recognise that the art of making it really interesting is a rare one, which requires not less practice and much more effort than was required in the life itself in which their experience was gained. For example, Mr. Payn's tiger-hunter tells his story with hardly any special skill. The very same story in the hands of a true artist,—say Mr. James Payn himself,—might have been made one of the most effective papers of the year. The visit of the cautious tiger to the death-place of the tigress and her cub is almost wasted in the *Cornhill* writer's rather leaden page. We believe that the editor of a cheap magazine who should make it his principal aim to enlarge the experience of his readers in a manner as vivid and various as it is possible to do it at second-hand, would never expend all his force in fiction, though he would use fiction as one of his most powerful instruments. And even fiction he would often use to enlarge his readers' experience in other regions also besides that of fiction. As Vernon Lee remarks, in the pretty little idyll of the eighteenth century which she has just published, some of the students of history cannot help finding, as Sir Walter Scott found, that the history they dig out of old books is full of hints which set their fancy in motion, and bring before them living and moving figures who embody that history. Where this work of the fancy is natural and genuine, we get forms of the historical novel or novelette which are at least as valuable for the historical scenery to which they give life, as they are for the main interest of the story told. And fiction of this kind, when well executed, enlarges the experience of men doubly,—first, by the insight it gives them into the working of human affections and passions; next, by the vivacity with which it exhibits manners and customs different from our own. But even when the power of fiction is interpreted in this larger sense, fiction remains only *one* of the means of enlarging human experience, and though perhaps the most delightful to many, not by any means, we imagine, the most universally popular. Travel, adventure, biography, autobiography, indeed experience of all sorts, told by the right persons in the right manner, is more popular still; and we cannot believe that Mr. Payn will not produce for us many numbers of the sixpenny *Cornhill* better than that with which he has commenced it, if he will but look out with his keen eye for those who have the art, first, of experiencing vividly, and then of telling their experience in terse, sincere, and effective words.

THE DESTRUCTION OF NIAGARA.

DURING the past few months, occasional allusions have been made in the English newspapers to an agitation which is going on at present in America concerning the condition and prospects of the Falls of Niagara; if the minds of our readers had not been thus prepared for the idea suggested by the above title, it would doubtless strike them as ridiculous. That Niagara, probably the most gigantic natural phenomenon in the world, apparently so immutable that it has become the favourite symbol of eternity, whose very name is said to have passed unchanged into every language spoken by civilised mankind,—that Niagara, of all things under the sun, can be in any danger of destruction at the hands of man, seems simply incredible. It is true, however, and although the allusions mentioned above are—like so many English statements about America—inaccurate in many respects, they are most unfortunately so in conveying the idea that public sentiment in America has been duly aroused to a sense of the importance of the danger, and that recent legislative action has provided against it. The Falls of Niagara cannot be regarded as specially belonging to America, but must be considered as existing for the advantage of mankind; no traveller crosses the ocean without visiting them, and England has already taken an important part in the efforts for their preservation,—indeed, we may almost say that it was an Englishman with whom these efforts originated. It is much to be desired, therefore, that the English public should understand what is involved in the question, how great is the necessity for preservative measures, and what form it is proposed that these measures shall take. If once these points were clearly understood and widely known, there would certainly be such a distinct expression of opinion in England as would render easier the task to be accomplished in America, for in spite of the frequent and half-joking assumption of careless independence, every one who is really familiar with American life knows that by the vast majority of our "kin beyond sea" any genuine word from England is received with kindly respect.

In the first place, then, in what way is Niagara being destroyed,—what is the danger from which it is to be preserved? There is a story of a man who desired to approach Niagara under perfect conditions, and who, therefore, left the train at some distance from the village of Niagara Falls, and made his way on foot, endeavouring during his walk to bring himself into a proper state of mind to be acted upon by the beneficent influences of the vast spectacle. At the moment, however, when he stepped into full view of the cataract, he was accosted by a brisk individual, who offered him for a small sum a piece of coloured glass, illustrating its use by turning his back to the Falls, putting his head between his legs, and thus contemplating the scene upside down and through his coloured medium. "That, Sir," said he, when he had resumed his normal attitude, "is the way to obtain the most impressive and gorgeous view of the Falls. Ten cents!" This story illustrates the first of the two processes by which Niagara is being destroyed. For years there has been a constant stream of visitors to the little village, and in the absence of any restrictive legislation, the result is just what we should expect. Nearly the whole of the population consists of people who make a living by preying on the casual visitor. Every opportunity is seized for charging a toll, the cab-drivers and shopkeepers are in league to procure the sale of useless knick-knacks and so-called "Indian goods," touts and "runners" accost you at every turn, and every trick short of actual swindling is employed to squeeze money from the unfortunate traveller. The extent to which this is practised has led to the saying that every sane adult American citizen knows two things about Niagara,—first, that there is a great waterfall there; second, that a man's pocket will be emptied there quicker than anywhere else in the Union. The fees to the various points of interest around the Falls—counting those only which it is necessary to see—amount to twenty-four shillings for each person. And without paying, there is nothing to be seen. It is a positive fact that there is no spot on the American side from which the Falls can be seen without paying a fee. And when the visitor has paid for admission to the principal point of view he finds himself in a so-called "park," where crowds of excursionists hold picnics, with a "pavilion," where they dance, an illuminated spray fountain, and elaborate arrangements for throwing coloured electric lights upon the Falls. There is only one place on the American side where the visitor is left in undisturbed enjoyment of the scene, viz., Goat Island, the large island which divides the Rapids into the American and Horseshoe Falls. Owing to the good taste of its owners, the Porter family, and to certain peculiar testamentary conditions under which they acquired it, this lovely island has been saved from the "improvements" which are ruining Niagara; but these con-

ditions are valid only during the minority of one member of the family, and he will shortly come of age. From every other point the visitor is invited, and frequently compelled, to see Niagara under some more or less distorted form, if not, like the man in the story, actually upside down, and every healthful influence is excluded by the irritation produced by the constant demand for money to maintain these evils.

The second method of the destruction of Niagara is worse. Hawthorne congratulates the Assabeth, the sluggish river of Concord, upon "the incurable indolence by which it is saved from becoming the slave of human ingenuity," and it is the swiftness and incalculable power of the Niagara River which are likely to prove its ruin. For they offer an irresistible temptation to what Mr. Ruskin calls "the pontifical rigidities of the engineering mind," and already along the bank and on the islands there are saw-mills and chain-mills and paper-mills, the Rapids are blocked up by wing-dams and ice-barriers, the gas-works discharge their tar down the cliff, and in place of the luxurious foliage with which the cliffs were once crowned, the whole length of them is disfigured by these various erections, and by heaps of lumber and refuse. Every day new mills are planned, new obstructions put out into the Rapids, and trees cut down. Now that the storage of electricity is an accomplished fact, the land which gives access to water-power is increasing rapidly in value. There is little left except Goat Island, and when that is bought by some manufacturer of pulp or spoons or spittoons, denuded of its forest growth, pierced by canals, and crowned with a tall chimney, the last blow of the destroyer will have been struck, and the beauty of Niagara will be gone for ever.

The description of Niagara has well been called the Ulyssean bow of travellers, and we shall not indulge in any superlative adjectives or soaring metaphors concerning it. Its discoverer, the Jesuit father Hennepin, told all that is necessary when he said, "the Universe does not afford its Parallel," and this is the point we would impress upon our readers. Niagara is unique, not merely because it is the second waterfall in the world, for that alone would render it of little value, but also because it possesses most of the qualities which men are accustomed to seek in widely-separated parts of the earth. A common error is to suppose that the Falls themselves constitute the chief interest of Niagara. Nothing could be more mistaken; the Falls are merely one of the constituent parts of the whole spectacle. The rapids, the islands, the cataract, the chasm below the cataract, the whirlpool rapids, the basin of the whirlpool,—all these are included in the word "Niagara." If one part be more impressive than the rest, we should agree with Mr. Howells, when he says, in that delightful book "Their Wedding Journey," that the Whirlpool Rapids, "seen from any point, are the most impressive feature of the whole prodigious spectacle of Niagara." But Niagara must not be thus split up; it is a unique whole. One part of it is a characteristic bit of the English Lake scenery; another is one of the features of Norway; another is the Maelstrom; its colour surpasses that of the Rhone at its greenest; its cliffs are those of the Rhine; its rapids are those of the St. Lawrence; and to all these it adds a resistless might that brings the spectator into closest communion with the eternal powers of the Universe, and inspires a feeling of sublimity which becomes almost overwhelming. It is a spectacle peculiarly adapted to exert a healthful and lasting influence upon the human mind:—

> "If thou art worn and hard beset
> With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
> If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
> Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,"

go to Niagara; there is

> "The cataract, whose angry roar shall smite
> Thy heart with courage."

The writer well remembers spending the greater part of a brilliant summer night on Goat Island, at the brink of the Horseshoe Fall. In the moonlight the rapids were like silver; each jet of spray sparkled as it rose, and the whole ocean seemed to be hurrying to pour itself into the misty gulf; most beautiful of all, the famous lunar bow stretched in a perfect arch from side to side. All the weird beauty of the moonlight seemed concentrated in that one circle. In the stillness of the night, the "slumberous sound" of the waters was more impressive than during the noises of the day. Overhead the stars, the awful cataract underneath. No one can live long in such a scene, and remain an unchanged man. In Matthew Arnold's verse, the sentiment of the place is perfectly expressed:—

> "'Ah! once more,' I cried, 'ye stars, ye waters,
> On my heart your mighty charm renew;
> Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
> Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'"

What, now, is it proposed to do, to make Niagara all that it should and may be? The answer will occur to every one who knows the place, and may be given in a sentence. The proper treatment of Niagara cannot be better expressed than in the phrase, "Plus on lui ôte, plus il est grand." Niagara must be delivered from its worst enemy, the sensational; it must cease to be treated as a show, and must be restored to its original condition as a simple piece of Nature. This is a case in which the words of the old hymn are peculiarly applicable,—"only man is vile." Everything that man has done to Niagara must be undone; then only will its simplicity be restored, and with its simplicity its sublimity. The directors of a State Survey made a few years ago proposed that the land adjoining the rapids, falls, and chasm should be condemned by the State, and, with the erections on it, appraised and purchased. This land would be a strip a mile long, and varying in width from a hundred feet at the head of the Rapids to eight hundred feet at the Falls. The buildings would all be removed, the unsightly constructions along the banks would be swept away, appropriate trees planted, and the village thus shut out from view. This could be done for the sum of one million dollars. On the Canadian side, the cliffs have been left in their native picturesqueness; there are fewer buildings to be removed, and, best of all, there is a military reservation of sixty-six feet from the edge of the cliff. The difficulty and expense of restoration would consequently be very much less. It is needless to point out the material advantages to the immediate neighbourhood, and the moral advantage to the world at large, which would result from the establishment of this free international park. It is important, however, to remember that the employment of the water-power of Niagara would be in no way interfered with; it would be secured by a hydraulic canal, supplying, if necessary, twenty miles of factories, providing an unlimited amount of power, and free from all objections.

The first suggestion for the preservation of Niagara Falls came from Mr. Church, an American artist. He drew the attention of Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, to the matter, and from the latter came the first definite proposition about the International Park. This was embodied in a message by Governor Robinson. Then came a memorial addressed jointly to Governor Cornell and the Governor-General of Canada, praying "that the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada should secure and hold for the world's good the lands adjacent to the Falls of Niagara." This memorial was signed by seven hundred persons, almost all of distinction. Among the English names are Lord Houghton, Lord Reay, Sir John Lubbock, W. R. Greg, Carlyle, Ruskin, Max Müller, Jowett, Leslie Stephen, and Frederic Harrison. Among the Americans are Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Palfrey, Parkman, Holmes, Gray, Agassiz, Howells, Norton, Child, and President Eliot. Previous to this, the New York State Survey, to which we have alluded, had been made. An Act to carry out its suggestions has twice been presented to the Legislature, and allowed to perish in neglect. At last, a short time ago, a Board of Commissioners was appointed to report upon the desirability of the purchase of the land by the State. It is this non-committal Bill which some of our contemporaries have mistaken for the settlement of the question. Three weeks ago, the Commission adopted a resolution providing for the taking of land as described above. The matter is thus very much where it was two years ago, except that the restoration has become more difficult day by day. The Legislature will soon be called upon to decide upon the Report of the Commission. We cannot believe that a measure which would be so welcome to the world at large, which would confer both material and moral benefit upon the country, which is demanded by every sentiment of consideration for those who are to come after us,—a measure in which future generations will find a proof of the civilisation of our age,—will be rejected because America, with its embarrassing public wealth and its gigantic private fortunes, cannot find the sum of two hundred thousand pounds for such a purpose. We do not hesitate to say that English opinion will be unanimous upon the result, whichever way it may be, and we trust that the unanimity may be in the form of grateful recognition of an act of enlightened legislation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LIBERAL LEADERS AND THE PROVINCES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent, "Publius," has done good service. I can wholly confirm, from my own experience, the disheartening effect of the indifference of the party leaders and Liberal M.P.'s generally to local efforts, where local efforts need most help. The policy of great Liberal demonstrations in great Liberal centres, with all the *éclat* of a magnificent unanimity of enthusiasm, is well in its way. The speeches are read throughout the land, and bear fruit. But how much more fruit would come from the contact of the leading minds with the masses whom their mere names animate! What is wanted is that Mr. Gladstone's own example in Midlothian should be followed, and the war carried into the enemy's country. This is done with pluck and judgment by Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury, and a host of Tory subordinates; why should it not be done by minor members at least of the Ministry, and by that *numerous body of Liberal M.P.'s who, after all, have not so very much to do?* It may be said that these constant demonstrations are undesirable. True, in part; but if Liberals abstain, Tories will not abstain; and those who educate most persistently, whether rightly or wrongly, win, in the present state of things.

To the plea that Members are too busy in the Session, it may be replied that Liberal Members not in the Ministry are at least as free as the Tory Members who manage to combine diligent obstruction with weekly raids on country constituencies. Why, even if the same number of Liberals paired off for this purpose with these pertinacious *francs-tireurs*, there would be force enough at the disposal of the party managers to produce marked results, in districts such as "Publius" alludes to.

It is only too natural that local Liberals should draw one or two inferences. One is, that London is not improbably a Capua for some of our legislators. In some cases, at least, it will not be unfair to assume that it is society, and not Parliamentary work, from which our Members decline to be torn away. In such cases, too, it is not unkind to suggest that occasional skirmishes in the country, besides the help thus given to struggling local organisations and to the success and maintenance of Liberal principles, may give a change of air refreshing and not unwholesome to the Members themselves. Another inference is that the party managers do not always seem alive to the fact that a majority depends on the decisions of the doubtful constituencies, and that no seats are worth so much effort as those held by Tories. No battle is to be won without wise and comprehensive tactics on the part of leaders, and pluck and self-sacrifice on the part of rank and file. If these are wanting to the Liberal party in critical years, when the work is being done and left undone which will decide who holds the reins of power in the next Parliament, we can only look forward to the inevitable result; and as to the ultimate future, our trust must again rest in the salutary lessons of a period of adversity.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. A. C.

BISHOP COLENSO AND THE PENTATEUCH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Though so appreciative to one side of the character of the late Bishop Colenso, I cannot think that your late notice does full justice to that aspect under which his name became most widely known. His book on the Pentateuch, you say, "excited much more interest than it deserved, and really only proved what all genuine scholars knew,—that the historical part of the Pentateuch is a human composition, by no means exempt from error." Undoubtedly, it proved only what all genuine scholars knew,—what, indeed, you might have said all unprejudiced and attentive readers knew; it merely pointed out what all human beings might have discovered for themselves who read the ancient records of the Hebrew race with the same impartial, disinterested attention as any other. But did they do this? Was Dr. Colenso assailing an obsolete superstition, when, twenty years ago, he pointed out that the Bible contained unquestionable error? Was it a statement which required no courage? Was he denounced, in requital, by fanatics and bigots alone? Surely these questions answer themselves.

I can hardly think you mean that Dr. Colenso had not, as a fact, a great effect on popular opinion. It does not seem to me open to question that there has been a difference in the tone of all reference to Scripture since he wrote, but perhaps you mean that the difference is not a valuable one. He was blamed at the time for writing a book designed neither "to instruct the educated" nor "to edify the uneducated," but simply to spread the truth, as far as he discerned it. I should say that the whole merit of the book was that it discarded this distinction of the educated who were to be instructed and the uneducated who were to be edified, and took it for granted that error was bad for all. When he wrote, ordinary, common-place people were either irreligious, or they believed that every word in a book from which you might derive a sanction for almost every crime was dictated by the Holy Spirit, and some of the best of men sanctioned a delusion they could not have shared. Since that pretence has been discarded (of course, I do not mean that this has been the result of what Dr. Colenso wrote, or, indeed, of any single influence), it has been possible for ordinary people who were not scholars and critics to recognise that the Bible is the history of a Divine revelation. We discern that which is divine, when we discern that which is not divine, and for practical result it matters little whether you say that every word in a book is of supreme value, or that every word is worthless. The Bible is a sealed book, to those who dare not discern error in it; our love for it should show itself in gratitude to those who, in pointing out its mistakes, bring that wonderful history into the light of day.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. W.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. Stamford Raffles laments the difficulty of "procuring information of University progress." He seems to be unaware of the "Oxford Letter" which appears weekly in the *Guardian*, which contains notices not merely of the facts of University progress (or retrogression), but also of the proposals which are to be laid before Convocation. For more exhaustive information, your correspondent has only to subscribe to the *University Gazette*, in which he will find, in minutest detail, notice of every proposal of progress (or retrogression) given at least a week before the days of voting. Thus, "the non-resident M.A.'s," even in the remotest villages, have ample time to muster for the fray.

If, in addition to this, your correspondent desires to see a report of the latest University sermon, or cricket match, he should subscribe to the *Oxford Magazine*, *Oxford Review*, or the *University Herald*, all of which are well-conducted, fully-informed weekly periodicals. Your correspondent will, therefore, surely see that to suggest that, because the daily papers omit any but the most meagre University intelligence, the recent Vivisection vote was a hole-in-the-corner proceeding, is merely the complaint of a disappointed indolence.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Oxford. Frederic E. Weatherly.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—About twenty minutes to two by my watch, and a quarter to two p.m. by the church clock, to-day (Monday), we experienced a really violent shock of an earthquake. I have felt often a similar one in Japan, but never in Europe. The houses shook violently, the noise was that of an exploding magazine, the motion lateral. The sun was shining brilliantly, after the rain. The sky clear, here and there flecked with fleecy cloudlets. The wind due south. As I write, at ten minutes past two, I experience a slight trembling of the earth.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Bude Haven, Cornwall. Edmund Hornby.

POETRY.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL—A PARALLEL.

Gods built the walls of Troy, and Fates decreed
That they in strength inviolate should stand,
Defying hot assault and burrowing hand,
Nor fall,—save by Troy's sons' own senseless deed.
Fools and infatuate! they with thoughtless speed
And ill-timed mirth—a giddy-hearted band—
Deaf to prophetic voice, haled from the strand,
Through broken walls, the ruin-laden steed!
Forces divine broke through the ridge that spanned
The narrow seas, and rolled the encircling main
An everlasting moat, to shield thy land,
Britain, last hold of Freedom, from War's stain.
Shall sons degenerate, reckless slaves of gain,
Tempt thee to render Heaven's own safeguard vain?

Tyrtaeus.

BOOKS.

DR. WACE ON CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE.*

Dr. Wace is one of the most thoughtful of those believers who do not clip and pare Christianity of what is most characteristic in it before he accords it his hearty faith. The creed in which he believes is the same as that of the first century, without fanciful reconstruction or modification; but his mind is a mind of this century, and he sees all the difficulties of the present day from modern points of view, so that he can really discuss the embarrassments which we feel in the way most useful and interesting to us. For example, the second lecture must produce on all candid minds a very deep impression of the historical uncertainty of the grounds assumed by the negative critics. In it Dr. Wace shows us how hard even the steadiest unbelievers find it to reject the authority of our Gospels, and how they vibrate on the subject even when they do reject it; how M. Renan accepts the authorship of Luke for the Acts of the Apostles, as well as for the Third Gospel, and upholds the historical character of the First and Second Gospels, and even with regard to the Fourth, finds in it the most convincing evidence that its writer was in close contact with the facts of Christ's life; how Strauss himself, after assuming as a certainty the unauthentic character of the fourth Gospel, declared, in the third edition of the *Leben Jesu*, that he was beginning to doubt his doubts away, and to believe that, in spite of all its supernaturalism, it was the work of John the son of Zebedee,—a conviction which again faded from his mind; how Dr. Karl Hase, who had held all his previous life by the authenticity of John's Gospel, renounced it in 1875, with the candid admission that he might very probably return later to his old belief in it. And Dr. Wace does more than show the wavering character of the negative criticism, for he attacks, in a very impressive passage, the attitude assumed by the great mass of modern unbelievers, when they tell us that the Apostles and early Christians were indeed genuinely convinced of the supernatural character of the facts which they announced, but were, in that conviction, subject to pure hallucinations:—

"But allowing that the authors of our Four Gospels were incapable of untruth, were they capable of hallucination? That, no doubt, is a possibility which it is necessary to take into account. But here, again, the answer may well be similar to that offered to the last objection. Not only were these men disciples in the greatest school of truthfulness the world has ever seen; they were disciples not less in the school of the sternest realities the world has ever seen. At the risk, and in many cases at the actual cost, of a death like that of their Master, a death of torture and of ignominy, they declared themselves to be in possession of the secret of salvation for the world, of truths by which mankind might be regenerated; and they proclaimed themselves the servants of a Lord who was destined to rule the hearts of men. If any beliefs would have seemed more like hallucination than any other to the men of that day, it would have been these cardinal elements in the belief of the Evangelists and Apostles. St. Paul's message was equal foolishness in the eye of a Jew and of a Greek. To a Jew it seemed incredible that the Gentiles should become heirs of all the spiritual education of his forefathers; to the Greek or Roman it seemed a ridiculous conception that he should submit his wisdom, his art, and his power to the authority of a crucified Jew. These, as I have said, might have seemed hallucinations, if you will. But these very beliefs, the most incredible of all at that time, we know to have been founded in truth, and we see the verification of them before our eyes. The two Apostles in whose daily company St. Luke and St. Mark lived, and the other two Evangelists, St. Matthew and St. John, have laid down the moral principles on which the whole fabric of the highest civilised society now reposes, and in which every thoughtful man sees the germs and the guarantee of the future progress of our race. Now consider to what this amounts. It shows that wherever we are able to put to the proof, not merely the truthfulness, but the sobriety, the practical insight, the moral and spiritual penetration, of the Evangelists and Apostles, their possession of these qualities is vindicated by experience on the largest possible scale. In these Gospels and Epistles a sun suddenly appeared in the spiritual heaven of mankind, which eclipsed, by the intensity of its illumination, all lesser lights in the moral firmament. This is the phenomenon which places the testimony of the Evangelists and Apostles on so different a footing from that of any other evidence to events at all similar in character. To quote instances of legends attaching to the origin of other religions is beside the mark, until an instance can be produced of such legends being associated as in this case with supreme truth, wisdom, purity, and goodness. Putting out of sight for the moment the question of miracles, there appears a general agreement of the most thoughtful men of all schools that there is not one sentiment, or even one word, for which the Evangelists or their Master are responsible which does not harmonise with the highest conceivable ideals of all that is good and true. Now, would not such uniform and ideal perfection be itself a miracle of the most perplexing and distressing kind, if it were combined with the hallucination which is attributed to the Evangelists by rationalistic criticism?"

This seems to us the strongest ground you can take. Here are men subject, it is asserted, to hallucinations, who yet are so free from hallucinations that they predict a triumph for the manifestation of our Lord's character as the fountain of truth and soberness for mankind over all the traditions of the Jews, and all the philosophy of the Greeks, and that triumph is actually *achieved*. Can a pure hallucination bring about its own fulfilment? In the midst of the hard facts of such a world as the world of the Cæsars, could any merely hysterical imagination have predicted a triumph of this kind which was actually accomplished? Could any imagination have predicted it, except under the guidance of the Divine Spirit?

Quite as impressive is the lecture on "The Miracles of Our Lord," in which Dr. Wace deals with the argument that the conception of miracle is an anthropomorphic conception which does injustice to the Divine Mind, by recasting it in the form of an imperfect and finite human will. His text is taken from the story of the centurion who argued that, as he could command the various soldiers of his own military force and absolutely ensure their obedience, so our Lord could command the agencies of Nature, and ensure with equal certainty their obedience:—

"Now, that which forms the great and abiding wonder of the faith of the Centurion is that, by one simple observation, he supplies the conclusive and permanent answer to all these doubts and denials. As Luther puts it, with his usual vividness, 'This heathen soldier turns theologian, and begins to dispute in as fine and Christian-like a manner as would suffice for a man who had been many years Doctor of Divinity.' He cuts the knot at once, by that bold reasoning by analogy from man to God, of which our Lord's teaching is so full, and which is involved in the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, such as the Divine Fatherhood and the forgiveness of sins. He says, simply, that the kind of action which men exhibit must be possible for God. It is impossible for Him to be more restricted in His action than His creatures; and if they are able, by subordinate agencies, to carry out their will, and to modify, by the interposition of that will, what would otherwise be the natural course of events, it is inconceivable that it should be impossible for Him to do the same. The force of this argument should be vastly enhanced to us by that development of science and civilisation which has been produced since the Centurion's time, and which is sometimes ungratefully used to obscure its truth. Let us realise how, in the present day, a single human will, at the centre of a great nation, or, rather, of a great empire like this, can make itself obeyed to the very extremities of the world, by means of a subtle electrical current, scarcely perceptible to the touch, and during a great part of its course buried in obscurity under vast oceans; and with what reason can it be denied that the Creator of all these subtle forces, in whose hands they all lie, can silently modify, by an act of His will, the course of any event in His universe, and that he can say to His servants, as we to ours, Do this, and it is done? When we, with our utterly imperfect knowledge, can so modify the action of natural forces as to neutralise a disease by a little counter-poison, or revivify the nervous forces of life by galvanic currents, must it not seem the height of all unreason to deny an infinitely superior, and at the same time, infinitely more mysterious and invisible capacity, to Him who created at once these forces, and the human brain which makes use of them? The simple principle, in a word, to which the Centurion appeals may be stated in our more scientific way, by saying that whatever forces there are in nature, must reside within the maker of nature, only in an infinitely enhanced degree; and the point on which it is more especially necessary to insist in applying this principle, is that which the Centurion grasped—namely, that the powers of man, of man's intellect and will, must, above all things, be regarded as an example of one form of the divine action. The kind of things which man can do, God can certainly do; and if modern men of science can modify the operation of nature by methods which to men not so scientific, would be incomprehensible, and even invisible, certainly God can modify nature and control it by means which, even to men of science, are similarly incomprehensible and invisible. There seems, in fact, to lurk an extraordinary sophism in the offence which is taken at so-called anthropomorphism. Men observe the operation of the inanimate forces of nature, and deduce from them the methods of God's operation. There, they will say, you observe the course of His action; and you notice its absolute regularity, and the absence of any indication that we can detect of its disturbance by personal action and will. But the moment the moralist, or the theologian, points to another sphere of nature—that of human nature, which is nature still—and argues from it in a similar manner, regarding it as a revelation of part, at all events, of God's method of action, we are denounced as anthropomorphic. Be it so. But what is the scientific conception but—if I may be allowed to coin the word—physico-morphism? They see the likeness and reflection of God in nature; we see the image and reflection of God in man; and why not the one as well as the other? The corruption of our moral nature creates, indeed, a gulf between us and Him. But considered from the point of view of a physical philosopher, man is not only a part of nature, but the highest and most completely developed part. By all means let us learn all that natural philosophers can tell us of the Divine

* *The Gospel and Its Witnesses.* Some of the Chief Facts in the Life of Our Lord, and the Authority of the Evangelical Narrative. Considered in Lectures chiefly Preached at St. James's, Westminster. By Henry Wace, B.D., D.D. London: John Murray.

nature, and methods, and power, from the inanimate and irrational creation; but let them not refuse to take into account what we can tell them, or rather what their own hearts can tell them, respecting God's nature, His power and the method of His action, as exhibited in the mind and will of man. . . . . Argue from nature exclusive of man, and you may acquiesce in the hard mechanical views which alone it suggests to you. Argue from nature with man, and man's actions, and man's will included within it, and you will agree with Luther that the Centurion was a great Doctor of Divinity."

That is an argument as perfect in form as it is sound in substance. Those who really object to miracle as the mere reflex of an anthropomorphic idea of God, themselves disbelieve it on the strength of a physico-morphic idea of God which is poorer and less adequate.

In his last lecture, Dr. Wace has dwelt on an argument for the supernatural character of Christianity on which sufficient stress has never been laid, and on which, indeed, even Dr. Wace himself, though he makes it the point to which his whole book leads up, might still have insisted even more emphatically than he has done,—we mean the argument that the first growth of the Christian Church, being reserved entirely for the period which followed our Lord's departure, can only be rationally ascribed, as he himself by anticipation ascribed it, to that sending of the Holy Spirit by which, as Christ himself assured his Disciples, they would be enabled to do far greater works than he himself, while he lived, had ever done. We see, as Dr. Wace remarks, the immediate followers of our Lord as a little group of ignorant, wavering, insignificant men, with views so narrow that they were not even exalted into spiritual insight by our Lord's resurrection from the dead, but were still centred in the notion that he would at once restore the kingdom to Israel,—we see them, moreover, suddenly deprived of the main stimulus to which they had been accustomed to look for initiative of every kind, by our Lord's disappearance from earth; yet, notwithstanding this, within a day or two of that great privation, we find the first great shoot of the Christian Church making its appearance with every promise of vigorous growth; a totally new power appears in it; and the "greater works" which our Lord had predicted, come into being, and soon eclipse altogether all that the Master had himself achieved while he remained on earth. Mohammed fairly began the great military career which his lieutenants continued, but Christ can hardly be said to have done more than prepare for the spiritual work which was commenced on the Day of Pentecost. Is it reasonable to ascribe that work to the power of a mere memory, however great? Is it not infinitely more reasonable to ascribe it to the living influence which our Lord promised to send after he had been taken away, and which, according to the unanimous testimony of the whole Church of that period, he actually did send, and send at the moment promised, than to attribute it to the power of a memory, though the human centre of that memory had wielded no similar magic while Christ remained on earth? Dr. Wace insists most justly in his lecture on the Resurrection that the Evangelists and Apostles who refer to that Resurrection never refer to it as the end and goal of the Christian revelation. They use it only as the *explanation* of the new power which had since descended on the Church, a power of which that Resurrection was the pledge. It is not the Resurrection itself, but the subsequent gift of the Spirit, of which the Resurrection was the guarantee, which is the end and aim of the Christian revelation. It is not the rising from the dead, but the receiving of power from on high, which renovates all things. The mere fact that, according to the universal testimony of the Church, our Lord's stay in this world ended without even gathering in a single great harvest of souls,—that he left to an impersonal influence to accomplish what he himself had doubtless intentionally refrained from accomplishing, recognising that he was too strong and the multitude too weak for him to accomplish it in person without more or less effacing the individual life of the new community,—ought to attest in a manner not to be mistaken the reality of that gift of the Spirit which alone accounts for the life of the Church. The heroic theory of great crises is all very well, while the hero is there to do his work; but when the hero is gone, if he be a mere hero, his personal influence does not grow, but dwindle, as the memory of him slowly fades away. It is different with him who can send down a Spirit able to effect far more than anything effected in his own lifetime,—and this is the difference between Christianity and all other human influences. It is because Dr. Wace has kept this fact so continually before us throughout his lectures, that they seem to us so full of value and significance for all who read them.

JAMES AND PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.*

These books are the first serious efforts that have been made in this country to rescue the careers and characters of two remarkable Flemings of the fourteenth century from the not always tender mercies of the romanticist and the pro-aristocratic pamphleteer. That they should have appeared at the present time, that their authors should have the same purpose—to perform a much-needed piece of historical white-washing—and that they should have written quite independently of each other, are rather interesting proofs that we are emerging from the period of anti-democratic reaction which followed the excesses of the French Revolution. Whether it be that we are getting reconciled to the idea of modern society becoming democratic by evolution, instead of by revolution, or whether there be some other explanation, we are every day becoming more willing to believe that men who seemed to be democrats years or centuries before their time must have had more of good than of evil in their motives and lives. Most of us would probably be thankful to historical investigators who should prove that Rienzi and Masaniello were far-sighted politicians, and were not elevated to a half-satanic "bad eminence" mainly by circumstances. Or, to come nearer our own time, should we not be gratified rather than not, to find that all Spinoza's grief at the death of De Witt was entirely justified, that the latter, like the earlier opposition of that eminent Republican to the Orange Family, was at once patriotic and expedient? In rehabilitating the Artevelde, Mr. Ashley and Mr. Hutton are, no doubt, following in the wake of others. They both admit their obligations to Lettenhove's *Histoire de Flandre* and *Jacques d'Artevelde*, and still more to Vanderkindere's *Siècle des Artevelde*. Mr. William Longman, in his *History of Edward III.*, too, as Mr. Hutton allows, has vindicated the memory of the elder Van Artevelde. The younger has had such ample poetic justice done him by Sir Henry Taylor, so generous a eulogium is bestowed upon his "equal temper" and "ample soul,"—

> "Rock-bound, and fortified against assaults
> Of transitory passion, but below
> Built on a surging subterraneau fire,
> That stirr'd and lifted him to high attempts,"

that Mr. Hutton need not have worked himself into a Byronic "comic horror" because the dramatist has taken advantage of the licence of his craft to link Philip, on the fatal field of Roosebeke, not to his wife, Yolande van den Broucke, but to "the runaway mistress of the Duke of Bourbon, idealised into an abstract personification of love and purity." Yet, in spite, or rather in consequence, of what was written before they began their task, Mr. Ashley and Mr. Hutton have been able for the first time to put the English public in possession of the real political meaning of the movement of which the Artevelde were the leaders and victims. James van Artevelde—his son was intellectually and in all respects inferior to him, and was, in fact, but the instrument of a stronger spirit, Peter van den Bossche, who found the name of Artevelde a good one to conjure with—was something more than the ambitious brewer and blatant demagogue who figures in the pages of Froissart and others. The struggle of the Flemish Towns, and particularly of Ghent, in the fourteenth century against the Counts of Flanders, and their suzerains, the Kings of France, was by no means a "battle of kites and crows," as Mr. Bright once declared English history before Egbert to be. As Mr. Ashley puts the matter, in a careful and judicious summing-up,—

> "In future, it will be James van Artevelde's chief claim to recollection that under him the artisans in Flanders gained their first great victory in the struggle for political rights. That victory was not permanent; nor, when an ultimate settlement was attained—for everywhere the craftsmen gained *some* share in self-government—did it take the exact shape he contemplated. But the importance of his action is not thereby diminished; and that he carried through the change with so little violence justifies us in judging his conduct wise and firm. . . . . Finally, it repays even so tedious an investigation as this is likely to seem, to find that the history of the Flemish towns in the fourteenth century is the record, not of jealous and meaningless squabbles, and of the uproars of 'the residuum,' but of an intelligible advance in the world's order."

These works are unlike each other both in their merits and their demerits. Mr. Ashley's style is more academic than Mr. Hutton's; and he is a more painstaking and scientific historical investigator. We cannot imagine him condescending to such painfully plain thought and writing as this:—"To the

* *James and Philip van Artevelde.* By W. J. Ashley, B.A. Being the Lothian Prize Essay for 1882. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

James and Philip van Artevelde. Two Episodes in the History of the Fourteenth Century. By James Hutton. London: John Murray. 1883.

wine-drinking knights and chroniclers, a brewer of the thick, muddy, ill-fermented beer of those times, which needed an admixture of honey to render it at all palatable, may well have seemed a common fellow of very plebeian origin;" or the rather Teniersish humour of "the fourteenth century was remarkable, if for nothing else, for the invention of the day-shirt and the night-dress." Still less can we suppose him indulging in the crude political pessimism of "As it was in the Flemish communes, as it is in the United States, so it will be in the British Isles, should the populace succeed in gaining the upper-hand. Men of birth, position, and mental culture will withdraw from the management of public affairs, and will abandon the arena to men of the baser sort, pushing, pretentious, and self-sufficient." Mr. Ashley is much more cautious in his judgments than Mr. Hutton, as a single instance of difference of opinion between them will serve to show. As is well known, one of the reasons that led a Ghent mob to murder James van Artevelde in his own house was a belief that he was in favour of a scheme for making that Prince of Wales, who was the son of Edward III., Count of Flanders. Mr. Hutton, following Lettenhove, refuses to entertain any such idea, and refers to a proclamation which had been issued by Edward III., in his character of claimant of the French Throne, and in consequence, of the suzerainty of Flanders, with its "good towns" and their administrators. No mention was made in this proclamation of conferring the position of Count on the Prince. "But," says Mr. Ashley, with no little sagacity,—

"The document in question really proves nothing; it merely shows how unsatisfactory the state of things had become. The Count and his heirs were to have an indefinitely long period allowed them wherein to acknowledge Edward as suzerain; until this had been done, the Government was to be in the hands of Edward's allies, *i.e.*, the Rewaert assisted by the good towns. The English reader will notice the resemblance between this plan and that proposed by Sancroft for the government of England after the flight of James II. James's royal dignity was to be left intact, though he had left England and was plotting to regain his authority by force, but the Regent William of Orange was to govern the country. So, in the case of Flanders, there was to be a Count wandering about in France and Brabant, continually endeavouring to reconquer his county, which was to be ruled by the Rewaert and the Three Members. So absurd a scheme could not possibly work. A succession of exiled Counts whose rights were left intact, and of Rewaerts who had all real power, would have been as ridiculous as parallel lines of Stuart Kings and Orange Regents. Moreover, the title 'Count of Flanders' was actually conferred by Henry VI. upon his uncle Humphrey of Gloucester, so that the idea of gaining the county for a member of the Royal Family seems to have been by no means strange to English politicians. For the Flemings to choose another Count, with the consent of their Sovereign, was the natural way out of their difficulty in 1345; and it may be regarded as a proof of Artevelde's wisdom that he not only felt this, but also saw that to give that dignity to a son of Edward would be an effectual means of securing vigorous English support against France."

On the other hand, Mr. Hutton's style is free from the buckram stiffness that marks Mr. Ashley's volume, and which is, perhaps, due to the fact of its being a prize essay. It is arranged on a more intelligible plan; the "battle-pieces" are decidedly more vigorous, and in such chapters as an interesting one on "Social Life in Flanders," Mr. Hutton deals fully with matters which do not come within Mr. Ashley's scope. Both volumes should be read by any one who wishes thoroughly to understand the movement of which the Artevelds were the leaders.

There can now be no question that James van Artevelde was a very remarkable man, and during the nine years or so—between 1336 and 1345—of his governorship and "captaincy" of Ghent was wonderfully, if not perfectly, successful, alike in his domestic and in his foreign politics. Mr. Hutton says truly enough of the Dutch, as contrasted with the Flemish, love of liberty, that the one was an instinct, the other a spasmodic sentiment. There was nothing spasmodic, however, about James van Artevelde; there was nothing even sentimental, if we except his wonderful eloquence. From first to last, he appears as a robust and wary opportunist. When the war between Edward III. and Philip of Valois, in 1336, and the distress caused in Ghent by Edward's prohibition of the exportation of English wool, brought him to the front, first as an adviser, and then as a municipal and military leader, he had an exceedingly difficult part to play. The free governments of the Flemish towns had sunk into oligarchies composed of the leading merchant or *poorter* families, who had made the magistracy a hereditary privilege. Pressing hard upon the oligarchy were the great artisan guilds which really made Ghent and Bruges what they were, and of which the society of the weavers, to which Artevelde originally belonged, was the most powerful. The struggle seemed certain to end in civil war or revolution. Then, the Flemish towns were the victims of the quarrels, and still oftener of the alliances, between the Kings of France and the Counts of Flanders, who were a race of cruel and vacillating tyrants, and of whom the two that figured most in the days of the Artevelds, Louis de Crecy and Louis de Male, were perhaps the weakest and worst. Artevelde had both to break down the supremacy of the burgher aristocracy without violence, and to establish the practical independence of Flanders, being hampered all the while by the conspiracies of a French party among the citizens, and still more among the rural noblesse, known as the "Leliaerts." He did wonders during the short time that he was Captain of Ghent. By organising an armed neutrality of the Flemish towns, and playing off Philip against Edward, he contrived for all practical purposes to get rid of the yoke of the Count. Mr. Ashley says that this neutrality of Ghent and its allies was "no prophetic anticipation of the modern neutrality of Belgium, as some have thought, but a compromise between their feudal duties and their economic necessities." But would there have been anything very surprising, had a man of such capacity and patriotism as Artevelde been a prophet to so limited an extent? In the domestic politics of Ghent, he appears as a moderate or thin-end-of-the-wedge reformer. For this *rôle* his own position eminently qualified him, for we may safely believe, with Mr. Ashley, that he "belonged to a well-to-do merchant family, possibly also connected by marriage with the country noblesse; yet not within the circle of those great families which practically shared between them the government of the town. His interests, therefore, were not so bound up with those of the ruling caste as to prevent his adopting the opposite cause." So he contented himself with establishing or reviving for administrative purposes the division of his fellow-citizens into three classes or "members," the *poorters* or merchant families, the weavers, and the *neringhen* or minor crafts. The burgher oligarchs, who had submitted to the leadership of Artevelde when he was contending against their common enemies, Philip and Louis, turned upon him when the danger they dreaded had passed away, and, raising the cry that he had sold Flanders to England, acted in such a way as to bring about his death at the hands of an ignorant and infuriated mob composed of members of the small guilds. But his work as a political reformer was done; the Flemish artisans became independent of the merchants. With him, indeed, fell the English alliance, and the neutrality or independence of Flanders. But the "idea" involved in his work survived, to bear fruit within the present century.

In romance, Philip van Artevelde is a more picturesque figure than his father, but in actual history he counts for much less. He is commonly said to have been more of a dreamer than of a man of action, although this view seems to be supported chiefly by his fondness for angling. But he made no attempt to revenge his father's death or complete his work. It was not till 1381, or thirty-six years after the death of James van Artevelde, that a crisis in the history of his native city brought him to the front. Count Louis de Male had succeeded in stirring up war between the two old allies, Bruges and Ghent. Ghent was besieged, and its citizens had to choose between death by starvation, and a peace that would have placed them absolutely at the mercy of their tyrant. Peter van den Bossche, the popular leader, conceived the idea of rousing the spirits of his brethren by charming with the name of Artevelde, and Philip was elected to his father's position of Captain of the city. After a vain attempt to secure an honourable peace, he headed a desperate sally of the Gantois against their besiegers, which proved perfectly successful; and in the rout of Beversholtsveld, Louis de Male nearly found the death he deserved. But success seems to have turned Philip's head. He became fond of show, if he did not also give way to self-indulgence. He manifested but little military skill. When, in 1382, the King of France came to the aid of his vassal and invaded Flanders, Philip exhibited in his defensive operations only carelessness and self-confidence, and his defeat and death at Roosebeke were the result entirely of his own blundering. Philip van Artevelde was a gallant man and a patriot. But James was more; he was a skilful diplomatist, a military tactician of no mean skill, and a political reformer of foresight and prudence. His career was a tragedy, a torso; but this may be said of the careers of almost all able men of Liberal ideas in Europe, four centuries ago.

LORD RONALD GOWER'S REMINISCENCES.*

We have derived much more pleasure than we at first expected to receive from the "reminiscences" of a comparatively young man, naturally restrained from much personal remark by the fact that the majority of the persons whom he has met still live. Lord Ronald's advantages, however, have been unusually great, from his being a member of one of the highest and most respected of our aristocratic families, closely connected with so many others of the same rank, and with the entrée of all those houses where the most distinguished persons in all the walks of life were often to be seen. He is, at the same time, endowed with considerable literary and still more artistic taste, and has moved about the world with that greater freedom which is often more fully enjoyed by younger sons than by their fathers or eldest brothers, and his æsthetic tendencies have often led him into scenes of a more Bohemian character than those of his natural surroundings. He seems to have kept a sort of diary from a very early age, and to have noted in it with great honesty and simplicity his impressions of all that he saw.

There are in these volumes pleasant descriptions of many of the great houses of this country, with their magnificent art collections, beginning with Stafford House, Cliveden, Trentham, and that most unique and charming of baronial residences, Dunrobin Castle; and later, there is much good reading in an account of a very enjoyable tour through England in his own trap, in the year 1872, in the course of which he visited Hatfield, full of Elizabethan recollections, Woburn Abbey, Castle Ashby (Lord Northampton's), Great Brington, where lie the ancestors of George Washington; Holdenby House, so closely connected with the times of Charles I., Warwick and Stratford; Charlecote, the supposed scene of Shakespeare's deer-stealing; Hardwicke, &c., and so on to York. The historical facts connected with all these places are shortly and agreeably alluded to, though their pictures and statues, of course, attracted the author's special attention. We should, however, have liked a little more Art criticism than we find here, as well as in other parts of these volumes. The remarks on the architecture of some of the houses are more satisfactory, and sometimes deservedly severe.

Lord Ronald went to the Continent with Dr. W. H. Russell during the Franco-German war, of which he contrived, through a good deal of roughing, to see some portion; and in 1878 he went to Australia by the Pacific route, crossing the American continent, and returning by Hong Kong. This was a trip the motive of which was most creditable to his heart and to his energy. An intimate friend had been subjected to some undeserved calumny, and taking it much to heart, had disappeared from his native land, being supposed to have gone to Australia; and Lord Ronald, full of generous devotion to his friend, made this journey for the purpose of urging his return, a journey in which he saw much that is worth seeing, but in the main object of which he unhappily failed:—

"I was ready to sacrifice a great deal for him, and I sacrificed much, but I do not regret the feeling that prompted my voyage to Australia, although few, I imagine, ever understood it, and therefore there is little danger of many acting as I did. 'Friendship,' as Lord Beaconsfield has written, 'is the gift of the Gods.' I knew my friend was unjustly and cruelly treated, and I would not turn from him in the hour of trouble; on the contrary, I then only knew how deep was my friendship for him."

This book is naturally full of glimpses of the author's own numerous relatives, and of many of his ancestors. His remarks on some of the latter are not altogether complimentary, but in regard to persons who have lived in the memory of the present generation, there is not one word unduly catering to the passion for vulgar gossip, or calculated to wound the feelings of any one. His admiration for his mother, the late Duchess, amounts almost to idolatry; and certainly, if idolatry of a fellow-mortal is excusable in any case, it is so in the son of such a parent. The following words about his maternal uncle, the seventh Lord Carlisle (better known as Lord Morpeth), are true, and to the point;—

"My uncle Carlisle was born and bred a Whig. He filled many appointments in the Liberal administrations of the day, those in connection with Ireland with a success and popularity that are not yet forgotten. But he was something more than a mere politician; he possessed wide and deep sympathies, and, though not a genius, had high talents. The poetic fire which only smouldered in his grandfather's breast burned vigorously in his. He had a power beyond any one I have known of attracting and attaching people. There was about him a *bonhomie*, a sympathy, and a kindliness that were quite irresistible, that made you forget his homely face, and that won your heart."

Among the descriptions of great entertainments and pageants which Lord Ronald has seen, and which are told with a pleasant enjoyment, mainly æsthetic, of all that is stately, and without the smallest taint of self-exaltation, we have not space to linger. Perhaps that on which he dwells with most enthusiasm is the reception of Garibaldi at Stafford House, in 1864, when all London went mad about the Italian patriot, and the eager mob packed every avenue to Stafford House, so as to render Garibaldi's entrance to it almost impossible:—

"Garibaldi at last found repose within the great hall of Stafford House; but from without, long after the hero of the people was out of their sight, the shouting of the crowds could be heard. . . . . Needless to say what he looked like then, as ill-health and rheumatism had bowed the strong frame and thinned the lion-like head. He was very lame, from the Aspromonte wound. He wore a sort of large pork-pie hat, and grey overcoat lined with red cloth, his famous, but not his only, as ill-natured people said of the article of apparel, red flannel shirt, with a loose black tie round his neck."

The next day he was the guest of the Dowager Duchess, at Chiswick, where he met, amongst others, Mr. Gladstone. "Garibaldi, on being presented to Gladstone, said, as he grasped his hand, 'Précurseur.'"

The next time Lord Ronald saw Garibaldi, he was lying wounded and ill, sick at heart and in body, in a little dark room in an inn in the Tyrol. He afterwards visited him in his island home at Caprera, busy in the cultivation of his orange trees, completely lame, but "in great talk."

As might be expected from the known friendship between Mr. Gladstone and the author's mother, Lord Ronald has seen a good deal of the present Prime Minister, both in society and at Hawarden. He also met frequently Lord Beaconsfield, and visited him at Hughenden. "Dizzy," as he generally calls him, seems to have entertained a strong affection for his young friend; indeed, his expressions of regard, both in conversation and in writing, are somewhat fulsome. The following anecdote is amusing. The author was on a visit to Hughenden, in 1880:—

"He said that during all last Session, even when at Hughenden, he was never free from worry from his former colleagues and Ministers; 'Every train brought some ex-Cabinet Minister to Hughenden, Lord Cairns, or Mr. W. H.—or is it H. W. Smith? I never know which it is—or Mr. Secretary Cross, whom I always forget to call "Sir Richard."' I think Lord Beaconsfield is utterly and entirely sick and worried to death by political life, and would gladly give up the burden of being leader of his party; 'but,' as he says, ruefully, 'they will not let me give it up.' His mixture of humour, drollery, and pathos, when talking of these things, was quite indescribable."

Was there not a considerable taint of affectation, and a shadow of snobbishness, in this apparently offhand statement about the Christian names of two of his respectable and most useful colleagues? We do not fancy that Lord Beaconsfield ever forgot Lord Ronald's name.

"As we stood in the porch, amidst marble vases and busts, ferns, and flowers, the post arrived, and with it the *Times*, which contained Mr. Gladstone's letter thanking the public for their sympathy with him during his illness. 'Did you ever hear anything like that? It reminds one of the Pope blessing the world from the balcony of St. Peter's,' said my host. . . . . We had been looking at some prints, one of which represented Whitehall, and I asked him if he had any doubt as to the side of the Banqueting-house on which Charles I. was executed. He answered me something to the following effect: 'Some time ago, a Tory squire had brought his two sons to see him, and to receive words of advice as to their future conduct in political and social existence. Eagerly the fond parent waited to hear what his leader would deliver on so important a subject. "Never," said Lord Beaconsfield, in his most solemn tones, "never in society ask who wrote Junius's *Letters*, or on any account inquire on which side of the Banqueting-house Charles I. was beheaded, or, if you do, you will be voted a bore, and that is, well,—something dreadful."'"

Our author, who takes a very amiable view of most things, seems to have taken this rebuke good-naturedly. Speaking of the Fenian rising in Ireland, Lord Beaconsfield said:—

"'Only three men succeeded in stopping it; those three were Mayo, Hardy, and I. Of the history of how that movement was stopped, partly, it seems, by paying well some informers in Ireland, no one will ever know; for Mayo is dead, Lord Cranbrook never writes about anything, and I have not kept a single note or even memorandum of that most strange and curious time.' . . . . . How Dizzy must have enjoyed all the mystery and almost halo of romance that shrouded that mysterious history of what was very nearly being as serious a rising in Ireland as '98!"

All the little glimpses we have of Lord Beaconsfield show that curious mixture of practical sagacity and of a grandiose attitude of mind which formed the basis of his unique character. On a later occasion (November 8th, 1880), Lord Ronald saw him for

* *My Reminiscences.* By Lord Ronald Gower, F.S.A., a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1883.

the last time. He sat talking over recollections of forty years back. "'Dreams! dreams! dreams!' he murmured, gazing at the fire, and smoking a cigarette."

We must now take leave of these very readable volumes. If they contain no evidence of remarkable power, they will at least convey much pleasure to a large number of persons. To the very young, they will afford glimpses of persons and events most of which happened just before their time; and to an older generation, they will recall many things which, in the hurry of contemporaneous history, soon pass into comparative oblivion. They will be read by many for these reasons, and by more on account of the social position of their author. The latter will find them very "human," as Carlyle, with amusing naïveté, says of the talk of the late Prince Consort. Containing, as they do, about as little egotism as it is possible for a diary to contain, they certainly convey an impression of the modesty, as well as the warm-heartedness of the author. These qualities disarm criticism, otherwise we should have been disposed to remark more severely on the style, which, though in many parts very good, is in others slipshod. It is to be hoped that if Lord Ronald is writing a life of Marie Antoinette, for whose memory he has an enthusiastic regard, he will devote a little more attention to English. Some carelessness of style may be excusable in reminiscences, which would not be so in the biography of an historical personage.

AN ENGINEER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

This is a volume which deserves, and will, no doubt, obtain, an extensive circulation. It illustrates the moral to be drawn from Dr. Smiles's *Self-help*, and will prove of special interest to young readers, not only for the facts it contains, but for the energy and hopefulness it inspires. Some objection may be made to Mr. Nasmyth's definition of engineering as "common-sense applied to use of materials." Common-sense is a valuable quality, almost invaluable, indeed, when combined with others, but alone it has never succeeded in producing a memorable achievement in engineering or architecture, any more than it has been able to build up a great poem. Very early in life, Mr. Nasmyth's unfaltering resolution and courage gave him all the success he desired; but it must not be forgotten that these gifts were the servants of genius, and that without that undefinable power he would never have made the discoveries for which he is so justly famed. It is not true that genius is only an infinite capacity of taking pains, though it is undoubtedly true that genius without the painstaking is a useless possession.

This account of an intensely active life enchains the reader's attention from the opening page. Mr. Nasmyth, who was born in 1808, belongs to a family distinguished for ability. Scotchman-like, he has a long pedigree, and we are told that among his ancient kinswomen was a certain Elspeth Naesmyth, who was burnt to death as a witch, chiefly because she kept four black cats, and read her Bible with two pairs of spectacles,—"a practice which shows that she possessed the spirit of an experimental philosopher." His great-grandfather and grandfather were architects, and the latter built some of the earliest houses erected in the New Town of Edinburgh. He took special pride in the sound quality of his work, and the houses he built more than a century ago are said to be still in perfect condition. Those were the good old times, when the world was less troubled by scamped work. Is it a plain statement of fact, or a pleasing imagination, which leads the author to write?—

"Masters and men lived together in mutual harmony. There was a kind of loyal family attachment among them, which extended through many generations. Workmen had neither the desire nor the means for shifting about from place to place. On the contrary, they settled down with their wives and families in houses of their own, close to the workshops of their employers. Work was found for them in the dull seasons, when trade was slack, and in summer they sometimes removed to jobs at a distance from head-quarters. Much of this feeling of attachment and loyalty between workmen and their employers has now expired. Men rapidly remove from place to place. Character is of little consequence. The mutual feeling of good-will and zealous attention to work seems to have passed away. Sudden change, scamping, and shoddy have taken their place."

Mr. Nasmyth himself seems, on the whole, to have been fortunate in the skill and attachment of his men, even in these days of "scamping;" but more than once he had to fight with the Union, and fought successfully. His motto was "Free-trade in ability," and he observes, somewhat unfairly, that the "indolent equality which Union men aim at is one of the greatest hindrances to industrial progress." From this digression we must return to the beginning of the story. Alexander Nasmyth, the father, has more than one claim on our remembrance. As a portrait-painter he rose to eminence, and the best portrait of Burns is from his hand. In landscape, like his son Patrick, he so excelled, that he has been called the father of landscape-painting in Scotland, and he was frequently employed by the Scottish nobility as a landscape gardener. He was also successful as a scene-painter, so successful that David Roberts called his art wonderful, and founded his style upon it. As an architect, modeller, and mechanic, he showed originality, and, to illustrate the readiness of his resources, it may be mentioned that when the Duke of Athol wished the inaccessible summit of Craigybarns to be crowned with foliage, Alexander Nasmyth solved the difficulty by filling a number of canisters with seeds and firing them from a cannon. The elder Nasmyth was blessed with a large family. His six daughters possessed, in a greater or less degree, an innate love of art, and painted landscapes in oils. Of the six, we are not told which was the most successful, but Margaret might well make art her vocation, for the writer of this review possesses a charming picture from her hand which bears no traces of the amateur, and is worthy of her brother Patrick. Mr. Nasmyth's account of his boyhood in Edinburgh contains several graphic illustrations of the homely life led in those days by the citizens of "Auld Reekie." The greatest of those citizens was then in his prime, and the author relates that many times when taking a "daunder" through the historic houses in the wynds and closes of the Old Town he met Scott, and listened to his deep, earnest voice, while narrating to his companions some terrible incident in regard to their former inhabitants. Here is one pleasant memory of Sir Walter,—but are not all memories of him pleasant?—

"I remember one day, when sitting beside my father making a very careful drawing of a fine bronze coin of Augustus, that Sir Walter Scott entered the room. He frequently called upon my father, in order to consult him with respect to his architectural arrangements. Sir Walter caught sight of me, and came forward to look over the work I was engaged in. At his request, I had the pleasure of showing him my little store of coin treasures, after which he took out of his waistcoat-pocket a beautiful silver coin of the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, and gave it to me, as being his 'young brother antiquarian.' I shall never forget the kind, fatherly way in which he presented it."

The boy had a strong taste for art, and became a skilled draughtsman. All through life he found the use of the pencil indispensable, but the bent of his genius was mechanical, and at the age of thirteen he learnt the earliest lessons of his craft in an iron-foundry. His eager passion for all mechanical work was displayed in many directions. At seventeen he was able to construct working models of steam-engines, one of which was used by a Professor of the Edinburgh University in his lectures on natural philosophy. There was a smithy belonging to an engineer near his father's house, where a forge-fire and anvil were always placed at young Nasmyth's service, and in return he made his friend an engine to drive the large turning-lathe and the other machinery of his small foundry. The engineer afterwards told him "that the busy hum of the wheels, and the active, smooth, rhythmic sound of the merry little engine, had, through some sympathetic agency, so quickened the strokes of every hammer, chisel, and file in his workmen's hands, that it nearly doubled the output of work for the same wages." One mechanical success followed another, and at nineteen the young engineer constructed a road steam-carriage, which was used several times on the Queensferry Road. Nasmyth aimed at higher achievements than these, and set his heart on obtaining admission, no matter in how humble a capacity, to Maudsley's Works in London. There he felt sure he should learn as he could learn nowhere else the whole range of his profession. He had great obstacles to overcome. Mr. Maudsley had ceased to take pupils, nor could Nasmyth's father have paid the large premium required, had the firm been open to receive it. The young man, however, was not to be daunted. He executed several specimens of mechanical drawings, and made with special care a complete working model of a high-pressure engine. With these proofs of his craftsmanship he sailed for London with his father, in a Leith smack. The elder Nasmyth had been previously introduced to Mandsley, and now father and son were shown over the works. James Nasmyth was astonished and delighted, and seeing a man cleaning out the ashes from under the boiler furnace, he expressed a wish to serve the master engineer even in that humble capacity. "I shall never forget,"

* *James Nasmyth, Engineer: an Autobiography.* Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations. London: John Murray.

he writes, "the keen but kindly look that he gave me. 'So,' said he, 'you are one of that sort, are you?' I was inwardly delighted at his words." Having obtained a ready permission to bring his drawings and models for inspection, on the following day he did so, and sprang at once into the position which was the darling aim of his ambition. His post of honour was Mr. Maudsley's private workshop, and he was treated not as a workman or an apprentice, but as a friend. A brilliant course was now before him, but one, it must not be forgotten, of severe manual as well as mental labour, for James Nasmyth was not like one of the kid-glove apprentices so hateful to the engineer. Moreover, he was content with wages which a day-labourer would now disdain, and contrived to live in London upon ten shillings a week. His dinner, he tells us, cost 4½d.; his breakfast and tea, about 4d. each; and his lodging, 3s. 6d. a week. In the following year, the thrifty Scotchman adds, "My wages were raised to fifteen shillings a week, and then I began to take butter to my bread." Such privation was but a trifle, for every day brought new knowledge, and "to be permitted to stand by and observe the systematic way in which Mr. Maudsley would first mark or line-out his work, and the masterly manner in which he would deal with his materials, was a treat beyond all expression."

In his twenty-third year Mr. Nasmyth began business for himself in a workshop in Edinburgh, thence he went to Manchester, and was introduced to the Messrs. Grant, the Brothers Cheeryble of Dickens, the elder of whom told him to keep his heart up, and "if," he added, "on any Saturday night I wanted money to pay wages or other expenses, I would find a credit for £500 at 3 per cent. at his office, and no security." Another friend and well-known banker offered him a credit of £1,000 at the usual bank-rate. But such help was not needed, thanks to the young engineer's economy and industry. Wherever Mr. Nasmyth went he was received with good-will, and we are not surprised to read that he has never known what it is to experience ingratitude or selfishness from the world, since it is generally selfish and ungrateful people who have most to complain of on this score. He was still quite young when he opened, on a small scale, the Bridgewater Foundry, destined ere long to become famous as a vast centre of industry. The chapter describing the beginning of the enterprise is one of the most interesting of the volume, and in curious harmony with the rest of the narrative is Mr. Nasmyth's account of his courtship and marriage, written after forty-two happy years of married life. But we must pass on, with the remark that the simple way in which the story is told adds much to its attraction.

Mr. Nasmyth kept a Scheme Book, which he opened freely to foreign visitors. One day, when the famous steam-hammer was invented, but before it was brought into existence, M. Schneider, proprietor of ironworks at Creuzot, called at the Bridgewater works, and in Mr. Nasmyth's absence looked over the drawings of the hammer. What was the inventor's surprise, some time later, upon visiting Creuzot, to find his hammer at work. It was time to take out a patent, and to construct the machine, which could be made to give so gentle a blow as to crack the end of an egg placed in a wine-glass on the anvil, while the next blow might be "sensibly felt" at a distance of two miles. Far and wide the fame of the steam-hammer spread, but Mr. Nasmyth had supplied twelve to the Russian Government before our Admiralty had ordered one. An order came at length, and by a stroke of good-fortune the Lords of the Admiralty, then on their annual tour of inspection, witnessed its action in the Dockyard at Devonport. The result was an order "to supply all the Royal Dockyard forge departments with a complete equipment of steam-hammers." Afterwards, the hammer was applied to pile-driving, with what success Mr. Nasmyth shall relate:—

"There was a great deal of curiosity in the dockyard as to the action of the new machine. The pile-driving-machine men gave me a good-natured challenge to vie with them in driving down a pile. They adopted the old method, with two great pile logs of equal size and length,—70 ft. long and 18 in. square. At a given signal, we started together. I let in the steam, and the hammer at once began to work. The four-ton block showered blows at the rate of eighty a minute, and in the course of *four and a half minutes* my pile was driven down to its required depth. The men working at the ordinary machine had only begun to drive. It took them upwards of *twelve hours* to complete the driving of their pile."

The writer's vigorous life in England did not suffice for his activity. In the execution of orders and the acquisition of knowledge, he travelled all over Europe, and laid up a store of happy memories, many of which are recorded in these pages. Apart from his extensive business, he had his home amusements, among which must be reckoned the study of astronomy and the construction of a telescope. For many years he pursued a careful and systematic study of the moon, and he is also known as the discoverer of willow-leaf-shaped objects on the sun's surface. A list of Mr. Nasmyth's inventions and technical contrivances is given at the close of a volume, for which the public is probably indebted to Dr. Smiles. Without his prompting, it is unlikely that the now venerable inventor of the steam-hammer would have related his interesting story.

BRAHMO ECLECTICISM.*

We have termed the curious phemonenon to which we are about to call our readers' attention "Brahmo-eclecticism," but that is not the proper title for it. "Brahmo-syncretism" would be the true term did not so uncommon a term sound pedantic, for Syncretism is the pounding-together of radically different faiths into a kind of amalgam of religions, while eclecticism is only the selection of the true parts of each by the help of some higher criterion of truth without which eclecticism is a mere arbitrary caprice of taste. Syncretism was not infrequent during that collapse of heathen faiths and philosophies which was contemporaneous with the rise of Christianity, and it is Syncretism, not eclecticism, which appears to be the aim of Keshub Chunder Sen, in the very strange attempt to initiate what he calls that "new dispensation," to which Positivists, Theists, Christians, Buddhists, Mahommedans, and Hindoos shall be alike attracted.

In the valuable *Brahmo Year-book* (for 1882), edited by Miss S. D. Collet, we find a record of the curious phase of religious experiment into which excursions are being made by the former leader of the Brahmo-Somaj, who is now the head only of what we may call the degenerate Brahmo-Somaj,—that part of the Brahmo-Somaj which is less jealous of idolatry than ambitious of influence and of the novel excitements which bring at least temporary influence. Here is an extract from Mr. Sen's *Pocket Almanac and Diary for* 1883:—

"1. [The 'Harmony of Prophets.'] From Mr. Sen's "Brahmo Pocket Almanac and Diary" for 1883.

Monday,	Honor	Rishis.
Tuesday,	,,	Chaitanya.
Wednesday,	,,	Moses.
Thursday,	,,	Socrates.
Friday,	,,	Buddha.
Saturday,	,,	Scientists.
Sunday,	,,	Christ Jesus.

2. [Order of Duties.] From the same.

Monday,	Serve your family and children.
Tuesday,	,, ,, servants.
Wednesday,	,, ,, benefactors.
Thursday,	,, ,, adversaries.
Friday,	,, inferior animals.
Saturday,	,, the poor.
Sunday,	,, departed Saints.

3. Prayer for Thursday. From the same.

'Beloved Spirit, they object to my dancing before Thee. I do not see the force of their objection. Perpetually to dance and smile, that is my aspiration. Lord, gratify my heart's desire.'"

That reminds one of Comte's attempt to make the ghosts of saints' days for those who do not believe in the saints, but who rather value the luxury of thinking patronisingly about saints in whom they do not believe. Yet the prayer for Thursday does not exactly remind us of Comte, only of the Oriental world for which it was composed. The following extract from a publication of Mr. Sen's,—the *New Dispensation*, of August 13th, 1882,—explains more fully the strange prayer for the day which the disciples of the New Dispensation devote to thoughts of their adversaries, adversaries who in this case appear to be so termed because they make light of religious dances:—

"On Tuesday last, at Lily Cottage, the Minister founded the institution of the New Dance. Boys, young men, and men, successively formed three concentric circles, each performing a rotation in a separate direction within its own ring. The singing and the enthusiasm were intense. The Minister concluded the dance with a short prayer and *pronam*. He contemplates to make this new dance as accurate, natural, and picturesque as possible. The first experiment was successful."

Further, on September 10th, 1882, the *New Dispensation* wrote as follows:—

* *The Brahmo Year-book for* 1882, *being Records of Work and Life in the Theistic Churches of India*. Edited by Sophia Dobson Collet. London: Williams and Norgate. 1883.

"(*Ibid.*, September 10th, 1882.) 'The New Dance on the occasion of our late holy festival was a success. If it failed at all, it was because of too much success. The number of dancers doubled and trebled in no time, and exceeded all calculations, and the enthusiasm was so great that the limited space in front of the Vedi [pulpit] where the dance took place, soon became hot as a furnace. Yet the shout and the gallop, and the joyous whirl round and round went on, and it was quite a blessed sight to see so many boys, and youths, and men of maturer years all dancing around their Invisible Mother in the centre. The three "circles" wore *chudders* of different colours, yellow, white, and brown, and as they moved, one within another, with hands upraised, keeping time according to the deep, sweet sound of the sacred Mridanga, the sight was both cheering and inspiring. The limited accommodation proved a source of inconvenience, and everybody felt that the New Dance required a much larger area, where hundreds might join and dance merrily. There was the flag of the New Dispensation, and the usual accompaniment of native dance; the jingling *nepur* [anklet], was not wanting on the occasion. Bhai Kunja Bihari led the dance.' (This scene, be it observed, took place in the Mandir itself.)"

But the most curious of all the illustrations of Mr. Sen's syncretism, *i.e.*, attempt to amalgamate the different popular religions known to him, into one compound of irreconcileable elements, is quoted as follows by Miss Collet, in her very interesting *Year-book*:—

"The next gleaning is entitled 'The Magic of the New Dispensation,' and appears in Mr. Sen's own paper of April 1st, 1883. The juggler whose feats are here recorded was Mr. Sen himself. The name of Hari (an incarnation of Krishna) is a favourite synonym of Deity with Mr. Sen and his disciples:—'The Juggler who appeared, on Tuesday last, in the last scene of the New Dispensation Drama, explained the deeper principles of the New Faith as they had never been explained before. There was the magician waving his magic wand, using his magical apparatus, and performing wonderful conjuring tricks amid enthusiastic cheers. And yet there was a deep spirituality in every word that was said, in every magical feat that was performed. It was not a juggler playing tricks, although that was on the boards; but it was a teacher who taught wisdom through allegories and metaphors. Great prophets and seers have spoken in parables, but this clownish-looking Juggler of the New Dispensation enacted parables, if we may so say. He knelt before a plantain tree and humbly entreated it to reveal the autograph of its Lord and Master. And then he cut off a large leaf with a knife, and lo! the name of Hari was found inscribed thereon. The trunk of the tree then yielded, under the Juggler's bidding, the nectar of God's love, through a small pipe he attached to it, first as rose-water and then as *sherbet*. God is not only visible, said he, but He always speaks through Nature, and the devotees hear him. Let the clamour of passions subside, and His gospel will be heard. And so it was. The sweet hymn "I am the Holy Spirit" was chanted behind the scene, and the audience listened reverently. Thus, said the Juggler, with an air of triumph, God can be seen and heard, and His love tasted by every believer to-day as in days of yore. A number of beads and stones of different colours were exhibited as representing different aspects of faith and piety. They were distinct and separate from each other, and knew no common bond. A string was needed to unite them into a necklace. Such a string was furnished by the New Dispensation. The beads and the piece of thread were thrown into a magic box, and instantaneously they came out strung together. The symbols of the various religions were then exhibited, such as the Christian's Cross, the Mahometan's Crescent, and the Vedic *Om*, the Saiva's Trident and the Vaishnava's *Khunti*. These stand aloof from each other in decided antagonism, and never coalesce. Is it not possible to combine and amalgamate the truths which each represents? By dexterous shuffling, these symbols were in an instant made into one. Music served as another illustration of the unity of the New Dispensation. Different musical instruments produce different sounds, and when sounded together without method they produce a most disagreeable confusion of jarring sounds. But as the Juggler gave the signal, those very instruments played in concord, and discoursed sweet music. So the various creeds harmonise, though apparently discordant, and become as one music under the influence of the New Dispensation. Eighteen centuries ago, a sacred bird came down from heaven with glad tidings. It inspired, moved, and sanctified thousands for a time, but it soon found a formidable foe in human Reason, at whose hands it eventually fell a victim. The general impression now is that the Holy Dove is dead, and there is no inspiration now. The juggler showed a dead bird, and then to the astonishment of all present, and amid loud cheers, a living bird descended from above with a piece of paper tied round its neck, on which were inscribed the following words:—Nava Bidhánar jai, Satya Dharma Samanvai.—"Victory to the New Dispensation; harmony of all religions." ' "

We do not wonder that Miss Collet adds, "Such is the New Dispensation, in the hands of its founder. Let us thank God that he has ceased to lead the Theistic Church of India." It is clear, indeed, that this curious experiment in symbolic Ritualism aims at satisfying the cravings expressed by all the creeds known to Mr. Sen, and at doing homage at once to the Hindoo expression of the infinite multiplicity and variety of the divine agency, to the Mahommedan expression of the divine absoluteness, and to the Christian expression of the divine spirituality and love; and that in attempting to unite them, it makes every one of them hollow and unreal. The true Theists of India, those who, under the title of the Sádháran-Somaj, are pressing home the spirituality of Theism, are doing a good work. Only, they will find, we think, that the profound belief in God which they teach, leads them on to a craving for that further revelation of his spiritual essence and will which is found in Christ alone. But the fantastic Ritualism of Mr. Sen's compost of all religions, can lead to nothing but a theatrical worship, without solidity and without central convictions.

MISS YONGE'S STRAY PEARLS.*

The remembrance of Miss Yonge's first novel carries back readers who have reached middle-life almost to their childhood. She has given to the public in the interval more books than it is easy to remember. It is, therefore, peculiarly pleasant to see that she can still write with vigour and freshness. A reviewer, so that he be not of the Croker sort, always finds it more agreeable to praise than to blame, and never administers censure with more regret than when he is compelled to note weakness or weariness in the new effort of a popular writer. Miss Yonge's historical manner is, in our judgment, her best. We are just a little tired of Anglican parsons, doctors, and peers, each equipped with his numerous family of sons and daughters; while each family presents the familiar varieties of the worldly, the devout, the student, the careless genius, and the black, but not too black, sheep. Anglicanism, indeed, still follows us even to Paris, in the days of the Fronde. All good Church people will be glad to read how Margaret de Ribaumont, though brought up herself in the Roman communion, records for the benefit of her grandchildren her conviction that "the English doctrine is no heresy, and that the Church is a true Church, and Catholic." Into the fold for the proper construction of which we have this satisfactory assurance, one of the heroes of the tale is finally admitted. Throughout the story Puritans meet with no favour, now and then, we should say, scarcely with fairness; nor is there much more liking for the Huguenots. Perhaps the most unamiable personage that we encounter owed, we are told, something, at least, of her odious characteristics to Huguenot antecedents.

The story of *Stray Pearls* belongs to the days when Anne of Austria was Regent of France, and to the early years of Louis XIV. Miss Yonge speaks very sensibly in her preface of the conditions under which the historical novel must now be written. Sir Walter Scott dealt with facts pretty much as he pleased, and took any liberty with times and places that seemed to suit the development of his plot. Authors of the present have to make, as Miss Yonge almost pathetically complains, "an entire sacrifice" of their plot, at the imperative bidding of historical accuracy, and instead of making "the catastrophe depend upon the heroes and heroines," to keep them "mere ineffective spectators." But the clear perception of this necessity really serves her in good stead. She has quite enough of the artist's faculty to make her characters live before us, and we are no more disposed to complain of their being subordinated to events than we should if they had a veritable historical existence.

Margaret de Ribaumont is a young lady born in England, but more than half French in her extraction. A marriage, arranged after the French mode, makes her Viscountess of Bellaise (there is one amusing scene describing the dismay with which she regards the withered old man whom she takes for the bridegroom, but who is really the bridegroom's father), and she follows her husband to the wars. Readers who are familiar with Miss Yonge's fictions will be prepared for the inevitable stroke which is to make Margaret a widow. The story of the bereavement is told with a pathos which is not the less effective because it is given with a restraint which the writer has not always used. The widow seeks retirement at the family château, and would have found solace in the part of a Lady Bountiful, but for the suspicions that are roused among her neighbours, and even at the centre of Government, that her benevolence generates an enmity to seignorial rights. "The Firebrand of the Bocage," for so the benevolent lady is called, is brought back to Paris by the threat of a *lettre de cachet*, and of the loss of the guardianship of her son. In Paris, we are introduced to the second heroine, Mistress Annora, sister to Margaret, but thoroughly English in all her sentiments. From that point the narrative is continued in alternation by the two sisters. This is not, we think, commonly a very successful method; but Miss Yonge uses it with

* *Stray Pearls. Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont, Viscountess of Bellaise.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

skill, and it is, perhaps, more peculiarly suited to the chronicle form which such a story as this must necessarily take. Nothing, too, could be better than the marked differences, most consistently kept up, between the two sisters. They are like and unlike with a contrast and a similarity which seem exactly to suit the poet's canon, "qualem decet esse sororum." It is always a pleasant change to leave the minor key of Margaret's reminiscences for the spirit and gaiety of Annora's narrative. Bred in the free air of her English home, and taught amidst the civil troubles of her country to care and to think for herself, she is ever in a most entertaining rebellion to the conventions of the courtly life to which she is introduced. Her love-history harmonises, of course, with the general independence of her character. The marriage which would have brought the long-standing family suit to so convenient a termination, finds no favour in her eyes; her heart is given to a young lawyer, who dreams that France may yet be free, and in spite of the horror of her French kinsfolk, to whom all who are not noble seem scarcely of the same humanity as themselves, she has her way. Miss Yonge has not told a better love-story than this. But, perhaps, the most spirited scene in the book is the abduction of Margaret. The Prince de Condé is very anxious that she should marry one of his followers, M. de Lamont; and he, with the help of her brother-in-law, Armand d'Aubépine, carries her off. Here, again, the double narrative is skilfully employed. Margaret, exhausted with all the excitement of the day—for she had only escaped her fate by clinging with passionate force to the image of St. Margaret in the chapel that was to have witnessed her marriage—could not have described the incidents of her rescue. These her sister tells us with great vividness. Here is an excellent scene:—

"M. d'Aubépine, who was slinking off the scene, like a beaten hound, as well he might, unaware that we were in the antechapel, caught his foot and spur in Madame Darpent's long trailing cloak, and come down at full length on the stone floor, being perhaps a little flustered with wine. He lay still for the first moment, and there was an outcry. One of the soldiers cried out to the other, as Madame Darpent's black dress and white cap flashed into the light, 'It is the holy saint who has appeared to avenge the sacrilege! She has struck him dead.' And behold the superstition affected even the licentious, good-for-nothing Abbé. Down he dropped upon his knees, hiding his eyes, and sobbing out, 'Sancta Margarita, spare me, spare me! I vow thee a silver image. I vow to lead a changed life. I was drawn into it, holy Lady Saint. They showed me the Prince's letter.' He got it all out in one breath, while some of them were lifting up D'Aubépine, and the Coadjutor was in convulsions of suppressed laughter, and catching hold of Clément's arm, whispered, 'No, no, Monsieur, I entreat of you, do not undeceive him. Such a scene is worth anything! Madame, I entreat of you,' to Meg, who was stepping forward. However, of course it could not last long, though as D'Aubépine almost instantly began to swear, as he recovered his senses, Madame Darpent unconsciously maintained the delusion, by saying solemnly in her voice, the gravest and deepest that I ever heard in a Frenchwoman, 'Add not another sin, sir, to those with which you have profaned this holy place.' The Abbé thereupon took one look and broke into another tempest of entreaties and vows, which Madame Darpent by this time heard. 'M. l'Abbé,' she said, 'I pray you to be silent; I am no saint, but a friend, if Madame will allow me so to call myself, who has come to see her to her home. But oh! Monsieur,' she added, with the wonderful dignity that surrounded her, 'forget not, I pray you, that what is invisible is the more real, and that the vows and resolution you have addressed to me in error are none the less registered in Heaven.'"

Whether this novel gives us a true picture of those strange times is more than any one can say, but it is at least truth-like. The great personages of the day, great at least by virtue of their position, move before us in a very real fashion. The Coadjutor of Paris, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, shrewd, active, vivacious, as little like the ideal Bishop as a man could well be, the proud Anne of Austria, the little King, so apt to learn the lessons of absolutism, and, perhaps, best of all, *la Grande Mademoiselle*, are excellent sketches. Some of the historical or quasi-historical scenes, too, are very good; Mademoiselle, for instance, making her way into Orleans, and the battle between Turenne and the Prince de Condé before the walls of Paris. On the whole, we may say that we have here a very well-written and effective story.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris. Edited by the late Wilhelm Wagner, Ph.D. (Bell and Sons.)—Dr. Wagner's edition has now been added to "Bohn's Classical Library." Most readers know something of Bentley, and how he demolished the Epistles of Phalaris, and with them the reputation of their Oxford champion, from having read about the subject in Macaulay. The book itself is probably known to very few, yet few more valuable contributions to Classical literature have been made in England. The great scholar shows at his best in the admirable criticism which it contains. Afterwards, he seemed to be spoilt by the sense of mastery which his use of this powerful weapon had given him. He did some good work for Homer, but he certainly carried the licence of conjecture beyond all reasonable bounds, and there is positive absurdity in his edition of Milton. But the *Phalaris* is admirable. Besides doing its work so thoroughly that there never could be any need of doing it again, it is a prodigious storehouse of learning, and it is readable in a way that perhaps no other book of the kind ever was readable. Besides Phalaris, the Doctor demolished equally apocryphal *Letters of Themistocles* and *Letters of Socrates* (his dealing with the story of the two wives of Socrates is a capital example of his manner), and he did nearly as much for one Dr. Barnes, Professor of Greek in his day at Cambridge, who had the ill-fortune to excite his wrath. Barnes had emended the Scholiast who tells the story how Agamemnon asked the judgment of a Trojan captive when Ajax and Ulysses contended for the arms of Achilles. The Greek ran ἀπὸ ὁποτέρου τῶν Τρώων μᾶλλον ἐλυπήθησαν. This the Professor altered to ἀπὸ ὁποτέρου αὐτῶν οἱ Τρῶες, μ. ἐ. Bentley simply alters the Tau into Eta, and makes Τρώων into Ἡρώων. But the culmination of his scorn is when Dr. Barnes, writing a Greek epigram, makes the second syllable of εὐπραγία short.

Diary of Royal Movements. Vol. I. (Elliot Stock.)—This promises to be a work of preposterous size. Forty pages are devoted to the eighteen years which preceded the Queen's accession to the Throne. This is moderate enough; but what are we to say of 360 allotted to the nine years and a half between the accession and the end of 1846? At this rate, to bring down this "diary" to the present time, we shall want nearly a *thousand* pages more. Surely the most loyal subject will think this too much to be given to the personal history—quite apart from politics—of even the most beloved and the most blameless of Sovereigns. Of course, the proportion of quite needless, or, to say the least, needlessly diffuse "records," is very great. Here is an instance. We have just had nearly a page about the Queen's visit to Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth. Then comes this notice:—"Prince Albert visited Birmingham, and inspected some of the most remarkable objects of interest in that town. In the course of the day, the Queen-Dowager also arrived at Drayton Manor, accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Earl Howe, and the Countess of Brownlow; so that the Premier had the distinguished honour of entertaining at one time his Sovereign and her Royal Consort, and her Majesty the Queen-Dowager, with their respective suites and attendants. In the evening a public dinner took place in the town-hall of Tamworth, to commemorate her Majesty's visit. The mayor, corporation, and principal inhabitants were present." It pushes human endurance to its extreme verge to read this once in the *Court Circular*, but to have it thus repeated is quite unbearable. One such volume as this given to the whole period might have been made quite readable. It is interesting to be told that the Duchess of Kent was attended at her daughter's birth by Dr. *Charlotte* Siebold, and to read how, after the birth of the Prince of Wales, her Majesty had the presence of mind to prevent the issue of a ludicrous announcement. "This will never do," she said to Prince Albert, when she saw the document, "because it conveys the idea that *you* were confined also." "*Her Majesty and the Prince are perfectly well*" were the words, and the Queen, it is said, insisted on the insertion of the word "infant" before "Prince." Various personages, more or less entertaining, reappear in these pages; "General Tom Thumb," for instance, and "The Boy Jones," a young gentleman possibly never heard of in this generation, who had a passion for making his way into Buckingham Palace. We are reminded of a venerable joke to which an illustrated London paper gave rise, by representing the Queen's presence at a "shearing" in Scotland by a picturesque scene of sheep-shearing. The date was September 12th. We hope that the compiler will reconsider his plans.

The Republic of Plato, Books I. and II. With Introduction, Notes, &c. By G. H. Wells, M.A. (Bell and Sons.)—Mr. Wells, who has already done some good work with Plato, having published an excellent edition of the "Euthydemus" two years ago, now follows it up with a careful and painstaking volume containing the first and second books of the *Republic*. We must own to a decided opinion that it is only with considerable limitations that Plato is suited for the reading of schoolboys, however advanced. The argument of the "Euthydemus," for instance, is simple enough; and there is nothing in the "Apology," which may not be readily understood. But the reasoning is often difficult to apprehend. In the "Phaedo," for instance, no reader but must feel that the argumentative part is very unsatisfactory, and presents the strongest contrast to the unsurpassed interest and vividness of the narrative. In the *Republic*, we should think, the student, when he has got beyond the introductory portion, will feel that he has made a change for the worse. "Plato," we should be inclined to say, is pre-eminently a book for extracts, at least when it

is intended for the reading of schoolboys. A volume containing the myths, introduced, perhaps, with a brief account of the context in which they are found, would be serviceable. Mr. Wells, however, has handled his task as satisfactorily as the case admitted. He has given us an argument of the whole book, which will be useful, if not to those for whom the volume is primarily intended, yet certainly for other students, and he has furnished the text with a running commentary, dealing both with the language and the matter.

John Leech: a Biographical Sketch. By Fred. G. Kilton. (G. Redway.)—This is a very pleasant sketch of a man for whom we cannot but have a higher regard the more we know of him. Leech was intended for the profession of medicine, and retained knowledge from his early studies that were useful for his drawing in after life. But he always had, so to speak, one foot in art. He published some sketches at eighteen, and first made himself famous by a happy caricature of Mulready's postage-envelope. In August, 1841, he first contributed to *Punch*. He never ceased to work for that periodical, and he may be said to have done more than any one man to make it what it is. Twenty-three years afterwards he attended the weekly meeting of the contributors, and four days later he died of *angina pectoris*. His total earnings from *Punch* are stated at £40,000. He did much work besides. Dickens's Christmas Stories, "The Comic History of England," "Albert Smith's "Christopher Tadpole," and the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," to mention a few out of many books, were illustrated by him. Overwork probably shortened his life, though he drew with such facility and speed that it was difficult to realise how much his work cost him in labour. It is pleasant to recall a story which does credit to Dickens's kindness of heart. Leech was illustrating "The Battle of Life," and introduced a picture with the flight of Marian, and the wedding festivities above. He "made the mistake of supposing that Michael Warden had taken part in the elopement, and introduced his figure with that of Marian." The reader is, it is true, led into believing that it was so, but the fact was wholly otherwise, and could not but be otherwise. Dickens was horrified at the mistake, but he knew what pain it would cause to Leech to have the illustration cancelled, and he put up with it.

The Suppliant Maidens, of Aeschylus. Translated into English verse by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A. (Kegan, Paul, Trench, and Co.)—The *Supplices* has been very little read, partly, doubtless, on account of the corrupt state of the text, and of a general difficulty, which has, however, as Mr. Morshead points out, been somewhat exaggerated. It will be a surprise, therefore, to not a few classical scholars, as well as to English readers, to discover from Mr. Morshead's version how much of beauty there is in the play. Of action, indeed, there is nothing, or next to nothing. The Suppliant Maidens, daughters of Danaus, arrive and beg protection from Argos and its king, against their pursuers, the sons of Aegyptus. The king promises; then comes in the herald of Aegyptus, and proceeds to force the Suppliants away. There is a dialogue between the herald and the king, which we may compare with that which takes place between Theseus and Creon in the *Oedipus Coloneus*. The king will not surrender the maidens, and the herald departs in wrath, menacing instant war. The action of the *Prometheus* is, indeed, almost equally simple, but the situation is finer, and there is the relief of interesting narrative. But the monotony of the *Supplices* is relieved by the presence of much genuine poetry, and Mr. Morshead has been most successful in preserving in his translation the spirit and beauty of this. In an interesting appendix, Mr. Morshead discusses the date of the play. He is inclined to attribute it to the earliest period of the poet's literary life, a theory to which its construction certainly lends support. He does not attach much importance to the supposed political allusions which some critics consider to fix the date at about 461, when a *rapprochement* between Argos and Athens was taking place. To us, indeed, the words seem to have more weight than he is disposed to allow. They run thus, in Mr. Morshead's translation :—

> "And let the people's voice, the power
> That sways the State, in danger's hour
> Be wary, wise for all;
> Nor honour in dishonour hold,
> But—ere the voice of war be bold—
> *Let them to stronger people grant*
> *Fair and unbloody covenant*—
> Justice and peace withal."

This is curiously minute, to be nothing more than what Mr. Morshead describes as "the prescience of a poet and political thinker." We must remember, too, that in the earliest part of the poet's career Argos still laboured under the stigma of having *Medized* in the Persian war, a fault which would have been peculiarly odious to a patriot such as was Aeschylus. The literary history of the play is also discussed. Mr. Morshead believes that it was the first of a trilogy, the third play of which contained the trial of the Danaides for the murder of their husbands, and their acquittal by the influence of Aphrodite. We may give, as a further specimen of the translator's manner, the following specimen :—

> "I am Pelasgus, ruler of this land,
> Child of Palaechthon, whom the earth brought forth;
> And rightly named from me, the race who reap
> This country's harvests are Pelasgian called,
> And o'er the wide and westward-stretching land,
> Where through the lucent wave of Strymon flows,
> I rule; Perrhaebia's land my boundary is
> Northward, and Pindus' further slopes, that watch
> Paeonia, and Dodona's mountain ridge.
> West, east, the limit of the washing seas
> Restrains my rule; the interspace is mine.
> But this whereon we stand is Apian land,
> Styled so of old from the great Healer's name;
> For Apis, coming from Naupactus' shore
> Beyond the strait, child of Apollo's self,
> And like him, seer and healer, cleansed this land
> From man-devouring monsters, whom the earth,
> Stained with pollution of old blood-shedding,
> Brought forth in malice, beasts of ravening jaws,
> A grisly throng of serpents manifold."

Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum Libri IV. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. E. Page, M.A. (Macmillan.)—Mr. Page, after editing the four books of the "Odes" separately for the series of "Elementary Classics," has published in this volume a fuller edition, designed for the use of more advanced students. That this edition should supersede the excellent work of Mr. Wickham is more than we should like to say, while Orelli must always remain a treasury of Horatian knowledge. But a more convenient, useful, and trustworthy edition than this we do not know. There is a quite surprising amount of information compressed into a moderate compass. A book that can be carried not inconveniently in the pocket, and yet contains, we may go as far as saying, all that one most needs to know about Horace, is really a great acquisition. Mr. Page, too, is not only judicious and accurate, but as we have had occasion to remark before, in reviewing his smaller books, he is original. He says things in a fresh and forcible way, and he is happy in illustration, and on occasion he can be amusing. *A propos* of "barbite," for instance, a word which, Greek and Latin being reckoned together, "has the almost unique privilege of possessing three genders," he illustrates the absurdity of attributing gender to things inanimate, by remarking that "the German words for knife, spoon, and fork are of three different genders;" and he drily remarks, in reference to the doubt whether the Virgil of i., 3, was really the poet, a doubt founded on the late date of Virgil's known voyage to Greece, "For my own part, I prefer to assume that Virgil visited Greece twice, rather than to annihilate a link which connects Virgil with Horace as 'the half of life.'" In his dealing with individual passages, we find ourselves generally in accord with Mr. Page. He takes "littore Etrusco," in I., ii., 14, as meaning the Tuscan bank of the river, not, as has been commonly thought of late, the shore of the Tuscan Sea. He illustrates this view by a brief statement of the topography of the Tiber, which shows the lofty slopes of Janiculum opposite the low ground of the Forum Boarium; and he very appositely instances the effect produced on the Surrey side of the Thames by the embankment on the Middlesex shore. But he is going too far, when he says that the theory of floods being caused by winds blowing up stream is absurd. It is notorious that floods are much aggravated by this cause. A strong up-stream wind will make a difference that has to be measured by feet. In I., i., 5, "Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis," he objects to the modern suggestion of a full stop at "nobilis." It would, indeed, be unbearably weak. In l. 29 of the same ode, he takes no notice of the reading "te" for "me," a reading which will be found in many older editions, and is supposed to avoid the descent from "dis miscent superis" to "secernunt populo." Of Mr. Page's happy manner, we may quote as a specimen,—"Let any one stand before Landseer's 'Monarch of the Glen,' and say what his idea of *sublimi anhelitu*, as applied to a wounded stag, is." A scholar who keeps up this faculty of observation will always have something fresh to say about even the most hackneyed author.

Hints on Home Teaching. By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. (Sceley and Co.)—There are few teachers so experienced or so skilful that they may not learn much from Dr. Abbott. The First Part of his book is devoted to "Moral Training," and contains a number of kindly and sagacious hints, which parents will find even more useful than teachers. (It is to parents, no less than to teachers, that Dr. Abbott addresses himself throughout.) We may note especially the section entitled "The Habit of Attention," where the writer enforces his teaching by an ingenious apologue, borrowed from a "teacher of considerable experience," whom he calls "Preceptor." This authority appears frequently throughout the course of the volume. As we do not find there is any acknowledgment in the preface of the great obligations under which Dr. Abbott has placed himself to him, we are probably not wrong in conjecturing that he is no less a personage than Dr. Abbott himself. If this be so, we quite agree that his judgment is one on which "great reliance" may be placed. Dr. Abbott and "Preceptor," be they one or two, set as many lessons for parents to learn as they suggest for children. It will be difficult, indeed, for any candid person to read these chapters without feeling how far short he has fallen of the standard which he ought to set before his children, and how much he has to learn in the way of sincerity and earnestness, and not a few other qualities which we expect to find better developed in our children than we can show them in ourselves. Part II. deals with "Mental Training," and gives

practical suggestions as to the teaching of "Reading and Spelling" (reading should always, Dr. Abbott thinks, come first of the two), "Arithmetic" (where Dr. Abbott is much in favour of teaching by concrete forms), "English Composition and Grammar," "French and Latin" (a specially admirable and valuable chapter), "Geography, History, and Geometry," and finally, "Religious Instruction and Home Influence." We shall quote a passage from the chapter on Latin, which will be interesting to all teachers:—

"*The Discouragement of Guessing.*—The exercises, and especially those from Latin into English, should not be so easy as to be construed without thought. It is of the utmost importance, in teaching Latin, to force the pupil at the commencement of the study *to distrust any inferences as to the meaning of a Latin sentence derived from the order of the words.* 'For a very long time,' writes Preceptor 'in the course of a weekly entrance examination of the most elementary kind), I have been in the habit of asking those boys who profess to have learned Latin—almost all of whom are over thirteen years of age, and have learned Latin two, three, four, or five years—to construe the sentence, "Oppida magna boni agricolae habent," and not one in five has been able to construe these five simple words correctly. Such a translation as "they have the great towns of the good husbandman" would have been treated as satisfactory, because logical; but almost all have succumbed to the temptation of regarding "oppida" as nominative, "because it comes first;" and they have thus rushed to the conclusion, in despite of cases and grammars, that the meaning must be, "Great towns have good husbandmen."'"

Herbert Spencer on American Nervousness. By George M. Beard, M.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)—Dr. Beard, whose book on *American Nervousness* we noticed in these columns some little time ago, claims, and, it seems to us, rightly claims, as his own much that has recently attracted so much attention when spoken by Mr. Herbert Spencer. Dr. Beard shows some strong resemblances between his own utterances and the utterances of Mr. Herbert Spencer; and is, perhaps, a little vexed that what he has been urging, he says, in vain, should now be accepted. He must console himself with the progress of truth.

We have received:—Two volumes of the series "Blackwood's Philosophical Classics," *Hegel*, by Edward Caird, LL.D., and *Fichte*, by Robert Adamson, M.A. (Blackwood and Sons.)—*Man: an Essay*, by John Lawrence (Elliot Stock), in which the writer maintains the "destructionist" theory.—*A New Handbook of Anthems, for Public Worship.* (Hodder and Stoughton.)—*Arabic Names of the Stars, with their Meanings*, by W. H. Higgins, M.B. (Samuel Clarke, Leicester.)—*Notes on the Pictures in the Louvre Gallery*, by Charles L. Eastlake. (Longmans.) A very convenient handbook, noticing only the more conspicuous and important examples of the vast collection which is gathered together in the Louvre—*Notes on Pictures in Brera Gallery in Milan*, by same author and publisher.—*The Students' Mechanics; an Introduction to the Study of Force and Motion*, by Walter R. Browne, M.A. (Charles Griffin and Co.)—*Permanence and Evolution: an Inquiry into the Supposed Mutability of Animal Types*, by S. E. B. Bouverie-Pusey. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*The Ultimatum of Pessimism*, by James William Barlow. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*The Message of Psychic Science to Mothers and Nurses*, by Mary Bush. (Trübner.)—*Digestion: the Passport to Health*, by Dr. Alfred Wright, M.D. (W. Rider and Son), is full of sensible advice, if we could only follow it.—A second edition of "*J. E. M.*" *Guide to Davos-Platz*, by J. E. Muddock, with notes on food, air, water, and climate, by P. Holland. (Simpkin and Marshall.)—*A Summary of Military Law*, by H. F. Morgan (Marcus Ward and Co.), a useful manual to all whom the subject concerns, put in the form of question and answer.—*Walks in Abney Park*, by James Branwhite French (J. Clarke and Co.), an account of persons, more or less eminent, buried in that cemetery. The scope of this little volume, which is reprinted from the *Evangelical Magazine*, is limited, with some exceptions, to those who have died within the memory of this generation. A plan of the cemetery is added.—*The Æsthetic and Modern Æstheticism.* (Marshall, Norman, and Co., Cheltenham). Mr. John Wooder discourses of "thought, culture, and art," and gives "a popular history of society" in a very moderate compass.—*The Bibliographer*, Vol. III., December, 1882, May, 1883 (Elliot Stock), containing a variety of interesting articles, among which may be mentioned Mr. N. Pocock's "Notices of the Genevan Bible," and a paper full of information, which will be mostly new to many readers, of the articles used in the manufacture of paper.—*The Gas Managers' Handbook*, by Thomas Newbigging (Walter King), "a third edition."—*Economy of Coal in House Fires*, by T. P. Teale, M.A. (Churchill).—*Art in Provincial France*, the reprint of a series of letters written by J. Comyns Carr, during the summer of 1882, to the *Manchester Guardian*.—*The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, with an introduction by Henry Morley (Routledge and Sons). This is the first of a cheap series of reprints of standard authors to be published under the title of "Morley's Universal Library." The book is clearly printed, neatly and strongly bound, and the price is one shilling.—*A Theory of Creation*, by J. C. Whisk, M.A. (London Literary Society).—*The Lord's Prayer*, homilies preached in the course of his ministry, by C. Stanford, D.D (Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh.)—A new edition of *The Public School French Grammar*, (Hachette and Co.)—*Supplementary Arithmetic*, by Rev. J. Hunter, M.A., showing improved methods of working some of the more advanced rules (Bell and Sons).—*First Lessons in Philosophy*, by M. S. Handley (T. Laurie).—*A Sketch-book by R. Caldecott*, reproduced in colours by E. Evans (Routledge and Sons).—*The History of a Lump of Chalk*, by A. Watt (A. Johnston).—*Field Artillery*, by Major S. C. Pratt, R.A., being the third volume of the series of Military handbooks for officers and non-commissioned officers, edited by Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, R.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Part II. of the *Analysis and Adulteration of Foods*, by J. Bell, Ph.D., (Chapman and Hall.)—*Bicycles and Tricycles*, by C. Spencer (Griffith and Farran).

The SPECTATOR can be had on Sunday mornings at Mr. K. Nilsson's, 212 Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson (E. L.), The Gallop, 4to	(Douglas)	2/6
Aristotle, Politics, translated by J. E. C. Welldon, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	10/6
Baker (T. H.), Records of Seasons, Agricultural Prices, &c., 8vo	(Simpkin)	6/0
Cariss (A.), Book-keeping by Double Entry, 12mo	(E. Wilson)	6/0
Chambers, Practical and Conversational Dictny., Eng., Feh., Ger.	(Murray)	6/0
Crane (W. G. E.), Sheet-Metal Worker, 12mo	(Lockwoo)	1/6
Derwent (J. L.), Our Lady of Tears, cr 8vo	(Chatto)	3/6
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Flowerdew (H.), The Parr, Salmon, &c., cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	5/0
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Meetings will also be held at Islington, Myddelton Hall, Monday, July 2ad; Mrs. Surr in the Chair.

Chelsea Vestry Hall, Tuesday, July 3rd; Jas. F. B. Firth, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.

Kennington, The Horns, Tuesday, July 3rd; Rev. C. E. Brooke, Vicar of St. John's, in the Chair.

Paddington, Westbourne Park Institute, Porchester Road, W., nearly opposite the Royal Oak Station, Wednesday, July 4th; Arthur Arnold, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.

Hackney Town Hall, Wednesday, July 4th; Mrs. Fenwick Miller, L.S.B., in the Chair.

All these Meetings will commence at 8 o'clock. Admission free.

The following Ladies and Gentlemen are expected to speak:—Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Hoggan, M.D., Mrs. Chant, Miss Müller, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Miss C. A. Biggs, Miss Tod, Miss Frances Lord, Miss Whitehead, Miss Orme, Mrs. Arthur Arnold, Miss Jessie Craigu, Mrs. Walter McLaren; Mr. Lucraft, Mr. Raper, Mr. J. F. Torr, and others.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Comte de Chambord is reported dying. The latest accounts represent him as mending, but that always happens in the illnesses of very great persons, and previous statements have all been of the gravest character. They all agree in asserting that the Comte has tumour or cancer of the stomach, that he is incapable of taking food, and that he has suddenly wasted to a shadow of himself. No hope apparently is entertained at Vienna, whither the Comte de Paris has proceeded, while the Papal Nuncio has actually visited Frohsdorf to convey the Pope's blessing. Paris is full of rumours as to the consequences of the Count's death, some Legitimists alleging that he has willed the Crown of France to Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, and, after the Comte de Chambord, the eldest Bourbon; and others asserting that the will will be found to devise the succession to the claimant who shall accept the White Flag. Much of all this is nonsense, the Comte de Chambord having no more power to bequeath the Crown of France, titular or real, than the Queen has to bequeath the Crown of Great Britain; but it all points to the seriousness of the division between Orleanists and Legitimists. The latter cannot abide to see their old household enemies put within the law.

Are England and France quarrelling about anything, or is the Parisian Press suddenly stricken with a cholera panic? The Paris correspondent of the *Times* talks of an article in the *Temps* about England inspired by M. Challemel-Lacour which it is better not to discuss, the *République Française* rages at British malice, and the *Français*, M. de Broglie's organ, protests against "misunderstandings which threaten to place us in open hostility to the only Power"—naming England—"whose interests unite with ours on the European chessboard." Other journals are positively full of malignant innuendoes about the "commercial" spirit which has induced this country to bring the cholera from Bombay, and the mean jealousy with which England is resisting France all over the world. Are we resisting France, or do our contemporaries see men as trees walking? So far as the country knows, the Government is not interfering with France anywhere, and most certainly the people are not. We do not feel quite sure that M. Challemel-Lacour, who has strong anti-British prepossessions, is not giving a cue to the Press, and should like to know what he is specially seeking. In what possible department of energy can it pay France to raise an impression that but for circumstances, her Government would at once come to a rupture with Great Britain? It is inconceivable that English action at Pekin, where our only interest and effort is to prevent war, can be so misrepresented.

Mr. Healy has carried Monaghan for Mr. Parnell, receiving 2,376 votes, or within 262 of a clear half of the registered electors. His Tory rival, Mr. Monroe, obtained 2,011 votes; and the Liberal, Mr. Pringle, only 274, an instance of political ingratitude hardly parallelled even in Ireland. Mr. Healy, it will be perceived, received more votes than both his opponents put together. The election was fought out altogether on the agrarian dispute. Mr. Healy said nothing of Home-rule, still less of Irish Independence; but promised that the Land Act should be improved in the tenants' interest, even if the land did not actually pass to the tenants. Mr. Monroe also was compelled to accept the tenants' programme, but did not promise them the land. It is said that almost every Catholic vote and 300 Protestant votes were given to Mr. Healy, but the ballot keeps its secret, and religion had very little to do with the matter; Mr. Healy is not exactly devout, and lies with his party under the direct censure of the Pope for calumniating worthy men, stirring up law-breakers, and omitting to protest against outrage-mongers. The electors of Monaghan care nothing about that, or anything else, except low rents,—an ominous sign for the future of Ireland.

The Corrupt Practices Bill has been under discussion all the week, and sincere as the House evidently is in its determination to curb the influence of wealth, we begin to fear that the Bill is too elaborate, and its prohibitions too minute, to result in a good workable measure. Its principles are hardly consistent, for while it permits private persons to lend their own vehicles for the conveyance of voters, it does not permit private persons to hire the vehicles of others for the same end, and Mr. H. Fowler's very reasonable amendment to forbid both practices was rejected. Again, while it allows candidates to hire the large room in an inn for electoral meetings, it does not allow them to take a room either in an inn or in any house of refreshment for a committee-room. And on the law of agency it seems likely to be so strict, that unless both parties are very forbearing, hardly any election in the kingdom will stand the tests of purity which this measure seems likely to apply. On the whole, we wish the Bill had insisted chiefly on a few broad principles,—including especially the strict limitation of election expenses,—and had busied itself less with minute restrictions.

On Tuesday night, an hour or more was wasted owing to the unseemly behaviour of Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Wolff, and Mr. Gorst, who on their return to the evening sitting wanted to insist on the re-reading of an amended clause which had already been re-read (soon after ten o'clock) before these gentlemen and their friends thought fit to revisit the House. Even their own party were forced to condemn their behaviour, and to point out that if every gentleman who returned late to the House insisted on having an amended clause re-read for his own behoof, no progress with a Bill could possibly be made. Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir H. Wolff, and Mr. Gorst forfeited completely on this occasion the sympathy even of extreme partisans of the Tory party like Mr. Chaplin. Discreditable pertinacity of this sort ought to be be both punishable and punished.

Lord Derby, on Wednesday, announced that the Government had determined to reject the annexation of New Guinea. The Colonial Office had received despatches from Queensland, and had found no reason for the action of the local Government, except a fear that some Power was about to seize some part of New Guinea. That Government could have asked permission by telegraph, and would therefore be informed that its act was cancelled, and that while the Queen's Government would hold any descent by a foreign Power on New Guinea to be an "unfriendly act," it would not itself take the island. If, however, Australia would federate herself, and undertake the conquest of New Guinea as a State, the whole question would assume a new aspect. The Australians are not ready to do this yet, but they are vexed with the decision, and may make strong representations. These will not be less vigorous, if it is true, as reported, that the French have annexed the New Hebrides, contrary to an understanding with the British Government that neither Power should take those islands. This report, however, requires

confirmation. As to New Guinea, it is clear that a Colonial annexation could not be allowed; while the delay in absorbing the island is of no importance. Australia will take it some day, if combined Europe protests.

The *Times* has published a summary of Lord Randolph Churchill's evidence against the Khedive. With the exception of one item, it amounts to very little. The exception is that Tewfik Khedive is said, on "reliable authority," to have forwarded to Omar Lutfi, Governor of Alexandria, just before the outbreak of June 11th, a telegram couched in these words:—"Arabi has guaranteed public safety and published it in the newspapers, and has made himself responsible to the Consuls, and if he succeeds in his guarantee the Powers will trust him, and our consideration will be lost. Also, the Fleets of the Powers are in Alexandrian waters, and men's minds are excited, and quarrels are not far off between Europeans and others. Now, therefore, choose for yourself whether you will serve Arabi in his guarantee, or whether you will serve us." If that telegram was really sent, it would show that the Khedive requested Lutfi to nullify Arabi's guarantee by breaking public order, and that is Lord Randolph's allegation. He has, however, to prove the authenticity of his telegram. It is exactly the message a tricky and weak Oriental might send, though he would hardly trust the telegraph so far, and it is also exactly the message which a clever Asiatic hating the Khedive would forge to produce his ruin. Whatever the truth, we hardly wonder that the French papers ask why the British Government is just now informally trying the Khedive. Will they, if the telegram is traced to him, send him before a court-martial in his own capital? We thought they held the Khedive to be a Sovereign.

Mr. Chamberlain presided at the annual meeting of the Cobden Club last Saturday, and delivered an admirable speech, which he commenced by quizzing the *Observer*,—"a paper which is the organ of those whom Mr. Disraeli used to call 'superior persons,'"—for having said of Mr. Cobden that he was "a very worthy, well-meaning Member of Parliament, who was neither a statesman nor a philosopher, and who is now chiefly known as the author of a number of prophecies all of which had been falsified by the event." "Well, as to that," said Mr. Chamberlain, "the doctrines of the Christian religion have not received universal acceptance; yet I suppose we should conceive it a little presumptuous, even in a Sunday newspaper with a limited circulation, to describe the Apostles as very worthy fishermen, who were neither philosophers nor statesmen, but who were chiefly to be remembered as the authors of a variety of predictions which were falsified by the event." It was true that the United States, aided by the vast range of their territory, had been able to decline Free-trade with the rest of the world with but little conscious suffering to themselves; and Mr. Chamberlain, as an Englishman, could not regret it, since he could not help being grateful for the delay of the shock to English commercial pre-eminence which American Free-trade, when it comes, must bring. The latter part of his speech was devoted by Mr. Chamberlain to the subject of the recent retirements from the Cobden Club, which gave him occasion to discuss the relation of the Radicals to the Liberal party at large, and to point out that if Radicals are to sacrifice something of their own wishes in order to co-operate with the Moderates, the Moderates must not grudge the Radicals the right of free exposition and free discussion of their more daring wishes.

Mr. Thorold Rogers, in responding to the toast of the Cobden Club, referred to Tenniel's admirable picture of Mr. Chamberlain as the daring duckling launching out into the pond of Radicalism, and ventured to suggest that, like Hans Christian Andersen's "ugly duck," Mr. Chamberlain might yet turn out the swan of the brood. Sir Charles Dilke afterwards made an interesting speech on the actual progress of Free-trade. A commercial treaty had been signed with Italy on the 15th of last month, which is a great step in the direction of Free-trade; and even before this our trade with Italy, which some years ago fell off greatly, had completely recovered. Moreover, the Anglo-Italian Commercial Treaty contains a general arbitration clause, with detailed regulations for the appointment of arbitrators in case of divergencies of interpretation. The renewal of our relations with Mexico is another great step in the right direction, and with Portugal, a "most favoured nation" treaty has been signed. With Spain there is more difficulty, though Sir Robert Morier gives us hope that happier counsels are likely to prevail in Spain; and in the United States, Sir Charles Dilke recognised not so much a distinct progress of Free-trade doctrine, as a much clearer admission of the doctrine that tariffs should be constructed on a revenue basis, and not on a basis of Protection. On the whole, the policy of Governments in civilised countries had been recently becoming more and more favourable to Free-trade, instead of less and less so.

On the same day, a banquet was given to Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., on his retirement from the Bar. The Attorney-General proposed Mr. Benjamin's health, in a speech which referred with more of honorific feeling than we could contrive to summon up, to Mr. Benjamin's career as a member of the great Slave Confederation of the Southern States. Further, Sir Henry James took great credit for Mr. Benjamin's reception here. "The Bar is ever generous even in its rivalry towards success that is based on merit." "The years are few since Mr. Benjamin was a stranger to us all, and in those few years he has accomplished more than most men can hope in a lifetime to achieve." Mr. Benjamin, whose abilities as a lawyer probably surpass those of the very ablest of his friends in this country, had well earned Sir Henry James's tribute of respect and admiration, and his speech in acknowledgment was manly and graceful; but after that, the "mutual admiration" grew somewhat too fervent. The Lord Chancellor in his "fond regret" for the years of his life at the Bar, became needlessly effusive on the subject of the extraordinarily honourable character of the Bar of the United Kingdom; while the Lord Chief Justice had no words to express his sense of "the honour, the eloquence, the integrity, and learning of the Bar." Of the modesty of the Bar, Lord Coleridge wisely said nothing, and perhaps it would not have been consistent with what he did say, to attribute modesty to the Bar. We have a sincere respect for the Bar, but the Bar has so much to say in its own praise, that nothing at all remains for others to say, and we cannot but wish to hear whether there might not be a debit side of the account, if solicitors and clients could be freely heard.

We regret to record the death of the Duke of Marlborough, one of Lord Beaconsfield's Dukes, a most respectable, most manageable man, who could always be educated, and therefore sat in Cabinets. He knew something of Church affairs, and though he sold the Sunderland Library, was in his way a man of intelligence and thought. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Blandford, supposed to be a Radical. That party does not want Dukes, and thinks it hard of Fate that Lord Randolph Churchill is only a second son. Perhaps, however, it is for the best. If he had been the heir to the Dukedom, the House of Commons might have been cruelly and indecently exultant over a death, and even the gain to the State would not have compensated for that.

There is no brutality like that of the panic-struck. The deaths at Damietta from cholera exceed one hundred a day, though the population is only 30,000. A cordon of troops has been accordingly drawn round the wretched town, with orders to shoot any one found leaving it. Consequently, every one is afraid to enter the place, which has become a fetid prison, and there are neither sufficient doctors, guardians of order, nor medical comforts. The people die or live uncared for, relatives are divided, business is stopped, and for all any one knows the inhabitants may be starving. At the same time, any one who can bribe the police gets through, so that if cholera were contagious, it would be conveyed in spite of the cruel restrictions. It is believed that the outbreak is, in the main, local; and Lord Granville on Tuesday read an opinion from Sir William Gull, stating that he saw little ground for alarm, as severe epidemics of cholera were always preceded by small outbreaks in the previous winter and spring. All the States of the Mediterranean have published quarantine rules, and the French and Italian papers insist that the cholera came from Bombay. There is no ground, Lord Granville says, for the allegation, which, if true, might be perpetually so, the great Indian cities never being quite free of cholera cases.

A great controversy has been raging in the *Standard* as to the quantity of education now given in Board Schools. Correspondents, usually female, report that the hours are too long, that the work to be done at home is too heavy, that payment by results induces forcing, and that the children, consequently, look sickly, puny, and careworn. The Inspectors, as a body,

deny these charges, and attribute them to the dislike of all Conservatives and of most women to any extension of education. We have very little belief in the story of overwork, knowing the perfect protection English children derive from their armour of stupidity, but we have a doubt sometimes about sanitation. The effect of cooping up numbers of children in London rooms in summer weather is not good, even when the children are much better fed than the children of the poor often are. It is the want of milk and meat from which sharp scholars suffer much more than from the learning, and it is very difficult even to think of the remedy. The State cannot feed all the children, or the philanthropists either. We wish some one of the latter, though, would try the effect of milk in some one rather crowded school, and report thereupon, and ensure that in hot weather the tired mites should have good water to drink at will. There can be no reasonable difficulty about the latter.

A meeting was held in Exeter Hall on Wednesday to promote a scheme for lending money to Indian peasants at reasonable rates. They now pay 24 per cent., which Mr. Bright, who spoke on behalf of the scheme, considers fatal to agriculture. He will find on inquiry that this rate has been paid for hundreds of years, and is not fatal to agriculture, though over-much borrowing is. The Indian sun is not the English, or the Indian return from seed. The crux of the scheme is the peasant's character. If the ryot, being able to borrow at 12 per cent., borrows as much as he did at 24 per cent., the English lenders will benefit him and themselves; but if he borrows twice as much, he will, when payment is asked for, be worse off than before, while they will lose their money. The experiment is an excellent one, and ought to be tried, but we would warn poor investors, clergymen, and widows to leave it alone. Mr. Bright says the soucars, or native usurers, are all in favour of the scheme, and we have no doubt that is true. All their insolvent debtors will borrow to pay them off, which will be very convenient for the soucars, while the solvent debtors will go on as their fathers did before. No peasant will break with the soucar, who tides him over bad seasons, by going to a competitor, without the soucar's own consent.

A frightful accident, which seems to have cost about 120 lives, occurred on the Clyde on Tuesday, when a vessel christened 'Daphne,' built by Messrs. Alexander Stephen and Sons, Linthouse, Glasgow, for the Glasgow and Londonderry Steam Packet Company, was so launched that, instead of floating on the water, she heeled over at once and went to the bottom. The cause of the accident is not yet understood. It is only certain that the anchor on the port side was dragged much farther than the anchor on the starboard side, the one being moved sixty yards and the other not more than six or seven. It was conjectured, therefore, that the chains on the two sides had not moved evenly, and that the starboard side had been checked while the port side was unchecked. Another theory is that the vessel was top-heavy, but as yet the cause of the catastrophe is quite uncertain. A few of the crowd of workmen on board were picked up by the boats or swam to shore, but 120 are known to be missing, and the hold and companion-ladder of the 'Daphne' were found crowded with corpses. The building and launching of vessels on the Clyde have usually been so wholly free from accident, that the calamity has caused almost as much wonder as grief and consternation.

Mr. Spottiswoode was buried in Westminster Abbey on Thursday, at the request of a great number of eminent men, who, when they made their request, probably thought more of their own admiration and esteem than they did of the very limited space now available in the Abbey. Mr. Spottiswoode, distinguished as he was amongst his contemporaries, and beloved as he was also, had hardly *achieved* enough to earn a distinction which ought to be reserved for the few in each generation whom even posterity will never forget. In saying this, we do not in any way mean to detract from the honour in which a man of great acquirements, of very high originality as a man of science, and of large generosity, ought to be held by all his contemporaries. Still, Westminster Abbey should be reserved for those whom not only their contemporaries, but all subsequent generations, will agree to think of as the marked men of their generation. Not even such as these, however, could be laid in the grave with deeper and more universal regret than was felt by the mourners at the grave of Mr. Spottiswoode. The Royal Society have done themselves credit by electing a man of true genius as his successor. That successor is Professor Huxley.

Lord Salisbury distributed the prizes to the Arts and Science Faculty of King's College, London, on Tuesday, and in his remarks echoed (though mildly) the general complaint of the number of examinations. Lord Salisbury should read the late Professor Stanley Jevons's admirable paper on "Cram," in the volume just published. He would there learn that frequent examination is one of the most indispensable of all instruments of education, and that no good teacher ever allows his class to learn much without testing the character of that learning by examination. But Lord Salisbury did not confine his remarks to those with which Conservatives could sympathise. He made a sharp attack on the deference paid to Greek and Latin verse in the public schools and the Universities, and complimented King's College on giving no prize for Latin verse. "I never look back without a feeling of some bitterness to the many hours during which I was compelled to produce the most execrable Latin verse in the world. I believe that if a commission of distinguished men were appointed to discover what is the most perfectly useless accomplishment to which the human mind can be turned, a large majority would agree that versification in the dead languages is that accomplishment." Lord Salisbury, it will be seen, can be a Radical when he likes.

The banquet to Mr. Irving at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, was a very enthusiastic one. Five hundred sat down to table, and some 400 ladies assembled in the galleries before the speaking began. Lord Coleridge presided, and showed considerable art in giving a sort of colloquial familiarity to the eloquence of his usually stately, though silver tongue. He declared that every after-dinner speech should have its joke, its platitude, and its quotation,—the American Minister subsequently remarking that the platitude was the real difficulty, and that a successful platitude requires "a very high order of genius,"—but Lord Coleridge was equal to the emergency, for he combined all three in one by quoting "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," as a passage absolutely new. In enumerating some of the great actors and actresses, Lord Coleridge might, we think, have remembered, when he complimented Miss Ellen Terry, that a sister of hers had once as great a popularity, and had reached, as a tragic actress, a far higher standard of genius. But the conclusion of Lord Coleridge's speech was the happiest. He described Mr. Irving in Cicero's words,—"Summus artifex, et, mehercule! semper partium, in republica tanquam in scena, optimarum." "I venture," he said, "to translate these words roughly, for the benefit of one or two people who, perhaps, do not understand them,—'He is a consummate artist, by Jove! and capable of the best parts, both on the stage and off it.'"

Mr. Irving's speech was not remarkable,—a speech of cordial thanks adequately expressed; but the Minister of the United States, who always speaks well, spoke even better than usual, happily defending the United States from the charge of self-laudation, by managing to suggest that they limit their Spread-eagleism to one day in the year, the day of the banquet; and we may at once admit that if his implication is true, that is a much more moderate allowance than that of any other people. The happiest passage, however, was Mr. Lowell's concluding story of a Methodist preacher at a camp-meeting of whom he had heard when he was young. He was preaching on Joshua ordering the sun to stand still:—"My hearers," he said, "there are three motions of the sun; the first is the straightforward or direct motion of the sun, the second is the retrograde or backward motion of the sun, and the third is the motion mentioned in our text,—'the sun stood still.' Now, gentlemen, I do not know whether you see the application of that story to after-dinner oratory? I hope you do. The after-dinner orator at first begins and goes straightforward,—that is the straightforward motion of the sun. Next, he goes back, and begins to repeat himself a little, and that is the retrograde motion, or the backward motion, of the sun. And at last, he has the good-sense to bring himself to an end, and that is the motion mentioned in our text of the sun standing still." And so Mr. Lowell carried off the laurels of the evening.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 100 to 100⅛ x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON THE COBDEN CLUB.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S admirable speech at the Cobden Club this day week will do much to extinguish the memory of the trifling mistake which he made three weeks ago at Birmingham, when he intimated that he hoped that the people of England would not treat any Reform Bill as a discharge of Liberal liabilities which did not come up to his own standard of universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of Members. The error there was in that indifference to his own Ministerial position which went so far as to weaken beforehand any settlement on which he and his colleagues might agree, since he appeared to bespeak an immediate agitation against the deficiencies which he anticipated. In the Cobden Club on Saturday his tone was very different. He not only did not deny, but roundly asserted that it was the duty of Radicals to make concessions in order to carry the country with them, and not only to make concessions, but "to make good every foothold before taking another step;" "I desire," said Mr. Chamberlain, "to carry with the party, as we have in the past, the convinced judgment and the intelligent opinion of the great majority of the nation." That is the language of statesmanship, and we accept it with great pleasure as evidence that the words, dropped by Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, which seemed to advise an immediate renewal of the Reform agitation after the passing of the next Bill, in the name of his own more advanced opinions, were hastily dropped, and did not express his deliberate conviction. With every word that he said in the Cobden Club we can heartily agree. It is only fair that Radicals who go beyond the mass of the Liberal Party, should have the free right of explaining their own individual views, and why they advocate them. But that is a very different thing from an attempt to keep great constitutional reforms always in agitation, a very different thing from giving notice beforehand that whatever you agree to as a fit and sufficient measure for the moment, is to be denounced directly it is passed, on the authority of one of those who passed it, as an inadequate and niggardly solution of the problem before the country. We claim to be as good Radicals, as firm believers in the doctrine that you must frankly trust the people, as Mr. Chamberlain. But it is for that very reason that we go no farther than the advocacy of an extension of the present borough system of household suffrage, with its subsidiary lodger franchise, from the towns to the counties. Under that suffrage, every grown-up man who recognises the duty of exerting political influence can obtain it easily and exert it freely; and it is the duty, not the mere right, of political action which we wish to see recognised. Doubtless, even under this suffrage, there will be a great number of grown-up men who will never become electors; but that will be not from want of power, but from want of will. Is it desirable, or even right, to force on people who want the will to qualify themselves as voters, the consciousness of a political power for which they have not the smallest moral concern? Make political *duty* your ideal, and you will open freely to all who have a sense of political duty the opportunity of doing it; but in that case you will not try and swell your electorate with masses of supine, indifferent, and therefore probably either flighty or corrupt voters. Mr. Cobden, says Mr. Chamberlain, viewed "without alarm" the very widest extension which could be given to the electoral franchise. Perhaps "without alarm;" but did he ever express any desire to see the vote forced on men within whose easy reach it was already, but who did not care enough about it to secure it for themselves? We do not believe it. For the same reason, we differ with Mr. Chamberlain as to the payment of Members. We wish to see politics confined to the class of men who pursue politics from more or less disinterested motives, and not merely for the livelihood to be got out of it. Where there are such men with a deep interest in politics, though too poor to devote themselves to political life without help from their constituents,—by all means let the constituency find the means. Such a course is alike honourable to the constituency and to the representative whom it taxes itself to send to Westminster. But why, with a large choice of men who are willing to give their time freely to the service of the nation, we should go out of our way to make politics a mere bread-winning profession, it is quite beyond our store of Liberal wisdom to discover. It may, we think, be left to Mr. James Lowther, as Mr. Chamberlain himself oddly suggested, to support this "pious opinion" by reference to the ancient custom to which Mr. Chamberlain referred. For the present, we think a large class of purely professional politicians would not greatly improve the declining parliamentary morality of the day.

For the rest, Mr. Chamberlain's eloquent and unanswerable defence of Mr. Cobden for anticipating the early conversion of the world to his own views,—an anticipation, as he justly said, exactly parallelled by Apostolical predictions of the early triumph of Christianity,—was not less satisfactory than his wise limitation of Mr. Cobden's doctrine with respect to non-intervention. On that point, Mr. Chamberlain truly said that Mr. Cobden himself was never really satisfied with his own very strong and far too abstract assertion of that disputable doctrine, and that Mr. Cobden clearly betrayed from time to time the self-distrust with which he contemplated his theoretical assertions of it. And yet no one, we think, can read Mr. John Morley's "Life of Cobden" without seeing that during the latter part of Mr. Cobden's career, this unmanageable doctrine,—we may say this intrinsically false doctrine, if it is to be erected into an absolute standard of national duty,—occupied more and more of Mr. Cobden's thoughts, and lowered measurably the tone and character of his political influence. Cobden, indeed, mistook for a general principle of politics what came to no more than this,—that a nation should never involve itself in the quarrels of other countries without the advantage of a very noble, clear, and simple cause which it is not easy to misunderstand,—and not even then, unless it can clearly give effect to its righteous purpose without ruin to its own citizens. The question of intervention or non-intervention, in national as in private cases, is a question both of right and of prudence; and unless the right be very clear indeed,—which happens much more rarely than statesmen are apt to suppose,—the prudential calculation need not even be made. That is as far as most good Liberals can go with Mr. Cobden, and we heartily wish that Cobden himself had never gone farther. There are, however, few equally illustrious statesmen of any day who have not made much more serious mistakes; and it is with something like wonder, we confess, that we ask ourselves why Mr. Goschen retired from the Cobden Club, or else why he joined it. He was certainly not committed by his membership to all Mr. Cobden's views; and it is hard to suppose that he is not still in hearty sympathy with that great and simple mind, throughout the whole range of a very considerable arc of political thought.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech last week may not, perhaps, quite convince us that the daring duckling is, as Mr. Thorold Rogers happily called him, the swan of the Ministerial brood. There is, so far as we know, not one of what we may call his "peculiar" tenets, that seems to us stamped with a better kind of Liberalism than that of his more distinguished colleagues. But undoubtedly the complete frankness, the great manliness, and the happy humour of the speech at the Cobden Club will do much, and ought to do much, to increase the favour with which Mr. Chamberlain is regarded by English Liberals. It is a great thing to know not only how to retrieve a false step, but how so to retrieve it that a great forward step is made, and this is what Mr. Chamberlain has effected by his last vigorous speech. He has shown himself perfectly candid under criticism, and yet neither depressed nor elated; confident in himself and in his principles, and willing to recognise that he must give as well as take, and that what he has once given he must not at once proceed to retract.

THE LESSON OF THE MONAGHAN ELECTION.

WE do not see how it is possible to misread the lesson of the Monaghan Election. Mr. Healy's victory, which was quite complete, for he beat both his opponents put together, though he did not receive a majority of all votes on the register, means that the old truth which we have been preaching for twenty years, sometimes successfully and sometimes without an audience, remains true still. The "Irish Question" is, before all things, an agrarian question. The little farmers, who are for electoral purposes the Irish people, want, first of all, to possess their farms in full security, and at as low quit-rents or as low prices as practically may be. We see in the papers a great deal about the Protestant vote and the Catholic vote, and love of Toryism and hatred of Liberalism; but if Mr. Monroe, the Tory candidate, had not accepted the tenants' programme, he would not have attracted a third of his supporters; and if Mr. Healy had been commissioned by the Vatican to preach the Eighth Commandment, he would not have received a vote at all. As

a matter of fact, Mr. Healy is a man at open war with the Pope, defying him in print and on the hustings, and he received the Catholic vote as completely as if he had been a devotee; while the Tory is no more returned than is the Whig, and the division of the votes made no difference. The obvious truth is, that all the farmers of Monaghan voted for agrarian change, that those who believed the Tories would grant it voted with Mr. Monroe, and that those who believed the Land League would secure it voted for Mr. Healy, who had shown, as they thought, not only heartiness, but ability, in the agrarian war. He, they believed, carried "the Healy Clause," and there was no more to be said. That they should have done so is to us, who fought for perpetuity of tenure while it seemed still a dream, a matter of profound regret. We believe that political ingratitude like that displayed in Monaghan shows want of judgment, as well as want of heart; we see lack of principle in this condonation of a party which has avowedly placed its objects above instinctive morals, and has approved, if it has not ordered, outrages; and we detest this cynical subordination of all political aspirations to the direct pecuniary interests of a class. Nationalism may be a mistaken creed, it certainly seems to us a fantastic one; but it is at least a nobler faith than land-grabbing, and it is the desire to get land, and not nationalism, which has carried this election. Mr. Healy offered "the land" vaguely, and a great extension of the Land Act in the tenants' interest definitely; and though he has no connection with the county, is personally, though able, one of the least attractive men in Ireland, and is one of the most outspoken of what Mr. Bright called the "Rebel section;" his offer swept away all sense of gratitude, all judgment as to political possibilities, and all considerations of creed, in the minds of the majority. If he had been excommunicated, it would under the ballot have been just the same, as it would also if, like his leader, he had been a Protestant, utterly English in temperament, and without a drop of Irish blood in his veins. Do the people who talk this nonsense about Catholic and Protestant, about the distrust of the landlord class and the hatred to the Saxon, believe for one moment that if Mr. C. S. Parnell, Protestant and Teuton, Cambridge graduate and landlord, had stood for Monaghan, he would have lost one single vote thrown for Mr. Healy? The agrarian agitator, because he was agrarian agitator, and for no other reason whatever, carried Monaghan.

It is almost as useless, with a community in the temper of the majority of Irishmen, to preach as to swear, and the interest as well as the duty of Englishmen is to look facts in the face, and settle in their own minds what they will do. Those facts are that the tenants of Ireland are still thirsting for more concessions, that the majority will postpone to that thirst every higher consideration, and that they think the thirst can be best slaked by supporting Mr. Parnell. That he may not at the next election "carry Ireland" is, of course, possible. The unexpected happens in Ireland as often as in France, or any other country where emotion is stronger than thought; and Mr. Parnell will, moreover, appeal to a suffrage in which the peasantry, though still a majority, will not be so easily supreme. With the thousands of new votes, new influences will come in. But the Irish have displayed agrarian passion for generations, and if Mr. Parnell is still there to promise its gratification, and if no new and unexpected movement occurs, it is a reasonable calculation that he will greatly increase his following in Parliament. Nobody who does not postpone his judgment to his hopes really doubts that, the conditions being granted, this will be the result. If it occurs, Mr. Parnell may hold the balance of power, and he will, of course, use it to obtain for his supporters as much as he can of his programme, which is to secure them the ownership of the soil, either in freehold or copyhold, at as low a price or as low a quit-rent as he can. That is the central idea which his agents, of whom Mr. Healy is the strongest, are putting forward on every occasion, and to which every fresh success at the hustings makes him more devoted. Mr. Parnell was not originally an agrarian agitator, but he has found in that agitation a lever, the strength of which, though it has surprised, has absolutely convinced him. He will push forward with the cold persistence which so differentiates him from every previous Irish leader to his end, disregarding every other consideration, the welfare of Ireland included; and will, if the two parties remain as at present, embarrass or overthrow Government after Government. That is the serious danger of the situation, for Tories as well as Liberals; but for Liberals first of all, because they are the party in possession of power. They must decide first how they will act, and, so far as we know, they have not as a party made up their minds to any line of action whatever. They will not, if we understand them, accept the plan which hovers rather as a dream than a scheme in the Tory leaders' minds, and by buying out the landlords make the State sole landlord,—and rebellion, therefore, the most enticing of all projects to the body of the Irish people. The old economic Liberals are too strong for that, even if the majority were unsound. They will not, we feel assured, on the other hand, forego all projects of reform, as the price of Tory support, in dumb resistance to any further concessions to Ireland. There is a theory afloat that this might occur, both parties agreeing not to notice a vote carried by Parnellite adhesions; but we agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that no such course could long be persisted in, as the cry of exasperation from Great Britain would become too loud, and would in the long-run develope a Home-rule party here. What, then, will they do? It is of no use growing pettish, or refusing to think the matter out, or declaring that a decision can only be arrived at when the emergency is actually present. They ought at least to consider themselves beforehand, and be clear as to their own resolves, and we see little sign that as yet they even perceive the danger. Will they consider any compromise, or will they yield, or will they blankly refuse concession, and take the consequences? We want them to think that out, remembering always that the tactics which carry a transfer of Irish soil may carry Irish independence, and, if possible, express before or at the election the result of their thought, even if it be only in the shape of certain negations. For ourselves, we still think that the old Liberal policy—to concede up to the extreme limits of justice, and not a step further—is the wisest course; and that would mean, in Ireland, to assent to the Ulster demand for the inclusion of leaseholds in the Land Act, to forbid the raising of rent on any tenant's improvement, and to allow any tenant to become a copyholder or freeholder on such payment as Parliament may fix. Beyond that, we see no plan which would not involve either confiscation, or such a burden on the British taxpayer as would be both oppressive and unjust. If the Tories, forgetting all their traditions, would go farther, and by aid of the Irish vote can seize power, let them seize it, and see whether they can work for a week with such allies without destroying their position for ever throughout the greater island. The responsibility would be on them, not us, and the burden of the result. That, however, is a mere suggestion. Our object to-day is not to discuss plans, but to call Liberal attention to the facts that the result of the Monaghan election shows agrarian feeling to be still all-powerful in Ireland, conquering alike respect for tradition, the sense of gratitude, and the influence of the Papacy; and that, consequently, after the election, Mr. Parnell may have at his beck a majority of the Irish Representation. That majority may very well exceed any difference between the two great British parties. A candidate openly hostile to English rule, and almost excommunicated by the Pope, has received the whole Catholic vote and some of the Protestant vote in Monaghan because he promises to make land cheaper to the tenant. More than half Ireland, perhaps three-fourths, resembles Monaghan in its wishes. That is the situation, and it is time the Liberals began to consider what it means, and how it is in the immediate future to be met.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

UP to five o'clock on Friday, the death of the Comte de Chambord had not been announced in England; but it is believed that his recovery is hopeless, and the end is immediately expected. This is not the time for comment on a character and a career which have both been nearly unique in modern history; but we wish to say a word on a misapprehension evidently widely spread. A preposterous importance is attached to the will of the dying Pretender. That will must, of course, have a certain importance for his family and his immediate devotees, who, with a disinterestedness not without nobility, have made of their loyalty to a discrowned exile a kind of religion. There are, we believe, families in France who would accept Henri Cinq's nominee as his heir, even if he named, as he was once asked to do, the lad who is now the hope of the Bonapartists. The titular Throne of France is not, however, disposable by will. Henri Cinq did not derive his "rights" from bequest, and has no more claim to bequeath them than Dr. Tait had to bequeath the

Archbishopric of Canterbury. On his death, Louis Philippe d'Orleans is not, indeed, head of the Bourbon family, for that position passes to Don Carlos—or his son, Don Jaime, if the father is held to have abdicated—but he is head of "the House of France," by right of prescription confirmed by law, by right of French adhesion for centuries, and of international Treaty. So long as a Bourbon reigns in Spain, at all events, the Orleanist rights under the Family Compact are indefeasible. The moment his far-away cousin dies, the Comte de Paris is titular King of France, and will be so regarded by all Frenchmen who think of him at all—a very small minority. If the Comte de Chambord has named Don Jaime his heir, a few Legitimists may secede from the party, but the body of Frenchmen who desire Monarchy will remain unmoved. If, on the other hand, as is reported with some authority, the Count has insisted that his successor shall accept the White Flag, his order will be as null as if he had directed him to use a black one. Louis XX. of France—for we presume the clear right of the Duc d'Angoulême to call himself Louis XIX. will be acknowledged, Charles X. having no right in the world, on the Legitimist theory, to pass over his eldest son as he did—will be as much and as little the free King of France as Henri Cinq ever was. The claim may be utterly worthless, a claim to a shadowy crown, but, such as it is, it is beyond attack from any competitor.

We notice the subject (which otherwise concerns only the Editor of the *Almanach de Gotha*) because the political importance of the Comte de Chambord's death consists in this. Those of the Marshals and Generals of France who are discontented with the Republic, know that the only alternatives are the ancient Monarchy with a Charter, and the Bonapartist Empire. They are disinclined to the latter, partly because the memory of Sedan is too recent, partly because they reject the head of the Bonaparte house, Napoleon Jerome, yet cannot set him aside, and partly because, if they nominate a Bonaparte they must recognise the organic law of that family, and take a plébiscite which might end in millions of "Noes." They prefer, therefore, it is said, to declare for a King of France, whose claim rests on descent, who has personally no enemies, and who can bring to his Government the effective aid of a General popular in the Army, yet Royalist,—the Duc d'Aumale. It is, therefore, asserted—and Prince Bismarck, for one, believes—that, should "the Army of France" take independent action against the Republic, the representative Orleanist will be proclaimed. It is probable, in our judgment, that this impression is well founded, though we believe its importance to be greatly exaggerated. There is no proof whatever that the Army, apart from a few great officers, is discontented, none that it is united, none that, if discontented and united, it will act against the people. If it is not discontented, it will remain passive; if it is not united, its chiefs will not move,—not wanting, as Marshal MacMahon said, "civil war in the barracks;"—and if it will not act against the people, the people are for the Republic. The wild assumptions being made on all sides may be true, but there is no evidence of them; and this, at all events, is against them. The Generals cannot act without the consent of the Comte de Paris, a cool, thoughtful, rather priggish Prince, about the last man in the world, one would think, to risk his head and fortune for a Throne on which he would be a mark for every dynamiteur in Europe. He is much more likely to arrest all action, by declaring that, though his claims are undoubted and indefeasible, he will remain a citizen of the Republic until called to another position by the free vote of the Assembly, expressing the will of the people of France. It is the destiny of his House, as of the Stuarts, to blunder in great crises; but destiny sometimes spares an individual, as it did the cool, witty, sceptical actor, Louis XVIII., who saw the French Revolution through from the oath of the Tennis Court to Waterloo, and yet died in his bed King of France.

MR. GLADSTONE ON CABINETS.

NOTHING is more remarkable in modern English politics, or, indeed, in the politics of all free States, than the slight interest felt by the outside public in the mechanism of the Executive. An old statesman like Earl Russell may form strong views about the functions of Ministers, or a thinker like Mr. W. Bagehot may write essays on the extraordinary value of a Cabinet as an instrument of government, but the great body of politicians continue calmly indifferent. There are Monarchical parties, and Republican parties, and Constitutional parties in Europe, but we never hear of a party devoted to any particular scheme of forming or reconstructing the Executive. Indeed, we never hear of any statesman with that for his object, the subject presenting no attraction apparently even to the far-sighted men who might be expected to detect its extreme importance. Sir Cornewall Lewis, we believe, once said that the mere change from collective responsibility to individual responsibility among Ministers would "remodel the Constitution;" and Napoleon III. not only thought so, but acted on his thought. Now and then an opinion is expressed that the machine works cumbrously, and occasionally, when a Government is being constructed or a jar has occurred among Departments, one hears important people mutter that there must be a "change in the Administrative system;" but no general interest is felt, and unless actual danger is visible, as it was visible when Lord Palmerston by a dead-heave fused the Ministry at War with the Ministry for War, nothing is ever done. The public does not understand, and does not care. We doubt, for example, if one in ten of the ordinary readers of debates, unless interested in education, studied Mr. Gladstone's speech of Friday week on the proposal to create a separate Ministry for that Department, yet it was one of unusual Constitutional and historical interest. Ostensibly, Mr. Gladstone was only evading a popular but ill-considered demand for a new Ministry, by granting an "Inquiry," which can be of little use, as the principles of government cannot be settled by Committees; but really he was trying to warn the public of what he believes, and we believe, to be a serious danger. The great "Interests" have awoke to the advantage they may obtain from representation in the Cabinet, and are pressing for new Ministers, until there is risk of a change in the very prineiple of the Elected Committee which has so long governed the Empire. Parties, or rather groups of Members quite numerous enough to affect divisions, are now asking, with a loudness which grows more vehement, for a Ministry of Education, a Ministry of Agriculture, a Ministry of Commerce, a Ministry for Scotland, a Ministry for Ireland,—five new Ministries, at least. They all want their Ministers to have seats in the Cabinet, and they none of them, when pleading for their proposals, bring forward any scheme for the scientifie reconstruction of that Committee, or even ask for the abolition of the sinecure offices, such as the Privy Seal or the Duchy of Lancaster. Their idea evidently is that the more Cabinet Ministers there are, the better; and it was this which Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to resist, with the whole weight of his vast authority and his long experience.

We are not quite certain that, except so far as we should defer to his wealth of knowledge, positive knowledge, of the subject, we can accept all Mr. Gladstone's arguments, though we adhere heartily to his conclusion. He has been a Cabinet Minister for more than forty years, and he obviously thinks that the practice of confining the selection of Ministers to Peers and Commoners who are Members of Parliament is the very keystone of our Constitution, and no doubt there are advantages in the system. It enriches Parliament, which it makes the sole avenue to the highest office. It limits directly and visibly the jobbing power of the Crown, which is forced to favour only men who have cloven their way into a limited politieal circle. The Queen cannot make Lord Lorne Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the Duke of Connaught Minister for War, or Sir Bartle Frere Minister for the Colonies. And no man not a Peer, if hopelessly unpopular with constituencies, can be forced upon Parliament as Minister in the way Lord Palmerston tried to force the Marquis of Clanricarde. Above all, the system leaves the defeated Minister still a Member, ready and authorised to criticise the policy of his successful rival, and thus preserves, as hardly any other plan could, continuity of Administration. But the system has terrible disadvantages, too. It shuts out from even the hope of ruling some of the ablest administrators, some of the most competent Generals and sailors, and, as a rule, though Mill proved a momentary exeeption, the most influential of political thinkers. It limits the choice of the Crown to a thousand persons, who are practically reduced to about one hundred, and it elevates the gift of oratory to factitious, and sometimes injurious importance. It enables a very limited class, the Political Peers, to keep a steady grip on office; and it exaggerates, to what may prove a dangerous degree, the neeessity for wealth as a qualification for the highest State employ. We are not sure as yet that the Continental system, under which a Minister becomes *de facto* a Member of both Houses, would not work better; and are quite sure that two officials, the head of the Army and the head of the Navy, ought to obtain seats—of course, without votes—by official right. But, with that

reserve, we believe Mr. Gladstone to be much more in the right than the public as yet perceives. The Cabinet, the Governing Committee of the Empire, to reach its highest utility, should be united, homogeneous, and secret, able to take strong decisions, and to act on occasion with the rapid energy of an individual. Those qualities can be secured, as Mr. Gladstone intimated, only in a small Committee. A Cabinet such as ours now is, with eleven persons who must be seated in it, and two more who think they ought to be, is not only difficult to construct—for you have to find thirteen men who are at once influential in the Houses, weighty in Council, able to do the heavy work, and ready to work with one another—but tends to become a little Parliament, with disputes, parties, groups, and habits of compromising away every distinctive and therefore irritating proposal. It becomes a representative body, and as it is wanted to be an executive body, it either shows weakness—which is, on points, the defect of the present Cabinet, as, for instance, we fear, on the subject of the payment of Debt—or reduces the evil by winking at an interior Cabinet, or abolishes it, as happened with Lord Palmerston, by transferring initiative to one man. We do not object just now, be it understood, to any of those methods. We could imagine that a scheme of Government under which Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain first agreed on a plan, then talked it over in Cabinet, and then submitted it to Parliament, would be a very effective scheme; while a Dictatorship, tempered by discussion and subject to veto, may at odd times, and with the right man, constitute an admirable guiding force. But then neither of these plans constitutes true Cabinet government—government, that is, by an elected Committee of *confrères*, possessed, in theory at all events, of equal rights—which has worked so well, and is so thoroughly understood, and has in it such potentialities of development that its supersession, or even modification, ought to be, as Mr. Gladstone throughout repeated, matter of the gravest concern and thought. Yet such supersession, if we go on increasing Cabinet offices, is next to a certainty. A Committee of sixteen or seventeen notabilities—and eighteen are already proposed—cannot be either united, or homogeneous, or rapid in decision, and will, under the pressure of necessity, so transmute itself in some way that the Constitution may be seriously modified without the world perceiving that any change has taken place. The Constitution may need change, but then those who make proposals which change it should understand and defend what they are doing.

It is rather saddening to perceive that Mr. Gladstone does not think the Executive, on the whole, improving. With many Premiers in his position such an opinion would not matter, for he is advancing in years, and men over seventy are inclined to doubt whether, when they were younger and stronger, their world did not go better. But Mr. Gladstone is no *laudator temporis acti*. His disposition is sanguine, or he could never have survived Obstruction; and his career has not been one of declining, but of increasing success. He is, too, for all his vehemence of thought, very tolerant, remembering clearly how many "insuperable difficulties"—Chat Mosses of difficulty—he has seen bridged over. He can remember when the public tone was far lower, when jobbery was rampant, when a few families claimed office as property, when public men were far more cynical, when the great machine of Government seemed unable to move for the sticky clay of vested interests, and class beliefs, and Royal and aristocratic prerogatives. He quotes a statement of 1856, made by Sir Robert Peel to himself, when the work of administration was so difficult that the great Conservative said, "Nothing in the world shall induce me again to undertake the work of constructing a Government." Yet he says, "I can assure the Member for Barnstaple that after my long experience, my opinion of human government, taken at its best, and whether in Conservative or in Liberal hands, is that it seems every year that I live to verge [*edge?*] a little further from the ideal." That is a depressing opinion, even from a man who may place his ideal a little too high, and forget too much that human nature, which Christianity has not cured, will not be rendered perfect by Parliamentary Government. Fortunately, the young will not regard it, and will go forward changing and, as they think, reforming, in full confidence of ultimately reaching the unattainable. Nevertheless, the opinion, coming from one so experienced and so successful, is one which should make all who claim to be statesmen very careful to be clear and certain when they touch the delicate mechanism through which Parliamentary Government is enabled to do the work of governing. Very few see precisely how anything will work. We remember an incident in Mr. Gladstone's own history which shows how dull the eyes of a whole Parliament may be. The late Mr. White, the eccentric Member for Brighton, proposed one night to abolish the duty on comfits. It cost, he said, about twice what it brought in. Everybody coincided, and the House was about to agree to a resolution, when the Secretary to the Treasury thought it well, as matter of discipline, to inform Mr. Gladstone. He came down to the House, and in ten minutes poor Mr. White, always a lumbering kind of man, was stammering out apologies. He had very nearly abolished the sugar duties, of which the duty on comfits was an indispensable outwork. Yet ten men understand imposts, for one who comprehends the mechanism of Cabinets.

THE CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

THERE can be no doubt that the House of Commons is really in earnest as to the Corrupt Practices Bill, perhaps in part because it honestly wishes to diminish the growing expenses of elections, but also because it very naturally reflects the hearty desire of the leading constituencies to be rid of the disgrace of corrupt elections. Whether, however, the earnestness of the House in the matter may not injure, instead of improving, the Bill in some respects, is, we think, very questionable. So far as we can judge, the attempt to stop every gap at which corrupt practices can enter is nearly a hopeless attempt, and we would much sooner have seen a few great principles laid down, and the application of them left to the judgment of the Judge who may try the election petition, than have had all this paraphernalia of complex prohibition and exception. For instance, it was surely a mistake to prohibit the engaging of committee-rooms in any place of public entertainment. The principle that not more than a given number of committee-rooms are allowed for a given population, is the important one, not the uses of the houses in which they are engaged. Of course, the engaging of committee-rooms in places where food or drink is sold does often lead to "treating." But it is much better to punish treating wherever, in the opinion of the Court which tries an election petition, it has really prevailed, by voiding the election, than to try and exclude all opportunities of treating, which is an almost hopeless business. Moreover, we do not believe that the prohibition of committee-rooms in places of public entertainment will really diminish the expense of elections. The great difficulty of finding suitable committee-rooms which this will create, is but too likely to enhance, rather than to diminish, the cost of the committee-rooms, for people who are not accustomed to let their rooms will naturally expect a much larger sum for the hire of them, than people who possess more room than they themselves use, for the very purpose of letting it. We fear that the Government and the House of Commons are going too far in the direction of stopping the earths into which the electioneering foxes run, and that this is an endless business, which will make the law so intricate that it will be very difficult to master and apply. On the other hand, every provision which really helps to mark the disgraceful character of corruption is thoroughly sound, and we congratulate the Government heartily on its steady adherence on Thursday night to its proposal that any barrister or solicitor who is found to have been personally concerned in any corrupt practice shall have his conduct reported to the Inn of Court, High Court, or other tribunal which has power to take cognisance of such professional misconduct. That is a significant step in the right direction,—the direction of emphasising the social disgrace which ought to attach to any kind of responsibility for corrupt practices. Mr. Henry Fowler, M.P. for Wolverhampton, himself a solicitor, did good service in vindicating this clause in words to which his professional position lent great weight. Nor do we see the smallest weight in the objection that lawyers should not be subjected to especial penalties of their own, besides those incurred by any one who transgresses the provisions of the Act. For a lawyer is specially bound to promote the observance of the law by others, and is specially guilty, if he assists in devising modes by which others may conveniently evade the law.

But we should have looked forward with more hope to the passing of this Act, if more discretion as to the imputation of agency had been left to the Election Judge, and if it had not been rendered so very probable that Members will not only lose their seats, but incur heavy penalties for acts which they could by no sort of care have prevented. It seems to us that the Judges

should have been allowed a good deal of discretion in saying how far the Member or his agent was or was not responsible for any illegal practice, and that when they declare that neither the candidate nor his agent was so responsible, illegal practices, though they might still void the election, should involve no other penal consequences to the candidate. With some condition of that kind, and with stringent provisions for limiting the total expense of an election in proportion to the number of the electorate, the new Bill would certainly have been workable,—which is just what we fear that it may not be found to be, if it passes in its present shape.

Moreover, in his perfectly sincere desire to keep down election expenses, Sir Henry James has not been careful enough to bear with equal pressure on the influence of all kinds of property alike. It seems to us absurd to say that a man with many carriages and many carts may use them to convey electors to the poll, while a man with no carriages and no carts, but with the wealth which these carriages and carts represent, may not hire them to convey electors to the poll. We should have been very glad to see *both* practices prohibited; and nothing would have been easier than to declare the conveyance of any elector to the poll in a carriage or cart not belonging to himself, an illegal practice. But to accord all the political influence it can exert to property of one kind, and to refuse the very same influence to property of another kind, is an anomaly so absurd that we can hardly understand on what principle the Attorney-General justified it, for the report of the speech attributed to him fails completely to make out even the shadow of an excuse for the very odd course taken. It is a sound position to say that the polling-places should be so far multiplied as to make it possible for every person in decent health to walk to the poll, —we cannot legislate for invalids without introducing all sorts of dangers,—and that it is a very fair test of an elector's interest in the election to require that, if he happens to have no carriage or conveyance of his own, he shall walk to the poll. Or again, it is reasonable enough to say that every party man may do all he can do to facilitate the access of other electors to the poll, by either paying for their conveyance or lending them a conveyance. But it sounds like a joke to say that only those who have carts, or carriages, or bicycles, shall help their brother-electors to go to the poll; while those who have not, but who are willing to hire them for the purpose, shall be denied that right, except on condition that they purchase out-and-out every vehicle which they lend. If you want to keep down the expenses of elections, prohibit all the assistance which property of any kind can lend. If you do not want to keep down,—in this direction, at least,—the expenses of elections, legalise the conveyance of voters to the poll in any vehicle, whether hired or owned by men on either side. But to veto the use of vehicles hired for the day of election, and to allow the free use of vehicles acquired before the day of election, is a course so anomalous that it is sure to lead to evasion. What is to prevent a man from buying a number of vehicles on the day on which Parliament is dissolved, and selling them again on the day on which the new Parliament assembles? Yet, as it seems to us, that would be nothing but another sort of hiring. Surely a distinction so flimsy as this cannot possibly stand.

We hope the Bill will now pass through Committee in two or three days, and that when it goes up to the House of Lords that Assembly will seriously attempt to simplify its provisions, and to leave a great deal more discretion to the Election Judges—especially on the question of agency—than is allowed now. If it passes in too stringent a shape, it will be almost useless. If it passes in a shape in which the great majority of honest men can secure their election, without fearing that it will be invalidated by the trivial errors of others with whom they have no real connection, and in which very few except genuinely dishonest men will have to fear being unseated by its provisions, it will mark one of the greatest advances yet made in the morality of Parliamentary life.

"THEIR NOBLE SELVES."

THE Dinner given by the Bar to Mr. Benjamin was remarkable on two grounds. The first, of course, is plain to every one. Mr. Benjamin's professional career has been something altogether out of the common run. He has passed from a foremost place in the Courts of one country to an equal, if not greater, place in the Courts of another country. More than thirty years after his first call, he came—a broken man alike in private fortune and in political hopes—to a foreign land, and a system of law in many respects different from the one with which he was familiar. At the Bar of his adoption he at once took leader's rank and did leader's work, and fifteen years afterwards he retires, amid expressions of professional sympathy and good-will at least as unusual as so many other incidents in his life have been. This is enough to make the dinner in the Inner Temple Hall memorable. It was a well-earned tribute, not merely to a great lawyer, but to a lawyer who became even greater in exile than he had been among his own countrymen.

In some ways, however, it is the second point of interest about this dinner that has most attraction for us. It is a rare privilege, we know, to see ourselves as others see us, but it is an equally rare one to see others as they see themselves. False modesty, or a fear of being thought as conceited as they really are, constantly keeps men silent about their own merits. Their hearts are hot within them on the great subject, but, long as they may muse on it, the fire does not kindle and the tongue does not speak. On the whole, no doubt it is well that it should be so. Even that approximate estimate of our neighbour's merits with which they not seldom favour us, is apt to be tedious, and in common hands the full truth might be even fuller of weariness than the half truth. But in the Inner Temple Hall on Saturday, no common hands were at work. We had the Bar painted, indeed, by itself, but painted in the most masterly and artistic fashion. We may have guessed before this how highly-favoured England is in its silk and stuff gownsmen, but it has been only guess-work. On Saturday, faith was exchanged for sight, and we felt that for the first time we realised the greatness of our privileges. We are better off than Wordsworth. With us, it is no longer, "The time *has been* when earth was proud of lustre so intense," but the time *is*. We walk not among the mighty dead, but the mighty living.

The mental attitude of all the speakers—with the exception, of course, of the guest of the evening—was one of wondering awe. They gazed at themselves from every point of view, and at each turn of the kaleidoscope they were more entranced with the lovely colours revealed to their gaze. Only one thing was wanting to make the scene perfect. The speeches should have been set to music. The theme was worthy of Handel, and it would take an oratorio to express it properly. How appropriately the overture would have been followed by "Recitation (Mr. Attorney-General), 'The Bar is very generous'"! And how simply, yet beautifully, the original theme would have reappeared in the closing solo, by the Lord Chief Justice, "The matchless generosity of the Bar"! As it was, we have to be content with the unaccompanied human voice, and with the human voice not attuned to concert pitch. But such practised speakers as Lord Selborne and Lord Coleridge can do much, and the impression left by them on Saturday was that, even with a full orchestra and chorus, the praises of the English Bar could not have been better sung. If we have not mentioned Sir Henry James as well, it is not because he would not have been equally eloquent, had the opportunity been afforded him. But the programme of the evening denied him that opportunity. As Chairman, the toast of the evening fell to his share, and in proposing the health of Mr. Benjamin, he had for the most part to speak of Mr. Benjamin. But the two chiefs of Equity and Common Law amply made up for any unavoidable omissions on the part of the Attorney-General. The Lord Chancellor, as might have been expected, was particularly ingenious in his praise. While he was really glorifying the Bar, he appeared to be glorifying Mr. Benjamin. Mr. Benjamin, Lord Selborne says, has in an eminent degree seven eminent qualities:—1, the greatest learning; 2, the greatest shrewdness; 3, the greatest ability; 4, the greatest zeal for the interests entrusted to him; 5, the highest sense of honour; 6, the greatest kindness and generosity; 7, the greatest geniality in his intercourse with all branches of his profession. And why did he bring all these moral and intellectual gifts to the English Bar? Because like loves like, because he knew that among English Barristers these gifts were already honoured, and honoured for the best of reasons,—that they are familiarly known. Learning, shrewdness, ability, zeal, honour, kindness, generosity,—these are the characteristics of the English Bar, and wherever they are found united, there, potentially at all events, is an English barrister. They were united in Mr. Benjamin; consequently, the moment that circumstances permitted it, Mr. Benjamin became an English barrister. No wonder that Lord Selborne looks back "with fond regret" to the days when he was at the Bar.

Then, he may well say, I was numbered among the children of God, and my lot was among the Saints. When I partook of "the manifold interests, the keen intellectual conflicts, and the generous rivalries of the Bar," I was tasting true happiness, as well as making an excellent income. Lord Coleridge had, in one respect, the advantage of Lord Selborne, because he was directly commissioned to praise the Bar; whereas Lord Selborne, having to return thanks for "The Bench," could only become laudatory by becoming retrospective. Lord Coleridge, on the other hand, had his work cut out for him. There, at the long tables down which his eye wandered, sat the men he had to talk about. He saw them ranged in order like so many slices of toast waiting to be buttered, and with no ungenerous hand did he ply the knife. He was as great in what he left unsaid as in what he said. Not a word would he spare for the honour, the eloquence, the integrity, the learning of the Bar. "We know them—they may be taken for granted—they have almost passed into proverbs." After this modest reason for remaining silent on these topics, he allowed himself to touch upon two characteristics, and two only,—the independence of the Bar, and the generosity of the Bar. The merit of this selection lay in the fact that it covered the past as well as the future. Independence has always been the glory of the Bar, and just now it is an easy virtue. But if the occasion again calls for it, it will be at once forthcoming. The Bar are not to be "deterred from the exercise of their high privileges by any sense of danger. It never has been so, and it never will be." Still, even the independence of the Bar pales before its generosity. No profession is so "generous in its conduct and in its judgment." Nowhere is the competition so keen, the struggle between man and man so personal; yet nowhere is there such fast friendship between professional rivals. Look at Mr. Benjamin,—was there ever one spark of jealousy at his unrivalled success? Look at me when I was fighting John Karslake,—was there ever anything between us but the most cordial and intimate friendship? The lot of a barrister is, indeed, a happy one. If among the Juniors there is an occasional empty purse, it is as good as filled by the consciousness of merit, and the knowledge that all your brethren in the profession think as much of you as you think of them. Surely, here, if anywhere, is the virtue which is its own reward! To be perfectly good and unapproachably great, what more can man desire; and where, save at the English Bar, can man attain it?

GIBRALTAR.

NO Englishman will easily forget the feeling of pride he experienced when, for the first time, he saw the grim, grey mass of the Rock of Gibraltar rising from the blue Mediterranean. However unimaginative he may be, he could hardly fail to see in it a fitting expression of the might of England. The feeling is very intelligible, and is bound up with the natural majesty of the place, its fabled connection with the remote past, and the memorable defence of a hundred years ago. Yet it is well to realise clearly the present military value of the great historic fortress, and to understand to what extent modern artillery has affected that value.

The average untravelled Englishman is, it is to be feared, deeply impressed with the idea that the guns of Gibraltar directly command the entrance to the Mediterranean, and that we could at any time close the latter to the ships of an enemy. Lord Henry Lennox, who ought certainly to know better, seems imbued with this notion, for he is reported to have told the House of Commons on the 7th ult., that the Spaniards propose to mount guns along their coast "so as best to command the Straits of Gibraltar." The geographical facts are, however, otherwise. From Gibraltar to the nearest point of the African coast, the distance is about thirteen miles. Further west, nearly opposite the Spanish town of Tarifa, the Straits are between eight and nine miles wide, but soon broaden out into the Atlantic. It would be rash to limit the range which future guns may command; but, with artillery, as with small-arms, the power of hitting a mark at extreme distances does not keep pace with the power of throwing projectiles to those distances; and it may probably be asserted with safety that no gun will ever be built which will render the entrance to the Mediterranean dangerous—not to say impossible—to the slowest steamer, even by day-time.

What, then, is the military value of Gibraltar? Northwards from the Straits the coast of Spain is indented by a deep Bay, about six and a half miles long. The peninsula of which Gibraltar is the southern point forms the eastern boundary of this Bay, and is faced along its whole length and overlapped on the south by the Spanish coast, which bounds the Bay on the west. The guns of Gibraltar effectively command this Bay, and deny its use to an enemy's shipping. To silence them by a naval attack would probably require the combination of two Powers, and one or two years of preparation. The operation might prove as costly and dangerous as a great war. Holding Gibraltar, therefore, it may be said that we possess a secure coaling station for our war ships and trading steamers, a place of safety at all times for our vessels of every class and those of our allies, a harbour for ships endeavouring to maintain a blockade of the Straits, a base from which unarmoured cruisers might operate freely in the Mediterranean. As a base, however, Gibraltar has sharp limitations. Possessing no docks, the possibilities of repair are extremely small, while the anchorage is not a good one in westerly gales. But Gibraltar is much more than a mere harbour and coaling station. It is an advanced post, a strongly fortified dépôt, from which men and stores can be rapidly pushed forward to any point along the great route to the East. The use of Gibraltar in this sense was lately exemplified, when the infantry regiments in garrison were despatched to Alexandria, in advance of the home portion of the expedition. Finally, in maintaining a foothold on the Spanish peninsula, we secure a base of operations in case it were necessary to carry war into the heart of Spain; yet not by any means a good base, on account of the nature of the intervening country, and one we should certainly decline to use if Portugal were our ally, possibly even if she were hostile. The above is a fair summary of the advantages of the possession of Gibraltar. Allusion to the prestige conferred by that possession may fairly be omitted, since, in this connection, the word "prestige" has little real meaning, and cannot be construed into a military factor.

From what has been said, it will be evident that the value of Gibraltar to England in war-time depends entirely upon the inviolability of the adjacent Bay. Our merchant steamers and our war-ships must be able to coal, our transports to embark men and stores, in perfect security. Gibraltar Bay is inviolable only so long as Spain permits it to be so. Varying in breadth from 8,000 to 9,000 yards, it is now throughout its length brought within practicable range of modern guns mounted along the Spanish shore; while of its total circumference of more than fifteen miles, only about three miles belong to England. Krupp or Armstrong is doubtless able and willing to supply the guns in a very short time. The cost of mounting them in simple earth-works will be comparatively small, and if Plevna has any meaning, the Remington rifle will make them perfectly secure against a landing party. All this is thoroughly well understood in Spain, where the Gibraltar question has been much discussed of late.

But, it may be said, our ironclads would at the outbreak of war easily silence and destroy these guns. The experience of Alexandria points entirely in the other direction, and as artillerymen Spaniards might prove very different to Egyptians. Or, it may be urged, the range, after all, is great, the Spanish guns on the other side of the Bay would never hit our ships. But, *ex hypothesi*, it is necessary that the latter should be able to lie safely at anchor. The Spaniards have merely to shoot deliberately and in perfect safety all day. Expenditure of ammunition need be no object to them, with Spain at their backs and a railway line (now on the point of being constructed) to connect them with their arsenals. Allowing for plenty of bad shooting, there will still be quite enough hitting to deny Gibraltar Bay to unarmoured and lightly armoured ships, except by night. It is conceivable that people will be found to propose that we should not permit Spain to mount these guns and to construct this railway, but such a view hardly seems to need refutation. Considering that our guns now command the Spanish town of Linea, at short range, and that Gibraltar is undergoing a continuous process of strengthening and rearmament, it would be an outrage on international justice to deny to the Spaniards the right to mount what they pleased whenever they pleased.

The unavoidable conclusion, that Spain can now, without any grand effort, render the Bay and with it the Fortress of Gibraltar useless to England, should not be shirked, or lightly put aside. *Per contra*, the guns of Gibraltar render the Bay useless to Spain and her allies. In case of war, therefore, the military position is one of stalemate. There is an alternative, however, which must be stated. At the outset of war, England might seize Algeciras and the adjacent

territory across the Bay. This means, practically, the occupation of Andalusia, and those who know the country are best able to form an idea of the magnitude of the operation. In other words, if involved in a European war, Spain being hostile, it may be necessary for us to embark on a considerable campaign for the indirect object of securing the advantages of the possession of Gibraltar, though it might well happen that this campaign would have no direct bearing on the main issue. To enter on a war with hands tied in a way perfectly understood by possible enemies, is never a satisfactory position. But the very possession of Gibraltar means a hostile Spain, and the weight of that hostility is limited only by her military strength. That strength may at any time assert itself to an extent which has not been suspected, and the recovery of Gibraltar, or the neutralisation of its value to England, is to such a nation precisely the kind of object to arouse enthusiasm, and to create a new point of military departure. Moreover, even if the power of Spain were to remain as weak as it is sometimes assumed to be, nothing short of an unquestioned military advantage of primary importance should determine us to accept her certain hostility, in the event of war with a Mediterranean Power. The cession or exchange of Gibraltar may at any time become a political question of the first order, and its aspects should be studied in advance; while the comparative advantages of Ceuta call for careful consideration. At least, it is to be hoped that the retention of the place may not ignorantly be deemed a test of patriotism, as was the idle abuse of Russia a few years ago. The moral aspects of the question have been carefully avoided. It is sufficient to note that, while nature seems to have decided that Gibraltar should belong to Spain, it may prove, strangely enough, that modern artillery will vindicate her decision.

PLAGUE AND PANIC.

THE panic which the Cholera is apparently exciting in Egypt will hardly increase the respect in which the Western world is held by Orientals who have to submit to its guidance. The knowledge of life in which the West excels the East is in part compensated by the undignified dismay and confusion with which anything like a general notice to quit is received amongst the Western races by whom the art of living has been so effectually studied. Mr. Kinglake described, with even more than his ordinary vivacity, between forty and fifty years ago, in his "Eothen," the contrast between the conduct of the Levantines at Cairo, pallid with terror, and shrinking from the touch of every fluttering garment or rag in the city, as if it were a sentence of death,—and as if, too, but for the plague, men would be immortal,—and the conduct of the Mahommedans, who calmly pitched their tents for the celebration of their religious festival, and hung swings for their children, in the very burial-ground where the howls of the arriving funerals were heard, hour after hour, proclaiming the rapid depopulation of the great city. The Oriental, whatever his faith, does not seem to consider prolonged life as the only conceivable and intelligible contingency for himself, outside which all is unmeaning and chaotic,—contingencies not even to be approached with dignity and presence of mind. On the contrary, he seems to regard life and death as alike contingencies which he is bound to meet with the same equanimity—alternative branches of the same inscrutable decrees. But the average European can only die with dignity where the steady pressure of opinion and expectation in the class in which he lives supplies a stimulus that enables him to do so; and if that pressure is removed by the contagion of a general panic, such as is caused by the rout of an army or by a frightful epidemic, all restraints vanish at once, and the result is general demoralisation and bewilderment, of which flight appears to be the only fixed idea. Mr. Kinglake contrasts with this undignified flight, the grave demeanour of the Mahommedans. "I did not hear whilst I was at Cairo that any prayer for a remission of the plague had been offered up in the mosques. I believe that, however frightful the ravages of the disease may be, the Mahommedans refrain from approaching Heaven with their complaints until the plague has endured for a long space. Then at last they pray God, not that the plague may cease, but that it may go to another city"! We know not how far this may apply to the attitude of Mahommedans of the present day, but nothing could express better the belief that the plague is sent to answer some specific purpose,—of course, a purpose of destruction,—but that that purpose will in all probability stop short of the complete destruction of a given city, and is likely rather to involve the partial depopulation of other cities. According to Mr. Kinglake, the deaths in Cairo had reached 1,200 a day before he left, and even that was not a point at which it was thought decent by Mahommedans to assume that the purpose of God in sending the plague had been sufficiently fulfilled to make it right to pray that it might pass on to a new place. Thus, the average Oriental evidently faces boldly the possibility that it may be the purpose of God that he and a great number of his companions should die; while the average European averts his mind altogether from such a possibility as purely unnatural, and bolts from the danger which he perceives, so soon as he understands its fatal character, just as, without discipline, he would bolt out of the line of fire of a mitrailleuse, the moment he saw his comrades falling thickly around him. And those words "without discipline" tell the whole secret of the average European's strength and weakness. A disciplined force would be kept in its place by the respect paid to the opinion of those who had been trained to value courage and fidelity to orders more highly than life itself. An undisciplined crowd flies, because there is no such respect for trained opinion, no knowledge that there is such a body of opinion worth respecting, and, finally, because there is no restraining instinct in the individual strong enough to take the place of that social discipline which governs a trained body of men. The Oriental does *not* fly; because there is in him such a restraining instinct,—an instinct consisting in part, perhaps, of the feeling that life is hardly worth so ignominious a retreat from death; partly, again, of the feeling that life cannot ultimately be so rescued, but will be shortly forfeit again, under circumstances of still greater ignominy, even if for the moment death be delayed. In other words, the value for life is less vehement and potent in the Oriental, while the belief in a discernible destiny is stronger; the value for life is overwhelmingly predominant in the European, while the belief in a destiny that in any sense overrules human action, is more theoretic than practical. The Oriental is less terrified by the prospect of death, and more profoundly impressed by the impossibility of escaping it when the time comes. The European fears premature death as something altogether irrational, unnatural, and almost intolerable except under the social coercion of a professional instinct which has become a second and stronger nature; and, therefore, except when this social coercion is in full force, a European multitude is subject to much more disgraceful panics than an Oriental people, being both more tenacious of life and less tenacious of dignity.

But where Europeans are above all such panics,—and there are not a few who are quite above them,—they are so from very different causes than those which influence Orientals. Either they implicitly believe in the Divine care, and hold death cheap in the cause of duty; or, what is even commoner, their minds are so little accustomed to dwell on anything beyond the immediate task of the day, and are so thoroughly concentrated on that, that even the risk of death does not interfere with their accomplishment of that task. Indeed, we believe that there are not a few Englishmen who, quite as much perhaps from deficiency of imagination as from pertinacity of will, regard a great risk when it attends necessarily the discharge of their duty more as a novel excitement than as a bewildering or dismaying influence. Mr. Kinglake, in the brilliant early work to which we have alluded, tells us of one such case. There was an English doctor in the service of the Pasha, who never took private practice, but who came at once to Mr. Kinglake when appealed to to prescribe for a sore-throat, and, in spite of Mr. Kinglake's warning that an Italian doctor who had since died of the plague had examined him and prescribed for him, insisted on marching straight up to him, and on shaking his hand with "manly violence." It is probable that that man thought no more of the risk of death from the plague than he would have thought when taking a high fence in the hunting-field of the risk of death from a fall,—and this not from any spiritual indifference to life, but because to the vision of such men danger seems a thing to be either faced and overcome, or else faced and not overcome, but in any case to be faced without spending superfluous thought on the contingencies. It is the power of keeping the mind in a groove for purposes of action, and simply ignoring the risks which attend that action, except so far as they add a sense of stimulus to the energy which is thrown into it, which gives to many Englishmen the effect of being superior to panic. We doubt if it is really

superiority to panic, though it is impenetrability to panic. Strict superiority to panic is gained only by men whose minds can vividly dwell on and fully realise the prospect of painful and immediate death, and calmly prefer it in the cause of duty. But there is an admirable impenetrability to panic which is totally different in kind, and which springs rather from the habitually narrow groove in which the mind moves, so that all new excitement is instantly transformed into fresh propelling power which quickens the motion in that groove, not from any comprehensiveness of imagination which deliberately weighs the terrors of death in the scales, and finds them wanting in deterrent force.

Nothing is more curious than the fact that dying as one of a crowd, seems to be more terrible to a man than simply dying his own individual death. Unquestionably there seems to be no kind of death more dreaded by men than death either from sudden catastrophes—like that of the Ring Theatre at Vienna and that on the Clyde, for instance—or from pestilence. No doubt, it is perfectly true that death cannot be shared in the same sense in which a peril or a pleasure can be shared;—you cannot, in all probability, be conscious of the strength of companionship after life begins to flicker low, nor are there above one or two people in the world with whom most men would covet the sense of companionship in such a moment as that of death. Still, it is somewhat curious that death on a grand scale always seems to be more terrible, even to the separate individuals, than the ordinary death by units. Of course, terror is very catching, and, therefore, the terror of a crowd always enhances the terror of the individual. But though that explains the supreme agony of a sinking ship or a burning theatre, it does not in the least explain the additional dread of death which plague seems to inspire in individuals, for between the inhabitants of a plague-stricken city there is always very much less active sympathy than there was before the pestilence appeared, and it is rather through the growth of mutual repulsion than through the heightening of a common sympathy, that the influence of pestilence is chiefly felt. Perhaps it will be said that men do not fear death the more on account of the number dying around them, but only that that number makes evident the greatness of the risk. But that can hardly be the explanation of the matter, otherwise we might expect a much deeper terror in every man to whom the doctors have frankly acknowledged that death is imminent, than we ought to find in the healthy inhabitant of a plague-stricken city, whose chance of death is probably much less than one in two. As a matter of fact, very few patients stricken with ordinary disease who are told that death is inevitable, show any panic at all, while the perfectly healthy man, surrounded by pestilence, is too often consumed with a terror which renders him absolutely unfit for the discharge of his duties. It seems certain that the selfish terror inspired by the sight of dying crowds does unnerve men in a manner in which a sentence of death passed upon themselves would not unnerve them at all. We wonder why this is; and suppose the reason to be that it is only a great risk *in combination with the chance of escape* that unnerves a man whom the prospect of certain death would not unnerve at all. It is the eager passion with which all the mind rushes into the alternative of prolonged life, that really unmans a nature which would be steady enough in facing certain death. Mingle a great fear with a vivid ray of hope, and you will turn a head which could hold its own against inevitable fate. The tumultuous element in the case of plague is, we believe, the selfish desire to escape, rather than the actual prospect of death. The panic felt is really the panic of impetuous hope, rather than the panic of fear. Extinguish the hope, and the panic will often cease as completely as if you had extinguished the fear itself.

THE MURDER AT TISZA ESSLAR.

OUR Jewish contemporaries are quite annoyed because we recently suggested, *à propos* of the trial at Tisza Esslar, that if evidence were ever produced in favour of the absurd libel on them that Christian victims were slaughtered at the Passover, it might only indicate that some Cabalistic sect with a traditional faith in human sacrifice was embedded among their people. We intended to suggest a defence unassailable by evidence as to special cases, but they accuse us of "philosophic dislike" to Jews, and readiness to receive accusations against them. They are entirely mistaken. We have no more dislike for Jews than for Arabs or Parsees, or any other Oriental people—disliking only the Jewish desire to remain separate, yet cease to be thought so—and have immense respect for the intellect, the fortitude, and the philanthropy of the higher men of the race. We have steadily supported its emancipation in all countries, and in the most absolute and complete form, and have acknowledged in all discussions the debt which the world owes to the race, who for so many ages held up alone the torch of monotheism. We suppose they would not deny that some of them, at least, are earthy, or question our right to dislike that quality in them, as much as brutality in Englishmen or selfish finesse in Italians. Our interest in the affair at Tisza Esslar does not arise from any latent wish or belief that the Jews may be proved guilty—which seems to us simply impossible—but from a strong desire to ascertain, if we can, what the origin is of the rancorous hatred displayed in Hungary, as in a hundred other places, towards a people who deny that they give any cause for it, who neither do nor can oppress their fellow-citizens in any ordinary way, and who are markedly obedient to law, which, in Hungary, as everywhere else, they regard as their strongest rampart. Look at the facts, not denied by anybody, Jews included. Here is a quiet community, dwelling for years, it may be centuries, among the Hungarians—who, again, are accustomed to see among them a medley of races—and yet exciting such hatred, that the moment a Christian girl disappears they are suspected of murdering her, and entire classes help to eke out the "blood accusation." On the theory of the defence, which we implicitly believe, the police agents compel evidence against the Jews by torture, the neighbours volunteer statements which are most of them lies, and everybody whom the police threaten into giving evidence yields at once, and throws his or her stone of testimony against the detested people. In all cases, except that of Moritz Scharf, it is perfectly clear that the "compulsion" was not of the kind to which unwilling men would have submitted. In the Hungarian Court, all these facts come out as clearly as they could have come out in an English one, with the result not of shaking the popular belief in Jewish guilt, but of intensifying it to a fanaticism. There may be some exaggeration in the reports, but as we understand the telegrams, the temper of the population is rising to white-heat. The President can hardly keep his authority. The Public Prosecutor, who clearly disbelieves the whole story as a fanatic fabrication, is threatened with death for his disbelief. An official who revealed in a very quiet and straightforward way the terror to which the lad, Moritz Scharf, was subjected, was loudly accused in Court of taking bribes. A boatman who acknowledged that his evidence had been tampered with was hooted in Court, and several witnesses are under police guardianship, lest the populace should kill them, for admissions on the Jewish side; while, finally, a garrison has to be sent to Tisza Esslar to protect the Jews from general attack, which, nevertheless, as the Jews fear, may still come off. They distrust the soldiers, the police, and the populace almost equally, and are flying in considerable numbers, and with great loss of means. Surely that is a scene strange enough in this century to justify us in seeking to ascertain its causes, and in doubting whether religious prejudice is sufficient explanation. The Protestants, who are just as inimical to the majority, are not hated like that; nor are the Gipsies, who swarm in Hungary, who are Pagans, and who are let alone.

For, let the *Jewish Chronicle* observe, this populace is not pretending to believe the charge; it does believe it. It is doubtful whether even the police agents, such as Bary and Peczeli, who have secured so much of the evidence—and who will, we trust, be prosecuted—are mere perjurers, acting from love of wickedness or hatred of a particular sect. They have no apparent object in inventing the charges; they run, and must have known they would run, immense risk in Court; and the populace which applauds them has nothing whatever to give, except a popularity they do not ask for. There are hints, indeed, of "priests" behind, as in a Catholic country there always are; but what have the priests to gain by murdering particular Jews, who are not in their way, who are not apostates, and whom they have not tried to convert? It is much more probable that the police agents are just as credulous as the populace and the priests, and really believing in the murder, have set themselves, after a fashion too well known upon the Continent, to produce—that is, to invent—sufficient evidence for conviction. At all events, the populace believe, and believe so strongly that evidence to the contrary has no effect upon their minds. They can credit statements in accusation, but they literally cannot credit statements in disproof. They regard Moritz Scharf's

accusation of his father as the English mob regarded Lady Tichborne's acknowledgment of her son, as proof of the sort that is above discussion. They are under an impression which operates like a mental disease. Nothing will convince a man under delirium tremens of the unreality of the objects he sees, and nothing probably, not even his own confession, would convince an uneducated man of Tisza Esslar that Moritz Scharf did not see his father cut the throat of Esther Solymosi. A fanatic credulity of that kind has repeatedly struck considerable populations. We have little doubt that the Roman mob, when it yelled, "Christianos ad leones!" often believed that it was demanding the punishment of criminals guilty of perpetual human sacrifices, the only crime apparently which, even in the name of religion, Roman opinion did not tolerate. The London jurors who condemned Catholic citizens upon the evidence of Titus Oates, evidence on the face of it almost ridiculous, believed to a man in the guilt of the accused, though the King who signed the warrants for execution did not. The citizens of Salem, Massachusetts, who tried, condemned, and executed so many witches, were absolutely honest and upright, so honest and so upright that years after they voluntarily acknowledged their error, and endeavoured to expiate it, many of them declaring openly that the strength of their illusion was such that they must have been "possessed." There are still living among us men and women who upon the subject of the Jesuits are not strictly sane, who are not so much unwilling to receive exculpatory evidence about them as powerless to do it, who, if a child of fourteen alleged that boys were weekly slaughtered at Stonyhurst in order that their property might go to the Pope, would consider the statement equivalent to proof, and, like the poor Hungarians of Tisza Esslar, would think all witnesses to the contrary either terrorised or bribed. The phenomenon, however, needs no evidence, for it is universally admitted, and the point of intellectual interest is its operative cause. What is it that in certain cases sweeps out of the minds of whole classes, composed of individuals many of whom must be shrewd, the power of appreciating, or even understanding, evidence?

Many observers who have studied the history of such scenes believe that the cause of them is a positive brain-disease,—a form of lunacy generated by excitement, and passing away as the excitement wears itself out. The facts in the Salem case, and, in a less degree, in the case of Oates's victims, certainly bear out that theory, the capacity for judgment returning as visibly and as slowly as physical health to the victims of spine disease or some forms of epilepsy; but there is another explanation possible also. These fits of suspended judgment very closely resemble in their symptoms fits of protracted panic. No victim of a scare can judge evidence, and hundreds of cases are on medical record in which the most positive testimony has not relieved the mind of its impression. In almost all instances of popular credulity, a fear of some kind has been the motive-power. The Roman Plebs hated the Christians, but also believed that their open defiance of the popular Gods and refusal to sacrifice to them would draw down the wrath of Heaven. The vulgar of the middle-ages had the same belief as to the worshippers of Satan, worshippers whom they firmly believed to exist, and who probably did exist, much lunacy, much defiant misery, and much recoil from Christianity taking that form, which, again, was nourished by the slowly dying traditions of the older creed, and its god Pan. The London juries dreaded even more than they hated, the Catholics, as all of them potential Guy Fawkeses. The citizens of Salem walked in positive physical terror of Satan, and also of the Lord, who might be aroused, if they did not drive Satan out of their midst. The sentiment against the Jesuits has its root in fear, though the actual fear could hardly be defined by its victims, even while they recognise its effects. There must be fear, dread, of the Jews in Tisza Esslar, or hatred could hardly rise so nearly to insanity, and we should like to know what the root of that fear is. The *Jewish Chronicle* will not tell us, we dare say, but perhaps other witnesses, who know Hungary well, will. Is there not in Hungary, Roumania, and South Russia, mixed up with the dislike for Jews as separatists, and the envy of them as accumulators, a distinct belief that they among mankind are specially sorcerers, and can inflict disease by wishing it? Such a belief prevails among many Mussulman peoples, and it may well have wandered North and West, kept up by the Jewish traditional knowledge of medicine, their legendary lore, and their strong temptation when powerless under wrong to invoke the Powers above to avenge them. Such a belief would account for much, if not all, of the popular credulity, among peoples who in their habits of mind still retain the deep impress of the East.

IRISH LACE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE arrangement of the Exhibition of Irish Lace at the Mansion House is not altogether satisfactory. It does not convey the impression that either accurate knowledge or good-taste has presided over the disposition of the objects. The Exhibition includes both a loan collection and a number of articles for sale, but it mixes them up together, and provides no special exposition of the various kinds, and of the actual condition of the Lacemaking industry in Ireland, so arranged as to be immediately attainable by visitors who wish for information on that important practical point. One central case, containing samples of each of the fabrics exhibited, with labels giving the name of the lace, the place of production, the address of the convent or school where the article has been made, with the date, and the local (not the shop) price, would afford information really requisite, and likely to produce practical results. Inspecting a number of cases, like more or less well "dressed" shop windows, in which guipure and point, lacet and pearl-tatting, Carrickmacross, Innishmacsaint, Clones, Ardee, and Limerick lace are all mixed together, and in many instances "made-up" in utterly common-place fashion—for example, an exquisite piece of lace put over a baby's petticoat of staring white satin, and dabbed with hideous rosettes—is a fatiguing process, and one carries away from it hardly any more distinct idea than one would derive from a milliner's showroom. The absence of background is detrimental to many of the finest specimens in the Loan Collection; for instance, Lady Louth exhibits a superb piece of old Ardee "lacet," a lovely silky, harmonious, delightful example of this beautiful kind of lace, but it is hung at the back of a case, with the fine central wreath awkwardly out of the centre, and a dull wall behind it, so that the object might readily be mistaken for a small window-curtain or a large antimacassar. That lace loses its chief meaning, and fails to convey its full beauty, when it is divided from the idea of drapery, is a self-evident truth; and it makes itself felt here, for the draped samples at once catch the eye, and satisfy it. We look in vain for any specimens of that beautiful old Limerick lace, with its exquisitely soft and fine ground, delicate tint, and patterns of shaded flowers—the effect being produced by an outside thread run round each petal, leaf, and stem—which dates from half a century ago, and may still be seen among the laces of ladies who wore bridal veils, and flounces, and scarfs of it, in the second decade. Limerick lace is a harsh fabric now, with staring, straggly patterns, and the art of shading seems to be lost. The appliqué and guipure made at Limerick (to these the above remarks do not apply) have not prospered. If the old patterns and the former texture of the foundation were revived, the "home demand," which, as we learn from the descriptive pamphlet issued by the Committee, is daily declining, would soon revive also, and in the second particular there ought to be no difficulty. One is struck at once, on examining the Carrickmacross lace, by the evenness, smoothness, accuracy, and beauty of the net or foundation on which it is worked. This, we presume, is to be placed to the credit of the Belfast manufacture. It is a mistake to suppose, as it generally is supposed, that lacemaking is a modern art in Ireland, and that the best lace has been made from Venetian and Spanish patterns. The Irish convents in old days turned out rich and rare laces, and had beautiful designs of their own, synchronous with the stately designs of Venice and Spain, but not borrowed from either. Some of these patterns still survive in what is called the Jesuit lace, and are very rich and beautiful. It is true that as a commercial industry, Irish lacemaking, except at Carrickmacross and Limerick, dates from the famine years 1846-7-8. From 1820, lace had been made at Carrickmacross (the story of Miss Reid's school, told in the descriptive pamphlet, is well worth reading), a town which stands upon the Bath and Shirley estates:—"In 1846, Mr. Tristram Kennedy entered upon the management of the Bath estate. Seeing the great benefit that Miss Reid's school had been to the poor, he conceived the idea of extending, as far as he could, what he called 'cottage industry.' A stimulus to his energy in the matter was given in this year through the failure of the potato crop, by which famine was spread over the land. By a public grant he was enabled to build seven schools on the Bath estate, which consisted of 15,000 acres, with a population of 13,000 souls. . . . . While the schools were building, the train-

ing was carried on in a house on the townland of Drumlusty. The schools were completed in 1850, and after that date Carrickmacross became the principal, as well as the central school, and gives the name to all the lace made in the district." The Exhibition at the Mansion House shows us what has been the spread and the prospering of Mr. Kennedy's good work, and proves that Ireland is second to none of the famous lace-making countries in this refined and beautiful art.

We have been told of late that real lace is "out," that its value has greatly decreased; that the dressmakers use lace so profusely, and the modern kinds of imitation, all made in France, are so fine, that ladies prefer them to real—in short, that the future is to the machine—but we doubt it. The cascade of frippery now worn will go "out" in its turn, like the over-worked sunflowers and the sage-green garments of a year or two ago, and "good" lace will have its turn. To this end the Mansion House Exhibition will, it is to be hoped, largely contribute, for English ladies may there see for themselves that no better lace is to be had than that which they may order from the Irish schools; direct, if they will take the trouble to do so, and thus benefit the poor lacemakers in the first degree, or, if only their taste be consulted, and charity have no part in the impulse, through the shops which supply the various fabrics. There is hardly any taste in lace that cannot be suited by the products of Carrick-macross, Limerick, Cork, Youghal, Clones, Ardee, and Innish-macsaint; but it is urgent that all that is common and utterly cheap should be rigidly discarded and suppressed. The author of "The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi's," the most perfect lacemaking story that ever was written, has set before the world the ideal of the art; now is the time to fit that ideal to our modern days, and to keep this rare and beautiful art at its best among the poor Irish girls and children, who may be saved in great numbers from either the workhouse or the emigrant ship, if only mysterious "fashion" turns her smile their way. "What'll ye buy, ladies, what'll ye buy?"—shall it be the grand and stately lace that reminds one of the Hôtel de Cluny and Louis Treize; of Venice and Mr. Browning's "Galuppi," of the Low Countries and Anne of Austria, that calls up a whole gallery of pictures, in short, and makes one feel it almost audacious for every-day folk wearing the garments of the period to put it on; or shall it be the gossamer sort, that goes well with a rosy cheek and sweeping eyelashes, and might have been designed for Titania, by command of Oberon? If you will have the former, some of the very poorest of the Irish peasantry, dwellers on a desolate tract of land on the southern shores of Lough Erne (the interpretation of its native name is "The Island of the Sorrel Plain"), will put forth for you from under their toil-worn fingers the native flax in the form of the ancient Venetian, Spanish, and Rose point lace. And it will bear the closest inspection for design, and stitch, and texture; it will drape your gown royally, and be the "old lace" of your great-great-grandchildren, when all the Irish difficulties, and your own, have long been settled. For Innish-macsaint bears away the palm easily among the heavy laces, and each specimen that one makes out among the clumsy arrangement, seems more beautiful, laborious, and stately than the last. This fabric dates from 1849; it is also made at Cappoquin, in County Waterford. It all arose from a piece of old lace that strayed somehow into the village of Tynan, in County Armagh, and inspired the wife of the Rector of the parish to teach the children to imitate it; and the story of the Youghal lace, or "Irish Point," which is of surpassing beauty, is very similar:—"The famine was sore in the land, the children who attended the school of the Presentation Convent at Youghal wanted bread; the only employment offered was muslin embroidery, at which it was then calculated that a moderately good worker could earn one penny by ten hours of diligent labour. An old piece of lace was found in the convent; a worthy nun, after much thought and meditation, tried to copy it, and to teach the poor children to do the same." This was the beginning, but the nun studied, examined, procured new patterns, and improving upon them, added many a stitch of her own invention. Hence the Irish Point Lace, with its peculiar *cachet* of genius and skill. A magnificent specimen of Youghal lace is exhibited by Mrs. Alfred Morrison; it is as though a cobweb had been held out in the sunshine, and all the daintiest leaves and buds, blossoms, motes, and fantasies that ever grew, blew, or floated, had been captured and fixed on its meshes.

The subject of the Lacemaking industry of Ireland has practical and economical aspects which need to be treated elsewhere; the object of the present writer is only to draw attention to the artistic beauty and value of the exhibits, and to urge the remunerative nature of purchases of Irish real lace.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BISHOP COLENSO.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I shall be permitted, I hope, to point out in your columns that a wrong impression, as it seems to me, is likely to be conveyed by some of the expressions employed by you in your review of the labours that a week ago were brought to a close in Natal.

In referring to the influence which the writings of the late F. D. Maurice are supposed to have had upon my father's mind, you say that,—"With the essential genius of those writings Dr. Colenso can never have had any deep sympathy, since his own mind was much more impressed by such matters as the blundering numeration of the Book of Exodus, than the moral revelation it contained. Later on, he developed the rationalism—or shall we say the mathematical matter-of-factness?—of his Scriptural criticism in the book which excited so much more interest than it deserved, and which really only proved what all genuine scholars knew,—that the historical part of the Pentateuch is a human composition, by no means exempt from error." Is the above quite consistent with the account given by my father himself of the motives which led him to investigate the history of the composition of the Pentateuch?

The following passage is taken from the "Introductory Remarks" prefixed to the People's Edition of the first five parts of his work:—

"There was a time in my own life . . . . . when I . . . . . could have heartily assented to such language as the following, which Burgon ('Inspiration,' &c., p. 89), asserts to be the creed of orthodox believers, and which, probably, expresses the belief of many English Christians at the present day:—'The Bible is none other than the *Voice of Him that sitteth upon the Throne!* Every book of it—every chapter of it—every verse of it—every word of it—every syllable of it—(where are we to stop?) every *letter* of it—is the direct utterance of the Most High! The Bible is none other than the Word of God—not some part of it more, some part of it less, but all alike the utterance of him who sitteth upon the Throne—absolute—faultless—unerring—supreme.' Such was the creed of the school in which I was educated. God is my witness! what hours of wretchedness have I spent at times, while reading the Bible devoutly from day to day, and reverencing every word of it as the Word of God, when petty contradictions met me, which seemed to my reason to conflict with the notion of the absolute historical veracity of every part of Scripture, and which, as I felt, *in the study of any other book*, we should honestly treat as errors or misstatements, without in the least detracting from the real value of the book! But, in those days, I was taught that it was my duty to fling the suggestion from me at once, as if it were 'a loaded shell, shot into the fortress of the soul,' or to stamp out desperately, as with an iron heel, each spark of honest doubt, which God's own gift, the love of Truth, had kindled in my bosom. And by many a painful effort I succeeded in doing so for a season. But my labours, as a translator of the Bible, and a teacher of intelligent converts from heathenism, have brought me face to face with questions from which I had hitherto shrunk, but from which, under the circumstances, I felt it would be a sinful abandonment of duty any longer to turn away. I have, therefore, as in the sight of God Most High, set myself deliberately to find the answer to such questions, with, I trust and believe, a sincere desire to know the Truth, as God wills us to know it, and with a humble dependence on that Divine Teacher who alone can guide us into that knowledge, and help us to use the light of our minds aright. The result of my inquiry is this, that I have arrived at the conviction—as painful to myself at first as it may be to my reader, though painful now no longer, under the clear shining of the Light of Truth—that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly have been written by Moses, or by any one acquainted personally with the facts which it professes to describe, and, further, that the (so-called) Mosaic narrative, by whomsoever written, and though imparting to us, as I fully believe it does, revelations of the Divine Will and Character, cannot be regarded as *historically true*."

He then distinguishes between the class of difficulties which in the end determined his conclusions and difficulties of another sort, such as those which are created by the numerous petty variations and contradictions in the Old-Testament narrative,—those arising from the consideration of its miracles, or when we regard "the trivial nature of a vast number of conversations and commands ascribed directly to Jehovah, especially the multiplied ceremonial minutiæ laid down in the Levitical Law;" and finally, such as "must be started at once in most pious minds, when such words as these are read, professedly coming

from the Holy and Blessed One, the Father and 'Faithful Creator' of all mankind":—

"If a man smite his servant or his maid with a rod, and he die under his hand, he shall be surely punished. *Notwithstanding*, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for *he is his money*."—E. xxi., 20-21.

With regard to this text, the Bishop wrote:—

"I shall never forget the revulsion of feeling with which a very intelligent native, with whose help I was translating these last words into the Zulu tongue, first heard them as words said to be uttered by the same great and gracious Being whom I was teaching him to trust in and adore. His whole soul revolted against the notion that the Great and Blessed God, the Merciful Father of all Mankind, would speak of a servant or maid as mere 'money,' and allow a horrible crime to go unpunished, because the victim of the brutal usage had survived a few hours!"

The moral difficulties last indicated, however, brought his mind "to a stand." As he wrote in 1872 ("Lectures on the Pentateuch," second edition, p. 112):—

"But the fact that such barbarous commands as those we have heard to-day, were here attributed to the Fountain of all Goodness, was painfully forced upon my mind while engaged in translating the Book of Exodus into Zulu. I felt that it was absolutely impossible to believe this, without abandoning all trust in a righteous and perfect Being, whose children we are, and whose moral excellencies are faintly reflected in our own. From that time, I resolved that, cost what it might in time and labour, ay, and in other things which men hold dear, I would, God helping me, search into the mystery, and master, if possible, the history of the composition of the Pentateuch. . . . . And if I have helped in any way to relieve your minds and the minds of others, as well as my own, from the misery of finding such laws as I have quoted, and other like laws, ascribed to the God of Truth and Love, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in a Book which traditionary teaching represents as divinely infallible, I feel that I shall not have lived in vain."

I do not know where, if not in the columns of the *Spectator*, one would look for a recognition of the two great facts that underlie the Bishop's writings,—the fact, namely, that at the time when he published his work on the Pentateuch, whatever the conclusions to which lay scholars had come, the bulk of his fellow-clergy deeply resented any criticism, however devout, which did not accept Bishop Wilberforce's view of inspiration; and the fact that it was Bishop Colenso's reverence for the moral revelation contained in the Old Testament, and nowhere more impressively dwelt upon than in the most recent of his many sermons, which forced him to enter upon the investigation that led to his throwing off what he felt to be the intolerable yoke of the traditionary teaching in vogue twenty years ago.—I am, Sir, &c., One of his Sons.

THE LIBERALS AND PROVINCIAL MEETINGS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your two last numbers letters have appeared from correspondents in the country complaining that Liberal M.P.'s are lukewarm, if not positively indifferent, to the duty of attending public meetings in the provinces. This is not so. There is no difficulty whatever in getting Liberal M.P.'s to go to public meetings within reasonable or even unreasonable distance of London, if they are approached through some recognised authority, such as the Liberal Central Association, or the London and Counties Liberal Union. The fault lies at the door of the promoters of the meetings.

I happen to know that at the request of the two associations I have just named, the services of at least forty Liberals M.P.'s have been secured for different public meetings in the home counties during the past winter. The usual course pursued by local Liberal Associations is, first, to engage their hall and complete their arrangements, and then go to work to obtain speakers, with the date irrevocably fixed. Then they write to forty or fifty M.P.'s, and ask them to come. If it is a favourable day, some eight or ten of them may accept; and in that case, when the reminder comes a few days before the meeting, and each M.P. sees there are seven or more going, nobody goes at all, and the affair is a *fiasco*.

The next invitation that comes of a similar kind, A finds that B, C, D, E, F, G, &c., are also invited, and by common consent they all refuse. This is exactly what happened in the case which gave rise to the correspondence. Invitations were sent simultaneously to thirty-six M.P.'s, and they all declined, believing some other one would accept. Had the Secretary of the association written three or four weeks before the meeting to either Mr. J. Noble, of the Liberal Counties Union, or to the Liberal Central Association, with a choice of two or three dates, I am quite certain that two Liberal M.P.'s would have been at the meeting, and "Publius" would not have rushed into print with his complaint.

Not very long ago, I met in the lobby of the House the Secretary of the Liberal Association of a large Lancashire town. He complained bitterly of the neglect of the Liberal Party to furnish M.P.'s for a meeting he had been trying in vain to organise for two winters in succession. I soon found that he had been following the usual methods. I asked him to give me three days to choose from, and ten minutes to get him his speakers. In six minutes I gave him the names of four Members willing to go, one of whom was a distinguished member of the Ministry. The meeting was held, the speakers willingly travelled over 200 miles to attend it, and were rewarded by an audience of nearly 4,000.

I can assure "Publius" that had he taken time by the forelock, entered the field with a choice of days, and applied through a recognised channel, he would have found it equally easy to get his platform made up.—I am, Sir, &c.,

House of Commons, July 3rd. W. S. Caine.

"AUT CÆSAR AUT NIHIL."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—May I correct one or two errors in your notice of "Aut Cæsar aut Nihil"? It would be an affectation to strain at the gnat of truth, and swallow the camel of scandal. To use your reviewer's words, I "might have spared" you "the Perowska episode," and the death-bed of the Empress saint. But if you will turn back two years, and cast an eye over the infamous scandal and tittle-tattle of the "dailies" and "weeklies" of that date, I think you will agree with the drift of the words I put into the mouth of one of my characters,—"Where it is a question of the choice of evils, a bigamous marriage is better than an Eastern harem." Private lives are sacred. The lives of Emperors are public property; and if history is not allowed to speak the truth, gossip will abuse the prerogative of fiction.

Helena Perowska did not submit to a "mock marriage." She believed her marriage to be a *bonâ fide* one, and she submitted to it, as a young, innocent girl submits to family arrangements of the kind in many Continental countries. She was no saint then, and the Egeria episodes grew out of circumstances. That she did not seek "the vulgar revenge of a murderess" the story amply shows, though your reviewer evidently fancies assassination to have been her aim. When it came to the point, she risked her own life repeatedly to save that of the man she had once loved.—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Author of "Aut Cæsar aut Nihil."

[The question which the Countess von Bothmer raises is one rather of taste than of fact. It is precisely such a marriage of convenience as Helena Perowska's that to English eyes seems a mock one. She went through a marriage ceremony to please the Czar. Almost the moment it was over she became his mistress. While she was trying to play Egeria to his Numa, she was deserted, because—so at least she suspected—she was childless. Surely it is reasonable to describe as painful such an episode in the life of a woman represented as animated by the highest motives. Although Helena Perowska did not obtain the revenge of the murderess, she "sought" it, when she joined the Nihilists. She did so simply and solely to punish her faithless lover, and she could not fail to divine the meaning and aim of their conspiracy.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

POETRY.

TWILIGHT.

The Sunrise waits behind Heaven's gates,
Unclosed of lagging Morning;
In shadows slow the world below
Fore-greets it, self-adorning.

The sweet song-bird is rising heard,
The cold, grey light is growing,
To herald still on every hill
The red Sun's royal flowing.

The still dark night foresees the light
Before her heat she lends us;
And waning far, the dwindling star
Its mystic message sends us.

In glowing pride of prospect wide
The firmament uncloses;

And wakes to bliss with stooping kiss
The petals of the roses.

The watch dog's sleep, serene and deep,
Breaks on the morning's breaking.
And pillowed head that mocked the dead
From dream to work is waking.

The sons of toil in earth's turmoil
Come forth ere day to labour;
And lazy wealth outsleeps his health,
To compensate his neighbour.

The world of sound springs up around,
In murmurs waxing ever;
And wearied men are armed again,
To face the long endeavour.

We know not, we, what this may be,
The mystery of ages,
Which day by day writes lives away
On unremembered pages.

But calm at least, they watch the East,
For victory or disaster,
Who firmly hold the best the old,
And Faith alone the Master.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

BOOKS.

MR. FREEMAN ON THE AMERICAN.*

THE book in which Mr. Freeman records his impressions of the United States will, no doubt, find many readers. The subject is one of abiding interest, and Mr. Freeman's treatment of it cannot fail to excite attention. He tells us that his book is the fruit of a six months' visit to the United States, and surely to have observed so carefully, to have accumulated so many facts in so short a time, must be looked upon as no ordinary performance. Nor is it his industry alone that deserves praise; Mr. Freeman desires to see the object fairly, and he reproduces the impression it makes upon him with much faithfulness; the result is that the likeness of Brother Jonathan which is accepted in England as exact, is seen to be a mere caricature. So much must be said in justice to Mr. Freeman. Inasmuch, however, as the political relations of the two countries make it important for us to see our Transatlantic kinsmen as they really are, the shortcomings of the book deserve notice. Now, these shortcomings are mainly due to the fact that Mr. Freeman has made it "somewhat of his business to set forth the essential oneness of the two peoples;" in fact, the American is to him in all senses an Englishman. This confession is likely to astonish the reader; it is as if one tried to describe a species of foreign oak by enumerating and insisting upon the points of resemblance between it and the well-known English tree. Yet when Mr. Freeman tells us that to him the thought of the true unity of the scattered English folk, is a thought higher and dearer than any thought of a British Empire to the vast majority of whose subjects the common speech of Chatham and Washington, of Gladstone and Garfield is an unknown tongue, he seems, even if his political ideal be left out of the question, to have strengthened his position by an appeal to facts. It must be acknowledged that Mr. Freeman's portrait does bear some resemblance to the original. Chatham, Washington, Gladstone, and Garfield have all what is called a family likeness. One might, in fact, go further, and say that the two Englishmen here mentioned could better stand for Americans, and that the two Americans are quite peculiarly English. This is equivalent to asserting that there is a type of manhood as distinctively American as is our English type distinctively English, and not German. Now, if this be true, our disagreement with Mr. Freeman is no mere formal one; it results from a difference of stand-point. The facts, then, will bear a different reading to that which pleases him. We intend, accordingly, to draw attention to some distinctive features of the American, in order to correct Mr. Freeman's picture. This ought to be done by an Englishman, inasmuch as to insist upon differences may be to insist upon superiorities; it, therefore, becomes an Englishman better than it does an American to lay stress upon peculiarly American traits.

Mr. Freeman remarks that the Americans now speak of "Englishman," where they formerly spoke of "Britisher," and he seems to draw hope from the disuse of the contemptuous epithet that the Americans may yet come to call themselves Englishmen. This is one instance of how Mr. Freeman reads facts which must, we think, be differently interpreted. The Americans have passed from contempt to appreciation of the English people in like measure as they have become conscious of their own peculiar excellencies. They can now afford to recognise worth in others; pride in their own national qualities moves them to give each race its due. Now, this pride owes much of its strength to the Civil War. The Southerner liked to dwell upon his English origin, he thought and spoke of himself as an aristocrat, and as this called forth sympathy in England, the Northerner was thrown upon the past of his own land, and came to pride himself more and more upon his birthright as an American as the Northern and Western armies gained ground. Each victory tended to define the national character more sharply, by making it more self-conscious. In fact, with the triumph of the North the American may be said to have reached manhood; that is, just at the time when he first began to use the word "national" instead of "federal," which usage Mr. Freeman is content to condemn as "often inexact," without trying to explain its origin. With this pride in himself and in his nation came a natural revulsion against the braggartism and restless self-assertion, which had been, till then, characteristic of the American. The passengers had not faith in Bludso's nobility; no,—

"We all had trust in his *cussedness*,
And knowed he would keep his word."

Now, this pride, this self-disparagement, is peculiarly an English trait, and when the American also exhibits it, he seems but to have come nearer to us. Yet the pride of the American has, so to speak, a different root. An English reviewer recently noticed with some indignation that Mr. Howells and Mr. James depict Englishmen as rather stupid and the American as having more brains. In this opinion, these novelists are at one with their countrymen, who speak of the Englishmen in Canada as Kanucks. Even the average American feels that the Canadian is *borné*, is somewhat of a Philistine. For the American—and this is his characteristic feature—has a marked liking for intellectual power. "Old-fashioned," "slow," words which to an English ear seem rather complimentary than otherwise, convey to an American the most damning blame; "wide-awake," "keen," on the other hand, are apt to inspire an Englishman with some fear lest the individual so characterised should be too shrewd to be honest, whereas these words only express praise or admiration when used by an American. Now, this change of mental attitude has innumerable consequences. The American hopes all from energy rightly applied, the Englishman relies upon steady perseverance. The one abandons immediately what he sees to be a hopeless undertaking the other, believing "'tis dogged as does it," sets his teeth hard, and is even more obstinate in the wrong than in the right. The American prefers thoughts, and is quicker to seize upon generalisations; the Englishman loves facts, and believes in the logic of events. The one is more flexible, more sympathetic; the other more constant, were it to rigidity. The reader can now see what we meant by saying that Chatham and Gladstone are more distinctively American than Washington and Garfield. The characteristic trait in the first pair is intelligence, in the second, strong moral sense.

We now pass to modifications of character which are the result of a new social environment. Strangely enough, Mr. Freeman regards all the phenomena arising from this cause as accidental and isolated; he is like a botanist who collects specimens without knowing any system of classification. Yet it must never be forgotten that the form of society in America is democratic, while in England it is aristocratic. Now, although Mr. Freeman is determined "to set forth the essential oneness of the two peoples," he yet acknowledges that "the American and the British daily papers must be set down as two essentially different things," and this because of a peculiar feature of the American journal, "Even the *New York Tribune*," he writes, "admits personal paragraphs which would certainly never find their way into the *Times*, the *Daily News*, or the *Standard*;" and he accounts for this by asserting "that the American paper is clearly written for a class of readers inferior to the average reader of the English paper." Now, De Tocqueville goes deeper than does Mr. Freeman, for the Frenchman

* *Some Impressions of the United States.* By E. A. Freeman. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

saw that the public life of a democracy, representing as it does the feelings of the masses, is likely to fall below the standard of taste maintained in an aristocracy, which represents the feelings of a small and select class. Yet neither De Tocqueville nor Mr. Freeman explains the difference; they both are content to see it as an inferiority. "The baby of Mrs. B. weighs, we are informed, 12 lb. The lady hopes to be about again soon." Such an announcement as this is common enough in an American paper. It is vulgar, silly, what you like, but the average American reader likes any piece of news which emphasises the fact that all men are brothers, whereas the heart of the Englishman dilates with loyal pride when he reads that "the Princess B. rode in the morning, and dined in the evening." The parallel to personal paragraphs is to be found in the *Times* under the heading of "The Court." As regards manners, good-natured vulgarity is the failing of a democracy, as flunkeyism is the failing of an aristocracy. Without determining which failing is the more vicious, we pass to the corresponding social virtues. Mr. Freeman remarks that "the American 'Justice of the Peace' holds a position very inferior to the position of his English brother," and adds, "so does the American Sheriff." This he explains by the fact that "the one is a paid, and the other an unpaid functionary." Now, this fact, brought forward as an explanation, is a mere consequence of the form of society, and in itself explains nothing. Mr. Freeman might have noticed that in America no dignitary stands apart from and above his fellow-man as does an English dignitary, and this less because the English dignitary is superior in character and ability to the American, than because the average American stands in education and influence far above the average Englishman. "Servants," "hands," "yokels," "paupers," are almost unknown in America; while these classes form here, if not the majority, at least a large minority of the nation. Had Mr. Freeman remembered that America was a democracy, he would not have been surprised, as he was, on finding that the murder of President Garfield was treated not as the murder of a President, but as the murder "*simply* of one James Abram Garfield." The italics are ours. The virtue of a democratic form of government is to be found in the natural, kindly feeling between man and man, as the virtue of an aristocratic form lies in dignity, and in a high sense of honour. Now, this dignity of the aristocrat is often represented in America by the dignity of conscious worth of manhood, just as the kindly feeling between all men in a democracy is sometimes represented in an aristocracy by the kindness of the master to the servant. Before Mr. Freeman spoke of "inferiority," he should have called to mind that the lowest class of Americans (the negro and the emigrant are here excluded) compares favourably with the English middle-class. Nor are the heights in America uninhabited. Ralph Waldo Emerson was but the central figure of a group, the best representative of a large and constantly increasing class.

It would, indeed, be surprising that Mr. Freeman should have spent six months in America without noticing the one capital fact, viz., "the Jonathanisation of John," were it not that in considering quite ordinary facts, facts which "he who runs may read," Mr. Freeman shows himself equally at fault. Of a large class of phenomena his explanation is that in America "the tendency to stand still sometimes strangely contrasts with the tendency to go ahead." For instance, the bad roads seem to Mr. Freeman to be due to this "tendency to stand still," whereas the true explanation must at once suggest itself. The roads are bad because distances are great, labour dear, the rate of interest on capital high, because other public works are more remunerative and more pressingly needed than well-paved roads. Again, the hire of hackney-carriages is in America very costly for similar reasons. But no such considerations occur to Mr. Freeman, and his explanation of this latter fact is so characteristic as to be amusing. Inasmuch as in the Eastern States Irishmen are generally the drivers, he couples Paddy with the "unreasonable cost," and asks, with some heat, "Why should transplanted Englishmen, or transplanted Dutchmen either, bow down their necks to this Irish bondage?" Now, one might hint that in the Western States the drivers are Americans, and the cost of hiring still more unreasonable, but nothing would lessen Mr. Freeman's dislike of all things Irish. Yet here he could surely console himself with the reflection that the Irish "cabby" in Dublin, at any rate, is compelled to drive five or six miles for sixpence. The other day, an American—such is the difference of mental attitude—used this fact to explain the readiness of "Skin the Goat" to assist the Invincibles. The remedy for "whatever is amiss in America would be," according to Mr. Freeman, "if every Irishman should kill a negro and be hanged for it." This joke (Mr. Freeman tells us that it is one) becomes serious, when we are told that Paddy is not a Teuton, and that Sambo is not even a Western Aryan. Here we touch the spring of Mr. Freeman's determination to set forth the essential oneness of the two branches of the English folk; in doing this, he confirms his appreciation of all things Teutonic. Well, as we, too, see the limitless expanse of ether as a mere blue dome, we must not judge Mr. Freeman harshly, who sees the American as a flaxen-haired, broad-built, phlegmatic Teuton. It is only as characteristic of this peculiarity of mental vision that we notice Mr. Freeman's contempt for American scholarship. Not that we altogether disagree with his estimate of American scholars; we are not minded to break a lance in defence of professors of history who know nothing of the "original sources" of historical knowledge, nor can we agree with him on the point in question, for we are of those who believe that these fabled springs must rather be found in the mind of the historian, than, as Mr. Freeman asserts, on the shelves of his library. If, however, one would measure the whole difference between the scholar as conceived by an Englishman and the scholar as conceived by an American, let him take this,—that Mr. Freeman cannot understand "why any man should either pretend to know a thing that he does not know, or pretend not to know a thing that he does know," and put it beside this, "translate, *collate*, distil all the systems, it steads you nothing, for truth will not be compelled in any mechanical manner."

ALFRED DE MUSSET AND MR. POLLOCK.*

Accident has left us late in the field with a review of a worthy piece of work. The memory of Alfred de Musset's *Night of May*, *Night of August*, and *Night of October*, the last especially (*December* is omitted from the collection before us), lingers like a strain of music with those who love them well. It is highly to the credit of the old company of the Théatre Français that they should once have been able to produce, in Madame Favart and M. Delaunay, two actors capable of reciting the *Nuit d'Octobre* on the stage in the manner in which those two did it. Made up, as the players call it, in close resemblance to the well-known pictures of Musset himself, Delannay brought to bear on the character of the poet the gifts he had so sedulously cultivated, of graceful bearing and scholarly elocution, with the tender and sympathetic voice which he had acquired, like his other qualities, if we are to believe the critics of his early appearances, by hard and ungrudging work. The translation before us is appropriately dedicated to him. As the poet's muse, Madame Favart fairly surpassed anything in which we remember her. It can have been no easy matter so to divest a purely spiritual conception of all merely human feeling, and yet to stamp upon it a deep sense of personal tenderness, as in this case the actress did. Imagine Ariel a woman, with something of a woman's attachment to a mortal man, yet withal supernatural and divine, and the difficulty of submitting the muse of the *October Night* to the earthly, footlight test will be realised at once. But through that test, by an exceptional display of her graceful art, Favart carried it. We can recall the accents now with which she soothed her poet's vexed heart and wearied fancy, when he had poured out to her the griefs which a woman had wrought for him :—

"Si l'effort est trop grand pour la faiblesse humaine
De pardonner les maux qui nous viennent d'autrui,
Épargne-toi du moins le tourment de la haine :
À defaut du pardon, laisse venir l'oubli !"

There was something in it quite wonderful, for it had in it even the ring of passion, yet without earthly alloy; not the love of a mother, nor of a mistress, nor of a wife, but passionate and living, for all that, as of some spirit-sister sent to watch and to care, and full of yearning,—over the poor, struggling, human soul. As we think of the type of French actress which has since Favart's younger day been thrust into Favart's place, and forced into a foolish and artificial prominence, we can only ask ourselves where criticism on things of art, if it is to exercise any wholesome and guiding influence at all, has gone to niche itself.

It is doubtful if Alfred de Musset has yet taken the place

* *A Version of A. de Musset's "La Nuit de Mai," "La Nuit d'Août," "La Nuit d'Octobre"* (with an Introduction), by Walter Herries Pollock. London: Bentley and Son.

which we believe he will take among the dramatists of the world. It may seem a bold thing to say, but to us he has more of the special magic of Shakespeare than any other man. Like Lord Byron, in some respects his model, he did not write his plays for the stage; but unlike Lord Byron, he held it when he came there. No company but that of the Français as it was, perhaps, could well have attempted pieces so unconventional in their frame and diction from the theatre's point of view. "Laissez tomber sur les pièces de Scribe, c'est-à-dire de l'écrivain le plus expert dans son métier, une seule goutte d'Alfred de Musset, qui était le poète le plus naïf et le moins expert dans ce métier-là, et vous verrez tout le théâtre de Scribe se dissoudre et se volatiliser comme le mercure à une chaleur de trois cent cinquante degrés." We believe that we are quoting from a criticism of the younger Dumas, and must apologise for errors, as we quote from memory. In the "Caprices de Marianne," "Il ne Faut Jurer de Rien," and "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," there are scenes and characters whose special quality of humanity seems inspired by the spirit of Shakespeare himself.

By right, probably, of that *naïveté* of his, and consequent unstaginess, Musset has fortunately escaped in England the ernel process of "adaptation," that wholesale mangling of an author's language and characters, which surely he has a right to invent for himself, as unfair to him as a direct and scholarly translation is fair and advantageous. We believe that only one or two of his shorter pieces have been used here. One we remember—the "Caprice"—where one sentence, "J'ai mis M. de Chavigny à la porte avec son petit meuble," is transmuted by the adapter's alchemy into this (printed), "I have put M. de Chavigny at the door with his little piece of furniture." A good and sympathetic translation of Alfred de Musset's works has yet to be made in English, and will be a valuable addition to our literature when it is made. Meantime, Mr. Walter Pollock deserves thanks, and great thanks, for giving us a version of the "Nights," which will always be a chief favourite with the poet's readers. Mr. Pollock has aimed, as he says in his preface, at a version rather an accurate translation of the original, and has tried to preserve it in spirit rather than in letter. There are the two legitimate forms of translation, and the choice must depend upon the translator. We must credit Mr. Pollock with knowing his own capabilities best, when he tells us that he has chosen to use blank verse throughout, rather than preserve the varying metres of the original,—exquisite, as he truly calls them. For that, we are, as he admits that he expects lovers of Musset will be—what is the reason for the peculiar use of the name "Musset," in this instance in French, instead of "De Musset"?—ourselves something inclined to quarrel with him. The sudden but harmonious changes in the French poems "come o'er the ear like the sweet South," and produce in the reader an infinite pleasure of sound; and we should have preferred it if Mr. Pollock, who has more than once shown himself possessed of a true gift of rhyme, had grappled more boldly with his difficulty. Take this from the original:—

"Va-t'en, retire-toi, spectre de ma maîtresse!
Rentre dans ton tombeau, si tu t'en es levé;
Laisse-moi pour toujours oublier ma jeunesse,
Et, quand je pense à toi, croire que j'ai rêvé."

And on this passionate adjuration of the poet fall the words of the Muse like a charm, in the varied rhythm,—

"Apaise-toi, je t'en conjure:
Tes paroles m'ont fait frémir.
O mon bien-aimé! ta blessure
Est encore prête a se rouvrir."

The translation, being in continuous blank verse, necessarily, as we think, misses much of the peculiarity of this effect:—

"Let me believe I dreamed of such an one.
Calm thee, my Poet, for thy very words," &c.

Taking Mr. Pollock's translation as it is, however, it has resulted, to our thinking, in a considerable measure of success. And treating the "Nights" as a stage poem, blank verse, which is the natural language of the Stage in English, has its advantages. It is much to be regretted on all accounts that both the writing it and the speaking it upon the stage are almost as lost arts. Blank-verse plays, once the staple of the dramatic year, are now few and far between; and as, not being published, they cannot secure readers, they do not much tempt the ambition of authors who have any command over blank verse. Within the last fifteen years, Mr. Gilbert has given us five or six, Mr. Wills three or four, Mr. Merivale one or two, and as far as we can remember, that is about all.

Mr. Pollock, if we are not mistaken, should be able, with a good choice of subject, to do good work in blank verse for the stage. Some of his lines show real power in that direction, and most when the original is the most dramatic, for after all the "Nuits" only becomes so in parts, being essentially a reflective poem, whose text is the loss of inspiration which follows first on a great sorrow, and the new inspiration which is afterwards born of it, shadowed by Musset in the visits of the Muse to the Poet:—

"It is a law severe, a law supreme,
Old as the world, and as fatality,
That men must be baptized in suffering.
Tears are the dew that quickens human hearts.
. . . . . .
How shouldst thou love the garden-scented breeze,
Tho birds' rejoicing anthem, and the arts
That lend a grace to Nature, if through all
Thou didst not hear the echo of past sighs?
The heaven's illimitable harmony,
The silence of the night, the murmuring flood,—
How should'st thou love all these, unless thy pain
Had made thee long for an eternal rest?"

It is difficult, or rather impossible, to lay down rules about blank verse, which can only be judged and tested by ear; and no one ear is like another. Authorities will differ among themselves for ever upon one line of Shakespeare,—

"Why thy canonized bones, hearsèd in Death,"

and while some will steadily maintain that the emphasis in "canonised" must be on the second syllable, from the eternal necessities, others, among whom the present writer must be numbered, insist upon the natural emphasis on the first syllable as giving a musical and most legitimate irregularity to the line, which should offend the ear in nowise, judicious irregularities being one of the charms of good blank verse. What is to decide, when the irregularity becomes a blot? Take, for instance, a line from Mr. Stopford Brooke's published version of *Riquet of the Tuft*:—

"Flowed in a ripple, paused at her ear, then fell."

Many may think that there is no excess of licence in that line. To us, it is simply detestable. But it is a question of ear. We write, therefore, with hesitation about blank verse, which cannot be brought to book as rhyme can, for definite and flagrant sins. But the lines from Mr. Pollock's translation which we have quoted strike us as thoroughly well balanced, with words well chosen, and periods regularly tunable.

"The birds' rejoicing anthem, and the arts
That lend a grace to Nature,"

are to us an instance of what may be called a complete blank-verse period, satisfying the ear in itself.

There are other and striking passages scattered through the translation, which are too long to quote.

"The finest songs are children of despair,
And some immortal strains are one vast sob,"

where the two monosyllables which close the second line strike us as a little awkward, as a sibilant, introduce a very good rendering of the Homeric simile of the pelican, in *La Nuit de Mai*:—

"Lorsque le pélican, lassé d'un long voyage."

And very gracefully rendered are the opening lines of the poem:

"Take thy lute, Poet. Turn and kiss thy Muse,
It is the birth-night of the Spring. The breeze
Stirs with fresh life to catch the new-born scent
Of sweetbriar blossoms; on the first green boughs
The wagtail perches, waiting for the dawn.
Take thy lute, Poet. Turn and kiss thy Muse."

Mr. Pollock has prefaced the poems by a short blank-verse introduction of his own, which he gives, we suppose, in order to explain to the English reader the purpose of the original, which might otherwise have been obscure. There we think him wrong, on the ground on which we have protested against adaptation. If Alfred de Musset had meant his poem to have an introduction, Alfred de Musset would have written it. But the introduction is harmoniously written, and shows that Mr. Pollock has not translated his poet without loving and studying him:—

"My heart is dead, and what shall bring it life?
Most idle sorrow for an idle thing,—
But what shall cure it? All that once I loved
Seems barren, and my mind, that did delight
To give expression to the fleeting forms
Of fancy, is weighed down with heaviness
Of recollection,—all the world is dark,
And I tho heaviest blot upon its face.
She who, before I knew that faithless one,
Filled all my life with dreams of happiness,
Of fame and name immortal,—she, my Muse,
My comforter, has left me here to die."

These are fine lines, and quite in the spirit of the poem itself. If Mr. Pollock proposes to introduce us to more of Musset, or to try a stronger flight of his own, he should be on his guard against one or two colloquialisms which belong to prose, and should not, to our thinking, find a place in verse.

"No single thing
Around me *but's* alive with memories,"

is a specimen of what we mean. One of the charms of blank verse is the infinite elasticity with which it lends itself in skilful hands to every form of expression, dramatic, passionate, humorous, colloquial. But for that very reason, it wants, most of all, in dealing with the last, very cautious handling. We doubt, too, if Mr. Pollock can find a justification for using "lyre" as a dissyllable. "Fire" has Shakespearian precedent for being so used,—

"Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand?"

but the other is more dangerous. But however these things may be, Mr. Pollock has made a very desirable addition to our literature by translating this, one of Musset's most beautiful fancies, and we hope again that it is the prelude to more. Apart from the value of the original, so much amazingly bad blank verse dribbles out now-a-days, no verse and all blank, that there is some danger of our losing the trick of it; and Mr. Walter Pollock, dealing with it, knows what he is about.

OTTILIE.*

This is a graceful little sketch of German life in the eighteenth century, so graceful, that it is almost disappointing in its scantiness. The main subject of the idyl is left something too faint for the author's purpose. There is plenty of skill in the delineation of the weakly sentimental Christoph, whose selfishness and feebleness are the background on which Ottilie's self-devotion are displayed; but that self-devotion itself is suggested rather than painted, and never brought vividly before us, even on those occasions on which it is most clearly indicated and implied. This is, we think, a fault, though the intention of the idyl is rather to bring the German manners of the times vividly before us, than to dwell on individual figures. What Vernon Lee aims at is to show what the culture of Germany in the last thirty years of the last century and the first ten years of this, was like, what elements it lacked in which the austerer life of the first part of the eighteenth century had not been deficient, and how unbridgeable was the chasm between the ignorant practical life of the German townspeople and the feeble and passionate æstheticism in which the literary life of the century first showed itself. That Vernon Lee's little story succeeds in illustrating this, we do not deny; but it would have succeeded much better if Ottilie had been at least as clearly defined as her lover, Councillor Moritz, who, though only outlined, is outlined very clearly. In Councillor Moritz you have a figure not unlike that of Goethe's father, a man hard, definite, not at all deficient in warmth of feeling, but utterly contemptuous in relation to that want of self-restraint in which the sentimentalism of the revolutionary period was beginning to pride itself. Ottilie, brought up with as clear a sense of self-dependence and as strong a respect for the duty of reticence and self-restraint as Councillor Moritz himself, is, nevertheless, capable of all the self-devotion of a true woman of the highest calibre. But this, though it is suggested, is not adequately shown to us. Vernon Lee appears to shrink from giving us any picture of Ottilie's state of mind when her selfish brother insists on her choosing between himself and her lover,—which really means on her giving up her lover for himself. Nor does the author venture to delineate her adequately in the later scene, in which the brother who has so selfishly insisted on Ottilie's giving up her best hopes of happiness for him, coolly upbraids her with wasting his life because she wants him to be cautious about taking the final step of abandoning her for a wife of whom he knows little or nothing. Ottilie is characterised solely by what she *does*. The author has not the courage to attempt to show her as what she *is*, in any important scene with the brother for whom she has to sacrifice so much. This is a defect, even in relation to the chief object of the book,—the picture of eighteenth-century manners in Germany which it contains. The inner life of that century was not so reserved that a woman of force and character, who had been twice compelled by her brother to perceive that he expected her to sacrifice herself wholly to him as if she were nothing in the balance, would have failed to give him some glimpse of the scorn with which she must have regarded selfishness so profound.

For the rest, we have nothing but praise for this agreeable little sketch, which is drawn with full insight into the period described and very considerable grace of style. Here is a passage in which the author describes with even more skill than usual the jealousy with which the brother discovers that his sister is placing another in the position which he had always thought sacred to himself:—

"Little by little I began to be aware of a change; was it in myself or in my surroundings? I cannot tell, but I felt it nevertheless painfully. It was like the first gentle motion of a boat; the traveller can scarcely say whether it is he or the shore that is moving, and if he abandon himself to the impression he becomes filled with an indefinable discomfort. Gradually the feeling became stranger; it was as if I were being pushed by imperceptible degrees out of the circle occupied by Ottilie and the Councillor. They were getting nearer each other, and I proportionately further and further from both. Yet there was not the slightest coldness or diminution of affection on the part of my sister. I was still what I had always been for her, but—but another was becoming, not indeed what I had been, but something quite different and superior in her affection. I felt all this long before I could explain it to myself; but when I did explain it, the feeling became insupportable to my excessively sensitive and egotistic nature, rendered morbidly jealous by having been my sister's sole thought, her life, her tyrant. What was I now? Merely her brother. I was at once effeminate and passionate in temper, requiring constant caresses and flatteries, and capable of furious outbursts if denied them. A strange mixture of the child and of the man—I, who ought to have been simply a boy. Feeling as a child, I felt overcome by heart-breaking loneliness; I would have cried and sobbed and forced my sister to soothe me. Feeling as a man, I despised my morbid affection, and would have looked at everything with almost brutal indifference. I had moments of the bitterest weakness, and others of the most stubborn stolidity. At one moment I could scarcely refrain from throwing myself into my sister's arms and entreating her to send away Moritz. At another I was ready to tell the Councillor that he was free to take Ottilie, that I did not care what she did, that I wished only for liberty. At times jealousy would drive me out of the house, and I would throw myself sobbing on the grass of the ramparts. At others I sat buried in my books, answering rudely and insultingly whatever remark was made to me. And I was for a long time the only one who suspected the real state of matters. Neither Ottilie nor Moritz realised their feelings towards each other, and old Willibald was blinder than either of them. But the extraordinary change which had come over me was unmistakable; there was no possibility of being blind to my melancholy, my sulkiness, and my outbursts of violence. Ottilie, incapable of solving the riddle, asked the Councillor's advice on the subject. The cold, resolute, unsentimental man laughed at it all, and told her to send me to school if she would cure me. 'He has been spoilt,' I heard him say; and from that moment I hated him implacably."

Let us add that Wilhelmina is hardly as happily sketched as the other figures in this graceful idyl. Her playfulness as a bride is pretty enough, but her sulky inexorability when she finds her husband softening towards her after their first estrangement is of a kind quite different from that which the character, as hitherto sketched, had led us to expect. A common-place little beauty of a sentimental kind, without depth and without much character, would hardly have been likely to set her heart so stiffly against a husband with whom she had been heartily in love, solely because she had discovered that she was not all in all to him, as she had been at first. But as regards the other figures of the little story everything is definite and satisfactory, and everything in keeping with the epoch. What we regret most is that the central figure is left so much more to the imagination than the very inferior figure intended to be a pendant to it, and to bring out its significance and meaning.

* *Ottilie: an Eighteenth-Century Idyl.* By Vernon Lee. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

ON SUMMER SEAS.*

This is in many ways a pleasant book of travel. Mrs. Scott-Stevenson is possessed of a good deal of varied information and knowledge, and occasionally shows some power of description. But the whole effect is disappointing. First of all, the title *On Summer Seas* is a delusive one, suggestive as it is of a delicious, dreamy sort of cruising; whereas, the land journeys were not wanting in importance; and when these poor people *were* on their summer seas, it was anything but enjoyable, in consequence of the discomforts of all sorts to which they were subjected, not the least of which was the frightful overcrowding of the vessels, either by an influx of Cook's tourists, or of refugees from Alexandria, or, still worse, of Levantine Jews. However, the Scott-Stevensons are really good travellers, inclined to enjoyment and to make the best of things. It is this tone of mind which is pleasant all through. The book, which is too much like a mere diary ampli-

* *On Summer Seas.* By Mrs. Scott-Stevenson. London: Chapman and Hall.

fied and put into some shape afterwards with the help of a Murray, suffers from having too much in it; indeed, both the travels themselves and the account of them would certainly have been far more enjoyable if half the distance had been traversed, and the author had not tried to compress so much into a small space. One is irresistibly reminded of the complaint of the young tramp who was always told to "move on." Why these travellers should have felt obliged to see and do so much, it is not easy to understand, for they had apparently no object in view other than to enjoy a four months' holiday. Yet listen to this quotation:—"I longed to have plenty of books, and leisure to sit all day under the trees listening to the bands of music and watching the people; it would be a delicious holiday of perfect rest! For though our travels are supposed to be our holiday, still we have always to keep 'onwards,' and never seem able to pause and linger as we would like over the spot that suits our fancy. Like that of many others, I fear our real holiday will only come when we are too old to enjoy it."

It is a personal narrative, and yet in one way very impersonal, if it may be so expressed, for though the book begins with enumerating the different members of the party, it was scarcely worth while doing so, so little do they appear and so little individuality has the diary style allowed them. Indeed, if the reader happened to overlook the passage where all the party, with the exception of Captain and Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, leave Venice for England, he would scarcely discover that the travelling party has been diminished from eight to two. It is, perhaps, only fair to mention that the nurse and the baby were two out of the returning six.

The tour began from Cyprus (where Captain Scott-Stevenson was Commissioner of Kyrenia), whence they went to Smyrna, and from Smyrna over to Athens, which seems to have been nothing but a disappointment; the glare, the dust, which penetrated everything, the constant wind, the dearness and badness of the food, the appearance of the modern town, nothing better than a poor imitation of Paris, and last, but not least, the dislike and distrust they felt for the modern Greek, having apparently robbed Athens for them of almost all that unique delight which most travellers find in its wonderful ruins. The travellers passed on by Corinth to Corfu, which with its greenness and fertility was a rest and a delight after Athens, notwithstanding the pang felt that the island had been "so unnecessarily" given up by Mr. Gladstone. From Corfu they crossed, in a Florio steamer, to Venice. Here the descriptions are thoroughly unsatisfactory. Mrs. Scott-Stevenson finds it at first dingy, and though she allows that this was only a first impression, and that afterwards they "learned to appreciate to the fullest extent the picturesqueness and beauty of its palaces and public buildings, many of which are quite distinct in origin and character from any others to be found in Italy;" still, it may be surmised that Mrs. Scott-Stevenson prefers the Venice with its Piazza seen through the spectacles of Mr. Logsdail to the Venice of Ruskin:—

"Undoubtedly, the most cheerful part of Venice is the Piazza San Marco. In front rises the lofty campanile or belfry, and the three red-cedar masts, from which formerly floated the three gonfalons, in silk and gold, emblematic of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea. Beyond them is the façade and noble domes of the Church of St. Mark. On one side stands the Procuratie Vecchie, and the famous clock tower, with its arched passage, leading into the Merceria; on the other, the Procuratie Nuova, terminated by the Libria Vecchia. Arcades extend round the square on three sides, within which are the principal shops; but to see them to advantage one should be abroad after the lamps are lit, and the full moon is lighting up the centre of the piazza till all is bright as day. Then come out, too, the *élite* of Venice, who sit at the little tables outside the *cafés* eating ices and sugar-plums till midnight, or walk up and down listening to the military bands which play every evening. The shops are ablaze with light, showing off the Venetian glass, mirrors, beads, necklaces, ornamental vases, chandeliers, Oriental gold and silver stuffs, exquisite mosaics, and the beautiful Venetian gold-work, till one becomes bewildered with the variety and gorgeousness of the articles, and only a confused idea remains of what the shops actually contain."

No one can doubt but that the enthusiasm here is all bestowed on what is *not* Mr. Ruskin's Venice.

From Venice, the travellers, who consisted now only of Captain and Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, went by land to Vienna and Pesth. Mrs. Stevenson makes out rather a good case for the Germans, as against the Hungarians. She has no sympathy for the intense aversion which these latter feel for everything German. It is true enough that there is a great deal of vanity and selfishness among the little States, and if Hungary were to be separated now from Austria, it would become in Mrs. Stevenson's mind nearly as ridiculous as Bulgaria or Servia, or any other petty kingdom; "the perpetual grumbling or vaporous vanity of the Hungarians is too like what we see in the Levant, for us to feel much sympathy with it." The patriots always made Mrs. Stevenson think of Parnell and Co., because under their patriotism there was probably a keen love of notoriety, and much cunning in making use of others for their own ends. There is a great deal of this in Hungary, according to our travellers, and people are weak enough to think it fine.

The voyage down the Danube to Constantinople did not repay Mrs. Stevenson for the great discomfort on board the river steamers. After stating that she has no intention of acting as guide through the scenes and sights of Constantinople, she manages to make the account of that city and her visits to the environs and to Broussa, one of the pleasantest portions of the book. Perhaps it is on account of the great sympathy, and one might almost say admiration, she feels for the "poor Turk." The travellers who were bound for Palestine arrived at Alexandria the very day before the massacres of June, 1882, and the account of the perfect quiet and apparent peacefulness of the city is most curious. They visited Alexandria, moreover, on the morning of the day itself, and there was not the least sign of the insecurity which was said to be then rife in the country. On the Saturday night, before returning to the ship, they had a fancy to see the Arab quarter:—

"It was Saturday night, the little shops were brilliantly lit up with paraffine lamps and paper lanterns hung on poles; crowds of gaily-dressed Arabs belonging to every tribe in Africa, from Algeria to Egypt, or from Abyssinia to Ashantee, were sauntering about, or bargaining at the fruit-stalls for melons or apricots. Women crouched on the pavement, with flat cakes of bread piled in front of them; cooking-shops were overflowing, and sherbet-and-water sellers clinking their glasses at every turning. It was a busy and animated scene; an endless chatter of women's tongues, and bargaining, and begging, in deep, guttural tones, and now and then a half-tipsy nasal song rising above the other noises. But the people, those who on the morrow were to behave with such tigerish ferocity, seemed as childishly happy and peaceful as if Arabi had never been born or rebellion heard of. Till long past midnight we roamed about unmolested and unheeded, save for here and there a passing glance of curiosity."

Next day they again went on shore. Natives were swarming everywhere, half asleep on the pavement or lazily smoking, perfectly indifferent in manner, and respectful as usual if addressed; in fact, nothing could be quieter or more orderly than the town. When they returned on board, they found the vessel crowded with numbers of the upper class of Arabs from Alexandria, who seemed to have fears of a rising. The account of the voyage to Joppa with these people on board is graphic and well told. They seem to be anything but a prepossessing class. It is in these sort of half-social descriptions that Mrs. Scott-Stevenson is at her best. The accounts of Palestine, on the other hand, are trivial and inadequate to the subject. Of course, Palestine is quite the most difficult subject for an ordinary writer to grapple with, for, in addition to the profound interest it is invested with from every point of view, not only religious but historical, there is another great stumbling-block, which is that it has been already so much written about by those who are not ordinary writers, that anything which now appears cannot fail to call forth comparisons which must be disparaging.

There is a moral to be drawn from this book which some may consider trite and hackneyed, but which will bear repeating to the end of time, and that is, that no one can do anything really well which he does not care for, or with which he is not in sympathy. An artist must *feel* his subject himself, before it can be felt by others. So, too, a writer. It is in this way that we can distinctly trace Mrs. Scott-Stevenson's success or failure. When she writes of places remarkable for historical and artistic associations, it is merely perfunctory description which produces a feeling of boredom in the reader; whereas, when she writes of people she uses her own observation, which is sharpened where her sympathies are roused, and then the result is spirited, characteristic detail. On the other hand, it is nothing better than Murray-and-water where art and history are concerned. In conclusion, we must add that the book would be certainly useful as a guide-book to any one who wished to travel the same road. There is plenty of trustworthy information as to means of locomotion, prices, inns, good, bad, and indifferent, and plenty of useful hints on many minor matters. Mrs. Stevenson seems to have gained great proficiency in all bargainings, and some of the accounts she gives both of failure and success therein are very entertaining. Travellers could not do better than profit by her experience, if they wished to bring

home specimens of foreign manufactures, for she displayed great skill in discovering the best places at which to get old lace, gold and silver embroideries, to say nothing of bronze and earthenware pots of all sorts,—real treasures in the eyes of most travellers.

ACROSS CHRYSÊ.*

Mr. Colquhoun publishes in these volumes his experiences during a journey in the early part of last year across China from Canton to the Burmese frontier, and the first lines of his preface are an apology for the style and character of his narrative, on the plea that it was written on the ground, and that it is no more than a collection of daily notes. We fear that the apology will be considered necessary by his readers, and that some charity will be needed to admit that "the want of literary finish is compensated for by the freshness and realism of the descriptions." Mr. Colquhoun tells a story of some friend of his at a club who thought Marco Polo was "the man who crossed Africa two years ago," and he seems to draw from the unfathomed stupidity of club conversation the inference that the state of knowledge concerning South-west China is exceedingly limited and often contradictory. Full of this idea he proceeds to place before the world as matters beyond cavil or dispute his opinions on the subjects that come under his notice, or that suggest themselves to his imagination. The question of land communication between India and China has, no doubt, its important as well as its interesting features; but it shows a total inability to appreciate the relative importance of things to declare, as Mr. Colquhoun does, that "if we are to hold our place in the international commercial contest," we must solve the problem speedily. We have dwelt upon the contents of the preface, for the reason that Mr. Colquhoun shows in it a more correct sense of the shortcomings of his volumes than he does in the course of the work itself. But it does not seem to have occurred to him at any time that the best way to obtain the fullest recognition for his own efforts was to rewrite his narrative from his notes, instead of publishing them in their crude state, and then making the best arrangements he could in the way of corrections with the printer. If he had done this, or obtained the services of some literary friend of experience to do it for him, his *Across Chrysê* would have obtained the favourable reception its author counted on, and which nothing but the sympathy naturally felt towards an adventurous traveller in a strange land has prevented being turned into a distinct literary failure.

The first part of Mr. Colquhoun's journey lay through the region which was the home of the Taepings and the scene of their first outbreak. The traveller's comment on the beginning of what was the most formidable internal revolt from which China has suffered in our time, and which nearly resulted in the disintegration of the Celestial Empire, reads as follows:—

"The mark made by the Taeping rebellion in this region, close to its birthplace, where it effected such a firm hold, is to be found in the lawless spirit of the people, as well as in the material injury to be witnessed in its ruined cities, villages, and temples. The revolt first took rise [*sic*] in the north-east of Kwangsi; but the whole of the Province was the heart and soul of the insurrection. The people here say (one of our boatmen had relations killed by the rebels, and narrowly escaped himself) that close by Nauning was the locality where Taeping Wang first gained a following, though this I think must be incorrect. His pony is said to have been able to lie down and kneel when ordered, and other wonderful stories are told of it; in fact, he has almost developed into a deity."

This passage is no unfair sample of Mr. Colquhoun's method of writing, and his descriptions are seldom of a more interesting or exciting character than "the wonderful story" of the Taeping chief's pony, which could lie down, and which made either itself or its master—which, is not clear from the wording—appear as a deity in the minds of a superstitious people. What struck Mr. Colquhoun greatly during this part of his journey were the poverty of the country and the scantiness of the people. The region watered by the Sikiang seems to possess, neither in its present state nor in its immediate prospects, the necessary wealth and resources to make it an advantageous avenue for trade. Mr. Colquhoun's experience unconsciously confirms what both M. Dupuis and M. Rocher have said, on the authority of Chinese informants, as to the trade of Yunnan having been temporarily diverted by successive civil wars from the Songcoi route to that by the Sikiang. If this be a correct supposition as to cause and effect, the commercial outlook for the French in Tonquin must not be deemed altogether unpromising; and Chinese opposition to their plans may arise in a great measure from the knowledge of what advantages might accrue to a foreign Power from the possession of a short and convenient approach to Yunnan, with its turbulent population and its numerous savage and semi-conquered tribes.

The most interesting passages in Mr. Colquhoun's volumes are unquestionably those relating to national habits and to the peculiar customs of some of the inferior races, who differ from the Chinese in appearance and manners, while they are very backward in respect of civilisation. It may not be generally known that the Chinese, having a due respect for their persons, pay great attention to, and spend a great deal of their money on, their clothes. "The dresses of the officials, even the petty ones, are handsome and costly-looking; the wardrobe of many an official is worth 2,000 dollars (about £400), an enormous sum. I have been told that a witty Chinaman has said, in regard to this subject, 'Englishmen live in their houses; Chinamen in their clothes.'" Mr. Colquhoun confirms the general opinion as to the popular antipathy towards Missionaries, and he furnishes further testimony to the practical prudence of the Chinese, by the true explanation of their always drinking hot water or tea, instead of cold, on account of the impurity of the water. In more than one large town, the friendly demeanour of the people formed a pleasing contrast to the excitement and hostile demeanour shown elsewhere. His experience at Lungan, a town on the Sikiang, was very gratifying in this respect:—

"In our wanderings through the town, down the main street, and on the ramparts at the back of the town, where we strolled in order to obtain a view of the plain and surrounding country, we met with no scowling looks nor angry cries of 'Fan-qui lo.' What seemed still more strange, was that we were not subjected to that trying curiosity which knows no restraints. We were courteously treated by all whom we met, and engaging in conversation with a few young men who were loiterers at the southern gate, we were offered not only such information as they had at their command, but also their guidance to a large cave lying in a hill to the south, close to a temple."

Nothing did more to force a favourable opinion of the Chinese character on Mr. Colquhoun and his companion, Mr. Wahab, than the excellent behaviour of the crew of the river boat in which they travelled for several weeks. They were always civil in their demeanour, if there was no fawning subserviency about them, stuck to their work with extraordinary vigour and tenacity, and never gave any trouble on the score of ill-health or exhaustion. They proved themselves to be machines of an enduring and not unamiable kind. Mr. Colquhoun's farewell to the Sikiang may be quoted on this point of his subject:—"It was not without some feeling of emotion that we bade farewell to the West River, with its most beautiful and noble scenery and its ruined cities. We also parted with regret from the boatmen of the hotau, with whom we had learned to sympathise, for their simple, childish ways, and to like for their pleasant good-will."

Mr. Colquhoun gives some interesting sketches of the aboriginal races with whom he came into contact, and some of the Lolos attracted his admiration by their remarkably fine appearance, and by their resemblance to Europeans. He shows in support of this an illustration—taken, it should be stated, from Garnier's great work—of a scene in a Yunnan valley, where the figures in the foreground bear a strong resemblance to the Incas of Peru. But although some of their characteristics give them a claim on our sympathy, they do not, on the whole, convey the impression that they will ever be very useful as agents of commerce. Mr. Colquhoun, while leaving himself open to the charge of optimism in respect of his own project, deserves the credit of stating many facts which tell very forcibly against his own opinions. The point on which all his contentions turn is the assumed superiority in natural resources of western over eastern Yunnan. It is the part nearest India which is, according to Mr. Colquhoun, the region that holds out such a promising opening for our trade, and that contains the indigenous wealth that will well repay the merchants of Rangoon and the producers of Lancashire. But it will be asked with some degree of curiosity, and it is Mr. Colquhoun's special function as a traveller to reply to it, what is the present condition of this "land of promise"? The answer furnished by this most sanguine of explorers is, to our mind, extremely discouraging, and quite destructive of the theory which he attempts to build upon it. One of the most promising spots, the very centre of this new El Dorado, is the district of Puerh and

* *Across Chrysê*. Being the Narrative of a Journey of Exploration through the South-China Border Lands, from Canton to Mandalay. By Archibald R. Colquhoun, Executive Engineer, Indian Public Works. With specially prepared Maps, Fac-similes of Native Drawings, and 300 Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1883.

Ssumao. Well, what has Mr. Colquhoun to say about it? Let him speak in his own words:—

"Pueih is a large walled town, with one main street, and shops and houses running along either side, and a few straggling by-streets, with houses scattered behind. Large waste areas are seen on every side, and at first it is hard to believe, notwithstanding the ruins here and there still apparent, that at one time, before the devastation of the civil war took place, they were covered, as report says they were, by a large and prosperous population. We saw no signs of a large trade or great commercial activity; but the trade is gradually recovering here, as elsewhere throughout Yunnan. The shops are mean. . . . . Few symptoms of European merchandise were visible. . . . . All these towns, of the importance of which one has heard so much, bear an unmistakable air of decay, and do not at first favour the idea that any large trade is to be effected with them."

This is candid enough, but Mr. Colquhoun cannot have a very high opinion of the effect of his own words, if he supposes that such facts as these will induce English capitalists to provide the means of laying down a line of railway having as its goal the region he describes in these gloomy colours. Nor is this an isolated passage. There are many other statements to the same effect, and we may particularly refer to that concerning the deserted valley of Chingtung, abandoned by its inhabitants in consequence of the ravages of the plague. We can just afford the space to give, as a final quotation, his description of this valley:—

"Our first impression of the beauty and richness of the Chingtung plain, which had been such a surprise to us—for we had never heard it mentioned by any of the people whom we had met—was more than borne out by what we saw later. It is the finest plain which we had seen, and, both in regard to fertility and beauty surpassed all those in the south of Yunnan, and probably, from what one could learn, any in the whole province. We marched for more than two days up the winding causeway, which skirts the plain at the base of the hill-spurs, and the ever-varying beauty constantly forced exclamations of surprise from us. The deserted villages continued and became more frequent, while razed sites were common, and in parts of the valley might be said to make for miles a continuous line. In one village of forty houses, we found only one inhabited; in another, of a hundred and twenty, there were only twenty-two left. Such was the story we heard everywhere. Fine, solidly-built temples, yamens, pai-fangs, and village dwellings, all with tiled roofs, brick walls, and sandstone-block foundations, were deserted and left to fall into ruin. When we did not see these, we saw the razed remains of whole villages,—sometimes hamlets of some half-dozen farm-steadings, sometimes a village of large area, where the ruin begun by war, and followed by pestilence, had been completed by time. This scene of ruin in such a beautiful valley, bespeaking peaceful prosperity if ever scene did, culminated at Chingtung.

Such is the present condition of that western portion of Yunnan which, according to Mr. Colquhoun, is the richer and more productive half of the province. It is here that the merchants of this country are to find a great opportunity. Mr. Colquhoun, of course, believes in the possibility of restoring prosperity to this region, and of supplying the people with the means and the courage of facing the pestilence that has devastated their homes, and of checking its ravages. But it is obvious that this will have to be done, and with the most emphatic success, if there is ever to be that flourishing trade intercourse that it is very desirable should exist between India and China, if it can be brought about in a natural way. The present condition of this region is undoubtedly discouraging, and shows that the progress towards recovery has been slower here than in the other parts of China where the Imperial authority had been set on one side by rebels. But it is not a question of the Governments of British India and China alone in this particular quarter. The problem is rendered far more intricate by the presence of the kingdom of Burmah, and of those Shan tribes whom it is Mr. Colquhoun's pleasure to call independent. It looks very well on the map accompanying these volumes to show a most important region beyond our Burmese frontier as being independent, but the independence of the Shan tribes is an elastic phrase, and not likely to receive more than scant respect at the hands of the Chinese or the officers of King Thebaw. Of course, these Shans might be subsidised, and those under the authority of Siam would, no doubt, present no obstacles to the laying-down of a railway, which they would be employed in constructing. But the question would be of how this railway could be preserved from the attacks of these "independent" tribes, whose independence is synonymous with their being marauders and outside the pale of a regular government, except by the advance of the British frontier or by the strengthening of the authority of Siam. To neither of these measures is any Chinese Government likely to be well disposed. English influence will strengthen and give consistency to those hostile elements among the races and creeds of Yunnan which have given Pekin trouble in the past; and the governing classes are not likely to regard with a favourable eye the introduction within their jurisdiction of that pronounced sympathy towards Mahommedans, and of that beneficent disposition towards the Lolos and other non-Chinese races, which Mr. Colquhoun and other English officials before him have betrayed. Mr. Colquhoun's suggestions as to the line for a railway may, from an engineering point of view, represent the best route, and the one that may in course of time be finally adopted. But the political objections to it at the present time are very strong, and we cannot believe that in face of them the Indian Government will venture on any decided step towards carrying-out Mr. Colquhoun's project. In this matter, private enterprise can do little without State initiation, and before the Government of India can move it will have to secure the co-operation of China, as well as to ascertain much more clearly than we have any means of knowing at present what are the true Chinese views in their frontier policy with regard to India.

THE MAGAZINES.

The larger Magazines are not at their best this month, no one of them containing any article of first-rate importance, and many of them publishing papers which do not fulfil the first law of magazine articles,—that they be readable. The *Contemporary* begins with the first part of a monograph on Luther, by Mr. Froude, almost brutally uncompromising in its statements, and so far without any novel interest. Mr. Froude gives with extreme brevity the life of Luther up to his publication of the translation of the New Testament into German, the turning-point of the Reformation. Mr. Froude makes few reflections, his object being as yet to describe rather the life than the inner self of his subject, who in his pages is only a brave and opinionated monk, convinced that the Scripture is above the Papacy. We have also the beginning of a study of the four chief Apostles, Peter, Paul, James, and John, by Professor Godet, of which we have nothing to say till its object becomes a little more clear; and an argument from Cardinal Manning as to the necessity of the idea of God as the basis of any Commonwealth, which will not, we fear, convince sceptics. The Cardinal holds that the Commonwealth springs from the family, and assumes that the family comes from God, and that an Agnostic Parliament might abolish laws which he holds essential to civilisation. His description of these laws shows a lack of the sense of proportion, as he places laws preventing divorce, laws prohibiting incestuous marriages, and laws protecting Sunday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day all on the same level. To the majority even of pious Protestants there is an element of bathos in eloquence of this kind:—"Why should not a Parliament which has ceased to call God to witness to its fidelity, not only to an earthly Crown but to a Divine Lawgiver, abolish its chaplain, and cease to take its seat at prayers? Why not hold morning sittings on Sunday, and general elections on Sunday, and throw open not museums only, but theatres on Sunday? Why not legalise all labour and traffic, thereby adding a seventh of time and gain, as political economists have argued, to the national wealth? Why should it not abolish all laws against blasphemy?" The fact that the Greek and Roman laws punished blasphemy with death is no more proof of the righteousness of such laws, than the fact that Rome ordered divine honours to be paid to Cæsar is proof of Cæsar's claim to worship. The Cardinal, if he wishes to convince, must either produce a Christian precept ordering us to punish blasphemy, or a proof of the necessity and utility of the law. Modern legislation is not evil simply because it is without precedent. Where is the precedent to justify a legal equality of creeds? The sketch of Count Rumford, the American savant who reformed pauperism in Bavaria and founded the Royal Society in England, by Professor Tyndall, is bright; but contains little that is novel, unless it be the suggestion, which is, we think, true, that Rumford was impelled in some of his schemes as much by the love of exercising his unusual power of administration as by philanthropy. He certainly believed strongly in despotic, though not in cruel cures for the misery of human life, and had discovered the well-known truth that human beings, however low or wretched, if forced to labour in association, will always earn their keep and a profit. Count Rumford's extraordinary misery from his marriage with Madame Lavoisier, an able, amiable, and wealthy woman, is not explained by Professor Tyndall, who only quotes the Count's declarations that she was an "unfeeling, cunning, and tyrannical woman." Even

his daughter did not believe this, and thought the match would have been excellent, if only they could have agreed. Madame Lavoisier was probably a woman with a passion for independence in details, which the Count, a born despot, could not endure. Mrs. Oliphant protests once more against the irreverence of biographers for the dead, and Miss Ellice Hopkins, in "Social Wreckage," pleads for national remedies for overcrowding, pauperism—through more individual dealing with the poor on the Elberfeld plan—and the neglect of pauper children, who ought to be compelled to emigrate on the Liverpool scheme. Ordinary readers will, we fear, pass on with relief from both articles to M. Gabriel Monod's admirable sketch of recent events and literature in France, as full as ever of white-light. The proprietors of the *Contemporary* have also introduced a monthly review of new literature, by qualified persons, which may attract, though we are not sure it will. The plan has not been a success in the *Westminster Review*, where it has often been carried out with singular ability and exhaustiveness.

The *Fortnightly* opens with a strong article upon the future of Radicalism, which is defined as "the general opinion of the more advanced section of the Liberal party for the time being," to the exclusion of fantastic or impracticable crotchetteers. The writer insists upon the word "general," maintaining that the whole people is not only more entitled to govern itself than any class, but is better able to do it,—a proposition which logically involves not only "universal suffrage," but universal suffrage of both sexes. The essayist looks to Mr. Chamberlain as the Radical leader, and maintains that he will prevail; that Parliament will become more representative, and be filled with men more like Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Broadhurst; and that the Radicals will become the dominant, if not the sole, factor in the Liberal Party. He suggests no programme for them, but only observes that they will rather ignore or equalise differences of religion than attack religion, and that they will fight, whenever the majorities in the constituencies perceive the obligation. The article is worth reading as a description, by an unexcited mind, of many visible phenomena; but we do not think it will make any deep impression, any more than another, by the Marquis of Blandford, on "The Limits of English Revolution." His theory, roughly stated, is only that England is too rich to endure attacks on property, which would be more conclusive if the people, as in France, were the property-holders. The two articles on Egypt, one on "Non-Political Control," and one on "The International Position of the Suez Canal," are both too technical, though in the latter we note that the writer, Mr. T. E. Holland, Professor of International Law at Oxford, maintains that the Canal is legally an arm of the sea, though, like the Dardanelles and the Solent, it runs between coasts both of which are owned by the same Power, the artificial character of the channel having no international bearing. Bishop Wordsworth's autobiography is full of reminiscences, sometimes of men who are now almost totally forgotten. Take this sketch, for example, of Mr. James Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott, of Abbotsford, of whom the Bishop says, had he been ambitious, and had he not,—

"Early in life, under Newman's influence, joined the Church of Rome, I should have been prepared to predict, with scarcely less confidence, the same of him—viz., that he would one day prove a brilliant Prime Minister like Gladstone, and, in some respects, a more popular one. But, unlike Gladstone, Hope was singularly unambitious—a testimony which I remember to have seen strikingly confirmed by Newman, in the sermon which he preached upon his character after his funeral. His great abilities, both as a pleader and otherwise, were well known at the Parliamentary Bar, where, without being luxurious or extravagant in any way, or unduly fond of money, it satisfied him—and he was not displeased—to realise an income supposed to be not less than £20,000 a year, much of which, I have reason to believe, was charitably and munificently spent. The then Bishop of Exeter (Philpotts) had such an opinion of Hope, though he must have been some thirty or forty years his junior, that when he (the Bishop) was in London, he used frequently to come and take a quiet luncheon with him on Sundays, in order to pick his brains upon points of ecclesiastical law. And his speech, afterwards published, in defence of cathedrals, upon a Bill then before the Committee of the House of Lords, made such an impression, that, when he sat down, Lord Brougham was overheard to mutter, 'That young man's fortune is made!'"

Dr. Wordsworth affirms that Mr. Gladstone's father, while most cordial with his son, and fully acknowledging his abilities, thought him wanting in stability, an opinion in which Dr. Wordsworth subsequently heartily concurred. He adds the extraordinary opinion that Mr. Gladstone's departure from Tory principles was due to the fascination of Sir R. Peel's administrative ability and successful management of the House of Commons. Does the Bishop mean that Sir R. Peel became a Liberal? None of the remaining articles interest us at all, and Mr. Traill's imaginary conversation between Plato and Landor is decidedly below his usual level. Plato has nothing to say, and Landor only denounces modern Hellenics as being artificially sad, and totally without the "simplicity, repose, and reserve" which were the notes of Hellenic art. Landor despises all that he sees around him, and hopes only in the English Democracy, and that only because it is a bundle of contradictory qualities and essentially Conservative. How, then, asks Plato, does your State subsist?—

"LAN. By the grace of the gods. The English democracy is the most remarkable in the world. It is at once the strongest and the weakest, the fiercest and the tamest, the least instructed in the learning of books, and the most highly trained in the discipline of life. None was ever so studious of liberty yet so submissive to control; none so angrily intolerant of remediable hardships and yet so sanely and so nobly patient under those which nature has imposed.

PLA. To what is this happy balance of their tendencies to be referred?

LAN. I know not. I know only that it exists, and that the unbroken tranquillity of our country attests it."

There is surely not much light, there. It is only the old cry, that "All is bad, but we get on," which will add no strength or perception to any human brain.

Nor have we found much to interest us in the *National Review*, which is this month distinctly snippety. We see no wit in the rather vulgar travesty of Liberal ideas called "A Stroll with Corkhouse," by "Lord Sangfroid," and not much reason in Mr. H. H. Gibbs's argument that bimetallism would correct the appreciation of gold which Mr. Goschen describes. Of course it would, if law could make gold and silver of steady, proportionate value; but then, law cannot. Mr. Gibbs might as well try to make coal and corn exchangeable at a fixed rate. He says Mr. Jevons proposed to issue one-pound notes to correct the appreciation, and asks why silver would not do as well; but the notes would be limited in quantity, and exchangeable for gold, therefore, at par. Silver would not. We have always admitted that if silver were made a Government monopoly by international treaty, its value could be fixed, because its production could be limited; but short of that extreme measure, nothing in the power of legislatures could make the price of the two metals keep step, and if they did not keep step, one would oust the other. How much has the remonetization of "the dollar of our fathers" done for American currency? There are two grave political articles, in one of which Mr. Kebbel argues that the middle-class, though Liberal, has Conservative interests, and in the other Mr. Percy Greg predicts Conservatism for the working-man. With the former we do not care to argue, as the middle-classes no longer rule, but to the latter we have a word to say. Mr. Percy Greg thinks the Tories protect property, enforce order, defend liberty, and fight for the honour of England, and that the working-classes are in favour of those things being done. Therefore the working-men will ultimately vote for Tories. That is a perfect syllogism, provided the Liberals will not protect property, enforce order, defend liberty, and fight for the honour of England; but where is the proof of that? Mr. Greg says the workmen want these things, and if they want them, why should not Liberals give them? We should have said, and we think Mr. Greg would say, that the grand weakness of English Liberals was an over-readiness to respond to demands from below, and that in stating the desires of the majority, the Liberal course would be stated also. If that is so, what becomes of Mr. Greg's prophecy?

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with an attack on British domination in India, by Mr. J. Seymour Keay, called "The Spoliation of India," which assuredly does not err from a desire to utter smooth things. The writer declares that, exclusive of the rank and file of the Army, there are 25,402 Europeans holding Government posts in India, and drawing £12,776,573 a year from the country, besides £4,006,000 drawn by non-residents. Mr. Seymour Keay alleges that India is getting poorer, that our taxation is merciless and cruel, that the people are underfed, and that in no long time hunger will produce a catastrophe such as the world has rarely seen. He describes the salt-tax, the only tax paid by the Indian poor, as a fearful oppression, and the Abkaree duties as demoralising agencies. It is quite right that the other side of our domination in India should be seen, but exaggerations of this kind do no good. Mr. Keay should study the account of the silver import of India, that is, of the increase of wealth caused solely by the order which we

maintain. Lord Cowper continues his paper on the Whigs, but we do not see that it comes to much, except that the Whigs are nearer to the Radicals than to the Tories, that the extreme men talk, while the moderate men are silent, and that the Whigs will not be attracted by the present Tory leaders,—three undeniable propositions. Politicians are more interested to know whether the leading Whigs apprehend a point of progress at which they must quit the Radicals, and whether they really believe that they have any army behind them. Earl Cowper asserts strongly that the Radicals cannot do without the Whigs, but he does not prove his case, which, in our judgment, is only true if he assumes an unreformed House of Lords always to be a co-ordinate portion of the Legislature. That is a very great assumption. Major-General the Hon. W. Feilding advocates Australia as the best place for emigration, particularly for young men with capital, but adds little to current information on the subject; and Mr. Coutts Trotter defends the annexation of New Guinea, though in a temperate manner, and with evident doubts whether the acquisition would be immediately profitable. He, however, minimises the expense, by a declaration, which we think unreasonable, that England need only extend its government in the island gradually as necessity arose. Does Mr. Trotter think the pioneers will rest content without government, or that the island once British, they will abstain from settling? Mr. A. M. Sullivan argues that the removal of Irishmen from Ireland is no cure for Irish disaffection, the reduction in the population having been accompanied with an increase of bitterness and a distinct decline in the wealth of the country, which, he maintains, is in no way increased by the substitution of grazing for tillage. He writes temperately and eloquently, but with the underlying feeling of Irishmen that justice is not to be expected from the English, and that the American-Irish will ultimately enfranchise their countrymen by subscriptions. He does not explain why, if that is so, the Irish at home do not subscribe, so as to dispense with aid from abroad; but his paper is worth reading, if only for the sense of despair it excites. If a man like Mr. A. M. Sullivan writes under the emotion of hatred visible in every line of this paper, what hope is there? Separation clearly is no remedy, for the Irish-Americans are separated, have no grievances, and are rather possessed by hate than merely feel it. By far the best paper in the *Nineteenth Century* is Dr. Jessopp's history of "The Coming of the Friars," an essay brimful of compressed knowledge, and as interesting as any chapter in Macaulay or Green. He agrees in the main with Macaulay that the mendicant friars reconquered for Rome the dominion which the parochial clergy and the monks had lost. They were the "evangelisers of the English towns for 300 years," growing, of course, like all conquerors, in the end corrupt.

The cheaper Magazines carry off the palm this month. We noticed the new sixpenny *Cornhill* last week, and *Longman's* has at least three admirable papers. Nothing can be better than Mr. Hardy's account of "The Dorsetshire Labourers," who, he maintains, are as diverse as the members of any other class; Bret Harte's new story, "In the Carquinez Woods," is, at least, original; and, in its way, we have rarely read anything so good as Mr. Stevenson's "Across the Plains," an account of a trip with emigrants through the States. If Defoe's humour had been drier still, he would have written very like Mr. Stevenson, who realises to his readers an emigrant's miseries as if they had emigrated themselves. We can, however, quote only this most characteristic paragraph:—

"I must tell here an experience of mine with another newsboy. I tell it because it gives so good an example of that uncivil kindness of the American, which is, perhaps, their most bewildering character to one newly lauded. It was immediately after I had left the emigrant train; and I am told I looked like a man at death's door, so much had this long journey shaken me. I sat at the end of a car; and the catch being broken, and myself feverish and sick, I had to hold the door open with my foot for the sake of air. In this attitude my leg debarred the newsboy from his box of merchandise. I made haste to let him pass when I observed that he was coming; but I was busy with a book, and so once or twice he came upon me unawares. On these occasions he most rudely struck my foot aside; and though I myself apologised, as if to show him the way, he answered me never a word. I chafed furiously, and I fear the next time it would have come to words. But suddenly I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and a large juicy pear was put into my hand. It was the newsboy, who had observed that I was looking ill, and so made me this present out of a tender heart. For the rest of the journey I was petted like a sick child; he lent me newspapers, thus depriving himself of his legitimate profit on their sale, and came repeatedly to sit by me and cheer me up."

"Fortune's Fool," Mr. J. Hawthorne's novel, is at last resumed in *Macmillan*; but we confess we have so much difficulty in remembering the former chapters, the first one excepted, that we can hardly piece the bits together. "The Wizard's Son" grows more interesting than ever, as the supernatural element influences the story more directly; and Mr. Fawcett sends a coldly thoughtful criticism of modern schemes of State Socialism. He is, we think, too pessimist in his view of all schemes for rehousing the people, though it is true that any plan of construction supported by the State might kill the Building Societies, now so wonderfully successful. Could not the need which Mr. Fawcett fully admits be met through the agency of those very societies, assisted by loans, and by a grant of heavy interest for their deposits,—perhaps the only "aid" which really helps without demoralising? The criticism of M. Renan's "Autobiography" is full of a faintly smiling humour, which M. Renan would appreciate, and which, panoplied as he is in gentle self-esteem, would, if he read it, reach the skin.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The most interesting article in the *Month* is the editor's continuation of his account of "A Personal Visit to Distressed Ireland." Several matters well worthy of note are to be found in it. There is a doubt, for instance, expressed whether it is the distressed holders of small farms or the artisans that are getting the benefit of assisted emigration. The emigrants whom the writer came across were artisans. There are some terrible stories told of evictions. Matters seem to be in a state of great tension in some parts, a tension increased by the operation of the Land Act. The landlords, enraged at the forced reduction of their rents, exact the diminished payment with relentless severity. Canon Shortland gives an account of the persecutions of the Christians in Tonquin and Annam, and criticises the action of France. In archæology, we have an article on "Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum;" and in science an essay on "The Botany of Albertus Magnus." Garibaldi and Henry VIII. are not persons who are likely to get justice at the hands of Roman Catholic writers, and do not, we think, receive it here. The article on "Mr. Gladstone and Garibaldi" is, in particular, nothing less than discreditable to the writer. It is strange that a man of education should condescend to use such language as we find in it.——*Gentleman's Magazine.*—Mr. Buchanan continues his story of "The New Abelard," and introduces a couple of characters, "Professor Mapleleap, Solar Biologist," and his sister, Eustasia, a famous medium, who promise to be interesting. Mr. Allen C. Ewald tells the story of Sir Walter Raleigh, keeping the balance commendably fair. Raleigh had great faults, and Mr. Ewald does not extenuate them; as for the conduct of the King, it seems difficult even to suggest an excuse for it. Miss Gordon Cumming gives us the first part of "Notes of Two Wintry Cruises in the English Channel," telling us not a few things that are scarcely creditable to our English arrangements. There are some really amusing pages about "Hedgehogs," by Mr. E. Kay Robinson. The hedgehog poor creature! is an animal that has fallen upon evil times; let us hope that this humane account of him may do something to rehabilitate his character.——*The Melbourne Review* (April) contains an account of the failure of Victoria to raise a loan in England in 1882, and deals with a matter which seems to have excited much indignation in the colony very fairly. Mr. Start, in his article, "Governor Gordon and the Maoris," criticises severely the conduct of the New Zealand Government in reference to the natives. We should like on some future occasion to hear what he has to say about Queensland, in reference (1) to the aborigines, and (2) the imported labour. One thing strikes us with envy, the delightful leisure which an Australian critic must enjoy. There is a list of "works published in Australia during the quarter ending March 31st, 1883," and it numbers *seven*.

Teutonic Mythology. By Jacob Grimm. Translated from the fourth edition, with notes and appendix, by James Steven Stallybrass. 2 vols. (George Bell and Sons.)—These volumes are as full as might be expected of curious information. Literature, legend, and the oral lore which preserve so many ancient beliefs, are put under contribution, and the result is an extraordinary collection of facts, or, perhaps, we should rather say, fancies. And to think that the whole of this mass—which is only one out of several similar masses to be found in other branches of the human race—has been evolved out of the consciousness of man! One may dip into the book almost at random and find something strange and interesting. Here is something under the head "Phases of the Moon:"—"Into a new house you must move at new moon, not at the wane; count money by the new moon, she will increase your store; on the other hand, she loves not to look into an empty purse. All through the notion is that money, married bliss, and home stores will thrive and grow with the growing light. So

the hair and nails are cut at new moon, to give them a good chance of growing; cattle are weaned in the waxing light, in the waning they would get lean; girls are to be weaned at the wane, boys at the full, probably to give the one a slim, elegant figure, and the other a stout and strong." "The Man in the Moon" furnishes the subject of another set of curious notions. A man carrying a burden is the idea common to most of them. Biblical knowledge has developed it now into Isaac carrying the wood for the sacrifice, now into Cain. Mr. Stallybrass seems to have performed his task of translator very well.

On the Wing: Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific. By Mary E. Blake. (Lee and Shephard, Boston, U.S.)—This pleasant little volume, which, published this year, has already reached a second edition, well deserves a few words of notice. The author wrote some letters describing experiences of travel to a Boston newspaper, and was very wisely advised to collect and add to them. She began with Chicago, went through Colorado, saw the Grand Cañons, spent the greater part of her time in California, had a glimpse, which seems to have been quite as much as she desired, of Salt Lake City, and so went home, paying a short visit to Niagara on her way. The book concludes with a chapter of sensible advice on "Excursions."

A Woman's Glory. By Sarah Doudney. 3 vols. (Bentley and Son.)—"To love perfectly and entirely,—that is a woman's glory." This is Miss Doudney's summing-up of the whole matter, and she works up to this conclusion with a good deal of skill. She provides herself with plenty of characters to deal with. There are two who divide between themselves the part of heroine; there is an evil-minded woman of the Circe kind, who makes a weak-kneed Ulysses stray from the right path; there is a doubtful person, half good, half bad, who betrays her dearest friend, because she feels sure that her love for the friend's betrothed is the deeper and the more genuine of the two affections; and there are two minor persons, each sketched with a certain individuality. All have, of course, love-affairs of their own, and some have more than one. We must confess to a slight feeling of weariness at reading so much of a matter which, after all, is not the whole, or even the greater part, of life. But Miss Doudney's skill in managing her story, and the evident truth of her drawing, slight as is the plot, does away, for the most part, with this impression. And she introduces episodes or varieties which give a certain relief. Eunice Swift, the authoress, makes an attractive picture. Her unhappiness at home, with a family circle all worshipping the daughter who has made a rich marriage, and tormenting the girl whose genius it cannot perceive, and the bright blossoming of her life when she finds her proper sphere of action elsewhere, are admirably described. Mr. Swift, the father, and Mrs. Goad, the rich daughter, are touched with a really effective humour. Then there is an amusing child, who entertains us very well for a few pages. Add to this that Miss Doudney always writes well, and that her book is thoroughly wholesome in tone, and we may safely say that *A Woman's Glory* rises considerably above the average of the novel.

We are glad to see that a volume of verse, giving many proofs of culture and elegant taste—*Poems*, by Charles H. Hoole (Parker and Co.)—has reached a second edition. The chief poems are classical, having for their subjects "Hermione," "The Return of Ulysses, and "Alcestis." "St. John" and "A Voyage to Britain" have sacred themes. "Daring the Siege" seeks to represent Christian feeling in the days of Alaric. A variety of miscellaneous poems follow, and there are some translations, generally to be commended for their neatness and spirit. We shall give one, in which Mr. Hoole ventures to challenge comparison with a famous rival:—

"What slender youth on beds of roses
Drenched with many a perfume sweet
Courts Pyrrha in a pleasant cave?
While she her yellow hair disposes
With all the neatness that is meet.
How oft the Gods who will not save,
And change of faith, will he lament,
And wonder at the blackening wave,
Who now enjoys your free consent,
And loves you, thinks you best of all,
Hopes you will true and kind remain,
Unconscious of the faithless breeze;
Unhappy in whose way you fall
Untried; behold, in Neptune's fane,
My garments, dripping from the seas,
Suspended on the sacred wall."

The History of Antiquity. Translated from the German of Professor Max Duncker by Evelyn Abbott, M.A. Vol. VI. (Bentley and Son.)—Professor Duncker continues in this volume the history of the "Empire of the Medes and Persians." His first chapter relates the fall of the Lydian Empire, his authority being, in the main, Herodotus, whom he sees good reason for putting above all other writers. The third chapter, "The Fall of Babylon," brings us into contact with Jewish history. In the fourth, an attempt is made to discuss the principles on which the kingdom of Cyrus was administered, and to contrast them with those that had been followed by Assyrian or Babylonian conquerors. When we come to the death of Cyrus, we find our author at a loss. Professor Duncker is clear for rejecting the narrative of Herodotus. It gives one account out of several current at the time, the one which seemed most probable to him, that is, as Professor Duncker thinks, the one which most commended itself to him as according with his theory of a divine government of the world. The difficulty is to find something to substitute. Where all is so uncertain, we may, perhaps, consult our inclination, and prefer the poetical justice of Xenophon. The character of Cambyses, in the light thrown upon it by Egyptian inscriptions, comes out somewhat differently from the picture of Herodotus, the frenzied insulter of Egyptian religion. It is clear, however, that he was one of the many victims of the law which seems to make absolute power fatal, if not to its first, certainly to its after-possessor. The son of Cyrus and the son of Darius are each conspicuously different from their fathers. The history of Darius follows, and there are some very valuable chapters dealing with the internal economy of the empire, as it was consolidated in his hands.

Sandringham, Past and Present. By Mrs. Herbert Jones. (Sampson Low and Co.)—It is always something of a surprise to find what a number of interesting associations there are with places of which scarcely any one beyond the neighbourhood has heard. Sandringham was known to fame before the Prince of Wales purchased the estate. Now that every one is familiar with the house, and it becomes worth a writer's while to tell its history, one sees that it was quite worth knowing. Elizabeth Scales, Lord Rivers (one of the victims of Richard III.), the Cobbes, the Hostes (a family from Bruges), and the Motteux (a Hugaenot race), have successively owned the estate. One of this last family, Peter Anthony Motteux was a man of some literary distinction; he translated Rabelais and Don Quixote, and wrote at least one successful play, to which Dryden contributed a prologue, and in which Mrs. Bracegirdle acted. The last Motteux left the house to the Cowper family, and they sold it to the Prince for £220,000, a sum which must represent an enormous increase in value. Mrs. Jones has filled up her volume with an account of other Norfolk places and personages. She describes Lynn, Castle Rising, Hunstanton, Great Yarmouth, &c., and tells the story of Miles Corbet, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Lord Nelson, and others. She is not, we should say, a professed antiquary, and does not deal with her subject in a thorough and exhaustive way; but she has made a readable book out of it, and there are some attractive illustrations.

Agriculture for India. By Lieutenant Frederic Pogson. (Thacker, Spink, and Co., Calcutta.)—The writer's brief preface puts the problem which has to be met very clearly. The soil of India is decreasing in fertility, and various causes are at work, one of them certainly such as an outsider never would have imagined. This is irrigation. The water brings with it saline matters which sterilise the soil; and it also carries off fertilising substances. On the other hand, we have, thanks to the improved sanitary conditions and the humane laws, that, for instance, which forbids female infanticide, a rapidly-increasing population. There is only one way of meeting the difficulty. As Mr. Pogson puts it:—"Zemindars and ryots throughout the length and breadth of the land are now about to be called upon *to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.*" Hence this book, which is an attempt to give practical instruction in agriculture as it is practised in India,—practised, it must be remembered, under very different conditions from anything that we are familiar with in England. The difficulty will be, not, indeed, in giving the necessary instruction—a course in an English agricultural college, supplemented by a year in India, would suffice—but in giving it to the right persons. The people to be taught are not young Englishmen, but Indian peasants. The author suggests "translating one or more practical works in agriculture into Hindu and Urdu, and causing them to be read by the educated men to the adult village population, assembled once a week for that purpose." This does not sound very hopeful. In any case, the process must be terribly slow, and most unlikely to overtake a rapidly-increasing need. Mr. Pogson, however, is not the less to be thanked for a valuable contribution to a great work.

Life as I Have Found It. By General Ainslie. (Blackwood and Sons.)—General Ainslie, though he seems to have risen to almost the top of his profession, seems to be by no means satisfied with his career. He has not, indeed, had the good-luck to see much active service. Beyond a few pages about India, in the time of the Mutiny, and these very barren of incident, we have nothing of the kind in this bulky volume. But he has a great deal to tell us about the places he has seen, and the people he has met, especially the ladies with whom he has fallen in love. These are numerous, scarcely does Waller's famous catalogue of his loves exceed them, and include ladies married as well as single. There is, indeed, a *naïveté* about General Ainslie's confessions in this respect which reminds us a little of Rousseau, though they are not so unedifying. Naturally, we hear various opinions about men and things, which may be valued according to our estimate of the writer's judgment and discretion. He expresses an unmixed regret for the extinction of the duel, and records his "conviction that the result has been a rapid and universal deterioration in manners, habits of society, language, &c." On the subject of the abolition of purchase

of commissions in the Army he expresses himself with reserve, though his feeling is adverse. This is, of course, no more than was to be expected, and we may well allow him credit for the moderation with which it is expressed. On the whole, we may say that this book will be far more interesting a hundred years hence than it is now.

We have received a second edition, "thoroughly revised," of *California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence.* By C. Nordhoff. (Sampson Low and Co.) We may specially commend to our readers the chapter on the culture of the vine in California. Vine-growing in the New World, now that the phylloxera is ravaging the vineyards of the Old, seems to be one of the most promising careers of the future, unless, indeed, the Total Abstainers succeed in putting an end to the occupation. Probably that is not more likely than that the Peace Society will abolish the profession of arms.—*Introduction to the Critical History of Philosophy,* by the Rev. Asa Mahan (Elliot Stock), being the introductory chapter of a large work bearing the same title.—*Vibratory Motion and Sound,* by Professor Everett. (Longmans.)—*The War in Egypt,* illustrated by Richard Simpkin (Routledge and Sons), the text and the maps being reprinted from the *Times.*—*Copyright and Patents for Inventions,* Vol. II., by R. A. Macfie. (T. and T. Clark.) There is a section specially interesting, to those, at least, who live by the pen, on the copyright question. Mr. Macfie is an advocate for the royalty system. A book once published, and *the first edition sold* (this concession has been made in the view of obvious difficulties), any one is to be allowed to republish it, paying a certain consideration to the author. That, we take it, would pretty well reverse the present situation of authors and publishers, as far as money is concerned. The profit would go to those who write the books. It is possible that this may be right, though the precedent of ages is against it.—*The Guide of the Perplexed of Maimonides.* Translated from the original text by M. Friedländer, Ph.D. (Published for the Society of Hebrew Literature by Trübner and Co.)—*An Essay on Assyriology,* by George Evans, M.A. (Williams and Norgate), published by the Hibbert Trustees.—*Saint Augustine, a Sketch of his Life and Writings,* by Charles Hastings Collette (W. H. Allen and Co.), a controversial work, disputing the arguments which have been drawn by Roman theologians from the writings of Augustine in support of Tridentine doctrine.—*Education.* By J. MacLochlin. (Elliot Stock.)—*The Arabian Nights.* Translated into Urdú, Romanised under the superintendence of J. W. H. Tolbert, and edited by Frederic Pincott. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—*Dialogues, Russian and English.* Compiled by A. R. Thompson. (Trübner and Co.)—*Bemrose's Choir Chant Book.* By Charles Edward Stephens. (Bemrose and Sons.)

MAGAZINES, ETC.—We have received the following for July:—Part 1 of a serial illustrated edition of the *Churchman's Family Bible,* with commentary by the Right Rev. W. W. How, D.D. (S.P.C.K.)—*L'Art.*—*Art and Letters.*—The *Magazine of Art.*—Part 9 of *Greater London.*—*Merry England.*—The *Journal of Education.*—The *Folk-Lore Journal.*—The *Nautical Magazine.*—*Belgravia,* in which Mr. C. Gibbon's story is concluded.—*London Society,* and its "Holiday Number."—*Time.*—The *Army and Navy Magazine.*—*Tinsley's Magazine.*—The *Irish Monthly.*—The *Sanitary Record.*—*Science Gossip.*—*Good Words.*—*Chambers's Journal.*—*Cassell's Magazine.*—The *Sunday at Home,* containing the first chapters of a new serial story.—The *Sunday Magazine.*—The *Leisure Hour.*—The *Girl's Own Paper.*—*Sword and Trowel.*—*Aunt Judy's Magazine.*—*Letts's Household Magazine.*—*Harper's Monthly,* the first illustrated article in which is devoted to Hampstead.—The *Atlantic Monthly.*—The *Continent.*

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Anderson (W. H.), Evenings with the Saints, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6 0
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Blackburn (H.), Academy Sketches, 8vo	(W. H. Allen & Co.)	2 0
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Browne and Stewart, Reports of Trials for Murder by Poisoning	(Stevens)	12 6
Brownbill (G.), Principles of English Canon Law, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6 0
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R. S. Illingworth, Esq., M.P.,
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The Hon. Rollo Russell,
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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A GRAVE incident occurred in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon. Sir Stafford Northcote having inquired, in a guarded and significant way, whether serious news had not been received from Madagascar, Mr. Gladstone replied in the affirmative, stating that, according to telegrams received *viâ* Zanzibar, Tamatave, the chief port of Madagascar, was occupied by the French on June 14th. The French Admiral proclaimed a state of siege, arrested the native "secretary" to the Consulate—"interpreter" would be, perhaps, a better description—imprisoned a Missionary, Mr. Shaw, for "communicating with the enemy," and ordered the British Consul, Mr. Pakenham, to quit the place in twenty-four hours. Mr. Pakenham, a man of eighteen stone and very sickly, died seven hours before the expiration of the term. The Admiral invited the officers of H.M.S. 'Dryad' to attend the funeral, but subsequently stopped all communication between that vessel and the shore. Mr. Gladstone, in a very serious tone, proceeded to say that the Government had communicated with that of France on this "grave and painful occurrence," and were "awaiting those explanations which it had been intimated to that Government were anticipated." Lord Granville on Thursday endorsed this statement, adding that he had communicated with the French Chargé d'Affaires within a few minutes of receiving the telegrams, and that M. Challemel-Lacour, though ignorant of the facts, had admitted that the expulsion of the Consul needed extreme circumstances to justify it.

No intelligence whatever of these events appears to have reached Paris, but M. Jules Ferry, the Premier, assures the Correspondent of the *Standard* that he had received intelligence of Mr. Gladstone's speech with the "greatest surprise." He protested against the faintest idea of any but cordial feelings towards the British Government, which, in "its dealings with France, notably in the matter of the Tunis capitulations, had been so thoroughly fair." He hinted that Consul Pakenham had very strong anti-French feeling, and that the Missionaries were not quite trustworthy reporters, but bade the correspondent tell his readers that the "most sincere wish of the French Government is to live on peaceful and amicable terms with your country." That is satisfactory, and it is, of course, possible that the death of Consul Pakenham produced too deep an impression of the way in which he had been treated; but two facts must be remembered. One is that the German and other Consuls, on hearing of his expulsion, hauled down their flags; and another is that the news received by Government is a summary of despatches, probably, though not certainly, written by the Captain of the 'Dryad,' and forwarded by the 'Dragon' to Zanzibar. The chance of misrepresentation of the facts is, therefore, small.

Mr. Childers on Wednesday described the arrangement made by the British Government with the Suez Canal Company. The Company are to cut a second Canal by the end of 1888, parallel with the first, and of adequate capacity; to appoint an English Vice-President, to elect an English Director a member of the Executive Committee, to appoint an English Naval officer Inspector of Navigation in both Canals, with, it is understood, very large powers of control on the spot; to engage English pilots; and to reduce dues, so that ½ fr. per ton shall be taken off for every 3 fr. per cent. of dividend above 21 per cent. In return, the British Government will lend £8,000,000 to the Company at 3¼ per cent., for the completion of the second Canal. These terms are objected to as too favourable to the French, which is not altogether the case, as the Khedive's rights remain unimpaired, and will be exercised under English advice; and as benefiting shipping too little, which is, in one way, true. The reduction of dues might have been more rapid, but then this is probably the point on which the Lesseps family, who represent the Company, would not give way. They are fighting, first of all, for the shareholders, and their own fortunes. We have discussed the political aspect of the affair elsewhere.

The arrangement with the Suez Canal Company must, of course, be ratified by Parliament, and it is said that it will be strenuously resisted. The shipowners, who hoped for a competing British Canal, with very low rates, are furious, and it is calculated that with their help and the Irish vote the Conservatives might beat the Government. We do not share these apprehensions. We question if the Conservatives will venture to oppose what their old leader, Lord Beaconsfield, would have approved; and we doubt if the shipowners, who have only to pay what all competitors have to pay, will throw away their seats on such an issue. Moreover, Mr. Gladstone's statement on Thursday, that, in his judgment and that of the Law Officers of the Crown, Ismail Khedive had conceded to M. de Lesseps the monopoly for Canal purposes of the Isthmus of Suez, is very nearly final. Half the utility of a new Canal would be lost, if it could not be worked in combination with the old one; while the expense of cutting through cultivated land within reach of the Nile flood would be enormous. It is, of course, open to the Khedive to expropriate M. de Lesseps' concession, on payment of adequate compensation; but the amount to be awarded for a monopoly of that kind, yielding twenty-one per cent., with indefinite possibilities of increase, would stagger even the Treasury. The Tories will, we suspect, on reflection, confine themselves to praising the foresight of Lord Beaconsfield.

The Corrupt Practices Bill had all but passed through Committee before yesterday's sitting. A few slight changes had been made in the right direction,—such as the Equity clause which will permit an Election Judge to declare that by a trivial case of "treating" or "illegal practice," to which neither the candidate nor his election agent has been in any way privy, the election need not be voided; but the attempt to extend the same Equity clause to bribery on an equally small scale, and equally unknown to the candidate or his election agent, was defeated. We do not see why. Surely, the procuring by bribery of one or two votes which do not turn the scale, and procuring these against the express will and without the least knowledge of the candidate or his election agent, ought not to void an election formally made by the vast majority of the electorate. There seems to us nothing but danger to the cause of purity, in pushing the purism of the new measure beyond practical limits. Why should one or two foolish and unprincipled men, of whom neither the candidate nor his agent knows anything, be empowered to vitiate an election by their perfectly irresponsible lawlessness and folly?

The hiring of public vehicles by a candidate or his agent for the conveyance of electors to the poll is to be strictly forbidden, while it is to be permitted to any number of electors to join

together to hire a public vehicle for their joint conveyance to the poll, and private persons may lend their own carriages and carts to convey electors to the poll. This seems to us an altogether impracticable confusion of prohibitions and permissions. How is it to be shown that when a public carriage has been hired by a number of electors to convey them jointly to the poll, each of them has really paid his own fair and equal share? And yet, if this is not the case, there will certainly have been a violation of the prohibition against the hiring of a conveyance by one elector for the behoof of another elector. And how is it to be shown that where private carts and carriages have been freely lent for the conveyance of voters to the poll, the owner has not received and will not receive any equivalent for thus placing his conveyances at the disposal of the candidate? We still hold very strongly that if all paying for conveyance is to be disallowed, the lending or hiring of vehicles for the purpose of carrying electors to the poll should have been wholly disallowed by the Bill. As it stands, the provisions on this head will lead to endless disputes, confusions, disappointments, and recriminations.

Mr. Chaplin obtained a victory over the Government on Tuesday which is much to be regretted, and a victory not only over the Government, but over the Act of 1878 on the importation of cattle, which his resolution virtually requires the House of Commons to repeal. His allegation was that foot-and-mouth disease has not been kept out of England under that Act, as administered by the Government,—that foot-and-mouth disease is of foreign origin, and might be stamped out, if importation from countries which suffer under it were forbidden, and that such importations ought to be forbidden in the interest of the British farmer. His contention is that only four per cent. of the meat supply of England would be excluded by excluding all importations from countries which suffer under the foot-and-mouth disease, and that a considerable portion of that might be regained by the increase of the dead-meat import. Of the mischief done by foot-and-mouth disease in particular districts, Mr. Chaplin adduced plenty of evidence, though, in fact, none was needed, as that mischief is matter of notoriety.

Mr. Mundella's reply was very exhaustive and powerful. He showed that the Act, which had only been five years in operation, had done wonders in the way of stamping out rinderpest and sheep-rot, diminishing in a very great degree pleuro-pneumonia, and keeping down foot-and-mouth disease to a comparatively minute figure, as compared with its ravages in 1871. He showed that the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Clare Sewell Read had both expressed themselves fully satisfied with the working of the Act, and doubtful whether it would be possible to work it more stringently; and he declared that if the intermediate course of slaughtering suspected cargoes of cattle at the port of arrival was to be dispensed with altogether, and the alternative between free entry and complete prohibition alone left, new legislation would be needed, since the Act of 1878 legalised distinctly that intermediate course; and he insisted at length on the frightful cost to the food of the country of the new policy. His speech was, to our minds, absolutely convincing; but some Liberals deserted to Mr. Chaplin and a good many stayed away, and the Government was defeated by a majority of 8; 200 votes to 192. We are disposed to think that it would be even better to invite the House to rescind its vote, than to act upon it.

The accounts from Egypt are most distressing. The deaths from cholera in Damietta are declining, the daily average having sunk from 120 to 35; but at Mansourah, a town thirty-three miles up the river, with only 17,000 people, the deaths were on Monday 101, on Tuesday 102, and on Thursday 90. In neither town are there any European doctors, and the Egyptian doctors are worse than useless; while the lack of medicine, disinfectants, and organisation is almost total. The Ministers are either afraid of the cholera, which is unlikely, they being Mussulmans, or they are afraid of European pressure on the subject, for they are maintaining the cordon with savage rigour. It is utterly useless, of course, as any one passes who can bribe the soldiers; but the orders are to shoot any citizens who try to break through, and when bribes are not offered, or any one is looking on, the orders are obeyed. According to the latest telegrams, the people, with their wages stopped, all business suspended, and no means of communicating with outsiders, are dying of starvation, and supplies sent by the charitable Europeans of Alexandria are returned, by official order. The Europeans on Thursday engaged three doctors, but hitherto Cherif Pasha has declined assistance, and especially prohibits spirits, though brandy and opium are the only effective remedies.

The French Chamber on Tuesday began and finished another debate on Tonquin, M. Granet, on behalf of the Radicals, pleading that military occupation would not make a valuable colony; and that China, even if she did not intervene openly, might wage a harassing war through bands of pirates under the Black Flag. M. Challemel-Lacour, in reply, repudiated the idea of war with China, from which he expected concessions, though, he said, the Marquis Tseng resorted to undiplomatic methods of communicating with the outer world. He declared the Bourée Treaty inadmissible, as it would establish a double Protectorate of Anam, and "a double Protectorate always embroiled the Protecting Powers,"—a sentence which Lord Granville will probably remember and quote as applicable to Egyptian affairs. He allowed, however, that France must now be considered at war with the King of Anam, but stated that she would "only" occupy the valley of the Songkoi, a cool remark, as that delta separates Anam from China, and gives the entrance to Yunnan, which the Chinese dread. It is, moreover, not true, every French officer on the spot declaring, what every English official in Asia knows to be correct, that no arrangement can be made with Anam until Hué, the fortress capital, has been occupied, and the King reduced to vassalage. Besides, though the vitality of these Indo-Chinese kingdoms is not high, no kingdom, even Anam, can part with a province like Tonquin, which connects it with its natural allies, until it has been conquered.

The Comte de Chambord still lives, and the accounts of his condition are sometimes more favourable. His immediate agent in Paris, however, the Comte de Blacas, publishes ominous bulletins; it is admitted that they have grown worse since he ceased to wish to see them, and the latest telegram from Vienna, where the Count's condition is watched with interest, mentions that the disease begins to be called cancer of the stomach. It appears to be the steady etiquette of Courts never to admit that hope is over with a royal personage until he dies, and the custom has extended to America. The doctors admitted after the death of President Garfield that the injury to his spine from the bullet made recovery hopeless, and that they knew this all through.

A good deal of interest was taken on Thursday in an inquiry by Mr. Creyke into a grant of a pension of £250 a year to Prince Lucien Bonaparte. Mr. Gladstone explained that the Prince had devoted, not only his whole time, but much money, to philological researches of a kind essential to human history, but entirely unremunerative, the public declining to buy the books. He had, for example, printed the Gospel of St. Matthew in twenty-nine different languages, the Parable of the Sower in seventy-two European languages and dialects, and the Song of the Three Children in eleven dialects of Basque. Labours of this kind permanently facilitate philological inquiry, and Mr. Gladstone might, we believe, have added that the Prince translated the Song of Solomon into most of the dialects of English. The only fair ground for comment is that the pension is rather larger than usual, and larger than it would have been had the Prince been either an Englishman or a commoner. It must be remembered, however, that he had expended far more than he will ever receive in distributing the books, as aids to inquiry, among the philologists of the world.

Mr. Hugh Mason's motion for extending the franchise to female as well as to male householders was beaten, on Friday week, by a majority of 16, in a small and rather indifferent House, 114 voting for the motion and 130 against it. The defect of the debate was that those who advocated women's suffrage were not agreed among themselves, some of them advocating it on principles which would destroy the household basis of the franchise altogether, and give the wife of every householder a vote not only if she were a householder, but simply as the political equal of her husband, while the greater number of the advocates of the motion defended it on the ground that on the basis of a property qualification,—which, by the way, would never have been adopted unless, at the time it was adopted, women

voters had been out of the question,—there is no good reason why women should not vote for Members of Parliament, which does not in their estimation equally apply against women's voting for Municipal Councils and for School Boards. Sir Henry James pointed out that if this measure were adopted, then, under the Married Women's Property Act any married woman who held a freehold would receive the vote for that freehold, so that not only single women who were householders, but wives would be enfranchised. A very general feeling was expressed, even by the advocates of women's suffrage, against admitting women to Parliament, and indeed nothing could look less like the triumph of women's equality as regards political rights than the general tenor of the debate, even in the mouths of such advocates of women's suffrage as Mr. Hugh Mason, Baron Henry de Worms, Mr. Henry Fowler, and Mr. Courtney.

Mr. Plunket, M.P. for the University of Dublin, made a very bitter speech against the Government, at Retford, on Wednesday, his chief text being the Monaghan election, and the complete rout of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Pringle. This defeat Mr. Plunket looks upon as, in some unexplained way, a great disgrace to the Government; whereas, all it shows is that the Ulster farmers thought they should obtain more by defeating the Government in the sense of a farther-going agrarian movement, than by supporting it. Mr. Plunket quoted Mr. Parnell's claim that he had himself sketched out the Arrears Bill of last year in Kilmainham, as if he were pouring vitriol on Mr. Gladstone by quoting it. But the truth is that Mr. Gladstone never concealed from Parliament that he had taken the notion of such a Bill from the Irish party, and had taken it because, on considering the danger, as explained by that party, that the Land Act would otherwise fail of its best results, he frankly admitted the imminence of the danger. Indeed, the Government Arrears Bill avowedly followed the lines of Mr. Redmond's Bill,—a Bill of which Mr. Gladstone spoke most favourably at the time its second reading was moved, so far at least as his own Bill subsequently followed it. What disgrace there can be in admitting the truth of the claim that the Irish party first suggested the Arrears Bill,—when Mr. Gladstone made his first speech on the subject, on the occasion of discussing Mr. Redmond's Bill,—it is impossible to conceive. It was very natural that the Irish party should be the first to perceive where the Land Act might be wrecked, and it was very right for the Government to profit by that quickness of perception, since they did not desire to see the Land Act wrecked.

Mr. Bradlaugh has been again the subject of a resolution in the House of Commons. On Monday, the Prime Minister read, in answer to a question from Sir Stafford Northcote, a letter which he had received from Mr. Bradlaugh, intimating his purpose to take his seat without regard to the adverse resolution of the House of Commons,—a resolution which Mr. Bradlaugh regards as invalid and illegal. Mr. Gladstone added that as the Government had proposed to deal with the difficulty in its own way, and the House had rejected its proposal, he must leave it to the majority to suggest the action that ought to be taken in view of Mr. Bradlaugh's announced purpose. Thereupon Sir Stafford Northcote proposed that the Serjeant-at-Arms be directed to exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from the House until he engage not further to disturb its proceedings, a motion opposed by Mr. Labouchere, in spite of Mr. Gladstone's remonstrance against a useless waste of time, but carried, on a division, by a majority of 167,—232 votes to 65. Mr. Newdegate's suggestion that this resolution should be turned into a Standing Order was declared by the Speaker to be inconsistent with the rights of the House. Mr. Bradlaugh has since intimated in a letter to the Serjeant-at-Arms that if he will but declare that actual force would be used to prevent Mr. Bradlaugh from taking the oath and his seat, he (Mr. Bradlaugh) would at once apply to the High Court of Justice for an injunction to restrain the Serjeant-at-Arms from committing such a breach of the peace. Mr. Bradlaugh may make what application he pleases to the High Court of Justice, but we do not imagine that he or any one else will persuade the High Court of Justice to impose law on the House of Commons. It might, perhaps, be better for the House of Commons, if it did.

A meeting was held at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, to protest against the sentences passed on Messrs. Foote and Ramsey for blasphemy, and, indeed, altogether against the blasphemy laws as they now stand. We greatly regret that Sir William Harcourt has not advised the Crown to remit a large portion of the very heavy sentences passed upon these offenders. That they deserved some punishment for the scurrilous nature of their attack on Christianity may be admitted, but the sentences actually passed were of a kind to gain them, with the mob, the reputation of martyrs. No more foolish course could have been taken, and we believe that, looking to the kind of persons punished, the sentence was unjust also. Mr. Bradlaugh, who addressed the meeting at St. James's Hall, is understood to have boasted that those who punished Mr. Foote and Mr. Ramsey did not dare touch him. That probably means only that Mr. Bradlaugh's notoriety is turning his head. But what greater folly can be committed, than that of making for such a man so factitious a fame?

It is stated that the Government of India have agreed to allow the Ameer of Afghanistan a lakh of rupees a month, £120,000 a year, so long as he conducts himself on principles approved by the British Government. That is a reversion to the old policy carried out successfully with Dost Mahommed, and is thoroughly wise. The Ameers of Afghanistan can raise troops in considerable numbers by calling on the Sirdars, or feudal nobles; but they cannot keep up a *corps d'élite* solely dependent on themselves, and ready to attack any noble, without a supply of specie, which they can obtain only from the British. With this donation, they can keep together 5,000 men and some artillery, and so stamp out the embers of sedition before they burst into a flame. They can, moreover, secure the prompt and permanent assistance of one or two Sirdars, with part, and a small part, of the money, the desire for a small specie revenue being extreme. The allowance, in fact, makes Abdurrahman a powerful Prince, as it made Dost Mahommed, and gives the British the control of his external relations at a tenth of the cost which even a small army at Quettah would involve. The Ameer will never do any act which would stop his supply of coin, and it should be carefully noted that the payments are to be made month by month. That is to say, the most essential revenue of the Court of Cabul can be stopped at a month's notice.

We greatly regret to hear of the serious illness of the Bishop of Peterborough, which on Tuesday took the form of peritonitis, accompanied by terrible pain. On Friday he was thought to be much better, though by no means out of danger. The Bishop is by far the greatest orator on the Episcopal Bench, probably the greatest orator in the House of Lords, and has, too, a good deal less of the professionally clerical posture of mind in him than the other Bishops. We heartily hope for his early and complete recovery. Genius of any kind is not too abundant in either Church or State, and the Bishop of Peterborough is not only a man of genius, but a man of genius with that dash of audacity in him which gives to the character of an ecclesiastic a special flavour of its own.

The Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Wordsworth, who is in his seventy-sixth year, has intimated that if the See of Southwell, which would take in the counties of Nottingham and Derby, as contemplated in the Act of 1878, cannot be speedily founded, owing to deficiency of funds, he shall think it necessary soon to resign his bishopric. £19,000 remains to be raised before the See of Southwell can be constituted, and Dr. Wordsworth hardly thinks the prospect near enough to warrant him, at his age, in continuing to govern so unwieldy a diocese, and one which needs so strenuous an administration. Unless, therefore, some great impulse is given to the foundation of the Southwell See, Dr. Wordsworth will resign. It is a great pity. We have often differed widely from Dr. Wordsworth, but it is hardly possible to exaggerate the value of his example,—his singular simplicity and piety,—as a ruler of the sober but somewhat worldly-minded Church of the nation.

The slight, but persistent, decline in Consols has given rise to a good deal of remark. It is due, we are told, to considerable sales by small holders, and a hesitation on the part of trustees, who have sought the Two and a Half per Cents., a stock greatly in request. Neither small owners nor trustees like Consols over par, and turn aside to any safe stock not likely to be affected by any political accident. Nothing, one would say, could resist the effect of the laws ordering certain investments to be made in Consols, but the difficulty experienced in keeping them above par is very notable.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 99⅝ to 99¾.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

BRITISH RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

IS the *Times* really wishing for a rupture with France, for it is that which it is helping to force on? The situation is quite grave enough, without the use of such language as it indulged in on Friday morning. As our readers are aware, the relations between Great Britain and France have for some time past been less cordial than of old. The relics of the Gambettist party, supported by a good deal of upper-class and military opinion, and, we fear, by some strong financial Rings, are determined to press Gambetta's policy of "adding to the fortune of France," and repairing her prestige by acquiring new colonial dependencies,—not colonies proper, but provinces in which sugar can be grown, mines can be opened, and new trades can be developed. Their especial favourite, M. Challemel-Lacour, heartily agrees with their views, and pushes their policy in Indo-China, in Madagascar, in Tunis, and in the Pacific, with a very high hand, amusing the Chamber all the while with tales of the ease and cheapness with which his ideas can be carried out. The English Press, however, and it may be the English diplomatists, though they neither intrigue nor oppose him, perpetually worry him by exposures of the facts, which reach the Deputies, alarm them with a sense of the new liabilities they are undertaking, and produce annoying interpellations. The Radicals do not want great colonial wars, and M. Challemel-Lacour has to explain away everything, facts included, about once a week. No Foreign Secretary would like that, and M. Challemel-Lacour, a man of the literary rather than the political type, with an acrid and over-vehement genius, is irritated by it to fury, and communicates that fury to agents abroad, who, as we see in Tamatave, are disposed already to use violence in asserting French prerogatives. The Press of Paris, inspired in part by the Foreign Office, is boiling over with a suppressed rage, which finds vent on every safe occasion—*e.g.*, the outburst of cholera in Egypt—and but for the steady resolve of the Chamber to avoid complications, M. Grévy's calm sense, and M. Jules Ferry's good-temper, the continuance of relations with France might become impossible.

Under these circumstances, the British Government, which is entirely friendly to France, though determined to be unhampered in Egypt, is compelled to steer warily, more especially as both Germany and Russia would like to see the two nations quarrel; and it has done so. It has been obliged to awaken the French Government to the complications which a blockade of Chinese ports might create, but it has left them alone in Anam, and has advised the Cabinet of Pekin to exercise patience. It has done nothing in Madagascar, literally nothing, or Admiral Pierre could not have fired a shot. It has facilitated French policy as to the Capitulations in Tunis with a friendliness which M. Jules Ferry cordially and publicly acknowledges, and it has resolved the most dangerous problem of all, the Suez Canal, in a spirit so equitable and generous that the French are delighted, and the English shipowners and Chauvinists declare that British interests have been unduly neglected. That, however, is not the case. What the Government has done in negotiating with M. de Lesseps is to conciliate France at every point on which British *national* interests were not involved. It has not done much to secure a great reduction in the Canal dues, which the shipowner, not the general trader, would have pocketed; it has left the Shareholders of the Canal their profits, which it could hardly have taken away without compensation; and it has allowed the Canal to remain in name French, so avoiding what would have been regarded in France as an act of violent high-handedness, to be hereafter avenged. But it has insisted that the Canal shall have a double instead of a single line of water-way,—an immense gain to commerce, because with two water-ways not only is the capacity of the Canal doubled, but a much higher speed of transit can be secured. The vessels in each canal will only steam one way, and there is, therefore, none of that risk of collision which now reduces the steamers often to a mile an hour. The Government has, moreover, insisted that the control of the navigation shall be placed in the hands of an English Admiral, whose powers are to be great, and who will be supported by the Khedive, and by this country and India,—that is, by the masters of both ends and the whole length of the Canal. It has seated an Englishman as Vice-President of the Canal Company, who must know everything the Company does, and who, if needful, will have the courage to oppose M. de Lesseps himself. It has provided that in any new issue of Shares the English shall have fair-play, and it has finally and most astutely avoided creating a farther French financial interest in the Canal, by finding the money itself, at a profitable rate. The Treasury will emit £8,000,000 Consols at 3 per cent.—the form, of course, will be Two and a Half per Cents, but that is immaterial—for which it is to receive 3¼ per cent. That this sum will suffice to construct the second line of Canal we do not believe, for the old one cost £15,000,000, and, as all parties alike have forgotten, the new one cannot be built, as the first line was, by unpaid and well-whipped forced labour; but a debt of £12,000,000 at three per cent. would not impair the growing solvency of the Canal. Under the Convention, therefore, which must in outline have been seen and endorsed by the French Ministry, and which delights the French, the British Government retains, through the Khedive, the territorial sovereignty of the doubled Canal; it becomes the grand mortgagor of the Company; it assumes direct and full control of the navigation; and it seats its agent in the Vice-Presidency. What in the world does the *Times* want? The extinction of M. de Lesseps's claim to monopolise the right of cutting? That claim is, in a national sense, worth nothing at all. It is perfect, as against any other Company or private combination, and to take it away would, as our own Law Officers affirm, be an act of sheer violence; but it cannot be pleaded against the right of the Khedive, as Sovereign, to expropriate any Company whatever within his own dominion, just as the French Chamber may expropriate any Railway or other Company owning a "concession," on paying full compensation. Does the *Times* desire that England should become mistress of the Canal as it is of the Mersey? Then it is asking the impossible. All Europe would protest, possibly in arms—for the Canal is legally an arm of the sea—and if it did not, the power claimed, even if granted, must be resigned at once. Lord Granville has already proposed that the Canal shall be not neutralised, but declared exactly as open to navigators as the Straits of Dover; and however the legists may discuss details, that must be the ultimate solution, if we are not to surrender an equally important Canal, that of Panama, to the dominion of a single Power. The plain truth of the matter is that the Government has secured all it could, and that is a very great deal, though it has not given the shipowners a great bonus at M. de Lesseps's expense, and has broken the heart of some financiers by lending a loan out of which they would have extracted, in commission, previous interest, and the rise of the market, at least ten per cent., or £800,000.

The effect of all we have said is, of course, greatly increased by the unexpected news from Tamatave. We do not believe that the French Government desires a struggle with England, or that it will back up Admiral Pierre in his extraordinary proceedings towards her Majesty's Consul, Mr. Pakenham, and her Majesty's ship 'Dryad.' But every Government feels pain when compelled to disown officers who in certain situations are, if not supported, useless, and it is well that a request from Great Britain for reparation in Madagascar does not come on the top of irritating conduct in regard to the Suez Canal. Of course, the request for reparation must be made, and if the facts are truly reported, made in earnest. The Shaw affair is not very important, as there may be evidence that the worthy Missionary did commit imprudences, and our distrust of dragomans in the Far East—and the Malagasy secretary of the Consulate was just a dragoman—is considerable; but the order to Mr. Pakenham must be indefensible. International intercourse could not go on, if its agents were liable to peremptory expulsion at the discretion of any person whatever. If Mr. Pakenham erred in any way, his conduct could have been brought to Lord Granville's notice by the French Government without difficulty, and for that order there must be frank apologies. The French Government, however, will see that as readily as the British; and to make those apologies difficult by extravagant language is not sound patriotism, or sound sense either. There will be no war, for neither nation wants one, and what is the use, when redress can be obtained by conciliatory firmness, of leaving an impression that France was haughtily treated in a moment of embarrassment? Be it understood, we are not in the least pleading for any concession, either of principle or dignity. We contended for the rendition of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, at a time when war with the North seemed to us to involve a horrible blow to the progress of the world; and we would fight France willingly, sooner than the British Flag should be treated with de-

liberate contempt. But we utterly disbelieve in any such intention on the part of the French Government, and would, so far as possible, enable that Government to repair the wrong, without compelling it to quarrel with its own Navy, which is just now sore, anti-British, and owing to the events of 1870, possessed of unprecedented influence in French political affairs. The sailors can be relied on against Paris, and no other force can.

MR. CHAPLIN'S VICTORY AND MR. MUNDELLA'S SPEECH.

MR. CHAPLIN'S victory on Tuesday night illustrates afresh the old remark that a producing interest is always indefinitely stronger in proportion to its numbers than consumers, who have no means of common action, can ever be. Mr. Chaplin's victory,—which was due to the defection of a good many Liberals and the abstention of many more,—was the victory of the graziers over the people of Great Britain. As we understand the issue in debate, it is very simple. The Act of 1878 was intended to give the Privy Council a large discretion as between three courses of action towards foreign cattle,—free admission, slaughter at the port of debarcation, and complete prohibition. They were to be admitted free whenever there was reasonable evidence that the countries from which the cattle are imported are under good sanitary provisions as regards the health and transit of the cattle, and free from disease; they were to be slaughtered at the port of debarcation, whenever the countries whence the cattle come are not free from disease, but where the disease is not of the most dangerous kind, and where, in the opinion of the Privy Council, the mischief arising to the cattle-breeder from the possible importation of disease would not be nearly so serious as the mischief arising to the English people from a serious limitation of their food; and they were to be prohibited altogether, whenever the Privy Council and their advisers believed that the danger of infection,—such as must be involved in any coming of unhealthy cattle, even though slaughtered at the port of arrival,—would involve greater loss and suffering to the English people at large, than the complete exclusion of cattle coming to us from that region. The Privy Council have enforced the Act in this general sense,—that when they knew the origin of the cattle to be a country infected with rinderpest and pleuro-pneumonia, they prohibited the importation altogether; that when they knew it to be infected only with foot-and-mouth disease, which is a much less serious affair, but still knew it to be infected with foot-and-mouth disease in a virulent form, they prohibited importation for a time till they secured greater care and stricter precautions on the part of the exporting country and in consequence a great limitation of the danger; but that generally they insisted only on the slaughter at the port of arrival of animals arriving from countries where there is a certain amount of foot-and-mouth disease; and that they admitted cattle freely only where they were satisfied that the country from which the importations came was not infected with any disease, and that its sanitary regulations were good. Mr. Chaplin's victory, if it is to be acted on, really means this,—that there is to be no intermediato course at all, that the exercise of discretion by the Privy Council is to cease, and that whenever they are not satisfied that the country from which the cattle are received is absolutely free from disease, they must prohibit importation from that country altogether, and not allow cattle to arrive, even though they be slaughtered at the port of arrival. In other words, the consumer is to be sacrificed to the grazier or breeder, and four-fifths of the foreign meat supply is to be cut off; though, as Mr. Mundella tells us, only six diseased animals have been imported in the last six months out of thirty thousand actually imported. And thus the value of the cattle bred at home is to be artificially raised. And this is to be the course taken in spite of the fact that the cattle bred in England show a very much larger proportion of disease than the cattle recently imported from foreign countries under the careful administration of the Act of 1878. Mr. Mundella believes, and Mr. Chaplin and his friends do not deny, that the effect of the new restriction, if it is to be actually enforced, will raise the price of meat at least 2d. or 3d. a pound in this country,—a rise of price which practically means a discontinuance of a very considerable part of their animal food by very large classes in this country. In short, Mr. Chaplin's resolution means that, when the loss of the British grazier and breeder has to be weighed against the loss of a meat diet by the poorer population of England at large, the infliction of loss on the latter is always to be preferred.

And what is the excuse for this sudden reversal of the policy of 1878? Because, says Mr. Chaplin, the Act of 1878 has failed. Let any one who is taken in by that monstrous statement, study Mr. Mundella's very able speech. Of course, if it is meant that the Act of 1878 as administered has not absolutely excluded all importations of disease, the Act has failed—only nobody ever expected that it would succeed. So far as we can see, there is no reasonable doubt that foot-and-mouth disease was imported into this country in 1880, through the admission of an infected cargo to Deptford. But is that failure? The failure of a measure means, we suppose, not that it does not effect everything that the most sanguine hoped, but that it does not improve matters,—or even, if you please, that it does not effect as much as the reasonable and moderate supporters of the measure anticipated. In this case, judged by either meaning of the phrase, the Act has not only not failed, but has succeeded splendidly. It has in five years' administration extinguished rinderpest and sheep-rot. It has diminished pleuro-pneumonia by 75 per cent. And it has kept foot-and-mouth disease within such moderate limits that there have been fewer cases of it within the last three years than there were in a single month of 1871. If that is failure, what would success mean? We suppose it would mean, in Mr. Chaplin's mouth, the absolute extinction of imported disease of all kinds,—indigenous disease cannot, of course, be extinguished,—at any cost, however enormous, to the population of this country.

We submit that Mr. Mundella amply proved his case that it is infinitely better for this country at large to import 30,000 cattle, of which six should be diseased, if the disease, even though infectious, be disease only of a comparatively mild kind, and if precautions be taken by slaughtering at the port of arrival to prevent any needless risk of contagion, than to exclude the 29,994 healthy animals for the sake of also excluding the six diseased. For what, after all, does the imported disease mean? It means, no doubt, a risk of considerable loss to breeders and farmers. But the exclusion of the 29,994 sound animals means the certainty of very heavy loss indeed to the people, nor is there the least security that under Mr. Chaplin's restrictions the health of English cattle in general would be much better than before. Though a new chance of *foreign* disease would be shut out, disease originating in this country could not be shut out; and, as every one knows, epidemics very often strike only those who would have been struck down by some other illness, even if they had not been caught by the epidemic. In numberless instances, epidemic outbreaks have appeared to *absorb* the normal diseases prevalent in the place where the outbreak occurs, so that doctors have assured us that the actual quantity of disease has not been so much increased, as transformed from a variety of different types into the single type of the prevalent epidemic. If this be so, we may very well, by preventing the importation of foot-and-mouth disease, succeed only in altering the particular character of the malady by which our cattle are affected, and not succeed in keeping them healthier, or at least healthier to anything like the extent represented by the number of cases affected by the epidemic. But in any case, the price paid must be the same. We must forego the advantage of all the non-diseased cattle imported, for the sake of excluding the few cases of disease. Is this what the English people wish? We do not believe it. And however much the farmers may protest that they have no desire to return to a Protective system—and we do not doubt that, so far as they know themselves, they speak the truth—there is evidently a fascination to the breeder's mind in the prospect of that advance of the price of meat by 2d. or 3d. a pound, which, do what he may, he cannot prevent from more or less unconsciously influencing his judgment. What we have to consider is whether the people of England at large ought to suffer severely for the benefit of a class. We believe that the Act of 1878 was being administered on behalf of the people at large, but that Mr. Chaplin's resolution is a resolution in the interest of a class; and we should be glad, therefore, to see the Government invite the House to reconsider a decision so disastrous as the hasty vote of Tuesday night.

THE LATEST EGYPTIAN HORROR.

WE wonder at the calm with which these telegrams from Damietta and Mansourah are received in England. They conceal horrors which, if they occurred in the West,

would drive English philanthropists frantic with indignation. It is quite evident to those who read them with understanding that in dealing with the outbreak of "cholera" in Egypt—if the disease is cholera, which we doubt—two civilisations have clashed, as they will always clash where a dual government exists in Asia; that both are consequently paralysed, and that as a result, two cities—one of 32,000 and one of 17,000 people—have been turned into pestiferous prisons, secluded charnel-houses, where the wretched prisoners, without medicine, or disinfectants, or doctors, or help, with all business suspended, and incomes unattainable, and food grown insufficient, are dying daily, chiefly of starvation, amid putrefaction of every kind. Damietta first, and Mansourah after, being towns where every sanitary precaution is neglected, but dogs are no longer scavengers, where the introduction of decency without science has produced its inevitable effect, poisonous malaria in all good houses, where the bodies of animals are left unburied for weeks, and the people even fish with the rotten carcases of dead cows, which are tethered to the banks to attract the prawns, have experienced one of their periodical visitations of malarious disease. It may be cholera, which was originally born in Lord Hastings' camp under just those conditions, but is much more probably choleraic fever, a frightful disease, as deadly sometimes as plague, but one which requires conditions, and does not march, as cholera does, steadily from city to city, and land to land. Whatever it was, had Damietta and Mansourah been really Egyptian, the outbreak would have been treated by the Mussulmans, after their manner, with a profound calm, which has in it alike apathy and noblencss of soul. No Oriental has the Western horror of death, having been wearied to suffocation with life for continuous generations; and the Mussulman Asiatic believes, in addition, that the summons comes direct from the Almighty Will. Who is he, that he should resist God, or complain of him, or seek to turn him aside? He will not even pray to him for deliverance from his visible Message, and, with death poured out around him like water, passes on to his work, nurses his sick as usual, or at the worst announces that it is the will of God that the people retire into the Desert, the single efficacious expedient on which European Army Surgeons rely. Of course, under such circumstances death does its worst; but there is no disturbance of life, no dissolution of society, no pause in daily business, no outbreak of blasphemy, such as has often occurred in French or Italian cities. The women pass and the men disappear, and the children sink, in quiet, but the community goes on, to the eye, almost unharmed. Some faces you knew are away, the sound of the wailing, unchanged since the march of the Israelites, is heard from many houses, instead of few, and bearded men shudder visibly if you ask for their children; but there is no break in the stately calm of life, in the haughty resignation. "Did I will to be born?" asked a Mussulman of the writer, urging on him that a peculiarly fetid ditch ought to be cleaned, for it might kill him; and though the ditch remained, he died when his time came unmurmuring. Damietta and Mansourah would, as Mussulman cities, have suffered and recovered, but they are not Mussulman cities. Above them, overshadowing them like a cloud, drifts European opinion, which demands gently that disease be treated scientifically, and imperiously that it be isolated. The Government of Egypt perforce listens to the command and perforce obeys it, and the unhappy towns are ringed-in by cordons of troops, with orders to shoot down all who emerge. So stringent are these orders, that it is said the Europeans of Damietta, maddened with fear and pity, attacked the cordon in arms and were driven back by the bayonet, not without deaths,—a trivial horror, compared with those we shall know when the pest-houses are opened once more. And there, Europe having been obeyed, the Government stops. Why should the Egyptian Ministers do more? They know nothing of hygiene; their own immovable belief is that Destiny is irreversible, that their own orders are futile, that death and life are in the hands of Allah. They will send telegrams, if you worry enough, but they do not want them obeyed. The townspeople, deprived by the cordon of occupation, of help, of wages, of food, are left to perish. They have no hygeists, no doctors, except six wretched natives, who believe all disease is cold or hot, no opium, no disinfectants, no hospitals, no one to order cleanliness, no one to isolate houses, no one to compel burial away from the roadside, no one to organise or order flight into the Desert, which, again, is prohibited by the cordon demanded by Europe. The Europeans of Alexandria declare that medicine is not allowed to enter, and whether that is true or false, hitherto only one European, a scientific chemist named Hooker—be his name not forgotten by Englishmen, as it will not be by God—has entered the fatal towns. The Europeans do not shrink from the disease, but from the long imprisonment in a fetid city, with its food exhausted and its people dying of starvation—this is literally true, according to the *Times'* telegrams—to which, if they once pass the cordon, the cowardly selfishness of Agnostic Southern Europe, howling with fear of death because there is no other life, condemns them. Indeed, it is doubtful if they would be allowed to enter, for the Ministry are said to prohibit entrance, and certainly disbelieve in effort, replying to Lord Granville's offers of aid with gently immovable refusals. What will Infidel doctors do, any more than Mussulman doctors, against the will of the Supreme? They might as well insult Heaven by insuring their lives, a crime no faithful Mussulman will commit. And so, in the clash of civilisations, the wretched people of Damietta and Mansourah perish twice as miserably as if they were either Asiatic or European. If they were Asiatic they would die as aged Englishmen die under a "cold wave," bowing their heads to fate, but not left alone or unattended; if they were European, they would be treated, disinfected, urged out to safer spots; but they are neither, and they die as prisoners might die kept during a fever in a Morgue.

It is just the same with the complaints sent up from the interior of Egypt. The officials there, say the informants of the *Times'* Correspondent, are worse than ever, more indolent, more negligent, more corrupt. How should it be otherwise? The European ideas have been introduced without the Europeans to work them, and while the native energy has died away, no European sense of duty has arrived. The European wishes to govern by law, taking pleasure in that, and not in the gratification of his own will, and therefore carries out law. The Asiatic, if not trained out of himself, finds in authority no pleasure, save in the gratification of his own volition, often a very benevolent or upright one; and set to administer rigid law, either does not do it, or takes a bribe to twist it into galling injustice. Make an untrained Mussulman absolute, and he will often secure justice; make him an exponent of a law in which he does not believe, and he seeks his own interest, which is, first, to enjoy unruffled peace, and next, to make some money. The people appeal to the Mudirs, but the Mudirs do not want the laws; and then appeal to the Ministers, and the Ministers, unless worried there and then by Europeans, do not want them either. Trained men may ultimately be secured, if there is money to pay them well; but till then, the endeavour to govern on Western motives with Asiatic instruments only ends in a decay of social energy, and universal hunger for unearned money. There are plenty of good Mussulmans, but they will not take office to be deprived of what is to them their only reward,—their power of making their own ideas, or the ideas of their creed, executive. They will no more take it than Englishmen would take Magistracies under Cetewayo, to carry out his decrees. The two civilisations —the Asiatic and European—can work together when the European says, as a Resident in a Native State virtually does, "Work in your own way, but let me see justice and content as results, or I will remove you;" but they will, under any other system, only clash. And even then the European must not ask that either the justice or the content shall be those he would see in London, but only those that reigned in Jerusalem, when there was peace for the people, and death for Uriah the Hittite.

LORD MONTEAGLE ON IRISH LANDLORDS.

IT is not only the election in Monaghan which shows that the new agrarian question in Ireland may shortly become of high political importance. There are signs abroad that in spite of the deadly bitterness existing between Irish Conservatives and Irish Liberals, between moderate Home-rulers and avowed Extremists, all Ireland may yet be united in demanding a final solution of the Land Question, in the direction of extinguishing landlordism altogether. The Parnellites reckon, the *Times* says, on carrying eighty-four seats, and if they carry fifty they will be formidable; but, on this one question, they may find unexpected allies. Read carefully, for example, the lecture to the Statistical Society of Ireland, on "The Social Situation in Ireland," which Lord Monteagle has just republished in pamphlet form. Lord Monteagle is one of the most hopeful of the younger Irish Peers, a resident landlord who has devoted himself to local improvement, a convinced Liberal who actually believes it essential that "privilege should cease to

be the basis of authority," and one of the few Irish Peers who heartily and intelligently supported the Land Act. Indeed, as he says himself, he was openly in favour of the "Three F's" before they were proposed. He has not lost hope in the future, and is neither anxious nor willing to rescue what he can of his fortune and leave the country. On the contrary, he desires to go on living as an Irish gentleman in an improved Ireland, and believes it possible to effect all that is needed for social reconciliation without destroying the unity of the kingdom. Yet this Peer, owning 9,000 acres, speaking to a cultivated audience and in the most moderate language, gravely affirms his conviction that three alternatives, and three only, are now before British statesmen and Irish proprietors. One is the government of Ireland as a Crown Colony by military force, which he regards as being, in this century and under existing conditions, impossible. The second is Home-rule on the Canadian system, Ireland becoming independent on all questions except foreign politics,—a solution which he thinks would produce "the annihilation of the upper class," and, in the end, a complete "reconstruction of society;" and the third is to commence such a reform that "the Irish gentry shall cease to be landlords." He wishes for other changes, too, especially for improved and popular county administration; but this one he holds to be "vital," if society as it exists—society, that is, with many grades in it—is to endure at all. So long as the gentry are landlords, so long, he maintains, will the Irish people suspect them, and regard them not as their own gentry, but as an English garrison, intent on maintaining the law and supporting the police mainly because they assist in the collection of rent:—"For any good purpose, the landlord and tenant system is practically dead. If it is artificially kept alive, it will, I fear, be not only useless, but mischievous. I have the zeal of a convert on this subject, for I was one of those who earnestly advocated the 'Three F's' before the Government Bill was introduced, and opposed on public grounds what I believed to be the only alternative, namely, the compulsory expropriation of the landlords. . . . . I consider it essential to the continuance and usefulness of a class of resident country gentlemen that it should be made clear that the landlords are no longer the English garrison; there is not so much need for legislative change, if once the process of the tenants buying out the landlords were fairly set going. So long as the gentry remain receivers of rent, they will be subject also to the suspicion of being the English garrison, even though they have practically ceased to exercise or even to possess any such power. The institution of the constabulary and of a paid magistracy has enabled the State largely to dispense with the services of the gentry for executive purposes. The Ballot Act has destroyed what remained to them of political influence. Protestant ascendancy is dead. But, so long as one of the principal functions of the police is to enforce the law for the recovery of rent, it will be supposed that, even though the landlords are not themselves the garrison, it is on their account the garrison is maintained—that, in fact, they are part of the system." The landlords, in short, in Lord Monteagle's opinion, must be bought out, if the upper-class in Ireland is not to be extinguished; and though time may be allowed for the operation, it must be effected with a certain rapidity and decision, so as to anticipate dangerous agitation.

The people of Great Britain are, therefore, face to face with this situation. A majority of Conservative owners, whose spokesman is Lord George Hamilton—himself, be it remembered, a representative in the Commons of a great Irish territorial family—are eagerly desirous of being bought out. A section, at least, of the few Liberal gentry represented by Lord Monteagle are equally desirous. A heavy majority of the tenants are on the same side, *provided* that their annual payments, whether in instalments of purchase-money or in quit-rents, are lower than they are now. The whole Extremist party, with its hold upon the populace in the cities, as well as on a portion of the farmers, vehemently express the same view, make it, in fact, and not the nobler idea of Nationalism, their stalking-horse. Those sections taken together are not quite Ireland, but they form so large a portion of it that at any time they may be able for this single purpose to say that they are Ireland, and to direct, so far as this one purpose is concerned, nearly or quite the whole Representation of the country. This is a formidable Parliamentary force in a country like this, where the chance of either of the great Parties completely crushing each other is so remote, and where a majority in the Commons is so clearly recognised as the final authority to which statesmen must, however unwilling, ultimately bow. The pressure, even if not irresistible, must embarrass any Government, and this all the more because the demand which rises on so many sides is so formless or indefinite. Nothing, in our judgment, makes the new agrarian project so dangerous as its want of outline. Everybody, or at all events men so different as Lord George Hamilton, Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Parnell, and Lord Monteagle, all hint at the same thing, yet no one says what the thing is in a way which British constituencies can thoroughly understand. Lord George Hamilton, it is true, produces "a plan" in the House of Commons; but he knows that it is a mere tentative, and does not offer a single trustworthy figure. Mr. Parnell talks of "bonds" as his instrument—that is, a State loan—but carefully avoids specifying amount, or security, or return. Lord Monteagle, though speaking to a Statistical Society, and though full of figures about the reduction of rent, even in special counties, does not offer a suggestion as to his chief proposal,—that "the gentry cease to be landlords." We judge, from a note on p. 12, that he thinks Lord George Hamilton moving in the right direction; but he offers no guess of his own as to the money required, nor any hint as to the method of the expropriation which he demands. Are the tenants to be made freeholders paying instalments, or freeholders paying a quit-rent, or simply tenants of the State, instead of tenants of the landlord, or what? Is the State to risk three hundred millions, or two hundred millions, or one hundred millions, or how much; or is somebody other than the State—the body of tenants, for example—to find the vast sum required? No one gives the slightest clear information on any of these points, and we have, therefore, the spectacle of a strong party rising up to defend a vast social project, the largest, perhaps, ever put forward in British politics, which, nevertheless, its spokesmen do not define, or even adumbrate, in a way that politicians can understand. We have watched agrarian agitation in Ireland for a quarter of a century with ever-increasing closeness, and declare that even now, as regards this project, we do not know what any group or party in its favour actually ask. We can see that the landlords want to get twenty years' rental down from somebody, and can believe that they would take two years' less. We can see that the Parnellites want to get the land for the very lowest price obtainable, and would like to pay for it in bonds,—payable, or non-payable, at tenants' discretion. And we can see that a party much larger than either would like to see uncertainty ended, and a territorial democracy actually commencing the formation of a stable society in Ireland. But we cannot see one single intelligible or arguable proposal of a method for obtaining these ends. It is all vague foreshadowing of results. It is not only that the only men who could carry such projects say nothing—for that was to be expected—but that the men who wish for them say nothing. The visionaries and philanthropists are as vague as the leaders of parties. Read Lord Monteagle's pamphlet, and you will see clearly that not only is the Irish landlord's power of resistance gone, but that his wish to resist is going; that he does not expect to keep his territorial ascendancy, and hardly cares to do it. But what is the use of discerning that? Nobody is a step the nearer, for that perception, to anything but a vague feeling that in Ireland the force behind property is dying away, and that the holders of property who see this do not see any way to its restoration, except the creation of a territorial democracy, towards which they perceive no clear road. We are in danger, in the present condition of Ireland, of the Government being forced to "do something," and something very large, without those who force them clearly knowing what their desire is.

THE APPROACH OF HARVEST.

IN the middle of May, after tracing the progress of the growing crops from their respective seed times, we were able to congratulate the country upon the probability of a fruitful season, although so early in the year it was impossible to speak with confidence as to Harvest prospects. Since then, we rejoice to state, the weather, on the whole, has been of a highly favourable character, so that the golden promise of the Spring bids fair to be realised. From the middle of May to the middle of June there was an almost uninterrupted drought, which told rather severely upon the light soils, and had the effect of keeping the straw of all crops from growing to an average length. In some seasons great mischief would have been done; but spring corn was sown in such a wealth of fine moulds, that it was able to endure drought with uncommon impunity. Still, rain came only just in the nick

of time to prevent the destruction of the fairest promises, and on the lightest soils it came scarcely soon enough. But since the middle of June, we have had an alternation of rain and sunshine that has rapidly increased the growth of straw and the maturing of the ears, so that at the present moment the prospects of a good general harvest are better than they were at any earlier period of the year.

The wheat crop, as a whole, is rather thin on the ground, especially that planted in the autumn and winter, which did not come up well, on account of the excessively wet weather of the winter. The plants tillered well during the dry spring and early summer, and seemed to cover the ground fairly; but when they ran up into stem, ugly gaps became once more visible, and the severity of the drought above referred to prevented them from bulking-out to the full extent, though it kept them healthy and stiffened the straw. An unusually large area of spring wheat was sown, to make up partially for the short acrerage of the winter sorts, and this has done remarkably well in most districts. Since the showery weather set in, all the wheats have improved in appearance; and if there are few very stout pieces, there are fewer still that are very light, and scarcely any failures. The ears are of good average size, and look like being well filled, so that probably the crop will yield abundantly in proportion to straw. In short, the wheat crop as a rule is what may be termed a fair one, and may come up to an average, if the weather should remain favourable up to and through harvest. It is in hot and rather dry seasons that we get the best crops of wheat, as such weather suits the prevailing heavy soils of this country, on which the bulk of the wheat is grown. Although there will not be an average growth of straw, then, it is not unreasonable to expect an average, or nearly an average, yield of grain, of more than ordinary quality.

Spring corn and pulse have had fewer trials than the wheat crop, and they promise to produce abundantly. Barley and oats almost everywhere look well, except on some of the lightest of soils and poor and wet clays. Beans, though very short before the rain came, blossomed abundantly, and have lately grown with great rapidity; while peas are generally strong and healthy. The root crops, which were seriously endangered by the drought, have now fully recovered, being for the most part thick enough, and full of vigorous growth. Potatoes are luxuriant, the only fear about them being that they will grow too much to top, and get diseased, if we have much more rain. As for hops, the gardens of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Worcestershire are a sight to see. They have never looked better, and it is many years since they have presented so splendid an appearance. Hop-growing is the most risky of all the departments of farming, and until the hops are actually matured, it is impossible to feel confident of a good crop. Present appearances, however, point to such a large return as will go far to indemnify growers for their recent heavy losses. As there are scarcely any old hops in the world, prices cannot be low this year.

The early hay crop was a very light one on the pastures, though clovers yielded a fair cut. The frequent rains have rendered haymaking precarious; but there has been so much sunshine between the showers that very little hay has been badly injured. Late pastures now promise to produce an abundant crop. The fruit crops vary greatly. Every one knows that strawberries are abundant, and English cherries rather scarce. Apples will be the great crop of the season, the trees being better covered than they have been for several years. Pears are rather scarce in most orchards, though fairly plentiful in others. Currants are about up to average in produce, while gooseberries have been less abundant than usual. Stone fruit is a failure, as the trees appear not to have recovered from the destructive effects of the wind-frost of last year's spring.

On the Continent of Europe, as a whole, crop prospects are similar to our own, and a fair general Harvest is now fully expected. In the United States, the winter-wheat crop is not up to the mark, although the July official Report denotes a slight improvement. Spring wheat is better, but the acreage of that variety is small in comparison, so that a much smaller wheat production than that of last year is now certain. The area, too, is diminished, the estimate being that there are half-a-million acres less than the area of last year's crop. It seems to have been generally assumed that the acreage devoted to wheat-growing in the United States was a continuously-increasing quantity. That, however, is quite an error, as the June Report of the Washington Department of Agriculture shows. The area under wheat was 35,430,333 acres in 1879, 37,986,717 acres in 1880, 37,709,020 acres in 1881, and 36,067,194 in 1882. This year it is estimated that the area under winter wheat is a million acres short of last year's area, while there is an excess of about half a million acres of spring wheat, the net result being half a million acres short of last year's crop, as above intimated. The reason of this decrease is, no doubt, the low price of wheat which has prevailed during the last few years. In the Eastern and Middle States, farmers find that they cannot compete with the western and north-western farmers in wheat-growing, and it is the same in some of the old-settled districts of Canada. The time has not come for a close estimate of the American wheat surplus; but it will certainly be much smaller than that of last year. There is no reason, however, to fear any inconvenient rise in the price of wheat, as our supplies from India are now very large, while Russia has almost reached her old position as a source of wheat supply for us. For the sake of the farmer, as well as consumer, it is to be hoped that the prices of English wheat will not be depreciated, as they have been during the last two seasons, by means of wet weather at harvest-time. It would, indeed, be a sad disappointment, if anything should occur to spoil one of the brightest prospects of a golden harvest that has been presented to us for many years.

THE VERDICT ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE decision of the Channel Tunnel Committee is more satisfactory than it may appear, when the numbers on each side are first looked at. That the scheme should be rejected by only a majority of two votes in a Committee of ten will, of course, be alleged to show that, on the propriety of joining England to France by a Tunnel the opinions of competent authorities are pretty fairly balanced, and in ordinary cases this would certainly be a reason for allowing the experiment to be tried. The commercial victories of England would never have been won, if Englishmen had entered upon no new enterprise until its success had been placed apparently beyond all doubt. But the contention of the opponents of the Channel Tunnel has all along been that this is not an ordinary case. The risks and the gains are not *in pari materia*; consequently, they cannot properly be weighed against one another. A man may play high, and yet not be willing to stake the home in which his family has lived for centuries; he may have a taste for hazardous speculations, and yet stop short of the point at which failure means the loss of honour, as well as of fortune. The risks of the Channel Tunnel are precisely of this exceptional character. They may be as small as you please, but they are of a kind which ought not to be provoked, no matter what may be the force of the considerations on the other side. Unfortunately, this distinction was not made plain enough in the reference under which the Joint Committee was appointed. They were instructed to investigate the whole subject, and the result was that a great part of their labours dealt with questions which ought to have been treated as beside the mark at that stage of the inquiry. The advocates of the scheme have thus been enabled to obscure the real character of the controversy. They have met objections founded on the loss of military security by arguments drawn from the increase of international trade, and with four members of the Committee this ruse has been successful. By rights, its employment ought to have been made impossible beforehand.

Englishmen do not want a Committee of both Houses to tell them that the nation's life is more precious than the nation's pocket. What they want is to be assured as to the validity of the plea that the opening of a tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover would involve no danger to the nation's life. To our minds, this point had long ago been settled. The evidence of the military experts who had been examined before the Committee which had already gone into the question seemed to us conclusive. Indeed, the matter in dispute was so simple, that it hardly wanted the evidence of a military expert to determine it. It was possible, however, that there might be some to whom the military objection might not seem to settle the matter, unless they knew that it had approved itself to civilians as well as to soldiers; and on this ground we welcomed the appointment of the Joint Committee. But as soon as they began to take evidence, it was plain that the inquiry was going on wrong lines. The Military question ought to have been disposed of before any witnesses were called to speak

to the Commercial question. If a majority of the Committee had reported that the military objection was purely imaginary, then would have been the time to consider what the Tunnel would do for Trade. As it was, Englishmen seemed to be asking one another at what price they would consent to sell their skins. They were brought down to the level of the Chinaman who will suffer death in your stead, if you only pay him highly enough. It is under the influence probably of this error, that the minority of the Committee have arrived at their conclusion in favour of the Tunnel. They have weighed the commercial gain against the military loss, and they have decided that while the military loss is uncertain, the commercial gain is assured. For argument's sake, we are quite ready to make them this concession. We will give the go-by to every objection founded on merely material difficulties, and admit that the business value of the Tunnel is in all respects as great as some highly-competent authorities have reckoned it. But when all this has been done, we are as far as ever from an agreement with the minority of the Committee. We come back to the objection with which we started. The risks and the gains are not *in pari materia*. We are asked to set the certainty of great riches for nine years against the chance of invasion in the tenth, and the answer is that no conceivable increase of wealth, whether it went on for nine years or for ninety-nine, would be worth weighing against even a small diminution of the unique security against invasion which we at present enjoy.

The mischief of too wide an order of reference has been shown in another way. The majority of the Committee—six members out of ten—have agreed that the scheme ought not to be proceeded with. But they have agreed in nothing else. When they came to assign reasons for their belief, they found that they had to make separate reports, because not one of them could entirely accept the reasonings which had brought the others to the same conclusion. It is the intrusion, no doubt, of the commercial element into the controversy that has had this effect. All the six reports, when they are presented, will be found, we imagine, to recognise the force of the military objection, but some of them will be disposed to lay most stress on the commercial objection. It is always tempting to fight an enemy on his own ground, and a member of the Committee who felt sure that he could demolish the financial calculations of the promoters, and prove that the project was lacking in the first element of commercial promise, would naturally be inclined to lay most stress on this view of the case. He would be wrong in so doing, because he would be exchanging a position which is impregnable for a position which at best is only a strong one. But we understand the force of the temptation, and so regret all the more that it should ever have been offered. It now rests with Ministers to put the crooked straight, by taking up next Session an attitude of unmistakeable hostility to the Tunnel. They have got the leverage they wanted as against the French Government, in the Report of a Committee of both Houses condemning the project, and they have only to use this leverage properly, to put an end to the plan for good and all. Even if only a minority of the Joint Committee had reported against the Tunnel, we should have said that in a matter which on one theory involves so serious a blow to the national security, and by consequence so serious a diminution in our tranquillity at home and our credit abroad, no further steps should be taken, unless public opinion was virtually unanimous in rejecting that theory as unfounded. Fortunately, however, the majority is the other way, and it only wants a little plainness of speech on the part of the Government to dismiss the Channel Tunnel to the oblivion which must always be its portion among rational Englishmen.

DR. MAUDSLEY ON PERSONAL AND SOCIAL DEGENERATION.

THE Materialists are very confident that they base themselves on facts, while they charge the believers in spirit in basing themselves on mere dreams. We are far from denying that they base themselves on facts; on the contrary, we cordially admit that they do so, and on facts which it is often most wholesome for those who hold with us to be forced to take to heart, and not allow themselves to forget. But what we maintain, on the other hand, is, first, that they select their principal facts most arbitrarily; and then, that they often invent other facts in harmony with them, which are pure fancies, even when they are not positive fictions. Thus in the able and dogmatic book on "Body and Will" which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. have just published for Dr. Maudsley, that vigorous physician, after arguing that life results from the evolution of solar heat, and that that source of life must eventually dwindle, draws a most powerful and hideous picture of the mode in which the gradual dwindling of vitality will show itself in the race,—a picture which gathers all its force from his minute and elaborate study of the phenomena of mental disease. He knows all about the process. "Once the dissolution of things has got full start and way, it will be vastly quicker than the evolution has been; for the degenerate products of social disintegration will not fail, like morbid elements in the physiological organism, or like the poisonous products of its own putrefaction, to act as powerful disintegrants, and to hasten by their anti-social energies the downward course. Not that humanity will retrograde quickly through the exact stages of its former slow and tedious progress, as every child now grows quickly forward through them; it will not, in fact, reproduce savages with the simple mental qualities of children, but new and degenerate varieties, with special repulsive characters,—savages of a decomposing civilisation, as we might call them,—who will be ten times more vicious and noxious, and infinitely less capable of improvement, than the savages of a primitive barbarism; social disintegrants of the worst kind, because bred of the corruption of the best organic developments, with natures and properties virulently anti-social." And Dr. Maudsley goes on to illustrate this by descanting on the modern evidence of the degeneration of sound sentiment into what he calls egoistic hyperæsthesia,—"howling displays of self-consciousness that are shown now-a-days with respect to the event and the circumstances of death." This "modern incontinence of emotion" Dr. Maudsley contrasts with "the calm, chaste, and manly simplicity of Homer, as we observe it, for example, in his description of the death of Achilles." As we had never heard that Homer had described the death of Achilles, though he gives us a picture of the dissatisfaction of Achilles with the world of Shades, we turned to Dr. Maudsley's quotation with interest, and found in it one of a series of very beautiful modern poems by the Rev. O. Ogle, one indeed which appeared in these columns nearly two years ago, the only fault of which, if it has a fault, is that, like other poems of the same series, it puts modern states of feeling into the mouth of an antique hero. In truth, Homer, when he deals with such subjects, actually does describe an "incontinence of emotion," as Dr. Maudsley would call it, far in advance of the modern sentiment which Dr. Maudsley condemns. Hector himself entreats Achilles to spare his corpse the last indignities in language which a modern warrior would not deign to use; while the wailing which is raised for Hector is wailing such as Dr. Maudsley would denounce, in the most elaborate medical terms, as the hyperæsthesia of sentimentality. Dr. Maudsley has fallen into a very curious pit of his own digging, in his eagerness to show that the disintegration of what he regards as the purely composite personality of man has already commenced in modern society, and that we may even now see the beginning of the end. He has paid a very high compliment to Mr. Ogle, by gravely mistaking him for Homer; and has imagined for himself in the early world a calm which is much commoner now, while he has attributed to the modern world transports of grief more characteristic of the childhood of society than of the present day.

This blunder of Dr. Maudsley's is, of course, only a blunder in the selection of an illustration. But it is, we think, itself an illustration of the fixed prepossessions and prejudices under which he writes. It is not easy to turn a page of his vigorous book without finding an assumption of the most questionable and absolutely unverifiable kind treated with respect, if it happens to be in keeping with his own materialistic convictions; while all assumptions resting on the opposite view, though there may be really a good deal more to be said for them, are treated with profound contempt. For example, in one place we find Dr. Maudsley suggesting that the sudden change sometimes observable from profound depression to cheerfulness in patients with unhealthy brains, may, perhaps, be due to the sudden removal of some "polar displacement" in the "cerebral molecules." He tells us honestly enough that this supposition is wholly "fanciful," but he goes on to argue for it all the same, as "according with the singularly sudden and complete way in which the whole trouble" [of a melancholic patient] "vanishes sometimes,"

—which is only another way of saying that as you have a sudden effect you ought to discover a sudden cause, and that the sudden removal of a polar displacement might be such a cause. Yes, and so might the sudden removal of a malign spiritual influence. Dr. Maudsley is extremely contemptuous in speaking of such a hypothetic cause as that, and no one will say that it is a scientific one. But is it not just as scientific as the suggestion of a polar displacement of which we know nothing, by causes of which we know nothing, and affecting cerebral molecules of which we know nothing? We do know what a malign spiritual influence means, most of us having had experience of it. But of the polar displacement of cerebral molecules we have had no experience, and if we had, that would be no true cause of the phenomenon, unless we could find out what caused the "polar displacement," and what caused its cessation.

It is the same with the whole theory of social degeneration. Even granting Dr. Maudsley his solar hypothesis as to the true fountain of vitality, he assumes that the necessary result of diminishing vitality will be such a morbid degeneration of the human will, as he has been accustomed to observe in the case of mental disease. But since we have in the case of every aged person the unquestionable phenomena proper to a dwindling stock of physical vitality, if Dr. Maudsley's theory were true that "in the will is contained character,—not character of mind only, as commonly understood, but the character of every organ of the body the consentient functions of which enter into the full expression of individuality,"—we ought to find the signs of degenerating will in every aged person, no less than in a society fed by insufficient solar heat; and we ought to find these phenomena abundant in exact proportion to the decay of these physical powers. And as we understand him, Dr. Maudsley asserts that that is so, for we find him dilating thus on old age:—

"Among these effects [the effects of old age] are the extinction of the ideal in a contracted egoism; an almost entire absorption in the present and its pursuits, or at any rate, a very small regard to the future, especially that great future which is so near at hand; a life in sensations and habits; obtuse or cynical indifference to the opinion of contemporaries or of posterity, if the natural vanity of a vain character has not grown to excess in the decaying soil of senility; oftentimes an intensely persistent grasp of what was possessed, and an obstinate desire to be what he has been, attesting the self-conservative struggle of failing vitality to hold that which threatens to slip from it; decay of all enthusiasms and of the finer moral sensibilities; incapacity to feel real sympathy with the joys and sorrows of others, or, indeed, to feel deeply any sorrow; overmuch deliberation in endless repetitions, without executive energy to resolve and accomplish; no expansive desire or hope to propagate an esteemed name amongst living kind or through the ages, the desire, if any, being a joyless habit."

We can only say that if that is Dr. Maudsley's general estimate of old age—old age studied, not in lunatic asylums, but in the quiet homes of those whose working lives have been noble and pure—Dr. Maudsley has not eyes to see, and cannot be taken seriously as a psychologist at all, so full is he of the psychological prepossessions which he has derived from the study of mental disease. Nor, indeed, is he in this sketch of old age quite consistent with himself, for how can he reconcile the "intensely persistent grasp" of what was possessed which he attributes to old age,—and rightly enough to the old age of selfishness, most absurdly to the old age of generosity,—with the absence of all "executive energy to resolve and accomplish" which he also attributes to it? A "persistent grasp" implies a strong resolve to retain, so that resolution in some shape is here attributed to old age and denied to it almost in the same breath.

But Dr. Maudsley's main drift in all this bitter criticism of old age, is to prove that in relation to the social degeneration which he predicts, "the disintegrating process may be expected to take effect first on the highest products of evolution," and we understand this picture to be an attempt to show that in individuals at least the disintegrating process does begin in the highest functions of the mind. We maintain, on the contrary, that just the reverse is true,—that where once the conscience and disinterested affections are enthroned and steadily served through life, the law is that they continue in command to the very last—long after the sensations and even the mere sensibilities are decayed—and attest the falsehood of the theory that the personality is a mere compound of the various functions of the body and brain. We do not complain of Dr. Maudsley for holding this, though we do not know what it means, or how any amount of composition of different parts could ever give rise to an *ego* at all. But we do complain of him for ignoring so many of the facts which go against his theory, and for giving us this strange travestie of old age as the prelude to his speculation that a similar degeneration may be expected in man himself, so soon as the stock of vitality poured down upon the earth shall run low. What old age, in its normal form, appears to us to prove is that while sensibility dwindles, the guiding aims of life—whether these be high or low—deepen, and discriminate the true self in clearer and clearer lines. It is simply not true that the disintegrating process begins in the higher centres of life; and the assertion that it is so, is justified only by the phenomena of disease, not by the phenomena of normal decay. It is as little true, indeed, as it is that the modern poet who has painted for us the calm of Achilles in death, was justified in doing so by any historical evidence that Homer's generation lamented less over such tragedies than our own. So far as we can judge, even if the physical degeneration of the earth under the loss of solar heat be as sure as some astronomers regard it, and as Dr. Maudsley seems to believe, the last and austerest portion of man's career on the planet would probably elicit at once the highest order of virtues and the most odious vices, and present greater characters, contending with their fullest strength against a worse class of antagonists, than any previous epoch. The degeneration would not begin at the highest point, but leave the highest point visible to the last.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF INVISIBILITY.

TWO years ago, when writing of the murder of Mr. Gold, the retired baker, by Lefroy, we discussed some of the difficulties of suddenly becoming invisible. They are very great when the person accused is seriously sought by the police, and when he is accused of an offence, such as a murder dangerous to society, or a great forgery, which foreign States are heartily willing to assist in punishing. We suggested then that the only place where a man like Lefroy, without much money, and aware that the police were in earnest, would attempt to hide himself, was a quiet neighbourhood in London, say Stratford, where no one is watched, where all houses and people seem alike, and where the majority of the population is much too hard-worked to be inquisitive. This suggestion turned out to be almost exactly correct, Lefroy having walked to Stepney, taken lodgings at the house of a decent widow, professed himself an engraver, and become as lost to the police as if he had descended into the earth. They had not an idea of his whereabouts. But that he needed money, and wrote to a friend for it, he would never have been captured, and in a month or two might have gone away quietly to the United States or an Australian colony, where he would never have been recognised. The "difficulties of invisibility" in the way of James Carey, the Irish informer, are much greater, and seem for a time fairly to have perplexed the authorities in Dublin, who, however, aware as they are of the feeling in Ireland itself and of the strength of the Secret Societies, may possibly exaggerate them. The regular course with such a man, to employ him in the prisons, seems not to have been open, probably from some reluctance on the part of Carey himself; while the pursuit would, for some time at least, be keener than that for almost any criminal. It is not, of course, true that Carey is in danger from any Irishman he meets, for the number of Irishmen who would attack him merely out of hatred for his conduct, and so bring themselves within the grasp of the criminal law, is probably small. But there can be little doubt that the Irish Secret Societies would make a great effort to secure vengeance on Carey, that foreign Secret Societies would sympathise with and help them, and that vast numbers of Irishmen, probably a large majority, would very willingly make known his whereabouts to his enemies. The man is not exactly hunted by a race, but he is so disliked by a race that they would rather the dogs found him than not; and that is a serious position. The Government were not, of course, bound to protect him all his life; but they were bound to give him a fair start, and the difficulty was to find a place where he would not instantly be attacked. We rather think, in spite of a wide-spread belief in Dublin to the contrary, that the conditions of the problem precluded the choice of London as a refuge. London, at first sight, seems able to swallow up anybody; it is not a distinctively Irish city; and the police, of course, would baffle rather than assist any inquirers. Still, London would be a dangerous place for Carey, in spite of his immovable nerve. His face is as well known as the Queen's, and is a most difficult one to disguise; his tongue would at once proclaim him Irish; the Irish are about every-

where, though not as numerous as in Liverpool or Glasgow; and there is no class of the population which, if suspicion were once aroused, would endure him quietly in their midst. The anti-informer feeling is not strong here, but Carey's evidence showed him a person who would be avoided, watched, and talked of in a way which would point him out; and once pointed out, he would be an immediate mark for his pursuers, who in London would be both numerous and deadly. He could not be safe even in Stepney, more especially if his family were with him. A man, once convinced of danger, can keep up a disguise very sedulously, and his wife may be more secret than himself; but the children do not feel the necessity equally, and the fact of altered name is certain to ooze out. London, for such a man, would hardly be safer than an English country town, where the curiosity about strangers and the desire for any relief from the monotony of daily life make concealment nearly impossible. It would be necessary for a man so acutely disliked by a whole people, and that a people completely intermixed with the English, to leave England, and the problem would be to find the place where the hatred of Irishmen and of the Revolutionary Societies would be least to be dreaded.

No foreign city would do. The Englishman or Irishman wanting to disappear usually makes a mistake in going on the Continent. He is always visible, always separate, always an object of curiosity to his neighbours and the police. He is soon discovered to be a man who thinks himself hunted, and though if he assigns politics as a reason he may find friends, he will also find himself an object of special attention to the police, who in a case like Carey's have very little motive for secrecy. Once known or strongly suspected, he would be in as much danger in any European capital as in London, for the Invincibles would reach him just as easily, and the police would give him no special protection at all, except, perhaps, by "inviting" him to leave. Paris or Vienna would hide any native, but foreigners who seek those cities for refuge are generally detected, and though the police are not "after" Carey, the Revolutionists, who contrive to know a great deal, are. They would not, of course, easily find accomplices in assassinating, but they would find a good many ready to watch and to denounce him. Very desperate efforts to hide have been made in those cities by men who know them far better than Carey does, and have almost invariably failed. The Italian conspirators say their "traitors" never escape, if they stay in Europe; and though that is an exaggeration, there must be truth behind it, or the fear of breaking the bonds of Secret Societies would not be so intense as it notoriously is. There are not many Irish, it is true, in Stockholm or Copenhagen; but then also no Irishman could be lost in those capitals, and every stranger is a subject of observation. Carey, moreover, would want to live where men spoke English; and the Government, though it has been by no means lenient to him, giving him nothing save his pardon and insisting on obedience, would, we presume, pay some attention to his wishes as to a destination.

Where, then, would he be safe? America is clearly out of the question. Almost any one, however hunted, whom the people did not care about, might, we imagine, disappear in America into an impenetrable mist; but there are exceptions to that rule. The American police do find criminals when they choose, and we suspect that an Irishman "wanted" by the Irish community, who are everywhere within the Union, who all know each other, and who instantly recognise an Irishman, would find disappearance most difficult. He might succeed in hiding himself, but he might not; and if he did not, nothing could save him. The American Irish are more bitter than the English Irish against informers, they have larger resources, and they are accustomed to desperate methods of action against all whom they hate, and who are not protected by American feeling, which assuredly James Carey would not arouse. New York would be as unhealthy for Carey as Dublin, and San Francisco as Cork. So would be the Australian Colonies. They are full of Irish, who have paid keen attention to recent trials, who know Carey's face from photographs, and who, as in America, would recognise his tongue, and wonder why he did not seek their society. If any accident revealed his identity, he would be hunted, and would find as little sympathy or protection as in America. The safest place for Carey, in fact, is one where there is no mob ready or willing to act, where the Irish, if they exist, are of the better class, where the police is irresistibly strong, and where, therefore, if discovered, his only penalty would be avoidance. All these conditions exist in their completeness in the Indian cities, in Ceylon, and in the Mauritius, and exist there only. A European in Calcutta, or Bombay, or Colombo, not wanted by the police, and either willing to work or possessed, as Carey is supposed to be, of private means, could hardly be in personal danger from any one. The police would protect him, on application. Even if he were known to be living there, a pursuer would have the greatest difficulty in finding him, would have no sympathy from the population, and would be conscious that his own escape, if he attempted assassination, would be an enterprise of exceeding difficulty. No places are so difficult for Europeans to fly from as these cities. They are too visible in them, too much surrounded by native eyes, too much bound by a network of customary ways, any departure from which excites instant remark and suspicion. The total absence of a criminal class of Europeans hampers the fugitive, who, again, can be followed by the telegraph with the utmost ease and certainty, and can be arrested by the police at the port of arrival. In the Eastern cities, Carey would be as safe as the deadly hatred he has aroused will allow, and might betake himself easily enough to his proper trade, as a small builder and contractor. No one would watch him, unless he broke the local law, the community being entirely incurious; and for mob attacks, even if he were discovered, there are absolutely no materials. The natives would not care one straw what he had done, or why, and a collection of Europeans to hoot or assail him would only lead to a demonstration of the police, and, in fact, could hardly occur; while the Secret Societies would in six months lose all trace of him. They have agents in a good many places, but hardly in the Indian seaports, where Irishmen rarely live, and where Revolutionists are stifled by the apathetic atmosphere.

AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

AMONG the minor events that have recently come to pass on the Continent, none, perhaps, is more significant than the election, a few Sundays ago, of a new Consistory of the Protestant Church of Geneva. Two sets of candidates were in the field, the Conservative, or mildly orthodox, and the Liberal-Radical, or wildly heterodox. The election was by universal suffrage,—every Swiss citizen who chooses to inscribe himself as a Protestant, though he may never have entered a church in his life, having the right to vote,—and it resulted in the return of every one of the so-called Liberal candidates, to whom was accorded all the support that the Government were able to command. But the Genevan Consistory, the successors of the Venerable Company of Pastors who in olden times were almost supreme in Church and State, is now little more than an ornamental body; and the importance of the election consists in the fact that it marks another stage in the decadence of Swiss Protestantism, and confirms the conclusion, which has long been patent to local observers, that the Protestant Rome has become the most Free-thinking of European cities, and the Church founded by Calvin the least Christian of Churches.

Since 1874, three consistories have been chosen; in the first, as in the last, the Free-thinkers were successful; and, having regard to the drift of public opinion, it is probable that their triumph is final. During the late struggle, the Orthodox party stigmatised their opponents as Materialists, and the *Génevois*, the semi-official organ of the Council of State, in an article published on the eve of the election, frankly accepted the imputation. "Most people," it said, "happily *(fort heureusement)* trouble themselves very little with what the Church calls the salvation of souls. The first thought of every man of well-balanced mind is to make the best of this world. Aspirations after the infinite are confined to delicate natures and exceptional organisations. The mass of ordinary mortals know nothing of these. Among the multitude, religious belief is fast disappearing. Faith has had its time."

The *Génevois* is the mouthpiece of M. Carteret, President of the Council of State, Member of the National Assembly, the apostle of authoritative Radicalism, and one of the most remarkable of contemporary Swiss statesmen. He led the Kulturkampf against the Church of Rome, established the Liberal Catholic Church in its stead, and abolished tests and creeds in the Church of Geneva. In the contest with Rome, M. Carteret has failed as signally as his great exemplar, Bismarck, with whom he is fond of comparing himself. The Catholic Church was persecuted more ruthlessly in Republican Geneva than in Monarchic Prussia. Priests were

turned ont of their presbyteries, congregations out of their churches, by main force; members of religious Orders, even Sisterhoods who devoted themselves exclusively to the solace of the sick, were expelled from the Canton, their houses closed, and their property confiscated. But there were 30,000 Catholic laymen, whom it was impossible either to extirpate or expel. Their own zeal, as well as the sympathy of their co-religionists over the border, was kindled by the injustice to which they were exposed; money poured in on them from every side, new churches were built, and the Catholics of Geneva are now more numerous and powerful than at any time since the Reformation. To complete their triumph, Monseigneur Mermillod, who was expelled from the Confederation for refusal to conform to the laws of the Canton, has been allowed to return, and for the first time since the people rose against their prelate-princes, and made Calvin their master, there is a Bishop of Geneva. Wherever he goes, crowds flock to hear him; and a few Sundays ago, at Lausanne, he attracted a greater audience than Sarah Bernhardt herself. As for the Liberal Catholic, now called the Christian Catholic, Church, no failure could be more complete. The intolerant proceedings of the Government in its behalf alienated Catholics, without propitiating Protestants; any little vitality it once possessed departed with Père Hyacinthe; the churches are empty, the priests preach Sunday after Sunday to bare walls and vacant benches, and the Christian Catholic Church of Geneva could not survive for a day the withdrawal of subsidies of the State.

M. Carteret's reorganisation of the Protestant Establishment has borne more fruit than his disendowment of the Catholic Church. By a law adopted in 1874, creeds, tests, and the rite of ordination were abolished, and the sole qualification required for the office of pastor was declared to be the possession of a degree granted by the University of Geneva, or recognised by that body. The Consistory was deprived of all disciplinary functions, and the ordering of the services left to the discretion of the pastors, each of whom, in the words of the law, "is responsible for his preaching and teaching to himself alone." When the enactment containing those provisions was discussed in the Great Council, M. Carteret and his colleagues avowed that their object was the suppression of orthodoxy and the triumph of free thought, and as the law was subsequently sanctioned by the popular vote, there is no reason to suppose that they misrepresented the views of their fellow-citizens.

As pointed out at the time by James Fazy, both in the *Fédéraliste Suisse* and the Great Council, the reorganisation of the Church, though approved by the people, was in no sense a democratic measure. The pastors, it is true, are appointed by the suffrages of their flocks; but once appointed, they are amenable for their opinions to no authority whatever, and for their conduct to the State alone. While they hold their benefices theoretically for life, they may be deprived, without appeal, for any offence which it may please the Government to qualify as nonconformity to the law. As a matter of fact, there has been only one case of dismissal since the passing of the law, but the power exists, and is likely to prove as fatal to independence of character as other provisions of the enactment are proving to the interests of religion; for the result of throwing open the pastorate to all comers has been everything that James Fazy predicted, and probably more than M. Carteret expected. The older ministers still preserve some remnants of orthodoxy, but nearly every minister elected since 1874 is either an avowed agnostic or a declared opponent of Christianity. The Church is a chaos of doctrines; there are as many opinions as parishes; the old and the new pastors have nothing in common, not even a belief in God. The presence of a few orthodox ministers, instead of leavening the mass, serves only to intensify the evil. The city churches are supplied by a succession of ministers, some of whom preach a diluted Gospel, while others denounce all religion as superstition. That which one man builds up, another pulls down. The consequence is, that people are sinking into a condition of cynical indifferentism. They not only believe that there is no truth in religion; they doubt if there be truth in anything; look upon belief as the mark of an inferior understanding, and regard "religious manifestations" with as much horror as that with which their Puritan ancestors regarded the sacrifice of the Mass. A short time ago, a few enthusiasts, who ventured to tell them, in bad French, that they had souls to be saved, were expelled by the Government, after being stoned by the mob. Geneva prides itself on being a maker of ideas and the "head-piece" of the Confederation, and if we may judge by the gradual transformation of Swiss Protestantism into pure Rationalism (the Church of Basel has abolished baptism), and the recent displays of irreligious intolerance in various parts of Switzerland, the claim is not unfounded.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"MR. FREEMAN ON THE AMERICAN."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It is the custom in most quarters that an author should not review his reviewers. And in most quarters, it is a good custom. But in the columns of the *Spectator* the custom is different, and that is, doubtless, a good custom also. I, therefore, take advantage of local usage to say something about the review in your last number of my little book called "Some Impressions of the United States."

Your critic says that "his disagreement with me is no mere formal one, it results from a difference of stand-point." That sounds a little hard to a plain man. I will therefore not enlarge on any points which can be looked on as matters of opinion; nor will I stop to point out at length that the critic has made no attempt to give any account of the general contents of the book. I will keep myself wholly to those parts of his notice where he makes me say things which I certainly have not said, and where he makes me leave unsaid things which I certainly have said. First of all, the critic says:—

"Mr. Freeman remarks that the Americans now speak of 'Englishmen,' where they formerly spoke of 'Britisher,' and he seems to draw hope from the disuse of the contemptuous epithet that the Americans may yet come to call themselves Englishmen. This is one instance of how Mr. Freeman reads facts which must, we think, be differently interpreted."

What I really say (p. 27) is:—

"It is yet more to be noticed that throughout the contemporary records of the War of Independence, not only, as far as I have seen, is the word 'English' never contrasted with 'American,' but the name 'English' is never applied to the enemies against whom Washington and his fellows were striving. The word which is commonly used—which, as far as I have seen, is invariably used—is 'British.' This is just as it should be; the distinction between 'American' and 'British' marks the political and geographical severance between the English in Britain and the English in America, without shutting out either from their common right to the English name. . . . . The American no longer familiarly uses the word 'British' to denote the English of Britain. As long as he did so, his language was at least patient of the interpretation that he still looked on himself as an Englishman. He now habitually uses the words 'English,' 'Englishman,' in every possible relation, to denote the English of Britain, as distinguished from himself. That is, he gives up the English name as no longer belonging to him. Even if the change was made out of friendliness, I cannot look on it as a change for the better."

Here is nothing about "Britisher." I go on to say (p. 29):—

"It was acutely remarked to me by an American friend that it would be easy to use the adjective 'British,' according to the older usage, which I have said that I wished to see restored, but that a substantive was lacking. This is perfectly true. The only available substantive, 'Briton,' will not do. . . . . Yet the only alternative would seem to be the grotesque and rather ugly form, 'Britisher.' And I always told my American friends that I had rather be called a Britisher than an Englishman, if by calling me an Englishman they meant to imply that they were not Englishmen themselves."

It seems to me that I have here said the exact opposite to what the reviewer makes me say. If so, it is useless to discuss his elaborate comment on what he imagines me to have said. Only, at one point of the comment, he stops to make a very strange remark:—

"With the triumph of the North, the American may be said to have reached manhood; that is, just at the time when he first began to use the word 'national,' instead of 'Federal,' which usage Mr. Freeman is content to condemn as 'often inexact,' without trying to explain its origin."

In the pages in which I treat of this change of language (113-114), I cannot see the words "often inexact," which the reviewer puts into my mouth, and I certainly do attempt in those two pages, and in a good deal that goes before, to explain the origin of the change. A little way on the reviewer says:—

"Mr. Freeman remarks that 'the American "Justice of the Peace" holds a position very inferior to the position of his English brother,' and adds, 'so does the American sheriff.' This he explains by the fact that 'the one is a paid and the other an unpaid functionary.' Now, this fact, brought forward as an explanation, is a mere consequence of the form of society, and in itself explains nothing."

The word "functionary," though put in inverted commas, is

not in my book, and any one who turns to p. 99 of my book will see that I by no means speak of the difference between paid and unpaid as the only difference. The next thing is the oddest of all:—

"Had Mr. Freeman remembered that America was a democracy, he would not have been surprised, as he was, on finding that the murder of President Garfield was treated not as the murder of a President, but as the murder '"*simply* of one James Abram Garfield." The italics are ours.'"

Now I must confess that I am filled with yearning to set eyes on the man who thinks that I am likely to forget that the United States or any other democracy is a democracy. But will the reviewer be surprised to hear that I express no surprise as to the language of the indictment? I simply say (p. 96):—

"The indictment, it may be remarked, did not specify the murder of a President as differing at all from the murder of another man. The slain man was simply 'one James Abram Garfield, being in the peace of God and of the United States.'"

The fact is surely worth marking. I should be a little surprised if I lighted on "Αρατός τις, in an Achaian inscription, and I cannot help fancying that a Landammann of Uri might be spoken of a little differently.

The reviewer, again, in one place at least, treats as my own sayings, and comments on elaborately in that character, sayings which I distinctly say that I heard from other people:—

"The hire of hackney-carriages is in America very costly, for similar reasons. But no such considerations occur to Mr. Freeman, and his explanation of this latter fact is so characteristic as to be amusing. Inasmuch as in the Eastern States Irishmen are generally the drivers, he couples Paddy with the 'unreasonable cost,' and asks, with some heat,—'Why should transplanted Englishmen, or transplanted Dutchmen either, bow down their necks to this Irish bondage?' Now, one might hint that in the Western States the drivers are Americans, and the cost of hiring still more unreasonable, but nothing would lessen Mr. Freeman's dislike of all things Irish."

My real saying (p. 228) is,—

"At New York, I was told that the Irish were at the bottom of this also, as of most other things which either natives or strangers complain of. But why should transplanted Englishmen, or transplanted Dutchmen either, bow down their necks to this Irish bondage?"

It is quite possible that this explanation may have been "characteristic" of the New York gentleman who gave it to me; but the reviewer's amusement over it as characteristic of me is quite out of place. Moreover, I cannot find in my book that "dislike of all things Irish" which, it seems, is to be seen from the reviewer's stand-point. Surely, Home-rule comes among "things Irish," and in pp. 138-139 I speak out pretty plainly for that. But it is an undoubted fact that I was told, whether truly or falsely, that no attempt was made to make the New York cab-fares more reasonable, because the drivers were Irish, and because to meddle with the Irish vote would be dangerous.

It must, again, be this rather awkward stand-point of his from which the reviewer sees in my book, what I cannot see, a general "contempt for American scholarship." I certainly have marked the absence of scholarship in some quarters where I might have looked for it; but I surely do full justice to it where it is found. I must beg the reviewer to read pp. 183, 186, 194-198. As for "limitless expanse," "fabled springs," and the like, those are not matters of fact. There are some things which one does not "presume to understand."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Somerleaze, Wells, July 8th. EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[The reviewer of Mr. Freeman's book accepts the corrections which Mr. Freeman makes as regards the two first passages, and regrets that he misconceived Mr. Freeman's meaning. The enclosing of the word functionary in inverted commas was a *lapsus calami*. As regards the fourth passage, he is not surprised that Mr. Freeman, no doubt unwittingly, concedes the point at issue. In the fifth excerpt from his criticism the question to which attention is drawn was, the critic still believes, asked by Mr. Freeman himself. As to Mr. Freeman's "dislike of all things Irish," the critic begs to refer Mr. Freeman to pp. 137-141, inclusively, where such expressions occur as "the Irish element is, in the English lands on both sides of the ocean, a mischievous element." . . . . . "It is the worst, and perhaps the strongest, of the causes which help to give a bad name to American politics," "the baleful nature of Irish influence," &c. Further, the critic maintains that as no attempt is made in any one of a hundred American cities which might be named to make cab-fares reasonable, it cannot reasonably be alleged that the reason why no such attempt is made in New York, is that the drivers are generally Irish. As regards Mr. Freeman's "contempt for American scholarship," the critic bases his statement on what is said on pp. 182, 184, 185; but, it must be remembered, that in his criticism he says that he does "not altogether disagree with his [Mr. Freeman's] estimate of American scholars."—ED. *Spectator.*]

INDIAN AGRICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The writer of the notice (in your last issue) of Lieutenant Pogson's "Agriculture for India" may not be aware that there are one or more institutions in India for teaching agriculture, and that measures are being devised for extending the knowledge to the peasants. For ten years or more there has been a Government Model Farm in Madras, with a European staff, presided over by Mr. Robertson, a graduate, I believe, of the Agricultural College at Cirencester; an agricultural school has been more recently added to this farm, and students from other parts of India, as well as the Madras Presidency, avail themselves of it. These students will probably find employment under Zemindars, and teach, practically, the peasants working under them. In the beginning of last year I witnessed at the farm a trial, open to the public, of European, American, and Indian ploughs, which the Governor encouraged with his presence; many of the ploughs were handled by the students. I think it was intended to start institutions similar to the Madras one in Bombay and Bengal. I know that Mr. Robertson and his assistant, Mr. Benson, were deputed to several districts in Southern India, to go over the country, inspect the modes of cultivation, and suggest what appeared to be required, and that they have made most useful reports. I think that there has been an awakening of interest in some Zemindars. The Indian Government have thus made what appears a good beginning in improving the agriculture of the country, which will, it is hoped, be extended, as they see their way further.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F.

BOOKS.

THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE.*

"THE Golden Chersonese" is Miltonic for the Malay Peninsula, a region of whose interior we practically know not much more than was known when it received that poetical name, for more than half of its extent is unexplored. The very appellation we know it by is not an accurate indication of its condition, for though the area of the mainland is conjectured to be the same as that of Britain, the extent occupied by the Malays is about only half the size of Java. So enterprising a traveller as Miss Bird—if Mrs. Bishop will pardon us for still calling her so—with so marked a talent for description, could not fail to make a book of travel in this gorgeous tropical country instructive and interesting; but her letters on the Golden Chersonese do not form her best, or even her second-best book. We miss the spontaneousness of her works on the Rocky Mountains and Japan, and there is occasionally something exacting, fussy, and not quite good-humoured, in her tone in the present instance, suggestive of her being a little "spoilt," and taking the attentions of everybody all round, with the command of the utmost resources of "Government House" everywhere, too much for granted. These are the blemishes of the book, which abounds in merits, and is, after the author arrives at the Stadthaus, Malacca, then the residence of the late Lieutenant-Governor, Captain Shaw, very novel and interesting. With the letters which deal with Hong Kong, Canton, Saigon, and Singapore, the reader could readily dispense; there is nothing in them—not even the horrid description of the prisons and the execution-ground in Canton—that he has not read many times. M. de Beauvoir's travels in the same region are far more vivid and picturesque; indeed, Miss Bird fails this time to convey the stir and the strangeness of the scenes through which she passed. At Malacca she recovers her former ease and freshness, and her description of the delicious climate and the dreamy life there is fascinating:—

"Trees, trailers, fruits, smother the houses, and blossom and fruit all the year round; old leaves, young leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruit all appearing at once. The mercury rarely falls below 79°, or rises above 84°. The softest and least perceptible of land and sea breezes blow alternately at stated hours. The nights are very still. The days are a tepid dream. Since I arrived, not a leaf has stirred, not a bird has sung, the tides ebb and flow in listless and soundless

* *The Golden Chersonese, and the Way Thither.* By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). London: John Murray.

ripples. Far off, on the shallow sea, phantom ships hover and are gone, and on an indefinite horizon a blurred ocean blends with a blurred sky. On Mount Ophir, heavy cloud-masses lie always motionless. The still, heavy, fragrant nights pass with no other sounds than the aggressive hum of mosquitoes, and the challenge of the sentries. Nature is always busy in producing a rapidity and profusion of growth which would turn Malacca into a jungle, were it not for axe and billhook, but her work does not jar upon the general silence."

The author was deeply impressed by the indefiniteness, dreaminess, featurelessness, indolence, and silence of Malacca, and much surprised to find that it is to most intents and purposes a Chinese city. The Dutch have scarcely left a trace there, the Portuguese are a stagnant population hardly to be taken into account; the English, except so far as relates to the administration of government, are nowhere; the Yellow Man has absorbed the trade of the colony; there is not a resident British merchant in Malacca. The Chinese settle there; they do not merely make fortunes and return to the Flowery Land. They love Malacca, and take a pride in beautifying the place. They have fashioned their dwellings upon the model of those in Canton, but they do not conceal their wealth, as the rich Chinaman does at home; they glory in displaying it, under the security of British rule. They have fabulous riches in diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. They have introduced gambling and opium-smoking into Malacca, and, notwithstanding that slavery is prohibited, and slaves from the neighbouring States fly to the shelter of the British Flag, Miss Bird asserts that "there is reason to suppose that the numerous women in the households of the Chinese merchants are persons who have been purchased in China, and are actually held in bondage." The description of the forest drives, through miles of gigantic palms and pine-apple trees, and worlds of ferns and orchids, is fairly tantalising. It is almost pleasant, when the reader is roused to irresistible envy, to learn that "the mosquitos are awful." It seems to be very easy to overlook the Malays in their own peninsula; they are so much fewer, poorer, and less important than the Chinese. The Malays shun the town, and prefer a free life in the jungles, or on the mysterious rivers among the mangrove swamps. These *kampongs*, or small raised villages in the forest, are in perpetual twilight; the houses stand on a platform, and have a "gridiron" floor, which is doubly convenient, as it ensures ventilation, and all débris can be thrown through it, to be consumed in the nightly fire by which the mosquitos are smoked away. An odd member of the Malay domestic circle is a baboon, trained to climb the cocoa palms and throw down the nuts. The Malays in Malacca are remarkable for the taste and richness of their dress, and the profusion of jewels which they wear. They are, according to Captain Shaw — who liked them, and whom they liked — chaste, gentle, honest, hospitable people, but given to telling falsehoods, and of "honour" so sensitive that blood alone can wipe out some insults to it. They are firm, even fanatical Mohammedans, and the pilgrimage to Mecca is the great object of their ambition. The Malacca chapters are charming, with their wild-beast and thunderstorm stories, with their descriptions, which are like bits out of the *Arabian Nights*, of jewel-laden visitors to the Government Bungalow, gorgeous flower and colour glimpses, and pictorial history of the marriage of a Princess who might be Badroulboudoor herself; but Miss Bird does not linger long. She wants to get on to Sungei Ugong, a little State she (and we) had never previously heard of, and she starts, in a little steam launch, accompanied by Captain Shaw's daughters, under the protection of Mr. Hayward, the Superintendent of Police. A "runner" is sent on to prepare the Resident (the late Captain Murray), for such an unusual incursion into his territories, and Malacca is much exercised about the Lieutenant-Governor's trusting his girls in a region, unknown indeed, but credited with a population of tigers, crocodiles, rogue elephants, and savages. The charge of the young ladies seems to have been rather too much for Miss Bird's temper and patience; she is very cross with one of them for being ill, and with both of them for being tired, and the recollection of the hospitality of the Stadthaus and Government Bungalow is powerless to hinder her from describing the girls as an encumbrance to which she was not accustomed. Her kind and courteous host was spared receiving such a rebuke for his error in print, for Captain Shaw died almost suddenly a few weeks after Miss Bird—whose notions of reciprocity might be a little better balanced—had left Malacca, and was in full possession of the house of Mr. Low, the English Resident at Perak. Her description of "the wilds"—the voyage on the Liuggi River, the forest, the orchids, the animals (Miss Bird is given to the exaltation of monkeys and the depreciation of elephants), the palms, the people, the glorious confusion, the colour, and the sunshine—is admirable indeed, most admirable because the author does not admire it herself. "It is wonderful," she says; "no words could describe it, far less mine. Mr. Darwin says so truly that a visit to the tropics (and such tropics!) is like a visit to a new planet. This new wonder-world, so enchanting, tantalising, intoxicating, makes me despair, for I cannot make you see what I am seeing." The river journey is one of the gems of the book, with the description of the solemn, courteous, splendid Rajahs. *A propos* of the latter and their grand politeness, Miss Bird says:—

"That we are regarded as 'Infidel dogs,' together with all other unbelievers, always makes me feel shy with Mohammedans. Sometime ago, when Captain Shaw pressed on the Malays the impropriety of shooting Chinamen, as they were then in the habit of doing, the reply of one of them was,—'Why not shoot Chinamen, they have no religion?' and I have not the least doubt that the same is their profound conviction concerning ourselves."

There is a charming letter written from the British Residency at Klang, Selnângor, whither the author sailed from Malacca, and where she must have been happy, for she could say to the person whom she addressed, "You will not know where Klang is, and I think you won't find it in any atlas or encyclopædia." This remote capital of an unknown State is not a very pleasant place. All the enterprise in the interior is in the hands of Chinamen; the Malays and the Chinese are not on the best terms, and the Government is of a fussy, rather oppressive kind. The pleasantest picture in this part of the book (in which the author dwells upon the impassiveness of the Chinese) is the following one of a handsome, black monkey, a portion of the family circle at the Residency, whom Miss Bird believes to be the "agile gibbon," a creature so delicate that it has never yet survived a voyage to England:—

"It is a beautiful creature. It walks on its hind legs, with a curious, human walk, hanging its long arms down by its sides. It will walk quietly by your side, like another person. It has nice dark eyes, with well-formed lids like ours, a good nose, a human mouth with very white teeth, and a pleasant, cheery look when it smiles; but when the face is at rest, its expression is sad and wistful. It has very pretty fingers and finger-nails. It can climb anywhere and take long leaps. This morning, it went into a house where a cluster of bananas is hanging, leapt up to the roof, and in no time had peeled two, which it ate very neatly. It has not even a rudimentary tail. When it sits with its arms folded, it looks like a gentlemanly person in a close-fitting, fur suit."

Miss Bird's "real good time" at Klang was somewhat tempered by rumours of "rogues," and the actual sight of cobras. The police have an awful collection of snakes, dead and alive, and "they usually got three a day at the fort." Some good tiger stories enliven this part of the narrative, which flags a good deal about Pinang, but picks up satisfactorily at the "protected" State of Perak, the richest and most important, as well as one of the largest of the States of the peninsula. Miss Bird plunged deeply into the interior *en route*, by the aid of the elephant—the only animal for whom she has but few good words—and again we have a charming description of forest scenery and jungle life. Mr. Low was absent when Miss Bird arrived at the Residency, to find everything in perfect order for her reception, and the table set for three—clerks, she presumed—who would make their appearance in evening dress; but she soon found that her destined companions were a large and a small ape, the prime favourites of Mr. Low, who lives in a paradise of pets. In the society of the apes, Eblis and Mahmoud, of whose civilised ways she gives an astonishing account, the traveller passed several happy days, during which she made delightful expeditions into the jungle, mounted on the Royal elephant, ten feet high, that had been formerly the property of the deposed Sultan of Perak. When Mr. Low returned, his visitor could hardly see or hear him for the frantic joy with which the apes and the retriever welcomed their master. Of the Resident, his habits, his steady, hard work, pursued for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, with Eblis, "looking like his familiar spirit," at his side, and his guest, working at her separate table at the other end of the verandah, we have a very interesting and amusing picture. Our Resident at Perak is evidently the right man in the right place, as the following extract, the only one for which we have space, will show:—

"I think that work is his passion, and a change of work his sole recreation. He devotes himself to the promotion of the interests of the State, and his evident desire is to train the native Rajahs to rule the people equitably. He seems to grudge every dollar spent super-

fluously on the English establishment, and contents himself with this small and old-fashioned bungalow. In this once disaffected region he goes about unarmed, and in the daytime the sentries only carry canes. His manner is as quiet and unpretending as can possibly be, and he speaks to Malays as respectfully as to Europeans, neither lowering thereby his own dignity, nor theirs. Apparently, they have free access to him during all hours of daylight, and as I sit writing or reading a Malay shadow constantly falls across my paper, and a Malay glides up the steps and appears unannounced in the verandah, on which Mr. Low lays aside whatever he is doing, and quietly gives himself to the business in hand. The reigning prince, the Rajah Muda Yusuf, and Rajah Dris, are daily visitors; the former brings a troop of followers with him, and they remain outside, their red *sarongs* and picturesque attitudes as they lounge in the shade giving to the place that 'native' air which everywhere I love, at least where 'natives' are treated as I think they ought to be."

All that the author has to tell of Perak, its wild men, its wild beasts, its beautiful scenery, its Malay customs, is most interesting, and though the picture has its dark shades, it is a very hopeful one, especially as Mr. Low's scheme for the emancipation of all persons held in bondage, which will lead to the extinction of the curse of debt-slavery, is now under consideration.

BUT YET A WOMAN.*

This is a very taking book. The author, of whom we have only heard that he is a young American mathematician, has at least produced a story which tests his imaginative insight into the genius of a country very different from his own, and satisfies us that that insight is genuine. Several of the French characters are sketched in with a firm and delicate hand, and though the plot is hardly on a level with the dialogue, and seems to be rather mechanically pinned on to the group of characters sketched, than developed out of their relations to each other, the book is one which seems to promise a future to the man who has written it. It is, too, animated by a thoroughly pure taste, and shows a wide knowledge of that higher side of French character which has recently been too little represented in the literature concerned with French life and character. Whether the writer is or is not a Roman Catholic, we can hardly gather from the book. If not, he treats the Roman Catholic religion with a sympathy and respect which are rare in a Protestant writer, and which show that he identifies it with what there is that is noblest in France. In this we entirely concur. There is, no doubt, a limited amount of French Protestantism,—that, for instance represented by M. de Pressensé,—which is doing noble service in France. But, speaking generally, the best elements of French genius are still identified with devout Catholicism, and the ignoblest with the French scepticism and materialism. Mr. Sherburne Hardy, whatever his own convictions may be, perceives this, and has given us a most beautiful sketch of two or three genuine Catholics, and a very skilful though bitter sketch of one Romanising journalist, who, himself belonging by birth to the Legitimist party, is supposed to have done for that party all the good or all the evil service,—whichever you may call it,—that the late editor of the *Univers* did for the Ultramontane party in the Church. The mordant sketch of M. de Marzac is a set-off, as it were, against the admirable sketch of the good priest, Father Le Blanc, which is the best in the book. Take the following, as an illustration of the skill with which the priest's character is drawn. We should premise that he is not by any means a priest only,—hardly, perhaps, principally a priest, though he is a genuine priest, and full of the faith which he preaches, and loves to preach. Still, the artist and critic in him is usually more predominant than the priest. In the following conversation the priest sketches and criticises the character of Mr. Sherburne Hardy's heroine, Madame Milevski. He is in a railway-carriage with a young doctor, and they are on their way together to spend a week with M. Michel (Madame Milevski's brother), at Beauvais:—

"'Ah! there is a lake? Yes, we shall enjoy ourselves,' said Father Le Blanc, with evident satisfaction.—'We have a charming party.'—'You are an old friend of M. Michel's.'—'Yes, since he first came to Paris. That is saying much and little; much, because he is the most agreeable of friends; little, because he makes friends of every one.'—'That is an art few possess.'—'True. Only with M. Michel it is not an art at all. That art by which one never disputes the qualities which those about us pretend to possess, and, on the other hand, never asserts any for one's self, like other arts, requires calculation; and M. Michel has none. He fulfils its conditions without suspecting it.'—'Perhaps it is a family trait. I should think M. Michel's sister possessed the art also.'—'Madame Stéphanie? Oh, she is quite another person.'—'Yet she appears to make friends easily.'—'Yes, but in a different way. And, against what odds!' said Father Le Blanc, lifting up his eyes with an expressive gesture of his hands. 'For woman the art of pleasing is a kingdom for which all her sex are pretenders; and as for ours, with such a woman as Stéphanie Milevski, one is not content with friendship.'—'You have arraigned the whole world against her,' said Roger, laughing.—'Yet I take the world only as I find it. Women make friends like princes, by gaining thrones and dispensing favours. Only, more generous than princes, finally they surrender their thrones also.'—'And M. Milevski? I do not hear of him.'—'M. Milevski is dead. M. Michel's father married, late in life, a second time, in Russia. Of this marriage Stéphanie was the only child, and to M. Michel she has been much like a daughter. She was educated here in Paris under his supervision, after which she returned to Russia, to live with her mother on her estates near Kief.'—'And her mother is dead?'—'Also. But, before dying, she married Stéphanie to a Russian nobleman of the new school, who, shortly after, became compromised with the Emperor, and was exiled to Siberia.'—'Then madame has a title?'—'She had one, but it was forfeited on her husband's exile. It is said that the estates were also confiscated, and that madame was forbidden to reside in Russia. On receiving the Czar's orders, she drove alone, in the dead of winter, from Kief to St. Petersburg, with a single servant. Notwithstanding this defiance, she obtained an audience, and kept her estates. There is a story that the Czar gave her a cross set with diamonds, as a token of his good-will, and that she asked permission to have the cross changed to a dagger, "lest your majesty's clemency make me forget my husband," she said. The Count Milevski was already dead; he died on the journey to Siberia. But then, we cannot believe all that is said. Still,' added M. Le Blanc reflectively, 'I would believe many things of her. She puzzles me; and, for an old man, that is saying a good deal. The young look into women's eyes to see their own reflections; the old, to see the woman.'—'You make a very agreeable definition of age,' said Roger. 'Most men, in that classification, die young.'—Father Le Blanc laughed, which he did with his shoulders and trunk. As a laugh it was not infectious, but conveyed a sense of satisfaction. As Rénée said, 'When Father Le Blanc laughs, I feel happy myself.'—'Yes, she puzzles me,' he resumed. 'Now, with Mademoiselle Rénée it is different. She is like the brook at its source; one sees the bottom. But Stéphanie!' and he shook his head,—'it is the river; one sees the reflection of everything, but of what is beneath the surface, nothing—except that there is something.' Roger was not averse to giving M. Le Blanc the reins of the conversation; partly because he was interested, and partly because he was curious. 'She is certainly very beautiful.'—'Ah!' said the priest, holding up his hands, 'and what beauty! I am a bit of an artist, M. Lande; indeed, I was an artist before I was a priest. I will tell you why she is beautiful. Do you know?'—'I have not studied her,' said Roger.—'Well, do so. It will repay you. Her beauty is not faultless; that is, it is not absolutely regular,—not the *style magnifique*, as the Greeks have it. They knew what they were about, those Greeks, and gave such to the gods alone, and to certain of them only. Such beauty pleases the judgment; it is too correct for the heart. But of Madame Milevski, my friend, the judgment must beware. She does not please it; she destroys it,' he said, with a little shrug, 'for in her beauty is that factor of weakness and incompleteness which touches the heart.'—'She does not appear to know all this. At least, no one would suspect her of it.'—'Nonsense,' exclaimed Father Le Blanc. 'There is a spirit which whispers in the ear of every beautiful woman as she leaves Paradise. But, as you say, she does not appear to. Now, I will prove the contrary. Have you noticed her dress?'—'Hardly; except, possibly, that it was simple.'—'Exactly, but designedly so. It fulfils the condition of a perfect dress, which is only an accessory, having little value in itself, covering what it does not conceal, and calling attention to that which it embellishes. But, without beauty, such a style would be frightful! What are all the eccentricities of fashion but the devices to conceal and supplement nature? Madame Stéphanie flies in the face of all these follies; first, because she knows she can dare to; and second, because, like a king who has the air of one, she has the good-taste to dispense with her decorations.' At this instant the train emerged from the forest, disclosing the valley of the Seine. '*Ah! la belle France!*' cried Father Le Blanc."

That is a skilful passage, as it manages to give us a pretty clear glimpse of four of the principal characters of the story,—M. Michel, his niece Rénée, Madame Milevski, and Father Le Blanc,—and a hint or two as to a fifth, the young doctor, who is Father Le Blanc's companion. Nor do any of them,—except, perhaps, the heroine,—fail to satisfy the reader as their characters are more fully developed by events. In the sketch of M. Michel, the kindly and absent-minded student and scholar, who is so amiable to everybody that he has no room left for any special or personal attachment to anybody, Mr. Sherburne Hardy has painted a very pleasant picture of a somewhat pallid, though genial character. Father Le Blanc, the humorous old priest, who has so much of the artist left in him still, and who betrays, nevertheless, the kindly coarseness of a confessor to whom the evil and the good of the world have become so familiar that he has lost a good deal of the delicacy of his naturally fine insight, is a more powerful study still. The picture of the simpler heroine, Rénée, with her eager desire for something of the infinite in her life, and her subdued impatience of the calm affection of her uncle, is a very engaging one, and, on the whole, more successful, we think, though it aims at less, than the picture of the heroine

* *But Yet a Woman: a Novel.* By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. London: Macmillan and Co.

for whom the title of the book is meant, Madame Milevski, who, interesting as she is made, is not made very clear to us, and has, indeed, too much of complexity, restlessness, and ambition in her for the small space of canvas which Mr. Sherburne Hardy has devoted to her. To the hero, again, the young doctor, Mr. Sherburne Hardy has given hardly any care. We rather agree with M. Michel, when he passes judgment at the close, that Rénée was much too good for him. In truth, however, we hardly learn enough of him to find out whether she was too good for him, or not.

The remaining interest in the book is in the very severe but very profound analysis of the character of the self-seeking Legitimist journalist, M. de Marzac. We have not read a keener analysis of the self-deceptions of a thoroughly selfish character for many years back. How subtle, for instance, is the following!—

"The ceremonies terminated with a ball, at which M. de Marzac was, of course, present. As he drives away from the fête in his carriage, a conscience long since subdued, the very clank of whose fetters has become applause, sets his mind at peace with all the world. Once thoroughly mastered, there is no better slave; for none knows better the rough places that need smoothing and the sore spots that need balm. It was a pleasure in which he often indulged, to go on the witness-stand before this conscience, to play the criminal in order to be acquitted; and, on his way home, he amused himself with this game of solitaire. . . . . In the subjugation of conscience, M. de Marzac wore gloves and avoided brutality. His was the instinct of perversion, not of murder. Instead of slaying that inward monitor outright, he confronted it with expediency, and taught it to doubt its own dictates. He thus managed to preserve the fountain of fine emotions and noble sentiments, although the waters were soon contaminated and polluted."

"A conscience long since subdued, the very clank of whose fetters has become applause," is as fine an epigram as any this age has produced, and moreover, not one after the manner of this age. And wherever we meet with M. de Marzac, we meet with some little additional touch which increases the effect of this sketch. On the other hand, the story of which M. de Marzac is the hero is so entirely supplementary to the chief interest of this tale, and it is so difficult to make out the reason why Madame Milevski, who never felt the smallest regard for him, should have asked him to wait a year before she finally refused his suit, that we can hardly help smiling at the very inartificial connecting-link between the little bit of melodrama with which Mr. Sherburne Hardy embellishes his tale, and the characters with whom chiefly we are concerned.

What we have in this book is a series of delicate vignettes, clumsily bound together in a single novel, of which the chief plot passes outside the sphere of most of these characters, though it touches one or two of them here and there. What we really care about is the love of Roger and Réuée, the self-devotion of Stéphanie, and the intellectual malignity of M. de Marzac, the mild benignity of M. Michel, and the moral humour of Father Le Blanc. Yet the story turns on the early life of M. de Marzac, when he was nearly as self-confessed a villain as he is throughout the story a reputable villain. His assassination at the close cuts no knot, and forwards no interest. It is simply the retribution of a secret sin of his youth, and makes no difference to the fate of any one of the persons of the story except his own. Mr. Sherburne Hardy, however, is a writer of much promise, and we shall hope that his next story will be one as good in its plot as this is in its dialogue, and also not less excellent than this in dialogue.

THE CHURCH AND THE ORNAMENTS RUBRIC.*

The theory of this little volume is of the nature of an *argumentum ad hominem* against those who object to the Ridsdale judgment on the ground that it contradicts the previous and existing law of the Church, as expressed in the Ornaments Rubric. The author takes the bull boldly by the horns, and declares (1), that the Ornaments Rubric has ever been and still remains a purely Erastian document, imposed originally on a reluctant Church by the mere will of the Sovereign; (2), that the resistance of the Church to it was completely successful from the first; (3), that the voice of the Church finally prevailed in the Advertisements, which superseded and abolished once for all the requirements of the Ornaments Rubric. But we had better let Mr. Balme speak for himself:—

"The Ornaments Rubric was an *attempt* at legislation, *circa sacra*, by authority purely secular, steadfastly resisted by the Church. In it Queen Elizabeth, Tudor-like, tried to impose on the Church her own personal taste in matters of Ritual. Her subservient Parliament obeyed her behest, and passed the Statute of Uniformity, from which the Ornaments Rubric was a modification of one clause. But every Bishop who was present in the House of Lords voted against the Bill. That was the only opportunity which the authorities of the Church had of giving official judgment upon it. The Queen took care that the Prayer-book in which she had the Rubric inserted was never submitted to Convocation. But the mind of the Church was unmistakably expressed in act, or rather in passive resistance. *So far as evidence has been produced, not one parish priest ever conformed to it then, or for three hundred years afterwards.*"

The italics are Mr. Balme's; and he goes on to argue that the Advertisements expressed the mind of Church and State, making the surplice and cope the only legal vestments,—the former in parish churches, the latter in collegiate churches and cathedrals. Even if we granted all this, for the sake of argument—and we believe Mr. Balme to be totally mistaken—what about the last revision of the Prayer-book, in 1661, in which the Ornaments Rubric is re-enacted? Mr. Balme is not easily staggered, and he is ready with an answer to this objection. The revision of 1661, he tells us, rests on secular, not on ecclesiastical authority. Certainly we have hitherto believed that Convocation had both a voice and a hand in that revision, at least. But this is quite a mistake, according to Mr. Balme. The Southern Convocation had a hand in it, he admits, and he also admits that the Convocation of Canterbury was aided by a number of Bishops from the Northern Province, as well as by some proxies from the Lower House of the Northern Convocation. But these proxies, he argues, were not selected with all the proper formalities; and therefore the Ornaments Rubric of 1662 has no ecclesiastical authority: it is merely State law. Yet Mr. Balme professes to write as a strong opponent of Erastianism "Since the time of the Gorham judgment," he says, "I have been intensely anxious about encroachment by the State on the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church, to which I attach great importance." He is anxious accordingly to destroy the authority of the Ornaments Rubric, on the ground that it rests on a merely secular sanction, and to substitute for it the Advertisements, which, as he believes, can claim Church and State authority. He maintains that Mr. Green endured imprisonment, though he knew it not, in defence of the principle of Erastianism, and that the English Church Union is guilty of the same paradox by its support of Mr. Green and its vindication of the Ornaments Rubric.

We shall show presently that Mr. Balme has grievously misread and misunderstood his authorities. But the strange thing is that he does not see that if his theory were true, it would prove a great deal too much. If the Ornaments Rubric has no claim to ecclesiastical authority because the Lower House of the Convocation of York was not properly represented in the revision of 1661, the objection is equally fatal to the whole of the Prayer-book. Moreover, there is no pretence for claiming any Synodical authority for the Advertisements during the reign of Elizabeth. They were drawn up by Commissioners, appointed by authority of an Act of Parliament. So that if the Ornaments Rubric lacks Church authority, much more do the Advertisements,—at least, throughout the reign of Elizabeth. Nor can the subsequent references to them in various Canons invalidate this initial defect, any more than the reference to Jewell's "Apology," in the Thirtieth Canon, can invest that book with legal authority. Mr. Balme has, in fact, acted the part of the woodman who carelessly cut down the branch on which he was sitting.

But let us look at the principal arguments on which Mr. Balme builds his extraordinary theory. And let us begin with the revision of 1661. There is no question that the Convocations both of Canterbury and York received the royal licence, and were invited to revise the Prayer-book. There is no question that both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury did revise the Prayer-book; nor does Mr. Balme deny that the Bishops of the Northern Province delegated some of their number, including the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham, and the Bishop of Carlisle, to sit in London with the Southern Convocation, in order to save time. Nevertheless Mr. Balme denies that the Ornaments Rubric possesses ecclesiastical authority, because it was passed, in his belief, without having been submitted to the judgment of the Lower House of the Convocation of York. As we have said, the objection, if valid, would be equally fatal to the whole Prayer-book. It is not valid, however, for more reasons than one. The truth is that the rule of Christendom has been that canons and constitutions should be made in Synods consisting of the Archbishops of the Province and his Comprovincials. The

* *Is the Use of Vestments under the Ornaments Rubric Part of the Discipline which This Church of England has Received?* By E. B. Wheatley Balme, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1883.

co-ordinate power of the Presbyteriate in the two English Convocations is an innovation on ancient custom, and grew out of the right of the Lower Houses of Convocation to vote in the granting of subsidies, when the Clergy taxed themselves apart from Parliament. So that if it were true that the Lower House of the Northern Convocation had no opportunity of passing judgment on the Revised Prayer-book, this would not prove that it lacked Church authority, inasmuch as the Archbishop and his suffragans undoubtedly took part in the revision, and approved the result. But it is not true. The Lower House, to save time, appointed proxies (most of whom belonged to the Southern Province, and were already in London) to act for them; and they pledged themselves, under forfeiture of their goods, to abide by the votes of those proxies. When the revision was completed, the Upper and Lower Houses of the Southern Province subscribed the book separately; as did also the proxies of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Convocation of York. Here is the form of subscription signed by the proxies of the Lower House:—

"Nos etiam, universus Clerus inferioris Domus ejusdem Provinciae Ebor., synodice congregati, per nostros respective Procuratores, sufficienter et legitimo constituti dicto Libro Publicarum Precum, Administrationis Sacramentorum et Rituum, una cum Forma et Modo ordinandi et consecrandi Episcopos, Presbyteros, et Diaconos, unanimiter consensimus et subscripsimus, die et anno predictis [*i.e.*, December 20th, 1661]."

Yet Mr. Balme tells us that the Lower House of the Northern Convocation had no voice in the revision of the Prayer-book! Either from want of familiarity with his subject, or from carelessness, he has misunderstood his authorities. Nor is it by any means a solitary example, as we shall see presently. Meanwhile, let us say emphatically that no document was ever more amply ratified by ecclesiastical and civil sanction than the Prayer-book of 1661, including the Ornaments Rubric. Mr. Balme draws on his imagination when he asserts that the Canterbury Convocation of 1661 "retained the Rubric" in the sense expounded in the Ridsdale judgment. We have seen how absurd is his exclusion of the York Convocation from any responsibility for the revision. Equally absurd is the view that the Revisionists retained the Rubric while mentally reading into it a meaning directly contrary to its plain grammatical sense. Would it not have been more simple, as well as more honest, to substitute for the old Rubric one which should say plainly what the Revisionists are supposed by Mr. Balme to have meant? Assuming the honesty of the Revisionists, their retention of the Rubric in its present form can only be explained on the supposition of its expressing what they intended. But even if it were otherwise, it would not matter in the least. For it is a recognised rule of legal interpretation that the plain meaning of a statute—and the Ornaments Rubric is statute as well as ecclesiastical law—overrides any interpretation which is contrary to its plain meaning. That consideration alone is fatal to Mr. Balme's theory. But fallacies are hard to kill; so we had better expose one or two more of Mr. Balme's blunders.

"The Queen's own Rubric," he tells us, "was contradictory to the Queen's own Injunctions issued the same year, 1559. The thirtieth injunction, on apparel of ministers, '*both in the Church and without*,' commands that they shall use and wear such seemly habits, garments, and such square caps as were most commonly and orderly received in the latter yere of the raigne of King Edward the Sixth." Mr. Balme thinks that he has here made a great discovery, which he accentuates by the aid of italics and old-English characters. It is in fact the corner-stone of his theory. And what is the discovery? This, namely, that the injunction commanded the use of the vestments ordered by the Ornaments Rubric of Edward's Second Prayer-book, and thereby abrogated the Ornaments Rubric of 1559! In other words, Mr. Balme asks us to believe that, simultaneously with a rubric which ordered the use of all the vestments of Edward's First Prayer-book, Elizabeth issued an injunction forbidding them all except the surplice! So preposterous a conclusion requires strong evidence, and all the evidence which Mr. Balme gives us is the expression, "*both in the Church and without*," and the words, "in the latter yere of the raigne of King Edward the Sixth," which Mr. Balme prints in old-English characters. The simple truth is that Mr. Balme has again misunderstood the passage on which he comments. The injunction plainly refers to the ordinary dress of the clergy, not to their official vestments. The clergy, both before and after the Reformation, were prone to imitate the costume of the laity, and the authorities had the greatest difficulty in keeping them to the use of clerical dress. The Advertisements go into the question minutely. This, and this alone, is the meaning of Elizabeth's injunction. "Her Majesty," it says, "being desirous to have the prelacy and clergy of this realm to be had as well in outward reverence as otherwise regarded for the worthiness of their ministries, and thinking it necessary to have them known to the people in all places and assemblies, both in the Church and without, and thereby to receive the honour and estimation due to the special messengers and ministers of Almighty God," therefore she prescribes the use of the dress "commonly ordered and received in the latter year of the reign of King Edward VI.," and therefore not reasonably obnoxious to the charge of being Popish. And she wishes this dress to be worn "in all places and assemblies," in order that the clergy may be distinguished from the laity. Does Mr. Balme suppose that the Queen ordered the surplice to be worn "in all places and assemblies"? And does he think that "the prelacy and clergy" were more likely to be mistaken for laymen in copes or chasubles than in plain surplices? Mr. Balme's interpretation makes ludicrous nonsense of the injunction.

One more example of Mr. Balme's method of reasoning must suffice. He quotes an injunction of Archbishop Grindal's, which ordered in the year 1571 the destruction, among other Church ornaments, of all vestments, albes, tunicles, stoles, crosses, candlesticks. This is a clear proof to Mr. Balme's mind "that the vestments were unlawful in kind" after the issue of the Advertisements. But crosses and candlesticks are also mentioned. Does Mr. Balme believe that they, too, were made unlawful by the Advertisements? If he does, both law and usage are against him, If he does not, what is the value of his argument? Elsewhere he quotes Episcopal Injunctions, which doom chasubles, copes, crosses, candlesticks, and altar vestments to the same ruin. Yet altar vestments are unquestionably legal. This fast-and-loose method of reasoning is inadmissible, and it shows either a very illogical state of mind or a very superficial acquaintance with the subject under discussion. On the whole, we do not think that upholders of the Ridsdale judgment are to be congratulated on their latest champion.

IN THE LAND OF THE LION AND THE SUN.*

Though Persia is as yet but little visited by the modern tourist, it has been better described than probably any other land of the East, and this by both natives and foreigners who have made the country and the people the object of their study. Since the dawn of history, it is a land that has never ceased to be a centre of Eastern civilisation. Herodotus compiled the history of its kings, and Ctesias gave his experiences of Court life as physician to Artaxerxes Mnemon; a thousand years later, the Arab geographers, from Mukaddesi down to Yakut, minutely described the country and its products; and after the lapse of another thousand years, we have Tavernier and the copious tomes of Chardin, to be followed in our own century by Sir R. K. Porter and the author of the inimitable *Hadji Baba*. And those who have known the modern Persians and modern Persia, and have read some of the countless works which describe its condition in times of old, are astonished at the smallness of the change which Iran has suffered since the days when the Father of History penned his account of the halls of Darius and Xerxes. For the traveller of to-day, who camps on the platform at Persepolis, will be struck by the notable similarity in facial type between the peasant who brings him milk and the sculptured figure of the attendant on the Great King; and, bearing in mind the twenty-two centuries that have elapsed, this persistence will perhaps strike him more here than in Egypt, or Greece, or Rome, where the modern and the ancient are also seen thus standing side by side.

Dr. Wills' qualifications for writing a book about Persia are that he sojourned for fifteen years in the country, and studied the home-life of the people as only a physician can do in the closely-veiled East; acquiring, at the same time, an intimate knowledge of the colloquial dialects, which, though (unfortunately for philological science) unsupplemented by a study of the literary language, has enabled him to gain information at first hand from men of every rank and profession. Since the visit of the Shah to Europe many changes have taken place in Teheran, and, especially in the precincts of the Court, many of the characteristics of old Persian life and manners have been improved off the face of the earth; but happily for his readers,

* *In the Land of the Lion and the Sun; or, Modern Persia.* By C. J. Wills, M.D., &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

Dr. Wills was not the senior "medical officer of H.M.'s Telegraph Department in Persia," and hence it fell to his lot to spend most of his time either at the old capital of Ispahan, or at Hamadan in the west, or Shiraz in the south, where the life of the provinces is unaffected by Feringhee innovations, and where "as Persia was in Morier's time, so it is now; and though one sees plenty of decay, there is very little change."

Dr. Wills was fortunate in going out to Teheran with Colonel G——, his official chief, for a travelling companion, and he thus profited by the Colonel's knowledge of the road, being saved many of the hardships and much of the dearly-bought experience which are the lot of one ignorant of the language and the customs of the East. The account of the voyage out, *viâ* Constantinople, Tiflis, and Tebreez, will give many useful hints to any one who may project a tour in the further East, while to those who sit at home we may recommend the excellent receipt for coffee "*alla Turca*" which the reader will find detailed in the account of Stamboul. At this period, Dr. Wills' stay in Teheran was but short, and after a few weeks of rest he was ordered off to Hamadan, the head station of the telegraphic line connecting Bagdad and the Persian capital, which line was at that time in the hands of our Department. On reaching Hamadan, Dr. Wills proceeded to set up a modest establishment, bought horses, engaged servants, and learnt the true import of the Persian word *modakel* ("income"), an euphemistic expression for "pickings and stealings." Here the life was pleasant enough, sport—for Persia—was abundant, and we have a most interesting description of an antelope-hunt (with a Persian Prince for chief huntsman); and the delights of pigeon-flying are detailed, a pastime greatly in vogue among the Persians, who are bird-fanciers of no mean proficiency. In Hamadan, Dr. Wills first came into contact with the Armenians, among whom, subsequently, he was to live, at Julfa; and it is worthy of note that, unlike their countrymen at Teheran and Ispahan, "they have mostly adopted the Persian dress and language, Armenian being in disuse as a language among those living in Hamadan, and there being no distinctive mark by which one can tell them in either indoor or outdoor dress." Before leaving Hamadan, Dr. Wills, of course, visited the tomb of Esther and Mordecai, and on the road to Ispahan he describes the inscriptions and sculptures of Darius at Besitun; but, though interesting, there is little new in these matters, and we therefore pass on to our author's account of Ispahan, the capital of Persia when Teheran was still a village, and the Shah's ancestors but wandering tribesmen.

At Ispahan the European community do not live in the Moslem or old town, but in the Armenian quarter of Julfa, on the southern side of the Zendarud River, peopled entirely by Christians, whose drunken frolics are in odious contrast to the sobriety of their Mahommedan neighbours. In Julfa, the squabbles of the monks and the Missionaries, together with the brawls arising from the effects of strong liquors in a hot climate, prevent the place from becoming dull. All men drink, and a specimen story is that of Dr. Wills' cook, an aged Armenian, who had learnt some English; on a Sunday night this worthy was wont to say to his master,—"Dinner finished, Sir; if you no orders, I go get drunk with my priest." Needless to add that they both did get drunk, and that it was at the cook's expense. The educational work done in the school maintained here by the Church Missionary Society is certainly excellent; some hundred and twenty Armenian boys are educated, and the Church of England has in Julfa over two hundred communicants, but as many of these latter benefit directly or indirectly, or are merely *temporary* Protestants to annoy their relatives and to obtain protection, the result of the whole thing cannot be considered a success as yet, for in eleven years not a single Mahommedan convert has been obtained.

Dr. Wills' account of life in Persia is certainly most interesting, and those who may read his book in order to profit by his experiences will learn how (like Robinson Crusoe) he built himself a house in Ispahan, and how he and a descendant of the Prophet (the latter *sub rosâ*) made excellent wine in Shiraz. But his charming house in Ispahan he was unable to enjoy for very long, on account of ill-health, and this brought him home *viâ* the Caspian Sea and Russia. On his journey out he chose a new route, coming post from Trebizond, *viâ* Erzeroom to Teheran; the voyage was as uneventful as travelling in the East often is, and the only detail that need be noted is that at Erzeroom he heard, on the authority of "Mr. B——, the Chancellier," "that the Erzeroomis are so sharp, that there are no Jews" in the place.

On arriving at Teheran, Dr. Wills was immediately sent down country to Shiraz, the city of Hafiz and Saadi, which, lying embowered in meadows and gardens of cypresses, presents a strong contrast to most other Persian towns. Here,—

"One soon finds out that one has reached another country. Instead of the thrift of the Ispahani, and his mortified look—his dress made purely for comfort and economy, and his donkey or ambling pony—the Shirazi smiling, joking, singing, clad, if he can by any means attain it, in gayest-coloured silk, the turban frequently discarded, even among the aged, for the jaunty hat of finest cloth or lamb-skin, the well-dyed and kept moustaches, and the long love-locks, with the hat of the smallest size and latest mode cocked with a knowing air among the beaux; the universal pistols at the holsters, the well-appointed and gay horse trappings, and the well-bred, well-fed, well-groomed horses, all with some breed in them, like their riders. These men are a different race from the more Northern Persian,—there is little fanaticism, and some religion."

For a description of Shiraz and its lovely gardens, of our author's visit to Fussa, where he shut up a Khan in a coal-cupboard, for an account of how before his very eyes a scorpion voluntarily stung itself to death when surrounded by a ring of live coals, for a description of the Persian famine and its dire effects, for the story how when on a professional visit the Doctor was captured by brigands, and the ultimate fate of these poor wretches, for these and innumerable other details of Persian life, manners, and customs, we must refer our readers to the book itself, and not, as our Shirazi friends would say, "skim the cream from the pot of expectation." But since it may be prophesied that this book will become a standard work for those about to visit Persia, we must here point out some few errors into which Dr. Wills has inadvertently fallen. Would that he had studied a little more book-Persian during his long leisure afternoons in the hot summer weather, and he might have written an account of Iran as complete as that of *The Modern Egyptians*, by Edward Lane.

Of Persian words, it should be said that a glossary is added, "having the transliteration of the Oriental scholar Johnson affixed in parentheses;" so far so good, but why does Dr. Wills very properly on p. 217 write, "Yezd-i-khast or Yzed-khast," and then on the very next page call the town "Yezdicast or Yzedcast"? The heir-apparent in Persia is the *Vali-ahd*, and not (as given on pp. 199, 366), the *Valliat*,—this word, too, it may be noted, is omitted in the glossary. The celebrated garden near Shiraz is named *Jehan-numa*, "the world-displayer," on account of the fine view gained from its terraces, and Dr. Wills is therefore in error in writing (pp. 218, 276), "*Jahn-i-ma*, the garden of my soul." Page 388, *tobeh* means simply *repentance*, which is not of necessity "a vow of abstinence from some particular sin." Page 312, backgammon *(not chess)* called *Takht i Nadir* is the *Board* (meaning the game) of Nadir Shah, and not "the *camp*." Lastly (p. 290), *Mashallah* means neither "God is great," nor "praise God," but, as correctly given in the glossary, "what God pleases." Of clerical errors, we should say that on p. 353, line 22, for "horses" read "houses," and on p. 260, line 5, for "Julfa" read "Shiraz;" but these are but slight blemishes, and we only note them in case a second edition should be called for.

At the end of Dr. Wills' book are some most useful appendixes. We have the table of post stages, where, by the way, p. 412, in "the shortest possible time from Ispahan to London," the 200 and odd miles from Teheran to Enzelli are omitted. Appendix C, on "Travelling in Persia," is the result of many long journeys, and "Russian Goods *versus* English" might prove interesting reading to some of our enlightened M.P.'s. After all we have said, it is hardly needful to add that Dr. Wills' interesting volume is a vade-mecum to any diplomat, *telegraph-chee*, or traveller who may be projecting a sojourn in "the Land of the Lion and the Sun." We have pointed out some few errors into which he has fallen through not being a bookworm, but even to professed philologists his book will prove instructive, giving as it does the modern Persian pronunciation; it shows, for example, the change of *r* into *l* in such words as *khiyar*, "cucumber," which Dr. Wills writes "keeal," after the manner in which that word is pronounced over all the south of Persia.

THE EXPOSITOR.*

THE *Expositor*, far from declining in interest and ability, steadily increases in both, nor have we often come across any volume deal-

* 1. *The Expositor*. Second Series. Vol. V. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D.
2. *The Expositor*, No. 31, for July. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

ing chiefly with the exposition of Scripture so rich in interest as the volume for the first half of this year. As the July number, that has just appeared, concludes the series of articles by the editor on the prophet Balaam, we may choose that series for the special illustration of the value of the periodical, though there have been other subjects continuously treated during the half-year of perhaps equal interest;—the Dean of Wells, for instance, having contributed studies of the character of the prophet Isaiah, as derived from his writings, which seem to us full of ingenuity, as well as marked by care and learning. The series on Balaam is interesting first for its exhaustiveness. Dr. Cox is a scholar who always takes care to collect fully the data for every problem with which he deals, before he attempts to grapple with it. And it is this which gives to the papers on Balaam a great part of their value. Dr. Cox gives us all the separate fragments concerning Balaam, and discusses carefully the value of each,—first, the great passage in the Book of Numbers (xxii., 2—xxiv., 25), which he thinks it probable was the account furnished by Balaam himself when he was taken in battle by the Israelites (Numbers, xxxi., 8), and tried by a sort of court-martial. Then he deals also with the other references to the history of Balaam in Deuteronomy, Joshua, and Nehemiah, and with the severe references to him in the New Testament. And finally, he gives the noble fragment in the Book of Micah, in which Balak offers Balaam even to give up his first-born as a sacrifice to appease Jehovah; and Balaam replies in the lofty rebuke that anticipates the very spirit of Christianity itself,—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" With all these materials Dr. Cox deals comprehensively, and indeed we should say, if we are to criticise at all, with a little too much desire to make the best of Balaam, seeing that he is obliged subsequently to retract something of that which he at first gives in his favour. But the whole account of Balaam—a prophet of Mesopotamia, wholly unconnected with Israel, who adopted all the usual auguries for divination, while relying more on his moods of inward inspiration than on these—is so unique, that we care comparatively little what the view taken of him may be, so long as we have every opportunity given us of seeing him as he is. And this opportunity Dr. Cox certainly affords us. He picks up every hint which may throw any light on the position and character of Balaam, and some of those hints are very striking.

In the next place, Dr. Cox's moral criticism is strong and clear. He sees in Balaam the strong passions which are so often combined with the highest spiritual vision, and paints the struggle in him between the former and the latter in very powerful colours:—

"Now when a man's whole soul is darkened and confused by this conflict between interest and conscience, between duty and desire, mere words, however prohibitory and threatening, are of little avail. What can be said to him which has not been said to him already, and has not already quickened echoes of assent within his own conscience and heart? As a rule, and if he is to be saved from his sin and taught that God's will does not make right, but is right, and cannot therefore vary with his varying moods, he must be allowed, he is allowed, to go out after the desire of his heart, to indulge his craving, and to see what comes of it. 'When the spirit of a man thus contradicts itself, God becomes a contradiction to him, and He who had said "go not," now says "go."' With the froward God shows Himself froward, as with the upright He shows Himself upright; and that not in the Bible alone, but in the broad fields of daily human experience."

That is fine, but perhaps the finest and newest part of Dr. Cox's study is his comment on a portion of the second oracle of Balaam,—that oracle in which Balaam depreciates the mere power of prediction, and speaks of Israel's gift for waiting upon God without anticipating the future, as a far higher thing than prevision itself. This is the part of the oracle to which we refer:—

"For there is no augury in Jacob,
Nor any divination in Israel;
But in due time it is told to Jacob,
And to Israel, what God doeth."

And here is Dr. Cox's striking comment on Balaam's praise:—

"Nay, more, even in respect of that skill of his craft, or gift of his vocation, which he still claims to possess, the power to divine the future, he humbly acknowledges that this is but a poor gift at the best, very far from being so precious as it was accounted, and not to be compared with the grace vouchsafed to every child of Israel, however lowly his position, however limited his range. The Hebrews are so strong, he says, God loves them and dwells with them, *because there is no augury in Jacob, nor any divination in Israel; but in due time it is told them what God doeth.* That must have been a wonderful glimpse into the ways of God with men which led a diviner to deny his own art, and to confess that to wait with childlike confidence on God till in due time He reveals his will is a far greater and more precious gift than to force or surprise the secrets of the future and to pass in spirit through the times to be. God 'met' Balaam to purpose when He taught him a truth which men, and even Christian men, have not yet learned,—that a little trust is better than much foresight, and that to walk with God in patient and loving dependence is better than to know the things to come."

In his final review of Balaam's character, Dr. Cox quotes a remarkable passage from Mr. Morison's essay on Macaulay, in which Mr. Morison suggests that a natural "disposition to the cardinal virtues" is by no means "the best outfit for the prophet," and Dr. Cox compares Balaam's covetousness, and the partially successful but shameful bit of statecraft by which he is said to have counselled the Midianites to tempt the Israelites into breaking God's law, with somewhat similar qualities as displayed by Jacob and Solomon. Nevertheless, sensuality itself, bad as it is, is, we think, hardly as bad as trading deliberately on the sensuality of others, which was Balaam's statecraft. The following passage will give briefly Dr. Cox's view of Balaam:—

"I am not unaware that we rarely find so many anomalies, so many 'jarring contrasts of incompatible qualities' in a single character as we have discovered in that of Balaam; nor do I wish to forget that we have had to look in many quarters to discover cases parallel with his. It is no part of my duty, or of my aim, either to make light of his transgressions, or to contend that there is no problem to solve before we can frame any reasonable estimate of the man. That a man so great in virtues and gifts should fall into vices so vulgar and glaring must always, I hope, remain in some measure a mystery to us. But I submit that in thus comparing him with Jacob and Solomon, with Saul and Jonah, we do, to a large extent, discover the class to which he belongs, and reduce our problem to more practicable dimensions. For these, too, were men of rare and eminent gifts, gifts which, as Browning says, 'a man may waste, desecrate, yet never quite lose;' they were men chosen by God for distinguished and honourable service, men who were moved, taught, and chastened by his wise and holy Spirit; and yet, among them, they display the very vices and disgrace themselves by the very transgressions which we recognise and deplore in him. And taking him for all in all, remembering and making due allowance for his age, his blood, his breeding, his temptations, I for one should hesitate to pronounce him a worse man on the whole than Saul, or Solomon, or Jonah. They had advantages denied to him. He had disadvantages—defects of will and taints of blood, a bias of hereditary habit, a license of custom, a force of temptation unknown to them. If God could use and inspire *them*, why should he not call and inspire *him*?"

That seems to us a sound view, and though we rather regret that Dr. Cox should go on beyond this into speculation as to Balaam's possible regeneration in the spiritual world,—a matter wholly beyond us, and depending, perhaps, to no small extent, on the bent of Balaam's own free-will in that world,—we cannot too heartily recommend this series of learned and thoughtful papers to our readers. The present writer is bound to say that he never knew, till he read Dr. Cox's paper, that in the prophet Micah was to be found a fragment purporting to convey a traditional conversation between Balak and Balaam, though he quite assents to the force of the arguments urged by Dr. Cox, and accepted, it seems, by many great Hebrew scholars, in favour of that view of the case.

We have laid special stress on the papers on Balaam only because they are concluded in the July number of the *Expositor* just published. But there are other papers in the half-yearly volume of very great interest,—by Dr. Dale, Dr. Matheson, and Mr. J. J. Murphy, as well as the papers on Isaiah by the Dean of Wells.

THREE VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

We do not group these three volumes together because of any similarity they bear to each other—nothing could indeed be more sharply contrasted than Mr. Smith's sturdy grasp of the actual and Mrs. King's imaginative apprehension of a world of dreams, or more unlike either than Mr. Barlow's lawless fluency of artificial rhetoric—but because, in virtue of their very differences, they fairly represent some of the prominent characteristics of contemporary verse. Of the three poets, we should say that Mrs. King is the most distinctly individual, and that Mr. Barlow is the only one who is distinctly imitative; but in all the volumes we discern a something in the vision or the record, the theme or the handling, which suggests—sometimes strongly, sometimes so faintly that we hardly know whether it be a suggestion or not—the work of the more distinguished singers of the century, and of the *Zeit-geist* which speaks through them.

Concerning Mr. Smith's volume, we will make at starting two obvious remarks, which indicate the nature both of the

* *North-Country Folk.* By Walter C. Smith. Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.
A Book of Dreams. By Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.
An Actor's Reminiscences, and other Poems. By George Barlow. London: Remington and Co.

writer's powers and limitations. The first remark is that Mr. Smith is perhaps the most uniformly equal of living poets. He has a certain level of conception and craftsmanship—a good level, doubtless, but a level, nevertheless—below which he seldom falls, and above which he hardly ever rises. This is true, both of single volumes and of the total mass of his work. *Olrig Grange* perhaps made a greater impression than any of its successors, but only because it came first, and had therefore the momentum of novelty, for all its distinctive qualities appear in *Borland Hall*, in *Hilda*, in *Raban*, and in the shorter poetical sketches of which the present volume is composed. Mr. Smith has command of variety in his subjects, and, to a less extent, in his treatment also; but not of those happy surprises, those revelations of unsuspected power or insight, with which a really fertile genius is wont to delight us. He quickly taught his readers what to expect from him, and what they expect they always get; but it cannot be said that they ever get more. The second remark is that Mr. Smith's poems, though genuinely poetical—to a certain point—are likely to find, and probably have already found, many warm admirers among persons for whom poetry, as such, has no special charm; and in saying this we do not mean either to pay a compliment or to launch a condemnation, but simply to note the general character of his work. Mr. Smith has more of observation and shrewd reflection than of the highest imaginative power.

"The Village Philosopher" is a study in the manner of Crabbe, but with something of Praed's handling; it has a certain grace and daintiness which Crabbe never achieved, and probably would never have cared to achieve. "Provost Chivas," on the other hand, is not a mere sketch of externals; it is an attempt at that rendering of a psychological situation with which Mr. Browning has made us familiar. The Provost, rich, respectable, honoured, finds himself in the power of a poor neighbour who began life with him, but who has been outstripped in the race, and made to feel that a civic dignitary could hardly afford to keep a good memory. The Provost affects an unwonted *bonhomie;* tries in turn cajolery, promises, and threats; fails to accomplish his purpose, and is left to contemplate his coming exposure. The poem is clever, but it is merely clever; we catch the character of the situation more quickly than we do in reading such a study as "Bishop Blougram's Apology," but we lose interest equally quickly; we are not, as in Mr. Browning's work, taken into the "abysmal deeps of personality," and consequently, the poem once read, there is little to return to with any gusto. The same verdict may be passed upon such a sketch as "Dr. Linkletter's Scholar," though it is a tender and touching poem; and it may be said generally that Mr. Smith is most successful when he attempts least, that is, when he confines himself to portraiture of a simple kind, and follows Crabbe rather than Mr. Browning. It is seldom fair to dwell upon weak points and ignore strong ones, but Mr. Smith's strong points are so numerous that they cannot well be missed. He has gained, and deservedly gained, hearty praise, and is not in the position of a puny poet who can be put out of existence by a few words of discriminating criticism. Still, we should be unjust both to Mr. Smith and ourselves, if we did not say that *North-Country Folk* is an enjoyable volume, and that one poem, "Deacon Dorat's Story," is a powerful piece.

Mrs. King's previous volumes, *Aspromonte* and *The Disciples*, were full of such true poetry, that we could not but hope for much from *A Book of Dreams;* and our hopes have not been altogether disappointed. *A Book of Dreams* is full of the sort of beauty which belongs to the best pictorial work of the "impressionists;" such beauty as can be achieved when line and colour are suggested, rather than adequately rendered. An artist either in words or pigments who adopts this method of presentation may achieve great successes, but he runs the risk of equally great failures, and much as we have enjoyed many, indeed, most of Mrs. King's poems, we should not be surprised to hear that even a sympathetic reader had found them falling short of that minimum of grip and definiteness which the most imaginative work demands, in order that it may leave a sufficiently sharp impression upon the mind. Mrs. King sings of things which cannot be carved, or painted, or spoken, but only sung; of the moods which annihilate time, and make us feel, in visiting some scene we have known long ago, that it must still be a background for a vanished face, instinct with the passion of a dead hour; or which charge the present moment with a mystery of a prelude to some unknown but dimly apprehended symphony. This will sound vague; but the vagueness which fails to represent is preferable to the clearness which misrepresents; and almost any prose description of Mrs. King's work that was clearly realisable would certainly do it an injustice, because it would be a translation into an alien language of what can only be adequately expressed in the mother-tongue of poetry. There is nothing really obscure in this *Book of Dreams*, nothing that is hard to grasp, but it has much—perhaps too much—of the character of music, and we have to apprehend its meaning in the same way as we apprehend the meaning of the *Lieder ohne Worte*. Mr. Smith pins us down to the actual; Mrs. King emancipates us from it, and yet leaves us with the consciousness that we are only separated from it by a frail screen, which may at any moment be broken down. There is not a poem in the book which has not in greater or less measure both suggestiveness and beauty, and one entitled "A Starry Sign" has power as well. It is a story of

> "A city of old days
> Beside a river,—all who dwelt therein
> Feared God, and served him and obeyed his voice,
> And listened for it, and abode in peace."

Night by night the inhabitants of the city read the stars, for they had no other book, and read them with solemn expectation, for sometimes,—

> "Amid the white, familiar host
> Would suddenly break forth some unknown star,
> Or sometimes many stars, of splendour strange,
> And mystic message from the lords of life.
> At even, or at midnight, or towards dawn
> The vision came, and in the depths of heaven
> The new stars shone; and this was in their power,—
> One only could behold them, and that one
> Who saw them, him they called and drew away,
> So that he might but follow, east or west,
> As the sky held them; and he passed the gate
> With his eye fixed upon them, following
> Their glory, else invisible to all.
> But none of all who passed returned again,
> Nor could they speak aright the semblances
> Of what they saw, nor that whereby their star
> Differed from other stars; but most the light
> On their own faces told us of some joy
> Hidden from us, and incommunicate."

We do not quote these lines because we think them a specially meritorious specimen of Mrs. King's verse, but simply to indicate the story of the poem, which goes on to tell how at last the starry sign came to the singer, and how she, too, was led forth on the mysterious journey to some unknown glory. The conception is a daring one, for as interest heightens and expectation grows keener it seems more and more impossible that an anti-climax should be avoided; but Mrs. King's imagination has a steady, unfaltering flight, and we are left with that feeling of emotional satisfaction which is the best evidence of success. The motive of this poem is repeated more than once, but there is no wearisomeness in the monotony. In "Summer Lost,"—

> "The merles were singing
> As evening fell
> Of something coming
> Too sweet to tell;"

in the dream-journey through "A Palace" we read,—

> "Yet, head to foot with the approaching capture,
> Panting and shuddering, mingles therewithal
> An unexplained and unaccounted rapture
> As of some mighty marvel to befall;"

and everywhere we are brought to the brink of some revelation of beauty or wonder which is only just beyond. The dreams have their own charm, but they have always a hint of an awakening; and in the last poem, "Awake," we recognise the voice of the enthusiasm of humanity which spoke in *The Disciples:*—

> "Rise up, rise up, O dreamer!
> The eastern sky is red;
> The trumpet's note is calling,
> The storm is overhead.
> . . . . . .
> Down in the trodden highway
> Goes to and fro the crowd;
> About the market-places
> The tumult waxes loud.
> . . . . . .
> And all around are pressing,
> Darkness behind, before,
> Souls low and heavy-laden
> In struggle sad and sore.

These are thine own, thy nearest,
For this brief human space;—
Break not thy bonds before-time,
Nor spurn the earth-bound place.
. . . . . .

For over-sweet is slumber
So near the dawn of day;
Could ye not watch with me one hour?
The signals seem to say.

O Christ! whose hour of coming
The stars of morning keep,
Let me be found to meet thee,
Waking, and not asleep."

From Mr. Smith's healthy realism and Mrs. King's rapture it is depressing to enter the atmosphere of sickly sentiment, and occasionally of something even more repellent, in which Mr. George Barlow seems to live his poetic life. Mr. Barlow is very fond of asking questions, and this is the kind of question he likes best to ask:—

"When passion fails us and when Woman fails,—
When we are weary of the roses' scent,
And not one song can bring our souls content,
Yea, when the very flush on Love's cheek pales,—
What help is left us then,—what hope avails?"

The whole volume reeks with this rubbish of milk-and-water maundering about women and roses and kisses, strengthened occasionally with a dash of the *eau de vie* of commonplace profanity. As we write for people of normally healthy tastes, we will not illustrate our criticism by quotation; but those who wish to verify it by search may find the milk-and-water on almost every page, and the *eau de vie* in such sonnets as "Christ and England," "Christ and Woman," or the unspeakably offensive "Which is the Greater?" On one page the poet asks, "Am I a pagan?" and as the question is of no earthly interest to any one save to Mr. Barlow himself, we must leave him to answer it; but we can hardly imagine any respectable pagan—Socrates or Seneca, Lucretius or Virgil—being at all anxious to claim him. The one poem in his book which is most conveniently quotable is that which provides a title, for happily it seems to be characterised by nothing worse than absurdity. Mr. Barlow's strength, such as it is, lies in jingle, and when he deprives himself of his rhymes he is as impotent as Samson was when he allowed himself to be deprived of his hair. Here are some lines of what we suppose is intended for blank verse:—

"If you take up your genius-girls
And set them on the stage, and treat them like
Mere bloodless, heartless puppets, soulless dolls,
And make them act for several hundred nights
Not like live women, but like dead machines,
Why, the result is certain: either you
Subtract the genius by this constant strain,
Or else, the genius being left, the girl
Herself succumbs, and 'ill have no more of it.
There's not a nervous system that will stand
Acting eight times in six successive days
(As the great Paris actress just has done)
Without deterioration, falling-off,
Ruin of tissue, lessening of its force,
And tender, sweet, suggestive subtlety."

What the "sweet, suggestive subtlety" of tissue may be we do not know; but we do know, or at any rate, firmly believe, that this is the most execrable verse ever written by mortal man. It may be urged that such stuff is not worth attention, and there is much justice in the remark; but this and other volumes by Mr. Barlow are noteworthy, as showing the kind of growth which the seed of our modern pseudo-æstheticism tends to produce, when it falls upon the ordinary mind. Mr. Barlow's mind is very ordinary indeed; but he serves all the better as a warning to rhyming young men who think that fame is to be won by weak imitations of Mr. Swinburne, and inarticulate echoes of Théophile Gautier.

Some critics talk about the poetry of the Victorian age as if it were a homogeneous product. We think that the criticism of the future will not accept this verdict, but will recognise in it at least three differing aims and tendencies,—a healthy realism, a healthy play of the emancipated imagination, and an unhealthy compound of base realism and of insolent imagination, freed not only from fetter, but from sweet and healthy law. Mr. Smith supplies the first, Mrs. King the second, and Mr. Barlow the third.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania; or, Ireland in America. Told by Ernest W. Lucy, edited by "C. E." (Bell and Sons.)—We are now familiar with the outlines of the Molly Maguire story; here we have it told in considerable detail. "C. E.'s" American correspondent, who seems to have a special acquaintance with the locality which was the scene of the conspiracy, has furnished various particulars; others have been taken from two works published in America, one of them in German, and the other from the pen of Major Pinkerton, who was head of the Detective Agency in Chicago. Many pages are devoted to a detailed report of James M'Parlan's evidence (M'Parlan, it will be remembered, was the detective who made his way into the confidence of the association, discovered its secrets, and ultimately brought about its dissolution and the punishment of some of its most guilty members). A stranger story never was told. The temper of mind which led to this wonderful development of lawlessness is pithily expressed in a story which Mr. Lucy tells:—"An Irish emigrant, on landing in New York, is said to have asked if there was a government in his new country. Being told there was, 'Then I'm agen it!' he cried." English wrong-doing may have contributed to the formation of this temper, but something is innate in the blood.

Our Tour in Southern India. By Mrs. J. C. Murray-Aynsley. (F. V. White.)—We must begin by thanking the writer for the unusual brevity of her introduction. She does not begin with a description of Southampton Water, or of the horrors of the Channel passage. On the contrary, we get as far as Venice on the first page, make a very short sojourn at Suez and Djeddah, and actually reach Bombay on page 7. Arrived in India, we have, it is true, a good many digressions, but they are not digressions of which there is any good reason to complain. At Vellore, for instance, we have an interesting account by one of the chief sufferers—an account now published for the first time—of the mutiny of the Sepoys in 1806. Then we hear much about Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib. There are not many readers, we fancy, who will be any the worse for having their memories of these personages and their doings refreshed. From Mysore the travellers paid a visit to Coorg, of which there is a particularly interesting account. Bangalore, Cochin, Travancore, Madura, Trichinopoly, are successively visited. Here, of course, the history of the past efforts to Christianise the population, and the account of the present religious condition of the people, supply an important subject, on which Mrs. Murray-Aynsley has carefully informed herself, and about which she writes in a moderate and sensible way. The fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the book are devoted to Ceylon, and in the last the author returns to Calcutta. There is nothing brilliant or remarkable in any way about the volume; but it is free from bad taste, does not torment its readers with the forced fun which is so inexpressibly tiresome, and is generally sensible and well written.

Unconscious Testimony. By the Rev. Charles F. Hutton. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Hutton's plan has been carefully to examine the Hebrew original of the Old Testament, in connection with the Septuagint, and to bring out points which have been obscured by the errors of the translators, and which, when once clearly seen, illustrate the genuineness of the narrative. Keeping this in view, he has produced a number of interesting and instructive notes on various passages in the historical book. In Judges, i., 19, the Greek version reads, "And the Lord was with Judah, and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." This reads like a very strange limitation of the Divine power. The Septuagint reads, however, "because Rechab charged them,"—*i.e.*, not to do so. The Hebrew of the two is not unlike, dissimilar as is the meaning. Mr. Hutton conjectures that the reading crept in from Joshua, xvii., 16. In the story of the death of Absalom, most people will have wondered why, after Joab had thrust three darts through the heart of Absalom, it should still be necessary for his armour-bearers to surround and slay him. Mr. Hutton tells us that the darts were not weapons pointed with iron, a sense in which the Hebrew word is never used, but stakes. Joab, in his haste, seizes the first weapon that comes to his hand, fearing, possibly, that a rescue might be attempted by persons anxious to win the King's favour by saving his son; that the armour-bearers—who were carrying, not his armour, properly so called, but his store of weapons—came up, and finished the deed which he had not been able to accomplish. These are specimens of an interesting little book.

The Renaissance of Art in Italy. By Leader Scott. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Leader Scott modestly calls this handsome volume, a quarto of between three and four hundred pages, an "illustrated sketch," and attributes any merit that it may possess to the illustrations rather than to the letterpress. The illustrations are certainly both good and abundant, but the description and the criticism are also deserving of much praise. If there is a fault, it is that the pages are too much crowded with names. We know how

d fficult it is for an author, in the fullness of his knowledge of the subject about which he writes, deliberately to omit; bnt omission is better than confusion, and confusion is not unlikely to overtake the reader, at least the reader who happens to be a novice in theso matters. After an introductory chapter, in which early Italian and Byzantian art, especially architecture (the root of the arts, Mr. Scott thinks) is discussed, we proceed to the main subject. This is treated of in four books, dealing respectively with the rise, the development, the eulmination, and the decline of Italian Art. In each of the first three, literatnre, painting, sculptnre, architecture, and the decorative arts are successively discnssed.

My Connaught Cousins, by Harriett Jay (White), is not an improvement upon "The Queen of Conuaught," or even "The Priest's Blessing." Miss Jay seems to have made a mistake in writing not a single story, bnt a collection of tales connected by a very slender thread of narrative. Of these, the story of Roso Merton is tho most powerful, and the most decidedly Irish. The character, however, of the offending landlord, who, of course, comes to a violent end, seems to us to be unnecessarily repulsive. Rose Merton herself is well drawn, and the "Connaught consins" are such pleasant girls, and their father is snch a good Irish type, that one wishes Miss Jay had paid more attention to them, and less to Irish miseries and grievances. Stedman, who visits them, and into whose arms Oona, the dreamer and story-teller of the uumber, falls rather too readily at the end of the third volume, is a very conventional London barrister; and Miss Jay's humour is rather farcical, and too redolent of whisky even for Ireland. The *Connaught Cousins* would havo been all the better without a heavy-shotted "Prefatory Note," by Mr. Robert Buchanan, which savours too much of the art of the *puffiste littéraire*.

A Short History of the English Parliament. By Andrew Bisset. (Williams and Norgatc.)—How Mr. Bisset should have supposed that he was preseuting the public with a history of the English Parliament, or, for that matter, with the history of anything, when he issued this book, is a mystery. It is simply a hotch-potch of personal anecdotes, nltra-Radical and ultra-bitter pamphleteering against feudalism and other *bêtes noires* of the author's, and of qnotations from dramas, speeches, historical works, and what not, on almost everything and everybody political under the suu. Mr. Bisset meaus well, and with many of his political views wo sympathise; but he has probably fewer of the qualities of the historian than any man who has ever attompted that difficult character. As for the style in which it is written, here is a specimen:—"I supposo tho Devil is as old, perhaps a little older, than Domesday Book. The Devil, too, was not only alive, but kicking, when the author of Domesday Book reduced the northern counties of England to a desert." There are so many quotations in Mr. Bissot's book, some of them, too, of considerable value, that if he had supplied it with an index, it might, as a refcrence-book, have giveu amusement, and possibly even a little edification.

Loÿs, Lord Berresford; and other Tales. By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," "Mrs. Geoffrey," &c. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—We distinctly and strongly disapprove of the growing custom of labelling volumes of short tales so as to represent them as an ordinary three-volume novel. It is grossly unfair to the public,—both to that portion of it which wishes for a comfortably long story, and to that which loves short tales, and looks in vain for them on the circulating-library shelves or counters. The work before us—priuted on poor, soft paper—is labelled on the back, "Loÿs, Lord Berresford, Volumes I., II., and III."; but when we got to the middle of the first volnme, we were pulled up short,—the story was at an end. "Loÿs, Lord Berresford, 3 vols.," is nothing of the sort; it is a collection of short tales, averaging six tales to a volume. Short tales are delightful, when they are all gems, each complete, unique, and a perfect picture in itself; but such short tales are very rare. Of course they are often good and clever, and even when they are not so, if honestly labelled as "Tales," they have every right to take their place in the struggle for public favour; often, however, these collected short stories are poor, ephemeral things, that, if they serve their day, can do no more, and ought not to crowd the shelves of the future, especially with something like a fib upon their covers. Tho seventeen short tales before us—principally written in the present tense, like descriptions of tableaux—are harmless, spirited little love-stories; some pretty, and even a little touching; some absurdly farcical,—witness "The Dilemma," and the ono in which Snooks, at the suggestion of a friend, proposes to four sisters at the same ball, to help him out of the scrape in which his first thoughtless proposal has involved him; bnt all deal with exceedingly pretty girls and handsome fellows with handles to their names; and everything happens in beautiful summer, and all comes delightfully right in the end, not always with sufficient poetical justice. By all the rules, not only of honour, but of the very commonest morality, Loÿs, Lord Berresford, should have met with condign punishment; he deliberately sets himself to win a girl who, he is distinctly told, before he is even introduced, is engaged; he wins her, and, because he is rich, and titled, and attractive, he is forgiven all round, though his antecedents are known to have been abominable, and his treachery to the accepted snitor fully recognised. We eannot admire the evident pliability and complacency with which the author regards this fascinating nobleman's conduct. The slightness of the tales will be indicated, when we say that "Lydia," for example, is a brief account of how Lord Fenton, or Lord Charles Fenton—for he is thus indifferently styled—begs Lydia not to eultivate the acquaintance of a certain gentleman; how Lydia indignautly refuses to grant his request, and does so in offensive langnage; and how, after a few days of misery, they fall into each other's arms. "Krin," again, merely narrates how Corinna Crofton got locked up in a ruin with Lord Rowden, and came home as the future Lady Rowden, which appeased mamma's displeasure for tho fright which her prolonged absence had given her. "What a Mad World It Is, my Masters," is—like the letter in "The Dilemma"—au unconscious plagiarism, an almost exactly similar tale having appeared in *London Society* fonr years ago. But any of the tales may wile away a wearisome quarter of an hour pleasantly enough.

Constantia Carew, by Emma Marshall (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), is an autobiography in one volume, which deservos a word of commendation, as being much superior to ordinary religious fiction. It is a simple, overy-day story of lay life, tinged with clericality; reality and activity are its notes. Mrs. Marshall's sensibility has a tendency to degeuerate into "gush," bnt the fault is feminine, and not incurable. Constantia Carew and her lover, Cuthbert, are rather common-place, though Mrs. Marshall intends them to bo the reverse; but Hinchcliffe, a vigorons old rebel against the conventioual proprieties, recalls, though ever so slightly, the manner of Charlotte Brontë.

Songs in Sunshine. By the Rev. Frederick Langbridge. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)—Mr. Langbridge modestly commends his verses to the public, as being easy to read and made to sing. Wo accept both pleas. We may add that they are not only easy, but pleasant reading, and may well be—bnt here we cannot speak of positive knowledge—effective when sung. Many, most, indeed, of the pieees have already been received with favour, as they have appeared in the pages of various magazines, and their reappearance in this eollected form is fully justified. Here is one, which has nothing remarkable abont it, except it be that indefinable somethiug, "go," to use a popnlar phrase, which some very clever writers of verse never seem able to attain:—

"Waiting for a Letter.

The postman's hour draws near,
And into the quiet street
Through gos-amer curtains peer
Two wistful eyes and sweet.
For many a weary morn
She has kept her station there,
That brave little heart forlorn,
That never will quite despair.
Slowly she tnrns away,
The crnshed heart murmnring still,
'It has not come-to day—
To-morrow I know it will.'

The postman knows her tale,
And it makes his old heart bleed;
Those blush-rose cheeks grown palo
Are pages a child might read.
Ah! letters enough he brings—
Great circulars blue and grim,
Slight feminine scented things—
But never a line from *him*.
Slowly she turns away,
The crushed heart murmuring still,
'It has not come to-day—
To-morrow I know it will.'

Rat-tat! to the door she flies—
O raptnre keen and dumb!
O eloquent cheeks and eyes!
Her letter has come—has come!
O postman pocket the gold—
Full well hast thou earned the fee—
And treasure the thanks untold,
That are better than gold to thee!
Flow, happy fountains, flow,
Sweet founts that have long been dry!
Sorrow may tears forego,
But rapture must weep or die."

Shakespeare's Historical Plays. By Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. Vols. II. and III. (Blackwood and Sons.)—Bishop Wordsworth has completed in these volumes the task of editing, with a certain amount of revision, excision, and abbreviation, Shakespeare's historical plays. It is, we take it, generally allowed that he has performed a task of extreme difficulty with remarkably good-taste and judgment. If he has erred, it has been, we should be inclined to say, on the side of timidity rather than of boldness. Even if we could be sure that all that we find in the plays is Shakespeare's own, this would be no valid ground for sacrificing what all would allow to be intrinsically worthless, for the sake of convenience and decency. As it is, we have good reason for knowing that there is no little "gag" in the text as we have it. Shakespeare, with that curious indifference which is one of the most puzzling things about him, seems to have let it stand. But it is not sacred because it is found in the First Folio. Of course the task of removing it requires a skilful and reverent hand. Such Bishop Wordsworth, one of the ablest and most enthusiastic of Shakespearian scholars, has proved

himself to possess, and we congratulate him on the success with which he has performed his task.

Jack-by-the-Hedge. By Selina Gaye. (Seeley and Co.)—This, we are told, is a true story, and a very good story, too. Jack is a "waif," whom a kind-hearted lawyer, who knows better than most men who is his "neighbour," befriends. He becomes gardener's boy, page, then office clerk. Then comes the great catastrophe, which bids fair to ruin his career, but which ends by promoting it. The story is told with simplicity and good-taste, and with a religious feeling which is evident, without being obtrusive.——*The Countess Violet,* by Minnie Douglas (David Bogue), is a tale of a very different kind. It starts in magnificent fashion with a Countess in her own right, a girl yet in her teens, for heroine. The Countess developes an admirable disposition, and initiates the most judicious and useful schemes of charity. She has two guardians, who present the usual contrasts,—the elderly man of the world who is all coldness and caution, and the young man who catches the contagion of her enthusiasm, and with it another ailment not unlikely to be produced under the circumstances. The story is wholesome, and not unreadable, but it does not commend itself by any impression of reality.

The Midnight Cry, by E. M'Hardie (S. W. Partridge and Co.), presents the voucher of Lord Shaftesbury for its value. It is a work on prophecy, and is described as "an inquiry into the evidence (chronological, historical, and phenomenal, &c.), of the near approach of the Second Advent."——*The Book of Enoch the Prophet,* translated by the late Archbishop of Cashel (Lawrence), with an introduction by "the Evolution of Christianity" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), a work which opens up many curious questions in New Testament criticism. The editor contends that the New Testament Scriptures contain numerous references to this book. He has put these together in parallel columns; and they are certainly worth examining.——*Sermons on the Lord's Prayer,* by Augustus W. Hare, (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

Physics in Pictures, with Explanatory Text, prepared by Theodore Eckhardt and translated by A. H. Keane (Stanford), belongs to "Stanford's Series of Instructive Picture-books." The "principal natural phenomena and appliances" are pictorially represented. The scope of the work is almost too large. "A Locomotive," "A Section of a Full-rigged Screw Corvette," "A Morse Writing Telegraph," "A Microscope," "A Spectroscope," are among the subjects of the thirty coloured plates. Then, again, in quite another direction we get "A Watch," "A Water-wheel;" and, again, in a third, "An Aurora Borealis." But the usefulness of the book is beyond all question.

Two pamphlets on important points of domestic economy deserve a brief notice. *Babies: How to Rear Them,* by F. A. Fawkes (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is full of sensible suggestions. We shall quote one paragraph, derived from the author's own experience:—"In one family, the children, almost from birth, were given just what the parents had, meat, vegetables, puddings, &c. In another family, two beautiful, healthy little girls were fed from birth on boiled corn-flour and milk, one died at nine months, the other at twelve months of age, both from convulsions. Another infant was fed from birth on biscuit-powder and milk, with an occasional raw egg. Another had raw eggs beaten up in tea. Several had sponge cakes (a cooked compound of eggs, sugar, and flour), soaked in milk. One mother confessed to having given an infant "nips of gin, whenever she had it" (about six or seven times a day). "The poor little thing died of *delirium tremens* at nine months!!" Meat and pudding will seem unreasonable to most people, but there are thousands of intelligent mothers who give their babies spoon-food at a very early age. To do so before they are at least eight months old is *as bad as poisoning them.* They may not die—poisons do not always kill—but they are to suffer. The other pamphlet (which has reached a third edition), is *Our Domestic Poisons; or, the Poisonous Effects of Certain Dyes and Colours Used in Domestic Fabrics.* By Henry Carr. (Ridgway.)

We have received:—*Italian Rambles,* by J. Jackson Jarves (Putnam's Sons, New York).—A third and enlarged edition of E. Wallace's *Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle* (Clay and Son).—A third edition of *The Alps, and How to See Them,* by J. E. Maddock, (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—*Aristotle's Ethics Explained by Question and Answer,* by K. D. Cotes, M.A.—*Companion to Algebra,* by L. Marshall, M.A. (Rivingtons.)—A new and revised edition of W. K. Wygram's *Twelve Wonderful Tales* (Bentley and Son).—*Middle England* (Plantagenets—Tudors), edited by J. G. Hefford, B.A., being No. III. of the "History Readers" published by Marcus Ward and Co.—Macaulay's *Warren Hastings,* edited, with introduction and notes, for use in elementary schools, by S. Hales, (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—*Standard VI. Reader,* an addition to the excellent educational series published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. It is furnished with an appendix of explanatory notes, a glossary, and short biographical notes of the authors quoted from.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE.
(To be Incorporated by Royal Charter, with a Government Grant of £4,000 per annum.)

President—Lord Aberdare | Principal — J. Viriamu Jones, B.A. Oxon., B.Sc. Lond., Fellow of University College, London.
Vice-President—Mr. Henry Richard, M.P.
Treasurer—Sir H. Hussey Vivian, Part., M.P.

ELECTION of PROFESSORS.

The COUNCIL ELECT are now prepared to Appoint PROFESSORS, LECTURERS, and DEMONSTRATORS as follows:—

PROFESSOR of GREEK.
PROFESSOR of LATIN.
PROFESSOR of MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY.
PROFESSOR of LOGIC and PHILOSOPHY.
PROFESSOR of ENGLISH LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, and HISTORY.
PROFESSOR of CHEMISTRY.
PROFESSOR of BIOLOGY.
LECTURER on WELSH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.
LECTURER on FRENCH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.
LECTURER on GERMAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.
LECTURER on MUSIC.
DEMONSTRATOR in PHYSICS.
DEMONSTRATOR in CHEMISTRY.

The Chair of Physics will be filled by the Principal, and the Appointments to the Chairs of Celtic, Engineering, Geology, Mining and Metallurgy will be made hereafter.

The Stipend of each Professor will be £300 per annum, and that of the Lecturers as follows:—Welsh, £100; Music, £100; French, £50; German, £50. Two-thirds of the Fees will be divided amongst the Professors and Lecturers. The Salary of each Demonstrator will be £120 per annum.

The Principal and the Professors will form the Senate of the College.

It is intended to Open the College early in October.

Applications, containing a full statement of qualifications, age, and experience, together with testimonials and personal references, must be in the hands of the Registrar before MONDAY NOON, August 20th, accompanied by 50 printed copies, for distribution among the Council. Further particulars may be obtained on application to

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

Town Hall, Cardiff, July, 1883.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of WALES, ABERYSTWYTH.

The COUNCIL will proceed forthwith to the ELECTION of a PROFESSOR of LOGIC and MENTAL and MORAL PHILOSOPHY. Salary, £250 Candidates are requested to send testimonials to the Hon. Secretaries, Lousdale Chambers, 27 Chancery Lane, London, on or before August 15th. Further information may be obtained from the Principal, at the College.

E. J. EVANS, } Hon. Secretaries.
LEWIS MORRIS, }

Jnly 10th, 1883.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

The HEAD MASTERSHIP of this School having become VACANT, by the retirement of the Rev. W. Rigg, the GOVERNORS will proceed to ELECT a MASTER in his place in AUGUST next. Candidates, who must be Graduates of some University, are requested to forward their Applications, accompanied by copies of testimonials, on or before Saturday, August 11th, to the undersigned, from whom printed particulars of the tenure, duties, and emoluments of the Office may be procured. The Head Master will be required to commence his duties at the beginning of next Michaelmas Term.

(Signed), F. GOULD, Kingston-on-Thames, Chairman of the Governors.

THE COUNCIL of FIRTH COLLEGE, Sheffield, INTEND to APPOINT a PRINCIPAL who shall also be Professor in the Faculty of Science.

Applicants are requested to state which of the following Chairs they would desire to occupy, Mathematics, Physics, Mechanical Engineering, Geology and Mining.

It is especially desirable that the Principal should have sympathy with the development of Technical Instruction in its direct bearing upon the industries of the district. The Salary will be £500 per annum, with half the fees of his own classes.

The Council will only make the appointment in event of suitable Candidates presenting themselves.

Candidates are requested to give full particulars concerning age, experience, and any Academical distinction they may have gained, together with any other information likely to affect the decision of the Council. The names of three Gentlemen to whom references may be made should be given, but no Testimonials need be sent unless they are asked for.

Applications to be sent on or before the 25th day of July next, to ENSOR DRURY, Registrar.

Firth College, Sheffield, June 26th, 1883.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

BATH COLLEGE, BATH.

PRESIDENT.
His Grace the DUKE of CLEVELAND, K.G.
HEAD MASTER.—T. W. DUNN, Esq., M.A.
HONORARY SECRETARY. — Colonel HARBORD.

FOUR or MORE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS for Competition, on September 18th and 20th next, from £25 to £50, to be increased to £85 in case of a Scholar who may need it.

Allowance for age in the case of younger boys.

Candidates from a distance can be provided for.

An additional Boarding-house (Rev. W. E. Sherwood's) will open Next Term.

USKITES, Godalming (formerly a Charterhouse Boarding-house).—C. S. JERRAM, M.A., Worc. Coll., Oxon., RECEIVES TEN BOYS to be PREPARED for the Public Schools.

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Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
PRESIDENT.
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PRINCIPAL OF THE HALL.
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Two Exhibitions, tenable at the Hall, will be awarded after Examination in October next:—(1.) The Clothworkers' Exhibition of £35 a year for three years. (2.) An Exhibition of £25 a year for two years.

Names of Candidates should be sent in before OCTOBER 1st to the Principal.

Further information respecting the regulations of the Hall and Courses of Lectures may be obtained by application to the PRINCIPAL.

MALVERN COLLEGE, LIMITED.

HEAD MASTER—Rev. C. T. CRUTTWELL, M.A.

NEXT TERM COMMENCES FRIDAY, September 21st. New Boys to arrive September 20th. Entrance Examination, September 21st, at 9 a.m.

Apply to E. B. SCALLON, Esq., M.A., Secretary.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

PRINCIPAL.—Rev. T. HAYES BELCHER, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.

VICE-PRINCIPAL.—Rev. J. NEWTON, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

The College has a Junior Department and a Junior House for Boys under 13.

Houses at moderate as well as at higher rentals can be obtained in the immediate neighbourhood of the College.

The NEXT TERM will commence on FRIDAY, September 21st.

F. W. MADDEN, M.R.A.S., Secretary.

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Principal of the College.—Miss AGNES WARD.
Head Mistress of School.—Mrs. STANTON.

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The Course for the Upper Division lasts one year, and is in preparation for the Cambridge Teachers' Certificate. It includes actual class-teaching in the Schools connected with the College.

The work of the Lower Division is preliminary to that of the Upper Division, and besides instruction in teaching includes preparation for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination.

A Kindergarten Department will, it is hoped, be added in September.

As the number of Students is limited, early application for admission is advisable.

Address for all particulars, as to terms, scholarships, &c., the PRINCIPAL, Training College, Skinner Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.

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F. E. Burke, Esq., Members' Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.
Edward Hegley Byas, Esq., 25 Belsize Park, Hampstead, N.W.
*James Godwin, Esq., Hilsea House, Stoke Newington, N.
Colonel Ed. Temperley-Gourley, M.P., Devonshire Club, S.W., and Roker, Sunderland.
Richard Revott, Esq. (Director of the Royal Mail Steamship Co.), The Rise, Ealing, W.

* Who is Vendor and Promoter, will join the Board after Allotment.

The necessity for immediate action in the important matters of personal and public health has been demonstrated by the daily national loss of life and energy, and has been recognised by the Press (see extracts in Prospectus) and professional opinion.

The death-rate is largely increased from preventible causes in drains and drainage. Not twenty per cent. of occupied houses or of the tens of thousands being built around London, are properly drained. Malarious, typhoid, and other contagious diseases appear alike in the palace and the villa, while, when attention has been paid to the cause, and the defects in drainage have been remedied, the death-rate has decreased.

In order that the Corporation may have at ready command the best guidance in the scientific portions of its work, the Directors have appointed a Council of Men of Science. The following gentleman, who are called the Council of Scientific Referees, have been selected as having special knowledge in their particular departments; they have no part in the direction, and are not commercially connected with the Corporation.

The NATIONAL SANITARY CORPORATION, Limited.

COUNCIL of SCIENTIFIC REFEREES.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., 25 Manchester Square, W. (Chairman).
W. Sedgwick Saunders, M.D., F.S.A., Medical Officer of Health, City of London.
R. W. Edis, Esq., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., 14 Fitzroy Square, W.
John Hopkinson, Esq., F.R.S., D.Sc., 4 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.
E. C. Robins, Esq., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., 14 John Street, Adelphi.

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The Directors will be prepared to give certificates under their seal, that the sanitary condition of homes has been perfected under the inspection of their own officers, and this certificate will be valuable alike to landlord and tenant.

Any Metropolitan holder of five or more Shares will be entitled to a free inspection and report upon the sanitary condition of his house or dwelling, and where work is required estimates will be furnished on a basis specially provided for Shareholders.

The Directors have reason to believe that an immense suburban area is ready for inspection and report. It is estimated that the annual revenue from this department of business alone will be considerable, rendering the Suburban or Provincial Agencies of the Corporation valuable to Professional and Trading Shareholders.

As the demand for improved sanitary appliances arises from all parts of the United Kingdom, it is proposed to invite inquiry and correspondence, either direct or through the provincial agents of the Corporation. For these purposes practical men, being shareholders, will attend promptly to the requirements of the public, on behalf of the Corporation, in all parts of the country.

The public are invited to become Annual Subscribers, and an Annual Subscription will secure a report upon the soil, drainage, or sanitation of any house occupied, or about to be taken. Provincial Subscribers will be charged travelling expenses.

The public, not being Subscribers or Shareholders, can secure, on application to the Secretary, special reports at a moderate rate, determinable by work required and distance.

The NATIONAL SANITARY CORPORATION, Limited.

The Directors are now prepared to receive for exhibition to the public, free, at the Exhibition Galleries, 121 Regent Street, W., all Modern Appliances, Inventions, and Discoveries connected with DRAINAGE—Designs and Materials. VENTILATION—Various Systems. TEMPERATURE OF THE DWELLING—Heating and Refrigerating Processes. WATER—Processes for securing Purity and Abundance. LIGHTING AND LAMPS, ELECTRICITY, GAS, AND OIL—Brilliancy and Economy, various Illuminating Processes compared. STOVES—Cooking by Gas—Different Systems. Cooking by Oil—Different Systems—Cooking by Coal and other fuels. SMOKE PREVENTION—Cowls—Various Systems. PROMOTION OF PERSONAL HEALTH—Baths, Air, Water, &c. PREVENTION OF FIRE—Preparations of Asbestos—Fire Extinctеurs. DOMESTIC APPLIANCES AND DECORATIONS. HORTICULTURAL DECORATIONS AND ECONOMIES.

The Directors have confidence in the suitability of the above central premises for the promotion of sanitary science and domestic economy. As a permanent exhibition of patents, inventions, models and manufactures, and all appliances connected therewith, especial facilities will be given for the encouragement of the various trades connected with the City Guilds, particularly those industries associated with the work of this Corporation.

The Directors are prepared to supply Gas Apparatus for Heating Water, Cooking, also other useful purposes, and for the agencies of manufacturers and Gas Companies, the Principals of which are deeply interested in the work of the Corporation.

The Directors will supply Smokeless Coals and other fuels at market rates; and on easy terms of purchase, Grates, Stoves, and Ranges, specially constructed to burn anthracite and other coals smokelessly, with a maximum of heat, cleanliness, and economy. The saving thus effected in the use of fuel will (1) minimise Smoke, Fog, and Damp, (2) cover the cost of Grates and Ranges to the tenant, (3) improve the property for landlords, (4) secure continuous custom for Coal and Fuel, and will thus form a considerable and steady profit to the Corporation.

The Directors propose to issue a weekly summary of matters connected with Domestic and Sanitary Science, containing reports of current business, prices of exhibits, and correspondence. This weekly issue will be sent to Shareholders and Subscribers.

As the various branches of business are lucrative, the work of the Corporation will meet a long recognised and popular want.

The Directors invite attention from the public affected by preventible Diseases, Dirt, Smoke, Bad Air, Impure Water, Defective Drainage, and matters that can be remedied, and as they propose to deal with the preventible on sound commercial principles, satisfying clients and making profits for Shareholders, they have pleasure in placing a limited number of shares for subscription.

The NATIONAL SANITARY CORPORATION, Limited.

It is provided that the nett profits of the Corporation shall be applied first in paying on the Preferred Shares a cumulative preferential dividend of 10 per cent. per annum, after and at all such times the Deferred Shares shall rank with them.

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3. "Omnis ab ovo."
4. "In prison, and ye visited me."
5. "A prisoner."
6. "Labor omnia vincit."
7. "How far that little candle throws its beams!
   So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
8. "Learn from Howard what man owes to man."
   —BOWES.

The Subject of the Essay for the Howard Medal of 1884 (with £20 added) may be obtained on application to the ASSISTANT-SECRETARY of the Statistical Society (King's College Entrance), Strand, London, W.C.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no farther news of the unpleasant affair in Madagascar, but there seems no danger at all that it is likely to cause any disagreement between France and England. M. Challemel-Lacour's statement in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday was a most satisfactory and temperate one. Admiral Pierre had been specially ordered to respect English susceptibilities in his operations on the coast of Madagascar, and M. Challemel-Lacour could hardly believe that he had failed to do so; but, he added, "If, which we cannot suppose, any serious mistake or misunderstanding has occurred, in which passion played a part, we should not hesitate to fulfil the obligations imposed on us by the spirit of justice and the interests of the country." M. Challemel-Lacour further paid a tribute to the moderation and courtesy of Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Granville's tone, in their communications to Parliament on the subject. Lord Lyons is leaving Paris for a holiday, so little does he seem to apprehend any difficulty in the matter; and all accounts agree that the confidence between France and England is heartier just now than it has been for some years back.

The negotiation concerning the Suez Canal has been the great subject of the week; and we may say of the agitation against it, that the week which came in like a lion has gone out like a lamb. The fury and resentment expressed yesterday week and on Saturday were almost ludicrous, one of the speakers at the Lloyd's meeting of ship-owners, for instance, asserting, amidst loud laughter, that residence in Egypt had "emasculated the brains" of Sir Rivers Wilson and Sir John Stokes, and speaking of the treaty which they had signed as "disgraceful." Even a Liberal paper, the *Daily News*, wrote so as to convey the impression that the fall of the Government that concluded this agreement would be satisfactory to its editor, while the *Times* thundered against the Government with something of its old passion, if not of its old power. However, as the conditions of the case came to be better understood, this tone moderated rapidly. In Liverpool, on Tuesday, the Council of the Incorporated Chamber of Commerce carried, by only 11 votes to 7, a very mild resolution, asking the Government not to ratify the agreement while there was a chance of better terms, the minority of seven having supported a motion of delay, with the avowed object of waiting for a more reasonable temper in relation to an agreement which the minority substantially approved; while the Directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on Monday, though passing a resolution that the concessions obtained were inadequate, spoke with the strongest condemnation of the violence of the disappointed shipowners.

Mr. Childers received a deputation on the subject yesterday week, from the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and replied with great ability and firmness. He pointed out that the Company presided over by M. de Lesseps had, in the belief of her Majesty's Government, obtained an exclusive right to pierce the Isthmus of Suez with a commercial canal; that they had obtained this exclusive right at a time when most people ridiculed the enterprise as chimerical, and when they had to embark on a very difficult and costly undertaking with very uncertain hopes of a return; that M. de Lesseps was willing to enlarge his works, and even to give the commerce of the world a separate up and down line on his Canal, under his present concession, and on his own terms; and that though the new line which he must construct under his present concession is not by any means the best, it is still good enough to give the company a complete command of the situation so far as making terms with us goes. The concessions which the Government had obtained from M. de Lesseps were very substantial concessions, both as to remission of dues, and as to better and more English management, and in Mr. Childers's belief they were the best which M. de Lesseps and his Company would grant. It was almost a question between leaving everything to the Company's own enlightened self-interest with its present resources, and accepting the very substantial advantages offered under the agreement.

The Report of the British Directors of the Suez Canal, Sir J. Stokes and Sir C. Rivers Wilson, was published on Monday, and it would have been well, we think, if it had been ready for publication, and had been laid on the table of both Houses on the day when Mr. Childers made his first statement. The directors point out that the separate up-and-down line of canal secured under the agreement—a much better one than any which M. de Lesseps could construct without a new concession of land — would remove those obstacles to the traffic which now create so much complaint; that so soon as the dividend reaches thirty per cent., the amount of profit surrendered under this agreement to the mercantile world would reach £1,175,000; and that the appointment of an English "inspector of navigation" and the engagement of English pilots would remove almost all the small inconveniences appertaining to the foreign origin of the Company; and finally, that the advance of English capital is solely desirable to the French Company on account of the saving in the rate of interest,—which saving the agreement provides that the mercantile community shall receive in the shape of diminished dues. Indeed, we ourselves have no doubt that the French Company would have been only too glad, for every other reason, to raise their new capital in France, and so enlist against the English influence the disastrous power of the French stock-jobbers.

A remarkable little discussion took place on the Suez-Canal agreement in the House of Lords on Tuesday, Lord Granville remarking that the opposition of Lord Palmerston to the Suez-Canal scheme had given a great stimulus to the raising of the capital in France, and that it would now be most unbecoming and dishonourable in us to use our position in Egypt to diminish the fair returns of an enterprise which our Government had opposed and run down, when it was a doubtful adventure. Even if we had conquered Egypt, it would have been impossible so to abuse our position as to interfere forcibly with the rights of M. de Lesseps and his Company,—as impossible as for an English nobleman who had granted to one hotel proprietor the sole right of building an hotel on his estate, to offer like terms to a competitor without the former's consent.

Upon this speech of Lord Granville's, Lord Salisbury made a most extraordinary comment. He deplored the fact that her Majesty's Government had countenanced M. de Lesseps in a view of his monopoly which made it a standing obstacle to the commerce of the world, and which enabled him or his successors for more than one hundred years "to bar all other industry and enterprise in the junction of the two seas." "I doubt very much the competence of the Sultan or the Khedive to make an agreement that would debar nations from the natural right of passage

across the Isthmus of Suez for the commerce of the world. Supposing there had been some improvement in the Dardanelles or the Cattegut, would it have been within the competence of the Sultan's Government or the Danish Government to place an artificial limit on the passage of the commerce of the world?" Well might Lord Selborne reply that Lord Salisbury seemed to speak "as if the Isthmus of Suez, before the Canal was made, had been a natural maritime highway and channel for the commerce of the world, as if it had not been any part of the Egyptian territory, as if no territorial concession had been required for it." Why, if Lord Salisbury's line of argument has any force in it, France and Germany would have the right to make a second line of the Clyde and Forth Canal, against the will of the British Government, and without reference to the rights of the owners of the present Canal.

The London Chamber of Commerce met on Wednesday at the Cannon-Street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. Herbert Tritton, the Chairman of the Council, who made a very temperate speech on the subject of the Government proposal for the Suez Canal, in which, while doing full justice to the rights of M. de Lesseps and the present Company, he insisted on the intention of the Khedive in the original concession to form a "universal Company," directed by a "Council, composed of the principal nationalities interested in the enterprise." No doubt that was a part of the original design, but it was a part of it deliberately foiled by Lord Palmerston, who was advised that the whole concern was a swindle, and who would not hear of any English representative element in the Council. Even Mr. Disraeli in the Tory Government of 1866-68,—not of course in that of 1874-1880,—took the same line, and did all he could to render the representative character of the scheme impossible; so that it is hardly feasible now for us to try and revive, as a matter of abstract right, a principle of national representation in the Council which we were the first to ignore and defeat when the Company was founded. Alderman Cotton's speech was in a very different tone from Mr. Tritton's,—in the true spirit of the commercial Jingo. "They ought to see," the *Standard* reports him to have said, "that the second Suez Canal was made in English interests, and English interests only. Ostensibly it is not, but really, and in his own mind, he considered Egypt was England's property." This is the kind of view which gets for commercial England so mean a repute in the public opinion of the world. The rest of the discussion was in a better tone, and the resolution carried was in favour of a commission of inquiry,—a futile recommendation, as there is nothing uncertain which a commission of inquiry could find out.

The *Daily News* resents the criticism very naturally made on its attitude towards the Government on the Suez Canal question. But our contemporary has quite mistaken the point. Even a loyal supporter of the Government may find himself at times constrained to oppose some proposal of the Ministry, or to censure their management of a measure of which he may chance to approve. We have occasionally been in that predicament ourselves. The complaint against the *Daily News* is that it passes judgment on the immoral system of condemning first and inquiring afterwards. Last Saturday, when the *Daily News* opened its battery upon the Government, it had no fair presumption against the prudence of such a Government as this, and did not even know the facts on which the Government had founded its judgment. Surely, the duty of a loyal Liberal journal under such circumstances was to counsel moderation and patience. What the *Daily News* did was to prejudge the case against the Government, and make a bitter attack upon it. Nor is this the only occasion on which the *Daily News* has exhibited an impatient eagerness to damage the cause which it professes to support. We all remember the astounding series of articles in which, outstripping even the zeal of the Jingoes, it advocated a precipitate declaration of war against Afghanistan, on the repulse of Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission at Ali Masjid. It is a humiliating fact for Liberals that in a grave crisis like the present, the *Standard* is the only paper in the morning Press of London in which they can look for a statesmanlike and dispassionate discussion of the questions in debate.

The opinion of the French physician, Dr. Vulpian, who saw the Count de Chambord last Sunday, and stayed some days at Frohsdorf, is said to be more favourable than that of his Austrian medical advisers, and there seems to have been some little rally. No one, however, appears to look for any real recovery. It is stated that the Count de Paris, during his stay at Frohsdorf, was given, at the express desire of the Count de Chambord, what is there called "the King's place" at table. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that the Count de Chambord regards the Count de Paris as the rightful inheritor of any Royal tradition of claim to the French Throne which he himself can transmit. The Count de Paris is much too shrewd to attach substantial value to this inheritance.

Lord Dufferin made not only an amusing, but a very hopeful speech concerning Egypt, at the dinner of the Worshipful Company of Grocers on Wednesday, where he declared that he should have been very glad to enlarge on such subjects as Egyptian politics and the Suez Canal,—subjects especially calculated by their uncontroversial character for after-dinner speeches,—if he did not indulge a wholesome fear of Lord Granville's taking him to task at breakfast on the following morning, and also a just fear of the effect of the questions of the Fourth Party as to the prudence of his speech. Nevertheless, he would say that "seldom have the people of England had greater reason to be contented with the achievements of their Naval and Military forces than in connection with the late Egyptian campaign. I am not alluding to the destruction of the forts of Alexandria, to the capture of Tel-el-Kebir, and of Cairo. What I am referring to are the gratifying results which, I trust, are destined to follow from these remarkable events. The only justification for war is that the peace which it is undertaken to insure should be prolific in benefits infinitely exceeding the risk and sacrifices it causes, and the amount of human misery it never fails to entail. That the Egyptian campaign will triumphantly stand this test, I unhesitatingly assert. The struggle was short and decisive, but it opened up to Egypt such prospects of peace and the dawn of such a day as was never dreamed of by themselves or their predecessors for centuries." We earnestly hope that Lord Dufferin is not too sanguine. If he is right, the English Parliament must desist from its fatal attempt to manage Egypt from Westminster, and the British Resident in Cairo must imitate the British Residents in India, and interfere with the Native Administration only when that Administration is doing substantial injustice, not when it is simply ignoring European methods of justice.

The House went into Committee on Tuesday afternoon on the Agricultural Holdings Bill, and the great question of "the sitting tenant's" claim for improvements was raised pretty early by Mr. Borlase. The complaint is that a tenant who is not willing to leave his holding rather than have his rent raised, is liable to have that rent raised (so far as it may be raised without driving him to the expense of removal) on his own improvements, a condition of things for which Mr. Borlase desires to find a remedy, but for which, as we argue elsewhere, and as was indeed admitted in the House by some of the best friends of "the sitting tenant," there is hardly any conceivable remedy short of a Court to fix a fair rent, such as has been established in Ireland,—for which in England nobody wishes. Even though a remaining tenant were allowed on the raising of his rent to claim a sum down as compensation for his improvements, the landlord could, of course, always raise the rent so far as not only to cover the interest on that compensation, but something more as well, representing the intensity of the tenant's reluctance to leave. The House saw this, and the amendment was negatived by 196 to 45.

A very unfortunate amendment was carried by Mr. Balfour, who proposed that in respect of improvements for which the consent of the landlord need not be asked, the compensation shall never exceed the amount of the outlay. The objection to this is that it discourages good agriculture. The tenant knows for certain that if his intended improvements do not turn out to be real improvements, that is, do not add to the value of the holding, he must lose the whole outlay. His compensation, then, ought not to be so closely limited as this amendment will limit it in relation to those improvements which are successful, and which add more than the amount of the outlay to the value of the holding, otherwise he will be liable to indefinite loss on unsuccessful improvements, and if turned out will secure only an unprofitable compensation even for his most successful improvements. Mr. Balfour's amendment was, nevertheless, carried by 141 votes to 133, to the great annoyance of the Government, who speaking by Mr. Dodson, described the amendment on Wednesday as one

gravely diminishing the value of the Bill. Probably the Government will invite the House on the Report to reconsider this amendment.

The Corrupt Practices Bill passed through Committee yesterday week. In the sitting of that day a new clause was added to the Bill, making it a corrupt practice to promise the withdrawal of a candidate in consideration of any payment or promise of payment; and in the evening sitting the Attorney-General explained the general effect of those clauses limiting the maximum of election expense, from which there is, we think, the best hope of a wholesome and reasonable effect. He hoped, he said, by these clauses, to reduce the expense of a general election from £2,500,000, which was its cost in 1880, to £800,000. The county elections alone, without counting returning officers' expenses and a few others, had cost £615,800; and the borough elections had cost £595,424, excluding the same kind of expenses. Under the proposed Bill, he hoped to reduce the same class of county expenses to £200,000, and of borough expenses to £209,000, or to reduce them to less than one-third of the old sum in the case of the counties, and to nearly one-third in the case of the boroughs. In cases of a joint candidature, he proposed to subtract one-fourth from the allowable expenses of two such candidates on account of their occupying a joint Committee-room, so that if £500 were the sum allowed under the Bill for a single candidate, the sum admissible for a joint candidature in the same constituency would be £1,000 less by £250, or £750,—a proposal which elicited some very angry objections. And a new discussion on the permissible maximum seems likely to be raised on the report.

Mr. Mundella made an interesting speech on the religious effect of the Education Bill, this day week, at the Crystal Palace, when distributing the prizes for Scriptural knowledge to the children of the London Board Schools. In all the London Board Schools the Bible is read, with such explanations and religious instruction as are suited to the capacity of the children, and but one complaint has been made by parents on that head since Mr. Mundella became Vice-President, in 1880, a complaint by a father, which, owing to the mother's remonstrance, was not persisted in; and yet these London Board Schools deal with 300,000 children. On the passing of the Education Act in 1870, only 2,000,000 children were under education in England and Scotland; now there are 4,700,000, and almost all,—Mr. Mundella said "practically all,"—these children receive religious instruction in the Board Schools or Denominational schools in which they are educated. A better test still of the effect of education on religious teaching is the increase, so far as it can be tested, in attendance on Sunday-schools. There are now more than 4,000,000 children under Sunday-school teaching, and as the infants do not attend Sunday-schools, that is a larger attendance of children above the age of infants in Sunday schools than there is in the day-schools. In other words, the increase of secular education, instead of displacing, has largely increased, religious education.

The University of London must certainly be given credit for complete impartiality. In its new matriculation list, containing 554 names—the number of candidates was no less than 932—two girls come second and third upon the list, and were only prevented from beating all the boys by a Roman Catholic lad, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, educated in the excellent school at Beaumont College, Old Windsor. This boy received the first exhibition, and a pupil of the same school took the fourth place, with a prize of £10; while three more among the first eight are Catholic students also. No one can say that the University of London shows partiality either of sex or religion, and as regards religion, it has succeeded marvellously, as the Roman Catholics themselves admit, in stimulating the education of a class of schools which entertained at one time a strong prejudice against its system. Indeed, neither the sex nor the religion of the candidates is known to the Examiners when they examine the papers, so that it would be hard for them to show partiality.

The O'Conor Don had the courage to attempt a contest at Wexford,—the borough for which Mr. Healy sat before his election for Monaghan,—but was beaten on Tuesday by a majority of 181, 697 voting for Mr. W. H. K. Redmond, and only 126 for the O'Conor Don. At the general election, however, the Liberal was beaten by a still greater majority, the Home-rule candidate having obtained a majority of 197. The crowd on the day of election was a very angry one, and the police had to fix their bayonets; whereupon the crowd charged them, in spite of their fixed bayonets, and as many as thirty persons in the crowd are said to have received bayonet wounds. That is a nasty and very significant gauge of the violence of Irish feeling against the present Government. The O'Conor Don is an Irishman of the highest standing and character, a Catholic and a Celt, and as Liberal as any sincere adherent of the Union can be; yet the mob were so infuriated with his candidature as to invite bayonet wounds, the last thing an ordinary mob will risk.

The Bishop of Peterborough's state is, we deeply regret to say, one to cause the gravest anxiety. Indeed, if we may interpret the bulletins by the usual canons, very little hope is entertained of his recovery.

Mr. Bright made an interesting speech on Wednesday at the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood, pointing out the great advantages which the College confers on its students;—indeed, it enables four-fifths of them, in spite of their blindness, to win their bread by their own exertions, and to become far more independent than less educated people in full enjoyment of their sight. He remarked especially on the bodily exercises of the blind students, congratulating himself that he could not be compelled to attempt the feats which they so easily performed; and he insisted that in opening a career to the blind, *i.e.*, giving them courage and hope and self-confidence, the College at Norwood does more for the blind than a great many schools do for those who are not blind. As the College does often admit poor students, so far as the public generosity enables it to do so, Mr. Bright's speech may do something to open its advantages to those blind children or youths who could not otherwise command them, if it brings new subscriptions to this admirable institution.

The Rev. John Henry Timins, Vicar of West Malling, the clergyman who was found to have poisoned Sarah Ann Wright, by administering to her a teaspoonful of bitter almonds by mistake for sweet oil of almonds, was acquitted of all criminal liability on Wednesday by the jury at Maidstone. Mr. Justice Day, who tried the case, seems to have summed up with great impartiality, pointing out that the chemist had warned Mr. Timins of the dangerous nature of the drug, and that it was for the jury to say whether his negligence in administering it had been criminal. The jury decided, after five minutes' consideration, in the negative, and every one will rejoice that Mr. Timins, who has long held a high character in a parish where he has been vicar for nearly a generation, was so leniently dealt with. Nevertheless, negligence of that kind is hardly excuseable, especially in one who, like Mr. Timins, had studied medicine in his youth, and must have known the terrible danger of confusing a very poisonous with a somewhat similar, though perfectly harmless drug. Reckless doctoring is about the most dangerous form of reckless painstaking. If you take pains to interfere in the struggle between life and death, but interfere on the side of death after all, the recklessness had better have come a stage earlier, and prevented the interference.

The Irish medical men are greatly offended that a mere knighthood has been offered to—and accepted by—Dr. Porter, of Merrion Square, one of their most distinguished physicians. This is, they say, derogatory to Irish medicine, as Irish, no less than English, physicians of equal merit have till now been offered a baronetcy, and not a mere knighthood. Moreover, the Irish surgeons and physicians say that offers of honours of this kind have for some time back been conspicuous chiefly "by their absence" in Ireland, and that after so long an interval to offer only a knighthood is rather an indication of an intention to put Ireland on a lower level, than of a repentant mind. Nevertheless, Dr. Porter has accepted the knighthood. Would it not have been better for the profession to memorialise Dr. Porter to refuse it, than to go to the Lord-Lieutenant and complain that he did not honour them as they deserved? Dignity should, we think, under the circumstances, have silenced the voice of their injured sensibilities.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 99½ to 99⅝.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE English people in one of its periodical frets and fumes is one of the most amusing spectacles on earth, to those who can look on calmly from outside. These frets and fumes usually arise from its having possessed itself, without the least evidence to go upon, with the notion that it had some absolute and exclusive prerogative to dictate to others, which it finds, to its great dismay, suddenly disputed or ignored. When Russia interfered with the Government of Turkey before the Crimean War, when France proposed to annex Savoy and Nice as the compensation for her Italian war, when the United States put an embargo on the cotton exports of the South, and when Russia again presumed to have a policy in Afghanistan, we had instances of this curious effervescence of indignant incredulity at the gross presumption of Powers which dared to interfere with English wishes and prepossessions. It has been the same now, on the discovery that M. de Lesseps has an "exclusive right," dating for ninety-nine years from the completion of the first Canal, to pierce the Isthmus of Suez; and that Egypt, far from being, in Alderman Cotton's language, "the property of England," had long ago granted away to the Company of M. de Lesseps a privilege with which, except by mere violence and fraud, it is impossible for us to interfere. The inarticulate dismay, and noisy, though far from lucid, indignation, at this discovery were so great, that the Government for some days had to bear all the discredit of having opened the people's eyes to this unpleasant fact; and even now, though the public mind is growing cooler, there is a good deal of that disposition to swear at your advisers for telling you the truth which we so often see in choleric men who have mistakenly persuaded themselves that their wishes are the law of the Universe. As to the facts, however, there is no doubt; nor do we believe that the late Government ever had the smallest doubt about the facts themselves, in spite of their frantic efforts to find doors of escape from the cruel stubbornness of those facts. In the first place, the Khedive's concession of 1854 gave M. de Lesseps and his Company the "exclusive" right of Canal traffic over the Isthmus of Suez for ninety-nine years from the completion of their enterprise. In the next place, the further concession of 1856 recited and confirmed the concession of 1854, except as to certain expressly-mentioned stipulations, amongst which, of course, the "exclusive right" conferred is not one. In the third place, Lord Salisbury's attempt to break through this concession by questioning the Sultan's confirmation of it,—even if we could in any case have honourably availed ourselves of such a trick, when we have paid the Sultan's authority in Egypt the compliment of doing all we can to undermine it,—is perfectly baseless. The Firman of 1866 confirms expressly the agreement of February 22nd, 1866; and the agreement of February 22nd, 1866, expressly recites the list given in the contract of March 18th, 1863, in which the concessions of 1854 and 1856 are carefully enumerated. There is absolutely no escape from the exclusiveness of M. de Lesseps' claim, unless it can be shown either that his exclusive right was not exclusive, because not meant to exclude other Companies from doing what he alone was authorised to do; or, as Lord Salisbury proposes to maintain, that it is a breach of the international right of other countries for any national Government to confer an exclusive right of making a new canal through its territory. As neither of these doctrines is likely to command much favour, even from Englishmen in a fume, we may assume that the Government is in a perfectly impregnable position so far as they have acted on the principle that if they want M. de Lesseps to remit any privilege to which his monopoly entitles him, they must make it worth his while to meet their views.

Of course, it is a very different question whether the agreements which the Government have extracted from M. de Lesseps are worth the terms which they have offered him for them. But the truth is that the irritation with which the various mercantile authorities in this country have discovered that we could not honourably force M. de Lesseps' hand, has hardly left them the necessary tranquillity for comparing accurately what the Government have got with what the Government have given for that which they have got. The way to look at it is to put yourself in the place of the French Company with dividends already touching 20 per cent., a very confident belief that they will within a very few years reach 30 per cent., and no visible reason why, if they can but enlarge the facilities for traffic, they should not be able to earn a very much larger dividend still, long before the ninety-nine years are expired. Now, can they greatly enlarge the facilities for traffic, without a new concession? Undoubtedly they can. We believe that there is no reasonable doubt that they may make something like a double canal with the land already at their disposal, to say nothing of the deepening, widening, and cutting sidings, to which Mr. Dillwyn's proposed inquiry refers. It would, we believe, take a new concession to give the canal a separate entrance for the up and down traffic; and beyond this, there would be one or two points at which the double canal would have to be narrowed into a single canal, if made under the conditions of the present concession. But though these limitations would be inconvenient, and greatly increase the danger of collisions and obstructions at one or two points, they would not be so inconvenient as to prevent a very great enlargement of the facilities of traffic, and, therefore, a very great enlargement of the possibilities of profit to the present Company, acting under its already conceded rights. The doubt which has been suggested whether M. de Lesseps has the right to use the remainder of the territory conceded to him for a second Canal is, we believe, without foundation. But even if it has anything in it,—which is far from probable,—there can be no question of the power of the Company to widen, deepen, and construct sidings, and so to apply the electric light that the canal might be used by night as well as day,—which would provide a very large increase of its carrying power. M. de Lesseps, then, has no occasion to procure a new concession, in order to secure a very large expansion of the already great profits of his Company; and in offering him the influence of the British Government to procure a new concession, we do not offer him in any sense what is essential to the brilliant results of his undertaking. We only offer him what certainly is essential to the safest and most convenient organisation of the Canal, and therefore to the interests of our own shipowners and merchants. But without any such concession, he can go on for the remainder of his grant, and also provide the means by which an enormously larger traffic than the present can pass through the Canal,—and a very much larger profit can be realised by its proprietors.

Now, what have we to give him, which is likely to induce him to meet the wishes of the British commercial classes? Nothing, if these wishes are, as they have lately seemed to be, not simply the wishes of business-men, but the wishes of commercial Jingoes, who pride themselves in lording it, through their agents, over the avenues of commerce, as well as in multiplying the achievements of that commerce. But we have a good deal to offer, if our commercial men are looking to their commercial interests only, and nothing more; for we can, by our influence with the Egyptian Government, obtain for M. de Lesseps the means of supplying the best double line of canal of which the conditions permit, with a separate entrance and a separate egress; and this, too, at a comparatively small cost if we lend the money for the new work on the low interest on which England can afford to lend it,—indeed, at so low a rate that M. de Lesseps can afford to abolish the pilotage dues almost immediately, and rapidly to reduce the shipping tolls, as well as to supply our traders with every facility for passing up and down the Canal with the minimum of risk and difficulty. In short, what the commerce of England has to gain is the most convenient double line of traffic, with double ingress and egress, and very much diminished dues. What England has to give for these equivalents is a loan of eight millions at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., which will be sufficient to provide a sinking fund to pay it off, and her influence with the Khedive to get the concession extended for twenty years beyond the original time of its expiration, as well as the additional land necessary. A great deal has been made of the extension of the concession for twenty years beyond the original time, by persons who are not aware that in the original contract, hopes were held out to the Company of a new concession for not *twenty*, but ninety-nine years after the original concession had expired, the increased proportion of profit payable to the Khedive in the event of such a renewal being in that case specified. And it does not seem to us a very unreasonable concession to a Company binding itself to complete so great an enterprise by the most convenient double line of canal, that it should obtain a somewhat longer lease of the privileges which it has, up to the present time, used so well. The truth is, that when you reduce the agreement to its real meaning, it is a bargain in which both sides gain, as both sides ought to gain by every commercial bargain, but not one in which, to our thinking, the Company

of M. de Lesseps gains so much as English commerce; for undoubtedly it gives up high tolls which, so far as we can see, our ships and merchandise are able to pay, and are willing to pay so long as they cannot get them lowered. Nor does the Company gain as much by borrowing money cheaper for its new enterprise, and by the twenty years' extension of its lease, as it might fairly hope to gain, under possible contingencies, without our help,—considering that a much longer extension would be completely within the power of the Khedive, and that if he got a large revenue out of it, he would be not at all unlikely, unless we put a most unconstitutional veto on his authority, to grant that consent.

The weighing of the true nature of the bargain, however, has not as yet been attempted. Englishmen have been in such a pet at discovering that Egypt is not exactly their "property," to be dealt with as they please for commercial purposes, that up to the present time they have been quite unable to look at matters as they are. They have simply assumed that M. de Lesseps is bound to give way to England at once, now that she has found out that he was wise, and she was foolish, in the transactions of thirty years ago. But that is hardly a reason why he should give way and moderate his well-founded expectation of a thirty-per-cent. dividend, so as to accommodate himself to the demands of men who insist on thinking that if he can secure ten per cent. on the security of England, he ought to be very thankful to the Destinies and to us.

THE INTERNATIONAL THEORY OF THE CANAL.

WHEN we see the selfish greediness with which class-interests assert themselves in politics, we do not wonder that there should be a craving after that international administration of the interests common to more than one nation, which seems to promise something like an equitable holding of the scales,—a balance, if not of power, at least of national greed. This, if we understand it aright, is the motive which induces one of our ablest contemporaries to advocate the acquisition of the Suez Canal by an International Commission like that which regulates the navigation of the Danube, in whose hands the Suez Canal might be administered without fear of selfish preponderance of any single Power. There is something revolting enough in such displays as we had in the meeting at Lloyd's last week, and in Alderman Cotton's speech at the Cannon Street Hotel on Wednesday. It is not till we see the ugly rush of a class inspired chiefly by commercial greed exclaiming, like Alderman Cotton at the meeting on Wednesday, with a brutal candour, that it considers Egypt "almost as England's property," and that for that reason the second Suez Canal ought to be made "in English interests, and English interests only," that we begin to cast about for means, —which are too often more or less in the region of dreamland, —for the defeat of this tyranny of the pocket, which so often endangers, and sometimes positively degrades, the very idea of empire. But we do not believe that there is any real solution of the difficulty in the direction of that international Commission which a German contemporary has suggested, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has so eagerly seized upon. Consider the situation. In the first place, here is a great and very prosperous Company in possession, which has already spent a good many millions in a very adventurous and risky enterprise now at last yielding twenty per cent., and promising with something like certainty to yield thirty per cent. before many years are out. In other words, the property of this Company is already a rich spoil, and is eagerly bought by investors for five or six times as much as has been actually invested in it. Now, here is the first difficulty of an International Commission. How is the International Commission to find the means of buying out such a company as this, and who is to decide amongst the nations represented on it if disputes arise, as disputes certainly would arise, as to the proper mode of administering so profitable a concern? We may be sure of one thing, that the present Shareholders,—of whom Englishmen are a large element,—would never consent to hand over their valuable property to an International Commission to administer, but would insist on being bought out by that Commission at the full value of their shares as that value is affected by the commercial prospects of the immediate future. Well, how is the International Commission to get the means of buying them out? Is each nation of Europe to contribute by its taxation to the cost of expropriating, and in what proportion? If it is to be in the proportion of their actual use of the Canal, England, it is said, would have to contribute four-fifths; and does any one suppose that Englishmen would consent to let the British Government contribute, say, eighty millions,—for we do not believe that the Canal could be bought much under a hundred millions, at the present high price of its shares,—towards the cost of a scheme so untried and so critical as the transfer of an adventure in which they are profoundly interested to a nondescript body like an International Commission?

But even if the United Kingdom were willing to acquiesce in such a chimerical enterprise,—and no enterprise could be imagined less likely to command English assent,—would the French Shareholders, who have had all the credit of originating the scheme, and who have the keenest national pride in their achievement, listen for a moment to any plan which would either diminish their influence over the conduct of the enterprise, as it would do if the national contribution were proportionate to the use of the Canal, or else tax Frenchmen very heavily to maintain their national influence over it,—an influence which they now exert by and through the Company which originated it? When people talk of an International Commission, they are thinking not of the management of a commercial enterprise, but of the political guardianship of the neutrality of the Canal in time of war. That is a totally different affair, and might, no doubt, be regulated by an International Commission, as the British Government have themselves more than once suggested. But it is one thing to keep neutrality on an arm of the sea by an International Commission, and a totally different thing to manage a very great commercial speculation by the help of such an agency; and for our own parts, we cannot imagine a project more hopeless than that of either, on the one hand, persuading a prosperous Company of this sort to trust its commercial prospects to the hands of an International Commission which would gain nothing by its success and lose nothing by its failure, or, on the other hand, persuading the various nations which would, through their Governments, take part in such a Commission, to buy out at great expense the interests of a Company in which they have very little concern, and the administration of which they would in the end be compelled, probably, to trust more or less to the agents of the great sea-going peoples. Either alternative is equally out of the question. The present Company can do well enough all that will be necessary to make it a very great financial success, though it cannot improve the means of transit as it would be improved by the scheme which the British Government have proposed. But to transfer the commercial enterprise into the hands of an International Commission is absolutely impracticable by any machinery which we can conceive, either because it would be repudiated by the present Company as fatal to their interests, or because it would be repudiated by the Governments to which appeal would have to be made to indemnify the existing Company for its property.

If, on the other hand, it be proposed that England and France together, as the nations chiefly interested, should take over the concern and manage it as a joint political trust, we should have all the evils and irritations of the Dual Control in Egypt over again, without any of the neutral international elements which are assumed to be non-conductors of international jealousy and rivalry. No plan less hopeful can be imagined than to take the commercial speculation out of the hands of the Company, which regards it solely as a commercial speculation, and to lodge it in the hands of the two Governments principally interested in it as a political speculation. If, in such a case, France and England were not quarrelling over it every year of their lives, it would be a miracle of self-control on the part of both Governments. In short, the dilemma of the International solution of the problem is this,—either it must be confided to the hands of the nations chiefly concerned in it commercially and politically—and then there would be no end of quarrels; or it must be confided to the hands of a number of national trustees not greatly interested in it, either commercially or politically, and then it would be commercially mismanaged, while the nations chiefly interested in it would be constantly tempted to rescue it from the hands of the disinterested, and therefore incapable, trustees.

The conclusion seems to us inevitable that nothing less suitable can be imagined for such an undertaking as the Suez Canal than the direction of an International Commission. It is essentially a commercial undertaking, and must be commercially managed, although it may and must be under sound political regulation. It is a practicable, though an immoral, proposal to force the hand of the Egyptian Government, for the purpose of plundering a Company which has executed a wonderful international work in a manner worthy of all praise. We can understand, though we reject with indignation, the suggestions of Alderman Cotton, and of those who talk as he

does. But we cannot understand the proposal to hand over such a profitable commercial concern as this to an International Commission, because we cannot see how such a Commission could possibly be trusted by the Company as it exists, nor how it could acquire the means of buying that Company out, and subsequently administering a delicate commercial concern of this kind in the manner in which a mercantile company that understands its business can always be trusted to administer it.

THE ETHICS OF NEO-TORYISM.

IT has been becoming increasingly evident since Lord Beaconsfield's death that he had "educated his party" more successfully than he had himself imagined when he made the boast in the autumn of 1867. Household Suffrage, it is now clear, was by no means his only achievement as a political instructor. What he aimed at doing, as soon as he determined to supplant or to succeed Peel, was to revolutionise the Conservative Party, to change its character fundamentally, to undermine it at its foundation and place it on a new moral basis. The sober and statesmanlike Conservatism of Sir Robert Peel was abhorrent to him, and to mark his repudiation of it he abjured the very name. He ostentatiously proclaimed himself a Tory, not a Conservative; and his ideal leader was neither Peel, nor Canning, nor Pitt, but "the injured Bolingbroke." The reason of the preference is not far to seek. Lord Beaconsfield's ideas of government were essentially Oriental, and Lord Bolingbroke represented those ideas better than any other English statesman. Lord Bolingbroke desired to increase the power of the Sovereign at the expense of that of Parliament; which, in effect and generally, would mean the government of the country by the Minister who was most skilful in mastering the Royal will. Bolingbroke himself was not ill qualified for such a post. He was accomplished, brilliant, and eloquent; full of resource, and without scruples. It is easy to understand how such a politician would realise to Lord Beaconsfield's youthful mind the Oriental ideal of a successful statesman, and how the image of "the injured Bolingbroke" dominated his imagination even in the maturity of his career. From this point of view politics became a game of skill, of which the main object was to excel in manœuvre and intrigue, and to baffle opponents. The politician degenerated into a sort of gambler, and became gradually possessed by the gambler's passion, in which all higher considerations are absorbed in the delirious wish to win. Apply this key to Lord Beaconsfield's political career, and it will be found to answer every lock and ward. Free-trade, Parliamentary Reform, foreign politics (except the Eastern Question, on which he had cherished ideas of his own), all were treated by him as pieces on a political chessboard, having no value in themselves except as instruments for checkmating an opponent. Macaulay's sagacity, thirty years ago, discerned "the little rift within the lute" that was by-and-by to destroy the traditional policy of the Conservative party. The passage we refer to occurs in the speech which he delivered on his election for Edinburgh in 1852, and it is so striking that it is worth while to quote it. Lord Derby's Government, of which Mr. Disraeli was of course the ruling spirit, was in office. That Government did not propose to touch the question of Parliamentary Reform; yet here is one of their haphazard proposals, as described by Macaulay: "What precisely I am to expect from them I do not know; whether the most obstinate opposition to every change, or the most insanely violent change. If I look at their conduct, I find the gravest reasons for apprehending that they may at one time resist the most just demands, and at another time, from the merest caprice, propose the wildest innovations." And then Macaulay proceeds to illustrate his meaning, by calling attention to the fact that "the most violent and democratic change that ever was proposed within the memory of the oldest man had been proposed but a few weeks before," by Lord Derby's Home Secretary. "In general, when a great change in our institutions is to be proposed from the Treasury Bench, the Minister announces his intention some weeks before. There is a great attendance, there is the most painful anxiety to know what he is going to recommend." Mr. Disraeli had taken another course. "At the end of a night, in the coolest way possible, without the smallest notice, Mr. Walpole proposed to add to the tail of the Militia Bill a clause to the effect that every man who had served in the Militia for two years should have a vote for the county." According to Macaulay's calculation, this would add about "six thousand voters to every county in England and Wales." And the three qualifications were youth, poverty, and ignorance. As to age, "the nearer to eighteen, the better." As to poverty, "the elector is to be a person to whom a shilling a day is an object." As to ignorance, the men who compose the Militia "are not among the most educated or the most intelligent of our labouring-classes." From this and similar indications of the neo-Toryism introduced by Mr. Disraeli, Macaulay augured a serious danger to the institutions of the country:—"On the whole, what I do expect is that they will offer a pertinacious, vehement, provoking opposition to safe and reasonable change; and that then, in some moment of fear or caprice, they will bring in and fling upon the table, in a fit of desperation or levity, some plan which will loosen the very foundations of society." This prophecy has been fulfilled in a variety of ways already, and it is probably destined to receive some more illustrations. Fortunately, the Tories have only been once in office with a majority since Macaulay uttered the prediction, and then we all know how near they were to involving England in one of the most iniquitous and disastrous wars of modern times. And as it was, the efforts of the Liberal Opposition, backed up by the country, did not suffice to prevent wholly unprovoked wars in South Africa and India,—wars which added largely to the Debt and taxation of the country, and from the calamitous consequences of which the present Government has only as yet succeeded in partially delivering us.

The last illustration of Macaulay's gloomy prophecy has just been supplied by Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons, and by Lord Salisbury in his startling speech in the House of Lords last Tuesday evening. The former gave notice of his intention to move the rejection of the provisional agreement with M. de Lesseps, when he had nothing before him but the bare skeleton of the arrangement. He saw the scheme suddenly exposed to a breeze of unpopularity, and he could not resist the temptation of inflicting what seemed a feasible defeat on the Government. In that exhilarating prospect the interests of shipowners, the risk of a rupture with France, the rights of private property, the complex problem of our occupation of Egypt, were forgotten or disregarded. What can be expected of a party whose soberest leader is capable of exhibiting such freaks of perilous levity? But Lord Salisbury on Tuesday evening surpassed—which was not easy—the rashness of his colleague in the Commons. The speech was unpremeditated—Lord Salisbury said so in his first sentence; yet this is the sort of policy which a responsible statesman, the leader of a great party, one who aspires to guide the counsels and to conceive and carry out the policy of the nation, thinks it prudent to fling upon the public mind without the slightest warning. Assuming that M. de Lesseps has legally an exclusive right of canalisation through the Isthmus of Suez, nevertheless, says Lord Salisbury, "I doubt very much the competence of the Sultan or the Khedive to make an agreement which should bar the nations from the natural right of a passage across the Isthmus for the commerce of the world. . . . . This is something more than a legal question; it deals with that far higher question of how far Governments have the power to confer, without appeal, on persons receiving concessions, prerogatives which shall have the effect of preventing the natural access to means of transit which, as a *primâ facie* right, is possessed by the commerce of the world."

Well might the Lord Chancellor express his "unfeigned astonishment" at such a doctrine. No more revolutionary doctrine was ever heard within the walls of Parliament; and from the lips, too, of the stout, the almost fanatical champion of the rights of property and the prerogatives of the Sultan! Egypt belongs to its Sovereign as much as any part of the British dominions belongs to Queen Victoria, and the nations of the world have just as much right to make canals and railways through British territory, in spite of the sovereign rights of England, as they have to make canals through the Isthmus of Suez without leave of the Sovereign Power. Suppose we had annexed Egypt after Tel-el-Kebir, what would the British Jingo think of Lord Salisbury's proposal that the Isthmus of Suez, or any other portion of Egyptian territory, should be considered the common property of mankind, so far as the needs of cosmopolitan commerce required it? If Mr. Chamberlain had propounded such a doctrine, how every Tory newspaper and platform would resound with indignation! Yet Mr. Chamberlain never uttered a sentence which even ingenious perversion could twist into decent resemblance to Lord Salisbury's Communistic suggestion. And here lies the danger. When a Radical propounds a startling doctrine, a thousand tongues and pens are on the alert to sound the alarm and magnify the danger. But the public have not yet realised the portentous change which has passed over the

Conservative party since their late leader undertook their education, nor the consequent danger of giving them a majority in the House of Commons. As the career of the late Government proved, a Tory Ministry with a majority in the House of Commons, as well as in the House of Lords, is under no check, except from public opinion, and cannot be ejected till it chooses to dissolve. And it may persuade itself, as Lord Beaconsfield's Government did, that public opinion is on its side. Indications are rife that the advent of a Tory Government to office just now would be signalised, among other adventures, by some Irish policy which might disintegrate the Empire, shake the foundations of property, and necessitate the independence or reconquest of Ireland. A great deal more than the question of a second Suez Canal is involved in the substitution at this moment of a Tory for a Liberal Government, and we trust and believe that the Constituencies are alive to the danger.

THE SITTING TENANT.

BUT for the success of Mr. Balfour's amendment, we should say that the Agricultural Holdings Bill was moving on fast. Two clauses in as many days, when in one of them is embodied the two main principles of the measure, is excellent progress. But then Mr. Balfour's amendment may be thought to strike at one of these main principles, and, in that case, the progress of the Bill may yet be delayed by efforts made to get the recent decision of the House reversed or modified. Still, it is something that the question of the sitting tenant has been got out of the way, and the successive divisions of Tuesday night have at all events accomplished this. The strength of the Farmers' Alliance has been fairly gauged, and it is quite clear that in the existing House of Commons its strength is to sit still. On the whole, we are a little surprised that the sitting tenant was not able to make a better fight. There is a superficial equity about his claims which we should have expected to win more sympathy than was actually forthcoming. When once it has been admitted that a tenant who has made improvements is entitled to claim compensation for them when he quits his holding, why should not he be equally entitled to claim compensation if his rent is raised in consideration of them? In the one case, no doubt, he leaves so much of his capital behind him, and if he gets no compensation, it is altogether lost to him. But in the other case, this same capital may conceivably be made to yield him no profit. Supposing, for example, his rent is £100 a year, and he has laid out £1,000 upon the land. He is out of pocket by the interest which he has either to pay if he borrowed the money, or to forego if he has taken it out of other investments, but he hopes to recoup himself for this by the increased value of the farm. The landlord, however, is equally aware of this increased value, and at once raises the rent in proportion. Consequently, the tenant is worse off than he would have been if he had made no improvements. In that case, he would have kept or not have borrowed his £1,000, and have gone on paying his old rent. As it is, he has spent his £1,000, and has to pay a higher rent into the bargain. How can it be just to leave him without protection against such a contingency?

To this we answer, first, that the Bill does in a great measure protect him; and next, that so far as it does not, he could only be protected at the cost of an entire revolution in a land system which, on the whole, works well, and which only a very small minority of those who work it wish to upset. The power of the landlord to raise the rent on a sitting tenant's improvements will, if this Bill becomes law, be limited to a very narrow margin. The sitting tenant can always hold over the landlord the threat of becoming an out-going tenant. Consequently, whenever the landlord thinks of raising the rent on a tenant's improvements, he may in ordinary times be sure of getting the higher rent he asks, but in all probability he will only get it after he has paid the value of the improvements. When he has done that, he can let the farm to a new tenant, or he can make a fresh bargain with the former tenant. If he attempts to get the rent he would charge a new tenant out of the sitting tenant, without recouping him for the money he has spent on the land, he will lay himself open to the answer,—"Pay me the value of my improvements, and look out for another tenant. It will answer my purpose better to go away with my money in my pocket and find a landlord who will deal fairly by me, than to stay with a landlord who would, if he could, make an improving tenant pay twice over for his own improvements." No doubt there is a margin within which this argument will not hold water. Though no landlord will be inclined to risk the annoyance of losing a good tenant, and having to pay money down into the bargain, there may be some who will try to raise a sitting tenant's rent not by the full value, nor anything near the full value of the improvements he has made, but by just so much as he thinks the tenant will be disposed to pay, rather than incur the cost and trouble of moving. They will not, that is to say, turn the rent which was £100 into £150, but they will make it £105, or £110. But even this will be attended with some risk, for the tenant may choose to leave rather than pay even this much in addition to what he pays already, and even if he does not leave, he will certainly not pay a higher rent, all told, than he calculates he can pay and make a profit. Consequently, the injustice against which Parliament has been vainly asked to protect him will, under this Bill, be very small, and only be committed in exceptional cases.

If for the sake of remedying even this the Government had accepted the amendment moved by Mr. Borlase, they would have committed themselves to the impracticable task of giving the English tenant the same security as they have given the Irish tenant, without importing the special machinery by which in Ireland this end has been attained. How is the sitting tenant to be protected against a rise of rent, unless a tribunal is created to determine what was a fair rent for the farm before the improvement was made? If improvements effected by the tenant were the only ground on which rent is ever raised, such a tribunal would not be required; but who is to say, when the rent of a farm is raised, whether the rise is due to a general rise of rent in the district, or to an accidental increase in the productive capabilities of the soil, or to the opening of a new market in the neighbourhood, or to some other circumstance quite unconnected with any improvements made by the sitting tenant? Before a demand for a higher rent can safely be put down to this last cause, the probabilities of its being due to one or more of the other causes must be carefully weighed. In point of fact, a judicial rent must first be fixed which shall take all these circumstances into account, and it is only of any excess over and above this judicial rent that the Judge will be able to say with any certainty that it is rent charged on the tenant's improvements, and so need not be paid until the landlord has recouped him for what he has done. It will not be enough, however, that the rent has thus been fixed, unless there is some prohibition against allowing it to be raised for a certain number of years. A judicial rent which only held good for the year in which it was fixed, would be no protection whatever to a sitting tenant. He would merely be secured against a rise of rent for twelve months, and after that time he would be in the same position that he is in now. Thus we are led irresistibly to the second of the distinctive features of the Irish Land Act. The establishment of a judicial rent would be one such feature; the definition of a period within which a landlord should be forbidden either to raise an improving tenant's rent, or to give him notice to quit, would be another. After that, it would certainly seem hard to forbid a tenant from disposing of the right thus created; and the third feature, free sale, would follow in the wake of the two others. The result of introducing this system was very well described by Sir Thomas Acland on Wednesday. It would be to "put an end for ever to that which has been the great foundation of the prosperity of English agriculture,—the system under which fair-minded landlords with intelligent agents had pursued, for a century at least, the policy of engaging good tenants, treating them liberally, and letting them make a fair and remunerative profit on their farms, with the expectation that twenty years afterwards the land would be worth more money." The advocates of the sitting tenant—the sitting tenants themselves do not seem to care much about the matter—must make out a much stronger case than anything we have yet had from them, before it will seem good policy to exchange this state of things for that which, under wholly different circumstances, has been set up in Ireland.

MR. COWEN ON PARLIAMENTARY SHORTCOMINGS.

MR. COWEN, in speaking on Saturday to the miners of Durham, hit upon an odd accusation against the House of Commons, and a still odder remedy for the evil of which he complained. His complaint was of "the disposition to plane

down opinion to a common level, to round off all individuality of character, all independence of action, and to establish a dull uniformity, instead of a genial and enlivening diversity of thought." We call that an odd accusation, coming as it does from Mr. Cowen, because Mr. Cowen professes to be a democrat of democrats; and of this at least there can be no question, that it is the characteristic disposition of democracy in establishing representative institutions—a disposition at once evil and good—"to plane down opinion to a common level, to round off all individuality of character, all independence of action, and to establish a dull uniformity, instead of a genial and enlivening diversity of thought." We call this at once the evil and the good of democracy in relation to the representative institutions which it imposes. It is both, because undoubtedly in tending to make *average* opinion—what is right in the opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred—prevail over all the varieties of taste proper to eccentricity and genius, it does tend, indeed, to ignore more and more that which is useful or interesting to only one in the hundred, unless he can gain the ear of the rest, even though that one in the hundred have more human nature in him than all the other ninety and nine put together. Of course, this involves a great evil wherever what is true and original gets suffocated by the dullness of the multitude; of course, too, it involves a great good, when it really results in the raising of the ninety and nine common-place people to a fractionally higher level of character and intelligence, even though that elevation be gained at the cost of the exceptional character which is discouraged and depressed. The whole meaning of democracy is, however, that the advantage of the few must be sacrificed, when it comes into competition, as it often must do, with the good of the many; —that a very small substantial increase in the knowledge and dignity of the million is to be secured at the cost, if it must be, of a much larger increase in the knowledge and dignity of the middle or upper class; that a more diffused respectability of the dull, uniform character is to be gained, if it can only be so gained, at the sacrifice of a high concentration of taste and refinement in a single class. When a Conservative says to us that the modern House of Commons is not what the unreformed House of Commons was,—a stage for the brilliant display of the great gifts of a few,—we always reply that we admit the truth of what is alleged, but that, on the other hand, it is, what the unreformed House of Commons was not, an Assembly in which the elementary education of between four and five millions of children is a matter of infinitely greater importance than the higher culture of a few score of select youths. In the old House of Commons, the passing of the Education Act of 1870 would have been impossible. In the new House of Commons, refined passages of arms between men of taste and genius, who compete rather for an imaginative victory over the minds of their hearers than for success in interpreting the wants of the toiling millions, are becoming impossible. But Mr. Cowen appears to us to wish to have all the advantages of democracy without having any of its evils,—to secure all the attention which democracy does certainly secure to the prosaic wants and sufferings of the million, and to have as well all the freshness, elasticity, and genius which used to be displayed in a House of Commons that was not so closely related to the wants of the million, but which could afford to foster and applaud wit and imagination whenever they were displayed, and however irrelevant they were to the cravings of the people. The mere fact that there are twenty people to be considered, where there were not so very long ago only ten, and that these twenty are very often gathered into a close town group, where the ten were spread over a considerable acreage in the country, has itself a tendency "to plane down opinion to a common level, to round off all individuality of character, all independence of action." For the larger number, especially when collected in a more concentrated group, impress themselves and their dull uniform wants much more powerfully on the mind, and obscure your sense of the freshness of unusual or unique forms of character by the dead-level of need which they too often present. We can hardly understand how it is that Mr. Cowen, as a well-known advocate of democracy, can reasonably complain of the House of Commons for its success in representing a democracy. And it *is* success in representing a democracy to give the same slow, emphatic utterance to all wide-spread wants, and the same sturdy discouragement to those exceptional flights of individuality and genius which, though they may lighten the political atmosphere, do so at the cost of withdrawing attention from the great leading features of the political scene.

But if Mr. Cowen's complaint of the House of Commons is, as coming from a democrat, an odd one, his proposed remedy for the evil of which he complains is odder still. He thinks that if more members of the working-class could be got into the House of Commons, you would get "an ingenuousness and freshness of character" which would greatly relieve the dull uniformity of the Assembly. Now, so far as the present Assembly is marked by dullness and uniformity, the reason is, we think, not in the least the want of individual ability, and even talent, in that assembly, but the want of opportunity for their successful display. Business exigencies, party exigencies, and the overpowering pressure of the constituencies almost suffocate what individual ability and resource there is in the House. Five out of six able men have to be silent, in order that the sixth may get the opportunity of shortly exposing the folly of the vain and empty bidders for popular favour. Fill the House with men of the genuine artisan class, and though they might be as ingenuous as Mr. Burt and as fresh as Mr. Broadhurst, the only effect would be that feeling more keenly than any of their colleagues the absolute need of action rather than talk, they would, like Mr. Burt and Mr. Broadhurst, pretty sedulously hold their tongues, and follow their leaders in suppressing as much as possible the volubility of the loquacious party. That, no doubt, would be a grand result, and one which we have always desired; but it would not be the result for which Mr. Cowen looks. It would not restore the old vivacity and originality of an Assembly in which the great majority listened and the man of genius talked, but would at best only tend to diminish the confusion of an Assembly in which the political speculators talk, and the men of sagacity only try to compress talk. A few more shrewd working-men might greatly improve the representative character of the House of Commons,—we are disposed to think they would greatly improve it,—but certainly the way in which they would improve it would not be by breaking through the dull uniformity of opinion, but rather by trying to suppress the impertinent exuberances of opinion,—a very different matter,—in short, by urging the House of Commons more steadily to decisive votes. The artisans would reflect the democracy even better than the present representatives reflect it, and because they reflected it better, they would talk less and do more work. But that appears to be exactly what Mr. Cowen complains of. If we understand him rightly, he wants to see the House do less work and talk better than it does. But if he wants all the brilliancy and originality of the olden times, and yet all the sympathy with the "dim common populations" of the modern times, he must be disappointed; and though he may get more of the last by getting members of the working-class into the House of Commons, he will, for that very reason, get less of the first. His working-class Members will respond to the demands of the working-class; and to respond to the demands of the working-class, means a much grimmer silence and a much more decisive gift for action than was the habit of the brilliant days on which Mr. Cowen looks back with yearning and regret.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

THE movement for recognising in some public way the services rendered to Scotland by the Duke of Buccleuch is receiving the cordial adhesion of the abler and more influential of his political opponents, and probably nothing but the Duke's own modesty will prevent it from attaining complete success. Such a movement is characteristically Scotch; it has only to take the familiar shape of the presentation of "an address and a purse of sovereigns," to become completely so. Wherever the flippant heresies of Mr. Mallock's "Social Equality" may have been received with favour, there is no hope of their taking root north of the Tweed; there man is recognised as above all things a labouring animal. Since the Union, still more since the breaking-up of the Highland Clans, the struggle for existence in Scotland has not been so desperate as it was up to the beginning of the eighteenth century; and, man for man, the Scotch commonalty is probably better-off at the present moment than the English. But creed and climate have perpetuated the tradition—which, after all, is religion in daily life—that whatever a man finds to do, he is bound to do it with all his might. Every Scotchman is expected to go through life resolutely performing his duties, expecting no reward but that given by a good conscience, receiving no encouragement from the undemonstrative but vigilant observers of his career, except an occasional but encouraging grip of

the hand from some brother-labourer, saying to all enervating temptations to turn to the right or to the left, in the words of Burke,—but under his breath,—"For God's sake let us pass on, for God's sake let us pass on!" When, at last, he has achieved what material and moral success is open to him, and when he is in the vale of years, his contemporaries discover that he has been a credit to his parish or his profession, to his country or his species. A committee is formed, to organise a demonstration in his honour. A dinner is given him, and an address presented testifying that he has been a good and faithful servant, and above all things indicating the lesson of his life for other and younger men. If the committee, after due deliberation, come to the conclusion that a purse of sovereigns is not likely to turn the head of a man of threescore and ten, or to have a demoralising effect on his family, that is presented along with the address, as, to use the old-fashioned and somewhat metaphysical Scotch phraseology, "a tangible token of our esteem."

Scotch Peers, in spite of their curious relationship to the Scotch Democracy, are expected to work hard. If any one of them figures before the world as a debauchee or a spendthrift, his Order treat him as a pariah. When in the course of their history they have as a class seemed lazy and indifferent to the public welfare, such an ominous and revolutionary growl has reached them from below as found expression in Carlyle's "Diary" during his days of sansculotte Radicalism, "*Canaille fainéante, que faites-vous là?* Down with your double-barrels. Take spades, if ye can do no better, and work or die!" As a matter of fact, the Scotch Peers of the present day do such public work as comes to them to the best of their ability. Probably not more than three of their number could be mentioned who are not serving, as presidents, or as secretaries, or in some other post, on a political, or philanthropic, or ecclesiastical committee. Of the dozen or so of young politicians who might at the present moment be described as Mr. Gladstone's hopefuls, at least a fourth are Scotch Peers on the bright side of forty. The Duke of Buccleuch has, after his fashion, worked hard and long and quietly. He is recognised throughout Scotland as having meant well and done well, according to his lights. No *fainéant* or absentee landlord, he has sought to promote the interests of his tenants, his dependants, and his country. He is in his seventy-seventh year, and surely the time has come to give him a dinner and an address.

The Duke of Buccleuch is the survivor of four very dissimilar Scotchmen, whose names some fifteen years ago the traveller north of the Tweed found in every one's mouth, whose influence was coloured by, if not due to their personality, and whose successors their country has yet to discover. There was James Baird, the man of iron and Evangelical, but energetic, orthodoxy, the Dumbiedykes of his Church, anxiously asking of his clerical advisers, as a theological or ecclesiastical difficulty presented itself, "Will siller dae't?" and ready with his half-million. There was Norman Macleod, a Burns in gown and bands, yet Celtic to his fingerends, and whose Broad Churchism was really the enthusiasm of Wordsworthianism. There was Alexander Russel, with his masculine humour and his ready pen, the last and, perhaps, the robustest of the Scotch Voltaireans, not believing much more, perhaps, than that the earth is less the inheritance of the Saints than the hunting-ground for a succession of clever fellows, yet the sincere foe of intolerance, illiberalism, and oppression, in every shape and form. Beside these three, resisting here, co-operating there, or rather around them, a social atmosphere fully as much as a person, there stood the Duke of Buccleuch. They have gone, and he remains, as he was then, the leviathan of land and of the natural Conservatism that rallies round land, floating over many a square mile in many a county. You cannot be a day in Scotland but you find that in most public, and in not a few private transactions, "the Duke"—for there is but one Duke in Scotland, though several "his Graces"—has to be calculated with. The battle of Liberalism in the North has been essentially a struggle against his influence, from the day when he nailed his political colours to the mast down to the Midlothian Campaign. Much of this influence may, no doubt, be ascribed to his acres and his rental, to the fact that he is a political symbol, and, as we have already said, a social atmosphere. With no public man of the time would it seem more absurd to associate brilliancy than with the Duke of Buccleuch. He is no orator, he is, indeed, the reverse of an orator. He once had occasion to make a series of short speeches as chairman at an agricultural dinner, and proceeded to deliver a few good-natured common-places. Being among his own people, in his own county of Dumfries, he felt at his ease, and was beginning to dwell on some subject in which he had an interest, when he suddenly pulled himself up with the remark that, if he spoke at greater length, "there would be a paragraph in the papers saying that the Duke of Buccleuch had made a long speech." The Duke's comic horror at the bare idea of such a thing resembled nothing so much as David Copperfield's remonstrance with himself on his first attempt to smoke,—"Copperfield, why did you try it? You might have known you couldn't do it!" The Duke has made only one humorous remark in the whole course of his life, and he was probably never more terribly in earnest than when he made it. For it was shortly after the Disraeli Reform Act had become law, subsequently to its transformation in the Commons; the Duke declared that it contained nothing of the original measure but the word "whereas."

Yet it is beyond question that the Duke's influence and popularity are due in no small measure to his personality. He has shown himself from first to last a man of invincible amiability. Scotch Liberalism may war with his influence, and denounce his agents and subordinates; it spares and respects himself. Roxburghshire and Dumfriesshire tenants are bitter enough on occasions with the Duke's chamberlains, but they evidently think the Duke himself can do no wrong. Then, though he may be intellectually short-sighted, and though his mental movements may be slow, he is a good and careful man of business. Before the Scotch Patronage Abolition Act of 1874 was passed, he, although an Episcopalian, discharged the difficult duties of patron to a large number of Presbyterian parishes with almost perfect success. His selections of incumbents were seldom, if ever, objected to, because before making them he had studied the characters and ascertained the wants of the congregations requiring spiritual instructors. Above all things, the Duke of Buccleuch's popularity is due to his having, unconsciously perhaps and simply by being faithful to his excellent instincts, converted his position of landlord and feudal superior into a benevolent patriarchate. But little of snobbishness and nothing of flunkeyism mingles with the respect paid to the Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland, at all events by humble folk. It is but the expression of a belief that he has lived with, and in many ways for, his people, but never on them, or for himself.

One is so accustomed to think of the Duke of Buccleuch as the typical country gentleman of Scotland, the centre of its landed interest, the improver of estates, the builder of harbours, the natural bulwark of Church and State, that one is apt to forget that he once had a political ambition, and seemed in a fair way to have it gratified. He was a Cabinet Minister at thirty-five, or four years before Sir Charles Dilke, the youngest of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues of the inner circle, reached that dignity. He was Peel's colleague from 1842 to 1846, first as Lord Privy Seal, and then as Lord President of the Council. It was his secession and that of the then Lord Stanley which caused Peel to resign, at the most critical moment in the history of the measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws. His return to the side of Peel, his manly declaration in a letter to him, "I am ready, at the risk of any imputation that may be cast upon me, to give my decided support not only to your Administration generally, but to the passing through Parliament of a measure for the final settlement of the Corn Laws," had not a little to do with his chief's final resolution to complete his great work. It may be doubted if the Duke's Conservatism has ever been even purged of the Peel leaven, unless, indeed, the successful Midlothian campaign of his old colleague has produced that result. "Dod" still classes him, as it classes Lord Selborne, as a Liberal-Conservative. He never served under the late Lord Derby, and probably had little sympathy with him. It was not till the second administration of Lord Derby's successor that he could be got to recognise his party authority with even a semblance of heartiness. His dislike for Lord Beaconsfield was the dislike of the honest, if rather dull man for the theatrical political adventurer. Perhaps it was just as well for the Buccleuch estates in Scotland, and for the City of Edinburgh, that, with the collapse of the Peel Administration the Duke found his political vocation gone, and devoted himself to the completion of the work of his grandfather, the friend and pupil of Adam Smith. The one might not have obtained their patriarchal government, nor the other have had completed that harbour of Granton, which is the greatest public enterprise ever executed in Scotland at the cost of a private individual, if the Duke had become a busy partisan and place-hunter. About a generation

ago, he found his true mission; and it is because he has discharged that mission faithfully and honourably that Scotland, which has defeated him on a hundred political battle-fields, and hopes to defeat him on many more, sees no inconsistency or degradation in recognising him as a national benefactor.

THE SET-OFFS AGAINST MODERN SCIENCE.

THAT science has as much right to its airs of self-confidence, as an unparallelled series of almost unexampled successes could give it, every intelligent man will admit. In the line of its own discoveries it has achieved wonders, and the only word of admonition that it is reasonable to pronounce is, that these wonders have turned the heads of too many scientific men, and led them to claim as the province of science, what science, as they understand it, has no prospect of ever conquering at all. To illustrate what we mean by this mistaken self-confidence or arrogance of science, we will make three quotations. Two are from a book of which we said something last week, Dr. Maudsley's book on "Body and Will," of which one may describe the fault as this, that it applies the scientific method very successfully where the ordinary scientific method is appropriate, and wholly ignores—nay, resolutely denies—all facts to which the scientific method, as men of science understand it, is wholly inappropriate. Here is one passage:—"Can there be a greater absurdity, when we think of it, a more completely knowledge-annihilating device, than to pretend to keep provinces of knowledge, however acquired, rigorously asunder! To assert liberty and self-sufficingness in one science, and necessity and interdependence in all other sciences, is really the negation of all science. It is a gaping contradiction in the very foundation of knowledge, which renders any stable superstructure impossible; for how can man, being one, have real knowledge unless it is *unity* of knowledge? How make for himself a synthesis of the world, if he is required to preserve an absolute separation, an impassable chasm, between two regions of knowledge?" That represents precisely the very vice of modern science,—that it will admit no paradoxes, no differences too deep for the unifying power of the human intellect, and, therefore, attempts to introduce an artificial unity into provinces which, the more we study them, the more we find to contain principles which cannot by any legerdemain of the intellect be shaded off into each other. And it is characteristic of the arrogance of science, that it is that very same school of science—the school of physical science—which denies most peremptorily, even to the principle of uniform causation, any intuitional universality, which, nevertheless, assumes to impose that principle on the conscience and the will, against the protest of self-knowledge. One would suppose that a principle which has been only empirically established, should be perfectly open to empirical exceptions. Yet, paradox being of the very truth of human life as we know it, and science, as learnt from the physical provinces of existence, not enduring paradox, the whole effort of such science as Dr. Maudsley's is devoted to suppressing the evidences of paradox which abound in all human experience when candidly recorded. If we replied to Dr. Maudsley that no sensible man had ever asserted "liberty and self-sufficingness" as the principle of any science, but solely thus much,—that directly you rise into the region of human action, you find for the first time, amidst the most ample traces of the necessity and interdependence of the lower regions of life, a new principle of liberty, though of liberty ranging within very narrow limits, a principle of which there had been no sign in the physical region, he would, we suppose, reply that no matter how limited its range, real liberty, if it exist at all, is the negation of causation as we know it, and therefore the negation of science. To which we should rejoin,—Yes, if you define science as meaning anything less than knowledge, if you define it as denoting only that department of knowledge in which uniform causation rules, of course it is so. But as you not only admit, but even assert, that our only knowledge of the uniformity of causation is purely empirical, have you the smallest right to pooh-pooh, as *a priori* impossible, a new fragment of knowledge of which it is the distinctive mark that under the same antecedent conditions you know two different actions to be equally possible?

Now, take another instance of the marvellous arrogance with which Dr. Maudsley imposes the yoke of the physical sciences on the moral order which he is investigating. He says very justly that "if there be an intuitive truth in the hope and conviction of a future realisation of lofty ideals, it does not follow that the realisation will take place on earth." But then he goes on:—"It is, perchance, a cosmic instinct of the matter of which we are constituted. In the countless millions of space-pervading orbs, it may have been, and may be again, the functions of many to take up the tale of organic evolution, and to carry the process to higher and higher levels,—even to organisations that are utterly inconceivable to us, constituted as we are. For us men and for our salvation, the earth and its sun are all in all; but in the universe and its evolution, new heavens and new earths may be natural incidents, and the whole solar system to which the earth belongs of no greater moment than the life of the meanest insect is in the history of that system, of no greater proportion than a moment in its duration. How grotesquely ludicrous, then, the absurdity of man's vainly attempted conceptions of a great first cause or purpose of things." In other words, Dr. Maudsley scorns to attach any value to what he calls elsewhere the "evolutional *nisus*," inspiring idealism, when it happens to be found—where alone, indeed, it ever is found,—in the mind of man, but is not disinclined to regard it, as appertaining intrinsically to the nature of "cosmic matter," as matter. Verily, those who ignore the paradoxes of freedom and faith are condemned by a sort of Nemesis to believe in paradoxes of their own even more astounding. What evidence is there of an "evolutional nisus" tending towards idealism in iron or carbon? Is "the evolutional nisus" which astronomers suppose to be already exhausted in the moon, only successfully imprisoned there? And why does "cosmic matter" retain idealistic aspirations in one place, and lose them in another? Can anything be plainer than that the materialist who recognises the idealistic faith in man,—as he cannot but recognise it, if he is to open his mind to facts at all,—and yet ascribes this idealistic faith to "cosmic matter" as such, does so solely and absolutely because, on his theory, there is nothing better left to ascribe it to? The truth is, however, that of idealism proper there is not a trace in the physical universe, and that if there be any "cosmic instinct" of idealism at all, it must be due to an inspiring mind in the universe, and not to "cosmic matter."

Now, take a third instance of the curious and rash arrogance of the spirit bred by the physical sciences. In last week's *Academy*, in a review of Mr. Douglas Galton's recent book by a very able student of physical science, Mr. Grant Allen, to whom we owe many original and ingenious speculations on vegetable physiology,—for example, one on the origin of the strawberry,—we find the following passage:—"The other point" [dealt with by Mr. Galton] "is the investigations into the efficacy of prayer. These are narrated with a quaint, scientific *naïveté*, which is not intended, doubtless, to be ironical, but which is as perfect a specimen of irony, in the pure Greck sense of the word, as we ever remember to have seen. The transparent candour, reverence, and scientific precision of Mr. Galton's reasoning will prove (quite unintentionally) a thousand times more annoying to dogmatism than any other tone that could possibly have been adopted. Abuse the dogmatists can stand, but gentle persuasion and clear logic are really too trying. When Mr. Galton remarks that he has not yet examined into the truth of Father Clarke's statement that 'substantial curative effects are often produced by pilgrimages to Lourdes,' or notes the absence of any marked answer to the daily prayer 'that the nobility may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding,' or cites the history of English ducal houses in opposition to the belief of the Psalmist that the descendants of the righteous shall continue, while those of the wicked shall fail, he is only honestly applying the methods with which he is familiar elsewhere to the particular subject under dispute; but it is almost impossible for unscientific readers not to suspect him of intentional satire." Is it possible to imagine a sublimer tone of arrogant assumption that prayer never receives any answer, than we find here, or one which is less becoming in a writer whose mind has been educated by the study of physics and physiology? The inner world is a sealed book, as it would seem, to the student of the modern physical sciences, who does not even know so much as this, that all Christian prayer at all events, is cast in St. Chrysostom's form, "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, *as may be most expedient for them*," and that far more and far better answers to prayer come in the shape of purified desires than of granted wishes. And yet he dogmatises on prayer with this sublime scorn for all the story of the

ages. Even Mr. Matthew Arnold,—whom men of science have claimed as their champion on questions of this kind,—has asserted the truth of the paradox which is the very key to the efficacy of prayer,—"He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal," and has called it the sublime "secret of Jesus," "the secret by which emphatically his Gospel brought life and immortality to light." Even Mr. Arnold has declared that there is a secret life which is full of paradoxes to the man who looks only at the outward world, or even at the world of physical science, a secret life in which the paradoxes of self-abnegation, and all that the Christian includes in the life of prayer, are not only true, but the only living truth; and yet because they do not fall in with the methods of physical science, we find the whole life of prayer laughed to scorn by the successful student of the physical sciences.

Science has had a great and glorious career. But great and glorious as that career has been, we do not hesitate to say that all its achievements put together are of infinitely less value to man than the secret which Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "the secret of Jesus,"—a secret the true interpretation of which involves doubtless a great deal of theology which Mr. Arnold himself rejects, and a great deal of psychology against which both Mr. Grant Allen and Dr. Maudsley would hardly think it worth while, in their sublime arrogance, even to protest. But the study of insanity, and investigations into plant-life, even though they include the origin of the strawberry, hardly furnish a sufficient basis for the science of spiritual life.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE MALAY COUNTRY.

SUPPOSING that one possessed Prince Hassan's carpet, the tree of inexhaustible fruit, the flask of unfailing water, and the cloak of invisibility, so that one might travel in any region of this planet at choice, and be under no sort of bondage or obligation to the human race, the Malay Country would be one of the best possible fields for the exercise of such a privilege. There are wondrous things to be seen in the great forest tracts, where man has not yet intruded, and the animal world leads its life unpersecuted (from the outside) in the jungle and the river; where birds, insects, and reptiles have their home in the trees, the air, and the swamps; where flowers more beautiful than any that deck our brides or die in our ball-rooms, mysterious of form, and lavish of growth, drape the giant palms and hang festoons of bells and feathers over the dark, swarming waters. It would be pleasant to pry, unseen, and with no need of protection, into the forest-covered interior of the great peninsula, where gigantic pachyderms, looking like monsters of the far past, roam; to see the huge elephant, the one-horned rhinoceros, little-eyed and of enormous weight; the tapir, quite slender and delicate by comparison, and the wild hog, progenitor of all pork, but who does not come to the scraped and pallid complexion of his descendants, because true Malays will not eat him; and with these a solitary plantigrade, that wistful-faced bear, who wants "back" among the feline and four-handed tribes, and no doubt, like Mrs. Todgers, finds it hard to live. It would be pleasant to watch the ways of this small creature, with its close fur, sensitive nozzle, and narrow, grasping paws, tenacious and miser-like. The Malay buffalo is bigger than the Chinese and Indian varieties, a greyish-pink in colour, hairless, probably stupid, but happily less ill-treated than his "explored" brethren, because he has not men to hunt and torture him, but only tigers, and at least it is soon over when the leopard makes a paralysing spring upon him, or the royal or the spotted black tiger (with the true stripes traceable in certain lights upon his shining, jet-black skin) stalks him and brings him down, fresh and happy from his mud-bath. It would take a long time to exhaust the forest-folk; for there are the civet, Java, and several other "cats," the musang and the climbing musang, and the water-dog, known to us as the land-otter, an astute creature, with (at least as seen in captivity) a remarkably preoccupied and selfish expression of countenance. This, perhaps, is incidental to life in "gardens," where food is not a fixed, but an arbitrary quantity, and all the excitement and suspense of existence concentrate themselves in one fateful moment, monotonously marked by the advent of a man with a fork and a barrow. And there are four species of deer, two smaller than a hare—gentle creatures that might be, and probably are, pets of the seraglio—one a noble animal, as large as the elk; wild goats, free, happy, and hairy; and bison, but these are not numerous. It would be "fine" to see the lives of these creatures; their wars, their truces, their strategy, their domesticity, and to observe the demeanour towards them of their superiors, the four-handed race, of whom there are nine kinds in the Malay peninsula, besides two apes, very curious and disconcerting animals, and a lemur, with the beautiful, bright eyes, that cannot bear the light, peculiar to the sloth tribe. Of course, the monkeys are the men of those unexplored forest regions, the superior persons who would resent the aping of their ways by clothed intruders, and say, with Gay's travelled Jocko, if they were ever tempted out of their safe "wilderness,"—

> "I vow 'tis a disgusting sight,
> To see men always bolt upright;
> Because we sometimes walk on two,
> I hate the imitative crew."

Their brethren who outranged the forest fastnesses and fell into the hands of men, have they not been chained up, and taught, it may be, by that terrible instructor, hunger, to use their agile limbs and dexterous hands in the gathering of the kindly fruits for other consumption than their own, and have not the bonds of servitude descended to the children of these stragglers? One would like to see that clever service done, too; but how much better to behold, on the jungly banks of the Linggi River, in the midst of a scene at once of activity and stillness, with colossal flowering trees, green twilight, inextricable involvement, with brilliant birds, jewel-like lizards, weird, uncanny flying foxes, and huge saurians basking on shiny banks under the mangroves, the free creatures, sitting in groups, hanging by hands or tails, leaping, grimacing, jabbering, pelting each other with fruit, and, no doubt, perfectly alive to the intellectual inferiority of all other forest-folk. And then, to see the home of the monkey-man,—the wondrous river-side forest, where the great bamboo towers in its feathery grace, and the rattan creeps along the ground, and then, climbing the trees, knots them together with tough, tangled strands, for it may be twelve hundred feet of fantastic bondage, and the bound and loose alike are loaded with trailers, ferns, and orchids, so splendid and so rare that to have seen one of them once, in costly extradition to some gorgeous mansion here, is a thing to be remembered! There the "audacious liana," with great clusters of orange or scarlet blossoms, flings itself on several trees at once, or a trailer leaps across the river from tree to tree—the agile monkey of the plant world—and from a height of a hundred feet dangles the festoons of gorgeous blossoms, in which myriads of fairies must surely sleep in the tropical daytime, so as to be fresh for the dancing, with moths and dragon-flies and butterflies, when the cool evening comes. There is no lack of partners for the elfin beauties, "trooping all together," for the butterflies swarm in countless thousands in the forest openings, and their variety is endless. It would be pleasant to see a Butterflies' Ball, opened by the Queen of the Fairies with such a gallant cavalier as either of those that Miss Bird saw in the Pass of Bukit Berapit, when all around was light and colour, the morning-hymn of birds, and the sound of crystal waters:—"The upper part of the body of one of them, and the upper side of its wings, of jet-black velvet, and the lower half of its body and the under-side of its wings of peacock-blue velvet, spotted; another of the same 'make,' but with gold instead of blue; and a third with the upper part of the body and wings of black velvet, with cerise spots, the lower part of the body cerise, and the under-side of the wings white, with cerise spots. All these measured fully five inches across their expanded wings." One thinks joyfully of these creatures, for they were not netted and impaled, but left to the happy little life their Creator meant them for, unperverted to the base uses of the "specimen."

If one should spread Prince Hassan's carpet in the jungle where the elephants are at home, or by the river-side, where the trackless mangrove swamps begin, and the alligator basks; where the turtle, the tortoise, and many kinds of lizards pursue their peaceful ways, and the deadliest of the serpent tribe wind their beautiful but horrid forms through the slimy recesses, what strange sights one would see, and how curious an impression one would receive of an entire department of nature in which man is of no account at all, not wanted or missed in its economy! And how solemn an experience would the night be—not terrible, because the cloak of invisibility is always understood—with the awful, still forest, the note of that grand night bird, the Argus pheasant, which is said to resemble the cry of the wild man of the interior, the sounds of fierce gambols, of pursuit and capture, hunter and victim, and the plunging of elephants come down to drink! And then, with sunrise, the change would

be like that which followed the arrival of the Prince who awakened the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss, and whom we are — quite ineffectually — bidden by modern unwisdom to believe was the Sun himself. "Loudly chattered the busy cicada, its simultaneous din, like a concentration of the noise of all the looms in the world, suddenly breaking off into a simultaneous silence; the noisy insect world chirps, cheeps, buzzes, whistles; birds halloo, hoot, whoop, screech; apes, in a loud and not inharmonious chorus, greet the sun; monkeys chatter, yell, hoot, quarrel, and splutter. Occasionally, some heavy fruit, over-ripe, falls into the river with a splash." Now, if we were willing to lay aside the cloak of invisibility for a while, and let the human sentiment of surprise in upon monkeymanity, would swarms of agile creatures come down on living "monkey-ropes" from the feather-crested trees, to inspect, upside-downedly, the "despiseable" intruder, incapable of even elementary climbing, and deplorably deficient in chatter?

If, like Ingoldsby's "Sir Thomas the Good," one's taste points insect-wise, there is much (in addition to the "tiger" and the "night" mosquito) to gratify it in the Malay Country, where moths of such surpassing beauty that neither jewel nor flower can compete with them abound; and notably the wonderful Atlas, measuring ten inches across its wings; where multitudes of beautiful little creatures live upon the myriad leaves, and the dark nights are illuminated by the flashing of fireflies, moving in undulations like the phosphoric waves of the sea. Glancing through the jungle-openings, we should see sun-birds, rivalling the colours of those living jewels, the humming-birds; and on the river-banks large kingfishers, arrayed in the glory of their matchless blue plumage; while the forest trees are studded with green paroquets, coral-beaked, and the jungle-tracks are trodden by the stately Argus, the gallant and bellicose jungle-cock, and the Java peacock, with its exquisite, iridescent green feathers. Here is a glimpse of what the waters would reveal to us:—"Multitudes of fish of brilliant colours, together with large medusæ, dart or glide through the sunlit waters among the coral groves, where every coral spray is gemmed with zoophytes, whose rainbow-tinted arms sway with the undulations of the water, and where sea-snakes writhe themselves away into the recesses of coral caves."

The ordinary traveller might possibly get too much tiger, especially in Malacca, where a black one (perhaps a panther) came down the principal street early one morning, and made its *chota hazree* of a Chinaman; and up in Lingat, where the windows of the bungalow in which Miss Bird resided had to be closed, on account of an adjacent tiger, "whose growling was most annoying;" but the tiger at home would be a great sight,—from an earth-skimming balloon, or Prince Hassan's carpet. As in Corea, so in the Malay peninsula, the tiger is an object of great dread and reverence. The Malays speak of these animals in whispers only, believing that souls of men departed dwell in them; and in some places they will not kill a tiger, unless he is a very *mauvais sujet* indeed. The Malay's version of the wehr-wolf myth is that some men are tigers by night and men by day. They wear tigers' claws to avert disease, use the liver, dried and pounded, as a medicine, which is worth twice its weight in gold, and set the centre of the "terrible eyeballs" in gold rings, to be worn as charms. Whether one liked or did not like the ape as an inmate would regulate one's enjoyment of the domestication of that animal in the Malay Country, but that it is a wonderful creature is not to be denied. The Malays are passionately fond of pets, and of all the nice things which travellers and residents in their peninsula have told us of this interesting people, nothing is more charming than this testimony of Miss Bird's:—"They have great skill in taming birds and animals. Doubtless, their low voices, and gentle, supple movements, never shock the timid sensitiveness of brutes. Besides this, Malay children yield a very ready obedience to their elders, and are encourged to invite the confidence of birds and beasts, rather than to torment them."

THE DEFEATED ENNERDALE RAILWAY.

ALL lovers of English Lakeland and all believers in the need of keeping the few Dales left to us inviolate for the rest and pleasure of weary England will owe a debt of lasting gratitude to the Select Committee appointed on the motion of Mr. Stafford Howard to inquire and report "whether the proposed Ennerdale Railway will interfere with the enjoyment of the public who annually visit the Lake District, by injuriously affecting the scenery in the neighbourhood, or otherwise," for the report against that railway which it adopted.

Ennerdale is the most impressive of our Cumbrian Valleys for simple and austere grandeur. What the spectator feels, as he looks at Honister Crag from Buttermere, he feels doubly, when —after a climb over the intervening mountain mass of Red Pike and Starling Dodd, and descending upon Ennerdale Water at Gillerthwaite Farm—he looks south-east up the green trough of the wild vale, and sees towering upward, cloud-capped, the gigantic, purple mass of the Pillar, Steeple, and Haystacks at the head of the vale; and watches the shining, serpent-like coils of the Liza run towards the pastures at the head of the Lake. Right opposite him, as he descends into the valley upon one of the only two farm-houses that exist in all the six miles of vale, he notes between the two ravines down which, from the skirts of the Haystacks, fall the cascades known as High Ghyll and Low Ghyll, that the hill-side has been hideously scarred in about twenty-four different places by the adventurers for whom powers have just been asked of Parliament to complete the destruction of the valley. He observes that the terminus of the proposed line was to have been a mile further down the valley, just at the head of the lake; and on inquiry learns that, once get the rail there, "They'll happen get leave to run it right oop;" but that till then, the men who get the iron ore are intending to run it down by *tram* to the lake.

Entering Gillerthwaite Farm, he learns that the iron-ore royalties between High Ghyll and Low Ghyll are belonging to the Lowther family, but that there are said to be other iron veins worth working away up the beautiful ravine known as Silver Cove, in the hollow that divides Great Crag and Ern Crag from the Haystacks. The royalties here belong to William Tyson, the grand old yeoman who may be said to be King of Ennerdale. Listen to his wife, as she says, sadly enough, "Once let them ragabones and navvy folk come oop here away, Barn, we mun just leash house and be off!" It is evident that the chance of royalties does not outweigh in her mind the peace and quiet of the Dale. We leave the lonely mountain farm of Gillerthwaite, noisy enough and busy enough to-day, for it is sheep-shearing time, and pass along a good mountain road for about a mile, to the head of Ennerdale Water. On our right is the barrow or burying-ground of the Norse chieftain Lathar,—*Latter Barrow* of to-day. And as we gaze north-west along the shining levels of the lake, it is easy to see that no choice was left the railway promoters as to which side of the lake they must run; for, sheer down to the water's edge on the opposite or south-west side fall the brown, heath-covered masses of Crag Fell, Borter Fell, Reveling Crag, with Angler Crag standing out a sole promontory into the water beneath it. Nor, *pace* Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, is it difficult to observe at a glance, that the masses, on this, the north-eastern shore, of Starling Dodd and Herd House, with their spurs of Latter Barrow and Bowness, come so closely to the lake, that the Ennerdale Water foreshore on this side is also very limited; and that as the present carriage roadway for at least two-thirds of the distance down the lake is not more than thirty to forty yards away from the margin of the lake, so the projected line, which is to run parallel with it, will not be more than one hundred to two hundred yards distant from it over the same distance. How Parliament could ever have been expected to sanction the danger to horse and carriage traffic along this the only road up to Ennerdale, it is difficult to see. Walls cyclopean, or a formal belt of trees, as a protection between the echoing train and the roadway, if insisted on, would have been as great a blot in the scenery of the Ennerdale foreshore as anything that could have been devised to damage the vale.

We are now standing by the first foot-bridge over the River Liza, and at the proposed terminus. All the beauty of the river would have been doomed here to be given up to iron girders, and all the charm of the rugged pasture-land to the incidental waggon-standing ground and sidings of the iron-ore traffic. Any one who remembers the red mud, and *ruddled* appearance of Boot or Ravenglass Station, on the Eskdale Railway, will know what that means. But the mines are at least a mile and a half away. Trams were to be laid by the side of the Liza to fetch the trucks. Trams were again to go up yonder beautiful combe or hollow in the hills between Ern Crag and the Haystacks. For ore is reported to exist in the Deep Ghyll and also in Silver Cove; and why should Deep Ghyll not have been made to run loamy-red to join the discoloured Liza, and pour such a torrent of iron-

washings into Ennerdale Water, as would have made it one great reach of red incarnadine, and plagued it with an Egyptian plague of blood, only equalled by the colour of the River Ehen, as it flows by Cleator and Egremont to the sea? "Eh, Barn!" said a farmer with whom the present writer once spoke, "let t' Raale git here, and it 'nll goo reight thro' t' vale hooiver. There's a canny bit o' slate at top, and a bit of lead in t' Pillar, so they saay." The Whitehaven folk depended on Ennerdale to supply their water without lead or iron in it. If Ennerdale had been made the sport of mining experimenters, and the foxes, who consider the Todd Holes up in the Haystacks Mountain their strongest "beald" in this part of Cumberland, had been compelled to give place to human foxes of a more destructive order, great would have been the pity. Look up and count the red burrows of this latest fox, and see how even his preliminary workings have marred the vale.

We turn and pass down the vale, by the side of Ennerdale Water. On our left the lake, on our right the glorious crags of Herd House and Starling Dodd, and the flanks of Latter Barrow and Bowness Knott. One thing strikes us at once. The singular loveliness of the wild strip of land between lake and mountain-wall. And who that knows the beauty of that boulder-strewn, ferny foreshore, between the hills and the water's edge, but must see the certain injury any railway line permitted would have inflicted? We have now in our walk towards the foot of Ennerdale Water reached a rising ground, that projects into the lake from the base of the beautiful Bowness Knott. The rail must here either have made a deep cutting by the side of the road that climbs over the hill, or must have gone to the water's edge, and so round it; and either alternative would have disfigured the scene. Once round the Windsor Point (as this promontory is called), we find the hills recede, and a pleasant bit of farm-house-bedotted prospect reaches to the foot of the red-brown Herd House Heights, and Banna Fell. Yonder, away to the west, is How Hill; and there, by How Hall Farm, the steam-invader would first dare his intrusion into the Ennerdale sanctuary. As one walked under the How Hill, by the wild roses and foxgloves, and flowery, bowery, half-wall, half-bank fences, that lie between Anglers' Inn and Ennerdale Bridge, one felt it a pity that the holiday-makers should be whirled by all this beauty, in their haste to the foot of the lake, for that last mile and a half.

At Ennerdale Bridge lies the only population, some three hundred and fifty, that could be said to be a community that needed railway accommodation at all. Beyond Ennerdale Bridge, in the lakeward direction, not more than twelve houses can be counted. Of these, ten at least lie in the little bay or natural recess between How Hill and the Bowness Knott, on the north side and quite at the foot of the lake. It cannot be doubted that for the mining people of West Cumberland who need a holiday, and who now for want of direct railway accommodation to the nearest vales take train to Keswick, a railway that ran to Ennerdale Bridge village would be a convenience. One yard further that railway need not come; unless the interests of the landlord of the Anglers' Inn and the greater convenience for the three or four farmers who live close by are thought to outweigh in importance the certain destruction of this the most impressive and romantically beautiful vale of Cumberland, and all to please the whims of a parcel of speculators and the pockets of a few mining engineers, railway-making lawyers, and royalty-owners.

Is there any belief in the progress of education? Then one day the toiling masses who are digging coal and iron in West Cumberland will greatly appreciate the quiet and change of scene, and be impressed by the grandeur of Ennerdale. And Ennerdale is the nearest valley to those toiling masses that could be ever to them a holiday-ground. We are careful for the masses, in refusing to allow their recreation-ground to be made impossible for them in the future.

But the public opinion that saved Borrodale was alive, and has now saved Ennerdale also. No doubt, owners of iron ore at this particular juncture are anxious to crowd out of competition the Spanish ore which, through the temporarily low freightage, has found its way inconveniently into the English market. Parliament will doubtless give the commercial side a fair hearing, but Parliament has been wise in remembering that England's true wealth lies not in her mineral supply, so much as in her supply of healthy souls in healthy bodies. Parliament does not forget that the work of the world demands that there shall be rest-places for the weary workers. The Legislature has been most just in refusing to sanction the certain destruction of the Vale, because it is currently reported that iron ore exists in an *untried quantity* somewhere on the slopes of Tewit Fell.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND SELFISHNESS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It appears that the Government have made the best bargain they could with hard-headed monopolists in the matter of the second Suez Canal. That it is a monopoly they had to deal with was confirmed by the best opinions at their command; and they were bound, therefore, to act upon those opinions, whatever opinions Conservative partisans may have given to the contrary.

England is suffering in this matter from her excessive selfishness, just as she did from the same cause in the late Russo-Turkish Eastern Question. In the latter case, the majority of our upper classes did all they possibly could to secure impunity to Turkey in her inhuman government of her Christian subjects, lest by restraining her she might be made weaker to resist problematical designs of Russia; and by thus, on account of remote possibility, backing up and identifying themselves with fiends, they landed us in the very situation they most dreaded, namely, the territorial aggrandisement and increased influence of Russia. In the present case, that of the Suez Canal, the same cause, excessive selfishness, caused groundless suspicions and fears of France, so that our Government, with the whole body of ship-owners behind it, did all they could to hinder the inception and execution of the work, and so confirmed the preponderance of French influence in it. How different would it have been had we cordially co-operated with M. de Lesseps from the first in furthering the maritime communication of the world! We would then have been in a position to acquire and maintain an influence in the undertaking equal, if not superior, to that of the French.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Amroth, S. Wales. A. Boyle.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You would not, I am sure, wish to do an injustice even to "such a man" as Mr. Bradlaugh. Allow me, therefore, to assure you that Mr. Bradlaugh did not "boast" at the meeting in St. James's Hall at all; his speech was most studiously moderate and self-restrained; he stated, indeed, his belief that those who had prosecuted Messrs. Foote and Ramsay had hoped to catch him in the same net, that political and not religious motives were at the back of the prosecution. But there was nothing in his speech to show that "notoriety is turning his head;" much to show that he felt the tremendous responsibility of his position as leader of an enthusiastic body of men and women, smarting under a sense of political wrong done in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ.

May we not hope that by-and-by the *Spectator* may think it worth while to find out accurately what "such a man" with such followers does actually say, for if Mr. Maurice's teaching as to the difference between "the mob" and "the people" is true, it is no mere mob which regards the Freethinkers now in prison as martyrs.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Stewart D. Headlam.

[Mr. Bradlaugh's language *did* convey such a boast to one of his audience, but we are quite willing to let another of his audience give his different impression.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

THE FRENCH IN TAMATAVE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You think the "Shaw affair" not very important, because, you say, there may be evidence of imprudences. Is it quite fair to say that? Is Mr. Shaw's case likely to receive serious attention from France, if his own fellow-countrymen not only make light of it, but even prejudge it, by assuming that certain evidence "may be" forthcoming?

I know Mr. Shaw well, and can testify to his prudence, moderation, and common-sense. He is highly esteemed in Tamatave, not only in Missionary circles, but amongst the trading community also; nor is he at all such a man as one would expect to see in a difficulty of this kind. But if we are to suspend judgment upon Admiral Pierre until the arrival of his explanations, surely it is not too much to ask for a similar act of justice to Mr. Shaw.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Rushey Green, July 17th. Charles T. Price.

BOOKS.

MACHIAVELLIANISM.*

This handsome edition of the principal works of Machiavelli is the completest and the most accurate that has yet appeared in an English dress. It has evidently been a labour of love to the translator, and he has laid the English-reading public under a great obligation. We have compared the translation in a variety of passages with the original, and can bear testimony to the general accuracy with which the sense is preserved, even where the translation is somewhat free. The errors which we have detected are few, and of no great importance, and we only refer to them in order that the translator, by correcting them, may make a good book still better in the second edition, which we have no doubt the work will reach. We give one specimen. In the fifty-fifth chapter of the first book of the *Discorsi*, Machiavelli denounces two classes of "gentlemen" who infested Italy at that time:—"Those who live idly on their abundant possessions, without taking any trouble to earn a living, either by engaging in agriculture or any other useful pursuit. Such men are pernicious in every Republic and in every province. But even more pernicious are those who, in addition to their other possessions, have castles at their command, and subjects in obedience to them." Then follows this sentence:—"Di questi due sorti di uomini ne sono pieni il regno di Napoli, terra di Roma, la Romagna, e la Lombardia." Mr. Detmold's translation is:—"This class of men abound in the Kingdom of Naples, in the Roman territory, and in the Romagna." Of course, it ought to be, "these two classes of men." Mr. Detmold has prefixed a useful introduction to his translation, and we trust that his work will help to give English readers a better knowledge and appreciation of the character and writings of Machiavelli than the traditional opinion which makes the great Florentine's name a proverb for political perfidy and cruelty.

Machiavelli was not only a busy and versatile actor in one of the most turbulent periods of Italian history; he was also a voluminous and versatile writer, and achieved distinction in various fields of literature. His *History of Florence* is a masterpiece of historical composition, concise, yet lucid, critical and philosophical, but never tedious. His despatches from the Courts and camps to which he had been at various times sent as envoy are models of what such compositions should be. His comedies were highly popular, and are not more coarse than the taste of his contemporaries. His essay on *The Art of War* proves not only the ardour of his patriotism, but also a rare insight into military tactics. And whatever judgment may be passed on the political morality of his *Prince*, that famous treatise is an enduring monument of Machiavelli's genius as a statesman, as are also his *Discourses on the First Ten Books of Livy*.

While the judgment of posterity has been tolerably unanimous with respect to the other works of Machiavelli, his *Prince* still remains a problem for critics and moralists. Authorities like Alberico Gentile, Wicquefort, Rousseau, and Alfieri have passed a favourable judgment on *The Prince*. Frederick the Great, strange to say, condemned the book as strongly as did Voltaire and Dugald Stewart. Between these two extremes come critics like Lipsius, Artaud, and our own Macaulay, who mixes praise with blame, and, on the whole, saves the moral character of Machiavelli at the expense of the general morality of Italy in that age. Others, again, have adopted a more subtle style of advocacy, and have endeavoured to show that *The Prince* is not a serious book at all, but a refined satire by a sincere Republican (as Machiavelli undoubtedly was), having for its object the unmasking of kingcraft, in order to make it odious to the multitude. To this it is obvious to object that the satire is so well concealed that it was much better calculated to instruct Princes in the art of maintaining their power than their subjects in the art of recovering their liberty. But we are not left to speculation in the matter. In a letter written from his rural retreat at San Casciano to his intimate friend Vettori, Machiavelli explains the aim and purpose of *The Prince*, in the composition of which he was then engaged. The title which he then intended to give to the treatise was "De Principatibus," and he says that his object was to discuss "what a principality is; what kinds there are; how they are acquired; how maintained; and how lost." The letter was a private one, addressed to a bosom friend. There is also a letter on record from another of Machiavelli's confidants, Biagio Bonaccorsi, which leaves no reasonable doubt that *The Prince* was written as a serious political manual, without any *arrière-pensée* whatever. And, indeed, Machiavelli himself, in some of his subsequent works, quotes *The Prince* as an authoritative exposition of his political opinions. No passage in *The Prince* has done more damage to the reputation of its author than the eighteenth chapter, where he discusses "the manner in which princes ought to keep their faith." In a passage in the *Discorsi*, after remarking that princes were in the habit of violating as soon as they could promises which were extorted from them by force, and made no scruple even of breaking all promises, without exception, when the reasons which induced them to make them no longer existed, he adds,—"How far such conduct is praiseworthy or the reverse, or whether a prince can be justified in so acting, we have discussed so fully in our treatise of *The Prince*, that there is no need to say anything more here."

Undoubtedly, then, *The Prince* must be regarded as the frank expression of Machiavelli's deliberate opinion on the subjects of which it treats. So far we agree with Macaulay; nor do we question the general accuracy of his view of Machiavelli's character. But we can by no means accept the premisses which conducted Macaulay to his conclusion. His theory, briefly stated, is as follows. He draws a sharp contrast between the moral obliquity and moral elevation of sentiment which are conspicuous in the writings of Machiavelli. But even here Macaulay's passion for antithesis betrayed him into exaggeration. "We doubt," he says, "whether it would be possible to find, in all the many volumes of his compositions, a single expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable." And he adds:—

> "After this, it may seem ridiculous to say that we are acquainted with few writings which exhibit so much elevation of sentiment, so pure and warm a zeal for the public good, and so just a view of the duties and rights of citizens, as those of Machiavelli. Yet so it is. And even from *The Prince* itself we could select many passages in support of this remark. To a reader of our age and country this inconsistency is, at first, perfectly bewildering. The whole man seems to be an enigma, a grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities, selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity, abject villany and romantic heroism. One sentence is such as a veteran diplomatist could scarcely write in cipher for the direction of his most confidential spy; the next seems to be extracted from a theme composed by an ardent schoolboy on the death of Leonidas. An act of dexterous perfidy and an act of patriotic self-devotion call forth the same kind and the same degree of respectful admiration. The moral sensibility of the writer seems at once to be morbidly obtuse and morbidly acute. Two characters altogether dissimilar are united in him. They are not merely joined, but interwoven. . . . . The explanation might have been easy, if he had been a very weak or a very affected man. But he was evidently neither the one nor the other. His works prove, beyond all contradiction, that his understanding was strong, his taste pure, and his sense of the ridiculous exquisitely keen."

This is an excellent example of Macaulay's proneness to subordinate strict accuracy to picturesque effect. It is an exaggeration to say that in all the writings of Machiavelli there cannot be found "a single expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable." The first sentence of the famous eighteenth chapter of *The Prince*, where Machiavelli defends violation of plighted faith on the part of Princes, asserts the self-evident superiority morally of good-faith and integrity over craft; and passages might be quoted from other parts of his writings which entirely refute Macaulay's accusation. Take the following, from the *Thoughts of a Statesman*, a collection of maxims from Machiavelli's writings, which we only know in Mr. Detmold's translation:—"Even in war, but little glory is derived from any fraud that involves the breaking of a given pledge and of agreements made." "An ally should prefer his pledged faith to advantages, or [? escape from] perils." "No law should ever stain the pledged faith of public engagements." "Fraud is detestable in every action." There is all the less excuse for Macaulay's exaggeration, because there is undoubtedly matter enough in Machiavelli's works to justify the most startling contrasts. Macaulay's explanation of these contrasts contains a great deal that is true. But it is not the whole truth, and it is in some respects the reverse of true. So that the general effect is to save Machiavelli's character at the expense of the character of his nation. Macaulay's view is, in brief, as follows:—While in other European countries in the middle-ages a feudal aristocracy trampled on the people and overawed the

* *The Historical, Political, and Diplomatic Writings of Niccolo Machiavelli.* Translated from the Italian by Christian E. Detmold. 4 vols. Boston: Osgood and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1882.

central government, the peculiar circumstances of Italy placed a check on the power of the nobles on the one hand, and of the ruling princes on the other. The municipal franchises of the old Italian towns survived the fall of the Roman Empire, and created a powerful middle-class, which was tolerably independent both of the nobles and of the ruling powers. The importance of this middle-class was further enhanced by the policy of the Papacy, which created dissensions between the ecclesiastical and civil power on the one hand, and between different princes on the other. Thus it happened that, outside the Kingdom of Naples and the Estates of the Church, the nobles and petty princes became gradually merged in the class of mercantile citizens. This was especially the case in Lombardy and Tuscany. So that while the annals of France and of England exhibit only a scene of barbarous ignorance and misery, not only did liberty flourish under the democratic development of northern and central Italy, but literature also, and science, and the fine arts, —in a word, all the results which usually follow in the wake of prosperity and luxury. But "untimely decrepitude was the penalty of precocious maturity." "The sedentary habits of the desk and of the loom rendered the exertions and hardships of war insupportable." Instead of fighting their own battles, the Italians hired armies of foreign mercenaries to fight for them; and these mercenaries naturally lacked the virtues and courage inspired by patriotism. Hiring themselves out to the highest bidder, the enemy of to-day might be the employer of the morrow. These mercenary troops therefore opposed and betrayed their employers in turns, and became the scourge of the country. The consequence was two kinds of morality. Among other European races, courage and violence, tempered with scorn for fraud, were the predominant characteristics. The Italians, on the other hand, had recourse to the traditional arts employed by the weak against the oppressor. The qualities in repute were fraud, hypocrisy, dissimulation, cruelty by deliberate purpose and calculation, not less than love of country and elevation of mind. Machiavelli was thus a type of his countrymen, and a very favourable and elevated type. His virtues, which were conspicuous, were his own; his detestable doctrines were but the methodical reflection of the morality current around him. Such is Macaulay's theory in bare outline, and there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in it. His Essay, moreover, deserves the praise of being the first English attempt by a great writer to do justice to Machiavelli, and to make a complete statement of the case. Yet we are obliged to dissent from some of the most important of the brilliant essayist's conclusions, which appear to us to be drawn from inaccurate premisses. In the space at our command we can of course do no more than indicate some of the errors which, as we think, are mixed up with his very effective sketch.

Macaulay's description would leave the uninstructed reader under the erroneous impression that in Italy—at least, outside the Papal States—there was in the time of Machiavelli a tolerably uniform system of government, namely, a powerful democratic middle-class, dominating both an enfeebled aristocracy and a number of petty princes. The fact, however, is that the political condition of Italy at that time was of the most various character. There were hereditary aristocracies and pure democracies; hereditary principalities and elective principalities; feudal oligarchies and feudal monarchies, like that of Spain or France. Moreover, the same kind of government produced totally different results in different parts of Italy. The hereditary aristocracy which led Venice to so much power and glory made Genoa the theatre of chronic disorder. Under the princely house of Sforza, on the other hand, Milan was distinguished by its progress in the fine arts, in literature, and in material wealth; while the cities of the Romagna for the most part languished in wretchedness, under a form of government similar to that of Milan. All these differences are lost in Macaulay's picturesque generalisation, and his conclusion is consequently fallacious. The several States of Italy were then separated from each other by differences as great as those which divided some of them from Transalpine Governments. It is absurd, therefore, to reduce them all morally, as Macaulay does, to one common denominator. Nor is there any reason to suppose that a democracy addicted to commerce, literature, and the fine arts loses thereby its aptitude for war, and forms and develops a disposition to employ mercenary troops in defence of its territory. Piedmont, the kingdom of Naples, and the Pontifical States employed mercenary troops; yet they remained feudal. On the other hand, Venice, Genoa, Pisa were in the van of civilisation and commerce, and not less distinguished in arms. Nor was the decline of the Italian Republics in material and moral prosperity due, as Macaulay imagined, to any natural law of decay resulting from precocious maturity. It was due to the invasion and domination of alien rulers, and to the malign influence of the Spaniards in particular.

The simple truth is that there was not that radical difference on which Macaulay insists between the political morality of the Italians of the fifteenth century and the political morality of other European countries. For fraud and breach of faith, Ferdinand the Catholic could not have been easily surpassed by any Italian prince of that age. Louis XII. of France made a traffick of his alliances, and our own Richard III. could have been with difficulty matched in perfidy and cruelty by any contemporary Italian ruler. The Borgias are probably more responsible than all other Italian princes collectively for the evil reputation of Italian political morality in the middle-ages. But it is only fair to add that the Borgias were a purely Spanish family. Macaulay is right in saying that Machiavelli did but draw out frankly and exhibit in his *Prince* the political doctrines which were current in his time. But they were neither indigenous nor confined to Italy; they pervaded European society in general.

We are thus brought to what seems to us the true solution of the bewildering contrast between the elevated and the debased morality which are taught, sometimes side by side, in Machiavelli's political treatises. He recognised the higher morality as the true standard; but he saw it everywhere set at naught. On the other hand, he saw his beloved Italy torn into factions and reduced to misery by the oppressive rule of the stranger; and he yearned and laboured for a United Italy. Republican though he was, he saw that Italy could only be made free by the strong arm of a single ruler; and *The Prince* is a manual of political statecraft, to help such a ruler to defeat the foes of a unified Italy with their own weapons. Machiavelli does not attempt to justify the doctrines of *The Prince* on moral grounds; but he thought them justifiable as instruments of political strategy. All that need be said on that point is that Machiavelli was not in advance of his age. And is it quite certain that our own age and country are as far in advance of Machiavelli's age in this respect as they seem? Has there not been within the last few days a remarkable recrudescence in the London Daily Press of the kind of political morality which goes under the name of Machiavellianism? If ever a Government was pledged to respect public right and private property in Egypt, that Government is the present Liberal Government of England. Yet the leading organs of the Daily Morning Press in London, with the honourable exception of the *Standard*, have been abusing the Government for maintaining its good-faith and respecting the rights and property of men who are supposed to be at its mercy. It is evidently far easier to condemn Machiavellianism than to eschew it. The political immorality of Machiavelli had, after all, for its aim the liberation of his cruelly-oppressed country. Our modern Machiavellis, on the other hand, have no nobler end than the enriching of some respectable traders and a handful of speculators. The ardour of Machiavelli's patriotism and his yearning for the unity of Italy is shown in the passionate outburst of musical eloquence with which he concludes *The Prince*, and with which we may fittingly conclude this article:—

"Non si deve, adunque, lasciar passare questa occasione, acciochè la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo redentore. Nè posso esprimere con quale amore ei fussi ricevuto in tutte quelle provincie che hanno patito per queste illuvioni esterne; con qual sete di vendetta, con che ostinata fede, con che pietà, con che lacrime. Quali porte se gli serrerebbono? Quali popolo gli negherebbono la obbedienza? Quale invidia se gli opporrebbe? Quale Italiano gli negherebbe l'ossequio? A ognuno puzza questo barbaro dominio? Pigli, adunque, la illustre casa vostra [he is addressing Lorenzo the Magnificent, to whom *The Prince* is dedicated] questo assunto con quello animo e con quelle speranze che si pigliano l'imprese giuste, acciochè sotto la sua insegna e questa patria ne sia nobilitata, e sotto i suoi auspicii si verifichi quel detto del Petrarca:—

'Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l'arme; e fia 'l combatter corto;
Che l' antico valore
Nell' Italici cor non è ancor morto.'"

A MODERN SPANISH TRAGEDY.*

It would probably be an impertinence to the author of *Gloria* to style him the Spanish Victor Hugo, for, to all appearance, that would be attributing to him a literary ambition of which he is, no doubt, unconscious. But this remarkable story

* *Gloria*. A Novel. By B. Perez Galdós. From the Spanish by Clara Bell. 2 vols. New York: William S. Gottsberger. London: Trübner and Co. 1883.

belongs undoubtedly to the Hugoesque school of fiction. It presents the combination of tragedy and comedy, the spectacle of humours luxuriating in the midst of horrors, with which the author of *Quasimodo* and *Les Misérables* has rendered us familiar. Señor Galdós, like Hugo, holds up life as a hopeless tragedy. With him, at all events in *Gloria*, the world, especially the world of creed and motive, is irremediably out of joint. Some of his characters, too, talk what to English ears sounds only like Scholastic jargon and moon-struck rhodomontade, and seem prepared to tell us on the smallest provocation that,—

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Will break the locks
Of prison gates."

Nor is it too much to say that there are passages in this story—the representation of the struggles between the hapless lovers, the narrative of the agonised conflict between the faith and the heart of the unfortunate man whom Fate and superstition convert into a combination of hero and villain—that will, for intensity and still more for purity of passion, compare not unfavourably with Hugo at his youngest, and what some of us still think his best. Señor Galdós has not attained the stature of his French contemporary; *Gloria* is not in any sense a grand novel. But there is a vein of softness in him which will recommend him to English readers, and which in *Gloria* is best shown in the pathetic, closing scene. Circumstances have, indeed, been rather cruel to Señor Galdós, for nature seems to have intended him to be an English novelist, and to have painted for us a whole gallery of bright girls who lead happy lives, because with them "love is an unerring light, and joy its own security."

The translator of *Gloria* says she has been prompted to place it before an English-reading public both because it is a sketch of Spanish life of the present day, and because it is a study from nature. These reasons for the translation are sufficiently good. But a third might have been given, in the extraordinary character of the plot. *Gloria* is really the representation of a duel between fanatical Catholicism and fanatical Judaism—the fanaticism in the latter case is none the less strong that it is racial rather than theological—which ends in the ruin and death of the unfortunates who fight for their creeds. Gloria, a Biscayan Maggie Tulliver, is the daughter of Don Juan de Lantigua, a high-minded, but pedantically Catholic Spanish squire. A peculiar course of reading, chiefly fiction and theology, has made her at the age of eighteen a combination of romance, filial duty, and superstition. Here she is, as she prattles to her father in the beginning of the story, while she waits for the arrival of her uncle, the Bishop:—

"'Well, and what about the chapel?'—'Nothing; but his Reverence will want to perform mass there, as he did last time. And a pretty state the chapel was in! We had to wash the Christ three times, for the flies had done his sacred person more dishonor than the Jews. The Virgin's robe was ruined. I had to burn it and make her a new one out of the velvet you bought for me. I thought we should never get the stains out of the candlesticks with all the whitening we had in the house, but luckily Caifás and I could rub hard, and it has all come as bright as gold. But, do you know, the rats have begun to eat away the feet of St. John!'—'Abominable brutes!' exclaimed Don Juan, laughing. 'There is no knowing what they will not do! But thanks to Caifás, who is so clever, he has filled up the wounds in the saint's feet with some sort of paste or putty, and with a touch of paint they have come out very well. But those rascally vermin, that respect nothing, will not do any more mischief! In three days after the rat-trap was set and baited eleven were caught, as big as wolves! And you still think I have little to do!'—'I think you have plenty to do.'—'Well, then, there are the clothes I had to make for Caifás's children, that they might turn out decently to receive my uncle—and you wonder that I am incessantly in and out, and up and down. It is my way, dear papa.'—'It is your way—I know that; God bless you!'—'I love my uncle dearly; he is a saint, and I am so happy to think that he is going to live under the same roof with me! All that we have seems to me too little to do him honour and give him pleasure, and I should like to bring him all the wonders of a king's palace; not having these, I rack my brain to devise every luxury and prodigality to arrange a worthy reception for a man who in God's eyes —— Oh! I cannot bear myself!—I cannot keep quiet—I lie awake in a perfect fever—I pass the night without sleep, thinking of Francisca's dawdling, of the chapel, of poor St. John being gnawed away, of the spotted candlesticks, of the rats, the smallness of our house for such an illustrious guest.'"

Gloria's father has a lover ready for her, a gallant and orthodox gentleman. But Gloria only likes him, and waits for the arrival of "the other one." Him a storm in the Bay of Biscay throws at her feet, in the person of Daniel Morton, a member of a Spanish Jewish family that has settled and amassed enormous wealth first in Hamburg and then in London. He is nursed back to health in Don Juan's house; his Christ-like face, his secret philanthropies, above all, his real goodness of heart, prove too much for poor Gloria's loyalty to Church and father. Clandestine meetings lead to seduction, or to be just to Morton, to what he considered a natural marriage. Meanwhile, he is weak enough to conceal his religion, and to pretend to be nothing worse than a Protestant. At last all is discovered, and the report of Gloria's dishonour kills her father. The crisis of the story is reached when Morton, with the connivance of one of Gloria's uncles,—a banker, a man of the world, and a rationalised Catholic—appears once more on the scene. He finds Gloria secretly visiting their child, and on his pretending to be converted to Catholicism, her relatives, and above all herself, open their arms to him. How the fair prospect of a happy marriage is once more, and finally, overcast through the intervention of Morton's mother, it would be unfair to tell. Such a plot naturally leads to a number of strong situations. Gloria and Morton, in particular, live in a state of perpetual conflict with each other, with those around them, and above all with their own natures, which are rent alternately by passion and fanaticism. The theological argumentations in which the book abounds become occasionally tedious; and the winds of passion in it have a tendency, as we have hinted, not only to blow, but to crack their cheeks. Yet there is no weakness in *Gloria*, as regards either plot or style.

With the translator, however, we like *Gloria* most as a study from nature, and as a sketch from actual Spanish life. Señor Galdós has not made the mistake of crowding his canvas, and so every one of his characters is carefully drawn. Among the most likeable are Caifás, a luckless, but loyal Spanish retainer of Gloria, and a boastful, but physically powerful and courageous curé, who is not much of a saint, but is a great force in political elections, who saves Morton's life, and then trembles with delight as he reads a newspaper account of his feat. Señor Galdós reproduces the intolerable but spontaneous prattle of the female gossips of present-day Spain in a style whose vivacious fidelity to truth recalls Theocritus. His masterpieces in portraiture, however, are the four Lantignas, Don Juan, the father of Gloria; Serafinita, his sister, equally good and equally superstitious; and their two more easy-going brothers, Don Angel, the bishop; and Don Buenaventura, the banker, who while he is latitudinarian enough to see no difficulty in a Jew becoming a Catholic for the sake of love, cannot conceive himself becoming a Jew for the same reason. We cannot refrain from giving the portrait of the Bishop:—

"The Bishop was just a grown-up child. His plump and rosy features, with their constant, gentle smile, were framed, as it were, between his flowing episcopal robes and the brim of his green sombrero, radiant of spiritual joy, benevolence, perfect peace of conscience and a happy frame of mind towards God and man. He was one of those men who, by the simple impulse of a healthy nature, are prepared to take good for granted in all that surrounds them. His studies, and his experience in the confessional had taught him that there was wickedness in the world; still, whenever he had been talking to any one, he would always say, 'What a good soul! What an excellent fellow!' Just as a lamp throws its light on all that come near it, his warm, bright spirit radiated goodness on to all who approached him. He was incapable of harbouring an evil thought of any one whom he knew, and when he heard of the iniquities of those whom he did not know, he never failed to say something in defence of the absent. His intellect was perhaps inferior to that of his brother Don Juan, who was in fact a remarkable man; but he was his superior in genuine piety and sweetness of character; and even with regard to matters of dogma, he held the doctrine of intolerance of error in its purely theological sense, and not in the vulgar acceptation of that misused word; his keen compassion for all the failings and shortcomings of humanity seemed to temper the severity of his opinions. What Don Angel might have done if he could have held in the hollow of his hand the whole mass of modern society, with its vices and heresies, it is impossible to say; as to Don Juan, it is quite certain that he would have flung it unhesitatingly into the fire, and have enjoyed afterwards a perfectly quiet conscience—indeed, a sense of satisfaction at having done a good deed."

It is plain that, but for the serious character, if not purpose of his work, Señor Galdós would excel as a landscape painter. His style, as such, is a combination of Mr. Hardy's and Mr. Black's. Here is Ficobriga, which represents a typical town on the Biscayan coast:—

"It is June, a delicious month in this seaboard district when the storm spares it the visitation of its terrific hand. To-day even the lashing and turbulent Bay of Biscay is at rest. It allows the passing vessels to ride unmolested on its calm surface and plashes sleepily on the shore; while in the depths of the hollows, up the narrow creeks, through the rifts and over the rocks, its myriad tongues murmur sounds of peace. The undulating hills rise gently from the sea to the mountains, each one asserting itself against the rest as though they vied with each other as to which should reach the summit. Little country-houses of quaint aspect are scattered throughout the whole

extent of the landscape, but at one point they seem to concentrate and combine, one sheltering itself against another, uniting, in short, to form that noble civic community which is to be known to future ages as Ficóbriga. In the midst of it rises an unfinished tower, like a head bereft of its hat; nevertheless, its two belfry windows are a pair of keen and watchful eyes, and within are three metal tongues which call the congregation to mass in the morning, and lift their voices in prayer as night swiftly falls. All round the little town—for we have now reached it and can see—luxuriant harvest-fields and smiling pastures argue a considerable amount of agricultural skill. Wild brushwood and undergrowth enclose here and there an orchard—with honeysuckle covered with perfumed bunches of pale blossom like spread hands, thorny furze, enormous clumps of fern waving and fanning each other, a few green-crowned pines, and fig-trees innumerable—to which it no doubt owes its name of Ficóbriga. And beyond, what a lovely spectacle is offered by the mountains! a vast staircase mounting to the skies. The most remote, in their pale hues, are lost among the clouds, and in the nearest we can detect many red scars looking like bleeding wounds; which, in fact, they are—cuts made by the miner's tool, as day by day he eats into the sturdy flanks of those giant forms. They rise precipitously towards the west, and in their remoter summits the play of light calls up the semblance of strange humps and crenellations, of towers and outworks, weus and rifts, till the monstrous pile is lost in the clouds. After crossing a timber bridge, of which the rotting piles are half submerged in brackish mud, we mount a hill-side—we are now actually in Ficóbriga—down which the brook rushes, leaping as though not knowing whither it goes nor where the sea lies waiting to devour it; flinging itself into all the pools at high tide, and rushing out again as the sea ebbs. A few small boats float on its shallow waters, and God alone knows the toil its costs them to make a few yards of progress in the narrow passage when the breeze is sleeping and the tide bears the current downwards, toward the perilous bar. The first houses we come to are miserable enough, and the next not much better. Ficóbriga is a poor community of fishermen and labourers; a few wealthy natives repose on their commercial laurels in a dozen or so of pretty and convenient residences. But what streets! good heavens! The crowded and squalid houses seem ready to tumble down, and from the miserable balconies hang nets, blue shirts, wet capes, and a thousand varieties of discoloured and ragged raiment, while from the rotting eaves hang bunches of maize and of cuttle-fish left to dry, and long strings of garlic."

A storm at sea is also depicted with great power.

We have not had the opportunity of comparing the translation of *Gloria* with the original, but we should say it is faithful, from the general excellence of the English in which it is rendered.

WALT WHITMAN'S PROSE WORKS.*

The admiration for the writings of Walt Whitman which has been expressed by several cultivated writers and critics of our time has been a matter of much surprise to us. That Mr. Swinburne should have been moved to eulogy of Whitman's "poems" is natural enough. There is an old proverb about the gregariousness of birds of similar plumage which goes far to explain it, and we can understand how it is that many of the less cultivated of Whitman's compatriots should be won over by his gorgeous anticipations of the "fruitage" of American democracy; but that Emerson and Mr. Ruskin, to mention no others, should be found quoted in the advertisement of his book has long puzzled us. Mr. Ruskin is reported to have said that "it carries straight and keen as rifle-balls against our deadliest social sins;" Emerson wrote that it is "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." And besides these and several other eminent authorities, there are not a few of our younger writers who regard Whitman as the great poet of democracy and the pioneer of a new literary era. According to the accepted canons of criticism and taste—canons to which the best minds of the best epochs of civilisation have successively added, or from which they have subtracted—we should have expected that the greater part of Whitman's "poems" would be set down as mere egotistical mouthing of sentiments either trite or untrue, sometimes deliberately nasty, and exhibiting very few traces of the inner qualities or external characteristics of true poetry. What, then, is the explanation of the admiration and eulogy which they have provoked? It seems to us to lie in the following considerations. In his essay *On Liberty*, Mill says that in an age of conformity "exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times, there was no advantage in their doing so, unless they acted not only differently, but better. In this age, the mere example of non-conformity, the mere refusal to bow the knee to custom, is itself a service." A half-unconscious conviction to this effect exists in most men; we often feel that we conform too much, although we see no point at which we had better cease to conform. There is a feeling of individualism, of self-assertion,—of manliness, if you like,—prompting a moment's sympathy with men or causes which reason immediately shows to be unworthy of it. It is hardly too much to say that for the first moment of thought upon a new subject—the Promethean moment—every man is a Radical. Defiance of established custom, though it may soon be seen to be mistaken and misleading, is, for the moment, a grateful testimony to the fundamental independence of our common nature. And the more closely any matter is confined within strict rules and customs, the more sure is any abrupt departure from these to secure a temporary approval and admiration. Now, in no field of modern thought is custom more imperious than in literature, and in no branch of modern literature is the tendency to lay down and follow strict rules so strong as in poetry. When, therefore, a writer appears, styling himself "poet," utterly defying and ridiculing all our rules and customs, he is almost certain to find a temporary circle of admirers who will exaggerate his merits and glorify his defects. This has been the case with Whitman. He comes with the latest version of the old heroic command, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee;" and so at first men overlook all his defects and his emptiness,—they forget that they still find their daily spiritual and intellectual satisfaction in the long-accepted singers of mankind,—while the innate Radicalism of human nature is leading them to offer him a generous welcome.

The volume before us contains Whitman's complete prose works. The edition of Messrs. Wilson and McCormick is apparently printed from the same plates as the American edition, but upon better paper, with wider margins, and is therefore pleasanter to read. We may add, by the way, that the publication of Whitman's works by a Philadelphia house is doubtless accounted for by the fact that the Attorney-General of Massachusetts informed Messrs. Osgood and Co., Whitman's Boston publishers, that the issue of a second edition of *Leaves of Grass* would be followed by a prosecution for publishing obscene literature. Part of the present prose has appeared before in his books, part in the magazines, and part in the newspapers,—hence the title "Collect"—and the rest, consisting chiefly of items of autobiography, is now printed for the first time. "Specimen Days" occupy more than half the volume, and these are described as "a huddle of diary-jottings, war-memoranda of 1862-65, Nature-notes of 1877-81, with Western and Canadian observations afterwards." They average about half a page each, and are impromptu, unrevised bits of description or reflection "pencil'd" (or sometimes "pencill'd"), about any person, place, or thing to which the author "feels to devote a memorandum," falling for the most part under the three heads of himself, nature, and literature. The following "day" will give the reader an adequate idea of Whitman's descriptions of Nature; his days are joined each to each in natural common-place, and to have read half-a-dozen is to have read them all.

"A Hint of Wild Nature.

"As I was crossing the Delaware to-day, saw a large flock of wild geese, right overhead, not very high up, ranged in V-shape, in relief against the noon clouds of light smoke-color. Had a capital though momentary view of them, and then of their course on and on south-east, till gradually fading—(my eyesight yet first-rate for the open air and its distances, but I use glasses for reading.) Queer thoughts melted into me the two or three minutes or less, seeing these creatures cleaving the sky—the spacious, airy realm—even the prevailing smoke-gray color everywhere, (no sun shining)—the waters below—the rapid flight of the birds, appearing just for a minute—flashing to me such a hint of the whole spread of Nature, with her eternal unsophisticated freshness, her never-visited recesses of sea, sky, shore—and then disappearing in the distance."

One quality, however, saves this passage from being pure common-place, viz., its egotism, which makes it offensive. It is a fair specimen of the assurance with which the author sets forth trite reflections, dressed up in a sledge-hammer style, and constantly interrupted by trivial personal parentheses. Here is a typical example of Whitman's literary criticisms, exhibiting the same characteristics. It is typical, we should add, in every respect but one,—in this instance, the reader can discover a definite meaning on the part of the author:—

"There is, apart from mere intellect, in the make-up of every superior human identity, (in its moral completeness, considered as *ensemble*, not for that moral alone, but for the whole being, including physique,) a wondrous something that realises without argument, frequently without what is called education, (though I think it the goal and apex of all education deserving the name)—an intuition of the absolute balance, in space and time, of the whole of this

* *Specimen Days and Collect.* By Walt Whitman, Author of "Leaves of Grass." Philadelphia: David McKay. 1882-1883. London: Trübner and Co. The Same. Glasgow: Wilson and McCormick. 1883.

multifarious, mad chaos of fraud, frivolity, hoggishness,—this revel of fools, and incredible make-believe and general unsettledness we call *the world*; a soul-sight of that divine clue and unseen thread which holds the whole congeries of things, all history and time, and all events, however trivial, however momentous, like a leash'd dog in the hand of the hunter. Such soul-sight and root-centre for the mind—mere optimism explains only the surface or fringe of it—Carlyle was mostly, perhaps entirely without."

In this grandiloquent and verbose passage there is, at any rate, a very familiar idea to be found; but we have to confess that after careful reading we were unable to detect any definite meaning in the majority of Whitman's literary statements and prophecies, even in the cases where he puts a plain question and professes to give a direct answer. As this may result from our inability to grasp the stupendous forecasts likely to be made by a man who calmly informs us that he found the Rocky Mountains to be the law of his own poems, we will leave our readers to judge between author and critic in a test case. Toward the end of *Democratic Vistas* (of which, by the way, we made a careful epitome, in a fruitless effort to follow the author's reasoning), Whitman says:—"Repeating our inquiry, what, then, do we mean by real literature? especially the democratic literature of the future?" This is admirably clear and to the point, but hardly has he asked the question before he begins to shuffle out of an answer to it. "Hard questions to meet," he goes on to say, and every succeeding clause takes us further from the point. "The clues are inferential, and turn us to the past. At best, we can only offer suggestions, comparisons, circuits." Then follows a page and a half of really eloquent tribute to the literature of the past, and an apostrophe to its great representatives:—

"Unknown Egyptians, graving hieroglyphs; Hindus, with hymn and apothegm and endless epic; Hebrew prophet, with spirituality, as in flashes of lightning; Christ, with bent head, brooding peace and love, like a dove; Greek, creating eternal shapes of physical and æsthetic proportion; Roman, lord of satire, the sword, and the codex."

This is good in itself, but the "circuit" is leading us further and further from the answer to the plain question with which the author started. When at length the answer does come, it is as follows (and who will interpret it for us?):—

"Ye powerful and resplendent ones! ye were, in your atmospheres, grown not for America, but rather for her foes, the feudal and the old—while our genius is democratic and modern. Yet could ye, indeed, but breathe your breath of life into our New World's nostrils—not to enslave us, as now, but, for our needs, to breed a spirit like your own—perhaps, (dare we to say it?) to dominate, even destroy, what you yourselves have left! On your plane, and no less, but even higher and wider, must we mete and measure for to-day and here. I demand races of orbic bards, with unconditional uncompromising sway. Come forth, sweet democratic despots of the west!

By points like these, we, in reflection, token what we mean by any land's or people's genuine literature."

In the regretted absence of the sweet democratic despots of the west, we should have been grateful if a little more simple meaning had come forth from the many pages of discourse like the above, which duty has compelled us to peruse. Mr. Stevenson, in his charming eulogistic essay, says, "Whitman is too clever to slip into a succinct formula;" we think it would be truer to say that he is far too unenlightened.

Taken as a whole, however, this volume shows its author in a pleasanter light than is shed upon him by his "poems." The personal element in it is more modest, less vulgar; there are passages of considerable power and original insight, although in most cases his descriptions still depend for their effect more upon a catalogue-like exhaustive enumeration, than upon selective acumen; and he is occasionally very happy in his epithets. But the most interesting parts of the book are those in which he really has something to tell; his reminiscences of the war and his description of the assassination of Lincoln are worth more than all his literary prophecies and political rhapsodies put together. These "war memoranda" suggest one rather unpleasant question; he seems to have done good service in visiting the hospitals and purveying small comforts to the wounded, but when we read his enthusiastic account of the young Union soldiers who faced death so simply and bravely, and bore their fearful sufferings and neglect without a word of complaint, it gives us rather a shock to find him saying immediately afterwards, "During the war I possessed the perfection of physical health," and, "There has lately been much suffering here from heat; I go around with an umbrella and a fan." We cannot help asking what would have become of the Union if many men in the perfection of physical health had contented themselves with an umbrella and a fan and "diary-jottings," instead of shouldering a musket and giving their lives in silence. And while we freely admit the merits we have mentioned, the examination of this volume has confirmed us in our conviction of the absence of any real and permanent significance in Whitman's writings. It is difficult to escape the belief that much of them has been produced with a view to effect. A man who was thoroughly actuated by the principles of democratic independence professed by Whitman would hardly have taken from a private letter of Emerson the over-generous words, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career," and have flaunted them upon the cover of his book. Occasionally he does give us what he terms "a radical utterance out of the emotions and the physique,"—a phrase intense in its expression, an idea startling in its originality and scope, an exhortation or an appeal powerful in its personal directness, but this is all.

But, in the first place, Whitman is ignorant: this book, with its scrawled title-page, furnishes abundant evidence that its author knows next to nothing of many things which he unhesitatingly exalts or denounces, and that he has no adequate conception of many of the problems he so confidently solves. He declares his determination to get "away from ligatures, tight boots, buttons, and the whole cast-iron civilizee life;" he will have "no talk, no bonds, no dress, no books, *no manners*;" he tells us that Grant's life "transcends Plutarch," that "it was a happy thought to build the Hudson River railroad right along the shore," (what deadly social sin will Mr. Ruskin think *that* statement carries against?) that "the time has arrived to essentially break down the barriers of form between prose and poetry," that "the Muse of the Prairies, of California, Canada, Texas, and of the peaks of Colorado . . . . . soars to the freer, vast, diviner heaven of prose." What rubbish all this is! His grammar is constantly faulty, and much more so in his later works than in his earlier ones,—a suspicious inversion of the general rule. Why should any sane man prevent even his proof-reader from correcting blunders like "I do not know as," and "who they come from"? Unless, too, the reader possesses considerable familiarity with American slang, he will frequently be stopped by such expressions as "fetching up," "scooted," "derring-do," "out of kilter." But the English language, even when supplemented by the most forcible slang in the world, is still unequal to the expression of this man's thoughts, so that he is compelled to employ a large original vocabulary, *e.g.*, "jetted," "gaggery," "compaction," "outcroppage," "literatus," "ostent," "philosoph," "to promulge," and "memorandize." Even in his own name he perpetuates what was doubtless his familiar title among his fellow-compositors on the old *Long Island Patriot*. Moreover, just as his one successful lyrical poem, "My Captain," is enough to disprove all his theories of poetry, so we have noticed a curious slip, which, though small in itself, still tends to show that his outspokenness is an affectation rather than a genuine impulse. In describing the scene of wild excitement that followed the assassination of Lincoln, he says that the soldiers of the President's guard charged the audience in the theatre, shouting, "*Clear out! clear out! you sons of* —— . . . . . ." Think of this for a moment: "no bonds, no manners, no fossil-etiquettes," and then,—"*you sons of* —— . . . . ." Why, even Shakespeare, whom Whitman calls the "tally of feudalism," "offensive to democracy," or Tennyson, "lush-ripening" and "quite sophisticated," would have ventured to write "*Hell*."

Whitman's second prominent characteristic is animalism, using the word in no specially bad sense. Not to renew an old and unpleasant controversy, we will let the statement pass that he has not written anything which is not pure in its intention, although whatever the author's intention may have been, the intention of his American publisher is indicated by the announcement that the new edition of *Leaves of Grass* "contains every page, every line, every word attempted to be officially suppressed" by the Massachusetts authorities. We will content ourselves with describing his characteristic as animalism,—the emphatic expression of the simply animal side of human nature. His works simply raise again, with greater vehemence, perhaps, but with the same shallow views, the once famous cry, "Retournons à la nature!" If to sit naked on a gate in the sunshine, rubbing oneself scarlet with a flesh-brush—a process of which this volume contains a detailed account—were in any way symbolic of human life, then Whitman would be our proper teacher. But as far as this "*al fresco* physiology" is from being such a symbol, so far is Walt Whitman from holding such a position. And we have nothing to lose in discarding him; for all the radicalism, the love of truth, the independence, the faith in

men, in democracy, and in America, which his admirers discover in him, is to be found in Emerson in purer, saner, higher form.

CHURCH AND BRODRIBB'S "LIVY."*

History records but few campaigns that are comparable for interest with those of Hannibal, and fewer still, perhaps, than have been painted in colours so bright and enduring. Livy was the Macaulay, as Polybius was the Napier, of that memorable contest which is commonly called the Second Punic War,—a contest which Arnold compares with that which Napoleon waged against England. He brackets these mighty struggles together, as being the only two examples which history affords of the highest individual genius being matched against the resources and institutions of a great country. It seems to us that the cases are not quite analogous. Hannibal, while he appears to have been a man quite equal in capacity to Napoleon, stands out as a far more interesting figure in history. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the first half of Livy's third decade, which Messrs. Church and Brodribb have translated, is full of undying interest, and that not merely for the striking nature of the events which it recounts, but for the admirable way in which those events are recounted. Not, indeed, for professors and students of military science; they must go elsewhere for the lore which they require, as there is nothing of Jomini in Livy. To take a single example, in his description of the battle on the Trebia, he places the Roman camp on the left bank of that river, and in consequence of this absurdity has to represent Hannibal as so paralysed by his own victory that he either perceived nothing, or else pretended to perceive nothing, when the defeated Romans crossed the river on rafts in his presence, on the night after the engagement. The Roman camp was on the right bank of the Trebia, and it is strange, indeed, that a writer who strove so earnestly to realise the scenes which he describes as Arnold did should have failed to see that it was. But Livy was a writer of a different stamp, and evolved the manœuvre which his blunder necessitated with perfect insouciance; and hence it is that students who consult his work to learn the lessons which campaigns so masterly should teach learn little or nothing:—

"Inconsulti, abeunt, sedemque odere Sibyllae."

But in war, as Napoleon insisted, moral force stands to physical force in the ratio of three to one, and the moral aspects of Hannibal's immortal struggle are finely brought out by Livy, who, as Mr. Church and Mr. Brodribb justly say, had a charming and delightful style, which could most skilfully adapt itself to the events he was narrating, a hearty sympathy with goodness and virtue, and a fearless truthfulness when there was a strong temptation to flattery. These last words may sound strange to some who have been taught to think that Livy's picture of "dirus Hannibal" is a grossly unfair one; but in the main they are just, and we quote with pleasure some further remarks on this subject, from the admirable little essay on "Livy and his *History*," which is prefixed to this translation:—

"The thought of Rome's surpassing greatness, of her almost miraculous growth from a very humble beginning, was ever present to his mind. This it is, coupled with a remarkably vivid style, which gives to his work the charm and interest of which we are all conscious. The truth is that his *History* is all the better for having been written with a strong patriotic feeling. He may have been unfair to the great Hannibal, just as many of our own writers find it impossible to be fair to Napoleon. Still, we believe that, even in such cases, when his mind would naturally have a very decided bias, the general impression he leaves is not very far wrong. Hannibal, for instance, whose very name was enough to excite a perfect frenzy of hatred in a Roman breast, stands out in the pages of Livy as quite the greatest figure of the time. Here, at any rate, he has let us see the truth, even while he was most zealously striving to hold up to his reader's admiration the glory and greatness of Rome."

As to the way in which Messrs. Church and Brodribb have translated those eloquent pages in Livy which describe the mightiest exploits of the foremost General of all this world, there is little to be said, since good wine needs no bush. It was not likely that the scholars who have translated Tacitus with such brilliant success would fail with an easier author; and failed, of course, they have not. They have succeeded in a way which leaves no room for criticism. Always faithful, and when consistent with English idiom, literal, their translation is as nearly perfect as possible,—quite as perfect, we should say, if we regard the readers for whom it has been written. A little more brilliancy and force might have been thrown into it, had the translators' object been chiefly to give an unlettered Englishman a vivid notion of Livy's vivid style. But such a game as that would have been by no means worth the candle. It would have been time ill spent to polish and polish sentences in English which, however manipulated, would have failed after all to communicate the ineffable charm of Livy's inimitable style. That charm is really as untransferable as Quintilian's famous description of it (*lactea ubertas*) is untranslateable. But the readers for whom this translation has been made will find it, as we have intimated, all that they can wish. It is an excellent "crib," then, some one might object. It is, we should answer, but let us distinguish. There are cribs and cribs; and the late Mr. Bohn is answerable for some, but by no means all, of the disfavour in which some cribs are held in England. Arnold knew what he was about when he cried aloud for an honest, straightforward "schoolboy" version of any classic. Such cribs are aids to scholarship, indeed; and as men are beginning to see, or rather, do now see, very plainly that the tortoise-pace at which Latin has hitherto been learnt must be changed for something much faster, they are the aids which yearly become more popular. Macaulay has recorded his method of learning a new language. Well, what that excellent crib the Authorised Version of St. John's Gospel was to him that and more this translation might be made, by an able schoolmaster, for his pupils. We have no space to point out how, and we say without the faintest hesitation that the schoolmaster who would discountenance the use of a translation like this is not worth his salt. Another use to which it might be applied is this. It would really make one of the best introductions to Latin prose composition that can be conceived. If a persevering student will translate four of five sentences every day from this "crib" into Latin, and correct them with Livy for his tutor, we will guarantee that at the end of a year he will write Latin prose with a facility and correctness that cannot be learnt from the books of exercise which are so much in vogue. If, during the same year, he will read as rapidly as he can the text of these five books, with the aid of this translation, and we are contemplating now a fourth-form boy—who during the same period will be put on starvation diet of some thirty of Arnold's exercises and half a book perhaps of Livy—he, that fourth-form boy, will at that same year's end know quite as much Latin as half of the men do who at present teach it in England. There is no need, therefore, from our point of view—and we make no doubt of its correctness—to praise this book. We regard it as a distinct boon to all students of Latin literature, and regarding also Latin itself as an indispensable element in the education of all Englishmen who aspire to anything higher than the Three R's, we do not hesitate to say that Messrs. Church and Brodribb, in writing this translation, have deserved well of the republic of letters. We conclude with an extract, as a specimen of their excellent handiwork; it is the famous description of Hannibal's winter-quarters in Capua:—

"Then for most of the winter he had his army under cover. Often and long had it steeled itself against every human hardship; and of comfort it had had no trial or experience. And thus the men whom no intensity of misery had conquered were now ruined by a superfluity of good things and an excess of pleasure; all the more utterly as, from the novelty of their enjoyments, they plunged into them so greedily. Sloth, wine, feasting, women, baths, and the lounging which, with daily habit, became increasingly attractive, so enervated both body and mind, that henceforward it was their past victories rather than their present strength which saved them. The error of the General was considered by good judges of the art of war more fatal than his not having marched instantly from the field of Cannae to Rome. Delay on that occasion could be thought only to have deferred victory; this blunder sacrificed, as it seemed, the strength needful for victory. And so, undoubtedly, just as if it had been another army with which he had left Capua, Hannibal kept up afterwards none of his old discipline. In fact, entanglements with women made many of his men return thither, and the moment they began to serve under cauvas, and trenching and other military duties came upon them, body and spirit alike gave way, as if they had been raw recruits. From this time during the whole period of the summer campaigns, numbers would steal away from the ranks without leave; and it was Capua, and Capua only, that was the hiding-place of the deserters."

* *Livy, Books XXI.-XXV. The Second Punic War.* Translated into English, with Notes. By A. J. Church, M.A., and W. J. Brodribb, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

FRENCH PURITANS.*

In spite of the reputed impossibility of "seeing ourselves as others see us," there is always a charm in making the attempt to look at ourselves from an outside point of view, and so dis-

* *Port Salvation; or, the Evangelist.* By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by C. Harry Meltzer. London: Chatto and Windus.

covering "how it strikes a stranger." M. Daudet's last book, therefore, deserves to be studied by English people, whether in the original or in Mr. Meltzer's excellent translation, as it shows us how the latest form of Protestant—or, far more truly, Puritan—fanaticism strikes an intelligent and thoughtful man who has not had his senses blunted to religious eccentricities by being brought up in the midst of them, as English and Americans are. No doubt, an Anglican may reasonably resent being told by the curé, in *L'Evangéliste*, that the Reformed Church is, "Une religion sans discipline, où tout le monde entre comme au moulin, croit ce qu'il veut, peut même jouer au prêtre, si cela l'amuse." "Aussi, voyez quel gâchis de sectes, de croyances! . . . . . Vous avez les Irvingiens . . . . . les Sabattistes . . . . . les Péagers, dont toute la dévotion consiste à se frapper la poitrine à grands coups de poing; [a sect we must confess to never having heard of before] les Derbystes, rebelles à tout organisation ecclésiastique . . . . . les Méthodistes, les Wesleyens, les Mormons, les Anabaptistes, les Hurleurs, les Trembleurs. . . . . Quoi encore?" We may, indeed, repeat, "What more?" and hold resolutely that between ourselves and many of the sects named above there is a deep gulf; but there can be no doubt that to the eyes of a foreigner, and especially of a Roman Catholic, the gulf is but a small one, and in this humiliating classification we do but "see ourselves as others see us.'

The whole plot of the book turns upon the alleged existence of a small Puritan sect in Paris, started and dominated, apparently, by one woman, and holding much the same tenets and doctrines as what M. Daudet calls "L'Armée du Salut" in England. We may as well say at once that our feelings towards the Salvation Army and its French counterpart are very much those of a man who is compelled to have constantly before his eyes a coarse and degrading caricature of a face which he has loved and honoured from infancy; but we are unwilling to believe that the "Army" can ever have descended to such practices as the "Evangelists" are accused of, and we must think that much of what M. Daudet alleges of them is only part of a "roman parisien," as he calls his work. This sense of caricature throughout rather spoils the power of the book; in the most really impressive scenes a certain feeling of unreality steals in, one cannot help thinking it is a bad dream, from which one will soon waken, and perhaps the most prominent idea left on one's mind at the end is the time-honoured,—"Et, surtout, mon ami, point de zèle!" Nevertheless, some of the minor scenes in the book can hardly be surpassed in tenderness and pathos; and we only grieve that these so soon disappear, before the baneful influence of "l'Evangéliste."

Jeanne Antheman and Eline Ebsen are the heroines of the story. The former, daughter of a wealthy Lyons merchant, is, we are told, of a "race emportée et froide, an caractère de volonté et de mélancolique exaltation." Motherless, and left to the charge of an old aunt, "d'un protestantisme étroit, exagéré, noyé de menues pratiques," the aunt's teaching finds congenial soil in Jeanne, who grows up beautiful and delicate, intensely earnest in her narrow views, and longing to devote herself to religious work for life. Engaged at eighteen to a young Genevese missionary, the delightful prospect of sharing his labour absorbs all her ideas; she is really attached to her future husband, and would probably have played a noble part as a missionary's wife, and found a safe outlet for her energies in some heathen land; but her father loses all his money, the marriage is broken off by the young missionary's mother, and the romance of Jeanne's life is over. Soured and embittered by this blow, her religion becomes a matter entirely of head without heart, and her marriage to a wealthy Jewish banker who worships her, and whom she accepts simply for his money, opens the door to all her wildest dreams of evangelising the world. Her husband, one of her earliest converts, makes no difficulties, and Jeanne, taking as her motto, "Une femme a perdu le monde, une femme le sauvera," starts on her ambitious career. Disgusted by the worldly, irreligious lives going on all round her, realising intensely, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Jeanne can see only one way by which this salvation may be made certain,—utter abandonment of all home and family ties, and missionary work in various parts of the world, backed up by the Antheman gold. Her powerful will and intense faith in herself produce a small number of converts, who as soon as they are converted all appear to adopt "an long flottant waterproof" as their invariable costume, and who of course encourage her in her views, so that by degrees the Christian ideal of self-renunciation becomes an insane asceticism, in which Jeanne herself is one of the leaders. Eline Ebsen is the daughter of poor parents; her father gone before her birth, she has been loved and cared for all her life by her mother and grandmother, the latter just dead when the story opens. Eline and her mother live happily together, Madame Ebsen devoted to her daughter, and Eline working contentedly as a daily governess. Like Jeanne, she has had a romance in her life, which the impossibility of leaving her mother and grandmother has destroyed; and now she has consented to marry a man who has never touched her heart, but for whose motherless children she has an intense affection. Full of a passionate mysticism, to which her cold, Swedish Lutheranism gives her no outlet, full of all the heroic enthusiasm of early youth, and of feelings and ideas utterly uncomprehended by those round her, Eline is at a critical period of her life and only eighteen years old when Jeanne Antheman sets her powerful will upon winning her, and little by little draws her into her net. Of course, the attraction to Eline is the idea of self-abnegation and devotion to the Saviour which is the one thread of truth running through Madame Antheman's gloomy creed, illustrating the fact, so well expressed by Tennyson, that,—

> "A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.
> A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
> But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

The steps by which Eline is led to forsake her home, become one of the "Evangélistes," and break her mother's and fiancé's hearts, are too long and too painful to be dwelt upon here, besides having a savour of impossibility about them, as, indeed, the author seems to have felt, when he has recourse to belladonna and nux vomica to explain some of Eline's doings She goes, and the frantic mother exhausts herself in efforts to rescue her; but on every hand the wealth and power of the Authemans defeat her, and her story is, not unnaturally, treated as a "roman d'Anne Radcliffe." By the way, we never saw that celebrated romancer mentioned by her Christian name before. The first lawyer in Paris dismisses her story with the half cynical, half tender, and wholly French sentiment, "Toutes les mères sont martyres," and the only person who raises a voice on her behalf is the old preacher and orator Aussandon, who relates her story from the pulpit to a large audience, including Madame Antheman herself, and winds up with words which we give at length in the original, for their truth, as well as beauty:—

> "Dieu bon, Dieu de charité, de pitié, de justice, pasteur d'hommes et d'étoiles, vois quelle caricature ils font de ta divinité travestie sur leur image. Quoique tu les aies reniés et maudits du haut de ton Sermon sur la Montagne, l'orgueil des faux prophètes et des marchands de miracles commet toujours des crimes en ton Nom. Leurs mensonges enveloppent d'un brouillard ta religion de lumière. C'est pourquoi ton vieux pasteur, chargé d'ans et déjà rentré dans la nuit où l'on se recueille et se tait, remonte en chaire aujourd'hui pour dénoncer ces attentats à la conscience chrétienne, et faire entendre à nouveau ta malédiction: 'Retirez-vous de moi; je ne vous ai jamais connus.'"

Aussandon is disgraced and silenced, and an attempt, which, however, fails, is made to put Madame Ebsen into a lunatic asylum. The suicide of Antheman, who has always suffered from a loathsome disease, and has been slowly discovering that his wife is absolutely indifferent to him, turns the tide of public sympathy (the cause of the suicide being unknown) towards Jeanne. Madame Ebsen is forgotten, and lives on alone and sorrowful, until one day Eline unexpectedly returns to her. This is the moment for which the poor mother has so longed, never realising that the separation between her and her child is one of heart, not only of place, and that nothing can reunite those so separated. It does dawn upon her by degrees that, as she writes to Loric Dufresne, "C'est mon enfant, et ça n'est plus mon enfant;" but she adds immediately, "et, pourtant, je ne perds pas tout espoir de guérir ma fille de cette affreuse maladie de ne plus aimer rien; c'est une affaire de temps et de tendresse." The tenderness is there, but the time is, purposely, not allowed her. Eline is summoned away to carry on "the work" elsewhere, and the mother and child part, it is implied, for ever. With this final blow the book closes, and this ending has been so long inevitable, that it is a relief when the axe has fallen and the worst has come. French people, to our shame be it spoken, seem always to have more sympathy with parental feelings than we have, and the whole episode of Madame Ebsen's devotion to her child and her anguish over the separation is intensely touching, in its simple truth to nature.

We regret that want of space prevents our commenting

further on other parts of the story, or on the characters who brighten it by the keen humour with which they are sketched; but it would require pages of quotation to set before the reader the amusing yet touching story of Lorie Dufresne, with his wife and children; or Henriette Briss, the ex-Sister, with her hopeless muddle-headedness and her efforts at being "pratique"; or the excellent husband and wife Romain and Sylvanire; or the "orateur funèbre," Magnabos, &c. Anne de Beuil, we admit, we don't believe in, and are delighted that we see so little of her. We almost owe Mr. Meltzer an apology for not having made our quotations from his translation, which is a most exceptionally good one, indeed the only translation from the French we have ever seen which it is a pleasure to read; but we can conscientiously recommend it, or the original, to such readers as care for a powerful and telling study of a melancholy phase of religion "falsely so called."

AMERICAN LIBERTY AND CONSTITUTIONALISM.*

A GREATER interest attaches to the methods, spirit, and style of the writers of these two volumes than to any fresh facts they have discovered, or any original theories they propound. In his preface, indeed, Mr. Sterne admits that when he was asked to write a popular book on the Constitution of the United States, the first inquiry that occurred to him was "whether, in the multiplicity of works on this, as on every other conceivable subject touching large popular interests, there is any room to say something novel, or to put into a novel form the old matter which has been said and written over and over again by abler tongues and pens." If Mr. Scott does not say the same thing in the much more remarkable work which he has written, he implies as much in the abundant foot-notes which give his authorities for every statement he makes, from the historians and special pleaders of the hour, back to that eminent combination of the practical politician and the theorist whom, with a quaint, cloister dignity, he persists in styling "Mr. Burke." Both works are original—and even then they are original only to a limited extent—in so far as they contemplate the history of the United States in its ante-Independence and post-Independence periods from the evolutionary stand-point. Mr. Sterne speaks of what he has done as "a sketch of the Constitution of the United States as it stands in text and as it is interpreted by the Supreme Court, accompanied by a history of the political controversies which resulted in the formation of and changes in that instrument, together with the presentation of the actual situation of political parties and questions, which, in their turn, may produce constitutional changes." In fact, as treated by Mr. Sterne, American constitutionalism is at once the result of past evolution and material for the evolution of the future. Mr. Scott does not, it is true, concern himself with the American history of the future, or even with the history of the Union, since its place as a nation was definitively recognised. But his essay is cast in almost ostentatiously Spencerian lines. It seeks to disclose the plan of development contained in the history of colonial life in America. We are further told, in what is now the orthodox fashion, that there were three eras in that development,—the era of constitutional development in England; the era of State development in America; and the era of constitutional development in America. The "motives" of these eras are also revealed; that of the first being freedom of conscience, that of the second the development of tribal institutions, and that of the third, the longing for popular sovereignty. Finally, it is set forth that "throughout this trilogy glowed the spirit of liberty, which in the final stage became fierce, and crowned its long task by giving to our people political, religious, and personal freedom, guaranteed by constitution."

Mr. Sterne's work is a conscientious performance of the handy-manual kind, and does not pretend to be anything more. The first four chapters deal with the Constitution of the Union, the Legislative Department, the Executive Power, and the Judicial Power; and as the original articles of Confederation and Constitution, and the supplements which were made to them in the course of time, are given in an appendix, this portion of the book will be found very valuable for reference purposes. The remaining chapters treat of the post-constitutional history of the Union—Mr. Sterne's narrative of the Civil War is rather scrappy—the changes and development of the State constitution, and current questions productive of changes in the Constitution of the Union generally. Mr. Sterne has nothing fresh to say on the political corruptions, the Civil-Service jobbery, and the like, that, to observers like Mr. Spencer, constitute the element of danger in the magnificent American prospect. He attributes them, as everybody has been doing for the last quarter of a century, to the apathy of the cultured and moneyed classes in the Union. This reminds us, however, of a shrewd remark which appears in one of the volumes of essays and addresses that have come from the pen of the present Governor of Madras. Referring to the popular opinion that government should be vested in intellect and property, he says so it should, if only intellect and property were perfect. Property must be far from perfect in the United States, when those who hold it give themselves up to the worship of millions, and what is far worse, of millionaires. Culture, too, must be far from perfect on the moral side when it leads to apathy, isolation, coterie cynicism, and a disinclination to take some part in the public life,—which in the eyes of the author of *Natural Religion* is synonymous with irreligion, and in the eyes of all thoughtful people is a form of irreligion. The hope for the future of America lies not so much in the possibility of the moneyed and leisured forming a ring against the jobbers and place-hunters, as in the probability of their yet rising to a thorough appreciation of all their own responsibilities and obligations, in their struggling, in fact, after perfection, in the religious, New-Testament sense. One word as to Mr. Sterne's style. It is clear, but rather too ostentatiously adapted to the understanding of that personal or rather third-personal power in modern democratic life who used to be described as "the ordinary reader," but is now coming to be known as "the plain man." Such a style is apt to defeat the purpose of the writer who affects it. Thus a phrase like "a monetary question which has been unfortunately muddled in the United States by demagoguery" has three faults. Its meaning is far from clear, it is long to clumsiness, and it is far from pretty.

Of Mr. Eben Greenough Scott we confess not to have heard, until we read his work on the development of liberty in the American Colonies; and, possibly, it is his first important effort in literature. If so, we sincerely hope it will not be his last. It looks like the production of a man of the modern and mellowed New-England type, serious, and yet imaginative, who, having leisure on his hands, has devoted it to studying and reflecting on the early history of his country in the light of modern ideas. He is the master of a rich and vigorous style, not altogether free, however, from that literary weakness of the cloister, a proneness to over-compression. A single quotation will show our meaning. Speaking of Roger Williams, the remarkable man who founded Rhode Island State, and who anticipated by more than two centuries both the Liberation and Aborigines Protection Societies of our own day, Mr. Scott says:—"His mind was active and clear, and he reasoned well; he had studied hard, and was learned; he had thought much, and was a man of opinions; he had sought light, and had convictions; he was ambitious, resolute, courageous, and of inflexible will; he had winning manners, and being of an amiable, sociable disposition, was born to persuade men. Yet the first thing he did was to set them against him." There is power here, but it is the power that strives to put a quart into a pint measure. Mr. Scott is happiest in his short characterisations. We have never seen a better description of clever, audacious, unscrupulous Charles Townshend than "a political ruffler."

We have already explained the plan and given the fundamental ideas, of Mr. Scott's work. For the rest, it may be fairly described as a sermon of the old-fashioned and eloquent Scotch sort, having for its text Burke's declaration, in his speech on conciliation with America, that liberty there was made fierce by six capital causes,—descent, the colonial forms of government, religion in the Northern provinces, manners in the Southern, education, and remoteness of situation. Mr. Scott deals with all these capital causes in detail, and we may say at once that we have never seen this subject treated so exhaustively by a writer who is, above all things, readable. The chapters on "Religion in the Northern Provinces," "Manners in the Southern," and "Education," are exceptionally good. The most original portion of Mr. Scott's work is that in which he sets forth the commercial relations of the colonies to the mother-country and to each other—the Act of Navigation and the Acts of Trade—as among the con-causes of the American Revolution. For the first time, ample justice is done to

* *Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States.* By Simon Sterne, of the New York Bar. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co. 1883.

The Development of Constitutional Liberty in the English Colonies of America. By Eben Greenough Scott. New York: E. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

James Otis, a remarkable but little known man, who seems to have been to John Adams very much what Adam Smith was to the younger Pitt. Books of this kind make various impressions on the reader, of which, as a rule, one survives the others. The enduring impression, in the present instance, is that of the township, as the essential strength of the political organisation of New England. "The Government of France," says De Tocqueville, "sends its agents to the commune; in America, the township sends its agents to the Government." In differentiating between French and American constitutionalism, we have not yet got beyond De Tocqueville, as in differentiating between English and American constitutionalism we have not yet got beyond Bagehot.

MEDIÆVAL AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE IN ENGLAND.*

One of the charms of living in an old country like England is to be found in the wealth of antiquarian interest, often, it is true, of a very humble kind, with which every nook and cranny of the land abounds. Many persons realise that they are connected with the past,—or, indeed, seem conscious that they have had any ancestors more remote than their grandfathers—only when they visit an ancient battle-field or the scene of some celebrated event, clamber over the ruins of hoary castle or abbey, or tread the aisles of one of our lovely cathedrals. But to the thoughtful mind there is always a lively interest in trying to read those records of a less pretentious character which are to be found on every hand, and in endeavouring to recall what were the ways and methods of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," and what were their labours and pursuits. They, in times long past, frequented in their daily life the scenes of our present homes, their eyes beheld the same general features and outlines of the country that our eyes mark to-day, they saw the sun rise above and watched him set below the horizon which to-day is ours, and they tilled and cultivated the very fields we know. The roads we travel were used by them, they strolled by the same foot-pathways which thread our copses and skirt our fields, bargained at the fairs and markets which are still held among us, and worshipped, married, and were given in marriage in the grey old churches yet standing in our midst, and in whose shadow they were laid to rest. It is well for us to grasp the fact that our social life is absolutely continuous with theirs, and to recognise that they were, as are we, actual links in the unbroken chain which binds the ages together. As Professor Rogers says, in the preface to his fourth volume,—

"The economical history of England is as important as the study of legal antiquities, of diplomatic intrigues, and of military campaigns. I cannot but recognise that some indications of progress have been made in the acceptance of such a view about the proper functions of history. Nor do I fail to see that, since the date of my earlier volumes, there has been a growing disposition to test economical conclusions by the evidence of facts, and to avoid the temptation of arriving at general inferences from hypothetical and even imaginative postulates. I do not doubt that at no remote period all history which has neglected the study of the people, and all political economy which has disdained the correction of its conclusions by the evidence which facts supply, will be cast aside as incomplete and even valueless."

It is to the history of England from its social and economical side that this great and laborious work forms so valuable a contribution. An interval of no fewer than sixteen years has passed between the appearance of the first two volumes, which comprised the period from the year 1259 to the end of the fourteenth century, and the publication of the third and fourth, wherein the history is continued during the fifteenth and the greater part of the sixteenth centuries. Following the same lines in the construction of these two volumes as were taken with the first and second, Professor Rogers has given us one volume of pure statistics, and in the other a commentary thereupon. In the third volume we find, arranged under their respective headings, in yearly tables, the prices of hundreds of articles of produce, manufacture, and commerce, of carriage, and of many kinds of labour, with the locality where such prices prevailed. These tables have been derived chiefly from the accounts preserved in the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and from the documents deposited in the Record Office. Their compilation has involved almost incredible labour, "peculiarly wearisome, very costly, and frequently disappointing," the whole of which has been personally undertaken by Professor Rogers, who, unassisted, has "consulted at least 80,000 documents, some barren, but most supplying a link in the chain of evidence." But the general reader might wander vainly among these enormous masses of figures, were it not for the guidance of the fourth volume, in whose pages their real significance is made clear. Here we are treated to a series of chapters, analytical and explanatory, on such subjects as the distribution of wealth in England, agriculture in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the cost of carriage, and the purchasing power of wages; and the masterly way in which Professor Rogers handles his facts, and clothes the dry bones of his statistics with flesh, is well worthy of admiration. He also gives tables of average prices for each year, and for each decade of the period under review, viz., from the year 1400 to 1582; and also for the first 140 and the last 42 years of the term. This is rendered advisable and necessary, owing to the enormous rise in prices consequent on the shameless depreciation of the currency by Henry VIII.

The fifteenth century opened favourably for the labouring and artizan classes, whose numbers had been so thinned by the Black Death that, in spite of all statutes to the contrary, the price of labour was high, whilst the cost of living was very moderate. We read that,—

"Obnoxious and intrusive sectaries were punished with fire and faggot, there was no zeal, hardly any character, no learning at all, no history beyond the battles of the kites and the crows; but there was solid, substantial, unbroken prosperity. The fifteenth century and the early years of the sixteenth, were the golden age of the English husbandman, the artisan, and the labourer. . . . . The war of succession was as distant in its incidents, and it seemed to be in its effects, as summer lightning. Even those who took part in the broil, when out of the battle, were safe."

In all his researches among thousands of documents, penned whilst the Wars of the Roses were raging, Professor Rogers says he has only found two allusions to current events. This fully confirms the accounts of Philip de Comines, and other contemporary historians. The Black Death had one indirect effect, which lasted for some sixty years, in bringing in the system of stock and farm leasing; but early in the fifteenth century, land, with the exception of that held by corporations, was usually let "on short leases, and, as a rule, at low and almost fixed rents," to capitalist farmers, who found their own stock, whilst the landowner became simply landlord, living on his rents. To avoid the loss of their estates, except by voluntary alienation, the nobles who fought in the Civil Wars, taking advantage of the statute De Donis, commonly entailed them; and this practice, coupled with primogeniture, was disastrous to younger sons, who, whilst the ancestor had farmed his own land, had shared his personalty, but now found themselves portionless. But the new class of yeomen gathered wealth, and bought land, the value of which rose greatly, though rents were inelastic. The art of agriculture was stationary during the whole period of 324 years comprised in Professor Rogers's four volumes. Most of its operations during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are touched upon in the chapter on the "Condition of Agriculture;" and it is not difficult, after reading these pages, wherein free use is made of Fitzherbert's *Book of Husbandry*, to realise the manner of living, and the daily labours of the yeoman of the time.

Both horses and oxen were used on the land; wheat, barley, oats, rye, and beans and peas were grown. The mediæval farmer was entirely dependent on his hay and straw for the winter-keep of his stock, for there were no winter roots, and the hay was only the produce of native grasses, artificial grasses being unknown for 300 years longer. Cattle and sheep were fattened in summer, and killed at its close, and their flesh salted for winter use; for few could be kept in condition, save at great expense, through the winter months. The old song of "Summer is y-cumin in," meant much more in those days than it does in ours; the return of spring and summer meant a return to fresh meat and fresh vegetable diet. Onions, garlic, and mustard were grown, but the profusion of garden produce of the present day was quite unknown, and food, though abundant, was coarse, and wanting in variety. Professor Rogers has noted only one instance of the purchase of a ¼ lb. of "cabeche" seed in 1458, by King's College, Cambridge, at the enormous rate of 4s. per pound, and this was probably an experiment. The cultivation of the hop was introduced from the Low Countries early in the sixteenth century, and somewhat later sheep-farming began to take the place of agriculture, and was a subject of complaint and of

* *A History of Agriculture and Prices in England, from the Year after the Oxford Parliament* (1259), *to the Commencement of the Continental War* (1793). By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. Oxford: Printed at the Clarendon Press. 1882.

legislation. "The practice appears to have arisen from two causes,—the deficiency of capital, owing to the general impoverishment of the country, and the high prices of wool." In 1532, some flockmasters had 20,000, 6,000, or 5,000 sheep, and it was enacted that in future no one should have more than 2,000. Wheat and rye from the Baltic were imported in quantity sufficient to attract the notice of the Legislature, so that the English farmer was exposed to competition in corn whilst he had the practical monopoly of the wool market. As a consequence, land was laid down in grass, and vast enclosures were made from the common field; and it was this practice, and the injury done to the poor by depriving them of their curtilages, that were the chief cause of Ket's rebellion in 1549, which is "remarkable as being the last attempt which English labourers have made to secure what they believed to be justice by force of arms." Poultry and geese were everywhere reared, and must have been very welcome luxuries in winter. The price was low, a capon or a goose averaging 4d. during the fifteenth century. It should be noted, though the remark is a trite one, that a low money-value by no means indicates cheapness, which is relative to prices then current, and cannot be compared with the prices of to-day. The purchasing power of money in the fifteenth century was extremely great. The average price of an ox was 18s., of a good saddle-horse, 55s., whilst wheat averaged 5s. 7½d., and oats 2s. 1d. a quarter; but the wages of an ordinary labourer were barely 4d. a day, and the rent of arable land did not exceed 6d. an acre. The yield was very small—not more than a fourth of that of the present day—and it may be put down that the average yield of wheat was not over seven bushels to the acre. When, in 1544, the debasement of the coinage began, a notable but variable rise was effected in every commodity but one, the exception being glass, the manufacture of which had been greatly improved. Taking the average price of the first 140 years as unity, the rise in the price of provisions was 2·71, but the price of labour rose only 1·62, a difference which sufficiently explains the evil times that fell on the peasant. The golden era was past:—

"From the epoch of Henry's death, the degradation of the English labourer begins. For nearly three centuries, the artisan suffered with the peasant; that is, as long as the combination laws impeded the creation of those labour partnerships which we call Trade Unions. But the condition of the farm labourer has gone on from bad to worse, has become more hopeless. The best and most capable of them have fled from their traditional occupation, and at the time at which I am writing (1881), as I foresaw when I wrote the last words of my first volume, sixteen years ago, the agricultural problem in England is not the adjustment of local burdens, or the arbitration of rent, or the revival of confidence in those who put capital into land; but it is assuredly the recall of the agricultural labourer to effective and hopeful industry. It is a striking illustration of the fact that economical history has no break in its chain of causes, that we are still engaged with a problem which had its remote but certain beginnings in the wantonness of Henry VIII., and in the rapacity of that aristocratic camarilla of adventurers which he planted round the throne of his infant son."

The artisan and the mechanic flourished during the fifteenth century, and the early part of the sixteenth. Wages were good, and the hours of work short; indeed, the *summum bonum* of the British workman, eight hours a day, seems to have been attained. The houses and habits of the people at this period were extremely filthy. Life in the middle-ages must have been full of constant alarm from plague and pestilence, and the only wonder is that the Black Death ever ceased its ravages. In the large towns especially, the want of sanitary arrangements caused fearful mortality, and there can be no doubt that their populations, like that of London in the eighteenth century, were kept up solely by immigration from the country districts. The history of the "Rise and Progress of Personal and Domestic Cleanliness" has yet to be written, but it is suggestive of the customs of the time that one *lotrix* does all the washing at New and All Soul's Colleges, Oxford, and "her remuneration at the latter society does not seem to denote very hard work."

Judging from the low rates for carriage, and the long journeys performed in one day on horseback and by carts, the roads must have been excellent, for the custom of attending fairs and markets and going on pilgrimages made it needful that roads should be well maintained, besides which, the corporations and monastic orders held widely-scattered estates, and these had to be visited; nor was it until after the dissolution of the Monasteries that the roads went out of repair. "It was clearly the interest of those who possessed these scattered properties, to have the communications between them as regular and easy as possible. The worst English roads were those of the Georges, such as are commented on by Smollett; and they were, perhaps, all the worse because the country party had contrived to shift the cost of repairing them from their own rents on to the purse of the traveller."

We have touched but lightly on a very few of the topics discussed by Professor Rogers. Those who find interest in the annals of the daily life of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries will search these volumes for themselves. There is sometimes a tendency to repetition, in most cases excusable, in some advantageous, though it was hardly necessary to tell us three times within as many pages that sand and brass-dust were used by our ancestors for drying their ink. To the student of history, the facts collected in Volume III. will be found invaluable, even if all Professor Rogers's inferences are not agreed with, whilst the general reader who is so fortunate as to come across them will find a vast amount of entertainment and instruction in the commentative chapters of the fourth volume.

MARY STUART'S "APOLOGIA."*

Mr. Stevenson has no need to apologise for offering this work to the public. The information it contains is, as he truly says, both new and important, and the evidence is that of a witness who has, indeed, "something to say on an interesting question" which is yet, in the opinion of a faithful few, an undecided one. For the witness is no other than Mary Stuart herself, and Nau's fragmentary narrative is in reality a portion of what she intended to be her *Apologia*. Claude Nau de la Boisselière was a Lorrainer, and naturally, therefore, attached to the House of Guise. He passed from the service of the Cardinal de Guise to that of the Queen of Scots in 1575, probably still a young man—Mr. Stevenson tells us nothing concerning his age—and remained with her up to the abduction of Chartley in 1586. He had studied and practised law, was a fair accountant, and a good linguist, possessing, what was in those days a rare accomplishment for a foreigner, a thorough knowledge of English. There can be little doubt that he was the author of the narrative, and as little that the narrative itself was mainly taken down from the Queen's own lips. The narrative, or rather the fragment we possess, which has long lain unnoticed among the treasures of the Cottonian Library, deals with the history of the years intervening between the death of Rizzio and the removal of Mary Stuart from Carlisle to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, in 1568, with some scant notices of events in the years 1569 and 1570. The principal occurrences recorded in it are the murder of Darnley, the marriage with Bothwell, the imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, and the famous escape from that stronghold, so graphically told in Scott's *Abbot*. The narrative was certainly composed after the death of Bothwell, in 1578, and probably not long before the seizure of Mary's papers at Chartley.

Mr. Stevenson has supplemented the work of Nau with notes and illustrations drawn from various sources, and has added several appendices, containing translations of documents preserved among the secret archives of the Vatican. But these hardly prove more than that the Queen's story as told in the narrative was pretty much the same as that which her defenders had all along presented to the world. On the principal points in the indictment brought against her by her contemporaries and by posterity, the author offers scarcely any rebutting evidence stronger than her own assertions, which can in nowise be regarded as proofs. And, as we shall presently attempt to show, the narrative itself not only charges her accusers with a treachery infinitely more incredible in its diabolical wickedness than what they ascribed to Mary, but by its general tone, and to some extent by positive statements, tends to confirm their case.

The assassination of Darnley, justly characterised by Mr. Froude as belonging to that rare class of incidents which, like the murder of Cæsar, have touched the interests of the entire educated world, was the turning-point in the Queen of Scots' career, from which, deserted by her good angel, her course of life and conduct was one of uninterrupted descent. Without directly asserting the innocence of Bothwell—in one passage, indeed, his guilt seems to be distinctly implied—the narrative on the whole tends to his exculpation. It asserts that the Earl justified himself in full Parliament, and records the Queen's persuasion that "he was entirely cleared of the crime laid to his charge;" while a little further on, it is more positively stated

* *The History of Mary Stewart, from the Murder of Riccio until her Flight into England.* By Claude Nau, her Secretary. Now first printed, from the Original Manuscript, with Papers from the Secret Archives of the Vatican, &c. Edited, with Preface, by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. Edinburgh: W. Paterson. 1883.

that it was "settled (by the Lords of the Council) that Bothwell should be accused of Darnley's murder," under "pretext of avenging the late King's death;" and that this "was done by the advice of Secretary Lethington (Maitland), with whom Bothwell was on bad terms." But it is impossible to read the following very remarkable passage in the narrative without feeling convinced that Mary must have had, from the beginning, at the very least a shrewd guess as to the authorship of the crime:—

"That very night [February 9th-10th, 1566], as her Majesty was about to leave the King, she met Paris, Lord Bothwell's valet-de-chambre, and noticing that his face was all blackened with gunpowder, she exclaimed, in the hearing of many of the lords, just as she was mounting her horse (to return to Holyrood, to assist at the wedding-feast of her servant Sebastian), 'Jesu, Paris, how begrimed you are!' At this he turned very red."

No one doubts Bothwell's guilt at the present day, and no one, probably, doubted it at the time. It is incredible that Mary Stuart, even if no accessory before or after the fact to her husband's murder, could have doubted it in 1586, and the tone of the narrative, which throughout aims at the exculpation of Bothwell, not merely furnishes an argument against its truthfulness, but raises a strong presumption that the peculiarly fiendish treachery she ascribes to her accusers was a late creation of her own brain, a mere count, and an ill-conceived one, in a plea of defence:—

"Their plan," she says, "was this,—to persuade her to marry the Earl of Bothwell, so that they might charge her with being in the plot against her late husband, and a consenting party to his death. This they did shortly after, appealing to the fact that she had married the murderer."

The absurdity of this plea is made manifest by the narrative itself. The one object, we are told, of the Lords was the usurpation of the Crown, planned before Murray's departure, which had preceded the murder. With this special object, it is added, Bothwell had gained them over to his side—they are previously stated to have pressed him upon the Queen as "a man of resolution, well adapted to rule"—some through friendship, others through fear, and "having thus secured their help and advice," seized the Queen's person, in order to compel her consent to a marriage. The marriage, then, was forced on by Bothwell, not urged by way of persuasion by the Lords. Or if Bothwell conspired with the Lords to bring it about, in order to prove Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder, he effected the latter object only at the expense of a practical admission of his own guilt. Lastly, the moment the marriage was accomplished, pursues the narrative, the Lords turned round upon Bothwell, and charged him with the crime, the sole result of which accusation, if successful, would have been the undoing of the very work they had combined to accomplish, and the restoration of Mary to independence. Bothwell, as we have already mentioned, is tenderly treated throughout the narrative. The abduction on the Stirling road is mentioned with the faintest blame. The party opposed to him, although it comprised many of those who "persuaded" the Queen to marry him, is described as actuated simply by jealousy of his rapid promotion, and by disgust at his want of inclination to "put himself to much trouble to gain the good-will of those with whom he associated." The promotion, again, was the spontaneous act of the unfortunate and infatuated woman; at all events, the narrative makes it clear that it was not pressed upon her by any party in the State, and that Bothwell was in no position to compel it. That his enemies hated him otherwise than on account of the elevation they, or many of them, are said to have conspired to bring about, is not hinted at. At Carberry Hill it is admitted that his cause was warmly espoused by Mary, who refused to give him up to the Lords, and it is expressly stated that it was only through her entreaties that he reluctantly left the field, and practically abandoned her to her fate. Not a single phrase or sentence, not a single expression in the narrative betrays the least resentment against the man who, after a violent abduction and imprisonment of his Sovereign, is alleged to have compelled her consent to a marriage which only a few days previously she had absolutely refused to give, and which cost her both crown and kingdom. On the whole, it is impossible not to see in this *apologia* of Mary Stuart a moral confirmation of the authenticity of the celebrated Casket Letters, to which, by the way, no allusion whatever is made from the first to the last page of the volume.

Of her life at Lochleven and of her escape some details are given which are new to history, and this portion of the narrative is full of dramatic interest, too full, perhaps, to be entirely trustworthy. One of the most curious revelations made is the fact that shortly after her arrival, somewhere about July 24th, 1567, the Queen gave birth to twins, the issue of Bothwell, which were still-born. The account of her escape from Holyrood after Rizzio's murder is equally graphic, and some of the incidents narrated, especially in connection with the subsequent interviews with the Lords and with Darnley, afford a striking picture of the coarseness and brutality of the times.

One more criticism, and we must take leave of this interesting and in some respects valuable book. Nau's fragment begins as follows:—

"Foys ils avoient mis la main à l'œuvre, il fallait parachever, si tous ne vouloient se mectre au hazard de leurs vies, d'autant qu'ils estoient trop avant, pour reculer."

Mr. Stevenson's version is:—

"As for themselves, as they had begun the business, they must needs finish it. Even if all persons would not risk their lives, they had at least gone too far to recede. . . . . ."

But surely the point of the passage is here missed. The proper translation seems to be,—"Since they had begun the business, they must needs finish it, if they did not all wish to put their lives in peril; all the more so, in that they had gone too far to recede," &c.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The French Revolution, 1789-1795. By Bertha Meriton Gardiner. (Longmans.)—The adult reader of this volume, the latest of the "Epochs of Modern History," will do well to bear the fact in mind that the series was, at least originally, intended not for such as he, but for advanced pupils in schools. The period of which Mrs. Gardiner treats—if, indeed, it should not be styled a tragic episode rather than a period—has been so much left to the psychologist on a large scale, the moralist, the rhetorician, the prose-poet, and the scientific historian, that we are as yet hardly prepared for a calm and almost painfully matter-of-fact narrative of it adapted to the intelligence of boys and girls of sixteen. Mrs. Gardiner is, perhaps, a little too anxious to put the Revolution in "plain collar, and cuffs to match." She has probably no sympathy with the magnificent deshabillé of Carlyle; at all events, it is rather ominous that in her preface she should make no mention of him, while she acknowledges her obligations to Michelet, Louis Blanc, Von Sybel, and Taine, and even to such less-known writers as Francisque Mège and Mortimer Ternaux. But we cannot have everything in a history of the French Revolution—at all events, yet—and we ought to be content with the fact that Mrs. Gardiner supplies us with a great deal,—impartiality, method, clearness of statement, caution in judgment. Seldom, if ever, even in much larger and more imposing works, has there been given, at least to the English public, a better narrative of the events that led up to the Revolution. In the course of four pages (pp. 13-17), we have the differences in doctrine between the Voltaireans, the Encyclopædists, the Economists, and the Rousseauists stated with a precision and even a fullness quite sufficient for all practical purposes. Mrs. Gardiner's representation of the aims of and the essential differences, between the leading Revolutionary chiefs is marked by scrupulous fairness. The few words in which she traces the connection between the doctrines of Rousseau and the fanaticism of St. Just, who, had he lived, would probably have superseded Robespierre, since he excelled him in moral force, will compare favourably, even in point of lucidity, with what Mr. John Morley has so admirably said on the same subject.

Eberhard; or, the Mystery of Rathsbeck. By Katherine Clive. (Tinsley Brothers.)—The author of this grotesque story deserves some credit for the originality of her plot and for the industry she has displayed in the development of it, though certainly for nothing else. It is a new thing to mix up the fortunes of English girls of the ordinary middle-class type with those of German students—"Herr Pastors" and "Herr Professors"—who speak dubious English, and are susceptible in the extreme. This very Irish-stew of love and examinations, and the "mystery" which forms the centre of it, are all so absurd indeed as to suggest that there may be in them that truth which is stranger than even nineteenth-century fiction. There is one character in the story, Fräulein Schwarzkopf, who keeps a German educational establishment at Rathsbeck, and who is so odious from beginning to end that we cannot help thinking her portrait must have been drawn from life; it is quite superfluous on the part of the author to tell us that "never yet had the lightning-flame of glorious, God-given thought flashed through her." If Miss Clive would concentrate her energy and enthusiasm on some simple plot, give up soaring into "prose-poetry," eschew digressions and marks of exclamation, and have no literary dealings with "young tradeswomen of rather questionable character," she would do much better as a novelist than she has done in *Eberhard*.

The Life and Correspondence of the late Dr. Samuel Hibbert Ware. By Mrs. Hibbert Ware. (Cornish, Manchester.)—The late Dr. Hibbert Ware was well known in Edinburgh and Manchester as a worthy medical man, an antiquarian, and a geologist; and even as the author of "The Philosophy of Apparitions" and "History of the Foundations of Manchester," he deserved something in the shape of a biographical notice. But a brief and modest memoir, telling the story of an honourable but uneventful career, would have been far more to the point than the bulky volume, swollen out with but slightly interesting letters, which is due to the affection and perhaps also to the *cacoethes scribendi* of his daughter-in-law, who, as she is careful to inform us, is "the youngest daughter of the late Duncan Stewart, Esq., author of 'A Practical Arabic Grammar,' published by Parker, of London." Mrs. Ware means well, however, and tells us some interesting things in the course of her narrative. We have found the first chapters of this book, relating to the Manchester of a hundred years ago, the most curious. A cook could then be had for £5 a year, and the annual rent paid for his dwelling-house by Titus Hibbert, a well-to-do man of business, was £20. Verily, *tempora mutantur!*

Friends and Lovers, by Annie Thomas (White), contains a really wonderful number of vulgar characters, who use language worthy of them. Among them are a Lord Charldale, who is, till about the last page of the story, a habitual drunkard, and endeavours to get through a marriage ceremony in a state of intoxication; a Lord Timerton, who foams and fumes, and has a habit of breaking out on his wife with "what the deuce;" and a Lady Victoria Gardiner, who has a "gay and *débonnaire* way of kicking her heels over all social traces," has a little "*bijou* nest" at Barnes, styled "The Keg," and writes of a couple about to be married that they are "greedy beasts." Even the better-hearted among Mrs. Cudlip's "Friends and Lovers"—the Dons, and the Trixies, and the Sylvertres—might well be a little more refined in speech and motive. The plot of the story is poor, and the characters do not bustle about with as much animation as this author generally endows her marionnettes with. Altogether, she has probably never written more hurriedly, or to less purpose.

The New Biblical Atlas and Scripture Gazetteer. (Religious Tract Society).—This atlas, the maps of which are the work of W. and A. K. Johnston, is designed as a companion to Dr. E. P. Barrow's *Biblical Geography*. The maps are sixteen in number, and supply all that is needed, not only for a popular, but even for a close knowledge of the subject. We may note, as one that gives details, that we do not remember to have seen so conveniently represented before "The Sea of Galilee."

The Marriage in Cana in Galilee. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D. (Macmillan and Co.)—Dr. Macmillan expounds the circumstances of this miracle with much care, with a good-sense and a sound judgment that are but rarely at fault, and with some happy illustrations supplied by his knowledge of natural processes. It is almost inevitable that a writer dealing in this way with a single subject should sometimes find in the narrative, or the language in which it is told, more than is really there. Dr. Macmillan is not quite free from this fault; but on the whole, he is eminently sensible and moderate. We would especially select for notice the admirable treatment of the total-abstinence question, as it touches upon the incident (Dr. Macmillan, however, somewhat minimises the force of *μεθυσθῶσι*, "When men have well drunk"), the remarks on the evidential use of miracles, and on miracles in general. From the latter we may give a brief extract:—

"I know nothing more comforting, among all the doubts and anxieties caused by the recent discoveries and speculations of science, than the suggestions which arise from the fact that our Lord's first miracle was wrought in such a quiet, unobtrusive, natural way, that it seemed to most of those present an ordinary occurrence. What though science is showing to us more and more clearly that God is working in Nature by uniformitarian methods, and not by cataclysms and abrupt transitions! What though it should reduce the field of the miraculous, and bring much of what we thought were the wonders of God's special and supernatural dispensations within the cycle of natural law? Such a conclusion, could it be satisfactorily established, ought not to shake the faith of any one in God's direct administration, or in any of the great verities of his revealed truth."

Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Catullus; an Experiment in Translation. By W. F. Shaw, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Prose translations, Mr. Shaw thinks, are not attractive, and translations in rhymed verse are seldom faithful. The third course is to give verse that shall not be rhymed. Hence the present attempt, which seeks to utilise for the purpose the metre of "Hiawatha." Now, this metre has a certain "fatal facility" about it. A little practice can enable one almost to talk in it; but like all easy metres, it is very difficult to write well, and we cannot think that Mr. Shaw has overcome this difficulty. We shall take a specimen at random:—

"This is how your fancied patron
Will avoid doing anything for you.
He will tell you he's no time left
For your public recitations,
As he's now himself a poet,
Greater e'en than Homer but for
Prejudice in ant'quity's favour."

Here the second and the seventh lines are wholly out of rhythm. But, however well Mr. Shaw might write the metre, it would not suit the dignified verse of Juvenal. Dignity, indeed, is wholly wanting to this experiment, and it must be said to have failed altogether. Martial is better suited to the purpose, and though we cannot congratulate Mr. Shaw on a success, we willingly allow that some of his work is passable. Here is an epigram (viii.):—

"What a nuisance is old Eactus,
With his fine old plate! I'd rather
Eat off plain Saguntine platters;
Oh! how very flat the wine gets
While he's praising the decanter;
This was great Laomedon's goblet,
And for it Apollo built the
Walls of Troy; for this old punch-bowl
Rhœcus battled with the Lapithæ;
How it suffered in th' encounter!
This cup's said to have been Nestor's,
How his thumb has rubbed the dove on't!
There's the bowl in which Achilles
Had his grog mixed strong; and here's the
Loving cup in which sweet Dido,
At the banquet given to Æneas,
Drank to Bitias; when you've done your
Best to admire this old silver,
You'll have wine quite up to keeping,
Mere Astyanax out of Priam."

Some of these lines are sadly halting, but the effect of the whole is passable. The last line will be probably unintelligible to most readers. The original is, "In Priami cyathis Astyanacta bibes." This is hard to put into good English, though the meaning is plain enough that the liquor was, indeed, a "petit vin." The subtlety of allusion in the Latin,—

"Hic scyphus est in quo miseeri jussit amicis
Largius Æacides vividiusque merum,"

where the reference is to the,—

"Μείζονα δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενοιτίου υἷε, καθίστα,
Ζωρότερον δὲ κέραιε,"

of "Iliad" ix., 202-3 (the embassy to Achilles) is wholly lost in Mr. Shaw's somewhat vulgar rendering.

Novels.—*Pretty Miss Neville.* By B. M. Croker. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—The first volume of this novel relates the sayings and doings of the heroine while she is living at her Irish home, and was a very plain-looking hoyden. In the second volume she is transported to India, and blooms out into the "Pretty Miss Neville" who supplies a title to the story. In her hoyden stage she has been engaged to her cousin, the heir of her grandfather's estate, and this engagement is the source of no little complication when she enters upon her career as a beauty at an Indian station. On the whole, we prefer the Irish scenes, to the Indian; but both are described with much liveliness, and make sufficiently good reading. The story is told in the auto-biographical form, a form which it is not easy to manage well. The author contends with this difficulty successfully, and is always natural and easy. Some of her characters, especially the old colonel and his wife, who give Miss Neville her Indian home, are very pleasantly drawn. So is the lively Mrs. Vane, who plays the part of a chorus, and accompanies the action of the story with admirable comment and advice.——*A Maid Called Barbara.* By Catharine Childar. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—Miss Childar has certainly succeeded in making her heroine an attractive young person, who keeps the sympathies of a reader, even when she takes the perilous step of losing her heart to a second lover while she is still engaged to the first. The author, indeed, shows no little skill in the management of this part of her tale. There is real dignity and pathos in the story of her heroine at this crisis of her life. She has just written the letter that dismisses her lover; then comes the news of his dangerous illness, caught while he is attending on the sick, and she is in an agony of self-reproach. She finds that a lucky accident has delayed the despatch of the letter, and she regards the incident as a divine help to making effective her repentance. We shall not spoil Miss Childar's story by revealing its plot any further. Let it suffice to say that things are brought round, though not without some ingeniously contrived suspense, to what they should be. The story is a good one, and it is well told. The scenes in Florence, with the picture of the life of the English colony there, are particularly good. The writer, too, gives frequent proof of a gift of quiet humour. The only fault that we are disposed to find in the book is one which springs from the conventional necessity of lengthening it into three volumes. There is a little too much of it; things are put in which might well have been spared,—*e.g.*, a quite general description of sunrise, *à propos* of nothing in particular, in Vol. II., p. 161. But there is nothing which will seriously interfere with a reader's pleasure.——*Miss Standish* and *By the Bay of Naples.* By A. E. N. Bewicke. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—There is nothing remarkable in the first of these two stories. It is fairly well told, and sufficiently interesting. But is not Miss Bewicke a little confused, when she gets to speak of women's rights and wrongs? "Think, Marian," cries her heroine, "of the women struggling to earn a living for their children, and unable, because of the Factory Acts!" She denounces, it will be seen, laws which were made in the interests of women, because they were not able, it was thought, to take care of themselves under a system of free contract. This is intelligible enough. It is the theory, we suppose, of

the advanced advocates of women's rights. But it is surely most unreasonable to go on, as the heroine does, and clamour for all kinds of protection for women, for protection even against the inequalities of natural law. The other story is, we are bound to say, of a most objectionable kind. The plot turns upon the hideous complication of a man in love with the daughter of a woman whom he has seduced. Miss Bewicke doubtless thinks to serve high moral ends by introducing these horrors; but she is making a grievous mistake.——*David Easterbrook: an Oxford Story.* By Tregelles Polkinghorne. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—What can prompt a writer who, to all appearance, knows very little of Oxford, to write an "Oxford story"? He goes astray in things great and small. The present writer has dined in many college halls, but he never saw in any one of them the "beer bottles" which the hero saw, among many elements of confusion, at his first visit to the hall of his own college. Further, the present writer knows something of University discipline, but he never heard of Professors making reports, either favourable or unfavourable, to the Heads of Colleges about the progress of Undergraduates. The whole story is crude in colouring. As a story, in fact, it is of very small merit indeed. The writer shows at his best when he becomes rhetorical. In chapter xxi., for instance, there is writing of some force about the predominance of evil in the world.

We have received:—*A Treatise on Navigation*, for the use of students, by J. Merrifield, LL.D., head master of the Navigation School, Plymouth; *Helps for Latin Students*, by W. T. Jeffcott and G. J. Tossell. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—*Outlines of Sermons on the Old Testament*, an addition to the "Clerical Library;" *A Popular Introduction to the New Testament*, by J. R. Lumby, D.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—*The Religious Feeling*, a study for faith, by the Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D.; *Christ the Way, and other Sermons*, by the Rev. A. Fürst, D.D. (Dickinson.)—*Wimbledon, Putney, and Barnes* (T. F. Unwin), an addition to the Unwin series of half-holiday handbooks and guides to rambles round London.—*In the Country*, essays by the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A. (Satchell and Co.)—*The Epistle to the Hebrews*, in Greek and English, with critical and explanatory notes, by F. Rendall, A.M. (Macmillan and Co.)—A new edition of *Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian.* (Tinsley Brothers.)—*Kalos*, by a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), a treatise on the so-called scientific culture of personal beauty and the cure of ugliness.—New editions of D'Anvers's *Handbooks of Elementary Art*, —"Painting the Old Masters;" "Painting, Modern;" "Architecture;" and "Sculpture." (S. Low and Co.)

We have received from Messrs. Pither and Co. (Mortimer Street) a rather clever and successful caricature of Mr. Irving as Benedict; and a less successful one of Mr. Bancroft as Captain Hawtrey, in *Caste*.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott (T. K), Elements of Logic, 12mo	(Longman & Co.)	2/6
Bates (W.), The Maclise Portrait Gallery, 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	7/6
Britton (J. J.), Lay of the Lady Ida, and other Poems, 12mo	(Remington)	5/0
Bulwer (Lytton), Paul Clifford, cr 8vo	(W. Scott)	2/6
Carey (R. N.), Barbara Heathcote's Trial, 1 vol. cr 8vo	(Bentley)	6/0
Country Gentleman (The), and the Church of England, &c., cr 8vo	(Bickers)	2/6
Every Boy's Annual, 1884, royal 8vo	(Routledge)	6/0
Farrer (G.), Miscellaneous Poems, cr 8vo	(Partridge)	4/0
Fate of the Children of Lir, 12mo	(Gill & Son)	1/6
Fox (J.), The Book of Martyrs, cr 8vo	(W. Scott)	2/6
Frith (W.), Life's Eventide, &c., 12mo	(Partridge)	1/6
Gardiner (S. R.), History of England, Vol. 2, cr 8vo	(Longman & Co.)	6/0
Harris (R.), Mr. Bumpkins, cr 8vo	(Stevens & Sons)	6/0
Hawthorne (N.), Works, Vols. 7 and 8, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)—each	7/6
Isys (C.), An Angler's Strange Experience, 4to	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Kinsey (A.), Full Course of Exercises in Articulation, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	4/6
Little Pinafore's Scrap-book, 4to	(B. Ollendorff)	5/0
Macgregor (J. L. L.), Organisation and Valuation of Forests, &c.	(Wyman)	16/0
Majendie (M.), Once More, cr 8vo	(Bentley)	6/0
Maldeu (H. E.), Vienna, 1683, &c., cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	4/6
Marshall (Mrs. J.), Handel (Great Musicians), cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	3/0
Murray (D. C.), By the Gate of the Sea, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	12/0
Murray (D. C.), Val Strange, a Story, 1 vol. cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Peile (C.), Law, &c., of Discovery in the Supreme Court of Justice	(Stevens)	12/0
Pollock (W. H.), The Paradox of Acting, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	4/6
Scott (G. F. E.), Theodora, and other Poems, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	3/6
Shakespeare's Works, Vol. 10, 12mo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6/0
Spenser's Poems, with Notes by Lucy Harrison, 12mo	(Bentley)	3/6
Starkweather (G. B.), The Law of Sex, 8vo	(Churchill)	16/0
Turner (E. F.), The Duties of Solicitor to Client, &c., 8vo	(Stevens & Sons)	10/6
Wale (B. B.), The Ministry of the Beautiful, cr 8vo	(Partridge)	3/6
Wood (J. G.), Fourth Natural History Reader, 12mo	(Ishister)	1/6

PUBLIC MEETING in SUPPORT of LORD RIPON'S INDIAN POLICY, at the MEMORIAL HALL, Farringdon Street, on MONDAY NEXT, July 23rd, at 8.30, Sir JOHN B. PHEAR in the Chair. The Meeting will be addressed by Members of Parliament, Anglo-Indian officials, and natives of India.

THE BRITISH INDIA COMMITTEE Invite Persons Desirous of Expressing their Approval of LORD RIPON'S INDIAN POLICY to send their Names to the undersigned, 31 Southampton St., Strand.—HODGSON PRATT, Chairman, *pro tem.* The following Names have, among many others, been received:—Lord Lawrence; Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bart., K.C.B.; Sir Arthur Hobhouse, Q.C., K.C.S.I.; Sir W. Wedderburn, Bart.; Sir George Campbell, K.C.S.I., M.P.; Professor Bryce, Esq., M.P.; W. E. Briggs, Esq., M.P.; George Palmer, Esq., M.P.; Colonel R. Osborn; Major John Harris, R.E.; Major Evans Bell; A. Sconce, Esq., B.C.S.; H. J. S. Cotton, Esq., B.C.S.; C. C. Macrae, Esq., F.A.S.; Wyllie, Esq., B.C.S.; Professor Max Müller, LL.D.; Professor W. Markby, LL.D., B.C.S.; Sir Charles Hobhouse, Bart.; Robert Cust, B.C.S; Major-General Cripps; R. H. W. Dunlop, Esq., C.B.; Samuel Laing, Esq., M.P.; Sir John B. Phear; John Webster, Esq., LL.D., M.P.; James E. Thorold Rogers, Esq., M.P.; W. Martin Wood, Esq., (late of Bombay.)

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(Signed), F. GOULD, Kingston-on-Thames, Chairman of the Governors.

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—	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	57
—	Overdriving and overloading	5
—	Travelling (unharnessed) when lame	5
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—	Burning with lighted straw when jibbing	1
—	Docking tails	4
—	Castrating improperly	2
—	Pouring vinegar into nostrils	1
DONKEYS	Working in an unfit state	10
—	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	15
CATTLE	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	13
—	Overstocking (neglecting to milk full udders)	6
CALVES	Exposing to inclement weather	1
SHEEP	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
PIGS	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
—	Conveying improperly in cart	1
—	Castrating wantonly ("a practical joke")	3
DOGS	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	4
—	Setting to fight, with consequent suffering	4
—	Conveying improperly in a close box	1
—	Scalding while trespassing	1
CATS	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	3
—	Inserting pepper into nostrils	1
GOAT	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	1
BEAR	Wounding lip with ring	2
FOWLS	Overcrowding in basket	1
DUCKS	Beating, kicking, stabbing, &c.	2
—	Overcrowding in hamper	1
—	Carrying by neck, with consequent suffering	1
WILD BIRDS	Shooting, taking, &c., during close season	7
—	Laying wheat impregnated with poison on land	1
VARIOUS	Owners causing in above	64
		377
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	Total during the present year	2,574

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ON Monday, the Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons, and Lord Granville in the House of Lords, the withdrawal by the Government of the agreement concerning the Suez Canal. Both speeches were speeches of great dignity, and Mr. Gladstone maintained from beginning to end a very high level in treating matters of political and of international feeling. The Government had been compelled, he said, early in the year, by the pressure of the commercial classes and the increasing value and success of the Suez Canal, to open negotiations with the Suez Canal Company and its President, M. de Lesseps, for the improvement of the methods of traffic and its management on the Canal, and for the reduction, so far as possible, of the heavy shipping dues. The danger of identifying such negotiations with the spirit of political party inseparable from party government, and of exciting the international jealousies inseparable from national government of any kind when these negotiations involve the rivalry of two great nations, made the negotiations most delicate and difficult; and the Government determined early to close no negotiation without taking counsel of Parliament and the country, and convincing themselves that what they felt they could on their responsibility safely recommend, would be accepted by Parliament and the country as on the whole satisfactory. Mr. Gladstone recited what they had proposed to give and what they had expected to get by the agreement, and remarked that the real question for the country was whether their *quid* had been fairly balanced by the *quo* for which they had proposed to exchange it. The country, apparently, determined that question in the negative,—at first, with some violence,—afterwards with increasing signs of hesitation and suspense of judgment. This being so, the Government had sent over Sir Rivers Wilson to Paris, not to ask for fresh concessions, but to learn whether or not M. de Lesseps thought the Government free to drop the proposal, or whether he held them bound by an engagement to take the opinion of Parliament on the subject. M. de Lesseps, in the readiest way, had released them from any implied engagement to recommend the agreement to Parliament; and this being so, the Government held that, considering the very great mischief of taking issue on such a subject between the two parties in the present excited state of French and English feeling on the subject, the proper course was simply to drop the agreement altogether, and to take no further action on the subject at present.

There were three sentences in Mr. Gladstone's speech which were important enough to make it desirable to put them on record, in relation, first, to the position of the existing Suez Canal Company; and next, to the international character of the Canal. "We think it our duty to do justice, as far as lies in our power, to this great Canal Company, and to its sagacious and energetic projectors. I say that they have claims upon us, claims to respect and honour; for they have conferred a vast benefit upon mankind, and have conferred it by enormous labour and in the midst of great dangers, under unparalleled difficulties, difficulties which were unhappily, in some respects, due to the unfortunate action of this country in former times. We must also disclaim all community of sentiment with those who seem to us virtually to assert an English dominion over the water-way of Egypt; and we must make it known that we at least are not parties to the employment of any influence that may attach to our temporary and exceptional position in Egypt, for the purpose of procuring any invasion or any abatement of any rights they may have. And lastly, recollecting and urging honourable gentlemen to bear in mind that I am speaking for ourselves, I wish to announce that we cannot undertake to do any act inconsistent with the acknowledgment, indubitable and sacred in our eyes, that the Canal has been made for the benefit of all nations at large, and that the rights connected with it are matters of common European interest."

Mr. Gladstone also announced that it was the intention of the Suez-Canal Company and M. de Lesseps to construct at once, under their existing concession, a second canal for the greater part of its length, though they might have to apply to the Government of Egypt for new concessions at one or two places where at present the breadth would be insufficient for a new canal. Secondly, the proposed reduction of dues, *pari passu* with the increase of profits, would still take place; but would be much slower, of course, than under the proposed agreement, since new share capital or debenture capital must be raised at a higher rate of interest than was asked by England for the loan, and this would diminish the growth of profits. The new shares or new debentures would be issued *pro rata* to the original shareholders, and England, of course, would have the option of subscribing in respect of her 176,602 shares. M. de Lesseps, it will be observed, has no doubt at all as to his power, under the existing concession, of constructing another canal, so far as the territory already conceded admits of it.

Contemporaneously with Mr. Gladstone's speech, a letter addressed to him by M. de Lesseps was published, asserting in the strongest way the monopoly of the existing Company in the Isthmus of Suez for the ninety-nine years ending in 1968, and explaining his regret that the agreement for extending the commerce and diminishing the dues of the Canal, received so well in France, had been so hastily judged in England. M. de Lesseps, anxious not to foster in any way the international jealousies which heated discussions of this kind might excite, waived with high French magnanimity all claim to the raising of the issue in Parliament, and professed his undiminished zeal for complete accord in the extensions he means to give at once to his undertaking between England and France.

Sir Stafford Northcote on Tuesday gave notice that he would move next Monday, if the Prime Minister would give him the opportunity of doing so, "That a humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that in any negotiations or proceedings with reference to the Suez Canal Company to which her Majesty may be a party, she will, while respecting the undoubted rights of the Company in regard to their own concession, decline to recognise any claim on their part to such a monopoly as would exclude the possibility of competition, on the part of other undertakings designed for the purpose of opening a water-communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea." On this motion Mr. Gladstone commented merely that he and his colleagues had never asserted for M. de Lesseps any monopoly of driving a canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, during the term accorded to their Company. All that had been said had been said only in relation to the right of piercing the Isthmus of Suez. The Government, therefore, cannot well meet this ambiguous resolution with a negative,—without relation to the fact that they do not think it expedient to assert

officially what they have never conceded officially to M. de Lesseps, though their own opinion as to his "exclusive power" is well known. They will, therefore, meet this ambignous resolution—meant to draw votes, rather than to elucidate policy—by supporting Mr. Norwood's amendment, denying the expediency of committing the House of Commons at present to any conclusion on the question at issue.

The cholera has spread everywhere in Egypt, though it is a marked feature of this particular epidemic that its deadliness begins to decline rapidly within a week or ten days of its first appearance in any particular city. In Cairo, for instance, the mortality from cholera reached on Tuesday about 500—the population is about 368,000—since which day it has begnn to decline, while the epidemic in Alexandria has just commenced its ravages. Of the English troops, 14 have been attacked, of whom 9 have died. The precautions against cholera appear to be almost more cruel than the complaint itself, poor wretches being forced from their plague-stricken homes into camp, without sufficient food to eat, and often suffering there more from hunger than from disease. In Europe, the usual childish and cruel quarantine rules, which have really hardly any proper application to cholera,—which is not an infectious, but strictly an epidemic disease,—are being applied in a sort of irregular panic, at the caprice of the authorities. It cannot be too earnestly insisted that all the best sanitary authorities now concur in declaring the active element in cholera to arise chiefly from bad water, or, indeed, an escape of drainage, and in describing quarantine and strict cordons as "cruel, selfish, morally wicked, and medically useless."

News from Durban, dated July 24th, states that Cetewayo had been defeated and, with a number of his chiefs and wives, killed, by his northern neighbour, Usibebu. It seems hard on Cetewayo that, when he was restored, great pains were taken to limit his army, while no provision was made, or, indeed, could be made, to limit the military power of the savage tribes pressing down upon him from the centre of the African continent. What Palestine had constantly to dread in the old days, these partially-civilised regions of Africa have constantly to dread now,—the rush of the multiplying populations of the north, migrating towards the more enviable countries of the south. "Evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction," was the constant cry of the Hebrew prophets. From the same cause, and partly for the same reasons, it might be the constant cry of South-African statesmen.

The English Agricultural Holdings Bill has passed through Committee, and it is probable that before this paper is in our readers' hands the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill will likewise have passed through that ordeal; nor do we think that, except as regards Mr. Balfour's unfortunate amendment on the former Bill, either Bill has suffered seriously in the process. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's amendment to Clause 5 of the English Bill, which practically enabled landlords and tenants to contract themselves out of the Bill, and to substitute some other scale of compensation for that secured to the tenant by the Bill, was defeated by 139 to 97. On the other hand, Mr. Blennerhassett's amendment, which would have abolished the law of distress for rent altogether, instead of limiting it, as is proposed in the present Bill, to the recovery of one year's rent,—an amendment supported by Mr. J. Howard and Mr. Barclay,—was negatived by 207 to 58. The Bill as it stands is a very moderate, though a very just measure, and we may anticipate that it will pass through the House of Lords with little serious change. The House of Lords are not in a mood to bring odium on themselves by resisting so moderate a proposal as this.

Dr. Andrew Clark and Mr. Prescott Hewett have received baronetcies, and this will make the Medical profession in Dublin still more angry at the knighthood just bestowed on Dr. Porter. Still, may it not be fairly argued that there should be gradations in the recognition of medical services, as there certainly are gradations in those services themselves? Dr. Andrew Clark is undoubtedly quite at the head of his profession, and, if he had done nothing else, the service he has rendered in persuading middle-aged men and women not to over-eat themselves, and in showing them how much less food and wine and tea they ought to take than they actually do take, is one quite inestimable, and deserves a certain ethical as well as medical recognition. Mr. Prescott Hewett is one of the most considerable surgeons of his day. When the Dublin men can produce a physician and surgeon who have done as much, we trust that they, too, will receive baronetcies. If hereditary titles are to be of any value, they should be well rooted in public services of a high order.

Mr. Mundella made a very remarkable, as well as a very terse exposition of the educational progress and the educational shortcomings of the country, in moving the new estimates on Thursday night. The estimate for 1883-84 is close on three millions sterling,—£2,938,930,—an increase of £189,000 on the estimate for the past year, but of only £146,945 on the estimate of last year as that was swelled by the supplementary estimate which was submitted in February. Children continued to come into our schools at the rate of 3,000 per week, double the rate of the increase of population, and the average attendance was steadily increasing. The number of children who came into our schools last year was 144,000, but the average attendance had increased by 152,000, so that there are 8,000 more added to the average attendance than were added to the number of scholars. Out of every 100 children on the books, there are now close on 72 of average attendance. The proportion of scholars examined in the higher standards was increasing fairly well. In 1872, only 118,000 children were examined in the higher standards; in 1882, there were 599,029; in other words, the number had more than quintupled in the ten years. Still the school life of English children was the shortest in Europe, and is not only the shortest in Europe, but is growing shorter year by year. "The tendency was to make the children pass the standards earlier and earlier. He was very much struck by a paper which was put into his hand by the Vicar of Meare, a very backward, poor, and much scattered parish in Somersetshire, much flooded in winter. This paper contained an account of the ages at which children passed standard four, the standard of total exemption there. In 1877, it was 14 years; in 1878, 13 years 5 months; in 1879, 11 years 8 months; in 1880, 11 years 2 months; in 1881, 10 years 10 months; in 1882, 10 years 9 months; in 1883, 10 years 8 months." In Saxony now, the compulsory school period was one of eight years,—from the sixth to the fourteenth year,—and yet, while the children liable to attendance were 493,467, the number in attendance was 492,912, so that the Saxon ideal is not as yet even approached by England. To an honourable Member suggesting that this might be because Saxony had a system of free schools, Mr. Mundella promptly replied that Saxony had never had free schools.

Nevertheless, Mr. Mundella did give us hope that education is already telling on the vagabondage and the morality of children. In Birmingham, the average number of juvenile offenders was in the five years ending with 1875, 1,373; while in the five years ending with 1882, it had fallen to 842. In England, the maximum number of juvenile offenders was reached in 1869, when it touched the number of 10,314. In 1875, it had fallen to 7,212, and now it was 5,480. Education, therefore, though it has not yet had time to tell much on the adult criminal classes, has already nearly halved the number of our juvenile offenders. That is truly a beam of light in a dark room.

Amongst the remaining measures of the Session, we trust that the National Debt Bill is pretty sure of cordial support. When we see what our American cousins are doing in the reduction of Debt, a sensation of positive shame comes over us. Here is the account of their achievements as given in a recent number of the *St. James's Gazette*:—"The amount of Debt paid off in the year ended June 30th, 1880, was £17,000,000, £20,300,000 in 1881, £30,200,000 in 1882, and £27,500,000 in 1883,"—95 millions sterling in four years. "The interest on the Debt at the close of the fiscal year 1880 was £15,900,000. In the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1883, it was £10,200,000, a reduction to two-thirds the amount of four years ago. The Treasury balance at June 30th last stood at £6,000,000 more than it was a year ago; consequently, whatever surplus there is in the Revenue receipts of 1883-84 will be applicable to the further reduction of Debt." Mr. Childers's wise proposals appear very modest indeed, when we compare them with this Titanic operation for the extinction of Debt.

Mr. W. H. Smith and Sir Richard Cross had an opportunity on Wednesday of attacking the Government in addressing the members of the Henley-on-Thames Conservative Association, an opportunity which they used with a good deal of ardour. "If there is one thing," said Mr. Smith, "more prominent in connection with the present Parliament than another, it is that failure is

written upon everything that it has undertaken." That depends on a verdict much more weighty and much more important than Mr. Smith's,—the verdict of history. For our own parts, we believe that in the history of this century, as it will be estimated generations hence, no measure is so likely to redound to the credit of this country as the Irish Land Act which this Parliament passed, and which Mr. Smith and his party did all in their power to resist. Nor will this Session itself prove unfruitful, if, as we hope, it passes an Agricultural Holdings Bill, a Corrupt Practices Bill, a National Debt Bill, a Bankruptcy Bill, and a Patents Bill. However, it is of the utmost importance to Mr. Smith and his party to find failure everywhere in the doings of this Administration; and the speck which they carry in their eye, they not unnaturally project on to their field of view.

Sir Richard Cross was even more bitter. He vilified everything that the Government had done. "He charged them with responsibility for all the misery which had been inflicted upon Ireland,—for all the murders, terrors, and abominations that went on, but which ought to have been checked long before the Government held out their hand,"—a responsibility which we suppose he is ready to assume for the previous Administration, which did not hold out its hand, but dissolved Parliament at the very moment at which, in that Government's own opinion, a new Coercion Bill ought to have been passed. Sir Richard Cross had a little stone of his own to fling at the Government, and selected a special Minister for his aim:—"Who was responsible," he said, for the Suez-Canal agreement, "he did not know, but they would probably know, when some other member of the Government was added to that long list of deceased Ministers to whom he had previously referred; but whoever he was, if he had a proper sense of his position, in having been guilty of leading his colleagues into this great blunder, he would send in his resignation without delay." Verily, this indispensable party criticism does become a very petty, ungenerous, and malicious affair, in the hands of small men. They do not mean much harm,—but they want to be smart, and smartness in depreciation does come out so very much like the sly pinches of malicious schoolboys.

A meeting was held yesterday week at Willis's Rooms, in connection with the new Church Schools Company, the object of which is to establish good and moderate Church day schools, into the teaching of which religion should enter on moderate Church lines, though in no sense on the lines of theological seminaries. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the chief speaker, and his speech was a very sensible one, especially guarding against the notion that no Dissenter should be admitted, or that every boy in these Church schools was to be submitted to all the religious teaching in these schools, whether his parents wished it or not. The Archbishop anticipated the best results from the successful establishment of these schools, and their co-ordination in this sense with the higher-class schools,—that the most successful pupils should have the means of passing into the schools where they would obtain still higher teaching of the kind for which they had shown themselves specially fitted. Whether these schools will do much towards undermining Dissent in the next generation, as the Archbishop seems to hope, is another question. We are not quite sure even that, as citizens, we entirely desire it. Unity, no doubt, is a great boon. But it is a question whether the absence of union between Church and Dissent is not less harmful than the internal disunion which almost always exists in a Church not checked by moderate and conscientious *external* criticism.

Mr. John George MacCarthy, Chairman of the Kerry Land Sub-Commission, dealt this day week in Court with the charges brought against the Irish Land Sub-Commissioners by the House of Lords, in very able and dignified language. "Some of these accusations," he said, "are very serious indeed. They imply that certain unnamed Commissioners reduce rents according to a suggested average; and that others, while making believe to decide according to evidence, really decide according to some juggle of arithmetical figures. As to any suggested average of reduction, or any reduction at all, no one has ever presumed to give to any member of this Commission, directly or impliedly, from first to last, any such suggestion, or any similar intimation whatever. If any such suggestion or intimation had been given, no member of this Commission would hold office for one hour. As to deciding according to a juggle of figures, euphemistically termed by their Lordships 'an arithmetical process,' it is to be presumed that any Commissioners against whom the imputation was made, have got an opportunity of rebutting it. If they be guilty of a fraud so reckless and so heartless, they deserve not merely dismissal, but impeachment. It is scarcely necessary to say that nothing could be more foreign to our principles and our practice. Every essential fact of every case is first heard in Court, and carefully noted by each Commissioner who hears it. Every holding is next subjected to a most careful and generally a most laborious field-to-field examination by the inspecting Commissioners, all gentlemen of high position, stainless probity, and life-long experience in practical farming. Its soil is tested, its improvements estimated, its inherent capabilities investigated, its advantages or disadvantages of locality, climate, and proximity to or remoteness from markets considered. A consultation then takes place between the legal Commissioner and the inspecting Commissioners, when the results of the evidence and of the inspection are compared, the law applied to the facts, and a fair rent fixed according to the best judgment of three impartial men. We interfere with contracts only to secure justice." Nothing could be more satisfactory to the supporters of the Irish Land Act than such statements, and we believe that Mr. Justice O'Hagan, in a very masterly defence of the Land Commission addressed to the House of Lords, has defended the procedure of the Land Commission generally still more authoritatively, on the strength of the same general statements.

Captain Matthew Webb, who succeeded in swimming the English Channel on August 24th, 1875, an operation in the achievement of which he was immersed for nearly twenty-two hours, was drowned on Tuesday, in a mad attempt to swim through the whirlpool at the foot of Niagara. He was rowed in a boat to a point about three hundred yards above the old suspension bridge, and then dived into the river, at four o'clock. He succeeded in swimming the rapids, though very nearly turned over by the force of the water; but when he reached the whirlpool, his strength and courage availed him nothing. His plan was to dive beneath the surface eddy, and to avoid the point of greatest suction; but in all probability, the violence and depth of the whirlpool proved to be something far beyond his utmost imagination. He got through a small part of the whirlpool, but then suddenly threw up his arms, and was seen no more. He was born on January 18th, 1848, and was therefore at his death over thirty-five years of age; and latterly he had not had good health, so that his almost unrivalled strength as a swimmer was not what it had been when he accomplished the great feat of swimming the Channel, eight years ago. We are glad to hear that the statement that the Railway Companies had raised £2,000 as a bribe to him to attempt this mad feat, is untrue. Such a bribe would have been wicked, and should be made criminal.

Mr. Bradlaugh having given instructions to his solicitor to apply for an injunction to restrain the Serjeant-at-Arms from interfering to prevent him from complying with the law, by taking the oath and his seat as the duly-elected Member for Northampton, the Attorney-General moved yesterday week "That leave be given to the Serjeant-at-Arms to appear and plead in an action brought against him by Mr. Charles Bradlaugh;" and afterwards, "That the Attorney-General be asked to defend the Serjeant-at-Arms in the said action." It appeared from his speech that he did not intend the House to enter into the rights of the question between itself and Mr. Bradlaugh, but simply to plead the express orders of the House as full and sufficient warrant to the Serjeant-at-Arms for obeying them. Nevertheless, Sir H. Giffard and others were very anxious to prove that such a course was derogatory to the honour of the House, and that the onus should be thrown on any plaintiff of attempting to prove that what the Serjeant-at-Arms had done was not done by order of the House. These cavillers were, however, overruled, and the resolutions passed. For our own parts, we wish heartly that judgment could be taken in a Court of law on the legal merits of the question,—not on the insignificant matter which will, in all probability, alone be considered by the Court, the competence of the House to override all other Courts of Justice in relation to the management of its own affairs.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 99⅝ to 99¾.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE SUEZ-CANAL SCHEME.

"THEY that will not when they may, when they will they shall have nay," is likely to represent the predominant feeling in the commercial circles of London and the provinces with relation to the Suez Canal agreement, before many weeks are over. The Government were certainly right in withdrawing a scheme which was entered into for the especial benefit of large classes in this country from whom, in relation to their proposal, they had received so little encouragement. It is not the duty of a Government to insist on judging better for mercantile England than mercantile England can judge for itself; and as this agreement with M. de Lesseps was negotiated and conceived in the interests of the shipowners and the manufacturers, and was more or less repudiated by those shipowners and manufacturers,—though very much less, we believe, by the shipowners outside London than has been generally supposed,—the Government had nothing to do except to withdraw a proposal intended chiefly, if not solely, for their benefit. That the withdrawal of the scheme can have any effect but that of weakening the Government, it would be affectation to deny. In our belief, the fault is that of the country, and not that of the Government, who made, as we think, the very best arrangement in their power, and certainly an arrangement of the fulfilment of which M. de Lesseps was by no means ardently desirous, as we may see from the bland and airy complacency with which he releases the Government from any obligation to propose it to Parliament. But in a Parliamentary country, a Government loses strength for the time by any divergence between its own proposals and the wishes of the country, whether the blot be in the national wish or in the official proposal. It may regain the strength it has lost, and even more than the strength it has lost, if the country subsequently comes round to the views of the Government, and it becomes evident that the Government was right and the country wrong; but in the meantime, the Government remains in the position of one whose advice has been rejected by the people,—and a Government whose advice has been rejected by the people, even on a practical point of limited significance, can never be precisely in the position which Mr. Gladstone's Government occupied in the spring of 1880, and for many months at least after it came into power.

Still, granting this fully, it would have been impossible, we think, for any Government to have withdrawn, on the ground of its unpopularity, any proposal which it had made, with more dignity, tact, and simplicity than Mr. Gladstone displayed in his speech of Monday night. There was but one word in that speech the use of which, at that time and for that purpose, we regret. It was the use of the word 'temporary,' as well as 'exceptional,' in relation to our position in Egypt at the present moment. We should sincerely rejoice if Egypt could establish a government that could stand without our help, one that would secure to Egypt the prosperity and tranquillity which we desire for it, and which all Europe and all Asia must desire for it even more earnestly than for any other equally important country, because it commands the route between the one continent and the other. But there is no sign of such a government as yet, and while there is no such sign, it is a mistake, in our opinion, to fix the thoughts of men on the evacuation of Egypt by England, as if it were an event near at hand. As yet, nothing can be conceived more certain to ruin the benevolent views with which England went to Egypt than the recall of our troops from Egypt. "Temporary" is, of course, an ambiguous word. What is not possible now may be possible in three, or five, or ten years; but why suggest the prospect of their recall unnecessarily, at an inopportune moment, when it is most important to get done, for the benefit of the people of Egypt, things which never can be done without the presence of our troops there? Why fix the public mind on an event which, if it were unfortunately precipitated, would mean the total failure of our intervention in Egypt, and which, therefore, does mean, when used at the present time, a renewal of the hope of chaos to those whose interest it is to restore a state of chaos and to render a durable order and a vindication of popular rights the shadow of a dream? We can understand why Mr. Gladstone, in relinquishing a scheme which would certainly have enhanced our influence in Egypt and strengthened our position there, should not be disinclined to suggest to a Parliament which was so cold to that scheme the other alternative to an increase of English influence, the possibility of our retiring from Egypt altogether. But surely it should have been spoken of as the alternative to which the policy of the Opposition pointed, rather than as the alternative to which the policy of the Government at present points. In spite of the fact that we are not to be allowed to increase the influence of England over the Canal in the only way in which we can legitimately and honourably increase that influence, we are bound to improve the Government of Egypt, and to strike at the root of its oppressiveness, before we leave; and we can never do that efficiently, if we are always to be harping on the prospect that we may evacuate Egypt soon. Let us do what we went to Egypt to do, before we talk of the possibility of our leaving Egypt, a prospect which will only render everything that ought to be done more difficult to do, and everything that ought not to be done more difficult to resist. And yet, but for that one word "temporary," which seemed to discount dangerously a still distant future, Mr. Gladstone's speech was an ideal speech of a very difficult type. It confessed failure, without admitting, what he could not admit, deficiency or fault; it did full justice to the firmness and uprightness of the policy of the Government towards Egypt and France alike; and without vexatiously reiterating the opinion expressed by the Government as to M. de Lesseps' exclusive rights, it left no doubt that M. de Lesseps would not be harassed by any hostile use of the influence of the Government with the Khedive of Egypt, of a nature to prevent him from doing, or embarrass him in doing, what the Egyptian Courts would sustain him in doing.

And this is just what the Conservatives and Chambers of Commerce see with the greatest alarm. They have succeeded in defeating the Government proposal, but they have not succeeded in what they desired, that is, in compelling the Government to defeat the alternative plan of M. de Lesseps,—an alternative plan which is very much less to their liking than the plan which they have got rid of. They are now even more eager to prove that M. de Lesseps cannot do without a new concession what he professes his intention of doing, than they were to prevent the Government from coming to terms with him. They are no longer content with preventing any formal recognition of M. de Lesseps's monopoly by the Government; they are anxious to make short work of that monopoly, and even, if we understand them rightly, to see some English competitive scheme fairly set on foot, and protected against his interference. They are now even more in earnest in pressing on the extension of English influence over the future of the Canal, than they were last week in decrying as insufficient that moderate extension of it which the Government had secured for them. In brief, every one who endeavoured to defeat the Government scheme,—excepting the advocates of the international administration of the Canal,—were actuated by motives which will urge them in a still stronger form to oppose the proposed action of M. de Lesseps, if they can only see their way to doing it with any effect. The discontented shipowners and Chambers of Commerce wanted to assert British influence over the Canal much more strongly than the Government plan would assert it, and will have, instead, to see M. de Lesseps and France made supreme in the development of the traffic. The Conservatives wished to get the Government censured for virtually admitting the monopoly of M. de Lesseps, and they cannot be satisfied with anything short of a formal censure on that admission. All the force of the opposition to the scheme is pledged to oppose even more decisively the increase of influence on which M. de Lesseps is now counting. Unless, then, more is effected than has been effected by the withdrawal of the Government agreement, nothing to any purpose will have been effected at all. A false step has been made, unless a further step can be made. Sir Stafford Northcote feels this so keenly that he has proposed a halting resolution, discussed in another column, which means nothing except an attack on the Government, and, unfortunately for him, hardly means that. The Chambers of Commerce are all angry and discontented at the turn things have taken, for they wanted to spur the Government on, and they have only succeeded in pulling the Government up. The Government is no doubt the weaker for the check, but no one else is the stronger or the nearer to his end. This is what comes naturally of a grasping policy. If you will not take what you can get, and grasp at what you ought not to have, you may certainly succeed in making the rejected offer seem ludicrous; but you may also succeed in making those who showed a voracious appetite for more than they refused, still more ludicrous, as they stand looking hungrily at the meal so lately rejected with scorn,

which, however, we suspect, that they would even now accept willingly enough.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S MOTION.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE usually contrives to take up a weak position, and the motion of which he has given notice for Monday next is no exception to that rule. He proposes to present a humble address to her Majesty, "Praying that in any negotiations or proceedings with reference to the Suez Canal Company to which her Majesty may be a party, she will, while respecting the undoubted rights of the Company with respect to their own concession, decline to recognise any claim on their part to such a monopoly as would exclude the possibility of competition on the part of other undertakings designed for the purpose of opening water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea." In other words, Sir Stafford Northcote does not venture to invite the Crown to assert that the Suez Canal Company *has* no monopoly of the Canal route over the Isthmus of Suez for the term of their concession, still less to ask her Majesty to use her influence with the Government of Egypt to invite and authorise competition with the Suez Canal Company during the term of its concession, but only to beg her Majesty not to recognise the exclusive claims put forward on behalf of the present Company. As the present Company has never put forward any exclusive claims except as regards the Isthmus of Suez, and as Sir Stafford Northcote explained in his answer to Mr. Labouchere that he intended to include expressly the Isthmus of Suez in the area in which no exclusive claims were to be recognised, the debate will turn, we suppose, on whether we ought to entreat her Majesty not to recognise the exclusive claims of the Company as regards the Isthmus of Suez, or whether the House of Commons ought to take no steps at present in the matter, which is the ground taken by Mr. Norwood's amendment. That is an issue on which impartial men should not feel much doubt. It is conceivable that an impartial man might think it right to challenge at once the monopoly of M. de Lesseps, and to encourage competition with him; but that is not what Sir Stafford Northcote proposes to do. He proposes only to advise the Crown, if it should renew those negotiations,—which the Government say openly they do not intend to renew for a considerable time to come,—not to recognise a particular claim. No purpose in the world can be answered by preferring such a request as that. If M. de Lesseps is certainly wrong, it is only fair that his fond belief in his own monopoly should be dispelled at once; and then the right course to take is to urge the Government to dispel that belief. If the question is really doubtful, the proper course to take would be at once to clear up that doubt; and then Sir Stafford Northcote should ask for an investigation tending to clear up that doubt. But nothing can justify a mere invitation to the Government not to recognise a claim, which, on Sir Stafford Northcote's principle, they ought either to deny, or carefully to examine with the view of either accepting or denying it. The truth is that Sir Stafford Northcote is not easy enough in his own mind, and is perfectly aware that most of his followers are not easy enough in their own minds on the subject, to venture to ask the Crown to deny the monopoly of the Suez Canal Company, and to invite competitors to enter the field against them. We believe that the chief Members of the last Tory Government entertained precisely the same opinion as to the monopoly of the Suez Canal Company in the Isthmus of Suez as has been more or less expressed by the present Government, and that they would shrink from the thorough-going course of declaring to all the world that no monopoly exists, and that England ought to use her influence with the Government of Egypt to get it to sanction at least the principle of competition, in order that M. de Lesseps might be thereby squeezed into a more compliant mood. As they dare not do this, and still wish to hold a scourge over M. de Lesseps, they try to suggest doubts of the tenability of his monopoly, without asserting its untenability, and to throw discredit on the present Government for assuming what they do not dare themselves to deny. This is a weak course, which an impartial man free from prepossessions of party would never approve. If the monopoly is a fiction, it should be openly exposed. If it is a question, the question should be settled. But to instruct any honourable Government simply not to recognise a proprietary right which may deserve the fullest recognition, without instructing them to clear up the doubt, is to advocate a policy of innuendo towards the Company, a policy vacillating between conflict and cordiality, with the advantages of neither, and the weakness of both.

The *Times* characteristically tries to make out that the Government, in accepting Mr. Norwood's amendment, which declares that, "This House desires to maintain entire freedom of judgment in regard to all matters connected with the question of water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea," have admitted that their recent negotiation was conducted on wholly wrong principles, which are now surrendered. Of course, it is not so in the least. As Mr. Gladstone distinctly said, the Government have nothing to recant as to the position they have taken up, and unquestionably they did negotiate on the assumption that M. de Lesseps had for the duration of his ninety-nine years a monopoly of the right to make a canal over the Isthmus of Suez. But it does not follow since these negotiations have fallen through, and are not at present to be renewed, that the House of Commons ought to be asked to back up the Government in that assumption. It is quite sufficient for the Canal Company that the present Government have acted on that assumption, and are not likely to challenge that assumption in the time to come. The Canal Company have nothing to fear, and know that they have nothing to fear, from any disposition on the part of the present Government to invade their claim. In the meantime, doubts have been expressed by certain eminent lawyers as to the legal validity of the monopoly, which it is not in the least the duty of the present Government to take any steps to dispel, so long as the negotiations are not to be renewed. Why should they gratuitously take up an abstract cause which bears upon no immediate question of the day, and so superfluously reassure M. de Lesseps as to make him even less disposed to yield to the representations of this country as regards the administration of his Canal, than he might possibly be, if he had even such qualms as Mr. Davey's and Mr. Underdown's legal opinions might suggest? Besides, the present Government might go out, and a new Government, which professes at heart to disbelieve in M. de Lesseps's monopoly, might come in. If that event happened, would it be seemly that a Government which had no immediate practical step in view necessitating a decision of the question, should have hampered its successor by persuading the House of Commons to pass an abstract resolution affirming the Liberal Administration to have been right in its legal view of the monopoly in question? Nothing could be more unseemly now that the negotiation with M. de Lesseps is suspended. The House of Commons ought not to be asked to pass a resolution in the air approving of an assumption made by the present Government, on which it has not acted, and at present does not intend to act. The position of M. de Lesseps is quite strong enough, as it is. He knows perfectly well that the present Government negotiated with him,—rightly negotiated, as we think,—on the assumption of his monopoly. If he knows, also, as, of course, he does, that they have been vehemently condemned by their opponents for making that assumption, and that it is barely possible that those opponents may succeed in turning out the Government and establishing a new Administration which will be disposed, in a vacillating sort of way, to challenge his monopoly, that knowledge will do him no harm. It will, perhaps, make him only the more anxious to deal fairly by English commerce and English political influence, and not to stimulate the English passion for competition with him; and, so far, it will do him good. It would be a most superfluous and unmeaning act of championship to commit the House of Commons to a particular view of his claims, however sound, without any necessity for doing so, and would, indeed, hardly be fair to the Opposition, in the event of their succeeding in expelling the existing Administration from office.

However, Sir Stafford Northcote's motion will certainly bring him no fame. Of course, he will be defeated; but it is not on that account that he will be the worse for proposing it. He will be defeated in an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the country. He will not say, and dare not say, that if he could form an Administration he would at once encourage English competition with the French Company in possession. He knows perfectly well that such a course would not only embroil us with France, but lower our honour in the eyes of Europe. He wants to get all the advantages with English commerce of disputing M. de Lesseps' claims, without the discredit of publicly attempting to oust M. de Lesseps from the position in which, as Sir Stafford Northcote well knows, he is impregnably established. As usual, Sir Stafford Northcote plays the part of Mr. Facing-

both-Ways. He is fishing for commercial support, without being willing to hazard French hostility and European condemnation. He is taking a course that is both weak and tricky. And, therefore, his defeat will discredit him.

THE DEPRIVATION OF MR. MACKONOCHIE.

NEVER was engineer hoist with his own petard more effectually than the Bishops have been with their pet handiwork, the Public Worship Regulation Act. They went to Parliament to ask for increased power to regulate the conduct of their clergy, and they got the Public Worship Regulation Act. They assured us at the time that this potent instrument would enable them to settle all controversies relating to public worship speedily and inexpensively, and led us to expect that peace and quietness would soon be restored throughout the Church by the suppression of Ritualism. In these anticipations, they found a powerful ally in the Prime Minister of the day. He supported the Bill, on the ground that its object was "to put down Ritualism;" and in the Queen's Speech on the Prorogation of Parliament he described in the following language the happy effect of passing it into law:—"It will tend to prevent or allay the unhappy controversies which sometimes arise from the difficulty experienced in obtaining an early decision on doubtful points of law, and a definitive interpretation of the authorised forms of public worship. Such controversies, even when they occur between persons loyally desirous to conform to the doctrine and discipline of the Established Church, beget serious evils, and their speedy termination by competent authority is a matter of great importance to the interests of religion."

Such were the sanguine expectations of the authors and promoters of the Public Worship Regulation Act. How have they been fulfilled? The Act is nine years old, and in the interval Ritualism has increased widely under the stimulus which persecution rarely fails to supply. To-day the attempt to put it down is a much more formidable task than it was before the Bishops forged their "short and easy method" with the Ritualists. The Act was intended to obviate "the difficulty experienced in obtaining an early decision on doubtful points of law;" and it has achieved its purpose by depriving Mr. Mackonochie, after nine years of tedious and irritating litigation. Nor is it by any means certain that Mr. Mackonochie is finally disposed of. He has disobeyed Lord Penzance's sentence, and will doubtless continue to disobey it. That means contempt of Court, and the punishment for contempt of Court is imprisonment. Is Mr. Mackonochie to be imprisoned? If so, the only persons who will have good cause to rejoice will be the Ritualists. Mr. Mackonochie in prison will make more converts to their cause than a score of Mackonochies at large. For the case of Mr. Mackonochie is very different from the case of Mr. Green. Both, indeed, have been assailed in violation of the spirit and intention even of the Public Worship Regulation Act, which aimed at redressing the wrongs of "aggrieved parishioners." In Mr. Green's parish, and in Mr. Mackonochie's, no aggrieved parishioners could be found; so that, in order to put the Act in motion, it was necessary to create qualified prosecutors by the importation of outsiders. So far, the two cases are alike; but there is one important difference. It was Mr. Green's own Bishop, on the advice of his Metropolitan, who delivered him over to his prosecutors. Mr. Mackonochie's own Bishop, on the contrary, on the initiative of his Metropolitan, and backed by a remarkable expression of public approval, tried to save Mr. Mackonochie from his prosecutors. Mr. Mackonochie resigned his living on the advice of the late Archbishop Tait, and without any promise whatever of other preferment. And before he resigned, he yielded obedience to the only demand which his diocesan made upon him. In other words, Mr. Mackonochie, at the recommendation of the late Primate, anticipated the sentence of Lord Penzance, by depriving himself of the only preferment which he then held. And this he did, as has been publicly stated, without any understanding whatever as to any other preferment. He may therefore be supposed to have morally purged himself of his legal offence. His own Bishop must certainly have been of that opinion, as he instituted him soon afterwards to another living in his diocese. It may be thought by some that the resignation of his living by Mr. Mackonochie was no great hardship, since he was so speedily instituted to another. But it must be remembered that, from a worldly point of view, neither the living which he vacated nor that to which he was subsequently presented offers any attraction. The neighbourhood in both cases is most uninviting, the work hard, unceasing, and in many ways repulsive; and the net income is probably less than Mr. Mackonochie would receive in an ordinary curacy. In no sense, therefore, is Mr. Mackonochie's deprivation a worldly loss to himself. But to a man of his character and temperament it could have been no light sacrifice to have severed his connection with the congregation which he had gathered round him in the course of twenty years of self-denying labour. It is clear from the correspondence which led to his resignation that both the Bishop of London and Archbishop Tait did believe that in resigning St. Alban's Mr. Mackonochie was making a very great sacrifice indeed,—a sacrifice which might well be thought a sufficient punishment for his offence. Yet his prosecutors have pursued him to his new living, as if he had endured no punishment at all; and his own Bishop appears to have no power, so far, to shield him from their vindictiveness. What a satire on the increased powers for dealing with their clergy which the Bishops demanded and got in the Public Worship Regulation Act! Once they put the Act in motion, as Mr. Gladstone warned them at the time, they become powerless, however anxious, to stop the mischief. The Act, too, was to put an end to controversy, and restore peace to the Church; yet the only dioceses where peace and good-will have reigned are the dioceses where Bishops have been prudent enough to make the Act a dead-letter.

We do not greatly blame Lord Penzance for his sentence on Mr. Mackonochie. If, indeed, he had been desirous to give effect to the dying wish of Archbishop Tait he would have found no legal obstacle in his way. It is peremptorily laid down by the Twenty-second Canon that the Bishop alone has the power to pass a sentence of deprivation. And although the Dean of Arches is legally entitled to do so, he evidently inherits that power as a survival of the time when he was merely the Archbishop's delegate. It evidently never was intended to give him power of deprivation contrary to the declared wishes both of the Diocesan and the Metropolitan of the Province. But this is what Lord Penzance has done. He admits that a less severe sentence was in his discretion. He might have passed a sentence of suspension; nor is it a valid objection that the previous suspension had not been enforced by the prosecutors, who shrank from the odium of imprisoning Mr. Mackonochie. We think, however, that the Court of Appeal is more to blame than Lord Penzance. He declined to grant the request of the prosecutors to pass a further sentence on Mr. Mackonochie, till his prosecutors had exacted obedience to the previous sentence by the imprisonment of their victim. But the Court of Appeal ordered him to pass an additional sentence. This appears to us to have been a grave error. A Royal Commission is now inquiring into the working of the present Ecclesiastical judicature, and their report is ready for publication. It seems a great hardship that in the interval the generous and well-meant effort of the late Primate and the Bishop of London to restore peace to the Church should have been upset by the ill-advised decision of the Court of Appeal,—a Court which is not likely to survive for long the report of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Commission.

But what is to be the result of the sentence on Mr. Mackonochie? His imprisonment for disobeying the sentence, under the special circumstances of the case, would hardly be possible; and we doubt whether even the malignity of the Church Association is equal to that display of temerity. The alternative is that he will go on quietly for six months, unless the Bishop or patrons intervene, which they are hardly likely to do. At the end of six months the presentation to the living lapses to the Bishop. But suppose the Bishop declines to present? Will the Church Association venture to prosecute him? Mr. Mackonochie's pertinacity has been so successful hitherto, that it would be rash to assume that he will not even yet baffle the animosity of his persecutors.

THE END OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

NOTHING is certain now-a-days,—therefore we will not say that we have heard the last of the Channel Tunnel. But it seems safe to predict that we have heard the last of it for some time to come. The revolving years may one day bring to light a second Sir Edward Watkin, and when this blessed revelation has been vouchsafed to man, it may turn out that part of the price to be paid for it is another plan for making the invasion of England easier. But this can hardly happen just yet. The controversy of the last two years has put the matter in a very clear light, and the

latest detailed examination of the arguments for and against the scheme is excellently suited to build up and sustain a working conviction unfavourable to the Tunnel. The document we have in view is the Draft Report submitted to the Joint Committee by its Chairman. It is true, Lord Lansdowne did not himself intend his report to have the effect here attributed to it. He meant to argue, and wrote in the full belief that he was arguing, in favour of a Channel Tunnel. It is the guilelessness of this conviction that gives its value to the draft. What must not be the force of the reasoning *against* the project, if the reasoning *for* it is sufficient to show that it ought never to be sanctioned?

Lord Lansdowne begins by inverting the usual order of the considerations which present themselves in connection with the Tunnel. Most people would first have asked,—Is it safe? and then, having satisfied themselves that it was safe, would have gone on to consider whether it would be profitable. Lord Lansdowne shows that he is entirely free from that contempt for trade which is so often, and in modern times so mistakenly, attributed to aristocracies. His first inquiry is,—Will it be profitable? The question of its safety is relegated to the second place. Consequently, by the time he comes to the question of safety, his imagination has been fired by the pictures presented to it by successive traffic-managers. He has mused so much on the trains—to the number, perhaps, of four in each hour—which would bring the wealth of the world to our doors, that he is scarcely qualified to look at the other side. He makes a gallant effort to do so. He sets out painfully and conscientiously the Military arguments against the Tunnel, but when he has set them in array, they seem to him to have no real weight. Yet they are there, nevertheless, and we shall be surprised if, to cooler minds, they do not convey a conclusion very different from that which Lord Lansdowne founds on them.

"We share," he says, "with the Military witnesses, their opinion that the existence of a Tunnel under the Channel would in some respects modify the conditions under which the defence of this country would have to be undertaken. . . . . We agree with them in believing that its possession, either during the progress of operations, or during an occupation of English soil, would be highly advantageous to the invading force, and possibly disastrous to the invaded nation." Strange to say, Lord Lansdowne is prepared to run this risk. He is aware that many of the highest Military authorities are of opinion that the conditions under which the defence of the country must be undertaken after the Tunnel has been made, will be very much less favourable than those under which it would be undertaken if there is no such Tunnel, but he is not in the least disturbed by this knowledge. Other authorities think differently, and Lord Lansdowne is seemingly quite content that the safety of England should depend on the accidental correctness of one of two conflicting opinions. He is in the position of a man who, while protesting that nothing will induce him to risk his life in mountaineering, undertakes an ascent which the majority of the most experienced guides tell him is very likely to be fatal. He quotes, for example, the words of Sir Archibald Alison,—"I am not inclined to fear it as much as I know many military men of great experience do." Sir Archibald Alison is working out a problem in military science, and this is the solution he arrives at. But Lord Lansdowne had to consider whether he shall accept this solution as conclusive, in face of the fact that "many military men of great experience" have arrived at the opposite solution. Surely, in presence of this difference, it is but commonly prudent to take the safer course of the two. If Sir Archibald Alison is wrong, the Tunnel would give us money, and deprive us of what is of infinitely more importance than money. If Lord Wolseley is wrong, the absence of the Tunnel will at worst make us somewhat less rich. How any man can, in cold-blood, advise a great nation to barter certain profit against a contingent insecurity, is beyond our comprehension.

Lord Lansdowne dismisses the hundred and more cases in which hostilities have begun without a previous declaration of war, with the remark that in a large majority of these cases "hostilities, though not preceded by formal warning, addressed to the Power against which they are directed, nevertheless took place at times when, owing to international complications, the continuance of a state of peace could not have been expected." To reason in this way is to forget how differently things look after and before they have happened. When war has once begun, it is easy to see how events had been leading up to it. It is not equally easy to do this when all hopes of maintaining peace have not been given up. "The Franco-German war," says Lord Lansdowne, "broke out with unexpected rapidity, but not so suddenly that either party possessing a single weak point, like the Channel Tunnel, would not have had ample time to place all its defences in working order." Surely a more unfortunate instance could not have been picked out. At least once in the week that preceded the declaration of war, there was an apparent revolution in the intentions of the two Powers. The storm seemed to have completely blown over within four-and-twenty hours of the moment when it burst. There is one most important consideration applying to this part of the subject to which Lord Lansdowne pays no attention. When the relations between two countries are at all strained, any display of distrust or alarm on the part of one of them may hurry the other into war. Each means to fight, if the other means it, and only if the other means it; and each, therefore, is closely watching the other, to see if there is anything in his action which indicates such an intention. Naturally, therefore, each is unwilling to do anything which will make it appear that he accepts war as probable. Now, the destruction, even the temporary destruction, of the Channel Tunnel would make this appear in the most startling and suggestive fashion. There would be no possibility of explaining it away. The result would naturally be that the English Government would be justly unwilling to do anything that, by disclosing its own conviction that war was inevitable, might lead the French Government to show that they, at least, had no wish to avoid it. Thus the very existence of "international complications" making a continuance of peace improbable, might indispose a Government to take the one step which would make the continuance of peace impossible. Supposing that the Tunnel were already in working order, would Lord Lansdowne have had the Government blow it up on the afternoon that the news arrived from Tamatave? We feel sure that he would not have advised this. Yet incidents of no more apparent importance than this have often been looked back to as marking the beginning of a time "when, owing to international complications, the continuance of a state of peace could not have been expected." When they happened, they seemed to wear a quite different aspect. They were mole-hills, out of which no wise Government would manufacture a mountain. Afterwards, they have been recognised as mountains, which an unsuspecting Government mistook for mole-hills. At what precise point between these two extremes would the destruction of the Channel Tunnel seem a precaution implying no distrust, and so conveying no offence?

THE PARCELS POST.

ON Wednesday next, the Parcels Post will come into operation. It will be rather difficult for most persons to realise at first that they can send a parcel of substantial weight to any place in the United Kingdom by merely placing a few stamps upon it, and taking it to the nearest Post Office. The incompetence or perversity of the Railway Companies has left parcels traffic in such a condition that private persons avoid sending parcels altogether, if they can. When the necessity arises, they make up their minds that they will have to pay an extravagant price, and are only too thankful if they find they can pay it all at one end, and can ensure the actual delivery of the parcel without imposing a tax of an unknown amount on the recipient. But in very many cases, such a state of assurance is out of the question. The parcel cannot be delivered at all, or will be finally handed over for delivery to some local carrier, of whom the sender has no knowledge, and over whose movements and charges he has no control. Even when the journey is between towns, if more than one Railway Company engages in the conveyance, it is often found that no through rate exists, and that the parcel is practically charged for two journeys,—one at each end. The late Professor Jevons, two or three years ago, applied his keen powers of analysis to the rates for parcels charged by the leading Companies, and came to the conclusion that it was impossible for any one who was not a Railway manager to understand them. Some reduction of rates has recently been made, in view of the Post-Office competition; but this is only of partial application, and it is certain that the general public are as much in the dark on the subject as ever. It is a notable instance of the danger to the public interests of leaving to trading corpora-

tions, huge enough to be monopolists, a discretion to charge the public as they please, in the confidence that their own interests will protect the public convenience. Had the rates for small parcels been regulated like those for goods, the anomalies of the Companies' tariffs would certainly have been less glaring. However, possibly there would then have been a less imperative demand for the Parcels Post, and it is doubtful whether the most enlightened Railway management could ever have done for us what the Post Office may be expected to do.

The limit of weight by the new Post is 7 lb. This is slightly more than the maximum of the International Parcels Post,—3 kilogrammes, or about $6\frac{3}{4}$ lb. On the other hand, the internal Parcels Posts of many countries—for example, of Germany, where the system is most perfect, and of Switzerland—recognise no limit of weight, heavy trunks and goods being transmissible. It is obvious, however, that when great weights are dealt with, the conditions of the service are necessarily altered. It becomes then a serious question whether uniformity of charge for all distances can be maintained; in Germany, it is not. No one, therefore, will be disposed to quarrel with Mr. Fawcett for fixing, at the outset, a very moderate maximum, while they will be grateful that it is fixed sufficiently high to admit of harmonious working with the general Continental system. The dimensions, again, are necessarily limited. A parcel of feathers might reach a portentous size, while keeping within the prescribed weight; and one such parcel might interfere with the convenient delivery of a whole mail. The dimensions adopted are very simple, and fairly elastic. Parcels must not be more than 3 ft. 6 in. in length, or 6 ft. in length and girth combined. This mode of measurement is highly convenient. As the official notices tell us, all that has to be done is to get a piece of tape 6 ft. long, and to mark upon it the length of 3 ft. 6 in. The first step in testing a parcel will be to apply the smaller measurement to the greatest dimension of the parcel. If this is found not to overstep the mark, the condition as to length is satisfied. The residue of the tape not consumed in measuring the actual length will then be available for testing the girth. If it will go round the parcel, the second condition is complied with. Thus, if the parcel only measures three feet in length, there will be three feet of tape left to go round it at its thickest part; if its largest dimension is only 18 in., it may measure 4 ft. 6 in. in the round. Simplicity of measurement is as important as convenience of dimensions at starting, and no more simple plan than that adopted could well have been hit upon.

The Post Office does not propose to adopt any machinery for the posting of parcels analogous to letter-boxes. Parcels are to be posted by being handed in at a post office. Moreover, the sender is to see that his parcel is accepted, as being within the limits of weight and dimensions, and properly stamped. If it does not comply with the regulations, it will not apparently be forwarded, there being no reference in the official notices to any collection of deficient postage from the addressee, as in the case of letters. The rates of postage have been often quoted. They are,—For 1 lb., 3d.; 3 lb., 6d.; 5 lb., 9d.; 7 lb., 1s. The present letter-rate, it will be remembered, is reasonable enough up to 12 oz., but the luckless individual whose letter is found to exceed that weight is charged 1s. 1d.,—1d. an ounce. A letter of 1 lb. weight, therefore, costs 1s. 4d., whereas a parcel of the same weight will be 3d. With the book-rate, again, the new scale compares favourably. Books can be sent, in open wrappers, at $\frac{1}{2}$d. for every 2 oz., or 4d. a pound. A parcel of books, under the new rates, will be sent for 1d. less, and may be completely enclosed, and, if the sender likes, sealed. A book of 3 lb. at the present rates costs 1s., under the new tariff it may be sent for 6d., and so on. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Post Office has never guaranteed that parcels will go with the same speed as letters. The delivery will be certain, and we may be sure there will be no unnecessary delay. But it may obviously be impossible to send a considerable weight of parcels by the very rapid trains, such as the Limited Scotch and the Irish mails. For books and heavy packets of letters and papers, therefore, the choice will be between cheapness of rate and extra speed.

Only the Inland Parcels Post commences next Wednesday. It will not be possible at present to send parcels to the Continent. It is to be hoped that it may not be long before Mr. Fawcett completes the service, by this most necessary supplement; but when it is considered that some 15,000 postmasters, scattered throughout the country, many of them men of a very limited range of experience, have to master an elaborate set of new Rules in order to ensure the smooth working of the Post, it will probably be thought prudent to proceed by steps. The Post will, however, extend to the most remote districts of Ireland and Scotland, as well as to the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. It is not improbable that Scotland will make a large contribution in the shape of grouse before the Post is a month old, for game, and even fish, may be sent, if properly packed. In Ireland, it is very possible that the effect of the Post may be more felt than that of some directly remedial measures. Dairy produce lends itself easily to transmission in small quantities, and peasant-farmers may find that by the expenditure of a shilling in postage, they are enabled to save middlemen's profits of two or three times as much. But, indeed, this is only a particular instance of what may reasonably be expected throughout the country. Professor Jevons, if we recollect rightly, considered that the operation of the Post would be akin to that of Free-trade,—it would enable goods produced where the conditions are most favourable to be distributed with an ease hitherto unknown. He had in view, no doubt, a much more extended Post than that which is about to commence. But, in its degree, the new Post will have the effect suggested. It will place dwellers in rural districts in direct communication with the large centres of industry. A person remote from a town will be able to obtain, with an ease and certainty hitherto unknown, and at an ascertained expense, small packets of goods from the large distributing establishments of London and the bigger provincial centres. Indeed, a closer competition between the towns will be promoted, for the postal charge being uniform, it will be as easy for a person living twenty miles from Manchester to obtain a parcel from London as from that town. Whether it will be detrimental to the interests of rural tradesmen remains to be seen. We are inclined to think not, for, except in articles of food, there is no rural trade at present. The wants of a village and the scattered houses and farms around it are not such as to make village shops profitable undertakings. The difference will rather be that persons will be able by the new Post to get things which they must now go without, or must obtain only when opportunity serves. Living in the country will be made more pleasant, and anything which has that effect in England must be hailed as a blessing. Whatever its precise effects, there are no two opinions upon the advantages which will be derived from the new Post, and its working in its early stages and its subsequent development will be watched with keen interest.

COAL AS A FACTOR IN WAR.

IT is not too much to say that the higher strategy of modern Naval warfare must be based on Coal supply, and that the sharp limitations under which fighting-ships now labour will not be fully realised till we have ourselves been at war with a great Naval Power. Steam has introduced changes which operate over a far wider area than that of mere Fleet actions, supposing such actions to be now-a-days practicable in the old sense. To direct Naval operations in distant seas with success and certainty, we have to depend on a secured coal supply for our war-ships, and a Naval Intelligence Department able to tell us exactly what our possible enemies can do. Knowing the coal resources of the principal ports of the world and the coal endurance of foreign ships, it should be possible to lay down tolerably certain limits to the operations of an enemy, since, if neutrality laws are observed with any degree of strictness, it is only subject to certain political combinations that certain ships can be present at all in certain places. Thus conditions more or less hard and fast are introduced which will rule the course of a great Naval war. It is true that a large number of iron-clads are fair or good sailers, and reserving their coal-bunkers for emergencies, can sail round the world; but Naval combinations cannot be made with certainty, nor can the operations of an enemy's cruisers be seriously hampered, still less prevented, without the continuous use of steam. The nation which can count upon that use, therefore, wields an enormous power. Thus coaling stations have become strategical points of vast importance, bringing to bear on Naval war much the same influence which well-placed and well-found fortresses exert on land. But a land fortress is not the absolute source of the mobility of an army, though it may greatly facilitate the movements of a campaign. Moreover, a fortress may in a sense be extemporised, if time allows, as at Plevna. A coaling station, however, supplies the actual motive-

power of a Navy, and cannot well be improvised in war-time. Bound up with the question of coaling stations there is that of protected ports, which our vast and scattered Mercantile Marine will require in time of need. At the outbreak of war, the sailing ships, and perhaps the slower steamers, will have to lie up till the storm blows over. They must have protection against armed merchant steamers and fast cruisers, which will prove far more dangerous to trade than the larger ironclads. Defended harbours and coaling stations are therefore required, both as secure ports along great trade routes, and as the possible centres of Naval action in distant seas. Steam has, in fact, changed the relative values of numerous widely-dispersed scraps of territory, and given a military importance to far-away islands. Thus, Sierra Leone, as the first British harbour between Gibraltar and the Cape, acquires considerable value; while in view of the Panama Canal, the French acquisition of Tahiti has a military significance. The annexation policy on which France appears to have embarked may, indeed, prove to be intimately connected with her exertions in shipbuilding. To become a great Naval Power, it is necessary to be much more than the possessor of a great Navy. We may yet see a coral island fortified, and the Chagos or the Cocos group may become a political as well as a geographical expression. Holding half the points of vantage of the world, we have the possibilities of a strategical position of immense strength, both offensive and defensive; but the basis of that strength lies in a well ordered and well apportioned system of fortification.

The importance of the Royal Commission on the defence of British commerce, which finished its labours last year, can hardly be over-rated. Appointed to inquire into the whole question of coaling stations and harbours abroad, to decide which we should be prepared to defend, and how to defend them, it has doubtless thoroughly threshed out the subject and placed clear issues before the Government. It is to be hoped that the subject will not be allowed to drop quietly till a national emergency arises, but that we shall take steps in time to secure the full offensive and defensive power of our costly Fleet. It is a common mistake to assume that the country grudges military expenditure. We are constantly told, for example, that the Army is starved, and that if only a little more money were forthcoming, everything would be well. The fact is that there is an unexpressed feeling of uncertainty—hardly amounting, at present, to want of confidence—as to our whole Military administration. The country has a vague idea that, somehow or other, increased Estimates would not unnecessarily produce increased efficiency. This feeling is not wholly unnatural, and is produced in several ways. Officers are not greatly prone to silence on what they believe to be administrative shortcomings, and even the last-joined subalterns will express their opinions with particular directness. There are even those who see in the rapid and complete success of the Egyptian Expedition only a text on which to base a sweeping condemnation of our whole Military system. The lay mind is left in some considerable perplexity, which the Military papers —journals which combine the minimum of military information with the maximum of querulous criticism—are not likely to reduce. And then, again, it must be confessed that there have been some costly blunders, which the country resents, though it tolerates them with wonderful patience. In 1860, we adopted breech-loading guns on Armstrong's principle for our Field Artillery. This particular system not proving altogether satisfactory, breech-loaders were condemned, in bold defiance of the experience of all Europe, matured on numerous battle-fields. Having, then, deliberately rearmed our Artillery with muzzle-loaders, we are now nearly ready for a third change, and a return to the breech-loading principle is a mere matter of time. But all this is a bagatelle, compared to the monstrous error committed with regard to heavy guns, for which no one has yet been blamed, not to say hanged. The breech-loading principle—scarcely tried —was hastily condemned, as too complicated and delicate. It might perhaps, so we were told, answer for fortress guns, but it was certainly unsuited for the Navy. Yet the difficulty of handling very heavy muzzle-loaders on board ship, together with other causes, is now bringing about a complete change of front. The cost involved in all these sweeping changes of policy and the complication of matériel entailed will never be thoroughly known, while the immediate result is that we have unquestionably lost ground in a race in which we have a right to expect to be first.

The country has already spent more millions on fortifications than it knows, and the return is not entirely satisfactory. Some of our forts are badly placed. Others are good barracks, where barracks are not needed. Most of them have little or no adaptability, as if their designers considered that finality in the power of artillery had been reached some years ago. If, therefore, there should prove to be some apparent reluctance to grant the money needed to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission, it will be capable of explanation on other grounds than mere parsimony in military matters. The real efficiency of the measures taken, and to a great extent their cost, will ultimately depend on technical details to be decided upon by the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and Sir A. Clarke may be fully trusted not to approach the question with the narrow views of the professional doctrinaire. The matter is one of the utmost importance, and the issues should be clearly placed before the country. Without secured coaling stations, we cannot hope to defend our vast trade in war-time. Countries which have, comparatively speaking, no war navies, can fit out ships which will be far more destructive than the 'Alabama;' and these ships must be met and driven from the seas by our own cruisers and armed mercantile steamers, operating freely from dispersed and distant bases. Moreover, we must hold fast the power of making the weight of our Navy felt in distant seas. Should the commerce of England be once seriously crippled, and her carrying trade driven under other flags, the result might, in the long-run, prove as disastrous as a successful invasion.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

AS Paris has been fitly termed "le paradis de l'homme moyen sensuel," so may M. F. de Lesseps be considered as the Adam of the terrestrial Eden. All that Paris longs for, wealth, notoriety, power, he possesses in fullest measure. Yet more, his happiness in private life is undoubted, and the success of the Suez Canal promises him fame after death. Health, wealth, happiness, popularity in the present, and fame in the future, what more can man desire? The question suggests itself, what manner of man is he who has attained such eminence of good-fortune? What gift, or combination of gifts, has achieved such results? This question we have set ourselves to answer, and the reasons for his success shall be sought in the history of his life, and if needs be, in the peculiarities of his time. One word to avoid disappointment. It does not come within our design to determine the moral worth of his rights and privileges, or of those of the shareholders whom he represents. A few words, however, may be said about his father, Count Mathieu de Lesseps, who in 1803 was sent by Bonaparte to Egypt as French diplomatic agent. In this capacity he was commissioned by the Emperor to seek out an able Turkish chief capable of ruling at Cairo. Count Mathieu de Lesseps selected, as his son tells us, "a man who could neither read nor write, an almost unknown Macedonian," to fill the post. The choice bore testimony to the insight of Count Mathieu. Mehemet Ali's ability and unscrupulousness, his friendship for France and hatred of England, have become historical. When M. de Lesseps, as Chargé d'Affaires, died at Tunis, in 1832, he had already educated his son in his own profession.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles on November 10th, 1805; he passed through the Lycée Henri IV. at Paris, and when nearly twenty years of age went to Lisbon as Attaché. From Lisbon he went to Tunis as *élève* Consul, and learnt, we may presume, to dislike the English, and to nourish the dream of a French empire in Egypt. As a man of twenty-six, he went as Vice-Consul to Alexandria. The next eight years he spent in Egypt, and some incidents of his life in this period must be mentioned. He there married a Mdlle. Delamalle, who became the mother of his two eldest sons, Charles and Victor. There, too, during the plague at Alexandria, he showed courage, and was decorated by M. Thiers. Yet these things become unimportant, when we remember that it was during this period that he won the friendship of Mohammed Said, son of Mehemet Ali. In 1838, M. Thiers rewarded M. de Lesseps' capacity and energy in extending French influence by making him Consul-General at Cairo, where, as we are told, he played a prominent part in the intrigues which ended in the bombardment of Acre by a British Fleet, and in the dismissal of Thiers by Louis Philippe. In the first game, Palmerston had checkmated M. F. de Lesseps, who was transferred to Barcelona, without, however, losing his grade. It is not necessary to tell how Lamartine came to advance him to Madrid, or how he was supplanted there by Prince Napoleon. All the world knows, too, how

Louis Napoleon sent him to Rome when the Revolution broke out in that city, with instructions to support the Revolutionists, making him, at the same time, the bearer of a letter to General Oudinot, wherein the Prince-President instructed the General to suppress the revolt. M. de Lesseps took the joke badly, wrote a pamphlet in his own defence, and was punished by being placed on the Retired List without pay. In this way his career as a diplomatist came to an end in 1849-50.

What seemed to be utter ruin was turned by his energy into a piece of good-fortune. On one of his early voyages to Egypt, he had been detained in quarantine before Alexandria. To while away time, he sent to his colleague of the French Consulate for some books. Among them he found the report of Lepère, the engineer, upon the feasibility of crossing the Isthmus in some rapid way. From that day he revolved the question in his mind, and in his four years of retirement (1850-54) in Berry he matured his plan.

In 1854 Mohammed Said, the friend of M. de Lesseps' youth, was proclaimed Viceroy of Egypt. On hearing the news, M. de Lesseps embarked for Egypt, in order to obtain the Viceroy's consent to the great undertaking. His reception was all he could wish,—he was treated by the Viceroy as a brother; but the "promoter" had not forgotten his training in diplomacy, and awaited "a favourable moment" for presenting his plan. On November 13th, 1854, at five o'clock in the morning, he sees a magnificent rainbow stretching from east to west; "his heart beats violently," he accepts "the symbol of alliance," and on the same day unfolds his design. Mohammed Said likes the project, and promises support. The act of concession of Mohammed Said to his great friend, Ferdinand de Lesseps, is dated November 30th, 1854. Scarcely was the signature dry before Lesseps returned to Paris, called together an International Scientific Committee, which he transported to Egypt, and which, asserting the practicability of the scheme, decided upon the route of the future Canal. The cost of these proceedings, some £20,000, was borne by the Viceroy.

Before the preliminary investigations were completed, England opposed the scheme; Lord Palmerston acted on the Porte through Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and the Porte hesitated to ratify the concession. Forgetting all old grudges, Lesseps hastened to Paris and implored the Emperor's assistance. Napoleon replied:—"Strengthen your position, and you shall be supported." Here it must be remembered that the Empress Eugénie was the cousin of M. de Lesseps.

The next years were spent in travelling all night and holding conferences by day, in forming a Company and gaining strength by obtaining eight millions of money. The outcome of the Crimean war increased French influence, but it was not till after the peace, concluded at Villafranca in 1859, that Napoleon felt strong enough to use his power in favour of M. de Lesseps. Then the work went rapidly on till, in 1862, the Mediterranean entered Lake Timsah. Two months later, Mohammed Said died, and Ismail took his place. At once M. de Lesseps named a town Ismaila, to propitiate the new Pasha; but the bribe was not large enough, and the English were still powerful, so the "promoter" appealed once more to Napoleon. The Emperor, in 1864, decided that the Egyptian Government should pay the Company nearly three and a half millions of pounds by way of indemnity,—first, for refusing any longer to furnish forced labour; second, for the retrocession of some arable lands; third, for the cession of the Sweetwater Canal. On November 17th, 1869, the Canal was declared open, before the Khedive, the Empress Eugénie, the Emperor of Austria, and the Crown Prince of Prussia.

England was beaten; and while M. de Lesseps established his private fortune, he realised the Napoleonic legend, and made France a Power in the East. Left a widower in 1854, M. de Lesseps married again, a Mdlle. de Bragard, who has since borne him eight children. The next nine years were spent chiefly in Paris, at his house, Rue St. Florentin. They were years of quiet happiness. Almost any day he could be seen riding or driving with his young children in the Bois, when no laugh rang more merrily than that of the septuagenarian. How he promoted the Panama Canal Company, how he behaved lately in Egypt, and in the still more recent negotiations with the English Government, is so well known as to need no mention.

In this bare sketch of M. de Lesseps' life the man can be seen. Let us first take race characteristics. Vain and irascible his quarrel with Napoleon, and his pamphlet, "Ma Mission à Rome en 1849," show him to be; he is also superstitious, as is evidenced by his frequent references to the rainbow as the "symbol of alliance." Nor are the good qualities of the Gaul lacking in him; he is quick-witted, affable, and of joyous nature, neither capable of keeping a grudge nor of nursing wrath. One would say, looking at him, at his brown, quick-glancing eyes, and heavy, square-cut chin, this is a ready man of some tenacity of purpose. But such qualities, even when backed by a long training in diplomacy, are not, one would think, rare enough to merit the position M. de Lesseps has secured. That circumstances have aided him is certain, yet it is certain also that the stream furthers most those who swim with it. It is indeed as the creature of his age, as a growth peculiar to a certain mental atmosphere, that M. F. de Lesseps really deserves attention. For this man makes a merit of his egotism. We are told that he cannot understand "narrow, unintelligent selfishness;" and that "he abhors only bigots, drunkards, thieves." Exactly,—the selfishness of the drunkard and the thief is unintelligent, as is the unselfishness of the bigot. M. de Lesseps' patriotism is ardent, he has given proofs of it again and again; he pushes it to the utmost limit to which his enlightened self-interest allows him to push a mere sentiment. Both as egotist and as patriot, M. de Lesseps bodies forth the age. Do not be deceived by his professions! The egotist, now as in the past, insists upon "the interests of universal commerce," just as aforetime the sceptic was always ready with a text from Bible or Koran to commend his scheme to the vulgar. Wise in his day and generation is M. F. de Lesseps! Look a little more closely still,—here is the figure and the reflected image! The age is sceptical of the supernatural, and materialist; so is M. de Lesseps. The age boasts of its tolerance; it is democratic; and M. de Lesseps tells us "that men, like horses, are only wicked when afraid!" His energy, his tact, his indomitable perseverance, his courage, are all tainted with selfishness. And this selfishness is of the senses, is sensuous and luxurious.

"Put money in thy purse." Iago's phrase may be taken as the device of M. F. de Lesseps. Here we reach his morality, which is, too, the common morality of his time. "His creed," says a recent panegyrist, "is a large one,—that of development and liberty; it includes encouragement to competition, and the just reward of the labourer." Surely a well-sounding and convenient creed! It allowed M. F. de Lesseps to smile at the sufferings of the wretched Fellaheen dying under the lash! How many thousands perished miserably to enrich one man! The guilt of this, and the shame of it, M. de Lesseps, beyond doubt, must bear. Too much liberty here, it seems. Why, when Ismail broke his "contract," or rather the "contract," made by Said, to supply forced labour, did not M. de Lesseps exact an indemnification? This is the man who now stands upon his rights, and demands justice; it were a pity not to satisfy his demand to the very uttermost. Yet in all this, we recognise a feature of the age, an age in which Factory and Land Acts were required for the protection of the helpless, even in Christian England! The biography of M. F. de Lesseps, if well written, would be an almost perfect expression of the time. Almost perfect, we say, for our age has not only produced such captains of industry as is Ferdinand de Lesseps, but also many high-priests of science, many truth-lovers in literature, many devotees of faith; and one of these idealists would have to be portrayed as a set-off to this realist. The age is impatient of such an artistic necessity; it prefers Sancho Pauza to Don Quixote, yet, already the knights are scarce enough, and the squires numerous beyond counting.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

A REMARK contained in the interesting letter written by the author of "Natural Religion," and communicated to these columns by his permission, to the effect that we ought to believe in the future life, but to think of it as little as possible, must have roused much speculation in many minds as to the widely differing mental attitude possible towards a matter of absolutely common interest. If the future life concerns one of us, it concerns all; one person cannot be more or less interested than another in what, if it have any meaning, is simply the larger part of the existence of every one. And yet a thinker who has much influence on his generation, in speaking of it as something that we are tempted to think of too much, reverses the ordinary view not only of those who believe in it (as we understand him to do), but even of those who are not inclined towards any spiritual belief. At least, the letter recalled to the mind of one of its readers

a remark of Hume's on the strangeness of the fact that, believing in a future life, men think of it so little. It is not, he says, that men take no interest in what is to happen after their own death; the arrangements which are only then to come into effect occupy much of their attention. What is strange is that that part of the future which concerns themselves is the part which fails to engage their thoughts. The passage does not strike us as a mere sarcastic way of saying that the belief in a future life is unreal. Eighteenth-century unbelief was a very different thing from that of our own day (we speak of English thought), as eighteenth-century belief was also. There was a great deal more violent language used against unbelievers than there is now, but there was not the same profound cleft between the two parties. It is difficult to realise the great difference that there is in the very same statement, according as it has a different background. "Christianity is a mere superstition," meant to the men of that day,—Christianity is an invention of priests, a fruit of the cunningly-devised alliance between the Church and the Throne, one of a set of beliefs (in the memorable language of Gibbon) "to the multitude equally true, to the philosopher equally false, to the legislator equally useful." In our own day, the same words mean simply that Christianity is a belief opposed to the conclusions arrived at by the student of the material universe. It is as an opponent, not of democratic sentiment, but of the system of reasoned belief concerning all that we can see, and hear, and touch, that Christianity is attacked by its present enemies. We are, of course, not conceding that Christianity is an opponent of either of these things, but merely observing on the contrasted aspects it has taken in the past, and does take in the present, towards those who regard it as false, especially with regard to its doctrine of immortality. The disbelief that takes its rise in any theories whatever concerning the human world is not necessarily opposed to the belief in a spiritual world, as is the disbelief that arises from speculations into the world of things. It is not any difficulty in the evidences for the resurrection of Christ, it is the effort needed for believing that what we love survives, when what we have embraced is hidden away beneath the turf, that makes it hard, in our time, to believe in a Future Life.

And then, too, there is another aspect of the same change which is worth remembering, and which must have been recalled to every reader by the letter which forms our text. The writer spoke, with a frankness which we greatly admire, of the *fashionable* opinion of the day, meaning opinion hostile to Christianity. It would not have been natural to speak thus of any form of unbelief before our own time, in our own country. The change is more important than it seems with regard to the nature of unbelief. In the eighteenth century orthodoxy was a characteristic of certain views about the spiritual universe, and now it is the characteristic of certain views about the material universe. "Right opinion," the opinion, that is, of people who have the ear of the public, is to be sought for among men of science, not among divines. Health has taken the place of "salvation;" the doctor has supplanted the priest. Of course this is another way of saying that the future life has ceased to be an object of general contemplation. Any reference to it now has a distinctly religious character, whereas, in former days, it used to be a part of the ordinary dialect of secular mankind about accepted fact, and to find its place in conventional statements which merely undertook to echo the assumptions of ordinary people. Hence has arisen a different feeling about immortality, in those who do not deny it. Whatever makes most people think the future life a delusion will make some people, not agreeing with them, still consider it an undesirable subject of contemplation. The mere desire to be in sympathy with the general current of cultivated feeling settles to some extent even what people will believe, and what they will think about is settled by it, of course, to a much greater extent. We are not inquiring whether it is right or wrong that this should be so; the fact, at least, is unquestionable.

But there must surely be more than this to say for a precept that is given us by such a thinker as the writer of the letter which has occasioned these remarks. In a certain sense, we might even extend the scope of his advice. To occupy the mind with what is future, in the sense that it is not yet present with us in any form—for a schoolboy, for instance, to think what he will say when he gets into Parliament, or for a school-girl to mix anticipations of her future household with her study of the French verbs—is nothing but a waste of time. Children like playing at being grown up, and as long as it is only play, there is no harm in it; but a wise parent would discourage any form of such play that seemed transforming itself into a series of dreams, bringing in impatience of the restrictions of the nursery and the schoolroom; it is, in fact, only a play for children, and ceases to be healthful when it becomes a dream for youth. And if anything like this be a temptation with regard to the childhood of our race, we should fully agree that here, too, the mistake would be equally great. But is it? Does any one occupy himself or herself with thoughts of some experience that is to begin when this school-time of our life is left behind? We have never met with such a man or woman. Unquestionably there are many to whom the question,—Is this life the school-time of our race? is the most interesting question in the world. But it is wrong to call this a speculation concerning a *future* life. It is an inquiry concerning the nature of this life that now is. The difference between those who believe in immortality and those who deny it is not a difference as to something that is to begin by-and-by, and leave the present common ground. It is a question of the same kind as that between two people who should assert, the one that a statue was made of snow, and the other that it was made of marble. Something that happens by-and-by will decide which of the two is right, but their difference concerns that which exists at the moment.

But we may say, in a more special sense than this, that the question of Immortality concerns not the future, but the present. It is only by a great concession to the egotism of human nature that the life of the immensely larger number of men and women that have ever lived is spoken of as the *future* life, just because it is not the life of those who speak and hear. In the deepest sense, it is not a future life to any one. But in no sense is it a future life to most people. The greater number of men and women know by experience what that life is which lies beyond what we call death. A small minority—and a continually decreasing minority—of the great names that stir the world's sympathies, point out those who are still visible among men. The voice of fame is mainly concerned with those who inhabit the invisible world, which, though we call it future, has its long past, just as the present has. And as we advance in life, the voice of affection is so likewise. The structure of human relation which we are building up with every hour of life's best activities here belongs, as life draws near its evening, more and more to the unseen world. One whole domain of affection has no longer any exercise. The sheltering love which greeted us on our arrival here has long since taken flight, and the part of our nature which found its exercise in response has none now within the limits of what is visible and audible. But, indeed, when we come into sight of our goal, this may be said of a large part of the whole exercise of the affections, nay, of feelings wider than what we commonly understand by the affections. Every variety of feeling that can bind one human being to another finds its object in that hidden world. There is the companionship that has attracted us like warmth or light; there, too, that which we should have avoided, but for some feeling of gratitude or duty, the love which was all enjoyment revives as the eye turns backward; and so does the love that was chiefly pain. There are beings whom we have wronged, and whose forgiveness we long to implore; there, too, are those who have wronged us, and whose memory still brings with it the sense of injury, however dimmed and softened. There is the pleasant comrade of an idle hour, moving in us a sense of unnaturalness in thinking of intercourse with him apart from the incidents of social intercourse on earth; and there is the companion of our most earnest aspirations, with whom intercourse was too precious to be spent on anything but the deepest and most permanent of our desires and our speculations. There some worthy bore, whose image seems to bring back a half-humorous blending of affection and tedium, keeps company with the most intolerant of his antagonists; the images of those to whom we could give nothing better than mild endurance blend with others which make us speculate on the one-sidedness of attraction from its negative pole. There is no feeling that does not revive as we remember the dead, except those frivolous impulses of distaste or attraction which the mere lapse of time would have rendered it equally impossible to revive, or almost remember, and which are more rapidly, but not more certainly, extinguished by death. Perhaps we hide from ourselves this immense variety of feeling by a certain conventional dialect about those who are gone.

> "Why do we never name them, or but in voices low,
> As if some shame were on them, or superhuman woe?"

asks a writer whose verse expresses the various shades of social relation with peculiar happiness; and whatever the cause of this conventional silence, its result is obvious. The monotony of dialect conceals from us the variety of feeling. We are supposed, for instance, to feel only self-reproach when we remember a quarrel with a person who is dead, though every one who is honest with himself knows that it may be just as difficult to forgive the dead as the living; and that even when we are conscious of wrong towards those who are gone, we are conscious, too, of all that made the right course difficult, and, as it seemed at times, almost impossible. We are not urging that this reticence is a bad thing; we are merely pointing out that the habit of speaking in one tone of the dead, and in many of the living, tends to conceal from us that the world of human relation is just as large, whether its hemisphere is dipped in day or night.

Now, what we mean, when we ask if there is a Future Life—or at least a part of what we mean—is the question whether this whole world of human relation, and by far the most distinct phase of human relation, is or is not a reality. As an old man turns backward to some loved playmate, snatched away in infancy, whose very existence is unknown now to any one living but himself, does he turn towards some real inhabitant of the world of human affection, or to a mere image, void of all reality except that which he bestows upon it in the act of recollection? As some widow turns for awhile from the society of her children that she may revive the fading image of one towards whom her heart still goes out with a sense of unchanging need, is she turning from actual claimants on her affection to a mere phantom? It is unreasonable that such a question should be thought merely speculative. It is unpractical, if all that we do is done by our hands. But to assert this is to decide the question. If the unseen world be real, we are never more active than when we turn in thought to the mingled memory and anticipation that centres in some tomb that hides all that is earthly of the one we loved best. If, indeed, nothing exists but what we can see, or touch, or hear, then nothing is done but what can be represented to the eye or ear, or weighed in the balance. But why deny the first belief, and accept the second? Why break up a consistent scheme of negation into halves, according as it deals with the intellect or the will, and make room for the influence of a denial which you have rejected? The compromise leaves the mind in a condition of unstable equilibrium; every touch of suggestion must cause one who is trying to retain it to believe less, or feel more.

It may sound strange to call this compromise an influence of the new orthodoxy, but we believe it to be true. When orthodoxy was spiritual, the terror of an endless Hell was sometimes brought forward as a reason for acting as if one believed in it, whether one did or not. Supposing we are mistaken in our belief, it was argued on the part of the orthodox, how shall we be the worse in the future? Supposing you are mistaken in your unbelief, how terribly you will be the worse! Had you not better live as if our opinion were true? As this argument was summed up in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*,—

> "With all your deep learning, pray who is most wise,
> We who follow Christ's doctrine, or you who despise?
> Since this, Sir, as fact, is allowed by your crew,
> We are safe, though it's false; you are damned, if it's true!"

Unbelievers were urged to act and speak with Christians, if they could not believe with them, and no doubt they very often did so, as far as the writer of this scrap of doggrel was a specimen of Christianity. Now, the argument is precisely reversed. This world, it is urged, may be all; you cannot be sure that your faith is not a delusion. Which is the wiser, in any case, he who spends his energies on the world we are sure of, or he who occupies himself with what may never come, and what, if it does come, you now fully admit will be best met by those who have made the best of its preliminary? Why give any thought to what is, after all, as things are now, a mere opinion? Such an argument has, it cannot be denied, a great power. It had great power in the past, when the terror of an endless Hell, if it could never have been with the majority of human beings anything but an uneasy doubt, fortified, however, by a good deal that went on under their own eyes, still remained an assumption practically accepted, not only by the religious world (indeed, it was only in the religious world here and there that a doubt was whispered), but also by the whole secular dialect of reference and suggestion,—an assumption bearing down all protest with the weight of a general consent to take it for granted which it required enormous courage and strength to deny. And now all this weight of assumption—a far mightier agent for producing belief than any amount of argument—is gone over to a view which, though we speak of it as the opposite, has many of the same results. On both views this world remains our only chance throughout eternity, on both views it might be urged with equal plausibleness that it is best to act on the hypothesis in which error would practically be most disastrous. And though we, who believe in immortality, consider that those will do the best for this life who treat it as part of something larger than itself, who are encouraged in all failure by the thought of an infinite future in which no effort is wasted, and can set to work for their kind at any hour in their day with the sense of beginning something that death will not interrupt, still, we must remember that practically it is almost the same thing to believe this life to be part of a larger whole, and to think that we shall do its special work best on that hypothesis. An opposite belief, we see, leads people to find a "moral tonic" in a dogma which would seem more productive of the indolence of despair. And just as in former days there was a temptation to speak and even to feel with the majority, apart from all real conviction, so there is now. There may be a future in which the whole of our being shall find its scope; but suppose there is none, we shall have wasted our time in thinking of it, and in the meantime we had better live as if this life, of which we are certain, were the only life. To reason thus is natural, from many points of view most reasonable, certainly very easy, under the circumstances of the day. But it is natural only because we are all tempted to doubt what others disbelieve, and it is a mistake to regard this argument as anything but an expression of that doubt. Belief is the mental act by which we determine to deal with certain objects of thought as realities, and to live as if life on this earth were the whole of life is simply to begin to believe that it is the whole. Those who differ in this belief gain nothing by a common consent that to make the best of this life is the best preparation for whatever is to follow it, for they mean different things by the same words. They will no more agree upon what the best of life is than they will on its duration; their view of its highest aim will vary with their belief as to its permanence. Doubtless, they will have most aims in common—all human beings have that—but the key-note of character is given by the aim that is preferred, and a wide common ground will disappear, if the dominant aim be different on the two sides. And this will in many cases be not only different, but contrary. Those dim stirrings of a larger life that are music to one who finds in them a promise, disturb him who feels them illusory as mere jarring vibration; the desire of the one must always be to approach their source,—of the other, to recede from it. A sense of participation in things Eternal will always be a dividing, where it is not a uniting influence; and its influence pervades the whole of our being, appearing to those who reject it as that want of symmetry necessarily characteristic of a fragment that is judged as a whole, and causing those who accept it to recoil, in many unexpected directions, from that narrowness which all must find in a supposed whole which they regard as a fragment. For that "correlation of growth" so mysteriously discernible in the visible world is but a faint shadow of the law by which our whole spiritual being is moulded in harmony with our convictions. Our spirit is more a unity than even our bodily organism, and that which affects its deepest part, affects the whole.

HOLIDAY WORK.

PROBABLY one reason why the holiday-taking Classes so often do not enjoy their holidays as much as they expected, is that they take with them no genuine holiday work, into which they can throw themselves with something of the mixed feeling of their working-days and their holidays. Of course, we do not mean that they should take with them the arrears of professional work,—a sure plan for spoiling the holiday, though now and then a man may be unfortunate enough to be compelled so to spoil it. What we mean is that a holiday is often less enjoyed and less enjoyable for the want of the refreshment of enjoyable work, and that every man should have, if he can, work which it is a positive pleasure for him to set about, as well as work which he does mainly because it is the regular duty of his life to do it, and to do it well. If we were asked to give specimens of what we mean by holiday work, we should instance, for example, Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," Mr. Kingsley's "Water-babies," Matthew Arnold's "Friendship's Garland," Mr. Kinglake's "Eothen," Mr. Frederick Pollock's "Leading Cases in Verse," and Mr.

Courthope's "Paradise of Birds." Of course, we do not mean to assert that any or all of these books were actually written during a holiday. The notes for "Eothen" certainly must have been, but very likely not the book itself. Nevertheless, these are all books of which we should certainly say, Here the writer was writing out of the overflow of his spirits, and not out of the sustained sense of professional purpose, just as Cowper was when he wrote "John Gilpin," and Canning when he wrote "The Needy Knife-grinder" and "The University of Göttingen." We believe that almost all men have their appropriate holiday work, though with some it takes the form of amateur work to which they do not usually devote themselves, like art or science for the man of business; while with some it takes the form of a literary task more or less distinct from that to which they ordinarily devote themselves, and better marked by the exuberance of a mind at ease and leisure. And the distinctive mark of this holiday work is a certain freshness in the conception of it, a certain evidence of buoyancy and enjoyment which you do not see in the ordinary undertakings of the same person, though these ordinary undertakings may of course be ten times as important and valuable. But whatever the work be, this is certain,—that if there be anything whatever of genuine labour to which a man turns with a sense of relief and release from his ordinary occupation, he will enhance the pleasure of holiday-making twofold by dispatching a fair portion of it during his formal holidays.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that nothing of the nature of work should be allowed to haunt the mind on a holiday. The only result of that is that holiday-making itself is very apt to become a laborious piece of pleasure-seeking. It is quite true, of course, that you should not, if you can help it, take task-work on a holiday. But it is quite as true that if there is anything requiring some effort and method and care, in which, nevertheless, the mind finds a fresh spring of buoyancy,—such as many men, for instance, who are not musicians by profession, find in music, and many more find in art,—the holiday will be twice as enjoyable if some distinct and recognisable progress can be made in that province. It is not pains, effort, and care which fatigue the mind, but pains, effort, and care expended on the same class of subjects on which they are day by day regularly expended. Devote a moderate portion of pains, effort, and care to other than the regular subjects,—to subjects with which no sense of worry, routine, and fag is associated,—and you will find that the pains, effort, and care so directed increase the sense of elasticity and buoyancy in your holiday, instead of diminishing it. Pleasure-seeking unadulterated is, after all, a very wearisome occupation. As Sir Cornewall Lewis once said, "Life would be very tolerable, but for its amusements," and certainly many of the classes who give most time to amusements also find them turn to dust and ashes in experience, chiefly because they do not take care to diversify them with methodical efforts directed to some object which inspires keen interest, though interest of that kind which relaxes the dominant strain of daily life. The man of business who has a turn for literature or art should be a literary man or an artist in his holiday; while the literary man or artist should turn his attention to natural science or antiquarian research, or at least to some outlying province of his own pursuit, the prosecution of which may be compatible with the ardour of a generally repressed and restrained interest. No doubt, such a course would involve some change of plan in relation to holidays, some considerable breaks in the constant rush of travel, some contrivance for interleaving at least frequent mornings of quiet with the whirl of exhausting excitements. But that is precisely what gives a keener flavour to the air of change itself; for otherwise, even the change becomes wearisome and monotonous, and loses all the air of vividness and sharp distinction. Travel continued and prolonged, without intervals of close attention concentrated on coherent subjects, becomes a mere moving kaleidoscope of scenes, in which, though the variation of order is infinite, the elements seem too much the same to command your interest. But when travel is diversified by some steady pursuit in which you exert your trained powers, though with a sense of freedom and enjoyment belonging to a new line of direction, you renew enough of the tension of purpose belonging to daily life to renovate constantly the delight in leisure, without renewing any of the anxiety and responsibility of professional undertakings. There is, we are sure, more real waste of life in holiday-making than in almost any other pursuit of equal duration; and this not in the least because holiday-making is overdone, but because it is ill-done. The general idea is that a hard-worked man cannot make the change from his ordinary life too complete; nor can he, if the change is really felt and stimulating to the last. But the defect of ordinary holiday-making is that the change soon palls, because the constancy of change is itself monotonous and exhausting, and instead of feeding the exhausted stores of energy, becomes a toil and an oppression of a new kind. The true change is the change which keeps the sense of change ever fresh,—which gives you some gauge of the magnitude of the renovation, instead of substituting for work a friction more wasting than professional anxiety itself. The only way to achieve this is to discover an exercise for those faculties of the mind ordinarily employed, which shall combine exercise with recreation; just as it is refreshing for the bicyclist to ride on horseback, and for the pedestrian to row, and for the vocalist to play. Such varieties of work recruit the springs of pleasure, and give a crispness to mere holiday-making, which it soon loses if it runs on for weeks as holiday-making, and nothing else.

Mr. Browning tells us that the greatest artists have always sought to express their most special and intense passion in some peculiar manner not in the ordinary sense characteristic of their genius,—that Rafael made for her he loved a century of sonnets, with the silver-pointed pencil with which he was otherwise wont to draw Madonnas; that Dante, for the sake of Beatrice, exchanged his pen for the painter's pencil, and strove to paint an angel; and that he himself, who usually blows through bronze, might for once, in writing to her whom he loved best, be allowed to breathe through silver, just to distinguish, as it were, the special holiday which he thus gave his heart. Something of the same kind may be said of the holidays of the brain. There is work for the brain which, instead of being exhausting work, is renovating work,—and not only renovating work, but work that renovates the spirit of enjoyment. It is not, of course, always in frolic even of the intellect, that men find most rest and most power to renew the fountains of pleasure. Most men have a hobby of some sort, for which they can find scant time in ordinary professional duty, and to which they may well devote a substantial part of their leisure, with the certainty of enjoying twice as much the remainder of that leisure. That is their true holiday work, and if they can but make time for that, while they are doing what is too often falsely called enjoying themselves, they will certainly relish their enjoyment as they never relished it while they banished every notion except that of mere enjoyment from their intervals of rest. A trained mind cannot obtain real rest, except with some steady exercise of its trained powers; and if this were but understood, we should have not only a great many more enjoyable holidays, but at least a few more masterpieces of a frolic kind, like the mathematician's "Alice in Wonderland," and the poet's satirical "Friendship's Garland."

*** Erratum.—In the article on "The Set-offs against Modern Science," last week, we wrote, by a slip of the pen, "Mr. Douglas Galton," in place of "Mr. Francis Galton," who is the author of the book on *Inquiries into Human Faculty*, reviewed by Mr. Grant Allen, to which reference was made.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CONDITION OF EGYPT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—To those of us in Egypt who have the interests of the country at heart, it was a pleasure to read your excellent article of June 16th on the execution of Suleiman Sami. We feel grateful to you for your severe rebuke to Lord Randolph Churchill. His reckless, flippant impertinence, in accusing the Khedive of grave crimes for which there is not the faintest proof, is exasperating in the extreme. The Tory party pride themselves on their foreign policy. I trust we are not to take this as a specimen of it. But your article contained more than this. You insist on our responsibility for righteous government in Egypt, and it is on this point I now take the liberty of addressing you.

Lord Dufferin's famous despatch contained little of practical value, to those who knew not how to read between the lines. It sketched out a fair path of progress and justice to Egypt. It

left unsaid, but yet implied, the motive-power that was to keep the machine moving. Now, somehow, we all feel here that since Lord Dufferin left us, the electric current has become perceptibly fainter. None of us doubt that so loyal a gentleman as Sir E. Malet is carrying out the instructions he receives from home, and the events of last year prove his capacity; but yet something is wanting, and unless Major Baring comes out prepared to supply that something, things will be little better in Egypt than they were two years ago; and English gentlemen will find the service of Egypt not one in which they can continue with self-respect. English police officers are already beginning to resign, and to complain that as long as they are under the orders of Egyptian prefects, they can do no good here. An accomplished English jurist has been for months in Cairo, doing nothing. Sent out to frame a code of Criminal Procedure, he found one already framed on the French model, of which he disapproved. Asked to become Procureur-Général, he awaits the formation of the Courts over which he is to watch. The sites of these Courts have been determined. The Belgian Judges, some eight or nine in number, who are to preside over some of them have been in Cairo for a month. But the Courts are unbuilt and undesigned, and Sir Benson Maxwell and the Belgian gentlemen might just as well be in their native lands.

For the improvement of the Soudan, Lord Dufferin strongly urged the construction of a railway from Berber, on the Nile, to Souakim, on the Red Sea. The scheme is cut and dry. Mr. Lee Smith, an engineer well known and respected here, as in India, has laid his plan before the Government. A Commission has approved of it. There is no difficulty about money. But Cherif Pasha, with the deliberate insouciance of a Turkish gentleman (and he is a gentleman), refuses to take action, and Mr. Lee Smith has gone home disgusted. And even now before our eyes things are happening which we are not used to approve of in England. Last January, Sir E. Malet assured Lord Granville "that the religious liberties of the Egyptian people are secure under the present Khedive." Last month, an intelligent young Mahommedan in Cairo embraced Christianity, a convert of the American Missionaries. He was promptly taken before the native judge, and on his refusal to retract, his wife was divorced from him, and he was thrown into prison. On Sir E. Malet interfering, he was told it was all for the man's own good, that his life would not be safe in Cairo,—in Cairo, garrisoned by British soldiers, patrolled by the new police, commanded by British officers! The unhappy convert has been sent out of the country, to Cyprus. Is this religious liberty? For a Mussulman to desert his faith is, I am told, a capital crime. It may have been once so, in Delhi. It is not now, and why should it be, while our troops remain, in Cairo? A small war is going on, as you are aware, in the Soudan. I am not going to question its being the righteous suppression of a rebellion. But it is not a pleasant sight to see droves of hundreds of men, many of them old and grey, swept in from the villages in chains, accompanied by wailing women,—conscripts being sent to the dreaded Soudan.

People at home ask, "Are the English popular in Egypt"? I cannot say I witness any signs of unpopularity, and a very small act of civility will call forth a kindly smile from the Egyptian Fellah, as from the Hindu ryot. But why should we be popular? We shot them down in battle last year. What have we given them in return now? Arabi promised to exterminate their Greek money-lenders, vampires that flourish in every village. We protect them with our police. And should they transgress the law, the Fellah knows he cannot sue them in the native Courts where they sue him, and that he has little redress to expect from their Consul. The Crédit Foncier, which was to help the fellah out of the clutches of these money-lenders, seems in no hurry to begin action. The new Courts, as I have said, are in no hurry to open. The Egyptian sees the *corvée* going on as of yore, the conscription going on as of yore. When he is burdened with taxation, he sees the only man untaxed is the European who has come to suck his life-blood. Why should he like the English? Perhaps we shall never be popular here. A clever Frenchman said of us in India, "Les Anglais sont justes, mais pas bons." I hope in Egypt he could say even so much in our favour. But is it just to make this poverty-stricken land pay £1 per week for every English soldier serving in it, besides heavy bills for transport, for barrack repairs, for ordnance stores, &c.? Have we added to the strength of our Army elsewhere an officer and a soldier, for every one detached to serve here? If not, are we not reducing our Army Estimates at the cost of Egypt? She may well sue *in formâ pauperis*. For pity's sake, is this righteous, not to say generous? The Germans laugh at our long list of Generals. Do we require five for our little force here?

Sir E. Malet has found a residence in Cairo quite befitting Her Majesty's Agent, for which he pays, I believe, £300 a year. Is it fair to make Egypt pay £1,000 a year for a house taken up for the English Commander of the Army?—a little matter, but it does not look well. We complain of the foreign jealousies that have required a dual control in all departments here, but are we quite free from it ourselves? The English Commissioner of the Daira Sanieh retired lately. Could we not have trusted its administration to the French or Egyptian Commissioners? Or, if it was necessary to burden the revenues with another highly-paid official, have we done our best for Egypt in choosing him from among our Italian Consuls? Would it not have been better to have gone to the Indian Civil Service, where scores of good men are to be found, trained all their days to this very work?

The Commissioners of the Daira and State Domains have certainly large interests to look after. Besides these, there are four gentlemen in Cairo in charge of the Public Debt Office,—an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Austrian, and an Italian. I would appeal to them, if one good Treasury clerk would not do all their work as well as they can? Surely enough, and more than enough, has been done for the European Bondholder? I plead in the interests of Egypt and the Egyptian. And their interests, I assert, will best be furthered by a strong English protection,—if you like, control. But if we undertake such a control, with the eyes of all Europe upon us, we must, first of all, be above suspicion ourselves. We must be both just and good. Is this too much to expect from England?—I am, Sir, &c.,

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—As the action of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has been specially commented on by you, it may be of interest to state that the minority who voted against the "very mild resolution" included more shipowners, representing a much larger amount of steam tonnage, than the majority, composed of general traders, by whom it was passed. Not that any reasoning shipowner fails to recognise that the question of rates concerns the producer and consumer of goods passing through the Canal, even more than it does the carrier.

I merely wish to remove any impression that the shipowners of Liverpool are, as a body, hostile to the arrangement which was proposed to have been made by the Government, or share in the general outcry—put down to the shipowners throughout the country—in consequence of which the arrangement has unfortunately been abandoned.

No shipowner objects to local or port charges, where all alike have to bear the same, in proportion to the tonnage of the vessels. What he particularly desires is the better management and control of the Canal, and he was unable to see that this matter had been sufficiently considered, and would be put on a satisfactory footing, by the Government proposals.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A SHIPOWNER.

THE DEFEATED ENNERDALE RAILWAY BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The defeat of the Ennerdale Railway Bill, to which your article alluded last week, has caused no small amount of vexation at the event to the friends of its promoters in the coal and iron district of the Cumberland seaboard. That disappointment finds expression in the local Press. This is as natural as it is complimentary to those who are unremitting in their efforts to defend the valleys of Lakeland from the hands of the speculative few, for the good of the nation's many hand-and-brain-workers, who need these valleys unexploited; or, again, to those who are determined to see that Parliament shall not give powers to promoters of railway companies, to cut up their very limited area of natural beauty, without having full information of the actual state of the case, or the actual needs of the neighbourhood.

My object in writing to you is to show, by a quotation from a leader in one of the Whitehaven papers of last Saturday, what educated Whitehaven feeling is, and to urge upon all friends of an

English Lakeland unexploited to rally round the Permanent Lake District Defence Society, which already counts among its members names of national weight and power in every department of English public life, and can fairly be called a "National Society for the Defence of the English Lakes and Vales." "Parliament," says the inspired *Cumberland Times*, "is at present on the side of the dilettante and the sentimentalists, who affect to see deformity in *the noblest of all human handiwork;* but the time is coming, nevertheless, when railways will penetrate the inner beauties of the Lake District, into more secluded nooks than Ennerdale, and will be regarded by the toiling millions as an inestimable boon"!

Is it the railway along Ennerdale Water, or the shaft and pumping gear up Deep Ghyll, or the girder bridge that was to span the River Liza, or the vast débris-heaps proposed between High and Low Beck, that is "the noblest of all human handiwork"? Whatever it be, till men have learned, as your article puts it, that England's truest wealth does not consist in the amount of coal and iron she can drag to bank, we may look out for little rest from the active enterprise of the mining engineers, who have marked "the inner beauties of the Lake District" for their own; and we must close our ranks, and call for recruits to help us, in time of attack, to keep the Dales as God gave them, —for England's rest and refreshment, and the rearing of a noble peasantry.—I am, Sir, &c., H. D. Rawnsley,

Hon. Sec. to the Permanent Lake District Defence Society.

Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick.

THE LIBERAL DAILY PRESS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Referring to your very just reflections on the extraordinary line taken by the *Daily News* relative to the Suez Canal question, allow me to give an instance or two of the oscillation of opinion indicated in the two leading articles of that paper on Saturday, July 14th, and Monday, July 16th. On Saturday, the leader remarked thus,—"M. de Lesseps could scarcely make his second Canal without British money," &c. Again,—"He cannot make it at all, without English co-operation." Again,—"There is no reason, as it seems to us, in spite of Mr. Childers's ingenious answer to the deputation from the Chambers of Commerce, why the agreement should not be reconsidered, nor why M. de Lesseps himself should not consent to terms which will be regarded as fair by the country which finds the money for the extension, and gives nearly all the trade which renders the undertaking profitable. He cannot do without England, and England has no desire to do without him." Sunday brought other reflections, and the leader of Monday, generally moderated in tone, states:—"It is by no means certain that M. de Lesseps would have difficulty in obtaining the loan necessary for the construction of a second canal independently of England. Even France itself, now that its feeling is aroused on the matter, might contribute the whole of it."

Constant readers of the *Daily News* are by no means unaccustomed to these sudden alternations of policy shown by its leaders. On the Irish question, similar perturbations have been exhibited. On the Egyptian policy, our accommodating journal quickly passed from the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Lawson to that of cordial support of the war. It would be a mistake to view this affection very gravely, or to imagine that anything more than the surface of the opinion of the country is touched, even by the *Daily News*. It has happened, on one or two important occasions, to have followed the strong current of national feeling, and to have echoed that sentiment with no very marked ability. The sources of those movements lay far beyond the influence of the *Daily News*, and would have done their work, whatever its attitude might have been. The obligation of the Liberal Party to the *Daily News* is by no means great; the indebtedness of the *Daily News* to Liberal opinion is inestimable. Surely it is not too much for earnest Liberals to expect that if they cannot find, in the only leading Liberal newspaper of the city, undeviating loyalty to the Government, it at least should present the grounds of its difference with some signs of consistency and force.

The constituencies have of late shown the vigour and the intelligence of their patriotism by requiring their representatives in Parliament to do justice to their convictions by supporting the Ministry at critical divisions. To exercise healthy influence of that kind, and to be contented with a journalism that claims absolute licence of support or hostility in the day of battle, is not the wisest policy. To have to read the articles of the *Standard* to find a fair discussion of the procedure of the Administration is rather humiliating to a party abounding with journalistic talent and political sagacity. Is it not time this question received the earnest attention of men of light and leading in the party?—I am, &c.,

Barnet. J. Matthews.

"PEREANT QUI ANTE NOS."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In justice to a much-despised class, whose only consolations are their integrity and their banker's balance (I mean the fictionists), will you give me audience for a word or two, rising out of your article on the claims of Science? She has it all her own way certainly, just now; and her admirers daily chorus that the humanities are played out. The stout old *Times*, in its recurring fits of gloom, tells us ever and again that there are no novelists, no painters, no dramatists, and no orators left in England; only men of science and *Times* reporters. One well-informed man ("scholar" used to sound so much rounder) proves perhaps in the *Nineteenth Century*, himself elsewhere unheard of, that novel-writing is a lost art. Another, allowed to speculate between the yellow covers of the *Cornhill* upon the ultimate destiny of his little person, and believing himself an author in consequence, states (absolutely), "That no man who has written an acted play of late years would probably call himself a literary man." When I read this article, now a few years since, I thought of Lytton, Jerrold, Knowles, Shirley Brooks (to speak only of men gone), and wondered, not what they were, but what they would have called themselves,—metaphysicians, may be. And in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. W. L. Courtney, by profession, a distinguished Oxford examiner, and therefore to be listened to, asserts as broadly, *à propos* of nothing in particular, that the professed English playwrights "borrow their literary matter without acknowledgment." This is a sufficiently sweeping charge against a body of English gentlemen, and I am not aware myself of a single dramatist of any position or repute to whom it applies at all. But Mr. Courtney writes for the *Fortnightly*, and knows all about it by the modern instinct.

So fast is science disposing of the humanities, that they can only hope that, like the violets, they may have their turn again when the weather changes. Meantime, thanks to the material consolation to which I ventured to allude at starting, they may reflect with some inward amusement that the big world is, perhaps, not so entirely occupied in this long and much-advertised run of *Much Ado About Nothing* (not of the Lyceum) as the performers and their friends would have it. At all events, give us of our own:—

> "In this mighty, wise, utilitarian age,
> Oh, leave to Fancy still her little, tiny stage!"

Science has robbed us of all except our frivolity, and does she want that, too? Surely she, at all events, should be above "borrowing her literary matter without acknowledgment." Yet, from your article of which I spoke, I learn that in his new book Mr. Galton "notes the absence of any marked answer to the daily prayer that the nobility may 'be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding.'" Before Science finally adopts this as an argument against revealed religion, will you allow me to call the attention of your readers to a passage from my novel, "Faucit of Balliol"?—

> "'I don't know what I should do without religion, and without the comfort of dear Mr. Birmingham Pope's prayers. He always dresses so beautifully, that I'm sure they are always answered.'—'Always?' said Lestrange. 'Surely he prays every day, and as fervently as for everything else, that *all* the nobility may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding. That prayer has not been answered yet,—at least, to the full extent,' he added, glancing at Pentonville."

This is but a humble jest. But in this instance, fiction claims the priority from Science.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Eastbourne, July 23rd. Herman Merivale.

WALT WHITMAN'S PROSE WORKS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As your review of Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days and Collect" in last Saturday's issue may lead some to suppose that there are *two* editions of this work, we think it right to state that there is but one British edition which is published by us, and for which Messrs. Trübner and Co. are one of our London agents. We may add that this edition, besides being the only

one, is also published with the sanction and under the revision of the author.—We are, Sir, &c.,

WILSON AND MCCORMICK.

120 *Saint Vincent Street, Glasgow, July 23rd.*

RONSARD AND TENNYSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—If a very curious parallel in one of Ronsard's poems, to part of the song in Mr. Tennyson's "The Miller's Daughter" has not been noticed before, I think you may consider it worth while to print the lines. In this case, it is fortunately impossible to consider the English counterpart a plagiarism.

I quote from the edition of Ronsard printed at Lyons, by Thomas Soubron, in 1592, Vol. II, p. 292 (Ode xxvi. of the Fourth Book of the "Odes"):—

"Ie voudrois estre le riban
Qui serre ta belle poitrine:
Ie voudrois estre le carquan
Qui orne ta gorge yuoirine.
Ie voudrois estre tout autour
Le coral qui tes léures touche,
Afin de baiser nuict et iour
Tes belles léures et ta bouche."

—I am, Sir, &c., A. C.

A MISTAKEN ASCRIPTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your issue for June 23rd, p. 809, you fall into the natural error of supposing the late William Lloyd Garrison to have been the author of the sonnet "with which he concluded his memorable manifesto in the first number of the *Liberator*,"—"Oppression! I have seen thee face to face," &c. Not a few of his readers shared this error at the time, although the sonnet was printed with quotation marks. The editor took the first opportunity to disclaim the authorship imputed to him, in favour of Thomas Pringle, the Scottish poet, who was, I believe, one of the founders of *Blackwood*, and Secretary of the London Society for the Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions.

It is true, my father had written sonnets, witness two, "The Guiltless Prisoner" and "Freedom of the Mind," composed the year before (1830), while he was confined in Baltimore jail, for "libelling" a townsman engaged in the domestic slave-trade. And in 1843 his published verse was sufficiently voluminous to warrant a little collection, "Sonnets and Other Poems, by William Lloyd Garrison" (Boston).—I am, Sir, &c.,

New York, July 6th. WENDELL P. GARRISON.

BOOKS.

DR. MAUDSLEY ON BODY AND WILL.*

DR. MAUDSLEY'S book is certainly not one of which an intelligent critic of any school would say, as he anticipates in a somewhat contemptuous preface, that it is "a weak intrusion into the high domains of high mental philosophy." There is nothing weak about it, though there is plenty of narrowness, and also of that apparent satisfaction in repeating over and over again the very same one-sided statement of facts of which he accuses,—no doubt more or less justly,—his chief opponents. We cordially agree with Dr. Maudsley that it is "not enough to think and talk about abstract minds and their qualities, when you have to do with concrete minds, that must be observed, studied, and managed." But it is precisely of his deficient appreciation of the facts as we know them,—and as we know them not on what he calls "the barren heights of speculation," but in "the places in which men live and move and have their being," that we complain in the treatise before us.

Dr. Maudsley begins almost at once by over-painting and, indeed, wholly travestying the view of those with whom the battle has really to be fought. It is certainly not to be fought with believers in "freedom as absolute and perfect in man," or with believers in a human will that is "itself an inexhaustible source of self-procreating energy" (page 7), still less with those who contend that freedom, even where freedom exists, must be "motiveless and hap-hazard" (page 9). All these pictures of his opponents' case are, for the purposes of sane controversy, fancy pictures. We do not say that Dr. Maudsley could not find in any of the idealist school expressions which might be construed as meaning something almost as extravagant and absurd. All we say is that persons who use language of that kind are not the foes from whom Dr. Maudsley has anything to fear, and that is, perhaps, the reason why he dwells on such statements—without, however, justifying them even by quotation—with so much obvious pleasure. There is nothing commoner with a controversialist than so to exaggerate what he sees to be the critical feature of his opponents' case as to make it a glaring caricature of reality. What the true realistic psychologist says is not that there is any "absolute and perfect freedom" in man, still less "an inexhaustible source of self-procreating energy," or "a motiveless and hap-hazard" power which ignores all reasons for its action. What reasonable psychologists who stick to facts do say is only this,—that in proportion as man's mind becomes healthy and mature, there is undoubtedly developed in it a certain limited power of free choice between alternative courses of action, a power of which it is impossible to say that you can find the *efficient* cause of it in the antecedent conditions, seeing that you know the efficient cause to be independent of the antecedent conditions. Now, this is *not* saying that our freedom is "absolute and perfect," but that it is relative and imperfect; it is not saying that it is "an inexhaustible source of self-procreating energy," but a very exhaustible source of such energy; and it is not saying that such freedom as we have is "motiveless and hap-hazard," for it may be, and ought to be, motived and rational. Dr. Maudsley, with most of his school, confuses two most different things,—the *reason* for a course of action, and the efficient cause of that course of action. If a man chooses a course of action because it is right, it no more follows that it is the rightness of that course of action which determines his will, than it follows that if he goes to bed because the clock has struck his usual hour of bed-time, the striking of the clock has determined his will. In either case, it may be so, or may be otherwise. It may be that he is such an automaton that the striking of the clock sends him off to bed, just in the same way in which it liberates the cuckoo that accompanies the striking of the hour. And it may be that the rightness of a course of action, once seen, takes such immediate and complete possession of the will, that the action is as much determined by its rightness, as the egress of the cuckoo is determined by the striking of the clock. But the other alternative is quite as possible, and much more probable. The *reason* why the man does right need not be,—generally is not,—the efficient cause of his doing right. The rightness in itself may generate no impulse to act. The striking of the hour may generate no impulse to move. The supply of efficient cause may—though it need not,—come from elsewhere in both cases, namely, from the man's own volition. He resolves to do right. He resolves to go to bed punctually. And though he acts *because* it is right, *because* the fixed hour has arrived, the efficient cause may well be his resolve, and not the reason for his resolve. You might as well say that when you strike a billiard-ball, the efficient cause must be the perception by which you regulate the direction of the blow, as say that when a man does right, the efficient cause must be the sense of rightness. The question is not *why* a man wills, but it is this,—what determines his will? And the reason *why* he wills may have little or no operative power in actually putting his will in motion. It is simply a question of fact where the operative influence comes from. We maintain that a man who knows himself, often knows perfectly what the spontaneous resultant of all the influences acting upon him will be *unless* he intervenes to resist that resultant influence; but that he may exert a certain limited, but still efficient amount of "anti-impulsive" effort, as the late Dr. Ward happily termed it, in opposition to that resultant influence. We do not say that a youth brought up in one set of habits can suddenly take up his free-will, break with his past, and so revolutionise himself as to make himself a new set of habits. We do not say that the amount of "anti-impulsive effort" which every man has at his disposal is unlimited. We do say only this,—that healthy and mature minds undoubtedly find in themselves the power of resisting, up to a certain point, the total set and tendency of their hereditary and personal inclinations and habits, and that it is impossible to ascribe this to a latent tendency of which the man is unconscious, because, if that were the explanation, the latent tendency, however unconscious he might be of it, would take its effect on him by *inclining* him so to act; whereas, all he is conscious of in these cases is the utmost disinclination

* *Body and Will, being an Essay concerning Will in its Metaphysical, Physiological, and Pathological Aspects.* By Henry Maudsley, M.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

so to act, and the positive self-assurance that if he does not make a most fatiguing and distressing effort against the grain of all his latent and patent tendencies, judgment will go by default on the wrong side.

Further, we press on Dr. Maudsley to explain to us how the illusion of freedom arises, if there be, as he says, "far more necessity in man than in nature, and far more freedom in nature than in man" (p. 127). On his view of the subject, there is really no excuse for the illusion of free will. Everything in our experience, he declares, points to the absolute uniformity of antecedent and consequent, and as the very notion of cause is closely bound up with that absolute uniformity of antecedent and consequent, the conception of a spiritual break in the chain of causation ought to be, in his view, a grotesque perversity of the mind more akin to insanity than sanity. And that, indeed, is his view of it. He uniformly treats the notion of any self-determining power as proper to lunatics, in whom it is very often extravagantly caricatured. But surely he is bound to account for the origin of what is to him so very mad a notion in the sanest and most practical minds of the day. We have come upon but one hint of such an explanation in Dr. Maudsley's book. It is in the section on "What Consciousness tells us Concerning Will," one of the ablest sections in the book, and one on which alone it would be easy to write a treatise. The suggestion is this,—that as consciousness tells us nothing, except concerning the moment, and as we are dependent on memory—memory, with all its inadequacy and inaccuracy—for the history of the states which led up to that moment, the notion of freedom probably arises from the comparative shadow and oblivion into which the antecedent and determining conditions have fallen. At least, that is how we understand the passage to which we refer. It runs as follows:—

"Consciousness makes known the actual choice or volition, but does not make known the pre-existent order of events; it does not reveal what has taken place, and is taking place, in the unillumined region: it is the self-revelation of the moment, and no more. But how infinitely small is that revelation compared with what we learn by observation and experience of self and of others, and by the history of human doings in all time and in all places, needs not be pointed out. The one is the coruscating point of a moment, the other embraces length of time and breadth of space. As the testimony of consciousness, moreover, is *immediate*—that is to say, is strictly the expression of its *present* state—it cannot, by the nature of the case, have *direct* regard to any former state of consciousness; otherwise, we should have to admit that a present state of consciousness could be itself and a former state of consciousness at the same instant. If it steps beyond the instant, we have no longer to do with the direct deliverance of itself, but with the indirect evidence of memory of antecedent consciousness, not with introspective certainty, but with retrospective fallacy; staying in the instant, how can it help falling into the illusion of an undetermined will?"

Now, the answer to that clever suggestion is that if it were good for anything, it would be good for a great deal more than the illusion of an undetermined will in the form in which we actually find it in man. On that view, we should have "the illusion of an undetermined will" in respect to every act of our lives. A man insults me, and I promptly give him a blow which kills him. Interrogated about that blow, I say that so far as I know, it was involuntary, and due to a burst of passion which I had no more power to prevent at the time (doubtless owing to want of discipline in the past) than I have the power to prevent a start when a report goes off suddenly at my ear. But Dr. Maudsley's theory would make it just as natural to indulge "the illusion" of freedom in that case, as in the case of a deliberate resolve, taken after much inward debate. It is just as true that the consciousness in that case, too, applies only to the moment; that the consciousness of the past states which determined my impulse of the moment is a mere matter of memory; and that therefore I am liable to ascribe to free-will what the "fallacy of memory" prevents me from tracing back to the moral habits of the past. Dr. Maudsley fails to see that his account of the illusion of freedom would explain just as well why we ought to imagine actions to be free which we never for a moment suppose to be free, as why we ought to imagine actions to be free which we do most imperiously assert to result from our own self-caused volition, and from nothing else. Again, no man thinks that he is at liberty either to smell or not to smell a powerful odour. But Dr. Maudsley's suggestion as to the limited scope of immediate consciousness would be just as good for explaining why we had,—if we had,—any such illusion of freedom, as it is for explaining why we imagine volitions to be free which, according to him, are quite as deeply rooted in the history of the past as is the sense of a powerful odour in the physical origin of that odour.

One word only as to the physiological side of Dr. Maudsley's book. That there is much to be said as to the indisputable physical conditions of free volition, which Dr. Maudsley says with very great force, we should be the last to deny. But when he asserts (p. 118) "that there is not a single bodily phenomenon that has not its sufficient determining conditions in an antecedent state of the body," we reply simply that either we cannot agree with him as to what "the body" includes,—a subject on which, perhaps, he is himself not quite clear,—or that if we do, we challenge his statement of the fact. If the common belief that a number of people by sheer force of united volition can influence not a few persons, wholly unconscious of what that volition is, to perform some specified and complicated action previously agreed upon without these persons being in the least able to guess its nature, we call that a bodily phenomenon which has no sufficient determining conditions in the antecedent state of the body, as we know it, unless Dr. Maudsley very largely modify his ordinary use of the word "body." And if, again, it be true,—as a great deal of cumulative evidence goes to show,—that there are many cases in which dying people, and fewer but still indisputable cases in which people in health, can produce on persons at a distance the impression of their presence, and of some special condition of their mind at the moment of that visionary presence, then we say that this is a bodily phenomenon of which the determining condition appears to be in the main, not an antecedent state of the body, but an antecedent state of the feelings and the mind. But this is the class of facts which physiological psychology prefers to ignore, rather than to investigate and explain.

THE ROMANCE OF COMBEHURST.*

It is very seldom that we come across a book which bears such strong testimony to the good disposition of its writer as does *The Romance of Combehurst*. It impresses the reader as a romance written in the "sweet spring-time" by a young author, full of the enthusiasm of humanity. Nothing seems impossible, nothing that is right to do, too difficult to be done. Great sacrifices are willingly made and gracefully accepted, with an approving nod and smile from our authoress, which seem to say, "Good girl! that was the right thing to do," or, "Well done, my boy! that was your duty, and you have done it, not that any boy worthy the name could have done less. Still, we hear—though we are unwilling to believe it—that there are boys who are not worthy the name; therefore, we commend you." No one is exalted or made much of for doing his or her duty; the author takes it all in simple good-faith, as if it were the only natural line of action under the circumstances, which, as we have said, and said in all seriousness, speaks volumes for her own character and disposition. In the same good-faith she tells all the rest of her decidedly improbable story as though it were unquestionably quite true, almost beguiling us into accepting it all in the same spirit. There is no apology, no explanation, and certainly when you are telling an improbable story, that is the wise way in which to do it; only, in this case, we do not for a moment believe that our authoress thinks it to be improbable.

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove the truth of this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound, she walks leisurely round, selects for herself the warmest place in the room—perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the fire—curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily and gracefully. Indeed, every one experiences an access of warmth and comfort in themselves, from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way, and by a less self-possessed individual—if it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or clumsily, or diffidently even, or in any way obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosoms of all beholders? How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or a gesture to provoke criticism, or it must

* *The Romance of Combehurst*. By E. M. Alford. In 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

not be done at all. In like manner, in telling an improbable story, do it confidently, boldly, unhesitatingly—never pretend to explain anything—and pleasantly, and you will, for the most part, carry your readers with you without criticism—and the authoress of *The Romance of Combehurst* has thus succeeded in a great measure; but we must be allowed to make ourselves an exception to the rule, for it is our business to criticise. First, however, we must say that it is a very pleasant story. You breathe in an atmosphere of open windows, large rooms, the scent of flowers, dewy roses, old trees, with their fresh spring green or their rich autumn tints; and even when you are taken to a home behind a small shop in London, you are treated to a long, snug parlour, and to a large lumber-room, tidy and clean, with air and space, and containing a fine piano, where the heroine may cultivate her glorious voice at her own sweet will, or nearly so.

Every one in this book is either good and kind and attractive, or becomes so in the course of the second volume. Even the wicked hero, who has been endeavouring to possess himself, by means of marrying the heroine, of the property which he knows to be hers, but which is supposed by the world at large to be his—and whose baseness is a great shock to the feelings of the gentle authoress—suddenly and completely reforms, on receipt of a letter from this same cousin, offering him, by deed of gift, the whole property of which she has unexpectedly become possessed, and asking only, in return, that he would desist from his attempts to make her his wife, and absolve her from the promise, which she gave to her dying grandmother, to try to care for him. When he had read this letter, "surprise, agitation, and at last a great and sudden remorse, seemed to overpower him, as the strong-willed, imperious man bowed his head on his hands, in an attitude of utter self-humiliation." From this position he rises eventually, writes to his cousin confessing his guilt, and instantly makes preparations for leaving the country and toiling in some distant land, to earn, with the work of his own hands, sufficient money with which to repay his cousin all that he had spent since he became aware that the property belonged to her. This sudden and complete reformation taxes the powers of credulity, already considerably stretched, a little too far, and we could scarcely blame the reader, if at this point, he encroached somewhat on our prerogative of criticism, or if he were slightly incredulous as to the "dark glances," the "vehement storms of invective which burst from his lips," &c., of which we have heard before in connection with this same young hero. Nor is this all, for the high-minded younger brother, Basil, who is also in love with the heiress, and with whom she is in love, decides that he must share his brother's exile. "If he is shamed," he says, "I am shamed. If he is rightly self-exiled, I am rightly self-exiled, too;" and he goes, without a word of explanation as to his feelings. He and Dorothy enter together upon the final trial, which is to perfect their already almost perfect characters, and Vernon, in his distant home, fast approaches the same desirable state of perfection. Vernon's exile has the good effect also of raising a frivolous young lady, who is attached to him, to the high level which he and his family have attained. All this is very pleasant and satisfactory, and we willingly confess that, if we are to have either a superfluity of goodness or a superfluity of naughtiness, in a story, we infinitely prefer the former.

The actors in *The Romance of Combehurst* are not particularly natural or life-like. Their talk is decidedly formal, old-fashioned and stilted, and the ends of their sentences are too finely rounded off for ordinary conversation. For instance, Vernon concludes an address to his brother with, "I will leave you to your pleasant reflections, and seek the rest which I sorely need;" and Basil says to himself, "Meanwhile, I, too, am weary, and must to bed." He talks, too, of "wotting" of, instead of "knowing of." He is an exceedingly good young man, and reminds us, somewhat, of Miss Austen's Edmund, in *Mansfield Park*, in his way of lecturing and setting others to rights, in a perfectly gentle and courteous, but slightly priggish fashion; he, however, would certainly not have knocked under about the acting, had he been in Edmund's place. Basil, again, speaks to his young *protégé* patronisingly as "child," or in such terms as these, "There, that is my wise pupil, again." Most of the actors in this drama address one another in the exclamatory fashion so common in books fifty years since,—"My kind Robin," "My dear Master," "My good pupil," "Dear Madam," "Little Dorothy," &c.; and a superfluity of "Ma'ams," "Sirs," and "Misses" appears constantly; and we even find "Oh, Sir!" at the beginning of sentences, after the manner of the good little boy in Mark Twain's story.

The two Mr. Rigbys are certainly exceptionally fortunate in having no relatives with whom to divide the property and money which they inherit from old "Lady Hurst," as their own claim to it dates back as far as their great-great-grandfather on the mother's side; but this authoress is generous in her bestowal upon her characters of all fine things, both spiritual and temporal, amongst which last are titles, which she bestows with as much inaccuracy as generosity. A certain Sir Cecil Hurst, baronet, great-grandfather to old Lady Hurst, falls in love with a beautiful and virtuous public singer, of the name of Dorothy—who accompanies herself on the guitar!—and marries her; and on her marriage that lady is supposed to become Lady Dorothy Hurst, a title which she could only have possessed had she been the daughter of an earl at least. Later on, and stranger still, the daughter of a baronet apparently inherits her father's title, and is called "Lady Hurst"—the old lady with whose death the story begins—and the baronetcy is made to descend through her to her son, who is described as "Sir Maurice Hurst, Bart." Perhaps, since titles are so very hereditary in this family, it may not be so extraordinary a coincidence that family likenesses insist on descending with the same exemplary pertinacity. It is recorded that in the gallery of the Hall of Combehurst, Dorothy—then supposed to be the adopted child of the old lodge-keeper—is struck with the wonderful, almost exact likeness between Mr. Basil Rigby and his great-great-great-great-grandfather, Sir Basil Hurst; and Basil sees the veritable Dorothy herself, to whom he has just presented a guitar, in the portrait of her great-great-great-grandmother, the "Lady Dorothy Hurst" before mentioned, with whom Sir Cecil Hurst (why not Sir Basil, to make the coincidence complete?) fell in love while she was singing to the guitar.

The history of the father and mother of the heroine is strangely similar. Both were only children, both had well-meaning but severe mothers, who made their homes unendurable to them; they ran away, and were married; both died, and, before dying, both wrote repentant letters to their respective mothers. Both these letters failed in reaching the hands for which they were destined. One was laid aside in the pocket of a coat which was never again unwrapped in the lifetime of Lady Hurst, the other was put away in a box which was never opened in the lifetime of Mrs. Wilson,—and hence arise the mystery of the story. These strange circumstances are, of course, not huddled grossly together, as we have huddled them, but are discreetly distributed over the second volume, and told in the simple, credulous style of this authoress. The coincidences are not unbecomingly prominent, until we set to work to pull the book to pieces; and when we have said our worst, it still remains a lively story, full of agreeable people with refined feelings and exceptionally high principles, even down to the good old family lawyer. The scene is laid in a lovely neighbourhood—a neighbourhood, we imagine, compounded of the writer's experience of the New Forest and the Quantock Hills—and the story is written by a thorough lover of Nature and of her kind, as well as by an ardent believer in the ultimate victory of good over evil.

COLONEL MALLESON'S LIFE OF LORD CLIVE.*

"It has often occurred to me," writes Colonel Malleson in his preface, "that the title of the people of these Islands to control the interests of the vast populations inhabiting Hindustan, so often called in question during recent years, might be fairly investigated by a crucial examination of the proceedings of the warriors and statesmen whose title to be regarded as the founders of the Indian Empire has never been questioned." It is not quite clear what a crucial examination may be or do, but did it never occur to Colonel Malleson that the "proceedings" of Clive, Warren Hastings, and Wellesley have been tolerably well investigated already, by friends and foes alike? Did it never occur to him that the accretions made to our empire since the days of Clive and Wellesley have rendered their "proceedings" of not much weight, as affecting our title to rule our Indian Empire as at present constituted? Finally, did it never occur to him that the title of the English race to rule "the vast populations inhabiting Hindustan" depends not at all on the greater or less injustice which may have accompanied the "proceedings" of the soldiers and statesmen who have founded

* *Founders of the Indian Empire: Lord Clive.* By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. London: William H. Allen and Co.

and built up our empire in the East? Our title rests on the fact that we are a superior race to the vast "populations" we have taken upon ourselves to govern. That this undertaking involves, *in foro conscientiæ publicæ*, duties and liabilities which——but really the observations that Colonel Malleson's idea challenges are so alarmingly obvious, that we shrink from making them. We shall criticise his book, therefore, as a biography of Clive, and refrain from troubling our readers with his "crucial examination." And we do this contentedly enough, because we have been unable to trace in this work the slightest attempt to traverse or rectify the verdict which has long been passed on Clive's work, or to connect that work with the "title" which "has so often been called in question during recent years."

There was room for a new life of Clive. There is room for a new biography of all our greatest men, with the exception of Scott and Johnson, and perhaps, but this is dubious, of Nelson. Readers of Macaulay's essay do not need to be told why the labours of Mill, Orme, and Sir John Malcolm left the coast clear for Gleig's *Life of Clive*, which was a respectable performance of the middle-rate, and as such neither better nor worse, in our opinion, than the work before us. For Colonel Malleson, if he does not "altogether lack the abilities" that a biographer should be "dressed in," lacks most of them. He cannot treat a great theme greatly, and he indulges in petty bombast. "A giant in isolation feels no sympathy with the policy of dwarfs," for instance, is a sounding sentence which signifies little or nothing when applied, as it is by Colonel Malleson, to the failures which Wellesley, Ellenborough, and Clive proved to be in the sphere of English politics. Moreover, Colonel Malleson's style is neither vivid nor nervous. His moral reflections are so obvious as to wear the appearance of platitudes. His political reflections are anything but "flashes of sagacity." As a military historian, he is at his best, but even here he has managed to show, quite gratuitously, that he is as ignorant of the careers of other conquerors as he is conversant with that of Clive. It was not "caution" which prevented Napoleon from making Borodino a decisive victory; and if he had thrown the whole of his Guard into the fight, "all the horrors of the retreat from Russia," which Colonel Malleson refers to the fact that he did not, would have followed from his prolonged stay in Moscow, and from the resolution of the Czar and his people, which there is no ground for supposing that a more damaging defeat on the Moskwa would have altered. It is idle, too, to suppose that the conduct of the Governor of Craone materially affected the result of the campaign in France in 1814. That was a foregone conclusion from the hour when Napoleon wrote, after Montmirail, to his representatives at Chatillon to take a less humble attitude. Again, "want of scruple" was not fatal personally to Alexander the Great nor to Julius Cæsar, whom Colonel Malleson affectedly calls Caius Julius; neither did Frederick the Great triumph in spite of his want of scruple, nor does "his work, continued on the same basis, triumph still." Napoleon rubbed that work clean off the slate; and Scharnhorst and Stein are the real founders of Prussia's present greatness. And even with regard to Napoleon, it was not his "want of scruple" that ruined him, but, as the Duke of Wellington emphatically said, his utter want, at times, of common-sense. As the last four blunders occur in one of the score of pages of needless summary and dubious comment which Colonel Malleson naïvely calls the "Character" of Clive, this will be as good a place as we are likely to find for making some strictures on that "character," for Macaulay's essay and ubiquitous examiners have made the remarkable career of Clive a matter of such common knowledge that we may refer to any step in it without any preliminary words of elucidation. In Clive's second administration, then, he showed himself, to use Colonel Malleson's expression, "in all respects the virtuous, resolute, far-sighted reformer and statesman." This is true, but when Colonel Malleson goes on to say that there was reason in the men who argued that when Clive bore himself thus, that "it was in very deed Satan reproving sin"; that the manner in which the victor of Plassy had made his fortune should have prevented him from returning to India; and finally, that "men will not stand to be lectured by a man who has profited by the vices which he denounces in them," our answer is simple. Every one remembers how Macaulay proves that although criminal justice knows nothing of set-off, history takes wider views. But there is more to be said than that. When Satan rebukes sin he will be playing the hypocrite, or will, as Burns wished he would, be taking a thought and mending. Now, Clive was no hypocrite, and far indeed as we are from agreeing with Colonel Malleson's notion that his character is "an open book, which all who run may read"—an amusing variation this, of the time-honoured misquotation from Habakkuk, for nothing hinders that an open book may be printed in type as small as that of Pickering's diamond edition of *Shakespeare*—it is a psychological fact that Clive was honestly blind to the immorality of his worst deeds. Assume that he was not, look at him as Satan rebuking sin, it is still clear that the sin which he was rebuking was not identical with the sin of which he was conscious. Imagine him saying, in colloquial language, to the men who defended their own laches by identifying it with his own:—"I sheared a shepherd, closely belike and cruelly perhaps; but he was an evil shepherd to his flock, and if I went too fast and too far, what matter? But you, gentlemen, are bent on shearing more closely and cruelly the sheep themselves. I can keep you from doing so, and I will." And he did; and whatever Colonel Malleson may say, the admiration which Clive's second administration deservedly claims must be extended in some degree to Clive himself. And as to the forcible-feeble gnome that "men will not stand to be lectured," &c., that depends. Like the Yankee sportsman's beaver, they'll "*hev* to," if the lecturer has a will like Clive's, and power like his to enforce that will.

Approaching this Life from another side, we find none of the details which we eagerly look for, when we come across any hitherto unread account of Clive. Suicide is, as a rule, a subject not more dismal than dull; and the conventional solution of "temporary insanity" is as wise, on the whole, in all cases, as it is probably false in many. But this remark applies to the rank and file of suicides, and not to such an exceptional man as Clive. Did he commit suicide, after all? We hold that he did not, if he perished by an over-dose of laudanum, against which he had been specially warned. For cases not a few have occurred where men have taken what others deemed an over-dose and more, and have recovered. But if a penknife was used, and we have never been able to make out whether it was or no, then, whether Clive used it as one who deliberately chooses to bear "the natural shocks that flesh is heir to" no longer, or used it when his mind for the moment was unhinged, his suicide suggests some questions that are worth considering. Macaulay speaks with characteristic confidence of a "great mind ruined by the pang of wounded honour, by the weariness of satiety, by fatal diseases and still more fatal remedies." But parsimony of causes holds in other matters as well as natural science, and the pain of the gall-stones was more likely to act as a counter-irritant than not to the pangs of wounded honour (if Clive ever felt any), and *vice versâ*. Then as to the weariness of satiety and the laudanum. It would certainly be interesting, and instructive, too, to learn, if we may compare small things with great, whether Clive's satiety had anything in common with the satiety which brought the late Mr. Sayers, of valorous memory, to an early grave. Was the "Clive party" analogous to poor Tom's Circus? Was the great soldier and statesman as resourceless when his occupation was gone as the great pugilist was? What were Clive's personal habits? Was reading a sealed fountain of delight to him? Did he drink? Did he gamble? And, finally, was there anything in his sayings and doings that could be regarded as a herald of approaching insanity? For opium, though it ruins the will as completely as it wastes the muscles of a man, leaves his intellect unimpaired and sound, though, by reason of the will's weakness, no longer always available. Colonel Malleson makes no addition to the story of Clive sitting taciturn for hours together in company, and breaking out with fire and energy when the conversation turned on some subject which interested him,—on the way, for instance, that England should be defended in case of invasion. "And that man cut his throat!" was Johnson's comment on this story; and as we can find no other reference to Clive in Boswell, we must say that Macaulay was building on a very slight foundation, if it was for this, and for this only, that he says that Johnson always spoke of Clive as an incarnate fiend.

Readers of Macaulay's essay may be surprised at the high place which he assigns to Clive as a General. It is only justice to Colonel Malleson to say that his narrative of Clive's military career gives us full warrant for placing Clive fourth on the list of

the commanders that England has produced. It is strange that he has chosen a motto for his book from Carlyle, for Carlyle appears, and might inferentially be proved from his account of Wolfe's death, to have never heard of Clive. We must also protest against Colonel Malleson's mode of spelling Indian proper names. The "fad" which gives us "Kánchipuran" for "Conjeveran" is worse than that which offers us "Korinth" for "Corinth," and it is needless to say that the value of this work for students is sensibly and materially diminished by the fact that no atlas has been published in English, or, so far as we know, in any language, which can be used with it. It provokes a smile, too, to find that the nemesis of phonetic spelling exacts inconsistency as a penalty from the votaries of that "fad" in India as well as in Hellas. "Plassey," which ought, if Colonel Malleson is right, to be spelt "Paláse," was the title, he says, given by the English to the victory, and must be respected. Quite so; but then, by all that is wonderful, why offer us "Lakhnao" for "Lucknow"? Inconsistency may not be the sin of sins which impetuous Schiller said it was, but fatuous and gratuitous inconsistency should be avoided by a historian; and though Colonel Malleson may ignore the fact, it is none the less certain that in the next historical work which is written on India, the geographical names will either appear in their old forms, or in phonetic forms which, whatever else they may be, will not be the same as his own.

DE PRESSENSÉ'S "STUDY OF ORIGINS."*

De Pressensé is already well known as the author of important historical books on the life of Christ, and on the early years of Christianity. These works showed that he was a diligent and competent historical student, and they also revealed speculative power of no ordinary kind. The various phases of the conflict between Christianity and Greek and Roman culture, which he had to describe, led him to ponder deeply on the ultimate problems of knowledge, of being and of duty. In his historical studies he found phases of thought, and modes of regarding religion, life, and duty, which he also found in scientific and philosophical discussion among the chief European nations. He has consequently studied with enthusiasm and success the chief currents of modern thought, and the result we have in the volume now before us.

He calls his book *A Study of Origins*, and his object is to examine critically the various theories which are now current regarding knowledge, being, and duty, and to set forth what he regards as the true solution of these problems. It is a weighty task, which has taxed even his consummate powers to the uttermost. Nor has he been successful on all the lines of attack and defence. Sometimes he seems to surrender a position which might be easily defended; sometimes he regards as vital and important positions which many have abandoned as indefensible. But when all allowances are made, we regard this work of De Pressensé as of great importance, and as a weighty contribution to the philosophic literature of our time. The style is clear, lucid, and felicitous, adapting itself readily to all the sinuosities of his subject. The arrangement of topics is such as to make each chapter an introduction to what follows, and all are grouped into one artistic whole. He has thought out his subject, and has anticipated the objections which may be brought against his conclusions. The point of view from which the book is written is thus described in the preface:—

"To think freely is to lay aside all prejudice, and to accept simply the results of experience. I am increasingly convinced that experimental science is in no way hostile to the principles of theism. It is not the province of science to demonstrate these principles; all that can be fairly asked of it is to recognise their possibility. When once this possibility of a divine and moral world is granted, other processes of experiment adapted to the nature of the subject supply its demonstration; the way is open. This is the conclusion to which I would bring my readers. Once thoroughly established, this conclusion suffices to secure to humanity its most precious possession,—that higher life apart from which man misses all that distinguishes him from the brute, and is without any light beyond the grave, without any compass on his voyage through life, without morality, without law, without liberty, given up to the chances of brute force, a hopeless and degraded thing. I refuse to accept such a horoscope for humanity. If, indeed, the first and final term of the world's history were force, I should be a pessimist of the sombrest dye, both as regards society and the individual." (p. xi.)

The issues are vital, and when a writer is thus conscious of the greatness of the issue, we may expect him to put forth all his strength.

One feature in this work is worthy of respect and of imitation. M. de Pressensé is careful to state the opinions of his opponents with the utmost precision and accuracy, and he always speaks of them with the respect due to their position and eminence in the departments of science they have respectively cultivated. He has no jealousy of science, no distrust of its method, nor fear of its results. He is a theist, and to him jealousy of science means distrust in God. But he is careful to distinguish between the method and results of science, within their proper sphere, and the vast and vague speculations, mainly of the negative sort, which have cast their dark shadow on every side around the stable-ground of science. He insists that the method which is true and adequate in physicial science must be modified and enlarged when we study the phenomena of life, and again, must be further enlarged when we regard moral, spiritual, and social life. The method of study must vary according to the conditions of the problem, and modes of acquiring knowledge must be adapted to the diversity of objects to be known. A man of science who has mastered the methods of physical science, and is recognised as an authority, say, on light, heat, or electricity, is often rendered unfit by his very success in his own field of knowledge to form even an intelligent opinion on matters of a more complex nature. He usually deals with motives as if they were physical forces, with men as if they were atoms, and with the vast and complicated phenomena of human life as if those were as simple as are the laws of matter and motion. As a matter of fact, when such men speak of moral and spiritual things, their first procedure is to eliminate all that is characteristic of the higher life, reduce the problem to its lowest terms, and so find nothing in the problem which cannot be expressed in terms of matter and motion. It is easy for the human mind to find resting-places on any of the ascending planes of life, and by the easy process of denial of all that lies above and beyond seek to affirm that a true and adequate solution has been found of the mystery of being, thought, and life. While ready to welcome all the positive conquests of science, he is prepared to show that these are not incousistent with, rather they are in fullest harmony with Theism and with Christianity. It would lead us too far afield to enter into detail, but a brief summary will not be out of place.

The first book discusses the problem of knowledge, and, as was to be expected in a French writer, the author begins with a statement and criticism of Positivism. The famous law of the three stages is discussed; and these stages turn out, on examination, to be not successive, but co-existent, and in truth three aspects of things all equally necessary for embracing things in their totality. Then, again, Positivism has not been able to keep within the bounds assigned to it. On the one hand, Comte has passed beyond the positive limit, by allowing scope to the religious sentiment; and on the other hand, M. Littré has transgressed the limit, by tending more and more to materialism, as the solution of the problem of the Universe. Then follows a luminous discussion of the new psychology of England, France, and Germany, in which we find a clear statement and a stringent criticism of the views of Stuart Mill, Spencer, Taine, Herbart, Lotze, to mention only the more prominent names. We are led on to the views of Descartes, Spinoza, and Kant; and growing out of this historical disquisition, we find what De Pressensé regards as the true solution of the problem of knowledge. This book is valuable for its wealth of historical information, as well as for its contribution to the theory of knowledge. The most important section is that which describes the share of the will in knowledge.

The second and third books are devoted to the discussion of the problem of being, and treat of the questions of the origin of the cosmos and the origin of man. Here M. de Pressensé comes into contact with those theories which have this element in common, however diverse in method and result they may otherwise be,—that they seek to account for the Universe from within the Universe. They cannot endure the thought of a Creator, and relegate him to the position of the Unknowable, or think of him as identified with the sum of things. Here it is necessary for the author to grapple with the theory of Darwin, or rather with Darwin's theory as modified and extended by subsequent writers,—with the transformation theory of Herbert Spencer, and with the theories of Immanence, as set forth by Hegel, or of unconscious will or purpose, as maintained by Schopenhauer and Hartmann. Here, again, we note the accuracy of statement with which he sets forth the views he has to controvert. As regards the

* *A Study of Origins; or, the Problems of Knowledge, of Being, and of Duty.* By E. De Pressensé, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

origin of man, in a series of chapters he discusses the more important questions raised in more recent years. Man in his twofold nature, the relations of the physical and the moral, man and the brutes, language—its origin and influence on knowledge,—and human society and animal societies, are the titles of this part of the book. We quote the following paragraph:—

"In any case, the moral unity of mankind remains beyond question. We do not say that this unity has been felt and recognised in all ages. The consciousness of it has gradually grown clearer, as it has been raised from the purely natural into the higher sphere of the moral life, till in the end man has learnt, not only to acquiesce in, but to desire it. The highest form of society was to receive this seal of the free and conscious life which separates it from animal societies. Hence it has needed long ages for the great idea of humanity to overcome the exclusivism of the clan, the tribe, the nation. The ancient world was built upon principles the very reverse of this; each nation applied to other nations the insulting name of barbarians. The alien was as much outside the protection of law as the vanquished foe; the rights of man, as man, had no recognised existence. Philosophical thought, indeed, anticipated free institutions. Cicero, as a true prophet of the ideal, spoke of the republic of mankind; but it was not till the Son of God had appeared in history that the grand word of emancipation was spoken. 'In Christ, there is neither Jew, nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free.' On that day, the great human society broke all the fetters of tribe and nation. But many centuries had yet to pass, and many a moral battle to be fought, before the idea of humanity was accepted in all its breadth, and embodied in free institutions." (pp. 359-360.)

In the book on the problem of duty, the old questions, old in some forms as the Schools of Greece, are discussed with clearness, freshness, and power. De Pressensé is against utilitarianism in all its forms. He is against determinism and an advocate of free-will, and he makes a notable contribution towards the settlement of this olden controversy. There is also a valuable discussion on moral sanctions. Another chapter treats of the significance of art, and yet another, and this is one of the best, deals with the origin and nature of religion. This chapter takes advantage of the full and ripe discussions on the great subject of Religion by thinkers of the eminence of Hegel, Pfleiderer, and Réville. The concluding chapter is on "The Savage and Primeval Man."

It will be seen from this brief summary how extensive is the range of questions discussed by De Pressensé in this volume. We have also to state that each part of the volume is written with full knowledge of the literature of each particular subject. It has been well received in France; it will, we believe, be warmly welcomed in England. The full and accurate description of the views of many writers in Germany, France, and England makes it of great value to those who reside far from libraries, and who are unable to procure many books; while the positive contribution to the great Theistic argument, and the criticism of opposing views, will help those who, in many places, have to contend with and overcome the anti-theistic theories of the day. It may be added that Mrs. Holmden has translated the book into English in every way worthy of the importance of the work. The translation is specially happy in the rendering of technical terms in science and philosophy.

THREE BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.*

It is not difficult to point out faults in Mr. William Archer's vigorous criticism of the drama and the dramatists of the day. His style is rather self-conscious. He apparently thinks his views so different from those of most writers on his subject that he must necessarily be defiant beforehand; and so, on almost every second page, we find him almost undisguisedly in a "come one, come all," attitude. He denounces, and very properly denounces, vulgarity on the stage, yet in his "Introduction" he writes in this fashion:—"Theatrical audiences are seldom entirely composed of young ladies' boarding-schools, and in a world constituted as ours is, the serious facts of life cannot be seriously treated without touching on subjects which may be classed as 'unpleasant.' The fault lies not with the dramatist, but ultimately with Eve and the Serpent, but for whom the Licenser of Plays would have had a sinecure." Mr. Archer's second sentence is a fair example of the clap-trap humour for indulging in which he rightly blames Mr. Burnand, Mr. Byron, and although in a lesser degree, Mr. Gilbert. Mr. Archer's style could be improved; he is apt to sacrifice lucidity for the sake of trenchancy or terseness. Thus he writes of Mr. Herman Merivale:—"He can scarcely be called one of the popular dramatists of the day. He writes too well and too carefully for that bad eminence. . . . . It is to be hoped and expected that Mr. Merivale may give us much good and successful work in the coming years, and that his popularity may rise, if not to fever-point, at least to a fair and steady average temperature?" The sentiment here is sound, but the clumsy "for" in the second sentence, and the inappropriate metaphor in the third, are fair examples of the shoddy English that is printed in these days, when we seem to have far too much running and writing, without preliminary walking and reading. We confess, too, that we do not quite understand the principle on which Mr. Archer classifies living English dramatists and playwrights. He may be right in describing Mr. Browning as "a dramatist of the day after-to-morrow; but we see no good reason for his placing Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Charles Reade beside Robertson and the late Lord Lytton as playwrights of yesterday. Playwrights or dramatists of to-day are men who cater for the theatrical wants of the day; are not Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Reade still doing so? Mr. Archer's list of present-day writers for the Stage includes sixteen names arranged in alphabetical order, beginning with Mr. James Albery, and closing with Mr. W. G. Wills. Encouraged by the ignorance to which the Lord Chief Justice lately confessed as to the existence of Miss Constance Gilchrist and of Mr. Corney Grain, we venture to ask who is Mr. S. Theyre Smith? At all events, who is he, that he should be included in such a list, while the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan, although we are far from endorsing his pretensions as a dramatist, does not appear in it?

With all its faults, however, Mr. Archer's volume is a likeable one, and ought to be read, especially by the writers whom he criticises. He is fearless, honest, and open-eyed, even though he is also self-conscious. Although we do not agree with his views as to the relationship that ought to exist between the stage and the morals, what he says about the "non-moral" character of many of the English plays of the day is only too sound. The "Criterion drama"—including vulgar pieces of the "Pink Dominoes" and "Betsy" type—deserves all that Mr. Archer says of it, and a great deal more. Mr. Byron, Mr. Burnand, and even Mr. Gilbert—at least in some passages that disfigure his *Pygmalion and Galatea*—quite merit such a rebuke as Mr. Archer administers to them, for writing or "adapting" to please a theatrical taste inferior to their own. They have certainly shown themselves capable of doing better work than that on which Mr. Archer animadverts, and whenever a writer deliberately gives to the world what does not come up to his own standard of excellence, he commits an offence deserving of censure. In plain English, he sacrifices reputation for pocket, and, what is worse, he contributes to the further demoralisation of the public taste. Such an offence is, indeed, similar in kind, but, of course, unequal in magnitude, to that of Dryden, who, when Belial was enthroned at the Restoration, set himself deliberately to burn incense to him, although to a certain extent, fortunately for his fame, "his indelicacy," as Sir Walter Scott says, "was like the forced impudence of a bashful man." Mr. Archer's book may have a little of the effect of the wholesome moral operation performed in the family circle, and familiarly styled "a good shaking."

Mr. Michael Williams's *Some London Theatres, Past and Present*, and Mr. Hollingshead's *Footlights* may be bracketed together, if not contrasted. Mr. Williams's book, which consists of five chapters dealing with the drama in Sadler's Wells, Highbury Barn, Norton-Folgate, Portman Market, and the "Three Lyceums," is a modest and entertaining one. He is generous, rather than discriminating, in the panegyrics he passes on actors, actresses, and theatrical managers. But he has been at great pains to collect information about the truly melancholy vicissitudes of the drama in London, and to give it to the public in a readable form. Mr. Williams might, however, have been less mysterious in speaking about some danger that he thinks may be in store for Mr. Irving and the latest and most successful of the "Three Lyceums." It serves little purpose to write in this fashion,—"Whether our great Actor-Manager, at a later period—it is said, next year—will find himself able to take up the thread of popular interest at the point where he left it, remains to be seen; but, to judge from past examples, the outlook is not, we fear, altogether unfraught with danger." The title of "Footlights," which Mr. Hollingshead has given to the eleventh volume of his collected stories, essays, and sketches, is rather a misnomer. Probably the bulk, certainly the best, of the book has no bearing on the Stage; take, for example, the

* *English Dramatists of To-day.* By William Archer. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1882.
Some London Theatres, Past and Present. By Michael Williams. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1883.
Footlights. By John Hollingshead. London: Chapman and Hall. 1883.

papers giving "Thumb-nail Sketches" in Russia and Spain, which are full of a genuine, if rather broad humour. Many of the sketches hardly deserved the original trouble Mr. Hollingshead took in writing them for magazines and journals; and the sole excuse for their republication is the fact, which their author triumphantly states in his preface, that he has found a publisher. Does not everybody, at least everybody who reads a periodical, know by heart the stories of Bean Nash the M.C. and the "Young Roscius"? Mr. Hollingshead is never dull, however, and the readers of *Footlights* will find out-of-the-way information in papers like "'Manfred' on the Stage" and "A Gentle Lady Married to a Moor," and also mild sarcasm and a ha'porth of wisdom in "School Board Papers," "The Spendthrift's Guide," and the letters "To the (seldom-at) Home Secretary." But surely Mr. Hollingshead is beating out his gold very thin.

MR. SWINBURNE'S CENTURY OF ROUNDELS.*

A CRITIC who has anything of the modesty which characterises his order feels somewhat reluctant to arraign a poet of Mr. Swinburne's rank on a matter which concerns the exercise of his art. We are thankful for whatever new he may give us, and if he chooses that this should be in the form of a roundel, or even of a hundred roundels, who is there to complain? But we are sure that we are expressing the feelings of many readers, when we say that the choice in this particular instance does not seem to us a very happy one. A roundel is a very pretty and ingenious toy. Constructed with the metrical skill of which Mr. Swinburne is a master, it is capable of giving, on occasion, a good deal of pleasure. But the occasion, we take it, is when it comes as a change, a relief after some poem which requires laborious thought, or which appeals to the deeper emotions. Such poems give us the impression of the human soul approaching regions which are almost too lofty for its life, or struggling with emotions which almost master it. All this is changed, when we come to an elaborate composition like a roundel. Here man is evidently master of what he deals with. He sports with language, twists it and turns it at his pleasure, and so stirs no deeper feeling than the satisfaction with which we regard the skilful exercise of art. Hence there naturally follows a very narrow limitation of the themes with which such poems can properly deal. There was a time, perhaps, when genuine feeling may have expressed itself in these highly artificial forms. It can scarcely so express itself now. The happiest efforts of the kind that are now produced are those in which there is at least a suspicion of banter. If we want a roundel or a *ballade à double refraine* in perfection, we should be inclined to go to the semi-humorous muse of Mr. Andrew Lang. Who does not feel that the pathetic tone of the following example of Mr. Swinburne's *Century* is injured, not by anything incongruous in the language, which, indeed, is all that could be wished, but by the metrical form, a form which seems to us wanting both in dignity and in sweetness:—

"How should life, O friend, forget
Death, whose guest art thou?
Faith responds to love's regrets
How?

Still, for us that bow
Sorrowing, still, though life be set,
Shines thy mild bright brow.

Yea, though death and thou be met,
Love may find thee now
Still, albeit we know not yet
How."

Surely there is something very jarring in this abrupt monosyllable "how," something which makes us feel, as a great poet never should allow us to feel, the mechanism of the verse. In this case, the word is peculiarly unlucky, for it seems to have compelled Mr. Swinburne, who is far too great a master of language to allow of such compulsion, to use a very strange inversion in the second line. "Whose guest art thou," for "whose guest thou art," is obscure and harsh. Such of the hundred poems as have a similar monosyllable as the pivot, so to speak, of their metrical construction, are, in our judgment, the least felicitous of the collection. But though the others jar less upon the ear, often indeed, we willingly allow, do not jar at all, the impression made by this long succession of ingenious efforts is wanting in true effectiveness. We should say this in the case of any writer, we say it with the more emphasis in the case of Mr. Swinburne, because the special quality of his verse, his sonorous, even magnificent rhythm, is lost in what is at best a melodious elegance.

Our ungracious task of fault-finding ended, we gladly acknowledge the many charms and beauties of this volume. Never has the poet touched to more effect the note of pathos. Here are two successive poems which seem to us very happy, both in their resemblance and their contrast:—

I.

"Above the sea and sea-washed town we dwelt,
We twain together, two brief summers, free
From heed of hours as light as clouds that melt
Above the sea.

Free from all heed of aught at all were we,
Save chance of change that clouds or sunbeams dealt,
And gleam of heaven to windward or to lee.

The Norman downs, with bright grey waves for belt
Were more for us than inland ways might be;
A clearer sense of nearer heaven was felt
Above the sea.

II.

Cliffs and downs and headlands which the forward-hasting
Flight of dawn, and eve empurples and embrowns,
Wings of wild sea-winds and stormy seasons wasting
Cliffs and downs,

These, or ever man was, were; the same sky frowns,
Laughs, and lightens, as before his soul, forecasting
Times to be, conceived such hopes as time discrowns.

These we loved of old; but now for me the blasting
Breath of death makes dull the bright small seaward towns,
Clothes with human change these all but everlasting
Cliffs and downs."

To the same class may be referred the seven poems that come under the title of "A Baby's Death." Their pathetic beauty would be marred by separating any one from the rest, and the reader must go to Mr. Swinburne's volumes to judge of them. The "Étude Réaliste," as Mr. Swinburne half-mockingly, it would seem, entitles the three roundels which celebrate the charms of a baby's feet, hands, and eyes, is ingenious, but little more; but a higher note again is touched in the eleven poems which the poet devotes to various phases of babyhood and childhood. It is no small increase to the charms of this volume that throughout it Mr. Swinburne sings *virginibis puerisque*. As we began by venturing to criticise the form in which he has chosen to put his thoughts, we shall conclude by quoting the very graceful little poem in which he describes and, so to speak, defends his art:—

"A roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,
That the heart of the hearer may smile, if to pleasure his ear
A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught—
Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—
That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

As a bird's quick sound runs round, and the hearts in us hear
Pause answer to pause, and again the same strain is caught,
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear,
A roundel is wrought."

* *A Century of Roundels.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.

UNDER SUNNY SKIES.*

WE once heard Mr. Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times* spoken of as a delightful history, "because it was so juicy." On the principle, probably, that opposites are apt to suggest each other, this expression occurred to us on reading *Under Sunny Skies*, because it is an exact definition of what that book is *not*; it is, in truth, a dry composition, which lacks the quality of juiciness sadly. We are sorry to have to express this unfavourable opinion, because the author has evidently bestowed both care and thought upon her work, can write very cleverly, and gives indications of a capacity for keen criticism. But for all that, she will never produce a good novel, unless she will learn to forget herself in writing, and to think more of the importance of pleasing her audience than of airing her own notions about things in general and politics in particular, and of giving to the world the last verses she has written. Long dialogues on political subjects, descriptions of scenery, and rhapsodies about hunting and art, may be very useful as accessories to a novel, but cannot make one up by themselves; it is out of these materials that the greater part of this book is composed, and if they be taken out of it, there is hardly anything substantial in the shape of plot or incident as a residuum. The writer apparently regards being amusing as a matter of indifference, compared with being

* *Under Sunny Skies.* By the Author of "Robert Forrester." London: Longmans and Co.

edifying, didactic, weighty, serious; and the ungrateful reader, alas! instead of appreciating her efforts for his instruction as he should do, longs for something lighter,—a scrap of nonsense, a touch of humour, a bit of fun, a spark of jollity, something to provoke a laugh. Had she studied human nature as closely as she has done abstract subjects, especially politics, she would surely have avoided this over-gravity; for she would have perceived that as the seriousness of life can never expel all the light and comic elements that are in humanity, therefore no picture of the latter can be a good one from which they are excluded. Her favourite subject is politics, and upon that well-worn theme she enunciates opinions which, however carefully and well considered, yet contain nothing so novel or striking as to make them compensate for the story that the reader expects. As a sample of this, we extract her observations on the characters of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, who are figured respectively as Dwarris and Harward:—

"Dwarris, born of an alien race, without the help of circumstance or fortune, has become the leader of the proud Conservative aristocracy of the country. He has moulded like wax the least pliable of material; he has led blindfolded the least trustful of men. Success has never intoxicated, as defeat has never depressed him. Owing all to individual effort, he has never worshipped his fellows. Men have been to him as puppets, ideas as sacred laws. Few men have been more conscious of their own powers, and few more ready to appreciate genius in others. With an inborn love of Imperialism—born of his blood and poetical fancy,—he has caused his name to be associated with sweeping popular, almost Radical, measures. Cut off by birth from inheriting the glorious traditions of our country, he has been chosen as the champion of that goodly heritage; the best judge of his time of the variable temper of the English people, he has despised whilst he has profited by it; a man of iron will and great resources, he has never attempted to coerce like Wellington, or to humour like Palmerston. A man whom many distrust, few love, but many admire,—a man whose career has been marked with many scintillations from his cold, clear intellect, but never lighted by the warm glow of simple feeling,—he stands the embodiment of intellectual success, at once above and beneath his compeers.' . . . . . 'Dwarris is too astute to be ungrateful. It is your foolish man who kicks the ladder down and burns his boats behind him. Your wise one will look to the bridge which he may need to recross. If Dwarris ever leaves services unrewarded, it is because they have been seeming only and not substantial.'—'Dwarris has sometimes appeared to me like a boat-bridge that rises and falls with the tide; whilst Harward is like a granite or stone structure.'—'Therein lies one of his faults. There is a kind of mental and moral angularity about him. He cannot adapt himself to circumstances. He will load a cannon to shoot a fly!'—'But he will shoot his fly effectually.'—'Granted; but it is a waste of power. —'I don't see that when a strong man does even a small thing as a giant, and not as a pigmy, he of necessity lays himself open to that accusation.'—'My dear fellow, dont you know that it is not the man who possesses the most strength, but the one who uses it the most skilfully, who wins the prize?'—'Well, after such encomiums on Dwarris, I can hardly expect you have many blessings to bestow on Harward.'—'They are sundered as far as the Poles,' replied Edmonds, speaking with increased enthusiasm; 'they are light and darkness. Harward has got a larger brain than his opponent, but not of such a subtle character. He is a man to "survey mankind from China to Peru," whose far-reaching glance can take in empires and centuries with equal ease; but can overlook the potent power of the man on the other side of the table. He is a man of intense feeling, which, some might say, occasionally overleaps his prudence. He possesses much of that highest kind of brain-power we call genius; but little of the valuable cunning of talent and tact. Like all men of genius, feeling enters largely into all his views, which, while it enhances the dignity of the man, detracts from his value as a successful politician. Unlike his great adversary, who is of all men the most pachydermatous, he quivers under every pin-prick. He is weighted with an excessive sensibility, and all the world sees when the arrow goes home. But, to balance that, there is a soul of perfect truth and fearless honesty. He is more apt to be swayed by what he feels is the need of the people—what will be for their permanent good—than by their wishes; hence his uncertain popularity. He has not got the winning personal attraction of Palmerston, but he is a man of broader views and higher attainments. He most resembles the great Sir Robert Peel, not only in the intense earnestness and positive conviction which underlie his every action, but also in his private attributes. Harward is a man who is hated by some, worshipped by a few, and honoured by many.'—'I see you are a little more impressed by Dwarris's brilliant genius than by the more solid virtues of your own chief.'—'That is pardonable. Harward is not a dazzling man; and you must remember I am only a superficial political student, and Dwarris's attractions are precisely those which attract the light thinker. Harward one thinks of as part of the system, surrounded and supported by other natures kindred to his own; but Dwarris stands alone, like the sphinx of an Eastern desert, alike unmoved under the fiercest and most pitiless storm of calumny, as under the full light of a noon-day sun of success.'"

The small amount of story introduced is too much broken up, as there are no less than four pairs of lovers whose fortunes are supposed to be followed. But it is impossible to do this satisfactorily in the very small space that can be spared to each one. When a two-volume novel is half taken up with extraneous matter, and the remainder attempts to deal with as many characters as does this book, there is evidently no room to make any one of them interesting, for the reader never gets to know them well enough for his sympathies to be enlisted on their behalf. Who amongst all the people in *Under Sunny Skies* are meant to be leading lady and gentleman, is a difficult matter to say; all have a tendency to be lay figures, or wind-bags letting themselves out in words, rather than real flesh and blood, and none of them give the impression of being in earnest about the sentiments that flow glibly from their lips; consequently, there is no genuine passion in the pages. The most life-like and least wooden character is a coquette, who captivates and makes a fool of a green young man, and the short episode devoted to this is well enough. Another heroine is Chlorinde, an actress whose ambition prompts her to marry a gentleman for his rank and wealth, though her heart is given to a workingman who is a Radical agitator. On the verge of attaining the object of her ambition, she pauses to count the cost, and recalls the story of a woman pursued by wolves when driving through a forest with her children, and casting them one by one to the fierce beasts, in hope of gaining time to save some. In this tale Chlorinde sees an allegory of herself and all who struggle for success in life, and her application of it seems worth quoting:—

"'I take, for instance, a young and gifted man, who is conscious of great powers within him; and even in early days, if he sets success before him as the object to be attained, the sacrifices begin. He sees his comrades go by to the dance whilst he sits alone and studies. The bright eyes, the laughter, the music, and the dance appeal just as strongly to him as to the gay revellers from whom, though his heart yearns for their companionship, his habits separate him. Then, as he advances in life, his progress is impeded by those dear things which Nature meant to sweeten our lives—the homely friendship of some man, the tender love of some woman. They are gradually but firmly put aside, because the friend or lover has not those social recommendations which are so necessary for the advancement of his successful career. He cultivates men who are alien to his soul; he smiles on women in whom he recognises no divinity; he cuts himself free from the old moorings, and, leaving the humble mill-pond, he ventures out on to the broad sea, and those old loves and old friendships weight him too heavily; so, like a prudent sailor, he lightens cargo,—he casts his darlings to the wolves.' . . . . . 'He reaches the goal for which he aimed—he is through the forest—he is within his castle gates, and the wolves are howling in the far distance. Something, doubtless, he finds sweet in the cup of success the world's Ganymedes offer to his lips; but what has he lost by the way? We hear the shouts of those who welcome him; the world brays a loud hosanna; and the fair and the brave gather round his table; but I see him alone—my successful man—and I see his eye traverse regretfully the old ground, wondering who has gathered the blossoms that had bloomed in vain for him. He thinks a little remorsefully of the path which he has trodden; over the neglected friendships; over the rejected loves,—yea! perhaps over his soul's honour. How clear has he kept his integrity in the fight!—the struggle was keen, and it may be, a too punctilious honour was one of the things which held him back. Let us not pry too closely. I know he has cast his darlings to the wolves!'"

One pair of lovers, who are drowned together, are so profoundly uninteresting that no one can feel the least thrill of emotion in reading of their sad fate. As for the fourth heroine, she has no pretensions to the title except that she is the destiny of the narrator of the story (which is autobiographical in form); for though she is spoken of as being perfect, yet she has no opportunity of displaying any of her perfections. We must remark, in conclusion, that when dialogues run on long without mentioning the names of the speakers, the reader is sure to get confused as to who says what; *Under Sunny Skies* sins considerably in this way, and contains one or two conversations where, even at the beginning, the name of the speaker is not given.

EARLY LAW AND CUSTOM.*

Sir Henry Maine's work always carries with it the prestige arising out of great literary achievement. In his volume upon *Ancient Law*, in which he took the Roman Law as his text, he invested ancient legal institutions with a totally new significance by tracing the development, modification, and survival of the ideas which those institutions embodied. It was not one nationality, but civilised society, which seemed to become animated by a single and continuous life, as he showed its relation to a few primitive legal conceptions. In carrying his researches farther backwards, and in dealing as he has since done, and as he does in parts of the volume upon *Early Law and Custom* now before us, with social phenomena which preceded the formation of positive law, his labour undoubtedly becomes more difficult. Yet the result of it is scarcely less valuable. The student will

* *Dissertations on Early Law and Custom.* By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. London: John Murray. 1883.

still admire the author's resolute adherence to the historical method in a region of inquiry offering the greatest temptation to theory and conjecture, the wide range of his vision over the whole domain of history and law, and the keen penetration with which he associates and interprets facts apparently the most widely severed, and which enables him to discuss some problems affecting the origin of human society with the same skill, if not with the same confidence, that he evinced in dealing with the Edicts of the Prætors. At the same time, it is still rather by the lucidity and precision of his thought, than by any elaboration or display of learning, that he inspires confidence in his conclusions. The extent of his acquirement is, indeed, almost hidden by the literary skill by which he commends his subject to the general reader. So easily may the latter follow him as entirely to forget the greatness of the labour involved in the examination and comparison of primitive ideas and institutions, as these appear from the ancient records of almost every civilisation which has existed in three continents.

A connection of some kind between the earliest written law and religion is suggested to us by the one sacred literature with which we are all most familiar. Sir Henry Maine begins his book by an inquiry into the nature of this connection as it appears from the Sacred Books of the Hindus. The advantages attending the pursuit of the inquiry in the field which he has chosen are that the Sanskrit literature suggests the actual stages of the process by which religious speculation and observance may transform themselves into positive law. Although the bond connecting a man's future condition with his present conduct was conceived of, according to the religious system of the Brahmans, as absolute and inevitable, their system was not sufficiently logical to exclude the idea of repentance; and penance,—torture self-inflicted here, in order to avoid worse misery hereafter,—occupied an important place in their teaching. It was not that they were unaware of the logical difficulty. Some authorities doubted the efficacy of penance to restore an erring man to his former state, "because," says *Gautama*, one of the most ancient books, "*the deed shall not perish;* but the most excellent opinion is that he shall perform a penance." A man, however, may fairly have required something more than an "excellent opinion" to induce him to enclose himself in a hollow iron case, after lighting a fire on either side of it, with a view to burning himself to death, or to undergo the other equally hideous and tedious operations of self-torture prescribed as penances by the Brahmans; and their teaching and authority might have been rather weakened than supported by their elaborate doctrine of penances, but for the transformation which turned penance into punishment, and in which the author finds one important connecting-link between religious teaching and civil law:—

"How, then, does what we should call law—that is, law, civil or criminal, enforced by sanctions or penalties to be inflicted in this world—first make its appearance in these books? It appears in connection with the personage whom we call the King. His authority is more or less assumed to exist in the oldest of these treatises; but all taken together, they suggest that the alliance between the King and the Brahmans was very gradually formed. . . . . In what appears to me to be the most ancient portions of these books, the King is only represented as the auxiliary of the spiritual director. He is to complete and enforce penances. 'If any persons,' says *Apastamba* (ii., v. 10-13), 'transgress the order of their spiritual director, he shall take them before the King. The King shall consult his domestic priest, who should be learned in the law and in the art of governing. He shall order them to perform the proper penance, if they are Brahmans, and reduce them to reason by forcible means, except corporal punishment and servitude; but men of other castes the King, after examining their actions, may punish, even by death.' In a later treatise (*Vishnu*, iii., 2), the duties of a King are summed-up in two rules,—he is to protect his people; he is to keep the four castes, and the four orders of Student, Householder, Hermit, and Ascetic, in the practice of their several duties; or, in other words, he is to enforce the whole social and religious system as conceived by the sacerdotal lawyers. The further progress of change consists in the further exaltation of the personage who, in the passage from *Apastamba*, is called the King's domestic priest. In the end, the law-books come to contemplate an ideal tribunal composed of the King, with learned Brahmans as assessors."

A great part of the positive law which is contained in the Sacred Books, and the growth of which is thus accounted for, was, no doubt, the direct creation of a sacerdotal class, utilising and stereotyping for its own purpose the elementary instincts and traditionary practices of primitive society. In the practice of ancestor-worship, for instance, so widely prevalent amongst uncivilised mankind, and in the mysterious tie supposed to exist between the dead father of the household and his living successor, the Brahmans found a field for their activity similar to that which the later priests of another religion found in the doctrine of masses for the dead. Human instinct prompted such a use of the property of the dead man as would benefit him in the world to which he had gone; and the law of inheritance, in the hands of the Brahmans, became a law for securing a successor who would provide for the performance of the ancestral rites to the satisfaction of the religious officials. It is obvious, however, that law, in the sense of some system of recognised and enforceable custom or observance, must be older than either royalty or sacerdotalism, and cannot have been created by Brahmans; for the origin of law in this sense must be concurrent with the origin of society. Some system of customary law must have preceded, and been absorbed by, the Brahmanical codes; and Sir Henry Maine thinks that the customary law of the Punjab represents the earliest Hindu institutions, before they were subjected to the sacerdotal influence. But the effect of this influence, where it existed, would be to transform the customary law, if not to destroy it; for local usage would assume a totally new character when incorporated into the written formularies of a system based on the privileges of a sacred class, and enforced by the most powerful of all possible sanctions,—punishments inflicted by a king. Nothing, indeed, could suggest more clearly than these researches the nature of the process by which the three most obvious factors in early civilisation,—priestly influence, royal authority, and popular feeling as expressed in primitive customary observances,—acted and reacted upon one another, until one became dominant; although in no other case has the process resulted in a triumph for the priests similar to that obtained by the Brahmans.

In the Western world, or at least in the Teutonic part of it, the authority of the king established itself without any similar dependence upon sacerdotalism; and, as illustrative of this, we would, but for the limits of our space, gladly quote at length from the author's striking chapter upon "The King and Early Civil Justice." He shows us here the king, in contact, not with priests, but with the primitive popular assembly, which in the earliest records of many societies is found existing side by side with the king, and dividing authority, especially judicial authority, with him; and the law of development suggested is that in communities dwelling in walled cities, and of which Athens and Rome are the most striking examples, the popular assembly gradually monopolises power, to the exclusion of the king, whose office becomes formal or extinct; whilst in the case of communities spread in villages over a great area of country, the king's authority grows whilst popular freedom wanes, the burden involved in the right and duty of the freeman to attend the popular court or assembly as legislator and judge increasing indefinitely by the mere physical obstacle of distance. "Much of ancient freedom," he says, "was lost through the vastness of the payment in person which it demanded." Even in our own country, where the difficulty was partly alleviated at an early date by the beginning of a representative system—the delegation of the Reeve and Fourmen of the village to attend the local court—the burden was acutely felt; and the substitution of the king's justice for the popular justice not only tended to lessen this burden, but was accompanied by further advantages of a very obvious kind. The king, as seen by the example of our own Plantagenets, was for a long time an itinerant personage; and when he ceased to be so, he was represented by the itinerant justices, who still exist in our judges of assize. Further, it was only in the hands of the king and of the experts who accompanied him that the law could assume any sort of system or uniformity; and lastly, it was only the king's decrees which were certain of execution, for the popular local courts, in the inadequacy of their process for execution, inherited a weakness arising out of their origin. The orders or resolutions of primitive courts were frequently declarations of right or custom, rather than decrees to which obedience could be compelled, and it is certainly to the power of the king that we owe our own conception of law, as carrying with it a sanction that makes it irresistible.

We have but briefly referred to one or two only of the inquiries of which this book is the outcome. The reader will find, in the discussion of the Salic Law and its relation to such modern difficulties as that affecting the royal succession in Afghanistan, in the description of the Slavonian house communities as showing the survival of the most ancient social group larger than the family, and in other subjects presented to him, matter of equally absorbing interest. To have the

facts and records of primitive society made luminous, and to see the light which they throw upon the historical growth of nations widely separated in space and time, and even upon modern political and legal systems, are pleasures with which Sir Henry Maine's readers are familiar, and which they are not likely to miss in his latest volume.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Living London, being Echoes Re-echoed. By George Augustus Sala. (Remington and Co.)—Mr. Sala, it is needless to say, is a journalist by profession. He is proud of his occupation, although he sees its weak points, and observes that "your appreciation of a grand Court show is not enhanced by the consciousness that when the pomps and vanities are over, you have to hurry up to London and make three columns and a half of printed matter out of that which could very fitly be narrated in fifty lines." There can be no doubt that Mr. Sala's journalistic work would be more interesting, were it more compressed. For a well-known illustrated journal he is in the habit of writing weekly three columns of gossip and about a column of theatrical criticism. The bulky volume entitled *Living London* is a reprint of this criticism and gossip for 1882. The book is an extraordinary production, when thus viewed as a whole, and it is a pity that, amidst the frank utterances of the "introductory" chapter, Mr. Sala did not tell his readers how this *olla podrida* should be tasted. To read it consecutively is, of course, impossible. On any topic of the day or on any subject that occurs to him, the writer jots down opinions, and facts carefully garnered up in common-place books. He is weak in literature, and rarely intrudes purely literary topics; he is strong, though, perhaps, a little prejudiced, when he writes of the drama; and he turns with evident pleasure to the derivation of words, illustrations of folk-lore, and the noble art of cookery. From the first page to the last, as readers of his weekly *causeries* well know, Mr. Sala is distinctly, but not unpleasantly, egotistical. He tells us about himself and about his friends, about his correspondence and about his dinners; how much he dislikes Bank Holidays, how little he has travelled in England and how much upon the Continent; and how on Friday, May 26th, he went to the Oaks on the top of a coach, and made the drive down in less than two hours. "I know," he says, "that I put my money (it was very little) on a four-legged something, and lost it,—I mean my money. I always do. Nor think me insincere in saying that I know nothing about the race itself. I was looking at the lobster-salad." No incident, indeed, that concerns the writer is too trifling to be chronicled in these *Echoes;* and he is good enough to inform us that though he has been writing for the Press ever since the days of his youth, he has "never had time to master even the rudiments of English grammar." Judging from his writings and confessions, the author is not, as we have hinted, already, a man of letters. His judgment on cookery or heraldry carries weight, his opinion of a great poem or history is of no special significance, yet his vocation is one demanding a large library, and Mr. Sala seems to have innumerable dictionaries, cookery books, medical books, illustrated catalogues, and a collection of works on tithes, and confesses to buying "upper-shelf books," namely, books which are purchased in order to fill up shelves. He does not profess, he tells us, to know anything of English poetry, and when his "esteemed friend" Mr. Locker sent him the last edition of "London Lyrics," he had the little volume sumptuously bound, with the intention of reading it all,—when he can find time. Not the least remarkable feature of the volume are the curious illustrations with which its pages abound.

Memoir of Sir Charles Reed. By his Son, Charles E. B. Reed, M.A. (Macmillan.)—The useful life of Sir Charles Reed well deserved the record which the filial piety of his son, regulated always by excellent judgment and taste, has here given to the world. From early youth he devoted no little part of his time and strength to the work of education; and in this work he did excellent service. The policy of the London School Board, a policy which sorely-burdened ratepayers have, on the whole, approved, owed much to his exertions, first as vice-chairman under Lord Lawrence, and secondly as chairman. This was the most important part that Sir Charles Reed had to play in his life; but he was consistently devoted to useful and conscientious work. At the same time, he had energy enough to build up for himself a very solid fabric of commercial success. And he never lacked the leisure for the cultivation of refined and intellectual tastes. Personally, he seems to have won the affection of all with whom he came into contact. Altogether, this is an attractive picture of an honest, energetic, large-hearted man. He made mistakes, indeed. In company with the vast majority of Nonconformists, he began by protesting against the State aid to education which he afterwards found to be indispensable. But he had the manliness to own and to repair his errors. And he never failed in tolerance and charity. An appendix to the *Memoir* gives Sir Charles Reed's statement, made to the School Board in September, 1880, in which he gave a summary of the work done by the Board from its foundation up to that date.

Miss Beauchamp: a Philistine. By Constance McEwen. 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—The reading of this book, or, at least, of as much of it as we could manage, has left little impression besides a languid wonder why the heroine is described as "a Philistine." She seems to have had quite different qualities. She was highly æsthetic, had in particular a marvellous gift of recitation, and was generally a highly romantic person. She makes a love-match on the very best principles, and is generally, we should say, a very model of all that "Philistines" are not. As for the story, it is about the thinnest and most unmeaning that we have ever found filling, or trying to fill, three volumes. Diana Beauchamp, anxious to clear her ancestral estate by the exercise of her gift of recitation, goes to a certain *entrepreneur*, a Mr. Cantilupe. Mr. Cantilupe falls madly in love with her; but she marries a more congenial spirit, Sir Blaise Pascal. Sir Blaise is, conveniently for the development of the story, an Irish landlord. Mr. Cantilupe whispers to his tenantry that he is an oppressor, and he is murdered. The murderer dies penitent, and Lady Pascal remains faithful to the memory of her husband. That is about all, and how it is spun out into some seven or eight hundred pages, is more than we can say.

Babrius. With Introductory Dissertations, &c. By W. Gunion Rutherford, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)—We do not think that the doubt, which may possibly suggest itself as to whether Babrius is worth the trouble which has been here bestowed upon him, will survive even a cursory inspection of Mr. Rutherford's work. It cannot but be a great gain to have so admirable an exercise in scholarship, even were the subject-matter of less literary value than it may safely be allowed to be. The first dissertation deals with the versification of Babrius, and acutely points out that in this we see a clear proof of his really Latin origin. The Babrian metre is the scazon, and it is written on principles which can be clearly traced in Latin writers of this rhythm. Both the usage in respect of feet and the usage in respect of accent are, Mr. Rutherford points out, clearly Latin. The second dissertation deals with the "History of Greek Fable," and, we are glad to see, reinstates our old friend Æsop in the position of a real person. If this is the most interesting of the four preliminary chapters in the book, the most valuable is that which treats of the "Language of Babrius." It will be a new sensation to many, who are sufficiently well acquainted with Greek, to find an author's vocabulary and construction analysed with this subtle skill. A chapter on the text, a running commentary on the text, and a carefully-constructed "Lexicon Græcitatis Babrianæ," complete what is really a model edition. We hope that the well-deserved promotion which has come to Mr. Rutherford since the publication of this book will not have the result of withdrawing him from the fields of literature.

The Annual Register, New Series, 1882 (Rivingtons), contains its usual supply of information, an account of "English" and of "Foreign" history, constituting together "Part I." and "Part II.," with its various items of "Chronicle of Events," "Retrospect of Literature, Science, and Art," "Obituaries," and details of official matters.

Wanderings in a Wild Country; or, Three Years among the Cannibals of New Britain. By Wilfred Powell. (Sampson Low and Co.)—New Britain lies off the north-east coast of New Guinea, and has the better known Solomon Islands to its south-east. Mr. Powell paid a long visit to it, for purposes of trade, as we gather, though he is not very definite in his statements on this point; and in this book he has recorded his experiences. The people of New Britain are cannibals of the worst kind. We have seldom read anything more horrible than Mr. Powell's account of the cannibal feast, at which he was compelled to see a man tortured, killed, cooked, and eaten before his eyes. He attempted first to purchase the poor wretch, and then to put him out of his misery, but was not permitted to do so. "If you shoot him," he was told, "the people will think that he is poisoned." We are quite prepared to approve, when we come to the most interesting part of the book, the campaign of Mr. Brown, Wesleyan Missionary, against the cannibal chief Tarlily. There was much indignation expressed at the time at this gentleman's action, but Mr. Powell has a good deal to say in his favour. Tarlily had eaten four of his teachers, and declared that he meant to eat them all, with Mr. Brown himself, and all the other white men in the island. The only terms that he offered were that Mr. Brown should give up the wives and children of the murdered teachers. It would require a very thorough-going "peace-at-any-price" partisan to recommend this. To leave the island was impossible. To sit still was to court destruction, for all natives alike would have deserted. To take the offensive was the only alternative. War accordingly was made, in the regular style. Every village was burnt that had been concerned in the murder or the feast, and the plaintain trees cut down (this last seems unnecessary, but is, we suppose, an integral part of a New-Britain

campaign). The enemy paid an emphatic tribute to the vigour of the proceedings. "We did not know," they said, when asked why they had not paid the fine before their villages were destroyed; "it was not fighting,—it was an earthquake." Mr. Powell is inclined to think that the labour trade is not so bad as has been represented; still, he is in favour of giving greater police powers to the Queen's ships.

The Story of Helena Modjeska. By Mabel Collins. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—This book has, in part at least, the look of an autobiography. Miss Collins has evidently had the advantage of hearing from Madame Modjeska ("Modjeska" is a compromise, conceded to the weakness of non-Slavonic tongues, of the true "Modrzejewska") a full account of her early years, and of what has happened behind the scenes, so to speak, of her dramatic career. She has added the result of her own observations, observations which have produced a very earnest—and, we should suppose, a well-deserved—admiration of her friend's character. The result is a remarkably interesting book, suggesting a comparison, in which there is also no little contrast, with the reminiscences which "Miss Fanny Kemble" has given to us of her own theatrical life. Madame Modjeska, though she had from early years a strong passion for the stage, did not act till after her marriage. Her first attempt was of the humblest kind,—nothing like the first appearance of Miss Kemble at Drury Lane in the character of Juliet. She was one of a very small provincial company, and "had but two dresses, a black one which she wore for tragedy, and a white one for comedy." These early difficulties make amusing reading in Miss Collins's narrative; every detail is vivid and truthful. By degrees, Madame Modjeska attracted attention. Before long, her success was so decided that the manager of the Warsaw theatre proposed to her a contract "for the whole of her life." This singular arrangement she accepted, and is apparently bound by it to the present day, though she can get, it would seem, protracted leave of absence. At Warsaw, Madame Modjeska began to act Shakespeare, translated, of course, into Polish. In course of time circumstances made life at Warsaw unpleasant, and her husband (she was by this time married a second time) resolved to try the experiment of life in the New World. Madame Modjeska accordingly left the stage for a Californian farm. The farm was not a success, partly because there was no rain, chiefly because the farmers knew nothing of their business. Successful or no, it could not have kept the great actress long from the work of her life. But she had now a great task before her. She had to learn English well enough to act in it. It was probably less of a difficulty to a Pole than it would have been to a Frenchwoman, but it was no trifling undertaking, and it speaks volumes for her energy and ability that she should have succeeded in it so completely. Succeed she did, and had a most triumphant tour through the United States. Since then she has appeared with great success in London. Miss Collins tells us some curious things about her acting. "She will sit upon the stage writing a letter which appears to break her heart, giving utterance to sobs of despair, with the tears falling down her face. She conveys to the audience the real, terrible spectacle of a suffering woman writing words that cost her agony; while upon the paper that lies before her she draws funny caricatures, and all sorts of queer things." Yet when she acts in the *Dame aux Camélias* (a favourite play with her, strangely enough, for so exemplary a woman) she must not be spoken to, so terribly in earnest is she. Altogether, this is a very interesting book.

Love's Empire. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—We suppose that this book is intended for a social and political satire, and we see that the scene is laid in India. Beyond this supposition and this statement we should not like to venture, except, indeed, to say that, in a tolerably extended experience of books, we have seldom found anything so unreadable.

We have received Volume IV. of *The Students' Encyclopædia.* (Hodder and Stoughton.)—Volume I. of *The Pulpit Commentary,* edited by the Rev. H. D. M. Spence, M.A., and the Rev. J. S. Exell, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*Selections from Liverpool Municipal Records,* extracted and annotated by Sir James A. Picton, F.S.A. (G. Walmsley, Liverpool.)—*Historical Records of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders,* compiled and edited by R. H. Burgoyne. (Bentley and Son.)—Volume VI. of *Keim's History of Jesus of Nazara,* translated by A. Ransom. (Williams and Norgate.)—*The Evangelical Succession,* the second series of a course of lectures delivered by various preachers in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, 1882-3. (Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh.)—*The Scottish Sanctuary,* by the Rev. A. Duncan. (A. Elliot, Edinburgh.)—*Studies in Russian Literature,* by C. E. Turner; *Selections from the Writings of John Glas: a Treatise on the Lord's Supper.* (Sampson Low and Co.)—*Sermons for the Spring Quarter,* by the late Very Rev. C. Meynell, D.D., edited by H. J. D. Ryder. (Burns and Oates.)—*Spinoza's Ethic,* translated by W. H. White, being Volume XXI. of "The English and Foreign Philosophical Library." (Trübner and Co.)—*The Shakspere Flora,* by Leo H. Grindon. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Baggage and Boots; or, Smith's First Peep at America, cr 8vo	(S.S.U.)	3/6
Berington (J.), The Literary History of the Middle Ages, cr 8vo	(Routledge)	3/6
Between Two Stools: a Story, by Costa, cr 8vo	(Remington)	10/6
Bible Emblems Anniversary Book, square	(Routledge)	2/6
Campbell (E.), Buckets and Spades; Words and Music, large square	(Dean)	3/6
Chalmers (M. D.), Index to Rules of the Supreme Court, &c.	(Stevens & Sons)	2/6
Dame Durden, by Rita, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Tinsley Brothers)	31/6
Dixon (R. W.), Mano: a Poetical History, &c., cr 8vo	(Routledge)	5/0
Fitzgerald (P.), Kings and Queens of an Hour, 2 vols.	(Tinsley Brothers)	30/0
Graphic (The), Vol. XXVII., folio	(Office)	20/0
Hughes (F. J.), The Harmonies of Tones and Colours, &c., folio	(M. Ward)	25/0
Lamb (Mary), by Mrs. Gilchrist, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	3/6
Lennard (H.), Chirrups, cr 8vo	(Strand Publishing Company)	2/6
Little Wide Awake, 1884, roy 8vo	(Routledge)	3/6
Martindale (W.), The Extra Pharmacopœia of Unofficial Drugs	(Lewis)	6/0
Mayo (Earl), De Rebus Africanis, &c., 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	3/6
Notley (F. E. M.), Red Riding Hood, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Oliphant (L.), Altiora Peto, Part 3, 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	5/0
Rose (H.), Summer Dreams, cr 8vo	(Isbister)	2/6
Whish (H. F.), Clavis Syriaca, a Key to Ancient Syriac, &c., 8vo	(Bell)	31/6
Wilson (A.), Mercantile Handbook of Liabilities, &c., 8vo	(Stevens & Son)	6/0
Wilson (J. M.), Tales of the Border, cr 8vo	(Gemmell)	2/0
Wilson (W. G.), To Be, or Not To Be, sq.	(Routledge)	2/6
Whitman (Walt), Leaves of Grass, 8vo	(Wilson & McCormick)	10/6

DEATH.

LUMSDEN.—At Pitcairnfield, Perthshire, on the 20th instant, David Lumsden, of Fincastle, aged 62.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ONE of the most fearful catastrophes of a generation rich in catastrophes took place in the beautiful island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples, last Saturday, when an earthquake destroyed the towns of the island, and buried some 3,000 persons at least, in their ruins,—many compute the dead alone at 4,000. It was about half-past nine in the evening; the theatre was open in Casamicciola, and the curtain had just drawn up; in the chief hotel a Welsh gentleman—who perished,—was playing a "funeral march," when suddenly a shock brought down most of the walls in the island; a visitor in his room on the fourth story of the hotel found himself wounded and bleeding in the street; in the theatre there was a confused heap of human beings, and the flaming oil of the petroleum lamps was running all over the benches; the ground rose and fell as if it were sea; and the shrieks of the dying in the streets, and of the mothers who feared that their husbands or children were killed, made one vast and frightful confusion. Even yesterday there had been, at the end of six days, no complete exhumation of the living and the dead, and the decomposition had been so rapid that latterly the civilians had refused to proceed with it, and the duty was left to the soldiers. Hundreds of injured and mutilated persons had been removed to Naples, but for every injured person saved there seem to have been four or five buried under the ruins of the little Ischian towns. Ischia was this year quite the favourite watering-place of the Roman nobles, and amongst the victims of the earthquake are a great many distinguished Italian families.

King Humbert visited the scene of misery on Wednesday, distributing relief to the utmost of his ability, and showing his sympathy freely and cordially, in spite of the fears of his Ministers, who had some reason to dread that some of the many tottering walls not yet level with the ground might fall on him. On Wednesday and Thursday, a dozen people who had been buried alive by the earthquake were disinterred, still living, though they had been four or five days under the ruins, a man of eighty amongst them. An Englishman living in Ischia, Mr. Nesbit, seems to have thrown himself into the work of assisting his poor neighbours with true devotion, and to have received the personal thanks of King Humbert for his exertions. The misery remaining amidst the pestilential ruins is even more heartrending than the harvest of death itself. And the trouble due to positive want is very pressing. Mr. C. E. Mudie, of Muswell Hill, London, N., the Chairman of the well-known Library Company, tells us that he shall be very glad to receive and acknowledge English subscriptions for the sufferers.

James Carey, the Irish informer, was assassinated on board the 'Melrose,' between Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, last Sunday, the 29th July, by an Irishman who gives his name as O'Donnell. In writing three weeks ago we pointed out the great difficulty of keeping Carey's identity unknown in any part of the world where Englishmen and Irishmen go, and especially the additional difficulty which the presence of his wife and children with him would involve. It is pretty clear that the police made a very serious mistake in allowing him to travel with his wife and family to the Cape, if they wanted to secure his incognito. The passengers on board the 'Kinfauns Castle,'—the vessel in which he travelled to the Cape,—had, it is said, guessed his true name and story, in consequence of the presence of his wife and seven children; and O'Donnell, who was with them, declares that he secured his own passage by the 'Melrose' from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth on purpose that he might kill him. He declares, indeed, that it was only at Cape Town that he discovered who his fellow-passenger had been, but that is not quite consistent with the story which he is said to have told in London before his departure, as to the importance of the mission on which he was sent. He discharged three shots at Carey, who died crying out that O'Donnell had shot him. O'Donnell was at once arrested, and as his crime was committed on the high seas, it is believed that he will be sent back to England for trial.

The news was received by the lower part of the population of Dublin with savage joy. On Tuesday night, bonfires were lighted in the streets, and people danced round them, expressing in some instances their delight that Carey was in Hell. His part had certainly been sufficiently infamous, but the plot he had unveiled was infamous also, as well as most cruel, and the exultation of the Irish people in his assassination and his penal sufferings would hardly be so fiercely vindictive as it is if they did not look upon that infamous and cruel plot with something of positive sympathy or admiration. A mean and hypocritical informer of a singularly debased type must be regarded everywhere with horror; but if the crime which he brought to light had been felt to be loathsome, there would not be this fiendish rejoicing over his murder, and over those worse and endless sufferings of which it is assumed that his death is but the beginning. Every link in his horrid story, from the plots he laid to the plots he betrayed and the ferocious joy which his death has elicited, is a sensible addition to the dreary evidence of human depravity and malignity.

There is a rumour, we hope untrue, that another witness in the Phœnix Park murder trials, Mr. Mottley, a Dublin hatter, who was *not* an informer, but gave evidence that he had seen Kelly standing by the car of the murderers, has been murdered in Philadelphia, for his evidence. Mr. Trevelyan did not confirm the statement on Thursday night, and we hope it is false. It would be base, indeed, to assassinate an independent witness, who merely gave evidence of a foul crime, which the law positively compelled him to give.

A discussion arose on Thursday as to the desirability of proceeding with the National Debt Bill, Mr. Hubbard and Mr. W. H. Smith warmly asserting that there was no longer time to discuss the Bill with the care that it required. But Mr. Gladstone replied that, reluctant as he should be to press on the House at that late day a measure for which the majority of the House and the majority in the country did not feel the most cordial wish, his strong impression was that there is this widespread wish for the National Debt Bill, and that its principles at least are adopted by both Conservatives and Liberals. The silence of Sir Stafford Northcote gave consent to this view of the case, and, in reality, no one is more deeply pledged to the policy of beginning in earnest to attack the Debt, than the leader of the Opposition. We earnestly hope, therefore, that this Bill will be pressed and carried. The Long Annuities expire in 1885, and it would be in the highest degree foolish to leave to the chances of next year,—with its inevitable Reform-Bill quarrels,—the prudent provision which Liberals are bound to make for diminishing the burden to be handed down to our children. Mr. Childers, we are confident, will be firm on this cardinal feature of his finance.

Sir Stafford Northcote's motion for an address to her Majesty, praying her not to recognise any claim of the Suez Canal Company to such a monopoly of water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea as would exclude the possibility of competition on the part of other Companies, was moved in the House of Commons on Monday, and defended by Sir Stafford Northcote in a speech of extreme moderation,—not to use a stronger phrase, such as want of heart. Sir Stafford did not profess to argue against the *moral* claim of the Company to every consideration, but only to insist that their legal claim to any monopoly should be denied, in order that there might be a greater "leverage" for reducing the Company to reasonable terms. Sir Stafford used the argument which Mr. Horace Davey had originated, that an "exclusive power" was given to M. de Lesseps only for the formation and management of a universal company, and not to exclude competing schemes from the Isthmus,—though, as Mr. Gladstone afterwards remarked, it was odd that an "exclusive power" should be given to M. de Lesseps to do what, if Sir Stafford Northcote's interpretation were correct, everybody had an equally exclusive power to do, since either Sir Stafford Northcote or himself might have set on foot a universal company, without any grant at all from the ruler of Egypt. Sir Stafford Northcote also declared that till last September there was no trace of M. de Lesseps having claimed any exclusive power, such as the British Government had apparently attributed to him in its recent negotiations.

Mr. Norwood, who moved the amendment accepted by the Government, reserving to the House of Commons perfect freedom of judgment, did not deplore the breaking-off of the negotiations, but held that there was plenty of leverage for future arrangements with M. de Lesseps, without taking up Sir Stafford Northcote's position. He himself believed that if M. de Lesseps were not inclined to concede what he ought to the representatives of British commerce, British commerce could find an alternative route for itself,—and he inclined to the route by way of Palestine from Acre, by way of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, to the Gulf of Akabah. In fact, Mr. Norwood altogether underrated the advantages of M. de Lesseps' position, and seemed to think that he would give them up out of pure dread of the persistency and resolution of British commercial men, with their heart set on having their own way.

Mr. Gladstone commented with great force on Sir Stafford Northcote's very inconsistent contention, first, that there is no political danger in a frank discussion of this question,—that it is a mere question of arrangement between the British Government on one side and a private company on the other;—and next, that high political and international considerations are at stake, like Lord Salisbury's claim of right on behalf of all other nations to interfere in cutting isthmuses against the will of the territorial power, for the good of the world at large. This inconsistent contention only showed, said the Prime Minister, how delicate the ground really is. If such claims had any basis, the British Government would not assert a "pouvoir exclusif" to interfere in this way. For himself, he recognised no possibility of a British canal except on British territory; and, therefore, he was anxious not to use language that might reasonably excite the international susceptibilities of more than one great State. The Government could have accepted with perfect ease Sir Stafford Northcote's motion, which only denied to M. de Lesseps a monopoly of communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, instead of raising the question of the exclusive right to pierce the Isthmus of Suez; but they could not accept his speech as equally unobjectionable. The Prime Minister was astonished at the statement that the exclusive claims of the Company had only recently been put forward. In 1872, M. de Lesseps had claimed to interpret his exclusive powers even more widely, and the late Government, who had the records of this claim in the archives of the Foreign Office, passed it over in complete silence when—on political grounds—they purchased the Canal Shares. To Mr. Bourke, who declared that he knew nothing of these papers, Mr. Gladstone replied that Governments were held responsible for acquainting, or failing to acquaint, themselves with important facts recorded in the archives of the Foreign Office, and bearing on their own policy. Mr. Gladstone's contention was, that no Legislature could clear up the law of this matter, or could do anything but commit itself to a disputable view of that law which its meddling in the matter would irritate other national Legislatures into immediately challenging. This was a matter for a Court of Judicature,—*primâ facie*, an Egyptian Court of Judicature,—or if not, then for some great international tribunal representing all the countries concerned in the Suez Canal. The House of Commons could not clear up the matter. It could only stir up the selfish jealousies involved.

In the remainder of the debate, Mr. Cohen argued with great ability for the exclusive rights granted to M. de Lesseps; and Mr. Davey against them, though he supported Mr. Norwood's amendment reserving the freedom of the House of Commons, and denied that a resolution on the subject of the legal rights of the Company passed by the House of Commons could do anything but harm. The Chancellor of the Exchequer explained, in a luminous speech, how the Government had been forced by the pressure of the shipowners and merchants into the position of either lending their influence to a competitive scheme infringing M. de Lesseps's asserted rights, or co-operating with him for the construction of a new line of canal on the best terms they could extract from him, and had chosen the second course, because they well knew the first to be both dishonest and impolitic, and certain to lead to the complete break-off of the negotiations. Sir Hardinge Giffard reviled the Government for holding the opinion that it was dishonest to deny M. de Lesseps's claims, and Sir Henry James argued the law of the question, showing that the grant to M. de Lesseps was rather analogous to the grant of power to hold a fair or to exercise a franchise,—a kind of grant necessarily exclusive so long as it lasts,—than the grant of a monopoly, and that it could not be withdrawn during the time for which it was made, except on evidence that the Company was not duly fulfilling the conditions of the grant. Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was defeated by 282 votes against 183,—majority, 99; and Mr. Norwood's amendment was then agreed to.

At the French Academy of Sciences on Monday, M. de Lesseps presented a volume of M. Marius Fontane's "Universal History," entitled, "The Asiatics," to the Academy, and seized the occasion to make a very ingenious speech on the Phœnician element in English civilisation, and the liability that element has brought with it to "outbursts of covetousness," "which are unjust, and even threatening to human progress." It is to the Asiatic, or rather to the Phœnician, element in England that M. de Lesseps ascribes the tendency to these outbursts of covetousness. But that, perhaps, is only because he wanted to remark in conclusion that "the strong Anglo-Saxon race always ends by overcoming any unhealthy agitation, in order to return to the side of equity, and to labour for its triumph." We fear that this rhetorical mode of putting the matter does injustice to Asiatics, and too much justice to Anglo-Saxons. If there is a tendency to outbursts of covetousness in us at all, we suspect it is the Anglo-Saxon, not the imaginary Phœnician in the disguise of the Anglo-Saxon, who is subject to them, though it is also the Anglo-Saxon who conquers these arrogances of the commercial spirit. The Phœnician blood in us is exceedingly hypothetical.

The Administration of Egypt appears to be quite incompetent to deal with the cholera, and, indeed, with almost all other questions, in any sense satisfactory to European criticism. In truth, the position of Egypt, exposed as it is to European criticism, and administered as it is by Native statesmen on principles wholly inconsistent with European assumptions, proves to be quite untenable. The cholera is now diminishing in violence almost everywhere, though more and more of the English troops are attacked; indeed, we suppose that by this time in some hundred cases the disease has proved mortal to our soldiers. Otherwise, as we said, the epidemic is on the decline, though 275 deaths occurred on Wednesday at Cairo. Nevertheless, the attempts of the Native Government to deal with the epidemic on scientific principles have been utterly futile, and they have ended in Lord Granville sending out English doctors to direct the sanitary measures. That is, we fear, how all such efforts must end. If Oriental Governments attempt to apply principles which they do not understand, to please a distant Government on which they are dependent, they will always fail; and the result will be that the foreign Government must interfere more and more.

A crowded meeting was held in Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, under the presidency of Mr. Bright, to support Lord Ripon's Indian policy in relation to what is called the Ilbert Bill,—the Bill permitting a few Native Judges who are members of the Covenanted Civil Service, *i.e.*, who have been educated here

and gone back to India under the same conditions as our own Indian Civil Servants,—to try Europeans accused of crimes, a power which they do not at present possess. Mr. Bright explained the object of the measure, showing that it was a very small step in the direction of the policy adopted in 1833, and developed in 1858, for removing all those official disabilities under which persons of native race in India may stand. Mr. Bright, having stated the case, Mr. Lal Mohun Ghose addressed the meeting on the subject, strongly supporting Lord Ripon's measure; and then Mr. Forster followed in the same line, declaring his belief that a good deal of the opposition to this small measure had arisen from the fear excited by Lord Ripon's policy in encouraging local self-government in India. Mr. Forster defended the principle of the Ilbert Bill as a necessary application of our deliberately announced Indian policy; and this we have fully recognised, though we have doubted whether the proper moment had arrived for abolishing the personal right of Europeans to be judged by Europeans. An impressive speech was made by Dr. Markby, formerly Judge of the High Court at Calcutta, in favour of the Bill, in which he bore strong testimony to the character of the Native Judges whose colleague he had been. And in the end, the resolution in favour of Lord Ripon's policy was carried unanimously.

A Conservative meeting, to neutralise the effect of the Liberal meeting on the Ilbert Bill, was held in the Town Hall, Limehouse, on Thursday, under the presidency of Mr. Stanhope. Mr. Stanhope's speech was very moderate, insisting rather on the danger that at this moment the Bill will irritate Europeans against Natives, and therefore Natives against Europeans, than on the merits of the issue. Mr. Stanhope says that all the Indian Local Governments were opposed to the Bill, whereas, we believe the truth to be that, in the first instance certainly, all except that of Coorg were in favour of the Bill; and that if they subsequently changed their mind—which we do not know that they did—it was under the influence of caste feeling. Mr. Stanhope says that there is no injustice in excluding Native magistrates from the power of trying Europeans; but in reality that often means refusing all redress to natives injured by Europeans, since no British magistrate is to be found within reach. For British magistrates, too, must, in that case, be reserved all the magistracies of districts where there are British residents, a great injustice to native magistrates. The chief argument urged against the Bill was that the Bill was "at least half a century in advance of its time," an argument which virtually admits that at least half a century hence it will be a right and proper measure. That is our own contention exaggerated. The resolutions against the Bill were not by any means unanimous.

On Friday week, in the House of Commons, the debate on the Indian contribution towards the Egyptian war—which Mr. Gladstone described as a contribution of about one-seventh of its expenses—was brought to a close, and Mr. Onslow's vote of censure on the Government for placing any part of the expense on India—for a vote of censure it was—was defeated by 210 votes to 55. In the course of the debate, Mr. Gladstone, who had to explain that Mr. Onslow's expression of "regret" was, by tradition and usage, a formal vote of censure on the Government, remarked incidentally that it would not, perhaps, be a subject of much regret to himself personally, if it were carried,—meaning, of course, that the resignation of office which it would involve would not be displeasing to him. Possibly not; but even if not personally displeasing to him, we hope it would be politically displeasing to him in the highest degree. His work is not yet done, but only doing; and while the country needs him as much as it still does, it would be well if both he and we could forget altogether the possibility of his retirement. A leader whose retirement is counted upon, has to consider the views of his probable successor more than is consistent with full authority; and there will always be half-loyal followers who will discount the day of his retirement.

The Marquis of Waterford yesterday week opened another aristocratic attack on the Irish Land Act, by a speech in which he assumed that the Lords' Committee,—who had examined the Chief Commissioners and a few Sub-Commissioners, one gentleman who had acted as counsel for the tenants, and thirty-two gentlemen who were either landlords, or landlords' agents, or landlords' solicitors, or landlords' counsel,—had conducted a perfectly fair inquiry, which might be taken as representing adequately the true working of the Act. Of course, the Marquis of Waterford's attack was echoed on all sides by Tory landlords, and replied to chiefly by the members of the Government and one or two independent Peers, like Lord Emly, who made a good speech, and Lord Fitzgerald, who exposed with great force the onesidedness of the Lords' inquiry and the partisan character of the history by which their Lordships' views were coloured. The tilting against the Land Act came to an end, of course, without result,—or rather, with the only result intended, the casting of Tory mud at a piece of legislation which has pacified Ireland, and supplied a tardy reparation to the work of centuries of injustice.

On Saturday last, the French Senate adopted that provision of the new Bill on the Magistracy of France which suspends for three months judicial irremoveability, by the small majority of 3,—133 Senators voting for it, and 130 against it. It is, no doubt, true that there are too many Judges in France, and that a reduction of their number by some 500 to 600 will be very beneficial in the end. But to leave to the Executive the power of choosing whom it will suspend is to destroy the prestige of irremoveability, and to set an example which it is far from unlikely that a jealous democracy will often urge the French Chambers to follow. It is not denied that the five or six hundred Judges to be selected for removal will be Judges of anti-Republican opinions, and that a solemn example of political interference with the Judiciary is to be set, at the instance of the Legislature. The Judges suspended will be pensioned off; but that is but a small alleviation of the injustice inflicted, and no alleviation at all of the bad precedent set up. It is quite true that, under the Empire, Judges were dismissed without any compensation, and that the Reactionary Cabinet of 1877 dismissed very freely public prosecutors and justices of the peace; but the Republic should have shown itself stronger than the Empire, and than the Reactionary Cabinet of 1877. The next step downwards will be to have elective Judges,—and that is a step which the Chamber has already shown itself willing enough to take.

Captain Webb's body has been found at Lewiston, on the Niagara River, seven miles below the Falls. There was a bad fracture of the skull. But the doctors profess to have discovered that this injury was inflicted after death, and that Captain Webb was not drowned, but suffocated by the force of the Niagara Whirlpool, which, by its pressure on the nerve-centres, robbed him of all power of directing his own motions, and probably of all power of breathing. This may be so, and perhaps it enhances the terrors of the Niagara Whirlpool thus to represent it. But perhaps most human beings would be content to know that Captain Webb's head was fractured by the violence with which he was hurled against the rocks, and would be as much deterred by that catastrophe from following his very mad example, as they would even be by learning that his nerve-centres were so oppressed by the whirlpool that he could neither breathe nor direct his own motions.

On Tuesday, the House took the Report on the English Agricultural Holdings Bill, and struck out, by a majority of 90 (166 against 76), Mr. Balfour's amendment, which had limited compensation under parts one and two of the first schedule (building, reclaiming, irrigating, and draining, &c.), to the outlay actually made. As Mr. C. S. Read well expressed the objection to this amendment of Mr. Balfour's, it really meant that the landlord could say to the tenant, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose; if your improvement succeeds, I get the profit out of it, and you only your outlay; if it does not succeed, you get the loss." With the striking-out of this amendment, however, the Government introduced words stating that in estimating the value of any improvement in these parts of the first schedule, "There shall not be taken into account, as part of the improvement made by the tenant, what is justly due to the inherent capabilities of the soil." That is only fair. Two tenants may make the very same improvements, spending the very same sum upon them, and making them with equal efficiency, while the former may double the yield, and the latter only increase it by 10 per cent. The difference is due, of course, to the inherent properties of the soil, and the difference ought to belong to the landlord. No other important amendment was made, and the Bill was read a third time on Wednesday by the House of Commons. It has now to run the gauntlet of the House of Landlords.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 99½ to 99⅝.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S DEFEAT.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would certainly have done much better, had he been content with that portion of glory which no doubt accrued to him in the eyes of the Conservatives, when the Government withdrew the provisional agreement on the Suez Canal, and declined to ask the judgment of Parliament upon it. Up to that time, he was in the position of a leader who has at least inflicted a visible check upon the superior forces of his foe. But in attempting to follow up his slight success, he challenged and encountered a combat the only result of which was a very great defeat for himself, which more or less wiped out the impression of the previous reverse to the Government. On Monday night, the House, by a majority of ninety-nine, rejected Sir Stafford Northcote's motion, not a few voting for the amendment who professed their personal agreement with Sir Stafford Northcote's view, though they would not admit the wisdom of inviting the House of Commons to give in its adhesion to that view. In fact, the resolution which Sir Stafford Northcote proposed had almost every fault that a Parliamentary resolution could have. Its terms, indeed, were susceptible of a harmless interpretation, but then Sir Stafford Northcote supported it by an argument which made it clear that that harmless interpretation was not the interpretation affixed to it by its proposer. As he himself interpreted it, it was an invitation to the House of Commons to interfere in the judicial interpretation of a series of documents for the exposition of which the House of Commons has no special capacity, and in which it could hardly by any possibility be impartial, so that its interpretation, when given, could not command any authority. As the Prime Minister pointed out, if the Legislature of one nation interested in the Suez Canal Company is to be asked to affix its own interpretation to this series of documents, that is setting an example which might well be followed by the Legislatures of other nations also interested in it; and the following of that example by those other Legislatures would lead to a complication of national rivalries and jealousies of the most disastrous kind. Moreover, even if Sir Stafford Northcote's view of the Suez Canal concession were right, the passing of a judicial opinion upon it by the British House of Commons would not conduce to the acceptance of the right view of the matter in the right quarter. As Mr. Gladstone suggested, the only tribunals which could possibly pronounce authoritatively on the legal meaning of the Concession would be either the proper Egyptian tribunals to which a document officially issued by the Egyptian Government would naturally be referred, or else some international tribunal in which all the nations chiefly interested in the Suez Canal are adequately represented. And neither of these tribunals would be likely to be influenced, except, perhaps, unfavourably, by the claim of such a body as the House of Commons to put its own construction on these legal documents. Moreover, as Mr. Childers showed with great force, the reason which compelled the Government to take up, not, indeed, any definite legal position, but a practical position involving the virtual repudiation of Sir Stafford Northcote's view, does not in the least apply to the House of Commons. The Government, urged by the whole commercial community to obtain more convenient arrangements on the Canal, had to choose between two courses,—that of menacing M. de Lesseps with British competition, or that of negotiating with him on friendly terms which went at least as far as this that they agreed to leave him in complete possession of the field, so long as he showed himself willing to use his power for the furtherance of the commerce of the world. Both attitudes were pressed upon the British Government, but the alternative between these attitudes was compulsory; there was no third course. The least intimation that M. de Lesseps's exclusive right might be invaded by the British Government would, as that Government well knew, involve the absolute breaking-off of the negotiations, and compel them either openly to contest his right, *i.e.*, to declare open war with him, or to subside into helpless silence. The Government chose the wiser course, that of negotiating with M. de Lesseps on the most amicable terms which virtually assumed the justice of his claims, and though the concessions which they so extracted did not satisfy the representatives of British Commerce, those concessions were at least very much more in the interests of commerce than an open feud with M. de Lesseps,—and with France,—could possibly have been. But this necessity of assuming some practical attitude,—one either of hostility to, or of virtual acquiescence in, M. de Lesseps's claims,—which for the Executive Government was inevitable, is for the House of Commons absolutely non-existent. Why should they take up any attitude at all on an abstract question of law which does not concern them? If they take up even the right attitude, it will not help the adoption of that attitude by the world at large, and will probably even hinder its adoption. If they take up the wrong attitude, that would only discredit the House of Commons, so soon as it is known to be the wrong attitude; and even if it hastened the adoption of the right attitude by the rest of the world, it would only achieve that result by piquing the rest of the world into opposing the English claim,—not a very satisfactory mode of stimulating the cause of right. The reasons which compelled the Government to take up some definite basis for the negotiation had no application at all to the House of Commons, especially just now, when the House of Commons is not asked to sanction any proposal on the subject. The Government did not ask to have its own assumptions approved, and did not, indeed, wish to have them approved, now that the practical proposal based on those assumptions was no longer before the House. Still less did it wish to have those assumptions condemned, when the only result of condemning them must have been to irritate to the highest degree the jealousy of the French people, and to compel the French Company to regard the House of Commons as a body that, for political reasons, is eager to invade the Company's vested rights.

There was no arguing against positions so powerful as these, and Sir Stafford Northcote's resolution was rejected after a debate in which it can be hardly said that any sincere fight was made for it. Sir Stafford Northcote advanced, indeed, a few feeble reasons for Mr. Horace Davey's and Mr. Underdown's view of the legal question, but no reasons at all for committing the House of Commons to that view; while Mr. Horace Davey himself, though holding by his own view, voted against the proposal to commit the House of Commons to it. No one attempted to answer Mr. Cohen's very strong argument for the opposite view of the legal question, that if the "exclusive power" granted to M. de Lesseps in 1854 was exhausted so soon as he had formed the Company and received the concession of its rights, it was most anomalous that the charter of 1854 should be recited and confirmed as in full force at a date when, on that view of the matter, the whole of the "exclusive power" had been used and had expired. Neither did any one answer Mr. Gladstone's point that M. de Lesseps had, as far back as 1872, asserted an "exclusive power" much in advance of that for which he now contends, but that the late Government, in buying the Canal Shares in 1876, had left that claim quite unchallenged, and had not even lodged a protest against it, though the Government had under that purchase secured a personal representation on the Board of Directors of the Company. Mr. Bourke's rather humiliating declaration that he knew nothing of the papers in which that claim was made, though he represented the Foreign Office in the House of Commons at the time of the purchase of the Shares by the Government, was only a confession of personal neglect. In fact, however, we can have no doubt that Lord Beaconsfield would have been the last man to encourage a somewhat shabby if not absolutely dishonourable attempt to invade the rights of so daring and successful an adventurer as M. de Lesseps. Were Lord Beaconsfield still at the head of his party, we should have heard nothing of this tardy challenge of the privileges of a man modelled so completely after Lord Beaconsfield's own heart as Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Mr. Gladstone's majority of ninety-nine really meant this,—that the House of Commons will have nothing to say to the proposal to start a competition with the Suez Canal Company, the only chance of which consists in the fact that we have recently gained a military influence in Egypt which we might use, if we chose, to M. de Lesseps's injury. It is true that Sir Stafford Northcote in the strongest way deprecated doing this. It is true that he insisted on the moral claims of the Company to consideration, while contesting its legal claims. But then, it is also true that he expressly argued for contesting its legal claims, in order to secure for us a better "leverage" in negotiating with M. de Lesseps; and his proposal comes to just this,—that he would beat down M. de Lesseps by brandishing over his head the fear of a competition, though he would not beat him down too low. And yet, if that is a legitimate "leverage" at all, it is legitimate for a good deal more than Sir Stafford

Northcote would approve. The leverage of open competition is good for as much as this,—the reduction of the profits of the Company to an ordinary rate of profit, or is not good at all. The House of Commons has been very wise in declining altogether to give its sanction to the use of this "leverage." On the other hand, the Government is not without a "leverage" which it may fairly use, though not so powerful a leverage as that of the threat of open competition. It may fairly say that the concession to M. de Lesseps was made avowedly by the Egyptian Government for the commercial good of the whole world, and that so soon as the Company receiving that concession shows any indifference to the needs of commerce, and refuses to take the steps which it safely can take for the better accommodation of that commerce, it would be breaking the conditions of its grant. Clearly, as yet, the Suez Canal Company have shown no signs of such indifference, and till they do, the House of Commons is right in rejecting every invitation to infringe its reasonable claims, and in supporting by an immense majority the Government which has shown its disinclination to infringe those claims.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION.

THE struggles of the Session are now pretty nearly over, though, on the vexed question of Indian Judges, there was to be a Party demonstration in the House yesterday, while the South-African policy of the Government will probably be challenged in a thin House early next week. On neither subject, however, can the Conservatives be regarded as either hopeful or desirous of victory, but only as anxious not to let it be supposed that they drop any count in the long indictment which they bring against the policy of the Government. They wish to enter on the campaigns of the long vacation,—for the long vacation has now become a series of provincial campaigns,—with the declaration that they have often lately made, that the policy of the present Government has been one unbroken series of failures, wherever they have not taken a leaf out of the book of the predecessors whom they denounced; that in Ireland, in India, in Egypt, in relation to the Suez Canal, in South Africa, and universally at home,—for instance, as regards Parliamentary procedure, Mr. Bradlaugh, agriculture, and finance,—they have surpassed themselves either in achieving disaster, or in copying a better policy than their own. Such is the Conservative contention, and if their statements are to be trusted, the Government will close this Session far weaker than they opened it, and with a moral certainty of defeat whenever they submit their policy to the judgment of the constituencies.

Let us consider, with as much impartiality as is possible for those who have in almost every case of difference held with the Government and against the Opposition, how far this contention is true. We should say, then, that in relation to Ireland, India, Egypt—including the Suez-Canal negotiation—Parliamentary procedure, the condition of agriculture, and the finance of the country, the Government will close the Session far stronger than they opened it; and that only in relation to Mr. Bradlaugh and South Africa can it be reasonably said that they may have failed to gain, even if they have not lost ground. Let us first take the case of Ireland. Even Conservatives do not deny that the condition of Ireland at the present time is far more satisfactory in every respect, than the condition of Ireland even half a year ago. What they assert is that that improved condition is due solely to the application of the Conservative policy of repressing crime, and is not due in any respect to the Liberal policy of reviewing rent in the interest of the tenant. Now we do not very well know why the policy of repressing crime efficiently is called more a Conservative than a Liberal policy. It is a policy conceived and effectually applied by the Liberal Government, and the only distinctive Conservative contention on the subject is that it alone should have been applied, and that the Land policy,—to which, in our belief, more than half the pacification is due,—should not have been concurrently adopted. But the country, we think, will not be disposed to endorse the Conservative claim to a power of intuitive analysis of a compound result. The pacification of Ireland is a fact, and it is also a fact that it has been brought about after the administration of a double remedy,—one remedy intended to strike at the root of just discontent, the other intended to punish unjust violence. Is it common-sense to say that the constituencies will be persuaded by the Conservatives to ascribe the whole result to the remedy which strikes only at crime and not at the disposition to commit crime? Is it reasonable to maintain that tenants who are availing themselves of the provisions of the Land Act by hundreds of thousands, are as likely to subscribe to Secret Societies and to encourage Ribbon Conspiracies, as they were when they regarded the whole Land legislation of the country as oppressive to them? Admit, if you please, that they prefer Mr. Parnell's policy to that of the Government,—that is to be expected, for they hope to gain more by it, and they are easily persuaded that it is not unjust,—but let them be ever so anxious to repudiate the Government for Mr. Parnell, is it human nature to assume that when they are availing themselves in masses of the policy of the Government, they are as ready as ever to support a revolutionary movement which would endanger the very privileges they have just received. It is true that they will support Mr. Healy, when he promises them a yet more liberal land policy than that of the Government. But would they support Mr. Healy if he were again to bid them refuse their rent, as the Land League bade them to refuse their rent two years ago? No sane man will believe it. And, therefore, we say that the Constituencies look upon the contention of the Conservatives that Ireland has been pacified by coercion alone, as a foolish and unsupported statement, due to the vehemence of Conservative party spirit, and not to any sort of evidence or probable presumption. Ireland is not transformed, but Ireland is already in a better condition than any which pure coercion could by any possibility have brought about.

With regard to India, popular feeling is, we suspect, absolutely satisfied with the results of Lord Ripon's policy, and well convinced that wherever he has reversed the policy of his predecessor, he has turned evil into good. As concerns Egypt, the country has never doubted that the Government are doing all in their power for the benefit of the people of Egypt, and all in their power to establish a Government there which may one day be independent of our aid,—though we ourselves have little hope that that day is near, or is as yet even growing nearer. Still, what the English people cared for was this, that what we did in Egypt should not be done for the purposes of annexation or the greed of empire, but solely to re-establish order and to establish justice in a country which we are bound to protect against anarchy and tyranny. If we can re-establish order and establish justice only by keeping our control of the affairs of Egypt,—if it would involve far more suffering to Egypt than it would humiliation to England for us to retire,—the constituencies will be well content to approve of our remaining. But they do not want to see the lust of territory overpowering the sympathy of the British people with native aspirations, and we believe that they are quite content with the evidence that the policy of the English Government is one long struggle to help Egypt to help herself. They do not believe and have no right to believe that in overthrowing Arabi, the Liberal Government took a leaf out of the Afghan policy of Lord Beaconsfield. And all the efforts of the Tory Press to prove this calumny, have, we believe, been so much wasted ink. The result of the recent debate on the Suez Canal has unquestionably been to convince the English people of the absolute good-faith of the Government in resisting a policy of annexation, even at the very time when they are forced, in the interests of Egypt herself, to counsel the Egyptian Government to do much which no Oriental Government, except under European tutelage, would ever dream of doing.

In South Africa alone, we believe that the Conservatives may fairly say that Liberal policy has not as yet produced any satisfactory result. It is true that nothing could be worse than the legacy of complications which the Tories left us, but it is equally true that we have not found a satisfactory solution as yet for any of these complications. The retrocession of the Transvaal has not as yet worked well, and the conditions on which it was given back have been broken. The restoration of Cetewayo to Zululand was just, but it has not been successful, and it has ended in his defeat and destruction by a still less educated barbarian. No other result could have been expected when the mistake was committed of stipulating that Cetewayo should not create an army. But this mistake was made in deference to Tory prejudice. The Basuto question is still unsolved. Thus the best any Liberal can say is that some very false steps, taken by the Conservatives in ignorance, have been retraced, but that we are as yet only groping our way to a more moderate and more successful policy. But we do not think the country will resent a new failure, following on a long series of failures even grosser still, but will do the Government the justice to say that it is honestly trying to solve a nearly insoluble problem.

As to internal questions, we wholly deny that the Government is regarded as having lost ground during the Session. It is true that on the Affirmation Bill they were defeated, but it is also true that Mr. Gladstone's speech has made the question better and more fully understood all over the country; and that in the great towns, at least, the Government is far stronger than it was six months ago. Members who, like Alderman M'Arthur and Mr. Jerningham, deserted the Government on that question, are urged by their constituencies to resign their seats, while a very strong and eager feeling is growing up in favour of the passing of a similar measure. We do not know how far this change of feeling has spread to the counties, and are quite ready to believe that in many county constituencies the Bradlaugh question is still full of the promise of Conservative gain; but in the country as a whole, there is far more confidence that the Affirmation Bill was a right measure than there was six months ago,—and this feeling is steadily growing, instead of being on the decline. For the rest, the Government have gained steadily by their honesty, their tenacity, and their obvious conviction. In relation to the farmers, the Agricultural Holdings Bill will tell strongly in their favour, especially since their wise persistence in refusing to accept Mr. Balfour's chance victory, and in insisting that the tenant shall recover not only the outlay on his improvements, but also such fair profit on that outlay as the market value of those improvements will give him. In relation to Procedure, the Grand Committees, though not an indisputable success, will give us three valuable measures which certainly would not have been carried without them, and will mark the first step in the recovery from the era of Obstruction. And in relation to Revenue and Expenditure, Mr. Childers's admirable National Debt Bill will, we believe, late as it is for a second reading, redeem the financial policy of the Session from the charge of colourlessness and unprogressiveness. Mr. Gladstone was fully justified in saying on Thursday that the great majority of the people strongly desire to see a final step taken towards the substantial reduction of our Debt, and that the great majority of the House of Commons represent in this matter the great majority of the people. Indeed, the Conservatives have themselves sanctioned the principle, though not the detail of the Bill,—a Bill of which it is the principle rather than the detail that is important. On the whole, we do not think that the Conservatives will commence their Long-vacation campaign with any very hopeful augury. If they will take the advice of an opponent, we should recommend them to harp as much as possible on the subject of South Africa, but even on South Africa to refer as little as possible to the Tory policy, which landed us in such a chaos of perplexities. On every other subject, from Mr. Bradlaugh to the Suez Canal, they will find the tide gradually but steadily turning against them.

INDIAN JUDGES AND BRITISH CRIMINALS.

THE opponents of the Ilbert Bill are very bad tacticians. Their wild exaggeration and violence have caused a reaction in favour of the Bill, which is pretty certain to ensure its safety. Had they conducted their opposition temperately, and limited their objections to the question of opportuneness, after the example which we set them when the bare outline of the Bill first reached this country, it is not unlikely that they might have carried public opinion with them. But there is nothing which the public resent more than an attempt to impose on their ignorance. The mass of people in this country know themselves to be very ill-informed on Indian questions, and their natural impulse is to give credit to the first man of character who volunteers to instruct them. If, however, they find that they have been deceived, they are apt to go to the opposite extreme, and believe all they hear on the opposite side. This is just what is now happening in the case of Mr. Ilbert's Bill. When the question began to be first agitated, the British public were profoundly ignorant of the whole subject, and were inclined to believe that Lord Ripon had, with the best intentions, made a serious mistake. But the indiscriminate fury of the opponents of the Bill has provoked a host of champions into the arena, and these have had no difficulty in refuting the heterogeneous objections urged against it, and even in carrying the war into the enemy's camp. Lord Ripon's assailants have had the imprudence to attack the Bill on its merits, and not merely on the ground that it is a premature step in the right direction. Their arguments go the length of denying that any step at all is needed in that direction. They appear to regard the existing state of things as ideally the best, and thus plainly tell the teeming millions of our Indian fellow-subjects that they never can expect equality of rights with Europeans in the Civil any more than in the Military service of the Crown. The perilous folly of such a policy is so self-evident as to require no demonstration; but we may relate a vivid illustration, which lately came to our knowledge, of the mischief which it is silently producing in the Native mind. Two years ago, an English traveller visited an interesting old temple in the interior of India. He was shown over the building by one of the priests of the temple, who wore no other garment than a loin-cloth. This man not only displayed an erudite familiarity with the antiquities of the temple and of the surrounding district; he was also an accomplished Latin and Greek scholar, and thoroughly well versed in English literature. The English visitor ventured to ask for an explanation of the striking contrast between the priest's outward mien and mental accomplishments, and expressed his wonder that one so cultivated could not do something better for himself than earn a scanty livelihood by acting as guide to chance visitors to the temple. The priest's answer was to the following effect:—"I am a high-caste Brahmin, tracing my lineage back to a line of ancestry more ancient and not less noble than that of the proudest of your English Peers. I studied and graduated at the University of Calcutta; and on taking my degree, I had to choose my career. On looking about me, I found that I could aspire to be a guard on one of your railways, or a clerk in one of your mercantile establishments, but that scarcely any career was open to me to which an English gentleman would think of aspiring. So I thought, on reflection, that I should be consulting my dignity and self-respect better by retiring to this temple, and living the kind of life which has excited your wonder. Do you, English, imagine that your rule is popular in India? Believe me, it is not. And how can it be? We give your Government all the credit that it deserves. In the ordinary affairs of life it is a just Government; and it has given this country peace. But it is a foreign Government. Your English officials fill all the posts worth having, and the native gentry have no career. Put yourselves in our position. If, in an evil day, France were to conquer you, and turn your country into a French dependency, would you be content, provided your foreign masters gave you peace and did justice between man and man, while Frenchmen officered your Army and Navy, and filled nearly all the posts worth having in your Civil Service? You know you would not; and how can you expect us to be satisfied with your rule over us?"

That is a dangerous feeling, which it is surely desirable to conciliate, if possible. But how can it be conciliated, if it is proclaimed to the educated natives of India that they have no prospect of an improving future; that no degree of qualification, no merit, however conspicuous, will ever entitle any of them, out of the three Presidency towns, to sit in judgment on the lowest ruffian who claims the privilege of being a European? That is the ground which the adversaries of Lord Ripon have taken up, and their cause was lost from the moment they committed themselves to so preposterous a policy. The other side had only to put forth a plain statement of facts, and the opposing arguments stood openly refuted. Perhaps the most effective defence of the Ilbert Bill that has appeared in England is Mr. Macrae's article in the current *Fortnightly Review*, on "Criminal Jurisdiction over Englishmen in India." Its argumentative effectiveness is largely due to its clear and compact statement of facts. A summary of the facts will show our readers that if Mr. Ilbert's Bill should pass into law, there is nothing in it, on its merits, which need cause any alarm. Ever since 1836, the administration of justice in civil cases has been exercised by Native judges and magistrates over Europeans as well as natives throughout India. At this moment the Judges in the Courts of First Instance are nearly all natives, "and so well have they discharged," says Mr. Macrae, himself a practising barrister in India, "the responsibility put upon them, that it is a notorious fact that in the great majority of cases where appeals have been preferred from their decisions, and the immediate Court above under an English Civilian has differed from them, their decisions have been reaffirmed by the highest Courts of Appeal, whether the High Court or the Privy Council." This certainly is a remarkable tribute to the professional competency as well as to the integrity of the Native Judges. *Primâ facie*, then, it seems a flagrant anomaly that Judges who have established so high a reputation as administrators of the law in civil cases, should

be deemed incompetent to adjudicate on the most trivial criminal charge brought against a European in the interior of the country, or, to be strictly accurate, anywhere outside the three Presidency towns. So indefensible did Lord Dalhousie consider the anomaly, that his Government introduced, in 1849—as we stated on a former occasion—a Bill for extending the criminal jurisdiction of Magistrates, whether Native or English, over all British subjects in India, without distinction of race. But before the scheme was completed the Mutiny broke out, and made it impossible for a time to carry out Lord Dalhousie's policy. In 1877, however, an Act was passed "empowering Presidency Magistrates, whether natives or not, to exercise the same criminal jurisdiction over European British subjects as over natives within the limits of the Presidency towns." Several Native magistrates have exercised the full jurisdiction, thus conferred, to the entire satisfaction of the European community; and, as a matter of fact, the number of Europeans over which Native Judges now exercise jurisdiction in criminal cases embraces three-fourths of the whole European population of India. But although Native Judges are allowed to sit in judgment on Europeans in criminal cases within the limits of the Presidency towns, and in civil cases without any limits at all, although also they have given universal satisfaction where they have been tested, yet they are still debarred from trying any criminal case when a European is concerned outside the limits of the Presidency towns. Mr. Macrae gives some striking illustrations of the way in which this system works. Last year, Mr. Gupta, a native gentleman, after officiating for some time as Presidency magistrate in Calcutta, to the entire satisfaction of the British community, was transferred to a more responsible appointment in the interior, where, by reason of the provisions of the existing law, he was incapacitated from trying even the most petty charge against a European British subject. Another native civilian and English barrister, Mr. Dutt, "who had gained the second place from amongst several candidates in the examination in this country for admission into the Indian Civil Service, and who had come to be appointed Joint Magistrate of the important district of Dacca, was suddenly deprived of that appointment, and removed to a less eligible district, on the ground that the opening of a new railway was bringing a number of Europeans into the Dacca District." Is it surprising that disabilities entailing grievances like this should be felt as galling and degrading by educated natives? It was with a view to remedy these grievances that Lord Ripon determined on the policy which is formulated in Mr. Ilbert's Bill,—of the opportuneness of which we have expressed our own grave doubts, but the abstract merits of which are quite distinct from the opportuneness. Now it is the Bill on its merits that has been so violently assailed. And even those who have, like ourselves, questioned its opportuneness, must do Lord Ripon the justice of admitting that he took the best advice available before taking action. In a confidential circular he solicited the opinions of all the Local Governments of India on the Bill, and they all reported in its favour, with the single exception of Coorg, "the smallest of them all." One of these reports, curiously enough, confirms a suggestion which we made on this subject six months ago, namely, that Native Judges in the interior would be likely to deal more leniently with Europeans than with natives. "I think," says the Officiating Judicial Commissioner of Oudh, "they would, as a rule, unduly favour the Europeans." But, after all, what does Mr. Ilbert's Bill propose? It is extremely limited in its character. It removes a disability, by making qualified natives eligible to offices involving jurisdiction over Europeans in criminal cases. The exercise of this potential right, however, is so circumscribed and guarded, that for some years to come not more than three or four Native Magistrates all over India are likely to enjoy it. The Bill confers the power to try criminal charges against European British subjects upon such persons only as may be nominated and elected for their proved fitness for the position. "The single alteration which we propose to make," said Mr. Ilbert himself, in explanation of his Bill, "is this. We propose to substitute for the disqualification arising from race a qualification depending on tried fitness." In fact, the Judges of the High Court of Calcutta, in the joint letter which they have published against Mr. Ilbert's Bill, dwell on its extreme moderation as an argument against it. "There are only four officers," they say, "who could at present" and "for some time to come," benefit by the provisions of the Bill. "As regards the rest, no question is likely to arise for several years." But if for several years to come only a mere handful of Natives can be appointed Judges under Mr. Ilbert's Bill, that is surely a reason why no great harm is likely to come of it. The extravagant agitation raised against it will, by force of the recoil, help it to pass into law; and although we should ourselves have much preferred to wait awhile, we have too much confidence in the good-sense of our countrymen in India to doubt that they will soon reconcile themselves to a change which will affect but few of them for a long time to come, and which will not affect those few so prejudicially as some of them now fear. The provisions of Mr. Ilbert's Bill have always been the law and practice of Ceylon under British rule, and have been found to give complete satisfaction to British residents there.

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR.

OF all French Statesmen of the present time, no one is so little known to the English public as M. Challemel-Lacour. If we consider the comments of English papers upon his speech of the 16th of July, if we notice the surprise they express at its moderation and dignity, it becomes clear that the man has been misunderstood.

In their excuse, we may say that M. Challemel-Lacour is not easy to understand. Now, we read a speech of his remarkable for bitter sarcasm and for open contempt of the opinions of others; now, an utterance no less noteworthy because of its moderation and urbanity. The reading of this riddle is not in itself a grateful task, for M. Challemel-Lacour can scarcely hope to be reckoned among great men. Yet the solution of the problem is earnestly to be desired at the present moment, when a certain straining is felt of the ties of friendship which bind England to France.

Paul Armand Challemel-Lacour was born at Avranches (Manche), on May 19th, 1827. He studied at the most famous lycée in Paris, that of St. Louis, with notable success; and in 1846 entered the Normal School, from which he graduated in 1849, as first in the competition in Philosophy. It was, too, as Professor of Philosophy that the young man of twenty-three went to teach in the lycées of Pau and Limoges. Even at this age, his political opinions were formed—and so formed as not to undergo any serious subsequent modification. He expressed himself so boldly on the questions of the day as to become a marked man, and after the *coup d'état* he was arrested, imprisoned, and banished from France. The young exile withdrew to Belgium, where he lectured successfully. In 1856, however, he was called to Switzerland, to fill the Chair of French Literature in the Polytechnicon of Zurich. After the amnesty, he returned to France, and entered upon his career as a journalist. His articles on literature, art, and philosophy, in *Le Temps*, *La Revue Nationale*, and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, attracted attention, and he became the manager of *La Revue Moderne*. In 1868 he established, in conjunction with MM. Brisson, Allain-Targé, and Gambetta, the *Revue Politique*, of which he undertook the management. This position brought him once more into conflict with the powers that were, and he underwent a conviction for publishing the list of subscriptions for a monument to be erected to Baudin. With the downfall of the Napoleonic régime, his sufferings for the cause of political freedom became so many titles to popular favour, and he was appointed Prefect of the Rhone. After September 4th, 1870, the administration of the city of Lyons was given into his hands. His conduct of the affairs of this city brought him, to say the least, no additional reputation. Yet it must be admitted that his position was one of great difficulty. Lyons had proclaimed the Republic even sooner than Paris, and when M. Challemel-Lacour arrived there, the city had already entrusted the conduct of its affairs to a Central Revolutionary Committee. All authority was broken down, and the egotism of the individual had at once become anarchical. The police seemed suddenly to have disappeared, and the troops were hostile. M. Challemel-Lacour was the representative of a Government too free to attract the military chiefs, too bourgeois to enlist the sympathies of the populace. Between the hostility of the leaders of the Army and the mistrust of the populace, M. Challemel-Lacour found himself placed as between the Devil and the deep sea.

The only way out of the difficulty which M. Challemel-Lacour saw was to surround himself with moderate men, and appeal to the patriotism of all. He got the Central Committee to liberate the Imperialists whom the populace had thrown into prison on September 4th, and to fix a date for the Municipal elections. He thus brought the city once more under the dominion of the laws; but the French artisans, in the towns at least, are Socialists, and one day, led

by Cluseret and others, they stormed the Prefecture, and imprisoned M. Challemel-Lacour. On the next day, he was freed by the Moderates, and at once was invested with complete civil and military authority by the Delegation of Tours. It is said that he now ordered the troops to fire on the populace,—"Fusillez-moi ces gens-là!" It is certain that he drove Cluseret and the other leaders out of the city, and partially, at least, re-established order. Now, however, the General in command of the troops refused to obey the delegate of the Civil authority, and M. Challemel-Lacour at once gave orders to arrest General Masure. To cut a long story short, the confusion became worse confounded, the populace was all but openly rebellious, and one night the commander, Arnaud, was assassinated. Immediately Gambetta came to the assistance of his friend. Gambetta, representing, as he did, the spirit of patriotism, soon evolved order out of disorder. The stronger man was successful where the weaker had failed, and this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the only repressive measure then taken seeems to have been the prohibition of all political assemblies. Yet, from that time on, M. Challemel-Lacour's task was easy. When Gambetta left the Government, M. Challemel-Lacour gave up his position in Lyons, and a few months later became editor-in-chief of *La République Française*. In January, 1872, he was elected Deputy for the Bouches du Rhône by the Radicals. Whatever may be thought of M. Challemel-Lacour as a doer, his success as a speaker is beyond question. In a Chamber where Gambetta alone surpassed him in eloquence, he immediately took the first place as a debater. Always calm and self-possessed, his readiness in discussion was as remarkable as the exactness of his knowledge. On January 30th, he was elected Senator for the Bouches du Rhône, and before the expiration of the term of six years he was sent as the Ambassador of France to the Court of St. James. Once more his practical talents were called in question. Nothing could exceed the lucidity of his despatches, nor did he fail in conducting the business of his office; but he was disliked in society, and condemned by public opinion. Yet the French, who forgive ability everything, have ratified his appointment to the most influential position in the French Ministry, and it is not too much to say that upon his present conduct the future of France, at least for one generation, may rest.

What, then, shall we say of M. Challemel-Lacour? Fortunately, we have not only his actions, but also his speeches and writings, on which to base our judgment. He has published the letters of Madame d'Epinay, with an introduction; translated Ritter's "History of Philosophy," also with an introduction; and, finally, has written a book on Wilhelm von Humboldt, entitled "La Philosophie Individualiste." These, with his speeches, afford data enough to allow us to measure his intellect. Let us take his most important work, his criticism, published in 1864, of the individualistic philosophy. The position of Wilhelm von Humboldt as a political thinker may be made clear to Englishmen almost in one phrase,—he was the forerunner and teacher of J. S. Mill. Humboldt insists that it is necessary to allow the individual the most complete liberty of action; the State should never, according to him, substitute its action for that of the individual. In later life, Humboldt saw reason to modify somewhat these articles of his political creed, but he had affirmed too stoutly ever to change his position as the head of a school; and it is as a teacher of individualism that M. Challemel-Lacour studies him. He begins by calling Wilhelm von Humboldt his hero, and states the creed of the German with clearness and vigour. When M. Challemel-Lacour, however, comes to Humboldt's statement that the sole function of the State is to provide for public security, he hesitates to accept the dogma, and helps himself out of the difficulty by a somewhat fine-spun argument,—"Agreed," he writes, "but the public well-being is also a condition necessary to peace, and, therefore, Humboldt's theory forces us to give back to the State some of the authority which he would have taken from it." M. Challemel-Lacour, however, decides nothing, and ends his book with an ill-defined statement of the question. Whether it is well to trust in the many, and to repose all authority in the masses, or to hope all from a few gifted individuals, he confesses himself unable to determine. At least we see here that M. Challemel-Lacour is truth-loving, or he would not be content to formulate without settling the question. Here, too, his desire to be impartial is as conspicuous as the fact that his intellectual capacity is not of a really high order. He is one of the led, and not a leader in thought; he is an *opportunist*, not because he has solved the problem, and reconciled the two opposing dogmas in an affirmation which includes both, but because he sees unclearly the two antagonistic movements, and, unable to calculate the resultant of the forces, abandons himself to the leading of circumstances. Nor is M. Challemel-Lacour's opportunism, meaning hereby his want of insight, atoned for by depth of moral feeling, by purity of conscience. He is not a large man, even in mental stature; and yet his ethical tone is of a lower order than his intelligence. He asserts that it "is a great imperfection in a statesman to push mere conscientious scruples too far, and to be incapable of sacrificing his moral delicacy to his aim..... *When truth has conquered, she has almost always owed her victory to means of a questionable morality*" ("a des moyens scabreux et équivoques"). Now the man who *sees* that there is but one law, one order, in the moral and in the material world, that right always in the long-run is might, may be called a believer. The man who doubts this is a sceptic—one much to be pitied—but what shall we say of the man who absolutely declares that the lie is stronger than the truth, and that it alone helps the truth to victory, except that he is an avowed detractor of the truth? The intellect, then, the mental *eyesight* of M. Challemel-Lacour is fairly keen, truth-seeking, and impartial, but not sufficiently powerful to save him from disbelief in the very existence of right; the conscience, on the other hand, the mental *feeling* of the man, is so blunted that he considers it an imperfection not to be able and willing to do even what *he* sees to be wrong.

He is dogmatic withal, and self-assertive; he can overawe the men about him—men, for the most part, of even less insight and less knowledge than himself—by his gift of speech, for he is a master of acrid and biting sarcasm. To enable the reader to judge of his power some instances of it may be given. Speaking of Madame d'Epinay's connection with Grimm, and noticing that moral axioms abound in their correspondence, he says:—"They had the double pleasure of sinning together, and then of condemning themselves with one accord from a philosophical [ethical?] stand-point." The same Grimm of whom St. Beuve speaks as a judicious, honest, faithful man, as one of the greatest of critics, M. Challemel-Lacour dismisses as Grimm "the frog-eyed." M. Challemel-Lacour's power of sarcasm appears to come from his inability to see the good, at least as much as from his quickness to see defects. Not that his knowledge is really deep or accurate; he makes, for instance, laughable errors in translating from German into French, but as it is rare for a Frenchman to know German at all, he may be considered as a whale among minnows.

We have thought it our duty to depict M. Challemel-Lacour as we see him, but we must not forget that he has often shown both courage and dexterity, and, above all, that he is in complete sympathy with the surface tendencies of the time. Practical men, that is those who desire to gauge his probable conduct as the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, will do well to look upon M. Challemel-Lacour as a fairly intelligent man, whose intellect may be trusted to restrain his imperiousness of temper. The moralist, the thinker, will see him but as one of that numerous class to whom, in Shakespeare's language, Time gives "alms for oblivion."

THE LORDS ON THE IRISH LAND ACT.

WHAT can be the motive of the Tory Peers in their systematic and persistent hostility to the Irish Land Act? It cannot be mere peevishness or chagrin, for besides the injustice of imputing such childish conduct to so grave and dignified a body of men, there are landlords among them far too able and practical to allow personal feeling to jeopardise their real interests. For there can be no question that the attitude of the Tory Peers towards the Land Act is prejudicial to the interests of the Irish proprietors. How can the Irish tenantry be expected to regard the Act as a final settlement of the question when they see the Tories, as a party, denouncing the Act as "confiscation and plunder"? Their feeling must be that as soon as the Tories return to power—perhaps in a year or two—the whole question will be reopened, and the Tory Government will attempt either to repeal or modify the Act, or to buy out the Irish landlords and distribute their property among the peasantry, at the expense of the British taxpayer. Yet the very men, who cause all this uncertainty as to the future, complain bitterly of the depreciation of Irish landed property. They undermine the foundation on which the security of property rests, and then complain that it has ceased to fetch a fair price in the market. Yet we suspect that there is method in their seeming recklessness. The truth probably is that they do not wish the Irish Land Act to

be a success, and that they are determined, if they can, to make it a failure. Some of them have seen with dismay the considerable reductions of rent made by the Sub-Commissioners. But we doubt whether the most active spirits among the malcontents—men like Lord Waterford and Lord Dunraven, for example—are much moved by that consideration. We believe that neither of these Peers has been pecuniarily a sufferer by the administration of the Land Act,—a fact which is to their credit. We are probably not wrong in attributing their hostility, and that of the Tory Peers in general, to the Land Act, to motives which they do not think it prudent to avow publicly. The Land Act has placed limitations on the rights of the landlords, and by the general reduction of rents it has diminished the saleable value of landed property in general. The limitation of landlord rights has shorn ownership of land in Ireland of some of its sentimental and ornamental attractions. The consequence is that many Irish landlords would very gladly sell their properties, and leave the country; and those who have not suffered from the Land Act are precisely those who are most anxious to sell. If they can arrest, or at least discredit, the action of the Sub-Commissioners, they may hope to persuade intending purchasers that rents may yet go up. But if the Act is allowed free course, there will be very little chance of selling land on anything like the old terms. Conservative Peers in England, on the other hand, aim at helping the Irish landlords, while at the same time they hope to accomplish a political *coup* by winning the Irish constituencies through the expropriation of the Irish landlords at a handsome figure in favour of peasant-proprietors. In no other way can we explain the remarkable change of front which the Tory party have executed on the question of peasant-proprietors in Ireland. Indeed, Lord Waterford hinted, towards the close of his speech on Friday, at the real aim of the landlords' agitation against the Act. "The purchase clauses," he said, "should at once be rendered workable by transferring the management of the sales to the Landed Estates Court, and by adopting something like the other suggestions contained in the first Report of their Lordships' Committee." What are those suggestions? One of them is that a "Land Tribunal" should be established, to negotiate the purchase of Irish properties by tenants, and that this Tribunal "should be authorised to advance the whole of the purchase-money," without waiting for the judicial fixing of rents as a test of the value of the holdings. The Committee recommend, moreover, that the advances of the State for the purpose of facilitating purchases should be made "at the rate of £3 per cent., and that the repayment should be by annual instalments of £3½ per cent., spreading over sixty-six years; or of £4 per cent., spreading over forty-six years." This is the recommendation of a Committee presided over by Lord Cairns, a significant and important fact, for Lord Cairns delivered an able speech against the Bright Clauses of the Land Act. Under the Bright Clauses, the State advances only two-thirds of the purchase-money, to be repaid by instalments over thirty-five years. What did Lord Cairns think and say of that very moderate proposal? It is worth while to quote his language:—"My Lords, for the third of a century the management of these properties is to be imposed on the Government. . . . . Suppose the purchase-money is not paid, and you proceed to enforce your forfeiture. My Lords, in that case I do not envy the position of the Treasury. I think I can foresee, the first time they proceed to forfeiture, the pressure that will be brought to bear on them in Parliament, and I know not which is the more dangerous. I venture to prophesy, with some confidence, that one of two things will happen,—either the whole of these provisions will break down, and you will be obliged to say you cannot enforce their observance; or, if you do, there will be an outcry in the country, and the Government will assume a position more odious than that of the most disliked Irish landlord."

In this view of the matter Lord Cairns was supported by the leading speakers of his party; but, for a special reason, we shall quote but one of them. In addressing his constituents during the General Election of 1880, Mr. W. H. Smith took the opportunity of discussing the question of gradually enabling the tenantry of Ireland to purchase the properties of their landlords, and his conclusion was that he "had difficulty in realising the magical ability of the man who could frame such a scheme." That man of "magical ability" turned out to be himself, for in the last Session of Parliament he tabled a Resolution which declared that "further legislation is imperatively required, to enable tenants in Ireland to acquire the freehold of the land in their occupation on just and reasonable terms." We have seen what the leaders of the Opposition suggest as "just and reasonable terms." We have also seen what they think of terms which are moderation itself, compared with their own. They believe that the Government could never recover advances of two-thirds of the purchase-money, repayable in thirty-five years; and, believing this, they propose that the State should advance the whole of the purchase-money at 3 per cent., repayable by yearly instalments in sixty-six years. Meanwhile, they set themselves to disparage the Land Act, lest the judicial fixing of rents should diminish the value of the excellent bargain which they intend for Irish landlords, at the cost of the British taxpayers. It is one of the coolest attempts ever made to sacrifice not only the peace of Ireland, but the interests of the population of Great Britain, for the benefit of a particular class and a political party.

The public, however, are not so dull and ill informed as the Tory Peers imagine. They know quite well that the Irish landlords have benefited by the Land Act not less than the tenants. The whole force of England would have failed to secure the regular payment of the old rents; and what is more, no Conservative Government would have dared to make the attempt; nor would a just Government desire to make it. It is surprising that, with such a mass of evidence before him, the Duke of Argyll should still maintain that the only question in fixing rents in Ireland is "what men in the open market will give for land." It is so in this country, because in this country the tenant can meet his landlord on pretty equal terms. There are other means of gaining a livelihood besides the possession of land, and the landlord who tries to drive a hard bargain with his tenant runs the risk of finding his land thrown upon his hands. At this moment numbers of English landlords are glad to let farms at merely nominal rents, to keep them in cultivation. But in Ireland the possession of land is the only means of livelihood to the great mass of the population. "The landlord," as Lord Normanby said in the House of Lords forty years ago, "has a monopoly of the means of existence, and has a power for enforcing his bargains which does not exist elsewhere,—the power of starvation." And this monopoly, let it be remembered, is the direct consequence of English legislation, which first divorced the Irish population from the soil, and then, when they took to other modes of living, destroyed their industries and drove them back upon the land. To say that the proper principle of valuation in such a case is what men are willing to give, is much the same kind of absurdity as saying that the proper price of bread is what starving men will give in a besieged city. The Irish tenantry were obliged, as a rule, to give what the landlord asked, or starve. In the debate in the House of Lords last Friday Lord Emly told a story—by no means a solitary case—of a property bought by the present owner when the rental was £800 a year. "By the labours of the tenants, without any assistance from the landlord, the land was improved and the rent was raised to £3,000 a year. Could their Lordships wonder that in such a case the rents had been reduced 58 and 75 per cent?" We shall not do their Lordships the injustice of believing that they did wonder. In their hearts they cannot think such reductions of rent really unjust, however extraordinary the figures may look on paper, without any explanation. Nor is there much in the plea that rents have been reduced on estates which were not rack-rented. The truth is that, owing to the exorbitant competition for land, the general rental of Irish estates was pushed up to a rack-renting figure. We know of more than one Irish estate on which the rents had not been raised for one or two generations, but which were, nevertheless, found and admitted by the landlords themselves, to their own great surprise, to have been all the while rack-rented. We believe that when the passion and excitement of the hour are past, the Sub-Commissioners will be generally admitted to have done no more in their decisions than satisfy the equity of the cases that came before them.

THE EFFECTS OF THE PARCELS POST.

IT is difficult to forecast the effect on particular classes of such a change in the conditions of social life as will be worked by the Parcels Post. That the nation as a whole will benefit, is of course clear. The removal of artificial barriers to the interchange of commodities must always tend to facilitate production, and thus to equalise the circumstances of life in different places. Looked at in the whole, it is an unmixed good that town and country may freely exchange products. The only question is,—Will any class incidentally suffer?

At first sight, it will certainly strike most people that the shopkeepers of villages and small towns are likely to lose custom. Undoubtedly, a very large retail trade, carried on directly between great towns and the residents in country districts, will be very rapidly developed by the new Post. Perishable provisions apart, there are innumerable things which it will be convenient to get immediately from large retail establishments in town. The question is whether these will not be chiefly articles of comfort or luxury which are at present dispensed with, or in the case of the rich obtained by their own servants. With regard to the things which people require constantly and habitually, the tradesman on the spot will still have great advantages. If, indeed, the limits of the Post were wider, if goods of considerable weight and bulk could be obtained, he would probably gain greatly. For he would then be able to get his supplies at present prices, but more regularly and expeditiously than he can now. But taking the Post as it is, there are many ways in which his position will still aid him. Moderate as the tariff is, postage will add very materially to the cost of cheap articles. Sugar, for instance, is sold at 3d. and 3½d. a pound by every country grocer. Seven pounds will not cost more than 2s.; to add another 1s. for postage is, of course, out of the question. On the other hand, the country shopkeeper can get his supplies down as goods at a very low rate, and can fetch them from the station by his own horse and cart. He will certainly be able to save enough on the carriage over the postal charges to enable him to sell at a reasonable price, and realise a fair profit. The question, indeed, really comes to this,—Will it be possible to obtain goods from a large town dealer at such a reduced charge that it will more than counterbalance the postage? On the heaviest weight permissible the rate is almost 1¾d. a pound, and the tariff for the smaller quantities is higher. This is a great addition to the cost of inexpensive articles, and it is in such articles that village tradesmen chiefly deal. We do not believe that the bulk of their trade will be sensibly affected.

If this conclusion is right on strictly economical grounds, there are other considerations which tell in the country shopkeeper's favour. It is his business to get goods from towns. It is the business of the town dealers to facilitate his getting goods in every way. The traveller from a wholesale house calls on him and suggests what he wants, and he has hardly any trouble beyond sending to the nearest station. The consumer, on the other hand, will have to concoct his order out of his own head. He will, no doubt, be assisted by advertisements, but often he will not know where to apply for what he wants. It is troublesome, too, to write an order. It is not the business of the consumer. He has other work, or amusements. In the case of the poor, the disinclination to write will probably settle the question. Even the spread of education will only by degrees render it an easy and every-day occurrence to write a letter or post-card. Then, again, there is the question of credit. The dealer at a distance will hesitate to part with his goods, if he is not confident of payment; while the consumer of limited means and experience will have a still greater objection to paying his money in advance. It will probably be long before these obstacles are overcome. The village tradesman need not fear losing the custom of his humble neighbours for many a day, even if he charges them a trifle more than the price for which they could get the same articles by Post. The well-to-do will be less influenced by the consideration of trouble, and not at all by that of credit, and it seems probable that in their case they may use the Post for articles of substantial value, but not for those in which, for the most part, the village trader deals.

There is another point to be considered. The Post will, no doubt, be used to a great extent for samples. The village shop may be made to look very bright by a collection of specimen articles obtained from large town houses. A good many things, after all, are bought not because they are wanted, but because they catch the eye in a shop-window. These are just the cases, too, in which price is little weighed, and the profits of the retailer are largest. There will be little demur at paying the 3d. or so really put on by the post, and the shopkeeper will clear his full profit. He may, indeed, become in this way a purveyor for the neighbourhood. By keeping a stock of samples, he will suggest tastes and cultivate wants which he may easily supply, if not out of his actual stock, by articles obtained by return of Post. It is quite possible that where clever agents of this kind exist, town houses may discover that it suits their purpose better to push their business through them, than by direct communication with the consumer.

The Parcels Post may in time have a very potent effect on country life, in one of those indirect ways in which far-reaching social reforms act. The delivery of parcels in rural districts will, as the Post developes, require some machinery of conveyance different from that which now exists. It speaks well for the popularity of the postman that the one remark which every one has made about the Parcels Post is,—What will happen to the rural letter-carrier? Most persons living in the country know of some case in which a postman walks eight, ten, or even fifteen miles on his round, often through by-ways and footpaths. Although no one can blame Mr. Fawcett for not providing at first for a traffic which will only come in time, it is clear that the delivery of letters on foot in rural districts, though continued in most places for the present, is doomed by the Parcels Post. Sooner or later, all country deliveries must be performed by cart. Is there any reason why the system of conveyance thus necessitated should not be adapted also to provide that means of communication across country which is so absolutely wanting at present? To reach any place five miles from a railway station without a private carriage means an expenditure of 7s. or 8s., a charge prohibitory on persons of small means. Even for the wealthy, the difference between living near and at a distance from a station is very keenly felt. Constant journeys of several miles are troublesome and expensive, even when performed by one's own horses and servants. On the other hand, it will be very burdensome on the Post Office to maintain a large staff of horses and carts exclusively for the mail service. To own them is contrary to the practice of the Department. As Government accounts do not distinguish between capital and income, it is inconvenient to keep up an extensive plant. But to contract for them will be costly, if the contractor is to rely for his profits on the Post Office alone. If by degrees a system of passenger conveyance could be organised in connection with the collection and delivery of letters and parcels throughout rural districts, a most valuable boon would be incidentally conferred upon the country. To facilitate communication between towns and villages would be to quicken the life of the latter, while increasing the means of refreshment by association with rural quiet and beauty, of which the inhabitants of towns stand so much in need. Perhaps, by such speculations as these, we may be over-rating the effects of such a very simple thing as the carriage of parcels by Post; but it is certainly difficult to limit the results which may flow from a change penetrating into every corner of social life.

NATIONAL PARKS.

SOME of us must have been tempted, when we read the account in the *Times* of the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, to envy its happy possessors. It was not so much the extraordinary natural features of the district that aroused this feeling, as the fact that they all belong to the American people. But for this, we know by experience what would in the end become of them. The shores of Niagara do not belong to the people, and the consequence is that every day sees them worse disfigured. From the greed of the speculative builder, or of the owner whose one object is how to exact a toll from the traveller for permission to use his eyes, the Yellowstone District is for ever free. When Lord Lorne visited British Columbia last year, he urged the inhabitants to follow the example of the United States in this respect. Wherever, he said, you find some region of unusual loveliness, I advise you to make a national park of it. In years to come, when British Columbia becomes populous, you will have cause to rejoice over what you have done." Great Britain is a country not less populous to-day than British Columbia or the United States will be in fifty or a hundred years. The need to exchange the crowded city, or the scarcely less crowded suburb, for the real country, for the solitude of the mountain-top or the cheerful silence of the fells, is as great in England now as it is likely to be in America a century hence. Yet the possibilities of supplying that need are constantly becoming fewer. Though enclosure is a harder process than it was — thanks to the Commons Preservation Society—it is still a great deal too easy, and much can be done to deprive the public of country to which they have heretofore had access, without going the length of inclosure. Footpaths can be stopped up; bridle-roads can be diverted; land which has never been common, but of which the use has been virtually free to the public, is turned to account in ways which are of more benefit to the owner; and against all this, the Commons Preservation

Society can do but little. Then there is always the possibility that the lord of the manor and the commoners may agree upon terms which, while they make the enclosure less obnoxious to those who have private rights in it, leave it as much a source of annoyance as ever to the public at large. The law, it must not be forgotten, knows nothing of the public at large. It protects the minority who have specific rights in a common, but it does nothing for the majority, who only ask that the common shall be kept open. Thus the cause of Commons Preservation is exposed to two great dangers,—one, that the public interest in their maintenance is necessarily less watchful than the private interest in their destruction; the other, that the public interest in their maintenance can only be defended in roundabout ways. Those who most feel that interest may have no title to be heard in behalf of it, and those who have such a title may have been induced to part with it. Of late, indeed, enclosure has for the time ceased to be the enemy that Commons have most cause to fear. A new railway asks leave to take a very small piece of a common, and the request is sure to be supported by the whole Railway interest in Parliament. Party ties do not unite men half so closely as the brotherhood that subsists between Railway Directors. They may be Whig, Tory, or Radical, but where Railways are concerned they are always to be found in the same lobby. Now, this little fraction of the common which the Railway Company wants to have commonly happens to be so placed as to destroy the beauty of the remainder. Indeed, what was a common before, often ceases after the railway has been made to be anything more than two strips of waste land, divided by a cutting or an embankment. It is difficult, however, for the Commons Preservation Society to be as much on the alert as the Company which is directly concerned in getting the railway made as cheaply as possible. This Session, indeed, the guardians of the public interest have been remarkably successful; but we can hardly doubt that they will some day be found napping, when some railway project is before Parliament, and only wake to the extent of the mischief when the time for averting it has gone by.

Why should not England follow the example of the United States, and convert some of the districts which most lend themselves to this treatment into National Parks? Probably the suggestion will almost take away the reader's breath. The tremendous compensation which the transfer of large tracts of land from private to public ownership would seem to involve, will be thought to be a conclusive argument against such a scheme. But then, in the way in which we should propose to effect this transfer, there need be no very large sum spent in compensation. We do not propose that any of the rights of ownership, as they are at present exercised, should be interfered with. All we ask is that no new development of these rights should be permitted. Let us take, by way of an instance, the Lake District,—the one, perhaps, of all England that, by its manageable size and its surpassing charm, would have the first claim to be put to this use. There would not be the least need to expropriate the existing owners of land. If the face of the country is simply left as it is, there will be ample room for any number of visitors in search of natural beauty. All that is really required is that it should be left as it is. Mansions, cottages, parks, woods, gardens, and sporting rights of all kinds, as they now exist there, are found not to interfere with the full enjoyment by the public of all that the district has to offer. What threatens to interfere with this enjoyment is the extension of these rights. That more houses should be built, that more land should be inclosed, that game preservation should become stricter, that paths that are now open should be shut up, that railways should be made where none exist,—these are the dangers before which those who know and love the Lakes feel helpless, and it is precisely these dangers that the scheme of converting the district into a national park would meet. But when once the change had been effected, the landowners in the district would not be the worse, except prospectively. They would not be able to do anything that they have not done heretofore; but everything that they have done heretofore they would be able to do still. The single operation of the change would be to stereotype the existing order of things, to leave that enclosed which is enclosed, that open which is open, that public which is public, and that private which is private. No doubt, the destruction of these contingent rights would involve some compensation to the owners, but it would be very trifling, in comparison with the compensation that would be required if it were proposed to take from them anything that they now enjoy. Deprive a man of a mansion and a park that has been in his family for centuries, and you take away something which to him may be all but priceless. Say to him that he must never turn his park into building land, and you forbid him merely to do what, unless he should be cursed with a spendthrift heir, he would never think of doing. So, again, if it were proposed to throw open the woods which are now consecrated to the production of pheasants, the owner might feel that his property no longer possessed the quality for which he chiefly valued it. But if he were merely forbidden to shut up woods in which the passer-by is now permitted to roam at will, in order to breed more pheasants, the quality which the property would lose would be something purely contingent and future. The basis, therefore, on which compensation must be calculated would be altogether different from that which must be taken in the case of an extinction of actual and long-exercised rights. We do not say that the plan could be carried out without cost or without difficulty. But when it is considered how impossible it will be to preserve some of the most beautiful districts in England at any less expenditure, whether of money or trouble, and how great the loss of these districts will be to the next generation of Englishmen, we feel that some strong effort should be made to keep them, and that the best chance of making it to good purpose must be looked for in the direction which has now been indicated.

MORAL SCAVENGERING.

IT is difficult to look upon the method by which James Carey brought the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish to justice, and by which the Irishman O'Donnell has now assassinated Carey, as anything but one of moral scavengering. There appear to be human beings, and not a few of them, who discharge no purpose more beneficent than that of removing the moral offal with which human society is loaded. As it appears to be a law of nature that wherever there is a good deal of carrion, there there are either dogs or birds to do the work of scavengers in clearing away that carrion, so it appears to be also a law of human nature that wherever there is much moral carrion, there, too, there will be creatures of some kind whose nature impels them to make away with that carrion. Thus, where there are assassins in plenty there are sure to be spies in plenty, and where there are spies in plenty there are pretty sure to be assassins in plenty; and the one set prey upon the other, to the temporary relief, though not, certainly, to the permanent relief of mankind,—for spies, though they bring assassins to justice, do not do anything to render the spirit of the assassin less frequent,—rather, indeed, to stimulate it into activity, so far as they themselves are concerned; and assassins, though they destroy the spies, do not do anything to extinguish the spirit of the informer, for they intensify that temper of cowardice and fear in which the spirit of the informer is most successfully bred. It will never be by moral scavengers like James Carey and his murderer that either the bloodthirsty vindictiveness, or the mean and craven cunning, of our day will be eradicated. Courage will never take the place of cowardice in any people amongst whom assassination is common; and without a popular diffusion of courage, the spy will never disappear. Nor will the habit of assassination disappear till the popular feeling which resents this covert mode of attacking enemies, and marks out those who use it for execration, becomes more widely spread. Scavengers afford a temporary relief to the inhabitants of a country where carrion is plentiful, but they do not remove the causes of that wide-spread moral putridity. Still, we may fairly say that they are useful, up to a certain point. The desperate moral evils which lead to the prevalence of assassination would be in danger of indefinite expansion, if they were not necessarily accompanied by the fear of treachery; and the desperate moral evils which lead to treachery would be almost intolerable, if they were not limited by the moral loathing that leads to assassination. The two evils,—dreadful as each of them is,—reciprocally impose a certain limit on each other, without which they might spread almost indefinitely. The fear felt of the James Careys of life is almost the only fear to which ruffians like Brady seem to be in any degree amenable; and the fear felt of avengers like O'Donnell is almost the only fear to which hypocrites like Carey seem to be in any degree amenable. These two almost intolerable evils certainly tend to limit each other, though not in any degree to extinguish each other; they limit the natural expansiveness by which bloody passions seem possessed on the one hand, and by which treachery breeds treachery

on the other. If the spirit of murder did not fear betrayal, we hardly know where it would stop. And if the universal distrust diffused by hypocritical pretences did not fear the knife, we hardly know how far it might not be able to eat its corrupt way into the very heart of society.

It seems a paradox to say that the Careys of society limit the number of Bradys, and the O'Donnells of society the number of Careys, and yet to say in the same breath, as we have done, that the spirit which renders the one set of evils possible, breeds directly the other set of evils. But it is only the sort of paradox of which life is made up. It is true, for instance, that prisons and the use of them are a very real limit on violence; and it is also true that the violence which is bred by the tyrannical disposition to make an over-use of prisons, has a very decided tendency to render that over-use of them less likely. Nevertheless, the redundance of violence leads directly to the use of Bastilles, and the redundance of Bastilles leads directly to the use of violence. Evil generates evil, even though the evil generated may limit the evil which generates it, just as a bottle may be so full of water that when you turn it upside down the water will not flow out. There is really no manner of doubt that the prevalence of people like Brady engenders the spy; and there is no manner of doubt that the prevalence of spies engenders assassins like O'Donnell; and yet, true as this is, it is also true that the existence of traitors in countries of violence prevents the rapid increase of violence which might otherwise take place, and that the existence of men of violence in a country of traitors prevents the rapid increase of traitors which might otherwise take place. The assassin produces the spy but also intimidates him; and so puts a limit to the number of spies. The spy produces the assassin, but also intimidates him, and so puts a limit to the number of assassins. There is no paradox, except the paradox which accompanies almost every kind of life, in saying that while evil generates evil, it is also mercifully ordered that these reciprocally-produced evils limit each other's growth, and so provide a breathing-space, as it were, during which those who abhor both evils equally, may look for, and perhaps find, a partial remedy. Moral scavengers are no remedies for putridity; but they may prevent that enormous and rapid increase of putridity which would take place if evils *only* generated each other, and did not also to some extent interfere with and put fetters on each others' growth. If the kingdom of evil were not necessarily divided against itself, its prospects of final victory would be even more threatening than they are.

That evils which breed evils should, nevertheless, tend to limit the spread of the very evils they breed, is the one feature in evil which distinguishes it from good. True good does not interfere with and limit good, as evil interferes with and limits evil. Genuine goodheartedness, the absence of suspicion, like Lord Frederick Cavendish's, may now and then offer the opportunity for an act of deep guilt; but it never engenders the spirit of guilt, as violence causes treachery and treachery causes violence. On the contrary, good-will fosters genuine trust, and genuine trust fosters good-will. There is no mutually limiting element about the virtues of men, as there is about their sins. Luckily for us, one vice is often the scourge as well as the parent of another vice; but one virtue is always the parent, and the parent only, of other virtues. Doubtless, we may find philanthropy breeding cynicism, but then the philanthropy which breeds cynicism is sure to be a spurious philanthropy, something which, while it professes to love the race at large, is heartless enough to individuals. Evil interferes with and embarrasses evil, as good never interferes with and embarrasses good. Evils are always devouring each other's offspring, like the Gods of heathen fable but then these reciprocal voracities never result in much real good, but only at most in the limitation of evil. Carey is no remedy for Brady, nor O'Donnell for Carey. To get any remedy for such monster evils, we must try and inspire the mutual good-will which renders the assassin hateful, and the hearty trust which renders the spy still more hateful. That was what Lord Frederick Cavendish went to Ireland to do, and fell in the hope of doing. We may recognise with thankfulness that the worst types of evil limit, even while they generate, each other; but they never *remedy* each other. For a remedy of any kind, we must sow germs of good, and not of evil. Those are the only scavengers which turn rottenness into health, and never turn health into rottenness.

WILLS *versus* CROMWELL.

MR. WILLS'S drama of *Charles I.* was, thanks in great part to Mr. Irving, a remarkable success. By making Cromwell appear a vulgar and canting ruffian, and Charles I. as not only a hero and a martyr, but also a modern gentleman, with superior manners and a melancholy smile, a contrast is produced which gives rise to some exceedingly dramatic situations. This method of treatment was admirably adapted for the respectable audiences which wept nightly over the kingly griefs, and when to the emotions of sentimental loyalty were added those of the domestic hearth caused by the farewell scene between Charles and his children, the triumph of the dramatist was complete. Nor was the triumph an illegitimate one. From the days when Sophocles and Euripides moulded the popular legends to suit their own views of dramatic necessity, the dramatist, like the novelist, has always been allowed a poetic licence in dealing with the personages and events of legend and history. So long as the main features are preserved, so long as Achilles is "impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," and so long as Medea is fierce and Orestes sad, no one can complain. Nor, so long as there is some traditional authority for a particular dramatic view of people and things historical, can the historian object.

Now, there is no denying that there is a traditional view of Charles and Cromwell which justifies Mr. Wills's treatment. It is the view of the Restoration and the historian of the time of the third George, suited to the prejudices and passions of the period in which it was put together. But when Mr. Wills is brought to book, and contends not merely that he was justified as a dramatist in the method of treatment he adopted, but that he was right historically, he leaves himself at the mercy of hostile criticism. In a long letter to the *Times*, last week, he was impelled by some evil genius to leave the fortress of dramatic fitness and venture out into the open field of historic fact, and to give chapter and verse in support of his contention. As the character of Cromwell does, in fact, involve more or less that of the great bulk of the English nation at that time, it is just as well to show that the series of libels put forward by Mr. Wills are not, as he alleges in his defence, true in substance and in fact.

The greater part of the references given by him may be at once dismissed. Hallam, Godwin, and Mr. Jesse are only second-hand authorities, whose opinions must be taken for what they are worth, and would be easily out-balanced by quotations from Carlyle or Gardiner, or Mr. J. A. Pieton, Cromwell's latest biographer. They deal mainly with such points as Cromwell's hypocrisy and tyranny. Of the latter, the only instances cited are the establishment of the Major-Generals, and a general complaint by that staunch Republican, Ludlow. Now, the division of the country into Major-Generalships undoubtedly showed that it was on the brink of military despotism. But it is to be noted that the civil authorities were not superseded, that the Generals were sent out for purely military purposes, namely, to repress any further attempts at Royalist risings like the very serious one which they had just put down, and that they had no general powers of government. Still, no doubt, the measure was wholly "unconstitutional," and was justifiable solely as a means of stopping, as it did stop, further civil war. But a measure taken in time of revolution which is unconstitutional is not necessarily tyrannical. "Tyranny," in English, whatever it may have done in Greek, implies cruelty, unnecessary cruelty, unnecessary arbitrariness and harshness. No one has contended that, in England at least, Cromwell's government was cruel, and the general acquiescence in it, and Cromwell's many attempts to put it and keep it on a constitutional footing, are sufficient evidence that it was not unnecessarily harsh, nor, in intention at least, wholly arbitrary.

The charge of hypocrisy is one which it is only less difficult to disprove than to prove. It is chiefly founded on the fact that Cromwell was given to praying, that he gave thanks to God for his victories, and generally "made Him his journeyman." But this is common, especially in times of fighting. Even at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, both the Emperor and the King appealed to the God of Battles, and Te Deums are a recognised method of celebrating victories. Moreover, if the frequent use of prayer and the name of God is a proof of hypocrisy, then was Charles equally a hypocrite. Witness Sir Philip Warwick, whom Mr. Wills has himself put into the box:—"His exercises of religion were most exemplary. . . . . Every morning and evening he spent some time in private

meditation, and through the whole week . . . . . never failed before he sat down to dinner to have part of the Litnrgy read unto him and his menial servants, were he never so hungry, or so late in, &c." At all events, it must be allowed in Cromwell's favour that he began to be pious before his piety could have begun to be useful, when he was tithe-lessee to the Dean and Chapter of Ely; and that his piety once led him, according to another of Mr. Wills's witnesses, Heath, to return £20 which he had won at play in his less pious days.

But the main charge against Cromwell (which is made a turning-point in the play) is that he negotiated with the King to be made Earl of Essex, and on the King's refusal vowed his death. The sole authority for this is a statement by Mr. Jesse that there "is a well-known tradition" to that effect, and a quotation from James Heath, on which, of course, that tradition is founded. This personage is the author of what Carlyle calls "a little, brown, lying book," or pamphlet, entitled "Flagellum," published in 1663, when the "White Terror" and the gallows were in full swing, and judicial murders, like that of Sir Henry Vane, were being daily perpetrated; while the ignoble vengeance of the Stuarts and their hangers-on vented itself even on the dead,—not only on the dead bodies of Cromwell and Ireton and the hero Blake, but even on the dead body of Cromwell's poor old mother. This "Flagellum" has never been publicly and thoroughly flagellated as it deserves to be. It is a tissue of ludicrous lies and palpable absurdities, and it would be about as rational to adopt the story told by a "drunk and incapable" of the conduct of the policeman who took him up, as it would to believe its evidence against Cromwell. Here is a sketch of Cromwell's early life, gathered from its veracious pages. He was a notorious "apple dragon," or robber of orchards, as a boy; "from this he passed into another more manly theft, the robbing of dove-houses." He was whipped, by his father's order, for dreaming he should be King of England. "There was none so infamed for drinking, wenching, and the like outrages, as this young Tarquin." He was accordingly sent to Lincoln's Inn, "under pretence of his studying the law" (a pretence which a good many other young squires before and since have been under), but there "found law so contrary to his loose and libertine spirit that . . . . . he spent his time in an inward spight, which for that space exceeded the enormous extravagance of his former vitiousnesse." Then he became pious (of course, hypocritically), and when he set up farming, used to "continue prayers with the farm labourers so long, that it was nine o'clock in the morning before they began their work." The effect of this was remarkable. "The ploughmen, seeing this zeal of their master, which dispensed with the profitable and most commodious part of the day for their labour, thought they might borrow the other part of it for their pleasure, and therefore they commonly went to the plough with a pack of cards in their pockets, and having turned up two or three furrows, set themselves down to game till dinner-time, when they returned to the second part of their devotion," with the result that "scarce half a crop ever reared itself upon his grounds;" and so forth. Surely, Mr. Wills can never have looked inside the book he quotes, or he would not in cold-blood cite the "banalities" of "Carrion" Heath as an authority. How well he deserves the epithet of "Carrion," we cannot soil these pages by showing. Suffice it to refer to the passage where the young Oliver is ducked for misbehaviour at his uncle's house, and his details of old Oliver's death, when his body was "so full of corruption" that they were "forced to bury him out of hand," and the grand lying-in-state which he describes was, in consequence, that of a sham corpse. But we may reject at once and for ever a tradition which is taken from such a polluted hand as that of Mr. James Heath, sometime student (to his shame be it spoken) of Christ Church, Oxford.

The other chief instance of treachery and duplicity towards Charles urged by Mr. Wills is found in "his cruel wiles to lure away the King to Carisbrook . . . . . detailed in Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs of the reign, 1702." Now, again, one is tempted to ask whether Mr. Wills has ever read the book he refers to, because, if so, he must have been in a trance with his eyes not open, but shut. Sir Philip, who, though a vehement Royalist, is at least a gentleman, does not give the smallest countenance to the story that Charles was lured to Carisbrooke by Cromwell. He does, indeed, imply that Cromwell frightened him away from Hampton Court, by pretending (what after events proved to be the fact) that he could not "withstand the torrent of the agitators," who "were like to seize upon his Majestie and murder him." But he distinctly says, "It came not within my knowledge who gave the counsell for his flight, or what was resolved about it," though he was told of the project before it was executed; but "I could not concur for his making a mean (since it was like to be a dangerous) flight." But "being carried off by Mr. John Ashburnham, Sir John Berkeley, and Mr. William Legg onely, the next wee heard of him was that he was in Carisbrook Castle." The King himself told him he did not think he had been betrayed, and Warwick says:—"If it be lawfull to conjecture . . . . . the choosing this place did not arise from a beleife either of the King or Mr. Ashburnham in the Governour, but from the failing of some ship there [viz., at Southampton] expected. His Majesty . . . . . like a sick man, was willing to change his bed, and see whether it would better his condition. But that, when he was out of their hands, he should freely put himself into their power again, this, as it has heretofore bin my amazement, now requires my silence." Berkeley and Ashburnham, in their respective accounts of the episode, try to throw the blame on each other; but neither says that the other was a traitor, and Lord Clarendon comes to the conclusion that they were both honest, and says that the King never thought there was any treachery about it. He hints, indeed, that the King and his servants were outwitted by Cromwell, though how that could be he does not attempt to show, nor is it easy to see how Cromwell could have been benefited by the King's flight, nor what security he could have had that it would not end in the King's getting away altogether. There is, on the other hand, no doubt that Charles was then playing a double, or rather a treble game, trying to play off the Army against Parliament, and the Scots against both, and this flight was probably the gamester's throw to get rid of all three.

There is not space to follow Mr. Wills into his other charges of bravado, of cruelty, of vandalism, and even of avarice. The last is quite a novel accusation, and is easily refuted. The true story of the Marquis of Worcester's estates is that Cromwell was voted a sum of money amounting to £1,680 a year out of them, in recognition of his services, and in a few months afterwards he gave £1,000 a year of it to Parliament, for the war in Ireland. If he shared the Duke of Buckingham's estates, he shared them with Lord Fairfax, who became the Duke's father-in-law, and equally should share the charge of rapacity. But it is the same throughout. What Cromwell did was done also by Fairfax, up to the King's execution. It is impossible to suppose that the friend of Hampden and of Fairfax was a mere canting vulgarian, or that such a character would ever have commanded the confidence and respect of the party and the majority of the nation. Those who fix this character on Cromwell do so by looking to after-events, and fall into the logical fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. Because Cromwell was driven by circumstances to assist in the execution of Charles, and afterwards to take his place on the throne, it is assumed that he always had these objects before him. But in real life, and especially in times of revolution, people do not form these deep designs. They meet the needs of the moment, and are thankful if they can keep their own heads above water. That Cromwell was an enthusiast no one can doubt, and that, like many men, enthusiasts and others than enthusiasts, he thought his own views, and perhaps his own interests, coincided with those of God and Fatherland, may perhaps be conceded. But it is time that all sensible people gave the go-by to "Carrion" Heath, and his foolish slanders.

MIRAGE—MENTAL AND PHYSICAL.

WE believe that the phenomena of Mirage, or Fata Morgana, as they are seen in the Desert, are well known to be due not to mere illusion, but to the displaced images of real objects, which, by reflection from some well-defined stratum of the atmosphere, are transported some scores or hundreds of miles from the place of the originals to which they owe their existence. An admirable description of a mirage of this kind is given in the August *Cornhill*, the writer, who seems to lay the foundation at least of his tale in fact, stating that at a certain solitary telegraph station on the Red Sea, which he calls Um el Jemal, the occupants of the station used to see for fifty minutes at a time, and repeatedly from day to day, a mirage of the same remarkable building, "an ancient building of great size, castellated, with a broad terrace before its massive gateway." Wahabees were seen walking in numbers along the terrace, so that

the observer felt sure that, wherever the castle might be, it was a centre of Wahabee revolt. By copying the scene as it appeared in the mirage, and inquiring of travellers, one of the telegraph clerks at length learnt where the castle was situated, and found out that it was, as he had conjectured from the character of the constantly recurring vision, one of the secret centres of Wahabee conspiracy. It is represented that not the castle only, but the particular persons frequenting the castle, could be seen so clearly in this magic mirror provided by the strange conditions of the atmosphere, as to be recognised and rendered quite familiar to the inhabitants of this little lonely telegraph post on the Red Sea, distant, apparently, some hundreds of miles away. Whether the phenomena of the mirage are really so vivid as this, that you can see the images of what happens at so great a distance as if it were close at hand, we do not profess to know, though the writer of this paper evidently means so to represent it. We should have thought that would have been possible only if the atmosphere could furnish telescopic apparatus to magnify the reflected image, as well as reflecting surfaces by the aid of which to alter and falsify its apparent locality. But be this as it may, there seems to be no doubt that in special localities the desert does present lively pictures of all sorts of distant scenes, sometimes curiously blended together, and sometimes topsy-turvy. Caravans which are not within some scores of miles of the place will apparently pass through it, sometimes in regular order, sometimes with both men and camels marching on their heads. Ships-of-war—probably on the Red Sea—will appear to sail through the desert, side by side with these caravans, so that the mirage grotesquely collects together, like the sheet on which a magic-lantern is displayed, the most ill assorted collection of images from the real world, and unites them in places where they are quite inconsistent with each other.

Now, it has struck us, in reading the account of some very curious experiments just issued by the "Society for Psychical Research," that there is a curious analogy between the physical phenomena of mirage as seen in the Desert, and the mental phenomena of what the Society call "thought-transference." In the former case, we suppose, the reflection is the result of well-known physical laws; in the latter case, the reflection which appears to take place between mind and mind is the result of very imperfectly known mental laws; but none the less, there is a frequent illustration of that curious inversion or topsy-turvyness in the image which seems to be so often observed in the physical reflection of the mirage, and which in that case is, of course, a very ordinary consequence of the same law which makes the left side of the face in a plain mirror appear to be the right side, and the right side appear as the left. But we should by no means expect that mental reflection would be subject to any sort of inversion of the same kind, and yet it often appears to be so, though by no means uniformly. Thus, in the curious experiments recorded by Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers, on the transference of Mr. Blackburn's thoughts to the mind of Mr. G. A. Smith, who is described as a young mesmerist living at Brighton, we have many instances of this inversion, though many, too, where, as also in the case of the mirage, there is no such inversion. We will give the record of one set of experiments as a whole. It is only in the last paragraph that the account of this curious inversion occurs:—

"Brighton Experiments.

In the last Report (p. 63), a letter is quoted from Mr. Blackburn, of Brighton, who is now an associate of our Society, and who is a very painstaking and accurate observer, to the effect that he had obtained remarkable results in thought-reading, or will-impression, with a Mr. G. A. Smith, a young mesmerist living at Brighton.

We entered into correspondence with Mr. Blackburn, who thereupon took the trouble to send us a paper recording in detail his experiments with Mr. Smith. These statements appeared to be so carefully made, that two of our number, Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney (Mr. Barrett being unable to go at the time), arranged to pay a visit to Brighton, personally to investigate the joint experiments of Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Smith. These gentlemen most obligingly placed themselves at our service, and a series of trials were made in our own lodgings at Brighton. The results of these trials give us the most important and valuable insight into the manner of the mental transfer of a picture which we have yet obtained.

Mr. Blackburn has frequently practised thought-reading with Mr. Smith; but at the time when our first experiments were made, he had been accustomed to hold Mr. Smith's hand, or touch his forehead, with a view to communicating the impression. No unconscious pressure, however, could have communicated to the subject the definite words and pictures enumerated below. Though some of the early experiments are not striking, we prefer to give the whole series, that a due estimate may be formed of the chances against mere coincidence as an explanation.

Experiments made at our own Rooms, Brighton, December 3rd, 1882.—Present: Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Mr. Douglas Blackburn, hereafter called B., and Mr. G. A. Smith, hereafter called S.

S. was blindfolded at his own wish to aid in concentration, and during the experiment sat with his back turned to the experimenters.

B. holds S.'s hand, and asks him to name a colour, written down by one of us and shown to B. It is needless to say the strictest silence was preserved during each experiment.*

	Colour selected.	Answer.
Expt. 1.—	Gold	Gilt, colour of picture-frame.
,, 2.—	Light wood	Dark brown, slaty.
,, 3.—	Crimson	Fiery-looking, red.
,, 4.—	Black	Dark, black.
,, 5.—	Oxford blue	Yellow, grey, blue.
,, 6.—	White	Green, white.
,, 7.—	Orange	Reddish brown.
,, 8.—	Black	I am tired, and see nothing.

After a rest, *numbers* were then tried in the same way.

	Number selected.	Answer.
Expt. 9.—	35	34
,, 10.—	48	58
,, 11.—	7	7

Several trials of colours and numbers were now made with S. and B. in separate rooms, which failed. *Names* were next tried, written down and shown to B., who then took S.'s hand as before. There was, as usual, no sound nor movement of the lips on the part of any one:—

	Name chosen.	Answer.
Expt. 12.—	Barnard	Harland, Barnard.
,, 13.—	Bellairs	Humphreys, Ben Nevis, Benaris.
,, 14.—	Johnson	Jobson, Johnson.
,, 15.—	Regent Street	Rembrandt Steeth, Regent Street.

Two names were then tried without any contact, as follows:—

	Name chosen.	Answer.
Expt. 16.—	Hobhouse	Hunter.
,, 17.—	Black	Drake, Blake.

Contact between S. and B. was now resumed by our express desire, as the increased effort of concentration, needed when there was no contact, brought on neuralgia in B.:—

	Name chosen.	Answer.
Expt. 18.—	Queen Anne	Queechy, Queen.
,, 19.—	Wissenschaft	Wissie, Wissenaft.

As B. was ignorant of German, he mentally represented the word "Wissenschaft" in English fashion.

Pains were then experimented on. One of us held a sofa cushion close before S.'s face, so that vision of anything on the other side of it was absolutely impossible (he was also blindfolded); and the other pinched or otherwise hurt B., who sat opposite S., holding his outstretched hand. S. in each case localised the pain in his own person, after it had been kept up pretty severely upon B.'s person for a time varying from one to two minutes.

	Part rendered painful.	Answer (by pointing).
Expt. 20.—	Left upper arm	Left upper arm.
,, 21.—	Lobe of right ear	Lobe of right ear.
,, 22.—	Hair on top of head	Hair on top of head.
,, 23.—	Left knee	Left knee.

These experiments were very striking in the accuracy of the indications given by S. This form of transmission of sensations might with advantage be more widely attempted.

We next drew a series of diagrams of a simple geometrical kind, which were placed behind S., so that B. could see them. S. described them in each case correctly, except that he generally reversed them, seeing the upper side of the diagram downward, the right hand side to the left, &c."

One of the experiments last named was this,—a grotesque Aunt Sally figure was drawn *upside down*, and so shown to Mr. Blackburn. Mr. Smith, in describing it, said,—"I see a sort of circle, a stick with a lump *at the top*, an Aunt-Sally sort of thing." And subsequently, when they experimented for the express purpose of finding out whether there were any such law of inversion, it was discovered that *laterally* the arrow was inverted as often as not, though when placed vertically it was almost always rightly described:—

"We have now to describe some experiments which were undertaken to test whether the mental inversion of the object that had been noticed in some of the early trials was accidental or otherwise. Mr. Smith, having been carefully blindfolded, sat with his back to us, in a darkened room—some heavy opaque curtains being between him and us. An arrow having been drawn on a sheet of white paper, it was held by one of us in sight of Mr. Blackburn, who remained in our presence, and sat facing the same way as Mr. Smith. In answer to the query, 'How is the arrow pointing?' spoken by one of the Committee in a uniform tone of voice, Mr. Smith called out the direction as he mentally perceived it. We turned the arrow noiselessly, and at random, in different directions, and noted the following series of replies:—

* Nothing was said when S. named the colour, and where more than one colour is mentioned, he gave the colours successively without fresh question.

True Position of Arrow.	Position as Stated by Smith.	True Position of Arrow.	Position as Stated by Smith.
1. Pointing up:	Pointing up.	22. Pointing to right:	Pointing to right.
2. ,, to left:	,, to right.	23. ,, to left:	,, to left.
3. ,, down:	,, down.	24. ,, to left:	,, to right.
4. ,, to right:	,, to right.	25. ,, up:	,, up.
5. ,, up:	,, up.	26. ,, down:	,, down.
6. ,, to left:	,, to right.	27. ,, up:	,, up.
7. ,, up:	,, up.	28. ,, up:	,, up.
8. ,, up:	,, up.	29. ,, to left:	,, to left.
9. ,, up:	,, up.	30. ,, to right:	,, to left.
10. ,, down:	,, down.	31. ,, up:	,, up.
11. ,, to left:	,, down.	32. ,, to right:	,, down.
12. ,, to left:	,, down.	33. ,, to right:	,, to left.
13. ,, up:	,, up.	34. ,, down:	,, down.
14. ,, to right:	,, to left.	35. ,, up:	,, up.
15. ,, to right:	,, to right.	36. ,, to right:	,, to right.
16. ,, up:	,, up.	37. ,, down:	,, down.
17. ,, up:	,, up.	38. ,, to left:	,, down.
18. ,, up:	,, up.	39. ,, up:	,, to right.
19. ,, to left:	,, to right.	40. ,, down:	,, to right.
20. ,, to right:	,, to left.	41. ,, to right:	,, to right.
21. ,, down:	,, down.	42. ,, up:	,, up.

After the 37th trial, Mr. Blackburn was obliged to leave; but we continued the experiments, one or two of the Committee taking Mr. Blackburn's place, and with fair success. Counting these last, we made in all 42 trials. In these the arrow was held in a perpendicular position, up or down, 23 times; and of these cases 20 were guessed rightly, 3 wrongly. It was held in a horizontal position, right or left, 19 times; and of these cases 7 guessed rightly, 12 wrongly. The three wrong guesses when the arrow was in a perpendicular position occurred after Mr. Blackburn had left us; and in these cases the error was not one of inversion. Of the 12 wrong guesses, when the arrow was held horizontally, 8 were lateral inversions of the position of the arrow, as if it were seen in a mirror."

Thus, while, as in the case of the mirage, the pictures are frequently seen as they would ordinarily be seen by human eyes, they are often, as in the case of the mirage, more or less inverted images, "as if seen in a mirror," as the Committee themselves describe it. We call attention to this partly because it bears on the so-called brain wave theory, and seems to show that the transmitted thought is not—in this case, at least—the mere result of a nerve-motion set up in one mind by sympathy with the other, as a vibration in a tuning-fork will be set up if it is placed in the neighbourhood of a vibrating tuning-fork of appropriate length. If that were the explanation, there could be no inversion between right and left, top and bottom; what Mr. Blackburn had imaged to himself as on the right, Mr. Smith would have seen also as on the right, and what Mr. Blackburn had imaged to himself as uppermost, Mr. Smith would not have imaged to himself as undermost. It is clear, however, that no inversion of the kind took place where the question was of the seat of pain,—the left arm was distinguished as the left arm, and the right ear as the right ear; yet, when it became a question of describing a drawing, it often seemed as if Mr. Smith had been gazing at an inverted image of what Mr. Blackburn saw. Was what he saw a mental mirage in any true sense? If so, there would be a real analogy between the laws of reflection, which so often give an inverted image in the case of a mirage, and the law of thought-transference, which so often turns right into left and left into right in the transference. That there is something corresponding to the mirage of the desert, in the vision which some people seem to gain into the scenery of the minds of others, these curious investigations of the Society for Psychical Research appear to show. And the Society will do well to take particular note of the cases in which these strange inversions appear,—for in them it is quite possible that they may find some key to the connection between the physical and the mental laws so closely associated in our lives.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LORD CLIVE'S DEATH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In reference to the doubts in last week's *Spectator* as to the circumstances of Lord Clive's death, permit me to say that the accounts derived from those present leave no doubt that he died by his own hand.

His old Indian secretary and devoted friend, Henry Strachey, Mrs. Strachey, and Miss Ducarel, were in the house at the time. Lord Clive got up from the card-table and left the room. Not returning, Mr. Strachey said to his wife, "You had better go and see where my lord is." She went out, and found him lying with his throat cut with a penknife. She told the story to her son (my uncle), the late Sir Henry Strachey, in all its details, and I have heard him repeat it more than once. His father, he said, could never bear to refer to the subject. When Mr. Gleig's "Life" came out, Sir Henry Strachey pointed out to me some details of the account of Lord Clive's death which did not agree with those he had heard from his mother. And from this I infer that Mr. Gleig derived his information from the Ducarel family, and not from ours.

My uncle, who had the fullest means of knowing the facts, always treated as absurd the notion that Clive was haunted by remorse, or ever reproached himself for his political conduct in India or at home. In a letter existing among our papers, Lord Clive writes:—"How miserable is my condition! I have a disease which makes life insupportable, but which my doctors say will not shorten it one hour." And this is the simple and sufficient explanation of his act. It surely argues a misapprehension of Clive's character—never ignoble in his ends, while hard and unscrupulous in his means—to fancy that he was a victim of remorse. His defence of himself in the House of Commons gives his own estimate of his career. If the great German who so much resembles Clive in character, as to ends and means, were to find life "insupportable," would any one suspect him of remorse?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Sutton Court. Edward Strachey.

THE RITUALISTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—A Steamboat Company hires the services of a Captain, giving him instructions where to proceed, &c. On taking charge, the captain touches at many other places, alters the service of the vessel entirely. Would he be allowed to defy dismissal, keep charge of the vessel for ten years, draw his wages and enjoy the credit of being captain of a fine ship under a good Company, and when at last the law prevailed, would he be looked on as a martyr?

That for a term of years a man can defy the judgments of an English Court of Law, deemed properly constituted by an immense majority of our law-abiding race, is a serious blow to law and order. I suppose no action takes place at law without both parties thinking themselves right. Consider the result, if a general revolt took place of all unsuccessful suitors, and an absolute refusal to abide by an adverse decision! The Clergy are citizens. The same law which they are called upon to obey gives their peculiar status (not spiritual) of parish priests in certain localities, and recognises them as the representatives there of the English Church as by law established. The amount of the stipend has nothing whatever to do with the question, nor has the love of the people, which a man of great self-denial, kindliness, and work is sure to win in time, let his belief be what it may.

I am not advocating a cold, carelessly conducted service; but conformity to law. If a change of law is desirable, agitate by all legitimate means. An attempted evasion of the consequences of open defiance is not a happy solution of the difficulty, whoever the originator of it may be. Free men have a perfect right to hold and express any opinion, and the world is eager to give credit for hard work and noble attempts to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and bring religion into their lives. But a society with rules is not to be compromised by the action of an agent who throws the rules to the winds, after having freely accepted them. Is freedom all round to be swallowed? Why, lately, your own excellent article on the state of the Protestant Church at Geneva shows clearly the result of freedom too freely applied. Are we prepared, for the sake of individual liberty, to throw true liberty away? Are judgments to be defied? Is law to be turned into ridicule? The matter has now nothing whatever to do with religious belief or observances. It is just on the same footing with a decision that a man owing another £1,000, and refusing to pay, must be sold up, and payment made. Success founded on the degradation of the law of England will, when false sentiment is stripped from it, be found to have been purchased at too dear a price.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Thos. F. Collins.

[Analogies are apt to be deceptive, and Mr. Collins's analogy is not conclusive against Mr. Mackonochie, who is in the position of a captain receiving two contradictory orders,—that of the Judicial Committee in the Westerton case, and that of the same tribunal in the Purchas case. He has chosen to obey the decision which is supported by grammar, history, and common-sense. Besides, Mr. Collins will probably soon learn that a Royal Commission presided over by the late and present Primates, and of which Lord Penzance himself is a member, has recommended the abolition both of the Judicial Committee in Ecclesiastical Causes, and of Lord Penzance's

Court. Is not this an admission that there is good ground for dissatisfaction with those Courts? It would, of course, be much more satisfactory if bad laws could be reformed without disobeying them. But it is, unfortunately, the experience of this country that resistance to bad laws is often the most effectual way of getting them amended. Mr. Collins also passes by the injustice of enforcing a very doubtful law, to say the least, against an unpopular minority, while the majority are supposed to break with impunity laws which are not doubtful at all. Does Mr. Collins himself strictly obey all the rubrics of the Prayer-book?—Ed. *Spectator.*]

DR. MAUDSLEY ON FREE-WILL.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I was much surprised in reading Dr. Maudsley's explanation of what he considers the illusion of Free-will in your columns, to see that he makes no allusion, apparently, to a previous attempt at the same achievement by the greatest English thinker who has yet appeared on the side of unbelief. Hume discovers the genesis of our notion of Free-will in the fact that causation being no objective reality, but a mere figment of the human intellect, men are obliged to make an exception of the only kind of causation of which they have direct consciousness. They say, *e.g.*, that water *must* freeze, when the temperature falls below 32°, meaning nothing more than that it does freeze, and imagining some mystic bond, where experience shows them nothing but invariable sequence. But when they come to the causes of their own actions, they find there is no *must* in the case. Hence they invent a second mystic entity—moral freedom—to save them from the consequence of the first physical causation, and remedy an imaginary rule by an exception which is equally imaginary,—a much more ingenious and subtle attempt, it appears to me, to explain away the primary convictions of our nature than that by which Hume's successors seem inclined to replace it, and one which affords a tribute, by its failure, to the impossibility of the thing attempted.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. W.

DO DOGS UNDERSTAND OUR LANGUAGE?

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I think the question has been mooted in your columns as to whether dogs sometimes understand our language. A circumstance that has just occurred leads me to think that it does happen, where they are highly organised and living much with their owners. While our family party were sitting over dessert, a cork jumped from an apollinaris-water bottle on the side-board. I took no notice at first, but after the conversation was ended, I got up and looked about for a few minutes, soon giving up the search. My brother asked what I was looking for, and I answered. I had no sooner sat down than our little dog crept from behind a piece of furniture, where she was reposing on the end of a rug, and went straight up to the cork, looking up at me and pointing to it with her nose. It was near me, but the shadow thrown by the table prevented my seeing it. She is a very nervous little fox-terrier, a most "comfort-loving animal," and spends her life with one or the other of us on my sofa, when her master is out, but hearing his voice at a great distance, and always attending to it.—I am, Sir &c.,

Anything but a Dog-fancier.

A CORRECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Pray, Sir, have the kindness to inform an admiring but perplexed reader of your article on M. de Lesseps how, at five a.m., and with the sun, therefore, in the east, a rainbow could stretch from east to west, seeing that a rainbow is always at right angles to a line drawn from it to the sun, and must at that hour have stretched from north to south?—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. C. C.

[Our correspondent does not see that we are not responsible for the authenticity of M. de Lesseps' vision. If it were incorrectly described, so as to make the rainbow of good augury, so much the more evidence of the depth of the superstition in the mind of the man who so described it.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

BOOKS.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S LATEST NOVEL.*

To one who, like the present writer, is grateful to Mr. Julian Hawthorne for a large amount of peculiar but very genuine intellectual pleasure, the task of reviewing his latest novel is little less than painful. When we turn from such a book as *Garth* to the three volumes of *Dust*, the change is so great that we feel not only bewildered, but almost shocked. The failure is of a very curious character. There is no falling-off in mere cleverness, or even in some of the qualities of genius which Mr. Hawthorne has never failed to manifest; indeed, there are passages and chapters in *Dust* which, when surveyed apart from their surroundings, will stand the severe test of comparison with some of the author's best previous work; but there is a total absence of what may be called co-ordinating power; the writer's materials seem to be his masters, instead of his servants; and the work, as a whole, has the incoherence and inconsequentiality which are two of the most curious characteristics of dreams. Supposing it were possible for a man of genius to write a novel in some abnormal physical condition, such as somnambulism, trance, or the mental exaltation produced by opium, it would surely be a novel not unlike *Dust*, which leaves behind it the impression that its author, while retaining all his powers, has lost that conscious control over them which is essential to the production of coherent work.

The severest manner of reviewing *Dust* would be simply to condense the story, and leave readers to do their own criticism; but this method, which is seldom fair, would in the present case be more unfair than ever, for it would only throw into relief the incredible absurdities of character and plot which, in the novel itself, may be partially hidden from less careful readers by undoubted felicities of craftsmanship in matters of detail. It is, indeed, impossible to write intelligibly of the book without indicating to some extent the course of the story, but we shall make such indication as slight as possible. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is rather fond of enigmatical titles, and we hardly comprehend the relevance of his latest one, even as explained by Herrick's well-known couplet, upon the title-page:—

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

We suppose that the just man whose actions are thus to smell sweet and blossom is a certain Mr. Charles John Grantley, who is barbarously murdered, in the middle of the second volume. Grantley has been a partner in a celebrated banking-house, at the head of which was his bosom friend, Sir Francis Bendibow. Sir Francis was also the unknown proprietor of a notorious West-end gambling-house; and at a time when this establishment was suffering from a run of ill-luck, he drew so largely from the funds of the bank that its solvency was in deadly peril. Driven to despair, the banker confessed his delinquencies to his friend and partner, who at once offered to sacrifice his entire fortune to replace the money which had been abstracted; but, unfortunately, such a replacement seemed impossible without a betrayal of the fact that it had been irregularly withdrawn. How this difficulty was overcome must be described in the words of the confession which Mr. Julian Hawthorne puts into the mouth of the dying Sir Francis:—

> "'It must become known, Frank,' he said to me, 'that the bank has been robbed by somebody. You are the bank, and it stands or falls with you. It won't make so much difference about me. You may have what I've got, and I'll leave the country. Let 'em think that I took it, and that you replaced it. I can make my own way somewhere else under another name; and the concern will be saved. Take care of my wife and child; it won't do to take them with me, but maybe I can send for them after a bit. And do you let gambling alone for the future.'"

It would be a waste of time to expose the glaring moral absurdities of this situation. It is, in the first place, absolutely incredible that a high-minded man such as Grantley is represented to have been should have made such an outrageous offer, and it is equally impossible that he could have had any feelings of friendship for a person whom he could imagine capable of accepting it. But the incredibility only begins here, for *Dust* is not consistent even in absurdity. The story opens with Grantley's return to England, and his renewal of intercourse with Sir Francis Bendibow. The latter, without any reason for thinking that Grantley has become hostile to him, but with every reason for believing the contrary, manifests

* *Dust.* A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. 3 vols. London: Chatto and Windus.

extraordinary uneasiness lest his ex-partner should reveal some secret the nature of which has not yet transpired; and, finally, after taking Grantley to dine with him at his country-house, sends his guest homeward along a lonely road, rides after him, and shoots him dead, wounding fatally at the same time his own son, who, by one of the extraordinary coincidences of which the book is full, has met Grantley a few minutes before the traitorous assassin makes his attack. It should be added that the situation is rendered still more wildly unintelligible by the fact that though the single object of the murder is to obtain possession of the letters relating to the affairs of twenty years back, which Grantley was known to carry with him, the murderer, as soon as his victim falls, rides away without making any attempt to secure the packet for which he has risked his neck.

A plot of this kind is devoid not only of the *vraisemblance* of the true novel, but of the imaginative consistency which is demanded by the wildest romance, but this defect sinks into insignificance beside the much graver defect of representing the action of Grantley as characterised by ideal nobility. In consenting to act the *rôle* of a felon in order to save a fraudulent gambler from ruin, this just man is unjust to himself; unjust to the wife and child whom he leaves with a disgraced name; unjust to the friends who have believed in him, and whose faith not only in one man, but in all men, must needs be shaken by his supposed fall; unjust to the customers of the bank whom he commits to the tender mercies of a gambling robber, and unjust even to the wretch whom he has befriended, and whom he condemns to something worse than ruin,—a life which is one long lie. That Sir Francis Bendibow is a scoundrel, is plain enough, but that Grantley is, as represented here, the blameless victim of his rascality, is an assumption too outrageous to deceive the least thoughtful reader of *Dust*.

We have already alluded to the extraordinary coincidences of which the book is full. Life undoubtedly has its coincidences, and art therefore may have them, too; but Mr. Julian Hawthorne piles them one upon another in a way that is neither life-like nor artistic. In the second chapter, three men, closely connected with each other, meet by perfect accident on the top of a stage-coach. The coach is overturned, and while two of the three are walking away in company from the scene of the catastrophe, they are overtaken by a lady who is the friend of one, and the unknown daughter of the other. Walking a little further, they enter a strange house in search of lodgings, and discover that the proprietor is the widow of an officer who, on the field of Waterloo, has been tended in his dying moments by the younger of the two travellers; while the elder proves to be the son of a man to whom, in her younger days, the widow had been deeply attached. Four such coincidences are surely enough for a whole novel; but Mr. Julian Hawthorne presses them into one chapter, knowing that he has plenty more with which to sprinkle all the chapters that follow. Even some of the incidents which are not coincidences are quite as remarkable; but the climax of the author's wild inventiveness is not reached until he makes the clever and cultivated Marquise Desmoines enter an obscure public-house in the East End, where she first drinks beer at the expense of a low highwayman, then suffers him to kiss her and promises him marriage, and on returning home to her mansion in the West, dresses herself gorgeously, and proceeds to commit suicide by the gratuitously unpleasant process of inhaling the flame of a lamp fed by some nameless poison.

It will naturally be asked whether such a novel as this is worth the trouble of reading, and curiously enough, a negative answer cannot be returned. In *Dust*, Mr. Julian Hawthorne is undoubtedly at his worst, but he is Mr. Julian Hawthorne still. The book has powerful chapters, and graceful chapters, and chapters full of a charm which might be lengthily analysed, but cannot be briefly indicated. The story of the founding of the great banking-house of Bendibow Brothers, in the days of the South-Sea Bubble, is told admirably, with a restrained strength which we miss elsewhere; and the sketch of the poem by which Philip Lancaster won fame and fortune is really a striking and arresting piece of imaginative work. Some of the conversations, too, are very bright and piquant, and now and then a remark by the way comes home to us, in virtue of its happy insight or felicity of expression. Had *Dust* come from an unknown young author, we should, in spite of its absurdities, have called it promising; coming as it does from Mr. Julian Hawthorne, we must call it bitterly disappointing; but it does not leave us without hope that he will return to his first standard, and satisfy us in the future, as he has satisfied us in the past.

SCIENTIFIC LAWS AND CHRISTIANITY.*

This is one of the most impressive and suggestive books on religion that we have read for a long time. Indeed, with the exception of *Dr. Moxley's University Sermons*, we can recall no book of our time which showed such a power of restating the moral and practical truths of religion so as to make them take fresh hold of the mind and vividly impress the imagination. The author's name is, we should think, new to the greater number of readers of such books, and there is, therefore, some danger of his work being overlooked. But we are convinced that no one who reads the papers entitled "Biogenesis," "Degeneration," "Eternal Life," and "Classification," to say nothing of the others in this volume, will fail to recognise in Mr. Drummond a new and a powerful teacher, impressive both from the scientific calmness and accuracy of his view of law, and from the deep religious earnestness with which he traces the workings of law in the moral and spiritual sphere. Mr. Drummond's object may be very shortly stated. He attempts to show how the same laws which science has discovered in the phenomena of Nature continue, and can be traced in the phenomena of the spiritual world; how such great principles as biogenesis,—the origination of life only out of what is already living,—not only by analogy, but identically, govern the course of spiritual, as they have been proved to govern that of natural phenomena. He takes, therefore, some of the chief laws of nature as they have been discovered and stated by evolutionists, and demonstrates their identity with those principles of Christianity which have hitherto been accepted on authority, but have never been reduced to law or compared with the laws of nature. Biogenesis becomes in religion regeneration; spiritual death is want of correspondence; eternal life is perfect correspondence with the spiritual environment,—God; conformity to type is conformity to "the image of his Son." These are some of the lines on which Mr. Drummond, with singular and convincing force, works out the continuity of law from the natural into the spiritual world.

In general, writers who attempt to treat religion scientifically give us a very colourless sort of Christianity. They take the minimum of dogma as the basis of their system, and in particular they invariably adopt those optimist theories of man's capacity for good which are historically associated with the Pelagian heresy. So we did not expect to find much definite doctrine in Mr. Drummond's book. It is very remarkable, however, that his religion is by no means undogmatic; and what is more, his dogma is to a great extent that of the "stern, old-fashioned theology," as he himself calls it. He finds in natural laws the warrant for the doctrines of eternal punishment, sudden conversion, regeneration, the generic distinction between the lost and the saved, the necessity of mortification, the small number of the saved; and perhaps the most striking thing about the book is the way in which one is led up to these, if we may so call them, most dogmatic dogmas, from principles which are drawn from Darwin, and Huxley, and Spencer. We do not wish to endorse all Mr. Drummond's conclusions. Very possibly, and this is, no doubt, a weak point in the method, the same principles might, on further investigation or under different treatment, lead to the disproof of some of these dogmas; but whoever tries to do this will have to reckon with Mr. Drummond's arguments, and controvert his analogies. If the method is valid, Mr. Drummond's treatment of it has a very important claim on the attention of all who are inclined to sympathise with the modern developments of theology.

We will take, as the best illustration of the force and penetration with which familiar religious truths are handled by Mr. Drummond, the first paper, which is also the most important, "Biogenesis." Starting from the now certain scientific doctrine of biogenesis, that "life can only come from the touch of life," he shows that the same principle is laid down for the spiritual world by the doctrine of Regeneration. Between the organic and the inorganic worlds lies a great gulf:—

> "The passage from the mineral world to the plant or animal world is hermetically sealed on the mineral side. This inorganic world is staked off from the living world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No change of substance, no modification of environment, no chemistry, no electricity, nor any form of energy, nor any evolution can endow any single atom of the mineral world with the attribute of life. Only by the bending-down into this dead world of some living form can these dead atoms be gifted with the properties of vitality, without this preliminary contact with life, they remain fixed in the inorganic sphere for ever. It is a very mysterious

* *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

law which guards in this way the portals of the living world. And if there is one thing in Nature more worth pondering for its strangeness it is the spectacle of this vast helpless world of the dead cut off from the living by the Law of Biogenesis, and denied for ever the possibility of resurrection within itself."

Just so in the spiritual world. "The passage from the natural world to the spiritual world is hermetically sealed on the natural side." This is the truth stated by our Lord in the law of spiritual Biogenesis. "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Another and still more important statement of the law is that other saying, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Therefore, "in his relation to the whole spiritual world, the natural man is regarded as *dead*." "To be carnally minded is *death*." Thus Agnosticism is a fact, for "the natural man *cannot know*" the "things of the Spirit of God, for they are spiritually discerned.' There is no possibility of "Christianity without a living spirit, or a personal religion without *conversion*." Christianity is thus finally distinguished from all other religions, because it alone requires this new birth, this creation of spiritual life, and it alone declares that this life is Christ. From this principle we deduce by analogy three things concerning Regeneration. "First, that the new life should dawn suddenly; second, that it should come 'without observation'; third, that it should develope gradually." Thus Mr. Drummond brings us to the doctrine of sudden conversion, and justifies it as scientific, but he guards it carefully from misrepresentation. "There may be cases—they are probably in the majority—where the moment of contact with the living Spirit, though sudden, has been obscure. But the real moment and the conscious moment are two different things. Science pronounces nothing as to the conscious moment."

This inadequate sketch of a very remarkable paper may serve to show our readers something of the cogency with which Mr. Drummond presses home his analogy, and of the skill with which he applies it to the various parts of the subject. We wish we had space to draw it out at greater length; and also to do more than mention his scientific statement of the nature of eternal life, his clear perception that the Christian argument for immortality rests upon the Resurrection of Christ, for "his mission on earth was to give men life," and life means the knowledge of God, and the Incarnation, scientifically considered, is "God opening to man the possibility of correspondence through Jesus Christ." Or again, we should like to dwell upon some of the *obiter dicta*, and suggestive remarks which the author makes as he works out his analogies. "True mystery casts no shadows around. It is a sudden and awful gulf yawning across the field of knowledge." "We are not lodging a plea for inactivity of the spiritual energies, but for the tranquillity of the spiritual mind." "It is the failure to understand the dynamics of Christianity that has most seriously and most pitifully hindered its growth, both in the individual and in the race." We can only indicate these and other merits of the book, and pass on to a few criticisms which must in fairness be made.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Drummond retains, or seems to retain, an omission which is patent also in the great original of all analogical theology. Bishop Butler ignored the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body; Mr. Drummond does not quite ignore it, but his only definite reference to it, so far as we can see, is in his adoption of Reuss's statement that the Apostolic doctrine of immortality "can dispense . . . . . with the theological thesis of a miraculous corporeal reconstruction of our person," which is a thesis "absolutely opposed to reason." This actual allusion is supported by the general tone of the book, and especially by the paper on "Mortification." Mr. Drummond separates the two spheres, the natural and the spiritual, so absolutely, that he does not seem sufficiently to recognise that this natural life is, after all, more than a probation, it is a preparation for eternal life; and that the Christian, if he adopts the teaching of St. Paul, does not look forward to a time when "the spiritual shall be released from the natural," and "the balm of death, numbing his lower nature, releases him for the scarce disturbed communion of a higher life," but he hopes "to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven . . . . . *not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon*, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." It is strange that Mr. Drummond should be so anxious to adopt Reuss's gross and ignorant misrepresentation of the "theological thesis," that he should overlook the great instance of analogical reasoning in which St. Paul gives a truly scientific statement and justification of this very doctrine. It was no Christian, but the heathen Plotinus, who thanked God that he was not "tied to an immortal body," and we are sorry to see the traces of this essentially heathen idea in Mr. Drummond's treatment of the subject.

A clear perception of this truth and all that it involves might have saved Mr. Drummond from his most serious, because most fundamental defect. The whole book depends upon the assumption that the law which is true of natural is true of spiritual life, and that Biogenesis and Regeneration are merely different applications of the same principle, because that principle holds good of all *βίος*. But this never becomes anything more than an assumption. The author fails to establish the identity of the *βίος* which is governed by the law of Biogenesis, with the *βίος*, or rather *ζωή*, which is the gift of Jesus Christ. And yet this is vitally important to his whole method. Unless you can be sure that you are dealing with the same matter, you have no certainty that the law which governs it is identical with, and not merely analogous to the known scientific law of nature. And Mr. Drummond, quite rightly, insists that his position is "not that the spiritual laws are analogous to the natural laws, but that *they are the same laws*." He does not ignore the difficulty, but twice attempts to answer it. On p. 235 he declares that Christ must have meant literal "life," because we must always take the literal rather than the metaphorical meaning in interpreting the Bible, and to do otherwise here is to charge our Lord with "mystifying his hearers." Also, he says, "the Apostles . . . . . accepted the term in its simple literal sense." Now, this is more or less satisfactory to us, but we doubt whether it will be convincing to those whom it ought to convince on this subject. His other answer to the question, stated more generally on p. 45, will, we do not hesitate to say, fail to convince any one. The objection is given quite fairly. "The *life* with which it [Biogenesis] deals in the natural world does not enter at all into the spiritual world . . . . . The vital principle of the body is a different thing from the vital principle of the spiritual life." But Mr. Drummond seems to think he has answered it by a most palpable *petitio principii*. "All this is as true as if one were to say that the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid applies when the figures are drawn with chalk upon a blackboard, but fails with regard to structures of wood or stone. The proposition is continuous for the whole world, and, doubtless, likewise for the sun and moon and stars. The same universality may be predicated likewise for the law of life. Wherever there is life, we may expect to find it arranged, ordered, governed, according to the same law." But that is the whole question,—*Is* there life? Is the word "life" used in the same sense when we speak of spiritual and of natural life? This must be proved, before Mr. Drummond's book can be as convincing apologetically as it is impressive morally. We would suggest that the proof is to be found not in *a priori* and fallacious arguments, or in assumptions of canons of interpretation, but in an induction drawn from our own experience of the spiritual life in ourselves and in others. The scientific laws of life are proved by experience; let us try to place the laws of spiritual life on the same foundation.

For this, and for other reasons which will, we think, be apparent, as Mr. Drummond himself seems to feel, on reading the Introduction, the book, unlike other analogies, is more satisfactory on the moral and practical than it is on the speculative side. We believe this is very probably due to the concentration of the author's attention on moral questions, and that he is perfectly capable of working out a complete and weighty "Analogy of Religion" adapted to the modern scientific position. Nothing more important could be done by any religious writer than to deal in this way with the great foundation doctrines of Christianity,—the Atonement, the Trinity, original sin, the Sacraments, justification, inspiration, and miracles; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Drummond may attempt this. In the meantime, we would most strongly commend his present volume to the attention of all who wish to see religious questions treated with wide knowledge and profound earnestness.

DEAN STANLEY IN AMERICA.*

This little volume fitly closes the long list of contributions which Dean Stanley has made to English literature. Short and fragmentary as many of the papers are, they bear the unmistakeable marks of his character on every page,—of his wide sympathy, his love for old associations, his candour and simplicity. Who but Stanley would have seen in the joint growth of

* *Addresses and Sermons Delivered during a Visit to the United States and Canada in 1878.* By A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London: Macmillan. 1883.

a maple and an oak a symbol of Canada and England; in the ceaseless "contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos" of Niagara an image of the whirlpool of existence in the United States, and in the cloud of spray which ever rises above the Falls, a likeness of the pillar of light which should emerge from the distractions of the present? What in other people's hands would appear as affected sentiment is but the natural expression of Dr. Stanley's feeling, and comes forth from his mind clad in terse, clear, and telling English.

There are many passages that will bear quotation, but we would rather refer the reader to the book itself, which we are sure will be read with interest by many who never open an ordinary book of sermons. In one of his pulpit addresses, on "The Unity and Diversity of Christendom," the Dean alludes to the work which each great branch of the Church has accomplished for the good of all. He finds something to say for the Eastern and the Latin Church, for the doctrines of Luther, as for those of Zwinglius and Calvin. He loves to note the points on which men agree, not those on which they differ. Yet no man ever saw more clearly the duty of struggling, if need be single-handed, on behalf of a principle. It was not merely in a spirit of defiance that he admitted Professor Vance Smith to the Holy Communion in Westminster Abbey, and invited Professor Max Müller and the veteran Missionary Moffat to preach there. Indifferent as he was to many religious and ecclesiastical opinions on which other men feel keenly, he was ready to take up the cudgels whenever the principles which he loved were at stake. These principles, as we may gather from the address on the prospects of Liberal theology, are the universality of the divine love, the justification of the good heathen, the supreme importance of morality, the possibility of human perfection, the divinity of conscience, the identification of the Church with the laity, of things secular and sacred. It was Dr. Stanley's conviction that those who held firmly by these opinions, and acted upon them, would prove to be the backbone of the Church of England. How far a Church which held to such opinions only, to the exclusion of all definite religious doctrines, would be able to battle with the ignorance, the misery, and the sin which exist in our large towns, is a question which experience only can decide. We ourselves believe very strongly that experience will decide that question in the negative. Yet no one can deny that such men as Dean Stanley are needed in the Church of England, to bridge over the gulf that yawns between scientific and religious opinion, to soften the differences which, alas! exist between men who are equally earnest in upholding what they believe to be the truth.

As an example of his method in dealing with controversial points, we may refer to his reply to an address presented by the Baptist ministers of New York and Brooklyn. At the beginning and the end of his speech, he thanks the Baptist community for the Christian work they have accomplished, and for the eminent characters they have produced in Bunyan the writer, Hall the preacher, and Havelock the soldier. In the middle of his address, he says:—

"You have alluded to me as an ecclesiastical historian, and have referred to the undoubted antiquity of your principal ceremony,—that of immersion. I feel that here also we ought to be grateful to you for having, almost alone in the Western Church, preserved intact this singular and interesting relic of primitive and Apostolic times, which we—you will forgive me for saying so—which we, at least in our practice, have wisely discarded."

We hope that "clergymen and ministers of all denominations" will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the preface to the sermons in which the Dean ably and earnestly discusses the conditions of religious inquiry. The homely maxims which he lays down are easy to speak about, but difficult indeed to carry out. How few enter with a single eye into the arena of controversy! How few are utterly sincere, even in their most secret spiritual struggles; or, if they are, how little disposed to see and acknowledge the truthfulness and the goodness of those who are opposed to them! Even Dean Stanley, with his lofty scorn of party spirit and his contempt for outward ceremonial, was hardly able at times to keep his balance, and to give due credit to those who feel strongly that, so long as we have bodies as well as souls, the spirit of reverence cannot be inculcated without adequate forms and symbols. Yet no one ever took more pains to clothe truth itself in beautiful language, as the following passage from the end of the essay is sufficient to show:—

"Those who have watched the effects of sunrise on the Alpine ranges will remember the dark and chill aspect of the wide landscape in the moment preceding the dawn. At last there arose at once in the western and the eastern heavens a colour, a brightness, a lightness—varying, diffused, indefinite, but still spreading and brightening and lightening over the whole scene. Then, as in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the highest summits of the range of snow burst from pale death into roseate life, and every slope and crest became as clear and bright as before they had been dark and dull. And, meanwhile, the same light was creeping round the mists of the plain and the exhalations of the lakes, and they, too, were touched with gold, and every shape and form yielded to the returning glow. Such is an image of the rise of true religion, and, therefore, also of true theology, shadowy, diffused, expansive as the dawn, yet, like the dawn, striking with irresistible force now here, now there, first on the highest intelligence, then on the world at large, till at length the world is suffused with its radiance, and the shades of night have melted, we hardly know how or where."

"Such," he adds, "is the process by which the great regenerating truths of religion have made their way, and still make their way into the heart of man." We have only one question to ask on this passage. Is it on the higher intelligences, or is it on the higher lives that the new truths of religion dawn the first? Is it to the Madame Guyon or to the Bossuet of to-day, that we must look for glimpses of the religious truths that are to break upon the twentieth century? Our own belief is that a high intelligence of itself will not point the way to the higher level of life which we long to reach ourselves, in order that we may lift others to it. Neither will this be done by the wild, yet earnest, enthusiasm of a Salvation Army or a Blue-Ribbon Army, but only by that rarest combination of the reason, the conscience, and the will of a man or woman harmoniously working together to know and to do the will of God.

The eight sermons that follow are, in our judgment, almost faultless in style, in clearness of arrangement, in argument, in apt and picturesque illustration. No young man could have written them, no other old man could have conceived them; they are at once so bright with feeling and fancy, so rich in experience! The finest of the series are, we think, the two last, which deal respectively with the nature of man and the nature of God. In these, we discover the nearest approach to what may be called a doctrinal sermon. Man, according to the Dean, has a dual nature, a material body, an immaterial soul. And the soul itself is dual, in that it has a higher and a lower element. This view differs somewhat from the ordinary tripartite view of man's being, yet it strikes us as being at once more in accordance with the Bible, and with the mysterious facts of our own consciousness. For when the struggle of the soul over the body is, as we think, complete, there ensues the more difficult struggle between the higher and the lower soul, between the πνεῦμα and the ψυχή. How this struggle appears again and again in human history, how one element and then the other seems to gain the victory, even in the noblest characters, is finely brought out by the Dean in the pregnant sentence with which the sermon closes:—

"Thou hast it in thy power to become the slave of passion, the slave of luxury, the slave of senseless party spirit, the slave of corruption. Thou hast it in thy power to become the free controller of thyself, the everlasting benefactor of thy country, the unfailing champion of thy God."

COLONEL A. W. DURNFORD.*

As a record of the life of a thorough soldier, one possessing in a more than ordinary degree the love of his profession, a cultivated intellect, and the desire to benefit his kind, the work before us is of considerable interest, though, as the author frankly confesses, it has its primary *raison d'être* in the very natural desire to vindicate the military reputation of a brother who, except, perhaps, on one fatal occasion, is universally acknowledged not merely to have deserved well of his country, but to have rendered very signal service.

Even with regard to the sad event at Isandhlwana and Colonel Durnford's share in it, military opinion is much divided, and it is probable that the greater number of those capable of forming a sound judgment on the matter believe his obedience to have been as unfaltering as his death was heroic. It is not for us to pronounce upon this warmly-debated question, but while unwilling to accept the idea that those in authority could be guilty of "wilfully and deliberately" traducing the dead, we are bound to state that Colonel Edward Durnford brings forward a formidable mass of evidence in his brother's favour; and it is difficult to believe that a man to whom duty had ever been a guiding star could all at once, and for no

* *A Soldier's Life and Work in South Africa, 1872 to 1879.* A Memoir of the Late Colonel A. W. Durnford, R.E. Edited by his Brother, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Durnford. London: Sampson Low and Co.

conceivable reason, have been guilty of neglecting orders. In point of fact, why should he have done so at Isandhlwana, since at Bushman's River Pass he preferred going through terrible suffering to failure in carrying out his instructions, although it is clear that he would in that case have been entirely exempted from blame? There must have been great misconception somewhere, and the repeated refusals to examine into the matter—for the Court of Inquiry at Helpmakaar seems to have done little or nothing towards clearing it up—are, to say the least of them, injudicious, since the public will not be slow to argue from them, though possibly erroneously, a *suppressio veri*, having for its object the concealment of the shortcomings of those in higher position; and the relatives of Colonel Durnford, some of them military men, have surely a right to feel injured by this persistent withholding of the scant justice of a rigorous and too-long-delayed investigation.

That the camp of Isandhlwana was placed in a practically indefensible position without being *laagered* is not to be denied, while everything tends to show that Lord Chelmsford completely underrated the enemy with whom he had to contend, habitually refusing to take the most ordinary precautions against surprise; and his having allowed himself to be decoyed in an opposite direction when 20,000 Zulus were about to pour down upon the camp can scarcely exonerate him from the responsibility for the disaster, even though, according to his statement in the House of Lords, he considered that he had left behind him a sufficient defensive force. As to the question, which in some minds remains doubtful, whether Durnford or Pulleine was in command on the fatal day, this can easily be settled if, as our author states, the copy of the order sent to the latter is yet in existence; but there is a curious story told by a captain of the 24th Regiment, who marched out with the General's force, to the effect that neither Lord Chelmsford nor his staff left any orders with Colonel Pulleine, but that, when miles away from the camp, Lord Chelmsford asked what orders had been left for him. This requires confirmation, but in any case it is quite clear that no anxiety whatever was felt at headquarters for the safety of the camp; and a strange fatality seems to have hung over it, for even Colonel Harness, who, on his own responsibility, had started with his contingent to relieve it, was peremptorily ordered back again. That the gallant fellows who died so bravely should have been left four months on the battle-field unburied is another circumstance which might have been deemed incredible, were it not but too sadly true. The touching story of the finding of their bodies has long been familiar to us, and it affords ample proof, were any needed, of their chivalric bravery. But leaving this painful episode in England's history, let us turn to the memoir, and see what impression it gives us of the man who, by those closely connected with him, and especially by his native following, was so emphatically pronounced a hero.

Very little is told us of the young days of Anthony Durnford, but we find that he joined the Royal Military Academy in 1846 and left it in 1848, having gained fifty-one places and lost none; while the report he brought with him from Chatham, on completing his course of instruction there, bore testimony both to his exemplary conduct and his marked ability. During the first twenty years after getting his commission, the young officer served in Ceylon, at Malta, and in various places in England and Ireland; and in 1872 was despatched to South Africa, where, curiously enough, the first noteworthy event which occurs to him is his accompanying the Secretary for Native Affairs to the coronation of Cetewayo, which he describes as a scene not to be missed, the war-song by 5,000 warriors being wonderfully impressive. Then came the expedition against Langalibalele, and the affair of Bushman's River Pass, of which Major Durnford, with a small force of Natal Carbiniers and Basutos, was desired to take possession, as it was supposed the Chief would attempt to escape that way. He was, however, expressly commanded "not to fire the first shot." During the march up the Drakensberg, through a wild and most difficult country, Major Durnford was dragged over a precipice by the horse which he was leading, and received, besides the dislocation of his shoulder, several severe injuries, notwithstanding which, after a very short rest he continued to push forward, until he sank down at nightfall utterly exhausted by pain and fatigue. But when the moon rose, at about eleven o'clock, the intrepid commander again ordered an advance, although his sufferings were, say the eye-witnesses, almost more than they could bear to see. "What he had to do, was to take his men to the top of Bushman's River Pass as speedily as possible; and there they should be, if he preserved breath enough to give his orders, and consciousness to know that they were being carried out." This night's experience formed, says the writer, the first link of the chain which ever after bound the affections of the little band of brave Basutos to their leader, for they found themselves for the first time treated by an English officer with consideration and sympathy, and Major Durnford soon learned to set a high value upon these brave, intelligent fellows. In the engagement which followed, when, as is known, the undisciplined Natal Carbiniers fled for their lives, Major Durnford received the assegai-wound that disabled his left arm for life; notwithstanding which, and his sufferings from the accident above described, he insisted on being lifted on to his horse the very next morning, and starting at the head of some volunteers to the relief of Captain Boyes and his party, who had been sent to his support, and were supposed to be in great danger. Public thanks were, of course, rendered to Major Durnford for his noble conduct on these occasions. Merciless to himself, Colonel Durnford naturally expected much endurance and self-control from the able-bodied under his command; while he was, like almost all brave men, exceedingly tender to every one in sickness or trouble. He was also resolutely determined, so far as rested with himself, that justice should be done to all the natives, and nothing distressed or disgusted him more than anything like unfair dealing. In the struggle for right against might he was ever foremost, and this it was that made him take up so strongly the cause of the Putini tribe, who had worked so hard under his directions at the destruction of the mountain passes. Taking pains, as he did, to understand the character of the South-African people, he was able to manage them easily by means of their good-will; and the natives said of Colonel Durnford that he was not like other white men, who shout at them and treat them like dogs. He, they said, spoke quietly, but no guilty man could stand before him. His kindness to young officers, indeed to all who needed assistance, was unbounded; but his good deeds were performed so silently, that few, save the recipients of his bounty, ever came to know of them.

As one of the Boundary Commission appointed to investigate the land question between the Boers and the Zulus, Colonel Durnford had excellent opportunities of knowing exactly how the case stood, and of forming an opinion as to England's proper course of action; and he maintained that a vigorous policy, in union with strict justice, might easily settle matters without recourse to war, for which, he remarked more than once in private letters, we were totally unprepared. But although such was his opinion, he did not fail to throw himself with all his energy into his duty as a soldier, raising and drilling three regiments of Natal natives, besides his favourite Basutos and Putini, organising native pioneer corps, and in every way preparing for the encounter, which to the last he believed would be staved off. From his letters to his mother, between whom and himself there subsisted the closest affection, we learn more of Colonel Durnford's character and occupations than in any other way; and these letters are full of his love of work, and his eager desire to do something useful. His last note, written from Rorke's Drift on January 21st, 1879, after Lord Chelmsford's departure for Isandhlwana, concludes with these words,—"I am 'down,' because I am *left behind*, but we shall see." Little did he then think that the next day would see the "lion," as he was called by the Zulus, overpowered only by the overwhelming numbers of his opponents, lying on the field which he had disputed so bravely, surrounded by a heap of slain. Possibly, however, the death of these devoted men was the salvation of the rest of the South-African Army, for we cannot help thinking, with the faithful Jabez, that if the disaster had not occurred at Isandhlwana, it was bound to happen somewhere else, and then very probably the whole force would have been cut to pieces.

A LADY'S TRAVELS ROUND THE WORLD.*

"I TELL you," said a Californian miner, "men is the queerest things in natur; beasts is nothing to them, earthquakes is nothing to them, you bet!" and Mrs. Bridges, after travelling round the world for about two years and a half, has arrived at the same opinion. That man is even more wonderful than Nature may be a common-place truth, but it is one that will be

* *Journal of a Lady's Travels Round the World.* By F. D. Bridges. With Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. London: John Murray. 1883.

vividly felt by the reader who travels with this lady in Greece and Egypt, in British India and Thibet, in Burmah and Java, in China and Japan, to Vancouver's Island and across the States.

How much of actual novelty there is in this pleasantly-written journal we cannot pretend to say, but the writer is careful to avoid lingering too long in well-known places, and her experiences are related with vivacity and intelligence. The subject, it is evident, is inexhaustible, and every intelligent traveller surveys it with fresh eyes. Women, too, see many things that escape the less rapid perception of men, and they frequently surpass men in the happy art of telling what they know. The volume, let us say at once, is readable from the first page to the last, and if the use we make of it should serve to illustrate the interest of the narrative, it will be far from exhausting it. We need not linger with the traveller in Greece, where the women are said to be singularly unclassical in form and feature, nor in Egypt, where Mrs. Bridges managed to visit the Great Pyramid, without the assistance of those "pestilential nuisances," the Pyramid Arabs; so let us pass on to Hyderabad, where the Mohurram festival afforded a spectacle of Eastern magnificence. What is our poor City show on the 9th of November, compared with the barbaric brilliancy of a scene like this? —

"I fairly rubbed my eyes," says the writer, "and wondered whether we had got back to the days of Saladin, as these bands of Arab horsemen, on their prancing white horses, with generally the tail and legs stained purple, covered with gaudy trappings, rode by; their riders, some in chain armour, some in English uniforms of the last century, some in Arab burnous, and some in Zouave dress; some with scimitars, some with guns, others with blunderbusses or long bamboo lances, every man in military costume *à discrétion*, preceded by a band of musicians, resembling the Christy Minstrels in war-paint and feathers. Then came the infantry, chiefly in prodigious turbans, armed with very long guns, some in the old French uniform of the First Empire, and helmets of the Middle Ages. After them were led the stud of the chieftain. . . . . and lastly, the chieftain himself, generally mounted on a splendid elephant, covered with trappings and silver ornaments. One of these grand animals had jewels on his head worth £20,000, and his owner, sitting on the crimson-velvet howdah, was a blaze of gold and precious stones."

Here Mrs. Bridges met a Mussulman lady, who, strange to say, had a governess, and was learning English. "I do read the 'Fifth Royal Reader,'" she said, "and I do make Berlin-wool work, and I do make the 'Return Galop' on the piano for two hours every day;" and she looked forward to the time when her husband would take her to Europe, "to see with my eyes which I am not allowed to do here." Then the travellers (Mrs. Bridges was accompanied by her husband) breakfast with the Ameer-i-Kabyr, "a bundle of sky-blue moiré and diamonds, with a pink turban on the top," and inspect his Amazon guard, the only corps now existing in the country, "sturdy-looking little women, dressed as soldiers, some in brown holland turned up with scarlet, and others in native-police uniform," who presented arms and "marched in a very soldier-like manner." Leaving Hyderabad, where they had been entertained by Sir Salar Jung, "the one man in our nation," according to the intelligent lady who plays the "Return Galop," the caves of Ellora and Ajanta were visited, the shrines of the former being still much frequented, while the latter are deserted. "The birds built round the head of the great, calm Buddha, seated on the lotus in the pillared halls of the monasteries, and the wild bees hung their nests from the beautifully-decorated ceilings, and the jungle plants crept in, forming festoons over the fresco paintings of Buddhist legend above the pillars." Of Ajanta, where not only the architectural progress, but the doctrinal development of Buddhism during 1,000 years can be traced, Mrs. Bridges writes with enthusiasm, observing that the caves are alone well worth a journey to India to see; yet few Englishmen, she adds, "take the trouble of turning a few miles out of the beaten track to visit them." By her Highness the Begum of Bhopal the travellers were received as guests, and on being escorted to the palace, a building "of the wedding-cake style of architecture," a line of very irregular cavalry was drawn up to receive them. The daughter of the Begum understood a little English, or the reception would have proved a dumb show. However, actions speak more than words, and the Begum showed her friendliness by sprinkling Mrs. Bridges with eau de Cologne and attar of roses, by throwing over her shoulders a garland of jessamine blossoms with tassels of crimson roses, and presenting her, after the ancient custom, with a preparation of betel-nut and spices wrapped in gold-leaf. Nor was this all. The Begum fed the travellers royally, and in one of her carriages, and guarded by her soldiers, they were able to visit the Buddhist Tope at Sanchi, "probably one of the oldest existing monuments in India." Excursions were also made on an elephant, but Mrs. Bridges found railway travelling preferable, though less romantic. Some time was spent at Delhi, where, however, we must not linger, unless for a moment, to quote the following passage:— "It was pleasant to see by the fresh flowers laid on the grave of Khusree that a poet's memory was still green in the hearts of his countrymen, though 500 years have passed away since, lyre in hand, he sang his still popular songs." Neither shall we halt with the writer in the Vale of Kashmir, where Adam is said to have found another Eden; but "one thing is quite certain, the inhabitants of this Paradise very much resemble fallen angels,—nothing can surpass their capacity for dirt, lying, or cheating."

Taking boat from Kashmir, which was reached after a march of 170 miles, the writer landed at Srinagar, "a Venice built of wood," where the self-denying labours of two Missionaries receive a due meed of praise from their countrywoman:—

"They employ 1,400 coolies, at a very small sum, just enough to sustain life on, in useful works, such as repairing the tracks—there are no roads in Kashmir, the Native Government consider such things ridiculous and unnecessary—in spite of much secret opposition on the part of native officials. Of course, conversion is not attempted, to do so would be worse than useless; but civilising influences, together with soap and water, are brought to bear on the 400 orphan or neglected children in the Mission school, rescued by the Missionaries from starvation."

In the Himalayas, Mrs. Bridges underwent no trifling fatigue, while climbing by slow degrees to the roof of the world, Leh, in Thibet, which was for a long time her resting-place, being nearly 12,000 feet above the sea. Her adventures in this abode of snow are graphically described. So, too, is the account of a Lama church, lately decorated with frescoes by artists from Lhassa, one of the few places in the world to which the traveller is unable to gain admission. A Mr. Manning, indeed, managed to enter the sacred city, more than a century ago, but no one, it is said, has since made the attempt successfully. The Thibetans are not clean people; indeed, they do not even wash their hands and faces, and "the babies are kept in a bag of dried manure, supposed to be warm and healthy for them." Yet they are not without some refinement of taste, and, like the Japanese, are passionately fond of flowers. "When there is nothing else to be had, the women wear bunches of grass and leaves behind their ears and over their foreheads." At Leh, husband and wife parted company for a time, Mr. Bridges starting on a long and perilous expedition to Yarkand, while the writer lived in a comfortable bungalow, guarded by Sepoys. Some expeditions were made in the neighbourhood, and one chapter is devoted to an account of a religious festival held at a Lamasary, where the lady was housed under the same roof with 500 Lamas. The description of the ceremonies on this occasion shows that the devotion of the people is not always associated with reverence:—

"The personification of the sacred Trinity of 'Buddha,' the 'Law,' and the 'Church,' is the most popular representation, but all are sufficiently unlovely. The Deities, about half-a-dozen in number, personated by Lamas, sat on a raised bench just below us, choir-boys holding large silk umbrellas and sacred emblems over their heads, while attendant priests swung incense and rose-leaves in front of them, and the red-clothed, mitred choir chanted out prayers and invocations. But the Tartar love of fun showed itself in the pranks played on the Olympus bench of Deities, by two Lamas dressed up to represent mendicants or clowns. While the attendant priests' backs were turned, these wags played all sorts of tricks; pretending to pay homage to the gods, they made sly hits at their sacred noses, and otherwise molested them, till chased away by a lion-faced mask. The masks representing the 'dragsheds,' or gods who protect men from demons, were particularly hideous. Their countenances are supposed to be inflamed with rage and fury against the evil ones, and their wrath aggravated by the many malicious tricks played upon them by the latter. At one time during the ceremony (considering that it was meant to symbolise a spiritual combat) the fight became extremely lively. The gods got knocked about in quite a surprising fashion, much to the delight of the spectators, who enjoyed it as London children do the fight between our old friend Punch and the bailiff."

Like most travellers, Mrs. Bridges is struck with the resemblance between Lamaism and the ceremonial of the Romish Church, monasticism, vestments, holy water, relics, confession, rosaries being all in vogue among the Lamas. Bidding a sorrowful farewell to the good-natured, dirty-faced Tartars, to the jolly-looking Lamas, "to the pig-tails and praying-wheels, and the pleasant climate and grand snow mountains," the travellers descended into the Valley of

Kashmir, which is ruled, we are told, by one of the worst Governments in the world. We shall not follow this route in India, nor halt with them at Burmah or at the Straits Settlements, though the author has much to say that is interesting even of a place so well known as Singapore, where the tigers no longer eat a Chinaman a day, a "happy despatch" which was at one time looked upon as a matter of course. Of Java and the Culture system a short history is given, and Mrs. Bridges wishes that the material prosperity of that island could be secured also in Ireland and British India. The population is enormous, but there are no signs of poverty. "All look well fed, healthy, and happy; a careless, cheery, indolent, and good-tempered people, without arts, without religion, and almost without education or clothes, life comes to them very easily. . . . . On the whole, we think them the stupidest and cheeriest race we have seen." The change was great from Batavia to Canton, the wealth and size of which surprised the travellers. "Except in Paris and London, we never saw such well-filled shops, and yet we had not seen a European face all day." The dark side of human life in Canton, the tortures inflicted in the name of justice, the prisons in which men and women are done to death by the slowest and most ingenious processes of cruelty, of these nothing is said; but we read that the Government shows a paternal regard for the national morals, that religious care is taken of the pigs, that Chinese ladies "get up" very well, that Chinese dentists extract teeth instantaneously and almost without pain, and that Chinese mothers never kiss their babies, but only sniff at them in an uncomfortable manner.

If the writer seldom looks much below the surface, she has a ready apprehension of whatever is strange to Europeans. And there is always something new to be said about Japan, the next country visited by the travellers. It is true, as she observes, that Sir Rutherford Alcock's work on Japan is now ancient history, for in no part of the world have such rapid changes occurred. The old order has given place to the new; but how far the progress is solid, and how far superficial, it is impossible to say. Mrs. Bridges spent four months in the country, and has many incidents of travel to relate. She had the good or bad fortune to feel the strange horrors of an earthquake, the severest shock that had been felt at Yokohama for five-and-twenty years. "What is one to do," she exclaims, "when, as an American friend says, 'the houses are waltzing round,' and one feels 'just scared out of one's boots?'" There are pleasanter experiences to record. Though the Japanese can be cruel enough, witness their treatment of native Christians ten or twelve years ago, the writer sees only the bright side of the national character, and observes that "it is delightful never seeing anything or anybody ill-treated." Top-spinning and kite-flying, once the national sports of the country, are now, it is said, like everything else that is "old," going out of fashion. Yet despite steam-engines, model training schools, electric bells, and many other innovations, "one never quite gets over the impression of being amongst dolls and living in a toy-house, so neat and natty is everything in Japan." How charming it all looks in a stranger's eye! yet we are reminded, while visiting a girls' school, that if anything goes wrong with them, they will fill their sleeves with stones, and throw themselves into the nearest pond. The Mikado's palace was visited, and its simplicity presented a striking contrast to the gaudy magnificence of European palaces. His bedroom "had absolutely no furniture, nothing but the finest bamboo matting on the floor and delightfully-painted storks on the door-panels." On the other hand, the pagodas and shrines blaze with crimson lacquer and gilding, and dragons with jewelled tails. Like Miss Bird, who was troubled by sight-seers day and night, Mrs. Bridges and her husband were objects of unceasing curiosity:—

"The people," she writes, "seemed to swarm round us, rushing on in front to secure good places for a stare, or diving down side streets to cut us off; for half a mile ahead our road was lined with spectators, not in the least rude, not an unkind word or look,—only, wherever one turned hundreds of eyes were gazing, gazing with all their might. I came back with a sort of hunted-animal feeling. But even in our tea-house rooms, if there was the slightest slit in the paper walls, there one was sure to see a pair of black, bead-like eyes gleaming down, to be supplemented by two small fingers making two more holes for another pair of inquiring eyes, till literally the paper walls, behind which you have taken refuge after the day's journey, seem to stare at you, and the crowded solitude becomes insupportable."

The varnish of European civilisation has not as yet concealed the natural manners of the people. The necessity of privacy is unknown to them, neither do they always see the necessity of clothes. At a fashionable watering-place, the Aix-les-Bains of Japan, where the large tanks of warm mineral water are open to the street, Mrs. Bridges, while writing in her room, observes a lady and her child sitting down to cool on the door-step:—

"Neither of them has a scrap of clothing on, only some long tortoise-shell pins in the hair; and now I see she has slipped on her straw sandals, while a gentleman, also unclothed, has come up to talk to her and hang himself out to dry. It is really very startling at first. . . . . Other people are sauntering up and down, as on the promenade at Homburg, but seem entirely comfortable with nothing whatever on."

Our "globe-trotters," to use the familiar Yankee phrase, visited British Columbia, and saw also some of the wonders of the States, including the Yosemite Valley, Salt Lake City, and Colorado. Mrs. Bridges was especially struck with the ugliness of the women at Utah. Polygamy is said to be a sore subject. "The young folks like marrying single, and feel bad when there is another wife now-a-days." At Leadville, Colorado, a two-year-old town of 20,000 inhabitants, the travellers were recommended to a hotel by a man proclaiming in a very decided manner,—"If any man says the Clarendon ain't a first-class house, I'll put a bullet through him." And here we must close Mrs. Bridges' volume, heartily thanking her for the entertainment provided. The illustrations of the book add considerably to its attractiveness.

PHYSIOLOGICAL CRUELTY.*

This is a very wordy volume, and contains little that will be new to any one tolerably familiar with the literature on the subject. After a short introductory statement, we have in chapter ii. a somewhat elaborate discussion on the question, "What is Pain?" which might almost convince us that animals rarely suffer anything worthy of the name of pain, and least of all when being subjected to experiments, did we not remember how horrified the physiologists are at the "sufferings" caused in other ways than through experimentation, and did we not recall how one of their number was able to produce to his own entire satisfaction the various degrees of pain, up to "most atrocious suffering" (*dolori atrocissimi*). Chapter iii. deals with the question "What is Cruelty?" It is, doubtless, interesting for physiologists to discuss whether, for instance, the man who poured boiling water into the stomach of a living dog may properly be considered cruel. But it is a question they may be left to decide among themselves. The outside public are less concerned with the exact meaning of any particular word than with the suffering to which, under one pretence or another, animals are subjected. Noteworthy is the confession that, "The widest and highest aim of physiological experiment, whether painful or painless, is the advance of physiological knowledge; and this is the one which scientific medical men regard most highly, and which it is most difficult to make laymen regard at all." The quasi-mathematical manner in which the author endeavours to find a common measure by which to gauge the respective values of "pain," "lengthened life," and "restoration to health," is certainly the most original part of the book, but it cannot be called successful. When we read the following, we are inclined to ask whether the sub-title of the volume has not been accidentally inverted by the printer—"As new lives come into being, the number of those who thus benefit goes on ever increasing. The consequence is that, though we cannot always assign the precise share of vivisection in any investigation of which it has formed a part, yet we can always know that, whether it be great or small, *it is multiplied by a practically infinite factor*. . . . . Thus the greatest pain suffered for the smallest actual result would in time be fully counterbalanced, since the lowest figure, when multiplied by infinity, exceeds the largest definite sum." We seem to have heard also, on good authority, that the number of problems demanding solution will increase *ad infinitum*, or at any rate in geometrical progression, as time goes on. So, with ever-increasing experiments the least important of which bears infinite results, we ought indeed some day to be freed from disease; but, unfortunately, one of the conditions for the attainment of the desideratum is that *the time shall be infinite*.

The gist of the next chapter, on "Our Rights over Animals," seems to be contained in the following sentence:—"So far, the general principle of dealing with animals, which is in a vague way accepted by most humane persons, but seldom distinctly

* *Physiological Cruelty; or, Fact v. Fancy.* By "Philanthropos." London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

formulated, seems to be that we may kill, inconvenience, or pain them, for any benefit, convenience, or pleasure to ourselves, but that the pain must be within moderate limits (of course, undefined), and that it must form no element in our pleasure;" for which the author proposes "to substitute the far stricter rule, that we must commit no cruelty towards them,—defining cruelty as the infliction of pain without an adequate good object." Why "the advance of physiological knowledge" should be regarded as an adequate good object, more than any other benefit or convenience is not explained; and since by the former rule the pain is, at any rate, kept "within moderate limits," while we have no mention of such limitation in the latter, it may be doubted whether animals would appreciate the "far stricter rule," especially if physiologists were to be sole judges of the adequacy of the object. A considerable portion of the next chapter, which deals with the question, "What is Vivisection?" is taken up with irrelevant matter about other methods of research. When at length we come to the point, we learn that "in the few cases where pain must be given, it is generally very slight." In support of this assertion, the Parliamentary reports are quoted; but these are compiled from information supplied by the vivisectors themselves, and do not, moreover, establish the author's statement. We cannot congratulate him on this part of his book.

With the author's remarks on the inconsistency of our laws with regard to animals, we can fully agree. What could be less satisfactory than that a law nominally to protect animals should have been turned into a means for licensing the very persons whose acts first made it necessary to legislate? From the final chapter we learn, amongst other "facts," that "deductions drawn both from bed-side observation and dissections may remain vague and inconclusive, while one series of experiments upon a living animal would either confirm or disprove them. But at the touch of experiment, theory crystallises into fact." All our reading in the works of vivisectors has gone to show that the reverse of this is the fact. The author's description of physiology without vivisection seems to us very aptly to describe that method of investigation, as exemplified in their own books,—"A vague and hazy pseudo-science, working by guess, rashly trying by-paths in the dark . . . . . taking up a theory to-day and dropping it to-morrow, nebulous, inconsequent, untrustworthy."

SOME MAGAZINES.

In the general interest and opportuneness of its articles, the *Fortnightly Review* of this month is considerably ahead of the other magazines. It leads off with two articles on the Egyptian and Suez-Canal policy of the Government. The first is by M. Léon Say, a Frenchman of liberal and enlightened opinions, and a warm supporter of the Anglo-French alliance. If Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote will read his paper, they will no longer wonder that anybody should imagine that negotiations affecting the Suez Canal and M. de Lesseps can have any connection with questions of high policy. "M. Ferdinand de Lesseps," says M. Léon Say, "is one of the glories of France. The country knows that the total value of the nation is augmented by the fact that she counts him among her sons. He has shared his personal renown with his fatherland, and every one in France feels that whatever happens to him attains the proportions of a national event. In thinking of him, men spontaneously repeat the saying of Terence: 'Naught that affects him is indifferent to us.'" And this "national affection" for the man, M. Léon Say proceeds to explain, is due to the fact that his great achievement has been on Egyptian soil. An equally great, or even greater, achievement elsewhere—on the Isthmus of Panama, for example—would not have roused the same national interest. "And the reason is that Egypt has always filled, and still fills, every imagination in France; and that the traditions of France, ever revived by new events, incessantly carry her thoughts back to the banks of the Nile. Thus, when M. de Lesseps was seen planting upon this spot the banner of his noble enterprise, he was deemed to be France herself, in one phase of her natural evolution." So that "nothing could efface from the French mind the conviction that there is a national dignity to be upheld in all that affects the great work to which M. de Lesseps has bound his name." This is not written by a vapouring Chauvinist, but by a cool and clear-headed French economist, who knows England well, and respects and esteems her. M. Léon Say, however, admits that by deserting England in the crisis of the Egyptian complications France forfeited her right to an equal voice with England in Egyptian affairs. But this very consciousness makes her all the more jealous in respect of whatever moral influence still remains to her. So long as the Suez Canal remains substantially French, the *amour-propre* of France, M. Léon Say thinks, will be satisfied. She asks no more than that France in Egypt, whether she "be the guest of the Khedive or of the Empress of India, has a right to be treated with the consideration due to an old ally and friend." Not that M. Say would at all object to equitable concessions to the legitimate and reasonable demands of the British shipowners. All that he bargains for is that the Canal should remain essentially French. He enters into speculations as to the possibility of France requiting this concession on the part of England by redressing the balance in the matter of silver currency in India. "Having the same currency as India, she can bring back, *viâ* Suez, to Europe all that might escape by way of America and California." Another consideration is that "Europe will more and more have its granaries beyond its boundaries. Where shall we place them? With the help of France, and by means of the highway of the Suez Canal, England can place them in India," which, in M. Léon Say's opinion, is capable of supplying the needs of Europe in that commodity. Practically, M. Léon Say's article in the *Fortnightly* is a conclusive reply to Mr. Edward Dicey's on the same subject in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Dicey's proposal is based on "the good old rule, the simple plan" of substituting might for right. He affirms dogmatically that M. de Lesseps's "monopoly has no existence in fact; that even if it did exist," "the rescission of the monopoly is demanded on grounds of general utility, in the interest of the world's trade, of which England is the chief representative;" and, lastly, "that the position of England as master of India and occupier of Egypt makes the possession of the Canal of such importance to her, as to justify her in insisting upon the water highway to the East being placed under her control." The Khedive is assumed to be so much of a puppet in our hands, that any opposition on his part is left out of the reckoning. But the Sultan? He must be bribed into acquiescence, replies Mr. Dicey; and if that should not suffice, "the sanction of the Porte can be still more easily dispensed with." What would Mr. Dicey say of such political morality, if he found it applied by a Russian publicist to the acquisition of Constantinople by the Czar? But what about France? Mr. Dicey reminds us that M. Waddington, when in England six years ago, assured all our leading statesmen that "the feeling in France about Egypt is so intense, that any attempt to dislodge her will give rise to a bitterness of resentment against England which will render any co-operation between the two countries impossible for years to come." Mr. Dicey patronisingly vouches for the "good faith of M. Waddington;" but Mr. Dicey knows Frenchmen better. "Englishmen, as I believe, make a mistake in supposing that Frenchmen regard the Suez Canal with the same feeling as a similar work would be regarded by us, if it had been constructed by this country. The self-concentration which constitutes the strength of France renders her almost incredibly indifferent to all interests which lie outside her own area." Let Mr. Dicey read M. Léon Say's article, and then tell us whether he thinks he understands Frenchmen better than M. Léon Say. Mr. Dicey does not recommend us to appropriate the Suez Canal without any compensation to M. de Lesseps's Company; but he suggests that the British Government should give the Company £30,000,000, "exclusive of the amount paid for the Khedive's shares in 1875," and then appropriate their property. Setting aside the morality of this advice, the wonder is that any sane man should have succeeded in persuading himself that it is practicable. Mr. Waterfield's paper, on "The Negotiations with M. de Lesseps," is a temperate discussion of the subject in a sense hostile to M. de Lesseps' claims. But the reader should read with it Mr. Reid's very able paper on "The Suez-Canal Question" in the *Contemporary Review*.

Next to the Suez-Canal question in present interest is Dr. Creighton's paper in the *Fortnightly Review* on "The Importation of Disease." Dr. Creighton makes out a strong case for thinking that pleuro-pneumonia among cattle is not a contagious disease, spreading from animal to animal like small-pox, but may, on the contrary, break out spontaneously from a variety of causes. Dr. Creighton, therefore, inclines to the belief—and he cites the high authority of the eminent Professor Virchow on his side—that stringent rules against the importation of

foreign cattle are of no avail, at least as regards pleuro-pneumonia. And of still less avail, in his opinion, are quarantines and *cordons sanitaires* as precautions against cholera. He gives some striking statistics and facts, which go far to show that all such precautions are positively mischievous, and really intensify and propagate the disease.

Both the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Nineteenth Century* have articles on Mr. Jeaffreson's "Real Lord Byron," the former by Mr. Gilbert Venables, the latter by Mr. Froude. In both articles Mr. Jeaffreson is chastised severely; but Mr. Froude's punishment is likely to leave its mark not only on the literary reputation of Mr. Jeaffreson, but still more on the memory of Lord Byron. Some of the insinuations of Mr. Jeaffreson were calculated to stain the memory of Shelley with infamy. Sir Percy Shelley was thus constrained to place in Mr. Froude's hands documents which clear the memory of his relative, the poet, but which also convict Byron of meanness and untruthfulness amounting to dishonour. Mr. Venables has fallen into several inaccuracies, as he will see by reading Mr. Froude's article, and the article on the same subject in the *Quarterly Review*. Lord Lytton's second article in the *Fortnightly*, on "The Stage in Relation to Literature," is very interesting and suggestive; and there is a great deal of information, with occasional inaccuracies, in Captain Conder's paper on "France and Syria." Sir Julius Vogel, as might be expected, takes the colonial view of the annexation of New Guinea; and Mr. Clark takes, as naturally perhaps, the Boer view of the Transvaal question. Both papers, however, are well worth reading. We have dealt elsewhere with Mr. Macrea's article on "Criminal Jurisdiction over Englishmen in India," and need only say here that it is the most succinct and lucid exposition of the principles and facts of Mr. Ilbert's Bill which has yet appeared in England. Mr. Macrea is himself an English barrister practising in India, and therefore speaks from personal knowledge and experience. He is thoroughly in favour of the Bill, for reasons of policy as well as justice.—The writer of the two previous articles on the Radical party returns to the subject in this month's *Fortnightly*, and sets himself to explain the machinery on which the Radical programme must be carried out. This consists of manhood suffrage, redistribution of seats based on *scrutin de liste*, and payment of Members. He meets the objection that this last article of the Radical creed would be likely to "vulgarise the people's House, and would deteriorate its social qualities," with the question whether the demeanour of men like Earl Percy and Lord Folkestone, or that of Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Burt, is more likely to deteriorate the manners and social amenities of Parliament. Such a question, however, only shows that a selection of names can be so made as to tell in favour of the proposed change as well as against it. No man in his senses would deny this; but that does not show that the raising up of a great class of purely professional politicians would not injure the British Parliament. The present article is to be followed next month by an article "containing a comprehensive scheme of legislative action, which, in subsequent numbers, will be examined and explained in detail." The review of "Home and Foreign Politics" is able and fair. Altogether, Mr. Escott has furnished his readers this month with an interesting and admirably selected bill of fare.

There are several articles in the *Nineteenth Century* besides those on which we have already commented which will be found to be of interest, such as Miss Nightingale's, on "Our Indian Stewardship," "The German and British Armies," by Captain Hozier, "The Cholera and our Water Supply," by Dr. Frankland, and "France and the Slave-trade in Madagascar," by Mr. Goodrich. Mr. Holyoake's "American and Canadian Notes" are both interesting and instructive. But, on the whole, the *Nineteenth Century* this month contains nothing striking, either in its subjects or in their treatment. Mr. Pearson's speculations on "After Death" we may, perhaps, discuss separately, but must add here that he altogether misstates both "the doctrine of Churchmen" and of the early Christians on that subject. Like many others, Mr. Pearson confounds the eschatology of historical and ecclesiastical Christianity with the repulsive eschatology of Calvin.

The *Contemporary Review* of this month is hardly up to the mark. We have already noticed Mr. Reid's valuable article on "The Suez Canal Question." Besides this and one other, there is no article on topics of the day. Mr. Froude is always worth reading, whether we agree with him or not, and his pen has lost none of its cunning in his second article on Luther. Mr. Michael Davitt contributes an interesting and suggestive article on "Penal Servitude," written with great moderation, good sense, and knowledge of the subject. Mr. Lilly's "Saints of Islam" will interest students of that politico-religious system; and Mr. Llewelyn Davies criticises with acuteness and ability M. Renan's most egotistical and interesting autobiography. Mr. Haggard's article, on "Europeans and Natives in India," should be read in conjunction with Mr. Macrea's in the *Fortnightly Review*. It is an able defence of Mr. Ilbert's Bill.

It evidently takes a long time to awaken the "dormant talent" of the Tory party, at least in the pages of the *National Review*. There is not an article in this number which rises above mediocrity—few which reach it—nor is there one which discusses any of the subjects of the day, except Mr. St. George Mivart's on "National Education." Tory writers of name appear to prefer the pages of other magazines for their contributions, at least this month, a fact which may be accounted for by a generous desire to leave the *National Review* as a field for the resurgent energies of the "dormant talents." Nor will poverty of subjects and of treatment be held, even in Conservative minds, to be atoned for by rabid violence of language towards political opponents. Mr. Ilbert's Bill is described as "negotiations with Brahminical disloyalty." The Suez Canal "provisional scheme" was "an idiotically bad bargain for English merchants and shipowners." If Mr. Gladstone "got his deserts, he would be driven from public life." "He does not know what love of country means." "He is not a patriot"—a superfluous piece of information, one would think, after the previous sentence; "all the resources of his nature, and all the expedients of his intelligence"—which are not included, apparently, among "all the resources of his nature"—are not employed "for the advantage of England, but for the indulgence of a colossal self-love." He is "the curse of his country." In short, the Cabinet does not contain one statesman, and Mr. Gladstone "and his colleagues have no real touch of the reason and serious wishes of their countrymen." But it is no wonder that writers who are too angry to master the details of political events passing before their eyes should fail to gauge the minds and characters or understand the policy of their opponents. The editors talk repeatedly of M. de Lesseps's claim to "an absolute and eternal monopoly" in piercing the Isthmus of Suez, the eternity in question being, in fact, bounded by a term of ninety-nine years. The metaphors, too, of the dual editorship are as confused as their reasoning and facts. "The Government," we are told, "are reaping distinct benefit from the variety and multiplicity of their blunders." The public thus become as "much embarrassed and baffled as a man finds himself to be who tries to drive half-a-dozen cows out of a field into which they have all broken at the same time." We are thus left to conclude that the "baffled" man in question, failing to drive out the intruders, suddenly changes his mind, and persuades himself that the presence of the cows in his field is a "distinct benefit." It is from no ill-will to the *National Review* that we make these observations. On the contrary, we should welcome with pleasure a magazine which should discuss contemporary politics with temper and ability from a Tory point of view. But wild and insensate vituperation is not discussion.

There is a good deal of pleasant and some profitable reading to be got out of the cheaper Magazines this month, although the languid quarter has begun. *Blackwood* is mixed; its political article, "Liberal Subservience to France and its Results," is not very violent, while it is more than commonly dull; so that our old friend fails to amuse us so much as usual. On the other hand, we find a capital paper on the late King Mtésa, of Uganda, an African potentate who has never ceased to interest Europeans since he was introduced to them by Captain Speke more than twenty years ago; also a curious description of the Belka Arabs. Most authentic accounts of the Desert tribes are disenchanting; this one is no exception. The dignified Sheik, who, after lavishing lofty sentiments upon the travellers, decamps with their pewter teapot in his saddle-bag, disappoints us as much as Mr. Sala's noble Indian chief. A criticism of three recent French novels and Coppée's "Vingt Contes Nouveaux" is an exceedingly common-place production, strangely below the usual standard of similar articles in *Blackwood*.

So vast an amount of nonsense has of late been talked and written about actors and dramatic matters generally, that it is refreshing to read in *Macmillan* the cool and discriminating remarks of Mr. Mowbray Morris, "On Some Recent Theatrical

Criticisms," and to find him protesting against the ridiculous exaggeration which surrounds our most popular modern actors with a destructive atmosphere of adulation, and would persuade the world that interpreters of Shakespeare are almost the poet's peers. The writer puts the moral of his clever essay into one telling little paragraph, as follows:—"He who clearly understands how vast the gap which separates, and must ever separate the actor from such a poet as Shakespeare, will have done far more to lessen the gap, than he who claims for himself a place with the poet on the farther side." "A Review of the Month," admirably done—as comprehensive as the "Quinzaine" of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and more crisp—is an attractive feature of *Macmillan*, which also contains a very pleasant article called "Ranche Life in the Far West." The new series of *Cornhill* does not remove by the second number the dubious impression that the first created. We fail to see the reasonableness of the change of a magazine whose chief *raison d'être* was a refined and elevated choice of literary articles—for we presume any magazine could have procured a similar class of fiction by paying at the same rate for it—into a sixpenny collection of stories and papers in nowise superior to the *Argosy*, which had already "the sixpenny public" for its *clientèle*. The old *Cornhill* has decidedly left a gap; we do not think the new *Cornhill* has found one. The best paper in number two is the first, a vivid and sympathetic description of scenes at a veterinary college, under the title of "Some Sick Poor."

In *Time*, we find an interesting account, by Mr. Dutton Cook, of two notorious criminals, Wainewright the poisoner ("Janus Weathercock"), and Madame Lafarge. It is strange that in the case of the first, the writer makes no reference to the well-known and horrible story of Wainewright's threat to the dying man whom he attended in the prison infirmary at Hobart Town; and in the case of the second, he seems to be unaware of the ultimate fate of the criminal. Madame Lafarge was liberated from the modified imprisonment which her state of health had procured for her, by Louis Napoleon, when he became President of the Republic, and died very shortly afterwards, in an obscure French town, tended by an old servant. No member of her family visited her or attended her funeral, and her relatives forbade any inscription to be placed upon the slanting cross which marks, but does not indicate, her grave. If the memoirs of M. Lachaud are ever given to the world, we shall, no doubt, learn much that will be interesting about the *cause célèbre* which was such a stepping-stone to fame for the afterwards great advocate. Otherwise, *Time* is rubbishy.

Belgravia is, as usual, strong in fiction, having the beginning of a story by Mr. Charles Gibbon, and the continuation of one by Mr. Justin M'Carthy, with two clever, short stories, and a "dialogue" by Ouida, besides. Mr. Phil. Robinson on feline creatures, or, as he puts it, "The Heptarchy of the Cats," is as felicitous and quaint as usual. A would-be historical article, called "How the Comte de Chambord's Crown was Lost," is "weakness indeed." Its style is that of a schoolgirl's essay, and the accuracy of the writer's knowledge may be tested by the fact that she is unaware of the existence of any member of the "elder branch" of the Bourbon family, except the Comte de Chambord. The recent dissensions of the pretended movement of the Legitimist party on behalf of Don Jaime might have corrected her history to that extent.

The two Roman Catholic magazines, *The Month* and *Merry England*, are fairly up to their respective standards. We note a very fine etching, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, of the principal entrance to the New Law Courts, as the attractive frontispiece of *Merry England*.

Aunt Judy is thoroughly delightful. We are glad to see the zeal, spirit, and variety with which this periodical, so valuable to the young, is kept up. The stories are very good, and the competition questions interesting and attractive. This department of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* is of solid educational value.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The *Edinburgh Review*, July. (Longmans.)—This seems to us a number of more than ordinary value and interest, except for its strange deficiency in politics. The first article, "Don John of Austria," is nominally a review of a work by the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, really an original essay on the subject, and gives with much force and liveliness of writing a compendious view of a striking career. It is not unworthy to be ranked with the historical articles of the *Review's* best days. Another historical article, "Charles VII.," sticks more closely to its text, the Marquis de Beaucourt's "Histoire de Charles VII." With these may be ranked an excellent review of M. Glasson's "History of English Law." Science is represented by an article on serpents; the belles lettres by essays on the "Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Stage," the conclusion of which on the morality of the stage is expressed with admirable force and gravity; by "The Angler's Library," and "Pedigrees and Peerages." Some very valuable information is given about the social and economical condition of the rural population of Italy. The terrible incubus of a vast military expenditure weighs upon Italy more heavily than on any other Continental country, and the peasantry seem to be, for this and for other reasons, worse off. The political writer of the *Review*, wearied, he tells us, of English politics,—and probably not very loyal to Liberalism,—turns to the Far East, and reviews the proceedings of the French in Anam and Tonquin.

A Moment of Madness. By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—This is a collection of short tales and miscellaneous papers, that have done service before, we presume, as padding for magazines. The motive of the first story is the passion of a married man for a woman not his wife. The second repeats the incident, with an addition which we cannot but think makes it remarkably offensive. Captain Norton (the story is entitled "Captain Norton's Diary") falls in love with a young woman who comes to stay with him and his wife; and the young woman falls in love with him. There is not the least excuse, in domestic unhappiness or in any other conceivable reason. It is an act of sheer fickleness and wantonness. The story ends thus, with words supposed to be written ten years afterwards: "There was a time when I used to think and say [to his wife, we suppose] that all my happiness lay buried in the grave of Lionne; but I have lived to learn and believe that at the Last Day it shall rise again, with her to bloom, ten thousand times renewed, in heaven!" Was there ever anything more nauseous? There are two or three ghost stories, fairly good of their kind; and some miscellaneous stories, of which it is sufficient to say that they are of a medium quality. Of course, in "Mother" the law is wrong. If Charles Vere's father died intestate, the real property, including the house, came to him, and the wicked wife who suddenly reappears had no right over it beyond that of "dower," and certainly could not turn him any one out of it. There is an interesting account of the life and death of the Duke of Brabant, King Leopold II. of Belgium's only son, and one or two other readable papers. "In propriae personae," we may remark, by the way, is not the usual form.

We must be content with acknowledging a work any detailed examination of which would carry us far beyond the province to which we are limited in these columns. In *The New Golden Age* (Blackwood and Sons), Mr. R. Hogarth Patterson has related the history of gold discoveries since 1848, discussing simultaneously "the influence of the precious metals upon the world." The first book deals with the early days of the discovery, both in California and Australia; the second book is entitled "a retrospect," and gives a history of the precious metals down to the beginning of the present century. The third book treats of "the period of renewed scarcity," the fourth discusses the relative effects of "cheap" and "dear" money, the fifth shows how the new supplies of gold brought about a vast increase of commercial enterprise. An appendix supplies figures of gold production since 1492. Mr. Paterson's theory that increase of gold means increase of wealth certainly derives support from income-tax statistics. In 1842, each penny produced £772,000. In twelve years this had not risen higher than £809,000. Then came the discovery of gold, and a progressive rise till the sum reached in 1879-80 was £1,840,000.

New Editions.—It is a good proof that the race of those who buy books is still sufficiently numerous, when we find a publisher undertaking so serious a work as the reissue of Sir Walter Scott's edition of Dryden. The first and second volumes of *The Works of John Dryden, with Notes, Life, &c., by Sir Walter Scott*, revised and corrected by George Saintsbury (Paterson, Edinburgh), are now before us. The first volume contains the life, the second some of the plays. Mr. Saintsbury's purpose is to re-edit the whole as, it may be supposed, Sir Walter Scott, had he been alive to do it, would have re-edited it. He makes use of whatever additional materials have come to hand since Sir Walter Scott's work came out, Pepys' "Diary" being the principal item; and he has carefully revised the text. Personally, we are inclined to think that the ordinary editions of Dryden give quite as much as we want, and that the plays might have been left in the obscurity to which a common consent has relegated them. Still, if a complete edition was to come out, it could not have been entrusted to better hands than Mr. Saintsbury's; nor could it have had a more handsome form than the publishers have given to the volumes before us.——We welcome heartily a collection by Professor S. R. Gardiner of his works relating to the history of the earlier part of the seventeenth

century. These are now to take the form of a *History of England*, 1603-1642, which is to extend to ten volumes. The first volume, reaching down as far as the year 1610, is now before us. Professor Gardiner has had at his disposal much additional material, manuscript and other, since the contents of this volume first appeared, and they have been accordingly, he tells us, thoroughly revised, and in part rewritten.——*Lectures on the Science and Art of Education.* By the late Joseph Payne. Edited by his Son, Joseph Frank Payne, M.D. (Longmans.)—Mr. Payne was one of the earliest preachers in England of a doctrine which was then almost new, that there is an art of teaching. Here we have collected some of the lectures in which he set forth his theory, lectures of solid value, which are well worth preserving in a permanent shape.——We have received a reprint of the *Secrets of Angling*, by "J. D.," 1613, with an introduction by Thomas Westwood. (W. Satchell and Co.)—Mr. Westwood proves, satisfactorily, it would seem, that "J. D." was a certain John Dennys, of Pucklechurch, in the county of Gloucester. This reprint is "a strictly faithful and literal transcript of the edition of 1613." We may give, as a specimen of "J. D.'s" verse, a stanza in which he describes the first of an angler's three requirements:—

> "The first is Faith, not wavering and unstable,
> But such as had that holy *Patriarch* old,
> That to the Highest was so acceptable,
> As his increase and offspring manifolde
> Exceeded far the staires innumerable.
> So must he still a firme persuasion holde,
> That where as waters, brookes, and lakes are found,
> There store of Fish without all doubt abound."

Alas! it was easier in this, as in other matters, for our ancestors to have faith, than for us.——*XVII. Opuscules, by Juan de Valdes*, translated from the Spanish and Italian, and edited by John T. Betts (Trübner and Co.)

To insure insertion, Advertisements should reach the Publishing Office not later than 12 a.m. on Friday.

DEATH.

ABSOLON.—On Monday, July 30th, at 12 Wellington Square, S.W., Lizzie, the loving wife of Eugène Absolon.

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NEXT SESSION begins TUESDAY, October 9th.

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The PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION of the University will be held at the OWENS COLLEGE, on MONDAY, October 1st, and the following days. This Examination is open to all persons who have Matriculated (i.e., entered their Names in the Register of the Owens College and of the University).
For detailed information regarding Courses of Study, Degrees, &c., application should be made to the Registrar.
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE, LONDON (for LADIES), 43 and 45 HARLEY STREET, W.
The MICHAELMAS TERM will BEGIN on MONDAY, October 1st. The EXAMINATIONS for Entrance and Scholarships will be held on Thursday, September 27th.
The School for Girls under 14 will Re-open on September 24th; Entrance Examination on Saturday, September 22nd. There are Boarding Houses in connection with the College.
After the middle of September, the Lady Resident will be at the College to answer enquiries. Further information may be obtained by writing to the Secretary at the College.

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Herr Weiss will conduct a Class for German Conversation on Mondays, at 11.10.
M. Esclangon will have a "Cours de Diction" on Saturdays, at 2.50. B. SHADWELL, Hon. Sec.

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Derwent (J. L.), Our Lady of Tears, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2/0
Dryden, Poetical Works of, ed. by Saintsbury, Vols. 3 and 4 (Simpkin)—each		10/6
Francillon (R. E.), One by One, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2/0
Gill, Whitehall Readers, Standard VII., 12mo	(Gill)	2/6
Gillmore (P.), Travel, War, and Shipwreck, cr 8vo	(Griffith & Farran)	3/6
Heaton (J. H.), Canonisation at St. Peter's, Rome, 4to	(Cassell & Co.)	3/6
Holmes (E. M.), Confirmation Class Book, cr 8vo	(Parker)	2/6
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Lang (J. M.), Life: Is it Worth Living? cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
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Saward (B. C.), Decorative Painting, cr 8vo	(Bazaar Office)	7/6
Selkirk (J. B.), Poems, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	7/6
Shadwell (A.), Architectural History of the City of Rome, cr 8vo	(Parker)	6/0
Shakespere's Works, Vol. 11, parchment	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	6/0
So Happy, by "G. O. A.," 4to	(Dean)	3/6
Spurgeon (C. H.), Present Truth, cr 8vo	(Passmore)	3/6
Woolson (C. F.), For the Major, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Wooton (E.), Guide to Degrees in Arts, &c., cr 8vo	(Bazaar Office)	15/0

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Egyptian question has been twice raised in the Commons this week,—once on Monday, and again, with more elaboration, on Thursday. On Monday, Mr. John Morley put to the Prime Minister a question intended to elicit a declaration that our troops would soon quit Egypt. Mr. Morley referred to the well-known declarations of the British Government that they had no intention of occupying Egypt for an indefinite term, and to Lord Hartington's remark early in the Session that our troops would probably be evacuating Egypt within six months, and asked what steps the Government proposed to take, in order to give effect to their various declarations. Before Mr. Gladstone replied, Mr. Bourke thereupon asked whether certain passages which he cited from Lord Dufferin's despatch of February 6th did not lead to the conclusion that the Government were pledged to secure for our intervention an "enduring" as well as a "beneficent" result, and whether it is clearly understood by foreign Powers that "no subversive influence shall intervene between England and that Egypt she has re-created." Further, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, wishing to fortify Mr. John Morley, asked whether Lord Dufferin had not declared, in a despatch dated April 29th, that "the material tranquillity of Egypt" is absolute from one end to the other.

To this little sheaf of questions Mr. Gladstone replied in a way which appears to have comforted Mr. Bourke and the Conservatives, more than it comforted the two advocates of immediate evacuation. He answered Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the affirmative indeed, and said that "nothing could well be more satisfactory than the effects produced in Egypt, not merely by the presence of a British force, but by the reorganising operations steadily in progress." There was no change at all in the intentions of the Government, as expressed at various times by various members of it, but it was only fair to remember that Lord Hartington, when he spoke nearly six months ago and named six months as the probable duration of our further occupation, guarded himself by saying that he was speaking on mere conjecture, and not in the least giving an undertaking. No statement was made to the other Powers of Europe as to the duration of the occupation, in any terms whatever, though they were assured of our general intention, which, Mr. Gladstone believed, they fully understood. The object of the Government in Egypt is "not merely to secure tranquillity for the moment, but likewise to obviate future perturbation." Now, the cholera epidemic which has been prevalent has very seriously interfered with the organisation of the institutions of Egypt and with the collection of the revenue, and has raised new questions as to the collection of the revenue, and this prevents Mr. Gladstone "from being able to anticipate any very early withdrawal of the troops." The Government wish, when they leave Egypt, to leave something "more firm and stable than the fabric which was overthrown." "We cannot in such a case command the future, all that we can do is to take means which are rational and equitable with reference to the future." There was not the least reason to apprehend any interference by foreign Powers.

On Tuesday Mr. Gladstone read the *résumé* of a letter from Lord Dufferin on the subject of the progress made in Egypt. The Egyptian Army Lord Dufferin reports to be in a quite satisfactory condition; the constabulary is not so forward, and the police need a great deal more organising. Lord Dufferin thinks that a fair body of Judges has been secured, but it had been necessary to translate the Judicial Code into Arabic, and that had caused delay. All the arrangements for the election of the elective portion of the Legislature had been drawn up and published, but Lord Dufferin did not know what had been done in relation to the nominative element of the Legislature. An English engineer had prepared a plan of irrigation which was favourably regarded by the Government, though no decision had been taken. And a plan had been submitted for the taxation of foreigners. That was all Lord Dufferin could say as to the progress of the new Egyptian institutions.

On Thursday, a debate on Egypt was raised by Mr. John Morley, who, on the occasion of the vote for the Diplomatic Service, called attention to our occupation of Egypt, in order to urge our speedy evacuation. He denied that we could prevent anarchy in Egypt, which was there when we went, and would be there while we stayed; but so long as we had even a corporal's guard there, we should be held responsible for everything that happened. Mr. Bourke spoke in the other sense, that of our responsibility for establishing a good and stable order in Egypt. Sir Charles Dilke, in a very able speech, cordially accepted the policy of a gradual reduction of our force and an ultimate withdrawal. He held out the prospect of a large reduction of our force—now not much over 6,700 men—before the winter, by which time the Egyptian Army would be effective. He held that the happiness of the people of Egypt was the great object of our policy, and he did not expect that we should leave anarchy behind us when we withdrew.

Sir Stafford Northcote deprecated annexation or permanent occupation, but thought that language indicating a fixed intention to withdraw without giving any guarantee for the order of Egypt might be dangerous. And this called up Mr. Gladstone, on whose speech we have commented at some length elsewhere, and of which we feel bound to say that it throws more doubt than we like on the intention of the Government to back firmly the restored order of Egypt, after they have withdrawn their troops. That is the real question. Have we gone to Egypt to set up what any one may pull down, so soon as we leave, or have we gone there to establish a system which we intend to support?

Spanish politics seem very unsettled. At Badajoz on Sunday there was a small military rising, pretty easily put down, a rising apparently due to a Republican feeling in favour of the constitution of 1869, though others attribute it—without, however, much plausibility—to the desire to conceal some peculations of public money. But this explanation is rendered very improbable by the little risings which have since taken place near Barcelona, Logroño, and Seo de Urgel. On Wednesday there was a rising of the Numancia cavalry at Domingo de la Calzada, near Logroño; and on the same day, at Hostelfraucho, close to Barcelona, there was a demonstration of armed citizens against the Government, and apparently in favour of a Republic. On Thursday the troops rose at Seo de Urgel. None of the risings seem to have been in any degree formidable, but scattered risings throughout the country seem to indicate a good deal of discontent. It is said that the constitution is to be suspended.

The Lord Mayor gave a banquet at the Mansion House to her Majesty's Ministers on Wednesday, at which Mr. Gladstone spoke. The newest Ministerial statement made had reference to the proceedings of the French Admiral at Tamatave, hitherto reported by telegraph only. "My Lord Mayor," he said, "her Majesty's Government have now received some further intelligence by the ordinary methods of communication. When the telegraphic news came from Madagascar, we felt satisfied that it contained nothing that need present to us any difficulties, except such as would be solved by frank communications between the Governments concerned, and by those generous and honourable dispositions which I trust will always prevail amongst friendly nations, and especially, if I may say so, between ourselves and our great neighbour across the Channel. I will only now say that that further knowledge which we claim at this moment to possess, which has hardly come to our eyes, though it has partially reached them,—I have not yet been minutely acquainted with all the particulars,—justifies me in saying that those cheerful hopes which we entertained are confirmed by the better and larger means of judgment which we now possess; and I feel confident,—reasonably and even sanguinely confident,—that nothing will arise out of these transactions that can disturb the long accord between England and France, which has now survived an anxious and interesting struggle."

The rest of Mr. Gladstone's speech contained a sentence as to the occupation of Egypt, which we quote in another column, a review, not too optimist, but by no means disheartening, of the achievements of the Government in pacifying Ireland and in English legislation, and a passage on the experiment of Grand Committees, in which Mr. Gladstone adhered strongly to his hopeful view of the work to be done by invoking the principle of division of labour and of devolution, and he declared that it is by expedients of this kind alone that the House of Commons can hope to overtake the arrears of work for which it is called upon. We sincerely hope that Mr. Gladstone is right. Certainly, if the discussions in the Grand Committees are likely to be so far trusted that the House will consent to read a third time and pass in the middle of August, all measures which have come back from the Grand Committees,—and if the House of Lords will pass those measures at the end of August,—the experiment will prove a success. But certainly, the experiment of 1883 ought to be improved upon in 1884, if the Grand Committees are to do all that Mr. Gladstone hopes. It will hardly do in general to leave so much to the fag-end of a Session as has been necessarily left to the fag-end of this Session.

Of the other speeches, Lord Hartington's, on the too hasty depreciation to which our Army organisation is subjected, was interesting, as he showed that the deficiency in our Recruiting system had already been got over, and that 5,000 more men had been enlisted up to the present time than had been enlisted last year up to the same period. Lord Kimberley made some rather dubious remarks on the value of the House of Lords as a Revising Chamber, declaring that he did not think there was any second Chamber which discharged the functions of a second Chamber better than the House of Lords. We should be inclined to think that in many respects the American Senate, the French Senate, and even the German Council of Princes discharge the functions of a second Chamber better than the House of Lords,—and certainly that the first two cause a great deal less embarrassment by their fixed prepossessions. But no one can deny that the House of Lords is still very popular in England, and that its historical hold on our imagination is great. Moreover, England certainly is not a soil in which brand-new institutions flourish. Nevertheless, of no revising Chamber in the world is it more difficult to anticipate the action than to anticipate the action of the House of Lords; nor is there any whose independent action, when it thwarts that of the popular Assembly, is so dangerous, and so likely to excite a conflict between class and class.

On Tuesday the House of Commons read the National Debt Bill a second time, after a very careful exposition by Mr. Childers of the mode in which he proposed to redeem £173,300,000 of Debt in twenty years. He reminded the House that, notwithstanding the passing of this Bill, the taxpayer would, before 1887, get a remission of £1,100,000 a year in consequence of the expiration in 1885 of the annuity of £800,000 a year raised to meet the preparations sanctioned by Parliament in connection with the Russo-Turkish war, and of the expiration of £500,000 a year in 1887 on account of the Afghan war. These together would bring a relief of £1,300,000; only this had to be reduced by about £200,000 a year increased charge for the local-loan sinking fund, leaving £1,100,000 to go to the relief of taxation within the next four years. Sir Stafford Northcote spoke hesitatingly against the Bill, chiefly on the ground of its being too late to discuss the details. He also made some highly inaccurate comments on Mr. Gladstone's Budget speeches of 1853 and 1860, and on their supposed inconsistency with the policy of the Government as indicated in the present Bill; to which Mr. Gladstone replied with great force and eloquence, correcting Sir Stafford Northcote's erroneous history, and showing that the Government are proving a better stepmother to Sir Stafford Northcote's plan of 1875 for redeeming Debt, than its own mother ever has been.

Mr. Anderson and Mr. Illingworth spoke from the Liberal side against the Bill—Mr. Rylands and his amendment had prudently vanished into space—and Sir G. Goldney from the Conservative side warmly in its favour. Sir John Lubbock also made a very powerful speech for the Bill, showing that we require local authorities to repay debt within fifty years, and yet make no adequate provision at all for repaying the Debt of the whole nation in spite of the rapid increase of wealth,—an increase for the continuance of which we have no adequate security, when our coal is obtained at a greater and greater cost every year, and the competition of other nations is running us so close. After speeches against the Bill from Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord George Hamilton, Sir S. Northcote declared it his intention to record his vote against the Bill, when its second reading was carried by 149 votes against 95 (majority, 54).

The trial of the Liverpool dynamiteurs before Mr. Justice Stephen ended on Thursday, with the conviction of four of them—Timothy Fetherstone, Dennis Deasy, Patrick Flanagan, and Henry Dalton—for treason-felony. O'Herlihy was discharged on Wednesday, on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to identify him with the crime committed. The speech of the Solicitor-General on the evidence was very masterly, and, to our mind, final; and Mr. Justice Stephen's summing-up left so little doubt in the minds of the jury that, after an hour's deliberation, they brought in all four prisoners guilty. They were sentenced to penal servitude for life,—a wholesome warning to future meddlers in the policy of dynamite.

The French prospects in Anam are somewhat altered by the death of Tu Duc, the "Emperor" of Anam, as he was called, —though he never for a moment failed to assert his allegiance to the Emperor of China,—on July 20th, at Hué, and the nomination of Vianlan as his successor by the Anamite Mandarins,—Vianlan being committed, as it is said, to a very active anti-French policy. Vianlan is believed to be a brother of Tu Duc, but, in any case, it is understood that he represents the party which is most hostile to the French claims.

In the House of Lords, on Tuesday, the second reading of the Agricultural Holdings Bill was moved by Lord Carlingford in an able speech, in which he insisted that it was quite right to give the tenant compensation for his improvements in proportion more or less to the actual advantage which they brought to his successor,—always refusing, however, to include in the tenant's improvements extra-yield clearly due to the inherent excellence of the soil; so that if sometimes a tenant lost by an intended improvement which was not successful, he should, on the other hand, sometimes gain even more than his outlay by an improvement which was eminently successful. He insisted also on the necessity of not making this compensation permissive, *i.e.*, on not allowing a landlord, by previous compact with the tenant, to contract himself out of the law. Tenants were not always able to insist on having justice done to them, but what was more to the purpose, it was for the good of agriculture,—for the benefit of the country at large,—that tenants should feel secure that any prudent investment in the land could not be lost to them through either the landlords' or their own fault. The Royal Commission on Agriculture had recommended a compulsory measure, and the permissive measure of 1875 had, in fact, proved inoperative.

Lord Wemyss—better known by his old name in the Commons when he was Lord Elcho—moved an amendment against super-

seding freedom of contract, the early part of his resolution being described by himself as merely "padding." He thought it an ominous thing that the same Irishman who had in the Commons moved the second reading of the first Irish Land Bill, should now move in the Lords the second reading of a Bill which threatened England with the principles of the Irish Land Act. He regarded free contract as the very marrow and pith of all sound trade and agriculture, and he was not disposed to give up that view at the bidding even of the Richmond Commission. He declared that when Lord Beaconsfield heard that the Richmond Commission had reported in favour of protecting the tenant against an arbitrary increase of rent, Lord Beaconsfield had cried out, "By God, if they have done that, then the Government can carry any Land Bill they choose!"—an assertion disputed by the Duke of Richmond, who declared that the reports of that Commission had been submitted to Lord Beaconsfield, and were "published with his sanction and approval,"—an instructive light on the subserviency of the Commission to one who was not a member of it. The Duke's statement, however, does not appear to us to be at all inconsistent with Lord Wemyss's story, for which he declared that he had the personal authority of the gentleman who spoke to Lord Beaconsfield on the matter, and who heard his exclamation. According to Lord Wemyss, Tories and Liberals were both playing for the farmer's vote, and willing to violate all sound economic principles in order to obtain it.

The rest of the debate was discursive, and not very real. The Duke of Richmond said that a great deal of the new Bill was taken from the vilified Permissive Act of 1875, and that in 1875 it would have been perfectly impossible to pass the compulsory Bill for which the country was now prepared. He approved the Bill generally, though censuring the Government for sending it up so late to the House of Lords. Lord Bramwell followed in the high-scientific wake of Lord Wemyss, condemning every interference with freedom of contract. Lord Carnarvon thought the Bill quite unneeded—chiefly, it seemed, because he had never had any difficulty with his own tenants—but yet intended to vote for its second reading, and move amendments in Committee. Lord Kimberley commented ironically on this rather odd line of action, and Lord Salisbury complimented Lord Wemyss for assuming the position of leader of a volunteer Opposition, though he himself thought the Bill innocent of the original sin of the Irish land legislation imputed to it by Lord Wemyss. Lord Wemyss's amendment was negatived by 55 votes to 9.

The debate on the South-African policy of the Government came off on Monday night in two separate instalments,—the first on their Transvaal policy, and the second on their Zulu policy. First, Mr. Gorst moved to reduce the vote for the charges of the Government in South Africa by the salary of the Transvaal Resident, on the ground that the presence of a Resident in the Transvaal was absolutely useless for any purpose whatever. The British Resident had acted as an agent to procure guns for the Transvaal Government, to be used against Mapoch, who was under our protection; and there were plenty of other evidences that the British Resident was perfectly useless for all the purposes for which he was appointed. Mr. Forster generally supported the same view of the case, insisting that with regard to the Beehuana tribes, we were bound in honour to support them against the Transvaal freebooters, and that Sir Hercules Robinson held that 500 mounted men would be a sufficient force for effective intervention. Mr. Evelyn Ashley denied that the British Resident was of no use, and gave instances of his representations being attended to by the Transvaal Government; moreover, he anticipated the best results from the Transvaal delegation which is to come here in October, and which is to consist of Mr. Kruger, General Sehmidt, and the Minister of Education. Mr. Gladstone, while remarking that the Government could not agree with Sir Hercules Robinson in his vague estimate as to the force that would be necessary to put everything right in Beehuanaland, and observing how grossly they had often been deceived in this sort of estimate of the South-African authorities, urged that what the Government had to consider was the danger of bringing on a general war with all the Dutch population of South Africa. He maintained that the natives were better and not worse off than they would have been had the British Government intervened. Finally, Mr. Gorst's amendment was negatived without a division.

Then Mr. Dawnay moved to reduce the charge for South-African purposes by the salary of the Resident with Cetewayo, and made a very strong attack on Cetewayo and the policy of the Government in restoring him,—a speech, in fact, of sympathy with John Dunn. Mr. Evelyn Ashley, in reply, threw a good deal of blame on Cetewayo for attacking Usibepu, but defended the policy of the Government in restoring him as the only policy which gave the hope of any sort of Government in Zululand. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach also attacked the Government for restoring Cetewayo, and especially for restoring him in the way they did; to whom Mr. Gladstone replied that it was one thing to carry destruction into a country, as the policy of the Tory Administration had done, and quite another to try to piece together "the broken fragments which were the monument of the statesmanship of the right honourable gentleman." In fact, the discussion came to very little beyond this,—that the Tory Government and Sir Bartle Frere did the mischief which the present Government has been as yet wholly unsuccessful in repairing; and that is the simple truth. Mr. Dawnay's amendment was negatived without a division.

It is stated from Natal, and now admitted in England, that Cetewayo was not killed, as was said, in the recent action with Usibepu, but that he escaped, and is lying concealed with only two insignificant wounds in his leg. Mr. William Grant, the Resident Adviser of Cetewayo, tells the *Standard's* reporter that he has no doubt as to the truth of the story of Cetewayo's safety; and Mr. Evelyn Ashley has confirmed the report in the House of Commons. Whether Cetewayo attacked Usibepu, as the Government believe, or Usibepu attacked him, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson seems to believe, it is at present impossible to determine with certainty, though the official view is in this case all the more likely, that Cetewayo was, before this military outbreak, rather in the good graces of the Government. But, for the present at least, Cetewayo will probably count for less in the politics of Zululand than he has ever done before, except, of course, during his captivity at the Cape.

Mr. W. H. Smith made one of those bitter party speeches at the London and Westminster Working Men's Conservative Association on Monday which, coming from so mild and business-like a man, produces the effect of a lion's roar in the mouth of a beaver. He was particularly fierce with the Government for not resigning on the Suez-Canal agreement,—an agreement which the Government negotiated at the request of the commercial men of all parties, and announced their intention from the first only to propose subject to the approval of commercial men of all parties, and of Parliament. Lord Beaconsfield's Government never said this of their Water Bill; yet did Lord Beaconsfield ever think of resigning because the Water Bill introduced by Sir Richard (then Mr.) Cross was contemptuously repudiated by the country in general? Mr. Smith must know perfectly well that the Tory Government never dreamt of resigning on that ground, though the contemptuous rejection of that measure by the country probably hastened the dissolution which Lord Beaconsfield saw other reasons for advising. Yet no reference was made to the withdrawn Water Bill in Lord Beaconsfield's appeal to the country.

Mr. Blake, M.P., told a good story to some Irish fishermen with whom he made an appointment at Billingsgate Market on Tuesday morning, for the purpose of expounding to them some of the secrets of the fish market. The supply of lobsters at Dunmore, in the county of Waterford, had, he said, some years ago begun to fall off, and it was supposed that the introduction of male lobsters from Northern Europe would improve the breed. Scandinavian lobsters were brought, but the Irish lobsters resented the advent of these Scandinavian males so furiously that their corpses were found strewn,—claws, legs, and bodies all dismembered,—on every shore in the neighbourhood of Dunmore. An old lobster fisherman from Connemara listened to Mr. Blake's tale with glistening eyes, and then ejaculated, "Begor! after that I'll have a veneration for the lobster I never had afore!" Probably the good man regarded the invading lobsters as Britons, and the Irish lobsters who resented their intervention as good Fenians. But "veneration" for a lobster is a delightfully new form of enthusiasm.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 99¾ to 99⅞.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech in the House of Commons on Thursday night will be a very serious disappointment to all those who had, with us, sincerely believed that the Expedition to Egypt was deliberately intended to secure a better future for the people of Egypt, and not merely to give what the Prime Minister calls a "fair start" to a dubious experiment. Let us not be misunderstood. Nobody has more honestly desired to see the attempt at establishing a good Native Government in Egypt successful, than the *Spectator*. We are not eager for annexation. We are not desirous to see the burdens of the Empire increased. We are heartily desirous to see a progressive Oriental State of the genuine Oriental type established on secure foundations, if that be possible; that is, a good English Resident in Egypt, and some arrangement which would secure for his reasonable representations the authority which our Resident can exert, for instance, at Hyderabad. And we believe that such a result is possible. We go completely with Mr. Gladstone when he says, "We must not go to work with the supposition that we can efface every Oriental mark, and bring Egypt by any device of ours into the atmosphere and temperature of the most Western States." That is just the danger to which the often very mischievous interference of the House of Commons in Egyptian affairs directly tends; and we deprecate that tendency as much as Mr. Gladstone. But still, to come to the point of the issue, what *did* we go to Egypt to do, if we are to leave Egypt without any reasonable certainty that our intervention will have secured the country against the evils with which she was last year threatened? To our mind the expedition to Egypt was either altogether wrong, or it was an expedition undertaken in the interests of the Egyptian people, and one which we are bound to turn to the permanent and solid benefit of the Egyptian people. When Mr. Gladstone says that we went to Egypt only to secure the Khedive a new start—a fresh chance of governing Egypt as a good Oriental ruler would govern her—he says, to our minds, either too much or too little, for we did not secure him even that as an independent Oriental prince; and in order to secure him that as our ally, we must secure him a good deal more, namely, the promise of future support. No interposition of ours which was to cease completely, directly a new Government had been set on its legs, could possibly give the ruler of Egypt the chance of governing as a good Oriental ruler would govern. The mere fact of our intervention has made that impossible. The Khedive is no longer an absolute independent prince. Almost everything we have done has been done in the view of somewhat limiting his powers, and of securing for the Egyptian people some few of the advantages of Western institutions. The Khedive, left to act through such institutions, can never be in any sense a great Oriental Prince, and he himself knows this as well as any one. He knows that if he is to administer semi-Western institutions, he must rely for his support on the authority of a Western Power; and the sooner we face honestly the hopelessness of establishing institutions of the kind we contemplate in Egypt, without giving them some sort of tutelary help from the West, the sooner we shall face the true situation. It is perfectly true that so long as it is well known that such a support as this is really pledged to the Khedive, and that the Resident in Egypt when he does venture to speak authoritatively will have force at his back, there will be no need for a permanent occupation, however small the occupying force. It is perfectly true that there may be very few cases where interference will be needed, and that an able man like Sir E. Baring may be trusted to interfere effectually in the few cases in which there will be need for interference, so long as the ruler of Egypt knows perfectly well what force stands behind Sir E. Baring, and that that force is pledged to support him. But, to speak the truth, it is hopeless nonsense to assume, as some people seem to assume, that the artificial system which we are trying to bring about in Egypt can go on without this confidence at bottom that England means it to go on, and *if it should fail, means to restore it.* With such a confidence, everything is possible. Without such a confidence, nothing that we have done is of the slightest use. At present, we believe that such a confidence exists, and so long as it exists all will be well. But the Prime Minister's language on Thursday evening as to "the fair start," and no more than the fair start,—the impression he seemed to convey that we are under a far more serious obligation to evacuate Egypt than we are to see that a stable and beneficent Government is established in Egypt—alarms us very seriously, and seems to us to threaten the moderate success we have already achieved. Let us admit freely that we are bound to evacuate Egypt as soon as we have established a Government there which is stable and which is beneficent. Still, are we, or are we not, bound afterwards to see that that stable and beneficent Government is not overset from within or from without? That is the true test of the difference between the two parties to the dispute. We say that we are bound not only to set up such a Government, but to put it in working order, *and to support* it after we leave Egypt. Mr. John Morley and his friends appear to maintain the opposite. They want us to clear out of Egypt as soon as we can, and not to incur the slightest vestige of obligation to do again what we have once done, if it should be undone. But what side does the Government take? We should have said up to Thursday that the whole drift of its declarations was on our side. But since Mr. Gladstone's speech of Thursday, we confess ourselves in doubt. We fear that it is even more capable of the interpretation which Mr. John Morley would prefer, than of the interpretation which we should prefer.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* printed on Wednesday a little table of the objects with which the Government went to Egypt, a table defective in itself, and even if it were not defective, enumerating objects which no one who regards the position of Egypt in the most superficial way can regard as fulfilled. Here is the table, with the *Pall Mall's* estimate of the drift of Lord Dufferin's letter to Mr. Gladstone as to the degree in which the various objects are attained:—

"Objects.	How far Attained.
To suppress the Military Rebellion	Accomplished.
To re-establish the Khedive	Accomplished.
To protect the freedom of the Canal	Accomplished.
To reorganise the Army	Almost completed.
To reorganise the Constabulary ...	Accomplished.
To reorganise the Police proper ...	A good deal still to do.
To reform the Judiciary	Judges secured. Code not yet translated.
To establish a Legislature.....	All arrangements made for elections.
To irrigate the Delta.....	Plan ready, but it awaits Khedive's sanction.
To subject Foreigners to Taxation	Plan also ready, but awaits sanction."

Now, in the first place, Lord Dufferin says that the reorganisation of the constabulary is *not* accomplished, but only in course of accomplishment. That, however, is a small matter. But as to all the last four heads, the summary here given conveys no idea at all of the utter inchoateness of the institutions to be established. The appointment of what is hoped may prove a fair body of Judges, though they have not yet got to work,—the translation of the Code into Arabic not having been completed,—comes to nothing. It is simply ridiculous to speak of the judicial system as provided for, when the first step only has been taken. The proof of the efficiency of the Judiciary, as of other institutions, is in its effective working; not in the preparation for a work which it is only hoped may prove successful. The administration of substantial justice in Egypt is the very key and the centre of the policy which we went to Egypt to establish. And yet our contemporary wants us to clear out of Egypt before there is the trace of evidence, or of the possibility of evidence, that our policy has been effectual. It is just the same with the establishment of a Legislature. The arrangements for the elections are made, though the nominated members have not yet, it seems, been appointed. But no elections have been held. No Legislature has been convened. No attempt has been made to see whether the Legislature will prove a centre of anarchy and disturbance, or a centre of orderly and progressive reform. What would the *Pall Mall* have said to a critic who had regarded the Assembly of the Notables before Arabi's revolt as sufficient security for the orderly progress of Egypt? Again, there is a plan for the irrigation of the Delta, there is a plan for taxing foreigners, but whether either plan will work, whether the foreigners, for instance, will submit patiently to be taxed, the *Pall Mall* no more knows than it knows what the weather of next year will be. Doubtless there are plans for improvements of all kinds in Egypt, but it is not the abundance of the plans, but the steadiness of the work in carrying out some few of them, that will test the value of our recon-

structive policy in Egypt. Above all, there is the great question of the condition of the peasantry, and their relations with the money-lenders who have possessed themselves of mortgages on so large a number of their properties. How will that great and most difficult conflict work out? Will it reduce Egypt to anarchy, or not? Doubtless it will, if the new institutions, which are at present mere paper institutions, fail of their intended effect. We can imagine nothing more insane, more inconsistent with the whole policy of the Egyptian expedition, than it would be to evacuate Egypt, and give a sort of engagement never to return, with all these most essential reforms only made on paper, and not the least security for the effectual accomplishment of any one of them. Did we go to Egypt to *make a show* of restoring order and putting Egypt in the right track, or really to effect this? Did we go there to deliver her from military terror for a season, only in order to hand her over to the prospect of civil anarchy and a new military terror? If we did not, nothing could justify us in abandoning Egypt to her own resources with a lot of paper institutions to work out, which, without help and guidance, her statesmen are absolutely incompetent to work out. Doubtless Lord Hartington spoke not only without book, but without a trace of his usual judgment, when he was so rash as to contemplate that all this serious work could by any conceivable possibility be got through in a few months. But if,—only because Lord Hartington once made a hasty and ill-considered speech,—the Government were to evacuate Egypt, leaving all the most important part of their work undone, not only would Europe have the right to reproach this country with working pure mischief in going to Egypt at all, but the very party in England which was most reluctant to acquiesce in the Egyptian expedition would justly taunt the Government with having failed in the moral courage to achieve what they professed to think it their bounden duty to do.

We are fairly puzzled with this outcry from *any* party which once approved the Expedition, for a hasty casting-away of all the fruits which it was intended to bear. Mr. Gladstone said of Egypt, in his speech at the Mansion House on Wednesday,—"We have gone there with no selfish aims; we have a great work to perform; our desire is to accelerate its performance; but we must beware lest, by too inconsiderate an attempt at acceleration, we should spoil it. When it is accomplished, we shall disappear from that country; and the earlier its safe and adequate accomplishment can be attained, the more grateful will such a result be to the heart and mind of every one of her Majesty's Ministers." That is statesmanlike language, in which we completely agree, though we have our own opinion as to the probability of accomplishing that work within any very brief period. But we are much more doubtful of the effect of such a passage as the following, in Mr. Gladstone's speech of Thursday night:—"The right honourable gentleman (Sir S. Northcote) has treated us as if we intended to remain in Egypt until we had brought about institutions which would do credit to Utopia. We have no such views. But we thought that in the circumstances in which we found ourselves in Egypt, we should not be justified in simply confining ourselves to the restoration of order and supplying the material means for its maintenance. We might have stopped at that point. But we have regarded it as part of our duty to have a judiciary in a position which could bear fair promise of answering the primary purposes connected with the administration of justice in a civilised society; and going beyond that, we have looked to the provision which was to be made for future legislation. But are we to say that we are to remain in Egypt until those institutions have reached such a condition that there may be no doubt whatever of their future stability? Such a view would be wholly visionary. How many countries are there in Europe at this moment—the most civilised and powerful—with regard to which few men will be bold enough to say what transmutations may not have occurred before many generations have passed over their heads? We have no such views. In popular language, we mean to give Egypt a fair start, and if we secure it order, supply a civil and military force adequate to the maintenance of order, and with a man on the throne in whose benevolence and justice we have confidence, with institutions for the administration of justice under enlightened supervision and in fairly competent hands,—if we have made a reasonable beginning towards legislative institutions, into which is incorporated some seed of freedom, our duty might be supposed to be complete." Now, that sentence seems to us to involve the future of Egypt in doubt. If Egypt is to understand that we are certainly going so soon as "a fair start" has been secured, and that when we go our duty will be "complete,"—in other words, that we shall not restore what we have established, if it should be over-set, the whole structure is a house of cards. It *will* be over-set, just because we have given the impression that we will never do our work over again. As yet, everything is in germ. We might just as well fix a date for reaping the harvest when the seed is put in, or if one desires to be very hopeful, when the first green shoots are beginning to appear above the ground, as fix the date for finally abandoning Egypt, on the strength of such fulfilment of our aims there as we have already accomplished. But after all, it is not the evacuation of Egypt by the Army that is the most important point. The most important point is the diffusion of a confident belief that whether we have troops in Egypt or not, we do not intend to let what we have done be undone by either native intrigue or foreign interference. If there is any doubt on that point, our Egyptian expedition will be wasted, and our policy in Egypt will be a failure.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE NATIONAL DEBT.

THE Government is certainly to be congratulated on the division of Tuesday night, and still more on the faint-heartedness even of that part of the Opposition which was actually supported by votes. When the Conservatives found themselves rebuked by so staunch a Conservative as Sir G. Goldney, and told in so many words that under cover of resisting a mere method of reducing Debt, they were, in fact, resisting the only effective method of paying off Debt which had ever been discovered,—the method of terminable annuities,—they must have felt that they were making a bad figure before the country. And Sir Stafford Northcote doubtless did feel this. His reluctance in his first speech to indicate his own vote, his apologetic way of explaining in his second speech why he should give it against the Bill, told a sad story of vacillation and irresolution. The truth is, that only those who, like Mr. Mitchell Henry, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Illingworth—Mr. Illingworth's speech we regard with pure amazement, though he does not seem to have supported it with his vote—really prefer the diminution of taxation to the reduction of Debt, had any tenable position in opposing the Bill of the Government. Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. W. H. Smith had no tenable position at all to take up. They pretended that Sir Stafford Northcote's measure in 1875 for devoting not less than £28,000,000 to the service of the Debt would be sufficient to secure the devotion of the whole sum falling-in in 1885, by the expiration of the terminable annuities of £6,000,000 annually, to that purpose. Yet they know that even during Sir Stafford Northcote's own tenure of office, his scheme was substantially trenched upon, in consequence of the financial pressure which Lord Beaconsfield's policy entailed,—and this though there was no huge booty, such as £6,000,000 a year would be, to dangle before the eyes of the House of Commons, and so to tempt to a deviation from that plan. The first little strain that was put upon it was too much for the virtue of the Conservative Government, who proposed to borrow with one hand while they paid off with the other in order to prevent adding to the burdens of the country. When that took place even in relation to the small difference between £28,000,000 and the actual charge for the Debt which Sir Stafford Northcote had then to deal with, can any one in his senses suppose that with £6,000,000 revenue unappropriated except for Sir Stafford Northcote's Act touching the payment of Debt, there would have been any possibility of securing the whole of it for that purpose? Would not Member after Member have pleaded, just as Sir Stafford Northcote himself pleaded in 1879, that considering how much had been done in former years for the reduction of Debt, there could be no harm in borrowing again for special purposes some part, if not the whole, of what had indeed been set apart by the Act of 1875 for the reduction of Debt, but only so set apart ten years before any great margin like this was within reach. It may be said, and no doubt it was virtually said on Tuesday night,—How does the hocus-pocus of terminable annuities alter the conditions of the case? Is it not just as easy to borrow, as Sir Stafford Northcote borrowed in 1879, on the avowed ground that so much had been paid off by terminable annuities that there was no immorality in borrowing some of it again, as it would be to stop some of the £6,000,000 on its way to the extinction of Debt, and divert it to the relief of taxation? The answer is that borrowing, as Sir Stafford Northcote found in 1878 and 1879, is held rather discredit-

able among a rich people, though it would not, probably, be held equally discreditable so to alter the Act of 1875 as to divert a portion of the surplus devoted to extinguishing Debt into another channel. But the terminable annuities, once created, must be provided for. In providing for them, you provide partly for meeting the obligation of a borrower to pay interest, partly for meeting the obligation of a borrower to pay off the principal; and the two processes are so thoroughly blended, that the latter obligation is sheltered under the shadow of the former. In this way the nation helps itself to identify absolutely the two obligations,—as, indeed, so far as the nation's means and wealth go, they ought to be identified,—and to see that it is falling short of its duty whenever it fails to meet those obligations, though the nation might not recognise that it was falling short, if the payment of interest and the repayment of the Debt itself were not inextricably blended. It is all very well to call this a hocus-pocus, as some able financiers did on Tuesday night. You might just as reasonably call it a hocus-pocus to invest the police with the double duty of arresting criminals and of ordering the traffic of crowded streets in the hope that they will gain in their former capacity a certain authority for the discharge of their duties in the latter capacity. There is, of course, no intrinsic reason why you should yield more respect to a policeman when he tells you which side of a street you must drive on, than you would to any person in a plain coat. But the fact that he is commissioned by the law to do one thing, gains him a great deal of additional respect for those duties in which he has not strictly official authority. And so it is with "the hocus-pocus" of terminable annuities. When the payment of interest and the repayment of a certain moderate amount of capital are bound up together in one and the same act, it is a great deal easier to inspire a sense of obligation for that compound act, than it is to inspire the same sense of obligation for the least obligatory of the two duties taken alone. There is many a hocus-pocus, if this is to be called a hocus-pocus, which is of the greatest possible importance in human life. If you can manage to identify the act of paying a debt with the act of paying even a voluntary subscription, the voluntary subscription is sure to be more punctually attended to, and to acquire a sort of factitious obligation from its connection with the weightier obligation; and this is much more true when the second act is a clear duty also, though a duty of a lower order than the one with which it is artificially identified. Anyhow, as a matter of fact, every one knows that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in an English House of Commons would never think of so far going back on the past as to challenge the claim of terminable annuities to be properly provided for, though many a Chancellor of the Exchequer has gone back so far on the past as to encroach on the sum available for an ordinary sinking fund. This is a case of all others in which experience is our best guide. Experience shows that terminable annuities are duly provided for where ordinary sinking funds would not be duly provided for.

Probably the Government are quite right in conceding to the criticisms of some of their opponents that the indefinite rolling-up of each terminable annuity with that which is to succeed it should be limited in point of time. The demand for terminable annuities is not always as active as it might be, and it is quite possible that by the machinery which Mr. Childers has devised, if it were continued too long, there might be more terminable annuities created than the public would absorb. The concession made on this head by Mr. Childers that some fixed date is to be fixed beyond which the rolling-up process is not to be pushed without further legislation, is no doubt a wise concession, and of course if it be found that the fear of creating too large an amount of terminable annuities is not justified, it will be easy to renew the rolling-up process when the date fixed has nearly arrived. But on the substance of the Bill the Government obtained an easy victory over their opponents, many of whom must have voted against the second reading for no better reason than to encourage the Opposition in habits of antagonism. So far as we see, these are not habits in which any Opposition of our day is at all likely to be deficient.

THE REPORT OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS COMMISSION.

WHATEVER may be the legislative fruits of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, it has at least produced a mass of lucidly arranged information of the highest value to the historical student, and which ought to make the reconstruction of our Ecclesiastical judicature tolerably easy to the Legislature. This much is evident from even a cursory examination of the Report just issued by the Commissioners, of which we proceed to give the salient features, reserving for further consideration, if necessary, any points which may seem to require fuller elucidation.

The recommendations of the Commission are preceded by a learned and interesting historical summary, in which is traced the development of the ecclesiastical judicature in England from the earliest to the present time, and which also contains a useful bird's-eye view of the ecclesiastical judicature of the rest of Christendom. After this comprehensive survey, the Commissioners proceed to make their recommendations, which are arranged under three heads. The first head embraces the procedure in cases of misconduct and neglect of duty on the part of Clerks in Holy Orders. There is here little ground for controversy or difference of opinion; so we may pass on to the next head, which deals with cases of heresy and ritual. As the law now stands, the Bishop has an absolute veto on the prosecution of a suit. It is in his discretion to allow the suit to go on or to stop it on the threshold, subject only to the condition of recording his reasons. If he allows the suit to go on, the matter passes at once out of his hands, and he is thenceforth powerless to stop proceedings, whatever mischief may arise from the litigation. This has been proved conspicuously in the cases of Mr. Green and Mr. Mackonochie. The Bishop of Manchester could not have prevented Mr. Green's imprisonment, nor have released him from prison, however anxious he may have been to do so; nor could the Bishop of London have prevented any of the lamentable consequences which have ensued from his initial mistake in allowing the Church Association to set the law in motion. On the other hand, the Public Worship Regulation Act seems, on one point, to be more favourable than the Church Discipline Act to the defendant. Under the Church Discipline Act there is no limit to the qualification of the prosecutors. Anybody may prosecute. Under the Public Worship Regulation Act the prosecutors must be three aggrieved parishioners, resident for one year in the parish. But, in practice, this limitation has been found to be of no use whatever. Whenever the Church Association failed to find the requisite number of qualified prosecutors, they made no scruple to import them from outside for the legal period. In a notorious case one of those importations was a released felon. The futility of this supposed safeguard against mere vexatious and malicious prosecutions has induced the Commission to revert to the old plan, which leaves the right to prosecute perfectly open and unrestricted. This would throw the responsibility for the prosecution entirely on the Bishop. We are sorry to observe that one or two of the Commissioners dissent from this part of the Report. "The Archbishop of York, in signing the Report, is compelled to record his dissent from it in two important particulars." His Grace, in the first place, objects to trust the Bishops with absolute discretionary power in stopping a prosecution *ab initio*. "Except with his [the Bishop's] permission, the Courts will be closed entirely to a layman, and no layman will have the right of appeal from this absolute decision, however great the wrong which he may conceive himself to have sustained." Why does the Archbishop specify the "layman" in particular? He is in no worse plight than the clergyman. Both are placed on precisely the same footing by the recommendations of the Report in regard to the rights of prosecutors. His Grace's *ad invidiam* appeal on behalf of the layman seems to us a little out of place, for our experience is that the layman is generally very well able to take care of himself; and the Archbishop's concern for the rights of the layman stands in harsh contrast with his next objection. "Great evils," he says truly, "have resulted from litigation in the past." How does he propose to lessen the evils? By placing the Clergy completely at the mercy of the Bishop? He thinks that the Bishop's discretion is to be absolutely distrusted where a layman is concerned, but to be absolutely trusted where a clergyman is concerned. "To prevent the evils" of litigation "for the future, something should be done to afford a means of direction and arbitration, without resort to the Courts." Therefore, "Let the Bishop have the power to make an order in all matters affecting the conduct of public worship, which shall be binding until reversed by the Court of Appeal." It is a simple fact that if the Bishops had possessed this power during the last fifty years, all the improvements in public worship which have taken place in the interval would have been prevented. The Bishops opposed them all. The Archbishop of York would,

in fact, give the Bishops absolute power precisely where experience shows that it would have been mischievous, and would deprive them of it where experience proves that the possession of such power is most beneficial. The Bishop's veto saved the Church the scandal and injury of the prosecution of such men as Mr. Carter, of Clewer. Does the Archbishop of York know of a single instance where the exercise of the Bishop's veto has done harm? The thing to aim at chiefly —at least, by those who wish to avoid Disestablishment—is to discourage as much as possible prosecutions for heresy and ritual offences. The Archbishop of York's two proposals would stimulate them.

Under their second group of recommendations the Commissioners deal with the Diocesan and Provincial Courts, which were practically destroyed by the Public Worship Regulation Act. The Commissioners propose to restore them to their original vitality. They recommend that the Diocesan Court shall consist of the Bishop, with whom shall sit a legal and a theological Assessor. The legal assessor will be naturally the Chancellor of the Diocese, or some other person learned in the law, at the discretion of the Bishop. The Theological Assessor is to be chosen *pro hac vice* by the Bishop, with the advice of the Dean and Chapter. An appeal, of course, will lie from the Diocesan to the Provincial Court; and here the Commissioners make some important recommendations. The appeal is to go to the Archbishop in person, and it will rest with him either to let the Official Principal hear it, or reserve it for his own adjudication, assisted by the Official Principal as assessor. In the latter case, the Archbishop will be empowered to appoint any number of theological assessors, not exceeding five, to sit with the Court. And these assessors must be either a Bishop within the Province, or a Professor, past or present, of one of the English Universities. From the Provincial Court an appeal will lie to the Crown, which is to exercise its prerogative through an entirely new Court, namely, "a permanent body of lay Judges, learned in the law." The number summoned for each case shall not be less than five, and they are to be "summoned by the Lord Chancellor *in rotation*." The words which we have printed in italics are important. They preclude the suspicion of packing, which has been occasionally raised, by the mode of selecting the members of the present Final Court of Appeal. The proposed new Court is to be empowered in doctrinal cases, after the manner of the House of Lords in legal cases, to consult experts, namely, the Archbishop or Bishops of the Province, or of both Provinces. But this consultation is to be obligatory only on the demand of one or more members of the Court. The Court shall not be bound to give its reasons for its decisions; but if it does state its reasons, each judge shall deliver his own judgment separately. One important recommendation is that the bare words of the decree are alone to be legally binding. The reasonings on which the decree is based are to be open to controversy and reconsideration. The effect of this is that the new Court is not to be bound in any future case by any of the past decisions of the Judicial Committee. The Report is explicit on this point. "Considering," it says, "how widely different a matter the legal interpretation of documents must often be from the definition of doctrine, we hold it to be essential that only the actual decree, as dealing with the particular case, should be of binding authority, in the judgments hitherto or hereafter to be delivered, and that the reasoning in support of those judgments and the *obiter dicta* should always be allowed to be reconsidered and disputed."

The third group of recommendations deals with the constitution, procedure, and powers of the Provincial Courts. The effect is to repeal the Public Worship Regulation Act, and restore the old Courts to their pristine vigour. The Dean of the Arches is to be elected, and is required to qualify, in the ancient way; and all spiritual sentences are to be pronounced by the Bishop in person in the Diocesan Court, and by the Archbishop in the Provincial Court. The two Primates are also to be empowered, if they think fit, to appoint the same person as Official Principal for both Provinces. And whenever the Final Court of Appeal varies the sentence of the Court below, it must remit the cause to that Court for execution of the judgment.

We have now enumerated the principal recommendations of the Royal Commissioners. They are not likely to give complete satisfaction to any party, and this may be one of their chief merits in the eyes of statesmen, as indicating the possibility of an equitable compromise. The Commissioners, however, lay stress on the fact that their recommendations must be regarded "as a whole," especially with regard to the constitution of the Final Court of Appeal. They reconcile themselves to the entirely secular character of that Court, on the sole condition of the acceptance of their recommendations on other points. They plainly warn us that their recommendations as to the Final Court must be considered as cancelled by any important infringement of the rest of their scheme. This must be remembered when we consider the reservations of a few of the Commissioners. We have already commented on the reservations of the Archbishop of York, and shall only say here that they touch the essence of the scheme. That observation does not apply to the reservation of Mr. Freeman, in favour of not restricting the Final Court to laymen "of a single profession." There is much to be said in favour of having persons learned in history or archæology on the Court. Nor do we see why the recommendation of Lord Devon, the Bishop of Oxford, and Dean Lake should not be adopted, namely, that the Final Court should be obliged in any case of doctrine to consult the Bishops. Practically, it would probably make very little difference, since the Court would not be bound in any case to follow the advice given it. It would, however, be a satisfaction to the feelings of a large number of Churchmen, not confined to one party. If the reference to the Bishops is to be optional, there will be room for suspicion of partiality; and this is, above all things, to be avoided. We must also express our dissent from the recommendation which requires the Judges of the new Court to make a declaration of membership of the Church of England. The declaration is quite futile, and mischievous in addition. It would deprive the Court of the incalculable benefit of having such a man as the late Sir G. Jessel shedding the light of his luminous intellect and severe impartiality on its deliberations. Since the Court is to be purely secular, let there be no attempt at impressing a fictitious character of orthodoxy upon it.

We cannot dismiss the subject without calling special attention to an important fact which the Report, by chance or by design, has emphasised. "It has been held," it says, "by the present Dean of the Arches that on a living becoming void, the inhibition comes to an end." Lord Penzance laid this down very distinctly in the case of Mr. Green. He released Mr. Green from prison on the ground that the voidance of his living had exhausted his inhibition, and consequently his punishment. The deprivation of Mr. Mackonochie seems to be in the very teeth of this ruling, for Mr. Mackonochie's living had been voided long before Lord Penzance proceeded to pronounce sentence of deprivation upon him. It is probable that on this ground alone—and there appear to be other grounds—Lord Penzance's sentence would be reversed on appeal. It is, indeed, extraordinary that he should have gone out of his way to pronounce such a sentence,—he, a member of a Royal Commission which has pronounced sentence of death on his ambiguous Court, as well as on the Judicial Committee in its character of a Final Court of Appeal in Ecclesiastical Causes. One inevitable result of the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission must be the suspension of all ecclesiastical suits during the interregnum between the moribund Courts and their successors.

LORD WEMYSS ON THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL.

IT is not an easy matter to compare a man with himself, but, taking him all round, we think Lord Wemyss a more remarkable personage than Lord Elcho. In most cases, translation to the House of Lords makes a man cautious. He is more afraid of committing himself than he was in the House of Commons. But with Lord Wemyss, the change is the other way. He sees an opportunity of committing himself in every debate in which he takes part, and with him, to see and to seize are but two names for one operation. On Tuesday evening, the opportunity took the shape of the second reading of the Agricultural Holdings Bill. There were some things to be said on this occasion which would have come naturally, and even usefully, from Lord Wemyss. In accepting the principle of the Bill, the Conservatives have gone against the whole stream of party tradition, and Lord Wemyss might very fairly have played the part of Abdiel, and shown himself faithful among the faithless. But the dauntless angel had somehow lost his head, and instead of making a straightforward speech against the Bill, and censuring his political friends for concealing a real [illegible]rd for the farmers' votes under a professed regard for the farmers' interests, Lord Wemyss must needs move an amendment, of which he himself was the sharpest critic. It would not have been

of much use to ask the Lords to withhold their sanction from "A Bill which forbids free contract in the future, and breaks it in the past," because the Conservatives have made up their minds that as regards certain classes of tenants' improvements, free contract must be given up. Still, if Lord Wemyss had confined himself to doing this, he would have been within his rights, and even within his duties. Just protests in favour of what the protester holds to be a momentous and practical truth are, at all events, respectable. But is it quite respectable to ask the Lords to give an implied promise which he who makes the request believes to be beyond their power to perform? Now, this is what Lord Wemyss, by his own admission, did on Tuesday. If the Lords had adopted his amendment, they would have pledged themselves to "promote a well-considered measure for the advancement of agriculture, and the improvement, so far as possible, by legislation, of the relations of landlord and tenant." Lord Wemyss thinks the Agricultural Holdings Bill an ill-considered measure, and one that will make the relations between landlord and tenant worse, instead of better. Consequently, he was quite justified in calling upon the Lords to reject it. But why did he call upon them to reject it, in favour of another measure which should do wisely and justly what the Agricultural Holdings Bill does unwisely and unjustly? Or, having committed himself to this extent, why did he not leave the Lords to suppose that he really meant what he asked them to say? No man is bound to call a part of his own amendment "padding." In this case, it was a very true and a very candid description, but things which are true in themselves and candid in him who says them, may be highly indecorous,—and indecorum is what we lay to Lord Wemyss's charge on this occasion. The House of Lords should not be moved to promise to do, "if possible," what he who suggests that the pledge should be given, believes all the time to be impossible. If Lord Wemyss is of opinion that legislation can do absolutely nothing to improve the relations of landlord and tenant, he ought to have said so frankly; or, if this be beyond his ability, he should at least have remained silent. A man who dangles before the mind of the tenant the notion of a well-considered measure for the improvement of these relations, and then airily remarks that when he said "as far as possible," he meant that it was not possible, has plainly not been at the trouble of weighing his words. Lord Wemyss may plead that they are not worth weighing, and intrinsically we quite admit that they are not. But in the mouth of a legislator, they become weighty. It is not for cyphers to forget the importance that belongs to position.

One credit, however, Lord Wemyss may claim. He told a story which, if it were true, would be interesting, and he extracted from the Duke of Richmond an admission which is almost as remarkable as the story it purported to contradict. Lord Wemyss has been told, it seems, that when Lord Beaconsfield was informed that the Richmond Commission was going to report in favour of protecting tenants against arbitrary increase of rent, he exclaimed, "By God! if they have done that, the Government can carry any Land Bill they choose." The story is not, in itself, improbable. But the Duke of Richmond knows nothing of it. He is under the consoling impression that Lord Beaconsfield had seen the Report of the Commission before anyone else, and had pronounced it very good. "What was done was this. The Report, as had been done in the case of the previous one relating to Ireland, was laid before Lord Beaconsfield, and was published with his sanction and approval." This is a striking testimony to the influence which Lord Beaconsfield maintained over those who had been his colleagues after his and their retirement from office. It is not customary, we imagine, for the Chairman of a Royal Commission to lay the Report before the Leader of Opposition, before it is presented to Parliament; nor is it ordinarily a part of a leader of Opposition's functions to give or withhold from such reports his "sanction and approval." But the Duke of Richmond is evidently more anxious to clear himself from the suspicion of having in any capacity gone counter to Lord Beaconsfield's wishes, than to prove that, as Chairman of a neutral Commission, he retained the impartiality which is naturally looked for in such an office. "Don't suppose," he says, "that the report was mine. The first draft, it is true, did come from my hands, but I incurred no responsibility by preparing it. I submitted it to Lord Beaconsfield before publication, in order that the responsibility of publishing it might fall upon his shoulders, rather than mine. If he had disapproved of its contents, I should have taken care that they did not go out to the world as mine." Clearly, Lord Beaconsfield was better served out of office than some statesmen are when in office.

Lord Salisbury's opposition to the Bill was of a more politic kind than Lord Wemyss's. It did not lead him to vote against the second reading; it only armed him with predictions of the mischief the Bill might do to the tenant. There is one of these which deserves, we think, the consideration of the Government. As the Bill originally stood, holdings of less than two acres were excluded from its operation. In Committee this limitation was struck out, and it now applies to any holding, however small, which is held by a yearly tenant. Lord Salisbury argues that when a landlord finds that he cannot let half an acre of land to a labourer without incurring the possibility of litigation when the tenancy comes to an end, he will prefer to let the ground to a larger tenant, from whom he will, at all events, be able to recover costs, in the event of the claim for improvements being rejected. Is it good policy to give small holders a kind of protection which may have the effect of doing away with small holdings?

MR. COURTNEY ON CROWN LANDS.

IT is strange how hard some crotchets die! It might have been thought that the signal overthrow of the official view with respect to Crown Lands in the cases of the Thames Embankment, Epping Forest, and the New Forest, would have settled the principle upon which such lands, when available for purposes of recreation, should be managed. But the traditions of a Department are a very powerful influence. They have a way of ignoring defeat. They impress themselves upon each successive Minister as the accepted doctrine upon which the work of administration is carried on, and it requires more than ordinary vigour of mind or keenness of sympathy with the outside view to resist their power. Few clearer proofs of this could be afforded than the spectacle of such a Liberal as Mr. Courtney—who has, however, since his accession to office, betrayed more of the dangerous bias of officialism than any other man of equal ability in the Government—speaking in the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Bryce in reference to Esher Common. He spoke as the mere mouth-piece of the pet theory of the Office of Woods and Forests. We all know what that theory is. The Crown Lands, it is said, are the property of the Sovereign, and have merely been confided temporarily to the custody of the nation. The Heir Apparent is entitled in reversion, and may, for aught that is known, resume possession on the demise of the Crown. It is, therefore, the duty of the Government to act as a Trustee, making what income it fairly can out of the property for the benefit of the present tenant, the nation, and neglecting no means of increasing the capital for the benefit of the next Sovereign. It follows from this doctrine that the Crown Lands must be administered strictly with a view to money value. Any retention in an unproductive state of land which might produce an annual return of a few pounds, or might be converted into cash, is an act of weak and culpable generosity, and should be reprobated as a breach of trust, no matter how valuable a common or forest may be as an open space. That is a sentimental value, which cannot be assessed, or, to put the case in the way preferred by Mr. Courtney, it is a value which only a small section of the nation, and not the nation at large, enjoys. The administrators of Crown Property must turn a deaf ear to the siren whisperings of those who point to the charms of wild scenery, the ruin which will be worked upon a neighbourhood by the destruction of its open space, or the injury to a deserving class from the abolition of its rights. Their duty is to make money,—and that duty must be sternly performed.

Such were the theories upon which the building on the reclaimed land of the Thames Embankment, the sale of the Crown's rights in Epping Forest, and the destruction of the unique beauty of the New Forest were justified. In each case, Parliament distinctly declined to accept the official doctrine. It would not be threatened or cajoled into the absurdity of managing the national property in a way the nation did not wish. The common-sense of the House of Commons revolted against the consequences of the high doctrinaire views presented to it. The cobwebs of a Royal reversion and the supposed necessity of consulting the interests of some national entity differing from the nation as represented by the House of Commons, were brushed aside. It is, of course, perfectly well known that there is not the least chance of any future Sovereign taking the Crown Lands into his own management, while

it is clear that the income which is dedicated to Royal uses, in lieu of the rents and profits of such lands, can at any time be increased so far as is just and reasonable, whether those rents increase or not. As for the nation, its mouth-piece is the House of Commons, and not the Office of Woods and Forests. If it prefers to throw away a few pounds for the sake of keeping a national park, it is its own affair. No one has a right to interfere, however shockingly bad such taste may be. The Embankment Garden was therefore made, the Crown's rights in Epping Forest were asserted, though somewhat tardily and feebly, with a view to prevent inclosure, and the destruction of the New Forest was arrested. These events, however, are evidently looked upon as abnormal in official quarters. The nation, it is evidently thought, may have recovered in 1883 from the delirium which possessed it for some years, and may again recognise its true interests. Such projects as the sale of the Southport Foreshore and the Crown Manor of Esher are therefore entertained, and the usual surprise is expressed when complaint is made. It is, however, a serious fact that these proposals find uncompromising supporters in members of the present Government, and public attention cannot be too strongly drawn to their real nature.

The sale of the Southport foreshore has already been the subject of comment in the columns of the *Spectator*. Southport is a flourishing Lancashire watering-place, and the control of the foreshore in front of it is vital to the interests of the town. An adverse possessor might cut off communication with the sea. The Duchy are believed to be the owners of the foreshore, but a hostile claim is made on behalf of the owners of a neighbouring manor. The Corporation of Southport made overtures for the purchase; a price was fixed; but the negotiations were suspended, owing to requirements on the part of the Duchy as to the mode in which the purchase should be carried out, with which the Corporation thought they had no power to comply. Little more than a year afterwards the Corporation were startled to hear that the Crown had sold all its rights to its opponents, the Lords of the Manor. The price, it should be added, which the Corporation were to pay was £9,500, that obtained from the Lords of the Manor £15,000. Thus for £5,500 the Duchy authorities agreed to place it in the power of private persons to ruin a large watering-place, or to levy black-mail upon its inhabitants at will.

This, it must be confessed, is the worst case which has recently happened. But there are others of a similar character. Esher and Ockshott Commons form a delightful stretch of open land, lying at the back of Claremont Palace. They are well covered with fir, birch, and wild undergrowth. They are within a drive of London, and on the great holidays are visited by picnic and cricketing parties, while at other times they give the means of a secluded ramble to any one who likes to take the train to Surbiton or Esher. They are likely to become places of considerable resort in the course of a few years, since the line sanctioned two years ago from Surbiton to Guildford, by way of Cobham, touches their skirts. They form part of a Crown Manor, and were until lately in the custody of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests. They have now been sold to Sir Henry Ponsonby, who, it is understood, acts as trustee for the Queen, in her Majesty's private capacity. The Commons are thus transferred from the care of the nation to private ownership. No doubt, so long as they belong to her Majesty they are safe. But they may now be sold again without even the public knowledge. They are withdrawn from the view of the House of Commons, and may be dealt with as other private manors are. Probably there are common rights which, if asserted, may prevent enclosure. But those who have used these rights to the best effect also know best how expensive and cumbrous is the remedy. It is monstrous that the national guardians of such open lands should voluntarily surrender the power which they possess to protect them, and leave them to the hazardous operation of common rights in the hands of private people, whose pecuniary interest it may be to connive at enclosure. This, however, is the course Mr. Courtney has recently defended, on the ground that only the people immediately around the Commons were benefited by their being maintained as open spaces, while the nation at large has the advantage of the paltry price obtained for them. A statement more directly at variance with facts could hardly be invented. The nation at large is benefited by anything which makes life in London or any other great town more healthy and enjoyable. The Metropolis needs every acre of open land in its neighbourhood for the purpose of securing a due supply of fresh air, for, as building extends, the Commons alone remain unoccupied. But, further, these Commons are frequented, as every common near London is frequented, more or less. It is only a question of degree, and, as London extends and new railways are made, the use of every common steadily increases. It would be a poor look-out for the Metropolis, if only well-worn open spaces, like Clapham or Wimbledon, were to be left for it, and every chance of a really rural walk over wild land were cut off. It would have been unfortunate that Mr. Bryce should have initiated the discussion of the subject by a motion to reduce the salary of a Commissioner of Woods, if there had been any other way of bringing the discussion on. But that was practically the only way open to him. Still, it was impossible, of course, that such a motion should succeed. The Commissioners are merely the servants of the Treasury, and it would be the height of injustice to punish them personally. What is wanted is a Resolution of the House that no such sales as that at Southport and Esher should in future be made without the sanction of the House, but that motion could not have been made on the only occasion open to Mr. Bryce. It is probable, nevertheless, that such a resolution would receive general support, and, as there is no knowing what danger may arise while views such as those of Mr. Courtney are entertained at the Treasury, it is a pity that even at this advanced period of the Session some Member cannot be found to take the necessary action.

There is yet another case in which the Office of Woods has this Session attempted, through Mr. Courtney, to push its theories to a disastrous conclusion. By certain clauses in the Crown Lands Bill, it was proposed to extinguish, by way of compulsory purchase, the rights enjoyed by many commoners in the New Forest to take wood to burn on the hearths of their ancient dwelling-houses. These clauses have, at the last moment, in the face of the uncompromising opposition of those who know the Forest best, been withdrawn. The rights in question are strictly limited in character, they can be satisfied, if the Crown authorities choose, without any injury to the wild woods or ornamental trees of the Forest, and they are of the greatest value to that class of small freeholders and tenants who maintain themselves in independence upon their little holdings, and absolutely relieve the district from pauperism. It is satisfactory to learn that the Government will not endeavour to give effect to so mischievous a proposal by the exercise of that power which it undoubtedly possesses in the concluding days of the Session. It is to be hoped that no further attempt will be made to disturb the settlement which was brought about in 1877 with regard to this great national park.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR NEGLIGENCE.

IN the growing complexity of modern society, doctrines of law which were of comparatively small importance, and were, perhaps, laid down to meet circumstances of extreme simplicity, become of far-reaching application, and involve the most important consequences. No doctrine of law of late times has, perhaps, attracted more attention and been more copiously discussed than the law of Negligence. As the growth of towns and increased means of communication have brought us nearer to each other, so the occasions on which the negligence of one will hurt another, either in his property or person, have been multiplied. It is the law of negligence, or, to speak more accurately, the law of liability for negligence, which must determine whether, in any given case of damage, there is any liability thrown on any one to make it good, so far as he can. In the case of liability for damage arising out of contract, the law of negligence was pretty well thrashed out by the Romans, and has been tolerably well settled for a long time amongst ourselves upon the lines which they laid down. The degree of care which must be exercised to escape liability for negligence is in such cases determined by the nature and terms of the contract, and the law has probably little room left for surprise. But as regards the law of negligence which arises not out of any special agreement, express or implied, between the parties, but simply out of the more or less chance relations of two persons to one another growing from casual circumstances, one of the latest judgments of the Court of Appeal in the sittings just ended may fairly be called a surprise. It took the form, at least in the case of the President of the Court (the Master of the Rolls), of nothing less than the statement of a new pro-

position of law, a new generalisation, or "law" in the scientific sense, which aimed at covering all the possible cases which could arise of liability for negligence in the absence of contract. The sum involved in the case was, as so often happens, as small as the principle involved was great. The claim was one for personal injuries, in which damages were placed at £20. The facts were tolerably simple. A workman in the employ of a ship-painter was painting the outside of a ship in the West India Graving Dock. The ropes which supported the stage on which he was standing to do the work gave way, the platform fell, and he fell with it, and was injured. Thereupon he sued the owner of the Dock for damages in the County Court. He had no contract with the owners. His contract was with his master, who contracted with the shipowner; but the dock-owners supplied the stage with which the work was to be done, in the ordinary course of their business. It appeared that the cause of the break-down was that the ropes had been scorched, and were consequently unfit to bear the strain of stage and man. The County-Court Judge thought the plaintiff was entitled to recover damages, but the Divisional Court, for whom the point was reserved, held the contrary, but were, in their turn, overruled by the Court of Appeal, Sir Baliol Brett presiding. The question turned on the point, did the dock-owner owe any duty to the painter? The other members of the Court preferred to rest their finding that he did owe such a duty on the theory that the painter had been invited by the dock-owner to use the stage, and, therefore, the dock-owner ought not to have laid a trap for him, by giving him a stage which would let him down and damage him. But it is clear that this is a very artificial and a very unsatisfactory theory. In the first place, it involves using the word "invitation" in an unnatural sense; and, in the second, there was no invitation at all. This theory is derived from the class of cases in which a person has gone on business to a shop or warehouse, and has actually tumbled down an unfenced trap-door, or stumbled against a piece of dangerous machinery. It has then been said that the shopkeeper, by keeping a shop, invited the people to enter it, and was responsible for setting a trap for them, if they did come in. But a shopkeeper does not invite people to enter. Indeed, a real invitation to enter a place does not impose any liability on the inviter. If you ask a friend to your house to sleep and put him in damp sheets and "give him his death of cold," he cannot sue you for damages. It is, too, misleading to talk of setting a trap for a person, because that implies intention; and a deliberate intention to injure another of course raises a liability; but it is a liability arising not out of negligence, but out of crime. The act is a fault of commission, not of omission. Anyhow, it is a straining of language and of fact to say that the dock-owner in this case invited the painter to use the stage. If he invited any one, it was the shipowner who paid for the use of the dock and its appurtenances, including the painting-stage. Therefore, though the case might, looking at the length to which previous cases had gone, have fairly been rested on the invitation-and-trap theory, the Master of the Rolls preferred to place it on something more substantial.

It might have been put by a little straining into the class of cases of which the keeper of a dangerous animal, or the owner of property which may become dangerous, is an example. Thus, to put an example which has an unpleasant appropriateness in these days of cholera, you must not let your sewage run into another man's well, or, as it was phrased some two centuries ago, "If dirt is created on any man's land, then he whose dirt it is must keep it, that it do not trespass." So if a man builds his houses in such a way that they tumble into the street on the passer-by, he is liable for the damage, because it was his duty to build in such a way that his houses did not fall on other people. In the same way, if you, in the course of your business, stand upon a stage which some one else has hung up where people are likely to stand on it, it might be said that he was bound to see that his property was fit to be stood upon. Such cases would go upon the general principle, "Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non laedas," or, "A man may do what he likes with his own, so long as he does not injure his neighbour." But here, again, language and facts would have to be to a certain extent strained, to square with the conclusion sought to be reached.

The Master of the Rolls preferred to find a "more remote and larger premiss," which would embrace both of those "major premisses" which lead to the same "minor premiss" of the creation of a duty. "The proposition which these recognised cases suggest, and which is, therefore, to be deduced from them, is that 'whenever one person is by circumstances placed in such a position with regard to another that if he did not use ordinary care and skill in his own conduct with regard to those circumstances, he would cause danger of injury to the person or property of the other, a duty arises to use ordinary care and skill to avoid such danger.' This is the only proposition which covers all the cases." Applying it "to the case of one person supplying goods, or machinery, or instruments, or utensils, or the like, for the purpose of being used by another person with whom there is no contract as to the supply," he lays it down, "Whenever one persons supplies goods, or machinery, or the like, for the purpose of their being used by another person under such circumstances that every one of ordinary sense would, if he thought, recognise at once that unless he used ordinary care and skill with regard to the condition of the thing supplied, or the mode of supplying it, there will be danger of injury to the person or property of him for whose use the thing is supplied, and who is to use it, a duty arises to use ordinary care and skill as to the condition or manner of supplying such thing. And for a neglect of such ordinary care or skill whereby injury happens, a legal liability arises, to be enforced by an action for negligence." The consequences of this doctrine would, of course, extend alike to all manufacturers and contractors. The maker of German sausages out of diseased meat would not only be liable to prosecution for keeping such articles for sale, but, what would be more prohibitive, would be liable to damages for illness caused by them. The maker of a bad gun would be liable for the consequences of an explosion. The builder of a defective carriage would be responsible for the consequences of its break-down. But this would only be where the German sausages, the gun, or the carriage was supplied to the immediate user of them. If they were sold by a wholesale to a retail dealer, who is supposed to have sufficient skill and knowledge to test the article sold, the retail, and not the wholesale, dealer would be responsible for the consequences of any evil resulting in the hands of the purchaser.

The new proposition does not directly impose any new liability. It only sets existing liabilities in a clearer light. But, as by clearing up the law it makes the liability easier to prove, it does, to some extent, indirectly extend responsibility for negligence. It is quite right that it should be so. There should be no doubt who is the proper person to be sued, and whether any one can be sued. Whenever a person is injured without fault of his own, it is eminently desirable that his wrong should not go without remedy. In a case like this of the painter, he has at present to study with great care the decided cases, to find out whether he could be said to have used the stage at the invitation of the person to whom it belonged, or whether he was a mere licensee. Under the rule now laid down, he would merely have to consider to whom the stage belonged, and whether there had been any carelessness shown in letting it be used. Considering the extent to which the workmen or employés of one person have to visit the works or use the implements and materials belonging to or supplied by others, it is eminently desirable that the question of responsibility for injury should not be confused by any technical way of looking at it. The rule laid down by the Master of the Rolls avoids the difficulties arising from the history of the growth of the law of Negligence, and places it on the surer ground of logical and philosophical analysis.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ROSE-WATER.

MR. NORMAN PEARSON'S article on "After Death," in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, will remind all those who know Cardinal Newman's "Callista" as it deserves to be known, of the striking picture in that powerful story of Polemo of Rhodes, who is called-in in the crisis of the martyrdom to persuade Callista of the folly of her Christian leanings. We need not say that we know nothing of Mr. Norman Pearson himself, and that when we extract the following description of Polemo of Rhodes, as one which his article suggested to our minds, we only mean to say that it was his condescending disgust for Christianity,—of which Mr. Norman Pearson seems to us to know not much more than Polemo of Rhodes himself,—his Olympian frigidity of style, his air of touching thoughts in that superfine manner in which delicately-gloved men handle coarse implements which they are compelled reluctantly to touch,—that brought to the memory of the present writer

the figure of Polemo of Rhodes. Here is his first introduction in "Callista:"—"He comes to the schools in a litter of cedar, ornamented with silver and covered with a lion's skin, slaves carrying him and a crowd of friends attending, with the state of a proconsul. He is dressed in the most exact style; his pallium is of the finest wool, white picked out with purple; his tresses flow with unguents, his fingers glisten with rings, and he smells like Idalium. As soon as he puts foot on earth, a great hubbub of congratulation and homage breaks forth. He takes no notice; his favourite pupils form a circle round him, and conduct him into one of the *exedrae* till the dial shows the time of lecture. Here he sits in silence, looking at nothing or at the wall opposite him, talking to himself, a hum of admiration filling the room. Presently, one of his pupils, as if he were praeco to the duumvir, cries out, 'Hush, gentlemen, hush, the godlike,—no, it is not that,—I've not got it, what *is* his title?' 'The Bottomless,'—that's it,—'the Bottomless speaks.' A dead silence ensues; a clear voice and a measured elocution are the sure token that it is the outpouring of the oracle. 'Pray,' says the little man, 'pray which existed first, the egg or the chick? Did the chick lay the egg, or the egg hatch the chick?' Then there ensues a whispering, a disputing, and after that a dead silence. At the end of a quarter of an hour or so, our praeco speaks again, and this time to the oracle. 'Bottomless man,' he says, 'I have to represent to you that no one of the present company finds himself equal to answer the question which your condescension has proposed to our consideration.' On this there is a fresh silence, and at length a fresh *effatum* from the hierophant. 'Which comes first, the egg or the chick? The egg comes first in relation to the causativity of the chick, and the chick comes first in relation to the causativity of the egg,' on which there is a burst of applause. The ring of adorers is broken through, and the shrinking professor is carried in the arms or on the shoulders of the literary crowd to his chair in the lecture-room."

Would there not be the same chorus of applause from our philosophical young exquisites for such a passage as this from Mr. Norman Pearson's prelection in the *Nineteenth Century?* "Insisting emphatically, as I do, on the strict relativity of our knowledge, it appears to me utterly and hopelessly futile to predicate anything about the Absolute. My belief in a Deity is of a practically negative character, and such a belief, I maintain, is the only one possible. Personally, I am firmly convinced of the existence of a Deity (though I see nothing in the least immoral in an opposite belief), but I am equally convinced of my inability to form any coherent conception of such a Deity's nature or attributes. The universe, as I perceive it, I regard as phenomenal, and its component phenomena must needs have a correlative nonmenal cause. This cause I believe to be God; but such a God I cannot by any effort conceive positively, I can merely postulate negatively as something non-phenomenal. This, I trust, may suffice to explain why I am inevitably silent on a point which figures so largely in the ordinary anticipations of the life to come." Polemo himself could not have contrived to say, in phrases more smooth and glib, that, in consequence of "the relativity of our knowledge," God neither means, nor can mean, anything but a blank somewhat, with relation to which, because it is a blank to him, the believer in the blank is "inevitably silent." The clearness of this statement is, however, a little obscured by Mr. Norman Pearson's subsequent remark, —"I am greatly inclined to Professor Fiske's view, that a truer and purer religion will ultimately find ample scope in the profounder recognition which we shall then [*i.e.*, in the future life] enjoy of the relations between ourselves and the Absolute God. This, I suppose, so far as it is possible to analyse prospectively such a mental state, will result in a combination of such feelings as gratitude, admiration, and the gladness of a subdued ecstacy." How, if God is nothing but "non-phenomenal," we are to attribute, even in the next life, anything of specific quality to him, since specific quality must first put in an appearance—*i.e.*, become phenomenal; and why, if God is to become phenomenal to us in some future state, it is simply impossible for Mr. Norman Pearson so to conceive him now, he does not condescend to explain to us. We are only made to feel that there is something philosophic in calmly maintaining a "practically negative" belief in a God, and in being "inevitably silent" on the very centre and heart of all true religion. It can hardly be that in mere deference to Professor Fiske, Mr. Norman Pearson would admit that in some future state he may cease to be "inevitably silent" about that "non-phenomenal something" which he terms God, and may permit himself to indulge "the gladness of a subdued ecstacy"? In encouraging such expectations, is he not even liable to censure for giving his sanction to "that excessive religious enthusiasm" which, as he has told us in another page, "is now known to be due, in a very large number of cases, to mental disease or a morbid physical condition"?

However, Mr. Norman Pearson is careful not to let common-place emotions like "subdued ecstacy" towards the Absolute, occupy too important a part even of the horizon of the future. He concludes his vision of the evolutional state of man after death,—of man with his rarified body, and his better adaptation to "the environment"—that physical idol of the evolutionist,—in these magnificent words, which even Polemo of Rhodes might have envied him the power to compose:—"Finally, I may ask where is all this to end? When evolution has finished its work, are we to remain in a state of stationary perfection? And will this state of personal ἀταραξία (undisturbedness) in ourselves, coincide with, and correlate to, a state of stable equilibrium between external force and matter? The answer which I hazard is a pure speculation, but I reply that I neither look forward to such a state of things, nor do I think it likely. We are accustomed to over-rate the value of repose, and to regard activity or change as something of an evil, because in our present imperfect adaptation to our environment, the forces with which we come in contact are partly arrayed against us, and any considerable change in this environment usually entails pain, discomfort, or disaster. But we may fairly anticipate that this antagonism will not endure, and its disappearance will probably produce a corresponding modification in our opinions. Now, a perfectly quiescent force is probably a contradiction in terms, and broadly regarded, it seems far more probable that the end of the universe is activity rather than repose. What, then, if Heraclitus was right, but in a deeper and truer sense than he suspected, when he declared that the Absolute was not Being, but Becoming. Under the physical conditions which I have described above, constant Becoming, or change, as we should now call it, would prove no source of inconvenience at all to us, because our organisms would be capable of instantaneous adaptation to its demands. Consequently, an eternity of Becoming, so far from being a series of irksome disturbances, would mean an eternal succession of varying states, whose variance, however, would bring us nothing but new perceptions of knowledge, pleasure, or beauty." How the theatre at Sicca would have resounded in acclamations, if this sublime anticipation of an ideal satisfaction for the Greek craving after "some new thing" had been expounded to them there by Polemo of Rhodes. Proteus, the type of all perfection! the chameleon, the creature in which the perfect state had been most adequately foreshadowed! —or, as Mr. Norman Pearson would put it, in the more scientific language of our own day, "the environment a kaleidoscope of material beauty! the organism an elastic and perfect response to the stimulus of that environment, one which contracts or expands, dives or soars, vibrates or is still, so as to pass through an eternal flux of sensation, perception, reflection, contemplation, and action, and only attain to self-knowledge through the consciousness of incessant difference." No wonder Mr. Norman Pearson can find none but a "practically negative" conception for God, if his ideal life for transfigured man is to be the response to an inexhaustible tide of spiritual, moral, and physical mutability.

After reading this wonderful paper of Mr. Norman Pearson's, we could hardly forbear thinking that we are indeed returning to that early religion of classical Paganism which Mr. Pearson himself describes as "a faint copy of earthly existence." Achilles, as Mr. Pearson reminds us, remarks to Ulysses in the Elysian shades, "I would rather be a slave in the upper air, even to a poor master, than rule over all the dead." Certainly, the present writer would rather be a slave even to one of the poorer religions of the world, than follow Mr. Pearson in his faint rose-water anticipations of an existence which shall eliminate all that is noblest in our present life, till it be engulfed at last in a sort of eddy of perpetual and continuous change. Anything fainter and rose-waterier than Mr. Pearson's equivalent for faith it is impossible to conceive. We are to have all our definite conceptions of virtue and divine approval, of sin and remorse,

eliminated in favour of the sublime notion that "Heaven may be regarded as the name for that complete harmony with our environment for which we are not forbidden to hope, and Hell as the name for those discomforts which must inevitably befall an organism surrounded by an environment of higher development than its own." For our belief in God, as we have already said, we are to substitute belief in a "something non-phenomenal," "practically negative," only to be "postulated negatively," and are to content ourselves with this, at least until an evolution completely indefinite and problematic shall enable us in some far-off future to find qualities in that which is pure noumenon, and to indulge "subdued ecstacy" towards the unknowable substance beneath all we see and know. Further, instead of seeking after the divine "constancy" we are to aspire after the opal-tints of infinite and unrestricted change, to crave the destiny of a Protean flexibility, instead of the blessedness of the beatific vision. If this is a good specimen of Nineteenth-century religion, we must say that we prefer the cruellest Calvinism, or even the most fatalistic Mahommedanism, either of which would be a nearer approach to the vision of a divine order. "Unstable as water, it shall not excel," is written on this feeble compromise between Agnostic and Gnostic philosophy. And even though the water to which we must compare this Gnostic Agnosticism be rose-water, and smell pleasantly of fastidious and literary drawing-rooms, it is not a fluid capable of disinfecting even one putrid thought,—it is not serviceable for the destruction of even one morbid germ. Such a philosophy for the élite would be regarded with a smile of pity even by the élite themselves, if they looked in it for anything more than a faint sensation of novelty, and of that surprise which the supercilious treatment of strength by weakness always produces.

EDUCATION AND BRAIN DISEASE.

WE should hope that Mr. Mundella's answer on Monday to the questions as to the effect of our Educational system on the health both of the children and the teachers, will silence for a time the nonsense that has been talked on the subject of education as a cause of insanity. It not only is not a cause of insanity, but it is a decided preventive of insanity, so far as anything can prevent what arises oftener than not from hereditary causes. It has been well known for a long time that by far the largest proportion between insane people and the general population is to be found in the rural counties where there has been least education and least interruption of mental vacancy,—among the agricultural labourers of Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, and so forth,—not, perhaps, wholly on that account, but partly also because in these counties the people have been under-fed, as well as under-educated. The *Lancet* maintains that under-feeding tells most where there are calls on the brain,—in other words, that brain-work requires more and better food than any other work of equal duration. That must depend mainly on the tension of the brain-work. It seems to us idle to measure brain-work by the hour. An average child, giving at most only half its attention to any one lesson, with its mind constantly wandering, and resting itself with all sorts of diversions from its immediate task, cannot on any reasonable principle be regarded as having its brain hard at work, or indeed under tension at all in any sense in which a real strain is implied, during most of its school hours. We should be disposed to think that the average child, whether in town or country, though always certain to suffer from under-feeding, would not suffer the more but rather the less from under-feeding for such very moderate brain-work as the education of our primary schools imposes on him. Of course, there may be, and very likely are, exceptional cases, where, from either excessive ambition or some other highly exciting motive, the child under education feels the deficiency of inadequate food more seriously than the child who spends its weary days in pretending to frighten away the rooks from the corn. But we do not at all believe that the average child of our primary schools suffers more from under-feeding than the average plough-boy of the generation before education was made compulsory. The variety of interests attending all good school work, the moderate development of the understanding which it causes, the briskness which it lends to play, the interests which it introduces into the home life, all tend, not to the greater exhaustion of the physical constitution, but to the husbanding of the resources of the constitution as a whole. When the *Lancet* insists on the necessity for a higher and better kind of food for brain-work than is needful for physical labour, it must mean a better food for persons liable to that extreme tension of the brain which really puts the mental powers on their mettle, and demands continuous and close attention of an anxious kind. That is a very different affair indeed; and it is perfectly true that all anxious and strenuous brain-work of high responsibility does require better and more careful feeding than mere bodily labour. But the true question is whether the ordinary primary education, even when it is the best of its kind, does keep the mind of average children at a painful stretch, or does indeed involve half so much drain upon the tissues of the nervous system as dullness or vacancy of mind itself. It must never be forgotten that, as a matter of fact, under-fed agricultural labourers utterly without education have yielded more cases of brain disease than any other class in society; and does not this show beyond all doubt that, *even* on an inadequate diet, a blank and sluggish brain not even moderately worked, is more likely to grow diseased than a fairly active brain on the same inadequate diet? Indeed, the *a priori* presumption is entirely on that side. It is certain that on an inadequate diet, the child who takes no *bodily* exercise at all is more liable to illness, than the child who takes a moderate portion of exercise. And why should not what applies to the muscles apply also to the brain? Other things being equal, a certain equable exercise of all the functions of the body is much more likely to minimise the bad effects of under-feeding, than the complete inactivity of any particular bodily function. We do not in the least under-rate the mischief of under-feeding for a child's brain But we do say that, if the under-feeding be inevitable, less mischief will be likely to follow to the brain that is moderately exerted than to the brain that is not exerted at all. We have seen that the effect of absolute blankness of mind has not been to diminish insanity amongst the under-fed, but, on the contrary, to increase the proportion of the insane to the sane population. And now we learn from the Lunacy Commissioners, through Mr. Mundella, that the effect of education has positively been to *diminish* the absolute number of children admitted to asylums, and this even in a rapidly-increasing population, a result which tells its own tale of the advantage of education even to the brains of under-fed pupils. Let us welcome heartily every suggestion which promises better food to the children of our primary schools, without pauperising their parents. But do not let us admit that, even while the children are under-fed, the sort of education which they get in the primary schools will cause a dangerous strain upon their nervous systems and their brains. On the contrary, we believe that, so long as the sanitary conditions and the ventilation of the schools are properly attended to, this sort of education will positively *diminish* the tendency to brain disease among children, instead of increasing it.

Another very interesting point is involved in the reply of Mr. Mundella on Monday night. The Commissioners in Lunacy state, "That of the group described as teachers, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, governesses, professors, and lecturers, out of 127,140 persons classed under this head in 1871, 154 only were committed to asylums in 1881. This is a lower proportion than almost in any other profession. The clergy, the legal and medical professions, the Army and Navy, and engineers, and others, all show a much higher average. Out of 746 teachers applying to the Education Department for pensions since 1875, incapacitated from continuing their profession, 24 only were returned as suffering from brain affections in any form." That is very interesting, but not, we think, at all surprising. The class of teachers, however ill-paid it may be, is not, of course, so ill-paid as to be often positively under-fed, so that here it is not a question of whether the food is adequate to the nourishment of the brain, but whether the demands made on the brain are in excess of any healthy exertion of it. Now, we should quite have expected to find, what we actually find, that in this vocation the demands made on the brain are at once so steady and so reasonable, are so little of a kind to involve overwhelming pressure at one time and insufficient exercise at another, that they would conduce better to health and less to morbid conditions than those of almost any other intellectual profession. Among physicians, lawyers, and engineers, we know that there are seasons of great excitement and competitive strain which drain the powers of the brain and the nervous system to the very utmost, and often demand much more than can be supplied. On the other hand, among the clergy, and in the Army and the Navy, the chief practical danger has probably been the other way, namely, the danger of too much unemployed leisure, during which the full powers of the mind have never been exerted to the utmost at all. We are aware that in speaking thus of the Clergy, we are

laying ourselves open to the charge of censoriousness, and we fully admit that there are very many of the clergy amongst whom the fear is not of too much unemployed leisure, but of too much strain on their very highest energies. But then that, again, may and does tell in the same direction. Such strain as that is not a steady and moderate strain, but an excessive and exciting strain, and there the danger is of the other kind. But from whatever source it may arise, undoubtedly the danger to the clergy of either too much moral and intellectual excitement of the brain, or too little, has been considerable for a long time past. And these are just the conditions which do not tend to mental health. In teaching, on the other hand, there is a steady, though limited, demand on the minds of teachers,—who, if they have been well trained, can almost always trust themselves to meet it adequately,—a demand never too long remitted, and yet not often, perhaps, screwed up to any agonising point. It is a demand sufficient to keep the mind, and therefore the functions of the brain, almost always on the alert, and yet not sufficient to oppress with any sense of responsibility and anxiety to which average minds are not equal. There is among teachers none of that responsibility for advising other men in their most critical affairs which so often disturbs and distresses the sensitive physician, or lawyer, or the conscientious clergyman to the point of sleeplessness, and therefore of disease. The teacher, of course, has his unmanageable pupils, who are a grief and trial to him. At the same time, he is sure to have a good many more who do him a fair amount of credit, and in whose well-doing he can more or less forget his failures. His work is judged, and he himself must judge it, by his *average* success; while in most other intellectual professions, those critical cases which appeal most to the imagination and concentrate our attention upon them, absorb a great deal more than their fair share of anxiety, partly because they contribute a great deal more than their fair share to the question of success or failure. We venture to think that the teacher, though he has, perhaps, more than any other professional man of the wear-and-tear of a tedious and exacting routine, has less than any other professional man of those crises of excitement which exhaust the brain and rack the nerves to the point of mental disease. And this is surely a great set-off against the seemingly weary monotony of teaching the same kind of lessons year after year, to a long succession of similar pupils. Ordinary teaching and ordinary learning seem to be eminently conducive to mental equipoise.

A SUMMER DAY'S JOURNEY.

A FEW days ago, a party of English folks, three of whom were ladies, went (by Visp and St. Nicklaus) from Geneva to Zermatt, with the intention, after making a short sojourn there, of returning by the road they had come. They had no idea of doing anything more adventurous in the way of climbing than going up the Gorner Grat, a feat that men sometimes perform on mule-back, and women in a *chaise à porteur*. But it is hardly possible to do so much,—to behold, near at hand, the "dark frowning beauties" of the Matterhorn, the glittering peaks of the Dent Blanche, the Cima di Jazi, Castor and Pollux, and the Dufourspitze; the imposing masses of the Monte Rosa, the Breithorn, the Rothhorn, the Weissthor, and the Matterjoch,—without wanting to go further and see more; and it did not require much solicitation on the part of a guide, who bore the picturesque and peculiarly Swiss name of Aufdenblattern, to persuade the men of the party to attempt the ascent of the Breithorn. Then somebody suggested that we might cross over the Théodule Pass, into the Val Tournanche, and return to Geneva by Aosta and the Great St. Bernard. The guide-books said that the journey presented no serious difficulty, and that it was often undertaken by ladies, who generally rode to the foot of the Great Théodule glacier, whence the walk to the inn at Le Breuil is under five hours. This proposition finding general acceptance, it was resolved accordingly; but Aufdenblattern, being of opinion that the ascent of the Breithorn and the Matterjoch (Théodule) on consecutive days might be too much, we arranged to substitute for the former excursion a visit to the Schwarz-See and the Hörnli. "If we felt equal to it," said the guide, "we could ascend the Breithorn from the Matterjoch, and still reach Le Breuil the same evening." Going down the Riffleberg, we met a German student and an American tourist (whose acquaintance we had made at the Mont Cervin Hôtel), accompanied by a guide, and equipped for an Alpine excursion. They were on their way to the Riffel Hotel, where they were to stay the night, and start the following morning for the Breithorn. They expected to be back at Zermatt the next afternoon.

All this time the weather, if not brilliant, was passable, but Thursday, July 19th, began gloomily, and ended with rain. At the Schwarz-See a few flakes of snow fell; the Matterhorn was barely visible, and the Hörnli so shrouded in mist, that we did not think it worth while to go to the top. In the evening we held a consultation with the guides as to the feasibility of our projected journey. Both thought the morrow would be fine; the barometer, though low, was steady, and it was finally decided that, if it did not rain, we should rise at two, and start at three. Everything was ordered accordingly, and, the skies being propitious, the night-porter roused us a few minutes before two. Half-an-hour later, we were breakfasting by candle-light, and at three sharp all was ready for a start. Our party consisted of three ladies on mules, three men on foot, two guides, and a porter. In ordinary circumstances, one guide would have been enough; but as one or two of the ladies might possibly require help in crossing the glaciers, Aufdenblattern had suggested that it would be well to take a second guide, and the sequel proved the wisdom of the precaution.

We walked fast, occasionally taking a near cut, and always keeping up with the mules. As we went on, the sky, which at two o'clock was clear and lighted up by a brilliant moon, became overcast, the moon disappeared, and the sun remained invisible. Only once was his position marked in the eastern horizon, by a purple haze; then all was gloomy again, dark clouds stretched from peak to peak without a single break, and the Matterhorn, Rothhorn, Breithorn, and Lyskamm were hidden in a sombre haze. Shortly after crossing the brawling Furggenbach, we entered a wild and wind-swept ravine, and from the mist that rolled down its sides there came a few flakes of snow, an ominous bode of which, however, the guides made light; they still thought that the day, if not brilliant, would be sufficiently fine to admit of the Matterjoch being crossed in comfort. After riding and walking some three hours, we reached a point—about thirty minutes from the foot of the great Théodule glacier—where, as the snow lay rather deep in the hollows, it became necessary to dismiss the mules. They had scarcely gone when it began to snow in real earnest, and we found it desirable to take refuge under an overhanging rock, and there discuss what was best to be done,—whether we should advance or retreat. Aufdenblattern thought we had better retreat. If the party were composed exclusively of guides and experienced mountaineers, he said, he would advise going on; seeing, however, that we had ladies with us, the more prudent course was to return to Zermatt. So we left the shelter of the friendly rock and set our faces towards the valley; but we had not gone far when the wind fell somewhat, the snow abated, and the signs became so much more favourable that the two guides, after a long discussion, came to the conclusion that we might safely resume our journey. The Théodule hut was only two-and-a-half hours' distant, it would surely be fine for that time, and once there, we should have food, fire, and shelter. On this we retraced our steps a second time, and were soon climbing a steep snow-slope; and after toiling up a boulder-strewn moraine, we reached the foot of the glacier. Then the weather became bad again, and the further we went the worse it grew. But we were now four hours from Zermatt, only two from the hut, and it was easier to go on than to go back; and we went on,—on through the blinding snow, which the fierce *foehn* drove right in our faces, down our necks, and up our coat-sleeves. Every hundred yards or so we turned to draw breath and rest a few minutes on our alpenstocks. Six of the party were roped together, one of the guides leading; the other guide brought up the rear with a lady who required all his help. The view before and behind did not extend more than fifty yards; nothing could be seen but snow, and as the mist settled down more and more, the guides seemed to grow uncertain as to their whereabouts. They stopped, looked anxiously round, and tried the echo. It was an anxious moment; for to more than one of the party a few hours' exposure to that biting blast and blinding snow might have been fatal. But a few minutes later an upright stick which served as a guide post was perceived, then the dark rocks of the Little Matterhorn loomed dimly through snow and cloud, and Aufdenblattern cheered us with the hope that in half an hour more we should reach the hut. But the pull up to the hut was the hardest of all. The path was steep, the snow lay in wreaths, at every step we sank up to the knees,

the wind felt like a wall, and if the hut had been an hour further off, some of us might never have reached it at all. At the door we met the German student and the American traveller. They had utterly failed in their attempt to ascend the Breithorn, been nearly lost in a snowstorm, and, unable to get down to Zermatt, had passed the night in the hut. They had seen us coming, and were now hurrying away in order to take advantage of the track we had made, before it became obliterated by the snow. The hut, in reality a small auberge, is about sixteen feet by ten; at either end of it there is a small bedroom, each containing three beds; and after thawing our beards, which were frozen solid, and getting something to eat, most of us went to bed, while our clothes were dried.

Until four o'clock in the afternoon the storm continued with undiminished violence, and there seemed every probability of our having to pass the night in the auberge; but at length the snow ceased, the wind went down, the sun came out, and the guides urged us to profit by the lucid interval to get down to Le Breuil. The crossing of the Lower Théodule glacier was not unpleasant, for though the snow lay deep, the descent was easy and the view superb. But we had not left the glacier-foot many minutes when the heavens were again darkened, mists clothed the mountain-tops, and rose up from the ravines, the rain came down in torrents, and we reached the Hôtel du Mont Cervin, at Le Breuil, wet to the skin, yet safe and sound. In the salon of the little inn, we found, sitting before a blazing fire, three Englishmen, who had been beaten in an attempt to reach Zermatt by the Cime Blanche,—and so ended our summer day's journey.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "ILBERT BILL."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It is with no small surprise that I have read, in the *Spectator* of August 4th, an introductory paragraph on the so-called Ilbert Bill, which describes that Bill as one "permitting a few Native Judges, who are members of the Covenanted Civil Service—*i.e.*, who have been educated here and gone back to India under the same conditions as our own Indian Civil Servants—to try Europeans accused of crimes." Will you allow me to assure you that the Bill might with equal accuracy be described as one which is to permit Native Judges who are *not* members of the Covenanted Civil Service, and who have *not* been educated here, &c.? I trust you will not consider me captious, when I say that it has caused me profound regret to be obliged to believe that you have approved a Bill, and have condemned its opponents, without knowing its contents? If community of error could excuse such a course, you would be free from blame. Your introductory paragraph confirms the impression made upon the *Times'* reporter by Mr. Bright's speech. Those who have read the Bill are compelled to believe that Mr. Bright has failed in that accuracy which may, I hope without injustice, be called intellectual truthfulness. The Edinburgh *Scotsman* gives unmistakeable evidence of the same fact. By a singular coincidence, my private experience has been that in the only instances in which I have discussed the Bill with any of its supporters (three thorough-going advocates), I found, at the tail-end of the debate, that not one knew its contents.

Pardon me for telling you that the Bill proposes to confer powers of jurisdiction over Englishmen upon four new classes of Judges, viz.:—(1), Native Covenanted Civilians; (2), Statutory Civilians; (3), Assistant-Commissioners; (4), Cantonment Magistrates. It is the first class which has exclusively attracted the attention of the English supporters of the Bill. It is singular that the second and third, of which nothing is heard in England, should be those which have fixed the attention and opposition of those Anglo-Indians who do not base their objections to the Bill upon race distinctions. No one is disturbed by the fourth class; it is not likely ever to include any but Englishmen.

Will you allow me shortly to state my reasons for objecting to this Bill? As I am one of the rank and file of Anglo-Indians, they may, without substantial error, be taken as those of a considerable class.

We are absolutely opposed to the trial of Europeans by officials belonging to the second and third classes. These classes are filled from the ranks of orthodox Hindu and Mahommedan families. Their members do not know anything of English society, and they are not educated in England. The deep repugnance, on social grounds, of which the Bill has provoked the expression is, amongst those with whom I agree, in no way personal. It is not that of Englishmen towards natives of India. It rests on a radical fact,—the antagonism of diverse social systems. It is easy, I believe, for Englishmen to realise that their own feelings towards Mahommedanism and Hinduism are intensified in the case of no inconsiderable section of Anglo-Indian society,—its women.

With reference to the first class—Native Covenanted Civilians—our objections are based on different, and, we hope, less irremoveable, grounds. In their case, we think the proposal premature. They are too few and too young in the service to have created any general opinion whatsoever concerning themselves. If time had been allowed, we think it possible that they would have won the confidence of those Anglo-Indians who knew them personally, the mass of adverse opinion would have been leavened, and we should have been spared many causes for regret which have been created by a too hasty attempt at legislation.

May I, in conclusion, say, with reference to the general principle of the Bill, that many of its opponents are possessed by the opinion that the question of the trial of Anglo-Indians is primarily an Anglo-Indian question, and that in only a secondary manner does it concern the English at home, or the Natives of India? We do not think it just or reasonable, in any case, that power of trial should be given to such Judges as have not, from whatever cause, the confidence of the class to be tried.—I am, Sir, &c., An Englishwoman.

[We were intending, in the paragraph referred to, to summarise Mr. Bright's speech, and not to describe the Bill itself, which we had discussed elsewhere. On referring to the paragraph, however, we see that the sentence, intended only to condense Mr. Bright's account of the Bill, appeared to come from ourselves, and we regret the blunder.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

TORTURE FOR CRIMINALS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—May I, through your columns, call attention to a passage in the last edition of the "Unseen Universe," by Professors Balfour Stewart and Tait, which seems noteworthy, as indicating in a striking manner the tendency of a certain class of minds at the present time? In speaking of the punishment of our criminals, the authors say (p. 144):—

"Imprisonment has been tried in vain, and, besides, it involves great and needless expense. The 'cat,' though thoroughly appropriate, is objected to, as tending to brutalise (!) the patient, and render murder not unlikely. No such objections can be urged against the use of electricity in any of its many forms. For it can easily be applied so as to produce for the requisite time, *and for that only*, and under the direction of skilled physicists and physiologists, absolutely indescribable torture (unaccompanied by wound or even bruise), thrilling through every fibre of the frame of such miscreants."

It has long been known from the works of physiologists that the nerves of various animals are not unfrequently subjected, sometimes for a considerable time, to the action of electricity; but this is the first time to my knowledge that scientific men have *confessed* that such treatment produces "absolutely indescribable torture," and it is also new to me to find the same torture advocated for human beings. The passage is the more remarkable as it occurs, printed in parentheses, in a book which treats of very different matters, and it apparently has little connection with what precedes or follows. It seems almost like a "feeler," a trial of the effect of the thin edge of a huge wedge. For if the public do not object, and our "skilled physiologists" are content to accept office as genteel torturers of their fellowmen as well as of animals (always for the benefit of mankind, of course), there does not seem to be any reason or feeling on their part which will restrain them from further utilising such advantageous opportunities of investigation. Might not the delight in the physiological world at the news of a fresh murder prove more demoralising to the community even than the "cat"?—I am, Sir, &c., Ernest Bell, M.A.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In the article on "Mirage" which appears in last week's *Spectator*, a quotation is made from the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research," which quotation, standing by itself, is likely to convey an erroneous impression to some of your readers. At the close of the second Report of the Com-

mittee on Thought-Transference, some preliminary experiments are recorded on the reproduction of drawings, without any discernible communication passing between the agent, Mr. Blackburn, who had momentarily seen the drawing made by one of us, and the percipient, Mr. G. A. Smith, who was blind-folded throughout the experiment. In these early experiments, Mr. Smith held Mr. Blackburn's hand for a few moments, and then releasing it, drew his impression of the figure. In this way, we obtained a rough, but recognisable reproduction of the nine figures which we had drawn. It is these preliminary experiments which are quoted in your article. But, as we say in our third report, just published by Trübner, "We could allow no exception to our cardinal axiom on this subject, that *no experiment where contact of any sort is allowed can be decisive;* and though, owing to the extreme irregularity of the random figures drawn by us, it would have been difficult to convey a notion of them by a code of pressure-signs, yet some such hypothesis was conceivable. Accordingly, we requested Mr. Blackburn to dispense altogether with the preliminary contact, and the extensive series of drawings which illustrate the third part of the proceedings—with the exception of the first four—were all obtained when a clear space of some two feet intervened between the agent and the percipient, and amid absolute and unbroken silence. However, with the view of removing all doubts that might arise as to possible auditory communications, we made the severe experiment of stopping up the percipient's ears with putty, tying a bandage round his eyes and ears, fastening a bolster-case over the head, and then enveloping the entire head and trunk in a blanket. Fig. 22 was now secretly drawn by one of us, and shown outside the room to Mr. Blackburn, who on his return sat behind Mr. Smith, the percipient, and in no contact with him whatever, and as perfectly still as it is possible for a human being to sit who is not concentrating his attention on keeping motionless, to the exclusion of every other object. In a minute or two, Mr. Smith took up a pencil and drew the reproduction which is shown in our "Proceedings," and which I think your readers will admit bears a close resemblance to the original. Obviously, an incalculable number of trials might be made before pure guess-work would hit upon a resemblance as near as that obtained in this, and in almost every case, by Mr. G. A. Smith.

Whilst we quite admit that the antecedent improbability of thought-transference is so great as to demand an extensive and varied series of stringent experiments before it can be admitted, nevertheless, we venture to assert that the *cumulative* character of the evidence which we have now amassed, and the extent to which we have eliminated the hypothesis of collusion, chance coincidence, and muscle or sign-reading, render our claim to have established the reality of this novel class of phenomena a very strong one. Much of the criticism we meet with depends on the *a priori* presumption of impossibility which, natural though it may be, cannot, of course, be legitimately opposed to positive evidence. Of the value and extent of this evidence, your readers will be able to judge from the reports we have published, in the third of which a summary tabular view will be found of nearly a thousand experiments on thought-transference.—I am, Sir, &c., W. F. Barrett,

Hon. Sec. to the Committee on Thought-Transference.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your number for August 4th contains a notice of Mr. Drummond's new book, entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Your critical article is worthy of the book, which I have read with the attention it deserves. You recognise generously the high claims of any man who, while cleaving to the most "dogmatic dogmas," shall yet believe in Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley; and who, going beyond this, actually compels the teaching of Huxley, Spencer, and Darwin into the service of revealed religion. It is a great work, and one that must command much of the effort of the current generation. Men will believe in Revelation, and are unable to refute Science; it is much therefore to show plausibly that these do not contradict one another, how much more to prove conclusively their unity of result. Mr. Drummond has written wisely and well; but it happens that the very same task was undertaken ten years ago by Dr. W. Woods Smyth, then of Maidstone, in a book entitled, "The Bible and Evolution," an abridgment of which was issued in 1882, and called "The Government of God" (Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row). The one purpose of both these publications was to trace out and demonstrate unity of principle and method, as well as continuity of purpose, in and through the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace. It fell to my lot to review the earlier volume, and of it I wrote thus in 1873:—

"This is a work of unusual character. It is marked by energy, originality, and power. . . . . Dr. Smyth would teach that the doctrine of evolution of the world, and the things that are therein, as set forth by Darwin and others, is correct; but that the assumption that this should weaken our belief in a personal Creator is altogether a mistake. His task is to show that, on the contrary, the footprints of the Creator, through the pre-Adamite epoch, coincide with those which lead down to the later times of human history; that not only a Creator, but the same Creator, can be traced, by the principles, the methods, and the details of his Government, as having been God over all, both through geologic and historic times. Dr. Smyth affirms that the intercourse of God with man has harmonized accurately, *mutatis mutandis*, with the lines upon which he wrought out the development of humbler pre-Adamite beings. He says that Christianity is not preternatural, and, therefore, contrary to reason and difficult of belief, but that it is pernatural, *i.e.*, a consistent and complete carrying-through of the methods of Nature into the regions of Grace; that revelation, animal sacrifice, and atonement are simply harmonious analogues in the latest volume of creative history, of law, succumbing of the unfit, and indirect equilibration, as found in its earlier pages. Of this, speaking critically, we simply say that it is a grand idea, deserving the most hearty prosecution and study. . . . . The whole theme is one to broaden and deepen current ideas about the actualities of religion, to interweave more closely and substantially the things of time with those of eternity, and to make men feel that the Government of God is about them now for guidance; that a personal response to its influences is demanded at their hands, and that the penalties of 'unfitness' are irremediable and sure."

Partly as an act of friendly justice to Dr. Smyth, partly to refer Mr. Drummond's readers to other sources of information, and still more to help in keeping alive the public interest in this important question, I take the liberty of asking the insertion of this letter.—I am, Sir, &c., F. R. C. P.

BIOGENESIS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Many will thank you for calling attention to Mr. Drummond's profoundly interesting and suggestive book. But may I remark that there is an alternative view, which should be fully considered, before accepting the doctrine of Biogenesis in the spiritual life as a perfectly sound analogy? The view to which I refer distinguishes between life and the consciousness of life, regarding the divine or universal humanity as already latent in all, and the true being of all; while the "dead" self is but the defective condition which obstructs its conscious energy. Regeneration is thus an affair of consciousness. It is a case of germination; not, as with the raising of the inorganic to the organic, or of the vegetable to the animal stage, a case of conversion. Germination does not require contact with a higher order of life; the productive power of the seed is in itself, and it needs external aid only to loosen its integuments. That process has its correspondence for the spiritual life in the unveiling, or "revealing" to consciousness of the Christ or divine humanity in each; the sun seen through the dissolving mist of the false apparent personality. Thus the Christian Revelation fructifies the seed which existed as a principle of regeneration from the first. That is quite a different conception from "conversion," and it has a great weight of religious authority on its behalf. I may instance William Law and the recently published "Letters from a Mystic of the Present Day."

In this view, it is rather faith—the "believing of the heart into righteousness"—than the operation of a personal divine power, that is recognised as necessary to regeneration. But even if the direct action of a higher conscious life is insisted on as essential to the Christian idea, that is still only for the manifestation of the same principle existing, though hitherto unconscious in man himself; and so far, the analogy of biogenesis equally fails. That is especially important, in regard to the theological consequences which Mr. Drummond deduces from his principle. And the question is further interesting with reference to the claims of religious systems other than Christianity to contain a revelation of the essential truths of religion.—I am, Sir, &c., C. C. M.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In the review of Mr. Drummond's book, entitled "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," I notice that the writer refers to the theory of "Biogenesis" as the now certain scientific doctrine of biogenesis, that 'life can only come from the touch of life.'" Would you permit me to point out that, so far from that doctrine being generally accepted as "certain" by scientific men at the present time, I believe that even Professor

Tyndall himself would willingly admit that in past epochs the lowest forms of life may have originated in non-living matter. The experiments made some time ago did not prove that abiogenesis never occurs, still less that it never has occurred, but only that, *under certain special conditions*, the production of living out of certain non-living matter does not take place.

The views of Professor Huxley on this subject are, I think, that although we have no knowledge of any link between living and non-living matter, he should expect to find that the evolution of living protoplasm from non-living matter did occur in remote periods when the earth was passing through various physical and chemical conditions. There are, however, other scientific men who hold that abiogenesis has not only occurred in past epochs, but that it does also take place at the present time, and that they have themselves succeeded in producing living out of non-living matter.—I am, Sir, &c.,

47 *Connaught Street, W.* SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

THE LIBERAL DAILY PRESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Matthews, whose excellent letter appeared in your paper of the 28th ult., has, I consider, done great service to the Liberal cause, in pointing out the defections and unfaithfulness of the *Daily News*, which I am happy to see have at last received a rebuke not only from your correspondent, but also from your own pen.

I have been an almost constant reader of the *Daily News* for many years; I say *almost*, because I have been sometimes so disgusted with its half-hearted support, amounting often to almost an attack on the Government, to say nothing of its intense egotism, that I have for a time, more than once, exchanged it for the *Daily Chronicle*; but the fact of its being considered the Liberal organ of the Government, and as such, being supposed to contain information not accessible to other Liberal daily papers, has induced me reluctantly to retake it.

I trust that your own recent strictures, as well as the very temperate letter of your correspondent, will have the effect of bringing the paper to a better sense of its duties as the organ of the Government; or if not, that the Liberal party will ere long provide some better channel whereby to convey and advocate its opinions, for to the often very feeble advocacy and half-hearted support of, nay, sometimes opposition to, the measures of the Government, I have attributed the occasional defection of some of the loose Liberal Members; and in that opinion, I have reason to know I do not stand alone.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Bath, August 6th. EDWARD COBB.

HOW OUR MEANING IS CONVEYED TO ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The following anecdote may interest some of your readers:—Some years ago, when starting for a foreign tour, I entrusted my little Scotch terrier, "Pixie," to the care of my brother, who lived about three miles distant from my house. I was away for six weeks, during the whole of which time "Pixie" remained contentedly at his new abode. The day, however, before I returned, my brother mentioned in the dog's hearing that I was expected back the next day. Thereupon, the dog started off, and was found by me at my bed-room door the next morning, he having been seen waiting outside the house early in the morning when the servants got up, and been admitted by them. "Pixie" is still alive and flourishing, and readily lends himself to experiments, which, however, yield no very definite result. He certainly seems to understand as much of our meaning as it concerns his own comfort to understand, but how he does it I cannot quite determine. I should be sorry to affirm, clever as he is, that he understands French and German, yet it is certainly a fact that he will fall back just as readily if I say "Zurück!" as if I say "To heel!" and advance to the sound "En avant!" as well as to "Hold up!" As in both cases I am careful to avoid any elucidatory gesture or special tone of voice, I am inclined to think that there must be here a species of direct thought-transference. At the same time, I am bound to add that without the spoken word I am unable to convey the slightest meaning to him. This, however, may be due to what I believe to be a fact, that it is almost impossible without word or gesture to formulate the will with any distinctness. If this theory be correct, the verbal sounds used would convey the speaker's meaning, not in virtue of the precise sounds themselves, but of the intention put into them by the speaker. I should be glad to know of the experience of others tends to confirm this theory, which I do not remember to have seen suggested before.—I am, Sir, &c.,

50 *Terrace Royal, Nottingham.* A. EUBULE-EVANS.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to acknowledge, through your columns, the receipt of the following contributions in aid of the sufferers by the earthquake at Ischia?—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
John C. Francis, Esq...	2	2	0	Rev. Joshua Harrison...	2	2	0
Joseph Austin, Esq. ...	2	2	0	Sir William Wyatt ...	1	1	0
Joseph J. Miles, Esq....	5	5	0	Col. and Mrs. A. Croll ..	2	2	0
John Miles, Esq.... ...	2	2	0	G. P. E. Green, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Herbert Smith, Esq. ...	1	1	0	William Heriot, Esq....	3	3	0
Miss Fletcher	1	1	0	Elliot Stock, Esq. ...	2	0	0
C. Whitehead, Esq. ...	2	2	0	J. C. Williams, Esq. ...	1	1	0
G. H. Powell, Esq. ...	10	10	0	Alex. Hubbard, Esq. ...	5	0	0
John Drew, Esq.... ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Edwards	1	1	0
William Cooke, Esq. ...	2	2	0	William Barlow, Esq....	3	3	0
Samuel Cooke, Esq. ...	1	1	0	Colonel Gillum	1	0	0
Rev. S. S. Lewis... ...	1	1	0	Miss E. Todd	1	1	0
Albert Spicer, Esq. ...	2	2	0	Charles Hull, Esq. ...	5	0	0
Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co.	5	0	0	Herbert New, Esq. ...	1	0	0
				W. B. Smythe, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Edward Francis, Esq...	2	2	0	Mrs. C. E. Mudie and Family	10	10	0
Mrs. Colesworth... ...	2	2	0				
Mrs. Raymond	5	0	0	Sums under £1	3	10	0

This list will be closed on Tuesday next, when all sums collected will be handed to the Italian Consul, J. B. Heath, Esq., who has kindly undertaken to forward the amount to the Central Committee in Rome, for distribution at Casamicciola.—I am, Sir, &c.,

New Oxford Street, August 10th. C. E. MUDIE.

"MISS STANDISH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I am sure, without intending it, you have really done me rather an injury by your notice, on July 21st, of my last book, "Miss Standish." That story your reviewer mildly praises; but with regard to the second, "By the Bay of Naples," several quite erroneous statements are made. The plot of that story does *not*, as your reviewer thinks, "turn upon the hideous complication of a man in love with the daughter of a woman whom he has seduced," but upon the wholly different situation of a man in love with the daughter of a lady who had refused to become his wife. There is a deeply tragic element in the story. He had threatened the lady who refused him to make her miserable for ever, if she would not marry him. He accomplished his threat by having her daughter as a baby stolen away from her, thus breaking the gentle mother's heart. Years afterwards, he meets the daughter, and from her likeness to her mother at once falls in love with her, believing her to be some one else. The story is founded on fact. For years it has haunted me, as showing how this man was, indeed, cursed in gaining his wishes,—first, the heart-break and consequent death of the woman he had, as he said, loved; next, the acceptance of the gentle girl, whose life he had devoted himself to marring from her babyhood. I have often thought, perhaps we should all be equally left without anything to wish or hope, if we gained that on which we have set our hearts. It seemed to require a Hawthorne properly to relate the story. But none else tried it. So I tried. Possibly I have failed. But in any case, though tragic, my story has none of the *hideous elements* attributed to me, probably through a hasty turning-over of the pages, in your notice. Can you remove from the minds of your readers the impression that I have written such a story as that attributed to me? It is *particularly painful* to me, that people should think I had written anything of the kind.—I am, Sir, &c., A. E. N. BEWICKE.

Bei Frau Weiland, Kissilefstrasse, Homburg, August 7th.

[We are sorry that we did Miss Bewicke a wrong; but it was not caused by "hasty turning-over of the pages." On the contrary, pp. 40-41 in vol. iii. were read more than once, and interpreted to the best of our power. Read again, in the light of Miss Bewicke's explanation, they assume a meaning which we gladly accept, instead of that which we had put upon them.—ED. *Spectator.*]

A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The reviewer of Julian Hawthorne's novel in your last week's issue has described the lines,—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

as Herrick's well-known conplet. It is rather hard that Shirley should be defrauded of one of the few poems that are yet remembered in connectiou with his name.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. R. H.

[We are heartily sorry for our blunder, which is undeniable.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

BOOKS.

MR. GALTON'S INQUIRIES INTO HUMAN FACULTY, AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.*

Those who have read any of Mr. Galtou's previous writings, especially his *Hereditary Genius*, will not be surprised at finding in this work an extraordinary amount of curious investigation iuto matters somewhat apart from the ordinary line of scientific research, pursued with indefatigable industry, great ingenuity, and no small amount of labour.

The author lays no claim to being exhaustive, but aims rather at being *suggestive*, while, at the same time, somethiug like logical sequence is preserved by an arraugement and revisal of various short treatises, which have previously appeared in a more desultory shape and order in various publications. If his leading ideas are not altogether new, there is certainly much novelty in many of his facts, in his method of exact collection and verification of them, in the importance with which he successfully invests most of them, and in the way in which he has managed to bring all of them to bear upon a common purpose.

The dominant ideas of this curious volume undoubtedly are (1), the very great variety which occurs in the psychological development of different individuals of the human race; (2), the great extent to which this is due to original construction (personal and hereditary, especially the latter), rather than to education and surroundings; (3), as the logical conclusiou of all this, that it is possible and is our "religious" duty, both individually and socially, to use every lawful means to further that evolution which is ever going on, more or less rapidly,—to be, so to speak, "workers together" with the great First Cause in that improvement which, with enormous waste of material and force and much suffering, is the slow and gradual result of the constitution of things.

Such is the key-note of the whole book; but in the course of its discussions there is an immense amouut of extremely interesting matter, one of the most curious specimens of which is the author's pet method of discovering the typical or generalised features of certaiu groups of persons by photographs of many individuals (all, of course, in the same position aud of the same size), which are rapidly exposed to the camera so as to be superimposed on each other, the traits which are individual and exceptional leaving only a slight shade, while those commou to the whole become intensified by the cumulative process. Wonderfully distinct faces, from groups of members of one family, of criminals, of persons of tubercular constitution, &c., are showu on the frontispiece. He gives au anecdote of how the mother of two girls who were not specially like each other, on seeiug their generalised photograph, said,—"Oh, that is A."—"No, it must be B. I never knew before that they were at all like each other!"

The inquiry into the variety of power in different persons to "visualise" their thoughts is one of the most elaborately worked-out portions, and there are very odd illustrations of a strange propensity, that of mentally investing different numbers or different letters of the alphabet with special colours, and of picturing certain series of numbers in peculiar and apparently senseless arrangements as to relative position. These vagaries seem to be much more common than is generally supposed, because the persons so constituted seldom confess their idiosyncracy, from fear of ridicule. The present writer has all his life beeu unable to dissociate the printed letters of the alphabet from what seems to him their appropriate colours, and he is quite unable to trace this propensity to any association formed in childhood. It is, perhaps, worthy of notice that all these colonrs are *tertiary*, never pure, or even secondary.

Perhaps the most curious chapter is one upon "Twins." The author must have had an overwhelming amount of correspondence on this subject, as well as on many others which he has subjected to a sort of statistical test. The result of his inquiries is substantially this:—That in that large majority of cases of twins in which the mental and moral characteristics of two brothers or two sisters are as similar as their faces, the former is the result of original mental constitution, apart from and even in spite of great differences of education and outward circumstances. There are also examples of twins, far separate in locality, taking the same disease at the same time, and *each feeling assured that his brother had so suffered*. The following is a strong instance of similarity; it was sent to the author by the brother of the twins:—

"A was coming home from India, on leave; the ship did not arrive for some days after it was due; the twin-brother B had come up from his quarters to receive A, and their old mother was very nervous. One morning, A rushed in, saying, 'Oh, mother, how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, B, it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am;' and it was a little time before A could persuade her that he was the right man."

Of thirty-five pairs of twins, sixteen are described as closely similar in tastes and disposition. In the remaiuing nineteen, they were much alike, but with certain minor differences, the latter mainly depending on greater or less vigour of nerve and vital energy. In twenty cases, the dissimilarity of the twins was very great, both in body and mind, in spite of identity of nurture.

There is a good deal both of fact and speculation tending to illustrate the now common doctrine of "unconscious cerebration," a hypothesis which, though containing an idea somewhat difficult to grasp, affords the only reasonable explanation of a great variety of phenomena in dreamiug, and in many more or less morbid conditions. Mr. Galton applies it to the visual aud auditory hallucinations both of the insane and of the sane, these phenomeua being undoubtedly much more common in the latter than is generally knowu. After a summary of facts, many of which are very interesting, he says:—

"The weirdness of visions lies in their sudden appearance, in their vividness while present, and in their sudden departure. An incident in the Zoological Gardens struck me as a helpful simile. I happened to walk to the seal-pond at a moment when a sheen rested on the unbroken surface of the water. After waiting a while, I became suddenly aware of the head of a seal, black, conspicuous, and motionless, just as though it had always beeu there, at a spot on which my eye had rested a moment previously, and seen nothing. Again, after a while, my eye wandered, and on its returning to the spot, the seal was gone. The water had closed in silence over its head without leaving a ripple, and the sheen on the surface of the pond was as unbroken as when I first reached it. Where did the seal come from, and whither did it go? This could easily have been answered, if the glare had not obstructed the view of the movements of the animal under water. As it was, a solitary link in a continuous chain of action stood isolated from all the rest. So it is with the vision; a single stage in a series of mental processes emerges into the domain of consciousness. All that precedes and follows lies out of it, and its character can only be inferred. We see in a general way that a condition of the presentation of visions lies in the over-sensitiveness of certain tracks or domains of brain-action and the under-sensitiveness of others, certain stages in a mental process being represented very vividly in consciousness, while the other stages are unfelt; also that individualism is changed to dividualism. I do not recollect seeing it remarked that the ordinary phenomena of dreaming serve to show that partial sensitiveness in a normal condition during sleep. They do so because one of the most marked characteristics of the dreamer is the absence of common-sense. He accepts wildly incongruous visions without the slightest scepticism. . . . . The brain is known to be imperfectly supplied with blood during sleep, and cannot, therefore, be at full work. It is probable enough, from hydraulic analogies, that imperfect irrigation would lead to partial irrigation, and therefore to suppression of action in some parts of the brain, and that this is really the case seems to be proved by the absence of common-sense during dreams."

He makes use of the metaphor that there is what he calls "the antechamber of the brain," a sort of storehouse of ideas not completely within the range of consciousness, but lying close at hand, out of which the conscious mind in the "presence-chamber" summons those ideas of which it is in want when in active exercise, with more or less relevancy, according to its logical power, aud the richness of the contents of the so-called "antechamber":—

"The consequence of all this is that the mind frequently does good work without the slightest exertion. In composition, it will often produce a better effect than if it acted with effort, because the essence of good composition is that the ideas should be connected by the easiest possible transitions. When a man has been thinking hard aud long upon a subject, he becomes temporarily familiar with certain steps of thought, certain short-cuts, and certain far-fetched associations, that do not commend themselves to the minds of other persons, nor, indeed, to his own at other times; therefore, it is better that his transitory familiarity with them should come to an end, before he begins to write or speak."

After a pause, his ideas will have lost their adventitious

* *Inquiries into Human Faculty and Development.* By Francis Galton, F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

relations to each other, and stand in those which will meet with ready acceptance in the minds of others.

The hypothesis of one portion of the mind communicating with another portion as with a different person is one not sufficiently worked out by psychologists, either in the form of suggestions from the "antechamber" in a normal and active condition of the whole mind, or in those conditions of sleep or of hallucination in which the conscious mind is actually deceived, and mistakes the thoughts or words for those of another individuality. One ingenious writer, the late Dr. Wigan, in a book too little known, suggests that it depends on the fact of division of the brain into right and left hemispheres. This view is scarcely confirmed by modern physiology; but if the "partial-irrigation" theory of our author is correct, it follows that in dreams it is nearly always the same portion or track of brain which is deficient in sensitiveness, those portions which are connected with the sense of improbability or absurdity, whence the absence of surprise characteristic of most dreams.

These are a few specimens of the many corners of anthropology somewhat out of the beaten track of investigation into which Mr. Galton penetrates. If he fails in many instances to convince, the reader cannot avoid having innumerable and most novel and interesting lines of further research suggested to him. The region of Mr. Galton's investigations naturally invests his book with a materialistic and necessitarian aspect; but he seldom states dogmatically what his opinions are, and those who are the most averse to the narrow so-called philosophy of the period, will find little in this work which is necessarily inconsistent with their own views,—an example, among many others, of that strange *rapprochement* which is frequently made between certain phases of the Calvinistic theology, and that style of thought which a good Calvinist must look upon as the most objectionable of all. *À propos* of the same remark, we cannot close without quoting our author's words on the ever-present question of the vast amount of evil and of apparent waste on our globe. Anticipating the ultimate cooling and practical extinction of this planet, he says:—

"Neither can we discover whether organisms here are capable of attaining the average development of organisms in either of the planets that are probably circling round most of the myriads of stars, whose physical constitution, wherever it has been observed spectroscopically, does not differ much from that of our Sun. But we perceive around us a countless number of abortive seeds and germs; we find, out of any group of a thousand men selected at random, some who are crippled, insane, idiotic, and otherwise incurably imperfect in body or mind, and it is possible that this world may rank among other worlds as one of these."

In a recent article, we have already adverted casually to Mr. Galton's attempt to prove by statistics that there is no "objective efficacy" in prayer. His argument is stated in all sincerity and simplicity, but he lays himself open to at least two or three damaging observations—(1), he ignores the distinction between the genuine, earnest prayer of individuals, and the formal petitions for the long life of monarchs, &c., which barely deserve the name of prayers; (2), he forgets that the former are generally private (all the more private, the more they are earnest), and therefore utterly beyond the reach of statistical investigation; (3), he also ignores the distinction between praying for a direct reversal of the laws of the material world, which would be praying for a miracle, and asking for that communication of moral energy and mental light which may lead us to use the appropriate means for the production of the desired result,—"Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost,"—by which no miracle, as it appears to many of us, is implied.

One of the weak points in Mr. Galton's speculations seems to us to be his endeavour to impress his readers with the feasibility of *improving the breed* of our fellow-men. We fear that there are motives constantly in action, and which will not only ever be so, but will be so in an increasing degree, and some of them connected with the noblest portion of our nature, diametrically opposed to the practical helping-on of evolution by the survival of the fittest. The hope must be a feeble one which is driven to seek for an example of social arrangements tending in this direction, in the abolition of celibate Fellowships in the two old Universities.

DIDEROT AND THE PLAYERS.*

The centenary of Diderot's death, after modern fashion, will be in the course of celebration in one more year. On July 31st, 1784, this oddity of authorship "died suddenly, on rising from table." "He has been censured," an enemy tells us, "for employing needlessly a scientific language, and for having recourse to metaphysical doctrines, frequently unintelligible; and for having introduced a number of definitions incapable of enlightening the ignorant, and which the philosopher seems to have invented for no other purpose than to have it thought that he had great ideas, while, in fact, he had not the art of expressing perspicuously and simply the ideas of others." Nobody ever suggested so many parallels as Diderot. The son of a prosperous cutler, and a Jesuit student carefully educated for a family canonry up to tonsure-point, he rejected priesthood and canonry, and was sent to Paris to ensue the traditional alternative, the study of the law. True instance of the irrepressible bent of letters, he would have none of respectability in that form either, and for a time was deprived of his allowance because he insisted on scribbling. His variety of turn stood in the way of the highest success, as it has often done; though probably, as it has done quite as often, it provided ample compensation in the joy of work and the elasticity of mind. Poetry, science, sentimental comedies, dictionaries (of medicine, and of arts and trades!), speculative metaphysics, political satire (for which he was imprisoned, like most men), critical treatises, and improper stories, the man wrote them all. His manner was many-sided as his matter. He reminds us of Thucydides in his provoking involutions of style, of a mixture of Plato and Aristophanes in his philosophic comedy; and of the Aristotelian spirit in his dissertations, such as that which is our special text. In his variety of irons-in-the-fire, he is like his famous contemporaries Goldsmith and Beaumarchais—who died, the first ten years before, the second fifteen years after him—among other things, in that he wrote one or two stage-plays, with a result not uncommon in the case of those who entangle themselves in that thorny path. The irritation engendered by the eternal peculiarities of actors (speaking of them, of course, as a body), their amazing vanities, jealousies, and littlenesses, their literal rendering of "All the world's *the* stage," their chartered libertinism in the matter of correspondence and appointments, their funny and dictatorial attitude towards authorship; and, alas! their lax interpretation of the sanctities of honour and bargain — in fine, the separateness of their existence from that of all other men, evidently drove him one day into the outburst of contemptuous protest known as the *Paradoxe sur le Comédien*; as in other directions, a similar irritation roused the soul of Jeremy Collier, and gall-tipped the pen of Churchill. The same thing may be happening again before very long. The social position of actors has been in appearance curiously changed of late. We are not speaking of the honours (beginning to be a little overdone, perhaps) paid to an exceptional artist like Mr. Irving, any more than a man moralising on the decadence of the House of Commons in the fine old qualities of courtesy, and manliness, and self-restraint, is alluding to the few statesmanlike figures in it. A social revolution appears to be taking place on the stage. To the old actors, it was almost an hereditary art; and from their cradle they regarded it as the serious business of life. By the new, more and more recruited from the ranks of well-born idlers, it is, we fear, looked upon as little less than the pastime which the good-natured applause of drawing-rooms has suggested to them as a means of personal display. Even as these ephemerals have come in, the old country companies, which nursed the real actor, have gone out. And it is probable that none but the dramatic authors, blamed and abused, of course (in the usual fairness of so-called critical perception) for the defects of their material, know how more and more impossible it is becoming every day to find the artist, to say nothing of a company of artists, who can be trusted with the expression of any strong emotion, which defies self-consciousness and demands self-abandonment. We have heard it said that modern audiences laugh at grave love-scenes on the stage. Who would not, as modern actors play them? Yet nobody among the most typical of modern audiences of the upper class—those of the Haymarket—seems much disposed to laugh when Mrs. Bernard Beere plays Sardou's *Fédora*. The part is one which, without true acting, could be only ridiculous.

The social petting which these society actors receive, and endow some of their fellows with, is but a paltry set-off for the rapid decadence of all vigorous acting; and from another and a painful point of view, such stories as those told of *The Squire* and *Moths*, in the papers of last year, do the theatrical pro-

* *The Paradox of Acting.* Translated from Diderot's "Paradoxe sur le Comédien." By Walter Herries Pollock. With a Preface by Henry Irving. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.

fession more harm in all esteem worth having, than invitations to dances and receptions do it good. We cannot but wish that a man like Mr. Irving would use his influential and well-won position, and the many opportunities of public speaking which now fall to his lot, bravely and sternly to rebuke these sins in his body politic (as he did the amateur mania), rather than indulge in new versions of the old common-places about the work and "education" of the Stage. The world will not judge of a body only by its highest members, and where there are such diseases in the limbs as these, the worthiest members suffer together. As for education, surely it is better to face the truth, which is that, whatever it may have been before the days of the novel and the late dinner, the theatre is now a recreation only, though sometimes a high one. Even as a recreation, it need not cease to be an art. But it is ceasing so to be. And a stern reform in certain of its practices would do it, as an art, no harm.

But we have taken up Diderot's parable as he left it, rather than reviewed his paradox. This is what, smarting under the experience of producing two plays, the literary Proteus says of the actors of his day, in Mr. Pollock's able translation, of which more presently:—

"In society, unless they are buffoons, I find them polished, caustic, and cold, proud, light of behaviour, spendthrifts, self-interested; struck rather by our absurdities than touched by our misfortunes; masters of themselves at the spectacle of an untoward incident or the recital of a pathetic story; isolated, vagabonds, at the command of the great; little conduct, no friends, scarce any of those holy and tender ties which associate us in the pains and pleasures of another, who in turn shares our own. I have often seen an actor laugh off the stage; I do not remember to have seen one weep. What do they, then, with this sensibility that they arrogate and that people grant them? Do they leave it on the stage at their exit, to take it up again at their next entrance? What makes them slip on the sock or the buskin? Want of education, poverty, a libertine spirit. The stage is a resource, never a choice. Never did an actor become so from love of virtue, from desire to be useful to the world, or to serve his country or family, never from any of the honourable motives which might incline a right mind, a feeling heart, a sensitive soul, to so fine a profession. I myself, in my young days, hesitated between the Sorbonne and the Stage. In the bitterest depth of winter, I used to go and recite aloud parts in Molière and in Corneille in the solitary alleys of the Luxembourg. What was my project? To gain applause? Perhaps. To mix on intimate terms with actresses whom I found charming, and who I knew were not strait-laced? Certainly!"

Wondering if such a shocking and frankly-avowed motive as the last can ever have anything to do now-a-days with the attractions of the stage for its latest school of votaries, we need not point out that, even in his own country and day, Diderot must have been provoked into some angry exaggeration in this tremendous indictment. But French actors were under a ban which has long been unknown with us; and the ban itself must have gone far to lower them. Now-a-days, and in England, when society seems possessed of a kind of craze for actors, whether they are good actors or not, surely the best opportunity ever given is offered to the profession to cleanse itself of all baser taint, and, by reconsidering certain of its ways, to make itself frankly free of the guild thrown open to it. For it is to be remembered, on the other hand, that in many and various quarters the old prejudice is still deep and inveterate, and that it is a trying ordeal for any individual, or for any class, to be set upon a pedestal for some to worship, and for others to stone. Mr. Henry Irving, in his preface, deals lightly enough with Diderot's charges, and, from his point of view, quite naturally; as his withers, and those of any man like him, are entirely unwrung by them. He has attained the place which Charles Kean before him, and Macready before that, and Garrick before the Kembles, held by right, as the tragedian of the day. There is a good deal more noise made over him than them, but that is the vice of the day, applied to his craft, as to all others. There is a pitiful lack of proportion and much insane blowing of trumpets abroad generally (a source of some amused wonder to non-hysteric man), of which he gets his share. Ability and conduct will always maintain the place he holds, as in the case of his predecessors, though in the whirligig of time's satirical revenges, it must cost him a good deal more money to keep up than it ever cost them. In these days of butter-feasts, when the vessels are emptied so freely on his head, it argues much self-control in Mr. Irving to keep it clear. His preface to the translation before us is no mere piece of complementary work. It is thoroughly thought out and thoroughly well written, and would alone prove, if all the circumstances did not, how wisely and lovingly he considers his art. As a criticism upon acting, it is infinitely better than Diderot's treatise, which is what its author calls it, and no more,—a paradox. We do not think that Mr. Pollock has quite adequately conveyed in his translation the meaning of the title. Diderot did not, we imagine, mean so much that Acting is a paradox, as that he knew he was putting forward a paradoxical view of it. That view is told in a word or two, and the treatise is but an enlargement of it. He holds that the best actor is the merest mimic, and in direct opposition to the Horatian maxim,—

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi,"

maintains that the player should have no real feeling at all of what he simulates, but be himself entirely unmoved, if he is to move others. This insensibility really seems to have been true of Garrick, if the well-known story is to be accepted of his putting his tongue into his cheek while playing Lear over Cordelia's body, and saying to one near him through the thunders of applause, "I've got them now." Diderot admired Garrick very much, though that did not prevent a characteristically French disdain for any difference between *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. "If you ask him for the scene of the pastrycook's boy, he will play it for you; if you asked him directly afterwards for the great scene in *Hamlet* he would play it for you. He was as ready to cry over the tarts in the gutter, as to follow the course of the air-drawn dagger." Very possibly Garrick may have been one of the proverbial exceptions that prove all rules; but we must for ourselves admit, after much reading about him and other great actors of the past, that we have always much doubted if Garrick was ever comparable to the Keans and Siddonses as a tragedian, though as an actor of comedy, no doubt, exceptionally great. In this paradoxical peculiarity, otherwise, he must have stood alone. Mr. Irving disposes of the paradox by quoting Talma at some length in a passage which commends itself to Mr. Irving as a "perfect description of the art of acting." "I call sensibility," says the French actor, "that faculty of exaltation which agitates an actor, takes possession of his senses, shakes even his very soul, and enables him to enter into the most tragic situations, and the most terrible of the passions, as if they were his own." And so forth. With all respect for Mr. Irving, the passage strikes us as windy and pretentious, as, from that same study of the past, we rather conceive Talma's acting to have been. We infinitely prefer the English actor's own quiet exposition:—"It is quite possible to feel all the excitement of the situation, and yet be perfectly self-possessed. This is art which the actor who loses his head has not mastered. It is necessary to this art that the mind should have, as it were, a double consciousness, in which all the emotions proper to the occasion may have full sway, while the actor is all the time on the alert for every detail of his method." That is the best summary description of true acting we have ever seen. Sensibility (not always the same as heart), under the control of judgment, makes a fine actor, and where genius is, a great one. Either will fall short, without the other. Let us look at two leading actors of our day, who have missed the big prize. Mr. Charles Warner has an abundant sensibility, but uncontrolled of judgment. Mr. Hermann Vezin has judgment and method as fine as steel, but there is something wanting in the sensibility. Mr. Irving may not quite equal the second in the one gift, or the first in the other. But he combines the qualities in rare proportion, and *ecce signum*.

What we have written will, we hope, help to call attention to the interesting old treatise—interesting for its subject and for its author—which, curiously enough, comes forward for the first time, we believe, in an English translation, a hundred years after date. Mr. Pollock has done his part as translator very well, as we take it without the help of a dictionary. A knowledge of both languages sufficiently familiar to dispense with that, is the secret of real success in that direction. For dictionaries give the scholastic equivalents, not the conversational. For an instance, which lately came to our notice, "chambellan du Roi" becomes "King's chamberlain," by right of dictionary. But obviously the true translation is "equerry." Mr. Pollock's translation reads as if it were an original. And, moreover, he has been both careful and skilful in preserving the archaic tone, and even something of the involved construction, so far as it could be kept without the sacrifice of clearness, which distinguish the work of Diderot. And he has supplied notes of his own which add both interest and value to a little book which brings before us once again, in their habits as they lived, the historical figures of Clairon and Dumesnil, of Le Kain and Baron and Molé. He seems to have been rather beaten once, by *parade tragique*, which

he has to paraphrase first and explain in a note afterwards, it having been, apparently, something like the preliminary exposition of "Pyramus and Thisbe" in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Referring the reader to a passage at p. 32, too long to quote, as a very entertaining instance in support of Diderot's paradoxical theory, we conclude by citing two or three short and characteristic extracts, the last of which is the last word in the book, and as appropriate a climax to a theatrical discussion as could well be found. The treatise is in the form of a dialogue between two speakers :—

"Well enough off with the small boxes, they [the actors] have been on the point of deciding either that the author should give up his profits, or that his piece should not be accepted."

"But this project involved nothing less than the extinction of the dramatic author's career."

"What does that matter to them ?"

. . . . . .

"Have you ever seen a whole piece played to perfection ?"

"On my word, I can't remember it. Stop a bit—*yes, sometimes, a middling piece, by middling actors.*" [The italics here are ours, for the passage is a wonderfully suggestive piece of true criticism. A great play crushes the middling actor.]

. . . . . .

"It is late. Let us go sup."

THE ORKNEYS AND SHETLAND.*

This book is so enjoyable, contains so much solid information, and is in all important respects such a conscientious performance, that we hurry at once to discharge the necessary duty of fault-finding. We should have had nothing but praise for Mr. Tudor, had he not introduced into his narratives and descriptions an exasperating amount of the slang and hideous jocosities of the race-course, the billiard-room, and that portent of the day, the sporting journal. What are we to think of such writing as "Verily, Earls Robert and Patrick had established a healthy funk in the Orcadian mind ?" Then Mr. Tudor is so fond of little sneers at churches and clergymen, that when one gets accustomed to his style, one turns over every fresh page in nervous dread lest he find a Dissenting minister described in *gamin* phraseology as "the revcrend bloke," or "the cove in the pulpit," or, "the party with the white choker ;" and it is owing in all probability to accident that before we have done with the book we are not asked to sup on such horrors. Finally, there is far more of vulgarity than of humour in writing like this about a mysterious rock carving :—"Now Jarl Rögnvald had a daughter called Ingired or Ingigerd, who was married to Erík Slagbrellir, shortly after her father's return to the Orkneys. Can Erík in a spoony fit have cut this tribute to his young woman's good looks ?" The next time Mr. Tudor writes a book for the general public, and intended from its character to be of a permanent value as a work of reference, let him remember that in fifteen or twenty years the School Board system will have swept such monstrosities as "spoony" and "funk" into the dust-bin of oblivion. He should, indeed, have secured for his share of "The Orkneys and Shetland" the revision of his coadjutors, who have written so carefully on the geology of these interesting islands.

When, however, the reader has trained himself to shut his eyes—it is by no means easy to do so, we confess—to the unlovely peculiarities of Mr. Tudor's style, he will find a great deal in this book to admire. Mr. Tudor's enthusiasm and industry place him far in advance of ordinary guide-book makers. He writes as one who had been repeatedly over every inch of the ground he describes and discourses on, and had learned positively to love it. The tourist will find here abundant and accurate information of the kind he needs when he reaches what is to him a *terra incognita*, about hotels, steamers, land conveyances, and the like. Mr. Tudor has ransacked all the authorities, from the Norse sagas to the daily newspapers of the day, bearing on the history and industries of his favourite islands. The book is everything that could be desired, alike from the historical and the topographical point of view. The maps, the geological and botanical chapters, a very full glossary and index, and appendices, including elaborate statistical tables, also deserve a word of praise. Mr. Tudor has, too, a quick eye, and some of his "graphic" writing is happy enough. Any one who has seen a congregation of those absurd sea-fowl the puffins will recognise the truth of his description of them as "grave, aldermanic-looking birds." When he divests himself of his fantastic garb of slang, he can write, not brilliantly, perhaps, but realistically, and to the point, as thus:—"It was a still, intensely cold night in August, with not a breath of air stirring, and the surface of the sea outside was like a 'painted ocean,' yet the roar of the tide over the shallows was something appalling, the only thing the writer can liken it to being the hurtling rush, on a still, frosty night, down an incline, of a heavily-laden goods train."

It was in 1468 that the Orkneys and Shetland came into the hands of James III. of Scotland, as a pledge for the dower of the Norwegian Princess whom he espoused, and as that pledge they have remained connected with the British Empire up to the present time. Before that date they had enjoyed three centuries of the rule of the Norse Jarls, who figure in the Sagas, of whom the daring Thorfinn and the pious Magnus, who, having been assassinated by his own cousin, became the patron saint of a cathedral of Kirkwall, seem to have been the most remarkable. The Jarls had overthrown a Celtic Christianity, as is proved by many curious antiquarian discoveries of recent date. It may be doubted if the Orcadians, and still more the Shetlanders, benefited, at all events at first, by becoming subjects of the Scotch Monarchy. The Earls of Angus, Stratherne, and St. Clair, and their clerical accomplices or rivals, were every whit as rapacious as the Jarls. The islanders were spared, however, most of the political and ecclesiastico-religious storms that swept the mainland. They had, indeed, visits from Bothwell and Montrose, but it may be doubted if these made very much more stir than the later exploits of the pirate Gow, which are the central incidents of one of Scott's most spirited romances. The Orcadians took much more quickly and kindly to Scotch ways, customs, and laws than the Shetlanders, who "remained till nearly the end of the sixteenth century, to all intents and purposes, as Scandinavian, not only in their customs, but also in their language, as if they had been still subjects of the Norwegian Crown." The Shetlanders are, indeed, essentially Scandinavians still.

There is almost as great a difference in character and pursuits between the inhabitants of Shetland and of the Orkneys as there is between the grotesque and rugged grandeur of the scenery of the one group of islands, and the somewhat flat monotony which characterises the other. There is a world of truth in the shrewd saying, quoted by Mr. Tudor,—"The Shetlander is a fisherman who has a farm; the Orcadian a farmer who has a boat." The Shetlander seems to have been, and, indeed, to be still, a rather easy-going, simple creature, though not without the cunning that is frequently found associated with simplicity. Up to 1826 he allowed the enterprising Dutch to reap the important "harvest of the sea" in the shape of the herring fishing, and even yet the Scheveningen *bomschuits* "coin money," as Mr. Tudor would no doubt say. The Orcadians have of late made great strides in material prosperity. Mr. Tudor says bankruptcy among the farmers of the Orkneys is unknown, and that during the four months he spent in wandering through the islands in 1880, he never saw a bare-footed man, woman, or child, nor was he once accosted by a beggar. In the bettering of the condition of the Shetlanders, Mr. Tudor makes proposals which we may quote without comment :—

"So long as the present crofter-fisherman system continues, so long will the evils exposed by the Truck Commission, although they may have been lessened since 1872, continue. With the best intentions in the world, so long as farm produce, stock, and fish appear on one side of the account, whilst rent and goods sold and delivered are on the other, a state of things that is inevitable so long as fishing and farming are combined, there will always be an idea, erroneous though it may be, that a lesser price is paid for what is sold, and a larger for what is purchased, than should be the case. Again, at the present time not only are the men, as often as not, compelled to be at their farms, when they might to greater advantage be prosecuting the fishing, but the land itself does not receive the development which it is capable of. To render anything like permanent improvement possible, not only in the cultivation of the land, but also in the condition and *morale* of the people, the writer believes the following changes to be necessary :— 1st. The separation of farming from fishing, and the prosecution of each industry by men who devote their *whole* energies to whichever pursuit they take up. 2nd. This of course would necessitate larger holdings than exist at present. 3rd. The abolition of the present yearly tenancy, with its forty days' notice to quit, and the substitution of leases of sufficient length to protect the cultivator against loss, and to make it worth his while to cultivate his land on somewhat better agricultural principles than he does at present. 4th. The abolition of the scathold system, or, if it is retained by each proprietor, after his own scathold has been marked off from that belonging to adjacent owners, so far as his own tenants are concerned, the *stinting* the number of stock kept by each tenant. That many will say the foregoing propositions are impossible in Shetland, the writer is prepared for. Long-line fishing with large boats was said to be impossible in 1876,

* *The Orkneys and Shetland: their Past and Present State.* By John R. Tudor. With Chapters on Geology, by Benjamin N. Peach and John Horne; Notes on the Flora of the Orkneys, by William Irvine Fortescue; and Notes on the Flora of Shetland, by Peter White. London: Edward Stanford. 1883.

and in 1877 there were only eleven boats larger than sixareens registered in Shetland, last year there were 117. We have seen the enormous strides that have been made in the Orkneys in the last forty years, and once matters are put on a straight and satisfactory footing in Shetland, there is no reason why a similar improvement in the condition of the district and its inhabitants should not take place, and that, too, without either depopulating the islands or converting them into huge sheep farms."

As might be expected, much of the entertainment provided by Mr. Tudor in this volume consists of folk-lore and "good stories," associated largely with alcohol and clergymen. The Shetland minister who, in the days when wreckers reaped their harvest, prayed, "If it please Thee to cause helpless ships to be cast on the shore, oh! dinna forget the poor island of Sanda," seems to have been almost as frank as his Orkney brother who, on being charged with drunkenness, replied, "Reverend Moderator, I *do* drink as other gentlemen do." Some of the old Shetland superstitions are interesting, even if they cannot be said to be altogether admirable:—

"Fishermen foretold, from the knots in the bottom boards of a boat, whether she would be lucky at the fishing or not; be upset under sail, or be cast away; and Edmondston stated that he had known boats to be rejected and torn up in consequence of such a prophecy. When on their way to their boats fishermen were careful to avoid meeting any one who was supposed to be unlucky, and especially, a minister. If a man trod on the tongs *(clivin)*, or was asked where he was going to, it was considered useless for him to go to the fishing that day. Once afloat, they were careful not to turn the boat *withershins*, that is, against the course of the sun. When setting their lines they avoided, and do still, mentioning certain objects, except by certain special words or phrases. Thus a knife is called *skunie*, or *tullie;* a church, *büanhoos*, or *banehoos;* a minister, *upstanda*, *hoydeen*, or *prestingolva;* the Devil, *da Auld Chield*, *da Sorrow*, *da ill-healt* (health), or *da black tief;* the cat, *kirser*, *fitting*, *vengla*, or *foodin*. Mr. Arthur Laurenson is of opinion that the objection to the minister or church being mentioned arose from some lingering, half-pagan notion, that the sea-god would be jealous of any reference to the new faith. If, when hauling the lines, a stone should be brought up on a hook, it is carefully taken ashore, as it would be unlucky to throw it back into the sea. Saturday is looked upon as a lucky day for the smacks to sail for the Färoe fishing, though an irreligious Englishman might fancy that the crews chose that day to escape kirk on the following one. It was long considered unlucky to rescue people from drowning. Scott mentions that when the crew of a wrecked vessel were warping themselves ashore in Unst by a hawser, a native cut the rope, lest they should consume their winter stock of provisions. Mr. Laurenson gives three instances as having occurred within forty years before he wrote. In the first instance, a fisherman not only refused to attempt to save a drowning man, but even took the oars out of his own boat to prevent others doing so. In the second, three men looked calmly on at a neighbour drowning, and then walked home. In the third, a man pulled past a floating woman, and took no heed of her. Mr. Laurenson's theory is that there is an idea that the sea must have its victims, and, if defrauded, will avenge itself on the person who intervenes."

SKEAT'S ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.*

By the publication of this great work, Professor Skeat has worthily crowned his long list of labours in English study, and, while placing himself incontestably in the front rank of modern etymologists, has taken away a serious reproach from English scholarship. His way has been diligently prepared for him in recent years, not only by his own special study, but by the general advance in philological research, by the priceless activity of the Early English Text and similar Societies, and by the new application of the study of phonetics to the Early-English pronunciation. From his predecessors he has inherited but too little, beyond a *damnosa hereditas* of uninstructed conjecture, persistent inaccuracy, and hopeless vagueness of reference. Under such trying conditions, a busy man could not but relieve his feelings in caustic expressions of impatience, not untouched with the unconscious pathos of single-minded earnestness. In his preface, Mr. Skeat sets forth with humorous frankness his exceedingly low—we may fairly say, humiliating—estimate of the popular apprehension of philological principles; and he handles the professional etymologist no less severely than the etymologising layman. There is "Grimm's law," for example. Now, if one look at it for a few moments, there is nothing insuperable, or arduous, in the understanding of Grimm's law. Yet Mr. Skeat affirms that the popular notions about it "are extremely vague." "Many imagine," he bitterly alleges, "that Grimm *made* the law, not many years ago, since which time Latin and Anglo-Saxon have been bound to obey it." And he actually goes on to explain, in dead earnest, that "the word *law* is there strangely misapprehended; it is only a law in the sense of *an observed fact*." Again:—

"The most extraordinary fact about comparative philology is that, whilst its principles are well understood by numerous students in Germany and America, they are far from being well known in England, so that it is easy to meet even with classical scholars who have no notion what 'Grimm's law' really means, and who are entirely at a loss to understand why the English *care* has no connection with the Latin *cura*, nor the English *whole* with the Greek ὅλος, nor the French *charité* with the Greek χάρις."

Nor are the etymologists much better than other folk. "The spelling of Anglo-Saxon in some books is often simply outrageous. Accents are put in or left out at pleasure; impossible combinations of letters are given; the number of syllables is disregarded; *and grammatical terminations have to take their chance*." "In many cases, writers of 'etymological' dictionaries do not trouble to learn even the alphabets of the languages cited from, or the most elementary grammatical facts." "Statements abound which it is difficult to account for, except on the supposition that it must once have been usual to *manufacture* words, for the *express purpose* of deriving others from them." Of course, errors are handed down and multiplied generation after generation; that black spot is present in every department of literary history. Minor troubles need not be referred to, nor need Mr. Skeat's words of complaint be very exactly measured. It is a wholesome frankness. What Mr. Skeat tells us about his own mode of procedure, also, and his openness to correction and conviction, overspread the Dictionary with a feeling of honesty and trustworthiness and reasonableness that adds sensibly to its value.

Apart from the wealth of learning collected in the work, Mr. Skeat's rigid method alone would render the book for a long time to come an example and a standard of scientific etymology. The general plan of arrangement is clear and sufficient. A good many omissions might easily be noted in the vocabulary, probably owing to the somewhat arbitrary principle of selection. We miss *cleat*, *cosey*, *coupon*, *crewel*, *deft*, *fad*, *proletariat*, *quiz*, *ragamuffin*, *reboant* (E. B. Browning), *recalcitrate*, *tussock*, and numerous names of birds, such as *fulmar*, *kestrel*, *kittiwake*, *pipit*, &c., and of plants; and although some of the omissions are intrinsically of little importance, still, they are as well worthy of notice as *imbroglio*, *manchineel*, *moonshee*, *paddy*, *pariah*, *pawnee*, *tom-tom*, &c. Much space is saved by the use of easy abbreviations and symbols. Exceedingly important is the brief account of the history of each word, showing especially the approximate date of its earliest introduction and use. In many cases, we should be glad of more information on this head than we can obtain; for, as Mr. Skeat justly says, the tracing-back of the vocables to the first known use is the primary rule of etymology, and all-important. He confesses, as his own experience, that, in the process of following back the words to their original use and sense, the etymology usually presented itself unasked. This result emphasises the necessity of further enlargement of our glossaries, both in new words and in new forms of words already collected, as a first step from conjecture to certainty in a large number of cases. "Kilian's strange error in connecting *woodwale* with *wood* was due, probably, to the loss of the cognate word to *wood* in Dutch," as Mr. Skeat points out. So in the case of intermediate forms:—For example, Mr. Skeat "almost certainly" identifies *quandary* with the earlier *wandreth*, but he quotes no use or undoubted form of "quandary" previous to Beaumont and Fletcher, and thus neglects to assist less agile etymologists over the difficulty of the accent on the penultimate syllable. The successive changes of meaning that words have undergone, if in like manner more fully ascertained, would be helpful etymologically; and Mr. Skeat does record such known changes where he conceives it to be absolutely necessary, although this happens but sparingly. Both as to use and as to sense, the examples of the forthcoming *opus magnum* of the Philological Society will, no doubt, clear up numerous difficulties that now baffle certain solution. But, after all, the defective literary preservation of words and forms of words will still leave the opportunity of imagining alliances where no alliances exist. A similar line of precautionary remark is much more necessary in the case of tracing words back to roots. Mr. Skeat freely invokes the names of Curtius, Fick, and others, and intends to limit himself to such cases as "scarcely admit of a doubt." The ordinary student, who lacks the experience and caution of Mr. Skeat, will do well to take very good care how he deals with

* *An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language.* By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1882.
A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. By the Same Author. Clarendon Press Series. 1882.
Contested Etymologies in the Dictionary of the Rev. W. W. Skeat. By Hensleigh Wedgwood. London: Trübner and Co.

such delicate matters as Aryan roots. Without quite following Mr. Skeat in all cases so far back, we can join with him in his scorn of the absurd treatment of English as an isolated language, and admire how clearly and forcibly he has brought out the relation of English to cognate tongues, and how firmly he has maintained the vital distinction between cognation and derivation. The comments, discussions, suggestions, and speculations, so frequently introduced, might occasionally have been cut shorter; but if there be a fault here at all, it is a fault that leans to virtue's side. A large amount of varied collateral matter forms a useful appendix.

There is endless matter of interest and entertainment in following the vicissitudes of words, on any one of Mr. Skeat's eight hundred quarto pages. It would be pleasant to trace the connection of such apparently dissimilar words as *physic*, *future*, *fecundity*, *felicity*, *be*, *boor*, and of such incongruous words as *home*, *city*, *quiet*, *cemetery*, *comic*; such accommodated forms as *causeway* and *crayfish*; such utter corruptions as *counterpane*; such hydraulic compressions as *age*; the partially common origin of *prose* and *verse*; and the secret relations of such an ominous trio as *critic*, *certain*, *garble*; and to show that *scissors* is, by rights, a plural of *chisel*; and to smile over the numerous instances of the national dropping of *h's*. But for all that, we must refer to the volume itself. We will rather turn to disputable points for a moment. Mr. Skeat, who is under no illusion as to his infallibility, will, no doubt, welcome the outspoken criticism of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, who has already announced his dissent from some two hundred of these etymologies. Mr. Wedgwood's articles are learned and ingenious, and although they frequently fail to command agreement in whole or in part, they are still in numerous points to be calmly reckoned with. In spite of a reasonable dread of the "reddin'-stroke," we cannot but remark that Mr. Wedgwood points out not a few misapprehensions and inconsistencies of Mr. Skeat's; and that, after chiding Mr. Skeat for too hasty judgment, he at once proceeds to imitate the example he has just censured. *Chap* ("fellow"), Mr. Skeat says, is an abbreviation of *chapman*. Mr. Wedgwood fancies he has demolished his adversary, when he says, "This is a bare guess, supported by no evidence that *chapman* itself was ever used in such a sense." Now, Mr. Skeat might, indeed, have pointed out (as Mr. Annandale does) the analogy of *merchant*, and especially of *customer*. (Has not "customer" undergone similar curtailment also in the American *cuss?*) But surely, since *chap* was used in the pedlar-sense of *chapman*, it is wholly unnecessary to require evidence of the use of *chapman* itself as "fellow." One cannot absolutely and out of hand reject Mr. Wedgwood's derivation from Dan. *kiæft* (or allied form), "the cheek." But he gives no definite historical explanation of the spread of the usage, and the date of the earliest known use of *chap* as "fellow" seems to tell against the presumption he raises. The plain fact is, that here we have lighted upon an accidental example of the point we were urging before,—that a more complete investigation of the actual occurrences of the vocables in literature and common speech is needed, to settle definitely even conjectures that compete for public favour on such unequal grounds as these. Or take the case of *cave in*, which Mr. Wedgwood holds to be for *calve in*. The same remarks apply; and possibly, in some similar cases, there may have been a union of streams from different origins. Meantime, the disagreement of the doctors seems to recommend tolerance of suggestions, where there is little real basis for inference (always provided that guesses are not elevated into facts), and contentment to acknowledge our grounds of uncertainty, where we cannot show with tolerable clearness the steps whereby we would fain go forward to advanced positions. Surely, Mr. Wedgwood is right as to *argosy* (for "ragusy"), and Mr. Annandale as to *cockroach* (Span., *cucaracha*). *Office* is given by Mr. Skeat as from *opi*, crude form of *opes* (wealth), hardly from *opus* (work), owing, presumably, to the difficulty of the stem *oper-*; yet elsewhere (under *operate*) he admits the derivation from *oper-*, and we are not aware that any difficulty has been made about the derivation of *officina* from *opus*, to which the same objection would lie. Mr. Skeat, unfortunately, does not treat *official*. We are glad to have Mr. Skeat's decided pronouncement that *reliable* "is by no means a new word," and that it "has completely established itself," although "many frivolous and ignorant objections have been made to it."

The school dictionary is also confined exclusively to etymological explanation. One feature of it we dislike heartily,—the inconvenient grouping of allied words together, in defiance of alphabetic arrangement. Mr. Skeat should have remembered that the principle of shirking unnecessary trouble does not exhaust itself in phonetic modifications of language; it may lead to the neglect of much useful study. If a boy turn up *able*, *average*, *binnacle*, *cohabit*, *debenture*, *debilitate*, *debt*, *deshabille*, *devoir*, *due*, *duty*, *endeavour*, *exhibit*, or *habiliment*, he finds in each case a reference to *habit*, under which they are all explained; because, forsooth, they all come from *habeo*. This is a profound mistake. Otherwise, it is a thoroughly good book. The great dictionary must find a place in every considerable library, and on the table of every serious student of English; the "Concise" dictionary will regulate the scientific study of English etymology in every secondary school.

DR. PUSEY AS A PREACHER.*

Newman has told us in his *Apologia* that Keble once said, in reply to some one who asked him if he thought a particular sermon good, "All sermons are good;" intending apparently to imply that one who listens to any sermon in the proper spirit, that is, in a reverential spirit, will reap benefit from it. Sermons of very different quality may be almost equally good to the most reverent listeners who are least in want of them; but the hardened sinner who may be touched and converted by true eloquence will listen unmoved to a dry and disjointed repetition of the most sacred truths, being unable to supply from his own dispositions the warmth and sense of reality which the preacher's words and manner fail of themselves to convey.

With regard to discourses like those in the volume before us, presented to the public divorced from the presence and manner of their author which must always be an integral part of sermons as originally delivered, they seem to us to be liable to two opposite faults. Either they will be disjointed, relying too much for their strength upon individual passages or texts of Scripture, which, when delivered with the impressive manner of a great preacher, produce a great effect, but which fall flat when they are read in the pages of a book unless they are developed and connected; or else they will be so carefully elaborated into consistent wholes, as to differ little or not at all from religious essays. Butler's sermons, with all their power and interest, supply instances of this latter defect. They are often theological essays. His chain of reasoning is generally so close, that it would destroy any one of them to cut out any appreciable portion of it. They are carefully-reasoned, argumentative treatises against the rationalism which was so prevalent in his day, and purported to demonstrate against its upholders that religion was common-sense and by no means unreasonably "enthusiastical," but on the contrary, only implied the carrying out consistently, in the order of grace, of principles admitted to be sensible and true in reference to the order of nature. But the element of exhortation, or of vividly picturing the Scriptural records, or the truths which they illustrate, or the grandeur of Christianity, or the horror of sin,—in short, those qualities in a sermon which appeal primarily to the emotions and imagination, are rarely to be found in his calm and carefully reasoned pages. The dramatic element—using the term in its highest sense, as meaning the conveying a lifelike picture of great facts and truths—is generally absent. The power of vividly feeling and conveying to others the pathos and significance of lessons to be learnt from the Scripture, which Newman has so pre-eminently, is mostly wanting in Butler. Newman's sermon on the "Parting of Friends," the last he preached at Littlemore, in which the parting of the Scriptural saints is dwelt on—David and Jonathan, Paul and Timothy, Paul and the rulers of the Church of Ephesus—and this on the eve of his own farewell to those who were so dear to him, a sermon which cannot even now be read by one who remembers the circumstances of the case without emotion, and of which we are told that, before it came to an end, the church resounded with the sobs of his hearers—is a great instance of this species of eloquence. Indeed, to our thinking, that great writer, who has excelled in nothing more than in the art of sermon-writing, has given in practice a better lesson as to the avoidance of the two faults of which we have spoken than any that could be conveyed by the statement of abstract principle. Dr. Pusey, judging by the volume before us, had a considerable share of Newman's power of vividly illustrating a moral lesson from his copious store of Scriptural knowledge. And there are some very beautiful thoughts to be

* *Sermons for the Church's Seasons from Advent to Trinity.* Selected from the Published Sermons of the late Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1883.

found throughout his sermons,—thoughts which dwell in the mind, and throw real light upon the problems of life. Where he seems, to us, to fail, is in consecutiveness. Butler's strong point is Pusey's weak one. Butler gives us a calm and serious religious essay; Pusey, a series of pious thoughts, exhortations, and lessons from Scripture, the order of which might be inverted, and some of which could be omitted, without injury to the structure of the sermon. Newman seems to combine the excellencies of both. He develops his thought not exactly in finished, logical form, but by those natural stages of human reasoning of which he has spoken in the *Grammar of Assent*, which, as representing the force of an argument without the tediousness of its full analysis, carry conviction to his hearers without imposing too great a strain upon them; and at the same time he weaves in exhortation and Scriptural illustration in such a way as to distinguish his sermons, both in style and practical effect, from mere essays.

We select for quotation a passage from the sermon, one of the most impressive in the present volume, on "God's Presence in Loneliness":—

"The restless love [in the soul] of amusement, society, outward excitement, even reading, besides any object for itself, has mainly this, to escape being alone with its own thoughts, because there it will find God. Dull often and weary will the employment be, but, like the clay used by savages to dull the pain of hunger, it stifles in the soul the sense of the presence of him whose love it knows not. And, therefore, does God so often create in the soul a still more awful loneliness, rending from it that on which its very being hung, that at length it may learn to live alone with God, when all it loved with God is withdrawn from sight. Then in those sacred, solemn hours, if these, too, it wastes not, it learns to love and to be with him whom 'none loseth but who leaveth,' that only 'place of rest imperturbable where love is not forsaken if itself forsaketh not.' Once, brethren, at least, ye must be alone; and lonely indeed is that journey, if he be not by thee who first trod it for thee, that in it thou mightest 'fear no evil.' None else can then share thy fears; none can so speak to thy heart; none, though he would die with thee, can share thy journey with thee. Alone must each give up his spirit unto him who gave it. Oh, may it not be alone, but in union with him whose words we shall soon hear,—'Father, into thine hands I commend my spirit,' and who with his own commended ours. But will he then, indeed, be with us in death, if we be not with him in life?"

This passage, beautiful and suggestive though it is, illustrates, as it stands in its context, the criticism which we have made above. It might come anywhere in the sermon. There is nothing in the earlier part leading up to it, and there is no development of it later on. Butler would have gone on to explain that the human mind is in ordinary matters limited as to the number of objects upon which it can concentrate its attention, and that if it were supposed to be made entirely for God, there is nothing unreasonable in inferring that in proportion as we fill it with other things, we must fail, in that proportion, to be united with God; and that solitude, as implying the absence of such distracting elements, affords the best opportunity for the closest union with him.

We select another, from among the numerous striking and suggestive passages to be found throughout the volume, from the sermon entitled, "Christ's Acts of Love the Christian's Model:"—

"Man mostly follows God in a perverted way. He would imitate God where God is inimitable, and not imitate God where God has formed man to imitate him. . . . . Man would imitate God in his greatness, which he cannot, and does not imitate him in his goodness, which by God's grace he can. God alone, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, sufficeth for himself, and needeth nothing out of himself. God alone is, within himself, his own bliss. God alone perfectly knoweth himself, and all things and all beings. God alone is the fountain of all good. . . . . In these things, man would idly and sinfully follow God. Man would be independent of God, as God is independent of all things, since all depend on him. Man would form his own happiness for himself, apart from the law, the will, the mind of God, and find his bliss in his own way, and be himself his own end, his God; as God is all things to himself. Man, again, would know all things, even what ought to be (he thinks, God forgive it!) the mind of God, what God ought to do, will, make, appoint, judge, reveal, although 'none knoweth the mind of God save the Spirit of God.' Man would judge the secrets of the heart, and pronounce on the innermost thoughts of the heart, although God only knoweth the heart, who made it. . . . . And while man would thus, apart from God, be what God alone can be, he neglects to become what, through God, he may be. God of his goodness promises us his likeness, the sharing of his glory, his bliss, his knowledge, his goodness. Man would have now greatness, happiness, knowledge, glory, joy of his own, apart from God's goodness; and he will not seek that goodness which God will give his redeemed and his children, if they ask him, and will with his Spirit give them all things, be all things to them!"

MR. CARTER HALL'S REMINISCENCES.*

The uses to which books may be applied are manifold. They may be serviceable from their folly, as well as from their wisdom. They may be instructive in a way that is by no means creditable to the writers. Mr. Hall has spent a large part of a long life in writing books, and should understand the somewhat common-place art of book-making; yet the two thick volumes which comprise the retrospect of his life must, on the whole, be pronounced a failure. The writer is upwards of fourscore, and much allowance is due to the weaknesses of old age. But beyond a few slips of memory, there is no sign here of intellectual decay. Feebleness of judgment there is, and a maundering utterance of pious twaddle, but we do not know that these defects have grown with years; and when Mr. Hall touches on a subject with which, like that of Ireland, he is really familiar, or when he describes a man he dislikes, there is no lack of such power as he possessed twenty or thirty years ago. It is, therefore, incumbent on us to treat the work as we should treat the productions of a younger man, although it is impossible to forget that the writer served his apprenticeship as a journalist more than half a century ago.

The first thing likely to strike a reader's eye is the loose way in which the different portions of the book are strung together. There is no literary form, and no sense apparently that the exercise of art is necessary. Then as we look further, we find, in the first place, a considerable amount of matter that is nearly, if not quite, irrelevant; and in the next, a great deal the insertion of which exhibits neither charity nor taste. Finally, and the observation goes to the good side of Mr. Hall's account, this accumulation of facts and opinions, written "almost entirely from memory," contains much that will amuse the idler, as well as interest the student of our social life.

Let us illustrate the favourable side of the volumes first. Mr. Hall can tell a story well; he is quick to perceive the points of contrast between the England of his early manhood and that of his old age. The author has seen a man flogged at the cart's tail, has seen a wife sold at Smithfield, and has been present at the cross-road burial of a suicide. He has often seen malefactors hanging in chains, was once present at a fatal duel, and relates that at one time a club existed in Galway to which no person was admitted who had not shot his man. "At Castlebar," he adds, "I was shown a pistol marked with seven notches,—each notch indicated that it had sent a bullet into an adversary!" Irish Judges were in the habit of fighting duels, and an officer in the Army seldom escaped from the ordeal. Of imprisonment for debt, and of the filthy condition of the prisons, dismal stories are told; and worse still, in the early years of the century, was the melancholy condition of lunatics:—

"In 1820," says Mr. Hall, "I was intimate with the superintendent of the Public Insane Asylum at Cork, and was frequently his visitor, and a witness of deeds that often made me shudder. Pass through any of the corridors, you were sure to hear the moans, sometimes the shrieks, and always the clanking chains, of the miserable prisoners who were kept in darkness and solitude as a remedy for their mental affliction, and whose appeal for mercy were heard only by the stone wall of a cell ten feet by eight. . . . . A keeper, armed with a heavy whip, kept order among the miserable wretches, who in general retained just enough reason to be sensible of fear. As to consideration, sympathy, or mercy, they received none. Yet, as a rule, there was no deliberate or intentional cruelty. The brutal part of the treatment was only part of a system universally believed in."

There were grievances of another order in those days which justified the dogged exertions of men like Joseph Hume. Children of ten were sometimes officers, and in receipt of the King's pay; and a lady was once a cornet of dragoons, her commission having been dated before she was born. Mr. Hall says:

"My brother, killed at Albuera in 1811, was an officer in my father's regiment, were regimentals, and received pay when he was eight years old. There was no discredit attached to such appointments. It was one of the colonel's 'perquisites.' The abominable practice was put a stop to by the Duke of York."

The writer does not, however, think that change has been always on the side of progress, and asks if aught has been gained by exchanging Vauxhall for those "places redolent of drink and debauchery," the London music-halls? At no period of its existence, he writes, "was the place subjected to any charge of impropriety, far less of vice. The respectable citizen took his wife and daughters to Vauxhall, without scruple or dread." We are afraid this agreeable picture of Vauxhall was not altogether a true one, even in Mr. Hall's younger days. To

* *Retrospect of a Long Life, from 1815 to 1883.* By S. C. Hall, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Bentley and Son.

what uses the Gardens were sometimes turned in the last century may be seen in the *Citizen of the World* and in *Evelina*. He is right in saying that the coarse swearing once common to men of all ranks is now unheard in decent society, and under this heading the author relates a good anecdote, which he had from the late Chief Justice Doherty. It is worth quoting, although, like several stories told in these volumes, it may be already familiar to some readers :—

"I remember an anecdote of a Bishop of Cork, who, voyaging across the Channel in one of the sailing packets, was much shocked by the oaths of the captain, and from reasoning and entreaty came to somewhat angry protest. 'Ye see, my lord,' said the captain, 'unless I swear, my men won't obey me!'—'Try them,' urged the bishop; 'try them!' So the skipper at last agreed to do so; but, unknown to his lordship, he arranged a little comedy with the crew. Very soon it came on to blow fresh. 'Tom,' cried the captain, 'coil that rope.' Tom never moved, but stood chewing his quid. 'Jack, Bill, Harry,' said the skipper, 'just oblige me by taking in the top-sail.' Not a man stirred. The wind howled more and more loudly; the vessel plunged heavily through the waves. Then the skipper turned to the pale-faced bishop, who was watching the result of the experiment. 'My lord, my lord!' said he, in a terrified undertone, 'what am I to do? If my men won't obey me, we must all go to the bottom.'—'Well,' said the bishop, slowly and reluctantly, 'under the circumstances I—I think you may—swear—a little.' No sooner said than done; a volley of oaths sent Jack, Bill, and Harry aloft and about as quick as lightning; sails were furled, ropes coiled, and no more warnings against the sin of profanity were heard during that voyage at least."

In order to tell another anecdote, we may turn to a passage upon "Faction Fights in Ireland," now also among the evils of the past. The tale does not illustrate the heading, but it shows how an Irishman will sometimes use his stick from sheer love of the exercise :—

"I was visiting a magistrate in Kerry County, when a stalwart fellow was brought in a prisoner, charged with nearly killing an old, bald-headed man, whose head was a bloody mass. Being asked to swear information against the accused who had wounded him, the injured man was silent, and on being pressed absolutely refused. 'What was it this fellow did to you?' asked the magistrate.—'Nothing,' was the answer. The magistrate turned to the culprit—'Are you not ashamed,' he said, 'to have half killed this old man, who will not even give information against you? Had you any ill-will to him?'—'Oh! none at all, your honour; I never saw him before to-day.'—'Then what made you do it?'—'Well, I'll tell yer honour God's truth. Ye see, I came late into the fair; luck was agin me, for all the fighting was over; so, as I was strutting about, looking for some boy to cross a stick wid, I saw this poor man's bald head poked out of a slit of the tent that he might cool it; and it looked so inviting that, for the sowl o' me, I couldn't help hitting the blow.'"

Ireland, we may observe, is so blent with Mr. Hall's earliest recollections, that when on Irish ground or describing Irish men, he has generally something to say that is worthy of note. If he has a humorous incident to tell, it is generally of Irish origin. Here is what Mr. Hall describes as a new story illustrative of the ready wit of the Irish :—

"Two boys were sleeping together; one was Catholic, the other Protestant. When they woke in the morning, the latter thought to get a rise of the former. 'Oh!' said the one, 'I had a horrid drame last night.'—'Well, tell it to us,' said the other.—'Well, I will,' said the Protestant boy. 'Ye see, I dramed that I saw Purgathory opened, and all the Papists fell down into hell.'—'Och, murder!' exclaimed the Catholic boy, 'the poor Protestants,—*won't they be crushed!*'"

Mr. Hall's weak side is seen in his comments on the character or intellectual ability of the men whom he has known intimately or slightly. He can sometimes praise extravagantly, as in his allusion to the "glorious memory" of Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and in his estimate of Thomas Moore as "one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius." He can blame, too, with uncalled-for severity, as in his cruel remarks upon Landor. Mr. Hall has, of course, a right to his opinions. His criticisms, if wrong, may be honest, but he is not justified, no writer can be, in attempting to estimate a man's inner life, or pronouncing on his future state. For an illustration of this vice, the reader may turn to page 125 in the second volume of the *Retrospect*.

Gossip about well-known people, whether kindly or the reverse, will always allure readers, and the author's recollections are likely to secure attention. Miss Edgeworth receives nothing but praise, and deserves it. In figure she must have been as tiny as Scott's Fenella. "Travelling in a mail-coach, there was a little boy also a passenger, who, wanting to take something from the seat, asked her if she would be so kind as to stand up. 'Why, I am standing up,' she answered. The lad looked at her with astonishment, and then, realising the verity of her declaration, broke out with, 'Well, you are the very littlest lady I ever did see!'" A generous, kindly word also is given to Miss Landon, once a popular authoress, and now, unless it be for her sad fate, utterly forgotten. The Rev. Robert Montgomery, "not the poet, but the author of *Satan* and *Woman*," is said to have a place "among British poets of the century." Mr. Ainsworth, who, by the way, received a pension from the Government, is stated to have effected an enormous amount of evil, which Mr. Hall hopes was repented of before the novelist died. Then we read of Douglas Jerrold, that no one ever accused him of generosity or sympathy; of Croly, against whom there seems to be a personal feeling, that he hated his opponents with a hatred at once irrational and un-Christian; of Lady Morgan, who was "vain, gay, and charming to the last," that one evening Mrs. Hall said to her, "Why, Lady Morgan, you are really looking very well!" "No such thing, my dear," she answered, "it's the rouge, it's the rouge!" of Lady Blessington, that "God intended her to be good"; of Rogers, that his heart was shrivelled and his soul contracted,—a most unjust accusation; of Miss Martineau, that her nature was without geniality, indulgence, or mercy; of Longfellow, that his place among the poets of the century is, perhaps, next to Wordsworth; and of Coleridge, that he was among the first of talkers, and among the least of doers, a judgment which considering Coleridge's work as a poet and as a thinker, we beg leave to question. His poetry is surely immortal in its loveliness, and no man of the century has scattered more lavishly the seeds of thought. Here we must close a desultory notice of a rambling, but entertaining book. It would be easy to point out errors of quotation and slips of memory, but these are venial faults, in an author who commenced his life with the century.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Westminster Review, July. (Trübner and Co.)—The first article in this number deals with the subject of the blasphemy laws. It is temperately written, and certainly exposes various inconsistencies in legal expositions of these statutes. The conclusion to which the writer comes, that the laws should be repealed altogether, is one to which we do not feel inclined to assent. It is scarcely satisfactory to say that "no one need look at these 'blasphemous' publications unless he chooses." The writer can hardly be aware of the militant character which these attacks on Christian belief have assumed. They are literally "offensive." They are not things which can be ignored. They make themselves felt just as blows are felt. There is an interesting retrospect of the Corn-Law-Repeal movement, and an article, written from the point of view of a person acquainted with the subject, on "Compulsory Compensation for Agricultural Improvements." The other articles are "Lord Chancellor Hatherley," "Classic Conceptions of Heaven and Hell," "Wallenstein in the Drama;" while, in the "independent section," the subject of the "Payment of Members and Colonial Corruption" is discussed.

The Magazine of Art.—The frontispiece of this number is Mr. Val Prinsep's "At the Golden Gate," and there is a sketch of the artist's career, containing, by the way, some curious information about the birthplaces of some of our most eminent painters. Another famous Academy picture is Mr. Alma Tadema's "Way to the Temple;" this seems to lose more even than engravings commonly lose from the absence of the brilliant colour. Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt's "Craven and the Dales" is an interesting account of picturesque country, illustrated with some attractive sketches by Mr. W. H. J. Boot. There are some striking illustrations of interior and furniture from Dorchester House. Among the other articles which make up a good number may be mentioned an account of "Later Gothic Glass in England." We notice a curious misprint in the table of contents,—"All Saints, *Oxford*," for "All Saints, *York*." "Gothic glass" in Dean Aldrich's classic church would be a curiosity indeed.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine* (Simpkin and Marshall) does good service by its articles on "Money's Worth in Our Army." The list of offices, which in some cases must be very nearly sinecures, in the department of "Stores" is quite surprising. The "Historical Records of the Household Cavalry" contains some interesting details about the services of the corps at Waterloo, particularly appropriate, now that they have won fresh laurels in Egypt; but surely the private scandals which are mentioned might have been very well omitted. There is nothing "historical" about them. "Navies of the World" supplies us with details about the Turkish Fleet.—*Harper's Monthly Magazine* (Sampson Low and Co.) gives us sundry readable articles. "The Heart of the Alleghanies" is very prettily illustrated with wood and river scenes; and there is a pleasant narrative of personal experiences of travel, under the title of "The Canadian Habitant." The visitor from the States seems to have been very favourably impressed by the simplicity, integrity, and

kindly temper of the French Canadian. He sees in his family circle "an atmosphere of virtue, courtesy, quietness, contentment; but you miss very sadly even a spark of intellectual light, or a suggestion of the possibility of progress." "The British Yoke" reviews the insane proceedings of the British Government with respect to their American Colonies; and there are some lively sketches of French military men and things, from the pen and pencil of Mr. R. F. Zogbaum.

We are glad to see that there has been sufficient appreciation on the part of the public for a poem that, though not of the first rank, is one of the noteworthy productions of this generation, as to call for a new edition of *Ranolf and Amohia; a Dream of Two Lives.* 2 vols. By Alfred Domett. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) There is much in Mr. Domett's philosophy and creed, or, perhaps, we should rather say, negation of creed, with which we cannot agree, but we willingly recognise the elements of thoughtfulness and beauty that are to be found in this work. *Ranolf and Amohia* wants compression, for it can hardly claim to occupy a space not far short of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" combined. It has some tedious and prosaic passages; but it has made for itself, we should say, a distinct place in the literature of the day. Of this, however, we have spoken before. Let it suffice, on the present occasion, to welcome its reappearance, and to give readers who may not be acquainted with it a specimen. The poet, in his concluding canto, is combating the theory that man is a creature of chance:—

"What! shall the very winds of heaven that rise,
And sink, and run their seeming reckless round,
Like Tartar cavalry scouring the wide skies,
Intractable and trackless! shall all these,
And every storm that tears the limitless seas,
Ranging the ocean's amplitude, be found
Obedient to fixed Law, to Order bound?—
Shall all that shifting, swift Aurora-dance,
These phantom revels round the secret Poles,
Be set to God-made music that controls
And bids each brilliant spasm up-leap and glance,
By happy rule, harmonious governance;
Yet this,—Humanity's abounding Mould,
The ever-active matrix manifold
Of Spirit, restless round Earth's millions rolled,
This vast machinery for making Souls,
Be but chaotic Force, the child of Chance?"

Register of Merchant Taylors' School. By the Rev. Charles J. Robinson. Vol. I. (Farncombe and Co., Lewes.)—Merchant Taylors' School possesses a register of scholars admitted which is almost complete since the foundation, in 1561. Mr. Robinson has had the public spirit to publish this register, adding notes to all the names about which he has been able to discover anything. He has thus done good service, not only to old scholars of the school, but to all interested in historical and genealogical study, and we sincerely hope that he will be repaid, if not for his trouble, for this can hardly be hoped, yet for his outlay. The first volume (the only one yet published) begins with a brief historical sketch of the Head Masters. These gentlemen seem, in the earlier days of the school, to have had a somewhat stormy life. William Hayne, the fourth in the list, was removed. William Staple, the seventh, resigned, "for fear of a Parliamentary Committee." William Dugard, his successor, was removed in February, 1649, restored in September of the following year, and then again removed in 1661. During his deprivation, in 1649-50, his office was held by a certain John Stevens; and Dugard celebrated his return by the following epigram, which he wrote in the "Probation" book:—

"Dugardum sequitur Stephanus, Stephanumque vicissim
Dugardus: sortes versat utriusque Deus."

Much sympathy seems to have followed Dugard on his second removal. He opened a private school in the neighbourhood ("privatam scholam, in vico vulgo dicto Coleman Street, aperui," he says). Into that school, between July, 1661, and September, 1662, when he died, he admitted no less than 277 boys. His successor, John Wood, was not happy in his place. "He quitted his office, for suspicions of being inclined to the Romish Communion." Ambrose Berwicke, who was next but one to him in succession, was removed for Nonjuring scruples. In the first two hundred years, there are sixteen names of Head Masters; in the next one hundred and twenty, not more than six. In the register of scholars, the first name is Edmund Spenser. Among those that follow are not a few curiosities,—Palaeologus, for instance, and Terrabosco. Under the year 1648, we have the unusual phenomenon of a triple Christian name, "Anastasius Cotton Jackson Lightfoot." There is a strange, dark entry, "John Brand, only son of *John*, Merchant Taylor, b. at Thurlstone, co. Leic., May, 1638;" and the same name, with another date, "May 29, 1639." To both Dugard appends the note, under the same date, "tabe confectus, vitam cum morte commutavit." Some of Dugard's Latin renderings of modern trades are amusing. "Glover" is *chirothecarius*; "basket-maker" is *vietor*; "dancing-master," *tripudiarius*; "ostler," *stabulo*; "embroiderer," *plumarius*; and "fishmonger," strangely enough, *piscinarius*. On the departure of a promising scholar, as we may conjecture, he enters the sarcastic note, "Scholae valedixit, mercatori protinus seso in servitutem dicaturus." It is interesting to observe the effect of the Great Plague on the entries. Under June, 1665, there are but fifteen names, and the usual September list is wanting altogether. Among the June fifteen is the name of "Titus Oates." "A contemporary MS. note in the Probation-book calls him, 'The Saviour of the nation, first discoverer of that damnable, hellish, Popish plot, in 1678.' In another and later handwriting, is added, 'Perjured upon record, and a scoundrel fellow.'"

The Senior Songman. By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—This story is of slender material, as this writer's stories are now apt to be, but it is well told. One of the singers in Crawlborough Minster (not a very happy name, we are inclined to think) has loved in his youth an Italian girl. She leaves him for a richer suitor. He takes her daughter to his home, and she also leaves him, not for love's sake, but for fame. Beyond this there is very little incident, though there is a secret, which, however, is no secret at all, about the daughter's birth. There is pathos in the tale, though we get a little wearied of the reiteration, somewhat in Dickens's later manner, of the same point. But there are mechanical defects in the story, which detract from the pleasure of reading it. The desertion of Nanni the elder should hardly have been put so many years after the visit to Italy. She must have been then over thirty, and sympathy is checked by the reflection that a woman of that age ought to have been able to take care of herself. Then there is a difficulty about the age of Dean Barbegan. He is five-and-thirty when the "Senior Songman" is a "little lad," say of ten. When the hero is thirty-seven he is still Dean, and presumably above sixty. Nanni the second now comes upon the scene, an infant of three months. She grows to be seventeen, when she leaves Crawlborough, to win money and fame as a singer. This brings our Dean very nearly to eighty. Another year elapses, and the secret of Nanni's parentage is made known. And then Dr. Barbegan is promoted to a better Deanery in a southern county. Surely this promotion came a little late. We may ask, too, whether a writer versed in cathedral matters should speak of *the* minor canon and *the* vicar-choral, as as if these officials were unique in the cathedral body? And why is the church sometimes a "minster," and sometimes a "cathedral"?

Hymni Usitati Latine Redditi. By James Anthony Lawson, LL.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Most of these hymns are rendered into classical metres; some are put into the more usual form of rhymed verse. We must own to a preference for the second course, chiefly for this reason, that classical forms seem to demand strictly classical language, and this it is very difficult to apply consistently in these versions. But Mr. Justice Lawson is certainly happier in his classical than in his mediæval efforts. We cannot find much melody in this version of the first stanza of "The Son of God goes forth to War:"—

"Deus-homo, bellum gessurus, [presumably, "gesturus,"]
Egreditur triumphaturus,
Coronam regiam sumpturus:
Praecedit illum
Rubrum vexillum,—
Quis comitatur Dominum?
Qui plenum poculum maeroris
Exhausit, patiens doloris,
Et crucem sustinet, amoris
Divini signum,
Salutis lignum,—
Is comitatur Dominum."

In others we find many imperfect rhymes,—"reatum, paratam," "inquinatus, cruentatas," "mansurum, naturam," "refugit, luget," "crueiatum, firmitatem." Has the writer any authority for *exortura*, and for *reclino* in an intransitive usage, or for the archaic form *moriri* in an alcaic? Of course, *obserit*, in xv., 18, is meant for "obserat." But it would be ungracious to do nothing more than pick holes in what is an elegant and scholarly performance, worthy of its distinguished author. Here is the version of "Lo! He comes, with clouds descending":—

"En! ipse vectus nubibus advenit,
Occisus olim, nobilis hostia,
Pro stirpe Adami: nunc redempti
Millibus innumeris triumphum
Augent sequentes; regna labantia
Mundi recedunt, ipse regit Deus,
Diraque maiestate cinctus
Ante oculos manifestus ardet;
Christum probrose qui dederant neci,
Ausi sacratam illudere victimam,
Illi gementes, nunc eundem
Conspicient solio sedentem.
Sperata dudum nunc oritur dies,
Superne tandem deveniens, suos
Ad cærula arreptos per auram
Excipiet Dominus Redemptor.
En! Alleluia, laeta dies adest,
Amen! per orbem laudibus efferant
Gentes, sedentem sempiterno
In solio Dominum per ævum.
Salvator, assume imperium Tuum,
Regnique habenas iam Tibi debitas;
Optate tantum, ne moreris,
O Deus! O Domine, advenito!"

Rambla—Spain. By the Author of "Other Countries." (Sampson Low and Co.)—The author has not much to tell us about Spain. How can any traveller have much who, as is ingenuously confessed in this volume, does not know anything about the language? His most novel observation, as far as our experience goes, is that there is a great deal of *noise* in Spain, more noise, one would think, than is

in proportion to the industry of the country. Still, the volume is quite readable. The author writes pleasantly, has a certain power of good-humoured observation, and comments and moralises with fairness and good-sense.

On Blue Water. By J. F. Keane. (Tinsley Brothers.)—"Blue water" is the water that we meet with some three or four hundred miles from land, where the depth is not less than a hundred fathoms. The most remarkable of the experiences which Mr. Keane has to relate concerns sharks, animals of which he seems to have a mean opinion. He gives us an account of some elaborate tackle contrived by himself for the capture of these monsters, and adds some very horrible details, which might, we think, have been very well spared, as to the cruelties—and we quite agree with our author that we may be cruel even to sharks—that are sometimes practised upon them. We have also some incidents of sport, or rather holiday-making, in the Sunderbunds, and a strange account of life on board an American merchantman. Mr. Keane thinks, and is doubtless right in thinking, that there are many things which might be altered for the better in our shipping arrangements; the legal scale of provisions, for instance, he says, is but just enough to keep a man alive. But the system cannot be so very bad, considering that we contrive, somehow, to do so large a portion of the carrying trade of the world. Mr. Keane's book, though it scarcely contains matter proportionate to its size, is always readable, and sometimes more.

Flosculi Graeci Boreales; sive Anthologia Graeca Aberdoniensis. Contexuit Gulielmus D. Geddes. (Macmillan.)—This is a collection of Greek verse, chiefly iambic translations from English dramatists, which Professor Geddes has collected and edited, and to which he has himself made a very considerable contribution. There is much elegant work in it, and we especially welcome its appearance, in these days of "rebuke and blasphemy," when men do not scruple to speak light of an accomplishment which our fathers, perhaps going a little to the other extreme, thought a sufficient qualification for a bishop. We give a specimen, not of the iambics, but of a less common metre. It is the last stanza of "A Man's a Man for a' That." We give the English, which every one may not remember:—

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be, for a' that:"

"Εὐχώμεθ' οὖν ταχ' ἥκειν
καὶ γὰρ σαφέσταθ' ἥξει,
χρόνον τὸν εὐπόθητον,
ὅτε πανταχοῦ τὸ κῦδος
σοφίη δίκη τ' ἀρεῖται.
ἀπόλοιτο δ' αὐτόπρεμνα
ἔρις, φθόνος, σκότος τε,
ὅμως δὲ πανταχοῦ γῆς
ἄνθρωπον ὡς ἀδελφόν
ἄνθρωπος ἀσπάσαιτο."

Emanuel Swedenborg: the Man and his Works. By Edmund Swift, Junior. (James Speirs.)—We cannot find that Mr. Swift tells us anything that is new about Swedenborg; but he brings into prominence some facts that are not sufficiently borne in mind, when the character of the man is to be estimated. The common idea of him is included in the one statement that he was a visionary. But it is forgotten that till he was nearly sixty years of age, he was known as an acute man of business, and one who had studied science with very considerable success. It is this scientific eminence of his—and in this respect he was much in advance of his age, anticipating in outline some of the discoveries of modern times—that makes his attitude as a seer all the more remarkable. There is nothing that we can remember quite like it in the history of the human mind. Of course, there is the resource of saying that in his latter years he was deranged. But of this derangement there is no kind of evidence. On the contrary, there is very strong testimony to the fact of his complete sanity. "Never," says one who seems to have been a competent witness, "did he manifest during his whole life the slightest symptom of aberration." Still, the difficulty of classing his mind remains. It must be confessed, indeed, that his habit of interspersing his "personal narrations," *i.e.*, descriptions of his interviews with spirits, good and bad, among his books of exegesis and speculation, produces an impression of strangeness that it is difficult to reconcile with the idea of perfect soundness of mind. Whether he was possessed of this or no, it is certain that in sanctity of life, unselfishness, and complete devotion to duty, he was quite admirable. Mr. Swift's book, though not very attractive in style, may be useful as an introduction to those who know nothing of Swedenborg. He is certainly a phenomenon worth studying.

Sermons. By the late Rev. H. R. Huckin, D.D. (Bemrose and Sons.)—We are glad to welcome this memorial of the life and work of a good and able man, who was cut off in the very prime of his life. Dr. Huckin, without possessing great abilities or learning, had just that practical power and aptitude in bringing his knowledge to bear on what was in hand that makes a good schoolmaster. The school in whose service he died, when little more than forty years of age, will not soon forget him; while his friends will cherish the memory of a thoroughly genuine man. And these sermons, mostly preached in the chapel of Repton School, are not unworthy of him. They are published just as he left them. He might have elaborated them more, it may be, had he lived to correct them; but they are not the less interesting, because we see them just as they came from his mind. The first sermon, on "Unity," is especially good; it dwells, among other things, on the ideal of a school, and in thoughtfulness and power it rises to and maintains a very high level. Here is a fine passage:—

"You must idealise your school, if you are to feel the emotion of public spirit, which at once can make you a blessing to the place, and the place a blessing to you. You are members of a visible body, but the visible body is but a collection of isolated members, until it is animated with the one impulse which gives it life. It is only when the life-giving spirit, call it by what name you will, loyalty, enthusiasm, patriotism, the consciousness of a great work to be done, a great contest to be waged, a great victory to be won, is breathed into the members, that a school becomes a living thing. And you must rise to this conception; you must shake off selfish aims, put away base, mean, ungenerous feelings, before you can make out of the school that which it ought to be. It is one of the unrealised functions of the imagination to create the truest and most abiding realities."

The fourth sermon, again, on "Unconscious Sin," is full of a very powerful, if somewhat sombre, eloquence. "Absalom," again, is made the subject of an excellent discourse to boys. For its own sake, as well as for the sake of its writer, this is a book to be valued.

Like Ships upon the Sea. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. 2 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—Journalism, commercial speculation, and politics, as these pursuits are followed in Rome, form the main subject of Mrs. Trollope's novel. We cannot pretend to judge of her descriptions, further than to say that they make very lively reading. The thread of the story to which these descriptions are attached is but slight. A young English girl goes over to Rome, and falls in love with an Italian officer, a young fellow with some good in him, but of doubtful principles, whom she invests with all the virtues under the sun. He is as genuinely attached to her as his nature permits. Anxious to acquire means sufficient to make marriage possible, he involves himself in speculations, which turn out as such things commonly do. Hence a catastrophe, which the reader may discover for himself. Mario Masi—that is the hero's name—is a well-drawn character. The heroine is somewhat colourless. But the best thing in the book, in our judgment, is a personage who comes upon the scene somewhat late, and plays a humble part, but whom we are always glad to see. This is Kitty Low, whom we may describe as one of the Poyser race. Mrs. Trollope has a decided gift for saying smart things, and things, too, that are better than smart; and Kitty Low is a very convenient mouthpiece, when it is not suitable for her to say them in her own person. How true is the following, as a description of two ways of regarding life!—"The Signora liked the poor, misguided Captain, and was kind to him. And besides, she has not got her mind so full of the right and wrong of it as we have. She looks at human beings more as we look at weather,—something that must be taken as it is, and can't be mended." Here are some things of Mrs. Trollope's own:—"His credulity did not extend to dogmas which implied restraining rules of conduct, but it was wide and easy for superstitious and hopeful chances." "These Englishwomen seemed to him to possess that charm of helplessness and inexperience which so endear women to the men who are not called to take care of them through life." And this, *à propos* of advertisements:—"Advertisements are to modern journalism what gunpowder is to artillery. Your thunderous leading article may be a very heavy projectile, but it is the expansive force of the patent-medicine vendor, the auctioneer, and the silk mercer, that makes it travel."

We have received:—*London in* 1883, by Herbert Fry, the third annual issue of a handy and useful guide to the metropolis; *Academy Sketches*, 1883, edited by Henry Blackburn. (Allen and Co.)—Volume III. of *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, A.D. 1540-1883; "Sketches" to "Sumer is icumen in." (Macmillan.)—Johnston's new *Map of South Africa*, mounted on linen, with index, and neatly bound in cloth.—*The Handbook of Jamaica*, published by authority, and compiled from official sources by A. C. Sinclair and L. R. Fyfe. (E. Stanford.)—*Health in Schools*, being an addition to the series of "Health Primers" issued by D. Bogue.—*Stepping-stones to Thrift.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)—*Needlework and Cutting-out*, by Kate Stanley, F.R.B.S. (E. Stanford.)—*Home Nursing and Sick-room Appliances*, by E. C. C. Lückes. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*Guide to the Isle of Thanet.* (Hutchings and Crowsley.)

Magazines, &c.—We have received the following for August:—*L'Art.*—*Art and Letters*, which opens with the first of a series of papers on "Bookbinding."—Part 10 of *Greater London.*—*Journal of the*

Statistical Society.—Army and Navy Magazine.—Nautical Magazine.—Pitman's Shorthand Magazine.—The *Sanitary Record.—Tinsley's Magazine*, and its summer number.—*London Society.—Chambers's Journal.—Cassell's Magazine.—Good Words.—All the Year Round*, containing the opening chapters of a new serial story by Theo. Gift.—The *Leisure Hour* and the *Girls' Own Paper.*—The *Sunday at Home*, in which a new serial story, by M. M. Pollard, is commenced.—*Letts's Household Magazine.*—No. 3 of the new series of *Africa.—Friendly Greetings.—The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.—The Ladies' Treasury.*—The *North-American Review.*—The *Atlantic Monthly.*

We have received a number of penny Guides to *The Rhine, The Channel Islands, The Isle of Man*, &c. (F. E. Longley), which are undoubtedly cheap and portable, for they do not weigh more than an ounce each. In the same connection, we acknowledge the receipt of *Holidays in Holland, A Trip to the Ardennes*, and *The Moselle*, three additions to the clearly-printed and well-illustrated series of penny holiday guide-books edited by Percy Lindley.

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It is proposed that the Election shall take place early in September, and it is desirable that the person elected should be prepared to enter upon his duties at the commencement of the next term, which is fixed for September 19th.

The Head Master must be a member of the Church of England, and a Graduate of some University within the British Empire.

Particulars as to duties and emoluments, and all other requisite information, may be obtained on application to the CLERK to the GOVERNORS, at the Offices of the School, Market Street, Wakefield.

Wakefield, August 3rd, 1883.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will BEGIN on October 1st.

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Prospectuses and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, &c. (value about £2,000), may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.

The Examination for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 26th and 27th.

The SCHOOL for BOYS will REOPEN on September 25th.

The College is close to the Gower-Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.

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NEXT TERM COMMENCES FRIDAY, September 21st. New Boys to arrive September 20th. Entrance Examination, September 21st, at 9 a.m.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

No. 2,877.] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883. [Registered for Transmission Abroad. Price ...6d. By Post, 6½d.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A VERY disheartening and discreditable scene took place in the House of Commons on Monday night, in a discussion on the charges for criminal prosecutions in Ireland. The Irish party, headed by Mr. Healy, while protesting that they did not in the least wish to express sympathy with crime, made a violent attack on the Irish Administration for its prosecutions of criminals, making every individual case in which crime had been detected and punished to which they alluded at all, the subject of violent accusations that the Crimes Act had been used to oppress the innocent and to restrict the liberty of the poor. Mr. Healy spoke of the war between tenant and landlord—including, apparently, assassinations—as civil war for which an "amnesty" ought to be proclaimed; Mr. Harrington declared that "perfect knowledge" of Myles Joyce's innocence was in the hands of the Lord-Lieutenant when he ordered his execution,—"perfect knowledge" being altered, on the expostulation of the Chairman of Committees, into "perfect evidence," if the Lord-Lieutenant had chosen to avail himself of it; Mr. O'Brien said that "in the opinion of nine Irishmen out of every ten," the system of criminal prosecutions in Ireland,—which he described as "infamous,"—was "responsible for the greater number of crimes committed last winter,"—which only shows, if it be true, that that system must have been greatly ameliorated, since the number of crimes committed last winter was so very much smaller than the number committed in the winter previous. Further, Mr. Healy called Mr. George Bolton, the Crown Solicitor in Dublin, "the most blackguard and profligate ruffian in the service of the Crown," and after Mr. Bolton had been most effectively defended by Mr. Gibson, Mr. T. P. O'Connor said that the impression produced in Ireland was that a Court of Justice was being degraded to the position of a Ribbon lodge. But, so far as we can follow Mr. T. P. O'Connor's opinions, that, so far from being a degradation of a Court of Justice, would, in his eyes, be a great feather in its cap.

The saddest part of the exhibition, however, was Mr. Parnell's speech. After Mr. Trevelyan had pointed out in a very able speech that what incensed the Irish party was the successful detection of crime at all, and that in the first ten cases of that detection, capital punishment had been inflicted not for offences against the rich, but for the most horrible outrages on the poor, Mr. Parnell accused Mr. Trevelyan of being almost as bad as Mr. Forster,—a recognised Irish formula for exciting odium against any statesman,—and went on to assert that the Crimes Act, so far from being used to protect the poor, had been used for "the unexampled oppression of the humble people of the country." And, unfortunately, Mr. Parnell's words are taken seriously as gospel truth in Ireland,—one of the most melancholy instances of the strong delusion under which whole peoples labour, which modern history can produce.

Mr. Childers's National Debt Bill passed through Committee on Monday, the Irish party showing a certain unexpected favour towards it, on the very same night on which they had made so grave an attack on the Irish Government. Sir J. McKenna, who evidently wished to defeat the Bill, was ostentatiously deserted by the Irish party. This Bill is a real legislative gain of the first class, and renders the discharge of one of the nation's first duties pretty safe. We owe the Government hearty thanks for it.

The Bankruptcy Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons on Tuesday, amidst something like general acclamation as to the ability shown by Mr. Chamberlain in his conduct of the Bill though the Grand Committee. Mr. Dillwyn especially, who had not been sanguine as to the working of the Grand Committees, expressed, in the most cordial manner, his pleasure at the success of this Bill, and the hope which it raised in him of the utility of these Grand Committees. All that has been said of Mr. Chamberlain's lucidity and tact in the manipulation of this Bankruptcy Bill is fully deserved. At the same time, it must be admitted that he had a very much easier task to achieve than that of Sir Henry James in the Grand Committee on Law. It was different in this way. In the Grand Committee on Trade were gathered a number of men who really desired to have this particular experiment tried for the benefit of trade. They desired this in their own interest, and desired it much more than they desired to gain repute as critics of a Bankruptcy measure. On the other hand, in the Grand Committee on Law were assembled a number of lawyers who cared exceedingly little whether a special penal code were enacted this year or next year, or not at all. Their interests were not involved in either carrying it or rejecting it. But it was for the interest of a great many of them to get a name for acute and successful legal criticism, and hence, to some extent, Sir Henry James's failure. By all accounts, Sir Henry James showed hardly less tact and temper than Mr. Chamberlain; but he had a very much less tractable body of colleagues.

The Spanish military risings have come to nothing,—though it is said that they have occurred at many more places than have been reported,—and it is now asserted that they were the consequences of a hybrid plot in France,—half Republican, half Stock-Exchange,—which was got up for the purpose of combining Stock-Exchange gambling with Republican propagandism. What some of the Spanish journals assert is that £30,000 sterling was subscribed in Paris for the purpose of tampering with Spanish regiments supposed to be disaffected, and so creating a pronunciamiento against the Alfonsist dynasty. Señor Ruiz Zorrilla, whose name was used for the purpose of exciting Republican feeling, has, it is declared, been made a tool of by the Stock-Exchange gamblers of the neighbouring Republic, and the opposition journals in Spain are very indignant with the Ministry for their want of vigilance in the matter, and their failure to denounce the French meddlers. As yet, these rumours are vague and unverified; but certainly the sporadic military risings, destitute, as they have been, of tenacity and zeal, do look more like a bribed and spurious disaffection than genuine sedition, —though it is clear enough that Alfonso has as yet obtained no strong hold on the loyalty of his army. Probably there is a good deal of semi-brigandage still prevalent in Spain. We observe that a train between Barcelona and Granoller was stopped and pillaged on Tuesday by only thirty armed men. That does not look like a political rising, but does look like a fresh access of craving for the old, loose, adventurous brigandage.

Nothing has come out yet as to the nature of Admiral Pierre's arbitrary proceedings at Tamatave, or of the demands made on the French Government by Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet.

The letters from Tamatave seem to show that there was very great irritation on the part of the English there at the high-handedness of the French commander, and it is clear that in denying Mrs. Shaw,—who only reached Tamatave to find her husband in arrest,—the opportunity even of speaking a few words to him from a boat alongside of the French man-of-war, Admiral Pierre acted with unnecessary harshness. Still, there is, we hope, no chance of any international misunderstanding, and the British Government are wise in not making any detailed statement to Parliament on the subject, while negotiations are still going on between them and France. It would be hardly possible to make such a statement without irritating English feeling, and if English feeling were once irritated, it would be hardly possible for the Government of France to make reparation without seeming to the sensitive French people to be yielding to threats.

The latest news from Anam appeared to point to the intention of the French force there to make an attack on the capital, Hué, capture it, and set up some ruler who would favour the French alliance, and be virtually a puppet in French hands. The story goes that Hué is to be attacked about the 20th inst., the Admiral sending gunboats of light draft over the river bar to assist the French forces against the capital of Anam, which, according to the rumour in question, has no real power of resistance. If this be the intention of the French commanders, no doubt they hope to get the Chinese Government to recognise the Sovereign whom France may choose, and to invest him with authority from Pekin. That is a very pleasant dream to indulge, but the Chinese Government is not quite wax in the hands of imperious foreigners, and we shall be much surprised if the French diplomacy should succeed. If it fails, it will be almost impossible for the French nominee to secure the allegiance of the Anamites without a regular French conquest of the whole country.

On Friday week, Lord Fortescue asked a remarkable question. He inquired of the Government, in the House of Lords, whether they would consider the practicability of introducing into the Agricultural Holdings Bill some provision for alleviating the great hardship suffered by the family of any clergyman, "if he died while occupying his glebe, as many clergymen had latterly found themselves reluctantly compelled to do." Amidst shouts of laughter, Lord Carlingford replied that he believed he understood Lord Fortescue's drift,—*i.e.*, we suppose, that the excellent though ungrammatical Earl had intended to indicate the reluctance with which the clergyman had undertaken to farm his own glebe, not, as his words said, the reluctance with which he found himself compelled to die,—but that it was impossible to introduce into a Bill intended to give tenants compensation for their improvements, provisions for alleviating the difficulties of freeholders,—which, of course, all clergymen are in relation to their own glebe lands, when they cultivate those lands themselves. So poor Lord Fortescue was "reluctantly compelled" to take nothing but the shout of laughter for his pains.

On Friday week, also, the English Agricultural Holdings Bill passed through Committee in the Lords with a few inconsiderable amendments, mischievous in temper rather than important in effect,—amendments calculated to take off all the grace of the measure, if this very mild measure can be considered likely to be credited with any grace by the tenant-farmers even in the shape in which it first went up to the House of Lords. We have discussed the few amendments insisted on by Lord Salisbury elsewhere, and indicated how petty the spirit seems to have been in which they were passed. But we cannot honestly say that even if all of them were agreed to by the Commons,—which they certainly will not be,—they would, if properly dealt with by the administrators of the measure, greatly affect the value of the Bill. It is rather as indicating a wish to press every legal advantage against the tenants,—and therefore as imposing on the valuers a landlord's bias,—than as weighty amendments in themselves, that the mischief of these petty incisions in the measure consists. On Monday, the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill was treated by their Lordships in much the same fashion, the Duke of Argyll being the leading Tory of the day, and displaying what he is said to have himself spoken of as "a cordial reluctance" to accept the spirit of the Bill.

Mr. Forster attended on Wednesday the inaugural banquet of the Stonehouse Liberal Association, which has been formed to promote the candidature of his son, Mr. Arnold Forster, and Mr. Medley, for Devonport at the next election. Mr. Forster had to answer for both Houses of Parliament, and seized the occasion to exhort the House of Lords to such a change in its policy as would render it possible for a Liberal Government to introduce measures into the Upper House without thereby endangering the chance of their passing the Lower House. Speaking of Lord Granville's pluck in leading the House of Lords with a majority against him, he told a story of Lord Granville's school days, when he had to fight a much bigger boy than himself. He knew there was no chance for him eventually, but he also knew that if he could keep up the fight, however often he was knocked down, till the bell rang for school, he should not be regarded as actually beaten. So he kept up the fight till the bell rang, though repeatedly knocked down, and was not actually beaten. That, said Mr. Forster, was exactly what Lord Granville has to do now in the House of Lords. He is constantly knocked over, but he keeps up the fight till the bell rings and wakes up public feeling, and so he is never "actually beaten." As to the House of Commons, Mr. Forster was by no means despondent. He believed heartily in the expedient of division of labour amongst Committees, and was not disposed to admit that the House of Commons was losing influence in the country. Whatever may be the case as to the London Press, there never was a time, he said, when so much space was given in provincial journals to the debates in the Commons, as at present.

In the evening meeting, Mr. Forster spoke again in support of a resolution expressing confidence in the Government, and devoted his speech chiefly to the coming Reform Bill, its dangers and its safeguards. He was in favour of grouping the smaller boroughs, rather than disfranchising them, and of separating the constituencies as much as possible into constituencies with only one Member each, instead of applying what is called the minority principle to constituencies with three and four Members. Mr. Forster thought that the great dangers of democracy in England, were the too hasty formation of an impulsive opinion, and the mischievous power of wire-pullers such as control the elections in the United States. He would do all in his power to prevent public opinion taking final action too rapidly, and he would do all in his power to prevent politics becoming in any sense a business,—and therefore he opposed the payment of Members, except, indeed, such payment of Members as constituencies, to their great honour, contrive to effect for themselves, when they happen to know good and able men who could not, without some payment, afford to go into Parliament. The speech was a very thoughtful and sagacious one, and will do something, we hope, towards converting Devonport to Liberalism at the next election.

Mr. Forster made a very striking speech at Devonport on Thursday, in which he heartily supported not only the present Administration, but the present Administration of Ireland, as one that had made very great changes for the better even since his own resignation of office. He spoke with great cordiality of Mr. Trevelyan's Tramways and Emigration Bill, and even of the experiment in "migration," as an experiment that ought to be tried, though he did not ignore its great difficulties. Mr. Forster ridiculed the idea of looking for "gratitude" from Ireland. The Land Act was not a measure for which gratitude should be expected. It was simply a measure of justice. Of disunion between Ireland and England, Mr. Forster spoke as of an all but absolute impossibility.

The choleraic epidemic is now declining rapidly in Egypt, unless it be at Alexandria, where it appears to have reached its worst on Monday or Tuesday. In an important letter written to Wednesday's *Times*, by Dr. Mouat, the eminent Anglo-Indian physician, that high authority on all Asiatic diseases supports the view thrown out five weeks ago in these columns, that the epidemic in Egypt, though of a choleraic type, is not genuine Asiatic cholera, but a species of remittent choleraic fever resembling it in many of its symptoms, though it requires a somewhat different mode of treatment, and runs a distinct course. Dr. Mouat believes it to be absolutely certain that it has not been imported from India, and that it is endemic in Egypt and of a malarious character, due probably to the filth and bad drainage of the Egyptian towns. He says that he never knew cholera when brought from India, of which he has watched many instances in three separate voyages of his own, fail to disappear at sea.

He has studied Asiatic cholera in Paris, in London, and in Alexandria, and wherever it breaks out it is always absolutely the same. Dr. Mouat has no expectation that this epidemic will visit Europe.

Talking of cholera, it ought, perhaps, to be more generally known than it is that a great many patients have been cured after passing into the apparently hopeless condition which is spoken of as "collapse." Dr. T. M. Lownds, a retired Indian Surgeon-Major of the Bombay Army, who had had many opportunities of treating cholera of the worst type in India, has shown, in a little paper published in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for November, 1881, that cholera patients in collapse, if fed with Liebig's raw soup, which passes into the blood without digestion and therefore without making any demands on the digestive system, may be cured even when collapse has apparently set in for an hour or two before the raw soup is given. Treated thus, the collapse disappears, though the disease often runs on for two or three days more, the collapse being really due to inanition.

There seems to be no doubt at all that Cetewayo is alive and recovering, and we now hear that Usibepu, after defeating Cetewayo, has in his turn been heavily defeated by the Usutus, in a pitched battle lasting two days, and accompanied by great slaughter. The Usutus side with Cetewayo. Usibepu is said to have escaped on horseback and asked assistance of John Dunn, who refused, however, to be in any way identified with a losing cause. Cetewayo, therefore, may have returned not only to life, but to influence.

The Benefit Penny Bank, 17 Bloomsbury Street, which was alleged to have a guarantee fund of £20,000, fully subscribed, and exclusively applicable for the protection of depositors, has been the subject of a sort of riot this week, in consequence of the failure of the depositors to recover their deposits, when they went to demand them. It was stated that the Penny Bank had transferred its deposits to the City and Provincial Bank, and a circular was issued by the former bank, stating that as all the depositors had applied at once, and as their balance was only recoverable by weekly instalments, the depositors could only be paid in the same way. The depositors, who had counted on the £20,000 guarantee fund, and who did not like the prospect of repayment by weekly instalments, invaded the empty bank on Wednesday and wrecked it,—a somewhat useless display of wrath. But it seems certain that if Penny Banks stop payment, there will be a good deal less patience and long-suffering amongst their creditors than there has usually been amongst creditors of Banks of a higher class. A really popular constituency would be very much inclined to inflict capital punishment for the defalcations of those who make away with their property, instead of such comparatively mild measures as our Bankruptcy law authorises.

We are glad to hear that Lord Lymington has given notice that he will call the attention of the House of Commons early next Session to the power of sale exercised by the Crown over foreshores, manors, and moorlands, and to move a resolution, which resolution will, of course, be one conceived in the general sense of our own remarks on the Southport foreshore case, and on the Esher Common case. The officialism of the subordinate members even of a Liberal Government is, as we remarked last week, becoming so dangerous to the rights of the people in these various open spaces which are growing of more importance every day to the health and pleasures of the people, that good unofficial Liberals are bound to apply the goad to the popular sympathies of their official colleagues. Departmental Liberalism is far more difficult to produce than political Liberalism. And departmental Conservatism has a sadly contagious influence over certain minds,—such minds, for instance, as that of the able Member for Liskeard.

It is with great comfort and satisfaction that we now turn month after month to the return of agrarian offences in Ireland. There can be no more consoling index to the happy effects of a generous policy combined with firm administration. The latest published return is for the month of June. It records only three offences against the person. One, in Monaghan, is classed as an assault endangering life; one, in Kerry, as an aggravated assault; the third is a charge of conspiring to murder, in Mayo. There are seventeen offences against property, and among these we deeply regret to see seven cases of the loathsome crime of cattle-maiming, four of these being in Kerry, which still seems to be the most disturbed of the Irish counties. There are forty-seven offences against the public peace, of which twenty-seven are threatening letters and notices, and fourteen are classed under the heading, "Injury to Property,"—a somewhat vague description, considering that offences against property, referred to above, form a class in themselves. As Irish crime is mainly agrarian, the calendar of the country at the present moment would probably compare favourably with that of either England or Scotland.

On Tuesday night, Mr. Trevelyan obtained the second reading of his "Tramways" Bill, for developing the resources of the West of Ireland, and also consented to devote £50,000 out of the sum granted for emigration to an experiment in migration,—that is, to the removal of the starving Irish peasantry to other land in Ireland capable of better cultivation, so far as such land can be found. If Mr. Trevelyan has any real hope of the success of that experiment, we are glad that he has consented to try it. If it be a mere concession to popular pressure against the secret convictions of the Irish Administration, we regret it as one of those blunders which are fruitful of other blunders, because they show the Irish Members the squeezability of the Administration. We trust, however, that Mr. Trevelyan has found some reason to change his mind as to the possibility of at least a limited success.

A very strange and dreadful fivefold murder was committed by William Gouldstone, blacksmith, on Wednesday week (August 8th), at 8 Courtney Place, St. James's Street, Walthamstow. His wife had recently had twins, and either this event, or other facts not at present known to us, appeared to have driven the man to desperation. While his wife was still lying ill, he came home and drowned his three eldest boys, and then, going into her room, struck the newly-born infants who were lying on her breast, so that they also died in a day or two. The man makes no attempt to deny or excuse his crime. When charged with it, he said, "Yes, sir, that is right; I did it. Now I am happy. I did it like a man, too." The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the father in each of the five cases, and the Crown has taken up the prosecution. Of course, the only conceivable defence would be a presumption of insanity, of which at present there is no evidence, except,—if that be evidence,—the complete unconcern and stolid self-satisfaction of the prisoner. The man is only twenty-six years old.

The Deanery of Exeter being now vacant, we wish the Government would give it to Canon Stubbs. He is just the man for a Deanery, and would teach the world far more by means of such books as he could write in the seclusion of the Deanery at Exeter, than he ever will from his Professor's chair or his Canon's stall. Canon Stubbs especially deserves recognition by the Government for the active part which he took in favour of a Christian policy on the Eastern Question.

The Comte de Chambord is admitted now on all hands to be in a hopeless condition.

We hear with lively pleasure that the Bishop of Peterborough is now at last thought to be in a good way to recover. He has hung between life and death for upwards of a month, but there now seems every reason to hope that his great eloquence, abilities, and manliness will exert their influence amongst us for many years to come. Moreover, a strong man who has hung so long between life and death, if he really recovers, is apt to be much less careful of conventional formulæ than those who have never been annealed by physical and mental suffering of this stern kind. We want that sort of strength among our Bishops.

The statistics of insanity and idiocy in the United States are very curious, females showing a great many more cases of insanity than males, and males a great many more cases of idiocy than females. Of 91,997 insane people, 44,408 are males, and 47,589 are females; while of 76,895 idiots, 45,309 are males, and only 31,586 are females. It appears, therefore, that in the United States at all events, the female sex is much more subject to violent mental disease, while the male sex is much more subject to imbecility. Is that true, we wonder, of insanity and idiocy in Europe?

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday $99\frac{15}{16}$ to $100\frac{1}{16}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE IRISH MEMBERS AND THE CRIMES ACT.

THE Irish émeute of Monday night was one of the most disheartening events to the friends of Ireland which has occurred during the present year. Stated shortly, its drift is this,—that the Irish leaders do not condemn, and even lend by their language the clearest sanction to, the disgraceful imputations made on Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan that they are using the Prevention of Crimes Act not to put down murder in Ireland, but rather to fill the prisons with unfairly-tried and often innocent Irish peasants; that they do everything in their power to obtain accusations, whether false or true, that they may detain the persons accused in prison, while they try and persuade them that their accomplices have sworn away their lives, and that they may just as well confess freely their whole guilt, and give up the names of the partners of that guilt. Nay, Mr. Harrington was not ashamed to accuse Lord Spencer of ordering the execution of a man (Myles Joyce) knowing him to be innocent, though, when the Chairman of Committees was about to insist on his withdrawing that most false accusation, he substituted for it the different accusation that Lord Spencer had in his hands the materials for convincing himself of the innocence of Myles Joyce, if he would only have used those materials. And what, after those violent and monstrous accusations, was Mr. Parnell's own language? He expressed his disbelief that the Crimes Act had been enacted for the protection of the humbler classes of Ireland, and denied that it had been used for that purpose. He maintained that "the Crimes Act had been used, in a way it was impossible to describe, for the unexampled oppression of the humbler classes of the people of the country," and he did not even disavow or condemn what his Irish colleague had said as to Lord Spencer's conduct in permitting the law to take its course with Myles Joyce. Everything said by the Irish party, in fact, had the effect of expressing and strengthening the popular prejudice in Ireland against the justice of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, of intensifying the belief that those honourable men,—among the noblest of their class in Parliament,—catch at every excuse for putting an Irishman in prison and keeping him in prison, and care nothing at all for the protection of the peasantry against such cruel outrages as the Maamtrassna and other analogous murders. On the contrary, Mr. Parnell, while denying in words that there was any dislike on the part of the Irish Members towards those who were instrumental in bringing guilty people to justice, went on to echo all their accusations as to the use made of the Crimes Act for the purpose of detaining innocent persons, and betraying them into admissions founded on false rumours of treachery.

And yet the Home-rule League itself put forth a resolution, on the day after the Phoenix Park murders had become generally known, calling on the people of Ireland to afford every facility for the discovery of the murderers,—which was, in reality, an exhortation to those who knew the guilty persons to give their secret up. Now, however, no one who has followed that advice receives the smallest consideration from the popular Irish party. Carey, who was a hero in the newspapers of that party, before he confessed, has become a villain almost too atrocious to be named since he gave the clue to the detection of the plot which the Home-rule League exhorted Irishmen to expose. Again, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Davitt put out on the very morrow of the Phoenix Park assassinations a proclamation to the people of Ireland expressing their personal abhorrence of the crime, and stating that till the murderers were brought to justice a stain would "sully our country's name." Well, now the murderers have been brought to justice, and other murderers equally guilty have been brought to justice too. But the very people who exhorted the people of Ireland to lend the promptest aid in bringing them to justice, do nothing but throw doubts on the genuineness of every scrap of evidence given against the assassins, and assail all who are engaged in the attempt to unveil conspiracy and punish murder with the most detestable insinuations as to their motives, and the most open distrust of their desire to shield any but the rich and powerful from terror and wrong. This is all thoroughly heart-breaking. Every crime whose author is detected seems to be the occasion for new reproaches on the part of the very men who expressed their burning desire for its detection, while as yet it was concealed. Of course, we know the explanation of all this. We know that the Irish Members would profess in the abstract the utmost delight in the detection of the author of a crime, but that when he is detected through the agency of an English Administration they are always consumed with a deep disbelief that the English Administration have come upon the right man. In a word, the fact that any criminal is detected by the machinery of the English Government seems to them far more convincing evidence that he is the wrong man, than the evidence elicited can possibly be that he is the right man. Irish Members are most anxious for the detection of criminals—by any other conceivable modes than those which actually exist. But as all the modes for detecting them which do in fact exist are tainted with their British origin, the Irish Members are deep in their incredulity that the methods employed have been just, or that even the motives of those who set them in motion can have been pure. In a word, what it comes to is this,—if Irish criminals had been detected by an Irish Administration, Ireland would have rejoiced. As they have been detected by a British Administration, Irishmen will not believe that they are the true criminals, and try to transfer all the criminality from them to the upright and steadfast men who have brought the criminals to justice. And Mr. Parnell, who cannot for a moment be supposed to share these passionate and disgraceful illusions, is compelled to countenance them, in order to keep even a shred of authority over his wild and wayward party.

We call this condition of things hopeless, from every point of view. It is hopeless from that of the Nationalist party themselves. What they desire is to make the government of Ireland by the British Government impossible; but all they are driving at is a very different thing,—rendering the government of Ireland by the British Government on any true Parliamentary system, impossible. Doubtless, with an Irish party calumniating—for it comes to that—every statesman who makes an honest effort to put down crime in Ireland, there is less and less hope of Ireland being entrusted to the administration of any of the party who carry on this systematic practice of detraction. And worse than this, the detractors render it almost impossible for any Irishman to gain popularity in Ireland who does not adopt this unworthy attitude. Any one can see that Mr. Parnell himself does not really share the views of his more advanced followers; that he only gives way to them, because he fears that he would lose his power in Ireland, if he opposed them and rebuked them. Yet not till we see an Irish statesman who has the courage to rebuke such followers as Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Harrington and Mr. Healy, will it ever be on the cards that Ireland should be entrusted to the care of a popular Irish patriot to administer. Where is the popular Irishman with the courage requisite to tell the truth about Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan? Wherever an Irishman who will tell the truth about those truly high-minded men is to be found, he is a man certain, unfortunately, at the present moment to be howled down in Ireland. And yet, England never can and never ought to give up Ireland to the administration of men who have behaved as the extreme Irish party have behaved, during the present Session and the last.

In the next place, the situation is equally hopeless from the English point of view. We Liberals do not want excuses for governing Ireland without the support of the Irish Parliamentary party. Nothing can be more abhorrent to our feelings. It is contrary to every tradition we have. Yet, how are we to hand over Ireland to the mercy of such a party as that which Mr. Parnell now leads, a party which we are told,—and we fear not without truth,—will be swelled in numbers, and become rather more than less virulent in tone than it is now, after the next general election? Is it possible for us to co-operate with such a party,—a party that, instead of supporting the best Englishmen in their best acts, tries to make government by good Englishmen with a Liberal policy more and more impossible every day in Ireland? If the leader of the Irish popular party commanded the confidence of moderate Englishmen, then, indeed, there would be hope. But when the leader of the Irish party has to make himself appear worse than he is, in order to have a chance of keeping his popularity in Ireland, the moral gulf between the two countries must continue to grow wider and wider, while for that very reason it becomes less and less possible, on any righteous principle at all, for England to throw off Ireland, and to leave to the party of violence the opportunity of extinguishing their quarrel with the reasonable minority by suppressing that reasonable minority itself. As yet, the prospect in Ireland is all darkness. We can only do what is right, and leave the

future to the only power competent to bring good out of what looks like unmixed evil.

MR. FORSTER ON EGYPT.

IN Mr. Forster's otherwise admirable speech of Thursday last at Devonport, there is a passage apparently favouring not only an early evacuation of Egypt, but a complete abandonment of the policy of keeping up English influence over that country, which surprises and disappoints us greatly. He said of his son, the Liberal candidate for Devonport, that Mr. Arnold Forster had made some remarks on Wednesday which he himself had thought not badly expressed, "with regard to how earnest we ought to be to withdraw from Egypt as soon as possible," and then he went on thus:—"I entirely agree with that view, but I must say this much—we went to Egypt certainly to protect our interests. I think we were bound to do so. We did not go there merely for the purpose of giving good government to Egypt. If there had been no Suez Canal and no road to India, I suppose we should not have thought it was our duty to go to Egypt. We went there because our interests were engaged. We cannot go anywhere without our duties and responsibilities going with us; we put down the rebellion there, and we are now trying to give them good government. I think that it is a duty imposed on us, and I think every one agrees with us on that point. The difference may be to what extent we are to proceed in that trial, and to see that good government really follows the attempt. There is only one remark I want to make, that which is, perhaps, lost sight of by the newspapers and by many persons who speak on this subject. It is that if we leave Egypt alone with a good government, or with the officials we have got appointed, and do not at the same time make up our minds to leave the Egyptian people entirely at liberty and unfettered in dealing with these officials, we put the Government in a position which is somewhat dangerous for any Government, and more dangerous for an Oriental Government than for any other Government. We remove from them the check against misgovernment. If by the force we have behind the rulers there we make rebellion impossible, we really take upon ourselves the responsibility of the government which is thus conducted." If we understand that passage correctly, it comes to the same view as that which Mr. John Morley has advocated in the House of Commons, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the Press, that we ought to give Egypt what the Government are pleased to call a fair start—on a path, remember, altogether unlike that of any genuine Oriental Government—and that, having given her this "fair start" on a line which it is quite contrary to the political genius of a Mahommedan and Oriental Government to persevere in, we should abandon Egypt to her own devices, and let the "fair start" come to a close in that foul end to which all such experiments are fated from the beginning. All we can say, in answer to that view, is that a "fair start" on a course wholly contrary to the spirit of the uncontrolled Mahommedan genius, is no fair start at all, and ought never to have been given if it were not to be sustained by the same force by which it was given. What would be said if we acted in the same manner in India,—if we set up there a semi-constitutional government under a number of Native Princes, got a fair code of laws translated into a number of different Indian languages, organised for each State a native army and police, and then made our exit from India, boasting to all the world that we had given India a "fair start?" Would it not be said, and truly said, that we should have done much better to leave India entirely alone than to force upon her a system of government quite unlike any for which her own history had paved the way, and then to abandon her to the chance that she would quietly run on in the artificial grooves made for her by European civilisation? Surely it is evident to all the world that if the grafting of English ideas of justice and freedom and commerce are to bear any fruit at all in Oriental States, they must be supported steadily by the Power that grafts them, or that they will result in nothing but confusion. What Mr. Forster seems to advocate is the grafting on Egypt of what is, for Egypt, a highly artificial system of government,—a government conducted by Europeans,—and *then* the duty of abstaining from any support of that highly artificial system, lest we should be found to be making ourselves responsible for the gross injustice of European administrators. Surely you might almost as well advocate the setting of a watch in motion by the use of a fine mainspring, and then the removal of the mainspring, in the hope that everything would go on just as if it were there. It is perfectly true, of course, that if a European system be grafted on Egypt, and that European system be unrighteously administered, those who grafted it on the country would be responsible for it, especially if they supported it without taking care to regulate it. It is perfectly true that we ought to revise and regulate more or less generally, any system that we support; and that if we do not, we shall be justly responsible for all the evil it works. But then it is equally true that if we first set up an alien system, and then leave it calmly to collapse, which is the policy advocated by Mr. Morley, and, if we understand him rightly, by Mr. Forster also, we shall have been quite as guilty of introducing a demoralising anarchy, and even more guilty of intellectual imbecility. Who can imagine that such a system as Lord Dufferin has established will go on satisfactorily without any support from without? Our experienced correspondent, Mr. Hilary Skinner, says most truly that the danger of an Islamic rising in Egypt is always considerable; and for our parts, we do not for a moment question that if the Egyptian soldiers once get clearly the conviction that whatever might happen, Great Britain would look on calmly, and take no steps to interfere, it would be not simply probable, but certain. It is the strong impression made by our peremptory interference, and the belief that, if occasion were given for it, the same interference would be repeated, and that conviction only that keeps down Mahommedan fanaticism in Egypt, and renders the country so amenable to a very small British force. It is likely enough that if this conviction remains, the Government would be amenable, and would respect all Sir E. Baring's suggestions, even if we had no force in Egypt at all. But if once the conviction is inspired that we have departed and departed finally, for good or evil, Sir E. Baring would be about as useful to prevent the rise in Egypt of another Arabi, as Mr. Trevelyan without Great Britain at his back would be to prevent the rise in Ireland of another Wolfe Tone.

The arguments of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and as we are sorry to observe, of Mr. Forster himself, would have been very sound arguments, so far as they go, against any kind of interference in Egypt, unless indeed one solely for the protection and guardianship of the Suez Canal and the Suez railroad. An interference of that kind might be justified, of course, from the point of view of sheer self-interest, or concern for the interests of Europe. But any further setting to rights of Egyptian politics was wholly indefensible unless the force which undertook it were to be used to support it. You cannot usefully interfere to graft European institutions on a Mahommedan State, unless your interference is, however moderate in character, to be steadily sustained. You interfere for objects which the Mahommedan ruler hardly understands, and for which he does not care a single straw. Those objects, no doubt, concern the welfare of a large population; but then, the welfare of the population in that sense, is not what the Oriental ruler desires, and he probably believes that the people would be better off if they were governed as his predecessors have been accustomed to govern them. He will submit, and submit with a good grace, to pressure which he knows to be irresistible, and will not even wait for its application, if he is confident that it is ready prepared. But to expect him to become a moral convert to the doctrines of European statesmen, just because he has submitted to them under the conviction that submission was obviously the wise policy, is not rational,—is even absurd. It would have been far better, in our opinion, to have confined our interference to the Canal and the Railway, than to have raised hopes in the Egyptian people of a class of reforms which we never intended to carry through,—to have given a "fair start" to a system which cannot have a fair start at all, except under a guarantee from outside. We thoroughly detest the Jingo policy and the Jingo ideas. But we do with all our hearts pity the poor Egyptians, wish to alleviate their miseries, and believe that there is now before us a legitimate and great opportunity of succeeding in so doing. Probably, destiny will be too strong for the *laissez-faire* party. Radicals may preach the duty of leaving Egypt, and watching with perfect unconcern the rapid running-down of all the agencies for good which we have set on foot, but preaching and practice are not the same. Englishmen will listen benignantly to the *laissez-faire* doctrine, till they see it beginning to produce disaster and disorganisation. Then the cry goes forth that it is simply evading a plain duty to let good work be wasted; and the result is that the non-intervention policy is condemned at the critical moment, and effects no more harm than any false start is calculated

to produce. There never was a people so little likely to sit quietly looking on, while all their good work is being undone, as the people of Great Britain.

THE LORDS ON THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL.

LORD SALISBURY cannot bear to give with a good grace. In the case of this Agricultural Holdings Bill, which no one, so far as we know, regards as anything but the most moderate of measures, he might have very well enjoined on his followers to earn, if possible, some small stock of that supererogatory merit on which he will certainly have to draw freely enough next Session, if he deals with the Government's Reform Bill as Conservatives in general appear to expect. He might at least have posed before the country as saying to his followers, 'See how moderate we Peers are, when the Commons know how to be moderate, too! Here is a Radical Government in power, and they propose to compel landlords to compensate farmers for their improvements; we are almost all landlords, and are the persons on whom the cost of compensating them will fall; but the Government have brought in a measure distinguished by unexpected moderation, and what is the result? The result is that we have accepted the measure in the frankest way, only making a few formal alterations.' Surely Lord Salisbury would have been wise in taking up this attitude. But he has done nothing of the kind. He has given the farmers good reason to think that he will deprive them of any advantage he can, and the House of Commons good reason to believe that he will thwart them where he can, without asserting a single principle for which any one even supposes that he himself cares seriously to contend.

Let us see what amendments Lord Salisbury used his majority to carry. The first was the amendment extending to all tenants' improvements the condition already conceded as regards draining, irrigation, fencing, and improvements of that kind, that no increase of return reasonably ascribable to the inherent qualities of the soil are to be valued as due to work done by the tenant. Now, we have always asserted the general reasonableness of this condition. It is perfectly obvious that a rich soil spoiled by water, or trodden down by cattle, might yield indefinitely more when properly drained or fenced than a poor soil would, if improved in the same way, and obviously enough the difference between the effect produced on the good soil and the effect produced on the poor soil ought to belong to the landlord, not to the tenant. And the same might be said of all improvements, but then there are many kinds of improvements with regard to which the attempt to discriminate between what is due to the soil itself and what is due to the operation performed on the soil, is almost hopeless, especially as the effect produced, whatever it is, is exhausted within a very limited period. Such improvements are those in the Third Part of the Schedule,—the higher manuring operations, boning, chalking, clay-burning, liming, guanoing of land. The good effects of these operations is exhausted within a time tolerably well known, and within that time the attempt to discriminate what is due to the inherent qualities of the soil, and what is due to the artificial aid lent it, must be highly conjectural. Any effort to distinguish them will be certainly regarded by the tenant as an effort to deprive him arbitrarily of an increased production fairly earned by his own expenditure. If Lord Salisbury had been wise, he would not have endeavoured to direct the minds of the valuers to attempt a discrimination highly problematic in itself, and certain to be looked upon by the tenant as a mean attempt to depreciate the effect of what he, by his own expenditure of capital, had fairly earned. If a soil that had previously yielded barely enough to pay expenses, yielded for some years after such an operation as this a large profit, it it is reasonable to assume that the difference, so long as it lasts, will be due to the operations effected by the tenant. But Lord Salisbury was inexorable, and defeated the Government by 82 against 51, on an issue which he must know himself to be of the smallest possible importance; and, indeed, chiefly important because it betrays the bias of the Tory Peers. Lord Salisbury will certainly not venture to throw the Bill out, if this amendment is disagreed to by the Commons, as no doubt it ought to be and will be.

Still more foolish was the attack on the Land Commissioners,—really on Sir James Caird,—no doubt for having advocated the cause of "the sitting tenant." Lord Salisbury moved an amendment to Clause 11 to the effect that if any party to a dispute concerning compensation arising under the Bill did not like the umpire appointed by the Land Commissioners, then the umpire should be appointed by the "Council of the Institute of Surveyors." This was a mere slap in the face to Sir James Caird. No one has ever challenged the impartiality of his proceedings under the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, and Lord Salisbury would not have suggested that he might be fairly objected to, if Sir James Caird had not endeavoured, with all who care for the better class of tenants, to find a mode of satisfying the sitting tenant that his rent shall not be unfairly raised on his own improvements, even though he give no notice to quit. We have declared the problem to be, in our opinion, an insoluble one, except by the natural good-feeling existing between landlord and tenant; but none the less, Sir James Caird would not have been the man he is, or trusted by all parties as he has been, unless he had desired to satisfy the sitting tenant without compelling him to give notice to quit. This mere snap of Lord Salisbury's at Sir James Caird is very childish, and again will betray to the tenant-farmers, as nothing else could have done, the temper of Lord Salisbury's alterations. Once more, there is the attempt to water-down the concession made in the second clause of the Bill to tenants who have made before the passing of this Bill a class of improvements for which at present they are not entitled to be compensated, but for which this Bill would concede them a compensation. This is to be done by providing that "no compensation shall be claimed under Clause 2, in contravention of any specific agreement existing between the parties in reference thereto," a trivial endeavour to provide against the claim for compensation in those few exceptional cases of hardship in which the Bill is to apply to improvements effected *before* its passing, as in general it will not do. As the Government said, the valuers are directed under Clause 6 to take into account any set-off against the tenant's claim which can be shown by the landlord, and that is sufficient guarantee against any abuse of this particular section. But Lord Salisbury would not be satisfied without making it plain in every sentence that he regards the tenant as the aggressor, against whom every conceivable precaution is to be taken under the Bill. The effect of that amendment,—to which, like the rest, he will certainly not care to adhere, if the Government resist it,—is simply to tell the tenants how profoundly the landlords distrust them, and how they desire to shut out every conceivable loophole against their disposition to rob the landlord. That is not the spirit in which a serious Tory leader should have dealt with a Bill of this sort. Finally, Lord Salisbury struck out the right of the allotment men to compensation. As we said last week, he has this excuse, that the right of the allotment men for compensation may so frighten small owners, that they will grant no allotments after the passing of a Bill which would give the allotment men a claim for compensation. And that, doubtless, would be a very pernicious effect of the clause. Still, we doubt if it will really have enough effect of this kind to undo the good of putting the allotment men on the same footing of justice as the larger tenant. On the whole, we may safely predict that Lord Salisbury's work on Friday week will result—so far as it has any result,—only in discredit to the Tory party in the country, as well as in some loss of dignity to the House of Lords.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE third reading of the Bankruptcy Bill was the occasion for a perfect rain of compliments on Mr. Chamberlain for his conduct of that Bill through the Grand Committee. And there can be no doubt that these compliments were thoroughly well deserved. They came as much from Conservatives as from Liberals, and were the genuine expression of the feelings of business men towards a consummate master of political business. Mr. Chamberlain's clear grasp of his Bill, his great candour in considering all the objections stated against it, his courtesy in meeting those objections as far as it was practicable for him to do so, and his skill in keeping the discussion in the Grand Committee to the point, without giving offence to any one, have been attested by all his colleagues on that Committee; nor can it be questioned that so far as Mr. Gladstone's expedient has succeeded and inspired sanguine hopes of further success, the credit is chiefly due to Mr. Chamberlain. And this will go to his credit with all parties. We do not, of course, mean that Conservatives will cease to fear Mr. Chamberlain's Radicalism on the ground that he is a first-rate man of business, and a skilful mediator in business discussions. On that account, they will only fear his influence the more,—

and very justly. But though they may fear his influence the more, they will doubtless fear him as a statesman less than they have hitherto done. It is no trivial set-off against what are supposed to be revolutionary views, that they are not so revolutionary as to absorb the man in the partisan; and it is an even greater set-off against such views, that the men who hold them should be found to be candid and courteous towards political opponents, keen in defence of the rights of property, and as eager to prevent their own patronage from being badly used as they would be to guard against the abuse of the patronage of opponents. All this Mr. Chamberlain has shown,—together with very uncommon capacity for business negotiations,—in the Grand Committee on the Bankruptcy Bill, and therefore he has come out of it with that new reputation which a statesman always gains from proving great administrative capacity, and which a young and untried Liberal always gains from convincing the timid party that his attachment to advanced views does not imply any general flightiness and dangerousness of purpose, or any general irreconcilability to the methods and prepossessions of the cautious members of the community.

Mr. Chamberlain was, perhaps, fortunate in having taken it up as the leading idea of his Bankruptcy Bill to fix a slur on fraudulent bankrupts. That is a thoroughly sound moral idea, but it is not only a thoroughly sound moral idea, but also one which Conservatives regard with exceptional approval as an outcome of Radical statesmanship. The general Conservative notion of Radicalism certainly is that it is an "upsetting" creed; and, indeed, no Radical can deny that he does wish to upset some things which exist, and which, in his opinion, ought not to exist. But Radicals do not wish to upset that which exists and, in their opinion, ought to exist, and it is a fortunate thing for Mr. Chamberlain that this Bill has brought him out as the champion of a sound trade morality, and has therefore exhibited him to the Conservative party as the strong and skilful representative of one of the great bulwarks of human society, instead of as the assailant of any of those bulwarks. This was just what Mr. Chamberlain needed to gain greater consideration from the Opposition. They knew him already as a very skilful and effective debater, but rather as a debater inclined to minimise what they deemed national obligations, —inclined to take the side of disappointing the confidence inspired by traditional policy and formal pledges,—than as a debater disposed to invest such obligations with new sacredness, and to enforce severe penalties against those who make light of them. Hence, his dexterity hitherto has been regarded as dangerous dexterity, as dexterity in evading the meaning attached by Conservatives to the engagements of the nation or the State. But throughout these discussions, Mr. Chamberlain has used his swift and supple intellect for the opposite purpose, in order to deepen the sense of personal obligations in commerce, and to induce the Legislature to brand with a real stain those who do not show an adequate sense of these obligations. That has given to Mr. Chamberlain's display of dexterity a greater effect of weight and dignity than before, and enabled those who distrust him most to see in him one who may on occasions be something more than an underminer of existing institutions,—who may, indeed, become what some of the oldest of known Radicals used to call "the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." Probably no Member of the Government has gained so much in reputation by the Session which is all but over, as Mr. Chamberlain.

THE IRISH MIGRATION SCHEME.

LATE sittings of the House of Commons are naturally a trial to reporters, and they certainly supply an additional reason why some authorised record should be kept of Parliamentary proceedings. Very often, no doubt, the business done in the small hours is of no real importance. Routine measures are carried a stage further, in the teeth of routine opposition. When the Irish Members go on dividing till four o'clock in the morning, it matters little whether the exact point on which each division is taken is accurately recorded. All these journeys into the lobby make no change in the Bill, and it is as well perhaps that no account should be kept of the change they work in the temper of the travellers. Now and again, however, something happens after the majority of the Members have gone home to bed, in which the public outside Parliament takes an interest, and then it is a little provoking that, after a careful comparison of the different accounts, the reports given in the morning papers should leave the reader in complete uncertainty as to what has been said. The debate on the second reading of the Irish Tramways and Public Companies' Bill on Wednesday morning is one of these cases. The Government have been greatly pressed by the Irish party to make some provision for relieving the congested districts in the West of Ireland by migration, as well as by emigration; and Mr. Trevelyan is believed to have said in his speech that he would listen to this proposal. But the different newspapers give quite different versions of what he said, and as they are all equally authoritative, it is only by the help of considerations based on general probabilities that we are able to come to any conclusion. The conclusion we have come to is that Mr. Trevelyan was in a yielding mood, and that migration is to have a trial. Our chief reason for thinking this is that the Bill was read a second time without a division, and it is hard to believe that Mr. Parnell would have allowed this, if the Government had not made some concession to his conception of Irish wants. The eleventh clause of the Bill provides that in the section of the Arrears Act which enables grants to be made in aid of emigration, £200,000 shall be substituted for £100,000. As to the advantage of this alteration there can be no reasonable question. It will not only allow of more emigrants being sent out, but also of those who are sent out being provided with a better outfit. The highest sum that can at present be spent on any one emigrant is £5, and by this clause the Government will be able to raise this sum to £8. Unfortunately, the Irish party are pledged to oppose emigration by every means in their power. They have a pet remedy of their own in migration, and though the facts, so far as they are known, probably make against migration, the Members who preach it are not the least disturbed. They draw an imaginary picture of Ireland, and then abuse the Government for not accepting it in lieu of the reality. The real picture, or what we then believed to be the real picture, was painted by Mr. Trevelyan some time ago. In that we see an Ireland in which all the good land is already occupied, and none of the unoccupied land is good. That is precisely what we should have looked for in a country in which the passion for holding land has been so keen, and the population so large in comparison with the means of subsistence. Mr. Trevelyan's description of Ireland outside the districts along the West Coast divides it into land that is cultivated and land that is not cultivated, and this last he again divided into land of which something might be made by a considerable expenditure of money, and land of which nothing can be made by any expenditure whatever. Of these classes, the land that is cultivated is, by the nature of the case, already occupied; while as to the land that is incapable of improvement, nothing can be gained by occupying it. There remains the land which is at once not cultivated, and capable of improvement. But of this, Mr. Trevelyan said distinctly that, when improved, it can only be used for grazing, and no extension of the Irish grazing grounds can give occasion for any large migration of human beings. The contention of the Irish party in opposition to this view is of a double kind. Sometimes they deny that Mr. Trevelyan has stated the facts correctly. A great part of what he sets down as land that can only feed cattle, they maintain to be land that can feed human beings. Of course, if this were so, a good case for migration would have been made out. The overpopulation of Ireland would then be simply a matter of bad distribution. The people are too close together in one district and too far apart in others. Once let them be removed from the part of the island where the soil will not yield enough to feed them, and be planted on those waste lands which only need the application of the spade to blossom like the rose, and all will go well. The other contention is not so often put forward in the House of Commons, but it was made with great plainness in a famous speech of Mr. Davitt's. Why should the rich pastures for which Ireland is famous support cattle only, and not men? The real answer is obvious enough,—Because Nebuchadnezzar has left no imitators. When Irishmen can eat grass, like the ox, the great grazing-farms may profitably be broken up into small holdings. So long as they require a different kind of food, grazing-farms will be best used for their present purpose. This, however, is not at all the answer that the Irish party gives. According to them, the grazing-farms do not support human beings, because the human beings are not there to be supported. Let the starving peasantry of the West be brought to these pastures, and they will be starving no longer. The spade and the plough will soon break up the smooth, green surface, and abundant crops will repay the toil that has brought the land into cultivation.

If the Government are going to spend £50,000 out of the £100,000 referred to in this Bill,—and even Mr. Forster seems to approve of this experiment being made,—our fear is that one or both of two things will happen. When the State is willing to lend money to public companies, it is seldom long before companies are created to borrow it; and we shall be surprised if, in a short time, there do not exist associations formed for the express purpose of bringing waste lands into cultivation, and of changing lands now in pasture into tillage. It is too probable that both these experiments will fail. The waste lands will prove to be good for nothing; the pasture lands will prove to be only good for pasture. But if they do fail, Ireland will not simply be no better for them,—she will be a little the worse. Another hope will have been disappointed; another effort to set natural laws at defiance will have met with the customary fate of such attempts. The Government may see reason for believing that money may be spent in this way to more purpose than they thought would be possible a few months back; and if so, we shall be heartily glad to find that our fears are groundless. But if all that they believe is that the Bill will pass if migration is included among its objects, and not otherwise, it will only be one more instance added to the many in which the real welfare of Ireland has been sacrificed to the ignorant or interested demands of her Parliamentary representatives.

A JAMAICA RITUAL CASE.

THE conduct of the Bishop of Jamaica in a Ritual case, in which he was lately called upon to intervene, appears to us to afford a favourable example of the spirit and temper in which such questions should be approached by those in authority. Complaint was made to the Bishop that one of his clergy, Mr. Deurwaarder, incumbent of St. Andrew's Church, Gilnock, had set up "a high altar," and that he was in the habit of using altar lights, incense, wafer-bread, "and wine ceremonially mixed with water." The complainants, who seem to have been members of the congregation, objected to these practices, and assured the Bishop that they represented the general feeling of the congregation, "many of whom would withdraw from the church," if the objectionable usages were not given up. The Bishop assumed, with good reason as it seems, that the case was one of genuinely aggrieved parishioners, and he determined accordingly to take the matter in hand. He summoned the principal Clergy of the neighbourhood, and, attended by these and his Archdeacon, held a Visitation, first in the vestry of Mr. Deurwaarder's church, and afterwards in the body of the church. Mr. Deurwaarder "admitted that the facts were substantially as stated, and that division in the church was resulting from the ritual practices he had felt it right to adopt." "Upon this, most of the clergy present reasoned with Mr. Deurwaarder, and urged him to give up the objectionable ritual." But Mr. Deurwaarder held his ground with Dutch doggedness. "His responsibility," he urged, "ended with the keeping of the Rubric which required that ritual; the Church had ordered the ritual, and if damage resulted to souls, that was the Church's responsibility, and not his." "He was then reminded that the Ornaments Rubric was at best of uncertain meaning and application, and that this was certainly an instance in which (until undisputed authority had either by legislation so amended the Rubric as to remove all ambiguity from it, or else by judicial decision finally determined the meaning of the Rubric as at present worded) he ought, in accordance with the clear intention of the Church, to submit the matter to the Bishop's decision. But he replied that he would not," although the Bishop himself joined in the advice of his clerical assessors.

On the failure of this private conference to influence Mr. Deurwaarder, the Visitation adjourned to the body of the church, "where the large congregation had been patiently waiting for a long time." After the singing of "a processional hymn" and the reading of some prayers, the patience of the congregation was further tried by a two hours' address from the Bishop "upon the principles and teaching of the Church respecting ritual, as set forth in the Prayer-book." The Bishop then made one more appeal to Mr. Deurwaarder to consent to be guided by the Bishop's advice in the matter complained of, "until some final adjudication had been arrived at by the Church" on the subjects in dispute. The Bishop was followed by the Archdeacon, and the Archdeacon by "the clerical members of the Parochial Council." But Mr. Deurwaarder was not to be moved, and he cut short all further discussion by declaring that "his mind was made up, and that he would rather go to prison than yield." Judging from the official account, which is all that we have to go upon, Mr. Deurwaarder seems to be as provoking a specimen of a Ritualistic incumbent as it is possible to conceive. His attitude towards everybody was that of those who thought that the Sabbath was not made for man, but man for the Sabbath. Ritual, after all, is a means to an end, and not an end in itself. Be it more or less, ornate or simple, its proper object is to dignify the worship of Almighty God, and to edify the worshippers. But where unwonted ritual, however legal, is forced on an unwilling congregation, it defeats its own purpose and ceases to be justifiable. We have therefore no sympathy with the temper of mind exemplified by Mr. Deurwaarder, nor with his morbid conception of duty. The Ornaments Rubric would indeed become intolerable if it were to be imposed on clergy and laity as an inflexible rule, obligatory without any regard to times and circumstances. Nor was Mr. Deurwaarder satisfied even with this exaggerated view of his duty. "When he was reminded"—whether accurately or not is not now the question—"that at least some of the things he was doing had not the authority of the Rubric he referred to, he said they had, nevertheless, the authority of the Catholic Church." Articles of necessary faith accepted by the Catholic Church are doubtless binding on all members of the Church, and cannot be repealed without apostasy by any portion of the Church. But to place details of ritual in that category is absurd. Even before our own Reformation, various English dioceses had their own separate "uses" in matters of ritual; and a common complaint against Ultramontanism is that it strives to destroy all such local variations, and reduce public worship everywhere to one dead-level of monotonous uniformity. In short, Mr. Deurwaarder's attitude towards all the parties concerned was sufficiently provocative, and it is not difficult to imagine, with recent examples before us, how he would have been dealt with by some Bishops nearer home. His own diocesan, however, took a more charitable as well as a more statesmanlike view of what duty demanded of him. He "counselled patience on the part of the congregation, attendance at the public worship as far as their consciences would allow, and devout adherence to the teaching of the Word of God and the Book of Common Prayer," reminding them at the same time that it would be prudent to wait for the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission before making up their minds as to what was or was not the legal ritual of the Church. The Diocesan Council supported the Bishop's policy, and the Church in Jamaica has thus been spared the scandal and injury of a clerical prosecution for which there was a much better justification than for the prosecution of Mr. Green.

Here, then, we have another illustration of the wisdom of leaving to the Bishops, as nearly all the members of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission propose to do, a veto on litigation in cases of doctrine and ritual. Lord Coleridge, whose ill-judged and painful observations on this point we may consider on another occasion, draws a sensational picture of aggrieved parishioners robbed of their legal rights by the arbitrary veto of a Bishop. The Chief Justice is a skilful rhetorician, but he has somewhat overdone his rhetoric on this occasion. The common accusation against the Bishops is that they are only too ready to deliver Ritualistic clergymen to the "tormentors" of the Church Association, and we may be quite sure that when there is a genuine grievance no Bishop on the Bench would sacrifice the rights of a congregation to the crotchets or even morbid sense of duty of an incumbent. Experience has shown that the danger is all the other way. Without the Episcopal veto so moderate and revered a man as Mr. Carter, of Clewer, would have been dragged before the Courts, and possibly imprisoned, to the grief and indignation not only of his own parishioners, but of the public in general. The harm that would have come of such a prosecution is manifest. What harm has come of the exercise of the Bishop of Oxford's veto, or of the use which Archbishop Tait made of his veto on more than one occasion? Lord Coleridge thinks that the Courts might always be trusted to stop mere frivolous or malicious prosecutions. But lawyers are hardly the most likely persons to stop litigation, and experience does not ratify the justice of Lord Coleridge's natural bias in favour of his profession. As a rule, Judges are lawyers first and statesmen afterwards. Nor is Lord Coleridge's reference to the accusations of "policy," which have occasionally been made against the Bishops, to the point. The Judicial Committee, and not the Bishops in par-

ticular, have been accused of shaping their decisions by policy and popular prejudice more than by strictly legal considerations; and Lord Coleridge's *ad captandum* appeal to ignorant prejudices against the Episcopal veto proves that there is at least one eminent Judge on the Bench whose mind may be dominated by other than strictly legal considerations. The danger to the Church, whether we view it as a spiritual society or as a political institution, comes of too much rather than of too little litigation; and any provision which tends to put a check on litigation must be an unquestionable gain. What is now needed in the interest of all parties, and of interests higher in importance than any party interests, is a prolonged period of peace. What Lord Coleridge and the Archbishop of York would give us is an embittered renewal of strife, ending certainly and speedily in Disestablishment. It is strange to see the Chief Justice of England and the Primate of the Northern Province labouring to put so effectual a weapon into the hands of the Liberation Society.

We have commended the temper and statesman-like policy displayed by the Bishop of Jamaica on a trying occasion. We believe, however, that he would have done better to have defended his conduct with fewer reasons, and to have rested his case on the uncertainty which hangs over the Ecclesiastical Judicature in England rather than on the "ambiguity" of the Ornaments Rubric. The meaning of the Rubric is perfectly plain, and is admitted to be perfectly plain by the Ridsdale judgment. The ambiguity is not in the Rubric, but in the extraneous matter which the lawyers have "read into" the Rubric. Nor can we agree with the Bishop in thinking that there is necessarily any lack of "logic" or "loyalty" in claiming the use of the disputed ritual pending the results of the Royal Commission. The wiser policy, surely, is to have a truce all round in the interval, and leave matters as they are wherever congregation and clergy are agreed, which they appear not to have been in the case which called for the Bishop of Jamaica's intervention. Our real need is a wise and charitable toleration, and not a policy of rigid and mischievous uniformity.

JUDGES AS LEGISLATORS.

SIR HARDINGE GIFFARD, to use a legal phrase, "took nothing by his motion" to annul the new Rules of Procedure. Probably he did not himself desire that he should succeed, certainly it was most undesirable in the interests of the Legal profession or of the public that he should have done so. His success would have been of evil omen to all reform in Parliamentary as well as in Legal procedure. No subject can be imagined less fitting for the minute attention of the House of Commons, and for such debate as a Committee of the House can provide, than the New Rules of Legal Procedure. It would be just as fitting to submit to them a revised edition of the Thirty-nine Articles. The principle of devolution is one which Parliament is slowly beginning to recognise as not only desirable, but necessary. It is being gradually extended by reference of the details of complicated measures, in the House itself to Grand Committees, and outside of the House to administrative Departments and bodies of experts. The reference of Electric Lighting Bills to the Board of Trade is the most important and recent illustration of the working of this principle. The reference of the details of legal procedure to legal experts is an older practice, and certainly not less necessary. All the Acts for reforming the practice and procedure of the Courts of Justice in the last generation, from the Common Law and Chancery Procedure Acts of 1851 and 1852 downwards, have delegated to the Judges the power of making rules for securing the due carrying-out of the Acts in matters of detail. The Judicature Acts of 1873 and 1875 were no exceptions to the rule, and the great bulk of what are called the New Rules are not new at all, amounting only to a republication of rules already made under those Acts. It was, indeed, provided by those Acts that the Rules should lie on the tables of both Houses for a certain time before coming into force. But the object of that provision was not to enable them to be exhaustively discussed by private Members on points of detail, but as a safeguard against the introduction of grave constitutional changes under the guise of Rules of Procedure. In the present instance, no doubt, a case might conceivably have been set up that the palladium of British liberty, the sacred right of Trial by Jury, was being tampered with by the paid servants of the Crown, and so forth, if the Rules had been suddenly promulgated by a secret committee of Judges nominated by the Chancellor. But, unfortunately for any such contention, the New Rules, so far as they are new, are only a very mealy-mouthed and modified form of the recommendations of a Committee, known as Lord Coleridge's Committee, on which members even of the Outer Bar were conspicuous, and from which members of the other branch of the profession were not absent. The public had much discussed and very generally acquiesced in those recommendations at the time. Hence there was no pretence for urging that the New Rules, which were much less stringent in the direction of curtailing trial by jury, were bringing about grave constitutional changes unawares. Sir Hardinge Giffard, indeed, like Lord Bramwell in the Upper House, represented the Bar Committee, who petitioned against the New Rules, on the ground that they had not been consulted on them before their promulgation, and a somewhat similar complaint was urged by the Incorporated Law Society on behalf of Solicitors. But, as regards the Bar Committee, the answer was very simple,—that it had not come into existence at the time when the Rules were practically settled, and even the legal ability of the Lord Chancellor could hardly be expected to devise a method of consulting a body which was not yet created. But to both bodies the answer of substance was the same, that they were represented on Lord Coleridge's Committee, and that their members had ample means of knowing what was proposed and what was being done.

The fact is that the Legislature is aware that if devolution is to be the order of the day, there is nobody to whom legislation may be devolved who is less likely to require looking after from the point of view of the Conservative than her Majesty's Judges. In the first place, they have always legislated on the procedure of their own Courts, so that the power has not been placed in new hands. In the second place, they are more or less aged members of the most conservative of all professions. When the conservatism of age is added to that of the lawyer, and the innovating spirit is further kept in check by the thought that the innovator will have to make himself master of the details of any novelties which may be introduced, there is every reason for not anticipating revolutionary proceedings. How strongly this was felt in the House was apparent from the scanty attendance of Members even from the legal profession on Sir H. Giffard's field-day. The general conclusion of the public in the matter was admirably put by Mr. H. Fowler. While, he said, the wisdom of some of the New Rules might be doubted, and he might have added that for every rule the wisdom of which was doubted probably as many supporters could be produced as opponents, yet "they were, on the whole, a very decided step in the path of law reform. Judges were not law reformers, as a rule they never had been, and never would be. But when Parliament got from them so large an instalment as this, he thought they ought to take it thankfully, and then ask for more." It is certain that the step, though decided, is not as large as has been represented in some quarters. Of 1,015 rules, only 125 are new, and most of the novelties are modifications, rather than revolutions of existing practice. A great deal of alarm has been felt as to the extension of summary judgments for the recovery of land. But it has been plainly shown that the remedy is not new, and as it is restricted to cases where the tenant's term has expired, and where the defendant cannot convince a Judge on affidavit that he has *primâ facie* a defence, it is clear that no new method of arbitrary eviction has been devised. The order on which these summary judgments have been recovered is, perhaps, the most useful part of the reforms effected by the Judicature Acts. The judicial statistics show that by far the larger portion of the actions which are brought are practically undefended, and this order, by making a clean sweep of the larger portion of such actions before they come into Court, has left the Courts more time to deal with their substantial business. But as the Queen's Bench Division still has arrears to the number of a thousand, and the block in Chancery is greater than ever, much yet remains to be done. A considerable saving of time, with a gain of efficiency, will no doubt be made by the decrease in the number of cases tried by a jury in ordinary civil actions, especially those arising out of contract. The saving will not only be direct, from the trial of an action taking less time, but also indirect from the decrease in the number of applications for new trials. These scandals to English law will also be diminished in number by the restrictions placed upon the causes for which new trials may be ordered, as well as by condensing the application into one stage instead of two. The block in Chancery is likely to

be sensibly reduced by the transfer to Chambers of a great deal of purely formal, unlitigious work in the way of petitions for payment of money out of Court, and the like. Meanwhile, enormous sums of money will be saved, in all probability, by the provisions which enable vexed questions arising on wills and settlements to be solved singly as questions of pure law, instead of its being necessary, as now, to throw the whole estate "into Chaneery." If these rules are honestly and thoroughly acted on, it will hardly be possible in the future for solicitors to get themselves annuities for life by the institution of administration suits on the most frivolous pretexts. "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" ought to become an impossibility.

Mr. Fowler, following out his principle of asking for more, proposed another method for increasing the time of the Courts by annulling Order 63, which perpetuates the Long Vacation. But as by annulling the order for vacations he would also have annulled the order for sittings, it is perhaps fortunate that he did not get more than twenty-two Members to go into the lobby with him. It was not to be expected that the Judges would abolish their own holidays, together with that of the Bar and the Solicitors and the Clerks of the Law Offices. It is, however, pretty certain that some change in the Long Vacation is not far off. Both Lord Bramwell and the Lord Chancellor declared themselves in the House of Lords on Monday in favour of its being shortened. The original justification for it, that there was no more work to do, and that barristers, suitors, and officers of the Court must give their attention to the harvest, no longer exists. The crowded state of the single Long Vacation Court, with its present narrow limitation to matters of "urgent urgency," is pretty conclusive proof that there is work to be done, and that there are people eager to do it. Conveyancing goes on; bankruptcy counsel are fully employed. Neither in the Chancery nor in the Queen's Bench Division would junior counsel be averse to an extension of the chances of earning a livelihood. The interests of Judges and overworked leaders cannot long be allowed to override those of every one else. Whether by a "rota, or some other arrangement," there can be little doubt that the Long Vacation is doomed. The new rules, so far as they carry out the intentions of their authors, will hasten the doom. If law is made cheaper and quicker, the number of lawsuits cannot fail to increase. The increase can only be met by increasing the number of Courts, or the length of their sittings. The latter alternative must needs commend itself to the Treasury and to the public.

BLOCKING BILLS IN PARLIAMENT.

IT will some day be looked upon as a wonderful legislative arrangement that, except in the case of a few leading Government measures, no Act of Parliament can be passed if a single Member of the House of Commons objects. A proposal that a Legislature must, like a jury, give an unanimous verdict, has never, we believe, been formulated in any Constitution, and does not commend itself to the judgment as likely to promote the redress of grievances. However desirable it may be that minorities should make their voices heard, it has never yet been suggested that they should have a veto on legislation, still less that a minority of one should enjoy this exceptional privilege. Yet this is practically the result which the Rules of the House of Commons have brought about. Nor is there anything on the face of these Rules which appears unreasonable. To prevent the tyranny which a Government could and often did formerly exercise, it has been provided that opposed public business shall not be commenced after half-past twelve at night. Humanity alone would seem to prompt such a rule, and it could hardly have been foreseen that mischief would flow from it. Yet it is this simple and kindly regulation which has been converted into an engine to "block" Bills. Any Member can, by availing himself of the rule, prevent any progress being made with a measure, and thus veto legislation on the subject. The plan is very simple. It is only necessary to give notice of a motion that the second reading of the Bill shall be postponed for six months, and all discussion after half-past twelve at night is prevented. It may, of course, be answered that the Bill may still be debated at a reasonable hour. But such a consolation is illusory. It is all that the Government can do to carry through the House within the reasonable limits of a Session some half-dozen measures which they conceive to be of first-rate importance, and to obtain the supplies of money necessary for the administration of the country. All the time which the Administration has at command must be devoted to these objects, and it is almost impossible to procure the discussion of minor measures before midnight. For private Members, the case is still worse. Practically, their opportunities of legislation seem to be limited to Wednesdays, and then they are at the mercy of three or four sturdy talkers. A Bill which is generally approved has no chance of being even explained to the House, if a single Member, from dislike of the measure or its proposer, or from mere caprice, likes to stand in the way; and though half an hour's discussion might pass it without a division, nay, though no discussion at all is wanted to recommend it to the House, it is absolutely deprived of all chance of becoming law.

The sort of thing which happens is well illustrated by the appeal which Mr. Fawcett made to Mr. Warton one night this week. Mr. Fawcett has introduced two Bills of a very modest character for the improvement of the machinery of the Post Office. One of them relates to Postal Orders. It will be remembered that three years ago an Act was passed enabling the Postmaster-General to issue a new form of Money Order, not involving the troublesome formalities connected with the older species. The new Money Orders, which have been christened by way of distinction Postal Orders, may be obtained without giving the name of either sender or receiver, and may be cashed at any Post Office most convenient to the recipient. As might be expected, this simple form of remittance has become exceedingly popular. While the circulation of the older Money Orders is decreasing, that of the Postal Orders has increased from about four millions and a half to nearly eight millions during the last two years, while no less a sum than £3,451,000 has been remitted by means of such orders during the year ending March last. There is, however, found to be one defect in the system. The orders are only issued for certain fixed amounts, the lowest of which is 1s. and the highest £1. There is no power to abandon the issue of any denomination which is found to be useless, or to issue orders for other denominations which are likely to be popular. Postal orders are largely employed in paying small bills, and for this purpose the desideratum is to have orders of such amounts that, by the combination of two of them and the use of a few stamps, any broken amount may be made up. One object of Mr. Fawcett's present Bill is to enable the Post Office to alter the denominations of orders, so as to meet this want. Another object is to enable an interchange of postal orders to take place between the mother-country and Colonies which have their own Post Offices. The Bill also enables orders to be issued under the authority of the Postmaster-General by any officer of the Crown, although not an officer of the Post Office. This will empower their issue on board the ships of the Navy and in regiments on foreign service, and thus the transmission home of the wages of seamen and soldiers will be greatly facilitated. These are objects which it would have been thought no one could object to. And the fact that Sir John Lubbock, who, in the Banking interest, jealously criticised the Postal-Order scheme in 1880, has not thought it necessary to oppose the present Bill, is in itself a certificate that the proposed modifications of the system are perfectly harmless. The other Post-Office measure is yet more purely administrative. It provides a ready means of punishing a series of petty Post-Office offences which at present either go unpunished, or must be made the subject of formal criminal proceedings. Such acts as placing lighted matches in pillar-boxes, sending dangerous or indecent articles by post, forging postmarks, and misleading the public by the use of false telegraph forms and official envelopes, are, as a rule, not sufficiently serious offences to warrant a prosecution for a misdemeanour, while they are at the same time calculated to cause great annoyance, and in some cases to do much mischief. They should be promptly checked, without being made too much of; and this is the treatment which is at present impossible, but which would be sanctioned by the Bill. It is not surprising that such a measure should meet with all but unanimous approval. The exception is Mr. Warton. That gentleman is alone in opposing both Bills, and when Mr. Francis Buxton on Monday night pressed Mr. Fawcett to urge the measure forward, all that the Postmaster-General could do was to appeal to the Member for Bridport to remove his hostile notices, promising that he should have full opportunity of discussing in Committee any provision to which he took objection. The spectacle of a Minister, high in popular favour, and supported by the general opinion of the House of Commons, begging a single private Member not to exercise his veto, and interfere with the working of a great State Department, is a

very singular one, and a striking illustration of the process of blocking Bills. It is to be hoped that the Government may in this case be as pertinacious as Mr. Warton; but the demands on the time of the House at this season make it impossible to foretell with certainty what the ultimate effects of a block may be.

It must be admitted, however, that the Rule which produces these strange consequences took the place of a still more monstrous system. When opposed Bills could be brought on for discussion at any time of the night—or rather, morning—the Government had the power to harass a minority almost out of their lives. By putting the Bill on the notice-paper night after night and not bringing it on, they could tire out all but the most persistent opponents, and when the objecting minority had been wearied out by repeated fruitless attendances till three in the morning, could select some opportunity when vigilance was relaxed to force the measure through the House without discussion. The Inclosure Bill of 1869, which signed away the inheritance of the people over 13,000 acres of common land without any appreciable equivalent, was stopped only at the cost of weeks of protracted waiting and watching, which would have been spared had the present half-past-twelve rule been in force. As passing a bad Bill, as a rule, does more harm than stopping a good one, the system of blocking probably leads to better results than the practice previously existing. But some way might surely be invented for preventing the abuse of the system. It is ridiculous that a single man should, by writing half-a-dozen words on a piece of paper, paralyse the action of the House of Commons. That a minority strongly impressed with the justice of its view should have every means of preventing hasty legislation, and of laying its objections fully before the House and the country, is essential. But there should be some guarantee that a *bonâ fide* opposition to a Bill really exists. That a single Member has blocked it is no sufficient proof. It would surely not be difficult to devise some modification of the present rule which would supply the necessary test in a rough and ready way. It might, for example, be provided that notice of rejection in the name of one Member should not, after a certain period had elapsed, prevent the midnight discussion of a Bill, unless a certificate of, say, half-a-dozen Members that they approved the opposition were forthcoming. The association of even three or four Members in opposition to a measure would show a certain amount of genuine feeling, whereas the present system suggests opposition of a reckless, unthinking character. The right of blocking might also, without unfairness, be confined to one, or at most two, stages of a Bill. To suspend its consideration at every step, as may be done at present, is unnecessary, from any point of view. Whatever the most appropriate remedy may be, it is an undoubted fact that while the present system remains in force, many measures of real utility, involving no party question, and of a character which would meet with the marked approval of the House, if an opportunity could be obtained for discussion, are postponed at the pleasure of a single Member, to the detriment of the country at large, and against the will of the constituencies.

THE PATHETIC ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

THAT the Literature of our own day is deficient in Pathos must have been an observation often made by the critic; probably it has appeared before in these columns. We do not imagine that in the whole history of Fiction so much wealth in every other kind of excellence has been ever before combined with so much poverty in this one. The works of George Eliot, for instance, present us with specimens of wit, humour, imagination, tragic power, poetry, and the most subtle and delicate observation. The one literary beauty which we should remark as lacking to them is pathos. Perhaps the exclusion may appear to imply some peculiar use of the word; and words are used so vaguely, that the attempt to confine it to its specific meaning may possibly be peculiar. We understand by it that slight, delicate touch which, reaching below the region of idiosyncracies, and penetrating to the depths of purely human emotion, surprises the spring of tears; not, perhaps, bidding them flow—that depends on temperament—but rousing in every one the peculiar blending of emotion and sensation which tears manifest and relieve. It must be transient. The feeling it evokes is swallowed up immediately in something that is not itself. It hovers on the edge of pity, but as it passes into pity it ceases to be pathos. It is entangled with the web of memory, but when we take up that thread, the pathetic touch has ceased to vibrate. All that is strongly individual is without it; it must be simple, it must be human, or indeed something wider than human, for it seems to us especially connected with the animal world, and one reason why we find none on the page of our great novelist is that the influence of a peculiar individuality is felt there too strongly. It is gone at the first approach of anything of the nature of analysis, and we question whether a certain sense of inadequacy be not inseparable from it. The feeling represented, at all events, must be always associated with a certain dumbness; it is the appeal that is made to us, whether in life, or in some representation of life, by a sorrow that reveals itself unconsciously. We mean of course unconsciously to the sufferer; it is not necessary that the *creator* of a pathetic work should be ignorant of what he does, though he often is so; as far as he stands outside the feelings he expresses, it is not necessary that this note should be sounded unconsciously more than any other; the indispensable condition is only that the reader should look at the sorrow from afar. As we try to describe the feeling, we are closely reminded of the etymological connection between *dimness* and *dumbness*. What we mean by pathos brings home to the mind of the person who feels it the sense of both these things;—the clear daylight, the distinct utterance, effectually dispels it. Where eloquence begins, it ends.

Pathos, if we have rightly described it, is not pre-eminently the characteristic of any first-rate genius. To find a writer whose productions it characterises, we must turn to some shy, reserved nature, with whom it is not merely a dramatic effect, but, what is a very different thing, an actual outcome of the character. And we do not, accordingly, find much of it in Shakespeare, in proportion to the wealth of every kind which we find in his works. But we may take from him specimens of the wealth in which he is poorest, and one scene from *King John*, which will occur to every reader as an apparent refutation of the limitations we have given to the scope of Pathos, affords, in fact, a good illustration of our meaning. The lament of Constance for Arthur is the specimen of pathos, perhaps, most universally appreciated, and it is undeniable that she cannot be called dumb; we have known her lament in dramatic representation made extremely clamorous, and though such a conception seemed to us very injurious to the beauty of the situation, it certainly did not destroy its tear-compelling power. But no small part of the wonderful power of the picture seems to us to consist of the dumbness of Arthur,—the slightness and faintness of the sketch, the truth, in a certain sense, of his own words,—

> "Good, my mother, peace!
> I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

And in the case of Constance herself, our sympathy is solely with *the mother*. It is the purely human feeling—nay, it is the one emotion we share with the creatures below humanity—that is made interesting. If the reader imagines how an artist of lesser genius would have treated the grief of a bereaved mother, he will see that it is touched with wonderful temperance, though with such great impressiveness. The few lines beginning, "Grief fills the place up of my absent child," touch on the anguish of every bereaved heart; they open a vista for every reader to some remembered longing, they put before us the sorrow that belongs not to rich or poor, high or low, wise or foolish, but to all. And yet how few they are, how soon we turn to other things, how little is Shakespeare engrossed with that pathetic image! He gives us an indirect glance at it, and hurries on to the interests of a nation. It is interesting, in the case of the only dramatist who can be named on the same page with Shakespeare, to observe how the pathos of this indirect glance fades away, when it becomes direct. Antigone seems to us the grandest female figure in dramatic literature, but the only time she is brought forward in a pathetic light is in her first appearance as an unconscious child. Pathos cannot combine with the full diapason of tragic power; those flute-like notes are lost in any flood of harmony, their melody is soon over, but for the moment it must be heard alone.

The age which we should choose as richest in accessible specimens of Pathos, the eighteenth century, is of itself a good illustration of the power that lies in this indirectness of attention. This period has of late been much rehabilitated, but its poetic claims have not yet been brought forward; and its best friends will confess that it was, on the whole, an age of prose. But the poetry of a prosaic age is exactly that which is most likely to be pathetic. It supplies the inevitable element of reserve—of

dumbness, we would rather say—without which pathos is swallowed up in something beyond itself. And to take Gray as the type of this kind of poetry, the few words of one of his friends quoted by Matthew Arnold, and recurrent in his essay on Gray as a sort of refrain—"he never spoke out"—express with wonderful happiness and simplicity not only the characteristic of a particular poet, but the characteristic of all to whom we should apply the epithet "pathetic." Hackneyed as they are (and it is a peculiar disadvantage to all pathetic poetry to be hackneyed), his "Elegy" and the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" keep for all readers that dim sense of far-off troubles and sorrows which seems to bring "some painless sympathy with pain." No poetry is more purely, abstractedly human; the dim vision of the cottage-door gladdened by the father's return, of the playing-fields alive with schoolboys, touching as they do on the two extremes of society, contain nothing that is individual, nothing that is not absolutely common to humanity. Where Gray does diverge into individuality, he seems to us most unfortunate; and the picture of the indolent day-dreamer of whom we learn that "large was his bounty, and his soul sincere," while yet "he gave to misery all he had, a tear," exchanges poetry for something that, if we could forget its beauty of language, we should perceive to be twaddle. The whole interest of the poem is that common life is here, as it were, set to music. The dim, obscure lives of toil and privation are brought before us, not in their painful sordidness, and not in their arduous effort and meritorious success either, but in their broad human interest, as the lives of those bound together by strong affections, rejoicing in the daily meeting, busied with each other's needs, seeking on the bed of death a last glance from the eyes fullest of love. It takes nothing from the simplicity of this broad human interest that the words which call it up are essentially those of a scholar, and that we might restore some of its gems to their original setting on the page of Lucretius or Tacitus. On the contrary, it adds much to it. It gives that *indirectness* of attention which is what we want. Turn from Gray to Wordsworth, *concentrate* your attention on the lives of the poor,—you may gain much, but the pathetic touch is gone. If, for instance, any one fresh from the passage to which we have alluded should read Wordsworth's "Michael," which is nothing more than the hint at peasant life expanded into a little biography, and assert that he found as much pathos in the portrait as the sketch, all we could say would be that he and we mean different things by the word. When we are invited to contemplate a specimen of humanity at that nearness in which we discern such special facts as that the parents were advanced in life when the son was born, and that they lost their money through the treachery of an acquaintance, we are apt to feel that the picture, being as individual as this, is not individual enough. The present writer, at least, confesses to feeling very often that Wordsworth has lost one excellence, and not fully gained the other.

The contrast between the two, at any rate, is an instructive one for our purpose. Wordsworth and Gray, from this point of view, may be considered as representing the nineteenth century and its predecessor. That Wordsworth was the greater poet (though that is at least not a disqualifying circumstance for this representation), we leave out of the question; we consider them only with regard to their contribution to this particular kind of literature. Wordsworth represents what is best in modern democracy. He looks at the poor not as the picturesque retainers, the grateful dependents of their social superiors; he sees in them specimens of humanity interesting on their own account, but he often fails to render his picture of them interesting, because he specialises what is characteristic of the class without specialising what is characteristic of the individual. Where he aims at pathos, he sometimes drops into prosaic triviality. We should have expected most of his readers to agree with us in thus describing his "Alice Fell," if Mr. Arnold had not included the verses in his selection from the poet. The attempt to describe in poetry such an incident as a child having her cloak caught in a coach wheel and replaced by a benevolent passenger seems to us, we must say, in spite of this formidable vote on the opposite side, a very good illustration of what pathos is not. It might almost be set by the side of the caricature of Wordsworth in the "Rejected Addresses" as a specimen of what is puerile when it should be childlike. This incident is too trivial for the most passing allusion, but the homely, every-day sorrows of the poor may be most pathetic when shown us by the light of a far-off sympathy, transient as the gleam that fringes a flying shower, while yet if hammered at through six or seven verses they become simply tedious. *Describe* the incidents of village life at which the "Elegy" glances from afar, and you have your choice between being tedious, and exchanging the broad, human view for one that takes cognisance of idiosyncracies; and Wordsworth seems to us so much afraid of the last alternative, that he has constantly chosen the first. If you expand the fitting subject for the allusion of half a line into a theme of a poem, you will in either case eliminate the pathetic element from it.

The contrast between the two poets brings out the explanation of our poverty in this direction, and its connection with the democratic spirit of our age. It is a twofold connection. In the first place, all literature feels the direct influence of the political spirit of the age. It is true that we should not expect the influence of democracy to be hostile to pathos; an attention to the needs of the poor and the obscure would appear, at first sight, its moral correlate, and this attention will be allowed to be a part of democracy by its bitterest enemies. Its very excellence is that it attends only to what is human in each of us, and demands no special claim of character and position before it will devote itself to remove grievances and mitigate suffering. Of course, this means attending *more* to the needs of the lowly than the exalted, for they are greater, and also they are the needs of the majority. This is a gain worth paying any price to secure. But, as a matter of fact, we do pay a price to secure all excellence; and the price we pay for a complete recognition of every need is, that we have somewhat lost the subtle power of emotion which belongs to an indirect expression of all dumb need. Gray represents the eighteenth-century glance at the life of the poor,—a glance full of sympathy, but essentially a glance from afar. They are still the *dumb* masses. They are certainly "our own flesh and blood," in the sense that they feel those sorrows and hopes which their poet feels also. "On some fond breast the parting soul relies," in the palace as well as the cottage. But they are hardly our own flesh and blood in Mr. Gladstone's sense. They are not beings whom we have any notion of calling into council as to the sanitary or educational arrangements which affect their welfare. From this point of view, the notion of helping them out of their dumbness, and endowing them with the franchise, must be allowed to strike the reader with horror. A neat, slated roof does not more disadvantageously replace what Gray carelessly calls a straw-built shed, than the new view of the agricultural labourer replaces the old, with regard to his place in poetry. Wordsworth does not regard him from this point of view exactly, but he is not so far from it as he is from the view of the predecessor with whom we contrast him. We feel that the Bastille has fallen, that the "Rights of Man" are in the air, that America has set an example of successful rebellion, that the first Reform Bill is on its way,—that Democracy, in short, is a growing power. The poor are dumb no longer; they can occasionally be very tedious. We cannot look at a thing at the same time from at hand and from afar. The "humane century," as Mr. Frederic Harrison has called the eighteenth century, was just in time for its educated men to look at the poor with sympathy, and from afar. Earlier ages were too soon for the first; our own, and apparently all following ages, are too late for the last. The transition age supplies the elements of pathos.

It may seem to be putting a strain upon the theory of political life thus to connect it with literature, and that homely, every-day life which supplies literature with its subjects. But those who care least for politics are moulded by politics. That perennial life in which each one of us partakes, makes up in permanence what it lacks in vividness; its hopes and fears become our hopes and fears to some extent, and even they who turn away from all political interest and try to lose themselves in the past, discover in the echoes to which they cannot deafen their ears something that by its very continuity forces them to fear it or admire it,—somehow or other, to wish that this or that may come of it. However, it is not so much the direct influence of democratic feeling on literature that we would trace, as its influence on literature through the medium of the social life. The tendency of our age to leave nothing unsaid is impressed on our attention by every newspaper and almost every book we open, and is forced on our belief by its record on contemporary legislation. Why was Obstruction never a part of the tactics of Opposition until our own day? Not because people have suddenly discovered, as a truth of which their fore-

fathers were ignorant, that while you insist on discussing a measure it cannot pass into a law, nor because Members of Parliament are less high-minded than they were, but simply because the whole tone of general taste was in former days against such a method of procedure, and in our days is with it. The change is a part of that democratic influence on the social code to which we have so often adverted,—a change which it seems to us those equally misinterpret who insist on labelling it as either good or bad. This particular side of it seems to us to be regretted, but it is inseparably associated with so much that is a cause of satisfaction, that we would rather speak of its dangers than its evils. It is intimately associated with what Carlyle meant by *veracity*. People are always mistaking unreserve for truthfulness, and if there were no connection between the two, they could not be confused. Our contemporary literature is marked by instances of this unreserve that would have been inconceivable to our grandfathers; an allusion to the legend of Godiva with which we remember a specimen of it being greeted many years ago, would have lost all its point by this time, so many have followed Godiva's example. And the fashion is reflected in fiction. Our greatest writer of fiction expresses all she means. Hers is not the art that calls up a train of suggestion with half a word, we never feel in closing the volume that she has roused a set of recollections in which the original note is drowned; her words linger in the memory with all the strong characteristics of their own individuality; but they stir no hidden spring, surprising the reader with the revelation of depths of emotion within, perhaps forgotten, perhaps never fully known. And the words which convey the writer's whole meaning, though they may convey it perfectly and admirably, can hardly, according to our understanding of the word, convey what we mean by pathos.

The loss of the pathetic element in literature is great. With it, we lock the door of escape from unendurable compassion, we forbid ourselves ever to contemplate pain without actually sharing it. We lose the medicine for many a sick mind, the spell that recalls without its bitterness many a bitter memory, the mediator that teaches us compassion for many a hated foe. We lose that refuge from the pressure of individual sorrow which is so little the discovery of a civilised age, that the singer whose words most recall it is the earliest known to our race, telling us how the obsequies of a hero released the tears they did not cause. "His loss the plea, the griefs they mourned their own." Nor let it be thought that we speak of a merely sentimental loss; the thing we describe is, after all, the literary reflection of a view of the sorrows of life needed by all. What we can never forget, we must at times put far from us, and contemplate through the softening medium of thoughts that blend sorrow with hope. What pathos is in literature that resignation is in life, and if a democratic age fail to recognise the excellence of this virtue, it is because men forget that apart from it, no manly effort is possible, and for the majority of lives, no sustained cheerfulness. They know it little who think it the foe of energy; the truth is, that energy loses half its efficacy in a nature that knows nothing of resignation. Do we mean to urge that the literary quality thus nobly related should be made a conscious effort? All we have said shows that we hold such an attempt to be self-defeating; at the first effort to attain pathos, it takes its inexorable flight. But we do not think that the endeavour to avoid its foes is equally vain, and the most deadly among them, that love of the ridiculous which is quite equally the foe of all humour, is what, for our own part, we feel among the most serious dangers of a democratic age. While the inquest over a heart-rending calamity is interrupted with laughter at every grotesque or absurd expression in the account of the disaster, while the pages of *Punch* are the chief study of the young in their leisure hours, and while the bracketed "laughter" in our Parliamentary reports call the attention of the reader to statements in which there is no wit or pleasantry, or any possible source of them, we shall lose the pathetic element in literature, and a great many other good things also. Against this vulgarising tendency of our time we would gladly see a strong and conscious effort, being certain that it would encourage not only those faculties which make literature pathetic, but also that it would reinforce the sources of all true humour, as much the friend to true pathos, as it is the foe of its vulgar and libellous caricature.

THE DEFICIENCY IN ENGLISHMEN'S ENJOYMENTS.

THE dissertations on Sport which August 12th regularly brings us, never fail to remind us of that admirable picture which Anthony Trollope gave us in "The Duke's Children" of Crummie-Toddie, the ugly moorland place in the west of Perthshire as organised for grouse-shooting and deer-stalking by Mr. Reginald Dobbes. "Mr. Dobbes declared that nothing like it had as yet been produced in Scotland. Everything had been made to give way to deer or grouse. The thing had been managed so well, that the tourist nuisance had been considerably abated. There was hardly a fertile patch left in the district, nor a head of cattle to be seen. There were no inhabitants remaining, or so few, that they could be absorbed in game-preserving or cognate duties. Reginald Dobbes, who was very great at grouse, and supposed to be capable of outwitting a deer by venatical wiles more perfectly than any other sportsman in Great Britain, regarded Crummie-Toddie as the nearest thing there was to a Paradise on earth. Could he have been allowed to pass one or two laws for his own protection, there might still have been improvement. He would like to have the right to have all intruders thrashed by the gillies within an inch of their lives; and he would have had a clause in his lease against the making of any new roads, opening of foot-paths, or building of bridges. He had seen somewhere in print a plan for running a railway from Callender to Fort Augustus, right through Crummie-Toddie. If this were done in his time, the beauty of the world would be over. Reginald Dobbes was a man of about forty, strong, active, well made; about five feet ten in height, with broad shoulders, and greatly-developed legs. He was not a handsome man, having a protrusive nose, high cheek-bones, and long upper lip; but there was a manliness about his face which redeemed it. Sport was the business of his life, and he thoroughly despised all who were not sportsmen. He fished, and shot, and hunted during nine or ten months of the year, filling up his time as best he might with coaching, polo, and pigeon-shooting. He regarded it as a great duty to keep his body in the finest possible condition. All his eating and all his drinking was done upon a system, and he would consider himself to be guilty of weak self-indulgence were he to allow himself to break through sanitary rules." Of Reginald Dobbes's indignation when Crummie-Toddie was described as "infernally ugly," of the bags of game he made, and of his sullen resentment when Lord Silverbridge left Crummie-Toddie for a few days to go and flirt at Killancodlem, a proceeding which he declared to be "hardly honest" seeing that Lord Silverbridge's gun was counted upon to make up the mighty bags of Crummie-Toddie game of which the sporting world was told in the newspapers, Mr. Trollope gave such a picture that no one else can pretend to rival him in painting the type of man who gives up his life to organised sport. Reginald Dobbes grudging every minute and every gun lost to the great cause of making up the grand-total of birds and deer brought down at Crummie-Toddie, remains as a great historical picture of one well-marked type of Englishman,—a type as quaint, as paradoxical, as easy to show to be *a priori* all but impossible, as it is equally easy to prove it to be, as a matter of experience, not uncommon, and in one sense peculiarly national. Certainly, if one had been asked beforehand whether it would be possible to produce a class of men so far devoted to a particular kind of recreation that they would pursue it with the grim professional ardour proper to works of pure obligation, and not only without hoping ever to gain anything except its own characteristic enjoyment by it, but even confidently expecting to spend much of their substance upon it every year, and all this in spite of toil and hardship, in spite of having to choose for the theatre of sport comparatively dull scenery, where travellers are not attracted, and in spite of being compelled to ignore all those lighter enjoyments which lovers of pleasure usually like to interweave in the intervals of their eagerest pursuit,—one would, without experience of the facts, have answered in the negative. It would be almost impossible to imagine, *a priori*, that people devoted to self-indulgence,—as Mr. Trollope admits that Reginald Dobbes was,—would ever make an arbitrary yoke of any one kind of self-indulgence, a yoke which should oblige them to give up every other kind, even the most refined and exalted, and to work like galley-slaves at the particular amusement they had chosen. One would say of course beforehand, that the very devotion to self-indulgence would preclude giving a tyrannical

supremacy to any particular pursuit inconsistent with the pleasurcableness of life as a whole. So, however, as a matter of fact, it certainly is not. Experience proves that the Reginald Dobbeses of life not only exist, but exist in considerable numbers, devoting themselves to their dull Crummie-Toddies with a rigid pertinacity as unlike one's general conception of the joy of life, as the work of destruction is unlike to the work of creation. And as we have said, there is not only no mistake about the fact, but there is no mistake about the characteristic national feature involved in the fact. It is specially English to take up some particular kind of sport, and pursue it with all the ardour, all the self-denial, all the rigid indifference to anything beyond the sport itself, which would be appropriate to an obligatory duty, or even to the very few passions—like gambling or avarice—which seem to cast a glamour over every mind which is once subject to them. No one can say this exactly in the same sense of the sportsman's life. The Reginald Dobbeses of the world do not give the impression of having lost hold of their own purposes, in the uncontrollable excitement of a sovereign passion. You would not conceive that they had imagination enough to be magnetised by their favourite amusement; and, indeed, sport requires so much of general health of body and mind to pursue it with effect, that it is hardly possible to think of the enthusiasm of such sportsmen as Reginald Dobbes as you think of the miser whose life is devoted to gain, or the gambler whose whole heart is in the jingle of the dice. Sportsmen are too healthy-minded for such absorbing passions as those. Nevertheless, the devotees of sport are not too healthy-minded for the mistake of spoiling an enjoyment by its over-organisation. Like all Englishmen, they are apt to make a task of a pleasure; but unlike most Englishmen, they fail to discover that they lose nearly all the pleasure by the completeness with which they organise it into a task.

That, however, is the root of the mistake in almost all routines of enjoyment. No one thoroughly enjoys organised amusements, because you cannot be in the true humour to enjoy that of which you make a regular task-work,—a business to which you bend all your efforts as you do to your duties or your professional engagements. The truest enjoyments are not carefully prepared beforehand, but are the more or less unexpected yield of unconscious and unplanned resource. You may, of course, take a sort of satisfaction in having everything go exactly as you had intended it to go,—in seeing the birds rise where you expected them to rise, in shooting as many of them as you expected to shoot, and carrying home a bag fuller even than you counted on; but well-organised satisfactions like these are not in the truest sense enjoyments; they are only *satisfactions*, precisely such satisfactions as you get out of work well done, not the surprises with a touch of grace and gratitude in them which enhance almost every high enjoyment.

The truth is, that English people hardly know how to enjoy themselves, just because they insist on over organising all enjoyment. As Wordsworth truly enough said,—

> "For we are vexed by heavy laws,
> And often, glad no more,
> We wear a face of joy, because
> We have been glad of yore."

We look as if we enjoyed ourselves, though all the joy is absent, only because we find ourselves among the associations in which we were once accustomed to enjoy ourselves, and because we are hardly frank enough with ourselves to confess that the spell is over and the charm past. True enjoyment is seldom secured by careful dispositions. It is the unexpected exercise of some faculty that we hardly suspected to exist, the gleam or flash of some insight for which we never looked, the rekindling of delightful associations nearly erased, the new meaning given to some favourite book, the new vividness of waking in the morning, the new restfulness of the evening light, the new vivacity of all one's old tastes under some unexpected stimulus, which really constitute the essence of enjoyment. Almost all the deliciousness of any pleasure is done away with by too much organising, by reducing it to routine, by stopping up the avenues of fresh and unexpected combinations of circumstance. Who that knows what travel is, can doubt that the perfect organisation of travel in these latter days,—the security and perfect appointment of the journey, the voluptuous comfort of the hotels, the multitudes of arrangements for sight-seeing and luxurious meals,—diminish, instead of increasing, the delight of it? Everything, from sport to travel, from scenery to appetite, is discounted. You are told everywhere exactly what to expect and what to guard against, until the inlets of genuine surprise,—that highest stimulus of all true enjoyment,—are almost blocked up. Nevertheless, if we English understood enjoying as well as we understand working, we should carefully eschew too much routine in our pleasure-making, and leave open as many doors as we can for unexpected incidents, even though we might be quite sure that at various of these doors very unpleasant incidents would emerge; for the delight of unexpected pleasure would far more than outweigh the distresses of unexpected discomforts. To succeed at work, you must organise it carefully. To succeed in enjoyment, you must as carefully leave plenty of room for the vividness which an organised routine benumbs, if it does not wholly banish.

SEA-FISHING.

THE ingenious poet "J. D.," who wrote, early in the seventeenth century, "The Secrets of Angling," tells us, in the quaint analogy which he discovers between his favourite art and religion, that the angler must needs have *faith*,—faith that "store of Fish without all doubt abound" in "waters, brookes, and lakes." Unhappily, the two hundred and seventy years that have passed since he haunted the pure and unfrequented streams of England have brought us to a pass in which it is impossible to exercise this necessary virtue. The population has increased fivefold, and the anglers fiftyfold. Fishing clubs pour out daily through the seasons thousands of competitors, who stand as thick upon the river banks as the troops that keep the line of a procession. In season and out of season the nightly net is plied, in spite of Preservation Societies; while Science, true to her mission of promoting the happiness of the greater number, supplies the aquatic Nihilist with dynamite. This is bad enough, but worse remains behind. The greed of manufacturers, a greed which Parliament has not, it seems, the power, or it may be the will, to restrain, has rendered whole rivers, almost from source to outflow, as barren of life as the Dead Sea. If the destruction of fish by means legitimate or illegitimate progresses for another generation as it has progressed during the last thirty years, angling will have become, except in the private waters that are the luxury of the few, a thing of the past.

Happily, the sea remains unexhausted, and is likely so to remain for more than one generation, recruited, as it perpetually is, from regions that cannot be ransacked, even if they can be approached. Not that the hand of the destroyer has not made itself visible even here. The trawler has swept clean, or left with but the scantiest remnants of former abundance, many a pleasant bay which was once the fisherman's delight. Whitby, for instance, brightest of "bright, seaward towns," has lost this out of its many charms. Twenty years ago, a basket, we might almost say a boatful, of fish might be caught wherever almost the anchor might be cast out within the embouchure of the river. When the writer last visited it, little could be done, and that little only in the rare combination, or rather opposition, of tide and wind which made it possible to "drift." Yet there are places enough still left unspoiled. Many are happily protected by the nature of the bottom from the fatal sweep of the trawl; as for line fishing, nothing seems to make an impression on the inexhaustible numbers of the deep. Indeed, it is probable that in any fishing ground the number destroyed by the dogfish far exceed that taken by net or line, by fishermen, either amateur or professional.

It must be allowed, indeed, that the sport, however abundant or interesting, has some considerable drawbacks. In the first place, the bare mention of it will cause a qualm in not a few readers. There are but few places where it can be followed with any considerable success from the shore; a boat is necessary, and commonly a stationary boat; and of all known contrivances for trying the human stomach, not even a coasting steamer, with all its dirt and smells, can be compared to a small boat at anchor. It is not easy to say whether the motion is more trying in the short waves raised by a breeze, or the long swell of a so-called calm. Then, again, the weather makes it very uncertain. It is a peculiarity in fresh-water angling, a peculiarity admirably suited to our climate, that bad weather suits it, on the whole, rather better than good. When we come to the sea, the conditions are changed. The weather which delights the river fisherman, if he be not a mere lounger, the squalls of wind in which the pike runs fiercely at the bait, and the salmon rises without misgiving at the fly, make the sea impracticable. And even when these have passed, they leave an equally disturbing influence behind them. It is provoking in the last degree to the fisherman to see days of the

most delightful weather, the last remnant, it may be, of his holiday, passing away unemployed, because the water has not grown sufficiently clear after a recent storm. For the thickness that is commonly favourable to the angler's craft when it is pursued in the river, is its greatest hindrance in the deeper and therefore darker waters of the sea. Even when all conditions are favourable, an unexpected obstacle sometimes presents itself. The amateur will seldom be able to dispense with professional assistance. Boats are difficult, if not dangerous, to manage, and localities, recognised or discovered in a river with comparative ease, can hardly be identified, except by those who have a life-long familiarity with every land-mark. But professional assistance it is sometimes strangely difficult to obtain. The blue-shirted men, who earn a mysterious subsistence by lounging on the pier or the beach, are often strangely unwilling to earn a good day's wages by two or three hours' work. They are wholly wanting in "J. D.'s" cardinal virtue. They do not think that anything can be caught. The shore, indeed, they tell you, was swarming with fish a month before, and will be swarming again in a month's time; but just now, they assert, with a conviction which seems to you born of indolence rather than knowledge, that it is an absolute blank. The fact probably is, that the regular fishermen do not care for the petty gain that may be thus made, while the ordinary boatmen find it more lucrative to wait for customers who will be content with a row or a sail.

It must be remembered, too, that much of the coast of England is practically useless for near-shore fishing. Roughly speaking, for, of course, there are exceptional spots, the eastern sea-board counties of England south of Yorkshire, and the southern counties east of Dorsetshire, afford but few opportunities for sea-fishing. In the north, Bridlington is, or was a few years ago, an excellent resort for the fisherman, who must, however, be able to hold his own in bargaining with the canny sons of Yorkshire. Filey is still better, because with its "brigg," a long line of rocks running out into the sea, with deep water on their northern side, it affords one of those opportunities that are so seldom found of angling from the shore. With favourable weather, that is, a wind that blows not too strongly from the harbour side, the "brigg" gives for some hours in the day an admirable chance of sport, all the more welcome because the rod is used, instead of the ruder implement of the hand-line. The eastern coast has, on the whole, the advantage of better weather during the months which are commonly available for holiday, as the prevailing westerly and south-westerly winds blow off the land. Apart from this consideration, which is, indeed, of the highest importance, the south-western coast is, perhaps, to be preferred. Sea-fishing has here received a scientific development which, to the best of our knowledge, it has not elsewhere obtained, while the neighbourhood of the Atlantic seems to furnish an endless supply of fish. Beer, a picturesque little fishing village not far from the Dorsetshire border, may be mentioned as an excellent locality; and on the north Devonshire coast, Clovelly is worthy of mention, though here the angler will find his time limited by the strong tidal currents, which make it impossible to fish when either the ebb or the flow are in full force. But Clovelly has charms which may make the angler well content to spend the balance of his time upon the shore. Good localities, indeed, are numerous, and not difficult to discover; the only difficulty is, as we have said before, presented by the conditions of weather that are necessary for success. The lucky man who, duly provided by nature with the "heart of oak and triple brass," of which the fisher, beyond all who do business in the great waters, has need, and whose holiday happens to coincide with an anti cyclone, will have a "good time" indeed. He will have, for a cost that is insignificant, compared with the price of dubious chances of salmon at a Highland hotel, excellent sport, a catch abundant, and eatable to the last (for a bad fish is as uncommon in the sea as a good one is uncommon in a river), and health-giving days, which will send him back to the city a browner and a better man.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LEAVING EGYPT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Events have justified the view which I ventured to put forward last winter in your columns, that the strong European element in the Egyptian Administration makes it almost needless to quarrel over the mere name of our presence in Egypt. Call it "protectorate," or "friendly guidance," or what you will; there are the Europeans, armed and resolute. The Egypt of to-day is entirely in their power, and it is impossible for them to come away. Every fresh sanitary regulation, every improvement, real or imagined, in the way of doing things for the public good, gives more and more authority to the foreigner upon the banks of the Nile. Do what we will and say what we will, we, the Europeans, cannot come away without a gross neglect of our duty to Egypt. It is a small matter whether four battalions or five battalions of British infantry suffice to frighten the Egyptians into accepting European ideas. Even if no troops at all were required to prevent a Moslem revolt—a thing much more likely than some people imagine—there would still be the army of foreign office-holders, which no human power can dispense with. My only fear is that the English may take upon themselves a good deal of unpopularity and trouble and expense, in doing the work that is every foreigner's work in Egypt. Let Europe clearly understand that we represent the merchants and the money-lenders, the foreign shopkeepers and the cosmopolite tourists, in our thankless Egyptian task, and there will be less desire to sneer at poor old John Bull for doing other people's work, as well as his own.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Temple, E.C., August 11th. Hilary Skinner.

THE LIBERAL DAILY PRESS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It certainly would be a bad day for Liberals and Liberalism if the *Daily News*, or any other Liberal paper, were to be conducted on the principles advocated by your correspondents, Messrs. Matthews and Cobb. It is far more important that the *Daily News* should be the organ of the Liberal cause rather than the organ of the Government, and it is infinitely to be desired that its Liberalism should be independent, even if it is sometimes mistaken. It was mistaken, as it seems to me, on the Suez-Canal question, and attacked the Government for doing about the very best thing it could do under the circumstances. But it is far better that such a mistake should have been made than men should regard its editorial staff as mere Government clerks. "Loose Liberal Members" are far more likely to be brought to a sense of their duties by coming in contact with their own constituents than by editorials inspired by a Minister.—I am, Sir, &c., Richard Bartram.

[We have never condemned any Liberal newspaper for independence,—which we have always claimed for ourselves. And we should never have thought of challenging the general exercise of its discretion by the great Liberal journal, however much we had differed from it. But it did seem hard on the Liberal party that the chief Liberal organ should be so prepossessed against the proposals of a Liberal Government, as to assail them before the case which the Government could produce on its own behalf had been given to the world. We have not thought it desirable to insert any of the many letters received on this subject except such as were moderate in tone and publicly acknowledged by their authors. We hope the hints given will be taken, and must now close this correspondence.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

TORTURE FOR CRIMINALS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. Ernest Bell's quotation from the "Unseen Universe" in his letter to you last week on the "absolutely indescribable torture, thrilling through every fibre of the frame," caused by electricity, brings to my mind the ordeal I underwent a short time ago at a hydropathic establishment, for the cure (?) of rheumatism by the electric bath.

The physician was present, and the operator, a most intelligent man, went on with his duty in a cool, calculating way, whilst I writhed in excruciating pain. A day or two afterwards, on entering the bath-room, to resume my self-imposed torture, I observed my operating friend rocking himself, and holding his jaw from the terrible pain which he said he had from the extraction of a tooth. I could not help laughing, though at the same time pitying the poor fellow. He soon, however, was by my side, operating upon me for the third time, but, as I thought, with rather less severity, owing perhaps more to his own suffering than to the prolonged howls which I gave vent to.

There can be no mistake about the power of punishment which can be inflicted by electricity; but whether it would

"delight the physiological world," and be more demoralising to the community than the use of the 'cat,'" I forbear to express an opinion. My testimony is to the "*absolutely indescribable torture*" for a "*specified time*," which Mr. Bell asserts is now for the first time confessed to by scientific men.—I am, Sir, &c., W. L.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In reference to the letter on the above subject which appears in your issue of last Saturday, perhaps you will allow me to call attention to the following extract from Mr. Gilmour's book, entitled "Among the Mongols," which you reviewed so favourably some time ago:—"Of all the healing appliances in the hands of a foreigner, none strikes the fancy of a Mongol so much as the galvanic battery; and it is rather curious that almost every Mongol who sees it and tries its effects, exclaims, 'What a capital thing it would be for examining accused persons! It would far surpass whipping, beating, or suspending. Under its torture, a guilty man could not but confess.' Some one in England has advocated the use of the galvanic battery in place of the 'cat' in punishing criminals, and it is curious to note the coincidence of the English and Mongol mind." ("Among the Mongols," p. 188.)—I am, Sir, &c.,

Free Church Manse, Mauchline. John I. W. Pollock.

THE CREE INDIANS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I have just received from a friend, who is settled near Qu'Appelle, in the north-west of Canada, the following account of the mode of testing the bravery of the young men among the Cree Indians. He says:—"Last week I saw a religious dance among these people; the spectacle was so atrocious that I nearly fainted. The object was to test the endurance of their young fighting men. A large conical tent, supported by a central pole, was erected, of which one side was occupied by a band of drummers and by the chiefs; the other side was left an open space, for the administration of the proposed test of manly virtue. The performance began by a chorus of tremendous shouts and outcries from the men around, to an accompaniment of prolonged tomtoming on the drums. The men were got up in wonderful style, some painted in coloured stripes to resemble tigers, with scalps dangling round their waists and wrists, and tomahawks hanging in their belts. Their extremities were covered with Indian leggings, faced with beads and porcupine quills. Their faces were painted in all the colours of the rainbow, and a good many more. After a short silence, a young man came forward, about twenty years of age. Him they seized, and immediately cut a slit through each breast, and then passed through this hole a stout stick. To these sticks they fastened ropes, the other ends of which were firmly tied to the central pole of the tent. The young man then went to the extremity of the rope and leaned back with his whole weight, being supported by the sticks through his breast. He pulled the flesh right away from his bones, and in that awful position, without a cry escaping him, he began to dance to the thundering music of the band. He continued dancing forty-five minutes, when he fainted. Fifteen others then passed through the same ordeal, who were thus admitted as braves of the tribe. The trial was somewhat varied for some of them, by setting them to pull guns through the grass while harnessed in the same frightful fashion, or by swinging them to trees with hooks fastened in their backs. This band of Indians is only two miles from our settlement, so that you see we form a mixture of both civilised and savage people. Fancy this next door to Canada!"

Although it is on another subject, may I add one remark to the observations already made on your admirable review of Mr. Drummond's work on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." You say that "he finds in natural law the warrant for eternal punishment, sudden conversion," &c. I do not think that Mr. Drummond finds any warrant in natural law for "eternal punishment," in any other sense than a destruction of life which is eternal. Later on, I think you miss Mr. Drummond's meaning with respect to life and biogenesis, by failing to accept in its fullness his statement that in speaking of life, Christ "*must have meant literal life*," "because we must always take the literal rather than the metaphorical meaning in interpreting the Bible," which does not "mystify its readers." The meaning here seems to be that the word "life" covers many varieties, but that it always carries with it a central idea, of which the opposite is "literal" death or destruction. Taken in this sense, I think Mr. Drummond's argument is logical and defensible.—I am, Sir, &c., E. W.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The objection which Mr. Waddington raises to Mr. Drummond's theory of Biogenesis as a generally accepted scientific doctrine applies also to the many eminent scientific authorities who support that view. That the theory of spontaneous generation is a fair subject for inquiry and speculation, no one would deny. No one acquainted with the history of scientific discoveries but readily believes that the most important light may be thrown upon the origin of life by such investigators as Dr. Bastian, though their particular theory may not be confirmed. But to say that the present evidence for the doctrine of spontaneous generation places it within the pale of exact science, is to put hypothesis in the place of certainty. Spontaneous generation is a possibility may be to some minds so far postulated that other doctrines may be built upon it. But it is no less certain, in the present state of the question, that the only theory of the origin of life that has vindicated itself to reason and experiment is the theory that all present powers of life are descended from previously existing life. Mr. Drummond very wisely accepts as the ground of his analogical reasoning the verified results of inquiry, not the speculations that have only appeared above the horizon, and have not yet cast off the clouds that surround them. Should it be ultimately proved, not simply to the satisfaction of the ardent advocates of spontaneous generation, but to the scientific mind generally, that the course of the world's development is the history of a process in which unconscious matter is developed up to conscious and free intelligence, no one would more readily accept that truth than Mr. Drummond. His analogical method would as freely adapt itself to abiogenesis as to the prevalent doctrine. The former theory would, in fact, seem to demand a more urgent postulation of an infinite superintending Mind, one with the universe, as thought and being are one. To suppose that any action of the ultimate atoms would develop any form of life tending to the higher organisms now occupying the world, apart from such directive Mind, is as unscientific as to imagine that the notes of a piano could produce music without a performer, or the vocal chords beget speech and sing without the will. Mr. Drummond effectively entrenches himself, as to his doctrine of biogenesis, behind the statements of Tyndall and Huxley, the latter affirming that biogenesis is "victorious at the present day all along the line;" the former, "that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life."

To assert, with Mr. Waddington, that only under certain special conditions, the production of living out of certain not living matter does not take place, is to utter a sterile truism, so far as evidence for spontaneous generation is concerned. But when it is borne in mind that these special conditions represent the highest efforts of the modern mind, the adverse evidence becomes very strong. It seems an easy escape out of the difficulty to say that, while no such spontaneous generation takes place now, it may be supposed to have taken place some time ago. The lay intellect, seeking a decided answer, puzzled, and yet not plainly disillusioned, asks, as it has a right to ask,—When, then, did such spontaneous generation take place? At what epoch? At what stage of the history of matter? What was the first product of this spontaneity of matter? What was there in the past conditions of the state of our earth that favoured spontaneous generation more than in the present but yet varied conditions that pertain at the surface or in the depths of the earth to-day? The conditions under which the planet was developed, as to its structure and the processes of change it has incurred, are now conjectured with increasing approximation to truth. Surely, after all the miniature reproductions of natural processes which have been realised in the laboratories of our chemists, it is not impossible to reproduce such different phases of transition which molecules have undergone, from the gaseous to the crystalline, as may be sufficient for the problem in question. And yet, with all the resources of modern science, and with the varied conditions of the earth to-day, spontaneous generation has not been established to the general satisfaction of scientific men. Under these circumstances, is it not most scientific honestly to recognise our failure, and instead of building our arguments on hypotheses, to found them on the known and

verified? If that is so, the doctrine of biogenesis is the fullest answer science has yet to give as to the origin of life; and Mr. Drummond has done wisely in basing his natural law on the rock of fact, as he has his spiritual law on the sure foundations of consciousness.—I am, Sir, &c., J. Matthews.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As a friend of Mr. Henry Drummond, intimately acquainted with his opinions, I ask permission to make a few remarks on the letter of "C. C. M.," published in last week's issue of your paper, on his book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Mr. Drummond would probably have himself replied to a critic so able and courteous, but he is at present far from this country, engaged on a scientific expedition, and it may be long before he sees the *Spectator*.

Your correspondent has perceived, correctly I think, that the key to Mr. Drummond's theological views is to be found in the first chapter of his book, that on biogenesis, and especially in the strong view there expressed of the difference between the condition of the natural and that of the redeemed man. This is a point so vital, that if the view of it taken by a consistent thinker be ascertained, his opinions on other points may be inferred from it all along the line, and as your correspondent points out, the consequences of it extend all through Mr. Drummond's book. "C. C. M." writes to remark that there is another view, however, on this important point, which regards the transition from the state of nature to that of redemption as the germination of a latent seed, which only requires to be loosened from its integuments in order to grow freely,—an unveiling of the consciousness of the Christ or divine humanity which is concealed in the natural man, like the sun in a mist. Every reader must be struck with the contrast between the mildness of these metaphors and the strength of those employed in Scripture, where this change is called a new birth, a new creation, a passing from death unto life. The Bible must use very extreme language in describing very simple experiences, if your correspondent's view of this experience be the true one. It is a view at all events fundamentally at variance with Mr. Drummond's, and it involves fundamental differences at many other points.

But what I wish to observe is that this view, with the other views which it involves, does not remain unaffected by Mr. Drummond's book. Carrying with him a conception of Christian truth which starts from the view of redemption described above, and is thought consistently out from this stand-point, Mr. Drummond has laid this alongside of the revelation of truth in natural law furnished by the recent discoveries of science, and found the two to be in startling accord. No doubt, as an apologete, he has chiefly those in view who deny supernatural revelation altogether, but indirectly his argument tells strongly against any construction of this revelation which is fundamentally at variance with his own. Had he started with the view of "C. C. M.," the demonstration which he has developed would have been impossible. In so far, therefore, as this demonstration lends probability to his own conception of Christian truth, it casts doubt on that of "C. C. M."; and it is not unlikely that the further development of Mr. Drummond's method may prove not only a brilliant apology for faith against unbelief, but also a vindication of a robustly dogmatic theology against the Pelagian construction of Christianity.

Your correspondent refers to the weight lent to his view in men's minds by the attention recently directed to the writings of William Law, and the publication of the "Letters from a Mystic of the Present Day." But I venture to say that this impression is very faint, in comparison with that made in the opposite direction during the last dozen years by the spread of the literature of the new science of New Testament theology. The aim of this science, which is now lectured upon in every German university, and has been expounded in such excellent text-books as those of Schmid, Reuss, and Weiss, is to exhibit the whole circle of ideas of each of the important New Testament writers in succession, as it existed in his own mind. In this way, the exact teaching of St. Paul, of St. Peter, of St. John, and of our Lord himself, is now far better known than it has ever been before. The general result has been to prove that the Augustinian and Puritan construction of Christianity, whether the true one or not, is at least that of the Bible writers. Some of the ablest exponents of the new science do not believe in the authority of Scripture, but look upon the contents, for example, of the Epistles of St. Paul as merely the private opinions of that apostle. But as you read their severely scientific and purely objective accounts of his opinions, you seem to be perusing a systematic treatise by some Puritan divine, so completely do their views agree. And perhaps there is no single point on which the views of all the leading New Testament writers, when thus brought out, are found so entirely to coincide with the teaching of the Puritan theology as that in reference to which "C. C. M." and Mr. Drummond are at variance.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Kirkcaldy, August 15th. James Stalker.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Perhaps I should have said the "Intelligence of Animals," but my meaning, in relation to the interesting correspondence in your columns, is no doubt clear. The whole question seems to me to lie in the proverbial nut-shell, and to be solveable by the proverbial common-sense. Dogs' hearing is undoubtedly very keen and accurate, and even subtle; and dogs have also the power of putting this and that together in a marvellously shrewd and almost rational fashion. They cannot understand sentences, but they get hold of words, *i.e.*, sounds, and keep them pigeon-holed in their memory. I might as well argue moral principle from the fact that my dog "Karl," like scores of other dogs, will hold a piece of biscuit on his nose so long as I say "trust," and will when I say "paid for" gaily toss his head and catch the biscuit in his honest mouth, as argue that because he finds eleven tennis-balls among the shrubs in five minutes, when I say, "We can't find them at all, 'Karl,' do go and find them, good dog, will you? Find the balls, old fellow,"—therefore he understands my sentence. He simply grasps the words "find" and "balls," sees the game at a stand-still, and reasons out our needs and his responsibilities, quickened by the expectation of pattings on the head, pettings, and pieces of biscuit. It is remarkable that if I try to delude him by uttering "base coin" in the shape of words just like the real words, as, for example, if I say "Jacob," instead of "paid for," he makes no mistake, but refuses the morsel, however delicate, till it *is* "paid for."

Prominent nouns, participles, verbs, &c., make up the *lingua franca* that so beautifully links together men and dogs, and now and then men and horses, their intelligence being quickened by their dumbness, as is that of deaf and dumb men and women, whose other faculties become so keenly intensified, and who put this and that together so much more quickly than do we who have all our faculties. There are of course "Admirable Crichtons" among dogs, as there are among men, but the difference between dog and dog will generally, I think, be traceable more to human training than to born capacity. The yearning look which "Karl" gives when (told to "speak") he gives forth his voice in response, is sometimes piteously like, "Oh, that I could really tell all I feel!" He is like, and all dogs of average intelligence are like, the Frenchman I met yesterday on the beach at Hastings, who wanted to know whether he could reach Ramsgate on foot before nightfall, and how far it was; and who, as I only know a few French words, and am utterly unable to speak or understand sentences, was obliged to make me understand his wants by a few nouns such as everybody knows, and by causing me to put this and that together. There is of course the vital defect in the parallel that I could learn to understand French, and the dog could never learn to understand sentences; but as so many parallels have vital defects of some kind, even down to that historic self-drawn parallel between Alexander and the robber, we may well say, whether we be men or dogs, "Let me reflect." Dogs do undoubtedly reflect, and reason, and remember; and they never forget their "grammar," as school-boys do. Instinct, like chance, is only a name expressing fitly enough our own ignorance. Did not Luther and Wesley believe in the resurrection of animals?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Northmarston, August 13th. S. B. James.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I beg to contribute another anecdote on the subject of how our meaning is conveyed to animals. When I was in Norway with my husband, a dog belonging to the people of the house went with us in all our walks. One day a strange dog joined us, and seemed to wish to get up a fight with our dog, "Fechter," who for protection kept almost under our feet; my husband said several times, "Go on, 'Fechter,'" in English, which he immediately did, but soon came back again. At last we

succeeded in driving the strange dog away, but he soon returned. Then my husband said without any alteration of tone or gesture that I was aware of, "Drive that dog away, 'Fechter.'" He immediately rushed at him, and we saw no more of our troubler. I have long thought that dogs do understand, not "the precise sounds themselves, but the intention put into them by the speaker."—I am, Sir, &c., AN OBSERVER OF ANIMALS.

THE WORD "CHAP."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I do not wish to intervene in the controversy noticed in the *Spectator* of last week, between Mr. Skeat and Mr. Wedgwood, as to the etymology of "chap," but Burns's line,—

"When chapman billies leave the street,"

shows "chapman" so used as, without losing its proper meaning, to signify "fellowship." There was also a curious and significant use of the term "chap" in Scotland. It was always more characteristic of the west and south-west than of the east and south-east. The use of the word "chap" used to be held in the east as the note of the Glasgow-bred man. The common sobriquet of such a one was "Glasgow chappie." May not this have been due to the fact that the west, and especially Glasgow, was the home of the chapman, and the factory of his wares?—I am, Sir, &c., F.

SHIRLEY AND TATE AND BRADY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Nicholas Brady, D.D., and Nahum Tate, Esq., Poet-Laureate to his Majesty, on December 3rd, 1696, obtained his Majesty's "Royall allowance" that their version of the Psalms of David may be used in churches, &c.

In Psalm cxii., verse 6, the two last lines are:—

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

Query, where did the above two respectable gentlemen get this? From Shirley? I suppose so.—I am, Sir, &c.,

THOMAS RICHARDS.

Wincanton, 79 High Street, August 14th.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I have received the following additional contributions, in answer to the appeal you kindly allowed me to make through your columns, on behalf of the poor sufferers by the late earthquake at Casamicciola:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
James Clarke, Esq. ...	5	5	0	Rev. Edward E. Allen	2	2	0
James Marshall, Esq....	5	5	0	F. T. Gompertz, Esq....	1	1	0
R. W. Wilkinson, Esq.	1	1	0	W. W. Phillips, Esq. ...	1	1	0
C. K. Bedells, Esq. ...	1	1	0	R. H. Hutton, Esq. ...	2	2	0
Miss Bradly...	1	1	0	H. Moore, Esq., & Family	2	2	0
Alexander Ireland, Esq.	1	1	0	E. A. Freeman, Esq. ...	2	10	0
Mrs. F. A. Hunt... ...	2	2	0	Prof. W. T. Gairdner...	1	1	0
Geo. P. Serocold, Esq.	2	2	0	Miss Catlow & Friends	1	10	0
G. M. Hicks, Esq. ...	2	2	0	Sums under One Pound	2	0	6

This list is now closed, and the amount, £140 12s. 6d., has been forwarded to the Central Committee in Rome. May I add that further contributions will gladly be received at the Italian Consulate, 31 Old Jewry?—I am, Sir, &c.,

New Oxford Street, August 15th. C. E. MUDIE.

BOOKS.

MR. PATTISON'S EDITION OF MILTON'S SONNETS.*

THIS is one of those little volumes which the true lover of literature will not only read carefully once, but dip into again and again. It is a book to study seriously, and a book to enjoy leisurely. Much has been written by editors and critics upon the Sonnets of Milton, but no one, so far as we know, has done for them what Mr. Pattison has done. In an edition which for print and paper it is a joy to look at, and which is not too large for the pocket, the editor prints the poet's English and Italian sonnets (the latter with translations), and accompanies them by notes which are at once lucid, comprehensive, and concise. The knowledge displayed in these notes is not of the kind which a clever man is sometimes able to acquire for an immediate and special purpose, it is of the weightier and far worthier kind which is the growth of years and of love for a noble subject.

The poems are preceded by an elaborate introduction on the structure of the sonnet. It is a masterly piece of workmanship, and it is not necessary wholly to agree with such criticism in order to appreciate its power. Mr. Pattison's judgment on the sonnet resembles that of Mrs. Battle on whist. She liked the rigour of the game, and he, arguing for the legitimate form, observes that much misplaced skill would have been saved "if it had been recognised that the so-called Sonnets of Shakespeare are not sonnets at all, any more than those of Lord Brooke, but a continuous poem, or poems, written in fourteen-line stanzas." There is much to be said, no doubt, in favour of what, for convenience' sake, may be termed the legitimate sonnet, of which we have two notable examples in the "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour," of Wordsworth, and in the "Chapman's Homer" of Keats. At the same time, if we reject from our sonnet literature all the poems in fourteen lines that do not follow this difficult and elaborate construction, our sonnet-anthologies would be poor indeed. As a critic, Mr. Pattison is correct in denouncing the rhyming of the final couplet, seeing that it gives epigrammatic point to a poem the thought of which should be, as it were, equalised through the lines, although variety demands a fresh aspect of the subject in the tercets. "The two last lines of a sonnet," he writes, "must not rime together. The principle of the sonnet structure is continuity of thought and metre; the final couplet interrupts the flow; it stands out by itself as an independent member of the construction; the wave of emotion, instead of being carried on to an even subsidence, is abruptly checked and broken as against a barrier." This is a law of the sonnet, and in our judgment a good law generally; but if it had not been broken a hundred times, we should have lost some of the loveliest poems ever written in sonnet form. All the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets, when writing sonnets, rhyme the last couplet; neither Wordsworth, Keats, nor Hartley Coleridge scruple to do the same when it suits their convenience; and Blanco White, in his one sonnet which S. T. Coleridge thought the most grandly conceived in our language, throws the whole point of the poem into a rhyming couplet at the end. It will not do then, to say that one form is admissible, and no other, when great poets have decided to the contrary; but we may say that the Miltonic sonnet satisfies us more fully than the Shakespearian, not because the construction is more difficult, but because the result is more harmonious. Who can doubt, however, that Shakespeare knew what he was about in adopting the easy-rhyming sonnet of Daniel; and we decidedly disagree with the following judgment of Mr. Pattison:—

"It was an unfortunate choice of vehicle when Shakespeare selected the sonnet form. It was a form in which his superabounding force strangled itself. He is baffled by the language just in proportion to the power of his thought. Shakespeare required freedom, and when free he spoke English such as no other Englishman ever had skill to utter. But the sonnet's narrow bounds demand condensation. Now, the formal requirement of terse expression is a boon to watery or diffuse thinkers. The compression of fourteen lines effects the expulsion of superfluities, and lends the external support of stays to a weakly frame. Quite opposite is the effect of restricted space upon a teeming fancy and a robust intellect. In him force is concentrated, to begin with. In his endeavour after still further compression of energy, he becomes laboured instead of pithy, obscure instead of nervous."

This argument would seem to imply that the sonnet is a form of verse chiefly useful in giving that aid to feeble poets which weak women imagine they can obtain from an external support. If this is what Mr. Pattison means, the remark is singularly inappropriate in an introduction to the Sonnets of Milton, whose intellect, although indefinitely more limited, was as robust as Shakespeare's. To both, we think, although for different reasons, the confined space of the sonnet afforded a relief to the pressure of thought in moments of intense consciousness. To Shakespeare, they gave the means of uttering certain phases of personal emotion during an unhappy period of his life; to Milton, through long years of official labour and political conflict, they proved that the poetical fire was not extinct, and relieved the tension of a mind that had been called by nature to another task.

When the infamous massacre of April, 1655, occurred in the Piedmontese valleys, a special envoy was despatched to remonstrate with the Duke of Savoy. "All the despatches in this business," says Mr. Pattison, "were written in Latin by Milton. The tone of them is more moderate than we should

* *The Sonnets of John Milton.* Edited by Mark Pattison. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

have expected, considering that Blake was in the Mediterranean, and master of the sea-coast." And he adds, that being thus restricted by diplomatic propriety, Milton gave vent to his feelings in a sonnet. Listen to it once more, and say whether the passion expressed in it is not that of a strong man deliberately choosing the sonnet's narrow limit not because he needs the support it affords, but because his vehemence of feeling can be most naturally expressed within its "narrow plot":—

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks; their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

"That sublimest of psalms," is the comment of Landor on this fine sonnet. Mr. Pattison's remarks upon it deserve to be quoted for their originality and suggestiveness. After saying that it would be difficult to find in any language a sonnet of equal power "to vibrate through all the fibres of feeling," he adds:—

"Yet with what homely materials is the effect produced! Not only is there not a single purple patch in the wording, but of thought or image all that there is, is a borrowed thought, and one repeatedly borrowed, viz., Tertullian's saying, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.' It would not be impossible, but it would be sacrilege, to point to distinct faults in this famous piece; yet we may say, that with a familiar quotation for its only thought, and with diction almost below ordinary, its forceful flood of suppressed passion sweeps along the hackneyed Biblical phrases of which it is composed, just as a swollen river rolls before it the worn pebbles long ago brought down from the mountain-side. From this sonnet we may learn that the poetry of a poem is lodged somewhere else than in its matter, or its thoughts, or its imagery, or its words. Our heart is here taken by storm, but not by any of these things. The poet has breathed on us, and we have received his inspiration."

That the poet can do with us what he will, apart from his thoughts, his matter, his imagery, or his words, is an idea not readily to be accepted. To our thinking, he is dependent on them all for the inspiration which gives them life. Suppose that the rhythm of these fourteen lines was palpably defective, and that the rhymes were inaccurate,—would the sonnet take our hearts by storm then?

The sweetness of the early sonnetteers is not to be found in Milton. For the first time in our sonnet literature, all artifice has disappeared. He has used the form to express personal feeling, and even ardent passion, but not the passion of love. Ingenuity of fancy is discarded, there are no conceits in these poems, and no sign that Milton used the sonnet as a conventional form of verse. Of such a master of versification, who knew how to untwist

"All the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

it is not to be questioned that it was by this instrument, and by no other, that he could best utter what was in him during the busy mid-period of his life. Mr. Pattison notes—and in these days, that note carries with it a warning which ought to be useful to living poets—that Milton, who ranks with the greatest writers of sonnets, is uniformly intelligible. He knows what he wishes to utter, and expresses it with what may seem bald simplicity, but is in truth the perfection of art. On the other hand, it would be possible to name many sonnet-writers of reputation who appear to start in search of a meaning in the first line, and fail to find it in the last. A sonnet with one obscure line lacks the perfection we are entitled to look for in so short a poem. Again—and this is a point the editor is careful not to overlook—each sonnet should be a separate poem. To use the old proverb, it is a tub that must stand upon its own bottom. This rule was disregarded by the Elizabethans, and sometimes with no good effect by Wordsworth; but Milton, to quote once more from Mr. Pattison, confined each sonnet "to the utterance of a single independent emotion."

YOLANDE.*

It is unfortunate that novelists are not exempt from the law which precludes us all from having more than one ideal woman or man, and we should like to rule that they should also differ from other mortals in having an equally enthusiastic love for every different aspect of nature, and an equally graphic power of portraying it. If we could have these little matters arranged to our liking, a great novelist might retain the power of inventing enchantment for us to a green old age. But as it is, how much too soon the mind ceases to command the power of creating these charms for us, or only repeats and executes the same orders, till we turn away disappointed. William Black was once inspired to create a Princess of Thule; or, rather, probably, to endue with all sweet perfections some faint living resemblance to that lovely and loveable ideal of his spiritual imagination; and only once, alas! could he describe to us, for the first time, that Hebridean archipelago lying in the luminous, misty light of northern summer seas. No doubt, his Daughter of Heth was very attractive, and won a place in our hearts; but no man can have two princesses to rule over him equally, and so it happens that having met early with his ideal woman, and having been inspired to describe her vividly, Mr. Black attained at once his highest powers of enchanting, and ever since has had to take a humbler place, through no fault of his own. In as far as Yolande succeeds in delighting us, it is by her modest resemblance to her elder and diviner sister, and if Allt-nam-ba becomes a local habitation and a name around which our affections cluster, it is because it is still in the Scotch Highlands, and can therefore claim a very distant relationship to Stornaway and Lewis.

But how can Yolande, daughter of the independent, obstructive Member of Parliament, the self-possessed young lady, product of the intensely conventional French pension or ladies' school, compete with the island-born lassie, the child of nature, self-educated, or rather nurtured by nature and her own inborn or heaven-born instincts and impulses? Loving and loyal as Yolande is, she has not a chance against Sheila; or even against the solitary Coquette who has had no fond and we may almost say foolish father to spoil her to her heart's content, but, instead, has had to fight her way to the citadels of the affections of a stern, Scotch, Presbyterian uncle, and her manly but unmannerly cousins. Yolande is full of strength of character and devoted affection, and she is tall and beautiful, as a heroine always should be; but she is matter-of-fact and practical to a painful extent, and self-confident overmuch, and a trifle stern in what should be her tenderest relation,—her relation to her much injured and gentle invalid mother. And then she is scientific, and prepares a hortus siccus, and is exercised about the welfare of her drying-boards and blotting-paper, and interested and even anxious for the safety of her specimens, and goes the extravagant length of proposing to restore the tone of her poor mother's mind, amongst other means, by teaching her botany. We may be wrong, but we get unhappy under the influence of a scientific heroine; and our depression turns to indignation when we find her boring her long-suffering mother, by continual stoppages of her pony-carriage to cull another interesting object of research. But above and beyond all these reasons for not feeling as entirely in captivity to Yolande as we did to Sheila and to Coquette, beyond her name, and her science, and her matter-of-factness, and her self-satisfaction, is an objection which, perhaps, only an evil-minded critic, bred to censoriousness and captiousness, would feel,—namely, inconsistency. We know that this is not really a failing in Yolande. We are sure she would never have done it. It is entirely Mr. Black's fault; only, as he has misinformed us, and we cannot disprove his statement, we must take it as proved that this calm, wise, eminently practical, sound-judging Yolande, this girl of prices and inventories, of foresight, prudence, punctuality, economy; this sensible girl; this model housewife, head agent, head gamekeeper, head groom, head cook, head waitress, and housemaid, actually so lost her head—no, not lost her head; any one, even an Old-Bailey pleader, might have done that—but so contradicted all the maxims of her life, and all the results of her own reasoning and of her own experience, as deliberately to plan the reform of a poor victim of demoralising and debasing drugs by the expedient of taking the same doses herself, so as to shame and frighten her exemplar. Of course, in a novel, the plan succeeds, but even then only by an accident; but what becomes of the sound common-sense of a girl who does not calculate on the different effects of the same dose on an old stager and a young beginner? and what becomes of her conscientiousness and high ideal of duty when she intentionally

* *Yolande.* 3 vols. By William Black. London: Macmillan and Co.

and of set purpose risks self-murder, on the chance that good may come of it?

We are quite sure that Yolande would never have agreed to the Quixotic scheme proposed to her by the excellent but high-flown Melville, and sanctioned by Mr. Shorthands, a business-like Member of Parliament, and by her nervous and mistaken father. She would, when she understood the matter, have put them all in their right places, and urged the usual and sensible means. Mr. Black must have been hard set for a plot, when he arranged what we may call this ridiculous conspiracy of three sensible men against the peace of the girl they all loved so well. But the story before us does not go in for the probable at all. The father is as weak and timid as the daughter is strong and brave; but, like her, he is, at Mr. Black's command, thoroughly inconsistent. He has sacrificed his life, all his public obligations and his highest domestic duty, to protect and pet his Yolande, and yet allows her, without a struggle, to be exposed to personal danger, bodily fatigue, loneliness, and anxiety, in taking up a work to which he has himself ignominiously succumbed, at the bidding of two uninterested advisers,—uninterested as far as he knew. For here comes in absurdity number three. One of these advisers, represented to be a man of deep and profound judgment, and passionately in love with Yolande, urges on the father and daughter this risky scheme, which breaks up all the daughter's happiness, but relieves the pusillanimous father from the onus of his grave and pressing responsibilities.

Mrs. Winterbourne's character, again, is anything but consistently drawn,—the tender, loving, docile, gentle woman is about the last person we should have picked out as likely to throw stones at and break a London hotel window. We can, in fact, say very little for the sense, not to say sanity, of the group of which Yolande is the centre; though Mrs. Bell, indeed, is a hearty, loving, natural woman, who redeems the rest from a charge of wholesale silliness. The sketches of the other personages seem to us to embrace all the talent which Mr. Black devotes in this book to his dramatis personæ. We have seldom seen a better picture of what may be called sensible selfishness than that displayed in the delineation of the Master of Lynn. The description of his unblushing devotion to his own absolute and unadulterated comfort rises to humour—a quality we do not remember to have often noticed in Mr. Black—in the sympathy it seems to demand from us for the Master of Lynn's simple good-faith in his own reading of his position, and for his imperturbable good-humour. We should like to quote his conversation with the friend who comes to enlighten him as to the private history of Yolande's family, but that it is too long, and reveals too much of the story. There is something quite child-like and innocent in the simple, common-sense, and pachydermatous insensibility to social opinion which his calm and immoveable selfishness generates. But we will give part of the Master's letters before and after his engagement is broken off:—

"*Station Hotel, Inverness, October 2nd.*

"My Dearest Yolande,— . . . . . Well, the plain truth is, dear Yolande, that I have quarrelled with my father, if that can be called a quarrel which is all on one side—for I simply retire, on my part, and seek quiet in an Inverness hotel. The cause of the quarrel, or estrangement, is that he is opposed to our marriage; and he has been put up to oppose it, I imagine, chiefly by my aunt, the elderly and agreeable lady whom you will remember meeting at the Towers. I think I am bound in honour to let you know this; not that it in the least affects either you or me, as far as our marriage is concerned, for I am old enough to manage my own affairs; but in order to explain a discourtesy which may very naturally have offended your father, and also to explain why I, feeling ashamed of the whole business, have rather kept back, and so failed to thank your father, as otherwise I should have done, for his kindness to me. Of course, I knew very well when we became engaged in Egypt that my father, whose political opinions are of a fine old crusted order, would be rather aghast at my marrying the daughter of the Member for Slagpool; but I felt sure that when he saw you and knew you, dear Yolande, he would have no further objection; and indeed I did not anticipate that the eloquence of my venerated aunt would have deprived him of the use of his senses. One ought not to write so of one's parent, I know; but facts are facts; and if you are driven out of your own home through the bigotry of an old man and the cattish temper of an old woman, and if you have the most angelic of sisters taken to nagging at you with letters, and if you are forced into the sweet seclusion of an hotel adjoining a railway station, then the humour of the whole affair begins to be apparent, and you may be inclined to call things by their real names. . . . . I should not be at all surprised to hear from you that you had imagined something of the state of the case; for you must have wondered at their not asking you and your father to dinner, or something of the kind, after Polly taking you to the Towers when you first came north; but at all events, this is how we are situated now, and I should be inclined to make a joke of the whole affair, if it were not that when I think of you I feel a little bit indignant. Of course, it cannot matter to you—not in the least. It is disagreeable, that is all. If dogs delight to bark and bite, it does not much matter so long as they keep their barking and biting among themselves. It is rather hard, certainly, when they take possession of your house, and turn you out into the street; especially when you have a lovely sister come, and accuse you of having no higher ambition in life than playing billiards with commercial travellers. I shall hang on here, I expect, until our other tenants—they who have the forest—leave for the south; then I shall be able to make some final arrangements with our agent here; after which I shall consider myself free. . . . . Perhaps, if I go away for a while, the people at Lynn may come to their senses. Polly has been at them once or twice; she is a warm ally of yours; but to tell you the truth I would not have you made the subject of any appeal. No word of that kind shall come from me. Most likely when the last of the people that the Grahams have with them at Inverstroy have gone, Polly may go over to Lynn and establish herself there, and have a battle-royal with my revered aunt. Of course, I would not bother you with the details of this wretched family squabble if I did not think that some explanation were due both to you and to your father. I shall be glad to hear from you, if you are not too much occupied.—Yours affectionately,

Archie Leslie."

"'My Dearest Yolande,' he wrote, 'I am inexpressibly grieved that you should have given yourself the pain to write such a letter; and you might have known that whenever you wished our engagement to cease I should consider you had the right to say so; and so far from accusing you or doing anything in the tragedy line, I should beg to be allowed to remain always your friend. And it won't take any length of time for me to be on quite friendly terms with you—if you will let me; for I am so now; and if I saw you to-morrow, I should be glad of your companionship for as long as you chose to give it me; and I don't at all think it impossible that we may have many another stroll along the streets of Inverness, when you come back to the Highlands, as you are sure to do. Of course I am quite sensible of what I have lost—you can't expect me to be otherwise; and I daresay, if all the circumstances had been propitious, and if we had married, we should have got on very well together—for when Polly attributes everything that happens to my temper, that is merely because she is in the wrong, and can't find any other excuse; whereas, if you and I had got married, I fancy we should have agreed very well, so long as no one interfered. But to tell you the honest truth, my dear Yolande, I never did think you were very anxious about it; you seemed to regard our engagement as a very light matter—or as something that would please everybody all round; and though I trusted that the future would right all that—I mean that we should become more intimate and affectionate—still, there would have been a risk; and it is only common sense to regard these things now, as some consolation, and as some reason why, if you say, 'Let us break off this engagement,' I should say, 'Very well; but let us continue our friendship.' But there is a tremendous favour I would beg and entreat of you, dearest Yolande; and you always had the most generous disposition—I never knew you refuse anybody anything (I do believe that was why you got engaged to me—because you thought it would please the Grahams and all the rest of us). I do hope that you will consent to keep the people at Lynn in ignorance—they could only know through Polly, and you could keep it back from her—as to who it was, or why it was, that our engagement was broken off. This is not from vanity; I think you will say I haven't shown much of that sort of distemper. It is merely that I may have the whip-hand of the Lynn people. They have used me badly; and I mean to take care that they don't serve me so again; and if they imagine that our engagement has been broken off solely, or even partly, through their opposition, that will be a weapon for me in the future. And then the grounds of their opposition—that they or their friends might have to associate with one professing such opinions as those your father owns! You may rest assured, dearest Yolande, that I did not put you forward and make any appeal; and equally I knew you would resent my making any apology for your father, or allowing that any consideration on their part was demanded. It's no use reasoning with raving maniacs; I retired. But I mention this once more as an additional reason why, if our engagement is to be broken off, we should make up our minds to look on the best side of affairs, and to part on the best of terms; for I must confess more frankly to you now that there would have been some annoyance, and you would naturally have been angry on account of your father, and I should have taken your side, and there would simply have been a series of elegant family squabbles. There are one or two other points in your letter that I don't touch on; except to say that I hope you will write to me again—and *soon*; and that you will write in a very different tone. I hope you will see that many things justify you in so doing; and I hope I have made this letter as plain as can be. I have kept back nothing; so you needn't be reading between the lines. If you have no time to write a letter, send me a few words to show that you are in a more cheerful mood. If you don't, I shouldn't wonder if I broke through all social observances, and presented myself at your door—to convince you that you have done quite right, and that everything is well, and that you have given me a capital means of having it out with the Lynn people when the proper time comes. So please let me have a few lines; and in the meantime I hope I may be allowed to sign myself, yours most affectionately, A. Leslie."

The Master's sister, Polly, is another admirable sketch of a good-humoured and affectionate woman and warm partisan, with a great love of admiration, and a healthy-minded desire to lessen the family difficulties and add substantially to the family property.

The exquisite descriptions of scenery and atmospheric effects which, in his earlier novels, were such a notable feature of Mr. Black's writings, are not to be found in *Yolande;* hints of the

well-remembered beauty are given here and there; a few lines of description in the Mediterranean, and again on the Nile, recall the delight we once had in them; and in the Highlands the whole tenor of the story, the incidents and the daily order of life, make one entirely realise that one is living almost amongst the clouds, on the edge of the boundless, lonely moors, and amongst the corries and glens and streams of the mountains, liable to squalls and freshets and blinding mists, and protected by almost inaccessibly steep and bad roads from the rest of mankind; a realisation sometimes bringing a sense of delightful exultation, sometimes of pleasing sadness, not seldom of fear, according to the prevailing state of mind. But the impressions of the grand and the wild and beautiful thus given are not quotable, for the scene in each case is too mixed up with incident. The opening of the second volume, however, is almost an exception, and gives so exhilarating a sensation of the long-vacation holiday of which we are on the eve, that we will close our notice by exciting this delightful feeling:—

"Far up in the wild and lonely hills that form the backbone, as it were, of eastern Inverness-shire, in the desert solitudes where the Findhorn and the Foyers first begin to draw their waters from a thousand mystic-named or nameless rills, stands the lodge of Allt-nam-ba. The plain little double-gabled building, with its dependencies of kennels, stables, coachhouse, and keepers' bothy, occupies a promontory formed by the confluence of two brawling streams; and faces a long, wide, beautiful valley, which terminates in the winding waters of a loch. It is the only sign of habitation in the strangely silent district; and it is the last. The rough hill-road leading to it terminates there. From that small plateau, divergent corries—softly wooded most of them are, with waterfalls half hidden by birch and rowan trees—stretch up still farther into a sterile wilderness of moor and lochan and bare mountain-top, the haunt of the ptarmigan, the red deer, and the eagle; and the only sound to be heard in these voiceless altitudes is the monotonous murmur of the various burns. . . . . Since she (Yolande) had come to live at Allt-nam-ba she had acquired the conviction that the place seemed very close up to the sky; and that this broad valley, walled in by those great and silent hills, formed a sort of caldron, in which the elements were in the habit of mixing up weather for transference to the wide world beyond. At this very moment, for example, a continual phantasmagoria of cloud-effects was passing before her eyes. Far mountain-tops grew blacker and blacker in shadow; then the gray mist of the rain stole slowly across and hid them from view; then they reappeared again, and a sudden shaft of sunlight would strike on the yellow-green slopes and on the boulders of wet and glittering granite. But she had this one consolation—that the prospect in front of the lodge was much more reassuring than that behind. Behind—over the mountainous ranges of the moor—the clouds were banking up in a heavy and thunderous purple; and in the ominous silence the streams coming down from the corries sounded loud; whereas, away before her, the valley that led down to the haunts of men was for the most part flooded with brilliant sunlight, and the wind-swept loch was of the darkest and keenest blue."

AN ANECDOTAL HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT.*

It was in the year 1872 that Mr. Jennings and his friend Mr. W. S. Johnstone brought out their entertaining *Book of Parliamentary Anecdote*, and the favourable reception of that volume has encouraged Mr. Jennings to compile the present work, which differs somewhat in arrangement from its predecessor, and contains a much greater amount of matter. There is a detestable fashion abroad of sneering at a certain class of very useful and interesting books as "mere compilations," but we confess we have never been able to see the point of the contemptuous epithet. The mere compilation can hardly, perhaps, be a work of genius, but it may display genuine taste and talent; and such a book, for example, as that now before us demands much more labour in its production, and is much more interesting and valuable when produced, than many a book which is thoroughly "original," in the popular and vulgar sense of that much-abused word.

To criticise a volume of anecdotes is not easy, for when the critic has praised or condemned the choice and arrangement of the collected stories, and given reason for the praise or condemnation, his task is performed, and there is nothing more for him to say. Mr. Jennings does not, however, confine himself to anecdotes pure and simple; but gives us noteworthy extracts from remarkable speeches, pithy records of memorable Parliamentary events, well-chosen sketches in prose and verse of eminent legislators, and a rich store of miscellaneous and unclassifiable fragments of information. Indeed, had Mr. Jennings dropped the "anecdotal" from his title, and simply called his book "The Story of the British Parliament, with all the Tiresome Portions Omitted," he might have been charged with a flippant outrage upon the dignity of history, but he certainly could not have been accused of giving a misleading name to his very entertaining compilation. The amount of labour represented by the work may be estimated from the fact that the list of books actually quoted comprises more than 150 works, and the well-informed reader hardly needs the compiler's announcement that many more volumes have been consulted in its preparation. Mr. Jennings gives in his preface a recent illustration of the practical usefulness of his book:—

"The occasion of a particular incident or the use of a certain phrase is often matter of dispute, and requires verification, both in Parliament and out of it. A circumstance which occurred in the Session of 1876 will show that the want of a ready means of authenticating such facts and phrases is felt at times by persons even of great eminence in active political life. Mr. Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons of an expression used by a former colleague (the Earl of Clarendon) in an important crisis, said he had been at some pains to find out in 'Hansard' what were the actual meaning and connection of that expression ('drifting into war'), and he gave the correct version."

If Mr. Gladstone had consulted Jennings instead of Hansard he would certainly have been saved a good deal of trouble, and it is to be hoped that he will soon become acquainted with the true method of minimising one portion of his labours. Phrases such as that of Lord Clarendon's stick to the public memory, but their origin is often speedily forgotten, even by professed politicians. How many readers know or remember who were the first coiners of such phrases as "the wisdom of our ancestors," "the sovereign people," and "her Majesty's Opposition"? Let the ignorant turn to Mr. Jennings's pages, and they will be enlightened. The author of the first was Sir William Grant, who, though he died so late as 1832, and was classed by Brougham with speakers of the first order, has passed almost entirely out of the memory of this generation; and his appeal to wise ancestors was made in answer to Sir Samuel Romilly, who had dared to suggest that creditors ought to have a claim upon the real as well as the personal property of their debtors. As Sir William's speech was, unfortunately for him, delivered not in China, but in England, the ancestors were outvoted. "The sovereign people" is not the original form of the phrase which originated with one of the Dukes of Norfolk. In May, 1798, the Duke presided at a dinner of the Whig Club, and at the close of the evening gave as a toast, "Our Sovereign—the People," or, as Lord Holland's version has it, "The People—our Sovereign." For this democratic and decidedly undukely utterance his Grace was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Fox, who, at another dinner of the same club, publicly adopted the toast, had his name struck out of the list of Privy Councillors. It was Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, who first spoke of "his Majesty's Opposition," the phrase being adopted by Canning and expounded by Tierney, who said, "We are certainly a branch of his Majesty's Government. Although the gentlemen opposite are in office, we are in power. The measures are ours, but all the emoluments are theirs." Mr. Jennings notes that Joseph Hume, in a letter to Sir Joshua Walmsley, claims to have been the first person to use the word "Radical" as a party designation, and the now familiar phrase "burning questions" is traced to a letter written to some political friends by the late Mr. Edward Miall. The information given in this volume on such matters as these is very full, and it is, perhaps, too much to expect that Mr. Jennings should draw attention to what has *not*, as well as to what has, been said; but it may be well in future editions to state, for the benefit of Conservative readers, that Mr. Bright did not exclaim, "Perish, India!" or Mr. Gladstone ever express a wish to "turn the Turks out of Europe, bag and baggage."

Of the anecdotes proper given in this history, a good many are of course humourous, though, considering the number of noted wits and humorists who have sat in both Houses, notably in the Commons, the proportion is not so large as might have been expected. We do not think of humour as one of the prominent gifts of Sir Robert Peel, but nothing could well be neater or more grimly funny than his reply to Feargus O'Connor, who, when charged in the House with being a Republican, repelled the imputation, adding, however, the equivocal statement that he did not care whether the Queen or the Devil were the reigning monarch. Sir Robert quietly remarked, "When the honourable gentleman sees the Sovereign of his choice on the throne of these realms, I hope he'll enjoy, and I'm sure he'll deserve, the confidence of the Crown." Another of the good things preserved by Mr. Jennings occurred in a speech made by

* *An Anecdotal History of the British Parliament, from the Earliest Periods to the Present Time.* Compiled from Authentic Sources by George Henry Jennings. New Edition. London: Horace Cox, *Law Times* Office.

Lord John Russell, who was also a statesman without any special reputation as an utterer of *bons mots*. Sir Francis Burdett, who, as every one knows, began his life as a Radical of the newest fashion and finished it as a Tory of the oldest, thought proper, during his "second period," to sneer at "the cant of patriotism." "Mobled Queen is good;"—so was "cant of patriotism;" but Sir Francis was destined to find that it was not too good to be bettered. "I quite agree," said Lord John, "with the honourable baronet, that the cant of patriotism is a bad thing. But I will tell him a worse—the *recant* of patriotism—which I will gladly go along with him in repudiating, whenever he shows me an example of it." This is very happy; the bludgeon-blow is answered by a clean rapier-thrust; but the construction of the last clause in the sentence is so loose, that we think Lord John must have been misreported, for, speaking grammatically, the "it" stands for the recant of patriotism; whereas, of course, it really refers to the repudiation of it. As the words now run, they remind us of the Judge's address to a convicted criminal,—"Prisoner at the Bar, Providence has blessed you with intelligence and a good education, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks." Of this class we must only give one more anecdote, which every reader may not remember, though it is taken from so well-known a book as Mr. Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*. In 1829, Macaulay and Lord Clarendon were talking over the political situation, when the former expressed curiosity concerning the terms in which the Duke of Wellington would recommend the Catholic Relief Bill to the Peers. "Oh," said Lord Clarendon, "it will be easy enough. He'll say, 'My Lords! Attention! Right about face! March!'" *Punch* did not appear until 1841, but, had it been in existence in 1829, how grateful the Tenniel of the day would have been for such a suggestion for a political cartoon!

Everybody has felt how vivid a conception of character is often given by half-a-dozen well-selected anecdotes, sometimes by a single one; and Mr. Jennings is wonderfully successful in hitting upon just the right things. How forcibly, for example, are we impressed with the moral weight of Lord Althorp's personality by the curious story—though it ought not to seem curious—taken from Sir Denis le Marchant's biography! We read that, "Once, in answer to a most able and exhaustive speech of Croker, he [Althorp] arose, and merely observed that 'he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive, in refutation of the right honourable gentleman's arguments, but, unfortunately, he had mislaid them; so that he could only say that, if the House would be guided by his arguments, they would reject the amendment,'—which they did accordingly." The biographer might well add the remark that "there was no standing against such influence as this," and he might have gone on to say that, creditable as the incident was to Lord Althorp, it was almost equally creditable to his hearers. Much as the House of Commons has gained in many ways since Lord Althorp's time, it has lost much of the magnanimity which made a large and liberal confidence like this not only possible, but natural. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote are both men of stainless honour; but which of them would dare to make such an appeal to-day, or, making it, would entertain the faintest hope of its success?

We will not continue the congenial task of quotation. Good as so many of Mr. Jennings's anecdotes are in themselves, they are better in his book than in our columns; for, by his admirable arrangement, they reflect light upon each other, and become not merely anecdotes, but reminders; knots upon a mental pocket-handkerchief, recalling a whole multitude of associated facts, which are not quite forgotten, but stowed away in obscure cupboards of memory. It is not every book of which it can be said that it will be in its right place either on the drawing-room table, to be taken up in the odd ten minutes before dinner, or on the library shelves, to serve as a permanently useful work of reference.

TUKE'S HISTORY OF THE INSANE.*

The most startling chapter of the elder Mr. Caxton's *History of Human Error*, had that remarkable *opus magnum* ever seen the light, would undoubtedly have been the one dealing with the theories held and acted upon by the faculty concerning the cause and cure of mental disorders, from the dark ages until the close of the eighteenth century. From the days of Ambrose Paré, the light of common-sense began to illumine surgical and medical practice. But the treatment of insanity, as Dr. Tuke's pages abundantly show, continued to be a barbarous quackery founded upon a crude empiricism, the outcome of ignoble dread and brutish ignorance, up to a period almost within living memory. Witches, who were mostly half-demented old women, were burnt by thousands; the last of them was judicially murdered in Sutherlandshire in 1722. "It was a good plea," says Lord Campbell, in a passage quoted by Dr. Tuke from the *Lives of the Chancellors*, "to an action for assault, battery, and false imprisonment, that the plaintiff was a lunatic, and that, therefore, the defendant had arrested him, confined him, and *whipped* him." Sometimes the poor creatures were roughly physicked with purges and emetics, to expel the excess of bile which was supposed to cause the disease by the more humane practitioners; more commonly, they were regarded as possessed by a devil, or merely as innately vicious, and scourged, fettered, and dungeoned accordingly. Another remedy frequently resorted to, and not, indeed, unknown in modern practice, was the application of cold water, too often by the rough process known in the west country as "bowssening," a description of which is given by Dr. Tuke. During the last century, repeated and copious venesection was lauded as an almost certain means of cure, at which we can scarcely wonder when, in the columns of a medical contemporary, we see a distinguished physician advocating the revival of the seasonal blood-letting with which our great-grandfathers were so familiar. The treatment of the insane throughout Europe was on a level with that described by Dr. Tuke as obtaining in Britain, and the civilisation of Christianity appears, in this respect, in singular and humiliating contrast with the civilisation of the East. The followers of the Prophet regarded the unhappy lunatic as specially visited by God, and worthy rather of veneration than of scorn; while the votaries of Buddha considered him an object not of derision and torture, but of sympathy and benevolence.

Amid the darkest and cruellest superstitions, however, the light of reason and the sweetness of mercy are never entirely lost, and from time to time, clear brains and pitiful hearts came to the rescue of the "Poor Tom" of our forefathers. Dr. Borde, a Carthusian monk, born in 1490, counselled a mild and kindly treatment of the insane, though the "lunatycke" is still to "be kept in safegarde in some close house where there is lytell light . . . . . ." with a "keeper the whiche the modde man do feare." Reginald Scot, a Kentish man, who died in the last year of the sixteenth century, and is blamed by Burton because he denied the existence of witches altogether, or, if they existed, asserted that they could do no harm, and Wiems, the disciple of Cornelius Agrippa, are also mentioned by Dr. Tuke as sharing Borde's superiority to the folly and cruelty of the age. A passage cited from Swift's *Tale of a Tub* shows, however, that at the beginning of the eighteenth century whips, chains, and dark chambers were still the familiar remedies of the mad-doctor. In 1744, the Legislature began to bestir itself, but rather in the interests of the public than on behalf of the poor Bedlamite. Two justices were empowered to lock-up and chain lunatics who were too dangerous to be abroad. Various measures were subsequently brought before the House of Commons, some of which passed into law, but most of which met with violent opposition, when they were not rejected, in the House of Lords, where Lord Eldon observed that there could not be a more false humanity than an over-humanity with regard to the insane. It was not until the year 1845 that, owing to the exertions of that "indefatigable reformer of abuses connected with the treatment of lunatics," as Dr. Tuke rightly designates Lord Shaftesbury, the proper guardianship and humane treatment of the insane were efficiently provided for, and the public assured against any such invasion of individual liberty on the pretext of insanity as forms the main incident—rather an anachronism than an exaggeration—of Charles Reade's striking novel, *Hard Cash*. Half-a-century previously, William Tuke, the kindly Quaker, ancestor of the author of this volume, moved by the condition of the lunatics confined in the York Asylum, had established the celebrated Retreat. The story of his struggles is well and sympathetically told. A contemporary of Pinel, he worked on the same lines, and achieved a like success. It is not too much to say that it is mainly through the efforts of these good and great men that the mingled dread and disgust with which the insane were regarded by our foregoers, down almost to the last generation, have been replaced by the nobler and more humane sentiments of sympathy and pity.

The most interesting portion of the volume before us is,

* *Chapters on the History of the Insane in the British Isles.* By D. H. Tuke, M.D., F.R.C.S. With Four Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul and Co. 1882.

perhaps, that which deals with the progress of reform in the medical treatment of the insane. In the eighteenth century the notion was no longer entertained that they were "possessed" by devils, who could be cast out by floggings; but they were still treated as criminals, to be governed chiefly by the fear of torturous punishment. Even as late as 1827, fetters and chains were hung up in the wards of St. Luke's, to intimidate and humble the patients. Now, restraint is of the mildest character, never punitive, and in some asylums dispensed with altogether. Authorities are divided upon the question of its total abolition,—probably, an absolute prohibition of it would be unwise, but the question seems to be mainly one of expense. Where a sufficient number of properly qualified attendants are provided, restraint need only be resorted to in the rarest cases, and then rather to keep the patient's hands off himself than off those about him. Seclusion is as little in favour as restraint; even the necessary bolts and bars are masked, and the lunatic is reminded as little as possible of the character of his misfortune.

It is somewhat disquieting to learn that insanity is on the increase. In England and Wales, there were, in round numbers, in 1859, 37,000 lunatics; in 1881, 73,000. In the former year, the proportion to population was 18·67 per 10,000; in 1881, 28·34 per 10,000. These figures doubtless are susceptible of some explanation in the hands of trained statisticians, but there can be no doubt of the fact of a considerable increase during the last twenty years. Even since 1869, the ratio per 10,000 of admissions—*i.e.*, of new cases—has increased from 4·71 to 5·19; in 1878, it was as high as 5·36. The increase is chiefly among the poorer classes, and, like every other disagreeable social symptom, is laid at the door of drink. But a similar increase is observable in the statistics of Continental countries the populations of which have the reputation of being comparatively sober. Dr. Tuke has treated his subject exhaustively, and has produced a thoroughly trustworthy and very readable book, full of interesting and suggestive matter. At the end of the volume, he has reprinted an address delivered by him as President of the Medico-Psychological Association in 1881, in which he reviews the progress of psychological medicine during the last forty years, and notices briefly the principal modern theories upon the ætiology and pathology of mental disease. For our own part, we are convinced that the term "mental disease" is a misnomer. Whether matter and mind are separate entities, or form a sort of single duality, we hold idiocy, imbecility, and lunacy to be the effects of a diseased or defective condition of the means through which the mind or mind-element works, of the physically cognisable structure of the brain and its adjuncts. It is of the utmost importance to the insane that their malady should be regarded and treated as a lesion or defect, temporary or permanent, of the brain-substance, mainly of the grey matter, and not of some incognisable and unreachable spiritual element.

THE RELIEF OF VIENNA.*

Among the decisive battles of Europe, few have had more pregnant consequences than the relief of Vienna by John Sobieski, two hundred years ago, and Sir Edward Creasy certainly neglected an opportunity when he passed it by without notice. For, at the least, it completed on land what the victory of Lepanto accomplished at sea; and when we remember the universal apprehension with which Christendom regarded the approach of the Turkish Power, it will be admitted that an event which not only dissipated that alarm, but which arrested the further course of Islam, has very solid claims on the gratitude of posterity. We may not be able to agree with all the deductions which Mr. Malden feels bound to draw from the result of the siege, yet we cannot fail to welcome as both appropriate and instructive his account of the great overthrow of the Turks before the walls of Vienna. Mr. Malden is quite right in devoting his opening pages to the task of showing how different was the power of the Sultan in the seventeenth century from what it is now, and of proving that no victory was more difficult to obtain, at the same time that it was glorious and creditable, than one over the armies of the Porte. Turkey was then supreme in south-eastern Europe. The growing reputation of Russia, the chivalrous opposition of the Poles, and the consistent hostility of Austria imposed but an imperfect check on the aggressive impulses of the Porte, especially as the Christians were weakened by many internal dissensions, and by a great mass of popular disaffection and even of open hostility on the part of the Hungarians. So imperfect, indeed, was that check, that in the year 1683 a Turkish army made its way across Hungary and up the Valley of the Danube to Vienna, and for a moment seemed to threaten with extinction the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg. That Vienna was saved and the Turks were driven back must be mainly attributed to a revival in the Crusading fervour, due to the impulse of the chivalrous Polish King, John Sobieski, of which this little volume gives the salient features.

The policy of Louis XIV., and his ambition to be the chief potentate in Western Europe, had not a little to do with the revival of the power and activity of Turkey which the seventeenth century witnessed. Although Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes, to please the extreme members of the Church of Rome, he cared very little for the interests of religion if they stood in the way of his attaining any political object; and consequently, he showed himself nothing loth to make use of Protestant disaffection in Hungary, and to stir up the Porte against the House of Austria, in order to embarrass the Empire, and enable him the more easily to realise his plans. "If France had but stood neutral, the controversy between Turks and Christians might soon have been decided," said the Duke of Lorraine; but the opportunity of aggrandising France, even at the risk of imperilling Christendom, was a temptation not to be resisted. Therefore the war of 1683 commenced, and was nearly terminating with the destruction of the House of Austria. Louis was the more impelled to this step, because his ambitious inclinations were then worked upon by a sense of danger. The Treaty of Laxenberg, in 1682, showed that the supremacy of France had assumed the character of a common danger to the rest of Europe, and that the view was gaining ground which afterwards built up the Grand Alliance against her as the foe of Continental peace. Louis realised the peril in which he might stand from the combination of his neighbours, and one of the first remedies to which he had recourse was to urge on the Porte the advisability of invading the Austrian dominions. His overtures might have failed of their object, for the twenty years' truce agreed to after Montecuculi's victory at St. Gotthard, in 1664, had not quite expired, but for the civil war that broke out in Protestant Hungary. A portion of that kingdom was in the absolute possession of the Turks, in whom the Magyars recognised their natural and most efficient protectors; and the injudicious efforts of the Emperor Leopold to Romanise the rest led to a general insurrection. The Porte might have resisted the specious suggestions of France, it could not refuse to listen to the appeals of its Hungarian allies:—

"Too late," writes Mr. Malden, "in 1681 the Court of Vienna attempted a conciliatory policy in Hungary. The spirit of rebellion had been aroused, and the offers of redress and justice made by the Emperor were distrusted as a veil for treachery, or despised as the confession of weakness. Tekeli defied the Emperor, and assumed the offensive even beyond the borders of Hungary. Neither was the Porte to be propitiated. In vain an Imperial Embassy to Constantinople sought a prolongation of the truce which was on the point of expiring at the end of the stipulated twenty years. The demands of the Turks rose with the progress of their preparations. A principality for their ally, Count Tekeli, in Hungary; extension of territory, with the strongest border fortresses for themselves, a great war indemnity,—such were the terms which implied a determination not to negotiate. The ambassador, Count Caprara, was compelled as a prisoner to witness the departure of the Turkish hosts for the frontier."

This Turkish army is computed to have numbered not far short of 300,000 fighting men, and the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, a nephew of the celebrated Kiuprili, was entrusted with the command. Kara Mustapha, although he had acquired the influence, possessed little of the capacity of his uncle. His military incapacity was proved to be so great, that it entailed the almost complete destruction of, perhaps, the very finest army that was ever sent by a Mahommedan potentate to harry the lands of Christendom, or to exalt the glory of the Crescent at the expense of the Cross. The forces which Leopold could muster to oppose the approaching host were extremely scanty and comparatively insignificant. His allies were either weak in themselves, or suspicious and distrustful of his policy; and the embarrassment of the Austrian ruler, then as now, arose principally from financial causes. Prince Eugene, the most illustrious as well as the most honourable of all the brave men who have championed the House of Austria in the field, said of the pecuniary resources of that State, that "business men laugh at our finance, for my part, I weep over it." The only possible ally was one whom Leopold, in his heart of hearts, despised as of inferior rank, and

* *Vienna, 1683. The History and Consequences of the Defeat of the Turks before Vienna by John Sobieski, King of Poland, and Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine.* By Henry Elliot Malden. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1883.

one with whom he could not condescend to arrange any harmony of action. That ally, John Sobieski of Poland, although notoriously hostile to Turkey, was also believed to lean very much in the direction of France, and he was certainly sympathetic towards the wishes of the Hungarians. A former rival of his for the throne of Poland was the foremost and, be it added, the most capable of the Austrian Generals, Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. At Vienna, however much the want of an ally might incline statesmen to look in the direction of Warsaw, there was as good reason to expect a policy of indifference on the part of Sobieski as one of practical help to Austria, and of active intervention against the Turks. But, fortunately for the House of Hapsburg, and perhaps even for Europe, the Polish King was of a different temper from the calculating monarch at Versailles; and the danger of his neighbour from the advance of the Crescent aroused in him all the nobler fury and enthusiasm of the old Crusaders. He rejected every temptation to preserve the ignoble attitude of a neutral in face of a common peril to humanity and civilisation; and, with the pecuniary aid of the other States and potentates, including the Pope, he arrayed the not over-enthusiastic nobles of his country to proceed against the Moslim.

The advance of the Turkish host had not been hindered by any similar dissensions to those which prevented the States of Central and Eastern Europe from uniting against a common foe. The forces of which the Duke of Lorraine could dispose were quite incapable of arresting its progress, and the precipitate flight of the Emperor and his Court to the Bavarian fortress of Passau was followed by the arrival of the Sultan's army at the gates of Vienna. There was small ground for hope that the capital itself could hold out until relief came, and among its inhabitants there was a deep disgust at the bigotry of Leopold, whose Jesuit policy had lost Hungary, and provided the hordes of Asia with an easy road into the heart of the empire. "The fortifications were old and imperfect, the suburbs encroached upon the works, the number of the defenders was small. Thirteen thousand infantry, supplied by the army of Lorraine, and seven thousand armed citizens formed the garrison; and besides these, about sixty thousand souls were in the city. The command was entrusted to Ernest Rudiger, Count Starhemberg, an officer of tried skill and courage." A warrior-prelate, the Bishop of Neustadt, shared with him the danger and the glory of the defence. The Turkish army took up its position outside the walls on July 14th, and the bombardment, which commenced as soon as the batteries were placed, continued with unabated fury until the relief of the city, two months later. If we only consider the immense superiority of the besiegers over the besieged, and the uncertainty in the minds of the defenders as to whence any effectual aid could come, we can but arrive at the conclusion that the siege of Vienna was in all respects the most remarkable of modern sieges, or if equalled, then by that of Saragossa alone.

The blunders of Kara Mustapha opened the way for the triumph of Christendom. He wasted his opportunities before Vienna, and he neglected the many means in his power to retard, if he could not repel, the approach of Sobieski. Four days after the arrival of the Turks at the gates of Vienna, Sobieski left Warsaw for Cracow. A month later he was on the frontiers of Silesia, at the head of his incomparable cavalry and a certain number of poorly accoutred infantry, who had, however, as their leader wisely declared, "sworn to dress themselves better in the spoils of the enemy." On the last day of August he effected his junction with the forces of the Duke of Lorraine to the west of Vienna, and without the least attempt to make difficulties by standing on his dignity as a sovereign, hastened to concert with Lorraine a plan of action for effecting the relief of Vienna, now reduced to the last stage of distress. The passage of the Danube represented the first obstacle to be overcome, and its successful accomplishment was only due to the apathy or ignorance of the Turkish commander, who steadily refused to believe in the reported arrival of the Polish King. The crisis in the siege had indeed arrived, for the relieving forces had scarcely been arrayed on the Tullner Feld south of the Danube, when the last despairing message carried by a swimmer up the river from the beleaguered city arrived from Starhemberg,—"No time is to be lost; no time indeed to be lost."

The same military incapacity which had allowed Sobieski to march unhindered the whole way from Poland facilitated the execution of his plans in front of Vienna. The chances of victory were at the end of August wholly on the side of the Turks. The relieving army mustered less than eighty thousand men, the garrison of Vienna was reduced to such extremity, that it could barely hold its last defences. To a vast superiority in numbers, Kara Mustapha added all the advantages of the stronger position. When his over-confidence lost him the latter, the former proved of but little avail; and as soon as Sobieski had scaled the heights of the Kahlenberg, and surveyed the Turkish positions extending below, he is reported to have exclaimed, with the happy insight of a good soldier "This man is badly encamped; he knows nothing of war; we shall beat him." Mr. Malden gives a very clear and spirited account of the battle, or rather of the series of encounters outside Vienna, that were fought throughout September 12th, 1683. Up to the last, the Turkish commanders were disposed to disbelieve in the reported arrival of Sobieski, and to consider the attack as little more than a diversion on the part of Lorraine to encourage the despairing garrison. Mr. Malden thus describes their discovery of the truth:—

> "Re-forming after their brief delay, the Polish cavalry in gorgeous arms came flashing from the woods and defiles near Dornbach on his left. Those who had before fought against him knew the plumes raised upon a spear point, the shield borne before him, the *banderolles* on the lances of his body-guard, which declared the presence of the terrible Sobieski. 'By Allah, but the King is really among them,' cried Giray Khan, of the Crimea; and all doubt was at an end as the shout of '*Vivat Sobieski!*' rolled along the Christian lines, in dread and significant answer to the discordant clamour of the Infidels."

The Turkish troops fought with their accustomed valour, but, badly led, their defeat was assured beforehand by the apprehension caused throughout their ranks by the presence of the victor of Choczim. Their loss in men was enormous—barely fifty thousand in all are credibly affirmed to have regained Turkey—but it was surpassed by the loss in matériel:—

> "I cannot conceive," wrote Sobieski, "how they can carry on the war, after such a loss of *matériel*. The whole of the artillery of the Turks, their munitions, and their baggage were the spoil of the victors. Three hundred and ten pieces of cannon, 20,000 animals, 9,000 carriages, 125,000 tents, 5,000,000 pounds of powder are enumerated. The holy standard of the Prophet had been saved, but the standard of the Vizier, mistaken for it, was sent to the Pope by the conqueror; while his gilded stirrups were dispatched at once to Poland, to the Queen, as a token of victory. Never perhaps since Alexander stood a victor at Issus in the tents of Darius, or the Greeks stormed the Persian camp at Platæa, had an European army entered upon such spoil."

Although we cannot attempt to enter here upon the many interesting speculations which Mr. Malden's volume excites and goes far towards solving, we can express our sense of the very useful service he has rendered by recalling, and so well describing, the picturesque and important episode in the history of Europe that centred round the siege and relief of Vienna. Although the day has completely passed away when Turkish aggression was the most formidable menace to the peace of Europe, we cannot be too often reminded of the circumstances which had such an important part in shaping the policy, and even in moulding the form, of the States of Central and Eastern Europe. Personally, Sobieski derived little advantage from his brilliant achievement. The Poles obtained no equivalent recompense for the danger they had incurred in behalf of the Austrian dominions, and the ingratitude of Leopold was as rudely expressed as it was inexcusable. He could not avoid, although he postponed as long as possible, a meeting with his deliverer; but then he addressed him in a few cold words in Latin, although Lorraine had recommended that he should receive him "with open arms, since he had saved the Empire." But the sullen pride of the Hapsburg ruler could not obscure from his contemporaries, and certainly has not blinded posterity to, the magnitude of the service Sobieski had rendered to Europe and to Christendom. On the one hand, it was proclaimed from the pulpits that "there was a man sent from God whose name was John," and Queen Christina of Sweden wrote that "the Empire of the World was his due, if Heaven had intended it for a single potentate." And on the other hand, the preparations now in progress at Vienna for the celebration of its two-hundredth anniversary show that the Austrians of to-day are not insensible of the timely aid they received from the chivalrous King of Poland, at the moment when they were reduced to the last gasp, and when their fairest provinces were overrun by an Asiatic soldiery. Of that event, too, and its consequences, Mr. Malden's essay will be for the English reader a useful reminder.

A MODERN LOVER.*

What Tito Melemà was in the grand life of Romola, Mr. George Moore's very cleverly drawn "modern lover" is, in the several lives of three women who love him, trust him, and sacrifice themselves to him, each in her different way and according to the opportunities afforded them by his various needs at the time. Of the refined and poetical tone and atmosphere of the book that gave us an unrivalled picture of moral good-for-nothingness in old Florentine days, there is no trace in this essentially modern story; they are replaced by plain prose, and realism which, while it is not coarse, and, unlike the tone of the "naturalistic" writers (for whom we suspect Mr. Moore of an admiration much to be deplored), does not offend, takes the gilt off the gingerbread of sentiment, and ignores romance in a more thorough style than we are accustomed to, except in the utterances of professed cynics. The author of *A Modern Lover* is not a cynic; he not only recognises, but he respects goodness, purity, and disinterestedness, and although the story he tells is all about the woeful waste of those feelings upon a person absolutely unworthy of them, he is quite alive to the pity of it, and gives his readers the notion that he really would have liked to make Lewis Seymour a better fellow, if he could. He cannot, however, for *A Modern Lover* is not a bit of a built-up story; it has a very uncommon note of spontaneity; it tells itself, and its faults are the defects of its qualities of moderation and sincerity. The book has more power than the story; the characters have more interest than the incidents; the first volume is the best as a conception and a composition, but the third is superior to it as a picture of society: it gives a clever evolution of character without exaggeration, and a view of modern life which, while it is tinged with pessimism, is not scornful or bitter, but on the whole tolerant and good-humoured.

The "naturalism" that Mr. Moore occasionally affects does not come to him by nature. Certain passages of his novel make us aware that he admires and would fain imitate Zola and his odious school; but we venture to predict that he will never succeed in doing this. He has to combat two powerful obstacles to an achievement so much to be regretted; they are the faith of a Christian and the instincts of a gentleman. If M. Zola, or any of the hogs of his sty, could write such an episode as that with which the story opens, that of the first woman who sacrifices herself to save the penniless artist, an episode in which the key-note to the character of Lewis Seymour is struck, we should have as much hope for them as we have confidence in Mr. Moore's future work;—even they might yet "purge, and live cleanly." It would be difficult to praise too highly the strength, truth, delicacy, and pathos of the incident of Gwynnie Lloyd, and the admirable treatment of the great sacrifice she makes when, in his utter destitution, and under the influence of his threat to commit suicide, she consents to sit to Lewis Seymour for the nude figure of Venus. The incident is depicted with skill and beauty. The author does not again reach that point; his later materials are more common-place. Here is the key-note passage:—

"'For goodness' sake, don't cry like that, Gwynnie!' said Lewis, with tears in his eyes; 'I am sorry I asked you; let's say no more about it.' At the sound of his voice the girl stopped crying, and, looking up at him, said, 'I will sit for you, Lewis, since it is necessary; but I'm not a bad girl, nor do I wish to be; but it cannot be right to see you starve or drown yourself, when I can save you.'—Lewis did not speak. He knew that she suffered, although he didn't exactly know why. His was a soft, sensuous nature, that instinctively took the easiest road to walk in, without a thought whether it was the right or the wrong one."

How the girl, a humble, little, Methodist shopwoman, accomplishes her task, what her horror is when she sees upon the canvas the naked figure that is herself; how she feels that what she has done for him must part them; her flight, and the ease and readiness with which, when the pinch of poverty is taken off him, he accepts her absence as a very good thing, and reflects that she might have been a clog and a nuisance to him; and how strictly consistent with this the future conduct of the favourite of fortune and the spoilt child of society is,—the reader will learn from a story in which there is nothing strained or distorted. The author depends for his tragedy not upon violent vices, but upon the mere ordinary, inevitable development of a man's unprincipled selfishness, and, without any grim catastrophe, leaves him prosperous, comfortable, successful, *and found out* by the three women who, among the multitude of his flatterers, have really and truly loved him.

And the women? Mr. Moore is not so successful in his portraiture of Mrs. Bentham as in that of Lady Helen; the former is rather shadowy, we do not feel that the author himself knows her very well, or has her always clearly before him; but the outline is a fine one, and the infatuation that makes such a woman love so absolutely poor and self-engrossed a creature as Lewis Seymour, is even less intelligible than in the case of Lady Helen. We do not, however, question its truth to nature and the society of the time. Conceit, effeminacy, and affectation have gained a footing in this generation which every observer is forced to recognise. There is a great chasm between this time and the "north-easter" days of *Yeast* and *Westward Ho!* There was not a little affectation about the muscularity and the manliness of those days too; but the ideal women of their poetry and their romance were women of a higher type than any novelist who is not to be contented with mere success would now venture to draw, and the aim and scope of their fiction were as different from the aim and scope of the fiction of this time as the Pyrrhic phalanx from the Pyrrhic dance.

Mr. Moore's is, then, not an ideal novel; it is a study from life, and lifelike,—more's the pity! It is faulty, but always interesting; it has both pathos and humour, and it is pervaded by a frank, revealing spirit that tells of observation of men and things, intelligent, not malicious, and commonsensical. The world and its way neither take in this writer, nor do they disgust him; he sees the poetry of things, but he knows that it is the prose of them that lasts; he is just as much "up to" the jargons of humanity as ever was the thunderous philosopher of Chelsea; but he does not thunder,—he listens, smiles, and makes a note of them. Art jargon, the affectations of criticism, and the huggermugger of Art Societies have not been better exemplified than by his Mr. Harding, Mr. Thompson, and other members of Seymour's social world. All this portion of the book is characterised by judgment; it is not overdone, it is not offensively personal, it is amusing and true. The author's style leaves much to be desired. He passes from English into French as abruptly as Dick Swiveller passed into scraps of verse, "as if they were only prose in a hurry," with the incoherence of a man who is accustomed to think in either language indifferently; and he has not looked after the printers' errors in his French. His sentences are occasionally, let us say, haphazard; not exactly ungrammatical, but wanting in accuracy. The literary method is defective, but the work is one which will make its mark,—the best sort of mark for an author, for it means that its readers will look with expectation for its successor.

* *A Modern Lover.* By George Moore. London: Tinsley Brothers.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Church Quarterly Review, July. (Spottiswoode and Co.)—The first article in this number, "Church Organisation in the Royal Navy," treats of practical Church work. From its sensible and moderate recommendations, few, we think, will be found to disagree. On a kindred topic, we have "The Work of the London Lay Helpers' Association." In theology, we have a very able article on "Our Lord's Human Example." Its main object is, of course, to magnify the Sacramental doctrine. "The sturdy Sacramentalism of Scripture" is a phrase which the author, not without some boldness, uses against his adversaries. Sacramentalism is not, however, the only alternative to the teaching of a mere historic example. It is possible to believe in a Presence of which the Sacraments are the constant witness, but which is not limited to them. Communities which, like the Friends, have no Sacraments, and those which on the reviewer's principles have quite ineffectual pretences of them, may be partakers of this Presence. Whence, otherwise, do they get their results of Christian life, results often admirable, both from the theoretic and the practical point of view? By a natural sequence of thought, an account of Le Courayer, the learned champion of the validity of Anglican Orders, follows the article of which we have just been speaking. An excellent account it is. Le Courayer, indeed, was one of the best friends Anglicanism ever had, though personally he always thought it a schism. But the validity of its Orders is a matter of life and death to it. The merest suspicion of a flaw must send a logical Anglican to Rome. Another contribution to historical theology is the review of Mr. Watkins's "Studies of Arianism." In controversy, we have "The Nomenclature of English Dissent" and "The Catholic Side of Anglicanism." We may remark that the great Church Societies had their beginning in the time of Broad-Church supremacy, which the writer places between 1688 and 1760, and describes as being a time of rampant irreligion. His golden age is "the High-Church time of influence confined to the reigns of Charles II.

and James II.," when "Dissent was all but extinguished by peaceful means." "The invidious Acts of Charles II.'s Parliaments directed against Nonconformists were purely civil and political," the writer explains. Exactly so; just as the "secular arm" put heretics to death, the "spiritual power" confining itself to peaceful means. The other articles in the number are "The Legal and Historical Value of the Study of the Canon Law," M. Renan's "Souvenirs," and "Our Duty on the Marriage Question."

The British Quarterly Review, July. (Hodder and Stoughton).—Most readers will turn at once to the interesting recollections which Mr. E. A. Freeman has here given us of John Richard Green. These recollections go back to an early date, when "Johnny Green" was a clever little boy at Magdalen College School. Mr. Freeman brings out with characteristic force the *municipal* side of his friend's habits of thought. He was eminently a citizen of Oxford, to whom the University was an upstart and an intruder. And this same way of regarding history he retained more or less throughout life. It is a most able and sympathetic account of Green's character and work that we have in this article. Mr. J. Scott Keltie's Essay on "Some Characteristics of Mr. Green's Histories" is an appropriate pendant to it. The first article in the number is one which, though dealing with a professional subject, "The Relation of Drugs to Medicine," is so written that a non-professional writer can appreciate it. We are not sure that the writer does not exaggerate the decline of the curative use of drugs. The number of new preparations is something enormous, and must tax the business aptitude of the retailers to keep pace with it. The enormous use of bromide of potassium, to take but one instance, is by itself a most important matter. Mr. R. Heath's "Religion of the Paris Ouvrier" is a remarkable instance of the wider views of theology which now find entrance at least, if not acceptance, in orthodox circles. French Protestantism—which, by the way, in its outward form closely resembles English Congregationalism—is pronounced wholly unfit to deal with the difficult problem of the Parisian working-man. The analogy between his republican faith and the dominant ideas of Catholicism is very well drawn out in this essay. The valuable "Discovery of Pithom Succoth" is made the subject of another article; and we have also the programme of the Liberation Society, which is to attack in succession the Scotch, the Welsh, and the English Establishments. The other contents of this excellent number are "The Classification of Ideas," "The Tâo Teh King," and a "Political Survey of the Quarter," with the customary review of contemporary literature.

Fairs, Past and Present. By Cornelius Walford. (Elliot Stock.)—In this volume, the paper and printing of which are appropriately suggestive of antiquity, Mr. Walford has collected a vast amount of curious information. He gives us a chapter about the origin of fairs, suggesting several causes, and probably coming very near the truth when he says that "fairs took their origin in passing events, without any special authority, and that upon later occasions charters were obtained." "Early Regulations concerning Fairs" supply the subject of another chapter. (Why, by the way, the eccentricity of "Magna *Carter*"?) Then we have "Legislation for Fairs;" then "Modern Legislation;" and then, very properly, as things of the kind are best seen in the concrete, long accounts of the two chief fairs in England, or rather of what used to be the two chief fairs, Sturbridge and Bartholomew. Sturbridge fair still exists, though but the shadow of its former self. Bartholomew has passed away altogether; except, indeed, that the Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great still receives the sum of 3s. 6d. for a proclamation which no longer takes place. Of all the curiosities which a book like this contains, nothing is more interesting than the lists of the prices. Here are some, for articles purchased at Sturbridge Fair in 1577 for the household of Lord North:—"A feather-bed, 19s.; a jack (presumably a meat-jack), 2s. 2d.; 20 lb. of 'raissins,' 5s.; 20 lb. of 'corants,' 7s. 6d." Gunpowder was, it seems, about a shilling a pound, and sugar rather more.

Poetry.—*Julian the Apostate.* By Christopher James Riethmüller. (Virtue and Co.)—Mr. Riethmüller has not been excessive in his demands upon the attention of the public. It is, we think, more than twenty years since he published his poem of *Teuton*. This drama of *Julian the Apostate* has, indeed, less need than most poetry of the day to excuse its appearance. It is really a work of solid merit. In the first place, it is distinctly readable, a quality which, as far as our experience goes, dramatic poetry commonly lacks. It represents a careful study of authorities, and a vivid conception of the time. There is, indeed, little of the true dramatic character in the play. There is no central point of interest in it, though such a point is certainly suggested by the subject, in the last struggle between Paganism and Christianity. It is tolerably clear, indeed, that with all his respectable literary power, Mr. Riethmüller is somewhat wanting in force. When the occasion seems to invite it, he fails to rise to the expected height. The death of Julian, for instance, is a scene which affords scope for the exercise of great powers, if such powers exist. Our author is distinctly tame, when he comes to it. Even the famous "Galilean, thou hast conquered!" with a strange lack of dramatic feeling, he puts into the mouth of a minor character, making it the last and, we venture to say, the worst line in the whole play:—

"The cause is lost. The Galilean has conquered."

Generally, Mr. Riethmüller's verse, though wanting in variety of pause, and never rising to any great height, is evenly good. Here is a specimen of it, from the dialogue in which Basil (the Great) and Gregory Nazianzen discourse of the dead Emperor. Basil speaks:—

"I loved this Julian.
He was the friend and comrade of my youth,
As you were, Gregory. I have not forgotten
The happy home at Athens, the bright hopes,
The common studies, pleasures, fancies, thoughts,
And all the promise of our golden morn;
And this sad ending of a tragic story
Fills me with deepest sorrow. That a man
So gifted, and so raised above his fellows,
Endowed with almost every human virtue,
Should so have missed his way, and spent his force
On a vain struggle against right and truth,
Is to my mind a source of genuine pity,
More doleful and pathetic than the tale
Of Œdipus and all his fated line."

——*Faith, and other Poems.* By James Warlow. (Longman.)—Mr. Warlow writes his *Faith* somewhat after the manner of Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." Unfortunately, there is a difference. We can say nothing more in favour of his verse than that it rhymes and scans, one or two exceptions being allowed for, as, for instance,—

"Intelligence Eternal, pervading,"

where we find that the emphasis has to be put on the "ing" of the last word, making it rhyme with "thing" in the next line. The language is not always very happy. A knife may possibly be said to "drink," but hardly to "sip" the life-blood of a victim, even though "sips" is a convenient assonance to "lips." As to the matter, there is little to be said. Mr. Warlow is very severe upon priests in general, and Rome in particular. He does not think much better of any Protestant sects. "For," as he poetically puts it,—

"Thousands who themselves Christ's followers call
Are blind idolators, in Satan's thrall."

Mr. Warlow's creed is expressed by a line which is as good as any that we can find in his volume:—

"Have faith, be just, and Heav'n will ask no more!"

——*The True and Romantic Story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson.* By J. Antisell Allen. (Elliot Stock.)—Mr. Allen has some talent for verse-writing, but does not display it to the best advantage in the form which he has chosen for his present work. There is not a single thing in this somewhat tedious drama which might not have been put without difficulty in the much more pleasing shape of a narrative. The story of John Hutchinson's sudden passion for Lucy Apsley, a passion first conceived before he had seen her, and developed by her presence, is as good a subject as could be found for an "idyll," but we see nothing specially dramatic about it. And the interruptions of "First Gentleman" and "Second Gentleman," which the dramatic form suggests, if it does not necessitate, are distinctly tedious. Here are a few lines of Mr. Allen's verse:—

"My heart and all my pulses throb with joy,
And, oh! to think such love was in reserve,
When I stood trembling on the very verge
Of that deep, yawning chasm, where buried lie
Such myriad bankrupt hopes; and shuddering looked
Into its yawning depths, nor could withdraw
My fascinated gaze; and all things looked
Wintry, and ghast, and horrible; but now
The sun is on the hill-tops of my soul,
And perfumed Spring, vocal with song, flower-crowned,
Enfolds the radiant world for evermore!"

——*Hesperus, Rhythm and Rhyme.* By E. W. Edmonds. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Edmonds needs to learn much, in the matter both of rhythm and of grammar, not to speak of thought, before he can write verse:—

"An old strain
Will through my silent chamber steal,
And rain down harmonies on my lone meal."

"She says she has forgotten quite, and it must be a great mistake,
So hideous an object ne'er one thought from her could scarcely take,"

are about as clumsy expressions as are often to be found. The best thing in the volume is "Our Elsie;" perhaps the worst, "The Foundering of the 'Cyprian,'" where a really tragic story is utterly spoilt by the feebleness of the telling.——*The Empress Charlotte, and other Poems.* By Peter Southmead Glubb, B.D. (London Literary Society.) "The profits arising from the sale of these poems are devoted to charity." On the strength of this statement, we shall not be doing wrong if we wish the volume a success vastly beyond its merits.

Theology.—*Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Harrow School, and Elsewhere.* By the late Rev. T. H. Steel, M.A. With a Prefatory Memoir by Henry Nettleship, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)—Mr. Steel, after highly distinguishing himself at Cambridge (he was Second Classic and Twentieth Wrangler), was content to give up his life to Harrow School. He had come near to being elected at King Edward's School, Birmingham (when Dr. Prince Lee was chosen). In 1834 he went, by the invitation of Dr. Wordsworth, to Harrow. Afterwards came an interval (1843-1849) of parochial work, into

which he threw himself with characteristic energy; then a return to Harrow, where he continued till within six months of his death. The two-and-twenty sermons here published strike us as being of considerable value. "His Christianity," says a friend who knew him well, "seemed to be drawn direct from the New Testament, restrained by the trammels of no ecclesiastical school." Accordingly, we find that a characteristic of his teaching is its simplicity and distinctness, the thoroughly natural character of its appeals and arguments. Another noteworthy feature in them is the happy illustrations from natural phenomena. Here is a specimen of his manner, an extract from a peculiarly happy discourse on "Gathering up the Fragments":—"See, too, here, as in an allegory, that the sun himself, no unworthy symbol of God's genial providence, rejoiceth to typify the same universal law. See how, as he sinks to rest when the storm is over, and the opening clouds suffer at last his level rule of streaming light to struggle forth, and his rays are broken and reflected by their thousand varying surfaces, see how he gathers up the fragments, as it were, and decks with them, as with purple and gold, the gorgeous tissue of the pavilion in which he seems to be sinking to repose; or, shooting forth across the whole expanse of heaven, pieces together in a more regular order the broken hues, and sets his painted bow in the dark background of the eastern sky!" "Our Treatment of Strangers" is a specially good sermon, and one that should have spoken very directly to the hearts of those to whom it was addressed.——*The Calling of a Christian Woman.* By Morgan Dix, S.T.D. (Appleton and Co., New York.)—Lectures delivered last March, that have already reached a fourth edition, come anyhow with the recommendation of success. Nor in this instance do we wonder at the success. These are direct, plain-spoken appeals to the consciences of men and women, such appeals as are always listened to not only with respect, but with a certain enthusiasm of attention. Antioch thronged the Church when Chrysostom lashed its popular vices, and always listened, if it did not always reform. So it is in London; so it is also, it would seem, in New York. In his fifth lecture, Dr. Dix touches on the painful subject of divorce, as it is now in the United States. In New York, it would seem, divorce *a vinculo* can be granted only for the cause of adultery; but then divorces and remarriages in other States, where the law is greatly relaxed, hold good in New York; and in some of the New England States, there are *nine* sufficient causes. The sixth is entitled "A Mission for Women," and is a practical and, for the most part, we think, a true statement of the situation. We would fain hope, however, that the movement for the advance of women is not so closely connected as Dr. Dix thinks with unbelief.——*Are Miracles Credible?* By the Rev. John James Lias, M.A., and *Does Science Aid Faith?* by the Right Rev. Bishop Coterill, both published by Hodder and Stoughton, are two volumes of a new series of "The Theological Library," which is to include both apologetics and expository divinity. Mr. Lias's is in particular a calm and reasonable statement of the believer's case. With regard to the miracles of the sun standing still and the shadow returning on the dial, he is inclined, we gather, to get rid of them, though he holds that they were not impossible. His chapter on "How Do We Distinguish False or Supposed Miracles from the True?" is one of the best in the book. We find nothing sophistical in it. He acknowledges difficulties, and grapples with them to the best of his power. He allows, for instance, that the miracles at the tomb of the Abbé Paris are, in one sense, just in the same category as the Gospel miracles, as having been wrought, not like mediæval miracles in confirmation of an established system, but on behalf of a persecuted sect. Generally, we may say, that this new series has made a good beginning.——We have also received the first volume of the series of *Present-Day Tracts, by Various Writers* (Religious Tract Society), the subject of the six tracts contained in it being "Christianity and Miracles at the Present Day," by Principal Cairns; "Christ, the Central Evidence of Christianity," and "The Success of Christianity," by the same author; "The Historical Evidences of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ," "The Existence and Character of God," by the Rev. Prebendary Row; and "Christianity and the Life that Now Is," by the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D.——*Christianity and Common-sense,* by a Barrister (Chapman and Hall), an effort to substitute Theism for Revealed Religion; *Priestcraft and Progress,* by Stewart D. Headlam, B.A. (John Hodges), a second edition; *The Reasonableness of Christianity,* by William M. Metcalfe (Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London); *The Doctrine of Probation Examined,* by C. H. Emerson, D.D. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston), a statement of the Universalist argument; *The Two Gospels,* by W. T. Lee (City of London Publishing Company); *Biblical Theology of the New Testament,* by Dr. Bernhard Weiss, second volume (T. and T. Clark); *The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrews, D.D.,* edited and revised by Edmund Venables, M.A. (Suttaby and Co.); and *Prayers for Public Schools,* by the Rev. John Fowler, M.A., a second edition, abridged (Skeffington and Son).

We have received a second edition, "corrected, revised, and enlarged," of the *Highland Sportsman.* By Robert Hall. (John Menzies, Edinburgh.)—There is plenty of useful information in the book. The name and extent of the chief shootings and fishings in the Highlands are given; and with these, the rent. So far, the reader will be safe; but when he comes to ask what he will get for his money, it behoves him to be cautious. The description of the obtainable sport seems to us, in one or two of the cases where from personal knowledge we can check it, to be somewhat highly coloured.——*The Army and Navy Calendar,* 1883-4 (W. H. Allen and Co.), gives in a compendious form, and at a very low price, the usual information about the Army, Navy, Militia, and the Volunteers.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Comte de Chambord died yesterday, at the age of sixty-three. He has been a Pretender all his life, and yet never a Pretender at all in the English acceptation of the word,—unless his acceptance of the title of "King" in 1871 made him one. A more dignified spectator of political struggles never existed. He seemed to think himself necessary to France, and yet to feel quite sure that France was absolutely unconscious of her own need of him. "My personality is nothing," he said, "my principle is everything;" and his principle was that he would not give up a flag to gain a crown. There is something fascinating in the spectacle of so much disinterestedness at the heart of so much dignity. And we believe that in losing the Comte de Chambord, Europe has lost a kind of ideal,—the ideal character of that sort which, with an inordinate respect for its own hereditary position, combines the most absolute freedom from fussiness, and perfect indifference to power.

On August 15th the French received a second severe check in their advance on Hanoi, and have been further annoyed by the overflow of the Red River, which has inundated the country which they occupied. It seems clear that the Anamese troops against which they fight are very good, and are reinforced from China. The French will succeed, of course, in time, if they choose to make the requisite sacrifices. But these sacrifices are severe, and even severer in Europe than they are in the East.

Prince Bismarck's semi-official organ,—as it is called,—the *Nord Deutsche Gazette*, has given Europe a fright this week, by a manifesto against the anti-German tone of the French Press, and a warning that such displays of temper in France, if not controlled, will sooner or later lead to war. The truth seems to be that the better organs of the French Press have not been at all bitterly anti-German, but that a few of the less weighty papers have been indulging in anti-German diatribes, especially a little paper recently set up expressly to attack Germany, which the new Press law in France did not permit the Government at once to suppress. Whether the *Nord Deutsche Gazette's* article is really due to a wish to prevent international quarrelling, or is the kind of warning which the wolf gave to the lamb that was drinking beneath him in the same river, is not at present very clear. But Germany cannot really wish to kindle a war, for the excellent reason that such a war, unless positively forced upon Germany, would be so unpopular in Germany, that even brilliant results might be fatal to Prince Bismarck's power there. Doubtless, there is some reason for the tone taken by the *Nord Deutsche Gazette*, but whether that reason be found in domestic policy or foreign policy,—we suspect, the latter,—is a problem that will for some time remain unsolved.

Further intelligence from Madagascar proves that the death of Consul Pakenham was in no way due to the high-handed proceedings of Admiral Pierre. The Consul was already dying and unconscious when the French orders were issued, and whatever they may have been, his death had nothing to do with them. On the other hand, the mode of dealing with Mr. Shaw, the Missionary, was certainly very high-handed, and, in all probability, very unnecessary. Still, the French dealt with him, even if they did exceed their rights, only as many Englishmen urged the Government to deal with M. de Lesseps at the time when he put obstacles in the way of our occupation of the Suez Canal. And it would be very unwise and imprudent for us to take a hectoring and arrogant tone in relation to Mr. Shaw's case, until we know exactly both how he is treated, and what is the character of the asserted evidence against him. Probably he has been unjustly imprisoned, but we must not always begin with assuming that Englishmen can do no wrong. The attempts to badger the Government into premature protest are a mistake. Lord Palmerston's example has done us all harm, in dealing with complications of this kind. None the less, we note with great pleasure Mr. Gladstone's statement on Thursday night, that the French Government "will do everything in their power to put an end to this incident,"—which we interpret to mean that they will order Mr. Shaw's release. Nothing could illustrate better the wisdom of the reticence of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Healy has been the political prize-fighter of the week, and some of his blows have certainly been unworthy of any fair pugilist. Thus on Thursday week, he dragged into his speech an accusation against the *wife* of a Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, which came to this,—that she had lived with her husband before she had been married to him, an attack on a woman quite unexampled in the House of Commons, and which Mr. Trevelyan did not characterise with more vehement censure than it deserved. On Saturday last, Mr. Healy revenged himself on Mr. Trevelyan for the scornful condemnation passed on this unparallelled intrusion into private life, by declaring that if the Irish Constabulary were to return to the practices of Cromwell's time, and to spit babies on their bayonets, the Chief Secretary would have got up and defended the practice with just as much *aplomb* as he had shown in defending the other abuses of the Irish Constabulary. "The Irish Members," said Mr. Healy, "were the exponents of the state of feeling which existed in Ireland, and which inspired the great mass of the people of Ireland with hatred and contempt of her Majesty's Government."

This outrageous speech of Mr. Healy's brought up Mr. Gladstone, who, in words of great eloquence, dignity, and even pathos, pointed out the certain tendency of such language to inflame every feeling of antipathy which exists between England and Ireland to the highest point, without answering any conceivable political purpose or carrying any Irish end. Since it had been the duty of the present Government to deal with Ireland, it had been their object to do everything and to say everything which tended to mitigate, and if possible extinguish, national hatreds. "We have not been slow," said Mr. Gladstone, "to place ourselves in conflict with English prejudices when we believed it to be in our power to minister to this sacred work." If justice ought to be administered in Ireland, words ought not to be used which tend to render the administration of true justice almost impossible. If for the purpose of detecting crime, the evidence of criminals is ever to be used,—and it would be impossible to punish crime without it,—these vehement attacks on all who use the evidence of criminals are as mischievous as they are unreasonable. Mr. Healy's exultation that none but criminals could be got to give evidence against crime, though not justified by the facts, was an exultation that directly tended to produce reluctance to assist the ends of justice, and therefore rendered the administration of justice more and more difficult. Ireland had been restored to peace and order by the courage and laborious

efforts of a class of men whose patriotism could hardly be exaggerated; and even if they had made occasional slips in that difficult duty, they would be entitled to forbearance and respect. Mr. Gladstone lamented these fierce and passionate diatribes, not because they hurt the Government, but because they retarded or prevented the great work in Ireland for which the Government had so earnestly laboured. His own personal interest in this question could only be one of short duration,—a remark cheered by Mr. Biggar, with his usual delicacy of feeling,—but if he were to speak for the last time in that House, he would use the language not of rebuke, but of appeal to honourable Members to question their own consciences whether they really thought it incumbent on them to use deliberately this inflammatory language, and so to retard as long as it was in their power, or even to prevent, the healing of the discords in the United Kingdom.

To this eloquent and most powerful appeal, which produced the profoundest impression on the House of Commons, the Irish Extremists returned an obstinate and even sulky "non possumus." War between England and Ireland, they said, was only prevented by physical force, and they were determined to express in their speeches the internecine hostility which Ireland profoundly felt. That was Mr. Healy's own answer, all the more remarkable for the expression of personal admiration for Mr. Gladstone with which he prefaced it. It is a very strange answer. If the Irish people and the Irish Members feel all this loathing for England, and if they confess at the same time that they have no power to put an end to the connection, their plain duty is not to express a loathing which only aggravates the situation. Does a sensible prisoner continue to express his loathing for the power which took him prisoner? We confess that we do not believe the Irish hatred to be altogether serious. It is dramatic hatred, hatred at which the Irish enjoy playing, and playing with childish effusion, but it is not altogether either the ruling passion, or a passion founded on that serious conviction, which they profess it to be.

On the motion for the second reading of the Appropriation Bill on Tuesday, Sir Stafford Northcote braced himself up to a general review of the Session, which was not, however, a striking performance. He quizzed the Government for having carried only three out of eleven measures contemplated in the Queen's Speech,—the real proportion, as Mr. Gladstone showed, was five out of thirteen,—made some rather judicious remarks on the excessive competition amongst Departments for the display of legislative energy, and its disastrous result in always encumbering the House of Commons with a number of Bills which it proves uccessary to withdraw,—so that all the time spent upon them is wasted,—and repeated the old remarks on the supererogatory labour of the Affirmation Bill. He passed over the subject of Ireland,—a great implied tribute to the success of the Government there,—and then discoursed on the anxieties concerning Egypt, concerning the Suez Canal, concerning South Africa, concerning Madagascar, and concerning India, amidst which the House was about to separate.

Mr. Gladstone, after correcting Sir Stafford Northcote's calculations as to the numbers of the proposed, the successful, and the abandoned measures of the Government, and insisting that, in spite of the difficulties of the Session, the legislative results were certainly above the average of the last fifty years, pointed out once more, as regards the Affirmation Bill, that the Government had no choice but to submit to the House of Commons the only remedy which they could approve for the very unpleasant position in which the House was placed by its refusal to allow a regularly-elected Member of Parliament to take his seat in the manner prescribed by law. Mr. Gladstone spoke of the struggle between the House of Commons and the country "as a great and serious struggle, in which every man knows which party is finally to be the winner;" and added, every man knows that the struggle will end "in the defeat of the vote which has been given." He pointed out that the loss of four nights on that debate proved how frightfully the measure of Parliamentary talk had increased since the time when the admission of the Jews to Parliament was settled in a single night. Mr. Gladstone insisted on the principle of Grand Committees as a success, and predicted that it was by the skilful use of this principle that the House of Commons would recover its legislative efficiency. He then followed Sir Stafford Northcote into a review of the foreign policy of the Government, contending that though we are not without anxieties, we are far freer from anxieties than we were when the Conservative Government handed over the reins of office; and concluded with a hearty eulogy on the policy of Lord Ripon in India, in spite of the unpopularity which one of his proposed measures has met with among Anglo-Indians in India.

Another enthusiastic meeting of Anglo-Indians was held in Calcutta on Thursday to protest against the Ilbert Bill, in which the speech of Mr. Atkins, Secretary of the Railway Servants' Association, who spoke for the railway employés in various parts of India, was the most striking feature. The Government at home do not seem to realise sufficiently that our position in India is utterly indefensible except on the principle that, at the present time at all events, the English race is centuries in advance of the races of Hindustan, and that if that assumption be true, it involves some perfectly inevitable corollaries,—such as this, that a European's honour, if placed at the mercy of native witnesses, without the guarantee of a European Magistrate for the justice of the sentence, may very often be in extreme danger. The Europeans acknowledge clearly enough the mischief of withdrawing the cases in which Europeans are implicated from the jurisdiction of all the Native Judges. Of course, it often practically deprives natives who cannot find the means for a prosecution at a distance, of their remedy against European injustice. But you cannot remedy that evil without introducing a corresponding evil, and one that may eventually, as the European railway servants in India feel, risk our empire altogether by rendering Anglo-Indians unwilling to take service in India. We hope Lord Ripon will consider frankly this danger, and introduce such modifications as may satisfy the more moderate Europeans of their safety.

On Friday week, the House of Lords threw out the Cruelty to Animals Amendment Act Bill, which would have put an end to the cruel and completely unsportsmanlike pigeon matches by which the country has been disgusted, rejecting it by a majority of 30 against 17. In the House of Commons, it had been carried by a majority of 155. But in the Peers there was a good muster of young men of no note, who care a good deal more for the amusements of the country than they do for its duties. Lord Granville and the Duke of Argyll both supported Lord Balfour of Burleigh in defending the Bill, as one aimed at a sport altogether ignoble,—indeed, the attractiveness of it consists chiefly in the betting to which it gives rise, and the little skill which it requires,—and only Lord Redesdale amongst the Peers of weight opposed it. The real argument in favour of the Bill is, as Lord Granville said, just the same as the real argument against cock-fighting, which has been put down in England,—that it degrades those who take part in it, and gives rise to all sorts of cruelty in order to bias the direction of the pigeon's flight. The House of Lords however, is very Conservative of low amusements, and not at all anxious to improve the tone of English recreation. The Prince of Wales might, perhaps, have saved the Bill; but, unfortunately, he did not intervene.

The House of Lords hardly ever acted worse on a comparatively trivial occasion than in rejecting the Irish Registration Bill, for no reason at all, except that the Irish Home-rule party liked it. The Bill does nothing except remedy two gross injustices, by which in England we are not affected with regard to the mode in which the list of electors is made up, and not a single Peer who opposed the Bill found anything to say against its principle. It is, indeed, impossible to pretend that an elector ought to be disqualified simply because some one takes an arbitrary objection to his name, for which objection he can give no *primâ facie* reason, just at a moment when, either through indisposition or more important professional engagements, the voter whose name is objected to is quite unable to attend personally and refute the objection. Yet this is the law in Ireland, and to remedy this monstrous injustice was the chief object of the Irish Registration Bill, which the Lords rejected on Tuesday by 52 votes against 32, after most convincing speeches from Lord Carlingford and Lord Fitzgerald in its favour. What the hostile Peers, headed by Lord Kilmorey, said, was that it would add to the influence of the Home-rule party in Ireland, which is possible enough. But if that be intrinsically objectionable, quite apart from the justice or injustice of the mode in which they are to obtain that influence, Lord Kilmorey and Lord

Salisbury should introduce a measure striking off arbitrarily a number of persons otherwise fully entitled to the franchise, in order that they may diminish the influence of the Home-rulers in Ireland, and not effect their purpose by this shabby, indirect trick. The majority in the Lords do not, unfortunately, object to trickiness. Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, expressed very strongly his sense of the injustice which the Peers had refused to remedy, and promised another Bill of the same kind an early place in the business of next Session, if it were not included in a general Reform Bill.

The Lords also threw out on Tuesday the Local Government (Scotland) Bill with more excuse, as Lord Balfour of Burleigh moved its rejection, and Scotch opinion seems to be by no means fully united in its favour. Lord Salisbury, however, cordially supported its rejection probably as another snub to the Government. He never misses an opportunity of rejecting in August any Bill whose loss the country at large will not, he thinks, be much disposed to resent. The Tramways and Public Companies (Ireland) Bill,—the Bill for assisting migration and emigration,—and the Labourers (Ireland) Bill, their Lordships did not venture to reject.

The House of Lords have passed the Bankruptcy Bill, after adopting only formal alterations suggested by the Lord Chancellor, but they did not do so without raising bitter complaint of the Government for its treatment of the Upper House, in which, of course, Lord Fortescue's wail was the shrillest of all. And doubtless it is very unfortunate that such a Bill as this should not have been thoroughly criticised by the legal Peers in the Upper House, who are some of the best draftsmen, as well as some of the best lawyers of their time. There is, however, no remedy that we can see while the Upper House contains so few men who represent either popular feeling or commercial experience. A Bill originated in the Upper House would never have pleased the Commons, and a Bill of this magnitude and difficulty could not well have been passed by the Commons in time to secure the advantage of the legal acumen of men like the Lord Chancellor, Lord Cairns, Lord Fitzgerald, Lord Blackburn, and Lord Bramwell.

The House of Commons agreed to that amendment of the Lords on the Agricultural Holdings Bill which extends the provision against compensating the tenant for improvements causing an increased return,—so far as the increase is really due to the intrinsic qualities of the soil,—to the boning, manuring, and other operations included in the third section of the schedule. But they disagreed with the amendment to the second clause, which would have had the effect of leaving in full force every agreement already in existence between landlord and tenant that the tenant should not be entitled to be compensated for any special class of his already effected improvements. To this the Commons demurred, although any valuable consideration given by the landlord would be taken into account under the Bill, as against the compensation for these improvements. Lord Salisbury, nevertheless, insisted on his amendment, though the Duke of Richmond and Gordon opposed him, and Lord Salisbury was only saved from defeat on an equal division by the rule of the House, which makes it necessary to reject a proposal on which the vote is even. When it was next proposed to carry Lord Salisbury's amendment substantively, an additional Tory vote was found, and it was carried by a majority of one. The Commons, of course, declined to defer to this majority of one, and we were not able before going to press to hear how the controversy was settled. Doubtless, Lord Salisbury has given way. He could hardly defeat such a measure with a majority of one only at his back, except at the cost of his whole influence with the country.

The discussion of the sentence of the court-martial on Commander Heron for failing in his duty in looking after the stores in the hulk which he commanded at Aberdeen—the 'Clyde'—came off on Monday, and the feeling of the House appeared to be very strong that the charges brought against Commander Heron by his subordinate,—the gunner whom the court-martial had sentenced to be dismissed and disgraced,—might very well prove not to have been sufficiently corroborated from unimpeachable sources to justify the sentence; and, at all events, that the finding of the court-martial and its justification ought to have been submitted to the legal advisers of the Admiralty for their opinion. And Mr. Gladstone accordingly, to the great satisfaction of the House, promised that the legal point at issue,—the question of the adequate corroboration of the charges brought by a man of no character, by other evidence of a trustworthy kind,—should be submitted to the revision of the legal advisers of the Admiralty. This is all for which the friends of Commander Heron have asked, and their request is a thoroughly reasonable one.

Murders of the deliberate kind appear to breed each other. Only last week we remarked on the singularly deliberate murder of his five children by the blacksmith Gouldstone at Walthamstow. On Sunday night, at Thornton Heath, Croydon, James Cole murdered his little son, three years old, by deliberately taking hold of his legs and dashing his head against the floor. The child lived until Monday morning, not apparently in a conscious state, and then died. The man was not under the influence of drink, but he has been repeatedly imprisoned before for violent assaults, and his wife and children seem to have felt the greatest fear of him. The evidence proved that Cole had been reading the story of the Walthamstow case all the Sunday, and had told his wife that he would settle his own children in the same way. Gloomy cruelty is infectious.

Baron Malortie, writing to Monday's *Times*, gives very strong support to the view of Dr. Mouat, which we reported last week, and to our own conjecture published six weeks ago, that the epidemic in Egypt is not Asiatic cholera. He quotes a letter from Dr. Abbate Pasha, the chief physician to the Khedive, in which the latter says that the epidemic is quite certainly not Asiatic cholera, but *choleroide*, an endemic local disease presenting similar symptoms. The Khedive's physician scoffs at the notion of the disease being imported from India, and declares that he is preparing a memoir on it for the Medical profession.

King Charles of Roumania has been staying at Potsdam, and acting as sponsor to the second son of Prince and Princess William of Prussia, the great-grandson of the Emperor of Germany. The German Court has been making a great fuss about King Charles, as has also the Austrian Court about the King of Servia, who has been staying at Vienna. Evidently, the little Sovereigns of this part of the world are just now in request, for the Prince of Montenegro has been staying at Constantinople, where the Sultan appears to have done all in his power to reconcile to himself his ancient foe. The German Powers are anxious to secure their influence in the Valley of the Danube and the Balkans, and to counteract the supposed designs and intrigues of Russia. But whether Prince Nikita's interchange of courtesies with the Sultan is suggested by Russia or by Germany, it would at present be difficult to decide.

Two very well-earned political distinctions have been conferred this week by the Government. Sir Thomas Acland, M.P. for North Devon, has been made a Privy Councillor; and Mr. Farrer, the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, has received a baronetcy. There is not in the whole Liberal Party a more wise, staunch, and thorough Liberal than the former,—a model for county Members, a landed proprietor who cares for his tenants as he cares for himself, a great squire who can understand Mr. Gladstone as only a squire who is as much an Oxford man as a squire ever can understand him. Mr. Farrer, or Sir T. H. Farrer, as he will now be, has managed a very complex department with consummate ability, and everything he has written has been marked with the same grasp and lucidity as his administration of the Department under his charge. He is, indeed, one of the best representatives in all the Government Departments, of that ability, energy, fidelity, and exact knowledge, to which the Empire really owes more than half the confidence and credit accorded to us in all portions of the globe.

The pension granted by the Government to Mr. Matthew Arnold for his services to English Literature will do them the highest credit in the eyes of all true lovers of literature. It is, however, only equal in amount to the pension awarded to Prince Lucien Bonaparte; and useful as Prince Lucien Bonaparte's philological services have been, they are a trifle to the services of certainly the second poet of our day.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 99⅞ to 100.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE EFFERVESCENCE ON THE CONTINENT.

PRINCE BISMARCK is evidently so exultant over the political mistakes of the French Government, that he is warning France, with almost imprudent frankness, of the nature of those mistakes, even before, perhaps, it is quite too late for France to correct them. The article in the *Nord Deutsche Gazette*, which has caused such a sensation this week, against the anti-German spirit of the French Press, has been compared to the stream of water which the firemen apply to an incipient conflagration; but where there is no incipient conflagration to extinguish—and it is evident that in this case there was none—we must look for other reasons for turning on the stream. So far as we can judge, the anti-German excesses of the French Press have been limited to insignificant papers of no influence at all in France, which the present condition of the French law on the Press does not enable the Government to stop. Prince Bismarck knows this well enough, and does not direct his semi-official organ to scatter anxiety over Europe, only in the hope of bridling the licence of the least important of the French prints. Probably he thinks, as the Duc de Broglie evidently thinks, that France is now too completely committed to the false step she has taken in Anam and in Madagascar—to say nothing of her cumbersome engagements in Tunis—to take warning effectually by any shock which he may inflict on France; and, so thinking, he is well pleased to give a new stimulus to the general drift of his diplomacy in South-Eastern Europe, by exhibiting somewhat ostentatiously to the whole Continent the helplessness and isolation of his former foe. That he really contemplates striking a fresh blow at France, we should be very slow indeed to believe. The German people resent nothing more gravely than the great sacrifices which a mobilisation of their Army must entail upon them; and the mobilisation of the Army for a plainly aggressive war would be a step which even Prince Bismarck would hardly dare to take. But, no doubt, he is watching with intense satisfaction the growing impression in Europe that in the German Foreign Office is the directing brain of European diplomacy; and it may very well facilitate his plans for the centralisation of all its threads in Berlin, to give Europe this unexpected thrill through the medium of the inspired Press. There are rumours that General Thibaudin, whose very name is abhorrent to the Germans, since they accuse him of violating his parole in the Franco-German war, is talking of mobilising a corps on the eastern frontier of France, as a sort of test of the efficiency of the Army organisation. This proposal is, of course, especially offensive to Germany. It looks like a kind of tentative challenge; and to say the very least, it would be a sign of growing self-confidence and self-reliance in France. Now, Germany does not approve of such signs from France, and the cold-water which she throws is not meant to reduce inflammatory symptoms, but to extinguish any reviving symptoms of hope and self-respect. Prince Bismarck has just been convincing King Charles of Roumania and the King of Servia that if they want to prosper, they must cultivate the good-will of the German Powers, fraternise with Austria, and testify their loyalty to Berlin. The success of this policy would be more or less endangered by anything like the growth of a belief that France is recovering her old position. And especially would the growth of such an impression at St. Petersburg, be annoying and embarrassing to Prince Bismarck. Accordingly, he finds it timely to administer a sudden and humiliating snub to the self-esteem of the French Government. He is aware that at present there are little difficulties with England in relation to Madagascar, to say nothing of the permanent divergence of view with regard to Egypt, and that these difficulties make France more than usually reluctant to take needless offence elsewhere. Then there is this unlucky policy in Anam, where France is engaged with a considerable Power, behind which stands a very formidable Power. The latest news shows that the French are not prospering in their operations at Hanoi, and that if they are to succeed in what they are attempting there, they must despatch very considerable reinforcements,—no one knows how many, if China should once openly avow her hostility. All this Prince Bismarck knows, and he could hardly have chosen a safer moment for a very sharp snub to France. The hands of France are, as it were, tied; and Prince Bismarck is very conscious that if he can make all Europe feel how completely tied they are, he will prosper in his diplomacy beyond all that he has yet effected.

For our own parts, we are not quite sure that Prince Bismarck has not played his last card too soon. We have no very high opinion of the sagacity of the present French Government, but M. Jules Ferry is an acute man, and whether M. Challemel-Lacour is so or not, M. Ferry will feel the significance of this move of Prince Bismarck's, and if he is wise he will profit by it. Perhaps we may have already had a foretaste of the result, in the very satisfactory assurances mentioned by Mr. Gladstone on Thursday night in relation to Admiral Pierre's high-handed dealings with Mr. Shaw. That is, no doubt, a small matter, but a straw will show how the wind blows, and if the wind blows strongly from the quarter from which, as we hope, it is now blowing in France, we shall see more important results yet of Prince Bismarck's warning. If M. Jules Ferry is a really wise statesman, he will do more than release Mr. Shaw, and draw the ties to England closer in every other possible way. He will insist on settling all this foolish business in Anam, even at some little sacrifice to French dignity, and in a way that is absolutely satisfactory to China, and on drawing out of all other disagreeable complications in the East as fast as possible. As for Madagascar, he will give up all idea of further conquest there, and make a treaty of peace with the Hovas, on terms as satisfactory as possible to the French. And then he will let the world know that he is not going to coquette any more with a policy of colonial conquest—which is not, as we believe, half as flattering to French vanity as the statesmen who planned it suppose, —but to give himself heartily to the policy of strengthening in every way the French Administration, uniting, so far as it is possible, all republican parties, improving his relations with all foreign Powers, and indicating in every possible way that France is not disposed to sacrifice a tittle of French independence and influence in Europe, for a policy of glitter and tinsel in the East. This is the drift of the comments in the shrewdest of all the French journals, and we are persuaded that it is the true lesson of the situation. As for the ferment among the smaller Powers in the Balkan, it is interesting enough to these smaller Powers themselves, and may betoken to some extent the extension of German influence,—an influence which we do not grudge, except so far as it encourages Austria in a policy which must be fatal to the independence of the Slavonic populations. But Charles of Roumania and the King of Servia cannot threaten France; and the more steadily France holds her own in Western Europe, the more confident will the smaller States of the Balkan peninsula be in their hope of playing off the influence of Russia against the influence of Austria. The paralysis of France means the paralysis of Russia. And the paralysis of Russia would have a very unsatisfactory effect on the ambitious designs of Austria in the South-east of Europe. All that, however, does not concern France directly. What does concern her directly is to make it inexpedient and even dangerous for Prince Bismarck to threaten her openly in this humiliating fashion. For that purpose, she must surrender some of her very questionable designs in the East, and come to a cordial understanding with England on the question of Egypt,—a matter not at all difficult while Mr. Gladstone's Government remains in power. For our own parts, we hope that Prince Bismarck's warning may not be lost, and that it may have the very salutary effect which he least wishes,—that of inducing France to exchange a weak and showy policy, for a policy of calm concentration and dignified reserve.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

THE death of the Comte de Chambord is an event which has more than one kind of interest. It is least interesting, probably, from the political point of view. No doubt, it may be seen at some future day to have been important even in this way, but there is nothing to suggest any such idea at present. The Count's own life, again, uneventful as it has been for many years, is still linked with European affairs during a very eventful period, and in this way a biographer might find his materials more fruitful than he had at first thought them. The Prince, who has been the consistent enemy of an Empire, a Monarchy, and two Republics, has sustained—we can hardly say played—a part which is associated with history, though it has not made it. It is in another aspect, however, that we propose to view the Comte de Chambord to-day. He has been the representative of more than the French Monarchy, of more than the principle of Legitimacy. He has

been, in a strangely typical way, the representative of lost causes generally. Causes become lost because they are embodied in men like the Comte de Chambord; yet even in becoming lost they derive from the men in whom they are embodied a certain dignity, which redeems them from the contempt with which the world commonly visits failure. In itself, what can be more foolish than the theory of a genuine French Legitimist? To begin with, he believes in a doctrine which goes against all history, which is proscribed by his own infallible Church, and is utterly incapable of any philosophical justification. The Divine Right of Kings is open to every one of these objections; yet a French Legitimist swallows them without so much as a change of countenance. Not only does he swallow them himself, but he gravely offers the dose to others. In a sceptical age, and in the most sceptical of countries, he expects that men will ignore reason, experience, and common-sense, and accept the lineal descendant of the Bourbons as the divinely appointed instrument, whether of blessing or chastisement. The more facts seem to make against his view, the more firmly he clings to it. The French people go on supplying him with conclusive evidence that they prefer any Government that can be named to a Government of the only type that he holds to be endurable, but from each fresh proof he seems to derive additional strength to resist conviction. It is no easy matter to make such a party as this respectable, but the Comte de Chambord has succeeded in doing it.

In the first place, he has been entirely free from that political fussiness which is often the characteristic of pretenders, and oftener still of those over whom pretenders exercise authority. There is nothing to show that the Count has ever been mixed up in any Legitimist conspiracy, that he has ever meditated any attack upon the powers that be, or regarded the Republic as an adversary, except in that general sense in which a good man views with disapproval the success of what he esteems wickedness. He has accepted without question the logic of facts. Other men rule where his ancestors once ruled; other ideas prevail where a Monarchical sentiment scarcely inferior to that which animated the subjects of the Pharaohs once held sway. The Comte de Chambord has never pretended to question the decrees of Providence; he has seen his country accept in turn a Constitutional Monarchy, a Democratic Empire, and a Republic which is Conservative one day and Radical the next, and he has bowed his head as meekly as though he were witnessing an earthquake or a cyclone. You may call it fatalism, if you like, but it is impossible not to recognise that it is a fatalism which is not without a majesty of its own. He whom it influences does not question the designs of the Almighty, nor fancy himself wiser than Omniscience. It may be in the purpose of God that evil shall be permitted to triumph, and, if so, he will not be found fighting against God. But, on the other hand, he does not persuade himself that he is in any way necessary to the accomplishment of the Divine ends. He has none of that feeling that he is in some way necessary to Providence which so often tempts men to do things which they think wholly wrong or only half right, because they cannot bear to see them done without them. The man who is on the side of good must often be content to be defeated, and to find himself sent to the rear as a prisoner, unable to help himself or others. But if that is his lot, he must bear it patiently, and not offer to change sides and fight in the ranks of those who were till yesterday his enemies, lest he should be condemned to inaction, and see the world go on without his having any hand in its movements. The Comte de Chambord understood all this to perfection. He saw that his credit, if not his strength, was to sit still; and he accepted the part without a murmur.

No doubt, the qualities which thus make a lost cause respectable go far, at the same time, to make it a lost cause. Men who are to bend events to their will must know how to be bent in their turn. They must be free from that majestic indifference which regards poverty as preferable to riches, unless those riches be gained and spent in one particular way. If they are fatalists, it must only be in the sense of believing that Heaven helps those who help themselves, and of resolving that they, at least, will not show themselves undeserving of Heaven's aid. The Comte Chambord had no such fancies as this. If France had come to his feet, he would not have spurned her from him, but he would give no sign that could be construed into an indication that he wished or expected to see her there. If she stayed away, the loss would be hers, not his; and if she came, the gain would be divided on the same principle. A cause which is thus officered very soon drops out of the race. At least once since the fall of the Empire the French nation might have been persuaded, without much difficulty, to give Royalty another trial. That they did not do so, was wholly due to the peculiar qualities of Royalty's representative. Even the French Royalists wanted a King who would move with the times, and they naturally asked for some evidence that he had moved with them up till then. No such evidence was forthcoming,—rather evidence of the most convincing kind in the other direction. What the Comte de Chambord had been, that he still was, and he scorned to leave this fact in any uncertainty. The acceptance by the French people of the White Flag, and of all that the White Flag symbolised, was the only condition on which he would mount the throne. Many pretenders would have surrendered the form, and trusted to fortune to preserve them the substance. The Comte de Chambord had more regard for his own character. Unless he could be sure of the form, he preferred to forego the substance.

Now that he is dead, who is there in Europe of whom such things can be said? Legitimacy has no longer any field left to it in which to move with propriety. Those who have hitherto called themselves Legitimists will still be an element in French politics; they may even be an element of more practical weight than they have yet been. But it will not be as Legitimists. They will now be merged under the general head of "Royalists," and Royalists who look to the Comte de Paris as their chief will have little in common with the party which saw its highest ideal of Kingship realised in the Comte de Chambord. The cause disappears from this moment, whatever may be the destiny of those who have hitherto defended it. It disappears, too, in precisely the manner in which all who have a tenderness for lost causes would have liked to see it disappear. The death-scene at Frohsdorf suggests no sense of failure, because failure presupposes effort. It suggests the passing of an idea, not any inability on the part of man to give that idea expression. But for the Comte de Chambord, Legitimacy might have faded away into Constitutional Kingship. He has taken care that it shall vanish like the setting sun of the tropics, with no interlude of twilight to mark the transition from the past to the present.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE SESSION.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not make much of his onslaught on the Government on Tuesday for the waste of the Session. A vast deal of time has, no doubt, been wasted this Session, but by the House, and not by the Government. The House wasted a fortnight on the debate on the Address, for which a single night would have been ample; and another fortnight,—so far as regards Government nights,—on the Affirmation Bill, for which, considering the reiterated previous debates, a single night would have been more than ample. Again, the Session was delayed a fortnight by the unfortunate necessity for an Autumn Session to discuss the Procedure Rules, so that the Government lost no less than six weeks of its usual resources from causes over which it had no control, and has, nevertheless, passed five out of thirteen very important measures promised in the Queen's Speech, and one other measure of first-rate significance, not mentioned in that Speech, besides several other measures of considerable, though inferior, utility. The Corrupt Practices Bill, for vindicating the purity of elections and curtailing the expenses of elections; the Bankruptcy Bill, for discouraging dishonest bankruptcies and liquidations, and putting a brand on the fraudulent trader; the Patents Bill, for encouraging inventiveness without depriving the public of the gain of inventions; and the two Agricultural Holdings Bills, for securing to tenants the value of their own improvements, and for encouraging agriculture by giving them security for all the money which they sink judiciously in their farms,—together make up a thoroughly good harvest for a single legislative Session. But that is not all. The provision made for redeeming within twenty years a very substantial portion of the National Debt is a great step gained in recognition of the claims of posterity, and of the duty that lies upon us to contribute something towards repairing the blunders of our ancestors. We should have been glad, indeed, to have seen the Government of London Bill amongst the trophies of the Session; but if that had been also carried, Mr. Gladstone would have rivalled in 1883 the marvellous legislative achievements of his previous Administration between 1869 and 1872. Under the present conditions, that was hardly to be hoped for. But barring the great four years 1869-1872,

few Sessions of recent times have surpassed the one which ends to-day in legislative fruitfulness.

And certainly, without any exception at all, never was so much achieved against such overpowering difficulties. The swarms of trivial questions, which have consumed from an hour and a half to close upon three hours of the time of the Government on Government nights,—the deliberate adjournments of the House when talk had fallen to its neap tides, in order to provide in cold-blood for the too probable return of spring tides of talk not at all more beneficent,—the bitter complaints urged by the very persons who had allowed independent Members' motions to be counted out night after night, of the encroachments which the Government made on their subsequent nights,—the complete indifference to the urgency of public business betrayed by the most twaddling of these independent Members,—and most serious of all, the deliberate and organised onslaughts of the Irish party on the Government, have all attained a climax this year such as had no parallel at all before the Session of 1881, and only then as regarded Irish Obstruction. The steady friction against which all the work that has been achieved was accomplished, brings the achievements of the Session up from what we should otherwise call a high average, to the level of a marvel of energy and constancy. A key that has so often been turned heavily in the lock, in spite of the accumulated dust of Wartons, Ashmead-Bartletts, Gorsts, and Randolph Churchills, not to mention a dozen other Members, in its various wards, speaks for the firmness and vigilance of the warder's hand. If the country is disappointed that more has not been done, let the people see to it that the blame falls in the right place. Let them demand the abandonment of that obsolete and wasteful practice,—rendered wantonly mischievous during the last three years,—of raising a debate without either drift or cohesion, on the Speech from the Throne; let them insist on the decent limitation of the right to question, so as not to rob Government nights of their best hours; and let them insist on the development of Grand Committees; but let them acknowledge that in the Session which has just elapsed, the Government have accomplished wonders in the way of rescuing all these valuable measures from the rapidly extending morass of Parliamentary debate. No Session of Lord Beaconsfield's Government yielded as much useful legislative result as the Session just expired, though there were several very useful measures passed, especially by Sir Richard Cross, during the course of that Government. During Lord Palmerston's time, we do not believe that any Session ever even aimed so high in the way of work, as this Session has actually attained. Sir Robert Peel probably effected more in his most successful Session; and the first Government elected under the great Reform Act did more, no doubt, in the year when it reformed the Poor-law. But taking the last fifty years as a whole, we doubt whether, as Mr. Gladstone said, the average of a Session's legislative work reaches up to anything like the standard of the present year. And if it does reach so high, it is only because during Mr. Gladstone's previous Government, when great measures by threes and fours were carried every Session, the standard of legislative efficiency was for the first time raised unusually and exceptionally high. This year Mr. Gladstone has not surpassed himself, but he has easily surpassed Lord Beaconsfield, the late Lord Derby, and Lord Melbourne, and has rivalled probably many of the Sessions of Sir Robert Peel. Moreover, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, and the late Lord Derby knew nothing of the difficulties which Mr. Gladstone's Government has this year encountered and overcome, and even the Government of Lord Beaconsfield knew those difficulties only in their comparatively mild and innocent infancy. If success is to be measured by the resistance vanquished, no Government has ever been more successful than the Government which to-day prorogues the House of Commons.

THE SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN IRELAND.

THE debates of Thursday week and of last Saturday brought out both the success and the failure of the Irish policy of the Government in a very vivid light;—its success in tranquillising Ireland, and in carrying out two separate enterprises of vast difficulty, of enormous extent, and of immeasurable importance, with extraordinary, if rude, efficiency, in an incredibly short time; and its complete failure, so far as the smallest conciliation of the people of Ireland is concerned,—a country where it is evidently far more conducive to popularity to utter against the Government the coarsest and most baseless abuse that the imagination can devise, than it is to recognise in the most reserved and frigid language the different temper displayed towards Ireland by this administration from that of any administration which has preceded it. It was hardly possible that either the success or the failure of the Government in Ireland could be brought out in stronger outlines than those in which the recent debates enable us to present them.

First, Ireland has been pacified. Instead of the state of things which existed in the early part of last year, when in the month of May, for instance,—by no means the worst month,—there were 396 agrarian outrages, including two murders, against only 93 in this last May, none of which were murders, Ireland is really a safer country for the mass of the people now than England itself. Instead of murder on the scale of the winter before last, instead of incendiary fires in almost all parts of Ireland, instead of intimidation on such a scale that no one knew whether it were safe for him to perform the ordinary duties of life, Ireland is now a quieter and more peaceable country than probably any other part of the United Kingdom; for agrarian crime has always been the worst part of Irish crime, and outside agrarian crime Ireland is a country singularly free from crime.

In the next place, the Government have effected,—very likely rudely, for a new resettlement of such a country as Ireland accomplished within two years and a half from its commencement cannot but be rude,—the labour of a political Hercules in relation to the revision of rent. Mr. Trevelyan gave a brief outline of the facts in his speech of Thursday week, and this outline is borne out fully by the returns presented to Parliament. Of 98,614 applications for the fixing of a fair rent up to July 31st last, no fewer than 61,354 cases had been disposed of; and taking into account also the number of agreements made out of Court, 109,000 cases had been disposed of. Mr. Parnell remarks, in depreciation of this extraordinary achievement, that there are in Ireland over half a million of holdings. No doubt there are. But many of them are held by the same tenants; and besides, a great many of them are held by tenants who are quite satisfied at present, and do not wish their rent revised by a Court of any kind. The only way to estimate the progress towards a successful resettlement of the land of Ireland, is to estimate the amount of work done in proportion to the work demanded; and as we can say that three-fifths of the work required is already done, and that the work of the Land Commission is going on at the rate of 137 cases a day, it is but fair to expect that by the end of the year, or at any rate by the spring of next year, the whole of this huge task,—excepting only the appeal cases, which are not at present being decided at a satisfactory rate,—will have been fairly achieved, and this with results that sufficiently show, as against the allegations of the Lords, that there has been no great caprice and no great variation in the decisions of the Sub-Commissioners. As Mr. Trevelyan told us in his speech, the average reductions of rent have varied from 18 to 23 per cent., and show a very fair uniformity of something like a general average of 20 per cent. The reduction of rent had amounted in all to something like £350,000 a year up to the end of last July, a reduction which holds good for fifteen years. Nor was that anything like the whole effect produced, for landlords all over Ireland had been anticipating the action of the Land Act, and had thereby immensely increased, indirectly, the effect of the Land Act. The Arrears Act, too, has been worked with the utmost efficiency, so that almost all the advances authorised have been already made, and a very great number of poor tenants enabled thereby to avail themselves of the beneficent effects of the Land Act. We doubt whether a measure of such gigantic importance has ever in any country been carried out in better fashion, or with more substantial justice. The result is, as we have said, that Ireland is pacified, and that she is availing herself heartily of the new provisions which Parliament has passed for securing something very like fixity of tenure to her farmers.

These are great results, against which we have, however, to set off a no less startling failure. Nothing can be more remarkable than the contrast,—the strange and striking contrast,—between the achievement of the Government in satisfying and pacifying Ireland, and the failure of the Government in the effort to win the smallest vestige of confidence from the Irish people. The Sligo election this week only showed what the Wexford election had showed a few weeks ago, and the Monaghan election a few days before that,—that no trace of confidence in, or even respect for, the Government is felt in Ireland. But this is not the worst. No Member of the House of Commons knows what he is about better than Mr. Healy. He knows exactly

what is popular in Ireland and what is not popular, and he regulates his speech in Parliament accordingly. When he told Mr. Trevelyan on Saturday last that if he had been in office in Cromwell's time, he would have got up with just as much *aplomb* to justify the spitting of Irish babies on English bayonets, as he now showed in defending the action of the Constabulary, Mr. Healy was not, we believe, speaking in passion or striking out wildly, but deliberately counting on the delight with which these savage words would be read in Ireland, and the willing credulity with which they would be received. The extreme Irish party are, no doubt, justly convinced that the Irish Constabulary often act with great violence and with great injustice. The truth is, that without its being any special fault of theirs, the Irish Constabulary are some of the worst instruments for preserving order which any Government could have. They have been trained on a military system, which is the worst system conceivable for a police. They are Irish in their variability of temper, and while they are all hand-and-glove with the population at one moment, they will break out into furious passion with the population at another moment. Under a slack hand, they do their best to conceal crime and connive at the escape of criminals. Under a strong hand, they find themselves compelled to arrest criminals; and when that embroils them with the people, they get furious, and often attack when they ought to wait in the coolest way for any attack upon themselves. We do not at all deny that Mr. Healy and his friends have just reason to complain of the Constabulary; and we hope with all our hearts that Mr. Trevelyan may make the reorganisation of the Irish Police one of the first of his objects during the Recess. But Mr. Healy and his friends know all the difficulties of the situation as well as Mr. Trevelyan himself, and know, moreover, as well as Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan know, that never was there an administration in any country less desirous to hound on the Constabulary to unjust accusations, than the present. It is simply for the sake of the popularity produced by their hostile attitude in Ireland, that the Irish Members affect to believe Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan to be bloody-minded men, anxious to instigate the Constabulary to violence, and ready to defend any act, however shocking, even to the spitting of babies on bayonets, which the Constabulary may please to be guilty of. It is because the more just the attitude of Parliament becomes towards Ireland, the more delight the Irish seem to take in the invective hurled at England, that Mr. Healy and his friends launch at the present administration those coarse invectives, which suggest to the Irish people that no more malignant rulers than the present were ever charged with the Irish Government, and that all that the Government have done in the concession of justice has been forced from them by the Secret Societies and the Land League, and the basest fear of Mr. Parnell.

The impressive and touching speech in which Mr. Gladstone urged on the Irish Members the unpatriotic character of the effort they are thus making to render Ireland and England absolutely irreconcileable by their passionate and violent outbreaks, did apparently produce some effect in Ireland itself. At least, it elicited from the *Freeman's Journal* an appeal to the Irish party to consider the danger and the mischief which this super-heated language may produce. But it did not soften Mr. Healy. He persisted in it that war between England and Ireland was only prevented by the hopelessness of the struggle; that the state of feeling in Ireland towards England is simply a war feeling; and that that war feeling is justifiable, and can never be removed by anything but the measures for which he and his party contend. We have no doubt that so long as Ireland chooses such representatives as Mr. Healy and his friends, this will be so, for it is in their power,—and they use the power freely,—to persuade the Irish that they ought to hate the English, and that they do hate the English with a perfect hatred; and that that hatred is even intensified by the attempts to do justice which England has lately made. It is this last fact which seems to us the disastrous feature in the case. If we do justice absolutely, and put down crime at the time we are doing justice, we shall have a perfectly tranquil Ireland. But we shall not, apparently, have even an approach to a loyal Ireland; nor could we, in our opinion, ever gain a loyal Ireland by giving up Ireland to the whim of Home-rule; indeed, we believe that in that case we should soon have a very much more disloyal Ireland than ever. The only hope is that by doing justice steadily, as Mr. Gladstone has taught us to do it, and ignoring with equal steadiness the disloyalty of Irish Members so long as they keep within the limits of the law, we may, at the cost of a considerable succession of weak Governments, always liable to be upset by Irish cabals, at length tire out the disloyalty of the Irish people, and teach them that they will gain nothing and lose much by always affecting to believe that we wish them harm and grudge them a reasonable local independence. But, as yet, only half the problem is solved. We have found the secret of pacifying Ireland. We have not found the secret of gaining over Ireland to any sort of co-operation with the rest of the Empire. For the present, Ireland insists on sulking and indulging illusions, only because we cannot give her the moon for which she cries.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

THE passing of the Bankruptcy Bill has enabled the Government to add at least one measure of first-rate social, if not political, importance to the Statute-Book. The main credit of this result must rest with the Government, and particularly with that Member of the Government who framed it, brought it in, and carried it through with such conspicuous ability, energy, and tact. But the Standing Committee on Trade, the House of Commons at large, and even the House of Lords, each and all, deserve some share in the credit of the work. For once the Second Chamber confined itself to the legitimate functions of a revising body, and passed "at sight" six pages of amendments intended to make the Bill clear and consistent with itself, which were propounded by the draftsman of the original Bill through the Lord Chancellor. The Leader of the Opposition wisely abstained from letting loose his legions on the Bill, notwithstanding the usual complaints of want of time for consideration, and so forth. The Law Lords were chiefly conspicuous by their absence. In sparing the House and the Bill "the string of amendments" with which he had been supplied, and the "sixty-seven notes and queries" which he had made on the Bill, which he could not pronounce "good or bad, because he had not had an opportunity of reading it," Lord Bramwell exercised a continence and a wisdom which his zeal in defence of Liberty and Property has not always allowed him to exhibit. The Grand Committee in the House of Commons also deserves the negative credit of continence in letting the greater part of the Bill alone, as well as the positive merit of having, according to its author, improved it by two months' "cutting and carving." Considering the ultimate results, indeed, one may venture to express a doubt whether two months was not an excessive time to devote to the operation, and to hope in the future the Standing Committees may get through more than two Bills during the Session. But, on the whole, the Government certainly have cause to congratulate themselves on the result of the experiment, and to look forward to an extension of the labours, and an increase of the fruits of the labours, of the Standing Committees in the future.

When the Bill is examined in detail, it is curious to see how little it has been altered in substance between its first introduction and its final stages, and how slight the actual changes are in the existing Law of Bankruptcy. The bulk of the Bill is simply a re-enactment of the Bankruptcy Clauses of the Act of 1869. In thus preserving the present law, Mr. Chamberlain showed not only an amount of common-sense which his supporters have always claimed for him, but also an amount of constructive Conservatism which his opponents have been rather apt to deny him. The fact is that it is not the Bankruptcy part of the Act of 1869 which has proved a failure. The real causes of the break-down of that Act have been the two sections which permitted liquidation by arrangement and composition. The "new way to pay old debts" pointed out by these sections was not discovered by the many till two or three years after the passing of the Act. But once discovered, the number of those who trod it advanced by leaps and bounds, and as the number increased the amounts paid by way of composition diminished, till it became the exception to pay more than ten shillings, while those who paid under one shilling were more numerous than those who paid over seven shillings and sixpence in the pound. Any debtor, if he could get the assistance of a sharp solicitor and a not wholly artless accountant, was thus enabled to defraud his creditors with ease and comfort if his gambling should turn out adversely. By the new Bill this primrose path will be stopped up, or at least will have a very strait gate placed at the entrance. Compositions may still be made, but they will be placed under the supervision of the Court. The proxies, which were the means by which the trustee and the

debtor between them controlled affairs, are to be lodged with the official receiver, instead of with the trustee, and the Official Receiver is to make a report to the Court as to the debtor's character and affairs. It will rest with the Court instead of the creditors to give the debtor his discharge, just as under a bankruptcy. It will no longer be possible, therefore, for the debtor and trustee between them to juggle away the assets and liabilities at their own sweet will. The eye of the Court will be upon them, and if they are caught straying from the right path, the hand of the Court will be heavy upon them.

The Act, however, aims rather at prevention than at cure. It does, indeed, hold out to the fraudulent debtor a greater certainty of punishment than hitherto. Not only may the Court commit him for trial, but if it does, it is the duty of the Public Prosecutor to prosecute. But the best precaution is likely to be that, in case of certain acts of misbehaviour on the debtor's part, the Court is not to be able to grant a debtor his discharge; while for certain other acts it may only grant a conditional discharge. An effort is thus made, as under the Act of 1849, to distinguish between avoidable and unavoidable bankruptcies. Under the old Act, the Commissioners were to give one of three classes of certificates of discharge; one certifying that failure was due wholly to misfortune; another, that it was due partly to misfortune; and the third, that it was due wholly to causes other than misfortune. But this last was a *brutum fulmen*. Equally with the other forms, it operated as a discharge, and though it was intended to affix a stigma, yet as no evil results followed, the stigma was disregarded. But now the discharge is not to be granted at all, or only granted subject to conditions, if the bankruptcy has been caused "by rash and hazardous speculations, or unjustifiable extravagance in living," and so on. Not only, therefore, is a stigma affixed, but disqualifications, disabilities, and disadvantages follow. Moreover, if an undischarged bankrupt incurs a debt of £20 without stating that he is undischarged, he commits a penal offence, so that his status must needs be known to all with whom he has dealings. Even the most brazen-faced insolvent would feel the shame of revealing his own insolvency, when at the same time the insolvency is known to have resulted from improper conduct. By removing the possibility of paying a fraudulent composition "on the quiet," and by marking with the mark of the Beast the criminal and quasi-criminal bankrupt, the Act should do a great deal towards the discouragement of the lax tone which has lately sprung up in dealing with insolvencies.

It is not, however, the debtor alone whose power of getting round his creditors has to be guarded against. He would be comparatively powerless without the trustee. The Act, therefore, aims at diminishing both the temptations to the trustee to collude with the debtor or any section of the creditors, and also his power to do so, if he gives way to temptation. The first object is sought to be attained by providing that the payment of the trustee shall be by commission or per-centage, partly on the amount realised and partly on the dividends distributed, instead of being left wholly to the discretion or interestedness of the creditors; and the minority of creditors may get the Board of Trade to disallow the payment allowed by the majority, if too large. The chief inducement to adopt the profession of bankruptcy wrecker, has been not so much the salary, as the indirect profits which could be made by keeping the balances got in, and employing them for the trustee's private profit. There were stringent provisions passed in 1869 to prevent this, but they had to be enforced by the Court, and, unhappily, they were held not to apply to cases of liquidation. They are now re-enacted, but the enforcement of them is placed in the hands of the Board of Trade, instead of the Court, and they will apply as much to compositions as to regular bankruptcies. The trustee will, therefore, have to pay interest at 20 per cent. on outstanding balances over £50; he is expressly prohibited from paying any moneys whatever into his private account; he must pay them into the Bank of England, unless (owing to an unfortunate amendment introduced by Sir John Lubbock, in the interests of Bankers) the Committee of Inspection authorise his keeping an account with a local bank. His accounts, too, are not to be audited by the Committee of Inspection, and merely forwarded once a year to the Comptroller, who has no power to disallow them, but they are to be audited by the Board of Trade twice a year. Perhaps the regulation which more than any other will tend to keep down illegitimate profits by the trustee is that when one person is trustee of several estates, if the Board of Trade thinks that the aggregate balance on all the estates in his hands is larger than is required, they may order him to pay over the surplus to the Bank of England. There is reasonable ground for hoping that under these regulations trusteeship in bankruptcy will become a less profitable trade, and that the office will, in a large number of cases, be left in the hands of the Official Receiver. He, as the salaried agent of the Board of Trade, will look for his reward to promotion in his Department earned by the ability and energy with which he conducts the bankruptcies committed to him, instead of to the protraction of lucrative operations with the balances got in by him.

A further check is put upon waste and loss by provisions as to the summary administration of small estates where the total amount realisable is under £300, which have been hitherto the most fruitful sources of scandalous compositions and illegal profits to trustees. A great relief to small debtors who owe altogether under £50 is afforded by enabling a County-Court Judge to make an order-for-payment into what is practically a bankruptcy order. The working-classes will, therefore, now be able to have the benefit of that white-washing which has hitherto been reserved for sins or misfortunes on a larger scale. It has been very hard on working-men that hitherto, if once they got into debt, they could never remove the millstone from round their necks. This clause should do more for their emancipation from the small money-lender and shopkeeper than the prohibition of bills of sale, or any other paternal protection of that kind which can be devised. A similar step is taken in imitation of the Scotch law, by the transfer of the administration of the insolvent estate of a dead man to Bankruptcy, to the great relief of the Chancery Division and the great benefit of the creditors.

Such are the most salient points of the new Bill. In one sense, they may be said to be a return to the officialism of the Act of 1849. But there is this essential difference. Under that Act, the official assignees, as they were called, had the appearance of control, without the reality. Moreover, they were legal officers, and necessarily acted with the slowness and the timidity which characterise the action of Courts of Law. The great novelty of the present Bill lies in its separation of the legal from the administrative officialism. The official receiver will rather be *amicus* than *minister Curiae*. He will advise, report to, and set in motion the Court, but he is the servant of and responsible to the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade replaces the Comptroller in Bankruptcy, but it can not only examine and report, but act on the result of its examination. Under two such heads as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Farrer, there is little danger of its functions not being carefully, freely, and swiftly exercised.

It is possible that the new Act, notwithstanding all the skill and care with which it has been framed, may prove a failure, like those which have preceded it. It is possible that no Bankruptcy system can be satisfactory. It may be that the speedy release of the unfortunate debtor, and the sure punishment of the fraudulent or reckless debtor, are irreconcileable objects; and that when the third object, of speedy recovery of such debts as can be recovered for the creditors, is added, that the attainment of all three objects at once is beyond the power of any legislation. It may, however, be fairly claimed for this Act that it so courageously attempts innovation where innovation has been shown to be necessary, and so carefully preserves all that has worked successfully in the past, that it deserves success.

THE HARVEST.

SINCE writing on Harvest prospects, six weeks ago, the vicissitudes of a somewhat extraordinary season have led to great changes in the appearance of the crops, now rapidly falling before the scythe and the reaping machine over the greater portion of the country. For the greater part of the interval that has elapsed the temperature has been abnormally low for the time of year; a considerable quantity of rain, including some heavy downpours, has fallen; and there has been a great lack of sunshine. The effect of such weather upon the wheat crop especially has been very injurious. At the period referred to, although the crop was generally rather thin and all very short in the straw, the ears were of a goodly size, and looked like filling well. The wet and cold weather of the latter half of July, however, caused rust to prevail extensively, and prevented the full fructification of the crop. Red maggot and other injurious grubs and insects, too, have caused more or less barrenness; and the result of fungoid and insect injury combined is that the ears

are badly filled, a large proportion of the grain is under-sized, and the quality is not at all satisfactory. The straw has grown to its usual length, and yet, where the crop is cut, the shocks are further apart than they were expected to be, the wheat being thinner on the ground than was supposed from an off-hand inspection while it was standing. Instead of a crop nearly up to average, then, as was fairly to be expected in the middle of July, a yield of from ten to twenty per cent. below average is all that the best judges expect. This depreciation in the crop has been to some extent caused by the lodging of the comparatively few heavy pieces of wheat, especially in the Midlands and other parts of the country where heavy storms of rain have been most common. Out of several hundreds of reports upon the crop now before us, we find that 10 per cent. only represent it as over average, 24 per cent. average, and 66 per cent. under average. As some of the reports were written a fortnight ago, when the depreciation was not sufficiently noticeable, we may take these per centages to be rather too favourable than otherwise. As the acreage of the wheat crop—fortunately for the farmers—is a short one, 13 per cent. below that of last year, the English yield will be one of the smallest on record.

We are glad to be able to report more favourably upon the other cereals. It is true that barley has not come up to its great early promise, chiefly because the best crops are all badly laid. There is a full crop of straw; but weight and quality have been lost, to a considerable extent. With such a deficiency of sunshine as we have had this summer, it has been impossible for any of the cereals to mature and ripen in a normal manner, and a preponderance of thin and coarse grain is inevitable. Still, the reports before us are about 35 per cent. over average, 41 per cent. average, and 24 per cent. under average; quantity alone being referred to. The oat crop has improved as materially as the other cereals have deteriorated, the rainy weather having supplied it with the moisture for which it was languishing, after the drought which prevailed from the middle of June to the middle of July. Therefore, instead of being the decidedly short crop which its appearance six weeks ago indicated, it has now come up abreast of barley, the per-centages of the reports being 35 above average, 43 average, and 22 below average.

The pulse crops are decidedly satisfactory, and the bean crop may be pronounced the best of the season, while peas come up to average. In fact, for peas, the per-centage of the estimates represent an exact average, and for beans there are 40 above against 20 below, with 40 average. The root crops, again, are excellent, Swedish turnips being particularly luxuriant. Mangolds are thin in places, but generally large for the present stage of growth, and white turnips are nearly as good as swedes. In short, the root crop, which is now out of danger of serious damage, is one of the most abundant of recent years. Potatoes have looked remarkably well all through the season, having been sown in a rare abundance of dry moulds. Disease has appeared in many parts of the country, as it always does more or less; but after so moist a time as we have had recently, the wonder is that the parasite has not shown itself far more extensively. If we should be favoured with dry weather for another month, there can be no doubt as to a very heavy crop of tubers being realised. The hay crop, which was very light in the early districts, has bulked up fairly as the later cuttings have been secured, but on the whole is still a small crop. The quality has been injured by rain to some extent, but not more than is usually the case with a crop that is being harvested in one place or another during the whole of the summer.

Recent reports from the hop districts detracted somewhat from the exuberantly sanguine expectations previously entertained; but the hot and sunny weather of the past ten days has caused a great improvement. There has never been a more luxuriant growth of bine; but until hops are actually fit for gathering, no one can tell, even approximately, what the yield will be. The crop is not out of danger yet; but it soon will be, and the chances are greatly in favour of one of the best yields on record.

In Scotland, Harvest prospects are about on a par with those of England, except that turnips are not so good; while in Ireland they were better, on the whole, until discounted by heavy storms of rain quite recently. In European countries, and in the United States, the wheat crop seems to be more or less deficient; but other farm produce is as generally abundant. The world's stock of wheat is at present sufficient to prevent any anxiety as to an abundant supply for the coming winter, however deficient the new crop may be,—a fact that is obvious from the lowness of market prices.

A great deal of corn has been already cut in the southern and eastern counties of England, and some has been safely stacked or housed. The weather day by day is watched with the greatest anxiety, and although the South of England has been greatly favoured for most of the time since harvest commenced, Ireland, Scotland, and the North of England have been visited by heavy rains, which have done much damage. We have at least the certainty of a finer harvest than that of last year, as about half the work is done in the early districts; and the hot weather, which farmers, at least, may be said to have enjoyed, has ripened the crops so rapidly, that the scythe and the reaping machine are now at work generally throughout the greater part of England, and in all but the backward districts of the rest of the kingdom. On the whole, then, agricultural prospects are decidedly cheering; and if the harvest is not quite so golden as it promised to be when we last wrote about it, there can be no doubt that the produce of our fields is more abundant than it has been for many years. We might feel called upon to except last year from this comparison, if it had not been for the wet harvest, which destroyed an excellent prospect. The crop returns recently published in the agricultural papers represent the harvest as scarcely up to that of last year; but it is explained that last year's reports, given just when the corn was ready to be cut, were heavily discounted when results were reckoned up. There is good reason to hope that no such falling-off will have to be recorded in the present season, but that the generally fine crops, wheat being the only exception, will be secured in fine condition. In that event, although prices are low, our long-tried farmers may be fortunate enough to retrieve some of their past losses, and to prosecute their useful enterprise with renewed faith and courage.

WHY ARE JEWS PERSECUTED?

HOW are we to explain those outbreaks of hatred against the Jews which occur periodically in different parts of the world, and which at this moment are only kept in check in Hungary by military force? We have discussed this question on a previous occasion, and, after discarding the usual explanations, have suggested the separatism of the Jews as the real cause of the dislike in which they are, as a class, generally held. Wherever they are they constitute a foreign element, which refuses to intermingle with and be absorbed into the life of the nation. They remain a separate nation, and accentuate their separateness by difference of food, of the weekly day of rest, sometimes of dress, but chiefly by refusing to intermarry outside their own race. These peculiarities naturally expose the Jews to suspicion and dislike, especially among an ignorant population, like the peasantry of Russia, Galicia, and Hungary. But antipathy to the Jews is not confined to ignorant populations. The recent crusade against them in Germany included all classes and all professions, and the agitation in Hungary, although it began among the peasantry, spread rapidly through the whole population. It seems, therefore, that the fact that the Jews are a foreign element in the midst of every population where they dwell will not alone account for the bitter hatred which now and then breaks out into open violence. The true explanation, we take it, is that which is suggested in a despatch from a British Consul in Southern Russia, and which has been elaborated in some articles in "Modern Thought" by Mr. Laister. In Russia, says Consul Wagstaff, the Jews "are compared to parasites that have settled on a plant not vigorous enough to throw them off, and which is being gradually sapped of its vitality." It is not simply that in imperfectly organised communities the Jews are the bankers, money-lenders, innkeepers, and middlemen; but they are all this not as separate individuals, but as a highly organised guild of foreigners, spreading its tentacles over the whole country till all its material resources are at last in its grasp. It is impossible to realise the ruin and misery wrought by this system in countries where the Jews are numerous and the civilisation rudimentary. "There exists among them," says Consul Wagstaff, "a system of boycotting," which works as follows. The produce of a farm or vineyard is put up to auction. The Jews draw lots for it, and the man on whom the lot falls is thus secured against all competition, and can fix his own price. In parts of Russia, Roumania, and Austrian-Hungary, this Jewish trade-unionism pervades all the

transactions of life. You cannot sell a horse or a pig except on the terms which the Jews choose to offer; and in Galicia, Bessarabia, and many parts of Russia, the very labour of the peasantry is mortgaged to Jewish money-lenders; so that if you wish to hire a labourer or tradesman, you must resort to the Jew in whose debt the peasant happens to be. "If the peasant," says Consul Wagstaff, "gets into the hands of this class, he is irretrievably lost. The proprietor, in his turn, from a small loan, gradually mortgages and eventually loses his estate." In this way a great deal of landed property has passed into the hands of the Jews. In the last *Fortnightly Review* Captain Conder, of Palestine Exploration celebrity, supplies incidentally an illustration of this Jewish system in Palestine. The Jews who have gone thither from Russia and Austria have established a cordon round Jerusalem, by means of which they intercept all the vegetables brought in by the country people and re-sell them at an exorbitant price. Doubtless they will gradually extend their ramifications till they have got the peasantry in their grasp, and then we shall probably hear of an outbreak against the Jews in Syria.

This tribal exclusiveness and solidarity of the Jews, and not religion, has been the main cause of the persecutions to which they have been at various times exposed. "In the twelfth century," says the friendly and liberal Milman, "the Jews had a hold upon almost all the estates in the country; they had mortgages on half Paris, and scarcely any one but had some article in pawn." "Husbandry was ruined by the usurious exactions of the Jews." The result was popular outbreaks, ending in the expulsion of the Jews. The same thing happened in England and other European countries. We recall these facts for the purpose of showing that the persecution of the Jews has always been due in the main to other than religious motives. When religion has been alleged, it has been the pretext rather than the true cause. An excited populace will readily believe any calumny against the object of its hate. The hatred against the Jews is not due to a belief in their murdering children; the ready belief in their murdering children is begotten of the hatred caused by their system of accumulating wealth. And this hatred is older than Christianity. It existed in Pagan Rome and Alexandria, and in the cities of Asia Minor. It has always existed, in fact, wherever the Jews have congregated in considerable numbers. This shows that it is not the Jew as a man, or as a religionist, who is hated, but the Jew as a member of a commercial "ring," cosmopolitan in its character, and refusing to amalgamate with the national life of any land. Thus it happens that the Jews as a race remain unpopular, even when the Jews as individuals may be extremely and most deservedly popular. It is also a fact that Jews have at various times and in various countries entered with passionate patriotism into the struggles of national life. Nevertheless it remains true that the Jews in the mass are everywhere a foreign people, maintaining a separate life, existing apart from the nations among whom they sojourn, and making common cause now, as of old, against the Gentiles.

Certainly this fact does not justify the hatred and persecution to which the Jews have been at various times exposed. It presents, however, a curious and perplexing problem. Probably the majority of educated Jews have given up all expectation of any literal fulfilment of Messianic prophecies, and have no thought of a restoration to Palestine. But the mass of the Jews are still the Jews of the Mosaic Dispensation and the Talmud. That, and not the history of the countries in which they dwell, is the lore on which their minds are fed. To them the Jews are still "a peculiar people," a nation dispersed among the Gentiles, lying under a mysterious destiny for the present, but dowered with the promise of a glorious national life in the future. It is impossible that a people nurtured on such traditions, and who believe themselves predestined to a great career, can mingle on equal terms with other races, or suffer themselves to be assimilated into any other national life. It is commonly supposed that the special characteristics of the Jews, especially in the choice of occupations, have been forced upon them by Christian persecution. Mr. Laister combats this theory, and offers a formidable mass of Old Testament and Talmudic evidence to show that what is supposed to be due to persecution is in reality derived from purely Jewish sources. "The Christian," he says, "could not love the Jew as a neighbour, for he would not be neighbourly; and the Jew, on his part, could not be neighbourly, because his creed, while it permitted him to make all he could out of the Christians, forbad him to have anything in common with them." That is a strong way of putting it, but it is certainly not stronger than can be justified out of the Old Testament and Talmud.

So evangelical a prophet as Isaiah promises the Gentiles for a prey to the Jews: "Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves." "And strangers [*i.e.*, Gentiles] shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vine-dressers." The Jew was forbidden by the Mosaic Law to lend on usury to one of his own nation; but he was permitted to take usury *ad libitum* of the Gentile. Dr. Adler offers the following very ingenuous explanation of this, in an article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* in April, 1878:—"Had the Israelites been allowed to lend to one another at interest, their lands would have been encumbered, and their energies as agriculturists would have been crippled. . . . . But this danger would not arise from lending to the foreigner. No Mosaic principle was infringed by charging him interest." It is odd that Dr. Adler should not have seen that the "danger" from which the Mosaic Law protected the Jew was inflicted by the Jew in all its bitterness on "the foreigner," who occasionally took the law into his own hands, and turned savagely on the strange community whom he saw prospering at his expense. And the case was all the harder from the fact that the Christian Church, till comparatively recent times, prohibited the practice of usury to all her members. So that the Jewish money-lender had the field all to himself. It is on the Talmud, however, rather than on the Old Testament, that the character of the ordinary Jew is moulded; and Mr. Laister quotes passages from the Talmud to show that it sanctions the robbery of Christians by Israelites. Cultivated Jews would, of course, repudiate all such teaching. Consul Wagstaff says emphatically that the educated Jews in Russia loudly condemn the occupations and practices of their lower brethren. The mass of educated Jews in this country probably know as little of the Talmud as the mass of other educated persons. But it is from the Talmud that the ordinary Jew gets his ideas of the duty which he owes to others; and the Talmud draws a sharp line between the duty which the Israelite owes to the Israelite and the duty which he owes to the Gentile. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, this explanation ought to raise our opinion of the Jew who oppresses and robs the Christian, even while we condemn his conduct. If he believes himself justified by his religion, he is by no means so debased and immoral as the man whose sin is far less gross, but who sins against conscience. But what is to be the outcome of it all? We can see no solution of the problem so long as the Jews generally believe themselves to be bound by the Mosaic polity, as expounded in the Talmud. While they hold to this belief they must continue to exist as a separate people among the nations. On one point, at least, we heartily agree with Mr. Laister, namely, in thinking that much mischief is done by the large number of Christians who encourage the Jews in the belief that they are still the peculiar people of God, kept providentially apart from other nations, and reserved for a triumphant future. So long as the Jews cling to that belief, no effective reply can be made to writers who argue that they cannot, in the true sense of the word, be patriots. Nor is there anything disgraceful in the accusation. Patriotism can render no divided allegiance, and a Jew who really believes in Judaism can no more be an English or French patriot than a Frenchman or an Englishman can be a Russian patriot. The Jew must be a Jew first of all, and an Englishman or Frenchman afterwards. And this is very much to his credit, so long as he believes himself to belong to a higher and holier polity than any existing State. The error is in his so believing, not in his conscientiously acting up to his belief.

THE HEAD MASTER OF CLIFTON COLLEGE ON THE THEORY OF INSPIRATION.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has seldom done either a better or a bolder thing than its publication of two remarkable lectures by the Head Master of Clifton College,—the Rev. J. M. Wilson,—on "The Theory of Inspiration." It has never done a bolder thing, because these lectures face the difficulties of the Bible in a much freer and franker spirit than the Councils of our various Religious Societies can usually persuade themselves to sanction and approve. It has never done a better thing, because these lectures do not rationalise and explain away Revelation into a mere human evolution, but are well calculated to vindicate the

faith in a divine power in almost the only way in which in our day it can, as we believe, be triumphantly vindicated, as a faith justified and even required by the study of history—which contains constant proofs of a power perpetually conversing with man, and sustaining, indeed, as one of the minor prophets terms it, "the Lord's controversy" with him,—a power especially reflected in the history of the Jewish people, and receiving at last its perfect human embodiment in the life of Christ. Mr. Wilson begins by contrasting the extreme reticence not of one Christian Church only, but of nearly all the greater branches of the Christian Church, as to the true definition of Inspiration, with the desire of Secularists and Agnostics so to define it that they may confute the Christian revelation, as it were, out of its own mouth. He contrasts impressively the language of two different authorities on this question. One of these says, "The purely organic (*i.e.*, mechanical) theory of Inspiration rests on no Scriptural authority, and, if we except a few ambiguous metaphors, is supported by no historical testimony. It is at variance with the whole form and fashion of the Bible, and it is destructive of all that is holiest in man and highest in religion." The other authority says, "It will not do to say that it [the Bible] is not verbally inspired. If the words are not inspired, what is?" And then Mr. Wilson explains that the former authority, who protests so strongly against verbal inspiration as inconsistent with historical testimony and fatal to what is highest in religion, is Canon Westcott, of Cambridge, one of the most learned of our living Biblical critics; and that the latter authority, who is eager to tie the Bible down to verbal inspiration, is the well-known American Secularist, Colonel Robert Ingersoll, who really contends for verbal inspiration as the only intelligible kind of inspiration, in order that he may explode all inspiration altogether. "Do you, then, ask me," says Mr. Wilson, "can I become a Christian without having first believed in the divinely-guaranteed accuracy of the Bible? A thousand times I answer, 'Yes.'" And then he proceeds, in a passage of great beauty and wisdom, to explain himself:—"The truth is, that the belief in inspiration is not the portal by which you enter the temple: it is the atmosphere that you breathe when you have entered. You may become a Christian,—most men do become Christians,—from finding in the life and sayings and death of Jesus Christ something that touches them, something that finds them, something that is a revelation of divine love to the human heart. Men find that there is something in them dear and precious to God. And then love springs up in them, and a new life begins. They look out on the world with larger and more loving eyes. They see God in their brethren, God in Nature, and God in their Bibles. In their Bibles they read of the Christ whom they love. Those pages are filled with power that moves the soul; never man spake as this man; never book spake as this book. And this, and this only, is the theory of inspiration that Christians must needs possess. It is primarily an internal question among believers, not an external question with the world. It has little or no relation to the convictions which make and keep a man a Christian. It is not a question which I or any one would care to talk about to one who is not already drawn to Christ. It is prematnre to talk with others of the exact limits of inspiration. Let them first read the Gospels, read them as they would read any other book, with any theory of inspiration or with none, with the one aim of learning the truth about Jesus Christ, of finding in the book what is pure, and noble, and elevating; let them first learn to admire, to love, to copy, to serve Jesus Christ, and I care not what theory they may form of inspiration; they will have got the thing, and then they will not be over-anxious to define it." In a word, to be a Christian, all you have to believe is that a real power infinitely higher than man manifested itself to man through the series of historical causes which prepared the way for Jesus Christ, and most perfectly of all in Jesus Christ himself. Believe this, and the antecedent improbability of miracle vanishes at once, while the mind is prepared to accept as historical events, physical marvels which are plainly asserted to have happened in close association with what is superhuman on the spiritual side; but as regards all individual miracles, you are free to weigh the evidence for them individually and on their own basis; they do not all "stand or fall together," but,—so, at least, we should interpret Mr. Wilson's meaning, though we are now speaking for ourselves, and not for him,—those miracles which are most closely implicated, most absolutely in harmony, with the spiritual marvels of revelation, will stand most firmly; while those completely separable from those spiritual marvels, and standing in what may seem accidental relations with them, will remain on a distinct plane of evidence of their own, and we shall feel perfectly free to say in our own minds, 'Whether that really happened exactly as it is there declared to have happened, is a question on which we do not feel called upon to profess any decided opinion, nor are we even capable of forming such an opinion. We can only say that the sufficient evidence on which we should be ready to believe it is hardly in existence; and that whether it was a miracle or a natural event glorified by the halo of popular tradition, makes absolutely no difference to the substantial truth of the history of the divine education of Israel, or to the culmination of that education in the life and death and resurrection and ascension of Christ and in the descent of the Holy Spirit on his disciples.'

Thus far goes the drift—as we understand it—of Mr. Wilson's first lecture. The second lecture, on the moral difficulties of the Bible, insists on the view that the divine inspiration of man is necessarily relative to the actual historical condition of the race by whom that inspiration is received. All that is needful to compel the belief that a divine agency external to man is engaged in his education and purification, is the evidence that whatever his actual condition, he finds within him, and especially within the hearts of his best religious teachers, a power which constrains him, against the grain of his nature, to become holier and purer than he is;—no matter whether that which to one century is far holier and better than the spiritual life of that century, seems to us looking back, after the better experience of thirty or forty centuries more, less excellent than the best spiritual life of our own day. "We must judge of a divine command in the Old Testament by the following considerations. The voice spoke in the heart, not outside it, and was but the voice of the conscience enlightened up to its then standard, and receiving from the ever-present, ever-acting Spirit of God, such fresh enlightenment or inspiration as it could bear. Did the voice seem wrong to them? Was it not in general a call to something higher, to some fresh duty? Could it have been intelligible, if given in the modes of thought of this century, so widely separate as they are? and why of this century rather than of any other, past or to come? To my mind, the only intelligible revelation is the gradual, historical, accommodated revelation. Such commands or permissions are only so far given to us as they are applicable to our conditions of society and morals; and here is the function of intellect, an ample sphere for our keenest moral judgment and most trained insight." And Mr. Wilson illustrates his meaning by saying of the command to Abraham to take his son Isaac and to offer him as a burnt offering:—"I, for one, can only interpret this as in any sense a command from God by the help that I get from the historical view of revelation that I have been setting forth. The inner voice of God in our hearts and later revelation, tell us this command is wrong to us; if the outer voice tells us that it is right to us, the contradiction is intolerable, and even maddening. But the question is not what the inner voice in *our* hearts *now* says, but what it said in Abraham's, nearly four thousand years ago. And to understand this we have only to reflect that, strange as it may seem, the offering of the first-born was then common; that it was no moral shock, only a sorrow and trial to Abraham; and that the command was used,—its importance is that it was used,—not to sanction, but to abolish human sacrifices, and to look forward by a long series of types to the perfect sacrifice of will and life that Christ made on the Cross." That is finely put, and we wholly agree with the view expressed, but we should like to add to what Mr. Wilson says, that the only reason, so far as we can judge, why the command addressed to Abraham is "wrong to us," and would be simply incredible to us as a divine command, is not in the least because we may not be required rightly, and in numbers of cases, to give up to death at least as certain as ever Abraham destined for Isaac, those who are as dear to us as ever Isaac was to Abraham, but solely because in his revelation of himself as a father, God has taught us to cherish the deeper human affections, and what they suggest to us, as truer and more decisive revelations of himself than any sort of external voice which would merely and blankly command the severing of those relations. We may be, and often are, commanded by the interior voice of duty to do what hazards the continuance of these relations on earth, and what

ends, perhaps, in as complete a severance of them as that for which Abraham showed himself to be willing at God's command. But the difference is that since Abraham's time anything like a direct outrage on the sacredness of these affections has been forbidden, and that we have been taught, what Abraham till then had never been taught, that God reveals to us more of himself through the life of these affections,—and by that reverence which the Fifth Commandment especially enjoined,—than through any outward teaching of any other kind. Instead of representing,—as the religion of the Phœnicians represented,—the jealousy of God as if it were a jealousy felt by him of the *existence* of human affections, as if it were a jealousy felt by one who regarded himself as competing with human love for the exclusive devotion of his worshippers,—his revelation has explained the true divine jealousy as requiring the highest fidelity and purity in human relations, for the very purpose of educating us towards fidelity and purity in our relations to God. The relations of father and son, and of wife and husband, instead of being depreciated as in rivalry with religious worship, have been surrounded by his revelation with infinite mystery, and treated as training us to the truest conceptions of what our love for God himself ought to be. It is not that Abraham's lesson as to God's claim upon us for the willing surrender even of our dearest earthly treasure has ever been cancelled or reversed, but that it has been taught in a different manner,—first, by the careful forbidding of everything which outrages those deeper affections and tends to lower and degrade them; and next, by teaching us to consecrate these affections with all the mystery and glory of religious associations. The sacrifice of Isaac, seemingly accepted, but really forbidden, and thenceforward made the starting point of a new teaching as to the fatherhood of God and the revealing character of the higher affections of man,—a teaching developed till, as Mr. Wilson says, it culminated in the sacrifice of the Cross,—seems to us to furnish one of the noblest illustrations in history of the evolution of the highest religion out of a creed which, once significant but rude, was rapidly falling into a corrupt and cruel superstition when it was suddenly rescued from that degradation and expanded into the highest of all religions, by the supernatural providence of God.

JULES CLARETIE.

M. CLARETIE may be taken as the embodiment of what is best in contemporary French literature. While the author of "Le Million" is inferior in talent to no one of the younger French writers, he surpasses them all in width of range; as a playwright of some promise, a historical writer of real talent, a novel-writer of the first class, M. Claretie has been eulogised respectively by Théophile Gautier, by Michelet, by Sainte-Beuve. Besides all this, he is one of the ablest of French journalists, and his private character is most estimable. Yet neither is his many-sided talent so eminent, nor his goodness of heart so singular, as in themselves to entitle him to the notice of Englishmen, were it not that in virtues, as in shortcomings, he is a peculiarly good representative of the best tendencies of his race in our time. Now, just as we were compelled to notice, when defining the position of Challemel-Lacour, that he was obliged to find a door of escape out of the individualistic philosophy of Humboldt, so, before speaking of M. Jules Claretie, we shall be forced to remark upon the individualism of the first half of this century in its influence upon literature. For M. Claretie represents far more completely than does M. Challemel-Lacour the break-away from the past and the power of a new current of influence. In France, as elsewhere, the tide of feeling is now making towards equality, and not, as in the past, towards liberty; patriotism is beginning to restrain selfishness.

That the old belief had been pushed too far, that the isolation of the individual has resulted in universal dislocation fast becoming anarchical, is now a truism in social politics; but the influence of the old *mot d'ordre* upon literary and artistic productions, though just as obvious, is not so generally acknowledged. Yet the egotism of the individual in social matters finds its counterpart in literature in naked realism, and the earliest professor of the realistic analysis of character was Balzac. But, taking it for granted that the individual is a separate world complete in itself, and that his sensations, emotions, and thoughts should be presented as realistically as possible, it is still necessary, were it merely for the sake of true perspective, to decide whether the animal instincts or the reason should be looked upon as the mainspring of the human mechanism. The authoritative decision in favour of the animal was the next step; and this step, too, Balzac was the first to take. Speaking of his last novel, "Les Parents Pauvres," Sainte-Beuve, after noticing it as a new departure, says, "Vice is the mainspring and social depravity the subject-matter of this novel. Here the current of the impure overflows its banks." But in "Les Parents Pauvres" there were still "a few elevated and pathetic scenes which might move to tears," and such scenes were held to be idealistic and absurd by the immediate followers of the great novelist. "More realism!" was the cry; and the "Madame Bovary" of Flaubert supplied the demand. It was reserved for our day, and for M. Zola and his disciples to go lower still, and to describe nothing but greeds, desires, stupidities, and hates; to depict all women as vile, all men as bestial. The literary style, too, of the school would be disgusting, were it not ludicrous. It was in *Figaro*, we think, that M. Zola was pictured as a *pion* or usher, teaching a crowd of children in a village school. "Go to the blackboard, and write the word *porc* according to my method," is the order. The boy goes and writes *cochon*. "Very good!" exclaims the usher; "now write *chair*." The boy obeys, and *viande* is the result. These self-styled naturalists seem to think that all excellence of style consists in using "le mot propre d'autant plus volontiers, qu'il est malpropre."

But before these depths of absurdity in style and of sensuality in subject-matter were explored, the reaction had already set in. It will be doing no injustice to the purity and tenderness of feeling of Victor Hugo to point to the works of Renan as the first-fruits of the better time. But these works did not, even in France, exercise the influence for good that might have been expected from them. The time was not fully ripe. Frenchmen had to drain the cup to its very dregs before even the abler men among them would acknowledge that the moral law cannot be transgressed with impunity. For fifty years selfishness had been preached as the only commandment, and the lesson was carried into practice during twenty years of wide-spread corruption. Then came national disaster and national disgrace, and the new generation learnt by suffering what the preceding one had refused to learn of reason. Since 1870, the individual is required to abate something of his demands, for patriotism is recognised as being a condition necessary to national existence. Clearly, too, this sentiment has come to emphasise the teaching of Renan, that love must fill a larger place in the social life of the future. The consequences of this change of feeling are everywhere to be noticed. In literary productions the ideal is now respected, instead of being ridiculed as absurd, and writers are no longer ashamed of depicting men and women who aim at conquering their lower nature. In very many points, M. Claretie belongs to the new era. For instance, his own words may be cited in evidence of his patriotism. Speaking of his treatment of historical subjects, he says, he has followed Michelet in trying to depict "*the very soul of the fatherland*." "I would," he goes on, "give proof, if needs were, of *chauvinisme*; it is an honourable failing." Nor is his desire to portray character idealistically less pronounced. "I have composed novels," he writes, "for the purpose of putting in high relief all that is consoling and progressive in realism." To ask how far he has succeeded in this aim would be to attempt a criticism of all his works, for which there is here not sufficient space. It will be enough to consider briefly his latest and best novel, "Le Million." It is a description of the consequences of the present individualistic form of society, of the effects of extreme competition upon the character and the morals of a nation. On the one hand, Claretie introduces us to stockbrokers, and depicts the unbridled greed of the Bourse; we see the successful promoter or speculator winning immense sums, and courted of nearly all men. On the other hand, a bourgeois family is sketched, the head of which is brought daily nearer to bankruptcy by the fluctuations of commerce. Destitution as the reward of labour and honesty, riches obtained by cunning and dishonesty,—the contrast is somewhat too complete, even for purposes of art. But it must be remembered that the book was written immediately after the crisis on the Paris Bourse which was caused by the failure of the Union Générale. The character-drawing is in the main excellent, and shows a great advance upon any previous work of the author. Louis Ribeyre may be taken as the best type of the modern Frenchman; the laugh of Figaro has become somewhat sarcastic, if not bitter, in our modern struggle for existence. Génévière

Ribeyre is an almost perfect picture of the Parisienne of to-day. In her the longing for luxury and ease constantly tempt a somewhat sensualistic nature; she resists, but does not drive the temptation from her, and yet her affection for her husband is strong enough to win pardon for her weakness, when her punishment is taken into account. Emile Guillemard, the "promoter," is well drawn, as is his daughter, *la cousinette*. The language, too, of the book deserves praise; although somewhat too realistic for our taste, it has conspicuous merits of simplicity and clearness. Yet, high as this novel stands among contemporary productions, it only affords additional proof of the assertion that a *chef d'œuvre* of art is not to be looked for at present.

To-day is the day of the practical hero, of him who transmutes ideas into realities. No man can escape what must be called the necessities of the age. M. Claretie's novel is really an essay on social politics. As might be expected, when a man so mistakes his real function, the work done is inferior to the workman. It is as a man, and not as an artist that Jules Claretie is most interesting. He tells us that in his youth Janin advised him "to try to merit a grand burial;" and he takes the counsel seriously. For, "to merit a noble burial," he writes, "is to have merited by the dignity of a life's labour the regret of those who outlive us; it is to have been loved and esteemed, never to have repulsed an outstretched hand, nor disappointed a trembling hope, never to have closed the ear to the appeal of weakness, nor the door to any misfortune; it is to have encouraged all beginners, to have given pity to all the conquered." Just as the tendency of our time is towards equality, so its practical mission is to raise the lower classes, to aid the weak, to console suffering. It is M. Claretie's peculiar merit that, in his own line of work, he has been one of the first, as writer and as critic, to carry this creed into practice. "To me," he writes—and every one who knows the man or his works will attest his sincerity—"kindliness is one of the proofs and one of the forms of talent." Exactly as self-assertion belonged of right to the individualism of the past, so sympathy is the key-note of the nationalism of to-day. Self-respect is the distinctive virtue of the one creed; respect for others, the distinguishing feature of the other. Our age must aim at preparing the way for the reconciliation of the two in a higher unity, which shall include the merits of both; its proper and peculiar task is to embody in practice, and so realise, this feeling of sympathy for others which makes for equality, by raising the poor, aiding the helpless, reinstating "the dispossessed." Among the most notable in this new order of chivalry, the motto of which may be taken from Erckmann-Chatrian's last drama, *Les Rantzau*, "L'amour est plus fort que la haine,"—among the most notable, and not the least worthy, is M. Jules Claretie.

THE CLOSING OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

THE stress and strain of modern life have grown to a great intensity. Men live in restless anxiety, under constant pressure, with quickened brains and fevered pulses, until life has become a burden almost beyond endurance. Thus modern society has felt, as people of a more leisurely time never felt, the necessity of change and of relaxation. The need of change is not confined to any one class of society. It is general. Our wearied legislators are scattered wide over sea and land, are pursuing grouse or deer in the Scottish Highlands, or are further afield after other sorts of game. Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, men of literature and of science, seek to breathe the keen air of the mountains, and strengthen themselves for a new campaign. Working-men, too, seek to get a day among the hills, or at the sea-side. For all sorts and conditions of men, an opportunity of a holiday is highly desirable, and it is for the good of all that the opportunity should be easily found. As the years pass on, the difficulties in the way of relaxation constantly increase. We do not here speak of the growing pressure of business, and the increased value of time. We refer specially to the sad fact that the great bulk of the population are being more and more shut out from visiting those places of our land which, from their very nature, are peculiarly fitted to strengthen and reinvigorate man's decaying energies.

No doubt, the competition is keen with regard to such places. We should be the last to deny to our wearied men of wealth the needful quiet and seclusion. They also need the quiet of the hills, and the keenness of the mountain air. But they most certainly do not require, what they at present demand and take, many square miles of country for this purpose. In the Highlands of Scotland, a few moneyed families have possession of vast districts of country, from the use of which all their fellow-men are rigorously excluded. Tracts of heath and mountain, health-giving and bracing to wearied mortals, are visible in the distance; but the health-seeking traveller has to keep the beaten track, lest his rash foot should disturb the repose of grouse or deer. No fence or boundary meets the eye, and the unaccustomed tourist, thinking no wrong, joyfully starts to climb a hill and enjoy a larger prospect, when suddenly, like the followers of Rhoderick Dhu, a gamekeeper starts up, with the unwelcome information, "No road this way: this hill is preserved." Formerly, the unenclosed hill-sides were open to every comer, and no damage was done; in fact, it was not possible to do any damage to mere stone or heather. But of late years, the mania for the preservation of grouse and deer has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. It is true, no doubt, that the number of those who seek the hill-sides in summer and in autumn has multiplied to an extraordinary degree. Hundreds are now to be found where a short while ago no human foot strayed. It is also true that the number of "shooting tenants" has vastly increased. The increase in both cases is due to the pressure of city and of business life. The causes which induce those who have the power, to pay some hundreds or thousands of pounds for the right of shooting over some few miles of moor and mountain, are identical with those which urge a poorer man to explore our Highland glens or climb the Highland mountains. And the question becomes urgent, more urgent every year, whether the few can continue to exclude the many from those vast, unenclosed, and uncultivated regions of the country. It is one aspect of a great and manifold problem, the solution of which will tax the wisdom of our statesmen to the uttermost. In speaking of national parks, we lately suggested that no additional right should be allowed to accrue to the present owners and occupiers of the Lake country. We are afraid that the suggestion comes too late with regard to the Highlands of Scotland. The public are already shut out from the greater part of the Highlands. In the uplands of Perthshire, scientific botanists are sternly shut out from the mountains,—"A wooden hut has been erected, on the track to Speyside, to contain a watcher, to see that no one leaves the track to trespass on Cairntoul or Ben Macdhui." Visitors at Braemar—one of the most celebrated of the health resorts of Scotland—cannot obtain leave to cross the Dee during the shooting season, and only grudgingly at any time. These are only samples of the kind of thing which is being done all over the Highlands of Scotland, at the present hour.

The disgust and anger of many people at this state of things are very manifest. They are finding vent in speech and in print, and they will grow from more to more. Already the growl has become terrible in its intensity. If the holders of privilege do not make timely concessions, the result will be far from agreeable. At present, they may buy the Sybilline leaves at a low price. Liberty to stroll through the forests, to climb the mountains, freedom to roam over barren moors, without being checked and bullied by the underlings of the shooting tenant, will give contentment. But let the encroachment go on for a little more, and the right of exclusive solitude on the part of the few will be ruthlessly taken away. No one grudges them a reasonable amount of seclusion. Let them, however, be reasonable, and only take what they need.

In this connection we cannot but think of the effects of the present system on the underlings themselves. The permanent gamekeeper or forester may be a decent member of society. But the development of the demand for shooting moors has led to the evolution of a kind of character which is fatal and disastrous. A good many men and lads find employment for a few months during the shooting season. They are overworked, over-fed, and over-paid for about two months of the year. They idle and loaf about for the rest of the year, and become utterly useless for any honourable industry. It is curious to reflect on the degenerating effect of work and toil which ends only in the pleasure of others. A lad hired to carry the clubs of a golfer seldom learns a trade, or gives himself to steady work of any kind. And a young man who is hired to carry a game bag scarcely ever turns out well. Billiard-markers are usually among the offscourings of society. In all cases in which the pursuit of pleasure is turned to a business, and in which men are hired for no profitable work, but only for the promoting of the pleasure of others, with rare exceptions the

men so hired are utterly ruined. In them there is no serious aim in life, no weighty responsibility, nor any hope of progress. It is with grief, therefore, that we witness the development of a system which is largely based on selfishness and disregard of the interest of other people, and which issues in the demoralisation and ruin of a large number of human beings.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE STATE OF EGYPT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Since I last wrote to you six weeks have elapsed, during which cholera has been sweeping with a heavy hand over Egypt, an event surely calculated to call forth any vigour that might exist in the Government; an event which has called forth at the best apathy, at the worst obstruction.

I have no intention of distressing your readers with an account of the miseries of Damietta and Mansourah, perishing and starving inside a cruel police cordon. They have heard all about that already. What I wish to lay before you is the action of the Government, and what may be inferred from that action. The action of the Government!—better say the inaction. Sir A. Colvin left for Europe on June 26th. Since that date not a single meeting of the Council has been held. A few of the Ministers are in Cairo. The Khedive, Cherif Pasha, the President, and some others of the Cabinet are in Alexandria. That city, thanks to the purging by fire which it underwent last year, and probably to its constant sea breezes, has so far only slightly suffered from cholera. But its zealous citizens have taken other means to keep off the dreaded enemy. When cholera appeared in Cairo, now more than three weeks ago, Alexandria cut itself off by a cordon from all the rest of Egypt. All trains were stopped, and a strict quarantine put on every one wishing to enter the town. So that if I had a matter of the first political importance to communicate to Cherif Pasha, I should have to wait seven days on the outskirts of Alexandria before being admitted to his presence.

Now, no one accuses either the Khedive or Cherif of being cowards. But, really, it is unpleasantly hot in Cairo, and it is disagreeable to be constantly meeting funerals. And it is much cooler at Alexandria, and so there they stay, cut off from their country, and—this is the main point—perfectly contented to leave the Government of the country at a critical period in the hands of English strangers. For the one prominent subject is cholera, and General Stephenson and Surgeon-General Hunter will tell you that all they ever expect from their Egyptian colleagues, in the Sanitary Council which has so successfully grappled with the disease in Cairo, is not to be thwarted.

In my last letter, I said we English had not done much to make ourselves popular in Egypt. We have done something now, and the quarter of the community from which that something has come is not, perhaps, where it would have been looked for,—it is the Army. When Italians, Greeks, and Levantines were fleeing the country in abject terror, when one of the Cabinet Ministers was imploring to be allowed to resign office, and flee too, when Egyptian doctors were refusing to attend their dying countrymen, the brave old Guardsman who commands our Army here was going round the Arab hospitals with a kind look and a shake of the hand to the wretched patients. It was General Stephenson, who, before Dr. Hunter's arrival, in the interests of his Army summoned the Sanitary Council in Cairo, and from that date remedial measures have been taken. Cairo owes many a life to the English General.

The English Army is, of course, supplied with surgeons who have faithfully done their duty, as might have been expected. Not so Sir Evelyn Wood's Egyptian Army. In it, with one exception, the doctors are Egyptians, and they have not distinguished themselves. When the cholera broke out in the Army, Sir Evelyn himself was half-way through the Suez Canal on his way home. The next day, to the amazement of his men, he was back at his post in Cairo. The shortcomings of the doctors only proved the opportunity for his officers to show what was in them. They have doctored, they have nursed, they have fed, they have even buried their young Arab soldiers with a devotion beyond all praise; and if that Army is called on to fight, whether under the Crescent or the Cross, we may be assured it will faithfully follow its English leaders.

An old Egyptian Pasha, high in the Government service, said to me the other day that the conduct of our English Army in Cairo was a constant source of wonder to him. "Your men go in and out among the Arabs, ride donkeys, frequent the shops, and no one takes the least notice of them as strangers. All the months they have been here there has not been one single disturbance between them and the people; while," he added, "I venture to say, if it had been a French or an Italian army, there would have been squabbles every day." From which I argue, that if we succeed in attaining to popularity here, it will be first due to the conduct of our Army, from the General down to the honest lads in the ranks. But when we turn from the Army, there is little good to be reported. The Constabulary are still in a muddle, the English officers complaining of want of support from their chief, and sending in their resignations. People ask, when they see that chief, "Is it possible that this easy-going, mild-eyed Pasha was once the darling of the British Cavalry, and the General that kept Russia out of Constantinople with his famous lines?" There seems little left of that energy now.

Sir Benson Maxwell and the Belgian Judges are exactly as they were six weeks ago, and absolutely nothing has been done to start their Courts. I told you how a Commission had approved of the Berber and Souakim Railway, but nothing had been done. Now, the reason has come out. While the traffic of the Soudan comes down the Nile Valley, it is safe from foreign interference. Not so, if it finds a seaport at Souakim. Egypt has no ships to protect its Red-Sea trade. Who knows how it might be cut off, how the Soudan itself might, with this outlet, get independent of Egypt, and slip out of its nerveless grasp altogether? But if England would guarantee the Red-Sea trade, then, says the Egyptian, we will make the railway. And this is the point all is coming to. The old Pasha I have above quoted said to me, "There are some things a nation may do, and some that they must do. Now, God will force you English to take charge of Egypt, whether you like it or not." I have heard almost the same words from one of Lesseps' French engineers, from whom I should have least expected it. I have been assured by a Swiss landholder well known in Egypt that this was the conclusion arrived at by the foreign community of Alexandria. In old days, he told me, when suffering from the misgovernment of the country, that he could always go straight to Ismail, who would, on the spot, write out such an order as no Mudir would dare to dispute. That cannot be done now. The Mudir has nothing to fear from despotism. He shelters himself behind routine, offers passive resistance to all movement, and feels secure. Unhappy Egypt! Her Fellahin can send up only a dumb cry to Heaven, "Come over, and help us!" Last year she had war, then came cattle disease. A worm is eating the cotton, pestilence is raging through the land, and a wail is going up, for, as in that awful night when the Passover was instituted, in Damietta and Mansourah, Chebin and Boulak, Giseh and Old Cairo, there are not many houses where there has not been one dead. Now yet another calamity threatens the land. The Nile is rising with quite abnormal rapidity, and there are grave apprehensions of an inundation. Lower Egypt is everywhere protected by embankments, within which at present the country is one great green field of cotton, maize, and millet. It is the yearly duty of the corvées to repair these embankments, but they have been much neglected since the war. Now the Mudirs are being ordered to arouse the village Sheiks, and the wretched peasants must rise from their cholera-beds and work as best they can. Should the embankments be breached, wide-spread misery, perhaps famine, must follow.

War, blight, murrain, pestilence, floods! Surely these are misfortunes enough for one year. I challenge any fellow Anglo-Egyptian to say that I am drawing too dark a picture. And through it all, the tribute must be paid. The peasant may have to sell his all, but he must pay his share of the debts incurred by the heartless despot Ismail (who, by the way, has just bought an estate in Egypt for £280,000). The foreign Bondholder must get his dividends. Turkey must get her tribute, Turkey, that never rendered one single service to Egypt. In my last letter, I pointed out that unless we have increased our Army by a number of men equal to those serving in Egypt, we are really reducing our Army Estimates at the expense of Egypt. Can you not, Sir, lay this before England, and ask whether it is just? Supposing we were suddenly to require these men, say, for an Indian mutiny, should we not remove them from Egypt at once? Is it just, then, to make Egypt pay for them? Is the Government too much afraid of its

electors to act justly to this poor little country in this matter? Are the electors so hard-hearted?

I must not write more, or there might be something to say from Egypt's side about the Suez Canal.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Egypt, August 10th. ANGLO-EGYPTIAN.

CROWN LANDS ADMINISTRATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Your timely article on Crown Lands' Administration, sets out in the clearest light the serious danger to the public interest attending the theory and practice of that administration, as exemplified in the recent sales of the Southport foreshore, and the Crown manor of Esher and Escott. Indeed, the case against the Duchy Office, in the affairs of the Southport foreshore, is far stronger than might be inferred from the facts as adduced in your columns. After years of protracted negotiations between the Duchy and the Southport Corporation, the sale of the foreshore was suddenly, in April last, concluded by the former with the lords of the manor,—the Southport deputation, then in London, having been completely taken by surprise and allowed a few hours only to formulate their counter-offer. Yet that offer, so far from falling short, was actually in excess of the price accepted from the riparian owners. For the Southport people offered £12,000, cash down, for 4,000 acres, the possession of which, as being conterminous with the borough boundaries, they regarded as of vital consequence to the interests of the town; whilst for the remaining portion—about 5,000 acres—they proposed to give a sum equal to 5 per cent. of the ultimate value of the land after reclamation, a sum which has been estimated as high as £26,000, and which, at the lowest computation, must have raised the total price to be paid to the Duchy far above the £15,000 actually accepted from the lords of the manor. The latter, indeed, must evidently be thinking very well of their purchase, for they would appear, from a letter submitted by their agents only two days ago to the Town Council of Southport, to be now asking for the fractional quantity of some 1,300 acres alone of foreshore, the modest price of £25,000, or a larger sum by £10,000 than the price they have actually agreed to pay to the Duchy for the whole 9,000 acres. It is not quite so clear that the officials of the Duchy can be equally entitled to congratulate themselves upon a transaction which, whilst it is pretty certain to result in the most serious injury to a large and popular watering-place, seems also not unlikely to turn out anything but a good bargain for the Crown.

On a par with the lamentable action of the Duchy in this matter of the Southport foreshore, must be accounted the not less indefensible conduct of the Office of Woods and Forests in disposing of that part of the Crown manor of Esher which comprises the beautiful Commons of Esher and Ockshott. After so questionable a performance, both Parliament and the public may be excused for viewing with natural misgiving the course taken in the present Session by this same Department in promoting a Bill (Crown Lands) with the double object of extinguishing, by the arbitrary means of compulsory purchase, the wholesome fuel-rights so long enjoyed by commoners of the New Forest, and of acquiring greatly extended powers for the leasing of foreshores,—the latter apparently in the teeth of the admirable Report upon Foreshores issued some years ago by the Board of Trade, in which any longer term than thirty-one years is deprecated for such leases.

Altogether, the experience of the present Session alone must have sufficed to make it clear that the Departments charged with the administration of Crown lands cannot be safely trusted to act at all times upon a broad and enlightened view of the requirements of the public interest, and that if all danger to that interest is to be obviated, it can only be as you suggest, by insisting that transactions such as those in question shall in no case be carried out without the direct sanction of Parliament. We may, I think, rest assured that a Resolution to that effect will be among the very first questions submitted for the consideration of the House of Commons in the new Session of 1884. —I am, Sir, &c.,

Southport, August 16th. M.P.

BLOCKING BILLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the remarks of the *Spectator* to-day on "Blocking Bills in Parliament," the following statement is made:—"A proposal that a Legislature must, like a jury, give an unanimous verdict, has never, we believe, been formulated in any constitution. . . . . However desirable it may be that minorities should make their voices heard, it has never yet been suggested that they should have a veto on legislation, still less that a minority of one should enjoy this exceptional privilege." Historically, this statement is not correct, but the chief instance which history supplies of such a veto as you describe will serve rather to strengthen your general argument. The constitution of Poland formulated precisely this principle, that the opposition of a single member of the Legislature should bar the enactment of any law; and more than this, that the veto of any single member upon the proceedings should be sufficient to dissolve the Diet on all occasions, except when it had been summoned for the election of a King. Moreover, this *liberum veto* was regarded as the keystone of the Polish Constitution, and the supreme guarantee of the freedom and independence of the nobility. Readers of Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great" will remember the grimly humorous manner in which he deals with these free and independent legislators and their *pozwalam*. The result of this surrender of all power of united action is not unknown.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Quorn, Loughborough, August 18th. G. C. MACAULAY.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I fully agree with all you say respecting Mr. Chamberlain and the Bankruptcy Bill, but will not his decision to delegate the selection of officials to work it to Departmental Committees prove to be a mistake?

In all the counties with which I am acquainted, the Bankruptcy Courts are hotbeds of Toryism, and if the new officials are selected, as they probably will be, from these, the working of the new Act can scarcely fail to be impeded by the red-tapeism thus imported.

The new Act requires new blood to work it, and Mr. Chamberlain, having constructed such excellent machinery, should be careful to secure efficient and unprejudiced hands to direct it.—I am, Sir, &c., A MERCHANT.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I hope I shall not be thought intrusive in offering some remarks suggested by the reply with which Mr. James Stalker has honoured my former letter. I can by no means admit that the view to which I ventured to call attention at all impairs the full significance of the Scriptural expressions concerning the new birth. Having this very view in my mind, I wrote in another paper, four years ago, "This mystic death and birth is the keynote of all profound religious teaching, and that which distinguishes the ordinary religious mind from spiritual insight is just the tendency to interpret these expressions as merely figurative, or, indeed, to ignore them altogether." Surely the evolution in consciousness of a distinct principle in man is a process whereby he may with literal truth be said to be "born again." He has thus a new basis of spontaneity, the will of another nature. Nor, looking at the express condition, a death to self, or the individual will, can we conceive this principle as other than the true being of man as such, that which constitutes the inner or spiritual solidarity of the race, making each one with all,—distinctive individuality becoming henceforward merely functional in the univeral organism. That, if he is originally the "image of God," is his divine humanity. He is not said to be "dead" simply, but "dead in trespasses and sins." His true life can find no expression, is lost to consciousness, by reason of his self-assertive individual will, which, as Hinton showed, is his "death." But his humanity is a deeper fact than his individuality, albeit, according to the Christian idea, it must be organised or reorganised by a power in which it is already a voluntary consciousness. With what propriety could the word "*re*generation" be used of a "conversion" similar to that effected in the physical order, where there is no pre-existing germ? On the other hand, that we are born again "from an incorruptible seed" is expressly stated (1 Peter i., 23).

The doctrine of spiritual evolution can, of course, be presented in other aspects than the Christian one. Thus, in Eastern religions systems it is supposed that the true Atma, or Universal Self, will come to consciousness in each, as the result of a radical suppression of individualism. This suppression is made the condition alike in these systems and in

Christianity. But in the former it is considered all-sufficient, the sun shining out, as it were, on the dispersal of the clouds; while the Christian, less possessed with the idea that the individual Ego itself is an illusion of a false consciousness, follows another analogy of nature. The Sun of Righteousness is externalised, and its operation is represented as giving vital activity to the spiritual seed, which is already the individual form and preappointed function in the divine universal life. The best expression, I think, of this idea is to be found in the writings of Hinton; especially in the chapters on "The Self and Consciousness" and on "Holiness," in his "Philosophy and Religion."

Mr. Drummond's argument against spiritual abiogenesis is clearly directed against the usual view of evolution, which regards it as resulting from natural selection, in the sense of mere perpetuation and development of rudimentary adaptations to environment. He ignores the teleological view of it which has the authority of such distinguished naturalists as Mr. A. R. Wallace and Mr. St. George Mivart. That, in the spiritual as in the physical, would really mean a prior *involution* of the principles or forms to be successively manifested,—that which is most deeply and centrally buried, or involved, being the highest or most divine. What I find most admirable in Mr. Drummond's book is his elucidation of the great principle, too little familiar to even our best thought, that in physical and spiritual phenomena the very same laws of nature are at work. I may observe that this idea is also much insisted upon in the writings of Law, as in metaphysics it is the characteristic feature of Schelling's "Identity" philosophy. Whether Mr. Drummond's applications of it to theology are sustainable is of less importance than the principle itself, of which he is so competent an exponent. I believe his book will give a new impulse and direction to religious and philosophical thought. Only I must protest against Mr. Stalker's assumption that the opinion I tried to represent, and especially the authors to whom I referred, are Pelagian, since they hold the doctrine of regeneration in as real a sense as Mr. Drummond, though not that of conversion quite as he understands it. As to myself, however, it is proper to add, not to sail under false colours, that I do not profess Christianity in any doctrinal sense which I can see to be distinctive and exclusive.

Apologising for the length of this letter, and thanking Mr. Stalker for his kind mention of my former remarks, and for the notice of which he has thought them worthy,—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. C. M.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As one who has thought much and written on this important subject, which one of your correspondents did me the favour to mention, I would ask permission to be allowed to draw attention to the fact that your correspondents are in imminent danger, from Mr. Drummond's book, of erecting the misleading doctrine of Substantive Regeneration.

The leading point is, that we are to consider regeneration to be a spiritual biogenesis, according to the law of natural biogenesis, that as the mineral body becomes invested with life, so the natural man with spiritual life. Mr. Drummond says, "The change of state here is not, as in physics, a mere change of direction, the affections directed to a new object, the will into a new channel. The change involves all this, but is something deeper. It is a change of nature, a regeneration, a passing from death into life."

This doctrine, in the above sense, is not the doctrine of the Bible, which teaches a moral regeneration only, a regeneration of the moral nature, and not of the nature in itself. The Scriptures declare the unregenerated man to be dead; but, mark, they call to him, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." This death is manifestly, therefore, a moral death, voluntarily chosen, and the way out of it is by voluntarily awaking to light and life. They declare him to be in darkness, but teach this is the condemnation, that "light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light;" and declare, "He that hateth his brother is in darkness." The carnal mind, which is in enmity against God, is not a substance, or a nature in itself that hates God, which were impossible; we cannot have a moral substance of any kind. Enmity is ill-will, is a disposition of mind, and is the minding of the flesh,—viz., a voluntary committal of the mind to the desires of the flesh, and is, therefore, a guilty state of mind.

The Scriptures declare that men require to be regenerated, but define regeneration as "the interrogation of a good conscience towards God" (Revised Version) to be a washing away of sins. Similarly, the passing from darkness to light is from the moral darkness of sin, to the moral light of righteousness. There is a new creation, or a new creature; but it is in righteousness and true holiness. That the new creation and new image is only moral, and not of the nature in itself, is put beyond all doubt by St. Peter, when he writes to Christians asking them to be "obedient children, not fashioning themselves according to the former lusts." The members which have been yielded unto iniquity are not to have their nature changed, but are to be yielded unto God.

It is important to notice the logical outcome of the doctrine of spiritual biogenesis. If the biogenesis is to be taken absolutely, to be rational, we must pity only, and never blame the sinner. His nature is dark and dead, and requires to be changed. The blame and guilt which the Bible lays to his charge, and his future punishment, are, if we use our reason, in the highest degree irrational and unjust, from the point of view of biogenesis. How can he help rejecting Christ? Christ is God, and the nature of his mind is enmity against God. But, and if, we refuse to reason, then we have another bewildering mystery linked to the mystery of spiritual biogenesis. Again, the command of the Bible to repent, that is, for the man to blame himself and justify God, is honestly impossible. So that the tendency of this doctrine is either to produce hypocrisy, universalism, or atheism.

Turn we now to Scriptural teaching, and instead of mystery linked to mystery, all is intelligible. Our primitive creation in Adam placed us in purpose already in the spiritual kingdom; but in him we fell, and it has come to pass that we have given our faculties to the service of the kingdom of darkness, instead of the kingdom of light. It is not our nature in itself of which the Bible complains, but the wrong use to which we have put it. We have established psychical affiliations with wrong and worthless interests, instead of with the right and infinitely valuable interests of God. It is the affiliations that must be changed, and not the nature. We must repent, change our minds, must make to ourselves a new heart and a right spirit; and God makes them, by furnishing us with all the moral suasion, by his truth and his Spirit, necessary to accomplish these things. By his Spirit he also washes our nature from the roots of wrong affiliations, but does not change the nature. Moreover, he abides in us, not incarnate, according to the teaching of biogenesis (which, by the way, is an unadvised thing to say,—there has been but one Incarnation), but as a personal being, evermore essentially himself, and evermore holding personal and moral converse with the soul. The union, moreover, of "one spirit with the Lord" is not substantive, but moral; we can break it, can grieve or resist the gentle guest whose presence hallows and sanctifies our nature, and confers on us the fellowship of the spiritual kingdom of God.

It will thus be seen that, according to the light of Scripture, of true moral science, and of right reason, the whole fabric of the doctrine of spiritual biogenesis, according to the natural law of biogenesis (except as a beautiful parable), comes entirely to the ground.—I am, Sir, &c., W. Woods Smyth.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I have not yet seen Mr. Drummond's work on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," but I wish to mention that I am the author of a work entitled "The Scientific Bases of Faith" (Macmillan, 1873), which treats of the same class of subjects. I there maintain that evolution is true, and that the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures is an untenable doctrine; but that the new ideas about the worlds of nature and of man form a better basis than the old for Christian theology, understanding by this latter the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, eternal life, and a final general restoration. The work was reviewed in the *Spectator* soon after it was published. —I am, Sir, &c., Joseph John Murphy.

Old Forge, Dunmurry, County Antrim, August 3rd.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The recent debate in the House of Lords on the Pigeon-shooting Bill is instructive in respect of the arguments adduced both against and for the measure. One noble lord said the shooting of pigeons for sport was no more cruel than the shooting of

pheasants at the end of a covert; another, that it was less cruel than the driving of grouse. The Duke of Argyll said in reply he could only defend these customs as the means of killing animals for food which could not be otherwise obtained. Would he say the same of fox-hunting, or of the chase of the deer? The latter animal is an article of food, but is there no other way of securing it than by the torture of a stag-hunt, or even by the less objectionable method of stalking? It is as well to confess the truth at once,—that the charm in these things is simply the sport, and to meet honestly the question which is sure sooner or later, as genuine civilisation advances, to find a wide and eager discussion. Do such pursuits savour of humanity and refinement, or of cruelty and barbarism? Nor am I the first to draw attention to this. You, Sir, have anticipated me, in the high probability that much of the brutality prevalent among the lower classes is due to the sporting practices of their superiors.—I am, Sir, &c., B. P. P.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—A little illustration of canine intelligence shown by my collie, "Dido," may be added to those which have lately appeared in the *Spectator*. The dog was lying on the floor, in a room in which I was preparing to go out. An old servant was present, and when I had given her directions about an errand on which she was going, I said, "You will take 'Dido' with you?" She assented, and the dog directly got up to follow her down-stairs. I then remembered that I should want a cab; so I asked the servant to send one, and not to leave the house till I rang the bell. On her leaving the room, "Dido" resumed her quiet attitude on the floor, with her nose to the carpet. In rather less than ten minutes I rang the bell, and the dog at once sprang up and ran down-stairs to join her companion. I had not spoken a word after asking the servant to wait for the bell. Was this word-reading, or voice-reading, or thought-reading?—I am, Sir, &c., S. E. De Morgan.

THE WORD "CHAP."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In the account of the material brought for the building of Solomon's Temple, it is said:—"Beside what the chapmen brought."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Warrington, August 18th. A. Mackie.

"A SOLDIER'S LIFE & WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your review (4th inst.) of the above work, a remark is made about "corroboration" of what a captain of the 24th Regiment, who marched out with the General's force from Isandhlwana, on January 22nd, 1879, said:—"Neither Lord Chelmsford nor his Staff left any orders, but that, when miles away from the camp, Lord Chelmsford asked what orders had been left for Colonel Pulleine." If the matter be of any interest to your readers, I beg to offer the following corroboration, which has but lately come to my knowledge.

On January 27th, 1879, the Editor of the *Natal Witness* wrote to Colonel Crealock, Lord Chelmsford's Military Secretary, asking (amongst other queries) about the General's orders; to which Colonel Crealock replied,—"No written orders or spoken orders by General were issued; Colonel Glyn gave his own orders."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Edward Durnford, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Rothamsted Lodge, St. Alban's, August 18th.

POETRY.

"ACROSS THE ESTUARY, SOUTH DEVON."

Vague sounds are stirring in the outer world,
Which wake an echo in the world within me;
The frowning mists across the valley hurled
To saddened musings by the casement win me:
And on my rushing thoughts are borne along
The waves of sudden and unpurposed song.

But now, the Sun painted in artist-splendour
The varied outlines of the sea and shore;
The sloping woods were bathed in hues so tender,
That master's canvas ne'er such glories wore;
Yet where enrobed in purple gold shone they,
Now spreads a monotone of lifeless gray.

The great Enchanter's momentary wand
Darkens the landscape and the mind as one;
The headlands face me o'er the bay beyond
Robbed both of us together of our sun;
And out of ungnessed caverns creeps the rain,
To touch the spirit with a nameless pain.

Yon white and flickering sail, which flashed but now
Across the bright waves blue as Brenda's eyes,
Droops wet and wearied o'er the vessel's prow
On hueless wastes caught by a swift surprise,
Which clouds engendered of the vaporous sea
Bring o'er the startled scene to master me.

Like beacons on the world's uncertain course,
Fair homes set gem-like in the further trees
Seemed whispering of untired Love's quiet force,
A silver girdle linking ours to these;
And for Home's message to that shore from this,
The lapping waters bore a greeting kiss.

But now—and so but now—Life seemed to wear
High purpose for a marriage-robe of power,
And all her pulses and her will to share
The sun-enkindled promise of the hour;
Till, as the mist wraps the far shore from view,
It falls as heavy on my spirit too.

Is this, then, Life? its pledges sharply broken,
Even at their fairest and most golden link;
Do they the fate of rosy dreams betoken,
Those emerald ripples turned to sullen ink?
And were it wiser anchorless to roam,
Than nail high hopes to the frail walls of Home?

Off with such burrs of thought! the very spell
Which bids me throw these fancies on the page
Awakes new chords and brighter songs to swell
The happy burden of on-coming age,
And Cloudland's fretful shapes to soar above
To the fixed firmament of God and Love.

Out and beyond the steady light is shining,
Which from the steady heart no mist can veil,
Bright beyond man's divinest of divining,
Where all his mists of thought must melt and fail,
And, as e'en now the clouds roll off the shore,
Obscure the homes of promise nevermore.

Portlemouth, August 18th. Herman Merivale.

BOOKS.

HORÆ PETRINÆ.*

There is hardly, we think, enough that is new in this book to have justified its publication in its present form, so soon after the appearance of Dr. Howson's lectures on "The Evidential Value of the Acts of the Apostles," a work which contains by far the most important part of the substance of this little volume. Especially are we disappointed in not finding in it any such discussion as we should have expected of the authenticity of the Second Epistle of Peter, for which this was clearly the place. We are far, however, from saying that this little treatise is valueless. To those who have not read the book published last year, it will appear of considerable interest. But the title suggests more than the book actually performs. Moreover, there are passages in this little book which look like what Lord Wemyss spoke of the other day, in relation to a resolution of his own, as mere "padding,"—the following, for instance, on the fifteen days spent by St. Paul with St. Peter, on St. Paul's first visit to Jerusalem after his conversion:—

"It is remarkable that by those who have meditated and written carefully on Holy Scripture so little stress has been laid on this fortnight spent together by these two apostolic men. Hardly any period of the same duration can be named more full of interest and more suggestive of thought. The exact specifying of 'fifteen days' has something in it to attract attention. It reminds us of that specifying of 'seven days' which we find more than once, and in connection with very various places, in the Acts of the Apostles. Probably St. Peter and St. Paul spent two Sundays together, joining with other Christians on those days in prayer and in 'the breaking of bread.' But it is the personal communion of the two men, and the influence exerted by each upon the other, to which our attention is, under pr

* *Horæ Petrinæ; or, Studies in the Life of St. Peter.* By J. S. Howson, D. Dean of Chester. London: The Religious Tract Society.

sent circumstances, chiefly directed. Peter would discourse of his Master and of the things of which he had had a loving and living experience; he would speak of Galilee and of the Resurrection: and perhaps we may trace the effects of these days in St. Paul's mention of Galilee, when preaching at Antioch in Pisidia, and in his manner of writing to the Corinthians concerning the Resurrection. Certainly he seems to speak of himself in this matter as having been destitute of a privilege which 'Cephas' and others had possessed. 'Last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.' And, to turn to what is most to our purpose, to speculate upon the permanent results which may have been produced in St. Peter by this precious time of close companionship with St. Paul, is it not reasonable to believe that the theological training of the latter, his strong logical faculty, his intimate 'revelations' in the Gospel, may have had their effect, ever afterwards, in the teaching of the former? Divine inspiration made use of such opportunities, as of other opportunities. By certain destructive critics the resemblance of St. Peter's teaching in his First Epistle to the language of St. Paul in some of his epistles has been mentioned as a suspicious fact. What if, through the natural consequences of this memorable companionship at Jerusalem, vague suspicion of fraud is turned into reasonable evidence of truth?"

Why has the exact specifying of fifteen days something in it to attract attention? And why does it remind us of the exact specifying of "seven" days, more than any specified period of days would remind us of any other exact specifying of days, whether in ancient or in modern times? This is the kind of remark which, by its laborious and unmeaning emphasis, injures writings on evidence. And as for the "may-have-beens" and "what-ifs" in the latter part of this passage, one is forced to say that evidence which consists in "may-have-beens" and "what-ifs" is not evidence at all. However, this is one of the weakest pages which Dr. Howson's little book contains, and we are bound to say that very few of the 160 pages or so which we find in it are nearly as empty of substance as this. It is a pity that he should have swelled the little volume with even a few pages as feeble and helpless as the passage we have just extracted.

As a specimen of better work, where Dr. Howson points out a real, though only a latent and quite unconscious connection between the incidents in the Gospel which specially affected St. Peter, and his teaching and action after the resurrection and ascension of Christ, we may take the following remarks of Dean Howson on the adaptation of the Galilean training of St. Peter to produce the teaching which we find in his First Epistle, and to produce also the most original part of his apostolic policy in the early years of the Church at Jerusalem:—

"The miracle of the coin in the fish's mouth is unique in its nature, and it is connected, by all the features of a most marked individuality, with this Apostle. Those who received the customary tribute money for the Temple 'came to Peter and said, Doth not your master pay the tribute?' And Peter, with his usual impetuous haste, answered 'Yes.' He could not bear the thought that his Master should be thought defective in regard to any religious and loyal duty. But 'when Peter was come into the house, Jesus prevented him.' This singles him out from among the rest; and still more is such the effect of the concluding words, 'Take the piece of money, and give it unto them for Me and thee.' It would be well worth while, if general edification were our purpose, to dwell on all the instruction contained in the remarkable words addressed by Christ to Peter on this occasion, as, for instance, on the one hand, that he was Lord of the Temple, and the injunction, on the other hand, that we cannot be too careful to avoid placing stumbling-blocks in the way of the ignorant. But another part of the instruction is more in point here. The duty of paying tribute, whether secular or religious, is most clearly inculcated in the story of this miracle. Now St. Peter not only says in his First Epistle, 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; honour all men; honour the king;' but he adds that we are to do this 'as being free,' and yet not using our freedom so as to do harm. And Christ said to his Apostle by the side of the lake, 'Then are the children free; notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast a hook.' Can we fail to see in this part of the epistle a reflection of the Lord's Galilean teaching, especially when we remember the words that were spoken in Peter's hearing on another occasion, 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's?' And if incidents connected with the Sea of Galilee had elements of powerful training for this Apostle's future life, we can still more definitely localise sacred influence of this kind in the city of Capernaum. This was the Lord's 'own city.' It also became the home of St. Peter. If we place these two facts together, they give to us a result full of meaning. Let us briefly employ two miracles to illustrate this general statement. It is difficult to think of the centurion whose servant was healed at Capernaum without calling to mind another centurion with whom Peter, a few years afterwards, was in close intercourse at Cæsarea. The admirable character of the two men must have left a deep and permanent impression upon his mind. The testimony, too, of the Jews was remarkably similar in the two cases. In the former instance they besought the Lord earnestly that he would grant the centurion's request, 'saying that he was worthy for whom he should do this: for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.' In the latter instance the messengers who come from Cæsarea to Joppa bear testimony to Peter that Cornelius is 'a just man, and one that feareth God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews.' Nothing could be more likely to prepare Peter for the work which he was destined to do afterwards at Cæsarea than the occurrence which took place at Capernaum. He had heard his Lord say of a heathen soldier that he had not 'found so great faith, no, not in Israel,' and that 'many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.' Such words must have found a lodging among Peter's thoughts, though they waited long before he was conscious of their full power. The silent loosening of prejudice is often imperceptible to the prejudiced mind itself."

That, so far as it goes, is genuine criticism. It brings out the connection between St. Peter's early and his later life, in cases where there was evidently no conscious reference in the mind of the later writer to the words of the earlier writing, though we can hardly think it possible that St. Peter would have written or acted as he did in the latter part of his life, if he had not passed through the earlier experiences to which the Dean of Chester refers us.

To take another illustration of the same harmony between St. Peter's memory of our Lord's teaching and his own subsequent teaching, Dean Howson holds that the fifth verse of the fifth chapter of his First Epistle, "All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility," translated in the Revised Version, "Yea, all of you, gird yourselves with humility to serve one another," embodies an implicit and unconscious reference to Christ's action in girding himself with a towel and washing the disciples' feet at the Last Supper, though the word used by St. Peter is a word implying (as it ought to imply) a much more constant and habitual *wearing* of humility, than the word in St. John's Gospel implies in relation to the towel with which our Lord performed the temporary office of washing the Disciples' feet:—

"The word used in this latter phrase is very singular. The use of any word describing 'clothing' would hardly be expected in describing humility. Unless some special thought were in the writer's mind, humility would more naturally be spoken of as an inner growth of grace in the heart, as, indeed, it is elsewhere spoken of in this very epistle, where we read of 'that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' But the word itself is, as has been remarked, very singular. It denotes a servile garment purposely employed for a menial task—an article of dress adapted and fastened on for the occasion. Even if it were otherwise, it would be difficult to believe that St. Peter could have written this without remembering how the Lord washed his disciples' feet, and what he said on that occasion, and specially to Peter himself. If any reader of these pages had been Peter, could he have written it without this recollection? The Lord put on a servile garment for the occasion—he '*girded* himself' before he addressed himself to that menial, gracious task, which was a parable in action never to be forgotten. This being so, how much force, how much life, is given to St. Peter's admonition! When his words come to us loaded with this loving, overwhelming remembrance, they bring to us all the weight of what our Saviour did and said on that sacred evening before the Crucifixion."

These are instances of the value of this little book, but we must say that if Dean Howson had given us less repetition of what he published last year on *The Evidential Value of the Acts of the Apostles*, and more careful criticism of the two Epistles of Peter, especially of the Second, on which, though he appears to incline to its genuineness, he says hardly anything, we should have thought the book a great deal more appropriate to the title given to it, and more worthy of the Dean's critical reputation. Nor can we say that we feel perfectly satisfied with such fragments of criticism of the two epistles as we do get. Take the criticism on the question whether the Babylon of St. Peter's First Epistle is the true Babylon, or the metaphorical Babylon of the Apocalypse,—in short, Rome. Dean Howson quotes the dedication,—"Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion, in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia," and remarks upon it thus:—

"Now, in approaching the question, on which so much has been written, whether it was really the literal Eastern Babylon, or the great city of the West described under an allegorical name, from which St. Peter sent this letter, we have a strong *primâ facie* argument, in the geographical order in which at the outset he ranges the Churches addressed by him. He begins with the north and sweeps round to the west. This would be quite unnatural in the case of one who was writing from a city of the West; but it would be an easy and obvious order to follow, when writing from a city of the East to residents in the provinces distributed according to this succession. This may seem, at first sight, a somewhat trivial argument; but it is really a strong one, because it rests on an obvious naturalness in the style of writing."

Now, no argument can be weaker than this. Whether a writer who writes from the east or from the west would find it more natural to begin with the north, and sweep round to the west, must depend, wholly, surely, on the natural bias of his own mind. Some would think of the more distant Churches first

and of the nearer last, others would think of the nearer first and the more distant last; but who can say which would be the more natural to any given writer, unless he had before him a very great number of instances of the usual leaning of that writer's sentiment in matters of this kind? That argument seems to us to come to nothing. The next passage has more force in it. It refers to the closing verses of the First Epistle,—namely, "By Sylvanus, our faithful brother, as I account him, I have written unto you briefly, exhorting and testifying that this is the true grace of God: stand ye fast therein. She that is in Babylon elect together with you, saluteth you. And so doth Mark, my son. Salute one another with a kiss of love. Peace be unto you all that are in Christ." On this the Dean writes:—

"A still stronger argument in favour of the literal interpretation of the word 'Babylon' in this verse is the fact that an allegorical interpretation is altogether out of harmony with the tone and tenor of the passage, and of the whole epistle. Silvanus is a literal messenger, definitely described by his true name. We should expect the same kind of language to be used of the place of writing. The epistle, too, deals with doctrinal statements and practical exhortations, and is altogether destitute of that mystical character which makes the metaphorical use of the word so evidently natural in the Apocalypse."

This is strong, so far as it goes, but as St. John, who was St. Peter's great friend, habitually speaks of Rome in the Apocalypse as Babylon, St. Peter may well have contracted from him—even if he did not know the Apocalypse—the habit of giving to Rome this name, especially in close contrast with "the elect." We should have supposed ourselves that a great deal must depend on the criticism of the Second Epistle, which, if it be attributable to St. Peter, would tend to give considerable support to the notion that St. Peter had adopted a good deal of the phraseology of the Apocalypse. The two Epistles, taken together at all events, would, if they were from the same writer, suggest a familiarity, if not with the Apocalypse itself, at least with usages of speech which, though among the quieter and simpler phrases of that imaginative book, are still very characteristic of the Apocalypse. In the First Epistle there is the passage (v., 8) "your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour," with the intimation following it that these trials can last but "a little while," which at once suggests the passage in the Apocalypse (xii., 12),—"the Devil is gone down unto you, having great wrath, knowing that he hath but a short time." In the Second Epistle, there is the passage (ii., 4) about angels committed to "pits of darkness," which directly suggests the Apocalypse; the passage (iii., 8) about a thousand years being but as one day, which, though it may recall the 90th psalm in the first place, has also, as it seems, a secondary reference to the thousand years of the Apocalyptic vision; the passage about "the new heavens and the new earth," after the dissolution of the old, which directly suggests the passage in the Apocalypse (xxi., 1); and the passage about the "day star rising in your hearts" (i., 20), which, again, suggests the morning star of the Apocalypse (xxii., 16). Our own judgment, then, would be that if both these Epistles proceeded from the same hand, it might well be that Babylon, in the First Epistle, was used by St. Peter in the sense of St. John, since the two Epistles together distinctly suggest a certain amount of familiarity in the writer with the usages of language in the Apocalypse. But whether the most sober criticism would or would not attribute the Second Epistle to St. Peter, the present writer would not like at present to express any opinion. If it would, the Second Epistle would be a signal illustration of the influence of St. John's richer imagination on his friend's mind. If it would not, then probably Babylon in the First Epistle ought to be accepted in its literal sense, as the name of the great Eastern city. These are matters of which we earnestly wish that Dean Howson had given us a more elaborate study.

ANOTHER BIOGRAPHY OF PENN.*

No one would say, after reading the works published by Dr. Stoughton, including his, in many respects, excellent volumes on *Religion in England from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the End of the Eighteenth Century*, that he is profound, or even profoundly erudite, either as a historian or a theologian. He strikes one rather as, in the Emersonian sense, a reporter, though a very agreeable and even skilful reporter. He can read the ordinarily available literature on any subject in which he is interested, and make a very readable *précis* of it. A Nonconformist, with much sympathy for Nonconformists in their historical struggles, his reading has been far too catholic to allow his writing to degenerate into bitterness. His style may not reach the high amenity that has marked some of the more thoughtful and artistic utterances of that other literary Congregationalist, Dr. Allon; yet, in his latest writings, Nonconformity, in the partisan sense, is a pleasant though quite decided aroma, rather than anything else. Dr. Stoughton's *Life of the Founder of Pennsylvania*, published in connection with the two-hundredth anniversary of his landing in America, is deserving of notice even quite as much for the writer's sake as for Penn's. It was, of course, hardly possible for Dr. Stoughton to bring to light facts bearing on Penn's life that have escaped the notice of Clarkson and Hepworth Dixon on this side of the Atlantic, or of the various historians of Penn and Pennsylvania in America itself. He has, however, come across and utilised some unpublished correspondence; and a visit he paid to the United States ten years ago, and inquiries he made there, have evidently helped him much, by freshening and mellowing his views. But if Dr. Stoughton has little that is positively new to tell us of Penn, his repetition of the old story is excellent in spirit and tone. His style is, however, somewhat unequal. Is there not the ring of the pulpit, if not of the platform of the Sunday-school "social meeting," in this account of Penn's birth?—"In the autumn of that year, October 14th, 1644, a little boy was born in the court adjoining London Wall, filling the house with joy and gladness." What can we say of the "little boy," or "filling the house with joy and gladness," but that it is literary "gag"? Take, again, such an expression of opinion as this:—"In reviewing the history of religious opinion, surely we should appreciate whatever may be true and good in forms of conviction and feeling which we are far from adopting entirely as our own. It is not requisite that people should be Roman Catholics in order to see what was beautiful in the character of Francis of Assisi, or Lutherans to see what was grand in the Saxon reformer, or Quakers to see what was profoundly spiritual in the founder of the Society." How very true, but then how very commonplace! Besides, why should Dr. Stoughton adopt a half-apologetic tone in defending catholicity of view, at least in days like the present, when we are tolerant enough to have satisfied even Jacobi, who contended that true tolerance consists in our being tolerant of each other's intolerance. On the other hand, take this, on Giulielma Maria, Penn's first wife, who seems, indeed, to have been as charming as she was pious and refined:—"A portrait of her exists, in which she appears with sweet face, light hair, a little black hood, a white kerchief, a deep, graceful stomacher, a silken dress with short sleeves, and delicate hands, the whole realising Charles Lamb's ideal of 'the shining ones.'" As a sketch, conceived in Burns's spirit—and a better spirit there cannot be—of "gently scanning your brother-man," still gentler, sister-woman—this is perfect, and nothing could be happier than the introduction of Lamb's ideal. It somehow recalls the only two genuinely poetical lines in Hobbes's version of Homer, those which describe the infant Astyanax at the scene of the parting of Hector and Andromache, in the Sixth Book of the *Iliad*:—

"And like a star upon her bosom lay
His beautiful and shining golden head."

But it would be alike uncharitable and unfair to suggest that the felicity of Dr. Stoughton's description is, like Hobbes's, but a lucky accident.

In once more championing Penn, as the friend and adviser of James II., against the attacks of Macaulay and smaller critics, Dr. Stoughton displays much judgment. He is thoroughly impartial. While he shows the absolute absurdity of explaining Penn's conduct at a crisis in the history of British liberties, alike political and religious, by the theory that he was a Jesuit, while he demonstrates that it must have been George, not William, Penn, that played "the broker lackey" in the scandalous Court transactions in which both the Maids of Honour and "the maids of Taunton" were mixed up, he allows that to say the least, his hero may have been imprudent in his interference between James and the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford. The truth, no doubt, is that Macaulay was as incapable of understanding Penn's character, with its mysticism, its inwardness, its tenacity of purpose dissociated from dogmatic

* *William Penn, the Founder of Pennsylvania.* By John Stoughton, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1883.

fanaticism, as Penn's own father, the irascible Admiral. Penn, indeed, predicted his own fate, if he did not reveal his own character and creed, when, in 1678, he pleaded before a Committee of the House of Commons in favour of the right of Quakers to make an affirmation instead of taking the oath, with a view to their sharing in the relief then proposed to be granted to English Dissenters. "Reading, travel, and observation," he then said, "made the religion of my education the religion of my judgment. My alteration has brought none to that belief; and though the posture I am in may seem odd or strange to you, yet I am conscientious; and till you know me better, I hope your charity will call it rather my unhappiness than my crime." Penn was a sincere Friend and mystic; what he did, still more what he wished to do, for Fox and other of the brethren, and his own family ostracism, sufficiently prove this. But study and travel, while they left the religion of Penn's judgment substantially the same as the religion of his "conversion," seem to have rubbed off fanaticism to a remarkable, if not incalculable, extent; he was a mystic, perhaps, much as Carlyle was, or at least as he wished his wife to be when he wrote her, with almost grotesque intensity, "Be a mystic, dearest." Penn may be said to have been a fanatical devotee of perfect freedom of conscience, much as the late Dean Stanley may be said to have been a fanatical devotee of latitudinarianism. Although the ruling Quakers of Pennsylvania, in formulating their final scheme of religious toleration, drew the line at Christianity, and so fell short of the religious fearlessness of the charter-makers of Rhode Island, Penn as Proprietor took different and higher ground. In one of his letters—if Dr. Stoughton has noticed this letter, the fact has escaped us—he said, "I went thither to lay the foundation of a free colony for all mankind that should go thither, more especially those of my own profession; not that I would lessen the civil liberties of others because of their persuasion, but screen and defend our own from any infringement on that account." It is at least possible that when Penn returned from America to England, he sought to turn James's Roman Catholicism and personal liking for himself to good account, by securing through them a victory for perfect toleration. If instead of James becoming his tool, he became James's, that should surely be considered, in his own words, as his unhappiness, rather than his crime.

Dr. Stoughton gives, as the frontispiece to his biography, a copy of the original picture of Penn, painted from life in the year 1666, when he was twenty-two years of age. His face must have been a very fine one, yet the large eyes suggest an Aurelian or melancholy thoughtfulness—derived, perhaps, from his Dutch mother—rare at such a period in life, and prophetic of trouble to come. And, in truth, Penn was a man of many sorrows. They began with his quarrels with his father over his Quakerism, and even his last years were clouded by the pecuniary misfortunes consequent on the misconduct of his son and the rascality of his agent, in the great colony which owes so much—its prosperity no less than its constitutional freedom—to his wisdom. He was familiar with prisons, he was for years in hiding, and there can be little question that the trouble he fell into as the result of his dealings with James, and from which he did not emerge till 1692, hastened the end of his devoted Giulielma Maria. That same year, "she gently expired in my arms, her head upon my bosom, with a sensible and devout resignation of her soul to Almighty God." But, until his son "fell off," Penn appears to have been happy in his domestic life. His eminently practical second wife played her part as well, and was, in her way, as devoted to him as even Giulielma Maria; he, in turn, was a model husband, if not also father. Penn took a genuine delight, too, in his work in Pennsylvania, in framing a Constitution, in negotiating with Indians, in doing a good and lasting, even if a necessarily imperfect, work in the interests of toleration. Above all, he had much more than the ordinary Englishman's, or even the ordinary politician's, share of "that ancient English dower of inward happiness," which, let us hope, exists in fact, and not merely in the patriotic imagination of Wordsworth. A subtle inwardness—a very different thing from the heart on-the-sleeve subjectivity which was willing to stand and deliver at the somewhat brusque bidding of a Macaulay—was Penn's secret. It was more, and better,—it was his support, his stimulus, his religion.

TWO "STUDIES" IN FICTION.*

The two novels we have bracketed together are, in some respects, as dissimilar as they well can be. Arthur Tregarthen, the tragedy of whose life Mr. Christie Murray tells in his new work, and Antoinette Raynor, the "misguidit lassie," introduced to us by the young lady—we say young lady, after due deliberation—who styles herself "Percy Ross," have each what the other wants, and so markedly, that a very skilful artist would have contrived to marry them as certainly as Mr. Hardy united the solid Oak to the skittish Bathsheba. It is, too, a very far cry from Mr. Murray's smoky literary Bohemia off the Strand to the breezy Highland respectabilities amidst which Antoinette leads her impulsive German lover such a provoking dance. Yet both stories are essentially of the single-character kind. Both are full of promise, dashed with what is known, in the critical slang of the hour, as "dangerous tendencies." Mr. Murray has arrived at a critical stage in his career. His novitiate as a craftsman—and a very tenderly-treated novitiate it has been, in spite of his truculent remarks on reviewers—is over, and it is now for him to settle whether he is to pursue steadily his own road of vigorous realism, or to follow the multitude along the parade of literary affectation. *By the Gate of the Sea* has in it not a little of Mr. Murray at his best, but it also seems to show that he has a hankering after being somebody else than himself. "Percy Ross," on the other hand, is only beginning her novitiate; unless we are altogether mistaken, *A Misguidit Lassie* is a first work by a new and young hand. There may be no depth, moral or other, in it; but there is brightness, quick perception of character, and a happy humour, ever so much better than the poor Thackeray-and-water of many modern novels which tries so often to pass, and is even sometimes mistaken, for depth. But there are also immaturities, and tendencies to burn incense before some of the false gods of present-day fiction. Criticism of both *By the Gate of the Sea* and *A Misguidit Lassie*, must, therefore, have an element of warning, if not of the didactic, in it.

Could Mr. Murray not have given us his *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark; or could he not, at the least, have given the Prince enough of the strong sense of Benedick to prevent his brain being softened and his life being shipwrecked, as he himself says, by collision with a bubble? *By the Gate of the Sea* is not so strong a novel as *Joseph's Coat* or even *Val Strange*. But there are some admirably-drawn characters in it,—and then there are not too many of them. Ronald Marsh, the poet, verges, perhaps, on caricature; the fur on his coat is, perhaps, a trifle too deep, and his hair is perhaps half an inch too long. But his development is well traced, and the final triumph of character over craze is sure to be enjoyed. Lorrimer, the vulgar, enterprising, but warm-hearted theatrical manager of a quarter of a century before Mr. Irving and Mr. Hollingshead, leaves nothing to be desired; and we are disposed to forgive Miss Churchill the actress everything but her husband and the weak little *suppressio veri* which made her lose him. But Mr. Murray should not again give his readers such a poor imitation of Hamlet as the crack-brained Cornishman, Arthur Tregarthen, with his morbid fancies, his bits of green glass, his search after the philosopher's stone. The misunderstanding that separates him from his wife is altogether incredible. Tregarthen's strong point, if he has any, is sincerity; and yet we find him, at a critical moment in his life, professing a dislike for, and a disbelief in, actresses which he only half feels. Then we are asked to believe that courageous self-reliance is the back-bone of the character of Miss Farmer, whom Tregarthen marries. Why, then, has she not the courage to tell her lover that she has been for a short time on the stage, the more especially as being there at all was a credit to her? Last, and worst, the device of inserting in the letter Mrs. Tregarthen leaves behind her, when she deserts her husband, dubious language which is taken to mean that she has been guilty of something worse than concealing from him the most heroic episode in a career of self-sacrifice, is one worthy only of a third-rate artist. *By the Gate of the Sea* suggests, in short, the idea that Mr. Murray wished in writing it to prove that he can write tragedy as well as other people. But he cannot. Like Mr. Black, he is at home among the humours and

* *By the Gate of the Sea.* By David Christie Murray. 2 vols. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.
A Misguidit Lassie. By Percy Ross. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

happinesses of human life, and should do nothing more serious than welcome home discarded faith at the end of his last volume. Mr. Black does not intend to present his admirers with another *Macleod of Dare* or *Madcap Violet*—at all events, it is to be hoped so, for the sake of his own reputation—and so we trust Mr. Murray will not give us another Arthur Tregarthen. Two more words of warning. There is no humour, there is scarcely even the fun of the public-school boy, in describing an eminent writer on ethics as "the Reverend Mr. Paley." Mr. Murray would do well, further, to cork-up his self-consciousness; certainly, he should not allow it to find vent in pugnacious prefaces and heavy-shotted dedications. There is nothing unnatural in his dedication of *By the Gate of the Sea* to Mr. Walter Besant, for there are scenes in it which remind one of the earlier works of the late firm of Besant and Rice. But why not dedicate it *sans phrase?* Above all, why tell us once more that "Nature brings not back the mastodon, nor we those times"? The Mastodon is becoming as tiresome as the Silver Streak and the Upas Tree.

There are in *A Misquidit Lassie*, as we have already indicated, many crudities and juveniilities. "Brave, tender Kingsley," is a boarding-school phrase. Moralisation is not a strong point with "Percy Ross," and fortunately she does not often give her readers information of this kind,—"A man is not necessarily what events make him; some men of strong individuality dominate their 'kismet,' and yet the circumstances of their sphere of action do act upon them, moulding and changing them in manner, if not in heart." "Kismet," by the way, is very nearly as much of a literary bore as "the mastodon." Childish impishness, no doubt, accomplishes some wonderful feats in the way of perverting language. But,—

> "There is a dreadful hell below,
> I have been there, and still would go,"

has a manufactured and indeed rather low-comedy look. There is no plot, to speak of, in *A Misquidit Lassie*. Emil Rosenthal is surely too poor and boyish a character to capture such a fancy as Antoinette Raynor's; and Helen Sinclair, whose part in the story is only second to Antoinette's, indicates a want of Scotch pride, reticence, and "dourness," in spite of her magnanimity, in accepting a lover at second-hand with so little ado. On the other hand, many of the characters are altogether true to Scotch nature, such as the dull-witted but not ungentlemanly Highland laird, Gordon Caergnent, and poor, unpractical Aunt Ishbel, although we are not quite sure as to the particular catechism of the *Free* Kirk of Scotland which she prefers to the Church's. But the real, if not the sole attraction of this story is the English girl with French blood in her veins who gives the title to it. There is at least reality in her moods, her practical jokes, her philanthropies, and her miseries. A bright naïveté is the essence of Antoinette's character and history; and there is such an absence of it in current fiction, that any writer who presents us with even a little deserves encouragement. Some ten, or perhaps even five years hence, "Percy Ross" should write what Carlyle styles "a real book," provided that the bloom is not off the natural grace of her style by that time, or that no affectation has taken its place.

MR. W. J. LINTON'S NEW ANTHOLOGY.*

If this delightful little volume had its deserts, it would not be reviewed by any critic until it had been carried in his pocket for half a year or more; taken out and opened in every interval of real leisure; read, marked, learned, inwardly digested, and made a part not merely of the reader's imaginative possessions, but of himself. "It can't be tasted in a sip," said Mr. Richard Swiveller, in his eulogy of the once popular beverage, "early purl;" and of Mr. Linton's anthology we have to take many sips—many full draughts, indeed—in order to appreciate the full charm of its delicate flavour. Unfortunately, readers will not wait to have their tasting done for them in this deliberate fashion; and they can hardly complain, therefore, if the estimates provided for them lack the subtlety of appreciation which comes only of long and intimate acquaintanceship.

The first impression left by even the most cursory survey of these "rare poems" is one of surprise that they should be rare. Of late years, the field of sixteenth and seventeenth-century verse has been so well reaped, that only a very sanguine gleaner could have hoped to pick up a few neglected ears; and yet here is a goodly sheaf, of which any toiler with the sickle might well be proud. Mr. Linton's volume is not a selection from the anthologies with new matter added; it is, as he describes it, a "supplement," consisting almost entirely of poems which have been either ignored by previous anthologists, or given by them in incomplete and otherwise faulty versions. That at this time of the day, the production of such a volume should be possible is surprising enough; but the surprise of most readers will be heightened when they discover that Mr. Linton's treasure-trove has been largely gathered, not from the works of obscure or unknown authors, but from volumes written by men whose work is known to every one who has any right to call himself a student of English literature. To mention several examples out of many, Sir Philip Sidney provides thirteen poems; Drayton, four; Beaumont and Fletcher, six; Ben Jonson, ten; Shirley, seven; and even in the garden of Robert Herrick, so much frequented by the anthologists, Mr. Linton finds no fewer than eight ungathered flowers of verse. The selection from poets more or less known fills more than half the volume, the remainder being occupied by gleanings from "Tottel's Miscellany," "Dowland's Song Books," and the various collections of madrigals, ballets, and the like, which were so abundant during the two centuries to which Mr. Linton devotes himself.

A peculiar quaintness, attractive or repellent according to the taste of the reader, is generally spoken of as the main characteristic of the poetry of this period; and to deny the presence of this quality would, indeed, be to indulge in a critical paradox. At no time, save one in which oddity and far-fetchedness were considered literary virtues, could an amorous poet have compared the "white skin" of his mistress to "curds well press'd," or said of her flesh that it was "as hard as brawn,"—two curious figures of speech which are to be found in a charming little poem by Sir Philip Sidney. Nor would it be easy to find, either in the verse of an earlier or a later age, anything to match the extraordinary composition by John Davies, of Hereford, entitled,

> "An Hellespont of Cream.
>
> If there were, O! an Hellespont of cream.
> Between us, milk-white Mistress, I would swim
> To you, to show to both my love's extreme,
> Leander-like,—yea, dive from brim to brim.
> But met I with a butter'd pippin-pie
> Floating upon't, that would I make my boat,
> To waft me to you without jeopardy:
> Though sea-sick I might be while it did float.
> Yet if a storm should rise, by night or day,
> Of sugar snows or hail of care-aways,
> Then if I found a pancake in my way,
> It like a plank should bear me to your quays,
> Which having found, if they tobacco kept,
> The smoke should dry me well before I slept."

But though quaintness, often, as in these lines, carried to an altogether ridiculous pitch, was abundant enough in the poetry of these two centuries, the critics have perhaps made rather too much of it. It is not the quaintness of these poets which gives their work its peculiar attractiveness, but the presence of other literary qualities of which quaintness is necessarily the occasional outcome,—their wealth of pure fancy (using the word in Wordsworth's sense), the dainty lightness of their handling, the pleasant symmetry of their construction and style, the ingenuity of expression which gives novelty and interest to the simplest and most hackneyed motives. This last characteristic—the combination of great simplicity and even triteness of theme with a loving elaboration of treatment which hides the triteness and keeps the charm of simplicity, while adding to it the alien charm of finely wrought complexity—is, we are inclined to think, the true "note" of the poetry of this age. What could be more frankly simple in conception or more artfully artless in execution than the stanzas addressed by Andrew Marvell to a "Fair Singer" who had enslaved him, which we quote not as the best, but as nearly the briefest example of the quality to which we have referred?—

> "To make a final conquest of all me,
> Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
> In whom both beauties to my death agree,
> Joining themselves in fatal harmony:
> That while she with her eyes my heart doth bind,
> She with her voice doth captivate my mind.
>
> I could have fled from One but singly fair,—
> My disentangled soul itself might save,
> Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
> But how should I avoid to be her slave,
> Whose subtle art all[illegible]y can wreathe
> My fetters of the very air I breathe?
>
> It had been easy fighting in some plain
> Where victory might hang in equal choice,

* *Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* A Supplement to the Anthologies. Collected and edited, with Notes, by W. J. Linton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

But all resistance against her is vain
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice:
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

This same quality of elaborated simplicity is to be found in such poems as Beaumont and Fletcher's "May I find a woman fair!" Herrick's dainty stanzas, "To Daisies;" the lines entitled, "Her Real Worth," by a little-known poet, Thomas Nabbes; and a score or two of others which we cannot even mention. Among those where a similar simplicity of motive is more or less hidden by obtrusive and yet attractive ingenuity of treatment are Sidney's sonnet, "My true love hath my heart;" Shirley's "Looking-glass;" Waller's felicitously-phrased apology "for having loved before;" and, most of all, in the curiously clever poem by an unknown author, the quality of which can be seen in the first stanza:—

"The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain;
The loss of gain long ill doth try;
Wherefore, come death, and let me die."

The simple beauty which we care to enjoy rather than to analyse is abundantly scattered over Mr. Linton's pages. Shirley's fine lines, "To one saying she was old," have never been surpassed in graceful tenderness; all lovers of poetry will be glad to have in its entirety Crashaw's exquisite address to,—

"That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;"

from Lovelace is taken a poem addressed "to Mr. Charles Cotton," which contains one stanza as noble as any in the perfect lyric by which the poet is best known; and among the anonymous pieces are two, "Love and Sorrow" and "Weep you no more, sad fountains," musical with a most captivating melody. Here is the latter:—

"Weep you no more, sad fountains!
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping!
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping."

Of Mr. Linton's sensible and careful notes—neither too scanty, nor too profuse—we have not left ourselves much space in which to speak, and they do not call for lengthened comment. Mr. Linton modestly disclaims scholarship, but he has the industry and accuracy which are the scholar's best equipments. Here and there he is certainly at fault. He evidently leans to what Alexander Smith called "the pestilent heresy" of those who hold that any poem of fourteen lines may be called a sonnet, and (p. 247, lines 1 and 2) betrays a curious ignorance of a word familiar to all readers of Shakespeare and other writers of a freer-speaking age than ours. Many of Mr. Linton's proposed emendations seem to us shrewd and reasonable; for some we cannot see any possible justification, but we must not stay to argue out points of detail which are, at the most, of little consequence. We may note just one matter which Mr. Linton has missed. The phrase "a bully boy," which is commonly supposed to be a recently-manufactured American vulgarism, is to be found in the song "Three Poor Mariners," taken from the collection entitled *Deuteromelia*, which was published in 1609, and is therefore to be counted among the many similar phrases which are so old that they have got the reputation of being new.

A SELECTION FROM SPENSER.*

We welcome with the heartiest good-will any book that is calculated to make Spenser better known to young readers. For them he has special charms. His imagination is boundless, his fancy inexhaustible, his purpose always noble, his purity divine. These expressions may seem extravagant to the man who is but slightly acquainted with the *Faerie Queene*, but let him read it through from end to end, and if he be a lover of the things that are lovely, he will feel that our words do not exaggerate its excellence. After such a perusal, the faults of Spenser as a poetical artist may not be less obvious, but the supreme power and enchanting loveliness of his verse will so take the reader captive that, forgetting to criticise, he will be satisfied to enjoy.

Spenser has been always styled the poet's poet, and the influence he has exercised on all, or nearly all his great successors, has been frankly acknowledged. How this prince of poets was loved and honoured in his own lifetime we all know, and when he died "his hearse was attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb." "What a funeral was that," adds Dean Stanley, "at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and, in all probability, Shakespeare attended; what a grave, in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away!" It has been said, probably with truth, that Spenser is the greatest Christian poet in the language, and we need not wonder that Milton thought him a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas; or, to come nearer our own time, that John Wesley, the most practical of men, recommended the *Faerie Queene* to his divinity students. A poet's teaching, however, is an indirect influence, and cannot be weighed and estimated like the teaching of a scholiast or theologian. His power is subtle, penetrating, pervasive, and like the atmosphere, it acts upon us imperceptibly. How is it possible to say what Shakespeare and Wordsworth have done for us? We know that we owe to them some portion of our lives, that they have made us think and feel as we could not otherwise have thought and felt; but how far we, as pupils, have learnt from those great masters, to what degree we should have been different men and women, had we never sat at their feet, is a question that cannot be answered. As well might we endeavour to analyse and define the influences of nature.

Miss Harrison's attempt to produce a selection from Spenser, "for home and school," is not, we think, likely to be wholly successful. Her notes are excellent, and she has spared no labour; but, in our judgment, two or three errors have been made which may to some extent interfere with the popularity of the volume. More than a third of the book consists of what, for want of a better term, must be called Spenser's minor poems. From the *Shepherd's Calendar* two eclogues are selected, doubtless for their historical interest; they would not have been chosen for their poetic beauty. Then follow "Mother Hubbard's Tale," "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," and ten sonnets "chosen with a view to their biographical interest;" and here, again, with perhaps one exception, Spenser's most poetical sonnets seem to be purposely omitted. He is never great, it is true, as a sonnet-writer, but among his eighty-eight poems composed in this form are several which none but a poet could have written; and, moreover, they are quite as biographical in character as those Miss Harrison has inserted, for they describe the Elizabeth he was destined to immortalise in the *Epithalamion*, the wife whom he has raised upon the wings of poetry to an unexampled height in English literature. Now, we venture to doubt whether the poems above mentioned, attractive though they may be to the poetical student, will have any charm for boys and girls. Spenser's special gifts are but slightly displayed in them, and if used in school, they are not unlikely to create the feeling of repugnance which, when a boy, Byron expressed for Horace. And the repulsion will be felt all the more strongly, since Miss Harrison has reprinted her selections in the antique spelling. No doubt there are cases in which this must be done for the sake of the rhyme, and there are words also in Spenser—some of them obsolete in his own time—that will not allow of being converted to the modern form; but as a rule, the editor would have done well to follow Professor Craik's example with regard to Spenser who does not lose, as Chaucer would lose, by the substitution as far as possible of modern orthography. The reason is obvious. Chaucer's construction and spelling belong to the age and to the poet; they are not the mere dress of his thought, but a portion of it, and are also inseparable from his music. To modernise the *Canterbury Tales* is to translate them, and in the work of translation the aroma of a poet's song is lost. On the other hand, if a canto of *The Faerie Queene* be read aloud, it will be found that, in spite of a few Spenserian peculiarities, the verse moves with the smoothness of a modern poem in the same metre.

* *Poems of Spenser.* Selected and arranged, with Notes, by Lucy Harrison. London: Bentley and Son.

And here we observe, with regret, that neither is the *Muiopotmos* inserted, which Mr. Lowell calls "the most airily fanciful of Spenser's poems," nor the *Epithalamion*, a nuptial song transcendent in loveliness, and in its purity "white as driven snow." We do not forget that this poem, which would alone suffice to make the name of Spenser immortal, was omitted from the *Golden Treasury*, on the ground that it is out of harmony with modern manners. The plea has always seemed to us unreasonable. The poem contains 433 lines, and the innocent simplicity and honest frankness of about 50 lines may be unfitted for the delicacy of an age that reads Zola, and more than tolerates Walt Whitman. Be it so. Spenser's homely speech may be sometimes too homely, but the poem can be abridged, and will lose comparatively little by a process not undesirable perhaps in a selection made for schools. To omit it altogether seems to us an injustice to the great name of Spenser.

Considering the little space at her disposal, the editor has, we think, done her best with *The Faerie Queene*, of which she prints the first book, with slight omissions, and such a glossary as will make the reading of the poem interesting to children. Students who wish to study it more thoroughly are referred to the copious annotations of Mr. Kitchin, who has edited the First Book of *The Faerie Queene* in the Clarendon Press Series. From the remaining books extracts are given, and these are generally well chosen. If they fail, as all extracts needs must, to show the genius of the poet, they will prove to all who have ears for verse the richness of his music, and to quote Shelley's words, the "inexpressible beauty of the measure" in which his great allegory is written.

ANTONIO ROSMINI SERBATI.*

The career of Antonio Rosmini, the founder of the Order of Charity, was a marked instance of what Roman Catholics call a "special vocation." Born heir to a large property, head of an ancient and distinguished family, with every opportunity ready to hand for political or social advancement, he seems consistently, from his childhood upwards, to have been completely insensible to the attractions thus held out to him, and to have had but one aim in life,—the devotion of all his talents and energies to the service of his fellow-men and to the cause of religion. When only six years old, we are told of his systematic employment of his pocket-money for purposes of charity, of his indifference to the ordinary pastimes of childhood as such, and of his constant endeavours to turn amusement and recreation into occasions for the moral improvement of himself and his companions. And although we cannot but fancy that his moral disquisitions at that mature age may have amused some of his school-fellows, who had a stronger sense of the ridiculous than of the sublime, and may have gained for him with a section of them the reputation of being something of a "prig;" yet to one who studies his character dispassionately, and observes the entire absence of any trace of affectation in him, and the steady and consistent growth of the qualities thus early manifested, the records of his early childhood are not less admirable than remarkable. "He was, in fact, as Don Paoli [his Italian biographer] puts it, a reflecting child at two years of age, an almsgiving boy at five, a most studious youth at seven, a practical ascetic at twelve."

The last representative of an ancient and illustrious race, it is not surprising that he should have found it difficult to obtain the consent of his parents and relations to his renouncing all thoughts of marriage, and entering the sacerdotal state. Every possible consideration was held out to dissuade him from his resolve, but with that fixity of purpose and consistency of character to which his life and letters bear witness, he never swerved for a moment in his design. He seems, indeed, to have been dead to the attractions of a great position and of worldly society,—or rather, they appear to have been absolutely distasteful to him. To work for "the Christian cause" was not his first idea only, but his only idea. Twice in the earliest days of his priestly career could he have held, had he cared for it, a position which must have led to the highest ecclesiastical honours. He was firm, however, in his refusal to accept anything which was inconsistent with the special work which he considered to be required of him. "I regard," he wrote to the Bishop of Trent, "as one of the principal rules regulating my course, that which forbids me to assume any office likely to impede the doing of a greater work *already commenced*." Indeed, the priesthood meant, in his eyes, something very distinct from prelacy or the Cardinal's hat. He announces his determination to don the cassock to his friend Bartolomeo Menotti, in the following terms:—

"Oh, how grateful I feel for the excellent advice you give me, *never to forget the Christian Commonwealth*, for truly it is sweet and noble and just advice! Indeed, there is no wisdom here below, if it come not from the Father of all Light. You may, therefore, rest assured that the pursuit of letters has of itself no charms for me. I am resolved to become a priest, and to part with all that I have to purchase a treasure which neither moth nor rust can fret away, and where thieves cannot break in and steal. What little learning I possess, I mean to make use of, with God's help, in the work of education. (And what more pleasing task than to be useful to our fellow-men?) Nor will I suffer my body to eat its bread in idleness,—it must toil and labour; my worldly substance I shall employ in advancing the sciences and relieving the poor. These sentiments are dictated not by my intellect alone, but by my heart also. Continue to be my friend, and recommend me to our Lord."

It argued a marked individuality of character in Rosmini, to choose a career so entirely different from that which was ready made for him by his birth and position, and it may be instructive to inquire whence he gained the strength which enabled him so persistently to stem the current of external circumstances, until he had accomplished his great aims,—of developing and systematising a Christian philosophy, and of begetting what his biographer calls "a spiritual family," devoted to works of charity, in place of a new generation of Rosminis of Rovereto. So far as the work before us throws light on this question, he appears to have owed his great strength of purpose and intense conviction, and consequent influence on others, mainly to two causes,—his love and practice of solitude and meditation, and his natural powers of sympathy and friendship. These two qualities, though at first sight unlike each other, were in reality in him a part of the same temperament. They were both the fruits of a love of concentration and a hatred of dissipation. He could not endure to fritter away his time over the mere conventionalities of general society, and loved either that solitude which enabled him to pursue his own reading and meditation—intensifying thereby his aspirations and enlarging his capabilities—or the society of familiar and sympathetic friends whom he could influence for good, and who assisted him in turn by their sympathy and conversation, enlarging and developing his views by comparison and discussion, and adding to his own enthusiasm that special and potent motive-power to work which is known as *esprit de corps*. Both solitude, then, and this interchange of ideas with kindred spirits served the same great purpose, the furtherance of his *work*. What he could not endure was anything which distracted him from it, or even anything which did not positively tend to its better performance. "I am more and more enamoured of this solitude," he writes from his favourite retreat, the Casino del Monte, whither he had retired shortly after his ordination to the priesthood; "it is full of God." Visiting at the house of a comparative stranger was no more a pleasure to him than it was to Macaulay. It seemed sheer loss of time:—

"I have been obliged to go to Ala, to spend some days with a gentleman of that place. Time passed away drearily enough, I can assure you, and it seemed an age ere I got home again. Far away from all I hold dear in life, with my wonted regularity ruthlessly trespassed upon, I became almost a prey to melancholy, my only comfort the while being to snatch to myself a few hours, when I could, now and then, that I might spend them all alone in my chamber, reading or in prayer. At last I have returned, and read your letters with the greatest eagerness. They furnished most delicious nourishment, and were well calculated to refresh the weary wanderer."

So, too, when he visited Rome for the first time, in 1823—a visit which, to one with his beliefs and aspirations, was an epoch in his life—he was much harassed by the numerous visits and social duties which his position as head of his family and his reputation, great even then at the age of twenty-six, entailed upon him. "To visit the sacred shrines," writes his biographer, "and see the treasures of art and explore the venerable remains of ages long past, afforded him great pleasure indeed; but this had its drawback, in the fact that he was always escorted by those whose kind attentions oppressed him. Far sooner would he have seen all these things while alone and unknown. He had, however, to bear the burden of exalted intimacies, and to submit to be somewhat lionised." Indeed, the trial of this element of worldly society in the Eternal City was so great to his sensitive and earnest nature, that we find him writing at this time to his mother:—"In spite of the many attractions by which I am surrounded, I yearn to find myself once more restored to home retirement."

* *Life of Antonio Rosmini Serbati, Founder of the Institute of Charity.* By Gabriel Stuart Macwalter. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

One circumstance deserves to be mentioned in connection with the assistance and strength he derived from the sympathy of his friends, and that is his intimacy with Madame de Canossa, the foundress of the "Daughters of Charity," who devote themselves to the education of the poor. What St. Scholastica was to her brother, St. Benedict, what Madame de Chantal was to Francis of Sales, that was Madame de Canossa to Antonio Rosmini. It is not too much to say that, but for her influence, the Fathers of Charity might never have existed, and she had undoubtedly much to do with the formation of the constitutions of the new Order.

The biographer's work is so far well done, that he has presented us with an interesting, fluently written, well arranged narrative of Rosmini's life, and a judicious selection from his letters. Moreover, his enthusiasm for his hero has given the sketch that touch of life which a dry narrative of events can never possess. The only criticism which we make is that he has been led too far by this enthusiasm, not so much in the general impression he conveys of Rosmini's character, as in the constant attributing of a specific providential design or a given supernatural meaning to the smallest events of his life. It would take us too long to illustrate this in detail, but it struck us again and again in the course of our reading, and gives the book a somewhat unreal character. Apart from this, it is, so far as it has yet advanced, a not unworthy biography of one of the few men of original genius whom a Roman Catholic education has produced in our days, and of a very remarkable philosophical thinker.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Free-Church Principle: its Character and History. By Sir Henry Welwood Moncrieff, Bart., D.D. (Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh; Hodder and Stoughton, London.)—Mr. Robert Macfie in 1880 founded a lectureship called the "Chalmers Lectureship," the topic for the lectures being "The Headship of Christ over His Church, and its Independent Spiritual Jurisdiction." The first holder was the veteran Free-Church leader Sir Henry Moncrieff, who, by the instructions of the Free General Assembly, took for his first subject "The Principles of the Free Church in Connection with the Writings and Expressed Views of Dr. Chalmers." This special subject is disposed of in three introductory lectures, which deal with Dr. Chalmers's action and utterances from 1813 down to the time of the Disruption. He then deals with the general question. We are tainted, we suppose, in Sir H. Moncrieff's view, with what he calls "the Disease of English Erastianism," and shall not discuss the views set forth in this volume. Let it suffice to say that they could not have found a more able and thorough-going advocate. In this volume the most interesting section, to our mind, is the last, "The Clear Difference between Our Claim and Any Popish One." Here is a significant sentence,—"What we ask for, therefore, and have all along asked for, is a recognition of the principle set forth by Lord Kames,—the principle that the formation or dissolution of a spiritual relationship belongs exclusively to the Church Courts, even though the effect should be to separate that relationship from the civil advantages which the State intended to accompany it." A minister, therefore, can be deprived by the Church Courts of his spiritual status, while the Civil Courts uphold his rights to his temporalities. How long will the principle of Establishment survive this difficulty? There is, indeed, an interesting speculation in the question, "When will the Free Church become Voluntary in theory, as it is already in fact?"

Recollections of the Kabul Campaign, 1879-1880. By Joshua Duke. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—This handsome volume, the value of which is materially increased by the addition of maps and sketches, contains an eye-witness's account of the advance of General Roberts through the Shaturgardan Pass to Cabul, the occupation of the city by that General, and the events of the campaign up to the relief march from Cabul to Candahar. This march Mr. Duke accompanied. He also gives his conclusions gathered on the spot shortly after the occurrence of the massacre of the English Embassy in Cabul, and of the Amir Yakub Khan's conduct with respect to it, conclusions to which General Roberts, in a letter prefixed to the volume, gives an emphatic approval. The book is thoroughly readable throughout. The author seems a careful observer, and has the gift of describing what he sees.

The Three Witnesses. By the Rev. H. T. Armfield, M.A. (Bagster and Sons.)—Mr. Armfield deserves, in any case, the praise of courage. "Lost causes" approve themselves to a certain class of chivalrous minds, and the cause of the "Three Witnesses" is surely lost. Surely, there is no need to say anything more, when we have the fact, stated with commendable candour in the preface, that "the verse is found in no one of the principal MSS. of the New Testament," more especially when we consider that it strongly favours what has been the dominant creed of Christendom. Is it credible that a verse which would furnish to anti-Arian disputants a weapon of inestimable value should ever have been permitted to drop out of the text?

For the Major. By Constance Fennimore Woolson. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mrs. Woolson is already favourably known to English reader by her clever and pleasing though rather prolix story called *Anne*, a work which reveals a true sense of humour and an elevated and thoughtful mind. The present slighter story is also attractive, and there is much pathos in the Major's declining state, and in the devotion of his daughter and his second wife. We must, however, decline to believe that any major in real life could be deluded into the belief that a woman over thirty-five was an ingenuous charmer of twenty-three, and continue serenely to cherish the belief during many years of matrimony. The sketches of American life and character in a remote village in the south are quaint, interesting, and read life-like; and the whole slender edifice of the story, reminding us of the paper houses of Japan, holds well together.

Readings in Social Economy. By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. (Longmans.)—"I cannot but think it emphatically necessary," says Mrs. Miller, in her preface, "that social science shall be written, as physical science has been already, with a special view to popular study." Now, this analogy is, we think, a little misleading, as analogies are apt to be. We all know that physical science cannot be taught out of books; there must be a laboratory, where practical work can be done. And books "written with a view to popular study" take account of this fact. They presuppose a laboratory. They do not profess to teach without it. But where is the laboratory of social science? The fact is that it is life, practical life, and this is just the thing to which the children for whom this book is written can get, happily can get, no sufficient access. We do not undervalue the book, which is, indeed, full of sound sense, and, to those who are really qualified to read it, very valuable. But we think that children are not, and cannot be, so qualified. We are convinced that no book, however well written and admirable in itself, can be of real service in that direction. But those who know something of life cannot do better than get their experiences summed up, enlarged, or corrected, as the case may be, by Mrs. Miller's capital little book.

Circe's Lovers. By Leith Derwent. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—"Circe" is a certain Lilian Desmond, who achieves a great success upon the stage, first in burlesque, then in the comedy of Shakespeare and Sheridan. Her lovers are three—to speak of those who appear in the scenes of this novel—the teller of the story, whom she pretends to love, to carry out purposes of her own; Edward Stanhope, to whom her heart is really given; and Lord Hampstead, a philanthropic Peer, whom she marries for the sake of his title, his position, and his wealth. It is not a pleasant picture, this, that Mrs. Leith Derwent has given us, a woman fooling men with her flatteries and caresses; but it is drawn, we will allow, with a firm outline and in vivid colours. Circe is not a mere vulgar deceiver, trading on her beauty. There are some really subtle strokes in her character, and we find ourselves in doubt whether she is in earnest or no. We are made to see that she is even in doubt herself. In fact, we have here real art, not very pleasant, perhaps, to regard, but effective and real.

Farmer John. By George Holmes. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—There is nothing, of course, that will not be pressed into the service of the writer of fiction, and the Salvation Army is not likely to be an exception. Such we suppose to be the original of what is here called "The Heavenly Railway Company." This is a society of revivalists, which holds its meetings in Applecombe, and to which the learned vicar of that place, conscious of his inability to touch the hearts of his flock, gives his sanction. Between the enthusiasm of these people, and the charms of a young woman who is one of their evangelists, and the temper of a very disagreeable sister, and, perhaps we may add, judging from our own experience, the very peculiar dialect spoken by everybody about him, "Farmer John" is driven to distraction. This is the main plot of the story, which has the appearance of being a study from real life, but which wants the vivifying touch of art, without which real life is as wearisome in books as it often is to the actors. It is a common mistake to suppose that we produce a good picture, and one worth looking at, by simply copying things and persons that we see. All the conscientious care which Mr. Holmes has doubtless bestowed on his novel—in reproducing, for instance, the dialect—has failed to give anything but a dreary effect to *Farmer John*. Yet we see indications of power in it,—the gift of faithful copying is something, and may be developed into something better. If this is a first book—and we see no mention of other works on the title-page—it may well be followed by something better.

POETRY.—*Sonnets.* By the Earl of Rosslyn. (Blackwood and Sons.)—We have known Lord Rosslyn hitherto as a ready writer of verse that was always melodious and fluent, though showing few traces of power. These sonnets are a distinct advance. The sonnet is, indeed,

to a writer who really knows the principles of his art, and has the necessary command of expression, an admirable vehicle of thought, more especially if facility is a temptation to him. The necessary compression and effort are exactly the discipline which he needs, as well as the fact, which a man of sense and culture and reading must needs recognise, that there must be a central thought in each poem, a thought, too, not unworthy of the labour which has been obviously spent upon it. These sonnets—the work, as we gather from the dates, of many years—are of course unequal in merit; but they rise occasionally, we may say more than occasionally, to a high level of merit. Here is one which, we do not hesitate to say, ought to have its place in any collection of the future:—

"Old Letters.

It seems but yesterday she died, but years
Have passed since then; the wondrous change of time
Makes great things little, little things sublime,
And sanctifies the dew of daily tears.
She died, as all must die; no trace appears
In History's page, nor save in my poor rhyme,
Of her, whose life was love, whose lovely prime
Passed sadly where no sorrows are, nor fears.
It seems but yesterday; to-day I read
A few short letters in her own dear hand,
And doubted if 'twere true. Their tender grace
Seems radiant with her life! Oh! can the dead
Thus in their letters live? I tied the band,
And kissed her name as though I kissed her face."

There is a simple, tender pathos about this which makes it very effective. Here is another, a charming picture, drawn in a gayer mood:—

"The Wood-Nymph.

The lime-trees shed their blossoms, and the scent
Filled the light air that dallied round the grove;
The honeysuckle tendrils deftly wove
A net to catch them—sweets on sweets intent.
The thyme, scarce crushed (for she a-tiptoe went),
Breathed a faint tribute of its dying love,
Clinging about her foot-steps as they move,
And all the wood in smiling homage bent.
Fair as young birds in early spring, one hand
Led in rose-fetters a new-captured fawn,
The other held a palm leaf, from the stream
That trickled through the thicket,—like the wand
Of some enchantress, gracious as the Dawn
She passed, this Dread of a poet's dream."

——*College Days; Recorded in Blank Verse.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The author has a certain gift of humorous description, but we cannot make out that he has any gift of verse. Verse is, of course, the appropriate channel for such trifles as these, which, indeed, would hardly be written if the author were limited to prose. But then it must be of a better quality than this. Dignity it need not have, but lightness and ease it requires, and this is exactly what "Leslie Howard" seems unable to command. Here is a sketch, not without some skill, but sadly marred by the worse than prosaic verse:—

"He is an 'academic radical,'
His theories fast advancing, while he sits
In 'Queen Anne rooms,' and soothes his lonely soul
With ancient silver, old Venetian glass,
And all things which a perfect taste demands.
His greatest and most ardent wish, he says,
Is a desire to elevate and teach
The masses; not directly, it would seem,
His mission being rather, it appears,
To elevate the masses through a high,
Ennobling medium of dukes and earls.
He brings his mighty influence to bear
Upon a barbarous aristocracy,
Showing *them* how to lead the mob to light;
And in so doing feels himself to be
A perfect benefactor of mankind."

——*Songs by the Wayside of an Agnostic's Life.* By Himself. (Stewart and Co.)—The writer expresses a dreary creed, or, rather, negation of creed, in appropriately dreary verse. Here is a fair specimen:—

"So grindeth on immensity,
And all are crushed beneath
Its ponderous wheel, for soon or late,
We all subside in death.
And surely it is blasphemy
For earthworms to presume
That at their whisper law should cease;
A nod—its course resume."

Anyhow, there is no dangerous music here, as of a siren, to draw the hearts of men from the ancient paths of faith.——*Lady Margaret's Sorrows, and other Poems,* by Cameron Madowall (W. H. Beer and Co.), has reached a second edition, as we gather, not from the title-page, but from a page of quoted criticisms. This is praise enough. If it should attain the honour of a *third*, we would suggest that "wither-gather" and "sister-Easter," rhymes which we find in two successive stanzas, are susceptible of improvement.——*The King of the Silver City, and other Poems.* By "A. W." (Women's Printing Society.)—"A. W." writes some vigorous verse, inspired, we should imagine, from the general character of her poems, by a strong yearning for a democratic *régime*. Still, we are intended, we suppose, to learn from the first and longest poem in the volume that Demos is fickle, and that they who serve him must look for the reward of betrayal. There is something fine in the thought, though the expression somewhat fails, of the following (from the poem entitled "Demagogos)":—

"If the cloud has lifted for me
O'er the path our feet have trod;
If I have knelt in the secret place
And heard the voice of God;

Should I fold my hands and rest,
While ye are athirst and astray?
Shall I not lift up my voice and cry,
'Follow, this is the way!'

Not for your thanks, your praise!—
Nay, O my own, it were sweet
To slip, and stumble, be trampled down,
And die beneath your feet,

If only at last the crowd,
Pushing and pressing sore,
Should find the path and stand in the light,
Free on the glorious shore!"

——*Lyre and Star: Poems.* By the Author of "Ginevra," &c. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—The author, who has already given to the world some eight or nine tragedies, now brings out a volume of occasional verse, containing considerably more than a hundred poems. We must own that we have found them somewhat wearisome. The tragedies have at least a story; but the motive of these pieces is not evident. They even fail in the commonest necessary qualities of expression. Here are two stanzas, from a poem entitled "Two Spirits:"—

"One, warm and radiant as the glorious sun,
That kindles up the stars to light
The heavens, when his daily course being run,
He for a time gives place to night.
The other, cold and pale as moon, that gleams
On iceberg in a Polar sea,
Where brooding frozen silence only seems
To wake the ghosts of things that be."

——*Strains from the Strand: Trifles in Verse.* By H. S. Leigh. (Tinsley Brothers).—There are many sounds in the Strand, and for most of them some ears appreciative. It is possible that even these rightly-named "trifles" may be read with pleasure by some, but it must be in their very idlest hours.——*Beowulf, an Anglo-Saxon Poem,* and *The Fight at Finnsburye.* Translated by James M. Garnett, M.A. (Ginn and Heath, Boston, U.S.)—This volume contains some very painstaking work by an American scholar. We cannot help, however, regretting, on behalf of the general public of readers, the choice of the literal line-for-line form. It always detracts from the vigour and beauty of a poem, even when, as in this case, the language of the original is an ancestor of the language of the translation. Mr. Garnett does not think that the shorter fragment ever belonged to Beowulf. The date of the poem he considers to be, at the latest, before 752 A.D.——Of *Verses of Varied Life,* by Mackenzie Bell (Elliot Stock), we cannot honestly praise more than the sentiments and intention.

We have to acknowledge a second edition of *Where to Find Ferns, with a Special Chapter on Ferns Round London.* By Francis George Heath. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Heath gives the *particular positions,* but not the *exact spots,* in which ferns grow. Hence the reader will have to exercise his intelligence in applying principles, and the mere collector, who extirpates wherever he goes, will be baffled. It is to be hoped that every intelligent botanist will take care that no habitat of a rare fern shall cease to be so for anything that he may do.

Novels.—*Geraldine Hawthorne.* By the Author of "Miss Molly," &c. (Blackwood and Sons.)—The first few pages of this story enable us to recognise without difficulty the work of a true literary artist. The style is pure and harmonious, the picture of the orchard and garden and of the gracious maiden who moves along their paths are delicately and effectively drawn. The story is simple, perhaps somewhat wanting in incident, but furnished with an adequate motive. There is, indeed, something more than ordinary power in the comparison between Geraldine's father, the refined student, with his weak shrinking from the practical, without energy to finish even the intellectual tasks which he sets himself, and her masterful lover, the very opposite of the other, who yet comes to a failure still more deplorable, because he lets his ambition prevail even over honour. The faithfulness of the woman still clinging to the man of whose grievous falling-away from right she fully recognises the guilt, makes a striking picture, which is thrown into relief by the contrast with its companion, Geraldine's kinswoman, Penitence.——*Love, and its Counterfeit.* By Alice Bernard. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—In the first chapter, we are introduced to a brutal husband and a long-suffering wife. The wife's "foster-brother" appears on the scene,—so at least he is called, though it is explained that he is "the son of her father's step-sister, who had married a German." The Count returns to England from Venice, and the husband pays court to a young lady in the neighbourhood. The history of this courtship is about the most absurd improbability that we have ever seen in a novel. At the end of the volume the wife is murdered, by the simple process of her husband's putting his foot on her train as she is going down the stone staircase, the process being assisted by the "tiny, high-heeled boots" which, the author has been at the pains to tell us, she is in the habit of wearing. In the second volume, the courtship appears to prosper, the young lady having, it would seem, the most conveniently lax notions of the morality which may be looked for in a man. But in the third, the "foster-brother" appears on the scene and explains the truth, and ultimately marries the deceived young lady. The murderer, too, is provided with another wife, and apparently suffers no other punishment than having to recognise his eldest son as the heir to his estates. Cer-

tainly, Miss Bernard cannot be accused of "pelting her bad people with the soft roses of poetical justice." Still, poetical justice is better than nothing. And if we are to have a story wholly remote from life, as this story certainly is, it is as well to have it constructed on the recognised principle that bad people are punished and good rewarded. As it is, there is nothing to make up for its absurdity. ——*Poppy*. By Mrs. Beresford. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—Mrs. Beresford provides herself with the hero and heroine so valuable, nay, so indispensable to writers of her class. We have an *ingénue*, whose face is "a rare combination of sweet temper and hot passions, intense sensitiveness and keen intellect." (She is just sixteen, it should be remembered; "hot passions" visible in the face of a girl of sixteen!) And we have a hero, a *blasé* profligate, of whom we are told a good deal of evil, and left to imagine much more. The familiar device of an embarrassed father is called into action; and a marriage takes place early in the story, a sure sign of mischief when a writer like Mrs. Forester has the telling of it. Not content with these elements of disturbance, the author invents a pair of adventuresses, who impose themselves upon a credulous old gentleman as his nieces. One of them is the profligate's mistress, the other entraps the heroine's brother into a marriage. And so the story goes on, well intended, doubtless, but, in our judgment, ill-judged to the last degree, and certainly most ill written. Here is a sentence from the passage which describes the heroine when a horse runs away with her carriage:—"The Admiral, still more behind is a man with a white, drawn face, knowing the fruitlessness of his efforts." Who can construe that? or, without the context, would know that the next sentence, "but the quick blood was not to be chilled," means that she was not to die?—— *Monk's Hollow*. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—Well-known characters and incidents reappear in *Monk's Hollow*. There is the ruined baronet, who sells his daughter to a wealthy suitor; the young woman who is compelled to sacrifice her love to the necessities of her father; the brutal and indifferent husband; the wife, who half yields to the impassioned appeal of her lover, but is saved by hearing the footsteps of her child; the railway accident, which cuts one difficult knot; and the other familiar machinery of the novelist. The speciality of this anonymous author is to be found in her millinery. She never forgets, even in the most agonising crisis of a heroine's fate, to tell us how the sufferer was dressed. "Overcome with emotion, she threw herself down on her sofa, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping." But the dinner-bell sounds, and we have the satisfaction of seeing her, "supremely lovely, in spite of the traces of tears on her pale cheeks, clad in a high cream satin, adorned with numberless frills of fine lace, and relieved by a knot of crimson roses at her throat." We are on the eve of a frightful quarrel between husband and wife, and the picture is made vivid by the description of the wife's dress:—"A deep crimson satin, high to the throat [this seems a special point], with priceless point-lace ruffles, her only ornament a string of Oriental pearls clasped lightly round her thin, white neck." It is probable that affliction is mitigated by the consciousness of having costly lace. But lace is also appropriate to happiness. The brutal husband dies, and the widow is married in "dark-blue Indian cashmere and velvet," with "soft lace about her throat," and we bid her farewell as she drives off, enveloped in a dolman, a costly affair of darkest-blue plush," &c. If there is any unmistakeable note of vulgarity, it is the use of these epithets, "costly," "priceless," &c. The "meat and drink" are not forgotten, any more than is the clothing. The painful scene where the father implores his daughter to accept his creditor is prefaced by the menu of luncheon, which we hear was "a delicate repast, consisting of a Strasbourg pâté, a timbale of chicken, flanked by a bottle of Château Margaux and some hot-house grapes."——*Estcourt*. By Lord James Douglas. 2 vols. (Bentley and Sons.)—We must own ourselves to be little acquainted with the subject of which Lord James Douglas writes. We never heard of a great race which seems to go by the name of the "Billesdon Coplow," and we are not quite sure of the meaning of "poney" and "monkey," beyond knowing that both words are used in what logicians call a "second intention." We cannot say, therefore, any more than that the author seems very much at home in his subject, except it be to commend, from our point of view, the feeling which is expressed by his hero, coming back from the Franco-German war, and finding the old world of racing and betting,—namely, that this occupation is not worthy of serious men. The war scenes are described with vigour, and the story generally moves on with liveliness.

We have received *The Lives of Jehan Vitrier and John Colet*, translated from the Latin of Erasmus by J. H. Lupton, M.A. (Bell and Sons.)—*The Elements of Logic*, by T. K. Abbott, B.D. (Longmans, Green, and Co., London; Hodges, Figgis, and Co., Dublin.)—*County Court Cases*, by H. A. De Colyar, being reports of cases heard in the County Courts included in the Circuits Nos. 45 and 46. (Horace Cox.)—A fifth and enlarged edition of R. F. D. Palgrave's *Chairman's Handbook*, a handy and useful manual; Theakston's *British Angling Flies*, revised and annotated by F. M. Walbran. (Sampson Low and Co.)—A revised edition of *Voices in Solitude*, by R. G. H. (Maxwells.)—*The Sea Fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland*, by E. W. H. Holdsworth, one of a series of illustrated volumes on "British Industries," edited by G. Phillips Bevan. (E. Stanford.)—A fifth edition of the Rev. S. Haughton's *Natural Philosophy Popularly Explained*. (Cassell and Co.)—An author's pocket edition of *One Summer*, by B. W. Howard. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)—A second edition of *First Lessons in Book-keeping*, by J. Thornton. (Macmillan.)—*Book-keeping by Double Entry*, by A. Cariss. (Effingham Wilson, London; H. Young, Liverpool.)—*Medical Guide to the Mineral Waters of France and its Wintering Stations*, by A. Vintras, M.D. (Churchills.)—*Health Resorts and Spas*, by H. J. Hardwicke, M.D. (Allen and Co.)—*Tourists' Guide to Swansea, Mumbles, and Gower*, by J. C. Woods. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London; Edwards, Swansea.)—*The Eastern Counties*, by C. S. Ward, M.A., with Maps and Plans by Bartholomew, an addition to the "Thorough Guide Series" issued by Dulau and Co.)—A second edition of Dr. G. H. Brandl's *Baths of Royat*. (Lewis.)—*Æsthetical Sanitation*, by W. White, a reprint of papers originally published in the *British Architect*.—*Queer Fish*, by R. Overton, a reprint of character sketches originally published in magazine form. (Dean and Son.)—*Third Historical Reader*, "England, from 1603 to the Present Time," for the use of scholars in Standards VI. and VII.; a series of *School Recitation Books*, for the use of scholars in Standards II.-VI. These books form commendable additions to the capital "Educational Series" issued by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.—*Poems and Ballads for Penny Readings*. (Wyman and Sons.)

We have received from Messrs. F. S. Nichols and Co. an etching, by Percy Thomas, of the old White Inn Yard, Southwark, as it stood in 1882.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Balfour (C. L.), Lyndon, the Outcast, cr 8vo	(Partridge)	2/0
Booth, of the Blue Ribbon Movement, cr 8vo	(Passmore)	3/6
Bronkhurst (H. V. P.), Colony of British Guiana, cr 8vo	(Wes. Conf. Office)	10/6
Caddy (Mrs.), Adrian Bright, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Campin (F.), Hand Turning in Wood, cr 8vo	(Spon)	6/0
Carolino (P.), The New Conversation in Portuguese and English	(Trübner)	2/6
Ceremonial Guide to Low Mass (The), 12mo	(Pickering)	4/6
Cole (A. C.), Studies in Microscopical Science, Vol. I., 8vo	(Baillière)	25/0
Collins (M.), From Midnight to Midnight, 12mo	(Chatto & Windus)	2/0
Day (E. P.), Collacou; an Encyclopædia of Prose Quotations	(Low)	21/0
Fanu (J. S.), Rose and the Keys, 12mo	(Warne)	2/0
Fleming (A.), Life of, 8vo	(A. Gardner)	10/6
Gresley (S.), Glossary of Terms in Coal Mining, cr 8vo	(Spon)	5/0
Gwynne (P.), Poems and Ballads, cr 8vo	(T. F. Unwin)	3/6
Hackwood (F. N.), Notes of Lessons on Moral Subjects, cr 8vo	(Nelson)	2/0
Hall (W. H.), Gleanings in Ireland after the Land Acts, cr 8vo	(Stanford)	2/6
Hawthorne (N.), Mosses from an Old Manse, 12mo	(Paterson)	2/0
Hinton (J.), Love's Offering, cr 8vo	(Remington)	5/0
Kingston (W. H. G.), Paddy Finn, 16mo	(Griffith & Farran)	6/0
Miles (H. G.), From Do-Nothing Hall to Happy-Day House (Wells Gardner)		2/6
Moore (M. B.), The Warden's Tale, &c., 16mo	(Remington)	6/0
My Picture-Book, imp. 16mo	(Partridge)	1/6
Paull (M. A.), Ronald Olayton's Mistake, cr 8vo	(Partridge)	2/0
Pictures for Bright Eyes, 16mo	(Partridge)	1/6
Pope (W. B.), A Higher Catechism of Theology, 8vo	(Wes. Conf. Office)	8/6
Richard Slade, 16mo	(Partridge)	1/6
Swinburne (G.), Practical Electrical Units, 12mo	(Spon)	1/6
Taylor (J.), Marriage Ring, 12mo	(Field & Tuer)	2/6

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ONE of the most violent volcanic eruptions of which we have heard for many years commenced in Java on August 26th. The particular volcano which burst out was that of Krakatoa, which sent forth an immense cloud of ashes and dust, made day almost into night even at Batavia, and overwhelmed North Bantam, while a tidal wave swept away Anjer, Tjeringeu, and Telokbetong. Thousands of lives are lost. It is stated that Monut Krakatoa, where the eruption began, has disappeared completely in the sea, but that sixteen volcanic islands have appeared in its place; that the lighthouses of the Straits of Sunda,—between Java and Sumatra,—have disappeared, and that the whole navigation of the channel is changed.

Living in Java is really living over a roaring furnace from which you are separated by nothing but a thin crust of earth. Probably no volcanic eruptions in the world have been physically so terrible as some of those in Java, though the Italian eruptions have broken in more conspicuously on the art and civilisation of the world. In 1815, the volcanic eruption in the island of Sumbawa, to the east of Java, was so violent that the explosion was heard in Sumatra, a distance of near a thousand miles away, and the Rajah of Sangar, who saw the eruption, described it thus:—"About seven o'clock on the night of April 10th, three distinct columns of flame burst forth near the top of the mountain, all of them apparently within the verge of the crater, and, after ascending separately to a very great height, their tops united in the air in a troubled, confused manner. In a short time the whole monntain next Sangar appeared like a body of liqnid fire extending itself in every direction. The fire and columns of flame continued to rage with nnabated fury until the darkness caused by the quantity of falling matter obscured it, at about eight o'clock." The eruption in August, 1772, of the volcano called Papandayang, eighty-seven miles south-east of Batavia, is said to have broken off the top of the mountain altogether, and to have left a vast cavity many square miles in extent, when the eruption was over. Living in this volcanic region is like living at the mouth of a loaded cannon.

On Friday week, the Lords took into consideration the reasons of the Commons for disagreeing to the Lords' further amendment to the Agricultural Holdings Bill, Lord Carlingford moving that the Lords do not insist on that amendment. Thereupon, Lord Salisbury, declaring that as the end of the Session approached, "the influence of those estimable and valuable Members of their Lordships' House, whom Charles Fox once called 'the Janissaries of the Bedchamber,' increased every hour," said that he had no intention of dividing the Honse, but that he could not allow the qnestion to be put without remarking on the ambiguities of the Bill, and the reason for those ambiguities. He quoted some high, legal authority,—we suppose Lord Cairns,—as entirely differing from the view of the Government in relation to the need for the amendment which he had proposed, and then amiably asked why these ambiguities were allowed to remain? This he answered by saying that the Government were compelled, by their uncomfortable position, to put two distinct faces on the matter,—one for the Conservatives and one for the Radicals,—and that it was on this account that they would not say plainly what they meant, but endeavoured to kindle hopes of the most opposite tendency. Lord Selborne, of course, warmly resented this vindictive Parthian shaft of Lord Salisbury's, and maintained that the Government had framed their Bill with no political object, but simply because they thought that the form they had given it would best do equal justice between two great classes; and he denied the ambiguity alleged, and the possibility of making the measure clearer. Then after a despairing protest from Lord Wemyss, the amendment was dropped.

On Saturday, the Houses met for a short time, to receive the Royal Assent to a variety of Bills, and to be prorogued in the usual quaint fashion by the Royal Commissioners in cocked hats, which each of them lifted reverentially when his name was read out in the Commission. The Lord Chancellor was, of course, the Commissioner selected to read the Queen's speech, which said, in relation to Egypt, "The work of administrative reorganisation, though retarded at important points by the visitation of the cholera, has steadily advanced. The aim of the temporary occupation of the country by my military forces, the considerations which must supply the measure of its duration, and the constant direction of my efforts to the maintenance of established rights, to the tranquillity of the East, and to the welfare of the Egyptian people, have been more than once explained to you, and they remain unchanged;" as also, her Majesty might have added, do the conditions which postpone the clearer elucidation of those unchanged purposes. On the Madagascar difficulty, the Queen's language was confident, and her confidence was soon justified by the event. "The negotiations with France, conducted in the spirit of friendship, will, I doubt not, lead to satisfactory results." In connection with the subject of negotiation itself, her Majesty's attention "has been, and will continue to be, steadily directed to all which may affect the rights or liberties of my subjects." With regard to Zululand and the Transvaal, the Royal speech was frankly despondent; and with regard to Ireland, sanguine. The Queen was satisfied with the improvement effected in the conduct of legislation, and referred with congratulation to the principal Acts passed, including that for the redemption of National Debt. Parliament stands prorogued at present to November 12th.

The Queen's Speech was immediately followed by the announcement that Mr. Shaw, the English Missionary, had been set at liberty by the French in the Island of Bourbon (or Réunion), and that an explanation—of the nature of an apology—of the cavalier manner in which her Majesty's ship 'Dryad' had been treated by the French Admiral at Tamatave is to be published. It is added, too, that a compensation is to be offered to Mr. Shaw for his imprisonment, but this is not yet officially confirmed. In any case, it is clear enough that Mr. Gladstone's very moderate language in Parliament, which the leader of the Opposition and others so greatly misunderstood, was merely the moderation of a Minister who had put his case strongly, though courteously, in private, and had not failed to produce the required effect. Nothing can be more foolish than to hector Foreign Governments in public, if you really wish to press your representations on them with becoming force and firmness. Admiral Pierre has been replaced by Admiral Galiber, and the French papers themselves express the opinion that Admiral Pierre has not been relieved of his command on the ground of health alone.

It would almost seem as if the French were likely to take

warning by the disagreeable hints which they have lately received of the way in which great enterprises in the East hamper them at home. It looks as if they were intending to make up their quarrel with Madagascar, without attempting to press further their military and naval advantages. It is believed in France that the advance on Antananarivo has been abandoned for the present, and that France will be content if the Hovas consent to recognise her protectorate over a portion of the coast. Let us hope that public rumour does French policy no more than justice.

The check of France in one of the Anamite regions,—the chief campaign upon the Red River,—has been compensated by a brilliant victory over the capital, Hué, where a convention was signed between France and the Anamite King, on August 23rd, nominally conceding all that France could reasonably ask, —*i.e.*, (1), a war indemnity; (2), the occupation of the forts commanding the Hué River by a French garrison, till the indemnity is paid; (3), the annexation of a province to French Cochin China; (4), the recall of the Anamite troops from the Red River, these troops to be at General Bouet's disposal for operations against the Black Flags; and (5), the confirmation of the French Protectorate over all Anam. These terms must be satisfactory enough to France, if she could only rely on their being carried out. But the difficulty will be to assert Anamite authority at all over the region in Tonquin where the real struggle is going on,—that of the Red River. This region is distant some 400 miles from the capital, and there it is that France has to encounter a very different class of enemies from those of the Anam troops. China, moreover, is watching her proceedings in Tonquin with the utmost jealousy; and if France be wise, she will, under cover of this victory, withdraw as much as possible from pushing her advantage,—at all events, till she has come to satisfactory terms with China. The Treaty signed at Hué is quite sufficient to bring her off with flying colours. But if she presses her purpose in Tonquin, she will have no easy task, notwithstanding her victory in the south.

Mr. Bright made two speeches on the Temperance question at Birmingham, on Wednesday, on the occasion of opening a new coffee tavern, to be called by Mr. Cobden's name. In the first speech, he explained that for ten years he had never taken wine or spirits, and had not suffered in any way by that change of habit; but when he spoke of a coffee-house as a place where people cannot get anything that will do them harm, surely Mr. Bright was romancing. We doubt if there are not at least as many people whose health would be more injured by three cups of good coffee in the day than it would be by three glasses of good claret, as there are people whose health would be more injured by three glasses of good claret than it would be by three cups of good coffee. Intemperance in wine is both commoner and more dangerous than intemperance in coffee; but taken temperately, light wine is, we suspect, less likely to disturb the system than good coffee.

In his greater speech at the Town Hall, Mr. Bright was, as he himself hinted, truly Conservative in his suggestion of the best way of dealing with the Temperance question. He would, he said, prescribe by law a certain maximum in the proportion of licensed public-houses to population, beyond which no place should be allowed to go, after the passing of his proposed Act. He would also prescribe as a minimum that no reduction in the number of licences down to half the maximum should be permitted, and he would (in towns) lodge the power to diminish the number of licences within this margin, in the corporation. He would hand over to the corporation also the income derived from the licences, and allow them even to increase the licence duty within given limits. But he would go no further. He thought that a trade permitted by law should be protected by law, and that no general invasion of the vested interests of publicans should be encouraged or permitted.

Mr. Parnell, speaking in Dublin on Wednesday, congratulated Ireland heartily on the passing of the Fisheries Act, the Labourers Act, and the Tramways Act, and he anticipated that before long a measure of local self-government for Ireland would be passed by Parliament, by which the Irish would obtain a very great instalment of what they need to train them in the formation of national habits of thought and will. Mr. Parnell's tone was extremely moderate, and even the speakers who followed him, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Davitt, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, do not seem to have indulged in any of that wild vituperation for which even the *Freeman's Journal* recently rebuked Mr. Healy. If violence were not considered necessary to stimulate American sympathy and Irish electoral enthusiasm, we might hope for the speedy prevalence of a rational spirit among the Irish party leaders. Unfortunately, it is the men who go farthest and scream the worst who best command American money and Irish votes.

The London journals have been making far too little of the disturbances in Croatia. Whether these disturbances are suppressed summarily or not, they are symptomatic of a chronic hostility to Magyar domination, which nothing short of release from the tyranny of a detested yoke will appease. The truth is, that the Magyar, like his kinsman the Turk, is a very pleasant fellow to outsiders who are independent of him, but is an arrogant oppressor of those who are subject to him. Croatia is geographically a part of the Hungarian Kingdom, but the population are Slavs, and demand Home-rule with far better reason than the Irish. The Magyars are a minority of the population, even in Hungary proper, and with the instincts of a governing caste ruling over a race more numerous and progressive than themselves, their policy is to keep the Croats as backward as possible in civilisation. They discourage Slav schools, and put impediments even in the way of improving the roads in Croatia, which are among the worst in Europe. The present outbreak had its origin in the Government of Hungary posting up all official notices in the Magyar tongue, a language not understood except by a mere fraction of the population of Croatia. We expect that the Hapsburg ruler will temporise, but side, on the whole, with the Croats. They saved his empire in 1848, and the Slavs form by far the largest portion of the Austrian Army. Bismarck's policy of pushing Austrian rule eastward is not unlikely, whether he intends it or not, to end in the disintegration of the Austrian Empire. If it be true that Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, is about to resign, the fact may be taken as indicating that the Emperor declines to support the Magyar policy.

The Comte de Chambord is to be buried near Goritz, on Monday, in the Monastery of the Franciscans at Castagnavicca, where his grandfather, Charles X., already lies. The funeral will be a solemn one, for the good Prince did in some way manage to impress all who knew him with an effect of loftiness of character, partly due, no doubt, to immoveable prepossessions on small matters, in which he could be as inexorable as if he were Destiny herself; partly to his intrinsic indifference to the successful issue of the cause of which he was the representative. The political enthusiasts for the Comte de Chambord cannot be very numerous,—though it is said that the Legitimists are subscribing to enable a certain number of Legitimist *artisans* to attend the funeral,—for though ideas are sometimes impracticable, the multitude are not given to assuming that *all* impracticabilities are ideas, and it would take that, to make the Comte de Chambord's political pretensions in any sense popular with the masses. Still, the phlegmatic excellence of the Comte de Chambord's character has certainly produced more of a general impression than we should have thought it possible for one to produce whose name and flag recalled so many painful memories. At least without a very definite genius of his own, no man so weighted by bad traditions has gained popularity. And a very definite genius of his own can hardly be attributed to the deceased Bourbon.

The *Western Mail* of Tuesday professes to quote from a "Liberal" Gloucester paper—the *Gloucester Journal* of last Saturday—an article on "The Downfall of England," which contains one of the most violent pieces of vituperation against Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet which we have ever read. For fury, it would seem to surpass even Irish loathing at its worst. This is how the *Western Mail*,—a Conservative paper, by the way,—quotes what it terms its "Liberal" contemporary:— "Her political fortunes are directed by a hypocrite, who is also a blood-guilty tyrant, and a conspirator against the honour of the country. The hateful and atrocious Gladstone, whom 'twere flattery to call a rascal, has associated with him in the Government a gang of incompetent nobodies, who, partly through ignorance . . . . . are betraying every British interest. About the only conspirator with any brains is a fellow named Chamberlain, who makes screws or something down at Birmingham, and who has been in league with the Irish rebels, and incited them to get up murderous outrages as an excuse for robbing the landlords by an iniquitous Act of

Spoliation. The people of the country are afflicted with a sort of dementia, which prevents them from realising the odious character of their political leaders, and the imminent perils into which those pernicious adventurers have brought our beloved country. The populace, lulled into false security, are looking forward to peace and prosperity; but a very different period is being prepared for us by the strangest set of philosophers and geniuses that were ever allowed to touch the helm of affairs." Clearly, the *Gloucester Journal* is, or has just become, a comic paper, and is attempting a burlesque of the violent style. It is not very happy, for it wants the touch of the grotesque that alone makes extravagant invective funny; but then, how difficult it is to succeed in burlesque! The *Gloucester Journal* may do better, in time. It is even a kind of success to have persuaded the *Western Mail* that this passion in tatters was serious.

We are glad to see that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has not only strongly expressed his wish to see qualified medical women practising in India, but has discouraged peremptorily the idea of requiring from them any less thorough medical culture than is required from their male colleagues. There is no quarter of the world where highly qualified medical women might do more good than in India, and it is encouraging to find that Brahmo opinion is as favourable to the experiment as cultivated European opinion itself. The paper published at Calcutta called *Brahmo Public Opinion* contained on July 12th an article heartily favourable to the admission of females to the Medical College. The efforts which are being made in this country to educate native women as physicians, and to send them out with a guaranteed income for a certain term of years, will evidently meet with no obstruction in India. Educated female physicians in adequate numbers would do more to leaven Indian households with sound medical, sanitary, and moral principles, than all the medical men whom we could send to India, who never really reach the interior of a Hindoo household at all.

The German Reichstag has been summoned at a very unusual season of the year, but it does not appear that it has met for any purpose except to sanction a commercial treaty with Spain. Probably Prince Bismarck used the opportunity to give a fright to France by the semi-official article on the violence of the French Press, which he inserted in the *Nord Deutsche Gazette*. That article is now admitted to have been more or less intended as a snub to General Thibaudin for talking of mobilising an Army Corps on the eastern frontier of France, a snub which, no doubt, had other uses, but which Prince Bismarck loves to administer from time to time, as the schoolmaster loves to cane,—just to keep his hand in. Apparently, there is no intention at present of pushing the alarm further. The Reichstag, when it has completed its little job, is to be allowed to separate without any further sensation.

The military rising in Spain seems to have blown over without much result, and the King, who has just been on a tour of inspection to the various disaffected garrisons, has been, it is given out, very well received. But Señor Sagasta will almost certainly have to modify his Cabinet, in consequence of the shock which this series of small detonations has given to the prestige of the Government; and it is said that Señor Campos, the Minister at War, who was taken into the Government in spite of his Conservative leanings, rather on account of the confidence felt by the King in him as a disciplinarian, will have to go. The Spanish Government are complaining to the French Government that Ruiz Zorrilla is permitted to hatch plots in France against the government of a friendly neighbour, and France has not yet formulated her reply, but the Government fully feel their responsibility, and if it appears that Ruiz Zorrilla is still in France, he is, it is said, to be ordered away by the Government.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that the returns of suicides in great cities make Paris the chief capital of suicide. That is just what one would expect from the chief capital of pleasure. If you make pleasure your main object, you are pretty sure, not, indeed, to commit suicide, but to learn very rapidly to understand something of the state of mind from which suicide proceeds. In Paris, for every million of inhabitants there are 402 suicides, while in Naples there are only 34. We suppose that the physical nature in Naples is too much at ease to conspire with the mind against the habit of living. The capital next to Paris in suicidal tendency is Stockholm, why, it is very hard to say. In Stockholm the proportion is 354 suicides to a million of inhabitants; Copenhagen comes next, and then Vienna, Brussels, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Florence, Berlin, New York, Genoa, London, and Rome, in order. In London there are only 87 suicides to each million of inhabitants. Yet one would have hardly conceived this order to have represented the descending scale of irritability of temperament, or of liability to physical suffering.

Mr. Davenport Hanley is fighting a chivalrous battle in Rutlandshire against Mr. James W. Lowther, who represents, we suppose, his namesake's views on the land. We shall not know the result before going to press. Rutlandshire has not returned a Liberal since the last Reform Bill; nor, indeed, has any Liberal ever contested the county since 1841. Still, Mr. Hanley has a right to say, as he does say, that the Conservatives would never have done the farmers the justice of giving them the Agricultural Holdings Act, and that their leaders denounced many of the provisions of that Act up to the last moment. Whether that will weigh, as it ought to do, in the contest, we are not sure. Farmers often move in even deeper ruts of time-honoured opinion than the landlords themselves.

Mr. J. R. Byrne, writing to Friday's *Times* from Upper Norwood, maintains that the true test of reading-power,—reading-power, that is, in the sense of being able to read to yourself for enjoyment,—is the power to read well aloud; and asserts that the recognised test of proficiency in reading in Germany is the excellence of the reading aloud. Nevertheless, we have known a great many well-read men,—men to whom reading was the meat and drink of life,—who could not read aloud even respectably, who read aloud so that you hardly understood their meaning, and this though some of them could *speak* admirably. And we quite agree with those persons whom Mr. Byrne treats with such contempt, that good elocutional reading aloud, though an excellent faculty (when it is not abused, as it too often is, by insisting on reading aloud to people who, perhaps very justly, hate to be read aloud to), is only a luxury of education, and by no means an essential to anybody. To read fluently and easily to yourself, that is everything. To read aloud is the gift of the few, and not unfrequently entails suffering on the many.

One of the most important of the legislative failures of the Session is the loss of the Medical Act Amendment Bill, which might probably have been carried at last, but for the miscarriage of the business arrangements of a single night. Its object was, in Mr. Gladstone's own words, "to make the Medical profession in the three countries [England, Scotland, and Ireland] one in standard and one in authority," by establishing a common test through which every medical practitioner must pass. This has been the object of an agitation lasting fifty years, and it was confidently hoped that the end had been reached this Session. The medical men, we see, think that this misfortune is due to the want of Medical representatives in the House of Commons, or at least of representatives pledged to accept medical opinion on subjects interesting to the medical profession. But we earnestly trust that the mischief will not be remedied in that way. The remedy would be worse than the disease.

Switzerland appears to occupy a very unenviable position in relation to the frequency of divorce. In the Protestant half of Appenzell, there were in 1881 over thirteen divorces to every hundred marriages; and in Thurgau, there were more than nine. Of the causes of divorce, difference of religious opinion appears to be a frequent one, if we may judge by the fact that of the religion of the persons divorced in 1881, in less than one per cent. of the cases were both husband and wife Catholic; in less than three per cent. were the husband and wife both Protestant; while in cases of different religions divorces are much more frequent, especially where the husband is Protestant and the wife Catholic. It is said that a great many marriages in the lower classes are avowedly entered upon on the understanding that, if after a year's trial the husband and wife do not suit each other, they shall give in a joint application for divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. In 1881, no less than 1,171 Swiss suits of divorce were granted, and divorces pronounced in 946 cases.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 100⅛ to 100¼.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE POLITICAL DUTIES OF THE RECESS.

WHAT does the *Times* mean by its constant and emphatic exhortation to Members of Parliament to hold their tongues during the Recess? It seems to us to show that that paper does not in the least appreciate what a democracy means, or what is the best way to educate it. If we thought of training the electors, and of training the electors alone, we should desire not that politicians should take a long rest, but that they should all of them at once begin that useful drill of their constituents in the different views that may be taken of Parliamentary questions, on which the intelligence of the votes to be given at the next General Election must, for the most part, depend. It may be very true that, looking to the necessities of Parliament alone, Parliamentary politicians may be justified, and even more than justified, in taking a good rest. The petty fag and squabbling of the Session must have worn out many of our representatives, and predisposed almost all with any share of wisdom for a time of reticence and political repose. But unfortunately for this repose, Members of Parliament are not elected only for the purposes of representation. It is very doubtful whether, as the suffrage widens and the constituencies increase, the obligation of the Member to keep his constituents well informed of his view of the questions of the day, and to answer the criticisms of those who take different and opposite views to himself, is not greater and even more useful to the public than his duty of giving the views he has announced the full weight of his vote and influence in the House of Commons.

How is the Democracy to be taught what are the important issues of polities, and what are the most telling views on the subject of those issues? Partly, no doubt, by the help of the public journals; but, in truth, the public journals themselves are almost powerless to force any subject on public notice without the help afforded by the speakers, whether Liberal or Conservative, who canvass these questions in the country. The public journals are hardly read unless they take their text from the events of the day. And almost the only test that any question is one of the subjects of the day is the evidence that it is much discussed in public, and that this view and that are given of it in great town and county meetings. The only effect of a universal reticence of politicians would be a universal effort on the part of the journals of the day to find social topics more interesting to their readers than the politics of which Members of Parliament seemed to be oblivious. And then, if the silence of politicians produced, as it would, a political apathy of the public Press, the people would sink into a similar apathy, the greater issues of politics would no longer be kept before them, and the elections, whenever the elections came, would be conducted under the extreme disadvantage that the electors would not be prepared for them by the growth of any serious conviction, and would vote in the haphazard fashion which leads to no satisfactory result, or, perhaps, even to a result just the opposite of that at which the people, if fully awake to the chief issues, would have arrived. What the *Times* is thinking of when it deprecates Long-Vacation oratory is no doubt the inutility, so far as Members of Parliament and journalists may be concerned, of repeating over and over again the criticisms which Parliament has so often heard, and which the London and provincial papers have so often weighed in their balance. But it forgets how very different is the effect produced on a voter's mind by glancing at the Parliamentary reports and at the leading articles written on those reports,—even when he does glance at them, whereas multitudes of electors never do,—and the effect produced on him by hearing the representative to whom he has given his confidence explain fully, in his presence, what considerations weighed upon his own mind, or by hearing the candidate of the opposite party assail the view thus presented, and discuss elaborately all the objections to which it is open. That is the process which really forms political conviction in the country, and which keeps it active and vigilant. Without that process, we should have more and more voters every day boasting that they took no interest in politics, and did not care a farthing whether their constituency returned its former Members, or turned them out in favour of new Members. Only the frequent contact of Members with their constituencies keeps the political judgment of the country alert and earnest, and therefore no man is fit to be an ordinary Member of Parliament,—a Member, we mean, not burdened with Ministerial duties,—who does not contribute his full share to the political education of the people, as well as to the guidance of the judgment of the House of Commons. It may be quite right for the ordinary Member of Parliament to hold his tongue very sedulously in the House. If there are others who can say better what he would say, he must be right in generally leaving it to them to say for him. But he can never be right in leaving his constituents to their own devices. He, and he only, can really speak to them with the sort of authority which they need for the purposes of political education. They have chosen him to represent them, and therefore they listen to him with the sort of deference with which people always listen to the man of their own choice. What he says will receive a sort of attention from them which the words of few other speakers will receive. And what those who support or oppose him say, will be listened to with a kind of interest that nothing said in favour of or against other politicians will attract. Whether a representative has the ear of Parliament or not, he has always the ear of his own constituents; and it is a duty almost more incumbent upon him, because more completely in his power, to ripen the public opinion of his own constituency, than to ripen the opinion of Parliament itself. We maintain that when a man is chosen to represent in the House of Commons the views of many thousands of electors, his explicit and pledged duty, though the most obvious, is by no means the most important of the duties which he undertakes. From that moment, he is the exponent of public opinion within a certain area on certain important subjects, and is the only person who can really keep that public opinion healthy, vigilant, and candid. This he can do by frequent interchanges of opinion and confidences with his constituents, by keeping his attention fixed on all points on which he thinks opinion doubtful and unsound, by taking pains to clear up opinion on those subjects, by bringing the most formidable objections to which his own opinions are exposed clearly before his constituents, and by giving them the best answers he can find to those objections,—in short, by treating himself as the natural focus of the political opinion of the community which he represents, and doing all in his power to bring the various rays of political light to converge in that focus.

It will be said that this view of a representative's duty to his constituents is a "counsel of perfection." Perhaps so; but we are deeply convinced that the more democratic our Constitution grows, the more its efficiency will depend on this view being generally taken of a Member's duties to his constituents. It is not for the formation of Members' opinions, it is not for the formation of journalists' opinions, it is not for the modification of experts' opinions, that all this speaking and listening is necessary. It is for the formation of something at least approaching to an opinion, in numbers of voters who never get near to the real sources of opinion at all except when they hear the voice of their Member, and hear the criticisms passed upon him by his fellow-townsmen or his county neighbours. Lord Sherbrooke once told us, very justly, that it was our duty "to educate our masters." And so it is, in a much larger sense than he at that time intended to convey. Mr. Forster's Act is educating them in one way; and every true political discussion educates them in another way. It is no easy achievement to give a true political education to a democracy. That is not a feat to be accomplished by the superfine fastidiousness and supercilious contempt for reiteration which the *Times* expresses. Line upon line, and precept upon precept,—incessant earnestness and incessant candour, — a constant sense of responsibility and inexhaustible patience—are essential on the part of politicians, if the great majority of the electors, present and prospective, are to be awakened to the sense of their duties, and to the genuine desire to perform their *duties* as electors, and not merely to exercise their rights. Members of Parliament may be weary, nay, *must* be weary, if they are to discharge well their function in educating the opinion of their constituencies. Journalists must be sickened by hearing the same things said over and over again, in very much the same way. But the weariness of Members of Parliament and the nausea of journalists will be but slight evils, when balanced against the great result of keeping awake in the whole community the deep sense of political responsibility, and of imparting to the people enough knowledge to ensure the honest and intelligent exercise of that responsibility by the great mass of the electors.

LORD SALISBURY'S WRATH.

LORD SALISBURY is evidently of Luther's mind, that wrath and passion are his best allies. "If I want to compose," said Luther, "to write, to pray, to preach, I must be wrathful, then my whole blood is freshened, my understanding is made keener, and all my miserable thoughts and temptations give place." Lord Salisbury is of the same opinion, only he means, we think, something different from the old Reformer, by the wrath he so elaborately invokes. Wrath is the inspiration of his public career, but it is not the wrath which represents a rush of fiery indignation, like Luther's, but wrath bred by scorn and easte, the almost impotent rage which chafes at the evidence of a popular power that Lord Salisbury can neither vanquish nor even venture to defy. The wrath of which Luther spoke was that burning indignation against evil, or what looks like evil, which purifies the atmosphere of the mind, even though in its heat it misses its true aim. The wrath which seems always to be kindling in Lord Salisbury's political mind is a saturnine and smouldering fire, which never burns up bright and free, but makes Lord Salisbury, as his old chief and colleague himself said of him, "a master of jibes and sneers." His last speech in the House of Lords in the Session just elosed, like most of his other speeches, was a speech of taunting impotence. Of course, he had to give way to the Government with regard to his amendment on the Agricultural Holdings Bill, for even in the House of Lords he had passed it only by a majority of a single vote, and had been firmly opposed by the Duke of Richmond and a considerable number of his own followers. Under such circumstances, to have courted a new division would have been childish, and Lord Salisbury refrained; but he could not keep silence even from bad words, and he liberated his soul in that unmeaning sneer at "the Janissaries of the Bedchamber,"—a very inapplicable phrase, whoever first used it, to the few Peers who stay in town to make a House for the Government,—and that unworthy insinuation that the Government had intentionally made their measure ambiguous in order that Radicals might read it one way and Conservatives another, by which he relieved his spleen, but relieved it at the cost of his influence. Lord Salisbury is, indeed, proved by every new Session through which he lives to be the most unfit leader of his party that our century has produced. Compared with him, the late Lord Derby was prudence and amiability itself, and the Duke of Wellington an accomplished statesman. The former was glad enough, when he saw a chance, to "dish the Whigs," but at least he never indulged in impotent maledictions on them. The latter gave the word of command to retreat whenever he found a political position absolutely untenable, with the same homely good-humour with which he would have evacuated a fortress which it was impossible to defend. But Lord Salisbury skilfully provides occasions for dishing, not the Whigs, but the Conservatives; and when he has done so, he never retreats unobtrusively, as he ought, but sits maliciously eyeing the Liberals, who pass him by unscathed, like the giant Pope in Bunyan's fable, who is described, when the pilgrims pass him, as "grinning and biting his nails, because he cannot come at them."

We cannot imagine a worse mental attitude for the leader of the Conservatives than this irritable malice of Lord Salisbury's. In the first place, it is not Conservative, for however cautious, timid, lugubrious, even alarmist, Conservatives may legitimately be, they should not snarl and maliciously impute bad motives to their opponents, as Lord Salisbury is always doing, if they wish to carry the safe and eautious men with them, as of course they do. No safe man ever snarls at what he cannot prevent, because, as he justly observes, that makes matters worse, and aggravates the quarrel, without bringing a single auxiliary to his side. No cautious man imputes ill motives to his opponents, because, as he cautiously reflects, no man can see or weigh the motives of his opponents; moreover, cautious men are repelled and alienated by imputations of motive, and have their confidence in any leader who indulges in that useless display of temper seriously undermined. A Conservative in Opposition may fairly bewail the past, and draw the most melancholy pictures of the future as it will be affected by Liberal reforms; that is his legitimate function in life, and if he did not entertain these dismal feelings, he would hardly be a Conservative. But a true Conservative always strives to attenuate the mischief which he apprehends, and it is not attenuating the mischief you apprehend to indulge, as Lord Salisbury does, in spiteful effusions over the dishonest ambiguities of his opponents. Consider the political demeanour of the Duke of Richmond. There you have the model Conservative,—timid of innovation, anxious to attenuate necessary reforms, never defiant, deprecatory of threats, eager for compromise. Such is the statesman who, if he had Lord Salisbury's flow of effective speech, would bring all the timid party to his feet, and not a few even of the party which sincerely desires reform, but has a morbid fear of ardent reformers. But the Duke of Richmond is not an orator, and is too modest to displace Lord Salisbury who is; and the consequence is that instead of one whose whole temperament expresses the feelings of the cautious party, the unfortunate Conservatives find themselves constantly misrepresented to the country by a mouthpiece who says on their behalf just what makes them shudder most. They hear those sweeping denunciations which they would be apt to attribute to the demagogue as specially appropriate to him, proceeding from the spokesman of a small and privileged caste, who has not even the strength of numbers behind him,—and what, they must ask themselves, can be more insolently rash than to combine the irritating arrogance that is safe in tribunes of the people, with the defence of exclusiveness and the apology for privilege? We think we may safely predict that so long as Lord Salisbury continues to give character and colour to the policy of the Conservative party, even timid politicians will regard the administration of the country as safer in the hands of Mr. Gladstone's Government, than in the hands of any Government in which Lord Salisbury would have a potential voice.

WHAT HAS THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS ACT DONE?

NOW that the smoke and stir of the battle are over, and that the corpses of thrice-slain amendments are buried out of the way, we can see with greater clearness what has been lost and won on either side in the Agricultural Holdings Act. Looked at from the party point of view, there can be little doubt that the struggle itself has been an immense benefit to the Liberal party. It has shown that when the question at stake is a simple one of plain honesty and justice between man and man, the Conservative party, or at least the Conservative leader and one section of his party, are ever ready to uphold the wrong because the wrong is "established." It has shown that whether the scene is laid in Ireland or in England, whether the measure proposed is one which constitutes an admitted departure from accepted doctrines of State non-intervention, or is merely putting in force the common principles on which men daily act where land is not concerned, Lord Salisbury is equally ready to fight to the bitter end, so long as his followers will follow him. The curious spectacle presented three years running of the "master of thirty legions" in the House of Lords being deserted by his legions, after they had already sacked the enemy's camp, is a very edifying one for the opposite party. The people of England in general will note that on each occasion it was a Land Bill which the House of Landlords threatened to wreck, though at the last moment they refused to stand to their guns, and left the field in possession of the enemy. But the Agricultural Holdings Act has not merely discredited the Conservative leader, but it has discredited the Conservative party. Where now are the farmers' friends? Directly a small reform in the law of landlord and tenant is proposed in the interest of the tenant, the party which professes to be the friend of the tenant, and to think that the interests of landlord and tenant are identical, turns round and fights might and main against any concession. After this, the county electors will surely think once, twice, and thrice, before blindly intrusting their interests to such gay deceivers,—"both feet on the land and all at sea, to one thing constant never," if one may travesty the poet. It is extraordinary that any party should be so unwise. But it is only the latest instance of the truth of the saying of the Swedish Chancellor to his son which the English Chancellor, Brougham, was so fond of quoting,—"Go, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed."

But to look at the Act from the point of view of landlord and tenant, what exactly has it done for the tenant? Before 1875, the agricultural tenant was subject to the strict rule of the common law. Whatever he placed in the soil, whatever he fixed on it, or in any building on it, belonged to his landlord, when he left. There were a few trifling exceptions. The "way-going" crop he could take, according to the custom of the country; but the way-going crop was not of much

benefit to him, because, as it was said, to take it necessitated his carrying on business in two places at once. He could, under an Act passed in 1851, claim the property in a fixture erected for agricultural purposes, if erected with the consent in writing of his landlord. In a few counties, and for a few items of labour or expenditure, such as claying, or marling, or the use of artificial manure, he could get a miserably inadequate compensation. In the greater part of the country, and for the greater part of the improvements effected by him, he could get nothing at all. In other words, he spent money, and another got the profit; he laboured, and another entered into the fruits of his labour. For this state of things, as depressing and injurious to the tenant as it was in the long-run injurious to the landlord, the Act of 1875 was introduced with a great flourish of trumpets by Mr. Disraeli. It divided improvements into three classes,—the permanent improvements, such as draining and building, which were to be considered exhausted in twenty years; the durable, such as claying or boning, which were calculated to last seven years; and the temporary, such as the use of artificial manure, which were to be taken as exhausted in two years. The measure of the compensation to be paid was the original outlay of the tenant on an improvement, less a proportionate part, according to the class, for every year which had elapsed since it was made. No compensation was to be paid for an improvement of the first class, unless executed with the landlord's consent in writing; nor of the second class, unless at least a week's notice in writing of the intention to execute it had been given. As regards fixtures, the Act of 1851 was practically re-enacted, only the landlord's consent was no longer necessary to their erection, except in the case of steam-engines, on which he had a veto. Holdings under two acres were wholly exempted from the Act. Practically, as every one knows, the Act was a dead-letter, because of the power given of contracting out of the Act by a mere notice in writing, the result of which was that as soon as the Act was passed it snowed notices in writing throughout the country. The main distinction between the Act of 1883 and that of 1875 is the removal of this power of contracting out of the Act. By the new Act, any contract, agreement, or covenant made by a tenant by virtue of which he is deprived of his right to claim compensation under the Act, "is void, at law and in equity." These be brave words, but they are in reality rather braggart than brave. For, in case of an existing tenancy, "any agreement in writing or custom" which secures any compensation to the tenant for an improvement—while, in the case of future tenancies, any "particular agreement in writing"—excludes the Act. Moreover, improvements already made are not to be paid for, if under any custom or agreement any compensation is to be paid, and permanent improvements are practically not included in the Act in any case, as they only come under it if the landlord within a year consents in writing to the improvement. Here and there, of course, an exceptionally generous landlord will so consent, but as he would have probably paid anyhow, the tenants, as a rule, are not much helped.

The next great change in the present Act is that no definite time is now laid down within which an improvement is to be exhausted, but the measure of compensation to be paid is in all cases to be the value of the improvement at the time of quitting to an incoming tenant, without reference to the original outlay, or the time which has elapsed since it was made. This is a clear and simple principle enough, and no practical valuer would find any difficulty in settling compensation on that basis. But "there shall not be taken into account, as part of the improvement made by the tenant, what is justly due to the inherent capacities of the soil." Now, there are cases, such as draining and fencing, in which it is easy to draw the sound distinction between the increase of value given to good land, and the increase given to poor land, by the improvement. But how any one is to separate the effect of "the inherent capacities of the soil" from that of a judicious boning or marling, which the Lords insisted on including under this rule, it is hard to see. The valuers will have to be hereditary, or else to be scientific analytical chemists of the highest order. Probably, however, they will find their way out of the difficulty by quietly ignoring it, as, happily, they are not obliged to specify it in their award.

The third change of importance is that neither the consent of or notice to the landlord is required before the execution of an improvement in Part III. of the schedule of improvements, which includes Classes II. and III. of the Act of 1875. The consent, however, is still necessary to permanent improvements, such as building and reclamation of land; while, in case of draining, notice must be given, and the landlord has then an option to execute the proposed drainage himself, and charge the tenant with the cost and 3 per cent. interest.

Then, as regards fixtures not included in the scheduled list of improvements, the Act of 1875 is re-enacted, but with the omission of any conditions as to consent or notice. Lastly, the Act applies to all holdings, however small, so that Mr. Arch's clients, the small allotment-holders of half an acre, will be as much benefited by the Act as the large farmer with his thousand acres. A novel part of the Act is that limiting distress to one year, and fixing the costs of levying it. But this part is not of great practical importance, except as a step to the total abolition of this absurd preference given to a creditor who is alike, as a rule, the strongest creditor, and most in a position to take care of himself.

What, then, are the total results of the Act? The general law of fixtures is for agricultural tenants permanently placed on a rational basis. That which a man places on property which is his own for the time being is not henceforth to go to another as of right. The landlord is given a right of pre-emption at the end of the term which is fair enough, and beneficial to the tenant, as a fixture is, of course, of more value in its place than when removed. As regards that special and most important class of fixtures which are called permanent improvements, the principle of property in the tenant is recognised, though it is rendered of less avail, owing to the restrictions of consents and notices with which it is hampered in practice. As regards less permanent improvements, the principle is fully and freely recognised. That which the farmer sows, henceforth he shall reap. He is no longer discouraged from improving by the fear that he will not get value for value given. The misapplied jargon of the Roman lawyer, which has been the curse of agriculture, is now rendered obsolete. It is no longer true to say,—"Quicquid plantatur, seritur, vel inaedificatur, omne solo cedit," at least in the sense that it goes to the lord, and not to the tiller of the soil.

But though much is done, something remains to do. The farmer will get value, but while the restrictions mentioned remain in force, he will hardly get full value for his improvements. The landlord's consent will have to be bought. The inherent capacity of the soil may swallow up a considerable part of the improvements on it. Moreover, the fact that compensation is restricted to scheduled improvements is hardly favourable to the unrestricted development of scientific agriculture. Most, if not all, of the improvements in Part III. of the Schedule were unknown before the middle of last century. Already, since 1875, Part I. has been increased by the addition to the list of the formation of silos, and embankments, and sluices against floods. It is eminently unsatisfactory to the public, which is interested in the greatest possible production of food from the soil, that the adoption of fresh improvements in the methods of stimulating that production should be hindered by the farmers' being afraid of not getting a full return for his experiments.

Still, on the whole, a considerable benefit has been conferred upon the tillers of the soil by the Bill. It is, perhaps, just as well they should not get all they want, or all that is necessary, at once. If the Act does not work as well as it ought, and needs amendment, if its extension proves to be necessary to ensure its professed ends, the Farmers will have at least learnt to which party, and which wing of the party, they are to go to get it; and of which party the rule holds good, "Expect nothing, and you shall not be disappointed."

THE CASE OF THE WEST HIGHLAND CROFTER.

THE Royal Commissioners appointed to investigate the condition of the Crofters and Cottars in the Highlands of Scotland have closed their inquiry, so far as the Hebrides and the opposite districts of the mainland are concerned. They have thus finished the more arduous and necessary part of their allotted task. Five weeks hence they are to reassemble in Caithness-shire, where they will find themselves among a population of different origin, different character, and greatly different surroundings. The people there are chiefly of Scandinavian blood. No great mountain masses upheave their lumpishly-rounded shoulders; the traveller has not to thread his way through sinuous, solitary, shut-in glens, nor to pass the lips of clear and silent lochs; the extent of arable land is much larger than on the western side of the country, and the number of acres per head assigned to the lowest class of the rural population is at least double; while the quality of

the soil and the nature of the climate are much better suited for the growth of cereal crops. The tale of grievance and discontent which the Commission will be asked to hear is likely, therefore, to be briefer and less emphatic than the doleful and monotonous narratives which have hitherto been recited.

The recital will do good. It comes all too late, however, to set forth in full the wrongs and cruelties of which a patient, patriotic, and warm-hearted people have been the victims. Much nonsense has undoubtedly been written and spoken about the rude abundance and full content that prevailed among them, before the social revolution which has thrown them into their present wretched plight. Such descriptions take their glory from afar. They are the natural exaggerations of a dreamy, imaginative, romantic race, much addicted to retrospect, and not deficient in self-esteem. Neither the pretty fallacies of pastoral poets, nor the vaunts of those who cherish a sentimental admiration of the past, will blind the sober-minded inquirer to the fact that under the patriarchal system, with all its traditional checks, the life of the masses was in later times meanly prosaic, as it always had been miserably servile. The change that ensued, however, after the collapse of the Jacobite cause, turned greatly to their disadvantage. The old relations between the laird and people were broken. The nobles and gentry lost interest in their homes and in their kinsfolk. Many of them were allured by the fascinations of fashionable life to extravagance and ruin, in the manner and with the consequences graphically described by Adam Smith. They were forced first to mortgage, and then to dispose of, the estates which had been made over to them absolutely, in defiance of the consuetudinary rule which regarded the children of the soil as its proprietors, and forbade the chief to diminish the general property by alienation or sale. The new comers were aliens. They brought with them strictly commercial notions. They looked for the prompt payment of as high a rent as they could get, with the least amount of trouble. Sheep-farming upon a large scale was introduced. It were mere fractious folly to deny that the maintenance of sheep was the best use that the mountains could be put to, almost the only remunerative use that can be got out of them. Equally absurd would it be to shut one's eyes to the immense advance that has been made in the general aspect and productiveness of the country. A Highlander who went to Canada forty years ago would in many cases scarcely recognise his native glen. The old hill-track, strewn with boulders bigger than those over which the Roman chariots rumbled on their *itinera*, can hardly be traced now; and instead, there is a level road, constructed in a style that beats Macadam. The battered change-house, redolent of smoke, filth, and whisky, the scene of many an uproarious brawl, has been superseded by a trim hotel, where one can get good food decently cooked and decently served. Swamps have been drained; the extent of land that grew only heather has been curtailed; and, though the mania for sport has interfered with the development of pastoral farming, wherever the flockmaster is unmolested the tokens of knowledge, skill, energy, and enterprise are discernible. The change would have been gratifying, save for one unhappy circumstance. It was carried out in a manner too sweeping and sudden. It involved the displacement of the native population from the most fertile parts of the territory their ancestors had occupied for ages. They were cleared off wholesale; their townships were broken up; they were driven away to remote and barren nooks, were huddled together in miserable hamlets upon the sea-coast, were impelled to the lowlands and the great towns, or else were shipped off to foreign lands. It is not too much to say that, if the multitudinous, simultaneous, and systematic clearings which took place in the West Highlands, with no adequate provision—in some cases, with no provision at all—for the future of those dispossessed, had occurred in Ireland, they would have raised an unappeasable clamour and stimulated recourse on a large scale to "the wild justice of revenge." In the Highlands they did evoke a bitter cry of grief, despair, and wrath; but they were borne with surprising meekness and patience, and no instance of murderous or even violent retaliation can be cited. The Highlands are exempt from the stain of agrarian outrage and bloodshed.

It must strike every attentive reader of the evidence adduced before the Commission that the situation and complaints of the Hebridean crofter are almost identical with those so often heard from the West Irish peasant. He has too little land, not enough to support a family. It is too highly rented, the rate being out of all proportion to what is paid by large farmers. He is a tenant-at-will, liable to be turned adrift at any moment. He lives perpetually on the brink of famine, for when fishing and crops are both abundant, he is separated from it only by a slight remove, while the failure of either thrusts him into the abyss. The proprietors in many instances are absentees, and absenteeism tends to beget indifference as respects sufferings the extent and detail of which may be kept concealed. The analogy goes much farther. It affects not only the condition of the people, but their character and habits. With great capabilities, many serviceable qualities, many most admirable gifts, the home-staying Celt is indolent, apt to prefer the enjoyment of life to its amelioration, and to seek that enjoyment not in wrestling with adverse circumstance, but in surrender to a very dreary and unenviable *dolce far niente*. The Celt of the West Highlands is less turbulent than the Celt of West Ireland, but he is every whit as impracticable. Both can toil, venture, endure, save,—when they have a mind. But this is done by fits and starts, for a time and for a purpose; there is no love of work for the sake of work; the internal spring liberates itself by jerks and runs. Both cling with a fond tenacity, unsurpassed by any other people, to the place of their birth; they would rather starve and shiver on the insufficient strips of land by which they variegate the rugged slopes, whence the rain often washes away the best soil as soon as it is turned up, than face the hazards of the unknown; they cannot be uprooted, but there follows a plaintive moan, like that of the fabled mandrake. Yet both, in favouring circumstances, make splendid colonists, and in all our large towns both give examples of distinguished success. Perhaps the Scot has most of adaptability and ambition, for the Irish need to be rather sparsely intermixed with people of other races, so that they may take the tone of society, instead of giving it, their tendency being, wherever they congregate in any number, to form a little Ireland. Once transplanted, however, the Highlander is almost certain to make his way, whether singly or amid a crowd of his countrymen. The number who attain position and wealth in Scotland is certainly equal in proportion to that furnished by their Lowland neighbours. The experience of Glasgow amply illustrates these statements. That city has a very large Irish population; it has been estimated at one-fourth of the whole inhabitants. A lamentable fact is that this section contributes a full half of the pauperism which weighs upon the city. The Scoto-Celtic element is almost as strong as the Teutonic. The "Macs" are of themselves a formidable nation. They fill many pages of the Directory, and besides them there are scores of names as unmistakeably Gaelic as Ben Nevis or Ben MacDhui. Among their owners are many of the best, most intelligent, most prosperous, public-spirited, and benevolent men in the city. Ethnic amalgamation must have had some influence upon the development of the high qualities they exhibit; but there are instances of fresh immigrants keeping even pace with settlers of long descent, and it is an interesting problem why the inherent characteristics they display should not find scope and reward at home.

Is it over-sanguine to hope for the appearance of an industrious, self-reliant, thriving peasantry in the districts which have been the scene of the recent investigation? Well-informed and sober-minded people think not. Evidently, things cannot remain as they are. There exists a reaction against the large-farm system as an exclusive system. In those districts where it has been carried out with most thoroughness, it has been disastrously overdone. There are seasons when the flockmaster needs additional labour, and it cannot now be had. Moreover, the distress which has lately fallen upon the tillers of the soil has also lighted heavily upon sheep-breeders; and many excellent farms are tenantless,—the proprietors being, of course, tempted to turn them into deer forests, which continue to bring a fancy rental. Men of foresight, however, are sceptical as to the permanence of the taste for deer-stalking at such an enormous cost as it entails, and they dread, with reason, the imposition of a heavy tax upon a mode of pleasure-seeing which condemns a vast expanse of land to unproductiveness. The Duke of Sutherland, it is understood, means to reverse the policy pursued by his predecessors, to break up some of his colossal farms into moderately-sized holdings, at the same time to provide ample accommodation for a fair proportion of the peasant class, and so to restore that healthy equipoise which belongs to a graded and well-regulated society. His example is pretty sure to be followed, and where it is so in like circumstances, there will come, if not any large increase of population, yet a very sensible improvement in their comforts,

their resources, their prospects, and the temper in which they face the battle of life. On the other side, it is undeniable that there are districts which, under the best conditions, would be over-peopled by the present population, which are so over-peopled under existing conditions that it is inevitable the inhabitants must be subjected to constant privations, whence there can be no escape unless their numbers are reduced. Ere the reforms contemplated by the Duke of Sutherland could be imitated in these regions, it is indispensable that a large emigration should take place, and it would be necessary afterwards that a subdivision of holdings and the growth afresh of a redundant population should be prohibited. Given these terms, along with that universal education which is now enforced, and there seems no reason why the Croft system should not be so amended as to be rendered workable, despite the poverty of the soil and the frequent wetness of the seasons. Then might one hope to see the depressed and care-worn look of the inhabitants replaced by something of the alert blithesness that springs from conscious independence; the dismal hovels that dot remote and barren hill-sides cleared away, along with the miserable kraals that form straggling lanes along the unpropitious and storm-beaten coast; the small, green patches of land, with their varied growths of oats and barley, potatoes and weeds, superseded by a more efficient style of husbandry; and a state of things which is a discredit to our country and a stain upon our civilisation wholly reformed.

LORDS PENZANCE AND COLERIDGE ON ECCLESIASTICAL JUDICATURE.

IF Lord Penzance had been particularly anxious to reconcile High Churchmen and Ritualists to legislation on the lines of the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, he could not have devised a more effectual method of achieving his purpose than that which he has adopted, presumably from an opposite motive. He has declined to put his name to the Report of the other Commissioners, and has published a separate Report of his own, in which he criticises and condemns the main features of the Report signed by all his colleagues. It is not altogether, though it is partly, his own fault that his career as an Ecclesiastical Judge has been a singularly unsuccessful one. The Act to which he owes his existence in that capacity was the offspring of an unreasoning panic, and came into the world with a tainted character. It was passed avowedly "to put down Ritualism,"—that is, not for the sake of doing justice, but in order to make justice subservient to prejudice and passion. This initial taint might have been somewhat neutralised, if the two Primates had appointed as the first Judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act a man who had some knowledge of ecclesiastical history and law, and some rudimentary acquaintance with theology. But the man selected, however estimable in other respects, was absolutely without any training or special qualification for his office. That was sufficiently unfortunate. But the two Primates showed their ignorance of human nature still further, by selecting from the category of unsuitable persons the one man whose judicial experience was certain to make his appointment most distasteful to the Clergy. The Divorce Act, whether justifiably or unjustifiably, has been particularly obnoxious to the Clergy. It was, therefore, a singular want of judgment on the part of the two Archbishops to nominate an ex-Judge of the Divorce Court as the regulator of the doctrine, ritual, and discipline of the Church of England. And the malign influence which tainted the birth of the Public Worship Regulation Act and presided over the selection of its first Judge has pursued Lord Penzance all through his career as Dean of the Arches. He refused to qualify for his office in the usual way, preferring to derive his authority as an Ecclesiastical Judge from an entirely secular source. Partly, therefore, from this ostentatious parade of Erastianism, and partly from causes beyond his control, Lord Penzance started as Dean of the Arches with a disputed title and a general want of confidence on the part of the large majority of Churchmen. The Act from which he drew his title was, moreover, so badly drawn, or he was so careless in administering it, that several of his earlier judgments were upset on appeal to the secular Courts. Irritated by these misadventures, he was so ill-advised as to sneer publicly at the Court of Queen's Bench for its ignorance of ecclesiastical law. Chief Justice Cockburn retaliated in an exceedingly caustic pamphlet, in which he made himself merry at Lord Penzance's claim to ecclesiastical erudition.

That Lord Penzance should, under these circumstances, stand out against the recommendations of his colleagues on the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, is very likely to make the Ritualists, and indeed Churchmen in general, more favourably disposed than they would otherwise have been to accept tribunals based on those recommendations. There will be an antecedent bias in favour of Courts to which Lord Penzance is opposed; nor will the reasons by which he supports his opposition diminish the prejudice to which any proposals coming from him will be exposed. Indeed, nothing proves more plainly his disqualification for the office of an ecclesiastical Judge than those reasons. After quoting various authorities, whom he strangely misunderstands, he says:—"I come, therefore, to the conclusion that there is no warrant to be found in the legal or Constitutional history of this country for the proposition that there have existed at any time since the Conquest, or indeed before it, Spiritual Courts deriving their original authority from the Church, independent of the Sovereign or the State; and that the authority for the existing Ecclesiastical Courts did, on the contrary, emanate directly from the Crown." The historical accuracy of this proposition is more than questionable. The true state of the case is put succinctly as follows, in the body of the Report from which Lord Penzance dissents:—"The origin and nature of the relations between the ecclesiastical and civil powers in the Christian Church . . . . . had assumed a definite form before the Church of England was founded, and was a part of the common inheritance of Christian civilisation which was introduced at the conversion of the English. It is sufficient to note that in the historical growth of ecclesiastical judicature in national Churches three principles are involved:—(1). The existence of an ecclesiastical law anterior to the national law; (2), the acceptance by the nation of that law, so far as it is of general obligation, as the law of religion of the National Church; and (3), the annexation by the nation to the sentences of the law so accepted, under varying limitations, of the coercive power by which alone the sentences can be enforced upon the unwilling." Certainly, Lord Penzance must have an extraordinary confidence in himself, when he ventures to oppose his own crudely formed opinion to a statement which is not only obvious to every historical student, but which is, in this case, authenticated by authorities like Dr. Stubbs, Mr. Freeman, Lord Blachford, Sir Robert Phillimore, and Lord Coleridge, as well as by the standing counsel for the English Church Union and the Church Association. Lord Penzance's whole argumentation is vitiated by the fundamental fallacy that the Church is a mere department of Civil Government, like the Army or Navy. If we are to have our ecclesiastical judicature remodelled, we ought to face the facts fairly. And the fact is that the Church, historically considered, is a society claiming an origin apart from and independent of the civil power; with a code of doctrines, therefore, and with laws which are anterior to the laws of any civil government with which the Church, as locally distributed, chances to enter into relations. It carries its original charter with it into any compact which it may make with the civil power. But the Church has no coercive jurisdiction. It cannot enforce its own laws on its recalcitrant members. The consequence is that when the civil power consents to enforce the laws of the Church, it rightly claims to ascertain for itself that this enforcement does not violate any civil right. The right of the Churchman, as a citizen, is, for example, invaded, if the ecclesiastical tribunal has departed from its own recognised laws and procedure, and in such a case the civil power is justified in refusing to give force to the ecclesiastical sentence, and in sending the case back to the ecclesiastical authorities for reconsideration. But this does not prove that the Church has no original jurisdiction of her own, but derives it all from the State. Mr. Gladstone is sustained by the clearest Constitutional authority in asserting, in his masterly Essay on the Royal Supremacy, that the statute law of England "contains no trace of such a meaning as that the Crown either originally was the source and spring of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or was to become such in virtue of the annexation to it of the powers of" the Reformation statutes. This view is amply borne out by the mass of evidence collected by the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission. There is, of course, a sense in which all jurisdiction flows from the Crown,—the sense, namely, in which it is explained in the grand preamble of the statute of 1532. There the body politic is described as consisting of two spheres, the "Spiritualty and Temporalty." "When any cause of the law divine happened to come in question, or of spiritual learning,

then it was declared, interpreted, and showed by that part of the body politic called the Spiritualty, now being usually called the English Church." The Sovereign's jurisdiction consists in seeing that justice is done in both the temporal and spiritual spheres, in accordance with their respective laws. The laws of the temporal body are derived from the Temporalty. Those of the spiritual from the Spiritualty. The essential difference between the two jurisdictions is marked on our Constitution in a number of ways. Thus the Sovereign summons and prorogues Parliament. The Primate summons and prorogues Convocation. The Crown gives "leave" to Convocation to "decree" canons. It gives "power" to Parliament to make laws. It "enacts" statutes; "ratifies" ecclesiastical canons. Civil statutes have no existence till they receive the Royal assent. Ecclesiastical canons do not owe their being, only their secular force, to the Crown.

These are rudimentary distinctions to the ecclesiastical lawyer. Lord Penzance's Report shows that his mind is in a state of baptismal innocence respecting them. Moreover, he argues as if the Parliament of to-day were identical with the Parliament of Norman and Tudor times. What can be more fallacious or more absurd than to apply to our circumstances the practices of a time when none but Churchmen could sit in Parliament, and when the numerical majority of what was then the more powerful of the two Houses of Parliament consisted of Bishops and Abbots?

But much as we differ from Lord Penzance in his arguments and statement of facts, we have no fault to find with him on grounds of good-feeling and taste. We regret to add that we cannot say as much of the inflammatory protest of Lord Coleridge against the veto which the large majority of the Commissioners propose to give the Bishops on the initiation of a suit. He thinks this veto "has been abused." He ought to have substantiated so grave an accusation. Does he refer to the veto of the Bishop of Oxford, in the case of Mr. Carter? If he does, he will find hardly any one, who is not a member of the Church Association, to agree with him. "The right, as now claimed," he says, "covers ritual excess, whereby, in spite and defiance of the law, a repugnant congregation may be compelled to assist at a ceremonial which they think symbolises an abject and mischievous superstition." This kind of Exeter-Hall claptrap, coming from the Chief Justice of England, is deplorable. If respect for ecclesiastical decisions is to be restored among the Clergy, a beginning ought surely to be made by an observance of judicial propriety. Suppose Lord Coleridge should be nominated one of the new Judges of the Final Court of Appeal, how can he expect a large section of the Clergy to have any confidence in him, after this outburst of partisanship? And the offence is all the more glaring if, as the ecclesiastical papers declare, Lord Coleridge is himself an habitual worshipper in a church where this "abject superstition" is practised. The deadliest enemies of law and order are eminent Judges who give substantial grounds for suspecting, however unjustly, that they aim more at popularity than at justice. Lord Coleridge does not specify any "repugnant congregation" which has been "compelled to assist at an abject and mischievous superstition" through the Episcopal veto, and we think that he ought not to have thrown out such an accusation against the Episcopal Bench without substantiating it. So far as we know, the Episcopal veto has never been used without the great body of rational public opinion behind it. And, as a rule, the Bishops are far too timid to act without clear evidence of hearty lay support.

THE POPE AND ITALY.

THE letter of the Pope to the three Cardinals who are specially concerned with the Vatican Library is interesting, not only for itself, but for the manner in which it has been received by the Italian Press. Not very long ago, such a document would have excited nothing but merriment. The notion of a Pope recommending the study of documents and appealing to history in justification of the part played by the Papacy in Europe, would have been treated simply as a better joke than common. That time seems already to have passed away. The attitude of Italian politicians towards the Pope has undergone a remarkable change. It no longer bespeaks either contempt or anger. The character and policy of Leo XIII. have had their natural influence on the Italian mind. It is seen that the Pope has a definite aim, and that he has pursued it with remarkable persistence, amidst very great discouragement. Pius IX. succeeded in making the Papacy equally hated by the Conservative and the Revolutionary forces in Europe. Neither of them knew where to have him. The Italian Liberal of the time before 1848 had merged in the Italian despot of the time that followed that year, but the Pope was never consistent, either as Liberal or as despot. He was ready to quarrel with established Governments, or to make terms with Revolutionary Governments, just as it suited his momentary purpose. No doubt, his object was always what he held to be the interests of Catholicism. But his reading of the interests of Catholicism summed them up in two things,—the maintenance of his temporal power, and the recognition of his spiritual infallibility. Whatever made or seemed to make for either of these ends, that was what the Pope fought for. He blessed the arms of Napoleon III., because he lent him the support of French bayonets; he would have welcomed a Socialist Republic, provided that it had accepted the Syllabus. Intensity and caprice were the two main characteristics of his mind, and they necessarily led politicians to exclude him from their arrangements. He might come in to them at any moment as a disturbing force, but, as the action of that force would always be beyond calculation, it might for practical purposes be left out of the account. With the election of a new Pope began a new era. Leo XIII. found himself in presence of two almost equally hostile influences. On the one side were the regular Governments of Europe; on the other, the democratic passions that are now diffused throughout the whole of the Continent. With the former, Pius IX. had been at war for years. Russia, Germany, France, Italy were one and all hostile, and if Spain and Austria were disposed to be neutral or friendly, neither their neutrality nor their friendship was of a kind that could be depended upon at a crisis. To the latter Pius IX. was equally obnoxious. He was regarded as at once a renegade and a persecutor. The temptation to which a less resolute man than Leo XIII. would have been exposed would have been to play one of these forces against the other. Alike in France and Germany, for example, the established Government was hostile to the Church; but in France, the established Government was a Republic holding its ground against a Monarchical propaganda, whereas in Germany the established Government was a Monarchy holding its ground against a Socialist propaganda. In both, therefore, the Pope's course seemed plain. In France, his friends were to a man fighting in the Monarchist ranks; consequently, it was his business to do all he could to injure the Republic. In Germany the Catholics formed a third party, equally removed from the Government and the Democratic Opposition; but the Government was for the moment the more active and the more formidable foe of the two; consequently, it was his business to use the weaker adversary, and the one which could only injure him in the future, against the stronger and more present adversary. This was not Leo XIII.'s reading of the political situation. He saw that if the Pope were to have any influence in Europe, he must have a policy that was not determined afresh at every moment by the moment's most obvious needs. He must throw his weight deliberately and permanently into one scale or the other. Possibly, a younger man might have hesitated into which scale he should throw it. There is more to be said in favour of an alliance between the Church and the Democracy than may at first be seen. But Leo XIII. is at heart Left-Centre. Pius IX. was of the same political persuasion as Lord Beaconsfield, a Democratic Tory; Leo XIII. is a sober Whig. The feature that most impressed him in the contemporary Democracy was its anarchical fury, its entire severance from all customary law, whether divine or human, its passionate glorification of an ideal evolved out of its own dreams. On the other hand, the Established Governments have a common Conservative character. In so far as they are Established, they wish to maintain those elementary ideas of order and security against which Communism and Nihilism wage continual war. They are the natural allies, therefore, of the Catholic Church, both because she, too, loves order and security, and because she has help to offer towards the attainment of these things which Established Governments cannot get from any other quarter. Order and security are not in themselves calculated—except, perhaps, at the fag-end of a great revolution—to evoke enthusiasm, and for this reason it very much concerns those whose business it is to preach them to associate them with religion. Leo XIII. was determined to make friends alike of Schismatic Russia, Protestant Germany, and Secularist France. He saw that they might all benefit by his friendship, because in their character of Established

Governments they were all exposed to attacks which the Church could help them to resist. In all three countries, too, the Church had something to gain by an alliance with the powers that be. Whether she any longer desires political influence, or has come to see that political influence is no longer within her reach, does not much matter, since political influence is only to be obtained through the exercise of spiritual influence. Consequently, it is her spiritual influence that the Church seeks to extend and consolidate, and temporal Governments have many ways at their command of furthering or hindering her in the pursuit of this aim. If they are hostile, they can come between Bishops and their flocks, as in Prussia, or between the Church and the children whom she wishes to teach, as in France. Favour is no longer to be had from temporal Governments, but it is still in their power to give or deny the Church a fair field. From the moment of his accession, therefore, Leo XIII. had resolved not to be discouraged by the difficulty of the task he had set himself. He has been successful with Russia; he is seemingly on the eve of success with Germany; and it is only the weakness of the French Government that stands in the way of success in France. All three Governments recognise that the Church is a great Conservative force, and that they cannot quarrel with her without losing a valuable ally in the conflict with anarchy, in which all three must expect to bear a part by-and-by.

This steady conquest over foes who five years ago seemed so resolute and resentful, has not been without its effect on the statesmen of the Italian Monarchy. That monarchy is marked out by circumstances to be a member of the Conservative Coalition, because outside that combination it is threatened by external and internal dangers of the first order. Yet it alone is prevented from profiting by the Pope's assistance, because to it alone the Pope is a permanent antagonist. The force that, if it was friendly, could do more than anything to consolidate Italy, spends its strength in consolidating other Governments, and leaves Italy alone. It is only natural, therefore, that Italian politicians of the graver sort should be asking themselves whether there is no possibility of coming to an understanding with the Pope; and when the Pope himself invites historians to ransack the Vatican archives, in the conviction that the Papacy can only be the better for any light that may be thrown on its relations with Italy and the world, they naturally welcome the indication thus afforded of the Pope's readiness to substitute argument for assertion, and of his willingness to enter upon a discussion which, if it fails to upset the convictions entertained on either side, may at least suggest a *modus vivendi* between them.

THE WISH TO BELIEVE.

MR. WILFRID WARD, the author of the impressive paper in the *Nineteenth Century* of February, 1882, on "The Wish to Believe," in which he maintained that on matters of importance, where the reality of the belief is of the very essence of the wish, the hearty wish to believe, so far from making one credulous, is apt to make one incredulous of the desired evidence, continues, in the number of the *Nineteenth Century* which has just appeared, the further discussion of the same subject. The new paper is an important contribution towards the secret of sound judgment on great issues, Mr. Ward's chief contention being that personal indifference as to the result to be arrived at, such as is usually considered the best security for a juryman's office, though a good guarantee against those conspicuous and obvious perversions of judgment which would imperil the confidence of the public in the justice of our Courts, is by no manner of means the best security for either the highest impartiality or the highest keenness of insight. The essay is an admirable one, and full of strength and subtlety, but we think that it might have been somewhat improved, if Mr. Ward had kept quite distinct in his dialogue the influence exerted by a "wish to believe" on the impartiality of a man's judgment, and its influence on his materials for forming that judgment. There is one passage in which, as we understand it, he intimates his own opinion that you cannot properly separate the two,—that the effect of a strong previous bias of any kind in adding to the facts at your disposal on which the judgment depends, cannot legitimately be separated from the influence of the same bias in keeping your mind honest, or in exposing it to the danger of self-deception. That is the only point on which the present writer is inclined to disagree with Mr. Ward. We hold that the strong desire to establish a certain conclusion on the sole condition that that conclusion should be the true one, is, as Mr. Ward proved, in his previous essay, a very great security for impartiality of judgment,—that is, for a full and distinct appreciation of all that weighs *against* that conclusion, as well as of all that weighs for it. It renders the mind sensitive, and even delicately sensitive, to that which gravely threatens its hopes, as well as to that which tends to confirm them. But very much less than this, the sort of wish to believe which is not at bottom limited by the condition that the thing believed shall be true, but would be more or less gratified by merely making the belief *appear* true to a number of indifferent judges, would be quite enough to make the mind of the wisher extremely sensitive to all sorts of considerations favourable to his wish; only it would not make it specially sensitive to those considerations which were calculated to make against its wish, as the passionate desire to establish the absolute *truth* of a certain belief would do. Take, for example, the desire of a great Old-Bailey barrister, such as the late Mr. Trollope delineated in the character of Mr. Chaffanbrass, to establish,—to the satisfaction of a jury,—his client's innocence of a crime of which he was accused. Mr. Trollope gives us a glimpse of such a state of mind in the very amusing novel called "Phineas Redux," —which we entirely differ, by the way, from that distinguished critic Mr. Henry James, in regarding as one written on Mr. Trollope's lower level. Mr. Chaffanbrass is defending Phineas Finn on a charge of murder,—of which he is quite innocent, though a considerable accumulation of circumstantial evidence is brought against him,—and Mr. Chaffanbrass has been most acute in noting and most powerful in expounding every trivial indication that appeared to show the weakness and inconsistency of the evidence against his client. He shows a lynx eye for every hint that favours his client's innocence, and a marvellous power of realising those hints, so as to make them vivid to the mind of the Judge and the jury. But when he retires to refresh himself in the middle of his address, this is what Mr. Trollope makes Mr. Chaffanbrass say to himself:—"He was telling himself . . . . . how quick may be the resolves of the eager mind,—for he was convinced that the idea of attacking Mr. Bonteen had occurred to Phineas Finn after he had displayed the life-preserver at the Club door." In other words, the strong desire to make a particular conclusion plausible, will give a good deal of the same sensitiveness of vision for the evidence likely to convince other men of that conclusion, which the sincere desire to believe this conclusion if it be true, and not to believe it unless it is true, will give for the evidence which really convinces the man's own self, whether in the direction of his wishes or otherwise. It was clear that, in the fictitious case related by Trollope with all the imaginative detail supplied by that great realist's ample stores of experience, the wish of Mr. Chaffanbrass to prove his client innocent had made his mind sensitive to every point which would be likely to tell with the jury in favour of that client; but that having no special wish to believe him innocent himself, his mind had *not* been sensitive to those points in the evidence which told either in favour of, or against, Phineas Finn's real innocence. And this, though it is the invented incident of a pure fiction, seems to us a perfectly true reflection of human nature.

The way in which "a wish to believe" tells upon the actual belief seems to us, then, something of this sort. It makes the mind sensitive to all evidence,—just as some chemical preparations make a glass plate sensitive to light,—tending in the direction of that wish. If the wish be only a wish to establish a plausible case, but not to convince yourself of the real soundness of that case if it be sound, the mind will become sensitive to these plausibilities of evidence, and to nothing beyond. It will hardly even look for the grounds of true conviction. But if it be true personal conviction which is earnestly desired, then the mind will become sensitive to everything which either aids, or stands seriously in the way of, true conviction. If you want true conviction, the insurmountable obstacles (if they be insurmountable) in the way of that true conviction will be as vividly photographed upon the mind as the evidence for the conclusion you desire. A man who eagerly desired to think his son innocent, would be as utterly unable to attenuate the effect on his mind of what tended to convince him of his son's guilt, as he would to attenuate the effect of what tended to convince him of his son's innocence. The "wish to believe" renders the mind sensitive to evidence just so far as that wish goes,—to evidence likely to convince or puzzle others, if the wish only is to set up an effective case,—to

all the evidence that comes within reach of your own inner judgment, if the wish is to obtain a genuine and assured belief of your own. What we suggest, then, is this,—that a wish either to make others believe, or to believe heartily oneself, affects the result by rendering the mind which entertains it specially sensitive to all evidence likely to sway the judgment whether of others or of yourself as to the character of that belief, but that it is not in the power of any mere anxiety to get up a plausible defence for one side of a case, to render the judgment sound and impartial. That can only be done by such a wish to believe, *if the belief be true*, as will impress the mind as much with all that tells against the belief, as it will with all that tells in its favour.

Some one, however, will certainly be found to ask Mr. Ward, 'Why do you insist on the wish to believe, if the belief be true, as the best guarantee of impartial investigation? Why do you not rather put it thus: that the wish should be to find the truth, whether the truth be in the direction of faith, or in the direction of scepticism? What would you think of a historical investigator who desired to make out a case, say, for Cromwell, if he honestly could, without ignoring any scrap of good evidence against Cromwell's character, instead of simply wishing earnestly to make out the truth, whether that truth branded Cromwell's character, or cleared it?' Mr. Ward has not yet come upon any discussion of this question, but we should be quite prepared to maintain that a wish to believe something that has kindled the imagination and stirred the heart—whether in relation to a human character or a divine faith—on condition that one can honestly and fully believe it without hiding from oneself the force of any of the evidence against it, is a far better guarantee for impartiality of judgment than what is commonly called an impartial desire to find out the truth, on whatever side the truth may lie. And we should justify our view of the matter thus. If you wish to believe in some vision which kindles the imagination and stirs the heart, on condition only that that belief is true, you start with a definite clue as well to all that tells in favour of that belief as to all that tells against it. If you start with a mere abstract resolution to find out the truth, on whatever side it may lie, you have no such clue; you have to balance one fact against another, to set off this evidence against that, without any sufficient motive-power to lead you straight to the critical points. It is perfectly true that if you start with a "wish to believe," and find out that your wish is idle, and that all the important evidence goes the other way, you start with a *false* clue, historically speaking. But a false clue historically speaking is often a true clue morally speaking, and leads you much sooner and more directly to the conviction that you did start with a false assumption, than a mere abstract desire to find the truth would do. To verify this, let us ask whether an honest wish to "*dis*believe" will be as good a help to a just view, as is an honest wish to believe. Of course, a wish to disbelieve may often be a wish to believe in another shape, as a wish to disbelieve in Cromwell's hypocrisy would be a wish to believe in Cromwell's honesty of purpose. But we mean by a wish to believe, a wish to prove the truth of some vision which has kindled the imagination and stirred the heart; and by the wish to disbelieve, a wish to get rid of a vision which has awed the imagination and oppressed the heart. Well, so defined, we deny altogether that a wish to disbelieve is any help to true impartiality of judgment, as a wish to believe would be. A bad man, for instance, might wish to disbelieve in the purity and goodness of a friend's character which he might regard as a sort of reproach to himself. Such a wish to disbelieve, however sincere, would never render his mind highly sensitive to all the grounds which made his disbelief irrational, though the wish to believe honestly in the purity and truth of any character, would certainly render the mind sensitive to every consideration which was clearly unfavourable to the higher view of that character, as well as to those which favoured it. The wish to get rid of an upbraiding suggestion does not quicken the mind to anything that tells in favour of that upbraiding suggestion; the wish to justify a genuine feeling of reverence, does quicken the mind to the trace of anything which honestly tells against that reverence.

We come, then, to this conclusion,—that it is of the very essence of what we may call a generous desire, to make us face honestly all that runs counter to that desire; while it is of the very essence of an ungenerous desire to blind us to all that runs counter to that desire. The wish to believe, even if it leads to disbelief, leads to disbelief by an exalted path, which only ends in disbelief because the heart had fixed on some mistaken object of reverence, the reverence itself being all the while due, though due in some different quarter. The wish to disbelieve, on the contrary, leads direct to disbelief by a mean and ignoble path, which is even more likely to land one in a mistaken disbelief, than in a just disbelief. The guidance in the "wish to believe" in something noble, is even greater and more effectual than the guidance of the mere wish to find abstract truth; for the latter, being necessarily wholly undefined until the truth is found, sheds no ideal light on the path of search, while the wish to believe in something noble and above oneself, even if it turn out in the end a mistaken wish as regards its special object, certainly does. The ideal rays of a high aspiration render the mind sensitive to the true character of the search, even though the wish to believe should end sadly in disappointment.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

WE are not premature, we suppose, in concluding that Mr. Shapira's Recension of the Ten Commandments is of North-German rather than of Phœnician or Moabite origin. The ingenious persons who have deceived Mr. Shapira, and hoped to deceive Europe in general, counted too much upon the interest with which the discovery of a manuscript dating long before the Christian era would be received. Of course, there are many persons who would be so willing to believe in such a "find" that they would overlook difficulties and be content with insufficient evidence. But this is not the attitude of the learned. They are inclined to apply the proverb, "Too good to be true," and to suspect the genuineness of a discovery the more keenly in proportion to the magnitude of its claims. A forger who should add another to the number of unread and unreadable treatises of Epicurean philosophy which are among the curiosities of Herculaneum, would be more likely to escape detection, than if he submitted to the inspection of scholars one of the lost Decades of Livy. The experts in Oriental learning seem to have approached the examination of Mr. Shapira's manuscript in a spirit of incredulity, which has certainly been justified by the result.

It has been remarked in the course of the discussion that if the learning of the forgers had been equal to their ingenuity, the attempt might have been successful. Their learning was certainly at fault. The compiler of the text, according to Dr. Ginsburg, was not more than moderately well acquainted with Hebrew, and quite unversed in the Phœnician character. But the ingenuity of the forgers was not such as to escape detection. It will have been observed that the most cogent arguments against the genuine character of the *codex* were those which dealt with the material on which it was written. Dr. Ginsburg, in his official report to the Librarian of the British Museum, the French scholar who had anticipated some of his conclusions, and the board of Berlin *savans*, who seem to have rejected the manuscript before it was brought over to this country, agree in insisting on the comparative modernness of the material on which it is written. In other respects the external evidence of authenticity broke down, as indeed in such cases it is pretty certain to do. There are scholars in Europe who could reproduce some of the lost fragments of Classical antiquity with a skill which would make detection, to say the least of it, very difficult. Professor Jebb, whom we name *honoris causa*, could doubtless, if he were so minded, produce an admirable imitation of one of the Dirges of Pindar, and fragments which should satisfy the sharpest inspection of criticism, of the lost plays of the Promethean Trilogy. Happily, the very best men, to whom alone such imitations would be possible, never are so minded; and the degraded scholar who is willing to impose upon the world has lost, if he ever had, the power of successfully deceiving. In any case, it may be doubted whether the mechanical necessities of such an imposture could ever be satisfied. The actual document on which the recovered fragment was found would have to be produced, and it may be doubted whether any ingenuity could produce out of new materials a manuscript of seeming antiquity which would defy the united scrutiny of the learned and the scientific. The late M. Simonides had probably developed, by practice, this ingenuity to its largest possibilities, and he had not such success as would encourage followers of the art. It will be remembered how a document elaborated with all his skill and artfully placed among a number of genuine manuscripts was almost instantaneously detected by the late Librarian of the Bodleian. And it is probable that the

science of detection has gained ground, and will gain ground hereafter, more rapidly than the science of imitation. Generally, it may be affirmed that the day of such frauds has passed. In the early days of literature, these were as common as they were successful. Then, indeed, they could hardly be called frauds. A Hebrew who attributed his ethical or prudential maxims to Solomon, or a Greek who put the name of Homer at the head of a hymn to Apollo, had no thought but of doing honour to the master whose title he assumed, and his work was accepted in the same good-faith with which it was done. The more deliberate attempt to deceive, which is to be seen in such frauds as the so-called "Sibylline Oracles," was, happily, followed by a spirit of critical inquiry; and such impostures have never had more than a temporary success. Of course, it is possible that we may be accepting as genuine productions of antiquity, secular or sacred, some ingenious pretences. Scholars, for instance, doubt the genuineness of some of the "Heroides" of Ovid; and a writer, who might have made more impression upon the learned if he had been in any sense a scholar, tried lately to make us believe that the "Annals" of Tacitus were the work of Bracciolini, commonly called "Poggio." The Scholars of the Revival of Letters had, indeed, a grand opportunity of fraud, and if they had not been so busy in discovering what was genuine—what a list is that of Poggio's "finds," Quintilian, four or five orations of Cicero, Lucretius, twelve comedies of Plautus, &c.!—might have invented a good deal. In these days, invention is impossible, as discovery seems to be hopeless.

Nor is it easy to say where the ingenuity of the artists in literary deception, of whom there seems to be always a supply, is to find a field. We look back with wonder at the success with which George Psalmanazar, not more than a hundred and fifty years ago, imposed upon many of his contemporaries. At the age of sixteen, he conceived the idea of passing himself off as a native of Formosa; and to support this character, he invented a language, with a grammar and a vocabulary, a new division of the year (the people of Formosa had *twenty* months, it seemed), and a new religion. The men of science, it is true, looked somewhat coldly and incredulously upon him, but the clergy received him with open arms. He was employed to translate the Church Catechism into Formosan, and his version was pronounced by the learned to be grammatically correct. "A History of Formosa" followed; but Psalmanazar's head seemed to have been turned by success, and the extravagancies of his history dealt a great blow to his credit. Still, it was years before the imposture was finally exposed. It may be safely affirmed that now-a-days it would not last as many days. A dozen persons, at least, would instantly be found who were acquainted with the dialect of Formosa, or any other island which the impostor might select; and the grammar and dictionary of the imaginary tongue would certainly not stand any longer the scrutiny of experts in language.

The fact is that in these matters the conditions to be satisfied are too numerous and too difficult to admit of success. The arts, it is well known, present a more promising field for deception. A collector of pictures who left his gallery a few years ago to the nation, was found to have continued for years to purchase, at high prices, spurious examples of the Old Masters. It is probable that not a few copies occupy places of honour in great collections. The authenticity of many so-called masterpieces is fiercely disputed, and though it would be difficult in any one case to estimate the value of the opposing arguments, it is certain that in some cases out of the whole number the truth is on the side of those who impugn. With regard to the works of modern painters, the facility of fraud and the difficulty of detection must be greatly increased. If the artist be still living, he can, indeed, be called in to decide on the genuineness of the attributed work. This test, we understand, is not invariably conclusive, the painter not being always able to speak with certainty. There are evidently large opportunities of forging the works of artists recently deceased. In such things, too, as the wares of China and Japan, there must, one would think, be no small opportunities of fraud. Experts, indeed, profess to know the genuine from the false, and doubtless the faculties of sight and touch can be trained to reach a very subtle power of criticism. But there must be some uncertainty about tests, the operation of which those who exercise them would be scarcely able to describe. And here, too, it is the Oriental workman, a wonderfully skilful master in the art of imitation, who is pitted against Western acuteness. It is the modern Chinese or Japanese copies of the ancient ware of those countries, against which the connoisseur has to be on his guard.

MADAME MOHL.

In the very lively reminiscences of Madame Mohl which Mrs. Simpson contributes to the September number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, a great many of Madame Mohl's old friends will renew some of the most vivid of their impressions of the raciest social intercourse they ever had. Madame Mohl, as Mrs. Simpson reminds us, was a spirited girl of Scotch descent, steeped in French society, who united much of the acuteness, simplicity, and homeliness of a Scotch girl with that happy and impromptu artifice of thought and language which Paris alone appears to cultivate in perfection. She used often to speak of her English as "kitchen English," but the phrase itself showed her French breeding, for she only meant by "kitchen English" to accent and skilfully exaggerate the homeliness of phrase which was the greatest attraction of her vivid style. It was the contrast between the real art,—the happy self-consciousness,—of her French training, and the homely vividness of her Scotch feeling, that gave to Madame Mohl's conversation its wonderful humour of effect. She had at once a great naturalness and a great power of framing that naturalness in a studied though simple frame, which set it off to the highest effect. When compelled to sit by girls whom she thought would have better liked masculine attentions, Mrs. Simpson tells us that she would say, "My dear, I felt so ashamed of not being a young man,"—a bit of satire which it would have been hard to present with more effect, for it owes as much to its simple English phraseology as to its artless French art. Or take almost her last saying, when she was dying, at an age considerably over ninety, when her favourite Persian cat,—matched with a wife of less distinction,—came to sit by her on her bed,—"Il est si distingué!—sa femme ne l'est pas du tout, mais il se n'aperçoit pas; il est comme beaucoup d'hommes, en cela." Madame Mohl's evident grievance that the men for whom she had felt herself a fitting intellectual companion, had appeared to be quite ignorant that their own wives were hardly as distinguished as themselves, could not have been brought out with more humour, though very likely she knew in her heart of hearts that not only the friends whose apparent unconsciousness fidgeted her, but the Persian cat himself, was perfectly aware of the inferior distinction of the wife, but rather liked the permanent proximity of a less distinguished companion while they skilfully ignored all consciousness of their own superior merit. You see the same curious combination of English shyness and simplicity with French tact and ingenuity in that very funny account of Madame Mohl's precautions for hiding her marriage from her own household with which she used to amuse Mrs. Simpson, and again in the pithy abruptness with which she broke her marriage to her married sister, which she did by the message that, "As an aunt was like a fifth wheel to a coach, she had been married that morning to M. Mohl." Her favourite books she called "nourishing," meaning much more than that they interested her,—that they brought grist to her mill; and during the time of the siege of Paris, when she was thrown on her English friends' hospitality, she always spoke of herself as "on the parish." She generally found some vivid metaphor for her experience; usually one that suggested at the same time strong, homely feeling, and keen French perception of the way in which that homely feeling would appear to others. One is not surprised to hear that she longed to be an actress, and that her friends thought that, with her vivid natural gestures and her keen knowledge of the impression which she made on others, she would have made a remarkable actress. It is precisely the combination of strong natural feelings with a quick sense of effect and art, that makes the good actress. Madame Mohl prized and hugged to the last the warmth of naturalism that was in her, but she knew exactly, as only Frenchwomen of genius know, what effect it would have on others, and how to give it the best effect.

The liveliness of her feelings had always the French sanguineness about it, as of feelings too imperious to be disappointed, a sanguineness which is too often eventually succeeded by the French paroxysm of despair. One can see her, as Mrs. Simpson describes her, when first she found her husband's health failing, "her grief mingled with astonishment and indignation" that the doctors could do nothing for him. But her description, written a year after his death, of the last scene is wholly pathetic, without a touch of art about it. "He had been struggling for breath," she wrote, "for four or five hours, worse and worse; he stroked my face all the time, but could not speak; that stroking has

been an ineffable comfort to me; it was an endearment when he could not speak, the only sign he could give me of his affection, and that he knew it was I that was with him." This was not written till the anniversary of M. Mohl's death. "At the time," says Mrs. Simpson, "she almost went out of her mind."

Madame Mohl knew the value of caprice, at least of the caprices of such a mind as hers; for what with her strong natural feelings, and her keen French tact and training, her caprices were worth much more than other persons' habits. She loved to embroil herself with her friends in order to have the pleasure of getting out of the difficulty, which she always knew how to do with a sort of humorous frankness that made the embroilment into a new tie. Her vivacity had genuine feeling at the bottom of it. This was what really made her company so attractive. The present writer remembers asking an experienced waiter who had known many of the principal hotels in a great number of different countries, from England to Italy, where the food was really best. "Oh!" he said, "in London; there the *stuff* is so good that but a little art will make the dishes works of art of a very high order." That is what one would say of the humour and wit of Madame Mohl. The stuff was so good, that it needed only the innate tact and sparkle of her French vivacity to make the whole effect even brilliant. In France, you often get a higher art, but seldom a higher art exerted on such first-rate material.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CLOSING OF THE HIGHLANDS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You talk, in your article of August 25th on "The Closing of the Scottish Highlands," about the ordinary tourist being obliged to keep himself to the roads in the moor country, lest he should be caught by some gamekeeper disturbing the grouse. Is it not a fact that in Scotland there is no specific law against trespass, and no penalty can be imposed on you, unless you actually poach the game or damage the property? Of course, that is not much of an argument with a gamekeeper who has a gun in his hand and a savage dog on either side; but still, if it is really the case, tourists might insist on their rights till gamekeepers would be obliged to recognise them, after a few victims had sacrificed themselves by submitting to a summons.—I am, Sir, &c., J. L. P.

[That is the true remedy, and the remedy actually adopted by five tourists on Ben Alder. Strong parties of tourists should be made up for this very purpose.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

MR. FOOTE AND THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Considerable attention has been drawn to the present operation of the Blasphemy Laws by the Press, in connection with the case "The Queen *v.* Foote, Ramsay, &c.," and by public meetings held for the purpose of invoking the prerogative of the Crown in their favour. I cannot but think that the arguments employed have been founded on a total misapprehension of the facts. Will you, therefore, allow me to place the true state of the case before your readers? Before doing so, however, let me observe that it is not my wish to defend the Blasphemy Laws in their present form. They unquestionably require modification, to be adapted to our present social requirements; yet I maintain that the principle involved in them is sound. I am one of the last to wish to maintain the belief either in Christianity or Theism by the aid of the civil power. In dealing with such questions, appeals to reason and the moral sense are the only legitimate weapons. If Christianity cannot vindicate its own claims to stand without the aid of civil penalties, then "it is a work of man, and will come to naught." Let us have the utmost freedom of discussion. But this is a very different thing from allowing the Author of Christianity, to whom the most eminent unbelievers have assigned the highest place in their Pantheon of great men, to be made the subject of a most indecent and utterly misleading caricature, which is publicly exhibited in shop windows, and that, too, in one of the chief thoroughfares in London. I doubt whether one in a thousand of those who are endeavouring to invoke the prerogative of the Crown in favour of Messrs. Foote and Ramsay have ever seen the caricature in question, or even have the smallest idea of its real nature. It appeared in the Christmas number of the *Freethinker*, and is called "A New Life of Christ." It contains neither reasoning nor argument, but is neither more nor less than an indecent parody of our blessed Lord, not in words only, but aided by illustrations. So great was its indecency, that the Court very properly took measures to prevent its publication in the newspapers. This, however, has afforded the opportunity for an immense amount of misrepresentation, as though it were a violation of the liberty of the Press, instead of an attempt to suppress a public nuisance. I submit that caricatures of the vilest kind are neither reasoning nor argument, but an appeal to the basest passions of mankind. Yet in January last, on passing through Fleet Street, I saw this very publication stuck up in a shop window, with so large a number of people, chiefly young people, gazing at it, that I could not get near enough distinctly to read the printed matter. Minor Canon Shuttleworth says, and says truly, "Christians will never exorcise the spirit of atheism and blasphemy by appealing to the demons of intolerance and injustice." With this statement I cordially agree; but when he applies this great truth to the Foote case, I am forced to conclude that he has never seen the parody in question. The object of the prosecution was not "to exorcise the spirit of atheism and blasphemy," but to prevent a wanton insult from being offered to the great mass of the people of this country. I submit that this is no attempt to uphold Christianity by the aid of the civil power; but to prevent an outrage which, if it had been allowed to continue, would have endangered a breach of the peace. The adherents of the various religions in India, bad as most of them are, are justly protected by law from outrages of this description. Are Christians in England alone to be exposed to them, and are such caricatures to be exhibited in our streets to crowds of young people? I feel sure that if the case were submitted to a jury of eminent unbelievers, and the Christmas number of the *Freethinker* were put into their hands, that their verdict would have pronounced it a public nuisance. I am not acquainted with the writings of any unbeliever which have given me as much pain in reading them as those of the late Professor Clifford (I am alluding to educated unbelievers), so strong were his denunciations of Christianity. But these differ *toto caelo* from the parody of the *Freethinker*, which I think that even he would have pronounced indecent. I am aware that it has been urged in Mr. Foote's favour that it is a question between good and bad-taste; that no certain line of demarcation can be laid down between the one and the other, and that it is taken for granted that Mr. Foote is a man of bad-taste. All these positions I dispute; but with respect to the latter, I am confident that Mr. Foote is not a man who is ignorant of the distinction between good and bad-taste. Many years ago—eight, at the least—I was in the habit of meeting Mr. Foote in the Hall of Science, and hearing him discuss religious questions. He was then a young man, in whom I felt a deep interest. I considered him the clearest and calmest reasoner in that hall; and I must do him the justice to say that his mode of discussing the questions at issue was uniformly in good-taste, free from anything offensive, in which he stood in striking contrast to Mr. Bradlaugh. But between the Mr. Foote of 1874 and the Mr. Foote of the *Freethinker*, the fall is incredibly great. These facts dispose of the question that his offence is a venial one, owing to want of taste. I can only attribute the authorship of the parody in question to a deliberate purpose to insult, grieve, and appeal not to reason, but to obloquy, abuse, and the lowest passions.

Let me now definitely state my position. I do not contend that Christianity should be protected by the civil power, but I urge that it is unendurable that its numerous professors in this country should be insulted by parodies of him whom they consider to be the Holy One of God, the subject of their highest love, reverence, and regard, being publicly exhibited in the streets; and that the civil power is bound to prevent it, in its capacity of conservator of the peace. I make this last observation, because I feel assured that if such exhibitions are allowed, zealous Christians, with more zeal, perhaps, than discretion, would be tempted to violate the peace, by entering the shops where they are exhibited, and demolishing them. Let me further add that the case of the *Freethinker* wholly differs from that of the controversy between Mr. Bradlaugh and the House of Commons. When Mr. Bradlaugh commits a similar outrage to that perpetrated in the *Freethinker*, by all means let the civil power interfere. But in my own opinion, nothing has been more unadvised in the interest of Christianity

than manufacturing Mr. Bradlaugh into a political martyr. It has trebled his influence among working-men as an opponent alike of Theism and Christianity, and greatly increased the sale of his pernicious publications. The admission of ten Bradlaughs into the House of Commons would not have done an equal amount of mischief. Would that those who oppose Mr. Bradlaugh's admission on conscientious grounds would think the matter over, and retrace their steps. I say this without political bias, simply in the interests of that Christianity to the defence of which I have devoted the best days of my life; and in the interest of that Christianity let this controversy be speedily made to cease.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. A. Row, Prebendary of St. Paul's.

[We agree with Canon Row's main position, but we are persuaded that the sentence inflicted on Mr. Foote and his associates was, in the interest of public decency itself, excessively harsh, and that it has therefore had some of the bad effects of making a martyr of a very vulgar and unscrupulous assailant of religion.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

IRISH HATRED OF ENGLAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me to state some grounds for believing that the Irish hatred of England, which you lament in your last number, is more restricted to particular classes, and more likely to yield to causes already in operation, but which have not yet had time to produce their natural effects, than might at first sight be supposed?

During the troubled years that followed the Irish famine and the death of O'Connell, hatred and defiance of England were quite as much as now the staple of all popular oratory and of all writers in newspapers on the popular side in Ireland. The Orange or Conservative papers, on their part, habitually exaggerated the extent of this feeling, as enabling them to claim a monopoly of loyalty, and to throw blame on Lord John Russell's Government for not adopting severe enough measures of repression, just as they have thrown blame on Mr. Gladstone's Government for the same thing. So far, then, as the state of feeling in Ireland could be learnt from the Press on either side, Irish hatred of England appeared both wide-spread and intense. Yet I can testify, as the result of frequent visits during this period, both to Dublin and several country districts in Ireland, and a fair amount of intercourse with middle-class Irishmen, commercial, agricultural, and professional (mostly, I may add, Catholics in religion, and professing to be more or less on the popular side in politics), that it was only occasionally that any earnest hatred of England was to be met with amongst the middle-classes. Indifference to all political controversy was much more common. I was much struck likewise with the mistrust almost universally expressed of the Irish popular Members and platform orators of the day. It seemed to be assumed, as a matter of course, that they were all (excepting, perhaps, Smith O'Brien) place-hunters or self-seekers of some sort. The subsequent careers of these men proved, indeed, that they were judged with even less than justice; for while some of them did, in fact, turn out to have had for their goal all along well-paid office, home or colonial, under the Government which they would have any day denounced as capable of spitting Irish babies upon Saxon bayonets, there were others who remained consistent and disinterested to the end.

Even in Leinster, Connaught, and Munster, it was necessary at that time, and many things combine to prove that it is no less necessary now, to go below the fairly educated middle-class, to find much genuine hatred of England, or much appreciation of the men who labour to aggravate that unhappy feeling. It is, in truth, amongst the tenant-farmers and cottiers, and the classes closely connected with them, that this hatred has become really and deeply rooted. However much we may lament this feeling, it is difficult for any one who will study the history of this class for many generations past to wonder at it. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written, I believe the English public has even now but little idea of the hopeless lot of a very large proportion of Irish tenants under the system superseded by the Land Act. In bad seasons, there were semi-starvation, arrears of rent accumulating, evictions, and the indescribable miseries of crowds of men, women, and children turned out, often in winter, absolutely destitute, upon the road-side. In good seasons every appearance of comfort, everything that might raise a suspicion that a tenant was thriving or putting by money, had to be at any sacrifice avoided, lest it should be inferred that he could afford to pay a better rent. Good landlords, indeed, there were, but what could that avail the tenants of bad landlords? Moreover, however good the landlord, he often had debts, and mortgagees must have their interest, be the landlord's wishes or the tenant's sufferings what they may. And there was not a tenant in Ireland who did not identify this cruel system of land-tenure with English rule, or who believed it could last a day, if English rule were put an end to.

The Land Act, it is true, has now overthrown this system. As explained by Mr. Forster, in an instructive speech at Devonport, not even the very substantial reductions in present rents are more valuable than the absolute security against inequitable increases of rent in the future which the Act confers. Tenants may henceforward fearlessly bring forth their savings (stealthily hidden away, unproductive hitherto), and may expend them in whatever improvements, or stock, or implements they think will yield them the best return. Mr. Forster indeed states that many tenants are already beginning to do this.

The passing of the Land Act was an act of justice, but it was also something more. It was the first, as well as, with such a Legislature as ours, the most difficult step in a policy which makes the reconciliation of England and Ireland for the first time possible. As long as the old system of land-tenure endured in Ireland, no subsidence of Irish hatred of England could be for a moment hoped for. But even the passing of the Land Act could do no more than make reconciliation possible. The Act is coming into operation slowly, and the unhappy circumstance that the Commissioners' decisions take effect from the time they are pronounced, and not from the institution of proceedings, is seriously retarding its progress. Even where the Act is in operation, it will be much if five or ten years suffice to develope the prosperity which must undoubtedly result from it. But as comfort diffuses itself amongst the masses who cultivate the soil, and the memory of the old system of land-tenure dies away, the removal of other causes of national estrangement will become a task which even ordinary statesmen may well prove equal to.—I am, Sir, &c.,

An Irishman.

"THE SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN IRELAND."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your suggestive article of last Saturday, "The Success and Failure in Ireland," you state that "A great many of them [holdings] are held by tenants who are quite satisfied at present, and do not wish their rent revised by a Court of any kind." A recent visit to Ireland, where I have mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, fully verifies this statement. Just now I have corroboration of it within my personal cognisance.

A hard-working Irishman living in the county of Sligo comes to work for me annually during the summer months. He has a farm of several acres, for which and his dwelling he pays £4 per annum. He expresses himself perfectly satisfied with his landlord and the rent. Now, this man has a wife and eight children, and to eke out a bare subsistence he pays an annual visit to England, where he works hard and saves his wages to take back with him to Ireland; his English earnings making all the difference to him during the coming winter, between what he considers comfort and absolute privation, if not starvation. Yet if this man lived on his farm rent free, he would be only £4 per annum better. He formerly kept a couple of cows and two or three pigs. Owing to the recent unfavourable seasons, they have gradually disappeared, and he sold his remaining cow last March to keep his family from starvation. He has now no stock, and sees no chance of getting any. But for the money he earns in England in the summer and takes home, his children, to use his own expressive phrase, would "clam" (die of hunger). This man is the type of thousands.

I travelled this summer with an intelligent Catholic priest through the mountainous regions of Kerry and the Glengariff district. Pointing to the wretched hovels on the hill-sides and the valleys, attached to small patches of land won from the bog or rocky ground, he said the tenants (and they formed part of his flock) had no reason to complain on the score of rent, if they paid anything at all; but that if they lived rent free, the patches of ground would only raise them one slight remove higher above the depths of their present hopeless poverty and beggary. In such districts, there was no remedy but emigration. Migration would only reduce the symptoms in one

quarter to aggravate them in another. Confidence, capital, and energy were required to develope the resources and manufactures of Ireland. The priest eulogised Gladstone as a statesman who wished well to Ireland, and who would do more for the country, if he were not thwarted by the landlord interest. He believed vast beneficial results would arise in many districts from the passing of the Land Law, but it would require time and patience for its operation and full fruition.

From personal observation, I can verify your statement to its full extent, that "Ireland is now a quieter and more peaceable country than any other part of the United Kingdom." Visitors from England are received with open arms, and treated with extreme kindness and courtesy. Danger is a myth.

The recent outrages have had a disastrous effect upon the prosperity of those portions of Ireland through which I passed. Notwithstanding the perfect safety with which Ireland can be traversed, Englishmen, reading the reports of the cruel agrarian outrages and murders, shun Ireland as a plague-spot. Whether at Bray, Ovoca, Killarney, Glengariff, or the glorious district around Bantry and Cork, there is one unvarying record, that the comparatively total absence of English visitors to these places during the last three years, has for thousands who minister to their needs destroyed their previous margin between material well-being and present distress and ruin. I leave Irishmen and friends of Ireland to draw the inference.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. B. Robinson.

The Inner Hey, Marsden, near Huddersfield, August 27th.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SPORT OF THE IRISH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Some years ago, a clever cartoon depicted an Irish woman holding her husband back from a faction-fight, raging in the distance, while he exclaims, "Don't hold me, Biddy sure, it's meat and drink to me!" Faction-fights, though they were so dear to the Irish heart, have been almost wholly put down in Ireland, but some of the late encounters in the House look very much like a survival of the dear, old, Irish sport. However disgusting and inconvenient such sport may be, when brought into the serious work of legislation, the mere lingering of the ancient propensity is surely not of any very deep significance. But as it affords metaphorical meat and drink to the many in Ireland, and very material meat and drink to the "boys" in the House, it will doubtless be kept up till the nuisance is repressed as effectually as the authorities in Ireland have repressed all faction-fighting at fairs.—I am, Sir, &c., B. B.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Woods Smyth will seem to very many of your readers a much-needed and valuable contribution to the interesting discussion evoked by Mr. Drummond's book. It is, indeed, fatal to the argument against which it is directed, and Mr. Smyth, in his contention that regeneration is not an alteration of our real nature, not a substantive, but a moral change, may, if he wants further authority than Scripture, reason, and conscience, appeal to the great name of Bishop Butler.

The statement of Mr. Drummond that "the change of state (in regeneration) is not, as in physics, a mere change of direction, the affections directed to a new object, but is a change of nature, a passing from death unto life," &c., is most emphatically controverted in the following striking passage from Butler's first sermon on the love of God:—

"As we cannot remove from the earth or change our general business in it, *so neither can we alter our real nature.* Therefore, no exercise of the mind can be recommended, but only the exercise of those faculties you are conscious of. *Religion does not demand new affections,* but only claims the direction of those you already have, those affections you daily feel, though unhappily confined to objects not altogether unsuitable, but altogether inadequate to them. . . . . It is the same with the love of God in the strictest and most confined sense. We only offer and represent the highest object of an affection, supposed already in your mind. Some degree of goodness must previously be supposed; this always implies the love of itself, an affection for goodness; the highest, the adequate object of this affection is perfect goodness, which, therefore, we are to love with all our heart, &c."

It is difficult to frame a more perfect instance of the logical contradictory, not merely of the substance, but of the very words of the theory which Mr. Woods Smyth so strongly and satisfactorily impugns.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Lee, Kent. J. C. Gill.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent who signs himself "C. C. M." says, in speaking of man, that "his humanity is a deeper fact than his individuality." But how can they be viewed apart, in the light of Christian teaching? The merging of individuality in humanity is the goal of aspiration in Eastern religious systems,—a goal most attractive to some minds, imbued with a sense of the unity that underlies the universe. But if there is any one note of Christian teaching that should be emphasized and never lost sight of, it is the note of individuality. On it hangs the true realisation of the personality of God, and through it we pass from abstract ideas to the reconciliation of the objective and subjective sides of religion. It is as individuals that we possess free-will. It is as individuals we use that free-will to choose good and reject evil. The conception of "C. C. M." that "death to self" will make all "distinctive individuality become henceforward merely functional in the universal organism," is one that makes the Incarnation a mere phase in the history of humanity, instead of being an everlasting fact, that seals man's individuality for ever.—I am, Sir, &c., B. P. L.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you permit me to call attention once more to Mr. Drummond's interesting book on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and particularly to a part of his argument which seems to me to be invalid? I confine myself to his paper on Biogenesis. Mr. Drummond holds that the difference between the natural and the spiritual world—and consequently, between the natural and the spiritual man—is as the difference between the inorganic and the organic world,—that is, between not-life and life. At page 71, he says:—"The passage from the natural world to the spiritual world is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut, no mineral can open it; so the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut, and no man can open it." A "bridgeless gulf," he says, separates the natural and the spiritual like that which separates between not-life and life. The meaning of this is that the difference between spiritual life and the natural life of man, is as great as that between a stone and a living plant; nay, says Mr. Drummond, it is greater. "He who lives [see page 82] the spiritual life has a distinct kind of life added to all the other phases of life which he manifests,—a kind of life infinitely more distinct than the active life of a plant from the inertia of a stone. The spiritual man is more distinct in point of fact than is the plant from the stone. . . . . Compared with the difference between the natural and the spiritual, the gulf which divides the organic from the inorganic is a hair's-breadth." Now, I want to know if it is strictly accurate to speak of different *kinds* of life? There are different modes and degrees of life, as we all see plainly enough. There is vegetable and animal life, and there are lower and higher forms of life; but do these varieties of mode and form and development warrant us in speaking of different *kinds* of life? Have we any right to say that vegetable life is a different *kind* of life from animal life, or that the life that animates a man's body is different in *kind* from that which animates his mind, or that this last, again, is different in kind from that which animates the highest part of him,—his spiritual nature? Do we know enough of what life is, to entitle us to speak so confidently of different *kinds* of life? Should we not be nearer the truth were we to say that all life is essentially one, that the mysterious principle that animates the green blade of grass and that which animates the highest part of man's nature is one and the same? The modes of expression are widely different; but is not the life one, and does it not come in each case from the same divine source? Here, then, is where, as it seems to me, the argument of Mr. Drummond quite breaks down. His argument is, that life is originated only by life, that there is no such thing as spontaneous generation, and that as this is true in the natural world, it is no less true in the spiritual. The argument may be stated more broadly thus:—As it is a scientific impossibility that a stone should develope into a living plant, it is no less a scientific impossibility that a "natural" man should develope into a spiritual man. Is this a sound argument? The gulf which separates the stone from the living plant is, as all admit, a "bridgeless gulf,"—it is the impassable gulf which separates not-life from life. But the "natural" man is in some sense a *living* man, and no such gulf lies between life and life as that which lies between not-life and life; therefore, no such gulf separates the natural man

from the life of the spiritual world. The account which Mr. Drummond gives of the "natural" man cannot, I think, be accepted as correct. At p. 82 he says:—"The natural man belongs essentially to this present order of things. He is endowed simply with a high quality of the natural animal life, but it is life of so poor a quality that it is not life at all." Yet surely, however poor the quality of the life may be, life is still life. But St. Paul, who first originated the expression, gives a higher view of the natural man than Mr. Drummond does. In the second chapter of Romans, the Apostle speaks of natural men as not only capable, but as actually doing *by nature* the things contained in the law, and says that they thus show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, &c. Surely this moral nature of the natural man, this natural sense of justice, truth, and duty, is a link which somehow unites the natural man to the spiritual world, and makes him akin to it, and shows that no such gulf lies between him and it as lies between the inorganic and the organic. Mr. Drummond calls the "natural" man "inorganic," in relation to the spiritual world, which he calls "organic." Why?

Further, what Mr. Drummond says about the need of a revelation to remove the barrier between the natural man and the spiritual world seems to make a further inroad on his own argument. The very fact of that revelation, and above all the very nature and mode of its appeal to men are sufficient to show that no such gulf exists between the natural man and the spiritual world as lies between the inorganic and the organic. For in that revelation God speaks to men as having some kind of life that made it possible for them to believe and receive his message. He speaks to all men as in some sense his children, his own living offspring, who should know better than to serve any other God but himself. This revelation comes to men as "*living bread*," that is, as something which is *the appropriate food for all men, as men*. If the "natural" man were what Mr. Drummond describes him to be, were he "dead" in the *same sense* in which a stone is dead, were there no capacity in him (as there is none in a stone) of being *resuscitated, awakened, raised up again*, would any revelation from God be possible for him?

Along with Mr. Drummond, I believe in the necessity of the work of the Spirit, in the need of a new birth, and that Jesus is our life; but Mr. Drummond's attempt to justify an extreme and, I think, antiquated way of stating the doctrine of human inability by scientific argument, seems to me to be a failure. The argument is without force, because it assumes the existence of distinctions which no man has any warrant to believe in, and makes use of the figurative language of Scripture as if it were the language of science; but the language of Scripture is not scientific, but literary.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Brechin, August 22nd. J. Fraser.

TOPSY-TURVY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It is curious how often the lawyers turn "topsy-turvy," when dealing with the Clergy. If a clergyman offends against the law of the land, he can be prosecuted in the Queen's Courts like any other subject. Further, he is liable to conviction by the Church Courts for breach of discipline, as naval and military officers are by courts-martial. No lawyer wants to give the taxpayer a right to demand a court-martial on an officer of the Army or Navy, without the consent of the commanding officer. Then why must the lay parishioner be entitled to drag the clergymen into the Bishop's Court without the Bishop's consent?

The parishioner has a right to the services of the Church, according to law. So has the taxpayer to the services of the Army and the Navy; but that does not give him a legal interest in the uniform, or in the manual and platoon exercise. His claim indeed is far stronger than the parishioner's inasmuch as he pays for the military forces and their uniforms; he cannot help seeing and hearing them; whereas the parishioner contributes nothing to the Ritualists or their vestments, and need never go near them, unless he likes.

The parallel fails in a still more material respect. The lay parishioner is subject to no Church discipline himself. He is free to worship in any way or none, at his own will, without impairing his rights to the Church. He is, in fact, a private soldier, who, being by a singular freak of law exempt from court-martial himself, wants to bring the officers to trial on his own construction of the Queen's Regulations. Why is it that such absurdities are never dreamed of, except for the correction of Clerks? Is it because the Clergy are the only class excluded from the House of Commons?

Side by side, too, with the demand for the lay parishioner to ride rough-shod over the Bishop comes another, for the Bishop to ride rough-shod over the Clergy. For my part, I fail to see why the Bishop should order the services, which the law of the Church entrusts to the incumbent under his supervision. A General Officer does not take the command of any regiment in his division at odd times; and there would be an end of all discipline, if he meddled with it by arbitrary interference from head-quarters. If the Bishop constantly attended the Cathedral Church, he would, of course, direct the ritual. His necessary absence requires a Dean and Chapter; and the one real reform of our time is the bringing the Dean into permanent residence. The effect is seen in the vastly improved condition of the fabric and ritual of every Cathedral in the land. Confusion and disaster would be the inevitable result of the intermittent interference of a Bishop flying up and down the country by express train, and with far more on his hands already than he can manage. It is the same, in a less degree, with the service of a parish church. It is the incumbent's business; he throws his heart and soul into it; he is the person responsible both to Church and State. Nothing but mischief could ensue from the interference of a distant, partially-informed, perhaps prejudiced diocesan. It would lessen the responsibility and dishearten the energies of the incumbent, and most likely fail to give any satisfaction to the people. Our greatest rulers in Church and State know that the secret of good government lies in setting men to do their own work, not in taking it out of their hands, or doing it over their heads. This, again, is topsy-turvy.

But the oddest thing of all is to find both these involutions advocated at the same time. The Clergy are to obey the Bishop's order against their own judgment, and the Bishop is not to be able to protect them from prosecution in his own Court.

There may be Bishops who would not hesitate to overrule an incumbent by an order which the Courts may afterwards adjudge to be illegal. But I should be surprised if many clergymen would take the risk of obeying it. It surprises me that, after agreeing to make a clean sweep of the legislation of the last fifty years, any of the Commissioners should be harking back to the vicious principle on which it was founded. The grand mistake is the attempt to govern the Church by Courts instead of Bishops and Synods. The Bishops themselves show a strange desire to sit as Judges in Court; they do not see that in our day legal powers weaken, instead of sustaining, spiritual authority; and it is in spiritual authority, not in litigation, that the Church's peace and strength are to be sought.—I am Sir, &c.,

Beeford, August 21st. George Trevor, D.D.

ANIMALS AND LANGUAGE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I can match Mrs. De Morgan's pretty story of her "Dido." A wise old dog with whom I have the privilege to associate was, two or three days ago, lying asleep in her basket by the fire. I entered the room with my hat on, and invited her to join me in a walk; but, after looking up at me for a moment, as canine politeness required, she dropped back among her cushions, obviously replying, "Thank you very much, but I prefer repose." Thereupon I observed, in a clear voice, "I am *not* going on the road" (a promenade disliked by the dogs, because the walls on either side restrict the spirit of scientific research); "I am going up the mountain." Instantly my little friend jumped up, shook her ears, and, with a cheerful bark, announced herself as ready to join the party.

Beyond doubt or question, "Colleen" had either understood the word "road," or the word "mountain," or both, and determined her proceedings accordingly. Nothing in my action showed, or could show, the meaning of my words.

If any of your readers who have resided for some weeks or months in a country where a language is spoken entirely foreign to their own,—say, Arabic, or Basque, or Welsh,—will recall of how many words they insensibly learn the meaning without asking it, and merely by hearing them always used in certain relations, they will have, I think, a fair measure of the extent and nature of a dog's knowledge of the language of his masters. My dog has lived fewer years in the world than I have passed in

Wales, but he knows just about as much English as I know Welsh, and has acquired it just in the same way.—I am, Sir, &c.,
F. P. C.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—A remarkable instance of the effect that can be produced upon a dog by the human voice was related to me yesterday. Some of your correspondents would consider it confirmatory of their notion that dogs have mind enough to understand words; but I myself rather believe that the sound of the voice acts upon the *feelings* of dumb animals just as instrumental music acts upon us. The story is as follows:—A clergyman had for a long time a dog, and no other domestic animal. He and his servant made a great pet of the dog. At last, however, the clergyman took to keeping a few fowls, and the servant fed them. The dog showed himself very jealous and out of humour, at this; and when Sunday came round, and he was left alone, he took the opportunity to *kill and bury* two hens. A claw half uncovered betrayed what he had done. His master did not beat him, but took hold of him, and *talked* to him, most bitterly, most severely. "You've been guilty of the sin of murder, Sir,—and on the Sabbath Day, too; and you, a clergyman's dog, taking a mean advantage of my absence!" &c. He talked on and on for a long time, in the same serious and reproachful strain. Early the next morning the master had to leave home for a day or so; and he did so without speaking a word of kindness to the dog, because he said he wished him to feel himself in disgrace. On his return, the first thing he was told was, "The dog is dead. He never ate nor drank after you had spoken to him; he just lay and pined away, and he died an hour ago."—I am, Sir, &c., L. G. Gillum.

Church Hill House, East Barnet, August 28th.

FELINE MOURNERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Knowing your regard for animals—even for the despised cat—I send you two cognate anecdotes, and ask you or your readers if they can throw any light on the matter of the expression of grief by animals. I had a favourite Angora cat, who died after a week of suffering, the result of an accident. During his illness, his mother, a fine old cat of the ordinary sort, was often with him; but she was not present at the time of his death. He died late in the evening, and was taken into the cellar, to await his burial the next day. When he was brought up, stiff and cold, in a box, his mother was taken to see him; she gave one look, uttered a shriek, and ran away.

On relating this circumstance to a lady, she told me that there was a pet cat in her family, who was very fond of this lady's mother. When the latter was in her last illness, the cat was continually with her, lying on the bed. The lady died, and the cat was, of course, not again admitted to the room, though presenting herself again and again at the door. When the coffin was being carried down stairs, the cat happened to appear, and, on seeing it, uttered a shriek. In both these cases, the sound made was entirely unlike those made by cats under any circumstances, unless it be the cry made when in sudden pain. In the latter case, the most remarkable part remains to be told. The cat went to the funeral, and then disappeared for many days. But after that, she repeatedly attended funerals in the same cemetery, walking before the clergyman, her master.—I am, Sir, &c., A Lover of the Despised.

"PERISH, INDIA!"

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In the notice of Mr. Jennings's "Anecdotal History of Parliament," which appeared in your issue of August 18th, the reviewer remarks (p. 1,065), "It may be well in future editions to state, for the benefit of Conservative readers, that Mr. Bright did not exclaim, 'Perish, India!'"

Have these words ever been attributed to Mr. Bright? It is quite possible that they may have been, considering how unwarrantably they have been fathered on Mr. E. A. Freeman. But probably your contributor, by a slip of the pen or of memory, wrote "India," for "Savoy. The following extracts may serve to account for the lapsus. They are taken from a characteristic letter addressed by Mr. Freeman to the editor of the *Daily News*, the letter bearing date December 19th, 1878:—

"I am surprised," writes Mr. Freeman, "to see in your paper of to-day, under the signature of 'John Delaware Lewis,' a letter taking for granted that I had at some time used the words, 'Perish, India!' That slanderous fable has been so often contradicted by me in your columns and elsewhere, that I had really begun to hope that no one any longer believed it; and that no one, save Peers in the service of Lord Beaconsfield, would venture to assert or imply what they must know to be false. But Mr. Lewis clearly believed that the words were uttered, because he speaks of my 'celebrated expression,' and takes some trouble with the question whether it was or was not 'original.' Let me assure Mr. Lewis that the expression was not borrowed by me from Robespierre, or anybody else; it may have been either borrowed or original, on the part of the person who invented it. The inventor was a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, shortly after the meeting in St. James's Hall, in December, 1876, when the words were falsely said to have been used. I at once contradicted the misstatement. Notwithstanding my contradiction, the false quotation was made over and over again, and I contradicted it several times, both in your pages and in those of the *Times*. Those who repeated the story had every means of knowing that it was false, and I am justified in treating them as wilful slanderers. Such a one was Sir Stafford Northcote,—well 'educated,' doubtless, by his master. He asserted the false statement; I contradicted it. Either in that contradiction, or in a later one in the *Times*, I said that I should say no more about the matter, but leave any one who chose again to assert the falsehood, to his own conscience. Sir Stafford Northcote, seemingly thinking that he was now safe, again asserted it. This was last year. . . . . It is rather odd that, believing the words to have been uttered, he [Mr. Lewis] should have gone as far as Robespierre for a parallel, when he might have found one much nearer home. It has been generally believed that Mr. Bright once uttered the words, 'Perish, Savoy.' But, judging from my own experience, it is very likely that he never did. One may, however, suspect that 'Perish, Savoy!' was the pattern after which the words, 'Perish, India!' were invented by the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. . . . . What I really said was this:—'Perish the interests of England, perish our dominion in India, rather than we should strike one blow or speak one word in behalf of the wrong, against the right!'"

I should not be justified in asking you, Sir, to devote so much of your valuable space to the correction of so small an error, did I not venture to suppose that you will agree with me in thinking Mr. Freeman's protest is well worth reproduction at the present time, when the sort of political pettifogging which that gentleman so pointedly condemns is at least as prevalent as ever. Just now, indeed, as it seems to me, politicians of the "phrasemongering" order take a peculiar pleasure in repeating, with parrot-like persistency, such clap-trap as they well know to have not even the smallest justification in fact. Lord Beaconsfield could take up a germ of truth, and, presto! it became a frail but brilliant flower of rhetoric, so that his admiring audience was tickled and deceived; but with the magician, the Tories have buried his wand. And now—well, surely there are few things more flat, stale, and unprofitable than clumsy jugglery, or more wearisome and disgusting than an oft-repeated and as often unsuccessful attempt at hoodwinking.—I am, Sir, &c., John Findlay McRae.

9 Colls Road, Peckham, August 27th.

BOOKS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF COUNT CAVOUR.*

With the exception of Garibaldi, Count Cavour probably has been the subject of more studies and sketches than any other great man of our day; many of them by foreigners who had but an imperfect knowledge of the man, however familiar they might be with the public facts of his life. Of these facts we have all a general idea from reading the newspapers; but in a biography we expect something more,—we want a picture of the whole man. We know that our heroes fought certain battles or made certain speeches on a given date, and we do not care very much whether it was Friday or Saturday; but we should like to know something of their motive-springs of action, and this cannot be attained unless we are made acquainted with their education, surroundings, and associates. Not long ago we met with a curious instance of the mode of looking at a great man from a distance—through a telescope, so to speak—as an isolated object. In a biographical essay, which had a certain King for its subject, his first Minister, a man of great talents and influence, was curtly dismissed, in a sentence describing him as the author of a book he did *not* write.

We have looked at Cavour long enough from this distant stand-point, as the writer of protocols and King's speeches. It is time we should approach nearer, and see what sort of man he was in his own Piedmont, among his friends. A complete and rounded work, taking in all aspects of the subject, would con-

* *Lettere, Edite ed Inedite.* Raccolte ed illustrate da Luigi Chiala, D.P. Vol. I. e II. Torino: Roux e Favale. 1883.

stitute a history of the times; and it is too soon to expect a history, in its full sense, of the events which ended in the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy. But it is not too soon to put together all available information about its founders, more especially should their private correspondence be collected and preserved, for a hasty note to a familiar friend often throws more light on a man's character than pages of analytical description. "Let us not be told about this man or that," says Mr. Froude; "let us hear the man himself speak, let us see him act, and let us be left to form our own conclusions about him." We would add, let us see him and hear him in his unguarded moments, when the eye of Europe is not upon him, when he lays aside the mask of etiquette, and reveals his soul to a trusted friend.

Italian writers of the present day generally seem to recognise the importance of catching the portraits of their great men while the impression of their personality is still fresh in the memory. Leaving history to a future generation, they confine themselves to the useful task of preserving from oblivion all information likely to throw light on the character and explain the conduct of their heroes. The two large volumes before us furnish a good example of this spirit of industrious research without literary ambition. It is easy to see that the author, or rather editor—who has already contributed some important chapters to the history of the *Resorgimento* — thinks little about himself, and much about his subject. He is evidently bent on the clearing-up of his facts, and leaves them to explain themselves. Both volumes have long introductions of three hundred pages, or more, which should be read with the correspondence, in order to understand the topics treated of therein. The letters themselves are of such absorbing interest—to those who admire Cavour and care for his work—that we are surprised that more than twenty years have been allowed to elapse before a general collection of them has been made. Of course, there existed the usual objection to an early publication of a statesman's correspondence; offences and misunderstandings might arise, and besides, the work involved heavy labour and responsibility. Captain Chiala has used his own discretion in suppressing some few passages of cutting criticism which might hurt living persons, and serve no public object; but he has been very sparing in the exercise of this right. We have about eight hundred letters, almost all complete as they were dashed off from the writer's quick, unfaltering pen; he never paused to think, and rarely, if ever, erased a word in his private correspondence; and they were for the most part addressed to friends and colleagues, many of them strictly confidential. In these letters of varied interest, as the writer's life was varied and full of interst, we see the true reflection of Camillo Benso di Cavour in all the moods of his complex nature, which was inscrutable to the outer world. He was enthusiastic, yet calculating; frank and confiding, yet at times suspicious; warm-hearted and benevolent, yet sarcastic and severe; courteous and good-humoured, but subject to violent gusts of passion. A lover of political freedom in its broadest sense, he hated a display of power. Who has not heard the oft-quoted saying,—"We will have no state of siege; any one can govern with a state of siege?" Nevertheless, he loved personal power,—the real thing, not the display of it. Some of his admirers, who only know him as the champion of liberty, would angrily resent this assertion, for they hold him to be as faultless as the Ultramontane party hold him to be demoniacal. But those who have studied him more closely, his colleagues and countrymen, know that his disposition was not less imperious because it was accompanied by a winning amiability of manners. The story told by Cavour's friend, De la Rive, in his *Souvenirs*, is an illustration of character, for the child is father to the man. The little Count was not six years old when, arriving in Geneva, he complained of the bad horses with which he had made the journey, and demanded the dismissal of the postmaster. When old M. de la Rive explained that no one but the Syndic could do that, he required to see the Syndic; and being furnished with an introductory note, the resolute little fellow presented himself ceremoniously to the magistrate, insisting on the dismissal of the postmaster.

"With this little man," said Azeglio, soon after Cavour entered the Cabinet, "I do like Louis Philippe; I reign, but do not govern." La Marmora, who loved him sincerely, found something in his character *non facile;* and the King and his incomparable Minister sometimes came into violent collision. In a man of less capacity, his self-will would have been obstinacy; accompanied by such commanding abilities, it was conscious superiority and decision,—a little exaggerated. Cavour seen in some lights had a certain resemblance to Lord Palmerston. Reading lately a thoughtful criticism on Trollope's *Life of Palmerston*, we were struck by a passage which ascribed his success in a great measure to his immense physical strength and sound health. As it is applicable to Cavour, though in a less degree, for he had original genius, we will quote a few lines from it:—

"At the bottom of his success lay, as Mr. Trollope points out in effect, the passion of perfect physical strength and health. A strong body is, as we have all been taught from our youth up often enough, a very inferior thing to mental and moral excellence. . . . . Yet a strong, and, above all, a healthy body (the two things are by no means the same), is, if not the necessary, yet certainly the natural foundation for a strong character and healthy mind. Lord Palmerston's physical endowments exactly represented his mental and moral gifts. . . . . This determination to bide his time is the characteristic of the strong man. The impatience which forces weaker natures to seize on positions which they can hardly hold with credit is to some extent connected with a sense of physical weakness or disease. He who has no certainty that his life will be long feels that he cannot sacrifice the chances of the present day for the better opportunity which may never be his. The man of vigorous body has within him the presage of a long life. Looking for a lengthy existence, he can play a waiting and therefore, in many cases, a wise game. Healthiness is, again, half the secret of sound judgment. Morbid feeling is the almost certain concomitant of a sickly body; but morbid sentiment is a fatal bar to forming a correct estimate of other men's character."

It may be objected, in reply to this, that no man has the certainty of a long life, and that, in fact, Cavour's life was cut short in the zenith of his powers. But while he lived he had, in common with Lord Palmerston, the patient hopefulness of the strong man, the sound, clear judgment in estimating other men's characters, and the absence of all rancour. Cavour did not spare opponents while they obstructed his way, but he bore them no ill-will. Once, in trying to persuade a number of the out-going party to remain in office under him, he gave as his reason that he sometimes needed one "to hold him back by the coat-tails." This calls to mind Mr. Cobden's interview with Lord Palmerston, when Lord Palmerston so unexpectedly invited Cobden to take office, telling him he could check the warlike policy of the Government better when he was a member of it; and that political attacks should all be forgotten within three months.

This generous and forgiving trait, which Cavour and Palmerston had in common, is certainly an element of greatness, but it goes oftener with a thick-skinned than with a sensitive nature. It did not pain Cavour to know that he was spoken ill of by the extreme parties in his own country and abroad. To the Republicans he was the bloated aristocrat, upholding the odious institution of monarchy, and trampling on the neck of the people; while to the Reactionists he was the plotting revolutionist, devoid of conscience, an indescribable combination of craft and audacity. His sense of humour was tickled by the awful reputation he had earned, and when he heard of a man being in Turin who was supposed to have been his agent in stirring up the Romagna to rebellion, he expressed a wish to see him. "Voglio vedere questo terribile strumento della mia volontà!" he said, with a laugh of genuine enjoyment. Cavour, like Lord Palmerston, could practise diplomatic arts with enemies, but untold wealth could not tempt him for a moment to forget his duty to his country, or postpone her service to any private interest. In these letters we have abundant proofs of the sincerity of the passion of patriotism which absorbed his life; and while they lay bare his weaknesses, they reveal also many attractive traits of which the world in general know nothing. His character and his history are told in them as no biographer could tell it, and the editor has exercised a wise discretion in confining his notes to simple explanation of facts. In citations from Parliamentary speeches, he generally gives an account of the occasion which called forth Cavour's oratory; and in the case of a controverted subject, he quotes the evidence on both sides in the most impartial manner, as, for instance, the misunderstanding between Count Cavour and Lord Clarendon at the Paris Congress, with reference to the help that England was disposed to extend to Italy.

The most interesting and important of the letters are addressed to Cavour's colleagues in confidence, meant to supplement the lengthy official despatches written from or to a foreign Court; others are penned from his country seat to Turin, and others, again, are hastily despatched notes from one office or house to another in the same city. The different grades

of intimacy to which he admits them are marked by the pronouns *lei*, *voi*, and *tu*, Azeglio and La Marmora being the the only persons with whom he uses the last familiar mode of address. He discusses freely home and foreign policy, gives instructions, asks advice, tells all the news of the day, sometimes administers a rebuke, and frequently offers a frank apology for some hasty expressions of the day or the week preceding, for he had a fiery temper and a warm heart, and was always impatient to make the *amende* if he had offended, and to forgive if he were the offended one. It was impossible to keep up a sustained quarrel with Cavour, for he would not permit it; no matter how insignificant the person was, he would go in pursuit of him till friendly relations were resumed, thus obeying an imperious necessity of his nature, says his friend Torelli, who tells a story of a quarrel, and his having written two notes to him and Farini, inviting them to an interview, to which they gave no reply; after which the Count, coming up with Torelli in the street, said, "Avete capito, non voglio broncі?" and taking his arm with an irresistible gentleness and courtesy, drew him into a friendly conversation. "Dear colleague," he writes to Cibrario, "though you still hold offence, and do not reply to my letters, I will not give up writing directly to you;" and at the end of the letter, "Give me back your goodwill, and believe in my sincere friendship."

Perhaps the most interesting portion of Cavour's correspondence is that directed to General La Marmora, his most trusted colleague, his "*carissimo amico*," to whom he confided everything, whom he described as "wise in council as he is brave in battle." Many of them are written during the painfully anxious period of the Crimean war, when La Marmora was in command of the Sardinian troops; others are penned in a gay mood during the King's visit to Paris and London, and many more while the Congress was sitting after the termination of the war, in which there are long accounts of the writer's conversations with the English plenipotentiaries; and we see with what intense anxiety he hung on Lord Clarendon's words, and with what joy the hope of the English alliance inspired him. "Not to lose time, I put the question of the Romagna on the *tapis*," he writes to Rattazzi, in that free-and-easy style which he permits himself in private correspondence, perhaps as a relief from the stilted diplomatic forms. "In this we shall have valuable auxiliaries in the English, who would joyfully send the Pope to the Devil." Then he tells his friend there is a serious difficulty in the way of his first plan, because "the Devil has willed that the Empress should want the Pope for godfather to her son."

The attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French by the Italian Republican Orsini, in 1858, all but undid the elaborate work of three years to which Cavour had devoted himself, — that is, the French alliance in a war against Austria. Napoleon and his Ministers assumed such a tone to the Piedmontese Ambassador that Victor Emanuel's blood was roused, and he wrote with his own hand a very dignified, almost defiant, letter to the Emperor. Cavour having received intimation that the King's life was threatened —his own life was also threatened, but that he kept a secret— by the same party who had tried to destroy Napoleon III., brought in a Bill for the protection of crowned heads from assassination. His speech, which excited a great sensation in the Chamber, was very telling, and contained a powerful indictment against secret societies and Mazzini, as the responsible head of the party to which Orsini and his companions belonged. The great conspirator's reply could not have been surpassed in vituperation by the coarsest of the Land Leaguers in the British Parliament:—

"Sir," he wrote, "I have long known that you were more tender of the Piedmontese Monarchy than of our common country; a materialistic worshipper of facts, much more than of holy, eternal principles; a man of genius, astute rather than powerful, a partisan of crooked policy, and averse, by patrician instincts and inborn tendencies, to liberty. But I did not believe you a *calumniator*; now I know you for such. . . . . You have, knowing that the falsehood would augment your votes, declared to the Chamber that your liberty-slaying law was for the protection of Victor Emmanuel's life, threatened by us. In this accusation, there is a double lie. . . . . If I did not like you before, I now *despise* you. You were an enemy. Now you are a *vile, shameful enemy*. . . . . You are worse than stupid, O calumniator! Fool, and calumniator at the same time, you were, &c. We represent Italia; you represent the old, covetous, timid ambition of Casa Savoja. Between you and us, Sir, Italy shall judge. I think that you might, if you wished, have made Italy. *But the policy of the Marchese d'Azeglio and yours will attain nothing except the overthrow of Piedmont.*"

It was precisely in those days, with these fearful prognostications ringing in his ears, in a sort of discordant accompaniment with the curses and threats of the Vatican, that the Minister was conducting to a consummation the plan he had had in view ever since the Crimean war,—an English or French alliance. Finding his hopes of English help ill-founded, he now turned all his energies to bringing the Emperor to a decision, and so momentous did he feel the expected interview at Plombières to be that he almost lost confidence in his own powers at the last, as we see by a hasty letter to La Marmora:—

"Dear Friend," he wrote from Geneva, "I found here the reply of Belville. He says the Emperor will be *charmé* to see me at Plombières. The drama approaches the climax. Pray to Heaven to inspire me, that I may not commit any folly in this supreme moment. In spite of my coolness and confidence in myself, I am seriously anxious now."

The eight hours' conversation with the Emperor he transmitted to the King, with a request that that La Marmora should examine it; and, in addition, he wrote him a private letter relating the main points, and begging of him to meet him on the frontier, as he wished to see him first, before encountering any other of his countrymen, so anxious was he to share the burden of his secret with his trusted friend. Cavour expressed himself *soddisfattissimo* with the result of the meeting, as he had reason to be. He had played the waiting game of the strong man, and his hour of triumph had struck.

Cavour's style is vigorous, clear, unpolished, not free from grammatical errors. His early education had been neglected, and though he was a hard student when he grew to manhood, he studied only what interested him deeply, and would be useful for practical purposes; the graces of his native language were not included in these,—he had no literary ambition, and thought more of the substance than the form of his compositions. Yet he wrote for the Press, and an occasional article from his pen was eagerly welcomed by the reviews, the reason being that he only wrote when he had something valuable to say. He sometimes appealed to his accomplished rival and friend Azeglio to help him in the composition of important documents, and Victor Emanuel's speech in reply to the address of the City of London, attributed, in the *Life of the Prince Consort* to Cavour, was really the work of Azeglio.

The charm of this correspondence is in the perfect freedom and unreserve of its tone, and the manner in which small and great things, lively and grave subjects, are intermingled. Sometimes Cavour's playful humour breaks forth in the most serious moments, as in the following note to Cibrario:—

"Dear Colleague,—The supreme hour of the Ministry has struck. Before dying, we ought to pardon each other all offences; therefore, I hope that you will not continue to be angry with me for the warmth (*viracità*) of yesterday, which, however, you provoked, and that you will join us in the Council Chamber at nine, to hear our testament read.—Your affectionate "Cavour."

In conclusion, we have only to say that the reading of these volumes has afforded us as much entertainment as information, and we heartily commend them to those interested in Italian biography and history.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ADVENTURERS.*

This is the title which more exactly expresses the subject of the book which its author has dubbed with the more romantic one of *Kings and Queens of an Hour*. It consists of sketches of persons of the adventurer order, who rose from little or nothing to be conspicuous characters for a while in the society of the eighteenth or the beginning of the present century. Only one of them, Theodore of Corsica, who may be considered as the eponymous hero of the book, was ever a king, though Mrs. Fitzherbert may be considered as having a moral claim to be considered a queen. The "hour," we presume, refers to the time consumed by Mr. Fitzgerald over the composition of each sketch. He does, indeed, state in his preface that "the collection of the incidents that follow has been the work of many years," yet the great majority of the sketches, such as those of the Gunnings and Fox's Duchess of Devonshire, cannot be said to be the result of original research of any prolonged or agonising kind. But if the collection of materials has taken a long time, the arrangement of them certainly has not, to judge from the result. Grammar is a thing which Mr. Fitzgerald evidently despises. The correspondence of relatives and antecedents is a piece of pedantry undreamt of in his philosophy of style. It is with the greatest

* *Kings and Queens of an Hour*. By Percy Fitzgerald. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1883.

difficulty, sometimes, that we can discover whom he is talking about. Nor is it easy to distinguish between the author's quotations and his own remarks, as inverted commas are strewn wildly over his pages, and seem to be thrown in gratis wherever he thinks he is getting dull. Yet notwithstanding all the faults of style and grammar, some of which are extremely irritating, and though the book is the book of an inveterate bookmaker, it must be allowed that it is a very amusing and interesting one.

The most novel and the best written story is the first one, of Theodore of Corsica. This extraordinary man, who was seemingly a German baron, had married the daughter of an Irish nobleman, had deserted her, and after a stormy youth as a hanger-on of the dissipated Courts and diplomatists of Europe, thought he saw an opportunity for winning a throne to himself in the island of Corsica. That hapless island—the Ireland of the Mediterranean—was then under the dominion of Genoa, but it was in a chronic state of revolt against its Lords, who misgoverned in their own interests through a Genoese army of occupation and a Genoese "party of ascendancy." But at this time, 1734, the island was quite out of hand, and the Genoese Republic were hiring and begging troops from Spain, France, or the Emperor. Theodore, who was a dependent of the House of Würtemberg, one of whose Princes was in command of some German troops in the island, entered into communication with some Corsican chiefs who had gone over to Genoa to negotiate and had been detained as hostages, and held out to them hopes of succour from influential quarters. At length, the Deputies offered the leadership to Theodore himself, an offer of which he was not slow to take advantage. Having tried to get help from Spain and from Constantinople, he went over to Tunis, and getting some assistance from the Bey early in April, 1736—the exact date Mr. Fitzgerald, with his usual slipshodness, does not give—he landed in the Bay of Aleria, with two or three ships laden with muskets and shoes. On April 15th he was elected King of Corsica, and a regular constitution was drawn up, with an executive council, a budget, and all the rest of it. He set up a bodyguard of three hundred men, lived in a palace protected by two brass guns, established an order of knighthood, distributed titles of nobility, and issued a coinage, of which specimens are still to be seen. The new king showed considerable ability in dealing with the means at his disposal, and organised the peasant militia into a military force strong enough to drive the Genoese within the walls of Bastia, and besiege them there. But the succours from without which he had promised the Corsicans never arrived, whether in the shape of men, money, or means for carrying on the war. His new subjects became suspicious and discontented, and at length, seven months after his arrival, he had to leave his kingdom in the hands of administrators, and sally forth in quest of the needful assistance. He tried all round Europe for it, while for two years the Corsicans held the Genoese at bay, and declared their fidelity to "King Theodore, whom God preserve!" When at last he had succeeded in getting some Dutch and English merchants to load some ships for him at Amsterdam, he sailed for Corsica again. But, meanwhile, the Genoese had invoked the aid of the French, and poor Theodore found them in possession of part of the island, while the rest was embroiled in civil war. Moreover, the Dutch supercargo would not allow the vessels to load their goods without payment, and payment was not forthcoming. The French and Genoese fleet came up, and the poor King had to sail away for Naples, and abandon his kingdom and people to their fate. For several years more he wandered about trying to get help to recover his kingdom, but at length he was arrested for debt in England, and lodged in the King's Bench Prison. In England the poor King was the subject of many bad jokes, made in still worse taste, by Horace Walpole and others, who ought to have known better. At length, twenty years after his coronation, he died at a tailor's in Chapel Street, Soho, and was buried at the expense of a vulgar oilman, who "declared that for once in his life he should like to have the honour of burying a King." This tragi-comic story is, on the whole, well told by the author, but he spoils it by the "damnable iteration" with which at each incident of the poor King's career he compares him to that very nusavoury hero, Casanova. Most people are, happily, likely to know even less of Casanova than of Theodore, and, therefore, so far as there is any illustration in the comparison, it is *obscurum per obscurius*. Moreover, the comparison is hard on Theodore, who had at least a great deal of personal dignity, and really was of great help to the Corsicans, and if he had only succeeded in finding a Lord Byron to help him, might have established their freedom. After all, he was not more of a selfish adventurer than Napoleon III., and had considerably more right in Corsica than Maximilian had in Mexico.

The story of Lady Hamilton, which follows, is told more ungrammatically and with less coherence than that of Theodore of Corsica. Indeed, as the book goes on, the sentences get wilder and the paragraphs more disconnected, till it seems to sink into a mass of note-book thrown at the reader's head. The careers of Lady Hamilton and Beau Brummel are, however, worked out with tolerable thoroughness. There is a certain curious resemblance between the two, in the real charm and abilities of both, in the way in which their heads were turned by success, in their abandonment by those who were at least bound to prevent them from falling into utter misery, and in the same miserable ending, in poverty and almost starvation, in a French harbour of refuge. But Lady Hamilton, with all her coarseness, was made of the better stuff of the two; and though she came from the ranks, perhaps because she came from them, she never so wholly sank as the poor Beau. The wrongs inflicted on her, too, were greater, and the sharper meanness with which she was "done" by Nelson's brother out of any chance of the provision for which Nelson asked in his last codicil, and the way in which she was abandoned by him, though he had used her influence to get a great preferment in the Church, immeasurably surpassed the petty contempt which George IV. showed to his former favourite Brummel. But in truth, the perusal of these sketches does not tend to raise one's opinion of the great personages of that time. The royal lover does not appear to advantage in the story of Mrs. Fitzherbert, nor does the *haute société* of the time in that of the Duchess of Kingston.

The adventures of Paul Jones are in a less scandal-mongering and sturdier line of history. The panic into which he threw the whole of Great Britain with a flotilla of half-a-dozen frigates suggests unpleasant thoughts as to what might happen now-a-days, if we were really plunged into a European war, and a privateer of the energy and audacity of Paul Jones set himself to harry Liverpool or Hull. It is rather hard on poor Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, to be placed between Paul Jones and Ireland of the Shakespeare forgeries, though he might console himself with the thought that notoriety makes a man acquainted with strange company. There is a certain appositeness just now about the tale of Ireland's valuable Shakespearian manuscripts. The same unfortunate limitation of materials which has made Mr. Shapira send to the British Museum the Synagogue rolls off which his primeval sheep-skins were probably cut, made poor Ireland employ "the end of an old rent-roll" for the purpose of Shakespeare's will. He, too, dabbled in ancient pottery, as well as parchments. Nor was his new edition of *King Lear* any more inferior than the new edition of Deuteronomy now revealed to the world to the documents which they superseded. But the history of such literary impostures is generally pretty much the same. Directly they are placed in the hands of experts they betray themselves, and are found to indicate their origin by less uncertain signs than "internal evidence."

We have only space just to mention that there is a tolerably lively but rambling sketch of Peg Woffington, and rather dull and still more rambling ones of the Miss Gunnings, the Duchess of Devonshire, and "L. E. L." There is a pointless story of Mr. Eliot, a confused collection of scandals about Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings, and a rather perverse account of the early loves of Gibbon and Pitt, with, of course, the incident of Gibbon on his knees and unable to get off them, for which there seems about as much authority as for most of such incidents. But, as we have said, the book is not, on the whole, unamusing, and it is highly to be commended to those who think that by reading more or less spicy scandals about notable persons, they are learning history.

IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS.*

This tale, the greater part of which has already appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, has much of the force and freshness, but none of the pathos and beauty of Bret Harte's earlier tales, for example, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and the rest. Mr. Bret Harte's scenery is still bold and impressive. "The Carquinez Woods" are painted with a vigorous and a graphic pen, and so

* *In the Carquinez Woods.* By Bret Harte. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

far as the physical scenery goes, there is nothing left to be desired. Unfortunately, "though every prospect pleases," yet in this book, at least, it is quite true that "only man is vile." There is but one character in this book which is approximately good,—the character of the young half-breed hunter and botanist who may be said to be the hero of the tale. The half-Spanish woman Teresa, passionate, reckless, theatrical, degraded in character as she is, is the next best human being here, and the rest are either dissolute or bad. Mr. Bret Harte is very sketchy. He does not take the pains to finish off any of his characters very carefully; nor, indeed, are they, for the most part, worth the trouble. But he certainly produces the effect of a society of thoroughly relaxed morals in general; indeed, so much so, that they honour, as a popular preacher and minister of religion amongst them, much the vilest personage of the tale. *In the Carquinez Woods* is attractive chiefly for the freshness of its scenery, and the ease with which the characters of the miners and Californian roughs are dashed off in outline. It is not a book that will bear much reading, though to the European the first effect of it has something of the fascination of all pictures of novel scenes and novel states of society.

Sometimes one fancies that the comparative freedom of half-organised societies must be favourable to the nature of man, and must liberate it from that steady pressure of convention which appears in old societies almost to suppress the individual nature altogether. But he who thinks so should read these pictures of Californian life by Mr. Bret Harte, and he will come to think that human nature released from the pressure of fixed states of society grows not stronger and more original, but only looser in fibre, in consequence, with less of purpose in it, less of intelligence, less of morality, and, above all, less of religion. The present sketch contains no hint of nobility of any sort except in the person of the half-breed, and his character has only the nobleness of the stoical Red Indian reserve and fortitude, not a trace of guiding conviction or spiritual loyalty to what is nobler than himself. As for the other men and women, there is courage enough, swagger enough, unscrupulousness enough, looseness enough of all kinds, to suggest a society in dissolution rather than a society in infancy and growth. The wild beast seems present in the men and women as well as in the forests, and this it is, we feel no doubt, which seems to give strength to a picture that is rather a picture of human weakness and flaccidity than of human force.

Without the painting of external nature we should hardly feel that this slight story had any true justification at all. But no one can deny the force of such a picture as this:—

"The sun was going down on the Carquinez Woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unfathomable depths, or splintered their ineffectual lances on the enormous trunks of the redwoods. For a time the dull red of their vast columns, and the dull red of their cast-off bark which matted the echoless aisles, still seemed to hold a faint glow of the dying day. But even this soon passed. Light and colour fled upwards. The dark interlaced tree-tops, that had all day made an impenetrable shade, broke into fire here and there; their lost spires glittered, faded, and went utterly out. A weird twilight that did not come from the outer world, but seemed born of the wood itself, slowly filled and possessed the aisles. The straight, tall, colossal trunks rose dimly like columns of upward smoke. The few fallen trees stretched their huge length into obscurity, and seemed to lie on shadowy trestles. The strange breath that filled these mysterious vaults had neither coldness nor moisture; a dry, fragrant dust arose from the noiseless foot that trod their bark-strewn floor; the aisles might have been tombs, the fallen trees enormous mummies; the silence the solitude of a forgotten past. And yet this silence was presently broken by a recurring sound like breathing, interrupted occasionally by inarticulate and stertorous gasps. It was not the quick, panting, listening breath of some stealthy feline or canine animal, but indicated a larger, slower, and more powerful organisation, whose progress was less watchful and guarded, or as if a fragment of one of the fallen monsters had become animate. At times this life seemed to take visible form, but as vaguely, as misshapenly as the phantom of a nightmare. Now it was a square object moving sideways, endways, with neither head nor tail and scarcely visible feet; then an arched bulk rolling against the trunks of the trees and recoiling again, or an upright cylindrical mass, but always oscillating and unsteady, and striking the trees on either hand. The frequent occurrence of the movement suggested the figures of some weird rhythmic dance to music heard by the shape alone. Suddenly it either became motionless or faded away. There was the frightened neighing of a horse, the sudden jingling of spurs, a shout and outcry, and the swift apparition of three dancing torches in one of the dark aisles; but so intense was the obscurity that they shed no light on surrounding objects, and seemed to advance of their own volition without human guidance, until they disappeared suddenly behind the interposing bulk of one of the largest trees. Beyond its eighty feet of circumference the light could not reach, and the gloom remained inscrutable. But the voices and jingling spurs were heard distinctly. 'Blast the mare! She's shied off that cursed trail again.'—'Ye ain't lost it agin, hev ye?' growled a second voice.—'That's jist what I hev. And these blasted pine-knots don't give light an inch beyond 'em. D——d if I don't think they make this cursed hole blacker.'"

Or take the following striking pictures of the same wood when, after an unusually sultry season, it has taken fire:—

"The heat had become excessive, but she held her shawl with both hands drawn tightly over her shoulders. Suddenly a wood-duck darted out of the covert blindly into the opening, struck against the blasted trunk, fell half-stunned near her feet, and then recovering fluttered away. She had scarcely completed another circuit before the irruption was followed by a whirring bevy of quail, a flight of jays, and a sudden tumult of wings swept through the wood like a tornado. She turned inquiringly to Dunn, who had risen to his feet, but the next moment she caught convulsively at his wrist; a wolf had just dashed through the underbrush not a dozen yards away, and on either side of them they could hear the scamper and rustle of hurrying feet like the outburst of a summer shower. A cold wind arose from the opposite direction, as if to contest this wild exodus; but it was followed by a blast of sickening heat. Teresa sank at Dunn's feet in an agony of terror. 'Don't let them touch me,' she gasped; 'keep them off! Tell me, for God's sake, what has happened!' He laid his hand firmly on her arm and lifted her in his turn to her feet like a child. In that supreme moment of physical danger, his strength, reason, and manhood returned in their plenitude of power. He pointed coolly to the trail she had quitted, and said, 'The Carquinez Woods are on fire!' . . . . . How fast he ran, or the time it took him to reach the Woods, has never been known. Their outlines were already hidden when he entered them. To a sense less keen, a courage less desperate, and a purpose less unaltered than Low's, the wood would have been impenetrable. The central fire was still confined to the lofty tree-tops, but the downward rush of wind from time to time drove the smoke into the aisles in blinding and suffocating volumes. To simulate the creeping animals, and fall to the ground on hands and knees, feel his way through the underbrush when the smoke was densest, or take advantage of its momentary lifting, and without uncertainty, mistake, or hesitation glide from tree to tree in one undeviating course, was possible only to an experienced woodsman. To keep his reason and insight so clear as to be able in the midst of this bewildering confusion to shape that course so as to intersect the wild and unknown track of an inexperienced, frightened wanderer, belonged to Low, and Low alone. He was making his way against the wind towards the fire. He had reasoned that she was either in comparative safety to windward of it, or he should meet her being driven towards him by it, or find her succumbed and fainting at its feet. To do this he must penetrate the burning belt, and then pass under the blazing dome. He was already upon it; he could see the falling fire dropping like rain or blown like gorgeous blossoms of the conflagration across his path. The space was lit up brilliantly. The vast shafts of dull copper cast no shadow below, but there was no sign or token of any human being. For a moment the young man was at fault. It was true this hidden heart of the forest bore no undergrowth; the cool matted carpet of the aisles seemed to quench the glowing fragments as they fell. Escape might be difficult, but not impossible, yet every moment was precious. He leaned against a tree, and sent his voice like a clarion before him: 'Teresa!' There was no reply. He called again. A faint cry at his back from the trail he had just traversed made him turn. Only a few paces behind him, blinded and staggering, but following like a beaten and wounded animal, Teresa halted, knelt, clasped her hands, and dumbly held them out before her. 'Teresa!' he cried again, and sprang to her side."

When you have read that, you know why the book has a charm of its own, a charm which the boldly outlined characters of the few vulgar persons portrayed cannot wholly destroy. Mr. Bret Harte used to mingle some ideal element with his pictures of life, which prevented the vulgar interests and vulgarer passions of his Californian miners from appearing to be mere blots on the grand scenery of the forest, the cañon, and the mountain. But that ideal element has vanished, and it is with some impatience that we find the great landscape disfigured by so much vulgar slang and still more vulgar vice. It appears to take the imminent presence of death, and the awful spectacle of a burning forest, to stimulate the manhood in Mr. Bret Harte's figures into showing itself at all. Under the influence of that tremendous tonic, Bret Harte's men and women do emerge a little from the repulsive hysterical levity in which they are, for the most part, continually immersed.

SCOTTISH DIVINES OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.*

We confess to being a little disappointed with the volume of lectures bearing the title of the *Scottish Divines*. The subjects are very interesting, including the names of the most eminent figures in the religious and ecclesiastical life of Scotland, from John Knox and Andrew Melville, to Robert Lee and Norman

* *Scottish Divines*, 1505-1872. St. Giles's Lectures. Third Series. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace. 1883.

The Life-Education and Wider Culture of the Christian Ministry: its Sources, Methods, and Aims. By James Stewart Wilson, M.A., Minister of New Abbey. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1882.

Macleod. Among the lecturers are some of the best known of the clergy and theological Professors of Scotland at the present time, such as Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, Professor Flint, of Edinburgh, Dr. Herbert Story, the biographer of "Cardinal" Carstares, and Dr. Cameron Lees, whose metropolitan cathedral of St. Giles has given this series of lectures its title. Yet very few of the lectures are, what all lectures having men for their subjects should be, striking portraits. So practised a writer as Principal Tulloch could, of course, hardly fail to do justice to a theologian of tone and temper so congenial to his own as Archbishop Leighton. Seldom, we might, perhaps, even say never, has that tragic combination of genius and eccentricity, Edward Irving, been treated with such discriminating justice and good sense as by Dr. Story; while Dr. Lees appreciates, without becoming maudlin over, the saintliness and subtle spirituality of Bishop Ewing, the friend of Erskine of Linlathen. Principal Robertson, the historian "Moderate" leader, and friend of David Hume and "Jupiter" Carlyle, is well sketched by a namesake of his own, a Glasgow clergyman, who should not, however, have written such slipshod English as this:—"He executed an admirable translation of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, *an author* who must have engaged his sympathy, and helped to fashion his character, *a book*, which now more than ever, powerfully attracts men of thought and culture." But the bulk of the men whose stories are given in these lectures — Knox, Melville, Ebenezer Erskine, Samuel Rutherford, in particular—are shadows, or at the best but partisans giving and taking "swashing blows;" of their personal qualities, of their private life, we learn next to nothing. If it be said in excuse for the lecturers on these divines that little is known of them apart from the controversies and struggles in which they were engaged, this cannot be said by way of justification for Dr. Donald Macleod, whose account of Chalmers is a disappointing piece of patch-work, although the abiding charm of Chalmers's personality is its essential oneness. Nor are we quite satisfied with Professor Flint's lecture on Norman Macleod. It is enthusiastic enough, but it is also laboured, and it "goes round the subject," instead of gripping it firmly. We understand what Mr. Flint means when, referring to Macleod's college days, he says:—"He was the companion of some of the best and brightest youths at the University. He held close converse with Shakespeare, Coleridge, and Wordsworth." But this association of raw Glasgow lads in their teens with the masters of our literature is, to say the least, clumsy in its abruptness. Most of the lectures reproduced in this volume are commendably free from controversial bitterness. It is to be regretted that Dr. Cunningham, of Crieff, should have imported a good deal of acridity into his, in many respects, careful account of the struggle in the Church of Scotland that raged round the person and "practices" of Dr. Robert Lee. Such an expression as "the old ladies of Edinburgh were beginning to be greatly alarmed" might be excusable in a Scotch pamphlet or newspaper, a quarter of a century ago. Now, it has the musty and unpleasant odour of stale invective.

Lectures on the *Scottish Divines* who have flourished between 1507 and 1872, necessarily embrace between them a history of ecclesiastical life North of the Tweed from the Reformation almost to the present day. This history must be allowed to be one of controversies, dissensions, and the growth of Presbyterian sects, and it is not remarkable that some of the lecturers should have become positively impatient in their grief over the years spent in dismal broils and heartburnings over trifles. Dr. Cunningham breaks out almost hysterically:—"Alas for our poor country, because of its religious divisions! What would we not do, or dare, or sacrifice, for union,—union, with almost any Church or sect. What brain-waste! What money-waste! What loss of temper, of charity, of every good thing; three men everywhere doing the work of one, and not doing it so well as the one would,—heathenism and vandalism rising up in the cities, and none to help! Oh! the sin and the shame of it!" Even Dr. Tulloch, although the leading Scotch apostle of sweet reasonableness, and although he tells us rather hopefully that "mere logical ingenuity on barren questions, once supposed a mark of ability and erudition, is now rated at its true value, as the mark of a mean rather than a large understanding," indulges occasionally in a jeremiad:—

"Of all the miserable histories in the world, that of Scottish ecclesiastical and theological polemics is probably the most futile and miserable. . . . . 'How long, O Lord!' may we say, but the cry is hardly heard, amid the clamour of faction, now as well as then; and the last thing that is thought of is the building of a national temple in which men like Leighton, and men yet very different from him, might yet find a spiritual home, and the healing fruits of Christian science and piety flourish, rather than the bitter herbs of zealotry and party."

Far, indeed, be it from us to minimise the evil effects of sectarianism in Scotland, or anywhere else, or to refrain from hoping, with Principal Tulloch, that the traditional theology North of the Border is being superseded by a more genial and comprehensive view of the divine economy. But it should be remembered that Scotch sectarianism means, even at its worst, intensity and sincerity—men who spend their time, their money, and their vital force in splitting hairs must believe in these hairs—and intensity and sincerity count for more in character than apathy or torpor. There may be what Mr. Arnold calls "hideousness" in Scotch Dissent, but there never has been "immense ennui." Writers on Scotch ecclesiastical controversies, especially clergymen, seem to be driven to their wits' end to account for the bitterness which has always marked them. Has not poverty—the poverty both of clergy and laity—had a good deal to do with it? The Reformation was not an unmixed blessing to the people of Scotland. The nobles who acted with Knox seized the lands of the Church they helped to overthrow, and Knox, to his great mortification, found himself unable to prevent spoliation. Once, as soon as the nobles had, by means of the Calvinists, attained their ends, the absolute selfishness of which is admitted by the most moderate of the historians of Scotland, they went over to Episcopacy, and became the keenest and most unscrupulous of the persecutors of Episcopacy. Speculation on the causes and courses of Scotch sectarianism consists of so many "if's" and "might have beens" and one can at least wonder what might have been if the successors of Knox in the leadership of the Commons of Scotland had successfully led their followers against the robbers of the Church, and compelled them to part with that property which the Church had, although, no doubt, in a scandalously perfunctory way, administered on behalf of the poor? Might there not, by a redistribution of the Church's revenues have been secured for the occupants, both of the pulpits and the pews of Scotland, that modest competence, "neither poverty nor riches," which helps, at all events, to lead to the peaceful frame of mind least conducive to bitterness and fanaticism.

Life-Education of the Christian Ministry consists of a series of lectures delivered by scholarly and cultured clergymen of the Church of Scotland, to the theological students attending the Universities of Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews, supplemented by a sermon, bearing the suggestive, not to say ominous, title of "A Plea for a Learned Ministry." Mr. Wilson's purpose is, in fact, to indicate some of the educational processes which will turn out good Scotch divines in the future, and among the "influences" which he suggests that students should submit themselves to, are what he styles the profane past, the sacred past, the home present, the foreign present, and the future. His lectures amount to a series of advices to his hearers and readers to be above all things catholic in their sympathies and their knowledge, if they are to keep themselves and their Church abreast of the times which they are apparently to find themselves confronting. These advices are almost uniformly good, and Mr. Wilson's own sympathies are all in the right direction. But his style, with its elaborate rhetorical embroidery, looks half-a-century old, at the least. Thus he tells Scotch students to look beyond their own country for moral inspiration, and support, and types of human, in this Johnsonian fashion:—

"Certainly, whatever may be our wealth in illustrious types of excellence and glorious instances of virtue, culled and gathered from our own native fields; yet this great picture-gallery and treasury must for us be indefinitely increased, both in richness and variety, when we transfer to its walls and chambers the portraits of the greatest men, and specimens of the noblest deeds of *all* lands and nations. It cannot but excite a most salutary pressure, and prove a most liberalising education, for those who have to cultivate a delicate moral perception and sustain a keen moral enthusiasm, to dwell in such august and awful presences, to look on such exalted and inspiring exemplars, and to feed their souls with such priceless spiritual influences."

The sermon, "A Plea for a Learned Ministry," which Mr. Wilson publishes along with his "Lectures," is bolder in thought than they are, and in style is freer and more vigorous. Certainly, Mr. Wilson's Church needs "a learned ministry," if this account of its condition be correct:—

"I think it is too evident to require any proof that, partly from the popular constitution of our Church, partly from the poverty of

our ecclesiastical endowments, partly from the exigencies of a rapidly increasing population, and in great measure from the pressure of that spirit of this practical age which clamours loudly for practical, visible, tangible results, and measures everything by those material fruits that can be tabulated and enumerated and go to swell statistics and fill reports, there is a growing propensity to cultivate and foster the one element of the Church life and strength at the expense of the other. Preaching, evangelising, visiting, organising, money-raising, and the construction and superintendence of ecclesiastical parochial machinery, are rising in popularity and demand every day, at such a rate that they threaten, in this wild rush and flow of all the vital blood to the heart, to induce emotional asphyxia or intellectual atrophy. Every day, 'doing,' in the more crude sense of that word, is more and more idealised and insisted upon, until 'thinking' almost threatens to become a lost art and 'learning' a secret, suspected practice, or obsolete tradition."

But will there be any room for a "learned ministry" in such a Church? In any case, its authorities ought to have their attention drawn to the very serious danger which, if Mr. Wilson is correct, is now threatening its intellectual, if not also its spiritual, supremacy in Scotland.

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.*

We mean no disparagement to Miss Mulholland's book, which, indeed, strikes us as showing an advance on any work of hers that we have seen before, if we say that it is a romance rather than a story of real life. The scene, with its cloudless sky, "glittering mountain crags," "dazzling ocean," and "plains tawny, purple, and olive," is a highly idealised picture of western Ireland; and still more remote from reality are the wondrous pair whom a strange chance has given at once to the little mountain village, Fanchea,—with the marvellous voice that makes her, if she will only follow the career, the rival of the queens of song; and Kevin, who though unable to read at twelve, blossoms out before he is thirty into a poet whom all England delights to honour. But there are moods in all readers whose judgment is worth having, to which romance appeals, and there is a teaching which romance is best fitted to give. We find a charm in the workmanship, and a truth in the utterances of this book, which makes us forget, or, at least, not care to remember, that the life which it pictures was never lived under the sun.

Fanchea, the child of Irish peasants, is left an orphan at seven years old. Famine, and the fever that comes after famine, have taken from her her father and mother; and she becomes, by her father's last request, the charge of Kevin, a lad some twelve years her senior, in whom the influence of story and legend, and the natural beauty that lies about him, are developing the genius of a poet. The life of these two, as they wander by mountain and sea, is described with much beauty of language, but, perhaps, at too great a length. We are not sorry when the action of the story begins. Fanchea is tempted into the tents of some gipsies, tempted against her promise not to go near them, by the fascination of an organ (surely an idealised instrument), which plays the Hallelujah Chorus "as if the strongest angels were singing and shouting together." The gipsies carry her off, and make a harvest of gain out of her marvellous singing. After a year's time, an interval which braces up the lad's dreamy nature to action and resolve, Kevin starts to search for her. The stories of the two wanderers, who are not made to meet till the very end of the volume, may be allowed, with the reserve before made, to be exceptionally well-told. The girl runs away from the gipsies, and meets with exactly the people who are wanted to develope the story of her life. The Signora, with the passion for art to which she has never been able to give an adequate expression; Herr Harfenspieler, who has given to music the same devotion and found the same failure; and Lord Wilderspin, the wealthy and eccentric nobleman, need not be conceived of as real persons; but they are the characters of a pleasing little drama. The whole of Fanchea's life at Lord Wilderspin's house, where the Herr and the Signora train her to be the great prima donna of the future, makes a very attractive picture. We may mention with especial praise the scene where the girl rehearses the part of Gretchen by moonlight in the great gallery of the house. Kevin, meanwhile, is equally fortunate. To be assistant in a bookseller's shop is just the ideal position for a lad whose intellectual appetite is in its first freshness; and it has also the advantage of introducing him to the wisest and most appreciative of patrons. Kevin's story, however, is naturally inferior to Fanchea's. Miss Mulholland has not, we should say, equally realised it to herself; and while we can see for ourselves that Fanchea is charming, we have to take Kevin's cleverness very much for granted.

But the charm of the book is more in its thought and sentiment than in its story. The talk of the two artists, each of them marred by some weakness that has hindered them from reaching their aim, is especially good. Here are some fragments of it:—

"'I was born in Verona,' said the Signora, in answer to a question. —'And I in Nuremberg,' said Herr Harfenspieler, touching his most delicate string with a loving finger. 'I know your Verona. What a dream! That is why your face reminds me of the angels in Fra Angelico's pictures,' he added bluntly. 'I am no flatterer, and you may not be heavenly for aught I know; but I have seen you blowing a trumpet in one of the Paradisiacal visions of the angelic master.' Twang went a deep chord across the violin; and a silent sob echoed it in the Signora's heart.—'That was said long ago,' she said; 'but it is like a sorry old jest to hear it now.'—'Why? Angels may get worn faces for a time, perhaps through wearying after the good in some human soul. When that soul is won their wrinkles probably disappear. Whatever is intrinsically good and beautiful remains a perpetual fact, and never can be destroyed; it is only what is ugly, wrong, discordant, that is failure and negation. What is time? Ach —! Music will never cease.' Hereupon a burst of delicious melody swept through the quiet and darkening room; and noiselessly the Signora wept. 'Juliet was born in your Verona,' continued the old professor, laying down his bow; 'and Juliet is a fact, though she never was clothed in flesh and blood. The deep red rose that comes every June is a fact, though each time it sheds its leaves we can scarcely believe it ever was, or ever will return.' . . . . . 'It is pleasant to me to listen,' said the Signora. 'Life does not seem so wasted when one gets rid of the idea of success and failure. . . . . My youth was one long passion of longing to create the beautiful. Life broke my tools and laughed at my folly; and yet there is something dwelling with me for all that which binds up the sorest wounds of a broken spirit. Art has allowed me to live in her house, though her dearest tasks have been given elsewhere. I have tried to remember that "they also serve who only stand and wait." The long patience, the readiness to do if called, the meekness forced upon one at being always passed over—these must shelter one from the charge of waste. The joy at seeing others do, takes the place of feverish desires for self. One grows content to glean where others bear the sheaves, if only the harvest be somehow gathered in.'"

No one will find *The Wild Birds of Killeevy* tedious, and no one, we think, will fail to recognise in it an elevating and purifying influence.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S FIELDING.*

The biographer of Fielding labours under one fatal disadvantage; he has very little to say about his hero. The novelist's reputation was far from being wholly posthumous. He won considerable fame in his life-time,—enough, indeed, to make Richardson exceedingly jealous and uncomfortable. The author of *Pamela* never forgot *Joseph Andrews*, and he pretended that he could not find leisure to read *Tom Jones*. It was apparently too immoral a book for the creator of Lovelace and Mr. B., and so he asked Aaron Hill's daughters, Astræa and Minerva, to read it for him. Their opinion was, on the whole, highly favourable, and probably would have been more so had they not been writing to Fielding's rival; but they add that "it seems wantoner than it was meant to be," and has "bold, shocking pictures." Other ladies of the time passed a similar judgment on *Tom Jones*, which was not ostracised on account of its grossness, but, like *Clarissa Harlowe*, gained admission into families, and appears to have been universally read. The correspondence between Hill's daughters and Richardson on the principal novel of the century has never hitherto been made public, and is printed from letters in the Forster Collection at South Kensington. This is not the only instance in which Mr. Dobson has lighted on fresh matter, and his new facts, although not separately of much value, are of use in sweeping away false impressions of a man who has hitherto been the victim of careless misrepresentations. He has been able to give the date and place of Fielding's second marriage, and the baptismal dates of all the children by that marriage, except the eldest; to show that the novelist received £183 11s. for *Joseph Andrews*; and to prove for the first time in a biography of Fielding—though the discovery is due to Mr. Latreille—that the story of his having a booth at Bartholomew Fair is entirely false, the part of strolling player at the Fair having been undertaken by a publican named Fielding, whose Christian name was Timothy. Here, too, appears a burlesque "Author's Will," published in the *Universal Spectator*, which, according to Mr. Dobson, "seems to have hitherto escaped inquiry," and refers in all probability to Fielding in his early play-writing days.

* *The Wild Birds of Killeevy.* By Rosa Mulholland. London: Burns and Oates.

* *English Men of Letters: Fielding.* By Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

Possibly the general impression of the novelist will be changed by this monograph, although the work done by the writer is chiefly negative in character. He shows us what Fielding was not, rather than what he was; and being gravelled for lack of matter, is forced to eke out his pages with abundant criticism. Following in the footsteps of Mr. Keightley, he has corrected several errors of earlier biographers. But in spite of all research, the life of Fielding forms in considerable measure a narrative of conjectures. These conjectures begin with his boyhood. We do not know when he went to Eton, what he did there, or at what age he left the school. Then there follows a love-affair with a Miss Andrew, date unknown, which does contain a fact or two characteristic of Fielding's youthful impetuosity, namely, that the young lady's guardian went in fear of his life, and that his charge was transferred to another guardian in South Devon, and promptly married. The future author of *Tom Jones* is supposed to have studied at Leyden; he married Miss Cradock early, but the year is assumed and not proven, and the history of the marriage comes to us from Arthur Murphy, whose essay, in Mr. Dobson's judgment, is misleading in its facts, and who in this instance, according to Mr. Keightley, has produced a "mere tissue of error and inconsistency." When, after his misadventures and comparative failure as a playwright, he became a student of the Middle Temple, Fielding was in his thirty-first year, and had a wife and, *probably*, a daughter depending on him for support. "Nothing," says Mr. Dobson, "is known with certainty respecting his life at this period," and we cannot say whether he was living alone in chambers, or whether his wife was with him, neither do we know how he obtained the means of livelihood. Two years after his admission to the Middle Temple, Fielding started the *Champion*, and his essays in that paper may be read in the recent edition of his works published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. They contain little of significance, and do not give their author a place among the British essayists. Mr. Leslie Stephen says truly that his performances in this line "can scarcely be reckoned on the same level with Johnson's, or even Goldsmith's, to say nothing of Steele and Addison." We should be inclined to say, on the other hand, that Fielding's essays are infinitely below the level of Goldsmith's or Johnson's; and that Mr. Dobson thinks so is evident, for not one of them appears in his selection of eighteenth-century essays.

In the month of June, 1740, Fielding was called to the Bar, and it is conjectured that he applied himself steadily to the practice of his profession, "if, indeed," as Mr. Dobson adds, "that weary hope deferred which forms the usual probation of legal preferment can properly be so described." He travelled the Western Circuit, but his briefs, if he had any, did not deprive him of leisure. *The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and of his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams* appeared in February of the year following, and must have been rapidly written, for *Pamela*, to which the novel owes its inspiration, had only been in print two months. That once famous story is, in the judgment of most modern readers, immoral in conception, and in execution by no means free from indelicacy. Yet this was not the impression of Richardson's contemporaries, and the author professed, no doubt with sincerity, to have written the book "in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the minds of the youth of both sexes." This was not Fielding's design in his travesty, and yet his novel, despite some gross scenes, is the wholesomer book of the two. In point of genius, too, it stands on a higher level, and has added at least one immortal character to the literature of fiction. Parson Adams, like his successor and younger brother, Dr. Primrose, may be called an eighteenth-century worthy, and is as much alive as any character of Shakespeare's. We laugh at Mr. Abraham and his eccentricities, but never lose our respect for him. Truly does Mr. Dobson say:—

"If he is not the real character of the book, he is undoubtedly the character whose fortunes the reader follows with the closest interest. Whether he is smoking his black and consolatory pipe in the gallery of the inn, or losing his way while he dreams over a passage of Greek, or groaning over the fatuities of the men of fashion in Leonora's story, or brandishing his famous crabstick in defence of Fanny, he is always the same delightful mixture of benevolence and simplicity, of pedantry and credulity and ignorance of the world. . . . . Not all the discipline of hog's blood and cudgels and cold water to which he is subjected can deprive him of his native dignity; and as he stands before us in the short great-coat, under which his ragged cassock is continually making its appearance, with his old wig and battered hat, a clergyman whose social position is scarcely above that of a footman, and who supports a wife and six children upon a cure of twenty-three pounds a year, which his out-spoken honesty is continually jeopardising, he is a far finer figure than Pamela in her coach and six, or Bellarmine in his cinnamon velvet."

Joseph Andrews was not at first so successful as *Pamela*, and Gray, the first critic of the age, expresses no enthusiasm for the story; yet he allows that the characters have a great deal of nature, and that Parson Adams and Mrs. Slipslop are "perfectly well." Pope may have read *Joseph Andrews*, which was published two years before his death, and as to Fielding's relations to Pope, we are left again very much to conjecture. There had been a little sparring between them in earlier years, but the novelist had since praised the poet generously, and Mr. Dobson judges upon good ground that the attempt made to connect Fielding with the controversy that arose out of Cibber's famous letter to Pope was simply ridiculous.

The biographer comments pretty fully on the novelist's three volumes of miscellanies, and transcribes some forcible passages from *A Journey from this World to the Next*, which appeared in the second volume. One of these passages is the meeting with Virgil, Addison, and Steele; in another Shakespeare comes upon the scene, and "foreseeing future commentators and the 'New Shakespeare Society,' declines to enlighten Betterton and Booth as to a disputed passage in his works, adding, 'I marvel nothing so much as that men will gird themselves at discovering obscure beauties in an author. Certes, the greatest and most frequent beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking, and when two meanings of a passage can in the least balance our judgments which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither is worth a farthing.'" This straightforward opinion is characteristic of Fielding, and is not without pertinency in the present day, when the plain meanings of some poets are made abstruse by their commentators, and when a profound purpose is frequently discovered in the most careless phrase of a Shakespeare or a Browning.

The *Miscellanies* appeared in 1743, *Tom Jones* in 1749, and the author's personal history in the interval between those dates is "exceedingly obscure." It is probable that his wife died towards the close of 1743, and Mr. Dobson is "inclined to suspect" that this was the most trying period of his career. He was troubled with gout, and it is probable that his married life was one of continual shifts and privations. As we all know, Fielding never understood "the great bread-and-butter question;" and his reckless generosity, when he had a few pounds to spare, left him always in difficulties. He was one of those men whom it is impossible to help. With him, the sensibility of the moment outweighed all sense of prudence and of justice. "Once, so runs the legend, Andrew Miller made him an advance to meet the claims of an unfortunate tax-gatherer. Carrying it home, he met a friend in even worse straits than his own, and the money changed hands. When the tax-gatherer arrived, there was nothing but the answer,—'Friendship has called for the money, and had it; let the collector call again.' Justice, it is needless to say, was satisfied by a second advance from the bookseller. But who shall condemn the man of whom such a story can be told?" Mr. Dobson asks the question, and the answer is that Fielding's impulsive virtue is very nearly allied to vice. He was something better than a reckless spendthrift. He had qualities deserving of warm praise, both as a man and as a citizen, but his impecuniosity and extravagance, his incapacity to see the difference between what was pleasant to his feelings and what was just to others, not only brought trouble on himself, but, what was of more importance, upon the woman dearest to him and upon the children dear to them both. Steele acted in the same way, and suffered the same consequences; and if we praise Oliver Goldsmith for his charity to the fallen and to the poor—and such tenderness of nature always claims our sympathy—we ought not to forget that others suffered from his sincere but careless kindness, and that he died two thousand pounds in debt.

The paucity of biographical information about Fielding forces Mr. Dobson, as we have said already, to play the part of a critic; and this, no doubt, he does, on the whole, admirably. He treats too lightly, perhaps, the faults of *Tom Jones*, but admits that "one of the wisest and wittiest books ever written cannot, without hesitation, be now placed in the hands of women or very young people." The truth is, as Mr. Stephen has pointed out, Fielding's moral standard is far from elevated. His heroes are not only unheroic, they are ignoble. Booth is contemptible, and Tom Jones has the vices of a coarse man and the virtues of a common-place one. He is

free from hypocrisy, it is true, and is so far manly, but the absence of one vice which he hated is no apology for the sins he "had a mind to." Fielding as a novelist stands at the head of our fiction in the eighteenth century. In spite of Scott and Jane Austen, of George Eliot and Thackeray, he is still one of our greatest novelists, and might be one of the most popular, had not the grossness of his pictures banished him from "the best society in the world." He was apparently unconscious of this grossness, and that his purpose in the main was moral need not be questioned; but the grain of his mind was of a coarse texture. "Poor Fielding," as his biographers and critics love to call him, is not to be classed with men who have few redeeming qualities. He had many, both as an author and a citizen. Every one who has read *Tom Jones* would like to endorse in its fulness the genial criticism of Coleridge, and if he cannot do this, he will prefer the broadish humour of the tale to the "hot, day-dreamy sentimentality" of Richardson. As a man, too, Fielding sinned and suffered; but as a magistrate and philanthropist, his conduct, if not always wise, gave evidence throughout of a generous, self-denying nature. In a good cause he was not the man to shirk labour, and his fresh and cheerful spirit in spite of pain and poverty and disease, his love of children, and his charity in judgment should not be forgotten, either by moralist or critic. Mr. Dobson's narrative is, we think, more painstaking than attractive. He has set right, or tried to set right, a number of trifling details; but he is conscious throughout that his hold upon the subject is uncertain, possibilities and probabilities having often to be substituted for facts. This is no fault of the writer, but it makes the story bald. Why the passages extracted from Fielding's works should be copied in the original form, every noun being, as in German, printed with a capital, we are at a loss to understand. Happily, no such folly is committed in the principal editions of the novels. Neither is Mr. Dobson always consistent in the practice, some extracts being printed after the modern fashion.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Temptation of Christ. By George S. Barrett, B.A. (Macniven and Wallace.)—It is not easy for a preacher to say anything about the Temptation the substance of which may not be found in Mr. Manrice's admirable sermons on that subject. Still, this volume has a value and a place of its own. We must own that we have not found much profit in the discussion on what is theologically called the "impeccability" of Christ. We can understand something of the intense suffering which the contact with evil must have caused to him, a point on which Mr. Maurice dwells with great force, but beyond this we can hardly go. It is in the application of the lessons of the Temptation to human life that we find the chief excellence of these sermons. The eighth and tenth of their number, entitled "The Life of Temptation" and "Christ's Victory the Pledge and Power of Our Victory over Sin," strike us as being particularly forcible. The writer does not wholly escape the danger which always besets those who write monographs of this kind. What he says about the passage in St. Mark, "He was with the wild beasts," strikes us as being highly fanciful. Is there any need to think of it as anything else but one of the Evangelist's picturesque expressions? Surely the imagination of "a fierce and bloodthirsty crew of wild beasts of prey, each one intent on his destruction," is not even true to the circumstances of the scene? But the volume generally is characterised by sound sense, as well as by liberality of view.

The Life of Sir William Logan. By Bernard J. Harrington, B.A. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Sir W. Logan was a Scotchman of Canadian birth. His father sent him to be educated at Edinburgh, where he became *dux* at the High School under James Pillans, who was then rector. (It is interesting to learn, by the way, that the rector's class consisted of 200, the third class of 130, and the first, or lowest, of 200; there must have been a fine field here for the survival of the fittest.) He distinguished himself again at the University, but left it, to follow commerce; and commerce again he abandoned, when the time came that made it possible, for geological science. His first introduction to this, the business of his life, was the being set to superintend some smelting operations in Wales. He made a survey of the country which attracted the favourable attention of persons qualified to judge. But the work to which his best years and energies were given was the geological survey of Canada, a "herculean task," as Professor Sedgwick called it, which he did not, indeed, live to finish, but with which his name is indissolubly connected. He was exactly the man for the work. Enthusiastic in temper, robust in constitution, and placed by circumstances above the suspicion of personal ends, he conciliated the support which was wanted, and then carried out the plans with admirable energy. The anecdote of how he spent a night in the woods, without food or tobacco (indeed, he never smoked), in the midst of a thunderstorm, perfectly content because he had discovered what he wanted to know, and was seen next morning "emerging from the bush, hammer in hand, occasionally pounding a rock as he advanced," is curiously characteristic of the man. No small physical gifts were wanted for the doing of such work as this. It is satisfactory to find that both Canada and England appreciated the man who possessed them. Sir W. Logan died in 1875, being then in his seventy-eighth year.

On Foreign Soil. By the Author of "Amigo's Little Girl." 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—Why this story should have this title, it is not easy to say, as the scene, during the greater part of it, is laid in England. However, there is abundance of German and French scattered about the pages, and once, but not very happily, in "facilis *decensus* Averni," the author ventures into Latin. The story is of the feeblest kind. The hero begins with strong High-Church proclivities, so that his uncle, a Monsignor, has hopes of making a convert of him. He reads Schopenhauer, and gives up all belief whatsoever. The result of this is that the young lady to whom he is engaged gives him up. Then an admirable clergyman, whom we should call a Broad Churchman, if he did not disclaim the title, restores to him his faith, and ultimately his love. Meanwhile, he loses his property, an unknown heir suddenly appearing. This episode in his career, however, seems to the author hardly worth relating; and she dismisses it in a few pages, holding out the hope that as the new possessor is in bad health and childless, he will soon recover the estate. We really can say nothing in praise of *On Foreign Soil*, except that the author has an excellent purpose, and has apparently read and thought about topics of serious interest. Literary skill, or any power of telling a story or drawing character, we cannot discover.——*The Signora.* By Captain E. Lyon. 3 vols. (Remington and Co.)—Captain Lyon has possibly a clear idea of the story of his novel; few of his readers, we venture to affirm, will be able to say as much of themselves, when they have got through those volumes. The first four chapters describe events in England, events of the most confusing kind. Chapter the fifth takes us to Genoa. Then we are carried back to England. And so we have change after change. After a very considerable experience, we can safely say that this is the most puzzling story that we have ever come across. Unfortunately, it has no such charm of style or fullness of matter as would make a reader spend much time over disentangling the confusion. Above all things, the author must learn to tell his story plainly.

Kate. By Asmodeus. 3 vols. (City of London Publishing Company.)—This is certainly a clever book, though the writer wants practice in his art. The good things—and the career of Mariss, the too ingenious and ambitious hero, and the sayings and doings of the municipal authorities, are particularly good—do not make up a good story. There is much, too, that is certainly not good. Not even the ultimate reformation of Delamoor, and the satisfaction of seeing how the germ of something good can be made to grow even in a *roué*, can reconcile us to this introduction of his character. We found also the incidents of third-rate sporting life very tedious. These and his disagreeable characters the author introduces with an excellent purpose; but he has hardly sufficient skill at present to deal with them satisfactorily. That there is much promise in the book, however, is evident.

Sacred Scriptures of the World. By the Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn, M.A. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)—Mr. Schermerhorn has here "compiled, edited, and in part retranslated" "selections from the most devotional and ethical portions of the ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures," adding "kindred selections from other ancient Scriptures of the world." There is a certain magnitude about this scheme which baffles us. The present writer cannot pretend to reach the commanding position which the author has reached, and from which he surveys all the religions of the past and present. We must content ourselves with such description of it as we have quoted from the title-page, and with saying that the book is a handsome volume of more than four hundred large-octavo pages.

Good Samaritans. By W. Davenport Adams. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—We have no wish to deal unkindly with Mr. Adams, whose name as an industrious worker in literature has been familiar to us for many years. Still, we must say plainly that he has not fulfilled, in respect to the volume now before us, his duty to the public and to the author to whom he has had recourse. "I put forward this volume," he says, "as avowedly a compilation only." "I am indebted to a considerable number of authorities." Every chapter should have been furnished with a list of these authorities, and everything borrowed should have been acknowledged in the usual way as a quotation. If Mr. Adams will neglect those main requirements of literary duty, he must not be surprised, however excellent his intentions, to have some hard words used to him.

A Year in the Andes. By Mrs. Rosa Carnegie-Williams. (London Literary Society.)—Mrs. Carnegie-Williams's "year" was really very

much less, as she reached Bogota, her place of residence, on September 23rd, and left it again on June 15th. For this reason, probably, she shortens her narrative, and gives seventy-three pages out of a total of two hundred and seventy to her journey out, and fifty to her journey back. We do not know that there is any particular reason to complain of this, except that the voyage from Southampton to the South-American coast has been described quite often enough. The pictures of scenery and life are fresher, and make the book sufficiently readable. The grammar admits of being improved. Some one, we read, "sent *we* two Señoras some melon and claret;" and there is a tendency to use a familiar kind of false antithesis. Why should it be said of a man described as "very intelligent, that *although* buried, as it were, alive in a certain place," "he is anxious to know the news, and very glad to receive a newspaper?" What more natural?

Tyrants of To-day; or, the Secret Society. By C. L. Johnstone. (Tinsley Brothers.)—This novel (?) belongs to a class which is numerously represented just now,—that of the works of fiction concerning which one wonders profoundly how anybody can ever have had the idea of writing them, or imagined that they could find readers. It is childish in style, and the matter is a compound of guide-book, descriptive of countries and cities, with the wildest and silliest fabrications of the scare-makers to whom the International and Nihilism furnish congenial material.

Half-Hours with Some Famous Ambassadors. By George Barnett Smith. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—We are bound to say that there is more of book-making than of literary work about this volume. Mr. Barnett Smith does not seem to have gone to original sources, but to have contented himself with easily-accessible books. There are documents in our State Paper Office, at Simancas and elsewhere, which might make some really good "half-hours" with ambassadors, famous or other. This we do not find. The book does not even give what is promised. The ambassadors, in the first place, are not all "famous." Even when they are famous, we do not hear much about them in their character of ambassadors. Sir R. M. Keith may or may not have deserved the title; but the first chapter is really the story of Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark. We have three pages about Keith, with some quite common-place details. Then the writer quietly says:—"*Place aux dames!* Having traced the career of Colonel Keith to his settlement at that Court, when he was to reap his greatest diplomatic laurels, we now come to the history of that unfortunate Queen, &c." Keith is mentioned again more than once, but always in a subordinate way. As for any particulars of a diplomatic contest, which, of course, took place, there is but little indeed. Talleyrand, the subject of the next article, was undoubtedly famous; but we hear little of him as ambassador. The familiar incidents, the well-worn anecdotes reappear, but of his diplomatic career we have no satisfactory account. The articles on Gondomar and Metternich are more to the point. That on the Chevalier d'Eon is out of place, and so is that on Lord Malmesbury, which is really a repetition of the miserable story of Queen Caroline of Brunswick.

The Bible: its Revelation, Inspiration, and Evidence. By the Rev. John Robson, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—Dr. Robson takes, on the whole, a conservative line. He does not accept the division of Isaiah, a view which has for it a considerable weight of opinion, and he also holds to the Mosaic or, anyhow, the early origin of Deuteronomy. This makes his views on inspiration the more interesting, and inspiration is certainly the most urgent question of modern controversy. Till that finds an adequate answer, it seems impossible to meet with any success the attacks of scepticism. Dr. Robson draws a distinction between the Mahommedan and Christian views. The mechanical or scribe theory is the theory of Mahommedanism. The Koran was written, think the devotees of Islam, by Mahommed, as by the pen of Allah. The advocates of of verbal inspiration among us hold the same view. Dr. Robson draws out what he considers to be the distinguishing Christian theory with much ability. Here are passages from his argument:—

"Hence we may expect to find in the writers of the Bible an individuality as complete as in any profane writers. We may expect to see the influence of race and culture. The characteristics of the nation will appear as well as the characteristics of the individual; the science of the age and the errors of the age may impress themselves on their writings; nor need we suppose that the historical references even, which they may make, rest on any other basis than the records of the nation or the teaching of their schools. Inspiration gives knowledge and power in a sphere to which ordinary human faculties do not extend—the sphere of divine purpose and will; but it leaves those whom it has instructed to communicate their message after their own fashion. . . . . He [Moses] had nothing but the science or tradition of his time; these were the facts with which his inspiration had to deal. And how would inspiration deal with them? It gave him insight, but insight into what? not into science, but into the existence of God, his purpose, his will for man's life, conduct, and salvation. This was the great purpose of all God's revelation; and the inspiration of the Bible deals with the facts of nature and history only in so far as they affect these. Now, the purpose of the narrative of creation is to show that the world originated from God, that He is its Creator, and that He prepared it for man's abode. That is the revelation which Moses' inspiration enabled him to see in the cosmogonies of his time, and it is all we need lay stress upon. Let those who choose, by all means try to reconcile geology with the first chapter of Genesis; but let them do it as an attempt to reconcile modern with primitive science. To call it reconciling Science with Revelation, utterly misapprehends Revelation. To call the discrepancies between geology and the first chapter of Genesis proofs that it is not inspired, is equally wide of the mark. Its cosmogony was the cosmogony of the age and country, and was known to the Israelites before it was written by the inspired penman. His inspiration was not given him to instruct him in those facts. There are indeed some things in the chapter which might make us believe that his inspiration did extend even into this sphere. Its marvellous harmony with the great epochs of the development of life on the globe, as discovered by modern science, so great that it might be accepted as a poetic rendering of them, seems almost to indicate that the power which gave insight into spiritual facts gave insight also into those facts of nature with which modern science deals. But these were not the truths which the Israelites learned from inspiration. The truth they learned from it was that God, who had created the earth, who had prepared it for man's abode, who had first placed man upon it, was their God, who had given them his law, who required their service, who would reward them for obedience and chastise them for rebellion."

But the whole of these chapters deserve careful study.

The Religions of the Ancient World. By George Rawlinson, M.A. (Religious Tract Society.)—These eight chapters, founded on lectures which the author delivered from the Camden Chair of Ancient History in Oxford, form an admirable *résumé* of the whole subject. We may note in the chapter on "The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians" some valuable remarks on the so-called Egyptian Trinity. "It is true," he writes, "that they had a fancy for triads, but a triad is not a trinity. The triads are not groups of persons, but of attributes; the three are not coequal, but distinctly the reverse, the third in the triad being always subordinate; nor is the division regarded as in any case exhaustive of the divine nature, or exclusive of other divisions. Moreover, as already observed, the triad is frequently enlarged by the addition of a fourth person or character, who is associated as closely with the other three as they are with each other. Cudworth's view must, therefore, be set aside as wholly imaginary." The chapter on "The Religion of the Ancient Romans" may be commended as especially useful to those who are following the common line of study.

We have received:—The twenty-ninth issue of the concise and useful shilling editions of the *Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and House of Commons*, edited by E. Walford, M.A., and published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.—A new edition of Sir Bernard Burke's *Dormant, Abeyant, Forfeited, and Extinct Peerages of the British Empire.* (Harrison.)—A verbatim reprint of the first edition of Caxton's *Game and Playe of the Chesse*, 1474, with an introduction by William E. A. Axon, M.R.S.L. (Elliot Stock.)—*Royal University of Ireland Calendar for* 1883. (Thom, Dublin.)—*Advanced Thought*, by the Rev. J. Cook, being the Boston Monday Lectures for 1883. (Dickinson.)—*Thoughts for Holy Days and Vigils*, with a preface by the Lord Bishop of Derry. (Rivingtons.)—*Evenings with the Saints*, by W. H. Anderdon, S.J. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*Presbyterianism*, by the Rev. John Macpherson, M.A., an addition to the "Handbooks for Bible Classes" series published by T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.—A second revised and enlarged edition of *The Via Sacra in Rome*, by John Henry Parker, C.B. (Parker and Co.)—A second edition of *The Architectural History of Rome*, by A. Shadwell, M.A. (Parker and Co.)—*Exercises for Translation into French*, compiled by Max Liebich. (Relfe Brothers.)—*A Primer of English Parsing*, by C. L. C. Locke, M.A. (Rivingtons.)—*The Handbook Dictionary*, by George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. (Murray), a practical and conversational dictionary of the English, French, and German languages, arranged in parallel columns, which will prove useful to travellers and students.—*Handel*, by Mrs. Julian Marshall, an addition to "The Great Musicians" series, edited by Francis Hueffer, and published by Sampson Low and Co.—*Guide for Pianoforte Students, Second Grade*, by Ridley Prentice. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—*Shorthand Systems*, edited by T. Anderson. (L. U. Gill.)—*Design in Textile Fabrics*, by Thomas R. Ashenhurst (Cassell and Co.), an addition to the "Manuals of Technology" series, edited by Professor Ayrton and R. Wormell.—*Our* [the American] *Merchant Marine*, by David A. Wells, forming Volume III. of the "Questions of the Day" series issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York.—*The Official Illustrated Guide to the Midland Railway.* (Cassell and Co.)—*The Barrow Route to the Isle of Man*, by E. P. Stokes, with illustrations and maps by W. S. Whitworth. (Hazell, Watson, and Viney.)—A second edition of *Days Afoot and European Sketches*, by James Baker. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—*Hints to Householders and Householders*, by Ernest Turner. (B. T. Batsford.)—A third edition of *The Standard of Value*, by W. Leighton Jordan. (D. Bogue.)—*Handbook for Hospitals*, being No. 32 of the American "State Charities Aid Association" series, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

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Brooke (L.), Three Fair Daughters, 12mo	(F. V. White)	2 0
Bush (R. W.), Introduction to the Pentateuch, cr 8vo	(R.T.S.)	2/6
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Courtenay (A. E.), Tina and Beth, cr 8vo	(Wesleyan Conference Office)	2 0
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Dunstan (H. M.), The Turkish Compassionate Fund, 8vo	(Remington)	10 6
Everard (G.), Your Innings, 18mo	(Nisbet)	1 6
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Gray (T.), Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, imp. 8vo	(Simpkin)	10 6
Hunter (E.), Santo, Lucia, and Co. in Austria, cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	5 0
Keary (H.), Ben Frogga't, cr 8vo	(R.T.S.)	1 6
Kenyon (E. C.), Jack's Cousin, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Remington)	31 6
King (J.), Cleopatra's Needle, cr 8vo	(R.T.S.)	2/6
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Thomas (A.), The Modern Housewife, cr 8vo	(Ward & Lock)	2/6
Westcott (B. F.), The Epistles of St. John, 8vo	(Macmillan)	10 6
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LORD HARTINGTON broke silence on Thursday in a speech which we have criticised elsewhere, but of which we may say here that two-thirds of it were excellent, and the other third most injudicious. The two-thirds were devoted virtually to the condition of Parliament and our relations with France, and on both Lord Hartington was most wise. As regards the former, he pointed out that although useful legislation had been accomplished, it had been only accomplished with most unnecessary friction, labour, and wear-and-tear, and that most of it was of a non-political kind. Political legislation would "sooner or later" be inevitable, and it was then that the Closure would be tested, and that the necessity for maintaining the character of the House which has absorbed all governing power would be most strongly felt. Upon this subject Lord Hartington evidently spoke from the most fervid and immovable conviction. He recurred to it again and again, and adjured his audience to press it upon their representatives. He then turned to the relations of this country and France, and acknowledged in eloquent terms the immense difficulty which French statesmen, with so many troubles pressing on them, feel "in arriving at a calm and temperate settlement" of troubles such as have arisen in Madagascar. Nevertheless, he intimated such troubles exist, and are not terminated by Mr. Shaw's release. They are, too, of some moment, for though he called them "unimportant," he congratulated himself and his hearers that Parliament was not sitting to embarrass their settlement.

It was on Egypt that Lord Hartington, as usual, went wrong. We hardly understand the provocation which induced him once more to suggest a date for the evacuation, but he did it. We have quoted his words elsewhere, but the drift of them was that our mission in Egypt was only to restore good government, that the mechanism was advancing rapidly, and that the Khedive could, if he were wise, enable the British either to evacuate Egypt, or greatly to reduce the occupying force, before the reassembling of Parliament. As it is certain that the Khedive neither will nor can remedy the main evils of his country by that time, the object of this statement is doubtful, but it will be understood on the Continent and in Egypt itself to mean that by February her Majesty's Government wish the occupation to cease, and intend that it should. That conviction must paralyse everybody engaged in the work, from the Khedive, whose throne will be in danger, to the Europeans, who will fear for their lives, and the Ministers, who will see no good in conciliating temporary sojourners in the land. Station-masters might as well offer to obey passengers by the express. Verily, the East will this time have an excuse for its most permanent sentiment, "the patient,deep disdain" of which Mr. Arnold sings.

The Comte de Chambord was buried at Göritz on Monday, amid a crowd of French Legitimists, numbering, it is said, 2,000. The Comte de Paris was, however, not there, nor any of his family. The Comtesse de Chambord, a childless woman of high Conservative ideas, has all her life hated the Orleans family, at once as her husband's heirs and his rivals, and she resolved to give an open proof of her feeling. She signified that she could not allow the Comte to be chief mourner at the funeral. This meant, according to Courtly etiquette, that she would not recognise him as King—for a King must go first at the funeral of one of his own House—and in this sense the Comte de Paris understood it. He at once refused to attend, and, declining an offer made by some leading Legitimists to secure him the first place by force, set off for Gmünden. The Legitimist nobles did not follow him, and this is supposed to indicate that they deserted him, but this is not the case. They owed respect to their late chief, who was in no way responsible for the ill-advised, if natural act of his widow.

There seems to be no doubt that the body of the French Legitimist party, now consisting of a few thousand gentlemen, three-fourths of the Clergy, and perhaps half of the Breton peasantry, regard the Comte de Paris as King. Those present at the funeral, though forbidden by the Austrian authorities to make any demonstration—not, we imagine, out of fear of France, but fear of Prince Bismarck, who distrusts the French Royal family—signed a declaration accepting him as "Head of the House of France," a convenient euphemism for "King." None of the Royalist papers reject him, though the *Univers* waits to know his sentiments about the Church; and still less does any one acknowledge the only possible rival, Don Carlos, now "eldest" of all the descendants of Hugh Capet. He is regarded as a foreigner, and his claim as a piece of arrogance without historic justification. The Comte de Paris, it is said, fully regards himself as King of France, and, indeed, when complaining, in private conversation, of the insult passed on him at Frohsdorf, called himself so, but he is most anxious to avoid demonstrations which would give the Ministry a pretext for expelling him from France. He desires to remain tranquilly at Eu, his favourite seat, and not to pass the rest of his life in Austria or England holding an unreal Court, with his son, perhaps, to succeed him in his exile.

The French Government will probably leave "Philip VII." alone, but it is not so certain that the Chamber will. A strong antipathy exists there to the Orleanists and their social pretensions, and a deep-seated fear of the Army. It will be argued that all countries expel Pretenders, that "the King" in France will be a focus of discontent, and that so long as he is there, the Army might at any moment proclaim him. Charles II. of England, Louis XVIII., Napoleon I., Napoleon III., all came back to thrones from exile, and one would think it an advantage to keep a Pretender within reach of a policeman, but the Republican majority will not think so. They will not be able to bear the *malaise* of perpetually expecting a military plot with its centre at Eu, and will prefer the imputation of violence. M. Ferry, it is evident, thinks the Chamber will not be tranquil, and we fully expect to hear of a formal demand for the expulsion of "the King." Whether the Orleans family will be included is more doubtful. The Comte de Paris was allowed to remain when he was heir to the Comte de Chambord, and it will be hard to expel his kinsfolk because he has become head of his house. The anxiety to be rid of the Duc d'Aumale may, however, make the majority illogical, as well as unjust.

The danger of a war between France and China has greatly increased. The attack on Hué, made without orders, followed by the new treaty extorted from the King, has given new power to the war party at Pekin. In that treaty the King is made to concede the sole protectorate over Anam to the French, who are, moreover, permitted permanently to occupy Tonquin. The Chinese are touchy about the protectorate, and absolutely determined not to bear the French in Tonquin within reach of the disaffected province of Yunnan. The Court of

Pekin have, therefore, ordered 15,000 regulars to the Tonquin border, who, as the Governor-General of South China remarked on Wednesday to the correspondent of the *Standard*, "desert" in great numbers to join the Tonquinese or Black Flag army. They have also ordered their Fleet, sixty vessels in all, to Tonquin waters, have collected large supplies of munitions at Shanghai—these are purchased in San Francisco—and have, finally, given such a cue to their Ambassadors and principal Governors that they *all* say the Franco-Anamite Treaty means war. All this may be bounce, but it looks very like earnest, and the Chinese mob thinks so, and is getting furious.

On the other side, the French Ministers show no signs of retreating. They have ordered Admiral Meyer and the Fleet in Chinese waters to go up to Canton as a naval demonstration, apparently as evidence that they are in earnest. They have despatched 1,000 men to Tonquin, and are collecting from the Marines, the Foreign Legion, and the forces in Algeria, 4,000 more to be sent to the same destination. They profess still to disbelieve that China will fight, and perhaps regard the whole affair as a game of brag. They are, in fact, committing themselves to war, if China resists, by every day's proceedings; and if the issue depended solely on them, hostilities could not be avoided. Fortunately, Lord Granville, who does not want endless trouble with a blockade of the Treaty Ports, is holding back China, and the French people remain, as the Americans say, "to be heard from." It is nearly impossible to believe that they will permit the Government to drag them into a considerable war on the other side of the world, in order to seize Tonquin, when they can have the rest of Anam without war.

Lord Derby on Thursday made a very sensible and in one way bold speech, at the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Show. He doubted if there was much reality in the cry for peasant-proprietary, for if there were, companies could easily buy large estates and sell them to the smaller applicants. He thought, however, that security for tenants was only just, though he doubted the expediency of going much further than the Agricultural Holdings Act. If the Irish system were adopted, the landlord would become a rent-chargeholder, and would spend nothing on the improvement of his property, which in England would be a great loss to agriculture. Still, "if farmers, as a body, were to ask for fixity of tenure, he believed they would get it, because no power could resist them;" but he did not think the farmers really desired it. Many Peers, we suspect, will consider Lord Derby's admission injudicious; but it is strictly in accordance with the fact. It would be practically impossible to resist such a demand, with all the County Members voting for it, all the Irish Members, and at least half the Members for great towns. It is not, however, likely to be made. The English farmer does not want to tie his son to the soil, or to deprive himself of the chance of trying a new farm, or to be compelled to hold on through such a cycle of bad harvests as the one just ended.

Prince Bismarck has given France a third, and, it is to be hoped, a final lecture. In an article of the 4th inst. in the *North-German Gazette*, obviously inspired, France is informed that the reason of German hostility is solely the French refusal to consider the Treaty ceding Alsace-Lorraine as of perpetual obligation. "We only demand of France unreserved recognition of the state of things now created by the justice of history and by treaties, in order to be able to continue on a permanent footing of friendly relations with her." Germany will adhere to the existing arrangement, "to the last man." For the rest, "wheresoever the French nation may cast its eyes in order to extend the sphere of its influence, it will never be met by German rivalry"; and, indeed, French foreign policy has already since the peace obtained results which may flatter the pride of France, "as well as gratify those who have her material interests at heart." "Why cannot everybody keep the Tenth Commandment," said the millionaire, after dinner, "as I do?" Prince Bismarck, indeed, goes farther than the millionaire, for he tells his adversary,—"I am content; therefore covet anything you please anywhere, provided it is not mine. Covetousness of my property leads to chaos and universal war." The Prince has played many *rôles* in his time, but we should not have fancied that the part of Pecksniff would have attracted him at all.

The Emperor of Austria has discovered, as we expected, that discontent in Croatia is serious, but has for the present sided with the Magyars. He has sent back Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, to Pesth, with assurances of his full confidence, and has accepted the resignation of the Slavonian Ban of Croatia. He is not to be replaced for the present. In his stead, General Ramberg has been appointed Royal Commissioner, with virtually unlimited powers, and especial orders to restore the Hungarian arms which were pulled down in Agram. The General will restore order, of course, in the capital; but military force is sorely taxed to cope with an agrarian movement, and the Croatian riots are in great part agrarian. The peasantry in large bodies are attacking the landlords, and plundering their houses. This discontent of the peasantry is showing itself all over Hungary, and is a rebellion against wretchedness, intensified by a feeling that the better classes are of a different race and language. In the most serious outbreak of the kind which the Emperor has had to face—that of the Gallician peasants in 1848—the Government went with the masses; but they fear the Hungarians, who are very determined, who possess a militia, and who might make common cause with the Germans against the dreaded Slavs.

Mr. Chamberlain has addressed a letter to the Battersea Radical Association, which seems to imply that the Government have decided to separate the County Franchise Bill from the Redistribution Bill. He says:—"I have always assumed that the first step in the direction of reform would be the assimilation of the borough and county franchise. Public opinion must ripen considerably before it would be possible for any Government to go further, and the final settlement of the franchise question must of necessity be postponed until there is evidence of a sufficient general agreement on the subject. I believe that the wisest course for all reformers at this moment is to unite on what is immediately practicable." We have always maintained that this would be the wiser course, even at the risk of the Lords insisting that they will not pass a Franchise Bill unaccompanied by Redistribution. Moreover, the rural population have a right to a voice in the Redistribution Bill, which might easily be so drawn as to involve a practical revolution.

The Prince of Bulgaria has issued a Manifesto, confessing virtually that his assumption of absolute power was a mistake, and convoking a grand National Assembly to consider a new Constitution, which will be submitted by a Commission. He has also recalled M. Zankoff, the Liberal leader, exiled two years ago. Two explanations are offered of this change of policy. According to one, the Russian Government has forced it upon the Prince; and according to another, he has been driven into it by anger at the interference and despotism of the Russian Government. The latter is, *primâ facie*, the more probable explanation; but the other is conceivable, if, as we suspect, Prince Alexander is favourable to the Austro-German alliance. In that case, the Russian Government, relying on Slavonic feeling, would prefer a Constitution, which would enable the Assembly to tie the Prince's hands. The struggle between Austria and Russia in the little Courts of the Balkan is becoming exceedingly keen, the States being still unwilling to form a federal alliance which would enable them to defy external interference.

For once, the first account of a calamity proves to be below the truth. In spite of some contradictory statements and some possible exaggerations, it is quite clear that the convulsion in the Straits of Sunda, which on August 25th and some following days alarmed western Java and eastern Sumatra, was of historic magnitude. Sixteen volcanic cones rose in the Straits themselves, making all charts useless and navigation dangerous; the volcanoes, suddenly become active, threw stones so vast that they destroyed the great temple of Boro Buddha (Great Buddha), one of the wonders of the world, built when priests from India were ruling Java; and the tidal waves rolled over entire districts. Even if we distrust the extraordinary and detailed telegram from New York published in the *Daily News* of Monday—and its geography is certainly vague—the official accounts are sufficient to prove that both in Sumatra and Java entire districts have been submerged, and that the loss of life probably exceeds 100,000. Indeed, matters may be even worse, for the Governor-General has telegraphed that from some of the districts affected, Lampong in particular, he can obtain no information, and a survey must be made before the entire extent of the catastrophe can be realised. It is supposed as yet that among the dead are

800 Europeans, chiefly soldiers, quarry overseers, and minor officials; but there may have been sailing ships in the Straits at the time.

The news from Zululand is not pleasant reading, but we do not know that it directly concerns us. Cetewayo, furious with defeat, and perhaps with the British for giving him bad advice, is rallying his party within the Reserves, and has compelled the Government of Natal to send a few hundred men to the Reserves to watch him, and prevent his making the Reserves a base of invasion. He has been joined by considerable numbers of Zulus, the chiefs opposed to him have collected their men and are marching on him, and it is believed that in a few days we shall hear of a final and most sanguinary battle. The loss of life will be terrible, but the British cannot stop it, and if from the battle some one party emerges completely victorious, there may be order again. Of course, on the spot the whole affair is ascribed to the release of Cetewayo, but before he was released the chiefs had commenced to fight among themselves. Our mistake was not in restoring him, but in restoring him without his full power and his whole territory, and a formal recognition of him as the supreme Chief. Even in Zululand, any authority, however despotic, is preferable to anarchy.

The election for Rutland ended on Friday week in a crushing defeat for the Liberals. The county is very small, and purely agricultural, while most of its landlords are Conservative; but there has been no contest for forty years, the registration has been neglected, and it was fancied that much Liberalism might be latent. Mr. Davenport Handley, a popular landlord, was, therefore, put forward by the Liberals, and approved by the Farmers' Alliance; Mr. J. W. Lowther, a thorough-going Tory, being the Conservative candidate. Mr. Handley, however, received only 194 out of 1,054 votes,—that is, he was beaten by four to one. It is asserted, as usual, that the farmers were coerced, that the agents went round among them, and that they do not believe in the ballot; but the truth is, we fear, that they remain Tory. If the Liberals can convince them of Liberalism, the landlords will be as powerless as they are in the Scotch counties.

The Spaniards appear to be convinced that the recent *émeute* in Spain, which was put down so easily that the King has now left his dominions for Vienna, was fomented by the French Republicans. They, it is said, found the money which induced the regiments to revolt, and used S. Zorrilla as their instrument. The story is stoutly denied, but both in Italy and Spain the French Republicans have now a double motive for overthrowing the Government. King Humbert has joined the German alliance, and King Alfonso will, it is believed, accede to it before his return. France will then be surrounded, and, as it were, strangled, by enemies whom it is impossible to attack, each link in the chain protecting the other. The only method of breaking the chain is to upset the Monarchy in Spain and Italy, and the French Republicans, therefore, feel that not only their cause, but that of their country, is forwarded by intrigue.

The Chancellors of Berlin and Austria have met by appointment at Salzburg, and have held long conversations, extending over parts of three days. All kinds of rumours are therefore spread, and it is even said that the chances of a French Revolution, and the possible need of combined action against France, have been the subjects of discussion. There is no need, however, of any such violent hypothesis. The allied Powers touch almost every State in Europe, and their attitude towards each must involve an occasional necessity for counsel. The affairs of Austria in the Balkan alone are of endless complexity. She is struggling with Russia in Servia, Roumania, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Turkey; all those States are forming new combinations, some of them cemented by marriages, and she can take no step without the consent of Germany. Then there is the reported Spanish offer to join the alliance to be considered, and considered carefully, for if it is accepted, the Spanish Republicans will ally themselves more closely with France. And further, Roumania has asked to be admitted into the alliance. There is ample material for discussion, without imagining that Prince Bismarck sees war either with France or Russia in the near distance.

Marwood, the hangman, is dead of pneumonia, and for some inexplicable reason the occurrence has been treated as an event of public importance. The *Times* placed a notice of him in its obituary, supposed to be reserved to eminent persons, and the papers, especially in the provinces, have been full of accounts of him, of his kindliness, his homeliness, his skill in the management of the long drop, and his industry in his trade of cobbler. We are told that he took to the work voluntarily, that he was very proud of his profession and constantly talked about it, and that he intended to open a museum above his shop, containing all the ropes and relics he had collected at various executions. All this is highly morbid and discreditable. There must be a public hangman, and it is conceivable that he might be a decent man; but the reasons which make it expedient that executions should be private make it also expedient that the operator should be forgotten. Grave-worms are God's creatures, and blameless; but their biographies are not for print.

Nothing can be more right than the advice that Englishmen should take a warmer interest in the West Indian Islands. They are among our oldest possessions, they are perplexed with many problems, and they ask for an attention they do not receive. One argument, however, recently pressed for attending to them is utterly false. We have, it is said, a special responsibility to West Indian Negroes, because in our unwise Liberalism we gave them emancipation. We might as well say that because we relieved the Catholics of the penal laws we owe a special responsibility to Romanists. Emancipation is not a gift, but the cessation of a crime. The State authorised certain noblemen and gentlemen to rob the West Indian labourers of their wages, to sell their services, and to whip them at discretion. Then it ceased to authorise those crimes. That we are specially responsible to the negroes because, for more than a hundred years, we degraded, and plundered, and terrified them, till the race has even yet not regained its morale, may be true; but to say that we are responsible for ceasing to do those things, is to adopt Hebridean morality, in lieu of Christian. In those islands, they had once an idea that if a man saved another from drowning, he was bound to maintain him all his life. He had given life, and life must be sustained.

The *Standard*, of Friday, has an amusing account of the kea, a variety of green parrot in New Zealand, which has lately been placed under ban by the Legislature. Anybody is to have a shilling who kills a kea. It appears that the bird, which is naturally graminivorous, a few years ago, during a severe winter, found it impossible to procure food, and haunted the carcase butchers' sheds to eat bits of mutton. It approved the mutton, though mutton is not indigenous to New Zealand, while the kea is, and presently discovered, whether by inductive ratiocination or experience, that sheep were made of it. So it attacked the sheep. Flocks of keas visit the folds at night, settle on the sheep, whose wool gives a bird a fine purchase, and peck and peck till they reach the kidney fat, which they eat, while the poor sheep dies in agony. English dogs also, when they take to sheep-eating, always gorge themselves with the kidney fat, often neglecting the flesh, and killing sheep after sheep for their dainty. The shepherds in New Zealand sometimes lose a sheep a night, and the kea is declared to be as costly a pest as the rabbit. We should have imagined a little tar would have protected the sheep; but how does it happen that the beast when he feels the bird's claws does not roll? Would a breed of sheep which had learned to roll because of the kea survive all other sheep? It ought, on the Darwinian theory.

We confess with pleasure that we have been taken in by Mr. Healy and the *Western Mail*, and that no Liberal paper has published the rabid nonsense about the Ministry which we quoted last week from the *Gloucester Journal*. All the stuff about "the hateful and atrocious Gladstone, whom 'twere flattery to call a rascal," appeared, it is true, in its columns and in a leader, but in a form which showed clearly enough the writer's intention. This was to satirise by exaggeration the senseless abuse in which so many Tories occasionally indulge, and to suggest that if such be the Government, what must the people be? The writer has been a little run away with by his own joke; but nobody who read his article as a whole could doubt that it was written with a sincerely Liberal intention, and by one who thought the Tory prophecies of woe more than ridiculous.

Bank Rate, 4 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 100 to 100½.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LORD HARTINGTON AT SHEFFIELD.

THE Heir-Apparent, while in his father's dominions and with the King still living, rarely says much aloud. He does not want to embarrass, he does not want to be snubbed, and he does not want to reveal himself prematurely. He is quite aware of the fact, which all outsiders forget, that on ascending the throne he will accept a new set of conditions, which will profoundly modify some of his convictions, and all his notions of what is practicable. He will occupy, to begin with, a new position towards all men and towards history, and will be bound by a new set of responsibilities and pledges. Consequently, he, if an able man, withdraws a good deal into himself, and thinks "self-suppression," "reticence," "reserve," and "caution" words of the highest meaning. Lord Hartington is the Heir-Apparent of the Liberal Party, and we are not, therefore, surprised either because he has said little in the past Session, or because he made his speech at Sheffield a little too colourless for his admirers. He intended to say as little as he could, and though he said that little weightily, he succeeded. He hardly alluded to the future, except in the remark that measures which would excite warm political feeling were sooner or later inevitable, and that the full danger of obstruction, and the full necessity of maintaining the character of the House of Commons, would not be felt till then; and even as regards the present, he was reserved and careful. The little he did say was, however, on all subjects but one, excellent. Nothing could be better, for example, than his remarks on that most grave of existing questions, the relations of this country with France,—remarks as important in their tone as in their phraseology. Lord Hartington, it is evident, has no desire to quarrel with France, and still less desire to utilise her troubles; but he is not disposed to assert that she gives no offence, or to refrain from insisting that she should do justice. He thoroughly admits that the very weakness of France, and the multitude of troubles on her hands, increase the difficulty her statesmen find in doing the justice they would easily do in calmer times, but still he insists that it should be done. "It was a mistake to suppose that the arrest of Mr. Shaw was necessarily a ground of quarrel between us and the French Republic, and it would be equally a mistake to suppose that the release of Mr. Shaw has removed the ground of difference between us and our neighbours." In other words, France must explain her agent's conduct at Tamatave a little more satisfactorily. That is the true line to take, and the French Government, if they are wise, will recognise that, as Lord Hartington has taken it as fully as the Foreign Office, the matter deserves their serious attention. It is no Tory and no Radical Chauvinist who is giving them that grave hint. No Englishman thinks without horror of a quarrel with France, and the troubled sense of insecurity it must necessarily involve; but no Englishman is ready to endure insult from France, such as her agents at a distance, who delight to feel their power, are far too ready to offer. The two nations, to remain in amity, must act as courteous equals, and be ready, when they have unwittingly given offence, to make gracious reparation. Otherwise, a sense of bitterness will remain which, on the occurrence of any accident, may produce an explosion. The materials are there, and we respect Lord Hartington for the courage with which he maintained, in a place like Sheffield, where the opinion is specially unpopular,—that in delicate negotiations "the public welfare and advantage do not suffer at all by the suspense of the activity of Parliament." Secrecy is often mere affectation; but, as he said, in difficult affairs the introduction into council of every busybody, every candid friend, and, perhaps, every secret enemy, is not expedient. Concessions are much more easily made, especially by proud men in temporary embarrassment, when the few present are intent on averting, and not on exasperating the difficulties which arise from *amour-propre*. No one can doubt that many of the questions asked in Parliament by the Parnellites are intended to make peace difficult, or that with the Recess some of the most formidable obstacles in the way of the Foreign Office have disappeared.

It is only upon Egyptian affairs that Lord Hartington partially breaks his reserve, and in his reference to them he has, we think, done mischief. Either he dislikes the experiment we are trying, deeming its success impossible, or he is convinced that the country is impatient of a continued stay in Egypt, for he is never content without reiterating that we are immediately going out of it. He admits as fully as any of his critics the gravity of the task we have to perform there. "It is no light thing to restore authority which has so rudely been shaken, especially when that Government is, regarded from a European point of view, so defective as in many respects the Government of Egypt is. It is no light thing to reconstitute authority which has almost been cast down by armed insurrection, and which has rested and which still rests upon foreign armies of occupation." But, nevertheless, he not only believes that we shall do it, but believes it so strongly that for the second time he fixes dates, and suggests that, "If they are wise, the Khedive and his Government will make good use of the time which lies before them before the British House of Commons again comes together to demand an account of the situation; and will be able to show such a list of reforms accomplished, and guarantees for freedom and order given, as will make it an easy task for us, even in the opinion of the most timid of our critics, greatly to reduce, if not altogether to remove, the Army of Occupation from the soil of Egypt." The form of that remark is conditional, but the immediate impression throughout Europe will be that the British Government desire and intend that the occupation should end by February, and that they will accept the appearance of reform as sufficient reason for departure. If that is their policy, we had much better not have gone to Egypt at all, for we shall be compelled either to go there again, or to witness in silent vexation a *régime* under which every promise we have made to the people will be violated. And if that is not their policy, then we cannot see the wisdom of telling all men in Egypt that we shall not stay, and so making all Egyptian officials and rebels look forward to a near future when they will no longer feel the restraint imposed by the presence of a civilised Power. Even the Khedive is human, and if he is human, can be in no hurry by advanced legislation to hasten the period when the last sentinel shall depart, and he will be left alone with five million foes.

THE ROYALISTS OF FRANCE.

WE do not believe that the Royalist party in France is dead, or that it will adopt the theory of election, or that it will be broken up by internal dissensions. On the contrary, we believe that the party, such as it is, is a little stronger than it was because of the death of the Comte de Chambord. That event makes the grandson of Louis Philippe, the Prince who calls himself Comte de Paris, King of France, so far as hereditary claim can confer such a title; and in spite of the squabbles at Frohsdorf, which recall those of Versailles under the old *régime*, and the indecision of newspapers which are not quite independent and are waiting for their cue, it is sufficiently clear both that the Comte de Paris accepts the position, and that the few convinced Royalists of France accept him. The Comte de Paris is a cautious man, fond of dignified quiet, and indisposed while he can help himself to be driven into exile, during which the management of his party will be very difficult, and the Chamber in a fit of annoyance may sequestrate the possessions of the family until its members have signed some oath of renunciation. Englishmen, perhaps, think that fear unreal; but the House of Orleans has lost its great fortune twice, French Republicans at once dread and dislike the money-power of their rivals, and the example of Prince Bismarck, who has sequestrated the large property of the Guelfs on strictly political grounds, has demoralised the conscience of Continental statesmen. The Comte, therefore, avoids demonstrations as far as possible; but by signing himself "Philippe," by notifying his cousin's decease to the crowned heads—a task which otherwise would have fallen to the nearest relative—by receiving the homage of great Legitimists like the Duke de Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia and General Charette, and above all, by insisting on his right to precedence at the funeral—an absurd claim, unless he attends as King—he has sufficiently announced that he assumes the position occupied by the Comte de Chambord. He will in all probability do nothing in consequence of his claim, and certainly nothing hostile to the Republic; but he makes the claim, and unless we utterly misread the ideas of the party, the Legitimists will acknowledge it. They cannot help themselves. They may not like him personally, but they are bound in the chains of their own theory. He is by that theory King of France, and their duty is not affected either by his character or his opinions, or his grandfather's treachery to his House. A bitter fanatic here and there may pretend to believe that the eldest Bourbon

instead of the eldest French Bourbon, is heir to the titular throne, but he will yield when he finds the Pope opposed to him, and for the rank and file no hesitation is so much as possible. Even were the claim of the Comte de Paris unsound, the average Legitimist would not abandon him for the foreigner; and the claim is as sound as history, prescription, and the admission of Henri Cinq can possibly make it. The Comte is, therefore, head of the Royalist party, which henceforward is united, and will be managed by a man of much prudence, sound though *borné* intelligence, and great acquaintance with the realities of the situation. It will, in fact, be fairly well managed.

The Royalist party is, therefore, stronger for what has happened, and the true question of interest is the extent of its strength. This, though indefinitely below that of the Republicans, is not quite so slight as many writers, uninstructed by the jealousy of the Republican chiefs, choose to assume. In physical strength, the Royalist party is, of course, hopelessly weak. The peasantry of France, who for electoral purposes and purposes of insurrection are almost the nation, have obviously accepted the Republic, which in every local election obtains more and more supporters. The "doubtful" Councils-General have been carried this year in dozens, and within five years, if the Constitution survives and no great catastrophe occurs, the Royalists in the Senate will be as few as they now are in the Chamber; and the Legislature, when sitting for the election of a President, or for a revision of the Constitution, will be unmistakably Republican. The artisans of the cities are not only not Royalists, but are anti-Royalist to such an extent that if monarchy were restored they would have to be held down by military force. The people, therefore, of France may be called Republican, nor is there much chance of the gradual conversion of which we hear so much. If the Comte de Paris waits for that, he will wait long. The peasantry adhere to their opinions. Great masses of men accustomed to self-government do not surrender the right or declare themselves incapable, nor do Frenchmen willingly set privileged classes above themselves. The old belief in the Bourbons and loyalty towards them are dead in most provinces, and dying even in Brittany; and the people, if left to themselves, would, if they wanted a temporary Dictator, choose one within the Republic. A Restoration such as occurred in England, with the consent of the vast majority of the people, is, we believe, impossible. They would dread too much the recurrence of the *ancien régime*, still regarded with horror. But still, the Comte de Paris is not without his chance. Experience shows that the French people, once defeated, or out of heart, or panic-struck, will allow others temporarily to choose rulers for them. They do not in such moods care to resist, they will not support the defeated Government, and they know—taught as they have been by a century of Revolutions—that they can if they please, when they like, upset any Government they choose. They accepted Louis XVIII. at the hands of foreigners, Louis Philippe at the hands of a few representatives, Louis Napoleon at the hands of the officers, M. Thiers at the hands of the *classes dirigeantes*, who, after the German victory, found themselves absolute in the Assembly called by M. Thiers. If any great misfortune befell the Republic, such as a visible defeat in the field; if external affairs went wrong enough to produce panic; if the Republic seemed to menace property; if, in the religious conflict, the Republican chiefs affronted the little remainder of religious feeling left in France, the people might, and probably would, let the *classes dirigeantes* try again; and the *classes dirigeantes*, the wealthy, the upper bureaucrats, the higher officers, the men of social position, have all a kindness, more or less developed, for the historic monarchy, and for the *régime* of inequalities which would accompany it, and which would so aggrandise their position. They would turn to the only alternative available—the old Monarchy—and if that were possible, try that. The Comte de Paris makes that possible, and this, and this only, is his chance. It is not a good one by any means. It is so thin, that it hardly deserves attentive consideration, but still it exists, and must be acknowledged by those who try to forecast the immediate future of France. It is so acknowledged by the Republican chiefs, who must know France, and who are even now discussing whether they had not better expel the Bourbon family from their country. They want only, their papers say, a fair excuse. They would not be so jealous, if they saw no chances for the Royalists, even though their jealousy is sharpened, as we fear is the case, by social pretensions which they cannot ignore, and have not the moral strength to despise.

It will be observed that we have left out the third alternative, the acceptance of a Bonaparte, and we have done so deliberately. The chance of the Imperialists may arrive hereafter, but at present they are fettered by a chief as impossible as even the Comte de Chambord. Even if Prince Napoleon resigned or died, the Army alone could or would strike for Prince Victor, and the Army has no motive to do it which would not bring it quite as strongly to the side of the Comte de Paris. In either case the Sovereign could not rule for himself, and the General who would rule would be as powerful and as safe under the King as under an Emperor, and more dignified. Among the people, the Bonapartists no more prosper than the Royalists do, even Corsica at last electing Republicans. This generation has not forgotten Sedan, or the German invasion, or the imprisonment of the French Army, and till it has, any acceptable Pretender with history behind him will be preferred to Napoleon V. The Napoleonic legend may re-cement itself, and there is always the chance in the Bonaparte House of an individual with great personal qualities, or even genius; but for the present, the discontented would turn by preference to "the King," whose acceptance would, at all events, re-cement the history of France, and who could assume power without subjecting himself and his supporters to the dangerous judgment of a plébiscite. That he ever will be in circumstances to assume it, we disbelieve. We look rather to see France, with all careers open as they are now, throw up men with a capacity for governing under Republican forms, and with the direct help of the people; but still, the death of the Comte de Chambord has made of the old Monarchy the most conceivable alternative. We shall be greatly surprised if the Chamber does not think so too, and if on its reassembling the furious majority does not mark its sense of the change which has occurred by demanding the expulsion of a family which has the unfortunate possession of so much history that it can never be forgotten, and can never be treated exactly like any other.

WILL FRANCE FIGHT CHINA?

IT will be time enough to discuss the annoyances which a French invasion of China must produce—and they will be many and considerable,—when war has actually been declared. At present, black as the prospect looks, the biggest Power concerned, the French people, has never been consulted at all. Affairs are in such a condition that if the Governments are left alone war is inevitable, for that of China will not surrender Tonquin, and that of France is moving against Tonquin under a conviction that Pekin is only bragging; but the Governments are not the only referees. The French people is master in France. It has given some sort of consent to some sort of action in Tonquin, which it was carefully told would be of no importance; but it has not sanctioned war with China. To us, looking on quietly, without the fixed idea that Great Britain will suffer which so moves some of our contemporaries, it seems next to impossible that the French should give that sanction. As we understand the foreign policy of the French Deputies, they are inclined in small affairs, requiring no heavy loans and involving no serious drafts upon the Army, to let the active politicians in Paris follow their own devices. If the latter see their way to pleasant little acquisitions like Tunis, or North-west Madagascar, or the New Hebrides, without great expense, and by using only the 18,000 men paid for Colonial service, they may make those acquisitions, but the Chamber will give them neither fresh millions nor regiments of the Line for any such purpose. The Deputies will keep their children and their treasure for the great struggle of the future by which they hope to recover their prestige in Europe, and, if it is humanly possible, their lost provinces. It was under this determination that they regulated the descent on Tunis, which otherwise would have ended in an Italian war, and under this that they compelled M. de Freycinet to desert England in the Egyptian expedition. They would undertake nothing large with Prince Bismarck looking on, and with the European struggle still unsettled. That is a perfectly intelligible policy, and one by no means so ignoble as it is sometimes declared to be, and it is certainly the policy of the people. That after deserting an ally, as they did in Egypt, a country which keenly interests them, the French electors should consent to manufacture a war with China merely as an enterprise, is to us still incredible. They are very ignorant, and their Government is very unscrupulous in its statements; but still, sooner or later they

must know approximately the truth. They cannot, in the face of Marquis Tseng's warm affirmations and the full information of the English newspapers, be fed with lies for ever. They must hear at last that the invasion of Tonquin means one of two things,—either a long campaign in Tonquin, or a march on the Chinese capital. If French statesmen choose the former, they must conquer a tropical province full of hills and marshes and rivers, defended by a martial population who are reinforced week by week with an endless supply of Chinese soldiers, armed with good Californian rifles, acting from a base supplied with all things, and guided by German and American advisers. If the French are defeated at any point, they will be exterminated; and if they are not defeated, they will hold nothing but the land on which their troops are encamped. The defence of Tonquin can be maintained for two years, and as French conscripts die rapidly, and French Generals will attempt nothing without sufficient force, they will not conquer the province without expending £15,000,000 sterling and 40,000 men. If, on the other hand, the French statesmen strike straight at China, they must march upon Pekin, that is, must send 30,000 men at least—the actual number will be greater, for the specialty of French Generals, as we saw in Tunis, is to waste mere conscripts—14,000 miles, forward all supplies except food, including coal for their steamers, maintain their army in a country where they have no foothold, and conquer a capital defended by 100,000 men, who, though not good soldiers, care nothing how many die. They will not do it, even if they succeed, for a smaller expenditure of men or money than the conquest of Tonquin would involve; and when they have done it, will have no compensation except the right to waste a corps d'armée in garrisoning Indo-China. The French cannot colonise, even if they wanted to do so, there is no revenue above expenses to be obtained, and the trade will go, as trade always does go, even in Cochin China, to Englishmen, Germans, and Americans. This is the very best prospect before them, while it is always possible that they may be defeated, and that in carrying on their operations they may incur the active hostility either of the English or the Germans, whom their officers will treat with an arrogance certain sooner or later to be resented. Of course, if the French are willing to undergo these sacrifices and face these risks, and put their whole strength into the task, their road to conquest is open; but in fighting China, they engage in a serious war, precisely of the kind on which since 1870 they have refused to embark. What is the reason for believing that they have changed their minds? We do not believe they have changed them.

We shall be told that French honour is involved; but are the French particularly concerned about honour in such cases? They cannot endure retreat in Europe, and, when forced to yield, display a persistent vindictiveness hardly to be expected from their character; but outside Europe they have always, when necessary, retreated without concern. They gave up their American possessions. They gave up their Indian possessions. They gave up Mexico. They gave up Syria. They gave up Egypt. In none of these cases did the people display any serious resentment, and what is there in Tonquin to excite so much enthusiasm? To avoid a conflict with China is only to do what Russia has done, in spite of much more serious provocation, within the last two years, and this is the only sacrifice the French are called upon to make. Their petty defeat at Hanoi will be amply avenged by the submission of the Court of Hué; while, as to material interests, they acquire the virtual sovereignty of the whole of Lower Anam, and stretch their dominion from Saigon to Tonquin, in an unbroken line, over territories which it will take them years to organise, and which they can extend northward just as far as they choose. The Chinese are perfectly ready to leave them unmolested in Anam; indeed, they not only made that offer to M. Bourrée, but signed a Treaty agreeing to everything, except the renunciation of their nominal suzerainty, which need no more matter to the French Viceroy of Cochin China than it matters to the King of Burmah, the Regent of Nepaul, or the Chiefs of the Shan States. The French Chamber will know before it has sat a week that an indemnity can be obtained for the death of Captain Rivière, that their flag will be saluted all through Indo-China, and that they can have all that is worth having in Indo China without war, if only they will leave Tonquin alone. At the same time, they will know that if they do not leave it, they must accept a long and sanguinary war of the exact kind which the peasantry, the conscripts, and the junior officers most detest, with Prince Bismarck smiling the while at such a waste of force, and with all the world agreeing to disregard France because she is fully occupied. We cannot believe that the Deputies will declare war, or will hesitate, if need be, to sacrifice either M. Challemel-Lacour or the Ferry Ministry to the desire of their constituents for peace. If they will not, then indeed Englishmen will have to consider very gravely the policy of France, which will then be seen to be directed not by the people, but by a governing class full of ambition and of greed; but the contingency has not yet arrived. As we have said, the French people is really, as well as legally, master in France, and the French people has not yet sanctioned a war with China.

THE RUTLAND ELECTION.

IT would be unwise, of course, to exaggerate the meaning of a defeat such as the Liberals suffered in Rutland on Friday week. No seat has been lost, and no Liberal much expected victory. The county is small, it is purely agricultural; and its landlords, with one marked exception, are generally Conservative. It has of late years had no political history, but has returned for election after election Conservatives unopposed. It is, in fact, just the place where the minority has only a fair chance at a General Election, when the voters are really and consciously appointing a Government, instead of merely electing a representative; and consequently, may be carried out of their more selfish selves by high political interest and excitement. Mr. Gladstone's reign would not be cut short by any result of the Rutland by-election, and political passion, therefore, was comparatively shallow. Nevertheless, the election was not so uninteresting as some of our Liberal friends believe. They attach a great deal too much importance to some pleasant arguments which are not sound. They think the coming suffrage will change all things in the rural districts, and forget the great probability that the reform may not arrive for years. It is quite possible that before household suffrage is introduced into the counties, the Lords, who know quite well how dubious even Liberal farmers are about that matter, may force a dissolution, which, even if the Liberals win, may leave Mr. Parnell with the casting voice, and open an endless chapter of accidents. They say the county is sleepy, but there is nothing in its position, almost in the centre of England, to make it sleepier than any other agricultural district. They say it is small, and as a county so it is; but it has 1,700 voters, and it is no smaller than many a district which in a great county holds the balance of power. The representatives for North Lincoln, or North Devon, or even the West Riding, who boast of the size of their electoral areas, would not be pleased to know that within those areas any district equal to Rutland was as hopelessly hostile as Rutland showed itself to Liberalism. They would think it a very dangerous sign indeed if over well-defined spaces within their own boundaries they could not attract the support even of a respectable minority. There is nothing special about Rutland except its long freedom from contests, and the consequent absence of electoral organisation. Everybody voted without being drilled, voted as he pleased, on the spur, so to speak, of the moment,—a fact which, to our thinking, deepens the discouragement of the result for the defeated party. There was neither time nor organisation for trickery, the election was a sort of rush, and the result was that an exceptionally strong Tory, a Lowther—without, we believe, an acre in the county—was returned by a majority of three-fourths. The truth is, that the Liberals are, as regards the strictly rural districts, too sanguine; that everywhere outside the cities they have still work to do, and that all over England there are broad tracts, definable patches of country, where their principles have made no way at all; where the farmers, as a body, do not like them or believe in them, and where but for Dissent or the presence of Whig landlords, or other cause of the same kind, they would be politically nowhere. Everybody who knows the country knows that this is true, and we see no good in concealing it, or denying that it is one of the facts which do no credit either to the intelligence or the energy of Liberal politicians. Their business is to conquer these districts, and they do not do it.

They will tell us next week, in querulous accord, that it is not their fault, that they are powerless against the landlords, and that the landlords are all for the sake of their own interests Conservative; but the explanation is insufficient. We doubt the power attributed to the landlords. That there are landlords and agents here and there strong enough, rich enough, and tyrannical enough to make hostile voting dangerous, is true; but actual coercion has become exceedingly rare, and will henceforward,

under the Corrupt Practices Act, be rarer still. In most places now-a-days, the great body of tenants who vote with their landlords do it either because they approve their views, or because they are indifferent, or because they prefer even a fancied selfish interest which is immediate to a political gain which is remote. If they were once convinced on the other side, they would act on their convictions, like any other class; and, in fact, whenever they are moved enough to assert independence they do act independently enough. They know quite well that neither landlords nor agents like perpetual worry for remissions, exemptions, improvements, and the like, but, being sincerely interested in them, they act on their impressions as if neither landlords nor agents had tempers, or could make them felt. The landlords have "influence," of course, just as priests in Ireland have "influence;" but, whenever the tenants are in earnest, the influence of either class is less than nothing. How many tenants can a hated landowner without personal force of character send to the poll anywhere, or how many could the most popular landlord induce to vote for a measure supposed to be certain to send down the value of wheat? Let the Liberal convictions of the farmers be only as strong as their conviction that dear wheat is good for them, and all the coercive influence would crumble into pieces, just as the much stronger coercive influence of the manufacturers crumbles when the "hands" are excited. The thing is no matter of speculation. We all see it occur at every election in Scotland and Wales, where over county after county every magnate moves one way and every tenant the other. What power, or influence, or means of coercion do the landlords of Rutland possess which the landlords of Scotland and Wales do not, or where is the proof that the farmers of Rutland are less sturdy than Scotchmen or Welshmen? The truth is, the Liberals have converted Scotland and Wales, and have not converted Rutland and places like Rutland; and this in part, in great part, is due to the single cause that they have not tried. On the farmers' special grievance, insecurity, the Liberals have recently waked up, and have carried measures which, as farms once more become valuable, will be felt to deserve a gratitude, that, just now, while farming is the most depressing of trades, and whole bodies of tenants can hardly be coaxed to stay on the great estates, is not very fervent or deep-seated. But the standing grievance of the farmers, that Liberals do not feel for them, is not removed. We do not hesitate to say that if any other great industry had endured for two years suffering such as the farmers of arable land have endured for seven—waiting as they have done for the approach of bankruptcy, as slow and as inevitable as the tide—ten speeches of sympathy would have been made by Liberals where one has been directed to the farmers. The cycle of trouble is probably over and a cycle of sunshine come again, but that political effect of the bad time has not ceased to work. And finally, the Liberals have not met the grievance we plead on behalf of the farmers, have not tried heartily to bring home to them what Liberal principles are worth, or what they are. The tenantry are just as capable of comprehending the Liberal creed, if only it were brought home to them, as any other class in the community. But it is not brought home. There are ten teachers of the creed in any medium town for one in a district like Rutland. Every Liberal who speaks there thinks himself bound to talk agriculture, which he very often only half understands, instead of talking Liberalism, which he thoroughly understands, and about which he can speak with the force which comes from sincere conviction. Why should the man who in Birmingham would show that Liberalism did not involve national dishonour, in Rutland begin talking of foot-and-mouth disease? The farmer feels for the national honour as much as any man. The farmers can respond to the larger teaching of Liberalism as well as anybody else, and are only irritated by the perpetual dwelling on special Acts which, as they know quite well, they could have forced a Tory Ministry to pass also. It is in Rutland, and all districts like Rutland, as it was in Liverpool. If we want Liberalism to win, we must show that Liberalism is the better creed; throw the petty questions of the "interests" aside, and teach the voters directly why Liberalism is wise, and Conservatism not. Landlordism, forsooth! Has landlordism in Rutland one-third the power it had in Midlothian, when Mr. Gladstone shattered it without one appeal to the personal interests of the constituency?

THE MEASURE OF JUDICIAL SENTENCES.

ONE of her Majesty's Judges has broken the habitual silence of the Bench, in the face of criticism, by an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Inequality in Punishment." It is put forth by way of answer, indirect rather than direct, to the complaints made, in the Press and elsewhere, of the spasmodic and uneven character of the sentences passed on criminals by Judges of all kinds, from the Lords Justices of Appeal to the village "Beak." Lord Justice Fry does not "investigate the justice or injustice of these complaints." This is just as well, as he would only waste space in proving what is easily established by reading half-a-dozen newspapers while the Assizes are going on. "People will glibly complain of the inequality of two sentences," because there is ample stuff for glibness. There is no use disguising the fact that not only are the sentences passed by two different Judges terribly unequal, but the sentences passed even by the same Judge often exhibit an extraordinary inequality. Lord Justice Fry's answer to the charge is substantially the somewhat official repartee, "If you are not satisfied, try and do it better yourself." But it is couched in the philosophical form of an attempt to determine the measure of punishment, and, by showing the impossibility or difficulty of doing so, in effect to lay down the impossibility or difficulty of saying that one punishment is equal or unequal with another.

The idea of punishment he traces to the idea of the connection between suffering and sin. He refuses to recognise the prevention of future crime by the individual, the prevention of future crimes by other individuals by the deterrent effect of punishment, the reformation of the offender, or the setting right of the wrong done by the offender, as the basis of punishment. He even denies that, except historically, revenge lies at the root of justice. The root-idea in punishment is simply, according to him, the *a priori* notion naturally implanted in the human breast, which, when it sees sin, at once anticipates suffering, and when it sees suffering, immediately detects sin. We are, therefore, all of us inevitably imbued with the same notions which prompted the Pharisees to impute sin to the man born blind, or his mother, simply because he was blind; and to throw stones at the woman taken in adultery, not because we disapprove of adultery or are without sin ourselves, but because, when we see a sinner, we instantly think he ought to suffer, and if no one else makes him, we will heave half a brick at him, in the name of Justice. It may be remarked that this theory is an excellent explanation of the reason why Justice is blind. People who act on instinct generally act blindly, and in punishing sin Justice acts as blindly and as unerringly as Leech's street-boy, who on seeing the black-cloth-coated lay figure at the shop-door, called out,—"'Ere's a bloated aristocrat; let's punch 'is 'ed!"

Still, there is, no doubt, something in the notion of the inevitable connection between sin and suffering. As Lord Justice Fry reminds us, it forms the basis of the dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles. It is, too, a happy thought of his to connect the reformation theory with the punishment-of-sin-theory by the connection between suffering and learning, the *πάθος* and *μάθος* of the Greek tragedians. But it is to be observed that the explanation is not sufficiently general to be accepted as a real solution. Judges do not, as a matter of fact, punish sin as such. They punish crimes. Now, crimes are not merely sins, looked at from the policeman's point of view, instead of the parson's. Many sins are not crimes; while, on the other hand, many crimes are not sins. Bigamy is a crime, but fornication, which is equally "sinful," is not. On the other hand, planting tobacco in England is a crime, so is killing pheasants without a licence; but neither of these occupations is currently regarded as a sin. The desire to connect sin with suffering is therefore not an adequate basis for justice. Further, the notion of the necessary connection between suffering and sin, though it has an element of truth in it, is yet one which becomes less firmly fixed as education and civilisation advance. It was a distinctive mark of the Teacher who superseded the Pharisees that he derided the idea that those on whom the Tower of Siloam fell were sinners beyond all the dwellers in Galilee. It was a mark of the progress of thought when Euripides traced acts to their consequences in acts, and not to the suffering inflicted by the Gods, or by a blind Nemesis, as his predecessors had done. By discarding revenge, which historically Lord Justice Fry admits is the origin of judicial punishment, and substituting the desire to connect sin with suffering, he is really committing what scholars call a *ὕστερον πρότερον*, or, in plain English, he is putting the cart before the horse. The connection between sin and suffering is, in our view, evolved from the desire for

revenge. The savage, when his child breaks a basket of eggs, takes him up and breaks his skull against a rock, in revenge. The child, when a chair falls on his foot, kicks and bangs the chair in revenge. The Californian miner or the backwoods settler hangs the horse-stealer, not because he wishes to connect suffering with sin, but because he wants to have his revenge for the loss of his horse, to prevent the man hanged from robbing him again, and to hold out an example to others. But from the instinctive desire to hit when one is hurt, and the experience that other people hit when they are hurt, comes the notion of punishing those who hurt. It is a common-place in jurisprudence and ethics that retaliation is the essence of early justice. The State takes revenge out of private hands, to prevent the disturbance of the State; but it only substitutes a fixed and formal scale of revenge in cold blood, for a hap-hazard revenge in hot blood. The uncivilised man attributed to Nature and to the Gods his own attributes. He knew that when he knocked a man down, he did it because the man had hurt him in some way. He knew that his tribe exacted an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. So when he saw an enemy knocked down by a thunderbolt, he necessarily thought that the man had offended Heaven in some way. If he was poor, and the man struck by lightning rich, he imputed the stroke to vengeance on excessive pride and excessive prosperity. Extended to a wider scale, the tyrant who robbed and murdered often came to a bad end, less often openly and directly because people would tolerate him no longer, than indirectly because his people would not fight, or secretly at the blow of some Heaven-sent avenger, an Ehud or a Charlotte Corday. The extension of the idea of revenge to the visitations of the Gods or of Fortune on men thus gave rise to the idea of offences against the Gods, which were sins, being connected with the misfortunes and suffering which were the Heaven-sent punishment for them; and *vice versâ*, when men saw the punishment, they imputed the sin.

We maintain, then, that historically and philosophically the idea of revenge is the basis of justice. And it is an enduring basis. The popular conscience did not call for the lash for garrotters, or for the gallows for the Phœnix Park murderers, because it had any philosophical sense of the fitness of things in connecting the suffering with the sin. It was moved by a feeling of revenge. The fact that the Irish have sympathised with the crime of the murderers, and not with the justice inflicted on them, is a proof of this. Your Irishman may be credited with the same desire to connect sin with suffering as your Englishman, when the sin is against himself; but when the suffering is inflicted on those whom he regards as friends by those whom he regards as foes, the desire for establishing the connection vanishes, and he only sees the hand of the stronger inflicting vengeance on the weaker. The progressive leniency which is exhibited towards political offences is another proof of the same thing. When a political uprising scattered death and famine and violence through the land, and meant a struggle for existence for every one, treason was regarded as the blackest of crimes, and was punished with the most barbarous of punishments. But since the great mass of people have ceased to be affected by political revolutions, and the State is either strong enough to put them down without much trouble, or the revolutionists are strong enough to become the State, political crimes are regarded with comparative indifference, and, therefore, more mildly punished. Revenge, even now, is at the bottom of criminal justice. There is undoubtedly a certain feeling of it lurking in the public mind, which demands satisfaction. It is this feeling which is outraged when crimes are let off too cheaply. When the rich had it all their own way, they were little likely to suffer from personal violence, but they were especially open to attacks on their property. Hence the ferocity with which the latter class of crimes are still pursued, in comparison with the former. Now that the democracy is rising, crimes against the person most affect those on whose feelings ultimately rests the law, and they begin to cry out against the heavy punishments inflicted on an embezzling servant, as compared with the leniency with which the Bench looks on crimes of violence. Their feelings of revenge are directed more against those who make them go in fear of life and limb, than against those who rob others of what the Democracy themselves have not got.

The measure of punishment in the popular point of view, then, is to be gauged partly by the feeling of revenge against particular crimes. This changes from time to time, as one class or another of crimes becomes more formidable to society. Of course, there are other objects of punishment. But in our view, they are secondary. As often happens in the progress of society and civilisation, the secondary aims have a tendency to become more prominent and more immediately important than the primary. Though there is still a feeling of revenge to be satisfied, it is far weaker and far more easily satisfied than of old. Even the feeling of the necessity of terrifying people out of the commission of crimes, the idea of deterrent justice, is becoming weaker. Experience has shown that the violence of a punishment is not necessarily the measure of its protective effect, even when it is in accordance with popular feeling. Moreover, as society has become stronger, it looks less to the immediate than to the permanent springs of action. It aims at prevention rather than cure; or rather, aims at curing the cause, instead of merely removing the effects of the malady. Hence it is that the reformation theory of punishment has been pushed, and will be pushed still more, to the front. In fine, it is with the administration of justice as it is with the feeling of love. Though it is, and must be, based on physical and elementary desires, it is nobler, stronger, and more helpful, the further removed it is from directly-felt dependence on its basis. The more we lose all thought of the foundations in the contemplation of the superstructure, the more the building has attained towards perfection.

The practical result is that there is no impossibility in laying down certain general rules as to the infliction of punishment. It is the business of the Legislature, as more directly than the Judges feeling the force of popular ideas and sympathies, and as being able to deal with the matter in a broader and more scientific spirit, to lay down the relative gravity of crimes, and assess maximum punishments accordingly. It is the business of the Judges to assign punishments within the maximum, according to the circumstances of the individual case. While minds differ opinions will differ about the punishments which a particular case deserves. But already legislation is moving in the direction of laying down more precise rules as to the amount of punishment to be inflicted for different crimes. It has already adopted a different measure in the cases of the casual offender and the habitual criminal, the adult and the juvenile convict. Further progress will have to be made in this direction, and the balance struck between the conflicting claims of the sentiment of revenge, the prevention of crime, and the reformation of the criminal. These are not matters for the individual Judge. He ought only to take into account what are called extenuating or aggravating circumstances. If his discretion were confined within those limits, we should hear fewer complaints of the want of it, and Lord Justice Fry would not have been called on to defend his colleagues of the Bench.

LOCKED-UP HOUSES.

THE Police have lately made a slight concession to the weakness of London householders. They have put out a notice advising them, if they mean to go away for the summer leaving their houses altogether untenanted, to mention the fact to the Superintendent of the district. When this officer knows that a house is thus unguarded, he will give orders to the constable on the beat to keep a more than commonly sharp eye on it. The Police do not guarantee that this watch will be of any avail, and they warn householders not to run the risk which will still be incurred by leaving a house empty, while anything of value remains in it. But they no longer ignore the fact that houses are sometimes left in this way, and the result will probably be to place some slight additional obstacle in the way of the London burglar. In the present year, this notice comes a little late. Indeed, it seems not unlikely that the occurrence of several robberies of empty houses in the suburbs was the immediate cause of its being issued. For a long time the police have insisted on shutting their eyes to the existence of such a phenomenon as an inhabited house left without any one to take care of it. It must be supposed that they have at least become convinced of the weakness of any philosophy which refuses to take note of actual facts.

The Police would hardly have put out this notice, had not the practice to which it relates been on the increase. As regards professional London, the conditions of life during the summer have gradually undergone a considerable change. The migration to the sea-side, if there were children in the case, or to foreign parts, if there were not, is no longer the only outing of the year. For some months before or after this the household live in the country, and the master of it goes backwards and forwards to his work

in town. This often makes it convenient for the servants to go with the family, and when this happens the question at once presents itself,—What is to be done with the house? The answer usually given is,—put in a caretaker; and in the majority of cases, this is accepted as the only course to follow. Occasionally, however, there is a difficulty in finding a caretaker. Caretakers are to be had, indeed, for the asking; but then, it is not every one who claims this responsible title that is fit to have the care of a house. No one likes to pay for having a house neglected, yet this is often the kind of service which the money paid to a caretaker secures. Then, perhaps, a daughter who has been in Edinburgh in the dead season remembers the rows of shut-up houses, each with a card fastened to the knocker asking that letters and parcels may be left at such and such address. Why should not what is done in Edinburgh be done also in London? The suggestion is not at once adopted. Gloomy pictures are drawn of the ravage that may be wrought when the house is left to silence and the thief; sage remarks are made upon the alliance between penny-wisdom and pound-folly. But stories at once thrilling and pertinent are not wanting on the other side. The sins of caretakers are many, and among them that of participation in robbery is not unknown. There are instances in which a caretaker has telegraphed to her absent master the news that the house has been broken into, and in the end it has turned out that the breaking-in was merely done to save appearances, and that the house was really opened to the invaders by the caretaker's own hand. So sometimes the proposal to leave the house to itself gains the day, and the family depart for the summer. For a time, perhaps, they feel all the happier for the thought that their home is not in the possession of some strange person, who, though herself a woman, may have a husband who is not very reputable, and, what is worse, not very clean, and a young family of both sexes, who "favour" father or mother just in the very points where one would most like the type in each case to die out. From the first, however, there is something forced in this professed sense of ease. It is but a cover for corroding fears that are not allowed to find expression. Now and again, however, they find, not expression only, but realisation. The day comes when the telegram so often fancied actually arrives, and you learn that your house has been robbed. Your first instinct is to cheer yourself with the reflection that there was nothing in it that a thief would much care to take. You remember all the times you have heard or read that the professional burglar never makes an entry without having informed himself as to the nature of the booty to be appropriated, and you think with satisfaction at how low a figure he would estimate all that you have left behind you. Burglars do not care for books; the beauties of Chippendale or Sheraton furniture are scaled to them; even china has the double defect of being easy to break, and not very easy to get a price for. There is something soothing in these reflections, and when you at length come up to the door, it is more with curiosity than with serious alarm. The first word from the policeman in charge undeceives you,—"It's a bad job," he says; and when you falter forth that there was not much to take, he answers, with a terror-compelling smile, "there was a good deal to damage, though." When you get into the house—which you probably do through a window, in a fashion which goes far to put you on a level with the burglar—you at once see the justice of his remark. There was a good deal to damage, and a good deal of damage has been done. The criminal and semi-criminal population of London is not entirely composed of professional thieves. It is largely made up of boys and young men, who, as yet, are only professional thieves in desire and intention. They are thieves in the sense that the children in Old Indian families were Covenanted servants. They mean to be so as soon as they can, and, in the interval, they are quite ready to get themselves into training for future distinction. To such as these an empty house is a sort of Haileybury,—a college where they may qualify themselves for the work which their fathers did before them, and which they look forward to doing in their turn. The absence of anything which is really valuable—valuable, as political economists say, in exchange—merely moves them to show their contempt for a house so destitute of solid wealth. The "gimcracks" by which they are surrounded supply them abundant opportunity for giving their irritation vent. As they think of what the house might have contained, they wreak their vengeance on what it does contain. The pleasure of "making hay" seems universal at a certain age, and by the time that every lock has been wrenched off, and the contents of every drawer and cabinet brought into hotchpot, there is a good deal to make hay with. If to this we add that they are seldom strictly sober, that their sense of decency is about on a level with that of an anthropoid ape, and that the entrance which has once admitted them without detection by the police may, if they are careful, admit them again and again, for weeks together, we shall have said enough to suggest the kind of spectacle which meets the owner's eye and nose as he wanders over his dwelling. It will speak well for his self-control if, when he goes out of town that night, he has no harsh word for the unhappy author of the suggestion that in Edinburgh they do without caretakers.

For Edinburgh and London, it cannot be denied, are not governed by the same rules. We do not profess to assign the reason. It may be that the London Police are less numerous or less efficient than the Edinburgh Police, or that the Edinburgh rough is less daring or less inventive, or that the houses are built and fastened more securely in Edinburgh, or that they lie closer together, and so can be more easily watched. The cause of the difference the reader must find out for himself, but its existence, if he be wise, he will take on trust. Even if he has given notice to the Police Superintendent, and is to leave home for the autumn this very evening, we counsel him to spend the afternoon in hunting for a caretaker, or better still, to import a policeman and his wife.

DEMOCRACY AND LITERATURE.

THE unanimous approval of Mr. Gladstone's action in offering a pension of £250 a year to Mr. Matthew Arnold has been broken by one voice, and not an unimportant one. The Editor of *Truth* constantly tries to express, and sometimes succeeds in expressing, the extreme democratic view, and he distinctly condemns the grant. Acknowledging to the full Mr. Arnold's rank in literature, and expressing a personal appreciation of his writings, he declares him not entitled to the pension, because, as an Inspector of Schools, he receives £700 a year, and is therefore not "needy." Considering Mr. Arnold's special services to education, services far beyond those of the regular Inspector, and the income he could make in a dozen ways if he did not give up his time and his freedom to the State, he is very badly paid; but then so are most State servants, and of course £700 a year, though it will go such a little way, is not "need." Three fourths of the clergy live as educated gentlemen on far less, and officers in the Army think themselves prosperous when they have reached that point. But is not *Truth* encouraging the worst foible of the Democracy, its jealousy of all rewards that it understands, in pressing such an argument? In a true Democratic State, would no one be deserving but the pauper, and the only allowable claim on the community be want of things to eat? That want, suffered by those who have distinctly benefited the community by their work, or their thought, or their perceptiveness of natural facts, is a claim we, of course, are most ready to admit, more especially when, as in some well-known cases—Cruden's, for example—the work itself, being by its nature unremunerative, has produced the want. We only wish the little pension list now used to meet such cases—a pension list which may never exceed £1,200 granted in any one year—could be exclusively devoted to them, and feel sure that even then it would be insufficient. It is not only authors who are poor; but thinkers, inventors, discoverers, artists, and even public servants, though for the latter there is usually some kind of provision. But surely there is another aspect of the question, and the community owes to those who enlighten, or serve, or elevate it, or make it prosperous, or in any conspicuous way conduce to its welfare as a whole, something besides charity, some public and unmistakable recognition, some sign of gratitude and appreciation. Almsgiving is a duty in certain cases, but so also in certain others is admiration, and the expression of it in its most visible, and to many men, rich as well as poor, most pleasant form. Men do not dislike presents because they are well off, if only the presents are given either from admiration or affection. We all acknowledge that by groups, when we contribute to testimonials to the living, or share in subscriptions for a sum to be given to a man who has done service; and if the service is of a kind which moves the whole community, the community may wisely do the same. It seems to us that in our modern society service, unless political or military, so far from being too much acknowledged, is not acknowledged enough; that the com-

munity evades too readily its obligation of recognition, or, to put it in another way, of friendliness to those who, by their use of their gifts, have entitled themselves to be considered benefactors. It is the rarest thing in the world for the State—that is, for the whole community—to do anything whatever for the poet or the historian, the discoverer or the man of science, even in the cheap way of granting honours; and of concrete recognitions, except this wretched little snippet of the Civil List, there are none at all. There has not been in the last half-century, so far as we know, a single proposal in Parliament to recognise the services done by any thinker or man of genius to Englishmen or to mankind, as we have time after time recognised, and justly recognised, the services of soldiers and sailors. Men of genius are rewarded, it is said, by the public. Very often they are not—Mr. Arnold, for instance, a man of singular grace of prose diction, has probably made less by poems which every year rise higher in the estimation of the competent than he could have made in one year of successful journalism—but grant that they are, what has that to do with it? It is not charity we are asking for them, but acknowledgment. It is not out of charity that you send to friend, or mistress, or collaborateur the jewel which is treasured for life, but in acknowledgment that your life is the better, or happier, or brighter for him, and it is that sense we want the community to express its admiration. If it does not feel it, *cadit quaestio*, the thing is impossible; but none the less is it an ideal, and every approach towards it a thing to be welcomed, and not deprecated. England is the better because, though it has voted nothing to Mr. Arnold, it has so far understood and appreciated him that a Minister can act as if it had. The booksellers have not left Mr. Tennyson to starve; but suppose Parliament, in a fit of emotion, to vote him its thanks and £5,000, as it would do if he had taken a town, would the community be the better or worse for it, less bound together as a living organism with a brain and a heart, or more? We do not want more pension-power given to any Minister. Though so strictly guarded now that even his limited right must be a burden to a Premier, and a source of endless thought, inquiry, and fear of opprobrium, it has often been abused, and the Minister may not be one who responds fully to the kind of national sentiment we should like to see expressed. But if England were the ideally Democratic State that *Truth* would wish, we suppose, to see it, we should hope that ever and anon, perhaps twice in a Parliament, a grant in "national recognition" would be proposed to some thinker, or poet, or discoverer, or artist who had so revealed himself to the whole nation that the vote could pass. Such a vote would be but a present to a man, say, like Mr. Darwin—the richest, perhaps, among men of science since Lord Henry Cavendish, who raged at his banker for suggesting that his floating balance was positively too large—but an honorific present is not the less sweet because one does not "need," while to many it would be the most acceptable form of recognition. The poor taxpayer? We are supposing the taxpayer to be the giver, the willing giver, heartily endorsing or urging his representatives.

We wonder if that objection about the taxpayer is final, and if the Democracy, when fully enthroned, will acknowledge no obligation binding on itself towards the masters of thought. It may be so, for Princes are ungrateful, and Demos, though he wears clogs, is clattering fast up the steps of a throne. There is absolutely nothing to go by, for there never has been an educated Democracy yet, with each man in it capable of forming an opinion, and an uneducated Democracy can only recognise heartily what it understands. It as yet comprehends feeling, but not thought, and would vote a statue to Mr. Plimsoll sooner than to Mr. Arnold. Mr. Tennyson's service, or Mr. Darwin's service, or Mr. Carlyle's service, or the service of the man who invents the electrical accumulator, or of the man who works out a calculating machine, is as invisible to the mass as the service of Beethoven to a community with discordant tympana would be. They might trust their leaders, but that would not be national recognition. One would hope that as the community became more enlightened, free, and homogeneous, it would feel more keenly the emotion which, say, literary service or charm wakes in the few; but we do not as yet quite like the signs. Graciousness, friendliness, "sweetness," altogether, to use Mr. Matthew Arnold's words, are not the graces one finds most fully developed in the Democracy. America honours but does not formally recognise her men of genius. In France, though the recognition in some classes is so keen that even the national dislike to subscribe gives way to it, as in Lamartine's case, the nation has done nothing to honour living genius, except in the case of M. Pasteur; and though it has in Italy, Italy is almost as little of a democracy as England, where a vote of thanks in Parliament to Darwin, or Stephenson, or Wheatstone, or Tennyson would rouse the laughter of surprise. Still, we are not without hope. Genius and service begin to be recognised very warmly by those who understand, and when the million understands, we do not know why it should be less grateful. Public honour done to great actors pleases a mass very low down, and that is because histrionic power is one of the few intellectual powers they readily comprehend. In France, they say the people of little towns honoured by the residence of a genius will move a market-place or silence bells rather than he should be disturbed. No one, even in Britain, would be surprised if all the people in any one city, say, Oxford or Edinburgh, insisted on contributing to a gift to a great genius, and the step from that unanimity to corporate action is not a long one. The Democracy may yet be grateful to genius; but meanwhile, one of its mouthpieces rather daunts us, when he objects to a grant to Mr. Arnold because it is not alms.

IVAN TOURGÉNIEF.

ON last Sunday, Ivan Tourgénief, after a long and painful illness, died, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, at Bougival, near Paris. The Thackeray of Russian literature deserves more than slight notice. Ivan Tourgénief was born at Orel, in in 1818, and belonged by birth to the class of landed gentry. For generations, men of his name and blood have, as earnest reformers, played a part in Russian politics. According to the custom of the Russian gentry, the boy Ivan received his first instruction from foreign tutors. After studying from 1834 to 1838 at Moscow and St. Petersburg, he passed two years as a student in Berlin, where he had for at least one winter Michael Bakounine, the notorious Nihilist, as room-mate. Here the young Tourgénief studied chiefly history and philosophy, which latter subject he often laughed at in his later works as unprofitable and unpractical. Tourgénief then returned to St. Petersburg, and accepted a place in the Home Office, which he soon relinquished, to devote himself to literature.

His first attempts were scarcely more than imitations of Poushkin and Lermontoff, and passed unnoticed. In 1846, however, he wrote a short story, which was accepted by Belinski and appeared in the *Contemporary*, and this was sufficient to direct public attention to his talent. A little later, Tourgénief went to Paris, where in the following years he wrote his "Recollections of a Sportsman," which at once made him famous. Although every one of these sketches was written with a social tendency, although they were all published in the *Contemporary*, under the editorship of the suspected Belinski, they passed the Censor without difficulty. Official wisdom evidently saw in them nothing but landscape-painting and good descriptions of a sportsman's life. In 1852, the sketches appeared in book form. In the same year, Gogol, the Russian Dickens, died, and the cemetery of the Donskoi Monastery, near Moscow, could not hold the concourse of the people of all ranks which streamed thither to do honour to the first Russian novelist of real power. The outburst of mingled admiration and sorrow alarmed officialdom, and when Tourgénief shortly afterwards published an article praising Gogol, he was banished to his own property. It was only the entreaties of the liberal-minded Alexander which, two years later, restored him to freedom. Tourgénief spent the next years in Germany, France, and Russia; in 1863 he settled and built himself a house at Baden-Baden, in order to live near his friends, the Viardots. After the events of 1870, the Viardots removed to France, and Tourgénief followed them. His later life and sad end are familiar to all.

Tourgénief's first large work, "Recollections of a Sportsman," is perhaps his best. The "Recollections" are thrown into the form of short sketches, of which the ablest are "Khor and Kalinitsh," "The Devil's Dale," "The Singers," "Kasjan," "Two Days in the Forest," and "Forest and Steppe." As a landed gentleman, Tourgénief naturally took much pleasure in hunting; he has, besides, all the passionate love of nature of the Slav, and shows warm sympathy with the people. In spite, however, of the patriotism which colours these sketches, their writer is evidently a man who has lived among foreign nations, and freed himself of all local prejudices. We shall first consider his

power of interpreting nature, for this is a faculty inherent in his blood, and many of these sketches, such as "Forest and Steppe," are nothing but landscape paintings in words. The Slav, impressionable and sympathetic, has a more intimate connection with nature than other races; he still believes in spirits of field, and fell, and stream, still hears the wail of suffering in the wind, or the roll of anger in the thunder. These feelings have been wonderfully depicted by Tourgénief. He is of his day a realist, a hater of empty phrases, and he has not only observed long and closely the different moods of nature, but is sympathetic enough to be able to represent them with touches of "natural magic," which give life even to scenes sometimes lacking in human interest. In "The Devil's Dale," some shepherd boys are sitting round a watch-fire, telling each other ghost stories or fairy tales. One is about a sheep which talks, another about a landowner who cannot find peace even in the grave, &c. Now and then the dogs shiver with fear, and then with a howl rush forth into the darkness. "Suddenly, somewhere in the distance, rose up a long, piercing, sobbing sound, one of those incomprehensible sounds peculiar to the night, which often come in the deepest silence, and wax nearer, till they seem to *stand still in the air above*, and then at once die away, as if in flight." Some of these pictures, too, are of rare and ideal beauty:—"The dry warmth of midnight spread over the sleeping fields its soft coverlet; the moon had not yet risen, and the innumberless files of golden stars seemed to move in slow order towards the Milky Way. As my eye followed their movement, I realised the slow and rhythmic progress of the world." But generally he is impressed rather with the untameable power than with the beauty of Nature. "Out of the forest the deep voice of Nature speaks to man, 'I have nothing to do with thee; I am, and rule, but thou must struggle, even in order to live.'"

His numerous sketches of animals are almost perfect. We like best the ugly dog, 'Valetka,' who always carried his stump of a tail between his legs, and who was always chased from kitchen and from yard. "In hunting he was tireless, and had a keen sense of smell. *His master never thought of feeding him.* But whenever 'Valetka' caught a hare, he devoured it to the last shred with the keenest pleasure, lying somewhere in the cool shade of a green bush, or at a polite distance from his master, who then cursed him in all known and unknown languages."

This book, too, contains almost a natural history of the Russian people. Nearly all the sketches are taken from among the dwellers in the country; Tourgénief pictures the houseless serf, shows peasant after peasant, gives type after type of landowner and aristocrat. The peasant is, in his pages, an extremely good-natured, easily satisfied man, clever, ready, and of robust health. By nature endowed with cunning, with wit and humour, the Slav resembles the English idea of the Irish Celt. Tourgénief looks upon the peasant as the stay and prop of his country; he dwells with preference upon the peasant's rooted love of home, shows his reverence of Tsar and Church, and his ready self-sacrifice to either, describes again and again his love of family and the sacred strength of the old-fashioned tie of kinship, as seen in the commune. The people is a religious one, with love of peace and depth of pity. Take the free peasant, Ovssianikof. Childless, he looks upon himself as a patriarch, and although he is held in honour by the highest and by the lowest, he yet knows his place. In his clothing and manners he follows the old customs, and although conscious of his worth, he seems as devoid of vanity as of self-assertion; he does not praise the past, for although not entirely satisfied with the present, he yet acknowledges progress, but can see "no new order." "The old is dying out, and the young has not yet been born." But in sketching character Tourgénief seldom gives us ideals, he prefers to paint nature as it is. The prosaic peasant, Khor, who has never been to school, grumbles that the dreamer Kalinitsh succeeds with bees because the idler has learnt to write. Another serf, Stiopushka, was related to no one, no one knew him; they saw him, it is true, kicked him now and again, but never spoke to him, and his mouth seemed never to have been opened since his birth. In the sketch "Death" Tourgénief shows "how strangely the Russian dies," without fear or complaint he awaits the stroke as if it were about to fall upon another. There is a miller who, while carting some mill-stones, is mortally hurt; but not till much later does he go to the doctor, who prescribes absolute rest and quiet, "for the worst is to be feared." But the miller will not stay and be treated by the surgeon. "No. I must go home; a man must die, it's better to die at home; if I died here, who would see that affairs at home were set straight?" Sutschock, who, when his boat disappears under his feet, and the hunter, whom he has been rowing, is impatient, keeps winking with his eyes, and seems about to go to sleep, although up to his neck in the stream. He has to be ordered to keep his head above water.

But if Tourgénief, when painting the peasant, colours his portrait too darkly, he may be said to leave out all the lights in his pictures of landowners and aristocrats. One landlord is good-humoured, but hard-hearted; he looks upon his serfs as upon his cows, and kills one animal, when unprofitable, as readily as the other. Another gentleman cares for them but as instruments of pleasure, &c. The aristocrats employed at Court or in the public service live in his pages as Tartars, with a slight exterior polish of manner. They are all either spend-thrifts, who ruin others as well as themselves, or fools honoured with servile reverence. Debauchees, tyrants, wild beasts of all sorts have sat to him for their picture. Of their extravagance, debauchery, and cruelty, he gives fearful instances. The book is one long protest against serfdom, and the evil effects of the system upon enslavers and enslaved are pourtrayed with a master-hand. It is said that this book decided Alexander to abolish slavery. But Tourgénief does not hope that this measure or that any measure will be effectual; for "the Russian peasant is capable of stealing from himself." This book, however, shows less pessimism, less fatalism, than any of his later writings; it is not only as a book well worth the reading, it was a deed well worth the doing.

As he grows older and takes his models from the drawing-room, the gloom deepens. His novels which deal with problems of love and marriage may now be referred to. Here, he shows himself a man of his time; either the sensuality is somewhat more pronounced than is natural, as in his "First Love," or it is feverish and unhealthy, as in "Hélène," or mad, as in "The Three Portraits." His women often declare themselves first, as in his "Faust." "To what have you brought me?" cried Vera; "don't you know that I love you?" And most of these women have something of the cat, or snake, or elf. Tourgénief loves abnormal characters; he does not see life fairly, he is a pessimist. "Love is never the free union of free souls of which German Professors dream; no, in love, the one person is slave, the other lord!"

Up to the close of this period, that is up to 1861, Tourgénief's works, whatever may be their faults, had reflected the best spirit of his race. In "Fathers and Sons," however, published in 1861, Tourgénief loses touch of the people. As we have seen, he hoped but little from the abolition of serfdom, and the bitter disappointment of the youth of Russia at the results of the measure seemed to him insane. This is the more unfortunate, inasmuch as this novel in regard to form is perhaps the best of all his works, as it is certainly the most widely known. He who aforetime protested against serfdom now protests against the materialism and Nihilism of the Russian youth. Tourgénief treats Socialism as mere ignorance. In order to understand this movement, therefore, it will be necessary for the Englishman to read not only Tourgénief, but also that book on "Underground Russia" which shows the passionate self-abnegation and heroism of the dreamers whom Tourgénief depicts as "mostly fools." Take his treatment of the principal character, the student Bazarof, who is the apostle of the new creed. Bazarof does not die upon the scaffold, but of blood-poisoning, contracted while dissecting a corpse. His death is entirely accidental, and entirely useless. For Bazarof has given up his wild dreams and conquered his strong passions; he has returned home, and is resolved to practise medicine and play the part of a useful citizen, and just when we can hope all from so strong a character, he dies, a prey to blind chance. No wonder the book was badly received in Russia, and its author censured.

But Tourgénief heeded neither warning nor blame. In 1867 he published "Dym." Nihilism seemed to him nothing but "smoke;" "the desperate hope" of the youth of Russia was incomprehensible to the pessimist, to the man of the world, who had long ceased to believe that anything unselfish could come from human nature. In his latest works, however, Tourgénief has not lost his humour; although his pictures have become caricatures, his hand has not lost its cunning. How he describes the art enthusiasts of to-day,—the men who never speak of Raphael or Correggio, but of the "divine Sanzio" and the

"inimitable Allegri"! "They adore," he writes, "every doubtful, obscure, or mediocre talent as a 'genius,' and phrases such as 'the blue Italian heaven,' 'the lemon-trees of the sunny South,' 'the scented mist of the sea-shore,' are the stock-in-trade." "Ah, Ivan! Ivan!" cries Michael, enraptured, "let us go to the South! let us go to the South! for in soul we are indeed Greeks, ancient Greeks!"

With all his faults, Tourgénief has enlarged our estimate of the talent of the Slav. Unfortunately, the best faculty of his race was somewhat lacking in him: he was deficient in sympathy. The enthusiastic love of the Slav for the ideal, had he possessed it, would have softened the harshness of his pessimistic realism, would have given him mental and moral balance, and made him healthy. This was not to be. The Slav genius, feminine in its sympathy, idealism, and faith, most of all in its passionate self-abnegation, still awaits the coming of an adequate interpreter.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE WISH TO BELIEVE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In the interesting article on "The Wish to Believe" which appeared in your last issue, and for which I thank you heartily, the writer has on one point slightly misunderstood my meaning; and as the question is one of some interest, I would ask you kindly to insert these words of explanation. He says that I seem to hold that the wish to believe which ensures impartiality—that sort of wish which I had explained in my previous essay—cannot be legitimately separated in its effect from the wish which—as I explain in the present essay—makes the mind sensitive to the full force of evidence in favour of the truth of the belief wished for. The writer, while allowing that the kind of wish which ensures impartiality as being inseparably bound up with the desire that the belief should be true, *has* the effect I speak of in giving the mind a keen perception of the evidence in favour of belief, contends that a similar sensitiveness is given also by the wish to make up a plausible case, and instances Mr. Chaffanbrass's quick perception of the plausibilities of the evidence in favour of Phineas Finn's innocence. Now, I have nowhere denied that other influences may stimulate the mind and make it sensitive to favourable evidence, as well as the strong wish to believe, if one can believe truly; and undoubtedly, the motive which actuated Mr. Chaffanbrass is one such influence. His wish, however, was not a wish to believe, but a wish to make his jury believe; so that it would, anyhow, not come under my immediate subject. But apart from this, I had no intention of denying that any strong motive gives keenness to the mind, and a certain sensitiveness thence resulting. I only attempted to show some of the various ways in which anxiety for belief, if true belief be possible, may aid the mind in its appreciation of evidence, as well as quicken its critical faculties, this latter effect being presupposed as the conclusion of my former essay. I do not, therefore, say that such a wish is the only stimulating power, but that it is the only power which stimulates alike the appreciating and critical faculties, and consequently *helps in the search for truth*. This conclusion I express on page 473, in words almost identical with those used by the writer in the *Spectator*.

There is, however, one element distinctive of this "wish to believe," which seems to me to affect both the impartiality of one's judgment, and the power of the wisher to appreciate fully evidence in favour of the desired conclusion,—so far linking these effects inseparably. I speak of the sense of the reality of a problem, and the importance to oneself of its *true* solution, which lights up with reality all that bears on it. This it is, as we saw in my former essay, which makes the mind keenly alive to difficulties against belief, and which must enter into the wish, as I then explained it; and it seems to me to be this very same element which I show, in pp. 472, 473, and 477, to be indispensable to the full appreciation of certain arguments, which may be adduced in favour of belief. I do not speak of the merely imaginative side of realising, which the barrister, who wishes merely to get up a plausible case and impress his jury, may very well have, but of that deeper aspect of it of which I have spoken in my essay, and which involves a sense that facts pointing to a conclusion are facts with consequences affecting the world and oneself. This sense connects the "wish to believe" with the sense of responsibility in reasoning, and with that most potent motive-power, the instinct for self-preservation,—self-preservation, that is, from the unknown dangers which ignorance may entail;—the strong wish to believe being, under this aspect, the passion for knowledge. This is the only element which, as being the common cause of the two effects of the "wish to believe" which I have considered, seems to me to render them so far incapable of an entirely separate treatment.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Wilfrid Ward.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS' COMMISSION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Canon Trevor is no doubt right in saying that it is a mistake to attempt to govern the Church by Courts, instead of by Bishops and Synods. The Royal declaration before the Thirty-nine Articles only reaffirms the ancient constitutional rights of the Church, when it says that Ecclesiastical questions are to be decided by Convocation. It is here that the proposed changes in the Courts will, I am afraid, break down, and fail to produce peace. The cause of all the trouble has been that those who desired to worship as Cranmer and Ridley in the First Reformed Prayer-book allowed them to worship, and as Bishop Cosin, the author of our present "Ornaments Rubric," distinctly says they may worship, found themselves forbidden to do so by a Court whose constitutional authority they denied, and whose bias was scarcely concealed; while other and more popular sections of the Church were allowed to break the plainest provisions of the law with impunity, if not with approval. The grievance was not diminished by the fact that the Canons order Bishops and Deans to conduct the worship at Holy Communion in cathedrals after the "ritualistic" fashion, and that the Canons are flagrantly disobeyed. How will the new Courts remedy this? Either the new Final Court of Appeal will support the Judicial Committee in reading a "not" into the Ornaments Rubric, or it will interpret that document according to its plain, natural, and historical sense. In the former case, matters will continue precisely as they are. In the latter, we may well have the equally great grievance of a distasteful ritual being forced upon unwilling congregations. What is wanted is liberty for congregations who wish to worship as the whole Catholic Church has ever worshipped, and as the English Church accordingly allows, to be able to do so without being persecuted. On the other hand, those who prefer the accustomed worship of later times have an undoubted right to be protected from changes which they dislike. This can only be secured in one of two ways,—by allowing different kinds of services in the same building at different hours; or by allowing different sections of a congregation to have their own place of worship, without interfering with the parochial system. This latter plan would, of course, meet the difficulty of preaching which may be distasteful to any section of the parishioners. The question, then, would resolve itself into a matter of adjustment and arrangement. And here the Bishop, with a fairly elected council of clergy and laity, might come in, and be entrusted with absolute power, it being, of course, distinctly understood that no party purpose is to be served, but liberty of worship according to their convictions to be secured alike for Ritualists and non-Ritualists. Under such a plan as this, provision might also be made for those popular "mission services" in the evening which, with free seats for all alike, and the Prayer-book conspicuous by its absence, the non-churchgoing classes are found by experience so gladly to attend.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. R. Portal.

THE CLOSING OF THE HIGHLANDS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As I feel sure that you do not wish to misrepresent facts, I venture to point out a strange inaccuracy in your leading article on "The Closing of the Scottish Highlands," in which you say:—"Visitors at Braemar cannot obtain leave to cross the Dee during the shooting season, and only grudgingly at any time." There is hardly any district known to me where the whole river scenery is so fully open to the tourist as that of the Dee, for about twenty-four miles, viz., from Ballater to four miles above the Linn of Dee, as for the whole way the road commands a perfect view of the Dee, and its beautiful windings through mountain and valley scenery. Within these limits there are five bridges, two of which lead to Balmoral and its private grounds, another to Old Mar Lodge and its private grounds; the other two are open to the public beyond dispute, as they form part of the highway at Invercauld and at the

Linn of Dee, near which both banks are open to the public. There is also a good ford above Castleton of Braemar, available for tourists on foot or in carriages.

There are also numerous drives and walks to objects of interest available to the public, such as the Waterfalls of Corriemulzie, the Linns of Quoich and Dee, the Colonel's Bed, the Bynnoch and the Derry Valleys; and for the mountaineer or botanist the ascents of Lochnagar and Ben Macdhui, notwithstanding the notice you quote about the latter. Having spent several happy seasons in these parts, I can vouch for the freedom as well as for the variety and picturesque beauty of the many excursions open to the public here.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Braemar, August 28th. G. K. H.

[We gladly allow G. K. H. to enumerate the ways which at Braemar are still open to the public. Our allusion was to ways that are shut.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

THE LAW OF TRESPASS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent, "J. L. P.," speaks of there being no specific law *in Scotland* making trespass in itself an offence. Do not his remarks apply equally to England? Is it not a fact in this country, too, that no punishment can be inflicted on any one unless some damage (however slight) can be proved, or that the "trespass" is "in pursuit of game?"—I am, Sir, &c.,

Gloucester, September 4th. J. Marshall Sturge.

MR. FOOTE AND THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Nothing but a grave sense of duty could induce me to trouble you with a communication upon this painful controversial subject; but as you have given space to a letter from the Rev. Prebendary Row containing many misconceptions upon which I am able to throw some light, I am constrained to ask you to bring the following remarks before your readers. Some years ago, it fell to my lot to be officially engaged to attend a lecture by Mr. Foote, for the purpose of recording every word of his discourse. The lecture was upon "Geology." The depth of insight into the problems of the science displayed by the lecturer showed him to be a master of his subject, and the excellent "style" of his language proved him a scholar and a man of refinement. A representative body of about a score of gentlemen from a Christian Association were present, specially deputed to meet the lecturer, for the purpose of refuting his arguments (I say "refuting" advisedly, for the conduct of the gentlemen displayed that they were not there to discuss), and the calm, respectful manner in which he heard and replied to the questions put to him proclaimed him a gentleman with a deep sympathy with human feelings. The scene was an impressive one to me, by virtue of my office. A single spectator, amongst a large body of men heated and disputing, and the furious, almost fiendish, malignity with which this score of Christian (?) disputants hurled not reasoning, not argument, but fanatic ignorance, in the teeth of their single opponent, and the serene, kindly countenance with which that single opponent met the rage of this Christian (?) onslaught, brought more vividly to my mind all that I had read of the struggles of the early Christians to lift their voice against the blindness of their fellow-creatures than anything I ever before or since experienced. I have not since seen Mr. Foote. Whether or not the continuance of this Christian (?) persecution has embittered him against the sect, I am, therefore, unable to say; but I think it not unlikely. If it has, he is none the less entitled to the sympathy of feeling men, and since it is so extremely difficult to do justice to one whose opinions are repugnant alike to his witnesses and to his judges, I would conjure your readers to reflect deeply before passing censure upon the man, and to remember that our duty and our only safety in judging a case like this is to submit it to a rigid arithmetical reasoning, the solution of which we should abide by, however shocking that solution may be to our predilections. The first of the two bases upon which your reverend correspondent founds his justification of the prosecution is, that the allowing of the publication of the paper censured would be "allowing the author of Christianity to be made the subject of a most indecent and utterly misleading caricature." "The vile caricature," as he calls it, he describes as "neither reasoning nor argument," but "an indecent parody of our Blessed Lord," published with "the deliberate purpose to insult, grieve, and appeal, not to reason, but to obloquy, abuse, and the lowest passions," and he advances this statement as "the true state of the case." I am bound to assure your readers that a greater *mis*representation of the case could scarcely have been conceived. In the first place, the publication was *not* a "parody of our Blessed Lord," and I can only conclude that what the crowd in front of the shop-window from which your correspondent caught a glimpse of the sheet prevented him from seeing, he has unwittingly allowed his imagination to fill in. The sheet, if a parody at all, was merely a parody of those incidents in the life of Christ which, while they neither add to nor detract from the beautiful character of Christ *per se*, are looked upon by the light of modern reasoning as incredible. One example will suffice to explain what I mean. The words "turning water into wine" were accompanied by an illustration, showing water being poured out of one vessel into others containing wine. I submit that in the case of any other book than the Bible, this sample illustration would have been looked upon not as "vile and indecent," but as legitimate satire, showing how events which sentiment pictures in ethereal light may be capable of explanation in the simplest and commonest form; and that had the satire been applied to any creed antagonistic to Christianity, many who now deprecate it would have looked upon it as amusing and forcible, and not devoid of "reasoning and argument." The second of your correspondent's arguments is that the prosecution of Foote was justifiable, as a means "to prevent a wanton insult from being offered to the great mass of the people of this country." If the prosecution is justifiable because the opinions attacked in Mr. Foote's person are obnoxious to the majority of the people of the country, then the persecution of Christ and the Apostles by the Jews was justifiable on the same grounds. Surely your correspondent does not wish to admit this! Yet he must, or withdraw his present argument.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Robert Batho.

14 *Allerton Grove, Tranmere, Liverpool, September 5th.*

[The caricaturist cannot have understood even the words of the story he ridicules.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

FIELDING AND SARAH ANDREW.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you permit me to say, not in comment on, but by way of foot-note to, your very fair and sympathetic notice of the "Men of Letters,—Fielding," that the date of his love-affair with Miss Andrew is now no longer "unknown"? Since the book was published, I have been able to trace it definitely, with the aid of the late Mr. Keighley's papers, to November, 1725. There is no need to reproduce the story here, as it is given in full in the *Athenæum* for June 2nd, 1883. But I may add that it bears upon another doubtful point noticed by your reviewer. It shows that in November, 1725, Fielding had left Eton, but had not left England for Leyden; and from Mr. Keighley's memoranda, it further appears that, under the year 1728, the Album of the Dutch University contains the following record of his presence there:—"Henricus Fielding, Anglus, ann. 20, Stud. Lit." As his first play, *Love in Several Masques*, was produced at Drury Lane in February, 1728, it follows that this entry must have been made in January, 1728. Thus the period of "about two years" during which Murphy says he was at Leyden must have been between November, 1725, and January, 1728. These, I am well aware, are the merest trifles of biography; but even trifles—as any one who writes about Fielding will probably discover—become of seductive importance, in the case of one who "abides our question" as little as the author of "Tom Jones."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Austin Dobson.

Porth-y-Felin, 75 Eaton Rise, Ealing, W., September 1st.

POETRY.

AT THE PIT-MOUTH.

'Neath yon bleak hills that spread across the shire,
Like earth-waves heaved by some convulsion strong,—
Where shrubs refrain from flower and birds from song,
And daily riseth smoke, and nightly fire,
And burrowers in the blackness never tire,—
In the mine's jagged pathways sleeps a throng
O'er whose prone bodies Death hath swept along,
While at the pit-mouth roars their funeral pyre.

. . . . . .

Grind with thine heel yon ant-hill; crush their town,
And, stooping, mark swift journeyings to and fro.
Why doth the Unseen deal so fierce a blow,
Strives He in doubt's dark sea our faith to drown?
O preacher! quoting texts with soothing zest,
Whispered yon emmets: "All is for the best?"

W. H. Harper.

THE RUIN.

Before my mind an old-world vision grows,—
Dim aisles, bright altars, priests, a rev'rent throng,—
Where now o'er crumbling walls clouds sail along.
Through yonder Time-touched arch no splendour glows,
Its stone-spun frame the shelt'ring hills enclose.
Those mournful shafts, enclasp'd by ivies strong,
When echoed they the final strong-voiced song,
Or mutely witness'd sacrilegious blows?
'Twixt earth and sky I see the dwindled men
Working for God; beneath, the master-mind,
Whose boundless artist-soul no creed can bind,
Planning undying fame with rule and pen.
His tomb lies shadow'd by yon buttress gray:
Go, muse how men, and all men's works, decay.

W. H. Harper.

BOOKS.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF CHINA.*

There are some books which seem to owe their charm to their obscurity. The *Yi-King* is at best but a tawdry collection of divinatory sentences; nevertheless, two thousand commentaries have been written upon it, while Confucius is said by Dr. Legge to have exclaimed, in a moment of enthusiasm, "If some years were added to my life, I would give fifty to the study of the *Yi*, and might then escape falling into great errors." Whether the hope expressed by the Chinese sage would have been realised will appear doubtful to spectators of the polemical storm that has recently agitated the world of sinologists in respect of this ancient classic, culminating in the declaration that the two thousand commentators, together with Dr. Legge himself, have either made confusion worse confounded, or have been forced to admit their inability to discover its meaning. The new theory, as far as we can understand the not very lucid statements of it that have been made public, is that the *Yi-King* is principally nothing more than the remnant of an antique, rudimentary, phonetic dictionary, drawn up by some exceedingly remote ancestors of the Chinese who were members of what is called the Bak family, and, of course, came from Bactria, or thereabouts, carrying with them as they migrated eastwards some traces of Accadian culture, but content to leave behind them as their sole literary monument a few lists of meanings of similarly-sounded syllables, and a silly ballad or two, all which an ignorant or ill-intentioned Chinese literate long after improperly manipulated and "surreptitiously" interpolated with divinatory words, to suit the prejudices of the age or serve his own purposes. With the merits of this pretty quarrel, which we shall leave Dr. Legge, who is well equipped for the struggle, to fight out as best he may, we are not here concerned. The *Yi-King* which the Chinese revere and still regard as a treasury of hidden wisdom, in which the explanations of even such modern facts as the steam-engine and the telegraph may be found by those who know how to search for them, is the *Yi-King* commented upon by the two thousand commentators, and translated by Dr. Legge,—and it is with this *Yi-King*, as alone rightfully entitled to be ranked among the sacred books of the East, that we have to deal.

The classic consists of a text and ten appendixes or original commentaries, often, but on wholly insufficient grounds, attributed to Confucius. Speaking of the text, the learned translator says, "The subject-matter may be briefly represented as consisting of sixty-four short essays, emphatically and symbolically expressed, on important themes, mostly of a moral, social, and political character, and based on the same number of lineal figures, each made up of six lines, some of which are whole, and the others divided." The aim of the essays, however, is chiefly divinatory, to which the didactic and philosophic portions of them are subordinate. As they have come down to us, each essay consists of a short and, commonly, very enigmatical sentence attributed to King Wân, who lived in the troublous times of the twelfth century B.C., explaining the meaning of each hexagram, as the linear figures are termed, taken as a whole, followed by a number of sentences, usually six, declaratory of the wisdom hidden in each line and ascribed to the son of the King, the Duke of Kau. We agree with Dr. Legge, who sees much less of a mystery in the book than is generally supposed to be the case. The main idea, not hard to perceive, though alternately swamped by the diffuseness and obscured by the meagreness of the phraseology, is the establishment for geomantic or divinatory purposes of a sort of parallel or analogy between the differences of the hexagrams and the changes of the Kosmos, of the three "powers,"—Heaven, Earth, and Man, in their divine, their physical, and their moral phenomena respectively. The spirit of the whole is more or less that of Taouism, the beginnings of which lie far back in Chinese history, but the elements of the Confucian philosophy are also distinctly indicated. The ascending and descending scale of duties, the orderly subordination of all through the family head, the magistrate and the minister to the Emperor, himself the servant of Heaven, and the orderly government by all, from the Son of Heaven down to the peasant family-father, taught in the *Analects* and resumed in the *Great Learning*, are, more or less inarticulately, inculcated in the *Yi-King*. No scheme of social and political philosophy has ever yet been framed out of China that can compare in absolute justice of intention with that which the great philosopher of the Middle Kingdom elaborated out of the wisdom of the ancients who preceded him. The duty of the prince and minister to govern with justice is as much insisted upon as the duty of the citizen to render obedience to authority. The prince is no despot, he is the servant of Heaven, bound to execute its decrees in the interest, not of himself, but of the people; who are not *his* people, but are regarded as an absolutely free commonalty, owing nothing to the ruler but obedience, and that not for the purpose of adding to his wealth or increasing his power and glory—the very term "glory" is unknown in Chinese—but for the purpose of assuring their own good, and so far only as the prince, acting under the inspiration of Heaven, does actually seek their good.

The elements of the hexagrams are whole and broken lines. The whole line represented the male, the strong, the upholding, the producing influence, the *yang* of Chinese philosophy; the broken line the female, the receptive, the complementary, the ordinating and subordinating influence, the *yin* of the same philosophy. Perhaps the original idea was given to the ancient diviners by the stalks of the *ptarmica sibirica*, which they employed in their mystical exercises, being sometimes found whole, sometimes broken. More probably, the whole line represented continuity, the heaven vault, visible by day or by night; the sun, reappearing day after day unchanged; man, whose vigour is perennial; the broken line, discontinuity, the earth, with its summer wealth of greenery and winter meagreness of vegetable life; the moon, waxing and waning, and for a part of each month disappearing altogether; woman, whose days are full of accidents from which those of men are free. The very word "yi" is written by a character composed of parts representing the sun and moon respectively, the symbols of permanence and change. As an illustration of these remarks, a brief comparison of the first hexagram, composed entirely of whole lines, with the second composed entirely of broken lines, will be useful. The former symbolises Heaven, that "directs the great beginnings of things," the power and comprehension of the great man, the superior man, who represents in his degree heaven upon earth, the orderly force that sustains the physical and moral universe. In the lowest line we see the "dragon," the symbol of divine influence, quiescent in the under-waters; in the next, on the earth prepared to act, in the following lines, in full development of energy, aspiring skywards, on the wing in mid-air, finally limited in his range by the topmost line which forbids excess. The hexagram of broken lines, on the other hand, teaches the virtue of docile subordination, the docility of strength striving to complement the ruling and productive energy symbolised by the first figure, so as to effect the unity of completion, not the docility of weakness or of order-less concession, illustrated by the cube of the earth straight and square under heaven; the unselfish self-restraint of the minister, who neither seeks his profit at the expense of the people, nor his glory at the expense of his prince; the tied-up sack symbolic of the fulness of accomplishment; the yellow

* *The Sacred Books of China.* The Yi-King, translated by James Legge. "Sacred Books of the East," edited by Max Müller. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

garment of the hue of earth, a colour of "correctness;" the parted dragons fighting for supremacy significative of the strife of unordered influences.

Without the appendices, of which the third and the fifth are the most important, the text of the *Yi-King* would be nearly unintelligible. Even with them, the chief value of the classic lies in the wisdom which successive generations of Chinese writers have extracted from sentences pregnant in their eyes with the germs of all the philosophies. Dr. Legge's wonderful knowledge of Chinese literature has enabled him to present the essence of the commentaries in a clear and attractive form, while his own luminous and suggestive observations add greatly to the interest and instructiveness of the volume. His remarks on the theology of the Chinese are especially valuable, but we are inclined to doubt the propriety of his translation of the Chinese "Tî" by our word, "God." God in Western parlance is not merely the Ruler, but pre-eminently the Creator of all things. Now, the notion of a divine creation is altogether foreign to the Chinese mind. The conversion of Chaos into an ordered Kosmos by spiritual agency is the starting-point of Chinese cosmogony, but of the origin of matter in the chaotic state the Chinese have no theory whatever. Man is under the rule of Heaven, but does not owe his creation to Heaven; the common legend of his origin is indeed a disgusting one. Tî is the unknowable, the God of agnosticism, the ruler of Heaven—Heaven being the great sustaining principle symbolised by the sky-vault—as the Emperor is the ruler of earth. Tî, again, is spoken of by Chinese writers as possessing a "shan," which is merely the intellectual soul of man, as distinguished from the "kwei," or animal soul. Tî, in fine, is no god; he is at the best an Anaxagorean deity, a sort of embodied pantheistic influence, the vision of some of the more subtle and imaginative among the practical minds of China. Power is ascribed to him, and wisdom, but neither goodness nor mercy; nor is he presented as an object of love, but simply as the ruler of things, or rather, of the interactions of natural powers, audible in the thunder, visible in the wind, seen in the brightness of the sun, felt in the warmth of the south, manifest everywhere in "the purity and equal arrangement of things," beneficent at least on the whole, but rather in fact than in intention; not certainly specially regardful of human interests, but occupied in the diffusion of the principles of right government and correct subordination throughout the triple universe of heaven, earth, and man.

CHARLES THE VICTORIOUS.*

[FIRST NOTICE.—THE DAUPHIN.]

THE first volume of the monumental work in which the Marquis de Beaucourt records the results of his laborious researches, extending over twenty-five years, deals with one of the most momentous, eventful, and romantic periods of the history of France, and is a remarkable example of some of the best qualities of the historian and biographer. The patience, calmness of judgment, and lucidity that befit the one, the comprehension, sympathy, and power of realisation, without which the other is a mere reconstructor of skeletons, are conspicuous in the work of M. de Beaucourt; and the interest of the book is so great, its style is so polished, this product of vast labour is so little laborious to peruse, while it fully maintains the dignity of historical literature, that the reader is never suffered to be oppressively conscious of the toil that it represents. The remarks of the Duc de Broglie, in his preface to his "Studies" of Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, upon the fascinating nature of those researches into the mysteries and explorations of the by-ways of history which have but recently been rendered possible by the opening-up to the diligent student of the archives of several European Courts and countries, with the discoveries, the disillusionment, and the rehabilitations that they bring, apply with striking propriety to the exhaustive labours of the Marquis de Beaucourt. Only the absorption of one's whole mind, imagination, and taste could enable the toiler to execute such a task as these volumes imply; one which is no doubt rewarded, in so far as its guerdon can come from the outside, by the appreciation of the author's fellow-countrymen and brother-students, and which cannot fail to receive full recognition from English readers of history. The book is a monument of industry, and an example of thoroughness that ought to be as stimulating as it is remarkable. The introduction is in itself a manual of instruction relating to the documents that have been consulted, the foot-notes are invaluable to readers who profit at their ease by all this digging and delving into the far past at one of its most memorable epochs; the author assembles and groups the events, the characters, the features, the great personages, the political and social aspects, the actual history, and the collateral and prospective interests of the time, with remarkable skill, while he indulges but little in the picturesque, and impartially preserves the proportions of his subject,—France, from the birth to the death of Charles the Victorious.

The present volumes are concerned with thirty-two years of the life of the Prince who has been, of all princes, the most variously estimated. It will be deeply interesting to arrive at the summing-up by the Marquis de Beaucourt of the life and character which he approaches in the spirit of rehabilitation, but upon which he is as yet far from pronouncing, while he marshals the great array of contradictory and conflicting testimony, and throws upon it the light of evidence gathered from public and private documents and correspondence of all grades of interest and importance, down to household account-books. It is unnecessary to say that every book with any bearing on his subject has yielded up its essence to his compelling hand. Thus his work is a monograph and a history, a *plaidoyer* and a judgment; and he begins with these words, quoted from M. Charles Lenormant,—"C'est une admirable prérogative de l'historien que la faculté qu'il a d'instruire de grands procès de révision, et de faire casser, après plusieurs siècles, des sentences dictées par l'iniquité ou l'erreur." The author approaches the history of Charles VII. by the lengthy and arduous path of close examination of the sources of the ever-recurring accusations against the King whose memory has had such strange vicissitudes; the son of poor, mad Charles le Bien Aimé and the She-Wolf of Bavaria, the father of Louis XI., the lover of Agnes Sorel, the distressful Prince for whom the Maid of Orleans fought, and who handed her over to her enemies and to the stake, the alleged avenger of the Duke of Orleans by the blood of John the Fearless, and the rewarder of the liberality and loyalty of Jacques Cœur with confiscation and exile.

The royal child, between whom and the throne two brothers, soon to be removed by death, stood, was born during a lucid interval in his wretched father's madness, named Count of Ponthieu, and surrounded with every luxury known at the period, utterly neglected by his vile mother, early habituated to the sight of violence and cruelty involved in the high-handed proceedings of John the Fearless, and exposed at ten years old to the dangers of the popular rising headed by Caboche, and supported by the familiars of the Duke of Burgundy, when the King and his sons were made to wear the white hood, which was the sign of sedition, terror reigned for three months, and the scaffold was a fixed institution. (The story of 1793 is only a repetition of history, with additions.) In the Dauphin's tenth year a romantic episode occurred; this was the betrothal of the royal boy to the daughter (aged eight) of the Duke of Anjou—always called King of Sicily—and the wise and beautiful Yolande of Aragon, grand-daughter of King John of France. The betrothal took place at the Louvre; the wicked Queen Isabeau of Bavaria and the doomed Duke of Orleans were present; then Yolande took away her future son-in-law to a happy home at Tarascon, where for a short period he was at peace, not disturbed even by the invasion of Henry V. of England, and the terrible disaster of Agincourt. The first letter of Charles VI. in existence is that by which he appoints his son Captain of the Castle of Vincennes in 1415; in 1416, the Prince received the Duchy of Touraine, for which he did homage to the King, and thenceforth took his place at the Council. The real ruler of France was then the Duke of Anjou (King Louis of Sicily); the Queen was infirm, and Charles VI. was hopelessly insane. The Duke of Burgundy was the personal and political enemy of Louis, and was always conspiring against him; but death played the game of John the Fearless. The Duke of Anjou died in February, 1417, the Dauphin, a devoted friend of Burgundy, two months later; the fifth son of Charles VI. became the heir to the throne, for his elder brother, the Duke of Guyenne, had died two years previously, and began at fourteen the life of disaster and rescue, defeat and victory, which has been so variously represented; one view making him a mere shuttlecock of fortune, while another puts him forward as having well and duly earned his title of "Charles the Victorious."

* *Histoire de Charles VII.* Par G. Du Fresne de Beaucourt. Tome I. 1403-1422. Paris: Société Bibliographique.

The events of the English invasion, and the murder of the Duke of Orleans by the dread-nought Duke of Burgundy, followed by the civil war that was destined to a duration of twenty years, with but brief intervals of truce, are familiar to most readers; while the grand and terrible episode of Jeanne d'Arc, whose story is an indelible stain on both England and France, sets apart the historical period covered by the life of Charles VII. with special distinctness; it has, however, remained for M. de Beaucourt to invest every portion of it with vital interest, and to give to that far past vividness and solidity that fill it with actual interest. His record of the political and military events that occurred between 1417 and 1422 is very full, and will present to English readers, if not an unknown page of history, a novel picture, in which the figures are full of life and movement. The Duke of Burgundy plays a leading part in the events of this epoch, the author holding that he was exclusively guilty of the treason of inviting the intervention of Henry V., and that the Armagnac leaders were innocent of it. Paris at this period backed the enemies of order and legitimate right, and hailed John the Fearless, the excommunicated murderer of the Duke of Orleans, in unnatural alliance with the wicked Queen, as a hero and deliverer, after his relentless slaughter of the King's subjects in its streets and prisons. The King (only a name) and the Dauphin, against the Queen and the Duke, France successfully invaded by England,—what a drama is unfolded by the history of that terrible time! What great figures pass before the mind's eye of the reader of one eventful chapter, which includes the attack of John the Fearless upon Paris and his seizure of the persons of the King and Queen, and ends with the death of Charles (once *le Bien Aimé*), in 1422; and brings before us the figure of the victorious English King, at the very moment when his triumph seemed assured, and the proclamation of Henry VI. as King of France and England, at Saint-Denis. Few "strange stories of the deaths of kings" surpass that of Charles VI. in sadness. He died in solitude, a few servants, "des gens *de petit estat*," formed all the Court of the poor King, who had borne the burden of a weary life through only fifty-four years, just twenty more than those of the victor of Agincourt, whom he outlived two months. "At his death," says M. de Beaucourt, "the popular sentiment, long repressed in Paris by the Burgundian and English domination, broke out." The following extract from the *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris* is an echo of the general regret: —"Ah, très cher Prince, jamais n'aurons si bon, jamais ne te verrons! Maldicte soit la mort! Jamais n'aurons que la guerre, puisque tu nous as laissé. Tu vas en repos; nous demeurons, en toute tribulacion et en toute douleur." The madness of Charles the Well Beloved did not altogether obscure the qualities, rare indeed in history, which called forth the tribute of the funeral oration recorded in Fillastre's *Histoire de la Thoyson d'Or*:—"Bien lui est pour vray ce nom donné, car de tous les hommes qui estoient en son tems, grans et petis, ne fut oncques plus humain de lui, plus clement, ne plus aimable. En ses parolles, ne profera oncques villain mot d'aultrui. En ses faits, il se débitoit faire bien et plaisir à chascun." Even a glimpse of clemency and humanity is welcome, amid the cruelty, mercilessness, violence, and rapine of that age.

The plan of M. de Beaucourt's work is simple; he gives in a condensed chapter the events of a certain period, and follows that by several chapters in which all the incidents grouped in the foregoing are treated in detail, with a fullness of discussion, illustration, and association leaving nothing to be desired. The summary chapters would make an excellent small history in themselves. The full detail of the Dauphin's actions during the interval between his entrance on the scene of public life and his flight from the capital in 1418, not to re-enter it for nineteen years, disproves the formerly most accredited version of his character; that which represented him as "un roi sans caractère, sans valeur personnelle . . . . . spectateur inerte et indifferent des grandes choses accomplies de son temps." At first he may have been little more than a puppet, because he was little more than a child, and he had to face a condition of disaster constantly augmented by fresh calamities; but the record of the Dauphin from 1418 is certainly not that of an "effacé." The circular which he issued from Bourges to the Princes and the cities in June, 1418, calling upon them to render him obedience, and to pay no heed to anything issued under the Great Seal, which had been carried off by the rebels, is a noble document, and there is abundant evidence of his personal activity and actual rule. A great trust in God and in the People, fidelity to his word, and simple courage without anything of the "fanfaron" about it, would seem to have been the chief notes of the character of the royal youth; that he became moody and suspicious as he grew in years is not surprising, considering his blood and his early experiences. A chapter devoted to his campaigns, to the taking of Tours, the march on Burgundy, the negotiations with the Parisians and then with the Court, the three months' truce with Henry V., the Treaty of Troyes, and the dawn of a reconciliation with the Duke of Burgundy—destined to lead to the crime of the Bridge of Monterean—is of great interest; and it is succeeded by a careful exposition of the character and conduct of John the Fearless, which leads up with dramatic skill to the scene of the murder, narrated by M. de Beaucourt in all its details. Was the young Dauphin guilty or not guilty of planning and preparing that retributive crime? M. de Beaucourt believes in his innocence, and supports his view by very strong arguments, adding that those who endeavoured to incriminate the Prince were formally given the lie by even the most hostile of his contemporaries. The author holds that "all was fortuitous in the event of Monterean," and indeed it is not difficult to believe that it may have been so, for the time was one when the blow followed the word with electrical swiftness, and a murderous fray was an every-day occurrence. But for the formal retribution, so impressive to the popular imagination and fascinating to the historian's mind, by which the treacherous murderer was held to have perished by treachery, that explanation might long ago have been accepted. When Francis I. passed through Dijon in 1521, he was shown the skull of John the Fearless. "Sire," said the monk who pointed out the hole in the skull, "that is the hole through which the English passed into France,"—a clever saying, but not quite true. The English had held a firm footing in France —and were much beholden to Duke John for it—for two years before the murder of the Duke of Orleans was expiated at Monterean. The result of the incident was frightfully disastrous to the Dauphin and to France; hostilities were eagerly renewed by the Burgundians, who allied themselves with the English, and France became the wretched victim of the fierce and protracted struggle. One of the finest passages of M. de Beaucourt's work is a description of the dreadful state of the country and the sufferings of the people. The history of the war from its outbreak to the Treaty of Arras is deeply interesting, but its most important features and its grandest figure—Joan of Arc—belong to the second epoch of the work; they have to do with the Dauphin, not with the King. Amid the violence and the misery of the time, we get glimpses of poetry, pageantry, and splendour which brighten up the scene; for instance, at the marriage of the Prince with his long-betrothed Marie of Anjou, and that of the subsequently famous Bastard of Orléans with the daughter of Louvet, President of Provence. It is a curious trait of the times, that when the Dauphin's marriage took place, in April, 1422, he was actually King of France, his father having died at Saint Quentin in the preceding October; but he was not apprised of the fact until April 24th, and on the 30th he assumed the royal title. Here M. de Beaucourt pauses, to form an appreciation of the character of Charles, which we must reserve for a second notice, and completes his history of the Dauphin's regency by following, as no other historian has done (with the exception of M. Vallet de Vireville, who has not gone deeply into the subject), the relations of the Prince with foreign Powers, and also by an elaborate study of his internal administration of the kingdom.

THE LATEST VIEW OF MORMONISM.*

Mr. Phil Robinson has the art of saying common-place things in an amusing and effective manner; but for the most part, his sayings are far from being common-place. He knows a great deal, and uses his knowledge with a pertinence of illustration that is often exceedingly attractive. As a traveller, he looks with something better than curiosity at the smallest objects in nature, and is always ready, like Burns, to sympathise with his "fellow mortals," no matter how lowly their degree. In the present tour in the United States, the sight of a bird or a prairie-dog is sure to call forth a kindly or humorous word, and though the progress "from pig to pork" in Chicago is said

* *Sinners and Saints.* A Tour across the States and round Them, with Three Months among the Mormons. By Phil Robinson. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1883.

to be so rapid as to be even ludicrous, one can imagine Mr. Robinson feeling a touch of pity for the victim who, in thirty-five seconds from his last grunt, is hanging up in two pieces, "clean, tranquil, *iced!*"

Before getting to Utah and the Mormons, about whom the author has much to say that will be new to most readers, it may not be amiss to linger a little on the way. One of the first things that struck him in passing from New York to Chicago was the dearth of small wild life, when compared not only with England, which is so full of birds that all other countries seem by comparison birdless, but also with Europe and parts of the East. This remark is made on approaching Philadelphia, but at Chicago the sparrow, at least, thrives abundantly; further west, he lost it, and saw none between Omaha and Salt Lake City. Mr. Robinson's recollections of Omaha, the former capital of Nebraska, are not pleasant. "Before breakfast," he writes, "I saw a murder and suicide, and between breakfast and luncheon a fire and several dog-fights. Perhaps I might have seen something more, but a terrible dust-storm raged in the streets all day. Besides, I went away." And the dreariness of the country between Omaha and Denver Junction is said to be almost inconceivable. A weary journey through a land of desolation brought the traveller to Denver, which "must surely be one of the most beautiful towns in the States," and passing thence to Leadville there were glimpses of scenery never to be forgotten. Of this mining town a curious story is told. The police had just arrested two young ladies, one for wearing a sunflower in place of a hat, and the other for walking along with a tall lily in her hand, a sight which caused too much excitement among the Leadville youth. "I told Oscar Wilde of this a few days later. 'Poor, sweet things!' said he, 'martyrs in the cause of the beautiful.' He was on his way to Salt Lake City at the time, and I told him how the Mormon capital was, par excellence, 'the city of sunflowers;' assured him that the poet's feeding on 'gillyflowers rare' was not, after all, too violent a stretch of imagination, as whole tribes of Indians (and Longfellow himself has said that every Indian is a poem, which is very nearly the same thing as a poet) feed on the sunflower. The apostle of art decoration was delighted. 'Poor, sweet things,' said he, 'feed on sunflowers! How charming! If I could only have stayed and dined with them! But how delightful to be able to go back to England, and say that I have actually been in a country where whole tribes of men *live on sunflowers!* The preciousness of it!" Mr. Robinson adds that the seeds of the flower are made into an oil-cake for the benefit of the Red Man,—a fact, we suppose, too prosaic to be related to Mr. Wilde. That every man in the States, no matter whether black or white, should be called a gentleman, and every woman a lady, is extremely irritating to Mr. Robinson. He fears the meaning of the words will degenerate. "For myself," he says, "I adopted the plan of addressing every negro servant as a 'Sultan.' It was not abusive, and sounded well. He did not know what it meant, any more than he knows the meaning of 'gentleman,' but I saved my self-respect by not pretending to put him on an equality with myself." Sometimes, by the way, Mr. Robinson, who is fond of pleasant little jokes, reminds us too strongly of former humorists, and on one page the well-known reply to a man who boasted that he was self-made is imitated in this feeble fashion:—"I should think the Chinese were all self-made men. At any rate, they do not seem to me to have been made by any one who knew how to do it properly."

The greater portion of the volume is devoted to the Mormons, and we shall endeavour so to condense the author's elaborate account of these strange people as to convey the impression he derived from his residence among them. It will be seen that in many important respects it directly contradicts the statements of travellers, as well as of men and women once Saints who have returned to the Gentiles. In two points alone does the author agree with the opponents of Mormonism; he detests polygamy, and he allows that the women of Utah are not happy, in our acceptation of the word. "Polygamy," or as the Mormons prefer calling it, Plurality, is the most prominent feature of the system. Let us hear first of all what Mr. Robinson has to say about it. We read that it is not compulsory, and that some of the leading Saints are monogamous; that though accepted as a doctrine of the Church, it is not generally acted upon, and will before long be impossible except to the rich; "a twenty-dollar bonnet is a staggering argument against it." At the same time, we are told, in the strong language of a believing Mormon, that plurality is a revelation from God. "The United States," said the man, "cannot do more than exterminate us for not abandoning plurality. But God can and will damn us to all eternity, if we do abandon it." From which we gather that there are ultra strict as well as latitudinarian believers in the Mormon camp. Mr. Robinson thinks that, holding this belief, it is pure nonsense to ask the Mormons to give up polygamy and keep the rest, but his own statements give abundant proof that the creed is not held tenaciously. One day, for instance, he was talking to two ladies, plural wives, and expressed his fear that Mormon girls were not free to choose between monogamy and polygamy, plurality being a religious duty:—

"'Nonsense,' said the elder of the two, 'I was just as free to choose my husband as you were to choose your wife. I married for love.' 'And do you really believe,' broke in the other, 'that any woman in the world would marry a man she did not like from a sense of religious duty?' 'Yes,' said I, regardless of the fair speaker's scorn; 'I thought plenty of women had done so. More than that, thousands have renounced marriage with men whom they loved, and taken the veil, for Heaven's sake.' 'Very true,' was the reply, 'a woman may renounce marriage and become a nun, as a religious duty. But the same motive would never have persuaded that woman to marry against her inclinations. There is all the difference in the world between the two. Any woman will tell you that.'"

Mr. Robinson is convinced that the women of Utah do not, as a rule, object to possessing a second or third share in a husband's affections, and he gives some cases of recent polygamy, in support of his opinion. Two or three may be worth quoting:—

"A young and very pretty girl in the 'upper ten' of Mormonism married a young man of her own class, but stipulated before marriage that he should marry a second wife as soon as he could afford to do so. . . . . Two girls were great friends, and one of them getting engaged to a man (by no means of prepossessing appearance), persuaded her friend to get engaged to him too, and he married them both on the same day. . . . . A girl distracted between her love for her suitor and her love for her mother, compromised in her affections by stipulating that he should marry both her mother and herself, which he did."

Such instances are not rare, and a Mormon lady told Mr. Robinson she could name scores of the same kind. This problem of polygamy he considers "provocative and unapproachable," and one, therefore, which the United States Government had better leave alone.

Of the morality of Mormon men and the modesty of Mormon women, the author writes with unmeasured praise. "I can assure my readers," he says, "that the standard of public morality among the Mormons of Utah is such as the Gentiles among them are either unable or unwilling to live up to," and he adds that morality has a safeguard in the strict surveillance of the Church. Drunkenness is almost unknown; in many of the Mormon villages neither wine nor spirits are sold, and Mr. Robinson "never ceased to be struck by the modest decorum of the women" he met with out of doors. He was greatly pleased by his visit to Logan, a Mormon settlement with a population of 4,000 and a police force of two men, who are free from duty on Sundays and on "meeting evenings." It is a town without crime (there is not a licence for liquor in the place), and the industry of the emigrants has made it "surpassing in its beauty":—

"The clear streams, perpetually industrious in their loving care of lowland and meadow and orchard, and so cheery, too, in their incessant work, are a type of the men and women themselves; the placid cornfields lying in bright levels about the houses are not more tranquil than the lives of the people; the tree-crowded orchards and stack-filled yards are eloquent of universal plenty; the cattle loitering to the pasture contented, the foals all running about in the roads, while the waggons which their mothers are drawing stand at the shop door or field gate, strike the new-comer as delightfully significant of a simple country life, of mutual confidence, and universal security. And yet I had not come there in the humour to be pleased, for I was not well. But the spirit of the place was too strong for me, and the whole day ran on by itself in a veritable idyll. A hen conveying her new pride of chickens across the road, with a shepherd dog loftily approving the expedition, in attendance; a foal looking into a house over a doorstep, with the family eat, outraged at the intrusion, bristling on the stoop; two children planting sprigs of peach blossoms in one of the roadside streams; a baby peeping through a garden-wicket at a turkey-cock which was hectoring it on the side-walk for the benefit of one solitary supercilious sparrow—such were the little vignettes of pretty nonsense that brightened my first walk in Logan."

Of Nephi, another settlement, the traveller has a similar story to tell, and there his host is said to be a good illustration of what Mormonism can do for a man:—

"In Yorkshire he was employed in a slaughtering-yard, and thought himself lucky if he earned twelve shillings a week. The Mormons found him, 'converted' him, and emigrated him. He landed in Utah without a cent in his pocket, and in debt to the Church besides. But he found every one ready to help him, and was ready to help

himself, so that to-day he is one of the most substantial men in Nephi, with a mill that cost him §10,000 to put up, a shop and a farm, a house and orchard and stock. His family, four daughters and a son, are all settled round him and thriving, thanks to the aid he gave them—'but,' said he, 'if the Mormons had not found me, I should still have been slaughtering in the old country, and glad, likely, to be still earning my twelve shillings a week.'"

The material prosperity of the Mormons is beyond question, and their friendly and honourable conduct to the Indians, possibly forced on them by circumstances, contrasts favourably with the course pursued in many instances by the American Government. Mr. Robinson's final judgment of the people is that they are sober, industrious, God-fearing men, and he avers that never in his life has he come into contact "with more consistent piety, sobriety, and neighbourly charity":—

"It is a fact, and cannot be challenged, that the only people in all Utah who libel these Mormons are either those who are ignorant of them, those who have apostatized (frequently under compulsion from the Church), or those, the official clique and their sycophants, who have been charged with looking forward to a share of the plunder of the Territorial treasury. On the other hand, I know many Gentiles, who though, like myself, they consider polygamy itself detestable, speak of this people as patterns to themselves in commercial honesty, religious earnestness, and social charity."

The author's view of Mormon life has the merit of originality, and he may be right in saying that no Englishman has hitherto had the opportunities he enjoyed of estimating it correctly. His statements are not wholly free from the perplexity he attributes to the subject. That they are impartial we do not doubt, but it is difficult to reconcile the fact that every Mormon is under the strict supervision of the church, one of the main doctrines of the church being polygamy, with the assertion that Mormon women are free to take what course they please with regard to matrimony. This is but one point among many likely to perplex a reader whose judgment of Mormonism as a social and political organisation is based on earlier authorities. It is possible there has been much misrepresentation, but it is scarcely possible that the unfavourable opinion formed of the Utah saints is wholly due to prejudice and calumny. On the other hand, if we may judge from statistics (see pp. 72-73), the writer's assertions are not without a firm basis. Certainly the kindness showed to Mr. Phil Robinson by the Mormons has been amply repaid in this volume, and every reader will be glad to receive the impressions of so shrewd and yet friendly an observer.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT SCOTLAND.*

In saying that there is a little of Dryasdust in Dr. Anderson's thought and style, we mean nothing depreciatory; on the contrary, we doubt much if he would have produced such a good book on Pagan Scotland if either the one or the other had been more ambitious. He is a pure archæologist, not a philosophical historian. He gives us no evidence that he is familiar with the museums of fact to be found in such writings as those of Grimm and Tylor, or with their enjoyable, if also somewhat audacious guesses at general truths. Through six lectures he plods carefully and honestly on, telling all he knows, and, in effect, all that is known, about Christian and Pagan, burials in Pagan times, Celtic art, and the famous Brochs, and other recent antiquarian "finds" in Scotland. When he pauses to reflect and speculate, he recalls the diligent and simple-minded scholar who, after long and patient reading of his book, takes off his spectacles, looks into the fire, and, after meditation, says naïvely, "I wonder if this is what these old fellows meant?" But if Dr. Anderson is not scientific, neither is he a dogmatist. He simply gives all the inferences as to Pagan life and customs which have naturally been drawn from recent discoveries of implements, ornaments, and the like in Scotland. This work is, however, emphatically the book of the Brochs, those ingeniously constructed strongholds, in the shape of circular towers of dry-built masonry, which are only to be found in Scotland, and of which the Broch of Mousa, in Shetland, is the most notable. Dr. Anderson's theory of the Brochs is that they were used as places for storing corn and food during war, and also as havens of shelter for women, children, and others not able or expected to fight; and there can be little doubt that he is right. Beyond question, the notion of turning a house outside in, placing its rooms within its walls, and turning all their windows towards the interior of the edifice, implies, as Dr. Anderson says, boldness of conception and fertility of resource:—

"The height of the wall, which effectually secured the inmates against projectiles, also removed its essentially weak upper part beyond reach of assault, while the pressure of its mass knit the masonry of the lower part firmly together, and its thickness made it difficult to force an entrance by digging through it, if such a wall could be approached for this purpose, when the whole of its upper materials were deadly missiles ready to the hands of the defenders. . . . . The concentration of effort towards the main objects of space for shelter and complete security was never more strikingly exhibited, and no more admirable adaptation of materials so simple and common as undressed and uncemented stone for the double purpose has ever been discovered or suggested."

The articles found in the Brochs tell almost as interesting a story as the strongholds themselves; and there is no happier, perhaps because there is no more imaginative, passage in this work than that in which Dr. Anderson tells what he believes to have been the life spent in these strange interiors. As a storehouse of information upon the iron age in Scotland, Dr. Anderson's volume is, indeed, as valuable as in style it is unpretentious. Its beauty of type and wealth of illustration also deserve a word of hearty commendation.

Neither Mr. Mackay's volume on the "Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language," nor Mr. Hood's on "Scottish Characteristics," is quite satisfactory; there is more than a suspicion of book-making about both. Mr. Mackay supplies a good deal of entertainment, but he should have styled his work "A Selection, with Annotations, from Jamieson's Scotch Dictionary," or at the best, "Poetical and Humorous Scotch Words, arranged in alphabetical order," with illustrations. It is a conglomeration of etymology and patriotism, the one rather far-fetched and the other decidedly provincial. Mr. Mackay has a perfect mania, indeed, for Celtic etymologies; thus, to take one of his first derivations, why trace back *airles* or *airle-penny* (the money given beforehand by way of clinching a bargain) to the Gaelic *iarlas* or *earlas*, when the Latin *arrha* will naturally occur to almost every reader? Sydney Smith talked great nonsense, no doubt, if he was not simply indulging in "chaff," when he spoke about the inability of Scotchmen to understand a joke; but it is no answer to him to say that his humour is inferior to Christopher North's. Smith's humour is precisely of that English variety that is most appreciated by sensible and earnest Scotchmen, who hold, with Balthasar Gracian, that "Jest may have its little hour, but let all the rest be given to seriousness." For it is generally used as a vehicle to convey weighty argument to the head; it is a sauce, and does not pretend to do duty as a solid. It is the ethereal humour of Charles Lamb that Scotchmen of this type, including even Carlyle, cannot understand, and lose all patience with. Such will probably not thank Mr. Paxton Hood for the attitude he seems to adopt towards them and their country. He appears too much in the character of Dick Swiveller's "being of brightness and beauty," who, having discovered some interesting savage tribes, is bent on making known their oddities to his civilised brethren. One almost hears him murmuring, ecstatically, "Those dear old Scotch ladies!" or, "Such quaint creatures these Scotch ministers must have been!" or asking, "Now, isn't that an awfully good story?" *Scottish Characteristics* is, indeed, a rather poor and padded book. Mr. Hood says that when he read Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, which he characteristically described as "pleasant," "I thought—what, no doubt, many will think as they lay down this volume—how much has been omitted!" But the Dean's book is a much more substantial one than this, which is swollen out with long quotations, as from Scott's *Antiquary*, and from poetry, a good deal of this last being of a rather inferior character. It must be added that Mr. Hood's attempts to interpret Scotch speech by English spelling are not always successful. It is only fair to him, however, to say that he has evidently taken a genuine and keen delight in his self-appointed task of discovering and analysing "Scottish characteristics," and that some of his new stories illustrative of these—stories that are, at all events, new to us—are worthy to be placed alongside of Dean Ramsay's. Mr. Hood quotes the prayer, "Lord, we pray thee to remember the Magistracy of Lochmaben, such as they are!" The sarcasm here is obvious, and was probably intentional. The present writer can vouch for the accuracy of the following prayer, uttered in the presence of the

* *Scotland in Pagan Times. The Iron Age. The Rhind Lectures in Archæology for 1881.* By Joseph Anderson, LL.D., Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

The Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Alexander Gardner. 1882.

Scottish Characteristics. By Paxton Hood. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1883.

Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands. By W. Scrope. London: Hamilton and Adams. 1883.

Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. By Surgeon-General Munro, M.D., C.B. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1883.

magistrates of a town in the South of Scotland, who were being "churched" after election,—"Lord, bless all in authority over us, from the Queen on her throne, to the meanest burgh magistrate that wields the local sword!" In this case, the sarcasm was absolutely unintentional.

Mr. Scrope's *Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands* is a reprint; but for nine readers in ten it will have all the charm of a new work. It is, in truth, a delightful book. Its subject is deer-stalking, in days when there were deer-hounds and when there was no Highland Railway, and it abounds in anecdotes and graphic descriptions, mixed up with shrewd advice about food, drink, clothing, and everything associated with sport of the old-fashioned kind. Mr. Scrope is (perhaps we should say was) a natural writer, whose strong point is digression, and whose writing, like the talk of Praed's Vicar, "is like a stream which runs with rapid change from rocks to roses." A very different book, of course, is Surgeon-General Munro's *Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders*, and it may seem to be straining a point to include it in a notice of books about Scotland. But it is very largely a book about Scotchmen, especially Scotchmen who served in the Crimea and in India during the Mutiny, from Lord Clyde downwards. It is full, too, of Scotch traits, if not of Scotch characteristics. The writer has this in common with Mr. Scrope, that his style is simple and unaffected. He can tell a pathetic incident with simple force.

BURKE'S HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.*

Mr. Burke opens his third volume with several chapters of notes on the last stages in the life of Cranmer, and he closes it with a similar series of remarks on events in the life of John Knox. These are the two greatest Protestant names of the period, and Mr. Burke takes care to mark his sense of their bad pre-eminence. We observe with satisfaction that he acknowledges in general terms the scandalous injustice and inhumanity of the proceedings connected with the trial, condemnation, and execution of Cranmer. We should have expected, however, that he would take up the historical difficulties and the legal questions point by point, and present a clear and definite argument. Instead of this, we do not find even a regular narrative,—only a selection of events, neither proportionably treated nor well arranged, and further confused by the interjection of paragraphs of other matter. It is difficult enough, no doubt, to express in a single sentence the substance of Cranmer's reply on his arraignment before the Special Commission at Oxford, in September, 1555, but there was no need to cram it into a single sentence. To say that it was "to the effect that at no time did he believe in the principles of the Catholic Church, although he had *repeatedly sworn to those principles with the most open solemnity, and sent men to the stake for not maintaining them*" (the italics are the author's), seems to us a representation of the facts incapable of acceptance by any fair-minded student. Mr. Burke also quotes a couple of pages of Dr. Martyn's examination of Cranmer, on which he grounds some adverse and conveniently vague criticism of Cranmer's answers; but he neglects to refer to the doubts that have been thrown upon this document, and to mention what Cranmer himself has left on record about it. Leaving aside the point that the answers were made extemporaneously and under protest as extra-judicial, we should have liked Mr. Burke to deal with this statement:—"After I had made mine answer, I required to have a copy of the same, that I might, either by adding thereunto, or by altering or taking from it, correct and amend it as I thought good; the which though both the Bishop of Gloucester and also the King and Queen's proctors promised me, yet have they altogether broken promise with me, and have not permitted me to correct my said answers according to my request." In relating the disputation at Oxford before Dr. Weston, Mr. Burke is constrained to admit that Cranmer, though "unprepared, made an able display of learning and research;" but he cannot abide Foxe's statement that Cranmer triumphed over Harpsfield, and leaves the question to the reader's judgment with a significant implication. Why did he not quote a couple of pages for the convenience of the reader? Most unfortunate of all is his shirking of any attempt to deal seriously with the difficulties of Cranmer's alleged recantations. Mr. Burke has the grace to give up all defence of Bonner, but he maintains unshaken confidence in Pole's character, imagines that Wharton refutes Burnet, and retreats under cover of the assurance that "the latest researches prove that the [sixth] recantation was solely the composition of Cranmer himself." But why does he not inform us where to lay our hands on those "latest researches"? Are they his own? And what are the results based on? In discussing the recantations of Reformers, Mr. Burke should not require to be reminded of a certain episode in the history of "the Prince of the Apostles."

Mr. Burke's treatment of John Knox also exemplifies strongly his characteristic method of discovering and declaring the truth of history. For how is it possible for him to look in mercy on "that runnagate Scot," as Dr. Weston called him, whose influence modified the Book of Common Prayer to such deep offence of the Papists; this irreconcilable and unconquerable foe, the one man but for whose efforts "neither the wisdom of Elizabeth's Ministers nor the teaching of her Bishops, nor her own chicaneries, would have preserved England from revolution." The Reformation in Scotland, as Carlyle says, was not a smooth business; but that need not be relied on as any excuse for unnecessary harshness and violence in Knox. Still less, however, can such violence outweigh all results of the movement. If Knox's example and teaching issued in a certain sternness, narrowness, and even fanaticism, it generated a feeling that purified and elevated, that nerved the body to endure and the mind to aspire, and whose beneficent force is not yet within measurable distance of exhaustion. But from Mr. Burke's point of view, Knox's influence was wholly disastrous. He traces the origin of the movement in Scotland to the lower and middle classes, whom he describes as "immoral, superstitious, needy, grasping, and dishonest." True. And does he not see what a terrible indictment he thereby brings against the Church under whose sway the people lived in this deplorable condition? Can he fail to see that the friends of the Reformation will point to the later character of the same people as the justification of Knox, in spite of all his violence? On the reasons why the nobles joined the Reformation, we may have opportunity to touch on some future occasion; meantime, we must ask Mr. Burke's readers to refer to the *ipsissima verba* of McCrie, and to include the sentence that follows what Mr. Burke incorrectly quotes, so that there may be no ambiguity as to the meaning. Again, Mr. Burke relates that Knox's mother was a milkmaid at the mansion of the Earl of Cassilis; that he became a student for the priesthood at the University of St. Andrew's, where he was well conducted and pious, yet turbulent; that he was ordained priest in 1530, and that "in some years later he secretly embraced the Reformation, but did not publicly proclaim his Protestant principles till 1542." Now, here is a row of alleged facts, covering about half a page, for not one of which is there any basis that a historian concerned for the truth of history can accept. One or two of the statements are made by McCrie, indeed, but later investigations have shown the insufficiency of the evidence. Once more, Mr. Burke informs us that "upon the death of his wife, Knox was soon 'on the outlook,' as George Douglas relates, 'for a comely young virgin *to wife*.' His second wife was Margaret Stewart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree." Very well, supposing Douglas's allegation substantially true, is it to be wondered that Knox should anxiously wish to have some one to bestow a mother's care on his two young children, while he himself was severely pressed with affairs of Church and State? But Mr. Burke says nothing of this possibility. Nor does his injurious mode of expression prepare the uninitiated reader to hear without surprise that Knox's second marriage did not take place till more than three years after his first wife's death. The suggestion of the text is most—disappointing. "Further," says Mr. Burke, "the real facts of the case were that the young lady was a fanatic, and became a perfect slave to her tyrannical, gross-minded, old husband. Nothing, in fact, more clearly establishes the nature of John Knox than his brutal treatment of this sadly deluded young woman." Mr. Burke refers to no authority for these strongly-worded assertions, for a very sufficient reason. Other baseless calumnies we pass over. With regard to the intolerance of Knox, it is enough to point to the contemporary experience of every country of Western Europe. Their own "just experience" had taught the Lords of the Privy Council that Knox's policy was right. In some respects, Knox certainly misjudged Mary of Lorraine, but he took the true measure of the forces that she could not help representing. As to the unfortunate difficulty about her burial, Mr. Burke does not adhere to the authorities with historical strictness.

* *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period.* By S. Hubert Burke. Vols. III. and VI. London: John Hodges. 1883.

The smaller men are less severely handled. There is much, however, to provoke serious dissent in the chapter on "Clerics of the New Learning," although one is not sorry to see Mr. Burke do his worst on such men as Shaxton and Barlow. Latimer, in particular, is sadly misunderstood. Calvin, like all the others, is very inadequately estimated, apart from the episode of Servetus, which we do not by any means justify, although we should discuss it differently. The treatment of the men of the New and the Old Learning is of a piece with the rest. It is positively humorous to observe how gallantly our author shields Queen Mary from every breath of blame, at the expense of her Councils, and even to some extent of her Consort. In regard to persecution of conscience, one can see, theoretically, how miserably misguided both parties were; but we must not lay the flattering unction to our souls that we should ourselves have done otherwise, or that the persecuting spirit is yet extinguished. Mr. Burke's professions, however, do him much honour; he absolutely refuses to palliate persecution by any one—except for the extermination of Communism. But he undertakes too heavy a task when he attempts to prove the guiltlessness of the Church, arguing from the teaching of the Apostles and the solemn warnings of the early Pontiffs and fathers of the Church, and charging the wickedness upon worldly greed and ambition, rather than upon religion. It is obvious that in history practice is but too frequently divorced from principle. It is hopeless for Mr. Burke to demolish Puritan writers for malicious misrepresentations of the Council of Trent. He ought to know very well the meaning of the chorus of anathema against all heretics with which it closed. Down to the beginning of the last century the public opinion of Christendom undoubtedly justified the right and duty of civil government to support orthodoxy and punish heresy, even to the death; and this right was universally exercised. The only difference of parties lay in the definition of heresy and in the severity of punishment.

Since the foregoing was written, the fourth and final volume of the series has been issued, and our hopes of Mr. Burke's literary and historical amendment are completely dashed. The chief portion of the fourth volume is occupied with Mary, Queen of Scots, and with Elizabeth. It is, we admit, quite natural that Mr. Burke should lose no opportunity of lauding Mary and saying hard things of her opponents. "The hatred of Elizabeth was of a demon class." "Never, perhaps, in any land appeared such evil beings as Scotland then presented amongst her so-called nobles, never such heartless treason or such brutal unmanliness and greed, all mainly directed against a queen not only unoffending, but one of the most generous and lovable of monarchs and women." A very strange situation of affairs, truly! But we must decline to enter into any further argument with Mr. Burke. For where is the good of discussing points of constitutional history with a writer who deliberately stigmatises Elizabeth as an usurper, denying that her claim to the English crown has been fairly proved—proved, that is to say, "according to the constitutional laws of civilised nations?" What have "the constitutional laws of civilised nations" to do with the matter? And what has Elizabeth's legitimacy or illegitimacy to do with the matter? Elizabeth's title was just as good as her sister's, and if she had been displaced by Mary, Queen of Scots, the latter would certainly have been an usurper, until her title had been legitimatised, as her son's was legitimatised later on, by the authority of Parliament, which was the firm basis of the title of Elizabeth. It is impossible to part with this extensive work without expressing a painful regret that so much labour and so much earnestness should have failed to win from us a more favourable recognition.

GLIMPSES OF OUR ANCESTORS IN SUSSEX.*

This is a very entertaining book, and will be found to be so not merely by Sussex men, but by all who take an interest in the "auld lang syne" of provincial habits and customs. The first chapter, headed "The Sussex Diarists," is the best, and we shall reserve our notice of this excellent *pièce de résistance* till we have glanced rapidly through its successors. The second, headed "The Sussex Ironmasters," brings very vividly before us the fact, which many have heard and many have forgotten, that there was a time when "sleepy Sussex" was the Wales and Warwickshire of England:—

"As the modern traveller," writes Mr. Fleet, "walks or rides through such villages as those of Waldron, Robertsbridge, Lamberhurst, Ardingly, Mayfield, Maresfield, Ewhurst, and Ashburnham, or rambles through the remains of Tilgate and St. Leonard's forests, and as his eyes and ears take in only the sights and sounds of rural life—the slow-going plough, the browsing sheep, and the heavy-looking labourers—how difficult it is to conceive that these places have known any other kind of life than that in which they now slumber! And yet these were the places that furnished his Majesty's stores with guns and shot, in the days when Rupert and Monk and the Duke of York thundered day after day against Van Tromp and De Ruyter,—nay, it was the forges and furnaces of the Sussex villages which furnished the ships of the Drakes and Hawkins and Frobishers with the artillery which they used so well against the floating castles of the Armada."

Of the many thousands who pass St. Paul's daily, how few are the units who are aware that the railings round the great Cathedral were manufactured in the Weald of Sussex. The last forge in that county was closed in 1809, and the immediate cause of it was the failure of the foundrymen, through intoxication, to mix chalk with the ore, by reason of which it ceased to flow, and the blasting was stopped, and never renewed again. "And so"—says Mr. Fleet, with a sigh—"so ended ignominiously the Sussex iron-works."

"The Sussex Smugglers" is the subject of the third chapter, interesting enough in itself, but too much a matter of common knowledge to call for any particular notice. In the fourth chapter, "the Southdown shepherd" feeds his flock on the short, sweet grass which has covered the unwooded downs "since the day," as Mr. Fleet puts it, with a little proleptic exaggeration, when "the rounded backs of the ribbed chalk began to show themselves 'dolphin-like' above the waves." This chapter almost deserves to be described as fascinating, and we are sorry, indeed, to read that the shepherds' "wide-sweeping Downs are being pressed upon by the plough, on one side, and building societies on the other."

In "Sussex Character Sketched from Life," Mr. Fleet draws with much graphic power life-like portraits of Mrs. Colly, "the Sussex Cottage-wife;" Clio Rickman, "the Old Sussex Radical;" Mr. Mason, the bookseller, "the Old Sussex Tory;" Charles Verral, of Seaford, "the Sussex Country Doctor;" and others. These portraits, we repeat, are drawn with much graphic power, and will well repay reading for their intrinsic merits. But we must remark that there is nothing whatever to differentiate them from similar types in other counties,—nothing, in fact, whereby the lineaments of any one of them would have to be altered, if for "Sussex" in every case we were to read Kent, or Surrey, or Hampshire. In the chapter on the "Sussex Regicides and their Contemporaries," there is an abundance of historical facts of local interest, but none to call for any special comment, unless it be the conduct of Colonel Morley, who was Lieutenant of the Tower when Monk began his march from Scotland. The famous John Evelyn was Morley's old school-fellow. He read the signs of the times far better than Morley could, and strongly urged him to anticipate the course which Monk in the end adopted. Morley, from what Evelyn calls "jealousie and feare," refused to follow his friend's advice, and the result was that the latter had to intercede for Morley's life. It was obtained at the cost of £1,000; and "O the sottish omission of this gentleman!" exclaims Evelyn, "what did I not undergo of danger in this negotiation, to have brought him over to his Majesty's interest, when it was entirely in his hands!" Hereupon, Mr. Fleet joins issue, and says that "it may well be doubted, with all due deference to Evelyn, whether the part taken by Colonel Morley was not more honourable than that of Monk." This, of course, raises the question as to what epithet Monk's conduct really deserves to be linked with,—a question barren enough, indeed, from an historical point of view, but since men are still disagreed about it, of some interest still, as an ethical "poser." The question, it must be remembered, does not turn upon the immediate motives which decided Monk. Those motives were, probably, sordid and selfish enough, but if the course which he took be considered the best and wisest and most patriotic that was open to him, it is conceivable that an honourable man like Morley might have reached Monk's conclusion from different premisses.

Sussex is not a county of great and sensational crimes, so the chapter on "Sussex Tragedies and Romance" is rather tame. It is marked, however, by a crime which has nothing of the "penny dreadful" about it, but has much that is striking and curious, and in one respect at least instructive. This is the murder of Mr. Griffiths, a well-known Brighton brewer, which took place so recently as February, 1849. The story is told

* *Glimpses of Our Ancestors in Sussex.* By Charles Fleet. Lewes: Farncombe and Co. 1882.

very fully, quietly, and effectively by Mr. Fleet, and will be read with great interest by those who are not previously acquainted with it.

Of the chapter on "Sussex Poets," we have this to say. The four genuine poets who were born in that county are, strictly speaking, not Sussex poets at all. They are English poets, and provincialism has no art or part in them. Otherwise, there would be no absurdity in regarding Shakespeare as a Warwickshire dramatist, and Milton and Byron as London bards. Mr. Fleet is well aware of this, and says:—

"In looking back over the careers of Fletcher, Otway, Collins, and Shelley, the reflection is provoked how little they were connected with the places, or even the county, in which they were born. Collins, indeed, returned to die in Chichester, and alone, of our four great poets, rests in his native soil. Even he passed the greater part of his life away from it; and as for Fletcher, Otway, and Shelley, they all left Sussex in early youth, never to return to it, and all lie amongst strangers. Nor do their works contain the slightest evidence that their thoughts ever reverted to their native soil. They gave themselves up, heart and soul, to the wider sphere to which they were attracted, and merged their provincialism in the larger atmosphere of literature."

There is, however, a flock of minor poets—since, by a convenient fiction, we call these verse-makers poets—who have won and may justly bear the title of "Sussex poets." They are neither better nor worse than their fellows in other counties, and Mr. Fleet has a good deal to tell us, which is not without interest, about Hayley and Hurdis and Charlotte Smith and Charles Crocker, who "all linger in Sussex, and take delight in singing the beauties of Nature and Art to be found in it,—beauties for which their greater brethren had no eye or ear." The final chapters deal with certain "Social Changes in Sussex." They are short and amusing, but require no special comment.

We may now return to the first chapter, and let Mr. Fleet introduce his "Sussex Diarists" to the reader. They are eight in number, and their diaries abound in facts which are more or less amusing and instructive. It will be sufficient, however, for our purpose, if we confine our remarks to one of them—Mr. Thomas Turner, general dealer, of East Hoathly. This worthy tradesman, for a worthy tradesman he undoubtedly was, albeit, as we shall see, by no means a sober one, is, in Mr. Fleet's words, "The first and foremost of our Sussex diarists, in diaristic ability, our Sussex Pepys, and possessing many of the qualities of that Prince of Diarists. He is intelligent, frank, open-speaking, rather fond of recording his own failings, disposed to be social, a good man of business, but yet with a decided bent towards literature. In all these points, Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty, and Thomas Turner, grocer, draper, hatter, druggist, clothier, ironmonger, stationer, glover, undertaker, &c., resemble each other, although one enjoys a world-wide fame, and the other only a local reputation." We all know what Pepys did,—what Mr. Turner did was to fully describe the life of a Sussex rural tradesman in the middle of the eighteenth century,—and for this, says Mr. Fleet, with undeniable truth, "he ought to be held in high regard by all students of social history in Egland." As we have neither space nor inclination to construct a picture of Sussex life from the extracts which Mr. Fleet has given us from this diary, we shall merely copy two or three of these extracts, to whet the reader's appetite for more. The diary itself has been edited by Messrs. Blencowe and Lower, for the Sussex Archæological Society. But the publications of Archæological Societies have, for obvious reasons, a very limited circulation, and they are by no means easy of access. Judging, however, from the extracts made by Mr. Fleet, it seems highly probable that a cheap edition of Thomas Turner's diary would not be a bad speculation. It extends from February 8th, 1754, to June, 1765, when Mr. Turner married his second wife, and thenceforward, *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, ceased diarising. From the very commencement of the diary, we are brought face to face with the great social evil of those days,—excessive drinking. The subject is too well known to need illustration, but Mr. Turner's personal experiences are peculiar. In regard to this vice, he was emphatically a man of good intentions, but in practice stopped, like Lamb, "on this side of abstemiousness." Conscious that "a low, moderate rate of diet" was best for his health, Mr. Turner opens his diary with rules for the regimen of his health. His drinking rule is thus set forth: "If I am at home or in company abroad, I will never drink more than four glasses of strong beer, one to drink the King's health, the second to the Royal Family, the third to all friends, and the fourth to the pleasure of the company. If there is either wine or punch, never upon any terms or persuasion to drink more than eight glasses, each glass to hold no more than half a quarter of a pint." Enough, in all conscience, for a moderate man! Far from enough for Mr. Turner. "I went to the audit, and came home drunk," he writes, "but I think never to exceed to bounds of moderation more." Hope told a flattering tale, for close upon the above is the following:—"Sunday, 28th, went down to Jones', where we drank one bowl of punch and two muggs of bumboo, and I came home again in liquor." Mr. Fleet coyly declines to say what bumboo was, but we know from Smollett that it was a mixture of rum, sugar water, and nutmeg. The really difficult word in the above passage is "mugg." If we know how much that vessel held, for we can estimate the punch-bowl's measure approximately, we should know what amount of liquor it took to upset a seasoned cask in those days. But bad as these private and *tête-à tête* tipplings are, they are nothing to what took place when the fun grew fast and furious, at the social "parties" of these grave tradesmen and farmers. We must leave the reader to peruse Mr. Turner's account of these festivities, merely remarking that the clergyman of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Porter, a man of learning, and, according to his lights, no doubt of piety, took part in them. One of the wildest took place at his own house, but because there was no swearing, for Mr. Porter drew the line at swearing, and had recently preached as good a sermon as Mr. Turner ever heard—it being against swearing—"Mr. Porter declared these nocturnal orgies to be 'innocent mirth;' but I," says Mr. Turner, with sententious sagacity, "in opinion differ much therefrom." It must be noticed, too, that in spite of all these excesses, Mr. Turner was a great reader, and diligent in business, for he carried on a very extensive trade, and it is recorded that his son and successor turned over £50,000, and in one or two years as much as £70,000 a year. Moreover, it does not appear that his health suffered from his excesses. The probable explanation of all this is that the beer, and wine, and spirits were really what they professed to be. And this very unpretending explanation will probably also account for the fact, which Mr. Lecky dwelt on in his *History*, that so long as a country is prosperous, however gross in manners it may be, and low in morals, crime is rare. Illustrations of this fact are given in Mr. Turner's Diary, and they are corroborated by the state of England to-day, when the close connection of crime and drinking is admitted on all sides. Mr. Tennyson has, no doubt, explained the difficulty of reconciling these apparently contradictory inferences, when he speaks, in *Maud*, of "the *vitriol madness* flashing up into the ruffian's brain." But here we must abruptly close our notice of this entertaining book. It has not been written for archæologists only and antiquaries, but for the general reader, to whom we can cordially recommend it. It would be unjust, too, not to say something in praise of the local printers, Messrs. Farncombe and Co., of Lewes, for the pains they have taken with this book. It consists of three hundred pages, legibly and accurately printed, on stout, serviceable paper, with the edges cut in the American fashion. It is strongly and handsomely bound, and the price is very moderate.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Contemporary* is not very interesting. The most original paper in it is a dream, called "Medusa," and after the most careful reading we have failed to obtain more than an uncertain hint of its drift. The writer, Mr. H. A. Kennedy, every now and then puts down thoughts even startlingly strong, as, for instance, in his suggestion that temptation is part of the mystery of pain; but he follows out nothing, wanders from thought to thought, and leaves his main idea still obscure. The paper interests like a clever conundrum, and its author has more powers than one; but the riddle is beyond our guessing. "Stepniak's" article on "Russia After the Coronation," adds little to political information. The author, who speaks for the Nihilists, intimates that for the moment the Revolutionary party has exchanged assassination for insurrection; but he gives no hint of his friends' plans, and breaks away into the usual denunciations of the administrative system of Russia. That is bad enough, probably, but Stepniak must surely exaggerate the facts. It is next to incredible that the peasantry, 77 per cent. of that immense population, are stripped of the whole produce of the soil by the tax-gatherers, yet this is what he says. He affirms that, but for wages, the peasant-owners could not live, that payments *from* peasant-owner to peasant-tenant are not

infrequent, the small proprietor actually paying to be rid of his land, that the taxation constantly exceeds the rent, and that scarcely any cultivator has more than twenty-six roubles, say, £2 12s. a year, left for his support. In other words, the Russian moujik is poorer than the poorest Indian ryot. The statement is visibly exaggerated, but there may be provinces in which things are very bad, and we know from the example of Ireland how deeply any pauperised district affects the imagination of observers. If the taxation bears anything like this proportion to produce, society in Russia must be in a very unstable condition, and the richer landowners in great danger. Mr. Howell shows, in a clear statistical paper on the finance of Trades Unions, that the great Unions survived the terrible depression of 1876-1881 partly by reducing their accumulations, and partly by the system of taxation known as "levies." When the depletion of their balances looks dangerous, they raise a "levy" of so many pence a head, which puts them comparatively straight again. The system has the merit of expansiveness, and of virtually creating reserves while leaving them in the pockets of the Unionists, but the demerit of making taxation heaviest at the end of a long depression. That objection seems economically fatal, but the managers cling to their "levies," and we suppose the truth to be this. Rates heavy enough to make the balances always safe would in bad years create more hostility, the funds being visibly rich, than the levies do. The workmen will be taxed to save their Unions, but not to keep them continuously prosperous. The hotter Sacerdotalists will not be pleased with the Rev. Edwin Hatch's account of the origin of tithes. He traces them to certain Carlovingian legislation for the benefit of the Frankish warriors, who took the Church lands on payment of a tenth. This payment was subsequently extended to all freeholders, the State finding it necessary to support not only the clergy, but the poor; and, when fully established, the resemblance to the Levitical tithe was insisted upon till it became an article of faith. Mr. Hatch should have given more illustrations of his theory, and altogether have made his essay less sketchy. Mrs. Hawcis is discursive and amusing on "The Colours and Cloths of the Middle Ages," explaining most of the earlier English names for both with much cleverness. We wish, however, she had recognised more fully the reluctance of early times to recognise fine shades. In England, as in Bengal at the present moment, "red" meant anything from orange up to what we should now call "claret" colour, or to dark brown; and to this hour most of the shades are named not by arbitrary words, but by something which shows the shade intended. "Blue" is a name, but violet, pink, gold, lilac, &c., are only descriptive words. The fact seems to suggest that all the shades are comparatively new, invented or perceived since language had stiffened itself. There must have been, however, some bluntness in the common folks' perception of colours. The most instructive essay in the number is Mr. Jenkins's, on "Young Serbia," from which we extract the following:—

"When we compare the state of things under old Milosch, the father of Prince Michael, who was succeeded by the present Sovereign, with that which exists to-day, we see how remarkable has been the advance of the Serbians in political ideas and organisation. The able and imperious old Prince rarely resorted to the popular assembly. When he did, it was in characteristic fashion. The assembly met in the open air. The constituents came up to the meeting in crowds, escorting their representatives, and resolved to have something to say on the matters in hand. As many as ten thousand persons would assemble. Pigs were roasted in large quantities for their entertainment. Milosch came out and harangued them, telling them what he meant to do, and what he desired of them. His proposals were carried by acclamation, without useless expenditure of verbiage. The multitude then ate their pigs and drank their *slivovitza*, and went home with a sense of duty discharged to God and the country. Thus, within living memory, Europe had actually working under its eyes primitive institutions similar to those described in a memorable passage in Tacitus, and resembling those that preceded the oldest European constitution. From that to the parliamentary government of Serbia in 1883 is a long stride, and ages have been passed in a few years."

Under the present Constitution the Prince appoints one Member, and as he may appoint any one he likes, while the people cannot elect either a functionary or a lawyer, all the Members competent to govern are his nominees. This, however, is shortly to be altered; but the peasant electors, though they have fine elements of character, are not yet fit to govern. They are being educated, but at present, when they go to church, they stop outside. They are content to be certain that service for their benefit is going on, and see no necessity for stepping out of the air and light,—the most separate thing in the way of piety we have seen for some time.

Mr. Gladstone opens the *Nineteenth Century* with a translation of Cowper's hymn, "Hark, my Soul," into Italian, of which Italian scholars must judge; and Earl Grey and Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster contribute two political articles. Earl Grey reiterates his old view that the Land Act has injured Ireland by sapping the security of property (as if the tenant had no property), and that the Government should do nothing beyond securing order, and removing obstacles to industry. As the Liberals believe that this is exactly what they are doing, the paper will convince few. Mr. Arnold-Forster shows by statistics how greatly British commerce depends upon her Colonial Empire, deprecates any idea of throwing the Colonies off, pleads for more considerate treatment of colonists when they make complaints, and would take every opportunity of deepening the social relations between the Colonies and England. He would, in particular, allow them a share in the administration of India, include them in the Penny Post—an admirable suggestion—and, so far as possible, extend to all the English law. Mr. Arnold, in fact, favours the federation of the Empire, though by an informal method, and if it can be attained without limiting the independent action of the Mother-country, most Liberals will be favourable to his ideas. Mr. Bromley-Davenport is ecstatic upon "Salmon Fishing," and thinks the world will be interested to know how he lost a big fish in a Norway fiord, whereas it will only wonder why he did not expand his most interesting description of the mountain ring round his Norwegian home, and of that especial cliff, which the peasants say can be seen through, and which he and they expect some day to overwhelm them. Mr. Kegan Paul contends ably for the admission of laymen to the head masterships of the public schools. The head masters, he contends, are no longer responsible for the religious instruction of the boys, and, in fact, do nothing clerical which could not be equally well done by a chaplain. We doubt that proposition greatly, believing that the chaplain, unless a master of standing, would be no more attended to than the chaplain in a prison, but with the main argument we cordially agree. The clerical monopoly limits too greatly the field of selection, and tends every day to limit it still more. Ameer Ali defends the effort of the Government of Bengal to strengthen the ryots' defences against eviction, but enters into details better discussed on the spot; and Mr. H. A. Jones, in language rather too high-flown, discusses the prospects of the modern drama. He thinks its present state deplorable, mainly because managers want to make their theatres pay, but sees ground of hope in the response of audiences to the closer demands on their attention made occasionally by the better playwrights. He expects, however, far too great a future for the drama, and forgets how many of its old functions have been assumed by other agencies, more especially the newspaper and the novel. Mr. W. H. Russell describes life in Ischia as it was before the earthquake most pleasantly, showing incidentally how deep and strong was the fear of residents that a catastrophe would occur; and General MacDougall states the result of his long experience as to recruiting. He is in favour of short service, of keeping steadily a full supply of men with the colours—say, as the lowest minimum, 700 per battalion—and of improving the position of non-commissioned officers. We are inclined to believe that the key to improvement is in the latter reform, and that if a serjeant's position could be made really attractive, more men and better men would at once enter the ranks, in the hope of attaining it. General MacDougall believes that the great grievance of the men to-day is over-work, arising usually from the thinness of the battalions. We have noticed Mr. Justice Fry on "Inequalities in Punishment" elsewhere, and do not find M. Joseph Reinach on "Republican Prospects" what Madame Mohl used to call "nourishing." The best part of his paper is the chapter on M. Clémencean, in whom he disbelieves. He thinks him able, witty, and honest, but not a statesman or a great man in any way.

The *Fortnightly* is, on the whole, the most readable magazine of this month, though we note symptoms in it, as in all its rivals, that the multiplication of such publications is exhausting the ability available for them. The editors become more ready to accept poor papers by good names, and the writers become more tempted to force ideas out of themselves when they do not spontaneously arise. "Politics in the Lebanon," by "An English Resident," is evidently written by some one with an unusual interest in Syria. He affirms that France is steadily trying to extend her position in the

Lebanon, and to extend her protectorate of the Catholic Christians, which is diplomatically acknowledged, into a direct political protectorate of all classes, to be followed by annexation. To this end, she insisted on the departure of Rustem Pasha, who had governed so well, and endeavoured to force her own nominee on the Porte. This intrigue was defeated, and Wassa Pasha, an impartial and strong man, was appointed Governor-General; but France has not given up her project, and the "Resident" wishes to know whether England intends to assume a "bellicose attitude." England, we suspect, hardly recognises that anything is going on, and certainly does not expect a French annexation of Syria. When she does, she will probably have something to say, especially if she has herself quitted Egypt. The paper, though very interesting, is a curious illustration of the extent to which even able men believe the place in which they are interested the pivot of the world. The Baron de Malortie criticises sharply British policy in Egypt, from the point of view of a man who believes that in the East high-handed justice is the best policy, that England ought to stay in Egypt, or, at least, to announce that she will support her system, and that the financial burden ought to have been attacked first. We do not see anything novel in his statements, but he affirms that the yield of Egyptian land is overestimated, that the taxation now crushes the peasantry, who pay their imposts with borrowed money, and that the usurers are the curse of the country. It is much of it true, we believe, but we are puzzled with one fact. If the land is so over-taxed, why are usurers competing to lend money on the security of that land? Mrs. Armytage's paper on dress has, at least, this advantage, that it has no moral; but it is not very interesting, though her conclusion that taste in female dress is improving will attract lady readers. She does not, however, explain the main causes of the improvements, which are the development of taste in colour, a development so great that it sometimes seems as if the new generation had acquired a sixth sense, an instinctive perception of harmony, the spread of the idea of fitness between the person and the dress, and the introduction of soft, pliable stuffs which make folds, instead of creases. Mrs. Armytage contends that really fine dressing cannot be accomplished cheaply, since perfect fitting is a highly-paid art, since manufacturers must be paid not only for the fabrics which succeed, but the fabrics which fail, and since the crowd force rapid changes in dress by vulgarising every fashion as it appears. Mr. Auberon Herbert once more presents himself as a smoother and more modern Carlyle, telling all politicians that they are liars, crying aloud for realities, but helping us forward, so far as we see, not one whit. His general idea is that all politicians are trying to please the people, which is only thus far true, that it is useless to propose what the people hate; but is it lying, to limit your ideas for patterns by the designs which the looms can turn out? Is every man to break his machinery, because it will not make exactly what he wants? Besides, the opinion of the people is a genuine element in the question. They find everything, and have a right to say in what directions their money and energy and lives shall be expended. A man does not lie because, being a civil servant, he writes under dictation despatches he disapproves. Mr. Ernest Hart fights against emigration from Ireland, declaring that migration would relieve the congested districts much better, and might be accomplished on a large scale, if the State would lend sufficient money. He does not, however, show how this money is to be repaid, and admits that the landlords' demand of rent from the reclaimers ruined them. Would not interest on loans ruin them too? He thinks all money spent on emigration dead loss, "money thrown into the sea," because the emigrant is gone, and can earn nothing for his own country. But if, by sending away Teague to be comfortable abroad, I double Pat's supply of food and stimulus to industries and contentment, the country gains as much as Teague takes away. The evidence shows that reclamation on any large scale is not profitable work to the undertaker, and why is John, who has saved something, to waste money on an unprofitable operation? Mr. A. P. Sinnett fights once more with considerable ability for the old and we fear hopeless cause that the Viceroy's Government in India should be allowed to govern, and should not be controlled from home, at every turn, in accordance with party exigencies or uninstructed English opinion. Those who have power will use it, and the House of Commons must govern even India. As to selecting a Viceroy who belongs to no party, whom is there to select, and how, when he is attacked, is he to be supported? The writer of the important paper on "The Radical Programme" continues his suggestions. His ideal is evidently to govern Britain as a free colony is governed, by a wide suffrage, without an established Church, with fuller and more costly education, with land set free, with small proprietorship encouraged by special taxation on large holdings, and with taxation arranged upon the principle of the *impot progressif*. We cannot examine his suggestions here, but we would ask him if he really thinks a serious reduction of the temptation to accumulate would increase civilisation. Equal distribution at death does not, as experience proves, reduce the temptation to acquire, rather stimulates it; but the *impôt progressif* would, and so would a succession-tax on fortunes large enough seriously to relieve the State.

The *National Review* is a little heavy. We scarcely see either the interest or value of a paper like that of Mr. Harkness, on the Corporation of London, a collection of historical facts and statistics, sweetened by assertions that the Corporation has done good work in its time, and that it is a "great national institution." Who doubts it, or doubts either that a true Government of London would be a new living force in our midst, relieving Parliament, evoking ability now wasted, and performing a hundred functions now neglected or performed badly? No such objection, however, can be raised to Sir Bartle Frere's paper, on "Colonial Policy." It is, for him, unusually temperate and free from "eloquence." He denies that we have any Colonial policy, and advocates the creation of a Colonial Council at home, to be filled by the Agents-General, and would leave the local Governments much more complete control of their own affairs. We do not see why, if the Agents-General are treated as Envoys, as they ought to be, they should be called on always to take counsel together, or advise in common about countries widely different; while, as to the grant of more local power, all is granted that can be. The only reservation is for Imperial interests, which include the kindly management of native populations and the control of foreign affairs, the only subjects on which, now-a-days, the Home Government and the free Colonies ever dispute. "John Indigo" answers the question whether we are despoiling India fairly enough, showing, as he does, that the taxation is not high (2s. an acre on land producing 30s.), or the per-centage of revenue spent on European civil officers excessive, but he rather avoids the question of the tribute-money. It may be true that Aurungzebe raised as much revenue as we do, though we doubt the story of the £77,000,000, but the whole of that money was spent in India itself. Peoples were plundered that officials might be rich, but the officials disgorged again. The serious allegation requiring discussion is that the Europeans take away from India annually too heavy a sum, for the prosperity of the country. They repay it with order, but could not the order be secured at less cost? We do not say it could, but the allegation is not met by "John Indigo." Mr. W. H. Mallock continues his argument that the Radical leaders are moved mainly by social jealousy; but to us, the most interesting paper by far is Mr. Austin's, "On the Relation of Literature to Politics." It is a fine attempt to show, with endless illustration, that the great men of literature have benefited by their acquaintance with practical affairs—that is certainly true, for example, of Homer, Vergil, Shakespeare, and Goethe—followed by the expression of a fear that Democracy, like any other tyranny, may yet compel thinkers and writers to forswear politics. There is room for the fear, but the hope as yet is that Demos, till he degenerates, will be a "many-counselled King," and that among the counsellors will stand all who are eminent in literature, as also those who are eminent in everything else. As yet, he shows no disposition in America to reject the services of those who think, though he employs them principally abroad.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Expositor. The first article in this number is a notable essay by S. Almoni Petoni on "Miracles,—the Problem Solved." (It should be explained that this is a sequel to a previously-published paper, "Miracles,—the Problem Stated.") We cannot, of course, adequately state the argument in the space at our command. Briefly put, it runs thus:—You cannot argue against miracles from a consideration of nature *without man*, who is the completest development of nature.

Take in man, and you see that what are called laws of nature are under a constant course of modification from his agency. Is it not, then, reasonable to suppose that a higher power than man may modify these laws far more effectively? The language of the Centurion to Christ, "I *also* [*i.e.*, as well as yourself] am a man under authority," is adapted skilfully to the thesis. The Centurion, as the representative of a higher power, had those who executed his commands. Christ, as the representative of the Highest, had also agencies at his bidding who would do his will. Hence he had no need to go himself to do an errand of healing. "Speak the word, and my servant shall be healed." Dr. A. B. Davidson continues his study of the later chapters of Isaiah, and the series of papers on "Scripture Studies of the Heavenly State" and "The Church of Christ in the Apocalypse" are continued by Dr. Matthcson and Dr. Milligan. Mr. A. G. Weld has an interesting paper on "The Route of the Exodus," in which he argues that the passage of the Israelites was at the north-east end of Lake Menzaleh.——*The Atlantic Monthly* has, as usual, some excellent reading. Perhaps the best of the papers is the instalment of Mr. H. James's impressions of travel, under the title of "En Province." Here we have some very vivid pictures of Bourges, Le Mans, Angers, Nantes, and La Rochelle. There are some telling sketches in "Glints in Auld Reekie." But can it be true that the Cowgate in Edinburgh is the worst of all the streets in the world, save what may be found in the Jewish Ghetto at Rome? Miss Harriet C. W. Stanton criticises very sharply a writer who had the presumption to "bring against British poets the charge that they are almost entirely destitute of that universal kindliness towards the speechless world, that 'sympathy co-extensive with nature,' which he finds common to all the poets of America." Miss Stanton shows pretty clearly that this gentleman has yet much to learn both about birds and about British poets, indeed about poets in general, as he seems to think that "Homer *and Lucan*" are the oldest representatives of poetry. There is a good description of Lake Erie in "Along an Inland Beach," and a paper very significant of altered times is "Our Nominating Machines," wherein Mr. G. W. Green expresses the growing discontent with the action of the party wire-pullers. We must not omit to mention a fine poem by Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "King's Chapel."

Libraries and Readers. By William E. Foster. (F. Leypoldt, New York.) *Libraries and Schools.* Papers selected by Samuel S. Green. (Same publishers.)—These two little volumes will have an interest for English as well as for American readers. Unhappily, indeed, there is a difference in circumstances which is not at all in our favour. Public libraries are, we take it, much more common there than they are here; and the existence of a public library is taken for granted by the gentlemen who have contributed to these volumes. Mr. Foster, author of the first, is Librarian at Providence. His hints and suggestions to readers are admirable. But we cannot help thinking that circumstances probably make them unavailable to too many English readers. He has, for instance, some very good remarks upon the various topics of interest suggested by the title of Miss Power Cobbe's book, "The Peak in Darien." What chance, we wonder, would a reader in an English town of corresponding importance to Providence have of seeing such a book? Among the subjects of Mr. Foster's chapters is "Correction of Aimless Reading." We notice a practical suggestion of value which has been already tried with success. Books may be made attractive by the way they are represented in catalogues. At Boston, for instance, the publication of "The History, Biography, and Travel" catalogue increased the use of the books which it included fourfold, and reduced the average of fiction. But fiction itself admits of being read in various ways. Here, again, something has been done by good cataloguing. Among other chapters are "What May be Done at Home" (containing some excellent advice to parents), "How to Use a Library," and "Books and Articles on Reading." The papers collected by Mr. Green touch on a very important subject indeed. A vast amount of pains is taken to teach children to read, and then the power so laboriously acquired is practically wasted. If education is ever to have any real effect in humanising and elevating, it must be by giving a taste for intellectual occupations. The gentlemen who write these papers deal with the question how the libraries may be utilised for the schools, may be made to supplement their teaching. It is a common complaint that there is a great deal of teaching in schools and very little reading. Boys and girls acquire a certain mechanical facility in performing arithmetical exercises, and can turn with some correctness Latin and French into English, and, with a good deal less correctness, English into Latin and French; but what culture do they get, what manner of acquaintance do they make with literature? To this volume Mr. Green contributes two papers, "The Relation of the Public Library to the Public Schools," and "Libraries as Educational Institutions." Mr. Robert C. Metcalf, of Boston, deals directly with the topics on which we have touched, and gives some practical hints and suggestions of considerable value. Mr. W. E. Foster supplements his volume by papers on "The Relation of Libraries to the School System," and "A Plan of Systematic Training in Reading at School."

Letter and Spirit. By Christina G. Rossetti. (S. P. C. K.)—Miss Rossetti takes for her text the Ten Commandments, and makes applications of them to the moral and spiritual life that show no little power of intuition, and that are always pointedly and vigorously expressed. Here is a specimen of her manner:—"Conscientious, and more especially scrupulous, persons seem characteristically open to this sin of disinclination, even while they toil persistently along the narrow path. Disinclination makes them (so to say) graze the hedge one side or the other at every step; thorns catch them, stones half trip them up, a perpetual dust attends their footsteps, grace and comeliness of aspect vanish. Though they dare not shut themselves comfortably indoors with the slothful man, they are haunted by the 'lion without,' and dwell on the probability of his catching them at every corner. They observe the wind even while they sow, and study the clouds while they reap, thus combining into one unseemly whole the comforts of obedience and disobedience." And here is another:—"But what we may lawfully clip, pare, stint, is our own provision, the unique person whom we have a right to grind is oneself. A munificent giver must not be a fraudulent acquirer, or here niggardly, and there lavish; or open-handed in response to calls upon generosity, while lax or evasive when justice puts in a claim. Even unselfish persons, if they permit themselves to be generous at the cost of justice, substitute the kind of luxury they relish for another kind which they care not for. Generosity is *their* luxury; yet if incompatible with justice, it must be foregone. Charities in debt exhibit a dubious side, as well as an edifying one; and if charities, how much more the common run of debtors?" And the book is full of this terse, homely wisdom.

Christian Ministry to the Young. By Samuel G. Green, D.D. (Religious Tract Society.)—Dr. Green describes his book as intended for "parents, pastors, and teachers." The substance of it has, he tells us, been delivered to students preparing for the ministry. How children should be trained in religion at home, how service intended for them should be ordered, what kind of sermons should be preached to them, how they are to be taught in Sunday schools, are the topics discussed, and discussed, we may say, with abundance of good-sense, and from the stand-point of personal experience.

My Home Farm. By Mrs. J. W. Burton. (Longmans.)—Every one who wants to try farming in a small way should read Mrs. Burton's little book. She goes, we may say, to the root of the matter. She has tried everything herself. She records her failures, as well as her successes. If she would give her balance-sheet a little more fully, nothing would be left to desire. It is interesting to observe that she has come to the conclusion that payment on the co-operative principle does not answer. The employer cannot come on the labourer for his share of losses. She began, for instance, to pay a servant who was, on the whole, most useful, by a certain proportion of profits. But when by his carelessness two calves were lost, how was he to make good the loss? Another conclusion at which she has arrived is that the land-laws want improving. We are not quite sure that she does not go as far as wishing for, if not advocating, compulsory purchase. Of course, life-tenancies cause a number of difficulties; but there are landlords holding their property absolutely at their own disposal, who are just as unwilling to do anything for their tenants, and to allow any compensation for what is done by them. How this is to be met, except by very radical measures for which society is scarcely prepared, we know not.

Poetry.—*The Hill of Stones, and other Poems.* By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston, U.S.)—The principal poem in this volume is a mediæval legend. The Queen of a fairy palace turns to stone all that are bold enough to approach, but have not an honest purpose in their hearts. At last, the true knight, the Sir Galahad of the story, comes, and she meets with the doom which she had inflicted upon others. This is well told by Dr. Mitchell, whose blank verse is finely modulated, and who has a considerable power of expression. He shows to still more advantage when he describes nature. Elsewhere, he is strongly under the influence of Tennyson; here he asserts himself. Here is one of three "Camp-fire Lyrics":—

"A Camp in Three Lights.

"Against the darkness sharply lined
Our still white tents gleamed overhead,
And dancing cones of shadow cast
When sudden flashed the camp-fire red,

Where fragrant hummed the moist swamp-spruce,
And tongues unknown the cedar spoke,
While half a century's silent growth
Went up in cheery flame and smoke.

Pile on the logs! A flickering spire
Of ruby flame the birch-bark gives,
And as we track its leaping sparks,
Behold in heaven the North-light lives!

An arch of deep, supremest blue,
A band above of silver shade,
Where, like the frost-work's crystal spears,
A thousand lances grow and fade,

Or shiver, touched with palest tints
Of pink and blue, and changing die,
Or toss in one triumphant blaze
Their golden banners up the sky,

With faint, swift, silken murmurings,
A noise as of an angel's flight,
Heard like the whispers of a dream
Across the cool, clear northern light.

Our pipes are out, the camp-fire fades,
The wild auroral ghost-lights die,
And stealing up the distant wood
The moon's white spectre floats on high,

And, lingering, sets in awful light
A blackened pine-tree's ghastly cross,
Then swiftly pays in silver white
The faded fire, the aurora's loss."

——*A Story of Three Years, and other Poems.* By J. Williams. (C. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—We shall probably displease Mr. Williams, when we say that his *vers de société* seems better to us than his more serious efforts. The sonnets are decidedly feeble. Here are the first four lines of xxxi.:—

"Our life is but a dark and ruggel cloud,
Pregnant with evil rain, and drifting fast
To that full end of time where all is Past,
And where the future is no more allowed."

Here the image is abandoned almost as soon as it is employed. Clouds cannot be said to drift to the end of time. "The future is no more allowed" is a quite inadmissible expression. The writer is manifestly conquered by the difficulty of the four rhymes, a fact which becomes more evident when we add the next four lines:—

"Or 'tis a beaten galley, sharply prowed
To cleave an unknown sea before the blast
That rends the gear and bows the straining mast,
What time unwonted things are prayed and vowed."

Here, again, the last line is very weak. The lines about Chloris, on the other hand, are sometimes very smart and lively:—

"Chloris: her Verses.
"Poor Chloris once upon a time
Brought me some wild attempts at rhyme.
'See, see,' she cried, 'what I can do!
For I have brains as well as you.'
Said I, 'Beware lest you abuse
The proper duty of a Muse;
'Tis mine to write what you inspire,
So put the verses in the fire.'"

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for September:—The *Magazine of Art.*—Part 34 of *Picturesque Palestine.*—*Art and Letters.*—*L'Art*, a good number.—Part 11 of *Greater London.*—Part 2 of the *Churchman's Family Bible* (S.P.C.K.)—The *Month.*—The *Antiquarian Magazine.*—The *Law Magazine.*—The *Army and Navy Magazine.*—*Colburn's United Service Magazine.*—The *Gentleman's Magazine.*—*Belgravia*, in which Mr. Charles Gibbon's serial story is concluded.—*Time.*—*To-Day.*—*Tinsley's Magazine.*—The *Folk-Lore Journal.*—*London Society.*—The *Nautical Magazine.*—The *Irish Monthly.*—The *Sanitary Record.*—*Chambers's Journal*, which opens with a seasonable article on "Accidents by Sea and Rail."—*Cassell's Magazine*, a good number.—*Good Words.*—*Aunt Judy's Magazine.*—The *Sunday Magazine*, in which the serial story by L. T. Mead is concluded, and a new one commenced by Flora L. Shaw.—The *Sunday at Home.*—The *Leisure Hour*, containing the first chapters of a new serial story by T. S. Millington.—*Sword and Trowel.*—The *Girl's Own Paper.*—*Letts's Household Magazine.*—The *Shorthand Magazine.*—The *Phonographic Lecturer.*—The *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.*—The *Ladies' Treasury.*—*Harper's Monthly*, an illustrated article in which describes "Recent Building in New York."—The *Wheelman.*

NEW ZEALAND.—A HEAD MASTER is REQUIRED for the HIGH SCHOOL at CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND. Salary, £800 per annum. An allowance made for expenses of passage to the Colony. Candidates to be eligible must have graduated in classical honours at Oxford or Cambridge, and had experience in teaching in a public school. Applications must be sent in on or before MONDAY, October 1st. Application forms and further particulars can be obtained on and after the 26th inst., of W. KENNAWAY, New Zealand Government Offices, 7 Westminster Chambers, London, S.W.
July 14th, 1883.

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Andersen (H.), Little Thumbs, folio ..... (Mansell) 5 0
Baptie (D.), Handbook of Musical Biography, cr 8vo ..... (Simpkin & Co.) 4 0
Bennett (H. M.), Short Meditations for Sundays, 12mo ..... (Hayes) 2 6
Besant (W.), The Captains' Room, cr 8vo ..... (Chatto & Windus) 3 6
Brady, Annals of the Catholic Hierarchy in England and Scotland ... (Stark) 7 6
Broadbridge (J. J.), Double-entry Book-keeping, 8vo ..... (Simpkin & Co.) 2 6
Brooks (P.), Sermons Preached in English Churches, cr 8vo ..... (Macmillan) 6 0
Brown (J. B.), The Home, cr 8vo ..... (Clarke) 3 6
Chalmers (M. D.), The Bankruptcy Act, 1883, 8vo ..... (Waterlow) 2 6
Coward or Hero? 12mo ..... (Routledge) 2 0
Fleming (J.), Old Violins and their Makers, cr 8vo ..... (U. Gill) 6 6
Frith (H.), Unac, the Indian, cr 8vo ..... (Routledge) 2 0
Hawthorne (N.), The New Adam and Eve, 12mo ..... (Simpkin & Co.) 2 0
Haynes (J. F.), Honours Examination, Digest of, 8vo ..... (Stevens & Sons) 15 0
Hechler (W. H.), The Jerusalem Bishopric Documents, cr 8vo ... (Trübner) 10 6
Hobhouse (H.), Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act, cr 8vo ..... (Maxwell) 5 0
Jones (W.), Crowns and Coronations, cr 8vo ..... (Chatto & Windus) 7 6
Key (T.), Compendium of Conveyancing, 2 vols. 8vo ..... (Maxwell) 70 0
Lefebvre (H.), Shipping Marks in Deal, cr 8vo ..... (Rider) 6 0
Loth (J. T.), Der Damen Brief-steller, 12mo ..... (Simpkin & Co.) 2 6
Martineau (G.), Study of Spinoza, cr 8vo ..... (Macmillan) 6 0
Morrell (C. F.), A Concise Statement of the Bankruptcy Act, cr 8vo (Sweet) 7 6
Munzer (T. T.), Freedom of Faith, cr 8vo ..... (Clarke) 3 6
Peach (R. E.), Historic Houses in Bath, 4to ..... (Simpkin & Co.) 4 6
Retribution: a Tale of Modern Life, 2 vols. cr 8vo ..... (Simpkin & Co.) 21 0
Scholl (C.), Phraseological Dictionary, English, German, &c. (Hachette) 10 6
Three Letters, on the Horse, Master, and Donkey, 8vo ..... (Ridgway) 3 0
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will BEGIN on October 1st.

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The Examination for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 26th and 27th.

The SCHOOL for BOYS will REOPEN on September 25th.

The College is close to the Gower-Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.

FALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1883-4 will commence on Monday, October 1st, 1883. The Prizes for the past Session and the Nursing Probationers' Prizes will be distributed on Tuesday, October 9th, at 8 p.m., by Professor Huxley, P.R.S., who will also make an address, after which there will be a Conversazione, to which all past and present students are invited. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £60, £40, £30, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 90 guineas in one payment, or 100 guineas in three instalments. All resident and other Hospital appointments are free. The resident appointments consist of Five House Physicianeles, Five House Surgeoncies, and One Accoucherships; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical Practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

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NEXT SESSION begins TUESDAY, October 9th.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.

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The SESSION 1883-84 will begin on OCTOBER 8th. The College supplies for persons of either sex above the ordinary school age the means of continuing their studies in SCIENCE, LANGUAGES, HISTORY, and LITERATURE. The CHEMICAL, PHYSICAL, GEOLOGICAL, and BIOLOGICAL LABORATORIES are open daily. The ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT includes Civil, Mechanical, and Electric Engineering, and Surveying and Architecture; and special arrangements have been made for practical work with various Engineers, Surveyors, and Architects in and near Bristol. Information with regard to the lodging of Students may be obtained on application. Several SCHOLARSHIPS are tenable at the College. Calendar containing full information, price 6d., by post 8d. For prospectus and further information, apply to

ALFRED E. STOCK, Registrar and Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, HYDE PARK CORNER, W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on MONDAY, October 1st, with an Introductory Address by W. H. BENNETT, Esq., F.R.C.S., at 4 p.m.

The William Brown £100 and £40 Exhibitions are open to all Perpetual Students.

The two Brackenbury Prizes of £30 each, Sir Charles Clarke's Prize, the Thompson Medal, the Treasurer's, Brodie, Acland, Pollock, Johnson, and General Proficiency Prizes are open to all Students.

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The NEXT TERM will commence on FRIDAY, September 21st.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE French papers are still full of Tonquin, and the negotiations do not advance, though the *Figaro* declared them completed. The stumbling-block appears to be this, that the French Government want to avenge their defeat in Tonquin, and also to possess control over the Songkoi, the great river which runs up to Yunnan, and the Chinese are determined not to have them there at all. There is, therefore, no true meeting-point, for the French, if they persist, must at once send reinforcements to Hanoi; and the Chinese Ambassador says that if they do, the war party at Pekin will at once send troops into the adjacent provinces, and "there will be fatal consequences." There are rumours of mediation both by England and America, and though both are untrue, it is believed that, although Great Britain will not "mediate" unless asked by both Powers, Lord Granville will press upon the French Foreign Office the danger which arises from the existing tension, and the necessity of agreement, especially upon the burning question of reinforcements.

Every day confirms our impression that, if the Chamber is consulted, the French Government will be ordered to make peace with China. The electors absolutely dread the notion of such a war, to which also, it is said, the Army is opposed. The soldiers fear the hospitals, and already letters are coming home showing that sickness has broken out among the troops in Hanoi. It must not, however, be forgotten that the explosives are accumulating, and that accident may fire the train. The Cantonese mob, for instance, the most dangerous in the empire, on September 10th attacked the foreign settlement and burned a number of houses, cutting the telegraph-wires to prevent the facts getting abroad. Their provocation was the accidental death of a tout, who was roughly pushed off the quay by a European, and was drowned, and their animosity was not specially directed against France. Still, Chinamen usually do not care who dies, and the Chinese Government was evidently alarmed, for, contrary to its usual policy, it at once despatched troops against the rioters, with orders which at once restored quiet. Moreover, the European residents, who, though liable to panic, know the people, at once fled on board the steamers in the harbour. An émeute in Shanghai might at any moment draw down fire from the commanders of French vessels, who would not be sorry to see their Government committed to action. The local feeling among the French in Anam is that they ought to have been reinforced long since, and that the Republic is discrediting the French name. The true hope of peace is in the Chamber.

Almost all reports about the health of Prince Bismarck have proved false, but this one, forwarded by the Berlin correspondent of the *Telegraph* on the 13th inst., looks true; and if true, is so important that we give it textually:—"Reports are current this evening of a serious change in the health of Prince Bismarck, for which there must be some foundation, as Dr. Strück has been suddenly summoned to Gastein, to take part in a consultation upon the condition of the illustrious patient."

Mr. Gladstone is steaming about the Scotch islands in Sir Donald Currie's steam yacht, the 'Pembroke Castle;' and on Thursday made a speech at Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkneys. He spoke of the great progress made in the half-century during which he had been in public life, and in which the British Empire had been enlarged, the people made more contented and more loyal, the children brought under education, and slavery abolished. He claimed in all those works a share, as a humble but a sincere and earnest labourer. After some compliments to the public spirit of the Orcadians, who maintain a body of 600 Volunteers, Mr. Gladstone proceeded to speak of Mr. Tennyson, who accompanies him, whose work, he said, had been "on a higher plane of human action than his own," and would be more durable. The inquirer of the future, seeing Mr. Gladstone's name in the roll of Kirkwall burgesses, might ask who he was; but if, after a lapse of ages, he saw the name of Tennyson, he "would have no difficulty in saying who he was, and what he had done to raise the intellects and hearts of his fellow-creatures." The compliment is a fine one, but is it quite true that the poet outlives the statesman? The world remembers Solon as well as Euripides, Augustus as well as Virgil, Moses the lawgiver as well as David the sweet singer of Israel, Munoo perhaps better than Valmiki. And is durability the test? The world knows of the first great soldier, but it has forgotten who discovered fire, who invented the potter's wheel, who first taught man to live a year in advance by putting seed into the ground. The late Mr. Bagehot used to say that the Bourses should put up statues to that last unknown genius, for "he was the most daring and most original of all speculators."

The ultimatum submitted by Admiral Pierre to the new Queen of Madagascar, Ranavalona III., has been shown to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, now at Antananarivo. It is of the most peremptory character. The French Republic demands that the Queen shall recognise its sovereignty over all districts ceded to it by the Sakalavas, which cover a sixth of the island and have a coast-line of 240 miles; that the laws prohibiting French purchases in Madagascar shall be repealed; and that the Queen shall, within fifteen days, send a Plenipotentiary to such place as the Commissary of the Republic shall appoint, with powers "to make any alterations in the Treaty of 1868 that the Commissary may propose to him." Moreover, the Malagasy Government shall, within thirty days, pay an indemnity to the Republic of £40,000. The Prime Minister, who is just now Mayor of the Palace, and marries each successive Queen, has replied that Madagascar will not negotiate at all, unless the sovereignty of the Queen is recognised over the whole island. The French, therefore, occupy Tamatave, and the Hovas besiege them, and that will last until the Ministry at War can spare troops for an advance upon the capital.

A correspondence has been published between Captain Johnstone, commanding her Majesty's corvette 'Dryad,' off Tamatave, and the French Admiral Pierre, after the bombardment of that port. The English officer only protests against bombardment without notice; but Admiral Pierre in his replies is boiling over with fury, and on June 20th twice informs his correspondent that he has no right to intervene, and that he shall receive no further letters from him. On June 23rd he writes again to accuse Captain Johnstone of meddling, and of having asserted that the French proceedings were without justification. The letters are in the style which, in France, is used just before a challenge, and wholly unbecoming; but this may be explained without supposing a deliberate wish to insult. Admiral Pierre was at the time sickening under an attack of albuminuria, a disease which constantly disorders the mind of

the patient, who is either morbidly irritable, or inclined to see a misfortune in every occurrence. No man's judgment, while he is so afflicted, can be securely trusted, and the Admiral's death, by proving the reality of his illness, removes all cause of complaint.

In the same correspondence (*Times*, 11th inst.), Admiral Pierre, in a letter to Sir J. P. Hennessy, Governor of the Mauritius, states his reasons for arresting the Missionary, Mr. Shaw. He writes courteously, though he states that he has "imposed silence on the arrogant pretensions of Captain Johnstone to interfere;" but his reasons are grotesque. They are briefly that, when soldiers were billetted in Mr. Shaw's house, bottles of wine were found in the garden, that the wine was drunk, and that the soldiers fell into a state of "lethargic intoxication." Mr. Shaw is, in fact, accused of drugging the wine, and on this charge he was detained in prison two months, being kept practically in solitary confinement. He was then discharged as guiltless. It is evident that Mr. Shaw was suspected as a Missionary influential with the Hovas, and arrested as a precautionary measure, the charge being invented in order to prevent any reclamations from the British Government. It is, of course, quite possible that the picket, ashamed of getting drunk, declared that they had been hocussed, and quite possible also that they mistook a stock of Cape port kept for medicine for claret, and were puzzled by its effects. In neither case would the French have credited so absurd a charge had they not wished to arrest a Protestant Missionary, who is regarded everywhere by Frenchmen as Englishmen regard a Jesuit priest.

Reuter telegraphed from Simla on Friday week a statement that the opinions of all officials about the Ilbert Bill had been published, and that "of a total of 140, there are 114 in favour of and 26 opposed to the measure." On Monday, however, the *Times*' correspondent telegraphed that 188 officials were for the withdrawal of the Bill, 36 for compromise, and 62 for proceeding with the measure. The discrepancy was, of course, remarkable, and the *Times*, in a rage, accused the Indian Government of cooking Reuter's telegrams. The charge is denied in a telegram from Simla to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is on the face of it absurd, for not only is Lord Ripon—a transparently sincere man—incapable of such an act, but, as Parliament is not sitting, it could be of no use. A lie from India, to be exposed in three days, might affect a debate, but could not affect general opinion. The Secretary to Reuter's, annoyed at the comments on his Company's message, telegraphed to Simla for an explanation, and received for answer that an error had occurred in transmitting the message, "26" having been substituted for "205," as the numbers supporting the Bill. This is not the whole truth, for as the two numbers were added together in the original message, and 114 and 26 make up the total given, the blunder must have occurred in drafting, and not in transmitting the bulletin. The fact evidently is that Reuter's agent at Simla, who received the huge packet of reports on Friday, was in too great a hurry, and made a mess of his figures. We do not understand the importance attached to the numbers by either side. You do not weigh brains when you count heads. Lord W. Bentinck repeatedly stood alone against all India, and was always right. We think Lord Ripon wrong, but he is not a bit more wrong because a majority of civilians and lawyers think him so.

So universal has been the recognition by the French Legitimists of the Comte de Paris, that Don Carlos, his only possible competitor, has given way, and has published a letter to his Spanish followers, declaring that he is all Spaniard, and belongs to Spain alone. The Comtesse de Chambord also has caused an intimation to be circulated denying that her recent action was intended to assail the "indubitable rights" of the Comte de Paris, and the *Union*, the personal organ of the Comte de Chambord, while announcing its own decease, is careful to make its recognition complete. The Comte de Paris has retired to Eu, and makes no sign, but it is well understood that there is no schism in the Royalist ranks. They are powerless, but united. Those among them who cannot tolerate the Orleans family still recognise them, and will content themselves by exclusive devotion to clerical politics. The facts are important, because as soon as the Chamber meets there will be furious debates, in which all Europe will take part, as to the expediency of allowing "Philippe VII." to remain in France.

The Alps being exhausted, and Cotopaxi subdued, the Alpine climbers are at last turning their attention to the highest mountains in the world, the English Himalayas. The ascent of these peaks was supposed to be nearly impossible, partly from the want of food, water, and population, and partly from their enormous height, which reached to aerial strata where it was supposed life could not be maintained. Mr. Graham, M.A.C., however, has started to attempt Kinchinjinga with two Swiss guides, and has found very lofty ascents not impossible. He has not yet ascended Kinchinjinga, but he stopped only a few feet short of the top of Dunagiri, at an altitude of 22,500 ft., which he found quite endurable. He also crossed a peak, which he calls Mount Mouul, 22,326 ft., and another, Kang La, 20,300 ft. The coolies give great trouble, as they dread the high summits, and will not put themselves on rations, but custom and the establishment of a station or two will soon overcome these difficulties. Competent natives will soon take to the work, if it pays, and if they are treated with a consideration which Mr. Graham in his letter does not quite show. We do not despair of recording before the close of next year that an Englishman has scaled Mount Everest, the highest point on the earth's surface, and British property. He ought to be presented with the summit for an estate.

The outbreaks of peasant feeling in Hungary are becoming very serious. General Ramberg, as we note elsewhere, has partially quieted Croatia, by prohibiting the levy of taxes by force; but in Hungary itself, the Slav peasants attack the proprietors and the Jews; and on the military frontier, large bands have gathered together, which attack the landlords, and even resist the troops. Near the Unna, a band has been encountered numbering 2,000 men; and at Jacobovacz and two other places the military have been compelled to fire, killing numbers of the rioters, who, however, fight the soldiers with determination. It is evident that Slav feeling and agrarian feeling both excite the people, and the respectable classes are afraid of a true jacquerie. No such movement could succeed unless joined by the Slav soldiery, and of this there is at present no symptom. The risings are set down in Vienna to Russian intrigues, but they are evidently the offspring of irritated "nationalist" feeling, combined with distress, caused chiefly, we believe, by the gradual heaping-up of the peasants' mortgages. Similar insurrections from the same cause are constantly occurring in India, and can be prevented only by laws limiting the amount a usurer can recover.

It appears to be nearly certain that both in Bulgaria and Servia the Princes are acting with Austria, and that Russia in consequence is agitating for popular control. She can rely, she thinks, on the masses. This, at least, is the statement of the well-informed Englishman who corresponds from Ragusa with the *Manchester Guardian*. The Russian calculation is that the Slav populace, in its hatred of Austria, will seek its protection and obey its orders. The intrigue, however, which is going on on both sides, may fail on both sides; and the body of the people, weary of pressure, may force their Governments into an alliance of the Balkan States. Neither Austria nor Russia will like to attack that, as the rival in either case would instantly pose as Protector of the Federation. It is unfortunate that the Balkan States have not as yet produced a politician who is trusted in them all, or a Prince who will act without reference either to Czar or Kaiser. The South Slavs want, as the Greeks have always affirmed, Greeks to guide them.

The correspondent of the *Times* declares that the condition of Egypt never was so bad. The old native system is suspended, and the system which is to supersede it is not organised. The prisons are never cleared, for the new tribunals are not ready, and the unhappy prisoners are detained for periods longer than they would be after sentence. The police will not act, because the new police officers have not learned their work. The Press is incessantly punished, because it is to be free under rules which are not drawn out. Bribers escape scot-free, because the lash, the only penalty hitherto known, has been abolished, and no substitute has yet been provided. Cholera breaks out, and the Government is afraid to let it alone, as it would have done, and does not know how to apply European methods, and so establishes cordons which turn whole cities into pest-houses without food. We believe this statement is true, and that in addition the taxes are more violently levied than ever, and are only paid by borrowing from the usurers. Under these circum-

stances it is difficult to believe in the enthusiasm for the Khedive, reported daily as he advances on his progress, except on the theory that the peasants for whose misery we are responsible hope that the nominal ruler can give them some redress.

The same writer visited the prisons in Mansourah, which it appears the Khedive, though present in the town, must not inspect, "for reasons of etiquette." He found them crowded by 174 prisoners, better-looking than an average crowd in Alexandria, and not ill-treated, but without, apparently, hope of trial. They told piteous stories of reasons for their arrest, and the officials admitted that they never knew why the prisoners were sent or when they would be released. Anybody in authority sends any one to the prison, he is admitted, and there it ends. It is quite possible that many of the poor wretches are simply forgotten, like the aide-de-camp of the Emperor Paul, who was arrested for forty-eight hours and left unnoticed for thirty years. It is most discreditable to us to allow such a system to exist, but what is to be done? English opinion will not allow us to govern Egypt, and if the Egyptian Ministry is ordered to clear the prisons, it will obey meekly, and hint to its subordinates that dangerous persons had better be kept *au secret* in the interior. We are trying to carve with butter-knives on rotten wood. Suppose Lord Northbrook were Khedive. How many hours would the great abuses last which have lasted intact throughout our occupation?

The continued vitality of international jealousies is in nothing better illustrated than in the difficulty of appointing Stipendiaries in Eastern cities whom all Europeans will trust. The white settlers will not submit, often with good reason, to native Judges, but they will not support the supersession of the conflicting Consular jurisdiction by trustworthy Magistrates, who could make justice regular and uniform. Either they declare for mixed Tribunals, which are exceedingly cumbrous, or for the Consuls, each of whom has a different idea of justice. Even at Shanghai, where the Europeans are coerced into unity by a common danger, and do elect a cosmopolitan municipality, the police are obliged to take the villains they catch—and there are no villains like bad foreigners in China—before a dozen different and conflicting authorities. With the slightest willingness to agree, the Powers could appoint Stipendiaries who could be trusted to do indifferent justice, and reduce the legal chaos into the simplest order. Either the Indian Code or the Code Napoléon would do for law, and the Stipendiary might always be a Dutchman or a Dane. The nationalities, however, as yet will not trust one another.

The death of Mr. Birley, the Conservative Member for Manchester, vacates the minority seat for that city, and should lead to a most interesting contest. The Liberals, however, are not ready. Not only have they not decided on a candidate, but they are divided as to the expediency of a contest, many maintaining that it is useless to seat a good candidate for a few months, when, at the general election, he must either retire or oust one of his colleagues. It is said, moreover, that the action of a Dr. Pankhurst will imperil the Liberal chances. Dr. Pankhurst declares himself an Independent, and puts out an ultra-Radical programme, with universal suffrage for both sexes, the nationalisation of the land, the abolition of the House of Lords, Home-rule for Ireland, and all the rest of it. The Liberals cannot support him, and he will draw away the entire Home-rule vote. No decision will be arrived at until next week, and, as we have argued elsewhere, we trust it will be in favour of a contest. Victory secures two additional votes in the House of Commons, and as the Liberals outnumber their opponents by at least 4,000, it can be secured in spite of Dr. Pankhurst. The Liberals must learn to organise defeat for eccentric candidates of that kind, or when the Corrupt Practices Bill comes into operation they will be nowhere. Their discipline is not as perfect as that of their opponents, and the moment contests are made cheap, they will be harassed by "independent" candidates fighting for some crotchet like "anti-vaccination" or some cause like teetotalism, and for their own hands. They must learn how to crush these men, or their political representatives will lose half their seats.

The *Lancet* endorses an opinion recently delivered by Mr. Spence Bate, F.R.S., and long since maintained by the few thoughtful dentists, that human teeth among the cultivated classes are in process of degeneracy. The "dentine" is becoming deteriorated, interglobular spaces not found in the savage races making their appearance, while the enamel is becoming opaque. Moreover, which is more serious, the development of the cranium which follows cultivation is attended with a shrinking-in and weakening of the jaws, till there is not room for the teeth. The facts being granted, the question arises whether these symptoms will end in a decay of the race, or in an extinction of each cultivated class as it springs up, the learned perishing, while the barbarians below them flourish. The latter is the more probable, for Nature seems opposed to the steady transmission of high brain-power. Genius does not breed, and families over-cultivated for their physique have long been known to tend either to sterility, to insanity, or to decrepitude. It may be found yet that the hopes of Comte are exactly opposed to the conclusions of science, and that a race, after developing its force, as, for instance, the Chinese did, can only be saved by becoming strictly non-progressive. Humanity may continue only on condition of its healthy barbarians always rising to the top. The Professor may rule the costermonger, but the costermonger's progeny will always survive the Professor's.

We are interested in observing the quietness, rigidity, and success with which the delegates assembled in the Trades Union Congress apply the principle of the Closure. They allow and wish for free debate, but their time is limited, and when the speakers have no more information to contribute, or the discussion wanders, the Congress votes that "the discussion has been sufficient," and proceeds at once to a final division. This is the absolute Closure, the only one which is really effective, and it is amusing to see how easily it is applied by men who in political meetings would be adjured by Tory speakers not to allow their representatives to be "gagged." On Thursday, the delegates wished to resolve that the hours of voting should be extended everywhere from eight a.m. to eight p.m., and member after member rose to speak. They had, however, nothing to say, and after a time their tediousness was snapped short by the Closure, followed by a unanimous vote in favour of the resolution.

Burglars are taking so kindly to the knife and the revolver that even the Police are startled. Within the past fortnight, four or five cases have occurred in which interrupted burglars have endeavoured, like their American *confrères*, to avoid arrest by killing the police. It is proposed, therefore, to arm the police, and the twenty Superintendents of the Metropolis have met in council to consider the subject. They have decided that, on the whole, the proposal is inexpedient, and that the club is a much better weapon. They advise that in dangerous districts the patrols should be doubled, and they adopted a proposal to abandon rattles, and substitute a very piercing and peculiar whistle, to be fastened to the handle of the bâton. Opinion is not, we believe, as yet matured enough to allow of the arming of the police, though they are armed both in France and America; but we do not quite see why a few picked men should not be trusted with arms, and why the addition of a gendarmerie to the police should be considered so monstrous. We greatly doubt, whenever London is organised, and the suburbs are represented, whether they will long endure their chronic insecurity. It is much better that policemen should carry revolvers than that irresponsible householders should.

The Melbourne correspondent of the *Times* points out that the most imperative motive of the Australians in desiring to annex New Guinea and some other islands has escaped attention at home. The statesmen of France, finding their habitual criminals a source of constant danger, have proposed laws enabling the Judges to transport them to penal settlements at the Antipodes. There they are to remain as labourers, in perfect freedom, "sans aucune restriction," and, it is hoped, make their living. As New Caledonia will not hold them, they will escape—as, indeed, they do already—and once escaped, the Governor of the settlement refuses to take them back. They make their way to the continent of Australia, and there live by crime. The Australians, who know what convicts are like, and who suffered from the convicts who used to escape from Tasmania, cannot endure this addition to their own criminals; and maintain that, if France obtained a footing in the New Hebrides or New Guinea, the Colonies would become almost uninhabitable. The danger is a little exaggerated, as England might for the same reasons be alarmed at the neighbourhood of Toulon; but the feeling is very strong, and it is pretty clear that the French Colonial authorities approve escapes.

Bank Rate, 3½ per cent.
Consols were on Friday 100½ to 100⅝.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

SHALL THERE BE A REFORM BILL IN 1884?

THE discussion which is raging among the country papers as to the expediency of devoting the next Session to the reform of the County Franchise is, we think, a little premature. The Government certainly has not made up its mind. The nature of the Reform Bill may be settled, and from Mr. Chamberlain's letter we think it is, because upon that point the conditions are unalterable; but responsible statesmen dislike prophetic decisions, and neither the Ministry nor the constituency can say what the position of affairs in February may be. Not to mention the usual risks of change, change arising from deaths, accidents, or sudden bursts of popular emotion, Asia may be ringing with a great war, amidst which it would be most inexpedient for Parliament to disperse, or the situation in Egypt may have again become serious, or Ireland may once more have slipped out of hand. Sensible men postpone such resolutions as long as they may, and, unless coerced by irresistible arguments, keep even their inner minds free to decide when the necessity for decision has arrived, according to circumstances and opportunities. Where are these irresistible arguments? So far as we see, there is no principle involved in the debate, and the reasons of expediency are about as strong on one side as the other. We will endeavour to state them as fairly as may be, first premising that we look upon the introduction of the Bill as the signal of a coming dissolution. We do not believe, when it comes to the point, that the Conservatives will accept the proposal of household suffrage in the Counties. They will not dare to run the risk of so alienating the farmers. They may not, it is true, resist directly, for many of them are pledged to the principle of the measure; but they will resist indirectly, either on the ground of opportuneness, or under cover of a demand for Redistribution, but with the secret hope that the farmers will replace the counties in their hands. They can morally compel the Peers to throw out the Bill and so force a dissolution, and we are by no means sure that their hope is altogether ill-founded. The farmers do not like the admission of the labourers to the suffrage, and the clergy are well aware that the new franchise will greatly increase the apparent, if not the real power, of the village Dissenters, a class little understood in towns. It is known that these ideas greatly affected the recent election for Rutland, and there are close observers who believe that had not Mr. Lowther made resistance to the labourers' suffrage his *cheval de bataille*, the abstainers would have been fewer by many hundreds, and the result of the election far less disheartening to the defeated side.

The reasons for bringing in the Franchise Bill next year are on the surface. One, and an exceedingly strong one, is that, supposing no accident to intervene, we can bring it in. It is never wise to delay a good and necessary work which it is not imperative to delay, and which if delayed may by possibility be delayed for a long period. No one knows what may happen before 1885 to bring in the Conservatives, and if they came in they would undoubtedly wait six years, and might wait twelve, before they would allow that the opportunity for a change they all dislike had certainly arrived. Meanwhile, the rural population would be every year growing more impatient with their exclusion, and every year, as the exclusion attracted more and more attention, the prestige of the House of Commons as a truly representative body would perforce decline. No one wishes that to be diminished further. So long as the non-electors are unnoticed or deliberately excluded, their absence matters little; but the moment the duty of admitting any great body of the people is recognised, their absence paralyses the moral influence of the representatives. Other men, with other ideas and other instructions, ought to be sitting where the County Members sit. The unfairness of settling questions in which labourers are interested without taking the labourers' vote, now scarcely noticed, will then be painfully felt, with the resulting irritation that always springs up under a Government which is visibly that of a class. This is a strong argument, as is also one more frequently pressed, that Parliament visibly needs reinvigoration, which can only come from a wider and more universal suffrage. We should be sorry to believe this quite true, for there must be an end to reductions of the franchise one day; and if every constituency wears out, the House of Commons must in the long-last wear out too. There is nothing below earth for Antæus to renew his force from. Still, the argument is true, as far as it goes, and with the majority in the country, weary as they are of the powerlessness of Parliament, and doubtful as they are if new procedure will remove it, this belief tells, perhaps, more than any other. And finally, there is the argument that this particular Parliament lacks "go,"—that it has, from some cause not clearly defined, but special to itself, grown old before its time; and that not only a change of suffrage, but even a dissolution would be an advantage in itself. The country would be rid of a weak House, which can hardly get through work, and except when shocked into energy by an occurrence like the Phœnix Park murders cannot, or will not, act either with sense, or speed, or decision. The Members have grown flaccid, and require to be re-toned by contact with the Constituencies, and by fresh information as to what they must do and avoid. This argument is very wide-spread, and we believe, much more effective than it appears. A good deal of the supposed decay of interest in Parliament arises from decay of interest in this Parliament, which, though unusually full of intelligence, has, no doubt, bored mankind, and allowed mankind to be worried by bores, to an extent beyond all precedent. It has been the Tiresome Parliament, *par excellence*. There never was a House of Commons in which inferior men were so painfully visible, or in which, though some debates have been fine, the general current of debate was so innutritious to the national mind. We have descended from Mr. Darby Griffiths to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett.

These arguments are strong, but those on the other side are strong also. In the first place, little is lost by delay, and no particular injustice will be done. The disposition to grant the reduced suffrage to the counties will not die away, but rather increase with time; and no question of the last importance to villagers, like the Disestablishment of the Church, for instance, is likely to be brought to the front. The argument from the possibility of the chapter of accidents being unfavourable, though it weighs with the public, will hardly weigh with statesmen, who know that the incalculable is the incalculable because it cannot be calculated, and that if they once began speculating on the unforeseen, they would never act. The reinvigoration of Parliament may be effected before the suffrage is changed by commands from the existing constituency, and as to the defects of this particular House, the next one may be no better. It may possibly be worse, if Ireland has had no time to cool down, to realise to itself that the tenantry who make up so large a proportion of its people have obtained perpetuity of tenure, subject to the payment of comparatively moderate rent, and to comprehend that obstruction can no more produce prosperity than ruts can help on a coach. The lassitude of the House will hardly increase, for much of it springs from the fact that Members desire changes less than their constituents do, and the effluxion of time brings home to the former the necessity of conciliating their masters. They will not want to be treated as fainéants on the hustings, but will rather be disposed to work; and there is so much work to be done. This Parliament, before it disperses, ought to keep more of its promises. It has not done anything at all to make land as saleable as Consols, to restrict settlement, to create rural municipalities, or to give London a government, and very little to reform its own procedure. The country has in part acquiesced in its failure, but in part it has not, as Members will find when they come to ask for re-election. In one more Sesssion of work, with Members aware of a fresh responsibility, much of the unfulfilled might get itself fulfilled, no doubt with too much labour and needless friction, and harassing wear-and-tear, but still to the decided benefit of the country. The House is one of relaxed fibre, but still it is one which might be induced to vitalise London, and pass a solid Land Enfranchisement Act, and carry further the experiment, in some respects so successful, of "devolution;" and it is a pity that more of such useful work should not be done before the constituencies are asked to send up a Parliament which, as it must be speedily dissolved again to try the new suffrage, may possibly do very little. Another weary and tedious but working Session might give time to the public mind to ripen, both in England and Ireland, and perhaps deepen the inclination to send up more vigorous men.

Upon the whole, we should be disposed to say that the dispute is one upon which the judgment of the Ministers, who will know exactly what presses and does not press, will be the safest guide, and which may be wisely left in their hands, without much guidance from a half-instructed, outside opinion.

THE HAPSBURGS AND THE CROATS.

WE wish the Emperor of Austria could be interviewed, and made to explain, after the fashion of an American candidate for the Presidency, his own view of his own present position. It would, we suspect, surprise some English politicians. In their view, he is one of the most fortunate and safest Sovereigns in Europe, has reconciled German Austria and Hungary, has recouped his Italian losses in the Balkan, and has by his treaty with Germany—that "good tidings of great joy," as Lord Salisbury called it—rendered himself safe against all external attack. He would, we imagine, declare that there was another and much darker side to his situation. The "reconciliation" of German and Magyar has only been accomplished at a dangerous price. The acquisition of Bosnia and the Herzegovina has brought with the new territories new perils, much deeper than those involved in ascendancy in Italy, because, unlike the latter, they are insoluble by mere retreat. The German alliance, though so valuable to the Empire, brings to the dynasty at its head new and serious perplexities. For political purposes, and especially in their own judgment, the Hapsburgs are the Austrian Empire, and their future as a dynasty depends upon their ability to check disaffection in two dominant races—the German and the Magyar—without exciting it in the subordinate race which, in numbers and in courage, if not in developed capacity, is equal to the other two,—the South Slav. Hitherto, the dynasty, partly by good-fortune, partly by unscrupulous adherence to the single idea that its business is to reign, and partly by a sort of cynical impartiality shown in its readiness to use any race against any other, has succeeded in this difficult feat. It has conciliated German and Magyar at the expense of Slav, without destroying the loyalty of the latter, who, after saving the House in 1848, parted with most of their gains without serious discontent. For thirty years the three races have acquiesced in the sway of the House, and have maintained an unbroken, though threatened, peace among themselves. Of late, however, this harmony has once more disappeared, and it is quite possible that the Hapsburgs are on the eve of another stormy period. The South Slavs are everywhere waking up. The relations between their scattered tribes in Bohemia, in Hungary, in Croatia, and in the Balkan generally have been drawn closer, chiefly by improved communications, and the defeat of Turkey—a grand Slav victory, as the Magyars, with their strong instinct for politics, at once perceived—has fired the imagination of the whole race. They thirst for more independence and more unity, and more distinction in the world, a thirst deepened both by distaste for the German alliance, which they quite understand is anti-Slav, as well as anti-French, and by grievous economic trouble. Their markets have not improved, their taxes have grown heavier, their debts are heaping up, and their desire for a more comfortable life, or, to be strictly true, for a less savagely simple life, has rapidly increased. The situation, then, throughout the kingdoms and States in which South Slavs form the population, but are not independent, approximates to that of Ireland. The Slavs are irritated at once by growing "nationalist" feeling and by economic distress, and detest the races above them about equally as tax-gatherers, as rent-receivers, and as dominant aliens. They are everywhere in ferment, here against landlords, there against Jews, again, as in Croatia, against the tax-gatherers, and once more, as in Servia and Bulgaria, against the felt, though undefined, "Austrian influence," which, good or bad as against Russia, will, they feel, be fatal to their hopes as Slavs. Sometimes the method of resistance is individual murder, sometimes an attack by armed peasants on a town or a château; often a sudden raid upon the Jews, who are hated as money-lending extortioners; and occasionally, as in Agram in August, a direct popular riot against the Government, its officials, or its emblems. In that case, citizen rioters pulled down the Hungarian arms.

It is absolutely indispensable to the Hapsburgs to soothe this ferment, lest in the end it should rise, as in Italy, to the insurrectionary height, and be directed against the dynasty. That has not been the case hitherto. The Slav peasants are aware that the Hapsburgs have no race prejudices, and might under given circumstances declare themselves Slav—as practically happened in 1848—and only condemn their counsellors; but if the conflict lasts too long and grows too embittered, loyalty may wear thin. The dynasty desires to soothe, but what is it to do? With a German alliance for its mainstay, it cannot irritate the German population, whose leaders have for their text every day the assertion that "the Slav flood is still rising," and who honestly believe themselves the pioneers of civilisation. It cannot in Hungary, without grave danger, irritate the Magyars, who have the capacity as well as the morbid pride of a dominant caste, who would risk all rather than lose their ascendancy, and who control the powerful and numerous militia of the kingdom. Half the army is Slav and two-thirds of the officers, and the "Military party," always so strong at the Hofburg, leans always on that side. The Hapsburgs are compelled to seem to agree with "the civilised sections of their people," and yet are determined not to irritate the Slavs beyond a certain point. The position is nearly impossible, but its favourable points have been seized, with the adroitness, not to say wiliness, taught to the House by centuries of contention with the same difficulty. The local authorities in Croatia are replaced by a trained and competent agent, a Royal Commissary (General Ramberg), invested with all powers, and free from all race prejudices or scruples. To gratify the Germans, whose idea is, first of all, order, he increases the rural garrison, and by summary punishment represses the agrarian émeutes. To gratify the Magyars, he restores the Hungarian arms and the inscriptions in German and Magyar, which had been pulled down by the populace,—an act, it is said, no Slav officer would have performed. And then, to soothe Slav feeling, he instructs the Judges not to be too severe, but to remember that the people are ignorant and have grievances, and orders the tax-collectors of the State to remit arrears, and not press for the present even for their dues,—an order which, it is said, at once sent the majority of the armed peasants to their homes. The Germans and Magyars are, therefore, conciliated, while the Slav is not driven to extremities, and finding the tax-gatherer suddenly grown lenient, has half a suspicion in his inner mind that the Emperor is Slav at heart. It is very adroit, but the Government which is compelled to display such adroitness is not a Government at ease, and the Emperor must often doubt, as the Slav flood rises, and as he hears from all the Balkan States how deep is the suspicion and dislike of the Hapsburgs, whether the German alliance, necessary though it be, is an unmixed blessing.

It is this unique position, this necessity for sitting on three stools, which causes much of the evil character of Austrian policy in the Balkan peninsula. The Hapsburgs wish, no doubt, to extend their dominions, and especially to acquire a broad road southward to the Ægean, but they are also driven forward by fear. They think they cannot do justice in Bosnia, because if they did, the Maygars would see, in contented and self-governed Bosnians, allies of their own Slavs. They think they must torment the Servians, because if Servia were really independent, she might act as a nucleus to attract all discontented Slav States, and play Piedmont in the Balkan. They think they must resist Russia by intrigue, lest Russian preponderance should attract their own Slavs, and above all, they think the Federation of the Balkan would be fatal to their own empire. Such a Federation, if it succeeded, and were decently happy, and allowed considerable latitude to its component States, would attract Bohemians, Dalmatians, Bosnians, Croatians, and the whole subordinate population of Hungary, and might on the occurrence of any crisis draw them into its own organisation, so creating a mighty State in which the Hapsburgs would have no place. That fear is intolerable, and drives the Emperor in precisely the same direction as his ambition to reign over yet wider territories. Hence the incessant intrigue which in Belgrade, in Sofia, in Philippopolis, and Montenegro makes all politics confused and progress nearly impossible; hence the perpetual oppression of the Servians, who cannot stir independently without seeing their only market suddenly shut against them; and hence, above all, the oppressive government in Bosnia. The Hapsburgs intend to keep Bosnia, and but for their chronic fear they would be content to govern as leniently as they do in Vienna, to allow the province a large measure of self-control, and even, if the people wished, to make it such a Grand Duchy as Tuscany once was. Nothing, however, can be done in that direction till the Slavs are content and loyal; and if they are content and loyal, Magyar and German will both be nearly in rebellion. The situation of the Emperor, so far from being the pleasant one that some observers imagine, is only tolerable because long habitude has made the perplexities sit lightly, and has given the Austrian statesmen confidence that if they are very cautious, and very crafty, and very slow, and just a little timid, they will get through somehow. Perhaps they will, but if they will not do a little

more justice they will find, when the great struggle comes with Russia, that the South Slavs would rather "sink in the Russian morass" than bear so leaden a government at the hands of alien peoples. Gallicia is Slav, and Gallicia is content with the Hapsburgs; but then in Gallicia Poles rule, not the Germans or the Magyar caste.

THE MANCHESTER ELECTION.

THE Liberals of Manchester will, we think, mistake their duty, if they fail to fight for the Tory seat vacated by the death of that excellent Conservative Mr. Birley. Mr. Gladstone's Government will, before this Parliament ends, bring forward a Reform Bill, and, in face of the pressure which the farmers will exercise upon Liberal County Members, the Cabinet will require every jot of national support it can obtain. The support of Manchester is of the greatest importance. It is the third city in the kingdom, and one of the wealthiest; it has a traditional position as the centre of the cotton industry, and it is so nearly divided in opinion that its decision has far more weight than that of any persistently Radical borough or steadily Tory county. Nobody cares to ask for an opinion which is quite certain beforehand. An unbroken vote of Manchester for Mr. Gladstone would not only increase his majority by two, but weigh as heavily on public opinion in the North as the Liberal victory in Liverpool. No Premier can keep up heart if his followers with such an opportunity before them desert him, and deliberately offer him one supporter in the House instead of three. It is argued, no doubt, that with two Liberals returned already the third seat was intended for the minority, and should be filled by them; and had this been the practice adopted by the two great parties, as no doubt logically it ought to have been, this objection would be irresistible. But it has never been adopted, or even seriously proposed. Where it has been possible, all three seats have been secured by one party; and where that has been impossible, a vacancy for the corner-seat has been clutched as eagerly as any other. Tories on such occasions have shown no hesitation, and Liberals no remorse. Nor, indeed, could it be otherwise. If one party is strong enough under the system of minority voting to carry all three seats, it ought, even in the judgment of those who approve the triangular scheme, to seat three Members; and if there is only one vacancy there must be a poll, or a distrusted Member may be imposed on the minority, without its consent, by its own Managing Committee. The Liberals, unless bound by secret pledges of which we do not hear, are perfectly entitled to fight the seat; and they ought to do it, if only to show publicly that, in spite of all the talk of reaction and of the unquestionable lull in political strife, Mr. Gladstone remains, as in 1880, the representative of wise government in the eyes of Manchester. The Conservatives are never tired of saying that Mr. Gladstone no longer rules by plébiscite, that the tide of opinion has turned, and that a dissolution will either unseat or paralyse this most unhappy Government. Manchester can, as regards the boroughs, bring that assertion to the test. Its electors are more numerous than the population of many large towns; they include men of every interest, class, and opinion; and they are at least as much divided in political sentiment as the people of Great Britain. The city has, therefore, the power of giving an answer to the allegation which most weighs with politicians, and it ought to do it.

But we shall be told the attempt is dangerous. If the Liberals succeed, one of their three Members will be defeated at the next election, and it may be the wrong one. It would be a small gain to send up three Liberals for one or two Sessions, and then for a whole Parliament lose the services of Mr. Slagg or Mr. Jacob Bright. Granting that to be true, and as regards Mr. Slagg we should grant it in the fullest degree, the danger is either very trifling, or one which is entirely within the control of the electors. If they want the sitting Members very much and the third Member very little, they can return the men of their preference at the top of the poll. They have only to will it, and Messrs. Slagg and Bright are as safe as if they were sitting for Tavistock or Shoreham. It is foolish to argue that two Members ought to sit, even if the electors do not care for them, and that is all this argument of the caucus-room really amounts to. Liberals must learn to leave such matters more to the constituencies, to put "calculations" on one side, and to acquire a more robust confidence that strong men who are also popular will never be left out in the cold. In the last twenty years, we have seen but one Liberal at once valuable and known thrown away, and that was Mr. Ayrton, who to powers of nearly the first order added a Stuart-like faculty of making personal foes. And, finally, the same advocates for retreat whisper that the Liberals may be beaten, and that a defeat for such a city would be a great shock to the Liberal party. Conservatism, they mutter, is very strong in Manchester; Mr. Houldsworth is a very good candidate; and there is a dreadful Dr. Pankhurst, who will be a marplot, who favours Home-rule, and who will carry the Irish vote, and may carry a great many of the more extreme Radicals. Those sound formidable objections, but if they are to be effective, we may as well beseech Lord Salisbury to take the helm at once. A defeat does not always operate to depress. It is very often a tonic, especially when the party defeated is in power, and needs to be warned that unless it exerts itself to the full its power may slip from its hands. As to Dr. Pankhurst, that difficulty will have to be faced at the next election in half the great boroughs in England. The single evil result of the Corrupt Practices Bill will be a great increase in the number of candidates, a majority of the "interlopers" will be Extremists of one sort or another, and perhaps half of them will like to begin with the solid block of Irish votes, to be secured by accepting Home-rule. The Irish will remain till the election in appearance at least implacable, and may not be sorry, by voting for Home-rule candidates, to show the electors for once how many they are, and how great their influence must be on elections. The Liberals must face this risk, and they can face it as they face every other, by energy, organisation, and careful persuasion. Dr. Pankhurst, or any man like him, can have no strength unless it be derived from the people; and if the Liberals as a body dislike or distrust him, they have only to divide the wards into small blocks, and see that every elector is carefully informed why he should not, as a Liberal, vote for Dr. Pankhurst, and should vote for the choice of the party. It is by persuasion, and by rousing enthusiasm for Liberal ideas, not by small arrangements, that elections in great constituencies are carried, and the Irish vote is less a danger to Liberals when given to an eccentric than when given to Tories. If, in spite of this, the ranks are broken, and the substantial vote divided, the Tory will come in, and the Liberals will have time to ponder by next election on the necessity as well as the advantages of unity, a lesson which some of them want very much. It is folly to shrink before a difficulty which is identical with the main difficulty of the United Kingdom, and to say that because the Irish are ungrateful, therefore the Tories are to rule. That is to leave to Mr. Parnell not only the balance of power, which he thinks he can obtain, but the whole of it.

THE BENEFITS OF TRADES UNIONS.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON began his excellent address to the Trades Unions Congress by recalling the rule which lays down "That papers in defence of Trades Unions shall be considered unnecessary." But what is unnecessary among Trades Unionists may not be equally so outside; and we shall therefore use Mr. Harrison's statistics for a slightly different purpose from that for which they were designed. He employed them to show how Unionism is spreading; we shall quote them to show that it is a good thing that it should spread.

To begin with, they would dispose—if anything could dispose of a well established error—of the notion that Trades Unions are merely associations for supporting workmen in waging suicidal quarrels with their employers. If there were a shadow of foundation for this theory, these disputes would every year be getting more common, because the Societies which are assumed to exist for the sole purpose of carrying them on are every year getting stronger. Mr. Harrison gave some striking figures on this point. Five Societies, whose members in 1867 did not come up to 60,000, have more than doubled in numbers; and one Society, the Amalgamated Carpenters, has increased from 8,000 members to 20,000. The incomes of these Societies have increased at the same rate. Where they received £1,000 sixteen years ago, they receive £2,000 now. If all this organisation and all this wealth have been devoted to one end, it is incredible that this end should not be better answered in 1883 than it was in 1867. Whether it is so or not, our readers can judge for themselves. How often, and for how long a time, are the newspapers filled with accounts of strikes? Oftener, and for longer, than was the case before Trade Unionism made this great

advance? Certainly not. As the Unions become richer and stronger, strikes become fewer and less embittered. It is perfectly natural that this should be the case. Putting aside the advance the working-class have made in knowledge and judgment, the mere spread of Unionism has a tendency to lessen the number of strikes. It indisposes masters hastily to provoke them, and men hastily to resort to them. Where the men are known to be disorganised, and consequently weak, employers have little or no inducement to look carefully into their accounts, before refusing a rise or insisting on a reduction of wages. To pay less to the workmen is always an easy method of increasing or sustaining profits, and if the workmen are badly equipped with the means of resistance, even good masters may be inadvertently led to adopt this method. There is an immediate gain to be made or an immediate loss to be avoided, and if they have not looked round the whole question very carefully, they are under a natural inducement to take the first road to their object that offers itself. The existence of a powerful Union supplies the necessary motive for instituting this minute examination. When a body of employers know that unless they can show good reason for what they do, a fall in wages, or a persistence in the present rate, will certainly provoke a strike, they will be very much more solicitous as to the quality of their reasons. They will no longer be manufactured merely for home consumption; they must be of a kind that will stand the wear-and-tear of travel and of scrutiny by hostile eyes. The men are under equally strong inducements to caution of a not dissimilar kind. They have more to risk, and by consequence they are less inclined to risk it. It is not the man who has saved a very little money that is most careful to keep what he has saved. The process has gone on for so short a time, that it costs him nothing to forego it. When he has next to nothing laid by, he argues, with a certain show of plausibility, that if he spends it and begins saving again, he will not be materially the worse. It is a very different story when the sum saved is already a large one. The feelings of a working-man who is £5 to the good, and of one who is £100 to the good, are different in kind, as well as in degree; and something of the same feeling exists in the Executives of Trade Societies. It is a serious matter to trifle with a large reserved fund. That fund represents the labour and the self-denial of many years and many men. It may be scattered in a few weeks by an unsuccessful strike, and then all that labour and self-denial will have gone for nothing.

Mr. Harrison brought out very clearly another aspect of the same obstinate fallacy. If Trades Unions exist to multiply Strikes, a large per-centage of their income ought to be spent in strikes. So far is this from being the case, that of the whole income of Trade Societies, only one per cent. has gone upon trade disputes; while even seven Societies which have been actually involved in such disputes, have spent only two per cent. of their income in this way. The Unions are primarily provident societies on a great scale. They support their members when they are ill, when they are out of work, and when they are old; and it may fairly be said that one main reason why the recent trade depression, in comparison with similar trade depressions years ago, was borne not only with so much fortitude, but with so little acute suffering, was the prosperity to which the Unions had attained at the beginning of it. Thrift, as exercised in Unionism, is not open to the objections or subject to the drawbacks which attend thrift exercised in other ways. It is a common complaint, among those who are labouring to develope saving among the poor, that those who could save to most purpose have the least inclination to save. The middle-aged are willing enough to begin, but then they have to begin at a time when the chances that their savings will be exhausted by early and frequent drains upon them is infinitely greater than it was twenty years earlier. It is the young who can save to advantage, and it is very hard to persuade the young that they will ever want their savings. To-day's dinner or to-day's enjoyment is so much more real to them than the dinner or the enjoyment of half a life-time hence. It is fortunate, on the whole, that it is so, because, if young shoulders could really be made to carry old heads, they would not do half the work that is now got out of them. But this elasticity of temper has its drawbacks, and one of them is the indisposition to make any preparation for the future that naturally accompanies it. Thrift, again, is at best rather a selfish virtue. The interesting babe mentioned somewhere the other day who wished his father and mother dead, because then he would have all their money to put into his money-box, is but a precocious and exaggerated example of a common tendency. Now, Unionism meets both these difficulties. As regards the young, it invests saving with an air of something like heroism. The Unions are more than great provident societies,—they are also great fighting societies; and many a young man has joined a Union in the latter character who would never have dreamed of joining it in the former. From this point of view, it is a great advantage that the recommendation of a Royal Commission was not adopted, and the "trade" and "benefit" purposes of the Unions kept separate. Had this been done, it would have been impossible to resist the pressure that would have been put upon the Unions to make the contribution to the benefit fund optional, and then only the older members would have cared to make it. The young members would have paid for the support of workmen on strike freely enough, but not for the support of workmen in age or sickness. Now there is only a single payment, and the attraction with which one of its objects is invested extends to the other. The tendency to individual selfishness is equally checked by Unionism. Trades Unions are often accused of sacrificing the community to a class, and the individual to a class; but they are never charged with promoting the selfish interest of the individual. If one member suffers, the others suffer with him; and if the scale on which this principle is applied is still too limited, it is no small step to have passed beyond the stage at which the only recognised maxim is, "Every man for himself." That the working-class has in so many instances made this step, is due to the spread of Trades Unions.

A SPUR TO INVENTORS.

AMONGST other New Year's gifts, the results of what some people falsely call a wasted Session, her Majesty's Ministers have in hand for the public the Patents Act, which comes into force with the first moment of 1884. This measure would have made the fortune of many a Conservative Government, and if it does not add much to the achievements of the present Government, that is only because Mr. Gladstone has accustomed the people to expect so much from Liberal Ministries, and because Mr. Chamberlain, who had the Bill in hand, took the shine out of his own measure by passing the Bankruptcy Act as well. But it may be questioned whether the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act of 1883, to give it its full title, is not of as great, and perhaps more lasting, importance than many a more pretentious measure. It may not save so much money as the Bankruptcy Act, but it is likely to help the making of a good deal more. It does not, like the Agricultural Holdings Act, give security for the past, but it opens up the vistas of hope for the future to many to whom they were before closed by a gate only unlocking to a golden key.

The main end and object of the Patents Act is to enable a man to obtain the product of his own brains. Just as the Agricultural Holdings Act aims at securing to the farmer the work of his own hands, the product of the expenditure of his own capital and farming skill, so this Act aims at securing to the mechanic or artisan the work of his own brains, the outcome of his own energy and inventive genius. As the landlord has hitherto been directly empowered by law to "annex" the farmer's profits, so the capitalist has hitherto been too often enabled to swallow up the working inventor's profits. The great requisites for the reform of Patent law, as of most other branches of law, have been cheapness and easiness. These requisites have already been attained by our American cousins, and to that, in part, may be attributed the immense number of inventions which we owe to them, from sewing-machines to egg-whisks. The obstacles in the way of inventors in this country were many. The steps they have had to take to protect their inventions from theft were very numerous; they were very hard to find, very difficult to guard, and very expensive. Before the present Act, there were no less than nine Acts of Parliament relating to patents, and six to copyright of designs. To obtain a patent, the would-be patentee had to apply at the Patent Office at least seven times, to use four different documents, and to make four separate payments. These four payments amounted in all to £75 for three years' protection, and £175 for the full term of fourteen years. It was necessary to pay down £25 before getting even provisional protection. The result was that not only did the inventor, if a working-man, have to borrow money to pay his fees, but he also had to resort to the expensive professional guidance of solicitors or patent agents to enable him to pay his fees in the right way, and to comply with all the other mysterious requirements of the Patent Office, which, after all, did nothing for him.

Now, all these complicated enactments are thrown into one single Act, which forms a complete code of the subject. There is no necessity for the inventor to go personally or send an agent to the Patent Office at all. He can send his application by post, on a form which he can get at any place where bill stamps are sold; and he has only to pay £1 in the first instance, and £3 within nine months afterwards, to secure protection for four years. He can, if he likes, do the whole thing in one job, by sending a complete specification of his invention in the first instance, and paying £4 down. Moreover, the inventor is not to be left helpless, and to be driven into employing a patent agent. When an application is made for a patent, the application is sent to an Examiner, paid by the Government, whose duty it is to see that the invention has been fairly described, that the specification and drawings have been properly prepared, and that the title of it shows what the subject-matter is. The Examiners are not, however, given power, as in America, to reject an invention for want of novelty. It was thought that to enable them to do this would be to throw on the State work which the individual ought to do for himself. The budget of the Patent Office would be vastly increased either at the expense of the general public, or at the expense of the general body of Inventors. In the latter case, the *bonâ fide* inventor, as to the novelty of whose patent there could be no doubt, would be mulcted to save the unoriginal inventor the costs and trouble of finding out whether the work which he put forward was his own, or was of any value or not. That mode would be handicapping the clever and careful for the sake of the stupid and lazy. But if the public in general were made to pay, they might very naturally object to have an additional tax imposed on them not merely in the immediate interest of a few, but that the few might have the power of imposing still further taxation, in the shape of the price of patented articles or licences for their manufacture. It is, no doubt, eminently desirable to avoid patent litigation; but it may be possible to pay too high a price even for peace, especially when it is not possible litigators, but other people, who have to pay the price. But the Patent Office, though it will not undertake to decide on the novelty of inventions, will not leave the inventor wholly in the lurch. It proposes to give him every assistance towards enabling him to find out for himself whether he is an inventor or not. The Patent Museum is to be placed under the Department of Science and Art, so that it may be made more generally useful and accessible. A public Register of Patents is to be kept. The Comptroller of Patents—a new officer of the Board of Trade—is to publish an illustrated Patent Journal, with accounts and drawings of patented inventions, reports of patent cases, and everything else likely to be useful to inventors. He is also to keep on hand copies of the specifications of all patents for the time being in force, to publish abridgements of the most important ones, and indexes, catalogues, and all other aids to research which may help the inventor to the knowledge of what others have done before him. But the Patent Office does not, and cannot, undertake to prevent all litigation. Litigation which turns on purely formal matters will be, to a great extent, prevented by the preliminary examination. Pitfalls which now beset the feet of the unwary in proceedings in "Scire facias," of which a legal journal has stated that "it is hardly going too far to say that there is no one who can state with certainty what steps must be taken, and in what order, to repeal a patent in this way," are to be stopped up by the abolition of these proceedings. But the substantial question of novelty, or of the title to an invention, will still remain, and must be fought out at law, either in an action to restrain an infringement of a patent, or in a petition for revocation. But in either case, the issue will be decided with the ordinary weapons, in the ordinary Courts. The confidence of inventors in those Courts is to be strengthened by the right given to either side to insist on a specialist being called in as Assessor to the Court, and stringent rules are laid down as to the particulars to be given in any such action as to the real points in dispute. In fact, every effort is made so far to ensure cheapness and speediness in dealing with patentees in the Courts.

But there are one or two points in the Act which, though minor ones, are very decided blemishes in it. The Law Officers of the Crown who have by an historical accident, depending chiefly on the payment of fees, become connected with the grant of patents are still to be so connected. They are not jointly, but singly, to be a Court of Appeal from the Comptroller of Patents, in such matters as whether an application for, or specification of a patent is to be awarded, whether a patent is to be granted when it is opposed on the important ground of want of novelty, or whether a patentee is to be allowed to correct or explain his specification after the patent is granted. There are many objections to this jurisdiction. It is an appeal from one single officer to another; it is an appeal from a quasi-judicial officer to an advocate; and it will in nearly every case be an appeal from one who knows more to one who knows less about the particular matter in hand. However fitting it may be that the Attorney-General's head should repose on the pillow of a Chief-Justiceship when he retires from office, while he remains in office he is essentially and *par éminence* an advocate, and not a Judge. He is, moreover, not necessarily particularly well acquainted with patent law, and very unlikely to be well acquainted with science, and he does not, as a rule, remain in office long enough to master the subject, even if he could. As the Law Officers of the Crown may be petitioners to the High Court of Justice for the revocation of a patent, they may possibly be judges and advocates in the same cause. Altogether, they have been placed in a false position, to which the symmetry of the whole system has been sacrificed, for the sake of preserving a merely historical tradition. A similar anomaly has been preserved, for the same reason, in retaining for the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council the jurisdiction in cases in which a prolongation of the patent beyond fourteen years is asked for. The Privy Council is a very august, but it is a very slow-moving and expensive body, and, like the Law Officers, is wholly without any special knowledge or aptitude for dealing with patents. As the Board of Trade is very properly set up as the Patents authority, it seems a pity that what is really an administrative question or one of policy should not also be placed in its hands.

Another point which is open to criticism is the retention of the large amount of fees payable in respect of patents after the first years. Under the old system, besides £25 at the first, £50 had to be paid at the end of the third year, and £100 at the end of the seventh. The new originating fee is, as we have said, only £4 at first, but £50 is still to be required afterwards, though at the end of the fourth instead of the third year, and the further fee of £100 at the end of the eighth, so that the total amount still stands at £154 for a fourteen years' patent. This is still too high. The ideal thing would be to bring patents within the reach of a man in receipt of weekly wages, without imposing on him any extraordinary strain. The initial fee should be reduced to half-a-crown on application, and 17s. 6d. to complete the pound on completion of the specification. At the end of the fourth year £5 more might be demanded, and protection secured for seven years. That would give ample time for any one to ascertain whether his patent was of value, and to have got his share of that value, and a fee remunerative to the Office of £50, or even £100, might then be exacted. Happily, however, the scale of fees is not fixed once and for all by the Act, but power is reserved for the Board of Trade to reduce them, with the consent of the Treasury. Experience will prove whether there is or is not room for reduction in the direction indicated. At any rate, there can be little doubt that a great stimulus to invention will be given even by the present scale, and that the field of inventors will be largely increased. We cannot, indeed, hope all at once to rival the inventive productiveness of the United States. As the American manufacturer put it to his English brother, "If a boot-boy were to come to me, saying he had got an invention, I should go into it, and try to help him to work it up; whereas, if yours ever summoned up courage to speak to you about it, you would probably tell him not to be a conceited young jackanapes, and to mind his own business." We in England have not got the same feeling, if not of equality, yet of the possibility of equality, which the people have in the States, nor does every one live in that atmosphere of progress which is native on the other side of the Atlantic. But the Watts, and the Arkwrights, and the Stephensons were born in the old country, and we may fairly hope to see their number largely increased under the stimulus of this Act.

OUR BOYS.

THE most marked feature of our day, the pleasanter lives of the young, has certainly been attended with one disadvantage. It is much more difficult to find careers for the Boys, as they grow up. It is not more difficult, strange to say, to find them for the girls. Not only is their great profession, Marriage, as attractive as ever, and rather more full of prizes, not only are new careers constantly thrown open to young

women, but, whether from a change in education, or in discipline, or in their aspirations, they are becoming much more energetic and efficient. The good "girl of the period" of the middle-class has not only ceased to be silly, and become, as her elders think, only too well educated, but she has acquired courage and industry, knows her trade, be it designing, or lecturing, or teaching, or shopkeeping, or hotel management, quite thoroughly, and goes out into life, whether to earn her living or to occupy herself, with a sangfroid and independence which her grandmother would have half admired and half condemned as "forward." She has acquired, too—Heaven knows how, for education does not give it to the boys—the habit of patience, and will work on steadily year after year at her apprenticeship with a perseverance which would be beyond praise, but that she does not see that it deserves any, and rather chuckles over it than moans. Whether the new education of girls will produce the best results on their health, or their morals, or their capacity to manage families of their own, may still be questioned, though we do not question it, but their superior efficiency, competence for the business of life, is past discussion. That is not the case with the boys in the same class. They are distinctly less eager to get out into the world than they were fifty years ago,—are, in fact, hardly eager at all. They do not fret to be their own masters, as why should they? Home is pleasanter, parents are gentler, their own tastes are more consulted, and they are, as we believe—though this will be disputed—much more timid of facing unsupported the realities of life. They have seen more, talked more, heard more than their forefathers; and, as one result, show none of those strong "biases" which mothers still expect from tradition in their sons, and which sprang quite as much from concentration or poverty of ideas as from any other source. They do not, we think, shrink more from hardship, or from work; but they have grown at once more self-distrustful and more far-sighted, and therefore less disposed to act without hesitation or inquiry. They doubt about every career open to them, criticise all proposals, and stand idle for months, sometimes years, not so much from want of industry as want of decision. This indecision is, of course, greatly increased by the new reluctance of parents to give simple orders. Sixty years ago, the educated father with no fortune found an "opening" for his son, or had one offered him, told him to take it, fitted him out for his work, and considered the matter ended. The lad, unless moved by an irresistible disgust, which was rare, and was, when it occurred, attended to, accepted the "opening" as a matter of course, part of the order of Nature, like the down on his lip, toiled in what was virtually an apprenticeship for five years, and then started for himself, and either succeeded or failed. The failures, we believe, were exceedingly numerous, more so in proportion than they are now. Every family had its records of members who had "gone to the bad," or "disappeared," or died drunk, or got rid of themselves in some way; but the records were very carefully concealed, and the failures very rapidly forgotten. Parents were very stern, new chances were very rarely given, and the "throwing-off" of a son in a distinct and definite way for habitual bad-conduct was an ordinary occurrence, so ordinary as to be, in the light literature of the time, the rule, and not the exception. The majority of lads, being forced at once to work and to self-dependence, succeeded more or less, sometimes descending the ladder a good many steps in order to succeed, and renewed acquaintance with their parents twenty years afterwards as independent men. Now-a-days, parents are too anxious and too reflective for this rough-and-ready treatment, and consider all chances so carefully, not to say so timidly, that they end by fancying the world overstocked, nurse their own fears as grievances, and jump eagerly at such a chance of complaining aloud as the *Telegraph* has just given them.

For ten days past, that journal, which likes to start a "topic" during the non-political season, has devoted two columns a day to a mass of letters, most, if not all, of them quite genuine—though we suspect the first, which is too well written, and contains too distinct an invitation to correspondents—upon this subject. They are of all kinds, especially foolish kinds—one man thinks the Government ought to legislate more, and half-a-dozen others suggest enlistment in a regiment of gentlemen, raised, we suppose, under the short-service rules—but they are, almost without exception, penetrated by three ideas, all true and all more or less exaggerated. One is that the market for boys is overstocked. Another is that modern education is utterly useless, if not a positive drawback, in the way of getting a living. And the third is that the best available refuge is the Colonies, and that anybody can get on there. As to overstocking, there is no doubt, with the improvement in education, an overstocking of what are called the educated professions, and of the clerkships which could once be obtained by anybody competent to fill them. The higher branch of the legal profession is over-full, though the lower is not; the Church is as full as it can hold; there are too many engineers for the work to be done in England; and the country doctors complain of competition. As to clerkships, they are filled either by Germans, who will work all day for six pounds a month; or by boys from below, to whom places in an office seem a rise in life, who can do all that is required, and who are consequently not only competent, but willing, which the "gentlemen" are not. But of modes of making a living there must be as good a proportion as there ever was. The national wealth increases even faster than the national numbers, and with the national wealth the occupations of the nation. There are twenty things to be done where there were ten, if only the fathers worrying about their sons knew what they were. They do not know, as a rule, and are fretting, not because ways of acquiring livelihood are fewer, but because three or four ways have attracted too many competitors. The number of positions on the Railway system, for example, which educated men could hold without repulsion must be greater than that of all the positions open fifty years ago to the Bar. The idea of overstocking is, we suspect, much more a product of anxious ignorance than of the actual condition of things. As to education being a drawback, that has been said for a hundred years, and is no more true than it was at first. No education will qualify the incompetent, and the competent are disciplined by the old method as well as by any other. The contempt for scholarship expressed by so many writers in the *Telegraph*, is only a result of disappointment at finding that scholarship will no more supersede apprenticeship than ignorance would in the old days. Of course, if, as many of the correspondents suggest, the educated lads are to take to handicrafts, the time spent on Greek is wasted time; but in spite of the surface popularity of their view, we doubt if it will be accepted. An artisan's life, they may rely on it, is not the happiest; nor is it, as some of them say, leisurely and well paid. To succeed as an artisan means to work hard for ten hours a day for six days a week, and live for years on from £60 to £75 a year, in constant competition with men who keep down wages by desiring little civilisation. It is a fact which educated fathers may ponder with advantage, that the most successful of all European strivers, and the men who, in a coarse way, make most of a study of life, the Jews, though they do not avoid shopkeeping, do avoid handicrafts, with a decision which affects their whole position in the world.

And lastly, there is the craze about the Colonies. There is no doubt that a man who knows any trade or profession well, and can bear rough life, may find in the Colonies openings denied to him here; but the idea conveyed in these letters, that any lad with a five-pound note who reaches a colony can get on, is an illusion. He will be forced to work or starve, he will be compelled to "put his dignity in his pocket," and he will become shifty, and will therefore enjoy those extra advantages; but if he would consent to enjoy them in England, he might get on as well. The single real advantage of emigration to the lad without a trade is that he is cut loose from home, as his grandfather was by a different set of circumstances, and forced, by an irresistible whip, to do what he can without picking and choosing. If the same whip could be applied in England, he would probably get on as well. So far from all lads succeeding in the Colonies, a great number sink utterly in life, and become either overworked drudges, inmates of the almshouses, or whiskey-drinkers, doomed to die early and be forgotten. The father who signs "An M.A. of Oxford," and who writes exultantly of his success in getting his sons "done," has been exceptionally fortunate. The usual result of his rough experiment would have been that one son would have drunk himself to death, one would have returned ruined, and one would have earned good mechanics' wages; and even as it is, success has only been achieved by the lads losing most of the advantages of their education. He writes:—

"I have five sons. The eldest, at seventeen, disliking the desk, and preferring the sea, I apprenticed to the sea. He learnt his profession thoroughly; not caring, however, to follow it, and knowing how a ship should be stowed, he has settled down in Sydney, and is a

'stevedore.' He is settled! The second I got on a sheep-walk in New Zealand,—a delicate lad, but plucky. Learned wool matters, &c.; worked like a man, beginning at 15s. the week and all found, and is earning his livelihood. How did I do this? Got letters of introduction to Tom, Dick, and Harry out there, paid his passage, and gave him £15. He is settled! Third son went to sea, and I served him the same as the second. He is in Queensland, breaking-in horses and all sorts of things. He is settled! Shove yonr name, &c., in your pocket, and 'push.' That's the secret of success. Fourth son, educated at college; did not like the professiou intended for him. Off he went last June to New York; paid passage, letters of introduction, a £5 note. Is now in a store at $5 a week, and more presently. He is done. The fifth is a junior clerk at 10s. a week. I see signs of emigration in his face. Off he goes presently. Every decent man, among his friends or acquaintances, can get letters of introduction abroad for his lads, if he likes. 'Somebody here in England knows somebody abroad,' and a letter is very simple to be had. If it only brings an invite to dinner—well, the boy is willing and pleasing, is interviewed, and something 'turns up.' I am a poor gentleman, and no money to sparo, so I writo and ask for letters, &c., aud away go the lads.—Your sincere servant, AN M.A. OF OXFORD."

All those lads gain by going to the Colonies is release from the social prejudices which prevented their working in England at the only openings they could find. Had they so worked at home, they would have done as well as abroad, though no doubt they would have felt here more injurious effects from the loss of caste.

We wonder whether the kind of despair expressed iu these letters to the *Telegraph* is as strongly felt in the smaller cities, especially the northern cities, as it is iu London. We suspect it is not, and that the immigration from the whole world into Londou, and a certain segregation of classes which has arisen from its vastness, produce here a special sense of over-crowding, which, again, is better justified than in any other place. Educated lads iu Londou, too, feel the pushing exceptionally, and though bright aud helpful, grow more self-distrustful and afraid of life than other lads. They want more, too, and altogether have much more difficulty in making a start. That, however, is a peculiarity rather of a place than of all England, and exaggerates far too greatly the general opiuion as to the iucreasing difficulty of providing for "our Boys." The difficulty is there, but it is at least as much in the fathers' minds as in the facts.

FRANCE, ITALY, AND SAVOY.

"NO Sovereign ever succeeded to a grander tradition than Victor Emanuel; the history of the House of Savoy is the history of grand military achievements and noble illustrations; every mountain-side and glen of this picturesque principality has been associated with the gallant deeds and glories of their race; and all this, for the sake of vaulting ambition, was to be forgotten,—all the population, whose love and admiration of the princely House had grown with their growth, was to be transferred to a foreign Power."

Thus writes Lord Lamington, in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and as the views he expresses touching the relations of Savoy to its present and ancient rulers are shared by many others, it may serve a useful purpose to bring them to the test of history, and show how little foundation they have in fact. The Dukes of Savoy, it is true, were always a strong race; they have played a noble part in the redemption of Italy, produced many successful warriors and astute politicians, and their history has been illustrated by gallant deeds and great military achievements. It has also been illustrated by disaster and disgrace, bigotry and oppression. Out of Russia, it would be difficult to find a royal House to which, up to the first half of this century, liberty and civilisation owed less than to the descendants of Humbert the White-Handed. Until Charles Albert began the era of reform, and raised the standard of revolt against the ascendency of Austria, the Dukes of Savoy and the Kings of Sardinia were relentless persecutors of Protestantism, enemies of progress and misrulers of their people. It was a Duke of Savoy who, on April 29th, 1539, ordered John Lambert, a citizen of Geneva, to be burnt at the stake for selling heretical tracts. It was a Duke of Savoy (Emanuel Philibert) who, in 1555, caused to be burnt alive, at Chambéry, Jean Vernou, Antoine Laborie, Jean Trigallet, Bertrand Bataille, and Jean Girod, for having in their possession "wicked little Bibles iu French," and a letter from Calvin, which Vernon had hidden in his stockings. Two years later, the priest Sanguyprivert, convicted of scandal and heresy, was condemned to be suspended over a fire for two hours, care being taken that he was not burnt to death, and to be delivered thereafter to the Iuquisition. And these are not a hundredth part of the cruelties which were either ordered, or sanctioned, by a Priuce for whom Lord Lamington expresses unbounded admiratiou. His hideous persecutions were the occasion of Milton's magnificent sonnet, "Ou the Late Massacre in Piedmont," and provoked Cromwell's famous threat that "unless favour were shown to the poor people of God, the English guns should be heard at the Castle of St. Angelo." Even so recently as forty years ago, the laws of Savoy and Sardinia, if less atrociously cruel, were no less intolerant than in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1840, M. Pachc, a Swiss pastor from Morges, iu Canton Vaud, while lying on a sick bed at Aix-les-Bains, gave a Protestant tract to his Savoyard nurse, and for this offence he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and a heavy fine! An appeal to the King (Charles Albert), to whom M. Pache was personally known, produced the cold response that the law must take its course. But M. Pache's treatment was merciful compared with that of an unfortunate peasant who, about the same time, was condemned to two years at the galleys for speaking disrespectfully of the Virgin Mary.

Up to the French Revolution of 1789, and for some time after the restoration, the Kings of Sardinia ruled despotically. But forms of governments are of secondary importance; the true measure of their quality is the welfare of the governed. Judged by this test, few rules have been worse than that of the Kings of Sardinia in their Cisalpine States. They wasted the substance of their people in foreign wars, and whether their masters gained victories or sustained defeats, the lot of the commonalty was equally unfortunate. When the King won, they had to support his armies; when he lost, they had to keep his enemies; aud the tax-gatherer was always with them. In the eighteenth century the peasants of Savoy were almost in as evil plight as the peasants of France. They were crushed with tithes, corvées, gabelles, and feudal burdens of every sort. Personal servitude was only abolished in 1751. Even after the reforms introduced by Victor Amadeus II., the condition of the country was wretched almost beyond belief. "In 1781," says Victor de St. Genis, in his "History of Savoy," "the year in which the King abolished custom-houses on bridges and highways, and imposed on meat a tax of two deniers a pound for their maintenance, he introduced into Savoy that Italian pest, the lottery, and so, by offering inducements to dissipation, counteracted the favours he had granted to industry. Most of the King's other reforms, being based on monopoly, despotism, and privilege, made ten people discontented for every person they satisfied." In addition to their legal burdens, the peasants had to support the exactions of swarms of vagabonds and brigands. The evil grew to such a pitch that, in January, 1781, the Governor of Savoy organised a general battue iu the whole of the seven provinces of the Duchy, "for the pursuit and extirpation of the malefactors who infest the country and trouble the public peace." All the valid men in every parish were armed, placed under the command of old soldiers, and told to seize every vagabond, beggar, and pedlar they could find, as well as every other person "whose appearance they might deem suspicions." Five years later the operation had to be repeated, from which it may be inferred that general battues are not the most efficient means of preserving public order. The sanitary, social, and religious condition of the country at this time may be judged from the facts that, in 1790, the Duchy, with a population of hardly 400,000, had 8,800 crétins, 3,000 nobles possessing feudal rights, and 1,300 monks and priests, who were supported by tithes and taxes, and exercised, in religious matters, almost despotic power. No wonder that the first mutterings of the French Revolution were received in Savoy with a thrill of joy. The news of the resistance of the Parliament of Paris to the despotic measures of Brienne spread from valley to valley like a train of gunpowder. Bonfires were lit, joy bells rung, and the peasantry were only restrained by fear of the consequences from breaking into open revolt. In June, 1791, there was a conflict between the people and a number of Emigrant French nobles in the streets of Chambéry; and at Thonon, Dr. Desaix (father of General Desaix), and several others, forced the prison and freed all the political prisoners whom it contained, a proceeding for which they were afterwards hanged in effigy. In September of the following year, when a slender force of French troops entered the Duchy, the Piedmontese retired before them, almost without firing a shot, while the invaders were every-

where received with transports of enthusiasm. "We are not a conquered people," said the Syndic of Chambéry to General Montesquiou, "but a people delivered;" and when the Assembly of the Allobroges, formed of the Deputies of the six hundred and fifty-eight communes of the principality, met at the capital, they demanded, by an almost unanimous vote, annexation to France, a request which, it is hardly necessary to say, was promptly granted.

The yoke of Napoleon was not light; the abolition of feudal and ecclesiastical privileges, and the institution of a rational civil code had to be bought by a blood-tax which may well have made the Savoyards regret at times the rule of their ancient Princes. But any lingering sense of loyalty was speedily extinguished by the proceedings of the restored Victor Emanuel I., who had learnt less even than his friends the Bourbons. He suppressed the *Code Napoléon* by a stroke of the pen, re-established entails and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, restored all the institutions of the *ancien régime*, and filled every office of importance with Piedmontese employés. Some of the punishments sanctioned by the King were of barbaric severity. In June, 1824, a parricide of the name of Dumontet had his hand amputated, was then led through the streets of Verney, the stump still bleeding, after which he was hanged and his body burnt. The fiscal regulations were even more absurd than the criminal penalties. The King's simple order was sufficient to cancel any debt or abrogate any contract, and orders to this effect were not difficult to obtain. A labourer who worked for a Genevan employer even for a single day was punished by imprisonment. The export and import of farm produce was subject to a variety of vexatious regulations. In 1816, when Savoy was suffering from a terrible dearth, the King laid an embargo on the importation of corn from Piedmont into the principality, and the inhabitants of the Chablais were saved from absolute starvation only by the efforts and benevolence of the citizens of Geneva. The Savoyards were made to feel at every turn that their interests were sacrificed to the interests of their Italian fellow-subjects. The only subjects allowed to be taught in the public schools were reading, writing, and arithmetic, the Catholic religion and the Italian language. This was, perhaps, the unkindest cut of all, for Savoy had conquered Piedmont, not Piedmont Savoy. It was as if one of our Norman Kings had tried to make his Norman subjects learn the English tongue. In the next reign, most of these abuses were swept away, and Charles Albert, under the influence of Cavour, granted his people a liberal constitution. Nevertheless, the King, by placing himself at the head of the Italian Revolution, forfeited for his successor, if not for himself, the Dukedom of Savoy. The Savoyards were Italians neither by race, language, nor sympathy; they detested the Piedmontese, and disliked being governed from Turin. Italian unity was nothing to them, and they strenuously objected to sacrificing blood and treasure in order that Italy might be free, and their Prince reign at Rome. The principle of nationalities, evoked in justification of the war against Austria, began to be openly pleaded in support of the annexation of Savoy to France. In 1859, a numerously-signed petition, the first paragraph of which ran as follows, was presented to King Victor Emanuel:—"Sire, the great events which have shed so much lustre on your Majesty's reign are significant of the new destinies in store for the Italian people. The acts of your Government, the terms of peace which have just been signed, proclaim the foundation of an Italian nationality, limited by the Alps and defined by the language and manners of the races by whom it will be constituted. These definitions, Sire, exclude Savoy. Savoy is not Italian, and never can be. What, then, is the future, reserved for her?"

As an argument, this was unanswerable. The Savoyards claimed for themselves no more than the King was claiming for Unredeemed Italy,—the right to choose their own rulers. An attempt was made to suppress the agitation of which the petition in question was an ominous sign, and if the demand for annexation had not been warmly supported by the Government of France, it would probably have been refused by the Government of Sardinia; but the double pressure was irresistible, and the King and Cavour agreed that Savoy should be left free to choose her own destiny. As to what that choice was likely to be there could be little doubt. Savoy, as we have shown, owed scant gratitude to the royal race by whom she had so long been ruled; and though we may question the taste which preferred a hardly-veiled despotism to a constitutional monarchy, the material interests of the principality pointed imperatively to union with France. France is the natural and nearest market for Savoyard produce. The Emperor, moreover, promised, if the annexation should take place, to convert High Savoy into a *zone franche*, a boon which would render the trade of the Department with Switzerland absolutely free. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the people, by a large majority, decided to become French. The vote was almost unanimous. Of 135,000 electors, 130,000 voted for annexation, 235 against, and the abstentions were something less than 5,000. In England, this vote was looked upon as either a juggle or a fraud, and Lord Lamington calls it "a mock *plébiscite*." The imputation is one which cannot be sustained. The Savoyards managed the *plebiscitum* themselves; when it took place, there were in the principality neither Italian syndics nor French prefects. The voting was by ballot and by commune, and the scrutiny was conducted by the Court of Appeal, the highest tribunal in the realm. Whatever influence Sardinia possessed was exercised against annexation. At Turin, the result of the voting caused a painful surprise. It could be no pleasure to Victor Emanuel to know that among a people who had been ruled by his ancestors for eight centuries, his dynasty had so few friends. Even among the higher classes there were only two—General Menabrea and the Marquis Leon Costa—who "opted" for Sardinia. It is much to be regretted that a part, at least, of High Savoy was not annexed to Switzerland, instead of to France, and a suggestion in this sense was actually made by Louis Napoleon to England; but the proposal was summarily rejected by Lord Palmerston and the Prince Consort, as implying approval of a proceeding to which they strongly objected.

There is every reason to believe that Savoy is well satisfied with the French connection, and that another *plebiscitum* would give a result identical with that of 1860. The material progress of the ancient principality since the annexation has been immense. Marshes have been reclaimed, bridges built, roads and railways made, and numerous schools and public buildings constructed. In Chambéry and several other towns, property has trebled in value; and though the Savoyards had to pay for their new privileges by submission to ten years of imperial rule, the Government under which they now live is probably much more to their liking than that which prevails on the other side of the Alps.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INSTINCT *v.* CIVILISATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In the current number of the *Cornhill* (September), there is a short tale which propounds a curious psychological theory which I should like to see discussed in your pages, by those who have sufficient knowledge of the subject, in the interests of our common Christianity and civilisation.

The hero of the story is the Rev. John Creedy, B.A., of Magdalen College, Oxford. By birth he is an African, and at a very early age he was captured and sent to England, where he received the best of school and University educations, resulting in the cultured man and the Christian. In due course he married an English girl, and returned to Africa as a Missionary to his own people. An uncle James objects to the match, on the ground of "instinct;" and as the mail steamer, with the couple on board, moved out of the Southampton Water on her way to the Gold Coast, the author represents the old uncle, who is a sea captain with accumulated experiences of those parts, as saying, "And when he gets among his own people, his *instincts* will surely get the better of him, as safe as my name is James Berry."

The story then turns to justify this prophetic utterance, and the tom-tom and the war-song prove too much for John Creedy, for "instinct had gained the day over civilisation; the savage in John Creedy had broken out; he had torn up his English clothes, and, in West African parlance, had gone Fantee." There is a pathetic passage on the illness and the death of the little English wife. When death had claimed her, through the agency of yellow fever, the widower "puts on his white surplice, and for the first and only time in his life he read, without a quiver in his voice, the Church of England Burial Service over the open grave; and when he had finished he went back to his desolate hut, and cried with a loud voice of utter despair, 'The one thing which bound me to civilisation is gone. Henceforth, I shall

never speak another word of English; I go to my own people.' So saying, he solemnly tore up his European clothes once more, bound a cotton loin-cloth about his waist, covered his head with dirt, and sat fasting and wailing piteously, like a broken-hearted child, in his cabin."

It is possible that the writer of this story only intended to tell an interesting and touching romance, but, consciously or unconsciously, he has struck a deeper chord. He not merely strikes a blow at foreign Mission work, but at the central and most vital power of Christianity, which ought not to be left unchallenged; and in the hope that you and others may take notice of his illustrated theory, I write this note. He localises Christianity, and deprives it of its universal power claimed by itself and by its adherents.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Richmond, August 30th. ASTLEY COOPER.

[It is quite certain that, in Australia, natives trained from childhood like English gentlemen have suddenly stripped themselves, and gone back to savagery. So, we believe, have Red Indians. So have reclaimed English gipsies. The explanation is, we believe, that the continuous self-restraint demanded by civilisation becomes to some men, full of hereditary savage self-will, so intolerable, that if any shock weakens the will, they throw off the burden.—ED. *Spectator.*]

PREBENDARY ROW ON THE BLASPHEMY PROSECUTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to offer a few remarks on your correspondent Mr. Batho's letter? He says, "I am bound to assure your readers that a greater *mis*representation of the case could scarcely have been conceived" than my statement of it. Your readers shall judge whether it is your correspondent or myself who has been guilty of misrepresentation. Before, however, I address myself to the charge in question, I wish to draw attention to the fact that a little more than half of his letter is occupied in affirming what I myself have affirmed in a few sentences, viz., that Mr. Foote is a man quite capable of distinguishing between good and bad taste, of great intellectual power, and who, when I was in the habit of meeting him, always in discussion conducted himself as became a gentleman. I should have thought that your correspondent might not inaptly have introduced this portion of his letter by saying that he was happy to be able to corroborate my testimony, for the whole of it is neither more nor less than a corroboration of my assertions. He has, however, taken the opportunity to imply that the defenders of Christianity are conspicuous for their bitterness, and that Mr. Foote has been impelled by that bitterness to use the weapons which he employs. I by no means wish to deny—on the contrary, I deeply lament the fact—that many persons who are totally ignorant of the entire controversy put themselves forward as its defenders, and between ignorance and violence of temper greatly damage the cause which they undertake to defend. I think, however, that there is a danger that your readers may confound the "Christian Association" spoken of by your correspondent, who sent the score of intemperate gentlemen in question, with the Committee of the Christian Evidence Society, on which I habitually sit. They were certainly not sent by us. It is true that at our instance a considerable number of eminent clergymen and Nonconformist ministers in London, and others, have given lectures and taken part in discussions in the Hall of Science. While my health permitted, I was habitually present, and I can affirm in the most positive manner that not one of these conducted himself in a manner other than became a gentleman and a Christian. Allow me also, Sir, to notice an additional fact, on which I look back with extreme satisfaction. Whenever I have lectured or discussed in that hall, I have been treated with all the courtesy I could reasonably expect. I think that the statement above is due to the Committee of the Christian Evidence Society, because, as they are well known to send persons whom they believe competent to discuss with unbelievers, there is a danger that your readers may infer that the "score of gentlemen" in question were sent by that Committee.

I now address myself to the personal charge of misrepresentation. Your correspondent says:—"In the first place, the publication [in question] was not a parody of our Blessed Lord. . . . . The sheet, if a parody at all, was merely a parody of those incidents in the life of Christ which, while they neither add to nor detract from the beautiful character of Christ *per se*, are looked upon by the light of modern reasoning as incredible." Now, what are the facts? I have the sheet which was the subject of prosecution lying open before me. It consists of no less than sixteen pictured delineations of our Lord, each of which is simply hideous, with hideous accompaniments. I labour under a disadvantage on this occasion, because I dare not pollute your pages by such a description of them as would give your readers a lively idea of their contents; and I am persuaded that if I were to attempt to do so, you would decline to publish it. I can, therefore, only observe that they stand far beneath the level of the most outrageous caricatures that have ever appeared in *Punch*. I feel, therefore, that your readers will be of opinion that I am guilty of no misrepresentation in describing these as indecent parodies, which contain neither reasoning nor argument; and, if they are at all persuasive, they can only be so by appealing to what is low and base in human nature. To affirm, therefore, that such caricatures "neither add to nor detract from the beautiful character of Christ *per se*," is simply preposterous, when these sixteen pictures delineate him with a physiognomy unspeakably grotesque, or, to speak the truth, with one which denotes moral degradation. "One example," says your correspondent, "will suffice;" and he selects one which may be said to be the least disgusting of the sixteen, viz., the turning of the water into wine. I say, on the contrary, that one example will not suffice, for my representation is based on the combined effect of the whole sixteen. But even here there is a *suppressio veri*, for your correspondent mentions only the surroundings and accessories of the delineation, but suppresses all mention of the grotesque figure which is intended to portray our Lord, which, after all, as I have said, is the least disgusting of the set. This grotesque figure is represented as pouring water out of a garden waterpot into five vessels bearing labels of as many kinds of wine, showing that they had been previously used to hold wine. Let your readers, therefore, judge of the meaning which this caricature is calculated to suggest. I submit, therefore, that these sixteen caricatures are "vile and indecent parodies;" that they are not "legitimate satire, showing how events which sentiment pictures in ethical light may be capable of explanation in the simplest and commonest form;" or that if a similar caricature were "applied to any creed antagonistic to Christianity," say, for example, if a similarly outrageous caricature of Mahommed had been displayed in a city in India, the greater part of whose inhabitants were Mahommedans, that any person, except one of a low order of mind, "would have looked upon it as amusing and forcible, and not devoid of reasoning and argument." I think that I have now said sufficient to settle matters between your correspondent and myself. I have, therefore, now only to submit to the judgment of the Court—of yourself as judge, and of your readers as the jury—which of us it is "who has been guilty of a greater misrepresentation of the case than could scarcely have been conceived." It has often been urged in Mr. Foote's favour that this is the first time that he has been guilty of this offence. It is true that it is the first time that he has been made the subject of a prosecution; but the *Freethinker* had long been made the vehicle for the publication of similar parodies. One of these I can very briefly describe; I think it was in the number in which my tract on the "Historical Evidence of Resurrection," published by the Religious Tract Society, was reviewed. The frontispiece consisted of a picture representing God Almighty addressing Cain, while the latter is smoking a pipe, and sitting upon a partly-closed box, from which the legs of Abel protrude. When, therefore, the City authorities took steps for suppressing a public nuisance, it was necessary to make a selection from these parodies, to enable them to constitute a prosecution. It was not the only one that had appeared. I have already said that I am no admirer of the so-called Blasphemy Laws in their present form, and I trust that the Government will introduce a Bill into Parliament during the next Session substituting for them the English law as it exists in India, or, at any rate, such a law as will meet the requirements of the present day. I also concur with you in thinking that the sentence was somewhat severe, but this is a matter for the consideration of the Home Secretary. I would only add, that no one can be an adequate judge of the greatness of the provocation who has not seen the weekly series of the parodies in question.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. A. ROW, Prebendary of St. Paul's.

[We published Mr. Batho's letter from a sense of fairness to the weaker side. We cannot, however, continue the controversy,

and the correspondence must close here. For ourselves, we retain the opinion that coarse caricature is in theological controversy an evil weapon; that it was right to check Mr. Foote, but that the sentence was cruelly severe.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

RUTLAND AND THE COUNTY ELECTIONS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Fully agreeing with your admirable article as to how the Tory counties are to be won, permit me to give the political history of East Cornwall during the past forty years. In 1841, its condition was almost as bad as Rutland; the two Tories were returned, and Mr. (now Sir John) Trelawny only polled between 1,600 and 1,700, whilst the Tories polled between 3,000 and 4,000. In 1852, another contest took place; Mr. (afterwards Lord) Robartes fought two Tories. I remember the great open-air meeting at Wadebridge, which was addressed by both sides from the same platform. I had procured and given to Mr. Robartes the returns from the Board of Trade of the quantity of corn imported from the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 up to 1852, and the amount was 50,000,000 quarters. This fact Mr. Robartes made use of in his speech, whereat the Tories were delighted, and told the farmers that "was the cause of the low price of corn," and asked the Liberals how they could expect the farmers' votes. Mr. Robartes replied, pointing to the group of squires on the other side, "You, gentlemen, have never eaten a loaf the more in consequence of this enormous importation, but who has eaten it? Why, those who had not sufficient, before the odious Corn Laws were abolished." Then he quoted the verse, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need," &c. The vast audience uncovered during the quotation, and at its conclusion an enthusiastic cheer arose. The contest was never doubtful from that hour, and Mr. Robartes headed the poll by 621.

Having won one seat, the Liberals believed they could win both, but could not find a candidate until 1868, when Mr. Brydges Willyams consented to come forward, in conjunction with Sir John Trelawny, and announced himself to the constituency thus:—"My political opinions, early formed, and strengthened by experience, are strongly in favour of civil, religious, and commercial freedom, and I will give an unfaltering support to Mr. Gladstone, so long as he continues to lead the Liberal party in the cause of peace, retrenchment, and reform." The result was that the Tory candidate retired before the day of election, and the Liberals had a walk-over, and won both seats. Come down, again, to 1880, when Mr. Borlase, a stranger, was induced to come forward, in conjunction with the Hon. Charles Robartes. Their addresses and speeches appealed to "Liberalism as the better creed," and their tone was elevated. The Tories talked about "local burdens," but the electors considered that two Tory Members would be the greatest "local burden" they could have, and elected the two Liberals by a majority of 900. "The tenantry are as capable of comprehending the Liberal creed, if only it were brought home to them, as any other class in the community." Let it be the duty of Liberals, then, by the formation of local clubs, affiliating them with the National Liberal Federation, the National Reform Union, and the National Liberal Club, thus securing their political literature and lecturers, to win the Tory counties.—I am, Sir, &c., W. H. Northy.

Rockland, Newquay, September 10th.

"THAT BUGBEAR, THE NEXT ELECTION."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The words are those of Lord Colin Campbell, the Member for Argyllshire, who writes on Saturday to the *Scotsman*:—

"Of all the politico-ecclesiastical evils which afflict the ecclesiastically-divided Scotland, surely this tendency to appeal to the passions of an electorate is the worst. It is no exaggeration to say that it is impossible for any man engaged in public life in Scotland to move hand or foot without being made to feel this insatiable bloodthirsty ogre of the next election glowering at him with fearful truculence of expression. To escape it, he must be the meekest and mealiest-mouthed of men."

The Campbells are not meek and mealy-mouthed, but it may be questioned whether their recent spurt of letter-writing is not imprudent, as well as gratuitous. To-day, Lord Colin writes to the *Daily Review*, emphasising a recent condemnation of the Permissive Bill, and maintaining "Whiggery," in opposition to more advanced Liberalism. A month ago, the Duke of Argyll wrote two letters; in one of them promising an application to the West Highlands of his agricultural views in some form apparently more trenchant than could be presented to the Royal Commission, and in another adding to the unprovoked attack which he recently made on a learned Judge for an election address issued several years ago, by patronising advice how to do his duty on the Bench. In all these dashing communications there is visible the same undertone of tremour as to the next election. What is the cause of this? A few months ago, Lord Colin Campbell was profuse in his protestations of the right of the Argyllshire constituency to turn him out, if he did not represent their views on the question of Scotch Disestablishment, and he was even complimentary as to the tone and manner in which his constituents who did not agree with him had intimated their resolution. What has made the change? Has it anything to do with Scotch farmers, Scotch crofters, and Scotch "puir people that labour the ground"? Unless I am mistaken, this latter question is likely to have an immense effect in Argyllshire, and on the whole western sea-board of Scotland, the next time we go to the poll, and the hostility shown by the Duke of Argyll to Mr. Gladstone's legislation will have no tendency to strengthen the hands of his House in the hour of trial. No one wishes Lord Colin Campbell to desert his colours on this any more than on the other question. But he must be aware of three things:—1. The Commission granted by Mr. Gladstone's Government has tabled the question of justice in the matter of land as clearly, if not quite as formally, as the question of justice in the matter of the Kirk had been so often tabled by him before. 2. The classes in Argyllshire who claim to be unjustly dealt with in this latter case are the same whose admitted grievances in the former have been so long unredressed. 3. No man in Scotland need look forward to an election as "truculent," "insatiable," "bloodthirsty," and a "bugbear," unless he has made up his mind deliberately to abide by the perpetuation of injustice, and is too honest to conceal it.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A Scottish Liberal.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS COMMISSION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Canon Trevor and the Rev. G. R. Portal contend that the proper method of governing the Church [meaning the Clergy] is by Bishops and Synods, and not by Lay Courts. The result of allowing the Clergy to manage themselves is apparent in the Church of Rome. Is it expedient to follow that precedent?—I am, Sir, &c., Layman.

[Nobody has proposed, that we know of, that the Governing Synod shall be exclusively clerical. The Scotch Assemblies have not corrupted, if they have narrowed, the Churches.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE BATTERSEA RADICAL ASSOCIATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Allow me to suggest that Mr. Chamberlain did not refer to the question of a Redistribution Bill in his letter to the Battersea Association noticed in the last *Spectator*. The Association sent Mr. Chamberlain a resolution in favour of universal or manhood suffrage, and he replied that the first step must be the assimilation of the county and borough suffrage. He said:—"Public opinion must ripen considerably, before it would be possible for any Government to go further [than that assimilation], and the final settlement of the franchise question [not of redistribution] must of necessity be postponed until there is evidence of a sufficient general agreement on the subject." It may be better policy to keep the Redistribution Bill for a later Session, or even another Parliament; but it can hardly be said that the one question is less ripe than the other, nor is there any indication that Mr. Chamberlain was thinking of redistribution at all.—I am, Sir, &c., Edward Strachey.

THE LONDON PAROCHIAL CHARITIES BILL.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The passing of Mr. Bryce's London Parochial Charities Bill has reminded me of a circumstance that came under my notice a few months ago, that is of so special a character as to induce me to submit it to you for publication. I strolled into a City church one week-day, and on satisfying my curiosity by a general inspection of the interior, I was about to retire, but observing some needy and elderly people dropping in by ones and twos, I remained, to see the meaning of these strange arrivals. In a short time about thirty men and women

had assembled, when presently an official emerged from the vestry, whom I accosted, and politely asked of him the reason of the presence of these poor people there at mid-day. The reply I looked for was that they had come to receive doles of bread from a parochial charity. To my surprise, however, the response was of a very different character, one which caused me great astonishment. The official replied, "These people have come for their half-yearly allowance, which, according to the terms of a parochial benefaction, they have merited, because of their having come to Holy Communion the prescribed number of times." In a few supplementary words, he had the commendable sense to condemn so vicious and odious a charity.

This and other forms of Church benefactions in the City no doubt explain the existence of so many colonies of the very poor, who herd in dens and alleys for the purpose of qualifying for a share of these pauperising and mischievous doles.—I am, Sir, &c., M.

POETRY.

BUDDHA.

Whoe'er hath wept one tear, or borne one pain
(The Master said, and entered into rest),
Not fearing wrath, nor meaning to be blest,
Simply for love, howbeit wrought in vain,
Of one poor soul, his brother, being old,
Or sick, or lost through satisfied desire,
Stands in God's vestibule, and hears his Choir
Make merry music on their harps of gold.

What is it but the deed of Very Love,
To teach sad eyes to smile, mute lips to move?
And he that for a score of centuries
Hath lived, and calls a continent his own,
Giving world-weary souls Heaven's best surprise,
Halts only at the threshold of the Throne.

Addington Park, Croydon. A. C. Benson.

BOOKS.

REVELATION AND MODERN THEOLOGY.*

The former works of Mr. Row have been mainly apologetic, and had a direct reference to the culture, the criticism, and the science of our time. They are remarkable for careful and accurate workmanship, for clear and vigorous thought, and for the singular freshness of the points of view from which Mr. Row regarded the conflict between the Christian and the non-Christian forces. He was led in those volumes to lay stress only on the fundamental and indispensable elements of the Christian faith. In the present work, Mr. Row presents to us this fundamental conception of the Christian faith, not in relation to the anti-Christian systems of thought, but in relation to the systems and creeds built upon this foundation, by many centuries of inference and argument. He regards this great and cumbrous system as a serious danger to the existence of Christianity, and a great hindrance to its progress. He discards the accretions of "modern theology," and insists on claiming the authority of revelation for those facts and doctrines alone which are contained in the deeds, words, and person of our Lord, as these are contained in the Gospels, and illustrated and explained in the Epistles. To Mr. Row, the Old Testament is valuable only in its historical relation to the coming of Christ, and as a record of the gradual process of revelation. The true revelation of God is contained in the person, life, and teaching of Jesus Christ. He is the true revelation of the moral attributes of God. In a series of instructive chapters, Mr. Row sets forth his conception of the revelation made to us by Jesus Christ. The announcement of the erection of the kingdom of God, the explanation of the nature of that kingdom, and of the claims of Christ to be its king, the perfection of Christ, his example, and the message of redemption, are the themes discussed in successive chapters of this book.

We are in entire sympathy with the position assumed by Mr. Row, so long as we look at the conflict which is going on between Christianity and non-Christianity. It is right and reasonable to take to the battle-field only those things which are indispensable; everything which can be dispensed with is an encumbrance and a disadvantage. To lay it down as a principle of conduct that people ought to live in their homes, as they are constrained to live during an active campaign, is not reasonable. This is, in effect, what Mr. Row has done. He has been able to move lightly, and to make skilful attacks, and to take up suitable points of defence, by having regard only to those elements of Christianity which are essential and fundamental; and the advantages have been so great, that he is inclined to discard all that he has found unnecessary in the field of battle. But in our homes we have a right to set forth the heir-looms of our faith, to draw out and unfold the wealth of our cherished possessions, and to display the greatness of our hopes and the altitude of our aspirations. The position which is best for the defence of the faith is far from being the most convenient, or most fit for unfolding the thought and life of Christianity. Methods of war are good for a time of war, but not good for times of peace. In like manner, the method of apologetic is good for apologetic. It has its own presuppositions, its own way of procedure, and its own goal to attain. It seems to us that Mr. Row has not kept this elementary distinction sufficiently in view. For he has applied his apologetic method to the science of dogmatic, and has failed in consequence. We are at one with him, while he is setting forth the simplicity of the Apostolic Gospel, and expounding the New Testament conception of the Kingdom of God. We regard many chapters in the book as of a very high order indeed. We agree also with those chapters in which he combats the argument of the late Dean Mansel. In short, we are not inclined to differ from the positive and expository parts of his volume.

On the other hand, it is obvious that whoso accepts the facts of the New Testament regarding the life, work, and teaching of Jesus Christ, has in them a doctrine, a worship, and a life. To draw these out in detailed and scientific order, to bring to clear consciousness the presuppositions, the doctrines, and the implications of these facts, is at once the duty and the privilege of all who accept them. Science is the record of man's understanding of the world, or of himself, his reading of the facts and laws of the universe, gathered from the facts themselves Theology, Christian theology at least, is man's interpretation of the facts of supernatural revelation, as these are in the Scriptures. In both cases, we get the facts in their concrete order and actual relations, and in both cases we have to make our own interpretation of them. In neither case is the interpretation final at any stage of the process to which science has yet arrived. Our highest science is as yet only an approximation to the facts, our best theology is also only approximative as yet. But in both cases the most stringent criticism which can be applied to science and to philosophy is supplied by the facts with which each is concerned. There is no finality in either case, and our interpretation of the facts, their order and relations, must be subject to change and revision, as our experience widens, and our knowledge grows more definite.

While Mr. Row has approached in some measure to this view, which we regard as the right view to take in this relation, it appears to us that even he has not been able to free himself from the view which regards revelation as a means of communicating abstract truth which otherwise would be unknown to man. His distinction between revelation and theology is based on some such conception, and the whole discussion regarding the fallible nature of theology proceeds on that presupposition. To make our meaning clear, we quote the paragraph which sets forth Mr. Row's conception of revelation:—

"The word 'Revelation' is usually restricted to denote that knowledge of God which we obtain from some other source than the use of our ordinary faculties. But this limitation of its meaning is obviously inaccurate, for as we possess no faculties which enable us to penetrate into the secrets of the Infinite, we can possess no knowledge of God but from such revelations of himself as he is pleased to impart. Consequently, all our knowledge of God must be derived from revelation. The idea, therefore, which in popular language is intended to be conveyed by the term 'Revelation' would be more accurately expressed by 'Supernatural Revelation,' by which I mean a disclosure of such truths as our natural faculties are unable to discover, or can only do so imperfectly. This being so, it is important to determine in what way such knowledge of God can be communicated. There are only two possible ways in which it can be imparted, viz., first, by an objective, and secondly, by a subjective revelation. An objective revelation consists of facts which are manifestations of the divine energies; as such, they must constitute revelations of the divine character and purpose, in the same manner as the actions of a man are revelations of his character and purpose.

* *Revelation and Modern Theology Contrasted; or, the Simplicity of the Apostolic Gospel Demonstrated.* By Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's. London: Frederick Norgate.

A subjective revelation consists of truth directly communicated to the mind of an individual." (pp. 18-19.)

In subsequent paragraphs, Mr. Row gives what he regards as instances of both kinds of revelation. The created universe is a natural objective revelation of God, and the authoritative declarations of conscience afford an instance of a natural subjective revelation. The life, work, and teaching of our Lord constitute the objective revelation of Christianity, and are mainly contained in the Gospels. "The remaining books of the New Testament contain the results of a number of subjective revelations, made to different individuals, and intended to be supplementary to its great objective revelation, and to be explanatory of its meaning." This paragraph is the main thesis of Mr. Row's book. The distinction drawn between objective and subjective revelation is really the principle which determines the relation of the Old Testament to the New, of the other books of the New Testament to the Gospels, and of theology to revelation, as these relations are conceived by Mr. Row and set forth in this volume.

Is this a real and valid distinction? Can there be "a disclosure of such truths as our natural faculties are unable to discover, or can only do so imperfectly"? We question the possibility of what Mr. Row calls subjective revelation, and we regard it as a survival of the old way of looking at revelation as a series of dogmatic statements, to be received on external authority,—dogmas which have no relation to the ordinary faculties of man. Our real knowledge has been won through the exercise of our ordinary faculties, on the facts presented to us in the external world and in our inner experience. The facts are given in their concrete order and relation, and science and philosophy consist in our interpretation of the facts. It is no otherwise in revelation. In this sphere also we have to do with facts, and the relations of these facts. God does not reveal ready-made dogmas; he reveals himself, in deeds of mercy or of judgment, in words which reflect his character and modes of action; and out of these revealing deeds of redemption, done in actual human history, we have to fashion our dogmas and construct our theology. The facts of revelation have the same relation to theology which the facts of nature have to science. If this be so, then the distinction which Mr. Row has drawn between objective and subjective revelation falls to the ground, as also does the greater part of the polemic which he has directed against modern theology. Modern theology, like modern science, is true and trustworthy, in so far as it truly represents and interprets the facts of revelation, and the only valid way of criticism with regard to one or the other is simply to bring them to the test of the facts, and to show that the reading of the facts is inadequate.

This is the task which Mr. Row ought to have set to himself. He has really done something very different. He has conducted a polemic against the use of the abstract deductive method in theology, a method which is passing into disuse day by day. In fact, the title "Modern Theology" is a misnomer. It ought to be "Ancient" or "Mediæval Theology," traces of which survive even in the pages of Mr. Row's latest book. Theology was once abstract and deductive, based on *a priori* conceptions. But all other sciences were so too, at a former period, as is well known to every student of the history of science and of philosophy. To a large extent science has overcome the fatal tendency; and we make bold to say that theology has overcome it too. The distinctive glory of modern theology lies here,—that it has got face to face with the facts. In theology, as well as in science, men have learned to work according to scientific method, and in many departments theology can show an advance as great as any of the natural or physical sciences is able to do. Exegesis has made a vast stride; Introduction is rapidly assuming an exact form; and Biblical Theology has won for itself a high position among objective sciences, while the learning which helps theology, as for example, knowledge of Oriental languages and history, has made more progress for the last half-century than during all previous time. It is only fair to say that Mr. Row, almost in express terms, admits all this. His controversy is not with these more recent sciences of theology, but with the ancient method, and with the conclusions reached by that method. We submit, however, that in a matter so important Mr. Row ought to have been more clear and definite in his statement of the issue. We would ask him to consider anew his conception of revelation, and fairly to face the question whether there is any historical instance of what he has called "subjective revelation;" and whether there has been a revelation of God to man in any other way than by a direct personal manifestation of himself to man?

CHARLES THE VICTORIOUS.*

[SECOND NOTICE.—THE KING OF BOURGES.]

Up to the date of his accession to the throne of France, under, perhaps, the most extraordinary circumstances recorded in any history, Charles VII. deserves, according to M. de Beaucourt, to hold a different place in the estimation of mankind from that which has been generally assigned to him. The present historian disproves by documentary evidence, one by one, the accusations which have been too readily accepted against the prince whom Alain Chartier describes as "alienated by rage and sedition from the royal house, combated by his enemies, assailed with sword and speech by his own subjects, doubtfully obeyed by the most of his people, forsaken by the chief of those in whom he had to trust, destitute of a treasury, and surrounded by rebel fortresses." He shows us Charles refusing to accept his cause as a lost one, in the face of desertion and discouragement, and steadfastly resisting his enemies on every side:—

"Four years of struggle, combat, and perpetual effort had revived the zeal of his partisans, and inspired confidence even in those who condemned him 'as a sick man judged to be dying, and abandoned without remedy.' He succeeded in making his power over a good part of the kingdom sure, and he won more than one adversary over to his cause. He did not love war for its own sake, but he never shrank from it when the right had to be fought for. We have before us ample evidence of his activity, good-sense, and intelligence in affairs. The people were prepossessed in his favour by his personal advantages, for he was 'moult bel prince, bian parleur à toutes personnes, et piteux envers povres gens.' At this period, neither his piety nor his generosity can be disputed. He loved science and letters, pleasure and horses, and was deeply interested in everything relating to artillery."

This description gives us Charles at his best. He had begun to slacken in his activity, and to be too easily accessible to influence and given to favouritism, during the year before his accession.

The family and personal relations of Royal houses and individuals present many strange pictures to the imagination, even in our own time, one in which Royalty is invested with but little romance; and as we retrace the course of history, those relations offer very striking points of consideration, whether we think of England or of France. A glance at the position of the young King of France in 1422 shows us a son repudiated and denounced by his father and mother (the former merely a puppet), the object of unnatural hatred, his rights set aside in favour of the English conqueror, Henry V., who had married Charles's sister, Katherine of France; while the Duke of Burgundy, who was in alliance with his mother and the English usurper, was also his brother-in-law. Such was the personal position of Charles, when he had to fight for his crown against the power of England and Burgundy. The actual state of the kingdom when the death of Henry V. seemed to be the only thing in the Dauphin's favour, is the subject of a very interesting chapter, which opens the second volume, and brings the reader in contact with all the great historical personages of the time, relates the history of the English alliance with Burgundy, tells the grand and shameful story of Joan of Arc, and ends with the Congress of Arras. The whole of the second volume is but an amplification of this first chapter, and the author treats every portion of his subject with the fullest detail. His description of the territorial divisions, the desperate strife of the factions, the firm hold of England on France, the apparently hopeless condition of the young King's affairs, the success of the foreign arms and the encouragement given by the English to the civil war that was rending the country in pieces, the diversion caused by the strife between the Duke of Gloucester contending for the rights of his wife, Jacqueline of Holland, with Philip of Burgundy in Hainault, and the adhesion of the Comte de Foix to the King's cause, the campaign of the Duke of Bedford in Anjou, the arrival of the Earl of Salisbury with a fresh army, and his march on Orleans, brings the reader to the central point of interest in the history of Charles,—the appearance on the scene of the heroic "Maid." M. de Beaucourt asserts that the intervention of Joan of Arc saved France, and although it is true that the King's arms met with heavy reverses after she was gone, and the general proposition may

* *Histoire de Charles VII.* Par G. du Fresne de Beaucourt. Tome II., 1422-1435. Paris: Société Bibliographique.

therefore be denied, we think the historian proves his case; for the moral effect of the wonderful episode of the Maid of Orleans was nothing short of salvation and a new life. It may be thought that M. de Beaucourt treats this unsurpassably interesting portion of his subject rather tamely, that he might have given it more picturesque effect, although his description of the recognition of Charles by the Maid at Chinon is very fine; but we can perfectly understand that the pain which must attend the treatment of the subject—pain vivid after all the ages that have intervened between the unpardonable crime of the French and English alike—has compelled him to maintain an equable and unimpassioned tone. A French writer treats of Joan of Arc under the shadow of a double shame,—the remembrance of Charles who betrayed, and Voltaire who slandered her. An English writer may touch the subject with less restraint; he has only to admit the crime that Englishmen committed against a noble enemy, and to plead the reverence for her that has been felt and expressed ever since. M. de Beaucourt applies himself with great earnestness and conviction to the endeavour to excuse Charles for his abandonment of Joan of Arc, when she fell into the hands of the English in 1430, during the siege of Compiègne; he brings a mass of testimony to bear upon his argument that the King was powerless to save his saviour. He entirely fails to convince us, and the very words which he quotes from M. L'Averdy (a magistrate in the eighteenth century who wrote a history of the condemnation and rehabilitation of the Maid of Orleans) seem to us to be a giving-up of the case. Having arrived at the conclusion "that it was absolutely out of the power of Charles VII. to ransom Jeanne, and that everything combined to oppose an insurmountable barrier to the desire which the King had to do so, and could not fail to have," he adds,—"The silence of historians upon the steps, at least of form, which Charles VII. might have taken to rescue Jeanne, leaves us free to presume that he may have hazarded some unsuccessful efforts to that effect." A more damnatory sentence has never been written, and M. de Beaucourt ought to have felt that it is so. He makes Charles VII. a very different person in many respects from our idea of him; but nothing can ever wash that deadly stain from his memory; he must remain to all time a monument of Royal ingratitude, a leading exemplar of the wisdom of that great prince and cynic who counselled mankind against putting faith in princes. The attempt to extenuate his guilt in this respect does but weaken the effect of other rectifications, and is as vain as the efforts of some writers to excuse Charles I. of England for his abandonment of Strafford, which was, after all, only a venial sin, in comparison. M. de Beaucourt succeeds somewhat better in his attempt to prove that the charge of indifference and delay about the rehabilitation of the Maid of Orleans, also brought against Charles VII., was unfounded, although she was executed in 1431, and the *procès* did not begin until 1450. It is true that three conditions were indispensable to the success of the undertaking,—the possession of Paris, the seat of the University which had furnished the assessors of the case; the possession of Rouen, the scene of the trial and the execution; finally, the assent of the Holy See. How all three conditions were attained the historian tells us in his chapters of detail. We do not care to deny, and it is not much to admit, that "without the Royal initiative, without the persevering energy displayed by Charles VII. during many years, the end would not have been obtained."

M. de Beaucourt gives us some curious glimpses of the private life of the young King, who was not, according to him, the heedless, pleasure-loving profligate he has been represented, even when he was out of sight and off the field of history; when, to quote the author's own words, "he shut himself up within retreats impenetrable alike to his subjects and to history." That he indulged in reckless personal expenditure while his wife and his son were in circumstances as near to penury as royalty ever approaches—an experience which probably developed the avarice for which Louis XI. was afterwards conspicuous—we learn from accumulated facts and figures in these volumes, and that he allowed the most worthless of his favourites to plunder the people, who flocked to his cause with enthusiasm and devotion that are incomprehensible to the reader of his history after the lapse of ages, are still unassailed facts. An exceedingly interesting chapter deals with the period during which La Tremoille was in the ascendant, and reveals to us more strikingly than any other in the book what was the value and energy of that national vitality which survived every trial, and saved France in an epoch of continuous and various dangers. Bad government by bad men could not kill it; foreign invaders and intrigues could not kill it; its unfailing aliment was patriotism and sound sense, and amid all the convulsions of the time, the heart of the nation was sound and steadfast. What was it that ailed the King? This is the question the reader constantly asks, as the historian puts before him one contradictory trait after another, asking his assent to views of Charles's conduct that have no coherence. Was he never quite sane? Affable, generous, impulsive, mean, suspicious, timid, ungrateful, daring, energetic, pious, indolent, apathetic, sensual, false to his wife, a breaker of the Commandments, obstinate, weak, pitiful, but capable of consenting to crime and cruelty, able, and far-sighted, but the puppet of his favourites, a mass of contradictions, at once mean and romantic, Charles VII., as revealed by his latest and most sympathetic historian, does not convey to us the notion of a sane mind. M. de Beaucourt admits the obscurity of the intervals during which the King is lost sight of, and which were particularly remarkable while La Tremoille "reigned," but he claims for him the conduct of a skilful and difficult diplomacy throughout the long and troubled period which led up to and ended in the famous Congress of Arras, whereat the reconciliation between France and Burgundy was effected. Of the Congress, M. de Beaucourt gives a very remarkable and noble description; in this chapter of his work, we are taken back to the old times which we strive to reconstruct when the buildings and the portraits of that far past are before our eyes, and the pomp and splendour of the middle-ages, with their solemn and gorgeous religious aspects, are suffered to illumine the usually sober and strictly ordered pages of the historian. The passage in which the great act of reconciliation is described is, perhaps, the finest piece of writing in the two volumes, and it is impossible to read it without a stir of emotion, without a vision of the great basilica of St. Vaast re-echoing to the shouts of the multitude who hailed the termination of the blood-feud and its meaning to the Kingdom of France with cries of "*Noel! Noel!*" of such vehemence that, says an eye-witness, "on n'eust pas ouy Dieu." Amid the splendid throng who surrounded Philip the Good on that day, so auspicious for France, on which the axe was laid to the root of the English power, and *amende honorable*, for the murder of the Bridge of Montereau, was made with unrivalled solemnity, there was a little child, hardly observed, perhaps, by the spectators, but who was also destined to play a great part in history. This was the baby Count of Charolais, then less than two years old, afterwards Charles the Bold. M. de Beaucourt concludes this memorable chapter with the following remarks:—

"Such was the termination of the prolonged quarrel which had endangered the very existence of France, and had produced sanguinary results during a period of fifteen years. The Duke of Burgundy had a right to be content; he had obtained full satisfaction. As for Charles VII., he resigned himself, for the love of his people, to every sacrifice. It was no fault of his that the pacification which his subjects so greatly desired had not long since been effected. To establish this fact, we need only recall the various phases through which the interminable negotiations had passed (and which the author explains in full detail), and to refer to the offers that from the moment of his accession to the crown the King had caused to be made to the Duke of Burgundy, and which had been renewed by his Ambassadors at every conference. We do not hesitate to say that the chief credit remained on the side of the King, and that if Philip derived the profit, the honours of this great result must be assigned to Charles VII."

M. de Beaucourt has done well to bring his second volume to a close at so striking an epoch in the history of which he treats, and with so vivid, picturesque, and imposing an episode. The prince who was called in derision "the King of Bourges" is left before the mind's eye of the reader in a position of dignity, success, and honour. The fortunes of his kingdom are on the turn; the historian has succeeded in investing his subject with vital interest; the reader awaits with expectation the further narrative of the ensuing years of the King of France, Charles the Victorious.

AN ITALIAN ON FRIENDSHIP.*

Of all contemporary Italian authors, Signor de Amicis is beyond question the most popular. By his graphic sketches from military life, his literary portraits, his picturesque narratives of travel, he has acquired a reputation among his countrymen that causes every new work issuing from his pen to be regarded as a literary event. When, therefore, it was known

* *Gli Amici.* By Edmondo de Amicis. Milan: Treves. London: Nutt. 2 vols. 1883.

that he was about to put forth a book on the subject of "Friendship," it was eagerly looked for, and the fact that the book ran into six editions in less than as many weeks speaks for itself as to the author's popularity. Nevertheless, a certain disappointment with regard to the work was expressed by the public and the Press. For one thing, its great length rather repelled readers; six hundred and fifty pages of nothing but observations and reflections upon the same theme appeared to them wearisome. To judge of the book in this manner, as one to be read straight through in a few sittings, is to do it some injustice. A book of characteristics, a sententious moral writing of this nature, must be read and judged as we should read and judge Montaigne, La Bruyère, or Sénancour. Now, while we cannot allow that De Amicis reaches to the height of the first-named, he may at times be worthily placed beside the latter, though he has moments when he falls into a vein that places him little above the level of an "A. K. H. B." Yet withal the book is of extreme interest in itself, and as an expression of the author's nationality. For we have not read many pages before we become aware that friendship as here regarded is looked at from a purely meridional point of view. We should call many of these friendships merely acquaintanceships, as lightly formed as dissolved, due to the more social, out-door life of the South. The author writes from the point of view of a bachelor, a man of the world, a man about town; here are no home friendships, made and fostered by the fireside.

"Friend is a solemn word,
But, like most solemn words, of easy use."

And Signor de Amicis uses it most easily; he includes in it not only all acquaintances, but even such people as we dislike, whom we desire to keep at arm's-length, vulgarians, &c. This is, indeed, to expand the term. In speaking of Signor de Amicis' book, we must, therefore, use "the most interesting and most singularly-misunderstood word in all languages" in the manner in which he has used it.

De Amicis' purpose in his work was to make a physiological and psychological study on Friendship. A cynic might define it as a book on friendship written by one who does not believe in it, for De Amicis takes care to inform us at the outset that he regards the Orestes and Pylades as so rare that they need not even be treated of, relegating them to the domain of poetry, which is equivalent to banishing them to the realm of fable.

The book begins with a study of the composition and nature of the group of friends among whom we live. It is a series of character-sketches of typical figures, penned by a master's hand. Without a touch of satire or bitterness, as a calm and impartial observer, who does not on that account abdicate his human personality so as to become indifferent, De Amicis holds up to view the most intimate and intricate labyrinths, all the confusions that reign and co-exist in human breasts. Among these pictures we find the humble friend, the diplomatic, the explosive, the Mephistophelian, the bore, &c. A very long chapter is devoted to "Pride," which, according to our author, is the strongest passion in the human breast, a rock on which all friendships are liable to shipwreck, and, when not to shipwreck, to suffer little collisions. The varieties of pride, he tells us, are infinite, and he describes some of these in detail. It is quite clear they are drawn from the life. He holds that even the most intimate friendships repose on the tacit compact that the pride of the one has made with the pride of the other; that it is understood, unspoken, that each must sacrifice to the pride of his friend a part of his sincerity, his liberty of judgment, his *amour-propre*, and that the sacrifices are to be equal. Whether this be true, we are not prepared to pronounce; it is at least new, and, if true, it is certain that De Amicis has dared to lift the veil from some human sentiments that no other writer has hitherto ventured to touch. De Amicis has certainly placed the deadly sin of pride under his anatomical knife, and has dissected it with patience and minuteness. One of the most masterly chapters is that called "Alti e Bassi." Written in the form of a diary, it purports to depict the vacillations of the pendulum of our opinion of a friend. A friend, he avers, even the most intimate, is never for thirty days successively the same for us. A thousand little causes, all of which are rooted in our pride, transmute him every moment in our eyes; cause him to recede from or to approach our hearts, lift him above the earth, place him below it, cause him to be now an adored brother, now a dubious acquaintance, even at times a hated enemy. This chapter can scarcely be called cynical, cynical though its theme sounds. There is an objective remorselessness of treatment about it that makes the reader shudder, the more because he suspects that for and with some persons all that is here told is so true, and yet he feels it is one of those truths of which we should not permit ourselves to raise the kindly covering to look it in the face. There are things about which we must advisedly keep up illusions, or too much that makes life endurable will crumble into dust at our feet. There are certain things, too, which, by being thus formulated, take a shape they never had before, and would never have assumed. No wonder, if De Amicis submits his feelings to such hyper-analysis, that he sadly exclaims, "We have but half-friends, and truly the fraction is yet smaller!" Indeed, a note of sadness, of disillusion, pervades the entire book. We feel that the author has passed his first youth, that it is written in the *mezzo cammin della vita*, when the writer is no longer young, nor yet grown old, when the hopes of youth are shattered, the calmer, gentler views of age not yet attained,—a point of life, in short, when we first learn to look back, as well as forwards. This feeling has given occasion for one of the most charming and kindly chapters in the whole work, called "Giovani e Vecchi," in which the author deals with the two new species of friends who come to us at that crisis of life; the grey heads to whom we go to find a little of that indulgence our contemporaries do not accord us; the young, who give us worship, and for whose sake we try to be that they deem us. Another chapter is devoted to the "Pleasures of Friendship," yet even on this theme the sad note predominates. We are made to feel that something has vanished, never to return,—the bright confidence of the early morning hours, the fragrance of the first rose, the poetry of youth. It is succeeded by a bitter section, called the "Reverse of the Medal," in which the imaginary writer of a letter on this theme says that he does not hate men, because he knows that he is not worth more than they; but he hates their stupid notion of considering as a passion, and expounding in poetry, the instinct that pushes them to associate together to fight against their common enemy *ennui*, and to tickle their self-love. "Men who call themselves friends have the effect upon me of those angry journalists who call themselves brothers." "Friendship," says the same writer, may be summed up in this acrostic:—

A. Astio.
M. Maldicenza.
I. Invidia.
C. Cabala.
I. Ipocrisia.

The chapter on "Scandal" is another master-piece of remorseless analysis. Here, again, the author's nationality reveals itself. It is evident that his reflections are the outcome of a society where there is much talk of personalities, and little on general subjects. It never seems to occur to the writer that at clubs, parties, or other places where men aggregate, the conversation should turn on aught else but people. Inimitable is one such imaginary talking over of mutual friends, in which every attribute is stripped from the friend discussed, leaving him only the merit of being good. "Goodness is not denied," says De Amicis, "because it is not envied." Would it not have been more true if he had said that when we deny to our friends all qualities but goodness, we do so in the sense in which the Germans speak of *ein guter Mensch*, when they can say nothing else in favour of a person,—in the sense in which the Spanish proverb speaks of a man as "so good as to be a good-for-nothing?" Signor de Amicis warns us against letting ourselves be involved in discussions, which are extremely dangerous reefs for friendship; and he ends this section with various practical maxims, of which the following is one,—"Do not discuss concerning the immortality of the soul after dinner." And he adds, in every discussion, bear in mind these three p's,—"pondera, pazienza, e perdona."

In friendships between the sexes, De Amicis does not believe. He admits they are sweet, and paints them in the most graceful and seductive colours, but he sees himself obliged to add that they end well so rarely as to come into the category of never. Here, again, we have before us the Southerner, of hot, susceptible blood. The only safe woman-friendship for a man is, according to him, the old and white-haired, or the ugly woman, or perchance one of a merry and satiric turn, for satire is ever a foe to soft sentiment. "True friendships between men and women are as rare as true love. The greater part are a little comedy badly acted." A chapter is devoted to letters, and contains a humorous sketch of that bizarre personage the hater of

pen and ink, who will suffer anything rather than put himself to the inconvenience of writing; yet another figure rather of the more indolent South, than of the business-like and energetic North. Very penetrative is the remark that we do not well know our friends till we have had letters from them. Letters are like a defile, passing through which some seem to lose certain moral qualities; others seem to acquire new ones, to become more refined; and others, again, are so transmuted as to be unrecognisable. There are persons to whom it seems easier to confide their feelings when they have nought but paper before them, than in the visible presence of the friend; others become arid, conventional; and others, again, display qualities that remained hidden in the practice of daily life.

Space will not permit us to discuss in detail all the various phases of friendship treated in this book, which is full of vivid, clear-cut sketches of diverse individualities. An able figure is the foreign friend, who speaks our language with effort, and whom we love not only for himself, but for the sake of his country, which may be one that is highly sympathetic to us. Nor has that terrible figure been forgotten, the borrower of books who does not return them. "Is it possible to have a library and believe in friendship?" asks De Amicis. A fault in the work is, beyond a doubt, that all the friendships described and analysed belong to the same social class,—the middle. The book would have acquired more variety and importance had the author studied his theme also in the poorer classes, to whom he has consecrated only quite a few pages. In this class, feelings are truer and nearer to nature; artificial conditions do not enter in to the same extent as with the higher classes. Indeed, there is still much bearing on this vast theme that De Amicis has left untouched; while, at the same time, he has often been a little diffuse on those parts of his subject that have best taken his fancy. As a eulogium of friendship, his work can scarcely be regarded, and therefore cannot be placed side by side with his elder countryman Cicero's far briefer but more enthusiastic volume on the same theme. Instead of the pen of the poet-painter, we encounter in its pages the anatomical knife of a surgeon-novelist. Signor de Amicis is for ever analysing his own feelings and those of his friends, and does not perceive that by so doing he is with his own hand killing friendship. And yet he has written his own condemnation when he says,—"We scrutinise, we torment ourselves too much; and that is not friendship, any more than reasoning is poetry. We make our hearts go up into our craniums, and send down our brains into the place of our hearts. We murder friendship, in order to see how it is put together."

As to the excellence of Signor de Amicis' style, there is but one opinion; he writes the most limpid, the purest Italian. He possesses, however, a facility that is almost dangerous, which in this latest work often leads him astray, causing him to meander on somewhat diffusely. While reading, we are held in the spell of his exquisite language; but when we come to reduce his words to facts, we find they could have been expressed in a much briefer compass. And in this especial book, De Amicis' very perfection of style is a fault. It is too equal, so that it falls into a monotonous cadence, and adds to the general feeling of sameness induced by its subject. The work closes with a salutation to his friends whose memory, passions, advice have aided him in composing it:—"I thank you, therefore, and leave you. I send you an adieu from the depths of my heart, friends old and new, grey-haired and young, companions of infancy and youth, friends of the virile age, future friends of senility, distant friends, offended friends, friends who are dead. Addio."

How Signor de Amicis' personal friends may have enjoyed the vivisection to which he has submitted them in the cause of metaphysics we shall never know, neither does it concern the world, which has to thank its author for a book that contains much that is delightful, much that is suggestive, together with much that is saddening, and much that we trust, for the sake of poor humanity, is, if not untrue, at least highly coloured.

ALTIORA PETO.*

A WRITER in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* expresses tart dissatisfaction with the present state of criticism in England. It has fallen, he asserts, for the most part, into the hands of novices and pen-weary hacks, and they manage things much better in France. They manage things very differently in France, for literary criticism is practised there under conditions which differ *toto coelo* from those which obtain in England. Nine-tenths of the books which are reviewed in England are marked by mediocrity which would ensure exemption from criticism of any kind in France. Now, of all books, the hardest to review at all well, are the books which bring the critic's work, willy-nilly, to the level of the works of the Angel of the Church of Laodicea. It is small blame to him, therefore, if he sometimes, in the bitterness of his heart, treats mediocrity too severely, or, as is far more frequently the case, if he treats it in a spirit of indolent charity. On the whole, however, with the exception of an occasional example of flagrant partiality, which for the rest is generally rectified by counter-criticisms, English critics do their work well, and any author who can produce books at all above the level of respectable mediocrity may safely reckon on an appreciative reception from the class who are popularly supposed to be the natural foes of all authors. They are not so, of course, nor are they by any means such fools as they are supposed to be by those who never read their criticisms. Lord Beaconsfield's famous plagiarism is often in the months of men who would be surprised to learn that if nothing were taken from Lord Beaconsfield's novels except what would fall strictly under the definition of criticism, the residue would be "duller than a great thaw," and "a joy of wild asses" for ever. But enough of this. *Altiora Peto* rises far above the level of mediocrity, and may be characterised as a novel of a thousand, if only for the fact that it may be read through consecutively twice, or even thrice, with augmented pleasure to the reader from every fresh perusal. Not all of it, indeed, for there is a rift, so to speak, in Mr. Oliphant's lute, and that rift is by no means a little one. We shall have a word to say about it by-and-by, but not before we have marked to the best of our ability some of the strokes in this most entertaining book which deserve to be applauded to the echo. An outline of the story is necessary, for the reader to understand the extracts which it will be his pleasure to read, as it will be ours to make them, but that outline may well be of the briefest. Mr. Oliphant is probably as indifferent to what is called a plot as Tourgénief was, and it is not as a story that *Altiora Peto* challenges warm admiration, but as a brilliant picture of life and manners. Two clever and high-spirited American girls from the slopes of the Pacific—in other words, from California—descend upon Paris in search of husbands, for it comes to that. One of these girls, Stella Walton, is heiress to millions of dollars; her friend, Mattie Terrill, has an income of £150 per annum. They have changed names, and the reader has to remember throughout the book that Stella Walton is Mattie Terrill, and *vice versâ*.

With excellent judgment, Mr. Oliphant fits the real heiress at once and *sans façon* with an eligible partner, one Bob Alderny. Impediments, which the reader may discover for himself, for a time delay the marriage of the non-heiress with the man of her choice, Lord Sark. These high-spirited and thoroughly loveable girls, and their elderly companion, Miss Hannah Coffin, are the salt of the book. The last-named is an "original," and in her knack of saying at any given time the precise thing that is most likely to disconcert an adversary she resembles Sam Weller, resembles him also in promptness of action. But Hannah has gifts and graces that Mr. Pickwick's famous body-servant was far, indeed, from having. She has an intuitive perception of what is going on in the hearts and heads of every one with whom she comes in contact, and, to judge from some of her references to her own and other folk's "innards," it might seem that she reads character as somnambulists are thought by some to see, through the organ which Menenius endows with speech in *Coriolanus*. She also, as it happens, "knows all the ropes," as she would say, and baffles with ease the machinations of all the naughty people who cross her path. In fact her knowledge and energy are so great that she seems to move about amongst these naughty ones like Teiresias in Hades,—

"Οἷη πέπνυται, τοὶ δὲ σκιαὶ ἀΐσσουσι."

A highly improbable character, then? Well, in some respects, yes. But what exceptionally amusing and useful character in any novel that was ever written is not open to the same charge? One thing is certain, whenever "old Hannah" acts or speaks, it is to do or say something which will delight the reader; and he will not fail to agree with a remark passed upon her by a certain Sir George Dashington, who is electrified by her smart talk,—"that old woman is perfectly delicious!" The professional beauty, and the financiers, the æsthete, and the ladies of quality, and the rest of Mr. Oliphant's *dramatis personæ* we must leave

* *Altiora Peto.* By Laurence Oliphant. London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1883.

unintroduced to the reader. They are all drawn with light, firm touches, which mark the hand of a master; but what of Altiora Peto herself? What of the heroine who gives her name to this capital tale? Alas! there yawns the rift we mentioned. Altiora Peto is a bore, and would be a bore of the first magnitude, were it not that the portentous prig who marries her is a bigger bore still. We shall reserve what we have to say of these meet companions to the end of this notice, and quote as a specimen of Mr. Oliphant's genius, for so it deserves to be called, the beginning of a dialogue, which if we are not mistaken beats Lord Beaconsfield at his smartest. It takes place at a dinner-party at the above-mentioned Sir George Dashington's:—

"'I didn't rightly catch your name,' said Hannah, 'but I suppose you're the minister.'—'My name is Chalfont—Sidney Chalfont; and as you rightly observe, I am in holy orders.'—'Holy orders is mighty difficult to obey; don't you find 'em?' she remarked, rising and taking his arm.—'The present state of the law in this country renders it impossible, very often,' replied Mr. Chalfont, who had long made up his mind on the first convenient opportunity to become an ecclesiastical martyr.—'Do tell!' exclaimed Hannah.—'I beg your pardon, Miss Coffin.'—'Oh, I ain't noways offended, but it does beat all!'—'What beats all?'—'Well, I don't know as I understood you, but you seemed to say that you couldn't keep the laws of God because of the laws of man—and you a minister, too; and I say that beats all—and what's moro, I stick to it!'—'Dear me,' thought the Reverend Sidney Chalfont, 'this American is a very plain-spoken woman.' 'My dear madam, I don't wonder that you are astonished. I am well aware that the Anglican priesthood of America are not subject to the same tyranny that we are in this country.'—'Then, why do you stand it?'—'We don't stand it; we go to prison for it.'—'Seems to me, if they put you in prison for it, as it is them as won't stand it. Did you know before you became a minister, that you would either have to obey the laws of man, or else go to prison for not obeying 'em?'—'That consideration was not sufficient to deter me from following a vocation to which I felt internally called, and from being a witness for the truth, and a martyr for conscience' sake.'—'And you feel sure that them laws you won't obey was made to uphold truth, and you was made to uphold the truth?'—'I can only act according to my conscience, and what I believe to be truth.'—'And them as puts you into prison acts the same, maybe?'—'I give them credit for being sincere.'—'Well, now,' pursued the old lady, 'I've been in search of the highest truth since I was a gell; that's a matter of half a century; always on the search. How old might you ha' bin when you determined to obey the holy orders?'—'About two-and-twenty,' said Chalfont.—'And you was so sure that you'd got the truth, that you decided to go where you could break the laws of a country as calls itself Christian, to testify to it?'—'Well, I don't think that's altogether a fair way of putting it,' said Chalfont, laughing; 'but the subject is a large one, and involves the whole question of the government of the Church by the Church, instead of by the State. May I ask what was the result of your fifty years' search after truth?'—'Well, I guess I'm on the track at last.'—'What! only on it now?'—'It's difficult saying when I first got on; a body can't jest always give dates in them things. I dessay I was on all the time, but if I didn't know it, there was no peace. It's only with the knowledge as peace comes. It's not by readin', nor by study, nor by spekilatin that you find Divine truth; it's by lovin' what is good, and a doin' of it.'—'I should have said that Divine revelation and the teaching of the Church were the guides to truth,' said Chalfont.—'If one set of people as is guided by 'em puts another set of people as is guided by 'em into prison, because they can't agree which way they pint, seems to me they're mighty onsartin guides.'—'It has been so from all time,' replied Chalfont, mournfully. 'The history of Christendom is a history of religious strife; till man is regenerate, it cannot be otherwise.'"

We wish that we had space to quote the rest of this conversation, and more of Mr. Oliphant's good things, and especially the scene in the Louvre, where Hannah drives the professional beauty from pillar to post, till the latter, feeling herself to be too heavily handicapped, affects not to hear the American lady's pitiless questions, "but to be absorbed in admiration of a recumbent Venus of Titian, at which Hannah, following the direction of her eyes, could only gasp 'My sakes!' and then, turning abruptly round, walked off, for once fairly beaten, from the field." All that we can do, however, is to say that three-fourths of Mr. Oliphant's book is as good reading as the most exigent novel-reader needs to ask for. The remaining fourth is filled with the diary and sayings of Altiora Peto, and with the pompous inanities of her lover, Mr. Keith Hetherington. She bores, but he crushes us. "A greater than I said that," he remarks, on one occasion; and as that "greater than I" is He who was "greater than Jonas" and "greater than Solomon," and as Mr. Keith Hetherington is at the most a tenth-rate philosophaster, his remark, for the sublime conceit which it ventilates, may be said to "beat the record." And "beat the record" his plan for renovating society unquestionably does. But dull, priggish, and perplexing as this gentleman's utterances are, we would not have called them pompous inanities, if we could not cite Mr. Hetherington himself as witness to their being so. Brought to book by Mattie Terrill as to the nature and results of the "experiences" of the "hundreds" who are consciously preparing for the "new evolutionary process" which is to save the world, or save the hundreds, for Mr. Hetherington is as ambiguous as Virgil's Sibyl or Dickens's Captain Bunsby, he calmly answers, "I hope you will not think me rude, but I could no more describe to you the experiments or the results, than I could discourse to a New Zealander on the laws of electricity, or attempt to make him understand the nature of their action." Well, be it so; but we marvel much that so wise and witty a man of the world as Mr. Oliphant should expect his readers to shut their eyes and open their mouths, and gulp down such an answer. It is not fury, but it is sound signifying nothing. Altiora Peto, however, is charmed beyond measure with this puzzle-headed philanthropist's tinkling cymbals, and the novel closes with a love-scene between the pair which certainly has the merit of novelty. In some such way, perhaps, old Godwin wooed and won Mary Woolstonecraft; and, indeed, "Keithy," as Hannah always calls him, is good, or rather, Godwinish, enough to tell his dear Altiora that it would not be necessary, *except for what the world might say*, that they should marry, since their love was of a kind that the world knows nothing of, and depended on something more internal, and, therefore, more solid than that which unites ordinary mortals. Shelley said that he could never look on Retsch's picture of the summer-house scene in *Faust* without a feeling akin to vertigo. We warrant that he would have gazed *oculo irretorto* on the kiss which ended the love conference between this strange pair of lovers. "That was beyond the power of Church or priest," said "Keithy," with stately solemnity; and they arise and go to Sark and Stella, to tell them that they will add their ceremony to theirs. The curtain falls, but we lift it for a moment, to express a strong belief that, in the words of Tennyson, "a brace of twins will weed *her* of her folly;" and a faint hope that when those twins are old enough to climb their father's knees, that even he, impracticable blockhead though he be, may learn from nature to concentrate his affections, and not dissipate over all the world the love which was meant for home. Coleridge was right, no doubt, when he said that,—

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast;"

but we must draw the line somewhere; we draw it at vultures, bugs, and ——; but the reader may select for himself what particular variety of knave, or fool, or coward it is which, if he says he loves, he knows that he is speaking in a Pickwickian sense, or, not to use too strong a phrase, is romancing in his throat.

THE EARLY CALIPHS.*

This is a nourishing book. Most men are conscious of a certain interest in the early Caliphs, the most distinct and notable series of men whom Asia has produced; and also of a certain vagueness about them, an uncertainty as to what they did and were, which made them, in a shadowy way, so memorable. They have all heard of Abu Bekr and Omar, and Kaled "the Sword of God," and Ali the Prophet's cousin, who should have been his successor; and the Abbassides, of whom Haroun was the flower; of their conquests, their magnificence, and their fall; but the number of those to whom the early Caliphs are persons, who could recount even their names in sequence, or account for their victories, is very small. It will hereafter include all who have read Sir William Muir's book. Without the slightest parade of learning, indeed keeping his great learning a little too much in the background, Sir William Muir relates from the original authorities the long, but not wearisome narrative, sometimes like a historian, occasionally, though seldom, like an essayist, but most frequently like an annalist who has no desire except to be simply true, and who, therefore, is often as convincing and interesting as an eye-witness. He scarcely ever pretends to eloquence, rarely departs from an even rather low-pitched tone of narrative, yet he is often as effective as the most skilful rhetorician. There is a sort of simpleness in his style, caught, no doubt, from the Arab annalists whom he has studied so closely, which, though sometimes a little bald, and once or twice even tedious, as they also are, is often indescribably charming. His personages are Biblical in their ways, in their directness, in the simplicity with which they reveal their purposes, and their methods. They are,

* *The Early Caliphs.* By Sir William Muir. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

moreover, not too much explained, but move in that clear obscure which is the permanent atmosphere of Eastern history, in which men do such gigantic things, the observer scarcely knows why, under impulses he can only half comprehend. What can be more charming, for instance, than this account of one of the greatest scenes in Mahommedan history,—the choice of the first Caliph, the man who, ascending a shaking throne, reduced all Arabia once more to subjection? Mahommed, perhaps from a design to leave the throne elective, probably from hope of a son by one of his many wives, possibly from dread of the influence which an acknowledged heir not sprung from his own loins might exercise, died without choosing, or even clearly indicating, a successor. The Koreish, the men of the sacred tribe to which Mahommed belonged, thought he should be assuredly one of themselves; but the citizens of Medina, always jealous of the supreme clan, had decided that the choice should fall on one of their own number. The physical power rested with them, for Mahommed had died in Medina, and his companions lay at their mercy; and rushing, therefore, to one of their large halls, they clamorously named Sád-ibn-Obeida, chief of their strongest clan, Successor of the Prophet. Sád was lying under a blanket, sick with a fever, in a corner of the hall, when the selection was announced and accepted; but Abu Bekr, father of Ayesha, Mahommed's favourite wife, declared that the nomination could not stand. Arabia as a whole would obey only a man of the Koreish, a statement so true then, as it is now, a thousand years afterwards, that the Medinese yielded, and proposed a compromise. There should be a dual Caliphate, one from the Koreish, one from Medina:—

"'Away with you!' exclaimed Omar; 'two cannot stand together;' and even Sád from beneath his covering muttered that to divide the power would weaken it. High words ensued. Hobâb, on the side of Sád, cried out, 'Hear him not! Attend to me, for I am the *well-rubbed Palm-stem*. If they refuse, expel them from the city. I am the Roaring Lion of the desert, and will devour them up.' 'The Lord destroy thee!' cried Omar; and Hobâb returned the words. The altercation gaining in heat and bitterness, Abu Bekr saw that it must be stopped at any risk; so stepping forward he said: 'Ye see these two'—and he pointed to Omar and Abu Obeida—'Choose ye now whichever of them ye will, and salute him as your Chief.' 'Nay,' cried both at once, 'thou hast already, at the Prophet's bidding, led the prayers; thou art our Chief. Stretch forth thine hand.' He did so, and they struck their hand on his in token of allegiance. Others began to follow their example. 'Wilt thou cut thine own kinsman's throat?' cried Hobâb to a Khazrajite about to take the pledge. 'Not so,' he answered; 'I only yield the right to whom the right is due.' Whilst they yet hesitated, the Beni Aus, jealous of the rival tribe and of Sád its nominee, spake among themselves: 'If this man be chosen, the rule will be for ever with the Beni Khazraj. Let us salute Abu Bekr as our Chief.' The example once set, group after group advanced to place their hand on that of Abu Bekr, till none was left but Sád, who still lay covered in the corner. Acknowledged thus by the men of Medina, there could be no doubt of Abu Bekr's acceptance by the Coreish and all the Refugees. He was one of themselves, and the Prophet, by appointing him to take his place, when laid aside, at the daily prayers, had in a manner indicated him as his vicegerent. And so homage was done on all sides to Abu Bekr. He was saluted as the 'CALIPH,' or '*Successor* of the Prophet.'"

The election by acclaim proved wise. With the death of the Prophet the momentary cohesion of Arabia ended, the tribes separated, and Prophet after Prophet appeared, demanding their allegiance. Abu Bekr, a gentle fanatic, met all with one immutable resolve that there should be no division; that he would perish, or they should obey the Vicegerent of the Lord. He sent out from Medina army after army, he chose by some instinct the greatest General Arabia ever produced, Kaled, the Sword of God, an utterly intrepid and remorseless leader, to command his forces, and in a year Arabia was at his feet. The clans, moved in part by their new faith, yielded so completely that Abu Bekr was not only able to declare war at once against Persia and Rome, but to supersede the high-born Arab chiefs in favour of his own nominees, thus establishing for ever the idea which has since been the reserve strength of Islam,—that within the Faith all are equal, and all careers are open. He sent 40,000 men to Persia, and as many to Syria; and before he died, the best soldiers of Persia and Rome had fled before the Arabs, the latter in a battle—Yaknsa—at which the slaughter was so prodigious as to terrify the whole Roman world. Abu Bekr's reign was short, but his simple and direct character, his ardent faith, and his successes, had solidified Islam, and when he died he named as his successor the sternest and most terrible of the Companions, Omar, who had been his counsellor.

Omar was of the men who found empires. Fearless and stern, simple to a proverb in his personal habits, and never fatigued in mind, he had, with the royal gift for choosing agents, the royal dislike of his own instruments. He broke Kaled, the Sword of God, and systematically kept down his Generals. He had, moreover, in a high degree the faculty of military organisation, and changed his army from a camp of volunteers to a strictly disciplined force, highly paid, and recruited by a relentless conscription from the whole population. Military service was restricted to Arabs, who were forbidden to cultivate, to settle, or to trade in the conquered lands; but every Arab was compelled to be a soldier, and every soldier was paid. As Arabia contained 14,000,000 of people, Omar had thus 140,000 new recruits every year, and as the service ended only with life, would have had at times the command of two millions of men, but that the consumption of life in incessant war, war without hospitals, war waged without cannon, was most frightful. This organisation endured nearly two centuries, and secured to the Faith almost unbroken victory, till the descendants of Mahommed's uncle, Abbas, jealous of the Arabs, admitted all tribes as soldiers, especially the Toorks, and so degraded the Moslem soldiery from a nation into an army. Omar conquered Syria and Egypt, Persia and Asia Minor, and on his assassination was succeeded by Othman, who was elected in face of Ali's claim, the source of much woe and ultimately of schism in the Mussulman world. Mahommedanism knows nothing of heredity, but so deep is the passion for it in mankind, that the Moslem could hardly bear the succession to depart from the Prophet's family and the clan Koreish, and to this hour millions attach a mysterious sanctity to Ali and his sons. The victories went on, but Othman, essentially a weakly, violent man, could not hold-in his agents, whose tyranny and greed provoked the soldiers, a struggle between the aristocratic and democratic principles had come up, and Othman was murdered in a riot by the citizens of Medina. They called Ali to the throne, but Ali, though a man of high intelligence, was essentially wayward and ease-loving, he was the very head of the Koreish, and the discontented soldiery found a leader in the soldier whom Sir W. Muir calls "Muavia," and the rest of the world "Moawiyah." At first victory adhered to Ali, but his power was sapped among his own followers by latent dislike to the aristocrats, and at last his own army and that of Muavia agreed to abide by the "Koran,"—that is, by the judgment of umpires. The umpires, of whose trickeries Sir W. Muir gives a most picturesque account, differed, and the struggle went on till a knot of desperate men agreed to assassinate both the candidates,—one at Kufa, the other at Damascus. Ali was slain; but Muavia, though severely wounded, survived, and after a brief contest with Ali's son, Hassan, became Caliph, reunited the Mussulman world, and by an astute device, originally intended to prevent future quarrels, obtained the right of nominating the Heir-Apparent. This in practice made the Caliphate hereditary, and four of the family succeeded, the last but one, Walid, being one of the greatest of the Caliphs. His son was, however, attacked and defeated by the friends of the Abbas family, descendants of an uncle of the Prophet, and the Abbassides, the dynasty of whom Haroun-al-Raschid was the greatest, mounted the throne in 749, losing, however, Spain, where the Faithful acknowledged the descendant of Muavia, whose heir still reigns in Morocco. This was the end of the true Caliphate, which, though it survived 500 years in Bagdad, never again swayed an undivided Mussulman world, and soon after lost, with the spread of the Ali fanaticism in Persia, any chance of doing so. The modern Caliphs are but great Mussulman Sovereigns who have claimed the ancient title and prerogatives, but have never been completely acknowledged by all Doctors, even of their own sect.

A NEW THEORY OF FORCE.*

THE pith of this volume will be found in the introduction and in the concluding chapter. The author's reading in physics, chemistry, physiology, and electricity has led him to the belief that there are but two forces in Nature,—an attractive, or, as he prefers to term it, a "compulsive" force, and a dispersing or "repulsive" force. The former, maintaining the cohesion of matter and sustaining growth, is the fundamental element of life,—is, in a word, the Ormuzd of the Kosmos, as the latter is the Ahriman, disintegrating, destructive, and obstructive. The effect of the compulsive force upon the retina is light; that

* *Light the Dominant Force of the Universe, showing what Light is, &c.; also, How to Reconcile Religion and Science.* By Major W. Sedgwick, R.E. London: Sampson Low and Co.

of the repulsive force upon the sensory nerves scattered over the body is heat. The ether with which the advanced school of physicists suppose space to be solidly filled, so as to leave no interstices, he rejects as unnecessary, and reconciles without difficulty the undulatory and emissive theories by positing light as produced by an emission, not of particles, but of "force-impulses," moving in an undulatory manner, because of the opposition met with from the counteracting force-impulses of heat. According to this explanation, however, light would not be the dominant force, but merely an effect of the dominant force, modified in its action by the "repulsive" element. Having got rid of the ether, the author immediately replaces it by an "active force-medium," but whether the force is distinct from the medium, or whether the medium has an activity, innate or adventitious, of its own, or how in any case the force acts in or through the medium, we are not told. Indeed nothing whatever is predicated of this force-medium, or *tertium quid*, save its existence, and it is just as hard to imagine the transference of any force through it to bodies in it, but not substantially continuous with it, as to imagine the direct action of force upon matter without the presence of any intervening medium at all,—a difficulty which seems to destroy the legitimacy of the hypothesis which postulates an unnecessary and useless antecedent. Major Sedgwick next proceeds to explain the various conditions of matter, solid, fluid, and gaseous, by attributing to their ultimate particles different amounts of "holding-on" and "holding-off" force, the degree of cohesion or its lack being due to the respective amounts of these opposing forces resident in each particle. The doctrine of a "force-medium" seems here to be lost sight of, and reduced to plain words, the theory is simply that solid and fluid bodies consist of particles that do cohere, and gaseous bodies of particles that do not cohere. Throughout the book, in fact, the writer shows himself the victim of the common fallacy that a statement of ordinary phenomena in language somewhat different from what they are usually stated in, involves an explanation of them, although in point of reality the new statement is nothing but a more or less expanded repetition of the old one, with no new matter infused into it.

In the last chapter, the compulsive force is recognised as the manifestation of the will of God, omnipotent, omnipresent; and the repulsive force as the manifestation of the will of the powers of evil, constantly opposing God. "There can be no mistaking this," exclaims the author with conviction; "here we are face to face . . . . . with the old Bible story" of the ceaseless conflict between good and evil, "which is at the base of all religions." How the frustrating power of evil can overcome even for a moment the compelling power of the omnipotent, the reader is left to discover. The repulsive force lastly is acknowledged to be "almost as necessary" in the world's economy as the compulsive force, hence the strangely inconsistent conclusion is arrived at that the evil force is good in moderation, and evil only when carried to excess. An attempt is made to grope out of this *impasse* by advancing the theory that "one day the earth will become a solid mass, without any liquids," and devoid of life, so that the victory of the omnipotent force will end in complete death. Ormuzd will vanquish, but only to reign over a dark, inanimate, and changeless world. Yet the book seems to have been written mainly for the purpose of proving that light and life are the highest manifestations of the compulsive force. We are also reminded in this connection—the relevance is not apparent—that St. Jude declares that the powers of evil were once angels of God, who "kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation." Arguments of this kind are not likely to be helpful towards the reconciliation of science with religion, which were, indeed, once the respective provinces of science and religion sufficiently understood, as unnecessary a task to undertake as that of the reconciliation of music or painting with divinity. Major Sedgwick carries his theory into chemistry, electricity, and physiology, and applies it to the explanation of the phenomena of those sciences with as much success as he has attained in the domain of physics. The book is an example of the sterility of imperfectly assimilated knowledge. Had the author appreciated the doctrine of the conservation of force—to which he never refers—he would have understood that his repelling and compelling forces are mutually convertible into each other, and that the tendency of modern physical discovery is in the direction not of a duality of forces, but of a unity of force manifesting itself under various aspects in an unintersticed, solid space, differentiated into chemical atoms and physical molecules and their accumulations. What that force is, in its last analysis, whether different from or identical with the differentiating influences, the how, why, and whence of matter and its phenomena under any possible theory of its existence, are questions that, in their very statement, transcend the power of the human mind.

The author's meaning is not always easy to grasp. He delights in sentences of a length that even a German would stare at, not seldom occupying more than a whole page. Consciously or unconsciously, he indulges in plays upon words (or writes as if he did) which rather obscure than illumine the argument. Thus, after tracing an analogy—with considerable verbal ingenuity, it must be allowed—between the life-history of the living cell and the Biblical story of Creation, he tells us that "suffering is the order of this life . . . . . nothing is done without suffering—not always painful suffering, but still suffering." To illustrate this remark, it is added, "thus the cell suffers expansion" when hungry; "again suffers contraction when growing and reproducing"; or the cell "tells of vicarious suffering—of plant-cells suffering willingly to supply kindred plant-cells, of plant-cells suffering unwillingly (poor things!) to supply animal-cells in which they have no interest." We can thus imagine the sufferings of peas and potatoes as they suffer conversion into the tissues of ruthless man, in whom they have no interest. Such a singular confusion between two common meanings of a common word we do not remember to have hitherto encountered "in print."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Historic Faith: Short Lectures on the Apostles' Creed. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D. (Macmillan.)—"My object," says Dr. Westcott, in his preface, "was to show the direct bearing of the different articles of our historic faith upon our view of the world and of life." This, therefore, is a devotional rather than a theological book. What there is of the theological element is supplied in the notes, which show all the clearness of insight and lucidity of statement which we should expect from Dr. Westcott. We may specially mention the note of "The Idea of Blood in the New Testament," the nucleus of which may be said to lie in the words,—"The blood always includes the thought of the life preserved and active beyond death." From the main part of the volume we may give two extracts, which will serve to show the writer's manner of treatment. The subjects are respectively "Judgment" and "Resurrection":—

"How this last Coming of Christ to judgment shall be accomplished, which reveals the world to itself, we know not, and it is idle to speculate. But for each one of us death is its symbol. For each one of us that solemn coming, which seals our earthly work, is in a most real sense the vision of God, instantaneous and age-long, the vision in his light of ourselves. So it is then, to sum up what has been said, that we confess our belief that Christ shall come again to judge both the quick and the dead: we believe that he will come socially in the secret spiritual forces which mould kingdoms and Churches and at last with open majesty; we believe that he will come personally in those inner flashes which show us for a moment the very truth of things, and at last in that supreme hour when he will take account of our finished service. And when we reflect upon the confession we know that it answers to the noblest ideal of life. It declares that there is a purpose in the course of history and in the possibilities of our little parts: that we may look in both for intelligible tokens of the divine will: that it is our duty to lift our eyes to the end when the full work of the Saviour shall be indicated on the scene of his sufferings: that even now we are charged and enabled to find an eternal element underlying the commonest occupations, something which we shall once see as it appears to him whose we are and whom we serve."

"What St. Paul teaches us to expect is the manifestation of a power of life according to law under new conditions. *God giveth to every seed a body of its own*: not arbitrarily, but according to his most righteous will. The seed determines what the plant shall be, but it does not contain the plant. The golden ears with which we trust again to see the fields waving are not the bare grains which were committed to the earth. The reconstruction of the seed when the season has come round would not give us the flower or the fruit for which we hope. Nay, rather the seed dies, is dissolved, that the life may clothe itself in a nobler form. True it is that we cannot in this way escape from a physical continuity; but it is a continuity of life, and not of simple reconstruction. And St. Paul warns us that the change which we cannot follow is greater than the changes of earth which we can follow; that the development of life goes on; that the manifestation of life takes place, as I said, under new conditions. Everything, he tells us, which characterises a material body, the flower no less than the seed, shall then cease to be. The unbroken continuity shall enter into a new sphere, unaffected by the limitations through which earthly bodies are what they are."

Two Sides to Every Question. By Maude Jeanne Franc. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Miss Franc tells her story, as she puts it on her title-page, "from a South-Australian stand-point." We cannot see much difference between this stand-point and ours. These English people

who "breathe in converse seasons" *caelum, non animum, mutant.* Love and money are antagonists there, as here; and young men who make haste to be rich burn their fingers by speculating in shares. The story is fairly readable, and it has the merit of keeping close to the realities of life; we have none of the extravagant coincidences or romantic reverses of fortune with which writers of this kind of fiction often play the part of Providence. Inheritances and legacies fall in, it is true, with a readiness and convenience which scarcely are to be hoped for in life. Apart from this, everything is natural enough. In short, if we cannot give this book very high praise, we have no serious fault to find with it, only remarking that we doubt whether "*uncow*" is good Scotch for "very" (p. 48), and are sure that "*fortuitous*" is not good English for "fortunate" (p. 67).

Robert Pocock. By George M. Arnold. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Robert Pocock was a worthy of Gravesend, who died in 1830, at the age of seventy years. He wrote a history of his native place, and he could also claim the titles of "antiquarian, naturalist, botanist, and printer." In this last capacity, he had the honour of being the first to set up a press in the town. He had, it would seem, a remarkable appetite for knowledge of every kind, and this volume, containing extracts from his diary, gives us a good idea of the collection which he thus gathered together. It is well that such men should be honoured, even though the honour comes, as it does in this case, more than half a century after its object has passed away.

Poetry.—*Destiny, and other Poems.* By M. J. Sevrano. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)—"Destiny" is a poem of between two and three thousand verses, in the course of which three persons Ernest, Clarence, and Margaret, by name, muse, and, we are bound to say, prose at considerable length about life in general, and their own lives in particular. It is very easy to have enough, we might even venture to say too much, of this sort of thing:—

"No more might Fate, with aspect grim
Affright his soul; for Hope no more,
With syren voice to Pleasure's shore
Could lure him now; and he who spreads
No sail, the storm-tost ocean dreads
No longer—bitter recompense
Of Pain, that from the flames intense
Alone, where Happiness expires,
Spring in the soul the deathless fires
To being, that for her illume,
Serene, the darkness of the tomb."

——*From the Mountains of the East: a Quasi-dramatic Poem.* By Ernest Edward Dugmore, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Dugmore here puts the history of Balaam into a series of dialogues or soliloquies in verse. The chief motive is to show how the seer became false to his own knowledge of good and evil, and prostituted his prophetical powers to base purposes. The solution of the problem is to be found, we suppose, in the third act, where Balaam is represented as driven to despair by the death of his wife. We cannot say that we find this satisfactory, and we are certain that the story is not improved by being forced into Mr. Dugmore's verse. Let any one compare the following with the original, and he will be inclined to accept our judgment of the whole:—

"Balaam.

"Balaam the son of Beor hath said, the man
Whose eyes have been enlightened, on whose ears
Have come the echoes of the Words of God,
Yea, who hath seen the Vision of the Almighty,
Fallen to earth, but looking into Heaven:—
How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and
Thy Tabernacles, O thou Israël!
As valleys are they spread, as gardens by
The river side, as the lign aloes which
The Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees
Beside the waters! God hath brought him forth
From Egypt. As a mighty lion, he
Hath couchèd: who shall dare to stir him up?
Blessèd from God is he that blesseth thee;
And cursèd shall he be that curseth thee."

The writer of this clearly has not even a rudimentary notion of what blank verse should be.——*Melodies of the Fatherland.* Translated from the German by the Rev. Robert Maguire, D.D. (*Home Words* Publishing Office.)—Dr. Maguire has translated a number of hymns and devotional poems. Such volumes are, of course, intended for what may be called private rather than public circulation. It is dedicated to the writer's congregation, and will be received as the token of a mutual regard. There is a merit, however, in at least some of the pieces which warrants an appeal to a wider circle of readers.——We have also received *Cinq-Mars, an Historical Tragedy.* By W. F. C. Wigston. (John Wilson.)—*The Knight of Castile, and other Poems.* By Austin E. Smith. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)—*Inter Flumina: Verses Written among Rivers.* (Parker and Co.)

We have received Volume XIV. of the *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute.* (Sampson Low and Co.)—The *Irish Educational Guide and Scholastic Directory.* (Mara, Dublin.)—The Birmingham *Mason Science College Calendar,* for the Session 1883-84. (Cornish Brothers, Birmingham.)—*Chiromancy,* by H. Frith and E. H. Allen. (Routledge and Sons.)

To insure insertion, Advertisements should reach the Publishing Office not later than 12 a.m. on Friday.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Adams (W. E.), Our American Cousins, cr 8vo	(W. Scott)	3/6
Aitken (W. H. M. H.), Highway of Holiness, cr 8vo	(Shaw)	3/0
Amusement for the Holidays, 12mo	(Griffith & Farran)	2/6
Andersen (H. C.), The Shoes of Fortune, 12mo	(Hogg)	2/6
André (R.), Up Stream, 4to	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Beck (S. W.), Gloves, their Annals and Associations, cr 8vo	(Hamilton)	7/6
Boats (The) of the World Depicted, &c., 4to	(S. Low & Co.)	3/6
Brassey (T.), The British Navy, Vol. 5, roy 8vo	(Longman)	3/6
Cameos from English History, 5th series, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	5/0
Chardenal (C. A.), Rules of the French Language, 12mo	(Collins)	1/6
Coppinger (R. W.), Cruise of the 'Alert,' imp 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	21/0
Eade (P.), Medical Notes and Essays, Diphtheria, cr 8vo	(Jarrold)	3/0
Emerson's Works, Vol. 1, cr 8vo	(Routledge)	3/6
Far-famed Tales from "The Arabian Nights," 12mo	(Hogg)	2/6
Forrester (Mrs.), June, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Gladstone (J.), Chemistry of the Batteries of Plante & Faure (S. Low & Co.)		2/6
Gordon (W. J.), Perseus, the Gorgon and Slayer, roy 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Hawthorn (J.), Fortune's Fool, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	31/6
Hope (A. R.), Evenings away from Home, cr 8vo	(Hogg)	3/6
Hospitalier (E.), Modern Applications of Electricity, Vol. 2	(C. K. Paul)	12/6
Howat (G. R.), How to Prevent and Treat Consumption, cr 8vo	(Baillière)	2/6
Howells (W. D.), Works, in Box, 14 vols	(Douglas)	28/0
Jack and Mrs. Brown, cr 8vo	(Douglas)	3/6
Jarves (J.), Italian Rambles, 16mo	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Jeudwine (J. W.), The Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883, 8vo	(Waterlow)	2/6
Julien (F.), Practical French Reader, 16mo	(S. Low & Co.)	2/6
Lewis (G.), Ballads of the Cid, 12mo	(S. Low & Co.)	2/6
Macdonnell (G. H.), Chess-Life Pictures, cr 8vo	(Kelly)	6/6
Mattinson (M. W.), Law Relating to Corrupt Practices, &c., 8vo	(Waterloo)	7/6
May (S.), Our Helen, 12mo	(Ward & Lock)	2/0
McCurrick (L.), The Planetary Distances, 8vo	(Collins)	2/0
Meyrick (F.), Is Dogma a Necessity? cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
Mollet (J. W.), Watteau (Great Artists), cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	2/6
Mongan (R.), Translation of Terence's Adelphi, 12mo	(Cornish)	1/6
Morwood (V. S.), Wonderful Animals, 12mo	(Hogg)	2/6
Plutarch, Life of Themistokles, translated by J. W. Rundal (Simpkin & Co.)		2/6
Rowney (H. B.), The Young Zemindar, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Remington)	31/6
Roxburgh (F.), The Bankruptcy Act, 1883, cr 8vo	(Shaw)	3/6
Schiller's Song of the Bell, Notes, &c., by M. Foerstor (Williams & Norgate)		2/0
Skey (L. C.), A Christmas Pudding, in 3 parts, cr 8vo	(Griffith & Farran)	2/6
Smart (H.), Hard Lines, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	31/6
Smith (W.), Old Yorkshire, Vol. 4, cr 8vo	(Longman)	7/6
Stewart (H.), The Ocean Wave, cr 8vo	(Hogg)	3/6
Tait (W.), The Bible and the Church, cr 8vo	(Hamilton)	5/0
Talbot (T.), Philiberta, 12mo	(Ward & Lock)	2/0
Williams (C. F.), The Tariff Laws of the United States, 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	10/6

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Presidents of Departments.
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2. Education ... Francis Sharp Powell, Esq., M.A.
3. Health ..... T. Pridgin Teale, Esq., M.A., F.R.C.S.
4. Economy ..... J. E. Thorold Rogers, Esq., M.A., M.P.
5. Art ..... Sir Rupert A. Kettle.

Information as to the reading of Papers—which should be sent to the Secretary in London before September 19th—and other particulars may be had at the Offices, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.; and at the Town Hall, Huddersfield.
J. L. CLIFFORD-SMITH, Secretary.
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CITY and GUILDS of LONDON INSTITUTE, TECHNICAL COLLEGE, FINSBURY.—DAY DEPARTMENT, for Students not under 14 years of age.—The College courses provide technical instruction for mechanical and electrical engineers, technical chemists, builders, and cabinet makers. Fee, inclusive of laboratories and workshops, £9 per year. The new Session commences October 4th, 1883. For programmes of instruction apply at the College, Tabernacle Row, E.C.; or at the Central Office of the City and Guilds of London Institute, Gresham College, E.C.

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July 14th, 1883.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, HYDE PARK CORNER, W.—The WINTER SESSION will commence on MONDAY, October 1st, with an Introductory Address by W. H. BENNETT, Esq., F.R.C.S., at 4 p.m. A Prospectus of the School and further information may be obtained by personal application between 1 and 3 p.m., or by letter addressed to the Dean at the Hospital.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—There will be an ELECTION in OCTOBER, 1883, to a DURAND SCHOLARSHIP, of the value of about £60 a year. This is confined in the first instance to the sons of "Indian" officers. Also to FIVE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS. Candidates must be under 14 and over 12 on June 1st, 1883.—For particulars apply to the BURSAR, Wellington College, Wokingham.

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Four Open Scholarships in Natural Science, each of the value of £50, will be offered for competition on October 2nd, and following days.
The School buildings, to which large additions have been made, especially as regards the laboratories for the teaching of Physiology and Chemistry, will be ready for occupation on October 1st; and it is intended to open on the same day a "Students' Club and Refreshment Room," for the convenience of the pupils of the Hospital.
In addition to the open Entrance Scholarships, Class Prizes, and usual Appointments, Scholarships will be offered for competition at the end of each year, open to all pupils of the Hospital.
Further information may be obtained of the Dean, or of the Medical Superintendent, at the Hospital.
GEORGE P. FIELD, Dean of the School.

OWENS COLLEGE, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER.
SESSION 1883-4.
I. DEPARTMENT of ARTS and LAW.
II. DEPARTMENT of SCIENCE and ENGINEERING.—Candidates for admission in these Departments must not be under 14 years of age, and those under 16 will be required to pass an Entrance Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin, to be held on September 28th.
III. DEPARTMENT of MEDICINE and SURGERY.—Students are required before entering to have passed one of the Preliminary Examinations prescribed by the General Medical Council.
The SESSION in DEPARTMENTS I., II., and III. will commence on October 2nd.
IV. DEPARTMENT for WOMEN (223 Brunswick Street).—The Session will commence on October 8th.
V. EVENING CLASSES.—The Session will commence on October 15th. Students will be admitted on October 10th, 11th, and 12th, between 6.30 and 9 p.m.
ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS are offered for Competition at the beginning of the Session in CLASSICS, GREEK TESTAMENT, MATHEMATICS, ENGLISH and HISTORY, and also a DAUNTESEY MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP, value £100.
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Herr Weiss will conduct a Class for German Conversation on Mondays, at 11.10.
M. Esclangon will have a Cours de Diction on Saturdays, at 2.50. B. SHADWELL, Hon. Sec.

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For detailed information regarding Courses of Study, Degrees, &c., application should be made to the Registrar.
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NEXT SESSION begins TUESDAY, October 9th.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.
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The Spectator

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE, having visited the Orkneys, steamed across to Copenhagen, where he was received, on the 17th inst., with every honour by the family party there assembled, consisting of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar and Czarina, the King of Greece, the Princess of Wales, and a crowd of junior Princes, all descendants or connections by marriage of King Christian. On Tuesday, the entire group, with all the diplomatists present in the city, except the representatives of Sweden, lunched with Mr. Gladstone on board the 'Pembroke Castle,' and afterwards listened to Mr. Tennyson reading his own poetry. Let us hope he did not read "The Charge of the Six Hundred." Mr. Gladstone's visit, coinciding with the sudden departure of Lord Dufferin for Constantinople, has set the journalists of the Continent all agog, and the wildest speculations are indulged in. The English Premier sought the Czar in order to reunite the two Bulgarias, or to sell Armenia for Egypt, or to arrange a Northern alliance with France, as a counterpoise to Germany. These speculations are, of course, dreams. There is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Gladstone transacted any political business at all, or had any objects whatever, except to make a pleasant trip to a new place, and some valuable fresh acquaintances. As for the Czar, a few days of perfect safety must be to him the truest holiday.

It is doubtful if there is more reality in the rumours about the King of Spain, but they look more true. After a splendid reception in Vienna, King Alfonso has gone to Homburg, there to meet the Emperor of Germany and the Crown Prince of Portugal. That might mean nothing, but the Emperor has summoned his Foreign Minister, Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador at Madrid, and the Spanish Ambassador at Berlin, to assist in the conference. This is unusual, unless business is intended, and there can be but one business to discuss,—the admission of Spain, on the same terms as Italy, into the German-Austrian Alliance. The isolation of France would, under such an arrangement, be complete, and she would be held as in a vice; while in the event of war, a heavy corps d'armée must be retained to watch Spain. The plan is a very risky one for the King of Spain, but he is savage at the French Republican intrigues to upset him, and thinks Germany can prohibit them. It should be added that he wants a war, to consolidate his hold over his Army, and is believed to think that if Germany would guarantee him against France, he could personally command in an invasion of Morocco.

We should not wonder if trouble were at hand in Spain. The Liberals do not like either the German alliance or the present Ministry, and the French Republicans, who have always been closely *liés* with the Republicans of Spain, are furious at the position of France. The tendency to outbreak will, therefore, increase; and the speech of S. Castelar to the editor of the *Progreso*, reported by Reuter, is very ominous. S. Castelar is by far the most moderate of his party, he has learned in office the difficulty of governing Spain, and he specially admits that he is not unwilling to see whether a compromise between the Democracy and the Bourbons is not possible. Nevertheless, he declares that if the Constitution of 1869 is not restored, and if S. Sagasta is retained in power, "he should consider the moment arrived for thinking of other means of action which appeared to be condemned for ever." It would be necessary in that event to reunite the Democracy, and he would for that object spare no sacrifice. In other words, if the Government does not become more Liberal, S. Castelar will consent to insurrection, and will on behalf of the Unitarian Republicans make concessions to the Federalists. That is not a pleasant telegram for King Alfonso to show Count Hatzfeldt.

The struggle in Bulgaria has ended for the time in the complete victory of the Liberals. As we have explained elsewhere, Prince Alexander has failed to keep the promises made after his *coup d'état*, and in despair of conciliating his subjects has thrown himself upon Austria. The Russian Government, alarmed at his tendencies, has preferred to trust the people, and has threatened, if he continues obstinate, to leave him to their mercy. On the 19th inst., therefore, the Prince, by a formal manifesto, restored the Constitution of Tirnova, and appointed M. Zankoff, the old Liberal chief, head of the Cabinet and Minister of the Interior. No Russians are included in the Ministry; but Russian Generals will continue to command and organise the 30,000 militia. The Bulgarian Liberals, it is reported, still hope that on the occurrence of a vacancy in the Governor-Generalship of East Roumelia, which will happen next year, the province will be added to Bulgaria, by the appointment of Prince Alexander. Wallachia and Moldavia were fused into Roumania in that way.

Hundreds of columns of news about the negotiations with China have been published in the French papers this week, but the few facts may be stated in a dozen lines. These are that the French have not advanced a step in Tonquin, but after some sanguinary skirmishes are still confined to Hanoi; that M. Challemel-Lacour, over-ruled by the Cabinet, has left M. Ferry to manage the affair; that M. Ferry and the Marquis Tseng have held a consultation; and that no agreement has been arrived at. The hitch remains as at first. The French cannot, or will not, understand that the Chinese intend them to leave Tonquin, though they may hold the rest of Anam, and keep continually offering "neutral zones." The Chinese do not want neutral zones, which would be governed by France through Anamese Mandarins, and would be passed whenever France could allege that the zones were full of brigands, but to be able to govern Western China without wasting half their revenue on an army of observation. They will concede, under strict limitations, the navigation of the Songkoi, to all the world, as well as to France, but they will not have French troops in the delta. From their point of view, they are wise; and as the French Chamber meets in a month, October 25th, they will in all probability be successful.

The French Republicans have, it seems, revived the practice of sending a civilian Commissary with their expeditions, who controls the Generals in command. This annoys the French Generals, who detest civilian supervision, and in Tonquin has just produced a furious quarrel. Dr. Harmand, the Commissary there, insists, like St. Just, that, "conquerors or conquered, forward we must," and ordered General Bouet to renew an attack which the military men considered would lead to certain defeat. General Bouet refused, and was at once sent to Hong Kong on a "mission," that is, was superseded, an incident which has produced much excitement among Parisians and in barrack-rooms. The origin of this arrangement is not, we suspect, so much jealousy of the Generals, as dislike of their inclination to demand reinforcements, and so swell the importance both of their commands and their achievements. They think they will not be fairly honoured for great

deeds done with 2,000 men. Considering that almost all successful Generals have worked under civilian Kings or Ministers—for example, Marlborough, Turenne, and Von Moltke—one hardly knows why the plan so often fails, but it does. Even in India the Generals cannot keep on terms with the "Politicals." In the present instance, the French Government have terminated the quarrel by sending Admiral Courbet with power to command everybody. The General, it is thought, will have no grudge against him, while he will have no motive for increasing the land forces.

The Australian Colonies have agreed to hold an Annexation Conference in November, which will meet at Sydney, and be attended by representatives from the whole of Australia and New Zealand. The Conference will formulate the reasons for desiring the annexation of neighbouring islands, detail a plan of occupation, and define the pecuniary responsibility which the combined Colonies will agree to undertake. Except as regards New Guinea, the movement is not likely to come to much, though this Government has annexed North Borneo; but the feeling in the Colonies is very excited. Mr. Service, the Premier of Victoria, said on Wednesday, that the landing of French convicts, such as has recently occurred in Brisbane, must be prohibited at any cost; and the colonists are quite in the temper to lynch them, which would produce complications. The Cape Colony nearly fought Great Britain on the same provocation.

A council of war never fights, and a caucus is, after all, only an unwieldy council of war. The party managers in Manchester have finally determined not to contest the seat. The only Liberal candidate, therefore, will be Dr. Pankhurst, who advocates Home-rule, universal suffrage of both sexes alike—thus incidentally handing over government to the women alone, who have a majority of more than half a million—the abolition of the House of Lords, and some form of nationalisation of the land. It is not believed that ordinary Liberals will vote for him, though he has agreed to give a general support to Mr. Gladstone's Government; and the seat is, in fact, handed over to Mr. Houldsworth. The result will bring both the caucus system and three-cornered voting into great discredit. There can be no doubt that the true motive of the decision to skulk was fear lest at the General Election all three Members should stand, and so risk the return of all three. As they could not all stand without the consent of the party, the fear shows that the Liberal caucus has no real hold over the candidates, and very little power of organisation. If Dr. Pankhurst came in and kept in at the next election, they would be rightly served, though the price is too high a one to pay for their punishment. Even now an independent candidate, relying solely on Liberalism, character, and the electors, and spending nothing, might break up the combination, and give the wire-pullers a much required lesson on the great truth that organisation is no substitute for pluck.

Herr Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, addressed his constituents on Thursday, in a speech intended to be a grave exposition of his policy as regards the recent crisis. He is determined that all political and agrarian rioting shall be put down, though he will treat submissive rioters leniently; and he is specially severe upon the anti-Semitic movement. He maintains that this is essentially a movement for the destruction of property, though the rioters appeal to "occult prejudices," and threatens that if the commotions increase, "temporary restrictions of liberal life will have to be employed." He would rather, however, employ social means, and calls on all Hungarians to draw to themselves honest men, without inquiry into creed, and to spurn him that is not honest. The rioters, we fear, would answer that is precisely what they are doing when they kill usurers. The language of Herr Tisza is sufficient to prove the seriousness of the disturbances, and their Socialistic character. They are spreading, it is stated, into the Cis-Leithan provinces, but no clear evidence of this has yet been given.

The Agnostic party in Switzerland are as much inclined to persecute as the Ultramontanes ever were. They have not only stopped the processions of the Salvation Army by force—which was done also in Bombay, and may, if feeling runs high, be as reasonable as our own prohibition of Catholic processions—but, according to the Geneva correspondent of the *Times*, have imprisoned Miss Booth at Neuchâtel for attending a religious meeting, and expelled a Mr. Clibborn from Geneva for singing a hymn. The advocates of these proceedings publicly argue that they are just, because a State must have the right to prevent the spread of "the religious poison" among the community even by force. What more could the Fathers of the Inquisition say? Those Fathers had, too, the excuse that their practice was in exact accord with their theory, and could, therefore, be expected beforehand; while the Swiss Agnostics profess to be devoted to religious freedom, and would rise in arms if any Canton punished a profession of atheism with imprisonment. Disbelief is at least as intolerant as belief, with the aggravation that it inflicts torture for nothing. If there is no future state, what does "the religious poison" signify? Why should not an ephemeris worship the Sun, if it likes?

We omitted to notice last week the terrible blow which has fallen on the leading Royalist personages in France. The Tribunal of Commerce has decided that the Directors of the Union Générale are responsible to the shareholders for false issues of shares and for mismanagement, and has ordered them to pay a sum of nearly a million sterling in compensation. It has, moreover, made the Directors jointly and severally responsible; so that if one of them cannot pay the sum required, the others must find the difference. There is still an appeal; but if this decision is upheld, Royalist families of the first standing, like the De Broglies, Harcourts, Circourts, and the like, will be partially or wholly ruined. The majority of them, moreover, were innocent of all but a foolish want of judgment in entering into financial business, they having trusted their managing director, M. Bontoux, with implicit confidence.

The annual meeting of the British Association was opened at Southport on Wednesday, the 19th instant. The President of the year is Professor Cayley, who delivered an address which to the greater number even of scientific men must have appeared painfully abstruse. It was devoted solely to mathematics, and besides a history of the instances in which mathematical theories have been suggested by questions of common life, or physical science, contained many recondite, not to say transcendental, speculations in pure mathematics, mathematics applied under imagined conditions. The general drift of this part of the address, which was far too full of thought for condensation, even if we were capable of the full comprehension necessary for such a task, was that the axioms of geometry are absolute truths only under imagined conditions, and that conditions can be conceived of under which they may not be true. For example, the proposition that two straight lines cannot enclose a space is not true of a smooth sphere. Mr. Cayley does not assert, as Mr. Clifford is supposed to have done, that he can conceive of four-dimensional space; but he does assert that he can conceive of beings to whom three-dimensional space seems as impossible as four-dimensional space does to us. "It may be at once admitted that we cannot conceive of a fourth dimension of space; the space as we conceive of it, and the physical space of our experience, are alike three-dimensional; but we can, I think, conceive space as being two or even one-dimensional; we can imagine rational beings living in a one-dimensional space (a line), or in a two-dimensional space (a surface), and conceiving of space accordingly, and to whom, therefore, a two-dimensional space, or (as the case may be) a three-dimensional space, would be as inconceivable as a four-dimensional space is to us." We suppose, therefore, Mr. Cayley thinks four-dimensional space or n-dimensional space to be possible, though beyond our intelligence, cramped as it is by our experience. Is not the end of that this,—that final truth is unattainable even in geometry?

Professor Ray Lankester, on Thursday, read a long and vehement paper in favour of creating appointments for scientific inquirers. He maintained that knowledge was declining and discovery languishing, because Englishmen, who scattered money on wars, new openings for trade, and "meaningless or injurious charities," would not provide any for scientific research. He recapitulated the services rendered to mankind by science, and showed that in England there were only thirty-eight scientific appointments, against 300 in Germany; from which country, he further maintained, we now draw all our soundest and most advanced knowledge. He especially animadverted on the diversion of the great legacy left by Sir T. Gresham, now worth some £3,000,000, from those purposes of scientific inquiry for which he destined it. Is not Mr. Lankester, in this vigorous and eloquent speech, a little false to his own principles?

Inquiry, as a fact, is conducted gratis. As a rule, great discoveries are made rather by hungry men than by well-paid men; and if, by keeping savants hungry, we can get more out of them, we clearly ought, on scientific principles, to prevent their getting sufficient to eat. What is the misery of the individual professor, or even his extinction by hunger, compared with the general interest of science? Mr. Lankester strikes us as degenerating. He is falling into the Christian weakness of pity, and by-and-by will think it wrong to starve dogs in order to increase the sum of knowledge.

The plan for employing female doctors in India, one of the few thoroughly sensible plans recently started by philanthropists, seems likely to be a success. A sum of £4,000 has been raised in Bombay, to guarantee salaries for two or three years to English ladies—one of them is Miss Peehey, M.D., a most successful student, who fought through the great Edinburgh fight—and £20,000 to start a native hospital for women; while in Madras, four ladies have been admitted to practise by the local Medical College. One of these is that remarkable woman, Mrs. Scharlieb, who came to England to perfect her medical education, and distanced all competitors at the London University. Lastly, Mr. Rivers Thompson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal—and we may remark, the firmest opponent of the Ilbert Bill—in a Minute full of clear sense and sympathy for native suffering has over-ridden the opposition of the Council of the Medical College, and ordered the admission of female students, if qualified by general education. The number of entrances is certain to be large, and in a few years each of the Three Presidencies will have a staff of female doctors thoroughly familiar with the language and inured to the climate. They will reduce the sum of human misery far more than a dozen orders admitting lads with an English veneer on them to positions for which they are hopelessly disqualified. We are glad to notice also that the new doctors intend to make a business of their work, to claim fees from those who can pay, and to earn if they can good incomes for themselves. One fortune made by a woman as a doctor in Calcutta will keep the supply more regular than any amount of philanthropy in individuals, who after a few years die out.

We have never been able to support the Permissive Bill, or to endorse what seem to us the exaggerated ideas of Teetotallers, but there is one strong law which we are surprised they do not attempt to carry. What is the argument against totally prohibiting the sale of alcohol to children under fifteen, under penalty of a loss of licence to the seller? Nobody doubts that children are better without alcohol, as they are without tobacco, late hours, and many other indulgencies not necessarily injurious to their elders. They have no natural claim to liberty, which, indeed, in all other matters of educational discipline, is steadily refused them; and they cannot need the drink, except under circumstances in which their elders would readily procure it for them. Respectable publicans, who keep their own children rigidly away from the bar, would not object to such a law, which, children not being free agents, may be justified on the same principle as the rule forbidding a publican to supply drink to a man already intoxicated. The prohibition, being absolute, would be easily worked; and it could, we believe, in the present temper of the people, be readily carried through the House of Commons.

A great opportunity is offered to London. The Duke of Bedford, in a letter to the Corporation of the City, offers to sell Covent Garden Market and the houses round it, the leases of which are about to fall in. He admits the necessity of improvements, but says he is unable to make them on the scale required, which, under our absurd system of life-tenancies, may be true. We do not suppose that the Corporation will accept the offer, as the Duke's Trustees have no power to accept a bid much lower than the value; and we do not quite know why "E. C." should expend its property for the benefit of "W. C." If, however, London were governed, as it ought to be, by a single Corporation, that body would jump eagerly at the offer, and not only effect a grand improvement in the very centre of London, but revolutionise the fruit and vegetable supply. At present, they are strict monopolies, and a good apple is dearer than a good orange which has come, perhaps, a thousand miles. If the dealers in Covent Garden had the orange trade, they would stub up three-fourths of the orange groves, and sell the fruit at sixpence apiece, pleading want of room.

It is believed that the Parnell Fund will pass £25,000, and the largest mortgage on his estate, £13,600, has already been paid off. We regret the success of the subscription, because we consider that Mr. Parnell's agitation has done more injury to Irishmen by demoralising them than it has done good by assisting them to combine against oppressive land laws. Apart from the cause, however, we see no discredit in the acceptance of a subscription of the kind, which has precedents in the cases of Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Cobden, General Grant, and Mrs. Garfield. There is no more reason why a nation should not pay its heroes informally, than why it should not pay them formally. The drawback to such popular grants of money is that they encourage the agitators, who are seeking nothing but gain, to devote themselves to agitation as a business, and to rival one another in carrying favour with the populace. They know their claims will not be sifted as they would be by a Parliament, and strive to make them look great by excessive violence. The English prejudice against rewarding politicians in money, as we reward soldiers and sailors, has its root in an instinctive reason. If the statesman works for us for cash, he may also sell us for coin.

A rumour was circulated early in the week that the Government of Natal had presented an ultimatum to Cetewayo. He was to surrender within ten days, or he would be arrested. Either, however, the rumour was incorrect, or orders were sent from the Colonial Office to abstain from action against the King, for the story was officially declared unfounded. The King, therefore, remains in the Reserve, gathering forces or awaiting attack from Usibepu, whom a majority of Zulus look upon as the coming man. We can see no sound reason whatever for forbidding the Zulu tribes to fight the quarrel out. They evidently desire a general ruler, and their method of electing one has at least the merit of finality. We would protect the border, announce that if it were crossed by any party Zululand would be conquered, and then leave the clans to their own devices. They will not exterminate each other, though they will introduce a short period of anarchy, and any King who can maintain order will suit us.

The *Lancet* appears to believe that a case of unprecedented age capable of verification has at last been discovered. At present the highest age known capable of absolute proof is 106, at which Lady Smith died a few years since. It is affirmed, however, that at Auberine en Royans, a village near Grenoble, an old woman is living who is "authentically" known to be 123, and who is proved by certificates to have been married ninety-nine years ago last January. She had a son killed at the battle of Friedland, in 1807, who must, therefore, have been born, at the very least, ninety-three years ago. The local doctor, Dr. Bonne, believes in her; but we notice that she is practically supported by popular curiosity about her age, and has, therefore, every temptation to exaggerate. As she has her certificates, which could not have been forged, the real question is one of identity. Is she the person to whom the certificates were given, or the daughter, or a much younger sister? It is astounding, in cases of extreme age, when three generations of contemporaries have passed away, how inexact local evidence becomes.

The Free Library system extends slowly. Mr. John Lovell, on Wednesday week, read a paper to the Library Association, in which he showed that the Act enabling ratepayers to establish such libraries passed in 1850, but in twenty-one years only thirty-six libraries had been opened. Since 1871, however, progress had been more rapid, and there were now one hundred and thirteen communities possessing free libraries, and seventy-nine of them which publish exact returns have among them 2,344,736 volumes, an average of 30,000 volumes each. The books, moreover, are greatly in demand, though the passion for fiction is still unabated, the issue of novels never being less than fifty-six per cent. of the whole, and rising in places to seventy-seven per cent. The building difficulty is still great, and there is a dispute about the best kind of building, many librarians, we regret to see, being in favour of a division between the library proper and the reading-room. That is convenient for them, but all experience shows that the presence of books in masses tempts to reading. Nothing is more dreary or depressing than a reading-room looking like an exaggerated class-room without books.

Bank Rate, 3½ per cent.
Consols were on Friday 100¾ to 100⅞.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S HOLIDAY.

WE are not much interested, we confess, in the romances which the journalists of the Continent are pouring out about Mr. Gladstone's rapid visit to Copenhagen. Those romances would be curious as illustrations of the credulity of experts, were the sincerity of their authors certain; but it is not certain. The Jew speculators in *arbitrages*, who own or control most Continental newspapers, are very fond of putting out "tentatives" which may flutter the Markets, and their employés are just now as hard up as the *Times* for something of interest to say. They are dreadfully bored with Tonquin, and negotiations about places more obscure than if they were in Central Africa; they are not allowed to gossip much about their own foreign affairs; and a little wild talk about Mr. Gladstone, and his possible intention of inducing Russia and Denmark to help France in counteracting Germany, amuses their readers' imaginations. It is a dull time, and a little latitude must be allowed. Nor do we care greatly, we confess, to know what dress the Czar wears when he calls on Mr. Gladstone, or how Mr. Gladstone bowed when royal people not so big as the Czar followed up the gangway in his wake. A Liberal may confide even in his leader's manners. Mr. Gladstone has not been a great figure in the world for thirty years without learning international etiquette, or understanding the ceremonial courtesies of which Lord Beaconsfield would in the same position have been so unctuously profuse. The importance of this voyage in the 'Pembroke Castle' to our minds consists in this,—that such things should be telegraphed, that newspaper proprietors should spend hundreds to obtain such details, that, in short, the body of Englishmen should be so interested in Mr. Gladstone's personality. It is quite clear they are interested. They follow him with their minds round the coast, and through the islands, and over the sea, and drink in all details about him with a quenchless avidity. Pacing the deck at sea, or praising Mr. Tennyson to Orcadians, or entertaining a cuddyful of Kings in the harbour of Copenhagen, the people find Mr. Gladstone always their most interesting object. They care very little about other Ministers, do not notice Lord Hartington's wanderings, ask for no report of that really curious scene, Lord Granville hobnobbing with M. Waddington and the "Marquis" Tseng together, and deciding in chitchat on the destiny of Tonquin; and, we suspect, are not greatly excited because Mr. Chamberlain has been studying Highland crofters. They cannot take their eyes off Mr. Gladstone. To them, he is the Ministry, the Government, the State, almost concrete and incarnate. That is a very remarkable phenomenon in politics, and one which, while everybody is waiting till the Empress-Mother at Pekin can make up her mind, is worth a moment's observation.

The *Times* says it is all due to Mr. Gladstone's special personality, that a certain quality of homeliness in him attracts the sympathy of millions to whom his genius would be unintelligible; and, of course, that is in part true. Mr. Gladstone attracts the domestic as Lord Beaconsfield attracted the grandiose side of the national character, and is admired by millions because they feel that he is like themselves, yet greater than themselves, which, because it justifies themselves to themselves, is pleasant and attractive; but is there not something more? Attraction of that kind, if it is so strong, should be permanent; and Mr. Gladstone was at his very best and noblest when the mob were kicking the Police, in their desire to force an entrance through his door, and when no counter-mob rose up in his defence. It seems to us that there is a more permanent cause at work; that we shall see many successors to Mr. Gladstone, though, perhaps, none like him; that the Democracy, as it grows freer, is instinctively remodelling the Executive, and making for itself a King. The feeling of an aristocracy is always for a Cabinet which, like itself, worships prudence, and if circumstances are favourable, as in Venice, and under the system which prevailed in England from 1750 to 1832, it will trust a Cabinet with all power; but the feeling of a Democracy is for a Committee, regulated by an individual of more directly popular choice. That is the root, we take it, of the tendency, whenever Monarchy is overthrown, to fall back on the Presidential system, or to vest a single man with a Premiership such as the Venetians carefully avoided, and our own borough-owners always disliked. They were for the Duke of Newcastle, or the Duke of Portland, or Lord Liverpool, while the people recognised only Chatham, or Pitt, or Fox. We do not mean, as is so often alleged, that the tendency of the people is to Cæsarism. That method of expressing democracy, though it has found favour with Southern Europeans, has never shown itself able to attract men of the Teutonic race, who feel helpless and bewildered when deprived of the protection of law, and cultivate legends of obedience to it shown by the powerful rather than legends of successful attempts to break loose from its bonds. No Cæsar has arisen in Germany, or America, or England, even in times of the wildest danger and commotion, though Henry VIII. for a time nearly occupied the position. We mean that the Democracy, liking law, and liking, too, to see all things discussed by its own representatives, likes also to place a controlling or regulating power in a single man whom it can call rapidly and certainly to account. It is not sure of the Committee, cannot follow its action closely, and prefers to heap responsibility upon a person. That this is so in America is admitted on all hands, for the Presidentship is the organisation adopted even in managing municipalities or business undertakings; it has been so in France, whenever France was free; and in England, it has been marked throughout the last twenty-eight years,—that is, from the accession of Lord Palmerston. Throughout that time, no secession from the Cabinet or from the Ministry has made any perceptible difference. Men go and men come, sometimes great men; but while the chief remains unchanged, the party feels no shock, and the nation takes little notice. It is "Mr. Gladstone's Government," not the Government of a Whig or Radical Cabinet.

The danger of such a method of Government, the people, as it were, putting one man above the statesmen, and in a sense above Parliament, is patent; but the solidity it gives to the system is much less apparent or noticed. Yet that solidity is very real. The preference for Lord Palmerston, or Lord Beaconsfield, or Mr. Gladstone, restores to the State many of the advantages attributed to the old Kingship. Every Minister is obliged in the England of to-day to take counsel of a chief who acts as nexus of a group which otherwise might become either contentious or disunited. Mere popularity is not enough to make a subordinate Minister free. The party itself has to reckon with a leader whom it cannot override or change, and who can, therefore, give to its counsels that consistency and patience which democracies are always supposed to lack. The majority cannot wander away after some new idea, because it cannot carry its chief with it, and will not abandon him. Governments in England are said, especially abroad, to change so frequently that it is impossible to arrange alliances, or to pursue any settled scheme of international policy; and in a sense that is true, but the limits of change are made by the new system extraordinarily narrow. Parties go in and out, but practically for thirty years there have been but three statesmen in England with power to dictate foreign policy, and they have only changed with each other; while upon any subject on which the three were agreed—as, for example, on the value of an *entente cordiale* with France—there has been no change at all. No King or Emperor could have restrained a people from wandering on that point more effectually than a succession of "popular favourites" has done, and this whether in power or out of it. The "mobility" and "emotionalness" of democracy have not been apparent in that matter at all; on the contrary, consistency has almost been overstrained, and the reason is that through the whole period the same three men have led the people, and whether in power or out of it, have on this subject never swerved. We have lost, no doubt, something by their unquestioned ascendancy. In a Cabinet presided over by any one of the three, the remaining Ministers must lose, and do lose, something of original force, of individual courage, of power to lead the people by their opinions; but in return, we gain in steadiness, in deliberateness, and in persistency of action. We will not decide whether the gain is greater than the loss, but two data for decision certainly exist. One is that the gain, whatever its positive value, is precisely of the kind which it is asserted will most benefit and correct the master-evil of democracy,—its fluidity. The other is that history, on the whole, is on the side of the arrangement. The best argument we know of for kingship of the old kind, the effective and not the ceremonial kind, is the extraordinary absence of contempt for it among the statesmen whom it strained. They could not be deceived about it, as a populace might be; they saw it close, and often at its worst; they suffered from it perpetually; yet, while often hating or despising the individual

king, they have almost to a man recognised in the institution some great advantage; and when obliged, as in America and France, to dispense with it, have replaced it by something as near to it as they dared. They felt the necessity in executive matters, or when adopting policies, or when taking an initiative of any kind, of a final, yet individual referee, not exactly one of themselves. Under a declining kingship, and with the popular will acting almost too directly, we in England are gaining such a referee from the special position which popular favour allots to each successive Premier, and which makes of him something more than the chief member of the Cabinet, and nearest representative of the Throne. We suspect that the habit of singling out one man as the depositary of public confidence will continue, and that the Cabinet of the future in which there is no such man will evoke very little party loyalty, and no national enthusiasm. A Government in which all were equal would be an invisible Government, and no invisible Government has ever yet attracted the Democracy.

THE REVOLUTION IN BULGARIA.

THE very worst thing that could happen to Eastern Europe would be a cordial agreement between the Romanoffs and the Hapsburgs. There could be but one basis for such an agreement, and that would be a partition of the Balkan peninsula, as injurious to the world as the partition of Poland. In the present state of Russian and German opinion, the Romanoffs have not the power of surrendering their reversionary title to Constantinople, or the Hapsburgs of giving up their claim to spread southwards to Salonica, the Russians holding that Constantinople is theirs on religious grounds, and the Germans that the trading wealth for which they sigh must come with entrance into Asiatic waters. Salonica in German hands would be, they think, the emporium of Asiatic Turkey. The only basis of agreement, therefore, would be a division under which Bosnia, Servia, Montenegro, Macedonia, and Greece would fall to Austria, and Roumania, Bulgaria, East Roumelia, and Constantinople, to Russia. Such an agreement, it is known, has been discussed; it has the approval of many Austrian and Russian statesmen, and it was, we believe, almost publicly endorsed by the Austrian Heir-Apparent. It would be a fatal blow to Eastern Europe. The South Slavs would lose all chance of liberty, and of their natural development; while Greece would become a German *enclave*, with her aspirations ended, and her people forced at every turn to consider the wishes of a Power which they regard as leaden. Their natural genius would be as completely stifled as that of Italy under Austrian domination. By sea and land equally, they would be at the mercy of Vienna. None of the new provinces, Russian or Austrian, could be leniently governed, for none would be contented, and all would be subjected to a terrible conscription; while the chronic suspicion which divides Austria and Russia, and makes the whole East a field of intrigue, would only be accentuated. The frontiers of the two Empires would march for eleven hundred miles with no natural barrier between them, and life on the border would become life in a camp.

We are not sorry, therefore, to believe that the chance of agreement is at present very small, and watch the duel of intrigue now going on in the former territories of Turkey with no wish, except that it may continue until both Powers have so wearied out the population that the only arrangement consistent with freedom, a Federation of the Balkan, shall be the aspiration of Slav and Greek alike; and the peoples of the peninsula, suffering from similar dangers and similar oppressions, shall begin to feel as if they were a nation with common interests to defend. Just now, the duel always going on has become momentarily visible, and the Russian Government is supposed to have scored a hit. For some time past, the advantages have all been upon the Austrian side. To begin with, the Hapsburgs obtained a European sanction to their occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, that is, to the richest potentially of all the territories in dispute. Then they acquired some hold over Montenegro, which has never been explained, but which undoubtedly led the Prince to restrain his subjects in the dispute about the right to raise conscripts in the Crivoschie. Again, they conciliated King Milano of Servia till they could rely on the neutrality, if not the obedience of that State; and finally, they induced the Roumanian Government to sue for admission into the German-Austrian alliance, and Prince Alexander of Bulgaria to plan the removal of his Russian advisers, preparatory to the same step. Those were important advantages, but they were less solid than they seemed. The Hapsburgs are less hated in Roumania than the Romanoffs, who are considered there, since the Treaty of Berlin, both arrogant and ungrateful, but everywhere else in Old Turkey they are either dreaded or detested. They could not take a plébiscite anywhere. The Greeks fear them beyond reason, and the South Slavs regard them as the instruments of two hostile castes. In Bosnia, in Servia, in both Bulgarias, in Macedonia, and in Greece successful Austrian advance is regarded with a horror far exceeding the nevertheless strong distaste for the advance of Russia. The Russian Foreign Office, which is not nearly so much afraid of popular movements as is sometimes fancied in the West, has taken advantage of this state of opinion, and is everywhere exhibiting itself in the character of protector of the rights of the mass of the community. In Servia, Russia favours the advocates of a new and far more democratic constitution; and in Bulgaria, she demands the restoration of the suspended liberties of the people. Prince Alexander, when, two years ago, he assumed all powers, promised to use his powers to accelerate improvement in Bulgaria; and had he kept his word would, we still believe, have been far more popular than the Liberals. He had, however, overrated his own capacity, and the discontent is so great that but for Russian support the Bulgarians would dismiss him, and either elect a totally new Prince, or call Prince Vogorides, the administrator of Eastern Roumelia, to the throne. The Russian Government, therefore, convinced that its influence was waning, and suspecting the Prince of readiness to cast in his lot with the German alliance, offered Prince Alexander the alternative of restoring the Constitution or facing his people alone,—that is, of a successful revolution. As he is unwilling to depart, and, it is said, strongly recommended both from Berlin and Vienna not to abdicate, he has yielded, and on the 19th inst. issued a proclamation recalling the Assembly, and appointing the Liberal Chief, M. Zankoff, once more Premier. The Liberals, who have recovered power, and who are very bitter against Prince Alexander for his *coup d'état*, are, of course, grateful to St. Petersburg; and, for the time, Austrian influence is defeated, and Russian is in the ascendant. Russia has no more "annexed" Bulgaria than she has annexed Montenegro, but she has broken the authority of the "Germanising" Prince, and has prevented a Balkan State from entering the German-Austrian alliance.

This victory is considered a grand counter-stroke, and in one way so it is; but, like the Austrian victories, it is purchased at a price, an extension of popular suspicion and distrust. The Bulgarians do not want to be Russian, any more than the Servians want to be Austrian. The Slavs want to govern themselves in their own way, even if that way involves, as it certainly did in Bulgaria, temporary muddling. They distrust their Princes, and the Powers behind them, more and more, though they are conscious for the present that they cannot openly resist them. The feeling deepens, and becomes stronger with every new intrigue, until it may be taken as certain that if the people of the Balkans were free from the dread of military occupation, they would send Austrian and Russian away alike, dismiss their Princes, and organise themselves into a loosely coherent Federated Republic. To have created such a feeling is not a successful result of diplomacy and intrigue, and although the feeling is not, of course, as yet executive, it must in the end produce action. The people are getting politically educated. They are all learning soldiership of a much stricter kind than their old militia training. They are all beginning to perceive that the Princes have other objects than the welfare of the people. And finally, they are all learning that from Bucharest to Athens every man in what was once European Turkey has common external interests, and may, if he pleases, help every other. All that tends towards common action, which we may live to see begin, just as we lived to see it in Italy, where the jealousies, rivalries, and differences among the States were at least as strong, and seemed even more insuperable. The Balkan States are not more overshadowed by their neighbours than the Italian States were, and from the character of their people would find insurrection easier. Meanwhile, neither Austria nor Russia gains anything, for their strength is not increased by the extension of "influence" over distrusted Princes and populations which regard their efforts to advance only with apprehension. Either Power would gain more by securing the cordial adhesion of a single State, than it does by all its astute and tortuous diplomacy.

GETTING UP THE STEAM.

THE Conservatives are getting up the steam for the work of the autumn, and Mr. James Lowther's shrill speech at Maryport on Wednesday may be regarded as a kind of premonitory whistle, intended to inform the world that the dead season is drawing to a close, and that the party machine is about to start again. It would be unfair to Mr. Lowther to speak of him as exactly a representative man. He has been fifteen years in Parliament, and Lord Beaconsfield made him a Minister; but neither age nor office has had the slightest effect upon the reckless candour with which, from the time when he invented Obstruction down to his latest appearances as the avowed champion of Protection, he has proclaimed his own opinions and defied the party managers. What the mass of his political associates only think, Mr. Lowther says openly; what they whisper in the safe seclusion of their clubs and caucuses, he publishes upon the house-tops. Every one, however, will acknowledge that there is not to be found in the ranks of his party a better partisan, and when Liberals wish to know the worst that is said or believed of them by their opponents, it is to Mr. Lowther's speeches that they turn instinctively. From this point of view, his latest effort must be pronounced full and instructive. His Maryport oration is a long and unbroken catena of damnatory epithets. The hostility and disaffection of the Irish were, he asserts, never so marked. At no period had the business of Parliament been in such a discreditable state as it was last Session. Millions had been voted away without discussion in a thin House in the month of August, and on a Sunday morning. Mr. Lowther himself had vainly protested against this unexampled sacrilege, but it was carried through, "amid disorderly interruptions, initiated and encouraged by the Treasury Bench, and participated in by the Prime Minister himself." (This picture of Mr. Gladstone hounding on his followers to an unconstitutional use of the Sabbath is in Mr. Lowther's best manner, and is sure to be imitated freely by inferior artists.) The new Rules and the Grand Committees were an "egregious failure." "It was being acknowledged by everybody, except the Prime Minister, that the system of devolution was as rank and signal a failure as the rest of the policy of the Government." He was not prepared to say that there was "any great harm" in the Agricultural Holdings Bill, but what faith could the farmers have in a Ministry which had by means of "discreditable quibbles" evaded the law against the importation of diseased foreign cattle? Abroad, the Government had abandoned the "traditional policy" of England, which was to maintain a cordial alliance with the "old Conservative Powers" of Central Europe. In Colonial matters they were still more at sea, and the restoration of Cetewayo (described in the Lowther dialect as the "sending back of the dusky warrior to the scene of his former iniquities") had been "fraught with disastrous consequences to our empire." Mr. Lowther's comprehensive survey at last brought him to the field of domestic politics, but we need not follow him further. His speech was pitched in the same key from first to last, the moral of the whole being that it is the one duty of Conservatives to strain every nerve to compass the speedy downfall of a Government whose follies and failures are unredeemed by even the faintest trace of patriotism or statesmanship.

Mr. Lowther's invective, barren and wearisome as it is, is worth noticing, for two reasons. In the first place, it shows how extremely difficult the abler Conservatives find the task of justifying and explaining the intense bitterness which they and their followers feel for Mr. Gladstone and his Government. No one who reads Mr. Lowther's speech can doubt either the genuineness of his aversion for the Cabinet whose enormities he denounces, or the strength of his desire to convince both himself and his hearers that things are really as bad as he makes them out to be. He is so angry, that a measured and reasoned attack would afford him no satisfaction, and, in order to sustain his passion at its proper level, he is obliged to take refuge in indiscriminate and transparently hollow abuse. No one, for instance, knows better than Mr. Lowther that last Session produced a more than average crop of useful legislation. An admission to that effect would not be at all inconsistent with his character as a stout and unbending partisan. But it would be inconsistent with the accepted Tory maxim that nothing succeeds, even by accident, under the evil auspices of the present Government, and Mr. Lowther therefore boldly declares, and doubtless tries to believe, that the business of Parliament was "never in such a discreditable state." Many Conservatives, again, bore witness in the House of Commons to the excellent results which attended the reference of the Bankruptcy Bill to a Grand Committee. It was Mr. Lowther, if we remember right, who once declared these Committees to be a copy of the Birmingham Caucus, and predicted that they would double the time spent in the consideration of a Bill. Be that as it may, he is not content to express his own dissatisfaction with the new forms of Procedure, but must needs assert, in direct contradiction to the testimony of Members on his own side, that the system of devolution is acknowledged by everybody to be as "rank a failure as the rest of the policy of the Ministry." The same falsetto tone pervades the whole of Mr. Lowther's speech. Everything must be wrong, under the worst possible of Governments. To admit that in a single instance it had shown wisdom or courage, or even been smiled upon by fortune, would be to allow a fatal exception to the general principle to which, by the central law of its being, all its history must conform. If the facts fail to shape themselves as the theory requires, they are quietly ignored, or audaciously perverted. In all this, Mr. Lowther only gives exaggerated expression, as is his wont, to the prevailing temper of his party. They are angry beyond measure with the Government, more angry than ever since fortune, which was so long adverse to it, began to set decisively in its favour; and finding the country unsympathetic and contented, they try at once to justify and to stimulate their passion by artificial denunciations of imaginary crimes.

Mr. Lowther's speech is worth attention in another way, as illustrating the lines upon which the Tory leaders seem determined to carry on their campaign. It will be observed that he offers the country nothing as the reward of the struggle to which he invites it, except relief from the present Government. The Tories, who either never read, or have very quickly forgotten the Midlothian speeches, are convinced almost to a man that Lord Beaconsfield was talked out of office by eloquent abuse. The same simple belief in the efficacy of Mr. Gladstone's methods, independently of Mr. Gladstone himself, which sustains Sir Stafford Northcote every autumn in his weary pilgrimage from platform to platform, leads Mr. Lowther and the lesser orators of the party to give themselves up entirely to invective. They forget how large a part of Mr. Gladstone's speeches was purely constructive, and how many of the measures that have been or will be passed by the present Parliament were inscribed on the programme which he persuaded the country to adopt. They forget, too, that the nation condemned the legislative impotence of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, no less heartily than its pernicious activity abroad. It would, of course, be idle to expect the Conservatives, whose opportunity will come, if ever, in some fit of popular exhaustion like that of 1874, to throw away their best chance, by promising large changes in the Constitution and the Law. But, unless we are mistaken, they will find it no less difficult to attract the sympathy of the people by mere negations than to destroy their confidence in Mr. Gladstone's Government by insincere and hysterical abuse.

THE FILLING-UP OF THE WORLD.

IT is a great pity we cannot have another world hooked on to this one, to be explored and settled. There is plenty of spare force and enterprise to do the work, it would be very interesting; and if a few lives were consumed in the great task, their biographers are both ready and willing. The planet Earth grows small. It is not peopled yet, though it is being peopled at a prodigious rate, till a couple of centuries hence New York State may be a little China, and Queensland a somewhat crowded region; but it is already occupied very nearly. This Tonquin affair brings home, to those who think, the fact that the epoch of Colony-founding, which has lasted three hundred years—ever since men discovered America, and realised fully that the world was a little ball, gyrating in Space—and which has been marked by such magnificent and such cruel episodes, has very nearly ended. The day of conquest is not over, has possibly hardly begun, for science is becoming a religion, and when once that religion is believed, the lot of the inferior races will be a hard one; but the day of colonies proper seems to be almost over. Not only has discovery so nearly reached its limit that even dreamers cease to fancy new islands or unseen continents discoverable, but the regions fit to grow nations are all taken, mostly by Englishmen, although Englishmen, according to themselves, unlike their rivals, have no ambition, are the

most domestic of peoples, and never annex. The Portuguese have a noble slice of the world, a territory which will one day sustain a hundred millions,—not of Portuguese; the Spaniards own country after country,—a round dozen of magnificent States which one day will have histories; but the English have the remainder, and among these three peoples unoccupied Earth is now a property, surveyed and fenced in. If France or Germany wished ever so much to found a new France or a new Germany outside her own borders, it could not be done. Either might conceivably conquer a place fit for future greatness, as, for example, Brazil, where a handful of many-coloured people bar out mankind from one of its richest possessions; but of lands to be obtained without conquest, by settlement, or by short wars with savages, there are practically none left. Europe is occupied, as we all know; not an inch which is not fenced off by a civilised State, armed with the terrible modern power of pouring out a lead spray to a distance of a thousand yards, through which nothing living may burst. Asia, besides being over half its expanse choked with people, is held throughout by legal title by States ready to defend their rights. Even the huge Valley of the Amour is a property, and though Asia Minor will some day be repeopled by invaders who will restore its marvellous fertility, it is to-day one of the Turkish ruined estates. Except an island or two in the Eastern Archipelago, there is nothing to take on which men of the higher races could settle and expect to flourish. A group or two in the Pacific await the colonist, but can never attract him; but the only unoccupied island of grand magnitude, New Guinea, is virtually occupied. We English are very virtuous just now, a good deal overloaded, and much bothered by believing two systems of morality at once; but if anybody touches New Guinea, we shall help Australia to fight for it, as we should fight for the Scilly Isles. In Africa, all that can be profitably settled is gone. Madagascar, though not full, is full enough to defend itself; North Africa belongs to the French, South Africa to the English; and from the Chotts, which are to be made a sea, down to the Zambesi, there is no place where a great colony could be founded. There are provinces badly defended, and deltas occupied only by savages, and lacustrine regions scarcely peopled, but they are none of them available for colonies. Either they are too secluded, like the last-named, or too full, like the North-West Coast, or too deadly, like the Valley of the Niger. France, and England, and Portugal, and even Belgium, are nibbling at bits of the African continent; but it is with an idea of trading, or at most of making sugar plantations, not of settling or founding States. A single American State has more potentialities in it than all the lands that Europe has been trying for three centuries to steal upon the West-African seaboard. There remain only the two Americas, and practically the English and their American children, with the Spaniards and the Portuguese, claim and possess them both by legal title. There are not a thousand square miles anywhere which Prince Bismarck could mark on a map and say, "This shall be mine." It is true there are rich, unoccupied regions which would hold all Germany, or all Europe for that matter; but the Prince could not say Brazil shall be a new Germany, or the back region of Peru a Prussia. Not only would their owners fight for the lands they cannot fill, or even explore, but the new Power which even Bismarck will not irritate, the Power which adds two thousand men a day to its fighting strength, regards those vast and rich desolations as its reversionary heritage, and would quite calmly, but quite finally forbid a German descent. There is practically no land anywhere any more for a great new colony. Every land is either filled, or occupied, or held by possessors who look forward reasonably or otherwise to future occupation, and who are protected either, like the Australians, by sufficient force, or, like the Brazilians, by world-wide laws, which, till a strong necessity arrives, cannot be burst through.

This is a considerable change in the position of the World, and one which may produce considerable results. For one thing, it may produce conquests. We English, clothed to the chin in territories and buried over the lips in subjects, hold conquest to be immoral, and Belgians and Danes agree with us; but the great races of Earth for the most part either reject the theory, or accept it only in words. Germany is goodness itself, but she does not give back Lorraine, and is urging Austria to conquer the Balkan peninsula. The French Republic is peace, but Frenchmen have not a scruple about Tonquin, took Tunis with hardly a colourable pretext—nobody has since even seen a Kroumir—and would conquer China to-morrow, but for the cost and the reluctance of the conscripts to leave France. Our own descendants, unless they alter greatly, will swallow Mexico, whenever it is convenient; and when they want Brazil will treat the Portuguese sovereignty as the paper claim which, indeed, in verity it is. The close of the Colony-making period will not, unless Europe loses its energy or increases in scrupulousness, tend to peace; and that will not be the only result. The absence of new grooves for emigration drives emigrants to the old ones, and among the old ones they choose by preference one or two. Emigration becomes a vast descent, a cascade of European humanity upon North America, which is therefore filling at a portentous rate. It is seventeen years since an able historian, who had been slowly traversing the Far West, pondering much, instead of buying land, told us that the thing which struck him most was that emigration on the great scale was a temporary phenomenon, an affair of a century or so; that the Union was filling, that jealous competition had begun, and that in a few years, as historians count time, the foreigner would be warned off. His prophecy is not fulfilled yet, but already in the Union the authorities send back paupers because their own are too many; already the workmen suffer from competition; already they ask if it may not be this rush from abroad which makes Trade-Unionism impossible, and so steadily, as the Washington Commissioners of Inquiry report this week, sends down wages. The unoccupied lands check the fall, by drawing off the able-bodied; but they also are being occupied, they, though they relieve pressure, increase the natural increment of the population, and already the end is growing faintly visible. The American people complain of over-work—complain truly, in most trades, according to English ideas—and it looks as if the painful destiny of mankind, suspended in North America for a second of time—for what is a century in history but a second?—were overtaking the race there too. That destiny throughout all history has been to work all day, every day, in order to keep alive, with capital punishment at the end of the life's toil. It would be a wretched destiny, were this life all; but no race has escaped it, and it is falling fast upon ours, though they inherited so rich and wide-spread an estate. As America fills, and wages fall, and the land is taken up, immigration must decline; and Europe must face—like China—her social problem, her difficulty of feeding all, even when all are industrious, without help from that enormous relief. The able and the discontented will perforce stay at home, and millions, all educated, may find life such a struggle as they find it now in Stepney, where on Monday fifteen hundred workmen, in fierce distress, resolved in public meeting that the waste lands of England ought to be devoted to them. They will sow wheat on the Strand rather than be so poor, and are so ardent that they half believe the Strand would yield a crop.

THE TRADES' UNIONS AND THE LAND.

THE debate and division on the Land Question at the Trades' Union Congress is, in two respects, encouraging. It showed that the English workman prefers what seems to him a practicable scheme, to one of larger proportions which does not strike him as practicable. A Continental workingman would have despised such a motion as that brought forward by Mr. Arch, when he was appealed to at the same time by so magnificent a phrase as the "Nationalisation of Land." But the Delegates at Nottingham thought that they understood what reclamation of waste stood for, whereas they did not understand even dimly what nationalisation of land stood for, and they preferred the lesser boon to the greater. The other encouraging thing is the little attention that seems to have been paid to any suggestion of confiscation. Mr. Arch and the Delegates generally were not very clear as to what they wanted done, or how they hoped to do it; but they had no conscious wish to rob any other class. Probably one reason why reclamation was more popular than nationalisation was that the workmen assumed that waste lands were no man's property, and thought that they might be appropriated without dishonesty.

But when these two merits have been conceded, all that is due in the way of praise has been given. Nothing could be more visionary than a great deal of what was said, though at intervals it was relieved by a gleam of strong common-sense. Thus, Mr. Knight, of Newcastle, saw quite clearly that nationalisation of land would mean the abolition of private property in land, for the poor as well as for the rich. Thousands of working-men, he said, possess freehold property purchased with their savings; and what is to become of this, if

the nationalisation of land is carried out? It is sincerely to be hoped that before the scheme comes to be seriously debated—if that time ever does come—the number of workmen who have bought land will have increased tenfold. If that were the case, we should have no fear that the experiment of nationalisation would ever be tried. It is the men who have not got land, not the men who have got it, who want to make the State the universal landlord. For the most part, however, the speeches wanted this healthy admixture of common-place; and this is as true of those made in favour of Mr. Arch's comparatively moderate motion, as of those made in support of Mr. Rowland's amendment. For example, what is the worth of such a statement as this,—that the waste lands of the country, if cultivated, would yield £100,000,000 worth of wholesome food. Mr. Arch forgets that when a Royal Commission says that ten million acres now lying waste are capable of cultivation, this is not at all the same thing as saying they are capable of profitable tillage by an occupying owner. Yet if reclamation is to involve all that Mr. Arch supposes, this is what "capable of cultivation" must stand for. It is not enough that the wholesome food should be produced in the shape of sheep or cattle. The land reformer of Mr. Arch's type is commonly as severe on the capitalist who raises stock, as on the capitalist who prefers to keep his land wild. The labourer must be planted on the soil, and left to support himself by cultivating just the five or ten acres which would give him a living return for his labour. We should not envy the man who was told to make Surrey sand produce £10 an acre, if he had nothing but his own arms to bring about the result.

Again, we should greatly like to know how Mr. Arch arrives at his conclusion that protection to the sitting tenant would give £87,000,000 more value from the soil of England than is to be had under the system of merely compensating the outgoing tenant. Why eighty-seven millions, neither more nor less? Why not ninety, or eighty, or even eighty-five? Why, again, should Mr. Arch suppose that the constant object of a landlord is to get rid of an improving tenant? Yet, on his reading of the effects of the Agricultural Holdings Act, this is what the majority of landlords must have in view. Mr. Arch assumes that as soon as a tenant has "made his home on a farm in bad condition, and by skill, industry, and the expenditure of capital, raised the productiveness of the soil," the landlord will at once raise the rent, and so force the tenant either to forego the value of his improvements, or to break up his home. Surely he forgets that the landlord will have no motive for acting in this way, since if the tenant does break up his home, his landlord will have to pay him the full value of all the improvements he has made. We greatly doubt whether the Agricultural Holdings Act, either in its present form, or in the form that Mr. Arch would give to it, will produce any appreciable results of an economical kind,—will, that is, add in any large way to the total produce of British fields. It will remedy a little actual injustice, and some possible or apprehended injustice, and make tenants happier, which is a good thing, but that will be all. And the reason is that in most parts of England improvements are still made by the landlord, and until farmers undergo a very great change will continue to be made by him, or not to be made at all. The slowness of landlords to spend money is nothing to the slowness of tenants. We do not mean that there is not a good deal to be done in the way of a reform in the English Land system. But the effect of each particular change will be slight in itself, and not observable, perhaps, until some time afterwards. The notion that there is land enough to employ 100,000 townsmen crying out for some one to cultivate it, and 100,000 townsmen only asking for land to cultivate, is altogether a delusion. We can imagine nothing more wretched than the lot of a townsman set down to till a hungry and ungrateful soil, and to make a livelihood by doing so. Unless he was sentenced to do it by way of punishment, it would be impossible to keep him at work after the harvest of the first year had informed him of the character of the soil, and of the chances of the tiller. There is such a thing as putting more into land than it is possible to get out of it. Mr. Arch's townsmen might be protected against this temptation, by not having what is wanted to be put in; but if they were not in this predicament, they would in many cases be only wasting their labour, and any capital they might have in addition. Whatever the merit of high farming—and it is slowly being abandoned as too risky for the small percentage it returns—it is quite certain that high farming is not what peasant proprietors will ever try.

RAILWAYS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

In his famous essay on "The Social Organism," Mr. Herbert Spencer traces an analogy between the organs which in a highly-organised animal convey the blood to the parts requiring to be fed, and the channels in which, in a highly-organised community, the commodities and money which are the life-blood of the State are distributed amongst its various divisions. The Railway System, with its double lines and its continuous flow of traffic to and fro, are in a nation what the arteries and veins are in the body. As the blood is the life, it is of the highest importance that the channels by which it is conveyed should be in as healthy and perfect a state as possible, and should perform their functions with the greatest possible ease and regularity. The condition of our Railways is, then, one of the most important elements in determining whether the general condition of our national life is sound or otherwise. In this view, among the most interesting documents of the year are the General Reports of the Board of Trade on Railways, of which that for 1882 was issued on Saturday week. This Report deals only with the financial aspect of Railway Companies. But not only is this perhaps the most interesting side to most people, but it is also the most easily ascertained and best test of their general condition. If it is true that good finance is the essence of good politics in the State, it is still truer in the case of Railway Companies. It is satisfactory, therefore, not only to Railway shareholders, but to the public in general, that the Report shows an eminently prosperous condition of Railway finance.

In a year in which commerce and agriculture certainly did not advance by hops and bounds, there is an increase nearly all round. There is a very slight decrease, equal to $\frac{1}{20}$th of a penny a mile, in net earnings per mile, and $\frac{1}{5}$th per cent. on the net earnings on capital, as compared with 1881; but as the dividends paid showed an increase of nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., it is obvious that the reduction is more apparent than real. On the other hand, there is an increase of about 3 per cent. in capital, in gross receipts, in working expenses, and in net earnings. The increase in working expenses is the most unfavourable item in the Railway budget. There is ample room for reduction here, and the growth in a year in which materials and labour were comparatively cheap rather tends to show that the Staff is either too large or too highly paid. It is probable that the Boards of Directors and the ornamental portions of Railway administration, like those in the State, are too expensive. However, as long as the expenses do not actually outgrow the receipts, there is no great cause of complaint. When we turn to see how the receipts are made up, we find that the increase in goods traffic in 1881 is only 1 per cent., or a third less than the increase of working expenses, so that it would seem that in commodities generally the Railways were hardly paying their way. But as the actual increase in the quantities of goods carried showed a very considerable increase, there has been a reduction of rates, which is an encouraging sign that the Railways do their work more easily and smoothly than they did.

But the most salient feature of the Report is the enormous increase it shows in the receipts for the carriage of that most valuable of all commodities,—man. The fact that the increase is wholly due to the increase of third-class passenger traffic, is one of the most gratifying proofs we could have had of the increase of general prosperity in the country. The total increase in passenger receipts was at the rate of 4 per cent., but as there was a decrease in first and second-class receipts, the actual rate of third-class increase was nearly 7 per cent. As far as regards first and second-class passengers, the receipts in 1882 are £70,000 less than the year before. But the increase of more than a million in third-class receipts far more than outweighs that slight falling-off. The falling-off of first and second-class passengers shows, of course, that a certain proportion of the gain to third-class fares is caused by the richer classes travelling at the cheaper rate. That of itself marks a very considerable improvement in the accommodation offered to third-class passengers. When the Midland Railway first set the example of throwing open all its trains to third-class passengers, there were not a few Railway magnates who anticipated that the innovation would lead the Companies down the broad and easy road to falling dividends and general failure. Many prophesied that in a year or two the Midland itself would have to abandon the experiment as a mistake. Mr. Allport and his Directors may now boast not only that their commercial enterprise was guided by the most sagacious foresight, but that they have conferred a great

benefit on themselves, on their competitors, and above all, on the public.

The northern lines have been the most diligent in catering for third-class passengers, and they have been rewarded by the results. Now that decent carriages are provided, it is found not only that decently-behaved people travel in them, but that there is a considerable improvement in the demeanour of those who used to behave themselves indecently. Near London and on some of the southern lines, the names of which will occur to every one, the third-class passengers are still carried about in narrow vans, more like cattle-pens than carriages, draughty, yet ill-ventilated, without any attempt at comfort or cleanliness, generally crowded, not only to the excess authorised by the Company's own rules, but far beyond it, and often at extravagant rates. The result is that people being treated like beasts sometimes behave as such, and a third-class carriage in the neighbourhood of London is too often more like the commonest of common lodging-houses than a place intended for the reception of respectable members of society. It is extraordinary that these Companies refuse to profit by experience, and do not in their own interests, if not in those of the public, provide decent accommodation for the people who, after all, like the Irish pigs, are "the boys that pay the rint." Unless some unexpected revolution in our industrial organisation should take place, these lines cannot expect to realise the profits out of goods traffic made by the northern lines. But the figures of third-class passenger traffic are seemingly capable of indefinite extension. The mere acquisition of the habit of locomotion would be an immense benefit to our agricultural population. It would materially awaken their intelligence, as well as enlarge their experiences. It would tend to that ideal condition of things postulated by the political economist, in which labour is always on the flow from where it is least wanted to where it is most wanted,—a postulate sadly out of harmony with the present facts of English rural life. One is inclined to wonder whether the disinclination to improve the third-class passenger accommodation is not due in part to a fear of thus awakening the intelligence and energy of the masses. It no doubt would tend to make them more homogeneous, to make them more easily able to combine, and thus to raise the agricultural labourer out of the dependent condition in which he now is. Whatever the reason may be, the disregard now shown for the goose who has demonstrated his capacity for laying golden eggs is almost criminal to the shareholders, and a gross neglect of duty towards the public, which has entrusted the Companies with the monopoly in their districts of the function of distribution. Perhaps this Report will open the eyes of the blind, and make them see that their own interests are identical with that of the poorer classes of their countrymen. The reform must come, and it is for the interests of every one that it should come as soon as possible. We incline to prophesy that it will not be long before the distinction between the classes in railway carriages will have disappeared. No doubt, there will continue to be special facilities afforded for the invalid and the duke in Pullman and drawing-room cars, and so forth. But the gradual decay of first and second-class traffic will inevitably drive the most aristocratic of Companies into abandoning a distinction which is no longer needed. The spectacle of three or four carriages in the middle of the train standing empty, while the rest are crowded to suffocation, is one which neither the public nor the railway officials themselves will long put up with. The Democracy will be as triumphant in railway as in national administration.

To turn for a moment to another matter, it is amusing, in the face of this Report, to hear the doleful laments which are sometimes sent forth on behalf of railway shareholders at the way in which they toil for the public, and yet get kicks instead of halfpence. The halfpence are forthcoming in a very plentiful supply. The ordinary rate of interest on capital in this country may be taken at 4 per cent. Of the total 283 millions of ordinary Railway capital, 198 millions receive dividends at the rate of more than 4 per cent.; while 138 millions receive more than 5 per cent., some of it receiving even 17½ per cent. It is true that 43 millions receive nothing, but 11 millions of this is represented by the unfortunate Chatham and Dover; and as 22 millions of new capital were created during the year, a large portion of the deficit is probably made up thereby. But that is not all. There are nearly 200 millions of guaranteed and preferential and debenture capital which receive more than 4 per cent., with 200 millions more which get 4 per cent. Moreover, it must be remembered that a great deal of this latter class of capital is due in past years to "a swelling of nominal capital in conversion operations," the ordinary shareholders often getting an increase of nominal capital without having to put their hands into their pockets, the amounts paid on this additional capital going really to swell the income on the previous capital. As the security of the Railway Companies, with their firmly-entrenched monopolies and certain prospect of increment with the increment of the country, is greater than that of a mortgagee of landed property, the Railway capitalist cannot justly, it would seem, be held up for our sympathy and compassion as a down-trodden being, whom a hard taskmasker robs of his wages. If Sir Edward Watkin and those of his kidney would set themselves more earnestly to the performance of their duties to the public, and let the railway shareholders' privileges take care of themselves, they would do far more than any association to protect and benefit their clients.

PROFESSOR CAYLEY'S ADDRESS.

THE Address of Professor Cayley, President for the year of the British Association, will not be much discussed, either in print or in society. Not many can descant on landscape as seen from five miles of altitude in air. Of the very few persons completely qualified to form an opinion on the merits of the address, only four or five could throw that opinion into a "popular" form,—by which, in this instance, we mean a form intelligible to the educated;—and they would think the labour almost thrown away. They would as soon explain to telegraph "operators" the mathematics of electricity. To the remainder of English mankind, the address will, we fear, be a sealed book, or rather, an intellectual puzzle at which they may be tempted to try, but the interpretation of which they know while they are trying is hopelessly beyond them. Metaphysics are to many minds repellent, and there are people otherwise intellectual to whom theology seems not only tasteless, but innutritious; but no speculations overawe and, so to speak, alarm the ordinary mind like those of the pure mathematician, when he reaches the point at which reason would not aid him, but for the light imagination throws. It is not dislike which is felt, far less contempt, but an uncomfortable awe, quite separate in kind among mental emotions, and arising, as we conceive, from a suddenly generated and distressing conviction that the hearer or reader lacks positive mental powers which other minds, no doubt exceptional, but still quite human, evidently possess. Ignorance of science is not in itself disconcerting, but there is positive discomfort among men ordinarily intelligent, but not fit to be Professors, when they hear a man of whose right to say so they cannot doubt declare that he can conceive of sentient beings living in space of one dimension, in a pure line. They know they cannot conceive it, and feel as if a geological "fault" in their minds, a want, a kind of idiotcy, had been revealed to them. This does not generate repulsion exactly, but awe so near to it that even Professor Cayley perceived it, and, with humorous cruelty, declared that in some cases "a Meeting was the individual which, in the process of evolution, must be sacrificed to the development of the race." So he sacrificed his meeting with a clear conscience, and, it must be confessed, with a completeness which left nothing to be desired. When the Professor ended, listeners' headache must, for all his lucidity of expression and careful explanation of his terminology, have been prevalent even among the mathematicians scattered amidst that audience.

But though the Address cannot be discussed, the wisdom of the Association in arranging for its delivery will, and that not in amiable terms. It will be said that, although the object of most of the papers read in the meetings of the British Association is "the advancement of Science," the use of the President's Address is a different one; that his duty is to review progress over as wide a field as he can, to indicate the line of scientific advance, and to interest the people of Great Britain in scientific inquiry. His business is to secure an audience for science, or rather to extend the audience, not to narrow it by an address the main effect of which upon its hearers was to create an impression that scientific speculation was too lofty an occupation for any but exceptional powers. "Popularisation" is a horrible phrase, but if the end of the Association is not the popularisation of science, what, it will be asked, is the use of its popularising machinery? Why does it summon all mankind to attend, and why allow those discussions, which in the main must be the comments of the half-instructed upon the

views of selected experts? The Association surely would not allow the ablest man of science in Europe to deliver the President's address, if he could or would only talk in an unknown tongue, or a tongue the grammar of which was known, and that but imperfectly, only to one section; and that is practically what Professor Cayley did. He spoke, and spoke admirably, of high mysteries, but in language so little known, that the vote of thanks proposed must have sounded a little comic, like a vote of thanks from an assemblage of deaf mutes, with a partially deaf man seated here and there, to some great pianist. It will be said that the greatest opportunity given to Science during the year, the one day when her advocates are sure of a page in the *Times* and the ear of the world, on most days closed to her disciples, is wilfully, almost perversely, thrown away. The Association will be adjured to return to common-sense and the "practical," and in future to confine the chair to men who can hold an audience rapt, or induce all Britain to consider their thoughts, if only for the day.

The objectors have much to say for themselves, and will, we suspect, prevail; and yet those who listen to them, if not they themselves, are conscious that a fallacy lurks in their plausible rebukes. Carry out their view logically, and the greatest men in Science could never be selected as Presidents of the year, or, being Presidents, must be prohibited from talking to the meetings of the deepest truths or loftiest speculations they have come across in their researches. Such truths, such speculations, must constantly be so far in advance of those attained by the majority as to be scarcely intelligible to them; and even sometimes must, as in this case, be altogether beyond their intellectual grasp. So is the idea of Space beyond the grasp of children, yet how teach astronomy without assuming the idea of Space? To limit the utterance of such speakers is to exclude truth, to proscribe knowledge, to deprive teaching of its highest effect,—that disciplining and strengtheniug—why have we not the word "nervating"?—strain which it produces on those who stand but just short, yet not far short, of the teacher's stand-point. If Professor Cayley so excites or so illumines the mind of one mathematician that he is induced to redouble exertion, and to carry the torch still farther onward, more is done for mathematics, and therefore for science generally, than would be done by years of lectures productive only of mental titillation, or of those "discussions" which are, for the most part, only mellifluous expressions of gratified wonder. The pain—for it is pain—that such a lecture causes to an audience is not injurious pain, but bracing pain, making those who even partially understand the stronger and more ardent. Those who understand may be few, but the Association cannot seek breadth of audience, for if it did, its Presidents could never utter any but "things easy to understand," and could never lift their hearers nearer to the light at all. The utmost it can do is to select the ablest man in any subject, and be sure that in the address he delivers there shall be no obscurity, and of obscurity no one who understands accuses Professor Cayley. It is with science as with learning,—the clearness of the learned will not always make them intelligible. An Association for the advancement of Oriental learning would be very foolish, if it refused its chair to a Sinologue of the highest knowledge, because when giving forth what he knew, he must perforce be unintelligible to the mass of English mankind, and unprintable besides. He might, nevertheless, be stirring up minds which, though far less advanced than his own, were competent even more than his own to extract out of Chinese learning all the good it contains. As to the injury done to the Association by the unpopularity of such an address, we do not believe that it occurs. Men never quite dislike what they respect, and the old woman's submissive answer when asked if she understood the sermon, "Wad I hae the presumption?" expresses the most general of mental conditions. The frivolous do not read the "heavy" articles in the Quarterlies, but they think they ought to be there, and respect the managers the more. The real danger of the Association is not that of allowing its Presidents to soar beyond their audiences' mental ken, but of tempting them to indulge in "popular balderdash," in so-called "eloquence," or in those foolish appeals to the lust for wonder which are the instruments of charlatans. It is well that Englishmen should be reminded now and again that progress in science involves hard thinking, even though during the lesson a few of their heads should ache with half-angry bewilderment, and the consciousness that they are hopelessly out of their depth. This time, at least, no one can accuse the President of tickling the ears of anybody.

IS GOULDSTONE SANE?

THE attempts which are being made to induce the Crown to commute the sentence of death passed on William Gouldstone, for the murder of his five children, into one of detention at Broadmoor during her Majesty's pleasure, forms a curious illustration of the perverse conventionalism which so often misleads the popular judgment of a great crime. The state of Gouldstone's mind was most carefully investigated at the trial, and it is no exaggeration to say that the evidence adduced to prove his alleged want of sanity was not worth a straw. It was shown, indeed, that his mother and her sister had suffered from protracted fits of "despondency," under which the former had more than once attempted her life, and that his second cousin on the father's side had been confined in a madhouse for sixteen months. His employer, again, while admitting that he knew nothing of him personally, declared that the "general feeling" among his fellow-workmen was that he was insane. Beyond the fact, however, that Gouldstone had committed an exceptionally atrocious crime, the only evidence which the workmen who were called could give to account for this "general feeling" consisted in two or three casual expressions on the part of the prisoner—described as a quiet, but "rather morose" man—of his wish for a painless and instantaneous death. The medical expert who examined him reported that he considered him "rather weak in his mind;" but it soon appeared that the only solid reason he could assign for his opinion was that the man did not "seem to appreciate the gravity of the crime with which he was charged." He declined to certify that the prisoner was suffering from any known mental disease, acknowledged that his conversation was that of a rational person, and believed that he knew the penalty of what he was doing at the time when he committed the crime. This last admission, uncontradicted by any other witness, and harmonising with all the proved facts of the case, was in itself sufficient to dispose of the plea of insanity as a legal defence. The jury, after an unusually brief deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty, in which it is clear that the Judge entirely concurred. We do not understand that it is suggested that any evidence bearing on the prisoner's state of mind is forthcoming which was not produced at the trial, and it is abundantly plain that if the issue as to his sanity were to be raised afresh in some civil proceeding—if, for instance, the question had to be determined whether he was competent to enter into a contract or to make a will—no jury would hesitate for a moment, upon the materials which we have summarised, to pronounce in favour of his mental capacity. The indisposition to regard Gouldstone as a responsible agent is not, however, to be explained merely by the fact that he has been sentenced to die for an unusually shocking offence. Doubtless, both the instinctive sentiment which shrinks from the supposition that any human being whose will was not utterly distorted by disease could plan or perpetrate so unnatural a crime, and the growing horror of the punishment of death, which supplies ready-made supporters for the wildest theories of the mad-doctors in capital cases, have had a powerful influence upon the people who have convinced themselves, and who are now seeking to convince the rest of the world, that the murderer must have been insane. But the real reason for the agitation against Gouldstone's sentence lies rather deeper than this, and is to be found in the inability, which so many of us show when we are confronted with unusual manifestations either of heroism or of depravity, to escape from the domination of the conventional maxims and the rules of thumb which are justified by our ordinary experience. A man of good character and inoffensive habits, not the least addicted to drink, regularly employed, and in fairly good circumstances, returns home at the end of the day, and in the most matter-of-fact way, without passion or excitement, murders his whole family, drowning three of the children in the cistern, and hammering to death the other two at their mother's breast. What is the inference to which the instinctive judgment of mankind (supported in the present case, as the letters in the *Times* show, by the mad-doctors) is irresistibly led? Clearly, that the man could not have been in possession of his faculties. Habitual criminals whose whole nature has been twisted and warped not unfrequently commit motiveless crimes (rarely, however, murder). The quietest and steadiest of men, under the sting of sudden passion or the solvent of protracted wretchedness, lose their self-mastery, and, transformed for a moment beyond recognition, are guilty of

enormities from which, as soon as done, they shrink back with loathing and dismay. But here—so say the correspondents of the *Times*—we have a purposeless crime, dictated by no intelligible motive, and carried out in cold-blood by a man of irreproachable antecedents. Unless, then, all our ordinary canons are at fault, we must fall back, they tell us, upon the insanity of the criminal, as the only hypothesis which adequately explains the facts.

But is there, when all the circumstances are taken into account, anything so mysterious and inexplicable in Gouldstone's crime that it can only be interpreted by the arbitrary supposition that a man who, admittedly till that moment, had always exhibited perfect sanity, was suddenly visited by an attack of mental disease? We think not, and we hold the opinion without for the moment adopting the position of either side, in the interminable controversy between the doctors and the lawyers as to what precise degree of intellectual infirmity ought to be deemed sufficient to exempt a man from penal responsibility for his acts. Gouldstone's crime appears to us to have been dictated by one of the commonest of motives,—revenge; and that it differed from other and more commonplace manifestations of the same passion was mainly due to the fact that he sought to avenge himself not on a particular individual, or in order to obtain satisfaction for a single wrong, but to defeat the invisible power of whose unappeasable resentment he conceived himself to be the victim. A sober, hard-working man, earning 25s. a week, he belonged to the upper stratum of the artisan class, who dread before all things being degraded to a lower level in the social scale, and who feel with a vividness and intensity which it is difficult for some of us to realise the insecurity of their future. He married, and in less than three years had three sons. He is described by those who knew him as having been always fond of his wife and children, but to a man with 25s. a week each new child is a perceptible drain upon the shrinking margin of his resources, and a prospective burden of incalculable weight. It is clear that Gouldstone, a "morose" man, reflecting on his own position and comparing it with that of others, seeing his family increase as he thought with preternatural rapidity, while his wages remained stationary, and the struggle to keep up to the standard of respectability in externals, on which men of his class set so high a price, grew every year more difficult, gradually convinced himself that he had become in a special sense a target for the malignity of Fortune. The precise case is an unusual one, though an American poisoner a few years ago confessed that she murdered her children for this very reason; but the feeling that a man is being slowly hemmed in and hunted down by a pitiless destiny is common enough, and is one of the most frequent sources of the temper out of which criminal designs are born. The very invisibility of the power against which he is matched, the blind arbitrariness of its successive strokes, the impersonal and motiveless cruelty with which it dogs his steps, fills the victim with a bitterness of resentment and an implacable determination to avenge himself such as could hardly be aroused by the persecution or injustice of a fellow-man. Imagine this to be the temper to which, by brooding over his fancied wrongs, and constantly counting up his score against Providence, Gouldstone had attained, when little more than a year after the birth of his third son he became again a father, and this time of twins. From that moment, as we read the evidence, he abandoned all hope that the fate, which he now saw was plainly determined to crush him, would relent, and be satisfied with the sacrifices it had already exacted; and he began to concentrate his mind on the formation of some plan which would at once frustrate the designs of his unseen enemy, and gratify his own long-hoarded passion for revenge. During the week which followed the birth of his children, he was twice the worse for drink; on the Saturday, he absented himself from the annual bean-feast of his fellow-workmen; the next three days he wandered about, and on the Wednesday afternoon he returned home and murdered his five children. He gave himself up without a struggle to the police, explaining to them that he "thought it was getting too hot, with five kids within three and a half years," and that he "thought it was time to put a stop to it." He declared several times that he felt happy now, and that the children would be better off in heaven, if there were such a place, than if left to the mercy of the world. He was happy, because he felt that though he would "get the rope," he had come off victorious in the contest with his implacable adversary, and taken vengeance for the wrongs of years, by cheating of its prey the destiny whose set purpose was to drag down both himself and his children step by step into the abyss of poverty and wretchedness. Where are the symptoms of insanity in this man's conduct? Is it less rational to avenge oneself on a malignant but impersonal and irresistible foe by snatching from it its chosen victims, than by taking the lives of its innocent ministers? And if it is not, why should Gouldstone escape the hangman, any more than the Phœnix-Park assassins?

THE SCOTCH PROFESSOR OF TO-DAY.

AMONG the strenuous idlers of the season, there is always to be found a per-centage of intelligent, but sub-priggish persons, who haunt the sea-side resorts, and follow the beaten tracks of the Continent, mainly to hunt up what the Ferrols, in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Louisiana," style "new types" of humanity. They are quite indifferent about ozone, they are too insincere to gush, although they are also too polite to yawn, over scenery that privately they think a bit of a bore. They are to be found, indeed, in the picture-galleries, but not because they love Rubens, or Raphael, or Paul Potter, but that they may hear what they term the "charming naïveté" of their neighbours' criticisms. They have their innings, however, at the six o'clock table d'hôte. They spend the dinner hour listening, and, if need be, "drawing," with a view to forming what it delights them to consider "estimates of character." Their holiday is a failure, they think, if at the end of a month or six weeks of table d'hôtes, they do not succeed in discovering a "new type," to share the honours and the chat of afternoon tea during the winter, with the new play at the Lyceum and the new novel by Mr. Henry James. This mania for "types" is, on the whole, a harmless one, although it produces a great number of long letters—the male "type"-hunter is, indeed, the only adult of his sex who writes long letters now-a-days—and leads too many cleverish women to write fiction of the Howells-and-water variety. There is one "type" which seems as yet to have escaped the social entomologist, although he can hardly be said to be new. He is now-a-days to be found anywhere and everywhere, in Oban and Bournemouth, in the Engadine and the Trosachs, in the Louvre or on the beach at Scheveningen. He has even leisure enough to go to Australia, *viâ* San Francisco, and has been known to take advantage of it. He has a decided, though not obtrusive, personality. Several little things, such as a weakness for appearing in broadcloth at all times and under all circumstances, and a habit of pausing and reflecting before answering a question, mark him out as holding a place midway between the layman and the clergyman. Some of the younger men of this "type," indeed, are said to affect modern ways, to smoke cigarettes, play lawn tennis, worship Miss Ellen Terry, and even on occasion to throw off a triolet. But the majority of them are distinguished by an agreeable old-fashionedness. The crape on their hats may be too deep; their hair may be too long for these "prison crop" days; in talk they may not be able, after the fashion of the hour,

> "To slip from politics to puns,
> To pass from Mahomet to Moses."

But if you get behind the superficialities of a mere table d'hôte acquaintance, you find in them genuine culture, genuine knowledge of things, and even of men; above all, a gentle humour, and an Emersonian serenity that sit well only on men who have attained that easy competence which abolishes the "English hell of not getting on," without costs. Why has not Mrs. Oliphant included a full-length portrait—no mere vignette or "side-face"—of the Scotch Professor in her National Gallery, and so saved him from the all too "instantaneous photography" of the holiday-"type"-hunter, which is sure to mark him for its victim one of these days?

The sword of doom is reported to be hanging over the large fees, if not also over the short sessions, of the Scotch Professors. The Bill for handing over the Universities North of the Tweed to the tender mercies of an Executive Commission, which had to be abandoned this year, will, we are told, be brought forward again next Session. With any such measure or prospect, however, we are not now concerned. Besides, it may be doubted if any Government or any Executive Commission will impair or "reduce" the material prosperity of the Scotch Professor; what it may take away from him in fees it will surely give back in direct endowment. What

that material prosperity exactly is may be gathered from a little Parliamentary paper giving the emoluments and pensions of the "Principals, Professors, and other Officers, in each of the Scottish Universities," which was published shortly before the Session closed, and which has in consequence received no attention. Some of the figures contained in this Return throw a certain amount of light on the amount of oatmeal on which Scotch Professors cultivate their different Muses. Of the thirty-nine Professors by whom Edinburgh University is manned, eighteen, or nearly a half, are in receipt of upwards of £1,000 a year. Of the eighteen, five are in receipt of upwards of £2,000, the income of one—the Professor of Anatomy—being £3,280. Latin, Greek, and Mathematics are to a University course very much what the Three R's are to an elementary one. The incomes of the Professors of these three subjects in Edinburgh were, in 1882-1883, £1,540, £1,347, and £1,481 respectively; and it may be added that one of these teachers is thirty-two and another thirty-three years of age. The poorest Professorial income in Edinburgh University is £242, the recipient being the Professor of History. Glasgow University has twenty-eight Professors; ten are in receipt of upwards of £1,000, and three of upwards of £2,000 a year. The incomes of the Professors of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics are even larger than those of their Edinburgh rivals, being respectively £2,163, £1,854, and £2,068; no one of these Professors is over 50 years of age. The smallest Professorial income in Glasgow is £403. Passing to Aberdeen University, we find fewer "prizes" in the way of incomes. Of 23 Professors, only one, the Professor of Anatomy, has upwards of £1,000 a year, his income for 1882-1883 being £1,440. Yet the lowest Professorial income is £355, and the teachers of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics earned last year respectively £952, £951, and £872. The poverty of St. Andrew's University has passed into a proverb. The highest Professorial income in 1882-1883 was £620; and one Professor received only £135. A St. Andrew's Professor is not on an average paid any better than the chief teacher in an elementary school of the best class, and he is not paid so well as a third-class clerk in a Government office, or a young man who has attained the second grade in what Mr. John Morley pleasantly styles "the hierarchy of trade." But we are informed in this Return that "the incomes of the Principal and Professors of the United Colleges have suffered diminution from agricultural losses during the last five years; and while they have begun again to improve, the likely incomes in the future are not adequate or fully represented by the Return." In any case, the poverty of St. Andrew's is such a scandal, that, as is universally allowed, either it or the University itself must be extinguished; and in the meantime, it would be absurdly unfair to judge of the position of Scotch Professors by St. Andrew's incomes. When any one of their number becomes too old or infirm to perform duty, a pension is within his reach. Edinburgh and Glasgow have each an Emeritus Professor of Greek; the pension of the one is £368, of the other, £862. Two retired Professors have pensions of upwards of £1,000 each.

The position of the Scotch Professor of the present day may have its disadvantages and drawbacks, and it is possible that he may have to part with a portion of his income to pay assistants, though the fact is not brought out in the Parliamentary Return from which we have quoted. But it may be doubted if there is a more enviable post than his in the British educational, or perhaps even in the professorial world. As a rule, he is engaged for not more than six months of the year; he has practically the whole of spring, summer, and autumn to himself. He does not, under ordinary circumstances, teach above two or three hours a day. When he has mastered the routine of his class, or written out a course of lectures on his subject satisfactory to himself, even the work he has to perform becomes to a large extent routine. The English don may have as large an income, but then he has to work much harder for it, and he is burdened with the supervision of Undergraduates, from which a Scotch Professor is absolutely free. The Professor in the modern "college" of the Manchester or Birmingham type may have almost as much leisure and freedom, but he has not nearly so large an income. The earnings of a Scotch Professor are not, of course, to be compared with those of a highly successful barrister or medical man. But his position secures him power and social consideration at least equal to theirs. He is his own master; his appointment is *ad vitam, aut culpam;* when he becomes old or his health fails, a by no means despicable pension, added to his own savings during his years of activity, relieves his declining days of what his countrymen style "worldly care." If he does not choose to travel, and so to lay himself open to the wiles of "type"-hunters, he may make substantial additions to his income or his reputation, or both, by engaging in literary or other work. The Medical Professors notoriously consider their college earnings as only "the basis" of their incomes, while the names of lay Professors attached to each of the four Northern Universities who have distinguished themselves either in general literature or as specialists are happily so numerous at this time, that it would be invidious to mention any of them.

It is, however, the social agreeableness of the Scotch Professor's life that makes it so enviable. Even in these days of intellectual centralisation in London, a Northern University town is a very pleasant place to live in; and its Professors may spend half the year in London, if they choose. It is the Professors that perpetuate the old literary traditions of Edinburgh. It is the Professors that uphold the supremacy of sweetness and light, amid the hurry and strain of commercial life in Glasgow and Aberdeen. The wealthy and sagacious Scotch burghers appreciate their Professors, who are, as a rule, of themselves, if not of "the people" in a still humbler and more democratic sense. No Scotch dinner of the more ambitious sort in a University town is considered complete, unless at least two Professors are present at it. Then what town could a scholar, provided he had fair remuneration for his labour, prefer to St. Andrew's, Dean Stanley's "mine own St. Andrew's"? It has long been the Oxford of Scotland; only some forty miles from Edinburgh, it will soon become the Eastbourne of the North as well. Even a quarter of a century ago, a gazetteer said that "its excellent educational establishments and convenience as a watering-place make it an eligible residence for a highly respectable population." Now, what with the Bay and the boarding-schools of St. Andrew's, its golf and its gossip, its "links" and its learning, its modern "salubrity" on week-days, and its mediæval solemnity, tempered by the polished prettinesses of the Rev. "A. K. H.B." on Sundays, this "highly respectable population" is becoming a highly refined and even fashionable one of the best marine order. The Professors of the University contribute to it just that academic aroma which is required to make the charm of the whole firm and good. The boast that in Scotland there is one University to every million of the population, while in Germany there is one to every two millions, and in England there is one to every six millions, may in the future, as in the past, be warranted by reliable statistics. But Scotsmen must expect that the gates of their Professorial paradise will be the more eagerly assailed by outsiders, the more its charms become known.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN ITALIAN'S VERSION OF "HARK, MY SOUL."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Anent the statement made by Mr. Gladstone in the present number of the *Nineteenth Century*, to the effect that the hymn, in our sense of the word, is almost unknown to the Italian language, it may interest some of your readers to know of an attempt made some years ago by an Italian to render for his countrymen some of our English hymns. In 1857 there was published at Turin a small book, called "Inni Cristiani," with the object, as the writer states, of "furnishing the Christians of Italy with a collection of devotional hymns, for use in public and in private." The book, which was published anonymously, was the work of Count Tasca, an ardent Italian patriot, who, besides these translations, wrote some original hymns in Italian, and some spirited patriotic songs. His estate of Scriate, near Bergamo, was for some time occupied by the Austrians, and he himself obliged to live in exile; but, under Victor Emmanuel, he was restored to his home and possessions, and, further, held some post under the Italian Government. He was a hearty admirer of the English, among whom he had many warm friends.

The "Inni Cristiani" consists of translations of English hymns; and among them is the one translated by Mr. Gladstone, "Hark, my Soul," which I copy, for such of your readers as may care to compare the two translations. It will be noted that while the English translator has endeavoured to preserve the metre of the original, only departing from it in the use of dissyllabic rhymes, the Italian has allowed himself greater liberty.

The latter, probably following some mutilated English version, omits the last verse of the hymn.—I am, Sir, &c., R. I. O.

"Odi, alma mia! Ve' 'l tuo Signore! è desso!
Del Redentor la voce udir non brami?
Odi ciò che Gesù ti chiede Ei stesso:
'Povero peccator, dimmi se m'ami?

I rotti ceppi tuoi son l'opra mia;
Le tue membra io sanai piagate e rotte;
Te smarrito io riposi in sulla via,
Ed in giorno per te cangiai la notte.

D'una madre l'amor fia che mai cesse
Verso il bambin ch'ella portò nel seno?
Ma s'anche il figlio ella scordar potesse,
L'affetto mio non mai ti verrà meno.

È immutabil l'amor che in me si serra;
Sublime più che i più sublimi in cielo,
Profondo più che i più profondi in terra,
Forte così che sfida il mortal gelo.

Presto otterrai della Mia gloria il dono:
L'opra compita della grazia, Io stesso
Del ciel con te divider voglio il trono:
Povero peccator, di', m'ami adesso?'"

THE LIBERAL PARTY IN MANCHESTER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—A more miserable surrender than that which has just been made by the leaders of the Liberal party in Manchester to the Tory candidate has seldom been known, certainly never in my knowledge in Manchester. The Manchester leaders get old, and want changing now and then. And money for an election is not easily found, at present. These are the chief reasons. But another is, what to do with the third Liberal Member at the next election. We cannot carry three seats. The talk about only two Sessions to run in the present Parliament, and about the etiquette of allowing the minority Member to retain his seat, are only after-thoughts of men who have not got strong arguments to support the conclusion they had come to, not to fight. The Pankhurst difficulty is of the same nature. Dr. Pankhurst will take the Irish vote from Mr. Houldsworth, and weaken him as much as he will weaken the Liberals. And we have the Doctor always with us. The crowds outside the Reform Club last night showed how Liberals felt. If we were a small borough, a volunteer could easily step in and win the seat for Gladstone. The thing is not in the least impossible even in Manchester.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Manchester, September 18th. F. A.

THE NEW PATENT LAW.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your article on the new Patent Law, I notice one or two slight inaccuracies. The present stamp duty on provisional protection is £5, not £25, as stated; and the amount payable to Government for the first three years £25, not £75. The Bill is not such a godsend to patentees as would at first sight appear, as it is no part of the examiner's duty to see that the patent is valid, but simply to prevent the patentee claiming more than one invention under one patent; to practically force him to largely disclose the nature of his invention in his title; to define his invention strictly in his provisional specification, and so leave less room for enlarging upon it in his final specification; to interfere to prevent him claiming any more in his final specification than the examiner (probably a man ignorant of the science to which the patent relates) considers justified by the provisional specification (leaving him the option of submitting or of instituting an expensive appeal); and lastly, to see that the Office rules have been complied with. Again, while there is rather more opportunity by the new law to correct accidental errors, and to make disclaimers, nothing approaching the American system of reissuing is allowed, no new claim or enlargement of an old claim is permitted, and no damages can be given for infringements made before the correction, "unless the patentee establishes to the satisfaction of the Court that his original claim was framed in good-faith, and *with reasonable skill and knowledge*,"—a clause that will probably be generally construed by Courts to mean, "unless his complete specification was settled by a patent agent or counsel." Again, whereas now an inventor has practically a monopoly, and can decide himself what is a fair royalty, and who is to be trusted as a licencee, under the new law he will be obliged to license rival manufacturers on terms that an official of the Board of Trade may consider fair,—in other words, if the invention turns out a failure, the inventor bears all the loss; if it proves a success, he cannot work it as he would consider most advantageous to himself, but must license it on terms which another man decides as equitable, to manufacturers whose interest it may be—probably will be, in many cases—to spoil the reputation of the new invention, in favour of the manufacture for which their plant is specially adapted. This they can easily do, by flooding the market for the moment with badly-made specimens of the patented invention; and this is what many unscrupulous or careless manufacturers will do, unless special rules be yet made to prevent it (and a mighty difficult business that will be).

By the present law, an inventor need not disclose the full details of his patent until he gets a patent; by the new law, he is obliged to do this, with the chance of being successfully opposed, and of never getting a patent at all.

The only real, substantial advantages a patentee obtains under the new law are, the first cost is greatly lessened, the after stamp duties are practically lightened, and racing for the seal, to avoid or take advantage of the flagrant injustice exemplified in the case of Bates and Redgate is abolished. The increase in duration of provisional protection is hardly an advantage, as it also increases the period of uncertainty and risk.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. P. Thompson.

International Patent Office, Liverpool, September 18th.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF EGYPT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your recent issue, you allude to the sufferings and delays caused by the present state of transition in Egypt,—of transition, we may fairly call it, from the Asiatic to the European manner of government. Now, it is only too true that some of these sufferings have been increased by our over-caution in the matter of assuming responsibility. The English nation has shrunk from boldly claiming a "protectorate," has weakened itself for good on the banks of the Nile by a well-meant endeavour to avoid the unavoidable. This is quite consistent with our national character and past history. We are singularly slow to accept the logical consequences of our success in foreign expeditions. But is it fair to assume that the Egyptians are any worse off on account of this English hesitation? I do not deny that they might be better off, if we did our duty more boldly. Many improvements might be rapidly carried out which now take a long time to achieve. But are our Egyptian allies any worse off than they would have been if left to themselves? It may seem so to earnest and active-minded men on the spot, who become impatient at every foolish blunder and delay, when reform and good government seem so near and so easily within reach. But would the natives of their own motion have made any reforms at all, or wished for any better government than that which their fathers had experienced? If they would not, as seems most likely, then the English are only postponing an opportunity for doing good, and not doing any great harm. Matters will drag on, with disappointing slowness, it may be, until the mere fact of the Egyptian Administration being almost entirely in English hands gives us as much influence for good as a nominal and acknowledged "protectorate" could do. I have never thought it possible for us to withdraw from the country altogether, because of the troubles that would be sure to arise between the Egyptians and their foreign creditors. But there are different ways of keeping our hold on Egypt, and the system which is now being tried seems to be the only one that our timid public opinion will sanction, for the present. What we must not forget, however, is that the native fears the reformer almost as much as he hates the usurer; and that whenever there is to be any strong pressure put upon Moslem prejudices, there must be English bayonets in the background to support our Anglo-Egyptians.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Temple, E.C., September 17th. J. Hilary Skinner.

[The natives are worse off, because our irresistible strength protects alike tax-gatherers and usurers. Without us, they could expel them.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

THE HIGHER TRAINING OF WOMEN OF BUSINESS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—May I ask your help, and that of your readers, in making known a small movement now being undertaken in London? Its object is to procure the admission of women to an employment which we believe to be very suitable to them, but from which they have hitherto been almost entirely excluded:

namely, to clerkships in the upper mercantile offices. We propose by means of bi-weekly evening classes carefully to prepare a certain number of ladies for office-work generally, including book-keeping, and at the same time to establish a register of employers (merchants, warehousemen, &c.), who may be willing to admit women to their offices as clerks. By thorough training, and careful recommendation of our students (as well-conducted and thorough workers) to such employers, we hope to give the latter reason to be satisfied with their decision to employ women as well as men. The classes are held in the City, and the fees will be 1s. per evening. Any help, either in sending us suitable candidates, or in giving us the names of employers favourable to our cause, will be most welcome. All particulars will be furnished by Miss Franks, 23 Mortimer Street, W.—I am, Sir, &c., A. P. B.

P.S.—These classes are, I need not say, not in the least in competition with those of the excellent Society for the Employment of Women in Berners Street.

THE WORD "CUSS."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In a review of Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary," in the *Spectator* of August 11th, the reviewer ventures on a conjecture which is quite baseless, and to an American, ludicrously so. "Has not 'customer,' he inquires, "undergone similar curtailment also in the American *cuss?*" Now, beyond a shadow of doubt, the American *cuss* is the vulgarised form of "curse." It appears in a verbal form very frequently in vulgar speech,—*e.g.*, "He is the greatest feller to cuss and swear that ever you see." The same spirit of humour which prompts Englishmen to describe fellow human beings as "poor devils," or "queer devils," prompts uneducated Americans to describe a man as a "mean *cuss*" (curse), or "a funny *cuss*," or "an odd *cuss*." The adjectival form of the word is also familiar,—*e.g.*, "I had the *cussedest*" (or "the most *cussed*") "time in getting that mule to go." So, also, the adverbial form, "He is a *cussedly* stingy fellow."

I trust these citations from popular speech are sufficiently numerous to show that the reviewer is in error in imagining that "*cuss*" is an abbreviation of "customer."—I am, Sir, &c.,

James B. Gregg.

Colorado Springs, Colorado, U.S.A., August 30th.

THE CLOSING OF THE HIGHLANDS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In reference to your well-timed article on "The Closing of the Scottish Highlands," will you kindly allow me to announce through your columns the formation of a "Highland Land-law Reform Association of London, the object of which, when secured, will, it is hoped, open up the Highlands, not only for the benefit of Highlanders, but for the health-preserving enjoyment of all? The system which so ruthlessly expatriated the bulk of the native population, and drove the remnant to eke out existence on unhospitable, barren patches on the sea-shore, or to pine away in the slums of our great cities, is slowly but surely closing against health and pleasure-seekers the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." As far as Highlanders are concerned, every effort will be made to effect such changes in the Land Laws as will prevent further encroachment upon their right to live and thrive in the land of their birth, and rectify the wrongs and mismanagement of a system which has scattered or crushed a brave soldier race, who in many a battle so bravely sustained the brunt on behalf of British honour.

The laws under which the few are permitted to rigidly preserve for deer and grouse large tracts of country that might be usefully employed in rearing sheep and Highland cattle, and on which large numbers of people now living on the borderland of starvation might be productively employed, require to be very radically amended. The appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of the Crofters is a hopeful, though tardy, acknowledgement on the part of the Government that the condition of the Highlands is not satisfactory; and to those "who have eyes to see and ears to hear," there are not wanting signs that a social reform must ere long take place. A "Clearance Map of the Highlands," showing the districts depopulated, the boundaries of deer forests, grouse preserves, &c., which is being prepared under the auspices of this Association, will, it is hoped, be an accurate bird's-eye view of how the welfare of the people has been sacrificed to the interests of game-preservers. The general public, though less directly than Highlanders, are interested in reforming the present system; and the object of this Association should, therefore, be generally approved, and receive the support of all interested in making the Highlands the home of a happy, contented people, and breathing-space for all, rather than, as at present, the sporting-ground of aristocrats.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Donald Murray.

9 Bridge Street, Westminster, September 11th.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The letter of "G. K. H." in your issue of the 8th inst. requires a somewhat longer reply than the editorial note affixed to it. As a Scotchman, and one of those professional men to whom your article referred, who crave in their holidays for mountain air and exercise, I am deeply interested in "The Closing of the Highlands." As I have just returned from Braemar, perhaps you will allow me to say a word.

"G. K. H." stigmatises as a "strange inaccuracy" the statement in your article:—"Visitors at Braemar cannot obtain leave to cross the Dee during the shooting season, and only grudgingly at any time." In disproof of the statement, he goes on to say that there are five bridges in the twenty-four miles between Ballater and a little above the Linn of Dee. This would be a fair enough allowance, perhaps, if the bridges were available. "Two," he says, "are open to the public beyond dispute." If he is as intimate with Braemar as the "several seasons" he has passed there would argue, he must be aware that the other three bridges are just as much "beyond dispute" closed to the public. There is one available bridge about fourteen miles from Ballater, and another about twenty-four miles from Ballater; and that is all. And observe, these bridges are only in existence because the main road happens to cross the river where they are. But your correspondent adds:—"There is a good ford above Castleton of Braemar, available for tourists on foot or in carriages." I should like very much to know his definition of a good ford for foot passengers. I know one or two men who have crossed the Dee on foot at this point, when the water was exceptionally low. To ford the river with safety in an ordinary state of the water, and still more when the stream is swollen, one would need to practise the method common among our Celtic sires, when a dozen men would enter a river linked hand-in-hand and fight their way across, on the principle that not more than two or three of them were likely to be off their feet at the same time. But the dress in which they waded across long ago was probably better adapted for the purpose than the trouser or knickerbocker of our modern epoch. Could we get back the old freedom of the hills, we should be willing, perhaps, to face the risk and inconvenience of the old method of fording. But one does not care to come dripping and exhausted out of the bed of a river, to have an encounter with a gamekeeper on the further bank. So far from the ford above Castleton being available for foot-passengers, for the past ten days it has not even been available for carriages. I was on the Invereauld side of the river last week, and expected to get ferried across at some point, as a few years ago there was no difficulty in this. But after applying in vain to more than one possessor of a ferry-boat, I was obliged, in order to reach Braemar, which lay within two or three stone-casts, to trudge a weary seven or eight miles extra at the end of my day's walk. Having a wife at home and some other relatives, I did not feel inclined to try "G. K. H.'s" "good ford."

Your correspondent further gives a list of places of interest open to the public in the neighbourhood. It is not a very long list, when one reflects that it includes such places as Derry Lodge, which is ten miles away, and Ben Macdhui, which is twenty. Perhaps he would say whether Cairn Gorm or Cairn Toul are as open as their neighbour Ben Macdhui, or whether even Ben Macdhui is really open from the Spey side. Men have told me that in order to make the ascent from that side unopposed, they have had to start at one o'clock in the morning. Athletes who can ford the Dee in all weathers may laugh at muscular gamekeepers with rifles over their shoulders. But to us ordinary tourists, the active intervention of such persons causes a momentary sensation of dread. It is not always possible to get together on a day's notice parties of six or seven strong, like your friends on Ben Alder.

Doubtless, your correspondent's enjoyment of such places as the Colonel's Bed was enhanced by the sense of the watchful care which is taken of one, lest one should stray from the track. You have a pleasing feeling of having a gilly in personal attendance. It adds to the romance of the situation, as one goes

along the desolate mountain-path, to feel that the scene in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" may be re-enacted on a small scale, and any

"Tuft of broom give life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

What a comfort that the Great Wizard was born a hundred years ago! Had he been on those solitary rambles of his which gave birth to lay and romance, in these enlightened days of ours, he would have been laid by the heels, and that halt of his considerably added to by some of those guardians of the hills whose authority the spirit of the young Borderer had dared to question.

In the days of our juvenile enthusiasm, we used to quote Scott's lines about "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," and ask triumphantly,—

"What mortal hand
Shall e're untie the filial band
That knots me to thy rugged strand"?

But if things go on as at present, hands quite equal to this task will be found,—those of the game preserver and the gamekeeper.

It demands, perhaps, a special training to appreciate the sort of liberty which a Scotchman now enjoys in many parts of the wilds of his native land. The splendid licence which I have revelled in for a season or two wandering about the valleys and mountains of Tirol has spoiled me, no doubt, for the more ordered freedom of my own land. I had forgotten that I was no longer in the territory of one of the old despotisms of Europe, but under a Government which journalists like you facetiously assume to be a democracy.

I have talked jestingly of the fording of a rapid Highland stream, but there is another side to it. "The mountain and the flood" are apt to claim their melancholy list of victims, as Braemar knows this season only too well. I cannot help recalling the most memorable incident of my visit to Braemar four years ago, when a young Englishman, the member of a reading party, was drowned crossing the Tilt, at what, by parity of reasoning, I suppose "G. K. H." would call "a good ford." It was in going along a *public* footpath that the young man met his death, but the proprietor doubtless objected to its being too public, and the bridge had disappeared. Perhaps we must wait till a corpse is carried down past Castleton of Braemar, before we obtain decent facilities for crossing the Dee.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. F. J.

POETRY.

"GRASS OF PARNASSUS."

O happy singers, and happy song,
That had never a pang of birth,
When first in the human heart grew strong
Earth, and the wonder of Earth!

Had I, too, lived when the Earth was young,
Earth that is now so old,—
When Faith and Fancy were of one tongue,
That are aliens now, and cold;

Then half of fancy, and half of faith,
I had woven, fair flower, for thee
A dream-like legend of love and death,
To match thy purity.

For not the drooping flower by the stream,
Nor the flower that is written with woe,
To the Earth has lent a lovelier gleam,
To the heart a holier glow.

But now I should mock thy loveliness,
Or do thee despite, fair flower,
By a fable fashioned in antique dress,
As an actor tricked for an hour.

Rather I gather thee reverently
From thy place in the rush-grown sod,
And think, frail flower, were it only for thee,
I should know that God is God!

For if haply a power that was not divine,
Or the forces of earth or air,
Could have moulded matter to life like mine,
Or made thee a form so fair;

Yet only the God whom we love as Love
Could so have made me and thee,
That thou by thy simple beauty canst move
Such a world of love in me.

Rydal, September, 1883. F. W. B.

BOOKS.

MR. SIDGWICK ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

Mr. Sidgwick's name has become a full guarantee that the subject on which he undertakes to write will be one on which he has brought to bear all the powers of a singularly mature and reflective intellect. That he not only knows a great deal about every subject on which he writes, but that he also knows a great deal more than he writes, is the prevailing impression he leaves on the mind of any observant reader. And it is even possible to suspect that, of the two portions of his knowledge, that which he knows and writes, and that which he knows but does not write, the latter is not always the least valuable. For we cannot but think that Mr. Sidgwick's dread of dogmatism has almost become a fanaticism; and hence whatever he writes is so crowded with "qualifications" and "limitations," that his conclusions have much difficulty in making themselves heard amid the clamour of their subordinate exceptions. Essentially critical in his habit of mind, Mr. Sidgwick has been so accustomed to see difficulties almost everywhere, that he seems ill at ease, and even appears to us to be least successful, in any place where he does not find them. To dogmatism he objects—dogmatically. But in nearly everything else he hesitates in a way and to an extent that does but scant justice to his extensive resources of knowledge and vigorous as well as patient insight.

The exact position and aim of a work like this must, however, always be kept in mind, to correct any feeling at all akin to disappointment that we may be tempted to indulge in. His primary aim has been, according to his own account, to "eliminate unnecessary controversy." Hence, while the work makes no claim to originality, it is, on the other hand, "not precisely an elementary treatise." In the truth of the latter portion of this description we rest content. No one who fairly faces the task of mastering this book will call it elementary. Not only is the subject handled with an exhaustive thoroughness that must tax any reader—of which no sensible reader would complain—but the difficulties of Mr. Sidgwick's style are sometimes enormous; and these two causes combine to render this work almost as tough as the introduction to Hume's works by the late Professor Green, perhaps the most difficult piece of reading this century has produced. But in eliminating unnecessary controversy, we cannot think Mr. Sidgwick has had all the success he so well deserves. We will hereafter examine in detail some of the attempts made "to clear our conceptions,"—the phrase that with Mr. Sidgwick frequently introduces one of those investigations which, by their length, intricacy, and minuteness, tax to the utmost whatever clearness of conception his reader may have had to start with. But we venture to doubt whether our author's habit of mind is favourable to success in this task. Had Mr. Sidgwick found the fabled travellers disputing as to the green or blue colour of the chameleon, we do not think it would have occurred to him to seek for the animal, and decide who was right. He would have pointed out that between green and blue there is, after all, only the difference of a tint—not very much to quarrel about—and that, moreover, between a greenish-blue and a bluish-green the line is very difficult to draw. Now, this kind of treatment may be a good dialectical exercise, but we cannot think that it is calculated to produce in any science an advance at all in proportion to the ingenuity and industry displayed. The field may thus be cleared of lumber and the atmosphere of heat, for the benefit of other workers; but Mr. Sidgwick is so able and excellent a worker, that we feel a sort of grudge that he should be to some extent wasted on preparatory work. And though, in the presence of work of such high class we feel that our word "wasted" is really far too strong, we are perforce obliged to use it for the conveyance of the impression which parts of this book have left upon us.

But in some ways we can be even grateful that this mode of treatment should have been adopted, for the pains taken to

* *The Principles of Political Economy.* By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

clear the field have given us some very choice digressions from the line of strict economics. Thus, at the commencement of the chapter on the Definition of Value, we have some fruitful and important remarks on the true worth of the investigation of definitions generally. Mr. Sidgwick points out there that the reward of search for accurate definitions is not the definitions themselves when found, but the knowledge of the thing implied in the finding of its definition. "While we are apparently aiming at definitions of terms, our attention should be really fixed on distinctions and relations of fact." In a word, it is not the finding but the seeking that is of value. And the real function of definition should be not to find a meaning for a word, but to apply a word consistently to a definitely realized set of attributes. This, of course, is no new theory, but it is both admirably stated and judiciously placed.

Judged, however, by its actual results, we are not able to congratulate ourselves on the very great success of this book in removing many difficulties of our own; and in some few instances we even find ourselves called upon to accept, by way of "clearer conceptions," conclusions which we regard as less true than those arrived at in the writings of other economists. Thus, when we are invited to consider the two meanings of the word *value*, as in the phrases "value in use" and "value in exchange," we conceive ourselves to be distinctly pointed in a wrong direction. The passion for reconcilement of differences which seems to be the moving motive of most of Mr. Sidgwick's work, induces him to try to find a single meaning for the word *value* which shall suit both these phrases. Mr. Sidgwick analyses thus:—

"What do we mean when we speak of a man setting value on, or attaching value to, things to which the idea of exchange is inapplicable,—whether this inapplicability be due to circumstances isolating the man, as, for instance, if we think of Robinson Crusoe on his island; or to the fact that no one else would buy the things, as in the case of old letters and other memorials, knowledge of various kinds, &c.? We do not, I think, mean exactly that the things are useful to him; though no doubt they *are* in a certain sense useful,—that is, they satisfy or prevent some desire which is, or would be, felt in the absence of them. But we mean that the man would, if necessary, *give something* to gain or keep them."

The italics are not ours, and they seem to us to emphasize an error,—another form of precisely the same error as that of Mill, who, in treating of value, has allowed himself to put the measure for the thing measured. If a foreigner asked an Englishman what was the meaning of the word "yard," the reply,—"My walking-stick is a yard," would obviously be true only in a very peculiar and limited sense; but it would be exactly as true as to say, with Mill, that the value of a thing means "the quantity of some other thing, or of things in general, which it exchanges for." And we cannot think that Mr. Sidgwick in any way strengthens Mill's definition by merely introducing the notion of a something which would be given, "if necessary," rather than part with the valued commodity; even though the nature of the something is left "quite indefinite." This Robinson-Crusoe aspect of value has been treated, we think, far more satisfactorily by an economist in whose disparagement Mr. Sidgwick makes his nearest approach to dogmatism. Professor Bonamy Price, in his *Practical Political Economy*, says,—"Of the first kind [unsaleable but valuable articles] was Robinson Crusoe's gun, which beyond all doubt he valued greatly." We do not think Mr. Sidgwick's investigation would have suffered in either gracefulness or accuracy, if he had acknowledged and more closely followed his predecessor's work in this particular instance, and had adopted, with a "qualification" he would have so well known how to introduce, the view of value held by Professor Price. He would then have told us that as a rule value is essentially subjective in the *me*, not commercial in the *market*, whether that market be actual or only potential. Professor Price holds that value "expresses a feeling, a sense of attachment, of affection for a thing, a caring for it, a desire to possess it, an intention more or less strong to retain it in possession." And we do not think that Mr. Sidgwick's position can stand for a moment against the effects of the investigation needed to complete the above explanation of Professor Price. For we may remark, that though to value a thing is very generally to desire its possession, it is not so always. We may value things which we no longer desire to possess. Two friends may each make us a present of the same book, at different times. One of the two copies is now a superfluity on our shelves, we no longer desire its possession; but yet, being a present, we value it far too much to sell it; we value it so much, that we shall probably *give it away*. This is no mere paradox; the exception is small, but real and important. The feeling of Value is not only independent of Exchange, it may be even hostile to the idea of exchange. Thus we obtain that the value of a thing is that feeling of esteem which we entertain for it, which very usually, but not always, prompts us to desire to obtain or retain its possession; and which, when so prompting us, is capable of measurement, within certain limits, by the quantitative incidents of exchange. We therefore hold that in reducing the idea of value to a central notion of *giving something*, Mr. Sidgwick has contributed rather to obscure than to enlighten this much debated point.

But though we are thus unable to follow Mr. Sidgwick's account of what Value is, we are glad to acknowledge the great ability and service of his investigation of its measurement. That real measure of value for different places and different times, which Mill declares impossible, and which Jevons thought could never be extricated from the maze of alternative considerations involved in the very nature of the problem, Mr. Sidgwick claims to have reduced to terms of "habitual consumption." To find out whether *(e.g.)* gold is cheaper or dearer now than twenty years ago, each man would have to answer the question for himself by reference to the amount a given quantity of gold would purchase, then and now, of the articles which he habitually consumes. This would answer the question for the individual; to answer it as a whole, the separate results would have to be calculated for all the individuals of the community, since the articles of habitual consumption would be different in different classes of that community. Thus, though Mill's statement of the impossibility of an absolute measure of value is shown to be theoretically too positively enunciated, yet for all practical purposes it remains as clearly true as ever; the more so, since habits of consumption are themselves liable to alter.

We are gratified to find that Mr. Sidgwick, when he comes to consider the nature of Wealth, is inclined to include under it services as well as material utilities. The hard and fast line that economists have too long drawn between these kinds of wealth has always in our idea been fruitful of needless and unphilosophical distinctions, and of perplexity where all should be plain. Mr. Sidgwick justly says, "There would seem to be a certain absurdity in saying that people are poorer because they cure their diseases by medical advice instead of drugs, improve their minds by hearing lectures instead of reading books, guard their property by policemen instead of man-traps and spring-guns, or amuse themselves by hearing songs instead of looking at pictures." With the acceptance of this view the distinction between productive and unproductive labour must, of course, fall, and another absurdity is done away with. Against this distinction we have long declared war. It makes a productive labourer of a man who bores and fashions a piece of wood and drills holes in it, and leaves unproductive the artist, without whom the flute so fashioned either remains a drilled stick, silent and tuneless, or, noisy but tuneless, becomes an instrument of torture. We find, therefore, with some disappointment, that Mr. Sidgwick after all considers himself bound to include material wealth alone under the term "Wealth," and in thus using language at variance with his own inclinations is almost driven into some small incongruities. For instance, we are told, on page 96,—"The 'produce,' therefore, of which we are to examine the variations must be conceived as something of which material wealth is the chief but not the sole constituent." Now, surely "produce" and "production" should be strictly correlative terms; yet we find on the next page,—"The production of a community, then, in our present view of it, may be defined as the adaptation, by the aggregate of its labour, of *external matter, organic or inorganic*, to the satisfaction of the aggregate of its wants." We do not see quite how these two sentences can be fully reconciled, even when the term "production" has been expressly extended so as to include the distributors as well as the actual makers of the commodities. For the one expressly includes what the other by implication excludes; and thus, since produce may be other than material, whilst production is confined to external matter, we are landed in the anomaly that there can be produce of which there has been no production. This is one case where words have been introduced into a definition with a view to its amplification, but really with the effect of unduly limiting it. Another similar case appears to us to be found in the definition of labour itself, which Mr. Sidgwick gives us thus:—"I include under the term labour all kinds of voluntary exertion, intellectual as well as muscular, which contributes directly or indirectly to the increase of produce, as

above defined." Surely there are here several words too many. Why is labour to include only *voluntary* exertion? The word "voluntary" is in itself mysterious, and may, we admit, mean almost anything. But we should be surprised to find Mr. Sidgwick allowing to it a meaning that would render it applicable to the lash-exacted toil of a slave; and yet surely a slave "labours." And again, the voluntary exertion is to increase *produce*. But produce need not be material, whilst production must; so we have then some labour which is not production, but which increases produce. We submit that a shorter definition of labour not open to these objections could be found, thus,—"Labour is human exertion for a human end;" and even here we confess to a doubt whether something might not be gained by the omission of the word "human."

Even at the risk of appearing to confine ourselves too exclusively to the early portion of the work, we must notice another of Mr. Sidgwick's gallant attempts to obtain greater clearness in the elementary conceptions of economics,—namely, his investigation of Capital. There are passages in this chapter of such immense grammatical difficulty, that we have some diffidence in approaching the examination of its conclusions. But so far as we understand Mr. Sidgwick—and we have done our very best to understand aright—we find, with reference to capital, positions taken which we cannot share. The final account of what capital is, Mr. Sidgwick gives in these words:—

"It would seem, then, that the term 'capital,' as scientifically used, is not so much adapted to distinguish one portion of accumulated wealth from the rest, as rather to express an aspect which all such wealth presents—so far as it is produced and used with due regard to economy—up to the very moment of consumption; as being, namely, the intermediate results of labour employed for future utilities, which in some way or other are greater in proportion to the labour required for enjoying them, through the prolongation of the interval between the labour and the enjoyment." (p. 139.)

Now, we have it here laid down that "capital" is the name applied to one aspect of all *accumulated* wealth. This accumulation is explained on a previous page, thus:—"What is really accumulated is mainly the results of labour in the form of what we may call generally instruments to make labour more efficient, including under the notion of instruments all buildings used in production, and all improvements of land." Thus what has been commonly known as circulating capital is abolished altogether; and the articles consumed by labourers are expressly excluded from the category of capital, when it is laid down that not all the results of labour that are used to produce profit are to be called capital, but only such as would not exist in their present form, or not be used in their present manner except as a means to some further result. This is a treatment which has some obvious advantages; but it is difficult to consistently maintain. We are not, therefore, surprised that Mr. Sidgwick, speaking of the food, clothing, &c., consumed by labourers, says:—"There must always be a certain stock of such commodities, finished, but undistributed, *which forms a part of the capital of manufacturers and traders*; still, it is not this part of their capital that admits of being, in any important sense of the word, accumulated." Here, then, is wealth, incapable of accumulation in any important sense, which is to be called capital, a name which is, nevertheless, explained as applicable only to actually accumulated wealth. And when, in addition to this difficulty, we have to find for ourselves a clear meaning for the sentence about future utilities being *in some way or other* greater in proportion to the labour required for enjoying them, we confess ourselves not much aided to a clearer vision of what capital actually is.

But we must here leave the consideration of the attempts made to add precision and clearness to the elementary conceptions of the materials, so to speak, of the science. Those efforts are always admirable, in their fearless thoroughness and their keen acumen; and though we have pointed out where they seem to us to have failed, we have done so with a very full appreciation of the difficulties that have been faced, and of the equal capacity and honesty of intellect which Mr. Sidgwick has brought to bear on them. So earnest a seeker after truth will, we are sure, desire nothing better than a rigid examination of his positions; and if we have pointed out positions that seem weak to us, it is in the full belief that Mr. Sidgwick, should we have convinced him of the necessity, will be able to strengthen them.

Of the later investigations we must speak far too briefly for our own wishes. The subject of Rent is handled, as might be expected of a Cambridge economist, from Ricardo's point of view entirely,—for the emendations introduced into the historical portion of Ricardo's doctrine leave untouched its main position. The two forms under which the Ricardo theory is commonly stated, the hierarchy of fertilities and the successive doses of capital, are skilfully blended into one, and the theory itself is about as well stated as it is possible to state it. But we must confess that we should have gladly seen some reply to the criticisms of those who more or less impugn this theory. It has become quite a fashion with a large school of economists to go about saying that the Ricardo theory is "simply a fact," and refusing to it any real discussion at all. This departure from the truly scientific attitude receives sanction from Mr. Sidgwick, when he says of the statical theory of the actual determination of rent that it is "as incontrovertible as any part of pure economic theory can be." To say this without deigning any answer to the criticisms made on it by Thorold Rogers, and Bonamy Price—criticisms that come from different quarters, but are both formidable—is to make an error in a direction in which Mr. Sidgwick rarely errs. The main difficulty of the theory Mr. Sidgwick takes in his stride when he determines the normal rent of a farm as, "the surplus which the price of its produce would be expected to afford to a farmer of ordinary ability and industry, after subtracting the farmer's wages of management, together with interest at the ordinary rate on the capital employed by him upon the land." Now, what is this ordinary rate, and how does it come to be ordinary? And what regulates the farmer's wages of management? These questions are not difficult to answer; but we submit the Ricardo theory needs enlarging in order to answer them.

We have freely expressed our dissent from our author, and it remains to express also our great admiration. Many of the investigations in this volume are excellent; some most brilliant. Many other points that we admire we should like to mention, and on many others to break a lance. But we must take leave of this book now, with the expression of a hope that in many future editions it may grow to be even a yet worthier exposition of the economic views of this profound and vigorous thinker.

JOHN BULL ET SON ILE.*

Description is the compliment paid to peculiarity. The more marked, too, the features are, the easier it is to represent them. The danger in such a case is of producing a caricature instead of a likeness, and for a Frenchman in describing John Bull entirely to overcome this temptation was not to be expected. The writer of this book, however, has succeeded, at least partially, in his undertaking; but his success is due in much to the subject, and would have been greater had he been less inclined to be witty and epigrammatic. Exaggeration in Max O'Rell is not only "a lust of the blood," it is also "a permission of the will." He advises his compatriots never to sit down alone in the open air in London; never to speak to a woman of the lowest class; never to stay in a railway-carriage alone with a woman; all this for fear of being black-mailed. Further, he desires to be interesting, and is often prurient, as on pages 16, 35, 293, 307, &c.; and we believe that he calumniates French mothers, when he on page 33 represents them as being morbidly curious concerning the errors of their youthful sons. It were puerile in us to notice "these preposterous conclusions," were it not that this book contains the best description ever given of "John Bull" as he appears to an ordinary Frenchman. By John Bull the author means the average English *bourgeois*, and sketches him as "a large landowner, with muscular arms, with long, broad, flat, solid feet; with a jaw-bone of iron, which holds securely whatever it seizes upon." John, too, "is moral, and persuaded of the purity of his intentions and of the sacred character of his mission;" and, besides, "he is as obstinate as a mule." "English women are remarkable for their freshness, their frank and self-assured manners, and for the length of their feet. With such feet, a *faux pas* is impossible, for they cannot lose their centre of gravity. When they are pretty they are angels of beauty, but generally their faces are expressionless," &c.

In this nineteenth century photographers have taken the place of the artists of the past, and, as can be seen from these few extracts, Max O'Rell's picture of the Englishman is not more than a fairly good photograph. But for this very reason his remarks upon English manners and institutions are not without a certain interest. He tells us that "in English family life there is no intimacy, no free expression of the feeling; there is friendship, but little love." We fear that science here bears

* *John Bull et Son Ile.* By Max O'Rell. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

out Max O'Rell's statements. As external pressure increases or diminishes, so also does the cohesion between the units which make up the social organism increase or diminish. England is protected from external pressure by the sea; the ties which bind man to man are, therefore, looser here than elsewhere; there is more individuality, and life is poorer in affections. The author has then observed correctly when he notices the independence of English character, and speaks of "pride as being eminently an English virtue;" but when he goes on to say that when "one English woman walks lame all English women imitate her," he contradicts himself; dependence and servile imitation ought not to strike a Frenchman in England. His opinions, too, of English institutions give proof of some fairness. While speaking favourably of the Monarchy, he is no friend of the aristocracy and the House of Lords. "The existence of this House is an insult to the common-sense of the English nation." He sees that the aristocracy in England is giving place to the plutocracy, "qui dit noble, en Angleterre, dit riche." Nor does the nepotism of these institutions escape him:—"The Court is more German than English," and "other German Princes are made generals, admirals," &c.; besides, "The noble on his death-bed recommends his youngest children to a grateful country, which does not forget them." The unjust incidence of the poor-tax in towns and the corruption of the City Companies are both condemned by Max O'Rell as earnestly as by Mr. Frith himself. The flunkeyism shown by a part at least of the English Press to the powers that be attracts his attention, and he speaks of columns of platitudes of an abject servility. This, it may be said in passing, strikes Americans in the same way as it does Frenchmen. But, on the whole, Max O'Rell admits that in information and "news" the English paper is superior to the French one. He asserts, however, that its "articles" are vastly inferior to those written by French journalists. Now this may be due to Max O'Rell's taste, which certainly is a pronounced one. "The *Times* is an old, creaking weather-cock, which represents nothing but the interests of the great City bankers," for "the mass of the people do not read this old, envious, pedantic, and morose gazette." On the other hand, he has nothing but praise to give to *Punch*; "full of life and humour, it proves that it is possible to be both witty and refined."

Coming to our theatres, he says that "the Stage in England has, in the nineteenth century, fallen as low as possible." In proof of this assertion, he instances the realism of the Surrey Theatre, and speaks of a performance at Drury Lane as "sickening." "The only English theatre which can be called *serious* is the Lyceum," and "Mr. H. Irving, possessing as he does both talent and industry, is the best English actor, the only successor to the Garricks, Keans," &c. Max O'Rell explains this lamentable state of affairs by the fact that there is no national theatre in England,—no one like the Théâtre Français. Although an Anglomaniac might here retort that the répertoire of the Porte St. Martin is as hopelessly melodramatic as that of the Surrey, and that the pieces played at the Palais Royal are as disgusting as anything can well be, yet few thoughtful Englishmen will deny that the want of a National Theatre is a want in England keenly felt and deeply to be deplored.

While Max O'Rell gives but one chapter of his book to the theatre, he devotes six chapters to describing the part which religion plays in English life. "If piety," he writes, "consists in quarrelling about the dogmas, instead of in putting the principles of religion into practice, the piety of John Bull is unequalled." The conclusion of the whole matter seems to him to be that "the Frenchman makes a parade of his vices, and that the Englishman is the hypocrite of virtue." But not even when Max O'Rell couples "Salvationist" and dervish together does he go beyond what Mr. Matthew Arnold has already said on this subject. Only, Mr. Arnold sees much of what Puritanism has done for England; he can measure the vital force by virtue of which Protestantism exists; and all this Max O'Rell ignores, perhaps from malice prepense. Two statements of his should here be taken together. While asserting that "drunkenness alone cannot explain the savage brutality of the lowest class in England," he yet speaks of the district visitor—"*the lady bountiful*—as a benefactor of the human race;" and adds that "the charitable institutions and societies, the hospitals and workhouses of England are to be counted by hundreds." This seeming contradiction demands explanation. It may be asserted that, just as sensuality is the form of viciousness peculiarly French, so is brutality the distinctively English vice. If, in England, therefore, private and public charities are more numerous than elsewhere, if, in a people whose chief virtue is self-respect, and whose chief vice is savage ferocity, sympathy for the weak, the helpless, the outcasts, is not weaker than in other parts of the world, then an Englishman may be pardoned for assuming that these good works are distinctly the fruits of the religion of love. But Max O'Rell is determined to see in the "collection" the hinge upon which the whole matter turns. The austerities, absurdities, vulgarities, however, which can survive the amused badinage of Mr. Matthew Arnold are not, we fear, likely to succumb to such cheap contempt.

Concerning the state of education in England, Max O'Rell seems to speak with much fairness. "There is no Englishman who cannot and does not read," is a verdict of which the present generation may well be proud. As regards her common schools, England may now be classed, if not with Germany and America, yet surely with France and Italy; the blank ignorance of our lowest class can no longer be compared with that of the Russian *moujik*. The chapter upon middle-class education, or rather upon private boarding-schools, school agencies, &c., ought to be read by all those who wish to understand the full meaning of that oft-quoted verdict of Mr. Matthew Arnold that the middle-class education in England is the worst in the world. Of the English Public Schools and Universities, Max O'Rell speaks with praise,—perhaps with too much praise. We could wish that his statement were true, that indeed in the Public Schools there was "no such thing as advancement according to seniority, which is the premium given in France to stupidity." Although as regards this we may be slightly ahead of France, yet here, too, we are far behind Germany and Switzerland. Besides, there are some weaknesses peculiar to English nature which do not afflict other peoples, and which exercise a baleful influence upon English schools. "The hero of the English schoolboy," writes Max O'Rell, "is not the most intelligent boy in his class or in the school, but the quickest runner, the best athlete." Mr. Matthew Arnold has, too, already noticed that physical development is cared for too exclusively in English schools; is made an end, and not a means to an end. But Max O'Rell has directed attention not only to an arc, but to the whole sweep of this vicious circle, viz., to the want of respect for intelligence characteristic of all classes of Englishmen. Even "the English *parvenu* is far more insupportable than his like in France, because the Englishman has not, as has the Frenchman, a certain leaven of admiration and respect for knowledge and talent." We thank Max O'Rell heartily for having on page 72 of his book cited an after-dinner speech of a certain Lord Mayor, the arrogant bad-taste of which was mainly due to this conceit of—ignorance! What publicity can do to diminish this vice ought to be done. We much fear, however, that he who boasts of his lack of knowledge does so chiefly because he is certain to be respected for the length of his purse.

But if Max O'Rell is surprised by the vulgarity and assumption of the *nouveaux riches* in England, he is shocked by the brutalisation of the English lowest class. "Just as clean and neat," he writes, "as are the women of the middle-classes, just so ignoble and disgusting are the women of the lowest class." Their immorality astonishes even a Frenchman,—*c'est de la chiennerie sauvage!* He instances a file of "sandwiches" as the "saddest spectacle of human degradation,"—and did the degradation consist only in the savage brutality of the nickname, his remark would be justified. Here is the conclusion he comes to:—"London is, in truth, an ignoble mixture of beer and Gospel, of gin and Bible, of drunkenness and hypocrisy, of unheard-of filth and of measureless luxury, of misery and of prosperity, of the poor, who are hungry, cold, and cowardly, of the rich, who are insolent in riches and happiness, and whose annual revenue would seem to us a colossal fortune." Allowing for all exaggeration, there is yet enough truth in this indictment to give Englishmen pause. For this charge is brought against us not only by a solitary Frenchman, but also by observers of all nationalities,—by Germans, by Italians, and by Russians; it must sooner or later be faced and met.

One factor has been left out of the account by Max O'Rell. We do not feel inclined to blame him for not having attempted in this book to forecast the future of the English people, yet a description, even if it be scrupulously accurate, of actualities alone is apt to convey a wrong impression; a mask may be a good likeness of a dead face, it is certain to be a caricature of a living one. That drunkenness has much diminished of late

years in England, and is still diminishing, even Max O'Rell must know. That the poor, both in town and country, will before long be rehoused, that middle-class education will at no distant period be undertaken by the State, are assertions whose truth no one questions. The high level of general comfort in France is due mainly to the results of the first Revolution, to the institution of peasant-proprietors; and whether as proprietors or as leaseholders under the State it cannot be doubted that, before many years elapse, means will be taken in England to assure to an ever-increasing proportion of the community the benefits arising out of property in land. In fact, it may be said, with the writer in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, that the aim of English statesmen is to make life worth the living for the tens of thousands to whom it is now hopeless misery. Every force in the England of to-day makes towards improving the condition of the lower classes of the people; in this aim, religion and science are agreed; all enthusiasms and all generosities are here at one with even the self-interest of the few. When all the influences for good, then, are summed up, the picture is by no means so gloomy as Max O'Rell would have us believe. But if he confines us rigorously to the present, forbidding us to seek consolation in the past, or to put hope in the future, then we shall be compelled to acknowledge that while "John Bull" has made all the virtues which have their root in stalwart self-respect peculiarly *his* virtues, yet "in respect for the rights of others, and in sympathy with the sufferings of others, he is deficient." "*This ye should have done, and not left the other undone.*"

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL SHARPE.*

Mr. Clayden's work, viewed in its literary aspect, is well done. He has had an abundance of good material, but it was material which needed a skilful setting-forth and arranging. This it has received at his hands, and we have as the result a remarkably interesting book, with which Mr. Sharpe's friends have, we should say, good reason to be satisfied.

We say this the more willingly, because Mr. Clayden, in discharging his function as a biographer, has made, we think, a very serious mistake,—the mistake of thrusting his own opinions upon his readers in an unnecessary and even offensive way. Mr. Sharpe was a convinced Unitarian; he was strongly opposed to what is called the orthodox creed, and to the formularies in which it is stated. But what need is there for his biographer to say, "Trinitarianism has always needed these paper bulwarks. It rests upon them. It perishes without them. The waves of free discussion speedily undermine its sandy basis"? This is, of course, very poor invective. Things do not *rest* upon bulwarks, and bulwarks of paper cannot keep off waves. But poor or not, it is a foolish and needless affront to a faith which an immense majority of Christians have professed, and which can show a matchless roll of saints and scholars. Mr. Sharpe, again, had no sort of sympathy with the Ritualism which is one of the developments of the Oxford movement. But it is beyond the province of the biographer to write of "Puseyism,"—"As a popular movement, it has become Ritualism; at its very best, a marriage of religious awakening to artistic revival; at its worst, 'a thing of shreds and patches,' a mixture of man-millinery and music; the attempt of feeble clerical minds to magnify their office." This chapter on Mr. Sharpe's contributions to the *Inquirer* gives occasion for the airing of not a few opinions which may or may not be just, but which certainly are out of place. We quite think that Mr. James Lowther is an "irresponsible politician," and his proposed duty of five shillings per quarter on wheat "a paltry bribe." But Mr. Sharpe does not appear to have said so. Why, then, does Mr. Clayden say it, *à propos* of an article written in the *Inquirer* forty years ago; and why does he go on to fall foul of Sir Edward Sullivan and Mr. MacIver, and "the sugar-boiling operatives of Bristol and the East End of London"? And now to pass on to the subject of the book.

The chief reason which makes the life of Samuel Sharpe well worthy of a record is to be found in its simplicity and sincerity and absolute devotion to duty. Seldom, indeed, have there been men who have so resolutely striven from youth to age "to scorn delights and live laborious days." Perhaps Mr. Sharpe was too great a scorner of delights, and so somewhat wanting in sympathy with fellow-creatures who could not pretend to be so wholly remote from the gayer and lighter side of life. It is possible to imagine that on occasion a man less dry, so to speak, and more genial, might have exercised a wider influence. Yet his fault, if fault it was, was but the exaggeration of a virtue rare indeed and genuine in an age which worships wealth, and the ease and pleasure which it gives. We seldom find anything in biography more truly admirable than the resolution with which the choice of accumulating wealth on the one hand, and of a life of ease and refined enjoyment on the other, he put aside both, to do what he conceived to be his duty. It will be best told in the simple words in which he himself recorded it:—

"I entered business, the youngest in the firm, with a very small capital. I saw at once that by the death of partners responsibility would always be growing upon me, and that it was my duty to live economically and to prepare for it by laying by money. When sixty years old my health failed, and I went out of business. Elder relations had left me money, and when I withdrew my capital and invested it I found myself possessed of —— a year, with the habit of spending one-third of it, or less. My children were dropping around me, and I did not wish to change my quiet habits. I saw the folly and even the wickedness of accumulating without a rational motive, and I seriously turned over in my mind how to spend money usefully. Besides ordinary charities, the three lines then open to me were,—to print and give away my books, which were of a class very little saleable; to help University College, which I saw was moving the education of the nation; and, thirdly, to help the unpopular cause of Unitarianism. I began giving small sums freely to Unitarian appeals for help to chapels, meaning to set an example which I hoped might be followed, of giving £10 or £20, in place of the former £5; and £100 or £50, in place of the former £20. This example, I am glad to see, has often been followed. My translation of the Bible and *History of the Hebrew Nation* cost nearly £200 a year, to give every Dissenting student for the ministry whose college would accept such gifts. In thus giving away money my daughters nobly encouraged me, and were quite content with our quiet, inexpensive way of living."

Of course, this is no complete list of his charities. These were numerous and large. In none of them, we fancy, did he take more pleasure than in helping boys who could not otherwise have obtained it to get their education in University College School. University College, indeed, was an institution which owes much gratitude to him, not only for the £20,000 in money which he gave to it, but for a very constant interest in its work.

If he had done nothing more than thus liberally and wisely act on the principle that "none of the things which we possess are our own," his life had been well worth writing. But by the studies also to which he devoted his leisure while he was yet in business, and almost his whole time afterwards, he did much service. And this service was of a kind that needs, while it deserves, a recognition of this kind. Mr. Sharpe had not the gift of attracting popular regard to his work. He is called on the title-page of his biography, "Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible," yet it is probable that few, even of those who have concerned themselves with researches into the antiquity and history of Egypt, and with the question of a revised translation of the Scriptures, know the value of what he did in respect of these two matters. It did not fall to his lot to make any great discovery in Egyptian study; but his patient labour helped much to build up the great edifice, so to speak, which has been gradually built up in this province of knowledge. Comparatively few, again, have seen his "Translation of the Bible;" not one reader, we should say, for a hundred, who have diligently compared the work of the Revisers with the Authorised Version. But it must never be forgotten that he was a pioneer in the work, and a pioneer who did real service in helping to remove some serious obstacles. It was not only that he advocated the cause and put his name to petitions. He supplied the materials of which others made use; and, better than all, he actually set his own shoulder to the wheel, and finished entirely by his own labour a Revised translation of the whole Bible. The preface to this volume was dated on his eighty-first birthday, but it did not actually appear till the following year, the year in which the Revised Version of the New Testament was published. He lived to see this, and was able to examine some points in it. This he did with the greatest interest, though he did not live to criticise it in detail. Two months afterwards (in July, 1881), he passed away by a quiet and painless death. The old man, as he sits "in his arm-chair upon the garden steps, with the calm countenance of the great bust of Melpomene before him, and with the Hebrew text he had written on the garden wall behind him —'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one God'"—makes a picture which fittingly ends a life of faith and quiet devotion to study.

There is much interesting matter in the volume besides the record of Mr. Sharpe's life and labours. In his family story

* *Samuel Sharpe: Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible.* By P. W. Clayden London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

there are many noteworthy figures, none of them more so than the half-sister, Catherine Sharpe, who gave up herself to the care of her brothers and sisters, orphaned of both father and mother within the space of a few months. Mr. Sharpe, too, had many friends, some of them famous men, and he was accustomed to record his impressions of their conversation. On the whole, this is a picture of life so simple, so dignified, so full of duty faithfully discharged, and keen intellectual interest, that it is a pleasure and a profit to contemplate it.

AN AMERICAN COACHING PARTY.*

This volume, which does not contain a single dull or unreadable page, is the record of a delightful coaching journey from Brighton to Inverness, undertaken by the writer and a party of American friends. Of course, we are at once reminded of the captivating *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, which some of us still think the pleasantest of Mr. William Black's pleasant books, but Mr. Carnegie seems to have been beforehand with his fellow-Scot in the inception of the happy thought of a drive through Britain, though the popular novelist was the first to put it into a concrete form. As a work of art simply, this volume does not profess to enter into competition with its distinguished predecessor; though, if artistic worth is to be gauged, not by conformity to formal and artificial canons, but by the measure of success with which an intended purpose is achieved, and a desired impression conveyed, it is not easy to see how Mr. Carnegie's book could have been better than it is.

The railway has not, perhaps, proved the irredeemably prosaic thing it seemed to those who grieved over its early aggressions half a century ago; the great appropriator, Nature, has adopted it kindly, and many a landscape has gained a new charm from the white, curling cloud, floating above the meadows, or losing itself among the stems of the far-off plantation; but, after all, stage-coach travel, with its sense of freedom and exhilaration, its nearness to nature, its fascinating music of rolling wheels and clattering hoofs, and shrill, jubilant horn, remains still what De Quincey called it, the poetry of motion. When, therefore, Mr. Carnegie determined to show his old British home to his American friends, he arranged that the exhibition should be given under the most favourable conditions, so far as he could control them; and happily the elements became his allies, so that even in our uncertain climate the voyagers knew no abatement of the joys of travel. The party, indeed, deserved the best; for they were prepared, even if they met the worst, to make the best of it. As Mr. Carnegie sagely remarks:—

"There is everything in the way one takes things. 'Whatever is, is right,' is a good maxim for travellers to adopt, but the charioteers improved on that. The first resolution they passed was, 'Whatever is, is lovely; all that does happen and all that doesn't happen shall be altogether lovely.' We shall quarrel with nothing, admire everything and everybody. A surly beggar shall afford us sport, if anybody can be surly under our smiles; and stale bread and poor fare shall only serve to remind us that we have banquetted at the Windsor. Even no dinner at all shall pass for a good joke. Rain shall be hailed as good for the growing corn, a cold day pass as invigorating, a warm one be welcomed as suggestive of summer at home, and even a Scotch mist serve to remind us of the mysterious ways of Providence. In this mood the start was made. Could any one suggest a better for our purpose?"

To such a question an unhesitating negative is the only reasonable reply, and it is pleasant to learn that this best of all possible moods was more abiding than good moods are wont to be. Mr. Matthew Arnold says that,—

> "Tasks in hours of insight willed,
> May be through hours of gloom fulfilled;"

but the task willed by the charioteers in their hour of insight was no less than the total suppression of all hours of gloom, and it was fulfilled in a way that did equal credit to heart, head, temper, and digestion. A day's rain was a pleasant change, the anticipation, which came to nothing, of going without a night's lodging was positively exhilarating, and even the bitter disappointment of finding that the world-renowned Banbury Cross, instead of being a worshipful antiquity, was as modern as Chicago, seems to have been borne not with mere stoical resignation, but with an approach to genuine cheerfulness.

One of the many things for which ordinary readers will feel, or ought to feel, profoundly grateful to Mr. Carnegie is that he has stoutly resisted the temptation—if, indeed, he ever felt it—to give long-winded descriptions of scenery. Mr. Ruskin complains that people only read his descriptions, and skip his theology, political economy, and the like; but then, Mr. Ruskin stands by himself, and even Mr. Black is inimitable. Mr. Carnegie, therefore, wisely contents himself with those impressions of travel which do not make impossible demands upon the pen, and what he gives us is so welcome that we would not have it anything else. He has evidently not got beyond a vigorous middle-age, and at least some years of childhood were spent in his Scottish birthplace; but in spite of his patriotic enthusiasm for Caledonia stern and wild, he seems to have left the old days behind, and writes more like a Yankee with a Knickerbocker pedigree than like a full born Briton returning to the old home. His delight in the roadside inns of England is the sort of emotion aroused by things which are not only pleasant, but strange as well; their very names, especially such rural ones as "The Lamb and Lark," "The Wheat Sheaf," and "The Barley Mow," are full of fascination for him; and not only he, but the whole party seems to have been profoundly impressed by the many virtues of the English "landlord" and "landlady:"—

"The scrupulous care bestowed upon us and our belongings by the innkeepers excited remark. Not one article was lost of the fifty packages, great and small, required by fifteen persons. It was not even practicable to get rid of any trifling article which had served its purpose; old gloves or discarded brushes, quietly stowed away in some drawer or other, would be handed to us at the next stage, having been sent by express by these careful, honest people. It was a great and interesting occasion, as the reporters say, when the stowed-away pair of old slippers, which had been purposely left, were delivered to one of our ladies with a set speech after dinner one evening. Little did she suspect what was contained in the nice package which had been forwarded. Our cast-off things were veritable Devil's ducats, which would return to plague us. To the grandest feature of the Briton's character, the love of truth, let one more cardinal virtue be added,—his downright honesty."

Mr. Carnegie is, however, fully alive to what he considers the weak points in the English character and institutions. His residence in the United States has made him a republican of the republicans, and he is wont to indulge in rather "withering" remarks upon our social arrangements. After noting the facts that the Marquis of Stafford is a hard-working Director of the London and North-Western Railway, that the Duke of Devonshire is Chairman of the Barrow Steel Company, and that Lord Granville and Earl Dudley have a large pecuniary interest in the iron trade, he exclaims:—

"It is all right, you see, my friends, to be a steel-rail manufacturer or an iron-master. How fortunate! But the line must be drawn somewhere, and we draw it at trade. The A. T. Stewarts and the Morrisons have no standing in society in England. They are in vulgar trade. Now, if they brewed beer, for instance, they would be somebodies, and might confidently look forward to a baronetcy at least; for a great deal of beer, a peerage is not beyond reach."

This rhetorical assault, which is quite in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's manner, might, perhaps, be mildly parried by a suggestion that even in the paradise of Republicanism, arbitrary caste distinctions are not unknown; but, at any rate, they have no princes in the United States, so we are left entirely unprotected from the good-natured, but still tremendous satire of the following passage concerning Mr. Gladstone and the Prince of Wales:—

"We attended church at Windsor, and saw the great man and the Prince come to the door together. There the former stopped, and the other walked up the aisle, causing a flutter in the congregation. Mr. Gladstone followed at a respectful distance, and took his seat several pews behind. How absurd you are, my young-lady Republican! Can you not understand? One is only the leading man in the Empire—a man who, in a fifty years' tussle with the foremost statesmen of the age, has won the crown both for attainments and character; but the other, bless your ignorant little head!—he is a Prince."

St. George's Chapel seems to have stimulated all Mr. Carnegie's powers of sarcasm, and after saying his say about Mr. Gladstone and the Prince of Wales, he turns to another distinguished person—the Earl of Beaconsfield—of whose character and aims he gives the following brief, but uncompromising estimate:—

"When I was not gazing at Gladstone's face, I was moralising upon the last Knight of the Garter, whose flag still floats above the stall. Disraeli won the blue ribbon about as worthily as most men, and by much the same means,—he flattered the monarch. But there is this to be said of him,—he had brains, and made himself. What a commentary upon pride of birth, the flag of the poor literary adventurer floating beside that of my lord duke's! It pleased me much to see it. How that man must have chuckled as he bowed his way among his dupes, from her Majesty to Salisbury, and passed the Radical extension of the franchise that doomed hereditary privilege to speedy extinction!"

In this amusing, plain-spoken way does Mr. Carnegie comment

* *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain.* By Andrew Carnegie. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

upon things and persons English; but where he is, so far as words go, most uncompromisingly severe, there is no mistaking the underlying amiability. He is simply anxious to show that the resolution to find everything "altogether lovely" has not dimmed his Republican vision or impaired his logical impartiality, and, considering that he is an Americanised Scotchman, and, therefore, a critic both by nature and training, we are, on the whole, let down very easily.

There are several good stories in the book, as, indeed, there could hardly fail to be, and we select the following, not as the best—though the conclusion is a fine stroke of humour—but as one of the shortest. The party had reached Sanquhar, where the Cameronians abjured their allegiance to "the ungodly king," and Mr. Carnegie tells how some of them—

"Stepped into a stationer's shop there, and met a character. One side of the shop was filled with the publications of the Bible Society, the other with drugs. 'A strange combination, this,' I remarked.—'Weel, man, no sae bad. Pheseek for the body, an' pheseek for the soul,—castor oil and Bibles no sae bad.' Harry and I laughed. 'Have you the Revised Version here yet?' I inquired.—'Na, na, the auld thing here! Nane of yer new-fangled editions of the Scripture for us. But I hear they've shortened the Lord's Prayer. Noo, that's nae a bad thing for them as hae to get up early in the mornin's.'"

We must have read many hundreds of Scottish stories, but we cannot recall one with a stronger flavour of national character than this. The general denunciation of theological novelties, with the cautious exception in favour of a convenient shortening of a prayer, is delicionsly Caledonian.

Should Mr. Carnegie's book reach a second edition, as it well deserves, a few unimportant errors may as well be corrected. Mr. Robert Lowe's title is "Sherbrooke," not "Sherborne;" Milton wrote "fresh woods and pastures new," not "fresh fields," &c.; the popular juvenile sweetmeat is "toffee," not "taffee;" and "Balliol," not "Baliol," is the correct spelling of the name of the well-known Oxford College. As for the following sentence, it is so hopelessly muddled that correction is impossible:—"I wish," writes Mr. Carnegie, "I could quote something, from *Adam Bede*, I think it is—where Garth, the stonemason, thinks good work in his masonry the best prayer he has to stand upon;" but unfortunately, Mr. Garth is not a character in *Adam Bede*, he is not a stonemason, and he never made the remark here attributed to him, so the quotation very fairly matches the celebrated definition of a crab as "a red fish that walks backwards." Double the number of errors would not, however, seriously diminish our enjoyment of a most delightful volume, and we thank the writer most heartily for some very pleasant hours.

DANIEL WEBSTER.*

Mr. Lodge's biography of *Daniel Webster* deserves somewhat more attention than is the "natural due" of the excellent and useful series to which it belongs. For one thing, it is not simply a compilation from existing Webster literature. Mr. Lodge has drawn freely from Mr. Curtis's memoir of the American Boanerges, and frankly acknowledges his obligations to it. But he has made independent investigations into Webster's life, as at least one magazine controversy in which he has been engaged adequately proves; and he takes a different view from Mr. Curtis of certain rather dubious professional transactions in which their common hero was engaged. Then, we question if a compact volume like this, giving a succinct and bright narrative of Webster's career, with extracts from his speeches, (but could Mr. Lodge not have given more from his letters?) is not the best cairn to erect to his memory. Webster was not an original statesman, and he was not a profound lawyer, although for his day he attained an extraordinary success, both at the Bar and in the Senate. He was not inventive; he was even indolent. But he could give passionate expression to other men's ideas; of all eminent Americans who have given themselves up to public life, he is the most vocal. He was an imposing, almost a heroic personality, and his biography should be a brief prose epic. But above everything, Daniel Webster has, more than any other American politician that was distinguished before the Civil War, impressed the British mind as embodying the force and representing the grandeur of Democracy in the New World. "The notablest of all your notabilities," and "a magnificent specimen," exclaimed Carlyle, in a letter to Emerson, after seeing Webster at breakfast, and then proceeded to draw this Rembrandtesque portrait of him,—"The tanned complexion, that amorphous, crag-like face; the dull, black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff mouth, accurately closed. I have not traced so much of *silent Berserkir rage*, that I remember of, in any man. I guess I should not like to be your nigger! Webster is not loquacious, but he is pertinent, conclusive; a dignified, perfectly-bred man, though not English in breeding; a man worthy of the best reception among us, and meeting such, I understand." Webster strikes one, especially in his speeches, as an Englishman rather than an American, or, at all events, rather than a Yankee. He was an orator, but he did not "orate." He was the younger brother of Fox, rather than the elder brother of Mr. Wendell Phillips. Anything fresh about or upon Daniel Webster will, therefore, always be heartily welcomed on this side of the Atlantic.

It would be no difficult matter to pick holes in Mr. Lodge's style. He has at too easy command, and uses far too freely, the vocabulary of "gush" and panegyric, of which such adjectives as "intense," "bold," "penetrating," and "far-reaching" are flowers, and which in this country is now practically confined to provincial platforms and to votes of thanks to provincial lecturers. We come perpetually, too, upon puzzling expressions, such "as the iron constitution hidden somewhere in the small, frail body" and "that stately creature wrung with anguish." These may be simply modern Americanisms, but the description of Webster as "a stately creature" seems as grotesquely inappropriate as would be a description of Danton as "a nice Titan." But Mr. Lodge's vivacity, enthusiasm, and impartiality cover a multitude of literary infirmities. We like those portions of his biography best in which he dwells upon Webster's private life. Webster was no saint; as Mr. Lodge apologetically says, "He was a splendid animal, as well as a great man, and he had strong passions and appetites, which he indulged at times to the detriment of his health and reputation." But like so many of the men of Anglo-Saxon blood who were born in the eighteenth century, and were full of its ideas, like our own Fox and Burns, for example, he had singularly warm affections. He was an attached son—Mr. Lodge gives us some pleasant glimpses of his father, the stalwart borderer and Puritan, Ebenezer Webster—a kind husband and father, fond of children, of nature in all, but especially in its grander forms. At the same time, Mr. Lodge does not disguise or condone Webster's great weakness, his incapacity to keep out of debt. It may be said that in this respect he is no worse than Cobden or the second Pitt. But there is a shadiness about his impecuniosity which does not suggest itself in connection with theirs. Mr. Lodge proves beyond all question that Webster accepted not very long before his death a gift of ten thousand dollars from an admirer of "The Seventh of March Oration," in which he practically threw overboard his anti-slavery principles, and defended the Fugitive Slave Law. He was latterly maintained in large measure by New England manufacturers and capitalists, and "repaid them with an occasional magnificent compliment;" and we confess the relationship between him and them does not look much prettier because, as Mr. Lodge puts it, "he seems to have regarded the merchants and bankers of State Street very much as a feudal baron regarded his peasantry." Then, "he came down to Salem to prosecute a murderer, and the opposing counsel objected that he was brought there to hurry beyond the law and the evidence, and it was even murmured audibly in the court-room that he had a fee from the relatives of the murdered man in his pocket. A fee of that kind he certainly received, either then or afterwards. Every ugly public attack that was made upon him related to money, and it is painful that the biographer of such a man as Webster should be compelled to give many pages to show that his hero was not in the pay of manufacturers, and did not receive a bribe in carrying out the provisions of the Treaty of Guadaloupe-Hidalgo. The refutation may be perfectly successful, but there ought to have been no need of it." This is quite true. Webster's debts appear to have been quite inexcusable; he was the most popular advocate of his time, and could by honest professional effort have made an income sufficiently large not only to satisfy his wants, but even to gratify very luxurious tastes. There is no denying that, as Mr. Lodge says, "his moral character was not equal to his intellectual force." It is to be feared, too, that his moral fibre deteriorated as he grew older.

Daniel Webster's public life was a torso, if not a tragedy. His leading ambition was never gratified; he never got higher

* *Daniel Webster.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. "American Statesmen." Edited by John J. Morse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. 1883.

up the ladder of official politics than the Secretaryship of State, and his closing days were embittered by the preference given by his party to General Scott over himself as their candidate for the Presidency. The reason for this failure Mr. Lodge apparently believes to have been the fact that Webster was in politics a party advocate rather than a champion. He says, further, that "he was deficient in that intensity of conviction which carries men beyond and above all triumphs of statesmanship, and makes them the embodiment of the great moral forces which move the world." There is a superficial amount of truth in this, and it may well be believed that Webster's party found men who were very much better and more loyal partisans than himself, and therefore much better fitted for the rôle of standard-bearer. What, moreover, could look more inconsistent than that the politician who entered public life as a Free-trader—his speech on the Berlin and Milan decrees showed that for the time, and for a man of his temperament, he had obtained a really wonderful mastery of financial questions—and keen opponent of slavery, should have degenerated into an advocate of a modified Protection and of the Fugitive Slave Law? But in truth, it was alike the weakness and the strength of Webster that he placed the integrity of the Union above Party, and even above principle. He abhorred, he could not tolerate, the idea of secession, and, to prevent it, he was willing to part with or to modify his own views, even when he knew that these were right. He was wrong in lowering the anti-slavery flag in order to please the South, in 1848; he both sinned against principle, and committed a grave political blunder. But his motives were not wholly impure. His patriotism was genuine and lofty, if somewhat imaginative. He believed in the Union; he gloried in its past; he had almost beatific visions as to its future. The Liverpool navvy who pointed to him when he was walking along the street, and said, "There goes a King!" was quite right. Webster was a king who never had the opportunity of reigning. Had a crisis in the history of the Union occurred in his life-time, it would have supplied him with what he most stood in need, a genuine moral purpose and mission. He would have rushed to the aid of his country, and become its saviour, as certainly and probably as effectually as did the elder Pitt in the case of England. But such a chance never came to Webster, and so his political career was marked by disappointments, and worse than disappointments. He was at his best, because at his truest, in his famous orations at Plymouth in 1822, and at Bunker Hill in 1825 and 1843, and in his eulogies on Adams and Jefferson in 1826. His greatest effort is commonly declared to be his two days' "speech in the Senate against Hayne," of South Carolina, on the right of "nullification," in 1830. This, however, is largely forensic, and has not the true patriotic ring of some of his other speeches, declamatory though these are. Webster's best orations, indeed, are quite as sincere as Burke's or Fox's, and very much more sincere than Sheridan's. Had he kept himself absolutely aloof from party politics, which in 1852 he declared to be "utterly vain," and constituted himself the orator or prose poet of the national sentiment in the United States—such a person is needed there more than ever, in these days of materialism and millionaires—the admiration which his name inspires would have been as unqualified on both sides of the Atlantic as even now it is cordial.

FARRER'S TOUR IN GREECE.*

Emerson, in one of his charming letters to Carlyle, gently twits Frederick's biographer with having made a covenant with his eyes, that they should not see anything he did not wish they should see. Recent travellers in Greece seem to have made a somewhat similar covenant with their eyes. To some the land seems a paradise, and its inhabitants, like Master Wackford Squeers, next door to cherubim. To others it seems the antithesis of that realm, and its children as black as their putative sire is painted. The truth, of course, lies between these extreme views; but it is very difficult to say to which extreme it lies nearer. Probably, what Sir Charles (then Colonel) Napier said of Lord Byron's view is true still:—"Of all those who came to help the Greeks," he said, "I never heard one except Lord Byron and Mr. Gordon that seemed to have justly estimated their character. All came expecting to find the Peloponnesus filled with Plutarch's men, and all returned thinking the inhabitants of Newgate more moral. Lord Byron judged them fairly; he knew that half-civilised men are full of vices, and that great allowance must be made for emancipated slaves." It is true that the Greeks themselves would reject with scorn the notion that they are still only a half-civilised people. It is none the less a fact that they are, and a fact that must be reckoned with by all who are bent on making a tour in Greece. It is also true that they can no longer plead such excuses as emancipated slaves can plead for their vices. The question as to whether they have or have not used the position which Europe has assured to them in a manner at all commensurate with their opportunities, is one which this book does not call upon us to decide. Mr. Farrer and his companions scampered hastily through a portion of North Greece, and across the Peloponnesus, and Mr. Farrer has written an account of their progress which may be read most decidedly with pleasure. Comparisons are proverbially invidious, and if we say that this book is written, so to speak, on the lines of Mr. Kinglake's *Eothen*, we must not refrain from adding that it is vastly inferior to that incomparable book of travel. On the other hand, it is vastly superior to those miserable hashes of old diaries which are so frequently published as travels, and combine the parasangy dullness of the opening chapters of Xenophon's *Anabasis* with personal recollections that have no interest for the reader, nor would, if he were wise, have any interest left in them for the writer. A man may upset his matutinal tub, and be bitten by fleas. He may enter these incidents in his diary, if he has leisure enough for such idleness; but why he should print them, and thousands of other such trivial personal records, we do not understand. We quite understand, though, that print as he may, he will not find readers for his trumpery revelations. Mr. Farrer's "Tour" is not one of these diary-fed compilations; though we think that he insists a little too often upon the unsavoury discomforts which make a man's life wretched on board an over-crowded steamer, and that the "entomological researches" which he is fond of noticing have nothing to make them worth noticing at all, unless it should happen that the "researcher" is gifted with the angelic temper and sublime stoicism which Sir John Franklin was wont to display on such occasions. It will also, perhaps, strike peaceful readers that Mr. Farrer and his train were a little too fond of what he calls "baculatory arguments," and much too prompt in showing their revolvers, which, after all, they were never called upon to use in grim earnest. Nor does it appear that the Government escort which was provided for them ever failed of securing them from the chance of having to do so. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Farrer might have expressed and shown a little more gratitude for the poor soldiery whom he ridicules so scornfully for their eternal great-coats and for their partiality for garlic. In fact, although he writes, no doubt, as "a gentleman for gentlemen," he occasionally strikes a note which reminds of Dr. Morris's Irish servant, who thought it so absurd of Frenchmen to clothe their infantry in blue and their artillery in red. Moreover, gentlemen (we are speaking now of Mr. Farrer's companions, as well as himself) who so thoroughly despised the conversation of the natives that they concealed from them, perhaps unnecessarily, their own knowledge of Greek, need hardly, we think, have displayed the conscientiousness of puritanical soap-boilers when questioned as to their politics. It is true that they were smarting under Lord Beaconsfield's defeat, and stung perhaps on that account into aggressive truthfulness, but we confess that if we thought as little of an Otaheitan's opinions as Mr. Farrer and his companions did of their Greek hosts', we should be "Trojan or Tyrian," in his position, for the nonce, and think it no robbery to howl with the wolves.

Mr. Farrer is a sufficiently good scholar to make the archæological portion of his volume worth reading by those who are willing to take their notions of Greek art, &c., from Smith's Dictionaries; and to his query whether Phœbus Apollo did not send as well as heal pestilence, we can return a cheerful "Why, cert'nly." But *à propos* of the question which he discusses, in a long and for him decidedly a pretentious note, about the temple of that god at Phigalia, we entirely decline to accept his theory that the inhabitants of a petty Peloponnesian town erected that edifice as a thank-offering to Phœbus for sending the plague to Athens. Mr. Farrer has a keen eye for scenery, and Lord Windsor's illustrations, which are modest enough, are illustrations in the true sense of the word, and deserve high commendation. The following sketch of a part of "happy Arcadia" will astonish many who have hitherto formed their

* *A Tour in Greece*, 1880. By R. B. Farrer. With 27 Illustrations by Lord Windsor. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1882.

ideas of that land from the fanciful conceptions of Italian poets and their imitators :—

"The next few hours unfold all the hideousness of central Arcadia. True, that on the north, Mount Cyllene and other snow-capped peaks give a far distance which leaves nothing to be desired, and that the same may be said of Taygetus, on the south ; but unless the day be unusually clear, they are invisible, and in any case there is no pleasing object in the foreground or middle distance on which the eye can rest. Clouds of dust on the road, marshy flats on either hand, shapeless hills without vegetation, no signs of life but the endless chorus of countless frogs ; such is the central Arcadia of to-day, —a bleak, unlovely table-land."

Western Arcadia to some extent makes up for this, and Mr. Farrer waxes warm in praising the Alpheus valley, which makes himself and his companions feel "that Greece is worth visiting for its natural beauty alone ;" and sadly reflect "that, but for man's wantonness and indolence, the whole of its now arid surface might resemble western Arcadia." The last proposition is open to doubt, but something more than alterations in climate is needed to explain the sparse population of Attica, compared with that of Corfu. That the climate of the former has altered may be inferred from the account which Mr. Farrer gives of that λαμπρότατος αἰθὴρ which Euripides has made so famous. He declares the foulness of no climate can surpass the horrors sometimes provided by that of Athens :—

"After a still day of cloudless beauty and warmth, the traveller awakes to find a white world ; the flakes continually falling all that day ; on the next, the streets are impassable in the thaw ; on the third, it rains from morning to night ; the fourth is clear and bright, but with a north wind, in contrast to which any English March breezes are balmy zephyrs, —a wind that drives whole dust-bins into the eyes round every corner, that cuts into the very marrow, and against which it is often impossible to keep one's feet."

It is easy to read between the lines of this indictment, and see that the climate is not so guilty as Mr. Farrer would have us think. We may say the same of the complaints which he makes about the endless and profitless lavatory operations in which he says the women of the country seem always to be engaged, and of several other observations which he makes upon the manners and customs of modern Greeks. On the whole, however, we are strongly inclined to believe that the advance made by Greece since the Revolution has not been so rapid as might have been expected, and that had Palmerston foreseen what has actually taken place, he would not have surrendered Corfu, as he once said he never would to the subjects of King Otho, to the subjects even of King George I. We would rather trust also a judge like Lord Strangford than college tutors and other less responsible enthusiasts, as to the value to be put upon the intellectual and moral qualities of modern Greeks. But these are points which this book can hardly be said to raise, and we can confidently recommend it as a volume of very pleasantly told and admirably illustrated travel.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. By W. S. Kennedy. (Cassino and Co., Boston, U.S. ; Sampson Low and Co., London.)—One has a feeling that there is something illegitimate about these accounts of living celebrities. Perhaps this is a prejudice of the past. The celebrities themselves seem to favour it. Statesmen, and savans, and poets, and millionaires are "at home" to visitors whose known intention it is to describe to the world their homes, their studies, nay, their very dinner-tables and cigar-boxes. We must be content, therefore, to take what is given us, and only to require good-taste. This condition Mr. Kennedy fairly well satisfies. He gives some interesting details about Mr. Holmes's ancestry. Culture seems to have been, and promises to be, hereditary in the family. Mr. Kennedy mentions as kinsfolk of the poet descended from a common ancestress Dr. W. Ellery Channing, the two R. H. Danas, and Wendell Phillips. This ancestress was a Mrs. Bradstreet, wife of Simon Bradstreet, Governor of Massachusetts in 1689, who has the distinction of writing the first volume of verse published in America. College life is described, with its extraordinary abundance of bear-play and practical joking, the result, it would seem, of the almost total absence of sport. Mr. Holmes was, as might be expected, the poet of his "class," or, as we should say, "year." After a brief trial of the law, he adopted the profession of medicine, receiving the degree of M.D. from Harvard in 1836. (He was born in 1809.) In 1838, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, held it for two years, then practised for seven as a physician at Boston, and in 1847 was appointed to a Chair at Harvard (in the same subjects as before). The subjects were afterwards divided, Mr. Holmes retaining anatomy. He resigned his Professorship in 1882. In 1827, he wrote, jointly with a friend, a small volume of verse. After that, his verse contributions to periodical literature became frequent. In 1857 appeared the first number of the "Atlantic Monthly," and in it the first instalment of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Mr. James Russell Lowell was the editor, and Longfellow, Emerson, and Motley among the contributors. The magazine had its birth at an inn, Porter's Tavern, in North Avenue, where the contributors held their meetings, with an interchange of mirth that is well described in Mr. Holmes's lines :—

"Such jests, that, drained of every joke,
The very bank of laughter broke ;
Such deeds, that Laughter nearly died
With stitches in his belted side ;
While Time, caught fast in Pleasure's chain,
His double goblet snapped in twain,
And stood with half in either hand,
Both brimming full,—but not of sand !"

Mr. Kennedy gives a full account of Mr. Holmes's literary work. We cannot quite follow his criticism. His collocation of "Crabbe, Pope, Hood, and the Prize Poets of the English Universities," seems a little odd. But his remarks on the poets' "Anglicism" are quite just. Even as Virgil brought the Sicily of Theocritus into the Mantuan plain, so the writers of that day put "a picture of Regent's Park on one side of a stereoscope and a picture of Boston Common at the other, and tried to make one of them." The chapter on "Mr. Holmes as a Scientist" will be new to most readers. Yet here, too, he has done some notable things. His papers against homœopathy were certainly vigorous, whatever their scientific merit. He calls it "a system of universal poisoning, nullified in practice by the infinitesimal contrivance." But allopathists did not escape. Here is a characteristic passage from an address in which he denounced the abuse of drugs :—

"How could a people which has a revolution once in four years, which has contrived the bowie-knife and the revolver, which has chewed the juice out of all the superlatives in the language in Fourth of July orations, and so used up its epithets in the rhetoric of abuse, that it takes two great quarto dictionaries to supply the demand ; which insists on sending out yachts, and horses, and boys to out-sail, out-light, and checkmate all the rest of creation ; how could such a people be content with any but 'hemi' practice? What wonder that the Stars and Stripes wave over doses of ninety grains of sulphate of quinine, and that the American Eagle screams with delight to see three grains of calomel given at a single mouthful ?"

Mr. Holmes has not, on the whole, written much,—βαιὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα.

A Fair Country Maid. By E. Fairfax Byrrne. 3 vols. (Bentley and Son.)—The opening of this tale is attractive. Derrick Devonporte, squire of Hollyss Hall, meets the "fair country maid," Marjorie Morrison, and we recognise at once two interesting figures. Not less interesting are the next to whom we are introduced, Abel Greenough, an agricultural Radical, and Zachary Pearse, the artistic quarryman. Then comes in a romantic element. Marjorie is related to the family that owns Hollyss Hall, and the portrait of her ancestress, the very image of her remote descendant, is hanging in the picture-gallery. Another character, also promising an interesting development, is added to the list,—Saul Howell, an Oxford friend of the squire, who had been faithful to the Nonconforming traditions of his family, and had brought all his gifts and acquirements to the ministry of a Dissenting community at Milltown. The development of the story fails, as is so often the case, to please as much as the introduction. The "fair maid" has four lovers, and makes a choice with which we perhaps ought, yet do not feel able, to sympathise. Then come misunderstandings and difficulties, complicated by the monomania which has taken possession of the mind of Marjorie's brother John, a monomania born of the tradition of relationship, that he is the rightful heir of the Hall and its estates. The tragedy with which the story ends is not, we think, very skilfully managed. The details of the death of Abel are scarcely probable ; and the explanation of the murder which acquits Saul Howell of actual guilt is decidedly unsatisfactory. Still, the tale shows some power ; and more promise, especially if it be, as we suppose, a first attempt in fiction. Here is a pleasant little touch. Mrs. Morrison, the beauty's mother, has been grievously put out by domestic difficulties :—"The good lady had arranged to spend the afternoon in a state of tearful collapse ; and to aid this process, she had put on her second-best, black-silk dress, and a cap with mauve ribbons, and retiring to the parlour, had brought out her Bible and Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' and seated herself stiffly in the best arm-chair, with the books disposed on a table near her."

The Heavenly Bodies. By William Miller. (Hodder and Stoughton.) —Mr. Miller discusses at great length what we cannot but think a somewhat unprofitable question,—the plurality of inhabited worlds. We call it "unprofitable," not in the sense in which all astronomical questions are "unprofitable," but as starting with a radical fault, that we are forced to transfer conditions with which we are acquainted to places where we have no right to suppose such conditions. We cannot live, it is true, with a temperature at boiling heat, but there may be, for all that we know, beings who can. However, any one who wants to see what has been said on the subject,

and what astronomers have discovered about the conditions of atmosphere, heat, &c., in the planets, can find what he wants to know in Mr. Miller's carefully compiled book,—we say compiled, for we understand that his knowledge of these matters is not first-hand. The most reasonable belief on the subject seems to be that at some time in the history of a world, not necessarily of all worlds, but possibly and probably of more than one (we know absolutely nothing about the worlds which probably depend upon the fixed stars), there is a period during which life is possible. The Moon, possibly, has had such a period; so, possibly, has Mars; whereas, Jupiter may have one yet in the future.

Glossary of Terms and Phrases. Edited by the Rev. H. Percy Smith. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Percy Smith has been assisted by some able contributors, among whom may be mentioned Sir George W. Cox and Mr. Fennell, the editor of "Pindar." The *Glossary of Terms and Phrases* is intended "to bring together such words, expressions, quotations, &c., English or other, as are among the more uncommon in current literature, and required not for the scientific, but for the ordinary reader, explanations for the want of which the meaning of a sentence or a paragraph, even the drift of an argument, is often missed." We may take instances at random. The item "Brief" is explained to mean (1) Pontifical letters, which are either addressed to individuals or bodies, or, more solemnly, to the whole Church; and (2) in the Prayer-book, *Queen's Letters*, authorising collections, now discontinued. Under "Brigade," again, we learn that in the Artillery alone the word corresponds to a battalion of Infantry. The meaning of "Bristol Boy" is given as the poet Thomas Chatterton, and that of "Broad-Bottom Administration" as that of H. Pelham in 1744, as having been a grand coalition of parties. The utility of the book is manifest; that it is done by competent hands, we do not doubt. The reputation of the writers is sufficient guarantee, and all our examination of the items has tended to confirm the belief. The scholarship in particular, so generally deficient in books of this kind, is exact.

Marianela. By Perez Caldós. From the Spanish by Clara Bell, (Gottsbergor, New York; Trübner, London.)—Books from Spain are not so common but that they excite a special interest. This is but a slight story, and the motive is not, we should say, new. A young man blind from his birth loves the girl who has been his constant companion. But she is plain, and even deformed, while his face and figure are of remarkable beauty. He is restored to sight by a skilful oculist, and among the first shapes which he sees is a beautiful cousin. The struggle in the girl's mind, her anxious wish that the blind man should have his sight, and her certainty that when he recovers it he will give elsewhere the love that she prizes, her passionate appeals to the Virgin to help her, even, as in her despair she prays, to give her beauty, are very pathetically told. With true art, Señor Caldós makes the cousin who unconsciously supplants the first love a very model of kindness and guilelessness. There is some really good work in this sketch, and we gladly welcome it.

We would desire to welcome the appearance of the first number of *The Collective Investigation Record*, edited by Professor Humphry, M.D., and F. A. Mahomed, M.B. (British Medical Association, 161A Strand.)—Dr. Humphrey prefaces the number with a "History of the Movement." Then follow addresses on the subject delivered before the Metropolitan Counties Branch of the British Medical Association by Sir W. Gull and Sir James Paget. We have some results of the working of the Association. "A Report on the Communicability of Phthisis" is the longest and most important paper in the number. We may quote one sentence from the report:—"One fact these returns seem to establish beyond any question, and that is, that if phthisis is a communicable disease, it is so only under circumstances and conditions of extremely close personal intimacy, such as sharing the same bed or the same room, or shut up together in numbers in close, ill-ventilated apartments." "Preliminary Reports," on acute pneumonia, chorea, acute rheumatism, and diphtheria follow, and "The Treatment of Acute Gout" is proposed as a subject of the next inquiry.

Pamphlets and Lectures.—*Can English Law be Taught at the Universities?* By A. V. Dicey, B.C.L. (Macmillan), an inaugural lecture, asking a question which the Vinerian Professor naturally answers in the affirmative. His contention is that the student of English Law wants guidance as he did not want it in earlier days, and a systematic teaching which he cannot get in chambers.——Dr. Frances Elizabeth Hoggan publishes three papers on *Medical Women for India* (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol), advocating an excellent cause. There never was a clearer case of a real demand and an adequate supply, if only the two could be brought into relation with each other. ——*The New Godiva: a Dialogue* (W. Isbister), speaks plainly on the subject of purity and standards of morality generally. We cannot bind ourselves to all that is advanced in these pages, but we may say that it is well worth considering. Let us state from our own point of view what we believe to be one cause (and doubtless, also, at the same time, an effect) of a debased morality, and that is the detestable tone of sentiment about the morals of men which is to be seen in many of the novels written by women that it is our painful duty to notice in these columns. That a man is necessarily a profligate in his youth seems to be an article of faith with them.——We have received three additional numbers of *Present-day Tracts:—Modern Materialism*, by the late Rev. W. F. Wilkinson; *The Authenticity of the Gospels*, by Henry Wace, B.D.; and *The Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch*, by the Very Rev. R. Payne-Smith. (Religious Tract Society.)——*State Socialism and the Nationalisation of the Land*, by the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P. (Macmillan), is a reprint in a cheap and accessible form of an article which appeared in the July number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and which was noticed by us at the time.——Mr. W. W. Bean, in his *Notices of Various Errors and Omissions, &c* (Simpkin and Marshall), appears to make out a very serious case against the "Parliamentary Return of Members of the House of Commons, 1213-1874." More than fifty pages of mistakes is a very serious matter, and Mr. Bean is not more than justified when he says that to issue a document not complete, accurate, and trustworthy" is a scandalous waste of public money.——*The Parliamentary Reformer's Manual*, by John Noble, is a "revised edition of 'Representation, Population, and Taxation,' based upon the Census of 1881, and the Latest Parliamentary Returns." It is published by the London and Counties Liberal Union, 12 Walbrook. The strange anomalies of our representative system have been stated over and over again, yet it is well to repeat them. A thing has to be repeated a good many times, before it makes its way into the public mind. After all, there is no stronger example than London. The City and the nine Parliamentary boroughs have a population of 3,452,350. This should give them seventy-one Members, instead of twenty-two. A third of the Income-tax, and half the Customs are paid within their borders. What this should entitle them to who can say? Mr. Noble's pamphlet is crowded with significant facts.——A monograph by Dr. Augustus Merriam, *The Greek and Latin Inscription on the Obelisk-Crab in the Metropolitan Museum*, New York, will repay perusal.

New Editions.—*The Captives.* Translated from Plautus. By H. A. Strong, M.A. (Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide.)—This second edition, "revised and enlarged," repeats, we perceive, some mistakes which we pointed out in the first. We will repeat one of our remarks. In Act i., Scene 2, occur the two lines,—

> "Ego ibo ad fratrem, ad alios captivos meos:
> Visam ne nocte hac quippiam turbaverint,"

which Professor Strong translates,—

> "I'll to my brother, to my other slaves,—
> I'll see they make no fuss to-night, the knaves!"

That "ne turbaverint" should be even once so rendered is strange in a Professor of Latin; that the mistake should escape a revision is unaccountable.——Mr. J. A. Froude republishes, in the fourth volume of *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (Longmans), six essays, which have appeared at various times in magazines and reviews. These six are,—"The Life and Times of Thomas Becket," "The Oxford Counter-Reformation," "Origen and Celsus," "A Cagliostro of the Second Century" (an account of Apollonius of Tyana), "Cheneys and the House of Russell" (a kind of article in which Mr. Froude, we take it, always shows at his best), and "A Siding at a Railway Station."——*First Steps in Latin*, by F. Ritchie, M.A. (Rivingtons.)——*A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament.* By Frederick Henry Ambrose Scrivener, D.C.L. (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)—This is a third edition (the first and second having been published in 1861 and 1874), and has been "thoroughly revised, enlarged, and brought down to the present date." No one has a better right to be heard than Dr. Scrivener, and as he leans to what may be called the Conservative side, it may be as well to quote what he has to say about the work of the Revisers:—"First, the task of scrutinising the Greek text was one which the Revisers could not have shrunk from, without reducing their labour to a nullity; secondly, the text, as adopted by them, especially in passages of primary importance, is far less one-sided than is generally supposed; thirdly, the various readings recorded in the margin are nothing better than *rejected* readings, deliberately refused a place in the text, and set in the margin, if sometimes too lightly, yet always in a spirit of fairness to the unlearned reader of Holy Scripture." This is a very different account of the matter from that which Dean Burgon gave of the matter in the *Quarterly Review*. A postscript to the preface notices a communication from Dr. Burgon to the editor, to the effect that he had ascertained, from replies sent to inquiries made of the chief librarians in Europe, that there are about 300 additional manuscripts of the New Testament, or of parts of it, which have never yet been collated. It is probable that many of these are of little or no value. Still, it is manifest that a fresh field is opened to the labours of Biblical scholars. In the Vatican Library alone there are 179 codices as yet unexamined, and the Vatican is now really open to scholars.——We have received a handsome reprint of *The Imitation*

of Christ, with an introductory essay on the authorship of the work. (Suttaby and Co.)—The work is reprinted in its entirety, without any omissions or alterations to make it suitable for Anglican readers. Of course, from a literary point of view, this is quite right. If we consider, on the other hand, the practical devotional object, the usual course seems preferable. Devotion can scarcely coexist with controversy.——*Principles of Mechanics*, "rewritten and enlarged," by T. M. Goodeve, M.A. (Longmans.)——*A Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism*, by J. E. H. Gordon, B.A., 2 vols., appears in a second edition, "revised, rearranged, and enlarged." (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Gordon promises a separate treatise on "Electric Lighting," a subject to which he has devoted special attention.——*The Modern Applications of Electricity*, by E. Hospitalier, translated and enlarged by Julius Maier, Ph.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), a second edition, "revised, with many additions." The chapter on "Electric Light" is here entirely new.——*Talks about Plants; or, Easy Lessons in Botany*, by Mrs. Lankester. (Griffith and Farran.)——*The Science of Man: a Manual of Anthropology Based on Modern Research*, by Charles Bray. (Longmans.)——*Whence, When, What? a View of the Origin, Nature, and Destiny of Man*, by James R. Nicholls, M.D. (Williams and Co., Boston, U.S.; Trübner and Co, London.)——*Outlines of German Literature*, by Joseph Gostwick and Robert Harrison (Williams and Norgate), a second edition, "revised, and extended."—The poetical translations have been increased in number, and the work has been brought up to date.——*Letters and Social Aims* and *The Conduct of Life and Society and Solitude*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson (Macmillan and Co.); and a republication of the same writer's works in three volumes by Messrs. Bell, Sons, and Co., the first and second volumes coming out some time ago. We have now the third, containing "Essays, Lectures, Poems, and Orations." Here is a fine little poem, which will probably be new to most of our readers:—

"Heroism.

"Ruby wine is drunk by knaves,
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Rose and vine leaves deck buffoons,
Thunder-clouds are Jove's festoons;
Drop plumb down in wreaths of dread,
Lightning knotted round his head;
The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats.
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails."

——*A Journey Round My Room*. By Xavier de Maistre. Translated from the French, with a notice of the author's life, by Henry Attwell. (Chatto and Windus.)—We welcome this neat little edition, but Mr. Attwell is, we think, mistaken in supposing that the book is "hardly known in England." It was included, we remember, in one of the earliest series of cheap books.——*Knapsack Handbook; or, Pedestrian's Guide*, by William White (E. Stanford.)——*The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne (W. Paterson, Edinburgh.)——*Tobersnorey*, by the Author of "Stronbuy" (Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh).——A third edition of Hindle's *Legal Status of Licensed Victuallers and Other Licence-holders* (Stevens and Sons).——An author's edition of R. Grant White's *Mr. Washington Adams in England* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh).

We have received:—*The Parthenon*, by James Ferguson (Murray), "an essay on the mode by which light was introduced into Greek and Roman temples."—*The Turkish Compassionate Fund: an Account of its Origin, Working, and Results*, compiled by H. Mainwaring Dunston, edited by W. Burdett-Coutts. (Remington.)—*The Sutherland Evictions of 1814*, by Thomas Sellar (Longmaus); a vindication of the conduct of Mr. Patrick Sellar.—*A Ceremonial Guide to Low Mass*, by Two Clergymen (Pickering), which somewhat unexpectedly turns out to be a book of ritual for use in the Church of England.—*Annals of the Catholic Hierarchy in England and Scotland, A.D. 1585-1876*, by W. Mazière Brady. (John Mozley Stark.)—*Studies in Architectural Style*, by Richard Popplewell Pullan (15 Buckingham Street, Strand), a series of ninety-six plates, of which fifty-five are of ecclesiastical and the remainder of secular subjects.—*The Bibliographer*, Vol. III., December, 1882, to May, 1883, (Elliot Stock.)—*The Factors of Civilisation, Real and Assumed*. (J. P. Harrison, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.)—*Bonds of Disunion; or, English Misrule in the Colonies*, by C. J. Rowe, M.A. (Longmans.)—Bellamy's *Housekeeper's Guide to the Fish Market*, edited and revised by his son, Somers Bellamy. (City of London Publishing Company.)—Part 1 of *Cartularium Saxonicum*, a collection of charters relating to Anglo-Saxon history, edited by W. De Gray Birch, F.S.A. (Whiting and Co.)

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Ashton, Humour, Wit, and Satire of the 17th Century	(Chatto & Windus)	7/6
Baldwin (G.), The Story of Siegfried, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6/0
Beringer (O.), Beloved of the Gods, cr 8vo	(Remington)	10/6
Braddon (M.), Phantom Fortune, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Maxwell)	31/6
Cook (D.), Paul Foster's Daughter, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Day (L. F.), The Nodding Mandarin, 4to	(Causton)	5/0
Decorator's Assistant (The), cr 8vo	(Barnes)	2/6
Devas (C. S.), The Groundwork of Economics, 8vo	(Longmans)	16/0
Dondney (S.), Nelly Channell, cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
Dumas (F. G.), The Art Annual, 1883, 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Fenn (G. M.), Middy and Ensign, 16mo	(Griffith & Farran)	6/0
Gardiner (S. R.), History of England, 1603-1642, cr 8vo	(Longman)	6/0
Gregg (J.), Life of Faith, cr 8vo	(Hatchard)	5/0
Groves (J. P.), From Cadet to Captain, cr 8vo	(Griffith & Farran)	5/0
Hill (J.), The Waters of Marah, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Tinsley)	31/6
Lange (H.), German Composition, 8vo	(Oxford University Press)	4/6
Lee (K.), In the Alsatian Mountains, cr 8vo	(Bentley)	9/0
McConnell, Note-book of Agricultural Facts and Figures, 32mo	(Lockwood)	4/0
Molloy (J. F.), Court Life below Stairs, Vols. 3 and 4, 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	21/0
M. Tulli Ciceronis Somnium Scipionis, by W. D. Pearman (Camb. U. Press)		2/0
Only a Girl, cr 8vo	(W. Gardner)	3/6
Parkin (J.), Phthisis, its Cause, &c., 8vo	(Bogue)	3/0
Petrie (W. M.), Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh, roy 8vo	(Field & Tuer)	18/0
Pollard (M. M.), Aunt Hetty's Will, cr 8vo	(Griffith & Farran)	3/6
Prentiss (Mrs.), The Little Preacher, 12mo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	1/6
P. Vergili Maronis Æneidos Libri IX.-X., by A. Sidgwick	(Camb. U. Press)	3/0
Rae (J.), Bankruptcy Act, 1883, cr 8vo	(Marlborough)	2/6
Rawlinson (R.), Hygiene of Armies in the Field, roy. 8vo	(Wyman)	2/6
Rawnsley (R. D. B.), Village Sermons, 3rd series, cr 8vo	(Skeffington)	5/0
Reeve (P.), Love and Music, 16mo	(Bogue)	5/0
Sala (G. A.), Dutch Pictures, cr 8vo	(Vizetelly)	5/0
Scott (J.), Farm Roads, Fences, &c., 12mo	(Lockwood)	1/6
Skene (J. H.), With Lord Stratford, 8vo	(Bentley)	10/6
Skey (L. C.), Dolly's Own Story Book, cr 8vo	(W. W. Gardner)	3/6
Smart (H.), At Fault, 12mo	(Ward & Lock)	2/0
Spencer (J.), Elementary Practical Chemistry, Part 1, 12mo	(Boulton)	1/6
Taylor (J.), Picture Truths, cr 8vo	(Wes. Conf. Office)	1/6
T. Macci Plauti Trinummos, edited by C. E. Freeman	(Camb. Univ. Press)	3/0
Trollope (F. E.), Like Ships upon the Sea, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Verne (J.), The Green Ray, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Wiedermann (F.), Chats with the Children, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	3/6

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1883-4 will commence on Monday, October 1st, 1883. The Prizes for the past Session and the Nursing Probationers' Prizes will be distributed on Tuesday, October 9th, at 8 p.m., by Professor Huxley, P.R.S., who will also make an address, after which there will be a Conversazione, to which all past and present students are invited. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £60, £40, £30, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 90 guineas in one payment, or 100 guineas in three instalments. All resident and other Hospital appointments are free. The resident appointments consist of Five House Physiciancies, Five House Surgeoncies, and One Accouchership; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical Practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.
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The WINTER SESSION will commence on MONDAY, October 1st, with an Introductory Address by W. H. BENNETT, Esq., F.R.C.S., at 4 p.m.
The William Brown £100 and £40 Exhibitions are open to all Perpetual Students.
The two Brackenbury Prizes of £30 each, Sir Charles Clarke's Prize, the Thompson Medal, the Treasurer's, Brodie Aeland, Pollock, Johnson, and General Proficiency Prizes are open to all Students.
The appointments of House Physician and House Surgeon, of which there are four tenable each for one year, are awarded by competition, and no charge is made by the Governors of the Hospital for board or residence.
Clerkships and Dresserships and all the minor appointments are given without extra fees.
A prospectus of the School and further information may be obtained by personal application between 1 and 3 p.m., or by letter addressed to the DEAN at the Hospital.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will BEGIN on October 1st.
The SESSION of the FACULTIES of ARTS and LAWS and of SCIENCE will BEGIN on October 2nd.
Instruction is provided for Women in all Subjects taught in the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science.
Prospectuses and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, &c. (value about £2,000), may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.
The Examination for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 26th and 27th.
The SCHOOL for BOYS will REOPEN on September 25th.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
Professor CORFIELD will open his Course of Lectures to Ladies on the Laws of Health (Physiology and Hygiene), by an Introductory Lecture, on TUESDAY, October 9th, at 3 p.m.
The Hygienic Laboratory is open daily for instruction in the Analysis of Water, Air, and Food, and other Hygienic Work, (Demonstrator, Mr. C. E. CASSAL, F.C.S.) TALFOURD ELY, Secretary.

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II. DEPARTMENT of SCIENCE and ENGINEERING.—Candidates for admission in these Departments must not be under 14 years of age, and those under 16 will be required to pass an Entrance Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin, to be held on September 28th.
III. DEPARTMENT of MEDICINE and SURGERY.—Students are required before entering to have passed one of the Preliminary Examinations prescribed by the General Medical Council.
The SESSION in DEPARTMENTS I., II., and III. will commence on October 2nd.
IV. DEPARTMENT for WOMEN (223 Brunswick Street).—The Session will commence on October 8th.
V. EVENING CLASSES.—The Session will commence on October 15th. Students will be admitted on October 10th, 11th, and 12th, between 6.30 and 9 p.m.
ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS are offered for Competition at the beginning of the Session in CLASSICS, GREEK TESTAMENT, MATHEMATICS, ENGLISH and HISTORY, and also a DAUNTESEY MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP, value £100.
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In addition to the open Entrance Scholarships, Class Prizes, and usual Appointments, Scholarships will be offered for competition at the end of each year, open to all pupils of the Hospital.
Further information may be obtained of the Dean, or of the Medical Superintendent, at the Hospital.
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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

AN accident, which might have been most terrible, occurred at Woolwich on Monday. From some unexplained cause, a rocket which was being filled in the war-rocket store exploded, and the flames spreading, some hundreds of war-rockets were fired in succession into Woolwich and Plumstead. The rockets, which have steel heads, passed, in many cases, through solid walls, and in some instances fell in places crowded with people, but in no case was any one hurt, the only victims being a man and boy employed in the Laboratory itself. The long continuance of the explosions, and the abnormal character of the incident—an Arsenal bombarded by itself without human hands—created the wildest excitement, and before the firing had ceased, stories had flown to the far north of Scotland of how Fenians had blown up Woolwich, how the town was on fire, and how ambulances were arriving heaped with dead. Except in its grim suggestiveness, and in the mercy shown by Providence to the innocent, the accident was an ordinary one, the blowing-up, as it were, of a small powder-mill. There is not the slightest trace or any probability of incendiarism having been at work.

It is understood that the more fanatic Irishmen of Ulster are extremely irritated by Mr. Parnell's "invasion" of the Province, and on Friday morning Dublin and London were almost simultaneously disturbed by a rumour that the Home-rule leader had been shot dead. Up to Friday evening no confirmation of the report had been received, and it is believed to be unfounded, the supposition being that Mr. Parnell is somewhere in Leeds. In ordinary cases, the precise truth would, of course, be readily ascertained by a telegram to the supposed victim; but Mr. Parnell habitually shrouds his movements in secrecy, and his address on Friday was not, it is stated, known to his closest friends. Any attempt upon his life would produce something like civil war in Ireland, and might make it impossible to conduct the government through anything but military means. We have, however, little dread of such a catastrophe. The Irish Extremists have escaped the wrath of all the relatives of all the victims of outrage—a fact upon which historians will one day dwell—and are not likely to suffer from the enmity of purely political foes.

Dr. Pankhurst, who is substantially a French Red of the humane type, and not an English Radical at all, is now the sole Liberal candidate for Manchester, and has a fair chance of being seated. He has pledged himself to Home-rule and the repeal of the Crimes Bill, and the Irish have, therefore, accepted him; the moderate Liberals say he is better than a Tory, and the extreme Radicals are attracted by his ideas, which they see to be philanthropic, and do not see to be nonsensical. Mr. Hugh Mason, Member for Ashton, whose influence in Manchester is so great, in a letter to Mr. A. Heywood, Junior, has urged all Liberals to vote for Dr. Pankhurst, because he has brains and pluck, because he will support Mr. Gladstone and the Reform Bill, because he is infinitely to be preferred to any Tory candidate, and because his policy of peace will make for Manchester trade. If those arguments are sufficient, Liberals ought to vote for any human being, whatever his views, if only he would vote against the Tories. The utter discredit which is brought upon the Liberal party by its tolerance of such wild crotchets is forgotten, as well as the revulsion of feeling always caused by the disappointment of impossible hopes. Cannot Mr. Hugh Mason see that upon the most important of all pressing questions, the government of Ireland and the Reform Bill, Dr. Pankhurst will not vote with Mr. Gladstone, but against him? The Premier is for unity and order; Dr. Pankhurst is for Home-rule and the repeal of the Crimes Act. Mr. Gladstone is for household suffrage; Dr. Pankhurst for universal suffrage of both sexes.

The Irish have "heckled" Dr. Pankhurst with advantage to themselves. Could not some of the more sensible English Radicals try the same process? Could they not ask him, late as it is, how he proposes to garrison India without an Army; how much he supposes the Church property he intends to confiscate to be; whether he intends to pay for any "waste" land in private hands taken by the State, and if so, where his millions of profit are to come from; and finally, what he exactly means about the National Debt? Supposing the resources he mentions to prove insufficient, will he levy £28,000,000 by a land-tax, or will he let the national creditor go unpaid? We do not suppose he intends to encourage repudiation, but what does he mean by his language? As all British credit, all British trade, and all British wages would be affected by any questioning of the obligation to pay the Debt, the matter is of importance. Does Dr. Pankhurst think, as he seems to do, that a mortgage is less obligatory because the money raised under it was spent for a bad purpose?

The French are getting themselves into a condition of irritability in which nations, like men, are capable of almost any blunder. The King of Spain is to be the guest of the Republic for three days, but he has accepted the titular Colonelcy of a Regiment of Uhlans now stationed at Strasburg, at the hands of the German Emperor, and the Parisian journalists declare that this is equivalent to taking an oath of allegiance to Germany, and that, therefore, Paris ought either to hiss the King, or turn its back on him. Do they really suppose that the Prince of Wales, who is also a German Colonel, is, therefore, the more bound to obey the German Emperor? It is, of course, most vexatious to Frenchmen to see Spain join, or attempt to join, the Austro-German Alliance; but that is no reason for forgetting all the rules of international courtesy. The consequence of this absurd sensitiveness will be that the Spanish Liberals, who are annoyed by their King's German proclivities, will feel the national dignity affronted, and will support the policy which so bitterly wounds the French. It is a great misfortune for France that of all her citizens, the journalists are the most sensitive and the least prudent.

The Austrian Government has suffered another severe blow in the Balkan. The Servian Ministry, presided over by M. Pirotchanatz, which is pro-Austrian, was considered so safe that King Milano went holiday-making to Vienna, and sought an audience of the Emperor of Germany at Homburg. The elections, however, were held in his absence, and resulted in so large a majority for the Radicals, who are Russian, or rather Slav, in sympathy, that the Ministry, even with the aid of the nominee third of the House, can only hope for a tie. The King has hurried back from his tour, M. Pirotchanatz will, it is assumed, resign, and the wildest reports are current. The King will, it is said, be deposed in favour of Prince Karageorgevitch, and another member of that family will be elected Prince of Bulgaria and Hospodar of East Roumelia. These are dreams, mostly. The Servians want a

more Liberal Constitution, a little less subserviency to Austria, and an honest inquiry into the financial jobberies, some of them most discreditable, which produce their chronic deficit. If King Milano grants their demands, there will be no revolution; and if he does not, there will be many combinations tried before either Austria or Russia is invited to interfere. The Servians, like the Bulgarians, want to cook their own dinners at their own fires.

The Emperor of Germany was on Friday to unveil the grand national monument of the War of 1870. It is erected on the edge of the Niederwald, overlooking the Rhine, and its main feature is a colossal bronze statue of Germania, forty feet high, as a beautiful woman resting on a drawn sword and holding out an imperial crown. The figure rests on masses of masonry fifty feet high, and crowning as it does the brow of the Niederwald, is visible for miles. The festival was to be of the grandest character, and has been made the occasion of an outburst of enthusiasm for Germany, which, as the *Times* points out, has assumed the headship of Europe, yet does not go to war. That is just praise; but it should be added that, because of the ascendancy of Germany, two millions at least of Europeans live three years in barracks, and the Continent spends more than £100,000,000 a year in preparations for the war which does not come. Nor, as we have observed elsewhere, can politicians see that this Germany, though she keeps the peace by garrotting all the suspect, has as yet used her strength either to establish European freedom, or European law, or European ascendancy in the remainder of the world. Like her new statue, she only watches, guarding with naked blade her own property alone.

Nothing new has happened this week in the negotiations between France and China. It is reported and denied that the Chinese reply to the French proposals has been received, and reported and denied that the Chinese have forwarded an ultimatum. What appears to be true is that M. Ferry is at last nearly convinced that China will not give up Tonquin, and that he is doubtful whether to recede, or to protract negotiations till the meeting of the Chambers. The latter will probably be the course adopted. The Ministry cannot hand in an ultimatum to the Marquis Tseng, to be adopted by a definite date under penalty of war, for M. Grévy's consent must be obtained. M. Grévy is constitutional, and under the Constitution the Chambers enjoy the old Royal prerogative of making war or peace. It is true, this proviso was partly ignored in the Tunis case, but a war with China could not be commenced without a very large previous credit for military equipments, and the engagement of transport. France has no store of coal in Asia, and coal is not cheap. We incline to believe, therefore, that M. Ferry will discuss zones and the rest of his rather absurd proposals till the Session commences, and then ask the Deputies, formally or informally, whether they want Tonquin and a war, or Anam without one. That has been the plain issue all along.

There is some apprehension that the hand of the Chinese Government may be forced, but it is probably exaggerated. According to rumour, the mob of Pekin has shown excitement, and the War Party has, therefore, triumphed. The Marquis Tseng denies this, and it is antecedently improbable. That the public opinion of the Chinese is the ultimate force in China, the Government not having the means of sitting upon bayonets, is a truth which Europe is slowly learning, but the Government is not so weak as the rumour would indicate. It has a powerful garrison and a large Tartar mob in Pekin, upon both of which it can reckon, and it could in dangerous circumstances call up cavalry from the desert. It can, moreover, safely assure its people that Tonquin will not be surrendered, or even promise war if it is not evacuated. There is, no doubt, a strong war party among the great officials; but it acts under well-understood rules, and is not likely to incur the deadly enmity of the Court by encouraging mob coercion. In China, in matters of that kind men stake their heads, a fact which helps to explain the extreme caution and slowness with which all serious resolves are taken in Pekin.

Sir Evelyn Baring, the new British Representative at Cairo, has been interviewed by the correspondent of the *Standard*, and has stated his impression of the position in Egypt. It is not optimist. Sir Evelyn repudiates all idea of permanent occupation, but affirms that the carrying out of needful reforms must take a very long time. The Courts were not yet ready, and could not be ready till the middle of December, and this is the first grand need. As for other things, he said, it is useless to press so hard, for reforms cost money, and the Egyptian Government, with the indemnities to pay, the Army of Occupation to support, and a war to carry on in the Soudan, has no money to spare. It is evident, therefore, that no remissions of taxation can be granted, and as nothing has been done to restrict the claims of usurers, it is clear that in Egypt we rather increase than reduce the pecuniary burdens on the people. That has been the invariable result of double government in the East, the people having to pay their own burdens and the foreign burdens too, without receiving in return the justice, order, and equality which are all that Europeans can secure to them. If they were governed, they would be content, though poor, for they would not be oppressed; and if they were let alone, they would deal with the oppressors, but at present they are frogs under a flagstone. They cannot lift it, or appeal to it for help.

The Rev. G. A. Shaw, the Missionary arrested at Tamatave, related his case on Thursday to a vast crowd in Exeter Hall. We have said enough of his statement elsewhere, but we wish to notice a statement made by the Rev. G. Cousins, of Antananarivo, of which more will be heard. This gentleman, who has resided nineteen years in the capital of Madagascar, bore emphatic testimony to what he called the "kindness" of the Malagasy to the French after the bombardment of Tamatave. They expelled all the French, but let them get safely to the coast, and drove away all the Roman Catholic priests, but still allowed Roman Catholics to practise their religion. Is not that rather an optimistic version of what happened? It seems to us that a French Foreign Minister, even of less acrid temper than M. Challemel-Lacour, has fair ground for saying that the Malagasy plundered and expelled quiet French residents who had nothing to do with the bombardment, and persecuted Catholicism in the most effective way, by banishing all men competent to perform any offices of religion. That is certainly what he will say, and if Mr. Cousins's statement is true, we hardly wonder that French sailors and French priests are somewhat savage against Protestant teachers of religion. Exeter Hall would have been, if all Protestant teaching had been stopped, and Catholicism alone protected.

Mr. Biggar, who usually keeps himself well within the law, and reserves all violence for Parliament, has this week run an unusual risk. In a speech at Tullow, County Carlow, he is reported to have said:—"Of course, they were bound to speak against outrages; but if a man was a member of an organisation like the Land League, and took land directly or indirectly from which another man had been evicted, he thought that man should be asked to cease to be a member of that organisation; and the best way was to keep him outside of any social arrangements, and perhaps, to some extent, outside business arrangements. He did not make any recommendation; but they should give constant notice to the people who acted in this improper manner." That is unmistakeable advice to boycott any one who takes land vacated by eviction. It is not probable that the Government will honour Mr. Biggar by making him a martyr, but the incident reveals one of the grand perplexities of Irish Administration. If Mr. Biggar is prosecuted, a man of no weight, despised even by his own party, is raised into importance; if he is passed over, Mr. Healy may complain, with justice, that the Government does not execute the law, but picks victims.

Sir Richard Cross made a speech at Penrith, on Thursday, which even his own friends must have regarded as most foolish. Its drift was that the Government were sure to go wrong in all parts of the world, and, therefore, the country must watch them closely. They were in the wrong in Egypt, in promising to retire; in South Africa, in restoring Cetewayo; in Afghanistan, where "Russian emissaries" were again arriving; in Ireland, where their policy had produced anarchy; in India, about the Ilbert Bill; in short, everywhere. He suspected they were in the wrong in China. "They could not but view with alarm the prospects of a war between France and China. It was for the Government to deal with that question, but if it were not settled to the satisfaction of the British nation, comments would be made, in spite of what Lord Hartington might say, and the Government would be called to account." It is difficult to believe that the man who delivers that preposterous sentence was a leading member of the last Tory Cabinet and has been spoken of for the leadership in the

Commons of his great party. There was not in his speech one trace of "light and leading," or even of a thorough comprehension of the problems before the country.

The Royalist party in France, as we expected, has yielded completely to the Comte de Paris. He has signified privately through his friends, and semi-publicly through the *Français*, that he does not wish, for the present, to take the title of King, or to issue any manifesto. "To forestall a name is not enough to forestall fortune." He will be known, therefore, by the name he has always borne, and will remain quiet to watch events. This course displeases the more ardent Legitimists, and some of them have retired from politics; but the majority adhere to their principles, declare that the "King is King, whatever his ideas," and that, as he has the right to give the *mot d'ordre*, he has also the right to abstain from giving it. That is the only logical position for the party, unless it renounces the notion that leadership passes by hereditary right. If the King can be deposed because he is selfish and inactive, the Kingship is elective, the precise doctrine against which the Legitimists protest. The Orleanist leaders also have all acceded to the new order of things, which they do not quite approve, as they hold the Parliamentary idea as important as the idea of Royalty, but which adds to their social respectability. They can no longer be taunted as Brummagem Royalists.

The papers of North India cannot get over the idea that Russia and Great Britain are engaged in a duel of intrigue in Central Asia, and Reuter about once a fortnight solemnly informs us that a Russian has been seen in Herat, or Candahar, or Cabul, and that he was believed to be "an Agent of the Russian Government." The report is flashed to St. Petersburg and Simla, and is followed by grave statements that neither the Government of Russia nor that of India knows anything of such an Agent, and the public mind is more or less comforted. All the while, both Governments receive incessantly, though at intervals, reports from all important places in Central Asia, from paid native agents—as a rule, wonderfully accurate and trustworthy—and can, if they please, find any number of "Agents" who will remain unknown to the other side. The Indian Government has Mahommedan servants whom it can trust, and half the Armenians in Asia are, when required, ready to be Russian Mamelukes. It is simply impossible, in the present age of the world, to shut out spies, and quite ridiculous to try. Herat will no more become Russian because the Czar knows what is going on there, and can send a letter thither if he pleases, than Fez will become English because Lord Granville knows or can know exactly what the Sultan recently said to his Finance Minister. Do the Embassies in the different capitals, which are simply recognised organisations for espionage, breed wars, or prevent them?

The managers of the Panama Canal are raising money on debentures, and are circulating statements of the most hopeful kind. They say they have no difficulty as to their supplies of labour, that their people are contented and industrious, and that the work, though larger than was expected, is also lighter. The Company finds that it must remove 100,000,000 mètres of soil, instead of 80,000,000 mètres, but finds also that the increase is due to the enlarged width rendered necessary by the unexpectedly small proportion of hard rock encountered. Its engineers, therefore, believe not only that the work will be finished by 1888, but that, if M. de Lesseps chooses and the money is forthcoming, the opening may be expedited by another year. The debentures have all been taken up, the preposterous dividends of the Suez Canal having convinced Frenchmen that M. de Lesseps is a great financier, as well as a daring engineer. Considering the immense importance of this canal to commerce and to all colonies in the Pacific, it is surprising that "our special correspondent" has not yet made his appearance, to describe the works in detail.

The Biological Section of the British Association is strongly of opinion that a marine laboratory, or rather observatory, should be established upon the coast. The object is the close and continuous observation of the habits of fishes, and especially of the gregarious and edible fish which are essential to our food supply. It is said that we know next to nothing of the habits of the important fishes, and that the information acquired is constantly lost for want of record. Even the fishermen make blunders, and according to the Inspector of Salmon Fisheries constantly complain of things, certain kinds of net, for instance, which are in no way harmful. It is proposed to request the Committee of the Fisheries Exhibition to apply its surplus to the foundation of such an observatory, which might then be assisted in other ways. The project appears to be a thoroughly sensible one, and we recommend it to millionaires in want of an object either for expenditure or for legacies. A sum of £20,000 would fit up an excellent observatory.

On Tuesday, amidst the rather trumpery papers which are often read in the Biological Section, Dr. Stone gave an account of a very curious modification of aphasia which is occasionally observed. The patient who cannot express his thought accurately in words is occasionally unable to do so in writing, and Dr. Stone himself, when recovering from a mental attack produced by overwork, found himself reduplicating words, and even letters, in his correspondence. The "trick of including otiose letters in familiar words lasted for some time." The oddity of this occurrence consists in this, that the usual explanation of aphasia, the inability of the brain to control the nerves which regulate the mouth in speech, does not apply. The brain guides the hand rightly, but occasionally guides it twice over, doing more than its work, instead of less. The only possible explanation is that the two lobes of the brain are doing the same work separately and with an interval, as is believed to happen in that curious mental phenomenon, the existence of an impression that you have been similarly situated before. The separation of the two orders to write the same letter is, however, much more definite, the delay within the brain, as it were, automatically recording itself.

We confess we read with a certain dismay all articles, letters, and reports upon the Congo. They all come to this,—that the Congo, with its affluents, has a waterway of 4,500 miles; that it drains a territory far larger than Bengal—as big as India, some writers say—that the French and Portuguese, as well as ourselves, are making settlements; and that if the natives are to be well treated and British trade made secure, a Protectorate, either British or International, must be established over the huge valley. Mr. Stanley contends for the former solution, and the *Times* for the latter. Is it not for once possible to let both alone? International Protectorates involve international quarrels, of which there are enough; while the Protectorate of Great Britain alone involves not only the government of another huge slice of the world, but the growth of a feeling among the nations that Great Britain is a grand monopolist. She is everywhere, and leaves no room for anybody else. We might, if it were a duty to acquire the Congo, disregard that feeling, but strained as we are, with no conscription, and whole continents to protect, we think we might leave this new task to other hands. Even if the French undertake it, we shall have the trade, as we have in Anam, and we cannot see why we should stop them. As we pointed out last week, the English with their children, and the people of Spain and Portugal, already own every pleasant land not fully occupied, and there is no place for German, or Frenchman, or Italian. Is it indeed cowardly for the "weary Titan" to look askance at this new burden, and pass on without stooping?

The first number of Messrs. Macmillan's *English Illustrated Magazine*, at sixpence, has appeared this month, and deserves a word. The letterpress is neither better nor worse, that we see, than the letterpress of most magazines, but the illustrations, more especially those of a paper on Rossetti, are admirable. There is a profusion of them, nearly sixty altogether, executed with a delicate finish and softness to which in this country we have been entirely unaccustomed. "Lilith" alone is worth far more than the money. The single drawback to them is the shiny, over-glazed paper, which is, we suppose, essential to their production, but which, though popular with Americans, is to us detestable. We are not very friendly to illustrations, thinking that they invariably spoil stories, and do not improve essays; but as the public desires them, it is well that they should be the best of their kind procurable. These are the best, and we can only hope, in the interests of art, though the publishers will not agree with us, that the magazine may not have such a sale as must inevitably ruin the last impressions. The magazine marks a decided advance in the popularisation of Art.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

DR. PANKHURST.

IT may prove that the managers of the Liberal party in Manchester, in refusing to fight the seat, have done a greater injury to the cause than we suspected. It is more than possible, it is quite probable, that Dr. Pankhurst may be returned as the third Liberal Member. Several Liberals of position, including Mr. Hugh Mason, have announced their intention of supporting him. They think his distinctive ideas will not signify in a Parliament like the present, they believe that, whatever he says, he will vote steadily for the Government, and they are irritated with the triumphant and taunting tone of the local Tories, whose nominee, Mr. Houldsworth, has most injudiciously called them cowards. A great body of the Liberal rank and file think any candidate better than none, if only he will keep the Tory out, and are completely conciliated by the promise to abide at the General Election by a test ballot; while the Parnellite Irish, who for a time hung back, have finally agreed to vote for Dr. Pankhurst. He is ready to vote for the local Government of Ireland "upon the Federal principle," and the difference between that and Home-rule is to them, as also to us, imperceptible. Finally, Dr. Pankhurst has the support of that large body, growing larger, we fear, every day, who do not study politics at all, and who ask only to be made certain that the candidate, whatever his views or his unwisdom, cares heartily for the masses of the people, which we have no reason to doubt Dr. Pankhurst does. If the body of the Liberals, the more extreme Radicals, and the bulk of the Irish finally declare for Dr. Pankhurst, he will have a heavy vote, and possibly a heavier one than Mr. Houldsworth, whose heavy dullness and passionate advocacy of the House of Lords will scarcely please even his own side.

This result, though it will secure two additional votes for Mr. Gladstone, is, in our judgment, a most disastrous one for the Liberal party. Against Dr. Pankhurst himself we have not a word to say. Difficult as it is for sane men to believe that he can honestly hold all his opinions, there is every reason to suppose that he does hold them, and that he is fighting for the seat as a fanatic, and not as an adventurer. If he gives a pledge, he will keep it, if he can; and we do not expect to see him voting on every possible occasion in the Tory ranks. But he is, of all recent candidates, the one who is most distinctively a crotchetteer. His ideas are his ideas, not those of any section of the Liberal party. The most determined Radicals are not unanimous for universal suffrage, and are distinctly hostile to the swamping of all male votes in that of the large majority of women. They are opposed to all those projects either for confiscation or for the foolish expenditure of public money which are concealed under the phrase, "Nationalisation of the land." They desire rather to reform than to abolish the House of Lords. They are divided—probably about equally—about the disendowment of the Church, though more than half may be in favour of Disestablishment. They are almost to a man against Home-rule for Ireland. They do not believe that the United Kingdom can be well and wisely governed for £50,000,000 a year, and they utterly reject the notions that the Debt shall be decried, the Army abolished, the Navy attenuated, Church property confiscated, and the expense of administration reduced to its lowest point, simply to save money. Upon all these points Dr. Pankhurst is emphatically and, we may add, honourably distinct and precise. It is impossible to read his speech of Saturday, in Chorlton Town Hall, without seeing that he believes that if the government of England were committed to men of his opinions, £35,000,000 a year could be saved; or, we may add, without suspecting that in his secret heart he holds the taxation of the people to pay the interest of the National Debt to be a colossal injustice. His words, as reported in the *Manchester Examiner*, not a hostile paper, though its conductors understand politics too well to support him heartily, are as follows:—

"The national expenditure had recently been £85,000,000, and it was not hard to see how they could bring that down to £50,000,000. Such a saving would work a wonderful, sweet, transforming effect upon their lives and upon their destinies. He had £35,000,000. How should he deal with it? ("Divide it.") That was just what he was going to do. The interest on the National Debt stood at £29,000,000. That charge was created by a policy hostile to the men of labour, in exclusive defence of bad pretensions and wrong and unjust privileges. It was chiefly and above all in defence of landlords. Up to 1832 the House of Lords and the House of Commons were the private property of landlords. Suppose a lord with a big estate that was falling to ruin. That nobleman, a member of an assembly having great power of influencing the money grant, would very naturally feel inclined, when all this money was going about, to get some, if possible, for his property. Since this £29,000,000 per annum was a charge due to the defence of a bad system of landholding, let us so arrange the land that it should be better and more wisely held, and out of the money savings of an improved land system let us pay this yearly charge. The change would do far more than that. First of all, there was land that never went out of the ownership of the State—common land; then there was corporate property and Church property. (A voice: "Private property.") How could it be considered private property? As to Church lands, the only question was how far down towards the present ought they to come in interfering with the givers' views about how the State should use the property which he had given to the State. The old endowments ought to be dealt with without regard to the way in which they were now used; the modern endowments ought to be dealt with with reference to their present user, having regard to their being national property. The lands he had spoken of would far more than pay the yearly charge of the National Debt. Then there was the Army, representing an annual expenditure of about £16,000,000. He believed that the country would have all it needed, if it kept up a small body of trained troops to train others, and the bulk of the soldiers were volunteers. In this way an enormous saving would be effected. Then there was the expenditure upon the Navy, about £10,000,000 a year, and, though he would not reduce this so much as he would reduce the other items, he thought that it was capable of a great diminution in the public interest. In this way, he would bring down the expenditure of the country to £50,000,000 a year."

We suppose we need not point out the absurdity of all that, or argue that a Volunteer Army, even if it could defend us from invasion, could not protect the Empire; or point out that the Debt was incurred with the passionate, though, we admit, informal consent of the people; or even calculate that £3,000,000 taken from the Church, and £12,000,000 saved upon the Army, and £5,000,000, say, taken from the Navy, do not represent £35,000,000, which, even if we throw in corporate property and waste land, could not be made up without an attack upon the Debt, or the starvation of the Civil Administration. We may admit that the figures given are only evidences of ignorance which experience would correct, and still we may ask if Dr. Pankhurst is deserving of Radical support. Is a man with these opinions a fitting representative of the third city in the kingdom? His friends may say that in electing him they elect a "general supporter of Mr. Gladstone's Government," but they also elect a man whose election the enemies of that Government can quote with reason as proof that Radicals detest, though they submit to, the payment of the Debt, that they do not respect property if there is any pretext for calling it national, that they understand nothing of the real utility of Army and Navy, and that they are prepared for the maddest experiments, if only by trying them they may temporarily reduce taxation. They are, in fact, driving all Whigs, all Moderates, and all cool Democrats into that huge Party of Common-sense which never dies in England, and which, if Radicals do not show a little more judgment, may, before long, overwhelm them.

We claim to be Radicals of the most sincere type, earnestly desirous that the State should be governed not only for the people, but by the people,—that all privilege should be abolished, that all should be legally equal, all educated, and all protected and aided to the limit of possibility by the corporate strength of the Commonwealth; and we warn Radicals in deep sadness that it is here we see their most immediate and pressing danger. They are far too ready to tolerate any opinion, even one which is demonstrably nonsensical, if only they are convinced that the man who puts it forward cares for the body of the people. Nothing offends them but hardness. They endure and even like every kind of crotchetteer. No matter what the proposal—the abolition of the Army, which would mean the loss of all dominion outside Britain; or Home-rule for Ireland, which means the separation of the Islands; or the reduction of the Navy, which means the blockade of an island unable to grow its own food; or universal female suffrage, which means female government; or the nationalisation of the land, which means either gigantic confiscation or the purchase of the soil at the price of three National Debts and the crushing of all but peasants with new taxes—there are thousands who will, to support it, postpone all reasonable and attainable political ends. The best candidate is nothing to them, if he will not support their nostrum; and the worst is palatable to them, if he will. They will not look beyond the idea, and will vote for a man certain to propose excessive or even irrational expense, if only he will resist a twopenny-halfpenny outlay—which, we may add, we dislike in principle as much

as they do—upon hereditary pensions. It is not that they are foolish. If they were, if they were merely misled by ignorance, we could trust to argument, or, at worst, to gradual enlightenment; but the evil lies deeper than this. It is a strange and a melancholy truth that one-half of those who support crotchets do not believe them, see the folly of them, and only like their authors because they see even in those crotchets proof of a feeling which they approve. Suppose five thousand voters in Manchester—English voters, we mean—heartily on Dr. Pankhurst's side. Four thousand of them will know perfectly well that the Army cannot be abolished, that the Debt cannot be paid except out of taxes, that a third of the national expenditure cannot be saved by any practicable economy. Two thousand at least would not abolish the Army if they could, would consider any kind of tampering with the Debt monstrous, and are desirous of civil expenditures such as would largely increase taxation; and yet the whole five thousand will vote for Dr. Pankhurst, because they say he wants to make the people happier. The idea that hard sense, rigid arithmetic, adherence to facts, is as necessary to the good as to the bad, to philanthropists as to monopolists, to Radicals as to Tories, seems wholly absent from their minds. They want a millennium of peace and prosperity, and believe that anybody who also wants it will bring it nearer, irrespectively of his mental powers. He may talk nonsense, but he is "of the right sort." Some of them would perhaps like acres, though that is not a general wish, and will support the man who wishes to give them ten apiece, even if they know, and are conscious that they know, that the acres have no existence. That makes no difference; he wishes well to them and to the world, and the man who says all acres are appropriated, and if they were not, are only two for each person, does not. So deeply do we feel the growth of this tendency, which is in its essence unreasoning pity for others as well as for themselves, that but for the hard sense of the majority we should seriously dread a currency craze in this country, an issue of paper money being advocated as the most plausible mode of relieving suffering, which in five years would produce a huge catastrophe. It seems to us that the first duty of reasoning Liberals, however Radical, is to fight this tendency, to admit that the great laws which impose upon mankind labour, suffering, and self-sacrifice are irreversible, and to insist that whoever leads, crotchetteers shall not. We admit that Dr. Pankhurst is honestly dreaming, and not pretending to dream; and therefore we prefer, if we are forced to make the choice, a sensible Tory to Dr. Pankhurst.

THE GREAT SENTINEL.

IT is very good of Germany, being, as she is, so much stronger than anybody else, not to use her strength in conquering everybody around. That is, we suppose, the true meaning of the hymns to Germany now pouring from the English newspapers, hymns which not only ascribe to her the leading place in Europe, but bless her for taking such a place and making such a use of it. Upon that supposition, there is, we heartily admit, reason for praise. In the regular historical course of events, Germany, after organising herself, and ascertaining that her Army was the strongest in the world, and defeating her bitterest rival, ought to have devoted herself to conquest, to have annexed Bohemia, and swallowed Holland, and driven Russia across the Vistula; to have subdued Italy, and have planted Viceroys in the Balkan; to have built up in outline a European Monarchy, and finally, to have attacked England, and after years of wasteful warfare to have been beaten back within her ancient limits. That is the proper historic sequence, which has happened once a century since the discovery of America. Spain rose to the headship, founded the mightiest organisation for war seen in Europe up to that time, conquered wherever she listed, attacked England, and in a great storm off the Orkneys lost her leadership. Louis XIV. raised 400,000 men, previously considered an impossible number, disciplined them under a caste of warlike though profligate nobles, conquered or defeated all he encountered, roused the patriotism of England, and, after years of defeat, was rattled to his grave like a pauper, to escape the curses of his own subjects. Napoleon raised a million of men, organised them under a caste of picked experts in war, mastered Europe State by State, attacked England, and died a prisoner in a waterless African island. Germany, since 1870, has been wiser and, even if keen calculation has entered into her action, better than any predecessor. The Emperor William attained in 1870 just the position which tempts potentates to dream of universal sway, and has withheld his hand, and pronounced definitely for peace in his own time. The world, therefore, though restless, suspicious, and armed to the teeth, is preserved from the grand calamity of European war. Such a war cannot be waged without Germany's permission. Prince Bismarck, as Mr. Tenniel, with that rare instinct of genius which penetrates much deeper than ability, this week depicts him, instead of riding forth on the pale horse to scatter death, stands armed and burly as the Great Sentinel at the door of the Temple of Janus, to see that no one uncloses it. Let that attitude be honoured, even though there be more strain in it than Mr. Tenniel paints—what can he have been thinking of, to let Prince Bismarck loll?—and though its motive be not the love of peace, but a clear perception of the interests of Germany. The sentry's first duty is to his post, even though he has duties to himself and to the world.

But, nevertheless, we see no good in this adulation of Germany, or in concealing that while her headship is indefinitely more moral and less oppressive than it might have been, it is far lower in character than it should be, and than, from the high German standard of thought, it might have been expected to become. In the first place, it is not headship at all, unless it be headship of the kind which Austria once possessed in Germany. The King at best is but a King Veto. Prince Bismarck, accepting him, as we fairly may, as incarnate Germany, leads Europe no-whither, neither to peace, nor to freedom, nor to prosperity, nor even to an organised and regulated control of the world in the world's interest. If he did, and did it successfully; if, for instance, he issued and enforced, as mouthpiece of Federated Europe, an International Code, under which the nations might rest, confident that sudden or piratical injustice could not be perpetrated, or would be punished, there could, we admit, be no hymn so loud that it would exceed the deserving of Germany and its chief. Prince Bismarck has neither done nor attempted to do anything of the kind. It is the very specialty of his greatness or of Germany's that, though no one is attacked, all remain suspicious; and that, under the terror of what he or Germany may do, the bonds which had begun to unite Europe are melting visibly away. There is no "Europe," no irresistible tribunal to which all can appeal. Prince Bismarck has so treated France and Russia, so bid them keep apart, so scolded and menaced them, that even a temporary unity of Europe is impossible. There is no tribunal left to which a wronged nation—say, little Denmark—can appeal; no Council which has at once the strength and the justice to make an award too final to be appealed against, too irresistible to be ignored. To appeal to Europe is to appeal to a Committee in which each Judge wears revolvers, each is thinking how best to secure advantage by his vote, and each would be at the other's throat, but that the great and gloomy Sentinel keeps fast the door. There is peace, but can Europe agree that it shall be peaceful peace, or release her young men from their sterile life of drill and barrack, or settle any boundary past attack, or assign any territory fallen in the course of events out of guardianship or order? Not only is the beneficial influence of Europe not increased by the hegemony of Germany, but it is positively decreased, and that for reasons almost openly cynical. The great Sentinel dreads no attack, but he watches for attack; and to diminish the possibility of attack, he openly tells all who are piratically inclined to plunder as they will elsewhere. England would like Egypt. "Right," shouts the Sentinel, "let England have Egypt," not as Englishmen think, because that is best for the world, but because, if England and France are at loggerheads, the Temple of Janus, which to its Sentinel is a German Temple, must keep shut. France wants Tunis, Tonquin, Madagascar. "Good!" cries the Sentinel, for then Italy is against France, and China also, and perhaps the owner of continental South Africa. Austria wants the western half of the Balkan peninsula. "Glorious!" cries the Sentinel, "for without me Austria cannot keep it, and I may pace here with the Hapsburg to guard my side." Any Power may take anything outside the charmed beat whereon the Sentinel paces, and there is no appeal, save to the sword, which he, in the vision of his eulogists, has ordered to be sheathed. Mr. Tenniel is right, and the *Times* wrong. Germany, under the Prince, is not using her gigantic power,—a power which grows day by day, till one dreads to think what future wielders of the magic sword may do with it—in order to enforce Law in the world, but only to ensure that the lawless shall not enter the sacred precincts of a single armoury, which

also is her own. We do not condemn that selfishness, though throughout all Europe it heaps toil on man, and though in Eastern Europe it crushes freedom, for no nation can fairly be expected to rise beyond the morality of its age, and as yet the distinction between patriotism and selfishness is not drawn; but then, neither do we feel tempted to sing hymns to the burly and formidable Sentinel. He does his work well, without fearing, without faltering, without demanding perquisites, but earth has had in it nobler figures than a Sentinel can be. Charles Martel played the part once, and he was great; but who reckons him with Charlemague?

We say nothing of the result of this headship, so maintained, to Germany herself. The historian of the future may be able to decide that if Germany had, by a few wise concessions, soothed away foreign suspicion, and if she had insisted that her own people should be left free, she would have been far happier; but that is not now a just comment. Germany has a right to rule her own life, and if she prefers the organisation of the barrack to the organisation of the free Commonwealth, her preference is outside any but speculative criticism. She may be wise, for only she can know what her true danger from the Eastward is, or what she might suffer from the West; and if she is not right, she, at all events, bears her own burden. Save in a corner here and there, she has enchained no nation, and takes no help from unwilling slaves. It is for her to judge of her own action, to express her own aspirations, to settle her own destiny. It is only when she claims a European *rôle* that she is justly liable to European criticism, and must be told that while in her magnificent position she has, since 1870, conquered no one, and taxed no one, and injured no one, while she has shown neither fear, nor greed, nor overmuch vanity, she has cynically thrust aside the greatest duties her position has entailed, and must expect from the critics who welcomed her deliverance from bondage no warmer praise than this,—that she has misused a limitless strength far less than any predecessor. She has guarded her house well, and stayed within it; but she has freed no people, prevented no outrage, established no law under the shelter of which free men may live in peace. All those things she may do, but they are not done, and we reserve applause until the nobler work has been performed.

MR. SHAW'S STATEMENT.

THE tone of the Meeting at Exeter Hall which welcomed the returned Missionaries from Madagascar on Thursday night was all that could be desired, and Mr. Shaw's account of his sufferings was straightforward, simple, and temperate. The narrative which he had to tell was, indeed, from first to last, of such an astounding kind, that no rhetorical artifice was needed to secure attention for its details and to enhance its painful interest. The source of Admiral Pierre's hostility to Mr. Shaw is still involved in mystery, and the most plausible explanation of it appears to be that, being a Missionary, and also President of the Committee of Safety of British Subjects at Tamatave, he appeared to the Admiral to be the most conspicuous and typical representative of England in the place. He was accordingly singled out for special punishment, to prove to his compatriots that France was not to be trifled with. Of any actual or contemplated breach of neutrality on the part of Mr. Shaw there does not seem to be the slightest evidence. The charges which were successively trumped up against him were obviously the merest pretexts. The accusation of harbouring the enemy, by retaining Hova servants in his employ, was disproved within a few hours of its being made by the evidence of the servants themselves, who belonged to a different tribe. No intimation, however, was given to Mr. Shaw that the charge had been abandoned, or that another had been substituted for it, and during the first fourteen days of his imprisonment he was kept absolutely in the dark as to the cause of his detention. On the fifteenth day, the Captain of the 'Nièvre' informed him for the first time that he was accused of attempting to poison the French picket which had been stationed at his house. It was, of course, notorious that Mr. Shaw's premises had been broken open, that the contents of his cellar and his dispensary had been thrown together by the thieves, and that if the French Marines had been decently disciplined and officered, the misadventure from which they suffered would never have occurred. The second charge was, therefore, transparently ridiculous, as even Admiral Pierre seems after a time to have recognised. Accordingly, on the twenty-second day, it was abandoned, and Mr. Shaw was given to understand that he was to be tried for his "imprudence" in not informing the French Commander that some of the bottles in the garden contained poisonous compounds. One would be glad to know in what part of the law of nations the duty of a neutral to give information to a belligerent is laid down, and his "imprudence" in omitting to do so declared to be a crime. At last, this flimsy pretext having served its turn, and the Admiral being, no doubt, at last aware of the disapproval of his Government, Mr. Shaw was told that there was not "sufficient evidence" to justify his trial by a court-martial, and he was set at liberty. There is no need to dwell on the privations he suffered during his captivity,—the stifling cabin, the solitary confinement, the bad and insufficient food, the brutality which denied him even the sight of his wife. Mr. Shaw, doubtless, exaggerates none of these incidents, and they will all be legitimate items in his claim for compensation, but as between the two Governments concerned nothing can add to the gravity of the question which is raised by the simple facts which we have already stated. There has been, it must be remembered, abundant time for the French authorities to sift the case. Mr. Shaw's imprisonment terminated as long ago as the 7th August. If there were any evidence to refute or modify his version of the circumstances, it would have been forthcoming before now; and as no such evidence has been or apparently can be produced, we are justified in inferring that we now know all that is to be known about the case.

For our own part, the fuller statement of Mr. Shaw confirms us in the opinion which we at first expressed. The proceedings of Admiral Pierre appear to us to be only explicable on one hypothesis,—that they were the acts of one who had been reduced by disease to the condition of a dangerous and irresponsible madman. If any credit is to be attached to M. Challemel-Lacour's solemn official utterances, the Admiral had been expressly instructed to avoid any measure which could wound British susceptibilities. Allowing him the widest discretion in the interpretation of his orders, it is incredible that any sane man could have fancied that he was carrying them out by insulting the British Consul, quarrelling with the British Commander, and imprisoning a British subject for the best part of two months on a succession of improvised charges of the most farcical absurdity. We know that Admiral Pierre was suffering, and soon afterwards died, from a disease one of whose specific marks is the inroad which it makes on the mental powers. If it is true, as is asserted, that he was recalled at his own request, it would seem probable that in time he himself became conscious that he was disabled for his work. Everything that we know of his conduct at Tamatave falls so far short of even the lowest estimate that the most hostile critics have ever formed of a French officer's judgment, tact, and courtesy, that this explanation, being as it is otherwise probable, appears to us to be the one which the public should at least provisionally adopt. It is quite true that it in no way diminishes the responsibility of the French Republic for what has occurred. Great States ought not to employ mad officers, and if they do, they must take the consequences, one of which is the liability to make atonement for insults that they never contemplated, and would have done all in their power to prevent. But a recognition on both sides that what has happened was due to the regrettable decay of a gallant officer's faculties will make the task of repairing the injury a far smoother one than it would otherwise have been, and to those who value the good relations of the two countries this is no small advantage. England may then anticipate, without demanding it, that regret will be expressed and compensation offered for an unintended wrong. France, which has already paid due honour to the fine qualities of the deceased Admiral, cannot hesitate to disavow acts which were committed in defiance of her explicit orders, and which can be explained without any reflection on the loyalty and obedience of her officer. No one here can have the least desire to exaggerate, and no one in France the least disposition to justify, an incident which, fortunately, is almost without a precedent. There ought, therefore, to be no difficulty in arranging a settlement which will satisfy English honour, without wounding French self-respect.

THE INVASION OF ULSTER.

IS Ulster converted, or likely to be converted, to Nationalism? The Parnellite invasion of Tyrone and the adjoining counties ought to supply the answer to this, the most

important, and perhaps the most difficult, of the problems which obscure the future of Irish politics. Notwithstanding that it includes the poor and sparsely-peopled county of Donegal, Ulster contains a third of the population, and probably at least the same proportion of the wealth of Ireland. Unless, therefore, Ulster can be won, Mr. Parnell is very well aware that the Nationalist movement will be national only in name. A mere numerical majority, recruited, as his antagonists can plausibly assert, from the poverty and ignorance of the more backward Provinces, is altogether insufficient for his purpose. The demand for a repeal of the Union, whether it aims at the substitution of a Federal tie, or at the creation of an independent State, will neither impress the imagination nor convince the judgment of onlookers, until it can be clearly shown that Ireland is substantially at one in making it. The severance of Ulster from the rest of Ireland is a geographical, and, therefore, a political impossibility; and if the English people were as eager as they are reluctant to abandon the sister-country to a Native Parliament, the opposition of Ulster would be an insuperable moral obstacle to the accomplishment of their wish. We are not going to create a new Hungary, which will reproduce the Croatian difficulty on a larger scale, and with all the additional risks of bitterness involved in the chronic disaffection of the wealthiest, most intelligent, and most progressive Province in the country. All this we may take it that Mr. Parnell, the coolest and shrewdest of Irish agitators, knows as well as any of his critics; he is determined accordingly, at all costs, to overcome the recalcitrance of Ulster; and he is not likely to underrate the magnitude of the task which he has set himself. Out of the twenty-nine Members returned by Ulster to Parliament, no less than twenty-seven were, at the commencement of the present year, declared opponents of Home-rule. At the general election of 1880, the small border county of Cavan, which has long enjoyed the privilege of being represented by Mr. Biggar, was the only place in the Province in which the Nationalists effected a lodgment. In 1881, they made a determined but futile attack upon Tyrone. Last year they renewed the attempt in Londonderry, and were again signally defeated. The return of Mr. Healy for Monaghan encouraged them to fresh efforts. Ulster was marked out as the chief battle-ground of the autumn campaign, and this week operations have been formally commenced by the invasion of Tyrone.

The data for forming a correct opinion as to the probable results of Mr. Parnell's latest move are singularly meagre. If we were to judge exclusively by the general election of 1880, and the bye-elections of the two following years, we should predict with confidence a disastrous rebuff. If we were to judge exclusively by Mr. Healy's easy victory in Monaghan last spring, we should be led to an exactly opposite forecast. But the truth is that none of these events throw much light upon the issue of the new campaign. The agrarian agitation and the proceedings of the Irish Party during the four Sessions of the present Parliament have been factors of such importance in the formation of Irish opinion, that they upset all reckonings which date back to the contest of 1880. The victory of Mr. Dickson, one of the apostles of tenant-right, in Tyrone, and that of Mr. Porter in Londonderry, which must in any case be one of the last counties to abandon the Union, may be explained by local and personal causes, and in neither instance was the Nationalist issue brought into prominence. Still less significance attaches to Mr. Healy's triumph, which was little more than the grateful tribute of the farmers of Monaghan to the author of the celebrated Healy Clause. In the absence of positive evidence one way or the other, we are left to conjecture, and we must endeavour, therefore, to imagine the kind of considerations which are likely to influence the mind of a average Ulster elector at the present moment in favour of the establishment of a Native Parliament. "The English," he might reflect, "have held our country for seven centuries; for more than three out of the seven they have been actively meddling with her affairs; during the last fifty years they have been honestly trying to govern her well. And what is the result? Wherever the eye turns, it is confronted with the evidence of failure. It sees natural resources undeveloped, local business mismanaged by a privileged class, public spirit extinguished, and individual initiative stifled, under the weight of an artificial system which forbids us to give effect in our own way to our own ideas of civic and national life. Over three-fourths of the country rebellion is only prevented by force or the fear of force, and even those of us who are loyal are normally subjected to irritating espionnage and semi-despotic laws. The Imperial Parliament is so far away, and so busy with other matters, that we can only attract its notice by noisy and demoralising agitation, and as soon as it has satisfied us for the moment, it turns aside to more engrossing duties, and banishes all thought of us and our concerns. Even when we have wrung from it some valuable concession, the boon is frittered away by the grudging and unsympathetic spirit in which it is administered. We know by the admissions of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Chamberlain, that but for the Land League the Land Act would never have been carried, or even conceived. The real authors of the Land Act are Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy; the one made it possible, the other rendered it effective. The Irish Parliamentary party have, for the first time, compelled England to give continuous attention to Irish grievances, and the useful Irish legislation of the last three Sessions is all due to them, and would in an Irish Parliament have been trebled in quantity. England means well, but she does not and cannot understand us; and if she could, she has not time to spare for our affairs. The old Irish Parliament was not a great success; the new one may be a failure. But it can hardly be a greater failure than the system which it replaces. If there is any truth in the doctrines of democracy, the presumptions are all in its favour; and if it turns out to be unworkable or incompetent—if the dream that we are fit to make our own laws and guide our own destiny proves to be an illusion—it is at any rate an illusion which we had a right to test; and when we are disenchanted, we shall be ready with a good grace to submit our necks again to the yoke."

It is in the persuasive force of arguments like these, and not in the unintelligent hatred for England to which the Parnellite orators habitually appeal, and which in many of them is beyond doubt a genuine and consuming passion, that the real strength of the Nationalist cause in Ulster will be found. And if they are to be forced to a choice between Home-rule and the continuance of the existing system of discredited and irritating centralisation, the English confidence in the traditional loyalty of Ulstermen may before long be rudely disappointed. But we see little reason to fear serious results from the campaign which has just begun. There is abundant evidence that Ulster has not succumbed to the moral paralysis which has crept over the rest of Ireland during the last three years, and so long as the equivocal relations of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues with the outrage-mongers of the Land League remain unexplained, he has little chance of obtaining a foothold in the Northern Province. Nor are his chief lieutenants, able and eloquent though several of them are, fitted either by nature or by training for the propaganda which they have now taken in hand. The blind hostility to England which lies at the root of their faith, the reckless vituperation of English statesmen which forms the staple of their rhetoric, the conventional hysterics in which they express their devotion to down-trodden Ireland, will find no echo in an ordinary Ulster audience. The simple truth is that in Ulster England is not hated, and that, once given control over their own local business, the vast majority of Ulstermen would recognise that they have far more to lose than to gain by the substitution of an Irish for an Imperial Parliament. In any possible revival of the Native Legislature, the voice of Ulster, the most separate and, at the same time, the richest and most intelligent of the Four Provinces, would habitually be overborne by the combined votes of the other three. The stronghold of Irish Protestantism, she would lie at the mercy of an Ultramontane majority. The one corner of the country in which manufactures flourish, she would be taxed in support of fantastic schemes for the introduction of impossible industries, and (in an independent Ireland) would see her wealth slowly dwindle away under a Protective tariff. What inducement is there for Ulster to relinquish the prerogative place which she has for centuries held as the British outpost in Ireland, and voluntarily to subject herself to neighbours whose interests and sympathies are so widely different from her own? Why should she abandon her right to a direct voice in the affairs of a whole kingdom, and to a distinctive place in the most ancient and famous of Parliaments, in order to furnish a despised minority to an obscure provincial Diet? The very same sentiment which gives so much of its seeming strength to the general Irish demand for Home-rule—the desire for a separate and conspicuous position in the world—in Ulster makes altogether for the maintenance of the Union. The Union is safe so long as Ulster is loyal, and the loyalty of Ulster is in far greater danger from the short-sighted indifference of English statesmanship, than from the most strenuous efforts of the Parnellite propaganda.

THE FUTURE SUEZ CANAL.

THERE are some aspects of the Suez-Canal Question which have not been sufficiently studied. In the heated discussion which followed the announcement of the Government scheme, it was, perhaps, natural that the practical sides of the matter should be forgotten. Some Englishmen had persuaded themselves that we ought to have a Canal of our own, made with English money and managed by English brains. To such people, anything approaching to an acknowledgment of the vested rights of the French Company was abhorrent, and in the storm which followed, the economic advantages of the proposed loan scarcely received consideration. The idea that there was anything which omnipotent English capital had not a right to carry out was a heresy so profound, that burning, not reasoning, was clearly the proper course to pursue.

It may, of course, be very annoying, but England has to thank herself alone for the exceptional position occupied by M. de Lesseps. He has carried out his great project in spite of English opposition, and his Company have at least undisputed ownership of the only existing waterway across the Isthmus. To make a parallel independent Canal, and underbid the Company, would simply mean the ruin of the latter. A new Canal, to be worked in conjunction with the existing Canal, must be subject to the same Direction, and could not be managed by an independent English Company on principles of its own. Fancy the Great Northern Railway working its own up-line between Edinburgh and London, and leaving its down-line to be worked by the London and North-Western. Let us grant then, if only for the purpose of argument, that M. de Lesseps has a monopoly of water transport across the Isthmus, and endeavour to see what it is that the requirements of English commerce demand. The complaints of shipowners are practically two, —first, that the transit dues are excessive; and, secondly, that the Canal is insufficient for its traffic. As to the first point, it is to be observed that, desirable as it may be for the general interest that the dues should be reduced as much as possible, still, it can hardly be maintained that they are so high as to operate as a check on British commerce. The concentration of the Eastern trade on the Suez route, and the large number of ships built specially for the Canal passage, prove the contrary; while, until recently, no great complaint on this score was raised. On the other hand, the inadequacy of the Canal is a great and growing evil, while there is also an increasing amount of irritation at its management,—a management conducted entirely on French principles. The Englishman abroad is apt to resent some of the railway regulations he has to put up with, but these regulations are at least framed by men who presumably know their own business. The Suez Canal, however, has been managed by civil engineers and financiers guiltless of any knowledge of naval matters, and the British skipper feels aggrieved at having to take on board an expensive French pilot, who is of no earthly use, except to interpret a few perfectly simple signals. On August 20th, last year, a great fleet of transports navigated the Canal without pilots and without a hitch of any kind; and during the few days in which Englishmen held and worked the Canal, everything went well, in spite of the crowding. The affair was managed by able Naval officers, who knew perfectly well what they were about. It is, nevertheless, certain that the Canal is now insufficient for its work, if indeed it were ever otherwise. This is not so much the result of an increase in the number of vessels, which only reaches an average of nine per day, as of the great increase of length and tonnage. It is not difficult to understand that the section of a canal should bear some minimum ratio to the section of the vessels which navigate it, and six to one has been the ratio usually prescribed. The Suez Canal has a section of about 3,500 square feet, and ships with 1,000 feet of immersed section use it. In comparison, therefore, the Regent's Park Canal is probably a more capacious waterway, while the North Sea Canal is much better adapted to its requirements. The result at Suez is continual grounding, causing delay, annoyance, and uncertainty. The time occupied in the Canal passage is, in fact, a matter of pure luck. Even setting grounding aside, under the present block system, the time does not depend on the number of ships to be passed in the Canal, but merely on the way in which these ships chance to present themselves. Moreover, if a ship sticks fast—a very ordinary occurrence—it is not the Company's interest to get her off rapidly, and their rules even prohibit a following ship from rendering any assistance. Among such trivial regulations as that if a passenger drops an "*objet*" overboard (say his hat), he must not take any steps to recover it, but must report the matter to the officials of the Company, there is no regulation as to the rudder-power of ships. Some of our great lines provide supplementary rudders to be fitted to their ships for the Canal passage, but such vessels may be preceded by any ill-found "ditcher," which, for want of this simple provision, may take the ground and detain them for a couple of days.

The placing of the control of the navigation in the hands of an English Naval officer, as proposed by the Government and most inadequately appreciated, together with a revision of the pilotage regulations, would probably do much to allay irritation; but the fact remains that the present Canal is far too small for its work, and must be very considerably widened, whether a new Canal is constructed or not. Moreover, the new Canal must have a much larger section than the present. Failing this, there will be no advantage whatever in an up and down line for traffic. Ships do not stick fast by jamming in passing each other, but by individually running on shore simply because the channel is not wide enough for navigation. Two Canals each as liable to be blocked as the existing waterway, entailing either a stoppage of all ships proceeding in one direction, or the disorganisation of the working of the clear Canal by temporarily using it as a double line, would give no advantages at all. The alternative is, therefore, either to give a substantial addition to the present channel, and to construct a new Canal of equal dimensions to the present Canal enlarged, or to convert the existing Canal into a really magnificent waterway. If we can reconcile ourselves to the abandonment of the idea of having a separate Canal all to ourselves, there can be little doubt that the latter of these projects is by far the best. The cost will be considerably less; the advantages will begin to be felt at once. The difficulties of navigation will disappear, and the speed can be increased, while the working expenses will hardly be greater than at present. It is worth noticing that, according to the Parliamentary papers, the project of the second Canal was first proposed by the English Directors at a meeting of the Works Committee, and that it was opposed by MM. de Rouville and Dauzats, who were probably better able to form an opinion on the subject than any one present. Should the Government reconsider the Suez-Canal Question, it is to be hoped that they will give full weight to the many arguments which can be brought forward in favour of a single broad Canal, and that they will take the opinion of men who, like the captains of our Indian troopships, are well acquainted with the navigation of the Canal. Their advice, as well as that of the great hydraulic engineers of this country, should be consulted, as a healthy corrective to the views of the English Directors, now that England is again free to act. It is of vast importance that the settlement of this question shall be framed with such sagacity and foresight as to command the adhesion and respect of both present and future interests. And it is of some importance that the plan adopted should have the support of the best engineers, as well as of the shipowners, who have had hitherto a monopoly of the discussion.

CHILDREN AND THEIR DINNERS.

WE wonder whether it is quite impossible to feed one generation properly. We are no seekers after Utopia, and have little faith that man, with all his efforts, will ever escape his grey destiny of toil for bare food; but it is difficult to read papers like those laid before the British Association on the British people without speculating once more on the possibility, by some great effort, of giving a dead-heave to the race. The whole drift of the Report prepared by Sir Rawson Rawson and his confrères, summarised in the *Times* of Monday, is to indicate that while man is nearly powerless to modify "racial tendencies,"—those family peculiarities which, as we see in the Jews, survive all ages and all circumstances, and which can be effaced, if at all, only by crossings—he, nevertheless, has the power to modify for good some primary conditions. He cannot by taking thought add a cubit to his stature, but he can, by self-sacrifice, add inches to the stature of his children. It may be taken as proved that, subject always to the permanent tendencies of a special race, man gains height and weight, that is, permanent capacity for work and permanent ease in living, from judicious and plentiful food. The hereditary poor are not, as is so often fancied, stronger or healthier than the hereditary rich. The latter popular impression has long since been dissipated by the evidence of doctors, who know well how disease conquers the

hereditary poor, and how low is their vitality; and the latter illusion is only maintained, as Mr. Hughes once pointed out in "Tom Brown at Oxford," by the strength which the poor acquire from doing hard work every day. The well-fed Guardsman, if he worked every day, would throw the navvy in a wrestle, if fed like a common labourer. The higher class of Englishmen, characterised by Sir R. Rawson as the "upper and professional classes," are found to be in physique the first of civilised races; indeed, excepting a few Polynesians and, we may add, some negro races on the Upper Nile (*vide* Dr. Werne's measurements, given in his two books of travel there), the first among mankind. As the upper class include men of all the British races, and, perhaps, a majority of the under-sized races, for the little, dark men of Keltic strain tend to the vigorous life of towns, they can owe this advantage and its correlative, health—which could be even more conclusively proved—only to good nourishment continued for generations. They are fed properly, and fed enough,—that is, they are able to buy what they want, and have arrived by the empiricism of ages at a clear perception of what suits them best to eat. What suits them is a diet in childhood more or less of milk and flour; in boyhood, of bread, meat, and vegetables; in manhood, of meat, bread, and vegetables in proportions which, though they vary with every individual, vary, we suspect, with every thousand very little indeed. We have, therefore, if not a perfect scientific law, a rule for diet based on a vast body of successful experiment, which it is fairly safe to obey. If we could feed our entire race as gentlefolks are fed, it would develope much higher corporeal vigour, and habitually tend to confirmed health,—an enormous gain, both to its energy and, what is much more important in the present stage of Western civilisation, to its happiness.

Is that possible? We believe that substantially it is impossible, as regards the present generation of adults. We cannot give them all, including the vast masses of the unskilled and the half-skilled, more incomes than clerks earn; and the volumes of letters now publishing in the *Daily News*, letters full at once of sordid detail and dreary pathos, show how impossible it is for clerks and their wives to be fully fed. They do not write about their wives, being intent on an out-door grievance; but from our present point of view, the raising of the whole race in the scale of physique, the woman as well as the man ought to have one large chop a day, or its equivalent in good, well-cooked meat, and bread. That is, in practice, as the whole body of Clerks groaningly admit, 9d. apiece for dinner only, or 10s. 6d. a week for the pair for dinner alone. Even if this is reduced, by careful combination on some co-operative principle, to 1s. a day for two, which all the clerks with one accord report to be impossible, it is 7s. a week, or nearly half the wages of inferior clerks, of agricultural labourers, and of unskilled artisans. As the English cannot live on one meal a day, two-thirds of the income would go in food alone. This, however, is not all. To raise the race, the growing boys and girls must be fed too, and the total expense of feeding them "like gentlefolk's children" as regards essentials, and especially of giving milk freely, would raise the total to two shillings a day per household, a dreamy sum, which for the majority of the population is, for such a purpose, hopelessly out of reach. Of course, in practice a compromise is adopted; the bread-winner is fairly fed, though even he has not half his "scientific" supply of meat, and is tempted to make up with alcohol; and the wife and children drag out anæmic lives on insufficient food. Let any one who doubts this compare the little children of his neighbourhood, especially in the country, with the boys and girls of the parish and the national schools. The little children are beautiful, chubby, rosy, and healthy; but half the boys and girls, who, remember, were once these children, are stunted, light of weight, sallow, and bloodless. If a fever breaks out they die like flies, and throughout the school career the teachers notice their liability to exhaustion, and to a sort of chronic stupidity. When they begin to earn they pull up again, for their diet improves, but to the end of life they retain the inability to resist disease and the want of tireless energy which are the signs of insufficient nurture in early years. There is, that we know of, no practical remedy for adults. We suppose, if the poor would live like Prussian soldiers, on strict rations, with meat-sausage as its basis, and abstain from liquor altogether, there might be a partial one; but no population has ever done it; and of any other cure we see little chance. The minimum of wages does rise, thank God—the price of unskilled but laborious digging in the neighbourhood of London, for example, has exactly doubled in thirty years—but it rises very slowly, there is no chance of rapid movement, and if any sudden increase came, meat would speedily be 2s. a pound. The real cause of its advance is an increase of demand for the new multitudes among whom the grown men are fairly fed, which already surpasses supply, and threatens our flocks in particular with the danger which recently attracted the attention of the Queen. If the whole people were properly fed—fed, that is, so as to secure to them the fullest steam-power potentially inherent in their bodies—the demand would beat the supply altogether, and fresh meat would become for classes which now obtain it an impossibility.

Still, we are not clear that something could not be done. We cannot feed adults, but is the full feeding of children from ten to fourteen utterly beyond our means? Perhaps it is, for all figures expanded over such vast surfaces become formidable; but we believe that consideration will reduce the work to at least imaginable dimensions. There are, speaking roughly, but with sufficient accuracy, 2,400,000 children between ten and fourteen to be fed, and of these not more than a million, perhaps, require extraneous help. At all events, the figure of a million is near enough to the truth to make calculation possible. It is allowed on all hands that one solid and full meal a day, with meat or its equivalents, would completely alter the dietary of poor children, would, in fact, make it sufficient to produce robust health. Well, it is alleged by persons of competent knowledge that this meal could be given, often hot, in a fully satisfactory way, for threepence a day a head. The meat must be given three times a week, in the shape either of soup with meat in it, or, which is infinitely better, of thoroughly cooked meat dumplings, it being necessary to cook the meat in the form which admits of the use of so-called inferior pieces, of scraps, and of Australian and Canadian meat. On the other three days the dinner would be porridge *with milk*, the most nourishing and bone-making of all known food, suet dumpling, or thickened lentil soup, Revalenta Arabica in its commonest and equally healthy form. That the meat can be given is certain, for meat dumplings at the price named are sold at a profit to the poor in North London, under an inspection which secures to the buyers good meat and fair cooking, always the first of difficulties, the English prejudice against sufficient cooking being of the liveliest kind. The saving on the porridge and the lentil soup provides fire, and the necessary work on a large scale. Now, though threepence a day is not a large sum, threepence multiplied by a million is; but it is said that, with rare exceptions, the parents would, for "filling food," strain every nerve to provide one penny. There remain two million of pennies daily to be found, more than £8,300 a day, or, taking only working days, £2,600,000 a year altogether. Two millions and a half a year would, if properly and carefully spent, make it next to certain that the whole population of Great Britain—and, of course, the figures can be extended to Ireland—should, through the most difficult time of their lives, the time when nurture is needed, but wages are hardly obtainable, be fully and heartily fed, so fed that through life they would feel an additional gain of at least 20 per cent. to their working power. It is a great sum, a very great sum, with so much to be spent in other ways, and so strong a necessity for cultivating self-help; but it does not seem, when distributed among municipalities and parishes, hopelessly unmanageable. Children, at all events, would not be pauperised by getting a little too much dinner for their penny, nor do we quite see how the parents would be. Perhaps the idea of a part-free dinner is too Socialist—we quite acknowledge that Scotchmen worked and saved best when they had no poor-law—but still, it is well to look at the figures straight. It is as certain as anything can well be, that with good organisation a sum of less than £3,000,000 a year would secure to the children of the poorer half of our people food as healthy as that on which the best grown males reach an average of 5 ft. 9 in., and an average weight of 185 pounds. That is something to ponder on.

SPACE FANCIES.

IN the most brilliant of his poems, the late Professor Clerk Maxwell described Professor Cayley as one,—

". . . . . Whose soul, too large for vulgar space,
In *n* dimensions flourished unrestricted."

As President of the British Association, Professor Cayley has justified this description to the world. By his Inaugural Address

he has introduced the British public—or rather, to the few of them as we said last week, who dare attempt to comprehend him—to one of the most fascinating of the speculative regions of Pure Mathematics; the region which, to the true mathematician, has the special charm that its beauties can never be of any possible use to anybody. Nevertheless, the manifold and marvellous changes which would result to every-day life from the realisation of its suggestions may well tempt even the practically severe and non-mathematical imagination to roam, and in Professor Cayley's loving words, "to ramble through this tract of beautiful country, and study it in every detail of hill-side and valley, stream, rock, wood, and flower."

The theory of Space is one of those matters that it takes a good deal of knowledge to have any doubts about. The unsophisticated person considers that he is free to move in every possible way. He can move his hand forwards, sideways, and upwards. With these three motions, or their opposites, separate or combined, he is satisfied. But it occurs to the philosopher to seek a fourth direction in which to move, a direction not compounded of forward, sideways, and upward motions, but differing from all these as forward differs from sideways, or sideways from upwards. Hitherto, the effort has been vain. Professor Cayley frankly admits that he cannot conceive of a space in which such a movement should be possible. The only person who has been suspected of such a power is Mr. Maskelyne. It has been suggested that he manages to escape from his sealed box not by any artful trick or sliding panel, but by a simple movement in the fourth dimension. This hypothesis, though it may not be regarded as probable, has, at all events, the merit of being a *vera causa*. A person able to move in the fourth dimension could get out of a closed box without passing through the top, or the bottom, or the sides. In fact, such a method of confinement would be as futile as the wall which the wise men built round the tree on which the nightingale was singing. He would be in the position of one acquainted with the secret of the backstairs which the Fairy Bedonebyasyoudid declined to reveal to Tom. He would resemble the popular idea of a disembodied spirit. No knots could hold him, nor chains bind him. The depths of the earth would lie exposed to him, as its surface does to ordinary mortals. He might even find, if the world should turn out to be curled into a spiral in the fourth dimension, that he could in a step pass from London, through Japan, to Sydney. The mathematician has long sighed for a state in which the pages of his book should contain not mere diagrams and plans of solids, but the solid figures themselves. With this view, Gauss in his old age laid aside divers problems at which he had worked analytically with partial success, saying that he hoped after death, in the fuller command of Space that would ensue, to succeed in solving them geometrically. It is impossible to say if Space is in reality thus extended. It may be that these are the baseless dreams of irresponsible analysis. It may, on the other hand, prove that the Space which surrounds us is of many dimensions, to a poor three of which we are limited by a necessity so necessary that it appears freedom. This only is certain, that if a fourth dimension does, in fact, exist, the power of perceiving it is wholly wanting in man, and the effort to conceive it as vain as a blind man's attempts to imagine the power of sight. But though unable to conceive a Fourth Dimension, we can, as Professor Cayley points out, conceive a space which is only two-dimensional, and by observing the limitations of beings inhabiting such a space, can by analogy imagine the extended powers which the art of moving in a fourth direction would introduce into human life.

Watch the shadows thrown on the ground by the sun, how they slide and change, continually varying in shape and size, and constant in nothing but in this,—that they never leave some surface or other. Endow your shadow with life, according to the fancy of the old story. Make him independent of yourself and of the sun, and imagine the existence he would spend, gliding over the surface of the world, never lifting his head into the air, not feeling fettered, because not able to conceive the motion of which he is incapable. Give him a quasi-substance, so that other shadows may be as impenetrable by him as ordinary matter by our own bodies. Fix and define his shape, if you like; or if you prefer it, imagine a state of existence in which no shapes are fixed or permanent. Imagine a world in which existence is shut in on the right hand and the left by illimitable walls of nothingness, where the only way of passing a man in the street would be to jump over his head, where books could only have one line in each page, and where the Morse Alphabet would be the only admissible form of writing, for even to cross a *t* would make a projection from the page like that of a book printed in raised type. Imagine a universe with suns, and stars, and worlds of its own, which could be rolled up like a scroll, and put away in a corner, without its inhabitants perceiving a change! Or again, suppose the shadow to have rigidity as well as substance, so as not to be unaffected by changes of curvature in the surface in which he moved. He would no longer be able to glide indifferently over surfaces of every shape. If he came to a sudden bend or a sharp crease in the surface to which he was confined, he would be brought to a stand. It is curious to speculate what his sensations would be. It might be that he would find himself mysteriously, and without perceptible cause, unable to move forward. It might be that the crease would have the effect to him of a solid wall of matter, perceptible by his senses as is what we call matter by ours. A small isolated wrinkle in the surface might appear to him a detached piece of matter. Nay, he might himself be merely a moving wrinkle, a wave, in the surface which is his space. Hence the bold suggestion of Clifford that in our own world also the difference between space where matter is and space where matter is not may be only a difference of curvature. Thus it would follow that men themselves are just wrinkles of a similar description, and that we differ from nothingness only by jutting out indefinitely little into the Fourth Dimension of Space.

Such are some of the speculations with which geometers have amused themselves, and the flowers they have sought to cull on the heights which the Philistine world thinks barren and uninteresting.

THE GENEVAN CHURCH AND ITS APOLOGISTS.

OUR remarks on the anti-Christian Church of Geneva seem to have attracted some attention in Switzerland, and have evoked there, as might be expected, several diverse judgments. The *Allgemeine-Schweitzer Zeitung*, of Basel, a Liberal-Protestant paper, reproduced our article in German, with the significant comment:—"We would, if we could, refute the *Spectator*, but we are unfortunately unable to do so." From Basel the article travelled to Geneva, where it was introduced, in a French dress, with a few words of approval, by the *Courier*, a Catholic paper, and has since given rise to a warm controversy, in which the leading parts have been taken by *La Semaine Religieuse*, organ of Evangelical Protestantism, and *L'Alliance Libérale*, organ of Liberal Christianity, the representatives of the two parties of orthodoxy and free-thought into which the Church of Geneva is divided. The former was the first to take up the cudgels, and in an article six columns long, meant to be an answer to our strictures, virtually admitted the truth of nearly all we wrote, and drew from the *Alliance Libérale* (which was less concerned to defend the Church than to dam-up a rival) this sarcastic remark, "Let us hope that the *Spectator*, when it cites authorities for the enormities imputed to it, will not have the audacity to include among its witnesses and inspirers *La Semaine Religieuse*." The protests of the organ of Evangelical Christianity, in fact, implicitly prove almost as much as its admissions, and its admissions alone are sufficient to establish the major part of our conclusions. We said that the pastors of the Church of Geneva are chosen by universal suffrage, every nominal Protestant, though he may never have entered a church in his life, having the right to vote; that the object of the local Legislature, in passing the law of 1874, whereby creeds and tests were abolished, was the suppression of orthodoxy and the triumph of free-thought; that the Church has become a chaos of conflicting doctrines, that some of its pastors preach a diluted Gospel, while others denounce religion as a superstition, one man pulling down that which another builds up. "All this," says the *Semaine Religieuse*, "is, unfortunately, exact." True also is our judgment that, having regard to the drift of public opinion, it is probable that the triumph of the Free-thinkers is final, "if the English review means thereby that the Protestant Church of Geneva is not likely to receive from political authority and universal suffrage a less latitudinarian Constitution than that of 1874," which is exactly what we did mean.

Having gone thus far with us, the *Semaine Religieuse* refuses to go any further, and impugns the accuracy of several of our

statements. The rite of ordination, it says, has not been abolished. All that the Legislature has done is to take away from the Company of Pastors the power of conferring it officially; but as a matter of fact, candidates for the Ministry receive the rite voluntarily. In other words, ordination is optional, and the practice, as often happens in analogous cases, survives the law. We never suggested that pastors, if it so please them, may not submit to this or any other rite any more than that they may not, if they think fit, have a belief; but as the law now requires from candidates no other qualification than the possession of a university degree, whereas it formerly insisted on ordination and acceptance of the Christian verities, creeds and ordination, so far as the law is concerned, are in effect abolished. The *Semaine Religieuse* demurs also to our statement that nearly every minister elected since 1874 is either an avowed agnostic or an open opponent of Christianity. Since the date in question, it says, "There have been elected eleven new pastors, of whom seven were Evangelicals and four Liberals. Some of the former belong without doubt to an orthodoxy less Conservative than that of previous pastors; but the latter do not represent a Rationalism more Radical than that of the Liberal ministers elected before 1874." This is a virtual admission of our contention. The Evangelists are becoming less orthodox, and if the Liberals are not becoming more heterodox, it is because they have no more beliefs to lose. When professed teachers of Christianity define religion as being nothing more than a vague sentiment, it is doing them no injustice to affirm that they have reached the utmost limits of rationalism, and that this is the opinion of the Liberals of the Genevan Church they would probably be the last to deny. In a recent article in the *Alliance Liberal* (September 15th), a writer, who signs himself "Jean L., Docteur en Théologie," thus sums up the matter:—"Religion in effect presupposes no doctrine; it is outside doctrine, because its essence is a sentiment, an impulsion, a state inherent to the inmost essence of the human soul. All other objects of theology and of worship to which religion gives rise, and about which men and Christians so desperately and incessantly contend, are only of trifling importance." In the pulpit, Liberal pastors, descending from the abstract to the concrete, stigmatise as fables the verities that form the basis of Christianity, and without which it would become even less than the shadowy thing which Dr. Jean says it ought to be. Not long ago, one of the most able and influential of the liberal Ministers, after reading as his text St. Matthew's account of the Annunciation, shut up the Bible with a bang, folded his arms, and spoke somewhat as follows:—"I ask every person here, every person possessing the least vestige of sense, education, or intelligence, if the history I have just read is not to the last degree improbable, a tissue of absurdities, and a palpable fiction;" and this thesis, in a long and elaborate sermon, he essayed to prove.

What does it matter, in the face of facts like these, that seven mildly orthodox ministers have been elected since 1874, that ministers are "installed" by the Consistory "in a solemn ceremony, and in default of dogmatic engagements enter into religious and moral engagements which are not without value," and that for certain offences the Consistory has power, with the consent of the State, to suspend a rebellious pastor? It is in the very nature of things that the bane should surely, if slowly, prevail over the antidote, and that orthodox ministers should be unable to check the evils which they admit and deplore. While objecting to some of our conclusions, the *Semaine Religieuse* is constrained, "with humiliation," to acknowledge the general truth of our verdict. "Yes," it says, "it is true that during the last twenty or thirty years indifferentism and incredulity have made in our little country frightful progress. It is equally true that the dogmatic anarchy which prevails in our national Protestant Church has contributed in part to hasten and support this spiritual decay." And then our contemporary goes on to say, what we should be the last to dispute, that other causes are making for this end, and that in the "Huguenot Sion there are thousands of men and women who have not bowed the knee to Baal." Yet, while confessing all this, while acknowledging in so many words that the National Establishment is a chaotic and creedless institution, some of whose ministers openly flout the faith which their brethren defend, an institution which has contributed, and is still contributing, to the decay of religion and the increase of nationalism, the organ of Evangelical Protestantism and the party whom it represents continue to support the system they condemn. They recognise the malady and refuse the cure,—emancipation of the Church from the control of the State. The expediency of an Establishment is an open question, but there can be no question that a State Church should be what it purports to be, and not a sham. It should not, while calling itself National and Protestant, be converted into a platform for the propagation of views destructive not alone of Protestantism, but of Christianity itself,—views for which none of its ministers, however orthodox they may be, can divest themselves of responsibility; and which, while they remain in the Church, they cannot effectually combat. This responsibility is all the greater, inasmuch as the Church (if Church it can be called) exists only by virtue of an alliance between the dominant political party, who maintain it for political purposes, and the Evangelical party, whose reverence for an Establishment founded by Calvin (and reformed by Carteret) seems to blind them alike to the demands of duty and the meaning of facts. When this alliance comes to an end, as come to an end it must, the National Church of Geneva will be a thing of the past.

THE MISLEADING CHARACTER OF LAW AS AN INDEX TO MORALS.

THE interesting treatise on Natural Religion to which we have recently adverted, in taking its start from the assumption that the most important subjects of human contemplation are not matters of controversy, affords an illustration of a strong and increasing tendency of our day,—a tendency to take refuge from the avowed diversities of belief as to all that is ultimate on the nature and destiny of man, in that agreement as to the duties of this present world which the course of ordinary life, it is supposed, shows to be an unquestionable fact. When we come to practical matters, it is said every day, by believers in every creed and believers in none, we find no difficulty in agreeing as to our bad men and our good men, whatever our difference of view as to everything beyond. No opinion equally common seems to us so erroneous. The world of aspiration is surely as various as the world of conviction, and men's sympathies are not less divergent in their influence than their creeds are. But it is easy to see how such an opinion arises, and very instructive to trace to its origin the element of truth which it contains. Morals, so far as they are reflected in Laws, do really possess that objectiveness, that simplicity which is so often attributed to all morals. When men are employed in the construction of a penal code, they never ask what actions are wrong, in the same way that, if truth were their aim, they would ask what opinions are false. Nothing bears a stronger witness to this virtual agreement than the minute portion of our law which appears to ignore it,—we do still punish insults to religion, but what we punish is an offence against decency, not against truth. A blasphemy law must now be defended by arguments that an Atheist can use. And wherever a difference of theory seems to emerge as to the business of the legislator, it will in like manner be discovered that this difference only brings out more distinctly the substantial agreement among educated men (using that epithet in a very broad sense) as to that part of his work which is penal. The Legislature, no doubt, reflects a great and probably a growing difference of opinion as to the rights of property; but this difference touches only the relation of *the State* towards property, the relation of the only persons of whom a penal code takes cognizance towards it is a matter concerning which everybody is of one mind. And the questions which are thus answered cannot be dismissed as self-evident. A country solicitor was asked by a village schoolmistress—quite as intelligent as most village schoolmistresses were some years ago—whether, as A. B. spent his money chiefly for immoral purposes, "*some part of it* might not be taken away from him, and given to his brother." If this person availed himself of that admirable opportunity for enlightening the infant minds of a country village, through the medium of their instructress, as to the first principles of legislation, and tried to convince the good woman that it was a wise as well as an unchangeable arrangement which ordained that we should all spend our money as badly as ever we chose, we may be sure that he found himself embarked in a set of statements which were by no means obvious. The fact that they never have to be repeated in Parliament shows that there are important moral problems, which the common-sense of mankind has settled once for all,—in other words, that there is a part of morality which belongs as much to the region of ascertained fact, which is as

little dependent on any of the questions as to which thinking men are divided, as the Copernican astronomy is. These are the problems which form the basis of corporate national action, and the corporate action of a nation is something so impressive, so resonant, that it seems almost as impossible to remember as to deny that its moral limits are rigidly fixed, and, with regard to the vast and varied differences of human conduct, may even be called narrow.

Not that its relation to morality is a slight thing, not that it might be regarded merely as a guardian of public safety and comfort, and the aspect under which it condemns what is wrong be left out of account. At the most important moment of its exercise, the Law bears emphatic testimony to its own moral character. The distinction between murder and manslaughter is wholly a moral question. When a State in preparing to deprive its subject of life inquires not only concerning what has been done, but what has been intended, it enters on ground as spiritual as that of the Confessional. And perhaps its other aims would be better attained, if its moral aims were sometimes more prominent. "We do not enough consider," said once an experienced lawyer, when discussing the faulty state of our law of homicide, "that the business of the law is to protect people under strong temptation." That elevated and spiritual definition of the function of law has always dwelt in the mind of the present writer as a protest against some of the tendencies of modern thought which law, perhaps, is most apt to foster. The speaker did not mean that we thought too much of innocent people, and too little of guilty people. He meant that we thought too much of one actual criminal, and too little of many possible criminals; that the law would guard public safety better, if it bore in mind that it was also guarding something that is more precious than even public safety. It is one of the many cases in which the lesser object would be achieved more successfully, if the greater object were always kept in view. But the actual decision of legislators, the actual pleadings of lawyers, are quite enough to testify that what the law undertakes to punish is, on the whole, wrong, and not injury. When the State refuses to hang a homicide because he is also a furious maniac, it does not deny that the best thing for him, possibly, and for everybody connected with him, might be that he should be put out of this world. But it proclaims that unless he can be proved to have done wrong, a number of people acting together have no more right to put him out of their way than one person has,—that the ideal being we call the State does not, any more than any one of the individuals whose conduct it undertakes to regulate, stand above Morality, that it acknowledges moral obligations just as absolute as those which bind every one of its subjects. It vindicates, with unmistakeable distinctness, its position on moral ground.

But the State abdicates with equal distinctness its jurisdiction over the larger portion of the region it enters. The relation of Law to Morality is doubly incomplete. It is an expression of only a part of the national disapproval, and it is not an expression of any part of the national approval. The antithesis between what is right and wrong is quite unlike the antithesis between what is legal and illegal. Right actions, everybody would agree, must have some positive quality, whether we call that absolute rightness, or something else; they do not include all the actions that are not wrong. But any random group of legal actions shows us that they have no quality in common, except that of not leading the agent towards the gaol or the gallows. It is legal to save the life of one's enemy, to eat one's dinner, to slander one's benefactor. Both the heroic and the hateful action are found in the same category with that which has no moral quality whatever. The actions which the legislator decides to leave unpunished may be as dishonest as a burglary, more cruel than a murder. It is legal for a wealthy heir to dismiss without a penny the worn-out servant whose devotion has prolonged his father's life, or the young *protégé* whose luxurious nurture has been an implicit promise of life-long support. The law does not suppose that either of these actions is less wrong than for the father of a starving child to steal a loaf of bread. It abdicates all pretension to follow the gradation of wrong. Its sphere is not concentric with that of the moralist; their common segment is marked out by considerations that for the moralist are quite arbitrary. The experience of generations has taught us that of all the wrong actions which men commit, there are a few, and only a few, which their fellow-men can interfere to prevent in their corporate capacity (or, indeed, in any other, for that matter), without doing more harm than good. It is not any moral reflection which teaches us this lesson, except so far as the duty of following the dictates of good-sense may be called moral. Penal legislation stops not where indignation slackens, but where it is silenced by a sense that, in this form, its expression is useless. In other words, Law can be regarded as not only an incomplete index to morality, but, if its incompleteness be forgotten, even a misleading one.

This is sometimes forgotten. The principle we are urging does not appear to us too obvious to dwell upon. It was, it is true, put into vivid and telling words nearly half a century ago, by a writer whose popularity depends on the fact that he expressed in brilliant language, and illustrated from the resources of a knowledge as accurate as it was extensive, ideas that had no originality whatever. Macaulay's review of Mr. Gladstone's treatise on Church and State seems to us, in some ways, the most interesting, though the least characteristic of his writings; we think it the only one which will possess any interest for the historian of thought. The great man whose early theories supplied his arguments with an aim is still the most prominent figure in public life, but the only person to whom, *as arguments*, they could now be addressed would be some such disputant as the ignorant woman to whom we have taken the liberty of introducing the reader, in recalling an incident from humble life, and we pay a great compliment to a man of letters in saying that the reasoning which he employed against a great statesman would, in a slightly different dialect, have been the very best answer to a village schoolmistress. But a theory does not become unimportant when it ceases to be denied. No legislator needs to be warned off the moral region which law disclaims, but the moralist needs sometimes to be reminded that he is bound to enter upon it,—nay, that it is just here that his most important business lies. Ethics is a doctrine of right and wrong; Law is founded on a doctrine of wrong exclusively. It ignores not only a part of one hemisphere of the moral world, but all the other. The word "merit" has no legal meaning; the national approval leaves no trace on the national code. This man has taken a life; the State declares his own to be forfeit to the law. That man has saved a dozen lives; the State has nothing whatever to say to him. Here is a thief whose dishonesty has deprived a rich man of a few pounds; we proceed to shut him up in prison. Here is a giver whose judicious and self-denying generosity has rescued many poor men from misery; we let him alone. We do not, on the one hand, give any legal expression to the whole of our opinion about wrong actions; to our opinion about right actions, we give no expression at all. That, it may be said, is no exclusive characteristic of law, and we allow that it is only *more* true of Law than it is of all action that expresses moral judgment. We cannot, in this world, express our approval either as often, or as forcibly, as we express our disapproval. If a wise parent will seldom punish his children, he will still more seldom reward them; and in any other relation of life, almost every practical expression of a moral judgment has to be of a penal nature, because there is hardly anything else that it can be. But still it remains true that approbation is a real influence in practical life. We surely look upon the failings of some one whom we discover to be slippery in money matters with a very different eye if we also discover him to be very generous. Now, within the scope of Law there is no compensation of this kind. We recall an instance which brought out this fact very curiously. It appeared, in the case we refer to, that the money gained by fraud had been spent, in great part, in relieving the needs of the deserving poor, often without their knowledge of the quarter from which their relief came, so that the money seems to have exercised the best qualities which money can exercise, in everything but its mode of acquirement. The fact was noted at the time as worthy of remark, but we do not remember that the faintest reference was made to it in mitigation of punishment. It surely must have had some effect in softening disapproval, but it would have been felt by every one as out of place in any plea for a lenient sentence. The object of Law being merely to prevent some actions, no one could demand that a judicial investigation should take cognisance of those which we all wish to encourage. Law has done its work when it has finished its threats; those actions which it never wishes to hinder, remain for ever beyond the bounds of its cognisance.

We have said that the Law never refuses so distinctly to take

cognisance of religious truth as when it steps in to protect religion, and we may add another illustration of the same principle, in asserting that its negative attitude with regard to Virtue is made most clear by observing the circumstances under which it insists that men shall be virtuous. The law of bribery seems to us to occupy just this exceptional position. There are a hundred ways in which men may do harm with their money, vast and deplorable harm; but as long as it is *their* money, the law lets them alone. To investigate any monetary transaction between sane beings, the State, as a rule, requires that there should be an aggrieved party. It may be the aggrieved party itself, but it must appear, in ordinary cases, in the concrete form of some officer of its own, whose just claim has been defrauded. Only in one single case does it step in and say that what one man is willing to give, and another anxious to take, shall not pass from giver to receiver; that a poor man, who knows quite well what he is selling, shall not sell his vote; that a rich man, who knows quite well what he is buying, shall not buy it. The legitimacy of the claim is as unquestionable as its peculiarity; to many persons, it would appear much more unquestionable. The State is here insisting on the conditions of its own existence, the Law is guarding the fountains of law from pollution, a representative body is insisting that what it represents shall be the nation it is to govern. Law must keep pure the source of law, at any cost; it must hold before men's eyes the ideal of this purity, even if it can do little more; it must keep the aim as an aspiration, even if it continually fail to punish its infringement as a misdemeanour. But the difficulties which beset its course in this direction are a sufficient proof that it is doing something exceptional in trying to prevent any transaction which satisfies both parties. Parliament does not really *want* to stop bribery, we hear it said again and again. Rich men do not really want to cut down the list of things that may be bought. Poor men do not really want to cut down the list of things that may be sold. In dealing with an offence in which agent and patient conspire to break the law, law is in an exceptional position. When robbery, murder, or theft takes place, it is not only the sense of duty which is enlisted on the side of the law, but the sense of injury. The victim is not anxious to give the pickpocket or the burglar a chance of repeating his offence; he may be trusted to give the law all the help he can in making it impossible. The solitary case in which the Law aims at carrying out a prohibition in which it has no help of this kind, surely exhibits very clearly the wisdom of the rule which it infringes. The importance of the exception is great. But what we would now point out is that it is not its importance which forms its justification. If political honour is the only thing the Law guards from traffic, it is not because even political honour is the thing most sacred, in the eyes of righteous men. The very specialisation of the term "immoral" (however mistaken be its exclusiveness of appellation), is a protest against the notion that moral purity is less of an object than electoral purity. Nor, in our opinion, would the attempt to prevent advances as to which both parties are agreed, be attended with greater difficulty in the last case than in the first. But the one wrong is illegal, and not the other, because the State is properly a teacher of political virtue, and is not properly a teacher of any other.

How far, then, does an agreement as to a penal code take us towards an agreement as to a moral standard? How far does our common consent as to the actions which it is desirable to prevent take us towards a common aspiration towards those actions which it is desirable to imitate? Only so far as the knowledge that two people have got into the express from Euston Square helps us towards a knowledge of their destination. We know that they must both wish to leave London. We know that they must both wish to go towards the north-west. But which of them may get out at the first stoppage and return to London in a few days, and which of them may take ship for America, never more to revisit his native land, we cannot do more than guess. And a common starting-point no more implies a common goal in the invisible world than it does in the visible. Law refuses to incorporate in its prohibitions any moral aim in which all sane and educated beings fail to unite. Therefore, it provides a common ground for action, and therefore it fails to provide a common ground for aspiration. Emphatic disapproval, we are apt to think, implies emphatic approval. In truth, this is just what it never can do. You can never admire the opposite of what we strongly condemn, you can never condemn the opposite of what we strongly admire. You can no more praise a man for not being a criminal, than you can condemn him for not being a hero. As a rule of practice this is often forgotten, but as a principle of judgment it cannot be questioned. The inversion of our blame would often result, not in admiration, but in blame of a different kind. It is wrong to take another person's money, unless he wishes to give it us; and very often it is wrong to give another person our money, because he wishes us to give it him. It is wrong to tell a lie, and very often it is wrong also to tell the truth. The least valuable legacy that a great intellect ever bequeathed to its kind was that ethical framework (we do not mean the treatise containing it) which sets the virtues as means between two opposed vices. But an arrangement which should exhibit the virtues as a set of *antitheses* to the vices would be, we believe, even less durable than that odd Aristotelian system which always sandwiches a virtue between two vices. Nor is it only to the philosopher that such a theory would be dangerous, there seems to us no moral truth more important for the ordinary human being who is trying to do right, than that right is not the opposite of wrong. We can hardly make the statement without cumbrous explanations, because the very influence of law on morals has given a double meaning to the word "right," has suggested, in fact, that everything we have a right to do is right. But in every concrete illustration, it would be seen that the contrary is nearer the truth. The things we have a right to do are the last things which find place in the aspirations after perfect rightness.

Whenever men interfere with each other, whether in that corporate form which we call Law, or in any other, they have to base their action on a theory of wrong. But character is moulded not by disapproval, but by aspiration. On a penal code, aspiration never leaves any trace; it would be a fatal objection to any law that it implied a high ideal. It would mean the appearance of the armed belligerent on neutral territory. But the moral influences by which character is formed, though they belong to both hemispheres of the moral world, yet find their centre in that of admiration and reverence. We may be absolutely convinced of the wrong, even of the despicableness of some hidden resentment, we may refuse to give it an outlet in word or deed, and struggle against it with the whole moral energy of our nature, and at the end of the struggle find our efforts as futile as if we had been trying to move a rock. And then, perhaps, some glimpse into the recesses of a generous, self-forgetting character, some new perception of the beauty of that spirit which rises above memories of slight and wrong, suddenly comes upon us like a tidal wave of moral impulse, and lifts us into a region where all that is poor and self-centred seems below us. It need not be anything colossal which leaves this impression. It rarely is so, not only because heroism is rare, but because large and brilliant action is commonly capable of many interpretations. A sentence of hearty praise or discriminating justice given to an enemy, or it may be even a magnanimous silence, where we know what might have been said, may do more to deliver the spirit from the galling bondage of resentment than all that sense of its evil which is reflected from all the regulations of civilised society, and finds its focus in the law against murder. "The little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" are building up in every heart sensible to their influence, a temple where, as in the Temple of Solomon, no sound of building is heard, but where the aspirations of our moral nature turn with an increasing intensity as to their permanent goal. Those who believe in the moral growth of humanity, and its final perfection, whether they place that second Eden in this world or in some other, believe that this goal will in the end be common to all, for they believe that the aspirations which are highest will be shared by all. But to say that it is so already,—to say that in turning from our speculations about what is true in the divine world to our theories about what is best in the human world, we leave doubt for certainty, is just as false as if any one were to say that while animal life exhibited a vast number of species, plant life was absolutely simple and uniform. It would be impossible to ignore divergence so obvious, if it were not that we are obliged by the constitution of this world to unite in a common attempt to defend interests that are absolutely common; and led by the perversion of Logic to forget that the decisions necessary in the world of evil are applicable to that domain alone, and involve no inference for that world whose eternity, we hope, the world of evil does not share.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Should you have the courtesy to insert this letter in your journal, your readers will perceive that your facetious note of this date, relative to my address to the British Association, fails in application. Discoveries in science are not, as a rule, made by hungry, rather than by well-paid men. I took some pains to show that they are made either by the possessors of private fortunes, or by the holders of salaried posts specially designed for the production of such results. Accordingly, your reference to experiments on starving dogs—imaginary experiments, which it is not my business either to condemn or to justify—is altogether beside the mark.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Southport, September 22nd. E. Ray Lankester.

SCOTCH PROFESSORSHIPS AND ENDOWMENTS FOR RESEARCH.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your article in last week's *Spectator* upon Scotch Professors ought to provide matter for reflection for those who, like Mr. Ray Lankester, deplore the lack of endowments for original research. The endowments may be too few in number, but in some instances they are much too large for the work done. In fact, it appears to me as if the very prosperity of such places as Edinburgh University would cause its ultimate decline. Hitherto, it has possessed men, as Professors, devoted to science, who have worked hard and earned for their University a world-wide fame. But now, no sooner does a young and enthusiastic savant find himself in possession of a Professorial chair, than he succumbs to the enervating influence of his large emoluments and neglects original research. Men acquainted with such universities as that of Edinburgh will find no difficulty in recognising Professors who, in their impecunious days, displayed great ability and striking originality, but as Professors have done little or nothing for the advancement of Science. Formerly, the Symes, the Simpsons, and the Christisons were in the front rank of scientific observers; now, our Professors are content with a back seat,—albeit, a luxuriantly cushioned one.

Of late years, the Professors have hit upon a simple and unique plan for adding to their already large emoluments. Their own work simply consists in reading for one hour daily a lecture, in which but few alterations are made from year to year. They have started as supplementary classes what are called "practical classes," for attending which the students are mulcted in the further sum of £3 3s., thus adding £100-£600 a year to the professorial income. The onerous work connected with these classes is delegated to assistants, who receive from £100 to £150 per annum, and the Professors seldom trouble themselves about the work. These Assistants are generally able and well qualified to undertake original research, but are so overburdened with work that they cannot find time. There are other Professors who make their position a stepping-stone to a consulting practice, the very fact of being a Professor at once giving them a standing. The lucrative practices are cultivated to the disadvantage of the students, for the Professors have no time to keep pace even with the advancement made by others in the subjects they teach.

Graduates of Scotch Universities have been implored by the University authorities to agitate against the coming legislation. I, for one, will not stir a step in defence of the present system, for no change can possibly retard original research more, and at the same time damage the true interests of our Universities, than the continuation of overpaid indolence and underpaid drudgery.—I am, Sir, &c., M.D., Edin.

"REVELATION AND MODERN THEOLOGY CONTRASTED."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The review of my work in your number of the 15th inst. contains an error respecting a matter of fact, which I shall be much obliged by your allowing me to correct. I should not ask this, if it involved a matter of opinion; for every reviewer is entitled to form his own on the soundness of the positions which are laid down in a work which he undertakes to review. The point in question is the view which I have taken in my work as to the function of theology. As I read the review, it represents me to have reduced it to the narrowest possible limits. It is true that my object has been to prove that Christianity, as a revelation, does not embrace a wide range of abstract subject-matter; but I have several times affirmed that Christian theology is a science, and stands to Christianity, as a revelation, precisely in the same relation as other sciences stand to the facts and phenomena of the Universe; and whether it is received as a science or a philosophy, it must be dealt with by precisely the same methods as other sciences and philosophies. But on this point the last chapter in the work, which consists of twenty clearly reasoned pages, is conclusive. Its title is "Theology—its Function in Reference to Christianity as a Revelation." I have read it through, and the conclusion which I have arrived at is, that the function which I have assigned to theology scarcely, if at all, differs from that of your reviewer. It is certain that in this chapter, in which my position is laid down with great care, I have assigned to theology an extent of subject-matter which ought to satisfy any rational theologian.

Will you kindly allow me to express an opinion on another point? If the views against which a considerable portion of the work is directed are passing away from modern theology, I should be most thankful to think so; but it is certain that they are embodied in the confessions of nearly every Church and community of Christians in Christendom, and that they form the foundation of what I have designated "Popular Theology."—I am, Sir, &c.,

Ryde, September 22nd. C. A. Row.

FRANCE, ITALY, AND SAVOY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As one intimately acquainted with Savoy, may I ask space for a few remarks on the very bitter and hostile article in your number for September 15th?

1. The history of Savoy and its Princes extends over 800 years, why, then, select instances of oppression and cruelty from the last 300 only?

2. Is there any ground for believing that Savoy stood alone in its treatment of the Protestants, &c.? Was it not the usual state of things in Europe before the French Revolution? It is odd that so few persons realise the fact that Protestantism was a great political danger in lands where the Princes had not given up the old faith, and was put down from political motives, as well as religious.

3. Is the intolerance of Savoy as marked and fierce as the intolerance of Geneva (the model "Protestant" community), in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries?

4. Would it not have been well to have mentioned the fact that the annexation of Savoy to France by a forced plébiscite was a gross breach of the neutralisation of Savoy south of the Lake of Geneva, secured (if I remember rightly) by the Treaty of Vienna in 1815?

5. It is true that the inhabitants of Savoy are not of the same race as those of Piedmont; but the same is the case with the dwellers in the Val d'Aosta (where French is the language of the country), and no one proposes to give *them* to France or Switzerland.

6. Is it not a fact that the Maurienne and the Tarentaise have far more to do with Piedmont at the present moment than with the rest of France (this I can state positively from my own observations, extending over many years), and that Chablais and Faucigny are similarly connected with France? The Savoyard and Piedmontese patois are commonly understood on both sides of the Alps, and Piedmontese labourers swarm in every part of Savoy. This latter is the burning question just now in local politics. I venture to send these remarks, for I should be very sorry to believe that the *Spectator* wishes to excuse in any way the shameful abandonment of the earliest possessions of his House by Victor Emmanuel II., or the treacherous conduct of Louis Napoleon in taking advantage of his necessities.—I am, Sir, &c., Morienna.

THE SITUATION IN ZULULAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me to draw your attention to an important consideration which is not adverted to in the remarks on the situation in Zululand, in your last week's number? The restoration of Cetewayo was resolved on by the Secretary of State, because experience had shown that the division of Zululand amongst petty chiefs had resulted in civil wars and wars lead-

ing towards anarchy. Cetewayo had proved that he could govern, and Lord Kimberley's policy was in itself wise, but it was never carried into effect. It was unpopular in Natal, and not only the local officials, but the Governor, who represented the Colonial Office, did all that well could be done to thwart it. In this they so entirely succeeded that Cetewayo, instead of replacing the petty chiefs, became himself one of them, and as events seem to show, not the most powerful one. Civil war, consequently, instead of being repressed, became more general and sanguinary. There is evidence, too, that after Cetewayo's return white men from the colony began to take part in these wars, and that they materially contributed to Cetewayo's defeat by Usibepu.

Now, it is certainly neither from love of Usibepu, nor even from mere hatred of Cetewayo, that Natal officials or Natal fighting adventurers have played the part they have done in these transactions. The plain truth appears to be that the Natal colonists do not want order and settled rule in Zululand, whether under Cetewayo or anybody else. Annexationists and land-grabbers are powerful in the colony. They know very well that England does not love annexations, and abhors the concomitant land-thievery and native-apprenticing, but they think that after our national conscience has been shocked by a few years of carnage and anarchy in Zululand, opinion will come round, and annexation, with all its drawbacks, will begin to appear the lesser evil. This state of opinion in Natal it is, and the power which Natal must always have of influencing the course of events in Zululand, which I would suggest is scarcely sufficiently taken into account, when you anticipate the establishment of order and settled rule amongst the Zulus. Though myself believing that Cetewayo has been most unfairly dealt with, I fully grant that the fortunes of one man are of no account, as against the welfare of a nation. If order and settled rule can be re-established in Zululand, it matters comparatively nothing under what ruler. What is to be feared is that the influences which are paramount in Natal will prevent the thing being done under any ruler, that if Usibepu, for instance, seems in the way of establishing his ascendancy, other Zulu chiefs will be incited to resist him, and will even, if needful, receive filibusterous help in their resistance. And all experience seems to show that the Colonial Office, even if it be heartily willing, is wholly unable to repress or control local action of this nature.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF EGYPT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your last issue, Mr. Hilary Skinner says "that the native fears the reformer almost as much as he hates the usurer." Very true, but why? Because what we are pleased to call "reform" has not eased the burdens of the people, but intensified their miseries, by legalising judicial evictions. What does the Fellah care for constitutional rights and mixed tribunals, if they leave him at the mercy of rapacious creditors? I seek in vain for any example of a nation ground to death, and yet honourably discharging public and private liabilities under difficulties as overwhelming as those Egypt has to face; but there is a limit, and whether we like it or not, the future Assembly will have to prevent the Fellah from being driven from his own.

It is a great pity that our reformers did not take the initiative in this matter, or else allow the Khedive to do so by decree. No English bayonets would be required for the support of Anglo-Egyptians, had the Fellah found a helping hand, instead of only wise counsels, in his present distress. Orientals worship power and equity, and both we have denied the Khedive and his people. One stroke of the pen might put an end to the fears of the population, and re-establish confidence, for England is strong enough to endow the Khedive with powers to that effect.

No one in Egypt talks of repudiating just debts, but common-sense and justice alike demand that the improved Government machinery Europe has been forcing upon Egypt should not be misused for the sole purpose of bailiff's work. If creditors have a right to claim payment, a Government has the duty to protect a nation "under age" against ruinous extortion. Having paid taxes out of borrowed capital, the Fellah stands at the verge of ruin; the Private Debt has increased in four years from £1,400,000 to nine—well-informed natives say fifteen—millions sterling, and a financial down-break is inevitable, unless legislation steps in.

The formation of the new Council of State will give reformers a last opportunity for remedying a grievous wrong, though I doubt that the Fellah has much to expect from that quarter; and I fear we shall shut our eyes to the heartrending appeals of the taxpayer until a new disturbance teaches us that reform means not a paper Constitution, but a practical study of the welfare of the masses, a tangible bettering of the condition of the people, not high-flying promises of useless rights.

The day the Fellah pays 5 per cent. on private loans, and can no longer be driven from his soil, we may begin to talk of reform; until then, our best intentions will be misinterpreted by people who see themselves sacrificed to foreign harpies and international jealousies.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Udny Castle, September 26th. Malortie.

LONGEVITY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You are mistaken in supposing that "at present the highest age known capable of absolute proof is 106, at which Lady Smith died a few years since."

My grand-aunt, Elizabeth Gray, daughter of William Gray, of Newholm, was born at Newholm, in the parish of Dolphinton, county of Lanark, on May 11th, 1748, and died in this house (86 Great King Street, Edinburgh) on 2nd April, 1858. On the day of her death she therefore only wanted twenty-two days to complete her 108th year. She was buried in the Grey Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh, and I have in my possession two portraits of the old lady, one in oils, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon, president of the Royal Scottish Academy; the other in coloured crayons, by Archer. A woodcut from a photograph of this drawing was published in the *Illustrated London News* shortly after Miss Gray's death. As regards the proof that the Elizabeth Gray who died on April 2nd, 1858, is the same person whose birth is registered in the parish of Dolphinton on May 11th, 1748, there is, first, the payment to her of a rent-charge on the property of Newholm; and, second, the testimony of her brothers and sisters? Her mother, who died on May 8th, 1808, aged 96, had 20 children. Four were born dead. Of the remaining 16, 5 died young. The other eleven were,—John, born 1731, died 1811, aged 80; Anne, born 1733, died 1825, aged 92; Grizzle, born 1734, died 1821, aged 87; William, born 1735, died 1805, aged 70; Magdalene, born 1739, died 1826, aged 87; Janet, born 1742, died 1833, aged 91; Isabella, born 1745, died 1830, aged 85; Elizabeth, born 1748, died 1858, aged 107; Jane, born 1752, died 1829, aged 77; Fordyce, born 1754, died 1840, aged 86; Susan, born 1755, died 1841, aged 86. The average age of Elizabeth Gray and of these ten brothers and sisters was, therefore, 86.

I may mention that Sir George Cornewall Lewis had a correspondence with Elizabeth Gray's nephew and executor, the late W. A. Cuningham, wine merchant, Edinburgh, respecting the proofs of Miss Gray's age, and that Sir George considered these proofs satisfactory.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. Cunningham Robertson, Lieutenant-General.

86 Great King Street, Edinburgh, September 23rd.

POETRY.

MEWSLADE.

Strange powers are they that work 'twixt sea and land;
Where winds and waves, the rivals of the shore,
In tempest or in calm, for evermore,
Beat on the cliff, or sport upon the sand,
And love the haunts of Mewslade's storm-wash'd strand.
At ebbing tide, the winding glen explore,
Descend and enter, wonder and adore,
Mid temples never made by human hand.
These solemn towers, white-shafted, tapering spires,
Arch, buttress, corridor, and pinnacle,
That from their fretted basements rise sublime,—
He who commands waves, winds, and lightning fires,
The wild and wayward agents of His will,
Wrought, through the ages of unmeasur'd time.

Gower, September, 1883. Herbert New.

BOOKS.

A SAINT'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

An excellent preface by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Menevia and Newport introduces this first volume of the translated works of St. Francis de Sales, last of the Bishops of Geneva, to English readers with well deserved praise. Father Mackay has done his work with loyal skill, and as far as is possible he has given some idea of the antique, delightful style of the Savoyard noble who has recently been enrolled as a Doctor of the Church by a Roman decree. And the writer of the preface and the translator show alike appreciation of the special value of St. Francis de Sales' influence, by their choice of his "Letters to Persons in the World," as the opening volume of a complete translation of his works.

We do not propose in our notice of this book to enter on the large question of how far "direction," as understood by Catholics, helps men and women on the upward path, though, no doubt, it is by his learned skill and trained sympathy as director of human souls that St. Francis holds his place in the procession of the world's eminent men. Nor do these letters suggest any of the points in dispute between his detractors and his admirers, except as they prove his loving craft and the wise humanity by which he rescued and protected his flock from by-paths of heresy during the troubled times of his episcopate. But the growing demand in our own day for his help in mastering the art of devout living is noticeable, and the application of the science of theology to social progress, in which St. Francis is so skilful, is worth the consideration even of those indifferent to that theology. Born with the dawn of the new order of European life, of which the dangers are its private antagonisms, its cruel egotism, and unsocial repudiation of the laws of brotherhood—from which we have seen so many abortive reactions—Francis de Sales devoted himself with a prescience that might well be deemed supernatural to find a remedy for these besetting evils of the new civilisation. He is the apostle of those virtues by which modern society can be best disinfected of its covert criminality. He enforces the interior but not the less heroic austerity by which the evils which mine the smooth surface of "respectable" existence can be counteracted. He teaches how we can acquire that amenity which is desired by the most advanced sociologists among us. Gentleness, in its highest sense, is the quality most insisted on by the Savoyard noble in our dealings with each other; he bids his spiritual children not fear the faithful use of life, wherever circumstances place them, if they be armed with charity. Indeed, sweet reasonableness is the key-note of his writings, and he preaches that affectionate sociableness maintained by self-abnegation, which is singularly fitted to meet the requirements of our complex and fermenting, though well-policed existence.

Bridging, as St. Francis did, the widening and dangerous rift between those who believed that piety could only exist by withdrawal from the ordinary social life and by clinging to the discipline of the dying "ages of faith," and the men and women of the actual world, there were many to complain that his plan of life was too easy. It was said, even before Jansenism was the fashion among the unco' pious, that he forgot how narrow is the path of perfection. The grace of his style, influenced by his training among the Humanists of Padua, and inspired by his own broad sympathies, offended some strait sectarians; and the infinite capacity for loving, ensuring his own loveableness, which characterised him, was disagreeable to lesser dogmatists, who are nothing, if not condemnatory. But no man as he did required from his disciples the heroism of what he calls the little virtues. While he taught the lightness of the Christian burden and the easiness of its yoke, he insisted on "patience, bearing with our neighbour, submission, humility, sweetness of temper, affability, toleration of our imperfections," and called all his children to that brotherhood of duty and self-sacrifice which is, perhaps, more necessary to modern society, and hardly less difficult, than the martyrdoms and penances of the earlier Christians.

The increasing popularity of his manuals among persons who desire guidance amid the perplexities of modern life witnesses to the practical foresight of his advice. He anticipates our revolutions and our emancipation from mediæval formulas. No one would have his followers aim at more perfect liberty and equality than he does, but he would teach men to attain it through conformity to the Divine idea, as manifested in the natural order of duties and affections approved by conscience. To his disciples existence remains externally the same as to other men; but they have the key of its riddles. He rises to as great heights of mysticism as any of the saints, but his words are so intelligible and sober, he is so steeped in humility and treads so firmly the dusty highway of life, that his mysticism seems quite natural and ordinary sunshine. He does not hide from us that he was himself often weary and foot-sore, and with the authority of experience he shows us how to invest the commonest actions of every day with the wonder and beauty of sanctity. In these familiar "letters," we perceive his skill as a physician of souls who suffer from the moral epidemics that obtain in our time, and they show us the loveableness of the man, while they explain his way of working, which may be said to be exhortation to that fructifying love of God which can be to us not only a motive and an end, but also a method and a means towards our right action. His correspondence gives us glimpses of the society of the day and of those antique French manners which were probably the noblest yet seen in the world, and which maintained the traditions of St. Louis even in the reigns of the Valois. The solid and devout virtue, polished to a grace of which there are so many examples during the century of Fénléon, and practised in the circle of "Persons in the World" to whom these letters were written, is as evident as is the Saint's delight in it. He vindicates human society, and, armed alike against the rampant Calvinism and latent Jansenism of which the atmosphere was full, he set himself to heal the breach between the ideal and the real life of Christians, between our imperfection and the Divine standard. "Do not desire," he says, "not to be what you are, but to be very well what you are." We are to accept the limits of our actual circumstances as expressions of God's will, but our devotion to him will prevent contentment from becoming apathy. Love will be the spur to action, and the remedy for discouragement in apparent failure. The pupil of St. Francis becomes an untiring labourer in the advance of humanity. Throughout these letters, be they grave or playful, there are lessons of the truest altruism coincident with the highest individualisation of which only mystics have the key. Of their literary value, the reader of however good a translation can hardly judge. He must be content to take Sainte-Beuve's estimate, who places St. Francis in the foremost rank of letter-writers, and, indeed, it is easy to trace much of Madame de Sévigny's charm and of the wit and wisdom of her contemporaries to the knot of friends who gathered round her grandmother St. Jeanne de Chantal, and St. Francis, twin lights of the dawning century. Before his age, as he was, in the science of social Christianity, he was also before it in the easy grace and simple directness of his style. Gems of wisdom sparkle throughout his affectionate fatherliness. To a lady who was vexed because he dissuaded her from a law-suit, by which she expected to gain a sum sufficient to found a religious house, he writes:—"I knew very well that your piety was making a plank for your self-love, so piteously human is it. In fact, we do not love crosses, unless they are in gold, with pearls and enamel." He warns another young lady, who indulged in repartee, "It is not good to walk on tip-toe, either in mind or body." It has been said, in his disparagement, that St. Francis is the apostle of the upper classes. In truth, he preaches a spiritual refinement which creates the truest upper class, whether its members be poor or rich, and which is the radical cure for Philistinism.

Much of his advice to persons in the world is summed up in a letter to "a gentleman who was going to live at Court," and in 1610 it was not easy to live well at any European Court:—

"At last," he writes, "you are going to make sail, and take the open sea of the world at Court. I am not so fearful as many others, and I do not think that profession one of the most dangerous for those of noble souls and manly hearts, for there are but two principal rocks in this gulf,—vanity, which ruins spirits that are soft, slothful, feminine, and weak; and ambition, which ruins audacious and presumptuous hearts."

Warning his correspondent of many varieties of these "principal rocks," he recommends,—

"The gentle and sincere courtesy which offends no one and obliges all; which seeks love rather than honour; which never rallies any one so as to hurt him, nor stingingly; which repels no one, and is itself never repelled." "Imagine that you were a courtier of St. Louis," he continues, as a summary of his advice; "this holy King loved that every one should be brave, courageous, generous, good-humoured, courteous, affable, free, polite; and still, he loved above all that every one should be a good Christian. And if you had been with

* *Library of St. Francis de Sales.* 1. *Letters to Persons in the World.* Translated by the Rev. H. B. Mackay, O.S.B., with Preface by the Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Menevia and Newport.

him, you would have seen him kindly laughing on occasion, speaking boldly at proper time, taking care that all was in splendour about him, like another Solomon, to maintain the royal dignity, and a moment afterwards serving the poor in the hospitals, and in a word, marrying civil with Christian virtue, and majesty with humility. In a word, this is what we must try after; to be no less brave for being Christian, and no less Christian for being brave; and for this, we must be very good Christians,—that is, very devout, pious, and, if possible, spiritual, for as St. Paul says, *the spiritual man discerneth all things;* he knows at what time, in what order, by what method, each virtue must be practised."

St. Francis appraises the incalculable force of gentleness in the issues of life, and in our isolated struggle with the pressure of social facts, immediate relief is gained by our recognition of patience and humility as not only negative, but most active factors towards our well-being. "When shall we all be steeped in gentleness and sweetness towards our neighbour?" St. Francis exclaims. He only asks of us goodwill towards men and towards ourselves in the common affairs of life. He is never tired of preaching that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. "To be dissatisfied and fret about the world, while we must of necessity be in it, is a great temptation," he says. "We fancy that by changing our ships, we shall get on better; yes, if we change ourselves." Yet no man impressed more urgently than he did on his correspondents that they must prepare for difficulties. "If the violence of the tempest sometimes disturbs our stomach, and makes our head swim a little, let us not be surprised, but as soon as we can, let us take breath again, and encourage ourselves to do better . . . . . true virtue does not thrive in exterior repose, any more than good fish in the stagnant waters of a marsh."

The very humility of the Saint makes him sometimes choose the homeliest similitudes, and it is clear that he did not trouble himself about the exactness of his physical science when he spoke in parables of his friends the bees, and hares, and doves; but his suavity is essentially so dignified that our smile is never contemptuous when we read his zoological heresies. No doubt, his extraordinary familiarity with Holy Writ, nearly every sentence of which finds a place in his works, adds to their durable influence over all, of whatever creed, who aspire to the higher life, and who seek a solution of the riddle of pain elsewhere than in blank pessimism. We have not disclaimed for St. Francis the cruelties of which he is accused during his mission in the Chablais, or tried to show how poisoned at the source are the authorities who have been quoted by writers eager to throw a stone at the persuasive apostle of sweetness and light. It is not strange that those who condemn the doctrines and system he upheld should try to counteract his charm. But it must remain potent, in our generation of latent hatreds; and we do wisely, even on the lowest ground, in welcoming the Doctor who teaches that devotion must be made "amiable, useful, and agreeable to every one." He, to use his own words, "always said that he who preaches with love preaches sufficiently against heretics, though he say not a single word of controversy against them." And this is a method of proselytism efficacious now, as three hundred years ago, emphasised as it is by the history of the Saint's own self-conquest, and by his marvellous success, both in reconciling his enemies, and in attaching the friends to whom these charming letters were written.

READING FOR MRS. WITTITTERLY.*

Among the minor humorous characters created by Dickens, there is one which, however its features may vary with the changing social aspects of the time, remains permanent as a type. Mrs. Wittitterly always exists, and everybody knows her. The lady who is "excited" by the nobility, who is enraptured by the slightest acquaintance with the possessor of a title, who adores "the Army" (but not so fervently as her prototype adored that body before the introduction of competitive examinations and the abolition of Purchase), who is "all nerves," and lives, figuratively, upon three volumes a day of vulgar fustian about lords and ladies, gilded saloons, trailing laces, rose-tinted boudoirs, and tall footmen "in *bas de soie*,—silk stockings," is as much an actuality as she was when Alphonse the doubtful, with plain "Bill" written on his countenance, answered her bell, and Kate Nickleby read aloud to her that description of the Lady Flabella's lover, "the young, the slim, the low-voiced, her own Belfilaire," which she pronounced to be "so soft, so deliciously soft." Mrs. Wittitterly is in luck, at present; she may feed full upon her favourite viands. There was an epoch, since Dickens put a name to her, when the supply was scanty, when her dainty tastes were neglected for the sake of those coarser persons who craved stronger food, and had it provided for them by strong men and big-brained women. Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Trollope, Currer Bell, George Eliot, these great names are but a few of those which might be enumerated—mention of Dickens is, of course, superfluous—as the writers who, taking hold of the public, put Mrs. Wittitterly on comparatively short-commons for a term of years that ought to be held in grateful remembrance. With *Guy Livingstone*, and the imitations of that work in which vulgarity was added to their prototype's vice, the downward course of the English novel, which has hardly known a check, may be said to have begun, and Mrs. Wittitterly to have been once more stuffed to repletion, with the addition of any amount of pepper to the cream-tarts. Belfilaire and the bad French, Chérizette and the eau de Cologne, the silver salver and the bas de soie, all, in a word, that the great humourist harmlessly quizzed in the "society" trash of Lady Blessington and Mrs. Gore, now flourishes in incredible luxuriance, with congenial surroundings of racing, betting, the jargon of every kind of dissipation, every form of folly, the successive affectations of an epoch in which affectation is a social disease, and a vulgar wealth-worship nowhere else displayed so shamelessly. Moreover, it has been reserved for our later day to do away entirely with the necessity for a novelist's knowing how to write the English language, or any other. What does Mrs. Wittitterly care for grammar or style? Let her have plenty of lords and ladies, fine furniture, fine clothes, all duly described in milliner's phraseology, and with a dexterous advertising touch; an atmosphere of reckless pleasure and unflagging excitement; not too much sentiment, and that of the falsest; some deadly sins treated as things of course; with all this, and a pleasant reek of money and good dinners, let her be made to fancy that she is not only reading a novel, but getting a peep into that enchanted land of "Society" where practical jokes pass for wit, intrigue takes the place once accorded to romance, and "life" is the late nineteenth-century equivalent of "gas and gaiters," and Mrs. Wittitterly is excited, soothed, content. She reads about plunging and Monte Carlo; she peruses stable-talk with the ignorant pleasure with which, in former days, we followed Fenimore Cooper's sea-talk, and liked it all the better the less comprehensible it was; she follows the white-plastroned, one-studded creatures whose brains never gave shelter to an idea, nor their hearts to an unselfish or worthy affection, but who are Lord Arthur This and Sir Reginald That, and she is "excited by the nobility, the Army, the drama," as depicted for her by the "ungrammatical twaddlers" of to-day. How much more excited, when one of those ungrammatical twaddlers happens to be "born in the purple," as Mrs. Wittitterly would express it, without the least notion of what "the purple" means; when a real live sprig of aristocracy, with a courtesy title, as regardless of grammar as Ingoldsby's "spectators," who "all cried, 'That's him!'" takes it in hand to reveal to her the arcana of that world whose dragon-guarded portals Mrs. Wittitterly regards with ardent curiosity and poignant longing! Sir Carnaby Jenks to tell one all about the Blues, my Lord Tom Noddy to reveal the grandeurs of "the purple"—how very charming! What does it signify, though Sir Carnaby's or my Lord Tom Noddy's style should be on a level with that of the penny dreadfuls, and his notions of the becoming resemble those of the company with whom Martin Chuzzlewit consorted on board the Mississippi steamboat, and whom he describes as having departed from the natural instincts of the savage? Mrs. Wittitterly is excited by the nobility, and Prince Hal is the sweetest, rascaliest young prince.

The trivial and insignificant production which has awakened these reflections is not in itself deserving of serious attention from a literary point of view. In composition it is schoolboyish, in construction it is feeble, its sentiment is flatly common-place, and its taste is execrable. As a specimen of the latter quality, we may mention that the hero (save the mark!) declares his love to the heroine immediately after a terrible accident to the phaeton which the lady is driving, and the following is a description of the latter occurrence:—

"Another second and the two chestnuts had charged straight at the massive gates, killing themselves on the spot, and with fearful force turning the mail phaeton completely over. 'Are you hurt, Viola?' asked Willie, anxiously.—'I don't know. What has happened?' asked the girl, in utter bewilderment. 'What is the matter, Willie?'—'The horses bolted, don't you remember, darling?' replied her companion,

* *Estcourt.* A Novel. By Lord James Douglas. London: Bentley and Son.

softly. 'But, if you are not hurt, Viola, we are well out of it.'—'I remember now. But oh, Willie, look at the horses!' exclaimed Viola, as the two chestnuts, lying twisted and distorted in a pool of blood, met her gaze. 'Willie, are they dead?'—'Thank God, yes, the brutes!' vindictively returned Eskdale. 'But, so long as you are not hurt, dearest, what does anything matter? So long as you are all right, I don't care twopence about the horses—ill-conditioned brutes, they might have killed us both! But come, Viola, we must walk at once to the nearest hotel. I shall have to send people to clear all this mess away.'"

Lord James Douglas's "people" reminds us of "Ouida's" recent hero, who, in the dead of night, harnesses "some horses" to take him away from the imperious Wanda; and also of the same gifted novelist's early heroine, who was in the habit of ordering her maid to envelop her in "some cashmeres." Here is a sentence which might be set to a student of English as a sample of what to avoid:—"The vices of a rich man are regarded as simple exuberance of spirits; while nothing more is required of a rich woman, if she have any pretence to good looks." The first chapter opens with a breach of one of the easiest rules of English grammar, and the crudity of the whole is almost childish. But Mrs. Wittitterly will be delighted with it; for the real, live lord who has written it treats her to dukes, marquises, Guardsmen, racecourses, stable-talk, marvellously successful actresses, heiresses of untold wealth, in short, all the privileges and properties of high life. Let nobody say that Mrs. Wittitterly cannot get morality, as well as manners, out of the novels of her predilection; in this one at least we find the hero harangning his bride on their common duties to their "people," and boldly declaring:—"A man, in my opinion, although as rich as Crœsus, has no right to throw away his wealth and leave his fellow-beings in want." He has previously uttered this remarkable sentiment:—"I do not believe that it lies in the power of any man, no matter who, to command complete happiness." The author tears some of his characters ruthlessly away from racecourses and gilded saloons, and brings them to Paris during the siege and the Commune. It is, probably, rather simplicity than presumption that incites him to treat of those events; but the result is ludicrous. He would do well to stick to the battle-fields of Epsom, Doncaster, and Newmarket, and the colours carried by the combatants there; for by so doing he would give Mrs. Wittitterly less to "skip," and better accomplish his mission of "exciting" her.

DR. BRENTANO ON THE ENGLISH CHRISTIAN-SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.*

To his studies on the English Trade Unions, on the Chartist movement—both of them works which have no equivalents in our own language, and which would well have deserved translation—Dr. Brentano has now added a study on the English Christian-Socialist movement, which will certainly rank among the best that we owe to his accomplished pen. It gives by far the fullest and most correct account that has yet appeared of a movement which has perhaps exercised a greater influence than is supposed on the social history of England in the nineteenth century, and the forthcoming publication of Mr. Maurice's letters, could it have preceded that of Dr. Brentano's work, would probably have only added to it greater fullness, without altering the lines on which it is written. The sympathetic insight into the views of the English Christian Socialists which Dr. Brentano has shown is indeed all the more remarkable, that he does not profess to share these views.

Starting with the position that the two factors of progress which especially distinguish the present from all other epochs in the history of human culture are, on the one hand, scientific investigation, which, in pressing after truth, draws all things in earth and above the earth within the sphere of its inquiries; and on the other, the claim that every man should be recognised as an object to himself, even in political life, Dr. Brentano observes that in the vehement opposition which both these factors had to meet, no influence was more conspicuous than that of the ruling Churches in each country. Yet soon within those Churches a new tendency began to appear. Schools arose which in the sphere of knowledge proclaimed the harmony of the results of science with the essential teachings of faith, and in the sphere of political and social life sought to evolve out of the teachings of Christianity on the rights and duties of man all liberal doctrines and all demands for the raising of the lower classes. Such were in France the school of Lamennais, aided by Montalembert, Gerbet, and Lacordaire; in Germany, that of Hermes and Günther. Both had sprung up within the Church of Rome; both were crushed by Rome. If in England a similar movement headed by Frederick Denison Maurice had a different fate, it was because he and his friends were Englishmen and Protestants.

Dr. Brentano's character-portrait of Mr. Maurice is the finest which has yet been drawn. Speaking from personal recollection, he says:—

"The leading feature of the man which impressed itself upon me was an imposing combination of inexorable earnestness, with a goodness that was irresistible. And these two essential qualities were at the same time the cause and the result of a life penetrated through and through with Christianity. It is necessary to understand quite clearly what this means. Nothing is commoner than to meet people who emphatically designate themselves as Christians, and speak of Christianity; nothing is rarer than those men who, in all their judgments and dealings, are led only by the Christian spirit. One believes in Christianity in general, but in particulars one believes in one's own self, with all its interests, its inclinations, and dislikes, its prejudices and caprices. Not only were Maurice's views of the world determined by Christian teaching, but it was impossible for him to consider any phenomenon of nature or of society otherwise than from the point of view of Christianity, or to enter into any kind of contact with men without giving expression, through the simplicity and gentleness which were bound up with his earnestness, through his loving sympathy, free from every trace of assumption or self-seeking, to a Christianity that had worked into his very flesh and blood. Such a man was plainly destined beforehand, through the whole nature of his being, to exercise an apostle's influence."

In one point only does this admirable sketch diverge from the truth. Dr. Brentano conceives of Mr. Maurice as of a man believing in Christianity. He believed not in Christianity, but in Christ. Faith in a Person, not devotion to an idea, was the main-spring of his life. A letter from Colonel Maurice, which Dr. Brentano has printed as a postscript to his pamphlet, points out this misconception. To the bulk of readers, indeed, it will, no doubt, seem a distinction without a difference; those who can feel the difference at all will feel also that the gap between the two conceptions is well nigh world-wide.

Dr. Brentano's history of the beginnings of the Christian-Socialist movement corrects its chronology, which in Mr. Hughes's otherwise admirable preface to *Alton Locke* is somewhat misstated. He traces the movement down into the Working-Men's College on the one hand, and the spread of co-operation, with its congresses, on the other, paying a just tribute to the self-devotion of Mr. Vansittart Neale, and recognising in his *Manual for Co-operators* the "old spirit of the Christian Socialists of 1848-54, the old, wide-hearted conception of Christianity." Still, he observes in his conclusion, the two essential points of the Christian-Socialist programme have not been realised. Productive associations barely exist; the world is as far as it ever was from subjecting agriculture, industry, trade, to the principle of association. And the working population is scarcely better disposed than it was before towards Christianity, let alone the State Church. But although these ideals have not been fulfilled, the whole demeanour of the upper classes towards the working-men is changed. To judge of this, let any one compare Kingsley's description of University students in *Alton Locke* with the description of the relations between students and working-men at the Oxford Congress in 1882. The educated generation which has grown up has taken to heart the teaching of the Christian Socialists, that it is their duty to take the lead of the working-classes in all their just efforts for advancement. The tone of the clergy towards the working-men has altered in like manner. And the corresponding results are seen among the working-men. Labour contests may still continue, the bulk of the working-men may still be Radicals; but there is no more Chartism, no social-democratic party, at enmity with the very order of society, striving for the domination of the working-class in the State, in order to recast society by law. The working-men belong to the great Liberal party, whose leaders are in the most cultivated circle. None are more enthusiastically devoted to Mr. Gladstone than the working-men. The great Volunteer movement rests mainly on the working-class. In point of fact, the abyss which formerly in England separated the higher from the lower class is now bridged over. Assuredly there is still much to do, and there always will be much. But what has been done is immense. And almost in everything have the Christian Socialists taken the initiative, gone before with teaching and example. Whatever may be the stand-point of the individual observer towards the various theories and proceedings of the Christian Socialists, the judgment of all upon the Christian-Socialist movement will be, "Pertransivit benefaciendo."

* *Die Christlich-soziale Bewegung in England.* Von Lujo Brentano. Separatabzug aus Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung, und Volkswirthschaft im Deutschen Reiche. Herausgegeben von G. Schmoller. Leipzig: Dunkler und Humblot. 1883.

The writer of these lines was too closely connected with that movement to feel entitled as a critic to say whether or not Dr. Brentano's judgment upon it be a too favourable one. To some extent he would be disposed to say that Dr. Brentano paints in too roseate colours the improved relations between class and class, and the improved temper of the working-class. Although, in his opinion, every extension of the field of self-government in the associations of the working-class—every development of their friendly societies, their trade unions, their co-operative societies—affords a new bulwark against the rise of a party of anarchy like that of the Russian terrorists and a portion at least of the German Social Democrats, one must not forget that there are strata in the labour-world beyond the reach of association, unless, it may be, in the rudimentary and often noxious form of the burial society. In London, for instance, there are many trades in which Trades Unions only exist among the West End workers, all attempts at forming such at the East End failing miserably. In London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, Co-operation scarcely exists but for the artisan or factory worker, as distinguished from the mere labourer. The agricultural labourer it has scarcely touched here and there. Out of, say, five millions of members of registered Friendly Societies, two millions, probably, are insured for burial expenses only, the great bulk of them getting not more, or little more, than a halfpenny for every penny they subscribe, since the "loading" for management purposes is too often 50 per cent. It would be too much to say that there is not room in this dark, struggling, seething under-world of English society for a party of anarchy.

Yet not less than ever is the writer of these lines convinced that the spirit of that movement to which Frederick Denison Maurice gave the name of Christian Socialist is the one in which the dangers of the future, as of the past, have to be met. The name (though of late it has been revived in a new quarter) may have served its time. But the principle that fellowship in work is the only force which can overcome anarchy in all its forms,—that this force must sooner or later, by howsoever slow degrees, penetrate society through all its strata, human life in all its manifestations and energies,—that the only unfailing source from which such force can be derived, is the sense of Christian brotherhood which springs from faith in a Father of all, a God who is no idle abstraction, no logical Absolute, but one who "worketh hitherto" in almighty power and love,—this is a principle not for 1850 any more than for 1883, or any other year in the future of the earth's calendar. So far as the world can ever be set right, it can only be by making it more social, more *partnerly*; and the one social faith is that whose highest prayer is "That they all may be one."

VOLCANOES.*

This volume forms one of the International Scientific Series, and as such might be supposed to be written only for readers of a particular class, but it is really one that should claim the attention of a wider circle, and will well repay the perusal of those who might be inclined to turn from a subject of which they knew absolutely nothing. The author is a pupil and a warm admirer of the late Mr. Poulett Scrope, whose *Considerations on Volcanoes* and *The Extinct Volcanoes of Central France* have passed through several editions, and who committed to him the task of preparing a popular work on the present condition of our knowledge of volcanoes.

His first care has been to inform the unenlightened that volcanoes are not burning mountains, and that smoke and flame do not issue from their summit. To many these will be startling assertions, not only upsetting the impressions of their childhood, but obliging them to unlearn what was taught in the school manuals of their day. However, the statements are so clearly sustained that they must be accepted as facts:—

"In the first place," Mr. Judd says, "the action which takes place at volcanoes is not 'burning,' or combustion, and bears, indeed, no relation whatever to that well-known process. Nor are volcanoes necessarily 'mountains' at all; essentially, they are just the reverse, namely, holes in the earth's crust, or outer portion, by means of which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. When mountains do exist at centres of volcanic activity, they are simply the heaps of materials thrown out of these holes, and must, therefore, be regarded not as the causes, but as the consequences of volcanic action. Neither does this action always take place at the 'summits' of volcanic mountains, when such exist, for eruptions occur quite as frequently on their sides or at their base. That, too, which popular fancy regards as 'smoke' is really condensing steam or watery vapour, and the supposed raging 'flames' are nothing more than the glowing light of a mass of molten material reflected from the vapour clouds."

Another point on which Mr. Judd is anxious to set people right is that sulphur found in volcanic regions is the result, and not the cause of volcanic action. In school-books of comparatively modern date and use, it is stated that by burying certain quantities of sulphur, iron pyrites, and charcoal in a hole in the ground, a miniature volcano may be formed, producing all the essential phenomena of a volcanic eruption. No greater mistake, says Mr. Judd, could be made, for the chemical reactions which take place when sulphur and other substances are made to act upon each other differ entirely from the phenomena of volcanic action. A fact that always astonishes the uninitiated is that the great volcanic mountains, of which there are from 300 to 350, did not grow like ordinary mountains, but have been formed by the materials ejected from volcanic vents in the crust of the earth. One such, known as the Monte Nuovo, on the Bay of Naples, was formed only three and a half centuries ago. It stands 440 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and covers an area of more than half a mile in diameter. For two years the country round had been affected by earthquakes, which gradually increased in intensity, and attained their climax in September, 1538. On the 27th and 28th of that month these earthquake-shocks were felt almost continuously day and night. On the 29th a depression of the ground was noticed, and from this depression, water, which was at first cold and afterwards tepid, began to issue. Four hours later the ground was seen to swell up and open, forming a gaping fissure, within which incandescent matter was visible. From this fissure numerous masses of stone, some of them "as large as an ox," with vast quantities of pumice and mud, were thrown up to a great height, and these, falling upon the sides of the vent, formed a great mound. This continued for two days and nights, and on the third day a considerable hill had been built up by the falling fragments; the ejections continued for a few more days; but the bulk of the hill had been formed by the ejections of the first two days, and it is found to be entirely composed of volcanic scoriæ, lapilli, and dust, and is now covered with thickets of stone pine.

There are three distinct kinds of action to be met with in all volcanic eruptions,—"the formation of cracks or fissures in the earth's surface; the escape of steam with explosive violence from these openings, often propelling rock-fragments into the atmosphere; and the out-welling, under the influence of this compressed steam, of masses of molten materials." As a steam-engine can be best examined and understood when working at low pressure, so, thinks Mr. Judd, can the character of a volcano be best determined by selecting one of comparatively uniform low activity, like Stromboli, and there watching at leisure the symptoms that characterise all volcanoes. What is witnessed there is to be seen, in a more or less degree, and with more or less risk to the spectator, in all volcanic displays, the active cause in every instance being the escape of steam from the midst of incandescent, liquefied rock, and the grandeur of an eruption depending on the abundance and tension of the escaping steam. The black, slaggy bottom of the crater of Stromboli is traversed by numerous cracks, from which curling jets of vapour issue quietly, mingle with the atmosphere, and disappear. There are also larger apertures, which vary in number and position; sometimes only one is visible, sometimes six or seven. These larger apertures are divided into three classes. From those of the first, steam is emitted with loud, snorting puffs, like those produced by a locomotive engine; from those of the second, masses of molten material are seen welling out, and perhaps flowing outside the crater; and within those of the third may be seen a semi-liquid substance slowly heaving up and down; the agitation of this seething mass increases gradually, a gigantic bubble is formed, which violently bursts, and then follows a great rush of steam, carrying high into the atmosphere fragments of the liquid surface. At night it will be readily imagined that these appearances are even more striking. All the openings glow with a ruddy light, and the liquid matter is red or white-hot, while the crust that forms upon it is of a dull red. When a bubble bursts, and the crust is broken up by the escape of steam, a fresh-glowing surface of the incandescent material is exposed. At such moments, the vapour-cloud overhanging the mountain is lit up with a vivid light, not unlike that seen on the stream of vapour from the funnel of a locomotive when the

* *Volcanoes: What they Are, and What they Teach.* By John W. Judd, F.R.S. With Ninety-six Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

engine-driver opens the furnace door. Such, abbreviated, is Mr. Judd's clear and interesting description of the interior of an active volcano; and seen, as he saw it, from a close and safe point of view, the effect must have been intensely absorbing. In contrast to the sluggish action of Stromboli, Mr. Judd gives a graphic account of the terrible eruption of Vesuvius in 1872, the conditions of both being similar. By means of instantaneous photography a permanent record of this outburst was obtained, and a calculation thereby made possible of its enormous power of ejection. Vesuvius, as is well known, rises nearly 4,000 ft. above the level of the sea. By this knowledge, and an examination of the photograph, it is seen that the vapours and rock-fragments were thrown nearly four miles into the atmosphere. During the eruption, the bottom of the crater was entirely broken up, and the sides of the mountain were rent by fissures in all directions, from which liquid matter oozed, until, as Professor Palmieri observed, "Vesuvius sweated fire." At three points, molten rock issued in such quantities as to form great fiery floods, which rushed down the sides of the mountain, and the watery vapour from which actually blistered the rock so as to give rise to innumerable miniature volcanoes, some of which remained in a state of independent activity for a considerable time. There are, we learn, varying degrees of liquidity in the flow of lavas, some, like rivers, filling every channel and deluging the surrounding country, whilst others creep along so slowly that their movement, a few inches in a day, can only be detected by most careful observation; even when falling over a precipice, these latter form but heavy, pendent masses, like grease guttering down a candle.

Although it is no longer doubted that volcanic outbursts are governed by natural laws, and although the causes and conditions that regulate them are so well known, it is not yet possible to predict the periods of their coming. It is something to have divested volcanic phenomena of their superstitious character, and to have shown that they are operations of nature obeying definite laws, the grandest or the feeblest outburst being alike caused by the escape of imprisoned steam or water-gas from the midst of masses of molten materials. Mr. Judd considers there is no doubt as to the close connection between earthquakes and volcanoes, and that the former, when very violent, usually precede and accompany volcanic outbursts. The recent earthquake in the Island of Ischia has not, however, as yet been followed by an eruption of the neighbouring Vesuvius, nor was the still more recent eruption of the Krakatoa Volcano in Java preceded by any warning earthquake. But the study of the laws of volcanic action is yet in its infancy, though the establishment of observatories on Vesuvius and Etna and the record of exact and continuous observations will, it is hoped, lead to important results, especially if we consider the advances made during the last hundred years, when the observations were so scanty and intermittent. It is quite probable our natural philosophers may be as successful in determining the times of volcanic outbursts as astronomers have been in fixing the exact moment of eclipses. At one time, they were equally portentous and inexplicable; and long before astronomers were acquainted with the causes of eclipses, they were aware that they succeeded one another at regular intervals.

There is so much interesting matter in this volume incident to volcanoes, their structure, causes, and effects, which would not be suspected, that we feel sure no one will regret having read Mr. Judd's book. He expresses himself very clearly, and takes such pains to enlighten his readers thoroughly on every branch of his subject, that great credit is due to him for this contribution to the Scientific Series. Apart from a mastery of natural science and of existing volcanic lore, he shows a personal acquaintance with several of the phenomena he describes; and whilst his own theories, many of them necessarily tentative, indicate extensive knowledge and zealous research, his views on the theories of others disclose judgment and discernment. Aided by the investigations of Spallanzani, Dolomieu, and other vulcanologists, and the recent teachings of the chemist, mineralogist, and microscopist, Mr. Judd's work contains in brief and concise language all that is yet known concerning volcanoes.

THE COMPLETE MACLISE GALLERY.*

MACLISE'S portraits, and what publishers now-a-days term "the accompanying descriptive letter-press" of Maginn, are so well known, that it is well to state at once what Mr. William Bates, the editor of both, has done. He describes his volume as "a reproduction, on a slightly reduced scale, but with no impairment of their effect and truth, of the eighty-one portraits and groups, originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830-1838, under the title of "A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters." To these have been added portraits of Henry Hallam, Thackeray, "Father Prout," and Maclise himself. The book is in essence very much the same as the costly "Gallery," published in 1874, and the edition of which has been exhausted. But Mr. Bates has considerably reduced the Maginn matter, much of which, in spite of its liveliness, undoubtedly looked like the dregs of brandy-punch, and enlarged and brought up to date his own biographical sketches, while "Father Prout" for the first time appears in the "Gallery." We should say, therefore, that this stout and closely-printed volume is the final edition of the "Gallery,"—so far as the present generation, at all events, is concerned. But one of the original eighty-five *hommes éminents* remains—the Rev. G. R. Gleig, late Chaplain-General to the Forces, and Carlyle's junior by one year only—and the reproductions of the original pictures have now a faded appearance. But this volume, full of lively narrative and anecdote, is, apart from the sketches, one that can be taken up at odd times and read with pleasure. Mr. Bates's style has the freedom, and, it must be added, the prolixity of the old school. Ten years hence, how many public writers will there be who will weight their pages with classical quotations, and talk about "the humble obsecration of the Latin poet"? How many will write thus even about an *ultimus Romanorum*?—"Well, Human Life is a 'Reign of Terror,' and Time a tyrant more ruthless than Robespierre. To have simply lived through a century—*exemplum vitæ a cornice secundæ*—is an achievement in itself, and might well justify a *tantum* boast." Mr. Bates might further have weeded his memoirs, after writing them, of a few of his anecdotes. Not that he has any liking for what he would be certain to style the *chronique scandaleuse*—witness how he deals with Dr. Lardner's amours, the Lytton domestic infelicities, and the Blessington-D'Orsay history—but that many of his stories, being dependent for their vitality on circumstances, have lost their charm, now that these circumstances have passed into the limbo of oblivion. Mr. Bates has, however, shown much good sense in refraining from saying things of the dead calculated to pain the living—provided always the living are not hypersensitive—and some of his literary criticisms, if not particularly profound, are sounder than much that passes for profundity. Take, for example, what he has to say on the mission of Wordsworth, and his incidental observations on that too little known Scotch poet, Thomas Aird, the biographer of "Delta," who figures in the "Gallery" as the author of "Mansie Wauch." Above all things, Mr. Bates loves his subjects; that being so, much more would freely have been forgiven him than actually needs to be forgiven. He has presented his readers with such a host of anecdotes, that it would not have been at all surprising if he had fallen into blunders as to the causes or paternity of some of them. But he has made remarkably few mistakes. It will occur at once, however, to the reader that the "Déjà!" attributed to Talleyrand on hearing a dying friend say he felt "the tortures of the damned," has, lately and apparently with good reason, been maintained to be much older than either Talleyrand or Louis Philippe, who has also been credited—or rather discredited—with it. There was probably as much cynical make-believe about Talleyrand's improvised wit, as about his general character and career. He had no love of truth, but he had something very like a passion for social and intellectual *tenue*.

The time has passed for falling into ecstacies over Maclise's portraits; the time has probably not yet come for measuring him by artists in his own line. No one would think of placing him in the same category as Hogarth, or Gilray, or Rowlandson; he was, at least essentially, neither a moralist nor a caricaturist, though he was a satirist in virtue of his realism. Nor does his work at once suggest that of Mr. Tenniel, or of the more sarcastic artists of *Vanity Fair*. Of living men who make a business of photographing fools, rather than of shooting follies, as they fly, Mr. Sambourne, barring "outline," most resembles him. Of dead artists whose portraits are familiar, he seems most to remind one of Kay, of the almost forgotten "Edinburgh Worthies." The leading idea of all three is the putting of the strong—or, failing that, the weak—points of character into the face. But

* *The Maclise Portrait-Gallery of "Illustrious Literary Characters."* With Memoirs. By William Bates, B.A. With Eighty-five Portraits. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.

the portrait-painter who is a man of genius is assured of immortality, however styles in art, as in all things else, may change. It is Maclise's Talleyrand, and Godwin, and Scott, and Coleridge, and Beaconsfield, and Rogers (the Rogers that made Goethe shudder and turn away in disgust), and no other man's, that will in the future resuscitate old memories and serve as texts or excuses for moralisation. His Talleyrand alone would, as the late Mr. Rossetti says, show him to be "a great master of tragic satire." But for our part, we like some of Maclise's minor or less-known portraits at least as much as those which have gained him celebrity. Such are his James Morier, and Thomas Hill, and William Roscoe, and Leigh Hunt. It would be difficult to say whether the sensitiveness or "childishness" of Hunt—which was not quite understood either by the Carlyles or by Dickens—or the simple fortitude, untinged with bitterness, which enabled Roscoe to face and conquer misfortune, is the better because the more quietly brought out.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The contents of the fourth number of that new and energetic quarterly, the *Scottish Review*, are even more varied than those of its predecessors. Theology, for a wonder, has no papers devoted to it, whereas pure literature has two, dealing with Walt Whitman, and, under the title of "Three Representative Poets," with Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne. Two others, the one giving a useful summary of Zola's "Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second Empire," and the other treating of "Emerson's Social Philosophy," may be described as socio-literary. All four papers are excellent and suggestive in their way, especially those on Walt Whitman and Emerson. The writer on Whitman certainly makes the most of a somewhat difficult subject, and shows considerable ingenuity in corking-down the extraordinary new wine of American democracy in the old bottles of Christian morality and spirituality. The author of "The Educational Wrongs of the Middle-Classes" has a firm grip of facts, and establishes the truth of his dictum that under the present School-Board system, the upper and middle-class ratepayers in Scotland get practically no benefit from the new national schools, although they contribute between a half and two-thirds of the total cost of their maintenance. But why should not the members of the Scotch middle-class send their children to these schools? Was it not the glory of the old parochial school that in it there existed no class distinctions, which, indeed, Presbyterian parity considers to be altogether artificial? Under the title of "The Mean in Politics," we have a defence of Whiggery. The author is a quarter of a century behind in his politics, but his style is lively and his language moderate. The defunct Scotch Local Government Board Bill forms the text for a paper on "Patriotism and Politics North of the Tweed." The author contends against "playing with Home-rule or dallying with separatism," and maintains that an Under-Secretary is all that Scotland needs to satisfy her administrative wants, the "ideal Home Office or Ministry of the Interior being one presided over by a Minister responsible to Parliament, and having under him three Under-Secretaries, one for each of the Three Kingdoms." The writer's political opinions are very decided, and are to the effect that Scotland's proper position is that of the close ally of England and the advance-guard of British progress, which he looks at from the democratic point of view. Perhaps the most interesting paper in the number is one on "Scotland in the Eighteenth Century." It contains a large amount of very interesting and out-of-the-way information, well condensed. The summaries of foreign reviews, which we have already commented on as a good feature in the *Scottish Review*, are even better and fuller than usual.

Ten Great Religions, Part II. A Comparison of All Religions. By James Freeman Clarke. (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston, U.S.) The plan and purpose of this book are thus described in the preface:—"Instead of describing and discussing each of the great faiths of mankind separately, it attempts to show what they all teach on the different points of human belief. We ask what each declares concerning God, the soul, the future life, sin and salvation, human duty, prayer and worship, inspiration and art." The carrying-out of this purpose has naturally led to a new development of the subject. The beliefs of man in his more primitive condition could not be neglected, in the pursuit of such an inquiry. Hence, there has been added to the discussion of the ten religions which have sprung up in more or less advanced states of society a description of what Mr. Clarke calls "tribal" religions. The book shows, as will easily be believed by those who have read the earlier volume, great research and a truly candid and equitable spirit. Some of its speculations are not wanting in boldness. Here is an example:—

"The modern doctrine of the evolution of bodily organisms is not complete, unless we unite with it the idea of a corresponding evolution of the spiritual mind, from which every organic force derives its unity. Evolution has a satisfactory meaning only when we admit that the soul is educated and developed by passing through many bodies, and not only accept the theory that our ancestors may have been apes or fishes, but the larger doctrine that we ourselves were probably once apes or fishes, and that we learned much in these conditions which is useful to us in our present forms."

Here is the conclusion of the whole matter:—

"There remains then to be considered only the possibility that the world will outgrow the teaching and example of Jesus, and leave him behind. But in what respect will the world outgrow him? Not in his teaching concerning God, of whom he declares that he is a Spirit, and that those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Higher than this, worship cannot go. With this Jesus connected the doctrine of the unity and supreme goodness of God. 'Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord.' 'There is none good but one, that is God.' When you have reached the unity of all things in one supreme being of perfect goodness, it would seem impossible to go higher. In the same way Jesus has posited the highest possible law of ethics when he teaches us to love God and love man. These ideas may be infinitely developed and unfolded, as Christ himself foresaw and foretold. He avoided limiting truth by the letter of his own statements, but declared that the Spirit of Truth would lead his followers into all truth. He himself thus opened the way for indefinite progress; but these foundation-truths, when once seen, must remain as foundations always. A truth once recognised continues always true. These are,—

'Truths which wake
To perish never.'

We may build a multitude of additions on such a basis, but 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid.' The foundation of faith once laid, *that* work is done. Christianity in the past has gone through a long cycle of change; it has altered its type from age to age; taken up and dropped again many beliefs and many practices. It will probably continue to do so, developing more and more into the character of which the life of Jesus is the type. As it does this, it will become better able to convert the world to him. It will not offer to mankind a creed and a ritual, but the life of the Master himself,—

'Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.'"

The Colthorpe Cousins, and other Stories. By Annie Thomas. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—It is always somewhat of an annoyance to find what one had expected to be a novel of the customary length disintegrated, so to speak, into some twenty fragments. These little stories are, for the most part, tiresome. A writer with any sense of prudence will not waste a really good idea upon them. The motive, therefore, is commonly inadequate, and there is not opportunity to show much skill in the working-out. Of course, love is mostly the the theme of *The Colthorpe Cousins* and its fellows. The young women are, we observe, pretty, and for the most part, headstrong,—that is to say, when they are not deceitful. The men are feeble. But it is impossible to criticise this multitude of stories. Let it suffice to say that they have not merit enough to do away the first unfavourable impression produced by finding that the book is not what it seems.

Lives of the Princesses of Wales. By Barbara Clay Finch. (Remington.)—We have here three closely-printed volumes, giving the lives of Joan of Kent, Anne of Warwick, Katharine of Arragon, Caroline of Anspach, Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, and Caroline of Brunswick. The preparation of them has been essentially a piece of book-making, but it is conscientious, of its kind. It is, indeed, too conscientious. Miss Finch has loaded her volumes, especially the two last, with quotations from all sorts of authorities, historical, poetical, and gossipy. She would have done better if she had spared her readers at least nine-tenths of them, and her biographies would have been very much more readable. The misery, so long-drawn-out, of poor Queen Caroline's story especially might have been kept within narrower limits. Miss Finch's style is rather Hepworth-Dixonian. But she quotes so much from other writers, that she scarcely does her own powers justice.

Scraps from My Sabretasche. By George Carter Stent. (W. H. Allen.)—Mr. Stent, who is known as the author of a Chinese dictionary, here presents us with a book of a very different and much livelier kind. It consists of his personal adventures while in the 14th Dragoons, beginning with barrack life in Canterbury and Maidstone, and ending with the capture of Jhansi and Gwalior. Mr. Stent, who seems to have a large fund of animal spirits and a happy turn for theatricals, managed to get a good deal of pleasure out of his soldier life. Having a quick eye for character, he made many observations on the social characteristics of the countries his regiment visited, many of which, as here published, strike us as new.

A Daughter of the Philistines. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.)—The "Philistines" are a family of the name of Hampton, who, having made money in the Far West (of the United States), naturally come to spend it in the East. There is a father, who is a vulgar, unscrupulous speculator, not altogether unkindly; a mother who has her social ambitions, and a son who contrives, thanks to an extravagant expenditure and a certain languid insolence of manner, to make himself one of the leaders of fashion. There is no little skill displayed in the way in which Alma Hampton's

character is developed in the midst of such surroundings. She is not perfect by any means, she has not even courage and steadfastness, but she is true and has fine instincts, which keep her right in the end. The doings of the "Philistines" themselves do not make pleasant reading. The young dandy, Walter, in particular, is made more odious than he need be, but the "daughter" is a gracious and attractive figure. We feel an interest in her throughout the story, as in a real person, and are glad to leave her, all storms safely weathered, in the harbour of domestic content.

Two Friends in Holland and Belgium. By M. A. W. (Remington.)—This is a pleasant little volume, which any who may be thinking of visiting the two countries mentioned should add to their "Murray." It does not, of course, pretend to fulfil the function of a guide-book, but it takes some twenty or so interesting spots, and gives a lively description of them. The writer intersperses his account with some interesting historical episodes. Notable among these is the strange story of the death of Florence de Montmorency, Seigneur de Montigny. Montigny was sent by the Regent Margaret of Parma to Philip II. on a secret mission, and the story of how Philip murdered him in prison is one of the strangest stories on record. Never did the King prove more unscrupulous, more cruel, and more accomplished in the art of deceiving. Here, to turn to another subject, is a hint to Colonel Henderson:—"Most of the Amsterdam police speak either English or French, and are always politely ready to put you on your way." Our police are ready enough to help, but it would be very difficult to find even one who speaks any other language than his own.

Politics and Life in Mars. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This is a very dull satire, as unlike as possible to what should be the model of such attempts, Swift's "Brobdignag" and "Lilliput." Thousands have read these books without a suspicion of their meaning; yet how full of meaning are they, to those who understand! There is no chance of misunderstanding what the gentleman who tells us about the people in Mars and their ways intends. Indeed, that there may be no mistake, he sometimes stops to explain himself, and to point out the resemblances which he wishes his readers to observe. Surely it is not the skilful painter who thinks it necessary to write under his picture, "This a horse." The writer's chief purpose is to show how the people of Sadgreen obtained their legislative independence from the Ourowners (these names seem to indicate but a feeble power of invention). But he has other views, which he seeks to commend in this fashion of his own to his readers. This wise and happy Martial people nationalised the land, or rather the water, for they lived in the water, a fancy which might have been expanded, if only there had been the power, with something really effective and amusing; they abolished monarchy in favour of republicanism, and they contracted marriages for a limited number of years. We confess ourselves unable to see wit or wisdom in *Politics and Life in Mars.*

Once More. By Lady Margaret Majendie. (Richard Bentley and Son.)—A pretty volume of pleasant tales, by a writer who possesses an excellent gift of humour, and an easy and refined style. "Uncle George's Will," originally published in *Temple Bar*, is the best of these stories. The idea is not novel, but the treatment is quite original. A capital drawing-room comedietta might be made out of the ingenious plot and racy dialogue.

A Fallen Foe. By Katharine King. (Hurst and Blackett.)—We have always liked Miss King's novels, for their healthy and happy tone, the breezy, open-air life, and the ready sympathy and common-sense there are in them. They are perfectly moral, but never preachy, and the knowledge of animals and sport which the author possesses lends them an additional attraction. *A Fallen Foe* is no exception to the rule. The story is interesting, well constructed, well written, and conveys an impression of its being a true tale.

Imperatoris Justiniani Institutionum Libri IV. With Introductions, Commentary, Excursus, and Translation. By J. C. Moyle, B.C.L. (The Clarendon Press.)—Though Mr. Moyle's volumes are, of course, intended as a text-book for students of law, his general introduction will repay perusal to all who desire to complete their acquaintance with the history of Rome. Law was so important an element in the city's inner development, and in its relations to the world which it conquered, that the student of its history must needs know something about it. Here he will find what will be most useful to him, even though he do not intend to pursue the study with a professional purpose. Not a few interesting questions connected with Roman life, and some perplexing problems—the singular phenomenon, *e.g.*, of an annually elected legislator, the *praetor urbanus* (for the praetor was more than a judge)—are explained. The latter part of the introduction gives a clear and compendious sketch of the legal schools which arose when law became a science. Each book is furnished with a special introduction. There is a copious running commentary on the text. The second volume contains a translation.

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Black (W.), Shandon Bells, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Bouchier (L.), How the Battle was Won, 12mo	(Gall)	2/6
Briscoe (J. P.), Curiosities of the Belfry, 16mo	(Hamilton)	2/0
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Condit (C. L.), Painters and Painters' Materials, cr 8vo	(Spon)	10/6
Dragendorff (E.), Plant Analysis, 8vo	(Baillière)	7/6
Du Moncel (T.), Electricity as a Motive Power, cr 8vo	(Spon)	7/6
English Lyrics, 12mo, parchment	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5/0
Fothergill (M.), The Physiological Factor in Diagnosis, 8vo	(Baillière)	7/6
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Gordon (W. G.), Birthday Flowers, 4to	(Chatto & Windus)	6/0
Gosse, Critical Essay on the Life and Works of E. Tinworth	(Hamilton)	52/6
Hoppus (M. A. M.), A Great Treason, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	9/0
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The Stock will be inscribed on or after May 1st, 1884, and will then rank *pari passu* with the 4 per cent. Consolidated Stock already created and issued, and, as in the case of that Stock, will be repayable at par on November 1st, 1929.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE event of the week is a lamentable one. King Alfonso, of Spain, arrived in Paris on Saturday, and was received by President Grévy, who accompanied him in another carriage to the Spanish Embassy. The escort was small, though sufficient for honour, and could only just penetrate the vast crowds —over 200,000, it is said—which overwhelmed the procession with insult, hissing and hooting at the King, crying, "Down with the Uhlan!" and yelling at the eminent Spaniards who had gone out to welcome their Sovereign. No actual violence was offered, but the temper of the crowd was unmistakable, and no attempt has been made to soften the accounts of the demonstration. Indeed, President Grévy, though not till the following day, pronounced, in the name of the Government, a formal apology, begging the King not "to confound France with the *misérables* who have compromised her old renown by demonstrations I repudiate. Unfortunately, our laws are powerless to repress such things." The King replied, in stately phrase, that "as chief of a proud and noble nation he could not remain any longer without compromising its dignity," but "desirous of giving a special proof of his regard and consideration for France," he would meet the Ministers at the Élysée. He did so, and was hooted again in going and returning, the police offering no interference and making no arrests.

The following is the King's official opinion upon the whole affair as reported by the correspondent of the *Times*. It is dignified and Spanish:—"I have no resentment against the French nation, and I am touched by M. Grévy's visit, but there is at the bottom of my heart a profound sadness, a sadness not due to anything affecting myself individually; but to the misunderstanding which henceforth exists between two nations of the same race, having to a great extent the same interests, and who ought to be attached to each other. The step taken by M. Grévy may make me forget the bitterness of my entry, but Spain will long remember the hisses of the Parisian population, who would not see that behind the King it was the nation they were hissing." The King left for Madrid on Monday early, where he received an enthusiastic welcome. The whole population, from nobles to water-carriers, turned out to do him honour; all classes were admitted to the Palace, and throughout the night a stream of 30,000 visitors passed in to pay him homage. He has, in fact, in consequence of the outrage, received an informal plébiscite from the Spanish people.

The demonstration was, in part, spontaneous, and in part due to the incitements of the journals, many of them respectable, as, for instance, M. Clémenceau's organ, *La Justice*, which declared that the King in accepting a Colonelcy of Uhlans—which he could not refuse—had insulted France. It is difficult to credit that responsible Ministers approved the action of the populace; but it is believed that General Thibaudin refused either to receive the King, to dine with the King, or to apologise to the King, and the refusal has helped on a serious Ministerial crisis. M. Jules Ferry has insisted that General Thibaudin shall resign, but M. Grévy demurs, holding the General to be a protection against the Orleanists. The dispute is not yet settled, for behind it is one far more formidable. M. Ferry, it is stated, insists that the President's son-in-law, M. Wilson, shall quit the Élysée, declaring that he has constantly thwarted the Ministry, to which he is opposed. M. Grévy, it is publicly stated, replies to this that M. Wilson is only a Deputy, and that he neither can nor will turn his daughter out of his house. If the Chamber insists upon such a step, or even discusses it, he will at once resign. The truth of this story may be questionable, but it is certain that an acute crisis exists, that M. Wilson's influence is bitterly resented by large parties, and that M. Grévy is losing much of his popularity. His personal action is dignified, but he is too much in the hands of a clique who are far less constitutional than he is.

Our total impression of the affair is that it may prove a disaster for France. Germany has been insulted without cause, and Spain in the teeth of reason, the President has lost prestige, and the Ministry is breaking up. Moreover, the Parisian mob has once more proved itself an important factor in great affairs. All these things alarm the respectable classes, and increase their permanent impression that the Republic has entered on a downward course. That is, of course, an exaggeration; but the decline of M. Grévy is, we fear, real, and the Chamber will have a most difficult task in apportioning blame and regulating a reconstruction of the Government. Fortunately, all classes appear disposed to await the reassembling of the Chamber, and the Deputies will return fresh from contact with constituents who neither fear nor reverence Paris. They may find a new Ministry not afraid of M. Wilson, and, by adopting M. Grévy's policy of abstention from "spirited" foreign policy, replace him in accord with his Ministers. The grand difficulty, however, will be General Thibaudin, whom M. Grévy will not dismiss by fiat, and whom a large party in the Chamber wish to retain. They know he cannot strike *coups d'état*, and they believe that he could prevent any movement among the higher officers of the Army. Unfortunately, the known Generals who are also convinced Republicans are now few.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* had a long interview on Tuesday with the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, the Foreign Minister of Spain. The statements made were rather curious than interesting, but one or two points may be noted. The King made no alliance with Germany, though German and Spanish interests were discussed in such a way that the question of colonies came up, and the German Ministers said they did not wish for any. That looks as if Spain had, at all events, hinted at a transfer of the Philippines, or of her claims on islands further south. Moreover—and this is really important—the Minister decidedly shirked the question of Morocco. He only said France should not have it, or any European Power other than Spain, and did not deny that Spain would be glad to make Morocco safe by an occupation. Of all the possible Spanish requests to Germany, that is the most probable. If France could be kept from interfering, King Alfonso might personally command in an invasion of Morocco, conquer it, as O'Donnell nearly did, and refound his dynasty through the gratified pride of his subjects, who have for centuries regarded Morocco as their heritage in reversion.

The Tories are all alive. Sir S. Northcote is speaking at Belfast, and on Monday Lord Cranbrook delivered in Birmingham a speech characterised elsewhere; while on Tuesday Mr. Gibson delighted the Conservatives of Glasgow. His speech was of the usual kind. The Government had spent "millions" more than the Conservatives; had "convulsed India from end to end" with the Ilbert Bill; in their language had, as

regarding Egypt, "elevated hedging into a science;" and had only "scotched the Irish snake." Mr. Gibson, however, did not deny that elements of hope are now appearing in Ireland, spoke of increased quiet and "returning prosperity," and thought that in the creation of a peasant-proprietary a vast field might be found for beneficent legislation. As it is upon Ireland that Mr. Gibson is thoroughly instructed, Liberals may accept Mr. Gibson's declamation as, upon the whole, favourable to the Ministry.

There is common-sense left in Manchester. Dr. Pankhurst obtained only 6,216 votes out of the 52,000 upon the new Register, while Mr. Houldsworth, polling the full strength of his party as it now stands, received 18,188. As the votes given to Dr. Pankhurst are far less than the number of Irish electors, it is probable that very few English Radicals voted, the majority feeling, with us, that wild views are as great a disqualification in a philanthropic Red as in the haughtiest Tory. That conviction is what we want to see. There is no better representative than the man whose motive power in politics is feeling for the people, but he must have sense, and knowledge of facts, and experience enough to be aware that this planet will never become a world where all are at ease, all cultivated, and all good. If Dr. Pankhurst had been elected, every Radical candidate at the general election would have been told that universal female suffrage, the abolition of the Army, the payment of the Debt out of the land, and the confiscation of corporate property were within the accepted programme of his party. We can fight heartily for Mr. Smith, of Liverpool, though we think he occasionally dreams; but any candidate whatever, to call forth our sympathy, must be a reasoning human being, who will admit that the truths of arithmetic are absolute, and that the Eighth Commandment is above any theory whatever. The State has a perfect right to tax its subjects twenty shillings in the pound, but if it taxes only men above six feet in height, it robs.

The speech of M. Tisza to the Hungarian Chamber on October 3rd shows clearly the policy adopted by the Government in Croatia. It will yield upon every point except the right of the Magyars to rule. The Government of Buda-Pesth will enforce order, said M. Tisza, will restore the escutcheons pulled down, and will, if the power of the State is denied, enforce its will by military measures. But upon every other subject it will listen to the Croatians, and "reject all idea of driving things to an extreme." This means that agrarian grievances and grievances as to taxation will be redressed, and is the regular policy of the House of Hapsburg. We do not know, if the dual system of the monarchy is to be maintained, that a better could be adopted; but it will hardly satisfy the Slavs. Their radical complaint is that they are subjected to a dominant caste apart from them in language and aspirations, and not even justice will extinguish the sense of this grievance. It cannot, however, be removed without a contest with the armed Magyars, secretly aided by all Germans, to which the Austrian Court is as yet unequal. The oddity of the position is that the reigning House is not quite sure which nationality it means ultimately to adopt.

The French Foreign Office is said to have sent an ultimatum to Pekin. M. Ferry, emboldened by a report from M. Tricou stating that China is not preparing for war, and that the southern provinces deprecate hostilities, has demanded that southern Tonquin shall become French, and that northern Tonquin shall be placed under a mixed administration of Anamite and Chinese Mandarins. The statement is curiously definite, though it comes from the *Figaro*, which is always wrong; and if it is true, it implies war. It is, in fact, only a veiled demand for the surrender of the whole of Tonquin. The Government of Pekin cannot make the concession, under penalty of the overthrow of the dynasty; nor, if any of its declarations can be trusted, would it if it could. To give up Tonquin is to give up the possibility of governing the rich South without a garrison, which would consume all the revenue. We give the statement, because it is treated as important; but, for ourselves, we believe that M. Ferry has agreed with the President to await the decision of the Chamber, and that the Chamber will not permit any serious distant expedition. Note in this connection that M. Tricou is said to have reported his opinion that Chinese resistance to the cession is entirely inspired by the English, who dread competition. That is absurd, but it is like all that is reported of M. Tricou.

The Treasury has pulled up the Metropolitan Board very sharply. In a letter from the Secretary, Mr. Leonard Courtney, my Lords inform the Chairman that the coal and wine duties, which expire in 1889, cannot be regranted without urgent necessity, the former duty amounting to 7 per cent. ad valorem at the place of sale on an article of the first necessity. The Treasury observe that the Metropolitan Board now owe £19,000,000, involving a total charge of £1,000,000 a year, and that they are increasing this debt at the rate of £8,000,000 in five years, without ever defining the limit within which they think indebtedness safe, or the proportion debt should bear to the property charged with it. The Treasury perceive clearly that a Board like the Metropolitan will be inclined to spend to justify its own existence, but hold that it should use its powers of borrowing with discretion, and with some consideration for the wants of the next generation. My Lords, therefore, decline to sanction the new expenditure proposed, amounting to £13,000,000, until their requirements, essential to sound finance, have been complied with. The warning—for it is only a warning—is a wise one; but it is difficult to imagine how London is to be improved without money, or what is to be the substitute for the coal duties. Rates on houses are too high already, and we cannot tax incomes for municipal purposes, while a special liquor duty of adequate amount would impede all traffic.

The Parnellite invasion of Ulster came to a speedy and happily bloodless end, and the rumour that Mr. Parnell himself had been murdered by an Ulster Orangeman proved to be only an imaginative prevision of what might possibly have happened, if Mr. Parnell had tempted fate by attempting to stump the actual "Black North." As a matter of fact, he was more wisely advised, and had remained on this side of the Channel; while Mr. T. P. O'Connor, with two or three lesser Leaguers, made a rapid raid into and still more rapid retreat from Tyrone. Mr. O'Connor seems to have had a narrow escape from the Ulster equivalent for tar and feathers at Portadown, the locality of the famous Orange ballad of '48 beginning,—

> "I am a loyal Orangeman,
> From Portadown, ayont the Bann,"

and in which the indiscriminating truculence of the Orange mind is finely displayed by the couplet,—

> "The first of them, I'll shoot, by Gog,
> Is Redington, that Popish dog,"

Sir T. Redington being Lord Clarendon's Under-Secretary at the time.

The Australian mails received this week supply abundant evidence that the movement in favour of confederation and annexation is spreading steadily. The conduct of the Melbourne Government in refusing the Irish informers leave to land, and sending them on board the nearest man-of-war, must be regarded as earnest of what they will do with convicts of other nationalities; and at this moment the despatch of a few transports loaded with *Récidivistes* from Toulon, or the arrival of a few boatloads of "escapees" from New Caledonia on Australian soil, might have sudden and far-reaching consequences. It will be interesting to watch the attitude of the Colonies of New South Wales and Tasmania towards the new movement. With their peculiar history, it is difficult to expect that they should be so grimly in earnest as Victoria, New Zealand, and Queensland evidently are; but, on the other hand, this very reflection may goad them to an even more perfervid zeal. Apparently, none of the Colonies would gain more both by annexation and confederation.

Professor Dicey has attacked in the *Times* the conduct of the Victorian Government in refusing to allow the Irish informers to land at Melbourne, and the Agent-General for the Colony, Mr. Murray Smith, has replied, defending Mr. Service's action. The defence is complex, but on the whole conclusive. We now know on official authority that these men were sent to Melbourne by the Irish Executive in spite of a formal protest of the Victorian Government, communicated through the Colonial Office in ample time. No Government with any sense of self-respect could allow them to land after that. When the men themselves became aware of the state of feeling in Australia, they wrote requesting not to be landed. On the question of technical legal right, of which Professor Dicey naturally makes much, there is a good deal said and to be said. During the furious agitation against transportation which nearly lost Australia to the Empire thirty years ago, it was seriously proposed, as a measure of retaliation, to charter a ship at Mel-

bourne, fill it with colonial convicts and jail-birds, and debark them in England. Does Professor Dicey hold that the English Government would be justified, from any regard for strict legal right, in allowing these men to land? Surely there are rights of quarantine against crime, as well as against cholera.

There is peace, but the nations are growing more suspicious than ever. France and Italy are now "taking precautions" against each other. The Italian Government, having a large fleet, is beginning to fortify the island of Maddalena, which it regards, for reasons not given, as the "key" of its maritime position. Thereupon the French Government appoints a military Commandant of Corsica, and the Italian papers see in that evidence that France intends to seize Sardinia and to paralyse the Italian fleet. All that is surely very melancholy. Italy, with her northern frontier exposed as it is, is not going to strike at France by sea; nor is France, if she means mischief, likely to waste time and men in Sardinia, where a corps d'armée would be about as dangerous to Rome as if it were in Marseilles. The littérateurs of France seem all to have gone crazy with suspicion and anger, and to be ready to fight Germany, England, Spain, and Italy all at once,—and all for nothing. Imagine Italy risking its existence in order to get back Corsica, instead of Nice!

In the meeting of the Social Science Congress on Thursday, Dr. T. Clifford Allbutt, senior physician of the Leeds Infirmary, made a furious assault on competitive examination. He believes that the children of much examined men show traces of nervous disease, and that if mothers are educated in the same way, the result will be degeneracy of race. We are by no means devotees of competitive examination, holding that if men were honest, patronage and pass examinations would be better; but is not this statement an exaggeration? Is it really true that the children of high wranglers and "double-firsts" are rickety, under-sized, or nervous? The facts can readily be ascertained, and meanwhile, is it foolish to take comfort from one well-known instance? Lord Hartington is the son of the Duke of Devonshire, a man who received a double-first, and who could, past all question, have won an Indian Civil-Service commission. Does he look one whit weaker than the son of any peasant or trooper? And will Dr. Allbutt just tell us why, if physical injuries are not inherited, which is certain, mental injuries should be? The examinee may be hurt, and we are certain often is, but his children are not. If mental culture destroys physique, it is a bad look-out for the world; but is there a group of peasants who, apart from effects of years, could thrash the present Cabinet?

The Social Science Congress was opened on Wednesday with a speech by Sir R. Temple, which is in itself a splendid example of the first of Indian difficulties. Everything in India is on too vast a scale,—classes are nations, cesspools are great ravines filled with the accumulation of ages, drainage covers spaces with which only Governments can deal. Sir R. Temple's address has just this defect. He evidently intended to begin with a list of the work to be done, but such is the multitude of objects to be sought that the list swamped the address, and is almost the whole of it. The work to be attacked would make a philanthropic Stephenson gasp, and for ourselves, we disbelieve in its ever being done, except through mental training. We may teach all Indians sanitary principles, and so improve the health of a continent; but to cleanse the cesspools of two hundred millions is beyond the power of any Government whatever, much less a foreign one. It is not only the number, but the depth of the cesspools. Sir Richard Temple treats the idea of sanitation having produced typhoid as a prejudice, but it is undoubtedly true. So it would in London, if it were necessary to begin by cleaning out a dozen Regent Canals, choked to a depth of twenty feet with the filth of centuries.

We wonder why Railway servants, of all mankind, are so powerless to obtain decent treatment. The annual meeting of their representative body was held in Edinburgh on Wednesday, and it was stated by several delegates that even recently they had been required to work from 17 to 22 hours a day, or from 88 to 105 hours a week. This is monstrous, even if we admit that a great machine like a Railway is justified, in the public interest, in using men up, for the public is constantly endangered by the labour of men too tired to think, or see, or act quickly. Imagine a pointsman with, perhaps, 25 trains to direct, working the levers after 17 hours of continuous toil! So long as nothing new occurs, he goes on automatically, even if really asleep; but the moment he has to think, all is over, and there is a collision. We believe the men's statements to be literally true, and entirely agree with the delegates that Parliament should order a return of cases in which Railway employés are worked for more than fifteen hours a day. The men are not children, it is true, and need not obey unless they please; but the public are children, and must travel. Besides, the State binds the Railway servants to work well under criminal penalties.

Sir Stafford Northcote, like Mr. Parnell, has invaded Ulster, and on Thursday he explained to the Conservatives of Belfast the reasons they have for distrusting the Liberal Government. They are briefly that this Government is not national, but cosmopolitan in feeling; that in India, in the Colonies, in foreign policy, it is not always thinking of the interests of Great Britain. He gave as illustrations the Ilbert Bill, the conduct of Lord Derby about Australian annexations, and the condition of South Africa. He also adduced the Shaw case, and affirmed that instead of an Englishman being able to say "Civis Romanus sum," the best thing he could do to prevent insult from the foreigner was to deny that he was English. We have said enough of the speech elsewhere, but we must ask here the cause of this singular sterility of Tory speakers. Sir Stafford Northcote is in many ways the ablest man of his party,—certainly the most adroit,—yet even he is reduced to these stale complaints, which interest nobody, and scarcely influence a vote. Why does not Sir Stafford Northcote tell us distinctly what he would do with the Ilbert Bill, whether he would annex Polynesia, and what has been left undone in regard to Mr. Shaw?

A highly alarmist telegram from Hong Kong, forwarded by the China correspondent of the *New York Herald*, was published in London on Thursday. The writer, who dates his message October 3rd, declares that the people of Canton are highly excited over the Logan trial—Logan had fired into a mob without sufficient reason, had killed a child, and had been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment—and are threatening foreigners, especially the French, in incendiary placards. "The mob is ripe for rebellion," and the Chinese Viceroy has been compelled to guard his own palace with troops. Mandarins of the highest rank are insulted in passing through the city. The foreign settlement is guarded by six gunboats, but the uneasiness extends beyond Canton, and even in Hong Kong the arms of the Volunteers have been piled in two Banks, to prevent their seizure. The facts are certainly disquieting; but on the other hand, it must be remembered that the Chinese Government is in earnest in repression. Its whole policy and position depend at this moment upon its power to prevent any outbreak which would revive the solidarity of the Powers, and compel all European States to join in exacting reparation. Whether Pekin has the strength to enforce quiet when the mob is excited, may be questioned; but Chinese officials in earnest are rarely beaten by their own people. They have the control, too, just now of a good steam fleet, and large accumulations of regulars near Shanghai. The Government, however, moves slowly, and Europe may yet be startled by a popular attempt at massacre.

The Rev. J. Wordsworth, speaking on Thursday in the Church Congress of the wide division now opening between the Church and the Universities, complains that wealthy mothers now fail to teach their children the elementary truths of religion. "A Bible class for mothers of the wealthier class would be about the best expenditure of time possible to a parochial clergyman." That, as it is put, sounds whimsical, or even nonsensical, but there is a gleam of truth in it. While female education is improving rapidly, and "girl graduates" are becoming wranglers, the means for teaching "divinity," in its large sense, to women are not expanding. The subject is not so carefully taught to girls as it is to boys, and is very much less compulsory. Everything effective in the educational machinery for women is modern, and the modern tone is to leave theology for home reading. The mere fact that while at least half the higher teachers of men are clergymen, no female teacher can have gone through that training, makes a decided difference, as does also the declining influence of the Clergy over women. The highly-educated woman of to-day cannot absorb a sermon or a lecture without mental criticism, sometimes very destructive.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 100$\frac{3}{4}$ to 100$\frac{7}{8}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE HOOTING OF KING ALFONSO.

THE hooting of the King of Spain in Paris is not merely a regrettable incident. It is a calamitous occurrence. It brings war perceptibly nearer, and it destroys, as no event since 1870 has destroyed, the confidence of Europe in France. There is not a German alive, and especially not a German soldier, who will not see in it startling evidence of French implacability. The King of Spain had done absolutely nothing to affront, or injure, or humiliate France, in any way whatever. On the contrary, in accepting the offer of a State reception in Paris he had, according to the European code of etiquette, paid France a considerable, though of course merely formal, honour. He had, however, sought the friendship of Germany, he was accused of seeking alliance with her, and he had accepted from her Emperor a customary titular honour, the colonelcy of a regiment, accepted also by the Prince of Wales; and so deep is the enmity felt for Germany in Paris that this sufficed to overpower every consideration of international courtesy, of State policy, and of municipal self-respect, and make Parisians express for a guest not merely anger, but contempt. It is nonsense to say the hatred was felt only by the roughs. The Army of the Revolution, swarming out in tens of thousands, gave the hisses; but some of the first journals of Paris had held up the King to obloquy as a soldier of Germany, and had counselled an unmistakeable silence and avoidance. The hooting was only the mob translation of that advice, and in every German mind the conviction will sink deep that, as far as Paris is concerned—and Paris, though not France, represents her—peace will only last while France is unable to make war. We say nothing of the insult to the German Emperor, for he has passed into that period of stately old age when the judgment survives emotion; but every German will feel bitterly that the decorations his Sovereign bestows are in Paris felt to be disgraces, deserving hissing. That is not a conviction which even in the steady Teutonic mind tends to placability or to moderation in the expression of dislike. The English, with their history behind them, are not sensitive; but suppose Queen Victoria had been the Sovereign hissed! And if the Germans feel this, what must the Spaniards feel, with their almost morbid pride in the grandeur of their nationality, their undying recollections of the day when an insult to their Sovereign would have lit up war through the world?

Even the effect of the incident in Germany and Spain grows small, however, before its effect in Europe. It has revealed in a moment the ominous truth that the Parisians, who are the bodyguard of the Republic, have been dwelling on their defeat, on the lowered position of France in the world, on her mortifications, real and unreal, until they have reached the point of self-absorption, when the mind grows unsound, when self is the sole pivot, and men see conspiracies in the natural movements of the crowds around them. Such morbid irritability in individuals always precedes either an outbreak or an illness, and in the case of a nation it is as ominous of evil. For months past, it has been most difficult for men who, like ourselves, are friends of France, and cannot bear to see her bright genius obscured by her self-will, to defend or explain her action. There has been in it a note of savage suspicion, of angry self-assertion, of indulged contempt for all others' rights, which suggested that reasoning power had become impaired. The Government or its agents, backed by the Press, made the occupation of Tunis needlessly offensive to the Italians, till they at last thought their countrymen in Tunis specially marked out for French injustice. The treatment of the Malagasy Envoys in Paris was discreditable, and seemed based upon the old etiquettes of Constantinople. Li Hung Chang, the great Viceroy of Southern China, quitted his station, rather than negotiate any longer with M. Tricou. The ultimatum offered to Queen Ranavalona III. was arrogant to a point seldom reached by a conqueror in his intercourse with the conquered. Even towards England the French Press has been bitter, offensive, and so suspicious, that the only accurate intelligence received from Tonquin, that collected by the London journals, is frequently declared in tones of spiteful contempt to be "English inventions." So marked has been this tone that the quiet friendship of fifty years, which had grown by degrees into a true amity, has decidedly cooled, and English Liberals with whom an *entente cordiale* with France is a tradition, ask themselves what can be the reason of the new French temper, and listen gladly to stories of Bourbon dislike, and of M. Challemel-Lacour's personal irritability. M. Challemel-Lacour, it is true, did not hiss King Alfonso, but it is difficult not to believe, after that demonstration, that he expresses, in his irritable haughtiness and readiness to be acrid, the present temper of the body of his countrymen, who would be capable of believing, from sheer irritability, that if Queen Victoria went to see her daughter in Berlin, she had gone to arrange the partition of France, and the seizure of that "menacing growth," the French empire in Indo-China. Such a temper not only makes negotiation difficult, by inducing the English people to resent any concession as derogatory, but drives French agents all over the world into acts which might at any moment produce frightful consequences. They respond, half consciously, it may be, to the emotion they see at home. We will not press the deplorable incident at Tamatave, during which there is too much reason to believe that the Captain of a Queen's ship was compelled to clear his decks for action, because we do not believe that Admiral Pierre was responsible; but even in Tonquin the French agents are showing a disposition towards each other, as well as the world, which is in far too close accordance with that of the Parisian populace, a temper which sees in the slightest independence on the part of anybody an affront either to themselves or to France. The spirit which would order King Alfonso to ask M. Grévy's permission before accepting a decoration from the Emperor William is precisely the spirit which treats Chinese claims to Anam, claims centuries old, as impertinent arrogancies, which France will not even discuss, but sets aside as if unworthy of temperate reply.

We write, we need not say, with no intention of embittering the situation. To us, it has always appeared that the French people, with all their faults, are still pioneers in the long search for a happy political society, that the French alliance is the only one worth having, and that the enmity of France is for Britain, next to the enmity of America, the most paralysing and weakening of evils. And it is because of that friendship that we feel dismay at a spectacle like the hooting of King Alfonso. What stable confidence can we repose in a people who, after days for consideration, assemble in huge masses to insult a gentleman who can mass a hundred thousand soldiers on their southern frontier, who might in a war be the most effective of allies, who was their invited guest in their own capital, and who had done nothing to offend them, except talk pleasantly with another gentleman against whom they have a long-standing grudge? What would they themselves think of the temper and mental condition of François, if, after inviting Alphonse to dinner, he had thrown the soup into his face, because, forsooth, he had been seen shaking hands with François's opponent in a great law-suit? Would they not conclude either that François was habitually ill-conditioned, or, if that were impossible, that he was no longer master of himself sufficiently to be safe?

THE CITY COUNCIL DISPUTE.

IT seems to us that the only importance of the commotion in the Guildhall on Saturday last consists in this. The organisation of the Government of the City of London is so radically bad, that it can only be kept from corruption by a rigid adherence to traditional, or rather to constitutional precedent; and precedent has been suddenly and, to all outward appearance, capriciously departed from. There never was so ridiculous a method of electing a Chief Magistrate. The "Livery," that is, the members of the Guilds who nominate the two persons whom they think most fit for the Civic Chair, are called in some journals the "electors" and the "popular vote;" but they are not a popular body, nor do they elect. The Liverymen of London are not the citizens, nor the householders, nor the electors who send up Representatives to Parliament, but the members of the ninety or so Guilds, who do not number a sixth of the Parliamentary electors, or a twentieth of those to whom the City is an office or a counting-house. They are as much an oligarchy as the electors of any ancient Free Town in Germany, and for Liberals to defend them as the "representatives of the people" is perfectly absurd. Even this small body, moreover, does not elect the Lord Mayor. It thinks it does, but it does not. Its habit for a century or more has been to nominate the senior Alderman on the rota, and some other Alderman, and to expect the Court of Aldermen to recognise the first. That is to say, a self-elected body shouts its

approval of a man who is prescriptively selected by seniority. So strong is this habit, and so unbroken the tradition, that a departure from it has excited the whole Livery to rage; but the thing they are defending is prescription, not liberty of election, which, on their own showing, does not exist, they holding themselves bound, as they allow, to elect a man designated to them by long-standing custom. They are, of course, quite right, from their point of view. They feel by instinct that if prescription is disregarded, they will speedily be disregarded too, and hoot down Alderman Fowler, not only because they like Alderman Hadley better, but because, if Alderman Hadley is not accepted, their own *raison d'être* is as good as gone. An absurd institution can go on while it is really only a cover for an ancient custom which is seen to work endurably, but the moment the cover is stripped away the institution is seen to be a cumbrous nuisance. The present method of electing the London Corporation has gone on untouched because, under cumbrous or deceptive forms, an ancient scheme of electing rulers by co-optation and seniority has actually prevailed, and has worked, as that system usually does, quite endurably; but if seniority is abandoned, the system must be abandoned also. Nobody intends deliberately to allow either Aldermen or Liverymen to elect any Lord Mayor they like, and if either of them will avail themselves of their legal right to do it they must make way for electors who, whether better or worse, can at all events claim a more logical position. Customary right is held good in England, and so is representative right; but nobody will bear a system under which representation does not exist, and custom is only acknowledged in order to be broken. Caprices can be permitted to the body of citizens in a city which cannot be permitted to a little Committee elected by a small section of persons, with no rights except such as they derive from a prescription now openly contemned. As long as the Liverymen nominated the senior Alderman, and the Aldermen recognised their vote as binding, men desirous of City status became Aldermen, and in rotation Lord Mayors, and the huge machine was driven by their energy; but if that scheme is set aside, and a Lord Mayor is to be selected by the Court or elected by the Livery, it becomes indispensable to make the election rational. This can only be done by abolishing both Aldermen and Livery, and confiding the election either to all ratepayers, or to a Council which all ratepayers actually help to elect.

The incident is a very strong argument in favour of Sir W. Harcourt's proposal; but we do not wish to be betrayed into a premature discussion of a measure as yet legally unborn. What strikes us rather, as we read the accounts of the grotesque scene, is the singular indifference of the citizens of English towns as to their own control over their Municipal Kings. They do not anywhere directly elect the Mayors, as is done all over America; and they do not interfere in their election by the Councillors with anything like passion or decision. The Councils, in fact, are expected to choose only Councillors. There are often fierce fights for the Wards, and sometimes there is very bitter party feeling; but the character of the Municipal King, at a municipal election, seldom becomes a party cry. Nobody, while voting for Smith as Councillor, does it in order that Brown may be Mayor, and nobody particularly cares whether Jones is Mayor or not. There is plenty of municipal feeling, much municipal bitterness, and some municipal aspiration; but as to municipal headship, there is scarcely any feeling, so little, that the system of double election under which Mayors are appointed is never so much as challenged. The ratepayers elect the Council, often after bitter fighting, and then instead of wishing them to elect the best chiefs for the Muncipality, they leave them alone, and are only discontented if they give themselves too free a choice. If they stick preferentially to Aldermen, who are only Councillors supposed to be unusually solid, the Plebs, which has been so fierce about the Councillors themselves, is quite content. We shall be told that the Mayors have small powers and the electors do not care about them, but the statement is not true in this relation. A Mayor has much more power than any Councillor, and about each Councillor the ratepayers do care. They fight over him with animation, and sometimes spend money over him with liberality. The election of Brown for the Fifth Ward, and the consequent rejection of Jones, will sometimes convulse a city. We believe the true explanation to be a different and an exceedingly suggestive one. Among English-speaking men, the system of double elections, which looks so plausible and has so many arguments in its favour, almost invariably breaks down. If the primary electors are in earnest, they turn the secondary electors into Delegates, as Americans, when choosing their President, turn their Electoral College. If, on the other hand, they are not exceedingly interested, they leave the secondary electors to act within certain limits of decorum almost as freely as if they had no responsibilities, and political or municipal life is deprived of what might be an absorbing interest. That is not our present political system, the Head of her Majesty's Government being virtually though informally named by the people; and we very much doubt whether, one object of municipal elections being municipal vivification, it is the best system. Suppose, now that new Municipalities are so frequently conceded to new districts, we were to try the experiment of allowing the Mayors in some of them to be directly elected?

THE BIRMINGHAM DEMONSTRATION.

THE great Conservative demonstration in the Aston Lower Grounds last Monday was evidently planned by a skilful hand. Nothing had been overlooked that could ensure for the proceedings the double charm of popular attractiveness and dramatic effect. The choice of Birmingham, the Holy Place of Radicalism, as the scene of operations was in every sense a happy inspiration, giving to the whole enterprise a spice of adventure, and supplying both speakers and hearers with the most powerful stimulus to an imposing exhibition of aggressive zeal. To suit all tastes, the services of Lord Cranbrook, the loudest, and Mr. Plunket, the most polished of Conservative orators, had been secured. For those who could not find room in the large hall, and were thus excluded from the main entertainment of the evening, attractions of hardly inferior interest were provided outside. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. Raikes spoke to resolutions in the Skating Rink, Mr. Grantham and Sir Richard Temple might be heard "on the dancing platform in the wood," and "Dr. Sebastian Evans presided at the meeting on the meadow." It would be unfair to apply to speeches delivered under such conditions any very lofty or exacting standard of criticism. The object of a demonstration of this kind is not to convince doubting or to convert hostile judgments. The purpose of its promoters is accomplished, if they can succeed, by the contagious enthusiasm of numbers, and by a liberal supply of confident and highly-seasoned rhetoric, in inflaming the zeal of the faithful and striking terror into the enemy. It was no part, therefore, of the mission of Lord Cranbrook and Mr. Plunket to argue out the rationale of Conservatism, or to elaborate a scheme of constructive statesmanship. What they were intended to do was to make a telling onslaught upon the Government, to cause the ears of faithful Birmingham to tingle by a scathing catalogue of Mr. Gladstone's faults and follies, and to inspirit their own followers by demonstrating the weakness of his position and the certainty of his impending fall. This is the duty which was laid upon them, and the merits of their performance must be judged by the degree in which it has tended to increase the confidence of the attack, and to dishearten and confuse the defence, in the coming political campaign.

Lord Cranbrook, as is his wont, indulged in a good deal of strong language, but he has rarely made a less effective speech. Confined by the exigencies of the occasion to the work of denunciation, and anxious, if possible, to find something to say which had not been said a hundred times before, he strove with obvious sincerity to bring to light some hitherto unnoticed crime of our much-vituperated Government. Great, indeed, would be the reward of the lucky discoverer to whom this coveted secret was disclosed. Lord Cranbrook, however, is clearly not the orator for whom fortune has reserved the prize. Like all the official Conservatives, he is afraid to challenge boldly that part of the Ministerial policy which best deserves and is least able to withstand the attacks of a hostile critic. Our position in Egypt, with its manifold anomalies and dangers, its inadequate reward for past sacrifices, its imperfect security for the future, offers, one would say, as tempting a theme as a partisan speaker could desire for sarcasm and invective. Upon no point are the habitual followers of the Government so divided in opinion; upon none do its most loyal supporters find the task of apology so difficult and distasteful. And yet, as all the recent utterances of the responsible Tory leaders show, at this, the weakest place in their whole line of defence, Ministers have least cause to fear the assault of their professed antagonists. The reason, of course, is obvious enough. There are only two intelligible views of our duty in reference to Egypt: the view of those who hold that we ought never to have gone there, and the view of those

who hold that both our own interests, and the special responsibilities which we have incurred, impose on us the obligations of a tutelary power. Lord Beaconsfield's colleagues are precluded from both views alike. They cannot adopt the first, because it would commit them to the Radical doctrine of non-intervention. They cannot adopt the second, because five years ago, when they had the choice, they deliberately preferred Cyprus to Egypt; and because within the last few months they have, through the mouth of Sir Stafford Northcote, formally repudiated the scheme of a Protectorate. And thus the only use which Lord Cranbrook, one of the most skilful rhetoricians of his party, can make of the Egyptian Expedition is to drag it in as a crowning illustration of his wonderful thesis,—that "this peace-loving, war-hating Government is unequalled for blood-guiltiness." The passion for universal bloodshed which Lord Cranbrook has detected in Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues —"against their conscience in all parts they have been guilty of bloodshed"—is, indeed, the one novel topic in his long and vehement harangue. In all other respects his speech is but a catena of Tory platitudes writ large. He is as zealous as any Radical for purity of election; but why pass a Corrupt Practices Act full of "traps for honest men?" He has nothing to say against the Agricultural Holdings' Act; but it was "a measure not special to the Government." He burns with ingenuous indignation at the charge of "veiled obstruction." And then we have the familiar gibes at the Kilmainham Treaty and the Transvaal Convention, the threadbare compassion for Mr. Forster, the inevitable denunciations of Mr. Chamberlain, and, finally, the lurid picture, which we all know so well by this time, of the Radical Millennium, when spoliation and sacrilege will have done their perfect work, and England will possess neither a House of Lords nor an Established Church. The zest and energy with which a man of Lord Cranbrook's abilities can pace the weary rounds of this rhetorical treadmill form a striking tribute to the vitality of our party system, and his antagonists may well be content that he can find no more productive occupation for his powers.

It is no disrespect to Mr. Plunket to say that he is less fitted than Lord Cranbrook for the kind of work which had to be done at Birmingham. Of all living speakers, he is the one who would have found himself most at home in the House of Commons under Canning's leadership, and his finished style cannot easily compass the broad and staring effects which are the life of platform oratory. Mr. Plunket, however, did his best to reach the level of the occasion. He naturally addressed himself to the Irish policy of the Government, and being not only a Conservative, but an Irishman who knows Ireland, he was of course careful to avoid Lord Cranbrook's blunder, and to say nothing of the wickedness of the Land Act. At a critical moment in the fortunes of Ulster Conservatism, it shows, to say the least, a want of tact for a Tory leader to describe the legislation which secured the tenants in their property as a piece of robbery; and Mr. Plunket's significant omission of all reference to the topic was unquestionably discreet. Keeping clear of this dangerous ground, he applied himself to the safer task of conjuring up an imaginary confederacy between Mr. Parnell and the Liberal party, and predicting its disastrous results to the country and the Empire. This is an old story, and the present seems hardly the most favourable moment for its revival. For months past Mr. Parnell's henchmen have been ransacking their copious vocabulary of abuse for terms sufficiently strong to express their hostility to the "most brutal and despotic Government" that ever trampled on prostrate Ireland, and their detestation of the perfidy with which the Liberals have betrayed the fair professions of 1880. In almost every critical division of the last Session the Nationalist Members have been found in the Opposition lobby. Even those English politicians who have always been favourable to an alliance between the Parnellites and the Liberals admit that the events of the last three years have made reconciliation impossible. But so invaluable a stalking-horse cannot be lightly abandoned. Mr. Plunket is certain that if the Radicals and Home-rulers are not allied, they ought to be. Neither of them caring much about the "ancient grandeur and future greatness" of the Empire, both of them "desiring revolution in the direction of democracy," it is inevitable that sooner or later the English Radical must join hands with the Irish rebel. Has not Dr. Pankhurst, who professes himself before all things a follower of Mr. Gladstone, taken the Home-rule pledge? Surely a speaker of Mr. Plunket's powers might have found better nutriment for the Birmingham Conservatives than these vain imaginations. The chasm between the Home-rulers and the Liberal Party was never wider than it is now. That is one among the many instructive lesssons taught by the Manchester election. The sympthay of English Liberals, so far as it ever had any existence, has had to succumb to an invincible moral repugnance; while the services of Mr. Gladstone to Ireland, the grievances he has removed, the new order and security which he has given to her great national industry, are all forgotten by the Nationalists, in their embittered hatred of the author of the Coercion Act.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT BELFAST.

WHAT is the object with which Sir Stafford Northcote has gone to Ulster? Some people imagined that he was going to seize the opportunity to give an official exposition of the new Irish policy of the Tory party. Others supposed that he was charged with the more common-place mission of encouraging and stimulating the resistance of the Ulster Conservatives to the Nationalist invasion. Careful perusal of the two long speeches which he delivered in Belfast on Wednesday and Thursday compels the abandonment of both these hypotheses. For all that Sir Stafford Northcote has to say on the subject, his Ulster audiences might well believe that the Tory party have not got an Irish policy at all. His references to Ireland and Irish affairs have been of the scantiest and most superficial kind; on the great scheme hatched by Lord Cairns and Mr. Smith for the creation of a peasant-proprietary he has not uttered a syllable, and almost the solitary piece of practical advice that he has given to the Irish Conservatives as such, is his very unnecessary recommendation that they should be on their guard against an indiscriminate lowering of the franchise. The notion that it was Sir Stafford Northcote's object to inflame the already excited passions of the Ulster Orangemen is still less admissible. It would seem rather as though he had charged himself with the duty of administering a gentle sedative. Even while he protests against the "audacity of certain persons who have assumed to themselves the honourable title of the National Party," he admits, with his usual candour, that these same persons "are pleading in a cause which they can advance by arguments of the most specious, and sometimes of the most tempting character." This is by no means in "Eccles' vein." Nor can it be very inspiriting to the bulk of the Ulster Protestants to know that Sir Stafford "does not fear" to name and praise their famous Orange Society, and "does not for a moment believe that the Conservative cause has not a great future before it." Even in his highest rhetorical flights, Sir Stafford Northcote never omits to insert the qualifications and limitations which the sober judgment of a perfectly dispassionate spectator would demand, as, for instance, in the following characteristic outburst:—"Put your trust in your own selves and in your own determination to see right done, and depend upon it, if you are firm, if you are determined, I believe if you work hard, those whom you would put your trust in, if you leave it to them, will come to you and rally round you in large numbers." This is not the dialect in which men speak who are capable of moving great masses of their fellows, and yet it is the dialect into which Sir Stafford Northcote inevitably lapses, when he leaves the level track which his oratory habitually pursues, and ventures into the region of exhortation and invective. We may depend upon it that it was not the kind of thing which the Orangemen went out to hear.

Having apparently nothing to say that is specially appropriate either to Ireland or to Ulster, Sir S. Northcote has reverted to an old theme of Lord Beaconsfield's, and he devoted the greater part of his speech on Thursday night to a vindication of the claim of the Conservatives to be considered the National party. He distinguishes between the "national" policy which aims at the "maintenance of our large Imperial dominion," and which requires that we should not only be strong, but make our strength known to all the world, and be ready when necessary to use it, and what he calls the "vague, grandiose, and unintelligible" ideas of the Cosmopolitans or Liberals. That there is a distinction, such as is hinted at in Lord Beaconsfield's question-begging epithets, between the policies of the two great Parties, no one who has followed the course of affairs during the last six years would think of denying. Within that period, moreover, the two sets of principles have been put in practice, in each case with fairly strict fidelity, by two successive Governments, and the "Cosmopolitans" have every inducement to challenge a comparison. What does Sir S. Northcote mean by his astonishing statement "that now, the safest thing an English citizen who gets into difficulties

or into a dangerous position could do would be to conceal the fact that he is an Englishman; he is then less likely to be insulted"? With the single exception of Mr. Shaw, whose harsh treatment Sir Stafford himself attributes exclusively to the "unfortunate illness" of Admiral Pierre, and to whom reparation will certainly be offered, can he produce one instance of an Englishman who has been insulted with impunity, or who has found it convenient to hide his nationality? We assert with the utmost confidence that the name of England stands as high, that her position and influence among the nations are as strong, and that her protection is as complete a shield to the meanest of her subjects, as in the heyday of Lord Palmerston's mischievous activity, or at the moment when Lord Beaconsfield brought "peace with honour" from Berlin. The real strength of England, and the knowledge of other nations that she has it and will put it forth when necessity requires, remain unaffected by the vicissitudes of party warfare and changes of policy. It was one of the cardinal mistakes of Lord Beaconsfield, which seems to be shared by many of his followers, that neither we ourselves nor other people will ever realise how great and powerful we are, unless we are perpetually proclaiming the fact in all men's hearing. The "Civis Romanus sum" formula, of which Lord Palmerston was so fond, and which meant in the mouth of a Roman, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out in the Don-Pacifico debate, "I am a citizen of the State of which you are a dependant," was an expression of insolent superiority, rather than of quiet and assured strength. The real difference between the spurious "Nationalism" which found its most typical embodiment in Lord Beaconsfield's Administration and the rival policy of his successors, arises out of their different views not of the expediency of maintaining the English Empire, but of the purposes for which that Empire exists. If its own existence is its final cause, and if, as we are often told, is has no concern with international justice or the strivings of other peoples after freedom, except in so far as these may subserve its own interests and procure it useful allies, then the "cosmopolitan" policy may be well described in Sir S. Northcote's sneer as "vague and grandiose." Liberals, however, or at least those who belong to Mr. Gladstone's school, have quite another conception of the meaning and purpose of the Empire. To them, it can only be justified so long as it can be shown to secure the conditions not only of order, but of free development for all who are under its sway, and so long as it recognises and discharges towards other nations, both strong and weak, the moral responsibilities which are inseparable from power. Sir Stafford Northcote would probably repudiate our way of contrasting the two policies as strongly as we do his own. But if the "Nationalism" of the Conservatives means something wider and nobler than we understand by it, they must cut loose the traditions which bind them to Lord Beaconsfield, and disown some of their ablest supporters in the Press. And before they will persuade the world that the "Cosmopolitanism" of the Liberals is destructive of the sense of national honour, they must produce some more substantial proof than Sir Stafford Northcote's reckless assertions at Belfast.

INDIVIDUALISM IN POLITICS.

IN spite of Pascal and all the haters of the Jesuits in the Roman Church, in spite of all the denouncers of casuistry among Protestants, in spite of all the well-intentioned ignoramuses who say that right and wrong are plain, straightforward matters, about which there can never be any mistake, provided only that a man is honest, there is nothing of which the interest is more perennial than the conflict of duties. What a man is to do when he is drawn different ways by considerations that seem of equal weight, or, more often perhaps, cannot be expressed in the same denomination, and yet are equally real, is a theme which never seems to grow stale. It is raised in relation to one large department of human life by a writer in the current number of the *National Review*. "A Retired Politician" moralises on the surrender of principle which he holds to be becoming habitual among public men. He sees it in candidates who say "yes" to questions, when they mean "no;" in Members who call themselves the representatives of opinions they distrust and abhor; in Ministers who, rather than retire from the Cabinet, consent to support measures in the value of which they are all the time absolute unbelievers. "Statesmen in high places, casting about them for majorities in Parliament, set the example; and candidates, casting about them for majorities in the constituencies, follow it. Thus gradually a sort of silent assumption is established that it is not the business of a politician to be independent and upright, much less intractable in his opinions, but rather to be pliant and docile. A man who refuses to be these is considered as impracticable, 'cantankerous,' and insensible to the necessity of daily and hourly compromise." And in this way the degradation of Parliamentary men, and ultimately of Parliamentary institutions, is ensured.

It is not to be denied that there is an element of truth in this accusation. No one can have compared the opinions that politicians express in private with the votes that they often give in public, without seeing this. In the Recess, a man will show himself keenly alive to the faults of some measure that is being talked about as likely to form part of the Ministerial programme for the next year, and yet when the Session comes he will be found voting for it, though the arguments against it have, in his honest opinion, lost none of their weight. The same sort of inconsistency runs up through all ranks of the political hierarchy. The elector votes for a candidate who only half represents him. The Member of Parliament supports a Cabinet whose policy he but half likes. The Minister advocates measures to which, if he were an independent Member, he would offer a hearty opposition. Can such a line of conduct as this be either honestly practised or seriously defended?

Within certain easily conceivable limits, we think it can. No doubt, it is not ideal. Every man who has convictions of his own would like to make them the sole measure of his political action. He would never suppress an enthusiasm or put a dislike into his pocket. He would vote on every question presented to him as though there were nothing to be considered but the character of the particular proposal. But the man who assumes this attitude does not escape as completely as he probably thinks from the conflict of duties of which we have spoken. In fact, he does not escape from it at all. He has, probably without meaning it, turned his back upon political life, and deliberately made himself a cypher in the affairs of the country. It is the old controversy between the world and the Puritan who must needs go out of the world. No doubt, the Puritan carries away with him a perfectly unstained conscience. He has had neither part nor lot in what has been going on around him,—he is not responsible for a single thing that has been done by his contemporaries. But then he has left the world just what he found it. He has not, it is true, abused it, but neither has he used it. If it is really the thing he thinks it—a simple mass of unmixed pitch, which no one can touch without being defiled—no doubt he is right. If, on the contrary, it is a very mixed mass indeed, one in which good and bad are always contending, and contending with varying fortunes, to withdraw from the battle altogether, is to do what in him lies to give the victory to the worse side. This is precisely what has happened in America. Most of the best men in the United States are "retired politicians." They keep apart from public affairs because, they say, they are so completely in the hands of wire-pullers and log-rollers, that honesty has no chance. It may be so; but in that case, how has it become so? In part, certainly—in very great part, we should be inclined to say—because honest men left political life prematurely. Indolence made them political Puritans. They saw the way in which things were tending, and it was less trouble to assume that they were past redemption, than to labour to keep them in a better groove. No doubt, the writer in the *National Review* will agree with us in deprecating any repetition of this blunder in England; but if it is to be avoided, there must be some kind of common action among those who take a part in public affairs; and all common action implies the surrender, to some extent, of individual opinions. To say that Party Government is a mistake, and that it necessarily leads to the degradation of Parliamentary institutions, is to become a pure pessimist. Unfortunately, pessimism has always a great deal to say for itself; but when all is said, the fact remains that pessimism never yet did anything to mend what has gone wrong. Party Government has its bad and its good side, and in proportion as honest men refuse to have anything to do with it, the bad side comes uppermost. The object of politicians, whether active or retired, should be to do all they can to check this degradation; and they will do nothing towards compassing this end by declaring that they will not concern themselves with public affairs, unless they can mould them exactly to their own pleasure. If they will give nothing and take everything, they will very shortly find that there is nothing left for them to take.

We are very far from saying that this is at all the direction in which things seem to be setting. The action of some of the Manchester Liberals during the recent election has been a disastrous instance to the contrary. With them, it was all give and no take. Dr. Pankhurst did not modify his views in the least degree to meet theirs, and they accepted him just as readily as though he had come something more than half-way to meet them. But if the doctrine preached by "A Retired Politician" becomes at all widely accepted, the world of public life will be more and more divided into those who give everything and those who give nothing; and whenever this happens, we shall be well on the road to be even as the Americans. No doubt, the danger that public men will be tempted to give everything is a real one, and one that is not likely to become less as years go on. But the only way in which it can be averted is the way in which it has been averted hitherto,—by a clear recognition on the part of the men who are not prepared to give everything that they must give something. Let us take, for example, the case mentioned by "A Retired Politician:"—"I once," he says, "heard a colleague of Lord Hartington narrate how the latter said to him, 'I have been reading over my own speech against the extension of the County Franchise, and I confess I find it unanswerable.' I have little doubt he finds it unanswerable still; but he is a prominent Member of a Cabinet that is at this moment preparing a Bill for the Extension of the County Franchise." That is to say, "A Retired Politician" would have Lord Hartington leave a Cabinet with which he is otherwise agreed, because he differs from his colleagues on what, after all, is a question of machinery. It cannot be said that there is any principle involved in the issue whether household suffrage shall be extended to counties. There may have been one in the issue whether household franchise should be introduced at all, but when once that had been settled, its extension from town to country became only a matter of convenience and expediency. It is quite possible that Lord Hartington may still be of opinion that the balance of argument is against its extension at the present time. But if circumstances have made that extension inevitable, where would be the gain of his leaving the Cabinet rather than consent to it? If any principle were involved, it would be altogether different. If the thing it is proposed to do were something that, in Lord Hartington's opinion, it will always be wrong to do—not imprudent merely, or premature, but wrong—it would be his plain duty to leave the Cabinet, rather than have a hand in it. A practical politician cannot put down his foot too firmly where principles are concerned, but if he is to continue to deserve the title of practical, he must not jump to the conclusion that in everything wherein he differs from those with whom he is associated, principles are concerned.

THE RED MAN IN CANADA.

ACCORDING to a recent telegram from Montreal, one of the ceremonies that will take place before the Marquis of Lorne leaves Canada will be his installation as Grand Chief of the Lorette Indians, a sept of the Huron nation. The title to be conferred on him—perhaps the installation has taken place by this time—is "Kondearonte," or, in plain English, "The Rat." In spite of appearances, this is reckoned a dignified designation, and well it may be, when we find "Lean Man," "Strike-him-on-the-Back," "The Gambler," "Little Black Bear," and "The Man-that-took-the-Coat," among the "styles" of Indian Chiefs in Canada. The Marquis of Lorne has since his tour of the Dominion been a special favourite with the Red Man. No representative of the "Great-Mother-over-the-Water," not even Lord Dufferin himself, has come near him. It is a great and doubtless a historical honour that the Lorette Indians intend to confer upon their friend. It recalls memories of Tecumseh and "accursed Brandt," and the great duel between the kindred tribes of the Hurons and the Iroquois, and that wonderful Confederation which, if it had held together, might have defied the White Man, or at least secured better terms for the Red, and which the framers both of the Union and of the Dominion took as one of their models. Possibly enough, it is proposed to select Lord Lorne as successor to the last of the original Huron Chiefs, who died at Lorette, near Quebec, some years ago; although, in the absence of clear and full information, it would be unsafe to risk conjecture on this point. But the ceremony may prove symbolical in another than a historical sense. It may be presumed that the Hurons of Lorette, a tribe now less than 300 in number, will play a prominent, if not the leading, part in it. Having their village and reserve, bearing the matter of fact title of *Quarante Arpents*, not far from Quebec, they live close to British civilisation, and may be supposed to be immediately affected by it. They are attached to their missionaries. Their school has had the services of better men than can generally be secured to teach Indians the rudiments of Christian civilisation, and it is in consequence well attended. Yet is it the case that the Hurons of Lorette are fading away before civilisation, like the humourist of fiction who declared with his last breath that he died of "being governed overmuch?" The very reverse would seem to be the case. In the latest Report of the Indian Department of the Dominion, dated December 31st, 1882—these annual Reports, by the way, receive far too little attention from our publicists, and even from our ethnologists—we are told that, "these Indians are, for the most part, as well to do as the surrounding white settlers. Some of them would be considered wealthy in a farming community." For some years back, a gradual revolution has been taking place in the relations between the Red Man and his master in Canada. The enlightened, tender, and Christian policy which the Canadian authorities have been pursuing, perhaps without knowing its inner meaning, is such as would have gratified William Penn, or that profounder Puritan, and in many respects abler man, Roger Williams. Does it savour too much of imaginative or sentimental optimism, to express a hope that the honour that is about to be if it has not already been done the Marquis of Lorne by the Indians, will mean the ratification of that policy by the Red Man's heart, as well as by the White Man's conscience?

It was Colonel Mallory, if we remember aright, who dealt, not certainly the first, but the first decisive blow, a few years ago, to the belief or superstition, all but universally held for more than a quarter of a century, that the North-American Indian is certain to die off before the advance of his White conqueror. He showed that the Red Men are probably at least as numerous as they were when Columbus rediscovered America. This doctrine receives decided support from the Report of the American Bureau of Ethnology, which, with various valuable papers as appendices, was lately published at Washington by its Director, Professor Powell. There is no mistaking the meaning of Professor Powell's words. "The Indians of the continent," he says, "have not greatly diminished in numbers, and the tribes longest in contact with civilisation are increasing. The whole body of Indians is making rapid strides towards a higher culture, notwithstanding the petty conflicts yet occurring where the relations of the Indian tribes to our civilisation have not yet been adjusted by the adoption on their part of the first conditions of a higher life." There has never yet been made a complete and thoroughly reliable census of the Indians in the Union; and it has, perhaps, been too hastily taken for granted that even there they are on the decrease. It would be no wonder, however, if they were. The Red Man has been more kindly treated and in every way better managed by the Canadian than by the United States authorities. The Minnesota massacre, the destruction of "Custer's command" in 1877, and the removal of Sitting Bull and his band into Dominion territory, are evidences of this which are easily recalled to memory. But the United States policy towards the Indians is certain to tend towards justice and tenderness. But as Professor Powell shows, even if there is a decrease in the number of Indians in the United States, there is no reason why this decrease should continue, or why it should not be turned into an increase. They have but to be brought under civilising influences—civilising influences of the Christian, not of the scientifically pagan, or Survival-of-the-Fittest character—to take kindly to them and to flourish under them. The Reports of the Indian Department in Canada, and especially the last Report, already quoted from, supply what we may fairly reckon proof positive of this. The Red Men actually reported on in the Canadian Confederation have increased from 102,000, accounted for in the census of 1870-71, to 110,000 last year. It is true that this increase may be partially explained by emigration from the United States into Canada. But the individual reports of the Indian Agents to the Ottawa Bureau show conclusively that, under ordinarily good circumstances, the annual births in an Indian village outnumber the deaths. Where the deaths are the majority, they are due to preventible causes. Many Indian tribes are decimated by consumption, and consumption is in turn traced to the adulterated liquor which still finds its way (chiefly across the frontier of the United States) into their midst. The Report of the Indian Department abounds with

the complaints from the Agents of the way in which the Indian Liquor Laws are still evaded; and it may be mentioned as a significant circumstance that Chinamen should be taking a prominent place among the illegal traffickers in alcoholics, and that Chinese brandy should in some quarters be ousting rum and whiskey. But the Liquor Laws are being every year more strictly enforced; and the excellent mounted police in the Manitoba and the North-west Superintendencies may be expected in time to crush out what remains of this wretched traffic. Education—there seem to be between two and three thousand children in receipt of an elementary education—is doing its work. Temperance societies are spreading. Chiefs are showing the example of abstinence or moderation. "He wishes to inform me," writes an Indian Agent of the Chief of the primitive Nickickesemenican Band, "that although traders are dealing out whiskey to half-breeds and others across the river at Fort Francis, yet not an Indian, to his knowledge, has drunk any of it." The quaintly cruel and superstitious observances of the Red Men in Canada—how quaint and how cruel these are, a correspondent of the *Spectator* recently showed—the disgusting "medicine feasts" and "potlaches," leading to drunkenness and death, are steadily, if slowly, declining. "It is satisfactory to learn that even among the degraded Indians, although the elder object to giving up the 'potlache' feasts, the younger appear to favour the proposed abolishment" (is "abolishment" Canadian English?) "of these worse than useless heathenish ceremonies." The conversion of the decrease of the Red population of America into an increase is simply a question of patience, legislation, and science; thus, while a small-pox epidemic carried off numbers of Indians in the States last year, it spared their brethren in Canada.

It used to be contended that time, and what Mr. Gladstone styles "the social forces," were against the Red Man. He is essentially a nomad, we were told. He must live by fishing and hunting; and the filling-up of North America by the Anglo-Saxon must take his happy hunting-grounds from him; and then he must die. This, too, is a delusion. Sir John Macdonald's Report proves that, especially in Manitoba and the North-West Provinces, "important progress has been made during the past year in the advancement of the Indians of the Plains who have settled upon the Reserves in the arts of civilisation;" and "the remarkable success which has almost universally throughout the Territories attended the labour of the Indians during the past season in cultivating their lands will, it is hoped, encourage them to renewed energy in the future." Big Bear, the last of the important Indian Chiefs of the nomadic type in the more fertile Territories, entered last year into treaty relations with the Government of Canada, and settled down to agriculture. Poundmaker, once a troublesome chief, has become so keen a cultivator of his soil that "when his reserve was visited during the past summer by the Inspector, he found Poundmaker so intent upon his work that he would hardly spare the time to speak to him." Here is a common experience:—"The chief is very glad to contrast the improved conditions of his tribe now with their wretched state of existence in his younger days, when only the precarious products of the lakes, rivers, and forests were available for food and clothing. He beholds with pleasure the advent of better days dawning upon them, when all the comforts and luxuries surrounding their white brethren will be within their reach." The Red Man, well watched and cared for, makes an excellent navvy, as docile as he is industrious. More than once we find Indian Agents commenting on his superiority as a workman to the Chinaman. There is no reason why the Red Man should not be a valuable element in that marvellous "blend" of races which Mr. Spencer looks forward to as likely to be ultimately dominant in America, and through America, in the world. In 1877, Lord Dufferin, in a strain of Sheridanic eloquence, bore eloquent testimony to the value of the *Métis* in Manitoba, who are the result of an admixture of Indians with the original French *Coureurs de Bois*. "They have," he said, "been the ambassadors between the East and the West, the interpreters of civilisation and its exigencies to the dwellers on the prairie, as well as the exponents to the White Men of the consideration justly due to the susceptibilities, the sensitive self-respect, the prejudices, the innate craving for justice of the Indian race." In any case, there ought to be an interesting and increasingly prosperous career before the Red Man in North America, whether he maintains a position of isolation, or becomes an agent in the evolution of "the crowning race of them that, eye to eye, shall look on knowledge."

PROFESSOR FLOWER AT READING.

THE Church Congress, assembled this year at Reading, is showing courage. Its conduct in officially requesting Professor Flower to state at length the place held by the doctrine of Evolution in philosophy marks a distinct advance towards a great end, a resolute determination to face the ultimate difficulties of religious thought, and not to remain content with discussion on the mere surface of things. We can remember when a Church Congress would no more have discussed Evolution, than it would have permitted an argument on the morality of murder; and when, consequently, if ever the speakers approached fundamental questions, they left an impression either of unreality or of talking beside the point. The change from this attitude to one in which Professor Flower is invited to state frankly the conclusions of science is very notable, and will make discussion in such Congresses at once more manly and more convincing. The laity will no longer be able to say, as they say now, that the theologians are always fighting dead foes, and that they shrink from the encounter with the living one—Paganism, armoured in intellectual certainties—with a feeble avoidance which suggests their certainty of defeat.

While, however, we welcome the innovation, we are not quite satisfied with Professor Flower's statement of the theological trouble he is endeavouring to allay. In language which occasionally, as in a fine passage on embryology, was of an exquisite lucidity, he stated the scientific opinion that Evolution was a certainty, that man was evolved like other animals, and that "special creation" of known forms could not be admitted; and asked why this conclusion should be called irreligious, even if, as a consequence, man did descend from the ape? Science did not deny to men the possession of an *anima*, a non-material or spiritual something wanting to all other sentient creatures, nor could theologians deny that man in the embryo stage showed animal characteristics. "If, therefore, the most godlike of men have passed through the stages which physiologists recognise in human development without prejudice to the noblest, highest, most divine part of their nature, why should not the race of mankind as a whole have had a similar origin, followed by similar progress and development, equally without prejudice to its present condition and future destiny? Can it be of real consequence at the present time, either to our faith or our practice, whether the first man had such an extremely lowly beginning as the dust of the earth, in the literal sense of the words, or whether he was formed through the intervention of various progressive stages of animal life?" That is, of course, a splendid argument for the Theist, who desires to retain his belief in God while accepting the conclusions of science, finer, perhaps, even than the other also mentioned by Mr. Flower,—that as the sudden vivification of a torpid atom, without a cause, is an unthinkable proposition, the fact of such vivification, which no one doubts, makes a non-material Final Cause a scientific necessity. But the argument, considered as one intended to instruct a Church Congress, has the misfortune that it does not touch the more pressing trouble of the Christian clergy. It is not enough to tell them that, for all that man yet knows, it is possible for Science to admit a God powerful enough not only to create the original atom, but—a far more wonderful thing—to endow it with the potentiality of developing into St. Paul, Newton, or C. Darwin. They want to know something else,—whether men of science admit that development can by possibility be arrested or interrupted, or must when once begun go on for ever, obedient to its own laws. Their inner fear is not that Evolution may dispose of the possibility of God, which, as the great Catholic divines at once perceived, the doctrine scarcely impugns, but that it may deny the possibility of miracle, which is absolutely essential, if not to Christianity, to Christianity as a historic creed. If Christ did not break the continuity of physical laws, as, for instance, in turning water into wine, or raising Lazarus, or feeding the multitude with food visibly insufficient, the credibility of the historic narrative becomes too shadowy to support a creed; while, if Christ did not rise from the dead, there is no Christianity at all. The lofty Faith becomes a collection of moral precepts, uttered by a Teacher who said he had risen, when he had not. It is for belief in Miracle, not for belief in God, that the Clergy quake. This, and not any particular reverence for the literal interpretation of Genesis, is the feeling which makes most clergymen look on Darwin's great hypothesis with suspicion, and induces them almost instinctively to

doubt whether any one who insists on the absolute rule of Law can be entirely orthodox. They insist that Will should enter actively into the system of the Universe, and it is therefore the logical consistency of Darwin's theory with the continuous action as well as the original existence of an unconditioned Will that Mr. Flower, after proving his first point, the possibility of reconciling God and Evolution, should, to make the soothing effect of his argument complete, have proceeded to demonstrate. It is not that his argument is imperfect, but that it is incomplete.

For ourselves, we think the Clergy far too timid and too little certain of their own logic. Very few of them doubt that the original atom was created by a sentient Will, and that once granted, miracle becomes mainly a matter of evidence and enquiry. The power of creation once conceded, there is and can be no miracle, not involving a contradiction in terms, which is outside the range of conceivable possibility, not even the standing-still of the Sun, which is supposed to be affirmed in the Old Testament, though it is only quoted there from some well-known record, which may be no more inspired than the poet Menander, who also is quoted as any other author might have been. That this explanation of miracle is in most cases needless, miracle being in most cases only development under some new stimulus, and in all may be the wrong one, does not signify; it is, at all events, a final one. God, if there be a God, can create in water the lacking constituents which would make it wine; and there at once is an end of impossibility, and a safe beginning for the task of rigorous examination as to the mere fact of such an incident having occurred. Theists who accept a Creator and doubt his power of bringing rain in answer to prayer are breaking rules which, if the subject were scientific instead of theological, they would be the first to observe. They are denying to the Creator, whom they admit to exist, the power of creating or moving a cloud, a denial which is, on the hypothesis, almost nonsense. Whether the Creator ever does or will set aside his own physical laws is, of course, a question for evidence, but *a priori* the affirmative argument would seem to be very strong. Free-will is the first quality of every sentient being, is, in fact, what differentiates him from a passive organism, and to affirm that, yet deny free-will to the highest of all sentient beings, seems to us bad logic, logic made foolish by fear of necessary deductions. We quite understand the irritation of the scientific man with the deductions, because they introduce an element of uncertainty which mars his mathematical scheme of the Universe, and injure his chance of arriving at absolute truth; but why the theologian should be so timid we do not comprehend. He often is, however, and if Professor Flower had added to his argument the considerations which, to many scientific minds, prove that miracle is not impossible, he would have greatly increased the service which his paper, in its exquisite lucidity, has rendered to the Clergy.

DR. BEGG.

AT the good age of seventy-five, and after a short illness, in itself the appropriate close of a life of action, Dr. James Begg has vanished from the sadly-reduced circle of Scotch notabilities of the old school. To English eyes, he is the last of the *Dii majorum gentium* of the Free Church. Persons acquainted with the inner life of Northern ecclesiasticism tell us that there are still some of the old Disruption heroes left; that such names as Moncrieff and Kennedy and Wilson are still names of power. The Disestablishment movement has brought into prominence younger ecclesiastics than Dr. Begg, men with whom and with whose management of his Church he had no sympathy. The Free Church of to-day, the Free Church which has now reached middle age, suggests, too, not so much Dr. Chalmers and Spiritual Independence, as Professor Robertson Smith and the New Learning. But of the celebrities of 1843, Dr. Begg alone was known outside his own denomination and country as the fellow-worker of Chalmers, Candlish, Cunningham, Buchanan, and Guthrie. Now he is gone, it is difficult to conceive of the Free Church or of Scotland without him. Keen Churchman and controversialist though he was, his energy was far too exuberant to be confined within the limits of ecclesiastical and theological activities. As the champion of temperance and social reform in every shape and form, as the opponent of "Godless" education, as the tribune of the Highlands, as the spokesman of an intense, though narrow, patriotism, Dr. Begg was even better known in Scotland, and still more outside of it than as the veteran of the "Ten Years' Conflict," the Sites "controversy," the Union "controversy," the Instrumental Music "controversy," the Robertson-Smith "controversy," the thousand and one "controversies" which have made up ecclesiastical life beyond the Cheviots for the last half-century, which seem to many outsiders a melancholy series of teapot storms, but which surely cannot have been altogether in vain, since so many strong men have spent their vital force in and for them. From 1865, when, as the acknowledged "Leader of the Highland Host," Dr. Begg was elected to the Moderatorship of the Assembly of his Church, he has been one of the best known and one of the most written-upon of Scotch public men. Since the death of Chalmers, three Scotch clergymen alone have been able to play with success upon the emotions of popular audiences, to move them to laughter, to tears, or to action. These are Norman Macleod, Thomas Guthrie, and James Begg. Now the last is gone, who is there for Scotch Presbyterians to talk about? Still more, who is there for Scotch journals to write upon?

One needed to have seen and heard Dr. Begg in his prime, and on a platform of his own choosing, to understand his peculiar influence in Scotland. He was generally surrounded by less robust, more anxious, not perhaps more earnest, but more painfully earnest men than himself,—Emersonian "assessors," in fact, who were proud of him, reported on him to the general public, and seemed ready at any moment to point to his burly presence, and large, almost leonine head, and exclaim, triumphantly,—See what the Shorter Catechism and oatmeal porridge can give to the world? His Saxon features and his combative air reminded one not a little of Mr. Bright; while the pose of his head and his flowing hair recalled Christopher North, that impersonation of Wordsworthianism allied with athletics, and dieted, as Carlyle put it, in his snappish way, on rizzered haddocks and toddy. When he began to speak, he did not strike one at first as having much of the orator in him. His utterance was deliberate, and his elocution was mainly notable for that peculiar intonation of voice, which has characterised almost all great Scotch speakers who have also been earnestly religious men, which may sometimes be observed when Mr. Gladstone is making an impressive rather than an impassioned speech, and which, like the New-England drawl of the day, is traced by the curious in such things to the attempt of Puritanism to make the voice, like everything else, convey the idea of submission to divine power. But when Dr. Begg warmed to his work and, metaphorically, threw off cloak and bands, when his intonation vanished or his hearers became accustomed to it, he showed himself the vigorous and essentially lay controversialist, delighting in the art of self-defence, and delighting his audience by his art. It may be doubted if he has left behind him any Scotchman who can play so well upon the patriotic harp of Falkirk and Bannockburn, of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge. The present writer once heard Dr. Begg addressing a meeting in support of a hopeless cause—he was the champion of almost as many hopeless causes as Oxford itself—the maintenance of a Scotch Board of Education. His arguments were poor; his onslaught on "My Lords" of the Privy Council was not effective, even as a piece of rhetoric; and his audience was not sympathetic. At last, he drew himself up to his full height, shook his head threateningly, and said,—"My Lords shall learn that the Scotch lion can still wag his tail." His hearers were unconvinced, but they applauded "the stroke" to the echo. The incident was a typical one. Dr. Begg delighted his countrymen by his vigorous personality and his inexhaustible vigour, but except as a social reformer he did not persuade the majority of them to accept and act upon his views; even as a social reformer, his views were not original, and his success was limited. He succeeded, with the help of the Highland Host, in postponing union between his own Church and the chief of those Voluntary bodies whose ecclesiastical creed was in his eyes "national atheism," but apparently not in finally preventing it. He has not been able to dissuade his Church from throwing itself into the Disestablishment movement. What was the result of his anti-Popery crusade? He must have seen before his death that the triumph of refinement in religious service, of the movement for a less rigid observance of Sunday, and even of the new exegesis, is only a question of time, and not of a very long time. In spite of Dr. Begg, of his valiant speeches, and his innumerable pamphlets, the traditional Calvinism of Scotland is being silently and gradually superseded by a more genial and less dogmatic

scheme of the Divine Economy. Dr. Begg was indeed a quarter of a century behind his time.

Yet Scotland will long respect the leader of forlorn-hopes that has just passed away. Looked at simply as a personality, he was strong,—much as Bishop Dupanloup was strong. Although he had not the literary culture of Dupanloup, he resembled him in his energy, his political sagacity, his indisposition to give the cheek to the smiter, the positive zest with which he called a spade a spade, his delight in pressing journalism and pamphleteering into the service of his Church and his hundred other "causes." He must have had many of the qualities of the leader of men. While he was in the fullness of his powers, the Free-Church Conservatism of the Highlands obeyed his will without question. He might have made the boast of Cardinal Bonnechose, "*Mon clergé sont un régiment, et quand je lui dis, 'Marchez!' il marche.*" What helped further to make Dr. Begg popular in Scotland was the fact that he was quite open and above-board in all his dealings. He may deserve to be styled a bigot or a demagogue, but not an intriguer or a wirepuller. He held Chalmers' theory that a Scotch minister ought to be above all things "a tribune of the people," and would have scorned to accept power that was not freely given him by his countrymen or his Church. He detested whatever savoured to him of Broad Churchism, Rationalism, or Ritualism; Papists and Free-thinkers he, no doubt, honestly believed to be bad men. But it cannot be said of him that he was a mere heresy-hunter. It was probably owing to him and his strength as the leader, if not of the stupid, at least of the unenquiring party in the Free Church, that Professor Robertson Smith was expelled from his position as a teacher in it. But Professor Smith's "heresy" was brought to him, and he was asked to deal with it; he did not laboriously ferret it out. After all, it is something to have been the greatest force of theological resistance in one's time and country. This position—this "bad eminence," if you will—must be assigned to Dr. Begg. Already the murmur is heard among the advocates of theological movement in Scotland, that after him will come the Deluge. A generation hence this prediction may be verified, and, perhaps, by those in whose eyes that Deluge will only be the showers that usher in for Scotland the spring of a mellower, a richer, but not less reverent or less loyal Protestantism, than that which, intensified and embittered by persecutions which are not yet forgotten, James Begg represented in much of its narrowness, but also in all its earnestness, in all its democratic independence of spirit, and in not a little of its homely and racial humour.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

"THE Silly Season" is a harsh name for the quarter, now generally reduced to a sixth of the year, which intervenes between the rising of Parliament and the reopening of the Law Courts. In these days of congresses and conferences, there is really more food for thought supplied by the newspapers, and of a more varied kind, than we are allowed to regale ourselves with during the weary *régime* of Parliamentary debates and law reports. The original function of the House of Commons, as a place for the utterance of grievances, is gradually being transferred to these congresses and conferences, and to the correspondence which fills the columns of the Daily Press. As discontent is the seed of progress, the "autumn of our discontent" must be regarded as at least as important and useful a season as the summer, in which it seeks, generally in vain, to be healed by the sun of Parliament. "The Grumbling Season," if less alliterative, would be a more appropriate and worthy title. The grumbles of railway travellers in search of speed and comfort, of City clerks in search of cheap dinners, of Paterfamilias in search of a house, of Filiusfamilias in search of a career are, to say the least, no sillier than the grumbles of an Opposition in search of office, or the pertinacious platitudes of politicians in search of notoriety. Not that we wish to imply that all the grumblings out of Session are any better founded than some of those in Session. But as they are generally more spontaneous, and not being confined to one class, are more likely to express a real grievance, they are at least as useful in suggesting reforms for the future and testing those of the past. In this point of view, even the splenetic charge of the heavy brigade in an evening contemporary on the manners of Female Post-office Clerks is worthy of attention. The introduction of female telegraphists was hailed by the supporters of Woman's Rights with a sort of chorus of spinsters, very much in the same way as the chorus of old men in the *Agamemnon* hailed the beacon-fire which told that Troy Town had fallen. It was the end of a weary period of watching and waiting, the harbinger of the good time coming, the earnest of the fruits of many a victory to be. The deft fingers of women were to set in action the wires of the telegraph with as much swift dexterity as they do those of the piano. They were to write messages about iron and steel and stocks and shares with the same easy celerity that they corresponded about the last new ribbon or baby's first tooth. The sweet graciousness of their manners and the quick intuition of their brains were to make the sending of messages a task of true delight, which would refine the office boy and elevate the most elegant of clerks. The process of asking for information as to the weight of a book, or the postage to Kamtschatka, was to be a liberal education for both sexes. The inquiring male was to have his manners softened, and not allowed to be ferocious; the informing female was to have her mind broadened and her intellect strengthened by contact with the realities of life. Yet it was not so very long before a whisper went round that a noble Postmaster-General had been refused information by two of his employées, with a rudeness which would have done credit to a French admiral or a German lieutenant. And now we are told that "brazen pertness" is characteristic of female Post-office clerks, that they snub heavy fathers, and actually converse in audible tones in full official time as to the young men who have kissed them, though, happily, they are not so far sunk as to relate in the same audible tones whether, like the mermaids, they returned the compliment. Not merely have they been contrasted or compared with the other sex, but other members of their own sex have been held up as examples to them. Shop girls, and even barmaids, are depicted as models of ladylike deportment, in sad contrast to the dreadful specimens, mixtures seemingly of the virago and the coquette, who fill the post-offices. Unhappily, however, evidence is adduced also on the other side. One cantankerous sender of telegraphic messages received with gratitude a lesson in manners from a young lady who licked a stamp for him, which he refused to lick himself, and a cloud of witnesses have testified to the general sweetness and light dispersed by the Post-office young ladies.

The upshot appears to be what might have been expected. The female Post-office clerk is, on the whole, not so very different from the male clerk. Most male clerks are civil and well behaved, most female clerks are the same. On the other hand, a Post-office clerk is "in office." As there are Jacks in office, so there are Jills in office. Every one, probably, has suffered at the hands of the male railway clerk who prefers finishing his tea round the corner to giving you the ticket you are asking for a train which is overdue, or who is cackling with his fellow-clerk, instead of attending to the queue of impatient voyagers. If the female clerks in the Post Office occasionally indulge in similar irritations behind their more transparent lattice-work, it is only "human nature," and there is, after all, "a deal o' human natur' about wimmen." But it is significant of the superior character of the Post-office clerk that there have been no complaints made by ladies that they are treated worse than the other sex by their own. It is a well-known complaint with regard to barmaids that they neglect the wants of women, while they are ministering to those of the young man with the hat on the side of his head and a too odorous cigar in his mouth, who divides his attentions between Hebe and the nectar she provides. But, from the nature of things, this objectionable youth is not to be found in the Post Office, to the great benefit of clerks and customers. On the other hand, there is not, perhaps, quite so pressing an attention shown by the young ladies in post-offices as by the young ladies in milliners' shops. But then this is a difference which is also observable between the young man behind the counter, and the young man behind the little window at a railway station. Indeed, it would be a considerable addition to the minor evils of life if, after having bought a shilling's-worth of stamps, you were then pressed even by the sweetest lips that ever breathed to buy a packet of post-cards. What is required of Post-office clerks is despatch in doing their business, and readiness to give information. This requirement is, on the whole, fully met by female Post-office clerks. As a rule, there is no doubt that they are civil, obliging, and well behaved. It may also be a male prejudice, but there has certainly, in our view, been a distinct gain of civility and obligingness wherever female clerks have been substituted for male. At all events, the opening to women of the Post-office Service has been a distinct success. It has shown that, on the whole, they are able to do work of this kind, at least as well as men.

The experiment, so far as it has gone, not merely justifies its continuance, but is an *experimentum crucis* in pointing the way to further experiments of a like kind. Those who expect all women to be always "ministering angels" may be disappointed, and the "manners and tone of good society" cannot be always ensured for a modicum of shillings a week. But those who look to the throwing-open of indoor employments for which they are qualified to women, as likely to provide honest and respectable careers for those who might otherwise trifle away their time in "ignoble sloth," or worse, or perhaps starve, will be satisfied if they get reasonable service. They will neither expect nor desire the ministrations of angels in petticoats, but they will act on the belief that if they treat human beings, wherever situate, with respect and courtesy, they will get respect and courtesy in return.

THE LÉONAIS.

IF a line be drawn on the map of France almost due south from the mouth of the Rance to St. Nazaire on the Loire, and the place-names on either side of it be compared, it will be found that nearly all those to the west of such a line begin with "Tre," "Ker," "Lan," or "Plou," while to the east of it very few will be discovered commencing with those characteristic syllables. The narrowness, indeed, of what may be termed the nomenclatorial border-strip that runs along the irregular frontiers of the two Departments Ile-et-Vilaine and Loire Inférieure, into which the Breton marches are divided, is strikingly illustrative of the sharp contrast which Lower Brittany still exhibits to the rest of France, as well as indicative of the comparatively recent period at which the land of *binion* and *bragou* became incorporated with the dominions of the Most Christian King. The gaiety of the Gaul—the Frenchman is still known as "Gallek," in Bretagne—is replaced by the silent gravity of the round-headed, black-haired descendant of the Six Tribes, the vine hardly ripens north-west of the Loire, the sunny plains of Touraine and the rich pastures of Normandy are exchanged for the heathery *landes* and boggy hollows of high granitic plateaus, where scanty crops of potatoes and buckwheat can alone be raised, under the constant rains that the west winds blow in from the ocean. The conformation of the coast is as characteristic as the surface-sculpture of the interior. From St. Malo round to St. Nazaire the shore-line is indented to an extent seen nowhere else in France. Deep bays are enclosed within far-jutting headlands, up creeks and estuaries the tide surges into the very midst of corn-fields, and washes the thresholds of inland farmhouses, while a barrier of islands serves as some defence against the tempestuous flood of the Atlantic. Everywhere the Celtic race seems to live under similar physical conditions, and the Breton, like his cousin of the western coasts of Ireland and Scotland, is half a sailor, half a tiller of the soil. This very amphibiousness, perhaps, prevents his attaining excellence in either industry; the Celt has never in his original home proved a good farmer or an enterprising seaman. Of this unique Celtic land, unique as the last dwelling-place of the pure Celtic race on the continent of Europe, the characteristic social features are rapidly becoming effaced. What centuries of French domination were unable to effect, a few decades of railway enterprise are silently bringing about. The costume is disappearing, garment by garment, the ancient game of *soule* is but seldom to be witnessed, the *guerz* are rarely chanted, and the solemn dances on the sea-shore are already almost things of the past. Granite crosses and finely sculptured calvaries of the same time-defying material attest the piety of former days, and the traveller is never long out of sight of some exquisitely-designed *clocher*, or towering cathedral spire. But it is in the villages only that the men will be seen at mass; in the towns, as in the rest of France, the congregations consist almost wholly of women. The language will be the last characteristic of the Breton to disappear, but go it must, in time; French only is allowed to be taught in the schools, or spoken in the army, and no Eistedfodds exist to maintain the one Celtic dialect, still spoken out of the Queen's dominions, as an element of culture.

The megalithic antiquities of southern Brittany have attracted the majority of visitors to what is, probably, the least Celtic portion of the Duchy. These huge monuments—temples, tombs, or fortresses—seem to have been the work of an Iberian or Basque, rather than of a Celtic people. The dolmens that are scattered over the surface of the three Departments of Finistère, Côtes du Nord, and Morbihan, but which are most numerous in the last-mentioned, are often termed in Breton *ti-er corriganet*, or dwarfs' dwellings, and it is hardly likely that such a name would be given to their constructions by the early Celts themselves, who were a tall race, or by their descendants. The Basques of the present day are a small-statured race, and so are the Eskimo, with whom they appear to be allied. These remains, too, were certainly regarded as antiquities in Roman times, and the Celtic immigration into western Europe did not, probably, take place further back than a few centuries before the Christian era. Of the four dioceses into which Lower Brittany was formerly divided, that of Léon, corresponding roughly with the northern half of Finistère, is the most interesting, especially to Englishmen, from any but a merely prehistorical point of view. Of the builders of Carnac we may guess much, but we shall never know more than a very little, notwithstanding Mr. Miln's exhaustive researches and careful admeasurements. But in the cathedral of St. Pol de Léon, the *clocher* of Creisker, the triumphal arch of Thégonnec, the calvaries of Guimiliau and Plongastel, we read the æsthetic and religious history of a people in whom Englishmen cannot but feel a peculiar interest. For there can be little doubt that a considerable proportion of the present inhabitants of the Léonais are the descendants of British (Welsh, Cornish, or Devonian) immigrants of the fourth and succeeding centuries. All along the shores of northern Brittany the towns seem to have begun as aggregations round a priestly rather than a military foundation. As Brother Albert le Grand tells us, in his "Vie, Gestes, Mort, et Miracles des Saints de la Bretagne-Armorique," many, perhaps most, of these religious town-makers were British apostles. St. Malo owed its origin in the sixth century to a British saint, Malou or Maclou (Macleod); St. Brieuc to St. Briek, in the fifth century. Dôl itself, a frontier town of importance in the days of William the Conqueror, is said to have been founded by Riwal, a Devonian prince; and of St. Renan, an Irish saint, the memory is preserved in the name of a town in Finistère. The very seat of the Bishop, St. Pol de Léon, was founded by a British missionary, who bore the Roman name of Aurelian, and after displaying proofs of sanctity in his own country, had been commanded by an angel to cross the Channel and preach the Gospel in Brittany, where he built a large number of churches, and died, a centenarian, in 594. The famous cathedral is said to cover the burial-place of Conan Mériadec, a Pictish chief, who, following the Emperor Maximus into Gaul towards the close of the fourth century, founded Aleth, now St. Servan, and ended by becoming ruler of all Armorica. The dialect of the Léonais is asserted to be the purest form of Breton, which on examination turns out to be little more than softened Welsh. Many words are absolutely identical in the two languages, and the grammatical terminations of Brezounek are merely worn-down repetitions of those of Welsh. It is possible enough that, as some recent writers maintain, the insular Britons and the continental Bretons were different peoples; but however this may have been, the British immigrants of the earlier centuries of our era undoubtedly constituted a preponderating, though probably not hostile element, in influence, if not in numbers, in the northern half of ancient Armorica. The town of St. Pol has a sleepy look, as if conscious of having earned repose by the erection of its fine cathedral,—one of the few in France completely finished by the middle of the fifteenth century—and of the exquisitely-proportioned and elaborately-decorated Clocher de Creisker, the ascription of which to an English architect is so indignantly scouted by the patriotic Joanne. Visitors should not omit to ascend the clocher,—the view of the entire Roscoff peninsula, dotted with white-walled, blue-roofed villages and tall, slender spires, with Enez Baz beyond it, and on either side an iron-bound, rugged, precipitous coast, hollowed out into endless deep bays, bordered by glittering strips of yellow sand, and enclosed between jagged capes and points of every conceivable form, often ending in a sort of procession of pinnacled rocks, against which the blue sea breaks incessantly in rings of encircling surf, will amply repay the exertion. One may very well walk from one end of the town to the other without meeting half a dozen persons, and it is not easy to imagine how its seven thousand inhabitants manage to gain a livelihood. Yet there is a well-to-do air about it, and it is possible that the railway recently opened to Roscoff may lend it animation, as well as add to its prosperity. Next to Brest, which we have only space to mention here, Morlaix is the most important town in the Léonais. Nothing can be more picturesque than its situation;

street after street of white-walled, blue-roofed houses, occupying either slope of a deep ravine, crossed below by the immense granite viaduct of the Brest Railway, nearly two hundred feet above the pavement. The view from the old ramparts looking westwards over the Queffleut towards the Church of St. Martin des Champs is one of the finest of the kind in Brittany. The arrangement of blue and white, characteristic of Breton towns, harmonises singularly well with the greenery amid which the many-gabled houses, with their high-pitched roofs, are nestled. The town is full of old houses, and such streets as the Rue des Nobles and the Grande Rue are almost what they were when the "Duchesse Anne," who seems to have honoured every town in the Duchy by residence at some time or other, gave her hand to Charles VIII. and her dominions to the French Crown.

At the period of the present writer's visit, the town was full of *Réservistes*, most of whom seemed miserable enough, but, despite the somewhat bellicose tenor of its punning motto, "*S'ils te mordent, mords-les!*" the irruption merely lent an increased animation to the streets. The Bretons are a peaceful, courteous, kindly folk, rather too fond of *trois-six*, and a little given to trickery. The virtue of cleanliness they have not yet learnt to appreciate, and in Breton towns and villages the vilest smells assail you at every turn. They are, however, industrious and frugal; as in Wales, the peasant-women knit as they walk. The small proprietors seem for the most part very poor, beggars are numerous, though not very importunate, and even the able-bodied are not ashamed to ask for a copper. In the country the priests and the resident "noblesse" still maintain much of their old prestige and authority, but the people of the larger towns are distinctly Republican, rather, perhaps, from a sentiment of opposition than from any fervent admiration of the Republican principle. The Léonais was formerly the most subject to clerical influence of the four dioceses. Souvestre says that so great was the number of crosses in it, that to replace those thrown down during the Revolution would have cost £40,000. The land is still more thickly covered with churches than any other portion of the duchy. The explanation of these facts, however, may lie in its earlier evangelisation, and especially in its greater fertility and wealth. The Léonais has a greater extent of coast and a smaller proportion of mountain and moor land than any of the three other dioceses. Under these circumstances, the success which has rewarded the efforts of a Baptist mission, established some years ago at Morlaix, is the more remarkable. In the town and its neighbourhood seven places of worship have been opened, the services at which, conducted in Breton as well as in French, are numerously attended. M. le Pasteur Jenkins is a thorough master of the Breton language, and it is touching to witness the fervour with which Breton translations of Baptist hymns are sung to Moody and Sankey tunes, the simple trustfulness with which the words of the preacher are listened to by congregations invited to consider for themselves the truths of Christianity, in lieu of receiving their religion shaped and fashioned for them by a sacerdotal class.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. HOULDSWORTH AND THE LIBERALS OF MANCHESTER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I notice in last Saturday's *Spectator* you make the statement that I "called" the Liberals of Manchester "cowards."

Will you allow me to say that I never made use of any such expression, nor has any language escaped me conveying that idea.—I am, Sir, &c., W. H. Houldsworth.

Norbury Booths, Knutsford, October 1st.

[We are sorry to have unintentionally misrepresented Mr. Houldsworth.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

NOVEL CHURCH EXPERIMENT IN AMERICA.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I think the Liberal Churchmen of England, most of whom, I take it, read the *Spectator*, will be interested in an experience I have just had of the practical working of the American branch of our Church.

Three years ago, the settlement at Rugby, Tennessee, was founded, and a few Englishmen, of whom the great majority were Episcopalians, with some Americans, mostly Methodists or Presbyterians, went to live there. One church was built, and handed over to a committee of the settlers, on condition that it was to be free to all denominations who desired to use it. Accordingly, the committee arranged that the Church Service should be used in the mornings of Sundays, and a Methodist or Presbyterian service in the evenings; while, in the afternoons, the building should be used as a Sunday-school of the New-England type. So far, all was clear enough; but then came the question, who would undertake the services? There was no clergyman or regular minister amongst the settlers,—they could not afford to pay one; and the experience of the first few months showed that no reliance could be placed on occasional clerical visitors, or missionaries, of any denomination.

The settlers accordingly, like sensible folk, chose the best man amongst themselves "to fill the bill." This proved to be an energetic farmer, Blacklock by name, the father of seven sons, who had "laid hold" of some 200 acres of forest just outside the town boundaries with exemplary vigour. It seems that in former years he had been in the habit of conducting Methodist services in the South of London, though (I believe) not a regularly appointed minister. This was his special qualification, but he willingly, indeed gladly, undertook to give the Church service always in the mornings.

On this footing matters ecclesiastical have gone on without a hitch. Mr. Blacklock has conducted the services to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, giving place occasionally, when the Bishop sent a clergyman to administer the Communion, or a denominational minister happened to be staying at the hotel. On my arrival last month, my latitudinarian soul was rejoiced to find the denominations inextricably mingled, the settlers attending both services with perfect impartiality, as convenience might dictate, a zealous New England Methodist Sunday-school teacher leading the hymns and responses at the morning services, and English Churchwomen, detained in the morning by household duties, attending the evening service with exemplary punctuality. In a word, nothing could be more satisfactory than this state of things, except that several babies were waiting to be christened, and there was no certainty as to when the next Communion Service would be held.

The obvious remedy, as they saw it, was that Mr. Blacklock should be ordained, and at their request, after obtaining his consent, I wrote to the Bishop of Tennessee, suggesting this solution of the difficulty. I confess that I did so with much doubt as to the result of the application, as it was stipulated that the evening services were to go on as heretofore, and Mr. Blacklock frankly stated that, having his hands full with his farm work and the preparation of two sermons a week, he could not undertake to pass examinations requiring preparation.

By return of post I received the Bishop's reply. Far from raising any difficulty, it met the proposal with perfect cordiality and frankness, intimating that it had already occurred to him. After expressing his high respect for Mr. Blacklock, he goes on (for I think it best to give his own words), "I am quite sure that he will do better work at Rugby than any new man could accomplish. I can promise him there will be no difficulty in the way of his ordination. He need not rub up his Greek. Of course, he must undergo examinations in the Bible and Prayer-book, as there are certain canonical examinations which cannot be dispensed. He will be received as 'an ordained minister or licentiate of the Methodist denomination.' I am willing to go very far to satisfy the Nonconformists, and am willing to compromise anything but fundamental principles. The fratricidal dissensions of the so-called Christian world are appalling. Our dear Lord prayed that all his disciples might be one. He made unity the distinguishing mark of his kingdom and the first condition of missionary work, and I thank God that our branch of the Catholic Church interposes no obstacle to the most substantial unity. The Church system is large enough to comprehend all those who love the Lord in sincerity. . . . . True it is that if all denominational distinctions were forgotten, or buried in the depths of the sea, no truth essential to the soul's salvation would be lost, nor any the smallest necessary truth destroyed. We need more and more of 'the patience of Christ,' and more and more of that charity which hopeth all things. Men do not understand the Church, or her teaching, or her terms of communion, and so they array themselves in hostility against her." I hope that my old colleagues of the Church Reform Union may, upon reading this deliverance of a most orthodox Bishop, "thank God and take courage, and possibly bring in again next Session the modest 'Occasional Services Bill,'" which used to be such a

red rag to Anglican fanaties in the Honse when I was an M.P.—I am, Sir, &c., THOMAS HUGHES.

LONGEVITY AND CANON KINGSLEY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

SIR,—I have read with interest in your last issue General Robertson's letter about the patriarchal age of Miss Gray. I am, however, surprised to learn that Sir G. Cornewall Lewis knew of this case, and regarded it as established. As I have stated elsewhere (*Fortnightly Review*, April, 1869), Sir George told me, only two or three weeks before he died, that a few instances of Scotch centenarians seemed to be made out, but that he regarded 105 (or thereabouts) as the *ne plus ultra* of human life. Sir George, speaking to me from memory, may have forgotten the exact figures. It is, therefore, more to the point to remark that in 1872, in *Fraser's Magazine*, an article was written by Professor Owen on longevity, which seemed to accept the conclusions of Mr. Thoms to the effect that, up to that date, no one was proved to have exceeded the age of (I think) 103 and a few months. Would it not be worth General Robertson's while to call Mr. Thoms's attention to the very remarkable case of Miss Gray?

Perhaps I may be permitted to add that the October number of *The Journal of Education* publishes for the first time an interesting letter of the late Canon Kingsley, expressing views concerning longevity diametrically opposed to those of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis.—I am, Sir, &c., LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

Hôtel Victoria, Glion-sur-Montreux, October 1st.

POPULAR PANIC AND POLITICAL CROTCHETS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to protest against your eagerness to crush out individual crotchets in the Liberal party? Whatever "discredit" may be brought on the Liberal party by "tolerance of crotchets," surely it ought to bear, if it is to remain a body of men aiming at freedom! If it crushes out freedom in its own body, how can it promote freedom in the country? I do not wonder that the irritating acts of the Obstructionists should be stirring an impatience of talk and delay, and should lead to a desire for a uniformly-working machine which should grind out so many laws an hour; but surely the *Spectator* should try to check the excesses of a popular panic of this kind, instead of encouraging it! If the policy advocated by the *Spectator* had been followed by Liberals, that intolerable crotchet-monger, Buxton, would never have compelled the Whig Ministry to abolish slavery; those equally intolerable crotcheteers, Cobden and Villiers, would have been snuffed-out by steady Whigs like Macaulay, who expressed great irritation at their breach of party discipline; and the present Postmaster-General would have never been able to waken Parliament to the need of preserving the rights of "Commoners," keeping open land which was being rapidly swallowed up by landlords and builders, with the sanction of Whigs as much as of Tories. And, with this scorn of crotcheteers, will there not grow a scorn of all independence, moral as well as intellectual?

The concluding words in the *Spectator's* article alarm me much, though I earnestly hope that they do not mean to express quite so cynical a contempt for honesty as they seem at first sight to show. Yet I entreat you to read them again, before you decide that the snuffing-out of independence is the great duty of Liberals. The words are,—"We admit that Dr. Pankhurst is honestly dreaming, and not pretending to dream, and therefore we prefer, if we are forced to make the choice, a sensible Tory to Dr. Pankhurst." *Ergo*, if Dr. Pankhurst *pretended* to dream, instead of honestly dreaming, your objection to him would be less decided, because then, *he might surrender his convictions on due pressure*.—I am, Sir, &c., C. E. MAURICE.

Sydney Cottage, Roslyn Hill, Hampstead.

[That was not our meaning. We meant that a foolish fanatic can do even more mischief than an adventurer.—ED. *Spectator*.]

CHILDREN AND THEIR DINNERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

SIR,—In your very interesting article last week on food for the poor, no reference was made to the apple, which is a most important article of consumption. With bread, potatoes, and apple pudding, children will flourish without meat. Apples are so abundant this year in the Vale of Taunton, that the branches of the trees are broken down by their weight. Careful housekeepers are now busily engaged in making apple jam, no bad substitute for butter, for which I am giving 1s. 6d. a pound. Apples, my doctor assures me, are not sufficiently valued as an article of food. Moreover, if the farmers in orchard countries would grow apples for cooking purposes, instead of making cider, and prune and watch their trees as in America, a double produce may be obtained.—I am, Sir, &c., ARTHUR KINGLAKE.

THE INVASION OF ULSTER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

SIR,—I am impelled by the frantic attempts of Mr. Parnell's followers to misrepresent the events of their late Ulster campaign, and encouraged by the article on the invasion of our Province in last week's *Spectator*, to send you some account of what I saw in Omagh last Saturday, and what I heard from friends who were at Dungannon on Thursday, and Aughnacloy on Tuesday.

It is necessary to say, in the first place, that the loyal and anti-Parnellite demonstration was not organised by the landlords. The landlords were almost unanimous in believing that the farmers, Protestant as well as Catholic, were absorbed by the desire to get rents reduced, and full of suspicion and distrust, and they were persuaded that any effort on their part to get up a counter-demonstration would be regarded as a scheme for maintaining high rents, and sure to fail.

The Protestant gatherings at Aughnacloy, Dungannon, and Omagh were got up by the rank and file of the Orange farmers, shopkeepers, and labourers, by whom the Conservative gentry and clergy were asked to attend and speak, and were well received and heartily cheered.

What must have struck every impartial spectator most was not merely the confronting of the so-called "Nationalist" meeting by a loyalist and Unionist meeting, strong enough to make head against it, and obliging the Government to collect a large force of police and soldiers to prevent a pitched battle, but the utter insignificance and feebleness to which the attempted Nationalist gathering was reduced by the Conservative demonstration, both as to numbers and as to character. I overheard the following dialogue between two gentlemen on the steps of the White Hart Hotel, Omagh, after the Nationalists had escorted their leaders to their obscure place of meeting in the lower town, and the country Orangemen had marched into the square, where their brethren had erected and garrisoned a platform:—First spectator: "Well, we've had a good view of both parties, now." Second spectator: "I did not see the other party at all." First spectator: "Were not you here when they started half-an-hour ago?" Second spectator: "Oh, I saw a few ragamuffins running after a waggonette." First spectator: "That *was* the other party!"

The Orangemen who walked in procession with drums, flags, and sashes, were joined at the meeting by a still larger body of independent Protestant farmers and others, and the whole body was remarkable for fine physique and respectable appearance. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and there was an angry ring in their cheers which convinced those who know the country and had seen both parties that, but for the troops and police, the Protestants would very soon have cleared the town of the "invaders" and their friends, not without serious injury to their persons. The ragged following of Parnellites at no time throughout the week made any attempt to show fight, except late on Saturday night, when a small party of Orangemen, passing through a low part of the town, was attacked out of the windows of some houses.

At Dungannon, the rush at Mr. Healy, when he foolishly crossed the Diamond to the Post Office, was so alarming that the police who were protecting him would not attempt to escort him beyond the lines held by the troops till they got the help of a troop of Lancers. An officer of the escort that protected the agitators to the train in the evening described them as clinging to each other, in terror of the pursuing Orangemen. At no point were their sympathisers in a position to attempt to protect them from the violence threatened by the numbers and excitement of the Protestant party. At Portadown Station the only person able to rescue Mr. T. P. O'Connor from very rough treatment was the most violent of the Orange speakers, the Rev. R. Kane.

The feeling throughout the country is no less remarkable than the actual occurrences at Aughnacloy, Dungannon, and Omagh. Satisfaction at the Parnellite discomfiture is universal among

the Protestant population, including many of those who have been hitherto most advanced Radicals and tenant-righters, and whose polities were thought to consist entirely in hatred of landlords. The effect of the invasion of Ulster has been to arouse a feeling that was believed to be nearly extinct, but which proves to have been merely dormant, and to completely destroy the chance which many, till last week, believed Mr. Parnell to have of returning one of his followers for County Tyrone, in the event of a contest between Liberals and Conservatives at the next general election.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. DE F. MONTGOMERY.

Blessingbourne, County Tyrone, October 2nd.

NATURAL SCIENCE AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Perhaps the most important discussions at the Congress, I mean those on "Recent Advances in Natural Science," &c., and "Recent Advances in Biblical Criticism," were rendered much less useful than they might have been by the readers, with three notable exceptions, endeavouring to cover too much ground for the time allotted to them, and so their papers, far too long, were *hurriedly* read, in the attempt to get all in. It was impossible to follow what we most wished to hear, and until the report is issued we shall be in ignorance of the arguments and conclusions which three or four of the principal speakers, whose words carry enormous weight, intended to bring before the audience, and the force of their advocacy by speech entirely lost. The points touched on should be limited in number, to fall within the allotted time, and allowance made for the reading to be of that fairly loud, clear, and deliberate character (such as that of the Bishop of Carlisle and the Rev. and Honourable A. T. Lyttelton) as would make the most abstruse subjects easy to follow without the strain to hear, which would quite spoil the enjoyment of a story, and makes attention to close argument absolutely impossible.

This was felt by many who spoke to me, and as a suggestion through your widely-read paper may be more effective than any other means to ensure an alteration of this obvious and serious fault at future Congresses, I venture to ask your insertion of this letter.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Church Rectory. T. F. COLLINS.

POETRY.

A FANCY.

SWEET Summer went forth to the fields,
With roses entwined in her hair;
Her footsteps as light
As her glances were bright,
And all that she looked upon fair.

Grave Autumn, beholding the maid,
Grew cheery in chanting her charms;
They met, but, alas!
All her strength seemed to pass,
And she languished to death in his arms.

Now sombre grew Autumn and sear,
As he clung to the maid in his woe;
Then Winter passed by,
And, with tear-stricken eye,
Hid them both 'neath a mantle of snow.

Sheffield. JOSEPH DAWSON.

A BREATH OF HEAVEN.

I ONCE again in this charm'd realm inquire:
Not listening to the Ocean's sad refrain,
Nor watching on the mountain heights, to gain
A message for the meditative lyre.
The air contents me. Such do they respire,
Our lov'd ones, gather'd on the heavenly plain,
With quiet breathing blest, and freed from pain,
And toil, and care, and unfulfill'd desire.
Embosom'd in like calm, oh, let me rest,
And breathe in sweet, unseen companionship
Time cannot sever, nor delay, nor Death!
These shining shores and sunlit sea attest
The encircling Love that doth his children keep
In perfect peace and unlaborious breath.

Langland. HERBERT NEW.

BOOKS.

PROFESSOR GREEN'S PROLEGOMENA TO ETHICS.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

THIS is the most able and remarkable contribution to ethical science which has appeared in our country since the publication of Professor Sidgwick's *Methods of Ethics*. And when we have said this, it seems paradoxical to add, what we must add, that we have read three times the author's treatment of so important a question in ethics as the freedom of the will, without being able to make quite certain whether he does or does not believe that human action is, in any intelligible sense of the word, freely performed. He emphatically declares that such "action is as necessarily related to the character and circumstances as any event to the sum of its conditions," and so far appears to deny human freedom. But when he proceeds to explain what character, according to his acceptation of the term, involves, it comes to mean the *self*, and determination by the character is called self-determination. If this were all, we should conclude that Mr. Green was an advocate, as he professes to be in his work, of free-will, but that he uses the word "character" not in the sense of natural bent or habitual disposition, but in a new sense, which denies to it a *fixed* meaning or a permanent value, and identifies it with the disposition of a particular moment, as expressed in the act performed at that moment. A more careful study of his language, however, makes us waver in this opinion, and inclines us to think that, amid a certain vacillation both of language and of thought, he does not distinctly contemplate any power of self-determination, as distinct from the action of habit or a tendency in this or that man to resist immediate inclination, brought about by the natural adherence of his will to distant ends, rather than to immediate pleasure. In such action he appears to consider the will self-determining in this sense, that it is the action of a man conscious of the end at which he aims; but that end is, nevertheless, marked out for him by the interaction of his character (in the sense of natural bent) and the circumstances of his life. This is the conclusion which we are inclined finally to draw as to Professor Green's meaning, and the question is so vital, and its truly critical issues so frequently and easily evaded, that we shall not, we think, waste our space, if we devote our first notice of his work to a careful examination of his remarks on the subject.

We select for quotation two pages which seem to us to express most clearly Mr. Green's view as to the operation of the will in a deliberate action, and its connection with the motive on which it acts. Here is the first:—

"The motive which the act of the will expresses is the desire for . . . . . self-satisfaction. It is not one of the motives, the desires, or aversions, of which the man was conscious previously to the act, as disposing him to it; at any rate, not one of these or a combination of them, as they were before the determination of the will, before the man 'made up his mind.' It is only as they become through the reaction of the self-seeking self upon them, only through its formation to itself of an object out of them—only as they merge in an effort after a self-satisfaction to be found in this object—that they yield the motive of the act of will, properly so called. This motive does, indeed, necessarily determine the act; it *is* the act on its inner side. But it is misleading to call it the *strongest* motive, for this implies a certain parity between it and the impulses which have been previously soliciting the will. The distinction of greater or less strength properly applies only to 'motives,' in that sense in which they do *not* determine the will,—to desires and aversions, as they are without that reaction of the self upon them which yields the final motive expressed by the action. It may very well happen that the desire which *affects* a man most strongly is one which he decides on resisting. In spite of its strength, he cannot make its object *his* object, the object with which he seeks to satisfy himself. *His character prevents this. In other words, it is incompatible with his steady direction of himself towards certain objects in which he habitually seeks satisfaction.*"

We will only, for the moment, draw attention to the concluding sentences which we have italicised. "Character" seems here to imply what it generally implies,—that bent and disposition of mind which is the outcome of the past, that past including what nature originally implanted, and what circumstances as affecting and affected by the original character have superadded. There is no hint here of the additional factor, expressed in the action, of a power of proceeding in a direction different from the habitual one, although there is abundant indication of the power of habit to overcome the desire for

* *Prolegomena to Ethics.* By the late Thomas Hill Green, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Whytes' Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Edited by A. C. Bradley, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1883.

pleasurable feeling. This will become plainer, and the questions which it raises will be more satisfactorily discussed after we have presented to our readers another passage, in which the meaning of "character" is enlarged upon:—

"A character is only formed through a man's conscious presentation to himself of objects as his good, as that in which his self-satisfaction is to be found. Just so far as an action is determined by character, it is determined by an object which the agent has thus consciously made his own, *and has come to make his own in consequence of actions similarly determined.*"

Again:—

"What we call a strong character we also call a strong 'will.' This is not to be regarded as a particular endowment or faculty, like a retentive memory, or a lively imagination, or an even temper, or a great passion for society. A strong will means a strong man. It expresses a certain quality of the man himself, as distinguishable from all his faculties and tendencies, a quality which he has in relation to all of them alike. It means that it is the man's habit to set clearly before himself certain objects in which he seeks self-satisfaction, and that he does not allow himself to be drawn aside from these by the suggestions of chance desires. He need not, therefore, be a good man; for the objects on which he concentrates himself may be morally bad, according to the criteria of badness which we have yet to consider. But on the other hand, the weak man, taking his object at any time from the desire which happens to affect him most strongly, cannot be a good man. Concentration of will does not necessarily mean goodness, but it is a necessary condition of goodness."

Our criticism on this account of the will is that, full though it is of true and thoughtful analysis, it fails to bring into relief those cases in which freedom is most plainly exemplified. We have indeed clearly contrasted the man who is led by the desire which affects his feelings most strongly at the moment, and the man who is "tenax propositi," and unswervingly pursues some end. But the effort of the self which *modifies* the character, which turns, not from habit or from nature, but by free choice, to the pursuit of one end rather than another, is certainly not clearly contemplated, if, indeed, it is contemplated at all. Let us endeavour to make our meaning a little plainer. Tom Tulliver is undoubtedly an instance of what Mr. Green terms a strong character. He placed clearly before himself the end he would attain to—the restoration of his father's good name by his own success—and he worked for it, undeterred by the allurements of pleasure or immediate temptation of any kind. Here seems to us an instance entirely satisfying the conditions laid down by Mr. Green for the completest exhibition of free-will. Such a man's course of action differs from blind habit in that he places the end consciously before himself; and he acts habitually for that end, unmoved by chance desires. And yet we can see nothing in his actions, as thus explained, inconsistent with the absolute denial of free-will. We see, indeed, a character acting rather from the motive of a distant aim than from immediate attractions; but if the character is such in its nature that it is swayed rather by a fixed object than by its sensitiveness to present wants, although undoubtedly the "balance of pleasure" theory is denied by the admission, free-will is not proved or clearly exhibited. The mere fact that the end is "consciously made his own" does not make the agent free, supposing him to be determined in choosing the end by his natural bent, any more than the fact that a man is conscious of slipping down a steep mountain-side makes him slip by choice. The really critical cases in which man's freedom is put to the test are those in which he makes what the late Dr. Ward called anti-impulsive effort,—in which, that is, the net result of bent of character and circumstances being inclined in one direction, and some end proposed by the intellect in another, he adheres doggedly to the latter; not, as Mr. Green contemptuously expresses it, by a power of "unmotived willing," but by a power of adhering to whichever of two motives is chosen by preference. No doubt, this power is limited, and becomes more and more so in proportion as it is little used. The man who habitually surrenders himself to the inclination of his natural character may in time almost lose this originating power; and, on the other hand, the man who constantly uses it acquires a strength not merely of the kind which Mr. Green contemplates, which is only self-conscious habit, but of subordinating, to use the old-fashioned language, his passions to his reason; of directing his will whithersoever his cool judgment advises.

The importance of the distinction which we have here drawn is, of course, that upon it turns the whole principle of moral probation. If it is once allowed that the same man would always act in the same way under similar circumstances, no juggle of words about its being the "self" which reacts on the circumstances and consciously chooses its end will avail to vindicate the will's freedom, or human responsibility. If the "self" acts according to a fixed nature, and reacts upon circumstances according to that nature, and is consequently modified in nature, and then reacts according to its modified nature, and so forth, free-will is as plainly denied as it would be by the crudest theory of the "balance of pleasure." The chain of necessary cause and effect is more varied in its links, but is quite as unbroken, and consequently the idea of probation falls. No doubt, Mr. Green's theory has this advantage, so far as its practical moral working goes, over any less subtle determinism, that, as he says, the belief that our action is necessarily determined paralyses the "moral initiative," whereas a contrary belief stimulates to effort; consequently, his retention of the term "free-will" greatly lessens the evil effect of his analysis of its nature. But Mr. Green's explanation of this very phenomenon is, to our mind, an absolute denial of what we mean by free-will. It amounts to this, that that particular circumstance—the belief in our own power of originating effort—affects many characters, so as to bring about moral improvement; and its absence is the absence of a circumstance on which the character would react, and without such reaction the improvement in question cannot take place.

We repeat once more what we have already said, that we do not think that the author quite clearly contemplated the issue to which we have drawn attention; but we think it all the more important, for this reason, to hold it up to the light. His analysis is, up to a certain point, so able and true, that we should fear that some of his readers might adopt the whole, without noticing its full bearing; and it cannot be too often said that an error which is "half a truth" is always the most dangerous of errors. We should add, in conclusion, that although the meaning attached by Mr. Green to such "freedom of will" as he allows is not consistently or clearly expressed, there are incidental passages which seem, taken by themselves, plainly to indicate that our account of his opinion is the true one,—that he attaches no further *meaning* to the term "free action" than the idea of an act due to the internal force of character, and not to the interaction of external forces. "Rightly understood," he writes, for example, "the ascription of an action to character as, in respect to circumstances, its cause, is just that which effectually distinguishes it as free or moral from any compulsory or merely natural action."

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.*

Among the great novelists of England, the position of Richardson is unique. In reviewing that position, one feels tempted to indulge in the paradoxes of which Macaulay was so inordinately fond. If *Clarissa Harlowe* be, as some critics imagine, the greatest novel in the English language, its author, of whom we happen to know a great deal, was one of the smallest of men. His faults as well as virtues were feminine. His self-appreciation was enormous, his jealousy contemptible, his intellectual range narrow in the extreme. Probably, no writer who has made a conspicuous mark in literature was ever so sparsely furnished by education. His opinion of books is as worthless as that of an enthusiastic but ignorant school-girl, and in writing of his great rival Fielding he displays an irascibility of temper and an incapacity of discerning merit only to be tolerated in affairs of the heart. A fond girl who has lost her lover may be excused for speaking contemptuously of the woman who takes her place; but if we cannot expect Richardson to be pleased with *Joseph Andrews*, he ought, if not prompted by good-feeling, at least to have had the sagacity to write with justice of its author. His incapacity to appreciate the finer qualities of Fielding's genius would be astounding, were it not explained by his jealousy. He tells Miss Fielding, the author of *David Simple*, that her brother's knowledge of the human heart is not comparable to hers, and that he has little or no invention. Of *Amelia*, he was unable to read more than the first volume, so wretchedly low and dirty did he find the characters. "Tom Jones," too, was a "spurious brat," whose success, to the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, was "unaccountable." He pretended not to have time to read a book which he had heard strongly condemned as immoral, and commissioned Aaron Hill's two daughters to undertake that labour for him. They did so, and executed it fairly. Their judgment, considering to whom it was addressed, is an honest piece of criticism. Richardson had leisure to pass judgment on a book he had not time to read. Sophia, he declares, is "fond, foolish, and insipid, and Fielding

* *The Works of Samuel Richardson, with a Prefatory Chapter of Biographical Criticism.* By Leslie Stephen. In 12 vols. *The History of Clarissa Harlowe.* Vols. IV.-VIII. London: Sotheran and Co. 1883.

knows not how to draw a delicate woman. He has not been accustomed to such company." And then he goes on to say that the novelist has a perverse and crooked nature. It is evident that he blames Astræa and Minerva Hill for thinking too well of *Tom Jones*, for they both fairly cried, writes their father, "that you should think it possible they could approve of anything in any work that had an evil tendency in any part or purpose of it." But while justly censuring the levities of the book, they see a thread of moral meaning in it. "And as soon," adds Hill, "as you have time to read him for yourself, 'tis there, pert sluts! they will be bold enough to rest the matter." We are not told that this time ever came.

Richardson, who is so shocked at Fielding, more than tolerates Colley Cibber, whose praise is of the coarsest kind; but the novelist, though shrewd enough in other ways, was open to any degree of flattery, and of this his correspondents seem to have been aware. No expressions of admiration can be too extravagant for him when the subject is *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, or *Sir Charles Grandison*, and that those novels did affect the readers of that age to a degree almost inconceivable in ours may be seen from a thousand tokens. Men of the most contradictory characters at home and abroad joined in the chorus of praise, and we do not remember that any one, with the exception of Dr. Watts, ventured to hint that the scenes of vice Richardson described so minutely were not always calculated to promote virtue. By most readers he was regarded not only as a moral writer, but as a great religious teacher, whose works were especially fitted for Sunday reading. All young ladies of the time read *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, and talked freely of what they read, without a thought apparently that the plots of those tales, whatever might be the moral purpose of the writer, render them unfitted for general perusal. Nor was this all, for Richardson had his little circle of ladies whose judgment he asked, but, we believe, never followed, while his novels were in progress. He lived, as Mrs. Barbauld states, in a kind of flower-garden of young ladies, and had generally a number of them staying at his house, where he exercised the most generous hospitality, and enjoyed the homage paid to him, not by Englishmen only, but by foreigners. One of the most curious facts in his life is the invitation he received from the Moravians to visit Germany. But, indeed, he had praise enough to turn a weaker head, for what Aaron Hill calls his "inimitable virtues."

The great blot of *Pamela* does not seem to have been noticed by the novelist's contemporaries. The pursuit of an innocent and beautiful servant-girl by a wealthy libertine, her resistance, his reformation, and finally the marriage of the two, forms the substance of the story. "Mr. B.," in the earlier stages of the narrative, is an accomplished villain, who shrinks from no diabolical act to attain his purpose; but the immaculate Pamela loves him, notwithstanding, and when at length he proposes marriage, instead of treating him with contempt, as any right-minded girl would, is almost abject in her gratitude. The condescension of a man of family in offering to marry a servant-girl gives her such a feeling of awe, a feeling shared by her parents, that she and they behave on the great occasion with a singular want of self-respect. There are moments, indeed, when Pamela acts with dignity and with charming simplicity, but her conduct in the expectation of matrimony is far from pleasing. The third volume, which was afterwards added as a supplement, in order to describe this paragon in her married life, has the worst fault, perhaps, a novel can have. It is dull, from the first page to the last.

Some years ago, the late Mr. E. S. Dallas published an abridged edition of *Clarissa Harlowe*. We do not know whether the three volumes were a commercial success, but they were assuredly a literary failure. To appreciate Richardson's power in this story, the whole narrative should be read, and the five handsome-looking volumes before us may tempt a reader to undertake the task. It will not be wholly pleasurable, and it is probable that he will find the sentiment which Johnson praised so highly in Richardson mawkish and overstrained. For our part, we confess that we follow Clarissa's fortunes with a sense of oppression from which there is no relief, and feel stifled by dwelling in an unwholesome atmosphere, a feeling of which no one is ever conscious when moved by the higher pathos of a Shakespeare or a Scott. And yet we almost hesitate in depreciating this wonderful fiction, for wonderful it certainly is, when we remember the nobility of character exhibited by Clarissa, after the worst outrage a woman can receive. Here tragedy may be said to fulfil its true mission, in elevating and purifying, and in this delineation Richardson ranks for the moment with the greatest masters of the art. The madness of Clementina in *Sir Charles Grandison* affords another instance, not readily to be equalled, of this novelist's tragic power. We have not the patience in this eager age to endure his prolixity, and thus we may be inclined to think too lightly of his genius; but it is well to remember that in the last century, and especially in France, men of the highest mark in literature acknowledged the claims of Richardson. Rousseau and Diderot were both powerfully influenced by his genius, and the latter, on hearing of his death, wrote:—"His loss touches me as if my brother were no more. I bore him in my heart without having seen him, and knowing him but by his works. . . . . Richardson, if living thy merit has been disputed, how great wilt thou appear to our children's children, when they shall view thee at the distance we now view Homer. Then who will dare to steal a line from thy sublime works?" Some of the defects of Richardson, who wrote in a verbose and slovenly style, might not be obvious to a foreigner. To Macaulay they must have been evident, but how greatly he loved this novelist every reader of his biography knows. And Macaulay is among the most English of writers.

The truth is that, in spite of much in Richardson which, to quote Dr. Johnson again, might make the reader hang himself, the creative power of genius, and a knowledge of the human heart, or, perhaps, we ought rather to say, of the female heart, exhibit themselves in these long stories in many delightful touches of nature. He is often wrong, while intending to be right in his morality; his mode of telling his tale, by interminable letters which could never, under the circumstances, have been written, is the worst method a novelist could select; and yet, notwithstanding these defects, and the more glaring fault that his bad characters are often more attractive than the good—his specially good man, Sir Charles Grandison, is surely the greatest prig and bore in fiction—Richardson, can we doubt it? will retain his high place as the father of English fiction, and one of the most original of English writers. It is fitting, then, that his works should appear in a style worthy of his position.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.*

Mrs. Riddell's books have always had one merit that perhaps even the most *blasé* novel-readers can scarcely appreciate as keenly as reviewers must; they do not all turn upon the same subject and run in the same groove as every other novel that has been published within the last twenty years. After perusing we dare not say how many hundreds of three-volume, or (far too seldom), one and two-volume works of fiction, all dedicated exclusively to what one of the characters in the *Struggle for Fame* rather profanely terms "the love-and-twaddle business," or what another speaker in the same book expresses more elegantly as "love and beauty and children, and dress and jewels, and parties and pleasure, and everything coming right at the end," the relief has been great at finding a novel in which the characters do not devote their whole energies to making love, or having it made to them; in which men and women can be heartily in love, and yet go about their daily work like rational beings, and we may add, like real people. Still greater, perhaps, has been the boon Mrs. Riddell has conferred upon novel-readers by not obliging all her important characters to be "in society," and so delivering us from that dismal condition of fiction in which everybody drinks five-o'clock tea, dines at eight, plays lawn-tennis (or croquet, ten years ago), shops at Marshall and Snelgrove's, and goes out of town at the end of the season. Novelists, especially of the feminine gender, content themselves far too much with depicting this kind of life over and over again, weaving in a thin plot of love or crime, and then they call it representing human life at the present day, unable to perceive that they really only scratch the surface of this nineteenth-century life with their pens, and give about as deep a view of human nature as a looking-glass does. Probably the cause may be found in the fact that people write when they should be reading or observing, and that every one is in too great a hurry to look beneath the surface, but Mrs. Riddell's kind of novel may be best described in the words that she herself applies to her heroine's successful work:—

"She gathered all her parts together, wove into the narrative the trials, the sorrows, the self-denials, the successes of trade—explained

* *The Struggle for Fame.* By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. London: Richard Bentley and Son.

processes of manufacture unknown utterly to the reading public—took the outside world due East in London, and asked it to walk into dreadful little manufactories, and listen to 'shop' talk, and take an interest in the doings and sayings of men who had probably never been to a dinner-party in their lives, and knew nothing of Sir Bernard Burke, and were not acquainted with lords or baronets; but who were yet some of them gentlemen, and some of them cads, following the nature of their kind."

In the book now before us, our author has not given us much of the City life which she so excelled in depicting; and we regret it, for there is a great charm in studying a kind of existence so entirely unlike our own, and in learning how the great heart of London works its apparatus; but she is always unconventional (which does not mean objectionable), and many of her sketches of character are delightful. Are Mr. Vassett's views, we wonder, still held by publishers in general, and are they—worse still!—likely to be true? "No one knew better than he did that the works he published were not likely to live, but in their generation they were good, useful, amusing. That they were not likely to go down through the ages did not much trouble the gentleman who had assisted at their birth. He felt they would live long enough; they had served their purpose, and could die when they pleased. He felt no such frantic desire for posthumous fame as rendered him unhappy because he could not compass it. If Shakespeare had come back to earth, Mr. Vassett would not have risked anything he considered very valuable, say, for instance, the lease of his house in Craven Street, for the honour of standing godfather even to a second Shylock. The world's applause he did not consider worth the loss of one night's sleep; further, he had a notion, not uncommon among those who prefer to seek their mental food among the past of literature, rather than browse on the light productions of the present, that no more great books would ever be written. Mr. Vassett was no optimist concerning the books of the future. Looking around, he saw what he considered almost a dead-level of mediocrity. Whether the few who struggled out of the mass and achieved distinction, who were run after by readers and run down by the critics, would be thought much of in succeeding generations, was a question he professed himself glad he had not to decide. He admitted they had many merits; but when asked if they would stand the test of time, he returned the safe answer that he did not know." Mr. Vassett may be old-fashioned and wanting in enterprise, but he is always a courteous gentleman, and an agreeable contrast, therefore, to the newer type of publisher whom Mrs. Riddell depicts further on, as the head of the brilliantly successful firm of Felton and Laplash:—

"'Hillo!' cried the great publisher, as he beheld his St. Mary Overy acquaintance, 'what wind has blown *you* here?'—'Your letter,' answered Barney.—'I never wrote you any letter, though I should have written to you long ago, if I had known your address.'—'Well, somebody, at any rate, sent a letter. Here it is.'. . . . . —'But this is to Mr. Kelly, the author of "Street Sketches."'—'I am Mr. Kelly.'—'God bless me! why, I thought he was some great swell.'—'Did you?' said Barney. He could not have prevented the blood rushing into his face at this unexpected slap, if he had died for it.—'Oh, I didn't mean any offence,' exclaimed Mr. Felton, quickly. 'What I meant was a tip-topper, regular out-and-outer, aw-awing sort of fellow. You understand, don't you? . . . . . The street you live in, though, I daresay may have given rise to the notion. You lodge there, I suppose?'—'Yes, I'm only a lodger,' answered Barney. . . . . 'Now, we'd better get to business,' suggested Mr. Felton; 'what have you to offer us, Kelly?'—Barney winced a little; he had not been prepared for such an amount of familiarity, but nevertheless answered the question with tolerable composure.—'Nothing except what has appeared before?' said Mr. Felton; 'that's bad, Zack, eh?'—Zack replying to this interrogatory with a grunt of acquiescence, Barney ventured to observe Mr. Vassett had never found that the fact of previous publication in a magazine interfered with the sale of a volume.—'Oh, Vassett!' exclaimed Mr. Felton, with lofty scorn, 'don't talk to us of Vassett; what he does, or finds, or says, or thinks is no rule for us;' at which utterance Mr. Laplash laughed a dog's laugh. . . . . 'No, no!' went on Mr. Felton, encouraged by this sign of approval, almost imperceptible though it was, 'we don't want any Vassetts held up here for our example. We've shown that good gentleman a thing or two already, and before we've done with him, we'll show him and others a thing or two more. But now to settle with you; how much do you want for the lot? . . . . . Will that do?'—'Yes, that is something nearer the mark,' replied Barney.—'Very well, then, we will send you on the agreement.'—'Thank you.'—'And "rush" one book, at all events, as soon as possible.'—'Will not that be somewhat imprudent, considering how recently a work of mine has been brought out?'—'Exploded nonsense,' commented Mr. Felton, 'there are some authors I only wish I could get a book from every week in the year.'—'The wisdom of the ages, then, seems foolishness to you?'—'I should think so, indeed. I am my own wisdom, and my own age, and my own everything; and if you can show me any other man who could have done as much as I have done out of the same material, I'll give you leave to call me what you like.' . . . . .—'I only imagined I might venture to make a suggestion concerning the time of publication of my own work.'—'Then you were mistaken,' retorted the genial publisher. 'No, Sir, I allow no interference here. I bring out my books when I think I will, and I don't bring them out when I think I won't. If I once allowed that sort of thing,' he added, viciously, 'I might soon give up command of the ship.'"

Even Mr. Felton shines in contrast with his partner, who, when he becomes head of the firm, and is publishing Mrs. Lacere's successful novels, sits with his hat on to receive her, greets her by asking her if her husband has got any work yet, and goes on, "I can't speak to you to-day. Look in to-morrow;" or, "You're a nice sort of young woman. Where's the rest of that manuscript?" or, "I had your note, but it's no use asking me for any money, we ain't got none here;" or, "That last reprint of yours was a bad business for me; I wish it had been at the —— before I ever was such a fool as to take it;" and all the time, while he was insulting her position, and depreciating her work, and grinding her down to the last penny, he was, as she found out afterwards, making a good income from her books, and finding her, as Mr. Butterby truly said, "the best steed in his stable." It is a satisfaction to know that this "great" publishing firm failed at last, and we may hope that nothing like it has ever arisen since; but it is a pity that we cannot quote any brighter pictures of human nature to set against these dark ones,—not that there are none such through *The Struggle for Fame*, but they must be read, not quoted. The charming Bohemianism, for instance, of the eminently life-like Dawton menage,—though, by the way, Will Dawton must have known London better than to think that an Atlas omnibus would take him to Paddington!—is sprinkled through nearly the whole of one volume, and so is the pathetic heroism of Mr. Lacere's married life. We could hardly expect a book from Mrs. Riddell in which the principal married couple did not somehow, with the best intentions, fail to make each other happy; why they fail in this story it is not quite easy to see, unless we accept the disparity of age and the unpleasant relations as sufficient cause; but even then it is difficult to believe that a woman like Glenarva Westley could have lived so long with her husband, and remained blind to all his real greatness. She does at length perceive that "everything in her books the world thought great and true and useful, was due to the husband who had never been able to make his mark. Without him she could have done nothing—nothing—and in return she had not half loved him as she ought;" not, perhaps, an isolated experience; but, of course, in her case it comes almost too late. Mrs. Riddell certainly does not favour the "married and lived happy ever after" style of human life; her married people are generally melancholy during the greater part of their lives, and only achieve happiness through much suffering or sin, or both; indeed even while they are enjoying brief intervals of sunshine, she has a way, which we consider rather tiresome, of stopping the story to inform us that if they had known all that was going to come upon them before long, they would never have felt as cheerful and happy as they did then,—a sort of "if you know'd who was near, I rather think you'd change your note, as the hawk remarked to himself with a cheerful laugh, when he heard the robin red-breast singing round the corner." But her characters are always human, there is much humour as well as pathos in her books, and considering that every one who has not published something is apparently dying to do so, this straightforward, unvarnished history of what *The Struggle for Fame* really means; who those are who succeed, and those who fail, ought to be read with keen interest by a very large and varied number of educated people.

WHAT IS LAW?*

If it were not that so many other sciences are in a like predicament, one might reasonably be excused for doubting whether there is a Science of Jurisprudence, when so large a portion of the works of its professors is taken up in discussing what the subject of the science is, and whether and in what way a science of it can exist. Here, for instance, is a book consisting of 419 octavo pages devoted entirely to the discussion of this one topic, and not arriving at any very clear or distinct conclusion, and certainly not at one which will be universally or even generally accepted on the matter, after all. It is odd that such a work should be possible, yet no one can say that it is superfluous. It is even odder in the case of Jurisprudence (or may

* *The Nature of Positive Law.* By John M. Lightwood, M.A. London Macmillan and Co. 1883.

we say Law?) than even in the case of other "moral" or human sciences. It is not odd that sociology, or by whatever other name the science of society may be known, should be still on its probation as to whether it should be admitted into the College of Sciences or not, because it is only within the last generation that it has ever presented its claims for examination. Nor, though its study has been established for a century, is it odd that political economy should still be only in the Court of the Gentiles, as it were. It offends so strongly against the prepossessions of large classes of people, and its principles have been hurried into practice with so little consideration, that people may be excused for doubting the validity of the claims of a science which seems so opposed to experience. But jurisprudence has been upheld as a science and been professed scientifically since the days of Plato and Aristotle, of Cicero and Ulpian, even unto these latter days of Bentham and Austin, of Savigny and Ihering. Yet we are still discussing what jurisprudence is, and in what the science of jurisprudence consists, if it exists at all. Why this is so, it would be long and hard to say. It is in part owing to the same causes which have retarded the formation of the "humane" sciences generally, —the complexity and wealth of the facts on which the science must be based, and the continually pressing necessity of practising law as an art, whether its scientific principles are settled or not. It is also in part owing to the ambition of its professors, who till quite lately have shown a tendency to exalt it to the skies, with the result of making it cloudy and misty, instead of clear and distinct, as a science ought to be. When Ulpian, for instance, defined jurisprudence as "the knowledge of things human and divine," or Cicero said that law is "the right reason of supreme Jove," they were no doubt magnifying their office as professors of law, but they were not greatly contributing to an exact knowledge of the subject of their profession. Nor was the science advanced by the unhappy discovery of a law of Nature, which was to be the pattern to which jurisprudence was to make law conform, and the touchstone by which it was to be tested; and though some advance was made when utility was substituted for the law of nature, yet no definite science of law was possible until the metaphysical treatment was discarded, and the province of law fenced off from the neighbouring kingdoms of theology, morals, and politics. This was done, or this was rendered possible, by Austin.

But unhappily, Austin's style, or rather the style in which alone Austin was revealed to the public, was repulsive to the last degree, and the science of law has suffered from the faults of its expositor, and has been regarded till quite lately as a dreary and repulsive study. For the same reason, the knowledge of Austin has apparently not extended beyond the circle of those who speak the English tongue. The Germans, consequently, are "sadly to seek" in the science of law, and are still wandering in the mazes of metaphysical jurisprudence, instead of helping to macadamise the new road of scientific law. Moreover, even in his own country, the prophet of law has not been wholly accepted. His method was analytical, and he disregarded history. Hence his main thesis has been impugned from the historical point of view, and it has been pointed out that his definition of law is applicable only to communities such as those of the modern civilised world and ancient Rome, and is not true of the greater part of the world now, or of any part of the world before the era of the Roman jurists. The work before us, while apparently intended to enforce the objections to the Austinian theory from the point of view of the Germans and of the historical school, does yet confirm and bring into relief its intrinsic accuracy. The points at issue may be put shortly enough. Austin said in effect that there are two marks by which you may know law proper, or "positive law," from laws "falsely so called," such as the "law of nature," scientific laws, and moral laws. They are that the law is a command given by a political superior to an inferior, and, secondly, that obedience to the command will, if necessary, be enforced; or to speak in the now recognised terms, it is a command given by a sovereign to a subject, and under the sanction of a penalty. To this it is objected by Sir Henry Maine that the definition would exclude altogether that custom which in undeveloped communities is the only law, with which, as in the Indian village community, the sovereign has no concern, and which is really the origin of law in all communities. This objection Mr. Lightwood takes up and reiterates with considerable emphasis and ability. He also takes up the views of the German school of Savigny and others, which he expounds in an interesting and full analysis. Law is not set by a sovereign to a subject, but is the spontaneous growth of custom, deriving its origin from the people, and resting not on the sanction of force, but on its acceptance as right by the popular conscience; so that the people are both the source and the guardian of the Law, and law consists in rules of conduct voluntarily accepted as right, not imposed as of right. Legislation and judge-made and jurist-made, or, as he calls it, scientific law, though they seem to conflict with this view, are really only modes by which the popular conscience acts. In simple societies it acted directly through custom. In more complex societies it acts indirectly in modifying and recreating customs through delegates, the Sovereign, or the special professional class, accepted as representatives of the society. But a third view has been taken in Germany by Von Ihering, whose system is practically accepted by Mr. Lightwood, that Law is founded on force, and is a command resting on a sanction; but that it only becomes truly law when the force is forgotten,—when the law is accepted voluntarily, not only by the subject, but by the Sovereign, and a general habit of law-abidingness has been developed.

Though there is truth in all these views, yet it cannot be said that they really affect Austin's definition. The objections drawn from custom by Sir Henry Maine, and from the inner consciousness of Savigny, are objections to its historical, but not to its philosophical, truth. It may be perfectly true that custom is historically the source of law, but so long as it is merely custom, it simply is not law. If a village community does enforce its customs on its members, and there is either no paramount power, or the paramount power takes no cognisance of the doings of the community other than to exact tribute, then that community is practically a sovereign, and its customs are laws enforced by a sanction. If the customs are enforced with the cognisance of the paramount power, and, as Professor Holland says, "the local force must, if only for the preservation of peace, be supported in the last resort by the whole strength of the empire," then the paramount power is the Sovereign, and the custom, as under the Austinian system, is law, because and in so far as recognised by the Sovereign. If, on the other hand, the custom may be disregarded with impunity, except in so far as the breaker of it is looked on with disfavour, then the custom is not law proper, but a moral rule, or a law of fashion, or honour, or what not, as the case may be. So, too, it is perfectly true that, as the author points out, the more a law has to depend directly upon force, the less it partakes of the binding and universal character of law, and that the consent of the people is necessary to the continuance of a law. But what does that amount to? Simply to this,—that in the last resort, whatever may be the form of the constitution, the majority of the people, or the strongest section of the people, is the true sovereign; and that the force on which Law rests, even in a country like Russia, is the force of the people. In such a case, the people resumes the Sovereignty which has been taken by or delegated to some of its members, and either enforces law in its own name, or, if it does not act the Sovereign, lets all law disappear. Historically speaking, both Austin and the Germans are right. The sources of law are found both in the commands of a superior and in the self-adopted customs of the people. But in resting all law upon force ultimately, whether the force of the representative Sovereign or of the bulk of the people itself, there can be little doubt that Austin is right. A law which you are at liberty to disregard, like the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, is no law. A right such as that of a patentee when his patent is expired, which any one is at liberty to violate with impunity, is no legal right; a duty such as that of educating your children before the Act of 1870, which you are at liberty to disregard, if you choose, is not a legal duty. The State is just as ready to enforce the law which gives the unsettled real estate of an intestate in Gloucester to his youngest son, though it may have originated in custom, as it is to enforce the latest enlargement of the criminal offence of fraudulent bankruptcy, though in the latter case a definite sanction is stated, in the other it is not. It is sufficient for the eldest son to know that if he is deprived of his right, the *posse comitatus* will, if need be, assist to put him back again, even if he does not know that any one who resisted his entry might ultimately find his way, under attachment for disobedience of the order of the Court, to the same gaol as the fraudulent bankrupt. In relying on the law and the law-abidingness of the community, the owner of property knows, if he thinks of it, that he is relying on the whole force of the community.

A further point on which Mr. Lightfoot takes issue with the Austinian school, and especially with Professor Holland, is the object of jurisprudence. Professor Holland restricted it to the "observation of the wants for the supply of which laws have been invented, and the manner in which those wants have been satisfied," and "digesting those actual wants and the modes in which they have actually been satisfied . . . . . according to logical principles of division." Mr. Lightfoot would extend this "formal science of positive law" which he would call "pure or general jurisprudence," to include also suggestions for the reform of the law which he would call "applied jurisprudence." General jurisprudence would observe and classify principles of law generally. Applied jurisprudence would classify a particular system of law, and endeavour to reform it. But though the reform of the law may be eminently desirable, it is surely a little unnecessary to create a new science to do it. Law reform is a matter for the statesman, after taking counsel with jurists, no doubt, but equally after taking counsel with the moralist. It is not a matter for the jurist as such, and the applied jurisprudence would be nothing less than the science of politics, how best to promote the well-being of the State.

On the whole, then, we disagree with most of the author's conclusions, and indeed, if they are accepted, the science of Jurisprudence would return again to the cloud-land from which it has so lately been rescued. Nor can we attach much value to the classification and system of jurisprudence which he promulgates at the end of his volume. It seems crude and sketchy, and tends to confound the spheres of morals and law. But there is a good deal of interest in his historical analyses of the two rival systems, and in his interesting analogy between the relations of the Church Courts and the Law Courts in England, and between the jurisdictions of the Pontifices and the Prætor at Rome. The author, indeed, seems happier in particular than in general jurisprudence. His style, too, is more calculated for the former than the latter. He has not the knack of making generalities interesting. He implies that he does not find Austin's style repulsive, a fact which may account for some of the repellent characteristics of his own. There is no reason why Law should be made a dismal science, and if the School of Jurisprudence which the author wishes for is ever established, it is to be hoped that it will cultivate the graces of style, as well as clearness of thought.

SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS.*

General Roberts is one of the few living Englishmen who have commanded an army of more than ten thousand men in the field; and, if the question were asked by some Continental critic as to who were our Generals, the reply that would rise naturally to the lips would be the names of Sir Frederick Roberts and Lord Wolseley. There are many very evident objections to the writing of a biography during the life of its subject, and the more carefully we consider them, the more force do we find them to possess, and the greater regret do we feel in the frequent departure from the old rule that a man's acts and career were not summed up and recorded until he had gone over to the majority. But as Mr. Low had published a memoir of Lord Wolseley, we suppose he felt bound to perform the same service for his brother-in-arms, General Roberts; and although the work would have benefited from judicious compression, it will be allowed that he has written an interesting volume enough of several campaigns in which General Roberts took always an honourable, and latterly a prominent part. We may give Mr. Low's opening lines, as introductory to his subject:—

"A memoir of an officer, of whose principal achievement, the march from Cabul to Candahar, German military critics declare that it is the most brilliant performance of a British army since Waterloo, and which a distinguished officer, who had served throughout Lord Strathnairn's victorious campaign in Central India, declared to us was, in his estimation, the finest exploit achieved by our arms since Sir Charles Napier's conquest of Scinde—the memoir of such a soldier cannot be without interest, not only to men of his own cloth, but to the British public, which reads with avidity biographies of its military heroes."

General Roberts is the son of an excellent and distinguished Anglo-Indian officer—the late Sir Abraham Roberts—whose advice, if it had only been taken at the time, would in all probability have averted the catastrophe at Cabul in the winter of 1841-2. The subject of this memoir was his only son by a second marriage, and he was born at Cawnpore on September 30th, 1832. In the early part of 1852, when he was less than twenty, he sailed for India to join his regiment, the Bengal Artillery, to which he had been gazetted as second lieutenant. His apprenticeship in arms began with a piece of that good-luck which never abandoned him. His father was in command of the Division at Peshawur, and the young lieutenant was at once appointed to his staff. When the Mutiny came Roberts joined the movable column sent by John Lawrence's energy to Delhi, and more than one story is told of his hair-breadth escapes while serving the batteries against that city. If the siege and capture of the old Mogul capital made him known to his superiors as "an active and gallant officer," the later stages of the Mutiny brought him increased fame. During the operations before Lucknow, when Sir Colin left Outram in possession of the Alumbagh, and also during the fighting round Cawnpore after Windham's reverse, Roberts greatly distinguished himself on Hope Grant's staff. It was during the pursuit of the scattered fragments of this rebel army, which, constantly reinforced, renewed the offensive on numerous occasions, that he performed the act which gained for him the much-coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross. Mr. Low describes the incident as follows:—

"While following up the retreating enemy with the ardour of a fox-hunter across country, Lieutenant Roberts saw two sepoys making off with a standard. Putting spurs to his horse, he overtook them just as they were about to enter the village, and made for them sword in hand. They immediately turned at bay and presented their muskets at him. It was a critical moment, as one of them pulled the trigger, but a merciful Providence had preserved the young officer to render priceless services to his country, and add a glorious page to her history. The cap snapped almost in Roberts's face, and, the next moment, he laid the Sepoy carrying the standard dead at his feet by a tremendous cut across the head, and seized the trophy as it fell from his lifeless grasp. Meantime, the companion of the standard-bearer made off into the village. But this was not the only exploit performed by Lieutenant Roberts on this 2nd of January. Following up the rebels, he came up with a group, consisting of a Sikh sowar and a rebel Sepoy standing at bay with musket and bayonet. The cavalryman with his sword felt himself no match for the foot-soldier armed with what Napier called 'the queen of weapons,' but Roberts, on arriving on the scene, did not wait to count the odds, if they were against him, but rode straight at the Sepoy, and with one stroke of his sword slashed him across the face, killing him on the spot."

Roberts's part in the Indian Mutiny terminated soon after the recapture of Lucknow, through his being compelled to return to England by ill-health. It is a coincidence that he was succeeded in his post on the staff by Lord Wolseley. On his return, after only twelve months' holiday, he resumed that active work in the administration of the Army which made him as favourably known at Head-quarters for his attention to official duties as for his activity during a campaign. In 1863 he was sent on a special mission to Sir Neville Chamberlain's camp, and witnessed the closing scenes of the Sittana campaign, when the fanaticism of a band of mountaineers and Hindoo zealots seemed for a time to be more than a match for the discipline of an English force of several thousands. He accompanied the troops when they attacked the village and heights of Laloo, and he was present at the destruction of the village of Mulkah, a week later, by the chiefs of Bonair. Major Roberts next took a prominent part in the organisation of the expedition to Abyssinia. Again he returned to India, in a high administrative capacity, and again his luck sent him the preferable alternative of active service in the field. A punitive expedition was sent against the Looshai tribes, on the eastern frontier of India, and to Colonel Roberts was entrusted, as chief of the staff, the task of organising it. Of all the many frontier wars and expeditions in which we have been engaged during our rule in India, none was as well arranged and provided for as the little war with the Looshais, and it still serves as a model for imitation in such matters. Some interesting traits of human nature were obtained and recorded during the operations against these wild men of the thick forests beyond Cachar and Munipore. Among them may be mentioned the practice of carrying off their dead, because, "according to a superstition prevalent among them, the man who loses his head in battle becomes the slave of the victor in the next world." Another instance was the effect produced upon them by music, as, "when after dinner the officers in turn favoured the company with a song, the auditory included the fierce children of the forest, who stopped firing when each song commenced, and resumed it on its conclusion." General Roberts received as his reward the post of Quartermaster-General, and in 1877 he was appointed to the command of the Punjab Irregular Force. He

* *Major-General Sir Frederick S. Roberts, Bart., V.C., G.C.B.: a Memoir.* By Charles Rathbone Low, I.N., Author of "Memoir of Lord Wolseley," &c. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1883.

held the latter position when the outbreak of the Afghan war provided him with a fresh and most favourable opportunity of distinction.

However much divided opinions are likely to remain as to the policy and necessity of that war, there will be agreement on the point that it enabled the subject of this memoir to make a reputation as a soldier second to none of his English contemporaries. The operations entrusted to him in the Khurum Valley during the first campaign promised to place him in a position of minor importance, for no one believed at the time in the feasibility of the so-called short route to Cabul over the Shutargurdan; yet, in a way almost marvellous, he managed to rivet public attention on his movements, and such interest as the Afghan Campaign of 1878-9 excites centres round his battle of the Peiwar, and his later expedition into Khost. When the Treaty of Gandamak was signed, it was admitted on all hands, by the captious critics who had seen danger in his intrepidity not less heartily than by enthusiastic friends, that General Roberts had carried off the honours of the war. Three months later, on the arrival of the terrible news of the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari and his companions in the Afghan capital, the choice of the commander to lead an expedition to occupy Cabul naturally fell on the officer who had shown the most daring and enterprise in the previous war, and "the hero of the Afghan war," as the Viceroy called him, hastened from his seat on the Army Commission at Simla to place himself at the head of the troops rapidly assembling in the Khurum Valley. It is unnecessary to recall the principal incidents of the occupation of Cabul, as they are well remembered; nor will the sudden arrest of the progress of our arms, and the retirement into Sherpur, easily pass into oblivion. General Roberts had very unjustly been set down up to this as a reckless and impulsive officer; but nothing could have been more deliberate or better timed than his resolve to concentrate his army in the great barrack fortress erected by Shere Ali outside Cabul. His men were exhausted by constant and harassing fighting with the fanatical warriors devoted to Mahommed Jan, and there is nothing improbable in supposing that a persistence in attacking might have resulted in a signal disaster. General Roberts showed that he possessed a soldier's eye, by taking in the situation at a glance. The retirement under cover not merely enabled his soldiers to recover from their exhaustion, but it blunted the edge of Afghan fury. When Mahommed Jan delivered his assault on the entrenchments, not only had the courage and confidence of the English revived, but the Afghans had suffered from the loss of the impetuosity which made them most formidable. The Sherpur incident showed conclusively that General Roberts possessed the instinct of caution, in which he was thought to be most deficient.

Just as the Cavagnari massacre recalled General Roberts to Afghanistan, so did the tidings of the defeat at Maiwand compel a further stay in the country then on the eve of being evacuated. It was resolved to send a strong division under the command of General Roberts to attack Ayoob's victorious force outside Candahar, and with ten thousand picked troops he marched across a great portion of Afghanistan, relieved the beleaguered garrison of Candahar, and inflicted a crushing defeat on the Afghan forces encamped in a strong position north of that city. The whole execution of the enterprise was as near perfection as it is possible for anything human to be; and there are very few episodes that stand out so clearly or with such dramatic completeness in the whole of our military history. This achievement placed the crowning touch on the fame of General Roberts; but, as Mr. Low has no new information to impart, we will not attempt to describe over again what was already known on the subject. We cannot conclude this brief notice of an interesting volume better than by quoting Mr. Low's closing criticism on the subject of the Afghan campaigns:—

"Our experience of Afghanistan has been of a varied character; and, indeed, the country may be said to be the grave of many military reputations. The names of Elphinstone and Shelton call up memories other than glorious to British arms; and the only consolatory feature in a retrospect of the disasters associated with their names is that every Englishman displayed personal gallantry under trying circumstances. Equally has the name, Afghanistan, been associated in our annals with glorious memories of honour retrieved, and defeat wiped out by victory. Nott, Sale, and Pollock—the last, a brother-officer of Roberts, reposes in Westminster Abbey—are names which Englishmen must ever hold in respect as those of soldiers who restored our prestige,—that impalpable but essential attribute of our sovereignty in the East, without which our tenure of India would be quickly challenged by our subject races. To these great names those of Roberts and Stewart must hereafter be added, the march of the latter being in the footsteps of Nott, and his victory at Ahmed Khel one of which any soldier might be proud. Roberts's victory at Charasia and dispersal of Mahomed Jan's forces at Sherpur may likewise be likened to Pollock's action at Tezeen and Sale's defeat of Akbar Khan at Jellalabad. But the forced march from Cabul to Candahar, with the swiftly-following reconnaissance and victory of September 1st, remain without parallel in the record of our relations with Afghanistan, and place the name of Roberts first among the soldiers who have led the British armies in that region."

SOME OF THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's Address to the Trades' Union Congress, delivered at Nottingham on September 12th, and on which we have already commented, is reprinted in the *Contemporary Review*. A double-barrelled paper on "The Bengal Tenancy Bill" puts the question which the proposed measure raises from opposite points of view; the "for" by Miss Nightingale, the "against" by Mr. Dacosta. The lady's statement of the facts of the case and the provisions of the Bill is admirably clear and comprehensive: the gentleman confines himself to the main features of the former, and the chief provisions of the latter, and each arrives at a totally opposite conclusion with reference to the justice, utility, and probable effect of the proposed measure upon the people and the Government. Mr. Dacosta believes that the carrying of the Tenancy Bill would do all those terrible things in Bengal that the Tories, now that their literary faculties are at least half awake, persistently prophesy for England as the result of Liberal legislation, and would in particular "check progress in the work of civilisation which has so successfully been carried on in Bengal for three-quarters of a century." Miss Nightingale concludes as follows:—"The English statesman seeks to conceive and carry out a work of even-handed justice. Let us see that the work be not left half done. Let us see that this great reproach be taken from us. It has been hanging over us for ninety years. As a matter of policy, and for policy's sake, this must be done, and done quickly; for the sake of morality, of humanity, for the sake of *right*, it must be done, and done well." We have two good examples of opportunism in the *Contemporary*, which has been sluggish of late. Mr. Proctor's very interesting paper on "Earth Movements in Java" contains an awful account of the eruption of Galungung last year, an event of which we do not remember to have received any very distinct impression at the time, but by which an entire province was devastated, by hot water and mud, in two hours. Mr. Proctor places before the imagination of his readers a wonderful picture of the earth as it would be if her vulcanian energies were extinct; but he argues from their action that "such disturbances as the recent earthquakes, while disastrous in their effects to those living near the shaken regions, assure us that, as yet, the earth is not near death. She is still full of vitality. Hundreds of thousands of years will still pass before even the beginning of the end is seen in the steady disintegration and removal of the land, without renovation or renewal by the action of subterranean forces." Mr. Heath's "Rise and Fall of Amsterdam" is a singularly interesting and well-written paper, full of information and of suggestions that might well give pause to the Mammon-worshipping city that has so far and so long belied the ancient traditions of *Groote Gods Huisland*. Mr. Archibald Forbes gossips not to much advantage in "Some Social Characteristics of Australia." Criticism of Richardson has been overdone; nevertheless, Mr. Traill's paper on the honest old tradesman's views of naughtiness in high life is very interesting. Now, we hope, we shall hear no more of Clarissa and Pamela, and Sir Charles Grandison; but of course, we wish a distinguished place in every gentleman's library to the new edition of the tiresomest novels that ever were written.

"Somewhat too much of this!" is the sentiment with which we observe an article on "Mr. Irving's Interpretations of Shakespeare," among the contents of the *Fortnightly*. Are we not running through our capital rather recklessly, in this instance? It is to be hoped that Mr. Irving has many famous years before him, but unless he unearths a few dramatists, and produces a fresh repertory (and there is no sign of his doing either), there will soon be nothing left to say about him. Already the Irvingite literature is treading on the heels of the Shakespearian, and the great actor must, we should think, find himself in the mental attitude of the little woman who had her petticoats curtailed by a pedlar "whose name it was Stout." It is rash

to intrude upon the musings of genius, but if Mr. Irving does not sometimes say, "Goodness gracious, bless my soul, sure this is not I!" he must be the most remarkable man in this country, or even in that he is going to. To be sure, a vast amount of the so-called criticism lavished upon Mr. Irving has its origin in the eagerness of certain *littérateurs* to make the world understand that they are the only people who really know what Shakespeare meant, and that they are, on the whole, cleverer fellows; but the ostensible object of these torrents of analytical gush can hardly be expected to admit this consideration for quite all it is worth. Suppose a truce could be declared for the year of *relâche* at the Lyceum, and Mr. Irving be let alone while he is in America! It would be so pleasant for all parties. Mr. Edward Russell is enthusiastic in his praise of Mr. Irving's acting in *Bells*, and we agree with him as to its general excellence. Neither Mr. Russell nor any other critic, so far as we know, has hit the blot of the play, *i.e.*, the entire perversion of the author's idea, by the introduction of the vulgar device of the apparition. The true test of the actor's genius would have been absolute adherence to the purpose of *Le Juif Polonais;* and surely Mr. Irving could have stood that test. Any mere murderer might be frightened by the ghost of his victim and the presentment of his crime; the Erckmann-Chatrian conception was a perfect one; on the stage of the Lyceum it is maimed and spoiled. Again, why has the blunder in the name of the burgomaster not been detected and remedied? The original name is "Mathis," a familiar Christian name in Alsace; while "Mathias" is a totally different, and distinctively Jewish appellation, so that it is even more inappropriate in the instance of the Alsatian burgomaster of the Erckmann-Chatrian play than it would be in an ordinary case. "Why Have a Hangman?" asks Major Arthur Griffiths, and argues that we can find in our prisons "respectable and trustworthy individuals" competent to carry out capital sentences. Very likely, but suppose those respectable and trustworthy individuals do not like to hang people, are they to be made to do it as a part of their regular duties? If so, it had better be largely considered in their wages. We regret to find M. Leroy-Beaulieu contending for the present attitude of France in her foreign policy, and maintaining that the colonial enterprises of his country are commendable in the present and justified by the past. Lady Gregory's pleasant account of "A Tour through Portugal" agreeably supplements Mr. Oswald Crawfurd's charming monograph of that little known country. For the rest, with the exception of Mr. Swinburne's hysterics over Victor Hugo's "Légende des Siècles," the *Fortnightly* is excellent.

Macmillan is excessively, we must say unpardonably, dull, even for October. A dreary essay on corporal punishment in schools, to prove the undisputed proposition that it is not the interest of school teachers to be brutal, and a school-boyish theme on the subject of "Genius," one which really might be allowed to slumber with the New Zealander or the literary Tories, combine to render the number rather hard reading.

We regret to be unable to record any check in the falling-off of the *Cornhill*. Mr. Anstey's serial story, "The Giant's Robe," is not interesting; and its main motive, the appropriation by the hero of a friend's novel, and his passing it off for his own, is not original. Mr. Follett-Synge's novel, "Tom Singleton," is founded on a similar incident; and it has also been dramatised by the latter author, in a piece called *Self*. A pleasant little memoir of Mrs. Opie, very sympathetically written, is the only paper of value this time.

*** *The Library of St. Francis de Sales*, reviewed in our last week's issue under the title of "A Saint's Correspondence," is published by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Reminiscences of an Adventurous Career at Home and the Antipodes. By Alexander Tolmer. 2 vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Tolmer tells the story of his life from his birth down to 1853 in two volumes, which may be calculated to contain about three of the ordinary three-volumed novels. On the Australian continent, books appear, we believe, at the rate of about fifty a year, and a few hundred pages in excess are but of small account, when readers have a leisure so ample. Here, where fifty come out in the week, it is a serious matter. The excessive length of these volumes is the more injudicious, as Mr. Tolmer wants to call attention to his own grievances. These are some thirty years old, and we doubt whether any book would do much to redress them; but if any, it must be something terse and telling. The best part of these reminiscences is that which concerns the author's services in the British Legion that fought for Donna Maria of Portugal. This contains some really amusing anecdotes,—the story, for instance, how Mr. Tolmer and his comrades, being then besieged in Oporto, ingeniously contrived to turn an honest penny at the expense of the enemy. They used to provoke a cannonade from the enemy, by venturing into a cabbage field which was within the range of fire. They got the cabbages, which under the circumstances were very useful, dodged the cannon-balls, and further improved their rations by selling them for ninepence apiece, to be returned from the town batteries. Nobody, it seems, was ever hurt at this pleasant little game. But before we get half through the first volume, we are taken to Australia, and find the story become distinctly tedious. Yet there are even here some things which, were they picked out of the mass, might well be worth telling. Of Mr. Tolmer's case we cannot pretend to judge. We can but mention that he states it at length in his second volume, and prints the official documents which concern it.

Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton. Edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by William Blair, D.D. (Macniven and Wallace.)—This very elegant-looking little volume belongs to a series (with which we make acquaintance for the first time) called "Evangelical Classics." The memoir seems to us excellent. Leighton's position, a prelate in a Church which had as little hold upon the nation as ever a Church supposed to be dominant had, was a very difficult one; Dr. Blair does not, of course, regard it with sympathy; but he is fully appreciative of the man, without, however, closing his eyes to the mistakes which he made. The extracts comprise three sermons, selections from the commentary on I. Peter, and portions of lectures, charges, and letters. Leighton published nothing in his lifetime.

Pen and Pencil Sketches. By W. H. Florio Hutchisson (George Trigger). Edited by Rev. John Wilson. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This volume is made up of the recollections and experiences of Mr. Hutchisson in India, and is divided between political and social matters and sport. Some part of the former portion is obsolete. It refers to the days of the Company, which we are told is "allowed to raise and recruit in Great Britain and Ireland two European regiments," &c., and this without any comment from the editor. This gentleman has Indian experience of his own—if we may judge from his decided views on Indian spelling—and it was his business to point out any matters in which time had made his author obsolete. The sporting papers will probably be read with pleasure by the public to which they appeal.

Red Riding Hood. By Fanny E. Millett Notley. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—This is a story about Nihilism, which seems likely to become a favourite subject for the writers of fiction. Novelty, of course, is desirable, and novelty daily becomes more and more difficult of attainment. But surely Nihilism suggests a very obvious difficulty. The drawing-rooms of duchesses are more or less accessible, and anybody who can pay for the price of a pint of beer may enter a tap-room; even when it is inconvenient to be present in person, it is not difficult to evolve out of one's consciousness what is said and done in such places. But who knows what goes on in the secret councils which doom emperors to death? There is an inclination to rebel, not so much at the imaginary, but at what we know must be imaginary. There has, however, been no great effort of imagination made in this part of *Red Riding Hood*. The hero has broken with his associates, and is doomed, according to custom, to die; the doom, however, is not executed. A minor character is, it is true, poisoned by the agents of the society, but the great catastrophe of the drama is brought about by private vengeance. The story is somewhat slow in its movement in its earlier part. There is far too much fine-writing, for a book which is meant, we suppose, to depend for its chief interest upon incident. Here is a specimen of what has been said before, and said better:—

"The young cling passionately to hope, and as they press forward to their desire, they fling the hours from them impatiently, they count the days heavy and slow; they would fain tread them down beneath their eager feet, forgetting that these are portions of their inheritance, their share of time; and each day falls into its place in that strange mosaic pattern they are weaving, upon which they will look back in age and say, in wonder and sorrow, 'That was my life.'"

In the third volume there is a manifest improvement. The action is vigorous, and the plot well contrived. Is not this, by the way, a new arrangement of familiar words?—

"Que diable allait-il faire
Dans cette galère?"

The British Navy: its Strength, Resources, and Administration. By Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P. Vol. IV. (Longmans.)—Sir Thomas Brassey completes in this volume his work on the British Navy with a number of miscellaneous papers, Parliamentary speeches, letters, addresses, &c., to which, in some cases, additions have been made.

The subjects are dockyards, reserves, training, and pensions. We have in these six hundred pages a vast mass of facts, for which we should have been more thankful if they had been given with more arrangement. As it is, they form a vast labyrinth, to which the index is scarcely an unfailing clue. One of these facts, of a more consolatory sort than Navy facts commonly are, we may quote:—"The repairs of iron ships are very much less costly than those of wooden ships; and the proportion of their cost seems to be diminishing. In eight years, the annual cost of repairs to the 'Warrior' was *one twenty-fifth* of the original cost, in the case of the 'Bellerophon' it was *one thirty-third part*, in the 'Inviucible' class *one-eightieth*."

Poetry.—*The Son of Shelomith.* By L. M. Thornton. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Shelomith is a Hebrew woman, married to an Egyptian prince, who perishes in the overthrow in the Red Sea. Her son is the hero of this drama. His courage, wisdom, loftiness of soul, and purity of purpose stand out in striking contrast to the fickleness, turbulence, and meanness of the Israelites in whose camp he is a sojourner. To point this contrast, and generally, to put the matter quite plainly, to make the reader realise that the worship of Jehovah was a cruel and degrading superstition, seems to have been one of the "motives of his own taste and convenience" which actuated the author in composing this drama. There can be no mistaking the purpose of the following:—

"Thine be the glory, Lord!
Thine is the high command,
Thine, not ours, the slaughtering sword
And the red and ruthless hand.
For human hearts are frail and weak
And flinch with pity and faint with toil,
The hand would scanty vengeance wreak,
The eye be sick at the curdled soil,
Were not the fire of Thy wrath
A lamp in our terrible path,
Did not the might of Thy word alway
Kindle the soft and rouse the slow
To smite by night, and smite by day,
And spurn the pangs of the dying foe."

The controversy is an old one which we do not care to renew; but it is a fatal mistake to make it the motive of a work of art. Mr. Thornton's choral odes are not of high quality; the extract given represents them fairly well. The blank verse rises to a higher level. It is modulated with skill, and not unfrequently reaches a force and dignity worthy of its subject. The dedication to the drama is written in Latin hexameters, a metre in which Mr. Thornton certainly does not excel. The last line, *e.g.*, where we look for something very noble in sound, is sadly weak:—

"Cælum esse, esse diem, solisque ignes et alandam."

"Abdita lumine nostro" can hardly mean, as it should, "hidden from our eyes;" and "renovabile" is not a Latin word.——*The More Excellent Way.* (Macmillan.)—The speaker in this poem utters a long soliloquy, in which he meditates on the problems of existence. The soliloquy is interrupted by a vision, and the vision, again, is interpreted by an angel whose teaching is summed up in the stanza:—

"But, as I said, I spoke not of my creed;
The vision that appeared to thee said not
'Believe'; but 'Do'; and in this word I read
That blessed faith is not to be my lot,
But only the salvation to be got
By charity—salvation from the hell
Of Thought's consuming fire; and therefore what
The vision taught thee I was sent to tell,
And now, my son, adjure thee to obey. Farewell."

And on this advice the speaker acts. All this is put in the most difficult metrical form which a young versifier's ambition can attempt, the Spenserian stanza. The author of this volume is manifestly unable to manage it. If our readers wish to be satisfied of this, let them take another stanza:—

"O Death, beneath this lonely moon-lit sky,
The thought of thee lets loose an agony:
Thou mystery within a mystery,
The darkness of the dark infinity
Is darkened darker by thy darkness; *thy*
Terrific spirit broods upon the deep,
And shades the shadows of uncertainty
Beneath the shadow of thy wings, that *sweep*
Me to the awful certainty of unknown sleep."

If the necessary rhymes cannot be made out except by such violent dislocations as those which we have italicised, surely it were better to try something simpler. The thought of the poem does not seem to us to rise above the ordinary level of prose.——*Summer Dreams.* By Henry Rose. (W. Isbister.)—Mr. Rose has a certain gift for description of nature. Some of his landscapes and foregrounds in the series of poems which follows the prelude of "The Mill" are executed with feeling and skill. But his metrical power is deficient; and we cannot make out that in his tales or his reflections he has anything very striking to say.——*The Lay of the Lady Ida: and other Poems.* By J. J. Britton. (Remington.)—Mr. Britton has studied Mr. Tennyson's verse with much care, we should say, and not without some good result. Here is a sample:—

"The fountains in the court
Leapt up from marble bowls to greet the sun
And, at their height, paused, broke, and breaking, fell
Like to a life's high yearnings and their fall:
A peacock on the broad smooth terrace steps
Spread proudly all his wealth of gold and green:
Pages were loitering in a corner's shade
Chatt'ng belike of kisses lately snatched
From waiting women of the princess' train,
And last, the princess' self, encircled round
With some of these, came over the smooth sward,
Paused by the fountains, entered th n the house.
'She comes' the painter thought, 'and always takes
This road, the longest, to her inmost bower,
Some hope in that—small hope, if such it be.
Yet, what am I to have so much? peace, peace.'
Then, as the silken rustle filled the door,
He bent his lowest, courtliest bow."

The resemblance in lines three and four to "And like a broken purpose waste in air," is a little too marked. But Mr. Britton has much yet to learn from his master, whom he certainly will not find using such a pause as this:—

"And in the day a fascination *draws*
Me ever to that gallery."

The story is of a painter who loves a maiden of a princely house, and when doomed to die for his presumption is found to be himself the long-missing heir. It is told with some skill and command of language. The long ballad poem, too, "Bertha," shows considerable power of execution. Mr. Britton makes progress in his art; and if he will remember that he has as yet got but a little way, he may yet do well.

Novels.—*Squire Lisle's Bequest.* By Annie Beale. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—There is a considerable element of romance in Miss Beale's story, and it is a kind of romance which is pretty sure to attract the interest of readers. Most of us have had day-dreams, at some time or other, of coming into great inheritances. The incident, too, has the advantage of corresponding more than many romantic incidents do to real facts. We hear very often of poor people suddenly lifted up to heights of prosperity—commonly, it is to be feared, very much to their injury—by unexpected bequests or regular devolution of the property of intestates. Miss Beale introduces into her story a missing heir, and does it with a fairly satisfactory skill, though the experienced reader will be, perhaps, too well prepared for the dénouement. Still, the tale is interesting. It has, too, other attractions. The character of Aveline is uncommonly pleasing. A sweeter picture of a girl we have seldom seen. The French retired teacher, too, is excellently drawn, though we may remark that he must have been exceptionally fortunate in having his property restored to him by the French Government. This, we fancy, has been a very uncommon experience. Praise, too, must be given to the drawing of the characters of the four sisters. Their resemblances and their differences are marked with a skill that is nothing less than subtle. We much admire the tact with which Miss Beale has worked out the development, which a nature substantially the same in these four women, a nature petty and narrow, but not radically evil, receives under the various circumstances under which they are placed. We cannot but remark on the strange liberties which Miss Beale, whose literary experience really ought to keep her from such doings, takes with the English language. A woman is said to be "ac credited drowned," instead of "believed to have been drowned." We read, when something becomes known, that it "evolved." A witness who confirms the statements of another is said to "invalidate" them.——*The Waters of Marah.* By John Hill. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—Mr. Hill makes his story out of one of what may be called the cross-purposes of life. Caspar Rosenfeld has a father who is a swindling usurer, and a sister who is an unprincipled adventuress, and he falls in love with a very beautiful young woman, who is already engaged to a very commonplace lover. Caspar is already cynical when we first meet with him, and the progress of events does not tend to reconcile him with life and human nature. The story of his unhappy love is the chief thread in the plot. There are other threads, very loosely connected with it. We hear about Mr. Claudius Faringdon, a selfish *roué*, and Mr. Malcolm Faringdon, the lover aforesaid; how the former sank the greater part of his property in an annuity, to the detriment of his heir, and how the latter fell into the hands of the money-lenders. Then there is the young fellow who acts as a sort of chorus to the drama, Charlie Deane; and he also has a love, which comes to a happier result. There is a certain cleverness in the writing, though the story is but indifferently constructed, and, to our mind, even tiresome. Mr. Hill has, we should say, some knowledge of books, and can quote appropriately on occasion.——*Colonel and Mrs. Revel.* By Laslett Lyle. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—The most noticeable thing about this novel is that the bicycle appears in it, for the first time to our knowledge, in fiction. Colonel Revel—we fancy that not many colonels ride on bicycles, as the riding is a recent accomplishment, and can scarcely be acquired at the average age of colonels—meets with a serious accident, and is helped by Gladys, the heroine. The two say to each other not more than the occasion requires. She brings the wounded man water, and gets his flask out of his pocket. Then the doctor arrives, and drives his patient off to the surgery. But behold the result. "Gladys awoke on the following morning in love." Surely this is a little hasty. Even in the tropics such instantaneous love would be a little surprising. In these colder latitudes it looks like insanity. Then follows a marriage, which turns out as might be expected. Altogether, this is a dismal story, not redeemed, as far as we can see, by any power of thought or of

literary expression.——*Was it Worth the Cost?* By Mrs. Eiloart. (White.)—This is a healthy and unpretentious, and therefore a commendable and tolerably successful novel. Mrs. Eiloart places her chief scenes in a cathedral town, to which she gives the name of Carminster. But she very wisely does not compete with the late Mr. Anthony Trollope as a painter of clerical "types." She contents herself with letting us have glimpses of the circles in which move an honest ex-Quaker of a draper, and a dishonest, Jewish-looking (no doubt, he is dishonest because he is Jewish-looking) ironmonger. Honest Mount's pretty, but rather weak daughter, Nellie, and dishonest Keightley's perfect paragon of a son, Arthur, fall in love with each other in a railway-carriage, while the one is reading the *Queen*, and the other the *Spectator*. Misfortune falls on Mount, something worse than misfortune on Keightley. The gallant Arthur, now engaged to Nellie, puts his shoulder to the wheel, gives up a promising career as a barrister, and takes to his father's "shop." But Nellie has not courage to marry him and "live above the shop." Rather she prefers a naughty baronet, who has conceived a genuine passion for her. But Sir Brooke Cornill is a very naughty baronet indeed, for he has not only run away with another man's wife, but when that other dies does not marry his widow. Arthur Keightley furnishes Mount with proofs of Cornill's villainy on Nellie's marriage-day, and, of course, there is no marriage. Nellie quickly repents, and gradually gains in strength of character; the good genius of the story, Georgie Wade, although in love with Arthur herself, tenders her good services, and,—but we shall say no more. The naughty baronet is not a success; he and his wickedness are, indeed, but shadows. Mrs. Pounsford, Nellie's aunt, and the marplot of the story, are very well drawn, and so are the members of the Mount and Keightley households. Mrs. Eiloart has written worse novels than *Was it Worth the Cost?* She may write better, but hardly in a "line" better suited to her.

Books Received.—*The Westminster Assembly: its History and Standards*, being "The Baird Lecture for 1882," by Alexander F. Mitchell, D.D. (Nisbet and Co.)—*Three Lectures on the Church of Scotland.* By Robert Rainy, D.D. A new edition. (Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh.)—*The Government of God, embracing Agnosticism, Evolution, and Christianity.* By William Woods Smyth. (Elliot Stock.)—*The Creed of a Modern Agnostic*, by Richard Bethell, B.Sc. (Routledge), from which we may quote a sentence:—"The designs, intentions, hopes, and moral judgments of mankind are daily and hourly traversed, and thwarted, if not subverted, by the operations of those laws which have their origin in that great Creative Power which our *faith* can trust, but which our *intellect* can never know." Such agnosticism is better than some dogmatism.—*The Pedigree of the Devil*, by Frederic T. Hall (Trübner), is a learned effort to trace to early ideas and beliefs, and to innate or, in any case, common ideas in the human mind the belief in a great power of Spiritual Evil.—*The Mystery of Being; or, What Do We Know?* By J. Tyler. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*The Spiritual World, and our Children There.* By the Rev. Chauncy Giles. (James Spiers.)—*Holiness in Daily Life*, by George Tugwell, M.A. (Walter Smith.)—*A Companion to the Holy Communion, with a Prefatory Office for Confession*, by a Layman. (Pickering.) "A fifth edition."—*Sunset Gleams; or, Progress from Doubt to Faith.* From the French of A. D. Schaeffer. Translated by Frederick Ash Freer. (Elliot Stock.)

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for October:—*Art and Letters*, commencing a new volume.—The *Magazine of Art*, concluding Volume VI.—Part 12 of *Greater London*, concluding Volume I.—The *Army and Navy Magazine.*—*Colburn's United Service Magazine.*—The *Irish Monthly.*—The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the "Science Notes" in which Mr. Mattieu Williams refutes a popular error in connection with the discovery of coal in Belgium.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*—*Belgravia.*—*London Society.*—*Science Gossip.*—*Chambers's Journal*, to which a London artisan contributes a sensibly written article on "Workmen's Homes and Public-houses."—*Good Words.*—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*, in which the story of "The Two Little Crusoes" is concluded.—*All the Year Round.*—*Cassell's Magazine.*—The *Sunday at Home*, which seems to have adopted the plan of giving a complete serial story in the numbers comprised in the monthly part.—The *Leisure Hour.*—The *Sunday Magazine*, containing the first of a series of papers on astronomy, by E. W. Maunder.—*Letts's Magazine.*—No. 1 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, the contents of which are of a light and entertaining character. The journal will in all probability become popular with young people.—The *Animal World.*—No. 1 of *Pitman's Musical Monthly.*—The *Ladies' Treasury.*—*Harper's Monthly*, a good number.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Ali (M. C.), Proposed Political, Legal, and Social Reforms, 8vo ...(Trübner) 8/0
Allen (G.), Flowers and their Pedigrees, cr 8vo .....(Longman) 7/6
Allen (G. B.), Forms of Indorsement, cr 8vo .....(Stevens) 18/0
Aunt Louisa's Ships, &c., 4to.....(Warne) 5/0
Beresford (W.), The History of Lichfield, 12mo .....(S.P.C.K.) 2/6
Bishop (H. H.), Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles, 4to.....(S.P.C.K.) 4/0
Boussenard (L.), Crusoes of Guinana, cr 8vo .....(S. Low & Co.) 7/6
Bramston (M.), Home and School, cr 8vo .....(S.P.C.K.) 2/6
Buchanan (R.), The Poet's Sketch-book, cr 8vo .....(Chatto & Windus) 6/0
Bullock (J. D.), Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe (Bentley) 21/0
Buxton (J. W.), The Elements of Military Administration (C. K. Paul & Co.) 7/6
Campbell (H. F.), Word Study, 12mo.....(Longman) 1/6
Cazenove (J. G.), St. Hilary of Poitiers, &c., 12mo.....(S.P.C.K.) 2/0
Chaffers (W.), Gilda Anrifabrorum, 8vo .....(W. H. Allen) 18/0
Ciccro's First Four Philippic Orations, translated by J. R. King ...(Simpkin) 2/6
Cooke (G. W.), George Eliot, a Critical Study, cr 8vo .....(S. Low & Co.) 10/6
Coote (W.), Western Pacific, 12mo.....(S. Low & Co.) 2/6
Cornish (K. D.), Phœbe's Pool, 16mo .....(Masters) 2/6
Cowper (W.), Selections from, by Mrs. Oliphant, 12mo.....(Macmillan) 4/6
Daisy Dimple's Scrap-book, 4to .....(Cassell & Co.) 5/0
Dante's Purgatorio, by W. S. Dugdale, cr 8vo .....(Bell) 5/0
Davies (G. C.), The Norfolk Broads, cr 8vo .....(Blackwood) 14/0
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The Essays to be sent in on or before June 30th, 1884. Further particulars may be obtained from the Assistant-Secretary, at the Office of the Society, King's College Entrance, Strand, London, W.C.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Spanish incident in Paris is not yet closed. A good deal of needless mystery is kept up, but, according to the best accounts, the Spanish Government demanded that an official report of M. Grévy's apology should be published in the *Journal Officiel*. The French Government, in reply, published a Note, stating that the report in the "Havas Intelligence" was correct—which it was not—but refused to do anything further. The Spanish Ministry, which has for some time been divided in opinion, thereupon resigned, and will be succeeded by one much more Liberal, which will, it is understood, withdraw the Embassy from Paris. The two countries, therefore, will be formally at variance, probably for months, because M. Challemel-Lacour cannot bring himself to repeat formally what has already been informally said. M. Grévy, it is believed, is entirely opposed to this policy, as he is to all foreign expeditions; but he has accepted General Campenon as Minister at War, and the Cabinet is, therefore, in the hands of Gambettists, who hold the Premiership, the Foreign Office, the War Ministry, and the Department of the Interior. It remains to be seen whether they have a majority in the Chamber.

The Gambettists rely upon the support of the Extreme Left, which in Paris has become to a high degree Chauvinist. M. Rochefort is for making no apology at all, and even M. Clémenceau, in *La Justice*, says enough has been done,—that General Thibaudin ought not to have been dismissed, and that if the Powers wish France to respect them, they must respect her. All this is very foolish, as is also the breaking-off of negotiations with China. They have ceased, and the French Government issues reports of victories in Tonquin, which, however, amount only to this. M. Harmand, the Civil Commissioner, finding, as is officially admitted, that his troops could not move, "from the state of the roads," bought off some of the Black Flags, or Tonquinese Francs-tireurs, who accordingly dispersed. The road is therefore clear to Sontay, and the French think that when the reinforcements arrive and occupy that station, the Cabinet of Pekin will be intimidated. They do not in the least understand the patient policy of China, or the impossibility that the Government of the Empress-Mother should surrender Tonquin to anything but superior force. The dynasty would not be safe. In this matter, again, much, if not all, depends upon the Chamber, which meets on the 22nd.

If it be a success to make Irishmen hate one another, Sir S. Northcote's tour in Ulster has been a great success. He has said very little, except that the Union must be maintained; but he has enabled all Orangemen and a great many Catholics to show that they are as ready for civil war as ever. A great many Englishmen, including some Liberals, hold that to be a healthy position of affairs, because, they say, while Ireland is divided secession is impossible. Secession is impossible anyhow, without British consent, as all Home-rulers, even the wildest, admit, and we believe the idea of deriving benefit from Irish divisions is as inaccurate as immoral. In the first place, the quarrel between North and South makes the proposal of any *modus vivendi* between Britain and Ireland impossible; and in the second place, the hatred of the south towards England is mainly caused by the attitude of the north. It is because Catholic Ireland confuses England as she is with her old vanguard, the Orange party, that she hates England so hard. The division, moreover, makes Ireland unreasonable to a needless degree, the southerners losing the whole benefit of the northerners' grip of facts, and the northerners the whole advantage of the southerners' perception of what the majority want. If Irishmen could only pull together, there must come reason into their councils, and it is reason that is wanted. We could compromise with Scotland, if Scotchmen all hated us as their forefathers did.

Most men, in these dull times, will read the speech of the Marquis of Waterford, who followed Sir Stafford Northcote, with a certain intellectual pleasure. It is not often one comes across anything so consistent and so thorough-going. The Marquis is for governing by pure repression. He would prohibit meetings, "act stringently," and refuse all reforms. He would reject the smallest measure of local self-government, however plausible it might appear, and would refuse votes to the labourers, because they might become Home-rulers. All this he defended on the ground of the supreme interest of the kingdom in maintaining the Union. Lord Waterford forgets the grand objection to his plan. It has been tried for three hundred years, and at the end, Catholic Ireland enthrones Protestant Parnell because he promises that the Union shall come to an end. An absolute Government might govern Ireland for twenty years by pure repression, and so greatly enrich her; but it would not bring the true Union of the Islands one whit nearer.

As a rule, while in Ulster, Sir Stafford Northcote carefully avoided saying anything of the slightest interest to any living being, except that the Union must be maintained. Upon Saturday, however, he dropped some very curious hints as to his theory of representation. It is very American. He showed his hearers that Ulster, if fairly represented, would have forty-four Members, instead of twenty-nine; and that Belfast alone, if represented like Connaught, would be entitled to eight. That is true enough, more especially if taxation and numbers be taken together as bases of representation; but the principle involved is equal electoral districts, and we want to know if Sir Stafford really means that. Will he concede the proper mathematical addition to Scotland; and above all, will he recognise the claims of the Metropolis? London within the postal area is entitled to one hundred Members, and if taxation is included as well as numbers, to one hundred and fifty. Will Sir Stafford Northcote accept that conclusion? We do not believe it, though there is a curious rumour that the Tory chiefs would like a mathematically perfect scheme, which would give London and the populous counties enormous weight in the House of Commons. They think they could carry them. Still, we expect the Tory rank and file to show some respect to history, and if they do, Ulster cannot obtain nearly half the representation of Ireland.

The funeral of Turguenieff, the Russian novelist, on October 9th, at St. Petersburg, was raised to the dignity of a national event. No less than 126 deputations from every part of the Empire, including the Caucasus, Finland, Siberia, and even Central Asia, attended, as did representatives from all the newspapers, colleges, and dramatic associations of the two capitals. The crowds which followed were enormous, and so acute were the fears entertained by Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the

Interior, that all arrangements were previously revised by him, all speeches submitted to his censorship, and large numbers of Cossacks and gendarmes held in reserve to attack the procession, if it grew disorderly. No disturbances occurred, but of course the speeches were without interest, though it is said the Government is deeply moved by the universality of the demonstration. The official feeling is the more remarkable, because Turguenieff, though he represented with such force the prevalent temper of Russians, their despair under their system, was utterly opposed to Nihilism, which he thought an absurdity, and to insurrection, which he considered hopeless. It must be remembered that the entire absence of popular politicians in Russia gives to popular littérateurs, who alone can present thought with any degree of freedom, an even exaggerated importance. Turgueuieff, besides being himself, was to Russians a Liberal leader.

The British in Egypt have at last attempted to force one practical reform upon the Egyptian Ministry. Acting, it is believed, upon the advice of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, now Adviser-General to the Department of the Interior, the Ministry in Cairo have ordered the Governors of Provinces to visit the gaols, to examine the prisoners, and to release those who are innocent,—a duty which will be zealously performed, and be most profitable to the officers who perform it. Still, though bribery will increase, suffering will be diminished. For the future, all gaolers are to refuse to receive the prisoners sent in, unless they are forwarded by some competent and responsible authority. That is the true rule, if only it can be enforced; but then, can it? The gaoler's patron is the man who imprisons at will, and the gaoler will not affront his patron until the law makes him penally liable for his conduct. We fear the only effective method of preventing false arrest would be to authorise resistance; but to this no Asiatic Government will consent. The next best way would be to have none but European gaolers, or gaol inspectors; but then, that involves precisely the system of direct government which it has been resolved not to introduce.

Sir Evelyn Wood on Wednesday gave the Fishmongers' Company a most gratifying account of the progress made in forming an Egyptian Army. He had drilled and organised 6,000 natives, with whom, it is said—he did not say it—he is willing to answer for order without British troops; and in the whole force, from the time he took the command, corporal punishment has not been inflicted once. The men were ruled mainly by their confidence in their European officers. That is excellent, though it shows that Europeans are the proper and not the improper class to entrust with power, but it needs to be further supplemented. That Egyptian sepoys will be orderly and obedient in peace-time under lenient treatment will be believed by all who know them, but will a discipline without terrors hold under shells and bullets? Will not the men, who respect and like, but do not dread their officers, try to save themselves? They may not, for officers who are never struck do not run away; but this, and not order in cantonments, is the main point. The object of drill is to repress the natural human fear of shells and bayonets, by inspiring a greater fear of the consequences of skulking. Have the Egyptians got that, as well as a liking for order?

Mr. Osborne Morgan made, on Monday, an able speech to the people of Wrexham, upon the necessity of stricter organisation in the Liberal Party. The next election would be fought under the Corrupt Practices Act and with household franchise in the counties, and a great number of "independent" candidates would be tempted into the field. Already an independent candidate, about whom he could discover nothing, had been started for Denbighshire. He held it best to beware of such men, who were almost universally either Conservative wolves in Liberal fleeces, or men who cared mainly for themselves. He distinctly advocated the caucus, as the only feasible method of feeling the pulse of great constituencies, and attributed the defeat of 1874 to the absence of such organisations. There is no need to abuse the independent candidates, who will often be fanatic philanthropists, and not self-seeking at all; but the necessity for Mr. Morgan's caution is becoming more apparent every day. When the counties are enfranchised, we shall always have a labour candidate and a farmers' candidate, and unless a previous agreement can be obtained, the landlords' candidate will beat both. A man who votes for any but the accepted candidate of his party must be held to wish its defeat. The rest of Mr Morgan's speech was of the ordinary party kind, except that he praised the Welsh Members for their great Parliamentary virtue, —silence, whenever speech was equivalent to obstruction.

A well-informed correspondent of the *Times* declares that the ancient and severe repression of the Russian Press has within two years become more determined than ever. The provincial newspapers are all subjected to the "previous censorship," which makes free speech impossible; and the newspapers of great cities, when too Liberal, are now subjected to the same rule. All officials are forbidden to give news to the journals, and a kind of monopoly is secured to the "Northern Agency," which both exports and imports news, and which is under the strictest official censorship. The journals struggle uselessly against this tyranny, as the Departments have power to prevent their sale, to prohibit their advertisements, and to punish their editors, besides enjoying a right to issue circulars commanding that such and such subjects or events be not discussed. Fourteen such circulars were issued in 1882. Of course, all these efforts are ineffectual for their end, Russia being full of secret literature, and men learning the news as they used to do before newspapers were, and do still in most parts of Asia. The repression only accentuates the permanent quarrel between the Government and the educated, and increases indefinitely the danger arising from false statements. When there are no free newspapers, a Government may be accused of anything; its enemies will believe the story, and the Government may remain ignorant till the explosion comes. That happened repeatedly just before the French Revolution.

We have noted elsewhere one grand difficulty of governing France through a Chamber wielding sovereign power, namely, its possible incompetence to manage negotiations. There is, however, another. The Chamber is as extravagant as an extravagant Sovereign. The Deputies seem unable to resist any demands, and grant votes for the Army, for public works, and for fortifications, as if the revenue came out of a mine, instead of taxpayers' pockets. M. Tirard, the Finance Minister, now admits officially that the deficit will be £2,000,000 sterling, and proposes to meet it only by reductions on the interest allowed to some Military funds. At the same time, the Budget of the Army has been swollen by vote after vote, until it has reached the immense sum of £24,000,000 a year. Yet the French Army is only on a peace footing, and the great difficulty, which can only be met by more expense, the supply of competent non-commissioned officers, still embarrasses and enfeebles the regiments. Some day we shall all recognise, we greatly fear, that the temptation of democracies is not an "ignorant impatience of taxation," but an ignorant readiness to spend. There is a healthy meanness in Kings and aristocrats, which the peoples are without.

The French are quite alarmed at the number of foreigners who crowd into France. It has rapidly increased of late years, and now includes 1,001,000 persons, nearly a thirtieth of all the souls in France. About one-half of the immigrants are Belgians, but the Italians are coming in regiments, and the Spaniards, and even the Germans, rapidly increase. The French statists dislike the movement, but it keeps up a population which otherwise would decline, and it may be taken as a rule that the country which can attract immigrants can absorb them. We have no men more English than the sons of the Germans who begin to swarm into our cities. In Switzerland, where everythings depends upon a vote, there is much more reason for alarm, some Cantons—Neufchâtel, for instance—receiving immigrants in excess of the native-born population. The rush of Europe towards America is now perceived to be a movement of importance to the world, though 80 per cent. of all inhabitants of the Union are still native-born; but the internal movement of the peoples among the European States has received little attention. It is, however, worth notice. There are provinces in Germany which are nearly Slav, and counties in Scotland in which the base of the population is Milesian Irish.

Some members of the Metropolitan Board of Works are not pleased with the letter from the Treasury, discussed elsewhere in our columns, refusing to extend the grant of the coal and wine duties after 1889. They say they did not ask the extension in order to borrow more money, for they always borrow on the security of the assessed value of London, which is as

good as anything, except possibly the State's promise. They asked in order to avoid the sudden jump in the rates by 2½d. in the pound which must occur in 1889, if the coal dues are abolished. They repudiate the implied imputation of extravagance, showing that the rate was as high in 1867 as at present, and that London has all the benefit of their improvements. They also deny that they have borrowed £8,000,000 in five years, £3,000,000 of that sum having been lent to Local Boards with borrowing powers of their own,—a bad system, as the high credit of the central Board makes lesser Boards careless in spending the money obtained so cheaply. The writers, whoever they are, argue well, but miss, naturally, the essential point of the whole matter. Why should they decide that communication across the Thames is worth an expenditure of millions, or that a coal tax is a good tax? Such points are either for a true representative Municipality, which can be turned out if it blunders, or for Parliament.

Mr. Teale, a surgeon of standing, is President this year of the Health Department of the Social Science Congress, and in his address on Monday he attacked modern education, on a partly new ground. While repeating the assertion that children were often unduly pressed by the present system, on which we have said a word elsewhere, he brought forward the special case of the Pupil-teachers. He declared emphatically that they were overworked. In addition to preparing for a severe examination essential to their career as masters, and, indeed, necessary to their livelihood, which involves a full day's toil, they were employed for five and a half hours a day in the fatiguing work of drilling little children in their lessons, and maintaining their attention. That is a dreary picture, but is the work much harder than that of any other apprentice, say in a printing-office? It may be more exhausting, if the Pupil-teacher hates it, but then one object of the whole system is to keep out of the schools those who detest teaching. We must admit, however, as we do elsewhere, that a case is being made out for inquiry through the Department itself, during which the severe labour imposed on all school teachers should not be forgotten. Weariness is the root of much of the bitterness, tempered by resignation, so often found in the class.

We are not entirely in favour in Asiatic countries of what is called "equality" between Europeans and natives. It is sometimes needful, in order to secure to the European his leadership, without which he can do nothing, to protect him against the injustice of jealous rivals; but occasionally he renders the task of supporting him intolerably difficult. He has an innate and apparently unconscious arrogance that is almost inexplicable. The China correspondent of the *Times*, for example, a well-informed man, often very moderate, complains this week that when Shanghai was formed, the land of the settlement was "unfortunately" not reserved exclusively for foreigners, and rich Chinamen, flying before intestine troubles, actually bought bits of it. "Hence all our actual and potential difficulties, sanitary and political." That notion of our feebleness in allowing the Chinese to buy at our prices land in their own country would be incredible, but that it is justice, compared with the ideas of South-African colonists. It is, we believe, a law in the diamond fields that though a native may dig for wages as much as he will, he must not own a "claim" or possess a diamond. If he does, he is flogged, the presumption being that he is a thief. He has not, of course, the claim of the Chinaman, being usually as much an immigrant as the Englishman; but this cool denial of any right at all is monstrous. No wonder that in Canton the Chinese are suspicious of the equity of the Consular Courts, as suspicious as we are all over the world of any but European Judges.

A remarkable report by Mr. Shirley Murphy, Medical Officer of St. Pancras, on the recent outbreak of typhoid in that parish, was read on Wednesday. It showed conclusively that the disease was conveyed through the milk consumed in the houses affected. These houses, 276 in number, were subject to the ordinary influences, were no worse drained than their neighbours, and were not specially poisoned by neighbourhood to the Regent's Canal. Of the 431 persons attacked, however, 220 are customers of Mr. X, milk vendor, and supplied by his carriers, 130 send for milk from his shop; and eighteen received it from Mr. Y, who is only a middleman for Mr. X. In one large tenement house in Islington, with sixty-two apartments, all who bought milk elsewhere escaped; but of the fifteen families which dealt with Mr. X, not one was without a case of fever. Further inquiry showed that not all of Mr. X's customers were affected, but only those supplied from one farm in Hertfordshire, where the cattle drank from a pond into which the water of a neighbouring cesspool percolated. And, of course, when the history of this cesspool was traced, it was found that persons had recently used it known to have been afflicted with typhoid fever. We wonder if cholera is ever conveyed in this way. It is supposed to be always conveyed in water; but nothing is more puzzling than the way in which it will apparently jump over houses supplied with water from the same source.

The *Standard* publishes a letter from a correspondent at Colombo, stating that on September 5th,—"We witnessed a very extraordinary phenomenon on Sunday, about five p.m., when we were driving on the Galle Face promenade. Minnie looked up and said, 'Look how bright the moon is!' It was the sun, at that time a pale, yellowy-white colour; a little later on, it changed into a deep pea-green colour, and then a spot could be distinctly seen on the face of the sun, with the naked eye, for about ten minutes, during the whole of which time we could look at the sun without its making the eyes blink or feel uncomfortable. The spot was near the centre of the left outer circumference, was triangular in shape, and nearly the size of a florin." The phenomenon of a green sun was witnessed also in Southern India, and appears to have been due to the floating over the continent of a huge body of sulphuretted vapour thrown out from Krakatoa, in the eruption of August 27th. If that is correct, the vapour had travelled in the upper region of the air at the rate of 300 miles a day.

Those who are interested in watching the change in the modern religious temper should read carefully the address of Dr. Fairbairn, Principal of the Independent College, Airedale, Bradford, delivered before the Congregational Union on Tuesday. Its object was to describe the position of modern thought, especially sceptical thought, in relation to Christianity, and though of course orthodox, it was penetrated throughout by an admirable fairness. Dr. Fairbairn treated the modern movement as an outburst of naturalism, a new effort to get behind Christ and find a basis for religion in Nature. There is not a sentence in his speech to which a just-minded agnostic could object, though he might not like the icy way in which he is told that the modern movement is a revival, rather than a progress, that M. Renan is very like Celsus, and that Mr. Matthew Arnold is "a modernised Lucian, with better manners, more religion, and a higher mind." We cannot summarise the address, which ended in a strong appeal to the audience to introduce their religion into the affairs of life, until "Secularism should have no excuse for its being;" but its tone was as unlike the narrow bigotry often attributed to Dissent as it is possible to conceive. Dissenters must, however, pardon us if we say that thirty years since it could not have been delivered, or would have been pronounced there and then an example of the evil tolerance of scepticism which was impeding the Word. Dr. Fairbairn did not swear enough at heresy, for the older members.

Sir Evelyn Baring will not, we venture to predict, be long popular in Egypt. He is too independent of the opinion of the European Colony, which considers that in many respects it is "Europe" present on the spot. This colony is eager for the payment of the indemnities, and on the 5th inst. waited on Sir Evelyn to urge him to press the Government on the matter. Sir Evelyn refused point-blank, telling the deputation that he saw no ground for exercising pressure, and that the request came with a bad grace from men who claimed immunity from local taxation. Perhaps he might have been a little gentler with advantage. He is entirely in the right, and the indemnity, though politic, is oppressive; but as it has been granted and the awards made, the money should be paid. It must be found, sooner or later, and an indefinite delay is only cruel to the Europeans, some of whom have not exaggerated their claims, without being beneficial to the Egyptian Treasury. Sir Evelyn Baring scarcely ever made a blunder in India, but he often made needless enemies.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ENGLISH COLLECTIVISM.

IS English Liberalism about to undergo a change, to modify its traditional doctrines, and to accept, whether with pleasure or reluctance, a strong infusion of "Socialism?" It is quite time to ask the question, and there could hardly be a better opportunity than the present lull in politics. To us it seems clear that the tendency exists, and that the school of thought which on the Continent is called Collectivism, though greatly modified by the English desire for compromise and for concrete plans, is gaining ground visibly among us. We do not rely merely on the wide circulation of that dreamy and dangerous book by Mr. George on the nationalisation of the land, or on the speeches now frequently made in gatherings of distressed men; we see the spread of the school in much higher quarters. The disposition of Parliament to override the claims of individuals when opposed to the interests, real or presumed, of the whole people becomes, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* so frequently points out, more marked in every Session. An appreciable section of Radical candidates begin to base their claims to popular favour upon "philanthropy," sometimes pulpy, occasionally, perhaps, factitious, but often quite genuine, and even practical. The political littérateurs who have so much initiative in English politics, though not often great weight, are bringing forward, in all manner of magazines, journals, and pamphlets, schemes which thirty years ago would have been pronounced ridiculous, and which are one and all penetrated with the same thought, that the whole community should make great, sometimes indeed huge, pecuniary sacrifices, in order that the lower mass should have more enjoyment of their lives. Lecturers go many degrees further than the littérateurs, and the active section of the clergy, who come daily into contact with misery, and who have not much to lose, are often inclined to go further than both. The spirit is catching the new generation, and we are constantly amazed to find that the *Spectator*, which Tories often think so rabid, is pronounced by younger Liberals a little antiquated in its views, and incapable of appreciating advanced philanthropic schemes. And yet we should have said that the *Spectator*, too, was a little bitten, and that an article such as we published a fortnight since, on "Children's Dinners," would twenty years ago hardly have appeared in its columns. Some of the proposals current, besides being philanthropic, are gigantic, and three at least are slowly gliding out of the region of speculation into that of practical politics. But for the opposition of Irish theorists, State-aided Emigration on a considerable scale would be already before Parliament as a positive and not a tentative proposal. Both parties are becoming slowly pledged to the most vast of all Collectivist schemes, the "rehousing of the people." And that some measure will be brought forward for the bettering of the people in the Scotch Highlands and Islands which will be essentially Collectivist in tone, if not in form, those who have watched recent events with attention hardly doubt. The English will not long endure a conflict between the laws and the happiness of the only Celtic race whom they regard, possibly in part on sentimental grounds, but in the main for sound reasons, with cordial affection and esteem.

We have no objection to the movement, which, when investigated, is an outcome of Christianity, and could not arise in a country dominated either by Paganism or by the scientific spirit, and we recognise to the full that the tremendous power of the collective State as an agency for good has never been sufficiently employed. Except in supplying food to the starving, in suppressing small-pox, in providing education, and in insuring to the masses the possibility of travelling by railway, "the Country" has as yet done little strictly to be called philanthropic. It might do much more, especially in the direction of alleviating the three great incidents in human life, birth, sickness, and death, through better State provision for scientific attendance. But we want all Liberals, before they give way to the swelling stream of pity, to make up their minds finally and inexorably on three principles, or rather rules of thought, the breach of any one of which will bring them ultimately to ruin. First, that they must themselves bear the cost of all the good they propose to do, and not steal it from other people; secondly, that plans for philanthropic improvement must be as hard, and as practical, and as closely limited by facts, as plans for war or other forms of destructive action; and thirdly, that when they have done their utmost, they must be content to know that there will remain troubles of humanity upon which they will spend their highest energies in vain. God has decided that women should suffer when the race is born, that man's permanent work should be to sweat for his living, that all should inexorably die,—and against these, and kindred necessities, the human will is vain.

About the adoption of the first rule, we have some misgivings which many of our friends would pronounce foolish. The English, they would say, are an honest people, and they would say rightly; but they are not a people quick of ideas, and we have been astounded to discover how many there are who sincerely believe that the State cannot rob, if only it takes away money from the comfortable and expends it for the benefit of the unhappy. That is an utterly immoral doctrine. The State can rob, even within its own area, and does rob very often, while it still more often breaks its own contracts by quasi-criminal negligence. One-half the secularisations of Church property on the Continent have been robberies effected by force, while the special taxation of State Bonds, except so far as it is a form of bankruptcy, is a criminal breach of contract. Suppose, for example, that the State ordered all great proprietors of land to rebuild their cottages at a loss, without also ordering all other equally large employers of profitable labour, it would unmistakeably and openly rob. So it would if it adopted a suggestion in this month's *Fortnightly*, and expropriated all unhealthy houses at less than their market value. So it would if it "nationalised" the land without compensation to owners, whom for two hundred years at least it has promised to keep secure in the enjoyment of their property. And, finally, so it would if it placed upon a class the burden of a philanthropic scheme, instead of placing it upon the whole people,—if, for instance, it put on a progressive Income-tax, in order that the sum exacted from all with more than a million should be spent upon children's hospitals. Of course, if the specially taxed class agrees, as, no doubt, English Income-taxpayers have agreed, to an impost not borne by the community, no harm is done; but otherwise, the tax is nothing better than a violent wrong. The State has no more right to decree that Arundel Castle shall be a museum for the benefit of the people of Arundel, than it has to seize the humblest cottager's home, and turn it into a hospital for the Arundel sick. If we desire to do these grand charities—and we do not protest, rather we should be delighted to pay our share for the children's dinners—we must pay for them out of our own earnings, and not look round greedily to snatch any property which seems too much for its owner. If we do, besides breaking laws outside our legitimate control, we shall very speedily find that the rain raineth on the just and unjust, and that the system of the Universe does not make pity a reason for injustice. The spirit of accumulation, to which man owes nearly as much as he does to hunger, that beneficent and self-acting whip of Heaven, will receive a fatal shock.

The second rule is nearly as important as the first, and is more disregarded. Human reason was not given to man to be safely set aside whenever a man wanted something for his brother. Statesmen may be excellent men because of their aspirations, but they must carry out their aspirations through hard calculation. What is the use of ordering the children's dinners, if there is not the money to buy them? Take this rehousing of the people, for example. People write of the iniquity of housing whole families in one room, as if, since the beginning of the world, man had ever done anything else; as if the human race had not dwelt each family in a tent, or a hut, or a room, from the days of Lamech. Two men on earth in every three are Asiatics, and how many rooms do they get? Nevertheless, in our civilisation a family ought to have more, and the evil is great enough for the State to intervene; but then, admitting that, let us all consider what we are to do. Shouting on hustings will not mend things, nor will philanthropic gush. There are seven millions of houses in the two Islands, of which at least five millions want serious improvements for the sake of hygiene; and of these, one million at least ought to be rebuilt. The latter alone will cost £150,000,000, and the 4,000,000 of the former £40,000,000, for every £10 note spent on each house. How far will £10 go? We venture to say we shall not rehouse Englishmen as they ought to be housed, with two rooms as the family minimum, decent windows, and trapped cloacæ, under a new National Debt. That is no reason for not beginning the work, still less a reason for not enforcing the strictest possible Lodging-house Act, but it is a reason for not accepting vague talk with rapture because it is philanthropic. Telling Hodge that he ought to be well housed, and shall be, is not philanthropy, or sense either. We

must, if we are honest, call for scientific estimates, settle about materials, declare what we exactly mean about crowding, and then stoop our shoulders to take up another weighty burden. Our duty is not the less clear for the weight, but for God's sake do not let us shout that, if our objects are only good, the laws of gravitation will be suspended. They won't.

Upon the third rule it is useless to say much, for Nature says it with a voice which drowns ours. If every rich man is a Clarkson, and every poor man treated as his brother, both will be born in pain, both will die with pain, and both will have to endure without screaming their modicum of toothache. All the philanthropists alive, or to be born, will not modify the physical conditions of the world much, though they may make it a little happier, and can indefinitely improve its morale.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

THERE are just three living forces left in France, the Chamber, the Army, and the Mob of Paris; and of the three, the Chamber is, for the moment, the one which governs. Its power, as we have repeatedly pointed out, is absolute, and is used absolutely. It overturns Ministries when it will, dismisses individual Ministers at discretion, and would without difficulty, as is believed in Paris, compel even the President to resign. He could not remain after a hostile address, and he would not remain after a distinctly hostile vote. The Chamber, however, though irresistible, has never been severely tested, and its conduct, now that a test is at hand, is matter of unusual interest, both to those who believe that government by an unfettered Chamber is impossible, and to those who think that, if it is impossible, democracy stands self-condemned. All who could think have perceived that the difficulty of a Chamber which should attempt direct government as the French Chamber has done would be in questions of foreign policy, and it is with many such questions, all urgent, all complicated, and all new, that the Chamber, when it meets on the 22nd inst., will have to deal. Every difficulty has been left for its decision, and the Deputies between October 22nd and November 3rd must declare whether they held Paris right in insulting the King of Spain, whether they intend to accept a war with China, and whether they will or will not reject the suggestions of the British Government in the matter of Mr. Shaw. It may be doubted if the Ministry will even suggest a definite course; but in any case it will rest, as the Radicals clearly see, with the Chamber to decide. Its Members must exercise, for the first time, the Kingship they have assumed, and prove not only that they can lay down principles of action, but apply them to the actual affairs of life as a strong Executive would. The circumstances will make of their action an almost supreme test of their competence to rule. The Spanish Government, it is clear, though anxious to spare the dignity of France, is asking for redress for the insult put upon its King; while the populace of Paris, which surrounds the Assembly, is vehement that no redress whatever should be granted, and talks of those who consent to an apology as indifferent to the honour of France. The Government of Great Britain asks compensation for Mr. Shaw, while not only the populace of Paris, but even leaders of French thought like M. John Lemoinne, deny emphatically and with ridicule that Mr. Shaw is entitled to anything beyond commiseration for unavoidable suffering caused by a mistake. And the Chinese Government calmly awaits a decision which means peace or war; while the official class in France is averse to any solution except a compromise already rejected and far too favourable to France. If the Chamber is able to cope with such difficulties it will prove that it is competent to govern, that the future of France, even in matters of foreign politics, may safely be trusted to its hands, and this, too, when it is not under the dominance of any single or commanding mind. Its strength, if it displays any, will come from its own representative character. If, on the other hand, it is not competent, even devoted friends of Republicanism will doubt whether it is possible any longer to do without an Executive which the Chamber cannot remove.

We confess we look forward to the prospect with some dismay. A Chamber acting as Sovereign in such affairs is a novel phenomenon in politics, and the signs that this Chamber will go right are not many. There is, it is true, little doubt what a wise King placed in such a position would do. He would refuse absolutely to quarrel with Spain, and implicitly with Germany, upon a question rather of courtesy than of principle, would declare that Paris had been misled into a natural though ignorant irritation, and would offer, in the name of the nation, an apology sufficient to satisfy the sensitive pride of Spain. He would treat the Shaw affair as a pure misfortune, due to the neglect by a deceased and very sick officer of precise and unmistakeable instructions; and he would thus, freed from European annoyances, concentrate his will upon the dispute with China. If Tonquin, in his deliberate judgment, were worth a war, he would reject Chinese interference with disdain, send ten thousand men to Hanoi, and calmly accept the consequences; and if it were not, he would sign the proposed agreement, by which France cedes all claims in Tonquin, in consideration of sovereignty over the rest of Anam. There would be no loss of honour in such decisions, and none of prestige, for the world would recognise at once that a strong man was deliberately ridding himself of weight in order to attain more rapidly his true ends. We fear, however, that the Chamber, though in the main anxious for peace, will take no such dignified course. It would, if the Deputies believed in war with China upon the Tonquin affair; but they are so ignorant, that if M. Challemel-Lacour asserts that the Government of Pekin is quailing, and only threatens under British influence, they may accept the continuance of the situation, in which, as Frenchmen believe, the Black Flags are always evacuating Sontay, and the "Chinese Regulars" are steadily defeated, without any consequences whatever. The Deputies may, in fact, allow the Government to drift. As to compensation to Mr. Shaw, they will allow it to be made, if the Government choose, amid speeches which will take all the grace out of reparation; and as to the insult to Spain, they may refuse all but the most meagre apology. The Radicals are already defending General Thibaudin, who approved the insult, and M. Clémenceau, usually the least unreasoning of Reds, has published an article in *La Justice* in which he attributes the overthrow of that Minister to the Orleanists, and declares that if France is to respect others, she must be respected. In fact, the whole Extreme Left is disposed to consider that "patriotism" justified the hooting of King Alfonso. The majority of Deputies may be better advised, but it is evident that the extreme irritability visible in all the foreign politics of France—an irritability scarcely to be explained—has extended far upwards, and that men who do not usually vote with the Reds may take the opportunity to destroy the Ferry Government, with no thought of ulterior consequences. If the Chamber censures the apology, it becomes, of course, of no value, and even Spanish Liberals will believe that the French Republic has shown itself contemptuous of the Spanish nation. Worse diplomacy could not be conceived, and it will be the diplomacy of the only Power which even claims sovereign attributes in France, and which represents in a special degree the Republican principle. The very objection of all Royalists to the Republic is that it provides no Executive strong enough to carry out any policy without bending to the momentary and, perhaps, ignorant wish of the majority of electors.

We do not fear enormous or irretrievable disasters, even if the Chamber should go wrong. Germany is not interfering, England is patient if not insulted, and the Spanish Government will, at worst, only withdraw its Embassy with a certain *éclat*. But we should greatly fear the deepening of the feeling in France that the Republic, however good in principle, does not give sufficient security in foreign affairs, and may lead the nation into a catastrophe. The dread of war has enormous weight in all countries—for instance, it protects the present Government of Germany—and in France, where all men think the world plotting against them and invasion always a possibility, it is nearly irresistible. It is fear which is making the French people so fractious, and if anything occurred to accentuate the fear, the peasantry might take refuge once more in a Dictatorship, which would, as they might think, strengthen them to resist external attack. Such a Dictatorship would almost certainly be created in war-time, and the expectancy of war harasses Frenchmen more than a campaign.

THE FEDERATION OF GREATER BRITAIN.

THE remarkable book, or rather collection of pamphlets, which Professor Seeley has just given to the world,* may have one mischievous effect. It may strengthen the hands of that imaginative but unpractical party which is always looking forward to a Federation of the Empire. Professor Seeley contends that we English misread the greatest of all modern political occurrences,—the "expansion of England." Optimists or pessimists, we none of us see the precise truth.

* *The Expansion of England.* By J. R. Seeley. London: Macmillan.

and either indulge in bombast, or are careless of gains which, wisely treated, might keep us on a level with the greatest States of the world. He holds India to be a mere possession of little or no value to the kingdom, though one which, for the sake of its own population, England may be in duty bound to retain; but considers the real Colonies, such as the Canadian Dominion, the West India Islands, Australia, and New Zealand as parts of England, expansions of her territory into which her people pour exactly as they would pour into unoccupied lands close at home. They have done so continuously for two hundred years, have fought war after war to maintain their right to do so, and will continue doing so, until within a very short period the English who have not split off, the English under the Queen, who are already forty-five millions, will number a hundred millions, possessing, exclusive of India, one of the largest territories in the world. Professor Seeley believes that these hundred millions may still hold together, that we are all deceived by the precedent of the American schism, that the binding forces developed by the aid of science are now stronger than the dissolving forces, and that if the English will but place themselves mentally in their true position, a great and vigorous State, equal to any other in the world, may yet be created. They ought not to think of themselves as people of an island, but as citizens in common of an enormous, though scattered State, which they can if they please hold together by Federal ties as easily as the American Republic holds its almost equally vast and scattered population. With steamships and telegraphs, distance presents no difficulties, and the Empire, apart from India, has in it a basis of stability, its population being essentially homogeneous in race, colour, and aspirations, and we may add, not divided by any of those violent differences of civilisation which so nearly rent the Northern and Southern States violently asunder.

This is a brilliant picture, and substantially a true one; but Professor Seeley draws from it, we think, a dangerous deduction. He does not exactly say, "Federate this Empire, and maintain it at all hazards, even civil war," for he has a lingering doubt whether a State is happier, or greater, or even stronger for being so very big, but this is the bias of his teaching. He tells us that we may enjoy this greatness, if we employ the Federal system. He shows how the United States have prospered under that system, how vigorously and splendidly they fought for their Unity; and he brings in throughout his discourse the word "Federal," in a way that shows he regards this scheme of government as the instrument of empire. Moreover, he does distinctly recommend that Greater Britain should be so organised that its whole strength should, in case of need, be available for war; and that, of course, implies federation of some kind. At present, we defend the Colonies on condition of directing their foreign policy; but if they are to defend us, they must, of course, have their voice, and a potent voice, in that branch at least of the general administration of affairs. The prospect greatly gratifies many minds, and is not without a charm for all; but it is, we believe with much reluctance, impracticable. We entirely agree that the Colonists are only scattered Englishmen, and we have always maintained that we should bind the Colonies much more closely to ourselves as allies, by more honorific treatment, by more respect for their fancies, by more attention to their Envoys, by more rigid abstinence from interference in their internal affairs, but federation is impossible. The federation could not be limited by any art to Foreign Affairs, for with the first common war would come common taxation, and with common taxation the business and the rights of the common governing Power would cover all departments of life. The distant States must be represented in the Supreme Parliament, and with that great change, however effected, whether by seating Colonial Representatives in the House of Commons, or, which would be more effective, by superseding the House of Lords by a Representative Senate, with special control of patronage and foreign policy, the freedom of the Island Englishmen to direct their own lives would speedily be ended. Fifty years hence the Colonists will outnumber us, and would under this scheme govern us in our own capital, and long before that period they would hold the balance of power. Upon all questions of foreign policy, of military and naval preparation, of Colonial government, of taxation for war, they would hold their own ideas, would ally themselves with one of the great parties, and would be irresistibly strong. We see how powerful thirty Parnellites have made themselves, but the Colonists, if admitted into Parliament, would already claim a fourth of all the seats, or say roughly a hundred and fifty Members, a body which could always secure the casting-vote, and which, in ideas, ways, and aspirations, would be as separate from us as the Irish Ultras. They could not feel as we feel about Colonies, navies, or tariffs; and they would not feel as we do about our relations either with the Continental States, with Ireland, or with the American Republic. The burden of government, already severe, and only borne because there is in the body of British electors a final authority, would speedily be past endurance.

Nor are we at all sure that a Federal Greater Britain, if it could be formed, would be so wisely governed as Great Britain is now. The Colonial Office is not a perfect Department, but the Colonial system of Great Britain is now the most lenient and self-denying the world has ever heard of. The Mother-country, while keeping all seas clear for her children, and defending them from all attack, asks nothing of them, neither revenue, nor soldiers for general service, nor even special commercial advantages. She is reluctant to press even undoubted claims, and often carries concession to local feeling up to the verge of principle. A Federal Government would be far more exigeant, and would often be felt by a particular Colony as intolerable as the Southern States felt the Federal Government of the Union. The new bond might well lead to disruption, instead of closer union. In war-time, this danger would be very great. Each Colony has then its special interests, which the Mother-country can and does allow for in a hundred informal ways; while the Federal Government would be compelled to apply to all the same rigid rule. No representative system, however artistic, could make the Canadian and Australian Dominions think alike about a war for the right of fishing round Newfoundland, and the prominence of the two in British councils would only deprive the Mother-country of its present moderating power. That power is sure to tend towards peace, because, if there is war, Britain must bear all taxes, supply all soldiers, and face all consequences, without dreaming that States beyond ocean, represented, but not invested with power, will relieve the central people of a portion of their burden. The system, no doubt, is imperfect, more especially in the place given to the Agents, that is, in effect to the representative Governments of the Colonies; but it allows the Empire to bind itself together by links of intercourse, trade, and mutual reliance for support and advice. If for these loose links rigid chains are substituted, however artistically they may be made, the movement of the world, which can never be foreseen, may snap them.

LONDON FINANCES.

IT is a remarkable illustration of the small importance of London as a political and social entity, that the long and weighty letter of the Secretary to the Treasury to the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, on the proposed continuance of the coal and wine duties, should have been passed over by the public press almost without notice. Here is a measure which affects the pockets of more than four millions of people to the extent, on the estimate of Mr. Courtney, of seven per cent., brought forward by bodies professing to be representative; yet when the *coup de grâce* is given to it by a Government official, not a voice is raised in remonstrance. The leading journal the other day was full of the grievances of the dwellers in Jamaica and other West-Indian Islands, and devoted many columns to showing how they were depressed and oppressed under a vicious system of taxation. The dwellers in Jamaica number very little more than half a million all told, of whom only a minority are English, while their public revenue scarcely exceeds half a million of money. Yet the great journal which had so much space to spare for them could not afford a single column to the discussion of this measure, affecting the four millions of its countrymen situate at its very doors, brought forward by governing bodies who deal with an annual revenue of five millions and a half, to which it must itself contribute a not altogether trifling amount. There is probably no other professedly representative body in the three kingdoms, or indeed in the whole circle of the British Empire, which could have had the "counter-check quarrelsome" administered to it by the Government so openly, without provoking at least a storm in the tea-cup of its local press, or evoking the beneficent attentions of some "fourth party" or other. But poor London is of no account in the councils of the nation. As a sheep before its shearers is dumb, so is London while its shepherds discuss whether it shall be sheared this way or that, in the winds of March or under the balmy breezes of April.

Yet the matter at issue is one which will indirectly be of great moment, not only to London, but to every great city in the kingdom. It is nothing less than the principle which should guide municipal taxation. The Board of Works and the City Corporation asked the Government for their help to continue the coal and wine duties for another term of years after their expiration in 1889. The Board of Works, which spends the larger part of these duties (9d. out of the 13d. in the pound levied on coal), put forward a series of great schemes of improvement as imperatively necessary, and necessitating the continuance of the duties to meet the interest on the new loans which they will have to contract, further rates being impossible or undesirable. The Secretary to the Treasury, in refusing at present to entertain the proposition, emphasised his doubts both of the necessity for the new expenditure, and of the necessity or desirability of meeting it by the proposed tax. The estimated expenditure was thirteen millions, of which more than five millions was for the single purpose of a cross-river communication below London Bridge. Mr. Courtney says that it is not shown either that there is any need for this vast outlay, or that there was practical agreement with regard to any specific proposal, and, therefore, until some further proof of necessity was forthcoming the Treasury would decline to assist in finding the money. The obvious answer from any other municipal body would be that as they were the chosen representatives of the ratepayers, they, and not the Imperial Government, were the best judges of the need, and also of the best way of meeting the need. But the Board have closed their doors, and are considering the Secretary's letter in secret session. For obvious reasons, they cannot take their stand on this ground. They know, and every one else knows, that though nominally representatives of the ratepayers of London, they are not really so. The wretched double system of election under which the Vestries are elected first, and that by a mere handful of ratepayers, and then the Vestries elect the members of the Board of Works, quite deprives them of any claim to be a representative body. Moreover, they are, no doubt, conscious to themselves that the last time when they propounded a scheme for connecting the two banks of the Thames below London Bridge, it was defeated through the opposition of that other would-be representative of London, the City Corporation, which now joins them in demanding a continuance of the tax. Besides, they feel that the Secretary's letter means a good deal more than meets the eye. When he warns them of the unpopularity which follows when the outlay, which is always popular at the moment of expenditure, has to be met, they know that so far as they are concerned he is speaking to deaf ears. They are doomed men, making one last desperate struggle to escape the inevitable day. The popularity of the moment is everything to the Board of Works. If only it can make enough splash and make-believe to be toiling energetically in the interest of Londoners, by freely spending the money of Londoners on themselves, it may hope to win popularity enough to protract its existence till the Government of action is itself defunct, and the era of "sects and schisms" sets in again, and private interests are stronger than public, and people are content only to let things be. If the day of unpopularity should come, then it will come too late, because no one but the Government can reform the municipal institutions of London, and no Conservative Government would lay its hands on such excellent supporters as the City Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works. But it is obvious that such considerations as these can scarcely be put forward publicly. Nor is there any answer to the further point urged by Mr. Courtney that taxation is levied on people who are not even theoretically represented by the Board. The people of Croydon, for instance, the latest-born of English municipal boroughs, are up in arms against paying a tax the benefit of which they allege they do not get, and in the levying and expending of which they have no voice. Altogether, therefore, the Board of Works is in a fix, and it will be interesting to see how they endeavour to get themselves out of it.

Some 'cross-river communication is, no doubt, necessary. The enormous development of the dock system all the way down the river on both sides, to Greenwich and Woolwich, is quite modern, and the old London Bridge, which was an adequate means of communication till within the last thirty years, is now wholly inadequate. It is equally advisable that the Strand should be improved, and that the upper way to the Law Courts through Long Acre or through Covent Garden should be thrown open. The purchase of Covent Garden Market, the creation of Paddington Park, and innumerable other improvements are also urgently needed. But the urgency is one which will bear postponement until a body is created which will really represent London. Whether such an enormous expenditure as it sketches out is required or not is a question with which the Board is totally unfitted to deal. It was created for one definite purpose,—the drainage of London. This it has accomplished with eminent success, according to its lights, though already there are heard complaints that its lights were darkness. Its constitution does not fit it to decide on an expenditure of additional millions for a wholly different object. Still less is it a body fit to decide whether the enormous sums wanted shall be raised by a tax on a first necessity of life. If such a tax, which is wholly rejected in our national economy, is to find a place in municipal finance, it must be at the instance of the people who will be chiefly affected by it. There are, no doubt, difficulties in the way of increased rating, which practically amounts to a house-tax, and may, if unduly swollen, increase immensely the difficulties of finding decent dwellings for the poor. But it is quite possible that the representative Municipality of a united London would be able to dispense with either alternative. Even if the large funds of the City Guilds are not devoted to municipal purposes, the saving which will be effected by the fusion of the Corporation of the City and the Board of Works alone, to say nothing of the remodelling of Vestries and Local Boards, would be enormous. The direct expense of Parliamentary opposition, the duplication of necessary officials, and in the City the multiplication of unnecessary officials and their over-payment, would all be avoided. Then, by the transfer to the municipal authority of the powers of licensing the sale of alcoholic liquors, not only would money be saved, but probably a means might be found, if indirect taxation does approve itself to the new London, by which money might be made. But the time has not yet come for settling the principle on which London Finance is to be conducted. The reason why the Press and the public have taken so little interest in what might otherwise have proved an epoch-making letter, is that it is felt that the correspondence is not going on between the right parties. The expenditure and the revenue of London cannot be settled between the Board of Works and the Treasury. The people of London have yet to be taken into counsel. Before that can be done, they must be given a voice, and an organ by which they may make that voice heard. Mr. Courtney's letter is an additional proof, if proof were needed, of the necessity of a London Municipal Reform Bill. It is to be hoped it may be taken also as a proof that the Government feel its necessity so strongly, that next Session may see it not only introduced, but passed.

BANKS, AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

THE case of Warden, the late Manager of the London and River Plate Bank, who was brought before the Magistrate at Guildhall last Monday, on a charge of theft, raises some curious points both of law and policy with regard to the conduct of Banking business. Warden is understood to be accused of stealing a large number of share certificates, bonds, and coupons, some of which had been deposited with the Bank by its customers to cover over-drafts, or otherwise secure their accounts; while the greater part had been left in its custody, according to a convenient and growing practice, for the purpose of collecting the dividends, or simply for safe-keeping. Upon these facts two questions of considerable interest, not only to the commercial world, but to almost everybody who has a banking account, are being debated in the City,—namely, first, what are the legal obligations of the Bank in respect of each of these classes of securities? and, second, if the Bank cannot be held responsible in law, whether, in its own interests and those of Bankers in general, it would be politic for it to assume in favour of its customers a liability which they cannot enforce? The question of law, though not, perhaps, so conclusively settled by judicial decision as has been generally taken for granted, does not appear to present any great difficulty of principle. In ordinary language, a customer is said to "deposit" money with his banker when he pays it in to the credit of his own account. And he is said to "deposit" bills or shares, whether he pledges them to secure an advance, or merely entrusts them for collection or safe custody. The same word is thus used to describe two entirely different contracts. When money is deposited with a banker, the relation created is the simple one of debtor and creditor. The banker is not bound to return the cash in specie; but he is

bound to give back its equivalent, and he cannot release himself from his obligation even by showing that he has used the utmost diligence to fulfil it, and has been prevented by some unforeseen and unavoidable calamity. But when the subject-matter of the deposit is securities, the liabilities of the banker are those not of a debtor, but of a bailee. He is bound to return the very thing entrusted to him, unless prevented by some cause for which the law does not hold him responsible. The measure of his responsibility, as is the case with all bailees, depends upon whether he is or is not remunerated for his care. It is here that such uncertainty as there is in defining a banker's legal obligations arises. No one doubts that he is bound to take the most scrupulous care of securities which he receives in the ordinary course of his business, such, for instance, as stock pledged to cover advances; as to them, he is in the position of a paid bailee, and is liable for any loss that forethought and skill could have prevented. It seems almost equally clear, on the other hand, that when a customer makes use of the safe or strong-room of the Bank to deposit there a box of plate or securities, the Bank, which charges him nothing for rent, and adds nothing for this additional convenience to the commission which he would in any case pay, ought not to incur any liability for loss or injury to the things so entrusted to it, unless caused designedly or by gross negligence. And, according to a well-known decision of the Privy Council—which, however, is not binding on the English Courts, and though never disapproved, has never been expressly adopted—this is actually the law, the reason, of course, being that in such circumstances the Bank assumes only the obligations of a gratuitous bailee. There is, however, a third case of common occurrence which may fall on either side of the dividing line. Share certificates, and more particularly bonds with coupons attached, are frequently entrusted to a Bank by its customers, in order that it may receive the interest or dividends as they accrue. In such cases, the depositor's object being not only to avoid the risks of fire and theft, but to save himself the trouble of collection, the documents are as a rule not shut up in a box which he alone can open, but are handed to the Bank and kept by it in its own safes, so as to be available from time to time, when the coupons have to be detached and the dividends claimed. The degree of care which the Banks are bound to exercise in the custody of securities like these obviously depends upon whether they are or are not paid for the extra trouble they incur. If a specific commission is charged for the work (which, we believe, is rarely the case), there is, of course, no difficulty about the matter, and the Banks are liable for any loss that reasonable diligence could have averted. If no special charge is made, the question whether the Bank can be made responsible for anything short of gross negligence will depend upon whether this is a service which a Banker performs gratuitously, out of courtesy, and as a convenience to his customers, or whether it has become so common and natural an incident of his business, that he must be deemed to include a fair remuneration for it in the general profit which he expects and takes care to receive on each account.

Into the further inquiry whether the negligence alleged in the present instance was sufficiently "gross" to make the Bank responsible, even if it was in the position of a gratuitous bailee, we cannot enter, without appearing to prejudge a case which is still under investigation. But assuming that there has been no gross negligence, and that the Bank, if a gratuitous bailee, is, therefore, under no legal liability to make good the larger part of Warden's defalcations, there remains the question whether it may not still be its wisest policy to pay. The Directors, or rather the Shareholders, for the decision really rests with them, are being strongly urged, on grounds of self-interest, as well as of generosity, to settle the matter in this way. They are told that it has always been "understood" that Bankers were equally responsible for all securities entrusted to them; that to make the innocent depositors suffer for the crimes of the Bank's own servant is in any case a harsh and impolitic step; and that the shock to people's confidence in their Bankers will lead to a contraction in the scope and profitableness of Banking business generally. These are for the most part merely sentimental arguments, and though sentiment has an important place of its own in business matters, it seems to us that it is here being pushed too far. Provided, of course, that there was no gross negligence, the Bank, we think, has every motive, both in its own interests and in those of the Banking world, to resist the claims which are now being made. The settlement of the question whether they are or are not gratuitous bailees, and liable only as such in respect of deposits of this kind, is of incalculable importance to the Bankers of London. Whichever way the decision goes, it can do them no harm. If they are held to be paid bailees, and therefore liable for such depredations as Warden's, they will be put on their guard, and set to work to devise some means of providing in future, by insurance or otherwise, against this head of loss. The new risk thus disclosed will, no doubt, be an exceedingly serious one for the Banks; how serious, any one may realise who attempts to imagine the value, in millions, of the Securities which are deposited in the various Banks within a radius of a quarter of a mile of Capel Court. There is not the least reason, however, to fear that the Banks would withdraw the facilities which they have hitherto given; it would certainly not be to their interest to do so, more especially as they would find little difficulty in getting their depositing customers to consent to the charge of an extra commission, rather than lose an indispensable convenience. If, on the other hand, the Banks are decided to be, as they contend they are, gratuitous bailees, we do not believe that there will be the slightest appreciable diminution in the volume of their business. Men will continue to deposit their shares and bonds with the Banks for custody and collection, because, when all is said, they are safer there than at home; and the chance of possible loss through the dishonesty of cashiers or the negligence of directors, is not to be compared with the convenience and freedom from constant anxiety which are thus secured. Nothing is more harmful to a great Bank than a reputation for carelessness, and this consideration alone is enough to convince its customers that precautions will be taken for the safe-keeping of their deposits far beyond any which they could devise or carry out themselves, and such as only a very daring and very skilful criminal can defeat.

MR. HOWARD VINCENT ON ENGLISH CRIME.

MR. HOWARD VINCENT, in his opening address to the section of the Social Science Congress which concerns itself with the Repression of Crime, dealt with a number of questions upon which his position and experience enable him to speak with peculiar authority. Few people were probably aware, until he spoke, of the magnitude of the burden which Crime imposes on the country. Its direct cost in Great Britain alone he estimates as amounting to almost £6,000,000 per annum. No less than 74,000 persons are engaged in the work of detection and punishment. Out of the whole population, nearly one in every 36 is apprehended each year, though not more than a quarter of these are charged with grave offences. But, serious as these figures are, there seems no reason to doubt that the spread of primary education and the growth of temperance during the last ten years are slowly draining the sources from which the Criminal Class draws its normal supply. The number of convicts under sentence was practically the same in 1882 as in 1871, though the population had in the interval grown by nearly 12 per cent. This shows a gratifying increase in the average security of the community, and Mr. Vincent, while giving due credit to the various reforming agencies which have been and are at work, assigns the largest share in the improvement which has been brought about to the better organisation and growing efficiency of the Police, as a preventive and protective force. He admits, however, that much still remains to be done, and is apparently inclined to hope for a centralised administration of the ordinary Police. His arguments on this head, strong as they are in themselves, and moderately and judiciously expressed, will not convert the Municipalities. It is quite true that under the present system, there is a great waste both of labour and money, that the service as a whole is over-officered, that the small local forces are unequal to emergencies, and that invaluable time is often lost, and precious energy squandered in mere friction, through the want of a central, directing authority. Nevertheless, Englishmen are so strongly convinced that the control of the Police is a necessary incident of local self-government, and have on the whole, with all its drawbacks, so much reason to regard the system introduced when the Corporations were reformed in 1835 as superior to any which has been tried elsewhere, that there is not the least chance of Mr. Vincent's scheme being realised. The case of London, no doubt, stands on a different footing. London (if we except the City) has never had the management of its own Police, and the Metropolitan Force, though paid by the ratepayers, has always been in reality a branch of the Imperial Service. And there are strong reasons, in the size of the Metropolis, the vastness of its population, and the peculiar dangers to which it is exposed

as the seat of the Central Government, why this arrangement should continue. Mr. Vincent declares, and most people will believe him, that on many occasions during the last three years the work of the Police would have been paralysed, if the Home Secretary had had to obtain the sanction of a Municipal Council for his orders. The possible abuses of a system of divided control may be seen fully developed in Paris, where the Prefect directs and the Radical Council pays the Police, and where the friction between the two authorities is so constant that there have been no less than ten prefects in fifteen years. It is, in any case, impossible to leave the Central Government without a civil force at its disposal, and the necessary result of the transfer of the Metropolitan Force to the new London Municipality would be the creation of a State Police, subject only to the Home Office, and paid out of Imperial funds.

Upon the subject of the examination and trial of suspected persons, Mr. Vincent, though not altogether satisfied with our traditional methods, is not in favour of any radical change. He has no desire to increase the inquisitorial powers of the Police, or to introduce in any shape the secret preliminary examination conducted by the Juge d'Instruction under the French and kindred forms of procedure. Readers of Gaboriau's novels, who have learnt from that graphic writer the frightful odds against which, in France, an innocent prisoner has to struggle, will agree with Mr. Vincent that "one of the great merits of the English system lies in the absence of all Magisterial interest in conviction, and the freedom of the Magistrate from all responsibility for the acts of the Police." The interrogation of the prisoner in open Court by the Judge who ultimately tries him is quite a different matter, and Mr. Vincent, as might be expected, strongly advocates this innovation. The rule that a person accused of a criminal charge may not give evidence, even if he wishes to do so, is a curious instance of a survival which has acquired in its old age a new lease of life. It was once an inflexible principle of English procedure, both civil and criminal, that neither of the parties to the suit were competent witnesses, it being presumed that their interest in the issue disentitled their testimony to credit. The result was that in many cases the only first-hand evidence was not forthcoming, and the absurdity came in time to be so strongly felt, that the rule in question was long since banished from our Civil Courts. That it has lived on as a part of our Criminal procedure is due to two causes,—first, to the fact that it never excluded the evidence of the real prosecutor, the Crown being the nominal plaintiff on the trial of an indictment; and, second, to the notion that if the prisoner was allowed to be a witness, he must necessarily risk the traps and pitfalls of cross-examination. No one, however, proposes to put the prisoner in the position of an ordinary witness. Mr. Vincent thinks, and we agree with him, that the interrogation should be by the Judge, and not by counsel. It would, of course, be confined to the facts of the case, and not travel, as it does in France, over the whole life and antecedents of the accused. And the prisoner should be permitted to refuse to answer, without being liable to be committed for contempt, or to any modern substitute for the old *peine forte et dure*. With these securities, we cannot doubt that Mr. Vincent is right in his opinion that the interrogation of the prisoner would prevent many miscarriages of justice, and at the same time provide an additional safeguard for the conviction of the guilty.

In the matter of punishment, Mr. Vincent believes that a much sharper distinction should be made between first and subsequent offences. "With the rarest exception," he says, "a second conviction should entail a sentence of penal servitude, and a third, one of at least fifteen years." On the other hand, in the case of a first conviction for any crime except one of great gravity, or involving personal violence, he thinks that the object should be "to find some means of reforming the character, without giving the prison taint." The system of releasing upon probation persons found guilty of a first offence has been tried with considerable success in Massachusetts, and has undoubtedly much to recommend it. A second conviction means, as a rule, that the prisoner has definitely cast in his lot with the class of habitual criminals, and to a man who has once been in prison the descent into that class is easy and short. Mr. Vincent knows more, probably, than any one else of the hardships with which discharged prisoners have to contend, but we cannot help feeling some doubt of the wisdom of such systematic lenity to first offences as he seems to contemplate. Would the position of a person "out on probation" be much easier in the matter of getting honest work, and regaining a character, than that of a prisoner who had served out his sentence? We question whether it would, when this mode of treatment had become the rule, instead of being, as now, rare and exceptional. And does not Mr. Vincent, in his compassion for the criminal, lose sight too much of the interest which Society has in making crime dangerous and terrible? It is before the habit of crime has been formed that the deterrent effect of punishment is most powerful, and the systematic condonation by the State of first offences would remove the one fear which keeps many a recruit from joining the army of criminals.

SCOTLAND AS THE POLITICAL FORUM.

MR. GIBSON speaks far too much and poses far too frequently as the all-round politician and rattling partisan; the Tories will never take every Somebody's lieutenant as their leader. But he is as anxious as Sir William Harcourt himself to ascertain how the cat jumps; and being a clever man—although he draws very recklessly on the capital of his cleverness—he occasionally hits the mark. He has done so once in the course of his curious and protracted effort to convert Scotland to Conservatism by Irish blarney and burlesque finance. Speaking at Forres, on Tuesday, to an audience representing the Conservatism of the more northern counties, he said that "one of the greatest and most lasting uses of such meetings was that it encouraged people to think of political questions, and enabled them to hear the views of public men." This is at least a half-truth. The people of Scotland need no encouragement to think on political questions, unless, indeed, it be the minority that are admitted by ticket to hear Mr. Gibson and other Tory missionaries. They are born with Mr. Bright's belief that the only things worth thinking and talking about are religion and politics. But if Mr. Gibson has come to the conclusion that Scotch audiences like to hear public men speak, and speak their best, he is quite right; they enjoy, above all things, what they style "a real intellectual treat." "Sure I am," said Mr. Grant Duff some years ago, "that in Scotland, at least, every man who wants to succeed with a popular audience should make the best and most statesmanlike speech he can." Mr. Grant Duff's practice squared with his theory. The "political surveys" which he was in the habit of addressing to the bourgeoisie of the Elgin Burghs were polished essays that might have appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in its best days. He had his reward; his "surveys" earned him two Under-Secretaryships, and, finally, the Governorship of Madras.

The late Mr. Bagehot, a thinker very much after the Scotch heart, and still more after the Scotch head, describes the essence of our present political system as "government by discussion;" and the Scotch have interpreted this as government by public meeting. The Midlothian campaign has brought this fact home to the Tory leaders, and as their manner is, they are rather overdoing their appreciation of it. They go to Ireland to call to arms an old ally of Conservatism. They penetrate the Midlands to defy Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Schnadhorst, though perhaps rather in the Pistol, than in the grand, style,—

> "Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
> Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead."

But they go to Scotland ostensibly, and indeed ostentatiously, to convince by argumentation alone, a hostile and eminently intelligent public opinion. Last year, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote were commissioned to storm the chief Liberal strongholds of the North. This year, Mr. Gibson has taken out letters of marque as a political privateer, and tries to cut a prize out of every Scotch port. Sir Richard Cross and Lord Randolph Churchill are advertised to follow. Mr. Mallock, if he gets encouragement from the St. Andrews Burghs, will endeavour to persuade a people governed by the traditions of three centuries of Presbyterian parity, that "equality is not a condition to which we should make any efforts to approximate; and that, so far from being in any way a goal of progress, it is, on the contrary, the goal of retrogression instead." The Liberal Associations have been put upon their mettle by these extraordinary displays of propagandist Conservatism, and have engaged the services of some of the best stars their Party possesses. On Friday of last week, Sir Farrer Herschell answered at Ayr the swaggering sophisms of Mr. Gibson, in perhaps the best partisan speech he has ever delivered. Dumfries itself, to which Mr. Gibson first appealed, will hear the other side of the question from

the Attorney-General before the month is out. Ere the year comes to an end, both Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain are expected to appear in some of the leading centres of Scotch trade and industry.

The superior intelligence of the people of Scotland, as a whole, is commonly assigned as the reason why that country is becoming the recognised forum for political discussion in the United Kingdom. It is, no doubt, the chief and fundamental reason; and being so obvious, need not be dwelt upon. But there are other things that, though connected with this superior intelligence of the Scotch people, are worthy of independent consideration. For one, Scotchmen, as we have already remarked, have a genuine liking for public meetings and political speeches. The bias of the Northern mind to discussion is notorious. Besides, the Scotch Democracy—Scotland would be the purest Democracy in the Old World, but for the over-lordship of its landed proprietors, who are not numerous enough to crowd a Belgravian drawing-room—has been trained to see everything affecting its material and even its spiritual welfare settled by controversy publicly conducted. Up to the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, it can scarcely be said to have had a political existence. But it had an intensely religious and ecclesiastical existence. Its tribunes were the Presbyterian clergy, and they thoroughly understood and unflinchingly exercised their power. Four-fifths of the Scotch enfranchised democracy were, and are, Presbyterians; and the methods of Presbyterianism are more easily applicable to the work of government by discussion than those of any other ecclesiastical system. So far as Scotland is concerned, the Free-trade question, the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield, political reform itself, have been settled in much the same way as was the question of a Disruption in the Church of Scotland, or as the Disestablishment question will be. Whichever side or cause in a dispute can show the largest and most enthusiastic public meetings in its favour is sure to win in the long run. So, to take a question of present interest, England will scarcely be convinced that the Scotch people are united in favour of the present movement for a change in their administrative arrangements—a movement upon which we now express no opinion whatever—unless successful public meetings in its support are held all over the country during the Recess. It is thus not only a superior but a trained intelligence that, to the north of the Tweed, is brought to bear upon the consideration of public questions, and that delights in political dialectic. That discussion there should be essentially decorous, and should consist essentially of appeals and counter-appeals, not to passion, but to reason, may easily be traced to the fact that only such an intelligence takes part in such discussion. But it is a very important fact, nevertheless. If Lord Randolph Churchill is ever to appear to any purpose as an apostle of Conservatism in Scotland, he must drop the rôle of the gamin of his Party and the vitriol-thrower of his caste, and endeavour to prove himself the serious politician he declares Sir William Harcourt not to be. Scotland is the forum, but it will never become the cockpit of political discussion. May not, too, the present-day desire for effect in all departments of life have something to do with the starring of politicians in the North? After all, Mr. Gibson, chaperoned by Peers, followed by reporters, and applauded by the train bands of Scotch Conservatism, is a more picturesque figure than Mr. Gibson acting as bottleholder to Lord Salisbury at a banquet in the Midlands, and with only a couple of his sentences reported in the *Times*.

What is the real object of the now annual Tory invasions of Scotland? Are all these demonstrations and speeches intended merely to add a cabful to the Conservative strength at next General Election? Under present political conditions in Scotland, and granting a Conservative reaction, the Salisbury-Gibson crusade will not do more than this. On the contrary, if we could suppose a Household Suffrage Bill for Counties passed in 1885, a couple of hansoms would probably suffice, after the General Election of 1886, to convey the Tory Members from the North from King's Cross or St. Pancras to St. Stephen's. We believe there is more in the crusade than this. We believe that the leaders of the Tory party are firmly convinced that there is a religious, material, and social Conservatism in Scotland, and hope to convert it. They are right, so far. The Scotch people have never shown any love for change, simply as change, and not for a purpose clearly defined. Innovators and innovations invariably receive from them the cold shoulder at first. There is in Scotland more of that providence which seems the natural basis for middle-class Conservatism than there is in England. Two Scotchmen, it has lately been proved, insure their lives for one Englishman. There is no evidence that the agrarian Socialism of the day is making any way in Scotland. Considering how completely its population is cut off from its soil on the one hand, and how powerless from a political point of view its landed class is on the other, it might have seemed marked out as a special field for the proselytising energies of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace and the other advocates of Land Nationalisation. But this new movement appears to be making no way in the North, and certainly does not affect Scotch politics of the present day. The trained intelligence of Scotland does not dream, but neither does it allow itself to be frightened by shadows, or satisfied with a Barmecide feast of phrases. A writer in the *National Review* for this month tries to account for the dearth of Conservatism in Scotland by saying that it is badly organised, and that "local Conservatives" are rather uppish. The explanation is, however, inadequate, although there may be something in the latter half of it. The truth simply is that the Scotch people are not only intelligent, but grateful to the Party that has always been identified with the advancement of their welfare. "The Scotch nation," says Mr. Gibson, "is a nation that is for wise change and well-considered progress." Precisely so; but then, the Scotch nation invariably finds the true Tory leaders opposing change when it has been clearly shown to be wise, and seeking to retard progress when the time for consideration is past, and the time for action has come. Is it at all wonderful that it should hesitate to believe that at last the Ethiopian has changed his skin? Scotland did not give over mumbling the dry bones of political economy, even at the solicitation of a Disraeli, from whom it took Household Suffrage without thanks. It will not, to please Mr. Gibson, rally to the defence of "the rights of property,"—which, if not simply an unmeaning phrase, represent little more than the bitter memories of generations of caste domination.

AN ARMY THAT DOES NOT INVADE.

THE neutrality of Switzerland has endured so long, and come to be regarded so much as a part of the established order of Europe, that we are apt to overlook the dangers to which it has been exposed in the past and may be exposed in the future, and to forget that the Confederation owes its immunity from attack no less to the jealousy of its neighbours than to the valour of its sons. Since the crowning victories of Morat and Nancy, Helvetian liberty has been in no serious danger, save during the portentous period which began with the downfall of the Bourbons and ended with the overthrow of Napoleon; and even the conqueror of Europe, at the height of his power, considered it expedient to restore to the Cantons much of the independence of which they had been deprived by his Jacobin predecessors of the Directory. Switzerland was the only country of Central Europe which he did not either despoil or annex, for Geneva, though an ally, had never been a member of the Confederation. For this there were several reasons. Switzerland had been mastered, not conquered, by the Directory; and if a part of the population, who were disgusted with the tyranny of the Lords of Berne, and beguiled by the promises of their *soi-disant* liberators, had not sided with the French, the task of the latter would have been unspeakably more difficult than it proved, and it proved no holiday work. After Berne and the Waldstätten had either voluntarily or involuntarily accepted the terms imposed by the French Commissioners, and the Constitution prepared at Paris, Schwyz, with a little help from Glarus and Uri, rose in rebellion, and fought so desperately as to extort the admiration of the Generals of the Directory, who declared that they had never "seen anything warmer in La Vendée." It was the resistance of Schwyz that saved the independence of the Confederation. They said at Paris that the Swiss deserved to live, because they knew how to die; and although the idea of annexing the country to his future Empire more than once occurred to Napoleon, he finally decided that it was better to have Switzerland for a friend than an enemy, and agreed, in 1803, to a Treaty of Alliance, the conditions of which, considering the circumstances, were singularly favourable. One of the conditions was the furnishing by the Confederation of a military contingent for service in whatever part of Europe it might please the First Consul to employ them. These troops served him with the traditional fidelity of Swiss soldiers of fortune; they fought in all his wars, and were amongst the few who, amid the horrors of the Moscow retreat, neither lost discipline nor abandoned hope.

By the Treaty of Vienna, the neutrality of Switzerland was placed under the protection of Europe, and albeit recent events have done much to impair the sanctity of international engagements, the causes which have so long favoured the maintenance of Swiss independence still endure. Of the four great States that encompass the Confederation, there is probably not one that does not covet a slice of its territory. Germany would find it very convenient to hold the northern portal of the St. Gothard Tunnel; Austria would gladly obtain a footing on the south bank of the Boden See; Italian patriots regard Ticino as a part of Unredeemed Italy; and the operations of France in the next war would be immeasurably facilitated by possession of the country between Lake Leman and the Jura. But the attempt of any one of these Powers to convert its desires into realities would draw upon it the hostility of the rest, plus Switzerland, now stronger than ever before, and at this moment the independence of the Confederation is probably as secure as at any period of its history. Whatever danger the future may have in store for Switzerland will arise rather from an unforeseen violation of its neutrality than from a deliberate design against its independence. To this danger Swiss statesmen are fully alive, and to a sense of its existence are due the Constitution of 1874 and the present military organisation of the country. Nothing short of the imminent peril of 1871, when Western Switzerland was within an ace of being turned into a cockpit, would have induced the Cantons to consent to the changes which rendered possible compulsory military service and a central administration for the Army. If Bourbaki's forces had been less disorganised when they crossed the frontier at Verviers, or General Herzog, the commander of the Swiss forces, had displayed less energy and presence of mind, the contest might have been continued on the soil of the Confederation, to the utter ruin of the country. In the next war the danger may be even greater, for the French will be under strong temptation to strike at Germany on the side of Switzerland; and though such a measure would array the Swiss against them, they might hope to achieve their object before the Federal forces could offer any effective resistance. In these circumstances, it is the policy of Switzerland, while avoiding the danger and cost of a standing army, to have such an organisation as will enable her Government to mobilise swiftly a force sufficient to bar the way to any foreign army which may attempt to traverse her territory, until the allies whom the occasion would enlist on her side could come to her help. To this end, the Confederation, like its neighbours, has adopted the system of compulsory military service. As every valid Switzer reaches his twenty-first year, he is called out for six weeks' drill; and every other year thereafter, until he has passed his thirty-first year, he undergoes at least three weeks' training. At thirty-two he passes into the Landwehr, and is called out for ten days' drill every alternate year. In the Artillery, the first term of training is six months; the same for the Cavalry, who provide their own horses. Aspirants for commissions undergo special training at Thun, and non-commissioned officers are also specially instructed. The men are called out merely by bills affixed to the walls, which mention the time and place of muster. Those who neither appear nor send properly attested proof of illness—the only excuse accepted—are treated as deserters; but the absentees are singularly few, for military service in Switzerland is regarded more as a pleasure than a burden. The arm of the Infantry is the Vetterli rifle, an excellent weapon; and as the men are allowed to retain their rifles, and *tirs*, both cantonal and communal, are frequent and popular, the Swiss Militia are probably better shots than the "Regulars" of any neighbouring country. So far as discipline and organisation are concerned, the Artillery leaves little to be desired; but the guns are growing somewhat out of date, and the Federal Council have it in contemplation to replace them with a weapon more on a par with present requirements. The Swiss Army of *élite*, which corresponds with the active armies of Germany and France, and comprises all the trained men in the country between twenty and thirty-two, consists of about 160,000, who could be mobilised in fourteen days, and in defence of their native mountains would probably prove a match for the best troops in Europe. By calling out the Landwehr, their numbers could be increased to 250,000, and Switzerland possesses half-a-million citizens who have been trained to arms, and who, if the need arose, would be available for the protection of her neutrality. The Swiss Army is organised purely for defence. It costs the country less than a million a year, and it is hardly possible that it should ever be used for offensive purposes. It is an Army that does not invade, and if other armies were formed on the same model, the danger of war and the pressure of taxation might be reduced to a minimum. A general disarmament is no more practicable than a general abandonment of the system of universal military service, and universal military service is too much in accordance with the fitness of things and the principle of democratic equality for its abandonment to be possible. But there is everywhere a constant tendency to shorten the term of service, to approximate, if ever so slowly, to the Swiss system, to lighten the burden while maintaining the organisation, a tendency that in the end may convert the hosts which at present threaten the peace and exhaust the resources of Europe into armies as strong for defence, and as unfitted for aggression, as the Citizen Army of Switzerland.

CIVILISATION AND POETRY.

WE always read Mr. Mark Pattison with pleasure, and a wish that he would bestow his lighter thoughts on us more frequently, but we do not exactly follow the discourse on Poetry which he delivered on Wednesday to the ladies of Bedford College. The report is not very good, but we understand him to say that the appreciation of poetry which should be, and in part is, an attribute of civilisation is greatly impaired in our modern society by two principal causes. One is the quantity of good criticism poured out, which makes readers look through a haze until they do not see what the poet actually says; and the other is the tendency to immersion in the business of life, or among women, in household cares. "Life in great towns makes leisure and solitude more and more rare and difficult to obtain and yet without these it is difficult to cultivate the poetic emotion. The habit of living at high pressure even makes leisure and solitude insupportable, when we can get them; as with alcoholic stimulants, when the high pressure is removed the nerve-force collapses. The over-stimulated soul has no power to respond to the gentle and natural invitations with which common things solicit our love."

With the first statement we have not much quarrel. There must, it is true, have been plenty of criticism among the audience who watched and enjoyed Euripides, or the cynical nobles who listened to "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man," as Virgil recited, yet we do not find that they failed in an appreciation which, for one thing, sent those poets down to us through the ages; but still it is doubtless true that even good criticism may obscure certain meanings, while it throws white-light on others. We read the poets with our thoughts filled with criticisms till, instead of studying what they say, we are reconciling their words with the opinions on them. We listen to Fechter, to see if the Press is right. We can all verify that by remembering how study and critics have obscured for many of us the poetry of the Bible, till men read passages like the thirty-eighth chapter of Job without an idea that they are listening to a burst of poetic praise as unrivalled in the revealingness of its thought as in its majestic melody. A haze has been created, as Mr. Pattison says, until we can hardly see. But the second allegation is more serious, for if the complexity and the movement, the rapid life and the sordid cares, of our modern existence interfere with or intercept the appreciation of poetry, then the greatest of all methods of cultivation has been ruined, and the world has lost the strongest except one of all its ennobling influences. Life will not grow simpler or money-making less necessary, and if Mr. Pattison is right, the appreciation of poetry will steadily decline. We cannot think that is so, and would ask all who read Mr. Mark Pattison—and who misses anything that he writes in that iced and flavoured English of his?—to consider some arguments on the other side.

Does immersion in the world's work, even if it be in housekeeping and the care of babies, hinder the appreciation of poetry? *A priori*, it should not, for it does not hinder its production. A soldier wrote "Prometheus Bound." A King in difficulties, fighting daily for leave to exist, composed the majority of the Psalms. A Vizier poured out the marvellous hymns which we call the Prophecies of Isaiah. Shakespeare did his most poetic work while immersed in the cares of his theatre, paying every court to society, and making the money he needed to get away from it all. Byron was steeped to the lips in affairs, often discreditable and harassing; Goethe was a Premier; Victor Hugo is a politician; Mr. Morris decorates

our houses, and in business is not to be taken in. If the production of such poetry is possible to men essentially of the world, and loving the world, doing its work among crowds, and distracted with hourly and imperative calls on their attention, why should the appreciation of poetry be so impossible to men similarly situated? Could poets have written, if they did not appreciate? It is not so in Art. On the contrary, it is when life is at its busiest, when men are fullest of work and most steeped in interests, when living has grown most complex and man is most distracted by details, that Art and the appreciation of Art reach their highest levels. Athenian Art rose highest under Pericles, surely no time of inactivity. Life has never been so full among mankind as in the Italy of the Renaissance, when men both produced and appreciated architecture, painting, statuary as they have never done since—the appreciators being, first of all, Kings, Cardinals, and busy nobles—or are doing only now, when in bubbling Paris and seething London, Art, if it reaches no lofty level of execution, is at least a worship. If civilisation does not crush Art, what is there in it which should crush poetry, or the appreciation of poetry, which, equally with the appreciation of Art, requires a developed feeling for beauty? As a matter of fact, it does not, and not only is the poetry of our day singularly, almost specially poetic, but the appreciation of it is nowhere so keen as in City parlours, in politicians' libraries, in the boudoirs of over-busy women, and in the offices of critics distracted by a million interruptions. It is quite true that solitude and reflection are essential to insight into poetry, as well as enjoyment of it; but Mr. Pattison confounds the external life with the internal, and forgets that the mind may be as lonely and as detached in Lombard Street as on the top of Helvellyn—may, indeed, be more lonely, for the rush of the City attracts the attention of the poetic less than the sweep of the clouds across the mountain's face. How can the man who can see enjoy even Wordsworth, when the storm sweeps over Helvellyn? how not enjoy, when in an office in Cheapside the innumerable murmur of the human bees is borne in in one low-sounding roar? That many men and more women immersed in affairs do not appreciate poetry is true, but it is not in consequence of the immersion, but of something in their own inner natures on which poetry makes no more impression than art upon the blind. No doubt, in the multitudinousness of our people the poet seems to make far less impression than he ought; but does any man who appeals to the ear make more, except, perhaps, the preacher, who says he can tell the crowds the secret of the Whence and Whither? That disparity is natural, for to the man expecting death the words of the doctor are of more import than even those of his wife; but who among secular writers has the audience of a Tennyson, or when can appreciation have been more universal than that which, in the choked streets of Glasgow, as much as on the silent pastures of Ayr, follows the poetry of Robert Burns? The body of men appreciate no literature of any kind, and probably to the end of time never will; but the largest section of admirers is reserved for the singer.

It seems to us that the great obstacle placed by civilisation in the way of the appreciation of Poetry is not the bustle it produces, or even the mental dissipation it encourages, but the cleavage it effects between the educated and uneducated, a cleavage so deep that what charms the one will not interest the other, and a poet appreciated by a whole people can hardly arise. The cultivated tend to become reflective, while the people remain emotional; and the poet who feels acutely the influence of culture, even if he has it not himself, gives out first that which attracts the cultivated most. Thousands of men in every grade admire Mr. Tennyson, but for the body of the people, "In Memoriam" is almost sealed, their religion is so distinct. They can and do feel "The Death of Wellington" and "Locksley Hall," but not "Ulysses," still less "Tithonus." This is a great evil, perhaps an irreparable one; but great poets have sung to small nationalities, and it is the only evil influence on poetry which can be distinctly traced to civilisation. After all, the Railway and the Telegraph are not such mighty advances that we should think ourselves so different from the men who learned Homer or Valmiki by heart, or quoted to each other with cheerful gusto the last songs of Horace.

THE COST OF LIVING IN SWITZERLAND.

THE superstition that living abroad is necessarily cheaper than living at home still lingers, and hundreds of families every year betake themselves to the Continent, in the hope of bettering their condition by reducing their expenditure. This end they generally attain, albeit by the adoption of means which, if they were adopted at home, would produce a similar result. There was a time when the prime necessaries of life were cheaper on the Continent than in England, but the extension of railways has equalised food prices all over Europe, and, except in a few outlying countries, whither only travellers careless of comfort ever venture, flesh meat and bread-stuffs are now nowhere much cheaper than they are in England. On the other hand, coal, exotic produce, and all sea-borne articles are considerably dearer abroad than at home. The manufacturing supremacy and Free-trade policy of the United Kingdom have made it, for clothing, the cheapest country in the world; while, against the comparative dearness of dairy produce, a dearness due to the legal and social discouragement of small farms, may be set off the far greater cheapness of fish. Of some other items of domestic expenditure, such as education, house-rent, taxes, and servants' wages, we shall speak presently.

The country at present most affected by English families in search of economy is, probably, Switzerland. It possesses several varieties of climate, highly attractive scenery, and foreign residents (unless they happen to be members of the Salvation Army) enjoy greater liberties and immunities than elsewhere in Europe. The *permis de séjour*, though still exacted, is little more than a matter of form, and by the payment of a trifling fee you may have a *permis d'établissement* good for the entire duration of your stay, however long it may be. Sojourners in Switzerland, moreover, have the choice of two languages, and the chance of cheaper education than is to be found either in France or Germany; while, in the former country, the cost of living has been greatly enhanced since 1871 by heavy taxation, and in the latter by the protective policy of Prince Bismarck. Taking everything into consideration, Switzerland offers to English families for whom economy is a necessity greater advantages than any other part of the Continent. No Commune is without its free school, and the more advanced Cantons—Berne, Zurich, Geneva, Vaud, and others—possess educational institutions equal to any of their class in Europe, and in which instruction is imparted at an almost nominal cost. The College of Geneva, founded by Calvin, which may take rank with any English public school, gives a liberal education at the rate of twenty francs a year, and the fees at the secondary and superior girls' schools are on an equally moderate scale. The fees at the Gymnase are forty francs a year for each of the two sections, technical and commercial, so that if a pupil were to take both, which, however, no pupil ever does, the total cost would be £3 4s. 4d. The charges at the Conservatoire de Musique are 50f. for six months' instruction in any one branch, and the School of Design is free to pupils who make a point of regular attendance. The fees at the University, the Schools of Chemistry and Industrial Arts, are relatively quite as reasonable; and as private lessons are also very cheap, Geneva is probably the most desirable city in Europe for folks with large families and small incomes. But there is a reverse to every medal, and as none of these institutions are self-supporting, and all (except the Conservatoire) are subsidised either by the municipality or the State, taxes are necessarily high, almost as high as in England, although Switzerland has neither standing army, navy, Court, nor Foreign Office. The rate of taxation in Geneva, including local imposts, is at the rate of seventy-six francs, a shade over £3 a head of population. In no other Canton is this rate exceeded, in many Cantons it is much less; but none, perhaps, possess equal educational facilities, or offer them on the same liberal terms alike to foreigners and citizens. Apart from education, it would not seem that the cost of living is any less in Geneva, or elsewhere in Switzerland, than in England. It is difficult to compare house-rents, so much depends on situation and accommodation; but there is no question that rents abroad are generally higher than rents at home. They are higher at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna than in any large English city, and they are higher in the environs of Zurich, Geneva, and Berne than in the environs of London. According to a careful estimate which appeared some time ago in a Zurich paper, the cost of building in London is little more than half the cost of building at Zurich. This

difference is due less to any great difference in the price of the materials used by English builders than to the greater efficiency of English labour, the skill with which it is directed, and the more general use in this country of labour-saving appliances. Rents, therefore, are higher, perhaps ten to twenty per cent. higher, in Switzerland than in England; coal is dearer—it costs in Geneva £1 15s. a ton—tea, coffee, sugar, currants, petroleum, tinned meats, pottery, hardware, and clothing are very much dearer. Dairy produce and vegetables, on the other hand, are cheaper; so are servants' wages. A Genevan housemaid is satisfied with £10 to £12 a year; a cook considers herself well paid with from £12 to £16. The cheapness of wine, even for those who like it, is not an unalloyed blessing. Your servants take it with their dinners and suppers as a matter of course; when you employ a gardener, he expects a bottle a day; every man who brings a parcel, or who does an odd job, wants a drink; low prices induce increased consumption, and the nett result is not economy.

Theoretically, then, housekeeping is no cheaper in Switzerland than in England, and if people do, in fact, live less expensively in the former country than the latter, it is because they live more simply. English families who at home inhabit a country house or a suburban villa, and keep five or six servants, when they settle for a season at Geneva hire an *appartement* in a second story and keep a housemaid and a cook, or, perhaps, a maid-of-all-work. They have emancipated themselves from the yoke of Mrs. Grundy, and the simpler living of their new neighbours makes thrift seem easier and more natural. Large fortunes are rare in Switzerland, and the salaries of public functionaries are very modest. The President of the Confederation receives for his services only £600 a year; few Judges receive more than £250, and there is probably no bank manager in the country with a salary of more than twice that amount. A man with an income of £500 is considered very well off indeed, and to have £1,000 a year is to be "passing rich." An English family, consisting of six persons—four of them children—having, say, £500 a year, and desiring to settle in Geneva and practise economy, would probably take an unfurnished *appartement* on a second or third story, which with taxes might cost them £60 a year. Two servants at £22, and education (including books and some private lessons), would bring up their fixed expenditure to £100, leaving £400 disposable for food, clothing, and et cetæras. How much our economical family should spend on clothing is not easy to say; but if they were very careful, and the mistress a good manager, £60 to £70 would go a long way. As for food, if they lived as the Swiss live, profiting by the cheapness of vegetable and dairy produce, and not being extravagant in butcher meat, they might perhaps provide it, together with firing and lights, for about £200 a year more, leaving for sundries and the unforeseen a margin of £130. In the country, considerably less would suffice; but the country does not offer the same facilities for education, for attending the gratuitous lectures organised by the University, and for amusements. For people with small families, or with no families at all, lodgings are perhaps cheaper than housekeeping. In Geneva, Lausanne, and almost every other Swiss city, *pension* may be obtained at from four to six francs a day, in the country for very much less. An American gentleman known to the writer, who came to Europe for the benefit of his health, and for whom economy was a necessity, found at Yverdun, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, a *pension* which took him, his wife, child, and nurse at the rate of 12 francs, say 10s. a day, everything included. He had two bedrooms and a sitting-room, everything was scrupulously clean and neat, and the fare, though plain, was sufficient and substantial. But Yverdun is a terribly dull place, and there are few English people who, save under pressure of necessity, would consent to spend a winter in a quiet Swiss village unfrequented by their countrymen. There are probably places in England where it would be possible to live as cheaply as at Yverdun. So far as Geneva is concerned, the greatest advantage it offers to foreign residents, apart from its fine situation and bracing climate, consists in the wonderful cheapness, variety, and efficiency of its educational institutions, as to which it is unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any other Continental city.

MODERN EDUCATION AND HEALTH.

WE confess that we regard with much suspicion the outcry which is heard from time to time now-a-days against our system of Elementary Education, on the ground that it is injuring the health of pupils and teachers. The charge is brought, as a rule, by those who have been opposed to the whole scheme of Compulsory Education, or, at least, who are but half-hearted supporters of it, and always eager to keep it down strictly to "the Three R's." Still, after allowance is made for prejudices, there remain some statistics and opinions of men of weight which show that the question, though often discussed, has not been by any means settled as yet. The address of Mr. Teale, President of the Health Department at the Social Science Congress, on Monday, brings it again to the front.

Intellectual quickness is clearly not characteristic of the masses of the English race in England. There is nothing in the Standards which prevail in our Elementary Schools which ought to render it difficult for children of a bright, average intelligence to pass them. In Scotland and in Germany, harder tests are applied with better results than our Standards give us here, but some explanation of this fact may be supplied by the consideration that the system has been in full working in those countries for a long time. Are we trying to do in a few years what requires a longer period? Is it the case that, in those countries, in the words of Mr. Teale, "the science by which Educational requirements are brought into harmony with growth, development, and health has attained a point of perfection from which the English Educational system is separated by a long interval?" If it be so, we shall have to ask ourselves what quantity of pressure it is legitimate or allowable to bring to bear upon the English children of school age so as to make up, as far as possible, for the time lost. We can do nothing in the matter till we obtain definite information from those best qualified to report on the effects of our present system on the general health. Mere vague allegations or even isolated proved instances of harm done are of no real value, unless, indeed, we are to lay down the thesis that there is no excuse for removing an abuse, where the remedy applied falls short of perfection in its application. The system of compulsory education in its present form is not to be condemned by showing that here and there it has done harm when injudiciously applied, especially when we consider how millions have been trained by it to become better citizens and better men. We have no separate heading as yet in the Registrar-General's Reports for Competitive Examination, beside zymotic and other diseases. The true principle of criticism in such a case is to measure what is against what was, and its mischiefs against the mischiefs of the old no-system, and then to decide between them.

Still, perfection being the point towards which the statesman must steer, it is highly desirable that this question of health in relation to Elementary Education should receive a prompt solution. It is a question which will press for an answer more and more with time, for the inevitable drift of our Educational system must be towards Standards of greater difficulty. Mr. Mundella tells us, with the authority of one who has studied the Education question throughout Europe, that "the requirements of the English Educational Code are the lightest" of all, and it does not need a prophet to foretell that, while this is so, no finality will seem to be attained,—in the eyes of Liberals, at all events. Whether a Royal Commission on "Brain Pressure in Relation to National Health" would be of much use, we are inclined to doubt; but surely some system of Reports might be devised, wherein the governors of Board schools should give the results of inquiries and observation on their own part, and on the part of the staff of each school throughout the kingdom. Her Majesty's Inspectors also could help in this matter, by paying special attention to the backward pupils in the annual examination. A good Inspector ought to discover very quickly whether a dull child has been "crammed" so as to mechanically answer questions, and just earn the grant; and if he comes to such a conclusion, he can refer the investigation on the subject of health, in such a case, to the governors of the school. No doubt, this has already occupied the attention of some Inspectors; but what is wanted is organised, universal observation.

We cannot as a nation afford to keep back the bright child for the benefit of the dull, as we should be doing were we to lower the Standards; nor can we separate off the dull children from the bright for separate instruction, as that would be fatal to the progress of the former, who would lose at once the incentive to industry, and with it their own self-respect. If the strain of our present Code is too great—and we disbelieve it—some other system of Grants will have to be devised Instead of payment by results, which the New Code has

already modified, we shall have to pay according to efficiency in management and teaching only. It will be a truly difficult task to frame an Inspectorate which could give satisfaction by its Reports under these heads, without the hard, matter-of-fact clue which is supplied by the results test in examinations.

So impracticable, indeed, does it seem to apply any other than the Examination test in Elementary Schools, that it will be well to devise some means which will prevent any risk of impairment of health under the present Curriculum. Some such plan as the giving of a substantial meal in the middle of the day in all such schools, as suggested in our issue of a fortnight ago, would, we believe, produce the best results. Too often it is the case that the dull child is the under-fed child, and the school meal would breed a double benefit; improved general physique and improved power of bearing the pressure of instruction, where the mind is, at present, starved through the body. Were the nation once convinced that, to hold our own, we must raise our Standards in education progressively, and that a healthy and well-fed body is an absolute condition of success in the average pupil, we believe the means of paying for such a meal would be forthcoming. Thus mind and body would be reciprocally indebted to each; mind, as developed to the utmost under favourable health conditions, body, as owing to the recognised need of educational developments its improved condition. On the question of the influence of the higher education and competitive examinations, which are equally part of the subject discussed at the Social Science Congress, we are inclined to traverse entirely many of the allegations which are often made. We do not believe that the best candidates in such examinations, putting aside, perhaps, the Indian Civil Service, where climatic influences come into play, suffer materially, if at all, from the strain put upon them. The defect is not in the system, but in the abuse of the system. Those who break down under it are, we fancy, those who have been driven on at too high a pressure to secure, by exceptionally severe efforts of memory, positions in the list to which their natural abilities do not entitle them. This is the real evil of the "cramming" system. For the candidates who are, by natural power, exactly those whom the Service wants, there is no need of "cramming," unless, indeed, the organised development of knowledge with the most careful avoidance of waste of energy is to be so called. It is a poor compliment to pay to the Examiners in such cases to suggest that they select "crammed" candidates, for the most part. As a matter of fact, it is well-organised knowledge which they appreciate highest, and unless such knowledge as candidates have be well organised, there are only a few, if any, who can give it adequate expression on paper. What successful "coaches," such as Mr. Wren, do, is to give instruction of a high kind in the subjects required for the different examinations, specialising more than can be done at a school, and supplying defects of ordinary school education which would ruin the chances of many excellent candidates, as, for instance, the niggardly allowance of time given to the modern languages, and even to the history of our own country. Their pupils work no harder than many a youth at the Universities who looks forward to a "First" and a "Fellowship," yet no one wants to abolish "Honours" at Oxford or Cambridge. Where, again, are the evidences of deterioration of health in the Officers of the Army or the Navy, or the Clerks of the higher grades of the Home Civil Service? Even if, however, it could be shown that the Competitive-examination system is a car of Jagaunath, crushing its thousands of self-offered victims beneath its wheels, still the old question comes up,—"What is your alternative which will avoid jobbery and favouritism?" Mr. Teale's suggestion, in cases where good candidates outnumber appointments, that the final selection should be made by the drawing of lots, is not likely, we venture to think, to win the day.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DR. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT ON COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I note an interesting query in your recent comments upon Dr. Clifford Allbutt's paper on competitive examinations: "Will Dr. Allbutt just tell us why, if physical injuries are not inherited, which is certain, mental injuries should be? The examinee may be hurt, and we are certain often is, but his children are not."

I fear you are in error with regard to the transmission of physical injuries. Some physical injuries certainly are inherited; the injuries inflicted by trainers upon thoroughbred horses leave their mark upon the offspring. The whole history of the survival of the fittest points to the inheritance of abnormalities which are the result of external influences more or less in the nature of injuries. It is well known that some dog-fanciers produce an exaggerated pug by breaking down the nasal bones, which I am told has its effect upon the progeny; and it is difficult to account for the tailless cats of the Isle of Man, if we reject the theory of centuries of mutilation. Men who do no work have children with small extremities. Fish spawned in the dark come at last into the world without organs of vision; and it is well known that short-sight is constantly transmitted from parent to offspring. Now, if the father did not overstrain his eyes, he would not be short-sighted, nor would he beget short-sighted children; but he does overstrain his eyes, and he does beget short-sighted children, who, again, transmit the defect. Here is clearly an instance of a self-inflicted injury which is undoubtedly transmitted, and if a physical injury of this kind is carried down for generations, why should not a mental or cerebral injury, the result of overstrain, have a deleterious effect or reappear in the offspring? Men who cannot perform their tasks without stimulants, as is the case with some orators and actors, are apt to have children with an abnormal tendency to alcoholism. No one is surprised at this. They say, "His father drank before him." The thief, the coward, the liar, the miser, reproduce themselves. "Like begets like," all the world over; I am sure the remark applies to acquired as well as to natural peculiarities, and if men will overstrain themselves in the endeavour to develope the mental at the expense of the physique, we cannot wonder that their offspring should suffer. Children whose eyes have been damaged for life by the present craze for "cram," under the modern School-board system, are constantly brought under my notice; and I entirely concur with Dr. Clifford Allbutt, to whom the thanks of the nation are due for his manly protest against the evils of competition. Knowledge is, no doubt, a good thing in itself, but it is evil, and not good, if purchased at the cost of broken health and spirits, or a tendency to disease which damages the race.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Charles Bell Taylor, M.D., F.R.C.S.

Park Row, Nottingham.

LONGEVITY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As a constant reader of your excellent paper, I have been much interested in the letters on "Longevity." Regarding the instance adduced by General Robertson in your number for September 29th, I may remark that, owing to a slight error in calculation, he does not make the best of his case—the lady therein mentioned having been born on May 11th, 1748, and dying on April 2nd, 1858, was within thirty-nine days of completing her 110th year—not 108th, as erroneously stated.*

I venture to submit the following instance, which fell under my own observation. When passing through Moscow on my way overland to India in 1828, I made the acquaintance of a medical man, a Scotchman by birth and education (whose name, however, has escaped my recollection), who had been settled there for many years, and was then physician to the Shérémétieff Hospital, an establishment founded and maintained by Count Shérémétieff, one of the old Russian Boyards, for the use of his own serfs, who in those days numbered 120,000 souls (as they were called in Russian), *i.e.*, males paying "obrok." My friend, in going round the wards of the hospital, pointed out to me a hale-looking, little, old man, sitting on his bed, but who stood up and answered intelligibly some questions addressed to him, his only infirmity being slight deafness. This man had been drafted into the Army in the time of Peter the Great, before whom he had passed in review shortly before that monarch's death, which took place in 1725. This was, the doctor said, authentically proved by papers in his possession, and the man's career clearly shown until his reception into the hospital thirty years before. Supposing his age to have been only fifteen at the time of his marching past the Emperor, this makes his age when I saw him to be *one hundred and eighteen*. My friend assured me that instances of very advanced age were very common among

* No; the mistake was in the years, the longevity was given rightly.—Ed. *Spectator*.

the peasantry in Russia, but that, owing to the absence of all parish records or other similar documents, it was difficult, if not impossible, to get at their exact age, except in an instance like this, where the subject had entered the Army, and his future career was therefore a matter of public notoriety.—I am, Sir, &c., R. Baikie, M.D., late H.E.I.C.S.

55 Melville Street, Edinburgh, October 8th.

PROFESSOR FLOWER AT READING.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your article on "Professor Flower at Reading," you say that the Clergy quake lest the doctrine of Evolution may interfere with the belief in miracle, and you seem to hope that the Professor will supplement his address with further matter showing that the Clergy need not be quakers. I do not know whether Professor Flower may be able to supply the required consolation. To my mind, that would depend upon what you or what the Clergy mean by "miracle." It seems to me that the objection of most scientific men to "miracle" is that that expression implies and enforces mental indolence. Ζεὺς ὕει implies that Zeus rains of his own volition, and there is an end of inquiry and speculation. "It rains," on the contrary, leaves us free to find out what rain is, and the how and why of it. A physical occurrence is always, according to the scientific creed, a fair subject of analysis. If a Mormon tells me that Joe Smith raised a man from the dead, the Mormon's mind is filled and satisfied with belief in Joe's supernatural power; but to me, his assertion is absolutely meaningless, unless I have opportunity of enlarging the facts which he represents in this way.

But the difficulty as to miracles is solid in winter only, and will melt in the spring which is, as I hope and believe, at hand. Only I am sorry that you should think "miracles" in any way essential to Christianity. Are you not binding upon, let us say, the weaker brethren burdens not imposed by our Master? Have we the slightest reason to think that he would have rejected a follower who doubted whether he had raised Lazarus? To believe that the physical consequents on Christ's death are scientifically inexplicable is the miraculous theory; to believe that they are potentially explicable, *i.e.*, explicable if the facts were sufficiently known, is the non miraculous theory. Surely a man may hold either of these, and—if he love the Lord his God and his neighbour—be an excellent Christian. Or must we make that absolutely essential to our Christianity which is wholly foreign to the Christianity of Christ himself?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Leatherhead, October 6th. M. W. Moggridge.

CONVICTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I observe in the *Spectator* this morning a remark (with regard to the intrusion of French récidivistes in Australia) that "it is difficult to expect that the colonies of New South Wales and Tasmania should be so grimly in earnest as Victoria, New Zealand, and Queensland evidently are."

Long experience in Australia justifies me in assuring you that no colony will be found more grimly in earnest on the question of repelling convicts than the powerful colony of New South Wales; and weak though she may be, and remote from the points where invasion is imminent, I doubt not that Tasmania will do her part also. How can the Imperial Government expect it to be otherwise? Did not the public men of Australia dare the displeasure of some English statesmen, by rejecting convicts from the mother-country? Shall they welcome the crime of France?

It is proverbial that men are in peril when a neighbour's house is on fire. Would not he be mad who, after once putting out the flames in his home, would tamely see a stranger lay a train by means of which his house is to be again set on fire?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Garrick Club, October 6th. G. W. Rusden.

[Tasmania refused at first.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

CHILDREN AND THEIR DINNERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your interesting article on the above subject, you say:—"To raise the race, the growing boys and girls must be fed too, and the total expense of feeding them 'like gentlefolk's children' as regards essentials, and especially of giving milk freely, would raise the total to two shillings a day per household, a dreamy sum, which for the majority of the population is for such a purpose hopelessly out of reach. Of course, in practice a compromise is adopted; the bread-winner is fairly fed, though even he has not half his 'scientific supply' of meat, and is tempted to make up with alcohol; and the wife and children drag out anæmic lives on insufficient food." Now, we all know only too well how painfully true this statement is; but is it not the strongest possible proof that there is something radically wrong in our social economy? Is it not true that every working-man creates more wealth than is required to feed and clothe substantially both himself and his family? Is it not also true that ultimately all wealth is derived from land and labour? And do not these simple facts drive us irresistibly to the conclusion that some form of land nationalisation, or something which shall in a measure practically answer the same purpose, must eventually be brought about? Mr. Bradlaugh put the question in a nutshell, when he said that at the time when our Imperial taxation was about five millions, the land bore more than two; but that now our taxes have reached 85 millions, the land bears but one—instead of nearly $\frac{1}{2}$, only $\frac{1}{85}$. The nationalisation of the land pure and simple may be too much to expect from this present generation; but, if all wealth is ultimately derived from land and labour, and taxes must be raised, should not the land (which was not created by the work of man) bear, as it once did, a larger share of our national burdens?—I am, Sir, &c.,

A Country Parson.

[We print our correspondent's letter chiefly to show how "Collectivist" ideas spread.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE WORD "CUSS."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It seems to me your correspondent from Colorado Springs is himself in error in stating that the word "cuss," when employed in the sense of a "rough cuss" or a "mean cuss," is a corruption of the word "curse." There is certainly a word "cuss" which is derived from "curse," as he points out, but it is an entirely different word, and is simply a slang synonym for its original, "curse;" whereas, "cuss," used in the above sense, seems, without doubt, to be a curtailment of "customer," as stated by the reviewer of "Skeat's Dictionary." For my part, and I think most Americans will agree with me, I never understood it as in any way connected with the word "curse." During several years of life beyond the Mississippi, as well as in other parts of America, I have often heard it used, but always, it appears to me, as a synonym for "customer," for a man was as likely to say a "rough customer," as a "rough cuss."—I am, Sir, &c., An American.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I ask with diffidence for authority for a phrase now so commonly in men's mouths,—"The Church of England as by law established." Can any one lay his hand on a statute which has established "The Church of England;" or is the phrase a part of, and only a part of, a perfectly correct phrase, "The Liturgy of the Church of England, as by law established"? Certainly we can lay our hand on the statute of Charles II. which established our Liturgy, in the popular sense of that word. But when, and by whom, was the Church of England Established?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Grasmere, October 8th. Henry M. Fletcher.

POETRY.

AN ENGLISH HOME.

Deep in a hazy hollow of the down
The brick-built Court in mellow squareness stood,
Where feathery beeches fringed the hanging wood,
And sighing cedars spread a carpet brown.

Out of the elms the clamorous tree-folk sent
A breezy welcome, while the roses made
Their vesper offering, and the creeper laid
His flaming hands about the pediment.

O happy souls, most fatherly denied
The cares that fret, not quicken: drawn to know

The healing hands that hang upon the Cross,
And through pure agonies of love and loss
Wrought into sorrow for a world of woe,
And from a prosperous baseness purified.

Addington Park, Croydon, October 5th. A. C. Benson.

THE SKYLARKS.

IN AN EAST-END BIRD MARKET.

Oh, the sky, the sky, the open sky,
For the home of a song-bird's heart!
And why, why, why, why
Do they stifle here in the mart?
Cages of agony, rows on rows,
Torture that only a wild thing knows;
Is it nothing to you to see
That head thrust out through the hopeless wire,
And the tiny life, and the mad desire
To be free, to be free, to be free?
Oh, the sky, the sky, the blue, wide sky,
For the beat of a song-bird's wings!
And why, why, why, why?—
Is the only song it sings.

Great, sad eyes, with a frightened stare,
Look through the wildering darkness there,
The surge, the crowd, and the cry,
Fluttering wild wings beat and bleed,
And it will not peck at the golden seed,
And the water is almost dry;
And straight and close are the cramping bars,
From the dawn of mist to the chill of stars,—
And yet it must sing or die!
Will its marred, hoarse voice in the city street
Make any heart of you glad?
It will only beat with its wings, and beat,
It will only sing you mad.

Better to lie like this one dead,
Ruffled plumage on breast and head,
Poor little feathers for ever furled,
And only a song gone out of the world!

Where the grasses wave like an emerald sea
And the poppies nod in the corn,
Where the fields are wide and the wind blows free,
This joy of the spring was born,
Whose passionate music loud and loud,
In the hush and the rose of morn
Was a voice that fell from the sailing cloud
Midway to the blue above,—
A thing whose meaning was joy and love,
Whose life was one exquisite outpouring
Of a sweet, surpassing note;—
And all you have done is to break its wing,
And to blast God's breath in its throat!

If it does not go to your hearts to see
The helpless pity of those bruised wings,
The tireless effort with which it clings
To the strain and the will to be free,
I know not how I shall set in words
The meaning of God in this,
For the loveliest thing in this world of his
Are the ways and the songs of birds!

And the sky, the sky, the wide, free sky,
For the home of the song-bird's heart!
And why, why, why, why
Do they stifle here in the mart? Rennell Rodd.

ART.

MASON'S "HARVEST MOON."

The etching which Mr. Robert Macbeth (one of the most recently elected Associates of the Royal Academy) has executed of the late George Mason's well-known picture entitled "The Harvest Moon," is one of those which merits more than a passing word of praise. A reproduction such as this, which adds individuality of artistic expression to accuracy of drawing and perfect sympathy with the original work, is as rare as the picture it reproduces is beautiful, and it is no exaggeration to say that of purely idyllic nineteenth-century art, Mr. Mason's "Harvest Moon" is one of the finest examples. There is a trace of Italian feeling in Mason's pictures, from which those of Walker are free; but both gain much of their beauty from the classic feeling which marks the actions and the form of the figures, and both join to this antique grace, a tender, half-regretful fondness for the earth and its labourers, such as no Greek could have felt, or would have wished to feel. Mr. Macbeth was peculiarly fitted for the task he has accomplished, and his work (of very large scale for an etching) is thoroughly successful. This artist is one whose own pictures have been almost entirely concerned with peasant life, and he is probably the one English artist living whose sympathy with Walker, Pinwell, and Mason, has not degenerated into a feeble copying of their most superficial characteristics. His peasants, on the contrary, have rather erred on the side of over-robustness, and sometimes the ancles of the women and the biceps of the men have been rather over-developed. His peculiarly manly method of work and thought has come most happily to the interpretation of Mason's gentle, almost over-refined, picture, and has lent an element of strength to the etching which nearly supplies the want of the colour, on which so much of the beauty of the original painting depended. It is no drawback to the merit of this reproduction, that Mr. Macbeth has done his work with the free interpretation of an artist, rather than the semi-mechanical fidelity of an engraver. The etching is, in short, a good bit of English Art, worthily done from a worthy original.

Harry Quilter.

BOOKS.

PROFESSOR GREEN'S PROLEGOMENA TO ETHICS.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We have already fully expressed our objections to Mr. Green's analysis of "free-will," and it cannot, of course, be otherwise than that his treatment of this question should in some degree affect his whole doctrine of moral action. Allowing, however, for this difference of analysis, we are in hearty sympathy with his views on the subject of the "moral ideal," expressed in the latter part of the volume before us, and forming its most characteristic and important feature. These views involve a repudiation of Hedonism, as incapable of being reconciled with the observed facts of human nature; a rejection of John Mill's Utilitarianism, as inconsistent and without rational basis, when once Hedonism is rejected; and a careful analysis of those springs of moral action which Hedonism and Utilitarianism fail to explain, showing that they imply an ideal of self other than it is at present, arising from the divine principle that dwells within us,—a recognition of capabilities of something greater, pointing one does not see exactly whither, though one does see that it is in the direction of something higher than one's present self,—capabilities never fully realised in this life, but consciously brought nearer to realisation, and more clearly understood, in proportion as the will attaches itself to their fulfilment. And this process of fulfilment of moral capabilities is continued throughout the life of the race, a fact which has important bearing on the moral ideal in the individual. According to Kant's maxim, "Treat humanity as an end," the ultimate aim of moral action is not merely the nearer approach towards individual perfection as such, but, conjointly with this, the advancement of the moral life of mankind. The "good-will" is the only true good, and the moral aim is the securing of the "good-will," or, in other words, of devotion to the moral ideal in self, and in others regarded as continuing our own personality and representing the continued approach on the part of mankind towards the full satisfaction of their moral capabilities. This full satisfaction is the only true happiness, but it does not consist in pleasure, and it is never attained to by man in his present state.

There is a passage in the epilogue to *Romola* which, the editor tells us, the author intended to have quoted, and which may be reproduced here, as giving the key-note to Mr. Green's doctrine of the moral ideal:—"We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by

* *Prolegomena to Ethics.* By the late Thomas Hill Green, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Whytes' Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Edited by A. C. Bradley, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1883.

having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world, as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good." The fullest explanation given as to what "the good" consists in is that it is the realising the capacity for moral perfection, which we feel that we possess within us; and, so far as we can see, Mr. Green holds "morally good" to be really an ultimate conception, though acquired, no doubt, on occasion of our observation of our own capacities, for this is inevitable. Morality is the science of right action, and how we can act rightly can only be discovered in the course of our observation as to how we are capable of acting at all. But of this notion of morally right, or of what he means by aiming at the "unconditional good," he gives no other explanation beyond saying that it is the object of the "good-will," except the one we have referred to above, which defines it in terms of our moral capacities, these capacities themselves being only conceived from our observation of goodness in actions as we now perform them. The definition is, then, a *hysteron proteron*, and morally good is the ultimate idea. Let us hear Mr. Green's own words on the subject:—

"In virtue of [the divine] principle in him, man has definite capabilities, the realisation of which, since in it alone he can satisfy himself, forms his true good. They are not realised, however, in any life that can be observed, or in any life that has been, or is, or (as it would seem) that can be lived by man as we know him; and for this reason, we cannot say with any accuracy what those capabilities are. Yet, because the essence of man's spiritual endowment is the consciousness of having it, the idea of his having such capabilities, and of a possible better state of himself consisting in their further realisation, is a moving influence in him. It has been the parent of the institutions and usages, of the social judgments and aspirations, through which human life has been so far bettered; through which man has so far realised his capabilities and marked out the path that he must follow in their further realisation, and his goodness is proportionate to his habitual responsiveness to the idea of there being such a true good, in the various forms of recognised duty and beneficent work in which that idea has so far taken shape among men."

And this idea of the "morally good"—undefinable and pointing to an aim quite outside our experience, and to a fulfilment of our highest capacities never attainable in this world—takes here on earth, and with reference to human nature as it is, the form of an unconditional law, or a "categorical imperative:"—

"In relation to a nature such as ours, having other impulses than those which draw to the ideal, this ideal becomes, in Kant's language, an imperative, and a categorical imperative. It will command something to be done universally and unconditionally, irrespectively of whether there is in any one at any time an inclination to do it."

And whither does all this point? Here is the sense of a capacity in human nature for higher things and a deeper happiness than is possible under present conditions, the consciousness that the individual cannot attain to that happiness on earth—nay, that mankind can never attain to it—and at the same time an aspiration to approach nearer to it, the sense of a law, of a command, bidding man put aside this or that pleasure which he can enjoy, in order to strive to get nearer to a happiness which here he cannot enjoy, to encourage a yearning he cannot here satisfy. Truly, to one who is led to take a teleological view of human nature by the facts of the case, all this points irresistibly to some other state, in which the capacity for what is great shall be filled; and the hope for such a state we are led to encourage, both from our sense of the need of it and from the warning voice that bids us act in compliance with noble aspirations, trusting and feeling that it will be best for us so to do, while we are conscious all the while that these aspirations, if they are not whisperings from above, are delusions, and that following them will, if there be no future state, lead not to the satisfaction of our nature, but to failure and disappointment. This conclusion, which seems to us the inevitable complement of Mr. Green's principles, he does not lay stress upon, but, so far as we can see, he accepts it in the following passage:—

"Further, although any other capacity may be of a kind which, having done its work in contributing to the attainment of such a state of being, passes away in the process of its attainment, as the capacities of myriads of animals, their function fulfilled, pass away every hour; yet a capacity consisting in a self-conscious personality cannot be supposed to pass away. It partakes of the nature of the eternal. It is not itself a series in time; for the series of time exists for it. We cannot believe in there being a real fulfilment of such a capacity in an end which should involve its extinction, because the conviction of there being an end in which our capacities are fulfilled is founded on our self-conscious personality,—on the idea of an absolute value in a spirit which we ourselves are. And for the same reason, we cannot believe that the capacities of men . . . . . can be really fulfilled in a state of things in which any rational man should be treated merely as a means, and not in himself an end. On the whole, our conclusion must be that, great as are the difficulties which beset the idea of human development when applied to the facts of life, we do not escape them, but empty the idea of all meaning, if we suppose the end of the development to be one in which persons—agents who are ends to themselves—are extinguished."

We may here make a criticism which will naturally lead us to Mr. Green's treatment of utilitarianism, of which we have now to speak. Our criticism is that he does not seem consistently to bear in mind, in the fourth chapter of his fourth book, in which his own theory is compared with the utilitarian, what he had previously said in the passage quoted by us above, as to the impossibility of human capacity being ever realised by man as we know him. In p. 403, he allows that the utilitarian theory, if explained as placing its aim not in the greatest sum of pleasures, but in enjoyable existence, is true as far as it goes, and quarrels with it only for its indefiniteness. The moral aim, as advocated by him, consisting in the full realisation of our capacities, yields, he says, the most enjoyable existence, and would, therefore, practically coincide, as an aim, with the utilitarian theory, as thus expressed. This seems to us quite out of harmony with his conception, above explained, of goodness as a constant effort *in the direction* of realising our capacities, with the certainty that they never will be realised "in any life that can be observed, or in any life that has been, or is, or . . . . . can be lived by man as we know him." The utilitarian mode of procedure, in its most approved form, is to take the measure of what capacity for happiness *is* capable of realisation in mankind, and to work with a view to that; Mr. Green's theory of the moral ideal bids us follow impulses which will lead us finally we know not whither, but of which we do know that if the goal to which they lead is ever attained, it will not be by man as he now exists, or in any life which he can lead as he is at present constituted. These are surely not only theoretically and in analysis, but practically and in their effects, aims in strong mutual contrast. And this remark supplies, as it seems to us, a link which is missing in the very able criticism which the author makes on Mill's attempt to preserve the utilitarian aim, after having relinquished the hedonistic doctrine of motives. This criticism we proceed to quote:—

"It is noticeable . . . . . that if the Utilitarian doctrine of the chief good as criterion—the doctrine that the greatest possible sum of pleasures is the end by reference to which the value of actions is to be tested—is dissociated from the Hedonistic doctrine of motives, though it may be cleared from liability to bad practical effects, it has also lost what has been, in fact, its chief claim on the acceptance of ordinary men. The process of its acceptance has been commonly this. Because there is pleasure in all satisfaction of desire, men have come to think that the object of desire is always some pleasure; that every good is a pleasure. From this, the inference is natural enough that a greatest possible sum of pleasures is a greatest possible good . . . . . But once drop the notion that pleasure is the sole thing desired, and the question arises why it should be deemed . . . . . the sole thing desirable, so that the value of all which men do or which concerns them is to be measured simply by its tendency to produce pleasure. We suppose ourselves now to be arguing with men who admit the possibility of disinterested motives, and who value character according as it is habitually actuated by them. . . . . Why, we ask such persons, do you take that to be the one thing ultimately desirable which you not only admit to be not the sole thing desired, but which you admit is not desired in those actions which you esteem the most?"

Mill's answer to this criticism as it stands would, it appears to us, be as follows:—Granting the utilitarian aim to be that in reference to which actions are good or bad, the disinterested virtues are higher, *because* in the long-run they bring greater happiness to mankind, so that the desire for these virtues is still a part of the desire for happiness, using the word "happiness" in the sense of enjoyable consciousness. Thus the fact that these virtues are by some immediately desired is no exception to the rule that what is ultimately desired is the happiness of mankind, and the utilitarian will, therefore, *not* deny that they are desirable, as well as desired. The really critical point—the missing link, as we have said—consists in this consideration,—that the motive of disinterested action is not (as a fact perceived by close self-scrutiny) simply and purely the wish for general human happiness, but is conjointly an impulse in the direction of fulfilling the highest human capacity, and that it is, as a part of this fulfilment, which has been already spoken of at some length, and not for its own sake, that the general happiness of mankind is desired; but the aim thus implied finds no fulfilment on earth, so that the whole procedure of the disinterested man is an Utopian scheme,

so far as utilitarianism gives any object for his action. Mr. Green seems to us to afford the materials for this further step in the criticism, but to be shy of using them. The essence of his theory is the incompleteness of this life as the sphere of moral action, or as fully explaining its nature, and yet this seems the part of it which he is least ready to lay stress upon.

Finally, and in closing the book, we are led to remark upon it, in general, that it is a very unusual work, both as to its excellencies and defects. Full though it is of thought, and of the truest analysis of parts of our moral nature, there are few points on which a satisfactory conclusion is reached and consistently adhered to. We think that the writer's obscurity of style and deficiency in the power or, perhaps, the will to summarise his views clearly, arises in part from the influence which such writers as Fichte and Hegel have evidently had on his mind. An able and careful student of German philosophy once said to the present writer, "The Germans always write round and round a subject, but can't go straight *at* it;" and we find the same fault, in some degree, with Professor Green. At times, one is tempted to throw the volume aside, wearied by what seems the needlessly cumbrous and involved mode he has of conveying comparatively simple truths; but then attention is suddenly arrested by some passage or clause showing original power of a very high order, and suggesting food for reflection as only a deep thinker can suggest it. We must allow, then, that it is the work of a mind of great power, although difficult to read in a measure far exceeding what is rendered necessary by the views of the writer, and the subjects of which he treats.

THE LORD-ADVOCATES OF SCOTLAND.*

Although there is a slight flavour of the political pamphlet about the two volumes in which Mr. George Omond, an Edinburgh advocate, has traced the history of the most venerable and important politico-legal office in Scotland, they form a valuable work. One word as to Mr. Omond's style, and for a special reason. Mr. John Morley has somewhere said that all English publicists are, as stylists, disciples either of Macaulay or of Mill. How far this was true when Mr. Morley wrote, how little it may be true now, seeing that fashion in style changes almost as rapidly as fashion in dress, and that the literary model of ten years ago is the butt of every undergraduate's contempt to-day, are questions which, although interesting in themselves, we are not now concerned to answer. But there is no doubt as to the enormous influence Macaulay, when at the height of his literary fame, had in making—perhaps still more in marring—the styles of young men of a literary turn, and who were in the stage of pliancy when the volumes of his *History* appeared. Nowhere was his influence greater than in Scotland. His old connection with it as Member for Edinburgh made him the idol of the Scotch youth, who regarded him, moreover, as, in spite of his birth and education, a Scotchman of the Gladstonian or "every fibre" type. Every lad at college who dreamed of living by journalism, every ambitious young advocate who thought to emulate Jeffrey, and find his way to political power, the leadership of the Scotch Bar, or a seat on the Bench, by making his first impression in the great Reviews, imitated Macaulay, while Macaulay was the rage. Thus, the style of the greatest of the Scotch literary masters except Carlyle—and even yet Macaulay is preferred to Carlyle in Scotland, by all but a thoughtful minority—is very noticeable in the *Essays and Reviews* of the late Henry Hill Lancaster, apparently the last of the Edinburgh advocates that have aimed at attaining a high literary as well as legal reputation, and who died on the threshold of what promised to be a prosperous, if not also brilliant career. Mr. Omond is, we take it, an advocate of much younger standing than Mr. Lancaster, yet "ancient founts of inspiration well through all his fancy yet," and to almost a Indicrous extent. Could Macaulay himself have read these volumes, he would have exclaimed, in what Carlyle described as his "plain Norse" manner, "Macaulay, or the Devil!" We have here imitations of the old and familiar snippety sentences of the *History*. Such are, "In 1587 the King came of age. Parliament met in July." Or "Morton had been beheaded. Murray had been murdered. Bothwell had died in exile." Here again is a slice—rather under-done, it must be allowed—off the Macaulay joint, by way of a description of the official changes in Scotland that came in the wake of the Restoration,—"Sir Thomas Hope's place was filled by the fierce and haughty Fletcher; the unscrupulous and wily Primrose succeeded Johnston of Warriston as Lord Clerk Register; and instead of Leslie, there was seen the savage face of Dalziel, unshaven since the death of Charles I." When the brilliant, but not "superstitiously scrupulous" Henry Dundas makes his first appearance in London society, it is described by Mr. Omond in a passage which recalls the famous essay on Warren Hastings:—"The memoirs and letters of that time are so graphic that we seem to enter at will the charmed circle, and to see the candles shining on the fine clothes of the men and the towering head-dresses of the ladies. The whole scene is depicted by the industrious writers of the day. Mrs. Montagne's dinners, where the hostess, though nearly sixty, displayed to her guests the vivacity of half her years; the drawing-room, with the picture of Pulteney over the chimney-piece; Mrs. Thrale, entering with her husband, and little thinking that a time would come, when, by an act of folly, she should forfeit the esteem of all her friends; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire drinking in the words of Johnson; Garrick and Horace Walpole telling anecdotes or giving riddles; Frances Burney and her father standing with Reynolds in the background, watching the scene with interest." The ring of Macaulay here is unmistakeable. But there is a difference between Macaulay's pictures and Mr. Omond's, a difference very nearly as marked as that between Samuel Johnson's "brandy for heroes" and the innocent claret-cup of the present day.

Partisanship and style apart, this work must be considered a very important addition to the historical literature of Scotland. Mr. Omond's method is a good one, and he has adhered to it steadily from the beginning to the end of his two volumes. His original purpose was not to give complete biographies of the fifty-two more or less eminent men who have fulfilled the duties of Lord (originally King's) Advocate, from Sir John Ross, of Montagrenan, who was appointed about 1480 by James III., and fought for his unfortunate master at the battle of Sauchieburn, to Francis Jeffrey, whom some of us can still remember. It is rather, in his own words, "To trace the history of an office the holders of which have enjoyed peculiar opportunities of influencing the course of politics and the development of the law in Scotland during a period of about four hundred years, and to describe the various arrangements which, since the Union, have been made for the management of Scottish affairs." But incidentally Mr. Omond tells all that one really wishes to know of the personal and family history of the various Scotch Lord-Advocates. His book is, in effect, a collection of portraits of "Scotch worthies;" nor does he fail to depict the manners of the times in which they lived. Some of the ablest of Scotchmen have filled the office of Lord-Advocate,—Spens, the disciple and protector of Knox; Thomas Hamilton, *alias* "Tam o' the Cowgate," the first "Lord," as distinguished from "King's" Advocate, who made the first James his easy tool, and as President of the Court of Session, Secretary for Scotland, and Earl of Haddington, was really dictator of his country; Sir Thomas Hope, who stood between Charles I. and the Covenanters, with whom he sympathised; the "bloody," but also able and literary Mackenzie; the Dalrymples; Duncan Forbes of Culloden, one of the deepest drinkers and most sagacious politicians of a troubled time; Henry Erskine, wit, poor man's friend, and Liberal before his time; Henry Dundas, who, as Lord-Advocate, and still more as Viscount Melville, repeated the dictatorial success of "Tam o' the Cowgate," helping thereby to make Scotland the preserve of Liberalism it now is; and finally, Francis Jeffrey. A book about Scotchmen would, it seems, be incomplete which did not contain anecdotes about the drinking customs of their country. So Mr. Omond refreshes the memory with a good number of such stories. We are told once again how, on the day of the funeral of Duncan Forbes's mother, "a number of mourners assembled at Culloden. By an old Scottish custom, which is only now dying out, the party drank freely in the house. Duncan was entrusted with the task of attending to the guests, and did so with such hospitality that when the funeral procession reached the grave, it was found that the coffin had been forgotten." Mr. Omond also revives the convivial pranks of Pitt, and Dundas, and Thurlow; tells how, returning from Addiscombe to Dundas's house at Wimbledon, they rode through the turnpike gate between Tooting and Streatham without paying toll, and were fired at by the keeper of the gate as being robbers, or, as it is put in the *Rolliad*,—

* *The Lord-Advocates of Scotland, from the Close of the Fifteenth Century to the Passing of the Reform Bill.* By George W. T. Omond, Advocate. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

"How, as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's champagne,
A rustic's hand,—but righteous fate withstood,—
Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood."

But in respect of the major and the minor morals alike, the Scotch Lord-Advocates seem to have been men of their time and their country. They were scarcely ever worse than either; many of them, such as Hope, Erskine, Forbes (in his serious and sober days), and Jeffrey, were better. No Lord-Advocate, no Scotch lawyer, except the brutal Braxfield, has a worse reputation than Sir George Mackenzie, the terror and persecutor of the Covenanters in the days of Charles II., the oppressor of the people by advocating whose rights he first attained popularity and power. Yet he was not worse or more cruel than his brother-apostates South of the Tweed, and stood stoutly by the Stuart cause when it was clearly seen to be a falling one. The process of the selection of Lord-Advocates in the past, although it, perhaps, can hardly be called natural, seems, on the whole, to have been a fair one; the best men got ultimately to the official top. When a brilliant pleader or an able politician was not forthcoming, the most industrious plodder at the bar had his innings, like Craigie, who was Lord-Advocate at the time of the rebellion of 1745, and appears, although a dull man that detested politics, to have shown both sense and courage, although he had as his military colleague in opposing the Pretender, Sir John Cope, who does not appear to have had too much of either. The Scotch Lord-Advocates have, in nine cases out of ten, been representative Scotchmen, and hence their power.

The evolution of the duties and power of the Lord-Advocate as traced by Mr. Omond cannot be said to have been altogether regular. The original King's Advocate seems to have been a lawyer of experience and capacity, whose duty it was to recover in the Courts fines and forfeitures for the King. Then he obtained Privy Council dignity, became recognised as the Public Prosecutor, and even sat on the Bench before which it was his business to plead. It may be said to have been the Restoration and the Union of 1707, between them abolishing the Scotch Privy Council and making a separate Scotch Department an uncertainty, from being a fixture of politics, that raised the Lord-Advocate to be the politico-legal functionary or virtual Minister for Scotland he now is. The Scotch Secretaryship of State was not finally abolished till 1746. Walpole, then Premier, suspected the Duke of Roxburghe, the holder of the office at that time, of clandestinely opposing his policy so far as that concerned Scotland, and got rid of him. Duncan Forbes, who was then Lord-Advocate, was much pleased, and in one of his letters, from which Mr. Omond quotes, wrote these notable words:—"For some time, at least, we shall not be troubled with that nuisance which we long have complained of,—a Scots Secretary, either at full length or in miniature. If any one Scotsman has absolute power, we are in the same slavery as ever, whether that person be a fair man or a black man, a peer or a commoner, six foot or five foot high; and the dependence of his country will be on that man, and not on those that made him." The most powerful of the Lord-Advocates after the abolition of the Scotch Secretaryship was Henry Dundas. He had the whole patronage of Scotland in his hands. But political reform and the reduction of the number of Scotch posts conferred by patronage have prevented any Lord-Advocate since Dundas obtaining a position of such personal power. Altogether, therefore, the history of the Lord-Advocateship must be allowed to be one of ups and downs; and as the Local Government Board Bill of last Session showed, a modification of its functions is threatened. We have said Mr. Omond's work has the flavour of a pamphlet, for he distinctly leads up to the conclusion that the re-creation of a Scotch Political Department is desirable. "The establishment of such a Department," he says (Vol. II., pp. 334-335), "would not 'degrade,' as is sometimes maintained, 'the ancient office of Lord-Advocate.' The holder of the office would still enjoy the high political influence possessed by his predecessors from time immemorial, although he lost that sole control of Scottish affairs which by mere accident passed into the hands of the Lord-Advocate, during the period which followed the abolition of the office of Secretary of State for Scotland." Upon the question here raised and raised in Parliament last Session, we here express no opinion, but it may be safely said that the Scotch Lord-Advocate of the future, however his nominal position may be modified, will be the leader of the Scotch Commons, and in a much truer and larger sense than was even Dundas, provided always that he is in himself strong, and is willing or can afford to throw himself unreservedly into a political career. His professional training must, it is obvious, give him advantages possessed neither by the ordinary Scotch Peer nor by the ordinary Scotch Member of Parliament, and the relieving him of the relics of Scotch patronage would simply render his power purer and more constitutional.

THE WENTWORTH PAPERS.*

It may be doubted whether, on principles of the highest literary morality, the publication of such a volume as the present is altogether defensible. It is quite certain that the horror of the person to whom these letters were addressed, if he could have learnt that they would be lying on our drawing-room tables a century and a half after his death, would only have been excelled by that of the writers,—his mother, wife, brother, or children in most cases. It is quite certain that, if he had dreamed of such a possibility, he would have consigned them remorselessly to the flames, with all their unconscious self-portraiture, and their intimate, often delicate, and sometimes discreditable details of the private lives of his nearest relations. However, the volume is before us; and, whether or not this ransacking of dead men's and women's secrets is wholly justifiable, we must admit that in this case it has yielded much amusing gossip, and has brought on the stage interesting figures and faces that have long passed into the background of oblivion.

Lord Raby—for so the recipient of these letters was styled when the volume opens—was grand-nephew of Lucy Hutchinson, as well as of the Great Earl of Strafford. Of the latter he relates that he "left it as a maxim to our family that an Englishman can't have too many friends, and that people in power should not disoblige the least groom, since no man can tell how things may turn, 'For,' said he, at the time of his trial, 'Lord! how many do I see whom I thought most insignificant, who now sit the heaviest upon me.'" In the course of the correspondence, we find his brother picking up for his use in Whitefriars scarce pamphlets referring to the Earl, and offering to supply him with a copy of Strafford's character, as drawn by Clarendon in his newly-published *History*, and his trial, as related by Rushworth. In 1711 he was created Earl of Strafford; and though he was Envoy at the Court of Berlin, and afterwards Ambassador at the Hague during several eventful years, he is now chiefly remembered as one of the Plenipotentiaries at the negotiations which led to the Peace of Utrecht. After the unexpected death of Queen Anne had brought back the Whigs to power, his position became very precarious, and in a few months he was recalled. Thenceforward he took little part in politics, except by occasional correspondence with the King over the water, and was chiefly occupied until his death in 1739 with building Wentworth Castle, and with the not very intellectual pursuits of a country gentleman. This was but a tame ending for a life which had opened with brilliant promise. Our hero seems to have been intended for a military career, and attracted the favourable notice of William III. and Marlborough; but in spite of his evident preference for a life of action, he gradually drifted into diplomacy, for which he does not seem to have possessed any special aptitudes. Swift wrote of him that he had some life and spirit, but was infinitely proud, and "wholly illiterate," and elsewhere that he "can't spell." Yet, though he opposed the appointment of Prior as a co-Plenipotentiary at the Utrecht negotiations, he could write of him that "he has an excellent knack of writing pleasant things, and tells a story in verse the most agreeable that ever I knew." He certainly shows a greater appreciation of literature than the contemporary Duke of Bedford, who writes thus to him of a greater than Prior:—

"I am sorry the circumstances of Mr. Pope's affairs will not permit him to come to see me this summer. Your Lordship will be so kind as to assure him that whenever he does me the favour, nobody shall be more welcome. *His expression of the honour he has for your Lordship, and the value he puts upon your favour, give me a greater esteem for him, and a greater opinion of his judgment, than all his other writings besides.* I do not know anything he has published that I have not got. I am a subscriber already for his translation of Homer's *Odyssee*. If there be anything else that he is going to publish, I shall be very glad to be a subscriber to it."

But whatever Lord Strafford's defects, and however little he

* *The Wentworth Papers*, 1705-1739. Selected from the Private and Family Correspondence of Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby, created in 1711 Earl of Strafford. With a Memoir and Notes by James J. Cartwright, M.A. London: Wyman and Sons. 1883.

may have deserved of posterity by his not very brilliant public career, he certainly seems to have won and retained the strong affection of his near relations and his intimate friends. The volume opens with a series of letters from his mother, who had been present as bedchamber-woman to the Queen of James II. at the birth of the Old Pretender, and who spent her later years in the society of her numerous pets—'Pug' and 'Fubs,' and so forth—in somewhat full-blooded gossip, in promoting the matrimonial and other interests of her son, whom she constantly characterises as the best of children, and in the various modes of killing time which the manners of the age placed at the disposal of a woman of high birth and scanty education. This lady, who stands out like a Kneller from the canvas, is, as a rule, but little interested in politics, though her reading of *Baker's Chronicle*—her favourite historical work, as it was that of her contemporary, Sir Roger de Coverley—occasionally suggests a fear of the recurrence of the Civil War. But she prefers her pets to politics. Sometimes she tells of their droll tricks or their sagacity, sometimes of the destination of a brood of puppies. She is disconsolate at the death of 'Fubs,' a special favourite, and we must let her express her sorrow in her own spelling, which has an individuality of its own:—

"I have a moste dismall story to tell you, God forgiv me for it. I cannot help being more then I ought concerned. I shall never lov anything of that kynde quarter soe well again. I had rether lost a hundred pd., nay all the rest of my doms I would have geven to have saved poor, charming Fubs, never poor wretch had a harder death. As it leved soe it dyed, full of lov, leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at any body in its horrid torter, but nussle its head to us and loock earnestly upon me and Sue, whoe cryed for thre days as if it had been for a childe or husband. . . . . Sure of all its kynd thear never was such a one nor never can be, soe many good qualletys, soe much sens and good nature and cleenly and not one falt; but few human creaturs had more sens then that had. I could write a quier of paper in her commendations. I have buiryed her in this garden, and thear is a stoan layd at her head. I leiv all news and tho discription of the Prine his buirying to your brother."

For a considerable time she is occupied in looking out for a town house for her son; but her opinion of the building of the Queen-Anne period is not so high as that of the dwellers in Bedford Park, and, with the Great Storm fresh in her mind, she looks back with regret to the more solid fabries of an earlier age. Her affection for her son likewise makes her an inveterate match-maker, and she is continually and obtrusively on the look-out for a bride at once beautiful, wealthy, and high-born. But Lord Strafford at last very wisely chose a wife for himself, and the union appears to have been a singularly happy one. Her letters show Lady Strafford to have been clever and vivacious, devoted to her lord and to their children, passionately fond of show and parade, and tinged with the sensuous worldliness of a somewhat unreflective and self-centred age. Her letters are full of what she calls "chitter-chatter," by no means free from coarseness, but, as a rule, without much malice or bitterness. Here is a specimen of the gossip which was sent to an Ambassador by his Countess in England's "Augustan age":—

"Next to you, I believe Lady Wentworth loves me better then any of her childaren. I own I believe sister Betty in her self won'd be very good-humour'd, but my sister Arundell governs her as won wou'd a child, and she is with her every day, and they get some little od body or othere to play at cards, and such a dirty place sure no body ever went into, and they eat jelly and drink Chockolet from morning tell night. . . . . I went last week to see our picktures, and I like them worse then ever I did, for he has made a Dwarfe of you and a Giant of me, and he has not tooched the dressing of them sence you went. I made Capt. Powell scold at hime to mend them, for they are nethere of them like. He is so ingaged with the Marlborough daughters that he minds no body else. . . . . Lady Rawstorn has desired to see all Lady Wentworth's dumb creatures, so I have contrived that the monkey, the parat, and the five doggs shall be all shute up in a chare togethere, and Lady W. in anothere to see they are not run away with. If you don't think this letter long enough the next shall be longer, for you can't be more diverted with reading them than I am with writing 'em, for even talking to you in this way is more pleasing to me then all the conversation in the world besides. I fear some part of this you'll hardly read, for I have speelt it abominably, but you must take it for better for worse as you have done me, and to [so] my dearest soul adieu yours for ever. . . . . I have been all this day in search of a Ballet made of Lord Treasurer and Mrs. Oglethorp, but could not get it to send to you."

During Lord Strafford's absence on the Continent, his brother, Peter Wentworth, querry successively to Prince George of Denmark, Queen Anne, and George I., sent him the political and Parliamentary news of the day; and his letters naturally form the most important contribution to history, as it is commonly understood, that is contained in the volume before us. His close attendance on the Queen enabled him to give minute particulars of her failing health, which bring home to the reader on how precarious a thread hung the fortunes of the Ring which ruled England in her later years. Peter is not a very attractive character, or a very lively correspondent. An unfortunate addiction to the bottle rather interfered with his success in life, and, it may be feared, shortened his days on what he called "this terestable Glob." At one time, observing that "nobody was so much minded as Members at Court," he was anxious to get into Parliament, and his motives for wishing to serve his country are set forth with commendable frankness. He thought also that public business might enable him to keep his resolution "never to be concerned in liquor again;" but his brother made no sign, and he never obtained the wished-for opportunity of repairing his broken fortunes at the public expense.

More entertaining than the news-letters of this courtly ne'er-do-well are those of the children of Lord and Lady Strafford, with specimens of some of which we must close. Their only son, Lord Wentworth, writes on a variety of subjects, from the "old dormouse" and the latest Court scandal to Colley Cibber and Foubert the riding-master. But his favourite theme is evidently none of these. At the age of eleven he writes (we preserve what two or three years before he had characterised as his "one spilling"):—

"We had a very handsome supper, viz, at the upper end cold chikens, next to that a dish of cake parch'd almonds sapp biskets [*sic*], next to that a dish of tarts and chees cakes, next to that a great custerd, and next to that another dish of biskets parch'd almonds and preserved apricocks, and next a quarter of lamb."

Shortly after, his mother writes, "L. Anne Hervey . . . . . invited my love and I yesterday to a fatt Pig and two Partridg, which my Jewell eate very well of." In the following year, he describes one "extream good dinner," including "a soop and a pig, and a green goose, and a veal popeats Artichoks and chaw;" followed a few weeks later by "a very good dinner," consisting of "three macerell, beans and bacon and boyl'd chikens, and then we had four little plates pidgeons, one rabbits [*sic*], in an other goosberry tart and sparrow grase and no desart." The "fatt piggs" and "beans and bacon" appear to have soon lost their charm, for at the close of the volume we find him writing thus critically to his father, who had just entertained the Duke of Hamilton:—

"As for tho dinner, I am sure his Grace never eat a better or a more genteel one; the only thing which I question being well done was the soup, which generally women-cooks dress sadly, but my mother says Mr. Tod understands cookery as well as his wife, so perhaps on such an occasion he might help her. I dare say the Duke was mightily pleased with his entertainment, but I wonder how poor Lord Clydsdale could keep his eyes open so long, for I conclude he did not drink punch as long as the Duke did."

In pleasing contrast to the precocious criticisms of this boy-epicure is this note from his sister, at the age of eight:—

"I told Lady Hariote that you said, as soon as she could speak, you would send her A compliment, and she said thank you Pappa. I also told Lady Lucy, and she desired me to give her duty to you, and says she would have writ, but her nurse would not let her. Lady Hariotc desires you to bring her a Baby [doll]. Pray give my duty to Mamma, and tell her that Lady Lucy's head is much better."

It will be seen that Mr. Cartwright has not consulted the interests exclusively of those who care for "the dignity of history." His selections from the Wentworth correspondence are well chosen, well edited, well printed, and well indexed.

PROFESSOR BURROWS' LIFE OF HAWKE.*

Edward Hawke, the subject of this memoir, was born rather more than a century and a half ago, and during his lifetime was a good servant to his country. No separate biography of this naval hero has hitherto appeared, and the Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford has been induced to write one,—first, because he was asked to do so by one of Hawke's descendants, secondly, because he believes that Hawke himself was "a great man, who by no fault of his own has been accidentally placed in the pages of history far below his proper level." If this belief be well founded, Hawke's ill-fortune has followed him beyond the grave, for Professor Burrows is unequal to the task of exacting compensation for the accidents which he deplores. But it seems to us that this belief is not well-founded. Of the sign-post popularity which Nelson, Wel-

* *The Life of Edward, Lord Hawke.* By Montagu Burrows. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1883.

lington, and the Marquis of Granby enjoyed, Hawke had quite his share. His one good saying, at Quiberon, has been quoted almost *ad nauseam*. He received the thanks of Parliament and a pension for his services. He was made a Peer and First Lord of the Admiralty, and never lost the firm friendship of his Sovereign. Mr. Burrows is not satisfied with these marks of recognition paid to his hero's merits, and while studiously proclaiming that "not a word should be said to diminish Rodney's well-earned fame," does his level-best (it is, sooth to say, not much) to prove that the manœuvre known as "breaking the enemy's line," was due to Hawke rather than to the conqueror of De Grasse. Yet Hawke's battles were fought, as his biographer admits, against fleets whose flight left the ships that were attacking them no time to form in line of battle. It did not require the genius of a Nelson to act as Hawke did. For he simply gave chase to the flying enemy, and got into action as best he could with the first of their ships he came up with. Whether he would have broken that enemy's line, had it been formed to fight him, or turned it, as was done at Trafalgar and the Nile, there is nothing to show. It is certain that he did not invent a new system of naval tactics, or teach such a system to his captains. In Rodney's celebrated action off Dominica, his successful onset was the result of a lucky inspiration suggested by accident, and not part of a preconceived plan, and the attempt which Professor Burrows makes to show that Hawke transmitted any portion of a knowledge which he probably did not possess to his chief captains, Howe and Rodney, must be regarded as a failure. He is not more successful in his landatory sketch of Hawke's powers as a naval administrator. The "King's Captain," as Hawke was called, was vividly impressed, while on active service, by the wretched management of his superiors. The few letters that are quoted in this book are filled for the most part with complaints about the shocking system of impressment, the badness of the sailors' beer, the absence of light vessels, and similar grievances. But when this "Captain" became in his turn First Lord of the Admiralty, there is no indication that he effected or even attempted any measure of reform; and "Junius" (Mr. Burrows notwithstanding) expressed, no doubt, the general sense of the community, when he sarcastically asserted that the country was so highly indebted to Sir Edward Hawke, that no expense should be spared to secure to him an honourable and affluent retreat.

Mr. Burrows has much, too much indeed by much, to say of Walpole and the war, and he hammers away at a question that we thought had ceased to be discussed, except in junior debating societies, with remarkable energy. But there is nothing surprising in this. The Professor is known for the strength of his political opinions, and he is here "with his bears," as the saying is. In him, as in Virgil's Turnus,—

"Saevit amor ferri et scelerati insania belli."

So he waxes irately eloquent in condemning a policy which in all probability saved England from a second Stuart Restoration. Be this as it may, we cannot follow Professor Burrows into those extraneous dissertations which, in their original capacity of padding to the *Quarterly*, have hardly attracted so much attention as their author apparently deems that they deserve. And it is needless to say that, whatever else their merits may be, they serve no useful purpose in the way of setting Hawke upon the pedestal from which he has been "accidentally" displaced.

But the plain truth is, that apart from holding up the Admiral as a *héros incompris*, Mr. Barrows has little or nothing to tell us about the conqueror of De Conflans. His memoir lacks all the qualities in which a good biography should be dressed, and his efforts to make bricks without straw would be amusing, if they were not so tedious. Take his treatment of Hawke's wife, for instance. He admits that he knows nothing whatever about her. But finding her once upon a time at Plymouth, when her husband's victorious fleet was putting in there, his imagination goes off at score. Hawke simply writes to Admiral Chambers, on this occasion, "My wife, who is now here, joins with me in compliments to you." "Who is now here," writes Mr. Burrows, gushingly; "it was a proud moment for her. She had come to meet her victorious husband, had shared in the raptures of the population at the arrival of the French prizes, and this time, at any rate, found his merits recognised by the title she was to share." "It is to be regretted," he adds with a sigh, "that nothing should be found beyond this trifling notice concerning one *who must have well performed her part in the training of a national hero*." We know no more about Lady Hawke than Mr. Burrows does, so it might be impertinent to ask him if Nelson's wife had much to do with his training; but as it is with Lady Hawke, so it is with her husband in this book. We find guesses galore as to what "must have been;" of what *was*, hardly an inkling. More of this when we come to the inscription on Hawke's tomb, which his biographer quotes in "faith, nothing wavering."

As a seaman, Hawke rates high. When not hampered by military colleagues and councils of war, he could sink French ships as well as Rodney could. But to compare him with Nelson, and, by all that is wonderful, with Wellington, is to do his reputation no service. He was a thoroughly trustworthy captain, and a kind, indefatigable man. He was singularly anxious about the state of his crews, and the quality of the victuals supplied to them. Of these, indeed, he was always complaining, and his relations with Pitt grew strained by reason of those complaints. The "Great Commoner" and the hero of Quiberon had little in common, so far as their idiosyncracies went. The former saw obstacles through an inverted optic glass, with the latter it was the opposite. Pitt was not alarmed, as some of his colleagues were, by what seemed to them the vapouring gasconades of Wolfe, and he was particularly partial to Boscawen, "who never made difficulties." Hawke was always making difficulties. His letters, as we have said, are crammed with complaints about bad beer, bad seamen, and inefficient ships. Pitt chafed at this. He had no panacea for ills like these, any more than he had for his own gout or Newcastle's timidity. The war, once begun, must and should go on; and no "Plymouth beer," no "men dropping down with scurvy," were to be urged as excuses for ill-success. The following anecdote, quoted by Mr. Burrows for what it is worth, is true in the spirit, if not in the letter:—

"There was a question about sending Hawke to sea, to keep watch over M. de Conflans; it was November; the weather was stormy, and dangerous for a fleet. Mr. Pitt, in bed with the gout, was obliged to receive those who had business with him in a room where there were two beds, and where there was no fire, for he could not bear one. The Duke of Newcastle [the Primo Minister in name], who was a very chilly person, came to see him on the subject of this fleet, which he was most unwilling to send to sea. He had scarcely entered the room, when he cried out, shivering all over with cold, 'How is this? No fire?'—'No,' said Mr. Pitt, 'when I have the gout, I cannot bear one.'—The Duke, finding himself obliged to put up with it, took a seat by the bedside of the invalid, wrapped up in his cloak, and began the conversation. But, unable to stand the cold for any length of time, he said, 'Pray allow me to protect myself from the cold in that bed you have by your side;' and without taking off his cloak, he buried himself in Lady Esther Pitt's bed, and continued the conversation. The Duke was strongly opposed to risking the fleet in the November gales; Mr. Pitt was absolutely resolved that it should put to sea, and both argued the matter with much warmth.—'I am positively determined the fleet shall sail,' said Pitt, accompanying his words with the most lively gesticulations.—'It is impossible, it will perish,' exclaimed the Duke, making a thousand contortions.—Sir Charles Frederick, of the 'Ordnance,' coming in at the moment, found them in this ridiculous position, and had infinite trouble in keeping his countenance, when he discovered the two Ministers deliberating on a matter of such great importance in a situation so novel and extraordinary. The fleet nevertheless put to sea; and Mr. Pitt was right, for Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and it was the most decisive victory the English gained over France during that war."

If we can say but little in praise of the "matter" of this memoir, we can say still less in praise of its "form." The narrative is "as dull as a great thaw," for Mr. Burrows is destitute of that graphic power which alone can shed a transitory interest over the details of fighting that has long been buried fifty fathoms deep beneath the waters of oblivion. His style is often ludicrously turgid, as when he speaks of Anson—the habitually taciturn Anson—"hinting his doubts whether the exigencies of time and space could be chained to the axletrees of Pitt's fiery car." His syntax is shaky, even for an Oxford Professor, and much disfigured by the vulgar Gallicism which inserts an unnecessary conjunction before the relative. His metaphors are mixed, as when he speaks of Fox's "*want* of character hanging like a weight of lead about his neck." His political sentiments are orthodoxically rococo, as may be inferred from his description of Rosbach, fought on the 5th of November, as "a Protestant victory on a Protestant day." His book, in fact, if we may borrow an expression from Swift, stamps him "as a mediocrist in literature." Yet—and here we must beg the reader to look at the use which Mr. Burrows has made of the inscription on the tombs of Lord and Lady Hawke—the time will come, no doubt, when a neat little tablet in the precincts of All Souls' College, Oxford, will proclaim to passers-by that the writer of the book here noticed was *Historiae Professor atque Scriptor cum accuratissimus tum locupletissimus*. So be it!

JULIAN TREVOR.*

We have read this novel with great attention, not only because it is a first attempt, but because in the first volume we found promise of an unusually attractive sketch of modern society. Mr. Tristram is evidently an appreciative student of Disraeli, whom, nevertheless, he takes every opportunity of sneering at, and half the book is full of not far-off echoes of *Coningsby* and *Vivian Grey*. At the outset, all points to a political novel, and a well-written political novel is one of the rarest and most enjoyable of literary productions. But fiction of this kind is high game for a beginner to fly at, and the author's untried wings do not long sustain him in the lofty regions of Cabinet intrigue, whence, early in the second volume, he comes down with a distinct thud to a very common-place world indeed. From this point the book must be pronounced a decided failure. It sinks into a dull story, with hardly any plot, a mere succession of trivial incidents, marking no development of character, interspersed with prolix and uninteresting dialogues between personages who are neither individuals nor types. Julian Trevor himself is one of the sorriest heroes we have met with in fiction. The account given of him by his tutor—a strange being, who has done or can do everything, but who throughout the three volumes does nothing but deliver himself from time to time of didactic vapidities—raises expectations of eminence of some sort; but almost at the outset of his career he is guilty of an ignoble deception, and he ends as the incredibly silly dupe of a female fortune-hunter. One cannot help feeling that the only stirring incident in the book—a shipwreck in the Adriatic, described tamely enough in the third volume—would have been improved, had the hero gone to the bottom with the Austrian steamer on which he was a passenger. The *rôle* of heroine is distributed among a couple of deceitful girls, the monotony of whose intense egotism is unrelieved by a single good trait, and a termagant fine-lady, who smashes plates and mirrors, and indulges in swearing. With the exception of Mark Turner, a kind of muscular Christian, mercilessly jilted by one of the deceitful part-heroines, and two other personages whom we shall presently mention, Mr. Tristram's creations are mere lay figures, though intended probably to be incarnations of different aspects of the almost savage selfishness which forms so prominent and repulsive a feature of modern plutocracy. Of this particular vice a realistic presentment might be profitable enough to nineteenth-century readers, if effected with the vividness and literary skill, even though with the crudeness, of Zola, tempered with a due regard for the exigencies of art. But a novel is neither an essay nor a treatise; its main object ought to be to please, though the improvement of manners and morals may well be a subsidiary aim. A mere moral pathology cast in the form of a story is neither instructive nor interesting. The essence of the novel as an artistic creation is action, action tending towards, though not necessarily accomplishing, the mitigation or removal of pain or evil. Human life is a continual struggle with destructive agencies, and, on the whole, a successful one. The novel should be a picture of some phase of that struggle, not merely a description, however true or vivid, or even picturesque, of the agencies, physical or moral, that act and react upon human society. Powerful in many respects as are the productions of the contemporary realistic school of novelists, they are monotonous and uninteresting, because they lack the element of combat; and no picture of human life, destitute of that element which may be presented in an infinite variety of ways, can excite either interest or admiration. The characters seem effortless, vice simply overwhelms them, and they sink into various abysses of moral degradation without an attempt being made at resistance. Nor is the struggle—the successful struggle—on the whole with vicious tendencies, without which human society could not continue to exist, indicated by any contrast of conduct making, to use Matthew Arnold's language, for good. *Vanity Fair* were unreadable, if merely a record of Becky Sharpe's selfishness. Major Dobbin is not in himself an interesting character, but his history forms part of the under-current of resistance to Becky's theory of life, in which the real action and interest of the story are centred, perhaps after a somewhat over-subtle fashion. In the volumes before us, Mark Turner is but a feeble Dobbin, and practically they portray, most often crudely, if not coarsely, but occasionally with a certain epigrammatic humour, merely some ignoble aspects of the selfishness of the day, without touching upon the struggles which, in the end, more or less redress the balance.

We turn gladly to the performance of the more agreeable portion of our task. Whatever may be the case with the poet, the novelist is commonly made, as well as born, and Mr. Tristram's first volume shows that what he chiefly needs is experience, together with the reflection and self-restraint it brings. What may be termed the political half of the novel is principally occupied with the fortunes of the hero's father, and it is not too much to say that the interest of the story ends with his death. Sir George Trevor comes of a "good" family, the founder of which was a traitor, while his descendants were cowards, drunkards, or—the collocation is the author's—unwavering Tories. His immediate predecessor was a cynic, who found the climate of England "damnable," the women who lived in it chilly, and the men fools. Sir George enters Parliament, shows himself to be a fluent debater, and finally becomes President of the Local Government Board—that *petite porte* of the Cabinet—on the accession to office of the most powerful of recent Conservative Governments. At this juncture, unluckily, he begins to be assailed by scruples about the purity of his colleagues' political faith, and upon the introduction of a Reform Bill thinks it necessary to resign, in order to prove the reality of his convictions. No sooner, however, is the sacrifice accomplished than the full extent of it becomes apparent, and the martyr comprehends with dismay the ruin of his political life. His wife, whose chief ambition is the impossible one, in these days, of leading a political *salon*, is disgusted with what appears to her to be an act of unmitigated folly; but more energetic and less shame-faced than her spouse, she rushes at once to the Premier, whose identity is hardly attempted to be concealed under the somewhat irreverent designation of the Earl of Slitherington, and with the aid of an opportune tear falling on the Earl's hand, which was "resting on a copy of Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*," persuades him to write to her husband. The letter is really an admirable one, and might well have been written by the author of *Vivian Grey*. There is sarcasm—impertinence, indeed—in every line of it, yet not a single phrase that could have been excepted to. "You are eight-and-forty," the Earl tells his hasty colleague; "you will, perhaps, live to eighty, and you have no taste for hock. Think of living thirty-two years of bucolic idleness!" Then, as to the Reform measure, he continues, the Liberals must not have the monopoly of reform. They reform "only that they may reform; but we, that we may conserve." Herein lies the very essence of "regenerate Conservatism." Of course, Trevor yields, but not until his wife reveals a great secret to him, which was simply that in resigning his post he was under the influence, not of a scruple, but of a crotchet. In how many of us is conscience little better than a bundle of crotchets. From that moment Sir George is an unhappy man; his biographer himself seems to despise him, and the reader hardly misses him when he is somewhat contemptuously removed from the scene, in the middle of the second volume.

We cannot say that in the Earl of Slitherington we find a generous or even an altogether just portrayal of one who, if not a great statesman, was assuredly one of the most striking and original figures that have crossed the stage of English politics. He was far from being the Mephistophelian cynic the counsellor of Julian Trevor is represented as being, nor is the taunt implied in the designation bestowed upon him justifiable. Politics he made his profession and his amusement as well. He liked the game for the game's sake at least as much as for any profit, or honour, or even power, he got out of it. Perhaps Mr. Tristram is right in supposing the main object of his life was to be a personage, rather than to establish any particular policy. "There are many people in the world," the Earl of Slitherington tells Julian, "whose motives are disinterested,—that is, they become so." The remark, like many others coming from the same source in these volumes, is a shrewd one. No doubt, the author of *Vivian Grey* became politically less selfish as he grew more successful. Many personal traits of the Earl remind one of the recent revelations of Lord Ronald Gower concerning the real Earl,—his delight in a certain gorgeousness, saved from vulgarity by its sincerity only; his love of sesquipedalian words, in such strange contrast with the epigrammatic dexterity of language he could display when he chose; his peculiar influence over young men. We miss, however, the slightly adulatory courtesy to women for which he was

* *Julian Trevor.* By W. Outram Tristram. 3 vols. London: Tinsley. 1883.

famous, and which they appear to have appreciated. Other personages of note than the late Conservative chief will be easily recognised under the thin disguise thrown over them in these volumes. We have no space to comment upon these portraits, which are drawn with considerable vigour and no little humour. For writing of this kind Mr. Tristram shows great aptitude. He has caught the twang of political society, with which he is evidently familiar, and he possesses a fluent and agreeable style. There is no reason why he should not aspire to a place in literature akin to that achieved by the master whom he flatters only by imitation.

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF BOOK-PLATES.*

"In France alone," says the author of this book, "has the history of the book-plate, from its origin to the present time, been adequately investigated." "And in France," he adds, "the rage for collecting *ex-libris* has expanded to a full maturity; while in Britain, such collectors are as yet a puny folk, little more esteemed than the juvenile hoarders of postage-stamps." We hope Mr. Warren means to draw no invidious distinction between "collectors" and "hoarders," for if it is permissible to read as much geography into or out of a postage-stamp as he clearly thinks it is to read biography into or out of an *ex-libris* or book-plate, the "juveniles" would have a good deal to say for themselves. One may smile or sneer at "collectors" and "hoarders" alike, but they stand or fall together. As a matter of fact, they stand, and these gentle enthusiasts may toil in their vocation contentedly. An old Greek hexameter defends them both. To insolent sneer and haughty smile, both may reply,—

"Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ."

And the moralist—but we are going too fast, as well as too far, and the indignant reader may fairly say, 'Never mind the moralist! What *is* a book-plate?' Mr. Warren shall tell him:—

"Having," he says, "selected a volume from one of those mysterious receptacles of drift literature which stand at booksellers' doors, with the intimation, 'All in this box, threepence,' on a dirty piece of cardboard poised on a ragged fragment of stick, the book-hunter at home will presently inspect his new acquisition. The book is opened, and displays, pasted inside the cover, a paper label. It reads, in a plain border, 'William Downing, his book, 1744.' Now, in England we call such a ticket as this William Downing's book-plate, as abroad it would be called his *ex-libris*. In either case, the meaning is that this special volume was in 1744 William Downing's property, and no other man's; that the book was *one from among his books*, an item in his library, a unit in his collection. The convenience of such a label of proprietorship, printed or engraved, led to its adoption soon after the appearance of printed books. Books have been lost, borrowed, or stolen ever since type began, and a mere manuscript name is inconspicuous and easily effaced. 'But why make a collection of such tickets as that?' Well, if all book-plates were as plain as William Downing's—and Lord Macaulay's was plainer, for he did not add the date—there would be no answering that question."

But between the simplicity of "Thomas Babington Macaulay" and the elaborate ornamentation of the Pirckeimer library plate, which faces Mr. Warren's title-page, and was designed, but not engraved, by Albert Dürer, there is obviously room for an infinite variety of book-plates. Heraldry, as was natural, was first called into requisition as a ready mode of declaring the proprietorship of a book; and "upon heraldry was soon engrafted a mass of extraneous ornamentation, usually, however, supposed in some degree to be connected with the central escutcheon." We must, however, refer the reader to the book itself—which we may here take the opportunity of saying is admirably printed and illustrated—for all that concerns this portion of the subject. A verbal description of the quaint designs of the playful book-plate inventor, apart from the designs themselves, would be intolerably tedious and scarcely intelligible. It is sufficient to say, perhaps, that on the whole they remind us of General Craufurd, who, when his men took to wearing their busbies aslant, began the general order in which he forbade the practice, "All men have fancy, few taste."

Book-plates, however, allow a man to show other qualities as well as taste or fancy. Where there is room for a motto, there is room for anything, and there is obviously room for a motto on a book-plate. Here the owner can show his liberality—"*Sibi et Amicis*," is the motto on the Albert Dürer book-plate which we have referred to; or his niggardliness, as in, "Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves;" or his strong good-sense, as in the Spaniard's, "Libros y amicos, pogos y bonos." But the best subject for a book-plate motto is the borrower, and the most amusing chapter in this book is the one headed "Mottoes Directed against Borrowers":—

"Next to an umbrella," says Mr. Warren, "there is no item of personal property concerning the appropriation of which such lax ideas of morality are current as a book. If you neglect to return a horse, a great-coat, or a pocket-handkerchief, some social stigma will probably attach to you, should the depredation become generally known. In the case of the book-borrowers, there is no such Nemesis. They flourish like green bay trees, and command universal respect. The broken sets which they have caused give them no twinge of conscience. The gaps, which they have left in innocent homes, break not their sleep at nights. Their tables groan with a holocaust of odd volumes, filled with any one's *ex-libris* but their own."

"The ex-libris," he goes on to say, with sententious gravity, "is the mature art of book preservation; and to engrave thereon some fulmination against the borrower is a virtuous and commendable proceeding." From the specimens he gives of these fulminations we select two. The first is a Latin sapphic stanza, and if it lacks the Latinity of Horace, it does not lack the venom which the Venusian could show, at a pinch:—

"Si quis hunc librum rapiat scelestus,
Atque furtivis manibus prehendat,
Pergat ad tetras Acherontis undas,
Non rediturus."

The second is terse, neat, and to the point, and the best, perhaps, of the batch:—"The ungodly borroweth and payeth not again." But if this chapter is the most amusing in the book, the next, headed "Book-Plates of Historic Interest," is by far the most instructive. Yet we imagine that the process by which Mr. Warren makes it so is not quite legitimate. How can one gather from the book-plate of Matthew Prior, Esq., that this was the "thin, hollow-looked man," who used to pace round the park with Swift to make himself fat, while the Doctor walked for the opposite reason,—namely, to keep himself down. Or how, from that of "Mr. Horatio Walpole," that this was the man who was nearly sure, *a priori*, to have a book-plate—we grant indeed that he was—and whose appreciation of all that was curious, abnormal, or exaggerated "piled Strawberry Hill from basement to attic with armour, painted glass, miniatures, engravings, chimney-glasses, snuff-boxes, medals, intaglios, rings, a Norman suit of armour, Anne Boleyn's clock, &c." Doubtless, Mr. Warren means that, when we know who Prior and Walpole were, it is interesting to have their book-plates. But he should say so. A book-plate of historic interest, and the book-plate of a person of historic interest, are not convertible terms. There are, however, in these chapters at least two book-plates of distinctly historic interest, that of "*William Penn, Esq., Proprietor of Pennsylvania*, and that of *Thomas Penn, of Stoke Pogeis, in the County of Bucks, First*" (*i.e.*, chief) "*Proprietor of Pensilvania*."

If we ask ourselves now what chance the science of *Ex-libris*, as Mr. Warren with pardonable enthusiasm calls it, has of being popular in England, we can find no answer. It has one thing in its favour. Fancy book-plates have entirely gone out of fashion. At the present day, men either follow Macaulay's example, or use their crest or coat-of-arms. Mr. Warren declines to notice any book-plates invented since George the Fourth was King. We wonder whether any book-plate has been invented at all since George the Fourth's niece has filled her uncle's throne. It is needless to say that if our conjecture is correct, this gives the science of *Ex-libris* a good chance. Old china had to be obsolete china, in order to generate a tea-pot "to be lived up to."

We do not seriously advise any one to become a collector of book-plates; but we do most seriously and strenuously advise every genuine lover of books to put this charming volume on his shelves. He will find his account in doing so. If we have spoken rather lightly of *ex-libris* themselves, we must guard ourselves against seeming to depreciate this guide to them. It is a solid, trustworthy, and conscientious book, and worthy of all commendation.

* *A Guide to the Study of Book-Plates (Ex-libris).* By the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, M.A. London: John Pearson.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Expositor. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—Dr. Robertson's article on "The Graphic Element in the Old Testament" is a very interesting contribution to the illustrating of Scripture language, and the elucidating of obscure passages from still remaining Eastern customs. What may be done in this way is well shown by an anecdote told by the writer. He had undertaken a boys' Bible class at Beyrout, and

found, as he says, that "the stock material for teaching such a class at home was taken from him." "From a literary point of view, there was nothing to explain." Archdeacon Farrar gives an estimate, on the whole very unfavourable, of "The Exegesis of the Schoolmen," which, as he points out, was vitiated throughout by the system of allegorical interpretation. Dr. Oswald Dykes continues his excellent commentary on the Epistle to Titus. The other articles are "Some Names in Genesis," by the Rev. Edgar C. S. Gibson; "Comfort in Cares," by the Editor; and "The Heavenly Life," by Almoni Peloni.

The Month.—The articles in this number are too short—an average of ten pages for each—and somewhat thin. Much more might, for instance, have been made out of a curious book which Mr. W. F. Dennehy has lighted upon—the biography of Thomas Reynolds, the informer, who betrayed the United Irishmen in 1798; and the great theme of "Westminster Abbey and its Memories" is not adequately treated by Mr. Knowles. We get some interesting facts, and should have been glad of more, in "Some Notes on the French Conscript." Many readers will find the account of Julie Billart, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, highly interesting. Another "Founder," as some of us think him, gets but scant justice at the hands of the Rev. W. Loughnan. Why does this gentleman accuse Luther of incontinence? He was no more incontinent than St. Peter and the other Apostles who "led about a wife." And what does not Rome itself owe to him? It owes to him the difference between Leo X. and Leo XIII.

The Church Quarterly Review. October. (Spottiswoode and Co.)—The longest and most interesting article in this number is that on "Edward Henry Palmer." This is founded, of course, on Mr. Besant's book, but it appears to be written by one who had a close personal knowledge of his own of the subject of his sketch. He sets himself to correct the impression conveyed by Mr. Besant, and certainly felt by Palmer himself, that the University treated with neglect her most distinguished Orientalist. He does not quite make out that the Heads of Houses were right in preferring Dr. Wright to him; but he does show that, from first to last, he was fairly well treated by the *University*. It was the University *Commissioners* who refused to increase his professorial stipend, and this at a time when all the world knew his pre-eminence as an Oriental scholar. There is an excellent essay on the "Evidential Value of the Sacraments." There we find, in the very earliest times, a cogent evidence of the still earlier organisation of the religion of which they were the expression. But what does the writer mean when he says that at the birth of Christ "the eloquence of Cicero had scarce been silenced, and the strains of Virgil still charmed the Imperial Court?" Not as many men were then alive who had listened to Cicero as can now remember having heard Daniel O'Connell, and Virgil had been dead fifteen years. The writer on the "Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission" welcomes, we see, the recommendations of the Commissioners with enthusiasm. Another writer slays the slain, in expressing once more the follies of the so-called Anglo-Israelism. Of all the crazes that apparently sane men take up, this is the craziest. Other articles, in a number of unusual interest, are "Pellicia's Polity of the Christian Church," "The Suppression of Convocation" (a contribution to the Church history of the last century), "The Prospects of Religion and Society in France" (a sad, but we fear too true, picture of the feeling now dominant in France), "The New Education Code," and "Faith and Science."

We gladly renew our annual welcome to the year's volume of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, edited by H. K. F. Gatty. (Bemrose and Sons.) We hope that it holds, and will continue to hold, its own against all rivals, so thoroughly good is it of its kind. There is a tie of affection and of sympathy in good work between it and its *clientèle* which distinguishes it from ordinary literary ventures. Its contents are as judiciously varied as ever,—fun and earnest mingled together in just proportion.

The Acharnians of Aristophanes. Translated into English Verse. By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. (Hodges, Figgis, and Co., Dublin.)—In this volume, which belongs to the "Dublin University Press Series," Professor Tyrrell has essayed the difficult task of giving a literal translation which shall suggest the spirit as well as the letter of the original, and he has achieved, as might, indeed, be expected from so ingenious a scholar, a very considerable success. We are not sure whether Frere's version will not be more attractive to the reader who simply wants to be entertained, and is not careful to inquire whether or no this entertainment is Aristophanic. But it is not more than just to say that "Mitchell, Frere, and Walsh sometimes appear to make the Greek little more than a peg on which to hang poems of their own." On the other hand, Professor Tyrrell is scrupulously faithful. This faithfulness will approve itself differently to different persons. One thing, however, is certain,—scholars will value it highly. For the most part, they will find here what may be called for their purpose, which naturally is to put the original into close-fitting, attractive, English form, an ideal translation of the great Greek comedian. This is a great thing to do; still, we must own that it is not when he is most literal that Professor Tyrrell is most pleasing. Here is a passage from the famous parabasis, in which the poet makes his apology for telling his countrymen the truth:—

> "From the time when our poet first made in the playwright's profession a start,
> He never was used to come forward to boast of his marvellous art;
> But now that malicious detractors are trying a notion to raise
> That he slanders his country, and runs the Democracy down in his plays,
> He thinks it is best to put in his demurrer at once, as he finds
> That you're equally ready to change, and hasty to make up your minds.
> He says that he's made you his debtors by teaching you not to be gull'd
> By the soft words that foreigners give you, nor into security lull'd
> By swallowing doses of bunkum. Time was when the whole of the town
> Was led by the nose if one sponted the praise of her 'violet crown,'
> And the moment a diplomate air'd that expression of mystical might,
> 'The crown' did the business; you scarcely could sit on your seats for delight.
> If some flatterer said 'land of oil' there was nought you'd refuse him, I ween,
> Tho' he gave you a title more fit for the praise of a potted sardine.
> And that's how he's made you his debtors—by turning the eyes of your mind
> To the rights and the wrongs of your subjects. And that is the reason, you'll find,
> Why the envoys that come with the tribute so long to behold the brave poet
> Who dared to tell Athens the truth when he thought it was right she should know it.
> You may judge that the fame of his boldness has pretty well gone round the globe
> By the two questions put by the Shah, when he sought Lacedaemon to probe;
> For he first asked, which side of the two the sea with her navy could hold,
> And then he ask'd which had the bard who was given so freely to scold;
> For the state that had such an adviser, he said, would be stronger by far,
> And would certainly bring by his aid to a glorious issue the war."

And here is a charming version of the praises of peace:—

> "Saw ye how proud he was? Now he's for jollity—
> Witness those feathers, how choice is his fare!
> Beautiful playmate of Love and Frivolity,
> Little we knew, Peace, how lovely you were.
> O that some Love-god would but bring me facing you,
> Love in the picture, with buds round his brows!
> Old as I am, I should ne'er stop embracing you,
> Ne'er tire of kissing so buxom a spouse.
> Then would I plant, for my mistress's pleasuring,
> Many a sweet little vine-sprout a-row,
> Rearing beside them, for motherly treasuring,
> Shoots of the fig-tree that tenderest blow.
> Old as I am, yet no sprout should want cherishing;
> Olive-branch laden our farm should abound.
> We should not dream of our cruise of oil perishing,
> We'd have enough for us all the year round."

Rambles with a Fishing Rod. By E. S. Roscoe. (Blackwood and Sons.)—Now that most people, a few salmon fishermen excepted, have put away their fly-rods, it is pleasant to read such a book as Mr. Roscoe's. He has no miraculous take of fishes to record. On the contrary, even the best basket which he describes might easily be surpassed in a Sutherlandshire trout loch. But he takes his readers to some new and very pleasant places, discourses to them very agreeably of persons and scenery, as well as of sport; tells faithfully of disappointments, as well as successes; and generally shows himself as agreeable a "book companion" as one could expect to find. The general impression left by his experiences is one at which one might arrive without personal knowledge, viz., that the angler who seeks for trout in the streams of Germany or the Tyrol finds only the gleaning in August. So late as that, the angler who wants large baskets must go north. Not only is the season too far advanced in southern countries, but the fish have been sadly thinned, for on the Continent the streams and lakes are utilised as sources of food supply in a way of which we in this island have no experience. Still, though the trout are scarce, there are grayling. And in any case, if the traveller be not a mere catcher of fish, he will get many delights, amongst them being that thorough change of surroundings which one must cross the seas to obtain. One paper is given to Connemara, and another to "Sea-trout Fishing in Scotland." Sea-trout fishing is, indeed, though, as the writer, after a humorous description, remarks, not by any means a contemplative recreation, is an admirable sport,—the more the pity that it is rapidly diminishing. The sea-trout is too eager a creature, and, therefore, too easy a prey. We fear much that, in all accessible places at least, he will almost disappear. The present writer can remember hearing of more than eighty falling in a day to a single rod, and has himself, though but a very indifferent performer with a fly, secured as many as thirty-five, averaging a pound, in six or seven hours. One of the papers, and not the least interesting, is on "Pike-fishing in the Black Forest." Pike-fishing is somewhat unreasonably despised. There are places on the Continent where it could be followed with success; Mr. Roscoe mentions one of them. We fancy that others, *e.g.*, in Holland and Pomerania, could easily be found. The Black Forest "See," in which Mr. Roscoe tried his fortune, is, indeed, hardly first-rate. Thirty pounds seems to be considered a very good, and fifteen to twenty an average take. Two rods seem to have been satisfied with 150 in seven days, one of the fish scaling as much as *thirty*. (We doubt whether the landlord was not drawing the long-bow, when he said that this fish took *three hours* to land. The "gamest" pike we ever saw was exactly of this weight, and though hooked with spinning-tackle outside the mouth, was landed in less than half an hour.) A daily average of ten pounds and a fraction is but moderate. We know of a place where an angler would easily treble it. But no tortures would make us reveal the name. We have nothing but praise for the good-nature with which Mr. Roscoe takes the world into his confidence.

William Ewart Gladstone, and his Contemporaries. By Thomas Archer. Vol. IV., 1860-1883. (Blackie and Son.)—Mr. Archer completes in this volume what is practically a history of England during the last fifty years. We have taken occasion to speak of his work while it has been in progress, and we now wish to renew and complete our acknowledgments of its great merit. The difficulties which beset such a task as that which he has now accomplished are very great. Foremost, of course, stands the problem of expressing conviction without becoming a partisan. Mr. Archer has not, indeed, like the Pollio to whom Horace addressed his famous warning, a civil war to relate; but he has to tell of some very fierce struggles, in which the antagonists have not always been content with moral force. And he has to deal with controversies, both political and social, from which the bitterness has by no means passed away. He has his views on these matters, and he does not attempt to conceal the fact that they are such as a biographer of Mr. Gladstone might be expected to have; but he is, as far as we can see, just and candid. Then there is the difficulty, which is in one sense more embarrassing, of keeping due proportion between various events. Most of us have subjects in which we are especially interested, and are disposed to be discontented with the brevity with which they are sometimes of necessity treated. Here, again, Mr. Archer seems to steer skilfully a very perplexing course. A reader will, of course, now and then miss something that he looks for, but he will acknowledge, on the whole, that the book is well managed in this respect. Add to this a very lively and vigorous style, and you have a book which fairly has earned much praise.

Henry Irving, Actor and Manager. By William Archer. (Field and Tuer.)—This is a careful and, we should say, a just criticism of a great actor, of a very different quality from the hurried remarks which have to be put together between the close of a performance and the time when a morning paper goes to press. It is, indeed, one of Mr. Archer's points that the first impression made by Mr. Irving has to be corrected by repeated observation. The justice of the remark that in comedy the acting of Mr. Irving is "in no sense exhilarating," will be generally acknowledged. His restlessness is another peculiarity that is remarked upon; a third is his mannerism of pronunciation. On this point, Mr. Archer remarks, with a witty severity that is not wholly undeserved, "A fatal proclivity to speaking in unknown tongues seems to be connected with the very name of Irving." The want of mimetic power is a defect which is less obvious. Yet we see that there is much truth in the remark that "his greatest triumphs are projections of himself, not reflections of the world around him." But it is a defect which, as Mr. Archer says, has been seen in other great actors.

Eight Years in Japan, 1873-1881. By E. G. Holtham. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Holtham went out from England to assist in the making of Japanese railways, and he recounts in this volume the experiences of eight years spent in this work, and of occasional holidays which he took from it. We cannot say that we have found it much more interesting than the story of as many years' work in England would have been. The writer certainly does not exaggerate; he seems to regard everything with a truly British composure, and consequently produces an account of the country which is in the strongest contrast to the romantic descriptions which some travellers have given of it. The most interesting and novel part of the volume is that which tells us something about earthquakes:—"The Japanese have a regular earthquake drill, with which they are acquainted from childhood. At the first agitation, they rush out of doors, if their houses are open, as in summer; but if it is the cold season, or their houses are closed for the night, each man, woman, or child of sufficient size to act independently seizes one leaf of the shutters that slide in grooves on the edges of the verandahs, lifts it traywise on to the head, as a protection from falling tiles or *débris*, and so gaining the nearest open space, lays it down on the ground and sits in the middle of it, to minimise the liability to fall into cracks or rents in the earth's surface. The sudden galvanising into life of a sleeping village is a very funny sight, resembling a pantomime trick in its conception and execution. Resort is also had to bamboo groves, as the interlacing tough roots certainly bind the earth together, so as to render it extremely unlikely that any fissure will open in such a locality for choice."

Specimens of French Literature, from Villon to Hugo. Selected and edited by George Saintsbury. (The Clarendon Press.)—This volume is published as a companion to the editor's "Short History of French Literature," which, indeed, it is intended to illustrate. Hence it is not primarily a collection of the finest things in the French literature, whether verse or prose. Were it that, some of the names that are found in it would probably disappear, and others would be differently represented. But then we should not get the help which we do here actually receive towards getting a comprehensive view of what the literature of the last four centuries has been in France. Some of these writers will be strange to many English readers. Of Villon, for instance, most of us have heard, possibly heard too much, but Roger de Collérye and Antoine de Baif will be new acquaintances to most. This is a volume of the greatest interest.

Theory and Practice of Teaching. By the Rev. Edward Thring. (Cambridge University Press.)—It is probable that any one resorting to this volume for actual instruction in the "theory and practice of teaching" will close it with disappointment. Mr. Thring has little or nothing to say to such inquirers. He deals—and in so doing has the precedent of great teachers to support him—with principles rather than with rules. Yet we take it that no patient hearer (if, as we suppose, these chapters were once lectures) or reader will have gone or will go away without profit. Mr. Thring's utterances cannot fail to raise a "noble discontent" in the hearts of those to whom they are addressed, discontent with accepted modes of teaching, and with results which we try to consider satisfactory. As for himself, the writer is profoundly dissatisfied. He compares English school teaching to the perpetual pouring of water on kettles which have their lids, a pouring which can but result in a few drops accidentally getting down the spout. The remedy he proposes is, first to communicate this dissatisfaction to others, and to look for better results to more loving and intelligent working in the future. Mr. Thring's quaint style is sometimes effective, sometimes, we must own, a little tiresome.

Poetry.—*Miscellaneous Verses*, by Georgiana Farrer. (S. W. Partridge.)—Miss Farrer writes some six or seven thousand verses, to which we can really allow no higher merit than that of good intention. Not the strongest sympathy with her general sentiments can make such verses as the following on "Vivisection" tolerable:—

"Darwin believes man but a beast,
Sprung from a lowly root;
Superior to frogs and apes,
A highly cultured shoot.

Forerunners of a higher race,
But not what Scripture states,
Possessed with an immortal soul,
On minds, like his, it grates.

A sort of eminence there is
To feel above a fly,—
To think a reptile or a fish
Beneath our dignity."

——*Theodora, and other Poems.* By George F. E. Scott. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Scott must excuse us, if we remind him that if emperors are "super grammaticam" poets are not. In,—

"O man, who in thy wondrous wisdom,
In very littleness doth limit
God's love with thine—who madly scorneth,"

"who" is in the second person, and requires "dost" and "scornest." We cannot honestly say that verses of the quality of which we give a sample—and, as it seems to us, a fair sample—are worth publishing, whether they are written in extreme youth or extreme old age:—

"Dreams.

"'They told me that I did but dream,'
I heard an old man say,
'And that the world's realities
Mine energies should sway.

The world's realities I found
Realities of woe;
Ah! would that I could dream again
The dreams of long ago.'"

——*Poems and Ballads.* By Pryce Gwynne. There is a good deal more sound than sense in such verses as the following:—

"Song to Psyche.

"Go, weary sprite, outspeed the night,
And seek the land of dreams,
Whose cloudy light is lest the sight
Be blinded by its streams,

That wash the walls of magic halls,
Whose forms for ever change;
Though each enthrals the glance that falls,
Upon its fabric strange."

Novels.—*Jack's Cousin Kate.* By E. C. Kenyon. (Remington.)—Jack is a medical student. Kate is the daughter of a man who writes three-volume novels under the absurd name of "Tamogen," and of necessity leaves his family unprovided for at his death. Partly to make a living for herself, and partly also to get rid of the addresses of the fervent medical student, Kate takes a situation as lady-help in North Wales. There nearly everybody who is "eligible" falls in love with her, and pours forth his affection in unintelligible Welsh, or in poetical quotations. But before she had reached her journey's end in North Wales she had, like Mrs. Eiloart's heroine, met "her fate" in a railway carriage. This fate is Dr. Daker, who is rather crusty and sarcastic. Fortunately, however, a bank in which he is a shareholder collapses, and, as he elegantly puts it, "swallows up the whole bag of tricks." Daker improves, and as Jack has been at death's door, and has, like Miss Pecksniff's lover, set his heart on Another, there is no reason why Kate and her Doctor should not go together, at the end of the third volume. As a story, *Jack's Cousin Kate* is common-place; its style is full of erudities. There is a good deal of religious or *quasi*-religious talk in it, and although there is no reason to doubt its sincerity, it occasionally becomes unctuous, and consequently offensive.——*A Fashionable Marriage.* By Mrs. Alexander Fraser. (White.)—This is one of the most unwholesome, but fortunately, also, one of the silliest novels we have ever read. Mrs. Alexander Fraser's "society" consists of under-bred ruffians with titles, who look like "Greek Gods," (why are

the "Greek Gods" always insulted in fiction of this kind?) drink "tumblers of brandy," or "call lustily for a whisky-and-soda," when they have any special villainy on hand; and vulgar, heartless, mercenary "sirens" or "Fanstines," with "white, alabaster arms," and "great, almond-shaped, milk-white-lidded eyes." Mrs. Fraser, indeed, puts a little comedy into her portrait of Bella Grant, who is the chief female villain of her story, and proceeds from poisoning to lunacy, for we find that she reads the Parliamentary debates, and "as Bradlaugh has her entire sympathy, her face is unbecomingly flushed, and her gray eyes gleam with hot partisanship in a hideous cause." But Mrs. Fraser surely carries her courage (shall we term it?) too far, when she introduces into her story living and well-known ladies under the thinnest of disguises, and when she gives names to the parties in the divorce case, which is the last scene but one of her strange history, that at once recall personages that actually figured in a recent *cause célèbre*. ——*Dame Durden*. By "Rita." (Tinsley Brothers.)—It is enough to say of this novel that it is superior to most of the author's work. There is a good deal of what we can only style strenuosity in it, but it is not unwholesome. The tragic loves of Paul and Lady Maud are told with some power, and although we get rather tired of their foils, Eric and Marjorie, there are very much worse characters in some of "Rita's" other fictions.

Books Received.—*Aspects of Scepticism*, by John Fordyce, M.A. (Elliot Stock.)—*The Fertilisation of Flowers*, by Professor Hermann Müller. Translated and edited by D'Arcy W. Thompson, B.A. (Macmillan.) Mr. Darwin added a "Prefatory Notice," which, being dated February, 1882, was one of the last things that came from his pen.—*The Sun*, by C. C. Young, Ph.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*Short Parliaments: a History of the National Demand for Frequent General Elections*, by Alexander Paul. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States*, by Simon Sterne. (Cassell and Co.)—*Practical Jurisprudence*: a Comment on Austin, by E. C. Clark, LL.D. (Cambridge University Press.)—*Gleanings in Ireland after the Land Acts*, by W. H. Bullock Hall (Stanford), containing some interesting personal observations on the state of agricultural Ireland, observations which are worthy of note by partisans on both sides.—*Tenants' Gain not Landlords' Loss*, by Joseph Shield Nicholson. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)—*The Republic of Uruguay*. Issued by Authority of the Consulate-General of Uruguay. (Stanford.)—*The Yetholm History of the Gypsies*, by Joseph Lucas. (Rutherford, Kelso.)—*Velasquez and Murillo*. (Sampson Low and Co.) "A descriptive and historical catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo, with descriptions, their history from the earliest known dates, sales, engravings, lists of lost or unidentified pictures," &c.—*A Book of Bombay*, by James Douglas. (*Bombay Gazette* Office, Bombay.)—*The Louvre: a Complete and Concise Handbook*, by S. Sophia Beale.—*The Englishman's Guidebook to the United States and Canada*. (Stanford.)—A twelfth edition of the *Memoir of William and Robert Chambers*, by the late Robert Chambers. (Chambers, Edinburgh.)—Burns's *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, additions to Chambers's cheap series of "Reprints of English Classics."

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for October:—*L'Art*, the etchings and illustrations in which are of a high class.—Part 35 of *Picturesque Palestine*.—The *Modern Review*.—The *Antiquarian Magazine*.—The *Theatre*, an interesting number, containing two articles by the late Dutton Cook.

The SPECTATOR can be had on Sunday mornings at Mr. K. Nilsson's, 212 Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

To insure insertion, Advertisements should reach the Publishing Office not later than 12 a.m. on Friday.

USKITES, Godalming (formerly a Charterhouse Boarding-house).—C. S. JERRAM, M.A., Worc. Coll. Oxon., RECEIVES TEN BOYS to be PREPARED for the Public Schools.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 312, will be Published on WEDNESDAY, October 17th.

Contents.

1. Edward Hawkins, Provost of Oriel.
2. Socialism in England.
3. Saint Teresa.
4. Fur Seals of Commerce.
5. Marshal Bugeaud.
6. Ecclesiastical Courts Commission.
7. Trade Routes to China and French Occupation of Tonquin.
8. Disintegration.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold (C.), Indian Idylls, 8vo ..... (Trübner & Co.) 7/6
Birrell (O. M.), Justice Warren's Daughter, 2 vols. cr 8vo..... (Remington) 21/0
Boot (W. H. J.), Tree Painting in Water-colours, 4to ..... (Cassell & Co.) 5/0
Brock (M.), Rome; Pagan, &c., cr 8vo ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0
Clifford (S.), What Think Ye of the Christ? cr 8vo ..... (C. K. Paul & Co.) 6/0
Crommelin (M.), In the West Country, 3 vols. cr 8vo ..... (Hurst & Blackett) 31/6
Dale (D.), Cissy's Troubles, cr 8vo..... (Nisbet) 3/6
Dawson (C.), Thoughts in the Valley, cr 8vo ..... (Shaw) 3/6
Dobson (A.), Old-World Idylls, 16mo ..... (C. K. Paul & Co.) 6/0
Earle (W.), Love and Marriage, cr 8vo..... (Simpkin & Co.) 2/6
Euripides, Iphigeneia, by E. B. England, 12mo ..... (Macmillan) 4/6
Forrier (J. H.), Lectures on Greek Philosophy, cr 8vo ..... (Blackwood) 14/0
Frith (H.), Ascents and Adventures, cr 8vo..... (Routledge) 3/6
Fuller (M.), Eminent Women Series, cr 8vo ..... (W. H. Allen) 3/6
Goethe, Life of, by J. H. Dunizer, 2 vols. cr 8vo ..... (Macmillan) 21/0
Green (E. E.), Lady Temple's Grandchildren, cr 8vo ..... (Nisbet) 3/6
Greenaway (K.), Little Anne, 8vo ..... (Routledge) 5/0
Heaton (J. D.), Memoir of, by J. W. Reid, 8vo..... (Longmans) 10/6
Henty (G. A.), Jack Archer, cr 8vo ..... (S. Low & Co.) 6/0
In the Company's Service, 8vo ..... (W. H. Allen) 10/6
Johnson (J.), Self-Effort, cr 8vo ..... (Nelson) 3/6
Kirby (W. F.), Evolution of Natural Theology, cr 8vo..... (Sonnenschein) 4/6
Leathes (S.), The Caged Linnet, cr 8vo..... (Shaw) 3/6
Lewis (F.), China-painting, 4to..... (Cassell & Co.) 5/0
McCarthy (J.), Short History of Modern Times, 1837-1880 (Chatto & Windus) 6/0
Macaulay (J.), Grey Hawk Life, &c., cr 8vo ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0
Martin (H.), Memoirs of Seventy Years, cr 8vo ..... (Griffith & Farran) 7/6
May Cunningham's Trial, cr 8vo ..... (Cassell & Co.) 2/0
Miss Marston's Girls, cr 8vo ..... (Nisbet) 2/6
Molesworth (Mrs.), Two Little Waifs, 12mo..... (Macmillan) 4/6
Mr. Burke's Niece, cr 8vo..... (Cassell & Co.) 2/0
O'Brien (B.), Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland, Vol. 1, 8vo (S. Low & Co.) 16/0
Outline Sermons to Children, cr 8vo ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Price (E. C.), The Foreigners, 3 vols. cr 8vo ..... (Chatto & Windus) 31/6
Rankin (J. S.), Marjorie's Probation, cr 8vo ..... (Shaw) 3/6
School Girls, all the World Over, cr 8vo ..... (Routledge) 3/6
Shaw (C.), Alick's Hero, cr 8vo ..... (Shaw) 3/6
Shipton (A.), God with Us, cr 8vo... ..... (Nisbet) 3/6
Smith (G. H.), Hospital Management, roy 8vo ..... (C. K. Paul & Co.) 2/6
Some Modern Artists, 4to ..... (Cassell & Co.) 12/6
Stables (G.), Wild Adventures Round the Polo, cr 8vo (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0
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Treadwell (J. H.), Martin Luther, cr 8vo..... (M. Ward) 3/6
White (R. G.), Words and their Uses, cr 8vo ..... (S. Low & Co.) 10/6
Zeller (E.), History of Eclecticism in Greek Philosophy, cr 8vo ...(Longman) 10/6

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The Spectator

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

M. JULES FERRY, finding the Extremists implacable in their hatred of the Government, has finally declared war on them. He announced at Rouen on Saturday that the Ministry were "about to give battle," and at Havre, on Sunday, he expanded the idea. There had, he said, been during the Recess an outburst of Intransigeance, which called for serious attention. The Extremists do not want Government of any kind; their idea of a Republic is incessant change, and they admit of no method of administration. Their advocates promise everything, practicable or otherwise, and thereupon are elected Deputies. The Government will make no compromise with them, and it behoves every good citizen finally to choose his side. No one can belong to both parties. These energetic words have driven the Extremists quite frantic, and it is arranged that a furious attack shall be made upon M. Ferry when the Session begins, on Tuesday. He relies, of course, upon the support of all Moderates; but it is believed that, rather than resign, he will dissolve. The Senate will, of course, be on his side; and the President, although opposed to him personally, is still more opposed to the Extremists, who insult him every day. In an election on such an issue, it is believed that only the great cities would send up Extremists, and that the majority would return pledged to union and the support of the Government.

The great difficulty in M. Ferry's way is his foreign policy. His own party in the Chamber dislike the risks the Government is running in Tonquin, and are annoyed at the unpleasantness with England on account of the Shaw affair. It is impossible to ascertain the truth upon the subject, but in Paris it is believed that M. Ferry is personally anxious not to retreat before China, and that he defended in the Cabinet the dispatch of reinforcements to maintain the French position in Madagascar. This is probably true, but M. Ferry has already averted any difficulty with England by the offer of compensation to Mr. Shaw, the occupation of Tamatave can be protracted at little expense, and the road for retreat from Tonquin is always open. With the Chamber disinclined for war, and M. Grévy specially hostile to expeditions, the French Premier is scarcely the man to sacrifice his future to the luxury of being obstinate. If he does, his majority will be very narrow, and his popularity with the Army will disappear, Soldiers drawn together by conscription detest Asiatic service, and the higher officers are well aware that to conquer a tropical delta in the teeth of an empire like China is a very serious undertaking. No General of standing would attempt it with less than 30,000 men, and it is stated that Dr. Harmand has already calculated the cost at £8,000,000 sterling.

The Leeds Conference, on Wednesday, mustered some 2,500 delegates from upwards of five hundred Liberal Associations in different parts of the kingdom, and found, apparently, no difficulty at all in coming to a resolution which was all but unanimous as to the claims of the various measures which are candidates for legislative precedence in the next Session. The chair was taken by Mr. John Morley, who, as every one knows, advocates the passing of a County Franchise Bill in 1884, and a Redistribution of Seats Bill in 1885, if the Lords accept the County Franchise Bill. The Lords, he said, are not a bit more partial to a County Government Bill or to a London Government Bill than they are to a County Franchise Bill, and they will reject or accept any Bill according as they suppose that by so rejecting or accepting it they will increase their chance of getting a majority at the general election, and so hoisting a Conservative Government into power. A resolution in favour of introducing a County Franchise Bill at the commencement of the next Session was carried all but unanimously, but very few delegates voting with Mr. Firth, M.P., for the higher claim of a London Government Bill.

Subsequently, the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, of Birmingham, brought forward the claims of women to the Parliamentary franchise; and in this he was supported by Miss Cobden and by a daughter of Mr. Bright's,—Mrs. Bright-Clarke, of Street, in Somersetshire. The Conference was favourable to this rider on the resolution, and voted it by a great majority, though not, apparently, till after a good many members had gone away. This is, we hold, a very unpractical gloss adopted into the text of the record of the Conference, and certainly not one on which Liberal statesmen will be agreed. The Conservatives advocate women's suffrage, because they think, and probably rightly think, that the votes of women at large would be preponderantly Conservative,—and, of course, it would be impossible to abide by the present qualifications, if it be assumed that women of average political capacity should be put on an equality with men of the same capacity. At all events, the adoption of the women's franchise would confuse everything, raise many more questions than it would be possible to settle, and vastly increase the chance of indefinitely postponing any Reform Bill; and this, no doubt, especially recommends the women's franchise to the Conservative leaders. We take it, however, that very few of the Leeds delegates were specially instructed to vote for the women's franchise, and that this was a bit of by-play, on which delegates were at liberty to do much as they pleased.

On Thursday, the Leeds Conference resolved that after passing the extension of household franchise to the counties, a Redistribution Bill should be proposed, "such as would give as nearly as possible an equal value to every vote, and secure a true expression of the will of the nation." To this resolution there was no real opposition, though a discussion arose on the question of minority representation, in which Mr. F. Seebohm made a good speech, in a sense which we conceive to be very much the same as that which we have adopted in another column. He held that, somehow or other, the minority of the nation ought to get its opinions fairly represented in Parliament; but he did not hold, apparently, that the minority principle, as it is at present embodied in our electoral law, produces the desired result.

Mr. Bright, in the long evening speech in which he reviewed the conversion of the nation to his own creed, illustrated with great power the distorting effect of the minority representation, in the experimental form in which it is at present embodied, on the representation of national convictions. He referred to the case of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Birmingham, all of which have the minority representation, and pointed out that their population is greater by 80,000 than the collective population of 142 boroughs which return 176 Members to Parliament. And then he went on:—"The House of Commons had given three seats to each of the big towns, and the House of Lords said, 'No, we will invent a plan which will not only not give them three, but which will deprive them of the influence of two.' So they passed the Minority Clause. When an election occurs,

two Members are returned in each of the large cities by whichever party happens to be in the majority, and one Member for each by the minority, making a total of eight against four. Let us now turn to the House of Commons after a great debate and during a critical division, in which an adverse vote must not only change the Government, but must also, in the eye of all the world, change both the home and foreign policy of this country. In such a close division as we had on the passing of the Reform Bill in 1866, or on the Affirmation Bill, or on Irish University Education, and other measures within my recollection, the actual result of a great contested election in these four important boroughs, with nearly two millions of population, is just this, that, whilst other 142 boroughs return 176 Members, they, in effect, return only four Members; that is really all the influence they would have in a great division. Now, I ask you, is not that an astounding fact?" That is unanswerable. Only Mr. Bright made the scandal worse than it actually is. At the present moment, these four great towns are represented by nine Liberals and only three Conservatives, the majority having carried *all* their Members in Glasgow and Birmingham.

Mr. Henry Fowler delivered a striking speech to his constituents at Wolverhampton on Saturday last. It was a speech nearly two hours in length, delivered to an audience of two thousand persons, who listened to him with eagerness and perfect sympathy throughout. He reviewed "the solid and useful" work of the last Session,—the Corrupt Practices Act, the Bankruptcy Act, the Act for Reducing the National Debt, and the Agricultural Holdings Act,—with some detail; but his explanations of what had been done were so graphic that he did not in any degree weary his audience with this long review; and his reply to the Tory criticisms on the finance of the Session evidently excited the deepest interest. When Mr. Fowler asked why the House of Lords should not be reformed, Wolverhampton cheered him most lustily,—and we wish the Conservative leaders in the Peers would carefully watch the growing signs of public impatience with which their obstructive attitude towards Liberal measures is received. On the question of the policy of the future, Mr. Fowler was most explicit, and carried with him the fullest enthusiasm of his audience. The concession of household franchise to the counties should, he said, be the first work undertaken, and with it must go the necessary redistribution of electoral power. "Under the present working of our Parliamentary system," he said, "we are governed by a minority of the population, a minority of voters, a minority of taxpayers, and a minority of the patriotism and intelligence of the country. We can hold no compromise with this sort of thing."

Mr. Fowler's illustration of the unfairness of the distribution of representative influence in Staffordshire, is remarkable only because it expresses neatly and succinctly what might be easily matched in any populous county of England and Wales:—"In Staffordshire, there are eight boroughs that return thirteen Members to Parliament; four of them return seven, and four others return six. You would think that the four boroughs which return seven Members comprise a majority of the population and a majority of the electors. Let us see. The four boroughs sending seven Members, all told, have a population of under 60,000; the four boroughs returning six Members, all told, have a population of over 500,000 people. But I hear some cautious Conservative say, 'That is a striking contrast, so far as numbers are concerned. But property must be represented, as well as population. Those who pay taxes must have the larger voice in deciding how the taxes are to be spent.' Very well, Sir, without stopping to argue whether 60,000 mouths can consume more than 500,000 mouths,—and the bulk of our taxes are raised upon what the people eat and drink,—let us take the property test. In the four boroughs that return the seven Members, the income from all sources, from trade, from rents, from profits on which they pay income-tax, is £643,000, and the income of the four boroughs that have only six Members is £4,700,000. Comment upon these figures is superfluous." That is good political pemmican. But Mr. Fowler is no indifferent orator, as well as no feeble politician. His comment on the Conservative gathering at Birmingham, which was to be supplied with light, as the advertisements previously informed Birmingham, from "Chinese lanterns," told most happily on his audience. "Chinese lanterns," he said—"apt symbols of the light and leading of Conservative Cabinets"—were to decorate the Conservative assembly, while "the whole was to conclude with a display of fireworks." But they did not only conclude with fireworks, "they commenced with fireworks, and they had nothing but fireworks all the way through." Here Mr. Fowler did the Conservative orators at Birmingham something more than justice. At least, if it was all fireworks, a good deal of the gunpowder was damp and the result a sputtering devoid of brilliancy.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, speaking on Wednesday night at a Conservative dinner at Bridgewater, boasted of Sir Stafford Northcote's triumphal progress through Ulster, but omitted to say that it was essential to that progress that the furious condemnation of the Irish Land Act to which the Tory party in Parliament is deeply pledged, should be altogether ignored, as it certainly was ignored by Sir Stafford Northcote. In fact, the Orangemen welcomed Sir Stafford only on condition that Sir Stafford should not give even the feeblest expression to Lord Salisbury's well known view of the greatest achievement of the present Government. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach also took occasion to attack the expected measure for the redistribution of electoral power in England, and gave no symptom of that inclination towards the equalising of electoral districts to which some of his late colleagues are supposed to lean. On the contrary, he declared warmly against any redistribution of power based chiefly on population, arguing for "a varied franchise and the representation of interests." That is a mysterious phrase, susceptible of any number of different interpretations, but is chiefly remarkable because it indicates that some of the Conservatives mean to take refuge in dark phrases, and to avoid committing themselves to any definite Reform policy of their own.

Some of the Irish Tory papers are trying to raise—on strictly Nationalist grounds—an opposition to General Sankey's appointment to the Chairmanship of the Board of Works. Though General Sankey is admitted to be an Irishman, it is objected that he has been a long time absent from his country;—not quite so long, however, as Marshal MacMahon, who in true Nationalist circles is, nevertheless, regarded as the typical Irishman of the age. General Sankey has been appointed to this office, as we believe, precisely because he possesses the qualifications necessary to make the Irish Public Works Department a powerful engine of the policy of such measures as the Tramways Act. He has learned on the large scale of Mysore and Madras what public works can be attempted with advantage, in a country periodically swept by famine and having deficient communications. His conduct during the famine in his district is said to have shown conclusively that he has, at all events, an Irish heart.

Sir Archibald Alison, who commanded the Highland Brigade at Tel-el-Kebir, received a sword of honour on Thursday from the citizens of Glasgow, and made a very brilliant speech, notable for this,—he entirely exonerated the Egyptian soldiers from the charge of cowardice. He says the Egyptians of the Guard fell back sullenly before the Highlanders, turning whenever they reached a defensible point. "Here, too, I must do justice to the Egyptian soldiers. I never saw men fight more steadily. Retiring up a line of works which we had taken in flank, they rallied at every re-entering angle, at every battery, at every redoubt, and renewed the fight. Four or five times we had to close upon them with the bayonet, and I saw these men fighting hard when their officers were flying." We wish Sir Archibald had told us whether these men were fellaheen or negroes, a point of the highest importance to the future organisation of Egypt. Sir Archibald also denies all stories as to the indiscipline of the English soldiers. He says they stopped in their night march to redress their formation, which had approached too nearly to a crescent, in perfect silence and without confusion. In a fine passage, he described that night march across the sands, in words which show how completely Mrs. Hemans is now forgotten. She used nearly the identical phrases in "The Burial of the Cid":—

> "With a silent pace, as the pace of one,
> Was the still death-march of the host begun;
> With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
> Like a lion's tread o'er the burning sands,—
> And they gave no battle-shout."

The London Corporation is evidently alarmed by the refusal of the Treasury to renew the London coal duty now paid to the Metropolitan Board. They think if this is swept away, their own duty on grain, which is as much a necessary of life as fuel, will also be abolished. They, therefore, propose to bring in a

Bill extending their term, although the duty does not expire till 1902, and declare that without it they can protect no more open spaces, and especially cannot make a park for Paddington, or buy the extensive grounds now offered them in Kilburn, in order to make a park for North-West London. They secured Epping Forest, Wanstead Park, Burnham Beeches, Coulsdon Common, and West Ham Park out of the grain duty, and the whole capital value of their lease is now exhausted. The simple answer to their proposal, as to that of the Metropolitan Board, is that all re-grants must wait until London has a Municipality. Till then, they ought not to be so much as considered. That new representative body will devise means for getting money, and will, we venture to say, find "improvement" its grand embarrassment.

Mr. J. D. Dougall, the gunmaker of Bennett Street, gives the *Times* some curious information as to the eagerness of the wealthy classes for shooting. Thirty-five years ago, he says, the lease of a grouse moor in the Highlands, long let for £80, fell in, and was instantly let for shooting for £1,400, a rise to seventeen and a half times its agricultural value. This was followed by similar cases, till at present he estimates the total of the Highland shootings at £12,000,000 of capital value. Deer "forests" are equally profitable. A Highland estate was described in the *Times* the other day in terms of unusual eulogy, and was purchased by a buyer who had never seen it, in less than twenty-four hours. Mr. Dougall advised him to let the shootings, and on his agreeing to do so, let them for him at a figure equal to ninety per cent. of the entire agricultural rental. He further offered to buy the shootings for ever at a price equal to two-thirds of the entire purchase-money, the offer, it should be added, being in tens of thousands of pounds. Mr. Dougall is a bold man, to stake so much on the aristocratic character of Parliament. It will be observed that in all these transactions, though a few landlords are greatly enriched, and thereby encouraged to deprive the people of their rights of way over the waste lands, nothing whatever is added to the wealth of the country. The money is as unproductive as if it were lost at cards, as the winners, like the landlords, might also use it well.

The "Arab movement," so greatly feared by the Turks, has spread to Damascus, the great centre of Mussulman thought and propagandism. The inhabitants are greatly discontented with their Turkish Governor, and placards have been posted over the city denouncing the injustice of the Turks, and calling on all Moslem Arabs to resist them. Whole families have been arrested in consequence, and it is said that the alarm among the Turkish authorities is very great. There will be alarm also in Constantinople, where it is well understood that the Arabs wait only for an opportunity to rebel, and perhaps proclaim a new Khalif. That was the secret which made the Sultan, on the threat of despatching a fleet to Smyrna, give up Thessaly. He did not think Smyrna would be bombarded, and did not care if it was; but he knew that the appearance of a hostile Fleet off Syria would break his prestige, and precipitate the Arab rising which some day will break up Turkish rule in Asia. No one can understand the extraordinary intrigues in the Palace at Constantinople who does not remember that the Sultan on this side is never free from fear.

The situation in Zululand is becoming unintelligible. It is reported on all hands that Cetewayo, pressed by his European adviser, Mr. Grant, has surrendered himself to the British Resident, and is again, therefore, a prisoner. It is also asserted that Usibepu, the chief who has proved himself the strongest in the recent conflicts, will be acknowledged by the British as general Chief in Zululand. There is no objection to the latter course, which, indeed, is essential, unless we are to annex; but why should we interfere, either to protect or to arrest Cetewayo? We ought, no doubt, to have restored him nominally to his old position; but as he accepted the terms, why not leave him to fight his battle, and win a throne or lose his life, by himself? It seems as if in Zululand, as in Afghanistan, a true non-interference, carried steadily out to its logical conclusion, was too much for the tempers of the authorities on the spot. They will look on calmly up to a point, but then the wish either to set things right or to moderate the victor gets the better of them. If it is necessary to settle Zululand, let us settle it, in our own way and with a persistent policy; but if it is not, let the Zulus fight it out to the bitter end. What conceivable business is it of ours to arrest Cetewayo?

The English dislike to allow the evidence of accused persons to be heard is evidently dying away, or reducing itself to a fear lest criminals should be tortured by cross-examination. At the annual meeting of the Incorporated Law Society held at Bath, on Wednesday, opinion was unanimous in favour of examining the accused, and a resolution was passed to that effect, with the rider that "examination to credit" must be strictly limited,—that is, that a prisoner's whole previous history must not be brought up against him. The balance of opinion, moreover, seems to be in favour of examination by the Court, rather than by opposing counsel, the Court, it is thought, being more impartial. We feel disinclined to reawake in the Judge the old instinct of getting something out of a witness, and hardly see why, if examination to credit is restricted, and the prisoner left free to give or refuse a reply, he should not be questioned like any other prisoner. Indeed, we are not certain whether restrictions are not all wrong, and whether the simple object of a Court of Justice should not be to arrive at truth, so far as it is ascertainable without torture.

It is stated that Canon Westcott is to succeed to the Canonry of Westminster, which will be vacated by the consecration of Canon Barry to be Bishop of Sydney; and there is a further rumour that Canon Barry's place as Principal of King's College, London, is likely to be filled by the election of the Rev. Henry Wace, now Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and formerly one of the Professors of King's College. The promotion of Canon Westcott to be a Canon of Westminster is a wise step if the exchange of one canonry for another of more importance, can be called promotion. Canon Westcott has done much for English theological criticism, and shown the greatest candour, clearness, learning, and ability in his many writings. Mr. Wace is just the man to exercise a powerful influence in King's College, London. The thoughtfulness of his sermons is great, but their earnestness is even greater; and he has the force of character which most impresses the young and rouses in them the nobler kinds of ambition.

There has been a rumour this week of the intended resignation of the Bishop of London, on the ground of health. We should greatly regret to find that the report is true, for Dr. Jackson has done his work heartily and simply, with a great desire to do justice, and none of the pomp of episcopal ostentation. If it be true, however, and if it should be also true that an eminent prelate of great organising power is to be translated from the West to fill his see, we hope that the opportunity may be seized to raise to the Episcopate the one man of unquestionable genius in the Church whom all Administrations have, for some reason, passed over, we suppose because his views are believed to lean too much towards those of his venerated friend, the late Dr. Pusey. We should hope, however, that no superstition of this kind will prevent the present Government from promoting to the highest offices of the Church a man on whose lips crowds hang with eagerness, not only for their eloquence, but for that indefinable aroma of piety and purity of feeling which fascinates more than any eloquence of speech. It is but bare justice to the Church and the people to place such preachers as Canon Liddon in the post where the acclamation of public admiration would long ago have placed them.

The Committee for raising a memorial to the late Professor Stanley Jevons,—the brilliant logician and economist, whom we lost in the prime of his powers about a year ago,—have determined to establish a Studentship of £100 a year, the holder of which is to devote himself to economic or statistical research; and they propose that the election to this studentship shall be vested in trustees, representatives of University College, London, Owens College, Manchester, and University College, Liverpool. Professor Jevons made his reputation as a great teacher at the first two Colleges, and his personal connection with Liverpool justifies his association with the third, which is, indeed, sure to be soon associated with Owens College in the Victoria University. We earnestly hope that the subscriptions to this memorial will flow in rapidly, and that they will be sufficient to enable the Committee to carry out fully their wise and carefully-matured scheme. Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer of the Jevons Memorial Fund, at the Manchester and Salford Bank (Limited).

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 101¼ to 101⅜.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE LEEDS CONFERENCE.

THE Leeds Conference proves that the Liberal party in the country knows its own mind, and that it is not only in favour of introducing a Household Franchise Bill for the Counties as the forerunner of an adequate Redistribution Bill, —a course which we long ago recommended as the wisest,— but that it is not willing to run any more risks by putting off to another Session, or even postponing to any secondary place in the coming Session, the taking of the first step. The half-Liberal and the Conservative journals are evidently annoyed by this resolve, for they are well aware that so influential an expression of opinion as that of between two and three thousand Delegates of Liberal Associations cannot but produce a very grave impression on the mind of the Government. We do not wonder at the irritation felt. The truth clearly is that on all the points which most urgently demand remedial legislation,—Parliamentary procedure, county government, and the government of London being the most important,—very different measures might be passed if the counties were already enfranchised, and the Redistribution Bill which must accompany it, were passed, from those which might be passed if the enfranchisement of the counties and the redistribution of seats were still uncertain and problematic. We have no doubt at all that the proceedings of the last Session have deeply impressed the mind of the country. There we have seen the time of Parliament frittered away by Mr. Warton, who represents 1,085 electors, by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who represents 1,081, by Mr. A. J. Balfour, who represents 1,081, by Lord Randolph Churchill, who represents 1,060, while some of the weightiest men in Parliament, with twenty or five-and-twenty thousands of constituents behind them, have been compelled to hold their tongues just because these Obstructionists were determined to talk. No wonder that the Liberal Party is determined to make these idlers feel what it is to have a constituency which is itself identified with the business of the country and is determined to see it done, and the only way in which they can be made to feel this adequately is to press on the measures which will make short work of these trivial constituencies, and put a serious sense of responsibility into the Parliamentary acts of even unscrupulous men. Then, again, as to county government, it is not to be denied that there is a serious anomaly in reforming the government of the counties without giving the householders who are most likely to be affected by that reform any opportunity of representing their own views and wishes on the subject. And even as to the Government of London, though we are of course very desirous to see a good London Government Bill passed by the present Parliament, and in the next Session, if a really good one can be so passed, is it not notorious that the Metropolis is the least adequately represented city in the kingdom? and that the enormous power which the City possesses to resist all due municipal reform, would vanish in an instant before any measure which really gave to the population of the metropolis something approaching to its fair weight in the House of Commons? These are, we are convinced, the main considerations which have induced the Liberal party to express so very emphatic a desire to see the first step taken at once towards the next Reform Bill.

At the present moment, we have many of the disadvantages of democracy, without the advantages. The House of Lords can always plead that the counties are entitled to much more weight than they possess in the House of Commons; and that, if the true opinion of the counties could be known, it would be found to agree better with that of the territorial party than with that of the great towns; and this lends a colour of reason to the Lords in their obstruction of Liberal measures which it is most important to clear up, and either to justify or to remove. Therefore, we say that the Leeds Conference has judged wisely in demanding that the great reform to which the Government are pledged shall now take precedence of every other question, and not be left to the risk of a secondary place in the legislative proposals of the next Session. We have seen for many years back that a secondary place in the business of any Session is very likely indeed to mean much the same as no place at all. Further, it is far from impossible that in the present condition of the Irish party, a defeat of the Government which might involve a dissolution might take place on some purely administrative issue, and the whole result of the election of 1880 thus be lost to the party of Reform. For if Parliament were once dissolved without the Government having brought forward the most important of all the political proposals to which they pledged themselves, the Liberal electors would think that they were being trifled with, and would certainly mark their sense of annoyance by a very much diminished interest in the next general election. The Conservatives are fond of the sneer that Reform is brought forward not because the country needs it, but because the exigencies of the Liberal party require it. But why should the exigencies of the Liberal party require it, if the country does not earnestly desire it? The county franchise is not at all a popular cry in the present county constituencies. On the contrary, as we saw in Rutland the other day, it appears to be a very unpopular cry. If it were not the sincere and eager desire of the country, both in the great cities and in the huge class of county non-electors, it would be very bad policy in the Liberals to urge this question on the people. But the truth is that the people do most urgently desire it, and desire it for the best of reasons,— because they see that the representatives of the pettiest constituencies are the most disturbing element in the present House of Commons,—because they see that the fond dreams of the House of Lords are more or less excused by their hopes and guesses as to the wishes of the county non-electors,—because they see that no great readjustment of local government of any kind is possible till there is some clear test of popular feeling, not only in towns, but in rural districts. No reasons could be better than these for urging on household franchise in the counties, and that great redistribution of seats which must immediately follow and complete this great reform.

The supposed difficulty as to the separation of the Household Franchise measure from the Redistribution measure on which the Conservatives rely to compel the introduction of a highly complex Bill, upon which they would hope to divide the Liberals themselves, is not in reality a difficulty at all. It is said that the House of Lords will be fully justified in throwing out the County Franchise Bill, unless it is accompanied by a sufficient redistribution of power to give the counties with their enlarged electorates their fair share in the State. But in the first place, it is quite certain that the Lords will find a justification somehow for doing what they want to do, and they would probably find it much more easily in the complete measure than in the preliminary measure. One thing is not denied,—that the country has expressly voted its determination that the counties shall have household suffrage. If the Lords repudiate the reform on which the last general election turned, they will do that of which even the most Conservative of their own members will gravely question the wisdom. The country has not decided on the details of any scheme of redistribution, and it is every way more constitutional to give the House of Lords an opportunity of conceding, with a good grace, what the country has determined on, than it is to handicap that concession with a number of details never sanctioned by the electorate. But further, it is childish to suppose that the Liberals can propose any scheme of redistribution of which the Lords could fairly complain that it does not give enough weight to the population and wealth of the counties. The Liberals would certainly never allow themselves to be "hoist with their own petard," and that would be the result of their proposing a scheme of redistribution which had any tendency to cheat the county populations of their due.

On the mere question of procedure, Mr. John Morley is obviously quite right in calling it absurd to assume that the passing of a County Franchise Bill necessarily involves an immediate dissolution. On the contrary, it was not found possible to dissolve after passing the Household Franchise Bill of 1867. It was necessary to decide on the boundaries of the new constituencies, and to complete the new Registers, before a dissolution was possible; and so the Session of 1867 was followed by that of 1868, in which the measure of the previous year was completed. That is a final answer to the assertion that the passing of a County Franchise Bill would involve the dissolution of Parliament in its fifth Session. On the contrary, it would imply, and necessarily imply, its continuance to a sixth session at least, and the sixth session is usually, and in general quite rightly, the last. But a sixth session would leave room for the proper discussion of a Redistribution Bill, whether that Bill were—as it probably would be—rejected by the House of Lords and so submitted to the decision of the people, or passed into law. The Leeds Conference has performed a very great political service to the country, and performed it at the right time. When the Cabinet meets, there will be no room for hesitation as to the first work to be done.

THE EVACUATION OF EGYPT.

IT is known that the Government intend to reduce the British garrison in Egypt to 3,000 men, and suspected that even this remainder will in January or February be withdrawn. There is consequently an outburst of writing on the subject, much of it so vague and some of it so absurd that it may be well to state concisely the arguments for and against evacuation. As our readers know, we are earnestly opposed to that grave step; but nothing is ever gained by unjust denunciation.

In the first place, then, the Government are right in reducing the garrison. It is not right to burden the Egyptian Treasury more than can be helped, and the 3,000 men withdrawn will be just as available—so long as we hold Alexandria—at Malta or Gibraltar, as in Egypt itself. The Egyptians, moreover, whether friendly or hostile, are not political idiots, and will no more fire upon the remaining three thousand British soldiers than upon thirty thousand. They know quite enough of European politics to be aware that if they do fire, England must conquer them, or cease to be a Power, and they will run no risk of the kind. Moreover, they would not have any certainty of even momentary success, for the three thousand Englishmen, holding the fortresses as they do, could beat the six thousand newly-disciplined Egyptians, and lay Cairo and Alexandria in ashes besides, without any extraordinary effort. No such risk will be run, and it is, therefore, only the expediency of total evacuation, and not of any reasonable reduction in the garrison, which has to be considered. The Government, it is known, wishes for total evacuation, even if it has not decided upon it; and its arguments run, we apprehend, very much in this way :—'As we do not intend to annex, and indeed stand pledged that this descent shall not involve annexation, evacuation is only a question of time, and the argument for shortening the time is very strong. So long as we stay, the diplomatists of the Continent, who are accustomed to see occupation changed into acquisition —as in Bosnia—will not believe that the British Government is sincere, and will act in all questions in which that Government is concerned upon a misleading fallacy. The French do this already, and it is by no means certain that the Russians do not agree with the French; while all Powers consider England as, to a certain extent, locked up in Egypt. By staying, therefore, we risk complications with these Powers and with the Sultan, which may become serious, and which, as we do not intend to annex, are needless additions to existing difficulties.' Precisely the same argument affects the home position of the Government. The Ministry feels itself suspected by a body of supporters while it stays in Egypt, and as it does not intend to annex, regards this suspicion as a needless source of Parliamentary weakness. Speedy departure is, therefore, expedient; and it is considered safe, for these reasons. The Khedives have always been able to govern Egypt without Europeans, and when we go, Tewfik Khedive will be in a position better, on the whole, than that of any predecessor. Instead of a dangerous army, purely native, and liable to be directed against him by its officers, he will have a Sepoy Army, controlled by officers who cannot mutiny, regularly paid, excellently disciplined, and quite sufficient to deal with local émeutes, either in Cairo or Alexandria. He has excellent English advisers, and every reason to attend to their advice. He can, therefore, go on governing as before the outbreak; and it is better he should, so that he may feel his full responsibilities, and that his subjects may not suspect all future reforms to be the result of foreign pressure. *Cæteris paribus*, independence is always best, and if the Khedive can walk alone, he should do it; while his capacity to do it can only be tested by experiment, and is likely to be greater now, while the recollection of the British descent is fresh, than later, when it has partially died away.

That is, we conceive, a fair statement of the argument, and it is undeniably strong, though on two points—essential points—it fails to convince ourselves. We admit that annexation, as a consequence of this descent, is out of the question. We might not forfeit our honour, for Europe might give us a new commission; but we should seem to do so, we should be held by every Frenchman and Italian to have done so, and we should set a very dangerous precedent. We also admit that if the Khedive can govern by himself, it is best that he should do so, and that he will never be fairly tested till the Redcoats have disappeared. But we do not believe either that he will govern in such a way as to redeem our pledges to the people, or that he can govern so as to maintain endurable order. The difference between total evacuation and a reduced garrison makes, to Egyptian imaginations, the whole difference in the position. While the British Flag flies over the Citadel of Cairo, even though guarded only by a regiment, the Egyptians consider England, to them the mightiest Power in the world, in possession of Egypt; but the moment that flag is hauled down, they will think she has departed. As they cannot conceive that any Power, once in possession of their grand Valley, would retire voluntarily, they will believe that European complications have produced the withdrawal, and that they are again distant subjects of the Sultan only. The upper classes will recommence the old misgovernment, the villagers will look round for a deliverer from their usurers, the mobs of the cities will prepare to glut their hatred of the European adventurers—greatly intensified of late by blood-feuds—and the Army will expel its European officers. In other words, there will be an attempt at massacre, which the new Army will be either unable or unwilling to put down. Sir Evelyn Wood doubts this, evidently believing that the gentle justice of the European officer has won over the conscripts; and if he is right, the Government may be right so far as the apprehension of massacre is concerned, though they cannot be right in disregarding their own pledges to the people. But we fear he is wrong. No European resident in Cairo or Alexandria doubts that the mobs will attack the European adventurers, if they dare, and to restrain them the only bond will be the regard of the new soldiery for their European leaders. Can we trust that regard? Sir Evelyn Wood says "Yes," for since the occupation no corporal punishment has been administered in the Egyptian Army; but corporal punishment had been abolished in the Sepoy Army of India before the Mutiny, the Sepoy officers in some of the worst regiments loved and petted the men who murdered them; and they had, moreover, led them for a century to victory, which the Anglo-Egyptian officers have not yet done. The dislike of the Asiatic for the European, which is almost instinctive and has a thousand justifications in his own eyes, is not extinguishable by mere lenity, and the Egyptian Sepoy Army will be no more trustworthy without the visible presence of white soldiers than the equally well-treated Sepoy Army of India would be. The Egyptians, indeed, will be less trustworthy, for the Indian Sepoys are volunteers to a man, free to depart at a month's notice; while the Egyptian Sepoys are conscripts, often brought to Cairo in chains—they were so brought within the month—and not free to depart till years of service have been fulfilled. We expect, therefore, as the result of evacuation, sanguinary anarchy in Egypt, with all its results, of which one at least is absolutely inevitable. If we do not restore order instantly, finally, and with the strong hand, France or Italy will; and neither Power is, like us, self-denying. We hold evacuation, therefore, under existing circumstances, to be an error of which we shall bitterly repent.

"DISINTEGRATION."

WE really cannot be at the trouble of affecting to doubt that "Disintegration," the political paper in the *Quarterly Review*, is by Lord Salisbury himself. If internal evidence is worth anything, he either wrote or dictated it, and was at the time in his best literary form, full of internal scorn, brimming over with flouting epigram, and inclined to say his say as he wanted to say it, without spoiling his work through dread of consequences. "Disintegration" is, consequently, delightful reading. It is not exactly a speech by Coriolanus, for the writer admits that if you could get the opinion of the nation—which, he holds, we never do—that would be the natural arbitrating force; but it is an essay by a brilliant and rather cynical noble, who considers that progress is mainly a phrase, and that "the Wandering Jew was undoubtedly the most remarkable and most consistent devotee of progress that the mind can contemplate;" who does not believe that the changes effected in England during the century are at all necessarily good, and holds that the results of those in Ireland are altogether bad; and who thinks that the mixed Monarchy has been transmuted into Government by the House of Commons, and expects the House to favour disintegration, both in the Empire and in Society. It is the work of a noble who is a bit of a fatalist, and does not think things can be altered; and of one, too, who is by no means a typical Englishman,—who looks abroad for examples, and is very much

inclined to believe that things being as they are, American institutions are very much safer than those of his own country. They have a true Second Chamber there which dare act—a curious little *aperçu* into the writer's mind which should not be forgotten—a President who dare Veto, a Supreme Court which can arrest any legislation infringing the obligation of a contract. And finally, "Disintegration" is the work of a man who to the very depths of his soul hates a Whig, that is, a noble "who for his many sins in past generations is condemned in the present to the political torment of constantly voting against his principles for measures he detests, in order to support a Ministry he distrusts." The denunciation is made more general in form, but it is of Russell and Cavendish, Gower and Campbell, that Lord Salisbury is thinking, when he speaks of men who are born Whigs, and "inherit with their opinions a liability to be compelled to change them" whenever Radicals choose. His contempt for them is unbounded, and is intensified by an evident feeling—peculiar, we suspect, to heads of Houses—that if only the handful of Whigs would join the Tories, the flood-tide of Democracy might be kept out.

It is pleasant to read such things, stated in such a way, as pleasant as eating pickled olives; and we have always maintained that such things should, when they are felt, be said. Everybody does not believe in progress, any more than everybody believes it good to love your enemy, and there must be thousands still who think in their hearts that the object of Constitutions is to restrain the people from frankly governing themselves. Discussion becomes more real when those who think thus speak out, especially when they speak out well, and we are none of us the worse for being compelled to consider now and again whether we are not mistaking general ideas for established truths. For the same reason that we would not abuse those who in restrained language deny a Creator, we would not scold at those who prefer oligarchy as a form of government; and as we can bear to discuss the foundation of tolerance, so we can read without anger an attack on Catholic Emancipation. But the appreciation, we confess, comes only from the intellectual side. As politicians, we can find no good in this paper, and cannot even see clearly what Lord Salisbury thinks he is driving at. He is not going, we suppose, to propose the abolition of the Monarchy in favour of an Elected Magistrate with a veto, or the supersession of the Lords by a strong Senate, or any definite limitation on the power of the House of Commons to overturn a Ministry; and what is it that, failing these things, he would like the English people to do? He does not even hint that we might reverse the Irish legislation of the century, and though he does hint, not obscurely, that he dislikes county self-government in Ireland, he cannot be pouring out his bitter general propositions merely to resist that measure. He must desire something, and what is it? Apparently only that the English people shall be as sensible and moderate as they can, and that "the House of Commons should return to the better spirit of its earlier traditions." Well, we can endorse that prayer, but we feel in endorsing it that it is meaningless, and that Lord Salisbury in writing it either hardly knows what he wants, or conceals his secret wish. That, in fact, is the permanent evil of his position, and of that of all the High Tories, who at heart believe government by the people to be government by the disqualified. They know they cannot resist, and the sense of powerlessness, combined with dislike, gives their minds the sterility so often perceptible in the minds of exiles, who, as a rule, like Lord Salisbury, can denounce, and satirise, and flout, but can suggest no way by which their country may escape from the *impasse* it has entered.

We have not the patience, at this time of day, to discuss the question whether Ireland has or has not been made less manageable by the legislation of the last hundred years. We do not believe it, for amidst all our assumed or real failures we have achieved one genuine success. We have extinguished the possibility of insurrection. Lord Castlereagh could not affirm that truth more candidly than Mr. Parnell or Mr. Sexton, and it hardly needs any affirmation. If sixty Irreconcilables are returned by Ireland, the Funds will not fall by one-sixteenth, and the Stock of the Bank of Ireland will remain at its present exorbitant price. That is an enormous change in England's favour, and considering what Civil War is, when the war involves a conflict of creeds and races, may be held to outweigh every other loss. But if we grant that Ireland is less manageable, the concession amounts to nothing, for the object of granting Emancipation, legislative equality, and tenant-right was not merely conciliation, but the cleansing of our own consciences of violent wrong. We must have emancipated, and granted suffrages, and stopped the punishment of tenants for making improvements, if we had known beforehand all that was to happen. When the nation had once awoke, it could not keep up Penal Laws merely because they were useful, any more than it could keep up slavery merely because it gave us sugar. Nor is there much more use in considering whether Irish hatred is incurable or otherwise. If it is not, we are taking all the means we can to cure it; and if it is, we must still take the same means, and endure the resulting failure as we best may. It is more profitable, or at least more interesting, to discuss whether, as time goes on, we shall have many Lords Salisbury; men who, with every gift alike of nature and of fortune, are still so utterly alienated in opinion from their countrymen, that their true activity must lie in the region either of criticism, or of denunciation, or of flouts; men in whom culture only deepens scorn, and mental power only lends sting to depreciatory epigrams. It would be a great misfortune if it were so, and all analogy is in favour of the development of such a class. There is a whole Faubourg of such men in France; in Spain, the old nobles all belong to it; and in America, such men—sweetened, though, by some peculiarity in the local atmosphere—are said to exist in entire groups. We see some signs of the phenomenon too, in Germany, though the universal devotion to military service conceals the change in part from the observer. Analogy, however, often fails when applied to England, which is insular in its ways, and for the most part owned by men with few intellectual interests, and we can produce two arguments from "Disintegration" against this fear. These Whigs against whom Lord Salisbury is so savage, these heads of great Houses who so hate and obey Mr. Gladstone that "their solution of their difficulties is a combination of public loyalty with private imprecation," are the very men who ought to withdraw from public life; and whether actuated by love of country, or impelled, as the essayist hints, by greed of office, they are not only always in front, but sometimes in the way. If they sulk, it is not in their tents, but in the Treasury; and if they fall to criticism, it is of men who will not pass their Bills. If there is a Whig in the world, it is Lord Hartington, and he has been something in a Department almost since he was a man. Our Faubourg certainly does not retreat from politics, while our millionaires take little offices in the great establishment. And for a further proof, this lament, this dirge over our degeneracy, this uplifting of the voice as of one who sees a great woe approaching, comes from a man whose first wish is that, amidst this shattered Constitution and these decaying institutions, this Democratic House of Commons, which has departed so far from the purity of old traditions, would just elect him Premier. He would work for that end sixteen hours a day, and endure with a tranquil mind the slow march of the Empire towards disintegration. There is little fear of any general retreat from politics while men in Lord Salisbury's position, and with Lord Salisbury's disgusts, yet feel that life is flavourless unless they are in the race. Rome would not have lost Coriolanus, if Coriolanus could only have breathed in Rome.

M. FERRY'S NEW POSITION.

THE old difficulty of France, the tendency of her parties to form camps as hostile to each other as if they belonged to separate nationalities, is evidently not overcome. The Irreconcilables, or Extreme Left, to whom so much has recently been conceded, have broken away again, and are denouncing a Government of Advanced Liberals in a way which in other times would portend an insurrection in Paris, and perhaps a march of the populace upon the Assembly. Their immediate pretext is the dismissal of General Thibaudin and the apology made to Spain, which they consider concessions to "Orleanist" demands—that is, to the feeling of the upper class—but there is little doubt that these are only pretexts. The revolt began before King Alfonso arrived. The irritation of the Extremists has been increasing for some time, and no concession has even partially soothed it away. The attacks on the Church, the Secular Education Act, the suppression of Jesuit establishments, the purgation of the Bench in the Radical interest, even the appointment of General Thibaudin to the Ministry of War, have made no difference, and they declare M. Jules Ferry, who assents to all these things, to be "no better than a monarchist." The Government, they assert, is a Republic only in name, the march of Democracy is arrested, and radical changes must be made before the present *régime* can even claim the cordial support of "the people." What they precisely want, we confess

ourselves unable, after studying them for years, to define with clearness, nor do we believe that they exactly know themselves. They say they want more equality, the suppression of Established Churches, a progressive income-tax, elective Judges, and the reduction of the Army to a voluntary defensive force; but these immense changes would not content them, without provisions for the prevention of distress of a distinctly Socialist kind. Employment, to begin with, should be found for all. They are, in fact, impatient of authority altogether, and in the judgment of the Cabinet, which, be it remembered, would be considered in England ultra-Radical, their impatience has reached a height at which further concession would be dangerous. M. Ferry, therefore, in two speeches, delivered at Rouen and Havre, has declared war on the Extremists, has repeated the old phrase that "Order must be maintained,"—which in France always conveys a latent threat—has rejected compromise in advance as a "bastard combination," and has called upon the whole country, in tones which almost portend a dissolution, to choose, and choose finally, between the Government and the Extremists. There is no mistaking the meaning of words as grave as these:—"Henceforth, the flags are unfurled, and nobody need deceive himself as to their colours. People must choose between the Governmental policy, which I have just defined as that followed by the Cabinet, with the co-operation of the Chambers, and the Extremist policy. All who care for the future of their country must make their choice. There is no middle course possible; any bastard combination is out of the question, for it would merely have the semblance, the varnish of a regular Government, but at bottom would be Extremist. What serious politician would lend himself to such a policy, or fancy himself master of the citadel after having handed over all the approaches?" The Extremists have accepted the challenge, and the next session will, it is believed, be one of determined battle between the Ministry and the representatives of ultra-Red ideas, infuriated by what they consider an apostasy.

There can be little doubt that M. Ferry will win, but his position will be one of extreme perplexity. In his main ideas, the necessity of advancing slowly, of maintaining order, and of rejecting all outrageous demands, such as the immediate confiscation of all Church property, the appointment of elective Judges, or the dissolution of the Army, the Premier will assuredly be supported by a large majority of the Deputies. France is Left Centre, as a whole, and, in spite of the anti-Clerical wave of opinion which recently passed over her, it is certain that she does not desire radical changes, the suppression of the Church, or any diminution in the means of national defence. She will support any Government which is at once firm and progressive, and will wait patiently for the social reforms, such as some kind of Poor Law, still admitted to be required. If the populace of the cities rise, the peasantry will allow of their suppression by force, and the Army would not permit any attack on the Constitution by open violence. Nor will there be any reluctance to accept M. Ferry as the mouthpiece of the party of order and moderation. He has said some rash things in his time, but he is a convinced Republican, he is entirely without Clerical bias, and he fairly understands the peasantry who send him up to the Chamber. He might, on his domestic policy alone, form a commanding and, perhaps, long-lived party, but still there are serious dangers in his way. He may prove unexpectedly obstinate about the "Forward" Colonial policy, which he inherited from M. Gambetta, which he thinks essential to the declining trade of France, which he has so far defended against the President, who is strongly against expeditions, and which the country at large views with no favour. He has rid himself of the Shaw difficulty by a wise concession, but he has still the conquest of Tonquin and Madagascar on his hands, and it is still doubtful if he will agree to any kind of retreat. It is difficult to believe that he would risk power, of which he is very desirous, and the policy of which he speaks so earnestly, in order to pursue dreamy and dangerous schemes of conquest in Indo-China; but he may feel inclined to do battle at all points, and if he does, his majority will very soon desert him. The people of France are not prepared for war with China, and still less for its necessary cost; and if M. Ferry stands by his foreign policy, he will be suddenly overturned. The peace party and the Extremists will vote together, and the Right cannot vote for M. Jules Ferry. We do not rate this risk high, for M. Ferry will, we believe, obey the Chamber, but still it exists. Then, again, he will have to face the temptation of every man in his position, that of becoming gradually too repressive. Hardly any moderate Minister in France has been able to avoid this danger. The Extremists are very irritating, more irritating than in this country we quite understand; they are fond of threatening violence, and they control the whole body of the distressed in the great cities. They can cause partial or serious émeutes, and though émeutes may be suppressed without difficulty, it is part of the history of France that the Minister who suppresses them thenceforward relies mainly on force, and ultimately falls.

Nevertheless, taking short views, as Sir Cornewall Lewis and Lord Elgin advised, we believe that the Irreconcilables have made a grave mistake, and have solidified the Moderate party for a time. M. Ferry's declarations, which are almost too grave for the occasion, were most cordially received, both at Rouen and Havre; and though the Normans are in some respects separate, they represent, with great accuracy, the feeling of Republican Conservatism. That feeling is greatly intensified by the dislike of Paris, a dislike which never dies among the peasantry, and by the dread of foreign complications arising from the threats of the Irreconcilables. The latter could hardly have chosen more unsafe ground for their pronunciamiento, or ground upon which they will obtain so little general support. Nor could they have selected a worse time. The Deputies have been for weeks apart from the influences of Paris, have been living more or less among their constituencies, and have felt the force of that desire for quiet which all travellers tell us is just now dominating the French peasantry. Outside the towns, there are no electors anxious for war, or excessive change, or riot in the streets, and M. Ferry will have the full benefit of the desire for tranquillity. The benefit will be all the greater if, as is believed, he is prepared for a dissolution, for the Deputies at such times are as responsive to any general wish as if they had no opinions. Before our next issue, in fact, M. Ferry will have come in contact with actual France; and France, unless we mistake her, has no desire for commotion, and doubts the Premier only because in his foreign policy he is not so desirous of peace with order as in his internal administration.

MR. BRIGHT AT LEEDS.

MR. BRIGHT must, we think, have felt something like amusement, when he found himself actually pleading for moderation against more thorough-going Radicals, and declaring himself unable to accept in any way even the term "Radical" as a description of his own political convictions. We had always supposed that a Radical only means a Liberal who wishes to eradicate, and not merely to lop or trim, the evils with which he is asked to deal; and in that sense we had always heartily accepted for ourselves the epithet "radical," and had even excused our want of sympathy with such expedients as the Ballot, for instance, on the ground that the Ballot affords a mere palliation of an evil, the only Radical cure for which is political courage and political principle. But be the term "Radical" good or bad, it must have been with some amusement that Mr. Bright found himself obliged to discriminate his views from those of the Ultras of his party on the ground that he wishes for moderation, while they wish for something which he regards as extreme. During the last Reform agitation, Mr. Bright was spoken of as the one firebrand who desired to set the working-class against the educated class; whereas he now appears to think that he is looked upon as retrograde and even benighted in his views, by those who claim for themselves the Radical name. This is a very curious instance of the whirligig of time bringing about its revenges. Nevertheless, we are not surprised to find Mr. Bright looking with a certain wonder, and perhaps even shrinking, at some of the ultra-Liberal proposals of his time, and describing his own feeling as comparatively Conservative in relation to these proposals. It is quite true that what got him the reputation of being an extreme politician was much more the power and passion with which he urged his own views, than the special character of those views; it was the scorn which he poured on his Tory opponents, not the position which he took up, that gave people their impression of his political dangerousness and his revolutionary ardour. He was full of wrath at those who opposed him, and full of contempt for their fears; but on the positive side of his creed he was never disposed to play with fire at all, rather to restrain anxiously all those who showed any such disposition. People inferred, from the passion with which he pleaded what he thought the cause of justice, that he would sweep away much more than he ever desired to sweep away. But in reality, he never wished to sweep away more than the resistance which he encountered. There has been a

real Conservatism in all the remedies for popular evils which he has advocated,—a healthy disposition to get rid of grievances without needlessly trampling on the associations of the past. His proposal to abolish the compulsory Church-rate, but to leave the form of a Church-rate untouched for all who like to pay a voluntary Church-rate, was a good example of this. And a still better one is the proposal with which he concluded his Leeds speech,—namely, to let the House of Lords reject a measure once, but not to let it reject the same measure when sent up again from the House of Commons. There is a good deal of difficulty, we think, about that solution of the matter, both on account of its cumbrousness, and on account of its tendency to lower the self-respect and the intellectual calibre of the House of Lords. But no one can deny that it is of the nature of a Conservative remedy, inasmuch as it aims at leaving our political institutions without any superficial alteration, and keeping their external appearance at least just what they are.

The same Conservatism, we think, appears in Mr. Bright's attack on the principle of Minority representation. We entirely agree with him that the mode in which that principle has been applied to the representation of our great towns is extremely inconvenient; and further, that there is real injustice in insulated applications of experiments of this kind, the effect of which is to give a more accurate representation of the particular condition of opinion in the places to which it is applied, but to distort more seriously than ever the expression of the opinion of the country at large. Of course, if you give the party which is in the minority in Liverpool and Manchester a voice in Parliament, though you thereby give a truer idea of the condition of opinion in Liverpool and Manchester, you give a much falser idea of the condition of opinion in the country at large, because the party which is in the majority in large places is often in the minority in small places, but yet is not in those places accorded any voice at all. Make as accurate a picture as you can of the political wishes of one or two spots on the surface of a country, and at the same time a very rough, inaccurate picture of the vast remainder, and you will find, in all probability, that the accuracy of the representation of the opinions of these few spots has rendered the picture of the whole much less accurate, instead of more so. If you represent both majority and minority in one place, but only the majority in twenty other places, it is almost sure to turn out that by so greatly diminishing the political influence of the majority in the first place, you have also diminished its just and total influence in the country at large. For the chances certainly are that the views which command a great majority in the large cities will be very prevalent also in the twenty smaller constituencies, though they are accorded no voice there at all. If you adopt a rough system of representation, you should adopt it uniformly; if you adopt an accurate system, you should adopt it uniformly. By being rough here and accurate there, you do much more injustice to the total result than you would by keeping to the same principle everywhere. We, therefore, agree with Mr. Bright that the present mode of representing a minority ought either to disappear, or to be universally applied; and as, from its inconvenience and the bad effect it has at by-elections, it certainly cannot be universally applied, it ought to disappear. None the less, we maintain that the object of those who first suggested the clause was a strictly and properly democratic object,—namely, to get a truer representation of actual opinion, and not a less true one. We believe that the same result might be obtained by a scheme which has, we believe, the sanction of Mr. Bright, as it had of Mr. Cobden,—namely, the subdivision of constituencies into wards returning but one Member each, so that the *accidents* of the distribution of opinion may, as far as possible, be neutralised by the number of the areas in which that opinion is consulted. By that means it is quite certain that the minority of one constituency will be the majority of another quite often enough to get its voice adequately heard,—at least, if it represents an opinion of sufficient reasonableness, earnestness, and force to convince a considerable number of sane and intelligent men. But we do hope, earnestly hope, that if in the next Reform Bill, Mr. Bright's advice is followed as to the discontinuance of the existing minority principle, its place will be taken by the adoption of his other suggestion,—that there should be a great subdivision of the larger constituencies into wards returning only one Member each. Without that safeguard, we might very easily find that the unrepresented minorities of a great portion of the kingdom were in possession of more general intelligence, more honest conviction, and more political shrewdness, than the represented majorities, which had it easily in their power to overbear all opposition.

THE POPULAR VETO IN SWITZERLAND.

CANTON Berne is revising its Constitution. Time was when the Constitution of a Swiss Canton had a semi-sacred character, and remained unaltered for centuries. But that time is past, and, except in the four or five States where the laws are still made by *Landesgemeinden*, a Constitution rarely outlasts a generation. On the other hand, revisions do not often lead to very profound changes, for local laws, to be valid, must strictly conform to the provisions of the Federal Constitution. The question at present most debated in Berne concerns the Referendum,—the right of the citizens to veto the Acts of their representatives. The history of the usage is both curious and interesting. Introduced nearly half a century ago by the Radical party as a democratic and essentially Swiss measure, and opposed by the Democrats as a dangerous innovation, it has since been adopted by every Canton of the Confederation save two. Swiss Radicals, it may be well to mention, are doctrinaire Jacobins of the French type; and the Democrats, whatever they once were, are now Liberals of the English type. Advocates of Parliamentary Government, they objected to the Referendum as incompatible with the independence of Local Legislatures, and on the ground that the masses, albeit fully competent to choose their representatives, were not always competent to form a correct judgment on matters of detail and complex questions of law and administration. They urged, further, that members, once elected, should be generously treated and allowed a wide discretion, and not degraded into mere mandatories, liable at any moment to have their most carefully conceived and laboriously executed measures vetoed by the people. But their great fear was that the adoption of the Referendum would open the door to all sorts of violent changes, that its tendency would be subversive and destructive, and so impair the influence of the State as to render government impossible and property insecure. A minor, yet still greater evil apprehended by the Democrats, as a consequence of the proposed change, was that the people, weary of perpetual voting, would end by losing all interest in the doings of their representatives and the affairs of the country, and become the tools of designing and unscrupulous politicians. The Radicals contended, on the other hand, that as the people were the source of power, so they were the fountain of wisdom, and that the only way of rendering them the true masters of their destinies was to submit to the general body of the citizens every measure proposed by their representatives. By this means alone could the popular sovereignty be efficiently exercised, and pure democracy, as it prevailed in the Waldstätten, extended to the whole of Switzerland. This view obtained acceptance in Berne, and the obligatory Referendum became a part of the Cantonal Constitution. All projects of law must be submitted to the people, after they have been discussed by the Legislature. In other Cantons, the Referendum is optional; the people are appealed to only when a demand to that effect is made by a certain number of citizens. The question in Berne is not so much whether the Referendum shall be retained or abolished, as whether it shall be obligatory or optional. Its working, except in one or two particulars, has confirmed the previsions of neither party, and so little realised the hopes of the Radicals, that if the system were less popular with the masses they would certainly propose its abolition; while the Democrats, without approving of it in principle, support it as the only check on the authoritative tendencies of their opponents, when the latter are in power, and they generally are in power.

So far as the character of the legislation and the influence of Government are concerned, the effect of the obligatory Referendum has been distinctly unfavourable. The people have come to look upon their Deputies as mere mandatories, charged with the preparation of measures which, until approved by the popular vote, can possess no validity. As a natural consequence, the position of Deputy is less valued and less sought, and the present generation of Deputies are inferior in character and social position, if not in ability, to their predecessors; there is more self-seeking among them, the functionaries they appoint are said to be less zealous, and too often less honest, than those of former Governments; several branches of the Administration, especially the Department of Finance, are less efficiently conducted, and have even been charged with favouritism and

corruption. On the other hand, the people have shown unexpected wisdom and moderation, manifesting greater respect for prescription and tradition, and more solicitude for the interests of the country, as distinguished from those of party, than the Parliaments whom they have elected. In Federal, as in Cantonal matters, the electors have over and over again rejected innovations of which their representatives have approved, and they give no countenance whatever to the doctrinaire schemes of Socialist reformers. This is doubtless in part due to the wide diffusion of landed property among the Swiss people; but the fact that the constituencies display greater wisdom and more moderation than their legislators is none the less remarkable. It offers the best justification for the popular veto, and proves that the instincts of the masses, except when they are wild with want, or moved by some sudden gust of passion, are essentially Conservative.

The Radicals are so much disappointed with the working of the Referendum—it has answered so little to their expectations—that if they could they would abolish it utterly. But it has struck its roots so deeply that an open display of hostility would imperil their ascendancy; and though some of the leaders denounce it in set terms, the party wisely abstain from opposing an institution which they are powerless to crush. M. Carteret, the leader of the Geneva Radicals, stigmatises the Referendum as a "legislative phylloxera," and affirms that although the people are capable of choosing their representatives, they are not capable of controlling their work. This amounts, in effect, to an adoption of the ancient Parliamentary principles of his political opponents. Democrats have equally changed front, and seeing from how many dangers the popular veto has preserved the commonwealth, and that, with *votation de liste*, it is the sole safeguard against the tyranny of an accidental majority, and the only check on hasty legislation, they have become the warmest friends of the system which they once condemned.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether the Referendum has rendered the electors less disposed to exercise their political rights. As a rule, the citizens who take part in elections do not exceed fifty per cent. of those entitled to vote. But as Switzers are called upon to vote, for something or another, at least a score of times every year, it is no wonder that there are many abstentions, and that when a project of law is offered for their acceptance only those whom it particularly affects give themselves the trouble to make their opinion effective. On important occasions, however, when the general interests of the Canton or the Confederation are at stake, the proportion of Swiss voters who go to the poll is as large as in any other country. The Bernese Radicals complain that Bills are not unfrequently vetoed to which no open opposition has been manifested, and against which no valid reason has been alleged,—and this they ascribe to a perverse tendency on the part of the people to reject measures merely because they emanate from the Government,—a strange theory to be enunciated by a party whose device is, *Vox populi, vox Dei*. The truth is, that the average Swiss citizen wants to let well alone, and is always indisposed to sanction schemes which he does not understand, or of which he does not see the necessity. On the whole, there can be little doubt that the working of the optional, as distinguished from the obligatory, Referendum has been satisfactory in Switzerland. So far as it is an evil, it is a necessary one; and it might be well if the system were adopted by at least one of Switzerland's neighbours. Nothing would impart so much stability to government in France as bestowing on the people, with all needful safeguards, the right of directly expressing their opinion on the doings of their representatives. If, for instance, the French Constitution forbade the Government to engage in any foreign military expedition whatever without the approval of the people, the Republic would have been spared all its present troubles; for out of Paris, there are probably not 10,000 voters who could be persuaded to approve either of the expedition to Madagascar or the war in Anam.

THE ELECTIONS OF THE FUTURE.

THE next Parliamentary Election will be held subject to the provisions of the "Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act, 1883," which came into operation on the 15th of this month. What place will be the first to illustrate its workings is as yet hidden from the anxious gaze of whips and political associations. But wherever it be, the candidates and their agents are men who will deserve the highest commiseration. The task of conducting an election will be found as difficult as Mr. Tennyson found that of writing in hendecasyllabics, requiring him to be "careful of motion, like the skater on ice that hardly bears him." But as the accuracy of Mr. Tennyson's ear guided him safely through the mazes of the fantastical and dainty metre, so the candidate who relies on the uprightness of his own conduct, and absolutely repudiates any attempt to win his election by the length of his purse, or of his agent's experience, may see himself successfully through the pitfalls of an election. There is no doubt, however, that to do so he must cast to the winds all notions of conducting his election on the old lines, under the influence of the old ideas, and by the aid of the old instruments. No longer can there be any contest between the rival parties to forestall each other in the acquisition of public-houses for committee-rooms, or in the employment of all the flys, and cabs, and donkey-carts in the town for the conveyance of voters to the poll. Already the candidates' money may not be used in decorating the persons of their supporters with ribbons, or in deafening the ears of their adversaries with brass bands; now, it may no longer be expended in dazzling their eyes with torches. The pomp and panoply of war will soon disappear from election struggles, and their absence may possibly make them even a little dull; but if only the metaphors drawn from war in election speeches would disappear too, on the balance there would, perhaps, be a diminution in dullness. Nor will the loafers of a town be able to look forward to an election as to a harvest of industrious idleness. The crowds of clerks who wrote nothing, and of messengers who never carried messages except from one public-house to another, the watchers who got five shillings a day for looking at the watchers on the other side, the amateur bill-poster who received half-a-crown for putting a bill up and another half-crown for preventing its being torn down by guarding it—from the genial shelter of the nearest beershop, all these attendant shadows will have to disappear. They will not be able to stand the chilling blasts of the new Act.

It is not so much the wider definitions given to corrupt practices, the heavier penalties imposed on those who are guilty of them, and the extension of the classes of persons who can be guilty of them, which are likely to prove the most effective provisions in the Act. They, no doubt, will have their effect. The extension of the offence of "treating" so as to hit all treaters, and not merely the candidate or his agent, and to hit also the person treated, is likely to diminish considerably, if it does not altogether stop the flow of beer and the consumption of beef which used to be such a marked feature of an election. The increase of the penalties for corrupt and illegal practices is also likely to make people shrink more than they have hitherto done from indulging in them. But an increase in the chances of punishment for an offence is more deterrent than an increase in the penalty. The presence of the Director of Public Prosecutions or his assistant at the trial of every election petition, with power, either *proprio motu* or by direction of the Court, to call witnesses and prosecute there and then any suspected person for an offence under the Act, is likely to cause an Election Court to be regarded as less like a music hall, and more like a Criminal Court, than it has been hitherto. The fear that a man will find himself playing a principal part in a low tragedy, in which the catastrophe consists in being himself hauled off to prison, is more likely to be deterrent than the prospect merely of figuring at the expense of other people as the light walking gentleman in a low comedy.

But stringent provisions against the commission of offences and stringent penalties and methods of detection have failed before, and may fail again. The provisions of the new Act which are likely to cause a real revolution in the conduct of elections are those directly and indirectly aimed at limiting expenses. The schedules to the Act are, as often happens, the most important part of it. When in boroughs, only one election agent, one polling agent in each polling station, and one clerk and one messenger and one committee-room, for every 500 electors may be employed, the candidate cannot, even if he would, corrupt a whole town by bribery disguised under the form of payment for services rendered. When, further, the total expenses are limited to £350, and an additional £30 for every 1,000 electors above 2,000, it is impossible, except in the very smallest boroughs, for mere length of purse to carry the day. Nor can the limit set be easily or safely overpassed, as the candidate has to verify by declaration his agent's statement as to how much his expenses come to, and no payment may be made on their account except through an agent. If any such payments are

made, if the maximum is exceeded, the election is void; and if the declaration is false, not only is the election void, but the candidate renders himself liable to seven years' penal servitude for perjury. Nor will it be easy for the candidate's supporters to spend the money he cannot spend himself. Paying for the conveyance of voters to the poll in any way is an illegal payment, and by whomsoever made is an illegal practice, and subjects payer and payee to a fine of £100. Payments for exhibiting bills made to any one who is not a regular advertising agent; payment for committee-rooms in excess of the authorised number, and payment of election expenses except through the election agent, have the same effect. Not only is the individual liable, but he invalidates the election as well. Nor is this all. Lending conveyances usually let for hire to convey voters to the poll, paying for bands, ribbons, torches, and banners, employment of persons in any way connected with the election otherwise than as authorised by the Act, subject the person offending to £100 fine, as for an illegal payment or employment, though the election is not thereby invalidated. No individual, however zealous, would venture to brave the penalty, when any of the other side could thus attack him in perfect safety, without the danger of an election petition and wholesale disclosures. The result is that it is almost impossible for the limits of expenditure laid down by the Act to be exceeded. Instead, therefore, of the next general election causing the waste of several millions of money, it ought hardly to cause the expenditure of as many hundred thousands. Instead of voters being polled at the price of a pound or two pounds per head, they ought to be polled for as many crowns. In the city of Winchester, for example, the ancient capital of England, the senior Member was returned in 1880 by something under a thousand votes, and his returned expenses exceeded £1,600. Under the present Act, they cannot exceed £350, or nearly one-fifth. In the counties, the change will be even greater. The free conveyance of out-voters—that ruinous source of expenditure—is stopped, and the total expenditure ought not to be a quarter of what it has been.

But the greatest and most beneficial result of all is that henceforth the candidate must rely upon his own personal position and energy, or the voluntary services of others, for his success. As canvassers are not included amongst the persons who may be employed for payment, it follows that they are excluded. Neither the candidate nor any one else may employ paid canvassers. Canvassing, therefore, if it is to be done at all, must be done wholly by the voluntary efforts of unpaid canvassers. But if the would-be constituents work for the candidate for nothing, it is quite certain that they will assume a greater share than they have hitherto enjoyed in the selection of candidates, and in the control of their conduct when elected. They will no longer tolerate the Member who goes into Parliament as a supporter of a party against whose leaders he persistently votes, when he has got there, trusting to the fears of "dividing the party" for his acceptance by the party at the next election. It was a black day for the political black-sheep when the Corrupt Practices Act was passed. But the voluntary system has its dangers as well as its benefits. It is probable that every member of the Association which is now formed in every enlightened constituency would become an authorised agent of the candidate. If the Association pays for the preparation of canvass-books, &c., independently of the candidate, it seems that those doing so would be guilty of an illegal practice. If they pay or return their payments through the election agent, they constitute themselves agents; their irregular acts, if by ignorance or zeal they committed any, would affect the election. It is true that a kind of "equity" clause is inserted, which enables the Election Court to disregard a trivial breach of the law by an agent, when the candidate and his election agent are themselves free from guilt, and took all reasonable means to prevent it in others; or even an important breach, when it was due to ignorance or inadvertence. But this clause may too probably rather take effect in making the sword of Justice uncertain in its stroke on the guilty, than in affording a certain shield for the innocent. It is probable, therefore, that the work of party organisations will be confined to getting and keeping the party together in non-election times, and the choice of candidates, rather than to helping candidates by canvassing in an election. The tendency will be, and indeed it ought to be, for candidates to look rather to speeches at public meetings and addresses in the Press, than to any system of canvassing. They will have to rely for winning the seat not on any craftily-organised system of begging or bribing voters, but on the real enthusiasm of the party for the principles they profess, and on their own enthusiasm and power in advocating them.

MATTHEW ARNOLD IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHETHER Mr. Arnold proves or does not prove the subject of intense interest in the United States, we have probably never lent to the United States any man of genius who is more likely at once to excite and to tantalise the intelligent curiosity with which he must be regarded. It is not that the phase of culture which Matthew Arnold represents is at all specially rare in the United States. In Massachusetts at least, Mr. Clough,—Matthew Arnold's intimate friend and brother-poet,—found himself almost more at home than even in the Old Country. And Matthew Arnold himself, who was swift to appreciate the genius of Emerson, to whom indeed one of his own earliest sonnets was written, has shown in all his writings that perfect lucidity and serenity, that desire to gaze wistfully into the future, while discriminating all the beauty of the past, that subtle love of irony, and that freedom from anything like undue deference to authority, which may be said to distinguish especially the highest culture of New England. Nevertheless, we believe that Matthew Arnold will pique and tantalise the curiosity which he must excite as few Englishmen have ever piqued and tantalised it before. For he will present to those who crowd to hear him the singular spectacle of a genius formed entirely by the old world, and richly endowed with the power of writing the most lucid and graphic epitaphs on some of the greatest epochs of the old world,—on the wisdom of Greece,—on the meditative rapture of the East,—on the piety of Roman Stoicism,—on the vision of the Cross,—on mediæval asceticism,—on Goethe's calm, self-centred insight,—on the despair of unbelief,—and on the ardour of revolutionary hope,—who is nevertheless prepared to face the future quite undismayed, and that with no better weapon, as it seems to us, than that of the dignity of manner which the memory of the great past inspires. Emerson at least believed in democracy, believed in the new institutions, believed in the growing power of man. His calm confidence was derived from some transcendental faith in the power of the multiplying millions to manifest more adequately, as they multiplied, the transcendental divinity of his semi-pantheistic faith. Matthew Arnold, so far as we can see, has no such superstition. The more numerous are the hosts of the Philistines, the less he hopes from them. They do not dismay him, he is too robust in the triple brass of his culture for that, but he defies them. "Dii me terrent," he says, "et Jupiter hostis." But he has little hope in the masses.

> "Not here, O Apollo!
> Are haunts meet for thee,
> But where Helicon breaks down
> In cliffs to the sea,"

will be his feeling, as he looks at the mighty volume of human energy which will meet him in the United States. Democracy has never inspired him with any enthusiasm, and republican institutions will probably win from him no cry of admiration. Emancipated man, while he remains, as he probably always will remain, for the most part uncultivated man,—man with the instinct of self-preservation and self-assertion still unrefined within him,—elicits no brilliant augury of hope from Matthew Arnold. And yet, while Mr. Arnold has no prophecy inspired by political Utopianism to utter, he obtains nothing from his exquisite insight into the past on which he can rely to mould the world of the future, except only what is, of all things, least likely to mould it, that tradition of antique stateliness and dignity which the past has bequeathed to us. He will praise to the busy Yankees, Sophocles,—

> "Whose even-balanced soul,
> From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
> Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
> Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,
> The mellow glory of the Attic Stage,
> Singer of sweet Colonus and his child."

He will praise Goethe to them, and tell them that,—

> —— "he pursued a lonely road,
> His eyes on Nature's plan;
> Neither made man too much a God,
> Nor God too much a man."

He will praise Wordsworth, of whom he has told us,—

> "He found us when the age had bound
> Our souls in its benumbing round;
> He spoke and loosed our hearts in tears,
> He laid us, as we lay at birth.

On the cool, flowering lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease;
The hills were o'er us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
Our youth return'd, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world."

But he has no secret for restoring to us the even balance of Sophocles, or the commanding intelligence of Goethe, or the fresh insight of Wordsworth. He can revivify for us the stately humility of the East, and the grand imperiousness of Rome, and the cloistered sanctity of the middle-ages; but he has no spell,—he believes in no spell,—for the reanimation of a past world. Ask him of his hopes, and you find that they consist chiefly in borrowing dignity from the past, without borrowing the creeds on which that dignity was fed. This is the burden of his song:—

"Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order, too!
Where tarries he, the Power who said,—
'See, I make all things new?'"

And he cannot answer his own question except by vainly invoking joy from unknown and unknowable sources:—

"What still of strength is left, employ,
This end to help attain:
One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again."

But whence "the common wave of thought and joy" is to flow, he cannot tell us.

Yet, while Mr. Arnold keeps his secret carefully as to the source of this renovating power, it is obvious that, in his poetry at least, and partly, perhaps, also in his criticism, his irony, and the badinage directed against Philistines, Puritans, Parliamentary statesmen, and the "young lions" of the Daily Press, he has not lost hopes of "the common wave of thought and joy" which he invokes. His attitude towards the future is never pessimist, though he is so scornful of the present. The strong vitality in him appears to surge up in the form of vague revolutionary hopes, though he never finds the germs of what he hopes for in the methods and the institutions which he criticises. Still, though while making light of all the actual agencies of his time, he falls back upon the nobler past with a dignified and sometimes a lyrical melancholy, he finds somewhere,—we presume, in the never-failing spring of poetic impulse,—the secret of an unaccountable hope. He prophesies sternly against all he sees, and yet he cannot persuade himself to prophesy anything but good,—however dim,—of the future. This is his tone:—

"This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge,
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us, we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply the river of Time,—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream,—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast,—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

That is Matthew Arnold's prevailing tone,—condemnation of all the actual tendencies of his time, hopelessness of its actual forces, but vague hope, nevertheless, of somewhat of which he can give no account. It is so in his religious criticism. While reducing all faith in God to a dim confidence in "the stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," he yet claims the privilege to speak of that "stream of tendency" in the grand and awful strains of Isaiah, and with the solemn certainty and tenderness of Christ. He explains "the secret of Jesus,"—the secret of the Cross,—as being nothing more than the discovery that if you look beneath your superficial impulses and wishes, you will find a truer life which feeds itself upon the denial of these superficial impulses and wishes. He ridicules as untrue dogma all those explanations of that fact which refer this growth of the spirit, to life in a personal God and saviour. He will admit nothing but the bare fact that by giving the go-by to your strongest desires, a deeper life will be reached, and will be found fruitful in peace and strength. But of the revealed explanation of such peace and strength he will not hear a word. He insists that all the sources of hope which the human race have hitherto discovered are dreamy and baseless, but hope he will have nevertheless, and harps on his "mighty wave of thought and joy lifting mankind again" as if he actually discerned its approach. All that the Republicans of the United States lean upon with confidence, he will probably declare to be a broken reed. But he will bear a radiant countenance all the same, and will not abandon his—must we not call it?—superstitious hope. Therefore we say that he will pique and tantalise the good people whom he has gone to see. They will trace in him at once the buoyant gaze of a seer, and the negative creed on which pessimism is usually founded. They will find in him a well of poetry which compels him to look with hope on the future, while he despises all the living seeds of that future which he discerns in the present. He undermines for us our best hopes with one breath, and invokes strength and joy with the next. He rejects the deepest religion of the day, the best political institutions of the day, and the clearest social tendencies of the day, yes, rejects them with scorn; and yet Emerson himself could hardly have put on a look of the same buoyancy and radiance as Mr. Arnold, when he turns his face towards the new heavens and the new earth, not of his creed, but of his poetic day-dream.

THE BOYHOOD OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

WE hardly know anywhere a bit of biography more puzzling than Anthony Trollope's account of himself during his boyhood, youth, and early manhood. Why was he so utterly misunderstood by everybody with whom he came in contact? That he was so misunderstood he affirms again and again, with a persistency as remarkable as the absence of bitterness with which he describes his torments, alleging that he was always fairly good, that he would have liked other boys had he been allowed, that he tried all he could to be an efficient public servant. That he should have been misunderstood by schoolmasters is nothing wonderful. As a rule, though schoolmasters are very proud of successful pupils, and sometimes believe that they predicted success for them, they do not understand them very well. How should they? They see the boys for very short periods, they talk to them very little, and they inspire by their very presence a sense of constraint, which is fatal to revelations of inner character. This was especially the case in the old days, when punishment was so frequent, for the boy could seldom shake off an awe, like that of the private for the Colonel, which sometimes survived the state of pupilage, and lasted far down into middle life. Schoolmasters can judge of intellectual power, but not of character, unless it is very obvious; and even as regards the former, they are under an almost irresistible temptation to confuse quickness with mental force. A boy's quickness lightens the master's labour so greatly as to create an unconscious gratitude, and it is the boy who perceives, rather than the boy who thinks, who strikes the teacher as being "full of promise." That successive masters, therefore, should have despised Anthony Trollope, does not surprise us. They saw before them, doubtless, a heavy lad, very badly dressed, very much shut up in himself, who did not play, and did not learn, and accepted endless floggings with a dogged resolution to endure, but to make no change. Such a demeanour in those days was held to require flogging, and accordingly they flogged—flogged excessively, flogged every day, and often more than once a day—with the usual result of making the victim more dogged than ever, as his only available defence against

oppression. But why did the other boys understand nothing of the bright intelligence which had come among them? The cause was not caste feeling, for Anthony's brothers were not shunned as he was, and Anthony himself had many of the qualities which usually secure boy-favour. He was brave, and strong, and enduring; he neglected his lessons diligently; he was flogged often, without whining; he panted for popularity; and he thrashed an opponent so severely that he was sent home to be cured. He ought to have been a hero among his kind, and instead of that he was cut, browbeaten, and bullied, until his life was a burden to him; and he looked back upon his school-days as the unhappiest period of his life. Why? His own explanation is that he was impecunious, badly dressed, and neglectful of his own appearance; but boys have never cared much about those drawbacks, which, again, Trollope probably exaggerated. These could not be the reasons which provoked his own brother to thrash him every day with a thick stick, by way of discipline. Nor could they have influenced his superiors and room-mates at the Post Office so greatly that for seven mortal years he was a kind of pariah in his office; made no friends, found no acquaintances, and was not only despised, but so disliked by his superiors that on his exportation to Ireland, Colonel Maberly, a man of unusual ability, went out of his way to give him a bad character, which might have caused his summary dismissal.

The story would be a strange one, if told of any man who subsequently succeeded, but told of Anthony Trollope it is little less than wonderful. Of the eight or nine hundred men and boys with whom he came in intimate contact, not one liked him, not one admired him, and not one had even a glimmering perception that in the heavy lad were exceptional powers of a rare kind. His very mother—surely a keen observer, if ever one lived, and decidedly kind to him in his clerkly days—did not believe in him a bit, agreed to his going to Ireland as the least hopeless thing he could do, and when she promised to try and sell his first novel, one of the cleverest he ever wrote, thought it best not to read it, lest she should think it so bad as to repent her of her promise. The misunderstanding was universal, yet it is to us at least almost impossible to believe that Anthony Trollope, besides being essentially upright, kindly, and affectionate, can ever have been anything but unusually able. His perception, not only of character, but of what any person would do or think in a given set of circumstances, was quite perfect,—was, as we believe, an inheritance from his mother, who painted particular forms of vulgarity as they never were painted before, and must have existed in him at all times; yet no one ever detected it. He had even that rarer gift of creating character, for he described Archdeacon Grantley before he had ever seen any one like him, but the faculty was never suspected. He must have been raconteur from his cradle, yet his mother never guessed it; and his fellow-boys, who value this accomplishment above most others, and always hold it to mark a lad with something in him, considered Trollope a dullard. He was entirely without that sort of mental stutter which so often for a time conceals ability. He thought with unusual clearness, decided with unusual rapidity, and expressed himself with a force which, in later life, drove his superiors frantic. He was, too, not only a man of genius, but a man of energy, ability, and manliness, such as are usually perceived at once. Nothing is more certain about Anthony Trollope than that he could direct, organise, make men go his way, where he had authority, and not their own, unless, indeed, it be an untiring industry, which was a nature in him, and which seemed to invest him with twice the usual length of life. Add ambition, excessive physical activity, and unusual daring, and we have a man whom one would, *a priori*, hold to be sure of early recognition; yet his family despaired of him, his schoolfellows mocked him, his room-mates in the Post Office avoided him, and he was held by his superiors to be one of the Queen's worst bargains. And finally, in a day, as it were, it all dropped off. In Ireland, from the first, his chief took to him, and gave him difficult work; he found friends, he found a wife, and he found such popularity among women, that when he married he had to change his quarters, the exasperation of those left forlorn was so general. What was the cause of it all? Be it remembered that not only did not Trollope suddenly find himself in a higher atmosphere, but that he went to Ireland, where, if anywhere on earth, the dullard is neither popular nor believed in.

We cannot offer a complete explanation, but the story of Anthony Trollope's life strengthens a suspicion, roused by some other biographies, that there does exist in some men a mental husk or shell out of which they grow, as they grow out of physical weakness or uncouthness. It is not that they conceal their powers, or neglect their powers; but that the powers are, for effective purposes, not there, or rather are grown over with an impervious husk. The germ, of course, must exist, but it may for effective purposes be so crushed as to be temporarily dead. Such men's minds do not simply grow, they break through also. Something has to be taken off or something imparted before the faculties are, in the ordinary sense, faculties at all, powers which can be used at will. What it is that happens in such cases, no one can say; but that it does happen is very certain, though more frequently to women than men; and there is, as is evident from the analogy of sleep, no reason why it should not happen. Indeed, as we write, a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who is evidently trying to be true, describes it as happening to himself:—"I was born north of the Tweed Death too soon appeared in my home, and I was cast out on what I found to be a cheerless and callous world. I began to question fate, and wondered why my lot should be so hard. I became fond of solitude. I did not even dream of the future. I could see nothing beyond the cruel present, with its daily, deadening drudgery. But there came a change. I was on my way one clear and sharp winter night to my lonely garret lodging, when I paused on the bridge across which I had to pass. I leaned over the parapet, and was gazing down on the black depths below, when suddenly I experienced a mental change which altered the whole current of my being. I could not account for it nor analyse it then, and cannot do so now; but there it was. A wide vista of hope and possibility was spread out before me. I seemed in an instant to have entered on a new and nobler stage of life. I had suddenly awakened to a perception of the beautiful, although the light was yet dim." Why should not the true explanation of Anthony Trollope's boyhood be that he, the clear-sighted novelist, able man of business, and successful public servant, actually was, till he was twenty-five, for all around him, a disagreeable dullard?

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ENCAMPMENT BY THE SEA.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

One sunny August morning, we set out on a ramble over the pebbly shore of one of the Eastern Counties. Our expedition must have been the outcome of an unusually violent attack of the Englishman's craze for exploring, for nothing surely could have been less suited to stimulate a pedestrian's energies than the view of the monotonous line of flat coast, made up of a belt of shingly beach, with here and there a strip of sand showing, and backed by dwarfed sand-hills and treeless, marshy levels, the whole looking fatiguingly hot in the glare of the morning sun. Just as we were growing heartily weary of the sight of the hot-looking beach and of the sound of our feet crunching through the yielding shingle, a turn round an angle or "ness" of the coast brought us within view of a quite unexpected scene. The beach here is flatter and broader than it has been, and is broken up into a number of tiny terraces. On the higher levels of the shingle the sand is so abundant as to tempt the long, reed-like grass and the hardy sea-holly to stray down the beach, and to entice even the inland bracken to venture a few steps over the pebbles. The beach is sheltered from the westerly land winds by a belt of sand-hills, which here begin to assume larger dimensions, and a little further on harden into something like a low cliff. On a patch of low ground behind the sand-hills is a cluster of small cottages. Further off, on the higher ground above the rudimentary cliff, there stands out boldly, as if conscious of its official dignity, a severely correct-looking Coastguard station; while just beyond this, in pleasing contrast, there peeps out shyly above the dense mass of foliage which encloses it, the high thatched roof of what looks like a goodly country-house. All this, however, forms but the accessories of the picture before us. The central subject is a group of tents and wooden buildings, scattered about the upper levels of the beach among the sand and patches of vigorous green. The white tents gleaming in the sun are of the well-known military pattern. The wooden structures are small, simple in design, and gaily tinted, reminding us strongly of the toy-houses of our early days. This morning, a number of

young girls may be seen loitering about the houses. Their hair is down, and in some other respects they seem regardless of the nicer ordinances of society with respect to toilet. At the sight of strangers they back shyly into the doorways, and presently we spy here and there, peering inquiringly over the heads of a group of maidens, the face of a matron rubicund with culinary operations. Interspersed among these dainty tents and châlets are boatmen's houses, which contrast oddly enough with the other buildings, in their highly irregular form, their deep black hue, and their general look of heaviness. Some of these are storehouses for the fishermen's gear. A few, however, may at once be picked out as dwellings, by their trim casements, their smoke-capped chimneys, and their quaint little gardens. These last are small patches of sandy ground, duly fenced in with dwarf palings, where a sickly-looking geranium or two are doing their best to keep up the pretence of a rural cottage. There are no signs of human activity about the fishermen's huts to-day, for the men are away in search of the now rare sole, while the women are in request at the tents and châlets. A certain degree of animation is, however, supplied to this part of the scene by the presence of a respectable company of fowls, which spreads itself over the sandy patches about the buildings, their quiet, reflective step being ever and again exchanged for a mad run, at the blatant summons of some officious leader. They cannot, we reflect, gather much forage on this barren beach, and possibly, to their scantily-fed appetites, the discovery of a stray crumb or two, or even of a sun-parched fish, counts as an occasion for loud exultation. Some way below this populated region of the beach, we observe a line of boats drawn up well above the high-water mark, close to a row of vertical winches. Some of these seem to have just returned from a cruise, for their brown sails hang but half-furled in graceful folds, adding another touch of warm colouring to the beach-picture. Further down, still at the edge of the sea, our eye falls on a line of children, who, arrayed in the most *négligé* of costumes, appear to be revelling in the amphibious life of tropical islanders.

A queer, motley spectacle, we observe to one another, is this settlement on the beach. It looks like a grotesque attempt to unite the comfort and even the elegance of civilisation with the barrenness of the savage condition. It is the blending of the gaiety of a *fête champêtre* with the grim seriousness of daily toil in the shadow of poverty and of death. The merry occupants of the tents and dainty huts turn out on inquiry to be visitors from an adjacent town. They appear to have taken up their quarters on the beach for want of the more customary kind of sea-side accommodation. However this be, here they are leading a half-gipsy life, and already catching something of the gipsy look. They evidently take pleasure in their unconventional mode of life, and extract a good deal of merriment out of the little difficulties to which it gives rise. Perhaps (if the evolutionist is right), in their childish glee there are vague recallings of a far-off, free, ancestral life between the amplitudes of earth and sky. But in reality, their reversion to primitive ways is only a very half-hearted affair. As we accept the friendly offer of one of the rubicund matrons and look into her tent, we find elaborate cooking processes carried out cleanlily, and even inodorously, by aid of the latest and most improved gas apparatus. In the hut close by which serves as a dwelling-house for the same family (and where space is economised in a manner that suggests the activity of a constructive genius), we note a degree of neatness and prettiness which betrays a mind dependent on tasteful surroundings. It proves, indeed, to be a truly charming interior, with the light stains of the woodwork, the bright colouring of the chintz hangings which divide one tiny apartment from another, and the lustre of bits of china and plate distributed on shelf and bracket. The more solid comforts of life are secured to our settlers by the periodic call of the tradesman from the neighbouring town. So far as we can ascertain, this sea-side colony is the freest of communities. It is open to all comers. Anybody may pitch a tent where he likes, provided he does not come too near the abode of an earlier settler. Or, if he prefer, he may erect a permanent hut, by merely asking the consent of the lord of the manor, and paying a nominal "quit-rent." The result, so far as we can make out, is a society of a distinctly republican cast. Social grades seem to be ignored, there is no "differentiation" as yet of east and west ends, but the doctor's family lives in friendly proximity to that of the thrifty mechanic. Possibly, these fraternal relations are due to the uniting forces of a common sentiment, a passion for the sea. There can be but little entertainment here beyond the delights of bathing and "paddling," and it is pretty safe to assume that everybody comes here in order to get as much sea water and sea air as possible.

We paid a second visit to this encampment on the beach towards the end of a rainy September. It now wore quite another aspect. The white tents have vanished, and the dainty huts look cheerless and deserted, with their closed doors and curtained windows. There is no more rustling of quick, young feet, no more clear treble laughter on the beach. A solitary fisherman is absorbed in the work of repairing his boat. At the door of one of the fishermen's huts stands a slender, middle-aged woman, looking out at us as though puzzled by our appearance. Her husband, she tells us, is dead, and her two sons are off elsewhere, with wives to care for. Through the long winter, when the light-hearted visitors from town are happy in their snug homes, she will be alone in the rude hut on the beach. How will she feel, when there is nothing for the eye but the dull gleam of the sea-foam beyond the driving mist, while the ear is burdened and wearied by the continuous screaming of the wind and hoarse roaring of the breakers? Will her mind then occupy itself in working out its own theory of the worth of life, or will her brain be lulled by the very poverty of her surroundings into such a condition of torpor as precludes thinking? Even the roving bands of fowls seem to-day to share in the prevailing depression, for their cacklings are less hearty, and their movements less spirited. Perhaps they, too, are missing the summer visitors. The chilling gloominess of the scene is completed by the presence of a belated party of excursionists. They consist of a sorry-looking man, apparently a small farmer, his wife, and seven children, close on one another's heels in the matter of age. They move dejectedly along the sea edge, without interest or purpose, as if compelled by some dire necessity. The dismal impression of the whole scene is relieved by one feature, a single bathing-machine, left low down on the beach, which throws itself back, and looks out over the vast, sullen waters in a comical attitude of pugilistic defiance. We half hope the cumbrous vehicle may be allowed to remain where it is through the winter, on the chance of its bringing to the torpid sense of our poor solitary dim previsions of a returning summer, and of fresh outbursts of young merriment upon the beach.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CHILDREN AND THEIR DINNERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In reference to an article in your paper on the above subject, may I ask if you will kindly allow me to describe a plan now being tested in a North London parish, where, by simple means, about one hundred poor children are provided daily with good and nutritious food? Of course, this is but a minute fraction of the numbers you speak of in London alone who are insufficiently fed; but the scheme, though not yet twelve months in action, is succeeding so well that there seems no reason why it should not spread, and be before long organised in every London district. It is for the relief of the hard-working and honest poor, who themselves pay a part of the expense out of their small earnings. It originated thus:—A "Sister" found that in one parish alone there were 120 children under twelve who had lost one parent, and were thus left untended during working hours. With great energy she applied herself to the work, and with some aid from the clergy of the parish, and the promise from friends of a few subscriptions, was able to open last December a Day Home for the children of widows or widowers whose needs were real and pressing. It is a cheerful house, plainly fitted and furnished, with comfortable rooms, well warmed and lighted, and made gay with pictures; there are toys, too, for the little ones. To it the parents bring the children on their way to work in the morning, often by five or six a.m., and leave them there until evening. During the days those old enough are sent to the Board or other schools, while the very tiny ones are kept warm, fed, and tended in the Home by the motherly woman in charge. At bed-time all are fetched or taken to their homes. This is the bill of fare for the day. *Breakfast*—Bread, with dripping or treacle, and cocoa, with milk. *Dinner*—Meat twice a week (roast beef and stewed mutton), lentil soup once, suet pudding once, and on

other days milk pudding, such as rice or macaroni, and stewed fruit. *Tea*—Bread, with dripping or treacle.

It is not luxury, but it seems so to the poor little creatures, who, up to the day of admission, have, perhaps, scarcely *seen* a comfortably prepared meal. These "widows' children" of North-east London are, at the best of times, only half-fed. To quote from the last report of the Day Homes (by an eye-witness),—"Insufficient earnings, high rent, and in many cases large families, combine to make the mother's efforts produce a very bare subsistence for her little ones, who are left daily, week after week, from eight a.m. till nine p.m., with only dry bread and cold tea (without milk), by way of food." No wonder, as the report continues, "their stunted growth and feebleness of mind and body show how greatly they need nourishment." At the Day Home they have as much as they can eat at every meal, and often a good extra slice of bread and treacle to take home at night.

The delight and wonder of new-comers at such good fare, enjoyed in a warm, bright room, is very touching, while that the Home is duly valued by the poor is proved by the mothers' anxiety to get their children admitted. The report describes how, in a large neighbouring workshop, all the men gave three cheers for the Sister, the promoter of the scheme, on first hearing of it. The cost of the children's food is only 2s. per head for the whole six working days of the week, the Home not being open on Sundays. Towards this amount the parents pay from 1s. to 2s. per week for each child, according to the number sent from one household.

Besides the good feeding, which is already *telling*, in the improved looks and strength of both boys and girls, there are other advantages in the Day Home,—1, general improvement in moral tone; 2, protection from the bad influences of the streets; 3, the sending of the children regularly to their schools. The Home is non-sectarian and broad in principle, and connected with no one religious body, but free to all who are in need of it, whether Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, or other kinds of Dissenters, as well as to those whose parents attend the parish church.

The Home first opened being full and in good working order by last spring, a second was organised in April, and the boys and girls divided. The second (or girls') house owns a small garden or court, serving as playground, an immense gain. In it is a single tree, a hawthorn, which bore a few flowers last May, to the delight of the children, who had never seen a country hedgerow in spring, nor flowers growing. Both Homes are in Hyde Row, Hoxton, at Nos. 35 and 47. They may be seen any day, the dinner and tea hours, one and five o'clock, being the best times.

If any of your readers should like to see for themselves how the experiment is working, they will be made very welcome there. The Homes are now in need of £70, to help them to clear their way to the end of this (the first) year.—I am, Sir, &c.,

27 *St. Aubyn's, Hove, Brighton.* SUSANNA R. SOLLY.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY AT OXFORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Since the decree was passed in Convocation last June, though by the narrowest majority, sanctioning a very large expenditure for the erection of a Physiological Laboratory, the question of any apparent approval by the University of experiments on living animals has occupied the thoughts of many of us who are anxious on this subject. It is well known in Oxford that the consideration of this side of physiological investigation was not pressed on the attention of the Council, and not until opposition to the decree was offered in the Convocation of June 5th did the matter receive much public attention. Indeed, more than one eminent member of the University, both within the Council and outside, was not even acquainted with the opinion of the Professor of Physiology himself on it.

You will, perhaps, think it not unsuitable that at the beginning of Term some reasons should be expressed in your columns why Convocation should desire that the limits and the degree of vivisectional experiment in its buildings should be strictly defined. It is impossible for us to fold our hands, and say this question should be left exclusively to the judgment of physiologists, if only on account of their divergent judgment. To speak only of the dead, how widely separated were the feelings herein of Rolleston and Claude Bernard! A considerable number of members of Convocation in and near Oxford earnestly desire that the question should be in itself submitted to the judgment of the House, and that a decree should be promulgated which would prohibit (*a*), painful experiment otherwise than under anæsthetics; (*b*), experiments on domestic animals altogether.

(*a.*) Since the discovery of those anæsthetics which cause a dreadful operation to pass like a pleasant dream, we men have used them with a most affectionate solicitude for our ease, even to escape trivial pain, and it seems only fair to extend this protection to other creatures whose nerves of sensation are as acute to suffer as are our own. I need not labour this point, because the best English physiologists have acceded to this merciful provision, and indeed initiated it long before the judgment of the country was formulated in the Act of Parliament. But exceptions to this rule are allowed, and it is denied that in Oxford there should be none. Then the feeling of *camaraderie* amongst physiologists is strong. Men have not forgotten the experiments on the two dogs at Norwich, in 1874, when those present "did not like" to interfere with M. Magnan's operation. An eminent gentleman complained the other day that it had been necessary to obtain for the public service a foreigner trained in the laboratories of Germany. Was this the physicist who was so intent on his investigation that he could spare no time to think of the suffering of his subject? "In Tiberim defluxit Orontes." He spoke in all innocence of heart, and was surprised that this acknowledgment had excited indignation in the minds of those who heard him; but an apology for such a treatment of a grave subject, or an ignoring it, must necessarily be received in England with impatience.

(*b.*) As to the exemption of domestic animals. Surely this is a reasonable request. It seems to be a base requital for the affection, for the courage, for the sagacity, for the confidence of a dog, that he should in any place run the risk of such a termination of his life; it is a cruel treatment of a familiar friend. We do not like a prowling dog-stealer. Should we love him more, if we thought that he was decoying the friend of our hearth to hand him over to the custodian of the laboratory? And physiologists of note, whose general kindness of heart in all sincerity I do not wish to call in question, have said that they did not know and did not inquire from whence the subjects of their investigation had been brought. Is it impossible that they will consent to grant this boon?

It was inferred, too, at Southport that those who would restrict vivisection are opponents of the advancement of science: that "they execrate the physiologist as a monster of cruelty," as others "brand the geologist as a blasphemer." Pray, Sir, where are these latter Rip Van Winkles of fanaticism and ignorance to be found? As to physiologists, it is true that occasionally harsh and intemperate language may be used concerning them. This is to be deprecated. But injustice of expression—and a denunciation of any class of men is certain to involve injustice—does not destroy the fact that carelessness about animal suffering in the laboratory has existed to a grievous extent, and has often been excused; or that, as lately in your columns, the question has been dismissed with an airy disdain, as unworthy a philosopher's attention.

If I am not trespassing unduly on your space, I would say one word about the familiar argument that no restriction is needed because Dr. X or Sir A B, gentlemen regarded by all men with esteem, do not think it necessary. This is a form of the old fallacy that there was no appreciable danger of abuse of slavery, because Bishop This or Senator That—kindly and humane men—treated their dependents well, and were too polite to conjecture that in the wide area of the Southern States other standards than theirs of duty and of conscience might exist.—I am, Sir, &c., B. D.

ELECTORAL DISTRICTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Redistribution of representation has come within measureable distance for serious consideration, so, perhaps, the following calculation may be worth suggesting:—If population only is taken as basis, the fair proportions, of a House of 700 Members, will be, England, 520; Scotland, 80; Ireland, 100. If surface space be taken, the fair proportions, in a House of 760 Members, will be, England, 370; Scotland, 190; Ireland, 200. If rental for taxation is taken as basis only, the fair proportions will be, in a House of 582 Members, England, 474; Scotland, 66; Ireland, 42. Again, taking one third on each basis, then, in a House of 680 Members, the fair proportions will be, England, 454; Scotland, 112; Ireland, 114. Such seem to be the only safe data for calculation, unless the cultivable acreage be taken, instead of surface space, in each Kingdom.

National engagements and susceptibilities may make it necessary to take population for proportion, between Kingdoms. Local associations and convenience may make area the proportion, between counties. Wealth and education may fairly guide the apportionment within county districts, according to rental taxation.—I am, Sir, &c., W. R. R. H.

[Why does not our correspondent make his calculation in any case for a House of 650 Members? Nothing is less likely, and nothing would be more mischievous, than to increase the numbers of the House. There *would* be a strong case for diminishing them.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

"BY LAW ESTABLISHED."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I think it will be found that the above-cited phrase, with others similar, is not properly known to the Constitution, but obtained currency by necessity, in times when civil and religious oaths, subscriptions, privileges, and exclusions prevailed, in order to disable reserves and equivoques on the part of the disaffected. From the days of Henry VIII. to those of George III., there existed parties of insecure allegiance, both to the *de facto* dynasty and to the order in Church matters *recognised by existing law*. Such language barred both the Roman and the Puritan. An early instance is that of the rubric of 1 Elizabeth, directing the ornaments of the Church to be those which *were by Act of Parliament* in the second year of Edward.—I am, Sir, &c., G. C. P.

THE WORD "CUSS."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent, "An American," appears to me to be right as to the definition of the word "cuss." The simplest definition is often the most correct; and we all know the fate of the man who derived "Latakhia" from "Laodicea." An example from a modern American author will, I think, help us. One of the heroes in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," speaking of the way in which an infant (*the* hero of the story) clutched at his finger, observed, "rastled with it, the little cuss." Surely, the vague use of the word "cuss" as an abbreviation for "customer" by Americans is very much like our equally vague use of the word "beggar,"—*e.g.*, "You beggar, what did you do that for?" Of course, I will not attempt to define the use of the very senseless English word; possibly, those who fetch their definitions from afar might ascribe the word to our Protestant origin.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Tymawr, Aberzwili, Carmarthen. A. Wentworth Powell.

"JULIAN TREVOR."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I shall esteem it a favour if you will give publicity to the few following remarks on a criticism of my novel of "Julian Trevor," which appeared in the *Spectator* of the 13th instant.

In the first place, I know nothing, I am thankful to say, of political society, though your critic is good enough to remark that I have "caught its twang," and am "evidently familiar" with its features.

Secondly—and I wish this to be clearly understood—the character who figures in my novel as Lord Slitherington is not intended as a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield; nor would it have been considered as such, had I not injudiciously made the Prime Minister of the book suddenly bring about a dissolution of Parliament, by writing an unexpected letter. My critics, on reading this incident, have remembered a letter written under similar conditions by the late Earl of Beaconsfield to the late Duke of Marlborough, and, in remembering it, have straightway abandoned themselves to the guidance of disordered fancies.

Circumstances, as I shall show later on in this very case, can be cited to prove that, if once a person has determined to discover a portrait in some character, he will discover it in any character, sooner than be disappointed; but the few following points of dissimilarity between the Earl of Slitherington of my book and the Earl of Beaconsfield of real life must strike any reader who may care to be impartial.

1. Lord Slitherington is a Sybarite. The most uncandid of his critics could not charge Lord Beaconsfield with this failing.

2. Lord Slitherington is discovered at a great State crisis reading Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques." Lord Beaconsfield could never have been discovered doing this. He did not know French.

3. Lord Slitherington is constantly described as smoking cigars. Lord Beaconsfield never smoked them, though he collected pipes.

4. Lord Slitherington is described with great detail, and in the clearest terms, as an egotist, without a theory other than that all men act from self-interest, and that charlatanism is success. He is Machiavelli as much as Metternich. Lord Beaconsfield has himself somewhere said that "great minds trust to great truths and great talents for their rise, and to nothing else," and he exemplified this maxim in his life. He, in short, entered public life with an idea. He believed that a return to the Toryism of the Georges was the only protection against the danger threatened by the Reform Bill. To this idea it has always been my belief that he owed his success, and not, as my critic obligingly insinuates, to a chance faculty for social cunning.

Lastly, as I go into no society of any kind, am as innocent as a young man of twenty-four can be of any desire to offend any one, and am not in the least desirous of being made defendant in an action for libel, I shall be glad to learn the names of the other "Shapes,"—

> "If shapes they may be called that shape have none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,"—

who—though they are in one place in the article before me described as being "neither individuals nor types," and in another as "mere lay figures, intended probably to be incarnations of different aspects of almost savage selfishness"—can, notwithstanding, in a third place, be "easily recognised under the thin disguise thrown over them, as personages of note, other than the late Conservative chief."

Personally, I confess that this conundrum is too wonderful for me; I cannot understand it. Will your critic have the courtesy to enlighten me?—I am, Sir, &c.,

William Outram Tristram.

17 *Colville Mansions, Powis Terrace, W., October 18th.*

[If Lord Beaconsfield thought that a return to "the Toryism of the Georges" was "the only protection against the danger threatened by the Reform Bill," he certainly concealed this idea most successfully for some time after he "entered public life," *i.e.*, after he first stood for a seat in Parliament.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE INHERITANCE OF PHYSICAL INJURIES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Dr. Bell Taylor, in the *Spectator* of the 13th, says that physical injuries are inherited. I have not made original observations, but I have studied and abstracted carefully the enormous mass of facts contained in Darwin's "Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication," and have concluded that, as a general rule, subject, no doubt, to exceptions, externally produced injuries are not inherited, but functionally produced modifications are. Short-sight, produced by straining the eyes, is a good example of the latter.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Joseph John Murphy.

Old Forge, Dunmurry, County Antrim, October 15th.

POETRY.

"FORTUNE MY FOE."

"Aim not too high, at things beyond thy reach,"
Nor give the rein to reckless thought or speech.
Is it not better all thy life to bide
Lord of thyself, than all the earth beside?

Thus, if high Fortune far from thee take wing,
Why should'st thou envy counsellor or king?
Purple or homespun,—wherefore make ado
What coat may cover, if the heart be true?

Then, if at last thou gather wealth at will,
Thou most shalt honour Him who grants it still;
Since he who best doth poverty endure,
Should prove, when rich, best brother to the poor.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

BOOKS.

MR. PERCY GREG ON FAITH AND DOUBT.*

Mr. Percy Greg's speculative books are always worth study, and this certainly not the least of them. They would be improved, perhaps, by a little more sympathy with the points of view that are not the writer's own, for a discussion thrown into the form of dialogue needs something of real dramatic force to give it its fullest life. This dramatic force is given, we think, to the cynic, Lestrange, though it is made obvious enough that his cynicism is rather superficial, and that he cares much more to demolish those who half agree with him than those who wholly differ from him. Still, Lestrange and Cleveland are both real men. Not so Sterne and Merton, whose feeble Naturalism and Positivism are ninepins, only set up to be continually knocked down. And the same, to some extent, is true of Vere, the Christian. It is obvious enough, indeed, that the author has far more sympathy with Vere than he has with Sterne and Merton, but his own point of view is too strongly in sympathy with doubt,—we do *not* mean denial,—to admit of his throwing any strength of intellect into the part assigned to Vere in these discussions. We are told that "Vere was silent" (p. 49), when any man of force in Vere's place would certainly have desired to say something of considerable weight, and might have said something of what seems to us decisive weight. Again, after one of Lestrange's most vehement outbursts (p. 178), Vere, when at last he feebly interposes, has hardly anything of significance to say. It is, on the whole, the same throughout. Vere does not make himself really felt except against the Secularist and the Positivist. Against Lestrange and Cleveland, he is a shadow. Still, with all the shortcomings, as they appear to us, due to the central doubt—or suspense of judgment—which inspires the whole book, it is a powerful and instructive book for the doubter to read, and one which may further shake his doubt, though it can hardly sow in him anything like true conviction.

To criticise it with any success within the limits which we must observe, it is of course essential to select one or two single points, and not to attempt a discursive, much less a complete estimate. We prefer to select what seems to us the central idea of the book, the impossibility of certainty, the demonstrability of uncertainty, in matters of religious and apparently also moral faith. Here is part of a discussion on what is called "wholesome falsehood:"—

"*Cleveland.*—There will always be numbers of thoughtful people who cannot practically believe that what is beneficial is false, that what is palpably noxious can be true.

Sterne.—That is turning the matter wrong side out, inverting the relation between truth and profit.

Cleveland.—Possibly; but, if a rare argument, it is a common creed.

'Is it a rare argument?' I asked. 'One finds Christian preachers constantly resting the real force, laying the practical stress of their case on the service Christianity has rendered to mankind, on the impossibility of doing without it.'

Cleveland.—True. But if you put the matter to them clearly, make them see the meaning of their own reasonings, they will repudiate them. Nobody, or hardly anybody, will *say* 'this must be true, because the belief in it is wholesome;' but multitudes even of thinking men practically think or feel so. Those who can let go a belief they feel to be essential to their own happiness and virtue, are few. Those who would like to see the general decay of a creed they think necessary to keep the multitude in order are perhaps fewer still.

Sterne.—Then are they right? Do you believe that truth can ever do harm?

Cleveland.—Do you deny that falsehood has done infinite good?

Sterne.—Absolutely. I know what you mean; but what good Christianity has accomplished has been due to its comparative truth, not to its absolute falsehood. And it has done enormous harm. Clifford hardly exaggerated its power for evil, strongly as he has stated it.

Cleveland.—Look what decaying Paganism was. Compare the latter state of Pagan Rome with Mediæval Christianity, or again with primitive Protestantism, and you can hardly doubt that, frightful as have been the crimes committed in the name of religion, the balance to its credit is stupendous.

Sterne.—I don't know. Marcus Antoninus was equal to any Christian saint.

Cleveland.—Perhaps; but the Stoics persuaded a few thoughtful men to believe their creed, of whom a very small minority practised it. Christianity persuaded millions to believe and thousands to practise, not perhaps what Christ would have recognised as his teaching, but something far better than the world had known before.

Sterne.—But that was in virtue, as I said, of its comparative truth, not of its absolute falsehood.

Cleveland.—No. The best thing the author of the '*Enigmas of Life*' has ever said is that the one falsehood common to all creeds is the very principle of their life, the very basis of their power. They all assume *certainty*, all affect a Divine origin, and on this point *they all lie*. But it is precisely this affectation of certainty that gives them their hold on men. Probability may be the guide of life, but it guides because it is not recognised as probability, but taken for certainty. Seriously persuade men that there is one chance in fifty that the sun will not rise to-morrow, and you will—disturb their sleep. Convince them that summer may possibly fail to return, and though you may prove to them that the chances in favour of its advent are a hundred to one, you will produce a visible effect upon the harvest.

Sterne.—Only with fools.

Cleveland.—Perhaps; but on this point most men are fools by instinct. It is just because a vast probability is to us an apparent certainty that we do act on it so confidently. If Christian preachers could make us feel that life is practically, immediately uncertain, uncertain for each of us each hour—if most of us believed, as one or two women I know do seem to believe, that it was doubtful whether going to sleep in health we should live to wake again—the idea would make us seriously uncomfortable, if it did not materially improve our conduct. We run risks, we do not incur certain and heavy sacrifices, on a chance, unless in the spirit of the gambler. No man was ever a martyr for a creed that he thought probably true.

Sterne.—I suppose not.

Cleveland.—And no such creed would ever make converts or control conduct. No man would forego an immediate deeply-desired pleasure, resist a strong present temptation, curb a passion he could certainly and instantly gratify because the chances were three to one that he had a soul, and six to one that his soul would be damned for yielding.

Sterne.—And that is just the weakness of all your theologies. Punishment and reward are alike probabilities to all but the most devout, and therefore they are so ineffective.

Cleveland.—Well, but observe, you say falsehood must be injurious; that religion has benefited mankind in virtue of its truth, not of the attendant fiction. Now, mark; the one thing common to all religions, without which none of them could have gained a hearing, much less held its ground, controlled and governed multitudes, inspired champions and martyrs, is the one thing certainly false. A God is at any rate *prima facie* probable; Heaven and Hell are almost necessary consequences of immortality, and immortality at least seems to human instinct and human thought very possible. Buddha's teaching of perpetual reincarnations till purification accomplished by trial is rewarded by absorption into the primary Life, strangely as it conflicts with other more popular doctrines, is consistent enough, and certainly no one can say that it may not be true. But Buddha, Moses, Christ, Mahomet, all tell us that they know these things; that they received their information supernaturally, and directly or indirectly from the Deity Himself. As they contradict each other, and every one contradicts *every* other on some important point, it is plain that in this statement three of the four must have been, and none of us now doubts that all were, mistaken. But, as the *Enigmas of Life* reminds us, it was this essential untruth, this false allegation, that gave strength to every one of these teachers. It was the falsehood that won a hearing for the truth. Even the peculiar personal character of Christ, his attractive influence, magnetising all who came into contact with Him—exercising over all a power, attractive or repulsive, the strongest ever wielded by man—would not have sufficed to make Him more than a Jewish Rabbi of unusual reasonableness and popularity, whose teaching probably would have been sooner forgotten than that of any other in proportion to its simplicity and excellence."

Now, if this proves what our author evidently supposes it to prove, it surely proves a great deal more,—either that there is no God at all, or that God, being what he is, *cannot* inspire certainty in the human mind at all, and that all certainty in such matters as concern his existence and his will is a 'note' of error, not of inspiration. But this is surely not the author's belief. Cleveland, who states the argument thus strongly, inclines, with something almost approaching conviction, to a belief both in God and in the actual communication of his divine will and character on many points to man. Is it even conceivable that God should exist, and should impress his will and character on us, and yet should be intrinsically unable to let us know that it is he who speaks, and that what he speaks is certainty itself? Admit as much as you please the fallibility and weakness and the manifold errors of man, still, if there be in the Universe a source of infallible wisdom at all, it is at least as certain as it is that he is infallible, that he can communicate to us as much of his mind as our minds and apprehensions will admit, and, therefore, as regards any thought that is within our cognisance at all, that he can assure us of its corresponding as closely as our limited capacity will admit, with the absolute truth of things.

What Cleveland, and Cleveland's *alter ego*, Mr. Percy Greg, seems to us wholly to ignore is this,—that religious certainty depends not on us, but on the controlling power which gives us grace to recognise it and the strength it confers. Speculative writers are always trying to find some guarantee of certainty as regards things above us in the constitution of our minds. No such guarantee is possible. The only way in which we can reach certainty is by subjecting our minds to that influence which a higher Power impresses on us, and im-

* *Without God: Negative Science and Natural Ethics.* By Percy Greg. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1883.

presses us as more than human. This is what Christ means by requiring that his disciples should assume the attitude of a child to its parents, when they come to him to learn. The paradox, if paradox it be, of fallible certainty, has never been half so plainly and powerfully stated by any sceptic as it was by our Lord himself, when he said:—"Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Is there any certainty greater than a child's of what—if it be within the compass of its apprehension—its father's will on this, or that, or the other subject really is? And yet, is there any impossibility greater than that such a child should be able to analyse and explain the source of that certainty? General discussions, like Fichte's *Kritik aller Offenbarung*, on the *a priori* possibility of revelation, are more or less vitiated by this radical defect,—that they assume on our part the possibility of criticising the impression which a Power higher than ours is capable of making on our minds. Now, we can criticise what is beneath, but not what is above us. We can say with certainty, 'this is less than human,' but so soon as we are in the grasp of a power on every side higher than our own, our wisdom is to yield ourselves to it, and not to throw away all the help it gives us, on the very unreasonable ground that we cannot explain it to ourselves. The present writer knows exceedingly little of Buddhism, but his impression was that Sakya Muni, so far from affecting to reveal a higher power, taught only the doctrine of the vanity and thraldom of human desire,—in short, the blessedness of withdrawing ourselves from earthly attractions. Mahommed's teaching is, on all the points on which it differs from the Christian, definitely below it in every way, and, indeed, below a good deal of the Jewish and even Pagan teaching too. Moses and the Prophets never pretended to give more than an initiatory teaching in the Divine Will, and their teaching looked forward to higher teaching beyond. It is practically only in the case of Christ that a modern European could suppose that by submitting his mind to an influence infinitely higher than any other which the centuries have disclosed to us, he might find the true source of conviction and of certainty. Take another passage:—

"*Cleveland.*—In politics, in economic science, I know what I believe; so I think do you. But when it comes to those deepest, most fundamental problems on which turn the highest interests not of nations but of mankind, our views not of a temporary expediency but of universal truth, I am not fool enough to be a partisan nor passionate enough to be positive. If on these subjects a man is clearly, firmly, surely convinced, it is almost always—I will not say that he has decided without study but—that his mind was practically made up before he had mastered more than half the elements of the question.

Lestrange.—Then you accuse all clergymen at least of judging without hearing; for they, I suppose, are bound to be sure.

Cleveland.—They have to make up their minds at four-and-twenty; and who at that age can have studied half the case? If they have mastered the evidences in favour of Christianity, they are content; if they have really investigated the great issues of Biblical criticism, they have been exceptionally careful and conscientious. But they have not taken in one half, hardly perhaps a tithe, of the vast ground their propositions really cover. A Christian believes in the Resurrection; and believing in that he looks no further, he is dispensed from studying anything that conflicts with the doctrines on which that puts the seal of miraculous attestation.

Lestrange.—You don't believe that?

Cleveland.—Nor disbelieve. I cannot think that it happened; I cannot explain, can hardly conceive, how if it did not happen the Apostles come to believe it as they assuredly did—to live and die for that belief.

Vere.—And can you be content to remain in doubt on that fundamental question of all?

Cleveland.—Fundamental for you, who are satisfied of it. But your phrase 'content to doubt' conveys the fundamental fallacy of all orthodox reasoning; the idea that belief is matter of will. On that, as on most other questions of paramount importance, I am *forced* to doubt, because the evidence is always conflicting and often incommensurable.

Lestrange.—Then, like me, you believe nothing?

Cleveland.—By no means. I believe—but I hardly know why I believe; I can very seldom say how much I believe it. I believe—but I can quite believe that I may be mistaken. I believe—yet I can see strong reasons for disbelieving. I believe—and yet I doubt. Can that be called belief at all?

Vere.—I suppose that few—save those who have resigned their intellect to some despotic authority outside themselves—fail to see, I will not say strong grounds for disbelief, but strong arguments against their firmest beliefs.

Cleveland.—Aye; but your doubts are temporary, or do not amount to doubt. Where you believe with full conviction, on the fundamental points of your creed, you never think it possible that you should be wrong.

Vere.—I don't know. What right have I to hold that the Church of eighteen centuries is wrong, and I right when we differ?

Cleveland.—I don't know what right you have to differ from the Church Universal; but you *do*. You may have no adequate ground for your belief, but—you believe. Now, on nearly every point of vital moment, I see both sides so clearly that, if I can feel which is the weightier, I cannot feel certain of either."

Now, surely the drift of that is that the strength of the belief always is, and ought to be, exactly commensurate with the balance of the arguments *pro* over the arguments *con*. But is it ever really so with a reasonable man? Cleveland himself says (p. 74) that few men know exactly why they believe anything, and denies the inference which the author of the book wishes to draw, that in that case "our belief is worth nothing." On the contrary, he maintains, and maintains very justly, that "a man's judgment is worth more, counts for more, than his arguments." But that admission is virtually taken back again, when Cleveland takes credit to himself for being in a suspense of mind exactly corresponding to the balance of arguments *pro* and *con*. We hold rather, with Cardinal Newman, "Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of religion. I am as sensitive as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending these difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate." What, for instance, can be a greater difficulty than to reconcile the doctrine of causation with the belief in any, however limited, free-will of your own? And yet, how many there are who would say with us,—and, we think, rightly say,—that they have no more doubt of the existence of a power in themselves to determine what they shall do, than they have of their own existence or sensations? What can there be more difficulty about than thought-reading? And yet, who, that knows the mass of evidence in favour of it, doubts the fact of thought-reading? What is more difficult to understand than the vast—the infinite,—incoherence of the world of dreams, in which we spend well-nigh a third of our existence, or than the rare and exceptional, but marvellous lucidity which sometimes enables the dreamer to see far more than the waker would see; but who doubts the fact of incoherent dreaming, and who that knows the full evidence doubts the fact of occasional lucid dreaming? The truth is, that no man of real wisdom keeps his intellect balanced in proportion to the arguments *pro* and *con*, but, like Cleveland, often trusts his judgment implicitly, though there be a great many arguments which,—if they were the *only* evidence on the subject,—would make the belief held seem simply absurd.

Mr. Percy Greg has given us in this book many discussions of great subtlety and depth, but he has not succeeded in proving that it is in any degree unreasonable to hold *with certainty* many truths against which it is, nevertheless, possible to advance the most striking arguments.

A GERMAN ACCOUNT OF THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.*

Colonel Vogt has attempted a somewhat difficult task, and one certainly beyond the limits of his information. Much of his book is built up on the war correspondence of English and Continental newspapers, and it consequently reproduces only too faithfully the mistakes which easily obtain circulation during the course of a war, and are so rarely corrected with sufficient emphasis afterwards. The war correspondent is a valuable institution, but the military historian should use him with caution. Colonel Vogt's account of the action at Alexandria bristles with inaccuracies. Fort Marsa el Kanat, "blown up by shells from the 'Invincible,'" was never once hit; no party landed at Marabout or Adjemi, and the latter work—not half finished—never fired a shot; while the guns of Fort Meks, stated to be disabled at 4.30 p.m., had all been spiked or disabled by gun-cotton by about 1.30 p.m. Colonel Vogt characterises the bombardment as premature, and in a sense this may be true; but the subsequent course of events could hardly have been foreseen, while there were obvious political reasons for not waiting till a fleet of transports filled with British regiments lay behind the ironclads. It is, moreover, very doubtful if the landing of "a small force" immediately after the action would have sufficed to save the town and win a "military success." In any case, it is almost childish to state "it seems obvious that time was purposely afforded to the national party to organise a re-

* *The Egyptian War of 1882.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Hermann Vogt, of the German Army. A Translation. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

sistance, which it would afterwards be necessary to crush." Or, has the translator got into a muddle over the word "purposely"? Colonel Vogt may very fairly criticise our insane partiality for muzzle-loaders, but no guns "again burst on board the 'Alexandra.'" A crack in the inner tube does not necessarily render a gun unserviceable, and it is not necessary to take *au sérieux* all the criticisms of "English Service papers."

Summing-up the forces arrayed against us, Colonel Vogt states, "We are not alone in the professional world in thinking" that the expedition "should have mustered at least thirty thousand men." But our force did actually number thirty-two thousand, and in spite of the opinion of the "retired officer staying in Cairo," we are now holding Egypt with less than a fifth of the force he considers necessary for the purpose.

After a slight sketch of Egypt and the Egyptians, Colonel Vogt devotes a chapter to the British Army, to which we turn with some expectancy. He is severe on the cost of our small Army, which he compares with that of Germany. But, even setting aside the great difference of conditions, the cost of a voluntarily enlisted force must be greater than that of a conscript army; while, in these comparisons, the loss of producing power to the country which resorts to conscription is never set to the other side of the account. The training of our Infantry is unquestionably indifferent, but that our Cavalry and Artillery are "slow" cannot be so easily admitted. Lord Wolseley will probably be amused to learn that his "envious opponents . . . . . wish to refer to his Irish descent, rather than to moral causes, the daring assurance of his character." Colonel Vogt condemns the conduct of affairs at Alexandria prior to the descent on the Suez Canal, and the reconnaissances towards Kafr Dowar furnish him with a text for something like a sneer. It should be remembered, however, that the numerous correspondents had not much to write about, and that though they naturally magnified operations "which by Germans would be called a slight engagement of outposts," English officers were perfectly well aware of the relative importance of these little affairs. There is, moreover, some confusion as to Sir A. Alison's reconnaissance of August 5th, the only really serious attempt to approach the Egyptian position. The telegram quoted from the *Temps*, stating, "To-day the Egyptians did not answer the fire of the English," clearly refers to the day on which Colonel Vogt says it was sent—the 8th—and it is consequently absurd to say "this does not bear out the account . . . . . of which the English papers made so much." Nor does it seem quite fair to describe our proceedings at this period as "aimless and halting," since, it having been most wisely decided to operate on the Ismailia-Cairo line, there was really nothing to be done but to hold on and wait for the transports. Again, it is hardly correct to say that "a considerable amount of initiative was shown by the Egyptians." The latter might have harassed our outposts to death, but considerately forebore to do so, and their "initiative" was practically limited to spade work, mostly by the forced labour of civilians. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* must have peculiar views of coast defences, to have stated that "some of the works," at Aboukir, "are certainly as strong as the forts of Portsmouth." We wonder if the Germans will really believe this. The correspondent may be excused, as he had only seen the works from the deck of the 'Decoy,' but now that we know all about these works—it was possible for any one to ride over them during the latter half of September—it seems useless to quote conjectures formed at the time. Characterising the seizure of the Canal on August 20th as "a happy combination," Colonel Vogt quickly disposes of M. de Lesseps. "No General could or would allow himself to be deterred from his appointed task by any protests from private individuals." But will Germans generally endorse the view,—"England can come to no other conclusion than that she ought to keep possession of this important maritime passage; important not only for herself, but for the whole world, as well for commercial as for military purposes"? The events on the Ismailia-Tel-el-Kebir line are briefly and not very carefully sketched. Thus, with regard to Salihyeh communicating with Kassassin by a "straight road"—perfectly straight, since, having got the right line, there was nothing to do but to keep straight on in order to get there—we are first told that "to garrison it would have weakened more important positions," but a little later on, "in the double position of the Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir and Salihyeh lay an immense tactical strength."

Of course, we have the old story that the infantry were saved from destruction at Kassassin by Colonel Drury-Lowe's cavalry; this was to be expected. In blaming Lord Wolseley for losing time—"full four days"—after his landing, we think that Colonel Vogt does not fully realise the condition of things. To suppose, as he seems to do, that it would have been possible to land and rush straight at Tel-el-Kebir argues a want of appreciation of the difficulties of the country. Lord Wolseley had not only to put an Army Corps on shore, but to use a little wharf, inferior to the pier of a Thames penny steamboat, as the base from which military stores of all kinds and every requisite of life, except water, had to be sent to the front. Moreover, the distance was full thirty miles of bare desert, some of it terribly bad marching-ground, while the heat was extreme. There were, in fact, conditions which no German army has yet been called upon to face, and short though the distance and small the numbers, measured by European standards, it is hardly correct to say "the provisioning of so small a force could have been easily managed." Later, however, Colonel Vogt seems to realise the difficulties more fully, but it is impossible to accept his estimate that three pack mules in a desert can carry as much as a cart on a European chaussée.

The battle of Tel-el-Kebir is described in the words of the correspondent of the *Standard*, who manages to get the Highland Brigade on the wrong side of the Sweet-water Canal. Colonel Vogt seems to think the attack something of a risk, but hints that Lord Wolseley may have wished to "silence all such voices" as that of the wise "officer of high rank at Alexandria," who, according to the *Times*, disapproved of the transfer of base to Ismailia, apparently preferring to place the flooded Nile, spanned only by bridges, which Arabi could have destroyed in a few hours, between the English forces and their objective, Cairo. Or perhaps "English gold" had "smoothed the way to success." Lord Wolseley's success is, however, admitted to be the "justification of his means," while the energy shown in following up the victory—to our mind, the greatest proof of military genius he has ever shown—is allowed to deserve "unmeasured praise." The narrative is now rapidly wound up, not without numerous errors, more or less important. It is sufficient to notice one, probably derived from a study of the "Service papers":—"All the machinery of the War Office has again proved unwieldy and unpractical. Its influence, which obstructed and narrowed the free action of the Army, was scarcely counterbalanced by the inferiority of the enemy and the bravery of the British troops." Granted that the machinery of the War Office is so unwieldy as to render real Army reform almost hopeless, none the less is it true that in no war in which we have been engaged for many years has that unwieldiness been less felt, the free action of the Army less hampered, or the General more trusted and independent.

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.*

The novelists who stood highest in the estimation of the present generation of readers are rapidly disappearing. It almost seems as if envious Time, passing over the cyphers, were determined to obliterate, first of all, the indicating figures. A couple of weeks ago, we had to deplore the death of Tourgénief; we are now forced to speak of Hendrik Conscience as gone from us. Neither of these men will soon be forgotten, yet were we compelled to choose between their respective claims to grateful memory, we would venture to assert that the sweet healthfulness of the Fleming is more valuable to humanity than the rare literary talent of the Russian.

Hendrik Conscience was born at Antwerp in 1815; his father was a Frenchman, his mother a Fleming. This fact deserves notice, for, while in his boyhood, Flemish was used almost exclusively in familiar intercourse, yet French was looked upon with something more than respect, as the speech of the educated. Young Conscience was fortunate in being able to learn both languages thoroughly; his first literary attempts, however, were made in French. While yet a boy, he wrote some spirited little songs, which may still be heard from time to time in the streets of Antwerp. But in 1830 the revolution took place, and the uprising of the Flemish people was followed by a revival of Flemish literature. In 1838, Conscience published a historical novel in Flemish, entitled *De Leeuw van Vlaenderen*, "The

* Author of "The Lion of Flanders," "Veva; or, the War of the Peasants'," "The Miser," "The Poor Nobleman," "The Conscript," &c.

Lion of Flanders," and this work made the young man famous. From beginning to end the book is merely an expression of patriotic feeling, yet this fact alone is sufficient to explain its enormous success. All honours were shown by the nation to the interpreter of the national enthusiasm; Conscience was made Keeper of the Records of the City of Antwerp and Registrar of its Academy of Arts. Six years later he was called to fill a Chair in the University of Ghent, and appointed by the King teacher of Flemish to the Royal children. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed Curator of the Wiertz Museum, at Brussels, which lucrative post he held until his death.

Conscience was not so widely esteemed and so protected without good reason. For thirty years he wrote indefatigably, yet neither the quantity nor the quality of his work bears such testimony to his industry as does the steady improvement visible throughout. Each novel was better than the preceding one. In *The Progress of a Painter*, he reveals to those who read between the lines how severely he judged his own productions, and how determined he was to accept from himself nothing less than his best. His humility, his industry, are both due to the earnestness and height of his aspiration. "The enthusiasm of my youth," he writes, "and the labours of my manhood were rooted in my love for my country." To raise Flanders, is to him the first, the holiest of all aims. But Flemish freedom is threatened by the power of France; accordingly, the two best historical novels of Conscience depict uprisings of the Flemish people against French despotism. In the quarrel between Edward I. of England and Philip of France, Guy, Count of Flanders, sided with Edward; and when Edward was recalled to make head against Wallace, Philip conquered Flanders. The scene of *The Lion of Flanders* opens at this moment. In the novel, we are shown how the whole country, from Artois to Zealand, revolted against the foreign foe, and how the French yoke was broken at Courtrai. The faults of the book are mainly due to the dislike which Conscience has for the French; his antipathy to them throws an air of exaggeration over the characters, and is so naïvely consistent as to be amusing.

In *Veva; or, the War of the Peasants*, the scene opens in the last years of the eighteenth century. It will be remembered how the French Republican forces overran Flanders, and at Jemappes, in 1792, tore the Netherlands from Austria. The Flemings at first received the invaders well, and fraternised with the apostles of liberty; but love soon changed into hate. The Conservative Flemings might have borne the abolition of all titles and privileges of nobility, but they could not be expected to like the new taxes levied under a foreign authority better than they had liked the old ones; and when the home-loving peasants were forced by the conscription into the French Army, secret disaffection became open revolt. The conscripts fled to the woods, the peasants gathered into bands, and engaged in guerrilla warfare against the invaders. Flanders became another La Vendée. The heroic but ineffectual resistance forms the theme of *The War of the Peasants*. As a fiction, this book is far superior to *The Lion of Flanders*. The plot is not so closely fettered to history, and the story gains more in dramatic unity than it loses in regard to historical accuracy. In both books the feeling is genuine, in both the style is vivid and picturesque, but in the later work the author has mastered his material, and the language, in ease and sobriety, is that of an artist in words. The book won for its author a world-wide reputation, and the French nobly replied to the attacks of Conscience, by being the first to admire the writer. Love of country manifesting itself in the desire for national independence was, as we have seen, the enthusiasm of the early manhood of Conscience; but patriotism, to him, came to mean something more than the mere desire of freedom.

In what may be called his second period, Conscience devotes his powers directly to the task of social regeneration. Already in his historical novels he had shown his sympathy with the democratic leanings of his age by choosing his heroes from among peasants and artisans; he now sets himself to depict the suffering of the poor and to define its cause. In such novels as *De Gierigaerd* ("The Miser"), *De Arme Edelman* ("The Poor Nobleman"), &c., he is determined "to apply the glowing steel to the cankered wounds of which society is dying." Now, in defining the cause of these wounds, Conscience gives proof of high intelligence:—

"The detestable doctrine," he writes, "that gold is chiefly to be desired, annihilates the very idea of self-sacrifice, of duty, of virtue. It is the death of all love, all honour, all endurance. The first-fruits of this creed have already been gathered. And so we find growing to-day in man, with ever-increasing rapidity, the instincts he has in common with the brutes, bodily lusts, material longings, together with an ever keener jealousy and envy of others."

The feeling of Conscience is here almost as intense as that of Ruskin, or even as that of Carlyle:—

"Since the higher classes themselves acknowledge that they have no other right to their money than the simple fact of possession, since they deny and decry personal worth, since they affirm that gold is powerful enough to transform a blockhead into a man of influence, why shouldn't the masses strive to take possession of this mighty gold, even by main force? For when once they have it, the end justifies the means; they are absolved by the mere fact of success. . . . . Riches should be looked upon as a power which can only be hallowed by being consecrated to good, noble, and worthy ends."

After the warning comes the appeal. In book after book—such as *Wat eene Moeder Lyden Kan* ("How a Mother can Suffer")—he sketches the suffering, the degradation of poverty; again and again he shows how unselfish deeds react upon the doer, to the purification of the character. Yet Conscience does not shut his eyes to the continuity of time, or of the process of development. He sees that the progress made in one age may cost it far too dearly, and yet that the step taken may be fruitful of unmixed benefit to the future. He, therefore, looks with sympathy upon the material progress of the present day. All the world knows how the Flemish peasant reclaimed from sterility that desert tract which lies between Antwerp and Venloo, how the industry of man turned the sand of an ancient sea into fertile land. All the world knows, too, how Conscience has described the conquest:—

"That brave and toilsome peasantry stirred up the sterile depths, and watered them with their sweat; they summoned science and industry to their aid, drained marshes, diverted the streamlets that descend from the highlands towards the Meuse, and put them in circulation through innumerable arteries to fatten and enrich the land. What a glorious fight it was of man against matter. Our descendants will hardly believe their own eyes when they behold a golden sea of corn or a dale of green grass where we have seen the sun mirrored in water, or on the glass-like surface of shining flint-sand."

There are some who will infer from these extracts that Conscience was rather a patriot and social reformer than an artist in the proper sense of the word; nor up to the end of this, which may be called the second period of his life, would Conscience himself have denied the impeachment; years, however, bring the "philosophic mind," and in later life Conscience became aware that the artist's mission was something other than that of a teacher in a Kindergarten. "Does not the poet know by a sure and swift insight all things that are, and is it not his task to depict them?" Of Conscience as an artist, we shall say but little. Yet, inasmuch as we have made mention of his best work in the other lines of his activity, we cannot refrain altogether from speaking of his novel, *The Conscript*, as of a work not unworthy of the author of *The Mill on the Floss*. There is, indeed, a difference of race between Maggie Tulliver and Trine (short for "Catherine"); a difference, too, in the *cadre* of the picture, for Trine is a peasant-girl who can only write with infinite difficulty; but yet we venture to think that no other hand in Europe in the last forty years could have given us Trine, save only the hand of George Eliot. As Gretchen is the perfect German peasant-girl, so Trine is the ideal Flemish one; and if both George Eliot and Conscience are greatly inferior to Goethe, their place is yet high enough, for they both stand in the first rank of European novelists. The fountains, too, of their enthusiasm may be traced to a common source; that "love of man" which was the religion of the Englishwoman, resulted often in effects closely resembling those due to the Christian sympathy with all that suffers so deeply felt by the Fleming. This comparison with George Eliot is the best we can make. In both, there is the same humour, the same exactitude of healthy realism; in both, the realism is used as a foundation on which to rear a superstructure of emotion and thought; their methods are similar, it would ill become an Englishman to compare the results. Yet it may be said, in regard to style, that while the instrument used by George Eliot is far superior to that used by Conscience, the Fleming is undoubtedly the greater artist. To the homely vigour of the Teuton he has added the gracefulness, the measure, which are peculiar to the best French prose.

To compare Conscience to any other Flemish author would be to pay him a poor compliment, yet something may be done in

this way, too, to define his position. As in England the return can be traced from the pessimism of Byron to the earnestness of George Eliot, so this rhythm in Flanders may be measured by comparing the "Lucifer" of Vondel to the writings of Conscience. Nothing can be added to his reputation, whether as author or as man. He was regarded by the ablest critics with admiration, and his books have been translated into German, Italian, French, and English. Thousands of readers think of him with what must be called affection, and the secret of this supreme success must be sought in the sweetness of his nature. It is no small tribute to the inherent truth and beauty of the man's character, that we are compelled to use his own words when trying to describe him,—"I am one whom God endowed, at least, with moral energy, and *with a vast instinct of affection*."

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF ENGLAND.*

The judgment passed by eminent foreigners upon England is always interesting and instructive. To see ourselves as others see us should be the wish of a nation, as well as of an individual. Many of our faults, indeed, are visible enough, without the spectacles of strangers. Our strength is sometimes the source of our weakness. We are too proud, too prone to be contentious, too apt to suppose that we must invariably be right and all who differ from us wrong, too ready to think that the wide earth is made for the special benefit of the English race, that,—

> "Seas roll to waft us, suns to light us rise,
> Our footstool earth, our canopy the skies."

All honest criticism, then, ought to be welcome, and when it comes to us from America, and from two of the most original and thoughtful men America has produced, it has a value which is not limited to the time in which it was written.

The volumes before us, as all our readers know, have been, though perhaps in a less attractive form, for many years before the public. Emerson's first visit to England was in 1833, the year in which the first Reformed House of Parliament assembled; a second visit was paid in 1847, and the result of these visits is to be found in *English Traits*, in which the writer expresses his opinion of what he saw with remarkable vividness and force. With the exception of an interval chiefly spent in Italy, Hawthorne lived in England from the spring of 1853 to the summer of 1860. *Our Old Home* appeared after his return to the States. He had taken notes abundantly while with us, and these notes, which convey the first impressions of an original mind, are even more interesting than the carefully written book formed with their assistance. We are glad that a new edition of the works of Emerson and of Hawthorne published simultaneously in this country affords us an opportunity of returning to volumes which can never cease to charm.

They differ considerably in character. Emerson takes, for the most part, a rapid glance at certain points in our life which strike him most forcibly. To see England well, he says, needs a hundred years; and he is content to take a broad view of the land and the race, marking our peculiar characteristics and the secret of our power, our faults and virtues, our literature and religion, our foreign policy and domestic life. Hawthorne notes these traits, too, in his own delightful way, but he loves to loiter about towns and villages, to enter churches and cathedrals, to visit almshouses and cottages, to explore the hidden recesses of the country, and to express his affection, not wholly untempered with another feeling, for whatever age has made venerable. To both writers, England is emphatically the "Old Home," and even their fault-finding is that of sons proud of a worthy parent. Let us note cursorily some of the opinions they express about this little island and its inhabitants.

Forty years ago, Emerson was struck by the patriotism of the race, by the way in which we held together, by our trust in each other; and he observes that difference of rank does not divide the national heart. In politics and war, he says, Englishmen hold together as by hooks of steel. He is struck, too, with "the fine physique and personal vigour of this robust race," and regards as one source of our power the dislike of change. "As soon," he writes, as Englishmen "have rid themselves of some grievance, and settled the better practice, they make haste to fix it as a finality, and never wish to hear of alteration more." But we are too stiff and precise, and "in this Gibraltar of propriety, mediocrity gets intrenched and consolidated and founded in adamant." As compared with Americans, the Englishman is said to be cheerful and contented; when he wishes for amusement he goes to work, and his hilarity is like an attack of fever. One of his highest virtues is the love of truth and liberty, one of his most grievous defects the homage paid to gold; yet Emerson might have added that in a country like England rank shares the homage with wealth, whereas the millionaire in America shines by his wealth alone. The frame of our society is, he says, aristocratic, the taste of the people loyal, and, he adds, "English history is aristocracy with the doors open. Who has courage and faculty, let him come in."

As a republican, Emerson sees the good as well as evil side of an aristocracy; the Church of England, on the contrary, though praised for many virtues, is viewed only on one side. To him, it is not a living power, but an institution existing on tradition, and, moreover, inextricably connected "with the cause of public order, with politics and the funds." With this able writer's creed, or rather lack of creed, such a conclusion is inevitable; but he is just in pointing out several palpable evils in Church organisation. The growth, however, that of late years has perceptibly influenced the National Church is the best reply to Emerson's animadversion, and already many of his once forcible words on the subject have the decay of age upon them. The loyalty to truth for which he praises us generously in one chapter can be scarcely said to agree with the inference that in accepting the Church of England, to which the English are passionately attached, they are content to "take in a lie" at the same time. We are dreadfully given to cant, he says; but cant means hypocrisy, a vice incompatible with the pervading love of truth for which he gives us credit. If it hurts our self-love to be informed that we have a taint of hypocrisy in the blood, it is cheering to be told by an American of Emerson's high mark that only the English race can be trusted with freedom, that our culture is not an outside varnish, that England has yielded more able men in five hundred years than any other nation, and that if the American system is more democratic and humane, "yet the American people do not yield better or more able men, or more inventious, or books, or benefits, than the English." "Congress," adds Emerson, "is not wiser or better than Parliament."

There is a solid value in the *English Traits* which we respect and admire, but we do not know that these masterly sketches of English character give us a greater interest in the author. Hawthorne, though he sees some of our faults as vividly as Emerson, and gives us many hard hits, attracts us to him irresistibly. The reason is not far to seek. American though he be to the backbone, his affection for England is that of a lover and a child, and he has a hundred things to say about her that make us proud and pleased. He declares, indeed, that he can never in a foreign land forget the distinction between English and American. Why should he? But he says also, on leaving England for Italy, that "it seems a cold and shivering thing to go anywhere else." And with what heartiness does he appreciate the beauty of our scenery! Nay, he has even kind words for the climate, the only thing belonging to Englishmen, he says slyly, of which they are not proud. A perfect summer day in England is exquisite enough, he observes, "to atone for the whole year's atmospherical deliquencies. Italy has nothing like it, nor America." And the beauty of England makes him desperate, so impossible is it to describe it. To be reproduced with pen and pencil, "it requires to be dwelt upon long, and to be wrought out with the nicest touches." Again, writing of Wordsworth's country, Hawthorne says:—

> "I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England—this part of England, at least—on a fine summer morning. It makes one think the more cheerfully of human life, to see such a bright, universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages—not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the road-side, so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and after-thought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also, and so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls, and there live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. . . . . Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can."

Passages like this, some of them longer, and all expressing a tender and affectionate sympathy with the beauty of the "Old Home," occur frequently. But this sympathy is not confined to natural objects. For London, the dream-city of his youth, Hawthorne at once acquired a home-feeling. He found it better than his dream, and is never weary of losing himself in its

* *Emerson's English Traits and Representative Men.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

Our Old Home and English Note-Books. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul and Co. 1883.

streets, and wandering without any particular object in view. St. Paul's appeared to him "unspeakably grand and noble, standing in sublime repose in the very heart and densest tumult of London." He was struck with its airy spaces, and observes that, unlike a Gothic church, it is full of light, and that light is proper to it:—

"It is a most stately edifice, and its characteristic seems to be to continue for ever fresh and new; whereas, such a church as Westminster Abbey must have been as venerable as it is now from the first day when it grew to be an edifice at all. How wonderful man is in his works! How glad I am that there can be two such admirable churches, in their opposite styles, as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey!"

To St. Paul's he returns again and again, always with fresh delight; and of the Abbey he says, "I think I never could be weary of it; and when I finally leave England, it will be this spot which I shall feel most unwilling to quit for ever."

This genuine enthusiasm is felt by Hawthorne for all the "things of fame" he finds scattered so thickly throughout England. "The world," he says, "surely has not another place like Oxford; it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily." York Minster impressed him as the most wonderful work which ever came from the hands of man, and the view of Durham "was grand, venerable, and sweet all at once." Of the great Cathedrals, Hawthorne writes with a sensibility and a glow of feeling which we who have them so near to us, and can see them so often, may perhaps fail to comprehend.

It would be unjust to conclude from the few passages quoted that Hawthorne has a universal affection for everything English. He sees plenty to blame in our institutions, as we have already intimated, and thinks that they are by no means so stable as they seem to be. On many social evils, which bode ill for the future of the country, he writes with something like indignation; but for the island itself, and for the lovely objects on it, he has little to say but what is good. And while writing less of people than of places, he does express frankly and warmly the kindness he received from all sorts and conditions of men in England, and not from those only who could appreciate his peculiar genius. He says, indeed, that an American seldom feels quite as if he were at home among the English people; but this sentiment, it is evident, had no strong hold upon him. Hawthorne was a very reserved man, and did not thaw to strangers readily, but when once the heart was touched no one could be more genial. The friendship felt for him by many in this country was undoubtedly reciprocal, and the confidence of friendship carries with it as few things else can, the sense of home. After all, the obvious fact remains that England can never be what the States are to an American, and it would have been strange if, in the sad moments which come inevitably to a spirit finely touched like Hawthorne's, he had not felt the loneliness of a stranger in a land that was not his.

This imperfect notice of volumes that deserve to be universally read has been written with a special purpose, and we shall end it, after the custom of the old fabulists, with a moral. If to Americans England be the most interesting country in the Old World, what should it be to ourselves? Its beauty is exhaustless, its associations numberless, its objects of interest so varied that every taste may be gratified, and yet foreign travel has such mystic charms—and we are far from saying it is without its charms—that thousands of wealthy Englishmen spend their time and wealth upon the Continent year after year, whose knowledge of their native land is confined to places devoted to fashion or to sport. "One may have lived in much larger countries," says Mr. Louis Jennings, "but there are none which it takes so long to get tired of as England." This is true, but the men and women to whom we are alluding do not prefer foreign travel because they are weary of their native country, but because they know so little about it.

SELF-CONDEMNED.*

We can most of us contemplate with equanimity, if not with satisfaction, the endurance by others of the punishment their misdeeds entail, and it is possible that some choice spirits may experience a kind of logical though grim joy in suffering the penalties attached to their own bad actions. But few persons, we fancy, are to be found possessed of the stern courage displayed by the heroine of these volumes, who judges herself mercilessly, without regard to any of the extenuating circumstances which the reader perceives so easily, and turns the key upon herself in a sort of moral gaol for what, after all, seems to be no very dire offence. It is advisable, no doubt, to be well off with the old love before being on with the new, and a pretty woman cannot be too careful of the manner in which she distributes her smiles; but Katherine Carey was not really guilty of the offence implied in these trite warnings, nor responsible for the unhappy results of the offence she actually committed. She supposed herself to be in love with Roger Hackblock, but this was before she knew what love meant, and she had, besides, been so brought up by her parents, whose interests were bound up in the match, that she came to regard herself as destined by a sort of natural process to become Mrs. Hackblock, in due course. Nor was the son of the senior partner in the big blacking house of Hackblock, Higgins, and Hackblock possessed of any of the attractions, physical or mental, which young ladies, in or out of novels, usually look for in their lovers. He had a large, bony, flattened nose, eyes of a "cold, unspeculative, unkindly blue-grey," coarse, characterless mouth, and equine teeth. It was too plain he was "one of the great army of Philistines," of whom it could be foreseen that he "would live and die a hard, calculating, money-making machine," spending his whole life and energies in making a large fortune larger, and looking upon all originality as proof of knavery or lunacy. How could such a man hope to find favour in the eyes of a girl of whom a single glimpse, as she distributed strawberries to a group of ragged urchins in a dull Westminster street, drew from Lewis Barrington, successful writer of novels, leading articles, and plays, the energetic exclamation, "If ever I marry, that shall be the woman!" Lewis Barrington meant what he said, and early in the second volume becomes the accepted lover. How could it be otherwise? He had none of the defects Roger had, and possessed most of the virtues and good qualities Roger had not. Then Katherine's troubles begin. She loses her mother, to whom she is tenderly attached. Her father, who is a partner in the Hackblock firm, is turned out, upon the discovery by *mère* Hackblock of his daughter's passion for Barrington, and dies penniless and miserable. Katherine, considering herself the cause of these disasters, refuses to see her lover, and takes a situation as a sort of help in the household of a good-natured, but fidgetty and whimsical old lady, full of æsthetic oddities, who makes life a burden to all around her. At last, however, she relents, and permits herself to enjoy a vision of happiness. But terrible events tread close upon the heels of this concession, and once more she condemns herself to a punishment which has become harder than ever to bear, and which to us seems less than ever merited. Of the final result we shall say no more than that we trust we have discovered in a phrase used by a friend of Katherine's—page 282 of the third volume—the right solution of the problem suggested by Barrington's exclamation at the beginning of the first.

At Mrs. Hunt's treatment of her heroine we must confess to feeling a little indignant. Barrington, despite his literary talents, rouses no admiration in us. He is a selfish fellow, does nothing great or noble, and condescends to adopt a mean disguise for the purpose of procuring an interview with Katherine, whence flow all her miseries. Her one fault, the weakness she showed on this occasion, is surely visited far too heavily; and it is with scant justice, artistic or other, that she is made the scapegoat for the sins of her relations and lovers, without compensation and with little commiseration. We can but trust that in that fourth volume which will never be written, she is enjoying all the happiness which the undeserved calamities that have befallen her in the three we have before us entitle her to claim.

For the rest, having gulped down our indignation at the hard measure allotted to the heroine, we can honestly say that Mrs. Hunt has written a most amusing novel. Intertwined with the fortunes of Katherine and her lover are those of a delightful artist, Frank Davenport, and his even more delightful wife, Nancy. Davenport is one of the numerous class who make money with difficulty, and spend it with ease. No sooner does he find his purse weighted with a little cash than he runs off to buy knick-knacks, amber necklaces, and Japanese dresses for his wife (who is in sad want the while of flannel petticoats), and on one occasion an immense carved and gilt bed, which fills up their bedroom, but which he declares it is an education in art to sleep in. It must, however,

* *Self-Condemned.* A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. 3 vols. London: Chatto and Windus. 1883.

be added that his moral perception is less keen than his artistic, for to Nancy's distressing cough and haggard looks, due in great measure to the various domestic worries his thriftlessness causes her, he pays little attention. There are moral Philistines, we fear, to be found among those who consider themselves least akin to the dwellers in Gath and Askelon. Some of the sketches of certain aspects of modern society are most amusing, showing a good deal of observation in their gentle sarcasm, and a lightness and picturesqueness of touch that add both to their truth and interest. Katherine, in her palmy days, takes it into her head that she would like to know something about cooking. So away she trips to South Kensington, that home of the *utile et dulce*, and in a "plain morning-dress, large apron, with pocket, bib, and brown-holland sleeves," feels "quite a good little kitchen-maid." There she learns to scrub pots and pans, make currant dumplings and daintier dishes, and is in the act of tracing scales on the back of a portion of fish and mashed potatoes, moulded into the form of a haddock, when her occupation is put an end to by the sudden apparition of Lewis Barrington. A motley crew enough were her fellow-students. Servants who wanted to improve themselves, mistresses who wanted to know how to teach their servants, young ladies with much time on their hands who wanted to do something with it,—all under the dominion of a couple of servants, and a "handsome lady-superintendent." "The real ladies accepted the work which was given them, and set about doing it with hearty good-will, saying little or nothing about dirt or difficulty." But the would-be ladies,—

"Tried to assume the airs of princesses driven out of their kingdoms, and kept up a continual buzz of exclamation to the servants, to themselves, and to every one who came in their way, about the strangeness of finding themselves doing such menial work. . . . . Most of them showed a strong disposition to avoid all contact with base metals, by wearing cheap, dirty-white kid gloves. None of them had apparently ever been brought face to face with a black pan before, nor did any seem to have been positively informed that kitchen utensils did not clean themselves."

The description of a haymaking fête, too, is capital. The hayfield was hired for the occasion; the young ladies wore pink calico and white sun-bonnets, the gentlemen blue blouses and straw hats, into which they put themselves with a certain shamefacedness. They soon got tired of forking the hay, and cried out for rakes, as more picturesque. Of course there was not much haymaking done, and the farmer had to call in a troop of buxom village lasses to complete the task; but there was a good deal of lunching, popping of champagne corks, and various merriment, just dashed with a notion of labour, to lend a sort of reality to the play. The most finished portrait in the book is perhaps that of Mrs. Wilbraham, with whom Katherine found a refuge after her father's death in the capacity of a companion or help. Her principal occupation consisted in looking after the æsthetic education of all about her. She maddened her housemaids by making them quit dustpan and broom to look at a fine rainbow-effect, wanted to have her meals in the garden, that the servants might have the opportunity of smelling the fragrance of flowers and hearing the song of birds, and desired them to put no starch in their petticoats, that the natural beauty of the lines of the figure might not be distorted or hidden. With a true love of beauty and considerable cleverness she is nevertheless silly, the type of a too numerous class who hang about the confines of art, and imagine themselves entitled, by reason of a certain impressionability they possess, unaccompanied by any power of expression, to regard the rest of the world as mere Philistines. Despite her foolishness, however, Mrs. Wilbraham, by dint of natural honesty and unselfish simplicity, completely foils the grim Mrs. Hackblock in an amusing conversation on the subject of Katherine's enormities, which will be found in the third volume. It is on the sketches of surrounding life it contains that Mrs. Hunt's book will depend for its popularity. She has a firm, graceful touch, a command of good-natured sarcasm, and an easy, fluent style that prevent her from ever being dull, or often common-place. But she is unequal, her work lacks completeness, and she does not always take the trouble to do justice to her evident powers.

FOLK-ETYMOLOGY.*

"Man," says the compiler of this valuable and entertaining dictionary, "is an etymologising animal. He abhors the vacuum of an unmeaning word. If it seems lifeless, he reads a new soul into it, and often, like an unskilful necromancer, spirits the wrong soul into the wrong body." Allowance made for any error that may lurk in these metaphors, Mr. Palmer's propositions are undeniable. Men are fond of etymological investigations, and are prone to err in making them. Dugald Stewart was of opinion that they are hardly worth making at all. He regarded them as unfavourable to elegance of composition, refined taste, or enlargement of the mental faculties, and he dwelt with some plausibility upon the ill-effect which they might conceivably have with respect to our poetical vocabulary:—

"Few words," he said, "in our language have been used more happily by some of our older poets than *harbinger*; more particularly by Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* has rendered even the organical sound pleasing to the fancy,—

'And now of love they treat, till th' evening star,
Love's *harbinger*, appear'd.'

How powerful are the associations which such a combination of ideas must establish in the memory of every reader capable of feeling their beauty; and what a charm is communicated to the word, thus blended in its effect with such pictures as those of the evening star, and of the loves of our first parents. When I look into Johnson for the etymology of *harbinger*, I find it is derived from the Dutch *herberger*, which denotes one who goes to provide lodgings or a harbour for those who follow. Whoever may thank the author for this conjecture, it certainly will not be the lover of Milton's poetry. The injury, however, which is here done to the word in question is slight, in comparison to what it would have been, if its origin had been traced to some root in our own language equally ignoble and resembling it as nearly in point of orthography."

The Scotch philosopher would have strengthened his position if he had written "far more ignoble," instead of "equally ignoble." But nothing can render the position itself impregnable. As Mr. Garnett points out, the principle involved in it would make us quarrel with half of our national vocabulary, which must, in the nature of things, have been applied to low and familiar objects, when it was the language of a rude and barbarous people. Readers who are familiar with the essays of this admirable philologist will remember how aptly he illustrated his own remark with "the *yesty* waves" of Shakespeare, and how brusquely he disposed of the critic who would quarrel with that forcible and appropriate epithet on account of its connection with malt, hops, and beer-barrels. Horne Tooke's assumption that words ought *always* to be used in their primitive signification is absurd enough. But it is quite as absurd to suppose that anything can be gained by shutting one's eyes to that primitive significance, when a clear sight of it is still attainable. There are some, perhaps, who may be shocked to learn from Mr. Palmer's dictionary that the words "good" and "God" are not etymologically connected. Others may be vexed to learn that "Sweet Cicely," that pretty name for the plant *Myrrhis odorata*, so suggestive of old English country life and fair milkmaids, has no more to do with the feminine name "Cicely" than "Sweet Alison" has to do with the old form of Alice. But all may do as Prospero bid Miranda do, and rest collected in the assurance that Mr. Palmer's wand is as beneficent as that of "the rightful Duke of Milan." We are speaking broadly, and would by no means imply by this remark that we assent to all the corrections of folk or popular etymology that are proposed by Mr. Palmer. This is far from being the case. But we regard his book as a valuable contribution to philology, and philology as a study which, when treated in an enlightened and philosophical spirit, is worthy of all the exertion of the subtlest as well as most comprehensive intellect. It happens, also, that Mr. Palmer approaches this study on its most attractive side. His book is not "caviare to the general," and may be dipped into with pleasure and profit by readers who have small Latin and less Greek. Those who understand it best will like it best, of course; but the merest tyro in book-lore will find something to amuse and instruct him in each of its six hundred pages.

It is time, however, that we should give from these pages a specimen or two of that "verbal pathology" which they diagnose, on the whole, so well. The plant whose name in Greek is "κενταύριον," in Latin, "centaurea," in French, "centaurée," in English, "centaury," appears in German as "Tausendgüldenkraut" (the "thousand-gulden-plant"). But how? Well, approximately speaking, a "gulden" was about equal to our florin, and a Roman "aurens" to our pound. A hundred "aurei," therefore, equal a thousand florins. It is bootless to inquire whether the philologist who discerned "centum aurei" in "centaurea" did so of jocularity prepense, as Swift discerned "oat-stealer" in "ostler," or whether he was a pedant of the sixteenth-century order. It is just possible that he was not a German at all, and that this quaint error may have owed its birth to some ancient Roman legionary. Its vitality is

* *Folk-Etymology: a Dictionary of Verbal Corruptions, or Words Perverted in Form or Meaning by False Derivation or Mistaken Analogy.* By the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer. London: George Bell and Sons. 1882.

virtually indestructible, and it is curious to think how many sick German folk may have thought that the medicinal herb which wrought them so much good was rightly named as worth its weight in gold. Our next specimen is a "corruption," if corruption indeed it be, of a very different order, though it may be said to come to us in "concatenation accordingly" through "aureus." "Aureole" is a word which we need not stop to explain. Mr. Palmer's account of it is well worth reading, and his quotation from De Quincey carries weight with it. We dissent, however, from his conclusion. He wishes us to believe that "areola" (a little halo), a diminutive of "area," is the true and original form. He refers us to "aréole," in French, but can he quote any passage from a French author where "aréole" is used in the significance of "a little halo"? Can he, and this is more to the purpose, quote any passage from a Latin author where "area" is used in the sense of a halo? We are aware, of course, from the dictionaries, that Seneca speaks of haloes as "splendores quos Graeci areas (*i.e.*, ἄλωνας) vocavere." But this passage of itself proves nothing, and cannot outweigh the fact that Littré is content to derive the French "auréole" from "aureola," with "corona" understood. Littré is not infallible; but he is so righteously prompt with his *origine inconnue*, that we must call Mr. Palmer's attention to the fact that, misunderstanding the great French lexicographer, he has misrepresented him under the word "aspic." "Bloody Mars"—for if Nature proceeds not *per saltum*, we must through the remainder of this notice—is a curious corruption of "blé de Mars," and a popular name for a kind of wheat. If this wheat be not "red"—and Mr. Palmer gives no hint that it is—then the identity of the planet's name and the month's was never more curiously illustrated. Mr. Palmer rightly treats "curmudgeon" as an altered form of "cornmudgin," and takes no notice of the derivation "cœur méchant," which was supplied to Johnson by his "unknown correspondent." Neither should we, but for the amusing mistake into which it led poor Dr. Ash. Oblivious or ignorant of the fact that Johnson was acknowledging the source of his derivation, he quaintly says in his *Dictionary* that "curmudgeon" comes from the French "cœur," unknown, and "méchant," a correspondent!

What is a tabby cat? The dictionaries say, a striped or brinded cat, as if marked like "tabby" (tabinet), a waved or watered silk. Mr. Palmer suggests that "tabby," when applied to a cat, stands for "Tibbie," and is derived from "Tibalt," or "Tybalt" (=Theobald), the proper name for Puss in the old beast epic of the middle-ages. He is probably right; but he is wrong in quoting from De Quincey, "springs upward like a pyramid of fire;" as if De Quincey were not quoting himself from Milton a line which he felt, and rightly felt, was too well known to need marking with inverted commas. "Please the pigs" is pretty widely known to mean "Please the good folk," as the fairies were euphemistically called, and is a corruption of "Please the pixies." "Please the Pharisees" has not passed into our language, though it deserves to do so, for other and quite different reasons. Yet "Pharisees" is a popular corruption in Sussex, Hampshire, and elsewhere of "fairies," old Scotch "*phairies* or *phareis*, the guid wichtis." We shall conclude with an anecdote, quoted by Mr. Palmer, in illustration of the fact. Before doing so, we must warn intending purchasers of this book—and their name should be legion—that we have only been able to set before them a few crumbs from this "table richly spread in regal mode, with dishes piled." The Ettrick Shepherd held that there was a deal of fine confused eating in a sheep's head, and there is a deal of fine confused reading in a dictionary like this. Had such a dictionary fallen in Charles Lamb's way, he might have been moved to exempt it explicitly from those *biblia a-biblia*, or books that are not books, in which he has implicitly placed it. We ought, however, to say that although Mr. Palmer has very properly made a fivefold division of his corrupted words, in order to give his readers perfect contentment he ought to supplement these divisions with a general index. The anecdote is this:—"A preacher in a country village once preached on the text: 'There was a man of the *Pharisees* named Nicodemus. The same came to Jesus by night.' An old woman of the parish said she liked the discourse very much indeed, 'And I always *did* hear say, that it was by night the *fairies* danced on 'Harborough Hill.'"

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CURRENT LITERATURE.

The British Quarterly Review. October. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—The first article in this number is Dr. Gibb's essay on "The Life and Times of St. Anselm," for such it is, only two or three pages being devoted to a brief notice of writers who have recently dealt with the same subject. The brief summary of Anselm's doctrine of the Atonement given in the concluding pages is especially excellent. Mr. Ralston deals with a topic in which he is thoroughly at home in his "Indian Stories," and gives an account of this very curious literature which will please many readers. Another important article is "Cromwell in Ireland," in which Mr. Denis Murphy's work is discussed, and, we think, very fairly discussed. Cromwell was not naturally cruel, if we may judge of him by the rest of his life, and he certainly approached nearer to true religious toleration than any of his contemporaries; and it is only reasonable, therefore, to conjecture that there must have been something exceptional in Ireland to make him, as he certainly was in his dealings with that country, both very intolerant and extremely cruel. Probably he recognised, as Elizabeth had recognised before him, that England was fighting for its life against the Papacy. If Rome had conquered, we should have had, he thought massacres compared to which Drogheda and Wexford would have been nothing. It is a pleasure to turn from these painful themes to an admirable essay by Mr. A. M. Clerke, on "The Dog in Homer." The dog the *Iliad*, says Mr. Clerke, is an object of loathing and disgust. He is domesticated, indeed; witness the dogs of Priam and Patroclus, but he is ready to devour his master. The dog in the *Odyssey* is a miracle of fidelity, is made the subject of a most pathetic episode, and receives, for the first time in literature, the crowning honour, in the *Iliad* vouchsafed only to the horse, of a *name*. In this Mr. Clerke thinks that he finds a convincing argument for the theory of the Chorizontes. And he proceeds to conjecture that the author of the *Odyssey* was a native of western Greece, familiar with the most famous breed of dogs in ancient times,—the mastiffs of Molossus, a breed that still, it seems, exists in ancient purity. The writer on "Life Insurance Finance" exposes the injustice of the "loading" system. Why should insurers be overcharged, and then compensated with a chance (which, of course, is as unprofitable to some as it is profitable to others) of getting back the excess at the quinquennial division of profits? The other articles are, "Among the Mongols," "The Four Hundredth Birthday of Luther," "Mr. Roden-Noel's Poems," "The Second Part of *Faust*: a Study," and the "Ilbert Bill." The writer of this last quotes Macaulay, who seems to have looked forward to the admission of natives to the highest civil and *military* positions. That is certainly "thorough." It would be a little startling to have a native commander-in-chief, with, say, another Mutiny in prospect.

READING-BOOKS.—It was certainly a happy idea to make a reading-book out of the selections which we have in the volume entitled *Chapters in Popular Natural History*, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart. (National Society's Depository.) The book contains six sections, the subjects of which are, "Ants," "Bees and Wasps," "The Colours of Animals," "On Flowers and Insects," "On Plants and Insects," and "Fruits and Seeds." Nothing could be more happily suggestive of those habits of observation which are so valuable to the young than such topics, and there can be no better guide than Sir John Lubbock. One incidental, but not trifling, good result from such studies may well be the prevention of aimless cruelty and waste. No one who knows how wonderfully ordered a community is contained in an ants' nest would wantonly destroy an ant-hill.——In the series of "Bell's Reading-Books," we have *Gulliver's Travels* (Bell and Sons), "abridged for the use of schools," and containing the Brobdignag and Lilliput voyages.——In the "Globe Readings from Standard Authors" (Macmillan and Co.) we have *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with a Memoir of Goldsmith, by Professor Masson. (Surely the phrase "known to have written *no end* of compilations" savours too much of slang to suit any serious book, much more a reading-book for the young?) *Marmion, and the Lord of the Isles*, with Introductions and Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave; and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, and The Lady of the Lake*, by the same editor. *Tales from Shakespeare*, by Charles and Mary Lamb, with an Introduction by Alfred Ainger; and *A Book of Golden Deeds*, by Charlotte M. Yonge.——Messrs. Macmillan also publish *Elementary-School Readings in the Principles of Agriculture*, by Professor Henry Tanner, a reading-book which certainly promises to be useful and interesting. ——In *Blackwood's Educational Series*, edited by Professor Meiklejohn, we have "Britain and England, from before Christ to 1154 A.D.;" and "Second Historical Reader, Standard V., England from 1154 A.D. to 1603." (Blackwood and Sons.)——We have also received *Chambers's Graduated Readers*, Book IV. (W. and R. Chambers.)

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Baldwin (J.), The Story of Roland, cr 8vo	(Low)	6/0
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Beasant (W.), All in a Garden Fair, 3 vols.	(Chatto & Windus)	31/6
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Brown (T.), Celebrated Dances, cr 8vo	(S.S.U.)	2/6
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Caldecott (R.), Hey Diddle Diddle, 4to	(Routledge)	5/0
Christian Ethics and Wise Sayings, 8vo	(Nisbet)	5/0
Dale (D), Spoilt Guy, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	2/6
Edersheim (A.), The Life and Times of Jesus, 3 vols. 8vo	(Longman)	42/0
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Gray (G.), The Bankruptcy Act, 1883, 8vo	(Stevens)	10/6
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE French Ministry decline to issue a "Yellow Book" on Tonquin, because negotiations are still advancing, but have issued a kind of pamphlet giving a history of their progress. It is most unsatisfactory reading. It appears that the Foreign Office did, on September 6th, ask the Chinese to open the town of Man Hao, in Ynnnan, as a dépôt for trade, to declare Tonquin from that point down to Sontay "neutral," and to leave the rest of Tonqnin, including the Delta of the Songkoi, to them. Moreover, the neutral zone was to be governed by Anamite Mandarins, Anam being French, and French troops were to have right of entry into it at will to "repress any disorder." This offer, which was almost impudent, was peremptorily rejected by the Chinese, who on the 16th inst. proposed terms which involve the evacuation of Tonquin, and the opening of the Songkoi up to Sontay to the commerce of the world. M. Challemel-Lacour in his turn declares these terms inadmissible, and snspends negotiations until the reinforcements have arrived, and "accomplished facts" shall have had their influence on China. The two Powers are, therefore, waiting, but not negotiating.

Most of the French papers approve the action of the Government, but the Orleanists and the Reds are very bitter. The former say the Government have left to France only the alternatives of a discreditable retreat or a disaster, while the latter denounce the notion of a war with China as monstrous. Their Chief, M. Clémenceau, intends to meet any request for a credit to send troops to Tonquin with a direct negative, and he will find, it is said, serious support, even if he takes a division, as he threatens to do, before the "credit" is formally asked for. The Government as yet hold firm, but they have not stated the amount of the credit they will ask, and are apparently waiting until their forces in Tonquin, which by November 1st will amount to 7,000 men, have performed some great feat. There are, it is said, hesitations about this feat, the Admiral in command in Tonqnin having discovered that Bacninh, the first place to be attacked, is defended by heavy guns, and that his artillery will be deficient. It is probable, however, that some desperate attempt will be made, and that if the Black Flags are defeated the Chamber will give M. Ferry a majority. On the other hand, a repulse would be almost fatal to the Ministry, unless, as is hoped, M. Ferry accepts the decision of the Chamber, changes his Foreign Minister, and turns his attention wholly to domestic affairs.

The *Daily News* states that the business of the Cabinet Council called on Thursday was to consider and accept a settlement of the Shaw incident offered by France. The French Government will pay Mr. Shaw £1,000 as compensation, and express regret that he should have been detained. If this is correct, which we do not doubt, the French Foreign Office must be considered to have behaved well. They were scarcely responsible for an Admiral in such a condition of health, the fire eaters round them were eagerly advising resistance, and they knew that the British Government was most loth to accept any new ground of quarrel. They were, however, gravely in the wrong, and in acknowledging this they showed a self-restraint more creditable than most of their recent proceedings. The compensation, though not large, is sufficient, and to have haggled would have been unworthy of the British Government, more especially as the fact of the payment will protect all Englishmen in Madagascar against the irritability which seems for the moment to have mastered the French marine. The Consular incident at Tamatave is not settled yet, but it does not involve any claim to compensation.

Mr. James Lowther is our favourite Tory speaker. He made a speech at Coventry, yesterday week, which ought to be reprinted and distributed by the Liberal Associations all over the country. In it, Mr. Lowther boasted that he had never been "one of those to bow the knee to the Baal of falsely-called Free-trade,—on the other hand, he had always denounced it as the most leviathan impostor of modern times, sacrificing the interests of the United Kingdom for the purpose of pandering to the interests of those who did not own the sway of her Majesty." How Sir Stafford Northcote must groan over these speeches of Mr. Lowther's! What use is it trying to persuade the nation that his is the cautious and reasonable party, when Mr. James Lowther is sure to make a speech just before or just after him which excites ten times as much cheering as his own because it virtually represents the late Sir Robert Peel as a priest of Baal, who ruined England to serve the foreigner?

On Monday, Sir Stafford Northcote replied, at Carnarvon, to an address from the Conservative Associations of the six counties of North Wales, and attempted to comfort them for their small success in imbuing that country with Conservative views by representing that, though Wales is certainly not Conservative, yet, by all the principles of traditional usage, it certainly ought to be so. Wales was the cradle of the British Empire; long before the Norman, or the Saxon, or the Roman set his foot on these shores, Wales was inhabited by the same race living there now, the race that is the parent stock of the British. Such traditions and the pride of such an ancestry ought to make Wales thoroughly Conservative; and if they did not, it must be, Sir Stafford Northcote held, because Conservative principles had been misrepresented by Liberal prejudice, and perhaps even to some extent because Conservatives themselves had proved to be deficient in sympathy with the great mass of the people. Sir Stafford insisted greatly on the magic power of sympathy, and appealed to Welshmen to combine their Conservative pride in an ancient lineage and a proud history with warm national sympathies, which would popularise that pride and subordinate it to the service of the nation. He warned the Welsh solemnly against the Radicals who asked them to invest in schemes of which it could only be said that, like one of the South Sea bubble companies, "the nature of it was to be disclosed hereafter." Unfortunately, that description applies much more strikingly to the policy of Lord Beaconsfield than to the policy of Mr. Gladstone. Even the late Lord Derby described the greatest of his domestic measures as "a leap in the dark," while the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield was an even greater leap into a thicker darkness.

Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at Bangor on Tuesday, must have had Mr. James Lowther in his mind, we should think, when he spoke of "men among us who are playing, perhaps, a selfish game—perhaps it may be called a mad game—and who are likely to cause a great deal of injury to the best interests of this country. Those men must be checked. They can be checked only by the steady, workmanlike opposition which the Conservatives can offer to them." Unfortunately, "steady and workmanlike opposition" is never offered by Conservatives to Mr. James Lowther, though it certainly should be offered to his mad

attempt to persuade the people of Coventry into a new demand for Protection, and all the miseries of a war of tariffs. At the lunch in the afternoon, Sir Stafford entreated the Conservatives to establish Conservative newspapers in Welsh, and also to imitate his friends in one of the Eastern Counties of England, who had so far advanced in their organisation that they had already told off all the distant voters to particular owners of private carriages, who were to convey them to the poll at the next general election. That was nearly all Sir Stafford had to say at Bangor. The nightmare of Mr. Lowther no doubt sat heavy on his breast.

Mr. Raikes, who followed Sir Stafford Northcote, did not imitate his moderation,—a quality which the not very amiable politician who represents the University of Cambridge does not understand. He said of the Corrupt Practices Bill passed in the recent Session, he feared that "the predominant party in Parliament passed that Bill using hypocrisy as a cloak to cover their real intentions. He was afraid that the Government had passed that measure rather in the interests of persons who were not likely to be a credit to any constituency, and who were thereby to be introduced as candidates for Parliament." That remark strikes us as not only politically malicious, but as very silly too. Can a motive be conceived why the present Government should wish to get discreditable candidates into the House? Is not the number of anarchical elements in the House already the greatest difficulty of the Government? And how can the discouragement of bribery and corruption tend to the multiplication of discreditable candidates? Mr. Raikes's spleen is greatly in excess of his intelligence.

Mr. E. A. Leatham ended his speech at Huddersfield on Tuesday with a passage of singular strength and eloquence, which deserves a fuller record than any it has found in the London papers. After remarking that some one would say, "You forget Ireland," he went on, "I wish I could forget Ireland; Ireland is the skeleton in our cupboard, and for the last few years the cupboard-door has stood open both night and day." He maintained that our policy had been a just one, and that the next revulsion of feeling in Ireland would be on the side of reason and justice. "We must persist in our policy of absolute and unfaltering justice; but, on the other hand, there must be no trifling about the maintenance of the Union..... Sincerely as I am attached to the Liberal party, and warm as is my allegiance to those who lead it, I would renounce both, rather than admit that upon this supreme and cardinal question it was possible to give way. The country which begins to parley with its own dissolution is lost. The obligation to maintain the body politic is vital; it is this which made the Americans of the North struggle to the death in order to maintain the Union, and the same obligation compels us. To maintain their great America whole and indivisible, the Americans of the North changed for a time their whole nature. God grant that it may never be necessary for us to change ourselves. A nation of unmartial shopkeepers and of patient farmers became at once the most resolute, the sternest, and perhaps the fiercest amongst men. They flung economy to the winds; they turned their backs upon prosperity; steadfastly they looked death in the face. Is it nothing—a sentiment which is so great that it should so seize upon a whole people and change and transform them at its pleasure? The whole world trembled with the shock and shuddered at the carnage. But they saved their country. And so, if the worst comes to the worst, we can save ourselves." Such a passage as this, from a thorough-going Radical like Mr. Leatham, is worth a hundred such speeches from Conservatives, as evidence of the hopelessness of Mr. Parnell's cause.

The long war between Chili and Peru appears at length to have ended. The Peruvians, it will be remembered, refused, in face of the Chilian demands, to form a Government which could either accept or reject them, and the Chilians therefore treated Peru as a conquered country. Wearied out at length with the occupation, which was deliberately made painful by every incident of military tyranny, the Peruvians of the cities at last accepted General Yglesias as President, and called a General Assembly to support him. The terms agreed upon are not yet known, but it is believed that the principle adopted is the cession of the nitrate-yielding territory to the conquerors, subject to ultimate redemption at a fixed price; and the Chilians have consequently evacuated both Lima and Callao, retiring to their own land. The war has been remarkable for its ferocity, and for the revelation it has afforded of the great superiority of the Chilians, who are of nearly unmixed blood, and who have conciliated their Indian tribes, to the mixed people of Peru, under whose rule, we suspect, the native population cared little whether it were conquered or no. The hatred between the old Spanish Colonies is now quite as great as between any European States, while the rights of war are pushed farther than has been usual in the West since the middle-ages.

The Colonial Office is clearly determined that the question of annexing, or not annexing, New Guinea shall remain in its own hands. It awaits the result of the Federal Conference on the subject to assemble in Sydney in November. Meanwhile, an expedition has been organised, under Mr. H. R. MacIver, to make a descent on the island, and organise a local Government, as the North Borneo Company did, and so force the hand both of the Colonies and of Great Britain. The project appears to be serious, and Lord Derby, therefore, on the 24th inst. addressed a letter to Mr. (or "Brigadier-General") MacIver, informing him that "he finds himself under the necessity of informing him especially, and without delay, that the contemplated operations cannot be permitted;" and that if they are persisted in, the High Commissioner in the Western Pacific, and the officer commanding her Majesty's Naval forces on the station, will be ordered to "interfere." In plain English, any ships landing an expedition will be sunk at sight. That is, at all events, a decisive policy, and, in view of the contemplated Conference, is quite justifiable, though Mr. MacIver is right when he says that New Zealand was acquired by an expedition similar to his own. It has become quite impossible for the regular Governments to tolerate irregular adventure; and their strength, with the modern developments of ironclads and swift armoured corvettes, has become irresistible. All the filibusters of England and America together would be sunk in an hour now-a-days, by a Power like Holland.

General Lopez Dominguez, the new Spanish Minister of War, has, with the sanction of the King, issued a decree which may produce consequences. Under its provisions, the higher Staff offices in the Army, which are now held during good behaviour, become tenable only for three years. The decree expels from active service one Captain-General, five Field-Marshals, seven Lieutenant-Generals, and forty Brigadiers, and destroys the hopes of probably twice as many more of the highest officers. At the same time, it allows General Dominguez to fill most of the great military appointments with his own friends. It has, therefore, created intense irritation, some of the dismissed officers even saying that to be just the rule should be applied first to the King, who is Commander-in-Chief. It is difficult for any but Spaniards to decide whether this particular order is wise; but it is certain that the Spanish Army requires a thorough weeding amongst its highest officers. If the Throne were stable, 5,000 officers, at least, would be sent into civil life with small pensions; but only a King who had won a pitched battle would dare to introduce such a sweeping reform.

The *Times'* correspondent in Egypt gives a most satisfactory account of the condition of the Army. The kind treatment of the officers and the regular discipline they enforce have so impressed the men that the number of volunteers is continually increasing, and it is believed the men allowed to leave will refuse to depart. Moreover, the men, who were formerly locked up in barracks when off duty, are now allowed leave at certain hours, and return punctually, even when permitted to revisit their homes. That is a gratifying account, and shows that military service, under just conditions, is not hated by the Fellaheen, though they dislike it when it is mere slavery in uniform. At the same time, we must not forget that before the Mutiny broke out in Bengal, in May, 1857, every Sepoy on leave returned punctually, that disorder in cantonment was the rarest of events, and that dismissal was considered by the men a terribly harsh punishment. No men ever were so easy to command, till they sprang at their officers' throats in open and determined revolt.

It is said, though we cannot vouch for the report, that all the London Joint-Stock Banks intend to offer to take charge of their customers' securities for a charge of one-sixteenth, that is, 1s. 3d. per cent. They would then, as paid bailees, be legally responsible for the bonds. The Banks, at the same time, to protect themselves, would insure each other against loss, and pr-

bably arrange for some special form of inspection. We hope he report is true, for the Banks would thereby add greatly to the comfort of life. Few men like to keep securities in their houses, where the danger from fire is great; and many dislike relying on lawyers, whose strong rooms may be entered by unknown clerks. They, therefore, trust the Banks, but the Banks are certainly not responsible for boxes left in their charge, and their responsibility when they draw the dividends and carry them to credit is a most perplexing question of law. Is the advantage they derive from the practice equivalent to payment? At the same time, the Banks usually pay for bonds stolen from their custody; and it is far better to make payment certain, and at the same time beneficent to the Banks.

Another great strike is believed to be approaching in the coal trade. The price of coal in London has gone up 1s. 3d. a ton, and the Yorkshire miners contend that they are entitled to a share in the advance. They therefore demand an increase of fifteen per cent. upon their wages, or nearly twopence in every shilling. The masters, many of whom have long contracts to work off, resist this increase, though it is intimated they would grant five per cent., and on Wednesday the delegates of 41,000 miners agreed that notices should be given. The men appear to have reason and custom on their side, though they may be asking too much; but the masters are firm, and neither party is willing to consent to arbitration. Unfortunately for the men, wages have been low for a long period, and they are not rich; while the masters benefit both by the invalidation of low contracts, which usually contain a proviso about strikes, and by the high prices at which they get rid of any stocks they possess. The London coal-dealers exult in a strike which enables them to charge almost anything they please, and to empty their stores at an advance of from 20 to 40 per cent. In extremity, they can supply themselves from districts which have not struck, and their customers are practically powerless.

The Bishop of Exeter has expressed both the strongest and the most paradoxical opinion on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, of which we have yet heard. He said, at the Exeter Diocesan Conference on Tuesday, according to the *Guardian*, that the evil of legalising such marriages would, though less in degree, be exactly "the same in kind" as the evil of restoring polygamy. We have not the least notion what that means, unless it be that in some sense the relation of a man to his sisters-in-law,—supposing it were lawful for him to marry any of them in case his own wife died,—would approximate to that of the husband of many wives to those wives. Such an assertion seems to us as deadly an attack on the sacredness of marriage under the existing law, as could well be made, for it implies, of course, that the relation of a man to all those female friends or relatives of his wife whom it is *not* illegal for him to marry in case of her decease, already approximates to that of a man with many wives towards those wives. What can Bishop Temple mean? It seems to us that his powerful and masculine judgment has on this subject suffered some grave and exceptional perversion.

The Bishop of Manchester has very rightly intimated, at the Manchester Diocesan Conference, that should the law decide that he is bound to institute Mr. Cowgill to the living of Miles Platting, he will submit to the law. That, of course, we all expected from one who has insisted so much on obedience to the law,—except, indeed, so far as regards conformity to it in the matter of his own dress. But the Bishop added that if the result of the law-suit which is to come before the Courts next month should be adverse to his own view, he would have very seriously to consider his own position, for in such a state of the law the administration of a diocese would become to him a burden which he could no longer bear. This hint has very naturally caused "great concern throughout the diocese," where Dr. Fraser is very justly popular. But it can hardly be serious. The only result of a decision adverse to the Bishop would be to *diminish* his responsibility, not to increase it. How could it possibly have increased his responsibility, if he had found that he had no option but to institute Mr. Cowgill, and leave Mr. Cowgill to judge for himself whether, after admission, he would conform to the law, or not?

The Dean of Carlisle, in an excellent letter to Tuesday's *Times*, calls attention to the odd inaccuracy which is so common, not only amongst the enemies of the Established Church, but also sometimes amongst its friends, in reference to the powers o. State over the State Church. Mr. Bright, for instance, l. spoken of the State as supplying to every parish in Englar ministers of the Gospel to teach the farm labourers. In point o. fact, except in the case of Crown livings, which are relatively very few, the State does not place over any English parish ministers of the Church. The Bishops and ecclesiastical corporations appoint many of them, private patrons more. It is not the State which supplies these ministers of the C[h] and the Dean of Carlisle, who for thirty years has found h able to say "ditto" to Mr. Bright in almost all matters o those of religion, complains of the misleading character of statements. Dr. Oakley is quite right. Whatever may be weak points of the Establishment, it is not one of them that religious teachers of the people at large are chosen by secu authorities for their own secular purposes; and any langu. which implies so gross a misrepresentation of the facts, carr men's minds off on a wrong track.

Lord Justice Fry, in giving away the prizes at Saltaire o Monday, made a sharp attack on reading for mere amusement and advocated reading societies for the special study of particular authors, and also of particular subjects. Of course there are various kinds of reading for amusement, and some of them are more than unprofitable, really injurious; but a good many reading societies are unprofitable too, and are certainly a sad waste of time for quick and vigilant readers, who could learn four times as much in the same time in lonely reading as in the fruitless discussions of a miscellaneous club. Further, we would say, that hardly any reading which is undertaken merely for the purpose of self-instruction, and without the stimulus of some eager interest, is of much use. Books laboured through only because serious persons assure you that they ought to be read, hardly ever leave any impression at all —you must *desire* to know what is in a book, before you can really learn anything from it.

In the Geodetic Conference at Rome, where England, the United States, France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and Hamburg were all separately represented, it was decided on Tuesday, by twenty-two votes to five, to accept the Meridian of Greenwich from which to reckon longitude, and to reckon it on from West to East from 0 degrees to 360 degrees, so that there shall no longer be East and West longitude. Further, it was decided, by twenty votes against eight, to begin the reckoning of the day from midnight, *i.e.*, from the beginning of the civil day, instead of, as our Greenwich astronomers now do, from noon. In other words, eleven a.m. will in future be the eleventh astronomical hour as well as the eleventh civil hour (instead of being the twenty-third astronomical hour, as it now is); while eleven p.m. will be the twenty-third astronomical hour, instead of, as it now is, the eleventh astronomical hour. It is hoped that the decision in favour of the English meridian of longitude will tend to persuade England to accept the Continental weights and measures, and to join the Metrical Convention of May 20th, 1875. That, however, is a very serious matter. To popularise mètres, and centimètres, and kilomètres is a very much greater affair than to get a learned class to accept a special longitudinal meridian.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the Jew philanthropist, entered on his hundredth year on Wednesday, and received congratulations from his own community and from many eminent Christians all over the world. He entirely deserves them. A most successful man of business and a man of vast wealth, he has devoted his time and his money for half a century to reduce the sum of human suffering. He has, of course, attended to his own people first, but he has displayed no narrowness or tribal exclusiveness, while his business ability has enabled him to address himself to remediable evils, instead of wasting his energies on dreams. Such a career deserves honour, but we should like to know why so meaningless a date was selected. For a man to be a hundred years old is so rare an event, that men can hardly help noticing it; but there is no poetry about ninety-nine. We observe that Sir Moses Montefiore's health is described as wonderful; but men of that intense vitality usually keep their health to the last. Lady Smith was perfectly well when she died, and an old pauper who was recently asked to choose a present on attaining a century chose to go up in a balloon, went up, and came down delighted.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 101$\frac{1}{4}$ to 101$\frac{3}{8}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE CLAIMS OF HUMDRUM.

IT is a hard position that Sir Stafford Northcote has to fill. He has to persuade the Irish that the party which steadfastly and passionately resisted what the Irish care for most, is the party on which they should fix their whole affections, ' to persuade the Welsh that in spite of their eager Nonnity they ought to be much more enthusiastic for the which has never yet conceded anything willingly to the onformists, than for the party which has given them all have gained in the last sixty years. And he has to do e than this. He must not only quicken, if he can, the pathies of Irish tenant-farmers with the party of landlism, and the sympathies of Welsh Calvinists with the rty of Episcopalian dignity, but he must do so without dangering his position as the leader of the Moderates,—ose who find themselves almost as much alienated by Lord Salisbury's sneers at the fatal concessions of the past generation of Conservatives to Liberalism, as they do by the proposals of the Liberals of the present day. It will not do for Sir Stafford Northcote to tell the tale of what Lord Salisbury calls "Disintegration" as Lord Salisbury tells it. Even to suggest that the repeal of the penal legislation against Roman Catholics was a blunder, and the Irish Land Acts crimes, would render the cause of Conservatism hopeless in Ireland; while to rail at the spoliation of the Irish Church and the abolition of English Church-rates would set Wales in a flame against the so-called National party. Moreover, the difference between the position of Sir Stafford Northcote and the position of Lord Salisbury is this,—Sir Stafford Northcote's strength lies amongst the Conservatives of great cities, Conservatives who think it madness to doubt that Liberalism in the past has done a great deal for the country, though they hold that Liberalism in the present has got too much "way" on, and decidedly needs the services of a guard who thoroughly understands the use of the permanent brake. Lord Salisbury's strength, on the contrary, lies amongst great Peers and Squires,—men who will listen even to Mr. Lowther with respect, and who have never heard that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is the laughing-stock of all sane politicians. Hence, Sir Stafford Northcote, if he is to retain his honourable position as a fair and moderate critic of his great antagonist, cannot wrap himself in his wrath as he reviews all the achievements of Liberalism, or mock at the Liberal leader with the bitterness of the scorner, like Lord Salisbury. It would destroy his position as a moderate man. It would bring him distrust from the very Conservatives whom he chiefly desires to honour, the Conservatives who have carried great constituencies, Conservatives like the Conservative Member for the Tower Hamlets, or the Conservative Members for Liverpool. Nay, more, we have every reason to believe that Sir Stafford Northcote, though he is not averse, of course, to make his opponents look foolish when he can, is himself perfectly aware of the measure of truth in their position. He does not for a moment suppose that there is nothing solid to be said for their policy, either in the past or the present. He is moderate enough to see the difficulty of his own attitude. He does not know how to apologise for refusing a vote to householders in the counties, when it is given to householders in the boroughs. He hardly tries to apologise for that refusal; he only deprecates reopening a great question which has not been settled very long. Furthermore, he is painfully aware of the disadvantage at which an Established Church stands, in a country where the great majority of the people are not members of it. If he had his way, he would do all in his power to persuade the members of such a privileged Church of the minority to live on terms of cordiality and good-fellowship with the Nonconformist majority. He would deprecate with all his heart all airs of condescension on the part of such a Church, and do his best to minimise the points of difference in a district where all aggravation of these points of difference tends to render the position untenable. There is not the least reason to suppose that when Sir Stafford Northcote kept silence about fixity of tenure in Ireland, and complimented the piety of the Dissenters in Wales, he was merely using the language of political strategy. He felt, no doubt, with all his heart, that there was a great deal to be said for the tenant-farmers of Ulster, and a great deal to be said for the Nonconformists of Wales, a great deal which he could himself say with perfect sincerity. And though he did not say it, because he was aware that that was not the office of a Conservative leader, he did all he could do by his example to prevent his followers from speaking in an opposite sense, and needlessly irritating the conservative Liberalism in which he was compelled to see so much of reason.

But what does all this come to? Why, simply to this, that Sir Stafford Northcote, unless he were so brilliant a man as to be able to enliven his speeches by playful witticisms which do not wound, and subtle discriminations which strike exactly between wind and water, is forced to be humdrum, and ought to be sincerely respected by all fair critics for being humdrum. How could he have been otherwise, except at the expense of both prudence and truth? It is no easy task to rally the Conservative party and yet not to rally the Tory party, and yet that is precisely Sir Stafford Northcote's task. If you have in effect to say this,—'Our antagonists have, of course, a great deal to say for themselves, there is no doubt of that, but then they are much too violent and go too far. Of course, we have often been wrong and they right; but none the less we are right now in dragging them back, and they are wrong in wishing to press on,'—if that is the real drift of a leader's mind, as we believe it to be the real drift of Sir Stafford Northcote's,—what can he do but utter humdrum remarks on the necessity of keeping the nation well together, on the great danger of allowing local tendencies to take the lead of national tendencies, on the alarming hints thrown out by the left wing of the Liberal party and the undue humouring of the Radicals by the Whigs, on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Liberals, and on their discrediting allies, the party of infidelity. Unless Sir Stafford Northcote was one of the greatest wits of the day, and could dress up thoroughly common-place ideas in a most brilliant dress, he could hardly help talking humdrum; and experience has shown that men who can dress up thoroughly common-place ideas in a very brilliant dress, are very seldom indeed so prudent as to limit themselves to the common-place ideas. Like Lord Salisbury or Mr. Disraeli, their brilliance leads them into very dangerous ventures; and when they once begin to play with fire, the whole edifice of Conservatism, properly so called, is soon in a blaze. What we respect in Sir Stafford Northcote is precisely this, that he is frank and simple in his representation of humdrum ideas. He has the strength of mind not to try to be brilliant at the expense of safety. He knows perfectly well that Lord Salisbury's ideas are not the ideas of urban Conservatives, that nineteen out of twenty urban Conservatives think that the Liberal policy, at least up to the death of Lord Palmerston, was the wiser policy, and that there is a great deal to be said for the Liberal policy even since that date, though cautious men would prefer not to say it. Of course, that view must give a colourlessness, something like a vapidness, to the political oratory of the man who represents it,—unless, as we said before, he combined after a fashion almost unheard-of the utmost moral caution with extreme intellectual inventiveness. If he is to be true to his middle view, he must not mind being humdrum. Sir Stafford Northcote does not mind being humdrum. His speeches in Ulster and in Wales have been humdrum to the verge of desperation. But we maintain that that is creditable to Sir Stafford Northcote, not discreditable. He might have brought out enthusiasm enough by personal invective which would have misrepresented his convictions, or by political avowals which would have undermined his influence. He has not chosen to elicit enthusiasm at that expense. He has toiled on praising the national party till the very word "national" must have almost lost its meaning to him, and he must have idly wondered to himself what it all meant. But none the less he has persevered in abstaining from all needless offence, and in uttering the most praiseworthy platitudes with an air of enthusiastic moderation that entitles him to the genuine admiration of true Conservatives and the respect of all Liberals, who well know how easy it would have been for Sir Stafford Northcote to enliven his speeches with imprudences, and to enrich them with irritating and offensive exaggerations.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE determined attitude assumed by M. Ferry has had its effect upon the Extremists. They were full of courage before the Session began, but their first meeting revealed to them their weakness, and they are shrinking from conflict on domestic questions. The expulsion of the Orleanists is not to be mooted as a party question—though M. Gatineau will raise it on his own account; the Budget is to be left to the experts, who appear resolute to be rid of M. Tirard; General Thibaudin

is not to be turned into a popular hero; M. Grévy is not to be censured for behaving like a gentleman to King Alfonso; and the whole force of the attack is to be directed against the policy of the Cabinet in Tonquin. Upon this subject the Right and the Extremists and M. Grévy are all in accord, and as the peasantry are with them so far as they understand the matter, a very formidable vote may be the result. That vote may be met, however, by the resignation of M. Challemel-Lacour; and M. Ferry, once warned that the country will not tolerate great expeditions, may recede from his Chinese policy without loss of honour, the order of the Chamber acting like the order of the Sovereign in absolute Monarchies, as irresistible *force majeure*. We gather from M. Ferry's language on Thursday that he intends to keep the road open for a retreat, and is anxious for a discussion in the Chamber before he brings forward the Vote of Supply or *Crédit* which would pledge his Government to immediate action. Indeed, he taunted his opponents till they fell into his trap, and agreed to an interpellation. If they will take this course and he recedes, he may form a very strong party, and meet the Chamber next February with a solidified majority. We heartily wish he may.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* asks why any Liberal should wish this, and why M. Clémenceau will not do as well as M. Ferry; but the answer seems to us written on the face of the circumstances. We have no more liking for M. Ferry than our contemporary has, detest his tolerance for persecution, and believe his foreign policy to be in its essential ideas thoroughly unprincipled,—a policy of seizing by force on profitable estates. But we desire to see the French Republic succeed, and this not only from sympathy with Republicanism as an ideal method of government, but from a keen regret at the present condition of Continental affairs. The European nations seem to us frost-bound, petrified, fastened in their places by a sort of spell. They are all frightened till they cannot advance a step in the path of freedom, and are less self-governed than they were twenty years ago. Russia is, as she always was, immovable, the Germans make no headway towards self-government, the Austrians care for nothing but gentle administration, the Italians are afraid to touch social questions, and only France shows symptoms of internal life and energy. If those symptoms prove false, if France reverts to a Monarchy or a Dictatorship, or expends the energy begotten of freedom in sterile colonial wars, the cause of true liberty in Europe—that is, the cause of wise government directly by the people—will be hopeless for years, perhaps for the remainder of this century. There will be no nation left with a free initiative. And that France will so revert, if the Extremists and the mob of Paris seize the helm, is, to our minds, beyond a doubt. Wholly apart from the wisdom or folly of Extremist views—and we know quite as well as the *Pall Mall Gazette* does that on points like the condition of the poor, wisdom is not with the Opportunists—they are not the views which the French nation is ready to accept. That nation consists of some seven million adult males, of whom five and a half million are possessors of real property, and a half million more draw part of their incomes from sources other than daily labour. These six millions regard attacks on property with horror, consider the Army a Conservative institution, rely on the Bureaucracy as decent Londoners rely on the Police, and are essentially almost as Philistine, though in a different way, as the English middle-class. To suppose that they will tolerate a *régime* of adventure either in foreign affairs or in the internal organisation of France such as the Extremists desire to commence is positively foolish, and all power, whether of the purse, or the ballot, or the bayonet, is ultimately in their hands. Even if experience is not to be consulted, their prejudices must be, and their prejudice is for a governing Government, which will not make concessions leading, or supposed to lead, to anarchy. They do not want a *régime* in which no man shall give an order. They want a Government which will carry out the laws, and can pursue a course, and not shift with every wind; and if the Republic cannot produce one, they will desert the Republic. Hitherto, the Republic has not produced one, and the consequence has been that power has accreted to the enemies of authority and to the mobs of the cities to an extent which seems to us positively dangerous. We do not say for one moment that all the ideas of the mobs are wrong. We acknowledge fully that the Opportunists ought to secure to the people some sort of Poor Law, much more individual freedom, and a greater control over municipal and communal affairs. But all these things will be secured if the Republic lasts, and will not be secured if it falls; and it will if the enthusiasts, and the demagogues, and the Socialists obtain the control of the over-powerful machine which is called the State in France. It is essential that the sober-minded Republicans should be warned of this danger, and asked to hold together, and encouraged to keep the helm, even if in consequence the ship is becalmed; and as M. Ferry is willing to perform this function, we wish him every success in domestic affairs.

We wish it all the more, because M. Ferry threatens, if defeated, to appeal to the people through a dissolution. The French Constitution is in that respect most imperfect, the elections being at long intervals, and the power of dissolution not reserved to the Ministry. The consequence is, the Deputies, feeling safe for four years, think themselves at liberty, first, to job in the most outrageous way, till every department is besieged by place-hunters, and the Treasury is crushed by demands for "improvements;" and secondly, to act on ideas far in advance of those held by their constituencies. Radical Members in France are seldom peasants, workmen, or men of business. The great majority are young professionals, with student ideas, little experience in governing, and a passionate wish for distinction,—men with the old optimistic faith in humanity, and a belief that all wrongs can be righted and all miseries brought to an end. They differ from their electors as much as English Members did during the Beaconsfield *régime*. They require, beyond any representatives in Europe, the discipline of frequent contact with those who elect them, and under the Constitution they get it only once in four years. M. Ferry, in shortening the period and compelling them to bethink themselves of their seats, is doing his country a service, and one to which no true English Radical can reasonably object. If the French people wish for anarchy, or desire to set out in quest of Utopia, or are anxious to throw off government altogether, they may have a right to learn for themselves the sad lesson they will be taught; but, at all events, it is for them to take the responsibility of the decision, and M. Ferry cannot be wrong when he says plainly that he will accept the arbitration of the nation between himself and his adversaries. At all events, if he is wrong, so are all British Constitutionalists, Radicals included.

TORYISM AND NONCONFORMITY.

LIBERALS watch Tory attempts to storm their strongholds with feelings which vary greatly, according to the locality attacked. They are not much interested in Tory addresses in Ireland, whether in the North or South. A secret belief that the Irish Extremists, whether Orangemen or Parnellites, will act upon some impulse in their own minds, and without reference to the arguments which divide the two great parties, takes much of the reality, and, therefore, of the interest out of the speeches delivered by the regular chiefs, except so far as they may reveal plans. In Scotland, again, it is difficult to care what is said. Scotchmen, for the most part, are determined Liberals, and so sensible, that preaching Toryism to them is like preaching it to the Liberal Front Benches, a commendable exertion, which nobody expects to have the least result. But when Sir Stafford Northcote enters Wales, he compels thoughtful Liberals to consider a very interesting question,—the relation of Nonconformity to politics, and the reason for believing, as we all perhaps do believe, that an alliance between the Conservatives and the non-Episcopal religious bodies is quite impossible. We are all so accustomed to that phenomenon, that we cease to consider it one; yet, if you think about it, it is not so very easy of explanation. People say that it is explained by history, by the Tory persecution of the Puritans, by the fact that Nonconformists never have been in full accord with the laws under which they live; but is that statement quite sufficient? Whigs have persecuted very nearly as hard as Tories. The Governments which upheld the Test Acts, and deprived honest Nonconformists of all political rights, were guided in the main by Whig coteries, and the change of sentiment has not been confined to one of the two parties. The Tories would not reimpose the old disabilities, nor is it they alone who support the Established Church. If it were, if the Liberals were in the least united upon Church questions, the Church would go down in a Session, and the verdict would be ratified at the next election. Moreover, the Nonconformists have not suffered more historically from the Tories than the English Roman Catholics, and the English Roman Catholics are by no means Liberals as a body. Some of them are, but a great many are

and their total tendency, if all social grievances were removed, would be, we suspect, to the other side, the side which clings most fondly to the past, which admires a hierarchical organisation of society, and which has within it no anti-supernaturalist section. It is strange, on the purely historical hypothesis, that the Dissenters and the English Catholics should be so different.

We believe that English Dissenters are Liberals, as Scotch Presbyterians are Liberals, quite as much from strong sense, and dislike of social inequalities, and sympathy with the common folk among whom they live, as from any ecclesiastical feeling whatsoever. No doubt, their secular struggle with the Church has had its effect, and so has the habit of mind produced by the rejection of authority, and so has the custom of democratic action strengthened by centuries of congregational organisation; but the influence of the strictly political feeling developed by what we may call the hard or sensible way of looking at affairs, the conviction that the people can manage for themselves, and the desire that they should manage, have been at least as powerful. Nonconformist electors are by no means inclined to accept any candidate who will vote for Disestablishment, without reference to the rest of his political creed. On the contrary, they very often thrust ecclesiastical questions into the background, and ask about finance, foreign policy, municipal rights, and so on, till their opponents taunt them, and especially their ministers, with being as worldly as the remainder of mankind. This is especially true of hereditary Dissenters, and therefore, while we feel confident that for the present they will remain determined Liberals, we are by no means so certain that their Liberalism will endure as a party distinction for centuries more. Boys now at College may live to see the great Nonconformist bodies Tory. To begin with, if the Establishment ceased to exist, Dissenters would range themselves much more often than they do now on the religious side, which might also be the Tory side. We do not expect, as we know that some of our friends do, that English Radicalism will ever, even temporarily, take a strongly irreligious turn, a turn, for example, like that of French or Swiss, or even German Radicalism, and become distinctly anti-Christian. On the contrary, we incline to believe, with Mr. John Morley, in the most suggestive paper he ever contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, that much of the current scepticism is only skin-deep—is, in fact, the play of minds frolicking in what appears to them the emancipation produced by scientific discovery—and look forward to a very speedy and possibly very sharp reaction; but there may be in the infinite complexities of modern life a burst of irreligion, or rather defiance of Christianity, and if there is, the Dissenters would be more appalled and recalcitrant even than Churchmen or Roman Catholics. We should in such a case see Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, and all other orthodox sects thoroughly alienated from Liberalism, and possibly prepared, like their Puritan forefathers, for very strong measures of repression. They would, at all events, act like the same bodies in America, and cease once for all to act in unbroken masses upon one political side. And we believe at least as strongly that this would be the case if Liberalism turned Socialist. It is not very likely that it will, but we do not like some of the tendencies of our day in that direction; and if it does, we suspect the Dissenters will revolt sooner than Churchmen. It is hard to say why, unless it be that they come more directly in contact with the harsher facts of life; but the Dissenting Clergy always give us the impression of accepting those facts, of believing in Political Economy, so to speak, more strongly than the Clergy of the Established Church, who sometimes let pity master their judgments, in a regrettable, though not discreditable way. The laity of the Nonconformist Churches have even stronger convictions, and the last persons in the world whom we should expect to tolerate plunder for pity's sake would be a Conference of Dissenting Deacons. All their prejudices would be outraged, as well as all their principles, and they would be as trustworthy on the side of order and property as peasant-proprietors are. They might vote for tenant-right, or for compulsory sales of huge estates kept for sport; but they would be reasonable about compensation, and treat schemes for the nationalisation of the land as follies contrary to Scripture. An English Dissenter is very seldom an Utopian dreamer, except sometimes about Missionary work, and has usually learned very thoroughly by sad experience that comfort is attainable for the mass of mankind only by very dreary, sordid, and monotonous toil. Wild schemes of sudden improvement annoy him, both as religious man and as Philistine, and if wild schemes are proposed by Liberals, we should expect a sudden and sharp revulsion in Nonconformist politics. It is not among the non-Episcopalian Churches of Amercia, where the sects are quite free, that we find Socialist schemes prosper; nor is it from New England farmers, who are our own Dissenters with poor freeholds to manage, that we look for schemes for releasing everybody from unpleasant toil.

We can conceive, therefore, of the long alliance between Liberalism and Dissenters coming to an end, though we do not expect to see it; and we rather wonder that Tory leaders, instead of abusing Mr. Gladstone, which is waste of breath, do not try to appeal to the Nonconformist orderliness, ordinariness, and passion of individualism, and point out how closely Toryism represents these things. The argument would not be quite true of all Toryism, for we suppose we must class Lord Salisbury within his party; but it would be true of a large division of Conservatism, the division which finds solace, or even delight, in the worship of the customary. Lord Shaftesbury was a good Tory once, though nominally a Palmerstonian Whig, and the difference between Lord Shaftesbury's mind and that of an able, well-to-do, philanthropic, Congregationalist Deacon, is not so wide that it never could be bridged. It has not been bridged yet; but then, modern Toryism, let us not forget, has never, since Sir Robert Peel died, been represented by an English middle-class man. Lord Derby, though English, was an old noble with a ray of genius in him; and Lord Beaconsfield was in mind, as well as race, strictly an Oriental.

A RADICAL ON IRELAND.

MR. E. A. LEATHAM'S speech at Huddersfield on Tuesday is one of those impressive signs of the times which the leading journals, for some reason or other, agree to ignore. Mr. Leatham is well known as one of the ablest of Mr. Bright's followers. We should have called him a thoroughgoing Radical, if Mr. Bright had not taken a rather unexpected objection to the use of that term. At all events, Mr. Leatham is an enthusiastic antagonist of the principle of an Established Church, a warm friend of the "advanced" policy as regards Reform, generally opposed to measures which enhance the power of the Government, and prepossessed against further "centralisation." For a man holding these views to speak as he spoke on Tuesday upon the subject of the Irish wish for a repeal of the Union is significant, as few political events are significant. We have extracted his eloquent peroration, word for word, in another column. But here we need only say that Mr. Leatham regards civil war in its worst form as a much lighter evil than any concession to Ireland which can be regarded as tending towards the dissolution of the Empire. He speaks of the fearful sacrifices made by the North to put down the rebellion of the Southern States, as the true example for us in such a matter as this. On the question of justice to Ireland, he is as strong as we could have been. Let us do justice, he says, as we would do justice to England or Scotland, without asking whether it will conciliate Ireland or not; let us do justice, even if we have no hope that we can conciliate Ireland, simply because it is justice, because we have no right to maintain the Union and yet to refuse justice to any constituent part of that Union. But when we have done justice, let us set our face against any weakness in relation to the Union, as we would set it against any weakness in regard to the principle of government itself. Let Ireland once believe that she may wrench herself free from the Central Government, and there is no real reason why other parts of the Empire should not follow her example, or, at any rate, follow her example up to the point at which it pleases them to follow her example. Civil war is bad; civil war is a sharp anguish while it lasts; but civil war is temporary. The consequence of trifling with the principle that the part is not at liberty to sever itself from the whole, is worse than civil war, because it means the beginning of dissolution in the corporate body, a loss of control over the limbs by the centre, a growing paralysis which is the most painful form of decay, and which must end in death.

We agree with Mr. Leatham absolutely, but what we want to do in this article is not so much to expound or support his meaning, as to press on the Irish Nationalist party, and all who may have any lurking sympathy with the Irish Nationalist party, the significance of such views as these in the mouth of such a man as Mr. Leatham. It means this: that the advanced Liberals,—we may, we think, say the Radicals, in spite of Mr. Bright,—do in this matter not only feel no sym-

pathy with the Irish Nationalists, but will desert their own leaders rather than allow them to make concessions to the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Leatham says this expressly, and we maintain that Mr. Leatham expresses the general view of the advanced party. There may be a few exceptions. Mr. Cowen doubtless would be dead against Mr. Leatham, but then Mr. Cowen hardly pretends now to express the views of any section of the Liberal party, and assuredly Mr. Cowen has no Liberal following. Mr. Labouchere occasionally trifles with the Irish party. Mr. Burt, again, now and then betrays more sympathy for their peculiar tactics than we quite like to observe in so strong and so good a Liberal as Mr. Burt. Sir Wilfrid Lawson doubtless trifles too often with the secessionist tendencies. But is it possible to find so many as five advanced Liberals anywhere who would follow Mr. Cowen rather than Mr. Leatham, on any issue in which it was generally held that a concession to Irish separation was deliberately made? We do not believe it. We are quite sure that there are scores of advanced Liberals,—scores of extreme Radicals,—who would follow Mr. Leatham in deserting the Government, if they ever had occasion to think that the Government was disposed to concede what would end in a policy of disintegration.

Now, if this be true,—and we believe that Mr. Parnell, with his cool judgment, will see that it is true,—what is the use of continuing the perfectly hopeless fight for what is called Home-rule? That a policy of decentralisation is even more needful in Ireland than in other parts of the kingdom, because nowhere has centralisation gone so far and produced such mischiefs as it has produced in Ireland, we have been foremost to maintain. But decentralisation,—throwing less strain on the centre and more on the local authorities,—is one thing, and exchanging one centre for two distinct centres, is quite another. Now, if Radicals follow Whigs, and Whigs follow Conservatives in declaring that this shall never be, what has any patriotic Irishman to gain by saying that it shall be? He has nothing in the world to gain but the certainty of ensuring a long course of extreme wretchedness to Ireland, and a long course of wretchedness not quite so profound for the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The Irish Home-rulers can punish us very severely, if they will, but only at the cost of punishing their own country still more severely. On the other hand, if they would but take home to themselves the conviction that by pressing for Home-rule they are but urging Ireland into civil war, and that by urging Ireland into civil war they are only urging her into another and most disastrous defeat, whereas, by accepting the principle that the Union is final, they may gain for Irishmen all that Englishmen want for themselves, and all that Scotchmen want for themselves, and gain it without even any serious sacrifice,—if they would but take home to themselves this conviction, how very soon they might earn for themselves the reputation of the most enlightened patriots, and give strength and prosperity and peace not only to Ireland, but to the Empire.

LORD SALISBURY ON "ROOKERIES."

LORD SALISBURY'S anxiously-expected paper in the *National Review* upon "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings" is very unlike his usual performances. It is simple and straightforward, and though it does contain a plan, or rather a sketch of a plan, for remedying the evil he complains of, it is penetrated throughout with a certain hesitation. After observing that the improvement in rural dwellings is considerable—which is true rather of certain districts than of all England—he proceeds to admit the whole case against the Rookeries in great towns,—to affirm that the State, having sanctioned "improvements" which cause congestion, is bound to intervene, and to suggest the best method of intervention. He rejects the plan of creating suburban cities connected with the centre by cheap trains, chiefly, it would seem, for the inadequate reason that the Railway Companies do not like the plan, and contends that the remedy must be sought by building huge structures into the air, on the system followed in Paris and Vienna. The Peabody Trustees have done this in a manner which enables them to let a "tenement" of two rooms at 4s. 4d. a week, which may be taken to be just half the ordinary workmen's payment—usually 4s. a room—and which has proved sufficient, after providing for repairs, to yield 3 per cent. He would, therefore, adopt the Peabody Trust as a State organisation, lend the Trustees State money at 3 per cent. on the security of the buildings, as is done already in loans for drainage purposes, and so gradually provide sufficient houses for the Poor. He would not lend the money to a municipality, because a municipality changed frequently by election, is apt to be extravagant; and he greatly desires volunteer help, upon the plan successfully carried out by Miss Octavia Hill, that is, the purchase of Rookeries by philanthropists, who will personally enforce decency and orderliness. He also wishes all great employers to house their work-people,—a suggestion which looks practicable, but is slowly adopted, because it limits so decidedly the right of dismissal.

This is a definite plan, but Lord Salisbury, after detailing it, betrays unexpected hesitation. He says we know too little of the statistics, and nothing at all of the classes who want help, and would, therefore, preface any decision by a searching inquiry. He says:—"The difficulty is greatly aggravated by the singular absence of accurate information on the subject. Statistics on this point are absolutely silent. That London is overcrowded we know; and that the ill-effects of overcrowding, both on health and character, are very terrible. But we do not know even approximately the number of the sufferers, or where they live, or what they earn. How are we to judge of the measures required to remove this evil, if we have no notion of its extent, or how far it is the offspring of mere poverty? It ought to be within the means of our central or local authorities to throw some light upon the circumstances and conditions of the hardships to which a vast multitude of the inhabitants of London are probably exposed,—hardship which is known to be acute, and is believed to be growing." There is a singular doubt visible in that paragraph, but we may, we imagine, set it aside for the present and treat the plan as the one which Lord Salisbury in power would recommend. As such, we can see no objection to it, certainly none of any Party kind, unless it be its incompleteness. The plan would provide good buildings, without unendurable expense in construction; it would, if boldly pushed forward, relieve the existing congestion; and it would, while providing house-room for large numbers, compel due attention to sanitary conditions, a point of the last importance. The Peabody Buildings are all drained and ventilated on scientific principles. It is not a Socialist plan, and though it pledges State resources, it does not place it out of the power of the nation, upon good cause shown, to hold its hand. We see no reason whatever why any Liberal should not propose or support it, except that it requires one great addition. Lord Salisbury avoids the whole question of sites, though he acknowledges that the rising price of sites is one great factor in the question:—"The Peabody Trust have been able to purchase about nine acres of the Board of Works for 5s. a foot, because Parliament compelled the Board to sell for this purpose, and this purpose only. But the Board itself, taking the land compulsorily, paid not 5s., but a guinea per square foot, including all expenses. It is estimated that, by this restriction upon the disposal of the land cleared under S. R. Cross's Act, Parliament has caused the Metropolitan Board of Works the loss of half a million of money; which is, in effect, a contribution by the ratepayers to the erection of artisans' dwellings in central situations." No one who has really examined the question doubts that part of the work must be destructive, that the Rookeries must be pulled down, and that the tenement houses must be erected upon their very sites, always selected by the house-jobbers for their convenience to some business or other. Is Lord Salisbury prepared, when a "Court," or "Yard," or "Rents," or "Lane" has been thoroughly surveyed, and condemned as unfit for human habitation, to expropriate it at a fair valuation, and sell it to his Peabody Trust? Or will he allege that this is an interference with property, and, by allowing preposterous claims for compensation, render his whole scheme nugatory? He says nothing, and judging his opinion by all he has ever said about property, we distrust his final decision. We expect him to argue that, the property being taken for the good of the public, must be taken in the usual way,—that is, at its full value, plus ten per cent. for forcible expropriation; and this, as he himself admits, in describing the operations of the Peabody Trustees, would be nearly fatal to his scheme. They obtained sites from the Metropolitan Board at low prices, the difference falling, under a local Act, upon the rates.

We trust we shall not be mistaken. We are entirely opposed to pillage for philanthropic purposes, the worst temptation of the Red school. We wish the owners of "Rookeries"—by which we mean clusters of houses unfit for human habitation—to be treated fairly; but our idea of fairness would, we imagine, differ considerably from Lord Salisbury's. No man

a right to keep up a nuisance, and a rookery may be a nuisance. If it is so declared to be by competent authority, we would offer its owner three alternatives,—to rebuild it, under the provisions of a strict Act; to allow the Peabody Trustees to rebuild it, and hand it over to him, the cost remaining as a mortgage on the structure; or to sell it outright, at so many years' purchase, the number being fixed by the condition of the building, and the rental it would be worth if occupied in a way accordant with the health of the community. Beyond this we would not go, for no man has a right to set up, say, a copper-smelting furnace in London, and then, when the Judges order it to be closed, claim compensation for the profits of injurious fumes; but will Lord Salisbury go so far? We greatly doubt it, and must hear his speech upon that subject, before we are fully convinced that he is at one even with Moderate Liberals upon the rehousing of the poor. Is the letting of unhealthy houses, in his view, a noxious trade, or not? If it is, then his plan will work, for sites may be obtained without unendurable pressure on the rates; but if not, then it will not work, for the cost will produce a fierce reaction, amid which the great work will be postponed too long.

We must not forget, moreover, that any improvement, to be of the least use, must be accompanied by a most stringent Act controlling the building of the future. Otherwise we shall simply be compelled to do the work, which will be excessively costly, over and over again. There is no sign whatever that the vast movement of population towards the great cities which is the origin of urban overcrowding will slacken yet for years. Labour tends more and more to concentration, the great business, with its skilled workers and severe discipline, under-selling all competition by little men; the country folk are swarming towards the more open careers offered by the cities; and the better atmosphere produced by drainage diminishes the consumption of life. It is indispensable, therefore, if we spend money to abolish or alleviate existing evils, to prevent their recurrence; and this will require Acts far more stringent than any as yet upon the Statute Book, Acts which we fear will raise permanently the proportion borne by rental to total expenditure. That proportion is steadily rising throughout the world, till on the Continent and in America there is not one great city where the people do not declare that the first of their difficulties is to pay rent, and where there is not a silent war almost as bitter as in Ireland, though less sanguinary, between the landlords and the tenants. We have not reached that point in London; but even here, a married clerk on 25s. a week pays, if he takes two rooms, one-third of his whole earnings for his rent.

THE CRISIS IN THE COTTON TRADE.

LANCASHIRE men who are old enough to know say that, with the single exception of the time of the American War, the weaving branch of the cotton trade is just now in a worse condition than it has been since the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Although there is no general stoppage of machinery, many weak masters have succumbed, others are discharging their less efficient hands, and there is hardly a town in the county where weavers are not idling in the streets, and asking vainly for work. Even in the Burnley district, where manufacturers practise an almost ferocious economy, and live like their own workmen, they cannot make both ends meet; their capital is lessening week by week, and many see ruin staring them in the face. Frequent failures attest the severity of the crisis; but private arrangements, the particulars of which are known only to those concerned, are said to exceed in number those publicly announced. Embarrassed manufacturers who find it impossible to go on show a statement of their affairs to their principal creditors, of whom there are probably not more than three or four, and these, to save the costs of liquidation, the loss arising from forced sales of machinery and stock, and, above all, to avoid publicity, accept the best offer they can get, and consent to the smaller creditors being paid in full. According to report, there are manufacturers who have made more than one "arrangement" of this sort, which the French phrase *à l'aimable* seems best fitted to characterise. But solvent manufacturers complain that this system, however convenient it may be for some people, counteracts the law of the survival of the fittest, and aggravates a state of things which can be ameliorated only by weeding-out the weak and curtailing production. How sorely pressed are mill-owners, one fact, which, though technical, is easily understood, will suffice to show. It is a rule of the trade, based on long experience, that to cover the cost of production and interest on his capital, a master-weaver should have a margin equal to double the operative weaver's wage. If, for instance, he pays the workman a shilling for weaving a certain sort of cloth, the master should have another shilling to meet other wages and expenses, and, as the saying is, "to get his own money back." At present, however, the difference between the price he must give for his yarn and the price he receives for his pieces leaves a margin of no more than half the weaver's wage. In other words, not only is the manufacturer earning neither interest on his outlay nor remuneration for his labour, but he is consuming his capital. As may be supposed, in such circumstances, the depreciation in the value of cotton-mill property is something portentous. Factories that cost £13,000 cannot be sold for £3,000; others, which as "going concerns" were valued at £20,000, fetch no more than £5,000; and, plentiful as money is, there are few lenders bold enough to advance money on the security of cotton mills.

Manufacturers who spin their own yarn are in a better position than those who do not, and spinners who are not weavers are making a profit. The Oldham joint-stock mills have lately declared dividends varying from six to thirteen per cent., and they find little difficulty in disposing of their production. The difference between the two branches is traceable to several causes. Chief among the causes of depression in the weaving branch is unquestionably the coincidence of over-production with a diminished home demand, arising from agricultural distress and the long series of deficient harvests; and the home demand being for calicoes, and not for yarns, its falling-off naturally affects the owners of spindles less than the owners of looms. Then, again, the former have suffered less than the latter from the protective policy of foreign States. Yarns are in some sense raw material, and in the interests of Continental manufacturers they are generally admitted at relatively less onerous rates than calicoes. A few weeks ago, the French Government temporarily repealed altogether the duty on a certain class of cotton yarn, and there is hardly a country to which cotton yarn, either coarse or fine, cannot be shipped to advantage. Calicoes, on the other hand, can hardly be shipped anywhither without the probability, if not the certainty, of loss. Continental markets are all but closed to them by hostile tariffs, and every other market is glutted.

In theory, the evil should work its own remedy. Capital should be diverted from weaving to spinning, until the balance is redressed, and both are placed on the same footing. But the "diversion" of capital fixed in unsaleable buildings and plant is not easily effected, and there are few loom-owners who possess any spare money for investment, either in spindles or anything else. At the same time, spindles are being increased and looms stopped, yet the process is a slow one; and it is in the nature of things that weaving should remain as it has hitherto been,—the least profitable and most precarious department of the trade. The moment it becomes a little profitable, weaving is overdone. Any man with a thousand pounds and a little credit (obtained only too easily) may start a loom shed. The building can be put up and filled with machinery,—to be paid for by instalments,—in a few months; the Manchester agent will advance full value on the cloth as soon as it is delivered in his warehouse, sometimes before; and if all goes well, the manufacturer sometimes succeeds. If he fails, "arrangements," as we have hinted, are not difficult, and the loom-maker and the agent generally contrive to "get out" without loss. The condition under which a spinner begins business are altogether different. The least capital with which a man can start a spinning mill on the latest model is from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds, it cannot be completed in much less time than three years, its successful management requires closer attention and more technical knowledge than the management of a mere weaving concern, and the utmost credit given for cotton in the Liverpool market is ten days. For these reasons, competition in the production of yarn is less keen than competition in the production of calicoes. As in most other industries, large capitalists have the best chances. On the other hand, the principle of association seems to answer better when applied to spinning than to weaving, for the Oldham joint-stock mills are engaged exclusively in the production of yarn, and their success is the more satisfactory in that their shareholders are chiefly composed of operative spinners and other small capitalists, for whose savings there are so few

profitable investments. It is not likely that the distress among the weavers will be of long duration, and the fears expressed in some quarters that the trade is permanently ruined are utterly chimerical. The absence of foreign competition in neutral markets proves that English manufacturers can still produce more cheaply than those of any other country; the human race is multiplying all over the world; the moment a civilised child is born it becomes a user of calico, and with the revival of agriculture, which cannot remain for ever depressed, the home demand for cotton goods cannot fail to increase, and will in all probability coincide with that diminution of production which has already begun. But the process of recovery must necessarily be very gradual—it has not yet set in—and the hands would be very ill advised to provoke a strike, as some of them have threatened to do, by refusing any reasonable concessions which the masters may require. In many Lancashire mills, women weavers are earning from twenty to twenty-three shillings a week, and though this may not be an extravagant rate of remuneration for the work they perform, it is far above the average earnings of their sex in other branches of industry. No time could be worse for a strike, and from the adjournment of the Conference between representatives of the employers and the employed—which was to have been held on Wednesday last—at the request of the latter, we infer that wiser counsels are prevailing among the operatives, and all danger of a strike is past.

MR. TROLLOPE AS CRITIC.

IN Mr. Trollope's "Autobiography" he gives us a brief estimate both of his own works of fiction, and, to some extent, at least, of the novels of his contemporaries. What does one gather from these chapters of his own power as a critic? Certainly this,—that his critical powers did not in any degree approach the calibre of his creative and constructive powers. That he had a substantially sound judgment on such matters is a matter of course, for the great characteristic of all his novels is knowledge of the world; and a perfect knowledge of the world, even taken alone, implies that there could not have been in him any wide deviation from the healthy taste of cultivated Englishmen. Mr. Trollope's taste in novels was doubtless a sound one. Especially in relation to the novels of domestic life he was an admirable judge. He thought for a long time that Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" was the best novel in the English language. Then he placed "Ivanhoe" above it. Then he accorded the highest position to Thackeray's "Esmond." Whether the finest critical judgment would endorse these views we greatly doubt, but they are sufficiently in accordance with the average judgment of educated men to show the thorough sanity of Mr. Trollope's taste. Again, of the novelists of his day, he puts George Eliot second to Thackeray, and greatly prefers the novels of her first period, those down to and including "Silas Marner," to her later tales. He has no high estimate of Dickens's knowledge of human nature, thinks his pathos somewhat false in ring, and cannot even justify to his own judgment the vast popularity of Dickens's humour. Of Bulwer, Mr. Trollope's estimate is altogether low, and though he recognises his great talent, he finds mannerism and affectation in all his works. Of Wilkie Collins and his school, again, Mr. Trollope speaks with great frankness and good sense. It vexes him that "the author seems always to be warning me to remember that something happened at exactly half-past two o'clock on Tuesday morning; or that a woman disappeared from the road just fifteen yards beyond the fourth milestone." Again, on his own works,—whether he judges with delicacy, or not,—Mr. Trollope's judgment is thoroughly sane. He prefers the Barsetshire series to any other class of his novels, and thinks "The Last Chronicle of Barset" the best of the series. He could remember less, he said, of "The Belton Estate" than of any book he had ever written, and doubtless there was less of his own mind in it than in any book he ever wrote. All these opinions show Mr. Trollope's judgment, we do not say to be of the highest kind,—his estimate of Dickens's humour seems to us palpably and absurdly defective,—but thoroughly healthy and marked by the right tendencies. But there was very little of the finest elements of the critic in him. No great critic, we take it, could possibly have preferred Thackeray's "Esmond," with all its skill and fineness of texture, to the overflowing wealth and power of "Vanity Fair." In "Esmond," Thackeray's creative power was certainly much less prodigal, much less magnificent in its effects, than it was in "Vanity Fair." Again, even in "Esmond," Mr. Trollope does not single o anything like the finest scene, when he selects Lady Castlewood's defence of Henry Esmond to the Duke of Hamilton, as the scene of the book. Thackeray rose far higher in the passion of the scene in which Lady Castlewood welcomes Henry Esmond back from the Continent, after the Evensong in Winchester Cathedral, than in that of the scene with the Duke of Hamilton. Indeed Thackeray is almost always much greater when he paints the unchecked overflow of a woman's love, than when he paints her in a dramatic position addressing herself to a number of hearers. His passion is tender and deep; in the scenes of social effect he cannot help showing that he is not only a painter of the heart, but a satirist of the weaknesses of men.

The truth was, as is evident from his "Autobiography," that Mr. Trollope, knowing how inferior is the function of criticism to the function of creative genius, never recognised the distinction between the two, and was not aware that, as a rule, vast creative power is too active, too positive, to be receptive and to discriminate very finely the shades of effect in the works of other authors. It is comparatively seldom that redundant creative power is accompanied by fine critical power. Sir Walter Scott, the most powerful by far of all English novelists, was, like Mr. Trollope himself, a sound and sensible, but by no means a fine critic. Sir Walter was too much occupied by the hardy and teeming life in his own brain to lend fully his imaginative life to the service of others. It is the same with Dickens, and apparently even with George Eliot. What is wanted for truly fine criticism is the receptive side of the poet, without an imagination so teeming as to interfere with the fullest exercise of the receptive powers. Some of the best criticisms of our century have been the criticisms of Goethe and of Matthew Arnold, both of them fine poets, but both of them poets without hurry of creative impulse, without imaginative idiosyncracy so preponderant as to prevent them from fully submitting their minds to the influence of other men of genius of whose work they desired to form a true estimate. Nothing can be less like such a temperament as this than the temperament of Mr. Trollope. Let us see how he himself describes his own creative power, and the manner in which it worked:—

> "I had long since convinced myself that in such work as mine the great secret consisted in acknowledging myself to be bound to rules of labour similar to those which an artisan or a mechanic is forced to obey. A shoemaker, when he has finished one pair of shoes, does not sit down and contemplate his work in idle satisfaction. 'There is my pair of shoes finished at last! What a pair of shoes it is!' The shoemaker who so indulged himself would be without wages half his time. It is the same with a professional writer of books. An author may, of course, want time to study a new subject. He will at any rate assure himself that there is some such good reason why he should pause. He does pause, and will be idle for a month or two while he tells himself how beautiful is that last pair of shoes which he has finished! Having thought much of all this, and having made up my mind that I could be really happy only when I was at work, I had now quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair as soon as the first was out of my hands."

And yet though Mr. Trollope has almost always begun one novel on the day succeeding that on which the previous novel was finished, he has, he tells us, been entirely wrapped up in his creations, and has lived his life with them as if they were the inhabitants of his own world:—

> "But the novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true, and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And, as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change,—become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them,—so should these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling;—but if it do not come, I think he can only make novels of wood. It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman,

her she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass."

Is it possible that an author who has lived this sort of imaginative life for day after day during thirty years, giving himself no rest, but entering a new imaginary world on the very morrow of the day on which he quitted the world which had just grown familiar to him, should be capable of that fine receptivity of mind which is requisite to appreciate with any delicacy the productions of others? It seems to us quite certain that neither Sir Walter Scott nor Mr. Trollope,—both of whom, in their very different spheres, led this kind of imaginative life,—did appreciate with any delicacy the productions of others. Nor could Mr. Trollope give us a better proof of this than his very unhappy remark in relation to Lady Eustace of "The Eustace Diamonds." "As I wrote the book, the idea constantly presented itself to me that Lizzie Eustace was but a second Becky Sharpe; but in planning the character I had not thought of this, and I believe that Lizzie would have been just as she is, though Becky Sharpe had never been described." Mr. Trollope need not have given us this assurance. He might almost as well have warned us that Archdeacon Grantley was not taken from Shakespeare's "Wolsey." Becky Sharp,—he spells her wrongly, as he does also Colonel Newcome, whom he repeatedly calls Colonel Newcombe,—is a type of the infinite resource and unscrupulous genius of feminine intrigue,—a type of audacious craft as rich and humorous, and as full of the buoyant energy of selfishness, as Iago is rich and unscrupulous and full of buoyant malignity and evil. Lizzie Eustace is a treacherous, cunning little drawing-room woman, of no humour, no great power, and far, indeed, from the dimensions of Becky Sharp. If Mr. Trollope had compared Lizzie Eustace to Thackeray's Blanche Amory, he would have been nearer the mark. Becky Sharp is one of the greatest creations of Thackeray's genius. Lizzie Eustace is not even one of the best creations of Mr. Trollope's.

Indeed, one of the best evidences that Mr. Trollope's power is not in the main of that receptive kind which makes the critic, is the great inferiority of his women to his men. We agree with him that Lily Dale is a good deal of a prig. But we do not agree with him in any depth of admiration for Lucy Robarts, or indeed for any other of his heroines, though we like Grace Crawley the best. The feminine essence is beyond the reach of men unless they be true poets, and never was there a man of great creative power who had less of the poet in him than Mr. Trollope. He speaks of the necessity of a certain rhythm and harmony of style, but his own victories were achieved in spite of a style that was almost painfully devoid of grace or inward expressiveness. He has what we may call a bouncing style,—not, of course, a style of bounce, but the style of a bouncing ball,—one not ineffective to produce the impression that the events narrated by Mr. Trollope are real events, happening to real people, and reported by a real observer,—but effective rather because it is the style of a reporter hurrying on with the chronicle of matters which he has undertaken punctually to note down, than because it reflects any profound impression made on the feelings and imagination of the narrator. His style is clear, business-like, rapidly moving, noisy, and a little defiant, as if the writer would be beforehand with you, and wished to assert his own right to be heard before you had had time to dispute that right. It is a hard and rather dictatorial style that does not seem so much to come from deep-felt impressions as from certain knowledge. That is a good style to produce the sense of reality, but it is not the style of a fine critic, and though Mr. Trollope was a sensible critic,—as indeed he was sensible in everything,—a fine critic, even of his own writings, he was not. And for the same reason, probably, he was not a successful editor. His editing of the *St. Paul's Magazine* was conventional. He did not really know how to use contributors, how to make the most of them. Mr. Trollope's stories were well spun out of the imagination of a keen and vigilant observer; but all his observing power was assimilated in the work of creation, was used-up as the flax is used up in the making of linen, and apparently he had little opportunity left for reflecting on the works of others, and for discriminating the fine threads and delicate colours by the use of which they had made their work characteristic and unique.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

As our judgment on Mayne Reid's novels is not that of our contemporaries, we are disinclined to allow his death to pass without a word of criticism. As an individual, we know nothing about him, except that in our judgment he missed his true career, and would have made a first-class agent of the Geographical Society, to explore dangerous or excessively difficult regions, like Thibet, the Atlas Range, or the unknown hills and locked-up Valleys of Eastern Peru. He was a man of exceptional daring, having a positive liking for danger; he had the topographical eyes which should belong to every General, and he had a faculty of description; which he watered down for his novels till it was hardly apparent. During the only interview this writer ever had with him, accident induced his interlocutor to ask about the Pintos, the parti-coloured race sprung from native Mexicans and the cross-breed between Indians and Negroes, who are stated to exist in one State of Mexico. The writer disbelieved in them, and expressed his disbelief; but Captain Mayne Reid, who declared he had seen specimens of the race, held him quite fascinated for half an hour by a description which, if imaginary, was a triumph of art, but which left on the hearer's mind an impression of absolute truth. The Captain was never, however, so employed; but after his life in Mexico and on the south-western border of the United States, he settled in England, to write novels, at first for amusement, and latterly, we regret to hear, as a means of subsistence. These latter novels are rubbish, which we need not notice, but the former or Mexican series have a literary quality which ought to have rendered critics less contemptuous. Captain Mayne Reid could not analyse a character at all, and never created one; or if he did, that character, Seguin, the good scalp-hunter, is too utterly exceptional, too nearly a maniac to be considered a literary creation. He must have been drawn from some out-of-the-way and horrible experience. Nor could he paint his lay-figures in a very life-like way. Good and bad, his Mexicans, men and women, and mountaineers, and American desperadoes, and faithful Indians, and villainous bandits, are all alike,—a little same, and not a little tiresome. They have qualities, but not characters, and move like marionnettes. They all go through wonderful adventures, and if they had all got killed in them, as about three-fourths of them did, nobody would have cared. The stories, too, are not very exciting, being devoid of plot, and made up of a succession of violent scenes, in essence stagey, in which the reader knows from the first that at a proper time the machinery will move, and the good folk, usually American, will be protected from their murderers, usually Mexican. Gustave Aimard, who trod in the same track, managed that part of his business better, and had besides, or perhaps affected, a hatred of the "North American" which gave a literary flavour of some sort to his descriptions of character. Nevertheless, Mayne Reid did possess one literary faculty of a very rare and noticeable kind. He could create atmosphere as very few but the greatest story-tellers have ever done. The characters might be poor, and the story a jumble of horrors, and the plot utterly unintelligible, but all the time the reader was in Mexico, conscious of residence under a new sky, of life amidst a strange architecture, of the presence of dark-skinned natives who were not abstract "natives," still less any other natives, but natives of Mexico alone. This impression was due, we believe, to the fact that Captain Mayne Reid, for all his want of literary power, could, when he wrote, transport himself to the country he loved, actually saw it and its people with his mind, and so never made a localising blunder; never forgot that such and such people, not European, would be there; that the hills would have such a colour, that the vegetation would be of such a kind, that the very water would exhibit certain peculiarities. The result is a perfect illusion, under which we fancy ourselves in Mexico, and though we wonder why the people act in such an out-of-the-way and senseless fashion, we never weary as strangers, of looking on at the novel and striking scene. This was Captain Mayne Reid's sole power—no mortal can read him when outside Mexico—but he possessed it as regards Mexico in a unique degree, in such a degree that we gravely doubt whether any book whatever gives so vivid and so accurate a representation of "the land of Anahnac," as he delighted to call it, as his series of very absurd stories.

Why did those stories sell? Well, not in the least because of their "tone," and very little because boys liked them. Boys did not care about them much, and do not buy novels in three volumes; and their tone was by no means so good as the *Daily News*, for example, says it was. The novels are, no doubt, entirely free from sensuality, and with the exception of a single page, containing a story of outrage, which we firmly believe the

author knew to be true, and put down without consciousness of its impression on a reader, there is not in the novels an "objectionable" sentence. But they positively smell of blood, and are pervaded throughout by a contempt for human life and suffering which, if the characters were but a little more real, would be most deleterious. As it is, the executions are executions of dolls, but the descriptions even then are often too realistic, while Captain Mayne Reid is far too apt to condone and even to teach a theory of reprisals, which, no doubt, his characters would have held, but which confuses every notion of right and wrong. Let a man be treacherous, and somebody hangs him over a precipice, or dashes out his brains, or burns him alive, or in some way or other inflicts capital punishment with a bloodthirsty exultation which cannot but harden the reader's mind. This artistic defect is the more striking, because Captain Mayne Reid obviously abhorred cruelty, and like Fenimore Cooper, though not quite so invariably, makes the characters he likes best, eager to secure justice; but it exists, and we believe the explanation to be this. The author knew his scenes of murder, vengeance, and torture to be true, and felt them to be as much beyond his power to alter as the tropical vegetation of the "Tierra Caliente."

The real cause of the popularity of Captain Mayne Reid's novels, which, as regards one or two of them, may last long, is that they gratify not the boyish, but the human love for pure romance, for stories in which there are practically fairies, though they are called Mexican ladies, and genii, though they are dressed as American filibusters, and devils, though they appear as Don Rafaels or Antonios; and probabilities are set aside, and everything happens as it is convenient it should happen, and nobody cares a dump whether there are any laws, human or divine, or not. Adventures are adventured, and the adventurers fall into frightful dangers, and get out of them again by wonderful means; and laws, literary or other, are simply a burden. That is the secret of the "Arabian Nights," and it is that of Mayne Reid, as is also that of the indefinitely abler novels sold in such scores of thousands by Jules Verne. The story-teller of the "Arabian Nights" uses Haroun al Raschid and the Jins and the name of God almost at random, to get rid of probabilities; while Mayne Reid uses heroic sharpshooters, or impossibly faithful Indians; and Jules Verne employs scientific forces, like electricity, but the object in all cases is the same. It is to be rid of the coercing, compressing, and therefore limiting chain of cause and effect,—to set the imagination really free, and let it revel for a moment in an unconditioned world. It does revel, and we all like the momentary sensation, even although we are all the while critical enough to be annoyed with our own pleasure. We enjoy the impossible carpet, which goes where it likes, and the impossible Rifleman, who kills whom he likes, and the impossible ship, which sails *under* the Isthmus of Suez, the impossibility being part of the pleasure, not a deduction from it. Of course, if the writer has something more in him, and can produce "The City of Brass"—most awe-inspiring of all Arab stories—or a scene in the centre of the earth, in which a primeval giant, huge as Og, rudimentary as a rock, watches and milks the mammoths, we have another enjoyment, too; but we can dispense with it, and find pleasure even in Mayne Reid, and the marionnettes which caper in the glowing air, furious storms, and over-vast scenery of the slopes from the huge Mexican plateau. We see no harm in the enjoyment; it is only "Jack, the Giant Killer" for the grown-ups; and we believe firmly that some day Romance will again be a widely popular form of fiction. Man grows gloomier and gloomier, but the child-like element in him is happily not dead yet.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CHILDREN AND THEIR DINNERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you kindly permit me to inform your readers, whose consideration may have been drawn to the above subject by the article in your issue of September 29th, that a scheme for feeding the poorest children in our Board Schools has been in successful operation for six months at Lisson Grove, and at Saffron Hill, Holborn? At Lisson Grove, 70 or 80 children have been dined three times a week, on roast mutton or beef, rice or suet pudding, potatoes or haricot beans, at a cost, reckoning food alone, of 4½d. per head; the object aimed at having been not to give the most economical meal possible, but to provide the most nutritious dinner possible for children, some of whom come to the table but once a week, others twice a week, and only most needy three times a week.

A third of the children are the children of widows. Their mothers' earnings seldom average ten shillings a week; there are three or four children to be kept out of this, sometimes more; with many, the earnings are less than the above sum. The remainder of the children who come to us have fathers, either ill, disabled, or "out of work."

And now practical people will ask, "Are children visibly benefited by one, two, or even three dinners a week?" We hesitatingly answer, "Yes, they are brighter and stronger, fitter to teach," a testimony that is corroborated by the teachers. Fresh cases of need, leading us to remove to a larger room, are pressing upon us.

Last week, visiting the home of one of the children, a girl of ten, we learnt that she had not tasted meat for four or five months; the child has no father, her mother is dying in consumption. This child has gone daily to school, with what capacity for assimilating knowledge may be left to the imagination of your readers. Another girl, living in a cellar kitchen in a more than commonly respectable street, had not been to school the day we called, because her mother (a widow) had not a slice of bread to give her, and could not bear to send her to school without food.

Most of us now-a-days, I believe, are sufficiently well instructed to form a notion of the mischief likely to arise from the constraint of long hours, with hard or monotonous tasks, where there is not enough nutrition for the functions of growth alone. The dinners are now given at Omega Hall, Omega Place, Alpha Road, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 12.30. The visits of any interested will be cordially welcomed there, and all information will be gladly supplied, on application to my address. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, H. E. Allen, Esq., 44 Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W. It is earnestly desired to extend this movement into other and equally or even more necessitous districts.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Anna Pennington, Hon. Sec.

52 Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

[Fourpence-halfpenny is too much.—Ed. *Spectator*].

"THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Failing better answers to Mr. Fletcher's inquiry in your paper of October 13th, he may be reminded that Statutes 1 Will. and Mary I., c. 6, 5 Anne I., c. 8, 39 and 40 George III., c. 67, require a certain oath to be taken by the Sovereign at Coronation. Part of that oath is that the incoming monarch will, to the utmost of his power, "maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, *and the Protestant Reformed Religion Established by Law*," and will "maintain and preserve inviolably *the settlement of the Church of England*, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, *as by law established*."

Men skilled in matters legal may be able to supply fuller answers to Mr. Fletcher and "G. C. P.," but this appears sufficient to show that the phrase in question is sanctioned by the Law and Constitution of the realm.—I am, Sir, &c.,

October 22nd. John Macnaught.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Here is an example of the phrase earlier than any yet given in your columns. It is from the will of Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, who died January, 1662, and is quoted in Isaac Walton's Life (1678):—"And here I do profess . . . . . to die in the communion of the Catholic Church of Christ, and a true son of the Church of England, which, as it stands by law established," &c.—I am, Sir, &c., M.D.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—That a clergyman should wish to belong to a Church not "by Law Established" is, after all, but natural, if he be a believer in spiritual force. Still, under the circumstances, what is the use of disclaiming such a connection? In the discharge of my functions, I notice, every quarter, in the returns of marriages on the usual forms one clergyman always runs his pen through the word "Established," printed on the forms. Does not, however, such a declaration go for nothing?—I am, Sir, &c.,

A Superintendent-Registrar.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

When your correspondent, Mr. Fletcher, asks,—"Can one lay his hand on a statute which has established the Church of England?" he surely asks what is a very ancient question. For even if it were not possible to refer to several statutes known as the Reformation Statutes, as well as to various statutes in which the phrases "the Church of England as by law established" and "the Established Church" are to be found, can any one deny that the State upholds, and regulates the affairs of, the Church of England, by means of Acts of Parliament and of administrative arrangements, in a manner altogether different to that in which it interferes with the government of other Churches? That is what is meant by "Establishment," and it matters very little in what particular phraseology the Church so established is referred to in public documents. It is a matter of *things*, rather than of *words*.

I may add, however, that in the Coronation Oath the Sovereign promises not only to maintain "the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law," but also "the settlement of the United Churches of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established," together with the rights and privileges appertaining to the Bishops and Clergy.

It is also a curious fact that in the original draft of the petition of the Seven Bishops to James II., relative to the Royal Declaration on liberty of conscience, presented on behalf of themselves and the Clergy—a fac-simile of which is given in Cardwell's "Documentary Annals of the Reformed Church of England," and which is in the handwriting of Archbishop Sancroft, the form of subscription is, "Your Majesty's most faithful, loyal, and obedient subjects and servants, the Clergy of the Church of England by law established." This was altered to "the Clergy of the Established Church of England," and although in the petition as actually presented neither of these forms appears, they show that the phraseology, which some persons appear to think is of modern origin, was in current use at that period, and that the recent Royal Commission has simply followed both usage and legislation in recommending that the Judges of the Provincial Courts and the Final Court of Appeal should be required to declare themselves to be members of "the Church of England as by law established." As the Commissioners apparently undertook to describe the exact constitutional position of the Church, the fact that they adopt such language may be regarded as some proof of its strict accuracy.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Serjeants' Inn, October 24th. J. Carvell Williams.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your notice last week of Mr. H. H. Fowler's address to his constituents at Wolverhampton, I find the following words:—"When Mr. Fowler asked why the House of Lords should not be reformed, Wolverhampton cheered him most lustily,—and we wish the Conservative leaders in the Peers would carefully watch the growing signs of public impatience with which their obstructive attitude towards Liberal measures is received." At the immense meeting in the Town Hall which Mr. Bright addressed during the Leeds Conference, there was no part of his speech which was more lustily and emphatically cheered than that in which he referred to the reform of the House of Lords.

Almost before the first sentence which introduced this question was concluded, the whole audience broke forth into a ringing and deafening cheer. A more unmistakable evidence of the growing impatience of the people at the obstructive attitude of the House of Lords could not be found, especially when we remember that the 4,000 men and women who crowded the Victoria Hall on that occasion did not represent merely the somewhat pronounced Liberalism of the largest Yorkshire borough, but also represented the public opinion of 500 Liberal associations in all parts of the country. This fact gives additional force to your suggestion that the leaders of the Conservative Peers would do well to take notice of this significant sign of the times, for if they foolishly determine to ignore it, they will do much to bring on that conflict between the two Houses of Parliament which, as Mr. Bright said, "is full of peril to one of them, and full of humiliation to both of them."—I am, Sir, &c.,

197 *Belle Vue Road, Leeds.* Benjamin G. Wilkinson.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your article of October 20th on "Disintegration," you say:—"Nor is there much more use in considering whether Irish hatred is incurable or otherwise. If it is not, we are taking all the means we can to cure it; and if it is, we must still take the same means, and endure the resulting failure as we best may." This is terribly cold comfort to all those who have been induced to follow the lead of the authors of the great measures passed to conciliate Ireland. Hear Mr. Bright on the Church Disestablishment Bill of 1869 (*Annual Register*, 1869, p. 37):—"I say when I look at this measure, I look at it as tending to a more true and solid union between Ireland and Great Britain. I see it giving tranquillity to our people." Hear Mr. Gladstone on the Land Bill of 1870 (*Annual Register* 1870, p. 39):—"Hesitate, then, I beseech you, for a moment before you run the risk of lighting a flame which you will in vain labour to extinguish, lest it should be the unhappy fate of your country that after she has surmounted every difficulty, borne every calamity, and conquered every enemy, she should at length miss the prize of national peace, happiness, and contentment, through the agency of those whom she believed to be her friends." Again, he says, on the Land Bill of 1881 (*Annual Register*, 1881, p. 99), "Then the year 1881 will not have passed without adding to the Statute Book another great emancipating and redeeming measure, necessary alike for the prosperity of Ireland, the fame of Parliament, and the strength and solidity of the United Kingdom." These were pointed to again and again as the "fruits of justice," and for these great ends were those measures passed. And it is a terrible commentary that in 1883 we find the *Spectator*, instead of being able to point to these fruits of justice, the peace and contentment of Ireland, and the "solidity of the United Kingdom," forced by the discontent and sedition which exist to be thankful that, with a formidable army and a splendid force of constabulary present amongst them, there is "no fear of rebellion in Ireland."

I am myself a Liberal, and have agreed to the principles of all the great measures passed by the Liberal Party. But I think, as honest men, we are bound to suspect something wrong, when we find our measures bearing such disappointing fruits.—I am, Sir, &c., J. W.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT AND PHYSIOLOGICAL SPECULATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The question has been raised in your columns as to whether physical injuries are ever transmitted from parent to offspring. Permit me to say that certain experiments recorded by an eminent physiologist throw an important light on this question. As these were experiments on live animals, the *Spectator* could not be expected to republish or to make use of them.

It appears to me a matter for regret that the ingenious speculations of the *Spectator* should be cut short by its inability to make use of knowledge gained by a method of which it disapproves.

I can hardly be wrong in assuming that you would not wish to encourage or give value to the work of Vivisectionists. The experimental results to which I have above referred would furnish you with decisive information; but is it not considered objectionable for one and the same person to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds?—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. Ray Lankester.

11 *Wellington Mansions, North Bank, N.W.*

[Did any sane man ever scruple to avail himself of sound knowledge, whether that knowledge ought, or ought not to have been available? Professor Lankester might just as well say that because some of Napoleon's campaigns were gigantic crimes, strategists who disapproved them ought to be regarded as both "running with the hare and hunting with the hounds," if they made use of them in writing on military strategy. Any such scruple would be idiotic. But none the less, Napoleon would not have been justified for making those campaigns on the ground that he was going to add greatly to the resources of military science, by the huge vivisectional experiments he was about to make.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your review of Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography," you say:—"'His own explanation' of his unpopularity 'is that

he was *impecunious, badly dressed*, and *neglectful of his own appearance;* but boys have never cared much about these drawbacks.'" Six years' experience of public-school life lead me to dispute this last assertion in the strongest possible manner, and dispose me to trust the novelist's analysis of the causes of his own unpopularity. His penetration in this respect is evidence to my mind that the "disagreeable dullard" was even at school a keen observer of human nature. Disagreeable in some respects he must probably have been, to account for *permanent* unpopularity of so extreme a kind; but the three causes enumerated by himself account for a great deal, a very great deal.—I am, Sir, &c., An Harrovian.

FAITH AND DOUBT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Many will be interested in your notice of Mr. Percy Greg's book. It is, as regards the present time, a representative book, viz., it presents with much accuracy what many minds think and feel to-day upon the great subjects of religion. Its position is that the evidence before our minds is not such as fairly to induce faith, but that the legitimate attitude of mind as regards faith or denial is a state of *betweenity*. It is the outcome of these years of so-called rationalistic research and criticism.

You rightly say, "The truth is, that no man of real wisdom keeps his intellect balanced in proportion to the arguments *pro* and *con*;" but more than this, in the subject in question it is highly fallacious. There is one important consideration which is conspicuously wanting in all these books, and especially in Rationalistic literature generally, and that is the fundamental question as to what really constitutes evidence. Those who are unversed in law and the principles of evidence are often surprised when, in a Court of Justice, they hear what appears to them to be important evidence objected to, and not allowed to go to the jury as proper evidence at all. Now, the absurd credulity of some people, and the no less absurd incredulity of others, are owing to ignorance or disregard of the fundamental laws of evidence. Among all classes, learned and unlearned, there is abounding ignorance as to what is evidence, and as to what is not evidence; and there is also abounding disregard of the claims of right evidence to decide men's minds for the truth. The Rational (so-called) attacks on the Bible and religion are examples of this ignorance and absurd incredulity. We see men otherwise well informed, as many "Rationalists" are, yet very ignorant of sound evidence, or careless of its claims. When we correct our judgment according to the right principles of evidence, and also by a common-sense regard to the events of history and of every-day occurrences, we perceive that the allegations of those who profess to show that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, or the exact documental divisions of Genesis, &c., are wholly absurd and illusive. And, on the other hand, we perceive that if the evidence, patent, latent, direct, inferential, full, and unanswerable, which we have, does not establish the truth and divine authority of the Bible, then there is an end of attempting to establish anything by evidence. I hold, therefore, that this *betweenity* state of mind is either an absurdly mistaken or an unrighteous and guilty state of mind.—I am, Sir, &c., W. Woods Smyth.

REALITY AND SENTIMENT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Here are two sides of a question. 1. A healthy sign of the times is the general ridicule shown towards things sentimental and display of feeling. 2. In as far as it is a sign of the times, it is the reverse of healthy, for it shows an absence of the sense of reality and earnestness in life.

I suppose there is some truth in each of these opinions. I wish you would sift it out, Sir, if you have time and space, some day. I am a clergyman, and have a great sense of the wholesome effect of ridicule, when properly applied (it is applied to us Clergy, often enough, *e.g.*, last week's *Punch*), but when it tends towards cynicism, it cannot be healthy, surely? Mixing a good deal with the poor, I know there is much less of this laughter at show of feeling amongst them than among the upper classes, and I believe it is because their hard struggle for existence makes life more real to them,—not a thing to be either philosophised about, or to be brought with great labour into an artificial condition, but to be lived. I do not know if you will think the question worth raising in your columns.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. D. M.

BOOKS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

This is in every way a characteristic book. It is very characteristic of Mr. Trollope that full six years before his death he should have completed an autobiography which he did not intend to be published in his life-time. In that, as in everything else that he did during his literary career, he was always several years in advance of his actual needs, and to those who know how rarely literary men are in advance of their actual needs, how much they trust to the spur of necessity for the stimulus requisite for the supply of those needs, this redundant energy of Mr. Trollope's will seem not only characteristic, but even unique. Again, the absolute frankness of the book is most characteristic of Mr. Trollope; and so is its unequalled,—manliness we were going to say,—but we mean something both more and less than manliness, covering more than the daring of manliness and something less than the quietness or equanimity which we are accustomed to include in that term, so we may call it, its unequalled masculineness. Mr. Trollope is not only candid in this autobiography; but of any deficiency of his own which he wishes to confess, he confesses himself almost defiantly. In speaking of his oratorical shortcomings, he remarks, with great truth, "If there were something special to be said, I could say it in a common-place fashion; but always as though I were in a hurry, and with the fear before me of being thought to be prolix." That was undoubtedly also Mr. Trollope's manner even in conversation, and that manner communicates a certain superficial appearance of aggressiveness even to the style of his autobiography. There is a hurly-burly frankness about it, as of a man who is defying the public to prevent him from saying of himself precisely what he wants to say. And, no doubt, he does say precisely what he wants to say; and what he wants to say is most creditable to him; but it is thrust upon us somewhat too headlongly, too much after the fashion of the ardent hunting man he was, one who would ride straight across country, and was determined never to avail himself of any gap or gate which would furnish a more natural transition from one position to another. Then the book is also highly characteristic in its confessions of Mr. Trollope's official and political morality. Nothing more creditable to a public man than what he tells us of his relation to the Post Office after he became a really trusted and efficient servant of the Post Office, could well be conceived. It is not the conscientiousness of his work to which we refer, for we hope that is common enough, but its austere independence of anything like concession to the weakness of his superiors,—its masterful resolve to let the authorities know that, implicitly as they were obeyed, they had the full and sole responsibility of carrying out a policy which one of the ablest of their subordinates thought foolish, and the folly of which he would not shrink from demonstrating so far as they gave him the chance. There are very few public officials who have the courage to act thus, and yet no line of conduct more patriotic, more truly useful to the institutions of the country, can be imagined, than this pertinacity of able subordinates in pressing their detailed criticism on the attention of their superiors, even at the very time at which they are implicitly following the instructions they receive. So, and so only, can the higher authorities get the full advantage of the experience of their subordinates, as well as the advantage of their fidelity in carrying out orders:—

"During the whole of this work in the Post Office it was my principle always to obey authority in everything instantly, but never to allow my mouth to be closed as to the expression of my opinion. They who had the ordering of me very often did not know the work as I knew it,—could not tell as I could what would be the effect of this or that change. When carrying out instructions which I knew should not have been given, I never scrupled to point out the fatuity of the improper order in the strongest language that I could decently employ. I have revelled in these official correspondences, and look back to some of them as the greatest delights of my life. But I am not sure that they were so delightful to others."

No wonder Mr. Trollope was not always a favourite at head-quarters. It is greatly to the honour of the Post Office that he was valued as highly as he was, and was entrusted with so many responsible duties by its chiefs. No doubt, in those "delicious feuds" of which he speaks with such intense enjoyment the feuds in which, apparently, he was generally pitted against Sir Rowland Hill and Sir Rowland Hill's party, he was fre-

* *An Autobiography.* By Anthony Trollope. 2 vols. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

ty right, though sometimes at least wrong. As regards, for nee, the question of competitive examinations, on which he nemently adopted the Conservative side, we believe him to been quite wrong,—and wrong even on the very grounds hich he attacked the new system. But often, doubtless, Trollope was absolutely right, and we feel pretty sure that nderstood the art, necessary in so great a Department, of rning men, much better than Sir Rowland Hill.

his book is characteristic also in the complete sincerity of somewhat mundane ideal of life. Mr. Trollope seems to be of the few men who have really reached their ideal, and yed reaching it to the full. It is not often that a man of us,—and no one will deny that Mr. Trollope was a man of as,—would be able to write as Mr. Trollope writes in this k and manly passage:—

"I had created for myself a position among literary men, and had ured to myself an income on which I might live in ease and com-rt,—which ease and comfort have been made to include many xuries. From this time for a period of twelve years my income veraged £4,500 a year. Of this I spent about two-thirds, and put by one. I ought perhaps to have done better,—to have spent one-hird, and put by two; but I have ever been too well inclined to spend freely that which has come easily. This, however, has been so exactly the life which my thoughts and aspirations had marked out,—thoughts and aspirations which used to cause me to blush with shame because I was so slow in forcing myself to the work which they demanded,—that I have felt some pride in having attained it. I have before said how entirely I fail to reach the altitude of those who think that a man devoted to letters should be indifferent to the pecuniary results for which work is generally done. An easy income has always been regarded by me as a great blessing. Not to have to think of sixpences, or very much of shillings; not to be unhappy because the coals have been burned too quickly, and the house linen wants renewing; not to be debarred by the rigour of necessity from opening one's hands, perhaps foolishly, to one's friends;—all this to me has been essential to the comfort of life. I have enjoyed the comfort for I may almost say the last twenty years, though no man in his youth had less prospect of doing so, or would have been less likely at twenty-five to have had such luxuries foretold to him by his friends. But though the money has been sweet, the respect, the friendships, and the mode of life which has been achieved, have been much sweeter. In my boyhood, when I would be crawling up to school with dirty boots and trousers through the muddy lanes, I was always telling myself that the misery of the hour was not the worst of it, but that the mud and solitude and poverty of the time would insure me mud and solitude and poverty through my life. Those lads about me would go into Parliament, or become rectors and deans, or squires of parishes, or advocates thundering at the Bar. They would not live with me now,—but neither should I be able to live with them in after years. Nevertheless, I have lived with them. When, at the age in which others go to the Universities, I became a clerk in the Post Office, I felt that my old visions were being realised. I did not think it a high calling. I did not know then how very much good work may be done by a member of the Civil Service who will show himself capable of doing it. The Post Office at last grew upon me, and forced itself into my affections. I became intensely anxious that people should have their letters delivered to them punctually. But my hope to rise had always been built on the writing of novels, and at last by the writing of novels I had risen. I do not think that I ever toadied any one, or that I have acquired the character of a tuft-hunter. But here I do not scruple to say that I prefer the society of distinguished people, and that even the distinction of wealth confers many advantages. The best education is to be had at a price, as well as the best broadcloth. The son of a peer is more likely to rub his shoulders against well-informed men than the son of a tradesman. The graces come easier to the wife of him who has had great-grandfathers than they do to her whose husband has been less,—or more fortunate, as he may think it. The discerning man will recognise the information and the graces when they are achieved without such assistance, and will honour the owners of them the more because of the difficulties they have overcome;—but the fact remains that the society of the well-born and of the wealthy will as a rule be worth seeking. I say this now, because these are the rules by which I have lived, and these are the causes which have instigated me to work."

There is a great deal in that passage which any man might well be proud to be able to write with that complete and absolute truthfulness with which Mr. Trollope has written it. But there is in it a curious revelation of the secret of Mr. Trollope's energy and efficiency in the bareness of the ideal itself, and the overflowing satisfaction with which it is contemplated. Strangely enough, Mr. Trollope could create characters, and did create characters who, if they had written down their own ideals, would have painted something which seems to us infinitely higher than such an ideal as this. His own favourite, Plantagenet Palliser—not the Plantagenet Palliser of *Framley Parsonage*, but the Plantagenet Palliser of *Can You Forgive Her?* and the subsequent novels, especially when he becomes Duke of Omnium, and has to manage unruly children after the death of his wife, had a far higher ideal than this. Mr. Harding had a far higher ideal than this. So had Mr. Crawley, and so even had Dean Arabin. But it is difficult, after reading this autobiography, not to feel that Mr. Trollope had a higher ideal when thinking the thoughts of some of the children of his own imagination, than he had when thinking his own. Of course, as he tells us, this Autobiography is not intended to give any record of his inner life. But the very passage in which he tells this, and in which he is taking his farewell of his readers, is written in a key that does not suggest any of those subtler and deeper yearnings which usually enter into the essential ideal of a man of genius:—

"It will not, I trust, be supposed by any reader that I have intended in this so-called autobiography to give a record of my inner life. No man ever did so truly,—and no man ever will. Rousseau probably attempted it, but who doubts but that Rousseau has confessed in much the thoughts and convictions rather than the facts of his life? If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood; if a cup of wine has been a joy to me; if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise; if now and again I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a £5 note over a card-table;—of what matter is that to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved, rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money, and I have lost none. To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and ill effects,—to have the sweet, and leave the bitter untasted,—that has been my study. The preachers tell us that this is impossible. It seems to me that hitherto I have succeeded fairly well. I will not say that I have never scorched a finger,—but I carry no ugly wounds. For what remains to me of life I trust for my happiness still chiefly to my work—hoping that when the power of work he over with me, God may be pleased to take me from a world in which, according to my view, there can be no joy; secondly, to the love of those who love me; and then to my books."

That is hardly the tone, we think, in which a man would write who had purposely kept out of his narrative the highest aspirations of his life. Mr. Trollope was thoroughly in earnest in wishing to teach a high morality by his tales,—and no tales could be purer than his from anything like mischief; at the same time, we should say that what he understood as a high morality was a morality of a very limited kind, and involved little more for men and women in general than insisting that girls should be modest and loving, and that men should be honest and diligent, and should know their own minds. He hardly even teaches so much as that men should be pure as well as women, or that women should be courageous as well as men. Here is one of the passages in which he exhibits his doctrine as to the moral teaching of the novel:—

"The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach, whether he wish to teach or no. How shall he teach lessons of virtue and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? That sermons are not in themselves often thought to be agreeable we all know. Nor are disquisitions on moral philosophy supposed to be pleasant reading for our idle hours. But the novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics. If he can do this efficiently, if he can make virtue alluring and vice ugly, while he charms his readers instead of wearying them, then I think Mr. Carlyle need not call him distressed, nor talk of that long ear of fiction, nor question whether he be or not the most foolish of existing mortals. I think that many have done so; so many that we English novelists may boast as a class that such has been the general result of our own work. Looking back to the past generation, I may say with certainty that such was the operation of the novels of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Walter Scott. Coming down to my own times, I find such to have been the teaching of Thackeray, of Dickens, and of George Eliot. Speaking, as I shall speak to any who may read these words, with that absence of self-personality which the dead may claim, I will boast that such has been the result of my own writing. Can any one by search through the works of the six great English novelists I have named, find a scene, a passage, or a word that would teach a girl to be immodest, or a man to be dishonest? When men in their pages have been described as dishonest and women as immodest, have they not ever been punished? It is not for the novelist to say, baldly and simply: 'Because you lied here, or were heartless there, because you Lydia Bennet forgot the lessons of your honest home, or you Earl Leicester were false through your ambition, or you Beatrix loved too well the glitter of the world, therefore you shall be scourged with scourges either in this world or in the next;' but it is for him to show, as he carries on his tale, that his Lydia, or his Leicester, or his Beatrix, will be dishonoured in the estimation of all readers by his or her vices. Let a woman be drawn clever, beautiful, attractive,—so as to make men love her, and women almost envy her,—and let her be made also heartless, unfeminine, and ambitious of evil grandeur, as was Beatrix, what a danger is there not in such a character! To the novelist who shall handle it, what peril of doing harm! But if at last it have been so handled that every girl who reads of Beatrix shall say: 'Oh! not like that;—let me not be like that!' and that every youth shall say: 'Let me not have such a one as that to press to my bosom, anything rather than that!'—then will not the novelist have preached his sermon as perhaps no clergyman can preach it?"

It is perfectly obvious that Mr. Trollope succeeded in embodying this ideal of the moral teaching of a novel in almost

rall his tales. But in how very few of them did he portray a character which puts before us a very high or delicate standard of motive and principle, such as that of the Duke in *The Duke's Children*, or that of Mr. Harding in all the Barchester stories, or that of Mr. Crawley in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, or that of Dean Arabin in the same story. For the most part, Mr. Trollope is content with showing up the meanness of cowardice and dishonesty, and the misery of marrying without love, and he owes it rather to the force of his imagination than to his own personal ideal of what life should be, if he takes us into a finer and rarer atmosphere of spiritual feeling. The redundant healthiness and energy of Mr. Trollope show themselves abundantly in this autobiography, as in his stories; but certainly part of the secret of that energy was that he did not spend his strength, like George Eliot, on constructing subtle, or fastidious, or ambitious moral ideals, nor even, like Thackeray, on lamenting that human weakness so frequently foils the endeavours which the human conscience originates.

The passage in these volumes which has given us as much pleasure as any, is the admirable one in which Mr. Trollope sketches his own political attitude, and gives the rationale of his political belief. We have always had the impression which Mr. Frederic Greenwood, who was the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* during the period of Mr. Trollope's contributions to it, has just confirmed, that Mr. Trollope was not an able political writer, and hardly ever touched a political question so as to throw any fresh light upon it. So much the more gratifying is it to find in his Autobiography a passage so clear and thoughtful, and so full of wise moderation, as the following:—

"Writing now at an age beyond sixty, I can say that my political feelings and convictions have never undergone any change. They are now what they became when I first began to have political feelings and convictions. Nor do I find in myself any tendency to modify them as I have found generally in men as they grow old. I consider myself to be an advanced, but still a Conservative-Liberal, which I regard not only as a possible but as a rational and consistent phase of political existence. I can, I believe, in a very few words, make known my political theory; and as I am anxious that any who know aught of me should know that, I will endeavour to do so. It must, I think, be painful to all men to feel inferiority. It should, I think, be a matter of some pain to all men to feel superiority, unless when it has been won by their own efforts. We do not understand the operations of Almighty wisdom, and are therefore unable to tell the causes of the terrible inequalities that we see,—why some, why so many, should have so little to make life enjoyable, so much to make it painful, while a few others, not through their own merit, have had gifts poured out to them from a full hand. We acknowledge the hand of God and his wisdom, but still we are struck with awe and horror at the misery of many of our brethren. We who have been born to the superior condition,—for in this matter I consider myself to be standing on a platform with dukes and princes, and all others to whom plenty and education and liberty have been given,—cannot, I think, look upon the inane, unintellectual, and tost-bound life of those who cannot even feed themselves sufficiently by their sweat, without some feeling of injustice, some feeling of pain. This consciousness of wrong has induced in many enthusiastic but unbalanced minds a desire to set all things right by a proclaimed equality. In their efforts such men have shown how powerless they are in opposing the ordinances of the Creator. For the mind of the thinker and the student is driven to admit, though it be awestruck by apparent injustice, that this inequality is the work of God. Make all men equal to-day, and God has so created them that they shall be all unequal to-morrow. The so-called Conservative, the conscientious philanthropic Conservative, seeing this, and being surely convinced that such inequalities are of divine origin, tells himself that it is his duty to preserve them. He thinks that the preservation of the welfare of the world depends on the maintenance of those distances between the prince and the peasant by which he finds himself to be surrounded;—and perhaps, I may add, that the duty is not unpleasant, as he feels himself to be one of the princes. But this man, though he sees something, and sees that very clearly, sees only a little. The divine inequality is apparent to him, but not the equally divine diminution of that inequality. That such diminution is taking place on all sides is apparent enough; but it is apparent to him as an evil, the consummation of which it is his duty to retard. He cannot prevent it; and therefore the society to which he belongs is, in his eyes, retrograding. He will even, at times, assist it; and will do so conscientiously, feeling that, under the gentle pressure supplied by him, and with the drags and holdfasts which he may add, the movement would be slower than it would become if subjected to his proclaimed and absolute opponents. Such, I think, are Conservatives;—and I speak of men who, with the fear of God before their eyes and the love of their neighbours warm in their hearts, endeavour to do their duty to the best of their ability. Using the term which is now common, and which will be best understood, I will endeavour to explain how the equally conscientious Liberal is opposed to the Conservative. He is equally aware that these distances are of divine origin, equally averse to any sudden disruption of society in quest of some Utopian blessedness;—but he is alive to the fact that these distances are day by day becoming less, and he regards this continual diminution as a series of steps towards that human millennium of which he dreams. He is even willing to help the many to ascend the ladder a little, though he knows, as they come up towards him, he must go down to meet them. What is really in his will not say equality, for the word is offensive, and prej imaginations of men ideas of communism, of ruin, and mocracy,—but a tendency towards equality. In following ever, he knows that he must be hemmed in by safeguards, tempted to travel too quickly; and therefore he is glad to panied on his way by the repressive action of a Co opponent. Holding such views, I think I am guilty of no in calling myself an advanced Conservative-Liberal. A entertains in his mind any political doctrine, except as improving the condition of his fellows, I regard as a triguer, a charlatan, and a conjuror,—as one who thinks certain amount of wary wire-pulling, he may raise him estimation of the world."

That seems to us one of the wisest and tersest sur political principle which we have ever come across, too, with none of that hurry and noisiness of style often injures Mr. Trollope's reflective writing. It does us regret that Mr. Trollope failed in his canvas at Be for life in Parliament would certainly have been waste him,—but it does show us that there was more of the st in him than we had ever before suspected, for unquestional Greenwood is right in saying that in political writing Mr. T generally failed. Only a charlatan or a madman will tall equality of all mankind, or even of all the citizens of one Only a Tory will talk of artificially created inequalities as were pure blessings, which it becomes wise statesmen je to protect, and even to exaggerate. But the true Liberal as Mr. Trollope says, do all in his power to attenua artificial inequalities which caste and privilege have creat exaggerated to the great disadvantage of those who are h weighted in the race, without attempting to raise in any the false hope that by any possible manipulation of affa can ever be contrived that all men shall start with even chan in life, or even that equal powers shall be sure of equ success. The principle of true Liberalism was evidently he by Mr. Trollope in its simplest form. But we doubt whet political life ever interested him like the development of human character; and political life treated from a merely social point of view was a theme which he would justly have despised.

BELINDA.*

Miss Broughton is one of the few novel-writers whom we miss, now that no really great master of the art of fiction is left among us, if for a season or two they make no sign. Her faults are as conspicuous as her merits, and they are the more irritating, because it is evident from her persistence in them that she takes them to be meritorious; but everything that she writes is readable, and everybody remembers that there has not been a novel by her for some time, and is glad to see *Belinda*. This is a good deal to have to say of any writer, in an era of transient trash; it is a pity that the author of *Second Thoughts* has not given her serious critics—not mere flatterers, but those who think she might make better use of her exceptional ability—much more than this to say for her present novel, which has come after an unusually long interval. In its predecessor, *Second Thoughts*, there was more literary merit, as well as greater excellence of other kinds, than Miss Broughton had previously displayed; and she refrained in that work from most of her former offences against good taste, from flippant and irreverent treatment of sacred subjects, and from the distortion of family relations into their meanest, ugliest, and least respectable forms. Not only had the book more grace in it, but it had better grammar. In both these respects, we regret to find Miss Broughton backsliding. *Belinda*, with plentiful touches of the writer's characteristic brilliancy, and sharp, sudden pathos, with much pictorial beauty, and occasional charming gusts of fresh feeling for the loveliness and the loftiness of Nature—passages quite unlike the set descriptions in which most writers convey what they take to be local colour—carries us back to equivocal grammar and worthless company.

Age made contemptible by selfishness and insincerity, youth without reverence, and lives of human beings with as little principle or responsibility to govern or direct them as if the people in the story were all wandering elves, in a world where cause and effect have no correlation; such are the chief objects we are invited to contemplate in the course of the history of Belinda Churchill, one of the two sisters to whom Miss Broughton adheres, with the constancy of Mr. G. P. R. James to his two horsemen. One cannot read the book without wondering

* *Belinda*. A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton. London: Bentley and Son.

e author really never did hear or read of people be good, without being dull; who were capable of erious view of their relations to each other—the view and the Gospel alike—and maintaining them with nsistency, but who were not ponderous bores, or nteresting, for all that. If she acknowledges that le exist, why can she not give them a place in her In the present instance, we have not the worthless, and hated father, who has figured in several of Miss 's former stories; but we have a selfish, worldly, woman, the grandmother of the two girls, who is be admired. There is humour in the scenes between hill girls and the old lady—whom "Belinda does not hile Daudet, from whose pages her grandchildren's rouses her, does"—but it is humour that has an ill mour that offends, just as when the young man with linda's sister has been flirting comes up with her on a walk in Wales, and she says, "A more direct o prayer I have seldom heard of;" that observation . Sayings of this kind are not witty, and not well- hey are the cheapest and the easiest sort of "patter" no more difficult or admirable than a "topical" song; ie author of *Belinda* has better things than vulgar cy to season her discourse withal. There is real lity in her Miss Watson, the ever inopportunely une busybody, who is always at hand to interrupt overs, postpone the catastrophes, and generally help dot—it needs helping a good deal, for there is not of it—and who is a kind of compound of Paul Pry Miss Pratt, in *The Inheritance*. Miss Watson's rude- , her invincible assurance, her ineffable self-sufficiency, her ewdness, and her pertinacity, are admirably drawn; and as e is nobody's near relation, there is not the bitter taste her sayings and doings that spoils the humour of the er sketches. There is also real comicality, close observation, and true sympathy in all the parts that the Churchill dogs are made to play in the drama. We have been indebted to Miss Broughton for several delightful dogs, especially for that sociable "Mr. Brown," who "did not mind mustard," and we are now truly grateful to her for "Punch" and "Slutty." The Churchill dogs are acquisitions of great price, especially "Punch," whose nicely graduated reception of his mistress's visitors is a gem of humour and appreciation.

Lively dialogue is always to be looked for in a novel by Miss Broughton, and *Belinda* gives us a good deal. It is sometimes rather too lively; the sallies of Sarah occasionally go beyond the mark of good taste, as, for instance, when she talks of her sister's having gone to a party, where she met "the usual refuse of a second-rate literary salon; dirty little poets, and greasy little positivists." Without pretending to a knowledge of how young ladies talk among themselves, we think it is safe to conclude that they do not say that sort of thing. Sarah Churchill is an amusing person, but she is an example of Miss Broughton's tendency to draw one-sided characters. She is a flirt who is always flirting, a funny flirt, and not a bad creature, though she has no more principle than her grandmother; but one can form no notion of her apart from flippant, rather vulgar, flirtationsness, except it be a sharp knowledge of not the best world. We can laugh at, and with her, but she is too plainly and persistently a foil for the sentimental woes of Belinda to be true to any kind of nature, except it be that unclassed and elfish sort to which we have before alluded.

Belinda, the heroine of the story, is one of Miss Broughton's young ladies, and she falls in love with one of Miss Broughton's young gentlemen. The latter is a much-faded specimen; until the critical period of illicit love-making arrives, when he becomes as vivid, under the influence of her purpose, to take his neighbour's wife "to the Devil" (it is the lady who frankly and truly describes the transaction in these words) with him, as any of his predecessors. Otherwise, David Rivers conveys no notion of an individuality. The author has not troubled herself to give him any, and she bestows no originality ("no smallest," as she would say, in that queer diction so dear to her imitators), upon the device by which Belinda and David are parted, at a time when their love is innocent. The frank boldness that employs an expedient which belongs to the most venerable traditions of the novel-writer's craft, is only to be justified by a satisfactory treatment of the subsequent situations. Miss Broughton has fulfilled that condition. Nothing can render her theme pleasant or edifying; but, having made her heroine marry a selfish, old, valetudinarian pedant, whose character she draws with cruel force and great success, for Professor Forth is as distinct as he is disagreeable, and then brought her and her former lover together again under circumstances of skilfully piled-up temptation and facilities, Miss Broughton treats the situation with great ability. We wish she had not created that situation, one as odious in fiction as it is revolting in real life. The wooing of a married woman to her ruin by a man who profanes the name of love by that deed of theft and scoundrelism can never be otherwise than pitch, not to be touched without defilement; but the author deserves praise for the way in which she brings the sure and certain penalty of illicit love into evidence. We know, of course, that she will save Belinda (if it is to be called saving her) in the end, and that she will kill off the inconvenient and inconsiderate old Professor, leaving her readers to finish the story with wedding-bells and everlasting felicity, and taking no account of the heavily-handicapped start in life of two people with such a record in their past as the scenes that precede the happy release of the Professor. This finale would leave much to be desired in point of morality, even according to the standard to which it is reasonable to bring a novel, but for the way in which the writer handles her objectionable subject. That way vindicates her. The ill-savour is inevitable, but the poison is extracted by the following passage, and others like it, which we cannot quote, occurring after the lovers have arranged their flight:—

"'Oh, if it were but all right! all on the straight! What could Heaven do better than this? Ay! but the might of that "if!"'—'And you *must* go?' she says, sighingly; 'you think it is quite unavoidable; you *must?*'—'I must,' he answers, in a tone as grudging as hers; 'there is no help for it; there are'—hesitating—'there are arrangements to be made that I must make personally, that could not be done by writing; and I must also go to Milnthorpe, to see about my work.'—'It—this—will not make any difference to your work?' she asks rapidly, and in a tone of acute alarm; 'it—it will not injure your prospects?'—'Of course not, of course not,' he answers, in a tone of feverish reassurance; 'why should it? What connection is there between a man's private life and his business relations? What concern is it of theirs whether I—I——'—'You run away with your neighbour's wife,' she says, in a low, hard voice, finishing his sentence; 'why do you not speak out? If a thing is not too bad to do, it is not too bad to say.' But through the dark he divines the agony of the blush that accompanies her words; and again that sword-like pain, which had marred the first moments of his triumphant bliss, once more traverses his heart. . . . . 'You will not be long away?' she says, with a passionate wistfulness; 'you will not leave me long alone?'—'Need you tell me that?' There is almost derision in his tone. . . . . 'You will not despise me more than you can help?' she whispers, with a sob, dark as it is, hiding her face on his breast. 'Of course you must despise me, but you will try and hide it as well as you can, will not you?' Are his wits wandering? Can this be his divine and lofty lady, preferring this miserable prayer? Can this be he, blasphemously listening to it? 'How *am* I to get through these days?' she moans, clinging to him. 'Oh, come quickly back! How am I to look him in the face, without telling him what I am planning against him? If he says one hard word to me, it will be the death of me! Happily for me, he never does.' . . . . . For all answer, he only strains her more desperately to his heart. . . . . 'I shall be always fancying that you are growing tired of me,' she whispers. 'Promise not to grow tired of me! Promise! promise! Remember that I shall have *nothing, nothing* but you in the whole, wide world, and that when you are gone from me, *everything* will be gone! But what is the use of making you promise? How can you help it? If you grow tired of me, you will grow tired; and there will be an end of it.'"

The whole of this scene is remarkably fine, and may claim to be as far from "encouraging the others" as the sternest moralist could require. But now that we know Miss Broughton can deal powerfully and fitly with such a topic as the entrance on deadly sin and ruin by a man and woman who have a prevision of the inevitable punishment, we should be glad to think that for the future she would let her lively fancy, her pleasant humour, her quick sympathy, her delightful sense of the beauties of Nature, her sharp satire, and her keen sensibilities find more wholesome exercise than she has afforded them in the medley of passion and triviality called *Belinda*.

MR. SEEBOHM'S VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.*

The reconstruction of a vanished world is one of the most difficult and most enchanting feats of science, and when accomplished with success is, perhaps, the best impulse that can be given to the further progress of research and thought. But if the knowledge, industry, and ingenuity required for the

* *The English Village Community.* An Essay in Economic History. By Frederic Seebohm. Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

work are immense in the case of an Owen or a Lyell, where the things dealt with cannot lie, even more are those qualities needed in the man who is dealing not with dead and inanimate matter, but with the ever-living and ever-changing institutions of mankind. Mr. Seebohm in his book on the English village community has shown this constructive power of the scientific imagination in its highest form. Its publication forms an epoch in the early history of institutions. The researches of Maurer (we must claim to be allowed to drop the unnecessary "von" of German names) in Germany, the writings of Sir Henry Maine on the English and Indian village communities, and Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's great work on Russia, have familiarised us with the thought that in the village community was to be found the key to the early history of civilised life everywhere. But no one has worked out the details of the history of the village community or grasped the main outlines of its working with such industry and clearness, nor has any one presented them in so interesting and vivid a form to the public as Mr. Seebohm. The book is a model of what such a book should be. Starting with the township of Hitchin, where he lives, Mr. Seebohm gives us from old records a lifelike picture of an English manor before the era of enclosure Acts and the working of the three-course system of agriculture on open or common fields. Then, by picking up a hint here and a word or two there, he carries us back step by step from the known to the unknown, through the times of Edward III. to those of the hundred-rolls of Edward I., and so to Domesday Book and Saxon charters, King Alfred's will, even up to the laws of King Ina and of King Ethelbert, in the seventh and sixth centuries, or within a century of the conquest of England by the Saxons. Through all these centuries, in all parts of Saxon England, he finds the village community organised as a manor, with its lord and his court, its demesne land and its open fields, its three-field system and Lammas meadows, its villains, its cottiers, and, in the earlier times, its slaves. He finds, in fact, that the typical English village community was not one of equal freemen, holding equal shares, and administering a common property, but one of lord and serf, in which the serfs were the land-slaves of the lord, who alone, with perhaps a few dependants planted on his demesne, was a freeman, and, to use modern parlance, a citizen.

Instead of early English economic history being the story of the gradual decline of the freeman taking his own share of the common land into the serf tilling his lord's land, and his rise again into the free copyholder or leaseholder, it should, according to Mr. Seebohm, be regarded as a continuous rise of the serf bound to whatever servile services his lord required into the villain bound only to services fixed by custom, and thence, again, into the free cultivator at a fixed money rent. The "hams" and "tons" of the Billings and the Wellings, which we had been taught to regard as the early homes and towns of a free community of equal English which had been converted by the Saxons of the degenerate days of Edward, and by the conquering Normans, into manors, were really manors all along. It is even worse than this. In tracing the origin of the English village community, Mr. Seebohm shows that it was not derived from the Celts of Wales, and of Cornwall and Ireland, who were still in the semi-pastoral, and not in the agricultural stage, and though they had the common-field system, had an earlier form of it than prevailed in Saxon England. They were freemen, who were not yet settled in fixed agricultural abodes, but, like the Germans of Tacitus' time, still redivided their lands year by year, and, instead of "calling them after their own names," called them after some physical peculiarity of hill, or wood, or stream. We are, therefore, transported to the Teutonic mainland from whence the English came. Here Mr. Seebohm ventures to meet Maurer, and attack him on his own ground. The numerous *ingens* and *heims* of Germany, the *ignys* and *incourts* of France, are no mere traces of free village communities, but are identical with the *weils* and *villes* which mark the Roman villa, and the Roman villa is the common ancestor of "ham" and "heim," of "ville" and "ton," of "court" and "manor." Geography, etymology, history, old charters of German and French abbeys, Roman agricultural writers, Roman historians, Roman lawgivers, Varro, Cæsar, Tacitus, Cicero, and Justinian, all are made to contribute their quota to the proof that the village community was one of serfs, not of freemen; was the product not of free German tribes, not even of the conquering Germans planted by their own force among Roman villæ, but of conquered Germans planted by the force of the late emperors within the Roman border, to cultivate wha devastated, and to uphold the system which they deavoured to overthrow. Further, the three-field sys be identified not with the system of equal inheritance heirs, but with the system of the inheritance of one; a one, though latterly the eldest, yet probably at fi youngest son. In fact, the custom of borough-Eng made to furnish the disproof of its being an English and to point rather to a survival of Celtic ownership Roman rule. Moreover, for this revolutionary book none of our most cherished prepossessions of the early of our race untouched, the three-field system points to the of the English not in the "bogs and sands" of Jutlan Friesland, where the one-field system prevailed, but in the lands of the Rhine, Bavaria, Elsass, Würtemberg. La instead of the Saxons annihilating and exterminating Romano-British, and devastating, destroying, and dese their settlements, the "hams" and the "tuns" and the m were situate on the very sites, and probably were cultivate the very inhabitants of the Roman villa, the Roman "domin merely giving place to the English "lord;" the "colonus" to t "gebur;" the "jugerum" to the "acre;" the "centuria" to t "hide;" and the "sordida munera" to the "villain-service

Now, all this last part goes a little too far. Why is the dir evidence of Bede as to the former homes of the English to rejected, when his indirect evidence as to the prevalence of t manorial system is to be accepted? and, if deportation is to accepted as the origin of great part of the English nation, is likely that in those days Bavarians and Rhinelanders would transported to Britain rather than those of Lower Germany Moreover, the custom of borough-English, even if it be a mitted not to be English, as is probably the case, but Wels is, at all events, more a mark of a borough than of th country. Only during the last summer assizes, for instance, the custom was asserted at Gloucester. Gloucester, as Mr. Seebohm reminds us, was one of the latest conquered of English cities, and was close to places where, as he shows, the Welsh tribal system, and not the English village system, prevailed. But the custom was strictly limited to the city of Gloucester within its ancient Roman boundary, and, as Mr. Seebohm virtually admits, whatever may have been the case with Roman and British villas, the English invaders carefully avoided the towns in the early period of their occupation. The existence of the custom of borough-English, or the inheritance of the youngest son, ought, therefore, not to be pressed into the service of his theory, as showing a connection between Germans abroad and at home, so much as between Celts abroad and at home, and no one has ever denied that the Celts were in occupation of the Rhine and of Britain before the Teutons. Indeed, if the argument drawn from it is good for anything, it rather goes to prove the Celtic origin of the village community, an origin which Mr. Seebohm denies. At the same time, it must be allowed that the real evidence for any particular domicile of the English in Germany is exceedingly scanty, and so is the written evidence of the thoroughness of the English conquest. But the facts that there is no record of the conquest in Welsh sources, and that everywhere Roman remains appear to have suffered from fire, would tend to show that Mr. Freeman and Mr. Green were right in representing it as not a mere conquest, like that of the Normans, but an annihilation. At the same time, it is possible that the English may have destroyed the Roman houses and the Roman churches, and not have destroyed the hovels of the German and Celtic serfs, and may have retained the remnant of the agricultural population in its old homes, doing its old work. It is, of course, also open to Mr. Seebohm to contend that the English, wherever they came from, came as emigrants, and not as mere conquerors, with their wives and children, their serfs and slaves, their corn-seed, and even cattle. Whatever may be the ultimate view which may be adopted as to the origin of the English, and of the English village community and the universality of the manorial system, there is no doubt that the whole subject must be reconsidered, in the light of the new facts and new arguments brought to bear on it in this book. There can be as little doubt that even if the universality of the manorial system in Saxon, as distinct from Danish and Welsh, England be not proved, yet it must be admitted that it prevailed far more widely in pre-Norman England than has hitherto been suspected, and that if not universal, it

t the most general form of land-tenure in the midland east of England.

ether the village community was free or unfree, ore has its working been so vividly brought before , is both in the text and in the admirable maps us by which it is illustrated. The skill with which hor has seized upon every point of vantage, and ned the most unexpected facts into cogent pieces of e, would have made his fortune as a criminal lawyer. before us the old village, with its common plough, to he various landholders contribute oxen according to their and share accordingly the strips of land into which the n field is cut up. We realise how it was that such an ntly impossible system as that of holdings of land red in acres and half-acres, "lying dispersedly," as old have it, all over the common fields, came to be not only ole, but necessary. We learn the origin of those curious s or "linches" which mark the site of those ancient fields, nclosed, in the continuous turnings of the furrow on the of a hill at the end of a strip one way, and that the ss of turf—which are still to be seen in fields in Oxford- re, for instance—marked the divisions where the plough went k idle to renew its furlong or "furrow-long" course down field; we learn that the acre was the measure of the land ich a plough team could do in a day which ended at mid-day; see the wretched husbandmen toiling their three days a week the lord, paying him their "little dues of wheat and beer d oil,"—fetching and carrying, and toiling and moiling, that he y dwell in ease and luxury. Seeing all, we can thank our stars at if there are in these days "clouds over Arcady," that Arcady a very much nicer place to live in than it was in the times of good King Edward," or in the days of the later Edward who is known as the English Justinian, or even of his grandson, ie victor of Crecy. The interest of the book never flags. At every turn new light is thrown on some well-known passage or ancient difficulty. Nothing could better illustrate the keenness of vision and open-eyedness, if one may use a word which ought to exist, if it does not, which are characteristic of the author than the interpretation placed upon the "faire field" of Piers Ploughman's *Vision*, with its "diggers and delvers," its "balks" and its "half-acres" which have to be "eared" by the "ploughman" and the cooks selling "hot pies, all hot," as clearly pointing to the common fields, where the whole village is collected for work and society. Nor could anything be more ingenious than his interpretation of King Edward the Confessor's dream, when he saw "the green tree, after severance from its trunk and removal for the space of three acres," return to its parent stem, as perhaps suggested to the "delirious King" by a tree growing out of one of the balks, which "the uneven glass in his window-pane moved apparently three acres' breadth up the open field" which he looked on, "restoring it again to its root as he sank back upon his pillow." This interpretation would have raised the author to great honour in the Court of Nebuchadnezzar, and displays a critical ingenuity of the highest order. The whole book is full of suggestive and incisive criticisms of the same kind. Whether all of them are sound, and whether the general conclusions drawn from them are established or not, the book is rich in materials for thought, and is certain to become the starting-point of further research into this most intricate and interesting subject.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS' ESSAYS.*

No reader, however exigent, will expect us, in the space at our disposal, to give anything more than an outline description of, and a fragmentary comment upon, these volumes. Not that they are bulky, for they contain less than six hundred pages, not printed too closely for pleasant reading; but they are so crowded with the results of reflection and research, and deal with such a variety of interesting subjects, that the critic is baffled, not, as he too often is, by poverty, but rather by the superabundance of interest. The first of the Classical essays treats of Greek Oracles, the last of the Modern essays is devoted to Rossetti and the religion of beauty; and between these we have papers on Virgil and Victor Hugo, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus and Ernest Renan, George Sand and George Eliot, Mazzini and the late Dean Stanley, the poetry of Archbishop Trench and the natural theology of the author of *Ecce Homo*. Mr. Myers is to be congratulated upon the catholicity of his tastes and interests, but it is a quality which is occasionally rather perplexing to a conscientious reviewer.

Taking these volumes as a whole, our impression is that they contain nothing quite so good as the best portions of the little book on "Wordsworth," contributed by the author to the useful series of volumes on "English Men of Letters;" but every one must touch his highest possibility sometime, and Mr. Myers does not seriously disappoint any reasonable expectations raised by that admirable contribution to biography and criticism. The style of these essays is lucid, graceful, and dignified, with no defect, indeed, save an occasional strain or affectation of the kind which spoils so much of our recent prose, and which shows itself in Mr. Myers' pages mainly in fantastic and far-fetched phraseology, as when, for example, we read that one of the prominent characteristics of Archbishop Trench's poems is their expression of "gnomic and sententious calm." These lapses are, however, infrequent, and for the most part, Mr. Myers' manner is as pleasing as his matter is interesting and instructive.

Of the longest and most elaborate of these essays, that on "Greek Oracles," we must not stay to speak; partly because the majority of the following papers deal with matters of less esoteric interest, and partly because the present writer does not possess the familiarity with this region of research which alone could give him the right to appraise with authority the conclusions at which Mr. Myers arrives, though he can appreciate to the full the clear and interesting manner in which his materials are set forth. In the two other essays included in the Classical volume, those on Virgil and Marcus Aurelius, a greater number of us will feel at home; and often as the greatest Roman poet and the noblest Roman emperor have been written upon, the essays of Mr. Myers are inspired by such genuine enthusiasm and understanding that he writes with the freshness and gusto of a discoverer. We were about to say that we like the essay on Virgil less than that on Marcus Aurelius, but there will be greater truth as well as graciousness in the remark that while we like the former essay much, we like the latter more. Mr. Myers' estimate of Virgil has something of the strain to which we have referred; the voice of the critic has a falsetto tone, and though there is perhaps nothing in the essay that is really extravagant, nothing for which a more or less good case could not be made out, we seem to be kept perpetually on our guard against the exaggeration of one who is a eulogist rather than a critic. Perhaps the opening paragraph, which strikes the key-note of the composition, is largely responsible for this attitude of suspicion. Mr. Myers rhetorically writes:—

> "In literature, as in life, affection and reverence may reach a point which disposes to silence rather than to praise. The same ardour of worship which prompts to missions or to martyrdom when a saving knowledge of the beloved object can be communicated so, will shrink from all public expression when the beauty which it reveres is such as can be made manifest to each man only from within. A sense of desecration mingles with the sense of incapacity in describing what is so mysterious, so glorious, and so dear."

This, as Jeffrey said, will never do. We venture to say that an overwhelming majority of those who admire Virgil most, and who think, not without reason, that they understand what it is in his work which is worthy of admiration, will feel that these sentences do not ring true, that they are strained and unreal, that they are overcharged with that forced emotion which we call sentimentality. We know that it has become the fashion to introduce into criticism the language of spiritual devotion and erotic passion. Mr. Pater, for example, talks about the Frieze of the Parthenon with the same solemn ardour with which a devout Catholic might speak of the Virgin Mary; but it is a bad fashion at the best, and we are sorry to see it followed by so sane and sober a critic as Mr. Myers. Happily the pages which follow are not what might have been expected from such an introduction. Here and there the style is so unduly ecstatic that we instinctively prepare ourselves for protest; but the matter is such that no real necessity for protest ever arises, and we do not praise Mr. Myers too highly when we say that we know no critic who has expounded more clearly, realisably, and fully those characteristics of Virgil's work, in virtue of which it touches us and comes home to us more frequently and more keenly than the work of any other poet of the ancient world. Of the essay on Marcus Aurelius we have not space to speak as it deserves. It is both an illuminating and an inspiring study, the worth of which is largely dependent upon the fact that we are brought into such close proximity with the personality of the Imperial Stoic, and in companionship

* *Essays: Classical—Modern.* By F. W. H. Myers. Two vols., published separately. London: Macmillan and Co.

with the man we come really to understand the full meaning of his writings. As Mr. Myers justly remarks, "Character and circumstances, rather than talent or originality, give to the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius their especial value and charm;" we are interested in what is said for its own sake, but still more for the sake of the sayer; and though it would not have been possible for Mr. Myers to have contributed anything new to our knowledge of the great Antonine, he so groups the old materials as to leave a still more vivid, and veracious impression than we had before.

The contents of the volume of essays dealing with Modern themes are of somewhat unequal value. The article on Mazzini is very thorough, and penetratingly sympathetic, but it would have left a sharper impression upon the mind if the elaborate estimate of Mazzini's character and work had been thrown into bolder relief by an abbreviation of the historical procm, which seems to have—though we hesitate to write the word—a suspicion of tiresomeness. The essay on George Sand, though full of thoughtful analysis, is, to us, the least satisfactory of any of the papers in these volumes. It is difficult to lay a finger on any special passage, and say that it is unsound; every individual verdict is true enough in itself, but so much that is equally true is omitted; and the image presented to us is less an image of the real George Sand than of a transfigured *eidolon*. The want of moral health in the great writer's life is reflected even in those works where the sentiment, as sentiment, is of the purest order, and a critic who fails to perceive this can hardly be implicitly trusted. We turn with pleasure to the trenchant estimate of Victor Hugo, an essay which we commend to the notice of the noisy English clique who for the last few years have been singing shrill hymns to the glory of the literary posturings they regard as the contortions of a mighty Titan, hurling eternal defiance at the Olympus where kings, priests, and we know not what other noxious powers, sit trembling. Mr. Myers does not fail to do justice to what in Hugo's work is worthy of praise,—to his vividness and intensity of imagination, his command over the striking incidents of life and the broad outlines of character, his tenderness of touch when he speaks of the poor and the oppressed and of little children, his splendid mastery of language; but he exposes with dignified severity his want of knowledge, his want of truth, his want even of the fine sensibility in which he evidently most prides himself, his rhetorical artificiality, and most of all his stupendous egotism, which never sleeps, and never casts a veil over its wakeful face. To any one who has even a fair acquaintance with M. Hugo's works, and who, at the same time, has kept his head, it is not necessary to bring evidence in support of such an indictment; but Mr. Myers, perhaps discreetly, performs this work of supererogation, and makes his case obviously, as well as inherently, impregnable.

Of the articles on George Eliot and Rossetti it is not necessary to speak at any length; they have been so recently published in another form that they are probably well remembered by the majority of readers. The former deals with George Eliot the woman, rather than with George Eliot the writer; and the record of the impression made by her upon one who knew her well and reverenced her deeply, cannot be without its interest. The essay on "Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty" is full of interesting matter, but seems to us ingenious, rather than instructive. Just as by a patchwork system of quotation, Shakespeare has been proved to be a Catholic, a Protestant, an atheist, a lawyer, an accomplished man of science, and lastly, to be somebody else than himself, so by the same system Mr. Myers proves Rossetti to have been a modern "unconscious" Platonist. That Rossetti had a strong mystical bent is true, and all mysticism has its affinities with Platonism; but in his detailed parallel, Mr. Myers seems to break a butterfly of fancy on the wheel of an elaborate criticism. Two of the most important of the essays are those on M. Renan, and on the notable work, *Natural Theology*, by the author of *Ecce Homo;* but we cannot discuss them in a sentence, and will therefore content ourselves with this recognition of their place. We may, however, just remark, interesting as they are, that they are made less satisfactory than they might be by their writer's personal reserve, by his hesitation in committing himself, by his preference for a hypothetical manner of stating views and opinions. We have a general impression of the position which Mr. Myers occupies, but we cannot say with certainty that we exactly know where to find him; and if, in our hearing, a reader were to say that he did not know whether Mr. Myers unmistakably affirmed the being of a Personal G and an individual immortality, we might think him dull apprehension, but could not accuse him of utter stupidity. Th remark may probably surprise Mr. Myers; but to have cle convictions and to make their clearness visible to all the worl are different things, and the difference is hardly sufficientl apprehended by the writer of these papers. In spite, howeve of their somewhat tantalising tentativeness, they are full c stimulus, and ought not to be missed by any reader of these tw attractive volumes.

"PUT TO THE PROOF."*

We scarcely know whether to begin our notice of this novel by praise or criticism, for both come very much to the fore as we turn over the pages; but as the critical sentiment is more excited by the first half of the story and the laudatory by the second, we will begin by criticism. *Put to the Proof* is evidently the work of a young—an exceedingly young—lady, which, in itself, is anything but blameworthy; but is it not a pity that, this being the case, she did not get the advice of an older person or have her story overhauled by some professional hand, to save herself from the many absurd and outrageous errors which spoil an otherwise clever story and tempt us to say, as we read the first volume, that the book is written by a child and is not worth perusal? And, as far as the first volume is concerned, this is strictly true. The characters there introduced are carelessly drawn, perfectly un-lifelike, and absolutely unnecessary to the rest of the story,—all, that is to say, excepting, of course, the character of the heroine and of her tutor. The situation is in the highest degree unnatural—we may say impossible—and artistically inexcusable, as the plot, such as it is, is quite indepeudent of it. We are presented with a young man, apparently of a weak character and feebly obedient in everything to the will of a tyrannical old father, who suddenly develops strength of purpose, calmly weighs his future, and, fully appreciating the effect of his determination, rejects for his wife the lady whom his father has chosen for him and marries a beautiful mill-girl upon whom his affections have been set since his early boyhood. His father disowns and disinherits him, as he expected, and the husband and wife go off together to work for their living; but before long the wife dies and is soon followed by her husband, who, apparently without any misgivings, leaves his little daughter, Margaret, to the tender mercies of his father, her only living relative. The old man accepts the trust but refuses to have any intercourse with his young grand-daughter, or even to allow her name, which is the same as her mother's, to be mentioned in his presence; and, on one occasion, when asked what the child's name is, deliberately misnames her to avoid pronouncing the name of the woman he so much disliked; whereupon the little girl states hotly that her name is Margaret. Upon the arrival of the child, Mr. Terry—the child's grandfather—orders three rooms in the east wing of the mansion—as far from the part of the house inhabited by himself as space would permit—to be prepared for "Miss Terry," and advertises for a tutor, as he particularly objects to governesses; and there, in these three rooms, live Margaret and her tutor, for *ten* years, during which time Mr. Philip Welford—the tutor—has four interviews with Mr. Terry, and Margaret apparently only one. They meet occasionally out riding, when Mr. Terry and Mr. Welford take off their hats, and Margaret bows. Mr. Welford holds what are regarded as exalted and peculiar views on the subject of woman's education, which appear to result in a species of Kindergarten system,—the greater part of Margaret's education being carried on out of doors, and viva voce. Mr. Welford also engages a dressmaker to instruct her in milliuery and dressmaking, and he himself initiates her into the mystery of wood-carving. We hear nothing of music, so we must conclude that that science is not included in the curriculum of woman's higher education. In this way, as we have said, ten years of Margaret's life—from eight to eighteen—pass peacefully away.

The whole story is, of course, ridiculous and impossible. No English gentleman, accustomed to good society, could so disregard the wise conventionalities of life as to permit such a state of things as that described; and when Agatha Entwistle—Mr. Terry's ward and the lady rejected by his son — brings about the dismissal of Mr. Welford in the

* *Put to the Proof*. By Caroline Fothergill. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley and Son.

erests of propriety, we cannot look upon her as the eddling, mischief-making person Miss Fothergill seems think her. The impression produced upon the reader's ind, when he is introduced to Agatha Entwistle, is that ie is going to be the evil genius of the story; but the smissal of Philip and the introduction of a weak young ephew, as suitor for Margaret's hand, are her worst acts, and efore the end of the first volume she is finally disposed of. Again, we have ample reason to conclude that Margaret's life vith Philip at the Hall is to sow the seeds of a permanent attachment, which is to be the point of variance between Margaret and her grandfather, and probably to cost her her inheritance But no,—a calm but warm and hearty friendship, and nothing more, runs through their intercourse from beginning to end. Margaret *does* lose her inheritance, but not through Philip. It is certainly a great art, in writing stories, to keep secret the plot and surprise the reader with an entirely unexpected result; but it is quite the reverse to be constantly introducing persons and circumstances apparently intended to excite curiosity, and, when the reader is beginning to get interested in their development and to ask what happens, to come down upon them with "Oh, nothing happens; that is all." The introduction of Mr. Banks, the lawyer, is another instance of this tendency to irrelevant incident; we imagine that he is going to play some conspicuous part in Margaret's future, but he quietly disappears, and is seen and heard of no more.

The relation between Margaret and her grandfather is thoroughly absurd, as may be inferred from this final interview between the grandfather and grand-daughter. He has been trying to force Agatha's protégé upon her as a husband, and she has been refusing to accept him:—

"His face took an expression of fiendish malignity. He looked at her furiously. Had she shown the least sign of fear, he would probably have struck her; but she had never been taught to think that a graceful timidity is becoming in a woman, and she stood firm and unblenching before him. He did not dare to strike her, but looked at her for a moment with all his hatred of her visible in his face; then suddenly his face changed, his arm dropped nerveless to his side, and he fell insensible to the ground."

At the end of the first volume Margaret is thrown upon the world — with Philip as her only friend—to earn her own living as a wood-carver, and this result might quite easily have been arrived at without this exceedingly unnatural and unpleasing preliminary passage in her life, for she is a simple, natural woman, and no more, with no queer twists of character which need accounting for as the result of her strange bringing-up,—unless, indeed, her amazing skill and success in her work, which are certainly astounding, can in any way be attributed to it,—she completes, for instance, in less than three months—working some four hours a day—what would take years to accomplish; namely, all the carving in a small but elaborate and exquisitely finished church:—

"The carving certainly merited the admiration which was bestowed upon it. Margaret had surpassed herself. The delicate tracery and openwork looked almost like lace in their fineness, and the bold, firm strokes proved the hand of one who had mastered her art. Perhaps the most beautiful thing of all was the immense cross which stood at the top of the chancel screen, and which was twined with wreaths of passion flowers, all cut in the shining black oak."

Oak is not black and shining when freshly carved. And all this carving is done in the church itself, after the woodwork is erected. We only extract this passage out of many as an instance of Margaret's mighty doings in this line, but it will be quite sufficient, we are sure, to justify our recommendation to Miss Fothergill to ask some advice on practical subjects before attempting another novel. The secrecy which is apparently quite easily maintained, too, as to the birth of her child, is quite impossible and absurd.

However, we have occupied enough space in fault-finding, but we have done it advisedly, and not out of mere captiousness, for we consider Miss Caroline Fothergill a writer of great promise, and well worth finding fault with, which is no small praise. Her faults are the faults of youth, inexperience, and ignorance, and her talent is unmistakable. She expresses herself capitally; indeed so easy, fluent, and masterly is her style, that we have many times been tempted to waver in our judgment as to her youthfulness, and to think that the book must, after all, be the work of a practised hand. Before we put aside criticism and turn to the more congenial work of praise, we must, however, seriously call Miss Fothergill's attention to a fault which ought to be and might very easily have been avoided. There is a great deal of carelessness in her work. She does not remember what she has previously written. She goes back from July to June, for instance, and makes a person, just described as sitting with his back to someone, look into his eyes. In the description of Philip's relation towards his mother, he is at one time represented as always giving way to her, and at another as always having his own way in the end. Angel represents her own family as perfectly indifferent to one another, yet when you are introduced to them you find it to be by no means the case. At one time you are told that Margaret is called by her married name by all the people whom she knows in the village where she is married, and at another that she has never been addressed by that name. All this is pure carelessness.

Having got rid of the disagreeable relations and the tiresome lover in the first volume, Margaret plunges into a delightful atmosphere of pleasant companions and congenial work, and the second and third volumes are interesting and unique in their conception. Miss Fothergill describes well and gracefully. She is particularly happy in her description of attitude. It is a characteristic little trait in her writing. All her people "move" for us. A word or two, and you see the graceful girl's supple motions as she crosses a moor, lies back in a railway carriage, or throws herself into an easy chair. The pose of her figure—her step, even—seems familiar to you, and two or three words, simply written, have produced these effects. In the whole book there is no effort. All is easily, naturally, and forcibly expressed. Sentiment and feeling are dealt with in the same direct and simple, but impressive, manner. Margaret's eccentric friend, Angel Darling, is a unique creation. Her hatred of men, and her calm and airy cynicism as to things in general, are brought out in very clever contrast with her youthful charms and her beautiful person. This antipathy of hers to men is most amusingly touched upon in many places, as in such sentences as the following. When Margaret confesses her marriage, "'Angel, I am married,'" Angel breaks in with, "'You want me to help you. What can I do?' It was not until she was thinking over the interview afterwards that Margaret was struck by the fact that no sooner had Angel heard that she was married, than she took it for a settled thing that she must be in need of help." Again,—"'Still, if they do come back,' went on the child, in a glow of enthusiasm,"—the child is speaking of some African explorers,—"'think of the glory they will have!' 'They will all get the Victoria Cross for saving one another's lives,' said Angel sarcastically." Angel's dutiful attempt to fall in love with Philip, for Margaret's sake, is very cleverly described. And the fixity of purpose with which the authoress abstains from criticism, and lets this original conception of hers speak for herself—never attempting, to the last, to explain her oddities, neither condemning nor justifying her—is a stroke of real genius. Moreover, Angel's one great passion—her love for Margaret—is effectively brought out. Sibyl, Angel's little sister, though so slightly drawn, is another charming sketch. Her shy devotion to her beautiful, cold sister, makes a delightful little picture; and the gentle mother of these girls, in her bleak, moor-land home, is well described.

On the whole, the two last volumes of *Put to the Proof* are clever, original, and interesting, and full of promise for the future, though there is a considerable want of point and method even in them. The incidents are too isolated, and do not arise sufficiently out of one another. A little more careful construction and consolidation of plot, more painstaking in the choice of details, and an avoidance of such manifest absurdities as we have mentioned, would have made this novel an excellent one. But, in conclusion, *who* is "put to the proof?" Is it Margaret? We should have thought that the steadfastness of her character was established in the first few chapters, and needed no proof.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Aunt Judy's Magazine for 1883. This year's volume of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, containing contributions from Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Molesworth, and other well-known writers, is, on the whole, a very good one. The serial story, by the author of the "Atelier du Lys," "Bride Picotee," is charming, simple, touching, and just what children will delight in. The other two serial stories are interesting, too, but in a much less degree, and they can neither of them be called natural. There are, however, many very lively stories, completed in single numbers; the fairy-stories by L. Lobenhofer, and that by "Z. A. E. N.," being very pretty, fanciful little tales, and infinitely superior to the run of modern fairy-tales.

There are several capital little sketches of great men, and many other valuable and instructive papers,—perhaps a few too many of the heavier kind, for a children's magazine, which, as the editors should be careful to remember, is intended for the hours of recreation, and not of instruction.

The Westminster Review, October. The first article in this number is a plain-spoken utterance in "Great Britain, the United States, and the Irish Question." The writer sets forth very strongly, but, to our minds, not at all too strongly, that the Liberal party has served Ireland in the past and is ready to serve it hereafter in a way that deserves recognition by the Irish, and by their sympathisers elsewhere; that the isolated policy of the Parnellites is folly, and that the Irish Republic is nothing less than an absurdity. The other political question discussed is "Australasian Federation." The essay on "The Belief in the Immortality of the Soul" surprises us somewhat. We do not profess to have followed very closely the development of religion and philosophical thought in the *Westminster*, but we were scarcely prepared to find that the belief in immortality is an unprovable opinion, with the balance of probability enormously against it. Of "all the attempts made hitherto," says the writer, "to secure a basis for the belief in a future life, the best, in our opinion, is that of modern Spiritists." Anything more astounding than this we have seldom read. It is a relief to turn to lighter subjects. The writer of a review of the memoirs of Mr. Greville and Lord Ronald Gower has made, as he could scarcely fail to do, some amusing reading out of his subject. "Goldfields, Ancient and Modern," contains, with other interesting information, a curious little fact about the Boers of thirty years ago, quoted from Mr. Baines on the "Gold Regions of South-East Africa." Mr. Baines was made a "vogel vrie," which means in plain English that any one might shoot him if he pleased, *because he could use a sextant*, so jealous were they of their country being opened up. The other essays are, "Political-Economical Heterodoxy," "Cliffe-Leslie," "Ernest Renan," and "Dr. Tuke's History of the Insane in the British Islands."

M. Tulli Ciceronis pro P. Sestio Oratio. With Introduction, Explanatory Notes, &c. By Rev. Hubert A. Holden. (Macmillan.)—This is a worthy sequel to Mr. Holden's excellent edition of the *Pro Plancio*, to which it is, indeed, a fellow-oration. Cicero was never in a happier mood of oratory than when he defended these two clients. He spoke from his heart, which he did not always do, and, indeed, no advocate ever can do. The men had helped him, and he did his best to help them. The introduction, gives a lucid view of the events which led to the exile of Cicero, to the return, and, among other graver results, to this prosecution, one of the ways in which Clodius sought to avenge himself for the defeat of his designs. The explanatory notes are copious, and leave the student little to desire. Once or twice, perhaps, this help is scarcely as judicious as it might be. On "obsoleseit," for instance, in "neque alienis unquam sordibus obsoleseit," the editor has the note, "is soiled, tarnished, loses its polish," and quotes three passages (from Horace, Q. Curtius, and Pliny), in which the word is used. Of course, "to be soiled or tarnished" is a good rendering enough; but a young student who is content with this, instead of looking the word out in his dictionary, will not have reason to thank the editor for his help. He will altogether miss the interesting question whether *obsolesco* is connected with "obs-oleo" or "ob-soleo."

Folk Tales of Bengal. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. (Macmillan.)—These stories, collected at the suggestion of Sir Richard Temple, were taken down from the mouths of various natives of Bengal, five in all, two of them being Brahmins. It is interesting to know that not one of these persons knew English. This is, of course, a guarantee for their genuinely native character, and indeed they have a very genuine look. (We notice, by the way, on p. 141, the expression, "There was a fly in the ointment." Is this an undesigned coincidence, as indeed it might be, or has the transcriber unthinkingly borrowed a Scripture expression?) The tales have no little intrinsic interest. The story of "Phakir Chand" is, to our minds, as good as anything in "The Arabian Nights." Indeed, it strongly reminds us of the beautiful tale of "Jullanar of the Sea," which, curiously enough, is not included in the popular editions. A king's son and a minister's son find themselves by the side of a tank, wherefrom there issues in the dead of night a terrible serpent, having in its crested hood a great diamond, by the light of which it seeks its prey. Of this they contrive to possess themselves, and by its power penetrate the depths of the tank, and find there a palace, inhabited by a princess lovely beyond comparison. And so, with most romantic adventures, the story goes on till it comes to the conventional ending, "and so they lived happily together till the day of their death." "Rakshasas," the Bengal equivalent for "vampires," play an important part in these stories. Few superstitions would seem to be more widely spread. Besides their proper interest, the stories, of course, suggest curious resemblances. Readers of Herodotus will think of Rampsinitus and his treasury, and the thief who outwitted him, when they see "The Adventures of Two Thieves, and of Their Sons." But the sympath of the Bengal tale-teller is not, as that of the Egyptian seems to hav been, with the thieves. They prosper, indeed, for a time, and ar exceedingly clever; but they quarrel over a gold mohur, the od one out of a bag, which both wish to keep for themselves; and they come to the end which is as regularly reserved for the bad people, a the living happily ever after, is for the good. The King orders "four pits to be dug in the earth, in which they were buried alive, with all sorts of thorns and thistles, the elder thief and the younger thief, and their two sons." The "Match-making Jackal" is a curious parallel to "Puss in Boots." The jackal attracts attention by chewing betel leaves, a luxury which argues that he comes from a very wealthy country; and on this he builds his scheme for the advancement of the poor weaver, "whose ancestors were very rich, but whose father had wasted the property which he had inherited in riotous living." Other resemblances will discover themselves to the reader, who will find a real treat in this volume.

Forbidden to Marry. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—Mrs. Linnæus Banks writes realistic novels, not of the hideous kind with which M. Zola disgraces literature, but thoroughly wholesome and sound of tone. Lancashire life, as it was now nearly a century ago, is her theme. This time her scenes are laid now in Manchester, now in Chester, with the variation of some adventure in the Delamere Forest, through which travellers between the two had in those days to pass. If she has a special object, it is to make her readers understand what a different thing school-life and apprentice-life were two generations ago to what they are now. But she knows better than to make any such object too prominent. Muriel D'Anyer, her heroine, is a very interesting person, and her love-story, though there is nothing very novel or remarkable about it, is sufficiently interesting. Lively little sketches of last-century manners are interspersed, and the whole effect of the scene, as Mrs. Banks has portrayed it, is remarkably natural and truthful. The title, we must remark, is not very happily chosen. There seems to have been no "forbidding to marry" but what was perfectly justified by Providence.

The Quatrains of Omar Khayyám. The Persian text, with an English Verse Translation. By C. H. Whinfield, M.A. (Trübner and Co.)—This is one of the most interesting volumes in the "Oriental Series" to which it belongs. Omar al Khayyám was one of the most learned men which Islam has produced,—a man of science and a poet. The date of his birth is not known, but he died in old age in A.D. 1139. His poems present a strange mixture of practical epicureanism and mystical thought. He was a pantheist, a necessitarian, and an antinomian. The most obvious of the characteristics of his poems is his praise of wine, to which he continually returns, as being, as it were, the one thing certain in a world of shadows. We do not profess to judge of the faithfulness of the version which Mr. Whinfield here presents to us, but we can vouch for its being fluent and melodious, and generally readable. And those who are competent to judge have the opportunity given them of doing so, as the Persian text is printed on the opposite pages to the English version. Here is a specimen, which will give an idea both of the original and of Mr. Whinfield's manner of treating it:—

"'Take up thy cup and goblet, Love,' I said,
'Haunt purling river-brink and glassy glade;
Full many a moon-like form has heaven's wheel
Oft into cup, oft into goblet made.

We buy new wine and old, our cups to fill,
And sell for two grains this world's good and ill;
Know you where you will go to after death?
Set wine before me, and go where you will!

Was e'er man born who never went astray?
Did ever mortal pass a sinless day?
If I do ill, do not requite with ill!
Evil for evil how canst thou repay?

Bring forth that ruby gem of Badakhshán,
That heart's delight, that balm of Turkistán;
They say 'tis wrong for Musulmáns to drink,
But ah! where can we find a Musulmán?

My body's life and strength proceed from Thee!
My soul within and spirit are of Thee!
My being is of Thee, and Thou art mine,
And I am Thine, since I am lost in Thee.

Man, like a ball, hither and thither goes,
As Fate's resistless bat directs the blows;
But He, who gave thee up to this rude sport,—
He knows what drives thee, yea, He knows, He knows.'"

Omar Khayyám was, of course, a heretic. He could not understand why Mahommed had forbidden wine to the Faithful just because a drunken Arab once cut his saddle-girths, and he openly sneers at the delights of Paradise. But, like other heretics, he found safety in conformity and in concealing his opinions, and the learned men of Islam have found a mystical and edifying meaning in his most irregular utterances. He affords a curious example of the revolt of thought against the bondage of the Mahommedan system.

True to the Core; a Romance of '98. By C. J. Hamilton. 2 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—The Rebellion of '98 is not an attractive subject. To an English reader, at least, it is difficult to know where one's sympathy should be given. The ruling nation was careless of justice, and brutally cruel; that which was struggling against it was

pursuing a phantom, and presented a miserable spectacle of internal dissension. Its honest men were mostly fools, and there were a terrible number of knaves in its midst. And then one has an uneasy feeling, as one reads, that the fires are by no means extinguished, and that the romance may be speedily turned into reality. But out of these unpromising materials, Mr.—or is it Miss?—Hamilton has constructed a story of some merit. Her heroine, Norah Buidh, "yellow Norah," so called from her wealth of amber-coloured hair, is a picturesque figure. She loves one of the Patriotic Brotherhood, whom she shelters when he is benighted on the hills near her home, and continues to do her best to help and shield him. The characteristic figures of the time are introduced into the story as it moves on. There is Lord Castlercagh, concealing his ambition under an exterior of languid indifference; the brutal Major Sirr, representing the worst aspect of English ascendancy; the patriots, with their useless devotion to a lost cause; and, of course, the odious figure, invariable phenomenon in any scene of Irish history, the traitor and informer. The author has made a careful study of the subject, and achieved a fair amount of success.

We have received two works on the new Bankruptcy Act, *The Bankruptcy Act of* 1883, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by W. A. Holdsworth, Esq. (Routledge and Sons.) Mr. Holdsworth adds "the Debtors Act of 1869," and an Index. *The New Law of Bankruptcy*, with Introduction, Tables, Notes, and an Index, by A. B. Beuce-Jones, M.A. (Griffith and Farran.)—With these may be classed *An Election Manual*, by J. E. Gorst, Q.C., M.P. (Chapman and Hall), containing "The Parliamentary Elections (Corrupt and Illegal Practices) Act, 1883."—*Building Estates*, by Flower Maitland (Crosby Lockwood and Co.), contains the law on the subject of building, &c., and a great variety of other information as to cost, method, &c.

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FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE week has been marked by what may prove a grave misfortune for France. The Chamber, by a vote of more than two to one, in a very full house, has affirmed the policy of conquest in Tonquin as essential to the honour and the interests of France. The attack was feeble, though supported in able speeches by M. Granet, editor of *La France*, and by M. Clémenceau; but no other known man intervened on that side, and M. Clémenceau was fettered by incessant admissions that simple withdrawal was impossible. M. Granet charged the Government with breach of its engagements, with concealing the true situation, especially as to China, and with sending out insufficient forces. It had promised all fine things, but as a result its troops were barely able to defend themselves in the Delta of the Songkoi. M. Clémenceau pointed out the analogy of the war with the invasion of Mexico, and insisted that the Government had deceived the Chambers and violated the Constitution, by entering on a war "which, if not a war with Anam and China, was at least a war with Anamites and Chinese." He animadverted fiercely on the policy of waiting for events recommended by M. Challemel-Lacour, which he defined as the policy of the Empire that had led to the invasion of France.

The defence of the Government was entrusted solely to M. Challemel-Lacour and M. Ferry. The line taken by the former was that France had originally entered Anam fairly, to punish a massacre of Roman Catholics, which is true; that Anam is an independent State, which is not true; that Tonquin is part of Anam, and that the King therefore had a right to sign the Treaty of Hué. He utterly denied the suzerainty of China, and doubted all through the reality of Chinese menaces. M. Ferry took up the same ground, denying that China would fight, alleging that Li Hung Chang had disavowed the Chinese Ambassador—a statement ridiculed by the Marquis Tseng in phrases intended to hint that the telegram was manufactured for the debate—and adding some most significant sentences about the value of the province. All manufacturing nations, he averred, were possessing themselves of the unexplored markets, and why should not France draw near to China, with its four hundred millions of purchasers? "One must think for the future positions of the sons of honest Frenchmen." A more cynical avowal of a rapacious motive was never made; but it was applauded, as was the statement that France had been "aggrandised" by the occupation of Tunis. Finally, after two days of very thin and lifeless debating, the vote of confidence proposed by M. Paul Bert was passed by 330 to 160.

M. Ferry will now, it is believed, ask a large vote of credit. He distinctly stated in the debate that it was the intention of his Government to seize Sontay and Baninh, the two fortresses on the Songkoi, and that if China resisted he should employ the Fleet against her. He, however, ridiculed the idea of China fighting, and it would appear certain that after the debate all Securities in Paris rose. This result, like the vote of the Deputies, is mainly due to the profound ignorance of Frenchmen about distant countries. The peasantry do not know where Tonquin is, and the Deputies cannot get rid of the notion that China is a pig-tailed Power, rather comic than formidable as an opponent. This notion was common in England forty years ago, and in France has still the mastery of many educated men. They will probably be gravely undeceived, but not quickly, as the campaign will take the form of an advance up the Songkoi, resisted by European Generals in command of mixed Chinese and Tonquinese forces. The consumption of troops will, therefore, be slow; and the Government, which already reiterates in every telegram that the "health of the troops is excellent," will be able for some time to conceal the extent of the effort to be made. It must, however, come out at last; and then, we venture to predict, operations will slacken, until at last France has practically retired. She has never persevered in a scheme of Asiatic conquest.

The speaking has begun with a rush. Sir Henry James has spoken at Dumfries, Mr. Courtney at Liskeard, and Mr. Stanhope at Perth; Lord Richard Grosvenor and Mr. Osborne Morgan at Carnarvon; Lord Salisbury twice at Reading; Sir Charles Dilke four times in Scotland; and Mr. Goschen once in Edinburgh. Of these speeches, most of them able, Lord Salisbury's rose to the highest blistering-point; while Mr. Goschen's was, on the whole, the most remarkable as a confession and defence of political creed. Sir Henry James's, besides much suave humour, contained a most lucid, effective, and, we believe, a most accurate exposition of the Tory distortions of the finance of the Government; while Mr. Courtney's was marked by that rather cut-and-dried official dogmatism in which, since his accession to office, he has taken pains to excel. We cannot profess to give any estimate, however short, of all these speeches,—indeed, many of them were intended rather for local than for general consumption; but we note with the greatest pleasure that everywhere politicians on both sides are doing their utmost to give the constituencies some personal contact with those who represent their interests in Parliament. That is a kind of political education not only better than mere newspaper reading, but almost essential to the most profitable newspaper reading on political topics.

Lord Salisbury boasted at Reading on Tuesday that unless you rise to the revolutionary point, you cannot abolish the House of Lords except with its own consent; and that though fear of death has caused many strange vagaries, it is not easy to conceive fear of death resulting in suicide. He went on to make the strange and very unhistorical assertion that the strong Conservative bias of the House of Lords dates from the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power, and was not noticeable under Lord Palmerston. Of course no one would expect that the House of Lords would veto the Conservative legislation of Lord Palmerston; but every one knows that when for once he did suggest any strongly Liberal measure,—like the creation of Life Peerages,—the House of Lords rose in insurrection against him. Lord Salisbury has persuaded himself that the great Liberal majority in the House of Commons is an extremely transitory phenomenon, and he admitted that the House of Lords could not last unless it was sustained by the public opinion of this country. To that opinion he proposed to make a most confident, and did make a most vehement appeal.

He declared that Mr. Gladstone's Government had apparently made it its first object to discourage and dishearten the English race all over the world, and to fill all who are opposed to them with "wild and unlawful hopes." The Government were alienating everywhere British subjects from the British Empire. Lord

Salisbury was triumphant over the supposed coldness of the French apology for Admiral Pierre's treatment of Mr. Shaw, and declared that in spite of the German leanings of his own policy, he had got on better with France than Lord Granville. He believed that directly we withdraw our troops from Egypt, French intrigues there will begin, and that our influence there will,—to the great disgust of the whole English people,—soon be a thing of the past. The same thing, he declared, is happening in Ireland. The Liberal Government is withdrawing its support from those who really uphold the Union, and doing everything in its power to increase the influence of those who hate the Union. On the Reform question he declared that he saw no reason for making any difficulty as to the assimilation of the borough and county franchise in itself; but he would not hear of assimilating the county and borough franchise until he knew what was to be done in the way of redistributing the seats, for to separate the two measures would be like "accepting the proposals of an architect for making some great change in your town, without first seeing the plans on which the architect proposed to go." Lord Salisbury's simile is not to the point. If Reading had positively determined to pull down a wall of partition, it might very well set to work to pull it down, even though it had not yet decided how to apportion the ground on which the offending wall was built.

Sir Henry James, at Dumfries, chiefly set himself to refute Mr. Gibson's fallacious representations of the comparative finance of the two Governments, which he did with uncommon ability and precision. Also, in the latter part of his speech he criticised very impressively the appeals made by Lord Waterford,—one of the bitterest opponents of the Irish Land Act,—to Sir Stafford Northcote's Ulster audience, not to endanger the large concessions they had gained under the Irish Land Act, by imperilling the Union; in other words, Lord Waterford appealed to the Act which he had described as one of confiscation, to secure the loyalty of the Irish farmers, and yet wanted that loyalty not for the Government which passed the Act, but for the Opposition which resisted it! Sir Henry James went on to advocate making the residential franchise the principal one for counties as well as boroughs, tracing very humorously the anomalies of the franchises conferred by cutting tithe rent-charges and other faggots into qualifications for party voters. He excited great cheering by tracing one of the earliest creations of these faggot votes to a certain Sir James Lowther, of Westmoreland, soon after the Act of 1774. Sir Henry James is evidently deeply convinced that enfranchisement of non-resident investors in political property of this questionable kind, is a bogus qualification of the worst description.

Mr. Courtney, at Liskeard on Monday, distinguished his speech by vehemently opposing any attempt to touch reform in the next Session. He wished to see the County Government Bill passed first, and he spoke of the resolutions of the Leeds Conference with profound contempt, partly because they asked to have the County Franchise Bill dealt with at once, partly because they had condemned the present minority seats accorded to a few great county and town constituencies. Mr. Courtney is quite right in saying that the principle of duly representing minorities in the country at large is a perfectly sound and absolutely democratic principle. But does he propose to extend the present experiment to the length and breadth of the country? If he does, he takes his stand on solid ground, but hardly, we think, on ground on which he has much chance of support. If he does not, he must be aware that to represent the minority in a few large constituencies, without representing the minority at all in nineteen out of every twenty constituencies in England, results in an even falser picture of the balance of opinion in the whole community, than there would be if there were no minority representation at all.

Sir Charles Dilke has made four speeches in Scotland this week, but the speeches are hardly up to the mark of his old Chelsea addresses, and it seems to us that he feels more or less fettered by his position as a junior Member of the Cabinet. He did, however, give a very effective answer to Lord Salisbury's suggestion that the failure of the Commercial Treaty with France left us in a worse position as regards our commerce with France than we were in before, for he showed that we are undoubtedly, on the whole, in a *better* position than that of the old Commercial Treaty,—which we never wished to renew, but only to amend. And he made a good point against the Conservative cry that in redistributing seats we must not go by the "numbers" of the population. Certainly, says Sir Charles Dilke, we will not redistribute seats so as to go by the "mere numbers" of the population; but then, at least, we must not go by the mere *absence* of numbers, and that is what the Conservative objection really means.

Mr. Goschen's confession of political faith in Edinburgh on Wednesday was very striking, and in many ways very contagious. He is perfectly right in asserting that moderate Liberals lose influence by want of enthusiasm for their own moderation,—in other words, by staying at home and reading an amusing book, when the less moderate politician goes to the political meeting, and inculcates on others his own want of moderation. Probably a strongly *propagandist* belief in political moderation is one of the rarest of political qualities. Mr. Goschen also described vividly the growth of democracy in this country, and the strange impression of the Tories that the growth of democracy is all due to the conjuring of that great magician, Mr. Gladstone. He held that the weakness of the Tory creed on this subject is due to this,—that the party has not been merely educated, "but *over*-educated," by Lord Beaconsfield. For himself, he avowed the old belief in the representation of classes, and did not want to support the county franchise, because the class which lives on weekly wages is already too powerful in the constituencies, and does not want any additions to its power. He expressed most eloquently his conviction of the duty of sustaining abroad England's credit,—he would not call it England's "honour," since the "honour" of England was now associated with that great blow to our national credit, the swoop upon Cyprus,—but he insisted on the difficulty, if not impossibility, of at once civilising half-civilised nations, and, at the same time, treating their patriotism with the respect and deference with which we always do and must treat the patriotic feelings of free Western States. The attempt to civilise them must, more or less, he said, interfere with their freedom; while the jealous regard for their independence must, more or less, prevent their civilisation. The whole speech was full of thought and statesmanship.

London has been disturbed this week by a great crime, the motive of which is still not ascertained. At a few minutes before eight on Tuesday evening an explosion shattered the end carriages of a train travelling from the Praed-Street Station, on the Metropolitan Railway, to the Edgware-Road Station; while at a few minutes past eight a similar explosion occurred on the Metropolitan District Railway, between Charing Cross and Westminster. In the former case, three third-class carriages were shattered, and above forty persons injured, four of them seriously, though no one was killed, the sufferers being all poor men and women. In the latter case, the gas was extinguished, part of the roof over the carriage-way blown out, and three persons thrown down, but no injury was done to life. The explosion is believed to be due to dynamite, and the balance of opinion among experts is said to be that in each case criminals, supposed to be ignorant men, had hung infernal machines, timed to explode before the whole train passed, out of a carriage window, and then cut the string, the intention being to wreck the lines, and cause the largest possible amount of injury and annoyance to London. Colonel Majendie, however, has not yet given his opinion, nor are the facts all known, and many of the theories advanced are only clever guesses. It is well to wait, but meanwhile the public attributes the outrage, which has profoundly shocked opinion, to some secret society within the Fenian organisation, which is "making war" on the British Government by destroying private property and endangering the lives of innocent citizens.

Mr. Murray Smith, Agent-General for Victoria, publishes a circular from Mr. Service, Premier of that colony, convoking a "Convention" of the Australasian Colonies at Melbourne on November 25th. Each colony is to send four delegates, and the subject to be discussed is larger than the annexation of New Guinea, or the control of the islands of the South Pacific. The Australian statesmen have evidently perceived that if Australia is to have dependencies of her own she must organise a general government, and Mr. Service in his circular lays it down that the Convention is "to discuss the basis on which a Federal Government could be constituted." This is an immense expansion of the original idea, and points to the formation, at no distant date, of a grand "Australian Dominion," probably richer, if

not larger, than the Canadian one. The movement will have the hearty sympathy of Englishmen at home, who are delighted to see the Colonies first develope into States, and then group themselves into strong and growing Powers. We are always delighted to depreciate ourselves, and certainly in Ireland and South Africa we have causes enough for humiliation, but the spontaneous action of bodies of Englishmen is often strangely successful. There will be a Federal Australian State yet, counting among the considerable Powers of the world, with a free constitution which Englishmen at home will carefully omit from their studies. We wonder how many educated men among us know the rights of a Canadian "Province" against the Canadian "Dominion."

Mr. W. R. Brodie, of West Savile Road, Edinburgh, is a Tory graduate of the Edinburgh University, and not quite sure if he can vote for Sir Stafford Northcote as Lord Rector. He "doots" if that gentleman "quite adequately represents the Conservative party," and writes to Lord Randolph Churchill to inquire. Lord Randolph's reply is positively delicious. Yes, he says, you may vote for Sir Stafford. Nobody "adequately represents" the Liberal party, and neither Sir Robert Peel nor Lord Beaconsfield at any moment of their lives adequately represented the Conservatives. But a Conservative who rejects Sir Stafford Northcote must have an "unduly sensitive political conscience." "Sir Stafford Northcote leads the Opposition in the House of Commons; he has devoted more than a quarter of a century to Parliamentary labours; in that time has sacrificed all his energies and much of his health to the maintenance and diffusion of sound political doctrine, and among modern public men possesses the unique, the unprecedented qualification of being respected and eulogised as much by his opponents as by his friends." The mingled tone of patronage and loyalty in that letter is quite perfect. The middy pats the captain on the back, and exhorts all A.B.'s to obey him promptly.

Something is going on in Portugal, and if Lisbon boasted a Special Correspondent, we suppose we should know what it is; but at present, affairs are a little obscure. As we understand the situation, Portuguese Liberals want to reform or abolish the Upper House, and are so urgent that King Luis, who neither approves that nor any other reform, is said to threaten an abdication. This would make his eldest son, the Duke of Braganza, a lad of twenty, King, and as he is understood not only to be a Liberal, but to entertain "Iberian" views, his accession would be viewed with great jealousy by Conservatives, both in his own country and in Spain, where only last week, according to the *Times*, a Cabinet Council was called specially to discuss him. These statements are, of course, officially denied, and everything is said to be going well in Lisbon; but it appears to be certain that the Liberals are exasperated, both about the Peers and the finances, that the King is exceedingly unpopular, and that the Crown Prince is making a series of long visits to foreign countries. It is probable that, in presence of considerable external dangers, everything will end in some endurable compromise, the Peers' veto, for example, being limited to one Session. The King, it should be mentioned, has none.

The *Times* publishes a telegram from its correspondent at Khartoum announcing the total defeat of the Mahdi, or False Prophet of the Soudan. According to his narrative, which was brought in by two soldiers and an Arab, Hicks Pasha, with 11,000 Egyptians, was attacked (date not given, but between September 25th and October 3rd) by 30,000 Arabs, armed with lances. They split into two columns, and Hicks Pasha, with his Remington rifles, artillery, and rockets, made terrible havoc among them. The Arabs at last fled, leaving 8,000 killed on the field, and took refuge with the Mahdi in Melbas, where they were again attacked and routed, the Mahdi being either dismounted or killed. The survivors fled to the town of El Obeid, which, on October 4th, fell into the hands of Hicks Pasha, with the Government Treasury and establishments. The story looks true in essentials, as the Arabs, confident in their Prophet, would attack in that way, trying to surround the numerically inferior force; but it is doubted at Alexandria, the numbers are ridiculous, and the dates are not very trustworthy. Why, when victory had opened the road, should a messenger take all that time to get to Khartoum, not 200 miles off? The story, if true, is important, first, because the greatest Egyptian danger has ended; and secondly, because the victorious army will be a more influential force than Sir Evelyn Wood's newly-formed battalions.

The silent struggle which has recently been waged between Prince Alexander of Bulgaria and his Russian officers has ended in the dismissal of the latter. Various reasons are assigned for this step, but the substantial one is that the Russians held themselves bound to take their orders from St. Petersburg, instead of the Prince. As this position was inconsistent with the restored Constitution, Prince Alexander requested Colonel Redgher, the Chief of the Staff, to resign, and on his refusal, ordered him into arrest. He thereupon resigned, with his subordinates, and the management of the Army has been restored to Bulgarian hands. The Russian Government affects in its inspired papers to approve this decided step; and, at all events, will make, for the present, no effort to punish it, or to remove Prince Alexander. The Bulgarians, therefore, have their destinies completely in their own hands, and will probably restore their Russian drill-masters, on the understanding that they are to be servants, and not rulers of the Principality. Mr. Forster, who has been visiting Sophia, thinks they would do better without an army, as they cannot hope to resist a great Power; but he forgets that if there is ever to be a Federation of the Balkans, the only hope for independence, each State must contribute its quota of effectives.

The *Freeman's Journal*, which does not know what it would be at, is very angry, both with Mr. Leatham and with us, for our strong view that the union with Ireland should be preserved even at the cost of civil war. We observe that the Belfast *Northern Whig*, in replying to the *Freeman's Journal*, declares in the most uncompromising fashion that it is not English Liberals alone, but Ulster Liberals, who would prefer civil war to the beginning of disintegration by the concession of Home-rule to Ireland. The *Freeman's Journal* prefers, at present, Tory to Liberal Government, because it thinks that more could be squeezed out of a Tory Government,—by the help of Radical aid,—than could be squeezed out of a Liberal Government by the help of the "Fourth Party." And, of course, the *Freeman's Journal* has a perfect right to that rather ambiguous position. But why it should fall foul of Mr. Leatham and of us for regarding the integrity of the kingdom as the first condition of sound policy, is not very apparent. There is nothing very illiberal in objecting to go back to the Heptarchy; and there is nothing very illiberal in declining to take the opinion of a journal which favours the Tories as to what Liberalism should imply.

The Municipal elections this year have, on the whole, gone against the Liberals; but that must not be regarded as in any degree tending to establish the existence of a true Conservative reaction. The truth is that in all minor contests there is a disposition to trim the balance, and give an innings to the losing side, but this does not by any means apply to great issues, such as a general election raises. When the stakes are trivial, a great many people like to see them going to the depressed party,—a great many people who have, nevertheless, no notion at all of handing over stakes of the utmost value to that party for the same reason. Nevertheless, the Liberals will do well to remember this permanent popular instinct for giving a turn to the losing side, and to work all the harder for their cause on that account.

Mr. Matthew Arnold delivered his first lecture in the United States on Tuesday, in the Chickering Hall, New York. His subject was "Numbers," and his thesis that the multitude generally go wrong, but that the few,—the remnant, he called them,—who care for the truth, prevail against numbers in the end. It is, of course, impossible to judge of the lecture by the meagre epitome of it telegraphed to the *Times*; but it seems to us certain that to judge by the *inverse* ratio of the numbers of the adherents of any view, would give even a worse rule for discovering where the truth lies, than to judge by the direct ratio. There are questions on which the popularity of an opinion,—or, at least, of a sentiment,—is a gauge of its truth, but there are no questions on which the unpopularity of an opinion, or of a sentiment, is any gauge of its truth. Newton did not stand so much alone in his mathematical views, as the man who bored the Mathematical Society a few years ago with his demonstration that he had squared the circle. A religion which has no power to move numbers is certainly false, though a great many religions which have a vast deal of influence over numbers are certainly false also. Was not Mr. Arnold leading his hearers off on a false scent, when he raised the numerical question at all?

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 101¼ to 101$\frac{5}{16}$.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE FRENCH DEBATE ON TONQUIN.

IT is impossible for true friends of the French Republic, especially if they have wished success to M. Ferry in resisting clamour, to read the debates of Tuesday and Wednesday in the Chamber without a sensation of dismay. M. Ferry and his colleagues scarcely offer an argument for the invasion of Tonquin which might not have been used, and was not used, in defence of the Expedition to Mexico. The only difference is that the main argument, which under the Empire was an ambitious epigram, is, under the Republic, a sordid calculation. Napoleon III., always inclined to vague and mystical utterances, declared that his grand object in invading Mexico was to reinvigorate the declining Latin race on the American continent; while M. Ferry justifies the conquest of Anam, including Tonquin, by declaring that France must think of future generations, and that "while every other maritime Power and manufacturing nation is getting a share of the unexplored markets of the world, France is right in drawing near to China, with her 400,000,000 of consumers." In other words, France conquers Tonquin in order to open a grand market for her manufactured goods. The design of conquest was expressed with the most cynical clearness. France, said M. Ferry, had not yet occupied the whole Delta of the Songkoi, but she intended to do so, and when she had "seized" the fortresses of Sontay and Bacninh, both garrisoned by Chinese regulars, she could never be driven out, and China would become more reasonable. No Minister repudiated or qualified these sentiments, and they were endorsed by the immense majority of the Chamber, which, by a vote of 339 votes to 160, accepted a resolution, introduced by M. Paul Bert, now the elected mouthpiece of the Opportunists, approving "the measures taken to maintain the interests and honour of France." To all appearance, the Republican Government is as little scrupulous as that of the Empire; while the Republican Chamber, except that it contains an Opposition, is as ready to vote for filibustering expeditions as the Corps Législatif. No passages in M. Ferry's speech excited more applause than those in which he alleged that France, having engaged herself in Tonquin, could not "in honour" draw back, except, indeed, those in which he boasted that "he had aggrandised France in the Mediterranean by the occupation of Tunis," an occupation, it will be remembered, intended only "to chastise the Kroumirs," of whom no one since that moment has ever heard. The Chamber, to judge by its votes, has as little care for principle as ever, and is as easily carried away by phrases about the honour and the interest of France.

Nor is this all. The parallel between Tonquin and Mexico is closer still. The failure of the invasion of Mexico was due in the main to a political blunder of Napoleon III. He had made up his mind, in common, no doubt, with many other statesmen, that the South would succeed in its war for independence; and it was the victory of the North, and the menacing attitude assumed by the Cabinet of Washington, which ultimately led to that astounding act, the abandonment of the Emperor Maximilian, and to the fall of the short-lived Mexican Empire. The Government of the Republic is making an almost precisely similar blunder as regards the Powers which will ultimately protect Tonquin. Unless both M. Ferry and M. Challemel-Lacour are inventing beliefs, which, in spite of the statements made by the former about the Kroumirs, we cannot suppose, both of them are convinced that China is, as M. Granet put it, "une puissance négligéable,"—an unreal Power, which may safely be disregarded. They either hold, or affect to hold, that she dare not declare war, lest she should break in pieces; and that if she should resist a French occupation of Tonquin, it will not be necessary even to send an army, but her defeat may be left to the powerful fleet of France. So confident was M. Ferry of Chinese powerlessness, that he treated the Marquis Tseng, who would lose his head if he outstripped instructions, as a sort of diplomatic impostor, and read aloud a telegram from M. Tricou, now at Shanghai, stating that Li Hung Chang had disavowed the Ambassador. Li Hung Chang! The Chamber, which knows as much of the personages of China as of the great men of Siberia, was so moved by these mysterious syllables that it remained in commotion for five minutes, and, it is said, voted under the impression that China had withdrawn her opposition, the facts being that Li Hung Chang is Viceroy of Pecheli, and though in some sense "Premier," has no more power to "disavow" the Empress's Ambassador than Lord Spencer to "disavow" Lord Lyons. No inquiry was made as to what the Viceroy had disavowed—he had probably only regretted the rather unusual publication of despatches by the Marquis Tseng—but every one jumped to the conclusion that war being imminent, China had given way. The dramatic incident, possibly prearranged, soothed away opposition. None of the great facts of the situation—that Pekin cannot now be attacked, except by a large army; that the Chinese have drilled and organised 100,000 men under American and German officers, and armed them with Remington rifles; that the Imperial Government cares nothing about a blockade, which will only realise its own ideal of non-intercourse with Europe; that this blockade will vex and worry not only English traders, who are long-suffering, but German traders, who are not; that Russia only two years ago shrank from war with China; and finally, that the Tartar dynasty would be lost if it gave up Tonquin—were so much as alluded to by the Ministry or the Members of the majority, or, for that matter, by any speaker of the Opposition. Both majority and Ministry are plunging into a grave war with an old, vast, and persistent Empire, which has never yielded a foot until her capital was threatened with bombardment, with light hearts, easy consciences, and an avowed conviction that war with China—war to be waged in a tropical delta, full of fortresses, covered with forest, and liable to inundation—would, to a Power like France, be only a maritime promenade. The Fleet is to do everything, even in Tonquin. One fact alone could exonerate the Ministry from the charge of hopeless rashness; if M. Ferry has a secret treaty with Russia binding the Czar to advance on Pekin, and so recover Kuldja the moment the French reach Bacninh, then, no doubt, his plans have a solid basis beneath them, for Russia, if in earnest, could reach Pekin without passing the fortresses on the Peiho; but there is no hint, however distant, of any such arrangement. On the contrary, M. Jules Ferry, who has failed to obtain a Japanese alliance, actually said that in defying China he was acting as front and chief of the European Maritime Powers. He actually hinted that he had the support of Germany, whose one grand foreign trade will be stopped by a blockade; of England, which will be fined some six millions in the price of tea alone; and of India, which will see her opium revenue stopped for at least a year. If ever a Government in this world went into a great war without adequate reason, and in entire ignorance of the forces it might have to encounter and the risks it might have to run, it is the Republican Government of France in this quarrel about Tonquin.

But, it may be alleged, it is not a great war. Well, we entirely grant that we do not know what line the Russian Government will take—a cardinal factor in the affair—and that we cannot be absolutely certain that the War party in Pekin will ultimately control the policy of the Empire. But there are a few elements in the question of which we can be certain, and they are these. The Russian Government, with a deficit for the year of £3,000,000, does not want a cruelly expensive land war just now, before its Asiatic Railway has been even begun. The Chinese Government, as it stands, is ready for war, and has for thirteen years carried on slow but important wars with the Panthays, with the Kashgaris, and with Russian dependants, with signal and terrible success. It is certain that, if it chooses, it can arm the Black Flags, the brave mountaineers of Tonquin, with good weapons, can assist them with 50,000 regulars drilled by Europeans, and can defend three powerful fortresses mounted with Krupp guns. It is certain that it can expend any number of militia in defending the ways—they are not roads—to Man Hao, and that it will be aided by the climate, by the floods, and by the liability of French conscripts to disease. And it is certain that M. Ferry underrates the danger, takes credit for sending only 10,000 troops to Tonquin, talks nonsense about Anamite allies, who are just like Bengalees, and rejected Admiral Jauréguiberry's most seriously-offered advice to make the Expedition sufficiently large—30,000 men was, we believe, suggested—to ensure a decisive campaign. It follows that unless Russia moves, of which there is no sign, and unless China gives way, which she cannot do, and unless France developes a Clive, the one form of genius not natural to her, the Republic has entered on a long, troublesome, and expensive campaign, in which conscripts will be profusely wasted, and which, even if successful, will not be illustrated by victories perceptible to all the world. If that is the kind of protracted effort which

French peasants will approve, or even tolerate, then the world has totally mistaken their temper, their policy, and French history; and it is upon their cordial adhesion that the Republic ultimately depends. The invasion of Mexico was the beginning of the misfortunes of the Empire, and we cannot see that the invasion of Tonquin is better justified, less risky, or more likely to secure political or commercial advantage. France is, in fact, to fight China at her least vulnerable point, for the privilege of placing a low duty on English and German exports up the Songkoi. Verily, the wisdom of universal suffrage is not past question.

MR. GOSCHEN IN EDINBURGH.

MR. GOSCHEN'S speech in Edinburgh on Wednesday is not a mere unit in the score or so of the week's speeches. It is one of those speeches which are of the nature of actions, which carry you into the mind of the speaker, and make you feel that he is not so much putting views before you as making you feel what he has been compelled to take into account in actual life,—sometimes difficulties that he has surmounted, sometimes problems which he has tried to solve and found only partially soluble, sometimes perplexities out of which he has found no clue at all. For example, what could be more striking and instructive than his comment on the inconsistency inherent in a great deal of our popular feeling in relation to the treatment of the Native races in our Dependencies and our Colonial Empire. First, there is the great missionary wish to raise their moral condition and their standard of life and habit,—to get rid of the slavery among them,—to reform the corruptions of their Goverments,—to rectify their finances,—and to lighten the burdens on their peasantry. Then there is the desire to leave them to themselves, to avoid dictating to them our views of political life, to encourage and respect their national self-esteem and avoid encroachments upon it. Now, says Mr. Goschen, are these two perfectly distinct ends really compatible? Can we get rid of slavery in Asiatic or African States, and get rid of the despotism of the princes, and reform their finances, and sweep out the corruptions of their administration, and make the position of the peasantry tolerable, without undertaking to govern them entirely, and scattering to the winds all notion of respecting their national pride and their national traditions? On the other hand, can we respect their national pride and their national traditions without resolving to tolerate their despotisms, to wink at the oppressiveness of their Governments, to cast to the winds all notion of reforming their finances, and even perhaps all notion of insisting on the abolition of slavery? Mr. Goschen has evidently studied this question carefully in the East. He knows very well that it is a real question. He is perfectly aware that we are attempting in Egypt, and, perhaps, elsewhere, to find some tolerable compromise between two very different solutions, and he is evidently extremely doubtful whether a compromise between them that will really work, can be found. We suspect,—though this is only an inference, for he does not tell us his conclusion,—that his vote would be for boldly governing and civilising, wherever our duties to our present dependencies require our positive interference; but for repudiating as far as possible anything like interference, wherever it is possible to leave an endurable Asiatic or African system to pursue its own way. Anyhow, Mr. Goschen sees that the English Democracy entertains two quite distinct wishes with regard to the Native races with whom we are more or less concerned, and that it is not yet prepared to say which of the two wishes shall have most weight,—the wish to civilise and educate, or the wish to respect the institutions and the traditions of Native States and Tribes whose institutions are not civilised, and whose traditions are not humane. We incline to think that Mr. Goschen wants to lead the Democracy to clear up its views on these points; and to assume power and govern beneficently, yet strongly, wherever the interests of the Empire and the interests of mankind appear to point to moral civilisation as the necessity of the hour; but to repudiate force, and to repudiate the meddling which leads to half-and-half measures, wherever it is possible in justice to the duties which we have already undertaken, to postpone the assumption of further duties. In putting the case so powerfully and lucidly before the English Democracy, whose growing supremacy he so fully recognises, Mr. Goschen has, at all events, done a great service to the English people.

On another class of questions, of less immediate urgency, but of no less importance, Mr. Goschen is equally clear and statesmanlike,—the questions, we mean, which affect the organisation of our Civil Service, our Army and Navy. As we understand him, he urges Englishmen of all classes to give up the idea of retrenchment simply as an empty formula, and to substitute for it the idea of retrenching all inefficient expenditure, and adapting our Services in the strictest possible manner to our needs. Let us get our minds clear, he says, as to what we really want for the efficient organisation of the Empire,—what education we want, what Army we want, what Navy, what munitions and fortifications, and let us think nothing excessive which is necessary for the full efficiency of the supply of these wants; but let every inefficiency be docked away, with an unsparing hand. Further, in forming our ideal, let us never for a moment doubt that to continue both abroad and at home the great work in which we have engaged, to continue it to the best of our power, and to accept any additional responsibilities which the hour requires for discharging our engagements in the best possible fashion, is good for us, and that the time has not come when we ought to draw back from the lines traced for us by our ancestors, and confess ourselves either too weak for the tasks we have inherited, or too sensitive and squeamish to endure the reproaches lavished on us for an inadequate performance of those tasks. Here, again, we completely agree with Mr. Goschen. We believe that he is perfectly right in regarding the duty of retrenchment as implying nothing more than the obligation to get rid of all waste,—waste having an indomitable tendency to creep into every great organisation. But what waste is, no one, of course, can decide, without knowing precisely what he intends to do, and whether or not he could do it equally well at less cost. Mr. Goschen as an economist deprecates heartily anything like superfluity, and is eager for the utmost efficiency. Only, he says, let the efficiency be the efficiency of a great Empire, and not what would be called efficiency by that minute party which would rather see the Empire go to pieces, than keep on foot a strong Army and Navy to sustain it. Here, too, the Democracy must clear up its own ideas, and not confuse between the retrenchment of every inefficient and unnecessary expense, and the serious undermining of British power by grudging the nation efficient services wherewith to defend and develope its policy and to uphold its will.

It is on the political development of the Democracy that we agree least with Mr. Goschen. No one can recognise more fully or vividly than he does what the advent of Democracy in the United Kingdom means. He sketches with great power the change which it has effected in Parliament, in the constituencies, in the position of statesmen, in the character of our legislative proposals, in our dreams and in our aims. And he shows with great vivacity how those who do not recognise this new presence among us, bewilder themselves by ascribing to the conjuring of Mr. Gladstone what is not Mr. Gladstone's doing at all, but what the spirit of democracy has found its fullest expression for through the medium of Mr. Gladstone's character and life. But what puzzles us is that Mr. Goschen recognising thus fully what democracy means, should not recognise also that democracy can be regulated and guided and made to understand itself, only by those who do not put up toy barriers in its path, but who appeal to genuinely democratic principles against the abuses and blunders, not of the democracy, but of the mob. Mr. Goschen all but admits that the chance of securing the assent of the British people to the principle of the representation of *classes*, to which he himself wistfully clings, is dead and gone. He almost admits that now that you have enfranchised the artisans in Parliamentary boroughs, you must enfranchise the artisan in the villages and the unrepresented towns, and the agricultural labourers too. And yet, though he admits this reluctantly, he makes shipwreck of his own political influence by insisting that he will be the last man to yield. That seems to us a little childish; and it seems to us not a little childish that he will not hear for a moment of decentralising the extravagantly and dangerously centralised Government of Ireland, until Ireland shall have given up that habit of disloyalty which this extreme centralisation has chiefly tended to cause. If it were proposed, in offering Ireland more local self-government, to give her more physical opportunity of organising rebellion, then might we join in Mr. Goschen's objection. But to maintain that to let the Irish make their own roads, and impose their own rates, and build their own workhouses, and enlarge their own harbours with less control from Dublin than they do at present, is to increase their opportunities for rebellion, instead of rather to occupy their minds with whole-

some business which would divert them from rebellion, seems to us strange superstition. It is the secret meetings in which treason is plotted which we encourage by discouraging open municipal meetings. To our minds, Mr. Goschen's adhesion to Lord Hartington's dangerous doctrine as to self-government in Ireland is the weakest part of his speech. Let the Irish ratepayers deal themselves and at their own cost with all the dreamy projects for making a Paradise of Ireland, and we should soon hear less of rebellion, and less, perhaps, of futile philanthropy too, than we hear now.

It seems to us that the political attitude which would best suit Mr. Goschen would be that of a democratic statesman bent on making the Democracy realise how much there is in empire which entails a great burden on the people at large; how easy it would be for a people who will listen to demagogues to ruin their own hopes; how important it is not to confound a democracy with the noisy mob; how contrary to all democratic principle it is to get the opinion of only one class, however big, in place of the opinion of all the people; how disloyal it is to the people, by any juggling to drown the voice of any section of the people which, by its numbers, has a fair right to be heard. Nor do we understand why Mr. Goschen thinks that by greater subdivision of constituencies, we should get a less true representation of the varieties of opinion entertained in the nation. To us, it seems that the more numerous are the electoral subdivisions, the more certain it will be that every variety of opinion which largely prevails will get itself adequately heard; while the larger and more unmanageable are the electoral divisions, the more probable it will be that the views, thoughts, and wishes of the thoughtful will be swamped in the sea of votes. But however this may be, surely it would be far better for Mr. Goschen to accept the Democracy, and apply his mind to the great problem of securing under it a fit representation of all thinking men, as well as of the unthinking crowds, than to try, by playing the part of a political Cocles even more sanguine than the Roman, to defend a bridge which is not defensible, and to sacrifice himself in the attempt.

MR. FORSTER ON EUROPEAN TURKEY.

MR. FORSTER will, we fear, have learned a disagreeable lesson from the result of his interview on Wednesday with the agent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He had just returned from a considerable tour in Eastern Europe, during which he had seen most of the interesting scenes, met most of the considerable men, and talked to most of the statesmen in European Turkey. On his return, he was interviewed by some one upon the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and related the conclusions he had formed. His remarks were excellently reported, with his permission, in Wednesday's issue of that journal, and constitute a deliverance which, if uttered as a speech at Bradford or in London, would, we do not hesitate to say, have attracted the attention of the whole world. There has not been for years such a contribution to Western knowledge of the results of the Russo-Turkish War, one so frank, or so full of trustworthy information. Yet it fell nearly dead. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* had no leader on the statement, and, so far as we know, no London journal either reproduced it or commented on it, or attacked it. This is not a consequence of any want of interest in the subject, for, as it chances, events in Bulgaria are just now watched through a microscope, but is purely a result of the form in which the information was conveyed to the world. One-half, we believe, even of the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* either never saw the statement, or glanced at it without a notion of its importance. We will endeavour, therefore, to give a summary of Mr. Forster's opinions, which, be it remembered, are those of a man of Cabinet rank, who has three times visited Turkey, who is accustomed to study Ireland and India, who is by no means indisposed to strong government, and who, on the Turkish question, once or twice struck ourselves as a little too tolerant of the claims of the Ottoman caste.

Mr. Forster entirely confirms the Liberal view as to the condition of affairs in Constantinople itself. The Sultan, Abdul Hamid, he says, though placed on the throne to be a tool in the hands of those who murdered Abdul Aziz and dethroned Murad, has made himself more feared by the Pashas than any Sultan since Mahmoud. "The awe of him lies heavy upon every Pasha in Stamboul. The Government of the Ottoman Empire, such as it is, is absolutely centred in him. He insists upon doing everything, knowing everything, seeing everything. As a result, no business is done, nothing gets settled, there is a universal block. He keeps his Pashas well in hand, but beyond that, by trying to do everything, he really accomplishes nothing. His empire is rotting into ruin." This is the universal testimony alike of Turks, diplomatists, and travelling foreigners, and Mr. Forster only puts it into incisive language. How the Sultan has attained this authority he does not explain,—we believe the secret is simply that he pushes his perfectly legal pretensions as Vicegerent of Heaven into all things, and while Mussulmans cannot resist, there is no other force;—but that he has it is past all doubt, and as one consequence the Treasury is empty, and bills for necessaries only paid by orders on distant provinces which are sold at fifty per cent. discount. The troops even in the Dardanelles "are barefoot and as ragged as the poorest of Irish beggars, unpaid and miserable." "None of the soldiers in the Ottoman Service, except those which parade before the Sultan, are paid." They receive provisions and arms, and are left to eke out what is wanting by plunder. The result is that there are no means of governing left in the Pashaliks, that the "provinces are infested with brigands," and that even the Pashas are ashamed of the condition of affairs. "Macedonia, for instance, is in a horrible condition. It is overrun with brigands, who terrorise the country up to the very suburbs of Salonica. When we were at Salonica, one of the leading merchants told me he dared not call upon his best customers, for fear he was captured *en route*. At Adrianople a gentleman told me that he could not enjoy a day's shooting without the constant dread of being himself the prey of brigands. There is no law, no order, no security for life and property. Things are getting worse and worse, by sheer rottenness. I was told that the Pasha governing one of the villayets conterminous with Eastern Roumelia has sent to Constantinople begging for means wherewith to govern a little better, for the contrast between his district and that of the adjoining autonomous province was really too great." In Salonica, which Mr. Forster rightly points to as one of the most important cities in Eastern Europe, and destined, from its geographical position on the straight line between London and Asia, to still higher fortunes, the people are so miserable that they would welcome any change which alleviated their sufferings. The Turks themselves are weary and despairing, and the Turkophils have disappeared. "Seven years ago, when I visited Turkey I found many Turkophils. This year I have not discovered one. The race is extinct. Not one man of any nationality did I come across in the whole of my tour who even pretended to believe that anything but destruction lay before the Turkish Government, and that, too, before very long."

That is Turkey, in the judgment of a statesman who believes in strong government; now let us turn to the "wretched little States" which are rising on the ruins of the military despotism which for so many centuries has weighed upon the Eastern half of the old heritage of civilisation, a vast region once more civilised than the West, filled with a brighter population, studded with more splendid cities, and still possessed of far greater natural resources. We must give Mr. Forster's own words. While stating that Prince Alexander of Bulgaria had, at twenty-three, to undertake a task which the most experienced statesman could hardly have performed, that all classes in Eastern Roumelia are anxious for the continuance of Aleko Pasha as Hospodar, and that the ablest statesman he found in the Balkan peninsula was M. Tricoupis, the Premier of Greece, Mr. Forster states:—"The contrast between the villayet of the Danube as I saw it in 1876, and the Principality of Bulgaria as I saw it this month, was most striking. In less than seven years a race of slaves have become a nation of freemen. I saw hundreds, I may almost say thousands, of Bulgarians, as I went about the country, and was as much delighted as surprised at the sturdy independence and intelligent aspect of the peasant people. The policy of giving them self-government has been signally successful. The Bulgarians are well able to govern themselves. That is the chief fact that is impressed upon my mind as the result of my visit. If only foreign Powers will leave them to themselves, they will work out a very creditable future for Bulgaria. Their progress has already been surprising, and if they are let alone, it will continue. This applies to both the Bulgarias—Bulgaria north of the Balkans and the southern Bulgaria, which is called Eastern Roumelia. Of the two, Eastern Roumelia is, I think, more advanced; but the Bulgarians south of the Balkans were always better educated, and, in short, more civilised than those in the north. Wherever you turn you meet evidence of some improvement. To begin with, the

Bulgarians have suppressed that brigandage which is the curse of all the regions still under the Turk. In Eastern Roumelia, this work is absolutely complete. In Bulgaria it is so, with the exception of a small tract in the north-east, near the Varna Railway. With that insignificant exception there is no place in either of the Bulgarias where law and order do not prevail, and where the authority of the police is disputed. When you consider that the whole of that territory was the cockpit of the East; that Pomak, and Circassian, and Bashi-Bazouk overran it only six years ago, and that it is not five years since the Russian armies quitted the province from which they had driven the Turk, this is a very notable fact." The Bulgarians, he says, though they like the Russians, do not want them. They are perfectly competent to govern themselves, and they have already advanced their material civilisation far beyond that of Southern Russia. They would be quite independent, if only the blunder of the Treaty of Berlin were rectified, and the two Bulgarias—which, Mr. Forster observes *en passant*, are filled with Bulgarians, and not, as is often alleged, with Greeks—were allowed to unite themselves, and develope as they wish. In both provinces the Bulgarians are enthusiastic for education, their leading men are educated at the "Robert College"—the American College at Constantinople—and "both the Governments have established universal, free, compulsory education. There is a school in every village, and scholars in every school. In a large elementary school at Sophia I subjected a boy, who would with us belong to the third or fourth standard, to the test which I always apply in visiting schools in this country. I asked him to read a passage selected at random from the newspaper of the day. Nothing could have been better than the ease and emphasis with which the little fellow read off the passage given to him." We must add, as a little touch which brings the change strongly before us, that some of the powerful men in Bulgaria who guide Prince Vogorides in his administration belong to the family of the Gueshoffs, who "narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of the Turks six years ago." It is added that the Turks who aided in the massacres live unmolested in the country, just as the cruellest West Indian slave-owners were pardoned by the Negroes after emancipation, and that five Members of Parliament at Philippopolis and fifteen at Sophia are Mussulmans:—"I could find no proof that the Government subjects them to any ill-treatment. My attention was particularly called to one Moslem landowner, who, it was stated, in the old days had burned a monastery and massacred its inmates, who had sold one-half of his land, and although an absentee landlord was regularly drawing rents from the other half. In some villages where the Pomaks continued to live, men who were known to have murdered the fathers and husbands of orphans and widows of their neighbours were unmolested. North of the Balkans, where the relations of the two races had never been so inflamed as in the southern province, there was no complaint of ill-treatment."

We do not believe that there is a diplomatist in Eastern Europe who will not confirm every one of these statements, and yet we are told, when we argue for the autonomy of Armenia, that the Christian races even in Europe are incapable of self-government, that their grievances are Russian inventions, that to rescue them from Constantinople is to condemn them to death, and that the only way to govern them well is to hand over the Balkans to the House of Hapsburg. Better Austria than Russia, for Austria, as Italy showed, can be shaken off, but compare Mr. Forster's evidence on Bulgaria with Mr. Evans's evidence on Bosnia-Herzegovina. They are not equal witnesses, it is true; but both are Englishmen, with eyes, with experience, and with the habit of speaking truth.

LORD SALISBURY AT READING.

LORD SALISBURY is always efficient in stirring up passion. His speeches at Reading seem to have been carefully devised for the purpose of irritating French jealousy of England, Colonial distrust of England, and Irish implacability towards England. The French Government, he says, is so weak and so unstable that it cannot control its own agents abroad, but it is certainly not the fault exclusively of the French Government if everything has not gone smooth; English policy must share the blame; and the weakness in French control must be regarded as only aggravating the mischief due to the vacillation of the English Cabinet. France and England went on very well together,—though not quite as well as the German Powers, with whom it was much more important to have a cordial understanding, went on with England,—so long as the Tory Administration was in office. It was Mr. Bright's reluctance to use physical force which upset our Egyptian policy, and Mr. Bright could not have sat in a Tory Cabinet. The Dual Control in Egypt, under Tory Government, worked well; whereas nothing the Liberals have done or can do in Egypt, if they keep their engagements, can work well. If they retire, as they promise to do, French intrigue will soon upset all they have done; and though that intrigue may be due to busybodies, and not to the Government of the Republic, the result will be the same. The moment the English troops leave Egypt, French intrigues to recover the power lost in Egypt will recommence. Of our Colonies and Dependencies, Lord Salisbury tells us that they cannot for the future respect the Home Government at all. We discourage and dishearten all our own people, and deliberately fill all our enemies' hearts with "wild and unlawful hopes." The Colonists are being told "not by words, but by acts more eloquent than words, that England is powerless to protect her Dependencies." The Government had used Cetewayo precisely as if they wanted to spread disorder. "They let him out of prison when they saw prospects of peace, and then they let him go when he had destroyed it." It is the same, says Lord Salisbury, in Ireland. There, the Government are trying to do all in their power to alienate Ulster, and make Ulster feel that it is to be given over bound hand and foot to the will of the other three Provinces. The inference which Lord Salisbury's speech suggests to us, and will suggest to Ireland, is that the old Orange cries ought to be resuscitated, and resuscitated in the interest of the Tories. Such is the general drift of Lord Salisbury's orations,—contempt for France, with hints as to how she may, nevertheless, get the better of a government as weak as her own, the Liberal Government of England;—proud indifference to the complaints of all those native races in India or our Colonies which conceive that they have grievances against us, and cordial encouragement to the disloyal feeling with which Anglo-Saxons regard any attempt to do justice to those native races; finally, in Ireland, the policy of "the Pale," so far as it is at all applicable to modern conditions. And this summary represents, we really believe, Lord Salisbury's true mind. On all the difficult questions of foreign, colonial, and domestic policy, his would be a policy of scorn and selfishness; he would exaggerate the English arrogance and the English indifference to the feelings of other races, until we had no alliance left except with the Turks and the Teutonic nations, and until no loyalty remained for us except the loyalty of those who think that the English spirit is chiefly shown by trampling on all that is not English, as if it were the dust under their feet.

We have reason to be thankful that Lord Salisbury periodically refreshes the mind of the country with this douche of scornful intolerance, otherwise the people might forget what the exchange of the Government of Mr. Gladstone for the Government of the Conservatives would be likely to mean. Sir Stafford Northcote is so mild and, on the whole, so fair, that they might very well think it safe to put him for a time at the head of affairs. But, unfortunately, as we have often experienced already, it is not Sir Stafford Northcote's mind, but "a darker and more dangerous spirit" which would rule the counsels of the Tory Cabinet; and for the Liberals, it is of all things most important that the character of that spirit should not be ignored, and that men should not forget that it is one which cannot even secure the loyalty of the Conservative Peers, so reckless is the caste-feeling and so rash is the conduct which expresses it. Domineering, arrogant, and rather embittered than softened by failure, Lord Salisbury is just the statesman who, if he ever had the full control of affairs in this country, might bring about some great catastrophe by his passionate management of foreign affairs, or by his high-handed indifference to all those interests of our vast Dependencies which are not mere English interests in disguise, or even perhaps by his contempt for the political desires of the English democracy. In his speeches in Wales, Sir Stafford Northcote dwelt very earnestly on the magic power of sympathy, and insisted that the Conservatives did not take sufficient pains to show people of all classes interested in our political institutions, how profoundly Conservatives desire to improve their condition and to understand their wants. Well, if he would but study Lord Salisbury's speeches, he would soon understand why the Conservatives are never likely to get credit for such desires as these, so long as Lord Salisbury continues to be regarded as

their most brilliant mouthpiece. Sympathy with landlords and aristocracies is almost the only kind of sympathy which Lord Salisbury ever betrays. He may now and then interest himself in the best means of getting rid of "rookeries," both as a proprietor who clearly sees that such property is discreditable, and as a statesman who knows that "flouts, and jibes, and sneers" will never bring the masses of the people to his side. But he is hardly master of his own spirit, and whenever he addresses a popular audience, "flouts, and jibes, and sneers" preponderate, simply because the spirit which produces them is too intractable to be tamed. The spirit of exclusive pride is not the spirit of sympathy. And the spirit of exclusive pride has been the secret of Lord Salisbury's undeniable power, from his first speech as Lord Robert Cecil, to his last speech at Reading as the Conservative leader. While the spirit of Lord Salisbury continues to keep its ascendency over the spirit of Sir Stafford Northcote, we may feel pretty safe as to the thoroughgoing Liberalism of the constituencies, even though that tide of popular favour which Mr. Gladstone's great name commands, were no longer at the service of the Liberal party.

ENGLISH WORKMEN ON SOCIALISM.

IT is most satisfactory, amid the wild ideas which are in the air on every side, to observe the attitude of the English representatives who attended the International Conference of Trades Unionists—or "Federation of Handicraftsmen," as the French call it—held in Paris this week. The Englishmen had a good many temptations to express rather extreme ideas. They knew their colleagues from France, Belgium, Italy, and Spain greatly wished it, and they wanted to conciliate them, in order to obtain their aid in resisting the importation of foreign workmen into Britain. Moreover, they desired to show that English workmen understood Continental difficulties, and were not wholly immersed in their own insular plans and aspirations. And finally, they, being human beings, were pleased with the very marked desire to pay them honour, and to recognise them as men in the very forefront of the battle of Labour. Mr. Broadhurst, for instance, was placed in the chair by a kind of force, though he pleaded that he did not know French, and was not familiar with the methods of Continental meetings. Nevertheless, the national character prevailed. Not one of the English men or women present could be prevailed on to say anything in advance of his own convictions, or to join in the condemnation of capital, or to ask for State regulation of wages, or to sanction legislation as to hours, or to agree, even in the abstract, that collectivism should be substituted for combination. Mr. Broadhurst, who presided on Monday, maintained in the boldest way that workmen had in England effected such changes through combination that they were bound to stick to the old lines, and reject interference by the State; Mr. Burnett declared that the old Chartists, who believed in State action, had been proved by experience to be wrong, combinations securing much more than laws ever could; and Miss Simcox affirmed that even women could effect more by combination than by demanding laws. These ideas were not approved, but the Englishmen only grew stubborn, and on the following day Mr. Broadhurst read, amidst a chill silence, a paper in which he declared that the notion of the State assisting workmen's corporations was one from which "he profoundly dissented;" that if Government began regulating wages, it would soon ask how the wages were spent; that adult men ought not to be protected by statutes, but to protect themselves; that in England, middle-class men had constantly exerted themselves to secure rights for workmen; that the idea of an international law regulating hours of labour was impracticable, as the English hours could not be adapted to foreign hours; and that, finally, the Continentals should form stronger and above all richer Associations, and secure their rights through them. The Continental Delegates did not hiss, but though all belonging to the more moderate party among workmen, and ready to turn Anarchists out of the room, as, indeed, they subsequently did, they listened to the Englishman without one word of approval or adhesion.

The scene must have been thoroughly characteristic, the determined Englishmen, who were admitted to have won such victories—that was conceded on all hands—coolly persisting in expounding their practical though sometimes Philistine ideas, in the teeth of the cold disapproval of the representatives of half-a-dozen nations, who, nevertheless, had insisted on giving them the first place, as the most successful of Unionists. The French reasoned logically, the Spaniards declaimed, the Italians thundered about treachery till they were ejected from the hall, and the Englishmen went on with their statements of facts which were unanswerable, but which somehow took no grip of the foreign audience. Perhaps, however, the most characteristic touch was that these very Englishmen demanded, in the name of brotherhood, a purely insular and selfish advantage, and not only did not see that it was selfish, but convinced their Continental colleagues that it was not. They asked, as their single request, that when a strike was on, Continental workmen should not come in and work at the price Englishmen rejected. They were quite moderate, as usual. They did not want legislation, or any application of force; but they did want that foreign workmen should see how unbrotherly this practice was, and how opposed to the principles of International Trades Unionism. They were obviously quite sincere, though a little vehement, and thought it most unneighbourly of German stonemasons to come to England on low rates of pay, and so spoil a nice, promising strike. We do not believe it once struck one of them that they were defending insulated Trades Unionism against International Trades Unionism, and voting for the abolition of the very idea, the great idea, which they went to Paris to represent. That idea is, of course, that all the workmen of Europe, or, indeed, of the world, have a common interest in obtaining a larger share of the profit of capital, or in plainer words, higher wages. The English Delegates concede the idea, and as its first application demand that nobody shall have higher wages except Englishmen. For example, English masons are earning 6s. a day, and strike for 7s. A thousand German masons who are only earning 4s. think 6s. wealth and come over, and being protected against attack by the tremendous social strength of London, which in various ways limits the efficacy of boycotting, they take the work. The English are consequently compelled to accept 6s., and Mr. Broadhurst complains loudly in consequence that this is outrageous. It may be so, if Englishmen form a corporation bound to each other by contract, express or implied, to employ no foreigners; but on international principles, it is not outrageous at all. What is outrageous is that the English should object to a German rise of wages in the Germans' own country. Clearly, the departure of the thousand Germans, and the possibility of more departures, diminish the competition in Germany, and so make it easier for the German masons who remain at home to aspire to English rates of pay. English masons are injured by the movement, not the federated masons of Europe, who rather are benefited. Mr. Broadhurst will reply that he cannot think for all Europe, and must consider his own comrades—he was, he said frankly, a mason himself—and from one point of view he may be right; but then the point of view is fatal to Internationalism, which he went to Paris to defend. He actually pleaded the gospel of fraternity as a reason for acting on the gospel of individualism. If that illustration, his own, does not suffice, let him take another. The iron trade, say, is slack in America, and wages shrink to two dollars a day. That rate, however, still attracts Staffordshire men and Welsh ironworkers, and they crowd into the States till wages in that trade cannot get up again. Does Mr. Broadhurst think that wrong, or would he support Americans in boycotting all English immigrants able to work in iron? If he would, he must agree that English wages should be kept low, in order that American wages must rise, for that is the effect of forbidding emigration to America; while if he would not, he should not lecture the poor Germans, who, in coming to London, are only emigrating to the best market accessible. The truth is, the international restriction of labour is not only unbrotherly, but impracticable, as we think even Mr. Broadhurst will see, if he will consider a crucial and final instance. There can be no doubt that the emigration of English, German, and Swedish agriculturists to the States is increasing the breadth of land sown with wheat, till prices tend to droop, and the older farmers find it difficult to get along. Would the American farmers be right in preventing an immigration of agriculturists, and if not, why not? Their country is theirs, their rights are as great as those of stonemasons, and their industry is, if anything, rather more beneficial and important. Why are they forbidden to keep up the price of grain?

The blunder is a serious one; and yet, on the whole, as we said, we feel content with the appearance of the British workmen's Delegates in Paris. They were entirely free from "views," from belief that the world could be mended in a day, from any feeling of mere hatred, either for Governments, or classes, or individuals. They were, to a man or

woman, opposed to violence; they believed in capital as a useful agency, though requiring, perhaps, like steam, to be kept under control; and they understood and strongly advocated the principle of insurance, always as conservative as husbandry, because, like husbandry, it produces a crop long after the sowing. They did not much alter their confrères' views, but they seem to have inspired a somewhat sullen respect, and to have been considered only too moderate and reasonable. That is a good character to obtain, if not a striking one, and in a day of wild theories, when everything is in the crucible, and some things are put there only to see what will come of them, it is a character that we are happy to see British workmen earn. After all, Socialism is not a power in a country where the picked Delegates of the greatest trades reject with scorn the notion of subsidies from the State.

DEMOCRACY OR PLUTOCRACY?

WHILE the minds of politicians are being exercised about the expenses of elections, and the possibility of candidates for Parliament who will not need to follow Iago's advice and put money in their purses, it is just as well to remember that the Corrupt Practices Bill has not dealt with all the sources of expense. The personal expenses of the candidate are, indeed, limited to £100, though how in a four or five days' election a man can legitimately spend £100 on himself it is difficult to see. But there are two large items of expenditure in a Member of Parliament's budget, one of which is expressly and the other inferentially left untouched by the Act.

The Act expressly leaves the expenses of the Returning Officer as they were left by the Returning Officers' Act, 1875. That Act defined and limited the amounts which might be charged by returning officers against the unfortunate candidates. But though it defined and limited them, the definitions and limitations have not proved sufficient to reduce the expenses within the compass of a poor man's purse, even in a small constituency. The Mayor's "little bill" in the last election at Liverpool is a striking example of what they may amount to in a large constituency. The Mayor sent in a claim for £2,273 5s 3d., or nearly £200 more than in the previous election, and £1,000 more than in the one before that. The successful and defeated candidates both objected to the payment, and had the bill taxed, under the provisions of the Act, in the County Court. But when items amounting to over £350 had been struck off, including a charge of £99 10s. for stamps for voting-papers, which it was proved were old stamps, the two candidates appear to have bethought themselves of the future, and, not wishing to appear in the light of "repudiators," agreed to stop the taxation, and pay the rest of the bill. The Corporation then, by a vote of perhaps questionable legality, voted to the Mayor out of the Corporation funds the amount of the illegal charges which had been disallowed. After this, bold will be the candidate who will venture to question the accuracy of a Returning Officer's charges. But it is certain that while those charges have to be met by the candidates, so far as the throwing open of Parliament to comparatively poor men is concerned, the Corrupt Practices Act might as well have been omitted from the Statute Book. That Act may prevent a competition in expenditure among those who have money to spend, but it does not admit to the competition those who cannot afford to throw away several hundreds of pounds, however talented or worthy.

Unpopular though it may be, what other method can be devised of meeting these expenses except that already adopted in municipal elections, and nearly carried the Session before last as to Parliamentary elections, of throwing them on the rates? It has been urged, especially by the Gallios of the "upper" classes, that they do not see why a man who does not care about politics should be taxed for the amusement and benefit of those who do. But the obvious answer is that it is the duty of a man not to be a Gallio in politics. Besides, there are Gallios as to every measure that benefits the public for which forced contributions are levied. There are Gallios as to education, Gallios as to roads, and even Gallios as to the necessity of drainage and the prevention of disease. A farthing in the pound extra would be no great tax on the political Gallio. A seemingly more formidable objection is that the poor man would not pay the rate, and would, therefore, have his candidate's expenses paid by the rich. It is to be observed that the number of candidates makes very little difference to the expenses of an election. But a more substantial answer is that the poor man does pay rates just as much as the rich man, and probably at a heavier rate. He would not, indeed, feel the additional farthing directly, but it is pretty certain that it would be reckoned in his rent, with a good twenty per cent. added. But there can really be no comparison between the two inconveniences of an additional farthing rate and the prohibition of poor candidates. Besides, if the expenses were thrown on the rates, it is probable that they would be considerably reduced. Some importunate Town Councillor of the adverse party would be sure to arise, and ask why it was that the Mayor had charged for a new set of ballot-boxes, when the old ones used at the last election could hardly be considered as worn out by the dropping-in of even 10,000 voting-papers; or why he paid £15 for the professional assistance of Mr. Gammon, when Mr. Snap would have rendered his services for 13s. 4d. There can be little doubt that if an election was conducted not with a view to pickings, but with the object of cheapness and efficiency, a very considerable saving might be effected.

The expense of registration is a worse charge than that of returning officers, because it is more persistent. Elections may only occur once every seven years, but registration must be attended to every year. Three hundred a year in a small borough is a serious drain on any moderate income, and when it comes to looking after the registration of a county at the rate of £1,000 or £1,500 a year, it no longer remains a mystery why county elections are followed by mortgages on landed estates. It has been suggested that payment of Registration expenses is illegal under the Corrupt Practices Act. No time is laid down for the beginning of an election, and no one may be employed for payment "for the purpose of promoting or procuring the election of a candidate," except as specified by the Act. The Act does not mention registration, and the Registration agents of rival political parties clearly are endeavouring to promote the election of their candidates. But it may be argued, on the other side, that looking after registration has nothing to do with "the conduct and management of an election," and that the connection is too remote. But whatever the law may turn out to be, it is quite certain that Registration expenses are expenses of a very serious kind, which are practically imposed by law. For the intricacy of the law as to the qualification for a vote is largely to blame for the sums spent on Registration. The refined or rather the muddled difference between the householder and the lodger franchise is largely responsible for the difficulties of registration in boroughs. When elaborate inquiries have to be instituted as to whether the landlord has a room in the house himself or not, or whether he keeps a key of the front door in his pocket. before it can be known whether a man is a householder, and therefore entitled to be put on the Register, and when once there to remain there, or whether he is only a lodger, and must himself go and claim his vote every year, legal talent and experience must needs be employed. But legal talent and experience are expensive luxuries.

It is quite time that the distinction between the householder and the lodger was abolished, and that every man who pays rates, directly or indirectly, should be entitled as of right to be placed on the Register. The requirement of a year's residence, which, in a large number of cases, means practically nearly two years' residence, is a sufficient safeguard against household suffrage becoming identical with universal suffrage. The loafer and vagabond do not sleep for "a year and a day" in the same bedroom. The domestic servant and the "unemancipated" son are not ratepayers; and if need be, the ratepayer of the household might be required to make a solemn declaration as to the status as regards the rent-paying of his inmates, so as to avoid any fraudulent or colourable evasions of the ratepaying test. But the duty of making up the Register should be thrown, as it is now, as regards householders, on the Overseers, who should also be bound to see to its accuracy. If any payment was wanted for the additional labour thus imposed on these officers, it might be easily provided by a reduction of the absurdly high salaries paid to Revising Barristers, or the Revising Barristers might be made to do the work themselves. As it is, for a month's work of generally a very easy kind, at a time of year when legal business is at a stand-still, these functionaries receive £200 a year. They are appointed in a haphazard kind of way, by the senior Judge who happens to be going circuit in the district in which a vacancy has taken place. As the work is of a sort which

"one fellow can do as well as another, and a deal better too," the office has thus come to be regarded as a peculium for the youthful sons or personal friends of Judges, or as a kind of consolation stakes for the assiduous attendants of Circuits whose briefs are not equal in number to their years. Judging by the avidity with which Recorderships of £40 a year are sought after even by her Majesty's Counsel, it may be presumed that Revising Barristerships would be regarded as no contemptible prize, even if the emoluments were reduced to £50 a year, or the duties were raised to the level of the present rate of pay.

At all events, until some reform is effected both as regards Returning Officers' and Registration expenses, it is mere hypocrisy to contend that the law of Parliaments is the same for the rich as for the poor, and that the door of the House of Commons is thrown open to talents of brain, and not to talents of gold and silver. While the law remains as it is, our Democracy is a Plutocracy disguised.

EVOLUTION AND MIND.

TWO remarkable criticisms on the doctrine of the Natural Evolution of Mind have appeared within the last few days, one a striking sermon preached last Sunday week before the University of Oxford, by the new Regius Professor of Hebrew, the Reverend Canon Driver;* the other an equally striking address,† by Professor Upton, of Manchester New College, delivered at the opening of the new session. Both are concerned with the doctrine of physical Evolution. The former deals chiefly with the supposed incompatibility between that doctrine and Revelation, the latter with the real incompatibility between any doctrine which professes to evolve mind out of the physical organism, and the Christian doctrine of human responsibility and of the divine relation to the human spirit. By different approaches, both writers reach the same end. Canon Driver insists that the essence of inspiration is to convey true spiritual teaching to man of his relation and duty to God; that this is often conveyed in the Bible by parable and allegory, as well as by literal history; and that the story of Creation is not to be considered as a report of literal facts, but as such a selection from the ancient traditions of mankind as would press home the truth that God was before the Universe and created it, that the physical is subordinate to the moral creation, that the nature of Man is impressed with the living image of God, which image his own disobedience clouded and distorted, and that the providence of God has so over-ruled human destiny as to give us the opportunity of restoring that image again in all its beauty. Such is Canon Driver's view of the early chapters of Genesis. He regards them as the traditions selected by some Hebrew prophet, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, to teach men the subordination of the physical to the spiritual universe, and the direct responsibility of Man to God. So long as this lesson is learned, he thinks that the physical cosmogony which appears to be involved in these chapters is immaterial—may very likely be erroneous—and is no part of their real drift. But he insists that what they do definitely teach, namely, that the supersensual element in man, the existence of a spirit in man, cannot be accounted for as the product of the natural organism, is of the very essence of Revelation, and is not a lesson which Science,—concerning itself, as it must, mainly with the evolution of the physical structure of the body,—has the right to traverse. Science, he holds, may deal with the question how the body of man came to be what it is, and may even determine it in its own fashion, without threatening in any way the theology of the Bible. Even if it should be eventually proved that the body of man was prepared for him by direct descent from the body of lower species, there would be nothing in that to threaten the doctrine of Scripture,—which all true philosophy confirms,—that there is something in the soul of man which does not admit of explanation by virtue of his bodily descent, something which entirely justifies the "religious contemplation of Nature," and justifies it even more completely after science has made her voice heard as to the physical links in the chain, than before those physical links had been traced out.

And what Canon Driver asserts as the essence of the doctrine of Creation taught in the Bible, Professor Upton asserts as the essence of the true philosophy of Man. "If the soul of man," he says, "and its moral and spiritual activities, can be accounted for and explained on the same principles on which recent Evolutionists endeavour to explain, and to some extent succeed in explaining, the history of our planet and the origin and development of the forms and feelings of the animal kingdom, then it seems to me evident that the *raison d'être* of Manchester New College virtually ceases to exist, seeing that in this case the theological knowledge which it is its special mission freely to impart, vanishes into the shadowy background of outgrown fancies and exploded delusions. Let it once be granted that man is wholly a part of Nature, and therefore wholly explicable in the way in which Nature is explicable, and it will not, I think, be difficult to show that our present ethical ideas and religious sentiments are essentially irrational and unjustifiable." Professor Upton maintains, on the other hand, that the methods of science are inapplicable to the study of mind, unless you take care in studying mind to remember that, the student and the object of study being identical, you must not forget to include all the consciousness of freedom, personality, and activity with which the student approaches his study, as part of the object of study itself. It is the nature of scientific study to regard the object studied as determined by inviolable laws which may be recorded; and when the object studied is outside the student, this assumption may be true. But so soon as the object studied becomes the student himself, the danger is great that the student will regard himself as an observable phenomenon only, and forget that every voluntary effort to apprehend himself is part of the self to be apprehended; so that if, for instance, he is treating himself as determinate at the very moment when he is resolutely determining to sound the depths of what is in him, he is really hoodwinking himself by omitting from the object gazed at, the volition of the gazer which ought to be part and parcel of that object, and which would be part and parcel of it, were it only possible, as it is not, to catch subject and object in the same swift glance. Professor Upton maintains, therefore, "that the spirit or will of man cannot be treated as a part of Nature, and brought within the range of the phenomenal sciences, without a violation of the fundamental fact of consciousness, namely, the distinction between the self-determining subject which knows and acts, and the passive object which is known and acted upon." If this free, self-determining activity, which is of the very essence of moral responsibility, of our sense of right and wrong and duty and sin, is to be treated as a mere product of material evolution,—with which it is absolutely incommensurable,—instead of as relating the soul to God, the spiritual life will necessarily be explained away, and resolved into an illusion or a dream. For the purpose of scientific evolution, you must find something analogous to the blossom in the germ. But Professor Upton very justly denies that there is in Nature anything at all analogous to the sense of freedom and responsibility which it is required to evolve out of Nature; and for its origin, therefore, he looks to the supernatural, and finds the witness of God in the consciousness of freedom.

We have only one objection to make to Professor Upton's admirable lecture, and that is, that in our opinion he concedes too much, when he admits as reasonable or at least conceivable, Professor Clifford's hypothesis that the germs of sentience, which may, he thinks, inhere in all matter,—as the inside aspects of material substance,—are developed without assuming any creative power, into the sentience of the higher animals, just as the atoms of inorganic bodies are developed, *pari passu*, into the structure of the higher animal bodies. Professor Upton thinks that "it may be true, as some recent Evolutionists maintain, that sentient life, in some exceedingly faint and diffused form, pervades even inorganic nature, assumes a less indeterminate shape in the organism of vegetables, and at length, in connection with the elaborate nervous system and brain of the animal, becomes so concentrated as to reach that stage which we call distinct sensation or feeling. In discussing such matters, Evolutionists are on their own proper ground, and their conclusions cannot possibly, so far as I can see, unfavourably affect theology." We quite allow that Professor Upton defends the pass against the Evolutionists at the strongest point, when he defends it at the consciousness of human freedom, and declares that there is no possibility of "evolving" freedom out of what is not free, and self-consciousness out of what is in no sense a self. But while we cordially approve of the position he has chosen as the strongest, and, indeed, to our mind, one wholly unassailable, we cannot

* And reported in the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal* for October 25th.

† "An Examination of the Doctrine of the Natural Evolution of Mind, or the Distinctive Features of Scientific and Spiritual Knowledge." By Charles B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. London: Williams and Norgate.

concede that evolution can be reconciled with creation at all as a real process of *growth*, unless you concede implicitly to the cause all that you find explicitly in the effect. If sensations of a high, complex, and intense kind can be "developed" out of sensations of a very low, simple, and dull kind, that means that a great addition is made to the total sentient power of the universe; and this addition must be either quite uncaused, or drawn out of a great reservoir of life previously invisible to us. You cannot explain vivid, subtle, and progressive sensibility by referring merely to the dull, simple, and stationary sensibility which preceded it. The gain, if gain it be, must either be regarded as purely uncaused, or as due to a power which was not adequately expressed in the lower stage of sensation, and which has furnished the resources for this new development. We traverse, therefore, the materialistic hypothesis as any true explanation of evolution, from first to last. It is quite true that it is most manifestly and startlingly defective at the point at which it professes to bridge the gulf from determined life to free life, from impersonal life to personal life, a gulf that can never be bridged. But the blot there, though more striking than at any other point of the process, is really to be detected much sooner. Evolution means either gradual creation by a Creator on a definite plan, or the growth of non-existence into existence,—which is contrary to every principle of materialistic thought from beginning to end. It is true evolution, if the form "evolved" was long before "involved" in the Creative will. But it is not evolution at all, it is mere magic, if at every step in the upward growth physical forces are transforming themselves into something perfectly new which they did not before even suggest, and becoming, first, chemical, then vital, then sentient, and lastly moral, by a spontaneous alchemy of their own. Therefore, grateful as we are to Professor Upton for his striking lecture, we cannot but think that he is willing to concede too much.

JEWISH SENSITIVENESS.

WE publish the letter of our correspondent, Mr. Oswald John Simon, with every respect, both for him and for his motives, but with a feeling of simple bewilderment at his obvious irritation, and of perplexity as to what he and his fellow-tribesmen really want. We published last week a paragraph about the honours paid to Sir Moses Montefiore, which was not only intended to be most honorific to the aged philanthropist, but, if we can understand English at all, actually was so, and was so understood by the immense majority of our readers, but which has made our correspondent quite savage. He is angry on no less than six counts,—angry because we called Sir Moses a "Jew philanthropist;" angry because we thought him a successful man of business; angry at our calling him rich; angry because we said he attended to his own people first, but showed no tribal exclusiveness; angry because we observed that unusual vigour was a frequent characteristic of extreme age, and quoted an instance we had recently heard of; and angry because, as he alleges, we are always disparaging "a certain religious denomination." We deny that he has reason for anger on any one of the counts, though we shall not condescend to discuss the one about centenarian vitality. If Sir Moses Montefiore is not a man of great wealth—"vast" wealth was, perhaps, an error, when the scale of modern fortunes is considered—then all accounts of him, and all popular ideas of his position, and all deductions from his constant and splendid benefactions are in error together. If he is not a successful man of business—we did not say *in* business—how did he found the establishments his biographer in the *Times* says he did found, or arrange a dozen delicate and difficult negotiations with foreign Courts for the benefit of his community, or manage the endless charities with which his name is honourably connected? If he has not attended to his own people first, how is it that in every Jewish community in the world his is the most honoured name, or why do his panegyrists quote his missions to Russia and Morocco, and his intervention on behalf of his people in Roumania and Servia, as his highest titles to the respect of mankind? The panegyrists are right, patriotic philanthropy on behalf of a despised and poverty-stricken race being, of all philanthropies, the noblest; but why, then, are we wrong? And again, why are we guilty of using opprobrious terms, when we styled Sir Moses a "Jew philanthropist"? In what way is either term any but one of honour? Would Mr. Simon think we were abusing a friend of his, if we called him an English, or a French, or a German, or an Indian philanthropist; and why should we not use the word which all the world uses, which is incessantly employed in the Jewish newspapers, which Sir Moses Montefiore has employed in a hundred fine appeals for his people, and which to our ears conveys so little of opprobrium that we should write of St. Paul as a "Jew of Tarsus" without a thought of derogation, or any idea except that we were marking his nationality? As it happened, we had no intention of alluding to Sir Moses Montefiore's creed at all, but only to his freedom from the frequent exclusiveness of his race; but even as regards creed, we do not see any opprobrium in a word accepted by all mankind and used in all literatures, and that by men themselves belonging to the faith. We quite acknowledge, however, that communities occasionally dislike a term which, to outsiders, conveys no opprobrium; and if this is the case among Jews, as it certainly is among Quakers and Swedenborgians, we shall be happy to employ the phrase that they prefer. But we can see in their own papers no evidence of such a feeling, and should ourselves have thought that if opprobrium lurked in any designation of the people, it would have been discovered in the word "Israelite," which is often held to mean the opposite of "an Israelite without guile."

And finally, as to our own alleged habit of disparaging "a certain religious denomination," we utterly deny it, for we deny any disrespect for Judaism, which, though now encumbered with a partly meaningless ritual, and chilled in its inner life by doubts of its own divine origin, is essentially a noble though insufficient creed, a form of Theism not spoiled, as Mahommedanism is, by the release of God from all obligation to his own creatures. It has evolved throughout its history some of the noblest minds, it has for ages enabled its votaries to resist bitter persecution, and it even now affords consolation and light to some of the loftiest minds and most benevolent hearts to be discovered in Europe. So little do we despise it, that we are aware of and rebuke ourselves for a faint distaste for those who apostatise from it, or at least for those who, without embracing Christianity, disown or contemn the faith of their ancient tribe. That we find the modern perversions of Judaism often rather contemptible in their earthiness and want of sincerity, is true; but to dislike these things is not to dislike Judaism, a creed out of which our own faith certainly sprang, and with which it is indissolubly connected. So far from feeling any contempt, we have for a quarter of a century past contended for the total release of the Jews in all countries, and under all circumstances, from any disabilities whatever, holding that absorption will be the most rapid cure for their tribal exclusiveness, which, nevertheless, we have never denied their right, if they believe it advantageous, to maintain. We think them wrong, and wrong also in avoiding the usual occupations of mankind, and seeking to live solely as distributors; but that is their own affair. That they will in the end, as a new and exclusive caste of aristocrats, possessed of too large a share of wealth, exercising too much power, and adding too little to the world's resources in return, draw down on themselves the angry attention of the democracies of the world, is, in our judgment, certain; but we do not either hate or despise them for that, any more than we hate or despise the 5,000 or so of Englishmen who, according to Mr. Michael Davitt, eat up all the surplus wealth produced by British labour. There the caste is, and in describing it, we do so with no wish except to state the facts as accurately as may be.

We hardly understand the present extreme sensitiveness of the Jews. They have a very noble history behind them. They produce in two or three branches of thought and of art some of the highest names. They excel all men in the great faculty of accumulation. They are rapidly acquiring an influence in politics so great that in some countries it is considered a danger, and that in all it is out of proportion to their numbers. They admit, and exult in admitting, that in all countries they are bound together by a chain of tradition which is rarely, if ever, broken, and the strength of which consists in the fact that, besides being Frenchmen, or Germans, or Englishmen, they are Jews; yet, according to our correspondent, they think it an offence that this name should be applied to them. Why should they object to their own name, any more than any other people, or sept, or class, whose pride it is to keep certain traditionary rules of pedigree inviolate? The name, in England and France at least, holds them up to no dislike, and while they remain separate, some separate name they must have, for granting all

they claim, that in each country they are among the best of citizens, they are in each country something more. Parsees do not fret when they are called Parsees, and Armenians proclaim their nationality from the hill-tops. We suppose the truth is that Jews have now risen so high in Europe that, like Americans before their great war, they are sensitively alive to any mention which implies that they are separate from other nations; but why not accept the separateness, and, as Sir Moses Montefiore has done, and the most exclusive of all bodies, the Quakers, have also done, make it a claim to honour? The Jews want at heart to be treated like an aristocracy. Well, let them be an aristocracy, with its sacrifices and its ideals, as well as its claims, and the treatment will inevitably come. Separateness is no social disadvantage, and if it were, the disadvantage is self-earned, and not produced in the slightest degree by outside criticism. So far from Sir Moses Montefiore losing by being known as a Jew, he would not, as an ordinary philanthropic Englishman or American, have received half the honour paid to him last week. The wires did not quiver with telegrams when Mr. Peabody died.

BEARDS.

THERE is a good deal of recrimination, more or less amicable, between men and women, on the question which of the two sexes is more under the slavery of Fashion. Men, doubtless, have much to say on their side. Their fopperies in dress are foolish enough, and have been at times almost incredibly silly—witness the shoes with curling toes in which the dandies in the days of the early Plantagenets rejoiced—but, on the whole, they do not match the extravagancies of feminine taste. And then there is tight-lacing, a practice to which, while artists vainly proclaim that it disfigures the form, and physicians to as little purpose declare that it is unhealthy, the women obstinately cling. But then, on the other hand, the history of the Beard is a terrible record of male folly. If some inhabitant of a superior sphere were called down to hear the case, as in Leigh Hunt's apologue the angel is called in to arbitrate between the Man and the Fish, what would he say when it was thus presented? Here is a natural growth, which is commonly allowed to be ornamental, which certainly conceals what are often the weaker and least shapely parts of the face, which helps to protect important organs of life, the removal of which is tedious, painful, and, in possibility at least, dangerous—was not Dionysius compelled to singe off his beard with hot walnut-shells, for fear of letting a razor approach his tyrannous throat?—and yet at various epochs sundry nations have agreed, as far as might be, to remove it,—and not only this, but to make its removal a test of mental sanity and moral goodness. It is this last fact, the bigotry, so to speak, which has commonly been associated with this fashion, that makes the history of the Beard so strange and, we may venture to say, so humiliating a record. Does it not seem absolutely incredible that not more than a quarter of a century ago, Archbishop Tait, then Bishop of London, an exceptionally liberal prelate, actually forbade one of his clergy, a man of the highest character, to read prayers in his own church on the occasion of a confirmation, because he had the sense to let the hair grow on his upper lip; and that Lord Justice Knight Bruce absolutely refused to hear, in fact ignored the presence of, a bearded young barrister who attempted to address him; and that in a case well known to the present writer, all the dignified machinery of the governing body of a school was called in by the head master, to compel an innovating colleague to shave?

These instances are striking, because they are recent, but the whole history of the subject is full of the most curious anomalies. In earlier antiquity, the wearing of the Beard was, with the exception of Egypt, where the priests certainly were shaven, universally customary. It was, indeed, held to be peculiarly sacred. To touch it was to make the most solemn appeal possible to compassion (a fact possibly connected with the helplessness of a man so grasped). The Greeks recognised, indeed, a peculiar type of beauty in the beardless Apollo; but this feature was certainly a part of their ordinary conception of the manly form, and they certainly did not, as Dr. Doran supposes (strangely misled by an analogy of sound), "style as Barbarians, unshaven savages, all nations who were out of the pale of their own customs and religion" ("Encyclopædia Britannica," edition 1876). Shaving, however, seems to have become common after the best days of Greece had past. Alexander the Great is represented with a beardless face; and he is said to have made his Macedonians doff their beards, as affording a dangerous hold to the enemy in close combat. It was certainly one of the Greek fashions that made their way into Rome, and after a long struggle it seems to have prevailed. Barbers from Sicily are said to have settled in the city as early as 300 B.C. Conservatives, such as Cato the Elder, seem to have fiercely resisted the change. Scipio Africanus the Younger is said to have been the first who shaved daily. But the fashion prevailed. The heads of the great Romans of the last age of the Republic are beardless; and the custom seems to have continued during the early Empire. To be able to grow a beard was, of course, a sign of manly years, and the young Romans cultivated it as diligently as an ambitious lad among ourselves; but to cut it off was a necessary sacrifice to custom, though, if we may judge from an expression in one of Cicero's Letters, there was a class of ultra-fashionable youths who wore a small beard. Augustus, the Elder Pliny tells us, always used the razor. "Bearded" became a synonym for something old-fashioned, and even silly. The philosophers, however, still were champions of nature, though not always creditable champions, as they were often believed to make the beard, and its accompaniment the cloak, serve in the stead both of wisdom and virtue. Some of the Emperors, however, after the end of the first century of our era, seem to have worn the beard, Julian, in the fourth century, being a conspicuous example. In our own country, the English before the Conquest were commonly bearded, though the Norman fashion of shaving was creeping in, just as the Greek fashion had crept into Rome. "An army of priests," was the report brought back by Harold's spy from the camp of the invaders. The conquerors of Senlac seem to have imposed their custom of shaving upon the conquered, and it was one of the grievances of the English under their new masters that they were compelled to shave. After two centuries, however, beards again asserted their right to exist. The portraits of pre-Reformation founders at Oxford and Cambridge frequently display the beard; but it seems to have gone partially out of fashion in the days of the Tudors. Dr. Doran tells us that the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn forbad any bearded person to sit at table unless he paid for double commons. Still, there are conspicuous exceptions. The beard which Sir Thomas More moved out of the way of the executioner's axe has become famous. The appendage, too, must have been common, when Elizabeth thought it worth while to impose a tax on all who wore a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. The Reformers, again, certainly were bearded, as, in the earlier half of the next century, were the statesmen and prelates of the Stuart Monarchy. Meanwhile, shaving became more and more common among the ecclesiastics of the Roman Church (the Greek communion, conservative in this, as in all things, has always clung to the beard), though the Popes, as late as the end of the seventeenth century, seem not to have personally followed the practice. With us, shaving became almost universal with the Restoration, the Second Charles, with whom the growth seems to have been naturally deficient, setting the fashion. Still, there were those who refused to surrender the beard. In Ely Cathedral, for instance, as late as the first decade of the eighteenth century, we see the bearded effigy of a Bishop of the See. Then came a long period, lasting down almost to this generation, during which no words were hard enough for the audacious creature who dared to show himself in the haunts of his fellows as, it may be presumed, Nature had intended him to be. He was supposed to be revolutionary in politics, and heretical in faith, if not positively an atheist. Persons not yet middle-aged will remember how fiercely the controversy raged. It sounds ludicrous now to a younger generation, which, thanks to the struggles of their elders, enjoys a perfect freedom in such matters; but it was not a laughing matter at the time. Bishops and judges, as has been said before, not only denounced, but persecuted the beard. Masters forbade it to their employés. A well-known West End Bank, with a certain humour that does something to atone for the tyranny of the act, issued an edict that "gentlemen were not to wear beards or moustaches during office hours." Congregations deserted ministers who had the presumption to appear as according to all tradition, and indeed all probability, the founder of their religion appeared. Slowly the opposition became less vehement. A bearded clergyman was appointed to a Bishopric (not in England, it is true,—that has not yet, we think, happened), and declined to follow the suggestion of his Metropolitan, and shave. Now, every man may do as he pleases; but certainly, while he has to

own to a record of such unreasonable intolerance on the part of his own sex, he cannot say much about feminine subservience to Fashion.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE *SPECTATOR* AND THE JEWS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your columns of this date, a paragraph relating to the venerable Baronet, Sir Moses Montefiore, has been read with some surprise. I shall feel obliged if you will allow me, in due respect, to make some remarks upon it, through the same organ. Being a staunch Liberal of an advanced school, I naturally watch with interest the observations of the *Spectator*. Adding to this the fact that I am of the Jewish religion, I have always been curious to see how the most Liberal periodical referred to Jews and Judaism.

First, permit me to remind you that the word "Jew," used as an adjective, is regarded generally as a term of opprobrium. I will not refer to an inaccuracy which the English suggests. I am sure, as a Liberal, that you would be the last to use a term with the object of touching anybody's sensitiveness; and, therefore, I regard the first sentence of the paragraph "Jew philanthropist" as a possible error of print. Again, a philanthropist does not require the adjective of Jewish or Christian, because philanthropy is common to all men, and independent of the accident of creed.

As a matter of fact, Sir Moses Montefiore is neither remarkable as a "successful man of business," nor as a "man of vast wealth." He was all his life a gentleman of fair means, and independent of a career of remuneration. From his own lips, I have heard the story of how he paid £1,500 in the early part of this century to become a member of the London Stock Exchange, which he joined not because he desired a pursuit of that nature, but as a means of opening an avenue of respectable livelihood to less fortunate persons who, by reason of their faith, were at the time under disability. His relation to the mercantile world was therefore temporary and accidental, rather than a main point in his career. A man without offspring, and of simple habits, being devoted absolutely to the public good, may appear richer than he is.

The remark in the *Spectator* that "he has, of course, attended to his own people first, but he has displayed no narrowness or tribal exclusiveness," seems to border on the ludicrous. "Charity begins at home," but the home of Sir Moses's charity was everywhere, and, in point of fact, he began with the Jews and Christians together in the exercise of his noble generosity and large-heartedness. So far back as 1840, the Crown did not create a baronet of a Quaker because he was kind to Quakers, nor elevate a Catholic because he gave money to Catholics. Sir Moses Montefiore received his honours of the Crown, because, as a subject of the Crown, he showed himself to be a great philanthropist.

The last part of the paragraph, which compares the centenarian of unusual personal eminence with those cases that occasionally one hears of from the workhouse, is at once unbecoming and almost flippant. There is no parallel, and I do not comprehend the lack of interest which the writer of the paragraph betrays in the attainment of a great age, in whatever sphere of life it may occur. Whether in a workhouse or in a palace, it is physiologically of precisely the same interest; but in the case of a man who during the great part of that century has been prominently before the world, the interest is obviously heightened, because it is more rare in men of that class. In the case of Sir Moses Montefiore, the interest is of a special kind, for the character and nobility of the man are special. This is the unanimous opinion of the civilised world, and expressed by the Press of all parties, with one dissentient. It is unfortunate for the Liberal party that that one dissentient should be an organ of theirs.

I am bound to add that this is one of a series of opportunities, some of which have been created and others arising naturally, which the *Spectator* has seized to utter a word of disparagement against a certain religious denomination. A proceeding such as this, from personal knowledge I am able to state, does more injury to our great Liberal cause than all the organs of the Conservative party attempt to effect. It estranges from the ranks adherents who have no connection with that race, but believe that race prejudice is the extreme opposite of Liberal principles, against which it is the duty of their party to wage war. So far as Jews are concerned, no single portion of the Press are likely to disturb them. Personally, as a Jew, and with some knowledge of history, I regard with indifference the views either of an individual or a particular newspaper, because from my experience I am aware that the public opinion of this great country is a sufficient guarantee of respect toward the Jews; and if I do not regard such efforts with scorn or silent contempt, it is because the silence is broken by my fears that a Liberal organ may, and has unconsciously done mischief to the great Liberal party. Trusting that you may regard nothing that I have written as inconsistent with courtesy, and the consideration which your important columns command, I am, Sir, &c.,

October 27th. Oswald John Simon.

NONCONFORMIST TORYISM.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—There is great force in your article on the relation of Nonconformists to the Liberal party, and in the conclusion you arrive at that, Disestablishment once effected, Nonconformists are likely to be found in more frequent alliance with the Conservative feeling of the country. That idea bears also upon many who are now Conservative not because they are not in sympathy with many points of the Liberal creed, but because their veneration for the Establishment prevents their union with the party that is likely to liberate the Church from State control. That liberation accomplished, the divided religious forces of the nation would unite, and flow in one deep, strong current, that would tell mainly upon moral and social progress, and not so much upon questions of mere party. The power exerted on public opinion and on Governments, in the interests of sobriety, chastity, peace, philanthropy, by such a combination would be a unique phenomenon in English life.

The function of organised society and of civilised Governments, in a Nonconformist's view, is not so much economic as moral,—the culture of character. He makes war upon certain archaic institutions mainly because they place obstacles in the way of the free expansion of character by large classes of our countrymen. For there cannot be equal facility for the development of the mental or moral energy of a people, while religious inequalities or disabilities exist. Another fundamental idea of Nonconformity is, given full freedom for the growth of character, to give to the highest and noblest character power, authority of all kinds, legislative and spiritual. This principle is constantly wrought out in many Nonconformist Churches, which unite the most democratic constitution with high reverence for the specially gifted in the brotherhood. The Nonconformist element in politics must of necessity be, in a nation in which the Church is free, anti-Socialistic, Conservative, sympathetic, harmonising, supremely loyal to all great characters in public life, ardently anxious that such characters should exercise the largest power, and that ignorance, and folly, and wickedness should exercise only a minimum of power.

The Nonconformist is naturally averse to the undue elaboration of Government. He detests officialism; he believes in the authority of an enlightened public opinion; he believes that a righteous, God-fearing race need very little government; he knows that the regeneration of society must come from within, from the renewed inner life and conscience of men, and not by any rectification of the external and physical conditions in which they are found, though these have their due place in a complete system of human culture. Consequently, he looks with only a limited appreciation upon all legislative enactments and machinery.

Now, all Socialistic proposals are proposals to elaborate the functions and extent of Governments into all regions of action, so that the right and the desirable shall be done from little freedom of choice, but from the unerring action of the State and the direction of the State official. Socialism would make Government an organised disease, ramifying through the whole community, and sapping the strength and health of the whole organism. Upon such hallucinations Nonconformists look with no approval at all; with Mr. Bright, they hope such questions will never be ripe for settlement. The Nonconformist factor in politics, therefore, must be Conservative in the truest sense; reverent of the rights of men, and of the rights of property also. An illustration of this we have in America, where the instinct for property is very strong, and within even Republican borders sturdy Conservatism flourishes.

But what shall be said to this, when we find the leader of the party of order, Lord Salisbury, in his article on "Disintegration" in the *Quarterly*, stating that Mr. George, the author of "Progress and Poverty," is "a combination of Marat and the Dissenting minister?" I must leave Mr. George's admirers to defend him from the alleged resemblance to Marat; but in the interests of accuracy, and charity, and courtesy, I must protest against the association of Dissenting ministers with the bloodthirsty ferocity of Marat, and the crude and visionary crotchets of Mr. George. If the master of gibes, and flouts, and sneers knew how conservative of the noblest traditions of English freedom and progress Nonconformists actually are, he would not have penned that bitter and spiteful epigram.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. Matthews.

MR. SEEBOHM ON MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It may not be a matter of much consequence what I said at the Leeds Conference in support of my amendment, "That the subject of the representation of minorities was too important to be disposed of hastily at the Conference." But as I have been represented as favouring equal electoral districts, with one Member to each, it may be worth while to correct the mistake.

I did, indeed, allude to this method of representing minorities as one which seemed to me to be in favour with the Conference, though not courageously avowed by its leaders. I mentioned the fact that in 1874, in the Metropolis, a Tory majority of many thousands of voters were made by the magic process of division into sections to return twelve Liberals and only ten Conservatives, as a proof that the division of constituencies might end in greatly over-representing minorities. I also expressed the conviction that, to break up political units like Birmingham into pieces, making Mr. Bright the Member for Ward No. 2 or No. 3, instead of a Member for Birmingham, would be likely to exaggerate local interests and to provincialise the House of Commons.

I can hardly think that on reflection our great constituencies will accept the haphazard, and often undue, representation of minorities secured by splitting them up into wards, in preference to some modification of the present system, which shall avoid some of its awkward incidents, and leave the solidarity of these great units of political life intact. Will you allow me to add, in conclusion, how astonished I was that the *Spectator*, after, for so many years, having consistently supported the fair representation of minorities, should, in a moment of needless despair, have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire?—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Hermitage, Hitchin, October 31st. F. Seebohm.

[We have never regarded the present plan as anything but a hint of a sound principle. Mr. Seebohm himself will hardly deny that, as it is, it rather aggravates the evil of the under-representation of minorities in the nation at large. Nor, unless it be very greatly extended, and extended to small as well as great constituencies, could it be otherwise. What even infinitesimal chance is there of getting it thus extended? Can Mr. Seebohm hold out the hope that any substantial fraction of the House of Commons will support a large extension of it, and its application not only to great, but to small constituencies?—Ed. *Spectator*.]

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your issue of the 20th ult., you quote, apparently with approval, Mr. Bright's statement about the representation of the four "three-cornered" borough constituencies, that, "whilst other 142 boroughs return 176 Members, they, in effect, return only four Members;" and you remark, "That is unanswerable." As far as Mr. Bright's argument depends on his assumption that the minority clause was a plan by which the House of Lords not only "did not give to each of the big towns three Members, but deprived them of the influence of two," it is very easily answered, by pointing out that in the above statement he obtains his result entirely by the simple device of using the same word in different senses in the two parts of his sentence. In stating how many Members the four big towns "in effect" "return," he uses the word "return" in a sense of his own, in which it has probably never before been used. (A lexicographer who seeks to include this new meaning of the word will have to explain it something in this manner:—"A Parliamentary *borough* is said to 'return,' in the *Brightian* sense, a certain number of Members. This number is the difference between the number of Members returned, using the words in their ordinary sense, who would in all probability vote on one side in a strictly party division, and the number of Members returned by the same borough who would, in all probability, vote on the other side; *e.g.*, in the year 1883, the City of London would have been said to 'return' two Members. Note, 'return' is never used in this sense of *county* constituencies.") Having determined how small a number could possibly be the number "returned" by the four big towns, which he makes, very rightly, one each, Mr. Bright then asks how many are returned (without inverted commas) by other 142 boroughs, and, reverting to the ordinary meaning of the word, answers triumphantly and very truly:—"One hundred and seventy-six. Now, is not that an astounding fact?" Of course, *the fact* is that, in Mr. Bright's own private meaning of the word, the "return" by these 142 boroughs may be *nil*, since it is conceivable that they are represented by Members who would vote half on one side and half on the other side in a strictly party division. I have no more taken the trouble to reckon up what is the actual party voting power of the 142 boroughs in question, than Mr. Bright took the trouble to speak in accordance with actual facts when he said that "when an election occurs, one Member *is* returned by each of the large cities by the minority." Mr. Bright only meant that there is nothing to prevent the happening of that which he seems accidentally to have said always does happen. I only say that there is nothing to prevent the return of 88 Liberals and 88 Conservatives by the 142 small towns.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Cardiff, October 24th. J. William Thompson.

"BY LAW ESTABLISHED."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I do not flatter myself that I am the clergyman who every quarter rouses the indignation of "A Superintendent-Registrar" by running his pen through the word "Established," printed on the forms of returns of marriages. I, too, however, am guilty of that enormity. But in my case, at any rate, there is no intention of "disclaiming such a connection," nor any rebellious motive whatever. I only try to obey, perhaps too slavishly, the Registrar-General. The Register books of my parish are old, perhaps among the earliest issued under the present system of registration; they omit the word "established," using instead, I think (I am at present away from home), the expression "Church of England." The Registrar-General requires me to sign a printed form, certifying that my returns are "true copies" of the entries in the books. I do not care to mess my books by altering them at every entry, so I alter the return-form. Verily, Horace's mountains are part of the eternal hills!—I am, Sir, &c., "Ridiculus Mus."

THE CRISIS IN THE COTTON TRADE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your very excellent article on "The Crisis in the Cotton Trade," there is one error which I think it well to point out. You state that "a spinning mill on the latest model cannot be completed in much less time than three years." Kindly allow me to state that the Oldham cotton mills, as at the present time built and fitted with machinery, can be totally completed in less than half the time you give. There are high-class mills now running that have been finished in little over twelve months.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Lytham, Lancashire, October 29th. W. Tattersall.

CHILDREN AND THEIR DINNERS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The letter of your correspondent under this head seems to me to suggest some grave considerations. The children to whom the dinners are to be given are not, it appears, paupers, but belong to parents residing in the neighbourhood, and using the public elementary schools. If it be right to organise a system of giving gratuitous meals to such children, it is evident that it should be done on a large scale, if not universally. There is nothing exceptional in the condition of Lisson Grove, or in the prospect of the coming winter, to call for a special effort such as your correspondent describes. Nor is it easy to see on what principle her benevolence is restricted to Board Schools. Other public elementary schools in the district are filled with children of the same class, and those of the Roman Catholics with a still poorer class than the scholars of Board Schools.

It is plain that, unless the proposed system is worked with

great judgment, and with very full and accurate knowledge of the circumstances of the parents, this particular form of almsgiving may prove very mischievous. But it does not appear that either the School Board, or the responsible Manager of the school, or the honoured Rector of the parish—Mr. Llewelyn Davies—take part in this movement, or that they even approve of it. It will probably be said that the tickets for the dinners are given through the agency of the teachers. But the hard-worked master of a Board School is necessarily ignorant of the circumstances and real wants of the parents. He will doubtless, from motives of kindness, undertake the distribution of the tickets; and if he does not bestow them as rewards, will give them to the children who seem to him to be half-fed or most neglected. And on inquiry, it will almost certainly be found that these are generally the children of drunken, idle, and dissolute parents, who are only too glad to be relieved from the duty of feeding their children, and to spend the money thus saved at a public-house. It is in such cases that the well-known warning of Frederic Bastiat, in, "Ce qu'on voit, et ce qu'on ne voit pas," deserves especially to be borne in mind. What is seen is the pleasure and gratitude of a few hungry little ones; and this is undoubtedly gratifying to the philanthropic eye. What is not seen is the permanent demoralisation of the poor as a class, the premium which is put on idleness and vice, and the deep but legitimate discontent and sense of injustice felt by the self-respecting and honest poor man, who, though receiving no higher wages than his neighbours, makes an effort to keep his children neat and comely in appearance, and does not wish to have his children fed at the public expense. It is one drawback, and not an insignificant one, connected with our modern system of compulsory education, that it has to some extent diminished the sense of parental responsibility among persons of the poorest class. A legal obligation is always apt to diminish, if not to supersede, the consciousness of moral obligation. It may be that this is inevitable, and at least justifiable, in regard to elementary instruction, which the State regards, though the parent may not always regard, as a necessary of the young life. But if on any great scale, we are ever to establish in connection with the public elementary schools, which now contain four millions of children, a system of gratuitous feeding—if the less conscientious and thrifty parents are once encouraged to believe that sending their children to a Board School in a miserable and half-starved condition is the way to secure for them three good dinners a week, at other people's expense—the moral mischief will far more than outweigh whatever intellectual advantages are to be gained for the spread of popular education.

Meanwhile, it seems certain that wherever this somewhat perilous experiment is tried, even on a small scale, it should be managed on definite and right principles, and under the sanction of responsible persons who possess the public confidence, and whose names and experience offer some guarantee that the charity shall be dispensed wisely, with full knowledge of the actual needs and history of the persons to be benefited. There should be a thoroughly representative committee, a full and detailed publication of accounts, and a trustworthy public audit. There is nothing in the letter of your correspondent to assure the benevolent readers of the *Spectator* that any one of these conditions has been fulfilled in the present case.

"Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor." But he who gives alms without considering the probable effect of his gift, or the character and life of the recipient, will probably do more harm than good.—I am, Sir, &c., J. G. F.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your article of September 29th has elicited many letters, and I shall feel obliged by your publication of the following statement with reference to the above practical and not uninteresting topic. In the winter of 1863-64 an article appeared in *Punch* headed, "Dinners for Poor Children Wanted," and referring to a systematic plan of feeding children with meat once a fortnight initiated by Victor Hugo. This was the origin of the "Destitute Children's Dinner Society," which in the winter of 1866-7 gave 15,576 dinners, on payment of one penny by each child, at a cost of £229 9s. 3d. to the Society, and £61 18s. to the children who dined. It has progressed and prospered ever since, and the work is now extended to all parts of London, where misery and panper education indicate the need of such assistance, the two qualifications for help being that the real need and merits of the children shall be ascertained, and that none but those attending schools shall be recipients.

In the season 1881-82, the number of dinners given was 187,329,—the children's pence (which are now reduced to halfpence) amounted to £381 1s. 3d., and the amount of grants to the local committees was £1,339 7s. 6d. The subscriptions and donations were £1,419 13s. 7d., and the society has a reserve fund of £1,690 19s. 1d., invested in Metropolitan Three and a Half per Cent. Stock. Last winter, the figures are slightly lower, but the work done was not less effectual; and the total working expenses for office, advertisements, printing, postage-stamps, and audit were £96 5s. 6½d.

The dinners are meat dinners of Irish stew and bread, and cost 3d. per head, of which 2½d. is given by our society, and ½d. for the bread by the child. They are regularly inspected by the members of *our* Committee, and are entirely of an undenominational tendency, as the names of the superintendents of the fifty local committees will show. I have accumulated evidence of the physical, moral, and educational benefit which the children derive from these dinners, and confidently assert that a larger return for money is got thereby than from any other form of charitable expenditure.—I am, Sir, &c.,

George A. Alston, Acting-Secretary, D.C.D.S.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, October 31st.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It may interest some of your readers to know that for some years an Association in Edinburgh has provided, during the winter months, two meals a day, for a large number of very poor children, on condition of their attendance at school.

The cost of each meal is 1½d.—breakfast, consisting of porridge and milk, or coffee and bread—dinner, of pea soup, or broth and bread. Attendance at morning school entitles the child to a ticket for dinner, and at afternoon school to a ticket for breakfast. The meals are not given to the children in the schools, but at centres in the various school districts of the city.

The Association was organised to assist the School Board in securing the attendance at school of the large class of children to be found in every city whose destitute condition would make their enforced attendance at school only a hardship. Every case for assistance is carefully examined by the Committee, who receive recommendations from the teachers of the schools and the compulsory officers of the School Board. The names of the children to whom aid is granted by the Association are inscribed on a separate register in the schools they attend, and the very high average of their attendance shows the good results of the work of the Association. I believe we have in regular attendance at the elementary schools in Edinburgh the very poorest class of children; but without the help of this Association, the School Board, with all their compulsory powers, would have found it impossible to drive these children into school.—I am, Sir, &c., Flora C. Stevenson.

13 *Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh.*

VIVISECTION AND THE INHERITANCE OF DEFORMITIES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Professor Lankester must be aware, (1), that the experiments to which he alludes in his letter to the *Spectator* are too repulsive in their nature to be republished in the columns of that journal; (2), that the "importance" of the results obtained by them is practically *nil*, compared with the light thrown on the subject of hereditary transmission by studies pursued under natural conditions in the immensely more extended field of observation; (3), that as regards either evidence or research, the experiments of vivisectionists in this direction are, to say the least, superfluous, scientific observation having already ascertained and verified the fact that injuries of the brain and nervous system, or those affecting the functional activities, are transmissible; while those which are strictly localised, as the scar of a burn, or the distorted foot of a Chinese woman, are confined to the individual, and not inherited by offspring.—I am, Sir, &c., E. T. S.

READING FOR READING'S SAKE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—*A propos* of Lord Justice Fry's strictures on reading for mere amusement, may I ask you to find room for the following pregnant extract, from the "Diary of Alexandre Vinet"? It

offers a test which solitary reading would probably be better able to meet than any reading society:—"La lecture me suffit moins que jamais. J'y reconnais toujours plus la paresse qui cherche à se faire illusion. J'en suis venu à reconnaître qu'un livre est d'autant meilleur, qu'il me force plus tôt et plus impérieusement à le quitter pour penser, ou pour composer sur l'idée qu'il a fait surgir en moi." How admirably descriptive is that simple phrase, "*la paresse qui cherche à se faire illusion*"! —I am, Sir, &c.,

Gatcombe, Totnes. F. A. Prideaux.

POETRY.

LYRICS OF PERICLES.—I.*

I.—Invocation to Ceres.

Goddess of the golden horn,
Plenty's Queen when man was born,
Hear us where we bend the knee
To thine high divinity:
Hear the infant's hungering cry,
Mothers' prayer no more deny:
Shed thy store o'er field and town,
Ceres, send thy blessing down.

Want and Woe stalk hand in hand
Through the parched and blighted land;
Poppies o'er the leagnered plain
Kiss to death the poisoned grain,
And the wavy sheaves of gold
Wither in their spectral fold:
Wear again thine harvest-crown,
Ceres, send thy blessing down.

II.—Fishermen's Song.

After the battle, the peace is dear,
After the toil, the rest;
After the storm, when the skies are clear,
Fair is the Ocean's breast.
Out in the gold sunshine
Throw we the net and line;
The silvery chase to-day
Calls us to work away,
So throw the line, throw,—Yo, heave ho!

Fishers must work when the treacherous sea
Smiles with a face of light,
Though the deep bed, where their fortunes be,
May be their grave ere night.
Out in the gold sunshine
Throw we the net and line;
The silvery lives to-day
Flash in the silver spray,
So throw the line, throw,—Yo, heave ho!

III.—March and Bacchanal.

Evoë, Bacchus, the King!
Evoë, Bacchus, we sing!
Cymbal and thyrsus we bring, Evoë!

Leaving Cithæron in shade,
Come with the Graces arrayed,
Come with the Asian maid, Evoë!

When Ariadne deplored
Theseus her lover and lord,
Thou wast the healer adored, Evoë!

Semele's offspring divine,
Giver of glorious wine,
Gladness and madness are thine, Evoë!

Come, then, our King in thy pride,
Come on thy panther astride,
Choose thee our fairest for bride, Evoë!

She whom thou wilt shall enfold
Thee with her tresses of gold,
Sounding thy pæan of old, Evoë!
Kiss her and lead her along,
While we thy votaries throng
Round with the mystical song, Evoë!

October, 1883. Herman Merivale.

(To be continued.)

* Written for a proposed musical production of Shakespeare's play of *Pericles*, arranged by Mr. John Coleman.

SONNET.

O summer of the Saints, last yearning sigh
Of Earth fordone, full fraught with gentle peace!—
Smile of reposeful Nature, fain to cease
From labour and be locked in apathy,—
Dreaming of summer roses, and the cry
Of fledglings, and the white lamb's innocent fleece,—
Yet drowsily, as she had won a lease
Of rest unblamed beneath a wintry sky,
The breath of wingèd winds is on my face,
Soft as a mother's touch; the golden Sun
Drinks Earth's slow incense-fumes, as slow I pace
On pearly sands, from Ocean's empire won,
By lapse of lulling waves that interlace
And part, then up with sparkling laughter run.

E. D. S.

ART.

"WILD WEATHER."

There was certainly an unwonted bustle in the inn that morning. The bar loiterers showed a brisk and somewhat excited air; the landlord, one of the stoutest and best-tempered men in the world, had rolled up his sleeves a trifle higher than was usual at eleven o'clock. The old greyhound, ordinarily the only idle person allowed on the establishment, wandered to and fro restlessly, and poked his nose into one person's hand after another, as if to discover what was afloat. Even the young lady from London, who was chiefly notable for a crop of ginger curls and a dress-improver of the largest size, showed signs of animation. Doors blew open, windows rattled, bits of straw and seaweed flew cheerfully in at the swing-doors, sea, sky, and wind somehow had gone astray, and were poking their noses into the bar parlour, in imitation of the greyhound.

It was past eleven ere I had got my camp-stool, canvas, &c., packed up for the day's work, and was ready to start. It had been blowing hard all night from the south-west, and this was the morning of October 18th, when the high tide was foretold. It was strange how the wind, or the expected water, or some subtle combination of both, had affected the usually torpid inhabitants of Rye. A bold, almost buccaneering look, pervaded the people; the talk was all of the river, the sea, and the wind. The dwellers on the marsh had become for once dwellers by the sea, and were evidently proud of the fact.

To my amusement, I was looked upon with considerable respect, when it was found I was going down to the port, some two miles off, sketching. "You'll find it main rough down there," said the local carpenter, who was a bit of an artist in his way—at least so he fancied, for he had made the frame for an engraving of one of Gustave Doré's pictures—and the landlord pressed a glass of ginger brandy upon me before starting, as a sort of stirrup-cup, I thought, in case we should meet no more.

It was wild weather, certainly; the sky was a misty, thin blue, with thousands of small cumulus clouds drifting quickly onwards and upwards from the horizon. Every now and then towards the sea the wind tore a small space of the sky clear of the drifting rack, and disclosed a glistening extent of fleecy clouds, lying in long, close ranks against the blue, and looking as though they had never known or even heard of wind and storm. The old church and tumbled red roofs of the town showed clear and bright, with that brightness in which colour seems to be lost even more than in shadow. The noises of the shipyards, generally striking the visitor as the chief element of life in the town, were gathered up and swept into unison with the wind that rushed past them from the sea, and were only distinctly audible now and then in a lull. Within two or three feet of the old ferryhouse, the old ferryman looked down bewildered on a turbid, yellow current, which was substituted for the grey mud and quiet flow of the river in ordinary times, and said, half proudly, half sadly, as he ferried me across to the marsh, "There'll be three feet of water in my cottage, if the wind goes round to

the north." I left him contemplating this prospect, which, by the way, was not realised, and set out along the sea-wall. Everything on the way spoke of the tide and the gale. The seagulls walking about quietly on the fields, and scarcely troubling to rise at one's approach; the cows and sheep lying down close to the shelter of the bank which separated the marsh and the river; the river itself spreading widely over its low banks, and lapping eagerly against the sea-wall, the submerged fences and gates, and the bare tops of the piles which marked the channel, alone showing above the water.

I must fail to describe, as I failed to realise distinctly, wherein lay the keen sense of excitement and pleasure which this scene conveyed. Whether it sprang from the contrast of the present appearance with the wonted desolate calm of the marsh and low-lying river, whether it was merely the bright sunshine mingling with the roar of the wind and the shrieks of the seagulls, or whether it was the invasion of the sea into its old territory—for long ago Rye rose above the waters instead of the land.

The scene, however, was worth looking at, even independent of any such feeling; and our countrymen who go to much expenditure of trouble and money to gaze upon the Roman Campagna, might find an easy substitute for many of its chief beauties, in their homely Sussex. Here, too, are softly moulded lines of field and heath, here are long sweeps of hills bounding a blue distance. Here, too, the colour shifts and changes momentarily with the drifting cloud-shadows, and flickering sunshine, and the eye can rove at pleasure over a plain as apparently boundless as the great Campagna sea. If Fairlight is not as high as Soracte, it, too, has a bold, precipitous outline, and a character of its own; and the simple tower of the church, which stands out so sharply on the crest of its down, might be a campanile, as far as strength and grace are concerned. There are no olive trees, and no aqueducts, and no tomb of a loving husband to a faithful wife; but there are old houses, whose beauty is twined with the doings of our own people; there is the Grey gateway, and the massive tower of Rye Church crowning the irregular houses, which seem to crowd round and look up to it, even as their inhabitants might do; and underneath the tower there are the black masts of the fishing-boats, pointing as with outstretched finger in the same direction. And for those who want more heroic architecture, and records of war rather than peace, is there not Camber Castle to be seen across the foaming water of the river? And, strangely enough, inside its green quadrangle is a circular tower, with a course of sculptured stone running around its rude masonry, which, if it stood alone on the Campagna, not one in a thousand folk would not guess to be Cecilia Metella's. And above all, is there not our old friend and safeguard, the sea, hinted at by that group of masts on the edge of the marsh, by the sand-hills which stretch out in long perspective from the port into the distance, and by the seagulls which fly shrieking above our heads? Something of the spirit of Kingsley comes over the scene, and shouts a glad defiance of the wild weather in the teeth of the spray and wind.

But there was no reaching the port that day, for the rising tide rushed feet above the little foot-bridge which led from the sea-wall towards the sea, and I was forced to content myself with the view of the flooded river and the town beyond. How it blew the palette in my face, and plastered "madder lake" on the nose and "cadmium" on the forehead; how it tore the canvas from my hand (no easel could have stood for a minute), and turned it face downwards on the rough, wiry grass; how it blew the medium out of its dipper, and spread it in a shower upon the middle of the picture; how I lost hat, handkerchief, and temper, need not be recorded, for these are all usual accidents of sketching in a gale; but the game was well worth its candle.

Not often in one's life does one get the chance to see one of Nature's best transformation scenes enacted in the very place and under the very circumstances which could most enhance its beauty, and for many a year the change of that quiet marsh into a seething mass of yellow foam, the way in which the wind roared, the sun shone, the seafowl shrieked, and the hungry water came rushing over fence and gate to within a foot of the crest of the sea-wall, will be worth remembering.

It seemed like coming back to another life, to return to the little inn, and find the landlord still serving his customers, the greyhound still prowling restlessly, and all folk talking unceasingly of the wild weather. HARRY QUILTER.

BOOKS.

THE POETS' BIRDS.*

THAT a book on the rich and unhackneyed theme of the treatment of birds by the poets should be very interesting, and, in its way, instructive also, is not to be wondered at; but this delightful volume has not only interest and instructiveness, but entertainment as well. Mr. Phil Robinson is, in the fullest sense of the word, a pleasant writer; he is a genuine humourist, and his humour is of the essentially English kind, reminding us of such choice spirits as Addison and Lamb rather than of the crowd of Transatlantic *farceurs* whose final cause seems to be the production of laughter. He has not, like them, any set humorous intent—has, indeed, no intent at all, save to interest his readers in things which have interested himself—but the fountain is within, and bubbles up because it cannot help itself, the stream wandering through his pages, like Wordsworth's river, at its "own sweet will." Then, too, Mr. Phil Robinson's books gain an additional charm from their tincture of old-fashioned scholarship,—the scholarship of the prescientific time, when protoplasm was unknown, but when speakers and writers quoted Horace as naturally as now-a-days they quote Tennyson, and when they wanted an illustration found one more readily in an ancient myth than in a modern instance. And yet, in spite of these caviare qualities, which are, it must be admitted, of a nature to repel "the general," Mr. Robinson's books may be heartily recommended even to that frivolous person the circulating-library reader; for they have the rich humanity which transforms the unknown writer into the known friend, the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

In many of his pages Mr. Phil Robinson holds a brief for his friends the birds, in an action against his other friends the poets, and though the suit is strictly amicable, the advocate feels free to indulge in much good-natured hard-hitting. He contends that the singers of the air have suffered many and grievous things at the hands of the singers of the earth; and though he loves the latter, neither his cause nor his conscience will suffer him to spare their manifold negligences and ignorances. Under one of these heads all the offences of the poets may be classed, and on both counts Mr. Phil Robinson makes out a terribly strong case against the helpless defendants. His first contention is that the birds, as an entire class, have been most unduly and unjustifiably neglected. While more than three thousand different birds are known to science, the author's researches enable him to declare that,—

> "Poetry takes ken of a bare hundred, and of even these a third are so casually mentioned that, virtually, they are useless to the text, and, so far as they contribute any special significance, force, or beauty, almost any other birds might have taken their places. The treasures of the tropics are absolutely ignored, and, in fact, Asia, Africa, and America might not exist, for all the advantage their bird-wealth has been to British poets; while Europe, except where its species are British species also, is similarly neglected. Taking foreign birds, we find only six—the ostrich, bird of paradise, pelican, flamingo, ibis, and vulture—and even these are only utilised to perpetuate half a dozen of those 'pseudodoxia' which Sir Thomas Browne tried to demolish two centuries ago. The ostrich is still, with the poets, 'the silliest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent's mind'; the bird of paradise, not having recovered its legs yet, sleeps on the wing, and hatches its eggs in mid-air; the ibis still brandishes its 'spiral neck at snakes'; the pelican goes on 'opening to her young her tender breast'; and the vulture continues to 'spring from the cliff upon the passing dove.'"

The latter-named offences, particularly the libels upon the ostrich and the vulture, seem to be amply proved, and are certainly highly reprehensible, but we think that to the first portion of the indictment a fairly adequate answer might be made by the poets. Birds naturally appear most frequently in poetry which deals with landscape, and poets of nature, like Thomson, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, who take their stand on English ground can hardly be expected to people our northern woods with the brilliant-plumaged birds of the tropics, upon which Mr. Phil Robinson in a succeeding paragraph expatiates so appreciatively. It must also be remembered that the images of poetry must be drawn from objects with which readers of poetry have some sort of acquaintance, and what, to most of us, is the "magnificent hornbill," the "astonishing trogan," or the "glittering lory," but a name, and nothing more?

If, however, the poets at this stage scornfully cry, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," they are too

* *The Poets' Birds.* By Phil Robinson. London: Chatto and Windus.

hasty in their self-congratulations; for Mr. Phil Robinson speedily attacks them in a more vulnerable spot. He seems to admit a certain weakness in his first arraignment, when he says "we can hardly quarrel with a poet for not writing about birds which he did not know of. But," he continues, "we *can* quarrel with him for not knowing about the birds which he did write of. And it is this second ignorance, therefore, this inner coil, that I complain of, and resent. For the larger offence, the neglect of the whole world's ornithology, we can find palliation, or, at any rate, we can condone it with regret. But for the smaller, more concentrated neglect, I feel but little tenderness. The poets have wasted two thousand exotic birds,—let that pass. But I feel it a duty to notice, in some detail, their unfair treatment of their seventy-six 'British species.'" Before we have read more than a page or two of Mr. Phil Robinson's "detail," we feel that justice to the birds compels us to give up the poets to his just vengeance. Does he not remind us that while the eagle is treated with due handsomeness, the hawk, which is but a smaller eagle, is always "raveuing," or "gorged," or "bloody," and that thus, "what is grand in eagles is wicked in hawks"? Is it not proved only too conclusively that the bittern, crow, goose, jackdaw, magpie, ostrich, owl, and raven have been persistently libelled by the poets, who have evidently been actuated either by perverse malice, or misled by an ignorant prejudice almost equally culpable? Have not the poets shown their ignorance of the feathered tribes by all sorts of ludicrous errors, by speaking of the singing nightingale as "she," by confounding the solitary crow with the gregarious rook, by accusing the eagle of feeding upon human corpses, by making the cruel wind "bear away" the turtle dove's nest, an absolutely impossible feat, seeing that the nest in question is but a number of twigs loosely laid together, or, as Mr. Robinson puts it, "a mere scattering of 'spillikins'"? All these and many more incriminating questions have to be answered sadly in the affirmative, and the poets must needs hang their heads in shame. Still, though their faults are grievous, Mr. Robinson's four hundred pages of quotations, many of them perfect in knowledge as well as in affectionate appreciation, show how admirably they have striven to atone for their wrong, and we may forgive them their sins against the birds for the best of all reasons, that they have loved much.

Mr. Robinson's list of poets, though long, is not satisfactory. It includes a good many obscure, sixth-rate versifiers, and excludes greater poets who have really made the birds their debtors. A more discriminating choice would have taken the edge off some of his too sweeping accusations, and would have adorned his pages with some new gems. Mr. Robinson complains, for example, that poets, with one or two exceptions, have made no use of the coot or corncrake, but when dealing with the former omits Mr. Tennyson's "Brook" from his sources of quotation, and is evidently ignorant of Mr. Edward Dowden's exquisite poem on the latter bird. Mr. Tennyson is indeed entirely ignored, though Mr. Robinson distinctly exculpates him from his general accusations; and we search in vain for the curlews heard by the disconsolate lover in "Locksley Hall," for the two owl poems, or for that fine bird passage in "The Gardener's Daughter," where we read how,—

> "From the woods
> Came voices of the well-contented doves.
> The lark could scarce get out its notes for joy,
> But shook his song together as he near'd
> His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
> The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
> The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
> The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
> Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day."

We are told that sea-birds have been slighted, and this is true; but why magnify the slight by omitting Mrs. Browning's beautiful and pathetic "Seamew," or the noble sonnet by Robert Stephen Hawker, which begins, "Our bark is on the waters;" and why, when Mr. Swinburne's musical and plaintive "Itylus" has been twenty years before the world, does Mr. Robinson, in his note upon the swallow, say, without any reserve, that the poets "seem to think that Pandion had only one daughter, and to forget that Procne was Philomela's sister?" In making his skylark quotations, Mr. Robinson has curiously forgotten Hogg's "Bird of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless," which stands second only to Shelley's great lyric, and he has found room for many things a score of which one would gladly give for such a poem as Mrs. Webster's rapturous "Skylark's Song." He has passed by the ouzel singing "under the crag," in Charles Kingsley's "Clear and Cool;" he has missed a magnificent passage about the swan in Mrs. Hamilton King's noble poem, "The Disciples;" and he has robbed his readers of Mr. Browning's perfect and unapproached description of a thrush's song:—

> "That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture."

But we will pick no more holes. It is easier to find fault with such a book than it is to write it; and by writing it, Mr. Phil Robinson has placed us and the whole reading world distinctly in his debt. It is pre-eminently an out-of-doors book, a volume for the garden or the glade; but whether read indoors or out, it will be found delightful.

JAPANESE CELEBRITIES.*

This book exemplifies in a striking and not altogether unamusing manner the persistent ill-will with which American writers regard English external policy, wherever confronted with that of their own Government outside of the limits of Europe. In Japan this antagonism has displayed itself from time to time in a form which one would be tempted to call virulent, were it not that it has confined itself to "prave 'orts," rather than sought expression in overt act. In the Far East, England and the United States have, in practice, pursued an almost identical policy; but the Washington Foreign Office has exhibited side by side with its actual policy one of sentimental concession, which is kept carefully within the bounds of theory, while it serves as a text for the complacent contrast of American generosity and highmindedness with British rapacity and trickery. Whether any one was ever deceived by this show is doubtful; it is quite certain that no one is likely to be deceived by it now, and Mr. Lanman's strictures upon British diplomacy in Japan are, therefore, slightly anachronismal.

The author, who is favourably known in this country as the writer of some charming sketches of American scenery, somewhat in the manner of Thoreau, was secretary to Daniel Webster when the mission of Commodore Perry was determined upon, and afterwards became attached to, or, as he himself prefers to express it, identified with, the Japanese Legation at Washington. The present volume consists of some sixty brief biographies of contemporary "men of mark" in Japan, preceded by a survey of the revolutionary movement of 1868, and followed by a short history of Japan, contributed by the author to *Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia*, together with a description of Corea and of some outlying dependencies of the empire. In an appendix, an account is added of the origin of the expedition of Commodore Perry, which Americans possibly may find interesting; and a bibliography of Japan, which is, perhaps, the most useful portion of the book. Mr. Lanman's theory that the Revolution of 1868 was in great measure the result of the internal decay of the Shôgunate, hastened by the foreign demand for the opening of the port of Hiogo, will not stand examination. For nearly three centuries Japan enjoyed unbroken peace under the rule of the Tokugawa House, and when the treaties of 1858 were signed no symptoms were discernible of any wane of its power. From the days of Yoritomo a certain jealousy had existed between the western and southern clans, who resented, and the northern and eastern clans, who supported, the supremacy of the descendants of Iyeyasu. The Kiyoto Court leaned now to one, now to the other faction, as the intrigues of the Kugé or Court nobles in favour of or adverse to Yedo gained the upper hand. When Commodore Perry appeared in 1853 and 1854, the Shôgun party at Kiyoto were not supreme. The Yedo Cabinet soon recognised the impossibility of keeping up the policy of isolation, and no doubt were at heart desirous of reversing the decree of 1639,—a desire participated in by many of the best minds in the country. But the advisers of the Shôgun were unable to impart their convictions to the western Daimios and Kugés, who kept watch and ward over the palladium of Government at Kiyoto. Hence the Shôgun was driven to a variety of shifty devices to conciliate the foreigner on the one hand, and postpone the execution of the decrees issued by the Mikado for his expulsion on the other. The struggle between the rival parties became embittered by the envy which was aroused at Kiyoto by the rapid development of the wealth and prestige of the Yedo Court through foreign intercourse, and in January, 1868, the clans of Tosa and Satsuma, who, with those of Choshiu and Hizen, had most vehemently opposed the Shôgun's policy, possessed themselves by a

* *Leading Men of Japan, with an Historical Summary of the Empire.* By Charles Lanman. Boston: Lothrop.

dexterous intrigue of the guardianship of the Mikado's person. From that moment they had the country with them, and the immense advantage of the countenance of the foreign representatives, who had long been disgusted with the duplicity of the Shôgun's advisers—for which the circumstances in which the latter found themselves were largely responsible—and were desirous of negotiating directly with the Mikado, whose real position they had by this time become acquainted with. The hollowness of the *Jô-i* ("Down with the Barbarians!") cry was shown by the readiness with which the successful faction took up the foreign policy of their predecessors, and pursued it with a liberality limited only by the supposed necessity of keeping up the restrictions imposed by the treaties, as something to have in hand for concession in exchange for the abandonment of extra-territoriality.

Since 1868, the beginning of the period Meiji, or Era of Enlightened Rule, the Japanese Government has wandered over the Western world in search of a Constitution. Much has been done in the way of demolition, but little in the way of construction, and we fear that in Japan, as elsewhere, it is not yet the case that "the wicked are inevitably punished according to law, and the just and good are rewarded by the State," as Mr. Lanman, in his enthusiasm, says they are in that happy country. By a recent decree a Parliament is promised in 1891, for the purpose of effecting the gradual establishment of a constitutional form of government. It is said that the German Empire is the model to which Japanese statesmen are now turning, and that a sort of limited monarchy is contemplated, to be upheld by a new aristocracy. If such be the project, it must fail; an aristocracy cannot be improvised, and the old aristocracy of the country has been too utterly destroyed by its own retainers to be capable of revival. Among contemporaneous Japanese statesmen, only two, Sanjô and Iwakura, are of the old Court nobility; and of the former Daimios, or territorial nobles, not one occupies a prominent place in the politics of the day. On the morrow, almost, of the accomplishment of the Revolution, the very heads even of the four clans who brought it about sank into an obscurity from which they have never emerged. Mr. Lanman does not usually give the social rank of the subjects of his biographies, but it may be stated that most of them issued from second or third-rate *Samurai* families of the four clans we have named. Among the political notabilities, Ôkubo, a Satsuma man, assassinated in 1878, displayed constructive ability of a very high order, and is entitled to be ranked as the ablest statesman Japan has produced since the days of Iyeyasu. He was a man of great learning and singularly fine character. As a councillor of the Regent of Satsuma in 1868, he took a prominent part in the restoration of the Mikado, and became one of the leading spirits of the new Government. To his wise and penetrating foresight Japan owes her escape from Continental complications through a Corean war in 1873, but the crowning acts of his career, curiously enough not mentioned by Mr. Lanman, were the settlement of the great *Samurai* question, which was a constant menace to the stability of the new system, by the capitalisation of their pensions, and the suppression of the revolt that measure brought about in his native province in 1877. The most interesting figure, however, in Mr. Lanman's gallery is that of Fukuzawa, who under the Shôgunate visited Europe and America, and made himself acquainted with the civilisation and some of the principal languages of Europe. On his return he established himself as a teacher, devoting himself specially to the popularisation of Western knowledge. After the Restoration he took high rank as a lecturer and publicist, but has always shown too independent a spirit for office. He is an ardent exponent of the views of the "Young Japan" party, but freely criticises the defects of his countrymen and the shortcomings of Japanese society. Much, however, as he admires Western civilisation, he cannot find words strong enough to express his detestation of European policy in Japan. Mr. Lanman quotes him with some complacency at considerable length on this head, and it is interesting, and indeed instructive, to read what a well-educated, intelligent, and, on the whole, liberal-minded Japanese has to say on such a subject, even if we are unable to accept either his facts or his arguments. The Japanese know more about foreign countries, we are told, than foreigners do about Japan. Few foreigners associate with Japanese, read Japanese books, or study the national life. Hence the rest can only have "a crotchety idea" of Japan and its people. "At this ignorance," says Fukuzawa, "I feel aggrieved . . . . . more than at Japanese ignorance of foreign countries." There is some justice in the complaint, which will not be lessened should Fukuzawa light upon the present volume, which is pretty plentifully bestrewn with errors, due chiefly to the kind of ignorance he laments. It is, however, pleasantly written, and, making due allowance for the eulogistic strain that runs through its pages, may be profitably read by such as are qualified to separate the chaff of panegyric from the wheat of history.

A BURGLARY.*

This is a very fresh and pleasant story, ingenious in its construction, and, with one great exception, effective in its execution. The exception is the evil character of the book on which the story hinges, and which, had it been painted with the same vivacity as the simpler and more every-day characters, would have made this tale not merely ingenious and fresh, but one of great mark and power. Mr. Sylvester, however, is faintly drawn. We suspect that Miss Dillwyn, though she has a lively imagination, has hardly imagination enough to realise to herself what either the exterior aspect or the interior life of a man at war with society, while wearing the mask of peace, would really be. Of course, the critic who makes this remark is well aware that it would be quite out of his power to supply the deficiency. It is not as in any sense taking a position superior to that of the novelist, but only as noting where it fails to satisfy the expectations of the reader, that we pick out the faintness of Mr. Sylvester's character as the chief fault of this ingenious story. But it seems clear that a life such as his, lived under a mask, and with the full knowledge that no one knew him for what he was, and that if the world around him did but know him for what he was, he would be driven out of it with fear and terror, must have been lived at very high pressure; while Miss Dillwyn never, till the very close, gives us the impression that Mr. Sylvester's life was lived at high pressure at all, or was other than one of easy-going, pleasurable interest. Sylvester is a little cynical, a little inscrutable, a little scornful, and that is all that there is in his demeanour to mark him off from the rest of the world. A man really at war with society, though choosing to adopt the mask of peace, a man full of scorn for every assumption on which ordinary conversation is based, and knowing himself to be a beast of prey, as it were, in disguise, could hardly have enjoyed the social intercourse which Sylvester is supposed to have enjoyed, or have entered into the general amusements in which he seems to have taken his full share, without giving a much stronger impression than he gives us, of the life of constant reserve which he was living. When a man is paying back kindness with plunder, and friendliness with contempt, and does not wish this to be known, there must be a struggle within, and if no reflection of that struggle without, still the sign of some inward state which has none of the spontaneity of ordinary life. Miss Dillwyn gave us no clear impression of this. Sylvester might, for anything we see, be a mere speculative cynic, whose theory of human nature was contemptuous, though his life was not in any way based on that contempt. The consequence is that this important figure makes no powerful impression on us, as such a figure certainly ought to do, and thus the central conception on which the whole story turns is blurred and faint. Take, as an illustration of what we mean, the conversation between Sylvester and Imogen after the afternoon service, as to the hymn which had been sung. That conversation represents rather the intellectual conceit of a man who enjoyed looking down on the ordinary faith of Christians, than the conflict of mind existing in a conscious hypocrite, anxious on the one hand to make a favourable impression on a fresh young girl's nature, and tormented on the other hand by his knowledge of the loathing and dread in which she would hold him, if she knew more.

That is an important criticism, but it is the only unfavourable criticism we have to pass on the story. The plot seems to us very fresh and very clever, and by no means an impossible one. The two heroines, as we may call Imogen Rhys and Ethel Carton, are sketched with a great deal of skill and truthfulness, and there is a buoyancy about the whole book, and especially about the out-of-doors life it contains, which is very unhackneyed and refreshing, after the ordinary drawing-room novel. Ethel's indolent sweetness, benevolence, and high principle are sketched with great delicacy; and Imogen's high spirits, fresh enthusiasm,

* *A Burglary; or, Unconscious Influence.* By E. A. Dillwyn, Author of "The Rebecca Rioter," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

and awkward attempts to make herself useful in life present a very true and pretty picture. Nor could the sensational incidents of the story be much better managed than they are. The victory of Sir Charles Dover, armed with a lady's shawl, over the mad dog is very spirited, and just the event to make an impression on Imogen's previously untouched heart; while the fire at the Croesus Hoggs' is narrated with great power,—the incident of the thrusting-back of the girl in the flaming ball-dress into the fire is grim enough in its realism,—though we must say that the young ladies and their friends get over the horrors of the evening with extraordinary speed and completeness.

Miss Dillwyn has a good deal of humour, without which it is hardly possible to make a good novel. We must specially compliment her on the closing half-page in which Imogen accepts the young gentleman whom she had previously refused. Her reply is almost as happy as one of Miss Austen's best touches, and closes a very ingenious and agreeable story with a touch of gentle banter that pleasantly relieves the inevitable sentiment.

WILLIAM BALLANTYNE HODGSON.*

There is only one thing about this book that is quite satisfactory; it consists of a single volume of modest dimensions. Professor Meiklejohn, who describes himself, not as its author, but as its editor, warns his readers in his preface that, "as in the lives of most men who have given themselves to thought and study, there were in the life of Dr. Hodgson very few events." We should have said that Dr. Hodgson's life was one of activity, rather than of thought. But, letting that pass, why should Professor Meiklejohn, or whoever is really responsible for this book, make such a mystery of the "few events" that actually took place in the life that is here recorded? We are informed that "from both sides of his house" Hodgson "inherited a powerful intellect, extreme sensitiveness of temperament, and almost volcanic passions." He styled his mother a second Mrs. Poyser, and described his father as "a man of a most powerful intellect, and passions of tremendous energy and depth." Yet we are told nothing of the life of these parents; their Christian names, the very occupation of the father, are not given. Then there seems to have been an ogress of a half-sister, who tortured Hodgson in his earliest days; might we not have had some information as to her life after her half-brother escaped from her influence? Dr. Hodgson resembled George Combe in some respects, and was, to a certain extent, the propagator of Combe's doctrines on education. Would that his biographer had imported into his work a little of the minuteness of Combe, who tells us that "his father was George Comb, brewer; and his mother, Marion Newton, daughter of Abram Newton, of Curriehill;" that his father was "six feet two inches in stature, and proportionally strongly formed in the trunk and limbs;" and that his mother was "a short, well-formed woman, with a highly nervous and bilious temperament, a dark, fine skin, dark hair, and fine, dark eyes, and an energetic step!" The years that intervene between a man's leaving college and his settling down to the business of life are generally reckoned as of the highest importance; during these his moral nature, as a rule, is being formed. What would Trollope's *Autobiography* or Carlyle's *Reminiscences* be without the "early struggles" recorded in each, dissimilar as these are? But all we are told of this period in Hodgson's life is this:—"For a few years after leaving college, young Hodgson was chiefly engaged in lecturing, education, and phrenology; and he was for a few months at work on a newspaper, as editor. His lecturing and editing were, however, confined chiefly to the county of Fife, where he made many useful and valuable friendships, which he retained throughout his life." If we know every detail of Carlyle's Kirkcaldy schoolmastering, why should we not be given some definite information about Hodgson's editing, "confined chiefly to the county of Fife," the more especially as we are subsequently informed that he was "a born journalist," and had special aptitudes for what some of us will be surprised to hear is "that most seductive of professions."

Dr. Hodgson, it may be presumed, had his money difficulties and his love-affairs early in life. His attachment for his younger brother, Thomas, who was drowned while quite young, was warm and deep. He says in one of his letters (p. 33), "I have loved as deeply as I think it was possible to do, and more deeply than I can do again," and "when I had not a shilling certain in the world, I was careless of money and extravagant." The most enjoyable, because most naïve, thing in the whole biography is an extract from Hodgson's diary when he was sixteen:—"I never saw her look so beautiful. Had a very excellent sermon. . . . . Went to church in the afternoon. The ladies were not there. Had a most wretched sermon." We confess to being rather sorry to find that when Hodgson approaches his nineteenth year, "the ecstasy of intellectual insight and appreciation rises up in strong morning light," in this fashion:—"Mr. S—— gave a most magnificent lecture on 'The Importance of Intellectual Culture.' The admiration I felt at different parts was so intense that the tears started from my eyes. My delight was inexpressible. I sat on the left of Miss S——. I forgot her presence in the depth of my attention." But Dr. Hodgson's biographer may think that what he terms his "passing love-fits," and early history generally, are not worth giving particulars of. Why, then, does he lift the veil from the sober loves of his hero at forty-seven? Why print from private letters addressed to the lady who became his second wife such Grandisonian sentiments, oddly though mildly dashed with heterodoxy, as these?—

"I am sure that your experience coincides with mine, and that we grow dearer to each other the more and the longer we are together. So may it ever be, my darling, as years go on; and thus old age will have only one terror for us—the fear of an approaching separation. Even that thought, when it does cross our minds, will but make us cling more closely and fondly to each other, so as, at once, to make the most and the best of what time may be granted to us in the order of Providence, and to give the least possible cause for self-reproach to the one whose fate it may be to survive the other. Neither, my beloved, shall we fail to look forward to a reunion hereafter, if not with the certainty of conviction, at least with the fond yearnings of hope, and full faith in the unspeakable goodness of God, who has so strangely, and yet so naturally, united us in love so tender, so blissful, and (I fear not to say) so enduring. Thoughts so solemn will purify and hallow, not mar or sadden, our union. If we do not much frequent churches, we must try to make our house a church, not for weekly ceremonials, but for daily offerings of good deeds and high thoughts, and love which, ever springing in our own hearts, shall run over on all around, near and far."

We have in this book, in short, the portrait of Dr. Hodgson not as a man, living, loving, struggling, and it may even be blundering and sinning, but as one of Providence's automata, getting through an enormous amount of work in the shape of teaching, talking, lecturing, organising, platforming, pamphleteering, and letter-writing. There may have been another Dr. Hodgson than this; some who may have met him in society or have seen him in his pleasant northern retreat of Bonaly may be certain that there was. Yet Professor Meiklejohn, though he testifies to Dr. Hodgson's brilliancy—he was unquestionably a good talker, of a school rapidly dying out—his geniality, and the like, can hardly be said to let us see this other side of his character. A few puns, some readable letters about his travels, and a rather laboured account of a students' breakfast at Bonaly, by one who attended his lectures as Professor of Economic Science in Edinburgh, are practically all the materials we have here given on which to form a judgment as to the inner life of a man who cannot have been absolutely devoted to essentially objective activities. This book is, indeed, a lengthy notice of the kind that appears in biographical dictionaries, padded out with extracts from letters. We learn that Professor Hodgson was born in Edinburgh in 1815, and died in Brussels in 1880; that after being educated in his native city, he did some editing and lecturing in Fifeshire; that he filled in succession the posts of Secretary and Principal of the Liverpool Educational Institute; Principal of the Chorlton High School, Manchester; Assistant-Commissioner in Primary Education; Examiner in Political Economy in the University of London, and finally, Professor of Political Economy and Commercial Law in the University of Edinburgh. For the rest, he was an intense lover of Mr. Gladstone (though he does not seem to have understood Mr. Bright), and an equally intense hater of Lord Beaconsfield. Professor Meiklejohn might, indeed, have refrained from reproducing so many of the epithets that Dr. Hodgson hurled at that deceased statesman. Many of us had to do a good deal of heavy firing, in the days that preceded the fall of the late Conservative Government. But does it serve any good purpose to pick up and preserve the bullets of hot controversy? Dr. Hodgson was, according to his lights, a friend of religious toleration, and his resignation in 1867 of his seat on the Council of University College, on account of the treatment accorded to Dr. Martineau in connection with the vacant Chair of Logic, is not yet forgotten. It is not very easy to say what

* *Life and Letters of William Ballantyne Hodgson, LL.D., late Professor of Economic Science in the University of Edinburgh.* Edited by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M.A., Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrew's. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

theological opinions he held before his death. He had been driven from the traditional Calvinism of his country by his early family experiences—"the worst features of my character are due to my never having known as others do the feelings which make home and the family"—and he was critical and almost bitter towards it to the last. He wrote to Dr. Martineau in 1853 that his views most closely agreed with those of the Unitarian body, but that he had been "chilled and repelled by the majority of the Unitarians whom he knew." In his later years he gave utterance to opinions that seemed to to many savour of the popular agnosticism of the day; yet his family prayers, which are given as an appendix to this volume, are essentially Theistic.

Dr. Hodgson was, above all things, an educationist, though in the largest and most liberal sense. Professor Meiklejohn evidently consider him a far-seeing politician and a profound economist as well; but we doubt this very much. He was an omnivorous reader, indeed, and took an intense interest in the political questions and economical problems of his day; he was, in fact, intense, imitative, and industrious, rather than sagacious or original. There is no evidence that he was anything more than a clear expositor of the economy in vogue, when he became examiner in and ultimately Professor of that subject. Professor Meiklejohn sees a proof of his political sagacity in his predicting the fall of the Second Empire; but then he had been in Paris at the time of the *coup d'état*, and had seen the rottenness of the foundations of the Imperial edifice. He was all at sea about the issues of the Civil War in America; he calculated that Mr. Gladstone would in 1874 come back from the General Election with a reduced majority; and he was doubtful about the result of the Midlothian candidature in 1880. Into education and everything connected with it, however, Hodgson threw his whole heart, and soul, and strength, and mind. It may be doubted if any work in the way of organising secondary and higher education was ever better done than that which was accomplished by him in Manchester and Liverpool. It is to his exertions mainly, his ceaseless activity, and his unflagging enthusiasm, that Scotland possesses even the two Chairs of education it now has. His letters, indeed, show him to have looked at almost everybody he came across from the educational point of view. On his travels on the Continent, he meets with a self-indulgent young blockhead; he does not rest till he traces the unsatisfactory condition of the poor boy to the bad discipline of a private school in Surrey. Although frugal almost to penuriousness, he was generous in a variety of ways, and assisted many struggling persons. Yet when a lady applied to him for help, whose father, although connected with an Insurance Company, had not insured his life, he must, before giving her what she needs, comment on the phenomenon in this style,—"Pardon me, if I say that my already strong conviction is greatly strengthened that our systems of teaching and training at home and at school must be radically defective, in failing to prevent, in not even trying to prevent, the recurrence of such a state of things." He was didactic, even at the expense of taste. Professor Meiklejohn's account of Dr. Hodgson's work at Manchester is worth quoting, as giving us the man in his true element:—

"His attention to the smallest details is something wonderful. He suggests to one teacher the propriety of showing his pupils how to fold and address letters properly; explains to another how geography may be made interesting; invents and prescribes sets of exercises for many of the classes; shows how difficult lines from Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be best explained; teaches the French master how to teach French; cuts down the 'theory' of a singing-master, and induces him to give his class more practice in the art itself; gives valuable lessons in discipline to masters who are pedantic, lifeless, vexatious, irritable, or too woodenly strict; shows another how to invent and put questions; gives a lesson in the art of reading; maps out a Latin sentence; shows how drill in the accidence may be best conducted; introduces easy and workable pens; is equal to the highest and careful of the very lowest element. *Mens agitat molem, totoque infunditur orbi.* Nay, he spends even his holidays in studying the profession of teaching and in picking up plans and ideas in other schools. He visits the High Schools of the larger towns of Scotland; and, by careful inspection and diligent questioning, learns what to aim at, to follow, or to avoid. Everywhere he combines in a quite unequalled degree the most orderly business habits with the constant demand that thinking shall permeate every part of the school-work; he makes himself acquainted with each pupil; and takes a real interest in the progress of each member of a school of nearly seventeen hundred."

Hodgson was an incessant letter-writer; indeed, his warmest admirers must have wished he had written less, and brooded, or even mooned, a little more. In the course of a life full of varied activity, he must have seen many leading men of his time. Yet in this volume there is disappointingly little of a quotable character about his contemporaries. He dismisses Lord Shaftesbury (when Lord Ashley) as a "dandified, fiddle-faddle humanitarian." He finds Carlyle an "unsatisfactory man," while he is favourably impressed by Leigh Hunt. His account of Douglas Jerrold is perhaps the most interesting, and it certainly is the most curious, of his London jottings:—

"Douglas Jerrold's house is the further part of a double cottage, with gardens before and behind. It stands on rather a lonely way on Putney Common, but it is a pleasant little place. I sent in my card and Clarke's letter, and in a minute or two out came a little, round-shouldered, sharp-faced man, who offered his hand, and said he was glad to see me, and asked me to come in. I went with him into his library, a pretty little room about the size of mine; one side is lined with book-shelves, with a very nice collection of books; two windows look out upon the common, and over the chimney-piece hangs a portrait of himself, not very like. I told him that I knew of his arrival from Mr. Dickens, whom I had met the day before at the exhibition in Westminster Hall. He said he was going to see it this very day. I immediately proposed that we should go together, and to this he at last assented. So he went into the other room to put on his walking dress, and allowed me a few minutes to glance over the titles of the books. On his return, he looked much improved in appearance. Before we set out, he gave me a copy of his 'Time Works Wonders,' and I gave him a copy of our last report. As we walked along to the boat, we talked of the death of Hood and Laman Blanchard. The latter was Jerrold's most intimate friend, and they were to have met at two p.m. that very day when the dreadful suicide was committed. As we passed through the village of Putney, an outrider passed us in scarlet or crimson livery and then another. We stood and saw the Queen pass in a *char-à-banc*, containing twelve people. Prince Albert sat in the second row and the Queen in the first. My eye was distracted among so many persons, and not knowing which was the Queen, I cannot say that I saw her. The impulse to raise my hat was strong, but as D. J. did not, I too refrained. I was unwilling to be deficient in any usual or proper mark of respect to established authority, though, as you know, I am a pretty staunch republican in sentiment. At the same time, I think that neither has the season come for agitating the question with success, nor would it do any great good at present to destroy the Monarchy. We want many other reforms first; so long as a people are contented under a monarchy, so long is it unfit for a republic. The Queen was naturally the subject of our conversation. D. J. told me she had turned 'Punch' out of the Palace, though at first she liked it very well; that she is extremely indifferent to the claims of literary men; that she would not go to see the Belgian Company at Covent Garden, on account of the Anti-Corn Law League's connection with that house, and that they were consequently removed to Drury Lane, where she went to see them the very first night; that she would not go to the theatre to see his play, though she went the very first night after its performance was discontinued."

AN IRISH NOVEL.*

THE novel before us is an Irish story; its title is taken from a line in a poem by the Irish poet, Denis Florence McCarthy, whose sweet singing ceased but a little while ago; it is an open secret that its writer is a young Irish lady, and the book is "racy of the soil." It is hardly hazardous to guess that the writer's experience is limited to her own country; but it is plain that there she has studied men, women, and things, with quick intelligence, keen appreciation, and the ready sympathy that gives the last vivifying touch to the characters portrayed and the scenes depicted, and which is absent from even the very best "foreign" handling of things Irish.

The peculiar wit there is in certain Irish sayings and stories—it is very often of a kind that is beyond laughter—the peculiar, piercing, minor wail there is in certain Irish music, the sunny gleams and the sudden glooms there are in certain Irish natures—Carleton has put them into books, and Dion Boucicault has put them on the stage—are all things that perhaps it takes Irish people themselves to feel "in their bones," as Dickens's Mr. Morfin felt the violoncello, but which even those who, like Mr. Irving, "can't help being English," perceive, and recognise with pleasure. So it is with the peculiar Irish charm that pervades this book; it may be only to be felt in its fullness by dwellers in "Sloway" (if we mistake not, the River Liffey "right through that city flows"), to whom its types of character, its modes of thought, and its ways of speech are familiar; yet it will not be lost upon the general reader.

The book is altogether interesting, not only on account of its merit, which is considerable, and its unusualness, which is striking, but because it is so strangely fresh, and, so to speak, confiding. It is as untrained, unkempt, and luxuriant as the vegetation in those Irish hedges which are never subjected to shears, and on which English eyes, a little tired of our trim tidiness, are apt to rest with refreshment; and it combines, in an odd, attractive manner, very close, even shrewd, appreciations of things within the author's actual knowledge—clear, practical

* *Thy Name is Truth: a Social Novel.* London: J. and R. Maxwell.

remarks, and brief characteristic indications that distinctly present the person or the situation to the reader—with very wide-of-the-mark shots at things outside that knowledge. The story has been written with all the writer's heart; there are youthful faith and energy in it, and these are pleasant things, even when they gambol a little too much, at a time when the youngest among our female novelists are the most cynical and the least edifying. This is a girls' novel, and there is patriotism and duty, gratitude, and love in it; a heroine who is as individual and as independent as any of Mr. Henry James's analytical, young American females, but worth a score of them by reason of her wholesomeness, her godliness, and her contentment; a hero who is a good fellow, full of talent and honesty of purpose (the author ought not to have given him the silly pet name "Boy"); and a villain quite manifestly concocted, and not a bit like a real, live villain of the class he is intended to represent. Every reader of these remarks who shall proceed to consult the story will know why we hold the unlifelikeness of Mr. Mitford, considering the form his wickedness takes, to be in reality, though a technical fault, part of the charm of the book. Mr. Mitford has been read up, not noted down, and we have had many examples of him before, even to that trick of your true villain, the assiduous paring of his nails in the presence of his victims. This has always been a habit of ladies' villains; but we believe the experience of mankind is that although the virtuous and the villainous alike pare their nails, both classes perform that operation in their dressing-rooms exclusively.

The story is interesting and original, and the same may be said of the characters who work it out; but the author has not known exactly how to manage her plot, and her personages have been rather too many for her. They hustle each other occasionally, and the smaller of them usurp too much place. She is so honestly, so eagerly anxious to give them all fair-play and expression, to tell out all that is in her fancy, that she abounds too much, and gives disquisition its head too liberally and too often. She says nothing—whether it be about Pallas College, the *News* office, its editor, its staff, its jolly young reporters, the popular M.P.'s, the local politics, and the social features of Sloway—that is not well said and worth reading in itself; but she has not sufficient command of literary method to subordinate all these things to the progress of her story, and therefore she does not give her plot fair-play; it is much more dramatic than she permits it to appear.

Is it an impertinence to refer to certain modes of expression in use in a capital city as provincialisms? If so, we beg pardon in advance, but do not know what else to call such phrases as, "It was Boy took Aileen in to supper, and the girl was silent in wonder if ever she wrote a novel how she would begin a description of the spectacle before her." These colloquialisms are not the slips of ignorance; they should be discarded as provincialisms. Again, we are told that Mr. Mitford, the villain, was thought, "by the opposite sex," to be "a great beauty," and that "about his eyes there roved a disagreeable symptom of a smile." Even if Sloway says "symptom" where the Sassenach would say "indication," that can hardly justify a symptom in "roving." And why does the author use the word "scapegoat," in the sense of "scapegrace"? This would be explicable if she put the expression into the mouth of a peasant, but she makes Mr. Mitford employ it.

These are, however, but trivial faults, and we point them out because blemishes of this kind are easily avoided, while they may obscure real merits of this novel from the eyes of casual observers. There is one portion of this work to which we can give admiration without stint, and commendation without reserve. It is never fair to a novelist to reveal his plot, and therefore we can only say that the circumstances under which the author presents us with the prison scenes of her story are managed with great force and ingenuity; but we may, without prejudice, dwell upon those prison scenes. Nothing could be more true, touching, beautiful, or terrible than the picture of the condemned man and his dying wife. It has the strong simplicity of Mr. Trollope's *Macdermots of Ballycloran;* but far beyond that, it has a piercing pathos and fine delicacy of touch which set this new writer apart. The young husband in the prison, the young wife in the retreat for the "Morituri," each preparing for the appointed hour when the guiltless one shall "go to God," and the tortured survivor shall be released from the horror of "Tom, hanged!" the anguish of the spectators of both scenes, and yet the fine and pious discharge of their duty by all concerned; the hurry, the suspense, the wild excitement of the discovery that undoes the wrong; the yearning, but patient, question of the wife, when her husband is set free, "And must I die now?"—of all this the most successful novelist who ever charmed the public might well be proud. In these chapters the writer of *Thy Name is Truth* gives us the true measure of her ability, and it affords us sincere gratification to record the accession of one whose aim is both true and lofty to the ranks of our lady novelists.

MR. BEARD ON THE REFORMATION.*

"The Reformation, in the view which I shall take of it," says Mr. Beard, in his introductory lecture, "was not, primarily, a theological, a religious, an ecclesiastical movement at all." Even in view of the qualifying clause, "in the view that I shall take of it," we cannot but think that this statement is far too sweeping. We readily allow the force of all the considerations which Mr. Beard alleges. That the Reforming movement of the sixteenth century, which mastered the greater part of Teutonic Europe, and struggled hard for the victory in one at least of the Latin nations, was not an isolated fact, that the revival of letters in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had much to do in producing it, and that the invention of printing was a most powerful instrument in preparing the way for it, it is impossible not to concede. But this need not prevent us from believing that the movement itself, when it did come, was in the main religious. It was a profoundly religious conviction that stirred Luther, who may be taken, as indeed Mr. Beard takes him, for the typical Reformer, to the action which shook the domination of the Papacy. He believed that the accepted theology of Christendom had drifted very far away from the teaching of Christ and his Apostles, and that the religion of the day had suffered a corresponding corruption. It was this conviction that gave him courage and endurance. Whenever it ceased to be the prominent motive of his action, when, for instance, under the pressure of circumstances, he was forced, or believed himself forced, to become political, he became a weaker, inferior, less consistent man. Mr. Beard, it seems to us, estimates the Reformation by its consequences, by the movements which have been, in part at least, developed out of it. We can see plainly enough now that the struggle between the forces which the Reformation may be taken to symbolise, and those to which it is antagonistic, is something much larger than the difference between the creed of Pope Pius and the Confession of Augsburg or the Thirty-nine Articles. But the men of the sixteenth century did not see it. To them, the theological controversy was of predominating importance. They had not a doubt but that the question ought to be settled, they had great hopes that it might be settled by convincing arguments which might be found in Scripture, or in the Fathers. A phase of the controversy in which the disputants would no longer appeal to these authorities must have been altogether beyond their conception.

After all, the difference between Mr. Beard and ourselves may be little more than that he regards the Reformation more as what it was potentially than as what it was actually. With this reservation, we wish to express very heartily our admiration of his treatment of the subject. In his introductory lecture he deals with the theological precursors of the Reformation. In a series of notices which compress into a brief space the results of much careful study, and are distinguished both by acuteness and sympathy, he speaks of the efforts at reform which led to the Councils of Constance and Basle, of the Mystics, with Eckhart and Tauler for their principal names, of the Imitation of Christ, of the Waldenses, of the followers of Wiclif and Huss. At the end of the chapter, he points out that these efforts at reform produced no amendment, that the dominant theology remained unshaken, and that the corruption of morals and of ecclesiastical government was as monstrous as ever. And he asks, speaking of the Reformation of the sixteenth century,—"Why did that revolt succeed, when so many other attempts at reform had failed? Why did Luther and Zwingli do what Wiclif and Huss had not done?" He finds an answer to this question in the subject of his next lecture, "The Revival of Letters in Italy and Germany." Here, again, we have an admirable summary of a great subject, nothing being better, we think, than the notice of Erasmus. This is a very acute remark:—"The Reformation that has been, is Luther's monument: perhaps

* *The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in its Relation to Modern Thought and Knowledge.* The Hibbert Lectures of 1883. By Charles Beard, B.A. London: Williams and Norgate. 1883.

the Reformation that is to be, will trace itself back to Erasmus; but will even as much of Erasmus's Reformation as of Luther's be entitled to our gratitude?" The succeeding lectures, from the third to the ninth, are more properly concerned with the Reformation itself. Mr. Beard does, we think, substantial justice to its great leaders; and he does also, as, indeed, might be expected from him, even more justice to the men whom their leaders regarded with an hostility not second to that with which they regarded the Papacy. Heretics have, for the most part, been hardly dealt with, both by their contemporaries and by posterity. Mr. Beard's sixth lecture, "The Sects of the Reformation," does something to redress the wrong, as regards men whom the Reformers dreaded as much as Rome dreaded the Reformers. He says, taking occasion by his mention of Sebastian Franck, of some of these men:—

"They were half-blindly reaching forward to something better and more stable than they knew or could firmly grasp. Those seem to us to have succeeded best who stood on the ground of that pure spiritual intuition which is the same in all ages, and not essentially affected by intellectual change; but in proportion as they succeeded, were they out of tune with their own age and that which came after. These ideas of the continuity of revelation, of the Divine in nature and in history, of the inner, which must in the last resort interpret the outer Word, of the unimportance of Sacraments compared with the consecration of the life, even of the kingdom of God as a realisable ideal of human society, are only now, after the lapse of so many years, working themselves clear, and winning recognition as the result of a just interpretation of Scripture, of history, of nature."

We should ourselves have said that on the sacramental question the latest development of thought and feeling had been just the other way, that it had vindicated instead of attenuating the power of sacraments. In the tenth and succeeding lectures we come to the developments of the Reformation. The tenth treats of the "Growth of the Critical Spirit." It contains an interesting sketch of the progress of the "higher criticism," in the times that followed the Reformation. We cannot accept all Mr. Beard's *obiter dicta*. Wolf's "Prolegomena to Homer" do not stand by any means on the same level as Bentley's "Phalaris," nor is the ballad theory of the Homeric poems "generally adopted." Many competent judges think that the Wolfians have not done more than prove, as a well-known Oxford humourist puts it, that "the *Iliad* was not written by Homer, but by another person of the same name." But we have read with great interest, and, for the most part, with a general agreement of opinion, the pages which describe the changed aspect which the Bible now bears to reverent students of its pages. The eleventh lecture treats of the "Development of Philosophical Method and Scientific Investigation," and in the twelfth the writer sums up his conclusions. Both contain some things to which we cannot assent, but which we cannot discuss within any limits now at our command. But though this be so, though we doubt whether the standpoint which Mr. Beard has found for his own faith is either as tenable or as steady as he thinks, that he is an able thinker, and as careful as he is able, we willingly admit. We gladly quote the eloquent words in which he gives the conclusion of the whole matter:—

"And so I venture to think that to restore Christianity to the place which it has lost and is more and more losing in the hearts of thoughtful and educated men, still more to give back to it its old victorious energy in dealing with the sinful and the wretched, what is chiefly needed is a prophet of this latter day who, in the keenness and directness of his religious insight, will speak at once a piercing and a reconciling word. Such an one will be deeply penetrated with the scientific spirit, rejoicing in the interpretation of nature as an unveiling of God, and desiring only the plain truth of history, that he may trace in it the working of the Divine Hand. But he will be too full of the awe of direct vision to lose himself in the arid wastes of criticism, or to be led astray by the pedantries of scientific investigation. I dare venture to predict that, like every other true prophet, the future will fill his eye and heart too completely to suffer him to be a bond-slave of the past: present revelations always overbear old theologies, and no living Church ever supplies the model of the New Jerusalem. I have no fear lest he should fall out of the ranks of Christ's soldiers; for I do not believe that religion has anything to offer to man that the Gospel does not hold, and I notice that what is strong and inspiring in newer systems is Christian in essence, if not always in name. I know that when he speaks men will crowd to hear him, and lay their hearts and lives in his hands; for the religious instincts of humanity are ineradicable, and even if they sometimes sleep, wake always to life and energy again. And though his clear and penetrating accents may not fall upon our living ears, and we can do nothing to direct the operation of the Spirit of God, which, like the wind, 'bloweth where it listeth,' yet it belongs to us of this generation to make straight the way of his coming, by living and working in the light of our best knowledge and most intimate convictions. Intellectual difficulties we can to some extent reconcile: hindrances to church-fellowship we can remove: we can go back to the simplicity of primitive piety; we can acknowledge the oneness of the religious life. So, as age follows age, and each pours fresh wealth into the treasury of human knowledge—as men accumulate a riper experience, solving ever more perfectly the problems of life and entering upon wider possibilities—Christianity too will receive a fuller development, and mankind, with the acknowledgment of mystery and the cry of imperfection always upon its lips, will penetrate more and more deeply into the glory and the wonder of God."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Jackanapes. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. With Illustrations by Randolph Caldecott. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1884.)—Why this delightful little tale is dated 1884, when it had already appeared in October, 1883, we cannot conjecture, and think that the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" should discountenance such fictitious dates, as it doubtless desires to discountenance fictions of all kinds. Mrs. Ewing has never surpassed, even if she has ever reached, the movement, liveliness, pathos, and general charm of this vivid little sketch, which is admirably illustrated by Mr. Caldecott,—though we think that he ought to have given more faithfully the group assembled on the village green to see Jackanapes take his first ride on Rollo. Mr. Caldecott has left out the gipsy, for instance, and has turned the old General into a young man. But to go back to Mrs. Ewing. The dialogues between the old General and his little grandson are as good as it was possible to make them, and indeed the lively transitions from one sketch to the next in the dissolving views of Jackanapes's life are full both of nature and of art. If Mrs. Ewing had shortened her tale by the last twenty lines, which to our minds injure it by inculcating something too much of a positive moral or sentiment, the suppression of which in the course of the story is one of its chief merits, we should have called this tale simply perfect. Were the last twenty lines insisted on by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge? If so, that Society does not fully understand its own business. There is many a feeling which exerts twice as much influence so long as it is only suggested, as it could ever exert if it were distinctly and emphatically expressed.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a very stately volume, *Art and Letters*, 1883. Edited by J. Comyns Carr. (Remington and Co.)—There are more than three hundred and fifty folio pages, and a not far inferior number of illustrations, some of them of great merit. The literature is chiefly represented by a tale by Mrs. Comyns Carr, "La Fortunina," the scene of which is laid among the Italian folk whom the writer knows so well how to describe. All this is enclosed between covers gorgeous with colour and gold.

The Satires of Horace. Edited, with Notes, by Arthur Palmer, M.A. (Macmillan.)—Professor Palmer has given us here a most interesting edition of the Satires. It is easy to see the hand of a master in his work, a hand sometimes, perhaps, a little too bold, but possessed of unmistakeable power. The text is accompanied by a running critical commentary, which is quite a model of what such a commentary should be in an edition like the present. The more important variants and conjectures are briefly discussed, always in so pointed and intelligible a way as cannot but interest and instruct the beginner in critical science, while it will not fail to commend itself to more advanced students. We may instance his note (although, indeed, this has necessarily to be of such length as relegates it to the body of annotation at the end), on i., 108-9. Here he reads:—

"Illuc, unde abii, redeo, *qui* nemo ut avaras
Se probet,"

construing the *qui* as "how," with *fiat* understood. This becomes very probable, when we look back to the point to which Horace, as he says, returns, and find the words, "qui fit, ut nemo," &c. The ellipsis is a little harsh; but the hiatus of Orelli's reading (he leaves out the *qui*) seems to us quite intolerable. To translate, too, "nemo ut probet" as "how no one," &c., is somewhat harsh. We are a little surprised to find Professor Palmer even "putting on record," though he does not introduce into the text, the conjecture, "fortissima Tyndaridum harum," "the Tyndarids of our day," for "fortissima Tyndaridarum." The words would be very harsh in any context, and here Horace evidently intends to be magniloquent. In l. 66, "populus *me* sibilat," Professor Palmer suggests *si* for *me*, which, as he remarks, is a solitary instance of an accusative after *sibilo*. He points out a curious example of how the dictionary-makers follow blindly an original error, quoting all of them, Cic. Att., ii., 19, "populares isti jam modestos homines sibilare docuerunt," as an instance of a transitive *sibilare*. We cannot, however, approve of *si*, which seems to be ill followed by *at*, in "at mihi plaudo." The occasional use of *rideo* with an accusative in the sense "laugh at" seems to supply a tolerably close analogy to the construction questioned. We note an *obiter dictum* of the editor that "the genitive with *refert* is not a good classical construction." The dictionaries quote Sallust, but they do not give Livy xxxiv., 27, "ipsorum referre." We have naturally spoken of points of difference rather than points of agreement, in this brief notice; but we

wish to express with emphasis our general appreciation of the great value of this edition. The two Dublin Professors who have contributed to Messrs. Macmillan's series must be allowed to have sensibly raised its already high average of merit.

Black and White. By E. A. Meriwether. (E. J. Hall and Son, New York.)—Mr. Meriwether draws his pictnres with very strong contrasts of light and shade. But we should not say that they are exaggerated or untrue. A *saeva indignatio* against wrong-doing, whether hiding itself under respectablo disguises or boasting itself openly, inspires him and gives a vigour to his writing. There are two passages in the story which deserve special attention. Calvin Calyx's method of dealing with an inebriato (the chief specific, we may mention, was water of the hottest, administered internally), and the account of the sale of slaves at a South Carolina plantation. The latter is a very striking scene. We wonld remind the author, if, as seems likely, he has made Richard Wilmer the mouthpiece of his own opinions, that any unsettling process which Byron's writing effected was not an unsettling of belief—for this may he salutary—but of morals.

Stories and Episodes of Home Mission Work. (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.)—If we felt called upon to criticise this little volume, we might point out that it might have been more effectively arranged. As it is, we would say to our readers—open it where you please; if yon come upon what great people, prime ministers, archbishops, and the like have said about the work, pass it by, and go on till you find, as you will very soon find, what the workers themselves say. It must be a very hard heart indeed that will not be touched by some of these pitiful stories of ignorance and misery. No official machinery can deal with the mass of suffering which these pages—and they might have been multiplied tenfold—reveal. The work needed can only be done by the efforts of individual workers; and the object of this volnme is to procure the means by which their number may he increased.

Hard Lines. By Hawley Smart. 3 vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—Though Mr. Smart does not precisely relate

"How virtue wars with persecuting fate,"

his theme is not altogether dissimilar. Captain, commonly called Cis, Calvert, though he is not exactly an incarnation of virtue, is a decent young fellow, pursued by fate in the shape of two weaknesses,—a hankering after the excitement of the Turf, and a tendency to become the slave of a woman who chooses to make a fool of him. His fortunes and misfortunes Captain Smart describes with a certain liveliness. We see him successively in a northern garrison town, in an Indian station (where, for sheer want of occupation, he takes to flirting far more zealously than discreetly), and finally in the Crimea, where he plays with tolerable success the *rôle* of the dandy turned into a hero. The writer's boldest stroke is where he draws the character of Lizzie Daventry, a very dangerous *femme incomprise*, whom the hero meets in India. But he seems hardly able to make up his mind whether the woman was in earnest, and the very plain-spoken way in which she opens her mind to Captain Calvert certainly comes upon the reader as a surprise. As novels go, there is nothing to which one need very strongly object in *Hard Lines;* but it lies wholly on a low level of life and thought. From beginning to end, there is nothing elevated about it.

Undine, and other Stories. By Caroline Birley. (Heywood, Manchester.)—These are pretty and well-told stories that Miss Birley has collected in this little volume. Perhaps the best of them is "Yes, or No?" It is not often, we fear, that a man who has once begun to be dishonest climbs again the upward path. There is very little to help him, if he does. But it is done in this story, and the doing of it is told in such a way as to call out our belief and sympathy.

If only some one had thought three hundrod years ago of the volume which we have now before ns, *The Family Register*, by A. G. Taunton (W. H. Allen and Co.), we should be in possession of much interesting and valuable information now hopelessly lost. Mr. Taunton has put together in a volume, which, to minimise the chance of loss, he has made of folio size, forms for the entries of births and baptisms, marriages and deaths, and burials. After these comes a blank genealogical table. It is not too late to begin. Most people know something, at least, of their family descent for two or three generations back, though the migratory habits which the scarcity of freehold tennre, among other causes, goes to produce, commonly interrupt such knowledge at no distant period. Let them begin by putting this down, and posterity will not fail, we feel sure, to be grateful.

Professor Henry Morley has our best wishes for his *Morley's Universal Library* (Routledge and Son),—a title, by the way, which, without the *differentia* of "Morley's," has been used before for a not dissimilar undertaking. The volumo now before us is *Rabelais*, which the editor has successfully adapted to the tastes of a less plain-spoken generation than that for which the jolly priest of Meudon wrote. We shall be curious to see what he does with Dryden, and still more curious about Wycherley, an Ethiopian whose skin, one would think, it must be exceedingly difficult to change. Dryden and Wycherley, with Fielding and Colley Cibber, are to represent France, in the person of the dramatists whom—so early did our playwrights take to this practice—these writers "adapted." Among the volumes in immediato prospect (it is arranged that they should appear every month, each with a short preface from the editor) are *Bacon's Essays*, *Defoe's Journal of the Plague*, and *Butler's Analogy of Religion*. The critic's task will happily be very easy.

Dante's Divine Comedy: the Purgatorio. A Prose Translation, by the late William Stratford Dugdale. (Bell and Sons.)—Mr. W. S. Dugdale had just finished this translation before the accident which terminated his life. It seems to be fairly literal, and at the same time can be read with some satisfaction. The original is printed below, the text followed being that of Signor Brunone Bianchi, and there are notes explanatory of difficulties and allusions. The book will certainly be useful to students.

Careers from English History: England and Spain. By C. M. Yonge. (Macmillan.)—Miss Yonge tells in her own vigorous style some forty stories belonging to the last period of the sixteenth century, and to the three years of the seventeenth century which brought Elizabeth's reign to a close. "England and Spain" is the title which she gives to her volume, and these two countries are certainly the chief actors in the drama which she describes; but France and Scotland also appear, for we have, among others, the tales of the "Kirk of Field" and of the "St. Bartholomew." The stories are detached, but a sufficiently clear thread of history joins them together. Volumes such as this do not supersede the severer study of history, but they make it very much more pleasant.

Inchbracken. By Robert Clelaud. (Wilson and McCormick, Glasgow.)—There is a purpose or sub-purpose of controversy in this story. The hero is a Free-Church minister, a very good fellow indeed, but, we are given to nnderstand, not very wise, and in this respect a contrast to his father, who had seen no reason to follow the Seceders. The villain of the story is a most detestable hypocrite, who acts as clerk—or whatever the official may he called—to the Free-Church congregation. There is nothing especially attractive in this combination; and the story which is built upon it is of but small merit. The minister finds a child upon the sea-shore on the morning after a wreck, and the scandalous tongues of the village take advantage of this incident to fasten upon his blameless life the odium that really is due to the misdoings of his clerk. Happily, there are better beings than this in the book. Some of the sketches of character are happily touched, and the dialogue is commonly well managed. What is "*stentorious* breathing?" And is it a sign of approaching death? "Stertorous," we say, in these parts.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—Nothing could be more charming than the *Verse books for Children*, written by Juliana Horatia Ewing, pictures by R. André. (S. P. C. K.) There are six of them, "Master Fritz," a charming little parable of life, in which Mrs. Ewing cannot resist some sly strokes of satire at masculine selfishness; "Soldiers' Children," in which, among other things, Master Dick invents, with great credit to himself, a "Sunday-game" of soldiers; "Three Little Nest-birds" (which ought to be put by for next spring); "Our Garden;" "The Doll's Wash," wherein certain young ladies learn by experience that "a week's wash isn't all play;" and, perhaps, most delightful of all, "A Sweet Little Dear," a true story, which might be matched in families without number, of a spoilt darling. We must give one specimen of Mrs. Ewing's amusing recitativo:—

"'If I should fail to be all a mother ought,—oh, how my head throbs when the dear child jumps;' and then nurse said, 'Ugh!

"'When you're worried into your grave, she'll have no mother at all, and 'll have to tumble up as other folks do.

"'There's the poor master at his wits' end—a child's not all a grown person has to think of—and Miss Jane would do well if she had less of her own way.

"'But there's more children spoilt with care than the want of it, and more mothers murdered than there's folk hanged for, and that's what I say.'"

A very true and sensible utterance of "nurse," as most fathers, if not most mothers, will allow. "R. André" (for we know not whether we should say "Mr." or "Miss") has carried out Mrs. Ewing's ideas in a most satisfactory manner.——Some little books which make up together "The Holly Series," drawings by Ida Waugh (Griffith and Farran), are pleasing. The drawings are distinctly good, and the verses smooth and flowing. We have three numbers before us, *Horatio Hamilton Harris*, *Little May*, and *The Christmas Carol;* and there are three others.——*The Snow Queen*, by Hans Christian Anderseu, illustrated by T. Pym (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.), comes with an introduction which ensures a welcome. The illustrations, too, though not equal in merit, are not unworthy of the letterpress. The little girl on p. 17 is excellent, while the three figures on p. 21 are somewhat stiff.——*Perseus and the Gorgon-slayer.* Illustrated by T. R. Spence, the Tale told in English by W. J. Gordon. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The tale opens badly, with a

false quantity, "Upon the cliffs of Seriphos," a blunder which is repeated more than once. The verse, indeed, is of the poorest quality, and would with great advantage have been exchanged for prose. The illustrations, though sometimes showing a certain prettiness, want dignity, and are more suitable for the "Red Riding Hood" order of story-book than for a classical tale. "Andromeda Chained to the Rock" is perhaps the worst. The boat on p. 2 is hardly the λάρναξ in which Danae and her child were exposed. As to the verse, one specimen will suffice :—

"The tooth and eye were passing when Persens seized them tight,
And all the three gray Sisters deprived of wits and sight."

——We have also received *Play-time, Sayings and Doings of Babyland*, by Edward Stanford. (Chatto and Windus.)——In *The Boats of the World*, described and depicted by "One of the Craft" (Sampson Low and Co.), the sailing are better represented than the rowing-boats. Where is the "consummate flower" of rowing-boats, the University eight-oar? Generally, too, the rowers do not seem to be rowing.

We have received from Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, each in two volumes of a most convenient size, such as will lie easily on the open hand, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, the "author's edition, with latest additions and illustrative notes," as the title-pages inform us.

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MINSTER, S.W.

The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Government have given out, semi-officially, that the County Franchise Bill will be the first measure of the next Session, and that it will probably be accompanied, rather than followed, by a Redistribution Bill—both applying to Ireland, as well as Great Britain—so that the Conservatives and the House of Lords will not be able to plead that the whole plan of the Government is laid before the country in an inadequate form. This is very satisfactory. It is almost necessary to separate the two measures, not only for the great advantages of method which their separation secures, but in order to give the House of Lords the opportunity of bowing gracefully to the will of the country, as declared at the general election, on the one point distinctly submitted to the country. But it is most important not only that the Conservatives and the House of Lords should be informed of the general lines of the Redistribution measure, but that the Liberals should be satisfied that it is to be a really large measure which may settle the question for a generation or two. It is stated by one journal, which professes to know, that the three-cornered constituencies will be done away with. We are not surprised to hear it, for the minority seat—which has a sort of stamp of inferiority on it, and which, in case of a vacancy, is always filled up by a majority Member—has not worked well. But it is most important that the same principle,—the principle of adequately representing every aspect of political conviction which is sufficiently wide-spread to be entitled to representation,—should be worked out so far as it can be in some other way; and we earnestly hope that the adherents of true democracy will insist that it shall be so.

M. Ferry, during the debate on Tonquin on Wednesday week, read a telegram from M. Tricou, French Chargé d'Affaires in China, stating that the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, had disavowed the Chinese Ambassador. The statement created much sensation in the Chamber, and is believed to have influenced the division. As Chinese official discipline is strict, and as Li Hung Chang, though an important person, is in no way the superior of the Marquis Tseng, the story was received throughout Europe with incredulity, and has now been officially denied by the Government of Pekiu. Li Hung Chang made no such disavowal, and the Foreign Office of Pekin is entirely satisfied with its Ambassador. A despatch in this sense will be sent to Paris, and meanwhile the Marquis Tseng is authorised to give the story a complete denial. It was expected that M. Ferry would offer some explanation of his well-timed credulity, but none has been forthcoming, nor is it at all clear that the Chamber will insist upon any. The Deputies, apparently, are willing to be deceived; and the Opportunist organ, *La République Française*, says it is highly unpatriotic to accept a Chinese statement, when it is opposed to one made by a French diplomatist. Nevertheless, no one doubts the comparative authenticity of the Chinese story, which, indeed, is self-evident; and the incident has greatly reduced the moral authority both of the Ministry and the Chamber. If the French Premier cannot be relied on for facts, and if the Deputies will not exact the truth from their own agents, they openly betray the trust they have received from the people. No incident more discreditable has occurred in France since the fall of the Empire.

Rumours have been circulated in London and Paris of great French successes in Tonquin, and other rumours of a final breach between China and France. None of these stories are true. According to all authentic reports, Dr. Harmand, the Civil Commissioner in Touquin, has been recalled or sent to Hué; and Admiral Courbet, thus left supreme in the field, does not intend to advance yet. His reinforcements are arriving, but the country is still flooded, and he will wait till December before he begins dragging forward the heavy artillery necessary to reduce Sontay and Bacninh. He will not even then have more than 3,000 soldiers available, and the delay enables the Chinese Government to forward regiments to the south. The French Government, meanwhile, though still convinced that the Chinese will not fight, have ordered their Admiral, in certain contingencies, to blockade Canton, and is preparing a second expedition, of 10,000 men. There is no sign, however, of any intention to strike at Pekiu, where alone China is vulnerable; and the Parisian papers repeat that the credit to be asked for will not exceed £400,000, a ridiculous sum, which will not defray the cost of the coal and transport it is indispensable to provide.

We are often asked where, in the great Empire of China, power really resides, and we believe the best short statement is this. Subject to certain immovable customs, the Emperor, in his capacity of Father of the people, can in theory give any order, and can in practice punish with decapitation or exile any official or person who disobeys it. He is, in all serious affairs, however, obliged to consult, though not to obey, a rather large group of Princes of his dynasty and great Mandarins, who divide the departments and the great Viceroyalties among themselves. The dynasty, moreover, being foreign, is compelled to respect the Army, to some extent; while this Army is, for financial reasons, so limited in number that it is difficult to garrison the Empire, and impossible to hold it down for an hour. It is the tradition of the Court, therefore, never seriously to offend either the Army or the people in such a way as to provoke *émeutes*, more especially in Pekin. At present, the Emperor is a boy, only just twelve years of age, and all real authority belongs to a widow of the last full-grown Emperor, Hien Fung—who is called the Empress-Mother, but is not the mother of the Emperor—to Prince Kung, Li Hung Chang, the favourite of the native Chinese, and two or three less known high officials. They can send out any orders they please, and are obeyed, but they cannot afford to risk the insurrections which would follow any great affront to the pride of the people, such as the cession of Tonquin would be. China, in fact, is a more solid Turkey, with Sultan, Pashas, Army, and mob sharing power in unequal degrees. As in Turkey, too, all four are bound in the chain of a Law which cannot be modified.

It seems to be generally understood that Sir Henry Brand wishes to retire from the Speakership as soon as a satisfactory substitute can be found, and if rumour can be trusted there is some difficulty in inducing men of the first rank to accept the appointment. This is not to be wondered at, but much to be regretted. There is hardly any post in which a man qualified by genius to strike out a new line could render such great services to his country. On the few occasions on which Mr. Courtney has taken the place of Chairman of Committees, he has discharged his duties with a firmness, a tact, and an impartiality which won the admiration of the Irish party and the Opposition, as much as of the Ministerialists. Is not he the man for the post?

Herr von Kallay, the Austrian Finance Minister, on November 6th made a most rose-coloured speech to the Hungarian

Delegation, on the condition of Bosnia. The local taxation, he said, was now equal to the local expenditure, and the cost of the garrison was reduced to £730,000 a year. The recruiting had been successful even in Herzegovina, only forty-five having fled out of 3,200. The cadastral survey would be completed by next year, and the administration of justice had been thoroughly reformed. The district magistrates had been empowered to settle three-fourths of all cases summarily, with the aid of two jurors elected by the Commune, and this rough-and-ready plan had found great favour with the people. The effort to protect Catholicism had also been relaxed, and the State had not only endowed a seminary for the Orthodox Greek Clergy, but had established a college for the Mussulman Ulema in Serajevo itself. This is, of course, only an official account; but the new plan for distributing justice looks able, and the Delegation appear to have recognised the new lenity in the Administration. There was, however, a refusal to transmute the tithe, which is levied on the crop and interferes with agriculture, into a land-tax.

It is asserted in Vienna that a serious insurrection has broken out in Servia, the militia of one district at least being in open mutiny against an order to deliver up their arms to the newly-organised Reserves. The Government of Belgrade deny the seriousness of the movement, but some 7,000 troops have been despatched to put it down, and all the Radical leaders in Belgrade have been arrested. The insurgents proclaimed Prince Karageorgevitch King of Servia, and it would seem to be true that the great unpopularity of King Milano makes any rising serious. The European importance of the event arises from the chance that King Milano may be dethroned, and be succeeded by a man of Panslavic tendencies, in which case Austria would occupy Servia, and the long-expected war with Russia would be precipitated. It is most probable that the movement will be suppressed, but the risk of assassination is never absent in Servia, and the people have imbibed an idea that a more Radical Government would seriously lighten both the taxes and military service.

The people of Jamaica appear to be tired of absolute government by Anglo-Indian officers, although their advocates admit that under them the Negroes have greatly advanced, and race-hatreds have become less bitter. On Thursday, therefore, a deputation of West Indians waited on Lord Derby, to beg for their old Assembly back again. Lord Derby refused this, but stated that the Government regarded the despotic system as only temporary, and had considered a new Constitution with a much larger infusion of the elective element. He hinted, moreover, that the negroes would be allowed their share both in the election of the Legislature, and in the administration of the island. The wisdom of the change depends, of course, upon its opportuneness; but we imagine the Governor, Sir Henry Norman, will retain an effective veto, and with negroes voting in all the Southern States, it is difficult in the West Indies to base political organisation upon their incapacity. They are at least as forward in Jamaica as in any Southern State, except, perhaps, Maryland.

It is by no means clear that the Democrat Party in the Union will carry the White House next year. They expected to do so, but the "fall" elections, which have just begun, show considerable reaction. Massachusetts has rejected its Democrat Governor, General Butler, and in Pennsylvania and Minnesota the Republicans have been elected by heavy majorities. Even in New York, though it remains Democrat, a Republican has been elected Secretary of State by a majority of 17,000. Should the reaction continue, the fight will be a close one, and will probably turn on the personal qualities of the candidates. It seems to be understood that the Democrats will run old Mr. Tilden, who some years ago obtained a clear majority of the total votes, though not of the States; but the Republicans are undecided as to their candidate. He will probably be a man comparatively unknown, as President Arthur has no chance, and no member of his Cabinet has much hold upon the people.

A meeting was held on Tuesday in St. Pancras Vestry Hall which on the Continent would be regarded with grave alarm. It was intended to advocate State aid to the emigration of the London poor, who, according to Canon Spence, cannot find houses, there being fifty applicants for every vacant room. Mr. Torrens, Member for Finsbury, and Mr. H. Huleatt, Vicar of St. John's, Bethnal Green, strongly supported the project; but the room was filled with members of the Democratic Federation, who shouted that the capitalists ought to emigrate, and that their fathers had been plundered of the land, and they meant to have it again. They moved and carried an amendment in favour of "a reasonable scheme of home colonisation, and State employment of labour at home." None of the speakers on this side defined what they meant by State employment at home, or whether they intended to buy or to confiscate the land. If the former, rent must be paid, and the Democratic Federation is only seeking to turn town labourers into agricultural labourers; but if the latter, credit would receive a shock which would empty the wage-paying fund. We do not suppose that many hold these extreme ideas, but it seems clear either that there is an unusual amount of able-bodied distress in London, or that the distressed are more conscious of suffering.

The *Standard* publishes an account of the present position of the Nihilists, derived, it states, from "one of the most prominent Russian statesmen now in office." According to this authority, the party has of late become weak and disorganised. Many of their leaders have been condemned, and the police recently succeeded in arresting at Kharkof their executive chief—or supreme Head Centre, as the Fenians would say—a lady of extraordinary endowments, named Vera Philipora. It was she who devised the scheme of a military revolt, and succeeded in winning over some forty officers, principally in Tiflis,—and, the prominent Minister might have added, many officers in the Navy. She has within the last two weeks revealed the entire plot, in a confession which fills a volume, and is much better done, the narrator says, than any official in this Ministry could have done it. The story sounds wild to Western ears, but no Minister would have fabricated the statement that a lady was at the head of the movement, which, nevertheless, is entirely in accord with all we know of Nihilist ways and Russian society. Moreover, Tiflis is just the place to be chosen as the nucleus of a military revolt, for it is the head-quarters of the Army of the Caucasus, which is full of officers sent there as a punishment and for disciplinary reasons. There is ground for believing, too, that discontent in Russia, like population and wealth, accumulates in the southern provinces. We all make the mistake of thinking of Russia as a sort of Arctic Power; while, since the emancipation, the population has been yearly quitting the Northern governments for the pleasanter and more cultivable South.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon presided at Aberdeen yesterday week at a banquet given to Sir R. Cross, and in his opening speech maintained that the Conservatives were not an obstructive Party, that they were quite willing to further progress "within the lines of the Constitution," that the Liberals have no policy except to give sops first to one section and then to another section of their divided Party, and that the House of Lords is very popular in the country, though it is questionable whether the House of Commons is. Sir Richard Cross endeavoured to persuade the Aberdonians that though they might have called themselves Liberals all their life, there would be no inconsistency in their turning Conservative now, as a Conservative now only endeavours to put on a brake to arrest the mad progress of modern Radicalism. That was a very skilful "economy" to preach to Aberdeen alarmists, but, as nowhere in the islands are there fewer political alarmists than at Aberdeen, Sir R. Cross was probably not very successful. In the evening, Sir R. Cross addressed the working-men on the same theme, and made a long speech in favour of the proprietary franchise,—including evidently "faggot-voting,"—one of the worst devices of clever election agents for rigging the electorate.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is already beginning his canvass of West Cumberland, and made a speech at Parton, near Whitehaven, on Monday, in which he appeared openly as a candidate for West Cumberland at the next general election. We observe with satisfaction that the responsibility of this canvass is subduing considerably the tone of Sir Wilfrid's hostility to the Government. He declares that he is, and will be, a free-lance, and that he intends to be a free-lance to the end of the chapter; but he no longer makes his speeches one long sneer at Mr. Gladstone's supposed derelictions of principle. He made the duty of evacuating Egypt the chief point of his speech, but when he appealed to the country to insist on it in pure justice to Egypt, which suffers, he says, under a grinding tyranny rivetted on her by our troops, he seems to us to have been hardly sincere. Does he really wish

to make the life of the Egyptian peasant happy? If he does, he would certainly not advocate giving Egypt back to the old *régime*.

At the inaugural dinner of the Bristol University College Club, last Monday, Sir John Lubbock, in proposing success to the College, made an interesting speech on the state of education in England, which he commenced by remarking that M. Renan had called our own age the most amusing age that had ever been, whereas he himself thought its rapid scientific progress gave it a right to rank rather as the most interesting age. Perhaps the difference is that M. Renan,—who is apt to take serious things lightly,—is greatly "amused" where Sir John Lubbock is deeply interested. At least M. Renan is clearly as much amused as interested in the progress of science,—to which Sir John Lubbock gives himself up heart and soul,—and is disposed even to regard the religious education of the world as something like a feat in divine irony. Sir John Lubbock's attitude of mind is much more serious; he is scandalised at the small attention paid to science in our middle-class schools, and pleads warmly and effectively for a fuller and more adequate study of modern languages,—even in the interests of commerce itself, which more and more needs the knowledge of modern languages, and yet finds Englishmen less accomplished in them than the countrymen of almost any other country in Europe. Sir John said that every good middle-class school should give six hours a a week to science, six to mathematics, six to modern languages and history, and two to geography, leaving twenty hours a week for classics, with regard to which he urged that Latin should be taught as a modern language—*i.e.*, that it should be spoken. But why does Sir John treat Greek so lightly? For its own sake, it is worth far more than Latin, though not, of course, in relation to the languages of modern Europe.

Mr. Fawcett made a graceful and vigorous speech to his constituents at Hackney on Thursday, in which, as he always does, he stuck to his colours like a man, repeating his old reasons for giving the suffrage to women, for abolishing the faggot qualifications for county constituencies, for securing the representation of minorities, and for exempting India from the cost of such expeditions as the Egyptian expedition of last year. On the subject of the faggot qualifications, Mr. Fawcett was unanswerable, and much that he said on the representation of minorities was very valuable, though he did not suggest how, if the present three-cornered constituencies were to be retained and extended, their anomalies were to be pared away. It is getting high time now to come to details on points of this kind, and if anybody knows how to make the representation of minorities feasible, and not liable to a catastrophe whenever a minority Member dies or resigns, we wish he would state his plan to the country. Mr. Hare's is far too complicated for success.

Lord G. Hamilton made a speech on Wednesday evening to some of his Middlesex constituents at Kilburn, which, if the *Times*' report can be trusted, contained little worthy of his reputation as a speaker. There were two observations, however, of some interest,—one, that if he had lived fifty years ago, he might not, perhaps, have been a Conservative, but a Liberal, since the Liberals of those days promoted national interests; whereas, Liberals of these days promote party interests only. The other remark was that the Prime Minister is "the most disorderly Member of the House of Commons, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two Irish Members." From these two remarks an acute critic might politically construct Lord George Hamilton, as Professor Owen does a palaeozoic animal from the joint of a toe and a rib. Mr. Gladstone has carried two much greater measures for the good of Ireland than any Liberal measure of fifty years ago was for the good of England, if we except the Reform Bill and the Poor-law reform. And both these Irish measures were far more difficult to pass, in consequence of the lack of English enthusiasm, than the Reform Bill itself. Also, if Mr. Gladstone sometimes transgresses the strict rules of order, it is only as all great Ministers always have transgressed them, —because his is an exceptional position, in relation to which the House does not choose or wish to insist on the commonplaces of its rules. Lord George Hamilton should remember that pertness is not popular amongst Englishmen.

The Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff, Principal Clerk to the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, died on Sunday last, at the age of seventy-five. Eminent neither as a preacher nor as a theologian, a fair business debater rather than a popular orator, he yet held a position among the forces of resistance in his Church second only to that of Dr. Begg, whose death preceded his own by a few weeks. In regard to some burning questions, he was even more the drag on the coach than his better-known contemporary. For, if Dr. Begg represented the hopeless Toryism of "No Surrender," Sir Henry Moncreiff represented the frequently more effective Conservatism of expediency, caution, and dread of change. He approved of the movement for uniting the Free Church with the other Dissenting Presbyterian bodies of Scotland. But he threw cold water on the Disestablishment agitation, and he opposed, sometimes with a bitterness which was in marked contrast to his wonted suavity, the exegetical and theological tendencies identified with the name and writings of Professor Robertson Smith. With his death, moreover, the Free Church loses its most remarkable social figure. The educated peasants, who form the majority of its pastorate, had a curious respect for, and indeed stood rather in awe of, this baronet, in whose veins flowed the bluest clerical blood in Scotland,—who was the nephew of an Archbishop of Canterbury, had had an Oxford training, and had yet thrown in his lot with themselves and their poverty.

The Oxford memorial concerning the physiological laboratory, which asks, we believe, that no experiments on living animals shall be made in the new Oxford laboratory except under anæsthetics, and none at all on the higher domestic animals, will probably be considered by the Hebdomadal Council next Monday. It has received, we understand, 142 signatures,—rather over 100 from members in Oxford and its suburbs, and the rest from a circle of about fifteen miles round. Three Heads of Houses and nine University Professors have signed it, and we are told that Magdalen men have signed it more numerously than any College but one, and, in proportion to the size of the College, far more numerously than any. Now, as Professor Burdon Sanderson is *ex officio* a Fellow of Magdalen, and as Magdalen has for years past had a physiological laboratory of its own, this popularity of the memorial among Magdalen men is highly significant.

If the members of the Hebdomadal Council really desire to judge the question before them on its merits, we would entreat them to read the paper by Dr. Sydney Ringer and Dr. William Murrell on nitrite of sodium as a poison (or, in the grand language of medical men, "as a toxic agent"), in the last number of the *Lancet*. There we read how these gentlemen, after poisoning two cats by heavy doses of nitrite of sodium, tried it on human beings, not, of course, in doses heavy enough to kill, but quite heavy enough to cause great pain and suffering. "In addition to these experiments, we have made some observations clinically. To eighteen adults—fourteen men and four women —we ordered ten grains of the pure nitrite of sodium in an ounce of water, and of these seventeen declared that they were unable to take it. They came back protesting loudly, and required no questioning as to the symptoms produced. They seemed to be pretty unanimous on one point—that it was about the worst medicine they had ever taken. They said if they ever took another dose they would expect to drop down dead, and it would serve them right. One man, a burly, strong fellow, suffering from a little rheumatism only" [so that the medicine was evidently not even intended for his benefit], "said that, after taking the first dose, he 'felt giddy,' as if he would 'go off insensible.' His lips, face, and hands turned blue, and he had to lie down for an hour and a half before he dared move. His heart fluttered, and he suffered from throbbing pains in the head. He was urged to try another dose, but declined, on the ground that he had a wife and family." "The only one of the fourteen patients who made no complaint after taking ten grains was powerfully affected by fifteen. He suffered from violent nausea, and his head, he said, felt as if it would split in two." So it is clear that the experiments were intentionally prosecuted up to the point of severe pain. "It must be admitted," say these very candid experimenters, "that our experiences have not been altogether satisfactory;" but it must be admitted also that they show very clearly one thing of which the Hebdomadal Council are bound to take note,—that the habit of experimenting freely on living animals inspires the very natural and logical desire to pursue the same class of experiments beyond the verge of cruelty, if not of risk, on human beings too.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE PROPOSED REFORM BILLS.

IF the Government are disposed, as is alleged, to defer to the feeling of the Constituencies who returned them to power, by introducing at the opening of next Session a Franchise Bill establishing a uniform residential franchise in towns and counties, and think of accompanying it by a separate Bill, in which their plan for the Redistribution of Seats would be laid before Parliament, it can hardly be too soon to discuss the principles on which such measures, if they are to win the full confidence of the Liberal Party, should be founded. In the present article, we desire only to sketch the ideal to be carried out in these measures, without, of course, in the least suggesting that no Bills could deserve the full confidence of the country in which the ideal was not attained.

First, then, as regards the Franchise Bill, we would earnestly advise the constituencies to insist, as something like a condition of their hearty assent to such a Bill that the faggot qualifications for the county should be absolutely abolished. If every householder in the county is to have his vote in order that the Members elected may at least represent the local opinion of that county, it should not be possible to counteract the drift of local opinion by purchasing for strangers at a distance, without any sort of personal interest in local affairs, the right to rig the electoral market by speculative investments. Even in the interests of Conservatism, even in the interests of the territorial party, this is utterly bad. We cordially admit that local feeling, whether the feeling of squires, or of the parochial clergy, or of the farmers, or of any other genuine part of the resident population, is entitled to be fully represented in proportion to its real influence. But so much the more we assert that it ought to be punishable as one of the worst of corrupt practices, for persons without any sort of natural connection with the county to buy a right to interfere in the election, solely for the purpose of advancing party interests, be they the interests of Tories, Whigs, or Radicals. The County Franchise Bill will not be up to the mark, unless the faggot voting is entirely and finally ended. Of course, when we say this, we do not presume to say with anything like the same confidence, that the only county qualification should be a residential one, and that the right of a proprietor of a freehold, as a proprietor, to vote in a county election should be abolished. That, indeed, is what we should like to see made the ideal of the Bill. It seems to us that for non-resident proprietors to vote in several counties, merely as landowners, and in several other counties as residents, is much more likely to increase the jealousy felt of them amongst the numerous classes who have no property outside the walls of their own houses, than to increase substantially the influence of property at the poll. Democracy is not a system which you can safely cheat or trick by gaining petty advantages over it of this kind. It is far wiser to accept the system frankly, and to try to persuade the people at large to adopt your views, than to attempt to steal a march upon them by handicapping the poorer voters, that is, by weighting them with traditional disadvantages derived from an extinct aristocratic *régime*. We hold that nothing will tell worse against the influence of rank and wealth than to attempt to keep for rank and wealth rags and tatters of on obsolete political influence, after the main source of that influence has been repudiated and resigned. Still, we are quite aware that in a country as conservative of old habits as England, and where the services rendered to the Liberal Party by the old forty-shilling freehold are so vividly remembered, there will be a very great reluctance to surrender entirely the old popular suffrage of the counties, only on the ground that a new and much more popular county suffrage has superseded it. We are so well aware of the strong historical prejudices to which the friends of the old forty-shilling freehold will appeal, that we are by no means disposed to say that no Bill which does not strictly limit the franchise in counties, as in boroughs, to a residential franchise, ought to receive the favour of the people. But this we do say, that no Bill which does not absolutely abolish altogether—as Sir Henry James has so well maintained,—the faggot-voting, should receive the favour of the people; and next, that the bolder the new measure shall be in approaching the test of residence as the sole qualification for voting in either counties or boroughs, the more will it deserve the confidence of hearty Liberals. If property is to be substantially represented as property the whole principle of the Act of 1867 and the whole principle of the County Suffrage Bill is wrong. And if property is not to be substantially represented as property, then the attempt to represent it unsubstantially, by availing ourselves of the attachment of the people to the traditions of an obsolete *régime*, will be a failure, and will cause much more distrust of the proprietary classes than it will secure to them of valuable influence.

In the next place, the Redistribution of Seats must make a fair approximation towards giving equal weight in the Legislature to equally weighty bodies of men,—counting population as the *chief* constituent of political weight, but not, of course, excluding wealth and energy, as very important elements of political weight. We do not mean that no population numbering less than 50,000 souls should elect a Member, but that where a population of some 25,000 or 30,000 souls is to have a single Member, there should be a good reason for giving to that population more than its proportional weight in the community, some reason derived from the wealth it has accumulated or the characteristic energy that it has displayed. For the most part, we should hope that no county division with a population under 30,000 would be allowed, and that so far as the smaller boroughs are to be retained, the grouping system—which has answered very well hitherto—should be so far adopted as to bring up the constituency of every Member to something like 30,000 at the lowest. It is clearly of no use to bring in a new Redistribution Bill like the homœopathic measure of 1867. As the counties are to be enfranchised, it will be impossible to leave very minute constituencies with the full representative influence of a county division, unless, indeed, it is desired that a new Reform agitation should spring up as soon as the Reform Bills are carried. The opportunity of settling this great question in a more or less durable fashion must not be lost. We should be very sorry to see any disposition to adopt a hard-and-fast line which should disfranchise or swamp really characteristic constituencies, on the sole ground that they do not include a population reaching a given inflexible figure. But some attempt there must be to distribute legislative representation in real proportion to political weight, and we hold that in estimating political weight, population must be the chief element, though various other considerations should be taken into account. For instance, it will be quite fair to make some allowance for the great advantage of the Metropolis, as the seat of the Legislature, over distant localities, and, therefore, to give Scotland and Ireland a considerably larger allotment of Members than the same population as Scotland and Ireland contain, if living in the counties which contain London, would be entitled to. But if the Redistribution Bill is to be satisfactory, it certainly must take a very great step in the *direction* of increasing the minimum constituency returning even a single Member, to a population of between 30,000 and 50,000 souls. In London, it might be reasonable enough to regard a population of 50,000 as not under-represented, even though it had no more legislative representation than a population of 30,000—representing an equal stake in the country—in Ross-shire or Clare.

Lastly, we cordially hold, with Mr. Fawcett, that great pains should be taken to prevent the virtual disfranchisement of minorities by the adoption of any system which would drown them everywhere in the same predominant majority. But we cannot see our way, either to a very large extension of the present "three-cornered" system—which, without very large extension, is really unjust to the predominant majority,—or to the still more complicated form of Mr. Haro's system, which Mr. Parker Smith proposes in his letter of to-day. To win the confidence of a democracy, the very first requisite of a system is simplicity. We must not ask the people to accept a plan which they do not understand, and which will be open to a thousand plausible misrepresentations sure to undermine the confidence of the people. It might be possible to apply successfully such a system as Mr. Parker Smith proposes to the Universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and we should not be indisposed to see it tried in their case. But to propose a system which would puzzle the heads of all ordinary constituencies, would be absurd. Under Mr. Parker Smith's plan, constituencies might have to be told that their most popular representative had 10,000 votes, but that as he only wanted 5,000 to secure his election, 5,000 of the votes given to him were distributed amongst those who were the "second favourites" of his supporters. This would raise suspicions of manipulation of the voting-papers certain to excite popular disgust. For instance, under such a system it would make the greatest possible difference whether you determined which votes to select as those seating the most popular of the candidates, by going through the Register from A to Z, or whether you determined them by going through the Register from Z to A. If you went through it in one direc-

tion, a very different set of second or third preferences would emerge, from those which would emerge if you went through it the other way; and so we should have candidates complaining that they had lost their election by the mere accident of the order in which the Register was dealt with by the polling clerks. Nothing involving complicated considerations can possibly stand the test of democratic criticism. Your method must be perfectly plain and simple.

Nor do we in the least agree with Mr. Fawcett that there need be any danger at all in such a subdivision of constituencies as would really give us as many different *types* of constituency as possible. We hold that nothing would be easier than for Parliament to declare that the intention of the Act was to create as many different types of constituency not falling short of a given population and a given rateable value of property, as might be practicable. Then Parliament might create a Boundary Commission so entirely above suspicion that no one could doubt the honesty with which it would resist the temptation to "jerrymander," as the politicians of the United States term the cobbling of constituencies in the interests of party. What could be easier than to appoint a Boundary Commission, constituted of three men of the highest standing on each side, with Sir Erskine May, or some man of equal weight, as President. And who would accuse such a Commission of jerrymandering? So far as we see, the only plan for securing the representation of minorities consistent with the simplicity needful for a democracy, is to subdivide constituencies so that they shall really represent as much as possible different *types* of life and political bias, and then to give such constituencies one Member each. There is no need, of course, to call these subdivisions, wards. A Member for Edgbaston would mean as much in relation to Birmingham, as a Member for Kensington would mean in relation to London, and it would be very feasible so to constitute the various constituencies as to get what is wanted,—constituencies with a bias and genius of their own. At any rate, we see no other practicable way of representing minorities, without undermining the confidence of the people at large in the electoral system pursued.

M. TRICOU'S TELEGRAM.

WE scarcely remember a more disheartening incident in French politics than this affair of M. Tricou's telegram. As our readers will remember, towards the close of the debate of Wednesday week, which was followed by the division, M. Ferry read from the tribune a telegram from M. Tricou, Chargé d'Affaires at Shanghai, dated October 28th, but apparently received while he was speaking, and couched in the following words:—"The Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, has appealed to me not to leave Shanghai. He is very anxious and sorry for the turn things have taken, and states that he utterly disavows the Marquess T'seng. I replied that my health made my departure imperative, and I start to-night." The sensation was naturally very great. The French Deputies, who are very ignorant of Chinese affairs, naturally believed that a disavowal of a Chinese Ambassador could come only from the head of the Chinese Government, they understood the request to remain to be equivalent to surrender, M. Tricou's unpopularity with Chinese statesmen being known, and they talked so earnestly of the news that for five minutes the sitting was suspended by disorder. When it recommenced, M. Ferry, the Premier, who had seen the emotion of the Chamber, said emphatically, "I am asked whether we are on the eve of a war with China. After the telegram I have just read, I cannot suppose that China will declare war against us." This clinched the matter, and although the division was not turned by the telegram—for the Government was sure of a majority, on domestic grounds—it was undoubtedly affected by it. The Deputies, whose "sadness and gravity" were noticed by the *Times'* correspondent, were at heart thinking of the war with China, and believing, on the strength of the telegram, that no war would occur, voted cheerfully and almost *en masse* for the conquest of Tonquin. All this while, the French Foreign Office, and presumably therefore M. Ferry, must have known that even supposing the telegram accurate, the meaning assigned to it by the Chamber was absurd, that the Viceroy of Petchcli could not pledge his Government, and that the disavowal of an Ambassador in that abrupt style by a Court which only two years ago sentenced an Envoy to death for exceeding his instructions, was next to an impossibility. It now appears that the telegram, even if sent, had scarcely any, if any, foundation in fact. The Chinese Foreign Office absolutely repudiate any instructions of the kind, Li Hung Chang denies that he ever disavowed the Ambassador, while both emphatically record their full approval of the conduct of the Marquis T'seng, as well they may. That single man has done more in a few months to raise the European appreciation of Chinese ability and statecraft than his Government has done in two centuries. Indeed, it is clear, from the communications made by the Marquis to interviewers, that he does not believe that M. Tricou, who was at Shanghai, even saw Li Hung Chang, who hates the Frenchman, and who was at Tientsin, three days' journey off. The French Premier gives no explanation, except that the word "disavowal" was not his; and it is difficult not to believe that something of the following kind occurred: M. Tricou telegraphed to Li Hung Chang complaining of the Marquis T'seng for publishing despatches *in extenso* without the consent of the French Government, which is, no doubt, an unusual, though not unprecedented proceeding. Li Hung Chang telegraphed back that he was not responsible for the Ambassador, civilly adding his regret at M. Tricou's approaching departure from Shanghai. The "disavowal" and the civility together were huddled up by M. Tricou, who knew the debate was coming on, into a single message; and M. Ferry, though he must have suspected or known the truth, could not resist the temptation to throw such a shell among the Deputies, who, as he understood thoroughly, were caring only about the possibility of war. If they only suspected divided counsels in China, that would be a victory for him.

If this is the true explanation, and it is by far the most favourable to M. Ferry which we can suggest, the French Chamber is placed in this position. It claims and exercises sovereignty in France, yet it is deceived, almost befooled, by its own agents, and when it learns that it has been misled, does not seriously care. Nothing serious has been said upon the subject, M. Ferry has remained silent, and there is apparently no chance whatever of a formal censure upon the Ministry. Indeed, the Minister of the Interior, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who understands the Deputies as well as any man in France, has, since the incident and the exposure, publicly congratulated France on possessing a Government with a homogeneous and immovable majority behind it not formed out of any temporary combinations! We believe that he is right, and that the majority of Deputies are content to be deceived, because the deception is a pleasant one, and enables them to support a Minister they like without acknowledging that they thereby risk a serious campaign. If war does not arrive they will have a pleasant time, and if it does they will make M. Ferry their scapegoat with the constituencies. We cannot conceive an attitude of mind more dangerous for the Republic. Suppose Napoleon III. on the eve of the Mexican Expedition had received a telegram from an agent at Vera Cruz assuring him that a Mexican statesman had promised the submission of his country, and without further inquiry, without even considering possibilities, had sent that down to the Corps Législatif with a message that consequently "French arms would be unopposed." Would not every Republican in France have quoted the Message as proof either of Napoleon's wiliness, or of his incapacity, or of the readiness of despots to believe in pleasant tidings without examination? Yet this is precisely what the Chamber is doing. The most ordinary, or even incompetent Sovereign, if he feels the seriousness of affairs at all, wishes to obtain the truth from his agents, wishes it so strongly that he very often watches them, either through a secret service or through a carefully maintained correspondence with personal friends. The French Chamber alone claims sovereignty without claiming the right to exact honest counsel and true reports from its own trusted agents. It frets under the truth, and like an Oriental Sovereign, must be soothed. This temper is not of to-day, but is visible throughout modern French history. The Reports to the Convention were frequently untrue, and Barrère invariably coloured everything; the Directory put up with Napoleon's bulletins, and in recent Parliaments exposures of facts have repeatedly been denounced as "unpatriotic." Of course, when the disaster has occurred the truth is told without flinching, and the deceiver sometimes punished by ostracism, but it is then too late for the country to prevent the loss.

Whether a Chamber can govern, that is, whether a Democracy can be directly Sovereign, we do not yet know; but of this much, at least, we may be certain. It cannot govern well or successfully if its Ministers are not loyal, if they do not hold themselves bound to treat it as faithfully as they would a King, to offer it unpleasing counsel and tell it disagreeable truths. Some "management," of course, there must be, and

will be, nor is such management, within certain limits, more evil than the observance of any other courtly etiquette; but in the long-run, when necessary, the full truth must be told, or the Sovereign is betrayed. The Emperor of Germany would execute or degrade the General of Division who, after a hard-fought battle, understated his losses in his report; and he would be quite right, for without the truth how could the losses be repaired? Untruth under such circumstances is treason. Marshal Lebœuf told Napoleon III. before the Prussian campaign that the "Army was ready, down to its gaiter-buttons," —and France, finding endless deficiencies, has cursed him ever since; but what is the difference between his conduct and that of M. Ferry, except that the risk to be run is not quite so great? China cannot invade France, but China may weaken France, and will, if in consequence of M. Ferry's speeches France rushes upon a war without calculating the cost. M. Ferry, it seems to us, has failed in his first duty, and this even if he sincerely believes, as he told the *Standard's* interviewer he did, that China all through is merely gasconading. His duty to his Sovereign, the Democracy, was none the less clear—to give it all necessary despatches, to acquaint it with all essential facts, and then, if it rejected his advice, either to retire from a discredited post, or to accept the Sovereign's orders as final in the matter. Instead of this, he has cajoled his master out of a consent which events may prove to have been nearly ruinous.

THE FRUITS OF THE RECESS.

IN writing a protest, on September 1st, against the exhortation of the *Times* to our public men to keep silence during the Recess, we pointed out how incalculably a Democracy gains by some real contact with the personnel of the Legislature and the Administration, and how completely the educating duties of public men had been forgotten by the advisers who recommended to them steady silence and reflection as the best preparation for their more active duties. Members of Parliament fortunately took our view of their duties, and not the view of the *Times*. For the last two months, the people all over the kingdom have been in continual contact with their Parliamentary Representatives, and we do not scruple to say that the result proves the wisdom of such frequent communication between the represented and the representatives. Moreover, the advantage has not been limited to the inculcation of practical, moderate, and intelligent views on the Electorate at large, though it is clear enough that that has been one of the most important of the advantages of this running fire of speeches. Unquestionably, the Government have heard as much concerning the wishes of the people as the people have learned concerning the best modes of carrying out their wishes; and, granted a democracy, nothing can be of more consequence than that the Government should not lose force through any mere misunderstanding of the relative strength of popular wants. A strong government is the greatest of all advantages for a nation, and a strong government is impossible, under a democracy, unless the government and the people thoroughly understand each other,—the government giving adequate expression to the will of the people, and the people showing sufficient deference to the judgment of the government. This mutual understanding can never be attained without frequent and full mutual explanations between the electors and the elected. The Government cannot know what the relative strength of various popular convictions is, without testing the feeling of hundreds of meetings in all parts of the country; and the people cannot know what the objections to their wishes are, what modifications might render their wishes reasonable, and what exaggerations would render them altogether unreasonable, without hearing the opinions of those experienced Members of the Legislature of whom they themselves have the most knowledge, and in whom they feel the greatest confidence. This year—contrary to the wish of the *Times*—this exchange of mutual confidences between Members and electorates has been carried out with more than usual completeness, and the result, we believe, has been one of more than usual advantage to both parties. The Government have learned, and show that they have learned accurately, what the most emphatic of the wishes of the people are; and the people have learned, and show that they have learned, how necessary it is to moderate their expectations, how complex are the problems of our modern statesmanship, and how advantageous it is to a people, if they would be politically prosperous, to carry the judgment of a responsible Government with them.

We say that both these points have been gained by the many political meetings of the Recess, first because the Government have unofficially announced their intention to take up the Reform Bill, and give it the first place in their programme for next Session, a decision which will unquestionably strengthen them enormously in the country, and give the people at large that confidence in their sincerity of purpose, which any other decision would,—we believe very unjustly,—have shaken. But if the Government have decided in favour of the course which will reassure the constituencies that their desire for reform in 1880 was genuine, it is certain enough that they have been guided to this decision in spite of the very decided disapproval of many able officials,—like Mr. Leonard Courtney, for instance,—solely in consequence of the steady pressure of the people in all parts of the country. Without the Liverpool, Newcastle, and Leeds meetings, the innumerable Scotch meetings, and the discussions and resolutions all over the country, the Government could not have known how thoroughly the people's heart is set on popularising the county constituencies, and on getting rid at least of the more startling of the anomalies of unequal representation. The Government might otherwise have believed reasonably enough that a County Government Bill, or even a Government of London Bill, should precede any such reform. But the people felt that if, in the fifth Session of this Parliament, precedence were given to any measure of secondary importance, there would necessarily be great danger of a Dissolution without any Reform of our Representative system having been reached at all, and that any such result would render probable its indefinite postponement. Nothing, we believe, but the steady political agitation of the Recess could have convinced the Government of the profound dread with which the majority of the constituencies view the further postponement of the question on which, in their opinion, the authority and activity of the House of Commons really depend.

On the other hand, nothing but the steady political agitation of the Recess could possibly have impressed on the people the extreme complexity of the conditions under which our modern Parliament is placed, and the impossibility of carrying any great improvements in those conditions without an amount of sagacity, of self-restraint, of hearty deference to the counsels of their leaders, and of hearty acquiescence in something less than they would really desire, which it is by no means easy for a great Democracy to display, though they evidently can display it when they are well led, and know that they are well led. They cannot, however, know that they are well led without refreshing constantly their personal knowledge of the men who lead them,—a sort of knowledge which adds more than any one knows to the effect produced on the people by the Parliamentary services of their leaders. It is in the presence of these leaders, and not by reading their speeches, that the people learn how far they may trust and how far they must distrust them. It is by their faces, by their voices, by the many trivial indications which carry home the sense of ability and the sense of simplicity and the sense of prudence to an audience, that the people judge how far to trust them when their Members assert that on this or that subject they must be prepared for compromises, while on this or that subject they ought to stand firm. Assuredly, in our opinion, the result of the agitation of this last Recess has been to make the people as much more reasonable than they otherwise would have been, as much more inclined to place confidence in their representatives, even if these representatives do not secure for them all they want, as it has been to make the Government more confident as to the relative importance attached by the constituencies to the different promises made to them in 1880. Everywhere, the people have heard of the unexampled difficulties of getting through Parliamentary business under the present conditions, and with the present constitution of the House of Commons; and everywhere they have been convinced of the reality of those difficulties, only conditioning that a talking Member shall in future be weighted with a substantial constituency on whose behalf to talk or be silent, and that the House of Commons, when placed on a truly popular footing, shall not be afraid to assert the authority of the whole nation over the authority of any particular constituency. Everywhere the people have been told that anything like a revolutionary measure of reform,—such as Mr. Chamberlain expresses his abstract desire for,—is not to be thought of; and everywhere the people have expressed their own acquiescence in the wisdom of that decision. Nothing, indeed, is more impressive than the tendency of such political agitation as we have had during the last

few years to sober the English democracy, and tame the natural imperiousness and impatience of the multitude. As the electors come to know, if not the Cabinet itself, at least the various supporters of the Cabinet, the men on whom the Cabinet rely for gaining their information of the mind of the people, they gradually contract the habit of looking at difficulties patiently, and congratulating themselves on any successful dealing with even a few of them. In our time, we have never known a democracy so reasonable and so patient as the English people have shown themselves with regard to the Irish difficulty, and also with regard to one or two of the Colonial difficulties,—so determined to exhaust all the resources of reasonable statesmanship, rather than to have recourse to the old, hopeless methods of mere violence and command. And we attribute that patience and reasonableness chiefly to two sources,—first, implicit trust in the high purposes of their great leader; and next, that constant and habitual intercourse between themselves and their representatives which has made the difficulties of the House of Commons almost as visible to them as if they had been present continually at its debates. We may depend upon it, that nothing pays better politically,—at least with such a people as the English,—than to take a democracy into the full confidence of the leaders of the people.

MR. GOSCHEN ON SOCIALISM.

WE trust that every Liberal who feels interested in the Socialist agitation now rising up on every side of us, will study carefully Mr. Goschen's address of Friday week to the Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh, just issued by Messrs. Spottiswoode in pamphlet form. It is a great deal more than a speech; it is a short and over-condensed, but on some points singularly exhaustive treatise, the separate merit of which is this. Mr. Goschen is, among Liberal politicians, somewhat of a "hard" man,—apt, that is, to distrust conclusions into which feeling enters too palpably. He is a thoroughly-trained economist, and as such, if we do not misread his address, his instinctive thought would always lead him to prefer *laissez-faire* as a principle, to leave the individual free, and to regard any consequent suffering as only that inevitable set-off which we find resulting from the acknowledgment of any great truth. Self-governed nations, for example, will occasionally be foolishly-governed nations; yet, nevertheless, self-government is good. On the other hand, Mr. Goschen has studied much, has seen much of many peoples, and has cleaned his mind of that most misleading of prejudices, that the great new forces which he distrusts are necessarily evil forces, either because he distrusts them or because they are new. They may be good forces, thrown away by unwisdom in their use. He advances, therefore, to the discussion of Socialism neither as friend nor enemy, and to watch the concessions made by such a mind to a doctrine he dislikes is, therefore, a study of the highest value,—must, indeed, be, to use Madame Mohl's admirably-chosen adjective, to Liberal politicians positively "nourishing."

Mr. Goschen makes many and large concessions to those whom, as you listen, you feel are in some sense his adversaries. In the first place, he utterly rejects all charges against them of wishing to plunder the rich, or of class-hatred, or of a passion for levelling. The actual impulse, he says, which is effecting or proposing such great changes, which is making the State arbiter in so many transactions, which is so extending State Inspection on behalf of the poor, which carried the Factory Acts, and the Education Act, and the Irish Land Act, and Mr. Plimsoll's Merchant Shipping Act, and which proposes to distribute land, and tax the rich exceptionally, and divide rather than aggregate property after death, is, as an effective impulse, essentially a moral one. Enthusiasts or bad men may propose dangerous schemes, but those which the nation accepts, it accepts on moral grounds, because its conscience has become sensitive—it may be, unduly sensitive—to the evils attending the existing system:—

"I discern an awakening of the public conscience as to the moral aspects of many sides of our industrial arrangements—rising doubts, less as to the efficiency of existing organisations for producing wealth (though this, too, has been called in question), than as to their compatibility with the humane requirements of improving civilisation. . . . . I hold the principle of 'Laissez-faire' to have lost favour, chiefly owing to moral considerations, to the assertion of the claims of other than material interests, and to a growing feeling that it is right deliberately to risk commercial and industrial advantages for the sake of reforming social abuses, and securing social benefits."

The impulse is moral, though its effective operation has been smoothed by two little noticed causes, the decay, the extraordinarily rapid decay, of distrust in the State, and the increase, the very rapid increase, in the dangers caused by the jostling which accompanies our civilisation. The Democracy, feeling that it rules the State, has ceased to dread the State, and though it criticises the State's agents, often with preposterous harshness, it will trust the State to do anything it wants done, great or small,—will make the State its teacher and its banker, as well as its protector of climbing-boys. Demos so believes in the impartiality of the aggregate body, that he is always piling upon it new functions, whenever it seems desirable to prevent jostling, and the cruelty arising from jostling. Mr. Goschen gives an instance of the development of this readiness which will be appreciated by every Londoner. It is barely ten years, he says, since London traffic managed itself. The "rule of the road" was considered sufficient, and all drivers passed and repassed as they would. It was found, however, that too many suffered in the jostling, and now traffic in London is controlled by the Police as it is not in any other capital of Europe, and Democracy submits to the control without a murmur of resistance.

The new principle having, then, a moral foundation, and its application being facilitated by circumstances, why should it not be allowed its swing? Mr. Goschen would give it its swing upon one subject, the rehousing of the people. He would go the whole length of forbidding the letting of an unwholesome house as imperatively as the selling of unwholesome food, and would compel the sale of such houses to the Municipality at their "legal value,"—that is, their value considered as unwholesome buildings. He would, that is, we presume, in practice deduct from the value settled according to market price the whole cost of rebuilding in a healthy and, therefore, "legal" manner. That is quite as far as any reformer wants to go, and would give us cheap sites in plenty; but, as regards other applications of the idea, Mr. Goschen would have the people weigh the dangers of their course with more care than they are doing. He dreads the overworking of the Government, of which there are signs already, and which must increase with every new function. He dreads the want of impartiality in Parliament, which is to be raised to supreme social control, yet will represent ultimately the opinion and interests of a single class, the wage-receivers. He dreads the enormous expense, which is already making of the Civil Estimates so serious a burden, and which must be met out of the taxes. He dreads the withering effect on enterprise which State monopolies must exercise, and fears that a Government business must almost always, for the sake of the taxpayer, become a monopoly. He dreads complete failures, such as he says have attended the last great philanthropic effort of the State, the Merchant Shipping Act, which, in his belief, might as well be non-existent. And he dreads grave injury to the national character:—

"Another objection to the extension of Government interference is of a more insidious, but not less real character. Every additional transfer of duties to the State saps the belief of the community in the value of natural liberty. For instance, if the protection of one class of individuals is entrusted to a public Department, no sooner do difficulties beset another class than similar protection is invoked. Every calamity which occurs, every shortcoming discovered, constitutes a case for fresh interference. The conviction that self-reliance and the conflict of interests are elements of power and success, is weakened at every turn, and public opinion discharges individual responsibility from its duties in one department after another of our social life and industrial business. Then, further, new claims are established. If Government have interfered in favour of one set of interests, other interests will clamour for similar favour at the hands of the State. The reality of such dangers can scarcely be denied, and the risk is heightened by the obvious difficulty of retracing steps taken under such conditions. It is one thing to place a trade or a class under State protection. It is a very different thing to withdraw it, especially if moral considerations have prompted the original act. Trade might long be paralysed, capital expelled, wages lowered, and the national interests generally prejudiced, before it would be possible to repeal a system of Government control, even if condemned as a failure, in favour of the restoration of natural liberty. Once pass a moral condemnation on 'Laissez-faire' in any particular case, and its rehabilitation becomes an almost hopeless task."

It is this last objection, and this only, which we consider grave; but then it is to us so grave, that it discredits almost every Socialist project. We oppose free education not on the ground of its cost, nor even for the more serious reason that it would crush out all separate or peculiar modes of education, all schools, however good, withering before the free State school; but because it would destroy all sense of the parents'

obligation to secure education for those whom they have brought into the world. To destroy the sense of that and analogous obligations is to destroy the only discipline which can make strong men and women, and to enervate the whole population of the country. If the State is to do all and the individual nothing, what need in the individual of forethought, sacrifice, thrift, endurance, or any of the virtues which make men noble? If Providence will feed us, what need of ploughing, still less of weeding when we have ploughed? Pain and exertion are training forces, and it is for their undue horror of them—their wish to reverse the decisions of Providence, and abolish them—that we distrust the Socialists, even when they keep, as some of their best men do, within the limits of pecuniary morality. The world wants much transformation, but better London with its suffering than a South-Sea Paradise. It is upon this, the moral ground, that Socialism must ultimately be fought, for when it has once caught the statesmen, and become practical, it will conquer the economists; and we are happy to see that Mr. Goschen, who concedes so much by regarding it as inevitable, takes on this a determined stand.

THE TORIES AND OPINION.

IN reading the speeches of the Tory leaders, Lord Salisbury excepted, we are constantly struck by a defect which we should not have anticipated. That they should denounce Radicals and Radical ideas, and accuse men like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke of revolutionary projects, is perhaps natural enough, for they live among people who dread change, and they have always, as party tacticians, to try to keep the wealthy with them. But it is a little odd that they should so constantly forget the nature of the present suffrage, and address to the Householders arguments which seem to themselves strong only from their experience of the old Ten-pounders. The two sets of voters are far apart, as anybody might have seen who studied the votes on the Education Bill; but the Tory speakers persist in regarding them as identical. Here is Sir R. Cross, for instance, at Paisley, prosing away through long columns of the *Times* about the comparative expenditure of the two last administrations. His figures have been answered often enough, but we do not blame him if he still believes them for repeating them once more. But what makes him think, if he does believe them, that the constituencies which he is trying to attract care whether he is right or not? The Ten-pounders would have cared, and we heartily wish the Householders did care,—for State economy means State carefulness in securing good service; but if we understand their minds at all, they do not care. They are interested about rates and any other form of direct tax they may pay, but as to general questions of expenditure they are profoundly indifferent. They leave them to the officials. It is simply impossible that if they felt expenditure keenly they should allow their representatives to pass the Estimates as they do in blocks, and leave the House without a single Joseph Hume, and urge on their members so many projects, all of which cost money. It is the officials now who preach economy, not the Members, and this not only in England, but in America, in the great Colonies, in France, and in the richer Cantons of Switzerland. Till more taxes are needed, expense is not regarded, and we are not sure that it is disliked even if more taxes are required. At least if it is, we cannot comprehend why in the United States the freeholders bear the profligate and almost avowed waste of their money to "deplete the Treasury," why in France the peasantry say nothing about budgets which frighten great financiers, and why in England the one objection to philanthropic schemes which we never hear from the poor is their pecuniary cost. We need not say we dislike this change, which will end, as it does already end in the larger municipalities, in great heapings-up of debt; but why do the Tories not recognise it at all? Obviously because they cannot set their minds free from a traditionary impression that one popular objection to them is their extravagance, which now is only an objection of the middle-class.

Again, the Tories in every speech go on harping on detailed blunders, which, as they believe, or, at least, say, have been made in Foreign and Colonial affairs. They obviously hope to raise an impression that the Government is not quite haughty enough towards France, that it is foolishly disinterested as regards Egypt, and that in South Africa it is perpetually muddling. That impression, if produced, would have affected the old constituency very much, for it had a certain interest in detail; but we question if it moves the new electorate at all. The statement would not be true about the Southern peoples, but in all those of Teutonic origin, Germans, Americans, and Englishmen, we note a remarkable humility upon foreign affairs, and, indeed, upon all points on which their own ignorance is patent to the masses. They wish to be safe, and to be great, and to succeed in any effort they may make; but they trust their Governments on such subjects with a most striking faith. A quiet word from Prince Bismarck rouses or soothes all Germans; Mr. Lincoln averted a war for which his people were quite ready, by telling them not to be imprudent; and we believe that in a case like Mr. Shaw's, ten words from Mr. Gladstone or Lord Granville would outweigh columns of newspaper writing. They did outweigh with the workmen on the Egyptian question a great mass of prepossession. As the Tory leaders must know, the body of the people in the great towns, London excepted, did not like going to Egypt at all, and only consented because a Cabinet in which they believed told them they must. As to details, the Householders know nothing at all about them; and the speakers who talk about Aksabad, and the Soudan danger, and the iniquities of Usibepu, are spending their breath in vain, the Householders looking only to broad results. It is true that if a moral question is seen to be involved, they prick up their ears, and sometimes grow excited, but the details of policy are to their own consciousness beyond them. Some classes, of course, understand, and the Tories may be perfectly right in trying to instruct them; but then they are avowedly not doing this, but essaying to attract the millions below. They will not, we believe, looking at the experience of a wide suffrage in three great Teutonic countries, succeed in that way. The question whether we ought to leave Egypt will either be relegated to the Cabinet, or decided by the people upon some broad, even if mistaken, consideration of right and wrong. We are certainly unbiassed in saying this, for upon this single subject we are slightly Conservative ourselves, and had much rather the Tories reached the people, but they will not. It is precisely the same with all questions of suffrage. The Tories cannot get rid of the notion that they can make the Householders afraid of large extensions and democratic County Councils, and huge Municipalities like that of London, and with the old voters they might have been right. The Ten-pounders were very timid of the future. The Householders, however, know that power, physical power, is with them, and are no more afraid of having it than a man is afraid of being strong. The greater the municipality, the better they will like it; the more democratic the county council, the more they will understand it; and the wider the county franchise, the more they will feel their own hands strengthened. So strong is their self-confidence, that we shall, we believe, see very shortly an almost whimsical demonstration of it. They are getting bitter against the Irish, especially in the Northern towns,—in some places very bitter, on account of dynamite; but we venture to say that eighty per cent. of them will hold it wise and not foolish to reduce the suffrage in Ireland. They will dread the Irish householders rather less than they dread the Irish voters now; and will not see in the least why, if it is good for English householders to vote, it is bad for Irish householders to vote too.

We are, of course, wasting our pains, but we cannot quit this subject without asking Tories of the Duke of Richmond type why they think it useless to talk Conservatism of the old kind to the people. We mean, why they avoid telling them that change is in itself bad, that the existence of any order at all is a wonderful thing, and that the wisdom of our ancestors, being the result of centuries, must be more trustworthy than untried thoughts. They fancy that to poor men it is useless to say these things, and forget that in every country it is the poor who are conservative, and that the Peers would alter the number of a jury, much sooner than the Commons. It is not the rich who cling to "old ways" and find protection in customary acts, and look with dislike on new-fangled ideas, but the comparatively poor. There is a weight of old conservatism among the Householders, a fear of serious change, a reluctance to take leaps in the dark such as never was in the late Lord Derby; but nobody appeals to it, while of the past we now never hear a word. Do men like Sir Richard Cross really believe in the existence of two human natures in England, that they so sedulously keep back from the people the ideas which really influence themselves much more than all their chatter about this or that mistake? Or do they really fancy that the English are separated from all mankind, and can find no happiness in quiet, and monotony, and the slow procession of unexciting events? Can they read nothing in the popular Scotch reluctance to introduce instrumental music into churches but popular

want of taste? They are talking, and falsely talking, as if nothing could be attractive but change; and why do they do it? Because, as we believe, they do not understand that they are at last face to face with the English people—a people harder to change than they are, full of tolerance for monotony of life, and full of respect, if not for their ancestors' ways, at least for the accustomed. If the Tories only knew where their strength lay, what a struggle we Liberals should have!

HEREDITARY CONSCIENCE.

MR. ALLANSON PICTON'S very graceful and eloquent reply to one particular point of Miss Cobbe's June paper on "Agnostic Morality," in the new number of the *Contemporary Review*, is delightful reading; but none the less, it seems to us to miss the main point of Miss Cobbe's powerful argument. Mr. Picton favours the doctrine of "hereditary conscience," and protests against Miss Cobbe's fears of its tendency and significance. But then, he does not notice that while the only drift of his argument is to establish one view, Miss Cobbe's fears and warnings were directed against a quite different view, which really derives no support at all from Mr. Picton's paper. Miss Cobbe denounced the theory of "hereditary conscience" in one sense; Mr. Picton, if we understand him rightly, maintains it in a quite different sense, to which we conceive that no reasonable moralist should feel the least *a priori* objection. The theory which degrades the conscience, the theory evidently supported and avowed by Vernon Lee's "Baldwin," in the striking dialogue on "The Responsibilities of Unbelief," published in the *Contemporary* for May, is the theory that the accumulated experience of the race and the individual as to the salutary or prejudicial effects of conduct, *constitutes* the whole of the moral light of which any particular mind can avail itself. Miss Cobbe expressly defined it as "the theory that our sense of right and wrong is *nothing more than* the inherited set of our brains in favour of the class of actions which have been found by our ancestors conducive to the welfare of the tribe, and against those of an opposite tendency." Well, that theory Miss Cobbe described, with only the touch of exaggeration needful for an effective illustration, as turning the conscience into nothing better than "the kitchen middens of generations of savages." And she remarked, with no exaggeration at all, that if the conscience were this, and *nothing more*, the authority which we accord to it would be the authority of "a crowned and sceptred impostor." And so, of course, it would be. Suppose all we had to say for a course of action was that it was the course of action to which inherited bias points, just as inherited bias pointed to the scalping of their enemies by the North-American Indians, or the shooting of their enemies by European duellists,—or, to take examples from actions of a better kind, just as inherited bias points to the public glorification of personal courage or great imaginative power,—then, to declare that such a course of action had the authority of "conscience," would be to assert for that course of action the sanction of nothing better than "a crowned and sceptred impostor," for the crown and the sceptre would be borrowed from one class of ideas, and transferred to another totally different. It is perfectly clear that there is no more dignity in the authority of an inherited bias than in the feature—if feature there be—which expresses that inherited bias in the countenance,—the hawk's eye, or deep-lined mouth, or heavy jaw, which betrays which way the bias goes. After all, bias is nature, and no more. Conscience is either more than nature, something which modifies and alters nature this way or that; or it is, as Miss Cobbe says, "a crowned and sceptred impostor." It is conscience, if we have any conception of its meaning, which, given the inherited set of our nature, asserts what ought to be the momentary action of the individual will which is either to raise or to degrade that nature. It is not conscience which makes a conventional man conform to conventional morality; there is no need of anything but the inherited set of his nature, for that. It *is* conscience which sometimes makes a conventional man challenge and offend the dictates of conventional morality, whenever a ray of higher light has entered his mind. Nor can we conceive of any answer to the allegation that, so far as a useful and salutary custom has effectually embodied itself in our habits and nature, there is little need of conscience to support it, though there might have been much need of conscience in past generations to start that useful and salutary custom, at a time when it was a strange and alarming innovation.

Well, but what is it that Mr. Picton has to bring against Miss Cobbe's objection to the doctrine of hereditary conscience? Nothing in the world, as it seems to us, except the contention that man's moral progress is as gradual as his physical or mental progress. As a matter of fact, we doubt the absolute truth of this assertion. We should have said that nothing is more remarkable, so far as the lights of history serve us, than the great moral catastrophes of the world,—the enormous influence which particular minds have had in altering morally the course of social evolution, and impressing unexpected tendencies upon it. But, be that as it may, it is quite one thing to say that moral change is as gradual as every other kind of change, and quite another to say that moral change is nothing but the "quintessence of accumulated experiences of the effects of conduct,"—in other words, that it is nothing but the accumulated experience of the bad effects of falsehood which makes men abandon falsehood,—that it is nothing but the accumulated experience of the bad effects of cruelty which makes men abandon cruelty. Mr. Picton refers to two evil practices,—that of Spartan infanticide and that of cannibalism,—to prove, what we do not know that any one denies, that the moral evil of these practices has not always been perceived by men. But does he really imagine that it was the "accumulated experience" of the moral evil of putting to death sickly and deformed children which cured the Greeks of a practice which, for anything we know,—if Agnostic morality should really gain the upper hand,—our posterity may resume and enforce, as the greatest of all duties towards the humanity of the future? Does he really think, again, that it is "the accumulated experience" of the evil results of cannibalism that has cured any single savage tribe that ever existed of the practice of cannibalism? He must be in possession of very remarkable evidence from which all the rest of the world is excluded, if he does. So far as we know, the flowing tide of sympathy and compassion and reverence for human misery, has never been the result of any "accumulated experience" of the evil results of stamping out misery, but has been the offspring of new religious belief, of new gratitude to God, new faith in man,—in short, of the awakening of the human conscience to the consciousness of a new claim. As to the extinction of the practice of cannibalism, there is, we believe, no historical evidence of its disappearance except,—just as in the case of the disappearance of suttee,—through the moral pressure of higher races to whose genius it was intolerable. Neither in the case of Suttee nor in that of cannibalism is there the least evidence of the evil practice having disappeared through the discovery by any of the people who had been brought up to respect the practice, that its consequences tended to the degradation of the race. And even if such a discovery had been made, unless there were some great command spoken out by the conscience to impose on men the absolute duty of ceasing to do what tends to the degradation of the race, and of doing what tends to the improvement of the race, the change would be no nearer at hand than before. Now, if such a command of conscience did thrill through any race, that would be precisely what no accumulated experience could account for. Though an accumulated experience of evil results might possibly in time disgust men with a particular sort of practice, so that it might fall into disuse, it is quite certain that its sudden discontinuance solely because it was found to tend to the degradation of the race, would require a supreme effort of conscience and of will. Practices which in the opinion of the highest minds tend to the degradation of the race are religiously and accurately observed,—and would be observed, if they were believed ever so much to tend to the degradation of the race,—by savage and civilised races without number. Even in our own country, dram-drinking is not left off through any automatic result of the accumulation of experience to show that it tends to the degradation of the race; it succumbs only to the vehement efforts of religious and moral zeal brought to bear early on the young, and then only by appeals to a conscience which, far from representing the inherited habits of their ancestors, engages them in a fierce struggle with the cravings to which those habits have given birth.

Mr. Picton, like all the evolutionists, is very strong upon the analogy between the growth of the individual through all the stages of human development in a single lifetime, and the growth of the race through the same stages in a cycle of thousands or hundreds of thousands of years. But he does not see

that this analogy is all against his own view, not in favour of it. He says:—

"I insist upon the manifest fact of the evolution of conscience in the individual. The grown man of average moral development recognises conscience as a sacred monitor. It tells him, as Miss Cobbe rightly desires, not what is safe, but what is right. It tells him instantly, the moment moral relations are presented, and only then gets confused when the man begins to argue with it, and to demand the grounds of its inspirations. Is not this all that can be desired by the most 'transcendental' doctrine of conscience? Yet if the history of that man be candidly examined, it will be found that once he had no conscience at all, and that all the distinctions it now makes dawned imperceptibly upon him in the course of his experience. In fact, as Vernon Lee makes Baldwin say: they have been 'enforced upon him by mankind.' The man inherited from the youth, the youth from the boy, the boy from the infant, the infant from the baby. And the imperceptible germ in the last was evolved through successive stages by experience—yes, experience whether of divine or human influences. But does it follow, therefore, that this man's conscience is 'a crowned and sceptred impostor?' Certainly not, any more than the eagle is a winged impostor, because it was once an apparently lifeless speck within an egg. That speck has come to the 'supreme dominion' of the air through a course of feeble pecking, and clawing, and fluttering. But it is not the less a perfect thing now, a miracle of swift perception and winged power; not the less divine because God has chosen a slow method of making it. Now, why should it make so great a difference if the evolution is continued through a number of generations, instead of being completed in one?"

But what does this show? It shows that a youth growing up in a society penetrated everywhere by moral laws, may imbibe the moral authority of those laws from those who already acknowledge and obey them. But how does that explain why a generation of men who have grown up under a bad set of laws, and who recognise no visible authority which condemns those laws and points out where they do injustice to human nature, should ever come to throw off the evil effect of those laws, and to adopt a newer and nobler standard of conduct? What Mr. Picton fails, in our opinion, to see, is that the power of conscience displays itself not chiefly in enforcing the conventional principles which have passed into the character of a generation,—unless, indeed (as occurs now and then), these conventional principles be challenged and overset by a sudden onset of wild passion,—but in exchanging these principles for nobler and better principles, or in applying them in some higher and more vivid fashion. The young man does not show his mettle by merely accepting the morality of his set, but by aiming at a higher morality. The generation does not show its morality by conforming to the standard of its fathers, but by pushing beyond it. Now, if this be so, whence does this force which, so far from being transmitted by the accumulated experience of our ancestors, definitely transcends that experience, proceed? Where did Socrates get the guidance which so offended the Athenians that they put him to death? Where have the great religions of the world found the impulse which inaugurated, again and again, a new era? Surely not in the "accumulated experience" of previous generations, but in some intimate, divine voice, which, like the dæmon of Socrates, assured him to whom it spoke of the power to encounter the "accumulated experience" of the race, and to vanquish it, even though that experience seemed to have bound the human mind in bonds of iron. For our own parts, we know no analysis of conscience more hopelessly inadequate and inconsistent with the facts of the case than Mr. Darwin's. He analyses remorse into the mere recurrence of the more persistent, amiable emotion, so soon as the temporary, selfish emotion has been gratified and has passed away. But, first of all, this assumes that the more amiable emotions *are* the more persistent, which is not true,—envy and pride and vindictive passion, for instance, being at least as persistent as any amiable emotion that can be conceived. And next, what is much more important, it implies that any emotion which can make itself felt persistently, will fill us with remorse for the gratification of a more urgent inconsistent emotion, an assumption which is simply erroneous. The child who gives away its bread to another still more destitute, and goes away hungry, has doubtless a persistent feeling of gnawing at the stomach, after its benevolent feeling has been gratified. But does it feel *remorse* for not having satisfied its own hunger, directly that hunger becomes the uppermost sensation of its life? Assuredly not. Mr. Darwin, in his eagerness to develope conscience from below, left out the consideration which is of the essence of conscience, —namely, the relative rank of the unsatisfied and the satisfied feeling, and the inward monitor which determines that relative rank. Miss Cobbe is quite right. As she has amply shown in her new volume of essays, "Darwinism in Morals,"* Mr. Darwin makes no distinction at all between remorse and regret. Any analysis of conscience which identifies it with the mere accumulated experience of the past as to the happiness or unhappiness-giving results of past conduct, would turn it into "a crowned and sceptred impostor." Indeed, as a matter of fact, the voice of conscience is never really recognised except as the authoritative voice in an inward struggle. And the authoritative voice in an inward struggle never can speak *merely* on the teaching of accumulated experience. It must either countersign the teaching of that experience, as having a sacred moral claim on us,—which the drift of the accumulated experience of the past need not have at all,—and then it is the conscience which gives it that claim, and not the mere experience; or it must contest the tradition of the past, call upon our faith to defy and reverse that tradition, and to rebel against it. In either case, assuredly Conscience is "crowned and sceptred," but not an impostor, for it determines what value to assign to the bias of experience, or whether rather to ignore and to defy it.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

COLLIERS, it is said, in some districts of Northern England object to wash, because the process, as they allege, "takes the strength out of their backs." That may be a story of the old world before the Education Act, but there are certainly men alive in our day who believe that it is on the same ground bad for the poor to understand Poetry, for they write to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and say so. The poor, they say, if they allowed their minds to feel emotion sufficiently to appreciate poetry, would perceive the misery of those around them and their own too keenly, and would be unable to bear their situation. They are compelled by the necessities of their daily lives to harden themselves, to close their minds, to attend only to what is necessary, and so to obtain by concentration and induration the strength to bear their lot, and go on working. "Men out of work, too, have to get hardened. There is no use in increased susceptibility, when it has to face a hungry family, and nothing to give to the family to eat. The beautiful crystals of the snowflakes, or the gorgeous tracery of the frost on their windows, ought not to mean anything more to them than increased shivering. If they have deeper meanings, so, too, must the hunger and cold of their children,—that is, maddening emotions." That is so singular an opinion, and involves such far-reaching consequences, that it may be worth while to consider it a little, and ascertain, if we can, whether it is well founded, or whether it is one of those rather sensational opinions to which the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its honourable passion of pity for the poor of great cities, is just now fond of giving circulation. We may, we suppose, take it to be true that for the next century or so the majority of the earth's inhabitants will be exceedingly poor, compelled to labour all day and every day at disagreeable and monotonous work, in order to obtain rather less food and clothing than they would like to have, will sleep in narrow quarters, and will be in the cities hideously crowded,—as we may remark the Chinese are, no less than the English. That has been the destiny of mankind in all ages and all climates, in countries like Madras, where there are no rich and where the land is "nationalised," as in countries like Scotland, where, amidst the multitude who toil and the many who are comfortable, a few are rich to opulence. We shall not, we fear, within the century, either teach the birds to dig for us, as Mr. Percy Greg says they do in Mars, or so control electricity as to grow crops without the agency of labour; and the opinion of the writers we quote, therefore, comes to this,—that for the infinite majority of the human race, anything which arouses emotion, and especially poetry, is positively injurious. *A fortiori*, religion will do them harm, for nothing rouses the emotions like religion; and education cannot be beneficent, for it awakens the capacity for ideas; and even some virtues must be banished, for they—say, for example, patriotism—develope lofty thoughts and unselfish feelings, and do not permit the heart properly to harden. Indeed, we do not see how, in true logic, any mental effort can be permitted, for every such effort must make the mind less hard, more pliable, and more receptive; and we are driven at last to the philosophy of Mr. Trollope's old bricklayer, who, seeing Mr. Crawley in deep suffering, revealed to him his own gospel, and that of these

* London: Williams and Norgate.

correspondents of our contemporary, in the brief and memorable saying, "It is dogged as does it."

It would be unfair to hold these gentlemen to all the consequences deducible from their argument, for they only intend to say that the mind which has become sensitive to Poetry has become sensitive to so much, that poverty is a harder burden than ever, indeed an intolerable one, but we may, without unfairness, ask of them a little evidence of the effect they ascribe to poetry. Are the minds which can receive poetry thereby unfitted to bear the strain of exceptionally hard lives, or even less fitted than the minds which have been properly indurated by concentration on the daily needs of the body? The Spartans, who did not coddle themselves, thought otherwise, and held the ability to feel the influence of Tyrtaeus a source of hardihood in the soldiers, but we have no need to revert to the half-understood disciplinary systems of the past. The "poetical" races—those which, on the whole, understand and feel the influence of poetry—are seen to bear poverty best. There is no poverty like that of the Arab, who talks and hears and loves a transcendental poetry. There are in the South no harder lives than those of the Provençal peasantry, and they all understand their local poetry, and love it. There are in the North no men who have to bear more than the poorer Scotch artisans and agricultural labours, and they are remarkable amongst all who speak English for their appreciation of at least one great poet, Robert Burns, the one man, perhaps, in our time who has sung with the voice of a nation. Do our friends, for we entirely comprehend and honour their savage pity for the poor, really believe that the poor Scotch, who, while living in wynds and hungering for more to eat, remember and appreciate Burns's songs, really bear poverty worse than the stolid English labourers of the cities, who know nothing of ballads, or aught else, though, strange to say, they are sensitive to music? Surely, the evidence shows that the Hebridean, who labours so hard in his terrible climate to get a little oatmeal, is positively happier, moves more lightly under his poverty, than his far better situated brother in the Isle of Wight, who earns in a pleasant climate a little better food, but has no sense of poetry in his soul. The Hebridean is at least as strong to endure as his southern rival; yet for him, ignorant as he is on many points, poetry is almost as full of charm as for the cultured gentleman; and his own ballad literature, the Psalms of David, and if he knows Scotch, the songs of Burns, are full not only of delight, but of relief. Are there men on earth in worse poverty than the Neapolitan labourers, who march five miles to their work before daylight, earn scarcely bread to keep them alive, and sleep amidst foulnesses worse than those of our rookeries, yet are full many of them of songs, and would think non-appreciation of poetry, such as reaches them, simply barbaric. This writer has seen in India crowds of men to whose poverty that of dockyard labourers is wealth—men eating but once a day, because the second meal was unattainable—sit hours under the trees listening to the poetry which Mr. Edwin Arnold tries to familiarise amongst us, poetry of the most emotional kind, and return to their labour for bread with their poverty perceptibly lightened. It is vain to say they were merely performing a religious rite, for with the wonderful courtesy of Asia they sat, lest moving feet should intercept the sound of the reciter's voice, and as the poetry took possession of them, as the emotion grew deeper, swayed in hot excitement, or sprang, uncontrollable even by custom, to their feet. Even among our own people, who are singularly devoid of poetic appreciation, the poorest often reveal its possession, nor do we find that the sailors who sing are those who feel most bitterly the hardship of a night aloft in the Channel in early spring. Yet that is probably the hardest, though it is not the most depressing, life lived among us. There are men in Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Wales who toil as even London labourers do not, and who will talk exultingly of poetry—real poetry, we mean—and find not only that their lives are happier and nobler, but that their capacity for toil is quickened by their ability to feel. The evidence is not with those who consider poetry an enfeebling agent, nor can we see how it should be. Poetry is not all alike, and the capacity for feeling it may be capacity for receiving the most strengthening, the most exciting, or the most quieting of thoughts. There are races whose poetry is a wail—that is said to be true, though we do not know it, of all Gipsies—and they do not bear their dreadful lives the worse. Would "H." and his confrères really assert that the feeling for the poetry of resignation—which we personally know in one district to be a specialty of the very poor old women, leading dreadful lives—makes life more full of torture, or increases its burden in any way whatever? Was any labourer that ever lived the feebler, or the more near madness, for feeling as the Chartist operatives of Norwich used to feel Ebenezer Elliot's song:—

"Pain but appears to be;
What are man's fears to Thee,
God if all tears shall be
Gems on Thy throne"?

And if there is in one kind of poetry a charm which can alleviate suffering, and diminish fear, and make all surroundings stand farther off from the real man, why not in poetry altogether, which, if felt, must at least give a pleasure to those who have so few? Would these writers say that any other pleasure weakened? Is it not the very burden of their wail that to the very poor no pleasure comes, that they suffer and toil endlessly, and there is no relief? We believe that they are wholly wrong, wrong from the beginning, that the bodily miseries of life are most felt by those to whom the body is all in all, and that the cultivated can bear when the uncultivated collapse. The wretched man whom *Punch* draws this week beaten down by a demand for rent, which, nevertheless, Society never contracted to pay for him, would be the stronger, not the weaker, if he could feel Wordsworth, or even know by heart the wild words in which Shelley has scourged the oppressor. To believe otherwise would be to believe that the best intellectual gifts are curses to all but a minute caste, and that man would be the happier for the extinction in him of all that is higher than the animal. It may be "dogged as does it," but there is no doggedness like that of the man who at will is lifted out of himself by his own thoughts, and who can perceive in the very sky above him scenes which lift him out of all sordid surroundings. Our opponents would have had Kossuth in prison think only of the stone walls, and the fetters, and the unworthy rations; but Kossuth asked for a Shakespeare, and lived to see his country free. What is poverty but imprisonment?

A NORWEGIAN PATRIOT.

IT is difficult to say whether Ole Bull was more of a musician or a patriot. In most natures in which the strange gift of music exists to the extent of unmistakable genius, there is no other love or passion that approaches its supremacy; but Ole Bull, though few men have ever been more completely enthralled by the genius of Music, was all his life so fervent a patriot that one hesitates to say whether his deepest sympathies were touched more easily by his fiddle or by the Norse flag. To the older generation of musical Englishmen his name is still familiar, and it is not likely that any one who ever saw him would soon forget his personal appearance; but it is more than twenty years since his violin was heard here, and many of the younger generation have probably never heard even his name. Those twenty years, and indeed the twenty years before them, were years of uninterrupted success—of great audiences wrought to great enthusiasm, of tributes from fellow-workers and gifts from Kings and Emperors, and of the love of every peasant in Norway; but although it is as a musician that his name lives, and that his extraordinary career was passed, the present struggles for constitutional liberty in Norway call him no less appropriately to mind.

Indeed, in the character of Ole Bull it is no more difficult than undesirable to attempt to distinguish between the musician and the patriot. He was born in 1810, four years before the union with Sweden laid the foundation of independent Norwegian life, and almost the first notes of his fiddle recalled the first of the lost sentiments of his native land. For in his youth, Norway was Denmark, and "Norwegian" meant "Dane," as was said by one of those who spoke at his grave; and when he was a mere child he used to seek refuge from unsympathising parents in a lonely spot among the hills of Valestrand, and fiddle away at the Norse folk-songs and dances till the peasants in the neighbourhood were convinced that the hobgoblins and trolls had come to life again, and that the *Huldre* had returned to their haunts among the mountains. Years afterward, when Frederick VI. of Denmark asked him who had taught him to play, he answered,—"The mountains of Norway;" and thus it is that his music and patriotism are properly inseparable; his music was the path along which Norway was led back to its own. "He brought Norway home to the Norsemen," said Hendrik

Wergeland; and the same secret of the source and influence of his genius is sung by the national poet Welhaven, in the tribute to Ole Bull which Björnson has called one of the most beautiful lyrics ever written:—

"A summer's eve he listening stood,
His strings all tuned together,
While melody burst from field and wood
And rolled o'er dewy heather.
And all his strings the gift repay,
In wondrous echo ringing
Of throstle's love, and elfin play,
And sighs, and birches singing."

What he had learned from Norway and her traditions, that he gave back to her in the shape of a vitalising influence toward national independence and the creation of a national literature, a national music, and a national drama, drawing its life from the glorious achievements of the past. Ole Bull's voice was one of the loudest of those raised to wake the old Norse spirit from its long sleep.

The story of his long life has been told in its completeness, for the first time, in a delightful memoir just published by his widow, and it is doubtful if the century can point to a more remarkable career. He came of a musical family, but, as is almost always the case, his passion was sternly discouraged in favour of a sober bread-and-butter profession, and in his early days the discouragement sometimes took a very vigorous form. Once he had persuaded his father to buy him a bright red violin from a travelling Frenchman. It was laid away in its case, and the young Ole put to bed in his little cot in his parents' room. Telling the story, years afterwards, he said:—

"I could not sleep for thinking of my new violin. When I heard father and mother breathing deep, I rose softly and lighted a candle, and in my night-clothes did go on tiptoe to open the case and take one little peep. The violin was so red, and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the pearl screws just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me ever more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me that it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it, just a very, very little; and it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I did creep further and further away from the bedroom. At first I did play very soft. I make very, very little noise. But presently I did begin a capriccio which I like very much, and it do go ever louder and louder, and I forgot that it was midnight, and that everybody was asleep. Presently, I hear something go crack! and the next minute I feel my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor, and was broken. I weep much for it, but it did no good."

But the whip did not prevail, and the little red violin had many successors, among them several of the most famous violins in the world. At the University, his tutor forbade him to play; so he learned to whistle and sing, and by-and-by discovered that he could do both at once, and thus study the laws of harmony. But the University could not hold him, and at last he sailed away to Paris, and saw Norway no more till he was a famous musician. The struggle was a very hard one at first; he was wretchedly poor, and his proud spirit accorded ill with the asking of favours. When he applied for a place in the orchestra of the Opéra Comique, he was handed a piece of music to play. Finding it ridiculously below his powers, he asked ironically at which end he should begin, and was naturally enough dismissed on the spot. It was, too, the year of the cholera in Paris, 1831, and he fell severely ill; but his illness was the means of revealing to him the character of the daughter of his landlady, and she afterwards became his wife. Slowly his genius gained a recognition, and he rose to the front rank. From that time his career is a record of success after success, and his travels became a triumphal progress. In turn he visited Switzerland, Italy, France, England, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Denmark, and Norway, and returned to most of them again and again. In England he began by playing for the Duke of Devonshire, and then in London, where he played in 1836 at a Philharmonic concert, with Malibran and Thalberg, and afterwards with Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. "Much as Paganini has done," said the *Times*, in a highly eulogistic notice, "this artist has certainly opened up a new field on the instrument." "A more perfect performance can scarcely be imagined." After the sudden death of Malibran, he was invited to fill her place, and received £800 for a single night at the Liverpool festival. In sixteen months he gave two hundred and seventy-four concerts in the United Kingdom. In 1843 he went to America, which was destined to become his second home, for it was there that he married his second wife, the lady to whom we owe the present memoir, and there that many eventful years of his life were spent. He travelled through all the principal States, until his name became almost as well known and he himself almost as much beloved in America as in Norway. And not the least of the memorials of him is the picture of the tall musician in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," who,—

"Walked the room,
With folded arms and gleaming eyes,
As if he saw the Vikings rise,
Gigantic shadows in the gloom;
And much he talked of their emprise,
And meteors seen in Northern skies,
And Heimdal's horn and day of doom."

His memoir is full of strange adventures,—how he was rescued from poverty by Vidocq, the famous chief of the Paris police; how, when stricken with yellow fever in Panama, he had to crawl out of bed and lie upon the floor to escape the bullets of a passing revolution; his feat of strength, when he received the common Western invitation to "drink or fight," from a band of ruffians on a Mississippi steamboat, and chose the latter alternative; how he played his *Sæterbesög* on his sixty-first birthday on the top of the Pyramid of Cheops; the enormous sums of money which he earned, and the child-like confidence through which he lost most of them; the gifts he received, the friends he made, and the charities he bestowed; but of all these we have no room to speak.

One incident of his career, however, is too important and too typical to be omitted, typical at once of his patriotism, his self-sacrificing courage, and his business capacities. In 1853 he purchased 125,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania, with the desire to "found a new Norway, consecrated to liberty, baptised with independence, and protected by the Union's mighty flag." Five villages were laid out, three hundred houses were built, colonists came flocking in, and he negotiated a contract to supply the Government with 10,000 cannon. All this was done at his own expense, his whole fortune being risked in it, and he himself working so hard at his concerts as often to be compelled to go without his dinner. So gigantic an enterprise, with no sterner conductor than this simple-minded and trustful musician, could have only one end, but the ruin of its supporter came in a sadder way than from his own Utopian confidence. When the land was bought and paid for, the forest cleared, and 800 settlers at home there, Ole Bull discovered that he had purchased a fraudulent title, and was defied, and narrowly escaped being poisoned, by the man who had sold it to him. By a series of protracted law-suits some thousands of dollars were saved from the wreck; but his health broke down under the strain, and, so far as money was concerned, his life had to be begun again.

In his native land, Ole Bull strove to realise his patriotism in two ways. "My calling in this world is the Norse music," he said, and his calling was far too sure for him to be deceived into inaction by any such doctrine as that of Art for Art's sake; "the desire of my life," he added, "has been to give it strings,"—to give it strings that it might carry the Norse life into the hearts of his countrymen, to reissue thence in all native modes of expression, becoming a drama in the theatre, a literature in the books, a cause on the battle-field, a religion in the church, a love in the home. His first ideal was "a Norse theatre with a Norse orchestra," and after great efforts he succeeded in realising it. On January 2nd, 1850, a date which is now regarded as the birthday of the Norwegian drama, this theatre was opened at Bergen, under the directorship of Björnsterne Björnson. The Storthing, however, refused to support the enterprise by the yearly appropriation that was subsequently asked, and after two years the theatre passed into other hands. But the seed was sown, thirty years afterwards a wreath was laid on Ole Bull's grave in the name of the National Theatre. His second ideal was a Norwegian Academy of Music, but in this he succeeded only in sowing the seed, and the harvest is still waiting to be gathered.

In 1880 he died, and was buried with such a national mourning as has seldom been seen, and never more deserved. But his influence is strong still, and the spirit of the "Norse Ole," whose little fiddle began by bringing back the *Hulder* to the mountains of Valestrand, is working to-day in the hearts of those who are struggling in his steps to bring back fullest liberty to Norway.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—You call upon Mr. Goschen to accept the Democracy, and urge him to apply his mind to the great problem of securing under it a fit representation of all thinking men, as well as of

unthinking crowds. I would remind you how great the importance of this problem was held by J. S. Mill, who was certainly no half-hearted Liberal. In his "Considerations on Representative Government," a work which has a much closer relation to the practical problems of our own day than to those of the time when it was written, he says that no arrangement of the suffrage can be permanently satisfactory in which any person or class is peremptorily excluded, in which the electoral privilege is not open to all persons of full age who desire to attain it (p. 167).

But he declares that the virtual blotting-out of the minority which is involved in a system of equal electoral districts in each of which the labouring-class would be in the majority, is far from having any connection with democracy, but is diametrically opposed to the first principle of democracy,—representation in proportion to numbers. It is an essential part of democracy that minorities should be adequately represented. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it (p. 137). Accordingly, he advocates most strongly Hare's system of proportional representation. In fact, without such a system, or unless a plurality of votes were given to educated persons, he apparently would not have been prepared to support any wide extension of the franchise (p. 179). Hitherto, minorities have been very amply protected by the anomalies of the representation. Scotland is the only part of the country in which, owing to the greater equality of the constituencies, the majority can be considered to have been over represented.

But in view of the growing agitation for a more logical system of representation and for equal electoral districts, supporters of a minority representation will have to consider whether to rely on the survival of the present anomalies, or whether to formulate and familiarise the world with some proposal that shall more logically attain their object. Mr. Forster, in a speech at Leeds last winter, though inclined even with equal electoral districts to rely on the accidents of locality, has acknowledged that it is becoming necessary to examine closely the schemes of minority representation. The most perfect scheme before the world is that elaborated by Mr. Hare. In the form he gave it, it has repelled almost every one, on account of its unworkable complexity, and for other reasons. But it has been simplified into possibility by a change which at the same time removes some of its other chief objections. Instead of making one vast constituency of the whole country, and giving every voter power to inscribe his voting-paper with a list of a thousand candidates, by this modified plan the constituencies are arranged in groups, each group returning half a dozen Members, more or less. A voter may vote for any candidate standing for any constituency in his own group, but nowhere else. His vote can only benefit one candidate, but he may write on his voting-paper several names, in the order of his preference. If the person whose name stands first has already received so many votes as to be sure of election, the vote is not spent in uselessly swelling his majority, but goes to help the candidate whose name stands on the list as the voter's next choice. In the form of which these are the salient points, the system presents no intellectual difficulty to the voter, though the process to be gone through by the returning officer in distributing the votes necessarily remains somewhat complex. This form preserves the well-known excellences of Hare's system. It insures a proportional representation of opinions much more perfect than can be attained by any arrangement of cumulative voting or three-cornered constituencies. At the same time, it avoids the great faults of excessive centralisation, of giving excessive power to wire-pullers and organisations, and of flooding the House with crotcheteers. It will not be so easy for a crotchetmonger to obtain the support of a sixth part of the electors in a constituency of sixty thousand, as to collect ten thousand votes out of the whole country.

Further, a strong, practical recommendation of this form is that it can be tried experimentally on a single group of constituencies without the general introduction. In this way the principles of the system could be made familiar to men's minds, and its working put to a decisive test. The English Universities form an excellent subject on which the experiment might be made. They are constituencies based on a different theory and governed by a different law to any others. They are constituencies of similar composition and of special intelligence, and, therefore, fitted for union, and for the introduction of a system mainly objected to because of the difficulty of understanding it. Each of them contains a minority eminently deserving of representation. Moreover, in the opinion of unbiassed friends, such as the Attorney-General and Mr. Goschen, they are doomed constituencies, unless they can establish some greater claim to the consideration of the country than they at present possess. If these fears are well founded, my recommendation becomes a matter of policy as well as of principle for University electors, and for those who wish to see a continuance of University representation. It would ensure their survival as constituencies, and their electors should be gratified by the chance of introducing so eminently conservative a principle into the country.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Lincoln's Inn, November 6th. J. Parker Smith.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I find it difficult to understand the reason of the hatred to the Minority Clause felt by so many honest Liberals, of whom Mr. Bright is the foremost. I suppose it comes from the English dislike of any arrangement that is not simple and easily understood. But before the Party, as a whole, comes to a conclusion about the matter, it would be well to examine what are the precise effects of the clause. Under present circumstances, I shall show that it gives an increase of five votes to the Party. What may the result of the extension of the franchise in the counties can scarcely be foretold with any accuracy.

There are seven counties under the clause,—Berks, Bucks, Cambs, Dorset, Hereford, Hertford, and Oxford. Except Hereford, every one returns two Conservatives and one Liberal, and Hereford election presents the curious feature that of two Conservative and two Liberal candidates, one Conservative was at the top and the other at the bottom of the poll. Omitting, therefore, Hereford as an unintelligible county, we find that the result of the clause in the counties is to give six seats to Liberals, which without it would almost certainly be filled by Conservatives.

Turn now to the cities. There are six of them under the clause,—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow. Of these, two return three Liberals, two return two Liberals and one Conservative, and two return a minority Liberal Member. Liverpool, like Hereford, may be omitted from the calculation, as parties are pretty evenly divided, and it is not likely that, without the clause, either party could carry all three seats. Witness the last election, when Mr. Smith won a fair, stand-up fight, without any minority clause to help him. The result, then, of withdrawing the clause from the cities would be that the Liberals would gain one seat each in Manchester and Leeds, and lose a seat in London,—a nett gain of one. Taking this from the six seats gained to the party in the counties, it appears that the withdrawal of the clause would, in all probability, lose the Liberals five seats at the next election, equal to ten votes in a division. Observe that I do not assert that a clause is necessarily good in itself, if it adds to the strength of the Liberal Party. I simply say that Liberals, *quâ* Liberals, are acting unwisely, in my humble judgment, in attacking the clause. It is sometimes said that the clause reduces the representation of great cities to the level of small towns; but let any Member bring in a Bill adversely affecting Manchester or Leeds, and he will soon find three Members assailing it.

One other remark on the clause. Under its operation at the last general election, four counties out of seven and one city were spared the turmoil and expense of an election, the strength of parties being understood, and the candidates arranged by the respective parties. This would not have been the case without the clause, and it seems to me to be no light argument in its favour that it brings about an uncontested arrangement in more than one-third of the cases under its influence.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Waterford, November 5th. Newenham Harvey.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Apart from the general question of minority representation, there is a special objection to "one-Member constituencies,"—they are liable to be left uncontested. (1.) There may be a Member with great "local influence," quite pure influence possibly, or at any rate moral influence, and not to be reached by the Corrupt Practices Act. Nobody thinks of trying to turn him out, and if there is only one seat, he keeps it for ever; but if there were two seats, there might be a contest for the second one. (2.) The minority loses heart much sooner in the case of a solitary seat. It may not *be* easier to snatch one of two seats than

to snatch a solitary seat from the majority, but it always *seems* easier. To make contests possible, the minority must have a hope of getting something.

It is needless to point out that our political system rests not merely on elections, but on contested elections. The elector watches politics to see which way to give his vote, and the Member makes speeches to the elector with a view to keep his vote. If there is no chance of a contest, the Member and the electors drift out of relation to each other, and the end is political apathy. An uncontested election is a temporary disfranchisement.—I am, Sir, &c.,

St. John's College, Oxford. T. C. Snow.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I had the privilege of hearing the remarkable speech Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., delivered here last Monday, and have since refreshed my memory by reading a *verbatim* report of his remarks. Having done so, I cannot but think that you were misled by a bald summary in a London paper, when you attributed to him dissent from the conclusions of the Leeds Conference "partly because they had condemned the present minority seats accorded to a few great county and town constituencies." Mr. Courtney himself condemned the present system as "a plan of the roughest and worst character," and certainly he would not extend it. His complaint was that the Leeds Conference passed a resolution condemning minority representation as a principle, and he taunted the delegates with contradicting themselves, when, having laid down at the outset the principle—"We want to give every vote an equal power"—they passed a resolution condemning proportional representation, or minority representation, which is, I use Mr. Courtney's own words, "a means of giving to every voter the same power, a means of securing to every voter the same share in the representative body." This is quite a different position, and one with which, if I have read my *Spectator* aright, you yourself sympathise. In closing your article to-day on Mr. Goschen's speech at Edinburgh, you hint at the undesirability of the views, wishes, and thoughts of the thoughtful being swamped in the sea of votes. Mr. Courtney anticipated you, when he spoke to us here last Monday on the degradation of the character of Parliament, and inferentially of the people of England, which must follow, if there is not found in Parliament a continual representation of independence and originality of thought.

Mr. Courtney has done what the *Spectator* advises Mr. Goschen to do. He has accepted the Democracy, and, doing so, has applied his mind to securing under it "a fit representation of all thinking men, as well as of the unthinking crowds."—I am, Sir &c.,

Liskeard, November 2nd. J. Stokes Philp.

HUMAN VIVISECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Vivisectors of animals are wont to repudiate the accusation of being moved merely by the ardour of scientific curiosity. They assure us that they pursue their odious work from pure enthusiasm of humanity, which leads them to crush their natural impulses of pity to the suffering brutes in the hope of finding relief for the diseases of men and women. The whole literature of Vivisection is a tacit refutation of this claim, crammed as it is with expressions of scientific "interest," and even of "pleasure," in experiments, and void almost totally of reference to the humane longings which ought, on the hypothesis, to breathe through every line. The following extract, from a very important recently published volume, affords, however, I venture to think, a still more direct evidence of absolute disregard of the interests of a human sufferer, when a curious problem of science may be solved by setting him aside. As such cases will not readily find their way to English readers, I shall feel greatly indebted to you if you will give this one the publicity of a place in your columns.—I am, Sir, &c.,

1 *Victoria Street.* Frances Power Cobbe.

In the "Archives Italiennes de Biologie," Tom. II., p. 444 (Turin, 1882), there is a review of a paper by Dr. Ezio Sciamanna, communicated by him to the R. Accademia dei Lincei, Vol. XIII., June 25th 1882. The paper treats of "Phenomena produced by the application of the electric current to the *dura mater*, and modification of the cerebral pulse" (*polso cerebrale*). The reviewer writes as follows:—"In making these researches, the author proposed to himself to solve the question whether the excitation of the brain causes the same results in the human subject as are obtained in the case of animals, and particularly in the case of apes." "The individual who served for his experiments was Rinalducci, who entered the hospital under the care of Sciamanna, on March 23rd, 1882, for a fracture of the right parietal bone. Trepanning was considered needful, and a circular opening of 35 m. in diameter was made through the skull. The *dura mater* was left exposed, and the experimenter was obliged to limit himself to exciting the brain through this membrane." (After this statement, the reviewer, without pause, proceeds in the next paragraph to make the following startling remark):—"The autopsy, carried out four days after the entrance of the patient into the hospital, revealed the exact points of the brain which had been excited during life. The points were marked in black on the *dura mater* shortly after death, and served for localisation at the autopsy as indicating the corresponding parts in the brain itself." (Reference here follows to the two very remarkable lithographs of poor Rinalducci's head in the Appendix to the "Archives.") "Two words," continues the reviewer, "on the method of excitation. The author used Faraday's current, and the galvanic current. For want of space the author preferred single-poled applications. The positive electrode was held fixed, either on an unexcitable point of the *dura mater*, or outside the opening on the summit of the head, or on the sternum. The negative electrode, on the contrary, was moved about (*on déplaçait*) over the *dura mater*, and notes were taken of the motor phenomena which these displacements produced. The intensity of the current was felt to the end of the fingers. The individual was not asleep; once only, and that ineffectually, chloral, anæsthesia was attempted." After this follow the results. The mouth of the patient closed, each jaw being in tetanic contraction; movements took place of the arm, left hand, rotation of the head to the left, opening of the mouth, &c. It is remarked that "no spasmodic or jerking movements were observed, such as those which Charcot obtains from his hysterical patients, nor the choréique movements noted by Burthalaw."

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Firm, even-handed justice, is what Ireland has too seldom got since her connection with England. Arms Bills and Coercion Acts, if unhappily necessary, should be impartially put in force in North, as well as in South. "Disarm the Orangemen; and insist on Lord Rossmore and Lord Ernest Hamilton abstaining from their mad efforts to cause a breach of the peace." That is what straightforward common-sense demands, and with nothing less will she be satisfied. Is England afraid to do this? So long, during the evil days, she was content to ignominiously rule Ireland through a faction, that now she shrinks from treating that faction as common fairness dictates.

Even the *Dublin Daily Express* is ashamed of the Orange placards, and letters, and speeches. "We cannot endorse," it says, "all that is being done and said. But then," it adds, "it is poor work criticising in cold blood what is done and said under provocations calculated to stir the blood of the North into a flame." Has the South no blood, and has it received no provocations? Yet its speakers have been not only criticised in cold blood, but thrown into jail, while Orange firebrands are allowed absolute impunity. Perhaps Government still clings to the delusion that the Orangemen are supporting "British interests." Surely you are in error in speaking as if the Nationalists at Rosslea were strangers. It was the Orangemen who were marshalled from all parts,—as far off as Belfast; the Nationalists were men from the neighbourhood.

One word more. Why should not Lord Spencer treat Lord Rossmore as Lord Morpeth did Colonel Verner? Is it that Government has gone back, instead of forward, in its notions of "justice to Ireland?"—I am, Sir, &c.,

Great Cressingham Rectory, Norfolk. Henry Stuart Fagan.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—"J. W.," in the *Spectator* of October 27th, though a Liberal, thinks there must be something wrong in the policy of the Liberal party towards Ireland, "when we find our measures bearing such disappointing fruits." This kind of feeling is probably very common. The very idea of patience, of waiting for results, of giving time for good influences to counteract evil ones, and for light to get the better of darkness, appears to have disappeared among whole classes of politicians; and there is a widely spread notion that in our times, as a consequence of increased intelligence, or of steam and electricity, political development is, or may be expected to be, indefinitely more rapid than in former ages. I believe this to be mainly, if not altogether, an error. Political development depends on change of mental habits and character, which is a vital process. Steam and electricity can do nothing to hasten it, and education and the increase of knowledge can act only to a very limited extent. Remember Herbert Spencer's saying, which I regard as one of the most luminous ever uttered, though I have nowhere seen it

quoted,—"The social mechanism does not rest on opinions, but almost wholly on character."

It is only fourteen years since religious equality was established in Ireland, and only thirteen since the first attempt was made by Parliament to reform the worst and most unjust agrarian system existing in any country that did not permit slavery. And there is a special reason why it takes a long time for justice to produce its effect in Ireland. Scientific archæology has made us familiar with the idea of survivals. The period of stone hatchets survives among the Eskimos. The glacial period survives in Greenland. Sir Wyville Thomson maintained that the chalk period survives in the depths of the Atlantic. And in the same way, that worst period of European history, the seventeenth century—the period of the religious wars—survives in Ireland. Ireland is two hundred years behind Great Britain in political ideas.

Another hindrance to the work of pacification has been the infatuated conduct of the Irish Conservatives, or at least of their organs in the Press, which, during the recent troubles, thought of nothing but making points against the Government, and—at least during the earlier part of the troubles—were never tired of telling the public that the Government looked on the crimes of the Land-leaguers with secret favour. Conservatives said this till they believed it, and it is reasonable to infer that Land-leaguers and Fenians believed it also.

I admit that all this is but cold comfort. But no one is fit for politics who cannot endure to wait. "Let patience have her perfect work."

"Wait;—my faith is large in time,
And that which works it to some perfect end."

November 3rd. JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

BEARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The triumph of beards over English ecclesiastical prejudice has been more complete than you suppose. There are two English Bishops who were appointed and consecrated when they were bearded men,—the Bishop of Liverpool and the Bishop-Suffragan of Colchester.

A word upon another branch of the subject. Is not the prejudice against gentlemen's coachmen wearing beards a particularly absurd and unreasonable one? Are not they the men whose throats have the greatest need of such protection, because of their constant exposure to night air and to weather of all kinds? —I am, Sir, &c., BARBATUS.

THE ILBERT BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Though I look upon the Ilbert Bill as the inevitable sequel of the admission of Natives into the Covenanted Service —in fact, as the natural consequence of a humane and enlightened policy, which, to quicken civilisation, held out prizes to deserving Natives—I cannot help thinking that there is much truth in the following lines, which I take from a letter of one of the leading Native statesmen, at the head of a semi-independent State:—

"The Native Magistrates' Jurisdiction Bill—the Ilbert Bill—has convulsed the whole of India, and from the home papers I can clearly see that it has now become a party question there. Eminent men, official and non-official, have sent in their opinions. Some object to the principle of the Bill; others call in question the expediency, or rather opportuneness. Many Europeans consider it as the invasion of their privileges, but it appears anomalous, as a question of privilege only, that they should surrender it in the Presidency towns, and object to be tried by the same magistrates or one of still higher qualifications while beyond their limits. My own opinion is that the agitators on both sides have blundered egregiously, the result of which has thrown us back some fifty years, by widening the gulf between the two races. No doubt, the Bill, though correct in principle, has been inopportune; while it confers no real benefit on the natives, it has been the cause of hurting the feelings of both communities. The local-self-government scheme is also looked upon with disfavour by many European officials, and though this is a question really affecting the interests of the people, officials who hitherto had everything in their own power will maintain an unyielding attitude."—I am, Sir, &c., MALORTIE.

POETRY.

LYRICS OF PERICLES.—II.*

IV.—EPITHALAMIUM.

EVEN as the Gods plant stars upon the way
Of wanderers distracted and belate,
So shineth fairly on our lord's estate
A starry bride to bless his bed to-day.
Great Hymen, be thy happiest vassals these,
The fair Thaisa and King Pericles.

V.—THAISA'S DIRGE.

Thaisa fair, under the cold sea lying,
Sleeps the long sleep denied to her by Earth;
We, adding sighs unto the wild winds' sighing,
With all our mourning under-mourn her worth:
The white waves toss their crested plumes above her,
Round sorrowing faces with the salt spray wet,
All are her lovers that once learned to love her,
And never may remember to forget:
Shells for her pillow Amphitrite bringeth,
And sad nymphs of the dank weed weave her shroud;
Old Triton's horn her dirge to Ocean singeth,
Whose misty caverns swell the echo loud:
And, while the tides rock to and fro her bier,
What was Thaisa lies entombed here.

VI.—PIRATES' SONG.

Our bark is on the rolling sea,
Our prize is on the shore,
In caverns dark the treasures be,
Wrung from the deep before:
The keen keel lave,
Propitious wave,
And yield thy choicest store.

The merchants' argosies may groan
With weight of golden grain,
They toil and spoil for us alone,
That rule the generous main:
Who rob the poor,
Their rede is sure;
We only rob again.

The pirate's is the higher law,
And his the higher power;
The booty of the land-shark's maw
Is forfeit in an hour:
The landsman's greed
May sow the seed,
The seamew plucks the flower.

VII.—MARINA'S DIRGE.

Weep for Marina, plucked too soon
By surly Death;
Robbed, ere her sun reached afternoon,
Of pearly breath:
Forefallen flowers about thy grave we twine;
Alas, Marine!

October, 1883. HERMAN MERIVALE.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS.

SOME WOMEN OF LETTERS.†

THESE two interesting volumes may conveniently be classed together, for the author of the *Memories* is a grand-daughter of Dr. Aikin, and a great-niece of Mrs. Barbauld. She has something to say, also, of the Edgeworth family, of Mrs. Opie, of Joanna Baillie, and of other personages more or less attractive, who appear in *A Book of Sibyls*. It may be as well to say a

* Written for a proposed musical production of Shakespeare's play of *Pericles*, arranged by Mr. John Coleman.

† *A Book of Sibyls; Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, Miss Austen.* By Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1883. *Memories of Seventy Years.* By One of a Literary Family. Edited by Mrs. Herbert Martin. London: Griffith and Farran. 1883.

few words about each book separately, and then, with the help of both, as well as from other sources, to recall a few striking characters who, if remembered at all, are known chiefly by name to the present generation.

Of Miss Austen nothing will be said. She stands altogether apart, both in social intercourse and genius, from the women of letters known to each other when living, and now once more presented as literary comrades in Mrs. Ritchie's pages. But even Jane Austen, incomparable though she be in her own way, gives us in her delightful stories no mark of the prophetic strain; and why such women as Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Barbauld should be called "Sibyls" is beyond our power to divine. The title, although most unfortunate, is, however, forgotten in the pleasure afforded by these literary portraits. They are drawn with delightful ease; but if we may hint a fault, there are more verbal errors and indications of carelessness than we should have expected to find in the essays of a writer so accomplished. These faults are on the surface, and can be readily removed when the second edition of *A Book of Sibyls* is called for.

Mrs. Herbert Martin, who edits her mother's *Memories*, and adds to them a striking but brief account of Gilbert Wakefield, observes that the writer does not lay any claim to literary ability. The statement is a modest one, but the reader will not think that it is required. Beyond a few needless repetitions common to authors of more literary pretension, there is scarcely a page in the volume which we could wish away. We may add, that several incidents and stories are recorded by both writers, and that both have something fresh to say of a period prolific in what Miss Edgeworth quaintly called "female literature."

The names of Mrs. Barbauld, of her niece, Lucy Aikin, "who by no means hid her light under a bushel," and of Joanna Baillie, are all intimately associated with Hampstead. When they flourished, in the early years of this century, it was a charming country village, with many old houses standing in large grounds, and with scenes of exquisite country beauty visible on all sides. There was no London suburb equal to it in rural charm, and the purity of the air made it a favourite resort of invalids. With the literature of the last century also its associations are numberless, for hither came Steele and Gay, and Arbuthnot and Armstrong; here Johnson wrote his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and here his "Tetty" is said to have indulged herself in country air and nice living, while her husband was drudging in the smoke of London. And do we not all remember how, three or four years before the publication of that satire, Clarissa Harlowe vainly escaped to Hampstead to hide from her tormentor, which made Mrs. Delany write to Richardson, "I am loth for going to that ugly Hampstead. I have never loved it since Clarissa suffered such persecution there"? And then later on, with the new century, what a number of literary memories are associated with the village! On its "breezy Heath," Wordsworth walked with Crabbe; there Shelley stayed with Leigh Hunt, whose pretty cottage in the Vale of Health is the site of the hideous hotel which, with its surrounding abominations, has now utterly deformed that once rural spot; there Keats wrote his loveliest poetry, and, sitting on the bench at the top of Well Walk, told Hunt that his heart was breaking. Public officials know nothing of such memories, and the old seat, we understand, has been only recently removed by the Board of Works. And Walter Scott, too, came to Hampstead, to visit his beloved Joanna Baillie, whom the writer of this paper, then a boy, remembers seeing in her old age at the parish church, singing the Psalms with cheerful voice, in company with her sister. What a happy-looking, neat-looking couple they were! and neither age nor sorrow seemed to have left a mark of pain on their faces.

The *Memories* include a recollection of the sisters, dressed in grey silk, with pretty lace caps, listening to a reading of one of Joanna's plays, before a fashionable audience, at the "Holly Bush." "She told us, in her quiet, droll way, that some of her old friends in Scotland were shocked at the line of writing she had taken to, and said she had seen a letter from one. 'Have ye heard that Jocky Baillie has taken to the *public line?*'" Her house is still standing, near the "Holly Bush," where plays are sometimes read now-a-days, but not Joanna's, and from that house on the hill, with all the love that should accompany old age, both she and her sister were carried to Hampstead Churchyard.

It was in 1786 that Mrs. Barbauld went to Hampstead, her husband having been appointed Unitarian Minister of the chapel on Rosslyn Hill. She describes the village with evident enjoyment, but thinks that, with the exception of Avignon, it is the most windy spot she ever was in. And she pities the young ladies, since there is not a single young man to be seen in the place. "But of widows and old maids, such a plenty!" Hampstead has changed greatly in this respect, as well as in others less desirable. The builders have taken possession of it, and houses, almost gardenless and wholly ugly, are let at absurdly high rents. The fields that separated London and Hampstead are fields no longer, and before many years have passed, it is probable that no green spot will be left, except the Heath, now less than half its original size:—

> "I can hardly bear to think of the change," writes the author of the *Memories*, looking back half a century. "Besides the lovely Heath, there were field-walks and lanes in all directions, and none but the old houses, in nearly all of which we had friends living. I think hardly any one occupied in daily business in London then lived in Hampstead, as there were no omnibuses and, of course, no railroad. . . . . The road to town ran between fields for nearly three miles, and except 'Steele's Cottage,' said to have belonged to Sir Richard, there were no houses from Camden Town to Downshire Hill."

The author stayed with her grandmother and her Aunt Lucy Aikin in Church Row, and Aunt Lucy, being then a celebrated writer, was invited, of course, when her publisher, Mr. Longman, gave dinners to "our authors" in his large house close by. One day the poet Moore was a guest. "He was placed next to Mrs. Longman, and there was something said about his carving some poultry for her. He looked alarmed, and cried out, 'I cannot carve. I would not sit next Venus herself, if she asked me to carve her doves.' Poor Mrs. Longman, a matter-of-fact lady, looked perfectly bewildered by this flight."

The eccentric, benevolent, and, so far as his marriage projects were concerned, selfish Thomas Day, Richard Edgeworth's greatest friend, spent his honeymoon and several moons besides at Hampstead, "in inconvenient lodgings," in order to carry his principles about matrimony into immediate practice. His poem of "The Dying Negro," says Maria Edgeworth, "will last as long as manly hearts exist in England,"—a prophecy which, if true, leaves, it is to be feared, few manly hearts in the country. *The History of Sandford and Merton*, on the other hand, like some of Miss Edgeworth's own delightful stories for children, is still a favourite with the readers for whom it was written. It is no common achievement to write books for the young which, after a hundred years, have not lost their flavour; but this has been accomplished by Day, and by two of Mrs. Ritchie's Sibyls, Maria Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld. As for Mrs. Opie, her tales, once popular, are now forgotten, although they may be still met with in old libraries, and win sometimes a stray reader. Enough honour for her, that one of these stories drew tears from the eyes of Sir Walter Scott.

As a girl and as an elderly lady, Amelia Opie gained all hearts. Mrs. Ritchie's sketch of her is charming. A happy and beautiful young woman, she was the life of the society in which she moved at Norwich; then came nine years of married life with the Royal Academician, John Opie, a man of noble character, and with far higher conceptions of Art than powers of execution. "He was a lover more than a husband," writes his wife. On his too early death, Amelia returned to her father's house at Norwich, and "by degrees she resumed her old life, and came out and about among her friends," retaining until long after middle-life her interest and capacity of enjoyment." Under the influence of Joseph John Gurney, she became a Quaker, but she still loved bright colours and a little worldly excitement. With the kindly, generous qualities of the Friends with whom she now associated, she did not always combine their calmness of demeanour and moderation of expression. "I have heard a lady," says Mrs. Ritchie, "who knew her well, describe her late in life laughing heartily, and impetuously thrusting a somewhat starched-up Friend into a deep arm-chair, exclaiming, 'I will hurl thee into the bottomless pit.'"

In the Hampstead Library stands the first edition of Lovell Edgeworth's *Memoirs*, begun by himself and concluded by his daughter Maria. The date is 1820, and the old volumes, worn with sixty years' service, were probably placed upon the shelves soon after the day of publication. Edgeworth was an extraordinary man, with boundless spirits, not wholly unneeded, seeing that he married four wives and had eighteen children. His anguish as a widower seems, in two instances, to have been sincere, but he found the surest relief by marrying again in a few months. This may appear eccentric, but it was his way;

and that he had a thousand estimable qualities and many rare gifts both of character and intellect, is evident from the *Memoirs*. Maria Edgeworth was a calm-minded woman, and her admiration of her father is that of a daughter who does not love blindly. The book bristles with interesting points; about Ireland before the Union; about science and mechanism—Edgeworth's inventive faculty was extraordinary—about education, which was one of his early hobbies; about the complicated domestic affairs in which he was of necessity involved; and about the literary occupations which he shared with his eldest daughter:—

"Mr. Edgeworth's life," says Mrs. Ritchie, "was most extraordinary, comprising, in fact, three or four lives in the place of that one usually allowed to most people, some of us having to be moderately content with a half or three-quarters of existence. But his versatility of mind was no less remarkable than his tenacity of purpose and strength of affection, though some measure of sentiment must certainly have been wanting, and his fourth marriage must have taken most people by surprise. The writer once expressed her surprise at the extraordinary influence that Mr. Edgeworth seems to have had over women, and over the many members of his family who continued to reside in his home, after all the various changes which had taken place there. Lady S——, to whom she spoke, said, 'You do not in the least understand what my Uncle Edgeworth was. I never knew anything like him. Brilliant, full of energy and charm, he was something quite extraordinary and irresistible. If you had known him, you would not have wondered at anything.'"

Miss Beaufort, the last of the four wives—depend upon it, there would have been a fifth, had she not providentially survived her husband—was about the age of Maria herself when introduced to Edgeworthtown, and there is something wonderfully unselfish in the way the new inmate was received by the eldest daughter of the house. "You will come into a new house, but you will not come as a stranger," she writes; and Mrs. Edgeworth states that Maria more than fulfilled the promise of her letter. In common with Mrs. Barbauld and Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth appears to have been wholly unlike what we commonly understand by a blue-stocking. She was thoroughly domestic, and her capacity for business was extraordinary. She neglected nothing, was like a second mother to her brothers and sisters, and seems to have had a large capacity for work. All children discovered that she was a woman to be loved. "Some one asked Miss Edgeworth how she came to understand children as she did, what charm she used to win them. 'I don't know,' she said kindly; 'I lie down, and let them crawl over me.'"

"If Maria's tales fail with the public, you will hear of my hanging myself," Mr. Edgeworth wrote. They did not fail in her father's life-time, and many of her shorter stories have the look of permanence about them. But her novels, although well worth reading, are, it is to be feared, not much read in our day. A popular novelist has, indeed, recently adopted the title of one of Miss Edgeworth's fictions, unaware, apparently, of the *Belinda* to which Miss Austen alludes, when defending her own calling as a novelist in *Northanger Abbey*:—

"'And what are you reading, Miss ——?' 'Oh, it is only a novel!' replies the young lady, while she lays down her book, with affected indifference or momentary shame; 'it is only *Cecilia*, or *Camilla*, or *Belinda*,' or, in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour, are conveyed to the world in the best-chosen language."

If worth secured popularity, Miss Edgeworth would still retain her place, in spite of the great names which have followed hers in this wide domain of literature. With the greatest of them all her name is inseparably linked, since it was the reputation she had won as a novelist of Irish life that roused Scott's ambition to do something similar for Scotland. And we have recently been told that the great Russian novelist, Ivan Turguénief, was himself also an unconscious disciple of Maria Edgeworth. He did not understand English, but his brother translated passages from her *Irish Tales and Sketches*, and it is probable, said Ivan, if she had not written about the poor Irish of the County Longford, "that it would not have occurred to me to give a literary form to my impressions about classes parallel to them in Russia." To have inspired two such men is an honour of the highest kind. We may ask for more sensational fiction in this age of excitement, but in proportion as we love fidelity to nature shall we return with fresh delight to Maria Edgeworth and to her far greater sister, Jane Austen. It is pleasant to remember that the lives of these true women were worthy of their writings.

SONGS UNSUNG.*

This new volume, by the author of *Songs of Two Worlds*, would be disappointing to us, but for the power and, we might almost say, stateliness, of one of the longest poems it contains,—"The New Creed." We do not think that the narrative poems are successful. "Clytæmnestra in Paris," a poem on the Fenayrou trial of last year, does not seem to us a vivid or luminous picture of the interior mind of that mean murderess. "Niobe" cannot be compared with many of the delineations in "The Epic of Hades." "Saint Christopher" fails in clearness. "Odatis" is graceful, but a little wanting in that majestic setting of Oriental detail which the subject seems to need. But "The New Creed" is, in some respects, the most striking poem which Mr. Lewis Morris has ever written. He puts before us with singular simplicity and solemnity of effect the startling amount of diffusion which the belief in a mere blank, both above and beyond, has obtained even among those whom we should describe as the innocent and the happy; he delineates the icy conviction with which this marvellous superstition of unbelief has struck them; the insensate certainty that everything is the work of blind force, and that in blind force it must all end; then he paints with calm distinctness, in the beautiful rhythm he has chosen, the monstrous character of the creed; the far higher claim even of a spiritual Pantheism on the pure intellect than any which this materialism can urge; and finally, the grand spectacle of the Universe as it appears in the light of a profound belief in God, and the upward growth of everything capable of submitting to his will. The poem is one well suited to the mind of Mr. Lewis Morris, but we are not aware that he has ever before written anything at once so impressive, so solemn, and so self-restrained. The opening stanzas, in which he narrates a girl's frigid denial of all hope beyond this earth, the denial that suggested the poem, strike us as singularly powerful, and even in their serene way penetrating and thrilling:—

"The New Creed.

"Yesterday, to a girl I said—
'I take no pity for the unworthy dead,
The wicked, the unjust, the vile who die;
'Twere better thus that they should rot and lie.
The sweet, the lovable, the just
Make holy dust;
Elsewhere than on the earth
Shall come their second birth.
Until they go each to his destined place,
Whether it be to bliss or to disgrace.
'Tis well that both shall rest, and for a while be dead.'
'There is nowhere else,' she said.
'There is nowhere else.' And this was a girl's voice,
Who, some short tale of summers gone to-day,
Would carelessly rejoice,
As life's blithe springtide passed upon its way
And all youth's infinite hope and bloom
Shone round her; nor might any shadow of gloom
Fall on her as she passed from flower to flower;
Love sought her, with full dower
Of happy wedlock and young lives to rear;
Nor shed her eyes a tear,
Save for some passing pity, fancy bred.
All good things were around her—riches, love,
All that the heart and mind can move,
The precious things of art, the undefiled
And innocent affection of a child.
Oh girl, who amid sunny ways dost tread,
What curse is this that blights that comely head?
For right or wrong there is no further place than here,
No sanctities of hope, no chastening fear?
'There is nowhere else,' she said.

'There is nowhere else,' and in the wintry ground
When we have laid the darlings of our love—
The little lad with eyes of blue,
The little maid with curls of gold,
Or the beloved aged face
On which each passing year stamps a diviner grace—
That is the end of all, the narrow bound.
Why look our eyes above
To an unreal home which mortal never knew—
Fold the hands on the breast, the clay-cold fingers fold?
No waking comes there to the uncaring dead!
'There is nowhere else,' she said.

Strange; is it old or new, this deep distress?
Or do the generations, as they press
Onward for ever, onward still,
Finding no truth to fill
Their starving yearning souls, from year to year
Feign some new form of fear
To fright them, some new terror
Crouched on the path of error,
Some cold and desolate word which, like a blow,

* *Songs Unsung.* By Lewis Morris, of Penbryn. London: Kegan Paul Trench, and Co.

Forbids the current of their faith to flow,
Makes slow their pulse's eager beat,
And, chilling all their wonted heat,
Leaves them to darkling thoughts and dreads a prey,
Uncheered by dawning shaft or setting ray?
. . . . . .
But you, poor child forlorn,
Ah! better were it you were never born;
Better that you had thrown your life away
On some coarse lump of clay;
Better defeat, disgrace, childlessness, all
That can a solitary life befall,
Than to have all things and yet be
Self-bound to dark despondency,
And self-tormented, beyond reach of doubt,
By some cold word that puts all yearnings out."

The last two lines,—

"And self-tormented, beyond reach of doubt,
By some cold word that puts all yearnings out,"

have all the happy energy of the highest poetry. It is a curious state of the world in which it is possible to speak of certain unbelievers as "self-tormented beyond reach of doubt," but it is the state of the world in which we actually live, a state in which doubt, far from expressing the deepest sort of denial, expresses comparative peace, the state from which hope is not excluded, though fear is not excluded either. And the force of the couplet goes beyond this. It is not only that the denial of some unbelievers goes far beyond doubt, but that this denial is sealed, as the poet with curious force expresses it, "by some cold word that puts all yearnings out," that extinguishes not only belief, but even the desire for belief. Such, for instance, is the condition reflected in Vernon Lee's powerful dialogue, a few months ago, on *The Responsibilities of Unbelief*, wherein the stern unbeliever is represented not simply as denying, but as having lost all wish to affirm, either the existence of God or the prospect of a future life. The advanced guard of the negative party have found not only, if we may trust their own account, the talisman for extinguishing faith, but the talisman for extinguishing those universal "yearnings" from which they suppose that our religious illusions spring.

We must not quote the whole poem, but we cannot refrain from taking one more fine passage, which delineates the view of the author:—

"For let the doubter babble as he can,
There is no wit in man
Which can make Force rise higher still
Up to the heights of Will,—
No phase of Force which finite minds can know
Can self-determined grow,
And of itself elect what shall its essence be:
The same to all eternity,
Unchanged, unshaped, it goes upon its blinded way;
Nor can all forces nor all laws
Bring ceasing to the scheme, nor any pause,
Nor shape it to the mould in which to be—
Form from the winged seed the myriad-branching tree,—
Nor guide the force once sped, so that it turn
To Water-floods that quench or Fires that burn,
Or now to the electric current change,
Or draw all things by some attraction strange.
Or in the brain of man working unseen, sublime,
Transcend the narrow bounds of Space and Time.
Whence comes the innate Power which knows to guide
The force deflected so from side to side,
That not a barren line from whence to where
It goes upon its way through the unfettered air?
What sways the prisoned atom on its fruitful course?
Ah, it was more than Force
Which gave the Universe of things its form and face!
Force moving on its path through Time and Space
Would nought enclose, but leave all barren still.
A higher Power, it was, the worlds could form and fill;
And by some pre-existent harmony
Were all things made as Fate would have them be—
Fate, the ineffable Word of an Eternal Will."

The only lines which seem to us, not, indeed, lower in poetic force, but lower in moral force than the rest, are those in which the poet expresses his willingness, if need be, to go back again to some lower form of life:—

"Content, if need, to take some lower form,
Some humbler herb or worm
To be awhile, if e'er the eternal plan
Go back from higher to lower, from man to less than man."

It is true he protests at once that this is not his own view, but even the suggestion of it strikes a lower note. It is impossible that a creature who has once risen into true adoration of God's will could ever again pass into the stage of purely unconscious existence, without losing all the significance of personality, all continuity of consciousness, and, therefore, all moral identity with both the actual human past and the possible human future. An interposed degradation to the condition of a vegetable, would be a final extinction of the being so degraded; while its future development into a new life of consciousness would imply a totally new personality. But this poem, as a whole, is to Mr. Morris's best poems what the organ is to poorer instruments.

There is another striking poem, of much less pretension and force, called "Confession," in which, however, there is a passage difficult to interpret. After a powerful delineation of the attitude of doubt, Mr. Morris goes on:—

"Oh, doubting soul, look up, behold
The eternal heavens above thy head,
The solid earth beneath, its mould
Compacted of the unnumbered dead.

Here the eternal problems grow,
And with each day are solved and done,
When some spent life, like melting snow,
Breathes forth its essence to the sun.

As death is, life is—without end;
Wrong with right mingles, joy with pain;
Forbid two meeting streams to blend,
'Twere not more hopeless, nor more vain.

Though Death with Life, though Wrong with Right,
Are bound within the scheme of things,
Yet can our souls, on soaring wings,
Gain to a loftier, purer height,

Where death is not, nor any life,
Nor right nor wrong, nor joy nor pain;
But changeless Being, lacking strife,
Doth through all change, unchanged remain.

Should wrong prevail o'er all the earth,
'Twere nought if only we discern
The one great truth, which if we learn,
All else beside is little worth.

That Right, is that which must prevail,
If not here, there, if not now, then,
Is the one Truth which shall not fail,
For all the doubt and fears of men."

We do not see the connection between the verses in which Mr. Morris delineates something like the mental condition which Buddhists call Nirvana, the condition in which life and death are both absent, in which joy and pain are both absent, in which change is merged in immutability, and the belief in the victory of right over wrong which he goes on to paint. Surely, it is not the loss of all self-consciousness in "the unconditioned" which can ever be supposed to prepare the mind for absolute faith in the victory of Good over Evil. We do not pretend to understand the connection between the fourth and fifth stanzas of this last passage, and the drift of the remainder. It is not the imaginary flight of the soul into such a state as this which will prepare it for victorious faith.

Some of Mr. Lewis Morris's "pictures" are very vigorous, and remind one of the pictures in Tennyson's "Palace of Art." But he should not scatter his pearls on the ground in this way without a string. These fragments of poems, uncombined in any whole, are hardly worth separate preserving; they are the materials of poetry, not poems, and the materials of poetry should be kept till they can be moulded into poems.

MERV.*

The Special Correspondent is the true modern representative of the knight-errant. It is he who blows the magic horns, notwithstanding the dragon guardians of the gates, and enters the enchanted castles, and reveals to the outer world all that there is of strange and mysterious within. It is he who passes scatheless through encounters with windmills and giants, who heals the poor captive, and can on occasion eat poisons and swallow deadly meats without wincing. Amongst Special Correspondents, none has had a stranger experience or told a more exciting tale than the hero of Merv, whose career, so prematurely cut short by death, is told by himself in the volume before us. The volume is a compression into a handy book which one can take comfortably on a railway journey of the two huge volumes in which the tale was first told. A good deal of political discussion, which, however interesting at the time, has now become rather stale, has been cut out, and the story, as a story, has been considerably improved thereby. It is told in an easy, flowing style, without any attempt at fine-writing or startling effects of literary composition. A hazardous ride for life is described as coolly as a dinner party, and a grand council in no more gorgeous language than a vestry meeting.

* *The Story of Merv.* By Edward O'Donovan. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The author started in 1878 from Trebizond on his hazardous travels, with the object of penetrating to the mysterious regions of Central Thibet, but when he arrived at Elizabethpol, finding that a Russian expedition was just about to start for the Caspian against the Tekke Turcomans, he determined to accompany it, General Lazareff, an Armenian by birth, who was to command the expedition, giving him leave to do so. He went with the General on a reconnaissance, during which the most memorable incident was a supper which they partook of sitting on drums lighted by bayonets stuck point downwards for candlesticks, in company with a Khivan clad in "a silk tunic of the brightest possible emerald green, with lavish gold embroidery, sky-blue trousers of semi-European make, a purple mantle profusely laced, his fingers covered with massive rings of gold, a gold embroidered skull-cap on the back of his head, and perched forward, the brim almost upon the bridge of his nose, was a cylindrical cap of black Astrakhan fur." This gorgeous individual was, however, nothing more than a caravan Bashi. After pushing on to the front by himself with an Armenian merchant, and nearly being cut-off by a Turcoman raid, O'Donovan returned to the Russian camp, where he was even more nearly being carried off by dysentery, due to the absolute want of sanitary precautions shown by the Russians. General Lazareff himself succumbed to the disease. The General who succeeded knew not Joseph, and ordered him to quit the camp; and he accordingly proceeded to Asterabad, a Persian town. After many months, spent there and among some neighbouring Yamud Turcomans and at Teheran, in vain endeavours to get permission to accompany the Russian columns, at last receiving a flat refusal from General Skobeleff, he telegraphed to him an "*Au revoir* à Merv," and started on his adventurous quest of that city two years after his first start from Trebizond. Scarcely had he begun his journey, before he was bitten by the "bite-the-stranger," or Persian bug, a beast whose venomous bite is often fatal, and the remedies for which were even worse than the disease. Amongst the cures proffered, a priest wanted to tie him up in a net like a hammock, the head protruding, and hang him on a tree. "When I had swallowed a large quantity of new milk, I was to be turned round until the suspending cords were well twisted, and then, being let go, to be allowed to turn rapidly round. This operation was to be repeated until sickness was produced, when other measures were to follow." He declined the cure, however, having heard from a friend that he once saw it "tried on an old woman, who, when taken down for supplementary treatment," was beyond need of any, being already dead.

From the "bite-the-stranger," our hero went, in the quite as unpleasant company of a band of pilgrims, towards Meshed. The account of the journey, made under dread of Turcomans, bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Keane's account of the pilgrimage to Mecca, under dread of the Bedouins; and what with robbers without and quarrels within the caravans, the wonder is that in either case the pilgrims ever reach their destination. At Kuchan, a dinner with the Governor proved even more dangerous. It began with large glasses of arrack, drained at a draught, continued with Bordeaux, then came soup and dishes *ad libitum*, accompanied and followed by the white wine of the country and more claret, and returned again to arrack. As the Emir was talking wildly before dinner, and rolled on the ground embracing his friends and relations during dinner, and finally dismissed his Christian guest that he might proceed to further revels, orthodox Mohammedanism does not seem strongly developed in Persia. We are not told the effect of the dinner on the host, but on the guest it produced a three weeks' fever, of which he was finally cured by a dose of opium and renewed applications of arrack. Then came fresh delays from Persian opposition until the Derguez was reached, where every village and house is fortified for protection against Turcoman raids, and the author had the pleasure of seeing one perpetrated while riding with the Governor, in which some sixty oxen and over one hundred sheep were carried off. But the Governor was not at all anxious to see the raiding system put down, as he thought his people rather gained than lost by it, and it transpired that his income would have been diminished by three thousand tomans yearly, if the brigandage were suppressed, a fact which is probably not without its parallel amongst Turkish Governors nearer Europe. Meanwhile, Geok Tepe fell into the hands of the Russians, and it was only by putting their Agent on a false scent that O'Donovan finally evaded the vigilance of Persians and Russo-Turcomans, and got a clear start to Merv, with only a couple of Kurd servants. He threw himself on the dangerous friendship of a couple of Turcomans on the look-out for prey, and was by them safely conducted to Merv. The "Queen of the World" turned out to be a mere collection of wattled huts, in the midst of which the stranger was accommodated with a tent, which at once became the centre of attraction for the whole settlement. As Miss Bird found in her travels in Japan, the European became the object of the ceaseless curiosity of staring eyes. Waking or sleeping, the tent was filled with sightseers, who at last became so numerous and excited that they brought the whole structure down on the occupant's head. Meanwhile, O'Donovan had the pleasure of hearing it keenly discussed whether he was a Russian, or only a Black-Russian, or Englishman, and whether his throat should at once be cut as a spy, or whether he should be put to ransom. At length, after a fortnight's incessant inspection, he was brought before the council of chiefs, and it was decided to let him remain alive; and when his identity was established by communication with the British Native Agent at Meshed, he was allowed to remain as an honoured guest, subject to a kind of police supervision.

He found the Mervli fortifying themselves against the apprehended attack of Russia behind a tremendous earthwork, forty feet high, but unfortunately thrown up only in the direction in which the Russian advance was expected, the hinder part being only protected by a musketry trench, the Turcomans, like the Chinese in the first China war, being seemingly of opinion that an enemy was bound to attack in front, and not try any underhand methods of walking round a place to get at a weak point. The artillery which was to protect the rampart was equally primitive, consisting chiefly of some twenty-eight brass cannon captured from the Persians, mostly unmounted, and with no gunpowder provided; while the shot was to consist of what the Persians had fired at them, when it had been dug up again. But the Turcomans were no despicable engineers in their way, a great part of their territory, some fifty-five miles by thirty-five, being watered by canals, drawn from the River Mergab, which is dammed up by a gigantic weir, on which 100 men are kept constantly at work repairing damages. All around were the ruins of ancient cities, built of stone and brick, no fewer than three Mervs close to each other, yet quite distinct, and all deserted, being visited by Mr. O'Donovan, the present inhabitants dwelling only in scattered villages of wattled huts or tents. But little cultivation is done beyond a certain amount of corn and fruits, which last mostly grow spontaneously. In fact, the Tekke Turcomans seem to have advanced but little in civilisation, if at all, since the days of Zenghis Khan. Their favourite pastime is robbery, and when not on a raid, they spend their time in sleeping, smoking, and eating. Their raiment is gorgeous in colour, but the precious metals are rare, and they are inveterate beggars.

How their chief executive officer was deposed, in view of the Russian advance, and the young hereditary Khans assumed power in his place; how O'Donovan, from being a quasi-prisoner, was elevated into the chief of the ruling triumvirate as the representative of British power, which was to come to the aid of the Mervli against the Russians; how he assumed the Turcoman dress, was offered Turcoman wives, and was supported, after his own money had all gone in presents, on Turcoman tribal contributions; and how he eventually got away from Merv, under the pretext of attending a meeting of European Ambassadors at Meshed,—these things give an excitement to this book of travels which raises it to the rank of a romance, and can only be enjoyed by reading it at large. There is one defect in the book, and that is the absence of any maps. They would have enforced more strongly the practical conclusion to be drawn from the whole story, that if Russia has an appetite for the Turcoman artichoke, there is no earthly reason why England should try to interfere with her digestion of a very tough and unprofitable fruit.

THE "REAL" LORD BYRON.*

Mr. Jeaffreson has given his book a wrong title. He should have followed his own example, and called it, more modestly, a "Book about Lord Byron." As such, it would, perhaps, have met the wants of a certain public, a public that makes up its Lord Byron from the poet's writings and vulgar tradition, and knows nothing of the biographies and quasi-biographies of

* *The Real Lord Byron; New Views of the Poet's Life.* By John Cordy Jeaffreson. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1883.

Moore and his successors. But the actual title implies that now for the first time is portrayed the true Lord Byron, and that nearly all past Byronic literature may be cast aside as of little value by those who desire to know what manner of man the poet really was. Those who have written about Lord Byron hitherto are characterised as charlatans composing arrant nonsense, or aristocratic toadies perpetrating tedious flatteries. Yet Mr. Jeaffreson's own volumes consist of little more than a compilation from the very writers he condemns. For Tom Moore he has not a good word to say; but there is a great deal of Tom Moore, nevertheless, in Mr. Jeaffreson's pages. There is, however, very little that is new in them; there are some guesses founded on asserted facts, given without reference to authorities or any means of verification, and hints of further facts which the author seems to know, more or less vaguely, but to be precluded from revealing.

The fact is, the external life of Byron—at all events, up to the period of his joining the cause of Greek independence—was of a very ordinary and uneventful character. Nobody who has considered his career with any attention to the circumstances of the time, and the conditions of his youth and adolescence, can suppose him to have been "a man of mysteries, tortured by remorse for crimes too terrible for confession, and guarding secrets too terrible for avowal." Neither, it may be added, is any such view of Byron to be gathered from the extant biographies, and Mr. Jeaffreson appears to have spent much time and pains in evoking a spectre from the depth of his own consciousness, in order to prove its unreality. As a Peer, Byron was neither more nor less than an ordinary young lord of the period, of an abnormally passionate temperament, and more troubled than most of his fellows by straitness of means. His differentia was that he cared little about politics in the concrete, hated field sports, and cordially disliked the civilisation that surrounded him. It was this Bohemianism, rather than any taste for adventure or traveller's impulse, or even such restlessness as tortures the modern "globe-trotter," that drove him abroad. He had no classical fervour, no inclination towards science, but he was a keen student of history, and this latter circumstance in great measure explains his wandering up and down the historic shores of the Mediterranean, from the blue waters of which he was never far distant. Lastly, among the facts that, though personal, may be considered as appertaining to his external life, were his lameness and his tendency to grow fat. So great was his horror of obesity, which threatened him all through life, that he ruined his health by the rigour of the means which he adopted to avert it, and suffered from a constant gnaw at the stomach, which, like Carlyle's dyspepsia, had something to do with his cynicism, though that was, however, more moral than physical in its origin.

It is, however, with the poet, much more than with the peer or the man, that posterity is concerned, and the story of his inner life is admirably told in his correspondence—to which, by the way, Mr. Jeaffreson makes no addition—as well as in his poetry, which in this sense is very often of an autobiographical cast. An aristocrat by birth, and despite all that has been said on the subject, undoubtedly an aristocrat at heart, his sympathies were, nevertheless, with the people, whose sufferings his clear intellect compelled him to recognise as frequently due to the hypocrisy, cowardice, and smug self-complacency of the oligarchy that held England in bondage during the latter half of the reign of George III. For practical politics he had little bent, and possibly would have shrunk from a conversion of his political theories into facts; but in the *Vision of Judgment*—that strangely powerful reversal of Southey's tame hexameters—he condemns the whole policy of the Georgian era with marvellous power. Waterloo he terms a "crowning carnage," that caused the recording angels to "throw their pens down in divine disgust;" while Satan—and this is the poet's consolation—has "both Generals [Blucher and Wellington] in reversion." In a couplet, bad in metre and rhyme, but a stinging epigram in substance, George III. is disposed of for ever:—

> "A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
> A worse King never left a realm undone."

The victim of Southey's praise had but one virtue, "constancy to a bad, ugly woman." Mark the "ugly;" in such a case, constancy would doubtless appear to Byron a virtue so stupid as to be almost an offence against Nature. The pretensions, narrow exclusiveness, and indolence of the Church are unsparingly ridiculed; but Christianity is not assailed, and it ought to be remembered that Byron never attacks formally faith, virtue, or piety, but only their hypocritical show or pharisaical display. When all the well-to-do and respectable classes were eager to visit the excesses of the Luddites with the severest punishment, he wrote a song for the starving framebreakers, and made in Parliament a most effective speech on their behalf; and when all Europe was execrating Napoleon, he composed an ode to the banished conqueror. From the beginning to the end of his career, he despised the dull, make-believe policy that alone had any chance of acceptance in his day. Partly through circumstances, but mainly through his own vices, Byron was a sufferer. Goethe says somewhere that none but sufferers can be poets, and Maxime du Camp, in his recently published *Souvenirs*, says finely, speaking of Musset, Chateaubriand, and Byron:—"La souffrance était en eux, tout choc extérieur la fit résonner; la mélodie fut la voix de leur mal, cette melodie . . . . . retentira d'un immortel écho parmi les hommes."

Byron's great fault was his cynicism, and his cynicism was the natural fruit of his own selfish and sensual life. He had, and could have, but small faith in humanity, little hope of society freeing itself from the evil and wrong which enthralled and brutalised it. He seems, indeed, to have felt but a slight interest in the fortunes of his contemporary fellow-men. In the mouth of Satan, in the *Vision of Judgment*, he puts the terrible words, "I think few worth damnation save their Kings." But he was a reformer without distinctly willing it. He tore away the veil that hid the selfishness of the time from men's eyes, and the world will never forget the sight. The days of the Holy Alliance will never return.

Mr. Jeaffreson's "real" Lord Byron is an infinitely more diabolical personage in his relations with women than even the contemporary legend painted. Byron wrote truly enough of himself,—

> "My blood is all meridian, were it not,
> I had not left my clime,"

but he was no deliberate seducer. It is no unfair statement to say that women met his advances half-way. His liaison with "Claire" was perhaps the worst, though not the grossest, of his many gallantries, seeing the position he then stood in with regard to his wife; and we are inclined to agree with the view taken by Mr. Jeaffreson, who holds it to afford an explanation of the great mystery, as it is called, of Byron's life. Upon the elucidation of that mystery, however, we do not care to spend ten minutes' research; it was probably, as Byron said, too simple a one to be found out. But to Mr. Jeaffreson's sermon on the duty of Lady Byron, under the circumstances, we must enter our most emphatic protest. That she was not very judicious in her treatment of her husband generally is probably true, but it is quite certain that he behaved to her with abominable cruelty and insolence.

Of Byron's earlier love-affairs, the most important was the one with which the name of "Thyrza" is connected. The maid of low degree on whom Byron bestowed the name was certainly not Margaret Parker, as Mr. Jeaffreson seems to suppose. Whoever she was, Byron could never hear the name mentioned without showing signs of strong emotion, but he steadfastly refused to disclose her personality. It is odd that Mr. Jeaffreson should be puzzled by the date (October 11th, 1811) of the last six stanzas of the second canto of *Childe Harold*, addressed to Thyrza. It was on that day, as we know from a letter to Dallas, preserved in a note to Moore's Life (Vol. IX., p. 16), that he received the news of her death. Byron never lost the memory of what he somewhere refers to as the purest (!) passion of his life.

As we have already said, these volumes will find a public, and that is their justification. But they form no addition of value to Byronic literature. The style is voluble, diffuse, and sometimes a little vulgar; but Mr. Jeaffreson is rarely dull, and the book is far from being unreadable or uninteresting. On the whole, however, we must pronounce it unprofitable, and much more of the "real" Lord Byron, to our mind, is still to be found in Moore than in Mr. Jeaffreson's pages.

DR. EDITH ROMNEY.*

The writer of this novel is manifestly very much in earnest. There is an unmistakeable reality, a ring of genuine passion, in her complaints of the folly and caprice which deny to her heroine her legitimate career. That she writes from actual experience we do not, indeed, suppose. She finds her subject in

* *Dr. Edith Romney.* A Novel. 3 vols. London: R. Bentley and Son. 1883.

the alternations of success and failure which befall a lady-doctor. Lady-doctors are but few, and those few, we hope and believe, too well employed, to have to expose their sorrows to the public. Still, we do not doubt but that the book is the outcome of genuine feeling. The writer is acutely conscious of the disabilities which law in some degree, and tradition, custom, and prejudice or feeling, in a degree far greater, impose upon her sex. She imagines a woman who has overcome the obstacles which beset the entrance to the Medical profession, who is possessed of every qualification for her work, who is able, enthusiastic, devoted, who even is permitted to taste for a time of the sweets of success, and then finds herself passed by,—not because she has failed, but because she is a woman. The situation is tragic. How tragic it may be, under different circumstances, we have lately seen in real life, in the case of the unfortunate Afghan physician who found himself debarred by his colour from the employment for which he was excellently fitted both by ability and education. We have seldom seen anything more touching than the story of how Dr. Edith Romney, in the very height of her powers, when she is most devoted to her work, and most capable of doing it, sees it hopelessly taken out of her hands by a foolish caprice of fashion. It is with a positive pain, which fictitious narrative has not often the power to produce, that we read of the fear gradually growing into despair, with which this woman, conscious that she has done her duty to the utmost, hears of the successive defections which at last reduce her to compulsory idleness, the conventional bondage of her sex, from which she had made, as she hoped, a final escape. But what, it may be asked, is the upshot of it all? Does the story help to clear the outlook, an outlook on which, doubtless, many eyes are fixed, the future of woman in the professions, especially in the profession of medicine? It will help the reader to judge, if we give an outline of the story.

Dr. Gallagher, the chief practitioner of Wanningster (surely a hybrid sort of name), finds himself deserted for a lady-doctor. To him in his wrath there comes a certain Dr. Fane, who having spent some years in travel and in just as much work as suited his pleasure, finds himself compelled, by a diminution of income, to settle down to some regular employment. He is able, handsome, of attractive manners, and single,—a recommendation, it would seem, in the judgment of the author, though it is commonly considered a bar. It is agreed between the two that Dr. Fane is to succeed to the practice, or what had been the practice, of Dr. Gallagher, and to oust, if he can, this interloper to whom fashion has given a position which she ought never to have thought of occupying. Dr. Fane sets to work, and succeeds. He sets up an establishment in a style of the severest medical orthodoxy, with everything cut to the most rigid pattern of conventional respectability, and has the pleasure of seeing all, or nearly all, the patients returning to their former allegiance. All this, we are bound to say, sounds very improbable. There are people, we understand, who find it pleasant, and we presume easy, to change their doctors. To most of us it is, or would be if we had to do it, a most difficult and painful business. A doctor is commonly more or less a friend, and nothing but supreme necessity—with some hardly that—can bring about the breaking of the tie which binds the patient to him. It is quite incredible that nearly the whole of the wealthier class of a town should make this change *twice* in the course of a year or two. A few months suffice to transfer nearly all the practice of the town from Dr. Edith Romney to Dr. Fane, and during that time the two have never met. This is a considerable demand upon one's faith. In a moderate-sized town, such as we understand Wanningster to have been, two persons, employed at about the same hours and in the same quarter, must have encountered each other, one would think, pretty nearly every day. So, however, it was in this particular town. And thus it came to pass that Dr. Fane had no notion—or, rather, we should say, a wholly false notion, due to his prejudiced imagination of what lady-doctors must be—of his defeated rival. He thinks of her as loud-voiced, self-asserting, masculine, without any of the attributes of the womanly character. But there comes a time when he is undeceived. They meet under circumstances which are most painful to the lady. She has just been dismissed from one of the few families that had remained faithful to her. The mother had died in spite of all her care, and in her she had lost not only a patient whom she earnestly desired to save (no loss, we take it, is so painful to a doctor as those that follow upon childbirth), but a very dear friend. The widower, who is rector of the parish, a somewhat weak-minded man, is not able to resist the change of feeling; and when his children fall ill of some prevailing disorder, calls in Dr. Fane. At his door the two meet; and then the man discovers his mistake. This woman, whom he has been doing his best and with only too much success to injure, is the very ideal of her sex:—

"Fane's quick eye took in the tall, graceful figure, in its heavy, fur-trimmed jacket, the pale, beautiful face, in the frame of shadowy hair and dark fur, with every feature finely cut, the mouth slightly compressed and drooping, the eyes darkened and widened by the expression of almost appealing despair."

Then follows a quick repentance. And it so happens that the man had not only his success, which was legitimate in all save the motive which had inspired his energy, but a definite wrong to repent of. He had been called in to attend a poor patient, and had been shown the medicine which Dr. Edith Romney had prescribed. This he had poured away with an expression of disgust, an action on which the husband, an ill-conditioned fellow whom Dr. Edith had rebuked for cruelty to his wife, had put the worst interpretation, even to the length of saying that his wife had been poisoned. We shall not follow the story any further. It takes the course and is brought to the ending with which we are familiar in the ordinary novel. But whatever merits it may have as a love-story, it cannot be said to give us what we naturally look for. The woman's wrongs are redressed, not because her ability and her devotion are discovered, but because she is found to be beautiful. This beauty had not saved her with her patients, but it brings a successful rival to her feet. Her shadowy hair and becoming furs set right the grievous inequalities which society imposes upon woman. Had she been less fair, and he less susceptible, or married (he *is* engaged, and never in fiction was a young woman more rudely treated than Violet, his *fiancée*), right would never have been done. We certainly find no solution to any social difficulty in *Dr. Edith Romney*. The general merits of the novel—apart from the very strong point of which we have spoken—are not remarkable. It is weighted with a great deal more of a quite ordinary love-making than most people will care to read about, and with tedious descriptions of society in Wanningster which convince us only too thoroughly that the people in that town were more than commonly stupid. But it is relieved by some bright and effective sketches. Such are Miss Mona Melward, one of Dr. Edith Romney's few faithful friends, and Sibyl Fane, the Doctor's sister, a lively and independent young lady, who, as her brother finds, very much to his surprise, can give vigorous expression to the heresies about woman's right to work. And there is also not a little vigorous and picturesque writing. It is a trenchant, if not a just criticism, of a great contemporary poet, that he is "a sphinx in a garrulous mood." It is no conventional compliment when we express the hope that the author of *Dr. Edith Romney* will give us soon, but not too soon, some more of her work.

THE GRAVER MAGAZINES.

The *Fortnightly Review* has some excellent papers, the one which has interested us most being Mr. S. Laing's "A Month in Connemara." The Member for the Orkneys strongly supports the best informed view, viz., that in Western Ireland the Land Act has been felt to be a great gain, but that it has scarcely gone far enough, rent being still too high—Griffith's valuation, says Mr. Laing, would be about a fair average—and that in congested districts nothing but emigration can benefit the people, who could not live off their land if they held it in freehold. Migration he does not believe in, as the reclamation of land on a large scale costs more than it is worth; but emigration succeeds, more especially the emigration of women This has been greatly aided by Mr. Vere Foster, and as a result, 19,000 girls between eighteen and twenty have been helped to new homes, at a cost of £35,000, or less than £2 a head. All have done well, and it has been ascertained that *they have already remitted home upwards of* £250,000 *to their families in Ireland*, in many cases to assist brothers and sisters to join them. Emigration is most popular with the people, though i is not liked by the agitators or by the priesthood, whom it leaves absolutely without means of living. Mr. Laing, who thinks well of the priests' influence, contends that the richer Catholics ought to form a Sustentation Fund for them, on the Scotch model, and thus make them more independent, a recommendation in which we heartily concur. It is to be noted that

the priests approve the emigration of girls, and do their utmost to stimulate education. Mr. Laing's opinion of the poor folk of Connemara is distinctly favourable, and should be remembered at a time when the crimes of a few are so disturbing the English estimate of Irish character. The authors of "The Radical Programme" deal this time with the agricultural labourer, who is to be raised in the social scale by compelling landlords to build two cottages per 100 acres, and to let them, with a piece of ground, to the labourers on a yearly tenure. The Inclosure Acts are to be revised, and all instances of past stealings from the community to be examined, with a view to restitution. The authors, though well-intentioned, disregard prescriptive rights too completely. Mr. A. Forbes essays, in a rather slashing and over-confident style, a vindication of Marshal Bazaine, which in the end really rests on his assertion that after Sedan, Bazaine could not leave Metz. The tribunal which tried him thought he could, though he might have sacrificed half his army in the attempt. Mr. Forbes does not deny that Bazaine treated with the enemy, but holds that he was not bound, as a soldier of the Empire, to recognise the Revolutionary Government. The plea is vigorously written, but it brings no conviction to our minds that Bazaine did not place the Empire above France. Mr. A. Beaman argues that as yet our occupation of Egypt has done nothing but injury to the people, and that a clean sweep ought to have been made of all the old officials, who are incurable. That was impossible without annexation, and annexation was the one policy barred by our pledges. Mr. Gorst, a most competent witness, rather to our surprise defends the Corrupt Practices' Act most heartily; declares that it will not work oppressively, that it will restrict expenditure, and that it will not greatly lower the class of candidates. He thinks candidates will henceforth be more freely chosen, rich men not being wanted, and that they will be seated by Associations, unpaid, and not tempted to spend. As was shown in the *Spectator* last week, the regular expenses will still be too heavy for any but well-to-do candidates, unless they are so popular that expenses are paid by subscription:—

"Instead of having a large majority of the constituencies open to almost any wealthy candidate who chooses to go down and 'nurse' them, the access to every constituency may be guarded by a powerful and influential association, whose support is essential to success and whose choice is not curtailed by the necessity of looking to the purse of its candidate for the means of carrying on the contest. Such associations would exercise an influence upon the composition of the House of Commons, would curb the selfishness of party leaders, and would compel a strict fidelity to broad lines of principle and policy. The vested interests of those satellites of political parties who look to gain something in the periodical scrambles for office might be interfered with; but the subjection of the Members of the House of Commons and their leaders to a larger amount of control on the part of organised associations sensitive to the influences of public opinion, would not be without advantage to the interests of the country at large."

We do not see that Don L. Figuerola tells us anything new about Spain, except that she is rapidly increasing in material resources, and pass on to Mr. Healy's speculation upon the party alliances of the Parnellites. It is cynically clever. He contends that with a new suffrage Irish Toryism will disappear, that the Nationalists will return 70 Members, and that the Tories should buy them by conceding a measure of Home-rule. The Nationalists would then support them, for the peasantry do not care for general politics, and would soon find that, as the Liberals could not oppose Liberal measures, the Tories would give them much more than their rivals. The usual resisting force would in fact be the advancing force, and the House of Lords in particular would be out of the way. If politicians had absolutely no principles, Mr. Healy's advice might be accepted; but as things are, he forgets that its acceptance would cost the Tories all their English votes, and reduce the two parties in the House to Radicals and Whigs. We very much doubt if the Nationalists, when so numerous, will hold together; but if they do, the great parties must arrange to render their vote of no importance. It would not be impossible, if the danger became extreme and a solid Government could not be formed, to find thirty-five Liberals and thirty-five Tories who, for a Session, would form a group, and would vote steadily on all occasions in the opposite direction to the Parnellites. Matters will not be driven so far, but the British, if too much pressed, could suspend all questions in defence of unity as easily as the Irish can in defence of Nationalism.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. H. Wright sends to the *Nineteenth Century* a paper on the charge of human sacrifice brought against the Jews, which most readers, before they have read it, will pronounce unnecessary. It is, however, a very learned and curious statement of the reasons for the charge which, it appears, has been formally brought forward by one or two learned Professors, in especial by Dr. A. Rohling, Professor of Hebrew Antiquities in Prague, and by Dr. Justus, a Jew converted to Catholicism. They declare that the imputed practice of killing a non-Jewish virgin, and mixing her blood with the Passover bread, is taught in Cabalistic works reverenced by the Jews. This statement has been very widely circulated, and is, Dr. Wright contends, the origin of the prejudice, both in Germany and Hungary, which culminated in the recent trial and acquittal of Joseph Scharf. The texts quoted exist, but as Dr. Wright shows, they refer to a totally different subject, one of the old Levitical laws of purity, and have either been misconceived by prejudice or misrepresented by malice. The article is full of incidental evidence as to the extent and depth of this strange belief, which has reappeared in so many countries at such widely separated points of time. We honour Mr. Barnett's courage in his suggestions for improving our great cities more than his judgment. He wishes the Town Councils to rehouse the people almost by force, and regardless of expense:—

"Wise Town Councils, conscious of the mission they have inherited, could destroy every court and crowded alley and put in their places healthy dwellings; they could make water so cheap and bathing-places so common, that cleanliness should no longer be a hard virtue; they could open playgrounds for the children, and take away from a city the reproach of its gutter-children; they could provide gardens, libraries, and conversation-rooms, and make the pleasures of intercourse a delight to the poor, as it is a delight to the rich; they could open picture-galleries and concerts, and give to all that pleasure which comes as surely from a common as from a private possession; they could light and clean the streets of the poor quarters; they could stamp out disease, and by enforcing regulations against smoke and all uncleanness, limit the destructiveness of trade and lengthen the span of life; they could empty the streets of the boys and girls, too big for the narrow homes, too small for the clubs and public-houses, by opening for them play-rooms and gymnasia; they could help the strong and hopeful to emigrate; they could give medicine to heal the sick, money to the old and poor, a training for the neglected, and a home for the friendless."

Mr. Barnett does not tell us where the money is to come from, but intimates that ultimately it must come from the rich. We fear he will find, if he consults a financier, that to carry out his ideas fully, taxes must be imposed which would empty the cities of the rich as completely as some parishes of London have been emptied of them. The cost would then fall either on the poor householders, or on the State, which would shrink from a never-ending task. Money must be expended, no doubt, but the object to be secured must be rigidly limited, or nothing will be done. If Mr. Barnett will inquire at Bruges, he will find it possible for a population to be even splendidly housed, and yet steeped in misery and want. There is no housing so perfect as the housing in a decaying city. The paper on the French Army, by Captain Norman, is a little too full of statistics and technicalities, but its general conclusions should be noted. They are, that the Army is too large for its officers and non-commissioned officers, and that discipline is therefore still lax, though every now and then strengthened by the infliction of death for insubordination. It is, however, difficult to read Captain Norman's figures without the thought that if a Republican General with a genius for war ever got hold of those masses of men and matériel, Europe might after one French victory still have cause to tremble. Lord Lymington, on "Land as Property," argues that unless peasant-proprietorship can be rapidly established through State loans, tenant-right will be claimed in England, and that wherever it is claimed proprietorship ceases to be desired. That is, we think, as a general rule, true; but we question whether it would not be well to try first the sweeping-away of all difficulties in the way of the acquisition of land. When Smith can buy an acre at its price, plus sixpence for a transfer as perfect as the transfer of Consols, we shall at least know clearly what the people want. Mr. G. Brodrick's essay on "The Progress of Democracy in England," though it contains little that is strictly new, is well worth study as a thoughtful sketch of the forces now at work. He is probably right in believing that the decaying strength of conviction on any point helps on Democracy, by paralysing resisting forces, but he hardly allows enough for the temporary character of the decay. Convictions will grow strong again, whether they be scientific or religious, and with them will revive the means of resisting the popular rush. It would be possible even now to organise very desperate resistance to an anti-vaccination movement, or a movement for preventing the celebration of the Sacraments; and convictions of that sort tend, amid universal and free discussion, to deepen rather than die away. We doubt

a little if promotion by merit *is* as democratic as Mr. Brodrick thinks. The system gives a tremendous "pull" to hereditary culture, and, but that they are too rich to work, would restore power to the privileged classes, who can learn two languages well before they are twelve years old. And we are quite sure that Socialism does not, in a Teutonic people, help on democracy. It rouses alike the individualism of a people who at heart would hardly care for Heaven if they thought they were to live in phalansteres, and the desire for sole property, which is probably the strongest, among those who feel it, of earthly sentiments. Nobody in England wishes for a right of commonage in Salisbury Plain. He wants a half acre, off which he may kick anybody he does not desire to see there. We question, also, if democracy will prove contemptuous of experience. The leaders of the masses often take that tone, but the masses themselves hesitate, and in countries which have adopted the "referendum," always vote for the usual. Let Mr. Brodrick just try, as Lord Coleridge tried, to reduce the number of a jury. That the Government of England, as a democratic community, will take ability not required in the Pitt days, is probably true; but, then, the Pitt of 1900 will have tenfold force behind him. We are writing, however, from the critical point of view, and have omitted to give our impression that Mr. Brodrick's paper is singularly thoughtful, free from prejudice, and full of white light. Its single defect is that its author is thinking aloud, and has not arrived, as the rest of us have not arrived, at definite conclusions.

Lord Lorne's essay on "Canadian Home-rule," in the *Contemporary*, deserves attentive study. It is not very well written, but there is one clear thought in it fairly supported by evidence. The thought is, that the instinct of Englishmen, left alone, is not to exaggerate Home-rule, but to reduce the claim of the Provincial against the Central Government to matters upon which contest—or, at least, armed contest—can hardly arise, a proposition illustrated from the whole history of the Dominion, as well as of the Union since the war. It is, therefore, only necessary to prevent any province from becoming too strong to make Federation work smoothly,—an idea the Australian Colonies will do well to bear in mind. They might, under certain circumstances, find too much of the national energy and wealth concentrated in Victoria. Mr. Sheldon Amos's discourse on "The Copts as a Political Factor" (in Egypt) is rather curious than convincing. He believes the Copts could become in some sort a ruling class, or at least an enlightened class, in a land of darkness. Quite acknowledging that they are the old Egyptians, and that they are Christians, and that on both grounds they are a most interesting people, we ask why, during the centuries, they have done nothing, and see no answer except inability to do anything. Dr. William Barry describes "The New Birth of Christian Philosophy" with singular eloquence and force, his thesis being that in avowed Agnosticism—the assertion that the supernatural is unknowable—is the germ of new-born faith, and in the undeniable reverence for the person of Christ, as of one above the contests even of philosophers, the beginning of a revival of religion. He expects the birth of a new philosophy, or rather the reinvigoration of an old one, the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, who, in the essayist's judgment, reconciles thought with faith, or, as we now-a-days put it, science with religion. Probably no reader will quite agree with Dr. Barry; but very few will leave his paper without a feeling that he has indicated a coming truth, though he may not have seen it accurately. Mr. Godkin's account of the Southern States since the war is interesting, though not very satisfactory. He thinks that slavery is dead in the South, on economic grounds, that education is increasing, that violence still prevails, that dishonesty among Whites has distinctly increased, that the Negroes have shown great capacity for free labour, but that the morale of the Negroes, especially in the matter of chastity, has by no means improved. The general result would seem to be that all the impulses have come to the top, which is precisely what one would expect at first from emancipation. We wish, however, that Mr. Godkin, when he next writes about the South, would tell us a little more exactly what has been the effect of emancipation on a class more important than the negroes,—the lower white population of the South, the "white trash" who filled the armies. Are they getting civilised, or emigrating, or perishing of competition and despair, or what? S. Giovanni Boglietti's account of parties and politics in Italy, though grave and thoughtful, amounts to very little more than this, which we all knew before,—that S. Depretis, with his adroit, and, in its way, quite honest Opportunism, has formed an effective majority, at the cost of making the Radicals almost openly Republican. What Englishmen want to know is whether cool Italian observers think the Republicans can win; or whether, as many fancy, Italy will pass through a period of Cæsarism, the House of Savoy, after a dangerous commotion, decreeing and supporting the social reforms, especially in the tenure of the soil, which are nearly indispensable. The danger of Italy is the suffering of half its population, which S. Depretis, with all his ability, does not deal with, wisely or unwisely.

The publication of Lord Salisbury's article on "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings" has been a great success for the *National Review*, as his project has been quoted and discussed in every journal in the kingdom, and almost every house. There is, however, no other distinctive article in the number, though many quite equal to the average of other magazines. The one which interests us most is an essay by S. Villari, on the differences which wall off Italians from Englishmen. It is far too short, but seems to us full of insight, especially in the remark that Italians cannot even comprehend why Englishmen, who study their country, its history, and its politics so assiduously, do not study *them*. *Blackwood* has nothing marked, the author of the clever sketches from Galilee underrating the knowledge of his readers; while *Macmillan's* best paper, an admirable one, is a translation of Turgenieff's prose poems. Some of these are exquisitely dreamy. Mrs. Oliphant, too, has in these chapters of "The Wizard's Son" recovered her curious force in managing the supernatural, and is developing her Wizard into a perfectly new kind of Mephistophiles, a being to whom neither good nor evil is attractive, but both are as red and blue.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Colburn's United Service Magazine.—It is not easy to see what Captain C. W. White, in his article, "Our Military Position," proposes, except it be that our Army is to be put under the government of soldiers. A Civil Secretary at War and a civilian establishment in the War Office are, it would seem, mischievous institutions, with which military efficiency cannot co-exist. Credit is given to praiseworthy intentions on the part of Army reformers, but everything that they have done has been wrong, except, indeed, the abolition of Purchase, to which an assent, that probably some fifteen years ago would have been an emphatic dissent, is given. Short service is, of course, denounced. But what we miss is the suggestion of a remedy. Perhaps one might be found in spending fifteen millions on making the Army a soldiers' and not an officers' army. Some interesting particulars are given by Mr. W. H. Cromie about the "Military Forces of Russia;" and Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Knollys advances an emphatic plea on behalf of "Machine Guns."——The most interesting article in *The Army and Navy Magazine* is, "What I Saw in the French Manœuvres," by Lieutenant H. Chawner. The writer fulfils the promise of his title most exactly, and tells us some facts which it is certainly worth while to know. On the whole, his impression of the French soldier seems to have been favourable. He is anything but smart in appearance and drill, but he seems serviceable, and shows generally a good physique. The manœuvres themselves do not seem to have been particularly well managed. Among other articles may be mentioned Colonel Malleson's "Battle-fields of Germany—Nördlingen;" and "Our Field Artillery," by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Ford.

Society's Queen. By Ina Leon Cassilis. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—Miss Cassilis has invented for herself a very magnificent hero indeed, "Vivian Chandos-Devereux, Lord of Rougemont, &c." He is returned to Parliament, makes a maiden speech almost immediately on taking his seat which is a prodigious success, even winning several votes—*mirabile dictu!*—and would probably have been a Cabinet Minister—for what party could afford to neglect so great a political power?—when he is arrested for murder. The murdered man is his brother, and the two were known to have been enemies. Then follows a curious complication of incidents. The young lady whom Vivian loves gives herself up to justice, as having struck the blow which deprived Marmaduke Devereux of life. But she does not suffer very much from this self-devotion, for the accusation is, as the reader soon perceives, a fiction. The magistrate, culpably indifferent to law in the presence of so interesting an accused, admits her to bail, and after a trial in which certainly, for once, fiction must be allowed to be stranger than truth, she is sentenced to six months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. Even the imprisonment was mitigated. To quote Miss Cassilis's eloquent words:—"Around that bowed, graceful form, kneeling by the table, with the

beautiful head bent on the clasped hands, fell the rich, sombre folds of velvet; on the slender finger still flashed the cherished diamond." At the end the truth comes out, all is set right, and Vivian Chandos-Deverenx crowns the edifice of his fame by a masterly exposition of the Eastern Question. We hope that this marvellous politician has his double in real life. Who can he be? Is it possible that he is the eminent statesman whom we know by the name of (to revert to the asterisks of other days) A * * * * * d B * * * * * * t?

English Lyrics. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—That this volume, one of the "Parchment Library" series, is of a comely look (though it is not improved, to our mind, by the gilded top-edge), and that it contains many beautiful things, and, indeed, scarce anything that is not beautiful, need hardly be said. But we cannot quite follow the editor's principle of selection. He distinguishes between an ode and a lyric. Gray is not a lyric poet; he does not contribute a single specimen to the collection. Horace, therefore, is not lyric when he is in his highest mood,—in the best things of his third book, for instance. Alcaeus was not, if we may conclude from what little we know of him. This is all somewhat strange, and it is no less strange to find that some things are lyric which we certainly had not thought so, Dr. Johnson's "In Memoriam" to Robert Levett finds a place in the volume. We are glad to see it. It is a genuine, though somewhat formal expression of feeling, but it has nothing, so far as we can see, of the lyric spirit. Nor has "The Burial of Sir John Moore." The term, perhaps old-fashioned, which we should have applied to these, and, indeed, to some other of these pieces, is elegiac. Then there is surely something capricious in the way in which Milton is treated. Perhaps the "song" to Sabrina is to be counted pedantic, with its Tethys, and Glaucus, and Ligea, though we should hold the two lines,—

> "In twisted braids of lilies knitting
> The loose trains of thine amber-dropping hair,"

worth at least as many pages of Lodge, and even of Herrick; but why not the "Virgin daughter of Locrine," and still more, why not, "To the ocean now I fly"? But it is ungracious to complain of a goodly feast that it does not contain all the dishes which we might have chosen. And, indeed, there are not a few things, especially from the dramatists, here which are quite fresh and unhackneyed.

We have received the "twenty-first annual edition" of the *Royal Guide to the London Charities.* By Herbert Fry. (Chatto and Windus.) —A very interesting volume this, though there is need, we fancy, of fuller information, if we want to appreciate rightly the facts that relate to any one institution. Here, for instance, is "Alleyne's College of God's Gift." The total revenue is £19,644, and after £9,509 is paid for the support of the school (where, by the way, upper-school boys pay £15 to £21 fees, and lower-school boys £5), it seems that the balance supports twenty-four poor men and women, sixteen out-pensioners, and twelve scholars, clothed, fed, and educated. Clearly, there is something not accounted for here, that is probably explained for in the full accounts. We see that the Peabody Fund amounted at the end of 1882 to £804,611, and that 3,533 families were housed in its buildings, something less, that is, than 20,000 persons. Why does not the Fund mortgage its buildings, and go on building till it has reached the smallest possible margin that prudence permits? The three great hospitals have about £120,000 between them, St. Bartholomew's being the wealthiest. The impressions left by the whole are, first, the vastness of the sums available; and secondly, the need of organisation, to take care that these sums should be spent to the best advantage. The amount wasted on the machinery of distribution must be enormous. But it is also clear that criticism of this kind may be carried too far. There is, as Mr. Herbert Fry pointedly remarks in his preface, a modern philanthropy "whose chief study seems to be how not to give, and how to prove to the world that the less it gives the better." It is true that we have a most elaborate machinery, which should be a substitute for giving, and which, indeed, is expensive enough to have every excellence; but this machinery did not prevent *fifty-eight* persons dying last year in London of *starvation.* Mr. Fry's volume is one that should be studied.

Poetry.—*Poems.* By J. B. Selkirk. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—*Songs of Yarrow, Love Poems, Miscellaneous Poems,* and *Marah,* are the four divisions of Mr. Selkirk's volume. The first, we think, are the best. In the "Reiver's Ride," especially, we have a really spirited ballad, though it is not improved by the iteration of two rhymes, "weather —together," which we had hoped Mr. Calverley's ridicule had banished, if not from verse altogether, yet certainly from such a prominent place. "Autumn Leaves" is a pretty, pathetic piece of verse. We see nothing as good as these in the *Love Poems,* and when the poet essays a more serious theme, as he frequently does in the third and fourth divisions of his volume, he achieves but little success. He pours out a not very polished invective against the things which are the customary bugbears of young writers of verse. Churches and priests and creeds fare ill at his hands, and science is treated with equal disdain. Here is a specimen which shows that Mr. Selkirk has a certain command of language, but that he needs a good deal of mental discipline, before he can expect us to take his serious utterances seriously:—

> "Can we give our hearts' compliance to this fate-bound creed of science,
> With its sneer of cold defiance, holding prayer a wasted breath,
> While deaf to all appealing, every stroke the wheel is dealing
> Sends its crowds of victims reeling into dust of dreamless death?
>
> Or, shall we seek soul-quarter in the miserable charter
> Of a low, degrading barter—joys of heaven and pains of hell?
> As if the god-given banner of a man's immortal honour,
> With a price affixed upon her, were a thing to buy and sell!
>
> Shall we bow beneath the preaching of the church's garbled teaching,
> With its farce of heavenly reaching over lines it must not pass?
> With its multiform complexion; every fierce and wrangling section
> Self-asserting a perfection that's denied it in the mass.
>
> Quacks that pour their paid-for thunder through the gates of fear and wonder,
> Shall we tear their creeds asunder, toss the fragments to the skies?
> Priests and preachers leave behind us, with the windy words that blind us,
> Till the light can hardly find us through the mesh of twisted lies?"

The simpler, the closer to nature Mr. Stirling can keep his muse, the better. Above all things, let him avoid imitating Mr. Browning.—— *The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval.* Edited, with an Introduction, by Charles de Kay, (Appleton and Co., New York.)—Mr. de Kay tells in his introduction the painful story of the poet's life and death. He was a young native of Louisiana, who, going to seek his fortune in New York, fell in love with a lady of that place, was rejected by her for another suitor, renewed his acquaintance with her after her marriage, and was wounded, as it turns out to the death (for so we understand the expression of the introduction), in a duel which proved fatal (by the deplorable accident of the bullet glancing from a stone) to the lady's husband. There is a most distinct and striking originality about the poems. They are often defective in form; they never reach the highest level. But they are not common-place. They are as different as possible from the smooth flatteries and sugary compliments which are commonly found under the title of "love poems." Every line of them is manifestly addressed to an actual person. Probably a woman never had such language addressed to her before, even by a poetical adorer. We can but regret that a passion so genuine had so deplorable an ending, and wrecked a life that could not but have achieved, had it but been prolonged, no common excellence in poetry. Here is a strange little poem, with an image which we venture to say was never used in verse before:—

> "I worship three ways, upward, side to side
> And to and fro; and if a fourth extension
> Inheres in things within this world deseried
> I worship likewise in that fourth dimension.
>
> But what! there is a fourth dimension, showing
> Neither in lines nor cubes nor surfaces!
> You catch it in the eyes of violets blowing,
> You know it in the silent souls of trees.
>
> O fourth dimension thou art Love, a land
> Most talked of and least trodden. From thy garden
> Circe the ruck of beasts who scoff has banned
> And nevermore will these thy lovers pardon."

And here, again, is something in a more ordinary strain, but yet with a vigour of its own:—

> "O gold-cup moon, brimm'd high with generous wine,
> Pour, pour on her your wealth
> Of amorous health,
> On her I call, but with what folly, mine!
>
> O thyme-steeped wind, with your fine feathery broom
> For rare new perfumes seek
> Each hidden creek
> And sweep them through her cool and shadowy room!
>
> O treacherous tide swirling along the cove,
> From China spices rare
> And rich silks bear
> To cast them at the feet of her I love!
>
> O fringing trees that sing to her in sleep,
> Stretch, stretch your green nets wide
> On every side
> And seize miasmas that should near her creep!
>
> O bashful feet and foolish trembling hands,
> Be firm, be hardy each
> To aid his speech
> When next her lover by his true love stands!
>
> O stammering tongue which each warm word outstrips,
> O timorous heart that now like dolphin dips,
> What though ye fail to serve?
> There still is nerve
> For one mute passionate pleading of the lips."

Magazines, Etc.—We have received the following for November: —The *Magazine of Art,* containing a very fine etching by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.—*Art and Letters.*—*L'Art.*—*Decoration.*—Part 13 of *Greater London.*—*Merry England,* which commences a new volume, and opens with an article on "Courage," by Cardinal Manning.—No. 1 of the *Science Monthly.*—The *Folk-Lore Journal.*—*Science Gossip.*—*Journal of the Statistical Society.*—*Time.*—The *Nautical Magazine.*—The *Sanitary Record.*—The *Gentleman's Magazine.*—*Belgravia,* which commences a new volume.—*London Society.*—The *Irish Monthly.* —The *Theatre,* which contains an excellent likeness of the late Mr. Dutton Cook.—The *Antiquarian Magazine.*—*Good Words.*—*Cassell's Magazine.*—*Chambers's Journal,* containing the first chapters of a new story by G. Manville Fenn.—The *Leisure Hour.*—*All the Year Round,* containing the first chapters of a new serial story.—The *Sunday at Home.*—The *Sunday Magazine,* in which a new serial story is commenced by Edward Garrett.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine.*—*Letts's Magazine.*—*Good Cheer,* the contents of which are this year supplied by Messrs. C. Gibbon and C. Blatherwick.—*Little Snow-Flakes,* a good children's number.—The *Ladies' Gazette of*

Fashion.—The *Ladies' Treasury.*—The *Atlantic Monthly.*—*Harper's Monthly*, completing Volume VI. of the European edition.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Adams (W. H. D.), Shore and Sea, cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	5/0
Alberg (A.), Queer People, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	12/0
Andrews (W.), Curious Epitaphs, cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	3/6
Baldwin (J. H.), Large and Small Game of Bengal, 4to	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	10/6
Bardsley (J. W.), Glimpses through the Veil, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	5/0
Barnes (E.), Sermons Preached to Country Congregations, 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Bersier (E.), The Gospel in Paris, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	7/6
Blind Man's Holiday, cr 8vo	(Warne)	2/0
Brown (G.), Cheep and Chatter, 16mo	(Blackie)	3/6
Burton (E.), The Robber Chief, cr 8vo	(Shaw)	3/6
Clarke (W. B.), The Dissectors' Manual, 12mo	(Cassell & Co.)	6/0
Davies (G. J.), Successful Preachers, 12mo	(Bell)	7/0
De Melun (M. L.), Sister Rosalie, 12mo	(Simpkin & Co.)	2/0
Drummond (D.), Diseases of the Brain, &c., 8vo	(Kimpton)	10/6
Durand (H. M.), Life of, 2 vols. 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	42/0
Ellis (M. A.), Only a Child, cr 8vo	(Warne)	2/0
Established Church Question (The), cr 8vo	(W. Smith)	2/6
Fenn (G. M.), The Golden Magnet, cr 8vo	(Blackie)	6/0
Frith (H.), Jack o' Lanthorn, 12mo	(Blackie)	2/6
Früss (J. A.), Laila, &c., cr 8vo	(S.P.C.K.)	2/6
Good, the Final Goal of Ill, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	3/6
Havergal (F. R.), Life Echoes, 8vo	(Nisbet)	12/0
Hawthorne (J.), Beatrix Randolph, cr 8vo	(Trübner)	2/0
Heldmann (B.), Daintree, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	3/6
Hope (L.), Wild Hyacinths, cr 8vo	(Shaw)	5/0
Hough (L), Dr. Joliffe's Boys, cr 8vo	(Blackie)	3/6
How (W.), Lectures on Pastoral Work, 12mo	(W. Gardner)	2/6
Howard (B. W.), Guern, cr 8vo	(Trübner)	6/0
Howells (W. D.), A Woman's Reason, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Douglas)	12/0
Hunt (M. B.), Pen's Perplexities, cr 8vo	(Cassell & Co.)	2/6
Hurnard (J.), Autobiography of, cr 8vo	(Harris)	3/6
Irving (H.), Biographical Sketch of, by A. Brereton, roy 8vo	(Bogue)	10/6
Jonathan Swift, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31/6
Kaufmann (R.), Our Young Folks' Plutarch, 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	10/6
La Fontaine's Fables, illustrated by A. Delierre, 4to	(Nimmo & Bain)	31/6
Leathes (S.), Ingle-nook Stories, 16mo	(Shaw)	2/6
Macarthy (J.), Maid of Athens, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	31/6
Macaulay (G. C.), Francis Beaumont, a Critical Study	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5/0
MacHale (J.), Historical and Biographical Sketches, 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	2/6
Manning (H. E.), The Eternal Priesthood, cr 8vo	(Burns & Oates)	5/0
Margaret's Enemy, cr 8vo	(Cassell & Co.)	2/6
Marie Antoinette, by S. Tytler, cr 8vo	(M. Ward)	2/6
Mather (J. M.), Life and Teaching of John Ruskin, cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	2/6
Mew (J.), Types from Spanish Story, 4to	(Nimmo & Bain)	31/6
Petersen (M.), Will o' the Wisp, cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	7/6
Reid (T. W.), Gladys Fane, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(T. F. Unwin)	12/0
Robertson (E. S.), English Poetesses, cr 8vo	(Cassell & Co.)	5/0
Rowsell (M. E.), Tales of Filial Devotion, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Sadler (M. F.), Gospel according to St. John, cr 8vo	(Bell)	7/6
Saunders (A.), Our Domestic Birds, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6/0
Schopenhauer (A.), The World as Will and Idea, Vol. 1, 8vo	(Trübner)	18/0
Seymour (M.), Shakespere Stories Simply Told, Tragedies, &c.	(Nelson)	3/6
Sidgwick (A.), Fallacies, a View of Logic, &c., cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5/0
Sunlight and Shade, 4to	(Cassell & Co.)	7/6
Thomson (J. J.), The Motion of Vortex Rings, 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Government of Germany is most desirous of conciliating Spain, and the Emperor, therefore, wished to return the visit of King Alfonso in the stateliest fashion. A personal visit to Madrid is impossible, on account of the Emperor's great age, but he has sent the Crown Prince as his substitute, and invested the journey with every possible ceremonial observance. The Crown Prince, of course, cannot pass through Paris, and therefore sails from Genoa on Sunday in a despatch-boat, escorted by three men-of-war, to Valencia. He was originally to have landed in Barcelona, the chief city of Northern Spain; but the French colony there assumed so menacing an attitude, and the Republicans of the city were so cold, that Valencia was substituted. The reception will, doubtless, be cordial, especially in Madrid, as Spanish pride is deeply gratified by the visit; but it is doubtful if the people entirely approve. The Liberals among them are reluctant to offend France, which they regard as the vanguard of Republicanism among the Latin races; while the Conservatives retain a Clerical tinge, to which the alliance of the great Protestant Power is not acceptable. The Court would, of course, be graciousness itself, even were the Queen not, as she is, an Austrian Archduchess, and intent on maintaining the policy of her family, which is, and for years to come must be, amity with Germany.

The Delegates from the Transvaal now in London have presented their demands in writing to the Colonial Office. They are marked by the one-sidedness which usually distinguishes requests from South Africa. The Boers ask that the Sand River Convention shall be restored to its full validity, or, in other words, that the Transvaal shall be acknowledged as an independent State, with full control over its coloured population. They also ask that the Debt, some £230,000, shall be written off; and, finally, demand the control of Bechuanaland, which, they say, was unfairly separated from the Transvaal by the Convention of Pretoria. On their own side they offer nothing, and are apparently full of the idea that Great Britain is unable to contest the position. Great Britain is most unwilling to waste energy in South Africa, where no victory is a gain, but the Boers abuse the privileges of ignorance. They are welcome to their Debt, which they have made no effort to pay, and to their independence, which releases Britain from responsibility for their conduct; but they cannot be allowed to extend their borders at their own discretion. The Government must insist on protecting the natives, so far as is possible, and on defining boundaries, and should make these objects the conditions of recognising independence. We greatly doubt whether, in the long-run, the Boers will consent to be forgotten without another expedition, which next time must be on the Egyptian scale; but if so, it will be far better to fight the fight out with a foreign and independent Power, than to act on the false theory that we are chastising rebellious subjects. It may be taken as certain that Lord Derby, who dislikes ill-defined claims, will not grant too little.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* states on "good" authority that the general basis of an agreement between the Suez Canal Company and the British shipowners is to be as follows: —A second Canal is to be cut, the British Government lending the Company £8,000,000 at 3 per cent. for that purpose. That Government is also to consent that the 44 per cent. of all the shares which it now holds, but which receive no dividend till 1894, shall never receive more than 5 per cent. In return for these large concessions, British trade will be benefited by the second Canal; 44 per cent. of the administration will be English; English tribunals will settle differences; and the whole revenue of the Company, after dividing 20 per cent. among the shareholders, will be devoted to reducing tolls. We presume, though this is not mentioned, that the pilotage of the Canal will be placed under a British Naval officer, as that was conceded before, and is a cardinal point. The offer seems a greedy one, as the British Government surrenders a great sum obtainable in 1894 by the sale of its shares, but it will serve as a basis for negotiation. The Government does not desire trading profits, and, indeed, ought not to take them, but greater facilities for the Eastern trade.

The Lord Mayor's Day, yesterday week, had its remarkable aspects, but they were hardly aspects involving any political surprise to the nation. It was remarkable for the interpolation in the procession of a van of frozen meat from the Antipodes, which somehow contrived to make itself a principal feature of the Lord Mayor's Show. It was remarkable, again, for the presence at the Lord Mayor's banquet of a French engineer so famous and so jealous for his own country as M. de Lesseps, and for his cordial reception of the compliments showered on him on all sides by "perfidious" Englishmen. It was remarkable for the circumstance that France was represented by an Ambassador who spoke English like an Englishman, and who, while treating the French Republic as a great experiment of only thirteen years' standing, appeared to regard the alliance between England and France as no longer an experiment, but a policy necessary to the welfare of both countries. It was a remarkable thing to have a Lord Mayor—Mr. R. N. Fowler, M.P., one of the Members for the City of London—who quoted both Greek and Latin, both Homer and Horace, to his audience, though he condescended sufficiently to give them a poetical translation of the Greek. And it was remarkable that of all the foreign Ministers present, the one who attracted most interest was perhaps not even M. Waddington, in spite of his English descent and education, his ability and his cordiality, but the Chinese Marquis Tseng, who has attained so suddenly a reputation for diplomatic skill almost beyond the standard of Europe. But the announcements of policy made were not remarkable, and Mr. Gladstone's speech, happy and graceful as it was, was happiest in its way of announcing that there was very little to announce, and that the newspapers had prophesied (truly or falsely) the purposes of the Government, rather than disclosed them.

Mr. Gladstone's speech commenced with a cordial acknowledgment of the Lord Mayor's personal compliments to himself, —namely, those Homeric and Horatian passages to which we have already referred, with the kindly commentary in which they were applied to Mr. Gladstone,—whereon Mr. Gladstone remarked, "You and I have had as good opportunities as any two persons in this hall of making accurate studies of one another, —of one another's features and personal appearance, from which, by an intelligent eye, it is well known that so much is to be learnt." After thus humorously and respectfully indicating the indelible characters in which the present Lord Mayor's dispositions and convictions are engraved upon his open countenance, Mr. Gladstone went on to speak of M. Waddington's cordial speech as the event of the evening, and to anticipate the greatest possible advantage from the free communications which

were about to take place between M. de Lesseps and the shipowners and traders of this country. And then Mr. Gladstone bantered the newspapers for their premature knowledge of intentions to which the Cabinet had not come, and of which he would only say that he "doubted very much the policy of being too soon, indeed he doubted it as much as he did the policy of being too late in the determination of legislative measures."

On Wednesday was celebrated the twentieth anniversary of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's election as M.P. for Reading, and the dinner, at which 350 guests were present, was followed by speeches of unusual interest. First came Mr. Lefevre's review of his political career,—a review of curious interest,—since it reminded us that at the commencement of it, Lord Palmerston thought the policy of Reform already exhausted; while Lord Russell preached to his supporters the doctrine, "Rest, and be thankful," and this though, after twenty years of active, and, as some think, violent progress, we appear to be only on the threshold of the sort of reforms in which the masses of the people feel the deepest interest. Mr. Lefevre enumerated as the direct results of Mr. Disraeli's Household Suffrage Act, the Education Acts, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Irish Land Acts, the Burials Act, the Agricultural Holdings Acts, the Ground-Game Act, the Married Women's Property Act, the Artisans' Dwellings Act, the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, and the opening of the Army and Navy to general competition, with several other changes of minor importance,—a really remarkable catalogue of reforms, of hardly any one of which even the strictest Conservative would now venture to dispute the beneficent character.

He reviewed also the remarkable change which had taken place in the popular view of foreign affairs, under the influence of what Mr. Disraeli used to sneer at as the "cosmopolitan" ideas of the Liberal party,—in other words, the idea that we should take into account the interests of *other* nations as affected by wars, treaties, and international disputes, before deciding too positively on the policy which is demanded by the interests of the United Kingdom. Mr. Lefevre concluded by a striking passage, in which he admitted that, as Commissioner of Public Works, he had destroyed more than he had constructed, but justified this by saying that if he, like Liberal legislators, had cleared away much, and had founded comparatively little, it was only because there was so much that was ugly and noxious which needed clearing away before the higher constructive work could go on successfully, and because construction was so slow as compared with destruction, that you hardly saw the good fruits which you were to reap from the seed you had sown. Undoubtedly, of the Liberal work above enumerated, much more than half is constructive, and not destructive, and though much of the fruit is still unripe, much has been actually gathered in.

After Mr. Lefevre, Lord Selborne made a very gentle Liberal-Conservative speech; Mr. Walter a very safe one, insisting on the love of constituencies for their old Members; and Mr. John Morley a vigorous Radical speech, of which the key was that if, as Mr. Goschen hinted, the progress of Radical measures under a democracy was "killing," it was only because it is "killingly slow." Is it, he asked, a very "killing pace" to be only on the threshold of extending household suffrage to the counties, seventeen years after its concession to the boroughs of England? Mr. John Morley did not suppose "that the Liberals of Reading or Berks, any more than the Liberals of anywhere else, would reduce their party to the condition of that famous monument to the Duke of Wellington, which Mr. Shaw Lefevre was for many months at his wits' end to know what to do with. The material was excellent, the steed was colossal, the figure heroic, but the charger had no inside,"—with which sarcasm on the stand-still Liberals Mr. John Morley sat down amidst great applause.

The Reading celebration was continued on Thursday, when Mr. Shaw Lefevre made another speech, in which he gave a very clear and interesting review both of the Rookeries evil and of the serious condition of agricultural labour at the present moment, and of the remedies for both evils. He pointed out that Lord Salisbury had been quite ignorant that an Act founded on the Report of the Committee of Inquiry into the Rookeries question *did* become law last Session, and he showed that its provisions would enormously diminish the cost of buying up rookeries. He held, too, that there was no remedy for the deteriorating condition of agricultural labourers, except directly interesting them in the soil by enabling them to buy their own cottages and gardens, and so to gain a personal pride in agriculture.

Mr. Fawcett, who spoke after Mr. Lefevre, and who bore testimony to Mr. Lefevre's admirable administration of the Post Office during his own serious illness last year, made some criticism on our own columns in relation to the representation of minorities. He hardly, however, seems to have understood us. What we said was that the present "three-cornered" system, though it gives a better representation of opinion in the particular constituencies to which it is applied, positively injures the representation of English opinion as a whole, and will do so, unless it be enormously extended to the representation of minorities in small places as well as large,—and that it is simply hopeless to ask for such a large extension as this, without remedying the defects which make it so annoying to the constituencies to which it is applied. On the Socialist question,—on the taxing of the industrious and able to remedy the evils which the indolent and the slovenly have brought upon themselves,—Mr. Fawcett spoke with very great vigour and effect. Radical as he is, Mr. Fawcett will never be found on the side of increasing the difficulties of life to the good, in order to diminish their pressure on the bad.

It is a great pity that orators in English meetings are not allowed by etiquette to swear. We are quite sure that if Mr. Lowther, at the Tory Colston Dinner at Bristol on Tuesday, had been allowed to swear at Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville for five minutes, he would have made a much better speech. As it was, he was obliged to relieve his feelings by statements, of which the best that can be said is that they betray in him unexpected luridness of imagination. He declared that in Ireland the loyal subjects of her Majesty "were first deliberately robbed by the Government, and then handed over to the knife and bullet of the assassin." Mr. Gladstone turned round upon those whom he had robbed and driven out of the country, and murdered or allowed to be murdered, and complained that they did not support the Government. As for poor Lord Granville, "The Members of her Majesty's Government who were most intimately connected with the Administration of our foreign affairs, allowed it to be known that if this country had maintained its rights with respect to the Suez Canal, and run counter to what happened to be for the moment the popular proclivities in France, we should have been in imminent danger of war with that country." The Suez-Canal arrangement was, in fact, dictated by fear. Whatever the sin of swearing, a point on which volumes have been written, it can hardly be greater than the sin of slandering in that style.

The English are beginning in a vague way to realise the magnitude of India, and to comprehend that it contains some fifty millions more people than all Europe west of the Vistula. Few, however, are quite aware of the number of its cities, or believe that it includes sixty-two with more than 50,000 people, and twenty-two with more than 100,000, namely, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Hydrabad, Lucknow, Benares, Delhi, Patna, Agra, Bangalore, Umritsur, Cawnpore, Lahore, Allahabad, Jeypore, Rangoon, Poona, Ahmedabad, Bareilly, Surat, Howra, and Baroda. We give them in order of population, but, properly speaking, in the English way of counting, Howra, the Southwark of Calcutta, should be included in the capital, which with it contains above 866,000 souls, and is the greatest, as it is by far the wealthiest, city in the Empire. Below the limit of 50,000 the towns become much more numerous, and there are hundreds with populations above 20,000. The majority of the latter are quite unknown to Europeans, an active magistrate or two excepted; and, so far as we are aware, there is no book in English which gives the slightest account of their organisation, or of the life and people in them. Yet many of them have histories of two thousand years, and in all flourish families which think themselves noble, and have long pedigrees, and stirring tales to narrate. We hear every now and then much of Indian Princes who in India are hardly mentioned, and of "educated natives," a scarcely perceptible class, but of the true "British India" as little is known at home as of the eastern provinces of Peru.

M. Tirard, the French Chancellor of the Exchequer, is, we fear, not a safe financier. The French economists complain strongly of his budgets as concealing deficits, and he has now made to the Budget Committee a most insidious proposal. The Bank

of France is at present allowed to issue £128,000,000 of notes, which it must cash on demand, either in gold or silver. It is not, however, compelled to hold a certain proportion of metal to notes, but may provide for its obligation to cash them as it pleases. M. Tirard now proposes to abolish the limit of issue, his idea evidently being, if he wants a loan, to borrow, say, £20,000,000 of the Bank, and take it in new notes. This method would be so quick and easy, that it would tempt the Government to expense, and diminish the hold of the Chamber on its outlays, as it could not repudiate the loan when borrowed and spent. The Budget Committee, therefore, reject the proposal, but agree to raise the limit by £20,000,000 above the present actual issue, which is 120 millions sterling. They, in fact, grant permission to the Treasury to raise one loan from the Bank of France, but not more.

The difficulties of the historian are well illustrated in the discussion in the *Times* on turtle soup. Sir Henry Thompson, who is an eminent authority on food and cooking, as well as surgery, writes to say that turtle soup is "never" made of turtle, but is a conger-eel soup, flavoured with bits of turtle, "miscalled" turtle fat. Another authority, "J. P.," supports Sir Henry, but does not believe in the conger eel. It is, he says, the common eel which is used for "stock." To this the proprietors of the "Ship and Turtle Tavern" retort that both are wrong; that they never use any eels, conger or other, but make their soup of the flesh of the turtle, killing eight a day for that purpose. They offer to submit to any test, and are supported by "Restaurateur," who points out that turtle flesh is cheaper than eels. We suppose the truth is that some "turtle soup" is made of turtle, and some is not; but the flat contradiction of testimony is a curious proof of the difficulty of arriving at the truth. The matter is of some importance, because, though it does not matter what aldermen eat, turtle is frequently given to invalids.

Mr. Chamberlain made a most able speech at the Trinity House on Wednesday upon the losses of British shipping. He quite acknowledged the failure of Mr. Plimsoll's Act, under which the losses have steadily increased. In 1882, the losses rose to the astounding number of 1,310 ships, twenty-five a week, with a tonnage of 378,000 tons. This was the greatest loss ever sustained, as also was the loss of life—3,372—if we deduct one year, in which two coolie ships went down. This is equivalent to the destruction of three full regiments of able-bodied men. He considered it indispensable to prevent such loss of life and property, and as the Act had failed mainly from the impossibility of providing adequate inspection, he proposed to go to the root of the evil, and invalidate insurances on unseaworthy ships, besides giving, as we interpret him, to the relatives of the drowned a claim against the owners. This will prevent the reckless use of rotten vessels, as well as their wilful destruction. The suggestion is excellent, if Mr. Chamberlain can only provide for details. Can he prevent a Marine Insurance Office from charging high rates and paying without inquiry?

From a letter by Dr. Murrell to this week's *Lancet*, it appears that Dr. Sydney Ringer had no share in the responsibility for the experiments, of which we gave a brief account last week, on the poisonous effects of nitrite of sodium. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ringer, we believe, had never read the article in which Dr. Murrell's experiments are recorded, having contributed only some of the literature of the subject in relation to the past use of nitrite of sodium as a drug. Further, Dr. Murrell maintains that considerably larger doses of nitrite of sodium had been given, with no harmful and even with good effect, in former cases, to patients suffering from the affections for which he treated them, and that he had no means of knowing that the nitrite used by him was much purer and more potent than the nitrite formerly prescribed and taken without hurt in these still larger doses. All this, however, Dr. Murrell should have stated clearly. No one could have read his former article, and not supposed that he was deliberately urging his patients to take doses of nitrite of sodium which, if not dangerous, were, at least, most painful and alarming.

Dean Cowie is to be translated from Manchester to Exeter, and to fill the Deanery vacated by the death of Dean Boyd. The appointment is a good one. Dean Cowie is, in the first place, a Senior Wrangler, and so considerable an authority in mathematical and physical science that he was chosen Principal of the College of Civil Engineers at Putney, and subsequently Professor of Geometry at Gresham College. His experience as a Government Inspector of Training-schools makes him an authority on educational questions. As Vicar of St. Lawrence Jewry, in London, he showed the use to which the City churches may be put by starting short week-day services, with short addresses of a kind to draw popular audiences. At Manchester, he has been successful as administrator of the Cathedral, and so popular with the clergy of the Northern Province, that the Lower House of Convocation made him their Prolocutor, on the death of the late Dean of York. We trust that some one will be appointed to succeed him who will carry on his work at the Cathedral in the same spirit. It will be remembered that the Bishop of Manchester was so well satisfied with the ritual of the Cathedral, that he held a special synod with the view of recommending it as a model for the rest of the diocese.

The Dean of Carlisle has, it appears, been offered the Deanery of Manchester, but has not yet made up his mind to abandon his present sphere of work, so soon after he had entered on it. We trust, however, that he will accept the larger sphere of usefulness open to him. There is no city in England where his broad and manly type of Christianity would find more acceptance than amongst the hard-headed and laborious people of Manchester.

The statement of the *Echo* that nearly all Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical appointments have been of a High-Church character is not only false, but ridiculous. What do they think of Dean Bradley? of Dean Connor? of Dean Davidson? of Dean Plumptre? of Dean Kitchin? of Canons Barry, Butler of Winchester, Melville, Rowsell, Holland, Cadman, Driver, Boyd-Carpenter? And even of the Bishops, the only Bishop who can in any sense be considered a High Churchman is Bishop Wilkinson, whom Belgravians used to call a High-Church Methodist. The Archbishop of Canterbury, again, has always been considered by Dr. Lightfoot, the present Bishop of Durham, as belonging to his own Broad-Church school. As for all the important livings to which Mr. Gladstone has appointed, we believe that not one of his nominees is a High Churchman.

Mr. Forster, in presiding on Wednesday over a large public meeting at St. George's Hall, Bradford, in connection with the Luther Commemoration, described Luther as "the most courageous man, for both physical and moral courage, that he knew of in history," and as having said the great word of the Reformation when he declared, in the presence of the Emperor, "My conscience binds me." This is true; but when Mr. Forster went on to speak of Luther with almost pure admiration, we cannot follow him. Luther was a man of marvellous courage, but his courage was sometimes the courage of great passions, as well as of deep convictions. His treatment of the terrible subject of the Peasants' War alone proved this. First, no doubt, he mediated between the Sovereigns and the insurrection, trying to make the peasants moderate, and to make the princes just; but when the peasants would not obey his counsels, he said they ought to be "slaughtered like mad dogs,"—and that saying was not the saying of courage, but the saying of resentful violence. Afterwards, again, he endeavoured to moderate the severity of the princes; but, in the social, as in theological disputes, you hardly ever get the piety of Luther free from his passions, or his soul without its taint of bodily crudeness and coarseness. To Luther may be traced not only the new freedom of the conscience, but no small part of the lawlessness of the modern naturalism. His was a fiery nature, strongly mixed of evil and of good.

A most regrettable error crept into our reviews last week. The reviewer of Mr. O'Donovan's new edition of his book on Merv spoke in feeling terms of the "premature decease" of the author, who is alive, and sending to the *Daily News* most picturesque letters from the Soudan. We hope no relative or friend has been harassed by an error which arose from some confusion between two correspondents, and which would not have escaped ourselves in revising proofs, but that we naturally thought the death had been mentioned in the book itself. We can only trust that the blunder may not prove a prophecy, and that this singularly bright and daring explorer has not shared in the defeat which we begin to fear has overtaken the army of Hicks Pasha. The absence of intelligence about that army is nearly inexplicable, and gives colour to the rumours that its communications are cut off.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 101⅞ to 102.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

TO our mind, the Speaker ought to be a much more important figure in the Democratic House of Commons of the future than he has ever been in the Middle-class House of Commons of the past. We do not mean that we wish to see a sudden and revolutionary change made in the interpretation of the duties of that office. On the contrary, such a change would be most unadvisable and mischievous. But we do think that if the House of Commons elected by a democracy in the interests of a democracy, is to be as efficient for democratic purposes, as the House of Commons elected by the middle and higher class in the interests of the middle and higher class was for the purposes of the well-to-do classes, the Speaker of that House must gradually develop the office into one of greater significance and greater responsibility than it has hitherto involved. Sir Henry Brand has made an admirable Speaker, and on one occasion displayed an energy and originality in the discharge of his duties which properly won for him the gratitude of the whole Empire. But Sir Henry Brand was appointed Speaker before the effects of the recent democratic change had developed themselves, and quite rightly took his chief precedents from the examples of such Speakers as Mr. Denison and Mr. Shaw Lefevre; nor could it have been fairly expected of him that he would strengthen the whole conception of the duties of the office, even though he did rightly strike one *coup d'état*, when it became evident that a small party had determined so to conduct themselves as to make legislation of which they disapproved wholly impracticable. But, unless we are much mistaken, the Speaker of the Democratic House of Commons of the future must regard himself more or less as the trustee of the whole House to prevent the reckless waste of time and energy; and must display, therefore, not only impartiality,—which all our Speakers have displayed,—but a steady resolve to keep speakers to the point they are discussing, and to resist any attempt to prolong talk for the sake of delaying action. He must exercise the full rights of the Speaker to put down individual encroachments on the patience of the House, and so prepare the House for such a use by him of the right of closure of debate as would express the general resolve of the nation that debate is to be practical, and not a machinery for retarding the execution of a legislative purpose. We believe that the Speaker would be supported in gradually applying the rule of closure so as to stop redundant debate, though it would be obviously necessary to use the greatest impartiality in the application of the rule, and to take every care that it should not be even liable to the imputation of being used as a party instrument. But with the enormous competitive pressure on the time of the House which democracy necessarily involves, it is certain that the Speaker ought to be more and more invested with the power to winnow away the chaff of mere verbosity, unless the House is to prove a very inferior instrument in the hands of the people to that which it has proved in the hands of the aristocracy and the middle-class.

Holding these views about the Speakership of the future, we cannot but think that the choice of a successor to Sir Henry Brand is one of the most important of the political duties which devolve on the present Administration and the House of Commons. We desire to see a man of something like special genius for the place chosen,—a man whose first quality, of course, would be impartiality, but whose secondary and equally conspicuous qualities would be decision, tact, and sympathy with the public spirit of the House. We have already mentioned Mr. Courtney as having shown indications of exactly such qualities as are needed on the few occasions on which he has replaced the Chairman of Committees in difficult and exhausting crises. He is comparatively young, and has that self-confidence, that promptitude, and that pleasure in showing his superiority to party considerations, which may make an able man either a snubbing Government official, or a great servant of the House. If a man of much greater experience than Mr. Courtney were wanted, it is only justice to a very shrewd and very resolute Member, of whom the public knows far less than it ought to know, to mention Mr. Dillwyn, with his long experience of the House, his iron frame, his keen eye, his complete indifference to praise or censure, his excellent judgment, and his indomitable strength of purpose, as one who would not be afraid to serve the House as the House now most needs serving, by interpreting with perfect impartiality, as regards its various sections, its impatience of anything like waste of time. Such a nomination would excite some surprise in the country, but hardly any in the House itself.

It has been said, however, that the House and the Government look to the class of Cabinet or passed Cabinet Ministers for the authority needful to give a new significance to the Speaker's functions. If so, there are several men to whom we might with some confidence look, though we should not count Sir William Harcourt as even a possible candidate. With all his great qualities, Sir William Harcourt is just the very type of man of whom it would be impossible to make a good Speaker. In the first place, the Irish party already regard him as their implacable enemy, and no condition could be more unfavourable for success than that. We should say that one of the great conditions of success in a new Speaker, would be a disposition on the part of the Irish Members to believe in his fairness, in his disposition to deal with them as he would with any other section of the House. But what is more important than even the deep-seated prejudice of the Irish Members, is Sir William Harcourt's strong bias towards the wishes of the majority, an almost fatal tendency in a Speaker, who ought to feel even a more jealous sympathy with the minority, as a minority,—unless that minority were engaged in subverting the purposes of the whole body to which they belonged,—than with the majority itself. Sir William Harcourt is a great party leader, but he has never shown, and never could show, that almost jealous indifference to popular bias wherever justice was at stake, which is one of the first requisites of a great Speaker. There are men whose self-respect shows itself in defying a majority where equity requires that a majority should be defied; and both Mr. Courtney and Mr. Dillwyn have, we believe, this kind of self-respect in abundance. But Sir William Harcourt has not. His tendency is to trample on a minute party which he happens to deem at once dangerous and weak, and to scorn their resentment. No quality could be more fatal to the success of a great Speaker. Sir Henry James, whose name has been mentioned in this connection, would have far greater claims on the consideration of the House. He is very able, and has plenty of tact, but whether he would not take too historical a view of an office which needs "evolution," is, we think, open to great doubt. Besides, we need him as a statesman, a capacity in which the public estimate of him grows daily.

Both Mr. Childers and Mr. Goschen have been spoken of as possible Speakers, and if either of them were inclined to give up yet higher prospects for the sake of taking an office which undoubtedly needs something of "evolution" in the interests of democracy, either of them has great qualities for the post. Mr. Childers has a great and just reputation for fairness of mind. Neither the Irish Members nor any other Party in the House would anticipate anything but perfect fairness from him,—indeed, the Irish Members have every reason to regard him as a friend. Moreover, he has had his experience of the working of democratic institutions in Australia, and with his perfect equanimity, his "sweet reasonableness,"—as Mr. Arnold calls it,—and his strong sense of duty to the State at large, he might well hope to make a great office of the Speakership. Mr. Goschen is younger, and has established a reputation for entering into Conservative feeling which would give him a considerable claim on Conservative support. And with his great weight of character and reflective impartiality, he might give a quite new efficiency to the Speakership. His conduct of the mission to Constantinople showed that decisiveness which is one of the essentials of the Speakership of the future. The man who could deal effectually with a shifty Sultan, is just the man to deal effectually with a shifty Bashi-Bazouk of debate. But we cannot but doubt whether either Mr. Childers or Mr. Goschen would give up the more attractive career of a powerful Minister for the comparatively inconspicuous one of a Speaker.

Whoever the next Speaker may be, however, the one thing needful is that he should have the tact, the impartiality, the promptitude, and the energy requisite to magnify his office,—to make of the Speakership a more positively directing power than it has hitherto been, a power exerted in the interests of the State at large, and in the full confidence of popular support. The aim of the new Speaker and his successors should certainly be to economise the time, to increase the legislative efficiency, and to raise the dignity of the House of Commons, without derogating in the smallest degree from the absolute impartiality of the Chair.

LORD RIPON.

THAT Lord Ripon should be attacked by those who disapprove the Ilbert Bill is natural enough, for the dispute which underlies that question rouses very fierce antagonisms, as well of modes of thinking, as of caste, creed, and colour. But that the Viceroy of India should be attacked, as he has been in the *Times* of Wednesday, as almost an imbecile, on the grounds put forward in that journal, is positively monstrous. Our acquaintance with English journalism is now, unhappily, a long one, but we cannot remember an article at once so irreligious and so cynically unfair. Lord Ripon, as everybody knows, felt impelled, six or seven years ago, to join the Roman Catholic Church. He lost by so doing all that it is possible for a man in his position to lose,—a secure place in English politics, the favour of the majority of his countrymen, scope for a natural ambition, the support, though not the regard, of most valued friends, and the approval, though not the affection, of his closest connections. Being, however, a firm as well as a conscientious man, he faced all those results calmly, and for the sake of what he believed to be truth gave up, as it seemed for ever, all hopes of public life. This act of self-abnegation the *Times* of Wednesday describes in these words:—

"He had obtained as a Whig magnate a position in the party which his abilities would assuredly never have won, and as there were no more rewards for him at home, and he was not fit for the Cabinet, he was sent to govern India. When he was appointed, we had numerous protests addressed to us from all parts of the country, on the ground that a man who changes his religion in middle-life is not fit to govern an empire. Though sympathising with these protests, which came, not from fanatics, but from their antipodes, we were unwilling to take up an attitude that might have seemed invidious. But, had we done so, no one would now be bold enough to say that we had been unjust. A man who, at the mature age of fifty or thereabouts, apostatises from the religion of his fathers, on the ground of 'grave doubts' as to the validity of English Orders or the views of the Anglican Church about the nature of the Eucharist, certainly does not possess the strength and solidity of intellect required in a ruler. A man who, at that age, passes a crushing vote of censure upon his own private judgment by handing it over to a priest, deserves no more confidence from others. Men of sense make up their minds on these subjects at an early age, and it is only rather poor and narrow-brained persons who are troubled at thirty with any question about the form of religion they have lived under. To have gone over to Rome is not Lord Ripon's offence, but rather that he is of the type of man who thinks of going over at all to any new Church in middle-life. The Romans had a contempt for those who deserted the faith of their fathers, and it was well founded. A man who at forty or fifty has not found some way of reconciling his religion and his life is a weak creature, no matter in what trappings he may be decked, or on what pedestal partiality may place him."

Only the day before, the *Times* had declared Martin Luther a hero for doing at thirty-seven precisely what Lord Ripon did, and proclaiming to all the world that he had failed to reconcile his religion and his life, and must go out finally and for ever from the Church in which he was bred up. If ever a strong man lived, even a brutally strong man, it was Martin Luther; yet, in the judgment of men whom the *Times* will allow to be hard-headed, there was yet a stronger, and John Knox first acknowledged his "apostasy" when thirty-eight, and did not finally break with Rome till he was forty-one. Cardinal Newman, whose ability even the *Times* would hardly question, though probably a Catholic in feeling at forty-two, did not enter the Roman Church till he was forty-five, and Cardinal Manning was a clergyman in English Orders till he was forty-three. If we were to wander farther afield, and include either converts from Paganism, like Mahommed, or those who have quitted Christianity for some form of disbelief, we could fill columns with lists of strong men who have "apostatised" after forty, and have never been deemed, even by theological opponents, wanting either in courage or brain-power. In truth, if age has anything to do with the matter, it tells the other way. It would not be unreasonable for a cynical onlooker to say that a lad of twenty-one, bred up in the tradition of a great faith, should hesitate to quit it before he had gained a wider experience and a deeper learning; but to say that a man of fifty, who, in opposition to every worldly interest, changes his faith, thereby stamps himself a fool, is to deny that religion can have any importance at all, to assert that the problem of the Whence and Whither ought to have less hold upon men's minds than even a question of politics, upon which men of mature years and undoubted capacity abandon old convictions every day. If it was imbecile in Lord Ripon to quit the Church of England in mature years, why was it a sign of strength in Peel, then in his fullest manhood, to declare against Catholic Disabilities, or when his mind had further matured, to reject his hereditary faith in Protection for the gospel of Free-trade?

It is useless to strive with an opponent who can use such arguments, but there is one intellectual puzzle in the situation which greatly interests us. A large number of those who are irritated by Lord Ripon's policy in India as a policy of Indophilism are undoubtedly of opinion that the Viceroy favours the natives because he has become a Roman Catholic. Now, what is the explanation of that singular impression? What is there in the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, as opposed to the tenets of the Protestant Churches, which should make Lord Ripon as a Catholic like Mahommedans, Pagans, or Theists better than as a Protestant he could have done? We should say that as against Mahommedanism, Catholicism was on the whole a little the more bitter of the two; while as concerning Paganism, the views of the two creeds, though somewhat differently expressed, are practically identical, both believing that Pagans are either finally lost or saved by invincible ignorance. Certainly, nothing in Catholicism tends to induce Catholic rulers to promote the unbaptised, or to acknowledge that equality between believers and misbelievers can be a dogma of the faith. Catholic Kings have not persecuted heretics more determinedly than they have persecuted Mahommedans, Jews, and the strange varieties of Paganism which once covered the whole of Portuguese and Spanish America. The suspicion is, in fact, absurd, and is due to two causes,—one, that Englishmen dislike unpopular converts to Catholicism with additional intensity because of their conversion,—and another, that prominent Catholics are usually Irishmen, who either feel or profess unusual sympathy with all conquered nationalities. To suppose that a great English noble trained to statesmanship guides his policy upon purely religious grounds, even if those grounds existed, is nonsensical,—just as nonsensical as it would be to say that Sir George Jessel's judgments as Master of the Rolls were deflected by his adherence to the Synagogue. But then we are told Lord Ripon is a popularity-hunter. He may be, for what we know, though going over to Rome is not exactly the way to secure popularity; but, at any rate, he is not hunting popularity in India. He is getting himself cursed by those who can give him reputation, in order, as he thinks, to benefit the silent. The truth is, Lord Ripon is a sound, honest Radical, a little too much inclined, as Radical nobles usually are, to apply his principles with too little deference for opposing circumstances. Nine times out of ten he will be right, but the tenth time he will be wrong. In theory, the Ilbert Bill, as it is called, cannot be attacked, unless, indeed, we lay down the principle that Mahommedan or heathen Judges cannot be trusted, which we do lay down as regards all independent Asiatic countries, but have abandoned as regards India by subjecting all classes to them in civil cases. But in practice it is so important that the only progressive class in India should feel pleasantly towards the Natives, and should confide in the Courts, that to introduce a Bill which roused race-hatred and destroyed confidence was, unless the necessity was grave, an error of judgment. The necessity is not pleaded, and Lord Ripon should have waited until the real people made a grievance of a privilege which, as a community, they do not even know, and care nothing whatever about. The mere fact that it was necessary to exempt all cantonments from the operation of the Bill should have warned him of the danger ahead. He would, however, never have brought in the Bill, if he had dreamed of the feeling it would rouse; and he has modified it, as Lord Northbrook informed his audience at the Colston Dinner, on Tuesday, till it can do very little harm, only a few most experienced Native Judges receiving the new power, and the accused European, if he suspects unfairness, being allowed to apply for a change of venue. For the rest, Lord Ripon is quite right. The Bengal Tenure Bill, whatever its demerits, is a recurrence to the old Indian principle that the ultimate ownership of the soil resides in the tiller of it, and was as strongly supported by Lord Dalhousie and Lord Lawrence as by Lord Ripon: while the Local Self-Government Bill is absolutely necessary, if local taxation is to be made sufficiently heavy. It is nonsense to say that Natives of India cannot govern their own cities, when they created, enriched, and managed them for thousands of years. Calcutta is a camp of huts compared with Benares, and no white man has ordered the stately splendour of Jeypore. Whether election is a good mode of getting native governing committees together is a disputable point, the true native method being government by a self-elected, yet representative junta; but it is a fair experi-

ment to try, and one which gives the lower householders something like fair-play. The Ilbert Bill injures, because it frightens, a most useful class, but the other Bills directly benefit whole nations; and it is by them, and not by one accidental measure, still less by his personal religious creed, that Lord Ripon should be judged.

THE CHEERFULNESS OF POLITICIANS.

THE celebration of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's twenty years connection with Reading has not only plenty of special political interest of its own, but it gives a brighter impression of political life in general,—of course, particularly, though not exclusively, on the Liberal side,—than any recent political event. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's two admirable speeches are full of the record of hard work, dull work in the study, wearisome work in committees, disappointing work in the House of Commons, plodding work on platforms; indeed, there is hardly any work of the simply exciting and fireworks description referred to in them. Yet what an impression of deep-seated cheerfulness, of the enjoyment which that work has given him, of the modest sense of having really been of use in the world, these speeches produce on us! In them you seem to read the story of a life of heavy labour, which has been almost all enjoyed, almost all useful, and almost all effectual. More than this, it has been almost all work of a healthy kind,—of course, we mean in the moral sense, for the late night-work in the House of Commons cannot be called physically healthy for any human being. There has been no passion in it, no bitterness, no sentimental self-consciousness, no vaulting ambition that overleaps itself, no sense of weakness. Mr. Shaw Lefevre seems to have pursued no dreams, and to have gained a great part of almost every political end he has aimed at. He has had none of the agonies to bear of which artists and literary men, however successful, always run the gauntlet. He has had a steadily fruitful career, without any of the painful crises through which men of equal mark in other walks of life have usually been required to pass. And Mr. Shaw Lefevre's career has not been unique in this respect among politicians. The reminder which he gave us that at the opening of his public life Lord Russell wanted the Liberal party to "rest, and be thankful," while Lord Palmerston confided to the young politician who was to move or second the Address, that Reform had gone far enough, and that further changes in our domestic institutions were to be deprecated, gives a very strong impression of the deep satisfaction with which these eminent men regarded what they had achieved, seeing that they really believed that, for the time at least, it exhausted the requirements of the age. What poet, what theologian, what novelist, what philanthropist, ever contemplated his career with a satisfaction so profound as that? There was evidently a depth of appreciation for what they had effected in Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell which we should seek in vain in the greater figures of extra-political life. And yet, who cannot see that the same note is visible in the retrospective speeches of the late Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright? Where is there a more remarkable phenomenon than Mr. Bright's profound and just satisfaction in the result of his own Free-trade labours? He sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied. This is rare with any class of men, but rarest of all with men of genius like Mr. Bright, who are very generally given to depreciate the work they have done, and to think highly only of what they vainly sought to do. Mr. Bright rests, and we think justly rests, on the satisfaction of the comparative comfort and plenty which he has brought to millions of homes, with far more peace than even a Catholic saint rests in "works of supererogation," as the Church calls them. There is something of similar serenity and peace in the reproof which Lord Selborne, as a righteous peace-maker, administered to his "noble friend" Lord Salisbury, for charging the Government with having set class against class in Ireland. Lord Selborne is conscious of good works in Ireland, and of good works only. He is so peacefully conscious of them, that he does not even take offence at the violent man who says "Fie upon thee, fie upon thee!" He is ready to turn the other cheek to the adversary, and to recompense him with good for all the evil which has been poured into his bosom. Nor is this profound cheerfulness as the result of labour, limited to the Liberal Party, though, of course, as the Liberals have done so much more than the Conservatives, it is much commoner in the Liberals than in the Conservatives. It is impossible to read the speeches of Sir Richard Cross, for instance, without feeling that his legislative labours as Home Secretary, —which were in many cases both great and beneficent,—are often reviewed by him with the same feeling of serene self-approval, a self-approval certainly not undeserved. Nor can Lord Cairns refer to the changes he has made in the Land Laws without evidence of the same complacency. We believe that political work, so far as it bears, or appears to bear, the test of time, is really some of the most satisfactory work to the conscience that man can achieve. It benefits a great number; the merit of it is shared amongst many; there is no intolerable conceit or self-righteousness in claiming to have shared in a great work done by a great joint effort, for the benefit of all. If "good works" may be relied on at all, these are certainly the kind of good works which seem to bring most healing to the consciences of the doers. They take them more out of themselves, and yet increase the sense of personal efficiency. Again, they are works which train the temper and restrain the passions, which teach patience and equanimity, while they lend significance to life. Look, for instance, at Mr. Fawcett,—how simply and yet gladly his mind rests on the number of commons and open spaces he and his friends, including Mr. Shaw Lefevre, have saved to the people. You can see that if ever he is compelled to be shut up in himself, if ever he loses,—as we hope he never may,—his aptitude for work, he will reckon up the good works of the Penny Stamp Deposits, the Parcel Post, the Sixpenny Telegraphs, the burdens saved to India and the open spaces saved to England, as so many passports to the Book of Life. If Moore had written a poem on the salvation of a politician, he would have made the Peri take up to Heaven not a tear of penitence, but a resolution in Committee or a useful Act of Parliament.

On the whole, we think the politicians quite right and very reasonable in deriving so much satisfaction from the genuinely useful labours in which they exhaust their strength and spend their leisure, as well as their working hours. The late Mr. Bagehot used to say that the young Peers had never found out how much more really amusing a life of genuine work is than a life of what is called amusement; and of all kinds of hard work, political hard work, so long as it stands the test of time, is in some respects the most gratifying. Not, indeed, that any kind of work is more wearisome and vexatious than political work during the long, slow process of instilling conviction into the minds of hundreds of indifferent Members whom you have to convince, not so much that your object is good, as that the country desires it and will resent being thwarted; but when the object is achieved, and turns out as good or better than it was thought, there is something really satisfying in seeing it produce the result predicted, and remembering that you yourself were part of that result, that in some sense it represents your own will and your own life. At all events, there is certainly no more cheerful and no more reasonable class of men than successful politicians; and in no other work of our age does the benignant aspect of merit seem to show itself with so much simplicity, and so little of priggishness or conceit. What men have striven for long, in concert with a host of others, and on behalf of a whole nation, seems, when it is gained, to have a reality and durability of value which hardly anything else in life possesses; and yet to involve the praise and merit of so many others, that it cannot be either unseemly or conceited to feed yourself on the consciousness of having personally contributed to the victory.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.

KING ALFONSO of Spain recently visited the German Emperor at Homburg, received at his hands the highest honour he could confer, and was treated in all respects as the Sovereign of a great and most friendly people. Moreover, he was assured that his rank in Europe should be acknowledged by the elevation of the Ministers representing Germany and Spain in Madrid and Berlin to the rank of Ambassadors, a promise which is to be carried out immediately after the Prince's visit. And now the Crown Prince has been directed to return King Alfonso's visit as his father's direct representative, and to travel to Madrid in Royal state, crossing the sea under the escort of a German squadron. It is not likely that a Court like that of Berlin pays elaborate honours like these without a political motive, if only because it fully understands that a political motive will be ascribed to them; and it is not difficult to guess what that motive is. Prince Bismarck does not dread France, but he does dread a coalition with France for its centre; and the first object of his policy is to convince French statesmen that

their country is isolated, that it is surrounded by hostile or calculating Powers, and that France must perforce abstain from any attempt at revenge. The Prince does not believe that Frenchmen have either forgotten or forgiven the invasion, or that they despair of reversing its results; but he does believe that they will make no movement, unless they have fair grounds for expecting reasonable success. He overrates, rather than underrates, French prudence. He sets himself, therefore, deliberately to make his strength and the isolation of France as visible as possible, and is especially anxious to secure the countries which border upon the object of his fear. He has secured Italy, and if he can secure Spain, France will be ringed-in with Powers who could invade or threaten her from the north-east, from the south-east, and from the south-west all at once. She is in fact throttled, and unless she could secure the alliance either of England or Russia, could not without folly attempt a war with the ever-prepared German Power. England, the Prince thinks, probably with truth, would not intervene on the Continent, where armies are now so huge; and Russia is reluctant either to run such risks as war would involve, or to trust a Government so hostile as that of France to every form of Monarchy,—another reason for the preference felt in Berlin for a Republic in France. Europe, therefore, is separated from France, and so long as that is the case, the German Chancellor calculates on peace.

It is an astute calculation, and it is not for us to say that the most successful statesman of the age can commit blunders, but Prince Bismarck seems to us to be running very great risks. He can hardly obtain much from Spain, for he does not want a fleet, certain if it threatened France to be destroyed, and Spain has no army mobile enough to cross the Pyrenees in force. She has not adopted universal military service. Twenty thousand men could defend the Passes from the French side, and it is not from want of men to collect at separated points that France will ever be in any danger. The diversion to be created by Spain could not be a formidable one, while in arranging for it, or seeming to arrange for it, Prince Bismarck is rousing a rage in France which, far more than any diplomatic combination, may threaten peace. The peasantry dread war, but all signs combine to show that French politicians, together with the people of the cities, are rising to a dangerous height of irritability. They see insults everywhere, detect in every newspaper article a tendency to menace, and may yet, under some sudden impulse, lose their heads, and decide to risk all rather than endure longer what they think humiliation. In such a temper, nations will promise much and give up much, and Prince Bismarck may find that he has not yet quite realised what France "raised to the height of circumstances," as Danton put it, could offer to the enemies of Germany, open and secret, for their alliance, and even for a slowness in mobilisation which would have many of the effects of neutrality. It is dangerous by such steady pressure to drive a nervous and susceptible people into a condition of mind in which they may take counsel of despair, and decide that if war is suicide, suicide is preferable to life under such conditions. Prince Bismarck should remember, if his real object is peace, that he is not immortal, and that his successor will not inspire that personal awe, either in Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburg, which is now so visible among the factors that make for peace. We have repeatedly condemned French susceptibility as unreasonable, but even Englishmen would fret if they saw a victorious enemy calmly marshalling country after country into rank against them, and France is not an island. She is in real danger, if defeated, of losing provinces, or even of a dismemberment, which might terminate her national existence.

Nor is it quite certain that the King of Spain, even if desirous, can give Germany any effectual assistance. His people are very insular, little disposed to profitless war, and apt to calculate that whatever comes, they will for centuries have but one important neighbour, and that is France. They are proud, and may be delighted with promotion in European rank; and they are dignified, and will be sure to show honour to so highly placed a visitor, who, moreover, has in no way injured or affronted them; but if they are to do more, they will want a *quid pro quo*, and what has Germany to give them? She might conceivably, if victorious, give Portugal; but do the Spaniards wish for Portugal as an unwilling dependency, an Ireland in which every discontented party would find friends? Their statesmen have hitherto hoped to gain Portugal as we gained Scotland, not as we gained Ireland. Germany could also hold the ring while Spain conquered Morocco; but Morocco, though every Spaniard thinks of it as his reversionary heritage, is hardly worth the permanent hostility of France. Germany could give effective guarantees against an invasion from the North, but the Spaniards do not dread one, and have an even exaggerated idea of the inviolability of their country. In their own judgment, they drove out Napoleon I. There are no colonies to be obtained by German aid, nor are Spaniards seeking an extension of their colonial dominion. It seems as if Germany had little to offer to the Spanish nation, and she has nearly as little to promise to the King. Prince Bismarck is very strong, but he could not prevent a revolution in Madrid, or debar the French from secretly encouraging it, or shoot the Generals who led a pronunciamiento. Already it is reported the Spanish Republicans stand aloof from the grand reception of the German Crown Prince, and to the Republicans must be added that important party, strongly represented even in the Cabinet, which holds that the friendship of France is the one permanent interest of Spain. We shall see very shortly to which side the body of the people incline; but it is most improbable that in a country like Spain the support of a foreign, a Northern, and a Protestant Power will help to consolidate the throne. It is difficult, therefore, to avoid a doubt whether this new stroke of policy will produce great results, and whether Prince Bismarck may not pay too dearly for a great diplomatic success. That he does not think so is evident, for it is now thirteen years since he accepted the throne of Spain for a Hohenzollern; but even he, within his own special domain, may be capable of mistake.

THE FRANCHISE IN IRELAND.

WE do not understand the sort of rage with which not only Tories, but some moderate Liberals regard any proposal for reducing the Irish Franchise. That men like Lord Hartington should distrust propositions to create Provincial or County Governments in Ireland is intelligible, for they fear that such Governments will ultimately control the Police, and may serve as centres of insurrection. We do not agree with them, because we believe that power will create the sense of responsibility—always too feeble in Ireland, where the populace never quite expects success in its movements—and that granting the worst, men intent upon insurrection become better than men intent upon assassination; but the objection is reasonable and statesmanlike. The reduction of the franchise, on the other hand, can in no way facilitate insurrection, rather it makes it less easy. Insurgent leaders want only men to lead and arms to give them, and there will be no more men or arms in Ireland under one franchise than under another. A peasant with a rifle and no vote can shoot just as straight, and march just as fast, as the same man turned into a full elector. He will be no braver, no better drilled, and a little less full of hatred, because he will possess a larger power of giving civil expression to his antipathies. It is dumb rage which is dangerous, not rage which flies to a telephone. The power of insurrection will remain just where it is, whatever the franchise, even if it should be universal; that is, it will not, in the judgment of the most extreme Irish leaders, exist at all, unless, indeed, the material resources of Great Britain are previously crippled in some universal or long-continued war. To plead danger of that sort as a reason for refusing the demand, is to put forward an argument which every soldier in Europe, even if he is affiliated to the Secret Societies, knows to be perfectly futile. If there is any truth in history, voters do not readily take up arms; and when they do, are just as easily defeated as if they had never seen a ballot-box. Even the Paris Communists who were voters did not fight well, and every second man who turned out under the Commune had either passed through the regular military mill, or had been trained to use his arms during the six months' siege.

But then think of the Parliamentary difficulty. These new voters will all, it is said, vote as Mr. Parnell bids them, his party will be largely reinforced, and what will be the result? We fully acknowledge the Parliamentary difficulty, which has been a preoccupation of this journal for three years, and which it is quite conceivable may become even worse. But we cannot see why it should become worse because a householder franchise is introduced in Ireland. The hold of the Extremists over the householders will not be stronger than their hold over the farmers and small shopkeepers, who now form the majority of the constituencies. On the contrary, it will be weaker, because the agricultural labourers and skilled artisans who are now kept out have different interests, and on points different views,

from those who now monopolise the franchise; and will, moreover, be more amenable to ideas, and less to purely sordid influences. If anything in politics is clear, it is clear that the dissolving force which will one day break up the Parnellites must come from within, and that force will be generated much sooner among large popular constituencies than among the small and narrow oligarchy which now, owing to defects in distribution as well as franchise, forms the constituency of Ireland. For, be it remembered, if the franchise is not lowered, the difficulty of including Ireland in a Redistribution Bill will be indefinitely increased, as the seats must be assigned on some principle differing from that in force in England, and sure to be denounced by one party or another as unjust. That Tories should believe in limited constituencies we can understand, though Tories are losing that faith; but for ourselves, we hold that the principles of liberty are true, even in Ireland, and that England, so long as she tries to do justice, has more to hope from the solid body of the Irish people with household responsibilities, than from any smaller class which may be thoroughly penetrated with hatred or discontent, or the dreamy hope that an independent Irish Republic would become an island Switzerland. The very principle of democracy as a working-power is that a large community has instincts, at least in great crises, which help it to decide aright; and, for all that has come and gone, we do not believe that Irishmen differ radically from all mankind. Is it in boroughs like Dungarvan that we find the most practical of Irish Members?

We do not wish to say much of the difficulty of carrying any Bill at all, if Ireland is left out, and her entire people irritated, for that argument, though it is constantly pressed by Liberals and must be attentively considered by the Cabinet, rests upon the theory that the present electors of Ireland desire to give up their monopoly, of which, recollecting the differences between labourers and farmers, we are not quite sure; but we may press another and much stronger argument. If we refuse to include Ireland in the reduction of the franchise, we place, for the first time, a moral argument in Mr. Parnell's hand. The moral basis of the Union is that it is a Union, that the Three Kingdoms are governed on the same principles by their own representatives. That basis is not quite perfect, because, as a matter of fact, the Peers, who are in a great majority British, do reject measures desired by the Irish more often than they reject measures desired by the English or Scotch; but that is the theory, and if the new franchise is granted to Britain and refused to Ireland, it is openly abandoned. Parliament proclaims openly that it distrusts the people of one of the Three Kingdoms, and enables Mr. Parnell at once to declare that even in the matter of representation, Ireland is treated as a conquered State. It may be retorted that the distrust is genuine, and has ample justification; but the argument will only be valid with those who are already convinced. When England was utterly discontented in 1831, ripe, as the closest observers believed, for revolution, when the very Monarchy was in danger and a Republic within measurable distance, that was held to be a reason for granting, not for refusing, the reduction of the franchise. Why is it not a reason in Ireland also? Because the people will not be conciliated, but only made more hostile? That might be a reason for refusing the franchise altogether, and governing Ireland on other principles, through a Government intent only on solving the social question, and so preparing the way for self-government; but it is no reason for keeping up unequal franchises, and so entrusting England to its people and Ireland to a class, while still professing to govern both in the same manner. We do not remove the discontent in Ireland by limiting the franchise, but only *pro tanto* silence its expression in Parliament. If the Parliamentary government of Ireland is to continue at all, let it at least be real and honest, and let those whom in England we consider "the people" for governing purposes, elect in Ireland also the representatives they prefer. If they choose bad representatives, that is a misfortune for all Three Kingdoms alike; but it is not so great a misfortune as it would be for Ireland to believe that we were only cheating her with an appearance of freedom, and that in reality we so managed the suffrage that she could not send up the party she wished to represent her in its just voting strength. The extent of that strength may furnish hereafter a great and difficult problem for a statesman to solve, but we shall at least be grappling with a reality, and not with a sort of cloud, which eludes every effort either at fighting or at courtship. Let us accept even the unproved theory that Ireland will return Parnellites, and ask ourselves coolly if much has been gained by the Parnellites being so few that their leader can control them as if he had a right to their allegiance. He thinks he can control seventy followers as easily as twenty, and forgets that a people when enfranchised is never of one mind, and that every fresh group of followers contains fresh minds and fresh potential rivals. We had rather be forced to deal with Ireland than with any class within her, for then our measures will at least be effective; and even on the Tory theory, Ireland with a lower franchise will be more truly represented than she is now. Ask any diplomatist in Europe whether he would rather deal with a hostile Envoy, or with an Envoy who represented just half of the hostility of his Court.

THE FAILURE OF MR. PLIMSOLL'S ACT.

ONE of the most frequent of Tory fallacies is that which represents the Liberal Party as a destructive one, and a Liberal Government as a company of Destroying Angels, whose sole mission is to smite, and spare not. If, however, we look at facts, instead of fancies, and substitute the realities of the upper air for the idols of the Cave, it is easy to see that the characteristic work of the Liberal Party in office is construction, or reconstruction. If England wants a thing done, she must set the Liberal Party to do it. The Army was in need of reconstruction. Mr. Gladstone had to throw the career of an officer open to talent, instead of gold. Viscount Cardwell and Mr. Childers had to construct a Reserve, and to reinvigorate the Standing Force by the introduction of short service. A Liberal Government reconstituted our Judicial system, and a Liberal Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice have remodelled their procedure to suit the increasing demands of the country. It required a Liberal Government half a century ago to create the Penny Post. It needed Mr. Fawcett to give us the Parcels Post. A Liberal Lord Chancellor passed the Bankruptcy Act of 1869, the bankruptcy provisions of which worked so well that they have been preserved as the foundation for the new Act, which a Liberal President of the Board of Trade was required to get passed, by way of remedying the abuses which had grown up under the liquidation provisions of the old Act. In 1876, that ardent Liberal, Mr. Plimsoll, coerced a Conservative Government into passing the Merchant Shipping Act. Now it requires the energies of a Liberal President of the Board of Trade, not content to rest on his achievements in the Bankruptcy and Patent Acts, which would have satisfied a Conservative Minister for a six years' term of office, to set to work and construct new machinery for increasing the efficiency of Mr. Plimsoll's Act, and saving life and property from destruction at sea.

Statistics go to show that the Act of 1876, though it has, no doubt, acted as a preventive to many possible causes of disaster, has not reduced the list of losses so much as was expected or hoped. There has been a gradual growth in the number of lives lost, which amounted in 1881-82 to no less than 3,372, or 644 more than it was in 1876-77. There is also a considerable increase in the number of vessels lost, which last year amounted to 1303,—a few less than the year before, when the number lost was 1310. It is true that both the sea-going population and the sea-going ships, though they have remained about the same in point of numbers, have practically, for the purpose of estimating the average of loss, largely increased during the interim, owing to the increased number of voyages done by ships and men since steamers have been more largely substituted for sailing-vessels. But the fact remains that the losses have increased also, and probably more than proportionally to the risks. Plimsoll's Act placed a check on the carelessness and incapacity of the ship's officers in the inquiries of the Wreck Commissioner's Court. These inquiries are far more potent as a check than any which exists on the carelessness and incapacity of land carriers, such as railway officials. An inquiry, the result of which may be, and as experience has shown often is, to deprive a man of the possibility of professional employment, even for a short time, is much more efficacious than an inquiry which must result in a verdict of manslaughter or nothing, and which accordingly generally results in nothing. But when you have added an additional incentive to the British sailor to do his duty, you have not thereby removed all or the chief causes of sea-loss.

The Act of 1876 was aimed far more at fraudulent or careless shipowners than at inefficient or careless masters. But though Plimsoll's mark is to be seen on the sides of all ships to this moment, many is the tall ship that has gone to the bottom with it. Though it is a misdemeanour to send an

unseaworthy ship to sea, and though penalties are heaped up against overloading, and against lading grain except in bags or with proper boards or bulkheads to prevent the shifting of the cargo, and against carrying deck-loads of timber during winter; yet, somehow or another, ships have been lost, in ways that rouse suspicion whether the Act has been more than a *brutum fulmen*. Even the power of detention in cases where unseaworthiness is suspected, though it has in a few cases probably prevented danger, if not disaster, has yet been but seldom called into action. The temptation to shipowners to send ships to perdition, or to sea with a very good chance of going there, has proved stronger than the deterrent effect of the penalties.

These were the reasons which at the beginning of last year moved Mr. Chamberlain to issue a Memorandum to those interested in shipping, suggesting the formation of a Merchant Shipping Council. The answers received were not favourable, and the Council has now been dropped, in favour of a new scheme put forward in a Circular issued this month. Two kinds of reform, are suggested in this document,—reforms in the substance of the law which relates to shipowners, and reforms in the procedure by which the already existing laws can be enforced. The Circular points out that, in many cases, "the loss of a ship is a profitable transaction to its owners." "The ship may be insured for more than its value; the freight may be insured out and home, and recovered without deduction for expenses which will not have been incurred if the vessel is lost; the cargo may be insured above its value, or at a speculative value." Charles Reade, long ago, gave utterance in a novel to the suspicions of "foul play" to which such temptations give rise. A case now pending in the Criminal Courts may serve to show, at least, what things are looked upon as possible, if not what actually happens, under the present state of the law of Marine Insurance. The Circular also points out that the liability of shipowners as carriers is unduly limited by bills of lading, and that their liability as employers is less than that of any other class of employers. Further, "his responsibility, both to servants and passengers and to other owners, in case of collision, is arbitrarily limited; and in the case of single-ship companies under the Limited Liability Acts it may be, and sometimes is, absolutely extinguished." This statement of the evils of course suggests in what direction the remedies are to be sought, but as no specific detailed suggestions are made, but, on the contrary, are invited from those to whom the Circular is sent, it is premature to discuss them now, though Mr. Chamberlain has this week expressed his own opinion. The bill of lading, with its long strings of exceptions, is a marvellous document, to those who are not hardened to it by custom; and if it were not for our experience of railway companies, we should wonder that any one who was paid for his work should thus be allowed to disclaim liability in case of loss to the employer. It is, however, no light matter to lay hands on documents which have been expounded in the Courts for centuries, and we shall, no doubt, have an outcry raised by the "hide-bound" formalists. But the forms of conveyances, which descend from quite as great an antiquity, have been remoulded in accordance with modern needs by Act of Parliament, so there is no reason why the bill of lading and the policy of marine insurance should not be overhauled by the same omnipotent authority. Life and property, are, after all, more sacred than forms, and even than freedom of contract, falsely so called. It is better, and easier, too, to put down crime by preventing its being profitable, than by increasing the stringency of punishments and the chances of detection.

These last objects are, however, also aimed at by the suggested establishment of Local Marine Courts in each principal port. These Courts are to consist of an officer of the Board of Trade and a person named by the shipowners or the Local Marine Board. Their duties will be to settle questions arising with regard to the detention and survey of ships in a summary way, and if that Court once decides in favour of detention, even though its decision should be reversed, the owner cannot recover damages. This Court will also fulfil the duties now performed by the Wreck Commissioners and Wreck Inquiry Courts, and will hold inquiries into all shipping disasters and report to the Board of Trade thereon, and if necessary recommend criminal prosecution or the suspension of certificates.

There is to be an appeal from these Courts to Shipping Commissioners, who are to consist of a lawyer, a retired shipowner, and a specialist in shipbuilding, &c. If in any case the Local Marine Court disagrees, the case goes at once to the Commissioners; cases of damages for detention are also to go to them; and in any cases before them, they have power of punishment, in withholding certificates, and so on. They are also to have semi-administrative duties in deciding, on complaint made, whether any proposed new rule made by the Board for the guidance of their officers as regards survey of ships shall come into force or not.

Whether this last provision would work, or not, is doubtful. It may, indeed, be justified by the analogy of rules of procedure made by the Judges who have to administer them, but they are rules of procedure of their own officers, or of proceedings before themselves. Here the Commissioners are to judge on rules made to guide officers of an independent authority, and in matters not before them, but on which they will, nevertheless, have to decide between those officers and other persons. This is, however, a matter of detail. The Local Marine Court is the main feature of the scheme. It aims at getting the force of the shipowners as a class on the side of honesty and efficiency, and so creating an *esprit de corps* in the better members of the class which will pervade the whole, and also at invoking local feeling in favour of the good name and fame of the port. The scheme, in fact, invokes the two great principles of English life,—local self-government and class self-government. A scheme so designed ought hardly to fail of success.

MARTIN LUTHER.

IT is no wonder that the estimates of Luther differ so widely as they do. Even the keenest Roman Catholic must often be bewildered by the passionate intensity of his faith, the unfathomable depth of his hope, the tenderness of his love. Even the most ardent Protestant must be revolted by the fury of his controversial language, his utter scorn for the notion that the will counts for anything in the religious life, the coarseness of his morality, the private sanction which he gave to polygamy, his violent exaggeration of the contrast between nature and grace, and his exhortation to "sin strongly" that grace may the more abound. Yet Luther wins admiration from the most unexpected sources. No one could have been more heartily opposed to Luther's moral and religious philosophy than Coleridge, yet almost everything Coleridge says of Luther is said in admiration. "Luther is, in parts," he said, "the most evangelical writer I know, after the Apostles and Apostolic men;" and qualified as this praise is, by the expression "in parts," nothing could be truer, though nothing could be falser, if it had been applied to the whole of Luther's teaching. Luther was at home in the circle of Scriptural ideas wherever his own strong personality had not revolted against those ideas, as few men have ever been at home in them, and there was a *naïveté* and a simplicity in his mode of expressing these ideas which hardly any other religious teacher has equalled. Again, Luther's words had a natural life of their own—hands and feet, as he himself said of the words of the Bible,—which gives him a singular advantage in dealing with the spiritual life. Coleridge has well contrasted Luther with Erasmus, when he said, "Erasmus's paraphrase of the New Testament is clear and explanatory, but you cannot expect anything very deep from Erasmus. The only fit commentator on Paul was Luther—not by any means such a gentleman as the Apostle, but almost as great a genius." Yet Luther undoubtedly more or less misunderstood St. Paul, when he explained his teaching, as he always did, in the sense of the positive predestination of the elect to eternal life, without any question of the part taken by the human will. "The law does not endure grace," said Luther, "and in its turn grace does not endure the law." No wonder that at the end of his life he had to make almost as great a fight on behalf of "the law," in order to save the best leaven of civil society, as he had ever made against it in his theological ardour for the doctrine of justification by faith; and no wonder that, hampered as he was by his own deeper teaching, his comparatively superficial struggle on behalf of "the law" was but vain. The truth is that Luther embodied a great insurrection on behalf of nature and grace against all the conventions of an artificial ecclesiastical system, and that everything which tended to mediate between nature and grace, everything which, like the Sacramental principle, pointed in the direction of reconciling nature and grace, *i.e.*, of making grace natural or nature gracious, was to Luther repulsive and artificial,—unless he thought he had for it some positive text, from the literal wording of which he could not escape. He could not

endure the discovery of anything like reason or adaptation to our nature, in revelation. He loved to exaggerate the paradoxes of nature and grace in their most unmitigated form, though he delighted, in a way, in both,—delighted in the earthliness of the earthly nature, and in the supernatural feat by which—that earthliness notwithstanding—human nature was to be redeemed. Some one the other day, writing in the *Times*, said truly enough that any one who wants to see the repulsive side of Luther should read his sermons upon Marriage. From those sermons one understands how Luther came to commit the worst act of his life,—the disgraceful theological sanction given to the Landgrave of Hesse to live in polygamy. For Luther took the lowest possible view of marriage, and denied its sacramental character; indeed, he would probably have got rid of every Sacrament, if he had but seen how to dispute a few express commands of Christ. In justifying, for instance, marriage between Christians and people of the most anti-Christian faiths, he says, with his own peculiar rudeness, "Know that marriage is an outward bodily affair ('ein äusserlich leiblich Ding'), like other worldly occupations. As I may eat and drink, sleep, walk, ride, buy, speak, and trade with a heathen, Jew, Turk, or heretic, so, too, may I marry with him, and remain married to him." Marriage to Luther was nothing but an outward transaction, involving no mutual transformation of the inner life by the persons joined in marriage, at all. And just what he taught in relation to marriage, he taught in relation to the natural life generally. It had nothing to do with the spiritual life, except to stand over against it, and increase the wonder and marvel of it. And yet Luther was a man of tender affections, and often expressed himself with wonderful beauty concerning the domestic side of life. For example, he commented one day on the text, "Serve the Lord in fear, and rejoice with trembling," thus, "There is no contradiction involved in this text, at least for me. My little boy, John, does exactly this in respect of myself. But I cannot thus act towards God. If I am seated at table, and am writing or doing anything, John sings me a little song; if he sings too loud and I tell him of it, he still sings on, but with some fear, and to himself as it were. God wills that we also should be constantly gay, but that our gaiety should be tempered with fear and reserve." And yet he could also say,—"Human nature is so corrupt that it does not even desire celestial things. It is like a new-born infant, who, although you may offer it all the wealth and pleasures of the earth, is heedless of everything save its mother's breast."

In truth, Luther felt profoundly the attractions of the natural life in the rude and coarse form in which a nature of gigantic force and of the homeliest possible breed would be sure to feel them, and he felt equally powerfully the mystic solicitations of the supernatural life, and seemed to care not at all for a reconciliation between the two. He was raised up apparently to embody a protest against the elaborateness, the artificiality, the systematised casuistry, the technical subtleties, the empty theological discriminations of the degenerate Church of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and most powerfully, if also most coarsely, he discharged his mission. Partly as the consequence of the contradiction ever surging up in his mind between nature and grace, his mind was always alive and bubbling up with wonder and awe. Hence, there is no table-talk in the world like his, the table-talk of a *most* natural man, to whom the supernatural was, nevertheless, near and dear. Dr. Johnson's table-talk, indeed, surpasses it in wit, but falls far short of Luther's in the weight and massiveness of the subjects treated, and in the vividness of the natural feelings which these weighty and massive subjects elicit. We have often quoted before, and probably may often quote again, that striking saying of Luther's which brings out the contrast between the Roman system and the Lutheran revolt in all its force:—"We tell our Lord God, that if he will have his Church, he must uphold it, for we cannot uphold it; and if we could, we should be the proudest asses under Heaven." The Roman conception of the Church was that of a mighty institution, to which God had indeed promised indefectibility, but the indefectibility of which was to be produced through highly elaborate and artificial means,—through the checks and balances and delicate regulation of a most complex ecclesiastical machinery. Luther's conception of the Church was that of an association of men hearkening to and waiting upon the voice of God as best they could, and living by every word that proceeded out of his mouth. "The poor, miserable appearance of the Church, and the many crosses and failures and sects to which it is subjected, in order that it may be troubled by them, offend the worldly wise, for they let themselves dream that the Church is pure, holy, blameless, the dove of God, &c. And this, indeed, is true for God; with him, the Church has this dignity, but for the world she is like her bridegroom the Lord Christ, hacked and torn, despised, scoffed at and crucified." It was the attempt of Rome to elaborate a majestic ecclesiastical system, equal to all emergencies, almost as much as the gross failure of that attempt witnessed by the age in which Luther lived, that excited his displeasure. He felt to the very bottom the coarseness and weakness of human nature, and of the Church so far as it was human, and his delight in contemplating the marvels of divine grace only made him exaggerate that coarseness and weakness. In any other age, Luther would have rejected wholesale the Sacramental principle,—that principle which is, indeed, part of Christianity itself, though Luther did not perceive it, so intent was he on the profound contrast between the human beings to whom the Gospel came, and the God who gave the Gospel. As it was, though he retained two of the Sacraments, the whole tendency of his creed was to depreciate the earthen vessels in which the grace of God was to be received, till it almost came to this,—that God by a miracle promised to transform ultimately these vessels of dishonour into vessels of honour, but so long as they remained in this world, they must remain vessels of dishonour still, not so much as even effectually receiving God's grace into them, far less as being transmuted by it into something nobler than themselves, but only as destined to be so transmuted whenever their terrestrial career came to an end. A mind of Luther's gigantic stature, which spent itself in exposing the technicalities, conventionalities, and artificialities of the Roman Catholic system, could not but produce a tremendous effect on the world, an effect partly good and partly evil,—good in a very high degree, so far as it brought men's minds back to God from the mere ecclesiastical machinery which had been confounded with the divine agency; profoundly mischievous, so far as it undermined men's faith in the possibility of true sanctification on earth, and left them to make their own compromise between the human works which were "filthy rags" at best, and the divine faith which reserved all its mightiest alchemy for another world.

AN EMANCIPATED MIDDLE-CLASS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has either been scolding the Americans afresh for their Philistinism, or his arrival has revived discussion about his former lectures in England, in which he implied that Americans were very like the English Middle-class—wanting in sweetness and light, and given up to "Dissenting" religions, and the pursuit of material interests. At all events, the American *Nation* thinks this a good opportunity for answering him, and telling him in effect that he spoke in ignorance. Mr. Arnold is quite right, the *Nation* thinks, about the English, but quite wrong about the Americans. He "had never seen a middle-class which had no class above it, nor Dissenters who had no Established Church to dissent from." Americans have neither, and when Mr. Arnold has seen more of them, and found Methodists who think their Church as good as any cathedral, and "Dissenting" Ministers who look down on Anglican culture, and traders who smile at the social pretensions of the idle rich and hardly understand distinctions based on occupation, he will, the *Nation* thinks, revise a good deal of what he has written both about his countrymen and Americans.

The article is kindly written and full of appreciation for Mr. Matthew Arnold, but the thought penetrating it is obviously that a Middle-class without an aristocracy above it must of necessity not only differ from a middle-class with such an aristocracy, but must be superior to it, must have not only more independence, but more sweetness and light, and a great deal less of that narrow, conventional habit of mind usually denounced as Philistinism; and we shall be curious to see, when Mr. Arnold comes home, what he has to say on that subject. Are the Americans of a corresponding class less *bornés* than their compeers at home? We cannot answer the question, except from a study of American literature, which certainly makes us think that, in the older States at least, denunciations of Islington must be quite intelligible; but *a priori*, we can see no reason whatever why the assumption should be true. An aristocracy may impel, nay, does impel, a middle-class to waste strength on a false or unattainable ideal, but it cannot make that class more limited or more stupid. That a middle-class with no class above it may be socially a little more independent, and less tempted

to fall down before social distinctions, is, no doubt, true, but this gain is of itself very small. The natural tendency of an English middle-class so situated would not be towards equality, or simplicity of life, but towards introspection, with the result that it would discover a thousand minute differentiæ in its own component parts, and would revere or contemn them, instead of broader social distinctions. Having no standard to quote, it would set up one of two, and either worship the distinction which can never be absent, wealth, or regard the usual as the divine, and resent any deviation therefrom as a disregard of the inherent fitness of things. Moreover, partly from this worship of the usual as being the fitting, and partly from the instinctive desire of men to find a "sanction" for their laws, it would elevate the opinion of the majority into a tribunal, and socially sentence every one who deviated from what "our folks" thought becoming. There would be, in fact, a pressure on the emancipated middle-class from within itself, quite as severe as the old pressure from the aristocracy; and it would be the pressure of at least as base a material, while it would be far more irresistible. The aristocracy has in social matters no physical force behind it, while the middle-class majority would have. Distinctly unpopular opinions would, therefore, be far more summarily suppressed; while distinctly unpopular ways would create a certain risk of ejectment. If a middle-class man in Islington chooses to be a teetotaller, the superincumbent aristocracy, though it regards teetotalism as fanatical, can do nothing to him; but if the middle-class man in Salem persists in drinking wine with his food, the middle-class majority can condemn him as a hopeless castaway, and he will find himself, if so condemned, very unpleasantly situated. Evangelical as Islington is, a man need not go to church unless he likes; but if, in an equally religious place in New England, he declined to go, he would find that "our folks" could show him that he was departing from the usual in a very unmistakeable way. The compression, in fact, from middle-class opinion acting on itself would be at least as severe as the compression from the existence of an aristocracy; and though, no doubt, the one pressure is vertical and the other horizontal, that difference could not make the latter less fatal to the freedom of thought and action which Mr. Arnold first of all desires. There is no middle-class so fettered, and, therefore, so *borné* and incapable of appreciating light, as that of a town in England which the upper classes have quitted; and unless we misread all American literature, that is the case also in the Eastern and Middle States. Everybody there seems to be fairly comfortable; but outside the great cities, everybody seems to live in a sort of slavery to an opinion the key-note of which is that the customary is to be believed, to be approved, and to be done. There is no appeal from opinion, and originality is crushed out till we have heard clever American women say that the art of the American novelist was more hampered by the *expectedness* of everything than by any other single cause. Of course, in such a society, material prosperity becomes the pleasantest thing attainable; and it is sought with a steady, earnest persistence which gradually leavens society with sordidness, just as a society in which "pleasure" is the only thing pleasant gets leavened through and through either with frivolity or vice. We should expect to find in America millions of men and more millions of women utterly cramped and, so to speak, spoiled, by the most unideaed and sordid conventionalism; and though we cannot, as outsiders, say we find them, that which we expect is certainly described in American literature. The only differences we as outsiders can see between Islington and Salem is that the emancipated Middle-class in America has accepted an etiquette making the intercourse of the sexes more free, has established complete liberty of religious opinion—though this exists now in England—and owing, we presume, to the difference of temper produced by greater freedom from care, has become in a somewhat marked degree fuller of kindliness. A certain kindliness, which is not "sweetness" exactly, but is a constituent of it, will, we feel certain, be described by Mr. Arnold when he comes home as the feature in American social civilisation which most impressed him.

Nor do we see that the emancipated Middle-class would tend towards culture more than the unemancipated. On the contrary, it would tend slightly less. The dislike of culture which is a feature of the class, as producing "dangerous" views and inattention to the business of life, though not necessarily intensified, would be much more operative, because the majority which would then rule would be so much stronger than the aristocracy which now rules, and there would be so much less criticism. Criticism begins to be born when a leisured class begins to survey things, and see what is and what is not perfect and enjoyable of its kind, and to be a little weary with the ordinary and a little *blasé* with the habitual. Ultimately, no doubt, a class more studious, and therefore more cultivated, than an aristocracy usually is, assumes the function; but the impulse originally comes from above, and it is the influence of the higher class, whether higher socially or higher from study, which filters down and excites the spirit of culture, so far as it is excited, in those below. That influence makes for studiousness, if not for righteousness, as two illustrations will help to prove. In England, it is the aristocracy which has succeeded by direct pressure in keeping the classical culture in the forefront of education, in spite of the pronounced reluctance of Islington to waste time over study so obviously unremunerative. And in America, where no aristocracy presses, there is little, if any, true criticism. The testimony of the *Nation* to this effect is singularly distinct and, to us at least, entirely new:—"American audiences will find Mr. Arnold interesting also because he is really the first genuine critic of note who has visited these shores, and there is nothing which the American public find it more difficult to comprehend than a critic. The art of criticism, as such, does not stand very high with us. Our conception of a critic is apt to be that of a man who, as Doctor Johnson said, 'sees that the Whig dogs get the worst of it,'—that is, who gives the enemy, whoever he may be, his due, and who, every time that he opens his mouth, strives to advance some 'cause.' The man who lets his mind play round phenomena, who sees them from all points of view, and notes what he sees with scientific indifference to consequences, or who, in other words, mainly cultivates open-mindedness, is a personage to whom Americans still find it very difficult to do justice, or give any definite place in the moral world. Mr. Arnold is not this kind of a person exactly—the type is rarely found in perfection out of France—for he has ideas for which he strives earnestly, and a cause (the cause of 'culture') which he seeks in season and out of season to advance; but he is the nearest approach to it we have yet seen." That is a remarkable statement, and certainly strengthens our doubt whether among English-speaking peoples emancipation would of itself strengthen the tendency towards "light," even if it did in some faint degree strengthen that towards sweetness. The existence of an aristocracy has its evils, but it is not to be confounded with an aristocratic system of government; and among its evils, that of crushing originality and intelligence out of the Middle-class is certainly not to be reckoned.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—After your appeal to any one who knows how to make the representation of minorities feasible to state his plan to the country, I hope you will allow me to state in more detail the scheme whose salient points I indicated last week, and to endeavour to meet your criticisms on my former letter.

The plan I advocate is not a new one. It owes its principles to Mr. Hare, and agrees in all its main features with the Proportional Representation Bill brought in by Mr. Fawcett and others in 1872, though it differs from this scheme in some of its details. According to this plan, the constituencies are divided into small groups, returning, on an average, half-a-dozen Members; more or fewer, according to convenience. These groups would, of course, be local. Each of the smaller counties, with the towns in it, would form a group by itself; the larger counties would be divided into two or more groups; each of the largest towns would form a separate group, and so would the Universities of each country. Candidates would stand for some special constituency, either county or town (county and borough franchise being, of course, identical). An elector could give his vote for a candidate standing for any constituency within his group, but his vote could only be counted in favour of one candidate.

In this way the local quality of the representation would not be lost. The practical result would be felt to be that a man had become free to vote for a Member either for his county or for the town in or near which he lived. At the same time, minority representation would be ensured. In a group returning six Members, any minority which could

command more than a seventh of the votes could secure representation by one Member out of the six. The larger the group, the smaller the proportional minority necessary to ensure the return of a Member; the smaller the group, the better the local character of the representation is maintained.

But to ensure the fairly proportional representation of majorities, without need of the elaborate discipline which now gives Liberals the monopoly of the representation of Glasgow and Birmingham, a power of preferential voting forms part of the scheme. A voter may write on his voting-paper the names of several candidates, in the order of his preference. The vote can only be used to support one candidate. If it is applied to assist in the return of the person whose name stands first upon it, the insertion of the subsequent names will have no effect whatever. If, however, that person is found to have more votes than are necessary to ensure his return, each of his surplus voting-papers is passed on to the candidate named on it as second favourite. It is obvious that the process of vote-transferring must be guarded against suspicion of unfairness. This, as you point out, is the real difficulty of the scheme; for if a returning officer were able to shuffle the votes as he pleased, he would often be able by judicious manipulation to largely vary the result. But this danger may be avoided, by laying down exact rules to govern the process.

In Denmark, where the system has been in use for many years, the matter is left to chance. The voting-papers are put into an urn, drawn out successively, and used in the order in which they happen to be drawn. It is better, however, to lay down reasonable rules and a method capable of subsequent verification. First of all, those papers should be exhausted upon which the name of only one candidate is marked, no alternative choice being suggested, for otherwise these votes would be wholly useless. It would be reasonable to use, next, votes given for each candidate in the constituency for which he was standing; and, finally, votes coming from the rest of the group. To determine the order in which the separate votes in each class should be used, numbers might be printed on the voting-papers, and those papers which bore the highest numbers —that is, which were given in latest in the day—might be used first. This gives a simple and perfectly definite code of rules. Except the first, they carry no special conviction, but their merit is that their observance could be enforced at the time by agents of the candidates, and could be subsequently verified, if necessary, by a scrutiny.

Other rules may, perhaps, commend themselves as likely to give a better result; but so long as the rules are certain, their form is of small importance. There need be no fear that a different set of preferences would emerge with each variation of the rules. So long as wilful unfairness in selection is excluded, the results of any arbitrary method of treatment would be almost identical. The numbers of the votes to be dealt with would be so large that the law of averages would have its full effect, and chance and accident would favour every candidate equally. To give an illustration suggested by your article, take the first name and the last name in the "London Directory," the heights of the individuals they represent will very likely be quite different; but take the first thousand names and the last thousand, and the average heights of the two sets of men will be precisely the same.

After the surplus votes of all candidates who have obtained more than the necessary number of votes have been redistributed, there will generally remain several places still to be allotted amongst various candidates who have not obtained the number of votes that makes their return certain. This is done by declaring the candidate who has obtained fewest votes excluded. His name is then struck off his voting-papers, and they are transferred to the person named upon them as an alternative. The same process is then repeated, until there remain no more candidates than there are vacancies, and the candidates so remaining are declared elected.

This is the whole of the scheme which you reject as impracticably complicated for any but University constituencies. All its complexity lies in the description of the process to be gone through by the Returning Officer and his clerks. To the ordinary elector, the problem would present itself in the most simple form. When he received his voting-paper, he would see a list of names before him, not so long as that which meets him at a School-Board election. Instead of putting crosses opposite two names, as at a Parliamentary election, or figures expressing the amount of his preference, as at a School-Board election, he would have to mark the names with figures in the order of his preference. This would be the sole difference to the ordinary elector. He would no more trouble himself about the machinery by which his vote was counted than he does at present. He would leave that to the persons concerned, and if they told him it was all right, he would be fully satisfied. If he were smitten with a thirst for knowledge, the details would be as easy to explain to him as any other piece of scientific machinery round him,—say, the Bankers' Clearing House or the Terminable Annuities Act.

You say that nothing involving complicated considerations can possibly stand the test of democratic criticism. I think you do not sufficiently discriminate between complexity of end and complexity of machinery. The Democracy must have some simple and intelligible end in view, but it does not concern itself about the machinery by which that end is to be attained. On such matters, as you well point out in your article this week on "The Fruits of the Recess," it frankly accepts the judgment of the experts in whom it has confidence. What could be a more complicated piece of machinery than the Irish Land Act, or the new Rules of Procedure, and how much did an average constituent concern himself to understand the details of either? Yet without strong support from the Democracy neither would have passed into law.

You state, as a matter of first-rate importance in any scheme, that it must provide for a continued representation of the minority in case of the death or resignation of the Member elected by them at the general election. This is possible under open voting, but incompatible with the ballot. Mr. Hare avoids the difficulty, in a manner that does not seem to me satisfactory, by proposing that the House should itself fill up casual vacancies, waiting till four or five have accrued, and then making use of the preferential method of voting.

I submit, however, that you lay too much stress on the point. It is not an important one, and may be left to take care of itself. There is a great counter-advantage in the expression of currents of opinion by free bye-elections, and if the duration of Parliament is shortened, the grievance will become still less serious. Perhaps it may be considered that a sufficient power is given to the minority, under such circumstances, by allowing them to choose between two candidates of the majority. This would be a frequent effect of the scheme in the form in which I have stated it. As to its desirability, there is room for difference of opinion. It was objected to by the promoters of the Bill of 1872, and partly got rid of by a provision that no elector should mark on his paper the names of more candidates than there were vacancies. This would, in general, limit him to the expression of his preferences as between candidates of his own party.

I do not know what the Postmaster-General now thinks of Mr. Fawcett's Bill, but I hope that by this description I may satisfy you in what quarter the plan you seek is to be found, and that I may convince some even of those whom I fear I must call the orthodox Liberals, that schemes of representation can be proposed, which are logical and practical, and which transcend the Procrustean simplicity of their own suggestions.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Lincoln's Inn, November 14th. J. PARKER SMITH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of this week you say, "If any one knows how to make the representation of minorities feasible, and not liable to a catastrophe whenever a minority Member dies or resigns, we wish he would state his plan to the country." Encouraged by that invitation, and further stimulated by the remark in your leading article that the "method must be perfectly plain and simple," I venture to propose a plan which appears to me to fulfil all your requisites. I have never been able to understand why a person who lives in one place should have one vote, and one who lives in another two or three, under the present system of constituencies; and it is not probable that, under any circumstances, constituencies can be so exactly balanced as to make the system equitable. Why, then, not leave it altogether, and give each person possessing the franchise, wherever he may have a right to exercise it, one vote, and no more, leaving, as at present, two Members as the normal, and one, three, or four as the exceptional numbers of representatives of constituencies? Adopting your own standard, it would give to all constituencies of 50,000 inhabitants one Member, and to those of 100,000, two Members; extend these limits over a considerable margin, and we have

all places of less than 25,000 disfranchised as separate constituencies, but only merged in a larger one actually, places between 25,000 and 75,000 returning one Member, between 75,000 and 150,000 two, places between 150,000 and 300,000 three,—probably, that would, except in exceptional cases, such as the existing constituency of the City of London, be found large enough for any single constituency.

In most, but by no means all, of the normal two-Member constituencies, parties would be sufficiently equally divided to return one Member each, who would be selected not for the length of his purse, or for his capacity for swallowing "fads," but because his own party deliberately considered that he best represented them politically and locally. After a trial of strength, the number of contests would diminish, and in cases where there was no contest at the general election, and no "burning question" before the minds of a constituency at a bye-election, the general spirit of fairness would prevent a contest for the vacant seat. At the same time, the single-Member places and the odd Member in three-Membered places would serve to give a very thorough working majority to the party who, on the whole, for the time being, represented the state of feeling in the country; and, moreover, the country would not be liable to the sudden changes of opinion and policy which exaggerate and caricature any gradual change which may be operating. No doubt, there is this great objection to such a plan as here proposed, that under it, supposing constituencies to remain geographically, as at present, the junior Member of two-Member constituencies would lose his seat; but, on the other hand, when, as in the near future, their geographical limits must in very many cases be largely changed, there appears to be no time like it for carrying out such a scheme. It would, moreover, interfere less with municipal, historical, and local associations than any other. One word as to Hare's or Parker Smith's scheme. I cannot help thinking that in any such system, or in any adaptation of the cumulative vote, a voter should have the right to vote minus as well as plus. At a recent election for the School Board at the West End of London, there were four or five unexceptionable candidates, who, from divergencies in general politics, varied slightly in acceptability to the mass of the constituency, yet not so much as to create any great enthusiasm about the election. There was, on the other hand, one candidate who, for his opinions on the subject of religious education, was most obnoxious to the overwhelming majority, who, however, had no direct power of keeping him out in the result. A section of the acceptable candidates was returned, together with the obnoxious one, who succeeded by the cumulative votes of a very insignificant minority. Had the majority been able to vote *minus*, there would have been no difficulty in getting them to take an interest in the election, and the expression of opinion would have been shown by leaving the gentleman whose opinions I have called obnoxious with a far larger minus quantity than any one else could get *plus*.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Temple, November 10th. F. W. RAIKES.

[We fear our correspondent has not solved the problem. The minority Members would be just as much unseated at a bye-election on his plan as on any other. But the proposal to give electors power to use their vote *negatively*, if they so prefer, is one well worth consideration.—ED. *Spectator.*]

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It has often been said in the discussions on minority representation that the methods by which it is proposed to secure it are wanting in simplicity, and not easily understood by ordinary people. May I mention a small fact which seems to show that the best-known form of the minority clause would be more likely to be understood than the old-fashioned plan of plumping by suppressing a vote?

In the last Middlesex election I and some others were canvassing, in a somewhat poor district, for Mr. Herbert Gladstone. We found that the minds of some of the electors were much exercised by the fact that, though the law allowed them two votes, the Liberals only asked them to use one of them. So much had this vexed them, that some Conservative agent or canvasser had persuaded them that they were bound to use both votes, and that, consequently, they must give one to Mr. Cooper or Lord George Hamilton. Does it not follow from this, that if the minority clause, as used in School-Board elections, had been extended to constituencies returning only two Members, the electors could have better understood the plan of giving all their votes to one person, than they now understand the much more difficult proposal that they should gain a vote for their friends by merely abstaining from the use of one of the votes which the law allows them?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Sydney Cottage, Roslyn Hill, Hampstead. C. E. MAURICE.

[We quite admit that the common cumulative vote is intelligible enough, but the peculiar mischief of the cumulative vote —*besides* the anomaly that a minority member has no chance at bye-elections,—is that it frequently puts at the head of the poll the man who has comparatively few but very enthusiastic supporters. Would this be tolerated in Parliamentary contests?—ED. *Spectator.*]

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Fully agreeing that no representative system can be satisfactory which does not provide for the representation of important minorities, I would suggest that, until the classes to be protected by minority representation can be brought to feel its value and demand its benefits, minority representation lies outside the range of practical politics. It would be flying in the face of all experience to expect that minority representation of any effectual kind can be brought about by the unaided efforts of political philosophers, even be they writers like Stuart Mill, or speakers like Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Courtney.

Now, the classes really interested in minority representation are undoubtedly the well-to-do classes. (I do not accept the expression "thinking" classes, used by your correspondent, Mr. Parker Smith, because, in my own belief, quite as many thinking men—upon political questions, at all events—are to be found amongst 500 carpenters as amongst 500 members of a London club.) But if anything effectual is to be done in the matter of Minority Representation, the well-to-do classes must bestir themselves. At present, there is apathy on the one side, and plenty of zeal and energy on the other. It is not to be expected that men who, like Mr. Bright, have spent their lives in advocating the claims of the unenfranchised should show much favour to any qualifications and safeguards which ought to accompany enfranchisement. The minds of men of action, earnest in great causes, are not often thus dispassionately balanced.

Now, the bulk of ordinary, well-to do people belong to the Conservative party. It would not be very far from accurate to describe the Conservative party as wholly formed from the well-to-do classes. But the Conservative party as a party has never shown, and does not now show, any inclination to throw itself with any heartiness into the demand for minority representation. That it should not do so, is a surprising illustration of the hand-to-mouth sort of leadership the party is accustomed to. Every reflecting man knows perfectly well that, be it for good or be it for evil, democracy is advancing, and that the permanent exclusion of any large class from the franchise is simply impossible. Yet, instead of any exertion of the vast power of the Conservative party to give to the coming Parliamentary reform a shape in which, with very general acquiescence, a most substantial share of the representation might be preserved to the well-to-do classes, we hear of nothing but short-sighted devices for tripping up the Ministry, or for staving off the inevitable change for a Session, or perhaps a Parliament. And that, too, though all experience hitherto has shown that the longer changes in our representative system are deferred, the more sweeping they become.

There seems, then, too much reason to fear that the Conservative party, after struggling to keep an undue share of the representation, will find themselves left in the end with less than their due share of it. If so, they will, I think, have established one more claim to be deemed the Stupid Party. Certain it is that minority representation will not be thrust upon minorities who express no hearty wish for it. For good and for evil, our Legislature is accustomed to measure men's needs by their importunities.—I am, Sir, &c., M.

BEARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I point out that the writer of the article on "Beards," in your paper of November 3rd, has mistaken the force of the sayings which, according to William of Malmesbury and Wace, were exchanged between Harold and the English spy before the great battle? They have nothing to do with the beard strictly so called—that is the hair on the chin—but with the hair on the upper lip, now called a "moustache," but which in

Sir Roger de Coverley's day still kept its true name of "whiskers."

I have explained the matter in two or three places in my "History of the Norman Conquest;" but nothing is needed but to look at the Bayeux Tapestry. The notion about beards as a distinction between English and Normans comes, I imagine, from the romantic account given by Matthew Paris of William-with-the-Long-Beard, in the time of Richard I., an account widely different from that given by the contemporary writers, and which Thierry naturally improved into a wilder version still.

In the Tapestry, William and Harold, and the mass of their respective countrymen, are all alike beardless. The difference is that the English, while shaving the rest of the face, left the hair on the upper lip; the Normans cut off that also. The spy therefore says:—"Pene omnes in exercitu illo presbyteros videri, quod totam faciem, *cum utroque labio*, rasam haberent." "Angli enim superius labrum pilis incessanter fructicantibus intonsum dimittunt, quod etiam gentilitium antiquis Britonibus fuisse Julius Cæsar asseverat, in libro Belli Gallici." The words "pene omnes" are to be noticed. While the Tapestry shows that the generation represented by Harold and William shaved both in England and in Normandy, it seems to show further that the fashion was a new one in both countries. A few elderly men on each side wear their beards. Conspicuous among them is King Edward, who, as we know from his biographer, had a white beard, and who most likely represents a Norman rather than an English fashion. And "Barbatus" is an occasional nickname in the days of the Conquest, showing that the beard, though it was marked as singular, had not wholly gone out of use.

As for "the conquerors of Senlac imposing their custom of shaving upon the conquered," as for its being "one of the grievances of the English under their new masters that they were compelled to shave," there is nothing like it in any contemporary writer. Moreover the English were not "compelled" to do anything in such matters. They were largely influenced by Norman fashions, as the Normans were largely influenced by English fashions; but there was no compulsion either way.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Abbots Langley, November 8th. EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CHILDREN AND THEIR DINNERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—My attention has just been called to the letter of your correspondent "J. G. F.," in last week's issue, in which it seems that those of us who are engaged in the work of supplying free dinners to some of the poorest Board-School children are given very little credit for any judgment in the matter. I think it is right that your readers should know that this movement has not been commenced without all "definite and right principles," as is suggested by this writer. It is unfortunately too true, as stated, that "there is nothing exceptional in the condition of Lisson Grove, or in the prospect of the coming winter;" but is not this the best of reasons why some effort should be made to remedy an evil which is admitted to be general and chronic? Exception also appears to be taken to our dealing with this question otherwise than by a fully comprehensive scheme, including all elementary public schools in every district. Nothing would give us more pleasure than to see the "giving of gratuitous meals" to children on this "large scale." We await only the growth of public opinion, to make our operations all-embracing; but, meanwhile, should it not rather be some consolation to your alarmed correspondent that what he designates our "somewhat perilous experiment" is at present on a limited scale.

In commencing this movement, let me also state, we were anxious, though it was a work entirely outside its functions, to have the approval of the School Board; and on our plans being laid before the members of the Board for our district, in the informal way which was alone possible, we received, in two cases at least, the most hearty encouragement. The distribution of the tickets for the dinners, I am happy to state, is based on the "very full and accurate knowledge of the circumstances of the parents," that your correspondent was anxious should not be wanting. This is gained, not from the hard-worked masters—who, however, most kindly assist us in distributing the passes to the table, and in giving us the benefit of their advice—but from personal visitation of the homes of the children by ladies of our committee, who investigate the cases individually, and decide respecting their degrees of necessity. Much valuable information is also afforded by the zealous City missionaries who labour in this district. The "pleasure and gratitude of the little ones," it is certainly our good-fortune to see; but we also see the squalid home, the demoralising surroundings, the apology for meals, the beneficial effects of a little well-timed help, and the efforts made by the parents to do their part in the work. Nor is the much-dreaded possibility of pauperising the poor sufficient to frighten us from the path we have taken. Actual contact with these classes shows that this danger is not so great as it looks theoretically. Cases come to our notice of parents who, while expressing themselves as thankful for past help given their children, state that they are now in work, and ought no longer to avail themselves of the help of others. And if there is a danger of some occasional undeserving parent deriving a little advantage from the help given by others to a half-fed child, we are prepared to run it, in order to give a chance to the future generation of rising, through an education duly profited by, to higher things. These, then, are some of our "definite," if not "right principles,"—personal investigation into cases of suffering childhood by voluntary workers, direct help to the child in its educational work, and immediate action in a sphere limited only by the number and means at the disposal of the workers.

With regard to the publication of the accounts of our Society, I am rather at a loss to understand whether your correspondent is of opinion that our honorary secretary was remiss in not including a balance-sheet in the brief letter in which she drew attention to our existence. Such a course would have been somewhat novel, and perhaps premature, as the end of the financial year has not yet come. The full accounts, duly audited, will undoubtedly be published at the proper time, together with a Report of our doings, which I trust will have the widest possible circulation.

As to the composition of our Committee, it is not for me to attempt to show either that it is "thoroughly representative," or that it consists of "responsible persons who possess the public confidence."

The doubt suggested as to *our* responsibility by "J. G. F." comes somewhat oddly, surely, from one writing under the cover of initials. Some of our names you have been furnished with already, and in answer to this suggestion, I fear I must ask you to publish the names of the full Committee, as appended. And this, especially, as we are about to open a third dining-room (and, we hope, a fourth) in the neighbourhood of the Strand, for which we shall be thankful for further proofs of the public confidence in the shape of subscriptions.—I am, Sir, &c.,

HENRY E. ALLEN,
Treasurer of the Board-School Children's Free Dinner Fund.
44 Marlborough Hill, N.W., November 8th.

P.S.—The Committee consists of Mrs. H. E. Allen, 44 Marlborough Hill, N.W.; Mrs. Bruce, 6 Harewood Square, N.W.; Mrs. E. A. M. Gow, 27 Birchington Road, Kilburn, N.W.; Miss Packe, 20 Upper Berkeley Street, W.; Mrs. Pennington, 52 Loudoun Road, N.W.; Elliot Stock, Esq., Millfield Lane, Highgate Rise, N.; Mrs. Stock, Millfield Lane, Highgate Rise, N.; and H. E. Allen, LL.B.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE AND THE PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—A paragraph appeared in the *Spectator* of last Saturday on the Oxford Memorial concerning the University Physiological Laboratory. That part of it which affects Magdalen College appears to me to rest upon erroneous information, and as it is certainly calculated to spread an entirely false impression of the attitude of this College in the matter, I think it right to inform you of the actual facts, and to rely upon your sense of justice to publish the following account of the real state of the case:—

You appear to have been informed that the signatures were drawn from members in Oxford, and "a circle of about fifteen miles round." The fact is, that the signatures are not drawn exclusively from either the smaller or even the larger area, one of the so-called Magdalen signatures being that of a member of the Hereford Cathedral Choir, and that they are representative neither of the governing body of the College nor of the resident members.

The governing body of the College consists of the President and twenty-four Fellows; of these twenty-five, three alone have signed the memorial. The resident members, as shown by the

list of Congregation, number 22; of these 22, only six have signed.

Finally, as regards the last paragraph, it is true that Magdalen College has for years past had a physiological laboratory of its own, and it is further true that the University teaching of physiology has been carried on there, previous to the advent of Dr. Burdon Sanderson, for years past under a Government licence, with the full and express consent of the whole governing body of the College; a fact which is indeed significant, but hardly in the way you appear to have been informed.—I am, Sir, &c., EDWARD CHAPMAN,

Fellow and Senior Tutor in Natural Science of Magdalen College.

Magdalen College, Oxford, November 14th.

[We are sorry to find we have been misinformed, if we have been misinformed; but we had high local authority for our statements; and we wish Magdalen College had deserved better the credit we gave it.—ED. *Spectator*.]

THE NON-RESIDENTIAL COUNTY FRANCHISE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—The non-residential county franchise has a value which the *Spectator* is not likely to depreciate as merely sentimental. It provides a kind of political anchorage in the old home; and in this aspect it is directly recognised by the existing law. The freehold qualification devolving by inheritance or bequest admits of earlier registration than that acquired by purchase.

Cases may occur in which the franchise derived from bequest may bear some resemblance to faggot-voting; but these are exceptional and temporary, as when a testator bequeaths his freehold to his children share and share alike, with power to his executors to hold or sell at their discretion. The ordinary non-residential franchise is, however, generally that of the inheritors of real property whose callings or circumstances oblige them to live elsewhere. In less frequent, but not unusual, instances, fathers provide their sons with a county qualification at home, for the maintenance of which nothing more is required than attention to the Register.

Rightly or wrongly, most men would hold such a franchise in higher value than a householder's vote, say, for the old, undivided Tower Hamlets when I was on the Register, at the elections of 1857 and later years. The bond of home, or county, association was then, as I know, and is still, as I believe, strong in London life; and Liberals may cling to the franchise on personal, as well as on historical grounds.

It is probable that any proposal for the abolition of the non-residential franchise would allow some limit of residence beyond the county boundaries, and that thus my own vote for West Worcestershire would be safe, even though I live (to quote your Waterford correspondent) in the "unintelligible county" of Hereford. (We had imagined the tenant-farmers' return of Mr. Duckham in 1880 to be very distinctly intelligible.) But I also hold the franchise for North Warwickshire, by an inheritance a hundred years old, and I do not see that sound Liberal principles require me to sacrifice this.

The distinction between *bona fide* freeholds and faggot-vote manufactories is evident, and is admitted in the *Spectator* article of this week. With the abolition of payment for travelling expenses, a sufficient security will have been obtained against the mere party manipulation of non-resident county votes; and even Mr. Fawcett, I trust, may allow us to retain our historical rights in peace.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. SIMCOX LEA.

Tedstone Delamere Rectory, Worcester, November 12th.

[The abolition of payment for travelling expenses does not in the least interfere with the manufacture of faggot votes. The rich, who chiefly enjoy these votes, would cheerfully travel far at their own expense to record them.—ED. *Spectator*.]

POETRY.

POETS, AND POETS.

I KNEW a poet,—one with eyes of laughter,
A face like a sun-smile, eager as a boy,
Singing as the birds sing, trusting the Hereafter:
I knew a poet, and his name was Joy!

I knew a poet, who had eyes for beauty,
Piercing the cloud-mists, reaching over Death,
Sounding the world's song, like a hymn of duty:
I knew a poet, and his name was Faith!

One there was also, gentle as a woman,
Walking the sunless alleys of the city,—
One all-compassionate, eloquently human:
I knew a poet, and his name was Pity!

But these with their loveless tissue of fair weaving,
These with the joyless musical refrain;
These letting life go, blind and unbelieving;
These looking earthward only, and in vain;

These that have lain in the poppy flowers waving,
Grown where the fields turn wilderness and bare;
These with the look-back, and the lotus-craving;
These with the thin, self-echo of despair;

These ever straining after days that were not,
These with their reckless abandonment of youth;
These that restrain not, wonder not, revere not,—
These are no Poets, or there is no Truth.

RENNELL RODD.

LYRICS OF PERICLES.—III.*

VIII.—ODE TO NEPTUNE.

GOD of the steed and the spear and the Ocean,
Speed thou our barks o'er the wandering foam;
Steer us by reef, and by headland and island,
Outward and onward, and inward and home;
Hail to thee, Neptune! great Neptune, all hail!

Shaker of Earth and upheaver of Water,
Father of Triton and brother of Jove,
Thou at whose bidding Troy rose as a palm-tree,
Under whose branches her warriors strove,
Hail to thee, Neptune! great Neptune, all hail!

Saturn begat thee, and Saturn devoured thee,
But to restore thee to mystical birth;
Neptune some style thee, some call thee Poseidon,
Many thy names as the races of Earth:.
Hail to thee, Neptune! great Neptune, all hail!

Deep in the sea lies thy palace at Ægæ,
Whence thou arisest to ride on the wave,
Yoking thy golden-maned, brazen-hoofed coursers,
Mighty to ruin, but powerful to save;
Hail to thee, Neptune! great Neptune, all hail!

Clouds as thou biddest them gather and scatter,
Come at thy whisper and fly at thy nod;
Look then on us that bow down at thine altars,
King of the Ocean, the Mariners' God!
Hail to thee, Neptune! great Neptune, all hail!

IX.—THE DREAM OF PERICLES.

I am called, so thou would'st know,
Dian of the silver bow;
And, while slumber seals thine eyne,
Bid thee list the voice divine:
Seek out mine Ephesian shrine;
And, before mine altar set,
When my maiden priests are met,
Tell them all that happed to thee,—
How Thaisa died at sea,
Tell,—and leave the rest to me.
Dream-like then thy woes shall seem;
So arise, and heed the dream!

X.—THANKSGIVING ODE.

Enthroned upon a silver beam
Of perfect light,
Our lady reigns as doth beseem
The Queen of Night!
Whate'er thy pastime is,
Dian or Artemis,—
Whether as huntress fair and free,
With strong limbs bared in symmetry,
On sylvan heights the chase thou followest,—
Or veiled, and cold, and pure,
Distillest moonlight for the thirsting flowers,
Receive this hymn of ours,
Offered to thee, our sorrow's royal cure,
In that thou pitiest!

* Written for a proposed musical production of Shakespeare's play of *Pericles*, arranged by Mr. John Coleman.

To thee the grace, white friend of men,
For life restored,
And wife and daughter given again
To sire and lord;
To thee the glory is,
Dian and Artemis!—
Reigning a goddess chrysolite,
Encentred in thy palace-light,
Through thy fair moon the tides thou governest;
And from thy radiant throne,
All woman, bending to our passionate prayer,
Hast sent some spirit rare,
To give us back our jewels for our own,
Plucked from the spoiler's breast.

October, 1883. HERMAN MERIVALE.

(Concluded.)

ART.

"PHIZ."

THERE is an unpretending little exhibition, at the Rooms of the Fine-Art Society in Bond Street, which should be seen by those who are interested in English art. The works exhibited are all by the late Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz," and consist of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, and studies, mostly in monochrome, for the illustration of various books. For the oil paintings and water-colour drawings but little can be said, and they may be dismissed with the remark that in neither medium did Mr. Browne attain to any great skill of workmanship or beauty of colour. Certain qualities of grace, gentleness, and pleasant fancy may, indeed, be found in these, as well as in the monochrome designs; but, speaking generally, the moment that Mr. Browne began to work upon a large scale, and to attempt to give his work the solidity and importance of a finished painting, his failure was complete. About six inches by four was his favourite size, or, at least, it was within such narrow limits that his best work was done. How good that work was, especially when we remember the state of art at the time that it was executed, has seldom been recognised; and it is probable that the very popularity of the works of Dickens, to the illustration of which Mr. Browne devoted his chief labours, in some measure swept out of sight the delicate power and vivid imagination of the artist.

Book illustration must almost inevitably (when the book dealt with is a story) resolve itself into a choice between the surrender of the artist or the author—of the two, one must ride behind; and in a case like that of Dickens and "Phiz" there could be no doubt which of the two that would be. It is curious to notice how, throughout these illustrations (*Dombey*, *Bleak House*, *David Copperfield*) the artist's vision seems to have been dependent entirely upon that of the author, and that where Dickens has presented a feebly conceived, priggish, or conventional character, "Phiz," too, has only been able to draw a puppet of a similar kind. Compare, for instance, the portraits of Captain Cuttle and Lady Dedlock and Miss Flite, with those of Florence Dombey and David Copperfield, and it will be seen at once how extreme was the dependence in which Mr. Browne stood to his author, and how instant a recourse he had to the most conventional types, when Dickens had failed to make his characters stand out clearly.

But this by the way; it is more necessary to point out in what lay the chief artistic power of Mr. Browne's illustrations, only bearing in mind that their great value *quâ* illustrations, was the perfect equality with which they kept pace with the mind of the author. For it seemed to be equally natural to "Phiz" to be grave or gay, lively, pathetic, or even terrible; and for an artist who habitually lived in an atmosphere of slight and, we had almost said, trivial fancies, it was little less than marvellous to be possessed of such tragic power as there is in the drawings of "On the Dark Road," "Found," and (finest of all) "A New Meaning in the Old Roman."

Looking at "Phiz's" drawings as a whole, their great merits appear to us to consist in the union of two qualities which are rarely found in combination,—the dramatic and the tender, and all his finest work can be traced to its origin in this combination. It is not our intention in saying this to overlook his technical excellence as a suggestive draughtsman, any more than we intend to enter upon a disquisition against the frequently conventional types of his faces and figures, against their impossibly small feet and hands, their marvellously long, thin legs, or any other similar details. It must be always remembered, in thinking of such matters, and of his work done for purposes of illustration (and mainly humorous illustration) at this period, that the border-line between caricature and humour was by no means so broadly marked as it is at the present time; that the old caricaturists of the early part of the century had left traces of their presence in the theory that to be funny it was necessary to be grotesque, if not monstrous; and if all other means of exciting a laugh should fail, recourse must be had to an impossibly big head on an absurdly under-sized body. He who forgets this, loses the key to the right understanding of the drawbacks in the art of all such men as Seymour, Cruikshank, and "Phiz," and would be apt to attribute to personal deficiency what was merely the result of unfortunate tradition.

It seems to us that against this tradition "Phiz" was always struggling, and very frequently struggling in vain. His comic illustrations, broadly speaking, are failures. They are exaggerated beyond a degree to which we are in this age accustomed. Mr. Kenwigs weeping over the little Kenwigses, on the celebrated occasion of the marriage of Mr. Lillyvick, for example, does not strike us as funny, because it is so incredibly burlesque, the action is exaggerated beyond the bounds of reason. But it is worth while to note that this very illustration is a splendid example of "Phiz's" power,—his dramatic power we mean, though it turns drama into burlesque. Take any of the finer drawings to *Dombey* or *Bleak House*, and the same dramatic instinct will be found in each, coupled with a gentleness and almost tenderness of feeling, such as we can hardly estimate too highly. It is not that the illustrations are only well composed from the pictorial point of view, they are also well "set" (if we may use a technical stage word) from the theatric point. Almost any one of these pictures might be placed upon the stage without altering one piece of furniture, one action or combination of the figures. In many of them, even of the best, this dramatic quality, in which resides much of their power, goes far to render that power unavailing, or at least to weaken its effect. An unkind critic might say, with a good deal of truth, that the glare of the footlights was "over them all;" that at best it was but a spurious, second-hand nature that "Phiz" depicted. To a certain extent, this would be true, but not altogether, for frequently it seems to us that where his dramatic power is beginning to degenerate into mere staginess, his instincts of grace and tenderness step in, and save the work. His female figures are, no doubt, in shape and feature conventional to the last degree, and their actions of surprise, abandonment, or disdain, smack of the "Surrey Side;" but they are very certainly and fully women, and are touched with so gentle a hand that we forgive them their almost imbecile prettiness.

We will not dwell here upon what was undoubtedly the great defect in "Phiz's" illustrative work, *i.e.*, its frequent vulgarity. This speaks for itself, and the only interesting question with regard thereto is, to how great an extent it arose from the artist's sympathy with the mind of the great writer in the illustration of whose works he spent the best part of his life. Certain it is that, as we have hinted before, the artist was very dependent for his point of view upon the author, and where Dickens was mawkish, sentimental, affected, or genteel, "Phiz" was apt to reflect his shortcomings in an exaggerated degree.

It seems almost absurd to speak of "Phiz's" work, without comparing it in some way with that of his great rival, George Cruikshank; but this notice grows over-long already, and we have but space for a word on this subject. Cruikshank was a great *artist*, and "Phiz" a great *designer*,—that is the difference, the ultimate difference between them. The one could create a character, the other could arrange it. Fagin and Bill Sykes are as perfect in their pictures by Cruikshank as they are in the words of Dickens; but just think for an instant of what an *entourage* "Phiz" would have given us for Fagin and Sykes, as compared with the bare scenes in which Cruikshank has placed them.

And again, in their chief excellencies these men supplied one another's deficiencies, rather than rivalled each other. Cruikshank was funny, grimly, it is true, but still with a broad, vulgar, English fun, which left no bad taste in the mouth, and savoured of the pantomime and the red-hot poker. But "Phiz" was burlesque without being funny, and though he was sometimes droll, as a rule his humour is of the satirical kind, and rather withers those upon whom it is directed. And the tragedy of the one man was also of a wholly different kind to that of the

other. Cruikshank's was an intense personal tragedy, in which one felt almost as if the artist were akin to George Eliot in his power of realising and analysing character; but "Phiz's" tragedy was of an outside, impersonal kind, and related to the scene and the subject, rather than to any special actor therein. He neither cared for Lady Dedlock nor Mr. Tulkinghorn in the way that his brother-artist cared for Fagin and Sykes, but he cared very much for the chances which the lady and the lawyer gave him, of sketching one dead at the gate of the miserable City churchyard, and the other beside his library-table, with the old allegorical figure pointing down upon him from the ceiling, with a new meaning in its outstretched finger.

BOOKS.

MR. FLINDERS PETRIE ON THE PYRAMIDS.*

No one interested in Egyptian archæology can fail to profit by the study of the exact, sober, and luminous account of the Pyramids of Gizeh, which Mr. Petrie, with some aid from the Royal Society, has recently published. Professor Piazzi Smyth, whose theories have been so much laughed at, was the first to explore the Pyramids in a truly scientific manner; and Mr. Gill's geodetic survey is justly characterised in the present volume as surpassing all previous work in its accuracy. But Mr. Petrie's own labours have been on a scale hitherto unattempted. Piazzi Smyth left the serious task of triangulation untouched, and Mr. Gill's operations were begun and concluded within the scanty space of three days. Mr. Petrie spent nine months at Gizeh, living in a tomb, contented with the hardest fare, and in almost complete seclusion from intercourse with Europeans. Ten hours of the twenty-four were occupied with theodolite and measuring-tape, or in superintending the excavations, and the subsequent paper-work of each day was not usually completed until midnight. The result is the present exhaustive treatise, which cannot fail to give a powerful impetus to the study of Egyptian archæology in this country, where, for the last two or three decades, it has fallen into a neglect which does us little credit.

The pathetic anxiety of the ancient Egyptians that the body should be preserved from decay, and the tomb be within easy distance of home, was amply met by the situation of the vast necropolis of the Memphic nome. Occupying the tract of desert bordering upon the cultivable district that stretched north and south of the capital of the third dynasty, no part of it was more than a few miles distant from the towns, villages, and homesteads that dotted the broad, fertile plain. The line of counterscarp of the great plateau of the Libyan Desert, running almost true north, served as a barrier against the penetration westward of the annual inundation. Along its base the traveller may still walk with one foot in the green *bersim* of the irrigated fields, and the other in the loose sand that has blown over the edge of the plateau, to accumulate in shifting masses below. In such a resting-place the dead knew no change, and the soul could await without dread the moment of its reunion with the body.

The Great Pyramid stands upon a limestone pavement, extending from 529 to 627 inches beyond the foot of the smooth-surfaced casing which originally covered the four faces. The pavement itself rests upon an uneven foundation of somewhat larger area, excavated out of the underlying nummulitic limestone, which, with alternating tracts of sandstone, forms the basis of the great Libyan Desert beneath the ridges of wind-driven sand, separated by broad, hollow valleys, that give it its peculiar character. Hitherto the measurements of explorers had not shown the base of the Pyramid to be a perfect square, but Mr. Petrie's profounder researches and exacter measurements enabled him to determine it to be practically a true square, with a side of 9,063·8 inches, exhibiting the wonderfully small mean error of ·65 inch in length, and 12″ in angle. Upon this extraordinary accuracy of these primæval builders, in conjunction with other considerations, Mr. Petrie has demonstrated the falsity of the accretion theory, which holds that the Pyramids were designed upon a smaller plan, to be afterwards gradually added to. The whole discussion is well worthy of perusal, and affords an admirable example of the means and methods of the author. The theory never had probability to recommend it, for to an Egyptologist the idea of an early monarch purposely half building his tomb in order that it might be indefinitely enlarged by his successors (who would have their own tombs to look after), is nothing less than an absurdity. Mr. Petrie estimates the number of stones accumulated in the Great Pyramid at 2,300,000, weighing, on an average, 2½ tons each. The granite beams of the Kings' Chamber weigh between 50 and 60 tons. No representation of the mode in which these huge and huger masses were lifted into position is afforded by the monuments, and ancient authors are silent upon the subject, save so far as they refer to a machine made of short pieces of wood. Mr. Petrie's ingenious supposition that the allusion is to a method of resting the stones upon piles of wooden slaps, and "rocking them up alternately to one side and the other by a spar under the block, thus heightening the piles alternately, and so raising the stone," is a legitimate explanation of the mystery; the more so in that, as Mr. Petrie shows, even the fifty-ton beams could be dealt with in such a manner that only five tons' weight would have to be raised at once, which could easily be done by ten men with crowbars, so that sixty men might raise the whole of them in one year. Almost every stone is carefully dressed and levelled; so accurate, indeed, is the workmanship, that very commonly the joints, filled with cement, are not more than one-fiftieth of an inch in width. In addition, the proofs are numerous that every block was marked for position while on the ground, not trimmed after having been got into place, showing how carefully and exactly the whole structure must have been planned before a single block was "rocked-up" into its proper niche. As to the time occupied in the building of Khufu's Pyramid, Mr. Petrie's calculations go to substantiate the account given by Herodotus, that 100,000 men were employed twenty years during three months of each year in bringing over the materials from the Mokattam and Turra ranges, on the east side of the Nile. The three months, no doubt, would be those of the inundation, beginning about the end of July, when the stones could be brought over on rafts. No great hardship, as Mr. Petrie acutely points out, would be involved in a requisition of labour during a portion of the year, when all agricultural operations in ancient Egypt were at a stand-still, and when the means of transit were afforded by the inundation which, in the days of the fourth dynasty, probably almost touched the base of the Gizeh plateau. His examination of the extensive remains of masonry that lie hidden under the sand behind the Pyramid of Khafra, hitherto regarded as a mere heap of waste and rubbish, shows them to be the débris and ruins of the thick rubble walls of a series of galleries, that were doubtless roofed over with straw and mud to serve as barracks for the masons, some three or four thousand of whom may have been thus housed. These men, with the attendant labourers, would represent the permanent charge imposed upon the population by the building of the Great as well as of the Second Pyramid; and if the masons received wages as well as their food, the theory that the Pyramids were the outcome of a vast and cruel oppression would vanish. The accuracy of the base-contours and of the angles of the Pyramids of Khufu and Khafra leads to the expectation of equal accuracy on the part of the builders in the orientation of the faces. And Mr. Petrie's observations, in effect, show that the orientation of the Great Pyramid, like that of the second, is only about 5′ west of north, a difference amply accounted for by the change that has taken place in the direction of the earth's axis since the date of their construction. Both architect and masons knew their business and did their work faithfully.

The importance of the precision with which the survey recorded in this volume was made is constantly brought home to the reader. It has always, for instance, been a favourite theory that the so-called Queen's Chamber was intended to hold the blocks which, it was supposed, were required to plug the ascending passage. Mr. Petrie's measurements, however, render the theory wholly untenable, and his conclusion that the Queens' Chamber was the sepulchre of the co-regent of Khufu is probably the right one. In fact, it is more than doubtful whether the passages were ever plugged up at all. The device is *a priori* a somewhat coarse one to attribute to the builders of such structures as the Pyramids. Strabo's account of the entrance to the Great Pyramid, cited by Mr. Petrie, is as follows:—"The Greater [Pyramid], a little way up one side, has a stone that may be taken out, which being raised up, there is a sloping passage to the foundations." Mr. Petrie's researches place this description in a new and instructive light, and render it almost certain that a stone door or portcullis is alluded to, like the one of which he examined the traces in the South Pyramid of

* *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh.* By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London: Field and Tuer. 1883.

Dahshur. On the eleventh of the plates appended to the volume, diagrams will be found of both doors. The stone, which a pull of five hundredweight would suffice to turn, would form part of the casing, and, on being replaced, would leave no sign of the passage. To the Romans in Strabo's time the secret of the door was known, but the Arabs could not discover it, and Mamun, in consequence, was obliged to force an entrance below.

With Mr. Petrie's valuable and interesting discussion of the various numerical theories that have been propounded in connection with his subject, we have no space to deal. They in no way affect the tombic theory of the Great Pyramid, which is accepted as the only possible one. We are equally obliged to content ourselves with a mere reference to the instructive chapter on the mechanical methods of the Pyramid builders, while we must leave the three appendices, treating of the discrimination and elimination of observational error, to the criticism of mathematicians and metrologists.

The Great Pyramid is the oldest and the most perfect of all. Mr. Petrie has made it quite clear that it was planned as a whole (save, possibly, some portions of the interior) before a stone was lifted into position. How are we to account for so magnificent an idea starting into being, in all its perfection and grandeur, as it were at a bound? We cannot account for it in the present state of our knowledge. When Memphis could boast of the grandest necropolis the world has ever known, Egypt was not in her youth. An intricate social hierarchy held together the various classes of her people. She had reached a high pitch of civilisation, shown, if by nothing else, by the honour in which the art of writing was held, and by the minute accuracy of her records, from those of the State down to those of a farm. Perhaps a dozen feet, perhaps two dozen feet, under the existing surface of Nile mud the clue to the solution of the mystery will some day be found, profounder and earlier strata of Egyptian history will be explored, and in the vestiges of a period long anterior to that of the Memphite Kings, we shall be enabled to read the very beginnings of a civilisation the grandeur of which becomes more manifest as our knowledge of it increases in fullness.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S NEW NOVEL.*

THERE are two novelists of the day who, while they do not resemble each other in any other respect, equally possess the power of blending romance with reality, and whose works consequently stand apart from the mere mundaneness and materialism that are growing characteristics of modern fiction. These exceptional writers are Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Clark Russell. The student of "all sorts and conditions of men" is the most realistic of our writers, and also the most purely and brightly romantic. The author who made his mark by *The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'* and has deepened it by his subsequent works, puts the lives and the ways of seamen before us with unadorned plainness, while he interprets the awful voice of the ocean, and presents its wonderful pictures with force, poetry, and fancy. It is not surprising that a writer who puts his heart, soul, and conscience into his work, as Mr. Clark Russell does, resents the handling of his theme, under its sublime or its humble aspects, by writers who have no real knowledge of either, and insists upon the claims of the true sailor to be studied and understood by us—an island people, with an ocean empire—and "no longer to be confounded with the cockneys, and tailors, and fresh-water shell-backs, who clap on his overalls and sicken their stomachs with his quids, and scrape to us, from the stage or in novels, under the patronage of largely-advertised reputations." It is not surprising that he dislikes and despises the summer-sea and white-wings line of would-be nautical narrative, with its flavour of flirtation and French wines, and its feebly-imitative sea talk, as much like the real thing as the men who utter it are like Tom Bowling. He offers to healthier appetites stronger food; to the few who are still susceptible to the charms of romance, a story which will take hold of them, as the *Red Rover* took hold of its readers in its time; to those who like to get at the outcome of true knowledge and long experience, a narrative that will make them realise the lives, the responsibilities, and the risks of our merchant seamen, in a way that ought to be acceptable to all.

The story of *A Sea Queen* is told in the first person, with success that rarely attends that form of narrative, and is due to the simplicity of the style and also to the fine avoidance of self-consciousness on the part of the supposed narrator, whose share in the quick succession of events is contrived with skill and boldness. We acknowledge that we do not know whether Mr. Clark Russell does or does not intend us to believe that his Sea Queen had any real existence. He says, "The lady who has told you her story resided, up to a recent period, in South Shields. As for her narrative, I had it from her lately and in small bits at a time, and my memory may have failed to give it all the colour and exactness I found in her relation of it. . . . . We have been praising sailors so long, that some may think it is about time that we gave their wives a turn." All this may be only the artfulness of the author, and he may smile at our credulity if we profess faith in a real Jessie Fowler; we may, at least, say that we hope, for the sake of some such men as the father and the husband of the author's Sea Queen, there once was a woman who did these deeds, or the like of them. She is a heroine of romance, to stir the fancy, a heroine of reality, to elevate the mind and cheer the heart; from first to last we follow her story,—with its homely tone, its frank simplicity, its true, honest, matter-of-course affections and straightforward views of duty counterbalancing its wild and wonderful incidents of peril, terror, and daring,—with unflagging interest. The tale begins admirably; the writer giving us a taste of his finest quality in the grand description of the mouth of the Tyne in a gale, and the simply pathetic episode of the death of Jessie's mother,—killed by the 'longshore agony of suspense so bravely borne, and when the husband is safe by her side, and the daughter whose youthful terror she had soothed with such loving self-repression, is rejoicing. The talk of the old sailors and fishermen—the "sea-porkypines," to quote Peggotty—is quite convincing; we have never heard it, but we recognise it just as we recognise George Eliot's peasants' talk at the "Red Cow." The gathering of the gale, the ways of the place and the people, are all drawn with a masterly hand.

Of course, we know that Captain Richard Fowler, Jessie, his brave and loving young wife, and the barque 'Aurora,' which is described with admiring minuteness, are to come to and out of terrible grief, and from the first the grim shadow of mutiny at sea is forecast upon the voyage that is to realise the dream of Jessie's childhood. Before that voyage is undertaken, however, Jessie undergoes a more ordinary trial. It is only a baby's death; but the incident is so simply told, the relief of the bereaved mother, when her husband returns and she can tell her grief to him, is made so touching, that the reader feels the author's power as keenly in the following passages as in the grander scenes of trouble and danger that come apace and amain:—

"If ever I had dreaded telling Richard of our loss, I had now no other sense of that fear than to reproach myself for having felt it. It soothed me unspeakably to pour out my heart to him, as I sat nestling at his side, earnestly and tenderly watched by his loving eyes. For in spite of my father's touching, simple, consoling sympathy, I had felt myself alone with my grief. There was only one person in the whole wide world who could truly share it, and he had been away when my anguish was greatest. . . . . I could not expect that Richard should feel as I did. . . . . Yet there was deep disappointment in his face, and such a sorrow as must arise in the heart of a man who could see with his soul's eye the love that had come and vanished in his absence, that had been as real as life and beauty could make it, and yet no more than a dream to him either. . . . . The baby's resting-place was marked by a cross, with that sweet sentence, 'Jesus called a little child unto Him,' carved on the steps. . . . . When my husband came to the spot where our baby lay, he stood looking without speaking, touched to the heart by the littleness of the grave and the sight of his and my name upon the cross, and the age of the lost one, 'Five months and one week.' He then took his hat off, and knelt down, and said a prayer, by the resting-place of his child whom he had never seen, whom he loved, yet could only think of as a spirit. Never did death appear to me so great a mystery and miracle as at that time."

Mr. Clark Russell enlists his readers' sympathies for the Sea Queen long before she earns that title by revealing her true womanliness, her sweet, loving, pious nature. There is no harshness in her heroism; there is no repellent boldness in her resolute good-sense and fearlessness; the feminine aspect of her character is only elevated by danger and hardship, it is never obscured. In the delineation of Jessie the author has achieved a greater literary success than he has hitherto had to score; while the story of the voyage and loss of the 'Aurora,' with the subsequent adventures of the captain and his wife on board the fever-stricken ship, is equal in interest and superior in construction, to *The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor.'*

Shipwreck, fire at sea, and mutiny, are materials with which a skilled artisan of fiction may work over and over again, without fear of exhausting the interest of his readers; those who feel

* *A Sea Queen.* By W. Clark Russell. London: Sampson Low and Co.

the thrill and the excitement of such themes will not tire of them; those who do not, will not read sea stories—real sea stories, we mean—at all. Of these three terrors of the sea, we have examples in Mr. Clark Russell's present work; and the third is invested with peculiar dread by the presence of a solitary woman in the doomed ship. It seems to us that the one weak point in this powerful story is the motive of the mutiny. It may be our own 'long-shore dullness makes us fail to see the author's full meaning—in that case, the fault is ours—but we certainly do not perceive what the villainous mate and his rascally associates had to gain by their mutiny, that would have compensated for the risk at which only they could have forced the captain to return into port, had not the fire that led to the abandonment of the 'Aurora' broken out. The villainy of Heron is too much of a *parti pris*, the hints of his character are premature; his light-red beard and moustache, his pale-blue shifty eyes, his face "without an atom of *weather* in it," are all danger-signals, indications as plain and as stagey as the scarlet cloak and the cock's feather of Mephistopheles.

From first to last the interest of the story steadily rises, and the noble nature and gallant conduct of the Sea Queen take an increasing hold upon the reader's admiration. And then how delightful is the seamanship to us who know nothing at all about it. How doubly delightful it must be to readers who do know, and therefore get out of it much more than the general sense of breeziness and bustle, dash and danger, combined with practical promptitude and all-thereishness, which it conveys to our ignorance. There are chapters in this book of extraordinary beauty, full of the music and the majesty of the sea; descriptions that are pictures and poems, to which the reader will turn back when he has read the story, and felt the truth and quaintness of the sketches of sailor-life and character. Putting all the rest aside, he will study these chapters with deep delight, like that which is brought to him by the wind and the waves, when on a lonely shore he looks and listens.

THE AUTHOR OF "TULLOCHGORUM."*

This is not the first biography that has appeared of the modest, scholarly, genial, but withal sagacious, Episcopalian divine, who found time, in the midst of varied labours and in spite of an almost life-long fight with poverty, to write what Burns has styled "the best Scotch song Scotland ever saw." The pious affection of his son, Bishop John Skinner—himself a worthy and even in some respects remarkable man—raised a cairn to his memory in the publication of his miscellaneous works accompanied with a memoir two years after his death, in 1809. In 1859, also, Mr. H. G. Reid, then of Peterhead, now of Middlesborough, published an edition of Skinner's songs and poems, with a biography. But this new work will be warmly welcomed by all who appreciate this fine, old Christian Horatian who contrived to be happy and even gay on the scantiest stock of Falernian, and who, when his little experiment in the way of a Sabine farm came to grief, wisely made merry over his misfortune. The Rev. Mr. Walker, its author, does justice, not only to the man, but to the singular struggle of Episcopalianism in the North of Scotland, in which Dean Skinner took a courageous part. He presents, as he says, "the spectacle of a poor, disestablished, and disendowed Church engaged in a death-struggle with a great and powerful State, each encroaching more or less on the province of the other; the State refusing full toleration to religion, and the Church refusing full toleration to politics; the State requiring 'forced prayer,' and the Church forbidding free-will prayers." Commendably free from provincialism, this biography may be found by lay readers a trifle too professional. Mr. Walker enters at unnecessary length into Skinner's exegetical writings, his views on the Schekinah, the Shem-al, Jehovah Tzebâôth, the Roes and Hinds of the Field, and the like. It is no doubt remarkable that a man of Skinner's strong sense should have embraced the fanciful system of Biblical interpretation broached by John Hutchinson—who, by the way, must not be confounded with his contemporary, Francis Hutcheson, of "moral sense" celebrity. Mr. Walker very happily compares the Hutchinsonians, who held that certain "capital words" of the Hebrew Bible, considered in their root-meaning, and apart from the modern and authoritative apparatus of vowel points, contained a key to "all religion and all philosophy," to the alchemists. But the less said about an eminent man's Cock Lane ghost, the better. No doubt, as Mr. Walker points out, Hutchinsonianism exercised a powerful influence on Skinner's life and pursuits, and through him on the views of most of the Northern Episcopal Clergy of the latter half of the last century. But how many readers of this biography can be affected by, or even interested in, Hutchinsonianism now? We have noticed one or two clerical and printer's errors in this volume; and one of the latter, the description (p. 37) of Skinner's poverty immediately after marriage as *res augusta domi*, would have tickled the fancy of the author of *The Stipendless Parson*, whose own creed and practice are thus expressed:—

> "In what little dealings he's forced to transact,
> He determines with plainness and candour to act,
> And the great point on which his ambition is set,
> Is to leave at the last neither riches nor debt."

But, on the whole, Mr. Walker's biography of Skinner is an admirable one, and as carefully executed as it is admirable. He is attached to his hero, and, indeed, proud of him. He demurs to Professor Geddes's description of him as "a far-off second to Burns,"—a description which is indeed to be objected to as involving a fundamentally unsound view of Skinner's position and speciality as a Scotch poet. At the same time, Mr. Walker does not overrate Skinner, nor is he guilty of the bad taste of depreciating Skinner's contemporaries, in order to do justice to his own favourite. Mr. Walker has also shown much discrimination in giving anecdotes of Skinner. There must be thousands of stories afloat about so genuine a humourist, who lived nearly threescore years and ten in one place, and who liked conviviality in moderation. Yet Mr. Walker has published only stories that are either thoroughly verifiable, or, which is the next best thing, are thoroughly good in themselves.

The story of the poet-parson of Linshart is well worth telling in any case. It is all the more deserving of record that Skinner's is one of those morally successful but essentially anonymous lives, of which only rather special circumstances enable the world to know anything whatever. In one of his charming letters to Burns, he tells the true story of his poetical celebrity thus:—"While I was young, I dabbled a good deal in these things; but on getting the black gown, I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted those effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions." This is typical of the man. Scotch and English verses were "squeezed out of him," to use his own phrase, by his daughters, or by brother-parsons. He wrote Latin poetry which some authorities have declared to be second only to Buchanan's, to amuse himself, or, as when his wife died at the age of eighty, to give expression to his feelings. It was owing to circumstances, including his own sufferings, that he became an ecclesiastical historian. From the beginning to the end of his long life of eighty-five years, John Skinner figures as the impersonation of courage and consistency. He was born in 1721, in a wild mountain parish about thirty miles from Aberdeen. His father was a Presbyterian schoolmaster, of the good old northern school of "dominies" that looked upon it as their chief business to train boys for the Aberdeen Colleges, and at one time it seemed likely that he would follow in his father's steps. He was educated at Marischal College, and did a little schoolmastering after leaving it. It was at this time, too, that he "dabbled" in verse-making. The most ambitious of his efforts were imitations of Pope, then all the rage. But he also wrote in Scotch, of, it must be allowed, an archaic and even unintelligible kind. The best poetical relic of this period of Skinner's life which Mr. Walker gives us consists of two lines:—

> "Say, Mercury, thou pretty little goddy,
> Since e'er thy speckled wings boro up thy body."

"Pretty little goddy" is very nearly as good an example of the quaint, peculiarly northern diminutive, as the ultra-Carlylian peasant's contemptuous description of the governing class in Scotland as "wee bits o' Scotch peerikies," or the lines of the Catholic priest Geddes, a contemporary of Skinner, beginning,—

> "There was a wee wifeikie, was comin' frae the fair,
> Had gotten a little drappikie, which bred her meikle care."

Skinner, however, for some reason which is not quite clear, abandoned Presbyterianism for Episcopalianism, knowing perfectly well the sacrifice he was making. As Mr. Walker says:

* *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Skinner, M.A., of Linshart, Longside, Dean of Aberdeen, Author of "Tullochgorum," &c.* By the Rev. William Walker, M.A., Monymusk. London: W. Skeffington and Son. 1883.

—"The parish school, with the parish church in the distance, vanished from his prospect at once and for ever. There was nothing to look to now but a tutorship in a family, to be followed in due time by the charge of an Episcopal congregation, furnishing congenial labour, but only a bare subsistence." Skinner became a tutor in Shetland, and married the daughter of the single Episcopal clergyman there. Nothing could have seemed more imprudent than such a marriage, but it brought Skinner the greatest happiness of his life. It even brought him promotion. The Bishop of Aberdeen, thinking that a man who was able to endure poverty was one worth giving a charge to in a troubled time, appointed him to the vacant charge of Longside, in 1742, and there he remained for sixty-five years, living in a thatched cottage named Linshart. Skinner's character was soon tested. The Rebellion of 1745 led to a persecution of the Episcopalian Clergy, then largely Jacobites, which was partly political and partly Presbyterian. Skinner was no Jacobite, but he suffered with and fought with tongue and pen for his brethren. His chapel was burned. His house was, in his absence, and while his wife was in childbed, entered into and plundered by soldiers. Finally, having lampooned his chief enemy, a fanatical "lady of rank," and her tool, a legal officer, he was in 1753 thrown into Aberdeen prison for evading the tyrannical Penal Act of 1748, which prohibited the Episcopalian Clergy from performing public worship in any house but their own, their audiences being limited to four persons beyond their families. Six months in gaol seems to have taught Skinner caution. At all events, when he came out of prison he was not openly persecuted; and evasions of the Penal Acts became more and more common. He was still under a cloud, however; and, with an increasing family, his struggle to make both ends meet out of his poor professional pittance was keen. But he had a heart and a wit above all misfortune. He threw himself with vigour, but without bitterness, into the Episcopalian controversies of the time, such as the forgotten one about "The Usages." He wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He became known as a writer of good verses in three languages, almost in spite of himself. He was famed as a delightful companion at dinner; the frugal hospitality of Linshart became the proverb of the country-side. He developed into the solicitor and doctor, as well as the preacher of his flock. He had the wisdom never to strain for more than a competence, and he never attained more. When he was in his eightieth year, a landed gentleman of his acquaintance desired to be permitted to add to his comfort. His reply was a rhymed epistle, with these lines as the key-note:—

> "Death at my door, and Heaven in my eye,
> From rich or great, what comfort now need I?"

Skinner lived to see the penal laws against his Church relaxed, and his favourite son Bishop of Aberdeen. In the house, and in the arms, of that son, surrounded by "three generations of his house," he passed gently away, on June 16th, 1807, at the ripe age of eighty-five. He was laid in the churchyard of Longside, by the side of her who had been his partner for fifty-eight years.

Skinner's correspondence with Burns was one of the most interesting episodes in his life, perhaps in the lives of both. It began in 1787. Burns had been rambling in the North, had been at Gordon Castle, and, without knowing it, had passed within four miles of "Tullochgorum's" residence. But in Aberdeen, and in the office of Mr. Chalmers, a printer, Burns met his son, the Bishop, who, with a naïveté which is a remarkable comment on the habits of the time, writes to his father,—"There was no help, but I must step into the inn hard by and drink a glass with him and the printer. Our time was short, as he was just setting off for the south; but we had fifty 'auld sangs' through hand, and spent an hour or so most agreeably." The Bishop, who described Burns as "a genteel-looking man, of good address, that talks with much propriety, as if he had received an academical education," duly transmitted to his father the junior poet's encomiums on "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn." To these Skinner responded in a rhymed letter, which Burns acknowledged as "the finest poetical compliment he ever got." It is more than that. It is, in a nutshell, one of the best criticisms on Burns that has ever been published. From both a literary and a religious point of view nothing better than this on "The Cottar's Saturday Night" has ever been said, though, unfortunately, Scotchmen only will thoroughly understand it:—

> "A piece so finished and so tight,
> There's nane o's a'·
> Could preachment timmer cleaner dicht,
> In kirk or ha'."

The question of the morality of Burns's poetry is thus disposed of with a kindly man-of-the-worldliness:—

> "You've naething said that looks like blan'er
> To fowk o' sense."

There is a world of meaning in the word "blan'er" as used here, and especially as coming from a man like Skinner, who could speak his mind on questions of morality freely enough when necessary, as when he told a friend of whose conduct he disapproved, and who apologised for shaking hands with his glove on,—"It's maybe the honester leather o' the twa." In the prose correspondence which followed between the poets, Skinner's letters look decidedly better than Burns's; perhaps poor Burns was too "passion-driven" at the time to write well. Skinner never sank the moralist in the writer of unconsidered trifles, and so urged Burns, while not neglecting Scotch song, not to "sheath his own proper and piercing weapon," and on this ground:—"One lesson of virtue and morality, delivered in your amusing style and from such as you, will operate more than dozens would from such as me, who shall be told it is our employment, and be never more minded; whereas, from a pen like yours, as being one of the many, what comes will be regarded." Then, again, was ever kind hint conveyed more artistically or with less of "the preaching cant" than in these words, with which Skinner closes one of his letters,—"Wishing you from my poet-pen all success, and in my other character all happiness and heavenly direction, I remain, with esteem, your sincere friend?"

Skinner is known to the world mainly by his "Tullochgorum" and his "Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn," and surely it is not necessary at this time of day to recommend the manly philosophy of the one, the gentle pathos of the other, or the unaffected directness of both, that went to the heart and the head of Burns. We are rather glad to find Mr. Walker calling an overwhelming host of witnesses to prove that Skinner's Ewie, so tragically done to death, was a real Ewie, and not a whiskey-still captured by an exciseman, as was wickedly believed when it first appeared, and as even Professor Minto seems to have believed in 1880, when writing on Scotch minor song-writers for Mr. T. H. Ward's *English Poets*. Our present purpose has been to deal with Skinner chiefly as a man; his best poems are to be found in every Scotch collection. Next to "Tullochgorum" and "The Ewie" comes "John o' Badenyon," a very good example of the Christian Horatianism, which we have already referred to as Skinner's differentia as a Scotch poet. Less known is his "Lizzie Liberty," a political poem, describing the courtship of "that black-eyed wanton witch" by "Dutch Mynheer," "John Bull," and "Donald Scot." Skinner's pawky humour, practical Conservatism, and directness of style all come out in his recommendation to Donald Scot:—

> "Now Donald tak' a frien's advice,
> I ken fu' well ye fain wad hae her;
> As ye are happy, sae be wise,
> And ha'd yo wi' a smackie frae her.
> Ye're wooin' at her, fain wad hae her,
> Coortin' her, will maybe get her,—
> Bonny Lizzie Liberty, there's ow'r mony wooin' at her."

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.*

With this book Mr. Turner has supplied a want which has long been keenly felt by the majority of the English-reading public. For this good deed he deserves thanks. Now, at any rate, the Englishman who knows nothing of the Russian language may obtain at least a partial insight into the Russian character, and may acquire some real knowledge of Russian literature. Inasmuch, however, as the book is the only one on the subject, it becomes a duty to draw attention to its faults,—faults due, for the most part, to what might be called the author's imperfect sense of perspective. Mr. Turner has not considered sufficiently the readers for whom he writes; or, it may be more just to say, that in his selection of Russian authors he follows Russian critics with a too unhesitating confidence. To exemplify our meaning by a parallel case, we would say that Klopstock occupies a far larger place in German histories of German literature than it would be well to give him in a history meant for English readers. Yet, as Mr. Turner has read widely and attentively, seemingly, too, without bias, and has given the reasons which determined his choice of authors, his position must be considered.

* *Studies in Russian Literature.* By Charles Edward Turner. London: Sampson Low and Co.

Inasmuch as Peter the Great was "the first to destroy the barriers that had so long isolated Russia from the rest of Europe," Mr. Turner begins his work by tracing the influence upon the Russian nation of Peter's civilising reign, and, accordingly, his first "study" is furnished by Lomonosoff (1711-1765). Further, from the time of Peter to that of the late Czar, the great Slav people has been engaged in assimilating the fruits of the civilisation of Western Europe. Cities have been built, canals dug, railways laid, trade extended; the legislative reform which Peter inaugurated by repealing the laws which condemned woman to a position of Asiatic inferiority to man, was crowned by the law which in 1861 gave freedom to the serf. Accordingly, Mr. Turner intended "to close this volume with the name of Lermontoff (1814-1851)." This is in outline a fair statement of Mr. Turner's conception, and when we add that he intends to devote a second volume to the Russian novel-writers of the present day, to Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Tourgénieff, and the others, the plan he formed may be discussed in its entirety.

In the premiss itself, we are compelled to disagree with him. Although it seems correct to say that with the reign of Peter the Great, and with the leaving-off of the caftan, Russia severed her connection with Asia, and began her career as a European nation; yet, as a matter of fact, the civilising influence was felt only by the nobility, and showed itself, even in the highest circles, only in a servile imitation of foreign habits, chiefly those of France. The nobles spoke French better than they spoke Russian, and some of them made it their boast that they did not even understand their mother-tongue. When this is considered together with the state of education and the conditions of life of all the other classes of the people, it is manifest that no literature worthy of the name could have come into being under such circumstances.

Now, this conviction of ours of the unimportance of Russian literature in the last century was only strengthened by reading Mr. Turner's book. It would have been a mistake, we think, in any case to have criticised writers who, at their best, merely reproduce the ideas of Western Europe, and who, at their worst, loudly proclaim themselves superior to their teachers; but to do this in a book meant for the general public—and that public one of a different nationality—is to commit a serious error of judgment. For this error in the plan necessitates a similar disproportion in the treatment of the individual writers. For instance, we cannot agree with Alsakoff, whom Mr. Turner quotes approvingly, when he writes that "Lomonosoff is the one true source of Russian literary activity." Even Poushkin, the greatest Russian authority, acknowledges that "in the poetry of Lomonosoff there is neither feeling nor imagination;" and an Englishman may therefore be pardoned for saying that a bombastical expression of commonplace morality is anything one may choose to call it, but is not poetry. Again, Mr. Turner speaks of Derzhavin's *Ode to God* as world-famous. Now, this adjective would be out of place were it applied to Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality*, but when verses are said to be *world-famous* which are hardly better than those of Mr. Robert Montgomery, the truth of the saying, "Qui dit trop, ne dit rien," is exemplified. In short, the first hundred-and-thirty pages of this book might have been compressed into ten with advantage.

From the present point of view, Russia belongs to Europe since the campaigns of Napoleon. With the national triumph, a pride in all things Russian sprang up; the despotism of French culture was thrown off, and the Russian language gradually took the place of French even in polite society. Now, for the first time, the stilts are discarded, the Russian trusts himself upon his own feet; the writer dares to be natural. True, he does not yet know his peculiar powers, has not yet discovered the real bent of his genius,—which may, indeed must, lead him to quite other tasks than those of artistic or literary production; but now at least the Slav writer, in revealing frankly his own nature, finds something characteristic to say, and we can afford to listen. In the life of one man we can follow this change. Everything written by Kriloff in the eighteenth century is worthless; the dramas he then wrote he himself afterwards burlesqued in *Prince Trumps*, and Pletneff showed critical acumen when he wrote, "Kriloff was first born to us in his fortieth year." Kriloff was forty years of age when, in 1809, he published his first volume of fables, and with these fables Russian literature begins. Now, too, several men whose talents cannot be denied, and one or two of whom may be said to possess genius, came to the front as writers. Kriloff, Poushkin, Gogol, Kolzoff, and Lermontoff were contemporaries, and the period of their literary activity lies between 1810 and 1850. As a critic of these authors, Mr. Turner leaves less to be desired; yet while desiring to give him all credit, we must, against our will, revise some of his verdicts, and place some of the writers in a different light. We have already done this in part as regards Kriloff, and it remains for us to draw attention to the distinguishing feature of his fables; many of them embody social lessons. One instance of this may be given:—"In 'The General Assembly,' the fox persuades the lion to install his relation the wolf as guardian of the sheep. With this arrangement all the other animals are satisfied, except the sheep, who were not consulted, although their opinion should first of all have been asked." This, Mr. Turner rightly says, is "the happiest of Kriloff's compositions," and from this it can be seen that the worth of these fables is chiefly relative. Yet it is no small merit to have been the first of Russian writers who was neither bombastical nor sentimental; it is noteworthy, too, that as soon as national feeling awoke in Russia, literature came to be looked upon as the means to a social reform. After Kriloff, we should wish to consider Poushkin, instead of taking Gogol, as Mr. Turner does. For Poushkin, like Kriloff, was an innovator, although a far more powerful and successful one. In Poushkin "the return to nature" is best exemplified. He has been called the Russian Byron, and the comparison has much to say for itself, although the Englishman is incomparably the greater. Both were of high birth, and both are memorable chiefly because of their personal initiative. Byron, we know, always praised Pope and Dryden, and his favourites exercised an unhappy influence upon all his earlier writings. So, too, in Poushkin the "return to nature" was not quite complete. As regards the expression, nothing more could be wished,—easy, natural, vigorous, his style is still a model; but, as regards the spirit, he does not—we say it with all respect for Mr. Turner's different opinion—he does not represent the centre current of Russian feeling and thought as completely as does Gogol. For an analysis of Poushkin's works, versified romances, dramas, &c., we must refer the reader to Mr. Turner's book.

Gogol we take to be the most characteristically Russian writer of this period, the best representative of the Slav genius. Whoever wishes to see what life in Russia was like before the abolition of serfdom, must go to his works. The best criticism of his novels may be found in an exclamation made by Poushkin after hearing Gogol read the first chapters of his *Dead Souls* (a serf was called a "soul" in Russia). "God, how miserable life is in Russia!" Gogol drew from life, and left portraits not likely to fade; the gloom of his pictures is relieved by touches of exquisite tenderness and no less perfect humour. His humour was delicate and tender at the same time; its value can scarcely be exaggerated; herein Gogol surpasses Dickens, to whom he has, with some reason, been compared.

There is yet another side of Gogol's character, which, reflected as it is in his writings, makes him, perhaps, the most interesting figure in all Russian literature to the English reader, we mean the nature of his religious enthusiasm, for "belief" were here too weak a word. It is this quality of his nature which is so distinctively and peculiarly Russian. Note how Gogol, when without a dinner for three or four days together, still denied himself in order to aid the destitute. Nor did riches when they came change his temper; he always found it "more blessed to give than to receive." Now, this is a strange creed to put into practice, and it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Turner speaks of the Russian's "unhealthy sensitiveness," of his "want of moderation in belief," of "unreasoning excess in thought and action," &c. The critic here betrays his English origin; he will not or cannot see in this immoderate and passionate longing for self-sacrifice anything good; yet this is the peculiar power of the Russian mind. The Englishman finds much to approve of in an immoderate and unreasoning love of what he is pleased to call "freedom," but his strong selfishness contemns self-sacrifice. His ideal is ever a Greatheart, who "takes the kingdom of Heaven by storm," rather than a St. Francis. It may seem strange to say it, yet it must be said that the true expression of the Russian genius will be found either in a new form of society or in a new birth in religion. For the Slav knows no hesitation in converting theory into practice; the ideal is to him the only reality. From this ecstatic love

of the ideal springs a scarcely less passionate self-contempt. Gogol burns the manuscript of the latter portion of his greatest work, and prays that his writings may be forgotten as "the products of a pitiable vanity." Now, when this feeling is manifested, as in Gogol's *Correspondence with My Friends*, Mr. Turner "can only regard the book as the production of a disordered and enfeebled intellect." Well, here are the two poles of feeling; may not the critic add that the Englishman, if he desire perfection, will yet have to learn of the Russian, or better still, will yet have to assimilate the New Testament as he has already assimilated the Old?

Want of space forbids us to speak of Kolzoff, who has been called the Russian Burns, and with Mr. Turner, we refer those who wish to know of him to an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1866. As for Lermontoff, we can only say that Mr. Turner has on the whole done him justice. With the freeing of the serf in 1861 a new era began, the outcome of which cannot yet be seen. The poetry of Nekrasoff—for an analysis of whose works we must refer the reader to Mr. Turner's book—belongs to both periods, and for this reason he might be compared to Kriloff. The best writers, however, of to-day in Russia are all novelists, as was Gogol, and the works of Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, and Tourgénieff bear witness in every line to the influence of the master. Had Mr. Turner considered this, he would have made Gogol rather than Poushkin his chief study. It would, too, have been better had Mr. Turner handled Russian literature in one volume, beginning it with Kriloff and ending it with Tourgénieff or Tolstoi. Yet his book as it stands is no unimportant contribution to the knowledge of a subject too frequently neglected in England, and we can do no less than thank its author. We shall look forward with increased eagerness to the forthcoming of the supplementary volume Mr. Turner has promised us, if he will but bear in mind that saying of Goethe—no doubt, well known to him also—"The *extra*ordinary man alone is of real benefit to mankind." This canon, at any rate, should guide the literary historian.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS.*

When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written by an impartial Lecky of the twenty-fifth century, it is a matter of curious speculation to think what he will say about Polar Expeditions. For they stand apart from other geographical researches. A Livingstone travels through Africa, an Audubon and an Agassiz through South America, and they bring back, at the cost of some labour and risk to life and limb, records of countries which may, at some time, serve as outlets for colonisation or commerce. At all events, science is enriched by the discovery of unknown plants, and animals, and natural phenomena. But when the cost and the gain of expeditions to the Poles have been weighed, what will be the estimate of our historian of the future? Will he class them with the Crusades, the Alpine adventures of Whymper and Freshfield, and the ballooning expeditions of Captains Powell and Burnaby, or will he compare them with the voyages of Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Magellan? To our minds, since the time that the East and North-West Passages have been proved to be practically impassable, these attempts to reach the Pole have involved a reckless waste of valuable lives. It may be answered that the value of knowledge is not to be measured by its usefulness, and that the discovery of the fact that thousands of square miles are covered by hummocks of ice is worth the lives of such men as Franklin and De Long. But we maintain that there are others whose interests ought to be considered as well as those of the men who are tempted, by a love of the unknown and of peril for its own sake, to brave the awful climate, and the terrible suffering which is almost inevitable in Arctic exploration. What of the mothers, the sisters, and the wives who are left behind, and who have to wait with patient anxiety for years without a word from those whom they love? It seems that the only way by which a minimum of sorrow could be ensured, would be to pass a law that none but orphan widowers without children should be allowed to start for the Arctic or Antarctic Pole.

In the volume called *Icepack and Tundra*, we have the experiences of a ship's crew who were sent from San Francisco to search for the survivors of the ill-fated 'Jeannette.' An object such as this secures our sympathy, which is not lessened by the discovery of the remains of De Long and his party, and the fragments of a diary, in which these are the closing entries:—

"Friday, Oct. 14.—Breakfast, willow-tea. Dinner, half-teaspoonful sweet oil, and willow-tea. Alexia shot one ptarmigan; had soup. S.W. wind moderating. Sat., Oct. 15.—Breakfast, willow-tea and two old boots; conclude to move at sunrise. Alexia broken down also. Leo came to an empty grain-raft. Halt and camp. Signs of smoke at twilight. Alexia dying. Doctor baptised him. Read prayers for sick. Collins's birthday, 40 years. About sunset Alexia died; exhaustion from starvation."

. . . . . .

"Friday, Oct. 21.—Lee died. Kaach found dead about midnight, between doctor and myself. Read prayers for sick when we found he was going. Sat.—Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Kaach out on the ice. The doctor, Collins, and myself carried them round the corner out of sight. Then my eyes closed up. 133 day.—Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested to-day, and managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of divine service. Suffering in our feet; no foot-gear."

. . . . . .

"138th day.—Iverson died during early morning. 139.—Dressler died during the night. 140.—Boyd and Gaertz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying." "There," says Mr. Gilder, "the diary stops. When I had read it, I tried to tell the Cossack what it was, but I could not speak. In many passages of the narrative I recognised experiences of my own. For the first time in my life, I found it impossible to restrain my emotion before strangers, and buried my face in my hands for 10 or 15 minutes."

It is after the discovery of these remains that the real interest of Mr. Gilder's volume commences. The first three chapters are occupied with a description of the voyage from San Francisco to Petropaulovski, on the Kamtschatka coast. It is not generally known that an attempt was made during the Crimean war to take possession of this far-off seaport by the combined fleets of England and France, consisting of six frigates. It is difficult to see what the English Government expected to gain by this foolish attempt, which resulted in the defeat of the allies, with a loss of 120 men and most of the officers. The result of the Rodgers expedition was hardly more successful. After exploring Wrangel Island, which lies to the north-west of Siberia, and which contains nothing of any interest to the geologist, the botanist, or the naturalist, the captain had the misfortune to lose his ship by fire, while anchored off Behring Straits, and the remainder of the expedition had to be performed by means of sledges and boats.

Beyond a few touches of humorous description, we find but little to notice in Mr. Gilder's narrative. The Tchouktchis, as the people on the northern coast of Siberia are called, resemble the other folk of the Polar regions in their appearance and habits of life. We seem to have read about the bears and the seals and the reindeer tents before; yet a word may be said for the illustrations, which are rough, but suggestive, some being taken from photographs and others from sketches by the author.

With chapter nineteen the journal of De Long begins, and though it has no scientific interest, one cannot help admiring the undaunted perseverance and courage of the crew, who, after the crushing of the 'Jeannette' between masses of ice, found themselves on a barren island, with many leagues of broken ice and water between themselves and the mainland. How the sledges were packed, how the camp was formed, how one after another fell sick and had to be helped by his companions, how again and again the treacherous ice-floes gave way and all but engulfed the whole party, is told with the direct simplicity of a Defoe, and one feels ashamed to ask, *cui bono?* in the face of such heroism and unselfishness.

There is deep pathos in the account which Mr. Gilder gives of Ninderman and Norss, two men who were sent forward by De Long in the faint hope of procuring assistance. They arrived with great difficulty at Kumak Sera, on the mouth of the Lena, where they tried in vain to explain their errand:—

"Sometimes it seemed as if they understood him [Ninderman] perfectly, and at others he felt convinced that they had not understood a single thing he had told them. During the entire day, he kept talking to them by signs and illustrations on paper, but without avail. The next day he renewed his efforts, and resorted to every expedient to make them understand him. He did not ask them to go alone, but wanted them to go with him. Prostrated by famine and exposure, and weakened by dysentery, he was in no fit condition to undertake such a task, but his anxiety was so great that he felt constrained to go. This day, as on the day previous, he at times thought he had been understood, and again that it had been all a blank to them. They would sigh and look distressed when he described the sufferings and condition of the party on the delta; but when he urged that assistance should be sent to them, the faces of his hearers were totally devoid of expression. He then thought of his companions as dead or dying, looking to his return as their only hope of deliverance. Weakened by fatigue, exposure, and famine, and feeling how utterly powerless he was, when so much depended on him, the terrible strain was too much for him, and this strong, brave man,

* *Icepack and Tundra: an Account of the Search for the 'Jeannette,' and a Sledge Journey through Siberia.* By William Gilder. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1883.

who had faced death and endured unknown hardships without a quiver, sank into a corner and cried like a child."

On turning from this sad narrative to the map at the end of the book, it is difficult to realise that such scenes of desolation could be found within such easy reach of civilisation.

Mr. Gilder relates his return journey, *viâ* Irkutsk and Tomsk, in a pleasant way, and we take leave of him at Nishni Novgorod, with thanks for his interesting volume.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Illustrated by David Scott, R.S.A. With Life of the Artist, and Descriptive Notices of the Plates, by Rev. A. L. Simpson, D.D. (Nelson and Sons.)—The memoir of David Scott is an interesting, but melancholy biography. Scott was not appreciated in his life-time. His art, in truth, was of a kind that seldom is appreciated. The patrons who foster High Art are, and indeed, must be, few, and it was to this that Scott was devoted. Dr. Simpson thinks that the Scottish public were peculiarly blind; but the life of Haydon, though Haydon was probably inferior to Scott, affords a curious parallel. "The magnificent picture of Vasco di Gama . . . . . was exhibited in the Calton Convening Room. Very few went to see it, and its exhibition entailed a pecuniary loss of nearly £80." This might be an extract from Haydon's life. The designs for the *Ancient Mariner* were executed at the age of twenty-six. Finely imagined they are, and some are remarkably effective; but we can imagine that they would not please a very large public, especially more than thirty years ago.

Gray's Elegy, Artist's Edition. (J. B. Lippincott and Co., Philadelphia, U.S.; John Stark, London.)—This volume is adorned with some twenty illustrations of landscape and figures, not unworthy in design of the poem of which they are the companions, and engraved with all the skill and effect in which the art of America is, in this respect, pre-eminent. We may mention two excellent samples of the illustrations, two that occur on successive pages,—"How jocund did they drive their team a-field" (though the faces are scarcely English), drawn by Harry Poore and engraved by H. Heiueman; and "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," drawn by F. S. Church and engraved by Arthur Hayman.

Prince Pertinax: a Fairy Tale. By Mrs. George Hooper. Illustrated by Margaret L. Hooper and Margery May. (Field and Tuer.)—Mrs. Hooper's tale, first published, though not quite in its present form, twenty years ago, in the *Monthly Packet*, is excellent. It has its moral, as one might guess from the name, but it is gently suggested, and never obtruded. And it is full of delicate fancy; altogether, in fact, a really good fairy tale,—not an easy thing at all to write, if we may judge from the many unsuccessful attempts that even clever people make. The illustrations, executed in sepia, and skilfully reproduced, are very pleasing, and, indeed, something more than pleasing. The "Enchanted Forest," which is the head-piece of the tale, is particularly good. The effect of depth in the wood is an admirable piece of perspective, and the figures are effective. The "Diversion of the Fairy King and Queen," on p. 19, is equally good, and indeed, considering the grasping of the numerous figures, even better. We may also mention the landscapes on pp. 63 and 81, one with its weird, and the other with its cheerful effect, as worthy of praise.

Crawhall's Chap-Book Chaplets (Field and Tuer) is a quaint revival of the ballads, with their rude coloured engravings, which delighted an older generation. Of these ballads there are eight, "The Barkeshire Lady," "Jemmy and Nancy, of Yarmouth," "Blue-cap for Me," and "George Barnewall" being among them. Mr. Crawhall has been wonderfully successful in giving us an imitation of his models. As he finds a public which appreciates his pains and skill, we shall not be ungracious enough to inquire whether they are wisely expended.

When is Your Birthday? A Year of Good Wishes. A Set of Twelve Designs, by Edwin J. Ellis, with Sonnets by the Artist. (Field and Tuer.)—Mr. Ellis has given us twelve female heads, illustrating the months of the year, naturally unequal in merit, but some of them, notably "May," very pleasing. "June," on the other hand, is scarcely satisfactory. The sonnets we like much, and take leave to quote the one which is set as preface:—

> "We cannot wish away the wings of Time,
> Nor bind them by the power of our hand,
> Nor bid the Sun and Moon to bear and stand;
> But we can welcome change with merry chime,
> And bid each other hope from prime to prime,
> And turn Time's hour-glass pile of rising sand
> By labour into light and fruitful land,
> And lighten labour with a laughing rhyme.
> Then shall each month begin a change desired,
> For saying to desire him is no way
> To take the sword from Change, the never-tired,
> Who loves us never; while from day to day,
> Over the noise of work our voice above,
> Wording weak wishes may declare strong love."

A word of notice must be given to the quaint and, we should suppose, quite novel binding.

The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast, by Mr. Roscoe; and *The Elephant's Ball and Grand Fête Champêtre*, by "W. D." (Griffith and Farran), are fac-simile reproductions of the editions of 1808 and 1807, published by "J. Harris, successor to E. Newbery, at the Original Juvenile Library, the Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard." Mr. Charles Welsh, who gave to the public a similar reproduction of "Goody Two-Shoes" last year, and met with the appreciation which his work deserved, tells us in his introduction the story of these two little books. The "Butterfly's Ball"—a poem of graceful fancy by an eminent man who did great services to his country—was the first and most famous of the series, which had for a time a great success (even in these days *forty thousand* copies would be thought something). It is interesting to learn that the illustrations were early works of William Mulready. Mulready, indeed, began, Mr. Welsh tells us, to draw very early. Some of his work done at three and four years of age was published.

Told in the Twilight. By F. E. Weatherly. Illustrated by M. E. Edwards and J. C. Staples. (Hildesheimer and Faulkner.)—Both verses and illustrations are pleasing. "Minnie Counting her Chickens," on p. 27, and "The Unappreciative Kitten") she declines to admire a sunflower) may be mentioned; but we like the borders of the pages better than the coloured full-page pictures.

The Little Birdies, by Agnes Giberne, with drawings by Robert Barnes (Religious Tract Society), is a touching little tale of a family of orphans, fitly illustrated by some well executed wood engravings.

The Maids of Lee, written by F. E. Weatherly, illustrated by W. I. Hodgson (Hildesheimer and Faulkner), is decidedly good. The various suitors are depicted with pleasant humour in some good drawings, to which the verse supplies a suitable accompaniment.

From Messrs. Routledge we get *R. Caldecott's Hey-Diddle-Diddle Picture-Book*, containing the four rhymes, "Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?" "Hey, Diddle, Diddle," "The Fox Jumped over the Parson's Gate," and "Froggie's Wooing," illustrated in the style which has had such a well-deserved success.

From the same publishers we also get "Phiz's" *Funny Alphabet*, "Phiz's" *Funny Stories*, and "Phiz's" *Baby Sweethearts*, the last not being much to our taste.

The Nodding Mandarin: a Tragedy in China, edited by Lewis F. Day (Simpkin and Marshall), is a tale in verse, somewhat after the manner of Hans Christian Andersen, of two china figures, a chimney-sweep and a shepherdess, that sought to escape from a third, "a nodding mandarin." We did not find either pictures or verse particularly amusing.

Three Blind Mice, with music and words from an early edition, illustrated by C. A. Doyle (George Waterston), sufficiently describes itself.

From the same publishers we have *Robin! Robin!* a song by the well-known writer of songs, Alfred Scott Gatty.

The Truant Hares and their Friends, by Arthur S. Gibson (Griffith and Farran), is another moderately successful book, the illustrations being, perhaps, better than the letterpress.

We give a hearty welcome to Miss Kate Greenaway's very pretty illustrations of *Little Anne, and other Poems.* By Jane and Anne Taylor. (Routledge and Sons.)—"Little Anne" and its companions have held their place in many nurseries, and this volume will give double pleasure to the little ones, when it comes to refresh, with its charming designs and finely-harmonised colouring, these familiar rhymes. They will hear with new pleasure, more or less, as the case may be, of the happiness of "The Good-natured Girls" and the fate of "Meddlesome Matty."——We must not forget to mention the prettily designed *Kate Greenaway's Calendars for* 1884, of which we have three before us, ornamented with two, four, and twelve figures respectively, representing Summer and Winter, the Seasons, and the Months.

POETRY.—*A Volume of Poems*, by G. W. Bettany (London Literary Society), is perhaps best criticised by an extract. Here are two stanzas from the "Battle of Tel-el-Kebir:"—

> "On they go to death or glory,
> Trampling on rebellious sand—
> Moving phalanxes of soldiers,
> Mystic in a mystic land"
>
> "Close to where the deadly trenches
> Threaten dire destruction round,
> There, these gallant British fellows
> Lay themselves upon the ground."

"Mystic in a mystic land" is fine, though appropriately obscure, but scarcely harmonises with "gallant British fellows." Mr. Bettany essays Latin also, and among other elegancies has "Casum de superis deens," intended apparently for a "glory fallen from heaven;" and even Greek, which we would reproduce, if the eccentricities of his pointing did not forbid. From the same publisher we get another volume, *Poems*, by Howard Deazeley, M.A.

This is certainly of somewhat better quality. The first poem, "King and Widow," is an exercise in the heroic couplet which might take a school prize, but is not up to the University level, (may we conjecture that it is part of a larger poem on the subject of "Elijah?") and throughout the volume Mr. Deazeley shows some facility of expression and sense of melody.——*Two Fancies.* By William Graham (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—The subject of the principal poem of this volume is the vagary of a poet who breaks the heart of a country girl who loves him, and then falls in love with the statue of Ariadne. The statue tells her story, thus raising a curious resemblance, which we must own does not reach far, between the *Two Fancies* and Catullus's "Epithalamium" of Peleus and Thetis, in which also the loves of Ariadne are an episode of somewhat disproportionate length. Mr. Graham calls himself a "Byronian," and he has studied his model with this good effect, that he constructs his verse with tolerable skill. But he wants the *vis vivida ingenii* which no study will give. Here is a specimen:—

> "Yes, once I loved and trusted; my reward
> Was such as women ever reap from those
> Whom best they love,—first false, sweet, passionate words,
> But only words; then passion wanes, and then
> Comes coldness, weariness, desertion, death,
> Or, worse than mortal death,—'tis death of all
> Noblest in man or woman, death of all
> Faith, hope, and love,—a cruel, blasting blight
> Of all the affections, turning flesh to stone
> As this, my image now; and thus I died
> When Theseus left me lone, ere yet I learned
> To scorn both him and thee and all mankind."

——*The Blind Canary.* By Hugh Farrar M'Dermott. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)—This is a second edition, "revised, with additions." Surely, the second line in the following couplet savours of addition, rather than revision?—

> "And her thoughts have silent nursing, and her soul a silent grief,
> But her tear is the bier on which her sorrow finds relief."

Tears perform many functions in poetry; but they can hardly in any region of thought, be biers. Of Mr. M'Dermott's ordinary mood, this is a sample:—

> "In souls a-lull
> The light burns dull,
> Nor fires consume the peaceful breast;
> But thoughts at strife
> With this dark life
> Supply the flames that never rest."

——*Poems and Ballads,* by Pryce Gwynne (T. Fisher Unwin), have so little that is remarkable about them that we are fain to ask what is meant by a "tempstress" (p. 32). "Tempstress, you have done me wrong," exclaims the poet, confusing, it would seem, in his passion, a "temptress" with a "sempstress."——*Lawrence Hardiker,* &c., by John Harrison (Cornish Brothers, Birmingham), consists of a tedious story in irregular metre, and a play which we have not had the courage to attempt. It was impossible, after a thousand lines or so of this kind:—

> "And after many a vain endeavour
> From one another's heart to sever,
> And many a softly lingering sigh,
> And hesitating, fond good-bye,
> And loving look, whose magic power
> Excelled the language of an hour:
> And one more kiss—and yet one more,
> Sweeter the last than that before—
> The loving pair, so joyful-hearted,
> At length from their embraces parted."

From whose embraces?

The Land of Fetish. By Captain A. B. Ellis. (Chapman and Hall.)—Captain Ellis has nothing very complimentary to say about African kings, or colonial governors, or missionaries. These last are indeed his special abhorrence. The negro Christianized is a negro spoilt; converted, on the other hand, to the faith of Mahommed, he is changed very much for the better. In fact, our author thinks, Christianity does not suit the negro. Of course, evidence of this kind coming, as it does, from one who has been on the spot, deserves attention; but it does not come with any strong *a priori* claim to belief. Missionaries, like all other enthusiasts—for a missionary, to be worth his salt, must be an enthusiast—are commonly hated and slandered. Apart from this doubtful point, there is plenty of information, and some possibly good information, in "The Land of Fetish."

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FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A DISASTER which may prove of most grave importance, both to England and France, has happened in the Soudan. Colonel Hicks, a retired Bombay officer in the employ of the Egyptian Government, was recently made Commander-in-Chief in the Soudan, and ordered to defeat the Mahdi, or False Prophet, and take El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan. Ten thousand men, relics of the old Egyptian Army, supplied with Remington rifles and Nordenfeldt cannon, were assembled at Khartoum, and with them he ascended the Nile Valley to Duem, whence he struck westward into the Desert, intending to reach El Obeid by a route reported to have *some* water. He is reported to have marched for about thirty days under incessant attack from cavalry, and with his animals dying, until on November 2nd he was attacked by the Mahdi's whole force, known to be large, but preposterously stated at 300,000 men. No such number could be fed, but the attack lasted three days, the Egyptians could get no water, and on the 4th inst. the worn-out squares were broken, and the whole Army put to the sword, or carried away into slavery. The remaining detachments of Egyptians scattered over the huge province fled to Khartoum, and as a small force near Suakim is known to have been destroyed a few days before, and the British Consul killed, it is certain that the whole Soudan is lost to Egypt, and in arms for the Mahdi, who has thousands of followers in and near Khartoum itself.

The Egyptians apply the rather absurd name of "the Soudan" to the whole of their dependent Empire, stretching from the Third Cataract for an indefinite distance towards the Lakes, and from the Red Sea to the western border of Darfur. The empire comprises much of Nubia, all Sennaar, all Kordofan, and all Darfur, and though lightly held, is a subject of great pride to Egyptians. It is really of any length and any breadth that the Pashas can reach; but if we consider it to be 1,000 miles by 1,000, or as large as India, we shall hardly exaggerate. There are probably 12,000,000 of people within it, most of them Mussulmans of a sort, with an "upper class" of Arabs, and "mulattoes," that is, descendants of Arabs and negro women, who have a quite exceptional daring and ferocity. They charge in particular, as the rather mythical "Ghazees" are supposed to do, with the intention of earning Paradise. If the Mahdi has any skill, he may make a formidable army of these men, for muskets are forwarded to him from the great Mussulman monasteries, and he has now secured at least 12,000 Remington rifles and thirty Nordenfeldt guns. His difficulty will not be means of transport, for by using and expending hordes of slaves he can carry all that a moderate army eating only flour will need. His name is Mahommed Ahmed, and though probably a half-caste Arab, he claims to be of the Prophet's direct descendants. He will be held to have proved his claim by victory.

General Hicks was accompanied by nine English officers, holding different commands; by Mr. O'Donovan, the able correspondent of the *Daily News;* and by an artist employed by a German illustrated paper, who is, we have some impression, an Englishman. This artist has escaped, but the fate of the remainder is nearly certain. We would fain not extinguish hope, but the ride of a European in flight from El Obeid to Duem would be almost a miraculous feat, and the Mahdi has ordered the slaughter of all Christians, including, we suspect, all Copts. The only chance for any European present in the battle would be that he might be taken before the Mahdi, and used by him as an interpreter in communications with British officers. The fear, however, of Europeans is excessive, the slave-traders are wild with hatred, and we fear the hope, if there be one, of any white men escaping, is wretchedly slight. Still, men of resource and energy have survived worse dangers, and an Arab never quite ignores the fact that a captive may be worth a sum of money.

M. Ferry is unlucky. We have just mentioned elsewhere the great stake held by France in this affair, and may add here that Mahommed Ahmed was reported months ago to be in full communication with the chiefs of the great monastic societies whose stations extend south of Tunis to an indefinite depth into Africa. If that is true, and it is most probable, the defeat of General Hicks will arouse the fanaticism of all North Africa, and probably bring the tribes at once into the field. The French will do well to expect a general and a formidable insurrection, and especially an invasion of Tunis from the great tribes which retreated a year ago into Tripoli, there to await their chance. It is by no means impossible—it is rather possible, so closely is the world bound now—that General Hicks, in resolving on his audacious march into Equatorial Africa, saved Tonquin to the Chinese Empire and the Hovas from subjugation.

Mr. W. E. Forster presided yesterday week at an aggregate meeting of the Metropolitan Liberal Councils at the Cannon-Street Hotel, and made an excellent speech on the necessity for a reform of the present government of London, which he characterised as absolutely intolerable, and proved to be inconsistent with all those municipal changes most urgently needed, such as the proper organisation of the water supply and the rehousing of the poor. Mr. Forster believed that both the County Franchise Bill and the Government of London Bill would be introduced on the first night of next Session, the one by the Prime Minister and the other by the Home Secretary, and he thought that the Government of London Bill might very well be submitted to a Grand Committee. He asked for a fair representation of London under the Redistribution Bill, and explained that by a fair representation he meant nearly tripling its representation,—that is, raising it from 22 to 64; but surely that is a "counsel of perfection." Considering the enormous indirect influence of London on the House of Commons, London might well be contented with double its present representation. Mr. Forster was strongly in favour of the representation of minorities, but not of the present three-cornered system. He appeared to incline, as we do, to the subdivision of great electorates, at least, in such a place as London.

The Tories are evidently going to resist the Municipal Bill for London with their whole strength. The Lord Mayor, a typical Tory, on Monday made to the Turners' Company the bold and foolish speech criticised elsewhere, in which he denounced any project for fusing London into a whole; and on Thursday Lord Salisbury, at the City Carlton Club, said nearly the same thing. The Marquis declares that London is not a city, but an agglomeration of towns, and that there "is scarcely any community of interest between the extreme East and West ends of the Metropolis,"—a very rash assertion, as he will see, if ever the "ugly rush" comes. He repudiated altogether the idea that a Municipality would be powerful in proportion to its bigness,

and held that unpaid members would not attend to such a mass of work. "When you rely, as you must rely in the main, on unpaid labour, it is a great mistake to tax it with too vast an area of duty. Men who have other occupations can only devote a certain portion of their leisure to the performance of these public duties. Give them a small amount to do, and they will do it well. Give them an excessive amount to do, and they will delegate it to their professional advisers." Why does not Lord Salisbury show the courage of his opinions, and propose to revive the Heptarchy, like a man? Members of Parliament are unpaid, and, on his showing, if England were divided into seven, the business of each division would be seven times as well done. We can understand the argument that the London Municipality will be too strong for the safety of Parliament, but not the one that it will be too weak to do its work. What is its work, compared with the work of the United Kingdom?

Lord Salisbury, after condemning the course taken by the Ministry in the matter of the Suez Canal, which he said left not only a financial monopoly, but a political monopoly to M. Lesseps (who does not, nevertheless, own the Cape route), devoted the rest of his speech to the danger to property arising from Liberal legislation. He maintained that the Irish Land Act was a robbery, that it had stopped the flow of capital to Ireland and the flow of emigration out of Ireland, and that it had produced an outbreak of those doctrines which are hostile to the existence of property. "You have heard of them in Scotland; you have heard of them in England; you have heard of them from the months of the Ministers themselves. You have heard Sir C. Dilke telling you that the whole population of this country were adverse to the rights of property. You have heard Mr. Chamberlain speaking of the owners of property as people who 'toil not, neither do they spin,' comparing them therein to the lilies of the field, and bestowing upon them a compliment which, I am bound to say, they do not deserve." Mr. Chamberlain's speech we remember, though we fancy his lilies were the Peers; but the allusion to Sir Charles Dilke is absolutely unintelligible. Did he ever say that Englishmen wished to abolish punishment for theft? Lord Salisbury denies that the defence of property is the only business of Tories, but obviously, when he himself looks abroad upon politics, "Proputty, propnty, proputty, that's what he hears us say."

The Nationalist candidate was returned for Limerick yesterday week by a crushing majority over the Conservative. The poll was,—Mr. M'Mahon (Nationalist), 922; Mr. Spaight (Conservative), 473; majority, 449, or very nearly a majority of two to one. It seems clear enough that Mr. Parnell can beat the Conservatives in almost any part of the three Southern Provinces of Ireland, and very probable that in most parts of those Provinces he could beat the Conservatives and Liberals combined. But it is not in many places that Conservatives and Liberals will combine. Why should a steady supporter of the present Government vote for a Member who would try to turn the present Government out, and to enforce a Tory policy in Ireland? And how could a supporter of Lord Salisbury's policy for Ireland honestly vote for the Government which has passed the Irish Land Act? The only reasonable hope for Ireland is that the Nationalist party will gradually give up its dreams, and accept defeat on that policy of dismemberment on which it can never prevail against the unanimous feeling of Great Britain.

The Liberals have lost York by a narrow majority. The vote for Mr. Milner (Conservative), was 3,948; for Mr. Lockwood (Liberal), 3,927; majority, 21. The poll of the Conservative is eleven less than that polled by Mr. James Lowther at the general election. The poll of Mr. Lockwood is 578 less than the poll of Mr. Creyke,—the highest Liberal,—at the last election. In other words, the Liberals have lost much ground, the Conservatives hardly any. York has never been a very pure constituency, and the falling-off in the Liberal vote is chiefly due, we believe, to the irritation of the publicans, the canvassers, and so forth, at the stringency of the Corrupt Practices Act.

Mr. R. Murray Smith, Agent-General for Victoria, has made an able attempt to "draw" Lord Derby upon the annexation of New Guinea and the Western Pacific Islands, but has not quite succeeded. Mr. Murray Smith asked to be informed on what conditions the Queen's Government would permit annexation; whether, if the Australian Colonies became federated, annexation would be allowed; and whether an estimate could be made of the cost of strengthening the hands of the High Commissioner in the Western Pacific. Lord Derby declines to estimate the cost of that measure, and for the rest, his reply is summed up in the following statement:—"If the colonies should decide either upon confederation or upon united action, in regard to this particular question, there would undoubtedly be much less difficulty than at present in arranging for the transfer to them of the obligations of this country in respect of neighbouring native communities; but it is not possible to say, without full consideration of the manner in which the confederated colonies would propose to discharge their obligations, whether annexation could be agreed to." Australia may, we think, rely upon it that, if she becomes a Dominion, she may pursue any foreign policy she pleases, subject only to the rider that it shall not involve a certainty of war with a European Power.

M. Challemel-Lacour has at last resigned the Foreign Ministry of France, and has been succeeded by M. Jules Ferry. There never probably was a Minister about whom opinion was so unanimous. M. Challemel-Lacour, by the consent alike of friends and enemies, is a man of great or even splendid gifts, a philosopher and investigator of high rank, whose powers are rendered useless by an irritable arrogance of temper, and an inability to understand that men are governed by other things than logic. Wherever he has been stationed as diplomatist, he has made enemies; and whenever he has been Foreign Minister, France has been embroiled with weak Powers. His failure is attributed to temper; but we greatly fear the weak point of the men of science in the practical business of life will be found here. Their conclusions are always too absolute. If M. Paul Bert thought church-going unhealthy, he would close all churches, in the face of an insurrection; and if M. Challemel-Lacour thought the Malagasy inferior people, he would treat Envoys from Madagascar as if they were animals, never heeding that he was doubling the risks of war. The old "doctrinaires"—the men who believed in systems like political economy—were pliable by the side of the new men of science, who absolutely cannot believe that it may be unwise to treat men as if they were merely forces expressible by mathematical signs, and to be used in the "wise" way, without reference to their wills. The strength of France being x^4, and the strength of Switzerland x, what could the manner of a French diplomatist towards a Swiss Minister signify to the result? One might as well consider the colour of the ink used in the calculation?

The war between France and China appears to be drawing very near. Admiral Courbet has received his reinforcements and very decided instructions, and the French Government fully hope to receive a telegram to-morrow announcing that he has taken Bacninh. At the same time, all accounts agree in stating that the Chinese Government has agreed to consider an attack on Bacninh as a declaration of war, and has officially informed M. Ferry that it has decided upon that course. A secret decree has, moreover, been issued calling out the militia in South-Western China for the defence of the Empire, and ordering that assistance should be given to the Black Flags, or Tonquinese. Opinion in Paris is represented as earnest for war, but the Chamber is obviously uneasy, and the reporter of the Committee which is considering the credit for Tonquin is a man, M. Ribot, entirely opposed to war with China. M. Ferry, however, still disbelieves in the war, and trusts that the first victory will overawe the Cabinet of Pekin. He will be roughly undeceived, but we question if his dates are right. Nothing moves quickly in Touquin or any Asiatic delta, and we expect to hear for another week of repeated but ineffectual tentatives, preparatory to the grand attack.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre should look still more narrowly into the proposal of the Metropolitan Railway to connect Praed Street with Westminster. The line would be invaluable, if it could be made without too much destruction, but it is to cross Hyde Park and Saint James's Park, and we fear for the trees. The First Commissioner of Works has jealously guarded against the construction of ventilators in the Parks, and has demanded powers to regulate the depth of the tunnels, but has he ascertained exactly the effect of a great disturbance of the drainage? When the Metropolitan Railway passed under the open space between the Swiss Cottage and Hampstead known as "The Fields," all the trees died, and it was understood that the tunnel acted as a new and colossal drain-pipe, which sucked all moisture

from the roots. New trees will grow on the space now built over, but the old ones could not endure the changed conditions. It is quite possible that this was not the cause of the destruction, but we can personally testify to the withering of the trees, and a similar catastrophe in the two Parks would almost destroy a Government. The progress of hurry-scurry cannot, of course, be resisted; but it would be better to pay almost any price than the extinction of the Park trees,—which might, perhaps, die out of spite. They are not Radicals, trees, but slow-growing, time-consuming things, apt to think that an inch a year is quite as much as they can afford to rise into the air, and to regard any innovation affecting roots with shivering disgust.

The prospects of a Liberal victory in West Surrey are evidently improving. Last Wednesday week a Conservative meeting, held under the auspices of the Godalming and Witley Conservative Association, and presided over by Viscount Midleton, was attended by so many more Liberals than Conservatives, that after the Members had addressed their constituents at some length, a working-man proposed a vote of confidence in the Government, which Lord Midleton, for some mysterious reason of his own, declared to be out of order, but which the Conservatives were so little able to resist that they oozed away from the platform through a side door, amidst loud cheers for Mr. Gladstone, for the Government, and for Mr. Lane-Fox, the Liberal candidate of West Surrey at the next election. At Egham, on the contrary, last Wednesday, a most harmonious and enthusiastic Liberal meeting was held, to hear an excellent lecture by Mr. George Whale on the principles at issue between Liberals and Conservatives, after which a masterly and humorous speech was made by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, concluding with a vote of confidence in the Government, which was supported by Mr. Eadie, and carried unanimously amid general cheering. Mr. Cubitt and Mr. St. John Brodrick must look out for their seats, whether the County Franchise Bill is passed or not before they next meet their constituents.

On Monday, Mr. W. H. Smith,—the Conservative First Lord of the Admiralty,—made a curious speech on Ireland, in which he said that what the present Government had done during the last twenty years had gravely injured the character of the Irish people; that for all that, he would not repeal any Act that had been passed or pass any fresh Act, because Ireland wanted rest from legislation; but that he was most anxious as soon as possible to assist the purchase by the peasantry of their properties, since at present there was no one whose interest it could be to invest capital in the soil. He did not explain why —with security of tenure—it is not as much the peasants' present interest to invest capital in the soil, as it would be after they had purchased their farms. And still less did he explain how, after using up all their spare money for the purchase of their farms, they would have more of it left to invest in the improvement of the land, than they have now. Mr. Smith is an excellent man, but much too practical to feel disturbed at uttering the most glaring self-contradictions.

Lord Overstone died this day week, at the great age of eighty-seven, the possessor of wealth which is supposed to have exceeded even the great sum of twelve millions sterling. He was the son of the Rev. Lewis Loyd, a Unitarian minister, who abandoned the ministry for the profession of a banker on his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Jones, a Manchester manufacturer and banker. Mr. Loyd was sent to London to found the bank of Jones, Loyd, and Co., the germ of the great bank that is now called the London and Westminster. Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd (who in 1850 became Lord Overstone) was born in 1796, and educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired a great love of the classical type of education, of which he was always a strong advocate. As the head of the banking company founded by his father, he inherited great wealth, which he steadily increased, and became a pillar of the bullionist school of Bankers. He was also a great opponent of decimal coinage for England, and an active supporter of the Volunteer movement. When asked before a Committee what he would regard as the probable financial effect of an invasion of England, he answered sententiously, "It must never happen," an answer which has become historical. He was perhaps the only millionaire living to whom enormous money wealth seemed to give almost as much dignity and status as the possession of half a county and a lineage dating from the Plantagenets.

A meeting of the Council and friends of the Association for Promoting the Reform of Convocation was held on Monday last, November 19th, at the Palace, Exeter, the Bishop of Exeter in the chair, when various resolutions were passed, the general scope of which is reflected in the language of an address to be presented very speedily to the Queen, which has already received the signatures of twelve of the Bishops, and of many of the leading laymen and dignitaries of all schools within the Church of England. The address urges that it is highly desirable that the Bishops, clergy, and laity of the English Church should meet together in some manner recognised by law to discuss the best means of promoting the well-being of the Church of England; and asks the Queen to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire and report on the best method of creating a body of lay members of the English Church, which, in conjunction with the Convocations of Canterbury and York, duly reformed and for that purpose combined, might prepare and submit to Parliament from time to time such measures as they may deem best calculated to effect these objects. We heartily concur in thinking that by moving in this direction the Church of England can best be developed into a living power. It is requested, we understand, that all adhesions to this address should be forwarded, as soon as possible, to the Rev. James Bandinel, 3 Mont-le-Grand, Exeter.

The *Echo* of last Saturday, in remarking on our refutation of its ridiculous charge that Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical appointments had been unduly favourable to the High-Church party, tries to attenuate the force of our statement by saying that it is notorious that Dean Connor and Dean Davidson owed their appointments to the Queen, and that Dean Bradley was designated by his predecessor. We know nothing of the kind. It is quite certain that the Queen neither could nor would force her own judgment on a responsible Minister. As for Dean Stanley's designation of his successor—of which we know nothing—what in the world could compel a Prime Minister to accept it? Besides, the *Echo* conveniently ignores much more than half the evidence we had produced. Did the Queen force Dean Plumptre, Dean Kitchin, Canon Barry, Canon Butler (of Winchester), Canon Melville, Canon Rowsell, Canon Holland, Canon Cadman, Canon Driver, Canon Boyd-Carpenter, on Mr. Gladstone? Canon Driver's case is the most remarkable of all. As Regius Professor of Hebrew, he occupies a most influential position in the University of Oxford, which he has already begun to use with great effect. Is that influence described by any one as an influence dedicated to the High-Church party?

Yesterday week, Sir Stafford Northcote delivered a very interesting address at Birmingham to the Suburban Institutes Union, on Literature as the greatest monument of human activity which the earth contains. We have commented sufficiently on the leading idea of this address elsewhere, but may add here that Sir Stafford Northcote distinctly expressed his belief that, since the death of Milton, there had been no great development of literary force in this country which could compare at all with the development of scientific force. We cannot agree with him. Surely, Sir Walter Scott represents a literary force even greater, taken in all its aspects, than Milton himself, —certainly a force that has affected the other Continental literatures much more powerfully than ever Milton did. In any case, the remarkable outburst of literary activity which began with Cowper and Burns, and ended with Keats and Shelley, and which included not only Sir Walter Scott, but Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, must be regarded as having added more to the literature of England than any other period of equal length since the death of Shakespeare.

Sir F. R. Sandford has addressed a very interesting letter to the Secretary of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, in which he points out that though in the 18,000 Elementary Schools of England and Wales instances of over-pressure on the children occasionally occur, the new Code is not in any way responsible for that over-pressure. Sir F. Sandford's circular proves that in every respect the new Code favours *good* teaching rather than *much* teaching, and that the pressure on children which is due to the irregularity of their attendance, is inevitable, and can only be remedied by preventing that irregularity, not by assuming irregularity as the rule.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday 101⅝ to 101¾.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE CATASTROPHE IN THE SOUDAN.

THE stars in their courses fight against the evacuation of Egypt. General Hicks, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army in the "Soudan," has obviously committed the two mistakes to which the most experienced Indian officers are liable. Habituated to victories gained by a few men over many, they learn to regard audacity as the supreme military virtue, and, warring in a richly cultivated country, they disbelieve in a total failure of supplies. General Hicks had orders to carry El Obeid, the fortified capital of Kordofan, and to defeat Mahommed Ahmed, the pretended "Messenger" of the Prophet, who was known to have made that city his headquarters, and to be levying tribute throughout the vast dependency of Egypt which is called in Cairo "the Soudan," and in modern geographies the States of Nubia, Sennaar, Kordofan, and Darfur, covering, say, 1,000,000 square miles, and inhabited, according to the guesses of the best explorers, by 12,000,000 of men, of whom, perhaps, a fourth are Arabs and Arab half-castes, the latter as brave as Zulus. Collecting his army, 10,500 Egyptian and Nubian soldiers, with 2,000 camp followers, in August, at Khartoum, the junction of the two Niles, and teaching them, as Mr. O'Donovan reported, some elementary manœuvres, General Hicks marched up the Nile to Duem, 150 miles from Khartoum. So far, he was safe, for the Nile was with him; but at this point, about September 25th, he resolved to strike westward, and reach El Obeid by a circuitous route of 250 miles through the Desert,—a march of thirty or more days. It must have been an awful march, for the country is a treeless, waterless, verdureless plain; the only drink attainable was from surface pools of stagnant rain-water, the few cattle were swept off by the enemy; and all day, the Army, always marching in close order, ready to form square, was surrounded by clouds of cavalry, who come out of the horizon, reach fighting distance in fifteen minutes, and disappear as fast. The animals dropped, says poor Mr. O'Donovan in his last communication, from the first; but General Hicks, with his ships burned behind him, pressed on gallantly, and arrived on November 1st within a short distance of El Obeid. There the Mahdi ordered him to be stopped, and his fierce followers, who are said to number 300,000 men, and may number 80,000, and who are known on direct European testimony to fight like martyrs, dying in heaps at the muzzles of the Remington rifles, made their final attack. It lasted three days, November 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, relays of men coming up incessantly from El Obeid; and on the last day, as we believe, the exhausted Egyptians, who during the fighting can have had no water, found that their ammunition had given out. They had been firing more or less for twenty-five days, with no fresh supply from any base. Whether that was so, or whether the thirst, which is a certainty, had done its terrible work, the Egyptian squares described by Mr. O'Donovan were broken, the Mahdi's best troops, inflamed to madness by victory, rushed in, and the whole Egyptian Army were either massacred, made slaves, or taken as recruits. Only one European, an artist employed by a German paper, is known to have escaped; and as the Mahdi's orders were to slaughter all Christians and Pagans, and as he would be egged on by the slave-dealers, who know how formidable Europeans are to them, we have little hope for any of the white men with the expedition. All have, we fear, perished, and as the army has been annihilated, as the district between the Blue Nile and Suakim is in arms, as the Abyssinians are in Sennaar, and as the scattered Egyptian detachments still remaining are flying to Khartoum, the whole Soudan is lost to Egypt, and Mahommed Ahmed, the Mahdi, who claims descent from Mahommed, and, say those who have watched him, is reverenced by every tribe, is absolute master of Ethiopia. A victory of this kind will, to every man in the Soudan, appear to reveal the Divine Will; and, till defeated, the Mahdi may expend a thousand men a day without shaking his followers' confidence one jot. And, worse than all, it may be doubted whether the Mahdi, having defeated an army commanded by Englishmen and defended by the artillery of Europe, will not believe in himself and his own mission, and rush forward with a speed and a self-confidence which he has never hitherto displayed.

There is an end of the conquest of Tonquin; for either we misread Arabs altogether, or in a month the French will be fighting for their lives from Gabes to Morocco, and must pour 50,000 men into Tunis and Algeria; but we cannot stop to discuss French misfortunes just now. The point for us is whether the Mahdi will attempt to descend the Nile. It is a formidable enterprise, for though he is master down to Khartoum, and may win that post by treachery, and though there is literally no force between him and Egypt Proper to be relied on for an hour,—every second Fellah by this time doubting if he is not divine—Khartoum is eight hundred miles from Cairo, and the Mahdi's Army as it advances north will eat the narrow strip of cultivated soil as bare as if locusts had passed over it. Still, the cavalry of the Desert can move fast, a conqueror like Mahommed Ahmed cares nothing about human life, and the Mahdi will be compelled, by his spiritual claim—which is to the mastery of the whole Mussulman world—to move forward as rapidly as means will allow. He may wait even for months to organise, but he cannot give up his enterprise; and through all that time, be it shorter or longer, the cloud will overhang Egypt, and the Egyptians will be excited by terror and hope of the most extreme kind. That they can defend themselves by themselves may be gravely doubted. The seven or eight thousand men remaining of the old Army in the Soudan are already showing want of heart—they threw their arms away when Captain Moncrieff was attacked—many of them are probably ready to join the Mahdi, as 3,000 of their comrades recently did, and all of them will fight with the feeling that they are warring for the Infidel against the promised Deliverer, whose army is full of dervishes, santons, and the religious desperadoes who will swarm up from all manner of monasteries to join the successful Mussulman leader who proclaims a divine Mission. If we retire, Egypt may be divided by insurrection, or accept the Mahdi, and that would mean the advance of a Turkish Army to defend the Ottoman Caliphate, which, if an Arab Mahdi reached Cairo, would not be worth a week's purchase. It is impossible for Great Britain to allow either such utter ruin to Egypt, or such an overthrow of all her policy; and whatever happens, until the Mahdi has been defeated, or his movement has died away, the Delta must be garrisoned by British troops. We are not responsible for the Soudan, nor, in spite of the opinion of the ex-Khedive Ismail, are we bound in any way to assist in recovering a dominion which has not extinguished slavery, or, except for a moment under Gordon Pasha, produced any result beneficial to humanity; but we are bound to make Egypt safe against a barbarian invasion. We must hold the Valley up to Syene at least, and to do it we must retain a force strong enough, should the Mahdi advance, to teach him that, even as against fanaticism, civilisation is clothed in an impenetrable armour. Whether it is either right or expedient to hold Khartoum, at so vast a distance from supplies, we do not know, and leave to the able experts who will consider the question; but that we must defend Egypt to the First Cataract, or abandon it to the Turk, we do know; nor do we believe there will be any hesitation on the part of the Government, which has already directed the Fleet to recover Suakim for Egypt. The troops must remain, and Lord Ripon must be warned that in conceivable contingencies he must once more remind the Arabs and the world that, east of Alexandria, Great Britain strikes from two sides at once. No great effort may be necessary. A movement like this may be shattered by victory, or dissolved by internal dissension; and an Army like the Mahdi's has to feed itself, like any other—rifles and cannon in quantities it has unhappily gained in the overthrow of General Hicks—while in any event, short of a rising in Egypt itself, there is ample time to consider action. Even if the Mahdi is a true soldier, it will take him a hundred days to march from El Obeid to Syene; and the Egyptians, whatever their feelings, will await his descent. There is time in plenty, but there must be decision also, and in any event, until the designs of the Mahdi are known the evacuation of Egypt cannot proceed, nor can Sir Evelyn Wood be left with 7,000 doubtful Sepoys, to hold down the Delta and resist an advancing army of thousands of brave fanatics, flushed with a victory over a larger army officered like his own.

THE LORD MAYOR ON LONDON.

THE new Lord Mayor has spoken out strongly against the proposal to make London a Municipality, and as he is in his way a representative man, and as the Bill for that purpose is to be introduced next year, it is well worth while to hear what he has to say. We may premise that we have nothing to do with his motive for saying it, though he makes such a point of that. If Mr. Fowler really believes his own

assertion that, as Lord Mayor, he is bound to defend the separateness of the City, and that it would be traitorous or otherwise wicked "for an Archbishop to turn Dissenter, or for a Cardinal to turn Protestant," we can have nothing to say in reply. Every man must obey his conscience, and if Mr. Fowler's compels him to regard official position as a final reason against yielding to his better judgment, we can only remark that the vagaries of unenlightened conscience are endless, and that Mr. Fowler should resign his seat in the House of Commons. His conscience as Member must bind him to give the vote he deems best for his fellow-countrymen, which may not be the vote binding, by his theory, on the Lord Mayor; and invaluable as conscience is, to possess two consciences, or two halves of a conscience liable to pull in two ways, must be indescribably inconvenient. We may pass over that, however, knowing that men like Mr. Fowler very often speak more strongly than they think, and address ourselves to the arguments he deems unanswerable.

These appear to be in essence only two, either of which, if true, would no doubt be fatal to the plan,—one being that the members of the new Municipality cannot be competent, from want of local knowledge; and the other, that they cannot be competent, from want of general intelligence. "What could a man," said the the Lord Mayor, in accents of superb scorn, "who lived in Hampstead know about the drainage of Greenwich?" Just as much as a Member for Northumberland knows about the legislation for Cornwall,—that is to say, he knows all general principles, and the character, abilities, and arguments of the representative for Cornwall, who will describe any special necessities in the county. There is nothing whatever in the local needs of the parishes or boroughs of London to divide them more from each other than local needs divide electoral districts of Great Britain, no insuperable natural differences, no differences of race, creed, or colour, no divergencies requiring for their comprehension an instinct only developed by long residence. Hampstead is a hill, and Greenwich mainly a riverine flat; but water runs downwards and gases fly upwards in both places, and Sir John Hawkshaw would not consider himself overtasked if asked to prepare an efficient scheme of drainage for both. Belgravia is rich, and Shoreditch is poor; but a shilling is twelve pence in either of them, and Mr. Fowler would not be incompetent to denounce or approve a common scheme of taxation for the two regions, and indeed he allows that, as Member of Parliament, he would be competent and compelled to do so. Why, then, as citizen and parishioner, is he not competent? He makes, in truth, a very odd admission upon that point, for he argues that Parliament, being a great and dignified body, is better able to legislate even in local matters for London than any Municipality would be. We might object, that hardly any kind of ignorance can be so perfect as the ignorance of Members of Parliament about Bermondsey and Kennington, or the huge tract of houses and people formerly called the "Tower Hamlets;" but we need not dwell on that, when Mr. Fowler so plays into our hands. If a great legislative body is more competent than many little legislative bodies, as the Lord Mayor argues, to govern a great city, then a Municipality representing all London must be more competent than numerous Vestries representing bits of London. On that hypothesis, which we acknowledge to be quite sound, but which comes oddly from a fanatic for local self-government, a central Municipality is wanted now, and at once, to do the business more nearly as it ought to be done. The Lord Mayor is, in fact, arguing for the very scheme which he is so eager to denounce, and should, on his own showing, support it with all his power.

But, continued the Lord Mayor, the members of the new Municipality will be "mere vestrymen;" and are we to hand over the Municipal Government of four millions of people to mere vestrymen? We might ask whether vestrymen do not govern now, or whether the United Kingdom is not governed by "vestrymen,"—that is, persons considered by their fellow-citizens qualified to represent them; but we reject so easy a victory of words. We know what the Lord Mayor means, and we reply that the general intellectual rank of a representative body is almost invariably regulated by its powers and duties. If they are great, the members will be great also. Reduce the powers of Parliament to the powers of the Congress at Washington, and the next set of elected Members will be as like Congress-men in all intellectual qualifications as the difference of nationality and manners will permit. We do not despise vestrymen, as Mr. Fowler does, for we think the Government of many of our cities—like Birmingham, Glasgow, and if he will forgive us, the City of London—is in many respects remarkably efficient, and we know of London parishes in which, though the Vestry drops its *h*'s, the local requirements are excellently met; but if he so despises them, and wants better men, his course is so to elevate the Municipality that the people will see at once that Vestrymen will not do, and will elect persons of higher intellectual calibre. They do that, the Lord Mayor allows, for the general Parliament; and why not for a particular Parliament to rule a city so vast, populous, and wealthy, that its very importance has to be pleaded as an excuse for not giving it its rightful measure of representation. Mr. Fowler evidently feels the difficulty, for he immediately proceeds to assert that the reason the Municipal Members will be bad is that the better citizens will not consent to serve. Why not? Mr. Fowler has consented to serve the City of London for thirty years; and why should he not serve "London,"—that is, the City multiplied as to population twenty times? Is it because serving will bring more dignity, and more power, and more opportunities of usefulness, or because the government of four millions will overwhelm him, while the government of thirty-five millions does not, or why? He would probably reply, if we understand his character, that he would do his best to serve London, whatever her organisation; and why not other citizens as competent, as courageous, and as fond of any work at once administrative and beneficial? We do not expect to see Mr. Forster or Sir John Lubbock in the new Municipality, for they have other and more national duties; but we do expect, the moment the importance of the new Municipality is recognised, to see a most able, and, if we may use the word, most dignified class of men serving there, and should not be surprised if ten years hence we found Radical journals complaining that wealthy men, and influential men, and men of eloquence, had far too many seats in the Parliament of London; that wealth was much too strongly represented, and that the suffering classes could not get themselves heard at all. The immense functions of the new Municipality will attract the powerful as the immense strength of the House of Commons attracts them; and the Metropolis will no more be governed by petty tradesmen or artisans than the United Kingdom is. London is big enough to allow of its developing a character, and the English character is not one which allows of the election of those whom Mr. Fowler intends to stigmatise as "vestrymen," to do great work over a great area full of wealth, and people, and affairs.

The truth is, the Lord Mayor's arguments, if they have any force at all, are fatal, not only to democratic government, in which he does not believe, but to any kind of representative government, in which he does believe. If the people of London—varied as they are, and numerous as they are, and wealthy as they are—are incompetent to elect a Council able to govern London, the people of the United Kingdom are also incompetent to elect a Council to govern the Empire; and the alternatives are government from above by a Monarch, or government from below through the Communes. Mr. Fowler would hardly wish for absolute power, and would reject the latter suggestion with horror; but if he will for one moment put himself outside himself, he will recognise that his speech is either a Monarchical or a true Red speech, that he is abusing the bourgeoisie exactly as German Princes and French Radicals do, and that most of his arguments would have appeared to the old Elector of Hesse or to Delescluze unanswerably sound. His words are English enough, but his thought is the thought of Continental Monarchists, and of the Communards,—that shopkeepers are incompetent to govern. He fancies that they will be in the ascendant in the new Municipality, and dislikes the idea so much, that he fails even to see how dignified, how powerful, and how much more sought a Municipality for all London must necessarily be, than any conceivable collection of smaller councils, and how deeply that new importance must affect the imagination of the electors. And he also fails to see, what we should have thought so practical a man would have perceived, that the ablest of Cabinets is limited by conditions, and that be the work to be done what it may, Parliament, however resolute, can only find Englishmen to do it with. After all, Mr. Fowler, we dwellers outside the City, though we have neither Livery, nor Aldermen, nor Guilds, are still vertebrate animals.

THE NEGATIVE VOTE.

A GREAT deal will depend on the spirit in which the Government and the country consider the various changes by which the opinion of the country could be more truly

represented before the Redistribution of Seats is attempted. There certainly should be a very serious effort made to press on the Government any scheme for the more adequate representation of opinion which may be fully consistent with the Democratic principle. We have avowed our belief that by far the most reasonable scheme suggested for the due representation of adequate minorities, is such a division of electoral districts as will give us truly characteristic constituencies,—constituencies, we mean, of a good many different kinds, with different political bias, and different ways of looking at national affairs. If the present minority principle is to continue in operation at all, we agree entirely with our correspondent "J. A. H." that it should be applied more largely to county divisions where there is really most need for it; and also that a very good form of experiment would be to confine it to a general election, each voter having but one vote, and full liberty to vote for any Member in *any* division of his county who best represents his own political opinions. The final objection, as it seems to us, to Mr. Parker Smith's modification of Mr. Hare's plan, is that it might very well under certain circumstances return a candidate who had had no *first* vote at all,—who was only the second choice of a good many whose first choice had been very popular,—and that in this way a candidate, who had been second-best with everybody, might even appear at the head of the poll. Imagine the confusion and disgust which would be excited among the people, by finding the man whom the mass of them preferred credited with fewer votes than the candidate whom none of them had put higher than second-best. Yet this might easily happen, under the rule that after the number necessary to secure a candidate's return is obtained, the remainder of the votes should be carried on to the voters' "second-best" candidate. We must gravely warn the numerous, and as we think, perfectly wise adherents of the fair representation of minorities, that any complicated plan which ends in giving false conceptions of the relative preferences of the electors, will never command the sort of confidence necessary for success. Those who entertain the perfectly just desire to have the larger minorities of the country as freely represented as the majorities—though, of course, by a proportional minority of Members—must endeavour to secure that end by methods which will not mislead and irritate the great masses of the people,—that will not seem as unfair to the majority as they are intended to be fair to the minority.

But the case is different with every genuine proposal for increasing the efficiency with which a man's political convictions may be represented. And we believe that that efficiency may be increased by various methods, the most important of these, though not the only one, being, no doubt, the careful selection of constituencies so as to afford us different political types. But another suggestion has been made which seems to us likely to increase the efficiency of the individual vote itself in the representation of opinion,—we mean the suggestion that a man may use his vote either positively or negatively, either to swell the adhesions to one candidate, or to counteract, so far as one vote will do it, the popularity of another. It is objected that this would be a way of giving vent to personal spites, but would it be so? Why should not an elector's vote be quite as reasonably and as fairly used by way of an energetic protest against one class of principles, as it may be now used to support another class of principles? Suppose that three or four candidates are in the field, of whom three represent the ordinary party views on one side or the other, while the fourth,—say, an adherent of some form of Socialism,—proclaims loudly that he wishes for the nationalisation of the land, the erection of national workshops, the appropriation of the "unearned increment" to the advancement of the labourer, and similar proposals. Is it unreasonable for a voter to say, 'As to the Tory and Liberal candidates, I am indifferent; I am no party man, and would just as soon see a follower of Sir Stafford Northcote's elected as a follower of Mr. Gladstone's,' or a follower of Mr. Gladstone's as a follower of Sir Stafford Northcote's; but I have one conviction of the strongest kind that I should like to express, namely, that Socialism is mischievous, and that if we encourage it, it will sap the energy of England. By far the most characteristic form which I could give to my vote would be to make it a protest against the election of the Socialist. Indeed, that is my main object; but under the present system, in order to do so I am obliged to express a preference which I do not feel, for either the Tory or the Liberal.' That seems to us to express a very conceivable and perhaps legitimate state of mind, though it is not one with which the present writer would sympathise. Surely, everything that enables the very rough machinery of a vote to express something which at present it cannot express, would be an immense advantage under a truly Democratic system. We ask nothing for one voter which we do not give to another; but is it not true that the *difference* between the number of special political supporters and the number of special political opponents, would be a much truer test of the opinion of a constituency concerning the character of a representative, than the mere relative number of positive votes obtained by the various candidates as we have them at present?

And though personal spite might occasionally determine the giving of negative votes, yet personal spite is just as active now, though not so distinctly expressed, and shows itself by voting for the man whose success would most mortify the candidate objected to. But in an English constituency personal spite is a rare motive, and we do not think that an elector would often sacrifice all chance of helping the candidate whom he liked best, for the sake of injuring the candidate whom he hated most, unless he really hated his principles much more than he hated his person. And in that case, it is only fair that he should be able to give expression to his protest. Surely, in a Protestant country, a protest should not be considered an unreasonable and dangerous species of political opinion.

Indeed, the more we attend to the symptoms of mischief in the present House of Commons, the more we feel that there is need of fresh scope for effectual protest against mischievous politicians, as well as for more efficacious support of wise politicians, than we have hitherto had. Take the case of a Member who has wasted intolerably the time of the House, like Mr. Warton or Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. Is it not easily conceivable that an elector who cared little comparatively for party questions, but who cared enormously for the efficiency of the House of Commons, should desire to record emphatically his vote against the return of a mischievous time-waster, though he might not care which party were in the ascendant? And would not any change in the machinery which enabled a waverer or neutral to give his vote *against* the election of a marplot, even though he could not make up his mind for which of the non-marplot candidates he preferred to vote, be a distinct addition to the representative efficiency of our system? For our own parts, though we should certainly regret the use of a negative vote to express mere personal malevolence, we do not believe that there would be any more personal malevolence expressed by using negative votes than is already expressed by means of positive votes, though the expression might, in the former case, be a little more adequate. That, however, is no reason why those who have something definite to express by the negative vote, which they could not possibly express by a positive vote, should be denied the advantage of such an increase to the efficiency of the electoral machinery.

LORD OVERSTONE.

LORD OVERSTONE was one of the few who have rendered the possession of enormous wealth, not derived from land, dignified and attractive. For the most part, the owners of vast fortunes made in trade do not take a very dignified place among their fellow-countrymen. They seem, somehow, to be hangers-on of their own wealth, and to be dwarfed by it, instead of magnified. They seem insignificant beside the wealth they have accumulated, and you wonder how a man of sufficient parts to put so much together, should seem so little of a magician and so much of an accident, when you watch him as he guards the pile of golden dust he has raked together. It was not so with Lord Overstone. He was not the hanger-on of his own millions; he seemed somehow to embody them, and to embody all the care and foresight which had been necessary to invest capital all over the planet, and to know what the investment would yield. It was the *power* of wealth, not its glitter, which you felt in Lord Overstone. He spoke *ore rotundo*, indeed, and with a great air of authority, like the master of many legions as he was; but it was not the wealth to move mountains which you heard in his voice, so much as the sagacious experience which had acquired that wealth,—the far-reaching, financial mind,—the habit of considering safety first and gain afterwards,—the contempt for risky prizes,—the supreme indifference to accidental but not dangerous loss. Lord Overstone was not an original man. He would utter truisms with the impressiveness that made you think them striking truths, and he administered time-honoured jokes like the official head of a great Department of State inaugurating a new régime. But it was hardly possible for him to do anything that was not impressive. The truism from his lips had a new

dignity, if not an air of novelty; the old joke solemnly revived gave you the impression that you were sharing in the temperate geniality of historic tradition itself. Lord Overstone spoke like an institution, rather than a man. You could not help fancying that his voice was the voice of a great net-work of agencies which merely centred in himself, and that you were hardly at liberty to try what he said by the ordinary tests of reason, any more than you would the voice of an Oracle which you had consulted. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*," said an old father, speaking of the testimony of the world against heresy. Well, Lord Overstone spoke like the *orbis terrarum*. You felt, when you heard him, as though his judgment were secure, because it was the testimony of weighty men all the world over.

Lord Overstone was not a frequent speaker in the House of Lords. He seemed to feel that those sententious periods of his should be few, and that reserve was a great power in a public man. But when he did speak, he had a large way of treating financial catastrophes, as if they were merely the counters with which he was playing a game. "He had always maintained," he said, on one occasion, a year or two after the Overend-Gurney crash, "that financial crises, however disastrous at the time, were the seed of expanding prosperity in the country." The ruined victims must have felt, we think, something of an additional pang, when Lord Overstone, in his lofty survey of the financial agencies at work, treated them as the dying seed which was to spring up into the new wealth of other people who had profited by their collapse. On another occasion, Lord Overstone, resisting the proposal to transfer some of the taxes on real property to moveable property, attacked Lord Malmesbury for touching with profane hands so great a mystery as the relative burdens on land and on circulating capital. "If their Lordships were to follow out that subject, he was sure they would find abundant proof of the necessity of extreme caution and circumspection in every step they took regarding it; it was one of those subjects in which 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'" And no doubt Lord Overstone thought that angels would have far too much "circumspection" to interfere in the adjustment of the relative burdens on real and on personal property. How could they better show their angelic nature than by estimating duly the enormous difficulty of so taxing personal property as not to prevent the rapid accumulation of wealth? It was all very well for the landowners to cry out that they were overburdened, but the landowners did not know the delicacy of the problems on which the accumulation of commercial wealth depends. For such a one as Lord Malmesbury to interfere grossly in the refined transactions of the Bankers, was indeed a sight to make the angels weep.

Lord Overstone will always be associated with Sir Robert Peel's Bank Charter Act, which he certainly did more to press on Sir Robert Peel than any other man in the kingdom. It has succeeded to a certain extent, for it has made the Directors of the Bank of England adopt the right policy when they are losing gold, with a promptness with which they never adopted it before; but an Act which requires to be suspended whenever it would otherwise exert its most characteristic effect, and which would do pure harm if it were not so suspended, can hardly be called a model of legislative wisdom. Still, it was, on the whole, very characteristic of Lord Overstone's sagacity, which was just of the kind which applies a very useful remedy to ordinary ills, though one which needs superseding whenever the evil rises to a maximum. He was hardly a statesman, but he was a most impressive politician, who could make men attach extraordinary weight to ordinary considerations; and he was, above all, one who derived great personal influence from the management of extraordinary resources, instead of becoming, as most men of that kind do, mere appendages to such resources,—mere managers of their machinery and their display. He *embodied* the forethought and the judgment which had accumulated millions; and that involved much more than merely having such forethought and judgment at his command. These qualities entered into his character, gave significance to his words, and expression to his countenance. The various energies needful to guard and multiply vast means, made themselves visible in ways much more impressive than those vast means themselves,—in the life and bearing of the man who wielded them.

MR. W. H. SMITH ON IRELAND.

MR. W. H. SMITH can hardly have intended his remarks on Ireland, addressed to the "London and Westminster Working-men's Constitutional Association" on Monday, to be reported. A keen sense of the requirements of inductive and deductive logic would, no doubt, be fatal to the true Conservative temperament. On the subject of Ireland especially, we are accustomed to see the Conservative leaders showing absolute indifference to the ordinary rules of reasoning. But though they make no scruple of ignoring such logical rules as require people to abstain from begging the question to be argued, and from arguing in a circle, or from contradicting themselves in different speeches, yet it is not usual for them to put forward absolutely contradictory propositions in the same speech. Yet this is what Mr. W. H. Smith must be convicted of doing, in the utterance to which we have referred. After a passing reference to the way in which Ireland has been made the shuttlecock of parties, especially one party, he goes on to say that the "*one*" thing it needs now "is rest, peace, and security for life and property, and he would go further, and say, absolute relief from legislation." He frankly acknowledges that the country is now fairly quiet, though he, of course, imputes the improvement entirely to the Crimes Act. He still disapproves of the Land Act, and still thinks it will produce more harm than good; but he does not advocate its repeal. "It would be contrary to everything that is just and fair, to take away now what has been given them [the people of Ireland] by the law." This is all very fair, very sensible, and very statesmanlike. It is fairly open to him also to complain that the language used by Mr. Healy at the Limerick election, in saying that the Irish nation "ought never to be satisfied so long as a single penny of rent was paid for a sod of land in the whole of Ireland," and that the "milk-and-water" business was no good, tends to incite to outrage, though it is to be observed that the language used was not a bit stronger than that used by the Land Nationalisation agitators in England, and not half as strong as that used by the Orange agitators in Ulster. Still, in expressing a demand for "rest," he may be pardoned for expressing his opinion rather forcibly that such speeches do not tend in that direction.

After all this, we naturally expect that this fair-minded and eminent leader of the Opposition is going to bury the hatchet which Mr. James Lowther is always brandishing, and will use that fiery orator's speeches to light the pipe of peace, instead of to light the fire of party strife over Irish questions. In this view, all Liberals would have gladly accepted his statement that he really had nothing Communistic in view, by his proposals as to the purchase clauses of the Act, and his implied assurance that those proposals were not made as "a means of getting into power by" any "party." But when he has thus established and enforced the major proposition that relief from legislation is the one thing needful in Ireland, it is somewhat astounding to find that, after all, Mr. W. H. Smith is prepared, "when the proper occasion arises in Parliament, to state his views" as to the amendment of the purchase clauses, and that there "are strong arguments in favour of a reconsideration of that part of the land question." In other words, Mr. W. H. Smith is prepared, as soon as Parliament meets, for fresh legislation on that very question which above all others has rendered rest the one thing needful. This is to blow hot and cold not merely with the same mouth, but at the very same breath. What would be thought of the surgeon who came to his patient and said, "My dear sir, you have undergone a very painful operation; I am not at all sure the treatment was the right one, but I will not try to undo what has been done; what you need above all things is rest, absolute relief from work and movement. Do not listen to any one who recommends you to adopt strong measures. Only I should like to see your limb reset, and very much stronger splints put on it, and you had better take every opportunity of exercise"? Yet this is exactly what Mr. W. H. Smith, that experienced and distinguished State surgeon, does. Surely it would require too great faith in any patient to trust himself in the hands of that surgeon again. This is the speech put into logical form:—Relief from legislation is necessary for Ireland; Mr. Healy and his party ask for legislation; therefore, Mr. Healy and his party must be suppressed. But Mr. Smith and his party also ask for legislation; therefore, Mr. Smith and his party are to be entrusted with the government, and particularly with the suppression of Mr. Healy. Such is the reasoning which is thought good enough for his working-men constituents, by the Member for the city once represented by John Stuart Mill.

But the reasons which dictate the minor premiss of this conclusion are only less fallacious than the syllogism

itself. Though the "proper time" has not yet come for an exposition of the scheme by which the purchase clauses are to be given greater purchasing power, the time has come for stating why it is necessary. And this is why. Because "the Land Act in its effect absolutely stops all improvement on the part of the landlord," and "there is no single person in Ireland whose interest it is to spend money upon the land." Now, even granting, for the sake of argument, the truth of the first allegation, nothing can be less true than the second. The Land Act, we had fondly imagined, had given every tenant in Ireland who was not already a leaseholder a lease of his land for fifteen years, with practically a perpetual right of renewal, and subject to no conditions but payment of what, in a great majority of cases, is a reduced rent, and may in all be assumed to be a fair rent. Mr. W. H. Smith was a member of a Cabinet which thought that sufficient inducement for the investment of capital in land was given if a tenant was entitled to a year's notice to quit, with a power of claiming compensation for improvements on an arbitrary and narrowly-limited sliding-scale. How is it, then, that a fifteen years' lease, on terms under which the tenant is absolutely secure of getting the value of any improvements he may make, has been no inducement to invest his capital in improvements? But it may be argued that he has no capital to invest. If so, how will the payment of a lump-sum down,—for presumably Mr. Smith does not intend to extend the purchase clauses by converting them into confiscation clauses, or to make the tenant a present of the land at the expense of the British taxpayer—how will the payment of even a fifth or a tenth of the fee-simple value of his holding increase the tenant's capital? If the whole sum were found for him, he would have to repay it in increased rent, and where then would be his margin for borrowing additional capital for improvements? But, in fact, the chief capital required is that which has usually been the only capital found for improvements in Ireland,—the labour of the tenant. It may be that if he were absolute owner, the tenant would have still greater inducements to labour than he now has. But the wand of the enchanter has been waved over Ireland, and the "magic of the property" which, according to Mr. Smith's own showing, has been conferred upon the tenant must needs work its usual effect. It may not all at once convert sand into gold, but it is enough to turn a piece of bog into a potato-ground. If the admittedly inadequate security enjoyed by the Ulster tenant before the Land Act was enough to induce him to invest his capital in improvements, a fifteen years' lease perpetually renewable must be adequate inducement for any one. It is much to be feared that the real inducement for the continuous enthusiasm of Mr. W. H. Smith in favour of a gigantic purchase scheme is not so much a desire for the improvement of the position of the Irish tenant, as a desire for the improvement of the position of the English Conservative Leaders.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF SARAWAK.

ENGLISHMEN find it easier to make history than to watch it in the making. They have almost forgotten Sarawak, yet Sarawak is, perhaps, in some ways the most interesting of the forty or fifty States or separate communities which Englishmen have founded. It is, to begin with, the only one in which the rule of the English administrator has never been supported by British troops. From first to last, since the first Rajah, James Brooke, proclaimed himself Sovereign, to the present day, when his nephew writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* stating that his regular army consists of 250 drilled Dyaks, supported by all able-bodied males, the Brooke dynasty has raised its own troops, sailed its own vessels, waged its own wars, and crushed its own insurgents, without serious help from the forces of any civilised Power. It has succeeded, by its own force of character and ability, in so disciplining and conciliating the majority of its subjects, that when, in 1857, the formidable Chinese colony revolted and compelled the Rajah to swim for his life, his appeal to his people, unarmed and defeated as he stood, was answered by a rising *en masse* of the Dyaks and the extirpation of the rebels. Even now, when civilised order has to be maintained, and taxes to be levied, and savage neighbours to be restrained, the second English Rajah maintains only a native army, though his territory is as large as Scotland and his people number 250,000, and relies for great emergencies upon the devotion of an armed people. He has no European soldier but his Commandant. The Rajah maintains himself, in fact, as the Kings and ruling nobles of Europe used to do, through the body of the people, all accustomed to weapons, and all led and guided by a small personal guard. The system, by the Rajah's own account, works excellently well, and is, indeed, the only system which, in a State so thinly populated and with so small a revenue, would work at all. It works, however, and that so strongly, that the present Rajah ventures at once to admit the Chinese—who are dangerous subjects when the force above is not irresistible—and to carry out the terrible law making entrance into a Hoey or Secret Society a crime punishable with death. Without this law, the State could not be governed,—and as the Hoeys enforce their rules by assassination, it is no more immoral than the Thuggee law,—but the fact that it can be executed without a White army shows conclusively how strong is the social system which the Rajah has established,—a system, be it remembered, under which the city of Sarawak, a city of 20,000 people, is as free from crimes of violence as any English seaport. So also does the abolition of slavery—now nearly completed, and to be final in 1888—the destruction of piracy, once the sole trade of the people, and the creation of a commerce of £1,000,000 sterling a year. This is a remarkable result to have been attained without conquest, and solely by using the English force of character and love of order as the supreme governing power. It wakes a hope that hereafter, even in the colonies inhabited by darker races, the costly English garrisons may be dispensed with, and the people themselves furnish all necessary physical power. The time for such a change seems distant, but political intelligence is spreading, and the moment England is recognised by her dark subjects as irresistible, indigenous garrisons may be safely trusted. Even in India we do not despair of seeing some one people accept English rule with cordiality, and then the Englishmen may be reduced once more, as they were in 1856, to a mere guard.

The second special interest attaching to Sarawak is its form of Government, which is of the Asiatic, not the European type. The Rajah is, we believe, the single Englishman in the world who is absolute in the old and true sense of the word, who holds, that is, the power of decreeing laws and of issuing sentences of death by fiat. The Viceroy of India can, under extreme circumstances which have never occurred, pass *proprio motu* an Act as valid as an Act of Parliament for six months; but he is a subordinate, liable to recall, and even to impeachment, for misuse of his powers. The Rajah of Sarawak knows in Sarawak no superior. The Governors of Crown Colonies can, if supported by their subordinates in Council, pass very despotic laws, and in some instances have done so; but they must submit to the regular formality of securing a majority, and if they overstepped a well-understood line, might be resisted. Rajah Brooke declares that he is really absolute, and as we see no reason either to doubt him or to question that he would like relief both from work and responsibility, we are driven to the conclusion that two English rulers, who have founded a State in Asia, governed it for forty years, and made it comparatively prosperous, have for those forty years found it necessary either to be or to appear as absolute as Sultans. That is a very curious, though it may be a very useless lesson. We question if a community like the British either could or would release a delegate authority from all laws, and make him truly absolute—though we do something very like it as regards a Commander-in-Chief in an "occupied" territory—but still it is a fact to ponder over, that the only Englishman who is compelled by circumstances to rely solely upon the loyalty of a dark population, finds it expedient or imperative to retain absolute power in a visible and avowed form. As a colonial Governor he would not need it, but as a self-depending ruler he cannot do without it. Why is that? Is it that Asiatics really like the speed, force, and dramatic effect of personal power; or that a ruler without a separate and effective will in him, a quasi-impersonal ruler, fails entirely to rouse the sentiment of loyalty which, even in Europe, it is so difficult to evoke towards an institution, but which in Asia, as in Europe, has for individuals, as well as for dynasties, shown itself a passion? Is it the reason or the imagination of Asiatics which is so touched by personal power, that during ages upon ages a series of successful revolutions have failed to create anything but autocracy, or to restrict it by anything save a revealed law, which, in practice, hardly limits it at all? The Emperor of China, like Rajah Brooke, has a tiny standing Army, and could not hold down his people for a day, yet he also is an autocrat. Our system is doubtless the best, while the object is to produce prosperity and secure justice; but if ever in the chances of time we desired to evoke loyalty, we might learn something from the

history of the only Principality in Asia ruled independently by an Englishman.

The third lesson to be learned from Sarawak is the one we all just now sorely need;—to be a little more hopeful and patient about the future of the darker races. There never were barbarians more savage than the Dyaks. When Rajah Brooke first assumed power, their occupation was murder, and their recreation hunts after human beings' heads. They were supposed to be utterly treacherous, and were utterly given up to bloodthirstiness. They had no order, no commerce, no agriculture, no laws. Two Englishmen—one no doubt a hero, but a hero of the rough, Elizabethan type, and the other an ordinary Englishman, with the faculties of a good magistrate—take these people in hand, reduce them through themselves to order, and within little more than a generation tame them till they are as civilised as the working population of India. The work, be it repeated, was not done by men of genius. The reigning Prince does not pretend to be one, and his uncle, though there was the making of a conqueror in him, was not one, unless the insight which enabled him to suppress murder in Sarawak is a proof of it. He was convinced that Dyaks were human beings, and that human beings will no more continue any practice which is surely and suddenly punished, than they will put their fingers into the fire after it has burned them. He, therefore, when trying men for murder, ordered that if the jury returned a verdict of guilty, execution should follow then and there. "As I dropped my hand on the desk," he said, in telling the story, "the murderer fell dead." The juries made few mistakes, the witnesses believed in the Judge, and the Dyaks, appalled by a retribution which looked so certain and sudden, gave up the crime of generations. Still, though that success was startling, there are hundreds of men in England who could, if opportunity offered, play the part of Rajah Brooke ; and it is because the dynasty is ordinary that its success contains such a lesson for men who, in the last resort, govern probably more than a clear half of all dark-skinned mankind.

WILL THE CZAR YIELD?

[We do not vouch for the accuracy of the following account of politics in St. Petersburg; but the writer, the author of "Underground Russia," has exceptional means of information.]

SHORTLY after the Czar's return from his visit to Copenhagen, it was announced that he had resolved to yield to the wishes of his people, and grant them a Constitution. But as a similar announcement has been made twenty times before, only to be contradicted the following week, the news was received with general incredulity, and it would be rash to affirm that his Majesty's latest resolution will prove more lasting than its predecessors. Nobody who knows Russia would venture to say that it will, yet circumstances point to the probability that it may, and nothing can be more certain than that the country is on the eve of great changes. Of this the Czar is fully aware, and the fact may afford a clue to the vacillation of his conduct. He knows not which way to turn. Though he went to Copenhagen without any political object, his visit may have important political consequences. None of his Ministers were with him, and beside subordinate members of the Imperial household and the ladies of the Czarina's suite, their Majesties were accompanied only by two Aides-de-camp,—Obolenvy and Stakelberg. The opportunity was one that might never recur, and the Czar's Danish kinsfolk took advantage of it to press upon him the necessity of making concessions to his subjects, a necessity which is perceived by all who are not personally interested in the maintenance of the present system. They spoke to him of the desperate state of the finances, of the depreciation of the rouble, of the condition of the peasantry, of whose discontent the excesses against the Jews are only a sign. To this last argument the Czar, who is a *narodnik* (popularity-seeker), and dreads nothing so much as a servile insurrection, was keenly alive ; and in the absence of opposing influences, the counsels of his Royal relatives produced a decided effect. It also weighed much with him that the Nihilists being quiet (though, as he well knows, not from weakness), he might make concessions without risking the imputation of yielding to fear. The Emperor was further influenced in the same direction by the condition of his own Court, and the attitude lately assumed by Loris Melikoff, for the ex-Dictator is now regarded by the Government party as a "Red;" and he, and those who think with him, are watched with as much jealousy, and their correspondence read with as much avidity, as if they were dangerous Revolutionists. So great, indeed, is the ignorance of the Ministers, that they look upon Loris Melikoff as being not only the right hand of the Liberal party, but an accomplice of the very Terrorists whom, when in power, he did his best to destroy. His popularity dates from his fall, and the Government fear as much as they hate him. Of this popularity the Emperor is growing jealous, and he has conceived the idea that by granting a Constitution he may win some of it for himself, and so counteract the Revolutionary projects which are attributed to Melikoff and his followers. The Chiefs of the party held lately a meeting in a foreign city to decide as to the course which, in the altered circumstances, they should adopt. At this meeting were present the ex-Minister Abaza and the Countess N——, called at Court "la Grande Faiseuse," a lady deeply skilled in political intrigue and management. The meeting was strictly private, and the result of its deliberations has not been allowed to leak out; but it is clearly the interest of the Melikoff party to confirm the Czar in his liberal designs. To do otherwise, would be to play into the hands of their bitter enemies of the Government Cabal.

Be that as it may, there can be no question that Alexander returned from Copenhagen fully resolved to follow the advice of his Danish relatives, and that he ordered the Minister of the Interior to prepare a project of Reform. The old Conservative, as may easily be supposed, received the announcement of his master's will and pleasure with sore discontent, a feeling in which his friends and supporters, Pobedonostzeff and Katkoff, fully participated. Nor did they neglect to bring into play all the occult influences at their command to turn the Czar from his purpose, and put off the day of reckoning ; and the great question now is, to which side will his Majesty incline? Will he persist in his fair resolutions or yield once more to the sinister counsels of his reactionary Ministers? It is a momentous question, and on its solution may depend the future of Russia and the fate of the Romanoffs. The following considerations will enable the reader to form his own opinion as to the probable issue of the struggles and the intrigues of which the Russian Court is at present the scene.

Since the Czar's return to his capital, events have befallen which can hardly fail to confirm him in his Liberal intentions. The reported arrest of the hundred and four officers and men, including the colonel of a regiment, at Timborsk is a fact of ominous import. Another colonel, serving in a brigade quartered at Odessa, has organised a revolutionary society, somewhat resembling the "Society of the South" formed by Pestel and the "Decembrists" of 1825. The colonel and forty other officers and privates of the brigade are now in custody, and there is a rumour, evidently exaggerated, in military circles that every man in the brigade is affiliated to the Society. Equally true is the news lately published by foreign journals (Russian papers are forbidden, under pain of immediate suspension, to make any mention of these things) of the arrest at St. Petersburg of several officers of the Imperial and Mingrelian Guards. If the Army fails him, upon whom can the Czar count? On the *moujik*, dying of hunger, and listening to counsels of despair; on the instructed classes, the *Zemstvo*, and the Press, whose lips drop loyalty, while their hearts burn with hatred?

One fact alone will show how little to be trusted are the loyal assurances of the well-to-do and instructed classes. There could be no better representative of these classes than Ivan Turgenieff, and the imposing demonstration at his funeral shows how great was his popularity with the masses. He always professed Monarchic principles, and when Katkoff accused him of sympathising with Nihilism, he wrote to the *Messager de l'Europe*, a paper appearing at St. Petersburg, protesting his loyalty to the Czar. Yet it is now known —the fact has been published by Peter Lavroff, in *La Justice* —that for several years before his death Turgenieff was a supporter of the *Vperiod*, a Socialist revolutionary review, conducted by Lavroff. If he did not write in its columns, he found money for its production. Nevertheless, the great writer remained a Monarchist to the last; he countenanced Nihilism only because he had arrived at the conviction that without revolution there could be no reform. By treating reformers as enemies, the Government compels every Liberal to become either an active member or a secret friend of the party of Revolution.

The Emperor, it is said, was much moved and greatly discouraged by Lavroff's revelation, and he can hardly help being influenced in favour of Reform by the existence among his courtiers of so many Constitutional parties. For it is a curious and significant fact that the Russian Court swarms with *soi-disant* Liberals and pseudo-Constitutionalists. When the ship is

sinking, the rats desert. In the first line comes the party of Loris Melikoff, whose ideal is representative institutions and a limited monarchy. But how far they are really prepared to go is uncertain. At Turgenieff's funeral, Prince Bebontoff, a leading member of the party, laid on the novelist's coffin a garland of flowers entwined in a *chain*, a proceeding which threw the Government into a paroxysm of rage, and was punished by the immediate exile of the offender to Siberia. This incident is enough to show the feeling that prevails between the Melikoff party and the party in power. It is war to the knife.

At the head of another party is Count Shouvaloff, a former chief of the famous Third Section. His views are less advanced, and his followers more powerful, if not more numerous, than Melikoff's. Their principles are based on three ideas—equally just—that the present position is untenable; that the Government can be maintained as it is only at great risk and peril; and that the Devil—that is to say, Constitutional rule—is not so black as he is painted. But they lack the courage of their opinions, for, while advocating the formation of an elective, and a nominated or hereditary Chamber, they would so arrange matters as to retain virtually intact the present political and economical system. They desire, in effect, while maintaining the privileges of the nobility, to curtail the prerogatives of the Crown. The Slavophil party, on the other hand, want to effect the impossible,—to to have at the same time a despotic monarch and a popular Constitution. Their project is to convoke a Parliament elected by universal suffrage, whose function shall be purely deliberative. The Executive may listen, but it will not be bound to obey. The scheme is obviously absurd. No popular Assembly could consent to play so ignoble a part, and free speech and autocratic rule cannot, in the nature of things, coexist. It is probably for this reason that the scheme has encountered the bitter opposition of the Government, and the mere mention of the "Zemsky Sobor," as it is called, is forbidden to the Press, under pain of suspension. When the project—which the Czar, in the first instance, rather favoured—was submitted to Count Tolstoi, he observed that a deliberative Assembly was simply superfluous; that it would answer the same purpose if each province presented to its Governor a statement of its wants, which that functionary could forward to the Ministry, with whatever remarks he thought fit to make, and that the Government would thus be able to do all that might be necessary,—a profound criticism which procured for its author the appointment of Prime Minister. This is history, not anecdote.

Count Albidinsky, a former Governor of the Baltic Provinces, has also a scheme, perhaps the most extraordinary of all. He proposes neither more nor less than to divide the Empire into twenty kingdoms, each with its own Parliament and Viceroy!

It is probable that none of these projects has much practical value; their importance consists in the indication they afford of the confusion that reigns among the ruling class of the Russian Empire, the class from which the Emperor must perforce choose his Ministers and Councillors and the leaders of his armies. But to infer from this that a voluntary reform of the present system is imminent would be counting without our host,—the host in this case being the pride, ignorance, and obstinacy of the House of Romanoff. Nothing is certain. The present crisis may result in important reforms; it may equally result, after a few weeks of indecision, in nothing more than a change of *personnel* and a few bureaucratic palliatives.

In the meantime, rumour has it that the First Minister will shortly be dismissed; and a curious project is spoken of, for a Convocation of the Provincial Governors-General, to deliberate on the state of the Empire, and suggest measures of reform for the consideration of the Czar. This will be quite a new sort of Parliament, due to the inventive genius of his Excellency Count Tolstoi.

STEPNIAK.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE ON THE MONUMENTAL CHARACTER OF LITERATURE.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S address on Literature at Birmingham, as President of the Suburban Institutes Union, was certainly not suburban. His general view, that the words and thoughts and imaginations and songs in which the nations express their various characters are by far the most important of the monuments of energy which they leave behind them, more characteristic than their greatest buildings, more characteristic than their tillage, more characteristic even than their art, may be true or false, but it is not vulgar or conventional. For our own parts, we should say that it is not necessarily true, and is sometimes misleading, if not false. Take the case of Rome. It is, we suppose, true that with the literature of Rome in our hands, and no other trace of Rome's conquests, we could give a better account of what Rome had aspired to do in the world, than her innumerable camps and viaducts and baths and amphitheatres and roads and mighty walls would give without the books. But would the literature without the mighty and wide-spread remains impress us with anything like the same sense of the dumb fidelity and energy of her legions? Is Livy, or Juvenal, or Tacitus, or even Virgil, half as expressive of the genius of Rome as the Coliseum, or even our own Roman Wall? Roman literature expresses the thoughts of the thinking and writing men, in a nation that had comparatively few thinkers and writers. But can the thoughts of the thinkers and writers express adequately the silent power and purpose of those who were neither thinkers nor writers, and who, if they had ever been given to studying the thoughts and writings of others, would have lived very different lives? You may say, perhaps, that the stately eloquence of Livy, and the terse intensity of Tacitus, and the fierce scorn of Juvenal, and the magnificent pathos of Virgil, reflect the attitudes of minds that could never have expressed themselves in words;—that Livy was a sort of mouthpiece for Tarquin and Coriolanus, Tacitus for Agricola, Juvenal for Trajan, and Virgil for Octavia or Augustus. But even granting this, the most characteristic monument of Roman energy can hardly be the voice of its interpreters, when the most striking thing about it was that it yearned after no better interpretation than that of deeds, and that even in its amusements it preferred the sight of blood and danger to the wit of the player or the passion of the poet. Of course, in the case of Palestine and Greece it would be much truer to say, with Sir Stafford Northcote, that by far the greatest monument which the natives of those countries have left to us is the monument of their Literature. The Books of the Old and New Testament strictly represent the characteristic achievement of the Hebrew people, the one achievement which has made a country not much bigger than Wales more important to the earth than the rest of Asia, Africa, and America. But even here the monument is not so much the work of the people, as the work of a few chosen minds carved upon the rocky hearts of the people, as the inscriptions in some of the Arabian fastnesses are carved upon the lonely rocks of that desolate land. The Hebrew literature is the monument not of a people, but of the inspired teachers of a people who required line upon line and precept upon precept, before any lasting impression could be made upon their minds. In the case of Greece, perhaps, the literature,—at all events if taken together with the art of Athens,—does more truly represent, if not exactly the achievements of a race, yet the true delight of the race in the achievements of its greatest minds. Homer, Herodotus, the great tragedians and comedians, the Parthenon and the Amphitheatre, Demosthenes, Plato, and Aristotle, represent probably more adequately the highest delights of the popular mind in Greece than any other literature and art in the world succeed in representing the highest delights of the people in whose service that literature and art have been produced. There was, probably, less of noteworthy character in Greece which found no reflection in its literature and art, and less of Greek literature and art that had no answering feature in the life of the Greek people, than we could find in comparing any other national literature with the actual life of the people. But even in relation to Greece, how much of dumb, inarticulate life there must have been of which we see only the fragmentary reflection in such writers as Plutarch or Athenaeus.

The truth is that Sir Stafford Northcote's notion of Literature as a monument of national character and energy, is only half true. It is really the monument of the character and energy of a few select minds, partly stimulated by their love or hate of what they see in the life around them, and partly by their yearning for that which they do not see, but have dimly heard of, and very much desire to see. Nothing, we fancy, can be more dubious that Sir Stafford Northcote's assertion that we can always tell from the literature of any age whether it approved wars of aggrandisement or only wars of self-defence, whether its commerce was greedy or only boldly enterprising, whether its civilisation was stationary or advancing. Take the case of Chaucer. He served in the army during the

invasion of France by Edward III.; but could you gather from his poetry whether the English people condemned or approved that invasion of France, or whether they had not made up their minds on the subject? Take the poet whom we are rather surprised to infer is Sir Stafford Northcote's own favourite, Milton,—could we judge from his poetry whether the mass of the English people approved or rejected his own Puritanism, and whether they admired or disliked his own elaborate and somewhat pedantic learning? We might perhaps justly infer from Shakespeare that the aggressive wars of the Plantagenets, so far as tradition passed judgment on them, were not unpopular, and that anything like either Puritanism or pedantry was unpopular in England; but then, Shakespeare is the most faithful of national mirrors. Still we hold that *all* literature is by no means a mirror of the life of the nation, nay, is often a completely false light upon it,—representing often the writer's yearning for what he does not find in the national life, rather than his delight in what he does. Spenser will no more tell us what England was in the days of Elizabeth, than Scott will tell us what Scotland was in the days of George IV. Both writers were more or less dreaming of a life that they could not touch or handle, though they had the vision of it in their imagination. Spenser lived in the world of fancy, and Scott in the world of tradition. Thus, the latter doubtless built the monument of a generation that had passed away, while the former built the monument only of his own exquisite reveries. Shelley and Keats would not furnish us with any materials for reconstructing the early part of this century, and if we attempted to recast the life of the last generation from the writings of Ruskin, we should inevitably read it backwards, as well as represent it out of all drawing. Certain parts of literature are the monuments of what men have been; other parts are but the monuments of the revolt of certain imaginations against the restraints of reality,—excursions into the world of the might-have-been.

And again, there is a very great part of the life of every people which cannot get itself imaged in Literature at all. Sir Stafford Northcote virtually admits this, when he says that science and the arts, in this last hundred years, have been making great strides, with which literature has not kept up. Science and the arts are, of course, part and parcel of the life of the nation, and if there is no proper reflection of them in literature,—which there certainly is not,—then there is a large part of the life of the nation to which literature builds either no adequate monument or no monument at all. Minute, technical, monotonous effort, literature can commemorate only in its picturesque results; and hence a great part of life, and even of the most characteristic life of such a people as the English, is hardly reflected in English literature at all. Is it not this, indeed, which irritates the genius of men like Mr. Ruskin against such minute, technical, and monotonous life, and leads them to affirm that it ought not to be at all? Perhaps the false literary canon, "All that can be rightly done at all can be made fascinating in literature," is at the bottom of a good deal of the denunciation which is launched against the more dismal pursuits and industries of men. If so, those who see the falseness of this literary canon should protest against such large generalisations as Sir Stafford Northcote's, which really tend to inspire a sort of disgust for any sort of energy of which you cannot paint the fruits as at once beautiful and imposing.

MISCHIEVOUSNESS.

HARDLY any tendency in the human mind is quite so hard to explain satisfactorily as the one which the educated call Mischievousness, and the uneducated, with a clearer idea than usual of the value of emphasis, Mischeeviousness. It is, to all appearance, a self-begotten tendency. Certainly, no theory of evolution will account for an instinct so little profitable, and producing rather danger and loss to its possessor, than safety or advantage. It does not in most of its manifestations help any one to defend himself, while it does draw down on him that increase of hostility which so many of the arrangements of Nature are intended to avert. The raven gets nothing for himself by hiding things he can neither eat nor use; the parrot is not rendering himself safer when he makes the dog run about to imaginary calls; the monkey has won nothing in the race when he "makes hay" of the pretty things in a room, or twitches the tail of another monkey stronger than himself, and then looks away into space, with that innocent inquisitiveness which, be it noted, in spite of the cleverness attributed to these beasts, usually takes-in the more experienced monkey. Nor does the boy benefit who hides his comrades' toys, spoils their lesson-books, fills their boots in the morning with water, thereby compelling himself also to fill his own, lest their dryness should betray him; or drops breakable things in half-open doorways upon their heads. Yet so strong is this tendency, that in some animals it can scarcely be checked by severe punishment—nothing, for instance, will cure a really mischievous monkey—that in some boys it is a leading feature of character; and that in some men it lasts far down into middle-life, and is only apologised for as freakishness in old age. It must almost have dominated Theodore Hook, and rises in some of the girls who pretend to be Spiritualists into a sort of hysteric passion. Men have been repeatedly brought up in Police-courts for freaks ascribed to drunkenness, but perpetrated in pure, wanton mischief; and it is to be noted that these freaks usually cause danger to the person attacked, or those around. The lad Moriarty, now in custody for wounding a gentleman he never previously saw, may have been "practising," as he says, or may have had some other motive, or may be insane, but his act hardly transcends some others frequently committed in the country out of pure wantonness and perversity. Boys have been known to fire haywicks, to set dogs on sheep, and to drop stones on passing trains, from no more serious impulse, and this, too, with a nearly full appreciation of the consequences. In fact, it is only because mischievousness is limited to a small number, that it does not become one of the more serious troubles with which the human race have to contend. A country in which every second young man or growing girl displayed this spirit would be almost uninhabitable.

We should have said that the cause of Mischievousness was an abnormal desire to enjoy the sense of power by giving pain, but for its manifestation in so many animals. It is difficult, however, to believe that the raven thieves from any such motive; while the monkey often, and the dog almost always, tries to hide away the evidence of his conduct, which is inconsistent with the enjoyment of power. That may influence the boy who fires a hayrick or stretches twine before a horse's feet, or the girl who collects a crowd of starers by throwing furniture about, but it will not explain acts of pure "bedevilment," like that of the boy who sets fire to his own hair, or swallows ten peach-stones in succession. Nor will the commonest form of vanity, the desire to be an object of attention—or, as we now phrase it, the "craving for notoriety"—account for many of the manifestations of mischievousness which are intended always to remain secret, and sometimes are enjoyed in proportion to their secrecy. We should, therefore, be inclined to suggest another explanation. The truly mischievous are rarely bright, tricksiness, not mischievousness, being the attribute of the over-vivacious; and we suspect that in some animals and men there exists a duller form of laughter, a rudimentary laughter, as it were, which mischievousness provokes, and which is, therefore, enjoyable. The foundation of laughter is the sense of surprise, and it is to awaken this sense in themselves and others, in a rude and immature, but violent way, that the mischievous display their perversities. "I did it to see how he would look," or "I did it to see what would happen," is the frequent and true explanation of the guilty, and would be the constant explanation, but that the world does not accept it as an excuse, and the mischievous know that. Why Nature should evolve this desire to excite and to feel surprise, when surprise can in no way add strength to the animal or man who enjoys it, is, like laughter itself, one of those mysteries which the metaphysical evolutionists have not explained, and which, like that extraordinary fact, the apparent occasional existence of what we call "irony" in natural forces, is inexplicable on any theory ever offered, except the single one that behind the "Forces" is a Mind with a design.

"ON THE WANDLE."

ABOUT fifteen years ago, the following story was told to the present writer, with reference to the business which the poet William Morris had started and was managing. The firm had most unexpectedly become possessed of actual profits to the amount of fifteen shillings. This being an unprecedented occurrence, the partners met together and very seriously discussed how the sum should be invested. So prolonged were these discus-

sions that the fifteen shillings had time to get lost before they were concluded, and ever since—so our informer said—the beadle of the square in which stood the premises where the sum was realised, has been looking for it. Seldom are such stories made up, unless they suggest what might have happened. And it is true that at that time Morris's firm were working out eagerly and fervently in their business high aims and principles quite new in the trade of the nineteenth century. These gave the real impulse to the work; the making of money was quite a secondary consideration. Indeed, the firm continued to cast its bread upon the waters many years before it found any of it again, as far as money went. However, all this has since changed. "Morris" has become a household word for all who wish their material surroundings to be beautiful yet appropriate for homely use, "neat, not gaudy," English in taste, not French. William Morris has long been recognised, by all who are at all intelligently watching the current of taste in this nineteenth century, as a poet who has succeeded in bringing poetry into the material surroundings of life; who has succeeded in making the things of common use far from common-place; a poet, moreover, who has made a successful and practical protest against *heartlessness* in hand-work. His power is proved by his many imitators. Nearly all the better kind of designs in the shops are, as far as they are good, cribs from Morris, just altered sufficiently "to prevent unpleasantnesses." His willow-pattern paper is taken very boldly, stamped upon a carpet, and a trellis of little squares added by the accommodator. Even Paris taste, that mixture of fantastic extravagance, persistence in mediocrity, and industrious finish of detail, took up the style of Morris colours some years ago, and flavoured it with the usual touch of French morbid cynicism by calling the colours "teints dégradés."

Down at Merton, on the River Wandle, is an old mill, formerly used, we believe, for the production of common printed table-cloths. In this mill are now made all the beautiful things which can be seen at "William Morris and Co.'s" shop, in Oxford Street, excepting the wall-papers. There is no actual dilapidation about the old mill, but certainly there is nothing in the place to contradict the principles of the "anti-restoration of ancient buildings society." Things seem to have gone on till they dropped, and then they were patched, the patches honestly put on, without disguise. Passing through the gates from the high-road, the mill and Wandle present themselves much mixed up together. The river as we saw it was shimmering in the sunlight of a bright November afternoon; little eddies of the stream carried light and glimmer into dark corners, round the many angles of the scattered building. Near its edge the stream is shedded-over, to protect some bright-brown wooden pegs, turning on a wheel, through the mysteries of which bright blue stuff is dripping and splashing. The opposite bank is green meadow, where the trees are scantily hung with fading leaves, golden against the blue country distance beyond. In the meadow, close to the river, a group of three cows stands passively gregarious, outlined by a furzy edge of red gold, fiery against the misty blue background. A party of five white ducks, very orange-coloured about the feet, are quacking and waddling along the narrow footpath between the mill and the grassy edge of the river. We are confident that on the premises of no other such "thriving business" should we be allowed to come so near such nice things as ducks and cows and untouched river-banks. Here there is none of the ordinary, neat pomposity of "business premises." True poets and good workmen do not favour *stilts* in any line; it is not likely that the chief of this mill, who is practically both, should mount them. We turn through doors into a large, low room, where the hand-made carpets are being worked. It is not crowded. In the middle sits a woman finishing off some completed rugs; in a corner is a large pile of worsted of a magnificent red, heaped becomingly into a deep-coloured straw basket. The room is full of sunlight and colour. The upright frames face you at right angles, with a long row of windows looking close upon the bright-shining river. On the window-sill are pots of musk and some other greenery. Across the trellis-work of the small window-squares are thrown the pointed violet shadows of the few remaining leaves flapping loosely on the willow trees outside. The strong, level afternoon light shines round the figures of the young girls seated in rows on low benches along the frames, and brightens to gold some of the fair heads. Above and behind them rows of bobbins of many-coloured worsteds, stuck on pegs, shower down threads of beautiful colours, which are caught by the deft fingers, passed through strong threads (fixed uprightly in the frames, to serve as a foundation), tied in a knot, slipped down in their place, snipped even with the rest of the carpet, all in a second of time, by the little maidens. Twenty-five rows does each do in a day,—that means about two inches of carpet. One of the rugs being made is of silk, instead of worsted, very exquisite in quality of surface. The workers may be as tiresome as most young people between the ages of a girl and a woman generally are, but they do not look tiresome in this bright sunlit place, so near the shining river, but merry, and busily happy. It is a delightful workroom, and we turn out of it wishing we could go on longer watching the work done in it. Out again by the Wandle, and across a bridge where the trout are to be seen lying in its shadow, you pass through a garden; the paths and grass are covered with golden leaves, and the fallen chestnuts roll under your feet, a faded sunflower hangs its head pathetically over the stream, the cows are still grouping themselves in the meadow beyond. You pass an open door, and see men working over vats, and are told it is where the dyeing is done (how like a bit of Rembrandt light and shade); but we turn into another room, where the handlooms are working busily, the shuttles flying to and fro between the webs with a speed like lightning, as fish that make sudden darts in the water. There are many looms, and beautiful-coloured threads are being woven into beautiful materials on every side. Men work the looms; the only women we saw employed at the mill were those working the hand-made carpets. We go on to the rooms where the printing and the stained glass is done. Both are reached by outside wooden staircases. In the glass room, we see cartoons by Burne Jones and by Morris himself in process of being copied. There are many other rooms, for stores, in the old mill. In no part of it does there seem any crowding, either of things or people; the work seems all going on cheerfully and steadily, without hurry.

Turning out of the gates again, a few minutes along the high road bring us to the building where Mr. De Morgan's pottery is already manufactured, though the whole of the building is not yet finished. Hitherto, a little walled-in garden at the back of one of the old houses in Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, has alone been the site for the kilns, out of which have come those tiles, plates, and vases which have certainly after their kind never been surpassed, even if equalled in beauty. The work in the new building is only beginning, not yet going along full swing. When it does, the quantity of pottery made will, it is to be hoped, enable many to enjoy it who till now have hardly heard of it. It is a separate business from W. Morris and Co., but at the shop in Oxford Street specimens of this pottery are to be seen. Already on the new premises you see the process of making the pottery from beginning to end; you see the black Stourbridge clay in lumps, then you see it cut in squares for tiles, or being shaped into vases and plates by the hand, in the old time-honoured fashion, on the turning mill-stone; then the tiles with the designs added, afterwards with the glaze, and finally, some hundreds packed in a kiln ready to be fired, a process which lasts some eight hours.

What is the real secret of the refreshing atmosphere which clings about these workshops of William Morris and William De Morgan? Wherein lies the immense difference in the influence on us produced by their work and the ordinary manufactured stuffs, stained glass, and pottery? In the work we have been seeing what a strength there is of individuality, and what an entire absence of common-place self-importance; what a natural way of doing things, and what a sense of distinction in all that is done! We believe that we have but to realise the impulses which are always pushing the work forward with fresh inventiveness, in order to account mainly for the sense of distinction and beauty which flavours it. The genius of inventiveness and the love of beauty are the ruling principles, not the making of money. The machinery used in the manufacture is accommodated, made subservient and elastic, to a standard of excellence which has no place at all in the ordinary manufacturer's horizon, but is quite outside and beyond it. If a piece of ordinary machinery can only in part carry out the conception, however easy and inexpensive the use of it would be, it is not used, but something else invented or adapted which shall carry out what is wanted as perfectly as it is possible to carry it out. If a dye is beautiful in colour, but does not give a fast colour, no time is spared in inventing a combination which will make it fast. The ordinary manufacturer, even were he to perceive the beauty of the colour, would see no advantage in

overcoming difficulties and incurring expense in order to use it. He would ignore it as practically useless. He could not spare the time or money to try experiments. Just so, in the case of Mr. De Morgan's pottery, there is an inventiveness shown in practically carrying out his ideas which lands the work on a very high level of excellence, very different from the result we see where good designs are carried out by ordinary means. For instance, in painting clay there is a difficulty in regulating rightly the amount of colour to be put on in painting the design, owing to the ground of the tile or vase being opaque. Mr. De Morgan has invented a method of painting the colour on a transparent ground (which is afterwards transferred to the clay), on which the thickness of the colour can be regulated exactly, in order to give each tint its due effect. And so on through all the work done by these real artists. No time, trouble, or money is spared in making the work as perfectly true to the conception as human means can make it. But we must remember that before the difficulty of producing beautiful colours and designs is encountered and got over successfully, the beautiful colours and designs must be preferred. The sense which originally and mainly propels the making of these things is an instinct for beauty, a love of it for its own sake. It is an undoubting preference which directs their manufacture. The results are evolved out of individual choice, the means alone adjusting themselves as different requirements present themselves to the mind of the inventor, but the choice is peremptory. Here, at last, we can see some practical outcome of the principles of which Mr. Ruskin is the prominent preacher. Here are examples of what the human machinery can do at its best, heart, head, and hand all in their right places relatively to one another. Mr. Ruskin has insisted often on the fact that the true instinct for beauty is the outcome of healthiness in the nature of the artist; of love for what is pure, gentle, and solemn in nature; of a respect for individuality which encourages originality of invention; of a freedom which is earned by obedience to the higher laws.

No wonder that the character of this work done on the Wandle has a high distinction in it, if, as we believe to be the case, it is worked out from feelings and principles so very uncommon, so very different from those which inspire manufacturers as a rule. Too much of our civilisation in these days tends to an artificiality without refinement, to elaborated vulgarity, to luxury which is at the same time costly and coarse. This work, on the contrary, is uncommon because it is so natural, so indicative of the pure, ungreedy side of human nature, so real as an outcome of individual choice. We may like it or dislike it, but very certain is it that the inventor himself liked it; it is the result of a genuine preference; and therefore a bit of unsophisticated nature is at the root of its creation, not a volition based on a belief in any artificial standard of beauty,—on a belief in things which ought to be liked because momentous academies or individuals have ordained them as the correct things to be liked.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEGATIVE VOTE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The proposal of Mr. F. W. Raikes in your last number as to a "*minus* vote" is certainly novel, but it is startling to find it quoted with approval by the *Spectator*. Surely Mr. Raikes's own instance supplies a telling, if not conclusive, argument against his suggestion. I am no defender of the "obnoxious" views on religion held by the member of the School Board whom he mentions, but would it not be better to have a dozen Bradlaughs or Avelings on a School Board, than take so sure a means of rousing the *odium theologicum*, not to say *anti-theologicum* as well? That would be indeed the beginning of strife!—I am, Sir, &c., C. R. A.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The remarks on negative voting in your issue make me think it worth while to call your readers' attention to a pamphlet on this subject written by Mr. Greer, of Reigate, and read by him before the Social Science Association in (I believe) 1869. Mr. Greer's object is to express the unfavourable or negative opinion as clearly as the present system expresses the favourable or affirmative opinion. The plan proposed by Mr. Greer is that the voter's ticket should be arranged in the following manner:—

Against.	Candidates.	For.
120	Williams	517
256	Jackson	600
38	Grant	87

In this specimen voting-paper, Williams is elected because his affirmative difference is greater than Jackson's, though the latter has a larger affirmative vote, which is counterbalanced by a larger negative vote.

A short quotation from Mr. Greer's pamphlet states the principle upon which the scheme is to be worked. He says:—"The equality of negative and affirmative opinion would constitute a standard or zero, and the candidates would rank above or below zero, according to the quantities of the excess of affirmative over negative, or of negative over affirmative opinion. Thus, whenever the negative votes exceeded the affirmative votes for any candidates, such candidates should be deemed to be rejected; and they might, if thought desirable, be arranged in the order of the quantities of the excess of the negative votes."

One improvement could, I think, be made, viz., that the places should be decided by the *ratio* of affirmative to negative votes, instead of being decided by the gross difference. It is quite possible for lower figures to show a lower rate of opposition.—I am, Sir, &c.,

St. John's Wood, November 21st. C. G. Compton.

THE CUMULATIVE VOTE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me a comment on your editorial note to my last letter? You say that the cumulative vote would secure the victory to those who have few, but enthusiastic supporters. I admit it, but is that an evil? Surely, what we really want is a Parliament composed of the 658 people whom the electors really believe to be the best men. To return men, as is now too often done, merely as poles to stick a flag on (as one modest candidate described himself), is to reduce Parliamentary Government to government by plébiscite, and to lower the standard of intelligence required in a Member. Now, the cumulative vote seems to me to meet in some degree that difficulty. The man to whom three or four votes are given is a man, as a rule, who is chosen on his own account. Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, in the first School-Board election, was distinctly a case in point. No one could reckon her in any particular party, she was chosen for her services in the past to the community, and for her expected services in the future. And, as party feeling has grown stronger in the School Board, and the pride in the institution itself apart from party has declined, electors are more and more disposed to distribute their votes among different candidates, and less to concentrate them on the persons they care for. I do not wish to make invidious comparisons, but where in the present School Board shall we find three such Members as Lord Lawrence, Mrs. Anderson, and Professor Huxley? Is the School Board the better for the change? Surely, you ought to ask not whether the cumulative vote *would* be tolerated, but whether it *ought* to be tolerated, at Parliamentary elections.—I am, Sir, &c., C. E. Maurice.

[We do not think it a good thing that the favourites of a sect or a crotchet should be returned by the enthusiasm of a few, and returned apparently above the heads of those who are the sober choice of the many. We might in that way get, as in School Board elections we have often got—though in that case with much more justification—a good many purely denominational returns.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE ASSIMILATION OF COUNTY AND BOROUGH FRANCHISE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As this question is now engaging much public attention, and seems likely to take precedence upon the meeting of Parliament, I think that many of your readers will be glad to have their attention called to a pamphlet published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., under the above title, and which, after careful perusal, cannot fail to commend itself to those desiring a concise and clear examination of this important and interesting subject.

It is written by Mr. Havelock Fisher, a gentleman who for some years has devoted himself to the study of political and Parliamentary subjects, and seems an excellent paper,—the most compendious yet offered to the public. The literary ability displayed is above the average, and the pamphlet is written in a philosophic spirit, rather than from a party view. The question

is treated with a discernment and an impartiality that will go far to temper existing prejudices, and allay the exaggerated alarms of those politicians whose apprehensions have been aroused by the proposed further development of popular power.

The arguments are terse and forcible, and supported by well-ordered statistics. The views expressed are apparently sound and constitutional; and inasmuch as it has already passed through two editions (a third being called for), and furthermore has been dedicated by permission to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and commended by him and by several leading Members of Parliament, you will perhaps feel that I am justified in asking you to give it, by publicity in your columns, that fair consideration I believe it merits.—I am, Sir, &c., TRURO.

THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I fully agree with you that Mr. Parker Smith's scheme is impracticable, from its want of simplicity. If, however, the principle of minority voting is justified by the identification of county and borough franchises, as possibly it may be, why should not the larger counties be made the subjects of this process by a system of grouping, without the further refinement which Mr. Parker Smith proposes?

There are twenty-seven English counties which have been split for voting purposes into sixty-nine divisions, each returning two Members. What may be the effect of the abolition of non-resident votes, and the addition of the smaller householders, it is impossible to calculate; but as things are at present, if my guess at the relative strength of the two parties be anything like correct, the minority is most inadequately represented, for while it appears as if there were not more than five per cent. difference between Tory and Liberal strength, only forty-one Liberals were returned at the last general election, to ninety-seven Tories.

Why should not these county seats be grouped, county by county, under the arrangement that any voter, each voter having two votes, as at present, may give one vote to any candidate in any division of the county, the county in which the voter resides, though possibly in another division?

This would be a very mild form of minority voting, for it would be difficult to put it in practice among the smaller and more rural voters, while it would enable the more intelligent class to support their own side anywhere throughout their county, in which, be it remembered, I assume that they reside.

The division of counties for voting purposes dates only from 1832, and they are still one for many purposes of a local nature, —rating, jury lists, J.P. and D.L.-ships, Militia, and so on, so that there is not the same look of unfitness in the proposal that a voter should give one of his votes in any division of his county that he pleases, which there would be if it were proposed to jumble up half-a-dozen boroughs for a similar purpose.

It may be suggested that if there is no contest in the division in which one of these minority voters resides, he will not be able to give his outside vote. True; but on the first General Election after the change of suffrage there is sure to be a contest for every division of every county in England, and at that contest the strength of parties will be very efficiently tested. This would probably produce compromises for many seats at another general election; and even if, in order to poll these outside votes, contests were set on foot, the Corrupt Practices Act will have rendered them far less formidable in point of expense than they have hitherto been.

Some modification of the balloting arrangements would doubtless be necessary, but I do not see that this would involve any difficulty, beyond that of printing the names of all the county candidates on every voting-paper, instead of the names only of the candidates for each division.

I have only to add that the result of my calculation is that the voting strength of the Liberals in the counties referred to is somewhat under 270,000, that of the Tories somewhat above 280,000, taking the constituencies as they stood at the last General Election.—I am, Sir, &c., J. A. H.

DINNERS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Dinners given to poor children are a form of relief. They cost so much to the givers, are worth so much to the receivers, and are given to the children because of the poverty of their parents. Are they a judicious form of relief? I cannot think that they are. That is why I have been unable to support the scheme for feeding Board-school children, about which Mrs. Pennington and Mr. Allen have written in your columns.

The children most needing help in the Board Schools—those who are worst clothed and fed—are the children of drinking parents. It has been a difficulty for the promoters of this scheme to decide whether such children should share their bounty or not. The first children I heard named as receiving the dinner-tickets were those of a widow who had taken to such disreputable ways, that I had felt obliged to get her parish relief stopped, in the hope that she might be compelled to go into the workhouse with her children. It must be painful to pass by the children who want the help most, and to give the tickets to those who are less badly fed. But the managers of the dinners now announce that they carefully exclude the children of all parents who are not decently respectable, and that they visit the homes of the parents, in order to ascertain their character. Let us suppose that there is a respectable widow with children, receiving parish relief or not, but very badly off, and that it is a good thing to assist her. These benevolent strangers propose to do it by giving casual dinner-tickets to some of her children. But it seems to me the wiser plan to give the help to the mother, that she may do the best she can for all her family, including the little ones who do not yet go to school. And the help should be either a regular allowance, which she can depend upon, or temporary relief, when there is some temporary need of it. Those who are trying to know and help the poorest people in a locality cannot but doubt the expediency of one more casual, over-lapping charity, administered under the impulse of sentiment. We might with as much reason have a dozen other separate agencies,—one for giving milk to infants under three years of age, another for giving boots (the want of which interferes with education more than the want of food), and so on. It is a defect in charity, to be casual; it is another, and, perhaps, a more serious one, to ignore the general parental responsibility.

May I mention another scheme, which covers nearly the same ground as Mr. Allen's, but is not, I think, open to similar objections? It is proposed to open in the same populous neighbourhood a "Day Home," such as has already been tried with success in Hoxton. Nothing is more pitiful than the condition of the children of a widow or widower who is compelled to go out for the day to work. Small children are left at home, to send themselves to school and to see to their own meals. It is almost inevitable that they should have wretched meals, and that they should fall into the habit of being late at school, if not of playing truant for the whole day. It has occurred to some good people to provide a place where such children may have their food in comfort, and from which they may be sent in good time to school. It is a fixed condition that the parents should pay in advance what the humblest feeding of the children would necessarily cost at home, the object being not to relieve poverty, but to save children from desolateness and vagabondage. The children of the most disreputable will be received, with the appointed payment, as readily as any others, at the Day Home. I think that such an institution promises to meet in a happy way a definite and crying want. The ladies who are endeavouring to open a Day Home in this Lisson-Grove quarter are represented by Mrs. Montague Cookson, of 29 Rutland Gate, and Mrs. Edward Sidgwick, of 29 Gloucester Square. They require about £300 for the first year, and about £250 a year afterwards. They have collected a part of what is needed, but they want more, and I shall be grateful to any of your readers who will help them in their generous effort.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

5 Blandford Square, N.W., November 21st.

THE OXFORD PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Chapman makes a very grave statement with regard to our Memorial. The memorialists describe themselves as "resident in or round Oxford," and you mentioned a fortnight since that rather more than one hundred of them were resident in Oxford and its suburbs, and the rest "within a circle of about fifteen miles round." Mr. Chapman, however, tells your readers that "the fact is, that the signatures are not drawn exclusively from either the smaller or even the larger area, one of the so-called Magdalen signatures being that of a member of the Hereford Cathedral Choir."

I am Secretary to the Committee which promoted the Memo-

rial. I took exceeding care that no signature should be sent in to the Hebdomadal Council from any one fifteen and a half miles off, and I say that Mr. Chapman cannot make good his assertion. I have no hesitation in conjecturing that it rests entirely on an error of his own, or some informant of his, in confounding the Rev. G. H. Lambert, M.A., of Magdalen, with the Rev. J. H. Lambert, M.A., of Magdalen. The former, who is Rector of Emmington, near Thame, did sign; the latter, who was a member of the Hereford Cathedral Choir, has neither signed, nor been asked to sign.

In that case, the curious question arises,—How comes Mr. Chapman to know of the signature at all? *I* did not mention it, even to my Committee, and the paper containing it went straight from me to the Council, without having been seen by any third party. If Mr. Chapman had derived the knowledge from Mr. Lambert, or any friend of Mr. Lambert's, he would hardly have asserted that the Rector of Emmington was the member of the Hereford Cathedral Choir. The conclusion is almost forced upon me that either Mr. Chapman has been allowed access to the memorial while it has been lying before the Council, or that the information has come to him, directly or indirectly, from some member of the Council. The former conjecture is impossible of acceptance, and, if the latter is correct, is it proper that the communication of a name by a member of the Council should, while the memorial is still before Council, be used by one outside as the basis of what is practically—whether Mr. Chapman so meant it or not—a public imputation on our *bona fides?*

The rest of your statement of facts was also correct, but Mr. Chapman's right to show the other side of the shield is beyond cavil. I am ready to give him, here or privately, a considerable bill of exceptions to both his sets of figures; but it would serve no useful object, and I do not want to keep up irritation for irritation's sake. As to the inference which was drawn, it is one which I also have drawn, but it is based on too low figures to be by any means conclusive, and for the same reasons I prefer to say nothing further than that about it. It is an unfortunate feature in controversies of this kind that one cannot help saying and doing things, in the interest of what one feels to be right, which must be disagreeable to many other people, and people whom one particularly regrets to annoy; and I am sorry to have been obliged by a statement of Mr. Chapman's to remark on it as I have done. I sincerely trust that we shall have a speedy opportunity of proving decisively which party is the stronger, and shall then return at once to our normal peacefulness.—I am, Sir, &c.,

EDWARD B. NICHOLSON, Bodley's Librarian.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above, the Hebdomadal Council—who might have caused my closing hope to be realised by next Wednesday, by acceding to the prayer of the memorial and allowing Convocation to vote "Yes" or "No" on the matter—have declined to accede to it. It would be childish to say that the Council are bound to submit any matter of dispute to Convocation when they receive a memorial asking them to do so, but here is a case in which nearly one-third of the resident members of Convocation signed, and in which the question at issue was not one of religion, or politics, or education, or finance, but of the University's view of the elementary principles of right and wrong. It is unreasonable to suppose that when those are in question, and when the memorialists have good reason to believe that Convocation would be with them, they should be content with a refusal to allow Convocation to decide. I am not writing now as Secretary of the Committee, for the Committee have had no time to meet, but, personally, I shall be glad if all friends who are members of the Convocation of this University will send me, at 2 Canterbury Road, Oxford, their names and addresses on a postcard. I must excuse myself from writing back, as my entire day is taken up with library work, and for months past all my evenings have been taken up with the memorial, but my silence will not mean inattention.

THE OLD NAME FOR THE MOUSTACHE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Mr. Freeman, in last week's *Spectator*, tells us that in the days of Sir Roger de Coverley the hair on the upper lip kept the name of "whiskers." This was not the only name, however, as the following passage from "Robinson Crusoe" will show. I quote Macmillan's reprint of the edition of 1719:—"My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a Yard long; but as I had both Scissars and Razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper Lip, which I had trimm'd into a large pair of *Mahometon* Whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some *Turks*, who I saw at *Sallee;* for the *Moors* did not wear such, tho' the *Turks* did; of these Muschatoes or Whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my Hat upon them; but they were of a Length and Shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have pass'd for frightful." (p. 152.)—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. H. Q.

POETRY.

VOX VENTURA.

WHAT'LL I do wi' my vote, when I've got it? Nay, don't yer ask!
Tapping your beer's no good, till yer've got your beer in the cask;
Votin' agin my Squoire sounds all very moity an' grand,
But I'll not talk o' my vote till I've got my vote i' my hand.

Harkee, however, my friend! Ye're makin' a speech, yer say:
"Got to get up yer case." Well! can keep a secret? Aye!
Then look here! Sit down! A pipe an' a pottle o' ale?
Well, don't mind if I do. Here's to yer! And now, my tale!

Fust, my house! As I am, a pig fares better nor I;
Feeds as well, do'sn't work, and lives in a fust-rate stye.
We've one room for all. And wi' that, there's none as can
Bring up a family decent; no, not if he's twoice a man.

Then my garden! See, I'd like it just twoice as big;
Handy when work is slack, and room enough for a pig;
"Muck is money," yer know, and then, a pig 'll eat
What yer cannot, or won't, an' he turns it all to meat.

Then, my childern! Bob, an' Sal, an' ten of 'em more;
Like enough they seem, please Heaven, to reach a score;
Parson says I mun pay their schoolin', but I don't see
Why I should pay a penny. Why can't yer teach 'em free?

Then there's a cow, an' grass. The young nns look thin an' pale;
Wife, she says it's the want o' milk. Why, it's dearer nor ale.
Farmers send theirs to Lunnun. O' coorse they do; it pays.
So I'll go for a cow an' a acre o' land, to graze.

Politics? Well, see here! I were allers loyal an' true,
An' when beer were plenty my colours were allers "Blue;"
Fought for it, too, like a man, an' I made the old town ring
Hollering Church and State, an' all that sort of thing.

Jem, he voted "Yeller," an' talked o' cheapenin' bread.
Radical chap were Jem; how I used to punch 'is 'ead!
But, when I've got a vote, can't say, but p'raps I'll go
An' vote along wi' Jem. Yer must move with the times, yer know.

Work? Nay, I don't mind workin', as long as it ain't too hard.
Wages? I don't want nothin' as isn't a fair reward.
But my idee and the farmers' they don't agree alway:
They want yer to work ten hours, and get two shillin' a day.

No, Sir! That won't do. A slave is a slave, and lives
Just where his master tells him, an' takes what his master gives.
But when I've a vote, I'll show 'em,—I'll let my master see
If he do nothing for I, then I'll do nothing for he.

Time for more? Well then, when a man's grown old, an' past
Work, then I say it's a shame he should go to "the House" at last;
Tied up there like a dog, an' never go ont unless
Master gives yer leave, an' then in a pauper dress!

Sir, I'm an English-man, d'ye hear? an' I'd just as lief
Go to H—ll as "the House," so I'll have outdoor relief;
Four an' sixpence a week, an' a loaf a day, an' a ton
O' the best o' coal at Xmas,—an' more when that is done.

There, now yer've got it all; but don't yer say its fro' me:
Squoire, he don't like folk as speaks their minds too free.
Now I mun stand wi' my hat in my hand, as he goes by:
P'raps there is some as 'll stand wi' their hat to me, by-an'-bye.

A HIGHLAND STUDENT.

Two previous poems described the lives and characters of two Students from the Highland district of Rannoch. The following poem closes the series :—

But one more grave, and that completes the tale
Of Student lads from Rannoch. Twenty years
And more have vanished, since from yonder farm,
The other side the valley, passed two youths,
Clad in grey hodden, from their own sheep spun,
To the ancient College by the Eastern sea.
Reared amid mountain louelinesses, where,
Save the shy curlew's call, or wild glead's scream,
No living voices come, they had beheld,
Winter by winter, o'er Schihallion climb
The late cold morn, as they went forth to toil,
Beside their father, in his swampy fields,
About the base of Ben-a-choualach,—
Broad Ben-a-choulalach, that stands to guard
The north side of the vale over against
Schihallion, its great brother-sentinel.
There, with all Nature's grandeurs round them shed,
And blending with their daily thoughts and toil,
Their boyhood grew; yet from work out of doors
Leisure of nights and stormy days was saved
For learning; and the village teacher lent
His kindly aid, till, ere the elder saw
His eighteenth summer, they were fit to essay
The Student life at College. Forth they fared,
Those simple-hearted lads,—a sleuder stock
Of home provisions, a few well-worn books,
A father's blessing and a mother's prayers,
All their equipment, as they set their face
Toward that new Student world. How hard it is
To climb the hill of Learning, when young souls
Have early felt the chill of poverty,
And stress of numbing toil, through all their powers?
The elder, Ian, was a climber strong,
In body and mind, to breast the steep himself,
And with a ready hand of help to spare
For his less valiant brother. Many a time,
When I had taught them lore of ancient Rome
Till past noon-tide, ere winter afternoons
In darkness closed, Ian would come and be
My teacher in the language of the Gael.
Strange, old-world names of mountains, corries, burns,
On the smooth side of Loch Rannoch, or the rough,
We conned their meaning o'er. And he would tell
Of dim, old battles, where his outlawed clan,
Along the dusky skirts of Rannoch Moor
Had clashed 'gainst wild Macdonalds of Glencoe,
And gallant Stewarts from Appin. Or he told
Of black bloodhounds let loose by Campbell foes,
From corrie and cairn to hunt his clansmen down
Through long Glen Lyon; and the frantic leap
Over the rock-pent chasm and foaming flood,
And the lorn coronach by his widow wailed
O'er fall'n Macgregor of Rozo. None the less,
But more for these brief Celtic interludes,
He plied the midnight hours, till four full years
Of strenuous study, by the longed-for hope,
A good Degree, were crowned; and by his aid
The younger brother compassed the same goal.
A few more years of poor and patient toil,
Within another seat of learning, gave
To each the full rank of Physician. Then
They took—the brothers took—their separate ways.
Early the younger on the world's high road
Fainted,—the battle was too sore for him;
He sank ere noon of day, and found a grave
Far from his own Schihallion. Strong of frame,
Well proved in Netley wards, the elder sailed
Physician to a regiment Eastward-bound.
There beneath Indian suns plying his art,
Faithful and kindly, he from comrades won
Liking and much regard, and good repute
With those set over him. Step by step he climbed,
Till he attained an office high in trust,
In old Benares. Then the first to feel
The kind glow of his bettered fortunes were
His parents, whom he summoned to lay down
Their toiling days for comfortable ease,
And the cold Rannoch braeside for the warm,
Well-wooded Vale of Tay. A home therein
He had provided them—a sheltered home—
With a green croft behind, and bright out-look
O'er the clear river to the southern noon.
While there they passed the evening of their days
In quiet, month by month he gladdened them
By letters quaintly writ in Gaelic tongue.
English was but the instrument wherewith
He trafficked with the world; the Gaelic was
The language of his heart, the only key
That could unlock its secrets. When he met
A Gael on Indian ground, he greeted him
In the dear language; if he answered well,
That was at once a bond of brotherhood.
And when at length he made himself a home,
To the young prattlers round his knee he told
The mountain legends his own childhood loved,
With Gaelic intermingled. Then he took
And blew the big pipe, till the echoes rang,
Through old Benares by the Ganges stream,
With the wild pibrochs of the Highland hills.
While all things seemed with him to prosper most,
Strangely and suddenly there fell on him
A deep, fond yearning for his native land,—
Longing intense to be at home once more.
Just then it chanced that, sore by sickness pressed,
The old man, his father, to the Rannoch farm
Had wandered back, and laid him down to die.
This hearing, homeward Ian set his face
In haste, and reached his native roof in time
Only to hear his father's blessing breathed
From lips already cold. A bleak grey noon
Of May 'twas when they bore the old man forth
Across the vale, and laid him in his rest
Beneath Schihallion, among kindred dead.
There, while his son stood by the open grave,
Barcheaded, the chill east wind through and through
Smote him, enfeebled by the Indian clime.
A few weeks more, and by the self-same road
Him, too, the mourners bore across the vale,
To lay him down close by his father's side,
In that old kirk-yard on the hillock green,
Where is the grave of Ewan Cameron.
Strange by what instinct led, they two alike,
Father and son, sought the old home to die!

And so they rest, all that is mortal rests,
Of those three Students, in their native vale;
Two on this side the Rannoch river, one
Beyond it; and above them evermore
Schihallion's shadow lying, and his peak
Kindling aloft in the first light of dawn.

J. C. Shairp.

BOOKS.

OLIVER MADOX BROWN.*

English readers have reason to be grateful to Mr. J. H. Ingram for his admirable edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, and for his judicious editing of the series of brief biographies of "Eminent Women." Their debt is now increased by this interesting biography of a remarkable youth, whose performance, not less than his promise, justifies a more adequate memorial than the brief sketch which Mr. W. M. Rossetti and Mr. F. Hueffer prefixed to their collection of Oliver Madox Brown's *Literary Remains*. That sketch was very charmingly written, but, from its necessary brevity, it excited, rather than satisfied, curiosity; and Mr. Ingram's fuller and more detailed record cannot be classed among literary works of supererogation. The biography of a boy who, dying before he had completed his twentieth year, left behind him such an imaginative legacy as *Gabriel Denver* and *The Dwale Bluth*, was, to say the least, well worth writing.

The mere incidents of the short life of Oliver Madox Brown were not in themselves more noteworthy than similar incidents in the lives of most lads brought up in refined English homes; but many of them have acquired a deep interest, from the fact

* *Oliver Madox Brown: a Biographical Sketch*, 1855-1874. By John H. Ingram. London: Elliot Stock.

that they served as realistic foundations for ideal superstructures which owed much of their power to the skill with which daringly imaginative situations were supplied with backgrounds closely studied from the life. The mistake of most young artists of genius is that they rely too much upon their creative and not enough upon their observing faculties, and it is to this temerity that we can trace much of the almost universal crudity of youthful imaginative work. Juvenile art is for the most part crude not because the artists lack the experience of maturity—for a little experience will go a long way—but because they disdain to use the experience that they have. Oliver Madox Brown had none of this unwise disdain; his life and his work were not disjointed, but closely related each to each, and while the former enriched the latter, the latter reflects upon the former much of its own interest.

This gifted son of a gifted father, who still survives—Mr. Ford Madox Brown, the distinguished painter—was born at Finchley on the 20th of January, 1855. That he was a singularly precocious child seems certain, though no stress can be laid upon the stories of "significant anecdotes and remarks related by his relatives in proof of his innate cleverness." Every family has similar nursery traditions, while very few families produce a boy or girl of marked genius; but there is an anecdote of how, at three years of age, he gave a "shrewd and critical" description of a landscape painted by his father, which certainly does seem to indicate an unusually early development of the powers of perception and expression. In the house of a painter, where painters were wont to congregate, it was natural that an imaginative lad should be drawn to pictorial art; and though, when five years old, Oliver stubbornly refused to learn to read, he educated himself in his own way, by covering "the white marble mantel-shelves, and any other available spaces, with designs of hunts, battles, and subjects of that sort." So far, there was nothing extraordinary, but, under his father's guidance, Oliver's artistic aptitudes developed so rapidly, that at the age of eleven he produced a design in water-colour, "Queen Margaret and the Robbers," which, even allowing for the enthusiasm of the friendly critics by whom it has been described, seems to have been a work not merely of astonishing promise, but of actual performance. The next three years were years of rapid progress. In 1868, he being then thirteen, he began a drawing of "Chiron Receiving the Infant Jason from the Slave," which was so mature that in the succeeding year it was found worthy of a place on the walls of the Dudley Gallery Exhibition. He exhibited again at the Dudley, and also at the New British Institution, at the South Kensington Exhibition, and at the rooms of the Society of French Artists, where, in 1872, appeared his last important design, a scene from *Silas Marner*, a work which we remember well as impressively original in conception and colouring.

It was not, however, in the pictorial, but in the literary domain of art that Oliver Madox Brown was destined to win the most enduring distinction. It was during the year which brought with it his fourteenth birthday—the year of his first Dudley success—that his family discovered in him a poet as well as a painter. He permitted his relatives to see six or seven sonnets which he had written, and though the young versifier destroyed all but two, "in a fit of morbid irritability or bashfulness, caused by their being shown to a few friends," these two are sufficiently extraordinary productions for a lad who might naturally be supposed hardly to know what a sonnet was. One of the two has become fairly well known, as it has been published not only in the *Literary Remains*, but in the sonnet anthologies of Mr. David M. Main and Mr. Hall Caine, and possibly elsewhere. We therefore quote the other, which was probably written before, certainly not long after, the completion of his fourteenth year:—

"Made indistinguishable 'mid the boughs,
With saddened, weary, ever restless eyes,
The weird chameleon of the past world lies,
Like some, old, wretched man whom God allows
To linger on: still joyless life endows
His wasted frame, and memory never dies
Within him, and his only sympathies
Withered with his last comrade's last carouse.
Methinks great Dante knew thee not of old,
Else some fierce glutton all insatiate
Compelled within some cage for food to wait
He must have made thee, and his verse have told
How thou in vain thy ravening tried'st to sate
On flying souls of triflers overbold."

Perhaps because this sonnet is so much more ambitious than its beautiful companion, which was painted on the frame of Miss Spartali's picture, it seems to us less artistically satisfying; but that such a conception should be rendered at all in the verse of a lad of thirteen or fourteen is in itself so astonishing, that a suggestion of anything like want of perfect adequacy in the rendering seems almost impertinent. Though he had destroyed his little batch of sonnets, the young poet could not but feel that he had gained a certain assured command of the vehicle of verse, and when at the age of fifteen he worked out the plot of the marvellous story by which he will be longest remembered, it was with the intention of giving it the form of a poem. The intention was abandoned, and instead of the projected poem, Oliver Madox Brown, in the winter of 1871-2, produced the prose romance which, in its original form, was called *The Black Swan*, but which was afterwards rewritten, and published as *Gabriel Denver*. In the earlier version, Gabriel Denver, an Australian colonist, sails for England, with his unloved and unloving wife, on board the ship 'The Black Swan.' The only other passenger is a young and beautiful girl, Laura Conway, and the moment Gabriel sees her, he feels that he loves for the first time. At last he makes his love known to the object of it, and finds that it is returned. The wife discovers the lovers' secret, and, with the mad jealousy which thinks of nothing but revenge, sets fire to the vessel. 'The Black Swan' burns to the water's edge, and all that is left of her is an open boat, in which are Gabriel, the girl he loves, and their would-be murderer. For four days and nights the three suffer the torments of gnawing hunger and raging thirst, until the neglected woman, after drinking deep of the maddening sea-water, dies a raving maniac. The two survivors are picked up by a passing vessel, but the terrible ordeal has been too severe for Laura's delicate frame, and she dies on board the ship that has rescued them. Night falls, and the crew are discussing the burial of the dead girl, when they are startled by seeing, poised high upon the dark outline of the bulwark, "a strange, black *silhouette* appear, and pause for a moment, a man carrying a dead woman. Her head and neck hang back passively, and long hair, bright with the moonlight, streams from it in the wind, while her hands fall dangling helplessly; this is all seen plainly against the sky, the next instant it is gone."

Such was the weird, imaginative conception which formed the groundwork of the boy's romance. Remarkable as the mere skeleton is in itself, the flesh-and-blood embodiment is more remarkable still. In the finished work there are no tentative touches, but each line has the decisiveness which characterises the work of a master of the craft, and every detail has been firmly grasped by the imagination, both separately and in its relation to the whole. In terrible consistency of sustained horror, it is not too much to say that it is worthy of a place beside *Titus Andronicus* and *Wuthering Heights*; and nothing is more noteworthy than the manner in which, while every element of pure tragedy is emphasised and accentuated, the effect of the moral unpleasantness of the motive is reduced to a minimum, by an austerity of treatment which is scientific, rather than ascetic. The unpleasantness was there, however, and when submitted to a publisher and editor, with a view to its appearance either as a magazine serial or in a volume, the author was told that its acceptance depended upon his willingness to make certain important structural alterations. Oliver Madox Brown reluctantly consented, and in *Gabriel Denver*—the title of the small volume published by Messrs. Smith and Elder—the aggrieved wife becomes a cousin, to whom Denver is betrothed, but not actually married; and instead of the fateful *dénouement*, Laura recovers from her prostration, rescues Denver as, in the madness of brain-fever, he is about to plunge into the sea, and after storm come rest and peace, and the joy of blameless wedded love.

Mr. Ingram expresses deep grief for what he considers the mutilation of the story, and high anger with the critics to whose suggestion it was due. We confess that we cannot share either emotion. Mr. Ingram seems to hold the opinion, which we should call extraordinary, were it not unfortunately so prevalent, that a work of art loses power and value by the excision of anything which revolts or offends the moral sense of the ordinary reader. There may, of course, be cases in which this is so. An immoral situation may have an interest which would vanish were the immorality removed, but it is an interest of a low and unhealthy kind; and to say of any author that he can only impress us when he gets outside the range of the Decalogue seems to us a very poor compliment. In the case under consideration, the

psychological interest seems to us quite unimpaired by the alteration which takes the wedding-ring from Deborah's finger, and presents her as a jealous woman, though not a jealous wife. It may even be said that the story gains in consistency by the change, for in both versions Laura is invested with a stainless purity which becomes unrealisable when she is presented to us as accepting without protest the love of another woman's husband. In Gabriel Denver, the barrier between Gabriel and Laura, though real, is not so impassable, and there is therefore less to detract from her satisfying charm. Concerning the other alteration, there is more room for difference of opinion. We confess to an old-fashioned love for stories which, as the phrase goes, "end happily;" but there are undoubtedly instances—the play of *Hamlet*, for example—in which a happy ending would violate what we feel to be an abiding law of art. This may be one of them; at any rate, we will not quarrel with Mr. Ingram for thinking it such.

Gabriel Denver was followed by *The Dwale Bluth*—a Devonshire name for the deadly nightshade—which, if less impressive in some ways than its predecessor, perhaps leaves behind it a more confident assurance of what in the language of the Turf is called "staying power." Two or three other curiously interesting contributions to imaginative romance are included in the volume of *Literary Remains;* but it is as the author of the two stories we have mentioned that Oliver Madox Brown will keep his place in the history of English literature. He died on the 5th of November, 1874, of blood-poisoning following upon rheumatic fever, his twentieth year lacking two months of completion. He was, indeed, "a marvellous boy;" and there seems much evidence that the quality of his mind was matched by the attractiveness of his personality. Mr. Richard Garnett, not a reckless or extravagant writer, has said of him:—

"The wonderful precocity of his genius may be set forth, but the peculiar charm of his character, its sweetness and manliness, its alliance of the most daring originality to the most exquisite ingenuousness, can never be adequately represented, even by those who knew him most intimately. It was something unique and indescribable, and the objective and purely imaginary character of his writings renders them very inadequate exponents of his mind and heart. I should despair of communicating any just conception of him to one who never knew him, and can only say that I should expect anything sooner than to meet with another Oliver Madox Brown."

We can only add that the interest of Mr. Ingram's fascinating biography is increased by a portrait, which gives one an impression of life-likeness; by autotype reproductions of several of Oliver Madox Brown's designs; and by some memorial sonnets, written by Mr. D. G. Rossetti, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. P. B. Marston, and Mr. Ford Madox Brown.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S NEW NOVEL.*

In adopting the autobiographical form for his latest novel, Mr. Justin M'Carthy has not done so rash a thing as most writers do when they undertake an evolution that demands for its success many-sidedness and judgment given to few. A calm sort of love-story, told by the lover, a fine, manly, sensible, observant person, who does not insist at all on his fineness, manliness, sense, and habit of observation, but who shines through the story with the lambency that is one of the author's peculiar gifts, is just what his habitual readers would expect Mr. Justin M'Carthy to execute to perfection. Deeply committed as a politician to a fierce and unscrupulous policy, the Member for Longford is as a novelist one of the mildest of men. A gentler spirit, or a better-balanced mind, we could not point out among the writers of fiction who have any real rank in contemporary literature. He is not incapable of sadness; no writer with the poetical vein that runs through all Mr. Justin M'Carthy's novels can be of the jocund sort; but of morbidity he is entirely guiltless, as, indeed, we may say at once of any affectation whatsoever. His taste is fine, his culture (the word is forced on us, though we hate it) is thorough and "all round," so that he naturally casts his thoughts and fancies into a scholarly and polished form, as pleasant to the ear as good music correctly played, but no "fine" writing ever comes from his pen. He is very capable indeed of mirth, and that of the pleasantest sort; one sees him beaming on the scene and the people before his fancy with spectacles benevolent as those of Mr. Pickwick, but also truly knowledgeable; surveying them with a quiet humour in which there is no gall and no intolerance; none of that vindictiveness towards the silly majority, that passionate desire for the summary extinction of fools and snobs, which we find among the harder and hotter satirists of society and delineators of men and manners. There is a great deal of live and let live—even for snobs and fools—in the cheerful, or rather the serene, philosophy of Mr. Justin M'Carthy; it is not "chirpiness"—for it is entirely out of his power to be vulgar, and nothing is more distinctly vulgar than "chirpiness"—it is a kind of mildly contemplative why-not-ness, very difficult to describe, but which we think nobody can read his novels without feeling. This benignity in keenness is salient in the present story, related by Kelvin Cleveland, a gentleman of varied experience, who, having sketched out more than one career in life—admirably told—but failed to carry any beyond the sketch, has settled down into that of a special correspondent. Only in love has he been constant, though unsuccessful, and we make his acquaintance when he is on his way back to Greece,—to the Parthenon, to the Maid of Athens. His companion is a dreadful English boy, Steenie Vale; and they have met, on board the steamer going from Trieste to the Piræus, a Levantine, one Constantine Margarites, whom Cleveland does not like. "Perhaps he is too handsome; a man has no business to be so handsome as that, at least in that kind of way,—the sentimental young lady's hero." He resembles Byron's Selim and the Corsair; as Cleveland does not like him, he makes him out to be Steenie's friend. "We both met him," says Cleveland, "for the first time at the same moment, and had made the same journey together. Still, it is pleasant to throw the responsibility of a disagreeable acquaintanceship off oneself and on somebody else." It is with regard to Steenie Vale, who calls Cleveland "old chappie," and is full of the doings of the "Johnnies"—by far the most detestable variety of young man of the last half-century—that Mr. M'Carthy reveals his benignity. Cleveland does not scorn him, snub him, or fling him over a precipice; on the contrary, he sacrifices his own feelings, tastes, and ways to the young fellow, and subsequently does him signal good, although this is how he behaves:—

"We were on the steamer's deck, straining our eyes through the darkness. 'Look here, Steenie, this way. Do you see that light; that one speck of twinkling light, far away on the left?'—'Why, certainly.'—'That light is,—hush, take breath; prepare for emotion——.'—'All right, old chappie, go ahead; I can bear it.'—'That light is on Salamis.' Even Steenie checked his flood of irreverence. For two whole seconds he remained silent. 'There was a battle there,' he said, at length; 'I used to know once, but I have forgotten. The Greeks licked, didn't they?' . . . . . We were on the soil of Greece. 'Awfully jolly, awfully like Wapping!' Steenie observed, delightedly. 'Is this Athens? Where's the Coliseum? the what's its name,—Parthenon, I mean? This is Athens, ain't it?'—'Oh! no Athens is miles off, yet.' . . . . . After our first visit to the Parthenon, Steenie said nothing in particular disparagement of the place, but he observed that, after all, there was not a great deal for him to see there, inasmuch as all the finest things the Acropolis had ever had were now in the British Museum. 'You see everything best at the British Museum, don't you know?' Steenie observed, as we passed the Temple of the Wingless Victory, and came down the marble steps of the Propylaea together. 'That's a noble sea view, anyhow, Steenie. They haven't that in the British Museum.'—'No,' Steenie replied, surveying Salamis, and Egina, and Sunium, and the sea with cool, critical eye. 'It's a little like the view from Great Orme's Head, near Liverpool, don't you know? but not so fine.' It was Steenie's creed that the whole earth could show nothing new to him who was acquainted with London and Liverpool."

This youthful Philistine has so much in common with everybody else in the book that he falls in love with the Maid of Athens, a lovely and enthusiastic English girl named Athena Rosaire, with a wily mother, the drawing of whose character is quite the subtlest thing the author has done: this passion, and Steenie's recovery from it, form amusing episodes.

Of the story of *The Maid of Athens* there is little to be said, simply because it is an almost perfect piece of workmanship of a characteristic kind. Its tone is quiet, intimate, marked by the features which we have already alluded to, and the one bit of tragedy near the close of the third volume is led up to and then given with consummate skill. His Maid of Athens is the most interesting girl whom Mr. Justin M'Carthy has drawn for us since his "Fair Saxon," and he has not overdrawn her; the enthusiasm which warms and lights the picture is never unhealthy or affected, and the ever-present sense of the dignity of the girl, who espouses the cause of Greece after a fashion which exposes her to many dangers, is a beautiful feature of it. A scholar, a critic, a chronicler of his own time, like the author, must have had strong temptations to put scholarship, analysis, and antiquarianism into his story; but Mr. Justin

* *Maid of Athens.* By Justin M'Carthy, M.P. London: Chatto and Windus.

M'Carthy, when he is writing a novel, is all novelist; and although this book is adorned with touches which tell of him in those other capacities, they are laid on without cumbrousness; they do not retard or weight the story. We should like to give our readers several sips from the stream of observation, humour, and narration flowing through these pages; especially a truly beautiful passage relative to the Parthenon, followed by one which is supremely funny about how travellers take that world's wonder, also the episode of the death of Sarsfield MacMurchad, the young Irishman who perishes by the treachery of Margarites, and dies with a groan of lamentation that the blood which he clears away from his wounded breast, and lets drop from his dying hands, "was not shed for Ireland;" but we cannot do so, our readers must mark these fine touches for themselves. They will not fail to observe the instance of the author's poetic vein which occurs in the account (in the first volume) of Cleveland's absurd duel with Mr. Pollen, one of the "character" actors in the drama. The meeting takes place on the famous plain of Marathon, and Cleveland's mind has been wandering into the past, while the people about have been talking after their fashion; but he is wounded, and falls,—"The plain was reeling under my feet, and confusing noises were singing in my ears, and then a strange, sweet sense of drowsiness came over me, and I saw neither sea, nor sky, *nor Marathon*." That the vision was as real as the scene, and faded with it, seems to us a fine idea.

There are several clever social sketches, types rather than individuals, though we think we could put another name to Lord St. Ives. Lady Lance, who has gushing sympathy with every nationality, is wild to have cremation established, and, being a steadfast atheist, holds that with cremation everything is done; Nellie, her pleasant, happy, lively, fast, but not vulgar daughter, who calls men by their Christian names, says So-and-so is "such a dear," but is as good as gold with it all, and admires the Maid of Athens with rapturousness totally unleavened with jealousy; the Pollens, the Greek adventurers, the special correspondents (easily-recognised portraits, sketched with benign humour); the Clissolds, a fashionable artist and his wife, who have been taken up by "Society," and talk peerage and upper-ranks slang to their humbler acquaintances; Mrs. Rosaire, and her ingenious way of accounting for marrying Sir Thomas Vale,—these and many others which we cannot particularise, lend the story a fine flavour of actuality. MacMurchad is in reality the gem of the book; but he will not be the most popular person with all Mr. Justin M'Carthy's readers. He will speak most audibly to those who, also looking at the Greece of King George, Vlachos, and Margarites, "see Marathon."

THE LOURDES CURES.*

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the new preface to his *Literature and Dogma*, says with that air of authority which suits his manner so well, and his critical principles so ill, that the fatal objection to miracles is that they do not occur. Whether they occur or not depends, we suppose, very much on what the true definition of a miracle should be; but that events all but indistinguishable from what the Christian world used to regard as miracles, occur in considerable number, and in connection with almost every description of faith and want of faith, would be, in the judgment of the present writer, the conclusion of any person of competent judgment who had given his mind to the impartial investigation of the subject, without any sort of bias either in favour of or against them. Take the present volume. Of the five cures here related, reputed to be miraculous by the subjects of them, and given with the full names and testimonies of all concerned, probably four would be considered by most medical men to be explicable on principles consistent with the rejection of any miraculous factor in the cure. Nevertheless, they would certainly regard the cures narrated as very striking and extraordinary evidences of the curative power of hope and faith, especially as in all these cases a long time has since elapsed without any subsequent ebbing-away of the rush of nervous energy to which such cures are usually attributed, an ebbing-away usually expected by medical men in the case of such cures. We will give a brief account of the author's own cure, as an illustration of this class of cases, as it is one of unusual interest, because the experiment with the Lourdes water was suggested and urged on M. Henri Lasserre by a very eminent Protestant, who has since been the Prime Minister of the French Republic, M. de Freycinet. In September, 1862, M. Henri Lasserre had so far lost his eyesight from some affection which the Paris specialists, M. Desmares and M. Giraud-Teulon, attributed to hypertrophy of the optic nerve, that he could not read three or four lines of the largest print without an excessive fatigue in the upper part of the eyes, which rendered it quite impossible for him to continue. He was recommended to try douches of cold water on the eyeball (*prunelle*), cupping on the nape of the neck, various other forms of water treatment, and alcoholic lotions, all of which were of no use whatever. It was when he had been deprived for nearly three months of the use of his sight for all reading purposes that he received in September, 1862, this note from M. de Freycinet (the Prime Minister of 1882), in answer to a letter dictated, but not written by himself:—

"My Dear Friend,—Your few lines have given me pleasure, but as I have already said to you, I long for a sight of your handwriting. This last few days, on returning from Cauterets, I passed Lourdes (near Tarbes); I visited there the celebrated Grotto, and I heard of such marvellous things in the way of cures produced by its waters, principally in cases of diseases of the sight, that I press upon you very seriously to try them. If I were a Catholic and a believer like you, and if I were ill, I should not hesitate to try this chance. If it be true that some sick persons have been suddenly cured, you may very fairly hope to increase their number; and if that is not true, what do you risk in making trial of the waters? I add that I have a little personal interest in the experiment. If it were to succeed, what an important fact it would be for me to record! I should be in presence of a miracle, or at least an event of which the principal witness would be beyond all suspicion. Adieu, my dear friend; give me news of yourself, and arrange for me to see you soon. —Your old friend, (signed,) C. de Freycinet."

M. Henri Lasserre was not willing to make the experiment, and in a subsequent talk with M. de Freycinet and his sister, he told them the reason very frankly. It was not, he said, that he feared failure, it was rather that he feared success. "A miracle of that kind, of which I myself were the object, would impose on me the obligation to give up everything, and to become a saint; it would be a terrible responsibility, and I am so much of a coward that it makes me tremble. With a physician, I should be quits for a little money; but if God cures me, what is it he will want of me? That is horrid of me, is it not? But such, unfortunately, is the pusillanimity of my heart. You suppose my faith faltering? You imagine that I fear to see the miracle not succeeding? Undeceive yourselves, I am afraid of its succeeding?" M. de Freycinet's reply was very wise and manly. "You are not less obliged to be virtuous now than you would be as a consequence of the miracle. And besides, even if your cure were brought about by the agency of a physician, that would be just as much God's gift, and your scruples would have just as much right to raise their voice against your weaknesses or your passions." Nothing could be more reasonable than M. de Freycinet's view, and it is clear that it was his importunity which induced M. Henri Lasserre to make the experiment. M. de Freycinet wrote with his own hand the letter to the Curé of Lourdes, asking for the bottle of water with which the cure was to be attempted; the letter was signed by M. Henri Lasserre, and of this letter we have a photograph given us in these pages. The cure was sudden and complete, though there was some threat of a relapse, which M. Henri Lasserre ascribed to a conscious moral failure of his own, following directly upon the cure,—a threat of relapse which was averted, as he believes, by the prayers of M. Dupont, and his own penitence for his fault. Twenty years have elapsed, and M. Lasserre, who has become the historian of the Lourdes wonders, has never found his eyesight fail him again. The cure will, we doubt not, be ascribed by physicians in general to the directly curative effect of faith on nervous diseases,—and perhaps that is M. de Freycinet's own view of the case, as it certainly did not make him a Catholic,—but though the disease was by no means one of those which would be thought beyond the reach of the influence of a great act of faith on the nerves, the story of the Protestant's earnestness in making M. Lasserre try the experiment, and the great eminence of that Protestant both as a scientific man and as politician, makes it especially interesting to the readers of this volume.

The one cure here described, which will, to most medical men, appear to be quite beyond the reach of anything like a stimulus given to the nervous powers by faith and hope, is the account of the cure of a carpenter of Lavaur (a town some forty miles from Toulouse). This man was cured of an exceedingly aggravated case of varicose veins, of thirty years' standing. Three medical certificates are given of the condition of this carpenter's varicose veins, which we will translate:—

* *Les Episodes Miraculeux de Lourdes.* Par Henri Lasserre. Paris: Société Générale de Librairie Catholique, Victor Palmé Directeur-Générale. 1883.

"I, the undersigned, declare that for about thirty years Mr. Francis Macary, carpenter, had been suffering from varicose veins in the legs. These varicose veins, which were of the thickness of a finger, and complicated with 'de cordons noneux et flexueux très-développés,' compelled him to wear up to the present time a regular compression ('une compression méthodique'), exerted partly by means of twisted bandages, partly by means of dog-skin stockings. In spite of these precautions, ulcers frequently showed themselves on both legs, and whenever they did, compelled complete repose and a long course of treatment. I have visited him to-day, and although his under limbs were stripped of all clothing, I have only been able to discover a few traces of these enormous varicose veins. This case of spontaneous cure appears to me all the more surprising, that the annals of science record not a single fact of this nature.—(Signed), SÉGUR, Doctor of Medicine, Member of the Mutual-Aid Society of Saint Louis, Lavaur, August 16th, 1871."

The second certificate is as follows:—

"I, the undersigned, certify that for about thirty years Mr. Macary, carpenter, of Lavaur, has been attacked by varicose veins with enormous nodosities in the legs, frequently complicated by large ulcers, in spite of the compression exerted by appropriate stockings or bandages, that these symptoms have disappeared suddenly, and that to-day there only remains a nodosity, sensibly diminished, in the inner and upper part of the right leg.—Lavaur, August 25th, 1871 (Signed), ROSSIGNOL, Doctor of Medicine."

The third medical certificate is as follows:—

"François Macary, sixty years old, carpenter, of Lavaur, member of the Society of Saint Louis, consulted us about twenty years ago for varicose veins, which filled up the left popliteal hollow and inside of the knee and of the leg. We then observed towards the lower third part of this limb a varicose ulcer, with thickened edges, with considerable and painful engorgement of the tissues. There was besides, both in and outside the upper part of the calf, two large old scars, which had nothing to do with the affection for which we were consulted, and which were the result of a gunshot received by the patient twenty years previously. There were so many enlarged veins, and they were enlarged to so great an extent, that so far as we were concerned, the surgical means with which one treats this disease were formally contra-indicated. Macary appeared to us to be the victim of an infirmity which would last him his life, and we advised only palliatives which several of our brethren had already advised. Eighteen years later,—that is, two years ago,—Macary presented himself to consult us again. The state of his leg had grown much worse. We confirmed our former prognostic, and told him it was of urgent necessity for him to get the ulcer to cicatrise, to submit himself, as the only means, to absolute and prolonged rest in bed, and to the application of regular dressings. To-day, August 15th, 1871, Macary appears for the third time. The ulcer is perfectly cicatrised. There is nothing compressing the leg, and nevertheless there does not exist the shadow of engorgement. What surprises us, above all, is that the varicose knots (*paquets*) have entirely disappeared; and that where they were before, one can feel some small strings, hard, empty of blood, and yielding under the pressure of the fingers. The interior saphene vein has its normal direction and volume. The most attentive examination affords no trace of a surgical operation. According to the account of Macary, this radical cure was produced in the course of a single night, and under the influence of nothing but the application of some compressers wetted by water drawn from the Grotto of Lourdes. We conclude that, apart from Macary's story, science is impotent to explain this fact; for [medical] authors give us no experience of anything at all similar. They are all unanimous on this point, that varicose veins, left to themselves, are incurable; that they are not cured by palliatives, and still less spontaneously; that they go on getting worse steadily, and that one can only hope for any radical cure by the application of surgical means which involve grave dangers to the patients. And though the fact asserted by Macary would not be proved by evidence taken from any one else, still it would not the less remain for us a fact of the most extraordinary kind, and—let us say it out plainly—a supernatural fact. In which faith we sign the contents of the present report.—BERNET, M.D. of the Faculty of Paris, August 15th, 1871."

Macary's story was, that having been himself a cruel sufferer for the greater part of his life, and an unbeliever in Christianity too, he was immensely struck in his sufferings by the story of the Lourdes cures, that he procured a bottle of the Lourdes water, shied his bandages and stockings into the corner of the room, saying he should never want them again, applied the water freely to his legs, went to sleep at once, woke up to call out to his wife that he was cured, but was immediately overpowered by sleep once more, and in the morning found all the varicose veins and knots on his leg entirely gone. He got up early to his work, as he had not done for a great number of years, and he was found there by his astonished son. The sequel of the story is itself curious. He lived for four years without any return of his disease, but then died suddenly at the age of sixty-four from aneurism, *i.e.*, we conjecture,—for we speak by no medical authority,—through the internal swelling of a vein or artery of a kind closely allied to that which had caused him such prolonged suffering when it occurred in the external veins.

We will not say that this is a miracle, for we find evidence of wonders of this kind in too many directions to be sure that events of this kind, even if they are authentic, happen through any specially divine force,—which is, we suppose, the *sine quâ non* of a miracle,—but we do say that it is a statement of a kind which Mr. Arnold is bound to consider, before he decides so coolly that the defect of miracles is that they do not occur.

We shall be asked what moral impression the volume as a whole makes upon us. First, M. Lasserre, the author, writes with much too rhetorical an air, and is neither so simple nor so manly in his narrative as to give us the idea of the higher kind of piety. But M. de Freycinet's testimony proves him to be a man of honour, and he appears to have taken great pains to get everything at first-hand. As to the religious atmosphere of the book, it is certainly not such as to suit English piety. Undoubtedly, the worship of the Virgin does seem in this book to have almost replaced the worship of God; and undoubtedly, too, there is an air of pettiness about the religious detail;—the importance attached to wearing the Virgin's colours, for instance, as if she were to be gained over by small etiquettes, and a very great many details of the same kind. None the less, the book seems to us, though certainly not to justify, still to explain, a remark which was once attributed to Professor Huxley,—namely, that if he could accept at all the class of events which go under the generic name of "miracles," he should certainly cite, as those having the best external evidence, not the miracles of Christianity, but the miracles of Lourdes.

GLOVES.*

THIS is a delightful little book. Mr. Beck, whose *Drapers' Dictionary* had already proved his capacity to extract sentiment and philosophy from a haberdasher's store, here writes of gloves, with the knowledge that can only come of love. He tells us of the etymology of gloves, and of the antiquity of gloves; he unveils the mysteries of perfumed gloves, and chicken gloves, and hawking gloves, and gauntlets. He ransacks history for information about gloves in the Church, on the Throne, on the Bench; and poetry and fiction for all the "divine nonsense." of gloves as gages, gloves as pledges, gloves as gifts, gloves as favours. He even comforts us as a nation with the declaration that, as regards gloves, our commercial position is strong. "In the thin kid, France still maintains unapproachable excellence; but in the stouter skin gloves, England still stands pre-eminent." It is well. This proud pre-eminence in "the stouter skin" is passing well. Yet somehow Mr. Beck's book, in spite or in virtue of its excellences, rather induces unpleasant dreams than awakes pleasant memories. Coleridge lamented the plebification of knowledge; what of the plebification of gloves? Does the word recall now-a-days Shakespeare or Ben Jonson, or courts of Love, or gages of battle, or even maiden assizes? Does it not rather bring to the mind, or at least to the tongue, the latest extravagance in Court or stage attire,—Madame Bernhardt and her six feet of gloves? Nay, does it not suggest the somewhat vulgar romance of the last Bank-holiday? M. Taine avers that we, as a nation, have still "the accent of the Renaissance as it left the heart of Spenser and Shakespeare," still "the divine sentiment of beauty!" True, our first poet has delighted to tell us how,—

> "From the illumined halls
> Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a press
> Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
> And rainbow robes, and gems, and gem-like eyes,
> And gold and golden beads;"

and even that,—

> "Many a little hand
> Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks."

But then, the dismal questions force themselves on the mind,—Did Ida buy "small sixes," did she carry about a button-hook, and would she have releuted after all, and accepted the Prince, when he recovered from his death-like swoon, if he had required more than "seven-and-three-quarters"? True, also, we have an etiquette of gloves lingering amongst us. "She is no lady; did you notice, she kept her gloves in her hand?" is the verdict of the young milliner to her friend of the post-office, on the stout, florid, well-to-do lady, all satins and sealskin, who has just left the second-class carriage. It is still a serious question whether "a gentleman on entering a room should take off his glove before he shakes hands with a lady;" and Mr. Beck maliciously quotes a modern Piercie Shafton, who informs ladies perplexed as to their duty in this matter, that "friendship is so sacred, that not even the substance of a glove should interpose between the hands of those who are united by its influence." But the excesses of Euphuism indicated the

* *Gloves, their Annals and Associations: a Chapter of Trade and Social History.* By S. William Beck, F.R.A.S. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1883.

decay of the chivalry they brought into ridicule; and the romance of gloves must, we fear, be going, when we think of them as things to be measured and buttoned, and not as "the mystic, wonderful" symbols of love, defiance, and purity.

Mr. Beck, as the historian of gloves, has been preceded by a Mr. William Hull, who in 1834 published a book on the subject, which was intended, however, largely to demolish M'Culloch and the Free-Traders; and something like the skeleton or plan of his volume may be found in Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," and in what is there styled "a learned and curious dissertation compiled from the papers of an ingenious antiquary." Mr. Beck, however, frankly acknowledges all his obligations; and he has so improved on everything that has previously been written on his subject, that we may safely conclude his work to be a final book on gloves,—until, as Burns said of Delolme on the British Constitution, we get a better. The points specially treated by Mr. Beck, and even his general method, may be gathered from what we have already said. He exhibits a healthy, though not unenlightened scepticism as to the supposed extraordinary antiquity of gloves. Thus, in reference to the supposition that for "shoe" we should read "glove" in the book of Ruth (chap. iv., v. 7-8), and also in the famous threat, "Over Edom will I cast my shoe," in the 108th Psalm, he says, "The question is as little likely to be determined as that of the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, or that other as to the authorship of the *Letters* of 'Junius;'" although, by the way, this second comparison is not a very fortunate one. Mr. Beck stands on the *terra firma* of the tangible and the verifiable when he treats of gloves in the Church, on the Throne, on the Bench, and in the hunting-field. The gloves worn by Queen Elizabeth and preserved in the Bodleian Library would not please the advocates of what is tight-fitting for the hand. "The middle finger of the glove is four and three-quarter inches in length, and the thumb five inches; the palm is three and a half inches in width! The glove is close on half a yard long, the gold fringe at the bottom only taking two inches from the total length." There is also preserved in the Ashmolean Museum a pair of gloves believed to have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and "of such liberal dimensions as to tell either against the skill of the glover or the beauty of the wearer." Under the head of "Gloves in Common Wear," we have an interesting account of what are known as Shakespeare's gloves, rendered still more interesting by a drawing which is admirable, as, indeed, are all the illustrations in this volume. These gloves, which were presented to Garrick by the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford in 1769, and are now in the possession of Miss Frances Benson, Mr. Beck inclines to consider genuine relics. "These were real work-a-day gloves, and have plainly seen some wear. Made of substantial leather, they are not altogether destitute of ornament. The scroll stitching on the knuckles has been in red and gold, two colours maintained throughout all the accessories of the glove. The ribbon marking the cuff is of yellow silk, and that on the lower edge of crimson, with a yellow fringe. The cuff is of double leather, with a pattern pinked in the upper skin."

Of the various chapters in which Mr. Beck deals with the symbolic or fanciful uses to which gloves have been put, that on "Gloves as Pledges" is, if not the sprightliest, the most valuable as a contribution to our social history. The following passage may be quoted, both for the speculations it contains and as a specimen of Mr. Beck's style:—

"There can be little doubt that the symbolism of security attaching to the glove in this, as in many other associations, arose from its being the covering of the most active and potent member of the body. The strong right hand won and maintained power; it confirmed agreements, and on the top of the sceptre of a monarch, denoted an authority able to reward or punish. It was the band of honour, and the right-hand glove would appear to have been usually employed in covenants of all kinds. One of Du Cange's citations specially mentions the use of a left-hand glove investiture — indicating that such an instance was exceptional. Thus, the glove represented the hand it usually covered. *They are hand and glove*, says an old proverb, when an unusually close intimacy is to be denoted (Fuller, *Gnomologia*). Tenures held by gloves are common enough, so much so that Blount says, in the preface to his *Jocular Tenures*, 'I have purposely omitted, or but rarely mentioned, those more common tenures, whereby the owner was obliged to deliver, yearly, into the Exchequer, a mew'd Spar-Hawk, a pair of Spurs, Gloves, or the like; of which kind I met with many, and held them not for my purpose, which was to take in none but what were in some respect or other remarkable.' This — so far as this present work is concerned — ominous announcement, is happily neutralised by the citation of three cases in which gloves were the outward and binding sign of a covenant arranged and agreed upon. These are those of 'William Drury, who died May 7th (31 *Eliz.*), 1589, and held the manor of Little Holland, in the County of Essex, of the Queen, as of her manor of Wickes, alias Parke-hall, late parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster, by the service of one Knight's fee, and the rent of one pair of gloves turned up with Hare's skin;' of 'John Besett, who (amongst other things) gave to the King 8d. for his relief for 48 acres of Land in Elmesall, Co. York, which John his father held of the King, by the service of paying, at the Castle of Pontefract, one pair of Gloves furred with Fox's skin, or eightpence yearly;' and of 'Phillip Bassett, who held of the King, *in Capite*, the manor of Wocking, in the County of Surrey, by the service of half a Knight's fee, and the annual payment of one pair of Gloves, furred with Grise, to be paid yearly at the King's Exchequer.' The manor of Elston, in Nottinghamshire, was held by the rent of 1 lb. of cummin seed, a steel needle, and two pair of gloves. These, and other like examples, are considered to have been remains of the ancient practice of binding a bargain, or transfer of property, by the delivery of a glove; but, as regards tenure, might perhaps have begun with the conditions of feudal service, under which lands were held, when the glove would again be representative of the faith under which the feofee was bound to do true and laudable service whenever called upon to fight on behalf of his lord. With many requirements attached to the holding of land, which were either demanded by the physical needs of the lord—such as providing table luxuries at certain seasons, or doing stated domestic or household service — and more which were dictated by a spirit of buffoonery, often, with the coarse humour of our forefathers, becoming flagrantly indecent or immoral, there was a general symbolism in the ancient servage of tenants. This can be traced in the transferred horns and daggers and swords, which were such common charters of transfers, or gifts of land. Doubtless, in many instances in which the holder of land did yearly service in a manner that necessarily degraded him, there was still probably an undercurrent of purpose in causing him so to make submission. Grants and gifts were figuratively made to religious houses; the dower of land to a monastery was made by laying a sod of the given soil upon the altar. Knights figuratively offered their services to the Church; it was part of the religious ceremony in making a knight for the candidate to offer his sword upon the altar, in token of his devotion to the interests of the Church. The glove was sometimes, and at very early times, also made the pledge of a promise. In offering a gift of lands or other tangible benefits to Mother Church, a glove was tendered and placed on the altar, as a sign of fixed purpose; and we may be sure the good fathers furthered and upheld the binding character of the earnest of better things to come. In 1083, the Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury vowed the construction of an Abbey to St. Peter at Shrewsbury, and in token of his intent, placed his glove on the altar of the monastery there (Dugdale: *Monasticon*)."

This volume gives a very clear and succinct account of the vicissitudes of the glove trade in this country, its present position, and the materials used and processes employed in the making of gloves. "At the present time," says Mr. Beck, "English gloves, of which the manufacture centres at Worcester, are without rivals, are exported to all parts of the world, and command higher prices than any other." People are apt, therefore, to forget that the glovers were opposed to Free Trade, and that from one cause or another the distress among them had in 1840 become so serious that a deputation of their number waited upon Dr. Carr, Bishop of Worcester, to ask him to present some gloves of Worcester manufacture to Queen Adelaide, and to raise a fund to relieve their immediate necessities. When Hull wrote, half a century ago, he thought machinery could never be brought into competition with operative glovers. But Mr. Beck believes that a German machine which has recently been invented, and which produces gloves entirely by automatic power, saving only one minor and unimportant process known as "felting the slit-welt"—that is, the turning over and hemming of the welt on the edge of the openings of the gloves—will ultimately supersede hand labour in this industry. Circumstances give a special value to what Mr. Beck says as to the decadence of the glove trade in Ireland, and the vague talk in the present day about the possibility of resuscitating it:—

"The decadence of the Irish glove trade has been attributed to French competition, not in general only, but by direct effort. The Irish workmen, says one apologist, are alone to blame. 'While the trade was still flourishing, the French workmen became alive to the superiority of Irish kid skins and the Irish method of dressing them, and came to our country to learn. Having gained all the information they sought they returned, taking with them several Irish workers, and with all the skins they could buy up in the Irish market. Such a proceeding, though in nowise reprehensible on their part, produced a comparative scarcity in the home market, and the skill of the Irish workmen, aided by the use of machinery (there was not any machinery in Ireland), enabled French manufacturers to produce excellent gloves in large quantities. The home makers raised their prices, which the trade refused to accept, and abandoned the Irish for the French manufacturers.' Hull, in his *History of the Glove Trade*, assigns a high place to the glove industry in Ireland; it gave, he says, 'extensive employment to many thousands of people in Ireland;' and he further states that 'the glove trade in Ireland not only occupied many thousands directly in the trade, but it gave occupation to an immense number of persons who went all over Ireland collecting the skins for the gloves, and on an average one million skins were collected and consumed.' These statements require to be taken with more than one grain of salt. The latter is obviously exaggerated; and we may conclude that all the figures are over-estimated, and give the glove trade of Ireland an entirely fictitious importance, unless the

best writers on Irish industries are culpably silent on the subject. It is rare—and in this particular the writer can claim an extensive acquaintance with works of the kind—that gloves are mentioned at all in any account of Ireland's manufactures. It is absolutely untrue that any such prosperity attended the glove trade in Ireland within this century, and, indeed, Hull admits that it had in his time (1834) utterly decayed. To go farther back, Wakefield (*Account of Ireland*, 1812) says, 'Gloves are manufactured in Ireland, but not to any great extent.' Arthur Young's *Tour in Ireland*, 1780, does not mention gloves at all, and Lord Sheffield's *Observations on the Manufactures of Ireland*, 1785—treating of the products of the country *seriatim*—does not include gloves. It is fair, in considering the matter, to note that Lord Sheffield shows from the Custom House books a declared export, in 1783, of 22,510 dozen of calves' skins, sent almost entirely to Scotland and Ireland, These, we are free to admit, were possibly used for the greater part in the manufacture of gloves. It is further asserted that 'great frauds are committed in the entry of hides, and particularly of calves' skins outwards; there is a duty on the export, and it is certain that the quantity exported exceeds greatly the quantities entered in the Custom House books.' Still, allowing this illicit traffic to be equal to the legitimate trade, presuming that some of these skins were used for producing light leather articles and were wholly used up in glove-making, adding another like quantity to be made up into Irish gloves, and there yet remains a large balance to make up an average annual produce of a million skins, and equal difficulty in imagining the services of an 'immense' number of persons to be required in collecting them. In this year (1783) there were no gloves exported from Ireland to Scotland or England, the principal channels of trade, and by reason of the Navigation Act the only considerable channels of export. To Newfoundland, Ireland sent 48 pairs of gloves, and to Nova Scotia 1,014 pairs. From England were brought in 743 pairs, at an estimated value of 3s. per pair. A large trade, too, was done in French gloves, although the figures for 1783 are not shown. But in 1765, 5,747 pairs of French gloves were imported into Ireland, 5,030 pairs in 1766, 12,726 pairs in 1775, and 4,176 pairs in 1776, showing a large and generally stable trade. It would not be possible to cite higher authorities on Irish trade than those quoted, but it is remarkable that of the large number of tracts on Irish trade all are silent as to this great glove traffic, and it is most probable that even if the flood-mark of Irish prosperity in glove manufacture were again reached the country would hardly be sensible of it. The idea of making the industry a profitable or extensive one in these days must be pronounced altogether hopeless. It is very easy to advocate that a factory shall be established in every town of importance, and Irishwomen induced to make each successful by patronising only home manufactures; but Ireland has, unfortunately, no possibility of becoming self-supporting, and, in this respect, no hope of being able to encounter the competition of France or England. The only remaining connection of Ireland with glove manufacture is the existence of a solitary factory at Cork, and an inconsiderable trade in kid skins, which are annually collected, chiefly by French agents."

COCKS'S DIARY IN JAPAN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

In the history of our relations with the Far East, one of the most interesting episodes, as Mr. Thompson well says in his preface, is that of our early and brief connection with Japan in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. These volumes contain a record of the only factory established by the English —that of Firando (Hirado)—previously to the Treaties of 1858. The factory, consisting of eight members, endured for twelve years, namely, from 1612 to 1623; but the *Diary* of its Cape (capo) or head merchant, Richard Cocks—at least, so much of it as has been preserved—which forms the bulk of the present work, covers only portions of that interval, from the middle of 1615 to the beginning of 1619, and from the end of 1620 to March, 1622, nearly two years anterior to the abandonment of the factory, which at no period of its existence had shown much vitality. The Dutch had preceded us at Firando (first made a trading station by the Spaniards and Portuguese about 1550), their settlement dating from 1609, and they remained there long after Cocks's departure, but finally removed to the far more commodious harbour and convenient commercial centre of Nagasaki. The Dutch and English were allied in hostility to the Spaniards and Portuguese, who claimed the commercial supremacy of the Eastern seas; but the *Diary* gives many amusing proofs, and some which are not amusing, of the bitter feelings of jealousy and hatred with which they regarded each other.

Before dipping into the *Diary*, a few words must be said about its author. Mr. Thompson supposes him to have been a native of Coventry, but we are inclined to think that he was a North-countryman. In a postscript to a letter dated from Fushamy (Fushimi), September, 1617, and addressed to two of the "merchants" at Firando, printed by Mr. Thompson among the correspondence appended to the second volume, Cocks asks to be commended "to all our frendes, *both hees and howes*." Now, *howe* (hoo), which Mr. Thompson rightly supposes to be a descendant of the Anglo-Saxon *heo*, is a common North-country expression for *she*, but is not, we believe, often heard south of the Trent or the Mersey. Cocks was a man of some substance and position, an original member of the East India Company, incorporated on the last day of December, 1600, and a member also of the Company of "Merchant Adventurers." He was likewise "free of the old House," as he himself tells us in one of his letters. He appears to have enjoyed the protection of Sir Thomas Wilson, Secretary to Lord Treasurer Salisbury. On the whole, he seems to have been, as Wilson describes him, a man of honesty and judgment, notwithstanding King James's exclamation on hearing some of his letters read, that they contained the "loudest lies he had ever heard." His book learning was not great, but he had some; could quote Latin, possessed a few books, and tells us of his purchase on one occasion of "fifty-four Japan bookes printed, their antiqueties and cronocles from their first begyning, cost eight taels nine mace," which according to his own computation would be about forty-five shillings, decidedly a high price, if by "bookes" he means volumes, as is most probably the case. The ill-success of the Firando factory was attributed, with some justice, to the simplicity and carelessness of the "Cape" merchant, and poor Cocks found anything but a welcome on his return to Batavia, whence he took ship home in February, 1624, and died at sea, a worn-out and disappointed man, in the following month.

With the Japanese he appears to have lived on good terms, though the traders and labourers he has to deal with are described by him as a fickle, "brabling," treacherous folk, not too fond of paying their debts. He goes to the play, but unfortunately tells us nothing of what he saw, and joins often enough in the Japanese diversion of witnessing the performances of "caboques," by which he probably means "Kabuki yakusha" (operatic performers), rather than "Kabu," as Mr. Thompson supposes. He never forgets, when he makes a journey, to bring back with him presents for his friends, "nifon catange" (nippon katachi)—in the Japanese fashion—and is especially careful to remember his Japanese wife, whom he calls Matinga, a name the present writer is wholly unable to recognise. To "nifon catange," indeed, he is always anxious to conform, but is not sorry when circumstances allow of his escaping an expensive observance of it. Thus, on October 16th, 1615, he tells us that a "fyre arrow" was "shot out of a sherbo"—whatever that may be—before the King of Crates (Karatsu, or Kuratsu) and the King of Firando, but that the latter, departing about midnight, "saved the geveing a present of two damoskt (damascened) fowling-peeces, yf he had staid till morninge." A true Protestant, he hates the Spaniards and Portuguese, or "Portugals"; in his letters, he notes delightedly that the "Emperour" is "noe frend" to either, and seldom loses an occasion in his *Diary* of saying an ill word about them. Sometimes he extends hospitality to a fugitive "padre," but when the 'Elizabeth' captures a Japanese junk having on board the two fathers, Zuñiga and Flores, his chief anxiety is to prove them to be Catholic missionaries, in order that the junk may be adjudged to him and his Dutch colleague as a prize. There are Japanese accounts extant of this occurrence which tally with Cocks's narration, and leave little doubt that forged letters were used to ensure the condemnation of the fathers, who were burnt, while all the crew were behcaded, and that Cocks and his Dutch colleague were at least accessories to the shameful plot. One can hardly wonder at the Japanese massing all foreigners together under the title of southern or western barbarians. The conduct of the Dutch and English sailors was an equal reproach to either nation; they were eternally drinking and brawling with each other or the natives. On one occasion the Japanese authorities lost patience, and seizing a couple of Dutchmen who had given "a skram or two to some Japons," had them "haled out into the fields and their heads cut offe and sent home to the Hollands' howse," and this "notwithstanding the previleges which we and the Hollanders," says Cocks in a letter dated September, 1621, "have from the emperours of Japan, that the Japons shall not execute any justice upon our people." In another letter, dated October, 1621, Cocks himself complains "of the unrulynesse of many of our marrenors and sealers, and some of them not of the meanest sort, whoe dailie lie ashore at tipling howses, wasting their goodes, &c." Severe measures were taken with but little effect. The Dutch beheaded a man who had killed an Englishman; an Englishman was hanged at the yardarm of the 'Elizabeth' for killing a Dutchman. Four Englishmen who were deserters were caught by

* *Diary of Richard Cocks, Cape-Merchant in the English Factory in Japan, 1615-1622, with Correspondence.* Edited by G. M. Thompson. 2 vols. London: Hakluyt Society. 1883.

the Japanese and hanged "by generall consent [of the Factory ?], according to marshall law." Other defaulters and brawlers were flogged, and "then washed in brine" and flogged again. It must, however, be remembered that these men were taken out of the slums of London, were ill-lodged, ill-fed, and ill-treated on board, and had—what is still the case in many foreign ports—no place whatever to go to save a low grogshop when on leave ashore.

Cocks relates two journeys to Yedo, on either occasion taking the Tôkaidô both out and homewards. Though somewhat bare, the accounts he gives of these journeys are among the most interesting portions of the *Diary*. At Fushimi he saw a man "curseyfied upon a crosse" for murder, and in another place "some eight or ten malefactor's heades set upon tymbers by the hieway side." "Yf it were not," he adds, "for this strict justice, it were no liveing among them,—they are so villanouse desperate." Much the same sights, we may add, were common enough throughout Japan up to less than twenty years ago. The fact is hardly credible to those who have known the country only since 1868, but so it was. Of Haconey (Hakoné), so well known to Yokohama residents, who make it one of their summer resorts, he only notices "the great pond (a lake occupying an ancient crater some four miles long by one and a half miles broad) with the devill." Shortly after his arrival at Edo (Yedo), on the first journey there "hapned an exceeding earthquake," which became "soe extreame that I thought the howse would hove falne downe on our heads, and so wos glad to run out of doares without hat or shewes." Twenty-two years before, he was told, there had been an earthquake in Bungo, in which a city of 4,000 "howseholds" sank into the sea, a mountain hard by was clove "in the middell," and "it rayned long haire lyke unto that of men's heads." Cocks had an audience of the "Shrongo" (Shôgun), Hidétada,—Iyeyasu, commonly referred to in the Diary as Ogosho Sama, had died shortly before. On the latter, the author of the *Jiugo Daiki* (History of the Fifteen Sovereigns of the Tokugawa Line) passes the following panegyric:—"Was he not an invincible warrior in the field, an incomparable ruler in the cabinet, full of love for the people, the justest of men!"

With Cocks were admitted Eaton and Wilson, two of the "merchants." Hidétada "sat alone upon a place something rising . . . . . and had a silk *catabra* (a summer cape, *katabira*) of a bright blewe on his backe. He set upon the mattes cross-leged, like a telier." Cocks was greatly struck by the rich decoration of the "Emperours pallis," especially by the lavish gilding and the "paynting . . . . . of lyons, tigers, onces, panthers, eagles, and other beastes and fowles, very lyvely drawne, and more esteemed than the gilding." Hidétada returned the obeisance of his visitors, but does not appear to have conversed with them. Of Cocks's doings upon this visit to Yedo, the best account will be found in his letter to the East India Company, dated January 1st, 1616 (7), and printed in the correspondence. The Shôgun had evidently determined to get rid of all foreign Christians, and Cocks had much ado to make the Court understand that although the English were Christians, they were of a totally different sort from those who held with the Pope and followed the "padres." The Government, however, were only half-convinced, and would not definitely confirm the privileges granted by Taiko and Iyeyasu.

Cocks saw a good deal of William Adams, who died during the existence of the factory, but gives fewer details about him than one would wish. He recognises the influence he had at Court, and no doubt held him in great respect. He did not, however, quite like him, and thought he did not use his influence in favour of his countrymen as much as he might have done. Probably, Adams was a little more anxious to be just than suited the "Cape-merchant."

Mr. Thompson's introduction is an excellent piece of work, and places vividly before the reader the situation of Japan at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The mysteries of Cocks's orthography he has taken no small pains to unravel, and, on the whole, with great success. The correspondence printed at the end of the second volume is, perhaps, more interesting than the *Diary*, but the latter is full of quaint entries, which will be read with especial delight by those—and their number is increasing daily—who have some personal knowledge of the country, its people, and their ways.

DISARMED.*

Falling in love is, no doubt, a refreshingly novel sensation to each member of the human race, for at least once in his or her life; but that does not prevent it from being a sadly hackneyed affair to the race as a whole, and so also is the expression of it. "I love you," is not a sentence that admits of much variety of treatment; originality cannot well be imparted to it, even though it be contorted, reversed, and turned inside out, like Monsieur Jourdain's famous address to the eyes of his *belle marquise;* consequently, the alternate ecstacies and woes of lovers, which supply the chief theme of a large proportion of novels, are apt to become wearisome. *Disarmed*, however, takes us to other fields, and is welcome as a cleverly-written story, which supplies the seeker after mental recreation with entertainment drawn from less common-place sources than mere love-making, while yet it contains a sufficient amount of that article to conform to the orthodox novel requirements. The opening paragraph creates a favourable impression of brightness and vivacity, which is justified by the sequel. With those superior mortals who consider all works of fiction as things too frivolous to be worth looking at, we have obviously no concern, and do not expect them to agree with us. But we venture to assure individuals of a more "lievious" turn of mind, that the sentiments expressed by Miss Betham-Edwards at starting, as to the delight afforded by "happy surprises," are such as will infallibly command the approval of any genuine lover of novels. Her commencement is well calculated to inspire serene confidence in its author; for one feels that she would surely not praise "happy surprises" as she does, if she did not intend to contrive some of them for the delectation of her readers.

Setting out with this expectation, it is less astonishing than it might otherwise be, to find oneself immediately taking a lively interest in the doings of an old lady of nearly seventy. Miss Hermitage, as she is named, is a bold and spirited conception of a character which, though, perhaps, not very likely to exist in real life, is yet not to be called altogether impossible. We have little doubt that the materials of which she is composed are to be found in human nature, even though they may not actually be combined in any one living whole. She is the daughter of a miser, and after passing a dreary existence till her father's death, she comes into fortune and freedom at the age of sixty, and determines to make up in a few years for the dullness of a lifetime. She will spend, make merry, and compensate herself as far as may be for the blank monotony which she has hitherto endured. The past repression has dwarfed her sympathies and made her heartless, but it has not deprived her of the power of enjoyment. She is quite conscious of her "sound, healthy, unflagging appetite for enjoyment," and rejoices over it, "like a girl just awakened to the consciousness of beauty and its power." Having a frame of iron, she looks forward to getting still twenty years of satisfaction out of her life, and announces that if she can do that, she thinks she need not grumble. Incessant, ever-varied amusement is what she covets and is resolved to have, whatever the cost may be. "Amusement," she says, "is another name for happiness. Why was I unhappy in my youth? Because I never got any amusement. Why am I as happy now as the day is long, though but a withered old woman? Because I am amused." Enormously rich, she squanders endless sums upon her own pleasure, without a qualm on the score of their being spent on an unworthy object. Here is a specimen of her morality:—"What were we sent into the world for, but to amuse ourselves? What were others sent into the world for, but to amuse us? Let those sophisticate who may about moral obligation and Christian duty. We bid them pack; and in amusing ourselves, do good all round, without taking any trouble!" Of course, everything unpleasant is to be banished from her presence, and she will tolerate no creature about her who presumes to make evident any anxieties or sufferings of its own. She declines to be accompanied on a visit to Paris by an old cousin whose society she enjoys, because, "At his age, who can tell what may happen? And with the best intentions in the world, he might die in the house!" To fall ill, be low-spirited, marry, or die, are social sins of the first magnitude, in her eyes. She is aware that people must be ailing at times, must have trouble, must pair off, must make an end; but she considers them bound "to perform their duties amusingly, or at least agreeably, and with due regard to the feelings of others." Cynical, selfish, unfeeling as she is, de-

* *Disarmed.* By Miss Betham-Edwards. London: Bentley.

claring that the very word "philanthropy" drives her mad, she would not be altogether comfortable if she gave nothing to the poor, so she "does her charities handsomely, to ease her conscience, and there the matter ends." That charity which she recognises as a duty she performs, it is true, but only in a most stand-aloof and unsympathetic fashion. Almost, if not quite, a heathen, she, nevertheless, accompanies a cheque for £5,000 to a charitable lady with the words, "Save my soul by your prayers." And though, as a rule, profoundly indifferent to her iniquities, as long as their unpleasant consequences can be kept out of sight, she yet, when alarmed by an unusually violent thunderstorm, has a twinge of some feeling akin to remorse, on account of a misdeed which troubles her not at all at other times. We have an idea that Miss Betham-Edwards may have a deeper purpose than is at first apparent in her portrait of this hard, selfish, worldly, evil, old Epicurean, and may intend it to remind those whose lines have fallen in pleasant places of a danger to which they are liable. For Miss Hermitage, utterly callous to sin and suffering as long as she is herself amused, refusing to be brought into contact with anything that can make her think of the misery that is in the world, grudging nothing for the gratification of her whims, and throwing to conscience a sop that costs her nothing, lest it should reproach her for her lavish expenditure,—is she not a very incarnation of that spirit which the enjoyment of wealth and prosperity has a tendency to produce in humanity?

Readers are referred to the book itself for an account of the masquerades and entertainments of all kinds devised by Miss Hermitage's white slaves to satisfy her insatiable appetite for amusement. Her individuality struck us so much that we have dwelt upon her at a length which prevents our expatiating upon these things, or upon the other people in the story; and we can only mention that they are to be found there, and that its interest by no means centres exclusively on her. A strong contrast is presented by Stephana, a younger lady, who is also very rich, but who is wholly devoted to philanthropical schemes and the good of her fellow-creatures; she is mesmeric, visionary, eccentric, and somehow not altogether human, in spite of her amiability. Then, too, there is Valerian, who must be accepted as the hero, inasmuch as there is no other male character of sufficient importance to dispute the position with him. He is, however, an unsatisfactory representative of that *rôle;* for, though clever and plausible, he is too shallow, weak, worldly, vacillating, and cold-blooded, ever to appear in a heroic light; one feels that the proud, affectionate, impulsive, true-hearted girl who finally falls to his lot is a great deal too good for him, and that one has a right to be irritated at her not being provided with a more worthy mate. We think, by-the-bye, that a happier title might have been found than *Disarmed*, as that hardly gives sufficient clue to the contents of the book.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GIFT BOOKS.

Of the annual volumes of magazines, we are inclined to place first, for the variety and interest of its contents, *The Magazine of Art.* (Cassell and Co.) The frontispiece is an attractive etching, "Maiden Dreams," drawn by Mr. G. L. Seymour and executed by M. Lalauze. The illustrations well fulfil the promise of this beginning, and the letterpress does not fall behind in merit. Both are well represented, to take one instance out of many that present themselves, in M. Izanc Pavlovsky's account of the Polish sculptor, Mark Antokolsky. It is a striking history of the struggle of genius under difficulties, and the drawings that accompany it, representing the statues of Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible, are very impressive. Of the other contents, we may mention articles on the "Country of Millet," "Greek Myths in Greek Art," "Sculpture in Pictland," "Elton Ware," "The Pipes of All Peoples," and a particularly interesting account of "The Slade Girls," *i.e.*, of the women students at the Slade School in University College, London.——*Good Words* has, as usual, many attractions, the chief, perhaps, being Mr. Besant's novel, "All in a Garden Fair," of which we may probably find occasion to speak elsewhere. Miss Betham-Edwards has also contributed a novel, "Pearla," which we have noticed. No magazine seems to command the services of such a staff; none certainly offers to its readers a more attractive table of contents. It has, however, competitors which run it close, though not, perhaps, following exactly the same lines. To *The Boy's Own Annual* (*Leisure Hour* Office), for instance, M. Jules Verne contributes one of his inimitable stories, "Godfrey Morgan: a Californian Mystery;" Mr. Ascott Hope, who is also a master in his own line, "The Tell-Tale a School Story;" and Mr. David Ker and Mr. Whitchurch Sadler tales of the kind in which they are known to excel. There are papers on cricket, athletics, and other sports. Useful things are well represented by articles on carpentering, matters of natural history, the keeping of pets, &c. Altogether, this is an abundant store of amusement and information.——*The Girl's Own Annual* (same publishers) presents, with an appropriate difference, much the same features as its companion volumes. "Bound to Earth," by the Author of "Phil's Fortunes," and "A Long Lane with a Turning," by Miss Sarah Doudney, are the chief tales; and there are papers of all kinds, with an abundance of matter, useful and entertaining.——We are sorry to see that *The Union Jack* (Sampson Low and Co.), which had been so excellently conducted by Mr. G. A. Henty, has come to an end. Young readers must be very well off, we might say *too* well off, if so good a magazine has not secured sufficient patronage. The volume before us seems as good as its predecessors. Mr. Percy St. John contributes a tale of life among Indians, "Sweet Flower, or, Redskins and Pale-faces;" Mr. Henty, "Jack Archer, a Tale of the Crimea," of which we speak elsewhere; and, among other good things, we have a continuation of the amusing marvels of the "Major." There are some interesting papers, written by two gentlemen who know their business, on "The Lawn Tennis of the Year." No notice, we see, is taken of the matches played by the American pair, though these were certainly worth recording. We agree with the writers that in a great tournament care should be taken that the second prize should go to the second-best man. If there are twenty-four entries, and *these happen to be drawn in the order of merit*, the second prize will fall not to the second, but to the *thirteenth.*——*Sunday Readings for the Young* (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.) fulfils its promise excellently. Both illustrations and letterpress seem to give what is wanted.——*Routledge's Every Boy's Annual* (Routledge and Co.) is an old favourite, which keeps up well to its standard of merit. Fiction is represented by Lieutenant Low's "Cyril Hamilton," and history by an interesting series of papers on "The Victoria Cross," from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel Seccombe. Colonel Drayson contributes papers on sport, "Salmon and Trout-fishing in North America" being one of his subjects; and Mr. R. Routledge writes on the "Electric Telegraph." With this book should be mentioned its companion volume, proceeding from the same publishers, *Routledge's Every Girl's Annual.* These two magazines are under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Routledge and Miss Alina A. Leigh respectively.——*The Rose-bud Annual* (Clarke and Co.) is meant for the youngest readers of all, and should please them well, with its spirited drawings. They like to have their things good, even as do their elders.

The Jackdaw of Rheims. By Thomas Ingoldsby. Illustrated by Ernest Maurice Jessop. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)—The drawings here are of decidedly good quality, the birds being, perhaps, somewhat better, or, anyhow, more pleasing than the "humans." The last, "S. Jym Crowe," is especially excellent. The finish of all of them is noteworthy. The artist, we see, signs himself "E. Maurice," but there is certainly the name of Jessop on the cover which serves for a title-page.

We cannot profess to have felt much satisfaction in looking at *The Raven*, by Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated by Gustave Doré. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Stedman's "comment upon the poem" which is prefixed is, of course, worth reading. His remarks on Poe's strange analysis of the mental processes which he represents as having resulted in the production of *The Raven* is particularly judicious "My belief," he writes, "is that the first conception and rough draft of the poem came as inspiration always comes; that its author then saw how it might be perfected, giving it the final touches described in his chapter on "Composition," and that the latter, therefore, is neither wholly false, nor wholly true." Doré's illustrations are what we might have expected from his pencil, full of a certain weird fancy, but wanting, we think, in dignity and true impressiveness. Skulls and death's-heads and a skeleton Time with his scythe, for instance, are conventions which have now lost all their force. The fact is, we cannot but think that the poem is not one which well bears being thus translated into the definite shapes which the pencil produces. To take one instance, the lines,—

> "And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
> Shall be lifted nevermore,"

are not adequately rendered by a figure prostrate on the floor in a shadow (and such a shadow, by the way, as could hardly have been cast by any natural means), that falls from the owl on the Minerva's head. We are disposed to think that much pains—and there is plenty of good mechanical work in some of the illustrations—has been spent, without quite as satisfactory a result as might have been attained in a more suitable subject.

Dr. Stoughton very seasonably publishes a "new and revised" edition of his *Homes and Haunts of Luther.* (Religious Tract Society.)—The additions consist chiefly of biographical details, collected by recent research. Among the illustrations, the most notable novelty is a very striking portrait of the great Reformer, by

Albert Dürer. This is a very interesting volume, which comes commended also by a handsome exterior.

Brave Lives and Noble. By Clara L. Matéaux. (Cassell and Co.)—Miss Matéaux tells us in this volume a number of stories of the Old World and the New, Robert Bruce and Christopher Columbus, and Walter Raleigh; and in more recent days, Sir John Franklin, and Michael Faraday, and Abraham Lincoln are among the heroes whom she celebrates. We need not inquire whether all the incidents which she relates are historical, or all the characters which she gives, just, but this is certainly a pleasant and readable book.

The Story of Roland. By James Baldwin. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Baldwin makes an interesting book of materials gathered with much pains, and skilfully employed. Round the figure of Charlemagne—the Charlemagne of legend, not of history—are grouped the knightly figures of whom Roland is the most picturesque. Then there are Ogier the Dane, and Oliver of Genoa, Duke Aymon, and many more. Many of these stories will be new to their readers, who, indeed, could hardly find a more interesting book.

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, by Henry Frith (Routledge and Sons), is a modernisation, suited to the spelling and, we may add, to the manners of our own times. We do not know that it is better done than other volumes which we could name. "J. T. K.'s" little book is as good of its kind as could be wished; but there is no reason why this volume should not meet with a welcome.

Another old favourite in a new dress, perhaps a little more disguised than we might wish, is *Far-famed Tales from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.* (Hogg.) Still there are readers who will welcome the fishermen, genies, viziers and caliphs, Sindbad, Aladdin, and Ali Baba, even though they have lost something of their genuine Oriental aspect.

The City in the Sea: Stories of the Old Venetians. By the Author of "Belt and Spur," (Sceley and Co.)—This volume attracts at once by its illustrations, with their quaint outlines and the brilliancy of their colouring. Some of them are familiar designs. "Carlo Malatesta taken Prisoner" is from a well-known picture, and there is the "Brides of Venice." But most will be as novel as they are certainly interesting. We may mention the quaint presentation of a ship entitled "In the Port of Acre," and the more realistic "Bucentoro." Another striking naval piece is "The Siege of Ghioccia," while in another line we have "The Marriage of Sir Jacopo Foscari;" and, again, in curious contrast to the mediæval aspect of this last, the "Doge going in Procession," from the original of Tiepolo and Canaletto, which is full of the spirit of the eighteenth century. The narrative deals with some of the most interesting passages of Venetian history, the doings of the City in the Crusades; one of its least creditable exploits, the taking of Constantinople; the wars with Genoa, &c. The writer tells the story with much skill, though we might suggest a slight improvement in the connection of the sentences. The "and" so frequently repeated produces a somewhat monotonous effect.

George Washington. By George M. Thayer. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—Mr. Thayer, who told so well the story of "From Log Cabin to White House," has now attempted a more difficult subject, more difficult because it has less of the attraction of novelty, in the "boyhood and manhood" of the first President of the United States. Bowes, Everett, and Bancroft are among those who have told the story of this great life before Mr. Thayer, and it is no small credit to him that he is able to hold his own with them. For young readers, this volume is, we take it, specially suitable. Many details—and the details of the War of Independence are often wearisome, except from points of local interest—are omitted, and the broad features of the narrative, as they go to make up Washington's heroic figure, preserved. A few words might have been given, as explanation, not excuse, of Benedict Arnold's conduct, indicating his unworthy treatment by the civil authorities.

The Ocean Wave, by Henry Stewart (Hogg), consists of Naval narratives, tales of adventure and of discovery, of peace and of war. The volume begins with Prince Henry of Portugal, and goes on to speak of the great discoverers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Columbus, Nunez de Balboa, Magellan, and others. The second chapter is given to "The Old English Sea-Kings," the third to "The Buccaneers and Pirates." The voyages of Anson and Cook are narrated; a chapter narrates "Anecdotes of English Admirals from Blake to Nelson," and another is specially devoted to the exciting theme of "Lord Cochrane's Exploits." The claim of the volume to novelty is the account it gives of the naval operations in the Civil War in America, and the latest addition which it makes to the tale of Arctic adventure.

We have received *The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe. Newly edited after the original editions. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The editor, using the initials "S. R. B.," gives in an introduction an account of Defoe, which is brief and very much to the point. The illustrations are effective.

Sunday Magazine, Volume for 1883; and *Little Snowflakes*, being the Christmas Number for Children.—This magazine scarcely does itself justice in adopting this name. We mean that it is much more than a book for what is called Sunday reading, and it rather cuts itself off, by its title, from the general reading public, which is becoming much less narrow and severe in the line which it draws between secular books and those supposed to supply the only reading fit for Sundays. We have a strong feeling that regular Biblical education is terribly neglected, and particularly amongst the higher classes; but we also feel that, except during the hours devoted to study, no greater mistake can be made than that of confining young people to "Sunday," or "good" books. Now, there is nothing of a goody-goody character about the *Sunday Magazine*, except that there is a special department of it devoted to the religious instruction of young children; and we think its title a mistaken one, and calculated to frighten away two classes of readers: the class, that is so sadly extensive now, that thinks itself too scientific and philosophic to be deluded by the old superstitious beliefs in things called "sacred"; and the class of volatile readers that instinctively shuns any book that sounds solemn, dull, or heavy. Now, we have not, year after year, perused this ponderous volume without being able to assure our readers that there is nothing "preachy" or "goody-goody" about the *Sunday Magazine*, and that they will find as much secular matter in it, as universal, varied, and interesting, as they can desire. The large number of Reverend Gentlemen — even of Reverend Doctors — who figure in the list of authors, no doubt alarms ordinary readers with the ponderous learning and severe morality that they conclude is to be brought to bear upon them. Here, again, let us assure them that we find "the Cloth" using its influence and power in all kinds of secular directions; and we observe, not unfrequently, that these gentlemen can be very lively and amusing, and are much brighter and cleverer, and talk much more to the purpose on ordinary topics, in a magazine or review, than when speaking with assumed authority from the pulpit. We do not wish to deny that in the stories, biographies, travels, &c., there is a preponderance on the side of subjects with a religious tendency or reference; but they are far from being, therefore, without piquancy or excitement for the most hearty hater of all that is solemn. And there is an abundance of matter that is not serious in any way. The very tale, "How It All Came Round," that is the *pièce de résistance* of this volume—though we do not by any means entirely agree with its doctrinal teaching, and though we cannot but smile at the extraordinary and innumerable coincidences which help on its remarkable plot—contrives to rivet our interest to an extent that we do not nearly always realise in the very secular stories that flaunt their gay bindings on W. H. Smith and Son's bookstalls. The illustrations are many of them of great beauty, and the poetry certainly advances on that of former years, and contains pieces of true poetic power, as well as feeling. *Little Snowflakes* is exceedingly good, on the whole, and contains a delightful little story, called "Scarlet Anemones," by the authoress of the long serial story in the *Sunday Magazine*, which we have been noticing, L. T. Meade. "Bizzy"—short for Bismarck—is another charming story. "The Big Peasant and the Little Duke" is the only blot in this little book. There is no moral purpose served to balance the pain it inflicts; and seems anything but a successful effort towards making Christmas happy to the young reader.

Tales Published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.—*Paths in the Great Waters.* By E. A. Hoare, M.A.—This is a story of the colonisation of Virginia. Mr. Hoare mixes together, after the manner of his craft, real and imaginary persons, and makes a tale which will probably please many readers.——*Pirates' Creek*, by S. W. Sadler, R.N., is an old-fashioned story of adventure. The hero leaves his desk in a merchant's office, very much to his delight, to search for a concealed treasure. He meets, of course, with a number of adverse adventures, which he and the reader endure with equanimity, aware that a good Providence, in the shape of an author, is bound not to allow him to come to any permanent harm. Mr. Sadler is, of course, at home in most of the scenes which he describes, and the more romantic adventures it is easy to take for granted. The number of people who know by actual experience how buried treasures are found is probably few, and the proportion of them who are to be found among the readers of this book almost infinitesimal.——*Home and School.*—This is described as a sequel to "The Snowball Society," a tale which we are sorry to have missed, if it is as good as that which is now before us. The writer takes for her subject one which Miss Yonge has brought into fashion, the fortunes of a numerous middle-class family (whose money, by the way, seems to have gone much further than one would have expected). The speciality of the story is the doings of two of the girls at a newly-founded High School. And very brightly and cleverly these are told. This "story for girls" is one that can be heartily recommended to them, and, indeed, to other readers.——*We Little Ones.* By L. H. A. Payne.—This is a capital "nursery" story. "Lilla" tells the story of her childhood, spent in company with her two brothers,—

"Jerks," one of those boys whose joints are said to be hung on wires; and a steady, sober, little fellow, who is called "Tim," because his name is Llewellyn. These and a long-suffering nurse are the principal actors in the little drama, the more dignified personages, papa, mamma, and brothers and sisters more or less remote from the nursery, occasionally intervening. The chief event in the young lady's life is her stealing, or "lifting," as she puts it, a coffee-berry from a grocer's counter, a misdeed that causes her agonies of remorse. All this is admirably described, with what we should say is just the right mixture of humour and seriousness. Humour, indeed, and good sense, and a happy art of suggesting without intruding a moral, characterise *We Little Ones* from beginning to end.——*A Valley of Diamonds*, by Crona Temple, is an effective picture of a clergyman's work in a "Black Country" town, not without many sad things—and, indeed, to be at all near to the truth, it could not be without such—but brightened with a spirit of hope and faith in better things. Lancelot Pearse, the hero of the story, is a fine, large-hearted fellow, and makes a satisfactory ideal of a working parson, not the less satisfactory because we are not allowed to suppose him perfect. ——*A Six Months' Friend*, by Helen Shipton, and *Kate Temple's Mate*, by the Author of "Clary's Confirmation," &c., are two stories of humble life. Both are good of their kind, the former, perhaps, having the advantage, not only in the figure of its principal hero, which is particularly well conceived, but in the wider scope of its moral. The motive of the latter, on the other hand, is more definite. Kate Temple loses her lover, who is attracted by her own special friend, but finds afterwards that she has every reason to congratulate herself, seeing that the man turns out to be an irreclaimable drunkard. She forgives and helps in her need the faithless friend, while the drunken husband acts as an example to warn a younger sister from making the same mistake. If one can hope that any preaching by books or voice can turn a girl from the hopeless folly of marrying a man who drinks, then *Kate Temple's Mate* should be useful.——*Carl Forest's Faith*, by Mary Linskill, is in a measure the story of real experiences, the early struggles of Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist. Carl is the son of an English clergyman. From his German mother he inherits a love of music, which, indeed, is developed in him into genius. He has to pass through deep waters of trouble, sorrow, solitude, and almost starvation, before he finds his place in the world. These troubles are related in a simple, unpretending manner, which makes them very pathetic.——*Olive Smith.* By H. L. Childe-Pemberton. —We must own that we do not care much for transformation-scenes. Olive Smith, whom Mr. Smith finds with a mother dying from the effects of a carriage accident on the road, is found to turn into something "rich and rare." And as she is also "an ugly duckling," she will, we are sure, become a very comely swan. In the face of such well-grounded expectations there can be no real surprise, and the story accordingly falls somewhat flat. The author, too, makes the mistake of separating the nice characters from the disagreeables far too sharply. The good-natured vulgarity of Mrs. Smith, and the ill-natured vulgarity of Kate Myers, have something of the effect of a caricature. ——*Lucile*, by Mary Davison, is a very simple story, its most thrilling incident being, perhaps, the heroine's losing her purse—and finding it again—in Richmond Park. But it is gracefully told, and leaves a good impression on the reader.——*His First Offence*, by Ruth Lamb, is more eventful and striking. It is a tale of conscience; a man commits a fraud which escapes detection; he gives up the evil ways which led to the crime, prospers, and marries happily. Then his happiness, and the companionship of a good woman who believes him also to be good, force him to confession and restitution. This "true tale of city life" is one that should not have been told in vain.——*Lia: a Tale of Nuremberg.* By Esmé Stuart.—Nuremberg, in the days toward the end of the fifteenth century, when the thoughts that were to bring about the Reformation were stirring more and more in the hearts of men, is made the scene of this story. The author imposes on herself the most difficult of tasks that a writer of fiction can encounter, the making a long-past generation live again before our eyes. She has attained a fair, but not more than a fair, success. The main interest of the story is the love of a Nuremberg sculptor for a Jewish maiden, Lia by name. So far as incident goes, this story is well contrived and interesting; but the characters do not impress us as having much reality about them. Sometimes it is quite impossible to realise them. How can the most lively imagination picture to itself a face such as we are told was the characteristic of Rabbi Santa, Lia's brother, a face in which "there was a look of low cunning mixed with extreme pride"? Pride and cunning never went together in looks, or, we might venture to say, in disposition.——*Two Old Maids*, by Annette Lyster, is the story of a young woman who, following too faithfully the counsels of her worldly father, is proof against the better influences of her aunts, the "two old maids" of the story, contrives to make a marriage that seems very advantageous, and finds out that she has committed a great mistake. Worldly fathers, happily, do not often leave behind them instructions which are to make their daughters follow their steps; and, equally happily, daughters would seldom resist gracious influences in the present, in order to be faithful to the ungracious influences of the past. So far, this tale seems to us somewhat far-fetched; but, apart from this, it has considerable merits.——*Miss July*, by the author of "Mrs. Chrichton," &c., is a love-story, perfectly wholesome and proper, but not distinguishable, as far as we can see, from those that appear under secular auspices.——*Under Canvass*, by F. Bayford Harrison, is a tale of a lad who falls in with gipsies, and is turned into a burglar against his will. All of course ends well, and not only the boy, but also the little girl whom he finds already an inmate of the gipsy's tent, are restored to their proper belongings. ——*A Tale of the "Fifteen,"* by "C. M.," sufficiently describes itself by its title.——*Brave John Norse, and other Tales*, is a collection of short stories "founded on fact."——*Stick to Thy Last, and other Stories*, adapted from the German, by "H. I. M. G.," is a collection of short tales, in which various distinguished persons figure. A King of Bavaria who shows that he cannot keep a flock of geese in order, a Margrave of Baden, Admiral Von Ruyter, Horace Vernet, and an Archbishop of Treves, with various humble persons with whom they came into contact, are the heroes of these stories. With this may be classed *The Rehearsal*, adapted from the German by the author of "A Queen." The first story relates an experience of the early days of Handel; the second, "Flauto Solo," comes from the life of Christian Pepuset, chapel-master to Frederic William I. of Prussia. Three others of a similar character complete the volume.——*The Lady of St. Ouen*, by S. W. Sitwell, is a story of the days of King John, supposed to be told by a mother to her children.——Other tales for children are *Felix Morton*, by "D.G.B.," and *A Pair of Them, or One Day's Mischief*, by "C. J. S. L."——Three volumes of readings for classes and meetings are *Hearts and Lives Given to Christ*, by Elinor Lewis; *Wives and Mothers of the Bible*, by the author of "The Choristers of the Bible;" and *Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles*, by H. W. Burrows, B.D.

The Book of Psalms in Metre. Revised by David M'Laren. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.)—These are the Psalms "according to the version approved by the Church of Scotland." Mr. M'Laren has, he tells us in his preface, made "an attempt to remove from a noble version some of its greatest blemishes, without interfering with its majesty, or straining too much after mere elegance." We must confess to being unable to see the merits of the version. People born south of the Tweed very seldom can see them. Its metrical form, such as it is, may make it useful for singing; if so, it had surely better stand as it is; the kind of revision which Mr. M'Laren or, indeed, any one else, can give, can be of no real use.

Christmas Cards.—Messrs. L. Prang and Co., of Boston (London agents, Messrs. Ackermann, of Regent Street), have sent us some of their very elaborate and ingenious Birthday and Christmas Cards and Valentines, set in silk and fringe. Some of them are in the shape of a fan, with a handle, and with very pretty coloured designs on each side of the fan. There are also elaborate valentines, with tassels, scents, and delicately-finished landscapes. The face, intended we suppose, to express the ideal of female beauty in the Valentine, does not strike us as especially fascinating. The birds and butterflies are, as usual, amongst the most effective of these delicate paintings. ——Messrs. Marcus Ward have also sent us some of their pretty designs for Christmas and New-Year Cards,—containing a considerable variety of types, some Scripturally appropriate, some only seasonable, some comic; only, why amongst the latter the fox's carnivorous propensity towards the goose, and the dog's destructive propensity towards the fox, need be commemorated, we are unable to understand.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Adams (L.), My Brother Sol, &c., 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Tinsley)	31 6
Arnold (W.), Isaiah of Jerusalem, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	4 6
Bagehot (.M), Essays on Parliamentary Reform, cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	5 0
Book of Discipline of the Society of Friends, (The), 8vo	(Harris)	2 6
Brett (T.), The Bankruptcy Act, 1883 cr 8vo	(Butterworth)	12 6
Brown (J.), Marjorie Fleming, 4to	(Douglas)	7 6
Browne (L.) and Behnke (E.), Voice, Song, and Speech, 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	15 0
Burfield (H. G.), Memoir of, cr 8vo	(Simpkin)	4 0
Collett (J.), Story of Stephen, 12mo	(Longman)	5 0
Crawford (F. M.), To Leeward, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	12 0
Dunbar (M. F. P.), Triplet of Life, 18mo	(Hatchard)	3 6
Duncker (M.), The History of Greece, Vol. I., 8vo	(Bentley)	15/0
Fergusson (J.), Ceylon in 1883, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	7 6
Fryer (A. C.), Book of English Fairy Tales, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Fullon (J.), The Laws of Marriage, cr 8vo	(W. Gardner)	7 6
Greenwood (G.), Queen Victoria's Girlhood, &c., cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6 0
Halevy (L.), The Abbé Constantia, cr 8vo	(Remington)	10 6
Hastings (F.), Obscure Characters of Scripture, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	5 0
Holmes (T. R. E.), The History of the Indian Mutiny, 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	21 0
Hunter (J.), Supplementary Book-keeping, cr 8vo	(Longman)	3 0
Jones (C. A.), Under the King's Banner, 16mo	(W. Gardner)	2 6
Keene (G. H.), Fifty-seven, 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	6 0
Life Thoughts, 12mo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	2 6
Linton (E. L.), The Girl of the Period, 2 vols. 8vo	(Bentley)	21 0
Longfellow (H. W.), Michael Angelo, imp. 8vo	(Routledge)	21 0
Mac Donald (G.), Donal Grant, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(C. K. Paul & Co.)	31 6
Manu (E. C.), A Manual of Psychological Medicine, 8vo	(Churchill)	21 0
Minstrels (The), 4to	(Routledge)	6 0
Montgomery (F.), Blue Veil, cr 8vo	(Bentley)	5 0
"Ouida," Frescoes, &c., cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	10 6
Pantomime (The), folio	(Routledge)	6 0
Peile (W. A.), Tay: a Novel, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	10 6
Pinkerton (T. A.), Agnes Moran, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	31 6
Porritt (N.), Treatment of Inter-Thoracic Effusion, cr 8vo	(Churchill)	6 0
Randolph (Mrs.), A Christmas Rose, 3 vols. cr 8vo	(Hurst & Blackett)	31 6
Rockstro (W. S.), Mendelssohn, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	3 0
Schiller, Maria Stuart, edited by C. Sheldon, 18mo	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 6
Shorthouse (J. H.), The Little Schoolmaster, cr 8vo	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 6
Snow (T.) and others, Annual Practice, 1883-4, 8vo	(Maxwell)	21 0
Whittingham (W. R.), The Bishop of Maryland (Life of), 2 vols	(W. Gardner)	24 0

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE destruction of the Army of Hicks Pasha has been placed beyond a doubt, but nothing whatever is known of the subsequent movements of the Mahdi. A report has reached Cairo that Khartoum has fallen, but it is not true; and a subsequent report that Dongola is in insurrection, though probable, is not confirmed. That would cut off Khartoum from Egypt. What is certain is that the scattered Egyptian garrisons have fled to Khartoum, that the people there are excited, that the resident Europeans have fled, and that Colonel Coetlogon, who has taken command, thinks the place untenable. The Egyptian Government has despatched General Baker, with 2,000 gendarmes, to Suakim, with orders to clear the road to Khartoum, and will forward a regiment by the Nile route to that town. It is reported, however, that the gendarmes went very unwillingly—the Turkish officers, indeed, resigning, and nearly half of the men deserting—and the new Regulars are to be kept in Egypt. The Egyptians themselves half believe that the Mahdi must be the true "Messenger," as he is victorious, and but for the European troops, there might be disturbances. The Europeans are, however, to remain; and Admiral Hewett, with the 'Euryalus' and four gunboats, is on his way from Bombay to Suakim. According to statements slowly dribbling in, the Europeans are all dead, except F. Vizetelly, artist, of the *Illustrated London News*, but many of the soldiery have been allowed to take service with the Mahdi.

La France states that a General of Division in Algeria, in answer to a demand for troops for Tonquin, has already telegraphed that the Mahdi's "emissaries" are proclaiming his victory, and that he expects a general rising of North Africa. He deprecates, therefore, the withdrawal of any troops. The first part of this intelligence must be false, as even quick dromedaries could not have carried "emissaries" across Libya so quickly; but the second is probably true. The higher officers in Algeria, instructed by the officers of the Arab bureaux, who really know the natives, would be well aware that such a victory must be followed by a dangerous insurrection in North Africa. The Mahdi is connected with the Kadiree monasteries behind Tripoli and with the fanatics of Kairwan, and they will all now rise at his signal. It is quite possible, indeed, that the Mahdi's strength may be spent in this direction, and that he may try to found an empire in North Africa. Nothing, however, will be done quickly. There are no telegraph-wires between the monasteries and the head stations of the tribes, the stars have to be consulted, and the Moors have not waited half a century to count half-hours at last. Asiatics can wait, if needful, till their hair is grey.

Mr. Chamberlain made a speech at Bristol on Monday, at the meeting of the National Liberal Federation, which was singularly clear and vigorous, though without the higher qualities of the orator, without passion and without warmth. Out of the thirty impending questions referred to by Mr. Gladstone, before the present Administration was formed, as needing early attention, the Government had dealt with eight, besides the formidable Irish Land Question, which was not one of the thirty. Mr. Chamberlain was very anxious to deal with the Government of London in the next Session, as well as with the county franchise, if possible, but he thought that nothing should be allowed to elbow so pressing a matter as the extension of household franchise to the counties out of the way. He thought it absolutely necessary to deal with this, before attempting a Redistribution measure—first, because it would strengthen the hands of the Conservatives to offer them all the resisting surface which a Redistribution Bill would offer, before bringing in the simpler measure; next, because it is impossible to project a fair Redistribution Bill till after the county electorates have been enlarged, and their precise strength on the Register accurately estimated. Mr. Chamberlain re-expressed his own strong preference for manhood suffrage, while avowing that the time for manhood suffrage had not yet come; and he ridiculed the notion of contriving any special guarantee for the representation of minorities, till it should appear that, under the new system, minorities were likely to lose their fair proportionate influence in Parliament. He thought that London, with household suffrage, proves that the minority of one electoral district is the majority of another.

Lord Hartington spoke in the Free-trade Hall of Manchester on Tuesday. He admitted that Lord Salisbury could certainly force a dissolution, if he pleased, on the Franchise Bill, supposing that the Government decided to introduce it; and he admitted that, so far as appearances go, Lord Salisbury would please to do so, since he had recently become a great admirer of the American Constitution, and wanted to introduce a sort of reference of every constitutional change to a popular plébiscite, by using the House of Lords to compel a dissolution. Lord Hartington reminded the meeting that no such plébiscite was taken before the great Constitutional change of 1867, a change, nevertheless, proposed by a Government in a minority, and therefore a Government needing a much more stringent check on the use of its responsibility than Governments supported by a majority need. He charged the steady loss of influence by the House on Lord Salisbury's own extraordinary tactics. A House that had never in our recollection acceded to any measure for extending popular rights, except under absolute compulsion, could not expect to retain its influence in such a country as England. On the subject of foreign and colonial policy, Lord Hartington maintained that the Tories always attacked it in an ambiguous manner. If things go wrong, as in South Africa, they say it is due to the wretched policy of the Government; but if things go right, as in Egypt, they say, 'Ah, yes! it is all right, on the hypothesis that a military expedition was necessary at all; but if you had only interfered in time, no military expedition would have been needed,'—forgetting that interfering 'in time,' as the Tories put it, would have meant setting all Europe against us, and possibly exciting a European war.

On the subject of Reform, Lord Hartington reproached the Leeds and London Conferences with having neglected practical difficulties, to press on a measure which could hardly be shaped until the practical difficulties had been overcome. He thought there would be great difficulty in either abolishing the 40s. freehold qualification for counties, or in extending that qualification to boroughs, and yet without some decision on that point, even the Franchise Bill could not be introduced. He saw still further difficulty in either excluding Ireland from its scope, or in extending to Ireland a measure which must increase the numerical strength and

the political power of the Irreconcileable party. He did not in the least suggest that these difficulties were insurmountable, but he did wish that more effort had been made to surmount them by those who pressed the Franchise measure so urgently upon the Government.

An extraordinary correspondence has been published between Mr. F. Lockwood, the Liberal candidate for York, and Lord Salisbury. The latter had stated that Mr. Lockwood was interviewed by the Irish Nationalists, and that, in consequence of this interview, they had voted for him. As no such interview had occurred, Mr. Lockwood asked Lord Salisbury his authority for the statement. Lord Salisbury had no authority, and at once withdrew his assertion, but added that the Nationalists did vote for Mr. Lockwood, after having heard his statement of the policy he was prepared to pursue towards Ireland. Mr. Lockwood again denied that he had favoured Nationalist policy, declaring that he had refused Home-rule and inquiry into Home-rule, and had also refused to vote for the repeal of the Crimes Act, while still deemed necessary. He pointed out also that Sir F. Milner, who promised to repeal that "cruel Act," was more friendly to the Nationalists than he was. Lord Salisbury rejoins that Mr. Lockwood had advocated household suffrage in Ireland and elective county government, and that these measures must lead to Home-rule. Mr. Lockwood answers that they prevent Home-rule, and tells Lord Salisbury that his reliance in Ireland is exclusively on force. Lord Salisbury clearly is either not candid, or is so blinded by passion that he really believes any advocate of county government in Ireland to be a secret advocate of Home-rule. The second is the fuller explanation, and indicates precisely the temper which makes his Lordship such a dangerous leader.

Paris is greatly agitated by a fear that things are going wrong in Tonquin, and M. Clémenceau on Thursday tried to obtain permission to make an interpellation. He maintained that a memorandum had been received from China making an attack on Bacninh a *casus belli*, that, nevertheless, an attack had been ordered, and that consequently the Ministry were decreeing war, contrary to the Constitution. M. Ferry replied, alleging this and that of no importance; but his substantive answer was that negotiations were going on, and that if the Parliamentary system required the premature publication of documents like the memorandum, the Republic would have to dispense both with diplomacy and a foreign policy. He would discuss everything when the Vote of Credit for Tonquin came on. The Chamber, on a division, affirmed this view by 308 votes to 195; but the minority is formidable, and the Chamber shaky. It does not want war with China. In the course of his speech, M. Ferry let his thoughts loose for a moment, and spoke of "the serious situation," producing cries of surprise and alarm from all sides, except his immediate party. He made haste to explain that he only meant to say that any war three thousand leagues off was serious; but the first impression was indelible. We endeavour to explain elsewhere the "seriousness" of which M. Ferry was thinking.

The news from Tonquin is not pleasant for Frenchmen. It is rumoured, on good authority, that Admiral Courbet refuses to advance on Bacninh without further reinforcements; and he has only 600 men to expect immediately, and 1,200 men in a month. It is, moreover, certain that the Tonquinese are exhibiting a new audacity in attack, probably because they are sure of Chinese support. On the 17th ult., they attacked Haidznong, a French fort protecting a bend of the Red River, with such courage that they lost 200 men, and, but for the accidental arrival of the gunboat 'Lynx,' the French would have lost the fort and the steamer 'Carabine.' As it was, the garrison evacuated the place, and went on board the 'Lynx.' It is moreover reported that the Russian Embassy has received intelligence of a severe "battle" at Haiphong, the first French station on the best mouth of the river. This may be untrue, but the rumours indicate that the whole delta is swarming with Black Flags, sent down from the higher lands, and that Admiral Courbet will need half his army to guard his communications.

The German Emperor, on the 27th ult., received the Presidents of the Prussian Diet, and in his address used an expression which has attracted great attention. He "assured them, in the most positive manner, that peace was at the present moment completely secured; and that, in particular, the relations of the nation to Russia had, to his great joy, become most cordial and happy." This report is official, and though the Emperor may be deceived like another man, his impression coincides with all recent information, and particularly with the otherwise inexplicable action of Russia in Bulgaria. The "Imperial Powers," as Lord Beaconsfield loved to call them, have not renewed their alliance, but there is obviously some understanding among them that peace shall not be broken for some time to come. Russia and Austria want financial rest, and the old Emperor of Germany cannot commence new undertakings. France can disturb the peace, of course; but restless and irritable as Paris is, the peasantry want quiet, and an opportunity of refilling hoards sorely depleted by the Bourse transactions of two years. War is usually unexpected, but it is still much that the Sovereigns who move armies would rather not fight.

It appears to be nearly certain that a great strike is impending, both in the coal and cotton trades. In the former, the miners declare that prices have risen, and demand an increase of wages by ten per cent., while the owners assert that they are only just recovering from recent losses. They, therefore, refuse to yield; the men are handing in notices, and according to the *Times*, 125,000 men—all the Yorkshire miners, in fact—will shortly be out of employ. As the masters can wait, and the men are poor, from a long course of low wages, the issue may be foreseen. The cotton spinners, on the other hand, ask an increase of five per cent., not because trade is prospering, but because it is not. They say that competition is so great that there is no profit, and consequently, a low rate of wage, which can be raised only by killing out the little mill-owners, who take low prices and produce too fast. In this case, also, the men, 90,000 in number, have little chance, for they have small funds, and the strike will directly benefit all owners who have accumulated stocks on hand. There is no doubt, we believe, that too much capital is put into this trade, and more cloth made than people are willing to buy, except at ruinously low prices. It is difficult to understand why, under such circumstances, the temptation to little men to open mills is so strong; but so it is, and there may be some gambling element in the trade which outsiders do not clearly perceive.

G. Warden, formerly Secretary of the London and River Plate Bank, and J. D. Watters, broker, were tried this week for stealing £116,000 worth of bonds payable to bearer from that Bank. Warden surrendered after he had escaped, and pleaded guilty, but Watters declared himself the other's victim. Both received the same sentence, twelve years' penal servitude, the Judge remarking on the terrible effects of their crime. We imagine a poor man feels in losing his spoons quite as much as a Bank feels in losing capital; but, no doubt, crimes offering great temptation and producing great social disaster require severity. That is the reason for the laws against keeping dynamite. The trial revealed, as we have pointed out elsewhere, the great difficulty of inventing precautions to protect bonds payable to bearer from theft by trusted depositaries. Warden testified in his evidence that he and the accountant of the Bank had each keys of the safe in which securities were deposited, the two sets being evidently intended as a precaution against robbery. "I and the accountant," however, "used each other's keys for years." The evidence is the more noteworthy, because there is neither charge nor suspicion against the accountant, who simply trusted character, instead of trusting rules.

Sir Charles Dilke, in a speech to the Eleusis Club of Chelsea on Thursday, revealed a secret of some importance. The Government intend to act promptly on a Report of the Royal Commission on City Guilds, and to bring in a Bill to prevent the dispersion of any City Company's property. "They did not intend that the property of the City Guilds should be divided, as was the property of Serjeants' Inn." It is understood that the Bill will be brought in in the Lords by Lord Derby, and that the property will be vested to a certain extent in Trustees, pending legislation as to its ultimate disposal. There can be no doubt that much of the property of the Guilds is only held in trust for the benefit of London, but the announcement will raise up a new host of enemies to the Government. Fortunately, the body of London electors are waking up to the municipal question, and becoming aware that it is they, and not the rich, who suffer by the want of organisation in London.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre made a telling speech at the Gladstone Club on Thursday, in which he abused the attempt to secure by any direct scheme the representation of minorities up hill and down dale. But while attacking it thus furiously with his lips, he showed himself to be very favourable to the one device on which alone we look with much hope,—that of subdividing constituencies to something like the same limit, and giving to every such constituency but one Member, and to every elector but one vote. That, we believe, if honestly done with the help of a Boundary Commission anxious to secure a genuine variety in the class of constituencies to be represented, would really result in giving a fair representation to minorities. Indeed, this, as Mr. Lefevre well showed, is at present very tolerably secured in the metropolis itself. The fallacy of Mr. Lefevre's speech was his calm assumption that we who fear the undue suppression of minorities, advocate some juggle of machinery by which a minority may be transformed into a majority. We desire nothing of the kind. But we do desire to see the minority of the nation fairly represented by a proportional minority in Parliament, and not to see it extinguished in Parliament altogether. To pretend that this is either impossible, or so much even as unlikely, with household suffrage all over the country, is almost foolish. By a very little manipulation of the constituencies, in the interest of one party, a grossly unfair result might be very easily secured.

It is satisfactory to find that Lord Rossmore's commission as Justice of the Peace for Monaghan has been suspended, in consequence of his action on October 16th. Lord Rossmore, on that occasion, unquestionably led a procession to a meeting held to overawe another perfectly lawful meeting, though, no doubt, one very offensive to Lord Rossmore and his allies. He was warned by the Resident Magistrate that his conduct was likely to lead to a breach of the peace, and nevertheless he persisted in taking the route on which he had entered. And now he pleads that he was only complying with Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that leading men in Ireland should show a little more public spirit in resisting movements which they think hurtful. To show courage in denouncing outrages, which is what Mr. Gladstone desired, is certainly not the same thing as getting up faction-fights, which is what Lord Rossmore did. It will not do to have Justices of the Peace who promote bloodshed, whether it be on the side of Union, or on the side of Disunion.

The *Birds* of Aristophanes has been acted at Cambridge this week with singular success. The *Birds* is the great comedy in which, according to Ottfried Müller, Aristophanes satirised Athenian plausibility and credulity, in the persons of Plausible and Hopeful, of whom the former persuades the Birds to found that splendid castle-in-the-air, Cloudcuckootown,—without believing in it himself,—while the latter drinks his fill of illusions for which there is no real excuse at all. The fun poked at the Greek Divinities appears to have been very well represented at Cambridge, the scene between the Divine Commissioners and Plausible being one of the best in the play. We have given some account of the performance in another column, but may add here that Mr. John O'Connor's scenery was universally admired, and that the various Birds,—especially the Swan,—were costumed with even more effect than in the old Greek theatre itself. We Englishmen hardly know what true comedy is by anything in our own literature. The laughter of Aristophanes contained satire, imagination, fancy, humour, and light-heartedness, in a combination which has never since been even approached.

The *Electra* of Sophocles was performed last week at Girton by the students of the College, with a success which certainly justified the attempt. The play was selected as being one of the few really good ones containing a chorus of maidens, and the whole representation was given with felicity, grace, and considerable artistic power. The ladies' Greek, especially, received deserved and high encomiums from the Cambridge Dons and members of the Council, who were the only gentlemen permitted to be present. The scenery, dresses, &c., were designed and executed by the students themselves, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, pronouncing on the correctness of the Greek costumes. The part of Electra, which was taken by Miss Case, was perhaps the most effectively rendered; but all were creditably sustained. Indeed, the performance altogether may fairly challenge comparison with those given by the members of the Universities themselves.

An admirable letter in Thursday's *Times* from the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Chairman of the Council of the "Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants," describes the work done by that Association amongst the 3,000 girls from the District Workhouse Schools of London, who are sent out, often at the age of fourteen, into the world, without any home in which they may find a refuge when they lose their places, and who are thus almost inevitably ruined. The Association in question befriends them between the ages of fourteen and twenty; visits them, with the consent of their mistresses, in their places; provides them with a temporary home when they lose their places; trains them for better work, when they are in need of such training; and in a word, helps them in their struggles during their apprenticeship to the rough work of domestic service. Mr. Lambert points out how impossible it is to keep up such a machinery as this without considerable funds, and how difficult the Association finds it to get the funds that are adequate for its work. For the truth of this statement we can ourselves answer, and only hope that Mr. Lambert's letter may bring the kind of aid to the Association whose head-quarters are at 14 Grosvenor Road, S.W., of which it stands in such urgent need.

The Carlyle statue on the Chelsea Embankment appears to be much disfigured by a great framework of notice-boards, on which the public are solemnly warned of the rules and regulations under which public gardens are to be used by them,—rules and regulations printed, nevertheless, in letters so small that the public cannot read them without a field-glass, though they can see the full ugliness of the staring boards on which these regulations are inscribed. Mr. Frederick W. Foster, writing to Thursday's *Times*, proposes to have these boards lowered or removed, that Carlyle's statue may be seen without this ugly margin of emphatic officialism; but we are not sure that he is right. The effigy of the "Latter-Day" pamphleteer will not be made at all the less effective for his admirers, by being thus set in an artistic framework, as it were, of bureaucracy and red-tape. We suspect that the Metropolitan Board of Works have expressly designed this framework for his statue, in order to set the significance of the grim Philosopher of Chelsea in an appropriate and striking light.

The Crown Prince of Germany has evidently produced a most pleasing impression in Spain, the populace especially being quite enthusiastic about his dignified bearing. Both he and his father are taking unusual pains to deepen the friendly impression. The Prince has not only sat out a grand bullfight, which is not exactly a festival approved by *geist*, but has allowed a follower to publish a very favourable, though, we believe, accurate account of the King of Spain, which he had given on board ship. He recognises in Alfonso a distinctly able man, with much courage and will. On the other hand, the Emperor of Germany has addressed to the King a warm letter of thanks for the reception of his son, and has worded the letter in that old, grave style of Royal courtesy so seldom used now, which is meant to imply that the recipient is not only Legitimate and a King, but the equal of the writer. The letter is just the one to please Spaniards, who evidently feel honoured by the German recognition of their King's place in Europe. It is rumoured that the Crown Prince may return to Berlin *viâ* France, but that is not probable. He could not go to Paris, and to avoid Paris would take all grace out of the journey.

We are not sorry to see that the Cambridge Senate has rejected the proposal to establish a modern-language tripos, and wish the majority had been larger. It was only 40 to 39. The modern languages are most useful, but the study of them, even if their literatures are included, does not necessarily educate. The women who used to know them are now turning to harder and more educative studies. Some of the least educated men in Europe speak two or three languages, and there is always a practical difficulty in examinations. Men who have learned languages by residence, as we learn English, cannot be kept out, and very often know nothing else. The children of the Continental English are not the persons, as a rule, who deserve University honours.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 101¾ to 101⅞.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE MAHDI.

WE are not often in accord with the Government on Egyptian questions, but in the new crisis which has arisen, their action strikes us as both wise and firm. They have appreciated the seriousness of the situation arising from the destruction of General Hicks's Army in the Soudan, but have disregarded the panicmongers, and have given no premature assurances to any side. They have recognised that Egypt may possibly be threatened, and will certainly be agitated by the Mahdi's victory, and have, therefore, ordered the British garrison to stand fast in Cairo, and have sent out the drafts necessary to bring up the regiments to their full strength. They have also perceived that it may be necessary in certain contingencies, such as a successful insurrection in Upper Egypt and a rush by the Pretender to reap its fruits, to strike hard at his rear; and have, therefore, ordered Admiral Hewett to take possession of Suakim, the only port on the Red Sea whence there is a road open for a corps d'armée marching on Khartoum. They possess, therefore, force sufficient to quell a rising in Egypt Proper, and an open gate through which they may, if the need arise, act from India upon Upper Egypt with energy, safety, and effect. These positions secured, the British Government await further developments, before deciding upon any course of action. They do not yet know whether the Mahdi will be able to utilise his victory; whether he will rush down upon Egypt, relying on Mussulman feeling; whether he will consolidate his rule in the Soudan, where he is now, as the "Victorious Messenger" and agent of God, emancipated from the tribal chiefs; or whether, as is quite possible, his idea is to rouse North Africa against the French, and put all the Moorish tribes in the field, before he attempts his own advance northwards up the Nile. The Government, therefore, wait; and if only they have warned Lord Ripon, which we do not doubt, and have forwarded to Admiral Hewett an instruction which we will mention presently, which we do doubt, their attitude of calm expectation is the very strongest they could assume. Fortunately, Parliament is not sitting to worry them into premature explanations; and the people, as usual whether the Administration is Liberal or Tory, leave policy in Asia entirely to the Cabinet.

The pause is wise, but the situation is none the less a serious one for the Ministry. It is nearly impossible that the Mahdi should under any circumstances ascend above Assouan (Syene) and enter Egypt, for we have ample time to meet him there with a civilised force, before which his followers, however fanatic, will melt away, heartless and disenchanted. But that the Mahdi's power is immensely increased is beyond doubt, and we see no evidence whatever that up to Assouan there is any trustworthy resisting force. In the first place, the victory has turned Mahommed Ahmed from a Pretender into an absolute monarch, who could execute the slave-hunting chiefs, if necessary, wholesale, but who will be obeyed by them as implicitly as by the meanest of their followers. He has fulfilled the promised condition, has given the prophesied evidence of his divine commission, and as the recognised Messenger from on high, there can be in the entire Soudan no authority equal to his command. Until defeated, he will be obeyed as Mahommed was obeyed, up to the verge of civilisation, and every Mussulman up to Assouan may be counted his willing subject. Moreover, with the tact which the Prophet also showed, he wages against votaries no war of extermination, but, as the few who have escaped report, accepts all Mussulmans who throw down their arms as soldiers of his own. Under those circumstances, the old Egyptian soldiers will either desert or fight without a heart, the black populace will take up arms, and Khartoum, as Colonel Coetlogon already sees, will be indefensible. General Baker, with his 2,000 Gendarmes, half of whom go unwillingly, while the other half desert *en route*, can, with the aid of Admiral Hewett, hold Suakim; but to suppose he can hold the road to Khartoum, 400 miles long, or help to defend that city, is, we think, to indulge in an illusion. He would lose half his men by desertions, and the rest in forcing the passes where Consul Moncrieff was lost. There is nothing for it, if the Mahdi advances, but to fall back; and there is no true point of rest till Assouan is reached, and the British Army comes into the scene. The Mahdi, of course, may not advance. No European knows him, and he may be a man without energy, disposed to enjoy new power, or infected with that dread of encountering Europeans which weighs on Asiatics in exact proportion to their intelligence. But if he advances, he will, we believe, reach the British bayonets; and the chances, gravely weighed, are in favour of an advance. The slave-dealers, who, it is said, will check him, will be as powerless as mice. His victory, as the French Government is aware, is already known through North Africa, and fanatics devoted solely to him, and not to any tribal leader, are by this time swarming towards El Obeid. These men are armed and provisioned, and fearless of the Desert; they do not die, like Englishmen and Egyptians, from drinking rotten water; and, strange as it may seem to Europeans, they heartily believe that God has declared for the Mahdi, that victory is assured, and that if they die in obtaining it, they will reach Heaven in the instant of death. It will be nearly impossible to resist their pressure; the Mahdi himself is, in all human probability, a fanatic; and if he advances, he can choose only one of three paths. He may advance direct on Egypt; he may swerve westwards towards Barca and Tripoli; or he may make for the coast, with the design of reaching Mecca, and thence claiming the obedience of the whole Mussulman world. In the second event our *rôle* is over, for it is France with whom the battle will be fought; but in the first and third, the British Government will be compelled to act with all their energy. They must, not only for the sake of their own policy, but as mandatories of Europe, which already insists on their responsibility, defend Egypt; and they must, from a mere brutal instinct of self-defence, prohibit the descent on Mecca.

Admiral Hewett must, we fear, be instructed to capture or sink the Mahdi, if he attempts to cross the Red Sea. As a rule, we regard the eternal panic of English journals about the spread of Mussulman movements into India with a certain contempt. The dangerous section of India is the North, and in Northern India the conditions are most unfavourable to Mussulman insurrection. The British Army lies there, always ready; the majority of the people are not Mussulman, a silent but powerful check; and the great fighting peoples, Sikhs and Rajpoots, Mahrattas and Goorkhas, are fanatically Hindoo. They want no Mussulman lords, to kill their cows and desecrate their temples, and the Mussulmans know that. Mahommedan movements, therefore, usually when they touch India, break into spray; but there may be one exception to that rule. If an Arab claiming to be the Mahdi, and consecrated by victory, were acknowledged in Mecca, we doubt if any considerations whatever would hold in the Mussulmans of North India, and feel assured that South India would be almost instantly in flames. South India does not matter politically, for it can always be reduced; but still a movement there, which would cost us twenty millions and ten thousand lives, would be a considerable disaster. Under the circumstances, three words said in Hydrabad by the boy who has just mounted the Nizam's throne, would for the moment terminate British rule south of the Nerbudda. The Mahdi must not reach Mecca, and the British Government has, therefore, to watch his movements, possibly through the winter, on two sides at once, with an excited and angry Egypt to keep in order the while. We do not envy the Foreign Secretary his task, but it must be performed, nevertheless, in the interest not of Great Britain only, but the world.

While, however, we would earnestly enjoin watchfulness, we trust Lord Granville will be deaf to most of the wild suggestions now pouring up from every side. It is folly to say we must reconquer the Soudan, to put down the slave-trade there. We cannot prohibit the slave-trade by an invasion, unless we also garrison the country; and unless we annex Egypt, we have not the means for any such undertaking. We might as well conquer Brazil under a proclamation emancipating the Blacks, or annex all Central Africa because it is cruelly ruled. Philanthropy does not abolish the necessity for sense, and we are glad to see that the Anti-Slavery Society repudiates this suggestion. And we would reject with even more decision the idea of any appeal for help to Abyssinia. To call those dark Christians into the field against the Mahdi would be to rouse a religious war with a vengeance,—a war in which every white man in Asia would be endangered. The Mussulmans will fight the White troops fairly, knowing well that they are directed by political motives; but to be attacked by soldiers darker than themselves on distinctly religious grounds, would rouse a fury in which all prudence and moderation would be cast to the winds. It is not our business to widen, but to

limit the area of this war, if we can, and prevent its spreading till England and France are fighting half the peoples of the continent of Asia. There is danger enough in this movement both to England and France, as they will know well before the winter is over, without our calling up allies who before the campaign was finished would be at once a hindrance and a disgrace.

CABINET MINISTERS ON REFORM.

BOTH Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington have spoken this week, and both have said something on Reform. Though neither of them spoke for the Government, and both, indeed, as we understand them, expressly disclaimed speaking for the Government, yet it may, perhaps, be assumed that Mr. Chamberlain, at Bristol, gave the wheel a decidedly stronger turn in one direction than Lord Hartington applied to it, at Manchester, in the opposite direction. Mr. Chamberlain expressed a very strong personal desire to see the Franchise question wholly separated from the Redistribution question,—first, because he holds that even if there were no redistribution, the admission of the county voter to the franchise would be exceedingly right and desirable; next, because he holds that you cannot settle the question of the proper redistribution of power till you have passed the Franchise Bill, and counted the new county voters whom it will admit. Further, he maintains that it cannot be questioned for a moment that it will extend to Ireland, because, "The whole of the Liberal Government, and I think, with one exception, the whole of the Liberal Party, supported in 1879 and in 1882 resolutions in favour of an identical suffrage for the Three Kingdoms." Apparently, Lord Hartington must have regarded this remark as going a little too far in the direction of committing the Cabinet, which had not yet decided the question, for he said at Manchester on the following day that the extension of the household franchise to Ireland was still a moot question, which the Liberal Party ought to discuss carefully and settle at once. And, while not ignoring "the difficulties, perhaps the great dangers that there would be in making any distinction between England and Ireland in the matter of the franchise," he thought it necessary to insist that "there are many in the country, not only among the Conservatives, who do view, and will view with considerable dislike and apprehension any measure which is likely to increase the number or the powers of what I am afraid we must call the Irreconcileable party in Parliament; and you must recollect that the more conclusively you prove the impossibility of separating the question of the Irish franchise from that of the English franchise, the more you will excite the opposition and increase the number of the opponents of any measure for the reduction of the franchise at all." That, perhaps, explains the tone of complaint in which Lord Hartington talked of the Leeds Conference, which he reproached for urging on the Franchise question before discussing its difficulties, in strong contrast to the tone of eulogy in which Mr. Chamberlain spoke of the achievements of the same Conference. Nevertheless, as we said, we hold that Mr. Chamberlain succeeded in giving a more decided turn to the wheel in one direction than Lord Hartington gave in the other, and this, too, whether Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues choose to take offence at what he has done or not. It is not very easy, after such manifestations of opinion as those of the Leeds Conference have been publicly supported by one of the Cabinet, for the other Members of the Cabinet to make their scruples heard. The time is passed for such suggestions in arrest of judgment as Lord Hartington offers. Either the Cabinet must take up a bold position, or it must be well aware that all the country will say that Mr. Chamberlain has been overruled by the timidity of his colleagues; and a Cabinet once openly regarded as "timid," is not a Cabinet that can hope to do very much more in Parliament. It is the same with the Irish complication. As our readers know, our own view is decisively and strongly with Mr. Chamberlain. We regard it as quite childish to suppose that any increase of the Irreconcileable party,—even if it gets a very large increase,—can add an iota to the danger of insurrection. The more clearly we recognise the full strength of the Irreconcileable party in Ireland, the more effect will our positive refusal even to consider the disintegration of the Empire have in daunting that Irreconcileable party; and as for any influence that the frank recognition of their Parliamentary strength can exert in the direction of the wishes of the Irreconcileables, we have not the slightest belief in its existence. While England admits the Parliamentary principle for Ireland at all, she is bound to promote steadily the true representation of Irish wishes in Parliament; and to delay a just Reform Bill on the ground that it will bring about a truer representation than any we could otherwise obtain of Irish wishes, is simply delaying it because we do not want to face the truth. If in 1879, and again last year, the whole Cabinet and almost the whole Liberal party repudiated any such hesitation as this, it is hardly likely that they can find anything in the present state of Ireland to justify that hesitation now. We hold, then, that Mr. Chamberlain has not only anticipated the answer to Lord Hartington's difficulty, but has anticipated an answer that Lord Hartington will himself feel obliged to treat as sufficient for the occasion. None the less, if Mr. Chamberlain had reserved his reply for the deliberations of the Cabinet, it would, perhaps, have had all the greater weight. Men like Lord Hartington may possibly resent having their hand forced, even by statesmen so vigilant and apt in the successful manipulation of Ministerial scruples as Mr. Chamberlain. We hold that Mr. Chamberlain's argument is unanswerable, but we cannot help wishing that he had not taken the public into his confidence till after his colleagues had heard, and been convinced by, the statement of his reasons.

There are two points on which Mr. Chamberlain's speech appears to us to be much less statesmanlike than it is in reference to the extension of the Franchise Bill to Ireland. The first is his reiterated plea for manhood suffrage in the abstract, though he admits that there is no question of embodying it in the Bill of next Session. It is surely a very unwise thing for a Minister to repeat so emphatically the private views which he has consented to waive in practice, on the very eve of the introduction of the measure in which he has consented to waive them. That can produce but one result,—a feeling amongst all who do not agree with him that he reserves the right to reopen the whole question, so soon as he shall see fit. Is that a wise impression for the Minister to diffuse who has consented to put his own views by, and to lend all his weight to the framing of a measure in which all his colleagues can heartily concur? We do not think so, and this is not the first time that Mr. Chamberlain has given a sign to the political world outside, that he is not content with the scope of the measure which the Government are likely to introduce. In the next place, though it is perfectly true that "the wider you lay the foundations of your liberties and institutions, the more stable those liberties and institutions will be," the sense in which that maxim must be interpreted depends on what you mean by the widest possible extension of liberty. Now, it is surely making political liberty as wide as you can make it, if you give every one who *cares* for political issues, the means of easily gaining the right to pass his judgment on those issues. It does not widen the foundations of an Art society, if you include in it multitudes who do not know, and do not care, what perspective means, or what is the difference between oil colours and water-colours, or how the etcher draws on copper, or the lithographer on stone. It is not artistic *width* to insist on appealing to the ignorant multitude as to artistic questions. And so we insist that it is not political width to insist on including in the franchise a great multitude of people who would never walk the length of a street to get their names put on the Register, who would not alter a single arrangement of their lives to secure the right of voting, though they might as easily secure it now as under manhood suffrage. Yet it is perfectly true that there is not a grown-up man earning his own livelihood anywhere, who could not, by taking a very little pains, secure a vote, either under the household franchise, or under the lodger franchise, as the law now stands in boroughs, and as the law will soon stand in counties as well as boroughs. While the County Franchise remains as it is, it is certain that large classes, most deeply interested in the franchise, and most eager for it, are excluded from any chance of exercising it. But let Household Suffrage be once extended to the counties, and we venture to say that no grown-up man with a real interest in politics need be without a vote, if he cares enough for politics to take a little pains in order to get it. Manhood Suffrage means making a vast multitude of persons who do not care a straw for politics, voters, in spite of their own complete indifference to the possession of a vote. And that, we say, seems to us as foolish and unstatesmanlike as it would be to insist on swamping an Art society with a mass of members who do not know a straight line from a crooked, or on securing the "stability" of Lloyd's, by enrolling all the soldiers of a score of regiments of the Line among the names of the Underwriters. Surely, it is manifest enough that what makes universal suffrage in the United States so unsatisfactory, is the enrolment

of so many voters who care no more for the distinction between Democrats and Republicans than they care for the distinction between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. It is not adding to the breadth of any liberty to force upon indifferent people the privilege of passing judgment on matters in which they take no interest and desire no control.

Once more, we differ from Mr. Chamberlain in thinking that because minorities have been over-represented hitherto, there is no danger of their being under-represented under a uniform system of Household Suffrage. It is absurd to say that because there has been no intoxication where there was no fermented liquor, there will be no intoxication after you have provided fermented liquor in large quantities. It must be of the very essence of the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill to throw power everywhere into the hands of the majority. Now, no one can deny for a moment that if three members of party A and two members of party B live and vote in each compartment, every compartment will return a representative of party A, while none of them will return a representative of party B. That would not be a fair representation of the opinions of a country divided in the proportion of three to two between party A and party B. Mr. Chamberlain virtually replies, 'Oh! if there are three of party A in one division and only two of party B, then there are sure to be three of party B in another and only two of party A.' We want to know why it is sure; why it may not be quite easy to contrive that there shall be no such compensation; why we are secure against that "jerrymandering" which has been so great an evil in the United States, and why it is not eminently reasonable and right to observe the utmost precautions against it. We insist that in this matter Mr. Chamberlain is not taking his usual moderate and reasonable attitude. It is plain good-sense, when you are for the first time running a great risk, to take pains to insure yourself against that risk. It is common candour to admit that an evil which greatly afflicts other countries in which the suffrage has been as widely extended as ours will soon be, is likely to afflict us also, unless we take the utmost precautions to avoid it.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PLAN FOR REHOUSING THE POOR.

THE Government has evidently considered the necessity of taking some action, or, as we hope, of authorising the new Municipality of London to take some action, towards the Rehousing of the Poor. The head of the Local Government Board, Sir Charles Dilke, has been spending his spare time for weeks in the distasteful work of inspecting "rookeries;" and now Mr. Chamberlain has come forward in the *Fortnightly Review* with a definite plan for securing their reconstruction. It is a very different plan from Lord Salisbury's, much more practical, much more capable of expansion, and much harder upon owners of house property. Lord Salisbury's leading idea is that the existence of Rookeries—that is, clusters of houses unfit for human habitation, but still inhabited—is a misfortune to the country resulting mainly from circumstances, and that, therefore, the State should lend money to trustees to rebuild such places, or to build competing and wholesome structures on the Peabody plan. Mr. Chamberlain's leading idea, on the other hand, is that the existence of rookeries is a fault, almost a criminal fault, in their owners; and that these should, therefore, either be compelled to rebuild them on sound principles, or to sell them to the Municipal authorities at a price calculated not according to their value as letting tenements, but according to their value minus such fine as an official arbitrator—who would be, in practice, a great officer of the High Court—"may inflict for the misuse of the property, and the offence committed in allowing it to be the cause of disease and crime." The rookeries are, in fact, to be treated not as "property," in the full sense of that term, but as nuisances, condemned by statute, justly liable to be swept away without compensation—as a copper-smelting establishment in Holborn would be—and only treated more leniently because their proprietors did not originally defy a law. So thoroughly does Mr. Chamberlain carry out this principle, that he would even allow the Municipality to abstain from acquiring the condemned houses, and either to rebuild them at the owners' expense, or to close them altogether, like houses expected immediately to fall down.

This is a drastic proposition, and will produce a chorus of remonstrances of a kind to which the House of Lords is only too ready to listen. It will be alleged that "ownership" in London is often a most complex affair, that what with life-interests, leaseholders, and mortgagees, the true owner will be often hard to find, and that when found or created he will sometimes be the most innocent of all concerned. If we are not mistaken, Lord Hanmer was once attacked in the Press very severely for neglecting a rookery, and proved conclusively that, although the ultimate "owner," he was as powerless in the matter and as irresponsible as any writer who assailed him. It will be necessary often to extend the word "owner," till it covers the jobber in houses; but with that reservation, we see no injustice in Mr. Chamberlain's proposal. The man who lets an uninhabitable house for profit is really just as much an offender as the man who sells diseased meat, or opens an unhealthy factory, or starts a trade dangerous to the neighbourhood, and may fairly be treated in the same way. There is no moral objection whatever to taking his houses from him, subject only to payment for the site; and if the community gives him more, it is only in deference to the well understood result of experience, that in such matters lenient laws work most easily and effectively. They produce less resistance, and do not arouse that bitter reaction against philanthropy which contantly paralyses, as in the case of Plimsoll's Act, the best-considered efforts of the Legislature. We believe, therefore, that Mr. Chamberlain's principle will be accepted by the Commons, and that the Lords, after a short and bitter discussion, will refuse to impair the safety of property by including in its safeguards the right to preserve unwholesome or dangerous structures. They will rather strengthen Mr. Chamberlain's hands, and protect property-owners by filling up the gap his measure will leave by some sharp and effective enactment against overcrowding. A house may be perfectly built, and yet made uninhabitable by the number of its inmates, an evil against which no unwholesome property law will provide, and which, though remediable, can be remedied only by measures involving a considerable interference with liberty, and perhaps some oppression. If a man has ten children and two rooms, there will be overcrowding; and if he cannot earn wages sufficient to pay rent for two rooms, the overcrowding will be awful.

It will not be forgotten that Mr. Goschen, who, as a political economist, is on the side of capital, and Lord Shaftesbury, who has a rent-roll of £40,000 a year, have expressed themselves as strongly as Mr. Chamberlain, who, again, is decisively anti-Socialist. We do not, therefore, expect much opposition to his first principle,—which, indeed, is implicitly affirmed in many recent Acts; but he propounds another, as to which there will be more discussion. As a practical administrator, he foresees that there will ultimately be some loss in rehousing the nearly destitute, and he tries to settle where this loss should fall. Clearly, the money must be raised somehow by a rate, and the only question is, what kind of a rate. Mr. Chamberlain proposes a rate on owners and long-leaseholders only, and it is at this point that opposition will be developed. It is quite certain that the freeholders of London, dealing as they have done for half a century with a rising market, pay a great deal too little to the general metropolitan fund; but then, can they be made to pay any more? Will they not instantly recoup themselves by raising rents, or, what is the same thing, increasing their fines for renewals of leases? If that were done, the result to householders would be exactly the same as if the rehousing rate were levied, like other rates, in proportion to rental,—which Mr. Chamberlain, we take it, is desirous to avoid. London differs from other cities in this, that its householders are in great part bound to live where they do live in order to earn their livings, and must pay what landlords ask, or throw up work. This is not true, of course, of Belgravia, but it is true of the professional quarters, the shopkeeping streets, and the workmen's extensive *quartiers;* and these districts, therefore, will feel the burden, and not the ground-landlords, who, extravagantly wealthy as many of them are, do not even now exact the last procurable penny. The Duke of Bedford was supposed to be sharp in his recent clearance of Gower Street, whence so many families disappeared that the tradesmen of the neighbourhood were temporarily ruined, but as a matter of fact, those who took his new leases were able to sublet at a still greater advance. We are not sure that Mr. Chamberlain's plan will reach the landlords at all, and there is another fact to be considered. Poor, but respectable occupiers will benefit very greatly by rehousing schemes,—in the first place, by the improved state of the neighbourhood, and in the second, by the diminished risk of disease, and are therefore fairly chargeable with a portion of the cost. The matter is one of detail, which in the end the Municipality

must settle, and which doubtless will be arranged by compromise, but it is not expedient to rouse in the owners of London a bitter opposition to the very idea of a Central Municipality. The system of rating must be improved, and the absurd inequalities of London taxation redressed, but nothing is gained by impracticable efforts to throw the burden of all improvements on to a class. They can recoup themselves; and if they suspect a class injustice, they will. Nor are we quite certain of the wisdom of the farther proposal to rate small districts, if they are supposed to be benefited by clearances. There is no unfairness in the proposal, but it will introduce in some districts a curious uncertainty into the value of property. The Duchy of Lancaster, for instance, owns much property very near a rookery. The Municipality will, under Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, pull down the rookery, rebuild, and charge the Duchy with any ultimate loss. The Duchy, of course, will recoup itself by fines when the leases fall in; and as, practically, its tenants cannot move without heavy losses, the value of their leases will be altered by a sudden effort to cure an evil for which neither leaseholders nor the Duchy are responsible. We should, we think, prefer to see the guilty owners made responsible first, and the general Municipality afterwards, to any attempt to fix the burden on limited local areas. After all, if our printers are better lodged under a new scheme, we shall benefit quite as much as the landlords of Wandsworth or Kennington, where the men reside, and ought to bear our share of the general taxation. These, however, are details; and in substance we accept Mr. Chamberlain's grand principle,—that an owner must be as responsible for letting an uninhabitable house as a butcher for selling diseased meat, or a dairyman for distributing unhealthy milk.

THE MOVEMENT FOR AN ENGLISH CHURCH BODY.

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the best mode of constituting an efficient Anglican Church Representative Body,—if, at least, it may also inquire whether such a body would be useful or injurious to the Church,—seems to us a step against which it is hardly possible to produce a single solid reason. Of course, we do not mean that there is no solid reason against the constitution of such a Body. We are aware that there is a party in the Church,—and there may be more than one party,—to whom the organisation of the Church into a living body, with power to advise Parliament authoritatively on Church matters, appears a very dangerous proposal. We have ourselves no sympathy with that feeling, from whatever cause it may proceed,—whether it be from fear of the class of leaders into whose hands an organised Church might fall, or from dread that, if it once became a living whole, with power to act for itself, the Church of England might take action which would sever it from the Church of the past. But though we have not the least grain of sympathy with either objection, believing that the Church of England cannot long continue to hibernate, so far as regards her collective life, as she has hibernated so long, we do not deny that all the grounds for fearing the result of a more effective organisation of the Church should be considered, and should be fairly represented to the Royal Commission which is proposed. Let the timidities be fairly and fully heard. Let those who, with some friends of our own, think that it is much better to keep the Church as a believing body paralysed, lest it should get itself too strongly discriminated from the nation which has no definite belief, say their say before the Royal Commssion, by all means. Let those, again, who fear that if once the Church could act for herself, she might commit herself to some policy inconsistent with her traditional position as a branch of the Church Catholic, be heard too, though we do not well see what they could say, except that they were fearful lest some heretical opinion already implicitly accepted by the members of the Church, should be explicitly accepted also. We do not at all mean to assert that there is nothing to be said against the constitution of an adequate Church Body, nor that the Royal Commission which it is proposed to ask for might not find out what that is, and say it with great force. But then we do think it almost impossible to assert with the smallest plausibility that there is not so much as a case for careful inquiry into the reasons why a wish which so many Churchmen feel,—a wish which we ourselves heartily share,—should or should not be gratified. No doubt, the petition to the Queen asks for the appointment of a Royal Commission, "to inquire into and report upon the best method of creating a Body of lay members of the English Church" to act with a Reformed Convocation as a Church Body; and no doubt this assumes that the question of method is the only point at issue, and that it must be a good thing to do, if a proper method of doing it can be found. Well, if that objection be sincerely urged, we should not object to allow the Commission to consider whether or not the constitution of an adequate Church Body be advisable or not, before considering how it could be best done, if, as we think, it is advisable. We do not in the least wish to see those questions prejudged which are at the bottom of many persons' objections to a reform of Convocation, and the constitution of a Lay House intended to co-operate with Convocation. If there be an arguable case for keeping the Anglican Church dumb, when every other religious body in the realm has it in its power to express its wishes freely and to avow its aims, let us have these reasons candidly stated, and let us have them fairly examined. But this is at least certain, that while the lay members of the Anglican Church have no proper mouthpiece at all, and while the clerical members of the Anglican Church have so inadequate and misleading a mouthpiece as the present Houses of Convocation of Canterbury and York, the Church of England will continue to be destitute of any semblance of collective life. What she does through individuals, she may do vigorously enough,—and her life of this kind has long been thoroughly vigorous; but whether she has any view of her own on new questions affecting creed or worship, and if she has any view, what that view may be, must remain for ever uncertain, so long as the great majority of Churchmen cannot make their voice heard at all, while the great majority of clergymen find themselves misrepresented by machinery which seems carefully contrived for that purpose.

We are well aware that the difference between a Church which has a collective life and a Church that has none is this,—that while the former can commit herself in many ways,—doctrinal, ecclesiastical, practical,—the latter cannot, and that there are a certain class of persons who think it a great advantage to belong to a Church that cannot commit herself, either for evil or for good. We have already said that we should be glad to listen to this plea for a non-committal Church, if it were adequately formulated. It would be something, indeed, to get it adequately formulated, and to have the world explicitly informed that what some Churchmen really wish is to prevent the Church from being put on her mettle, for fear that if she were once put on her mettle, she would fail. We do not think that that somewhat cowardly and pessimistic plea would find favour with many Englishmen. If the Church of England is really such that a breath of liberty would bring her to ruin, we do not believe that ruin would be too bad a fate for her. For our own parts, we should wish to see the Church fairly tried with the gift of liberty,—liberty to think, liberty to judge, liberty to act,—even though the exercise of that liberty did bring the Church either to Disestablishment, or,—what would be much worse,—national discredit. This, of course, we do not fear,—the former not much, the latter not at all. The effect of giving the Church power to think, and speak, and act as a Church, might, of course, be to bring her difference with the nation into strong relief; or it might be, to bring her influence with the nation into strong relief. In the former case, we should have Disestablishment, and some kind of Disendowment; in the latter case, a speedy euthanasia for the popularity of the Liberation Society. But whichever event happened, the result would be to show the Church in her true colours, and the nation in its true colours; and that cannot but be desirable, whether the Church should turn out to be more or less popular with the nation than she at present seems. As it is, the Church can do anything but prove herself a Church. Many of her Ministers are most admirable teachers, many of her Laity are most earnest and most religious, many of her rites are most impressive and inspiring. But yet if any one asks that a Creed which is explained to mean one thing shall be modified so as to say that thing, and that thing only, in unmistakeable language, we are merely told that the thing cannot be done,—that the Church has no power of adapting herself to the living generation, but must speak the language of the early centuries, even though that language does not express to us what it expressed to them. That is not the kind of Church to meet modern infidelity and demoralisation. A Church that has no living voice, cannot grapple with a scepticism which has a living voice. That is why we wish to see at least a fair discussion of the reasons for and against restoring the Church to the kind of life which the Roman Catholic Church, and the Presbyterian Churches, and all the Dissenting Churches in the realm, have now, and would never consent to forego.

THE DIFFICULTY OF FRANCE IN ASIA.

GENERAL CAMPENON, the French Minister of War, was on Wednesday interrogated by the Committee of the Chamber, which is discussing the Tonquin grant, as to his resources for carrying on a war with China. In reply, he made a statement which throws a remarkable and an unpleasing light on the French position, and confirms in a striking way a statement made by ourselves on May 19th last, which at the time greatly irritated our French friends. It is really the fact that in spite of their enormous expenditure on armaments, the French Departments of War and Marine have not the means of carrying out a forward Colonial policy, or of fighting China, without great European danger. As we then pointed out, the Minister of War cannot, except in some great emergency, employ the Regular Army in Asia at all. The vast numbers of trained men who now form that Army consist in great part of Reserves, who cannot be called out except in national danger; in another part, of undrilled conscripts, who die like flies in a camp; and in a third part, of men with only a year to serve, who would be useless for a long war. None of these can be taken, and to make up a powerful Corps d'Armée the Minister must deprive his regiments of their bones, the men of eighteen months' service, and thus, in the event of European commotion, dangerously enfeeble his whole Army. He will not do it, especially as, the Colonies being part of the Department of Marine, he is slightly jealous of surrendering soldiers to an alien authority; and if he would, the Chamber would not permit a "dislocation" which, expecting, as the Deputies always do, a German attack, they regard with extreme terror. The War Minister and the Minister of Marine are, therefore, when pressed by events or policy, compelled to get together scratch armies, made up of that excellent force the Marines—say 15,000 effectives—that singular but daring body the Foreign Legion, usually 2,500 strong, and a certain number of "Volunteers," who draw high pay and are attached where the Departments please. This force, roughly estimated at 20,000 men in all, is now confessedly used up. Part garrison the West India Islands, part are fighting and sickening in Tamatave, part control that pandemonium, New Caledonia, and the remainder are in Tonquin, where they are insufficient. There must be from 8,000 to 9,500 of them in Cochin China,—but the authorities there have to garrison Saigon, their own city; to overawe Huè, the capital of their vassal King; to garrison Hanoi, the fortress-capital of Tonquin, effectively; to watch Haiphong, the town guarding the entrance to that mouth of the Red River which they find most convenient; to garrison Haidzuong, the fortified station which protects the same mouth higher up; and to supply the Army of action against Bacninh, which, as we now know officially, is defended by Chinese regulars. There are not, therefore, enough of them. Admiral Courbet has no native auxiliaries worth mention, for his Yellow Flags, or Anamese, cannot be trusted; he dare not empty his garrisons, lest the Black Flags should attack them, as they did Haidzuong the other day, and the moment he leaves the river, he must post at least 1,000 men at the landing-place to protect his stores. His actual force would be whittled away to some 3,000 men, with whom to attack a fortress carrying Krupp guns, defended by Chinese, and made as unapproachable as ditches and canals dug in a tropical delta, where the water rises if you stick a spud into the earth, can make it. The force is too small, and we do not doubt the rumour that Admiral Courbet, an excellent officer, trusted, like most experienced sailors, for prudence, as well as valour, has telegraphed that he will not risk a defeat by advancing without more men.

Where is he to get them? There are 600 Marines nearly due at Haiphong, and 1,200 men in the Red Sea on their way, and it is reported, though we cannot verify this, that 2,400 more have been collected by different expedients in the ports of France. None of these, however, are the material the Admiral wants, except the 600 seasoned Marines; and, apparently, there are no more to be obtained in time. Admiral Courbet must, therefore, advance, or indefinitely postpone his movement; and we are by no means sure that he will not choose the second course. If he does not, he risks a repulse which would be followed by insurrection and massacre; if he does, the Minister at War has but cold comfort to give him. He told the Committee on Tonquin that he would not touch the Regular Army in France in any case, but that he could find 2,000 troops in Algeria—who, however, cannot be in Tonquin for two months, and who will probably be stopped, for fear of a coming insurrection—and that if more were required, he "would call for three volunteers from every company of the French Army," and so make up 8,000 men additional. Imagine the time it will take to collect these men from every little barrack in France, the kind of men who will volunteer for a detested service, the want of non-commissioned officers, and the general disorganisation of a drilled crowd like that, and recollect that General Campenon knows war, and we may realise the straits to which the French Ministry is reduced. It is really fighting twelve thousand miles away, with a great empire for opponent, and with the name of France to guard, while it disposes of less force than the majority of third-class Powers. Well may M. Ferry say that "the situation is grave," amidst cries and starts from his opponents; and well may he hint, as he does to all who can read between the lines, that if China would only give him a nominal victory—which Tseng, snubbed and affronted by all Frenchmen, is in no temper to do—he would gladly be out of Tonquin without beat of drum.

Many of our friends will ask why even the small force available should not serve, as equally small forces have often served the English turn, and we confess to a certain perplexity on that point. It must be remembered, however, that even in Clive's early battles, and in the Mutiny campaigns, we have always had native auxiliaries, and have, therefore, been exempt from "fatigue duties;" that the Chinese Regulars are thoroughly armed, and trained by Europeans—are, in fact, as good as Sikhs—that the Tonquinese are exceptionally daring men, accustomed for ages to a position like that of the Montenegrins; that all French training has for object the acting in masses; and that all French officers are disheartened by the singular severity with which French opinion treats those who fail. Allowing for these things, however, there remains something to be explained, and the explanation we believe to be this. The French soldiers, including in a less degree even the Marines, never like this kind of work. They hate to be away from Europe, they see little glory in jungle-fighting, they lose heart in the horrid climate—worse than that of Rangoon before it was drained—and they have some special liability to dysenteric disease and low-fever, which every doctor notices, which has never been explained, but which is, as we believe from the Tunis record, due to the most reckless carelessness about the water they consume. A small allowance of brandy, instead of their abominable vinegar, and peremptory orders not to drink water unmixed with it, would save half the invaliding which so weakens their expeditions; but in conscript armies, human life is cheap. It is a pity to see men so brave and so resigned so served, but the Medical Department is worse treated in France than even in our own country, till the soldiers dread sickness much more than wounds. Be that as it may, the fact is undeniable that French soldiers in the tropics show little or none of the elasticity they display at home, and that French officers there hate to move forward with visibly inadequate means. It is this which makes a full supply of men so necessary, and General Campenon, with all the will in the world, has, as he frankly admits to the Committee, not got them to send, unless he collects them from all France with a toothcomb. Of course, if things go worse, the difficulty will disappear, for France will use her Regular Army at any risk, and send 50,000 men; but the Chamber will be crazy with panic, and the Reserves must be called out for garrison duty,—an order which would, even in Prussia, under the iron German discipline, create bitter murmurs. The French Ministry are not to blame for their difficulties, which lie deep in the very structure of their State, but they are to blame for attempting three wars at once, and still more to blame for refusing to believe, in spite of evidence, that a Monarchy which governs three hundred millions in tranquillity must possess some fighting force. China is weak, as Chinese Gordon told her, because her capital was selected with an eye to Tartary, and not to the sea; but if France cannot get to Pekin, let her not fight China. Anywhere else, the Empress-Mother can waste men like shells, and not know that they are wasted.

LORD DERBY AND THE AUSTRALIAN CONFEDERATION.

WEDNESDAY, November 28th, 1883, may hereafter be a day famous in the history of the "Expansion of England." The meeting of the advisers of the Crown in the several Australian Colonies which was then held is, in all probability, the first step towards immediate Federation, and

where the potential forces involved are so vast, federation may be the first step towards the formation of an Empire which shall shape the destiny of that infant world which we speak vaguely of as the Islands of the Pacific. But a short time back, it seemed to many that Australian federation was only a dream. Economical differences and social rivalry were supposed to constitute an insurmountable barrier. Federation might come in the future, but it was not to be hoped for in the present. We could wish that now that, contrary to all expectation, federation promises to come, and to come quickly, the stimulus applied and the welcome given had been of a different kind. Unfortunately, England has now a Secretary of State for the Colonies among whose many admirable qualities imagination is not included. In many Cabinet offices, this want is no disqualification for the due discharge of a Minister's duties. Trade, local government, and the Duchy of Lancaster may be administered in a spirit of the merest prose. But there are two posts for which want of imagination is a very great disqualification. A man who cannot vividly reproduce the past will never make a good Secretary of State for India. A man who cannot vividly picture the future will never make a good Secretary of State for the Colonies. If Lord Derby could have looked beyond the present—or rather, perhaps, if he could have gazed into any future other than an economical one—he would have realised something of what is involved in Australian federation. He would have been eager to have his name associated with it in after-times,—to go down to history as the far-seeing Minister who in the bud could detect the perfect flower, and who neither despised nor was deluded by the day of small things. Had Mr. Forster been at the Colonial Office instead of Lord Derby, the Ministers of the Australian Colonies would have met on Wednesday in a very different temper. The decision of the English Government on the particular question submitted to them might have been exactly the same, but it would have been announced in a very different tone. Indeed, to tell the plain and unpleasant truth, that decision could hardly have been announced in a worse tone. It is not the decision itself that we quarrel with. A single colony cannot be allowed to go about annexing islands as an Italian annexes cigar-ends, and the grave questions raised by the action of the Queensland Government in the matter of New Guinea would be greatly simplified, if the Government to which the newly-annexed population was to be handed over were the Government of an Australian Dominion. But the more necessary it is that Federation should be treated as an indispensable preliminary to annexation, the more important it was to say no word that could be represented as in any way throwing cold water on Federation. In this respect, Lord Derby's despatch of October 12th is a perfect shower-bath. The Agent-General for Victoria had been instructed to impress upon him "the sense of her Majesty's Colonial Ministers that it is eminently to be desired, in view of the Convention of the Australasian Governments, that a clear understanding with her Majesty's Imperial Government should be attained in respect to the conditions on which the confederation of the Colonies should be approached." No doubt, he asked several other questions besides the question as to what the Imperial Government thought about annexation. But considering that the day for the Convention of the Australasian Governments was actually fixed, and that Federation in its first initiative was only a few weeks off, the Secretary of State might have said something implying his sense that the occasion was a remarkable one. Lord Derby said nothing that could imply any sense that it was an occasion at all. He left the whole subject of annexation on one side. The Agent-General for Victoria had impressed upon him that the Australians wanted his views about Confederation. Lord Derby scarcely so much as names Confederation; he confines himself to stating the views of the Government on "certain questions connected with the proposed annexation of various islands in the Pacific Ocean." He does, indeed, say that if the Colonies decide upon confederation, there "would undoubtedly be much less difficulty than at present in arranging for the transfer to them of the obligations of this country in respect of neighbouring native communities." But to federation in a more general sense there is not so much as a reference. Not a word is said that can be taken to convey even a common-place congratulation. He does not even wish the Australasian Governments a pleasant Convention. Quite apart from the importance of the questions involved, this method of handling them is greatly to be regretted. It does not concern the Australians. They will consolidate themselves into a great Dominion, whether we give or withhold our sympathies. But it does concern Englishmen, because it may greatly alter the spirit in which this work of consolidation is carried out. We should wish it to go on in the full light of home interest and home sympathy. Lord Derby is determined that, so for as it lies with him, it shall go on in the outer darkness of ignorance and unconcern.

France has of late had so much on her hands besides the treatment of habitual criminals, that Englishmen may have almost forgotten that there is such a thing as a Récidiviste Bill. But though that Bill has not yet become law, it has passed through the Chamber of Deputies, and in one form or another will soon pass through the Senate. The Committee to which it has been referred has made considerable changes in its provisions, but they are not changes which affect the scope of the Bill as regards the Australian Colonies. Whether habitual criminals are sent to new Caledonia as a matter of police precaution, or by the sentence of a Judge, matters nothing. They will be sent there in one way or the other, and they will probably be sent there in large numbers. The French are in a panic about their Récidivistes, and men in a panic are not likely to allow what they hold to be a safeguard to go unemployed. And when they do employ it, some awkward questions are certain to arise, unless there are entire sympathy and co-operation between the Australian and the Imperial Governments. What the former have done in the case of British subjects not convicted of any crime, they will certainly not omit to do in the case of French subjects convicted of many crimes. These Récidivistes are to be sent to New Caledonia, in the almost avowed hope and expectation that they will make their escape and lead their old lives in communities that are not French. If they attempt to land in Australia, they will promptly be shipped off to France; if they attempt to land in New Guinea, the Australian Governments will make annexation more of a reality than Queensland made it the other day. When it is remembered how nearly these prospects touch the relations between Great Britain and France, it is surely well that Great Britain and her Australian Colonies should not be of two minds as to the manner in which they are to be dealt with. If they are to be of one mind, the Imperial Government must take more pains than it has yet taken to understand the Australian position.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM.

WE have not had the advantage of reading any report of Mr. W. Morris's Oxford defence of Socialism which would give the remotest idea of the kind of Socialism which he advocates, or the reasons for which he advocates it. But there is so much Socialism "in the air" just now, and it has so much influence in rendering people discontented with the principles on which society is actually organised, even though it is insufficient,—as, of course, with reasonable men, it usually is,—to make them plead in earnest for a new set of principles, that it is well to look carefully at the motives which appear to actuate the better of the new Socialists. We do not suppose that M. Jules Guesde, who maintained in Paris on Monday that if house property grows in value, that is due to the merits of the nation at large, and that therefore the nation ought to appropriate such property without compensation, is likely to have many followers in England. On the same principle exactly, the gains of a great writer being evidently due to the appreciation of the nation at large, Victor Hugo's copyrights should be seized by the State, and administered generally for the benefit of the community. English Socialism, if it has any root at all,—and we do not think it has much,—has a root in something of more value than the excuse which a demagogue invents for scrambling for the property of another; and we believe that that root is nothing less than a deep sense of the duties of property, and a profound disgust for the gross neglect of these duties by so many who have inherited all their wealth, and have not, therefore, even their own energy to thank for being in a position to exert the rights of a great proprietor. There is a vague notion, too, that Christianity favours Socialism, that Socialism is the antagonist of selfishness, and that the present régime is nothing but a pitiless and selfish scramble between the strong and the weak for wealth which would be enough for all, if there were any fair authority to divide the spoil.

The truth is, we believe, that no great faith ever existed which favours the root-principle of Socialism less than Christianity. That the early Christians, feeling that their faith was all in all to them, shared their property amongst each other without

grudging, is true enough; but that is no more Socialism than it is for people of unequal wealth to support amongst them by unequal contributions such a society, for instance, as that for the Propagation of the Gospel, without demanding a higher influence in its decisions for the man who gives more, than is wielded by the men who give less. Socialism, if it means anything at all, means something very much more than that; it means that even *without* any great end for the sake of which men are willing and eager to make a great sacrifice, the needy are to be accorded the right to sponge upon the rich, if, indeed, any distinction between the needy and the rich is to remain at all, and all are not rather to be reduced to the same level of pensioners on a common fund. Now, is there anything in Christianity, anything in Christ's teaching, or in that of any of the Apostles, which looks even remotely in this direction? We say without hesitation,—absolutely nothing; on the contrary, the whole tendency of our Lord's teaching goes in the opposite direction,—that each man shall be held responsible for the proper use of his own talents, whether they be of mind or of money; that to whom much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom little is given, of him shall little be required.

Doubtless, the whole drift of Christian, as also now of Buddhist teaching, is to inculcate the detachment of the spirit from dependence on the material things of the earth. "Man's life consists not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," "The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment," "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on," "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," are all warnings against the growth in the soul of the false belief that accumulation of earthly wealth is one of the urgent duties and necessities of life. "One thing thou lackest," said our Lord, to the rich young man; "go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me," when he saw that the disciple's heart was still drawn towards the treasures of earth. And so, too, he tells his disciples that "it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye," than for those who trust in riches to enter the kingdom of God. Of all this there is no doubt, however difficult it may be for an age that insists on the accumulation of wealth as the first duty of mankind, to receive it. But this is not only not Socialism; it is not in the least an approximation to Socialism. It is a moral discipline for those to whom the right is freely accorded by the State of doing what they will with their own,—a right with which the Christian teachers never by any chance tried to interfere. They always taught that only that should be given to the poor which could be given with all the heart; that he who did not support his own household was worse than an infidel; that compulsion should never be put on the desires of men to give or to withhold, unless it were by the spirit of the man who felt those desires.

In fact, such a system as Socialism was absolutely inconsistent with the first assumption of Christianity, that any sacrifice to be made by those who were richer for the sake of those who were poorer, was to be made freely. Our Lord commends the poor widow who casts a mite into the treasury, because she had cast it in of her poverty, whilst the others had cast in their liberal contributions out of their abundance; and again, he tells those who give, to give secretly, not for the reputation of giving, but for the love of giving; but all this assumes that all giving is to be voluntary, and that unless it is voluntary, and proceeds from a pure motive, it is of no moral account. Where is there a single passage in the New Testament which so much as suggests that private ownership is mischievous, and that common property, established by law, is to supersede all private generosity, all the give-and-take of liberality and gratitude? Does not Christ commend the woman who spent much on the box of ointment with which she anointed him, even though it was taken from the resources for the poor, on the ground that "the poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always"? In other words, there are inspirations of the giver which are higher even than those prompting men to redress the inequalities of life. Again, does he not, in the strictest way, maintain the right of the lord of the vineyard to pay his labourers who had come to their work only at the eleventh hour as liberally as those who had borne "all the burden and heat of the day," and this solely on the ground that he had right, as owner, to do what he would with his own, and that so long as he kept his engagements with the first, they had no claim to protest because he did a good deal more than keep his engagements with the last. It may, perhaps, be said, and said truly, that this is a parable referring rather to races than to individuals, that its drift was to intimate that those who had never passed through the training of Judaism were to be as welcome to the gifts of God in Christ, as those who had borne all the preliminary training of the Jewish system,—most of whom, indeed, had rather been hardened by it, though they had been made the vehicles for a great revelation to the world at large. We do not deny for a moment that this is the chief bearing of the parable, but none the less it teaches the lesson that God, who promises and keeps his promise to one, may give much more than he has promised to another, without being open to any charge of injustice. "Is thine eye evil, because I am good? Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" are questions intended to show that if the grasping side of human nature makes a sort of leverage of the divine generosity, in order to exact more for itself than it had otherwise agreed to be content with, it is to be fairly silenced by an appeal to the final right of divine power to choose its own terms of giving. But such a comparison as this could not have been made without sanctioning and enforcing the absolute right also of human ownership, so long as it keeps faith with all, to do more than keep faith with many. The lesson of the parable is the denial that those who have received all they have had any pledge to receive, can have any right to complain, or, indeed, would produce anything but evidence of their own narrow-heartedness if they felt even disposed to complain, that others are more generously treated. And that is as strong an indirect sanction to the principle of ownership, even in what we call earthly property, as we can imagine any teacher giving. Indeed, the more our Lord dwells on the importance of not attaching our hearts to the wealth of earth, the more significant those words of his and of his apostles become which show that they recognised in the fullest degree the rights and claims both of wealth and of poverty, though they certainly regarded the latter as the more generally conducive to the attainment of Christian virtues than the former. We cannot imagine a greater confusion of ideas than the notion that because Christ rather dreaded wealth for his followers, as a serious temptation, he desired to see the compulsory division of wealth enforced between the rich and the poor, between the industrious and the idle. That would imply not only depriving the poor of the special Christian discipline which Christ valued so highly, but depriving them of it in the worst possible way, because in a way not resulting from the play of Christian character. Undoubtedly, Christianity looks upon the love of wealth as a great danger to the soul. Equally undoubtedly, it has nothing at all to say to those mechanical social systems which take the stress of the problem off the individual soul, to put it on to the social system.

THE PROTECTION OF PAPER SECURITIES.

THE trials of Warden and Watters for stealing a huge amount of Bonds payable to bearer and speculating with them on the Stock Exchange, have evoked a quantity of excellent, but not very instructive sermons. We seem to have heard before that gamblers are great fools, that they generally ruin themselves, and that when they lose they very often betake themselves to stealing their masters' property. Warden and Watters were exactly like two apprentices who first betted for pennies, then betted for shillings, and then, when luck went against them, abstracted sovereigns from the employer's till, till they were found out. The scale of their operations was an accident, due mainly to their positions, and there is no moral reason for punishing them more severely than any other thieves. There is, it is true, a social reason, just as there is a social reason for distinguishing between forgery and theft; but the additional punishment should be recognised as one demanded by the safety of society, and not by the moral law. The old adage about the sin of stealing a pin is not true, though society is constantly compelled to act as if it were, and give years of imprisonment to one thief who has destroyed commercial confidence, and only months to another who has annexed a silver spoon. We do not care to add one more sermon to the number poured out this week, and would rather discuss the question whether it is possible or not to add to the security of the new masses of portable property which civilisation has succeeded in inventing, and which so tempt the greedy and the knowing. That mass is now something enor-

mous. Our grandfathers were very jealous over their plate, and took elaborate precautions to preserve the jewels which they often bequeathed separately by will; but all the plate and jewels in the kingdom are worth little, even if we add all the bank-notes, when compared with the mass of property, probably not weighing in all a ton, called "Bonds payable to bearer." There are hundreds of millions sterling invested in such Bonds, and their preservation from theft, fire, and destruction by insects is a matter of the first importance to two-thirds of the well-to-do households in the Three Kingdoms. So far from thinking it wonderful that the bonds should be sometimes stolen, we think it most remarkable that they are stolen so seldom, for the carelessness and trustfulness of their owners hardly know any limit. Great ladies are not more careless of their diamonds than investors are of their bonds. An extraordinary number of people keep them in their houses, though if they had an equal sum in bank-notes to keep there they would never sleep for fear of fire, or thieves, or burglars. Another crowd insist on depositing their bonds with their lawyers, trusting entirely to their integrity, and making no inquiries either as to the place where the bonds are kept, or the liability from fire, or the persons who have access to the strong-room of the firm, or the chances that unknown men may be taken into partnership. So common is this practice, especially in London, as to be a positive embarrassment to many lawyers, who are by no means anxious to do unpaid bankers' work in addition to their own duties, and are painfully aware of any fresh responsibility. A third crowd deposit them with their brokers, quite careless of the fact that brokers, of all men, are tempted to pledge securities, and without, in most cases, an inquiry as to the places in which the rich portables will, till wanted, be deposited. The brokers, for all their clients know, may keep them in their desks. Indeed, the public never seem to think at all about the mechanical safety of their bonds. Investors take that for granted, and sleep happily with as little dread either of fire, or water, or burglars, as of breach of trust. The Directors of the National Safe Company, who have built a sort of steel fortress for the deposit of Bonds, have been amazed for years past to find how little the public care about their elaborate precautions, and how reluctant investors are to take a little trouble or pay a few shillings a year for the right of depositing valuables in a perfectly safe place. They would just as soon trust an old desk with rotten hinges, and entirely sympathise with the great lady who, if she intends a tour, puts all her diamonds and sapphires into her housekeeper's jam-pots. Like their grandmothers, who always put valuable papers in the best tea-pot, they rely upon concealment, and to the disgust of the Safe Company, treat mechanical guarantees, and armed patrols, and huge cisterns, and all the rest of their precautions, as useless superfluage. That is the real reason of the disappointment of the shareholders of that Company, who, if the rich were as timid as they are supposed to be, would possess a mine of wealth. The remainder of the crowd deposit bonds with their Bankers, and there leave them without a care. The Bankers may pledge them, or the bankers' clerks may steal them, but the depositors give neither risk a thought, and very seldom inform themselves as to the precautions taken. The Bankers implore them to see the bonds for themselves at least once a year, but they will not do it; while as to checking their own lists and their bankers' lists by occasional comparison, they think such a proceeding would show want of confidence, and are as ashamed to do it, as housewives are to count the spoons after a great party.

It is this easy-goingness of the public which makes it so difficult to enforce thorough care in the keeping of Securities payable to bearer. If investors were nervous, Bankers would soon find plans which would render the theft of bonds in their keeping almost an impossibility. At present, they rely partly on mechanical devices, such as fire-proof cellars and strong safes, and partly on a system of espionage and mutual distrust, which, as the Warden trial shows, is liable to break down. It is forbidden for any single person to enter the deposit-cellar, and the doors are fastened by two sets of keys, which are placed in the hands of two separate officials, the theory being that a combination of two casually connected persons for purposes of robbery is nearly impossible. We do not see why that should be true, and fancy the Banks rely mainly on character, but it is true that the theory has hitherto proved correct. No conspiracy to rob has been detected. Unfortunately, it is very difficult to keep up in men who meet every day, and know each other's worthiness, the proper amount of distrust and dread; and the two trusted officials soon begin to feel waiting for each other a useless trouble, and confidence in each other very convenient, and to borrow each other's keys. That was the way, as the evidence showed, in the Warden case, and, if the truth were known, it would be found to be the case in many another Bank. Men tire of watching through life other men whom they think they can perfectly trust. The two keys are of very little use, even if it were impossible to forge the second, and it is difficult to see what plan would be more efficacious. If, indeed, the key were deposited with an officer placed in each Bank by the Syndicate of Bankers, who will, it is believed, ultimately guarantee each other's securities, and the officer were shifted month by month from Bank to Bank, the precaution might be found of more effect. The intruder, having nothing to do but watch, probably would watch, if only to do something, while the Bank accountant would dislike him too much to let him enter the room alone. That scheme, we believe, would work, but it would require as many clerks as there were Banks in the Syndicate, and clerks who could hardly be set to do any other work. A still better plan, however, would be to allow the Bank in which the securities were deposited to stamp its name across them, and agree with the Stock Exchange to forbid sale until this stamp had been regularly effaced, by some officer who never went into the strong room. We cannot see what the objection to this plan can be, for it is final, and it would require as little additional expenditure of time as the defacement of a stamp in passing through the Post Office, which is a matter of seconds. There is, however, it is said, an objection on the part of depositors, and of course neither this plan nor any other could quite exclude the possibility of a personation arranged by the Bank Manager himself, who, with a pseudo client by his side, would be master of all the defences. Still, either of these two schemes would greatly decrease the probabilities of fraud, which can be finally destroyed only by the substitution of inscribed Stock for Bonds payable to bearer. The Colonies are beginning to make this change, and why all Governments anxious for credit do not make it we are unable to guess. People say inscribed Stock is not so easily pledgeable, but as a matter of fact the owner of Consols can always, on their security, obtain a loan in ten minutes; and other issuers of inscribed Stock could adopt a similar system, which would have for them the advantage of raising the price of their loans two per cent. Nobody has any difficulty in pledging Railway Debentures, and they are practically inscribed Stock, not transferable till certain erasures have been made within the Railway Office.

"THE BIRDS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE brilliant representation of the brightest and gayest of the Greek Comedies, which has attracted crowded audiences to the Cambridge Theatre throughout the week in which we write, must be reckoned as a most important and valuable contribution to the modern movement which endeavours to connect classical scholarship with actual life. Comedy, indeed, shows us the secular, as Tragedy may be said to show the religious side of Greek life. And *The Birds*, with its sprightly wit, its fancy, so extravagant and yet so happily controlled by taste, its sparkling gaiety, exhibits that every-day life in its very happiest aspect. We miss, and are not sorry to miss, the savagery of attack with which, as in *The Clouds*, Aristophanes assails one whom he considered a dangerous doctrinaire, or, as in *The Knights*, falls on the leader of an opposite faction. Of course, he gives a rapier-thrust now and then, keen enough, doubtless, only that we cannot now perceive the point, to enemies, social, literary, or political; but the spirit of the whole is inspired by humour, rather than satire. The commentators have started a theory that the play was designed to rebuke the extravagant desire for aggrandisement and adventure, which had led the poet's countrymen into the Sicilian expedition. The coincidence of the representation with the starting of the armament in 415 can hardly be overlooked, but the dramatist does not go beyond a gentle laugh at the Athenian temper, so hopeful, so ready to receive grand promises of the future, symbolised, perhaps, by the two names, "Plausible" and "Hopeful," as they may be paraphrased, which head the list of characters. But he certainly does not satirise. And the happy conclusion of the play, where Plausible brings back the beautiful bride whose marriage is to be the earnest of all kinds of blessings to his new state and to mankind, seems meant to encourage rather than to check the popular hopes. The

mind of Athens was, as may readily be imagined, in a state of the utmost tension. The city had sent out, not a mercenary army, but a citizen force, every soldier in which was a distinct unit in its political and social life; and the poet skilfully uses his very gayest and lightest fancy to soothe its anxiety. It helps us much to realise the Athenian temper, when we call up to mind the assembly of spectators, every one of whom must have had some keen, personal interest in the great enterprise of the day, sitting with eyes and ears intent on this extravagant burlesque of politics and religion.

In literary merit the play stands, we should say, easily at the head of the Aristophanic Dramas. Nowhere does the comic poet show more conclusively that, had he so pleased, he could have rivalled on their own ground the votaries of the more serious Muses. It contains passages of great lyrical beauty, notably the address of the Hoopoe to the Nightingale, and the choral portions of the Parabasis, where, alternating with some very broad humour, and strangely mingled with quaint imitations of bird-notes, are to be found examples of very fine poetical diction. It was in the Parabasis that the author was commonly accustomed to address his audience, to make his excuses and explanations, and not seldom to hint, more or less directly, his disapproval of their judgment in literature or politics. It is commonly, as may be supposed, the most interesting, if not the most amusing part of the comedy. The first portion in *The Birds* consists mainly of a burlesque of the popular cosmogonies; but a burlesque so brilliant that, but for its unmistakable lapse into farce, it might be taken for the most serious poetry. In the second, the dramatist makes a humorous attack on a well-known poulterer, who had the wickedness not only to sell siskins at the monstrous price of seven for three-halfpence, but to blow up thrushes to make them appear plump. For himself, he has only to say that if the spectators will give their judgment in his favour, his patrons, the Birds, shall reward them with all kinds of blessings. The comic business is exceedingly amusing. A poet, who is certainly a reminiscence of Euripides, sings plaintively how short of clothes was Straton, as he wandered among the Nomad Scythians, and carries away some old garments as a prize. The visitors that follow him are less fortunate. A vendor of oracles is met with a prophecy which foretells a beating for some one who should intrude uninvited on sacrifice, boasting of prophetic power, and with a manifest eye to a joint. A surveyor who offers to lay out the new city is summarily dismissed. An inspector and a dealer in "Acts of Parliament" depart quicker than they came. An informer, who thinks that a pair of wings will help him in his trade, gets nothing more than a sound whipping. This catastrophe, indeed, is repeated till it might seem monotonous; but it is one which never fails, it would seem, to rouse the mirth of an audience. Throughout the play, too, the action of the Chorus, as it has been realised and interpreted by the designers and performers of the Cambridge representation, is full from beginning to end of the highest gaiety and humour.

Of the merits of the performance, it is not easy to speak too highly; as a spectacle, it was brilliant in the extreme,—such a sight as no one that saw it will be likely to forget. The trooping-in of the Chorus, with its grotesque bird-figures, grotesque indeed, but never unsightly, made a visible impression on an assembly which was not of an excitable kind. Then the music was exquisite, and the rhythmic movements, with appropriate song, varied now and then by the clear solo of the Hoopoe, charmed both eye and ear. The declamation of the Parabasis was all that could be desired. The solemn cadences and *os rotundum* of the speaker were nothing less than admirable. Some of the performers were not quite word-perfect, and the metre suffered accordingly in parts—we speak, it must be understood, of the first representation—we seemed to hear *one* false quantity, and the enunciation was occasionally too rapid. But, on the whole, a most striking success was achieved. The effect of the music, the acting, and the scenery (to which, especially to the first scene, a word of special praise must be given) were such as to repay the pains which have been ungrudgingly spent upon them. This Cambridge Company deserves well of the Republic of Letters.

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.

THE work of Sir William Siemens deserves notice, not only because of the interest which attaches to great achievements, but also because his career bears witness at every step, to the practical value of scientific generalisations. Whereas Englishmen are peculiarly apt to disdain general truths and to doubt their applicability. Sir W. Siemens has given it as his diliberate conviction that, "The further we advance, the more thoroughly we approach the indications of pure science in our practical results." Here lies the secret of his success; and his inventions are really important, inasmuch as they attest the value of this rule. As for the events of his early life, it suffices to say that he was born at Lenthe, in Hanover, in 1823; that he was educated at the Polytechnic School at Magdeburg, and at the University of Göttingen; that he came to England in 1843, for the purpose of introducing a method of silvering by galvanic deposit, that this invention was so well paid for that he compared himself to Croesus, and resolved to make England his home. From that time on until the moment of his death, on the 19th of last month, the history of his life is the record of a series of great inventions. And as he himself attributed these inventions to his endeavour "to realise in practice the indications of pure science," it becomes necessary to speak of the results arrived at in some branches of science about the year 1840. It will be remembered that Davy was the first to demonstrate the immateriality of heat, by melting two pieces of ice in an atmosphere below freezing-point by rubbing them together. Guided by this and similar experiments, a German physician named Mayer arrived at the conception of the interaction of forces; indeed, if we may believe Professor Tyndall, "Mayer had in 1842 actually calculated the mechanical equivalent of heat." This honour, however, Mayer must be content to share with Joule, who came, at nearly the same time, to the same result. In 1849, Joule published the formula which has since been universally accepted; he established, namely, that 772 foot-pounds of work—that is, 772 times the amount of force required to raise a weight of one pound one foot from the ground—is required to generate as much heat as will raise the temperature of a pound of water by one degree. Now, Siemens had studied the writings of Mayer and Joule, and while still in his teens he adopted the new theory. Forthwith, he set himself to compare this theoretic power of heat with the mechanical power of heat developed in the steam-engines of the day. He found $\frac{13}{14}$ of the total heat in the boiler was lost, the remaining $\frac{1}{14}$ part alone being all the heat really converted into mechanical effect. Here was a large margin for improvement, and he at once determined to try to save some of this wasted heat,—that is, he set to work to construct a regenerator or accumulator which would utilise a great part of it, and so approach in practical results more nearly to the theory as above formulated by Joule. For many years his labours were only partially successful, and on these we need not dwell. At last, more than ten years after his first attempts, he tried the plan of volatising the solid fuel, and by first converting the coal into gas, and then using the gas in regenerators, he obtained practical results of the utmost value. In his regenerative gas furnace, he utilised almost double as much heat as the steam-engine can utilise. The last lecture ever delivered by Michael Faraday was delivered in 1862 before the Royal Institution, and had for its subject this invention of Siemens. The great discoverer lauded the good qualities of the furnace, its economy, its facility of management. It has since come into very general use. It has been recently stated in a most interesting book, "The Creators of the Age of Steel," which will be published this week by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, that the inventor received a million dollars, or two hundred thousand pounds, in royalties for this patent in the United States alone,—no mean proof, one would say, of its usefulness; yet Sir William Siemens prophesied for it a still more extended sphere. In 1882, he expressed his belief that it must yet be introduced into all factories and on shipboard, nay, that "the time is not far distant when both rich and poor will largely resort to gas as the most convenient, the cleanest, and the cheapest of heating agents, and when raw coal will be seen only at the colliery or the gas-works." If this hope be realised, and the probability is that it will be, the regenerative gas furnace will have revolutionised industry as completely as did the steam-engine. Let us consider one result of this invention. When Mr. Siemens took out the patent for his furnace, in 1861, he stated that it was specially applicable to the melting of steel on the open hearth. That is, he thought that by means of this furnace "steel could be made directly from the raw ores, without the intermediate use of huge blast-furnaces and laborious refining processes." With this

object in view, he erected experimental steel works at Birmingham in 1865, and two years later he succeeded completely in converting old iron rails directly into steel. Almost immediately his method was adopted at Crewe, by the London and North-Western Railway Company; a little later, by Krupp, at Essen. Since that time it has made its way. In 1873, only 77,500 tons of open-hearth steel were made in Great Britain, as against 436,000 tons in 1882. One effect of this cheaper process of producing steel deserves mention; it has revolutionised shipbuilding. Not only are steel vessels safer, because stronger, than those built of iron,—they are also lighter. Their carrying-power accordingly is so much greater, that they are said to earn twenty-five per cent. more than iron ships. Now, "in 1879, only about 20,000 tons of steel vessels were built, whereas in 1883 over 260,000 tons were built, being one-fourth of the total tonnage of new shipbuilding for that year." These are achievements which would in themselves entitle William Siemens to the gratitude of mankind, yet in another field he has made for himself a still greater name; and his method remained the same; he ever sought to realise in practice theoretic truths.

It was in 1808 that Davy produced an electric light, although at an excessive cost. The thing lacking was a strong and continuous current at a cheap rate. In 1831, Faraday showed that electric currents might be produced by permanent magnetism. These currents, however, were very weak. This defect Siemens set himself to remedy; in 1856, he produced what has since been known as the Siemens armature, by which the strength of the electric current could be increased almost indefinitely; and this discovery led, some ten years later, to the discovery of the dynamo-machine.

In February, 1867, Mr. William Siemens sent to the Royal Society a paper, "On the Conversion of Dynamic into Electrical Force, without the Use of Permanent Magnetism." Ten days later, Sir Charles Wheatstone announced—also in a paper to the Royal Society—the same discovery, arrived at quite independently. Both papers were read upon the same night, February 14th. "It would be difficult," says Professor Tyndall, "to find in the whole field of science a more beautiful example of the interaction of natural forces than that set forth in these two papers." A suggestion contained in Sir C. Wheatstone's paper led Sir W. Siemens, in 1880, to a further improvement of the discovery. Without going into details, it will suffice to say that the invention of the dynamo-machine made electricity available for industrial purposes. It has already been proved capable of transforming into electrical work 90 per cent. of the mechanical energy employed as motive-power. It is daily giving fresh evidence of its utility; and, although but just introduced, some of its effects belong, indeed, "to the fairy-tales of science." First among these must be named the electric light. The leading part played by Sir W. Siemens in the improvement of this light is so well known as to render comment superfluous. But his opinion of the light itself may here be reproduced. In 1882 he said, "Electricity must win the day, *as the light of luxury*." We have already noticed his belief that gas will come to be used for all heating purposes. Sir William Siemens, too, employed the electric light in horticulture with good results; the fruit and grain, we are told, which were subjected to the electric light at night, grew with extraordinary rapidity, and were superior in size and quality to the fruit and grain produced under ordinary conditions. The electric railway of our day is the work of his brother, Dr. Werner Siemens, who, as early as 1847, distinguished himself by insulating telegraph wires by means of gutta-percha, and so making submarine telegraphy practicable. In passing, we may say, that the electric telegraph, as it is to-day, owes almost as much to the improvements of the Brothers Siemens as to Sir Charles Wheatstone or to Mr. Morse, the American, both of whom claim the honour of having invented it. But whatever may be the value of electricity in horticulture, or as a light generally, no one can doubt that as a dynamical force it is destined to revolutionise industry. In 1877, Sir William Siemens calculated that "all the coal raised throughout the world would barely suffice to produce the amount of power that runs to waste at Niagara alone," and he added that it would not be difficult to realise a large proportion of this wasted power by turbines, &c., and to use it at great distances by means of dynamo-electrical machines. Some five years later, a similar power was in England transmitted to a distance by means of electricity, and used for pumping water, &c. When this fact is considered, we seem led to the portal of a new world, stranger and more fascinating than any pictured by the imagination. To turn, however, from the possibilities of the future to reality, we cannot avoid mentioning one fact which seems to throw some light upon the personality of Sir W. Siemens. In 1879 he constructed a house-grate that brought the power of economising fuel within the means of the ordinary householder, but "*in order that it might be used without restraint and at the least expense, he did not make it the subject of a patent.*" Whether the worth of this grate be much or little, the kindliness of the action enhances our admiration for the genius of Sir William Siemens by a touch of purely human sympathy. With this incident we might well conclude our sketch of the man and his work, but we cannot help remarking that his successes come to commend a reform he was never weary of advocating, viz., that the State should establish free technical Schools and Science-Laboratories in every part of the country.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I am afraid my scheme of representation must, indeed, be complicated, if even the *Spectator* misapprehends it. You object that it might very well, under certain circumstances, return a candidate who had had no *first* vote at all. But in certain cases, such a result is right and satisfactory. It might happen when a party was strong enough to return two Members, and was running an old favourite along with an untried novice. It might also conceivably happen, in a case where parties were so divided, that no candidate obtained the necessary quota, but there was one person whose name, like that of Themistocles at the altar of Neptune, was found second upon nearly every voting-paper.

You object that such a candidate might even appear at the head of the poll; but you forget that, as soon as he had obtained the necessary quota of votes, his surplus voting-papers would be passed on to the candidate next named upon them, according to the same rules as those by which he himself received them. You picture the confusion and disgust of the people, at finding that the numbers credited to each candidate in the final state of the poll did not represent the relative preferences of the electors. But the significant figures, as regards the relative popularity of candidates on the same side, would be the number of first votes originally given to each, and not the number finally attributed to them after the calculations of the returning officer. The seniority of Members might well be determined by the number of *first* votes received by them, and these figures, and the results of each subsequent stage of the process of calculation, should be published.

With regard to the principle of negative voting, a simple power of voting minus, as an alternative to voting plus, gives an undue influence to the protesting vote. Take the case of three candidates, A, B, C, standing for a single vacancy. By allowing a voter to record a negative vote against A, you double his power, for the effect will clearly be the same as if he were able to vote both for B and for C. A much fairer and less invidious plan would be to enable a voter to distribute his votes fractionally among as many candidates as he pleases. For instance, if five candidates were contesting a place returning two Members, he would be able to give either a whole vote to each of two candidates, or two-thirds of a vote to each of three candidates, or half a vote to each of four. To carry the principle fully into effect, he ought also to be able to give a whole vote to one candidate, and half a vote each to two others, or to make any other fractional combination that pleased his fancy. But I have no faith in such refinements, and I altogether object to the scheme, as being contrary to true principle, and based upon what, as Mill points out, is the false analogy of blackballing at a Club. Mr. Chamberlain to-day makes an appeal in favour of the rights of a down-trodden majority. His arguments are unanswerable, as against any partial attempts at representing particular minorities; but they do not touch general schemes of representation, which would be as effective in giving to the majority its due preponderance of power as in securing for the minority its fair opportunity of a hearing.

Mr. Chamberlain urges that the minority in one place is the majority in another. In England, and in ordinary times, this may often be true. But take the case of Ireland. Our danger in that country arises, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, from the hostility of a large portion of the population to Imperial rule.

Surely, it is not well, in such a country, to adopt an electoral system such as Mr. Chamberlain desires, which would put almost a monopoly of the representation into the hands of that hostile portion, and would leave quite disproportionally unrepresented the minority of the population, which is friendly to us.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Lincoln's Inn, November 27th. J. PARKER SMITH.

THE NEGATIVE VOTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me a few words on your own article, and on the letter of "C. R. A.," relative to the negative vote? As to the former, I regret that whilst you use the strongest arguments in support of the principle, you should still find the state of mind which would make use of it "not one with which you would sympathise." But, with your permission, I would put the following proposition. I suppose that most people will acknowledge a difference between mere opinions and principles. So long as I see two men striving to attain the same end—the happiness and good government of this country and her people—whilst they seek to attain those objects with due regard to the Decalogue, I may, and do, prefer one plan to the other, and vote accordingly. If, however, a third person seeks the same object by a breach of the fundamental laws of morality, it at once becomes a matter of comparative indifference to me which of the first two succeeds, but of paramount importance that the third should not.

It ceases to be a question of better or worse, and becomes one of right and wrong. In a one-Member constituency, or if the voter has but one vote for a constituency with any number of Members, or again, with the cumulative vote, he would wish to vote for his principles, rather than for his party; but, if possible, not against his party, whilst for his principles. And this he could accomplish only by giving a negative vote. Your correspondent "C. R. A." gives me an apt illustration; the election referred to is for a School Board, the question, "Shall I have persons who approve the principle of religious instruction, and only differ as to the how, the when, and the where of its inculcation, or a person who will have none of it?" All the first class agree with me in principle, differing only in opinion; the last is wholly obnoxious to me. Better that we should have a brief battle at the polling-booth, than a constant polemic on the Board. "C. R. A.," I think, will agree with me, if he sees the account of a breakfast, given by the gentlemen he names, to one who had been imprisoned for an offence which was obnoxious to "C. R. A." These gentlemen, one of whom is a Member of the London School Board, applaud the speech of the guest of the day, in which he says, "Not a day shall pass over my head without my striking a blow at the *accursed creed!*" Can any Christian have a doubt that his duty is to prevent such persons from having a voice on the education question? Similar observations would hold good in the case of a Parliamentary candidate holding the peculiar views of the late candidate for Manchester.

One word as to the probability of the minority retaining its Member in case each voter has but one vote. At present, at Liverpool the Conservative party has a well-recognised majority, yet at the last bye-election the Liberal was returned. At Manchester, at the general election, it appeared that the Liberals could seat two Members, yet at the bye-election a Conservative was returned.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Belgrave Road, November 26th. F. W. RAIKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to supplement Mr. Compton's hypothetical case of the working of the Negative Vote by another:—

Against.	Candidates.	For.
1,164	Jones	1,150
1,236	Brown	1,280
2	Robinson	54

In this case, would not Robinson be returned?

Jones and Brown might be representatives of the two great political parties, the return of either of whom would be an honour to the constituency; Robinson a local nobody. This would, indeed, be the representation of minorities with a vengeance!

The radical defect of all schemes for the representation of minorities, seems to me a failure to show that minorities are not sufficiently represented under our present rough-and-ready system. Take any "minority" cause,—Local Option, "Fair-trade," Disestablishment, Anti-vaccination, or *(pace* the Editor of the *Spectator)* Anti-vivisection; can we say that any of these are not represented in the House of Commons, somewhere about in the proportion in which they are supported by the electors throughout the country?—I am, &c.,

Regent's Park, November 24th. ALFRED W. BENNETT.

[As we said in commenting on the previous letter, we have no belief at all that electors who are explicit supporters of a definite party would dream of giving up their vote for a man whom they wished to see in Parliament, in order to use it exclusively for the defeat of his antagonist. No doubt minorities are over-represented now. In that we heartily agree. That is no reason why in adopting a measure the tendency of which must be to take that representation away, we should not look carefully to see that they shall be, *not* over-represented, but fairly represented in future.—ED. *Spectator.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Is it not possible that the adoption of negative voting would effectually destroy the chances of men with any marked individuality of character, and result in the still further upheaval of mediocrity?

Suppose a contest in a two-seated borough constituency. Let us say that Smith, a local brewer, and Lord R. Churchill were the Conservative candidates; and that Jones, a local ironmaster, and Mr. Chamberlain were the Liberal candidates. Would it not be almost a certainty that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill would be at the bottom of the poll, and Messrs. Smith and Jones at the top?

I protest against undue honours to Smith and Jones. The negative vote would give us negation of talent.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Slingsby, York, November 26th. W. C. ALEXANDER.

[We do not think that voters with strong positive leanings would ever wish to give up their power of supporting a man they admired, for the purpose of opposing another man. In the case supposed, the strong Liberals would all vote for Mr. Chamberlain, and the strong Conservatives for Lord Randolph Churchill.—ED. *Spectator.*]

THE REFORM BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In the many able articles which have appeared in your paper lately respecting the approaching Reform of Parliamentary representation, I have not observed a reference to the question of Residence. A fertile source of uncertainty in the results of borough elections is the nomadic character of the smaller householder and the lodger. In consequence of the long period of residence in one house requisite to qualify for a vote, it would be quite possible for three elections to take place in the same borough, at intervals of six months, each with a different result, in consequence of the change of the electorate, those qualified in one election having become disqualified in the next, and others meanwhile having completed the required period of residence.

I could from personal knowledge give numbers of instances of householders remaining fully qualified to vote during several years, and nevertheless being unable to take part in two general elections, having changed their residence just before each election. If a general election were absolutely certain to take place at a particular date, these people might adjust their arrangements accordingly; but a man can scarcely be expected to wait a year, or perhaps longer, for the possibility of this event occurring. A material shortening of the period of residence, or better still, an abolition of any requirement of residence in favour of a simple *proof* of having been qualified in some part of the United Kingdom during twelve months preceding, would influence elections to an unimagined extent, whilst the safeguard against unsubstantial voters would still be retained.

I hope this suggestion may induce you to deal with the point, when next treating of the coming Reform, as an amendment of the law in the direction indicated would, whilst in accordance with perfect justice, probably considerably strengthen the Liberal party.—I am, Sir, &c., ROWLAND ESTCOURT.

National Liberal Club, November 26th.

CARLYLE'S NEMESIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Carlyle's inveterate habit of detraction—a mean habit, unaccountable in a man so great—avenged itself upon him in

one instance of which, so far as I am aware, no notice has been taken. His wife's letters, which, despite an occasional dash of coarseness and profanity, are among the most charming, brilliant, and womanly in our literature, must have owed much of their charm to her constant use of what Carlyle calls "our ceteric-speech," her constant allusions to quaint anecdotes and utterances familiar to her circle of correspondents. For us, however, these allusions need explanation, as Carlyle felt; and it is in making these explanations that he has, quite unconsciously, punished himself for his besetting sin, and punished himself in what to him would have been the severest and most intolerable form.

In a letter to her husband (Vol. I., p. 202), Mrs. Carlyle amusingly describes a lad who, while scraping the walls of her rooms with pumice-stone, consoled himself by striking up one plaintive melody after another, each of which, "after a brief attempt to render itself predominant, dies away into unintelligible whinner." On which Carlyle annotates, "*My father's* account of a precentor who lost his tune, desperately tried several others, and then 'died away, &c.'" Now, Carlyle was very proud of his father, and in especial of his father's keen eye and graphic speech, his power of throwing off "little sketches of Annandale biography." "Such a set of *Schilderungen*" (human delineations of human life), he says (p. 4), "so admirably brief, luminous, true, and manlike, as I never had before or since,"—not even from Wordsworth himself. In this same volume, however, and in another letter to her husband (p. 34), Mrs. Carlyle refers again to this familiar story of the precentor's voice dying away into "an unintelligible whinner." And now Carlyle's annotation is,—"*Some fool's* speech to me, I forget whose."

That Carlyle should have lived to write down even his venerated father a fool may be taken, perhaps, as some slight atonement for the pain he has caused to many by his indulgence in a habit the most opposed to all real greatness and magnanimity.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Nottingham. S. Cox.

THE OXFORD PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As Mr. E. B. Nicholson has declared himself to be the high local authority for the statements I challenged in the *Spectator* for last week, I trust you will extend to me your well-known courtesy by allowing me to write a few lines, in reply to his letter which appeared in your issue of the 24th inst.

Mr. Nicholson practically brings three charges against me:—(1), That I have mistaken a name; (2), that I had had some unfair access to the signatures of his memorial to the Council; (3), that I had made "a public imputation on our *bona fides*," *i.e.*, of the memorialists. To clear the ground, let me repeat that I did not and do not wish to discuss the subject-matter of the memorial. I stated distinctly that my letter referred to that part of the paragraph in your paper of the 10th inst. which, owing to erroneous information, gave, in my opinion, a misleading account of the relation of Magdalen College to its Professor Fellow, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, and further, to the physiological teaching of the University.

To charge one, I plead guilty, and frankly accept Mr. Nicholson's correction. That I was misinformed as to an initial is not much to the point, save as an extenuating circumstance. With this my inference on the fifteen miles' radius falls to the ground. Freely admitting this, I still assert that the rest of his letter does not in the least shake the position I took up. I still maintain that the memorial does not number among its signatures *one-eighth* of the governing body of the College, and that those outside that body do not amount to *one-third* of its resident members of Congregation. Equally strong was my position from the first,—that the physiological teaching of the University had for years been carried on in the Magdalen College Laboratory, under a Government licence, and with the full consent of the College, a portion of my letter which Mr. Nicholson seems to ignore.

Charge two is wide of the mark. I had no private access to his memorial at all, but simply made an application to the Council for a copy of the Magdalen College signatures only, which was readily granted. Impossible of acceptance as the conjecture appears to Mr. Nicholson, any member of the Council would at once have informed him that the moment his memorial was presented to that body it became public property. Why Mr. Nicholson should be so anxious for concealment, I am at a loss to imagine.

Charge three. To clear oneself and one's friends of an imputation unjustly made, by a correction of the facts and inferences upon which it rests, is perhaps necessarily to retort that imputation upon those who bring the original charge. I am equally anxious with Mr. Nicholson to avoid personal recrimination, and would rather leave the question on which side the *bona fides* did or did not exist to be decided by the public on the evidence before them. I am not anxious to pursue the inquiry, as, after all, my censor has not been able to show more than a single technical flaw in my argument, a flaw which I have acknowledged as arising out of the confusion of a single initial. I am therefore naturally contented to leave the matter where it is. How affairs really stand now, Mr. Nicholson tells us in his postscript, which saves me the trouble of stating that the Council, a body elected by Congregation, of which Mr. Nicholson is a member, have refused to consider his memorial. Surely this is the most significant fact he has yet presented to our notice.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Edward Chapman, M.A.,
Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College.

Magdalen College, November 27th.

[Mr. Chapman has admitted that he charged the Memorialists with making a false statement on the strength of a hasty inference of his own which turned out to be false. Surely that was quite indefensible. The correspondence must end here.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

POETRY.

CHARLES LAMB.

Dear heart! from dim Elizabethan days
Surely thy feet strayed to our garish noon;
Thou should'st have walked beneath a yellowing moon,
In some old garden's green, enchanted ways,
With Herrick and Ben Jonson; while in praise
Of his lady thrilled the nightingale's full tune,—
And he grown still, these sang, 'neath skies of June,
That bent to hear, catches and roundelays.
In fair converse, thou might'st have wanderèd
With Burton's self, the master whose rare thought
Makes Melancholy glad the heart like wine;
In thy earth-day, these fair compeers were dead;
How pleasant was their laughter, had they caught
The sallies of thy humour, quaint and fine!

Katharine Tynan.

BOOKS.

A TIMELY HANDBOOK FOR CONSERVATIVES.*

The late Mr. Bagehot was, as is well known, on almost all subjects a hearty, though moderate Liberal. Nevertheless, his great dislike to the Democratic principle of government,—the government by pure numerical majorities,—led to his resisting very strongly the general principle of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill in 1867, and to his entertaining very great apprehensions of the political consequences of that Bill when actually passed. His views concerning Reform before 1867, and his expectations of its consequences after 1867, are contained in the three very interesting essays here given, the two former of which may be regarded as very interesting discussions on ancient history, containing, however, many remarks applicable to our own times, while the last is an equally interesting discussion on modern history almost wholly applicable to our own times. Doubtless, the book will serve the Conservatives admirably as an armoury from which to draw weapons of attack on the Government Bill of next Session. And we only hope that they may so use it. If they limit themselves to such positions as those taken up by Mr. Bagehot, and are wise enough also to take home to themselves his very sagacious warnings, they will not only greatly improve the character of the Parliamentary debates, but avoid the chief danger into which they are likely to fall. Perhaps a Liberal thinker with whom they have so much in common as Mr. Bagehot, may exert over them an influence better calculated to guard them against unwise resistance to the national will, than even the mere cautious of their own statesmen.

* *Essays on Parliamentary Reform.* By the late Walter Bagehot. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1883.

We do not quarrel with Mr. Bagehot's main principle that in matters political, "right" springs from capacity; that you cannot have a right to do that for which you have not a corresponding capacity; or, in other words, that there is no right belonging to absolute incompetence. Where we practically differ from Mr. Bagehot is in this, that he overrates so greatly the capacity due to what he terms political intelligence, and underrates so greatly the incapacity due to the prejudices of self-interest. As a matter of fact, we believe that the positive incapacity of self-interest has proved itself ten times as blinding and mischievous in political affairs, as the capacity of so-called intelligence has ever proved itself useful. What can be more impressive than the incapacity of the ten-pounders to pass an Education Act during the whole of their reign between 1832 and 1867,—an incapacity positively verified by the sectarian onteries which wrecked the first attempt at an adequate Education Act,—and the capacity of the householders to pass it within three years of their enfranchisement? It is just the same with such measures as the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the Irish Land Acts. The ten-pounders were incapacitated for seeing the need of these measures, not from want of intelligence, but from absolute want of interest in issues which either did not affect their personal feelings at all, or only affected them by exciting vivid prejudices against those who asked for such changes. Mr. Bagehot seems to us to have lost sight of the value of certain moral elements of capacity, and to have immensely overrated the value of the purely intellectual elements; and this is the chief ground of difference between himself and us.

For the rest, this volume is full of shrewd anticipation and comment which we heartily recommend to Conservatives as quite sufficiently Conservative to attract them, and quite sufficiently Liberal to do them an immense deal of good. For example, take first a passage in which Conservatives will say that one of the mischiefs of Democracy was sagaciously predicted. Mr. Bagehot remarks on the importance that a Representative system shall represent the real public opinion of the nation:—

"The first requisite of a representative system is, that the representative body should represent the real public opinion of the nation. Nor is this so easy a matter as some imagine. There are nations which *have* no public opinion. The having it requires what a pedantic writer might call the *coördination of judgments*. Some people must be recognised to be wiser than others are. In every district there must be people generally admitted by the judgment of their neighbours to have more sense, more instructed minds, more cultured judgments, than others have. Such persons will not naturally or inevitably, or in matter of fact, agree in opinion; on the contrary, they will habitually differ: great national questions will divide the nation; great parties will be formed. But the characteristic of a nation capable of public opinion is, that those parties will be *organised*; in each there will be a leader, in each there will be some looked up to, and many who look up to them: the opinion of the party will be formed and suggested by the few, it will be criticised and accepted by the many. It has always been the peculiarity of the history of England, that it has been capable of a true public opinion in this its exact and proper sense. There has ever been a *structure* in English political society: every man has not walked by the light of his own eyes; the less instructed have not deemed themselves the equals of the more instructed; the many have subordinated their judgment to that of the few. They have not done so blindly, for there has always been a spirit of discussion in our very air: still they have done so—opinions have always *settled down* from the higher classes to the lower; and in that manner, whenever the nation has been called on to decide, a decision that is really national has been formed."

And he also points out that any uniform extension of the suffrage to householders everywhere, will endanger this adequate representation of public opinion. If Mr. Bagehot had been writing now—this passage was written in 1860—he would undoubtedly have observed that the House of Commons of the present day is much less effective as the organ of public opinion than it was before Mr. Disraeli's last Reform Act; and that it is so just for the reason that the disorganisation or disintegration of opinion due to that Act, has been enormous; that the convictions of the people at large,—which are much *better* represented by the House of Commons than before,—have never mastered the opinions of the middle-classes, as the convictions of the ten-pounders before the Act of 1867 had mastered them; and that in consequence the present House of Commons represents politically a class of opinions to which socially it has not reconciled itself, and against which, consequently, there is more or less of a secret revolt. It will please Conservatives to remark this, and to notice that it is the consequence of giving to the largest class, the complete mastery of the borough constituencies. But they will, perhaps, not be so well pleased with the advice which Mr. Bagehot gives them as to their best mode of action under this admitted divergency between the opinion of the middle-class and the opinion of the people at large, which the Act of 1867 has produced. The following, of course, was written years after the passing of that Act:—

"In all cases it must be remembered that a political combination of the lower classes, as such and for their own objects, is an evil of the first magnitude; that a permanent combination of them would make them (now that so many of them have the suffrage) supreme in the country; and that their supremacy, in the state they now are, means the supremacy of ignorance over instruction and of numbers over knowledge. So long as they are not taught to act together, there is a chance of this being averted, and it can only be averted by the greatest wisdom and the greatest foresight in the higher classes. They must avoid, not only every evil, but every appearance of evil; while they have still the power they must remove, not only every actual grievance, but, where it is possible, every seeming grievance too; they must willingly concede every claim which they can safely concede, in order that they may not have to concede unwillingly some claim which would impair the safety of the country. This advice will be said to be obvious; but I have the greatest fear that, when the time comes, it will be cast aside as timid and cowardly. So strong are the combative propensities of man, that he would rather fight a losing battle than not fight at all. It is most difficult to persuade people that by fighting they may strengthen the enemy, yet that would be so here; since a losing battle—especially a long and well-fought one—would have thoroughly taught the lower orders to combine, and would have left the higher orders face to face with an irritated, organised, and superior voting power. The courage which strengthens an enemy and which so loses, not only the present battle, but many after-battles, is a heavy curse to men and nations."

We wish Lord Salisbury would take that to heart. Perhaps in action he will be compelled to take it to heart by the prudence of Sir Stafford Northcote and the Duke of Richmond. But what we desire is that he would take it to heart not only in action at the last moment, but in speech from the beginning, for that is what the real wisdom of this advice requires. Prudence such as Mr. Bagehot has advised does not consist merely in withdrawing opposition to the inevitable after a long course of irritating and violent invective against it, but in withholding those unwise words which do almost as much mischief as unwise acts themselves.

Again, let the Conservatives listen to Mr. Bagehot's almost ostentatiously timid counsels on crises like those which are close at hand:—

"I should venture so far as to lay down for an approximate rule that the House of Lords ought, on a first-class subject, to be slow—very slow—in rejecting a Bill passed even once by a large majority of the House of Commons. I would not, of course, lay this down as an unvarying rule; as I have said, I have for practical purposes no belief in unvarying rules. Majorities may be either genuine or fictitious, and if they are not genuine, if they do not embody the opinion of the representative as well as the opinion of the constituency, no one would wish to have any attention paid to them. But if the opinion of the nation be strong and be universal, if it be really believed by Members of Parliament, as well as by those who send them to Parliament, in my judgment the Lords should yield at once, and should not resist it. My main reason is one which has not been much urged. As a theoretical writer I can venture to say, what no elected Member of Parliament, Conservative or Liberal, can venture to say, that I am exceedingly afraid of the ignorant multitude of the new constituencies. I wish to have as great and as compact a power as possible to resist it. But a dissension between the Lords and Commons divides that resisting power; as I have explained, the House of Commons still mainly represents the plutocracy, the Lords represent the aristocracy. The main interest of both these classes is now identical, which is to prevent or to mitigate the rule of uneducated numbers. But to prevent it effectually, they must not quarrel among themselves; they must not bid one against the other for the aid of their common opponent. And this is precisely the effect of a division between Lords and Commons. The two great bodies of the educated rich go to the constituencies to decide between them, and the majority of the constituencies now consist of the uneducated poor. This cannot be for the advantage of any one. In doing so besides, the aristocracy forfeit their natural position—that by which they would gain most power, and in which they would do most good. They ought to be the heads of the plutocracy. In all countries new wealth is ready to worship old wealth, if old wealth will only let it, and I need not say that in England new wealth is eager in its worship. Satirist after satirist has told us how quick, how willing, how anxious are the newly-made rich to associate with the ancient rich. Rank probably in no country whatever has so much 'market' value as it has in England just now. Of course, there have been many countries in which certain old families, whether rich or poor, were worshipped by whole populations with a more intense and poetic homage; but I doubt if there has ever been any in which all old families and all titled families received more ready observance from those who were their equals, and perhaps their superiors, in wealth, their equals in culture, and their inferiors only in descent and rank. The possessors of the 'material' distinctions of life, as a political economist would class them, rush to worship those who possess the *im*material distinctions. Nothing can be more politically useful than such homage, if it be skilfully used; no folly can be idler than to repel and reject it."

That is, indeed, what Madame Mohl would have called "nutritious" reading for Conservatives of the present day.

The general drift of the book is in favour of resisting uniformity, and of promoting variety, of franchise-qualification as the best mode of getting at a really Representative Chamber; but that line of counsel has been knocked on the head by the Conservatives themselves, and now only applies to the proper selection of constituencies, which in all probability must consist of voters all qualified by nearly the same franchise. Still, to the selection of constituencies, the principle of aiming at variety, and not at uniformity, does apply; and for that purpose, we, as Liberals, can adopt it heartily. So long as the minority in the country is represented only by a proportional minority of Members in the House of Commons, it is of the utmost importance to the principle of democracy itself that the minority should be so represented, and not left out of account altogether. It is no democrat who would try to prevent 50,000 well-to-do people, living in each others' immediate neighbourhood, from choosing their own Member as freely as the 50,000 poor of the neighbouring parish would choose theirs. And yet this may be prevented by so juggling with the boundaries of constituencies as to manage to merge the well-to-do of every constituency in a mass of poor, with whom they would have no sympathy of political feeling. The true principle of any Redistribution Bill ought to be determined by Mr. Bagehot's principle, though the Conservatives have determined for themselves that the suffrage cannot and shall not be so determined. Indeed, it will be easy, in discussing any such Bill, so to apply the principle of variety as to obtain the greatest possible difference of type between constituency and constituency which may be consistent with the democratic principle of numerical equality in the new constituencies to be created, and to provide that it shall be the intent of the Constitution to keep these constituencies, so far as possible, typical and characteristic for the future.

A NOBLE WIFE.*

The author states in the preface that this book is an attempt to produce "a drama, in the form and under the conditions of a novel;" but what that may mean is not very apparent, as the work does not contain more dramatic situations than are to be found in many other novels, nor is it marked by any distinctive peculiarity of construction, unless an occasional disconnectedness and want of smoothness in the action are to be so considered. The book derives its title from Cranmer's second wife, of whom history records that she was the niece of Osiander, that Cranmer married her at Nuremburg in 1531, that he kept the marriage a secret, and that he had to banish her from England when the Six Articles Statute was passed, in 1539. This is the foundation on which the story is constructed. It represents her as coming to England without her husband's wish or knowledge, just before the birth of her first child; after that event has taken place, she finds the baby an impediment to her flight back to Germany, so leaves it in a boat on a lake in Sir John Oldcastle's grounds, with an unsigned letter committing it to the care of Lady Oldcastle, a staunch Roman Catholic. This last lady, moved by compassion, accepts the charge, and treats and loves the nameless child as if he had been her own son. Some years later, Mrs. Cranmer, still preserving a mysterious silence as to her identity, wishes the boy to be restored to her; and to this, Lady Oldcastle not unnaturally objects, unless the *soi-disant* wife and mother will reveal who she is. The question of who is to have possession of the boy leads to jealous and hostile feelings between the real and the adopted mothers; a further cause of dispute is that each of them is most anxious for him to be brought up in her own religious faith. Here the story does not make Mrs. Cranmer's behaviour altogether consistent with her principles, since a person who regarded it as of the utmost importance for her son to become a Protestant would hardly have abandoned him to the care of Lady Oldcastle, on the chance of that lady's educating him in the heresy she abhorred—which abhorrence was quite widely enough known to have been easily ascertained on inquiry. There is a want of probability in other ways, also, about Mrs. Cranmer's behaviour to her child. The need for deserting him is not made sufficiently apparent for the reader to be altogether satisfied that it may not have been done as much from caprice as from real necessity; and, besides that, was it reasonable to expect that when Lady Oldcastle had learnt to love the boy who had been thrust upon her unsought, she would be willing to give him up at a moment's notice to a person of whom she knew nothing? The portrait of Lady Oldcastle is a spirited one; to our mind, she is more interesting, because more life-like, than the heroine; and her devoted love to her husband is brought into so much prominence as to suggest the idea that the book ought by rights to have been called, "*Two* Noble Wives." A strong Roman Catholic, she is terribly distressed at Sir John's leanings towards the Reformers; yet never does she allow religious differences to separate her from him, but cleaves stedfastly to him, in poverty, exile, and prison, and ever strives earnestly to win him back to that faith from which she herself never swerves for an instant. Her readiness to sacrifice herself for him is shown in a scene early in the story, when he has dismantled a chapel in a fit of passion, and she, though proud and hot-tempered, humiliates herself, to save him from being denounced to the authorities, and declares that she alone is to blame, as having provoked him to the deed by hasty speech. Notwithstanding her orthodoxy, she is not over and above respectful to her father-confessor, and the mixture of contempt for the individual and respect for his office with which she treats him is very amusing; if all Romanists behaved similarly, there would be small cause to dread the priest's influence in a household. Sir John Oldcastle is a good study of a sincerely religious and virtuous man, becoming more and more convinced that the Reformers were right, and having the courage of his convictions up to a certain point, but not the point of martyrdom. The following is a thoroughly characteristic utterance of his: "Blessed sometimes—though I confess, not often—are the compromisers." There is both beauty and force in the character of Ishmael Johnes, a half-fanatical Protestant tailor, who is affectionate and unselfish, with the simplicity of a child and the fidelity of a dog. Gladly helping his master to desecrate a chapel, he is yet so superstitious as to deem it almost sacrilege to tear a blank leaf out of a bible; intricacies of doctrine are beyond his comprehension, and he dies exclaiming, "I believe as my friend believes."

Cranmer does not appear in person until near the end of the book, yet he may be said to pervade it all through, certainly not in a way to give a favourable impression of him. A Roman Catholic priest who violates his vows of celibacy, keeps his marriage secret lest it should hinder his worldly advancement, lives in high position and honour whilst his wife is exposed to unfounded slanders, devotes himself to trying secretly to upset doctrines to which he outwardly professes allegiance—a man, in short, whose life is for years a living lie—this is the disagreeable and jesuitical portrait of Cranmer presented by these pages. We subjoin part of a fine scene describing his interview with his wife in prison, when he tells her of his recantation, and seeks to justify his past actions in the persecution and condemnation of his fellow-Reformers (such as Joan Bocher and George Van Paris), actions which must certainly have required an immense amount of special pleading to reconcile them with his conscience:—

"'Cowardice? Were I to recant, would you stamp your husband with so ignominious a name?'—'I refuse to answer a question that so wrongs my husband that only himself could be guilty of suggesting such a crime to me?' She said this with a smile, but also with a warmth of tone she could not conceal. 'But suppose a man regardless of himself; nerved to bear any, whatever pangs other men may inflict on him; and yet pausing in doubt and hesitation, because he has put his hand to a great work—a work the Lord has commissioned him to do; which if he dies he fears may long remain incomplete, or be even subject to a fatal overthrow altogether; and yet that if he lives opportunity may again arise to accomplish all—what then?'—'He has no such choice!' she responded passionately. 'God's work he must leave in God's hands, who will, if He needs them, find fresh and fitting instruments. But the work of such a man as you speak of is to live in perfecting it, if he can; or to die in perfecting it, if he cannot; for there is no perfection like that which a great human maker gives to his fabric when he cements it with his own blood; always supposing that the question is of being consistent with his work, and consistent with himself to the last—or being faithless to both.'—'Wife! wife! I have already followed Sir John's example. Now curse me! Now unsay all you have ever said of honour or respect for me!' It was some time before she would believe him, for her usually unerring instinct found something contradictory between so terrible a revelation, and the tones, looks, and gestures that accompanied it. 'Listen to me, patiently,' he said. 'I see in you not only the cherished wife of my bosom, my consoler through life, but also the genius of posterity; and I feel in standing before you I stand at the bar of a dread tribunal,—which still is not God's tribunal, but man's. In sickness of soul and deep remorse I look back on my past life, and I see many things done to which I have been a consenting, though unwilling party, and that I never would do again. God help me! I have sat in judgment on Protestants, and have shared in their condemnation to death. Is not that terrible? Why did I so far yield? Because the evil done was no part of my bringing-about; because it was impossible to guide the mighty stream of events except by going to some extent with it, and retaining influence and

* *A Noble Wife.* By J. Saunders. London: Tinsley Brothers.

power; while I knew, by guiding it, I might be helping to create a new England, a new faith, a new and holier development of humanity. I have done that! I dare to tell you, posterity will confirm thus much. Can you wonder, then, that even with a Mary on the throne I did not give up hope? I thought it might be yet my privilege to live, and see—either through her people, or the people of her Protestant successor, if Mary have no children—a restoration of all that now seems to be but a lamentable wreck.'"

The time when the arbitrary Henry VIII. was wavering between the old and new faiths, and was succeeded first by the Protestant Edward VI. and then by the Roman-Catholic Mary, was a period when those who cared more to stand well with the powers that be, and to secure themselves from risks of pains and penalties, than to be true to any particular form of religion, must, no doubt, have been sorely exercised how to act. The vacillating, timid, time-serving state of mind thus produced is shown in *A Noble Wife*, as affecting the male rather than the female characters; for both the Roman-Catholic Lady Oldcastle and the Protestant Mrs. Cranmer are alike free from the lukewarmness and tendency to let unworthy prudential considerations interfere with religious belief, to which their husbands are liable. The book is clever, but does not show the author at his best; and the wife who is its heroine does not excite our admiration and sympathy, as did the woman who filled the same post in *Abel Drake's Wife*. A person who wishes to produce a good historical novel requires an unusual gift for throwing himself into unfamiliar surroundings. Probably Mr. Saunders has been hampered by the effort to do this, and has therefore fallen short of his own highest capability.

LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

The private correspondence and diaries of public men of the past have long been objects of research, as the best materials for history which aspires to go below the surface. In publishing the present book, which consists of extracts from the pocket-book of his grandfather, the author has gone somewhat out of the beaten track, and given us the diary and entries thought worthy of note by a private gentleman of the last century. The life of Thomas Wale, the grandfather in question, is a peculiarly good one for the experiment, as it extended over nearly the whole of the century, he being born in 1701 and dying in 1796, and was curiously compounded of the successful foreign merchant and the well-to-do country squire. He was the scion of an old family of whom his dutiful descendant gives the usual particulars how they were Crusaders, sheriffs, knights, county Members, and so forth. But apparently the fortunes of the house were on the wane, as the hero of the book was apprenticed at the age of seventeen to a merchant at Lynn, and at the age of twenty-four was sent off to Riga as a factor and commission agent. Riga had only then belonged to Russia for fourteen years, having been taken by Peter the Great from the Swedes in 1710, and its trade in hemp, flax, and timber was chiefly carried on by foreign merchants, of whom those of the English factory were the chief, "and lived in a very hospitable and splendid manner." But Riga was a very "close" borough. "No foreigner was permitted to deall with any man but with the Burgers or freemen of the Citty, or resell goods bought there, at all." Further, "Noe foreigner or unfreemen were at any time permitted to keep house, nor their own bed, board, or table, but were then obliged to lodge and board in the house of a Riga Burger, or Burger's widow, as the writer hereof surely experienced in 1729-30, when, under pretence he hired a poor, old Burger's widow to bear the name of keeping house for him, without her being in the house, and gave her fifty roubles annually for her name only." But "this even was prohibited by the Riga magistrates. . . . . So [the "so" is to be noted], after that Miss Louisa Rudolphina Rakten arrived from Blankenburg, and that Thos. Wale and she had honourably concluded on a marriage, they journeyed on to Mittau, ye Principality of Courland (a dukedom of Poland not subject to Russia), and there privately solemnised their marriage on March 17th, 1749, and so returned to their housekeeping, she as owner and keeper of the house in her own name, and T. Wale, with his partners and clerks, or her lodgers and boarders," until "these rigid laws were subsided. They then thought proper to convince the world of their connubial rights by a new marriage in Riga, in 1760, from which time she took the proper name of Wale. Before this," adds the diarist, regardless, as he is continually, of his self-imposed *oratio obliqua*, "our tableing linen was marked 'L. R.' and 'L. R. R.'"

Mr. Wale seems to have caught a Tartar in his Louisa Rudolphina, as we are continually having entries revealing domestic quarrels. For instance, on October 12th, 1774, "Daughter Polly having this day behaved rudely and impudently to her mamma (and that in my hearing), received my reproaches and chastisements." On March 22nd, 1775, "a long altercation with Mrs. Wale about her reconciliation with her daughter Polly, in which she remained fully repugnant;" and, at last, in June the same year, "after that Mrs. Wale and daughter Polly have long had enmity and ill-will, the mamma too severe and the daughter somewhat as obstinate and provoking, have on all sides consented to part," so poor Polly is packed off to school. That it was not Polly's fault appears probable from an entry, October, 1775, when some one having borrowed Mr. Wale's "hobby" and lost it, on his return "some words arose between him and Mrs. Wale, upon which Mrs. W. called him names and abused him; and by their mutual consent he was instantly to leave our house." And on another occasion, "Our servant-maid, Hetty, having been saucy to her mistress, was turned away;" and when a man-servant is caught "roguishly stealing out a bottle of brandy or rum" from the cellar, he begs forgiveness, and that "I would conceal the same from his mistress." But to return to Riga. Mr. Wale very quickly made a considerable fortune there, chiefly through supplying the British Navy with ship-masts and hemp for ropes,—though on the occasion "of ye great and fatal contract in hemp" the firm lost no less than £10,000. However, as a few years afterwards he returned to England, and in 1783-1784, long after his return, he got £9,500 for his share of profits in a single year, the business was not, on the whole, a bad one. Not much information is given about prices at Riga; but we learn that at Cassan, in Russia, in 1738, a fat goose and turkey together cost 14 copecks (7d. English); a sirloin of beef weighing fifteen pounds, 6d. English; and three dishes of nice fish, gudgeons, turbots, and goudlings, 5d. together; while a German man and woman servants cost 11 roubles, or some 45s. a year. "Thus," as the person who gives the information says, "you can't spend a great deal of money in housekeeping." But prices in England, too, were enough to make one's mouth water. When Mr. Wale came back, he set up as country gentleman in Cambridgeshire, and estimates his total yearly expenses at £580. Chariot and horses, £50; two sons' board and clothes, £60; man and boy's wages and living, £60; three maids, £20; housekeeping, say victuals and beer, 39s. per week; and so on in proportion. It seems that the wages were much over-estimated, as a footman, also to work in garden, cost only £7 a year, and his living; a ploughman the same, a coachman, "without vailles," eleven guineas. Food must also have been cheap, as he bought two large fowls at 6d. each. Schooling was absurdly low. Mr. Foote, £50; St. Paul's School, board, lodging, and education, £35 14s.; while Mr. Heath's, at Harrow, and Mr. Veser's and assistants, at Reigate, Surrey, "short and compendious finishing of youth," cost only sixteen guineas. Doctoring, too, was relatively cheap, as daughter Polly had a tooth drawn for half-a-guinea. On the other hand, law was expensive, it costing no less than £126 to get Louisa Rudolphina naturalised.

Altogether, there is a good deal of interesting information to be gathered from the book as to how our forefathers lived in the eighteenth century. But the book has been unnecessarily enlarged by the insertion of numerous and sometimes lengthy scraps of poetry, most of them quite common and well known, such as "Celia's Charms" and Atterbury "On a Lady's Fan," which the old gentleman had copied out as good things. There is also a would-be funny introduction, and divers witty comments scattered about the book, which are not in the best possible taste. But on the whole, the book has been well edited, and if its pages are turned over not too carefully, a very agreeable hour or two may be spent with it.

A NOVEL ABOUT THE REGENCY.*

Only the other day, we were all reading what Mr. Anthony Trollope says in his *Autobiography* about the hopeless unpopularity of historical novels, and finding confirmation of it in our own experience. Now comes a proof of the rule, in the shape of an exception of a striking kind. Everybody is reading, everybody is talking about *Abigel Rowe*, although heretofore even those devourers of three volumes daily who form the modern version of the dragon-and-the-maiden legends, but somehow

* *My Grandfather's Pocket-book.* By the Rev. Henry John Wale, M.A. London: Chapman and Hall.

* *Abigel Rowe: a Chronicle of the Regency.* By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. London: Bentley.

transpose their constituents, could by no means be induced to look at an historical romance. They would almost as soon have read history itself! Even in France, people do not read Dumas *père;* a generation has arisen that knows not D'Artagnan. Athos, or Porthos, that cares nothing for Le Balafré, and for whom the Chevalier de Maison Rouge would be a mere madman. That, however, is a wise French proverb which says,—"Ne dites pas, 'Fontaine, jamais je boirai de ton eau;'" and we recommend it to Mr. Wingfield, who has a peculiar instinct for French proverbs, for his novel admirably points its moral. Historical romance was the fountain which might flow—but had better not—however lavishly, in vain; we would not drink of its water, and canny publishers would hardly care to bring us to it, or rather, it to us. What has wrought the sudden change, and set all the novel-reading world—a larger one than philosophers suspect, though probably most of them swell its numbers—all agog about an historical romance, and ready to dash through thick-and-thin to the circulating libraries, in order greedily to read of the "Adonis of fifty" whose "final pulverisation" was the congenial task of Mr. Thackeray, more than a score of years ago? Simply this,—Mr. Wingfield has "accommodated" the historical novel as cleverly as ever did a heaven-born *chef de cuisine* his plain meats, and serves up a dainty dish altogether to the taste of an age which will by no means "away with" the sword and plume, the destrier and the dungeon, the tournay and its queen, or, indeed especially, with the prancing-and-majestic style of narrative. The actual, the real, especially on the seamy side of them; the common, very common, talk and ways of the Court of the Regency; the coarse and vulgar aspects of the private life of the Royal brothers, Wales and York, at that time—if, indeed, any portion of their life could be called private, considering how open was its dissoluteness,—and the plainest possible dealing with the character and habits of Caroline of Brunswick, together with the dispersion of the sentimental myth that has grown up around the "sonsy" image of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and turned that kind-hearted tomboy into a being quite too good for this world; all this, written in the energetic, easy, but decidedly odd style that belongs to Mr. Wingfield, constitutes the attraction of the book.

It cannot be said that the author does much for his high-placed *dramatis personæ* in the way of levelling-up. The process by which he manages to leave on his reader's mind the impression that George was not so bad after all, but very much the victim of circumstances; that there was something almost redeeming about his placability towards everybody except his excruciating wife, and that our judgment of him ought to be modified by consideration of the ill-treatment which he experienced from both his odious parents, is of the levelling-down description. He does manage to create this impression, however; next to the daughter of the wretched pair, between whose respective kinds of vulgarity there seems to have been not much to choose, we feel more kindly towards George than towards any of the people whom Mr. Wingfield makes to buzz about our ears, in his strange and attractive fashion.

The motto on the title-page of the story is "Chaque âge a son esprit, ses plaisirs, et ses mœurs." It is devoutly to be hoped that the age which is thus painted may not find its repetition in history, for it was a truly hideous one. The proverbial homage which vice pays to virtue—hypocrisy—would be preferable to such an indecent flaunting in the face of the sun of all the passion, vice, meanness, and hatefulness of human nature. The lives of these people were like a dream that is not only bad, but disgusting, with its gorging, swilling, swearing, swindling, boxing, gambling, and indecency. It is needless to speak of the evil—more frightful, inasmuch as it involved masses of honest and industrious people, who had to suffer because such unclean animals sat in the seat of the rulers,—that attended the exercise of power by such men as the Royal Princes and their associates. We are bound to give great praise to those two chapters of Mr. Wingfield's first volume, entitled respectively, "Retrospect" and "At Home and Abroad," in which he gives a brilliant sketch of the political and social situation.

Mrs. Fitzherbert figures on the scene, of course, living in her retirement at Brighton, and interfering in the affairs of Mr. Wingfield's heroine, Abigel Rowe, for a good purpose, and with effect. An interview between the Prince and his discarded wife is an admirable episode, and the following passage lends its effect to the palliative purpose of the author:—

"Mrs. Fitzherbert judged him aright, who was sneered at by carping critics as the acme of fickleness, for to the end George was true to her." [The author does not mean faithful, of course, but only that George never ceased to love her.] "On his deathbed, the King spoke anxiously to his Grace of Wellington, imploring him to see that the tiny chain about his neck, which bore a precious freight, was allowed to linger there. The Duke fulfilled his trust. The lock of bright brown hair, covered by the half diamond, was enclosed within the coffin, and is lying now upon the dust that once was George IV."

There is something phantasmagoric and whirlwindy in the book; there are no pauses, the reader is swept along with it; and in what company! Caroline of Brunswick, with her fiddlers and toadies, at Kensington Palace, and at her "Trou Madame" in Bayswater; Princess Charlotte, with her governesses, at Warwick House; the dissolute crew who made up the shameful Court of the Regent; and George himself, with Townshend, the Bow-Street officer, and a pleasing group of pugilists always in attendance, at Carlton House, and, later at the Pavilion; with the Marchioness of Hertford for confidant and adviser; the Ministers, whom we meet but casually; the mean, miserly, spiteful Queen (whom Mr. Wingfield portrayed so forcibly in his *Lady Grizel*); the masqueraders, the playhouse people, a crowd of tumbling, tipsy figures, all dancing along the path of perdition; and, perhaps the most cleverly drawn in the whole ghastly yet amusing show, Sheridan and Brummel. Mr. Wingfield has the happiest way of introducing his historical personages into his story quite naturally; they come in and go out like life, without the waxwork or automaton effects of the historical novel proper, and unreadable. This is especially the case with Sheridan; he is made to take his share in the action easily, without a creak. His death, with its tragi-comic surroundings, is finely told, and we are forced to say that the author seems to us to have taken the exact measure of,—

> "The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
> Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

We would rather think better of one whom we admire so ardently. In these few lines his history is told:—

"A great man, too simple to profit by his greatness, in whom genius was unaccompanied by judgment. Byron said of him that all he did was of the best. From his brain emanated the best comedy, *The School for Scandal;* the best burlesque, *The Critic;* the best address, *The Monologue on Garrick;* and the best Parliamentary oration, *The Begum Speech.* In society he shone superb, until he grew maudlin drunk. He was so genial that he could soften even an attorney. In spite of endless lessons, he never lost his confidence in the goodness of men. Though his works showed a knowledge of human nature, it was confined to his pen alone, for in all his acts he was the dupe of the designing knave. At the age of sixty-five he died, and the debts which had crushed him amounted, as it turned out, to four thousand pounds, in trivial sums. Like his comrade of younger days, the august Signor, he was a muddler. George, when he heard of his end, was more moved than he chose to show, and locked himself up in his apartments for a week, refusing to be comforted."

The story which has this brilliant setting of historical portraits, like diamonds in a picture-frame, is an ingenious one, well devised to set forth the social features of the time; but it is of less interest than its accessories, strictly so called. Mr. Wingfield is an expert in "sumptuary," and his familiarity with that complicated branch of human knowledge is of great utility in producing the lifelikeness of his book. For instance, here is his first picture of Caroline of Brunswick:—

"The second of the two ladies, aged about forty, was stout, painted, raddled, with a large head and short neck, a quantity of light hair gathered in an untidy knot under a monstrous beaver hat, quick, beady eyes, deep sunk in their orbits, and a scarcity of clothing ill-suited to so overblown a figure. A lilac-silk pelisse was worn negligently open, displaying a short-waisted robe of thinnest sprigged muslin, through the lower part of which was plainly visible a pair of thick ankles and wrinkled stockings. The jewelled braceleets on her rough arms seemed to intimate that she was a person of importance, which suggestion was corroborated by a sharp, querulous manner, as of one who is accustomed to obedience; but then, on the other hand, her attire was of the crumpled, flashy kind that is worn by vulgar drabs. The stockings, of common thread, were wofully unclean, and the low shoes of primrose satin were unlaced and not innocent of holes. She tossed off her hat with an impatient, puffing gesture, and ran through unbrushed locks a set of short, fat fingers, much beringed, but sadly in need of soap."

The last glimpse we get of the Princess (her husband speaks of her as "the Dreadful Woman," and she of him as "the Brute") is very characteristic; it is given to us together with a description of the Regent's grief for his daughter:—

"Caroline would not die, not she; she would live yet to plague him for half a century. Only the other day, a letter of hers had fallen into his hands, in which she wrote, 'Since de English won't give me de great honour of being Princesso de Galles, I will be Caroline, a happy, merry soul. De old Bégum, de Queen, is on her last legs, I hear; *mais ça ne me fait ni froid ni chaud.* There was a

time when I should have been glad, but now noting in de world do I care for save to pass de time quickly.' She received the news of Charlotte's tragic fate with perfect apathy, too much absorbed in the enjoyment of her eccentric freedom to heed such a trifle."

The *raconteur* air of this remarkable novel lends it extraordinary attraction; it is a strange story, and the author "speaks it trippingly on the tongue."

PROFESSOR WEISS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST.*

Professor Weiss's first volume consists of two books, entitled respectively "The Sources," in which the origin and the mutual relations of the Four Gospels are discussed; and "The Preparation," dealing with the life of Christ as far as the Wedding Feast in Cana of Galilee. The style is somewhat cumbrous, and, whether from the fault of the author or of the translator we know not, wanting in lucidity. The reader is apt, in spite of a close attention, to lose the drift of the argument, and would be thankful for a more precise enunciation of it. Still, he cannot fail to recognise a work of great critical acumen, the result of a most careful and complete study, and which, while conceived in a reverent spirit, is certainly not wanting in boldness.

For the details of the argument in the first book, Professor Weiss refers us to earlier publications from his pen, in which that argument is fully set out. We must for this reason, and because any complete discussion of the subject would transcend any available space, content ourselves with indicating the conclusions at which he has arrived. These, indeed, are highly interesting, not only for the intrinsic value which any open-minded student of the New Testament will be ready to concede to them, but for their revelation of the gulf—for it is nothing less—that divides the stand-points of German and of English orthodoxy. The English divine is commonly disposed to accept without question the simple traditionary account of the authorship of the Gospels. The First, for instance, he attributes without hesitation to the Apostle whose name it bears, and probably dismisses as a delusion the idea of a Hebrew or Aramaic original. Such a reader will be startled by the freedom with which Professor Weiss thinks on this subject. Of the existence of the Aramaic original he has no doubt whatever, and he sees his way to definitely fixing the date of its appearance to the year 67, or, at least, to the latter half of what, by a numeration which we do not understand, he calls the "sixth decade." But this document is, he thinks, irrecoverably lost, the Matthew Gospel that we have not even being a translation. On the contrary, he sees plain proof that the writer was not even a Palestinian Jew; that he was learned, indeed, and acquainted with the Hebrew original of the Old Testament, but inaccurate in Palestinian geography, and generally occupying the stand-point both in what he inserts and in what he omits of a Jew of the Dispersion. He is supposed to have had in his hands the Gospel of St. Mark, this, again, having been founded partly on the recollections of St. Peter, communicated to his favourite disciple, and partly on a Greek translation of the original Matthew, which it is not difficult to believe may have reached Rome (where the Mark Gospel is supposed to have been written) somewhere about the year 69. Out of this Mark Gospel, then, "the entire contents of which, with the perfectly insignificant exception of a few unimportant fragments, have been transferred to our First Gospel," and out of the original Matthew, which was also in the writer's hands, the Matthew that we have was constructed. The theory of this construction is thus summarised:—"The form of the oldest Apostolic document [the Aramaic Matthew], which was really only a collection of a material, was no longer adequate for the later period. A complete representation of the life of Jesus was required, and to the Evangelist, who was not himself an eye-witness of the life of Jesus, nothing presented itself as being such but the oldest attempt in this direction, as it is given to us by the Mark document. The latter is laid by him at the foundation, and affords the historical background for his delineation, and more especially there is borrowed from it the whole history of the Passion. Within the framework thus granted, he tries to place the material derived from the Apostolic source, partly introducing particular passages into suitable places to supplement what is there already, partly inserting them in larger masses."

To St. Luke's Gospel Professor Weiss attributes a very similar origin. He is quite certain that "he was not acquainted with our canonical Matthew;" but it is equally clear to him that he had the Mark document in his hands, and also the original Matthew, which, indeed, a writer so careful as he describes himself to have been in collecting authentic materials could not have overlooked. What remains unaccounted for by these two sources we must refer to the other documents which may be supposed to have lain before him, the works of the "many who had attempted to set in order," as the Preface has it, the facts of the Master's life.

It is when we come to the Fourth Gospel that we find the most striking part of Professor Weiss's work. He turns the tables most completely on the impugners of this document. In his view, it is the only really Apostolic Gospel of the Four, and so far as it differs from them, must be placed above them in point of authority. He thinks,—

"That in almost every place where actual differences between John and the Synoptists fall to be dealt with, the representation of the first has every historical probability in its favour; that in the most striking differences, such as the chronological extent of the public activity of Jesus, the repeated visits to the feasts, the early date of the Last Supper, undesigned indications in the Synoptic tradition itself, establish the statements of John; that, finally, it is not seldom through the adjustments and the peculiar contributions of this Gospel that the events related by the older Gospels, and their connection with each other, first become intelligible to us."

It does not need proof that the Christ of the Fourth Gospel is the Christ of Christian orthodoxy; and it certainly strengthens indefinitely the position of this orthodoxy, if it can be established that this picture is the one, and the only one, which comes to us attested by the signature, so to speak, of one who drew from the original. Nor is this inconsistent with the admission that the picture was, if the expression may be allowed, idealised. "It is certain," says our author, "that the endeavour to find in Jesus' own words points of connection for his own more advanced knowledge of Christ's person, and apprehension of the salvation which he had found in them, caused the Evangelist frequently to render them with meanings and elucidations which far surpassed their original scope." Something of a veil must have been drawn over the Divine Personality, a veil which was afterwards removed; and the Apostles may well have sometimes written in the light of the later rather than of the earlier knowledge.

It will now be seen that the difference spoken of earlier in this notice between German and English orthodoxy does not, after all, touch the bases of belief. Verbal inspiration and the polemics which uses for its weapons isolated texts, indeed, disappear; but the foundations of faith are firmly laid, all the more firmly, we may be permitted to say, because no longer encumbered. And it is in the spirit of convinced belief that Professor Weiss proceeds to deal with the second part of his subject,—the actual life of Christ. He demands in an introductory letter, addressed to Professor Voigt, of Leipsic, that judgment on the question whether he "has succeeded in sketching a really life-like picture of the greatest drama the history of the world has seen," should be suspended till the publication of his second volume. What we have in the portion here presented to us makes us look forward with much interest to what is to come. We can form a general idea of the lines which it will follow, and feel sure that it will be a valuable contribution to Christology. The specially difficult subject of the correlation of the divine and human natures in the Person of the Saviour, a subject in dealing with which the popular theology is very apt to lapse into sheer monophysitism, seems likely, from what we see, to be treated in a satisfactory way. We may refer our readers to pp. 330-6, where a distinction of great value is drawn between divine omniscience and omnipotence, and the "superior knowledge and supernatural power of operation" bestowed upon Christ as "necessary for the execution of his calling." In this bestowal Professor Weiss sees the chief significance of the descent of the Spirit (John i., 32), though he also regards it as symbolising the burial of Christ's former life, and the emerging to one that was new, and differed from the old, "not by reason of its sinlessness, but only by its being dedicated from that time forward to his great divine calling!" Messrs. Clark deserve the thanks of all students of theology for introducing to them this book, though, indeed, it is but one out of a great array of valuable works which they have continued to send out for now nearly forty years.

* *The Life of Christ.* By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Translated by John Walter Hope, M.A. Vol. I. Edinburgh: D. Douglas. 1883.

MR. F. M. CRAWFORD'S "DOCTOR CLAUDIUS."*

Carlyle was fond of talking about a certain Ram-Dass, who had "fire enough in his belly to burn up the sins of all the world." Well, there is fire, or rather "go," enough in this one-

* *Doctor Claudius: a True Story.* By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan and Co. 1883.

volumed novel to cover all its crudities and imperfections, and it may be safely prescribed as an antidote for ennui, to all who are suffering from that self-imposed incubus. Why the author calls his cheery and chivalrous romance of modern life a "True Story," is not for us to say. It is clearly nothing of the kind, though an acute French proverb, which the Psychical Research Society might profitably take for its motto, warns against making probability the test of truth. "Le vraisemblable est la vérité pour les sots!" Why, certainly; but it is not for what Mr. Crawford tells, but for what he conceals, that we object to his title as a misnomer. His story has a hero, the biggest hero in the world, except himself, to adopt Swift's exegesis of "none but himself can be his parallel." Divinely tall and most divinely fair, with an eye like Mars and a front like Jove, with ten thousand pounds' worth of pearls and other "good gifts" in pocket, and with no one but a childless old uncle between himself and a "possibility," which the author is too shy to describe, but is something higher than a rich English dukedom. This distinguished person is found, when the curtain rises, calmly vegetating as a "privat-docent, in the University of Heidelberg, Graud Duchy of Baden, Germany." He has been at it now for ten years or so, "unduly consuming the midnight oil," getting pale of face and drawn of nose, the last, of course, "high aquiline." We mark these signs, because they justify some scepticism about an athletic feat of the Doctor's, which we shall quote by-and-by; but Mr. Crawford may claim the benefit of his assertion, *valeat quantum*, that in spite of the stiffening influences of privat-docent life, his hero's "stalwart frame was stronger and tougher in its manly proportions" than it had been in his stalwart days "when he handled schläger and sabre" *en maître*, and, "like a true son of Odin, drained the great horn of brown ale at a draught, and laughed through the foam on his yellow beard." Of the Doctor's studies we must speak more cautiously. He had "plunged into the vast sea of Kant, Spinoza, Hegel, because," says the author, enigmatically, "from the higher speculations of modern mathematics to the study of philosophy is but a step," yet he is still potteriug unintelligibly, only not unintelligeutly, over poor old *Sextus Empiricus*, when he 'gius to be aweary of his world. Pat, pat, on the instant comes a letter from New York, to inform him that he is his defunct uncle's heir, with dollars *ad libitum* to play with. Swift upon that comes his fate in a falling parasol, and a lovely Countess, with a voice like a trauscendental fog-horn. Unknown, she parts from him unknown; brief as the lightning in the night had she shone upon him,—"Hæret lateri lethalis aruudo!" Poor Dr. Claudius, like poor Dr. Faustus, knows himself no more. But there is a Mephistophiles for him too, in the shape of Mr. Silas B. Barker, Junior, of New York, whose father was the privat-docent's uncle's partner. And just as Mephistophiles, in Goethe's masterpiece, throws all the other characters into the shade, so Mr. Barker, as a flesh-and-blood entity, takes precedence of the other characters in this novel.

In drawing this specimen of the shoddy aristocrat, the author's foot is, so to speak, on his native heath, and his success is unmistakeable. Silas B. Barker, Juuior, would be strong enough, on his own merits, to give this tale the vogue which it deserves to obtain, were its "incidents" infinitely less "moving" than they are. Well, Mephistophiles crops Dr. Claudius's yellow mane, puts him *en règle* sartorially, aud introduces him right away to the fog-horn and parasol Countess; and, started on the old theme, Mr. Crawford does quite as well as could be expected. But he forces his hero to propose twice, and confines him to the same formula—an emphatic one, no doubt—when he tells the Countess for the second time that he loves her with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his streugth. The phrase, which is but a stolen peacock's feather, after all, and marred in the stealing, reminds us that Mr. Crawford is much too fond of reproducing the cadences of Scripture, but we have no space for verbal citicisms. The love affair ends happily, and the lucky Countess, besides receiving the American fortune which Dr. Claudius inherited from his uncle as pin-money, receives as a husband not Dr. Claudius, which was but a *nom de* something or other, neither *plume* nor *guerre*, for some high-and-mightiness whose exact position in the hierarchy of European potentates Mr. Crawford is too awestruck to disclose. Perhaps he is right, and in any case no harm accrues to his story, for although it is so bright and pleasant that it will be read from cover to cover without a yawn, we cannot fancy any reader troubling himself for a minute over the question whether Dr. Claudius was the son of the biggest big-wig in Sweden, or of the King of Sweden himself. We stand for the King ourselves, for we doubt if the "Duke" would have laid Dr. Claudius's certificate of birth, &c., down "with a certain reverence, as things he respected," if they had not been strongly flavoured with Royalty. For the "Duke" himself was no common Duke, but one whom Mr. Crawford, with all an American's sensitive regard for rank, has deferentially left anonymous. But we must protest, on behalf of that poor "Duke," an "honest Casca," if there ever was one, and married to boot, ought not to have been made to lose his heart to the Countess. But, of course, if the story is true, Mr. Crawford had no alternative. In that case, we hope the "Duke's" wife won't get hold of Doctor Claudius.

As a specimen of the author's lively narrative, we quote the athletic feat which we have referred to, and may add in conclusion that Mr. Crawford's dialogues are always excellent. He fails most where most fail, namely, in attempts at fine-writing, and as a sample of this we should take his description of the Countess's voice, which seems to us to justify an unsavoury comparison. But his dialogues are capital, and as far removed as possible from those of ordinary novels, where no one dreams of saying to the interlocutors, "Let them talk again," aud hopes rather that they will ever after hold their peace:—

"Claudius was a very large man, as has been said, and Barker did not believe it possible that he could drag his gigantic frame up the smooth mast beyond the shrouds. If it were possible, he was quite willing to pay his money to see him do so. Claudius put the woollen cap in his pocket, and began the ascent. The steamer was schooner-rigged, with topsail yards on the foremast, but there were no ratlines in the main-topmast shrouds, which were set about ten feet below the masthead. To this point Claudius climbed easily enough, using his arms and legs against the stiffened ropes. A shout from the Duke hailed his arrival. 'Now comes the tug of war,' said the Duke.—'He can never do it,' said Barker, confidently. But Barker had underrated the extraordinary strength of the man against whom he was betting. The Doctor was one of those natural athletes whose strength does not diminish for lack of exercise (*avis rarissima*). He pulled the cap out of his pocket and held it between his teeth as he gripped the smooth wood between his arms, and hands, and legs, and with firm and even motion he began to swarm up the bare pole. 'There, I told you so!' said Barker. Claudius had slipped nearly a foot back. 'He will do it yet!' said the Duke, as the climber clasped his mighty hands to the mast. He did not slip again, for his blood was up, and he could almost fancy his iron grip pressed deep into the wood. Slowly, slowly those last three feet were conquered, inch by inch, and the broad hand stole stealthily over the small wooden truck at the topmast-head till it had a firm hold, then the other, and with the two he raised and pushed his body up till the truck was opposite his breast. 'Skal to the Viking!' yelled old Harleson, the Swedish captain, his sunburnt face glowing with triumph, as Claudius clapped the woollen cap over the masthead.—'Well done, indeed, man!' bawled the Duke.—'Well,' said Barker, 'it was worth our money, anyhow.'"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Wigwam and the War-path. By Ascott R. Hope. (Blackie and Son.)—Mr. Hope has searched among the treasures of the past history of the American Colonies, and here presents his young readers—and, indeed, his readers need not be young, to enjoy such a book as this—with the result of his labours. His first story takes us back to Florida, in the early part of the sixteenth century; the next to Canada, about a hundred and fifty years later. There are seventeen of these tales in all; and we may say, without vouching any more than does the writer for the absolute correctness of their details, that they certainly give a very vivid picture of life among the Indians. In these strange people we see, not, indeed, the romantic creations of Fenimore Cooper, but something very different from the ordinary savage. They show traits which make a good foundation for romance. The two Pawnee chiefs (father and son), who, by a mixture of courage and prudence, abolished the custom of human sacrifice in their tribe, might easily be made by a skilful hand into another Chingachgook and Uncas. Mr. Hope's volume is notably good.

The Shoes of Fortune. By Hans C. Andersen. With a Biographical Sketch, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, LL.D. (Hogg.)—The tales, of course, we need not criticise; but we may say that the illustrations are not unworthy of them. They show something of the same graceful fancy which guided Andersen's pen. Of the singular personality of Andersen himself, we get a really valuable sketch. Dr. Mackenzie estimates him justly, we think, but not unkindly.

The Wings of Courage. Translated from the French of George Sand, by Mrs. Cookson. (Blackie and Son.)—There are two stories in this volume, the first and most important being a tale of Brittany, in

which the great French novelist has mingled fact and fancy in a very happy fashion. We feel sure that the lad who makes his home among the wild birds on the Breton cliffs is a real person; but he is skilfully idealised, and his story made into a genuine romance.

Poppies and Pansies. By Emma Marshall. (Nisbet.)—"Poppies" and "Pansies" represent two types of girls, which Miss Marshall describes with her wonted skill. The story is slight, but well told. Now and then a touch of humour relieves its seriousness. Mrs. Montague's dogs, for instance, make a welcome diversion. Pamela, the little heroine, is a very pleasing sketch.

Sir Valentine's Victory, and other Stories. By Emma Marshall. (Nisbet and Co.)—Sir Valentine finds himself dispossessed from his position as heir to his grandfather's estate and title by the sudden return of another grandson, supposed to have been long ago lost. The story tells us how he behaved himself under these circumstances, first refusing, and then learning, to bear his changed position. In the second tale we have a notable description of a football match, which does great credit to Miss Marshall's powers in a somewhat unexpected line.

The Court and the Cottage. By Emma Marshall. (Griffith and Farran.)—This is a sad story,—sad at least in the ending, when the girl who has been so wilful at the first comes to her right mind. But we suppose that it will be useful as an alterative bitter to the abundance of "sweet food" which young people get at this season.

In *Friends, though Divided* (Griffith and Farran), Mr. G. A. Henty goes back to the Civil War for the incidents of his story. The friends, as may be readily imagined, are drawn by circumstances to take opposite sides. This is a situation which readily lends itself, in the hands of a skilful artist such as is Mr. Henty, to the making of a good story; and such the reader will find *Friends, though Divided*, to be.

The Fate of Castle Löwengard. By Esmè Stuart. (Suttaby and Co.)—Castle Löwengard is the abode of a German baron of the old type, the baron who took toll, and something more than toll, of passing merchants, and trod down his peasants like dirt under his feet. Here, thanks to certain gracious influences, notably that of the Baron's ward, the Lady Ghita, the young Baron Engelbert grows up to a higher range of thoughts, to a noble discontent with his surroundings. Here we have one side of the story; the other has for its central figure, Martin Luther. We see him under the protection of the Elector Frederic of Saxony. His bold stand at the Diet of Worms, and his forced retirement in the Castle of the Wartburg, are among the scenes described. Here is abundant material for the writer, and Miss Esmè Stuart has used it well.

The Madman and the Pirate. By R. M. Ballantyne. (Nisbet and Co.)—We cannot pretend to check Mr. Ballantyne's account of Pacific islanders, missionaries, and pirates, who make up the *dramatis personæ* of this tale. We can only say that his narrative has a very romantic look, his pirate, in particular, having qualities which are, we fear, strange to pirates. Still, the tale is of a stirring kind, and its intention is excellent, though not always, we think, carried out with the best taste and judgment.

Picked Up at Sea, and other Stories. By J. C. Hutcheson. (Blackie and Son.)—The first of these stories is a curious mixture of land and water. The scene changes from the sea to a mining camp in the States; the Sioux appear on the scene; at last, "gold is found." In fact, we have the usual romance which has been told, *mutatis mutandis*, a thousand times before, and will be told a thousand times again. Two shorter stories complete the volume; the second, "David and Jonathan," being, we think, much the better.

Cissy's Troubles. By Darley Dale. (Nisbet and Co.)—Cissy, the heroine of this simple little story, is all the more attractive because she is "not too bright and good, &c." On the contrary, she has a distinct spice of wilfulness. But then, she is the very best of sisters. Her painful struggles with circumstances, when she is left to manage on the narrowest of incomes, are told with much pathos, which reaches its climax when she sells her wealth of beautiful hair to buy clothing for the young folk that are dependent on her.

How It All Came Round. By L. T. Meade. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—It is always a pleasure to read one of Miss Meade's tales, but we must repeat a wish that we have, we think, expressed before, that she would consult probabilities a little more. In the story before us, we have two brothers proving a will which leaves absolutely £1,200 a year to their half-sister, and then putting her off with the life-interest of £3,000. This they do, trusting that no one would examine the will. Taking for granted this impossibility, for it is really nothing less, we have a most interesting tale in *How It All Came Round.* The two Charlottes, "the rich Charlotte," daughter of one of the unjust brothers and niece to the other, and "the poor Charlotte," daughter of the dispossessed half-sister, are excellent characters. Our sympathies are very nicely divided between the two, while they go entirely with the "poor Charlotte's" unworldly husband, whose courage and unselfishness (which do not, however, keep him from some human feeling when he sees his children pining away before his eyes) give him a real nobility. We put this volume very high among the books of the season.

By Uphill Paths. By E. Van Sommer. (Nelson and Sons.)—This is a story of honest endeavour to do good, and teaches admirably that best of lessons,—that a man must not judge his work by the event, nor look to success as the test by which it is proved to have been well intended and well done. The paths which Frederic Fraser treads are often "up-hill" indeed, but he surmounts the difficulties bravely, and there is a blessing for him, and for those who help him in his way.

Lily and her Brothers. By "C. C. L." (Griffith and Farran.)—This is a simple chronicle, bearing every mark of being, what indeed it professes to be, a true chronicle of daily life. There is nothing especially eventful in "Lily's" experiences; yet the most ordinary experiences, if the writer knows how to deal with them, can become curiously interesting. "C. C. L." has something of this art, and has accordingly made out of quite commonplace incidents a very readable story.

Mrs. Temple's Grandchildren. By Evelyn Everett-Green. (Nisbet and Co.)—Dolly Temple and her brother Marmaduke come home from India, to be put under their grandmother's charge, when Dolly is to perform the function of a peace-maker, for the grandmother is sorely displeased at her son's marriage, and has never welcomed her daughter-in-law. How the unselfishness and patient affection of the little maiden—for the old woman's love is almost wholly given to the boy—display themselves, is very prettily described.

For *Chums, a Story for Youngsters*, by Harleigh Severne (Griffith and Farran), we cannot say much. The book is too big for the very small things which it has to relate. With half the length, it would, if a wearied critic may judge on such a point, have been far more acceptable, for it is simply told, and not without spirit and humour.

Paddy Finn; or, the Adventures of a Midshipman Afloat and Ashore, is a reprint of one of Mr. W. H. I. Kingston's capital stories. (Griffith and Farran.)

The Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch. By Talbot Baines Reed. (Religious Tract Society.)—This story is reprinted from the *Boys' Own Paper;* and, indeed, it well deserves a more extended life. The device of making a biographer of a watch, a ring, or the like, is not new, but it is serviceable. In this case, it has been employed with ingenuity and taste. The watch begins its career in the possession of one Charlie Newcome, a lad of thirteen—who ought, by the way, to have been above the *second* form in the school to which he is sent. At school, of course, the "idle apprentice" turns up, and comes to grief. Indeed, he appears at intervals throughout the book, till we have him at last a reformed character. In due time the watch, though not in the same ownership (this is no small convenience attaching to this particular machinery of fiction) proceeds to the University. Its new owner will afford the boy of the period a timely lesson against over-work, when he reads what befell George Reader, after he had been placed first in the First Class of the Classical Tripos. The watch then passes to an old school acquaintance, a judicious admixture of the athlete and the scholar, and from him, through the hands of a young Irish soldier, to its original owner. We can recommend this story with much confidence. It is well contrived, well written, free from affectation, and altogether wholesome in tone.

Among the Woblins. By Sydney Hodges. (Remington.)—Though this does not come up to our ideal of a fairy story, it is a brisk and pleasant tale, which will doubtless please its readers. The hero of Mr. Hodges' first tale, "Among the Gibjigs," reappears, and passes through some amazing adventures, being imprisoned in the land of Ogredom, and suffering and doing many things. The illustrations are good, notably that of the heads of the giants on p. 102.

Pilgrim Sorrow: a Cycle of Tales. By Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. Translated by Helen Zimmern. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The Queen of Roumania has achieved some literary distinction, under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva." And, indeed, these tales show some considerable power of composition, and are written in a graceful style, to which Miss Zimmern has contrived to do justice in her translation. But they are coloured with a hue that is not unlike pessimism. We do not wish young folk to think that this is the best of all possible worlds; but the melancholy of "Carmen Sylva's" tales is more unwholesome, we cannot but think, than even the most unseasonable lightheartedness.

An edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, by John Major (Chatto and Windus) comes recommended by illustrations of George Cruikshank's; and by "A Poet's Memories of Robinson Crusoe," from the pen of Bernard Barton.

Two Little Waifs. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. (Macmillan and Co.)—One of the reasons why we can so truly call Mrs. Molesworth's stories charming, is that they are read

with as much delight by the old as by the young. The present writer confesses to a preference for those stories of this author which tell of every-day life, rather than for her fairy stories. There is much beauty and play of fancy in the latter, but their authoress seems even more at home, and more graphic therefore, in her descriptions of the real life of little children. We do not know that she will ever write anything more delightful than "Carrots," or the history of "A Christmas Child," which we know to have been read and reread, with ever fresh interest and pleasure. Nevertheless, we sincerely admire the *Two Little Waifs*. It is not our purpose to tell the public how the tiny hero and the young heroine became little waifs, because we intend every one to read the story in Mrs. Molesworth's own words, or remain in unhappy ignorance; but we do not mind their discovering just one item of their adventures, and rejoicing in the evidence that at least they fell into kind hands when they met with the old French dame, in Paris, who was so puzzled and embarrassed by the conscientious little heroine's adhesion, under very difficult circumstances, to the English custom of daily ablutions. The old Frenchwoman is dressing the little boy, when his sister Gladys interferes and makes her understand with much difficulty what is wanted:—

"'Ah, yes, to be sure,' Madame Nestor exclaimed, her face lighting up, 'I understand now, my little lady. All in good time—you shall have water to wash your face and hands as soon as you are dressed. But let me get this poor little man's things on quickly. It is cold this morning.' She began to take off Roger's nightgown and to draw on his little flannel vest, to which *he* would have made no objection, but Gladys got scarlet with vexation. 'No, no,' she cried, 'he must be washed *first*. If you haven't got a bath, you might anyway let us have a basin and some water. Roger, you *are* a dirty boy. You might join me, and then perhaps she'd do it.' Thus adjured, Roger rose to the occasion. He slipped off Madame Nestor's knee, and stepping out of his nightgown began an imaginary sponging of his small person. But it was cold work, and Madame Nestor seeing him begin to shiver grew really uneasy, and again tried to get him into his flannels. 'No, no,' said Roger, in his turn—he had left off crying now—even the cold wasn't so bad as Gladdie calling him a dirty boy. Besides who could tell whether, somehow or other, Miss Susan might not come to hear of it? Gladys might write her a letter. 'No, no,' repeated Roger valorously, 'we must be washed *first*.' 'You too,' said Madame Nestor in despair; 'ah, what children!' But her good-humour did not desert her. Vaguely understanding what they meant—for recollections began to come back to her mind of what Léonie's mother used to tell her of the manners and customs of *her* nurseries—she got up, and smiling still, though with some reproach, at her queer little guests, she drew a blanket from the bed and wrapped it round them, and then opening the door she called downstairs to the little servant to bring a basin and towel and hot water. But the little servant did not understand, so after all the poor old lady had to trot downstairs again herself. 'My old legs will have exercise enough,' she said to herself, 'if the Papa does not come soon. However!' 'I'm sure she's angry,' whispered Roger to Gladys inside the blanket, 'we needn't have a bath *every* day, Gladdie.' 'Hush,' said Gladys sternly. I'm *not* going to let you learn to be a dirty boy. If we can't have a bath, we may at least be *washed*.'"

Beyond drawing aside the curtain thus far, we shall only say that the little Waifs are very good, patient and conscientious, and go through their troubles with more gentle philosophy than ninety-nine grown-up people out of a hundred would exhibit, and that they show as much common-sense in their proceedings as is possible to the few years which they can boast when we are introduced to them. It is one of the greatest enigmas of life that very little children have to go through so much suffering, anxiety and fear—sometimes even agony, both bodily and mental—and it is doubly sad when the commonest thoughtfulness, judgment or kindness of their seniors might save them from it. Many of those who take care of children have, one would think, no memory, and are unable to recall what they must frequently have suffered themselves; for we hope that it is very rarely that any one deems it wisdom to let children go through painful discipline that might be spared, on the ground that the consequent suffering will bring with it a useful experience. Further, let us remark, what strikes us more and more every day, that the glaring distinctions made between children and older people are frequently mistakes. What does the common phrase, "It is only a child," mean? "The child is father of the man." There is often as much sense, wit, and patience in the children as in the grown-up people; yet there is much risk of their losing these characteristics, because they are so frequently at the mercy of persons who do not in the least understand what is in them. The hearts of the old are usually softer, and Mrs. Molesworth gives us a fine picture—probably drawn from life—of a gentle old lady, much loved by the little Waifs, to whom "the saddest part of dying was over when she had said good-bye to her little favourites." Old people and young children draw together in a wonderful way. The present writer knew of a little two-year-old child—devoted to its grandmother—who, when deprived of her care and presence by her illness and death, died also on the same day, having refused all food not administered by her. Mrs. Molesworth has done much to enlighten us as to the working of little children's minds, and there is plenty of room for yet more good work in the same direction. It is not usual for Mrs. Molesworth to lift the curtain that hides the future of her little protégées. But she does it in this story, to our great contentment. Mr. Crane does not study with sufficient care the details of the scenes which he professes to represent. *His* Waifs are much further apart in age than Mrs. Molesworth's. Mr. Crane adds nearly half-a-dozen years to those assigned to the little heroine by her biographer. Save for this defect, the pictures are good and pretty, and carefully drawn; but they are not "illustrations," in the proper sense of the word.

Novels.—*Juliet*. 3 vols. (Bentley and Son.)—There is a merit in the style of this tale which far exceeds any deserving that we can find in the tale itself. It *has* a style, itself no small distinction, when we compare it with piles of entirely vapid and undistinguished writing that issues month after month from the press. Other gifts besides that of style the author possesses; there is the sense of beauty, the power of drawing a picture in a few lines, and no small feeling for character. As for the story, it certainly is not attractive. It is really the history of a male flirt. Oliver Ormrod wins the heart of Molly Murdoch, a fair maid of Wherndale, without any thought of giving his own in return. He himself loves another fair maid, one Juliet Laybourne, and is beloved by her. And lo! the nemesis comes upon him from a third, who is neither very fair nor very dear, but will have her own way, and has it. By a retribution, this time, Oliver is not the one most to blame. The girl seeks him, and he flirts with her almost because he cannot help it. Juliet has discovered his first love, and condoned it; but when she comes upon plain evidence of the second, her patience is exhausted. She renounces the faithless one, and falls back with what we cannot but think a somewhat imprudent and undignified haste on a certain old friend, old enough, we gather, to be her father, who is fortunately at hand at the time. Molly, too, reconciles herself to her fate, and in a somewhat more satisfactory fashion, and the story ends with the customary marriage bells, and the discovery, almost as customary, that the hero is something a great deal better than we had thought him. The unknown author (who promises very well, indeed, if this is, as we suppose, her first work) lays, we observe, the scene of her story in Wherndale, somewhere, we presume, in the North of England. She is, as she gives us reason to think, an observer of nature, and we conclude, therefore, that they have their hay harvest in June in the Dales.—— *Eugenia*. By William Money Hardinge. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—*Eugenia* is, we suppose, a study of life after the manner of M. Zola. The heroine is the very perfection of womanhood, pure in mind, sound in body, beautiful, strong, wise, arrived, too, at years when the judgment is supposed to be mature (she is as much as twenty-eight, almost old age for heroines), and she falls in love, and that in a moment, at the very first glance, with the most unmitigated cad that ever novelist ventured to introduce to his readers. And why? Because he is strong. He is not the demigod sort of hero. He looks like a fine specimen of a private soldier—indeed, by the standard of the officer, he is wanting—and he never utters a word that is not instinct with selfishness and vulgarity; and yet, because he is big and strong, this noble heroine falls down and worships him. She does not even idealise him. She sees his brutality, and it offends her; but the animal attraction of the creature is simply overpowering to her. It is true that she gives him up; he is poor, she thinks, and he must marry for money. But the offence of the whole thing, which is carried into details which it was a pain to read, and which we will not shock our readers by reproducing, remains the same.—— *Pearla*. By M. Betham-Edwards. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—It is a relief to get into the pleasant and wholesome atmosphere which Miss Edwards creates for her readers. Nor does it trouble us to think that some of the circumstances of her story are a little unreal. Pearla is the widow of an impossible governor of a quite impossible island in the Pacific, and comes home to take charge of her only son, who for some years has been under the care of a tutor. The tutor has a romance of his own, having refused an estate because it was burdened with the charge of building a Roman Catholic chapel. The lady finds herself very much indebted to the tutor for his care in the past, and very dependent upon him for his help in the future. Hence the beginnings of another romance. Meanwhile, the son grows up; an old affection of his boyish days developes into something serious, and we have romance the fourth. We shall not follow the story in detail. Its chief interest lies not so much in the plot as in the working-out of the characters and scenes which it describes. Garland, the man of letters, is a particularly interesting figure, and his family life, with its simplicity and unity of affection, an attractive sketch. There is a pleasant little glimpse of student life in London, a subject which might, we fancy, be made more of than has been hitherto done. Altogether, *Pearla* is a pleasant and readable novel. ——*George Elvaston*. By Mrs. Lodge. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)—The story opens with the burning of the Elizabethan mansion of the Elvastons and with the death of its owner. We are sorry to lose Mr. Elvaston so soon, as he expresses himself admirably in the grand style which is so usual in the country squire. "Can this dread of something to appear from the unseen world, which has taken posses-

sion of me, be an admonition of approaching dissolution?" Then he collects his courage,—"Bah, man, this is but coward fancy! What but the weird looks of the ancient Elvastons put death into thy head? What sign of decay is there in this robust frame? What disease lurks in thy vitals, threatening to cut short thy span of life? None. Why, then, art thou afraid?" But his family have still more reason to regret his death. He has married his deceased wife's sister, and his children cannot inherit, the law not taking the view of their union which Mrs. Lodge attributes afterwards to one of her characters, who "regarded a marriage with a deceased wife's sister *in the same light as he did that of his own*" (we should like to set the words in italics as an exercise in translation). Irene Elvaston, who is really the heroine of the story, loses her lover, the device of intercepting and even forging letters being used with a boldness seldom seen in fiction, by a lady whose glittering blue eye has meant mischief all along. Thus deserted, Irene goes out as a governess, but, as is only too likely, beauty walks "hand-in-hand with anguish," the males of her employers' families making haste to fall in love with her. One of these males she marries,—"If he will take me, beggared as I am in love, in name, and fortune, I will accept him as my destiny." This does not sound promising. Robert Lindford—that is the husband's name—turns out furiously jealous, and makes his wife endure incalculable miseries. When she has had as much as possible piled upon her, George Elvaston, who has been trying to run a "first-class daily paper" on what was left of £5,000 after paying his debts, "becomes the sport of outrageous fortune." But we have said enough. If these stories, wholly remote as they are from life as we know it, must be written, why not lay the scene in some remote land,—say, among the Patagonians? It may be true to nature there, but we know that it is not so here.

Messrs. Letts have sent us their convenient diaries for 1884,—the Russia Pocket-book, containing a pocket diary; the Tablet Diary, containing notices of important commercial events; the smaller, larger, and largest Rough Diaries or "scribbling" journals; the Office Diary and Almanack; the Housekeeper's Diary; and various Calendars for hanging up. They are, as usual, thoroughly serviceable, and very neat and commodious in form.

Messrs. Meissner and Buch, of Leipzig, have sent us, through their agent, Mr. W. G. Wallis (112 Fleet Street, E.C.), a box of Christmas and New Year Cards, which consist chiefly of very elaborately painted flowers, though containing also occasional figure pieces adapted to the time of year. The cards are carefully executed, and sometimes in very delicate colours.

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The Spectator

FOR THE

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IT is by no means certain that M. Ferry is to win, after all. The result of the division on the Vote of Credit, taken on Friday, has not yet reached us; but it was believed on Thursday night that it would be accompanied with a severe censure. In spite of the weight of the Yellow Book, six hundred pages of close print, the Deputies have picked out the plums, and have discovered that they have been egregiously deceived. Not only has China all along threatened war if Tonquin were occupied; but M. Bourée, the French Ambassador at Pekin, constantly and pointedly informed his Government that the menace was a reality. M. Bourée even described the steps which the Chinese Government would take, explained that no rush could now be made on Pekin in face of the formidable earthworks thrown up, and finally, risked recall by telling his superiors that they were ignorant of the most essential facts. Reading these statements, the Deputies acknowledge that they have been tricked into risking a war with China. Of course, they do not acknowledge that most of the facts were public before, and that in trusting M. Ferry, they were, partly at least, blinded by their own desire to get a tropical estate for nothing.

It is almost impossible to understand the motives of M. Challemel-Lacour and M. Ferry in thus deceiving the public. They cannot have wanted a war with China, yet they did all they could to provoke one, and this in the teeth of their own Agents' warnings. We suspect they both believed that war might come, but that if they could conquer Tonquin, France would be delighted, and could easily defend the province against a Chinese invasion. It seems certain that the most peremptory orders to act were sent to the Military and Naval chiefs in Tonquin, and that the Government does not even now understand why Bacninh is not taken. The Departments entirely under-rated the extent of the local resistance to be expected, the losses which would be incurred before the advance could be attempted, and the reluctance of their officers to risk defeat. The history of the affair, even should it end in a compromise, will not raise European opinion as to the efficiency of the French administrative machine. There is a want of imagination visible in the central Bureaux, while their orders, at a certain distance, lose their force. Is there, perchance, any secret wish anywhere that the Republic should not be solidified by success?

Lord Hartington, in his speech this day week at Accrington, stated that, in pointing out some of the difficulties attending [illegible] Franchise Bill at Manchester, he had expressly said [illegible] he did not suppose them insuperable; but now he inferred that if he were found to concur in such a Reform Bill as the country evidently expects, it would be triumphantly asserted that the Whigs had been beaten by the Radical section of the Cabinet. He was entirely indifferent to that accusation. He admitted that the Whigs had never been the leaders in Reform, but he did claim for them that by accepting Reform in time they had always been able to moderate it, and to prevent its being too violent or too abrupt. He passed from that subject to the charge of Sir Richard Cross, that the blunders of the present Administration had been so unparalleled that eleven nights were necessarily expended in discussing them in the debate on the Address. Lord Hartington remarked that unparalleled blunders might easily be exposed in a much shorter time; it was only acts capable of a double interpretation,—of defence as well as of attack,—which needed so very long to expose. He showed that in India the present Administration had saved for public works large sums which the late Administration had recklessly expended on a most unjust and unprofitable war; and that in Ireland, so far from the present Administration having purchased the support of the disloyal Members by the Arrears Bill, they had alienated the support of those very Members by introducing the Crimes Bill before they introduced that Arrears Bill, which was said to be the purchase-money for an adhesion never received.

With regard to our foreign relations, Lord Hartington gave evidence that there is none of that coolness between England and Germany which the Conservatives delight to suppose and to condemn. This was what he said:—"Our relations with Germany are perfectly cordial and perfectly friendly, and in proof of that I may perhaps tell you, what will be a satisfaction to many of you, that even within a very few days we have received from the German Government an intimation that they are willing to co-operate with us for the protection of their and of our subjects, and of their and our interests in China, in the event of our countrymen or our interests being brought into any peril by the state of the relations between France and China." This passage has been strangely misunderstood to suggest that Germany and England have entered into some quasi-hostile combination against France, which is quite a mistake. Not Germany and England only, but all the neutral States concerned commercially with China, have agreed to help each other in protecting subjects of their respective States, from any violence to which the excitement in China might expose them. We conclude that if France should declare a blockade of the Chinese ports, the neutral States would insist,—as they have always insisted in such cases,—that the blockade should be effective, and not merely nominal; but this certainly is not the primary object of the interchange of friendly assurances, but rather the wish to protect Europeans against the dangers of Chinese massacre.

Sir John Lubbock, who spoke after Lord Hartington, made an admirable joke, in the opening of his speech. He said that the great cataract of invective to which the Government had been exposed, and to which Lord Hartington had referred, reminded him of the criticism passed by a Yankee publican on Niagara, who, after attentively regarding for some time the mighty rush of waters, said that it would be all very fine if it was not "for the poverty of the material." Sir John then proceeded to expose the poverty of the material of which the Conservative cataract and the Tory rapids are composed, directing his remarks specially to the accusations of increase in expenditure. He did not think Conservatives would complain of the extra quarter of a million granted from the Imperial Exchequer in relief of local rates, for that was their own doing; he did not think they would complain of the £600,000 additional for Irish Police, for that was their own policy; he did not think they would complain of the additional £400,000 for education, for that was a policy approved by both parties. He went on to remark on the apparently striking effect produced by education in diminishing the number of juvenile offenders. In 1856, long before the Education Act, the number of juvenile offenders committed for indictable offences was 14,000; in 1866, still before the Education Act, but not before great efforts had been made to improve

education, it had fallen to 9,000. In 1876, it was 7,000; in 1881, 5,500; so that a steady diminution in juvenile crime goes on *pari passu* with the increased attention paid to elementary education.

Lord Salisbury made a lively speech at Watford on Thursday. He directed his remarks chiefly to badgering Lord Hartington. Lord Hartington, he said, wished to make the House of Lords into a kind of political parish clerk, that should always respond with an "Amen" to the wishes of the House of Commons. For his own part, whenever that state of things should come about, he held that the time to abolish the House of Lords would have arrived. Indeed, Lord Salisbury evidently thinks that it is much better for the House of Lords to swear a round oath, first, that they will see the House of Commons damned before they agree with them, and then, on second thoughts, to substitute a sulky "Amen," than to say "Amen" at once, without sulks. Lord Salisbury then went on to remark on "the bold and high-falutin' language in which Mr. Chamberlain treats his colleague," and on "the bated breath and humble whispering with which Lord Hartington responds." His own wishes, said Lord Salisbury, were all with Lord Hartington; but if he were a betting man, he should certainly give odds on the success of Mr. Chamberlain. After badgering Lord Hartington, Lord Salisbury had very little more left to say, but he said it in a good many words. It was chiefly to the effect that the Tories dislike all organic changes, and think they interfere with remedial legislation, about which they are very anxious, though, while they were in office, they appeared to be,—with the exception, perhaps, of Sir R. Cross,—profoundly indifferent.

We deeply regret to find that Mr. Goschen has declined the Speakership, in consequence of the shortness of his sight, which, it is thought, would interfere seriously with the adequate discharge of his duties. All parties would have welcomed cordially the accession of Mr. Goschen to the Chair. Mr. A. Peel has been since thought of for Speaker, and it is believed that he has not yet decided whether to be put in nomination, or to decline to be nominated. Mr. A. Peel is a moderate Liberal, and is generally liked and respected. But for an office of this kind, he is an unknown quantity. Even the oldest Members of Parliament are as ignorant as external politicians whether he has the highest qualifications for the office, or only moderate qualifications for it, or no special qualifications at all. If he accepts the nomination, he will at least show that he has confidence in his own power to administer a very critical function well, and that will be one good reason for hoping that he is the right man; for no one has ever attributed political conceit to Mr. Arthur Peel.

The Delegates from the Australian Colonies, New Zealand, and Fiji met at Sydney on November 28th, to consider the question of Federation. The debates are secret, but by December 5th the Conference had agreed unanimously to the following seven resolutions:—1. That any new settlement of a foreign Power anywhere in the South Pacific would be injurious to Australia and the British Empire. 2. That the Conference believes her Majesty's Government will promptly adopt the most effectual measures for preventing such settlement. 3. That so much of New Guinea should be incorporated as is not claimed by the Government of the Netherlands. 4. That the British Government should, as agreed with France, respect the independence of the New Hebrides, but should endeavour to acquire them by negotiation. 5. That the Australian Governments represented in Conference will endeavour to provide for their share of the expense of carrying out these resolutions. 6. That the Conference protests in the strongest manner against the French project for sending convicts to the South Pacific, and asks Government to interfere. 7. That "this Convention expresses the confident hope that no penal settlement for the reception of European criminals will long continue to exist in the Pacific, and invites her Majesty's Government to make to the Government of France such serious representations on this subject as may be deemed expedient." These resolutions amount to a claim to control the whole Southern Pacific, and to tolerate no rival there, a claim which would seem extravagant, but that Federated Australia will in a few years be able to enforce it.

The rank and file of the Democrat majority in Congress have revolted against their leaders, in the interest of Free-trade. Those leaders wished to elect Mr. Randall as Speaker of the House, but at a previous meeting or caucus, the Western and Southern Members gave 106 votes to Mr. Carlisle, the Kentuckian Free-trader, while Mr. Randall only received 56. Mr. Carlisle was consequently elected; and it is believed that the Democrat party is inclined to make Free-trade its cry during the election for the Presidency next year. So great has been the agitation, that immediate legislation against the Tariff was feared; and the Eastern Democrats, who are Protectionists, formed themselves into a group to resist serious reductions. As the Senate is still Protectionist, and the President Republican, nothing important can be done; but the weight of the West and South will probably overbear all resistance. The planters and farmers are growing weary of paying immense prices in order to make the fortunes of manufacturing corporations, which have persuaded their artisans that without Protection wages must inevitably go down. The struggle will probably be severe, but that it should begin is hopeful, both parties having hitherto avoided this issue.

Mr. Folger, the Republican Secretary to the Treasury, while declining to recommend immediate reduction of the Tariff, except in the matter of wools for carpets, admits that the country does not desire a reduction in the internal revenue duties on alcohol and tobacco. The revenue, at the same time, is so large, that the surplus applicable to the reduction of Debt will this year, after all the efforts made to deplete the Treasury, be £17,000,000 sterling, and ultimately the revenues of the nation must be limited by lowering the duties on imports. Mr. Folger repudiates all plans for distributing the surplus revenue of the country among the States for any purpose whatever, declaring that "it is not the legitimate function of the Federal Government to raise taxes in order to give them to the States." This sharp official snub is directed against the proposal to assign to each State a grant-in-aid proportioned to the ignorance found still prevailing among its citizens. Mr. Folger would continue to pay off Debt, but would ask the nation to pay all pilotage dues, and either to allow foreign ships to be bought free of duty, or to grant bounties upon all cargoes carried in American bottoms.

Mr. Childers has made two speeches at Pontefract this week, of the solidly-instructive kind. In the first, on Wednesday, he told his audience that the recruiting difficulty was over, the rate of enlistment having risen again to 37,000 a year. After mentioning the new pressure on the Exchequer, of which we have spoken elsewhere, he pointed out that fifteen years ago the taxation of the country amounted to £2 0s. 10d. a head, while now it is only £2 0s. 1d. That is to say, taxation has declined, although the cost of education has risen from 9d. to 2s. 3d. a head, that of grants-in-aid to local burdens from 1s. 5d. to 3s. 1d., and that of paying off Debt from 1s. 7d. to 3s. 8d. a head. Whatever the mismanagement, therefore, the mismanagement has not been in the way of extravagance. In Ireland, he believed the Government were within measurable distance of a settlement under the Land Act, which within a year will have done its work. Crime is ceasing, and emigration, especially from the congested districts, taking a wholesale character, 100,000 persons departing this year. He could not reveal the future plans of the Cabinet, for they were not yet decided; but two groups of plans would certainly be brought forward, the reform of the representation, and the grant of municipal institutions to London, two changes which will constitute "the most momentous advance of our administrative and representative systems made in fifty years."

Mr. Childers devoted his second speech, at Knottingley on Thursday, mainly to Reform and the rehousing of the poor. He thought parties were approximating about reform, both of them admitting that household suffrage must be extended to the counties, and that there must be a large measure of redistribution. The contention now was mainly about details,—a view which we fear Mr. Childers will find to be too sanguine. He pointed out, with immense effect on his audience, that if redistribution were to be arranged on the principles laid down by Sir Stafford Northcote in Ulster, the claim of the West Riding and Lancashire would be irresistible. That district contains nearly one-sixth of the popula of the United Kingdom, and more than one-sixth of the electors, while its property is over one-seventh; yet it returns only fifty-five Members, instead of more than one hundred. Mr. Childers did not, as we understand him, recommend redistribution on this basis, he only stated the facts. As regards the rehousing

of the poor, he believed that the existing law was nearly sufficient, if it were only worked; that it would be worked in the provincial cities, but that it would not be worked in London until we had a strong central municipality. He thanked Lord Salisbury heartily for the "signal opportunity" which he had afforded the Government of dealing with this great subject.

It is reported, apparently on authority, that the Government has succeeded in making a Commercial Treaty with Spain. Spain is to admit British goods under the most-favoured-nation clause, while Great Britain is to admit Spanish wines at the low rate of duty up to thirty degrees of alcoholic strength. The arrangement pleases Spanish statesmen, who are pressed by their wine-growers, and who want large imports for the sake of revenue; but we would advise British manufacturers not to be too trustful. The treaty will displease the French, who want to sell claret, not port, and who can apply pressure at Madrid; and it will irritate Protectionist Catalonia to frenzy. There is a lull for a moment, because the German Crown Prince is the guest of Spain; but the moment he goes, the attack on the Herrera Ministry, and its reforms and its tariffs, will be most severe. The pivot of power is the King, but he will not want to shell Barcelona.

On Tuesday, Mr. Chamberlain spoke at Wolverhampton, chiefly on the county franchise. He said that he was completely unaware of the divisions in the Cabinet of which the newspapers said so much. "To the best of my belief, every member of the Cabinet is anxiously pursuing the same general objects, is governed by the same principles, and is actuated by the same loyalty to the great chief whose long experience and commanding ability entitle him to influence and authority among his colleagues, and whose long-tried sympathy with the popular rights has given him the confidence and the admiring affection of the great majority of his countrymen." Mr. Chamberlain went on to argue for the right of Ireland to a full share in the proposed electoral Reform, in language which we have elsewhere quoted and dwelt upon; and then he insisted on the advisability of separating the Franchise Bill from the Redistribution Bill. This was right as a matter of principle, because whether the Redistribution Bill were bad for its Radicalism or for its Conservatism, whether it went too far or did not go far enough, still the county householders were entitled to their vote. Doubtless, without Redistribution, that vote would give them but a small fraction of the power they ought to have. Still, the fact that they were entitled to more power than it would give, was no good excuse for refusing them as much as it would give. As to Redistribution, Mr. Chamberlain pointed out that in the House of Commons forty Members for certain constituencies represent a quarter of a million of persons, while forty other Members represent more than six millions and a quarter; so that the six millions are thrown in, as it were, to be represented implicitly, and not explicitly by any representative machinery at all. As for the Lords rejecting the Franchise Bill, Mr. Chamberlain expressed a pious hope that the nobility might be endued, in the language of the Church, "with grace, wisdom, and understanding."

Mr. Trevelyan made a very remarkable speech on Tuesday at Kelso, on the extension of household franchise to the counties. He spoke with a certain fire of enthusiasm on behalf of the population of Northumberland and Roxburghshire, which is at present unenfranchised and has no influence in Parliament. That population, he said, "in physical health and stature, in material comfort, in independence of character, and in solid, intelligent, well-informed interest in public affairs, is inferior to no population in the world." And a household franchise was needful not only to give the many unenfranchised their due, but to save the few enfranchised from the nuisance of being canvassed by all sorts of squires, clergymen, factors, and fine ladies, who come and sit down in the voter's parlour, and refuse to leave till he has promised his vote. Multiply these few voters by five, and all this political teasing and persecution must cease. Of Mr. Trevelyan's views in relation to the Irish share in the franchise we have spoken at length elsewhere, but we may add here that Mr. Trevelyan gives his voice most emphatically for settling the Franchise question before the Redistribution question is even touched, and that he is warmly opposed to letting any one vote for a county who is not a resident in that county. Mr. Trevelyan spoke with as much fire and elevation as if he had not been oppressed for a year and a half with the most responsible work which it is possible for man to undertake. He rises daily in the esteem and confidence of the public.

Mr. Trevelyan also made a speech of great mark on Thursday at Galashiels, in which he defended the Irish policy of the Government against the criticisms both of men like Messrs. Biggar and Healy, who say rather what their audiences wish them to say, than what they have evidence to prove; and also against the Orangemen, who accuse the Irish Government of being in league with the party of Messrs. Biggar and Healy. What Mr. Biggar says is of no account at all; but Mr. Healy is a man of remarkable ability, and when he declared that if the gaols and workhouses in Ireland were big enough to imprison the whole Irish people, Mr. Trevelyan would be so pleased that he would not care even to exile them to the New World, he knew what he was about, though he did not believe what he said. The truth is that there never was heartier service given to Ireland than Lord Spencer's and Mr. Trevelyan's, and Irishmen are beginning to understand this. They now pay their rents willingly; boycotting has almost ceased; the tenants are beginning to spend a great deal in improvements, the demand for building materials for cattle-sheds and cottages growing brisker every day; and there are signs all over the country that the minute attention to small matters, on which the success of the petty system of agriculture depends, is rapidly increasing.

The news from the Soudan is not encouraging. It is now certain that the Egyptian Army has perished, owing, as we suspected, to thirst and the total failure of ammunition, and that the natives consider the victory to settle the Mahdi's claims. On December 5th, a dervish entered Sennaar, and swore on the Koran that not a soldier of General Hicks's army had been left alive in Kordofan. Five thousand of the people at once armed themselves and declared for the Mahdi, and this province also may be considered lost. It will be the same at Khartoum, and General Baker, if he fights his way from Suakim—which, in the temper of his troops, is doubtful—will arrive too late. Fortunately, the British authorities in Egypt are not hopeful, and are taking the wise course of throwing up works at Assouan, the lowest point on the river at which the British Army can interfere. They leave the Soudan to the Egyptian Government, and that Government has appointed Zebehr Pasha, the king of slave-dealers, its supreme agent in Kordofan. The notion is to pit his local influence against the spiritual influence of the Mahdi, and it will probably fail.

An Under-Sheriff of London and Middlesex, writing to Wednesday's *Times*, makes the occasional awkwardness of the hangman, and the consequent suffering of the victim, a plea for abolishing capital punishment altogether. A plea it may be, but it is a very, very weak one. These sensational scenes, seldom more than a few seconds in duration, are most repulsive, and most unfortunate in their general effect; but you might just as well determine the rightness or wrongness of war by the incidental horrors of a battle-field, and the rightness or wrongness of using wood in housebuilding by the incidental horrors of a great fire, as determine such a question as capital punishment by arguments of this class. If capital punishment is right, it is right because it alone expresses adequately the horror of the community for a special class of crimes, and because it alone inspires a certain exceptional awe and dread in the minds of brutal men.

The death, at a comparatively early age, of Dr. Richey, Q.C., Professor of Feudal and English Law in the University of Dublin, has created a profound sensation of regret amongst all men of culture in that city. Singularly well informed (especially in the literature and records of the middle-ages), and master of whatever he took in hand, Dr. Richey combined with great historical discernment an almost total freedom from passion. His writings on subjects connected with the history and archæology of Ireland are marked by such unruffled calmness of reason, that they have not only given offence to no party, but have won the praise of Celt and Saxon alike. His prefaces to the volumes of the Brehon law, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, show how thoroughly he had mastered the foundations of ancient jurisprudence. Ireland can ill spare a man of this type.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 100⅜ to 100½ x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MINISTERS ON THE COUNTY FRANCHISE.

IN spite of Lord Hartington's warning against pressing on measures before the difficulties which they involve have been fully encountered, we fancy we may assume, not only from the apologetic tone of his speech of last Saturday, but from the confident manner in which both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan pushed aside last Tuesday the objection to extending the representation of Ireland, that at least no hints have been given from the highest quarters which would stop the mouths of those who prefer settling the county franchise first and the question of redistribution of electoral power afterwards, and who insist that Ireland shall be treated on exactly the same principles as Great Britain in reference to the question of representation. The speech of Mr. Trevelyan at Kelso was indeed a speech of great moment, coming as it did from the Minister who is actually the mouthpiece of the Irish Government in the House of Commons. It is simply impossible, we think, that such a speech could have been made, if there had been the least reluctance on the part of the Prime Minister to permit the extension of the Reform Bill, whatever it be, to Ireland. "The very worst recipe," says Mr. Trevelyan, with convincing force as well as complete frankness, "for keeping Ireland at peace is to doctor its representation in a manner which everybody who gains or loses by it knows to be grossly unjust." And, referring to Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal to redistribute representative power in Ireland not with reference to population, but with reference to the *existing* electorates, he says, "Such a scheme of redistribution would, in my opinion, immensely aggravate the difficulties of Ireland." That is virtually a declaration by the Minister who best knows Lord Spencer's mind, and who vindicates Lord Spencer's Government of Ireland in the House of Commons, that any attempt to treat Ireland in the new Reform Bill on principles which we decline to apply to England, will involve those serious dangers to which Lord Hartington himself alluded as probably too great to encounter, even at the very moment when he was insisting on the aversion which many Englishmen would feel for any step which strengthened the party of Irreconcileables in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain, at Wolverhampton, took up a position quite as strong as Mr. Trevelyan at Kelso, though, of course, the President of the Board of Trade, Cabinet Minister though he be, hardly speaks on a question of this kind with the authority of the Irish Secretary. "There are some people," he says, "who are very indignant whenever any one in authority admits that the Irish people have still some causes for dissatisfaction. I will put the state of the case before you, and I will appeal to you, whether, patient as you are, enduring as you are, you would tolerate, without murmuring, such a sham, such a fraud, such a transparent imposture, as the present Irish Parliamentary system? In Great Britain, that is, in England and Scotland, one person in ten of the population has a vote, and we think the number too few. But in Ireland, only one person in twenty-five is on the Register. In England and Scotland, of the adult males, three out of eight are electors; in Ireland, it is only one in six. The political condition of Ireland at the present moment is not so favourable in this respect as the political condition of England and Scotland was before the last Reform Bill. Sixteen years have passed since then, and we have been complaining ever since. We have said that that settlement was altogether inadequate and insufficient; yet our Irish fellow-subjects have not even at this moment attained to the point which sixteen years ago we thought to be altogether insufficient. I do not believe that, if this inequality had existed in either England or Scotland, it would have been tolerated so long. To perpetuate it now would be to justify disaffection in Ireland, and to put into the mouths of the leaders of the National party the strongest argument they would have for separation, because it would show the impossibility of obtaining justice from the British Parliament. It would be to stimulate and to give fresh vigour to the agitation which it is our interest to allay and to put an end to." We do not for a moment suppose that by refusing to give the leaders of the Home-rule party an additional excuse for agitation, we shall "allay" or "put an end to" their bitter disaffection. We do not doubt that the extension of household franchise to Ireland must result in a very large immediate accession to the strength of the party now called Irreconcileable. But whether it will be nearly so dangerous for purposes of mischief when it is strong—strong for every purpose except that of separation—as it is now that it is weak, is a very different question. In our belief, adequate strength—explicit strength, as distinguished from implicit or merely latent strength—always makes a party more, instead of less reasonable; more willing to face conspicuous facts, and to compromise what it cannot conquer. The mere fact of having all its strength, and also all its points of weakness, fully displayed, fully evident to all the world, tends to prevent that half-mystical obstinacy which is founded on a belief that there is far greater force beneath the surface than is visible on the surface. If we are to reckon with the Irish people, as sooner or later we must, let us, in the name of common-sense, know exactly what the Irish people mean, what they really wish, what they would get if they could, and on what conditions they would be likely to yield to plainly superior force what they cannot expect the rest of the kingdom to which they belong ever to yield to them. This seems to us to be statesmanship of the most obvious kind. And Mr. Chamberlain's warning that the Crimes Act expires in the course of 1885 adds force to these considerations. Let us face the problem, and have our reckoning with Ireland while we have full power to keep down agrarian crime. The expiration of the Crimes Act may then find Ireland in a more reasonable mood, and as disposed to resent any renewal of those fearful outrages which made life in Ireland hardly worth living to either landlord or peasant, as Great Britain herself would be. But till we have really brought the people of Great Britain and the people of Ireland face to face in Parliament, we have not even got to the threshold of the most difficult problem of our day.

Another question of great interest is advanced a step by Mr. Trevelyan's most opportune and weighty speech at Kelso,—the question of how to deal with the non-residential county qualifications. He speaks out with singular force the hearty desire, as we take it, of the whole Liberal party,—and his words mean this, abolish them altogether. "I cannot speak," he says, "for the intentions of the Government, but as one of the thousand interpreters of the Liberal party, I do not hesitate to say that if there is one thing the party has made up its mind about, it is this,—that people who live outside a county ought not to have votes for that county, and that people who live in a county must and shall have votes for that county, or we will know the reason why." That is a contribution to the solution of one of Lord Hartington's difficulties which we had ourselves advocated as the only right one, and from Mr. Trevelyan, who has for so many years back been the almost official advocate of household suffrage in the counties, it comes with peculiar authority and force. Of course he does not absolutely determine the question as to what we are to do with the freeholders. A resident freeholder might still have a vote in right of his freehold, though as he would certainly have it in right of his household residence, we do not see any possible advantage in permitting him to claim for the house in which he does not reside, rather than for the house in which he does. But on the whole, that view of Mr. Trevelyan's seems to us to tend in the direction of the obvious and simple solution that resident inhabitants of the county shall have votes in virtue of the households of which they are the head, and not in virtue of anything else at all. Cannot even those Liberals who feel a sort of pious gratitude towards the 40s. freehold, see that, excellent service as it has rendered, its day is gone by so soon as we adopt the simpler rule that the head of the household, whether in a county or in a Parliamentary borough, shall always vote on behalf of the household of which he is the head?

THE NEW FREE-TRADE MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

THE new departure of the American Democrats, if they have really taken it, will be in one way a source of perplexity to English Radicals. For a quarter of a century past they have adhered very steadily, through evil report and good report, to the American Republicans. They have perceived that this party, in spite of its Protectionism, of its partial failure in remodelling the South, and of its intolerable tolerance for official corruption, has been the party of freedom, has fought slavery steadily, and has preferred the claim of the nation to that of its component fractions. They perceive that it has maintained a sound foreign policy as free from aggressiveness as from fear, that it has cultivated a reasonable friendship with England, and that it has within it the germ of a policy which would secure in all Departments

pure administration. They have, therefore, with a rare steadiness continued almost for a generation to sympathise with Republican successes and to respect Republican nominees, but they will be perplexed, perhaps shaken, if in the fiscal battle supposed to be approaching the Democrats become aggressive Free-traders, and the Republicans stolid advocates of Protection. English Radicals, partly from circumstances, but chiefly from reason, are convinced that Protection, apart from its fiscal imbecilities, involves what is virtually caste government,—that it taxes the whole people for the benefit of a class, and that it defends itself by deceiving the workers, whom it renders poor. They hate it, therefore, for moral, as well as commercial reasons, and can hardly believe in the honesty of a party which, to swell manufacturers' profits, makes the necessaries of life—clothes, for instance—so insupportably dear. If the Democrats decide for Free-trade, thousands of Northern Radicals will be unable to separate Republican principles from the fiscal folly which degrades them, and will find themselves wishing that the Democrats may succeed, just long enough, at all events, to sweep away the tariff. They would feel this, even if their interests were not concerned; but of course the North of England holds that American Free-trade would be greatly to the interest of British manufactures. We are not quite sure that it will, having, like Sir Charles Dilke, an idea that the American manufacturers, once brought under the stimulus of Free-trade, may rival us in all the markets of the world, but it is useless to conceal that this is the general English impression. The Radicals, therefore, must lose for a time much of their sympathy with the Republican side.

Upon the whole, and with a reservation upon one point, we think it probable that the Democrats will take this line, and that the Republicans will for a time resist. The Democrats are obviously very sick of the rather trumpery issues they have lately been raising, and of the worn-out men, Tilden and Hendriks, for whom they have been doing battle. They have given up their currency craze as too utterly unpopular. They see that the people, who never like going back upon events, do not really care about the squabble as to the fairness of the election in 1880, and they wish heartily for a new cry, to be fought for by new men. The election of Mr. Carlisle, the Kentuckian Free-trader, as Speaker of the House means that, at least if it means no more. The old men wanted Mr. Randall, who would have stood on the old lines, and the unexpected movement for his rival was not their work, but that of the rank and file. The obscure men from the West and South combined in the caucus held before the vote to defeat the party leaders. It is evident from the success of this combination that a low tariff has great support in the Congressional Districts; and it is most probable, though not proved, that the support is among Democrats nearly universal. A few Eastern Democrats dare not be Free-traders, being pledged to the manufacturers, and a few Pennsylvanians probably believe in Protection as a theory; but the body of the party, Southerners and Western men, have always held that import duties should be limited by the necessities of the Treasury, which just now is crushed and worried with huge surpluses. The Debt is being paid off till the paper currency is contracted, there being no Bonds for the Banks to hold against their issues. The Democrats in the South and West are planters and farmers, and they have therefore no "interests" to make them fancy that dear clothes and dear tools, and dear appliances of all kinds, can be for their benefit. They do not get their living from wages, and are not therefore under the odd illusion that without Protection wages must go down. They can think without bias, and so thinking, they can see that they are taxed, and heavily taxed, in order that the shareholders in manufacturing corporations should earn their large dividends with as little trouble as possible. That is the meaning of Protection to them, and the moment they wake up to the facts we do not doubt that they will vote it down; and that if the Republicans fight on this issue, their opponents will be strong enough to carry both Legislature and Presidency. They cannot carry New England, but the numbers are not there. Apart from the scientific argument, it is not in human nature for farmers whose corn is unprotected to like to pay a fifth of their income for the protection of traders whose rapidly accumulating wealth brings to farmers nothing whatever, except a sense of the increasing social inequality.

But then, will the Republicans resist, when it comes to the point? *Primâ facie*, we should say they would. Their leaders are decidedly Protectionist, and so are the artisans of the Eastern States. They honestly believe, as thousands of Englishmen once believed, that American manufacturers cannot resist the competition of the lower-paid English and Continental artisans; that if the Tariff is reduced, the States will be flooded with cheap foreign goods; and that when this happens, not only will manufacturing dividends be low, but there will be only one work remaining, agriculture, for the people to do. They think a society so uniform and so dependent on the crops, an inferior society, and one too dependent for the amenities of life upon foreign supplies. They think it, moreover, a society which would move Westward too fast, away from the worn-out lands, to the deep, uncropped soils, and regard with horror a change which would deprive them at once of wealth and of all political influence. They are, as Englishmen believe, utterly in the wrong, except as regards some special trades, like that of the bootmakers of Massachusetts; but they are fully convinced, and will be most reluctant, or even unable, to surrender their convictions without at least one stand-up fight. They have plenty of money and hundreds of lecturers, they have the support of their strict party following, which has now ruled for twenty years, they can excite a strong jealousy of English manufactures, and they may appeal to a deep latent feeling in the North that if the Southern Democrats are raised to power again on any pretext whatever, the Union will not be safe. This cry is already rising, and while the men who fought in the war still live, and few of them have yet passed forty-five, it must always be more or less efficacious. The Republicans will not, we think, perceive that the people are against them; and if they do not, they will undoubtedly adhere to Protection until they have been defeated in one pitched battle.

We made, however, one reservation, and it is this. We do not believe that the Republican party is prepared to lose all hold over the West for any cause whatever not positively and visibly a moral one, and, of course, Protectionism is not that. If, therefore, the dislike to high duties infects the whole West, and becomes a passion with the farmers, as it became in England with the operatives, it is more than probable, it is certain, that the Republican leaders will give way, and either offer a compromise, or abandon Protection as hopeless altogether. Such a rapid spread of sound doctrine very rarely happens, but it is always possible, especially in a community constituted like that of the Western States. The farmers there live fairly well, and in good years save money; but they are compelled to very thrifty ways, they pay high for labour, and they watch all outgoings of actual cash with a pitiless economy. They feel the high prices forced on them by Protection very keenly, and feel them every day, for nothing is protected like iron goods and the things they wear. If, therefore, a bad harvest comes, or the Indian competition in the corn market rises to unexpected heights, or Europe should have a bumper crop, or there should occur a financial crash in the West, the whole Western population will feel pressed, and may with one voice demand that the protective tariff be swept away. Then the Republicans will yield. It is not in their leaders to ostracise themselves on a question of duties, nor will they fight, as they did for "hard money," with a feeling that morality as well as the economic future is at stake. They will give way rather than lose their Western following, and we shall see the United States, like England, adopting Free-trade as their permanent fiscal system. Protection, however, dies hard in all countries where it does not include protective duties on corn; it is next to impossible to diffuse abstract economic ideas among great masses of half-educated men; and the notion that the Union, which contains all climates, should be made self-sufficing, a planet by itself, independent of mankind for everything but books, appeals strongly to the American imagination. We look to see Protectionism as a policy die slowly, though the tariff may be swept away by a popular explosion, as the Income-tax was. The people would bear that tax no longer, and it perished, though every economist in the Union was convinced that without it the rich would never pay their fair share to the national taxation. Even here there would have been fluctuations, but that the Protectionists, before they can move a step, must tax the millions' food. The American Protectionists never have had and never can have that difficulty to contend with, and if they could only emancipate clothes and iron, might still retain for their theories, as theories, a long lease of life.

DECLARATIONS OF WAR.

DURING the discussion of last year upon the Channel Tunnel, it was discovered that most civilians in England believed a sudden spring upon the Tunnel to be morally im-

possible. No nation, it was thought, could be guilty of such a treachery as to make war without declaring it formally, or indeed without long previous warning, unless it was prepared to encounter the distrust or hostility of the civilised world. What the civilised world could *do* to punish such an outrage was never explained, but the sanguine relied, no doubt, on the magical influence of "opinion," and on some vaguely-remembered traditionary principle of international law. Even so able a man as Sir T. Farrer was penetrated by this conviction, and showed, by his questions on the Committee, that he thought any fear of a secret spring without *pourparlers* an absurd anachronism. It was of the first importance to the settlement of the question that this point should be cleared up, and accordingly, Lieutenant-Colonel F. Maurice, of the Intelligence Department, was ordered to draw up a Report on Declarations of War, which was at first circulated privately to heads of Departments, but has now at last been given to the world. We do not remember ever to have read a document more conclusive. Colonel Maurice disposes at once and for ever of the theory that modern nations hold themselves bound to give formal notice of their intention to make war, even by withdrawing their Embassies, or are accustomed to hold long preliminary *pourparlers*, or to consider that there is anything wrong, when they have a quarrel on hand, in seizing "material guarantees" for the redress of their real or imaginary grievances. So unfounded is this theory, that previous declarations of war may, if precedent is to govern, be considered irregular, only ten such declarations having been issued in all the wars between 1700 and 1870; while in the present century alone there have been sixty cases of European war unpreceded by any declaration, the tendency, as mechanical improvements advance, being to seize more eagerly on the immense advantages which a surprise offers to the attacking side. Railways and telegraphs offer such opportunities, that it seems to Generals in command monstrous to forego them. "In only the single instance of 1870 is there a case of notice formally sent to the Court of the assailed Power, prior to hostilities on the part of any one of the contending Powers." The regular course has been to attack suddenly, seize some important fortress or some fleet, and then announce to the people of the attacking country that their Sovereign is at war. Thus, in 1801, England destroyed the Danish Fleet off Elsinore, in reprisals for a treaty entered into between Denmark and Czar Paul, without notice of any kind to Copenhagen, the Governor of Elsinore when fire opened having absolutely no information of British intentions. In 1802, Napoleon, without any quarrel with Switzerland, seized Solcure, Zurich, and Berne; and though, no doubt, he was especially unscrupulous, yet on October 5th, 1804, without any warning, the British Fleet seized four Spanish frigates, and Parliament sustained the Ministry, Lord Westmoreland in particular declaring that "war without a previous declaration was neither contrary to the law of nations, nor unprecedented in history." In 1806, Prussia seized Hanover in silence, and her commerce was instantly swept from the seas by England, in reprisals, and also in silence. Napoleon, in 1806, entered Saxony and fought the Prussians while the King of Prussia was expecting his ultimatum. In 1807, the British Government, while negotiating with Constantinople, seized Egypt, then a province of Turkey. In 1807, the British seized the Danish Fleet in the midst of profound peace, because Mr. Canning believed, probably with justice, but without anything like certainty, that if he did not, France might. In 1812, the United States Congress seized all British vessels in harbour, in order that they might not convey news of coming war; and on June 18th declared that "war existed," in order to seize the British West-India Fleet, and the fact of war was not known in England for a month after. In 1816, Portugal, during profound peace, invaded the Spanish Colonies on the Plate; and in 1826, Spain invaded Portugal itself, the Envoy of each Power still remaining in the capital of the other; while Mr. Canning, the instant he heard of the invasion, dispatched troops to Portugal to fight the Spaniards, expressly denying that in doing so he declared war on Spain. In 1827, the British, Russian, and French Fleets destroyed the Turkish Fleet off Navarino, though the Sultan had been explicitly assured that these Powers would not intervene in the war between him and Greece; and in the following year the French, while still at peace with Turkey, seized all the Turkish fortresses in the Morea, and occupied them with 20,000 men. In 1831, both France and England sent fleets to dictate terms to King Miguel in Lisbon, while refusing to declare war; and in 1840, England, Russia, and Austria agreed that Mehemet Ali must be put down without warning; while Thiers, on receipt of the news, urged instant war on England, and resigned because his advice was not accepted. In 1848, the King of Prussia invaded Denmark six days before the Frankfort Assembly authorised him to take up the cause of Schleswig, and the Danish Minister remained in Frankfort three weeks after Holstein had been occupied. In 1850, Lord Palmerston sent a fleet to dictate terms to Athens without any declaration of war, and seized all Greek merchant vessels, while explicitly stating in Parliament that "diplomatic relations between this country and Greece had not been suspended." In 1854, the British Fleet entered the Black Sea with orders to compel the Russian Fleet to return to Sebastopol, before the British Ambassador had left St. Petersburg, or the Russian Ambassador London; and in 1859, Napoleon III. entered Piedmont, before the act which he had said he would consider an Austrian declaration of war, viz., the passage of the Ticino, had been performed. We all remember the Piedmontese march into Naples in 1860, but we do not all remember that Holstein was occupied in 1863 expressly without a declaration of war; and that in 1866, Prince Charles issued a manifesto to the Prussian Army even then in march upon Vienna, saying that,—"To-day I have caused a public declaration to be sent, and to-day we enter the territory of the enemy, in order to defend our own country." We have omitted several cases from the list, but they are not necessary. The truth is that the Powers, England included, have been accustomed hitherto to surprise the enemy, if they could, and that international law does not prohibit the practice, still less lay down any means of enforcing the prohibition. If the French Government intended the conquest of England, it would seize the Tunnel as a material guarantee of its "rights," and then send away the British Ambassador. Europe might pronounce that sharp practice, but Europe would not interfere. Indeed, Europe is growing more accustomed to the idea of surprises, for the subject of rapid mobilisation is incessantly discussed in military journals, and the whole object of that marvellous organisation is to reap the advantage of entering a momentarily defenceless State. A gain of four days may mean the acquisition of a province. There is no reason whatever for us to believe that Germany and France, if they had decided on war, would give each other one day's warning.

It did not fall within the province of the Intelligence Department to consider whether the circumstances of modern life make surprise more difficult, but it is worth while to discuss that question for a moment. We cannot see that any improvement of modern days tends greatly to alter the old conditions, while two or three of them make surprises very much easier. Mobilisation has been reduced to a science. Armies have become so large that heavy corps d'armée can be collected without exciting remark, while provisions and munitions can be sent after them by railway with a previously unknown facility. Staff secrets are more rigidly kept than ever, while the collection of a Fleet at a specified date, at a point known only to the Admiral, can be reduced by the use of steam to a mathematical certainty. There are telegraph wires, it is true, but a State intending war would not trust Baron Reuter, and all telegraphs are at Government disposal. We can see no reason why a French President should not collect 30,000 men at Boulogne for some manœuvres, order a Fleet to rendezvous there silently, and reach the British coast before a single Englishman was aware that the French Government, in consequence, possibly, of agreement with some other Power, or of news received from Chinese waters, had suddenly become hostile. Certainly, if France, when intending war, could surprise us, she would, and her whole people would consider the dispensing with declarations an act of adroit vigour. We should pronounce it "treacherous," but that would not help us much; while French statesmen would argue that, with the whole future of their country at stake and a great war to wage, they "could not stop to discuss the least settled and most obscure propositions of international law."

THE AUSTRALIAN CONFERENCE.

THE Australian Republic begins its career by proclaiming the "Monroe Doctrine." There can be little doubt that the Federal Representative Committee, which met at Sydney on November 28th, will succeed in devising a plan for the Federation of the Colonies into a single Dominion, though they may be compelled by fiscal and geographical difficulties to make the area of action of the central power at first unduly narrow. Still, the Delegates, who are all the ruling men of their respective Colonies, have already passed unanimous resolutions which practically bind them to create

a Central Government, controlling foreign policy, armaments, the militia law, and, we should imagine, as necessarily connected with defence, all means of intercommunication. This Government will probably be supported, like the Imperial Government of Germany, by fixed contributions; and will be guided, like that of Austria, by "Delegations,"—that is, in English phraseology, by a small Senate elected by the Legislatures. Most of these things follow almost of necessity from the Resolutions, which call upon the British Government to act in certain directions, and promise it, if it does so act, that it shall be sustained by the united strength of the federated Pacific Colonies.

The acts indicated are of the highest importance. Not only is the British Government requested to annex all Eastern New Guinea—to be governed, it is understood, as a "Territory" of the Australian Dominion—but it is asked to negotiate with France for the acquisition of the New Hebrides—now declared neutral ground—and for the cessation of the transport of convicts to any island of the South Pacific; and is informed that, in the judgment of the Representatives of Australia, "the further acquisition of dominion in the Pacific south of the Equator by any foreign Power would be highly detrimental to the safety and well-being of the British possessions in Australasia, and injurious to the interests of the Empire." The Government is, in fact, asked to secure to the Australian Dominion, now about to be founded, a monopoly of territorial extension in the Antipodean world, a position in the South Pacific identical with that claimed by the United States upon the two American Continents.

The policy announced is one which will rather startle the Colonial Office, and may even try the nerve of Parliament; but we do not know, if Australia strongly federates herself, that it is unreasonable. The Delegates assembled in Conference are only anticipating history a little. The Dominion already contains as many people as did the United States when they set up for themselves, and probably disposes of more wealth; and it will, within fifty years, if no political convulsion occurs, be a Republic with twenty millions of people and fifty millions of revenue. Such a Republic, inhabited by vigorous and prosperous Englishmen, accustomed to freedom and to maritime enterprise, will unquestionably, from its geographical position, maintain a powerful Fleet, and will be able to possess itself, if it pleases, of the whole South Pacific. Neither France nor any other Power could dream of fighting Australia in those waters, and for any Power to settle there would be only to court ultimate defeat. It will be well, therefore, if it is possible, to prohibit annexations in advance; and with Australia so strongly moved, it may be possible, though the negotiations may be at once difficult and dangerous. The French mania for Colonial extension is sure to pass, as it always has done; and her desire to transport irreconcileable criminals will not survive, when it is found that if they escape, Australia will invariably send them back to France. At all events, we and the world now know what the foreign policy of Australia is, and in what direction, if we wish to keep the Southern Colonies, our own policy must press, and that knowledge must be an important factor in all negotiations. New Guinea, it is clear, must be annexed; France must be compelled to keep her pledge as to the New Hebrides; and for the rest, we and the remainder of the world must remember that, long before the present generation has died out, Australians will be able to defend their own ideas in arms, and that the quality in Australians which differentiates them alike from Englishmen and Americans is a certain rapidity of decision. A secluded world feels checks from the outside very little. This idea of Federation, for example, has ripened, so to speak, in a day.

MR. CHILDERS ON STATE ECONOMY.

EVERY good has its drawback, even wise Finance. One would think, reasoning *a priori*, that wise finance could not possibly produce any mischief; but it does, at all events, greatly increase one evil. It is not the main cause of the declining desire for retrenchment and economy in State expenditure, but it is a principal one. The national taxes have been so carefully adjusted to the shoulders which bear them, they press so lightly on the springs of prosperity and they fall so little on the struggling classes, that except once a year, when three households in every hundred see the Income-tax paper, they are almost forgotten. All householders, including even the rich, fret under the rates, which fall on the professional classes, who are over-housed, and on the lower shopkeepers, whose lives are a struggle, with irritating weight; but not one man in twenty thinks about or calculates the pressure of "the Queen's taxes." As Parliament spends them, and not the rates, the discussions about them are felt to be dull and unattractive, There is no general eagerness in the House of Commons for reductions. The party leaders do not think of moving abstract resolutions against the Treasury. The demagogues leave the subject alone, or attack classes through talk about pensions and honorary colonelcies. No one takes up the *rôle* of Joseph Hume, and if he did, he would not be as sure as Joseph was of catching the public ear. The Treasury itself, instead of fighting for its grants, and learning to regard the advocates of economy as personal enemies, is compelled to protect the public, and dreads the constant accusation of stinginess, as it formerly dreaded that of squandering. Above all, no Member endangers his popularity with his electors by proposing expenditure. Whether he asks the House to give more pensions, or more grants-in-aid to Ireland, or a sum of money for old manuscripts, or a remission of revenue, he makes his proposal with an eye to the House alone, quite fearless of any shower of remonstrances from angry constituents. If Shapira had really found an older Deuteronomy, he would have found a Member also to ask £100,000 for its purchase; and that Member would have been resisted mainly by Mr. Childers and Mr. Courtney, and would not have been turned out of his seat. Officers of the Army and Navy in particular are held unaccountable for waste to such a degree that, as Mr. Childers told his constituents at Pontefract in his lively speech of Wednesday, in the past three years 556 proposals for expenditure have been pressed by them upon the Exchequer, and only twenty proposals for economy. And though he did not say so, we greatly doubt if the disproportion between the efforts to increase and the attempts to reduce civil expenditure is very much less. At all events, the Civil Estimates are always going up—quite rightly, in most instances—and nobody fights against them; while the plans for the reduction of Debt have grown quite to appreciable proportions, with no more opposition than is embodied in a growl that we are doing a great deal for posterity, which has done nothing for us.

We cannot say we like this condition of opinion. It will favour some day or other an extravagant Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a Premier who thinks, as M. de Freycinet did, on less plausible grounds, that with the Debt disappearing and Two and a Half per Cents. at par, the waste of a few score millions in gigantic philanthropies or half-thought-out experiments cannot matter seriously. It does already encourage very loose thinking about the limits of State action, and about the aid which the Treasury could lend to improve the condition of the poor,—looseness which, when the rural householders come crashing into the arena, may have perceptible effects upon the working of the Poor Law. It does weaken the hands of those statesmen who see that, well adjusted as taxation is, the total amount deducted from voluntary expenditure, and therefore from the wages fund, is very large; and, above all, it does prevent that form of penuriousness which historians are convinced tends to the efficiency of States. It is not the Bourbon, with his millions of pensions, but the Hohenzollern, with his grudging allowances to his servants, who is well served. It is a hard thing to say, but it is a truth that a well-paid Army is an army cumbered with impedimenta; that a well-paid Navy,—well, no one ever heard of one; that well-paid diplomatists think of social rather than diplomatic successes; that under-paid civilians in fourth-floor lodgings do not grumble, if they work sixty hours a week. Hard management helps efficiency, and the Prussian bureaucracy works on crusts, as the English Civil Service, though it, too, in its way, is effective, does not work on full dinners. We should like to see the cheeseparers in the House again, and this the more because we are convinced that Democracy, in countries naturally wealthy, has a distinct inclination to waste. Nobody is more careful of his cash than an American freeholder, but his representatives in Congress positively play chuck-farthing with millions, till the officials are compelled to tell them, as they have done this week, that it is not the business of the National Government to raise revenues to be scattered in grants among the States, and to suggest that, with the Navy in ruins for want of "appropriations," it is not wise to offer premiums of millions to those States in which the largest number of children cannot read. There really was a danger for a minute of that lunatic proposal being accepted by the House of Representatives. No one is quite so mean as the average French peasant; yet in France, though the Government, warned at

last by its difficulty in keeping down the floating Debt, begins to contend with the Deputies, nothing can resist the tendency to spend. The transaction of Tuesday was exactly typical. The peasantry wish education to be free, so school fees have been abolished by a vote. The loss ought to have been made good by the Communes, but as that might have made Deputies unpopular, the majority of the Chamber asked for a State grant, and, after a fierce fight, this was whittled down to £560,000 a year, and conceded. The Communal Councils were not contented, however, or the Deputies, so on Tuesday they carried, by 260 to 240, an increase of the grant to £760,000 a year, the peasants thus saving their school fees, and getting an allowance in all from the Treasury of 2s. per house in addition. That is only a sample of what is going on in France, and what will go on here, if, when the suffrage is extended, we cannot revive the old, healthy grudge against Treasury expenditure. In this very Department of Education, it would be most popular to waste millions, if they did not come from the rates; and there are 20,000 influential persons in daily intercourse with electors and electors' wives whose direct interest it is that the State should be "liberal," and who, moreover, conscientiously believe that its "liberality" must do good. We should like to know what sort of a grant in aid of rates Mr. Bromley-Davenport would think extravagant, or why we are so certain that the rural householder will not agree with that very pleasant story-teller. Local people still think the Treasury a sort of oil-well, a free-flowing fountain of wealth, issuing no one knows whence, and resent an economy as they would the withdrawal of a right of way. Mr. Childers fought the local magnates the other day to save £30,000 a year in the collection of the Income-tax; but they thought £30,000 mattered nothing to the Treasury and a great deal to their patronage, and he was conspicuously defeated. He will be defeated a good many times yet, if the prevalent disregard for expenditure, so long as new taxes are not suggested, is not changed. The money flows in so easily that the people feel like speculators who have "struck oil," as if expenditure came from some place outside their own pockets.

So strongly do we dread this tendency, that we should be by no means sorry to see the Estimates referred to a Grand Committee, even if it were necessary, to prevent the exhaustion of the House, to reduce that Grand Committee to thirty. Thirty men, all interested, and all familiar with the subject, would subject the Estimates to a searching criticism which would be felt even more by the spending Departments than by the spendthrift Members. The items as well as the totals would be examined, a group of economists would be formed, and we should be spared the discreditable spectacle of Estimates voted *en bloc* in such a hurry, that if Mr. Childers had inserted half a million to be sent to Rome as Peter's Pence, nobody would have perceived the audacity. We suppose the House is for the moment overloaded, especially if the Municipal Bill is to go to a Grand Committee; but ultimately, if the Treasury is to be protected, we must come either to something of this kind, or to a reference of the Estimates to a Standing Committee on Finance. At present, the whole work is left to the Treasury, with the additional aggravation that the Representatives, who ought to be the checking power, wish it to spend more, not less. It is as if the Board of Directors were left to their own discretion, subject only to criticism from shareholders who ask in an angry tone why the business has been so advantageously managed. The natural relations of the Treasury and the nation are topsy-turvied, and we have the Chancellor of the Exchequer with tears in his eyes at the incessant attacks on him for saving the people's money with such disgraceful assiduity.

THE CASE OF PRIESTMAN *versus* THOMAS.

THE case of "Priestman *v.* Thomas" has one plain moral, —do not presume on success. It seems probable that if Thomas had not forgotten this useful rule, he might still have been enjoying £17,000, instead of the prospect of being put on his trial for fraudulently manufacturing a will. Down to a certain point, everything had gone fairly well with him. He had not been able to secure all that Whalley had apparently left him, but he had secured enough to give him that modest competence—that happy mean between poverty and riches—which in all ages the wisest of mankind have most desired for themselves. Out of £60,000, he had kept £17,000—not a bad fortune for an ex-railway porter, not wholly free from the suspicion of having used undue influence to divert the testator's bounty to himself. In an evil moment, he allowed his natural exultation to get the better of him, and waved a piece of blue paper at the plaintiff, as he drove by his window. It can hardly have seemed a very great imprudence, but it had serious consequences. There had once been—or Priestman thought there had—another will of Whalley's in existence, under which he would have taken some £45,000, and as soon as he saw this blue paper flourished by Thomas, he jumped to the conclusion that here was the missing will. That, too, had been written on blue paper, and what more likely than that Thomas, having succeeded in setting up a false will, should, when he thought himself safe from detection, have pointed in derision to the genuine document? Priestman was thus set on the train of inquiry, which has ended in a verdict by which the will proved by Thomas is declared to be a forgery. Whether what Thomas waved from the window was really the "blue" will, or some quite unimportant piece of blue paper, is nothing to the purpose. The intention was arrogant, whatever the act might have been. There is something finer, no doubt, in the conception of showing the genuine will, at what the possessor thought a safe distance, to the man who had just surrendered all claim to the bulk of the fortune he would have taken under it; but even if it were nothing more than a piece of common blue paper that happened to lie handy, Thomas need not have brandished it in this unpleasantly conspicuous manner. Brandish it, however, he did, and from that moment Priestman seems never to have wanted any aid that he could desire in the way of amateur detection.

In the first instance, the obstacles to be surmounted were very great. No doubt was ever thrown on the genuineness of the testator's signature to the "white" will. James Whalley had plainly put his name at the bottom, whether what went before it had been tampered with or not. Possibly, all the unprofessional ingenuity which was at work would have failed to get over these outworks of Thomas's case, had it not been for his own injudicious economy. He had made certain promises to the two men who had witnessed the "white" will, and had not kept them. Now, nobody cares to witness a forged will out of mere good-fellowship. If you consent to be partaker of another man's sin, you naturally look to be partaker of his profits. Thomas thought this expectation an unreasonable one, and he gave effect to his conviction by keeping back the witnesses' fee. From that moment everything went wrong with him. A great deal was told that he never meant to have been told, and what was told led up to much that was not told. In the long trial that ended on Tuesday, Priestman has established his contention to the satisfaction alike of the jury and of the judge.

Probably, Thomas's error lay in trusting too entirely to the effect of probate. If Whalley's will could once be safely deposited in the Registry, Priestman might wonder as much as he liked. The law would have spoken, and his suspicions would worry no one but himself. But for this belief, he would have been at more pains to support the theory that Whalley had quarrelled with Priestman. If he had not quarrelled with him, the "white" will disposed of his money in a most unlikely way. Priestman was Whalley's natural son, and more than one will had been made in his favour; why should he at the last moment have left the bulk of his property to another man? Thomas's attention, however, was so fixed upon getting a false will executed that he did not trouble himself to account for the suddenness with which Whalley was alleged to have changed his mind. The device he adopted to get the will he wanted substituted for the will he did not want was exceedingly ingenious. He induced Whalley to dictate a pencil letter to Priestman, and then to write his name at the bottom in ink. Here, then, was the signature he wanted. He had now the most essential part of a will, and it only remained to add the incidental details relating to the distribution of the property. The pencil writing was rubbed out, and what purported to be Whalley's last will written in ink above his signature. Possibly, Whalley thought that by not imitating the signature he was protecting himself against a charge of forgery; at all events, he knew that it would be the signature that would be most closely scrutinised, and if that was beyond doubt genuine, it was not likely that suspicion would go any further. Nor but for the quarrel with the witnesses—or rather, with one of the witnesses, for the other sided with Thomas—would it have gone any further. The theory that the signature to the "white" will had originally been affixed to a letter written in pencil, and that upon this letter, as on a palimpsest, the "white"

will had been written, rested, in the first instance, on the testimony of the repentant or dissatisfied accomplice.

When once the theory had been set up, however, confirmatory evidence was not long wanting. First, there was the will itself. Though the signature was beyond question, there were undoubtedly traces of pencil-marks underlying the ink in which the will was written, and these pencil-marks bore out the explanation given by the witness. They were in Thomas's handwriting, and the words that could be decyphered seemed to have formed part of a letter addressed to Priestman. Thomas seems to have thought that these very facts might bring him safety. Why should he have left this damning record against himself, when it was in his power to destroy it? A man who is rubbing out pencil-marks as a preliminary to giving himself a fortune could hardly be so careless as to leave whole words still visible. The great difficulty in the way of this theory was the fact that the "white" will had never passed out of Thomas's own keeping, until it had been placed in the Registry of Wills at Hereford; and under any circumstances, the Jury would probably have refused to believe that the will had been tampered with, and the suspicious pencil-traces introduced while the will was in official custody. As it turned out, however, they were not left without a perfectly adequate explanation of the facts. Mr. Holmes, the Queen's Librarian, states that pencil-marks are not completely erased by bread-crumbs. What happens is that the fibres of the paper are raised up so as to cover them. After a time, they get smoothed down again, and then the concealed marks come partially to light once more. Further and most complete corroboration to Priestman's case was furnished by a letter which his sister had received from Whalley, written a month after the date of the "white" will, and telling her that he had left all his money to Priestman, and none to her. Thomas maintained that this letter was forged, but in favour of this theory he had nothing to show, except that the letter had not been produced until late in the day. This, however, was explained in its turn by the fact that the letter contained a reference to an incident only known to Whalley and his daughter, which she would naturally desire to keep concealed. The whole story was thus unravelled, and the Jury had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the "white" will was Thomas's composition, though the signature to it was Whalley's. It is not a pleasant story, for every one concerned in it seems to have been quite ready to suspect every one else of perjury and fraud, without apparently there being any antecedent improbability in the suspicion. But there is no reason to doubt that the verdict given by the jury describes with substantial accuracy what actually took place.

THE TENNYSON PEERAGE.

IT seems tolerably clear that, whatever may be the actual result, the Poet-Laureate has been assured of the wish of the Crown to raise him to the dignity of a Peerage. We conclude, therefore, that the Prime Minister, on whom must devolve the duty of making such a recommendation as this to the Queen, entertains the view that the House of Lords should be a sort of reservoir of all the dignities of the nation, even without relation to any special fitness for the particular functions—the political functions—which are expected of its members. The late Mr. Bagehot used always to speak of the Throne and the House of Lords as the ornamental and dignified parts of the Constitution, —those parts of the Constitution which most impress the imagination of the people, and give them a certain pride in the national unity and life in virtue of the external magnificence with which it moves. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone holds that the addition of any really great national figure to the House of Lords, —whether it happen to be one distinguished on the political side or not,—adds to the scenic impressiveness of the House of Lords, and to the respect felt by the nation for its collective influence. We are far from denying that there may be something to be said for that view. It is certain that a good deal of just national pride in the possession of such a poet as Mr. Tennyson is felt, and also that Mr. Tennyson has a keen feeling for the statelier aspects of Constitutional liberty, and has given expression to that class of emotions in some of the finest verse of the last half-century. That he is one of our great national dignities, we should be the last to question. And yet we do question very greatly whether his accession to the Peerage would add to the weight of the Peerage, and, still more, whether it would not to some extent detract from the dignity which at present unquestionably attaches to his own name.

The truth is, that the dignity attaching to the name of a great poet, like the dignity attaching to the name of a great saint, has something spiritual about it, which does not seem to accord well with the kind of respect which the conferring of a Peerage is capable of expressing. We do not in the least mean to assert that there is anything necessarily inconsistent between poetry and a title. There are several poets, including one great poet, who have been Peers, and who have not been less esteemed as poets for their Peerage. Lord Houghton's poetry and Lord Lytton's novels did not fall in public estimation because their authors accepted a seat in the House of Lords, but then both Lord Houghton and Lord Lytton were made Peers chiefly on the strength of their political achievements and their social influence. Mr. Tennyson, if he is to be a Peer, will become a Peer solely because he has fired the imagination of the English people, and that is not the kind of distinction which seems to us to be at all naturally expressed by ranking him amongst the Barons or Viscounts of England. If Charles Lamb had been a man of ever so good a fortune, no one would have thought of making a Peer of him on the strength of his wit, his humour, and the delightful vagaries of his lively fancy. There is something incommensurable between the literary qualities of such a man as "Elia" and a Peerage; and the same remark applies, though probably in a less degree, to Tennyson himself. That the author of "In Memoriam" or "Break, break, break, break," should be made a Peer *because* he possesses the great poetic gifts needful to produce those marvellous productions, seems to us almost as incongruous as it would have been to confer a Peerage on Charles Wesley for writing some of the most beautiful hymns in the English language, on Wordsworth for his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," on Keats for his "Hyperion," and on Shelley for his "Skylark" and his "Adonais." There was dignity in all these poets, and great dignity in Wordsworth, but not the kind of dignity that you could aptly express by summoning him to take his seat beside the Earl of Lonsdale on the benches of the House of Lords. So far as we know, this is the first case in which poetry has been thought the proper title-deed for a Peerage. Doubtless, a baronetcy was given to Sir Walter Scott in some degree, we suppose, for his literary achievements; but even that was not given him till he had become a man of great social influence in Scotland,—a lawyer and sheriff of no small repute,—and till it was known that he attached at least as much importance to founding a family and getting together a landed estate, as he did to the literary achievements by which he had been enabled to compass these ends. Scott was already a magnate before he received the baronetcy,—it was because he was a magnate that the offer of the baronetcy seemed appropriate, not because he was a poet and a novelist. Our own view is that a Peerage is an appropriate distinction only for those who, in some degree, already wield and deserve political influence, and not as a mark of popular reverence for any qualities, whatever they may be, which justly deserve reverence. Keble deserved reverence for the qualities which enabled him to write "The Christian Year," but no one would have felt it a natural and fitting way of expressing that reverence to have raised him to the House of Lords. No doubt, there are certain qualities of poetic imagination,—the statelier qualities, we mean,—which seem less out of keeping with a coronet than devotional poetry like Keble's, and we are far from denying that Mr. Tennyson displays them. Still, make what you can of the magnificence of his verse, and it is not a kind of magnificence which seems to be in sufficient harmony with worldly distinction, to admit of expressing your respect for it by conferring a great worldly distinction. Make out what case we may, a Peerage conferred for poetic achievements alone will remain a 'fancy peerage,' which will seem not only to sit uneasily on a great poet, but to fit awkwardly into the entourage of the House of Lords. The King of Prussia might almost as well have made Kant a Graf for writing the "Kritik of Pure Reason," as the Queen confer a Peerage on Mr. Tennyson for singing his elegy on the death of Arthur Hallam, and writing the noble series of poems called "The Idyls of the King." Whatever distinction the Poet-Laureate may confer on the House of Peers, we fear it must be an incongruous distinction, like a patch of rich Oriental workmanship let into the centre of a solid Brussels carpet, or the illumination of a mediæval missal embodied in the pages of Caldecott. That Tennyson would be a great ornament to the House of Lords, we are far from denying. But he will be an incongruous ornament,—such an ornament as a

wreath of roses round the brow of the Governor of the Bank of England, or a spiritual smile on the countenance of a London Lord Mayor.

THE COMPARATIVE POPULARITY OF LITERARY MEN.

THE *Journal of Education* recently offered a prize to that one amongst its readers who should give the best list of the first ten among living English men of letters, with special mention of the literary work which is supposed to constitute the chief title to the place assigned to them, the prize to be given on the judgment of Mr. Cotter Morison, certainly an excellent judge of English style, and himself a writer of great ability and no little charm. More than 500 readers of that journal,—no doubt, belonging in general to a special class, the class of Teachers,—have sent in replies; and the voting shows, on the whole, very great impartiality, and a considerable feeling for style, but it is certainly more or less biassed by the didactic leanings of the class to whom appeal was made. Here are the ten who are the most popular of living men of letters, as appreciated by 500 readers of the *Journal of Education*, with the names of the works in right of which the place assigned to them is given :—

	No. of Votes.	
1. Tennyson	501	"In Memoriam" (257). "Idylls of the King" (159).
2. Ruskin	462	"Modern Painters" (238). "Stones of Venice" (125).
3. Matthew Arnold	453	"Literature and Dogma" (137). "Essays on Criticism" (89). "Poems" (50).
4. Robert Browning	448	"The Ring and the Book" (253). "Paracelsus" (58). "Men and Women" (37).
5. J. A. Froude	391	"History of England."
6. A. C. Swinburne	262	"Atalanta in Calydon."
7. E. A. Freeman	241	"History of the Norman Conquest."
8. Herbert Spencer	235	"Study of Sociology."
9. Cardinal Newman	192	"Apologia pro Vita Sua."
10. John Morley	187	"Life of Cobden."

We should have thought it clear that Mr. Spencer, great as his influence as a thinker has been, has not gained his position by literary qualities, properly so called, at all; while Mr. Freeman, again, is much more of an historian than of a writer, much greater in learning and in judgment than in charm of style. We are astonished to see Sir Henry Taylor,—the author of "Philip van Artevelde,"—so low on the list; he stands only thirty-first, and received only twenty votes; whereas, in our opinion, he should certainly have stood sixth, and perhaps even higher. Even the winner of the prize does not include Sir Henry Taylor's name amongst the first ten, Mr. Cotter Morison having awarded the prize to a gentleman whose list is as follows :—

1. Browning	"Dramatic Lyrics."
2. Tennyson	"In Memoriam."
3. Swinburne	"Atalanta in Calydon."
4. Newman	"Apologia pro Vita Sua."
5. Ruskin	"Modern Painters."
6. Matthew Arnold	"Empedocles on Etna."
7. W. Morris	"Life and Death of Jason."
8. John Morley	"Voltaire."
9. Lecky	"History of Rationalism in Europe."
10. E. A. Freeman	"History of the Norman Conquest."

It is curious, too, that not ten votes have been given for any single woman, though in Mrs. Oliphant we have a novelist of great genius, whose history of English literature at the close of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century contains many chapters of singular brilliance, and whose mystical little tale, "A Beleaguered City," is a prose poem as original in conception as it is exquisite in execution. For our own parts, we confidently expect that Mrs. Oliphant will be put by the literary judgment of the future among the ten first writers now living, unequal as much of her work has undoubtedly been. It is significant, too, when such writers as Mr. Smiles and Mr. G. A. Sala appear on the list of those who have at least ten supporters, to note the complete absence of the name of so original a poet as Mr. Buchanan,—though he has done nothing recently worthy of his genius,—of so fine a dramatist as Mr. Aubrey De Vere, whose "Alexander the Great" will be read and admired when many of these popular favourites are forgotten; of a writer so full of the aroma of poetical feeling and refined knowledge as Dean Church; of so trenchant a controversialist and the master of so keen an invective as Goldwin Smith.

All these omissions surprise us, and yet, on the whole, we are better pleased with the voting than we should have supposed it possible that we should be, and have only this general fault to find, that the choice of the special books on which the place assigned is founded, looks to us not unfrequently to imply that the voters relied on the book which had made most stir in the world, rather than on the book which they would have chosen for themselves, had they really known thoroughly the author for whom they were voting. Take Cardinal Newman, whose name we should have certainly put immediately after Tennyson's, even if Tennyson's great superiority as a poet had put it quite beyond question that one who is a great poet, and nothing else, should stand first in letters. Both the prize-winner and the popular vote base Cardinal Newman's claims on his "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Well, no doubt the Cardinal is best known by that frank and fascinating book, but no one who knows his writings as a whole would think of regarding it as his most marvellous literary achievement. Some would say that his volumes of "Oxford Sermons" contained the noblest passages he had ever written; some would pick out that strange and beautiful poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," as the one in which he touched the highest mark; some would find in the caustic irony and cogent logic of "The Lectures to Anglicans,"—lectures concerning the true drift of the Puseyite movement,—the greatest feat of literary skill he ever accomplished; while one or two, including the present writer, would find in that brilliant and pathetic story of martyrdom, "Callista," the most substantial proof both of Dr. Newman's marvellous imaginative power and of the exquisite tenderness of his devotional genius. But hardly any one, we think, who knows the Cardinal's writings well, would hold that in his "Apology" for his own life, masterly as it was, he displayed his highest powers, unless it were in the piercing sarcasm of that imaginary dialogue with Canon Kingsley, which, with singular self-restraint, he has excluded from the later editions of the book. Again, how singular is the voting on Matthew Arnold's works. To put his "Literature and Dogma" above his "Poems," or even above his "Essays in Criticism," seems to us to put his most conspicuous failure above a conspicuous success. Even those who grant Mr. Arnold his virtual denial of the truth of the Bible, as many, no doubt, of the voters would grant it, cannot maintain, with the smallest hope of being supported by the judgment of the thinking world, that his pleas for that residuum of significance which he insists on assigning to the Bible, will hold water for a moment. To empty the most personal religion in the world of all its personality, and then to assure men that nothing is changed, that it is left more solid than before, is the enterprise of a conjuror, not of a man of letters. And of this we feel absolutely confident, that even if the negative school to which Mr. Arnold belongs, could triumph, that school will regard with a half-pathetic scorn Mr. Arnold's effort to save the teaching of a book which he has done his very best to undermine. We can only account for the popularity of "Literature and Dogma," by supposing that amongst the class of Teachers it had made many converts, who began with imagining that they were only asked to abjure dogmatism, and who did not find out that a complete abjuring of dogmatism means also a complete abjuring of faith, till they had been conquered by the irony and the unwavering arrogance of the book itself. Even the prize-winner's choice of "Empedocles on Etna" as Mr. Arnold's greatest work, though it shows indefinitely more insight than the popular vote for "Literature and Dogma," betrays an unfortunate leaning to the didactic side of Mr. Arnold's mind. "Empedocles on Etna" contains two or three lyrics of unsurpassed beauty, but the argumentative scepticism which constitutes the bulk of the poem is not always poetical, and certainly does not approach the level of such poems as "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," "The Grande Chartreuse," and the two noble poems to the "Author of Obermann."

The winner of the prize is wise in placing Mr. Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics" at the head of his poetical achievements; but not wise, we take it, in placing a poet who delights in harshness of construction, in a shorthand style, and in abruptness for its own sake, above the greatest master of form whom a self-conscious age ever produced. Again, did the unanimous popular vote which declared Mr. Browning's "Ring and the Book" his greatest work, really represent the adhesion of the readers' own imaginations to that most unequal poem,—a poem containing some of Mr. Browning's highest flights of genius, and a good deal, too, of his grittiest and most head-splitting work, the Roman lawyers, for instance, being as nearly unreadable as verse ever was in this world,—or did it only represent the satisfac-

tion with which these readers regarded the achievement of a considerable feat in the reading and the interpreting and the admiring of a work of undoubted power, but equally undoubted difficulty? The decided preference for "Paracelsus" over "Men and Women" looks like it. "Paracelsus" is a hard nut to crack, and Teachers like a hard nut that they have cracked successfully. "Men and Women" are as much pleasanter than "Paracelsus," as poems, as a gallop in a meadow is more delightful than threading your way through a labyrinth. But then, no doubt, the intellectual triumph of threading the labyrinth successfully is much greater than the triumph of galloping swiftly over the soft turf. We almost wonder, seeing the preferences actually expressed, that "Sordello" itself did not get a considerable vote from the scholastic readers of the *Journal of Education*. Again, it would seem to us surprising that so fresh and fascinating a book as "Eothen" should not have been mentioned by the twenty-seven supporters of Kinglake, in preference—as regards literary style,—to the "Invasion of the Crimea," did we not reflect that "Eothen" is one of the kind of books which is alien to the didactic mind,—nay, which that type of mind regards as flippant. For ourselves, we regard "Eothen" as the most delightfully dashing book which any living author has contributed to English literature.

Still, take the voting as a whole, and we regard it as very creditable to the constituency who produced it. We doubt whether any other five hundred men in England,—unless selected specially by name for the purpose by a very good judge of critical ability,—would have made so sound and so catholic a choice as these, who are, we presume, the more energetic amongst the readers of the *Journal of Education*.

THE CLERICAL CASTE IN SCOTLAND.

THE deaths, a short time ago, of such prominent leaders of the Free Church of Scotland as Dr. Begg and Sir Henry Moncreiff must have suggested this, among many questions,—Is it not the Clerical rather than the Aristocratic caste that really governs, and long has governed, the Scotch Democracy? Dr. Begg belonged to the class familiarly and affectionately known in the North as "Sons of the Manse." Although Sir Henry Moncreiff was only the grandson of the Manse, his father having been an eminent Judge, the bluest clerical blood in Scotland flowed in his veins. His grandfather, popularly known as "Sir Harry," was in his time recognised as the stoutest advocate of the special doctrines of Andrew Melville; spiritual independence viewed as an ecclesiastical dogma, rather than as a party rallying-cry, is less identified with the name of Chalmers than with his. The late leader of Free-Church Conservatism was the seventh Member and the third baronet of his house who has devoted himself to the work of the Presbyterian ministry. His father and his brother, whose successful legal careers seem, at first sight, inroads upon the Moncreiff clerical tradition, belong to the order of laymen—laymen in the popular sense, not the academic—who are more ecclesiastical than ecclesiastics themselves. The elder judge played a great part in the "Ten Years' Conflict" that led to the formation of the Free Church; the younger has long exercised a guiding influence in that Church, which has now reached middle-age. So far as appearances show, too, the leadership of the Free Church is likely to remain with this caste. Principal Rainy, the successor both of Cunningham and Candlish, and whom the deaths of Dr. Begg and Sir Henry Moncreiff have left without a rival for the leadership of the Assembly of his denomination, is a grandson of the Manse. Dr. Robertson Smith, who led the New Learning or young Free-Church Party till he was ejected from his Chair, and Professor Candlish, who has taken his place, are sons of the Manse. The influence of the clerical caste in Scotland is not confined to the Free Church. Probably no names of clergymen of the present-day Church of Scotland are better known on this side of the Tweed than those of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, and Dr. Herbert Story, the biographer of "Cardinal" Carstares; all three are sons of the Manse. Broad-Churchism in the second of the Dissenting bodies of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church, suggests the names of two clergymen, also clergymen's sons, Mr. George Gilfillan and Mr. David Macrae. Nor is it in the Church alone that the son of the Manse attains a position of eminence or leadership. The present Lord-Advocate and Solicitor-General, at once the chief Scotch officers of the Crown and the leaders of the Scotch Commons in Parliament, are sons of ministers of the Church of Scotland. So is the Lord President of the Court of Session, the first Judge in Scotland. So are some of his colleagues; of the second Judge, the Lord Justice-Clerk, it is enough to say that he is the brother of Sir Henry Moncreiff. So is the representative of Scotland in the Court of Appeal, who also held the office of Lord-Advocate before his appointment. The legal power in Scotland, which at one time was firmly lodged in such old families as the Hopes, the Boyles, and the Dundases, would almost seem to have passed into the hands of the sons of the Manse.

The influence of the Clerical caste in Scotland is not an affair of to-day, though, perhaps, it never was so marked or so widely extended as it is to-day. The Cooks and Hills of a generation or two generations ago were as influential as the Macleods and Tullochs are now; by sheer intellectual force they stormed the best endowed pulpits, secured the best Chairs, and, obtaining the Clerkships of the General Assembly, acquired a preponderating share in the government of their Church. There was a grim truth as well as a sly humour in the pun attributed by tradition to the poor licentiate who, finding that his professional fate virtually depended on a member of the ruling clerical family of the time, before whom he had to preach, "gave out" as the first psalm of his service, that beginning, "I to the Hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid." The Free Church is too young a body to have its clerical families; the Moncreiffs belong to the ante-Disruption period. But Presbyterian secession boasts, and justly boasts, of its generations of erudite and Evangelical Browns, that flowered into the delicate humour and pathos of the author of "Rab and his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming." Even the Scotch Episcopal Church has had its Forbeses; John Skinner, besides giving his country "Tullochgorum," gave his Church two Bishops of note. Among Scotch clerical families, that of the Erskines held a remarkable place. Different branches of it figured both in the Church and in the Dissenting bodies, agreeing, however, in holding fast by Evangelical theology; and they were connected by blood with the legal and aristocratic brothers, Thomas and Henry Erskine, who were not only the leaders of the English and Scotch Bars in their time, but Liberals and Reformers before their time. Finally, the Erskines found their way into literature; the subtle spirituality of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen is quite as remarkable a product of Scotch Evangelicalism as the humour and the pathos of John Brown. The sons of the Manse of fifty or a hundred years ago did not, perhaps, so distinguish themselves at the Bar as they do now, although, to mention one remarkable case of such success, the son of Blair of "The Grave" became Lord President of the Court of Session. But they played a prominent part in literature, philosophy, science, in whatever, indeed, gave Scotland a special reputation in their day and generation. Thomas Reid, the true representative, in spite of Hamilton, of the Scottish school of philosophy, was a son of the Manse. So was Thomas Brown, the pioneer of Dr. Bain and the cerebro-psychologists of our day. Dugald Stewart, the friend of Burns and preceptor of Russell and Palmerston, was a grandson of the Manse. Robertson, the historian, and leader of the Moderate Party in the Church of Scotland, was the son of a clergyman. Through his niece he gave a little, though all too little, of the tradition and tone of the Manse to Henry Brougham. Sir David Brewster was of good clerical blood, and was educated with a view to the Scotch ministry. If the word "adventurer" could by any possibility be used in the proper and honourable and not in the popular and odious sense, we should say that as adventurers the Scotch sons of the Manse occupy, and long have occupied, a position of "undoubted paramountcy" among a community which history, and social and even physical conditions have made, to the extent of four-fifths, a nation of adventurers.

The success of the son of the Manse is easily explained. His father is, as a rule, a man of humble origin, who by natural force has made his merits known and rewarded. His grandfather the peasant—of whom the father of the late Dr. Duff may be considered a type—has saved and pinched to make his son a minister, not only that he may help to advance the religion which has proved his own support and solace, but that he may give his successors a position in his country which he has found unattainable by himself. Every Presbyterian minister is, or may be, as Chalmers puts it, "a tribune of the people;" and it costs less to make a son a tribune of the people in Scotland than to make him a barrister or a doctor. "Why did you send me into the Church?" rather

querulously asks the Scotch minister of his plebeian father, in the novel, when he finds himself afflicted with theological "doubt." "I saw no other way of making you a gentleman," retorts the peasant, who snorts contemptuously at "doubt," because, like Dryden's "unlettered Christian," he

"Believes in gross,
Plods on to Heaven, and ne'er is at a loss."

The peasant's son, having become "a gentleman," in virtue of a professional position attained by ability, generally marries into a middle-class family; not unfrequently, indeed, he marries the daughter of another clergyman. His wife brings middle-class notions into his household, and instils middle-class ambitions into her children. But as a rule, there is not much luxury in the manse, while there is oftener than not a large family. Its head may be able to command "gentility" when he marries, but seldom a fortune. He has to pinch himself to educate his sons, while "keeping up appearances" quite as much as his father before him, although on a less humble scale. Like Wallace at Falkirk, he can bring his young men to the ring of the professions; they must do the dancing themselves. But one thing he can do for them; he can see to it that they get the best possible education attainable in their position. To this, therefore, he devotes himself, and as a rule successfully; Scotch ministers may be sometimes bad fathers, but they are almost invariably good "coaches." The sons of the Manse, being put on their mettle, being as inevitably adventurers as their fathers, are as industrious as their plebeian rivals, and much more industrious than scions of the well-to-do middle-class; while they have a refinement and a social status that the representatives of their fathers' original class are without, and which always tell in the long-run, if other things are equal. The continued ascendancy of a clerical family in Scotland is explained by the fact that while sire may bequeath to son education, natural ability, even standing of a special kind, he cannot, in virtue of his position, bequeath him wealth or power. The one is unattainable in a poor Church; the other is attainable by natural capacity alone in a democratic Church. There is no evidence, on the surface of things, that the Clerical caste is on the decline in Scotland. If such evidence could be furnished, it would prove either that the position of a Presbyterian clergyman in the North is no longer what it was, or that the peasant's ideal of power, from being a moral, has become a material one.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE AND ELECTORAL RIGHTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Rowland Estcourt (whose letter on "The Reform Bill" appears in the *Spectator* of last week), seems to be under the impression that a borough householder loses his vote for the borough in which he resides, if, at the time of the election next following the registration of his right to vote, his place of residence is other than that in respect of which his name is registered. Permit me to point out that section seven of the Ballot Act, 1872, makes the Register (with certain exceptions unconnected with the question of residence) conclusive evidence of the right of any person to vote whose name appears therein. The fact of a registered elector having changed his residence between the time of holding the Registration Court and that of the election, is consequently immaterial.—I am, Sir, &c., J. J. H. S.

PROFESSOR SEELEY'S "EXPANSION OF ENGLAND."—A CORRECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Pray allow me, if you think it worth while, to set right a small fact of history. Professor Seeley, in his "Expansion of England" (page 286), says, "At this juncture, the young Malcolm was sent to Hyderabad, and he succeeded in disbanding this [Raymond's] French force." The correct account is, that Captain James Achilles Kirkpatrick, the Resident at Hyderabad, conducted the negotiations with the Nizam for disbanding Raymond's forces, and the skill and firmness with which he overcame the reluctance and hesitation of the Nizam and his Minister were pronounced by Lord Mornington to be worthy of "public record." When Kirkpatrick's work was so advanced that the French camp was breaking up in mutinous confusion, he sent his assistant, young Malcolm, to disperse the men, which he did.—I am, Sir, &c., Edward Strachey.

ART.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

It is almost impossible to notice any exhibition of this Society without repeating a remark which is at once ungracious and antique,—namely, that the Society is sadly in want of new and vigorous blood. But the present is perhaps an average exhibition in point of merit, though there are even fewer sketches of striking interest than usual; and though several of the best members do not send, amongst these Mrs. Lyell, Alfred Hunt, Boyce, Frank Holl, George Fripp, and Lockhart, of the Scottish Academy. We will say nothing of the work, which seems to us to be unsatisfactory; but for the sake of hinting to our readers in what direction the shortcomings of the exhibition are most manifest, we would ask them to look at the four pictures from Nos. 12 to 15 inclusive, and compare them with the average Landscape Art of the present day. It will be seen that while they, on the one hand, fall very short of veracity to Nature, they, on the other, show even less appreciation of what is great in Art. They have even less of what is called "the grand style" than they have of pure realism; they belong simply and entirely to the school of the more or less conventional picturesque, which was once responsible for literary Keepsakes and Annuals, with their vignette illustrations.

Though it is only a monochrome, the most striking work in the exhibition, the only one which shows any trace of imagination directed to the representation of a great subject, is Mr. George H. Andrews's "Fighting Long Ago," a sea picture, representing two great galleons hammering one another to pieces at close quarters. Always at home with ships and shipping, Mr. Andrews has in this work (which, by the way, he has presented to the Society) shown himself to be equally at home with life and action. The picture has, indeed, something of the quality of a fine sea-story, and after looking at it one feels a distinct sense of disappointment in its somewhat too generic title.

Those who are interested in Henry Moore's painting—and every one who loves pictures or the sea must be—should compare Nos. 7 and 31 as specimens of the artist's good and bad work. Both are sea and sea-shore pictures, both have freshness and vigour,—and here all likeness ends. The first is good in colour, and good, too, though rough, in drawing, and is in tone good throughout. The second is most distracting in colour, is careless and inaccurate in form, and its tone is absolutely destroyed by unmeaning patches of dark colour and unnecessary splodges of white paper. Of course, a certain allowance must be made for the hurry of a sketch, especially when it is a sketch of breaking waves; but what we complain of here, is not the slightness or the roughness of Mr. Moore's work, but of the absence therein of the main facts for which really his sketch was made. No one could tell from this last-mentioned drawing what was intended to be the true curvature of the main wave breaking upon the shore, or, indeed, of any of the further waves.

We have so frequently discussed Mr. Albert Goodwin's work, that we must dismiss it here with a repetition of the remark we made last year. It is losing the fineness of its imaginative power, and becoming far too purely phenomenal. By this we mean that its records of nature—of light, shadow, &c.—are now being executed without any *arrière pensée*, almost as a meteorologist might reproduce them. The pictures of this artist are becoming scientifically interesting, rather than artistically. Let the painter of the "Siren Sea," "The Great Armada," and "The Voyages of Sindbad," look to it! If we turn from the most imaginative member of the Society to the one who is, perhaps, the least imaginative (of the younger men), Mr. Thorne Waite, we find an artist who has a very vivid, pleasant faculty for sketching. Will he excuse us, if we say to him that there are few practices in water-colours so radically vicious and wrong, as that of drawing carefully and finishing minutely all the stationary objects of the earth, and drawing carelessly, and not finishing at all, all the fleeting forms of the sky? Look at any of his contributions to this exhibition (and there are fifteen), and it will be found that whenever Mr. Thorne Waite wishes to draw a cloud, he proceeds in the following manner. He leaves, or "takes out," an irregular white mass in his blue sky, and in the centre of this he "dobs" a "dab" of greyish or purple paint, leaving a border of white. Now, if this was only

done for purposes of swiftness, and grasping a momentary aspect of the sky, we might think it showed unskilful workmanship, but could not call it vicious painting. But we find, if we look at the rest of Mr. Waite's work, that it is in its way highly and solidly finished, and that it is the sky alone which is left in this ragged and unlovely manner. This must be wrong. Take the roughest sketches of Cox, sketches which, by the way, supply the key-note to Mr. Waite's work, and you will find without exception that the drawing of the sky is, with all its apparent roughness and rapidity of execution, more, not less elaborate, than that of any other portion of the picture. No instance can be cited, or ever could be cited, of a great artist who drew carefully only what was easy, and left undepicted all that was difficult.

Mr. Clarence White's "Thunder-splitting Peaks of Arran" is a powerful drawing, notable for its attempt at a full scale of colour, and for a certain grandeur of intention and composition, which a little reminds us of the late Samuel Palmer. This work, we are inclined to think, is not quite what the French call "sincere;" it is unduly forced for purposes of effect, but it deserves notice for its strength, and for the comparative elevation of its intention.

Mr. William Colliugwood, too, has three drawings, all of which are interesting, and one of which, a picture of the rosy glow upon an Alp, is a very fine study of an intensely difficult effect. His second large picture, which is called "Going to the Spring," is in reality only another study of sunlight, this time of diffused sunlight, seen through thick foliage. As a picture, it is, we think, a failure; the figures, the tree-trunks, and the lower part of the work generally are feeble and uninteresting, but the foliage suffused with sunlight is finely and truthfully rendered. Look, for a contrast with this, at the moonlight study by Mr. Holman Hunt, a little sketch which he has painted, we should imagine, in as many minutes as he generally takes years. It is a curiously dull, dark effect for this painter to have chosen, but it is true, and has that indefinable touch of mystery and individuality which the work of a great figure-painter commonly possesses when he attempts landscape. There is upon the first screen another little work by Mr. Holman Hunt, called "Near Ashburton," which is more in his accustomed manner, and has all his wonted iridescence of colour. It is a lovely little drawing, of which the most hypercritical could only say there was a slight excess of purple in its shadows. Miss Clara Montalba has apparently been spending the autumn in Holland, and all her sketches here are of Dordrecht or Zyndrecht, or places of the same type. They are clean, brilliant, and strong as ever; but for some time this clever lady has been surrendering the finer qualities of her colour to the effectiveness of her contrasts, and why she does not work in monochrome is more than we can conceive. After all, no contrast is so strong as a blot of ink upon a fair, white piece of paper. Besides which, her work gets less human—if we may use such an expression—day by day. The skilful hand is still there, but nothing else. There is no trace of old William Hunt's maxim,—"Paint what you love, love what you paint." As with many clever women's work, its lack of tenderness is, perhaps, its greatest characteristic, and in this it is not so much masculine as it is unwomanly. A delightful pen-and-ink drawing of Mr. Du Maurier's should be noticed, if only for its sharp and almost crystalline beauty of line. Many artists have used the pen with greater power than Mr. Du Maurier, and with greater elaboration. No one, to the best of our belief, has used it with more "finesse;" and it is notable that though his work is, as a rule, almost over-finished, he possesses that rarest of artistic faculties, the power of suggesting all the details which could not be elaborately copied. Rarest, we mean, to find in combination with the power of elaborate work. As a rule, the artist who suggests best is least able to finish satisfactorily. There is a wonderful instance of this in one of his drawings for *Punch's Almanack* this year, the one which represents the great mesmeric duel between a Frenchman and a German. In this, Mr. Du Maurier has, in a way which is little short of marvellous, marked the national characteristics of each combatant, and has especially given to the German very hairy arms. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the few touches with which the artist has expressed this fact, and expressed it with the utmost power of which it was capable, will be surprised to find with how excessively few touches the effect has been produced. It is this union of elaborate with suggestive work which renders Mr. Du Maurier so great an artist, and gives to his work that combined elegance and ease in which it is, in illustration, unrivalled.

Mr. Poynter only sends to this gallery two heads in red chalk, both studies. These are interesting, as showing the growth of refinement which is taking place in this painter. Both are quite genuine pieces of work, without that somewhat strident muscularity which used to be noticeable in Mr. Poynter's studies. Less anatomical, they are equally right, and they have gained far more in beauty than they have lost in force.

Mr. Herbert Marshall, one of the younger members of the Society, is doing good, all-round work, and showing occasionally, as in his "Westminster," some fine qualities of colour. His "Westminster" is quite the best of his works, though the Victoria Tower, in it, does seem to be (we dare say it is our imagination) a little out of the straight line. There is also a little drawing of a City churchyard, with some black railings bounding its quietness, through which we see a street crowded with passers-by, and vehicles of every description. A good subject, this, tenderly touched; not with all its meanings dwelt upon, but one or two of the lightest prettily suggested. Mrs. Allingham, who is never so good as when her work is tiny in scale, and restricted almost entirely to landscape and cottage-scape—if we may use such a word—is here in great force. There are few English water-colour drawings which would not look either tawdry, brutal, or dull, by the side of "At Sandhills, Surrey," and there are several others of almost equal quality.

Mr. Wainwright (a comparatively recent Associate) is one of the cleverest young men in the Society, but his work this time is so unpleasant in its motive, and shows such a preference for the ugly or the offensive sides of Art, that we do not intend to speak of it in detail. His large picture of a hideous Frenchwoman, in high-heeled shoes, leaning back in a chair, with crossed legs, is, in our opinion, the most frankly ugly and abominable bit of clever *genre* we have ever seen. It is a pity that Mr. Wainwright, who has learnt how to paint, should have quite forgotten what a picture should be like. Certainly, "The world where we weary ourselves," as he calls this precious work, will not be made less bothersome by such pictures as this.

We should like to say a few words about many of the other works, but we approach the limits of a possible article, and must group all that remains together. Strange it is to see in the same exhibition the crudest of amateur pictures of the Falls of Niagara hung in the place of honour, and the most delicate studies by Ruskin on screen or the floor. Can it be that the fact of the one being by a princess and the other by a professor has anything to do with the arrangement? Strange to see a good picture by Mr. Brewtnall, of a girl in the snow, entirely ruined by the introduction of an extraordinary, red head-gear, which is at least as large as an ordinary umbrella. Strange to see that Mr. Pilsbury's Farmyards and Hayricks are not yet exhausted. Strange to see a clever, faithful artist like E. K. Johnson wearying us by the 275th representation (or thereabouts) of his pretty little daughter. Strange to see Edwin Buckman degenerating from the decorative satirist, into the painter of the most mawkish common-place, for what could be more mawkish than a lamb picking up a badly-drawn rosebud from a child's grave? Strange to see that J. D. Watson's lover is still waiting in the same nice clean boots and breeches for his tarrying mistress. Strange to see Birket Foster's hand (which must be pretty well the oldest in the Society, now) still doing feats of such manipulative dexterity as few young painters could rival. Strange to see Mr. Thomas Watson wasting his delicate landscape drawing on such dull, uninteresting subjects, and many other strange sights are to be seen, as well as clever pictures to be enjoyed, in this gallery. But the strangest sight of all is to see the old and the new kinds of Water-colour Art, side by side, and to witness the unavailing struggle to maintain out-worn theories of beauty, and exploded conventionalities of treatment. For, indeed, the Royal Water-Colour Society, as a body, never seem to have read Tennyson, or any of the myriad poets who have expressed in different ways his saying of,—

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

BOOKS.

DUBLIN TRANSLATIONS.*

Professor Tyrrell, Dr. Ingram's brilliant successor in the Regius Chair of Greek at Dublin, may be cordially congratu-

* *Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse.* Edited by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Regius Professor of Greek. Dublin University Press Series. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co.

lated on this volume, in which he has had for his colleagues a picked body of the best Irish scholars. The 217 pieces which it contains represent forty-two contributors, all of whom are, or have been, members of the University of Dublin. Some of the translators are, or have been, connected with other Colleges and Universities; but Professor Tyrrell has their authority for stating that their versions have been "written under Dublin influences, and as the result of Dublin training." It is, then, in every way fitting that this handsome volume should have issued from the Dublin University Press, and no better proof could be afforded of the solid basis on which Classical studies rest in the chief seat of Irish learning. Men who can write verse of this stamp show that they possess far more than merely an exact knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. They must also have seized, in a rare degree, the spirit of the Greek and Latin literatures. A mere grammarian's knowledge would not go far towards clothing Molière, as is successfully done here, with the garb of Aristophanes, turning a dialogue between Falstaff and Prince Hal into iambics which are really Plautine, or making the grandeur of the *Prolog im Himmel* resound through Greek anapaests of Æschylean force. At the present day, there exists a vast literature *about* the Classics. A show of erudition can easily be made by using the Germans, and a show of originality by abusing them. There is no reason why a manual of Greek literature should not be written by a compiler who could not construe a Greek sentence at sight, or write the simplest piece of Greek prose. But if Classical criticism is to have a really independent or original value, then it must rest on such studies as those of which this volume is the fruit.

While each of the principal contributors has his own traits, it may be said that the whole book has certain broad characteristics which distinguish it from similar collections. Here we recognise the justice of the claim made for it by Professor Tyrrell, that it is essentially a Dublin book. The first of these general characteristics, to our thinking, is exemption from bondage to the letter of the originals, and a resolve to aim always at an idiomatic reproduction of the spirit. It need hardly be observed that this "note" is common to almost all the very best work which has appeared in other books of this kind; but what strikes us here is that we find it as a nearly universal trait, present even in those pieces which do not otherwise reach the highest standard. The impression left on a reader's mind, after going attentively through the whole book, is that these translations arise out of a singularly genial school of scholarship, in which the enjoyment of the Classics as *literature* is fresh and keen, and in which, it may be added, a feeling for the music of language is highly cultivated. Another general characteristic which we remark is a love for *tours de force*, humorous or pathetic. For instance, we have "Tom Bowling" in Greek elegiacs; "Three Blind Mice," in Greek iambics; the "Meeting of Saint Kevin with King O'Toole, at Glendalough" (a racy ballad, by an anonymous bard), in Homeric hexameters. Masterly Latin elegiacs render the verses "You are Old, Father William" (*Alice in Wonderland*), Hood's "Bachelor's Dream," and the ill-fated love of "Billy Taylor." These efforts, and others like them, show a cleverness, a sense of humour, and a linguistic power which are, in themselves, quite admirable; but it should be clearly perceived, we think, that they belong to a distinct *genre*. They have nothing really in common, from the artistic point of view, with legitimate comic renderings into Aristophanic or Plautine verse. Their point depends essentially on the contrast between the grotesque original and the refined gravity of the new dress. In other words, the translator is mocking his own art. We know that some masters of expression contemporary with Isocrates and Aristotle displayed their resources by penning "encomia" on bees and mice, on salt and potsherds. An "encomium" of this class, if we found it placed between the Second and Third Philippic, would give us the same sort of sensation which we have once or twice experienced in turning over these delightful pages. "Juxtaposition is great," as Clough said; and its virtue is two-edged.

When Lord Kimberley was giving the prizes at a London school last summer, he said that he did not often enjoy the pleasure of agreeing with Lord Salisbury, but that he felt satisfaction in corroborating some recent remarks of the noble Marquis about Classical verse-composition. "When I was at school," his Lordship added, "I wrote verses *in all the metres of Sophocles;* but I knew that they were not real poems." Next to Lord Kimberley, whose versatility in this way could only be equalled by his modesty, we should say that the most versatile composer we know is Professor Tyrrell. He seems equally at home in all metres and styles, and if his comic iambics, Greek and Latin, are perhaps the most striking, it is only because the special faculty which they show is rare even among the best composers. Professor Davies, whose share in the book is nearly as large as Mr. Tyrrell's, gives a preference to Greek iambics and Latin hexameters, which, in a style at once learned and individual, are very powerful. Mr. T. J. Brady and Mr. M. C. Cullinan—Mr. Tyrrell's colleagues in *Hesperidum Susurri* (1867)—are well to the fore in this volume, maintaining the distinctive excellences which have made their work well known to those who can feel the Classical χάρις. Professor Hastings Crossley proves that his skill in composition, both Latin and Greek, is not inferior to that which he has shown in translating the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, a work which we hope to see him continue. Of Mr. R. W. West, we should be inclined to say that he shines by flashes, and then brilliantly; parts of his best pieces are unsurpassed. The quality of Professor Palmer's work is so first-rate as to leave no regret, except that there is not more of it. A peculiar interest attaches to Professor Maguire's versions. None in the book maintain a higher level throughout, and they have a certain *cachet* of style which suggests an original mind and character. Mr. Maguire is Professor of Moral Philosophy at Dublin, and there are probably few other living instances of philosophical and classical attainments being combined in a similar degree.

Space forbids us to dwell on other contributions which seem to us excellent, such as those of Mr. S. Allen, Mr. L. Dowdall, Mr. W. W. Flemyng, Professor W. Ridgeway, and Mr. J. B. Bury. Mention is due to the one undergraduate, Mr. J. Dickie, who has the distinction of appearing in this goodly company—

> "Corruttibile ancora, ad immortale
> Secolo andò"—

dividing with Mr. W. H. Kelly the honours of a fine version of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." We sometimes hear "verbal scholarship" contrasted (by those who lack it) with a feeling for the "genius" of the Classical authors. A book like this is a good answer to such blustering cant. The "genius" of a literature is not likely to be finely appreciated by those who do not know the language in which it is written. The Dublin translators not only reproduce the tones, but interpret the inspirations, of their ancient models. And they also produce work which has not merely an intrinsic literary worth of exquisite quality, but also, for every real scholar, a delightful and permanent charm.

A PLAIN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICA.*

We have given the designation of "a plain Englishman" to the author of this work simply on account of its character; of Mr. Adams himself we know nothing, except that he seems to be a Newcastle, or, at all events, a North-country man. We should have preferred to style him "level-headed," only "level-headed" has not yet been naturalised on this side of the Atlantic, although it no doubt will be, one of these days. Mr. Adams may have had his fancies in the past; he tells (p. 293) how, "on the banks of the Coniston Water," he and Mr. W. J. Linton, well known as the author of *The History of Engraving in America*, "dreamed together of the establishment of an English Republic." But he has now, if we may judge from the general tone of his book, and also from his very sensible remarks on the secret societies and fantastic labour movements of the United States, got rid of some of his illusions, as, indeed, Mr. Linton seems also to have done, since he has come to the conclusion that the Union is not "the ideal Republic," and that "America is no country for the poor man." Mr. Adams is a "plain" writer in the sense that he indulges in no sentimentalising or philosophising. He speaks respectfully and even lovingly of "our American cousins," and so raises that phrase above the level of common-place; but he does not hesitate to indicate what he considers their political, social and other weaknesses. Above all things, he does not dogmatise, or draw large conclusions from a limited experience. In other words, having used his eyes and ears to some purpose, when on a visit to the States in the spring and summer of 1882, he now uses his pen to equal purpose to record his impressions. Transparent truthfulness, modesty, simplicity of style, and readability are the characteristics of

* *Our American Cousins; being Personal Impressions of the People and Institutions of the United States.* By W. E. Adams. London: Walter Scott. 1883.

his writing. This book by a plain Englishman on America may indeed, be recommended to Americans much as *The American Four-in-Hand in Great Britain*, by a plain Scotchman, with, however, a turn for poetical quotation and viewy politics, who has made a fortune in the States, may be recommended to Englishmen.

Mr. Adams's book, as its title indicates, deals more with the inhabitants of the Union—their habits and institutions—than with the physical characteristics of the American continent. He makes some shrewd observations, however, on the effect of climate, the champagne-like exhilaration of the air, on life in the States. "When one takes into consideration the effervescent character of the air our cousins imbibe, one is less disposed to wonder at the vast schemes and speculations which find favour among them. The habit of 'rushing around,' common among all ranks in the West, is born of the Western climate." There is something of a warning, too, in the observation, which Mr. Adams tells us is a common belief in America, that "both Kingsley and Dickens, taking no account of the exhilarating influence of the atmosphere, exerted themselves so much when visiting the States that they considerably shortened their days." Nor do we remember to have seen the spirit of speculation which is the result of atmospheric intoxication in the United States better hit off than here:—"A stranger whom I met on the railway explained the difference between our countrymen and his own:—'An Englishman,' said he, 'when he gets a good thing, tries to keep it; but an American, when *he* gets a good thing, wants to sell it.'"

Mr. Adams necessarily travels over old ground, and has practically much the same thing to say as other travellers of American humour, political corruption, politeness, misgovernment, newspaper personalities, tobacco-chewing, sensational preaching, "square meals," and the like. Occasionally he puts some tolerably well known things in a very startling way, simply by his power of matter-of-fact exposition. Take, for example, what he says of the educational contrasts in the States:—

"The per-centage of persons unable to read is 5·3 in Massachusetts, 4·0 in Wisconsin, and 2·4 in Iowa; while the same per-centage is 43·5 in Alabama and 48·2 in South Carolina. Some alarm was naturally created when the statement was made before the National Educational Convention in August, 1882, that 32 per cent. of the voters of the country were unable to read the ballots which they cast. That there are two million voters who cannot spell the names of the candidates to whom they give their suffrages must necessarily be a subject of grave anxiety to the citizens of the Republic. Three-fourths of the two millions of illiterate electors live in the old Slave States, large numbers of whom, of course, were born and reared in slavery. But the trouble is that most of the children of the emancipated slaves are growing up in as dense ignorance as their parents. The extension of the suffrage in England was immediately followed by the establishment of a national system of education; but the enfranchisement of the negro has not so far been followed by the same happy result in the Southern States."

Mr. Adams thus pleasantly describes from his own experience one result of democratic institutions in America, although we are by no means certain that Mr. Adams is right in making these institutions the sole cause in this case:—

"The effect of the democratic institutions of America may be noticed in the total absence of that system of 'tips' which renders travelling both in England and Europe generally so disagreeable to most people. When you leave an American hotel, you are not surrounded by waiters and chambermaids, who expect to be rewarded for services which have already been paid for. Not the least annoyance of this kind meets the traveller from one end of the States to the other. The same comfort is experienced on the railways. There the officials have too much self-respect to hang about the carriage doors in expectation of having gratuities surreptitiously slipped into their hands. The conductor of a train, indeed, is as much a gentleman as any of the passengers. If you offered him money, he would deem himself so much insulted that he would—well, he would probably stop the train and order you to leave it! If you offered him a cigar, ten to one he would, if he took it, offer you another in exchange. During the whole time I was travelling about the States, I did not pay, and I was not expected to pay, a single cent for anything but services I had received. Even many services of a valuable kind were rendered, not only without payment, but without any expectation of it. An amusing instance of the independence which early in life takes possession of the American people occurred at a friend's house. My friend's son—a smart, intelligent lad of some ten or twelve years—had been put to a good deal of extra trouble on my account. On the day I was leaving I called him aside. But the moment he saw my hand in my pocket, he turned on his heels and disappeared. Nor could I get speech with him afterwards. I learned subsequently that his own explanation was, that he was too old now to receive presents from his father's guests. If this is the spirit of the youth of America, anybody can understand that the dignity of the elder people will forbid them from asking for what they have not earned. It is, perhaps, to this same spirit that the country is indebted for its freedom from another evil—beggary. There may be beggars in America; indeed, there is at least one State in the Union which has enacted penal laws against them; but I was never importuned for alms myself, nor did I see anybody else. What I did see, however, was a young lad who sold newspapers in the streets of Chicago, who kept and educated an orphan sister out of his earnings, and who was as proud of the girl as any father in the States of his own child."

If, however, any reader of these words should infer from them that Mr. Adams is unduly partial to Americans and American institutions and habits, let him read what he says about political scandals, the Tammany Ring, and the lenient treatment accorded to such ruffians as the James Boys, of whose atrocities in the West and South States we have not yet heard the last. The condition of the streets in New York he describes as "disgusting" and as "a disgrace to free institutions." "I could not help thinking that the citizens of Newcastle would go into fits if the state of Grey Street for a single week resembled the state of Broadway all the year round." Again, "The persons who ride in the tram-cars are shaken and jolted about in a manner that reminded me of a ride in a spring-cart over a mountain bridle-path. When the driver turned a corner, one had to hold fast by the seat to avoid being flung on to the floor." Mr. Adams appears, moreover, to share, to some extent, Mr. Spencer's fears as to the immediate future of the Republic. Surely, however, there is not much to be alarmed at in the invasion of the States by hosts of persons belonging to European nationalities, at least on the ground that they may bring European, in the sense of aristocratic and even autocratic, ideas with them. Thus the Germans are the most formidable of these invaders; yet they go to the States not to propagate Bismarckism, but to escape from it. And, speaking of Germans, we could have wished that Mr. Adams, in the course of his remarks on the peculiar use in America of certain English words, such as "elegant" and "clever," (what about "lovely," by the way?) had told us something of the probable effect of German immigration on the English language as spoken in America. The present writer once heard a New York lady, of German extraction, describe as "majestic" a person who certainly did not seem to merit the adjective. It was subsequently explained that "majestic" meant at once well-built and neatly dressed.

While Mr. Adams was in America, he had an interview with Mr. Wendell Phillips, his account of which is highly interesting, even from the political point of view:—

"I found Mr. Phillips, as I found every other American of eminence to whom I was introduced, accessible and cordial. Although I was a perfect stranger even by name, although I had no other object than the satisfaction of making the acquaintance of a man whom I highly esteemed, he received me so kindly that I did not feel that my visit was in any way an intrusion. During the short time I ventured to inflict myself upon Mr. Phillips's attention, two or three subjects of interest to folks at home were mentioned. Mr. Phillips had taken a determined stand on the Irish question—favourable to Ireland, but somewhat hostile to England. When I told him that I thought the point on which all Englishmen were united was that of the integrity of the kingdom, Mr. Phillips remarked that he had told some of his Irish friends that Ireland was not big enough to make a strong self-reliant nation, that she might become a sort of Switzerland, and that it was perhaps better for her to remain united to Britain, and so continue part and parcel of a great country. The argument that the position of England was precisely the same as that of America when South Carolina wanted to secede, reminded Mr. Phillips of a conversation he had at the time of the war with the late Lord Amberley. The noble lord had contended, like his father, Earl Russell, that the North had no right to coerce the South. 'But,' asked Mr. Phillips, 'what if Ireland should want her independence?' Lord Amberley could only respond that that was a different matter! We talked also, however, about the condition of America. Mr. Phillips is probably no more satisfied with that condition than any other man who has entertained great and exalted hopes for the future of mankind; but he made one remark which seemed to indicate that he did not regard with the same misgivings as Mr. Lintou the position and prospects of the Republic. 'We manage in this country,' he said, 'to work out a rough average happiness for the millions.'"

Mr. Adams found, indeed, the people of the United States as disposed to be friendly to the United Kingdom as Lord Coleridge seems to have done. The bulk of the persons he met appear to have taken a very sensible view of the Irish question, and instead of complaining of our action in Egypt, thought that action was not taken with sufficient promptitude. Alluding to the help given by Commodore Josiah Tattnall, of the American Navy, to the English Naval force engaged under Admiral Hope, in assailing the forts at the month of the Peiho in 1859, and to his exclamation, "Blood is thicker than water," Mr. Adams assures us that, "The sentiment that inspired that action would probably inspire the entire American people, should the old country ever find herself in need of help to preserve her existence or maintain her Empire." Should many more such assurances be given—and they are increasing every

year—they will set even the author of *The Expansion of England* speculating about an offensive and defensive alliance of the future, which, if concluded, would be without a parallel in the history of the world, and would, indeed, as Lord Coleridge says, be "irresistible."

GEORGE TINWORTH AND HIS WORK.*

This is one of the Art books published by the Fine-Art Society, and is produced as regards paper, print, and binding, with the usual good-taste of that Society. It consists of a series of photographs from Mr. Tinworth's terra-cotta friezes, panels, &c., and a comprehensive catalogue of his works. There is also a prefatory memoir, by Mr. E. W. Gosse, which tells the main facts of the artist's life pleasantly and plainly, though with just that tinge of over-sweetness which is apt to distinguish Mr. Gosse's biography, and which probably arises from the frequency with which his biographical notices are written of lately deceased artists,—concerning whom, of course, there must be *nil nisi bonum*.

Mr. Tinworth's life has been apparently one singularly devoid of excitement and incident. He was the son of a wheelwright, who was the victim at once of a gloomy religion and a taste for alcohol, both of which seem to have combined to render his life, and the lives of his wife and children, anything but happy. The son who is the subject of this biography was early apprenticed to his father's trade, and though his Art talent was evident almost from the first, he was only enabled to practise it by stealth, in the evenings, and when his father was away from the house. In one of the photographs of this book there is an interesting panel which shows young Tinworth modelling a little figure in his father's shop, while another youth is posted at the door to give warning of the wheelwright's approach. The great step in Mr. Tinworth's life seems to have been his joining the evening classes at the Lambeth School of Art, and there gaining the friendship and help of Mr. Sparkes, who was then master, and has since become the head of the South Kensington Schools. After working here for some time and exhibiting once or twice at the Royal Academy, he began to work for Messrs. Doulton, with whom he has continued ever since.

Mr. Gosse expends a good deal of unnecessary admiration over the fact that the artist has, despite his success, remained in the state of life to which he was born, and is still practically an artisan as well as an artist. No doubt, it is pleasant, in this age of competitive commerce, to find a man who is contented with his estate, and who simply lives to do his work. But from the artistic point of view it may be doubted whether this peculiarity of Mr. Tinworth's mind does not imply a great deficiency. It may be doubted whether any really great artist would be content to live in the narrow bounds of such an existence as that of a British workman, when he could, if he chose,—

> "Break his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasp the skirts of happy chance."

And this leads us to the few words we have to say of his work, words which we would preface by saying that it possesses in an eminent degree three great qualities,—it is at once simple, fervid, and sincere. Its simplicity is, perhaps, its most evident characteristic, and in this it resembles nothing so much as the early German sculptures, such as those one may see to this day carved in the walls of St. Sebald's, at Nürnberg. Looking at these processions to the Cross, watchings in the Garden, casting lots for the garments of Christ, and all the other Biblical subjects in which Mr. Tinworth delights, is like returning to the days when we read "Line upon Line" in childhood at our nurse's knee. In the simplest literal interpretation of Scripture, no recluse of the middle-ages could have exceeded Mr. Tinworth. He is not one of those who, as Tennyson says, "after toil and storm" have "reached a clearer air," but one of those rarely happy souls who have never known the "toil and storm" at all.

He is, too, in his work fervid and sincere, almost in the same degree as he is simple, indeed, his sculptures have an insistance, an almost proselytising vehemence, which is very apt to mar their artistic value. And in curious contradistinction to most artists, where he becomes most in earnest, his work becomes least admirable. There are many admirable qualities in Mr. Tinworth's sculpture, if sculpture is not almost too large a word to use of these terra-cotta figures, of which the majority are little more than six or eight inches high; they are full of ingenuity and invention, and the subjects, though, as we have said, treated with the utmost simplicity, are treated also from an original point of view. It is curious, too, to notice how Mr. Tinworth, though he will sacrifice scarcely anything to artistic convention, and though many of his works show an extraordinary capability of making the most elementary artistic blunders, manages to give in almost all cases a strong dramatic unity to his work. The composition is, with rare exceptions, in long, parallel lines, and is rarely satisfactory as a whole, but the unity of feeling is as rarely defective. All the actors in the scenes play their parts naturally and strongly, and we feel of each of them that *he has a right to be there*. This effect is the more curious, as every actor in Mr. Tinworth's dramas has a strongly marked individuality, and is almost invariably expressing it in some characteristic action. Our meaning as to the opposition in his friezes between unity of composition and unity of drama, may, perhaps, be exemplified by saying that the work has the completeness of a panorama rather than that of a picture. The action is consecutive and natural, rather than concentrated and conventional.

We do not propose to dwell to any extent upon the deficiencies of the work. They are such as any child can perceive, and are in many cases inseparable from its merits. Something of the mediæval, ascetic disdain for mere natural beauty hangs over all the panels, and is strangely interwoven with the natural feeling for beauty and grace which Mr. Tinworth evidently possesses. It is as if his religious emotions and needs were always trying to get the better of his artistic susceptibilities, and at the shrine of the first he is always struggling to lay down the prejudices of the second. And it is more than strange to see how seldom he is successful in his endeavour. Through the limits of his creed, his free artistic spirit breaks out again and again,—only to be again pursued and bound with formula and tradition. It must have been, and, indeed, must be, for he is still in the prime of his powers, a hard fight between the two great emotions of his life,—the art with which he was born, and the religion in which he was educated. And it may be—indeed, in the opinion of the present writer, it must be—that a religion which was not only so sincere, but, if we may use such a word, so vociferous, as that in which Mr. Tinworth was educated, was bound to cramp and to pervert the Art genius which it sought to bend to its own peculiar uses.

* *George Tinworth and his Work.* Published by the Fine Art Society. With a Memoir by E. W. Gosse.

GLADYS FANE.*

Mr. Reid has written a very good novel, though, strange to say, he has made a more living picture of his heroine than of his hero. We greatly prefer the wild and headstrong girl whose waywardness is so absolute a riddle to the conventional and squirearchical family into which she is born, to the sternly romantic Radical, who suppresses the story of his unhappy marriage, to his own great injury and that of others into whose company he falls, and who, though possessed of such overflowing power of will, has not the strength of mind to avoid either paying attentions he cannot justify, or fighting a duel against his own principles, without any conceivable advantage to anybody except his adversary, whose vindictiveness he gratifies, and therefore feeds, by his own fall. Rex Mansfield seems to us a melodramatic figure, without much substance or vividness; but though we regard the hero as little better than a failure, we regard the novel as a decided success,—lively and truthful in many of its characters, full of interest in its narrative, dramatic in its situations, and graphic without long-windedness in its scenic effects. Mr. Fane, the father of the heroine, and one of the heavy Tory squires who are included by Mr. Disraeli in the Tory Administration of 1874-1880, is a slight, indeed, but an admirable sketch; as is also the second wife, whom he so deeply offends his daughter by marrying, in order that he may give her a proper chaperone. The outline, for it is no more, of Lady Jane Craigallen, afterwards Lady Jane Fane, is no common one. It is both conceived and executed with an originality that raises our hopes of the story,—in this respect partly disappointed, for Lady Jane soon disappears, and is seen no more. In one or two of the secondary figures, notably in Prince Bessarion,—and perhaps in Mrs. Wybrowe and Lord Lostwithiel,—the same power of skilful etching is seen again; but in others of the minor characters, like Mrs. Carmichael and Mr. and Mrs. Lor-

* *Gladys Fane: a Story of Two Lives.* By T. Wemyss Reid. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

rimer, where life-like sketches would have added greatly to the effect of the story, we have nothing given us but the ordinary shadows of the modern novel. The vigour of the tale, which is considerable, depends chiefly on Gladys Fane, and the realism with which her home, her provocations to leave it, and her rash escapades after she has left it, are painted; though the picture of the accomplished Roumanian Prince, with his curious mixture of polish and brutality, his fierce gambling instincts, his dignified air, his insolence when foiled, his craft and his candour, his condescension to the swindler whom he used, and his murderous prematureness in firing at the rival whom he feared, greatly enhances the vivacity of a story which would otherwise depend almost wholly on Gladys Fane and her adventures.

The 'story of two lives' refers, of course, to the lives of Gladys and of Rex. But so far as the interest of the reader is concerned, the two lives whose images are likely to remain in his memory are those of Gladys Fane and Prince Bessarion. Rex Mansfield is melodramatic even in his view of the Press, which, potent as it is, and conscious of its responsibility for its right discharge of its duties as it ought to be, is, we think, both less and more than Rex Mansfield here describes it:—

"He was a journalist himself, and proud, justly proud of his vocation. It was one, he knew, which gave those who followed it a more potent influence for good or evil than any other which lay within the reach of the great mass of educated men. The newspaper Press of to-day, he had often thought within himself, is not merely what Carlyle called it in the past generation, the new Church; it is the new Parliament wherein the great problems that trouble a nation's life are threshed out more thoroughly than they can ever be upon the floor of the House of Commons; and it is the final Court of Appeal, in which the judgment of public opinion is pronounced upon every question, great or small, that engages the attention of the world. He himself was a mere subaltern in the great army of journalists. He had never wielded the editorial power. But he felt, as strongly as the most prominent of the great writers and editors of his day could do, the weight of that burden of responsibility that rests upon those to whom is committed, in even the humblest degree, the control of this mightiest of modern forces. Often as he sat, pen in hand, engaged in treating, with his large knowledge and masculine commonsense, some of those questions of the day in which he was more immediately interested, there would rise up before his eyes a vision that for a moment almost paralyzed his mind, until it stimulated it to fresh vigour;—a vision of the thousand homes into which these words of his were to go, as the voice of the unseen but not unheard teacher and guide, of the innumerable varieties of men and women upon whom he was to make some impression, however slight, and over whom of necessity he must exercise some influence, be it little or great, for good or for evil."

Yet this deep sense of responsibility which Rex Mansfield feels for his lightest words, he hardly feels for those far more effective deeds which, in their power of inspiring or discouraging others, go far beyond the most heartfelt words. These are his thoughts as he goes to keep an engagement of a kind which his principles wholly condemn,—so far at least as the scepticism hinted at in the concluding sentence has left him any principles,—to pick a duelling quarrel with Prince Bessarion:—

"Death! it struck him with a strange, weird sense of the triviality of most of the things of this world, that in very truth he was perhaps nearer to death now than any other of the men and women who surrounded him in that city of pleasure. To-morrow the moon would once more be shining high up in the heavens, shedding its glory as it was now doing upon sea and land, upon fronded palm and golden-fruited orange tree. And in all that world of mystery and sorrow upon which it would then pour its rays, it might be that there would no longer be one among the sons of men who answered to his name. Yet had not this grey earth lived for ten thousand years before he appeared upon it; and what difference would his going make to any human soul among all the hundreds of millions who breathed and toiled and suffered upon it to-day? He had left the Avenue de la Buffa behind him, and, taking a short cut, had reached the shore. It still wanted nearly an hour to the appointed time for his meeting with Bessarion. He spent that hour in slowly walking by the side of the sea, the solemn melody of whose waves harmonised well with his thoughts. Those thoughts had now travelled far, far away from all the faces and the scenes of these latter days. They had taken him back to the time when, as a little child, he nestled beside his mother's knee, and drank in there with the unquestioning faith of childhood some of those truths for the full acceptance of which, alas! the simplicity and innocence of childhood are needed."

The story, however, of Gladys Fane has nothing in it of similar unreality. How it is that Mr. Wemyss Reid has managed to conceive his heroine so much better than he has conceived his hero, we hardly know. He must have, we think, some touch of the poet in him, to be able to do so, for it is a mark of poetic feeling in men to pourtray women truly, and make the feminine essence of their nature really visible. From her first escapade, when she compels the old coachman to follow her to the meet of the hounds, up to her last, when she makes Prince Bessarion's stakes for him in the gambling-house at Monte Carlo, Gladys Fane is always herself, and always the first interest of the reader. The beautiful and terse descriptions of scenery which we find in this story themselves suggest a genuine poetic element in Mr. Wemyss Reid, whose study of Charlotte Brontë long ago rendered his name familiar to the literary world. We heartily welcome his success in this new field, even though we frankly recognise such deficiencies as we have indicated in his pleasant and fascinating story. We may well hope that this promising novel may be succeeded by others of still higher general power and still more vivid execution.

THE GRAVER MAGAZINES.

The grave Magazines are doing their first work, the exhaustive discussion of the topic of the day, very well this month. They publish seven, or, we may say, eight papers on the "Rehousing the Poor," and those who read them will find their materials for thought upon the subject distinctly increased. The most important is, of course, Mr. Chamberlain's, in the *Fortnightly*, which we commented on last week; but Miss Octavia Hill's, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is full of experience and sense, Mr. Glazier's states the working-man's views, and Mr. Brooke Lambert and Mr. Mearns in the *Contemporary* once more dilate on the magnitude of the evil. The feeling of the man who reads them all will be, we think, that the physical difficulty—the actual badness of the houses—could be conquered, if we could get over the recklessness of the very poor about the state of the cloacæ, which again could, we believe, be mastered, if they were once shown how miasma affects strength, and this for less expenditure than is at present believed. Mr. Glazier, the working-man, presses the case against the tenants with especial force; and we have never been able to believe that his remedy, the removal of the poor to better working towns outside London, is impracticable. All the papers are worth study, and the tone of all is even strangely healthy, after the screaming we have heard, the strongest philanthropists having evidently learned wisdom from their experience. We do not exclude from this praise Mr. A. Austin's sermon on the duty of the rich to be more moderate in their expenditure on themselves. It is absolutely sound, though we fear that he will find his principles are only "laws without sanction." In a world in which a large proportion disbelieve in a future state, and another large proportion hold the cure of social evils absolutely hopeless, the advice to practise economy and give away surplus wealth is likely to be regarded by the rich as a counsel of perfection. It seems to those who spend as if they could not help it, and to those who save as if hoarding were so wise. The rich are not wiser than the prosperous, or the prosperous than the well-to-do, and to how many among those two classes is the great gift of financial fortitude given? Do we not all, Mr. A. Austin included, look forward with a certain dread, as if comfort were insecure? The publication of so many sensible and right-minded papers—none of them dull, either—upon such a subject, in journals necessarily anxious to be popular, is a good sign of the times.

So is the paper in the *Contemporary*, by Mr. S. Smith, the Liberal Member for Liverpool, upon "The Nationalisation of the Land." Mr. Smith has the reputation of a philanthropist who is in theory almost a Socialist. He is utterly opposed to great estates, to entail and settlement, and to the inequalities of assessment, which are very gross, and is favourable to the limitation of absolute property in land—forbidding, for example, clearances to make deer-forests—but he speaks of the destruction of private right in land with hearty detestation. In language which all can understand, he shows that civilisation begins when individual property in land is allowed, and that ownership by the State means universal pauperism:—

"We still have in active existence every form of human society, from the most barbarous to the most refined. We still see a large part of the earth tenanted by races as primitive in their habits as our forefathers were when they were clothed with skins of beasts and possessed the soil of this island in common. Nearly all Africa, considerable portions of North and South America, a large portion of Central Asia, the interior of Australia, New Guinea, and many other islands of Polynesia are all in that state of primitive simplicity. In these regions the land is not appropriated, it is either the common possession of the tribe or the battle-ground of contending tribes. Now, Mr. George gravely assumes that all our modern poverty and degradation are the result of private land-ownership, that all would disappear if we reverted to the happy Arcadian times when land-communism prevailed; and it is natural for us to ask whether we find an absence of poverty and degradation among those portions of mankind who have preserved the primitive tradition unimpaired."

He proves that in England all forms of wealth have increased much faster than rental, and that the condition of the people,

tried by an infallible test, their consumption of food, has improved in forty years nearly one hundred per cent.; the average consumption of tea, sugar, wheat, and meat per head having been as follows:—

		1840.		1880.
Tea	ozs.	22	.....	73
Sugar	lbs.	15	.....	54
Wheat	„	269	.....	358
Meat	„	84	.....	118

Without private property in land, America and Australia would not have been settled, for such property is the settler's hope; and he shows conclusively that in practice the alternatives for this country, if it adopted "nationalisation," would be theft on a colossal scale, or severe taxation. Even if the State bought all private land by an issue of Consols, it must raise 2,000 millions at three per cent., to let the land again to the people at two and a half per cent., a rental which every voter would be striving to reduce. The whole paper is most able, and the more important, because Mr. Smith entirely acknowledges the misery around. M. Émile Laveleye's sketch of the position of the French Republic is interesting, but not novel. He sees the difficulty of managing foreign politics under a *régime* of change, and would have France adopt a policy of "frank neutrality;" but will Frenchmen permit that? He does not believe that any system will be accepted in France except the Republican, because any other must be clerical; but has he quite thought out the possibilities of Cæsarism? Does anything in nature forbid an Agnostic Cæsar, or a Marcus Aurelius? Would not a Julian Bonaparte be very nearly in his place in Paris? We commend to all readers Mr. Goldwin Smith's eloquent defence of Christianity as the most fruitful of creeds, to which we may hereafter recur,—a defence the more remarkable because it is not written from the believer's point of view. Mr. Seebohm, in his paper on proportionate representation, certainly shows that a city divided into wards might be unfairly represented, the majority of Liberal working-men, for instance, being congregated in special wards, while a small majority of Tories abode in the remainder, but he does not show that this is not an inherent difficulty in any scheme of representation which would be accepted. He himself is in favour of a large extension of three-cornered constituencies, but would, as regards them, adopt Mr. Fawcett's proposal:—"He suggests that each voter should have as many votes as there are Members to be elected, and that he should be able to give all these votes to one candidate, or to divide them *equally* between such candidates as he supports. He suggests that the division of the votes might be perfectly easily arranged in the counting-up of the totals." The effect of this would be in practice that the majority, disciplined by Committees, would return all three Members. If it did not, the old difficulty of the bye-election would recur; and Mr. Seebohm's suggestion for meeting it, that a vacancy should vacate all the seats, is hopeless, as, indeed, he himself perceives.

The diary of the Marquis Tseng, in the *Nineteenth Century*, and "The Ideas of an Exile," by a brother of the Khedive, in the *Fortnightly*, are neither of them of much interest. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy defends his father, Ismail, in a rather feeble way, as the author of Egyptian nationality and the founder of Egyptian Constitutionalism—he was probably the most utter and consistent despot who ever lived—and the Marquis Tseng indulges in vague reflections on the greatness of China. He is observant, however, and his remarks on the entire failure of China to obtain Western allies, and the success of the Japanese in the same object, reveal a certain impartiality. The Marquis sees clearly that the isolation of China is in great part her own fault, and is not, as most Chinamen think, beneficial. The most characteristic passage is an account of an interview with the Brazilian Minister, who called on him in London, and wanted a treaty, with permission to import coolies. It may be doubted if Tseng quite knew where Brazil was, but the serene politeness with which he snubbed the unlucky Minister, and told him to wait till the Treaties with the Great Powers were revised, is most characteristic. Sir Charles Duffy sends to the *Nineteenth Century* another of those long-drawn complaints of the treatment of Ireland which are so often true, but which always rouse in English minds the sensation caused in a husband by his wife's nagging. Sir Charles, admitting that education in Ireland is now denominational, complains that the teachers are starved, and denounces the unfairness with which Ireland is treated in the matter of the franchise. He repeats the old and melancholy story of the tithe war, exposes the imperfections of the municipal system, and denounces the Irish Poor Law,—mainly, it would seem, because it offers relief in poor-houses, instead of through public works. Most of the complaints are true, but Sir Charles nowhere makes the slightest allusion to the present readiness of the Liberals to reform them all, and that at once, if only the Irish Radicals would allow Parliament to get to work. His idea is evidently that the English never grant anything they can help, and when they do, spoil it by their meanness. A recent visit to the Boers, by Sir R. Loyd-Lindsay, M.P., is a very rough sketch of Cape society; but it leaves a distinct impression of the deep fissure between the Dutch and English in the colony, and of the craving among the Dutch for labour laws closely approximating to slave-laws. Sir Robert evidently believes that severe treatment of the Transvaal might have induced both the Orange River Free State and the Dutchmen of Cape Colony to join them, and expects that the next elections will result in a Dutch majority in Parliament. The Dutch are everywhere in South Africa the landholding class, the English, though more energetic than their rivals, always retaining the hope of escaping from the colony. The general effect of the sketch, as of every other we have ever read, is one of regret that we ever took the country, or interfered with the struggle which must have arisen between the Dutch and the natives, who are becoming far too numerous to allow of true colonisation. A most amusing account of covert-shooting, by Mr. Bromley-Davenport, concludes the number. It is full of vivid sketches, and of stories like this:—

"Another host, who combined a highly religious temperament with an uncontrollable temper, on something going wrong with the beat, burst into paroxysms of fury with his keeper, to whom he used most unparliamentary language. A minute or two afterwards, having cooled down again, he called the man up to him, and asked in subdued and penitent accents, 'What did I call you just now, Smith?'—'Well, Sir,' Smith replied, not without a tone of pardonable soreness, 'you called me a d——d infernal fool!'—'Did I, Smith, did I really? I'm very sorry. Oh! to think that one Christian man should use such language as that to another! Heaven forgive me! But,' he shouted in stentorian tones, as his rage suddenly returned, 'it's God's truth all the same!'"

Mr. Auberon Herbert, in the *Fortnightly*, scolds away, in his character of "a politician in trouble about his soul," even more vigorously than ever. He writes so well, that we heartily regret he is not editor of a Tory daily paper, to wake us up to a sense of our sins every morning; but he has at bottom only one complaint,—that politicians are not individual enough. He would like each star to run its course by itself, and thinks a horse dishonest for pulling in team. Well, that side of the question needs stating, but if every representative is to represent himself only, where are the people to find representatives? A general acceptance of Mr. Herbert's views would end in the appointment of a Parliament avowedly composed of paid Delegates alone, which is not precisely what he wants. If a Parliament does not represent, what is the use of it? He says the *Spectator* would be happier for a little more courage in sinning; but he would be happier if politicians were a little more slavish, and admitted their intention to be slaves. He exaggerates, we believe, the deference paid to the democracy, and certainly exaggerates the consciousness of those who pay it. They think, for the most part, that they are expressing their own opinions. Mr. Andrew Lang's "In the Wrong Paradise" is a cynical joke upon the tendency of all races to evolve Heaven not out of their thoughts, but out of their instincts; so that an English Protestant, finding himself in the Ojibbeway or Mahommedan Paradise, might think himself in hell. But the most readable article of the number is, perhaps, Mr. A. Forbes's, on "Fire Discipline." This is a grave complaint that modern English discipline teaches the soldiers to shirk death, rather than to die. There is too much "dodging to cover," and, as a consequence, when brave men have to be met face to face, as on Majuba Hill, the English run away. Mr. Forbes hardly allows enough for the English necessity for sparing men. Very few Speicherens would consume the British Army, and if we can win without losing a third of the soldiers, all is gained. There is, however, a truth in his view, though we should attribute the English occasional failures rather to a general deficiency of discipline than to a special drill. The modern Englishman forgets the Roman maxim that a soldier should be more afraid of his officers than of the enemy. The illustrations of his thesis from the Egyptian campaign, which was a creditable and not a discreditable one, are well worked out; but was there ever a victory which was not within a hair's-breadth of being a defeat? Suppose the French had won Gravelotte, as for one hour it seemed they would. Mr. Broad-

ley, Arabi's counsel, exposes "Turkish intrigues in Egypt," which have for their object, he says, to support any one who will acknowledge the Sultan as direct Sovereign of the Delta. Mahommed Zafr, the Sultan's spiritual director, who at the time was all-powerful in Yildiz Kiosk, expressed this view to Arabi, in a letter published by Mr. Broadley, expressly saying that the Sultan trusted neither Ismail, nor Halim, nor Tewfik, but would confide in any one who gave "free course to his firmans." We do not know that any competent observer ever doubted this, but the evidence collected by Mr. Broadley is curious.

We have already mentioned Mr. Anstin's paper in the *National Review*, but the most characteristic is Thomas Tantivy's, on the question "Will Party Government Continue to Work?" He maintains that the Whigs are dead, their real principle having been oligarchical government; that the Tories are transmuting themselves; and that a new party is rising, which at heart is opposed to the Constitution. This, though crudely stated, may be accepted for the moment as true, at least if by the Constitution is meant the aristocratic Constitution; but having stated this truth, what does Mr. Tantivy advise? That the Tories should attract the Moderate Liberals—who are officers without an army—by proclaiming their principles strongly, giving up the spirit of caste, and studying the ideas of the Democracy. "Courage, wisdom, and honesty, the hope of the future lies in these." Precisely; but how does that help Tories to see how their courage is to be displayed, what is the course of wisdom, and where honesty resides? The aristocracy, says Thomas Tantivy, must "lead the democracy," and the danger may be over; but whither?—"Two words came into my mind, as suggesting the most powerful defence against the antagonism of classes and the disintegration of Empire. They were, *Noblesse oblige*." But what are the nobles, if they accept the principle, to do? It is a little funny, by the way, to find the *National Review* saying of itself that the "dormant talent" has woke up. If it has, it is rubbing its eyes still, as if a little dazed with its untimely waking from slumber.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GIFT BOOKS.

Cities of the World: Their Origin, Progress, and Present Aspect. By Edwin Hodder. (Cassell and Co.)—We have here the account of seven cities of Europe, four of the New World (contributed by Mr. M. F. Sweetser), and two in Asia, there being also a chapter on "Calcutta and the Cities of the Ganges." Some of these will be, of course, more familiar to the ordinary reader than others, but of all he will without doubt learn much that is new to him. None will, we take it, be found more interesting than the description of Pekin, which, with its cities within the city, reminds one of Egbatana, as Herodotus describes the Median capital. There is a Chinese and a Tartar City, and within the latter, again, there is the Yellow City, and within the Yellow the Imperial City, intended as the ultimate stronghold of the ruling power. Kia-tsing, the founder, intended to make the walls of the Chinese City surround the whole, but this scheme was never carried out, for lack of means. We may note, also, as specially worthy of attention, the account of the two Canadian cities, Toronto and Quebec (these are included in one chapter), and of San Francisco and Chicago.

Choice Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated from Paintings by his Son, Ernest W. Longfellow. (Cassell and Co.)—Here we have twenty poems, illustrated by more than twice as many engravings. The poems are, for the most part, familiar. Indeed, it was impossible to avoid the old favourites; still, on the whole, the selection displays the genius of the poet with a certain novelty of aspect. The frontispiece is a likeness of the poet, and more pleasing than any that we remember to have seen before, though it preserves at the same time the poetic nobility of the head and countenance. Of the other illustrations we cannot say much more than that they are agreeable specimens both of the draughtsman's and the engraver's art.

Michael Angelo; a Dramatic Poem. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Routledge and Son.)—"Michael Angelo" was written by Mr. Longfellow about ten years before his death, and published in the *Century* magazine. We have spoken of it before, and need only repeat on this occasion that, with all its merits—and it certainly contains fine passages—it is dramatic only in form. In the edition before us it appears with every advantage. The paper and typography are of an *édition de luxe*, though we must own to a preference for the dead-white, unglazed kind of the former over that which the publishers have given. The illustrations are thirty in number, and include the work of many artists and engravers of repute. Among the figure scenes we may mention "Cardinal Hippolito and Fra Sebastiano del Piombo," by T. de Thurlstruf; "Michael Angelo and Tomaso de Cavalieri in the Coliseum," by F. D. Millet; and "Michael Angelo and the Monk," by the same artist. Among the landscapes, a very effective little drawing of "Venice," by Theodore Wendell, and another, of "Vesuvius," by Ross Turner, in a different style, but also good. We should mention also a number of portraits, among them "Titian," "Benvenuto Cellini," "Sebastiano del Piombo," and "Vasari."

There is some power of expression, and a good deal of metrical skill, in *The Forging of the Anchor.* By Sir Samuel Ferguson, LL.D. (Cassell and Co.) Here a specimen of his verse:—

> "O broad-armed Fisher of the Deep, whose sports can equal thine?
> The 'Dolphin' weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line;
> And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
> Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play.
> But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave,—
> A fisher's joy is to destroy, thine office is to save!
> O lodger in the Sea-King's halls, couldst thou but understand
> Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
> Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend,
> With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend,—
> Oh! couldst thou know what heroes glide with longer steps round thee,
> Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within the sea!"

The illustrations are good, some of them, as that of the hammerers at work (p. x.), which is very effective. "Like men before the foe" seems a little out of place. It is not usual to illustrate a simile. The characteristic pictures of the work of forging, and of the sea-scenes which the anchor is to visit, are excellent.

The Swiss Family Robinson, in words of one syllable, and *Robinson Crusoe*, on the same principle, by Mary Godolphin (Routledge and Sons), are two volumes which we have, we think, noticed before. We think that to keep, without exception, to monosyllables sometimes positively makes a difficulty; and we should prefer to see exceptions allowed, and that not sparingly, to a rule which, on the whole, is salutary. Almost the first words which a child utters are words of two syllables.

Cheep and Chatter; or, Lessons from Field and Tree. By Alice Banks. (Blackie and Son.)—Here we are reminded of Mrs. Trimmer's efforts to enforce moral lessons by the history of "Pecksy," "Flapsy," and their kindred. Miss Banks' longest tale, for instance, begins by telling us how "Miss Mag Pye had an ungovernable passion for all kinds of bright things," and "how she was sentenced to imprisonment for life" for indulging this passion without restraint. There is amusing and, we may hope, instructive reading in these stories (there are ten in all), and at the very least the pictures will be found entertaining. Once or twice the author seems to forget the little folks for whom she is writing.

All Play. By Mary Thorn. Pictures by T. Pym. (Shaw and Co.)—Here is another book of the didactic kind. That "all play, no work, makes Jack an idle boy," is the obvious moral which it is intended to enforce. "Master Guy" comes home from school for his holidays, and makes himself very disagreeable, as boys sometimes have been known to do. Doubtless, this evil may be mitigated by a judicious amount of holiday task. If Miss Thorn can persuade boys and parents (the indifference of the parents, who are annoyed, but too careless to enforce the remedy, is chiefly to blame), she will have done no small service to the human race.

London Town, by Thomas Crane and Ellen Houghton (Marcus Ward and Co.), contains a number of brightly coloured illustrations, showing forth the various sights of London, accompanied by verses which are scarcely good enough. Little folks want their verses good quite as much as big ones, and it is a great mistake to try to foist off upon them an indifferent article.

Ingle-Nook Stories. By Mrs. Stanley Leathes. (Shaw and Co.)—There are fairy-stories and other stories here, the best, we think, being the tale how an Irish boy, Master Roby by name, comes to the house of his maiden aunt to spend his Christmas holidays, and, as may be imagined, turns it upside down. The illustrations are decidedly good.

Blue-Red; or, the Discontented Lobster, by Juliana Horatia Ewing, painted in colours by R. André (S.P.C.K.), is an amusing story in verse, with equally amusing illustrations. The lobster who was not satisfied with being blue, and would be red, and who became red, "but then—which he did not expect—he was dead," is an interesting person who met with a tragical fate, not wholly without honour, for

> "He looked exceedingly nice,
> With cream-coloured sauce, and pale-green lettuce and ice;"

while

> "His claws were raised to very high station,
> They keep the earwigs from our carnations."

There is really good nonsense, written and drawn, in this book.

At the Mother's Knee, by M. J. Tillsby (Dean and Sons), contains a number of gaily-coloured pictures for the little ones, describing life out of doors and at home.

Dainty Drawings for Little Painters. Outline Pictures, by T. Pym, with descriptive Stories, by C. Shaw. (Shaw and Co.)—These

outlines are to be coloured, a process for guidance in which the artist gives some simple directions. It is a little volume which will, doubtless, give a great deal of pleasure, and the outlines are such that a child will not be unprofitably occupied in studying them.

Launcey Vernon, by the Author of "To the City" (S.P.C.K.), is another story of child-life. It is the tale of a friendship, strengthened by more than one adventure and by mutual services, between "Edie" and "Launcey," and should make pleasant reading for young folks.

Messrs. Shaw are publishing cheap editions of some of their successful stories for children. We have before us *Mistress Margery, a Tale of the Lollards*, by Emily Sarah Holt; and *Scamp and I*, by L. T. Meade; and *Froggie's Little Brother*, by Brenda. We have spoken of these on previous occasions, and may now briefly recommend them to our readers.

Of other books for children we may mention *A Year at Coventry*, by Annie S. Swan; and *Fritz's Experiment*, by Letitia McClintock (Blackie and Son); *The Christmas Roses*, 1883 (James Clarke and Co.), with its particularly spirited illustrations; *The Fairies*, written by Thomas Allingham, illustrated by C. Gertrude Thompson (Thomas de La Rue and Co.); and, from the same publishers, *Clever Hands*, by the Brothers Grimm; *The Baby's Début*, by S. Smith, illustrated by G. C. Romton, G. Casella, and N. Casella; and *The Fairy Horn*, by S. Theyre Smith; *Holly Berries*, by Ida Waugh (Griffith and Farran).

We gladly make our annual acknowledgment of Sunday magazines which now appear collected in volumes. From the Religious Tract Society we get *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home*, of which we can do little more than repeat the now familiar phrase that they contain abundance of good reading. *The Sunday at Home* well performs its very difficult task of furnishing young people with what is appropriate, without being wearisome. It may be confidently recommended on this score. Its fellow-magazine takes a wider range of subjects, but though its purpose is secular, it is not the less instructive and excellent in tone.——*Cassell's Family Magazine* (Cassell and Co.), with its particularly attractive paper and print, its stories, long and short, sketches of foreign places, practical papers (as those on "Remunerative Employment for Women"), poetry, music, and all the miscellaneous variety which it is quite impossible to classify, is as entertaining as ever.——We have also received *Our Darlings*, edited by Dr. Barnardo (Shaw and Co.), and telling us much about the good work to which the editor has devoted himself, and about kindred subjects, besides giving a great variety of useful and entertaining reading; and *Little Wide-Awake*, by Mrs. Sale Barker (Routledge and Sons), "a Coloured Annual for Children," and suiting them, we should say, admirably, both by letterpress and pictures.

Merry England opens appropriately with a powerful plea for national holidays, from the pen of Mr. George Saintsbury. The frontispiece is an excellent, etched portrait of Sir John Lubbock. "Master and Man," by Miss Alice Corkran, gives an account of an experiment, and apparently a very successful experiment, made by a French house in enlisting the true sympathies of its employés by giving them a share in the profits of the concern. It has been tried here also, notably by the Speaker, but the success has not been marked. "The Abbot's Gold" is a skilful imitation of the English of the early part of the sixteenth century; and "A Haunted House" is a ghostly, not to say ghastly story. But these things, to be interesting, must be records of real, or at least subjectively real, experiences. We see no editorial voucher for the genuineness of this story.

May Fair opens with the first instalment of a tale from the pen of M. Émile Zola. This, so far as it goes, is quite inoffensive; but it reveals the capability of becoming quite volcanic. This quiet Thérèse may develope into anything. Mr. Justin H. McCarthy contributes a very readable account of "The Life of François Villon." The short stories do not particularly impress us. There is undoubted truth in some of the arguments urged in "A University Career." But the control of a student's expenditure is not an easy matter. As for limiting the amount recoverable in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, it would be an entirely nugatory precaution. It is not on that means of recovery that the blood-sucking tradesmen depend. But the writer is evidently not quite up to University matters, or he would not make "Lord Dashaway" and "James Trumpington" date from "Ch. Ch. *Coll.*"

The Journal of Education is always welcome, so intelligently conducted is it, and so sound are its judgments on educational matters. The short notes with which its first pages are occupied are always an admirable *résumé* of the educational subjects of the month. If there were nothing else in the number, it would be worth having for the two excellent pieces of translation which it contains. For ourselves, we differ from the judge, and feel inclined to place "E. D. A. N." before "J. R.," but both are very good. The piece translated is "Pompey's Dream," from the "Pharsalia."

Good Cheer and *The Paths of Peace.*—*Good Cheer*, the Christmas number of *Good Words*, and *Paths of Peace*, the Christmas number of the *Sunday Magazine*, are both capital this year. The stories in *Good Cheer*, by Charles C. Gibbon and Blatherwick, are just what Christmas stories ought to be, bright, fresh, and charming; and Joe (a dog), in the "Ducie Diamonds," is a touch of genius. "Her Gentle Deeds," the story in the *Paths of Peace*, by Sarah Tytler, though not as lively as those in *Good Cheer*, is much more of a story. The misfortunes of the heroine are almost unparalleled, as is also, in compensation, the piece of good-fortune which restores her inheritance at the close; and four years is rather a short allowance of time for such a complete business success as hers. In spite of all this, however, the story is exceedingly interesting, and Kirsten is a beautiful example of self-renunciation. The fire at sea is very well described, but the deep calm that fell upon Kirsten when she had resisted the temptation to save herself, and leave the children who had been thrust upon her care, ought to have been made more of, for the situation was very striking. "Her gentle deeds" do not rob her of her home and her lover in the end, we are glad to say. Mr. Barnard, the old banker, is a capital sketch of a scrupulously honest, upright, rich man, and we feel great sympathy with him.

The Five Wounds of the Holy Church. By Antonio Rosmini. Edited, with an Introduction, by H. P. Liddon, D.D. (Rivingtou.)—Antonio Rosmini (1797-1855) was a compound, more remarkable in his days than now—and it is scarcely common now—of Ultramontane theologian and Italian patriot. His motto might have been the same as Cavour's, "A Free Church in a Free State," only, to his mind, the freedom of the Church meant liberty to yield an implicit obedience to the Pope, and the freedom of the State would have to be limited by the practical application of its fellow-principle. The work which Canon Liddon has here edited is devoted to a statement of the evils which, in the author's view, beset the Church, and to a statement of their remedies. The first wound is, in the author's view, the lack of sympathy in public worship between the clergy and the flocks which they serve. The second is the want of education in the clergy. The third is the spirit of division which separates the Bishops from each other, and from the clergy and the people. The fourth and fifth have to do with the appointment of the Bishops by the secular power, and may be taken to include what is commonly known as Erastianism. The system of concordats would, it will be seen, find little favour in the eyes of Rosmini. Gallicanism and the religious independence of nations generally offend his principles. To Gallicanism, indeed, he attributes the powerlessness of the French clergy to repress the frenzies of the Revolution, a suggestion to which the editor very rightly demurs. Louis XIV. had left very little Gallicanism behind him in France. Much that Rosmini has to say will commend itself to English Churchmen, though his extreme Papalism will offend all, or nearly all, and some certainly will see a safeguard of freedom in the State control to which he objects so strongly. Vigorous champion as he was of Papal supremacy and of the Temporal Dominion (other Bishops must be unworldly, but the Pope, if he is to perform his functions properly, must ever be a great Prince), he fell under the suspicion of the ecclesiastical authorities of his Church. Two of his works, "The Constitution according to Social Justice" and "The Five Wounds of the Church," were condemned by the Congregation of the Index. This ban was afterwards taken off. Canon Liddon has furnished the volume with an excellent preface.

Straight to the Mark. By the Rev. T. S. Millington. (Religious Tract Society.)—This is in the main a story of school life, and a very excellent story, too, so far as this element of it is concerned. Of course, it is idealised—boy life must be idealised, to make endurable reading—but it is not idealised out of all knowledge. Tom Howard is a genuine boy, brave and honest, and not the less pleasing because he is not above a boy's weaknesses. The tale of his adventures—when he goes down over the face of the cliff to help a schoolfellow, being himself gifted with the kind of head that does not swim at precipices, and used from certain sea experiences to climbing—is admirably told. We have not read a more exciting story for some time; and it looks like a genuine picture. The contractor and his son, who act as a foil to Tom's honesty, are fairly enough drawn; but why this worship of wealth, that seems to make it necessary that a lad who is perfectly able to make his way in the world must turn out to be somebody's heir, and, instead of a profitable knocking-about the world, settle down into ease?

Jonathan Swift: a Novel. (Hurst and Blackett.)—This ambitious attempt to read the riddle of Swift's unhappy life is made with so much presumption and so little judgment, so much boldness and so little skill, that it entirely fails. The book is full of anachronisms, extending to criticisms of literature of the present day by Jonathan Swift, and outbursts of wrath against the Irish Land Act and the Liberal Government; it also displays the author's ignorance of the practices of the Roman Catholic Church, although that Church is the prime object of his abhorrence. Here is an

instance. Swift and Stella visit the cottage of a poor woman whose child has just died of a lingering illness. They find the bereaved mother in agonising grief, crying to God to take her soul as a ransom for her son's. This is Swift's interpretation of her feelings:—"It flashed across him that Mrs. Groy was a Papist, and that her boy had never been baptised. Did she fear she had lost him for ever?" A writer who is so ignorant of what Papists believe and do as not to know that the child would most certainly have been baptised, because, under the circumstances which he describes, the mother herself would have been perfectly competent to baptise him, would do better to leave these matters alone. The constant intrusion of himself between his subject and his readers would destroy the effect of the book, even if it had been a much better one; but it possesses no merit. The author's Jonathan Swift is a clumsy caricature, and all the other personages introduced—Bolingbroke, Steele, Prior, &c., are puppets jerked by an unskilful hand. The writer, we do not know on what authority, spells "Vanhomrigh" "Vanhomrich."

Seeing and Thinking: Elementary Lessons and Exercises, Introductory to Grammar, Composition, and Logical Analysis. By C. Schaible, Ph.D. Second Edition, revised, partly rewritten, and edited by T. F. Althaus, B.A. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—This useful and original teacher's guide well deserves the care and ability which Mr. Althaus has brought to its revision. A second edition cannot fail of a warm welcome, at a time when the development of the School-Board system has created so large a demand for skilled elementary teaching. Some of the leading ideas of the systems of Rochow and Pestalozzi, which have hitherto exercised but little influence upon English methods of teaching, are here put forward in a clear and telling manner, and Professor Schaible, by his array of carefully prepared exercises and examples, has not only brought his method clearly home to the teacher, but has also supplied him with materials for many useful lessons. It is difficult to say how far it is either possible or expedient for the child's mind to grapple with the logical aspect of grammar. Possibly, Continental educationalists lay more stress than is necessary upon the early inculcation of exactness in thought and expression. To any one, however, who remembers the mystery which surrounded such simple grammatical terms as "conjugation," "voice," and the like, long after he could conjugate "amo," it cannot but appear that some such simple and progressive series of object lessons as this which Professor Schaible has put together would have lightened very appreciably the dreary horrors of "parsing" and "analysis." Both teachers and taught will owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Schaible and his editor if, by a practical application of their method, the grammar lesson can be robbed of some of its tedium.

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The Company will accept Debentures at 110 in lieu of cash as purchase money for any of the Company's lands at schedule prices, such prices to be regulated from time to time by the Board.

The demand for Land in Florida is rapidly increasing, and the attention of the United States is being forcibly drawn to the extraordinary fertility and resource of this, the only State in the Union where truly tropical vegetation can be produced. The United States Census of 1880 shows that the per-centage of increase of population in Florida during the last decade is greater than that of any other Southern State east of the Mississippi River, and a comparison of the assessments between 1879 and 1883 shows an increase of nearly 100 per cent. in the value of the taxable property in Florida. (Vide *Times* Money Article, 24th October last.) The Migration from the Northern States and the immigration from abroad have already greatly enhanced the value of all Lands in Florida.

"Florida has developed quite a dozen new industries, and hopes to become the garden and orchard of the United States."—*Times*, Nov. 27, 1883.

It is obvious, therefore, that the security of the Debentures will continually improve.

The Capital raised by these Debentures will be employed as follows, viz.:—As to £175,000, in completion of the purchase of the Company's Estate of 2,300,000 acres; and as to the balance, in developing the enterprise and carrying out an organised system of Emigration. Negotiations are pending for the establishment of saw mills, and for the cultivation of cotton plantations, orange groves, vegetable gardens, &c., on some of the Company's lands. The Company will also encourage similar enterprises by giving easy terms of payment to purchasers, and in suitable cases by laying down tramways to facilitate transport of produce to the Railways which traverse the Estates.

In addition to 7 per cent. for interest, a Redemption Fund of 3 per cent. per annum will be provided out of profits for redeeming the Debentures, with a premium of 10 per cent. by yearly drawings, commencing from 1888.

The Directors reserve to themselves the right of redeeming the Bonds at any time, upon giving six months' notice before the expiration of the period of 20 years, at a premium of 10 per cent., and also the right to employ the annual amount of the Sinking Fund in purchasing the Debentures in the open market whenever that can be accomplished below the price of redemption.

The whole of this Freehold Property of 2,300,000 acres (3,500 square miles, approximately) will be vested in the Trustees, of which two million acres or thereabouts have already been conveyed.

Provisional Contracts have been entered into with parties in Amsterdam for the sale of 2,000 acres at 10 dollars per acre for Long Staple Cotton growing, and 10,000 acres at the price of 20 to 25 dollars per acre for Sugar and Tobacco Plantations. Applications have also been received at the local office in Florida, as well as in England, for the purchase of Lands by actual settlers for about 25,000 acres.

The Debentures will have coupons attached for half-yearly interest, payable at the Company's Bankers, on June 1st, and December 1st, in London, New York, and Amsterdam.

The First Coupon will become payable on June 1st, 1884. Payments for the Mortgage Debentures, now to be issued, will be as follows:—

Five per cent. on Application; 15 per cent. on Allotment; and the balance in four monthly instalments of 20 per centum per Debenture upon the amount applied for.

These instalments may be anticipated, and interest will be allowed thereon at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum, or the subscription to the Debentures may be paid up in full, when interest will accrue at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum from the date of such payment.

The Debentures will be made out in the names of the Subscribers or to bearer, with coupons attached, payable at the Bankers of the Company, free of stamp duties.

Application will be made in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for an official quotation of the Debentures now to be issued.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Debentures can be obtained from the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers or Solicitors; and copies of the Articles of Association, copies of Deeds of Conveyance of the property, Deed of Trust, and Agreements for sales of property can be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors.

Applications for Debentures should be accompanied by a deposit of 5 per cent. per Debenture upon the amount applied for.

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Interest on Debentures or Stock, as the case may be, will commence on December 1st, 1883, and will be paid half-yearly on June 1st and December 1st. On the former it will be paid by Coupons, and on the latter by Dividend Warrants, which may be transmitted by post, if desired.

The Principal, represented by Debentures, will be repaid in forty years from the date of issue, the Government reserving to itself the right to pay it off at any time after the expiration of ten years, upon giving six months' notice (dating from a day when a dividend is due) of its intention so to do. Such part of the debt as may be represented by Stock will be paid off at par on December 1st, 1923.

Both Principal and Interest will be made payable in London, at the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury, where the books of the Stock will be kept, and the Stock will be transferable without charge, and free of stamp duty, either by the Stockholders personally, or by their attorneys.

The holders of Stock may at any time, on payment of the usual fees, take out Stock Certificates to bearer, with Coupons attached, which Certificates may be reinscribed into Stock at the will of the holder.

Tenders will be received at the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury, London, until One o'clock on Tuesday, December 18th, where and when they will be opened in the presence of the Agents of the Government and of such of the applicants as may attend.

The Debentures will be allotted to the highest bidders, provided the price offered is not less than £98 for every £100 in Debentures, but tenders at a fraction of a shilling other than sixpence will not be preferentially accepted, and should the equivalent tenders exceed the amount to be allotted, a *pro rata* distribution will be made.

Payment will be required as follows, viz.:—
£5 per cent. on application and so much on January 3rd, 1884, as will leave 80 per cent. to be paid as under:—
£15 per cent. February 1st, 1884;
£15 per cent. March 1st, 1884;
£25 per cent. April 1st, 1884;
£25 per cent. May 23rd, 1884.

Instalments may be paid in full on any of the foregoing dates, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

Scrip Certificates will be issued upon payment of the instalment due on January 3rd, 1884, and the holders of such Certificates, after payment shall have been made in full, will have the option of exchanging them either for Debenture Bonds to bearer, or for Inscribed Stock, at the rate of £115 of such Stock for every £100 of Debentures.

A Coupon for the first half year's interest at 5 per cent. will be attached to the Scrip.

To those who may not inscribe, Debenture Bonds will be ready for delivery, in exchange for fully paid-up Scrip, on June 1st, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions contained in Act 22 of 1880 and Act 14 of 1881, the Government will devote the sum of £14,861 per annum to the diminution of the debt, by purchasing to that extent either Stock or Debentures in the open Market.

The Revenues of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope alone will be liable in respect of the Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matters relating thereto.—(40 and 41 Vict., cap. 59.)

Prospectuses and Forms of Tender, and statement showing the financial condition of the Colony, may be had on application to the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury, and its Branches; to the Standard Bank of South Africa (Limited), 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, E.C., the Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope; and at the Office of the Cape Government, No. 7 Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., where the Acts authorising the Loan are open to inspection.

London and Westminster Bank, Limited,
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The Spectator

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. PARNELL received the tribute raised for him by the gratitude of the Irish people,—a sum already over £37,000, and which is expected to reach £40,000 before it closes,—at a banquet given to him on Tuesday night in the Dublin Rotunda, and in reply delivered a speech which came mainly to this,—that he was very grateful to the Irish people, and would prove it by hating the English people and the English Administration with even more than his former tenacity of detestation. He congratulated himself on the Land League movement, and was not ashamed to say that "never was there a movement formed to contend against such an infamous and horrible system" [as the land system of Ireland], "in association with which there was such an utter absence of crime, and the strong passions which lead to crime." As there has seldom been a movement of the kind during the present century in connection with which there has been more of crime, and of the strong passions which lead to crime, we suppose Mr. Parnell means that he can easily imagine a jacquerie more cruel and more bloodthirsty than the Irish jacquerie of 1881. No doubt he can, but moderation is not proved by falling short of such a standard of crime as an active fancy can suggest. "I do not think I exaggerate, when I say that the present Irish Executive is characterised by greater meanness and greater incapacity than any of its predecessors." "Mr. Trevelyan's great ambition seems to be to prevent any one in Ireland from doing what he has a legal right to do." In Mr. Trevelyan's speech at Galashiels, "it is easy to discover the self-satisfied chuckle of the man who exaggerates for his own purposes the danger likely to arise from the action of a few wretched Orangemen." The Irish party would never act with the Liberals until they conceded the cry, "No coercion, and no emigration!" coercion and emigration alike being murderous blows at the life of the nationality, and emigration being accompanied "by untold sufferings for the unhappy victims on whom the experiment is being tried." Mr. Parnell was resolved, he said, if he could not govern Ireland as he wished, to punish the Liberals by restoring a Tory Administration, and by inflicting on Great Britain the dangers and the taxation due to Tory foreign policy and Tory wars. "Sea-green Robespierre" himself hardly ever made a more thinly acrimonious speech.

Poor M. Ferry! The French Premier has just obtained his second "credit" for Tonquin, about one-twelfth of what he really wants, and is waiting anxiously for news from Bacninh, when he hears that Anam itself has risen behind Admiral Courbet. A hint from Pekin has emboldened the anti-foreign party in Hué to poison the French nominee Tiep-hoa, to set up another King, and to declare formal war on France. As the French have only 500 marines in Hué, the effect of this rising is to compel them to reconquer Anam Proper, to throw heavy though inefficient bodies of guerrillas upon the rear of Admiral Courbet, and to legalise all Tonquinese resistance. The Black Flags are now Anamese troops, whereas they were Anamese rebels, a fact which makes this difference,—that they will be well instead of ill supplied. The French Cabinet speaks of further reinforcements for Hué, but practically everything waits for Admiral Courbet, who is still finishing his preparations. If his object is Bacninh, he has an ugly march of many miles—twenty, we believe—along a narrow causeway through the rice-fields, which may be cut in a dozen places, or rendered nearly impassable. If, on the contrary, his object is Sontay, his work may be easier; but he will still have Bacninh to take, before he can claim a success sufficient to extricate M. Ferry.

The news from Egypt is not good. The Mahdi remains inactive, but the Egyptians have suffered another ominous defeat. The Governor of Suakim, instead of waiting for General Baker, sent 700 men, 500 of them Nubian Regulars, to reconnoitre the road to Berber. As soon as they entered the passes behind Suakim, the hill Arabs swarmed down on them, and though the Nubians fought bravely, the whole force was destroyed, only a few officers escaping alive. The effect of this blow is to make General Baker's march to Berber most dangerous, to stop recruiting to such a point that pressgangs have been sent out to seize unemployed Negroes, and to take all heart out of the Egyptian Government. Rumours, probably false, are spread of Tewfik's abdication, but it seems to be true that military aid has been asked from Great Britain, the Egyptian Ministry acknowledging that they cannot defend the country. Of course, as the alternative is Turkish rule, we must defend Egypt, though not the Soudan; but how is defence possible, unless we stand forward as the protecting State, at least for a time? We cannot garrison Egypt and defend Egypt, and therefore tax Egypt, and then say that in Egypt we are only temporary guests. The Egyptian deficit for the year already exceeds £2,500,000, and the Four per Cents. have dropped to 62¼.

The contest for Ipswich on Wednesday resulted in a victory for the Liberals, Mr. H. W. West being returned by 3,266 votes, against 2,816 given to Sir T. Charley. The poll was unusually heavy, only a seventh of the electors being absent; and, while the Liberals have gained 192 votes above the highest Liberal poll in 1880, the Tories have receded by 326, a total difference of 518. Part of this victory is due, we believe, to personal causes, the Cobbold family, with its long-standing influence in the town, being divided; while the feud between the Anglicans and Evangelicals, always bitter in Ipswich, had a distinct effect on the election. These side issues, however, exist everywhere; and, at all events till a local magnate comes forward on the Tory side, Ipswich may be considered Liberal. Sir T. Charley is very angry, and in the *Times* of Friday attributes much of his defeat to the "abuse and misrepresentation" with which he was visited on account of his connection with the City Corporation. Some impudent electors actually asked if Ipswich was prepared to vote for "the conger-eel candidate." We honour Sir T. Charley's courage in making that statement in a paper like the *Times*. A man who, in order to defend his party, is not afraid of affixing a nickname like that to himself—for he is sure to be called at future elections "Conger-eel Charley"—is a man to be respected.

Mr. John Morley met his constituents at Newcastle on Wednesday, and made a speech in which he first of all condemned the freehold vote. Faggot-voting was admitted to be bad, and the non-resident freeholder had through his property all the power he ought to have. He was distinctly in favour of the principle,—"One man, one vote." He smiled at the zeal of Tories to prevent future anomalies, while they are so willing that present anomalies should continue to exist. He was strongly in favour of extending the lower franchise to Ireland, pointing out that the hatred of the peasantry for England,

which is the true reason for objecting to extension, has grown up under the restrictions now maintained. To pass a Reform Bill and exclude Ireland is, moreover, to render it certain that the whole question must be immediately reopened,—a fatiguing process, which he thought nobody in his senses could desire. Mr. Morley expressed his belief that the number of Parnellites returned under any suffrage would be about the same; and Mr. Parnell is, we perceive, of the same opinion. They may be right, but we have great doubts of it. Why should the labourers love the Parnellites, or how are the Parnellites to desert the farmers?

Mr. Morley, in the same speech, also advised the Government to leave Egypt as speedily as possible. We could not annex the country, he said, because of our solemn pledges, because of the heavy Egyptian Debt, and because of the number of foreigners within it protected by their strong Governments. The argument from pledges we admit, with the reserve that Europe could cancel them; but the Debt would be only £2,250,000 a year, if we guaranteed it; and the foreigners would be no more trouble than they are in London. Mr. Morley would, therefore, retire, maintaining that we have nothing to do with the Soudan, which is quite true; and that the Mahdi cannot invade Egypt because of the distance, and because his wild followers will not accompany him beyond the Desert, neither of them valid arguments. Oriental armies cross vast distances, and Arabs, so far as known, will go anywhere for plunder. Why should they not march out of El Obeid into Egypt, just as readily as they did out of Medina? Mr. Morley ridiculed the idea that if the British did not intervene France would, declaring that if she did, "so much the worse for her, and none the worse for us." As to the Turk, he said, let him intervene, if he likes. We do not believe in French intervention, and the tribes can take care of the Turks; but we do not see why we should let the Turks conquer the Soudan. The Mahdi, if he will only keep in the Soudan, will govern a great deal better than a Turkish Pasha, for he will not plunder so much, not hoping to end his days on the Bosphorus with half a million in Italian Bonds.

Germany is greatly agitated by a report that the Crown Prince, who is going to Rome on his way home through Italy, will call upon the Pope. It is imagined that he will discuss ecclesiastical politics with his Holiness, and perhaps end the Culturkampf, and the papers cry out that this is "going to Canossa." We thought it had been admitted that some *modus vivendi* between Prussia and the Papacy must be found, and if that is the case, why should not the Crown Prince arrange principles as well as any other diplomatist. The objection is not raised on constitutional grounds, and the Crown Prince, who is by no means a person of ecclesiastical proclivities, is not likely to give way unduly; while he will have this advantage, that if he gives assurances, the Pope will be secured against changes consequent on a new reign. A visit of courtesy, which, indeed, if the Prince goes to Rome, could hardly be avoided, is not in itself an act of submission.

The Hungarian Government has made a great effort to legalise marriage between Jews and Christians, but it has for the present been defeated, the Bill having been thrown out of the Upper House by 109 to 106. The higher Catholic prelates who have seats in the House of course resisted the Bill, not so much because Jews are Jews, as because they disapprove civil marriage altogether; and they were followed by the younger nobles, who came up from the country and voted from sheer detestation of the race. The Bill will, of course, be carried in a year or two, for even the stupidity of caste cannot long prevent the nobles from seeing the absurdity of their position. They detest the Jews for their separateness, and support a law which compels them to keep separate. Orthodox Jews are not displeased, but pleased with a vote which retains the most effective of all barriers between them and the surrounding Gentile world.

Lord Granville on Tuesday presided at a dinner of the London and Counties Liberal Union, and made one of his usual vol-au-vent speeches. There was very little in it, but it was nice. After praising the Union for organising Associations in the counties, he passed on to obstruction, and hinted that although the Foreign Office was not greatly interested in legislation, it had its share of the annoyance caused by obstruction. One method of obstruction was putting questions, and Mr. Bourke felt such a keen interest in Egyptian affairs, that he asked in one Session three times the number of questions asked by Lord Enfield and Sir A. Otway during the whole six years through which the late Government were in office. Meanwhile, some of his friends took the part played in a Spanish bullfight by the picadors, "active young men, dressed in breeches and ribands, with little lances and flags in their hands, who do the irritating portion of the business." Lord Granville strongly defended the Corrupt Practices Act, declaring that the self-purifying process which it was hoped was going on, had not begun; that "a greater number of individuals were bribed in 1880 than ever were bribed before;" that the nineteen petitions tried revealed frightful corruption; and that two and a half millions of money were spent in that election,—an average, allowing for the uncontested seats, of about £5,000 a seat. Lord Granville doubted the speedy arrival of a dissolution, but bewailed the number of electors interested in abuses which it was the business of Liberals to abolish. He need not be frightened. For every man interested in an abuse, there is one concerned to abolish it, and the corrupt interests will no more expel the Liberals than the publicans did. The Tories trusted the innkeepers, and forgot that for every drinker in debt there are two "Blue-ribbon men." Even the great army of bankrupts, who do not like Mr. Chamberlain's Bill, is outnumbered by the greater army of those whom they have plundered.

Lord Granville, the President of the City Liberal Club, made a remarkable little speech on Thursday, after the unveiling of the statue of Mr. Gladstone which has been produced by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, and presented to the club by a number of its members:—"There is one point," said Lord Granville, "and one point only, on which I could speak with rather more authority than any one present. I have served with several Prime Ministers, men for whom I have had the highest respect, and I may add, the greatest attachment; but I can say this, that I never knew one who showed a finer temper, a greater patience, or more consideration for his colleagues than Mr. Gladstone, in all deliberations upon any important subject. In his official position, with his knowledge, with his ability, with the wonderful power of work which characterises him, he, of course, has immense influence upon the deliberations of the Cabinet; but notwithstanding his tenacity of purpose and his earnestness, it is quite extraordinary how he attends to the arguments of all, and how, except on any question of really vital importance, he is ready to yield his own opinion to the general sense of the colleagues over whom he presides." That, coming from Lord Granville, is very remarkable testimony, though testimony which we should have absolutely anticipated. The Tory tradition of Mr. Gladstone as the most arbitrary and imperious of statesmen is entirely overthrown by Lord Granville; but the Tory tradition will survive overthrowing, all the same. It is founded on that manifold root of all popular error,—the wish to believe it.

Mr. Forster made a very remarkable speech at Bradford on Thursday, with the important bearing of which on the great Reform question we have dealt at length elsewhere. But here we may add that he augured hopefully for such a settlement of the Transvaal question as shall really protect the rights of those chiefs who trusted to our support, that he defended warmly the policy of the Government on the Ilbert Bill, and that on the question of the Australian Confederation he strongly supported the Australian statesmen's prayer to the Government to guarantee them against foreign interference in the Australasian waters. Mr. Forster has not for many years made so powerful and sagacious a speech.

We are not surprised to find that Mr. Horton, the Nonconformist Fellow of New College who was nominated as Examiner in Religious Knowledge, and sustained by Congregation by 53 votes against 44, was rejected on Thursday by Convocation by the enormous vote of 576 against 155 (majority, 421). We do not ourselves think that Mr. Horton would have conducted the examination less well than the other Examiner, Mr. Pope, of Worcester College; but it was felt that if one Nonconformist was confirmed as Examiner in subjects which include the special Formularies of the Church of England, —the Thirty-nine Articles,—any other Nonconformist, even though he were a sceptic and a cynic, could hardly be objected to. Unfortunately, however, this possibility will not be in any way prevented by the rejection of Mr. Horton. Next year, a

nominal Churchman, who thinks the Thirty-nine Articles a jumble of confused compromises, may be appointed examiner without a single protest, and may make the examination a farce. The truth is that an examination in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England is a complete anachronism for young laymen. Scripture is still reverenced amongst us, and there is no practical danger that men who do not conscientiously object to an examination in Scripture would make a farce of that examination; but there is much danger in the case of an examination in the Thirty-nine Articles, and the only true remedy is to substitute a secular subject of no greater difficulty, for all who prefer it. Moreover, so long as the examination in the Thirty-nine Articles is continued, we must say that we think it more decorous to select as examiner some one who is understood heartily to accept them. But how many such—even among Churchmen—are now left?

We are surprised that the *Times* has had no article denouncing the weakness and imbecility of Monsignore Giambattista Savarese, who, lately a domestic prelate of the Pope, was received into the communion of the American Episcopal Church last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Nevin, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Rome. It appears that Monsignore Savarese had belonged for twenty-six years to the Ecclesiastical Appeal Court at the Vatican, so that it is quite certain he must be of mature age,—and we all know what the *Times* thinks of "the poor and narrow-brained persons who are troubled at thirty with any question about the form of religion they have lived under." Monsignore Savarese is much troubled, at an age that is probably double the *Times*' maximum, concerning the form of religion he has lived under, so troubled that because he sees no hope of reforming it, he has joined another religious communion. Why have we had no thunderbolt launched against this "poor and narrow-brained" member of the Roman Curia?

The Poet-Laureate is really to be made a Baron, and it is said that he will take the title of Lord Tennyson D'Eyncourt, an old title in the Tennyson family. The news has been received with universal and, we think, legitimate depression. It is felt that Mr. Tennyson is dearer to the English people than Lord Tennyson D'Eyncourt can ever be; nor is there anything to set off against this feeling in the probable gain of the House of Lords. It will not be easy to think of the great lyrical poet apart from the worldly distinction he has thus gained for himself by his poetry, and yet it will be still less easy to think of him as having naturally grown into that sort of distinction. The peerage will be at best an ill-fitting Court costume, which will be bewildering at once to the political and the poetical associations of Englishmen. We heartily wish that Mr. Tennyson had refused the graceful tribute paid to his noble genius.

We know of nothing more annoying than to be publicly accused of being richer than you are. Not to mention the tantalising nature of the charge, the applications for money are instantly doubled, your benefactions are at once considered stingy, and your dependants think they may spend without detection or remonstrance. Tenants become *exigeants* about repairs, and debtors think a reminder, however gentle, proof of your unnecessary graspingness. We are really sorry, therefore, for a misconception, or rather a blunder, in consulting Domesday Book, under which, in our issue of December 1st, we imputed to Lord Shaftesbury a rent-roll of £40,000 a year. He has 20,000 acres, but they only yield him nominally £16,000 a year, and probably, at a time like this, somewhat less. The argument, to support which we quoted, as we thought, the official figures, is not, of course, affected by the error. Even were his rent-roll only £10,000 a year, Lord Shaftesbury would still be a man whose interests are opposed to any attack on landlords, and who, in condemning them as he does for letting uninhabitable buildings, must be disinterested.

Vice-Chancellor Sir Charles Hall died on Wednesday night, after a paralytic attack that came on near a year and a half ago, in June, 1882, from which he had in some degree recovered before the relapse came in which he died. He was one of the most sagacious of real-property lawyers, and in his earlier days might often have been seen drowsily nodding over a pupil's draft settlement or draft will, and yet as surely pulled up by any slip in the drafting as a dozing nurse who knows her business will be by the least change in the symptoms of the patient beside whose bed she sits. Sir Charles Hall never took silk, but gained a very large income as a stuff gownsman—an income which is said to have passed £10,000 a year for the last few years of his life at the Bar—but accepted a Vice-Chancellorship in the year 1873. If "unconscious cerebration" ever rightly describes the process of intellectual judgment, Sir Charles Hall's greatness as a lawyer was due to the sure processes of his "unconscious cerebration." It was not to intellectual vigilance so much as to an almost automatic sympathy with legal rules and legal methods of judgment, that he owed his almost unerring judgment on all questions of real property.

Mr. Richard Doyle, the artist to whom the world owes the admirable cover of *Punch*, was seized at the Athenæum Club on Monday by a fit of apoplexy, and died at four o'clock on Tuesday morning. He was the son of the famous caricaturist, "H. B.," and was, till the days of "the Papal aggression," one of the chief contributors to *Punch*, but retired in consequence of the violent anti-Catholic line taken by *Punch* in 1851. He was a great friend of Thackeray's, and illustrated "The Newcomes" for him,—the famous old "Lady Kew" was Richard Doyle's offspring, as well as Thackeray's,—and he also illustrated the earlier issues of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Middle-aged men will easily recall the pictures which he drew some forty or more years ago in *Punch* of "ye manners and ye customs of ye Englishe." Mr. Doyle was not an old man,—fifty-seven at the time of his death,—but he was, perhaps unfortunately for the world, independent of his profession, and latterly had not added much to those playful studies of the grotesque, which constituted the charm of his various illustrations of fairy legend. That well-known procession of Punch riding on a donkey, and heralded by a comic Fame, while the hero himself clasps with a fatherly arm a young maiden who somewhat reluctantly attends him, two of her companions pulling him back by the bays which circle his reverend head, and a harp-playing nymph preluding some half-sentimental air as she follows in the train, will immortalise Mr. Doyle's genius as long as *Punch* continues to attract English readers.

Sir Thomas Acland, in an address to his allotment-holders at Broadclyst, on Saturday last, gave us a good illustration of what a good landlord can do to identify the interests of labourers and very small farmers with the land by which they live. There are but 440 householders in Broadclyst, and Sir Thomas Acland only owns about half the parish in which these 440 householders live; yet he provides 300 of the 440 householders of Broadclyst with patches of land out of his own half of the parish, though near nine hundred acres out of his half are taken up with woodland. His net receipt from these allotments—after paying tithe, Income-tax, poor-rate, repairs, and expense of collection,—is about £1 9s. per acre, and he congratulated his allotment tenants on Saturday on the punctuality with which their rents were paid. The allotments are held by 170 agricultural labourers, 48 mechanics, 6 tradesmen, 10 gardeners, and 10 other persons, some of them widows. Sir Thomas, who, as a newly-made Privy Councillor, speaks with authority, gave his allotment-holders a little insight into the working of the British Constitution, together with some admirable advice as to the way in which they should use their suffrage, so soon as they acquire it,—especially warning them of the unpractical nature of such schemes for the nationalisation of the land as are proposed by Mr. Henry George; but we doubt whether any advice is so likely to keep them straight as that sense of having a bit of land to do their duty to, which he has secured for them.

Professor Sylvester is selected to succeed the late Professor Henry Smith as Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. Professor Sylvester is,—with perhaps some question as to Professor Cayley,—the most brilliant and original mathematician of his time. Nor has the fertility of his genius, it is said, diminished with age, though he is believed to be already seventy. He leaves the John Hopkins University at Baltimore, where his genius has been greatly valued and has borne large fruit, at Christmas, and will, we suppose, assume his new duties at Oxford early in 1884. Oxford has chosen outside her own University, and has indisputably made a brilliant choice.

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.

Consols were on Friday 100 to 100⅛ x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. PARNELL'S SPEECH.

THE meeting in the Dublin Rotunda on Tuesday was one obviously intended to be as unpleasant as might be in its effect on English statesmen and politicians. Mr. Sexton made a speech of which the purpose was to justify the hatred felt by Ireland for England; the address to Mr. Parnell expressly glorified him for the doings of the Land League, which it described by implication as achieved without sufferings or bloodshed, doings for some of which Mr. Parnell at one time,—we suppose in a weak moment,—had avowed something approaching to regret. And finally, Mr. Parnell's own speech was devoted to the expression of loathing for Mr. Trevelyan and for the whole policy of the British Government in Ireland, while it overflowed with malicious triumph at the anticipation that, even if he could not secure such an Irish policy as he wished, he could secure the fall of those statesmen who had granted Ireland all she has yet gained, and the return to power of those who resisted with all their might the passing of the Land Act, the Arrears Act, and the "Tramways" Act. To read the account of such a demonstration as this causes us, perhaps, even more dismay than those who arranged it would have desired;—though not more dismay,—indeed very much less,—springing out of the grounds of dismay with which they hoped to overwhelm us. What Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Sexton, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin desired, was to fill the hearts of English Liberals with disappointment and rage at the discovery of how closely their fate as a party is identified with that of the Irish Home-rulers. The venom of the stab which Mr. Parnell gave was all concentrated in that concluding passage, in which he told us that though he could not win for Ireland her independence, he could inflict on Great Britain the yoke of subservience to a party which is in a clear minority, and which involves us in wars which we condemn, and in a foreign policy which we abhor. He cannot, he admits, conquer what he calls her freedom for Ireland, but he can inflict both uneasiness and disaster on England and Scotland, by hoisting into the Administration men who not only coerce Ireland, but misgovern the Empire. Well, that is, no doubt, a formidable threat. It is very like Rehoboam's threat that whereas Solomon had chastised Israel with whips, he himself would chastise Israel with scorpions. But the most formidable part of it is not, after all, that which Mr. Parnell hints as its true sting,—not the dread of the Tory Government with which he threatens us, not even the dread of the unjust and disastrous policy of bluster which he holds over us. These things are formidable enough. We do not disguise from ourselves that he and his party may have the power to bring the Tories back, to undo all the Irish reforms with which the Tories dare to meddle, and to weave anew the web of confusion abroad. But, after all, we know very well that directly the retrograde policy in Ireland begins, half Mr. Parnell's own followers will desert him, unless he flings the Tories over; and that directly the selfish and hectoring policy begins abroad, the feeling in this country will surge up as strongly as it did in 1878-1880, and paralyse even Lord Salisbury's hand. We know that the Liberals may be turned out of office by Mr. Parnell, but that will be, we suspect, almost the last victory of his malice. In Ireland he will not dare, in the Empire he will not be able, to hold up the hands of those who propose to make the British Government pursue a retrograde and selfish career. To us, these threats, though we do not make light of them, cause a very small part, indeed, of the dismay which his speech inspires.

That dismay arises from very different causes, and chiefly from this cause,—that it brings out, as nothing yet has brought out, the political and moral ruin which our misrule in Ireland has caused, when it shows us the genuine enthusiasm of the Irish people for a statesman who can deliberately set this mean and vindictive ideal of action before his countrymen, and who finds that mean and vindictive ideal received with something like ecstacy by the emancipated serfs to whom he discloses it. We doubt if there is in the records of any political movement a more ominous sign than the "great laughter and cheering" with which the following sentences of Mr. Parnell, deliberately prepared no doubt for the great occasion on which the Irish were making a hero of him and lavishing on him the yield of a great national subscription, were received:—

"If there be one fact more certain than another, it is that if we are to be coerced again—if the present Coercion Act, or any part of it, is to be renewed—these things shall be done by a Tory Government, and not by a Liberal Government (cheers); and shall carry with them, in the shape of increased taxes and foreign wars, penalties in excess even of those inflicted upon us. Beyond a shadow of doubt, it will be for the Irish people in England, separated, isolated as they are, and for your independent Irish Members, to determine at the next general election whether a Tory or Liberal Ministry shall rule England. (Cheers.) This is a great force and a great power. If we cannot rule ourselves, we can at least cause them to be ruled as we choose. (Great laughter and cheering.)

That the idol of the hour should be not a man who is full of generous, if violent impulse, like O'Connell, or of passionate self-forgetfulness, like Grattan or Wolfe Tone, but a pallid and sneering schemer, who draws his companions apart to boast that if he cannot get what he wants, he can at least poison the peace of those who defeat his plans, is, to our minds, one of the most dismaying facts in the political history of Ireland, and one also that we should have least anticipated. We had always supposed that in Ireland at all events, popularity was impossible without the appearance, at least, of generous enthusiasm, and yet the ominous sign of the times is that popular enthusiasm is best evoked by an ostentatious display of vindictive political cunning and triumphant electioneering craft.

And the worst of the whole matter is that this is the result of the old English misrule. The Irish character, which, while Ireland was sunk in utter misery, displayed many of the virtues peculiar to a state of suffering, great cheerfulness under misery, great patience, and apparently great gratitude to those who brought any succour, is, now that it is beginning to taste of freedom and prosperity, losing apparently all its noblest features, and, for the moment at least, giving birth to no new ones. In place of the cheerfulness of the age of misery, we have now nothing but gloom; for its patience we have the fiercest impatience, under dwindling, instead of increasing evils; for the gratitude the Irish used to show to their true friends, we have nothing but the most virulent denunciation and political slander,—like Mr. Parnell's criticism, for instance, on Mr. Trevelyan, a statesman whose speeches will seem to the world at large as full of elevation and earnestness of purpose as Mr. Parnell's are ostentatiously devoid of both. And all this, as we said, is really the doing of our ancestors. It is our misrule which has so formed the Irish character that when it emerges from the semi-submissive era in which it displayed so many virtues, it seems suddenly to lose them all, and to put on a fierceness, an irritability, and a vindictiveness which, though they may be, as we believe they are, only temporary, seem to reflect not the new policy of greater justice, but the old policy of gross and selfish tyranny. Well, we must bear as well as we can the dismay which this condition of things not only does, but *ought* to produce on us, and perhaps even to produce in still greater measure than it does. Mr. Parnell's speech appears to us one that should cause genuine affright, not at the threats with which he plies us,—for they might well bring their own cure,—but at the type of political character which Irish politicians delight to honour, and even to glorify. We do not wonder that the man who is supposed to have gained for Ireland the recent Land Acts should be held on that account in reverence; but we do wonder that the more he vaunts his chill hatred of England, his thin indifference to the crimes and outrages of the Land League, his detestation for the English statesmen who have co-operated with him to give Ireland what she has got, and his acid calculations of revenge, the more heartily the once generous Irish people cheer him, and gloat over the astuteness of his statecraft. But if we can only bring home the lesson truly, even this bitter lesson may have its uses for us. That lesson we take to be that tyranny often bears its worst fruits after the tyranny has ceased; that it is in the atmosphere of independence that the cruelty of the past brings forth its bitterest consequences, and that the broken spirit, weary of its long suffering, turns to the gall of bitterness and the extasy of revenge. That ought to make our policy of justice only the more tenacious, unwearying, and complete.

THE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

WE doubt if the British public even yet see why the situation in Egypt is so serious. Clearly Mr. John Morley does not, for he speaks as if it were still open to us to retire at our own discretion; and the body of the people have neither his knowledge nor his thinking power. The true and novel difficulty is that our discretion has for the present been

taken away, and that whether annexation or evacuation be the right course, we are forbidden by circumstances to adopt either. Up to the time of the disaster before El Obeid, the position of the British Government in Egypt was that they had entered the Delta to restore vitality to the authority of the Khedive, and thereby protect the people of Egypt, and certain English, European, and, we regret to add, financial interests. They thought they were advancing towards this end, and had ordered a reduction of the garrison, when an unexpected movement in the southern dependencies of Egypt revealed the fact that the Khedive's Government, so far from being sufficiently recovered to dispense with assistance, possessed neither the morale nor the physical power to perform the most ordinary duties of national self-defence. That Government cannot stand up against the rush of barbarism which threatens it from the south, cannot recover its provinces, yet is absolutely resolved, as the Khedive with his own lips told the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* on Wednesday, not to give them up. In fact, but for the British, the Khedive's Government would perish of combined weakness and perverse pride. The evidence of this truth consists not in the massacre before El Obeid, which might have been only a dangerous accident, but in what has happened since. The disaster outside Suakim was far more depressing to any observer than that in the desert before El Obeid. General Hicks's force had exhausted its ammunition, had no supply of water, and was assailed by clouds of fanatical enemies, who in the beaten condition of the men could, even if there were no submissions, slaughter almost at will. The force outside Suakim was crushed by hard fighting. It consisted, first of all, of 500 Nubian regulars, the pick of the old Egyptian Army, the men who for a moment, as Mr. Archibald Forbes tells us, flung back our own Highlanders at Tel-el-Kebir, and who, with their massive frames, indifference to heat, and splendid courage, could be turned into first-class soldiers. In addition to these were a few horsemen—Arabs—and two hundred "Bashi-Bazouks," that is, a "scratch lot" of recruits, well armed, but badly drilled, and with unaccustomed officers. This force was ordered by the Governor of Suakim to reconnoitre the passes through which any force from Suakim must march from thence to Berber or Khartoum, and as soon as it entered the hills was attacked by the mountaineers. They are not the Mahdi's men, though doubtless they sympathise with him, and are excited by his victory; but they attacked in undisciplined crowds upon their own account. The Bashi-Bazouks, who happened to be in advance, were thrown into confusion at once, but the Nubians, as usual, stood firm, and though hampered by the retreat of the advance-guard, fought splendidly, dying in heaps close together. They were, however, slaughtered out; some of their officers fled, and the whole force was, as the bulletin-makers put it, "annihilated." That means that the best Egyptian troops, well supplied, and fighting with the utmost resolution, can do nothing against Soudanese hillmen. Of course, the numbers were unequal; but so they must always be, and always have been. The tribes, whether excited by the Mahdi or not, can always, if they choose, produce ten fighting-men for every Egyptian soldier; and at present they do choose. The result is that Egypt has not sufficient force to restore order, and that any Egyptian expedition sent to enforce it will be cut to pieces. General Baker will be driven back just as easily as a native commandant, and if he is mad enough to divide his force in two—a statement positively made, but to us incredible—will by mid-January be "annihilated," as four separate expeditions have been before him. His gendarmes are not only not better than Nubians, but go unwillingly to the field, and will not fight half as well; while his small guard of Europeans—not 200 in all—are mainly Greeks.

The plain truth of the matter is that the whole of the Soudan is lost, and that nothing which Egyptians could do, still more, nothing which Egyptians will do, could stop the Mahdi for a week, if he chose to advance northwards. It is alleged that he will not advance, that he is intent on conquering Darfur, and clearing his road to the coast; and that may be true, as it may be true, as is also reported, that he is calling the Western Provinces of Arabia to arms; but what comfort does that bring to us? It is nearly the worst thing that could happen. The Mahdi's advance would enable the British to act, but for him to delay, and to consolidate his power in the south, to hang over Egypt for months like a thunder-cloud, which may burst without notice, is ruinous, if only from the expense it will entail. The Egyptian Government has nothing to gain from time. It cannot create a Native Army which will win. It cannot conciliate tribes whose just hatred, excited by twenty years of savage oppression, is now inflamed by the hope of retribution. It will not obtain an able Khedive, or a good General, or Pashas more honest than the men who, in such a crisis, can think of nothing better than making the biggest slave-dealer, Zebehr Pasha, their representative, and sending him to divide the Mahdi's influence. There is hope, it is said, "that the Mahdi may die," that he may irritate his people by taxes, that he may be abandoned by his successful followers; but all that only amounts to the usual trust in luck of perplexed, beaten, and irresolute men. "It needs but one chance to save the Khedive,"—but then, as Carlyle asked, "how many to destroy him?" The Mahdi may "die," of course; but to assassinate a spiritual leader among his followers is a most difficult task, if only because the assassin is mentally overawed. Taxation will not alienate men who are dreaming of plunder and victory; and what matter who retires, if the fanatics of North-East Africa are swarming up to the new leader? What matters anything, indeed, while there is no efficient resistance? and save through the British Army there is none. The heart is out of the Egyptians—recollect, our own instantaneous conquest was not calculated to develope self-confidence—and the ruling class has either lost its head, or is by nature unequal to the situation, or is treacherous to the core. We do not believe there is a man anywhere, whether friendly to a British Protectorate or not, who is competent to give an opinion who doubts that if the British withdrew, the Khedive's Government would be superseded by a new Arab *régime*, probably with the Mahdi at the head of it, and a black army at his disposal. As England has pledged herself not to permit this result—which would involve, among other consequences, war between the Mahdi and the Sultan, total repudiation of the Egyptian Debt, and great danger to the Suez Canal—she will be unable to leave Egypt until the matter is settled, which may take months, or even years, during the whole of which, according to the Khedive, Egypt will continue efforts to recover the Soudan,—that is, will waste her troops, her remaining treasure, and her residuum of energy, all of which is wanted for internal reforms.

We need not say we regard the situation with no pleasure. We should have preferred a clear Protectorate of Egypt, administered through a single Resident; but as that course was not adopted, we desire to see the British Government free to carry out its policy, and it is not free. Annexation is barred by pledges which could only be unbound by a European vote, the Protectorate is refused by the Cabinet, and the only alternative, withdrawal at the fitting time, is now beyond our reach. The situation has become most serious, and all the more because it cannot be terminated by an effort to extinguish the danger at its source. It would be madness to send a small force to the Soudan, for if they were Europeans they would perish of thirst before they reached El Obeid; and if they were Sepoys, they might be "annihilated" just as readily as the Nubians. The only way in which the Mahdi could be defeated within the Soudan is by sending an expedition to El Obeid on the scale of that which crushed the Emperor Theodore. We suppose that by despatching 15,000 men and 20,000 camp followers, with mountain artillery, and the means of sinking deep wells in the Desert, we might in three months master the Mahdi; but it is by no means certain, for he could retreat into regions whither we could not follow, and return the day after our inevitable withdrawal. Such an expedition, however, would cost this country twenty millions, and would be undertaken for the benefit of a foreign country which we have previously declared our determination neither to protect in the diplomatic sense, nor to annex. We do not believe Parliament would permit anything of the kind, and regard the constant incentives now being addressed to the Government to "restore British prestige in the Soudan" as so much waste of breath. The *Spectator* is no advocate of non-intervention irrespective of circumstances, but this country has enough to do without entering the endless expanses of the Soudan in order to restore the slave-dealers, who will at once recover all the power we may be able to wrench from the Mahdi. We are not going to remain there, and the Egyptian Pashas, if we entrust the country to them once more, will be overthrown within a month of our withdrawal. The invasion of the Soudan is impossible, and short of that, there is no summary way out of the difficulties. We can, as we believe, do nothing but wait, throw up works at Assouan, as we are doing, and leave it to the Mahdi to attack, if he will; and that waiting policy is not a pleasant one for us. It may last years, and we

are fettered while it lasts, for we are responsible for Egypt, yet not its possessors, and unable, while invasion is feared, to insist on the carrying-out of the reforms which the Egyptian Ministry, so long as they have the excuse of war to offer, will declare the Egyptian Treasury too poor to undertake. There is, however, no other course to pursue, and fortunately Egypt, unless attacked from the Syrian side also, is the most defensible of countries. The river will not help the Mahdi, his march, when he moves, must be slower than the voyage of steamers from England or Bombay, and at Assouan the cultivated belt narrows, till five thousand Englishmen could hold it against any number of half-drilled troops, even if they are as brave as many of the tribes whom the Mahdi is supposed to lead. We can wait safely enough, but the waiting impedes the policy of the Government, and while it deprives Egypt of the advantages which would spring from a Protectorate, leaves us without liberty even to retire.

MR. H. GLADSTONE AT LEEDS.

IF Mr. Herbert Gladstone, as Member for Leeds, always represented his father, his speech of Saturday to the Bramley Liberal Club, Leeds, would be the most serious utterance of the Recess. That, however, as we all know, is not the case, Mr. H. Gladstone, like any other Member, speaking his own opinions, modified in a greater or less degree by those of the constituents who return him. Still, the junior Member for Leeds, besides being a man who thinks, hears a great deal, and when he points out a new and apparently practicable course of action which the Government may adopt, he is entitled to attention, more especially when his view either is supported, or seems to be supported, by hints in a very frank speech delivered by Lord Granville. Mr. Herbert Gladstone does not think, he told his electors, that the rejection of the Franchise Bill would entail an immediate dissolution. "It seemed to him that if the Ministry were to dissolve Parliament because the Lords threw a Bill out, however important it might be, they would be admitting a dangerous principle, and giving too much power to the House of Lords,—a power which, on many occasions, they might dangerously misuse. At an early period in the history of the present Administration, the Lords threw out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill; but the Government did not resign, because the interests of the country demanded that they should do a deal of work before they left office. He did not himself believe the House of Lords would throw out the whole of the County Franchise Bill. He believed they would throw out that part which related to Ireland, *and if they threw out that part, it would be equivalent to rejecting the whole Bill.* But he saw not the smallest reason why the Government should not then keep to their position for a time, and quietly go forward with other important measures, such as the reform of the government of London and the reform of local government in England and Ireland. And when they had done all in their power to pass those measures to which they had been pledged, then they could again take up the challenge, pass the Franchise Bill, and send it up to the Lords, when that House could choose whether they would accept the Bill, or accept the challenge of the Liberal Government to meet them in the face of the country." If the Lords threw out the Municipal Bills also, then he admitted they would be rejecting all legislation, and would force an appeal to the country; but then, said the speaker, "the Government would go to the country not on any particular measure, but as against the House of Lords." In other words, a reform of the House of Lords, a modification, direct or indirect, of its present absolute power of forbidding legislation, would become indispensable. Mr. H. Gladstone did not, however, believe the Lords would take this suicidal course, and evidently thought that the Government would be wise to take so excellent an opportunity of passing its London Bill and its County Government Bill, and utilising the next Session, or even an intermediate Session, to bring its Reform projects once more distinctly before the nation. Lord Granville possibly entertains the same idea, for he also hinted, in his speech to the London and Counties Liberal Union on Tuesday, that he had some doubts about a dissolution, and though he may have meant that he thought it possible that the Lords might pass the Franchise Bill, he must be well aware that Lord Salisbury thinks this a measure which ought only to be accepted after the Government has consulted the old constituencies. Lord Salisbury, in fact, thinks that the farmers, dreading the labourers' votes, and irritated about the foot-and-mouth-disease, will restore to the Tories a monopoly of the county seats, and is eager for a dissolution.

The course of action suggested is an astute one, and would, we believe, secure to the country the benefit of the County Government Bill and of a central Municipality for London at the earliest possible period, and with the fewest serious amendments. The rank and file of the Lords, who often show a truer instinct in politics than their leaders, will hardly throw out three great Bills, even if Lord Salisbury wishes, for they desire to preserve the Upper House, and are well aware that the English people, though distinctly favourable to the Upper House as an ornament to the Constitution—a part of its dress, like a Judge's robe, which adds scenic dignity to what otherwise might seem too bare and simple—would sweep it away at once, if it interfered with the more important business of life. Englishmen cannot bear, as Continentals can, to live always *en blouse;* but their love for black coats on occasion does not prevent their stripping to their shirt-sleeves, when there is work to be done. We agree, therefore, that the Municipal Bills would be passed, which would be a great gain; but we dread, as we have before observed, another and most dangerous result. From the moment the Reform Bill is proposed, it will become the single preoccupation of the body of the people. They wish for the reform of county government, and in London they are much more anxious about the Municipality, which they think they will be able to influence, than Aldermen suspect; but they are guided by instincts which tell them that an extension of the suffrage is more important for them, will add more directly to their power than any local measure, however extensive, or however wisely planned. Their wishes will be concentrated on the Franchise Bill, and if it is rejected, and the Government does not dissolve, they will feel that emotion of distrust and suspicion of motives which, in England as everywhere else, is the temptation of a democracy. They will not distrust Mr. Gladstone, but they will fear that those men round him who are not anxious for the extension of the suffrage, and especially not anxious to extend it in Ireland, are rather pleased than vexed at a delay, amidst which anything may occur to make the people forget Reform. The suspicion will be utterly unreasonable, for the strongest Whig in the country knows that Reform is now inevitable, and that it must extend to Ireland, but a disappointed multitude is seldom reasonable. The lower householders know that many Moderates, in their dread of the Irish complication, have become half-hearted about the suffrage, they test the earnestness of a Government by its readiness to dissolve, and they will doubt if the extension of the suffrage is actually to be carried. That this will be the Irish feeling is certain, and we hold Mr. Herbert Gladstone's reference to the Disturbance Bill to be peculiarly unlucky. It was months before the Irish believed that part of the Liberals were not secretly glad of the Lords' action in that matter; and if they suspect that the Government is not energetic in pressing their claim, all readiness to wait will disappear, and we may even see the Municipal Bills thrown out in the Commons, to compel the Dissolution.

It is for the Government to decide, upon knowledge much fuller than any we can possess; but in deciding, we trust that this element of suspicion, exasperated as it has been by the known reluctance of many statesmen to include Ireland in the measure, will not be forgotten. We are ourselves most anxious for the speedy passing of the London Municipal Bill, and though we had rather the county voters were enfranchised before the County Government Bill was drawn up, we are ready to trust the Cabinet to make that measure liberal enough, but we do dread the effect of voluntary delay in passing the Franchise Bill, upon the constituencies at large. They expect to see the promise kept, and the Tories have taught them only too carefully to see what mere postponement, mere delay, may be made to mean. Their disappointment may seriously affect their confidence in the sincerity of the Government, and if it does, we shall at the next election have every Tory speaker contrasting the performance of the Government with its promises, and every Radical making excuses which will sound like censures. It is most annoying that such a difficulty should occur, and that business should be stopped by an electic i which would be wholly needless, if the Representatives of the people really controlled the action of Government by themselves; but then they do not. The people refuse as yet to take up the question of the reform of the House of Lords, and until they do, statesmen must reckon with that body even when it acts, as it will do in this case, merely to thwart and perplex them. There is absolutely no justification for the Lords' action in throwing out the Franchise Bill. The question was submitted to the nation

in 1880, and was settled in the affirmative. Not ten Peers in the House believe that the opinion of the country has changed, or that if a Tory majority were returned they could avoid extending household suffrage to the counties. Yet because Lord Salisbury believes that a dissolution will weaken the Government, the Bill will be thrown out, and two Dissolutions rendered inevitable, instead of one, to the stoppage of all progressive work, possibly for three years. There is, however, no remedy, and will be none till the people perceive, as statesmen already begin to do, that the absolute veto of the Lords is an anachronism which may yet make the movement of the Legislative machine impossible, and which even now creates almost unendurable friction and delay. We are all so accustomed to it, that we hardly perceive it; but just consider the meaning of a situation in which a Government like this, entirely trusted and with an overwhelming majority, is compelled to consider not what course of business is best for the nation, but what will least irritate a few gentlemen whose ideas are almost avowedly out of harmony with those alike of the Government and the people. If that people woke up to it for a single week, the absurdity would end; but it has not awakened, and the Government is forced to think, first of all, of strategical tactics which may reduce to a minimum the opposition in the House of Lords. If Mr. Herbert Gladstone is right—and he may be right, though he speaks, of course, only for himself—the Bill creating a Municipality for London and the County Government Bill are to pass with unexpected ease, because a few dozen estated gentlemen think the County Franchise in Ireland should be kept up at a figure under which Mr. Parnell is the most powerful personage in the Island. Is a system under which such an absurdity is possible Representative Government at all?

MR. FORSTER ON REFORM.

MR. FORSTER'S very important speech at Bradford on Reform will give, we hope, the *coup de grâce* to more than one of the difficulties which beset the treatment of the Reform question by the Liberal party. In the first place, after what he has said—with his large experience of the Irish difficulty in its most envenomed form—it will be simply impossible for any Liberal "Cave" to hope for success in opposing the inclusion of Ireland in the next Reform Bill. Mr. Forster's remarks on this question are, indeed, so weighty that they will go far, we think, to convince all impartial thinkers who have any doubts on the subject that it would be a very serious mistake, both in the interest of Irish order and also in the interest of the union between the two countries, to exclude Ireland from the proposed Reform Bill. In the interest of Irish order it would be a great mistake, says Mr. Forster, because nothing would add more to the influence of the party of sedition—or to that of the outrage-mongers—than to force an agitation on Ireland, instead of removing the arena of agitation from Ireland to the floor of the House of Commons. Let the Parnellites be as strong as they can make themselves in the House of Commons, —by the use, we mean, of the same privileges as are granted to Englishmen and Scotchmen,—and whatever effect it may have on our legislation, it will, at least, remove all the excitement of the struggle from the soil of Ireland to the precincts of Westminster; and that must be a very great gain to the cause of order in Ireland. On the other hand, in the interest of the Union between the two countries, nothing could be more mischievous than to proclaim openly that there is no such political union at all, that we insist on governing the Irish on completely different principles from those which we apply to Englishmen and Scotchmen; and not only on governing them on different principles, but on principles becoming more and more different with every change which we make in our own franchise. As Mr. Forster truly hints, a union which is no union, which is violated flagrantly by the very people who maintain the Union, cannot possibly be defended on any excuse that will hold water for a moment. And for Liberals, as Liberals, to admit that they cannot pretend to justify what they, nevertheless, intend to do, is to give up the very principle of Liberalism, and declare for arbitrary government.

But Mr. Forster's speech has not only contributed something very considerable to get rid finally of this difficulty of Lord Hartington's; it has, we think, gone a great way towards getting rid of another difficulty too. Lord Hartington is much puzzled as to what the Government ought to propose concerning the property qualification for county voters. Mr. Forster's advice is clear,—abolish it. We entirely believe Mr. Forster to be in the right. So soon as you have a residential franchise for both counties and boroughs, you want no further franchise at all. A correspondent contends, in another column, that a son living with his father may fairly acquire a county vote by buying or receiving from his father a freehold in the county in which he resides; and he thinks that so long as you insist on his residing in the county for which he votes, this would not be subject to any abuse. But the answer is simple, and was given by Mr. John Morley in his speech at Newcastle on Wednesday. There is no pretence that will be tolerated by the boroughs for giving the county voters any qualification which you do not extend to the borough voters. If you are to allow of a residential property qualification in the county, you must allow a residential property qualification in boroughs too, and so you will admit a number of new scandals exactly akin to those which have so often been complained of in counties,—the manufacture of qualifications for their young relatives by rich men who wish to acquire a very prominent influence in the borough in which they reside. The question really is between the abolition of these manufactured qualifications for the county, or the legalisation of these manufactured qualifications for the borough. Is it desirable that either in the county or in the borough, a rich man should be allowed to manufacture qualifications for those who might easily obtain a vote for themselves, if they chose, and are too indolent to do so? Is it desirable that the number of these nepotist voters,—for in fact that is the danger, even though the condition of residence be enforced,—should be increased, either for the county or for the borough? We have always pleaded for abolishing them altogether, and we are delighted to get Mr. Forster's great authority for our proposal. "One man, one vote," is a very simple rule, and a very sound rule on which to found the franchise of the future. The faggot-votes *must*, somehow, be got rid of,—that every Liberal admits; but we shall weaken our hands immensely in sweeping away the faggot-votes, if we do not declare strongly against these nepotist qualifications for men who, though they may be residents, yet are qualified by their richer relations solely because these qualifications enhance their own political influence in the county or the borough for which they create them.

It is still more satisfactory to find Mr. Forster pleading so strongly for our own view that the true security against the extinction of minorities is to approximate, as far as is compatible with the proper regard for history, towards the principle of large electorates returning only a single Member each. We are as thoroughly persuaded as we can be that the objection which is raised against this proposal on the strength of the experience gained in municipal-ward elections, is a misleading one. Very few municipal wards would be so large and important as the new electorates for which we contend. If a population of about 50,000 is to be the ideal of an electorate returning one Member, that means something very different from an ordinary municipal ward, and implies the interests of a great borough, which, once excited by a general Parliamentary contest, would not admit of the kind of contests to which the story of some of our municipalities have accustomed us. Especially if the determination of boundaries were left, as we desire to leave it, to a Commission composed equally of men of both parties, with some moderate Constitutional President, and if they were told that they should endeavour to create political constituencies as characteristic as possible, we might, we think, easily secure in any great borough electorates as distinct and politically significant as Hackney and Westminster, the Tower Hamlets, Chelsea, and Marylebone, Finsbury, Lambeth, Southwark, and Greenwich. But the real difficulty is, as Mr. Forster puts it, what a good Liberal could propose as the alternative scheme for a great borough like Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, and the rest. We find some Liberals who seriously propose that Liverpool, for instance, shall have six Members, and every Liverpool elector six votes, without the right to give more than one vote to each candidate for whom he votes. The result, we say, would be that practically all Liberals would vote for the list of six most approved by the Liberal Party, and all Conservatives for the list of six most approved by the Conservative Party, and that during a Liberal wave of feeling, Liverpool would have only six Liberals to represent it, while during a Conservative reaction it would have only six Conservatives to represent it. We can imagine, as Mr. Forster can imagine, nothing more mischievous. Some of those who favour this scheme say that it would not be so, that all moderate Liberals would choose out four Liberals and

two moderate Conservatives, and all moderate Conservatives four Conservatives and two moderate Liberals, and that in this way the majority would gain four representatives, and the minority two. We do not believe it. In a General Election, a great deal depends on the gain of a few seats. No hearty Liberal would be willing directly to cripple his party's chances by voting for two opponents, nor would any hearty Conservative tolerate such a proposal. The present writer happens to have had the chance of asking one of the most moderate Liberals he knows, and one of the most moderate Conservatives, whether anything would induce him so to mar the party influence of his vote, and in both cases the answer was a prompt negative. Besides, what this scheme means is delivering over the effectual representation of large boroughs to the mercy of political partisans, who, if they extended that mercy once, might repent them of their weakness on a subsequent occasion, and extend it no more. Whatever representation the people get, they should get by *right*, and not through the clemency of opponents.

Whatever plan is chosen, of this we are sure,—that the plan of allowing large constituencies to be represented by a group of Members *all* of whom may be returned by a bare majority of the voters, will find little favour in Parliament with statesmen of any school, and even the present thoroughly discredited minority principle of voting would be preferred to it. Mr. Forster is, we believe, right, that the judicious subdivision of very large constituencies, and their representation by a single Member, no voter having more than one vote, is by far the best solution of the problem which the nation has to consider.

ENGLISH JURIES AND THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

THE character of Irish Juries has been relatively vindicated in a very unexpected way. They have not been proved to be universally trustworthy, but they have been shown to be no worse than some English Juries. When a man, suspected on very good grounds of having murdered an agent or carded a tenant who had paid his rent, found that twelve of his neighbours could always be relied on for, at least, a disagreement among themselves, Englishmen used to moralise over the extraordinary inability of Irishmen to understand that the function of a Jury is simply to give an honest verdict, on the facts submitted to them. On Tuesday last, two English Juries in succession showed a similar inability to distinguish between fact and opinion. They were impanelled to decide whether a prisoner had really robbed his employers; but what two in one case and one in another insisted on considering was, whether they liked the way in which these employers carried on their business. Upon this question not one of the three had any difficulty in making up his mind. They all thought the conduct of the employers so bad as to exempt the Jury from the obligation of doing them justice. The issue which they put to themselves was not,—Is the prisoner guilty of theft? but,—Do his employers deserve outlawry? For outlawry, and nothing less, is what these jurymen really aimed at inflicting upon the unfortunate prosecutors. By refusing so much as to consider the bearing of the evidence upon the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence, they pronounced, so far as they could, that the prosecutors were not men to whom justice was owing. They had put themselves, by their own act and deed, out of the pale of civilised society. If every man's hand was not against them, it ought to be so. Under any circumstances, this would be a grave conclusion for jurymen to come to. It would mean that they had taken the law into their own hands, and had inflicted the heaviest of social penalties, without hearing counsel plead or witnesses give their evidence. When the real offence of the employers in question is taken into account, the marvel is still greater. We wonder not merely that two, if not three, jurymen should have been found to pass such a sentence without trial, but that two, if not three, jurymen should have been found to think the offence attributed to the employers worthy of punishment at all.

The prisoner whose guilt or innocence was thus strangely put aside had been a shop-walker in the Grocery Department of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, and in that capacity was alleged to have been concerned in a very extensive system of fraud. The trial went on as usual until the close of the prosecuting counsel's address; but at that point one of the jury rose and said that the foreman and himself were of opinion that Co-operative Societies were a "lot of blacklegs,"—a phrase which he afterwards explained to mean that the "military men and civil servants" by whom Co-operative Stores are carried on "cheated honest tradesmen out of their livelihood." It was in vain that the Recorder reminded the two jurors that the sole question for their consideration was whether the prisoner had really committed the offence with which he stood charged. What he defined as the sole question for their consideration was not the sole question that these jurors thought proper to consider. They chose to add to it the question whether men who had, so to say, pleaded guilty to the charge of carrying on a co-operative store, had any right to look for justice at the hands of their countrymen, and this question seemed to two jurors to be too plain to need discussion. The Directors and Managers of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, being a "lot of blacklegs," had forfeited all right to the protection of the law. It might have been thought, perhaps, that this declaration on the part of these Jurymen was only an ingenious method of getting excused from further attendance. If their plea was accepted, they would get out of the box at once, and for that day, at all events, be free to go about their business. But when this had actually happened, another incident occurred which showed that this theory was, at all events, not universally true. Two other jurors took the places of the two who felt so much doubt of their own freedom from prejudice, and the rest of the day was spent in trying the case. When the Recorder had summed up, the Jury retired, and at the end of about an hour they came back into Court to announce their hopeless disagreement. Eleven out of the twelve, it seemed, had come to a conclusion, and were ready to give a verdict in accordance with it. But one still held out. He could not satisfy himself that the prisoner had not been the victim of a conspiracy,—the only ground, apparently, for holding this to be possible being the circumstance that his employers were the Army and Navy Co-operative Society. They were bad enough for anything; consequently, they were bad enough for this. With a juror of this way of thinking, there was plainly nothing to be done, and he and his fellows were accordingly discharged without giving a verdict.

The case has, no doubt, a ludicrous side to it, but it has a serious side as well. Justice in England largely rests upon the assumption that the average Juryman may be trusted to give a fair verdict upon the facts as laid before him; that he will not be led away by any *a priori* considerations, such as his feelings towards the class to which the prosecutor or the prisoner belongs; that he will feel that the objects of his dislike and those of his love have an equal title to receive their deserts at his hands. Is it really true that English tradesmen are so completely a prey to class prejudice, that they are no longer willing to protect the members of Co-operative Societies against robbery? It is not the immediate result of this prejudice that is the worst feature of the case. That, if need be, can be easily remedied in the future. It may become necessary to exclude shopkeepers from juries which have to try a servant of a Co-operative Society, or to send all such cases before a special jury. But when one or other of these precautions had been taken, the fact would remain that English Shopkeepers—the natural representatives of the English Middle-class—are ignorant enough and dishonest enough to treat Co-operative distribution as an offence, which deprives those who commit it of that protection against robbery which it is the object of the laws against theft to ensure to every citizen. We say, ignorant enough and dishonest enough, but really it is the ignorance more than the dishonesty that is surprising. If the Co-operative Societies were really all that these Jurors think them, it would hardly be matter for wonder if English Shopkeepers regarded a charge brought by them against their servants as one of those quarrels among thieves which are chiefly interesting as helping honest men to come by their own. But the sole reason for affixing this character to Co-operative Societies is that they have undersold the Shopkeepers. That is the one thing that they have done to earn the title of blacklegs. It is not strange that the shopkeepers should be angry when they see members of the Services becoming traders on their own account. It is unreasonable, indeed, because a servant of the State has a right to spend his leisure how he likes; and unless the Government is prepared to make good the loss which its servants would sustain by being forced to buy at retail instead of at wholesale prices, it has no business to forbid his giving a part of it to getting the necessaries of life at a cheaper rate. Still, unreasonable as the anger of the shopkeepers is, it is not unnatural; whereas, the ignorance which leads them to attribute pretty nearly every

crime to men who have, in fact, done nothing but rival them in business, strikes us as something altogether out of the common. They would not refuse to convict a man who had robbed a brother-shopkeeper, though that brother-shopkeeper might have taken away half their customers. Why should they feel so differently when, instead of a brother-shopkeeper, the sinner is a Joint-Stock Company?

THE LONG VACATION.

TRULY, the pace of progress in England is "killingly slow." Among the good things which the Reform Bill of 1832 was expected to bestow upon its supporters and the country, were cheap law and speedy justice. It took close upon a quarter of a century before any attempt was made to reform judicial procedure, whether in the Courts of Common Law or Chancery. It took twenty years more until the "Courts that were manifold dwindled to divers Divisions of one," thereby avoiding one of the chief causes of delay and expense to suitors. It has taken half a century to bring about any abatement of another of the great legal nuisances, the suspension of all law for a quarter of the year. Now that the abatement has been made, it is a very halting remedy, indeed. The Council of Judges has been educated up to accept, at the dictation of the Lord Chancellor, a reform which it rejected by an overwhelming vote when proposed by the Lord Chief Justice two years ago, and has actually consented to shorten the Long Vacation,—by nearly a fortnight. The sittings are to end on August 12th, instead of the 10th, and are to begin again on October 24th, instead of November 2nd. After the tremendous flourish of trumpets with which the Lord Chancellor's intentions were promulgated in the leading journal, it is somewhat astonishing to find what a poor little result has followed. It is to be supposed that Lord Selborne knew what he was about, and that no better measure could have been extracted from his colleagues on the Bench. But it is to be hoped that neither he nor his colleagues suppose that they have satisfied the public demand in this matter. If a whole month had been bodily cut off the Long Vacation at the end, if the sittings were to begin on October 2nd, instead of November 2nd, it is possible that if the public would not have been satisfied completely and for ever, yet it would have had its mouth stopped for a very long time. As it is, in these miserable thirteen days it has only been given enough to make it ask for more.

What the public asks, and has asked for a century, and will continue to ask until it gets a satisfactory answer, is,—Why should there be a Long Vacation at all? Why for a fifth of the year should there not only be no Courts sitting, but the possibility of preparation for the time when the Courts begin to sit again be denied to suitors or would-be suitors? Why should not only the Judges, but the Registrars and other officials, get ten weeks' holiday at the public expense, and meanwhile the public themselves not be allowed to carry on their own legal business, and deliver pleadings, and so make their cases ripe for the return of the holiday-makers?

It cannot be said that Judges alone, of all public servants, require ten or twelve weeks' holiday at a stretch. They, no doubt, work their brains harder than the ordinary Mr. Ten-to-four; but then they also are paid in thousands, while he is paid in hundreds, and their work has considerably more variety and considerably less drudgery than his. Moreover, it is only the Judges of the High Courts who need this lengthy repose. The County-Court Judges, who are made of the same stuff, and work even harder, do not get more than a month or six weeks. But even if the work of the Judges were so tremendous as to need such lengthy relaxation, the holiday ought not to be taken, to the detriment of the public, by the whole body at once. If a Long Vacation be indeed necessary, it should be taken by the Judges in rotation. It may be urged that there are not enough Judges to be able to spare half a dozen at a time. This is, no doubt, true; but it is a reason for having more Judges, not for taking them all off work together. More Judges, indeed, are imperatively required. The abolition of the Long Vacation would make the requirement even more apparent than it is. A serious curtailment of it might, for the moment, make the requirement less apparent. But the relief, if any (which, in the present state of the Cause Lists, is doubtful), would only be for the moment. Every improvement in the law, and every increase of facilities given to the suitor, will for a long time to come increase the number of cases and of suitors. But the question of legal vacations must be treated independently of the question of the supply of Judges. The present inadequate staff may be an additional reason for curtailing vacations; it cannot be an adequate reason for keeping them as they are.

Nor is there any reason why, even if the Courts are shut, there should be a stoppage put to pleadings which are matters between the parties, and would not interfere with the august repose of Judges. It is easy to understand, however, that the Judges are averse to any shortening of the Long Vacation, whether for themselves or others. Having attained to that haven of rest, the Bench, they desire to enjoy their dignity with as much *otium* as possible. Moreover, remembering the terrible wear-and-tear which, as leaders of the Bar, they have had to undergo, perhaps beyond all other professional men, they naturally carry with them a notion that the Long Vacation is an ordinance of Providence and a necessity of Nature. But though the exhausted "nature" of Queen's Counsel may require to "know no law" for twelve weeks, it is by no means clear that the hungry junior, the eager solicitor, and the anxious suitor are in need of the same vacuum. The hungry junior, indeed, has not given tongue on the question. He has no means of doing so. But if the silent evidence of his multitudinous presence in the neighbourhood of the Vacation Court can be trusted, he would plump for the abolition of the Vacation, if only because it might lead to a more equal distribution of briefs. The Solicitors have spoken with no uncertain voice in favour of the reform. Indeed, as solicitors mostly hunt in couples, if not in trios or quartets, and can, therefore, always have an *alter ego* to represent them when away, it is obvious that the closing of the Courts for so many days simply means the loss of so many chances of making money. It is pretended, however, that the anxious suitor is only anxious for his holiday as soon as August comes, and that he would be the first to cry out, if he was dragged back to recover his property or clear his character very long before November. It may be that in days when nearly all England was devoted to agriculture, and wanted to go off and do its harvesting and autumnal ploughing, and the inhabitants of cities could get all their cases heard in a few days of Guildhall sittings or Assizes, that this pretence was a reality. But it can hardly be put forward as a serious argument to-day. Indeed, the suitor, as represented by the lay Member of Parliament, has shown dangerous symptoms of rebellion, and of taking the law into his own hands. Two years ago, a motion to curtail the Long Vacation was only defeated in the House of Commons by a few votes. A gallant attack on that institution, led by Mr. H. Fowler, last year, in the debate on the new Rules of Procedure, failed, because the actual motion made would not have had the desired effect, and was made in a House almost wholly consisting of lawyers, not because the sense of the House was against it. In fact, the Long Vacation is advantageous only to a score or two of leading barristers, to her Majesty's Judges, and perhaps to some of those ornamental young gentlemen who call, as it were, at the Bar, on the road to the county bench or a seat in Parliament. To every one else, it is an obstruction. To the suitors, it is an unmitigated wrong, a delay and denial of justice, clean contrary to the provisions of Magna Charta "in that case made and provided." Nor will it be long before another attack is made on this antiquated institution. The days of the Long Vacation will soon be cut even shorter than they now are. If the Council of Judges do not educate themselves up to the cutting place, as another august council is in the habit of doing, rash and irreverent outsiders may try their own hands at the scissors, and perhaps cut it off altogether. Some way or another, we may be quite sure that the reform will get itself effected, and our sons will wonder how it was that the interests of the many were so long sacrificed to the convenience of the few.

THE DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA.

THE Australian Conference has been in one way a success. It was supposed that the jealousies of the Colonies were still too keen to allow of Federation, but the pressure of events has been severe, the necessity for union in foreign policy has convinced the people, and the local statesmen are unusually resolute. The Delegates, by avoiding one or two delicate questions, one of them being the site of the capital, have obtained unanimity, and have resolved "that the time has arrived at which a complete Federal Union of the Australian Colonies can be attained." They have therefore drawn up a Bill, to be submitted to Parliament, under which all Colonies which accept the measure shall form a Federation, to be called, doubtless,

either the "Australian Dominion" or the "Dominion of the Pacific," and to be governed, as regards most national matters, by a Federal Council. This Council is to consist of two members for each free Colony, and one for each Crown Colony, who will be appointed, we believe, by the Legislatures, though this is not stated in the telegrams. That is, however, the obvious intention; and it is expected, moreover, as we judge from some *ad interim* arrangements, that one of the Councillors will always be the Premier of the Colony represented. The Council will meet once a year, choosing as its place of meeting each capital alternately, and will control all relations with Pacific islanders, measures of defence, the laws of marriage, divorce, naturalisation, quarantine, patents, copyright, bills of exchange, the enforcement of criminal procedure, and "some other matters" not specified. Their decisions will be operative Acts, binding upon all subjects of the Dominion, and will be sanctioned by Her Majesty, through the Governor of the Colony in which the meeting is held.

It is obvious that this Constitution differs very widely from that of the Canadian Dominion. There is no provision for a Governor-General, and none for direct election, no Australian Ministry is contemplated, and, so far as the telegrams inform us, no Executive other than the Council itself is so much as hinted at. It is expected, obviously, that the Federal Council will act in Executive matters as a Cabinet, divide the work as a Cabinet does, and concede such headship as may be necessary to an elected Chairman. That scheme as an intermediate one may work, for the Councillors will, at first at all events, be the representative men of Australia, and will not be more numerous than a Cabinet; but, of course, it must be ultimately expanded. It will be nearly impossible to watch over Colonial Defence without permanent officials, quite impossible to create a Navy without a Minister of Marine, and most difficult to keep up the correspondence with the mother-country through Governors to be changed in each succeeding year. We do not believe either that free peoples like those of Australia will long permit vital questions like the laws of marriage and divorce, questions impinging closely upon religious sentiment, to be decided without direct popular representation. It will be necessary, moreover, very soon to create a central Exchequer, or the officers of the defensive services cannot be regularly paid; nor do we quite see how the Council can work, unless some method of increasing its powers, with the consent of the component Colonies, is embodied in the Act. These, however, are details, the main fact being that Australians recognise the necessity of a Federation, and of a common governing body, with direct and compulsory authority over those laws, marriage, divorce, conscription, commerce, and criminal procedure, which more than any others tend to create and maintain separate nationality. That is an immense step forward, and we do not doubt that when the plan has been reviewed in the Colonial Office, and re-debated in the Colonies, the details will be moulded into a definite and practicable shape. The central idea, that a Cabinet is to legislate as well as govern, only embodies the fact already existing in England and Canada; and a revisory power could safely be entrusted, subject to the veto of the Crown, to the Federal Council itself.

The Delegates evidently contemplate much correspondence before these details are settled, for they have arranged that until the Act is passed, the Premiers of the Colonies shall form a Standing Committee to watch over its progress, with power, should it be needful, to call a Convention to consider the proposals laid before them. Such a Convention will, undoubtedly, be necessary; but correspondence with Australia is now not long delayed, and we may hope that by next year the complete draft of a working Bill, unanimously accepted by the Colonies, may be sent home to be passed. The general sentiment in England is for Federation, the Australian Premiers are not likely to be dilatory, and the pressure of the convict question may prove most severe. There is a Declaration of Independence hidden in that question, as well as a possibility of European war. The Australians do not mean to allow all the worst villains of France to wander about their continent, even if they have to establish a Passport Law, or to defend their capitals by a torpedo service against a French fleet. They are, even as matters stand, and without English assistance, a good deal more powerful than the Tonquinese.

AGNOSTIC EXAMINATIONS IN RELIGION.

THE controversy which has been going on at Oxford is really due in much greater measure to the almost excessive Conservatism of English habits, than to anything like intolerance on the one side, or scepticism on the other. When Dissenters were relieved from the obligation of passing any theological test in order to obtain a University Degree, a strong feeling still prevailed that those who do not regard the old examination in religious knowledge as a test, and who are perfectly willing to undergo it, should be permitted to undergo it, and not be forced to accept the alternatives provided by the University for those who feel scruples on the subject. Of course, the assumption generally made was that none would undergo this examination in religious knowledge who did not in some sense regard the subject-matters in which they were to be examined with reverence, and who were not prepared to look at it as an examination in the foundations of their faith, rather than in antiquarian matters bearing on ecclesiastical history. When, then, it was announced that one of the Oxford Examiners in these subjects was to be a Dissenter who, even though he does himself look upon the subject-matter of the examination in this light, might very easily be succeeded by others who would feel an utter scorn for the credulity of any one who could regard it from that point of view, no wonder that a shock was felt by those who had retained their old feeling about the examination, and who very naturally dreaded lest that examination should be transformed into a mockery and a farce. It may be, and we suppose is quite true, as the Provost of Queen's wrote to Tuesday's *Times*, that this religious examination was formerly conducted by the Examiners in Classics, who need not have been members of the Church of England at all, and who might, therefore, have easily included Nonconformists like Mr. Horton,—though as mere classical proficiency would then have been put in the front of the battle, the fact of their Nonconformity might easily have escaped remark. But the fact that the shock to religious feeling was veiled under the old arrangement, and that it comes out into prominence under the new, is not one that makes any difference in the character, or even in the propriety of the feeling itself. The real mistake, as it seems to us, lies in making the religious examination compulsory on all who cannot profess a positive religious scruple against it. This of itself almost compels a great many agnostic Nonconformists, to whom such a scruple would be impossible, to pass through it; and if we understand the Provost of Queen's aright, a great many Nonconformists, some of whom may feel as Anglicans felt about the examination in religious knowledge, but very many of whom are as likely as not to be pure agnostics, and to look upon it much as they would look upon an examination in the Greek or Roman mythology, do as a matter of fact pass through the examination, and do not pretend to allege a scruple on the subject. The result is that a great deal more scandal has been caused by the exposure of the light in which both examiners and examinees practically regard the examination, than by the special nomination which brought the difficulty to light. Mr. Horton is admitted to be the last man in the world to make the examination an irreverent one, but it is clearly perceived that the sort of pleas offered for the examination, and the statements now officially made about it, show that the examination might easily become a very irreverent one, and that, too, in the hands of a man to whom there could not be any such formal objection as there is to Mr. Horton himself. So far as we can judge, the remedy is very simple. Either the examination in religious knowledge as a Pass examination should be abolished altogether,—leaving such candidates as choose, to go out in Honours in religious subjects, as they do in the University of London, where it very rarely indeed happens, we imagine, that any agnostic would think of showing his proficiency in subjects for which he feels something like scorn,—or else an alternative for it should be offered at the arbitrary option of the candidates, and not to such only as can profess religious scruples against submitting to such an examination. It is obvious enough that the very persons who are least likely to feel religious scruples in learning by rote the Articles of the Church of England, and writing out the regular book-knowledge about them, are those who are most likely to look on the whole affair as a bit of pure antiquarianism, without any relation to their own faith. And yet such men as these would hardly choose religious knowledge by preference as the subject of their examination, if any other subject which interested them more and was to no greater difficulty were offered as an alternative for it. If seems clear to us that the University of Oxford should either abolish altogether the Pass examination in religious knowledge, or at least offer an alternative for it which any man might

choose without relation to moral scruples which he did not feel.

We do think there is a legitimate and a strong ground of objection to forcing on agnostics or quasi-agnostics an examination in subjects regarded by some of their contemporaries as sacred, while they themselves, with others of their contemporaries, may regard them as not very different in kind from the ancient mythologies. The mere fact that they are regarded as matters of faith by some, makes them something quite different from mere matters of history to those who would otherwise so regard them. It is hardly possible for those who look down on their contemporaries for believing, to get up the subject-matter of that credulous belief without a sneer in their hearts,—and that sneer seems to us much more dangerous to religion than any ignorance as to the external history of religion could possibly be. This is, we take it, what has alarmed, and rightly alarmed, the religious party in Oxford,—not the selection of Mr. Horton, who is probably as good a man for Examiner as could be found, but the evidence that there is nothing to prevent an agnostic, or a downright unbeliever, from being put in Mr. Horton's place; and worse still, that there is nothing to prevent even a reverent and orthodox examiner from feeling compelled to pass men who have shown a competent knowledge of the subject of examination, even though they should treat the whole subject as if it were a story of obsolete superstitions. We do not see that there was any remedy for this evil in vetoing the appointment of Mr. Horton. That appointment has been vetoed, but a very much less reverent man might be nominated in his place, and yet no one be the wiser. The only remedy is to extinguish at the very least the compulsory character of the examination, and to admit none to it who do not positively select it in preference to examination in a secular subject of equal difficulty. The "conscience clause" can have no application to a subject in relation to which the least sensitive consciences are the most cold and indifferent. You might as well make it the one legitimate excuse for escaping an examination in music that the candidate has so sensitive an ear that he could not pass through the practical tests without pain to his auditory nerve, as make it the only excuse for escaping a theological examination that the candidate must have spiritual scruples against encountering it. In the one case, you would oblige all persons of obtuse and unmusical ears to go through a musical examination precisely because they are unfit for it; and in the other case, you do oblige all those persons who happen to have obtusely unspiritual minds to accept an examination which will probably increase that obtuseness, and which will certainly illustrate it.

We should like to add a word on the very undesirable character of a Pass examination in the Thirty-nine Articles, even for members of the Church of England, at such a time as the present. In a day when the deepest points of faith are really at issue, and when nobody can pretend that the form of the Thirty-nine Articles is in any degree well adapted to clear up, or even lighten, fundamental difficulties, it seems to us an anachronism to ask young men to pass an examination in the Thirty-nine Articles as a part of their Degree examination. The truth is that this is a subject exceedingly ill adapted for an elementary examination in religious knowledge, and had it not constituted part of the examination, the present excitement could never have arisen. Mr. Horton would not have been in the least objectionable as an Examiner in Scripture knowledge, and would in all probability never have been objected to. That examinees in Divinity should be expected to understand something of the history of our formularies, is reasonable enough. But nothing seems to us so unfortunate as that Pass men should be examined,—unless at least they happen to feel a conscientious objection, which they are then least likely to feel if they have no sort of interest in the subject,—in antiquated formulæ which hardly express adequately the faith of a single living man of any earnestness, whether he belongs to the Anglican Church or not.

THE ULTIMATE RESIDUUM.

A CONTROVERSY arose a few weeks ago which, but that Editors rather shirked it, would have become a bitter one, about the possibility of complete retrogression from a civilised state. A Fantee negro, who had been educated in England, had embraced the Ministry, and had married a white wife, was represented by a novelist as, on his return to his own country, throwing off his clothes, relapsing into fetichism, and becoming once more in all respects a savage Fantee. A great many writers declared this to be impossible, and, moreover, an insult to Christianity; while a great many more bore witness that similar cases had been repeatedly known, both in Liberia and Australia, and the wilder parts of Spanish America. There is, we believe, no doubt of the facts, and as little that the easy theory of insanity does not explain them all; and if those who denied them had talked to experienced London philanthropists, the people who really know the very lowest class, their incredulity would speedily have disappeared. We do not believe there is a single man or woman engaged in benevolent work in London, whether clergyman, or missionary, or doctor, or manager of charities, who does not acknowledge that, below the poor, and outside the criminal class, there exists a residuum of men and women who are not bad, or corrupt, or vile, in any usual sense of those words, so much as distinctly savage,—who reject civilisation *in toto*, and in rejecting it make the work of improvement inconceivably hard. And these philanthropists, if exceedingly experienced, and reflective besides, as happens occasionally, will further acknowledge that of all small difficulties, the difficulty of convincing comfortable Philistines that such people really exist is one of the greatest.

We are all or nearly all aware that savages are, and that some of them prefer savage life; but then we are all convinced that this, in some unknown way, is a consequence of their dark skins. White savages, we hold, cannot exist, but only people who, if trouble enough were taken and money enough were spent, would become, at least to an endurable degree, civilised persons. They do not wish, it is alleged, to be savages, and are only forced into that condition by the pressure of circumstances, lasting, perhaps, for generations. That comforting theory may, of course, be true, as it may be true of the Digger Indians, the Veddahs, and the Andamanese, for we hardly know what effects generations of untoward circumstance will cause; but most philanthropists of wide experience would deny it. They say with one voice that in all European capitals there are a few thousands of persons who form a residuum, who hate civilisation with a hatred which is incurable by any fear, or any reward, or any searchingness of inspection. If the climate is cold, they will wear clothes—they will hardly do that in Naples—but that is the sole concession they will make to the claims of civilisation. They will clean nothing, and preserve nothing, and provide for nothing. If there are doors and they are cold, they will burn the doors. If they want a fire and no wood is handy, they will tear off skirting-boards, or burn the balusters of a staircase. It is useless to give them furniture, for they prefer to camp; hopeless to provide them cloacae, for they will not use them—read Mr. Glazier in the *Nineteenth Century*, and remember what he means—vain to store food for them, for they will consume it all at once. They will work when there is nothing to eat, but if they are full, they abhor work until they are empty again. They are not criminals as a rule, any more than the wild tribes are; but they are savages, loving above all things to live lives untrammelled by the infinite series of minute restraints and obligations which, if you think of it, go to make up civilisation. It is possible to live without washing, or decency, or furniture, or foresight, or care; and they prefer so to live, though the result seems to the civilised unqualified misery and pain. They do not think it unqualified, but qualified very greatly by their freedom, holding only three things to be essential,—food, sleep, and wives; and only three to be luxuries, more food, drink, and tobacco,—just as millions do in Africa, Australia, and some rare but extensive tracts of Southern Asia. And the philanthropists will tell you yet another and stranger thing,—that these savages are not all hereditary; that they are recruited from above; that their life, with its contempt for wants and bonds, has an attraction; and that their own heaviest and most urgent task is to prevent the class next above suddenly giving up the fight, and dropping down despairing, yet relieved, among the savages whose lives are free from effort, and from thought, and from shame. Every day some family does so drop, and in bad years so many, that observers quietly looking on doubt whether even Mr. Glazier's tremendous remedy can be trusted, and whether the savages of the great cities will gradually kill themselves out. They have not done so yet, and it is doubtful whether they ever will, whether they are not protected by facts which have their roots deep down in human nature. Civilised man has not observed himself very carefully yet, though he has held the microscope over some savage tribes; but it is probable that in every civilised com-

munity there is a per-centage both of men and women to whom the first condition of external civilisation, the incessant taking of minute trouble, is utterly hateful, and who if left to themselves would not take it, but would prefer a condition of pure savagery. The rich, of course, seldom reveal the disposition, because others take the trouble for them; but every year the papers mention a few cases, some man or woman with money who has died camped on a mattress in a fireless room, so foul that the Sanitary Inspector has to send in scavengers. The unhappy inmate, it is generally said, had bread and milk brought every day, but never bought anything else, or cleaned anything, or attempted to secure so much as a change of raiment. The story is usually quoted as an instance of miserliness; but it is really an outbreak of the savage impatience of orderliness, decency, and petty restraint which breeds the savages of great cities, and which, as those who doubt our statements may remember with advantage, constantly breaks out in some children, and is denounced by perplexed mothers and bewildered servants as a passion of untidiness. There are children, as all doctors know, who seem half insane in their hatred of the minute but constant trouble which alone keeps children neat; and young men whom nothing can compel to the commonest observances of civilisation. The number of such persons, of course, is much greater in great cities, partly because those who feel this impulse fly to alleys for concealment, but chiefly because it is the miserable who are tempted by savagery, and find in it a relief. The unskilled labourer and his wife, who earn possibly only twelve shillings a week, who know nothing, and who are pressed by no public opinion, are constantly tempted to throw off the burden of respectability, abandon furniture, give up the small decencies and formalities of life, and camp in a room on straw, as uncleanly and nearly as free as savages would be. They live from hand to mouth, shift from room to room, are beyond prosecution for money, drink if they have the cash, smoke somehow whether they have it or not, and are as indifferent to opinion or society, or any earthly thing, except the order of an employer, often himself a labourer, as dogs or horses would be. When that process has commenced early, or gone on long, all enjoyments are superseded by the single one,—freedom from restraint; and the family are savages, Fantees, not incurable, it may be, but incurable by any effort such as is now made, as far beyond the reach of sanitary laws or the like as the majority of Africans. Put four such families into the neatest of houses, and in a week it will be like a stye in ruins. They defy taxation, evade inspection, and present to officious philanthropy a front which, especially just now, when they are irritated to madness by the suddenly aroused inquisitiveness of the police and the rich, is often very dangerous. If their rookeries are cleared, they will crowd still further together, descend into the cellars, as in Berlin, or, as in parts of Paris and Naples, abandon the pretence of housekeeping altogether, and live habitually in the open air.

What is the cure for such a class, which makes all effort to secure sanitary comfort futile, and constantly endangers the class just above, which, again, both hates and dreads it? We cannot find that those who know them best conceive of any. The Clergy say they are comparatively few, and hope, with Mr, Glazier, that as civilisation filters down they may die out; but of directly improving methods they say little, and they are, as we gather from many statements, secretly despairing, rather anxious to prevent the very poor from becoming savages, than ready to repeat efforts which they know by experience to be futile. There are tribes which Missionaries avoid, as being beneath the level at which Christianity can be understood; and there are groups of families whom the sanitary reformer prefers not to see, satisfied that his energy will be all in vain. We suppose force, directed by enlightenment, would cure them; but force cannot be employed, and without it the brain grows fatigued in the effort to think out any method which, if we had millions of money and unnumbered agents, would be of the least use. A religion might do it, as it has done in part for the Hindoos; but we cannot make a religion, and the Clergy already strain their consciences by talking as if the Evangelists had made cleanliness, or even the prevention of epidemics, part of the Moral Law. There is nothing to be done, that we see, except to cut off recruits by educating all above the savages, to insist on supplying drainage and water where we can, and to keep up an incessant worry on the landlords, who occasionally can exercise some sort of pressure. And if we are to do the last effectually, we must let the wretched landlords make profits; and if they make profits, there are more miserable families ready to descend into savagedom, and so the weary round goes on endlessly. Only, if we keep on, we may hope that the round will become a spiral, perpetually growing smaller, until at last, some fine day, when savagery is reduced to a spot, we may treat it as a form of insanity, and so finally stamp it forcibly out. At all events, when we have done all we mean to do for the next ten Sessions, we shall not have cured this master-evil of all.

ATHLETIC GAMES.

IT is characteristic of the times that the refusal of the Nottinghamshire Cricket Club to play Lancashire next season, has produced as great an excitement and almost as many leading articles as if Mr. Gladstone had refused to meet Lord Salisbury at dinner, or the Opposition had determined never to divide against the Government next Session. Nor is it to cricket alone, among games, that this immense importance is attached. The victory of the Blackburn Rovers in the Association Challenge Cup contests at football last year, was hailed by thousands of the population of Lancashire with as much or more enthusiasm than the defeat of the Conservatives in 1880. The Oxford and Cambridge Boatrace and Athletic Sports almost drive politics out of the newspapers; and the state of No. 7's digestion, or the exact amount to which Bow feathers under water, become keener topics of public anxiety than "what the Swede intends, or what the French."

This public interest in games and sports seems to become keener every year. It has quite eclipsed the public interest in "Sport," so called, such as horse-racing, which is only kept alive by the fact that it supplies people with a convenient Stock Exchange, on which they may gamble and lose their hundreds or "tenners," or their shillings and coppers, according to their means. The importance of Athletic Sports grows, and is likely to grow for a long time to come. For the area of those who either personally take part in these contests, or who throng to them as spectators, is continually growing. The importance attached to games may, indeed, almost be said to be a test, it is certainly an accompaniment of civilisation. The Olympian Games did not become of real importance as games, apart from their importance as a religious ceremony, till the brilliant period of Greek life; and the triumph of Alcibiades in the chariot race was a fit emblem of the supremacy of Athens in the world of politics, literature, and art. Even the tournaments of the middle ages were not introduced into England till the age of chivalry, the brilliant period of the Edwards, when mediæval art and literature were at their highest, the days of the completion of Westminster Abbey and of the writing of the "Canterbury Tales." But there is one great difference between the sports of ancient Greece and mediæval Europe and modern England, in that the former had a direct reference to the most serious struggles of life. The cultivation of wrestling, and running, and throwing the quoit, the chariot race itself, were, like the mediæval tournament, all useful, and intended to be useful, as preparing men for war,—the real business of life. Our modern games owe their popularity solely to the fact that they vary the sedentary occupations to which the bulk of the middle classes is devoted. The interest in them we believe to be a growing one because of the spread of education, and the increase in the number of those destined to sedentary occupations. Games are the proper occupation of a large part of the time spent in education. From Plato downwards, every educationalist has recognised the necessity of training the body as well as the mind, and games are the best training for the body. The importance of games and the time devoted to them in Public Schools is, no doubt, often excessive, and boys are apt to leave school having, in Professor Huxley's phrase, acquired nothing but "good manners and gentlemanly proficiency in cricket." But the boys wholly devoted to games are better than the boys who are wholly devoted to loafing. Even Mr. Max O'Rell prefers the English boy with his soul which too often never rises above cricket and football, to the French boy with plenty of *esprit*, but with his desires set on unwholesome cigars, and still more unwholesome novels. The cultivation of games has now spread from the great aristocratic schools such as Eton and Winchester to the smaller middle-class grammar schools, and signs are not wanting that their importance is likely to be soon recognised even in the public Elementary Schools. The love of games and the

appreciation of prowess in them thus developed in the boy cling to the man. No schoolboy whose heart has been in his mouth when there are four runs to get and two wickets to fall in the Eton and Winchester match can ever be unmoved afterwards at the sight of a well-contested game, whether of cricket, or football, or lawn-tennis, even if when he leaves school he falls out of the ranks of active combatants into those of spectators. The glamour of youthful enthusiasm clings round games and the heroes of games for the rest of his life, and he always likes to see that his school or university has been victorious in the old contests. Hence the spread of education means also the spread of athleticism. Every widening of the circle of schools which take cognizance of games widens the circle of those who even in mature life are, if not enthusiastic, yet interested in watching or reading about games and the players of games.

But there is something more than mere memory which attracts men to games, even in mature life, and that is the desire of exercise, or if not of exercise pure and simple, yet of relaxation. There can, indeed, be little doubt that much exercise is not good for the man who has to use his brains much. Plato himself, advocate for gymnastics as he was, insisted that great brain work and great body work could not profitably be carried on at the same time. Still, even the hardest brain-worker feels the necessity of "breaking out" from time to time into body work, as a relief. Great numbers, too, of those whose occupations are sedentary do not have great brain work to do, and are not too old for games of even a violent order. To a clerk in an office, the checking of figures tends to become purely mechanical, just as much as the particular finger-work a man has who works in a factory. For both of these classes, a Saturday afternoon devoted to football or cricket is the best possible diversion, both from their work and from the otherwise inevitable pothouse. Both these classes grow with every social and commercial development. Every improvement in machinery, every improvement in the civilisation of the world, increases the number of those whose daily occupations are sedentary. If the physique of the human race is to be preserved, playgrounds and games must be increased in proportion. In this view, the invention of the bicycle and tricycle is one of the greatest blessings which mechanical ingenuity has lately conferred upon the lower-middle class, enabling as it does the denizens of great cities to get, with no expense but that of a little wholesome labour, within sight and smell of country scenes and country air. The Bicycle Club, like the football and cricket club, by adding the glory of distinction to success, increases the number of competitors, and therewith the number of those who are interested in and benefited by the contests. The result, no doubt, is that some people indulge in games to an excess which is hurtful to their constitutions, or to their morals and success in life. There are certainly not a few men whose prospects in life have been ruined or seriously blighted by their success at games. But these are but a very small per centage of those who have benefited by games in their youth or early manhood. It is true also that the true spirit of games is gone when they have to rely on professional assistance. The notion of paying people to bowl for you in a match is abhorrent to the true lover of cricket. The development of the professional element is a process that, if continued, is likely to reduce the game to the level of billiards or horse-racing, in which the sums which can be won are the chief incentives to either practising them or taking an interest in them. The disease, however, tends to cure itself. The Derby is not what it was, and it is not at all improbable that cricket will sink like horse-racing, if the professional element goes on increasing. But if cricket sinks, some other game will rise in its place. The necessity for sports which involve violent exercise is, as we have shown, likely to be a continuing one; and the more wide-spread it becomes, the more wide-spread will be the public interest felt in the more celebrated contests. We do not wish to see our rival Blues become the badges of partisans, like the Greens and Blues of the Circus at Constantinople. But within limits, the public interest in games is a wholesome one, and is a sign of a wholesome indulgence in physical relaxation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The *Spectator* would not willingly be unjust, even to those who fail to see any close connection between the Channel Tunnel and the invasion of England. It is not quite fair to infer that we base our views on the supposition that treachery is now impossible, or that we are so ignorant of military history as to believe that formal declarations have invariably preceded war. Colonel Maurice's paper is very creditable to his powers of research, and it takes up a good deal of space in the Blue-book. It has only one fault, and even that is a negative one. It proves nothing whatever. In place of the hundred instances of wars begun without formal warning—it was merciful of Colonel Maurice not to go back beyond 1700—let us have a single case in which, of two nations circumstanced like France and England to-day, one succeeded in preparing an expedition against the other without a hint transpiring. Take one of the cases you cite. "In 1854, the British Fleet entered the Black Sea, with orders to compel the Russian Fleet to return to Sebastopol, before the British Ambassador had left St. Petersburg." Certainly, but how on earth does this prove that if England and Russia had been connected by a tunnel, and were carrying on continuous communication, as are France and England at this moment, Russia would not, long before this phase of affairs, have taken the very ordinary precautions necessary to guard her end of the hole? And do you not see, Sir, the logical outcome of the last paragraph of your article?—"Mobilisation has been reduced to a science. . . . . Heavy corps d'armée can be collected without exciting remark. [By-the-by, is this really so?] . . . . . We can see no reason why a French President should not collect 30,000 men . . . . . and reach the British coast before a single Englishman was aware." If all this means anything, it means that our great southern harbours must be prepared for a French expedition any night. There is nothing, in your view, to prevent a great French fleet entering Plymouth or Portsmouth to-morrow night, and turning our defences. We depend for the safety of these great Dockyards, and for that of the country, on the assumption that we shall have a little warning. The defence of every country in Europe at this moment is based on the certainty of gaining the few hours you are calmly denying us. Germany is tolerably well prepared for war at this moment, yet she admits the necessity of forty-eight hours at least to put down her mines at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen. We do not need forty-eight hours to defend a tunnel; particularly little warning is required to defend a tunnel. It would be interesting, and much more to the point, had the Intelligence Department prepared a paper on the defence of defiles in history, commencing with that of Thermopylæ. A tunnel is an ideal defile.—I am, Sir, &c., S.

THE MINORITY VOTE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The only plan to secure the representation of Minorities is the simple one of having one Member to each constituency. The west end of Dundee would be sure to return a different type of Member from the eastern division of the town. So in Perthshire. The western division would probably return a Conservative, the eastern certainly a staunch Liberal. With these constituencies I am best acquainted, but I feel sure that other large constituencies would have the same experience. Residence alone should qualify for a county vote; any other qualification makes the manufacture of faggot votes certain.

I see a difficulty in regard to Ireland not named in Lord Hartington's speech of warning. I do not think Scottish Liberals are afraid of the extension of the suffrage in Ireland. We expect Mr. Parnell's influence to be lessened, and his difficulties to be increased, when he has a larger following, and especially entirely new constituencies with conflicting interests, to manage. What we want to know is whether, if a clear majority of Irish representatives desire a certain policy, Mr. Chamberlain is first of all to move heaven and earth to secure a true representation of Ireland, and then the moment he has secured it, to use the Scotch and English majority to outvote Ireland, and so condemn Irishmen to a hopeless and eternal minority. I have another reason for this question. I feel certain that the vast majority of Gladstonian Liberals in Scotland are in favour of immediate Disestablishment. I am sure that the *Spectator* is not aware of the strength of this feeling. Our loyalty to Mr. Gladstone, and the supreme issues of foreign policy, at the last election have caused us to refrain from urging this question. The existence of a Liberal Government is impossible, without the solid Scotch vote. That vote never will be given, unless indeed some national crisis again

demands that we shall abstain from all division of the party Now, if the great majority in Scotland are for Disestablishment, are we to be represented, and are our wishes to be given effect to; or is Mr. Chamberlain to permit us to express ourselves, and then quietly use the English majority to postpone indefinitely the measure we deem of most consequence? If so, I venture to predict that our allegiance to the Liberal party will not stand this strain, especially in the absence of Mr. Gladstone.—I am, Sir, &c., A Scottish Liberal.

[For what purpose can the vote of the great majority of the people of the United Kingdom be used *better*, than to outvote a minority, however local and however united, on such a question as the disintegration of that kingdom? We should not allow Wales, nor Cornwall, nor even the Orkneys and Shetlands, to break up the United Kingdom. Nor ought we to let Ireland do so, unless we really believed it to be for the advantage of the whole kingdom, which we do not believe.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In an editorial note to a letter on "The Negative Vote," you say, "No doubt, minorities are over-represented now. In that we heartily agree." Now, I cannot see how you come to agree with this conclusion. A study of the returns of the last general election appears to me to prove that the Conservative minority at least is under-represented.

Take England and Wales. In 227 constituencies, returning 368 Members, the total vote, in round numbers, was 1,522,000 I arrive at that by adding together the highest Liberal and the highest Conservative vote in each case, and making a grand total of the whole,—perhaps a rough method. Of this 1,522,000, 823,000 were Liberal and 699,000 were Conservative votes. Therefore, of every 100 votes, 53 were Liberal, and 47 Conservative. Now, if each side were represented in proportion to their voting strength, the Liberals should have 53 per cent. of the 368 Members, and the Conservatives 47 per cent. But what was the fact? 230, or 62 per cent., of the Members returned were Liberal, and only 138, or 38 per cent., were Conservatives. —I am, Sir, &c.,

Bardolph Road, December 5th. George W. Sheaves.

[We never said that any particular minority was over-represented; we said minorities in general were, whether Liberal, or Conservative, or Radical, or nondescript, and that is a matter of mathematical demonstration when, as Mr. Chamberlain says, six millions and a quarter have only just as many representatives as a quarter of a million. But there is nothing to prove, as yet, which *party* is most misrepresented.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE NEGATIVE VOTE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Mr. J. Parker Smith objects to a negative vote, as carrying undue influence. He says, "Take the case of three candidates, A, B, C. . . . . By allowing a voter to record a negative vote against A, you double his power, for the effect will clearly be the same as if he were able to vote both for B and for C." But the same argument may be used of a positive vote. A positive vote for A is equivalent to a negative vote against B and against C. Surely the objection is fallacious.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Southlea, Malvern, December 3rd. S. Latham.

[A positive vote for A is a negative vote against both B and C, when there is but one vacancy to fill up. But it is not a negative vote against both B and C when there are two vacancies to fill up. But a negative vote against A is equivalent to a positive vote for both B and C, when there are two vacancies to fill up. And as in that case under our present system an elector would have two votes to give, undoubtedly by using one of his votes negatively and the other positively, he would exert more influence than the man who used both positively.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE RESIDENTIAL FREEHOLDER.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your article on the county franchise, last week, you question if the freehold qualification, with a condition of residence attached to it, is worth contending for; because it matters little whether a man votes in respect of the *occupation* of the house he lives in, or the *ownership* of a house he does not live in. But you overlook the case of the man who does not legally occupy, but who, nevertheless, resides,—the younger member of a family who, by gift or by purchase, has acquired a freehold qualification within the limits of the constituency where he resides. The advocates of manhood suffrage claim in favour of their measure that it would enfranchise this, a better educated class than the average: the opponents of the faggot system do not fear residential faggot votes, whilst all parties would be anxious to retain or enfranchise those who acquire a qualification by their own exertions. The out-voter of humble means is already disfranchised by the operation of the Corrupt Practices Act of last Session; therefore, to disfranchise the wealthy out-voter, is only an act of justice; but to disfranchise the residential freeholder, is to raise an unnecessary obstacle in the way of Reform.—I am, Sir, &c., W. Eaton Young.

Whitley Brow, Melksham, December 11th.

THE POOR-LAW IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—It may not be generally known to your readers that in some of the poorest of our East London parishes—Whitechapel, Stepney, and St. George's-in-the-East—out-door relief is no longer given. It was scarcely to be expected that so thorough a measure of Poor-law reform could be carried out without entailing some injustice towards those whom age and misfortune had brought to the threshold of the workhouse, but who, by their character and antecedents, would be sadly out of place within its walls. For the relief of these, the Tower Hamlets Pension Committee was formed, some six years ago, and now helps to support ninety-one old men and women, whose character and homes are exceptionally good, and whose relatives are doing all they can to assist. The pensions are distributed by lady almoners, and their friendship and sympathy are as highly valued as the material aid they bring. The expenses of management are borne by the Committee, *all contributions going direct to the poor*. Funds are urgently needed to provide for the coming year. I venture to think that those who are seeking the opportunity of sharing their Christmas joys with their less fortunate brethren, could not do better than help to bring a little sunshine into the declining years of those whose life has been one long day of patient toil. Contributions may be sent to A. G. Crowder, Esq., 65 Portland Place, W.; or to Miss Townsend, St. Jude's School House, Commercial Street, E., from whom reports and all information may be obtained.—I am, Sir, &c., C. W. Fremantle.

The Royal Mint, E., December 10th.

DR. BEGG AND THE SCOTCH DEMOCRACY.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Many readers must have welcomed the thoughtful and comprehensive survey in last week's *Spectator* of the clerical conditions in Scotland. It suggests a few points which are worthy of notice. In the numerous sketches of the late Rev. Dr. Begg which have appeared, one side of his life and work has been almost completely overlooked. A Conservative of the most uncompromising type in matters ecclesiastical, he was a remarkable exemplification of an apparently incongruous character often met with in Scotland. On social and trade questions, Dr. Begg was entirely Democratic in his sympathies, and although in later years unable to take an active part in popular movements, he was at one time denounced by Tories and Moderate Liberals as a dangerous agitator, and looked upon in the same light in which similar critics now regard Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Joseph Arch. Twenty-five years ago he stumped the country, holding meetings in towns and hamlets, at which he denounced the "Bothie" system of housing agricultural labourers, urged the abolition of feeing markets, and propounded modes of reform which were considered revolutionary. For some years I had the pleasure of working with him in several industrial movements, and can bear testimony to the intensity of his convictions and his self-sacrificing zeal. On one occasion, he addressed a large meeting, chiefly composed of working-men, at which he strongly condemned the land-laws, exposed the miserable condition of the labourers and crofters, and in effect, if not in words, implied that the people, whose rights and claims had been so long ignored, would be justified in combining to demand the restoration of the property which had been stolen from them. He advocated Trades Unions, when to do so was a social discredit, and I have often heard him dilate on the tyranny of capital and the necessity that workmen should unite in the protection of their highest interests. When the Edinburgh improvement schemes had removed many of the poorer class of dwellings, and overcrowding was all-prevalent, Dr. Begg was one of the very few

to aid a co-operative building effort which has, since 1862, provided comfortable dwellings for many thousands, at an expenditure of over half-a-million, and enabled the occupiers to become the owners, by the payment of a trifling amount over ordinary rent. He wrote a book, entitled "Happy Homes," giving an account of this interesting experiment, and earnestly advocating its adoption in other great centres of population. Had Dr. Begg not fallen under the influence of the clerical caste, he would have become a great Democratic leader, and we might have seen in Scotland, long ere this time, an extended franchise and the working-out of a Liberal measure of land reform. The name of Dr. Begg will form a conspicuous figure in the ecclesiastical records of Scotland, and his memory will be long cherished by the masses as that of a wise counsellor and a courageous helper.—I am, Sir, &c., H. G. Reid.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S PESSIMISM.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I am going to ask a favour at your hands, which I fear you will think a great presumption; but the desire to call attention to a very significant utterance of Professor Huxley's is so irresistible that I must run the risk. I will be as brief as possible.

In the *Times* of December 7th, Professor Huxley is reported as observing "that the world was not constructed upon any plan which did, upon attentive consideration, produce amiable feelings in the breast of the philanthropist." Now, it must be remembered that philanthropy is, *e concesso*, a product,—the ultimate moral product of evolution. We have, therefore, evolution becoming conscious of itself, and, as it does so, becoming, under the form of philanthropy, dissatisfied with itself; wishing, that is, that things were otherwise, and yet unable to remedy them. Now, what, I ask, is this but sheer, unmitigated, unmistakeable Christianity? This one fact of the consciousness of incurable wrong is that which binds together and is common ground to every Christian utterance, from him who wrote the myth of the Fall to the latest Christian apologist. Moreover, the law that expresses it has been formulated by St. Paul, to whom it was given to discover the truth in this matter as surely as to Mr. Darwin it was given to discover evolution. In primitive man, the law takes the form of being under the displeasure of God; in moral man, it is conscience; in social man, it is the law; in evolutionary man, it is the sentiment of philanthropy. But everywhere it is the same,—there is something wrong in us, and we cannot cure it. Hence the justification of a revelation of power from above. The specific remedy for the burden of which Professor Huxley complains is obtained the moment any man can believe upon fair ground that we form part of a system very imperfectly understood, but other parts of which will explain the mystery that cleaves to one portion of the whole. But to be assured of this in any experimental way, we must have a revelation from those other parts sufficient to show that we have a living interest in them. This is what Christianity professes to do for us, and all arguments based upon its adaptation to man's spiritual and moral needs merely come to this,—that the Christian revelation starts from this admitted fact, restated once more by Professor Huxley, that it deals with it in a perfectly effective manner, that it meets the precise difficulty which philanthropy feels.

If further argument is needed to prove Christianity to the scientific mind, that can only be from analogy, *i.e.*, by showing that the methods of revelation are such as might be expected from what we know of Nature, so that there is a fair presumption that both have one Cause. You, Sir, have told me that this yet remains to be done, and I most sincerely accept your decision. But will no one attempt it? Permit me to explain why I write thus. Years ago, when under the stress of philosophy, falsely so called, my "faith had almost gone, and my treadings had well nigh slipt," evolution came, and with a grasp that I had neither the will nor the power to resist placed me within the boundaries of the Christian faith. That some gifted man will enable evolution to do for others what it has done for me, is the hope of my life.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Islip Rectory, December 10th. T. W. Fowle.

PROTECTION OF PAPER SECURITIES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The question discussed in your paper of Saturday last, namely, how best to protect from theft securities payable to bearer deposited for safe custody with bankers, is one of very great importance. I think I can throw some light on the subject, derived from my own experience.

Very many years ago, the public were shocked by the failure of an old-established London Banking-house, and the painful discovery that securities to a large amount which had been entrusted to their care had been dishonestly made away with, not by a subordinate, but by the partners themselves. I was at that time the head of a country banking firm, and we held on account of our clients a large amount of India Bonds, &c., which, for the purpose of receiving the half-yearly interest, we had transferred to our London correspondents. After such a heavy blow to public confidence as the disclosure I have referred to, I felt it to be due to our clients to be in a position to show them at any time that their property was safe, and accordingly I directed the return of halves of all their India Bonds, &c., the counterparts, with the interest coupons attached, remaining in our correspondents' hands.

The interest continued to be received as before, and when a sale was desired, the half-part held by us was sent up for the purpose. No inconvenience whatever resulted from this arrangement, which lasted for a long series of years, and, in fact, until our Bank was closed, by transfer to a Joint-Stock Banking Company.

The division of such securities as I have referred to (the separated parts being placed in different hands) seems to afford complete protection against fraud in respect of *both* sets of halves. Were I a London banker, I should decline receiving for safe custody any securities payable to bearer, unless thus divided. Had the River Plate Company adopted this simple precaution, the loss they have recently sustained would have been impossible. I may add that a perforated line carried through the security would render its division (when required) more easy.

The plan I have described has already been suggested in a letter to the *Times*, some few weeks back. I merely write for the purpose of showing that it has been acted on with perfect success.—I am, Sir, &c., A Retired Country Banker.

[The plan looks perfect, but does not meet depositors' difficulty. They want to avoid keeping their bonds, but are left in charge of the second halves.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

THE LITERARY PLÉBISCITE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your interesting article on "The Comparative Popularity of Literary Men," you assume that the readers of the *Journal of Education* belong, "in general, to a special class,—the class of Teachers;" and you also imply that the 500 competitors for the prize were men. Now, so far as my personal knowledge enables me to judge, I should say that the readers of the journal in question belong at least as much to other classes as to that of teachers. Barristers, clergymen, and a great many ladies are among its regular readers; and, of about twenty of my own acquaintances, who, like myself, compete for the prizes offered every month, not one is a professional teacher, and almost all are girls or young married ladies.

I may add, as I was one of the supporters of Kinglake, that I placed him on the list on the strength *not* of "The Invasion of the Crimea," but of "Eothen," which, like you, I regard as one of the most brilliant books of the century.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Emily Dearman Birchall.

Bowden Hall, Gloucester, December 11th.

"JONATHAN SWIFT."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In your critique of "Jonathan Swift" last week, you make a misstatement on a matter of fact, which I shall be obliged by your correcting. The book is not an attempt, ambitious or otherwise, to solve the riddle of my hero's life, nor any other riddle. It is an attempt to hold the mirror up to the grandest and most terrible phase of nature, nothing more. The musty investigation of details can safely be left to the chronologists.

I may fairly ask you to make this correction, as many who are capable of understanding a prose poem would never think of reading the plodding investigation of an historical commonplace. It is for them I have written.—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Author of "Jonathan Swift."

POETRY.

ALBANO.

THE Lake lies calm in its mountain crown,
And the twilight star shows clear,
And large and solemn it gazes down
In the mirror of the mere.
Was it here they rowed in their crazy craft,
Where only the ripples are,—
The strange Lake-folk of the floating raft?
Was it yesterday? said the star.

And the mountains slept, and the nights fell still,
And the thousand years rolled by.
Was there once a city on yon low hill,
With its towers along the sky,
And the cries of the war-din of long ago
Wailed over the waters far?
There is no stone left for a man to know
Since yesterday, said the star.

And the mountains sleep and the ripples wake,
And again a thousand years,
And the tents of battle are by the lake,
And the gleam of the horsemen's spears;
They bend their brows with a fierce surmise
On the lights in the plain afar,
And the battle-hunger is in their eyes.
Was it yesterday? said the star.

And a thousand years,—and the lake is still,
And the star beams large and white,
The burial chant rolls down the hill,
Where they bury the monk at night;
The mountains sleep and the ripples lave
The shore where the pine-woods are,
And there's little change but another grave
Since yesterday, said the star.

RENNELL RODD.

SUNSET.

WEARING Aurora's robe, night after night,
Some radiant spirit rules the western sky,
Drowning the sun-tints with such rich supply
Of colours weaved of unremembered light,
That it would seem the Master-painter's might
Had wrought anew His palette there on high,
To tell the tired world rainbows shall not die,
Which first His pledge of promise did indite.
Forged newly like a steel-blue scimitar,
The crescent Moon shines keener than of old,
And, as the drawn sword of one armed for war,
Marshals those hosts of crimson, green, and gold,
Till underneath the quiet Evening Star
The great review pales out into the cold.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

Eastbourne, November-December, 1883.

BOOKS.

LORD LYNDHURST.*

WE think that both as a piece of literary work, and as a contribution to contemporary history, this book would have been a better one, if it had been less in the form of a vindication or apology. As a mere reply to Lord Campbell's *Life of Lyndhurst*, which was published no less than fourteen years ago, it seems to come rather late. As a biography, it is so constructed as to suggest to many readers that a biographer who is so perpetually excusing his hero, accuses him.

Political tergiversations at various times and upon various questions constitute the staple of most of the accusations that have been brought against Lord Lyndhurst. Charges of this nature ought always, we think, to be received with caution. A statesman ought to be a man of observation and receptivity, capable of profiting by the additions continually made to political knowledge, and of advancing with the times. If his active career extends, like Lord Lyndhurst's, over more than forty years, it is a serious defect, if he can apply to the questions arising in the latter part of such a period no more enlarged views than he set out with. It is only when changes of opinion can be attributed either to capricious feebleness of mind or character, or when they are so timed as to advance personal interests, that they are justly destructive of confidence.

We think that several of Lord Lyndhurst's most conspicuous inconsistencies may be referred to causes which do him no discredit. Upon the Catholic question, the reasons for a change of policy which convinced the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel may well have convinced him. So upon the Corn Law question, as his strength did not lie in political economy or statistics, he may reasonably have deferred to the opinions of such of his colleagues as were more deeply versed in those branches of political knowledge. He is said by Lord Campbell to have been in his early days a Jacobin. Sir Theodore Martin denies this statement, and shows good grounds for doubting it. But the matter is of little moment. It is clear from the dates that if Lyndhurst was a Jacobin at all, it was when he was very young. There is nothing to show that he had any personal end to serve by being a Jacobin, or by ceasing to be one. The really serious charge which weighed heavily against him during a considerable portion of his life has reference to a period many years later. It was, to put it with absolute plainness, this,—that shortly after his extraordinary abilities had become known to the world through the defence of Watson, who was tried for high treason in 1817, he, being and being known to his friends to be in political opinions a strong Liberal, went over to the then Tory Government, in consideration of having a seat in Parliament for a Government borough provided for him at once, and of the Chief Justiceship of Chester and the Solicitor-Generalship in near expectancy. We think Sir Theodore Martin has treated this charge far too lightly. He does little more than quote from *Hansard*, Lyndhurst's own defence, often repeated in the House of Lords, and pronounce it to be triumphant. But in truth the evidence on which the charge is founded is very weighty. Lord Campbell may be an inaccurate and prejudiced witness, though we cannot agree with Sir T. Martin in regarding him as a worthless one. But the first Lord Denman, whom Sir T. Martin sneers at as a bitter Whig partisan, was one of the most upright of mankind, in whom abhorrence of falsehood amounted to a passion. There must be many men yet living who remember enough of Lord Denman to be painfully surprised when his testimony upon a plain matter of fact within his own personal knowledge is pronounced to be of little value. Denman and Copley went the same circuit for many years and were intimate associates and friends. "I remember my father," wrote Lord Denman's daughter, Mrs. Hodgson, "coming home one day in deep dejection at the acceptance of office in 1819 by his friend Copley, under those who were in direct opposition to his known principles. He never could feel the same friendship for him in after years. On one occasion, when asked by Copley for his support at a Cambridge election, my father answered, 'If saying that I know your real principles are the same as my own will help you, I will do so.'" There is other evidence to the same effect, if we had space for it. For many years afterwards Lyndhurst was taunted over and over again with his political apostacy by men of ability and character, who had the best possible means of knowing the truth. Amongst them were statesmen like Lords Lansdowne, Grey, and Melbourne, and contemporaries of his own at the Bar, like Scarlett and Wetherall. Lyndhurst's answers to these attacks, which seem to Sir T. Martin so conclusive, appear to us to involve something not unlike a negative pregnant. They were all, as far as we have been able to refer to them, to the effect that before entering Parliament he had never belonged to any party or political society. We cannot find that he ever made what would have been the plain, straightforward answer, which he could surely have made if it was true, that before entering Parliament he had been what he was afterwards,—a Tory. A man may have strong political opinions, without formally connecting himself with any party or society. Lyndhurst nowhere goes so far as to assert that he had no political opinions up to the age of forty-six, at which he entered Parliament, nor would such an assertion be easy to credit.

Once in Parliament, his course of action was Tory enough. As Solicitor-General, he boldly justified the Manchester massacre, and assisted in carrying the memorable Six Acts through Parliament. He opposed Catholic emancipation, both under Lord Liverpool and the Duke of Wellington, though when the

* *A Life of Lord Lyndhurst.* By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London: John Murray. 1883.

Duke changed his views upon that question, Lyndhurst promptly followed him. It is related by Lord Campbell that when the Duke of Wellington's anti-Reform Administration fell in 1830, Lord Grey, the new Whig Premier, was desirous that Lyndhurst should retain the Chancellorship, and there is evidence in contemporary memoirs to the same effect. If this was so, Lord Grey must, of course, have been satisfied that Lord Lyndhurst was ready to support the Reform Bill, which, as events turned out, he so strenuously opposed. In 1831, Lyndhurst, having brought about the defeat of Lord Grey's Government on the Reform question in the House of Lords, was sent for by the King, and there were rumours that he was to be Prime Minister in a new Tory Government excluding Peel. Again, five or six years later, he is alleged, with great semblance of authority by the writer of his obituary notice in the *Times*, to have been in underhand communication with the King, with a view to the formation of a Tory Government in which he was to be Premier, and Peel was to be ousted from the Conservative leadership. We are unable to say upon what evidence these statements rest. That they should have been seriously put forward is suggestive of a certain want of confidence in Lyndhurst very generally felt during this period of his life, a want of confidence of which there are other indications. The author of the *Greville Memoirs* lived in intimacy with him, and evidently liked him. But he speaks of him more than once as participating in discreditable intrigues, and as adopting a highly factious course of action in Parliament. So cool and shrewd an observer as Lord Palmerston, who had just previously been Lyndhurst's colleague in the Cabinet, after mentioning in one of his familiar letters to his brother, written in 1829, that there had been strange stories current of malpractices of the Chancellor, amounting to absolute corruption (which stories were never in any way substantiated), goes on to say of these stories and of the Chancellor,—"I do not believe them, though I doubt his integrity of mind; but he would hardly place his existence so much in the power of any man."

From 1830 to 1840 was the period of Lyndhurst's greatest activity in the House of Lords. He was the master-mind on the Conservative side, and commanding a great majority, cut down, as far as he could venture, the really popular measures of the Whig Government; throwing out altogether all such smaller reforms as he thought could be so dealt with without displeasing the constituencies. To his cutting and carving of the Municipal Corporations Bill of 1835, the public is, if we are not mistaken, indebted for the Permissive Bill and Local-option questions of the present day. Here is Sir Theodore Martin's statement of his argument against the establishment of County Courts, a measure which he succeeded in throwing over for many years:—

"He then dwelt upon the danger likely to result from placing the power of settling disputes, often involving intricate principles, in the hands of a tribunal composed of barristers of limited experience, where these securities" (arising from the central system of administering the law) "for knowledge and freedom from personal bias could not be expected to exist, and skilfully illustrated his proposition by reference to abuses both in this country and abroad, where tribunals of a similar character had prevailed. In conclusion, he said, 'He had told his noble and learned friend, some time since, that he should consider this Bill with candour and fairness. To the best of his ability he had so considered it, and he now thought its principle so mischievous, that he felt himself bound, in discharge of the duty which he owed to his country, to Westminster Hall, and to himself, to arrest its progress at this stage.'"

In his policy as leader of the House of Lords he much resembled Lord Salisbury, and as Lord Salisbury seems likely to do once more, after the lapse of more than forty years, he forced into the foreground of political discussion the composition and powers of the Upper House. Himself a man devoid of rancour, he yet recklessly infused into the debates of the House of Lords of that day a deplorable amount of acrimony. His indirect contests with O'Connell and Shiel,—he attacking them with bitterest scorn in the House of Lords, and they denouncing him in like strain in the House of Commons,—added nothing to the dignity of Parliament.

Upon the formation of Sir Robert Peel's Government, in 1841, Lyndhurst resumed the Chancellorship. Thenceforward, he seems to have gradually laid aside his habits of pugnacity and invective. Immediately after the fall of the Peel Administration, in 1846, he (alone, we believe, of all the colleagues who had stood by Peel on the Corn-Law question) showed a disposition to lapse into Protection. He unsuccessfully attempted to get up a coalition to defeat the Sugar Duties Bill, brought in by Lord John Russell's Government. But after that time, though he lived for many years with his great mental faculties and even his wonderful memory unimpaired, and though he continued, till past the age of ninety, to address the House of Lords impressively and effectively upon questions that interested him, he assumed a position more and more outside the lines of party struggles. Advice and information were thenceforward sought and received from him by statesmen of every variety of opinion. The deference felt for his vast experience, combined with the influence of his admirable social qualities, won for him the unique position in which he is best known to the present generation. When he died, in 1863, there were few to remember that the man who had of late held this position had once been one of the most reckless of political partisans.

Sir T. Martin's estimate of Lord Lyndhurst's merits as a Judge appears to us to be wholly wanting in critical discrimination. Every Judge has his strong and weak points. Lyndhurst had, when he chose to exercise it, a marvellous capacity both of mastering and of lucidly stating the most complicated series of facts. But when he came to apply the law to his facts, and had to make up his mind by which of the various discordant principles of law urged upon him by counsel his decision ought to be governed, he was, as an Equity Judge at least, much less successful. Probably he was at his best as a Judge when he was Chief Baron of the Exchequer. As a Judge in Chancery, he had the disadvantage of having to administer a system of law of which he had no experience at the Bar. He was so long on the Bench that he might gradually have overcome this disadvantage by labour, had it not been for an indolence which we have never heard denied or doubted until we opened Sir T. Martin's book. During his last Chancellorship, at all events, it was well understood at the Bar that he affirmed the great majority of the decisions brought before him by way of appeal. It is, of course, far less laborious for a Judge of Appeal to express his concurrence with the judgment of the Court below than to grapple anew with the question involved, and, if necessary, show substantial reasons for overruling it. The present writer remembers, in Lord Lyndhurst's time, hearing a well-known Chancery barrister dissuade a solicitor, his client, from an appeal against a certain decision in bankruptcy, on the ground that the case was so crabbed and complex that it was useless to expect the Chancellor to take the trouble of mastering it. So little careful was he, that in one case, relating to the separate income of married women, he affirmed a judgment first and reversed it afterwards. It having been seriously represented to him that his first decision had caused great alarm amongst conveyancers, he quietly directed that the case should be reargued before him by one counsel on each side, and, this having been done, felt no difficulty in tranquillising the minds of the conveyancers by a second decision directly at variance with his first.

We should have been glad to have had from Sir T. Martin fuller details about Lord Lyndhurst's private life. He loved society, and must have had much intercourse with some of the most conspicuous men of his time. Like Sir John Leach, another Equity Judge of that period, but far more successfully, he affected the manners, dress, and deportment of a man of fashion, and did not like to be thought of merely as a successful lawyer. Even when he was past sixty he appears, from some descriptions quoted by Sir T. Martin—one of them by Samuel Warren—to have, when off the bench, looked like a colonel of cavalry. His tastes, habits, and style of advocacy when, a few years earlier, he was one of the leaders of the Bar, are thus described by Sir T. Martin:—

"Copley had a thorough contempt for the artifices of rhetoric, and too keen a sense of the ludicrous to resort himself, or to be tolerant of the resort by others, to the calculated tones of a simulated pathos, or to the plaintive appeals of a demeanour like what he once defined as the 'wife-and-ten-children face of Parke.' It was the same disregard of the small conventions and hypocrisies of the barrister's creed which made him disregard the staid airs and sober garb of the Inns of Court, show his handsome person in a dress turned out by a fashionable tailor, and drive about the streets of London in a smart cabriolet, with a tiger behind him. Lord Eldon, we may believe, was not the only lawyer who was shocked by what must, to people accustomed to accept traditional usages as sacred, have seemed an outrage upon decorum."

Lord Lyndhurst was a most affectionate son and brother, and capable of much disinterested kindness towards men whom he knew and liked. As a dispenser of patronage, indeed, he would have better served the public if he had been a less compassionate man. If it was related to him of an old Queen's Counsel whom he had known at the Bar that he had lost his business, and was

falling into poverty, he was very prone to make him a Bankruptcy Commissioner. And very indifferent Commissioners several of these worn-out old Queen's Counsel turned out to be. But while thus kind to individuals, Lyndhurst was of that order of men whose sympathies for their fellow-men can only be aroused by actual intercourse with them. He had no philanthropy, and never troubled himself about the wrongs or sufferings of masses of human beings with whom he had no personal acquaintance. No down-trodden class or race, between whom and himself there subsisted no personal tie, ever received any substantial help or protection from him. In this, as in most other features of his character, he was the reverse of the great political leader under whom he served so long. Sir Robert Peel was reserved and often ungracious towards individual men, but was powerfully moved by anything affecting the welfare of large masses. Sympathies like Peel's go to make a beneficent statesman; sympathies like Lyndhurst's can do no more than make a man what is commonly called "a good fellow."

Before the appearance of Sir T. Martin's book, we had been accustomed to believe of Lord Lyndhurst that he was a man who looked on life as a game, in which riches and pleasure, honours and power, were the prizes belonging as of right to the most skilful players. We had failed to discover that he ever had aims that were higher than these. We did not doubt that he desired to play the game of life as became a gentleman, or that he was free from petty meannesses and rancours. We cannot honestly say, on closing this book, that our opinion has been materially altered by it. We must still regard Lord Lyndhurst as a political adventurer. There have been men of that class who, surpassing him in cleverness, in intrigue, and in the power of befooling those who could be useful to them, have risen even higher than he did. But we must go back to Bolingbroke, to find amongst such men Lyndhurst's equal in solid intellectual power, eloquence, and range of acquirements. That Sir T. Martin has done what practised skill can do for the reputation of his hero needs scarcely be said. We do not mean to affirm that his book is without grave literary defects. We have already expressed our opinion that its apologetic form is a mistake. There is, too, a want of alternations of light and shade. Lord Lyndhurst stands out from first to last without fault or blemish, in the brightest glare of panegyric. The book is disfigured, likewise, by occasional remarks, both as to Lord Campbell and as to other persons, quite as ill-natured, as appears to us, as any that can be laid at Lord Campbell's own door. But these blemishes notwithstanding, it will be only after carefully weighing Sir T. Martin's views and arguments that the historians of the future will assign to Lord Lyndhurst his ultimate place, whatever it may be, in English history.

THE SECOND CRUISE OF THE 'ALERT.'*

In 1878, the war-sloop 'Alert,' which had already secured for itself an enviable immortality by reaching the highest northern latitude ever attained, was recommissioned by the Admiralty, to proceed on a surveying expedition in southern latitudes. It left Plymouth on September 25th of that year, under the command of Sir George Nares, who was ultimately succeeded, however, by Captain Maclear of the 'Challenger' expedition; proceeded, in the first instance, to Magellan's Strait, investigated some reefs and islands of the Pacific, devoted about nine months to the north-west coast of Australia, visited the better known Falkland Islands, La Plata, Chili, Ceylon, Singapore, and Seychelles, and returned to England by Mozambique, the Cape, St. Helena, and the Azores, reaching Plymouth Sound on September 3rd, 1882. Dr. Coppinger was appointed medical officer of the 'Alert,' because, besides being duly qualified, he had knowledge of and an enthusiasm for natural science. The choice was a wise one; the authorities of the British Museum have been made acquainted with the thoroughness with which Dr. Coppinger did his work as a naturalist during the four years he was with the 'Alert.' It was natural that he should write a book giving his general experiences; and it is this that is now before us. It naturally recalls memories of Mr. Darwin, and the memorable voyage of the 'Beagle,' of half a century ago, and of the more recent adventures of Lady Brassey, Miss Bird, and others. In style, Dr. Coppinger will not compare with his lady predecessors, any more than as an investigator he will compare with the author of *The Origin of Species*. We are disappointed with him, too, on occasions, and think he might have used his eyes, and still more his ears, to greater purpose than he has done. Thus he was in Chili during the time of the war with Peru, and we should have been glad if he had told us a little more about the state of that country at that time, and a little less about the adventures of a railway-engine with bullocks. But Dr. Coppinger's work, if in every way unambitious, is an honest performance. While he was in the 'Alert,' his heart was in his trawling and dredging, as was only right. But he looked about him, too, and has written a very careful and clear statement of the results of his observations. We leave it to experts in zoology and the kindred sciences to judge of the value of what Dr. Coppinger has to say about *Hiastemis*, *Strupocellaria*, *Plumularia*, *Goniocidaris*, and the like; but we can testify to the fact that he has made some interesting additions to the sum of general knowledge of places and tribes of which, for a variety of reasons, we cannot know too much.

Dr. Coppinger describes the 'Alert' as having been in "Patagonian, Polynesian, and Mascarene waters." Its first experiences may fairly be said to have been the most, and the last the least interesting. That is, however, chiefly because the Seychelles, which are in Mascarene waters, have been so thoroughly "done" of late. Dr. Coppinger gives some curious information about the coco-de-mer, or double cocoa-nut, found on Praslin, one of the Seychelles. The Fuegians are decidedly Dr. Coppinger's best "find," for he managed when among them to compile a vocabulary of forty-nine of their words, mostly names of things. The Fuegians are a perfect contrast to the Patagonians, being only some 5 ft. 3 in. in height; and as for their climate, it is enough to say that they have rain six days in seven. They live on mussels and limpets, but will give away their scanty garments for tobacco. They catch fish and kill seals. Dr. Coppinger believes that they "bear away the palm as the most primitive among all the varieties of the human species," and it would be difficult to show that he is in the wrong. Their morals seem to be especially primitive. They have no conception of truth. Their treachery Dr. Coppinger illustrates by a story told him of an unprovoked attack made by them on a sealing schooner, which resulted in their repulse, but not before five of the sealers were killed. They are willing to part with their children for a necklace or a plug of tobacco, or a biscuit or two. Dr. Coppinger is not even willing to acquit them of cannibalism, believing the story of Admiral Fitzroy, that when they are in a strait they eat their old women, after killing them by "squeezing their throats while holding their heads over the smoke of a green-wood fire." Add to this that these savages have "a diabolical cast of countenance," due to their habit of knocking their front teeth out and growing their hair over their temples, and it will be strange if the reader of Dr. Coppinger's book is not glad to exchange their society for that of the mermaids of Tonga, who present their visitors with kava and pandanus cigarettes, after coquettishly testing their quality.

Dr. Coppinger has but little to tell that is fresh about Chili, but he was in Tahiti shortly after it was annexed by France, was "received" in Fiji by the late King Cacobau, made the acquaintance of the Queensland aborigines, and visited that Thursday Island whose magistrate lately attained celebrity for himself and it by formally annexing a portion of New Guinea. Dr. Coppinger, who is very cautious where matters of politics are concerned, does not pronounce upon the experiment made by the French in Tahiti—the officers of the 'Alert' having attended a ball given in honour of the annexation, he perhaps thinks it would not be in good taste to express an opinion—but from what he says about the expensive efforts made to convert Papiete into a good port, we should say that the French intend to do something more than turn Tahiti into a Pacific *café*. Dr. Coppinger was much taken when in Fiji by "Ratu [*i.e.*, Prince] Joe," the youngest son of Cacobau, a really fine-looking lad, who spoke good English, and had had the advantage of a three years' course at the University of Sydney, to which he had been taken in 1875, when Fiji was annexed to Great Britain. Cacobau looks a rather rough old savage, in a picture of a group of himself, his wife, and "Ratu Joe," which Dr. Coppinger gives us; but he must have been a man of some sagacity and force of character.

"We were received in a small, smoky hut, in which the aged monarch spends most of his time during the cold season of Fiji. He seemed to be a feeble old man, aged about seventy, and almost entirely blind, yet evidently possessing his mental faculties in full vigour, for he put to us many shrewd questions concerning the work

* *Cruise of the 'Alert:' Four Years in Patagonian, Polynesian, and Mascarene Waters* (1878-1882). By R. W. Coppinger, M.D., C.M.Z.S. Staff Surgeon, Royal Navy. Illustrated. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1883.

of our ship, and then, after a pause during which he seemed to be pondering over her name, asked if we could give him some information regarding her previous work of exploration in the Arctic regions. In this subject he seemed take to much interest, and like many other people, did not fail to put the rather puzzling question as to what could be the use of exploring the uninhabited and inhospitable polar regions. . . . . From time to time messengers came into the hut, who, after assuming a respectful posture on the floor, asked for his orders concerning various municipal affairs. To these functionaries his replies were short, sharp, and decisive, and were acted upon with such alacrity that it was fully evident to us that he still retains no small part of his former control over his subjects."

Our author's account of such of the Australian aborigines as he saw in their primitive condition is not calculated to impress one favourably with them. "Both men and women, especially the latter, seemed to be in a filthy, degraded state. They had just received their yearly gifts of blankets from the Queensland Government,—I believe, the only return which they receive for the appropriation of their land. It appears, however, that they do not much appreciate the donation, for soon after the general issue many of the blankets are bartered with the whites for tobacco and grog." They are very expert, however, with the boomerang; and Dr. Coppinger saw, in fair preservation, some of the native drawings discovered by Mr. Cunningham, of the 'Beagle,' in 1821. The objects delineated, chiefly in red ochre, are sharks, dolphins, dugong, turtle, boomerangs, waddies, shields, woomerahs, pigs, dogs, birds, jelly-fish, &c. Before leaving the native tribes of Queensland, we may say that the attention of the Aborigines' Protection Society, if not of the Colonial Office, ought surely to be drawn to the exploits of the black police, or half-reclaimed aborigines enrolled and armed as policemen, and distributed over the colony. "Their skill as bush-trackers is too well known to need description, and the peculiar ferocity with which they behave towards their own countrymen is due to the fact that they are drawn from a part of the continent remote from the scene of their future labours, and from tribes hostile to those against which they are intended to act. Through their instrumentality the aborigines of Queensland are being gradually exterminated. In the official reports of their proceedings, when sent to operate against a troublesome party of natives, the verb 'to disperse' is playfully substituted for the harsher term 'to shoot.'" Here is Dr. Coppinger's succinct account of Thursday Island, the shipping port for the produce of all the pearl-shell fisheries in Torres Straits:—"There is a small settlement at Thursday Island, consisting of about a dozen houses, wooden built, which are occupied by white families and their coloured domestics. There is a police magistrate, whose jurisdiction, as an official of the Queensland Government, extends over all the islands in Torres Straits; an officer of Customs, through whose hands passes all the trade of the Straits; a staff of white policemen, to enforce the Queensland law; a prison, for the incarceration of the refractory pearl-shellers; a store, for the supply of tinned provisions and all the miscellaneous requirements of the pearl-shell trade; and finally, there are two public-houses, which do a flourishing business, and supply ample material for the official ministrations of the police. The entire population, white and coloured, does not exceed a hundred." In concluding our notice of an interesting and useful book, we may mention that Dr. Coppinger makes some valuable notes on the flight of the condor and the albatross; and that he slays once more, but probably not finally, the fine, old superstition about the connection between the petrel and storms.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.*

The task of reviewing this volume—and to review an encyclopædia may, perhaps, be considered as reducing the function of the critic to an absurdity—is happily made easy by the prefatory announcement of the editor's or publisher's, that it is intended not to rival, but to supplement the encyclopædias which have appeared or are still appearing in Europe, and which command a large circulation in America. It is designed, in fact, to give American readers information, useful or interesting, that is but scantily supplied, or not supplied at all, in works "prepared, primarily, to command the attention of European readers." If it is perfectly understood by the American public that this function of supplementing the stores of knowledge contained in such a work as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and *nothing but this*, belongs to the volume before us and its proposed successors, their intention and execution may be almost unreservedly commended. This first instalment of the book (which is, we learn, to be completed in four volumes) gives a variety of information which certainly could not be found collected elsewhere. In the first place, we have in it what may be called an American gazetteer, and one which, as far as we can judge, is very careful and complete. Any one who, to take an instance, will compare the article "Alabama" in this volume with that which is given to the same subject in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, will readily perceive that the newer is very much the superior of the two. It has the advantage of giving more recent statistics (and it is to be regretted that the slow, we suppose necessarily slow, progress of the English publication will make some of the earlier information obsolete before the later volumes can appear), but it is more thorough, and in some respects obviously more correct. There is, for instance, in the English account, a quite remarkable statement, which would make the maximum winter temperature of Alabama 86°, and the maximum of summer 104°. The figures now before us, which are obviously intended as a correction, run thus:—"The ordinary range of temperature during the winter proper is from 30° to 70° Fahr.; during the summer months, from 73° to 94°; in the intermediate seasons, from 42° to 85°; the mean annual temperature is about 66°. The exceptional extremes noted during observations continued for more than thirty years have been 14° and 99°." Here, then, we have one feature of the book, and one which makes it valuable to Europeans only in a less degree than to American readers. We may add that under the same word is given a history of the "Alabama Claims."

Another feature is to be found in the copious biographies of living celebrities, and, indeed, of persons who can hardly be called celebrities. These, of course, have been deliberately excluded by the conductors of English works, and we are, at first sight, inclined to think the exclusion right. The Americans' feeling in the matter is wholly different. They like to hear about statesmen, authors, and others whose lives and works interest them, without waiting for their death. There is something to be said for the demand, and if the canons of good-taste are rigorously followed in satisfying it, no great harm is done. These articles certainly make a very interesting addition to this volume, and as certainly they are likely to be useful. Who, whatever his feeling about biographies of the living, does not sometimes turn to *Men of the Time*, or some such book of reference? Such books are, in fact, the *Peerages* of literature, politics, and the professions. In these biographical articles, the English reader will find much that is interesting to him under American names, but he must not forget to read one of the not very numerous contributions which have come from this side of the Atlantic, Mr. T. E. Kebbel's account of "Lord Beaconsfield." No one could have been better qualified for the task than Mr. Kebbel. He feels for the great Conservative leader (how strange it seems to call Benjamin Disraeli a *Conservative* leader!) a more intelligent sympathy than anything of which the ordinary scribes of party are capable. Hence, we have read the fifteen columns which he gives to his subject with much pleasure, though we cannot allow that his conception of the political history of the fifty years through which Lord Beaconsfield's career was extended is either just or complete. But he states his case in a lucid and forcible way, and without bitterness against opponents. The interesting personal details which conclude the article will be read with especial pleasure. It is not a little amusing to find Mr. Kebbel, who is writing for a public of Protectionists, expressing himself with a candour which he is scarcely able to exhibit in his own country. He writes, for instance:—"It was impossible for Disraeli to allow that the corn-tax was a tax on the food of the people, for the benefit of a single class; on the contrary, it was like other taxes that contributed to the support of institutions conducive to the welfare of the public." Did he hold this belief to the day of his death? Does Mr. Kebbel hold it now?

Literary subjects, such as may be expected to be found in the older cyclopædias, are, of course, absent. The reader who may expect to find a complete work (he is distinctly warned, by the way, that he will not find it) will be surprised that the only "Athens" described is "the county seat of Athens, co. Ohio." Yet here, also, the new work sometimes hits an undoubted blot in the old. There is an article on the "Emperor Aurelian," for instance, an important person, who is not mentioned in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

* *The Encyclopædia Americana*, Vol. I. "A-CEN." New York, Philadelphia, and London: J. M. Stodart. 1883.

AN AMERICAN POLITICAL NOVEL.*

The English public is growing more and more familiar with novels by American writers, and there can be no doubt that these books have an immense sale and circulation. If it can be said of our novelists that they find hundreds of thousands of readers beyond the Atlantic, it is quite as true that certain Transatlantic novelists have thousands of readers in Great Britain. And, without disparagement to the ability of these ladies and gentlemen, we may fairly suppose that a part of their success among ourselves is owing to the foreign flavour of their work. Everybody in England cannot read French and German easily; and we all know that a translation is but a more or less feeble reproduction, therefore French and German books are certain of only a limited popularity. But an American book, however emphatically American it may be, is written in our own tongue (or what very closely approximates to it), and goes straight from the writer to his English readers; while at the same time it deals with people, scenes, and manners that are not English. In the reading of many, if not all American novels, we have a sense of making discoveries, of getting information, which adds a certain piquancy to the pleasure of the story. A good many of these discoveries, a good deal of this information, may be fallacious; we are rather inclined to think them so, because of the marvellously distorted pictures of English life, manners, and conversation which we know are given to the world by some of those English novelists whose books we understand to be popular in America, and whose delineations are, no doubt, accepted there as true to nature. But, with all our readiness to distrust, we cannot suppose that writers of a high class who are known to be conversant with certain phases of American life and society do constantly misrepresent and belie their country people. We cannot suppose that Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells are engaged in a series of elaborate hoaxes, nor believe for a moment that the authors of *Democracy* and *Through One Administration* have deliberately undertaken to give scandalously false views of official life at Washington.

Mrs. Burnett was, we believe, born and partly brought up in England, and her two novels, *That Lass o' Lowrie's* and *Haworths*, show how intimate must have been her early acquaintance with the life of the lower classes in the Lancashire manufacturing districts. *A Fair Barbarian*, too, deals with English country-town life, and if it is a little exaggerated, it is not too much so to be amusing. It bears, however, evident marks of having been studied from books, and not from nature. We should credit Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell with the original creation of several of the characters. But *Through One Administration* is a purely American book, the scene, with one short exception, being laid in Washington, and the characters living in "tip-top parlours," and moving in the highest political circles of the Republic. The circumstances related are enclosed within the period of four years, during which a President holds office; the hero, as he arrives at Washington, remarks, "I come in with the Administration, I wonder if I shall go out with it, and what will have happened in the interval;" and accordingly, he does go out with it, being killed just at the moment of the next inaugural festivities. Thus the story ends sadly,—indeed, our objection to it is that it is sad throughout; the heroine laughs a good deal, but with small cause for merriment; while the hero is a miserably disappointed, if not a heart-broken man, from the end of the first chapter.

To quarrel with a book for being sad implies, however, that we are interested by it; and *Through One Administration* is interesting, its characters vivid, its style clear, pleasant, and vigorous. But, as we have already hinted, whatever is really remarkable in it is derived from its pictures of a society as frivolous as that of any European capital at any period, and corrupt with a sort of cynical corruption not, it is to be hoped, to be equalled by any other political society, at present. Here, for instance, is a passage in which one Senator expresses his views of another. Richard Amory and Senator Planefield are interested in obtaining subsidies for a projected line of railway, and Senator Blundel's favour is of importance to them:—

"'You can't expect a man like Blundel,' said Planefield, 'to be easy to manage. Blundel is the possessor of a moral character, and when a man has a capital like that, and Blundel's sharpness into the bargain, he is not going to trifle with it. He's going to hold on to it until it reaches its highest market value, and then decide which way he will invest it. . . . . The one thing you can't be sure of is a moral character. Impeccability is rare, and it is never easy for an outsider to hit on its exact value. It varies, and you have to run risks with it. Blundel's is expensive.'—'There has been a great deal of money used,' hesitated Richard, 'a great deal.'—'You had better go and see Blundel yourself,' Planefield said, after a pause; 'you must settle what's to be done between you. I have done my best.'—'By Jove,' exclaimed Richard, virtuously, 'what corruption!' It was an ingenuous exclamation. . . . . He felt that he was being hardly treated, and that the most sacred trusts of a great nation were in hands likely to betray them at far too high a figure. The remark amounted to an outburst of patriotism. 'Have they *all* their price?' he cried. Planefield . . . . . glanced at him. . . . . 'No,' he said; 'if they had, you'd find it easier. If they were all to be bought, or if none of them were to be sold, you'd see your way.'"

We will add as a pendant to this a curious representation of the position of a clerk in a Government office, as sketched by one of the class:—

"If there is a good deal in him, he will begin by being hopeful and working hard. . . . . He will keep his eyes open, and make friends of the men about him. He will do that for a few months, and then, suddenly, and for no fault whatever, one of these friends will be dropped out. Knowing the man to be as faithful as himself, it will be a shock to him. . . . . Somebody else wanted the place and got it, not because of superior fitness for it, but because the opposing influence was stronger than his. The new man will go through the same experience when his time comes, that is all. . . . . That such a thing is possible, that the bread and home and hopes of any honest human creature should be used as the small-change of power above him, and trafficked with to sustain that power, and fix it in its place to make the most of itself and its greed, is the burning shame and burden which is slung round our necks, and will keep us from standing with heads erect until we are lightened of it."

We could easily have given pleasanter extracts than these from Mrs. Burnett's volumes, but we have preferred such as have a greater flavour of originality about them than any merely connected with the love-story. That, we strongly recommend those who do not object to being made miserable to read for themselves.

* *Through One Administration.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

SAMUEL PALMER'S ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL.*

The late Mr. Samuel Palmer, of the Old Water-Colour Society, was in some ways an unique figure in the Art history of the present day,—he had little, if anything, to do with what may be called the competitive commerce of Art; he was pledged to no picture-dealer, and advertised by no society. Living a quiet, restful existence, in a small country village, with placid interests of family and friendship and the companionship of a few books, he passed the greater part of his long life; and there is, perhaps, no single quality of his painting so apparent, to all who care to look below the surface, as the atmosphere of peace which surrounds its splendour. Splendour is, indeed, almost universally present in Mr. Palmer's pictures; but it is splendour of a peaceful kind, always verging towards quietness and rest. The record of his life reads like a page out of bygone history, so free is it from all trace of modern restlessness and modern diversity. He seems to have spent his life in the very manner in which he would have chosen, had he had the power of choice, in designing and painting, reading and writing poetry, walking about country lanes, and sitting over the fire in the evenings with a few chosen friends. With the exception of the death of his eldest son, from which "it is doubtful," says another of his children, "whether he ever wholly recovered," his life was unmarked by any great sorrow, and was free alike from the cares of wealth and the pressure of poverty.

The work before us, a translation of Virgil's *Eclogues*, is one upon which the artist spent great labour in the latter years of his life, and there is a space of at least sixteen years between the time of its inception and completion. The book is one of those elaborately printed, papered, and bound volumes which are so plentiful at this season of the year, and deserves rather a special word of praise for the good and quiet taste which marks its binding and its type.

It was not, however, till within two years of the artist's death that the illustrative etchings were begun, and traces of failing power, are to be seen throughout the artistic portion of the work which, as it is here published, consists of etchings, more or less finished, and reproductions of drawings, from which the artist intended to etch. Of these the etchings are singularly inferior to those which Mr. Palmer executed in earlier days. We allude specially, in saying this, to their technical excellence as etchings. They lack delicacy of draughtsmanship, and have an uniform heaviness of shadow which is very unlike the soft, mysterious

* *The Eclogues of Virgil.* By Samuel Palmer. London: Seeley and Co.

gloom of the artist's earlier work. The truth is, that nearly all the etchings were left unfinished at the artist's death, and have been completed (at his express desire) by his son, from his father's notes and memoranda. It seems unkind to say that he has spoilt the plates by this completion, but that he has done so, is evident, and any of our readers who take an interest in such matters, would do well to notice for themselves the manner in which the quasi-mechanical work of the son, takes all the real artistic beauty out of the father's work. Look at the etching which illustrates the seventh eclogue, which is one which was finished entirely by the elder artist (by the way, this is erroneously described in the index as a fac-simile of the drawing), and compare the gradation of shadow therein, with that of any of the other etchings in the book. The difference is too marked to escape even the most untrained eye. Look, too, at the work on the sunset sky, and contrast its softness and brilliancy with that of the comparatively coarse cross-hatching in the succeeding plate. Here, again, the difference is too great to be mistaken. Some of these plates have been very much more injured than others, but the one which represents the seventh eclogue, is the only one (of the etchings) which is in any way a true representation of Mr. Palmer's work, and the second illustration to the eighth eclogue has suffered more than any. The fac-simile of a drawing in illustration of the sixth eclogue, is one of the most interesting, and would have made a singularly beautiful etching. It represents a shepherd piping to his flocks on a calm summer's evening just after sun-down, and is bathed in a gentle glow of lingering sunlight which is very lovely. It may be noted that this is one of the few drawings in which Mr. Palmer has depicted an evening sky, *free* from clouds, and unbroken by heavy masses of trees. The composition, too, is of a more extended kind, and does not present the artist's usual characteristics of heavy masses of shadow to right and left, divided by a valley through which the light strikes across a dark hill-side, or through the thick foliage of a tree. If is true that of this form of composition Mr. Samuel Palmer was a perfect master, and that he used it with the greatest science to intensify the meaning of his work; but it almost degenerated at times into a trick, and a change to a quieter and less accentuated form is very pleasant.

As we are on this subject of illustrations, we would ask why it is that where fine-art publishers produce in the same work etchings and fac-similes of drawings made by one or other of the photographic (or photogravure) processes, they should think it necessary to place round the fac-similes a sham plate-mark. It surely cannot be that they wish the public who are unlearned in Art matters, to suppose that the photographic reproductions are etchings, and so sell the book practically as one which is illustrated by etching, instead of photography. Of course, it is not for this reason, for this would be scarcely honest; but for what purpose it is done, we cannot understand. It is, however, a great mistake, for this reason, that in looking at the illustration the eye catches the plate-mark first of all, and so regards the picture as an etching; and looking for the qualities of an etching, and not finding them, is apt to be disappointed and put out of conceit with the whole work. And it is probably still more frequently the case that, owing to the want of technical acquaintance with the character of an etched plate, the casual inspector of the illustration takes the photograph for the etching, and so gets any little bit of instruction that he might have received from the work perverted and destroyed.

To conclude about these illustrations, the facts are as follows:—There is one etching of Mr. Palmer's own, which is good; there are five etchings begun by Mr. Palmer, and completed by his son, which are interesting, but of no value as works of art; finally, there are eight photo-engravings from Mr. Palmer's drawings, some of which have been touched by his son,—these are good of their kind, and better almost in inverse ratio to the quantity of alteration they have received. Compare, for an instance of this latter assertion, the two illustrations to the first eclogue. It will be seen that the horizontal clouds in the first have been reinforced by the etching-needle, and also portions of the foliage, and a little work on the ground. On comparing this with the second illustration, in which there has been no perceptible alteration made in the mechanical reproduction, it will be noticed how, in the first instance, the free-hand work *stares out*, in comparison with the uniformity of the photograph, distracts the eye, and renders the whole picture of uneven quality.

We have left all remarks as to the translation of the *Eclogues* to the last, chiefly because Mr. Palmer, though a poet-painter, was not, after all, a poet; and though the translation is very carefully and lovingly done, it will, we fear, only take a place amongst the curiosities of literature. It reminds us of Browning's "One word more," it is like Dante's angel or Raphael's sonnet,—a labour of love, done once in a lifetime by a hand and heart which had spent their best energies in other directions. Perhaps we cannot close this review more fitly than by quoting a verse in support of our estimate as to the kind of value which this version of the *Eclogues* possesses. The verse is one which we took by chance, as the book lay open before us, and in its concluding lines it seems to apply strangely enough to the painter who wrote it:—

"O fortunate old man!
Then these ancestral fields are yours again,
And wide enough for you. Though naked stone,
And marsh with slimy rush, abut upon
The lowlands, yet your pregnant ewes shall try
No unproved forage. Neighbouring flocks too nigh
Strike no contagion, nor infect the young.
O fortunate! who now at last, among
Known streams and sacred fountain-heads, have found
A shelter and a shade on your own ground."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GIFT BOOKS.

Battle Stories from British and European History, by W. H. Davenport Adams (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.); *Shore and Sea; or, Stories of Great Vikings and Sea Captains*, by the Same Author (Hodder and Stoughton).—In the first of these volumes, Mr. Adams has told the story of thirty battles, the earliest being Hastings and the latest Inkerman, and has told it with spirit. He cannot keep quite clear of mistakes, which probably are due to haste. Why, for instance, speak of the Queen of Edward II. as the "She-wolf of Anjou"? Whence does he get the title? From "the Bard"? But on the whole, the book is a successful effort to give some striking scenes of history in a picturesque way. The second volume will be to many young readers more of a novelty than the first. The "Norse Sea-kings" is a chapter full of stirring adventure. Then we read about Sebastian Cabot, who is somewhat doubtfully called an "English discoverer." Another chapter is given to De Soto, the conqueror of Florida, and another, again, to "The Early Colonisers of Virginia." Drake, Hudson, and Morgan are the subjects of the three which complete the volume. Mr. Adams gives, we are glad to see, a list of his authorities. If he would omit his prefaces, which strike us as somewhat too self-asserting, he would make a still further improvement.

Stories of Young Adventurers, by Ascott R. Hope (Hogg), though not a book of this year, may be mentioned, if it should have happened to have escaped the notice of our readers, as full of interesting reading. These "young adventurers" take us to all parts of the world. One of them gets to Mecca; another is taken prisoner in Braddock's unlucky expedition; a third falls into the hands of Hyder Ali. One story tells again the terrible tale of the wreck of the 'Medusa.' As interesting as any is the story of the English lad who was adopted by Maoris.

Sir Walter Raleigh: his Life and Times. By F. L. Clarke. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—There is, of course, something to be put down on the *per contra* side, in balancing Raleigh's character. Such a balancing, however, the writer of a little book such as this is hardly called upon to do. It is sufficient for him to give the picture of a brave man and an adventurous life, and this he does with sufficient success.

From the same publishers, we also have received *Lady Rachel Russell*, by F. P. G. Guizot; and *Biographical Stories*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, containing short sketches from the lives of Benjamin West, Sir Isaac Newton, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Cromwell, Benjamin Franklin, and Queen Christina of Sweden. The scene from Johnson's life, to give a specimen, is his refusal to keep his father's bookstall at Uttoxeter, and the penance which he did for his disobedience in after years.

With Clive in India. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie and Son.)—Here is a story built, and, as we may expect from so skilled a writer as Mr. Henty, well built, on the foundation of historical fact. Charlie Marryat, by the help of an eccentric but kind old uncle, goes out as a "writer" to India, some time about the middle of the eighteenth century. On the way out he sees something of fighting, the merchantman in which he sails meeting two privateers, and giving a very good account of them, and afterwards falling in with pirates. Arrived in India, Charlie, though he is scarcely the chief hero of the story, giving place to Clive, still sees a good deal of adventure. He is in the "Black Hole," and is one of the very few who get out of it;

and the thread of his fortunes runs through the narrative. This takes him to Plassey and Masulipatam, among other places; and finally takes him home, with a very substantial result from the "shaking of the pagoda-tree." It would not be easy to find a better story than this.

Laila; or, Sketches from Finmarkens. By J. A. Friis. Translated from the Norwegian by the Earl of Ducie. (S.P.C.K.)—Laila is a little Norwegian, who is lost as a baby by being thrown out of a sledge pursued by wolves, and adopted by a rich Finn, in whose house in company with another adopted child, she spends her early years. When she grows to womanhood she has romantic adventures, but it is not the story so much as the singularly vivid pictures of a life which is almost wholly unknown to readers here that will chiefly please in *Laila*. The turning-point of the story is, or is, anyhow, closely connected with, the pride of race which makes the Norwegians look down upon the Finn as an inferior being. "This girl," cries Lind, "is not Logjo's" ("Logje" is the name of her adopting father), "and she shall not wed a Finn."

The Robber Chief; or, Too Good for his Trade. By Edward Burton. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—This is a romantic story, full of adventures and surprises, and ending, as such stories should end, with the happiness of the good and the repentance of the bad. The place is Scotland; as to the time, we need not inquire too particularly; there is, anyhow, no lack of incident.

The Will-o'-the-Wisps. Translated from the German of Marie Petersen by Charlotte J. Hart. (Chapman and Hall.)—The translation is made from the "thirty-fourth" edition of the German original. This is sufficient proof of considerable popularity, a popularity which, while we acknowledge the general merit of these stories, we do not quite understand. Walter, a young collegian, on his way home in the midsummer vacation, falls asleep by a pool, and hears the talk of a number of creatures commonly called dumb. But the chief talkers are the spirits of the lights,—the lights, that is, which are used on various occasions in human life, and which now meet to recount their various experiences. In them there is a more or less slender thread of incident, with plenty of sentiment. Everything is pretty, but one seems to miss the briskness and gaiety which these fairy stories should have.

Book of English Fairy-tales from the North Country. By Alfred C. Freyer, Ph.D. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—Here are eleven stories, some of them quaint and strange, some, as, for instance, the "Dragon Stories," of a sufficiently familiar type. "The Grocer and the Parrot," where a too truthful bird announces to customers his master's frauds, must surely be an invention of more modern times. This volume is a worthy specimen of the "Fairy Library of All Nations."

Marvels of the Polar World. Translated from the French of C. Lesbazeilles, by Robert Routledge. (Routledge and Sons.)—We read here about the natural history of the Polar regions; we have also the records, somewhat sad, on the whole, and if full of courage and steadfastness, full also of suffering and failure, of the attempts which have been made to explore, and even to colonise them. The life, too, of the tribes which some strange necessity drives into these inhospitable regions is a melancholy story. There is a long struggle against nature, which is nowhere so malign, and they are being slowly worsted in it. Of all these matters, M. Lesbazeilles gives us a very interesting account.

Gesta Romanorum, the Ancient Moral Tales of the Old Story-tellers. (W. Swan Sonnenschein.)—We are glad to welcome these old favourites, Fulgentius and Jovinian, and the kings, knights, maidens, magicians, and others, for whom the fancy of the monks invented this strange kind of fiction.

Madge Hilton. By A. C. Maitland. (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—Madge and her brothers and sisters are left behind in England, when their father and mother, for the sake of business and of health, pay a visit to Australia. This story chiefly tells how they got into trouble and how they got out of it, and may be recommended as a sensible, wholesome little book.

Weary-holme: or, Seed-time and Harvest. By Emily S. Holt. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—This is described as "A Tale of the Restoration." The principal incident in this story is the career of Olivia, daughter of an Independent minister, who runs away to marry a fashionable young gentleman, and comes to great sorrow, and in the end to repentance. There is some pathos in this narrative, and, indeed, the whole book has merit. Miss Holt thinks very meanly of the Church-of-England Clergy, in the days which some people think to have been her best. She apologises to her readers for the non-appearance of an Evangelical clergyman in her pages, by the statement that at the time of her story there were none such in England. "The best style of man is sketched in Dr. Middleton," and Dr. Middleton is one who "read prayers with pompous stiffness, and preached sermons which were intelligible to about six people in his congregation." "Religion was a highly respectable thing," to him, and no more. Did Miss Holt, haply, ever hear of Jeremy Taylor and Thomas Fuller and Isaac Barrow?

Old Wives' Fables. By Edouard Laboulaye. (Routledge and Sons.)—These are very lively stories, with, perhaps, just a touch of satire in them, which would be well away, for a fairy-tale ought to be absolutely simple in intention, and never remind us of questions of the every-day world. Still, they are very amusing, and present us with a great variety of adventure. They come, too, from many parts of the world. Yvon, the hero of the first tale, is a Breton lad; then there are Bohemian stories, and tales from Italy, Finland, Norway, and Iceland." "Piff Paff, or the Art of Government: a Tale of All Lands," is perhaps as clever as any, but then it is of the satirical kind.

What's In a Name? by Sarah Doudney (Hodder and Stoughton), is a very romantic story indeed. One Henry Jervaux marries secretly a girl below him in social position, and thereby offends his family. He dies, leaving one child; and, we are led to believe, that his wife does not long survive him. The child is adopted by its grandparents. Then a widow lady, who undertakes her education, appears upon the scene. Who this lady is, how she is avenged on one who had wronged her in former times, we may leave for the readers to find out, if they will. The tale is certainly written with considerable power.

Daintree, by Bernard Heldmann (Nisbet and Co.), has too little incident. It really is little more than a story of how two sons leave their father, and the life for which their father had intended them, to devote themselves to more congenial employments. The tone in which it is written is all that could be desired, but it certainly lacks interest.

True Tales for my Grandsons. By Sir Samuel Baker. (Macmillan.)—The elephants, the dogs, and the animals generally, whose doings Sir Samuel Baker relates to us, are creatures with which we have been glad to make acquaintance. The San Francisco dog, in particular, a Good Samaritan among dogs, should have a niche in that chapel of the Temple of Fame which belongs to dogs. As for the human creatures, we must confess to not caring much about them. They help to make history for the more important creatures which it is the fashion to call "inferior." But everything about the book bears the impress of the quality which the author claims for it. Once or twice we are inclined to say "*Too* true!" as in the sad story of the Captain of the whaler, an Enoch Arden in real life. Truth, however, is no unpleasing change from the superabundance of fiction, with its nice arrangements of poetical justice, that has been overpowering us for the last few weeks.

Bek's First Corner, and How She Turned It. By T. M. Conklin. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—Bek, or, at full length, Rebekah, is an American young lady. Whether the "corner" is the age of twenty-five, as we are inclined to think, or a difficulty with an unworthy lover, is not quite clear. Anyhow, this is a bright and entertaining little story. Sometimes the religious phraseology offends. "Father is not a Christian, and yet you married him," says Bek to her stepmother. As the father apparently professed to be a Christian, this sounds a little audacious in a daughter's mouth. But, on the whole, the moral of the tale is enforced with judgment and good-taste.

The Cabin on the Beach. By M. C. Winchester. (Seeley and Co.)—Miss Winchester always writes well, but she is scarcely at her best in this story. The characters and the plot are more of the conventional sort that we are accustomed to find in fiction of this sort, and have less reality than we now expect in Miss Winchester's books. The cause which produces the difficulty of the story seems hardly adequate, nor does the conduct of the lad who gets the young hero into trouble seem quite consistent with what we are led to expect of his character.

Alice's Pupil, by Letitia McClintock (Nisbet and Co.), is a pretty little story, illustrating the *patience* of true charity, and the reward which it attains in the end.

Peas Blossom. By the Author of "Honor Bright." (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.)—There are some very brisk scenes of school-life in the early part of this story, scenes which are vigorously described, and which will be read with amusement. The more romantic incidents which complete it are less noteworthy; but the whole may fairly be pronounced a success.

Cornish Stories. By Mark Guy Pearse. (F. Woolmer.)—These are stories of the "Christmas number" sort; moderately good of their kind, but not more. The anecdote of the miller who put the story of the walls of Jericho to a practical experiment, is the best thing in the volume.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* this month, Art is well represented by a vigorous reproduction of Cranach's portrait of Luther; and by an interesting account, from the pen of Mr. Walter Armstrong, of "Some Forgotten Etchers." Two examples of the work of George Cuitt, both treating subjects in Chester, specimens of the work of more famous men—John Crome, Constable, and Sir David

Wilkie—and two after Andrew Geddes, an etcher whose merits Mr. Armstrong vindicates, supply the illustrations. "The New Hero," speaking of the praises of childhood, how they have been celebrated both in prose and verse, is the most noticeable contribution to the literature of the magazine.

Through the Stage Door: a Novel. By Harriett Jay. (F. V. White.)—This is a regrettable book. The coarse vices of bad men are not material whereof women should weave their fictions. If they know anything about the matter by experience in their own families, they ought to conceal that sad knowledge; if they have to draw on their imagination for the facts, they render themselves unpleasantly ridiculous. The "Mr. George" of Miss Jay's novel, who is a married Duke, and the relation to him of two of the female actors in the story, are exceedingly repulsive features of a novel which has no attractive ones. The writer does her work so carelessly that she makes Mr. Fane, the father of her heroine, when he wants to escape the sounds of household contention, "stuff his fingers into his ears, and continue his writing;" describes a room as "luxuriantly furnished," and a young lady as being "fully as elated as if she had known, &c.," writes of "invitations pouring in fast and furious" on a fashionable young man, who is blest with "an overflowing card-basket," and of young ladies' "drinking down" champagne. The very vulgar company of this novel is, however, preferable to its fine company; a lady who intercepts letters, and bribes her nephew to ruin the reputation of her brother's betrothed wife; and another lady who tells her husband that she is sure their expected guest "will come to their house in the finery of a street-walker," are much more offensive persons than the Fane family. The latter are not at all original; we have met them in many trashy novels, in which grave and gallant English gentlemen—mostly military—select their wives from "the juvenile lead;" although it must be admitted there is something remarkable about Miss Lottie. It is not every young lady who figures in tights of whom it can be said, "The necessary stage training had added to her manner a naïveté which she might not otherwise have possessed." We have hitherto regarded stage training as a potent corrector of naïveté.

In the Hebrides. By C. F. Gordon Cumming. (Chatto and Windus.)—This is almost wholly a reprint of a work published some eight years ago. The book consists principally of a string of legendary tales and traditions of the West Highlands and Islands of Scotland, interspersed with descriptions of the scenery and people. A certain want of the arrangement and lucidity that characterise Miss Gordon Cumming's later productions is noticeable, and a little of the "gush" that travellers are so prone to indulge in, but which is so pleasantly absent from the pages of "At Home in Fiji" and "Fire Fountains," is also occasionally to be met with in the present volume. Nevertheless, the book is very readable and interesting, and some of the author's comparisons between the folk-lore of Western Scotland and that of the East are striking and instructive. To the more recent history of this remote portion of Britain some allusions are made, and among other events, the famous "Sunday War" of last June is described at length, without, however, any explanation being offered of this curious phase in the social annals of Gaelic Scotland.

Quatrefoil. By Mary Deane. (Chapman and Hall.)—This is a novel partly ponderous, partly æsthetic, and wholly pretentious. The heroine is "rather nice," and we wish she had not fallen to the much-too-good-for-him lot of a gentleman of the very "mixed" principles of Mr. Surcott, who is likewise a donkey. The mixture of names and places in the story is quite bewildering; we find Penartha in Surrey, for instance, and everybody has an impossible Christian name. Eythin, Gwilliam, Aurelian, and Moel may be scattered over the earth, but that they should all be collected into one story is too much. Likewise, it is too much that such a creature as Surcott should be seriously proposed to our acceptance as a fine spirit, touched to fine issues. If he has continued to talk to Eythin, since she weakly consented to renounce her well-dowered widowhood in his favour, as he talked to his much-enduring friend, Lanfrey, before that event, she must long ago have heartily wished her deceased baronet back again. Let us imagine this kind of converse, in a stroll on a country road, and we shall not wonder that Lanfrey exerted himself to induce Eythin by saying "yes," to get Surcott off his hands:—

"The cup of wine," says Surcott, "red as rubies balanced upon a sunbeam, trembled in the faintest breath; could it have been upheld through the level race of the years? I drank and prophesied; it was Love itself—no emptying of it into mortal wine-skins; it vivified my Art! Athene's name is written in gold in the Archives of the century. Perhaps since then I have had less to give, and a stronger desire has grown in me for the human life, apart from the artist's, combining both. But I will have no more fancy. I will tame that fiery-maned steed of the Sun once and for ever."

A Great Treason. By Mary A. M. Hoppus. 2 vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—We cannot answer for other English folk, but we can unhesitatingly say for ourselves that we have no kind of pleasure in reading about the American War of Independence. It is no comfort to be told that we were beaten by men of our own race. The fact of the shameful mismanagement and blindness that brought about the war in the first instance, and caused disaster in the second, still remains. And Miss Hoppus does not reconcile us to the subject which she has chosen by making her story culminate in the treason of Benedict Arnold and the hanging of Major André. This is surely the most painful episode of a painful history, and not all Miss Hoppus's literary art, of which, indeed, she shows a great command, nor her sympathetic treatment of her theme, can reconcile us to her choice. It is late in the day to discuss the propriety of Washington's act. Perhaps we may say that it would not have been done, except in the extreme exasperation which a war between nations speaking the same language always produces. The law of spies is always pushed in such wars to extremes, as it was by Jefferson Davis, when he hanged Union soldiers for attempting to break down a Southern railroad by running off with a train. But we are wandering from Miss Hoppus's book. Its subject apart, it is pleasing. Its heroine is one Althæa Digby, who comes over with her brother, a young English officer, to America, on the eve of the war. With the two there travels a certain Noel Branxholm, a young Virginian gentleman. The fourth important personage is Noel's half-brother, Jasper; and perhaps we may add a fifth, in Mary Fleming, cousin to the Branxholms. The tragedy of the story, apart from the historical element introduced in the person of Arnold and André, is the rivalry of the two brothers for the love of Althæa. This part of the story is admirably managed. We have seldom seen any scene equal to that in which Althæa is surprised into a confession of her love. Miss Hoppus has abundance of quiet humour, and relieves the graver portion of her tale, which, indeed, wants relieving, with much that is most genuinely amusing. The authorities for her subject she seems to have studied most carefully; and she certainly has the art of making her figures very life-like. The Virginia plantation, Flatbush Farm, where Althæa and her cousin Mrs. Mavinch take refuge for a time with Mr. Jacob Quackenhoss, Philadelphia when the British Army is in possession, are made wonderfully vivid scenes. Everything, in fact, about the story is delightful, except its chief motive. As Miss Hoppus, for all her careful study of Arnold's life and character, cannot find or imagine any clue to his conduct, except what we all knew before, his ill-treatment by the civil authorities, and as in her story, so valiant and devoted a soldier is he, he certainly *repente fit turpissimus*, the motive seems to us particularly at fault.

The Land Leaguers. By Anthony Trollope. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—It was natural and, perhaps, desirable that the MS. which Mr. Trollope left behind him should be published after his death. He was certainly eminent enough to make the public anxious to have all that he wrote, and especially the very last work that came from his pen. But there is a certain defect of taste in the form which has been given to the book. It was, according to the author's intention, to have consisted of sixty chapters. As it is, the forty-ninth chapter is left unfinished. Under these circumstances, the form of the three-volume novel is a little out of place. It gives an air of completeness which is not real. For the rest, it is characteristic of the author, but not of his best style or his happiest mood. There was a certain limitation in Mr. Trollope's mind which, in certain circumstances, made him as shrewd and sensible an observer as could be found, but which disqualified him as a judge of higher questions of policy. Any policy that had any semblance of the heroic was utterly distasteful to him; and most people are agreed that in Irish affairs there was need of the heroic. Now, *The Land Leaguers* is really a long pamphlet, under the guise of fiction, upon Irish troubles, and the remedies which have been lately employed for them. If the pamphleteer had possessed consummate wisdom and insight, the novelist must not the less have made a failure. As it is, both pamphleteer and novelist fail. Yet, as need hardly be said, there is plenty of good work in these volumes. There are no signs that we can trace of falling-off. The book is a mistake, we think; and Mr. Trollope did, as we all know, on one or two occasions, in his highly-successful literary life, make mistakes; but it is not a weakness. Humorous, easy, clever dialogue, shrewd remarks on matters of the day, lively sketches of character, are to be seen in almost every chapter. And a considerable part of the action of the story takes place in England. The career of Rachel O'Mahony as a public singer has only this remote connection with the Irish question, that her father was a Nationalist; otherwise, it stands wholly apart. Her story is not, we must say, very pleasant reading, but it is quite free from the fault which we attribute to the rest of the novel. Still, on the whole, the book is a disappointment.

We have received a second edition of the *Contract of Pawn*, by Francis Turner (Stevens and Sons), brought up to date by the incorporation of such statutes as have borne upon the subject since the publication of the first edition in 1866,—viz., the Pawnbrokers'

Act of 1872, the Factories' Act, 1872, and the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 and 1883, as well as by reference to cases which have been decided.

MAGAZINES, ETC.—We have received the following for December:—The *Magazine of Art*, a good number.—Part 14 of *Greater London*.—The *Law Magazine*.—The *Month*.—The *Gentleman's Magazine*, which gives particulars of a curious experiment in vine-growing.—*Belgravia*, in which Mr. Justin McCarthy's serial tale is concluded.—The *Antiquarian Magazine*.—The *Science Monthly*.—*Science Gossip*.—The *Army and Navy Magazine*.—The *Nautical Magazine*.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine*.—*London Society*, in which Mr. A. Muir's serial story is concluded.—The *Folk-Lore Journal*.—The Winter Number of *Vanity Fair*.—The *Irish Monthly*.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.—*Chambers's Journal*.—*Cassell's Magazine*, in which Mr. J. B. Harwood commences a new serial story.—*Good Words*.—*All the Year Round*.—The *Leisure Hour* and the *Girl's Own Paper*.—*Sunday Magazine*, and its Christmas Number, "Her Gentle Deeds," by Sarah Tytler.—*Letts's Magazine*.—The Christmas Number of the *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*.—The *Ladies' Treasury*.—*Harper's Magazine*, a capital Christmas Number.—The *Melbourne Review*.—The *Atlantic Monthly*.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Barnes (E. G.), How to Arrest Infectious Disease, 12mo	(Churchill)	2/6
Battersby (T. D. H.), Christ the First and Last, cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	5/0
Bird's Nest (The), and Other Songs, small 4to	(Seeley)	2/6
Bride Picotée, cr 8vo	(Bemrose)	3/6
Broadley (A. M.), How we Defended Arabi, 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	18/0
Cassall (D. D.), Manual of Jewish History and Literature, 18mo	(Macmillan)	2/6
Delitzsch (F.), The Hebrew Language, 8vo	(Williams and Norgate)	4/0
Dickens (C.), Speeches of, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	6/0
Duncan (J. M.), Sterility in Women, 8vo	(Churchill)	6/6
Goethe, Poems, &c., by W. Gibson, 12mo	(B. F. Stevens)	6/0
Greene (T. W.), Outlines of Roman Law, 12mo	(Stevens & Sons)	7/6
Greenwood (G.), Victoria, Queen of England, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6/0
Griffin (E. C.), English Dates in Rhyme, 16mo	(Wyman)	2/0
Hope (Lady), The Red Brick Cottage, cr 8vo	(Partridge)	2/6
Horace Walpole and his World, cr 8vo	(Seeley)	6/0
James (F. L.), The Wild Tribes of the Soudan, 8vo	(J. Murray)	21/0
James (H.), Portraits of Places, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	7/6
John Bull and his Island, cr 8vo	(Field & Tner)	2/6
Johnston (A. H.), Camping among Cannibals, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	4/6
Leakey (E. P.), Miracles of Mercy, cr 8vo	(Shaw)	3/6
Leathes (S.), The Characteristics of Christianity, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	6/0
Lindau (R.), The Philosopher's Pendulum, cr 8vo	(Blackwood)	7/6
Little Bugler of Kassassin (The), 16mo	(Nisbet)	2/0
Lorne (Marquis), Memories of Canada, &c., cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	7/6
Lowes (J. D.), Stenography, 8vo	(W. Scott)	2/6
Luther (M.), Hymns Set to Music, 4to	(Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Main (T.), Memorials of, by his Widow, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	6/0
Millican (K. W.), Evolution of Morbid Germs, cr 8vo	(Lewis)	3/6
Old England's Story, by "Brenda," small 4to	(Hatchard)	3/6
Parrington (H. J.), Code of Contract Law, 8vo	(Waterlow)	3/6
Philip, Picturesque History of England, cr 8vo	(Philip)	4/6
Rein (J.), Japan, Travels and Researches in, roy 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	25/0
Rowe (G. S.), Psalms, in Private Devotion, 16mo	(Wesleyan Conf. Office)	2/0
Sandemann (S.), Memoir of, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	6/0
Scrutton (T. E.), The Laws of Copyright, 8vo	(Murray)	10/6
Spickernell (G. E.), Explanatory Arithmetic, cr 8vo	(Griffin)	3/0
Sprott, an Autobiography, small 4to	(Hatchard)	3/6
Stables (G.), Aileen Aroon, 16mo	(Partridge)	5/0
Swinton (A. H.), Almanack of the Christian Era, 4to	(W. H. Allen & Co.)	6/0
Tossaril (L. H.), Injuries to the Eyes and Eyelids, 12mo	(Churchill)	2/6
Valentine (L.), We Three Boys, 16mo	(Warne)	5/0
Williams (M.), Religious Thought in India, Part I, 8vo	(J. Murray)	18/0
Worboise (E. J.), Warleigh's Trust, cr 8vo	(J. Clarke)	5/0

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The Spectator

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ACTIVE operations against Sontay have begun at last. Admiral Courbet, in a telegram dated December 16th, informs the Minister of Marine that he left Hanoi with his force on December 11th, and by the 16th had carried the outworks of Sontay, consisting, we are elsewhere informed, of five stockaded villages. The French loss was thirteen officers and two hundred and thirty-three men, Marines and Turcos, killed and wounded. This is official, and the Admiral states that the enemy made an "intrepid resistance;" which, again, is proved by the unusual proportion of officers killed and disabled. The troops were supported by a heavy fire from the gunboats, which will not be available in the final attack. This was to have been delivered, according to the Admiral, on the 16th, but all other accounts fix the 17th as the day. No direct allusion is made to the presence of Chinese Regulars in Sontay; but the Admiral mentions that "the enemy are well armed." The Tonquinese "Black Flags" are notorious for their courage, but the presence of Chinese leaders, despatched from an Empire supposed by them to be irresistible, would greatly increase their determination. We fear, too, that the French commanders, acting on the theory that the Tonquinese are rebels against their own king, have committed the insane mistake of ordering that no quarter should be given, so that their enemies must fight like rats in a corner.

The intelligence from Sontay was received in the French Senate as almost barring discussion. The Duc de Broglie made a speech on the Votes of Credit, denouncing the general feeling that criticism was unpatriotic, but still that was the feeling; and Admiral Jauréguiberry was warmly cheered for a very Chauvinist speech. He thought China would accept accomplished facts, but if not, he would "follow the example of 1860," when Pekin was directly attacked by Lord Elgin and General Montauban. That could be done without blockading ports, and "Europe would despise France if she passed under the Caudine Forks of China." M. de Freycinet was nearly as violent, asking that China should be called on to withdraw her troops, and that if she did not, "material guarantees" should be seized; and M. Ferry declared that "even the prudent Louis Philippe had affairs in the extreme East," and that "a country did not become great by flinching from difficulties." The Senate voted the first grant, £360,000, by 211 to 7; and the second grant, £800,000, by 215 to 6. The Clericals and their allies did not vote, the Vatican having called attention officially to the position of Catholic converts in the Far East. This matter of the Anamese Christians has been overlooked, but it has a serious effect on French policy, as it impels a considerable section of society in the direction of war.

The wilder Irishmen of New York have been making threats of vengeance for the execution of O'Donnell, and the Home Office believes them to be serious. At least, the most elaborate precautions have been taken under orders from London to protect Mr. Gladstone. Hawarden Castle is full of armed police, and all arrivals are carefully scrutinised. The better Nationalist papers warmly denounce any threat against Mr. Gladstone, but the opinions of the better Irish, even when strongly hostile to England, seem to have no influence whatever on the Irish *Enragés* in any of the three countries. It should not be forgotten, however, that O'Donnell could not read, learning even his alphabet in prison, and that most of the money subscribed to the secret societies comes from exceedingly ignorant persons, who are under a permanent belief that accused Irishmen are always condemned before trial. There seems no limit to popular credulity. Not a fortnight ago, twenty grown men of a hill tribe in India—not savages, but ordinary Mussulmans—flung away their lives by rushing on British guns to prevent a surveying party from carrying away the Tukht-i-Suleiman, or "Throne of Solomon," a conical mountain more than 7,000 feet high.

Mr. Bright spoke twice at Keighley yesterday week, once at lunch and once at an evening meeting. At the lunch he declared his belief that the House of Lords was not absolutely unteachable, and that to speak of it as a Home for Incurables was needlessly harsh. They would hardly resist, he thought, the assimilation of the County and Borough Franchise, since that would weaken them for forcing a dissolution on the Redistribution Bill, which he believed that they would prefer. In the evening he made a rather feeble apology for the property qualification in counties,—the qualification of which the Anti-Corn-Law League made so effective a use forty years ago, but which will not be wanted when once household suffrage is extended to the counties. Mr. Bright apologised for the 40s. freehold, as a means of enfranchising widowers or young men who do not want to have a house of their own; but if the lodger franchise is not to be discontinued,—and we have never heard this proposed,—it would be easy for such men to secure a qualification by contributing towards the cost of the household in which they reside. The truth is that it will be really impossible to get rid effectually of the faggot-voters, unless we get rid effectually of the property qualification. Mr. Bright also declared himself hostile to universal suffrage. "I believe, if you cannot have a good Government with a representation based upon your household franchise mainly or generally, a good Government is not to be had for the people of this country."

In relation to the principle of the representation of minorities, Mr. Bright, as usual, became almost incoherently indignant. And yet he virtually admitted the abstract principle, when he suggested this as the proper reply to the demand made by its adherents—namely, that Tory majorities, in the places where the Tories get majorities, fairly represent the Tory minorities in places where they are defeated, and, *mutatis mutandis*, with the Liberals. Now, that is an exceedingly good reply, supposing you take care that your constituencies are numerous enough and various enough in their conditions to ensure that there will be enough majorities in some places to represent the outvoted minorities in others. But Mr. Bright, in the same speech, appeared to deprecate any equalisation of electoral districts, and to demand that all the six Members (say) to which immense towns like Glasgow or Birmingham may be entitled, should be elected in a solid list by the absolute majority of the electors, and without the smallest attempt to secure the compensation of a variety of constituencies, voting under different local conditions. Nothing could be more unfair than that, or less likely to secure that the minority of one place should be proportionately represented by the majority of another.

It is stated by a Conservative contemporary that, in the event of Sir Henry Brand's retirement from the Speakership, the Conservatives will bring forward Sir Matthew White Ridley as

a candidate for the post. We do not know that Sir Matthew Ridley has had more special experience in this kind of work than Mr. Peel, though his great abilities have been recognised on both sides of the House, and though, no doubt, he would make an excellent Speaker, if he had been nominated for the Speakership by a Conservative Government. If a rival to Mr. Peel is put forward, it will doubtless be in the hope of testing the disposition of the Irish party. Probably Mr. Parnell's hint that he is ready to throw out the Liberals has dropped into eager ears. There would be no discredit in getting Mr. Parnell's suffrage for a Conservative Speaker, and a good vote for a Conservative Speaker would encourage the party to fresh efforts. If these be the tactics, we are sorry that so good a name as Sir Matthew Ridley's should be mixed up with them.

Prince Bismarck has gone a step farther on the "Socialistic" path. He has introduced two Bills into the Prussian Chamber, altering the incidence of the Income-tax. By the first, all persons with less than £60 a year are declared exempt, and the tax is graduated on all who receive incomes between £60 a year and £500, the highest rate being 3 per cent., or 7½d. in the pound. To remedy the deficit thus created, which amounts to £325,000 a year, an additional Income-tax is imposed on all incomes derived from invested money, beginning with 1¼d. in the pound on dividends of £30 a year, and rising to 5d. in the pound on dividends above £500. The progressive scale goes no higher, but this is, of course, in principle, the *impôt progressif*, and differs wholly from our own system of exempting necessary income. The exemption of landed incomes is justified by the existence of the land-tax, but is really caused by the impossibility of getting such a tax through the Upper House. It is very doubtful if the second Bill will pass, and if it does, the Chancellor will find that he has given the Socialists a very dangerous weapon. There is a point at which taxation on sleeping capital drives money underground, like the taxation in Oriental countries, and a much nearer point at which investors invest abroad. Swiss capitalists do that already.

The Crown Prince of Germany has visited the Pope in state. A pleasingly absurd little fiction was kept up that he was living at the Prussian Legation to the Vatican, and not at the Quirinal, and Cardinal Jacobini gravely called on him at Dr. Schlözer's house, where he was not, and received the explanation that the Prince was absent without a smile. The party, moreover, drove to the Vatican in private carriages; but once there, all the formalities used in receiving crowned heads were carefully observed. The Crown Prince had a private audience of fifty minutes, and notes of the conversation were afterwards carefully taken down. As no one yet knows the topic of discussion, all rumours on the subject are untrustworthy; but neither Pope nor Prince was likely to lose such an opportunity. The Pope desires a reconciliation with Germany, and modern Princes always dislike religious divisions among their subjects. They cannot themselves feel enthusiastic about dogmas, being trained from childhood to tolerance; and they never quite forget the future, as Premiers sometimes do. They have descendants to think of, and know that every form of discontent will die out, except a religious grievance. Parties change rapidly, but sects can hate one another for centuries on end.

No intelligence has been received this week from Egypt, General Baker having been delayed in his departure for Suakim by want of money. He has, however, started at last, with full powers from the Khedive, but written orders to be as little enterprising as possible. It is expected that he will only hold Suakim until he can collect 2,000 of the Black Regulars still left in Suakim and other places in the south. Some application appears to have been made to the British Government, for all correspondents report that it has finally refused to interfere in the Soudan, and will protect Egypt Proper only. The Khedive is said to be afraid of a religious movement in Egypt, and to be asking assistance from Turkey; but nothing is accurately known, except that the Egyptian Government feels its new army to be quite incompetent to its work, and talks of "stiffening" it with 2,000 Turks or Circassians. The Circassians, however, will be an element of trouble, as they would speedily overmaster three times their number of Egyptians.

Mr. F. L. James, who has studied and lived among the tribes between Suakim and the Nile, writes to the *Times* to say they are not as yet influenced by the Mahdi. They are in insurrection to secure independence of the Egyptian Government, which they accuse, quite justly, of excessive tyranny, dictated by a desire for taxes. The tribes are, in fact, pillaged whenever a Pasha feels strong enough. The men are finely built and very brave, but armed mainly with shields, swords, and lances, their rifles being few. Mr. James believes that if their grievances were redressed they would keep the road to Khartoum open, but the Sheikhs say they will trust the Egyptians no more. They wish for pledges from the British Government, which, of course, they cannot obtain. They would, doubtless, accept black-mail, as the Hill tribes of India do, when it is necessary to open the passes; but the Egyptian treasury has no money to spare, and the British Government will advance none for any such object. What with the destruction of Hicks Pasha's Army, the successful attack on Consul Moncrieff's little force, and the slaughter of the Nubians a fortnight since, the Sheikhs will be apt to believe themselves invincible; and while they believe it, they are so. No force except a European one could force a way through the defiles stretching behind Suakim, even if the Arabs had not recently obtained large supplies of rifles. Indeed, with the experience of Isandlana behind us, it is difficult to be quite certain that even Europeans, unless collected in great numbers, could do the work.

Lord R. Churchill began a series of speeches in Edinburgh on Tuesday by a furious attack on the Egyptian policy of the Government, his idea being that we should restore Arabi, repudiate the public Debt, sponge out the debt of the Fellaheen, and place Egypt under a truly Constitutional Prince. We have said enough of his extraordinary exaggerations elsewhere, but must add a note here on his remark that Egypt is not the route to India. In war-time, we must, he says, trust to our ships, and not to any transcontinental route. That may be true, though our ships are as useful in the Mediterranean as off the Cape; but Egypt, if not the route to India, is its gate. If it belonged to any other Power, we should have to keep a Channel Fleet in the Red Sea, fortify every Indian port, and then be everlastingly expecting attack.

Lord Randolph devoted his Wednesday's speech to a tirade against the agricultural labourer, as a person quite unfit for Parliamentary representation; and a demand for redistribution in the representation of boroughs, which he declared to be at present unjust, while the enfranchisement of the rural labourer is not only not just, but altogether "premature, inexpedient, unnatural, and, therefore, highly dangerous." The Liberals wanted to enfranchise the poor farmer and the agricultural labourer, because they counted confidently on seducing their "uneducated minds and feeble political intelligence with their worn-out sophistries and fallacies." He would wait, he said, with his usual sobriety and wisdom, till the agricultural labourers marched on London and pulled down the Hyde Park palings, before enfranchising them; for that would constitute the kind of qualification for the franchise which it would be wrong and foolish to resist. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches were so "boastful," and Mr. Trevelyan's so "gushing," that Lord Randolph Churchill took no account of them. Further, Lord Randolph thought minority representation gross humbug (especially as, according to him, it gives the Liberals twenty seats, and the Conservatives only two). He concluded by expressing a confident hope that the Government's "sinister machinations" in proposing a Reform Bill as a last resource for retaining office would be foiled, and that the constituencies would "refuse to renew to these unmasked impostors the confidence which they so unblushingly demand." Lord Randolph's Parliamentary Billingsgate is not in any degree mitigated. Of increased exasperation it was intrinsically incapable.

Lord Randolph concluded on Thursday what the *Times* calls his "trilogy" of speeches in Edinburgh by a speech on Ireland, on which we have said almost enough in another column. We may add here that he accused the Government of having brought Ireland into the state of misery from which it required the Coercion Act to redeem her; and declared that from 1875 to 1879 Ireland was quiet enough, but that directly Mr. Gladstone came into power, Ireland fell into anarchy. The truth, however, is that in the autumn of 1879 and the spring of 1880, Ireland was fast falling into the condition which Lord Beaconsfield himself, in the spring of 1880, described as one of "veiled rebellion;" and this Lord Randolph knows as well as

any one, though it suited his purpose to conceal it. The disastrous famine of 1879 produced that crisis in the agrarian problem which the conduct of the Lords, in throwing out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, turned into a political and social catastrophe of the first magnitude. "We have gone in three short years," says Lord Randolph, "too far, and we have gone too fast; the hill is very steep, the drag has not been sufficiently weighted, and unless we take a long pull and a strong pull, the horses will get away from us, and there will be a terrible smash." Perhaps so, but why, then, did the mischievous speaker so often double-thong the leaders of the Irish coach, when, according to his own account, he ought to have lent a hand to pull as hard as he could at the reins?

Lord Randolph has infected the Fourth Party, and the hangers-on of the Fourth Party, with his own choice language. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff spoke at Birkenhead on Wednesday of the time having come when the people should unite to get rid "of the imposture of a Government which had ruled the country for four years;" and expressed his profound surprise that "so notorious an incapable as Lord Ripon" should have introduced the Ilbert Bill. Whether that was meant as praise of the Ilbert Bill or not, we do not know, but one would suppose that Sir H. D. Wolff would have felt no surprise if a "notorious incapable" had introduced an exceedingly bad Bill, and would have felt much if such a one had introduced an exceedingly good one. Mr. MacIver, M.P., at the same meeting, remarked that the Government cared "for nothing but the loaves and fishes of office,"—a very dull sort of taunt, which it is difficult to conceive that even Mr. MacIver, M.P., seriously levelled at them. Not that we would pretend to fathom Mr. MacIver's capacity in that direction.

Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain addressed the Liberals of Birmingham on Monday. We have said enough of Sir Charles Dilke's singularly able speech elsewhere, but we wish to quote from Mr. Chamberlain's a sentence or two which are worth recording:—"Of all those who rejoice in Sir Charles's success, there can be no one who should do it more cordially, or with greater reason, than myself. During our acquaintance, now lasting through a considerable period, we have been united by a close political and personal friendship, which has known no break or interruption, and which has been one of the greatest pleasures of my public life. During all that time, I do not recollect that we have ever had a serious difference of opinion upon any important subject. Since I have been in the House of Commons, we have never voted in different lobbies. On the other hand, we have often stood shoulder to shoulder in many a contest, sometimes in a small minority, sometimes entirely alone, always with mutual trust and confidence, and without a trace of those petty personal jealousies which so often spoil the intercourse of public men." That is finely said; and yet, if we mistake not greatly, the ultimate drift of thought in the two minds will be found one day to be widely different.

The difficulty which the rich have in quite understanding the position of the poor was well illustrated in a speech of Lord Lorne at Glasgow on Tuesday. He has been making many speeches on emigration to Canada, often very good, though with a little too much of the gazetteer in them; but on Tuesday he propounded a new idea. He thought wealthy citizens at home could not do better than assist emigrating families with £50 or £100 each. "Families with able-bodied men and women among them might rest assured of success, if they could get any of their wealthy fellow-citizens to give them £50 or £100." Does Lord Lorne really think that the hard-working, rough-living, industrious families, who succeed as agricultural emigrants, would fail here, if they had £100 of capital each? His father's crofters would tell him a very different story, and so would the ploughmen and thatchers of the South.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has introduced a new horror into public life. It has addressed a circular to all Liberal unofficial Members, asking whether they are in favour of making the Franchise Bill the first item in the programme of next Session, and whether they would extend the Bill to Ireland, with some other matters. A return of the answers is to be published when they are complete, but the editor already reports an approach to unanimity. Only ten per cent. of the Members as yet heard from object to put Franchise first, and only one Member objects to include Ireland in the scheme. The facts are interesting, but our contemporary should reflect on the reply received by a Boston editor to a circular asking all members of the State Legislature to state their religious faith. One senator told him that he believed in a God, and humbly hoped there was a heaven, "a place where there is less friction than in this world, and no editors."

Mr. Tupper writes to Wednesday's *Times* in enthusiastic delight at the peerage conferred upon Mr. Tennyson, and indeed in a style of eloquence so elevated, that it appears to reveal him as the probable author of a remarkable article in a weekly contemporary concerning the appropriateness of an English peerage for men of the stamp of Julius Cæsar and Michael Angelo, at which literary folks have been laughing for the last week. Mr. Tupper is shocked that success in literature has not been more generally recognised in England as a title to political distinction, and refers to China, France, and the United States as countries where a very much higher estimate of literary ability prevails. But if England be an exception in this respect, it is because the English people have not been found eager, like the French people, to single out literary men for Parliamentary distinction. Where they have been so singled out, their literary distinction has certainly aided rather than held them back. Lord Macaulay owed his political eminence chiefly to his speeches, but the popularity of his speeches was greatly aided by the popularity of his essays. Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Lytton certainly stood higher in Parliamentary repute through their novels than they would have stood without them; and neither Mr. Cowen nor Mr. John Morley has found his journalistic fame anything but a help in the House of Commons. Why literary success which does not minister to political services should be any special title to political distinction, it does not seem easy to say. We do not make Peers of great geologists or great electricians, and it is not easy to understand why we should make Peers of great poets. Perhaps the author of the "Proverbial Philosophy" might have a claim of his own to represent, with even exceptional distinction, that delight in platitude, which in the English middle-class rises almost to a passion; but Mr. Tennyson, fortunately, has no such claim.

Mr. Plunket, M.P. for the University of Dublin, opened on Wednesday a Beaconsfield Club at Shrewsbury, and in doing so made a very elaborate speech on the Irish policy of the Government, bitterly condemning it for the past, indeed, calling it a policy of "high hopes, reckless optimism, and wild adventure," and still more bitterly condemning it for the future, that is, for the proposal, which it seems likely to make, that household franchise shall be given in Ireland as well as in England. He declared his belief that, with the *present* distribution of seats, this would swell Mr. Parnell's party, in case of a dissolution before any redistribution of seats had taken place, to a phalanx of ninety to ninety-five Members; and that, with such a party, Mr. Parnell could prevent any redistribution of seats in Ireland which could in any degree redress the balance by increasing the weight of the soberer and wealthier North. What Mr. Plunket really argued for is to hide from ourselves, so far as we can, the real condition of popular opinion in Ireland, and to keep Ireland misrepresented or unrepresented, while we accord a full and fair representation to England and Scotland. Could there be a stronger plea for separation than the serious wish of British statesmen to falsify the Parliamentary representation of Ireland, though they do not dare to ask straightforwardly for its suspension or abolition?

It has been shown in letters to the *Times* that, so far as the statistics can be trusted, the marriage of deaf-mutes very rarely indeed results in offspring who have the same congenital defect; while Mr. Dalby, the aurist, reports it as his own observation that congenital deafness is very much commoner among the offspring of marriages between cousins, than even among the offspring of marriages between persons unrelated to each other of whom either one or both are congenitally deaf. If this can be amply supported on scientific evidence, it would certainly go to prove that even a striking coincidence of constitutional defects arising from different causes has but little tendency to reproduce itself in the offspring; while a weakness of constitution which is due in both parents to one and the same origin, though manifesting itself in no such coincidence of defect, results in unexpected deficiencies. But are the statistics on these subjects really adequate and accurate?

Bank Rate, 3 per cent.
Consols were on Friday $100\frac{1}{4}$ to $100\frac{3}{8}$ x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. BRIGHT AS CONSERVATIVE.

BOTH in the speech at Keighley yesterday week, and in the speech near Padiham on Tuesday, Mr. Bright posed as, what in many respects he really is, a good, sound, English Conservative. This will be a new aspect in which to regard him for those who remember his eloquent denunciations of the British aristocracy and the Bishops,—those creatures "of monstrous, nay, even of adulterous birth,"—and his fierce attacks on the wealthy in the name of the poor, not only during the time of the Anti-Corn Law League, but also during the Reform agitation of 1858 in the many splendid but often very bitter speeches by which Mr. Bright signalised it; but it is nevertheless a true one, and we think we can show that in a very real sense Mr. Bright is by nature as good a Conservative as exists in England.

But when we call Mr. Bright a good Conservative, we only mean this,—not that he loves to wear all his life a shoe that pinches him because he has worn it once, but only that he loves to wear the shoe that does not pinch him, at least till it is worn out, rather than get a new one. No doubt, the whole influence exerted by the aristocracy over the House of Commons, and all the traditions of an Episcopal Church, have been to Mr. Bright as politically galling as tight shoes are physically galling, ever since he was a boy. He is not so Conservative as to cling eagerly to a galling incident of life of any kind. But he is so Conservative that he does not really desire to change that which he would never have created, but to which he has so far got accustomed that he looks upon it with a certain moderate satisfaction, as a familiar feature in a scene that he has learnt to love. We believe that it was, indeed, in some measure, Mr. Bright's strong feeling that under the Ten-pounders the British Constitution was not broadly enough based to inspire any hearty national Conservatism, that made him so anxious to popularise it and gain it a hold on the affections of Englishmen in general. Undoubtedly, there is a kind of Conservatism which insists on width of basis, as well as one that exults in the exclusiveness of narrow privilege. There was a middle-class Conservatism which would have gone no farther than the ten-pounders, but which could not feel that there was any basis for Conservatism at all while the unreformed Parliament was in existence. Mr. Bright's Conservatism was wider than that. He felt that he could not really regard the English Constitution as one to be clung to with all the Conservative elements of the English character, till it rested on a basis so wide that any father of a family might claim to represent his family in choosing the Member of Parliament for the locality in which he lived. But this once achieved, Mr. Bright's main feeling will evidently be a Conservative one. He will still, of course, reserve to himself the right to level the Episcopal Church with the Churches of the Nonconformists. He will still, of course, claim the right to find some machinery by which the Commons may overrule the Peers. But for the rest, he will be disposed to cling to what he has, rather than to venture into the region of new and "new-fangled" ideas. Mr. Bright is as Conservative as any Englishman ever born, of any habit that has associated itself even with the prejudices of a great multitude. He is by theory a Republican, but no English statesman of the day has shown more hearty and personal loyalty to the Throne, and it is probable that none would be more grieved than he by a revolution which would shake the Throne. He is by principle a Democrat, but Mr. Bright has never in public even mooted the idea of abolishing the House of Lords, though he has mooted the idea of passing a constitutional amendment which would render it impossible for the Lords to veto the same Bill a second time. He likes a wide suffrage, but he tells us honestly that he does not wish to go beyond household suffrage; that he thinks if the principle that the father of the family shall vote for the family is not wide enough for the United Kingdom, representative institutions in the United Kingdom will never be improved by widening that wide basis. He has often praised the American system, but he will not hear of equal electoral districts, and evidently thinks Mr. Forster something like a mere revolutionist for advocating an approximation to that plan. As for the minority representation, he loathes it, without discussing it, not, as it seems to us, because it is in principle anything but strictly democratic, but because it is something to which he is unaccustomed, something which appears to challenge,—what it does not really challenge at all,—the right of the majority to rule. In a word, though Mr. Bright cannot feel Conservative towards anything which does not really attract a very large popular sympathy, yet that condition once satisfied, he is amongst the most Conservative of the Conservative, and would rather retain any number of theoretic anomalies than make too violent an inroad on what had endeared itself to the imagination of the masses. Even in relation to a matter so alien to all his own convictions as Church-rates, it was he who advocated the retention of the form of a Church-rate for those who voluntarily accepted it. There is a great deal in the observance of a traditional form even after the significance of it is gone, which recommends itself to the heart of a true Conservative, and in this sense Mr. Bright is amongst the truest of Conservatives. "The ancient principles of the Constitution," is a phrase which is as often found in Mr. Bright's speeches as in those of any Conservative orator. "You want those you are admitting to the franchise to be guided by the ancient principles of the Constitution, in all that they do when they have power," he said, in 1867, "in order that they may not depart from that great chart which I hope, in some degree, they have studied, and which was laid down by our forefathers in this House." Could you find in the speeches of Burke, or Pitt, or the late Sir Robert Peel, a more thoroughly Conservative aspiration? "I profess," he said to the Conservatives in 1859, "to be in intention as Conservative as you,—I believe infinitely more so, if you look forward twenty or thirty years into the future;" and he urged the cause of Parliamentary Reform expressly on the ground that Reform would "confer a lustre which time could never dim, on that benignant reign under which we have the happiness to live."

There is no paradox in saying that Conservatism of Mr. Bright's kind is extremely popular with Englishmen, that though they will not as a people approve what is without a broad popular base, that broad popular base once secured, they cherish a dislike to experiments, a prejudice against superfluous tinkerings, a deep suspicion of clever suggestions. They like to tread on the beaten track, and though when they feel a grievance, they will try to remove it, they will try to remove it with as little change as possible, and will certainly prefer extracting its sting to any attempt at abolishing its cause. They love to patch their house rather than to rebuild it, to keep as ornament what was originally meant for use, to turn to constant use what was originally meant only for precaution,—to do anything, in fact, rather than alter the forms to which they are accustomed, and discard the usages whose drift has become obsolete. And Mr. Bright represents the English people in nothing so much as in this Conservative bias. He smiles at the old Gothic tower, but proposes to retain it. He will never again use the drawbridge, but he is not a little proud of it. He has secured the portcullis so carefully that it can never be let down, but nothing would induce him to remove and destroy it. He is a Conservative, sympathising with the mass of the people; and if Sir Stafford Northcote really wishes to prosper, he might do worse than follow somewhat anxiously in many of the footsteps of Mr. Bright.

THE NEWS FROM TONQUIN.

WE fear the French are at last committed to a most serious enterprise, the conquest of Tonquin in the face of Chinese resistance. It is conceivable even now that the peasantry may interfere, or that the Chinese Cabinet, with its deep reluctance to avowed war, may at the twelfth hour agree to partition Tonquin; but the news from Sontay, and still more, the reception of that news in the Senate, taken together with the extraordinary result of General Campenon's appeal to the French Army, diminish our hopes to the lowest minimum. It is clear that immediately after the vote in the French Chamber. stringent orders were sent to Admiral Courbet, with the stimulating information that when fresh reinforcements were despatched, General Millot would supersede him in the land command. Upon receipt of these orders, Admiral Courbet, who had been hesitating, apparently in response to the hesitation in Paris, proceeded at once to action, and determined to risk everything upon a forward movement. He swept up his scattered garrisons so completely, that both Hanoi and Haiphong, his two dépôts, must, if the Chinese at all understand their business, be in serious danger of surprise, and with 7,000 men moved up the branch of the Songkoi upon which Sontay stands. On the 15th inst. he reached the outworks of the fortress, a line of villages connected by stockades, and at once

attacked. The post was defended by the Tonquinese Militia, or Black Flags, with a hardihood admitted by the Admiral,—who was himself, according to one report, wounded—and though the houses were carried by a determined rush, the French lost 233 men and thirteen officers, killed, or seriously wounded. The loss is by itself of little importance, but the houses were under the fire of the gunboats from the river, and the statement shows both that the Tonquinese will fight bravely under a storm of shells, and that the French officers found it necessary to expose themselves with reckless gallantry. The proportion of officers killed and wounded is out of all precedent, even in French campaigns. The immediate defences of the citadel and the citadel itself have still to be carried, and as the gunboats can render comparatively little assistance,—the works being a mile from the river, and the Chinese Regulars, if present at all, are within the fort,—this will be a formidable operation. The attack was to commence on the 17th inst, the Admiral resting for a day, we presume to bring up heavier guns, and long before our next issue appears the result will be known in London.

This news, showing the actual commencement of hostilities, is most serious. In the first place, it scarcely leaves to the Pekin Government any alternatives except a declaration of war, or a submission which will extremely irritate their people, and will completely destroy the influence of their Ambassador. The Marquis Tseng stands pledged to the lips to fight, if Sontay is taken. In the second place, victory will encourage M. Ferry in the policy he has put forward, and which he cannot carry out without, as he openly avows, storming Bacninh and Hung Hoa, the third fortress higher up the river, and at least threatening Mang Hoa, on the frontier. The fortresses are of no use by themselves, for the Chinese can close the river at Mang Hoa, and so prohibit the hoped-for trade,—and can, at any convenient moment, stop the productiveness of the import duties. There is no success in a half-result like that, and M. Ferry obviously feels this, for he is at last sending out serious reinforcements, which will raise the French Army to 15,000 men, under an experienced General. In his speech of Thursday to the Senate, he virtually defied China; and his former colleague, Admiral Jauréguiberry, "whose plans of 1879," said M. Ferry, "I have taken up," openly threatened Pekin, not only with war, but with invasion. The French Premier, indeed, evidently feels his hands set free by the commencement of hostilities, and though we may distrust his view of French rural opinion —and we do distrust it—he has much that is plausible to allege in its favour. Some very important indications of opinion have occurred since we last wrote, and are sufficient to show that, whatever the reluctance of the peasantry to go to war, the *classes dirigeantes* are of opinion that the war should be prosecuted energetically. Those classes are represented most fully in the Senate, and the vote of the Senate for the Tonquin credit was crushing,—215 to 6. Then the Clericals are shaking—probably from sympathy with the 400,000 Catholic converts said to exist in Anam—Bishop Freppel, their representative in the Chamber, a most determined reactionary, and a bitter opponent of M. Ferry's Ministry, declaring, amidst the dismay of the secular Right, that it was a simple duty to vote for the second Credit, as the honour of France was pledged, and that he should perform his duty. The Duc de Broglie evidently felt this an almost mortal blow to the opposition, and in fact, in the Senate all the Clericals abstained from voting, though they knew that abstention would make the vote of the Senate seem almost unanimous. And finally, General Campenon's appeal to the Army has received a most unexpected response. It is officially stated that 3,000 officers and 30,000 soldiers have volunteered for Tonquin, and though this may be an exaggeration, intended to show that the Army is favourable to the war, it is certain that 1,700 men volunteered in the garrison of Paris alone—Paris being just the place soldiers are loth to leave—and that the number required at once, 6,500 men, was filled up in an instant, the men having already reached the ports. The election is still far off, and with this tone among the Respectables and the Army, M. Ferry may feel that he can go forward without endangering his Ministry. He may not go forward, for there is some singular arrangement under discussion, amidst all the din, which may yet prevent war; but if he does, nothing can avert a great campaign. We do not believe that the Chinese dynasty could keep on the throne if it surrendered Tonquin—which, owing to the magnitude of its rivers, is the true gate of Southern China—without a war; and with Hanoi, Haiphong, Haidzuong, Sontay, Bacninh, and Hung Hoa all occupied by French troops, Tonquin is lost to China for ever. There is still, of course, the chance of partition, but that will be in reality a French surrender, and will ensure the precise result which Chinese statesmen dread, namely, an actual contact between the boundary of their Empire and that of the most restless of European Powers. If that is to be the solution, we have all over-rated both the nerve of the Cabinet of Pekin and its dread of being compelled to organise a standing army in Southern China. A very few days, however, must now make the prospect clear.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

IT is a genuine pleasure to any Liberal politician to read a speech like that delivered by Sir Charles Dilke, at Birmingham, on Monday. Liberals are suffering just now from a depression of a peculiar kind. They have not the slightest fear, as their opponents fancy, of seeing their Party shattered by defections, or of being beaten on the hustings, or of seeing the kingdom entrusted to Lord Salisbury, whose place in politics is, as they know well, a guarantee of safety for any Liberal Administration. But what with the Irish Extremists, and with Tory obstructionists like Mr. Bourke, and the Members for villages, and with the House of Lords, they are dispirited by the amount of friction through which they are compelled to advance, by the disproportion between talk and work, and by the "worrit" involved in the new system of resisting details after the principle has been conceded. They feel sometimes like men who are growing old, and who weary of the burden of enterprises which, nevertheless, they can think out more clearly than ever before. To men in such a mood, a speech like Sir Charles Dilke's, a speech by a born administrator, who knows how details will press, but who is nevertheless young in his mind, and can face the toil of dealing with them with cheery confidence, is a true refreshment. The President of the Local Government Board is not alarmed a bit at all the talk about the impossibility of carrying big Bills. He says nine measures of the first importance, controversial measures rousing huge debate, were passed in 1870, and eight in 1871; and three measures, the Franchise Bill, the County Government Bill, and the Municipal Bill for London, can surely be passed in 1884,—and they shall, or, at all events, they shall either be accepted or rejected. There is a ring of courage and "go" about that utterance which delighted the meeting, and will be appreciated by the whole country, more especially as Sir Charles Dilke makes no effort to conceal the magnitude of the task to be accomplished. On the contrary, though he says the Franchise Bill will be "short and simple," and though he intimates that the London Bill has fewer opponents than the world imagines, he devotes the larger part of his speech to a careful explanation of the greatness of the County Government Bill, of its wide scope, and probable immense effects. He wants it to be, and hints that it will be, a thoroughly decentralising Bill, creating local administrations everywhere, and relieving the central authority of great masses of work. "It is a ridiculous fact," said Sir Charles, that in the chosen home of free elective institutions we "have a vast number of large towns with no true and simple form of urban institutions." We not only have no system under which such places can be organised at once, but "we have an overlapping of areas, and a confusion of bodies, and of functions, and of taxes, and of debts, which bewilders every man who attempts to grasp the principles upon which it rests." All such confusion should be swept away, and the powers of the Local Government Board should be transferred in great measure to Elective County Councils, supervising District Councils which will do the direct municipal work, and which will gather to themselves the powers of all manner of separate bodies. "It is universally admitted that below the county you find chaos, and it would be absurd to pretend to deal with local government, and leave the chaos chaos still." There "must be, if possible, a division of rates between occupiers and owners," the "present subsidies should be replaced by a sounder financial system," and the local taxes "now collected for the State should be assigned to local authorities," all of them principles carefully laid down by the Liberal chiefs in the debate of 1883 on local government. "To prevent multiplication of elections, and consequent cost, worry, and loss of interest in elections, district councillors and county councillors should be elected at the same time." All this points to a large, even sweeping reform, a Bill of many clauses, each one o

which will arouse hostile interests, excite passionate party debate, and give endless opportunities for deliberate obstruction. Nevertheless, Sir Charles Dilke, who will have all the work to do, is ready to do it, thinks he can pass the Bill, and amidst hearty cheering calls upon the Liberals of Birmingham to stand shoulder to shoulder, and insist upon the three great measures, besides two smaller ones which he named, being made law next Session.

We are convinced that this is the right tone to take, when it is taken by a serious statesman, not suspected of being cheerful from mere levity, and this for two reasons. One is, that when the Government is lugubrious or despondent, or visibly harassed by apprehensions of obstruction, resistance by delay comes to be expected, and therefore to seem natural, and therefore to be tolerated. It ought to be considered as what it is,—a great treachery, forbidden by the unwritten law of Parliament, and injurious to the welfare of the country, and therefore no more to be expected than a dynamite explosion under the floor of the House of Commons. It should not be received with dreary tolerance, as if it were a mere bore and a weariness necessary to be endured; but with hot surprise and indignation, as an assault on Parliament to be immediately put down by the use of all the machinery that the Houses can justifiably set in motion. The permanent idea ought to be that any necessary work can be done in the Session, and that to leave it undone is a failure which reflects discredit either upon the Government, or upon the machine through which its work has to be done. The other reason is that the importance of a measure is no test of the difficulties that will impede its path. Very often it is so important that it attracts the attention of the whole people, and then, if they approve it, they lend it a momentum before which difficulties vanish. Members who wish to resist are informed that the Bill must pass, upon peril of their seats, and accordingly it does pass, with what seems to outsiders unintelligible ease. It is quite possible that this may be the case with this very County Government Bill. It is certainly desired, ardently desired, by all Liberals, and if it is anything like as thorough-going as Sir Charles Dilke implies, it will be so popular in Ireland that the Liberal majorities in the House of Commons will be overwhelming. Every clause may be supported by a majority of more than a hundred, and the Tory Lords, merely to clear the Bill out of the way of the constituencies before the election, will have nothing to do but to submit. In this case, the very magnitude of the Bill will have given it the necessary weight, and Sir Charles Dilke's hopefulness will have been based not only upon temperament, but upon reason.

At all events, his is not the cheeriness of a man who goes to battle with a light heart, never counting up the cost. It is, we hope, going to be a mark of the new Radicals that they know how to administer, and certainly if Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain are specimens of them, the hope is justified. Sir Charles Dilke finished up his weighty speech by a statement which might have come from the most effective of middle-aged Permanent Under-Secretaries. He is going to help the rehousing of the poor by working the existing law. He is quite certain that, under that law, much may be done for the abolition of rookeries, and he is going to do it. He has asked a "local authority," which has apparently consented, to purchase a London slum under its compulsory powers, and has found that compensation, which is, of course, the great difficulty, can be reduced under Torrens's Act to reasonable proportions. Under that Act he can appoint a valuer, "who must take into consideration the condition of the property, the probable duration of the buildings in their existing state, and the state of their repair." With those data fairly taken into account, such buildings will be cheap, the local authorities are willing to buy cheap buildings, and the rookeries may be attacked in succession, almost without any fresh legislation. That is true administration, and our only fear is that Lord Salisbury will quote Sir Charles Dilke's efficiency as a reason why a Municipality for London is really not required. It is, however, the efficient man who says that the new and great local Assembly is absolutely indispensable.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL ON EGYPT.

WE confess to a keen disappointment at Lord Randolph Churchill's Egyptian speech. We have hoped against hope that this young man—who, though he chose to present himself as a sort of Puck in politics, and imitated Mr. Disraeli's earliest and worst manner, and countenanced the Parnellites whenever they were degrading the House of Commons, had in him some "go" and separateness—would some day shake off his Harlequin skin, and appear, clothed and in his right mind, in the character of a man at least pretending to be a statesman. He was said to be ambitious, known to be audacious, and he possessed that first of useful faculties, the power of compelling enemies to pay him some degree of attention. He might have developed at least into a Parliamentary critic, with whose outspoken version of affairs more reticent and solemn politicians would always have to reckon. That hope has disappeared. No man ever could have a better chance than Lord Randolph Churchill enjoyed in Edinburgh on Tuesday. An Edinburgh audience, if Tory, will hear anything; and if Liberal, is so earnestly Liberal, that the wildest attacks upon its faith will only produce a smile. He had for his subject the one topic upon which the Liberal Government is open to scathing criticism, the one great experiment it has made which has hitherto apparently failed, the one portion of its policy which has landed it to all appearance in an *impasse* from which it can neither honourably retire nor profitably advance. Mr. Gladstone's Government could have been attacked as to Egypt most effectively, and best attacked by a rather unconventional speaker. There are plenty of things to be said about the incapacity of the Khedive, which hampers us at every turn; about the injustice of the Law of Liquidation; about the effect of our presence in strengthening usurers; about the paralysis of administration which dual government produces; about the hopelessness of expecting to reinvigorate the morale of the Egyptian Army by kindliness and attention to drill. We have re-established the Khedive, and he is powerless; "reinvigorated" the Army, and it cannot defend the land; reformed the administration of justice, and nobody can get any. A solid case, requiring answer, could have been made out against the method adopted by the Cabinet in Egypt; and Lord Randolph, of all men, was free to make it. He was not bound to adhere to Lord Salisbury's ideas, or to defend Liberal advice, or to be faithful towards Tories, or to be tolerant towards Radicals; he was a Free-lance, able to utter his own thought, and certain, if the thought were an able one, or even a clear one, to find it sufficiently respected. He has uttered his own thought, and it will be years before he is again believed to be capable of a sound one. It is the thought of a schoolboy of fifteen, who has got up a little of his subject by two nights' study of a half-understood Blue-book, but who knows absolutely nothing either of men or politics, of what is possible and what impossible, of what Governments attempt, and what, however willing, they are compelled to leave alone. His invective, instead of being an ornament of debate, is hotter and sillier than that of the last Irish importation; his reasoning is only absurd conclusions from imaginary premises; and his plan is as foolish as if he had proposed to solve all English Constitutional difficulties by restoring the Heptarchy.

Throughout, Lord Randolph Churchill exaggerates in the style of some Anarchist who, in a Parisian wine-shop, denounces all capitalists as blood-suckers and all politicians as the purchased enemies of the people. Not believing Egypt to be the route to India, he does not approve interference in the country; and therefore declares that Mr. Gladstone went there only as the agent of the Bondholders, that he struck at commerce by bombarding Alexandria, by occupying Ismailia, and by devastating the country—the latter an incident which never occurred;—that he has committed "a great crime," and "that he has returned to the detestable foreign policy which preceded the great Reform Bill." The natural conclusion of that outburst is, that Mr. Gladstone ought never to have gone to Egypt at all, a conclusion which is, at least, intelligible and consistent; but then, perhaps, therefore, it is not Lord Randolph Churchill's. Mr. Gladstone, in his judgment, was wrong, criminally wrong, in entering Egypt; and, therefore, he ought to have gone there as the ally of Arabi, whom the French or the Turks would infallibly have put down, if we had not. Next, Lord Randolph Churchill disapproves the selection of Tewfik as the instrument of government, and therefore he must denounce him twice over as the vilest of mankind, "a being not worthy the name of man," the "author of the massacre of Alexandria," "one of the most despicable wretches who ever occupied an Eastern throne," "the conspirator against his father, the robber of his family, the banisher of his brother, the dealer in human flesh and blood, the betrayer of his allies, of his Ministers, and of his country, the man of magic and of sorcery." Why not call him Caligula, Gen. Arnold, and the Witch of Endor at once, and be done with it? We are not concerned to defend Tewfik, who is obviously a rather feeble Egyptian fellah,

possessed of passive courage, but no energy, and quite unequal to his place in the world; but no man capable of becoming a serious politician would use such language about a Sovereign who, whatever his incapacities, has adhered loyally to his alliance with the British, and who is indispensable, if only as an instrument to avert serious disasters. Lord Randolph Churchill, however, can only express disapproval by imaginary accusations. He thinks, apparently, that we might have compelled the Egyptians to manage the cholera better, which is possibly true; so he accuses the British, first of taking the cattle-plague to Egypt, and then, when it had produced the cholera, of drawing military cordons round infected places, so that no doctors could get in, and finally, "when every Egyptian who had to die was dead," of sending too late a dozen doctors to attend the people's funerals. He thinks, as we also think, that the restored Pashas executed too many people, and therefore declaims about the hundreds whom "Mr. Gladstone's Judges"—who do not exist—"have either hung or condemned to penal servitude, or sentenced to a living death in the regions of the White Nile." There was once a Bloody Assize in England, and that was bad, and therefore William of Orange sent Judge Jeffreys into the West.

It is impossible to criticise such nonsense, and we turn, therefore, with relief, though not with hope, to the alternative policy which Lord Randolph may have to suggest. We will do him the credit to say that, unlike most of his party—if, indeed, he has a party, and is not, as many of his sentences suggest, just crossing the chasm between ultra-Toryism and the extremest Radicalism—he does not confine himself to abuse, but actually suggests a policy. And his policy is to admit a gigantic blunder, to expel the Khedive and all his followers, and to decree "the recall of the exile from Ceylon, the resuscitation of the National party, the formation of a genuine popular Government, at the head of which shall be placed the Prince, either native or European, as you will, who shall be in deed and in truth constitutional, enlightened, and just. I advocate a great rearrangement and reduction of the Egyptian National Debt, and a clear sweep of the debts of the victimised, the bankrupt, and the ruined Fellaheen. I advocate the placing of Egypt under the guarantee and guardianship of united Europe, so that no one single Power shall be able to exercise there superior influence to another, so that collective authority shall restrain individual ambition. In a word, I advocate—I plead for—the real emancipation of an historic land, and the true freedom of an ancient race." The Government is to turn its back upon itself, and because it was wrong to go to Egypt, it is to stop there in order to carry out a revolution,—to secure order by expelling the legitimate Government, and to restore freedom by restoring a military despot to the control of the country. After all our efforts, we are to undo our work; and after risking war to abolish the Dual Control, we are deliberately to turn Egypt into the cockpit of European diplomacy. It is the plan of a child, who does not know Europe, or Egypt, or Englishmen, or diplomacy, or war, but wishes to attract attention by some proposition at once bizarre, annoying to his audience, and impossible; and such a child we at last believe Lord Randolph Churchill to be. He has had one of the greatest chances he can ever have in this life, and we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett would have used it better. The Member for Eye would probably have advised that the British Fleet should be sent to capture the Mahdi in Kordofan, but at least he would have understood that the one miracle which was never yet accomplished is the cancelling of the past. Lord Randolph Churchill does not understand even that, and screams that the misery of the Egyptian people will at once be terminated, if only Mr. Gladstone, that criminal of criminals, will exert his magic power, and give them back yesterday.

LORD RANDOLPH *versus* MR. FORSTER.

"HARK, hark, I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer!" says Ariel, in the *Tempest;* and the ears of the canny Scots who listened to Lord Randolph Churchill's speech of Thursday on Ireland must have been assailed by very similar music. Every sentence in that speech has a strut in it, every climax is a crow. But the remarkable feature of the speech is that its best part consists of a spoiled edition of Mr. Leatham's recent speech at Huddersfield, on the inviolability of the Union; while it concludes with a shrill denunciation of the Liberals for not being guided by Lord Hartington's, Mr. Forster's, and Mr. Goschen's view of the Irish question, though the fact is that Mr. Forster, whose experience of Ireland is really large, has supported with all the great weight of his authority the very policy for Ireland which Lord Randolph Churchill describes as so evil, that it would, in his opinion, be better even to return to power a Tory Government "as wicked and as stupid as their foes declare them to be," than to give a renewed lease of power to the present Administration.

Let us deal with the part purloined from Mr. Leatham, and spoiled in the purloining, first. Mr. Leatham, as our readers will remember—for we called their special attention to his speech—made the following declaration on the Irish question, on October 23rd. Lord Randolph Churchill gives us a revised version of that speech, but he deliberately spoils it of its weight in the revising:—

"We must persist in our policy of absolute and unfaltering justice; but, on the other hand, there must be no trifling about the maintenance of the Union. . . . . Sincerely as I am attached to the Liberal party, and warm as is my allegiance to those who lead it, I would renounce both, rather than admit that upon this supreme and cardinal question it was possible to give way. The country which begins to parley with its own dissolution is lost. The obligation to maintain the body politic is vital; it is this which made the Americans of the North struggle to the death in order to maintain the Union, and the same obligation compels us. To maintain their great America whole and indivisible, the Americans of the North changed for a time their whole nature. God grant that it may never be necessary for us to change ourselves. A nation of unmartial shopkeepers and of patient farmers became at once the most resolute, the sternest, and perhaps the fiercest amongst men. They flung economy to the winds; they turned their backs upon prosperity; steadfastly they looked death in the face. Is it nothing—a sentiment which is so great that it should so seize upon a whole people and change and transform them at its pleasure? The whole world trembled with the shock and shuddered at the carnage. But they saved their country. And so, if the worst comes to the worst, we can save ourselves."

Now, observe how Lord Randolph treats that masculine and statesmanlike passage in his shrill parody:—

"In this difficulty learn a lesson from the United States, which possess the most purely democratic Government the world has ever seen. It is generally supposed that the War of the Secession was caused by the question of slavery. This is a great error. Slavery had little to do with the war—certainly not more than the Irish Famine had to do with the repeal of the Corn Laws. The cause of the war—that long and bloody war—was the demand put forward by the South for what were called 'State rights.' Now, 'State rights' were very plausible. They merely meant that Virginia wanted one sort of government, Carolina another, and Texas a third; that what was suited to other States was not suited to them; and that Virginia, Carolina, and Texas should be governed according to Virginian, Carolinian, and Texan ideas. . . . . What did the Northern States do with these demands? Did they tamper with them, palter with them, yield to them little by little? Not they; they knew that 'State rights' were death to the Union; they knew that the whole future of North America hung upon the maintenance of the Union; they said 'No,' shortly and simply, and they fought. Nor did they shrink from any sacrifice. If there was a people on the face of the earth who loathed war, it was the citizens of the Northern States. They carried on a bloody war for four years. If there was a people on the face of the earth who dreaded a large standing army, it was the citizens of the Northern States. For more than five years they maintained a military force of over half-a-million of men. If there was a people on the face of the earth who had a horror of debt, public or private, it was the citizens of the Northern States. They incurred a debt of seven hundred millions sterling, and depreciated their currency 70 per cent. If there was a people on the face of the earth who loved and worshipped their Constitution, with all its rights and liberties, it was the citizens of the Northern States. For four years and more they suspended that Constitution, and placed themselves under the dictatorship of one man. So they went on: they fought for four years; they fought desperately, bloodily; 250,000 men lost their lives in the fight; innumerable towns, and villages, and homesteads blazed and were destroyed; wealth, property, credit went down and vanished. Still they fought, and at last they won. 'State rights' were conquered, and the Union emerged triumphant from that awful four years' battle. And who will say now, comparing the United States of 1860 with the United States of 1880, who will dare to say that the citizens of the Northern States were not right, were not justified, were not rewarded?"

Now, Lord Randolph Churchill may be excused for being very ignorant about the American Civil War. He was not so old, even when it concluded, as Mr. Jefferson Brick, the war correspondent in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* whose style he sometimes emulates, and certainly knew even less of the United States than that worthy. But he should not lug into his speeches statements of facts on which he happens to be completely ignorant, and rear a great superstructure on them. Nothing can be more ridiculously absurd than to say that the South fought for State rights, and the North against them. Mr. Lincoln was absolutely opposed to any interference with State rights. If the South had stuck to their State rights alone, the North would not have moved a finger against them for another quarter of a century, even though the whites had clung to slavery in every Southern State. But the South

was not content with State rights. It wanted to condition for the free extension of slavery, and to insist that slavery should be as fully tolerated, and that slaves should be as easily recovered by their owners, in the Free States as in the South. Rather than concede that, the North fought, not against State rights, which the Southerners had to the full, and have had restored to them again for many years back, but against the right of the South to dominate the whole Union with their policy of slavery. Rather than concede that, the North fought,—fought on behalf of the Constitution,—and though they extinguished slavery as an incident of the war, it was because it had been notorious that it was slavery which had prompted the aggression of the South, and that till that malignant sting was extracted, the South would never respect the conditions of the Union. Well, what bearing has all this on the Irish question? A very clear bearing, but one absolutely fatal to Lord Randolph Churchill's analogy. Mr. Leatham said, 'give Ireland absolutely the same rights under the Constitution as England, as the South had the same rights under the Constitution as the North; but then fight, rather than permit her to violate the Union, of which equality of treatment is the reasonable condition.' Lord Randolph says, 'Deny Ireland the same rights under the Constitution as England, and then fight to prevent her gaining the same rights;' and he probably thinks that he is saying what Mr. Leatham said, in a better form. He is really advocating the one injustice which would make the enforcement of the authority of the Empire unreasonable, and unjust. And yet he mimics the firm and patriotic language of the man who had insisted first on treating Ireland as we treat ourselves, and, only on that condition, on refusing to Ireland a liberty which we would not accord to any portion of Great Britain.

But Lord Randolph appeals to the authority of Mr. Forster, against whom, as he declares, the Liberal Cabinet "conspired" and ejected him from their ranks. Mr. Forster is the one unanswerable witness on our side. In the masterly speech at Bradford, which we criticised at length last week, Mr. Forster scouted the idea that we could afford to insist on the Union, if we did not fulfil in spirit the condition that Ireland should be treated in that Union like any other integral portion of the United Kingdom. If any man understands the evil lurking in Mr. Parnell's movement, it is Mr. Forster. If any one knows what the mischief would be of increasing materially Mr. Parnell's Parliamentary strength, it is Mr. Forster. Yet "I shall be told," says Mr. Forster, "'You will increase the number of Home-rulers, and Home-rule will be passed.' Well, Home-rule will be passed when the majority of the Members of the Imperial Parliament think it ought to be agreed to. But did the members for Virginia and the members for Louisiana force the disunion of the American Union? The Members for the various parts of Ireland will not be able to force Home-rule against the convictions of the rest of their fellow-countrymen. . . . . What, after all, is the real and greatest argument against separation? It is that we believe it to be to the interest of both islands that they should be one country. How can we treat them as one country, unless we treat them with equality on such a question as this of the franchise? How can we call them one country, if we should declare that the Irish franchise should be partial and artificial, should be so framed as to exclude the masses from participation, and that the English and Scotch franchises should be—as I trust they will be—general and impartial, and based upon the grand, great principle of hearthstone suffrage?" What Lord Randolph Churchill cries out for is that we should fight to the death to keep Ireland in the clutches of a Power which absolutely refuses to give her that equality to which, under the Act of Union, she is entitled.

Lord Randolph may, perhaps, say that he protested most strongly against the idea of suspending the Parliamentary rights of Ireland. No doubt, he did. But though he protested against suspending the Parliamentary rights which Ireland already has, he protested also most strongly against conceding anything more to Ireland, even though the concession demanded is the concession of something already enjoyed by England,—like household suffrage in the boroughs,—and he proposed, by way of set-off, to bribe Ireland, as much as the Government can be persuaded to bribe her, with money grants. In other words, though Lord Randolph would not incur the scandal of establishing a despotism in Ireland, he would refuse her equality in one breath, offer her bribes with the next, and threaten her with military conquest with the third if she did not accept the inequality and console herself with the bribes. A baser Irish policy we can hardly conceive. And for our own parts, we doubt whether it will be acceptable to any one, Tory, Liberal, or Radical, compounded as it seems to be of the most ignoble elements of all those creeds. Lord Randolph Churchill has crowed his loudest in Edinburgh; but now the din is over, Midlothian will calmly return to the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster, with a sense of relief that the Tory accuser has found nothing better to say against it than was contained in this shrill and ignorant speech.

THE WOES OF THE SHOP-ASSISTANTS.

THE *Daily News* of Monday contained a terrible disclosure of the miserable conditions in which labour is carried on in shops, and especially in the shops of Retail Drapers. "Disclosure," indeed, is hardly the right name to give to this statement, for disclosure implies previous concealment, and here there has been no previous concealment. We have been told it all before; we were as well acquainted with it ten years ago as we are to-day. But it is this very fact that makes the statement so terrible. A whole generation—as generations are counted in these trades—has suffered and died, or has lived on with broken health and weakened constitutions, since the facts were first made known. The common delusion that when once the great, wise, benevolent, self-denying British public has its attention drawn to undoubted and preventable misery, a remedy is sure to be found, has once more been dispelled. The hours of labour of Shop Assistants are no shorter, the surroundings in which those long hours are passed are no more bearable, than they were when the evil was first pointed out. The story that these young men and women tell is always the same. Their hours are from seventy-five to ninety a week, they have no half-holiday, and their meals have to be taken in intervals which, all told, do not amount to an hour. To begin work at eight every morning, and go on till half-past nine at night, except on Saturdays, when the hour of closing is midnight; to remain on their legs all this time, except during the fifty or sixty minutes into which breakfast, dinner, and supper have to be crowded; to be so weary on the Sunday morning that the greater part of the day is passed in bed,—this is the life which all the witnesses describe themselves as leading. To many of our readers, the story will seem incredible. The shops with which they are familiar close at seven on five days of the week, and at two on Saturdays. But the shops with which they are familiar are but a fraction of those which supply London with the goods it wants. Early closing may be the rule in the fashionable quarters of London, though even here it is so only in a minority of shops; but it is not even the exception in the other quarters. If all traders would agree to keep their shops open for a reasonable number of hours, the thing could be done, but the temptation of stealing a march on a rival is irresistible; and if all the shops in London were closed this afternoon, some of them would be opened next Saturday, in the hope of catching the customers shut out from the rest. For life, it must be remembered, is often hard even to the proprietors of these shops, though not hard in the same way that it is hard to their assistants. Competition is very keen, and in many cases profits are small and uncertain; and when this is so, the temptation to make these profits a little larger by working when others are resting is extreme. The proprietors of these shops are not cruel; they are only eager and careless. Their whole thoughts are bent upon making both ends meet, and if possible overlap; and if they often succeed, they sometimes fail, and while they are actually working, the possibility of failure is what is most present to them. It is of no use, we fear, to appeal to the owners of shops to put an end to this state of things. Emancipation must come from without, not from within; from the classes which supply the workers, or from those which supply the consumers, or from the Legislature, which represents both.

As regards the last of these sources, there would be no chance of help, if it were not for the extreme youth of many of the workers. A large number, it is said, of the girls employed in shops are under sixteen, and about two-thirds are under twenty. Fourteen is a common age for apprenticeship to begin. It is bad enough to lead the life just described when the body is fully developed, but it is worse to lead it when the frame is still incomplete and the strength imperfect. The result is that these children—for they are really no more than children—die off, or have to leave in broken health. The

shopkeeper is not troubled at this, for he knows there are plenty more where these came from. The supply is constantly increasing. Each gap is filled up with a readiness which, if they only knew what is before them, would be worthy of a forlorn-hope. Now, there is no reason why the restrictions imposed on the labour of children and young people in factories should not be equally imposed on the labour of children and young people in shops. Or rather, there is only one reason,—the increase of inspection that this would involve. We are not at all blind to the mischief of a state of society in which those who are watching, and those who are being watched, divide the world between them; but where children are concerned, inspection seems the only thing that can meet the case. They cannot help themselves; the choice lies between making laws for their special benefit, and letting them go altogether uncared for. Now, a law which only allows a helpless person to help himself is but a mockery of a law; consequently, a law designed to protect children must be worked by Inspectors. A Bill is to be brought forward next Session which will extend the provisions of the Factory and Workshops Act to shops of all kinds, and if the measure goes no further than this, it will be worthy of all support. Where women are concerned, the situation is surrounded with difficulty; but where children are concerned, it is all plain sailing.

Still, the protection of children, though it would do something towards a cure, would not do very much. As child-labour became less available, adult labour would supply its place, and for this form of the evil, legislation can furnish no cure. Nor, we fear, is any help to be looked for in the quarter from which it has come to the skilled artisan. Perhaps the greatest benefit of Trades Unionism has been the much decried limitation which it imposes on the number of apprentices. In view of the insuperable objections which lie in the way of any general check upon population, great good is done by any check imposed upon its increase in particular occupations. In this way, some trades, at all events, are lifted above the miserable level at which all would otherwise be kept. But, for the application of Unionism, there must be a demand for skill in the workman. If the knowledge how to serve in a shop could only be imparted by those already serving there, they might have it in their power to keep the shop population down. As it is, they are powerless to do this, because they have nothing to impart which cannot be equally well learnt without them. The only remedy that we can suggest is, it must be admitted, a very imperfect one. But when there is nothing better to be had, even an imperfect remedy is better than none. It is to reduce the number of those employed in shops, by bringing the trade into discredit. The almost universal cry of those thus employed is that they wish they had gone into any other employment, no matter what. "Should never think," says a forewoman, aged twenty-eight, "of going into a shop, if she had to begin again. Would rather be a servant in a good family." "Wishes," says a draper's assistant, "that he had stayed in the country, instead of coming here, to slave every hour that God sends, in a close and unhealthy shop." Now, something, we think, might be attempted to make warning do the work of experience. In country villages, for example, the parson and the parson's wife might speak to parents of the folly of sending their girls to London shops, as a more genteel employment than domestic or farm service. They would have an ample supply of texts, and if they used their opportunities well, they might keep a good many girls in the country who now flock to London. The Managers of the Shop Hours' League might themselves do something in this way. Such plain accounts of what life in shops is as that which Mr. Sutherst, the President, gives in the *Daily News* might be scattered liberally over the country. When the object is to distribute telling statements of plain facts as widely as possible, fly-sheets are not at all an instrument to be neglected. They often take more hold of the poor than either books or newspapers. We fear that the Treasury of the Shop Hours' League is not as full as we should like to see it, but in the long-run we believe that this might prove a very profitable mode of spending such money as the League may have. Another plan which, if it were energetically worked, might effect some improvement, is to appeal directly to the poor to help the poor. It is not, for the most part, the shops at which the rich deal that are now the greatest sinners in the matter of hours. Well-to-do people do not want to shop after seven o'clock, and by this time they are pretty well used to the Saturday half-holiday. It is the poor who habitually shop at night, and for whom Saturday is the busiest day in the week. If urgent and constant appeals were made to them in the newspapers they read, at public meetings held in the districts where they dwell, by deputation to the Unions which have influence over them, late shopping, except on Saturdays, might come to be regarded as an injury to their own class. If this could be brought about, late shopping would be doomed. Saturdays we would leave them with little or no diminution, but if hours were shortened on other days, and a half-holiday secured, say, on Mondays, the change for the better would be very marked. The protection of children by law; the creation, for the benefit of adults, of a healthy class opinion; and the lessening, by information and argument, of the influx from the country into London,—these are the three objects at which those who wish to bring about a reform will do well to aim.

CANON LIDDON ON SECULARISM.

CANON LIDDON, in the fine sermon preached last Sunday in St. Paul's, on the comparative influence exerted by the seen and the unseen on the quality and energy of human conduct, maintained most justly, we believe, that spiritual faith much more than counterbalances, in the stimulus it lends to human activity, even that loss of secular energy which the time spent in religious exercises appears to entail. "It may well be," he said, "that a man who is undisturbed by any sight of the eternal future might thus get through, after his fashion, more manual or mental work having reference only to this life, than a man who believes what the Christian revelation tells him about a life after death. But this admission is counterbalanced by the moral enrichment of life which is the fruit of sincere faith in a future existence. The ground which might appear to be won for this world by saving thought and time, against the demands which the future world must make on them, would be lost by the absence of those commanding motives which belief in another life supplies. The things that are not seen—Almighty God and the eternal future—make large demands upon the head and heart; they also, or rather thereby, make the kindred duties of this life serious and noble, since all are a preparation for that which is to follow. There is a scene in the life of our Lord which is apparently related by the Fourth Evangelist with the view of impressing this upon us. St. John tells us how, 'Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God,'—with his thoughts resting on these vast subjects of contemplation, did what?—'he riseth from supper and laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.' No duty is too humble to be inspired by the grandest conviction as its ruling motive. No faith is too sublime to consecrate any portion of a life-work that is meant for eternity. . . . . Positivism may say, if it will, as it watches us Christians kneeling before the altars of the Eternal and the Crucified, 'See how these men waste time which might be given to social, economical, sanitary, moral improvements.' But if man does not cease to exist at death, we are working on a basis of fact which Positivism ignores. Let us kneel on. Let us kneel on, for most assuredly the time is not lost; we gain more in moral power than we lose in minutes or hours. Heaven irradiates, with a meaning not otherwise to be had, the monotonous drudgery of many an earthly lot; and it is better, in the long-run, for 'the things that are seen' that we should thus look mainly at the 'things that are not seen.'" Canon Liddon has hardly ever said anything with nobler and simpler eloquence than this. And though we cannot in any way emulate the power of his language, we may illustrate his teaching from one or two different points of view which it did not enter into his line of thought to include.

Although, then, a gain of faith is a gain of power for this world, no less than the other, it is not a gain of power in that sense in which it is a gain of power laboriously to pump up water which you wish to spread far and wide, to a height from which it will, by the mere pressure of its descending column, distribute itself to all the needful centres. That is not Canon Liddon's meaning, and certainly completely out of keeping with the fine illustration he gave of it. Faith is no artificial heightening of emotion in order that it may be equal to the tasks required of it. That would be the sceptic's view of faith,—a useful but manufactured fiction, not the Christian's view of it, namely, a recognition of revealed truth. Canon Liddon's lesson we take to be this,—that, as a matter of fact, whether a man believes in the

Christian revelation or rejects that belief,—whether he agrees with Canon Liddon, or ranges himself with Mr. Frederic Harrison as an ardently religious Positivist, or scoffs at all religion with Mr. Bradlaugh, he cannot rid himself of the impression, which is ingrained deep in the facts of his inmost nature, that the manner of life which would be most appropriate to the secular view of things,—the easy-going manner of life which weighs the value of our lot by measuring its known pains against its known enjoyments,—is not the true one; that, however you may account for it, the man who trifles with life,—as life ought to be trifled with if the visible part of life were all,—is ignoring, or trying to ignore, one of the most constant and inevitable warnings to which our nature is subjected, and only deserves to be treated as a man hiding from himself. Mr. Leslie Stephen, secularist as he is, admitted this, as we ourselves, we believe, pointed out, when reviewing his book on "The Basis of Ethics;" and as Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the very striking article published in the December *Contemporary*, has eloquently reminded us. Mr. Stephen expressly declares that secularistic ethics can say no more than this,—"Be good, if you would be happy," adding, however, "in an emphatic aside, 'Be not too good.'" Yet Mr. Leslie Stephen is obviously not in the least satisfied with his secular ethics, for he does not echo on his own account the advice, "Be not too good;" indeed, he evidently despises it, though he does not in the least know where to find the intellectual leverage with which to justify the contempt he feels for those who adopt it. Well, that is a good illustration of what we mean. Even those to whom the vision of what Christ revealed is no vision at all,—nothing but the shadow of a cloud,—are often just as much pressed upon by the obligations of the eternal world as those who recognise it in full. Some of them no doubt contrive, by continually turning away their attention from the burden, to make the least of it, and get as much distraction in the world as they can; others are rendered simply restless and feverish by it, and plunge into fictitious religions with Mr. Frederic Harrison; or into ambiguous moral, social, and political movements with Mr. Bradlaugh; but all who have any sensitiveness to social obligations at all, do practically recognise that human life is not, and cannot be, made a trivial affair of; that there is an immeasurable pressure of obligation resting on it which, whatever your theory of life, you must feel, and, if you are honest, recognise; that you can only satisfy your own heart by treating life as if it were vastly more important than, on the common secular theory, it ought to be; and that the man who is willing to accept the utilitarian form of the command, 'Be good, if you would be happy, but be not too good,' is a person whom, whether you are bound to justify him or not in *theory*, you can only pity and despise in practice.

Nevertheless, Canon Liddon's position, that the Christian, and the Christian alone, really husbands to the utmost the force derived from this supreme pressure of invisible things upon the heart, seems to us strictly true. The Positivist recognises, but rationalises it, explains it away, in fact, as due to ideals which, when we come to look at them closely, disclose nothing but an "infinite sigh of the human heart," as one of the earliest Pantheists termed 'God;' and no one can long continue to fulfil strenuously an obligation which he refers to nothing more potent and more permanent than a sigh of the heart, infinite or finite. The better kind of Secularist recognises it chiefly in the heat and restlessness with which he tries to sweep away injustice, seeing that injustice not swept away in the life-time of the living, is, for them, in his belief, never swept away at all. And unfortunately, heat and restlessness of feeling are just the least favourable of all conditions for coping with and removing injustice. It is really only the theologian who is convinced in his inmost heart that justice and righteousness, though defeated temporarily, can only be defeated temporarily in order to triumph for eternity, who can bring to the war with evil at once that absolute trust, and that calmness under disappointment, which give the best guarantee of victory.

The real difference between the believer in the Christian revelation, the half-believer, and the unbeliever, is this,—that while all of them, if in any degree good men, fight boldly in the battle against evil, only the first has absolute confidence that the obligation under which he is laid to fight it, is a sure guarantee of final success. That secret pressure on the will which the others obey with hope at best, and with despondency at worst, faith obeys gladly, as the soldier obeys the call of a General by whom he has been led again and again to victory. Faith is not, however, the power itself, but the right understanding of the source whence the power comes. The sense of obligation itself descends on every will which is open to the appeal of good; but while the unbeliever is fevered by it, and made far too restless for cool and careful conflict;; while the half-believer is rendered only wistfully hopeful by it, and lives on the strength of ambiguous and often feeble aspirations,—the genuine believer is steeled against all discouragement, knowing that eternity is long enough to give the true interpretation to temporary failure, and the true significance to all success.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF EXPERTS.

IT is sometimes a misfortune for a man to have a confirmed habit of lucid statement, or such a command of words that his meaning can never be mistaken. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is distinguished for that command, and often as it has assisted him in life, on Saturday it betrayed him. Subtle as the thought was which he had to express upon the most material evidence in the Belt case, he did express it with admirable clearness, and, as a consequence, the educated public understood him thoroughly, and with unusual unanimity decided that, whatever his accuracy in the case before him, he was wrong in his general principle. The issue left to the Jury in that case mainly depended upon a single question of evidence. Could Mr. Belt impart to a piece of sculpture that artistic quality, that impress of something spiritual and beyond mechanical skill, which undoubtedly belonged to certain works professedly his, with which he had secured orders, and as undoubtedly did not belong to other works which were certainly of his doing. Mr. Belt's Counsel, understanding juries, produced in his favour witnesses "of good social standing"—that is, witnesses likely to be disinterested and truthful—who saw him actually at work without help upon the disputed works in question. That they did so see him repeatedly and continuously is beyond demur, and indeed is not denied either by counsel or by the bitterest partisans. In answer to this, his assailant's Counsel produce, so to speak, the whole Academy, an entire body of experts in Art, who, giving evidence under compulsion, and being wholly disinterested, declare that the alleged fact is an impossibility, that if Mr. Belt did those busts, which nobody doubts, he most certainly did not do the busts disputed. The artistic quality, the mental impress, the *quid mirum*, which is as patent to them as the correctness of a note is patent to those who understand music, is present in one set of works, and wanting in the other set. It could not have been so wanting in a man competent to do the work which attracted orders, and was wanting in the undisputed work, and therefore Mr. Belt could not have done both. He must choose, and as he certainly did the poor work, he as certainly did not do the work of artistic merit. The Academy was all on one side, but the Judge and Jury rejected the experts' evidence, and, mainly upon this ground, a new trial was demanded.

The positive result of the application is a compromise which, though accepted, may break down, and upon which we have, therefore, nothing to say, except that it is a sensible compromise; but Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in his judgment, which was wholly for a new trial, laid down a doctrine which concerns all artists and all literary men, and which certainly is one of exceeding breadth. It is nothing less than this,—that, as regards the existence or non-existence of the artistic quality, the mental impress, in a work of art, the evidence of experts must override that of any other witnesses, even of those who have seen the work done, and must be considered final. We give the words as reported in the *Times*:—"Now, the character of genuineness of works of art is not, in my judgment, matter of opinion. Anything, no doubt, may be said to be a matter of opinion as to which men will not take the trouble to inform themselves. But a knowledge of art is like a knowledge of science; it is matter of education and experience; and it seems to me that you might almost as well disbelieve a body of astronomers, who tell you that the earth moves and the sun stands still, on the ground that very eminent members of society tell you, as a fact, that they have seen the earth stand still and the sun rise up in the east and go down in the west, as disbelieve a body of great artists who tell you that the same man did not make two works of art, because persons very high in the social scale, but with no knowledge or training in art, tell you as a fact that they saw the same man at work upon them. It is what I think (with

deference) the fallacy of opposing 'fact' to 'opinion' in this matter that constitutes, to my mind, the error of the summing-up of my learned brother, and which has led the jury to a conclusion against the weight of the evidence. I do not doubt that one fact is worth twenty opinions, 'fact' and 'opinion' being each used in its proper sense. But the words are not used in their proper sense, if 'fact' is confined to the physical fact of working manually on a bust, and the scientific conclusion of a body of men as to an artistic fact is called 'opinion.' It is not 'opinion' at all; it is evidence of fact." That is surely a dangerously wide dictum, for it amounts to this,—that no evidence whatever can overthrow the evidence of experts, and would involve this extraordinary conclusion,—that if Mr. Belt had executed a bust from first to last in Lord Coleridge's presence, and the Academicians testified that he could not have executed it, its artistic quality being too great for him, Lord Coleridge would have been bound to believe that he did not execute it. In presence of the "fact" stated by such a body, his own eyesight would be no evidence at all. Will the Lord Chief Justice go quite that length, and if not, why should he declare other evidence, admittedly honest, to be so absolutely untrustworthy? If, indeed, he would reject himself as witness, he is consistent, and most complimentary to the critical power of the Academy; but then, does he not push the limits of that faculty, which, no doubt, exists often in high perfection, beyond right reason? It seems to us he does, for not to press further an argument which, though unanswerable, will be said to be *ad captandum*, Lord Coleridge's extreme confidence in experts would involve a denial of the possible occasionalness of genius, the conceivable chance of a man existing who could do under one set of circumstances what he could not do under another set. An artist of that kind might give us, say, to-day, a soulless bust of the Queen, a work absolutely lacking everything but mechanical ingenuity; and next month produce a bust of Mr. Tennyson instinct with the artistic somewhat which differentiates art from manufacture. Surely the possibility of such intermittent power has always been acknowledged. The writer is unwilling from self-distrust to quote examples from the domain of Art, but he certainly believes that Haydon's fame and failure are best accounted for in this way, and has seen pictures by far greater artists than he which were unrecognisable. Certainly it is so in literature. There is not a living poet who has not produced verses of which critics depending on their faculty alone would not have said, with perfect confidence, that be their author whom he might, he certainly was not—their real author. Criticism is only opinion, even in extreme cases, and if Miss Braddon and her publisher swore that she wrote "Middlemarch," and four or five trustworthy amanuenses swore that she dictated it to them two years before its appearance in print, we could not, on the testimony of her other novels alone, swear that she did not. Suppose, to put a vulgar supposition, that an artist were one of those men whom nothing but a prospect of competition, or of large gain, or the stimulus of wine, woke out of a certain machine-like habit, or induced to put any mind into his work at all. Such persons undeniably exist in literature, as we can testify; and why should they not exist also in art? That error in such criticism of experts is infrequent and improbable must be admitted heartily, but that it is impossible, so impossible that criticism ought to override direct and unsuspected evidence, is too wide a doctrine. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge would hardly lay that down about any individual artist, however great, and what is an Academy, except a collection of individuals trained in such matters to think very much the same thoughts?

Let us take the commonest of all kinds of evidence by experts. The art of M. Chabot and his confrères is, in substance, a power of criticism exactly akin to that of Sir Frederick Leighton, though applied over a more limited field. M. Chabot is incessantly studying handwritings, he knows precisely the differences of artistic quality in them, and he can, we imagine, produce most handwritings himself. Well, suppose M. Chabot and three other experts of equal rank swear to Dr. Benson's signature, and the Archbishop swears that it was not his, which would Lord Coleridge believe? The experts would be scorched up, in his judgment; yet what do they lack to evoke confidence in their testimony which Academicians possess? Experience? It is all on M. Chabot's side. The power of criticism? It has been shown and justified by subsequent confessions in a hundred Courts. Scientific knowledge? M. Chabot's art is nearer a science, resting as it does on calculations which are always the same, than criticism either in literature or art can possibly claim to be. Yet M. Chabot's evidence would be rejected, and properly rejected, in the face of evidence morally much stronger. It would be, in fact, opinion, and though usually right, so usually as to create a violent presumption in its favour, is not entitled to that infallibility which Lord Coleridge, on his own principle, must claim for it. It was necessary, and very right, for the Lord Chief Justice to point out that, in his judgment, in this case the violent presumption in favour of the Academicians outweighed the evidence of eye-witnesses, who, of course, could not say they saw the spiritual impress given; but in his effort to do this effectively, he has been led to say something far too strong.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE AND ELECTORAL RIGHTS.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The letter of "J. J. H. S.," which appears in the *Spectator* of Dec. 8th, shows that the real drift of my former communication was not quite apparent. I intended my remarks to relate to the non-attainment of a voting qualification by successive occupations in *different* constituencies. For instance, a change of occupation from Fleet Street to the Strand would cancel a partial qualification obtained in the former place. When we bear in mind the fact that Michaelmas is a favourite time for change of residence, and that persons commencing an occupation then could not be registered until after the expiration of twenty-one months, and could not vote under that registration until the following year, it is easily seen that the twelve months' voting qualification is a very different matter from the mere payment of rates for twelve months. You, Sir, have often pointed out the unwisdom of enfranchising those who do not value a vote, and there I think your readers will agree with you. The question, however, which I have here raised was first brought to my notice, with any force, at a public meeting of working-men who were most anxious to become voters, but whose employment necessitated frequent removals into different constituencies.—I am, Sir, &c.,

December 12th. Rowland Estcourt.

OXFORD AND THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Will you allow me to relate a short anecdote illustrative of the wise position taken in your recent article on "Agnostic Examinations in Religion"?

I well remember what happened when I went in for my own examination in the Articles at Oxford twelve years ago. One of the ablest scholars in my college, a Dissenter, went in at the same time, and to him, though an earnest and sincere man, the Thirty-nine Articles were matters of the most undisguised amusement. So confident did he feel of sympathy on this point, that he even had the audacity to communicate his views to his Examiner in the Preliminary College Examination, a distinguished member of the University. "Don't you think, Sir," said the candidate to his examiner, "that these Articles are really very amusing?" A frown for the sake of decency, and a slight remonstrance, followed this free expression of opinion; but it was a perfectly open secret that the examiner agreed with the candidate.

May the Church of England speedily realise that examinations conducted in this spirit are indeed perilous to the interests of religion.—I am, Sir, &c., A Country Clergyman.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—As a Nonconformist minister, who has been for some years in the habit of reading the *Spectator*, I am delighted to find an article on the "Horton" case without your usual covert sneer at Dissenters. You seem, this week, unusually benevolent, all round. You certainly have cast the shield of that "charity which thinketh no evil" over the country parsons, who rushed in such great numbers to veto Mr. Horton's appointment. I should be glad to agree with you, that "intolerance" had little to do with the matter. But the principal arguments used by Mr. Horton's opponents forbid, I think, such a conclusion. It is evident, from the entire tone of the controversy, that the victory in Convocation was largely an *anti-Dissenters' triumph*. When once it was known that Convocation would have to

decide the matter, the result was known beforehand. The event has proved that Convocation still remains true to the illiberal traditions which drove from Oxford the finest statesman of this century.

The fear that Mr. Horton's appointment would pave the way for an agnostic examiner is both childish and unjust. When an agnostic examiner is nominated, then let Convocation reject him. But why should Mr. Horton, who declares that, in the main, he accepts the Thirty-nine Articles, suffer for the sins of a hypothetical successor? I heartily endorse your decision,—the religious examination for a Pass Degree ought to be abolished. When a theological examination has lost its true character, and is regarded with more or less open contempt by those who submit to it, even Anglicans must surely see that it ought to be done away with.—I am, Sir, &c., GEORGE E. CHEESEMAN.

Hatherlow, Stockport, December 18th.

[We are entirely unconscious of ever sneering at Dissenters, and of *covert* sneers at anybody whatever, we are absolutely guiltless.—ED. *Spectator*].

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—We have heard a good deal lately of the incongruity of nominating a Nonconformist to examine in the "Rudiments of Faith and Religion" in the University of Oxford. We do not hear quite so much of the incongruity which distinguishes this examination, when considered with regard to the present circumstances of the University. The incongruity consists in the following particular. This University, which, in its lay aspect, has no official connection with any one form or profession of religion, requires all candidates for the B.A. Degree, except those who object on religious grounds, to pass an examination in the Thirty-nine Articles, the distinctive formularies of one religious body. All are required to present themselves, except those who "object on religious grounds." The result is that the University in this Examination has not only to consider the sufficiency of a candidate's intellectual knowledge, which is its proper province, but is forced to take cognisance of the attitude of mind held towards certain subject-matter of the examination by examiner, as well as examined. Now, I maintain that the University, in dividing candidates into two classes, those who do not object, and those who do object, "on religious grounds," is interfering with matters with which it has no concern. In doing so, it invades the private domain of the man's personal religious life, and has to do with the secrets of the soul's beliefs, with which no stranger may intermeddle.

I hope it will not be very long before we look facts fairly in the face, and realise the changed position of the University with regard to the State Church. We shall then see that an University Examination in the Thirty-nine Articles, a subject which may be objected to by the candidate "on religious grounds," is an incongruous survival from a past state of things,—a state when in civil life men were compelled to qualify for municipal office by receiving the Holy Communion according to the rites of the Established Church, and when in the academical world boys were forced to subscribe to certain formularies as a preliminary to matriculation.—I am, Sir, &c.,

18 *Bradmore Road, Oxford.* A. L. MAYHEW, M.A.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—There is one reason against examining laymen in the Thirty-nine Articles which you have not noticed. The Church of England nowhere requires her lay members to profess their belief in them. The Apostles' Creed at Baptism, the Catechism before confirmation, and the Nicene Creed at Holy Communion, are all that laymen have to assent to. They need not decide whether Pelagians do vainly talk, or Anabaptists do falsely boast. Why, then, should, a University, which is not now a handmaid to the Church, require of lay Churchmen more than the Church itself?—I am, Sir, &c., D. L. I.

THE IPSWICH ELECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—I would ask whether, in your notice of the Liberal victory at Ipswich, you have not omitted to mention a cause which surely had something to do with that result, namely, the temperance vote? Mr. West, I see, declared himself a local optionist, and in full sympathy with the growing temperance sentiment of the country, whilst Sir T. Charley displayed marked hostility to legislative interference with the liquor traffic. I venture to think the temperance vote carried the day at Ipswich, and I fully expect to see the same factor operating with like effect at coming elections, wherever temperance issues are involved.

It is beyond question that Mr. Samuel Smith's strong temperance views assisted in bringing about the surprise of the late contest here. Mr. Forwood is probably in advance of his party in this matter, but Conservatism and beer have so long been allied in this city that he had to suffer accordingly. Within the last two or three years, thanks mainly to the efforts of total-abstinence workers, thousands of electors throughout the country have become strongly imbued with temperance principles, and the sense of the whole community has been quickened in a remarkable degree in regard to this question.

As a Liberal, I rejoice that the Liberal party is to-day the party of Temperance reform, as I believe that this is becoming more and more a crucial question at election times, and that the triumph of Liberal candidates holding decided temperance views, and otherwise suitable, may be looked for with increased confidence. The attention now being directed to the condition of our poor and outcast population is to bring the temperance question, and the need for legislative action in connection with the liquor trade, still more to the front; and time, too, if there be even approximate truth in the contention of such men as Mr Spurgeon and Mr. Samuel Morley, that nine-tenths of the poverty and misery of our large cities is due to the effects of drink. I am only surprised that the growing power of the temperance vote as a factor at election times is not more generally realised. That it will, ere long, be so, I have no doubt whatever. —I am, Sir, &c.,

Liverpool, December 17th. A. GUTHRIE.

THE LONG VACATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In an article on "The Long Vacation," in your last number, you say,—"It is only the Judges of the High Court who need this lengthy repose. The County-Court Judges, who are made of the same stuff and work even harder, do not get more than a month or six weeks."

Permit me to say that this is a complete mistake. The High-Court Judges have in all about sixteen weeks' holiday in the year, which the recent change will reduce to about fourteen The County-Court Judges have more than six months' holiday. They go circuit eleven times in the year, each circuit occupying about a fortnight, which gives them twenty-two weeks' work. They need not go circuit at all in September, and by taking their August circuit in the first and their October circuit in the last half of those months, they may give themselves a vacation from August 15th to October 15th, which is a day or two short of nine weeks. The holidays of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates are very nearly as long. They sit only three days a week. The High-Court Judges thus work very much harder than either the County-Court Judges or the Metropolitan Magistrates, yet the work of the latter has been regulated by very modern statutes, which presumably proceed upon the principle of getting a fair amount of work in return for a fair salary. —I am, Sir, &c., JUDEX.

["Judex" has greatly overstated his case. The statutable Long Vacation of County-Court Judges is a month. By judicious arrangements, such as "Judex" describes, it may be true that some of them who have country circuits with little work to do manage to get a good deal more. But the Judges who are stationed in great centres, like London, or Liverpool, or Birmingham, certainly do not pass such an intermittent existence as he suggests. To sit five days a week, often till six or seven o'clock, and to get at the utmost eleven weeks' holiday a year, may fairly be called working harder than to sit five and a half days a week, rising punctually at four o'clock, and getting sixteen weeks' holiday, even if no account were taken of the difference in the work. But on the easiest circuits, the racket of travelling for a fortnight every month would more than make up for the gain of days; and there can be little doubt that while on the Bench, the County-Court Judge is much harder worked than his High-Court brother. He gets little or no help on legal points from counsel; he has himself often to act as counsel for both sides, and seize the real points at issue out of torrents of irrelevant talk; and has to skip from common law to equity, and equity to bankruptcy, and in some cases, Admiralty law, with a ready omniscience which no one thinks of demanding from a High-Court Judge. Nor does it often fall to his lot to

be able to write his letters during the long-winded addresses of counsel to a jury, or to sit in the happiness of divided responsibility in Banc. Take it all round, we submit that our statement is correct, and that the County-Court Judges work harder and get a very much shorter Long Vacation than those of the High Court.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

SAMUEL PALMER'S "ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—The review of Samuel Palmer's version of Virgil's "Eclogues," which appeared in your issue of the 15th inst., contains some statements which fill me with surprise. I must ask you to allow me to correct them.

1. The seventh eclogue is illustrated by a photogravure. The eighth eclogue is illustrated by the one etching which was completely finished by my father. "The difference is too marked," says your reviewer, "to escape even the most untrained eye." So I should have thought. But a misprint in the preface (corrected by the list of illustrations), appears to have led him to mistake the one for the other, and to distribute his praise and blame accordingly. The "softness and delicacy" he admires belong to the photogravure, and the "comparatively coarse cross-hatching," which has the misfortune to meet with his disapproval, is the work of my father's own needle.

2. The reviewer goes on to say:—"There are eight photo-engravings from Mr. Palmer's drawings, some of which have been touched by his son. These are good of their kind, and better almost in the inverse ratio to the quantity of alteration they have received." He unfortunately instances in support of this observation the illustrations to the first eclogue, the first of which, he thinks, has been injured by my retouching, especially in the horizontal clouds. These clouds are absolutely untouched. The second, which he prefers, under the impression that "there has been no perceptible alteration made in the mechanical reproduction," represents about three weeks of careful work.

3. Unconsoled by his singular success in discovering the "qualities of an etching" in a photogravure, your reviewer appears to be exercised in mind by "sham plate-marks," which he thinks surround the photogravures. As a photogravure is produced upon a copper-plate, I fail to see how it is to be printed without showing a plate-mark. I should have supposed it quite impossible for "even the most untrained eye" to mistake an impression from a copper-plate for anything else in the world. The modern invention of photo-engraving is excellent for the reproduction of drawings, but that a professed critic should not only be altogether ignorant of its nature, but should mistake a photogravure reproduction of a pen-and-ink drawing by Samuel Palmer for a finished etching by the same hand seems, to say the least of it, astounding.

I must confess to having derived considerable amusement (which has been largely shared) from the remarks of your reviewer, and though I cannot altogether refrain from pitying a writer whom a single oversight of mine appears to have led so easily into such an unpleasant predicament, I must confess to enjoying some malicious pleasure in being able to contribute "a little bit of instruction" towards the neglected technical education of the judge before whom I have been arraigned.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Farnborough, Kent, December 19th. A. H. Palmer.

Sir,—Kindly allow me to say a few words with reference to this letter of Mr. A. H. Palmer's; they shall be as few as possible. I am, of course, bound to accept his correction that the etching finished by his father was wrongly described in the preface, and I am quite willing to admit that I followed Mr. Palmer's mistake too incautiously; but I would point out to him, at the same time, that the mistake in the preface goes much farther than any mere misprint of "seven" for "eight," for in the eighth eclogue there are *two* illustrative etchings, and, therefore, it could hardly be imagined that a sentence which said, "The etching illustrating the seventh [meaning the eighth] eclogue was, as I have said, completely finished by Samuel Palmer himself," could refer to the eclogue to which there were two illustrations. With regard, however, to the more important point of the "comparatively coarse cross-hatching" of the clouds in the first etching illustrating the eighth eclogue, I have simply to state that my opinion is not in the least changed by the fact that the plate was wrought by Mr. Palmer himself. My statement in this respect is absolutely correct, and I am only sorry that the work should have been that of the deceased artist, and not attributable to the completion of the plate by another hand. The truth is, no doubt, that Mr. Palmer's dexterity with the etching-needle, necessitating as it did a marvellous accuracy of hand and intensity of eyesight, failed him before his power of drawing with pencil and pen; and hence the superiority in this book of those reproductions which are fac-similes of the designs alone. With regard to the illustrations to the first eclogue, surely Mr. Palmer must be confusing the drawing upon which he did "three weeks' careful work." Does he not refer in this to the third illustration, and not to the second, of which I was speaking? If this is not so, I can only say that I am unable to see any trace of the etching-needle in this illustration, which has the peculiar softness of a photogravure in every part, and in which there is not a single line which has the quality of an etching. And if this is not the case, why does Mr. Palmer call it in the list of contents "reproduced from a copy of the water-colour drawing"? If, as he asserts, he has spent three weeks' work upon it, why does he not say so? Indeed, in this matter, Mr. Palmer seems to contradict himself, for in the preface, where he speaks of this illustration, he calls it simply a reproduction of a water-colour drawing; and goes on to say of "the other drawings which had not been etched," that they have "passed through his hands, in order that they should do the more justice to the originals." With regard to the plate-mark upon photogravures, I have only to say that there are so many different photo-engraving processes which superficially resemble woodcuts and etchings, that it is highly desirable that the kind of reproduction employed should be stated plainly upon some portion of the margin surrounding the illustration, and that this is especially necessary when the photo-engraving or photo-lithograph, or whatever it is, is mixed up with etchings, and even worked upon afterwards with an etching-needle. And lastly, with regard to Mr. Palmer's statement that he finds it "astounding" that a professed critic should mistake a "reproduction of a pen-and-ink drawing for a finished etching," I would remind him that critics are scarcely to be blamed too severely for accepting as matters of fact the statements made by the author of the work which they are criticising. The actual criticism made upon these etchings was, to the best of my belief, absolutely correct, the only error being that I attributed to the natural inferiority of the son's workmanship that decline in skill which was really due to the failing power of the original artist.—I am, Sir, &c., "The Reviewer."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In the notice of Samuel Palmer's "Eclogues of Virgil," which appeared in the *Spectator* of December 15th, the reviewer asks, "Why it is that where fine-art publishers produce in the same work etchings and fac-similes of drawings made by one or other of the photographic (or photogravure) processes, they should think it necessary to place round the fac-similes a sham plate-mark?"

The answer is simple. The plate-mark is not a sham. All the illustrations in the book bear a plate-mark, because all, whether etchings or photogravures, are printed from copper-plates. A photogravure is an engraving on copper, produced by a process in which photography plays a certain part. It is printed exactly as other copper-plates are printed. There are other strange mistakes in the review, about which Mr. A. H. Palmer will write to you shortly; but as we are unwilling to remain for a day longer than necessary under the imputation made by the reviewer, we trust you will kindly insert this letter in your next issue.—We are, Sir, &c., Seeley and Co.

POETRY.

"THE NEW JEREMIAD."

BY AN OLD YEAR'S TORY.

We are a merry family, we are, indeed we are!
We feel that we were born beneath the true prophetic star;
For north and south, and east and west, and everywhere we go,
By day and night, and no respite, denouncing bitter woe.
We are a cheerful family, we are.

The griefs we wail are something stale, but none less dear for that,
It's not our fault if nothing new turns up to grumble at;

So let us raise the historic dirge about Midlothian still,
And gloat o'er Britain's honour lost upon Majuba Hill!
A patriotic family, we are.

We ran up bills for England's sake, but Credit did it all,
And bills (unless you pay them) are practically small;
But in the hands of reckless Rads, to ruin England glides;
Not only do they pay their own, but settle ours besides!
We're a financing family, we are.

We fought like Jingo where we could, but find it none too strong
To swear that fights in Egypt are something very wrong;
And though we voted to a man, Rebellion to coerce,
The other side, that did so too, are clearly Brutes and worse.
We're a consistent family, we are.

We coax and flatter the dear Whigs, but they will not be caught;
We make appeals to Hartington, apparently for naught;
He will not sever from the Rads, or shun the deadly lists
Of Atheists (speaking mildly), and Thieves and Communists.
We are a soft-spoke family, we are.

For how can man believe in God, or His true praises sing,
If he doesn't worship ground-rent as the really sacred thing?
No property in brains or work, where man has lent a hand,
Is due entirely to His grace, like property in land.
We are a righteous family, we are.

When Eloquence is bound to burn, in after-dinner flames,
It's always easy work to call old Gladstone vulgar names;
From Birmingham vile Chamberlain a fearful sport affords,
Forging base nails to drive into the coffin of the Lords!
We are a civil family, we are.

We toss poor Ireland up and down, the shuttlecock of State,
And there, to make things pleasanter, stir up religious hate;
We stand upon King William's stone, Faith's protestants to be,
Although it must be owned we're not the Silent, as was he.
We are a scrup'lous family, we are.

We send our travellers right and left, with unremitting zeal;
Our Northcote, and our Richard Cross, for patronage appeal,
And stump and spout so steadily, the farmers to appease,
As they had caught, for Conscience' sake, the foot-and-mouth disease.
We're an unselfish family, we are.

They puff our wares and specimens, they hawk them up and down,
But no new patent in the lot, for county or for town:
So purchasers look shy and 'skance, and turn their eyes away,
Oh, for one hour of Beaconsfield, and something new to say!
We are a brilliant family, we are!

PETER CAIUS.

SONNET.

ON THE "ECCE HOMO" OF CORREGGIO.

THE parted, livid lips, the soft brown hair
That falls about His neck, the thorny crown
Wounding his brow, the blood-drops trickling down,
The mocking purple robe, cold Pilate's stare
And pointing finger, the crossed wrists that wear
The cords, with upturned face that melts in pain,
The swooning Mother, and the Magdalen,
The rapt, rough soldier's gaze,—all these are there.

These could another paint. But who, save thee,
Supreme Allegri! with his brush could limn
Those eyes that speak an elemental woe,
Pent up, till, thrilling sadly from the Tree,
The Son's prayer rose, while Calvary grew dim,—
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

HERBERT B. GARROD.

ART.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

THE first exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours opened its doors to the public on Monday last, with a collection of about eight hundred pictures, and it is worth while to say a word or two as to the formation of this new Society. It has grown, as its name denotes, out of the old Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and is modelled upon the same lines as those upon which the elder Society was reconstructed last spring. No member is allowed to exhibit more than three pictures, and the works of outsiders are equally eligible with those of the members. The Society consists of a President, Vice-President, Council, and members, the number of the latter being (we imagine) not strictly limited. At present, there are, including the Council and Presidents, about one hundred Members, amongst them several Associates of the Royal Academy, and many artists of at least equal importance.

A great deal of notice has been excited by this exhibition, but its full significance has hardly, we fancy, been perceived. The truth is that the Society might very easily become a rival, and a very formidable rival, to the Royal Academy, and will, at the very least, probably affect, to the public benefit, the conduct of that institution. Even in this first exhibition, it is, perhaps, more fairly and fully representative of English Painting than is the great May show at Burlington House, and though there is but little which is very remarkable in the way of imagination, very perfect in the way of execution, or very sympathetic in the way of feeling; yet the show is, as a whole, more free from glaring defects than that of the Academy. Anyhow, we would have our readers realise that this new Society includes a hundred artists, chiefly young men, who may be said to represent English Art and its present tendencies more than any other body which has yet been formed in England; and we see no reason why, if they chose, they should not supplement their Winter Exhibition by a Summer one, which would prove at least equally attractive.

This Society has been well advertised and well managed by business men, and is likely to be a financial success; but it is none the less true that it gives to young artists the very opportunity which was so much needed,—the opportunity to show their works, under favourable conditions, side by side with those of acknowledged and accomplished painters. It is, indeed, in this first exhibition, owing to the restriction of the number of pictures to be sent by the members, a more fair and open show than any other which we know of in England; and it is undoubtedly true that the thanks of all English artists are due to the three or four energetic men who have organised and carried out the scheme of founding this Oil Institute.

And now as to the character of the works exhibited. In this first notice, we do not intend to speak in detail, but rather to say a few general words as to the chief defect of this exhibition, and of the present condition of oil-painting in England.

We get almost tired of saying, and no doubt our readers are still more tired of hearing, that there is a woeful lack of imaginative art in England, and especially in the special Gallery of which we happen to be writing. But we shall continue so say it, on the *Gutta cavat lapidem* principle. Perhaps there is not really less imagination in this collection than in most, but the deficiency is certainly more evident. There are an enormous quantity of futile figure pictures, which seem, apart from various technical qualities (good, bad, and indifferent), to have no reason for their existence. Sitting upon a sofa in the middle of one of the galleries, and looking at the opposite wall, we noticed that out of the eighty or ninety pictures which faced us, there were about twenty-five in which figures formed the principal part, and that almost without an exception these represented girls with large hats doing nothing, girls with bare feet carrying something, girls with pretty faces sitting down, and holding a letter or a rose-bud; or else children playing with pegtops, or babies dressed out for portraiture. "Que diable!" as Lawrence used to make the valiant dragoon say in *Maurice Deering*, "we are men, and not school-girls." And why should we have such a sickly sentimental and inane representation of our race as this? A foreigner might walk round these eight hundred pictures, and look in vain for a trace that the people who painted them had ever had a history, a passion, or a feeling of any kind beyond the region of the domestic virtues. A fat, well-fed triviality is "the trail of the serpent" over them all; they sink in a Slough of Despond where beauty has given place to prettiness, and feeling has been destroyed by sentiment. One man, a Mr. Stock, honestly tries to be imaginative; he fails, but his failure is delicious, compared to the successes with which he is surrounded. One woman having a strong love for poetic art (Miss Eveleen Pickering), gives us a picture of the children of Night, which is equally pleasant in imperfection, and with these exceptions,

none of the hundred members, or of the two or three hundred outsiders, seeks to exercise our intellect, or to touch our hearts with any subject beyond the scope of a pensive woman or round-eyed child. Here are the subjects of the first ten figure pictures, which are selected (on account of their superior interest, we suppose!) for the illustration of the catalogue. Several women with dogs,—one ditto, with a distaff; back-view of ditto, with a curtain; ditto, with spinning-wheel; ditto, with baby; ditto, with sick baby; ditto, with child; ditto, with child and fruit-stall; ditto, with lover; ditto, with basket of lunch; and so on, to all eternity.

The old Indian story about the blue sky is applicable here; the sky is too blue, it is,—monotonous. Is it conceivable that the intelligence of the average picture-buyer is so low that it cannot rise to a subject of any other sort than the ones we have noted above? It is quite right that dogs should wag their tails in expectation of food, and that cats should rub their heads coaxingly against the hand that feeds them; that children should play pegtop, and infants be dressed in blue bonnets and frocks, and mothers nurse their babes, and girls eat, as well as "smell of, bread and butter;" but surely painters might find better subjects for immortal art than such as these?

It is not the painters who are to blame, or at least not chiefly; the painters are but tradesmen of another kind, who supply the wants of their customers. It is the fashionable, enlightened patrons of Art, who have produced this puling-woman and playing-baby species of picture, who won't buy anything unless it is pleasant and pretty, as if their galleries were but big sweetmeat boxes, and must be stuck over with bright, meaningless colours, and objectless forms. And the dealers who minister to them are, perhaps, even more to blame, since they do all in their power to foster this foolish taste. There are a couple of lines pregnant with suggestion in an old artists' song which used to be, and we dare say still is, sung by Academy students. It refers to the way to make an unsuccessful picture sell, and if all else fails, the student is instructed to,—

"Rub it down
With madder-brown,
And sell it to a dealer."

Any one who has had the least to do with the artist fraternity knows well how this painting of pretty pictures is forced upon artists by the dealers and by the public. As a rule, the artist worthy of the name, has in him, at first, "a strong voice which no one will hear;" and to him, in his unsuccess, frequently almost in his starvation, enter the public and the dealer, with the cry, "Why don't you work like other people?" And as his strength is, he resists a longer or a shorter time, and, perhaps, if he is exceptionally brave or fortunate, he wins the day, and revenges himself by painting a hundred times at an exorbitant price, the thing he likes best; but in far the greater number of instances, neglect, circumstances, friends, and dealers are too strong for him. He accepts the conventional prettiness as his ideal, and so he joins that ignoble army of martyrs who have killed not themselves, but the best portion of themselves.

This is not, perhaps, noticing the Gallery, but we cannot see this effect of fashion and frivolity seizing hold of all our best artists, and creeping over the work of our young, enthusiastic men, without raising a protest. "Every one is saying all good things" of the progress of Art in England now, and we disbelieve (at least, partly disbelieve) in the truth of the saying. A tremendous impetus has been given to Art industries, and in proportion to their previous stagnation they have leapt forward at a bound, and every society that can be formed to produce art is formed throughout the kingdom; and yet painting is not progressing in anything, save technical excellence. Our landscape painting, which forty years ago led the world's Art, has crossed the seas, and is only to be found in France; the nearest approach to Constable and Cox is to be traced in Daubigny and Rousseau. Turner has not only left no equal, but not even a successor; and De Wint, one of the greatest, as well as one of the most English, of our painters, has no rival to-day. The pre-Raphaelite influence, which might have given us a splendid modern type of figure painting, is dying quickly day by day, and nothing is taking its place; and even the domestic art of such men as Wilkie and Mulready, was better and truer in feeling, as well as more splendid in execution, than the women and the babies which have taken their place. As to still-life painting, the only substitute we have for old William Hunt is a Frenchman called "Fantin," who paints our roses and chrysanthemums as if they had just tumbled from a cocotte's bonnet.

Go and look round the National Gallery, or South Kensington, and then see if you can talk about our progress in Art! Why, "Old Chrome" himself was a better landscape painter than any who is living now; and we have not, out of all our hundreds of "genre" painters, one who can touch the work of the "Wilkie" or the elder "Leslie."

The truth may be expressed very shortly as to the present state of painting, as exemplified in the Academy and in this Gallery, which, as we have said, is even more representative of the present state of English Art. Figure painting has ceased to be heroic on the one hand, and domestic on the other, and become either dramatic or sentimental.

Landscape, in the old sense of the word, has ceased to exist, and its place has been taken by natural-history painting (as Ruskin calls it), which may be defined as the collection within a frame of all the materials for a (landscape) picture, as one collects in a basin all the materials for a pudding. They want stirring up, boiling down, and putting into shape.

In our next notice, we propose to speak at length of the best pictures in this Gallery; but we would say, in conclusion of this article, that every one of our readers can, if he or she will, do something towards bringing about a better state of feeling with regard to painting than that which obtains at present. Do not want a picture to be pretty, and nothing else, but want it to express some special beauty, and possess some not too trivial meaning. Do not praise the work for its dexterity rather than its accomplished power. No really great painter ever *suggests* instead of finishing, anything capable of being fully rendered. Do not mistake melodrama for action, and sentiment for feeling, and do not, above all, try and drive young and immature artists into the same round of thinking and painting as their elder and more famous brethren. Let them be crude, as long as they are earnest, and exaggerated, whilst they are sincere.

BOOKS.

MR. SAYCE'S "HERODOTUS."*

To show what light has been thrown by recent discoveries in the East on the earlier books of Herodotus, and to see exactly the point to which Oriental scholars and excavators have been brought by their researches, is the object of Mr. Sayce's present work. If he has successfully executed the latter half of this task in his appendices, it is well. On that point, we pronounce no judgment. He has certainly developed his own theories with sufficient confidence, but the notorious diversity of opinion which exists among Egyptologists and Assyriologists prevents us from sharing his confidence. In any case, he appears to us to trust too much to what he calls "monumental authority;" and without going back to prehistoric times for an illustration, we will take an event which occurred only five-and-thirty years before the battle of Marathon. In 525 B.C., Cambyses publicly flogged the priests of Apis at Memphis, and gave the sacred animal a death-wound in its thigh with his dagger. It was a deed that must have filled all Egypt with horror, and one not easily forgotten by her people. Herodotus was at Memphis some sixty years or so after this deed was done, and he tells the story of its details, and says that the Egyptians believed that Cambyses was driven mad, as a punishment for his impiety. In or out of Egypt, it was no one's interest or business to invent such a story, and it seems impossible to doubt its truth. Mr. Sayce thinks otherwise, and says that "the stelé which commemorates the death of the Apis bull, said by Herodotus to have been slain by Cambyses, shows that, on the contrary, it had died a natural death, had been buried under his auspices, and had monumental authority for accounting him one of its worshippers." Lord Burleigh's nod was nothing to that stelé, but we prefer the testimony of the historian. The priests, moreover, as is probable enough, may have preferred not to put on record such a dismal fact as the murder of their Apis. It is one thing to decipher inscriptions and hieroglyphs, but quite another thing to determine their exact value when deciphered; and the engraver's tool has perhaps, in proportion, cut more "rousing whids," as Burns calls them, than have ever been engrossed by the pen. But Mr. Sayce is willing to trust "monumental authority" in more ways than one. He has allowed the testimony of inscriptions to have its full weight in his text, and writes τάστα,

* *The Ancient Empires of the East.*—Herodotus, I.-III. With Notes, Introductions, and Appendices. By A. H. Sayce. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

for instance, instead of *ταῦτα*. Textual critics, he says, may think such a procedure heretical; but it is possible that if textual critics condescend to notice Mr. Sayce's labours at all in this field, they may be less polite than he imagines. The question, however, of spelling reform, as applied to Herodotus, is one that we must leave untouched, though we may have a word or two to say, if space permits, on Mr. Sayce's contributions to the reform of English spelling. The indictment which he has drawn against the author whom he has selected to edit, is what we shall mainly deal with in the present notice.

The literary genius of Herodotus has never been called in question. His history, next to the *Odyssey*, is the most delightful work that has come down to us from antiquity; and this fact alone should make his editor cease to wonder at its having "escaped the wreck from which but a few excerpts of his critic Ctesias have been preserved." But the truthfulness and honesty of "the Father of History" have often been arraigned, and quite as often warmly defended. With his defenders and with his other assailants we shall not now concern ourselves, further than by remarking that Mr. Sayce might as well have omitted Thucydides from the ranks of the latter. The greatest of all historians did but correct a single error in Herodotus, and that, too, one of the smallest possible importance. We cannot help saying, also, that when Josephus, "that learned Jew," said that "all" Greek authors acknowledged Herodotus to have "lied in most of his assertions," he lied himself "most consumedly." But now for Mr. Sayce's indictment, or rather for a portion of it, for we really cannot trouble ourselves to answer his wooden criticisms on the speeches, narratives, and stories which lend so unique a charm to the old Greek's history. The three main charges, then, which his editor brings against Herodotus are these:—He affected knowledge which he did not possess; he laid claim to travels which he never made; and he pilfered freely and without acknowledgment from Hecatæus and others, whom he sought to disparage and supersede. In short, he was a liar and a humbug. He affected a knowledge which he did not possess,—for while making himself out to be a "marvellous linguist," he was ignorant even of the language of Egypt. He may have been; and in Mr. Sayce's notes there is always "a half-caste dragoman at his elbow." But the only statement (for we may dismiss the Colchians) which Mr. Sayce makes in favour of his own view might be characterised by any one who loved Mr. Sayce's style of epithet, to use one of his own phrases, as "flagrantly dishonest." He says that Herodotus asserted that the Egyptian language resembled the chirping of birds. Now, we grant that if Herodotus did make that assertion, he was, on his own showing, ignorant of Egyptian. But Herodotus made no such assertion at all, as the reader will see, if he turns to ii., 57, and decides for himself whether it is Mr. Sayce's Greek scholarship that is weak, or his sense of fairness that is blunt. Again, because Herodotus, from religious or superstitious scruples of his own, declines to mention the name of Osiris in connection with embalming, burials, or mysteries, Mr. Sayce and Wiedemann—in this instance, *Arcades ambo*—declare that he had not caught the name when taking notes, and deliberately deceives his readers with his faithless silence. So that, in the face of the fact that Herodotus elsewhere explains that Osiris—he knew the name well enough—was Dionysus, Mr. Sayce asks us to believe that the reason why the scrupulous Greek would not "divulge the name of a deity known to every child in Egypt, and appearing on myriads of sepulchral monuments," was because he had not got it on his tablets; and Herr Wiedemann, with native amenity, says that Herodotus, who really was a gentleman, "had not understood the name, and tried to conceal his ignorance under an affectation of secret knowledge." So much for the first charge. As to the plagiarisms from Hecatæus, we may treat them very briefly. Mr. Sayce again shows that he has one measure for himself and another for his author, for he erroneously declares that Herodotus "makes himself responsible for the truth" of the famous tale of the Phœnix, the fact being that Herodotus explicitly says that he did not believe a word of it. "Still more damaging to his veracity," Mr. Sayce goes on to say, "are the conclusions to be drawn from his descriptions of the crocodile and hippopotamus." But here we can spring a mine on Mr. Sayce. The illustrious Cobet—the first Greek scholar in Europe—has recently expressed an opinion that the fragments of Hecatæus which correspond so closely with Herodotus are forgeries manufactured out of Herodotus; and till that opinion is controverted, the mystic bird and the mighty amphibians need not trouble us.

The last charge we have to answer is that Herodotus lays claims to travels which he never made. Babylonia and Upper Egypt are the countries which Mr. Sayce sets prominently forth in his introduction, as among those which Herodotus fraudulently wished his readers to believe that he had visited. Mr. Sayce is a poor logician, and wastes words in proving that the historian was never in Babylonia, but the arguments which he advances to prove the question really at issue are few and feeble, and it is ludicrous to find him proposing to give Herodotus the benefit of a correct translation of *ὡς ἔλεγον οἱ Χαλδαῖοι*, and complaining that "the majority of the commentators" have been deceived by expressions which they misinterpreted. A broad answer to his baseless theory would be this:—In his account of Egypt, the personality of Herodotus, so to speak, is ever present. He is always asking this, or learning by inquiry that, and seeing things with his own eyes. We venture to say, therefore, since his personality, again so to speak, is always absent in Babylonia, that he cannot by any possibility have wished his readers to believe that he had been in that country. Upper Egypt raises an entirely different question, but here, too, we think that Mr. Sayce is in the wrong. It is quite certain that Herodotus never visited Elephantine, yet he says that he "came on as an eye-witness as far as the city of Elephantine." This, Mr. Sayce says, is "a deliberate falsehood," and "a flagrant example of dishonesty." Let us see. The damning words, for damning they are, if genuine, are omitted in one MS., but we should hold it very poor criticism to suppose that their omission in that MS. clears Herodotus. Moreover, we think they are wrongfully omitted, though we rather sympathise with the acute but dishonest copyist who saw that they could not possibly be correct. For immediately before them comes the story which Herodotus heard from the sacred priest of Sais,—the marvellous story of the Nile rising from a bottomless pool at Elephantine, and flowing thence in two directions, north and south. "He seemed to me to be jesting," says the historian, with his usual grave politeness, much in contrast with the ill-bred pertness of Mr. Sayce's note. But is it conceivable, is it commonsense, to suppose that, immediately after recounting this marvellous tale, he should say that he went on as an eye-witness to Elephantine, and then make no further sign? Mr. Sayce, who, we repeat, is a poor logician, says that if he had gone on to Elephantine, he would not have cared to mention the story of the sacred priest of Sais. In the name of patience, why not? No; if Mr. Sayce's hypothesis were true, if Herodotus had determined to say that he had been to Elephantine without going to Elephantine, then and then most indubitably he would not have mentioned the story of the sacred priest of Sais. The text, therefore, must be corrupt; and as the words *Ἐλεφαντίνης πόλεως* are found there twice, with only ten words between them, we venture to suggest that the corruption lies in the first *Ἐλεφαντίνης*.

We trust that we have shown that Mr. Sayce's contempt for the knowledge, veracity, and honesty of Herodotus rests on rather slender foundations. But we hold it not respectful to the memory of the Father of History to express any indignation with the present Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. One word, however, about his spelling, before we part from him. He talks of "a correct transliteration of Greek proper names." He does not know what correct transliteration means. *Αἴσχυλος*, correctly transliterated, is "Aiskhulos." Mr. Sayce gives us "Aeskhylos"! And what shall we say of his "Akhaeans" and his "Josephos"? Fancy "Flavius Josephos"! Inconsistency with themselves and with each other is the badge of all the tribe who better the instruction of Grote's foolish "fad," and we have often wondered why they make such geese of themselves. Mr. Sayce gives the reason why he does, and it has at least the merit of being preposterous. He misspells Greek proper names, because he hopes that by so doing he "may possibly help to contribute to that most desirable of objects, the reform of English spelling."

Ὡς οὐδὲν ἡ μάθησις, ἢν μὴ νοῦς παρῇ.

HESTER.*

Hester is hardly one of the best of Mrs. Oliphant's novels. It wants more compression, especially in the first volume, more

* *Hester: a Story of Contemporary Life.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

incident, a little more of what art critics used to call "pyramidal form." The story is too level, too like actual life, with its trivial incidents which are yet so important, and its personages who have so little that is dramatic in them, yet are always making up scenes, and its catastrophes so cruel yet so ordinary, and so easily foreseen. And yet the narrative is far superior in interest to the ordinary run of novels. Throughout, Mrs. Oliphant has such a perfect comprehension of her characters, of what they will and will not do, of their true springs of action, and of the way in which they would meet unexpected or menacing circumstances, that her personal scenery is as real to the reader as if he stood among the group. The central figure is, as usual with Mrs. Oliphant, a woman, and, as usual, too, an elderly, unmarried woman, with wealth and brains and a will, a "woman of character" so strong that she ought to have been Scotch. When we first lighted on Catherine Vernon, the capable woman who saved a bank and managed it, and gave herself to benevolent despotism, and reigned in Redborough feared yet worshipped by half its people, we felt as if we had once more seen an old friend, and said, "Ah! here is Catherine Douglas, Millicent Mortimer, or Sarah in *Whiteladies*, or Phœbe Junior, grown old and resting from her labours, and placed in novel circumstances!" Mrs. Oliphant loves that kind of strong, half-masculine, clear-sighted woman, blind to nothing, not even to her own foibles, and loves, too, to place her in the position of a man, and show how much better she can control both circumstances and people than a man—who with her is essentially a feeble and impulsive creature, or else vaguely strong but shadowy—would, if so situated, be likely to do. The impression, however, soon disappears. Catherine Vernon is herself strong, like her predecessors, and healthy and competent to do man's work, but a separate being, is, in fact, that rare character, a female cynic, a woman full of benevolence and active kindness, but *au fond* sardonic, expecting little in return, aware that gratitude is infrequent, seeing through all the pettinesses, and spites, and falsehoods of her protégés, but tolerating all, and deriving from all an amusement which in a man would have been saturnine. In her cynicism, too, she becomes a little base, rules her dependents too hardly, is too apt to believe that their motive must be bad, and to tread her subjects down with a contempt which is not altogether unconscious, for she sometimes gives it voice. She has filled a great house with dependent relatives, to whom she is all kindness, but whom when she entertains them she grossly neglects; whom she snubs when needful remorselessly; and whose consequent dislike she regards with a large-hearted yet contemptuous understanding. Nevertheless, she is, of course, taken in, that being, in Mrs. Oliphant's theory, more or less women's destiny. She has adopted one of the Vernons, placed him at the head of the bank, and made him her son, and he, outwardly all deference, in reality despises and almost hates her, fretting under the restraint of her affection, deeming her watchful care espionage, and believing her loving control to come from a desire to govern,—which is partly true as regards all but himself,—from which his only passionate impulse is to be free. Her large, yet spoiled nature, wonderfully like all intimate sketches of the Empress Catherine II., though of course without her vice, is drawn with the firm, free hand which tells of perfect comprehension, and in her ability and her weakness, is as real as any character in history. We never tire of her and her ways and her acts, unpleasant as the latter often are, and never for an instant fail to see in her the largeness of nature, force of character, and mental insight which forbid all around, even when she is doing or saying small things, ever to think her small. She is the true heroine of the story, and her relation to her adopted son, whom she trusts implicitly, but who all the while is secretly speculating with her money, not out of roguery, or malice, or avarice, but in an ungovernable desire to be independent of her, and to rule his life for himself, is described with almost tragic power. Mrs. Oliphant does not succeed in this son quite so well as in Catherine, failing always, as she usually does, to give the impression of manliness, which must have been in the real man, but the woman's side of the story is wonderfully told, and culminates in this new form of tragedy. Edward, after speculations which nearly ruin the bank, succeeds in a big one, and flies with the money:—

"Miss Vernon had believed in no one else. She had laughed and seen through every pretence—except Edward. Edward had been the sole faith of her later life. He had loved her, she believed; and she had been able to give him a life worthy of him. Heaven and earth! She had heard him raving, as she said to herself, outside. The boy had gone wrong, as, alas, so many have gone: out of a wicked, foolish love, out of a desire to be rich, perhaps. But this was different. A momentary temptation, even a quick recurring error, that can be understood. But that his life should have been intolerable, a monotony, a bondage, that change had been what he longed for—change from her house, her presence, her confidence! She gave vent to a cry like that of a wild animal, full of horror, and misery, and pain. The girl (Hester) did not mean to hurt her. There was sincerity in every tone of her voice. She thought she was making his sins venial, and defending him. Oh, it was true, true! Through Catherine's mind at that moment there ran the whole story of her later days, how she had used herself to the pretences of all about her, how every one around had taken from her, and snarled at her, eaten of her bread, and drunk of her cup, and hated her—except Edward. He alone had been her prop, her religion of the affections. The others had sneered at her weakness for him, and she had held her head high. She had prided herself on expecting no gratitude, on being prepared, with a laugh, to receive evil for good—except from him. Even now that she should be forced to acknowledge him ungrateful, that even would have been nothing, that would have done her no hurt. But to hear that his past life had been a burden, a bondage, a monotony, that freedom was what he longed for—freedom from her! The whole fabric of her life crushed together and rocked to its foundations. She cried out to Heaven and earth that she could not bear it—she could not bear it! Other miseries might be possible, but this she could not endure."

The heroine, Hester, is not quite so good. She is intended throughout to be, and is, a repetition of Catherine herself, though without the cynical humour, which, of course, only experience, and experience of a peculiar kind, can develop, and placed in far different circumstances. She is as competent as Catherine, but has nothing to do with her competence, being wretchedly poor, and surrounded by feeble people,—her mother, who is a washed-out creature, originally a lady and a beauty; a cousin Emma, pretty, stupid, and mercilessly frank in her avowals that she is husband-hunting, and "ought to have her chance;" the spiteful or very old inmates of the genteel almshouse, the Vernonry, as the neighbours call it; a suitor, Harry Vernon, who is good, kindly, and faithful, but a fool; a second suitor, who hardly comes forward; and a third, the Edward Vernon, Catherine Vernon's adopted son. He wins, of course; and it is in the relation between the two that we have the only sense of disappointment in the book. We do not know why he wins, and do not believe he would have won. Pride of a sound and healthy kind is the strongest feeling in Hester, and we can hardly believe that she would have borne Edward's calculated neglect whenever he meets his love in his adopted mother's company, or his silence towards his adopted mother,—unless, indeed, Hester's love had been stronger still, strong enough to defy all things and indnce her to cling to Edward when he asks her to elope, even though she is aware of, as she has long half suspected, his guilt. He dominates Hester, with her quick brain and strong character, far too completely, yet incompletely; and neither success nor failure is satisfactorily accounted for. The truth is, Mrs. Oliphant sees no necessity for explanation. Girls of fine nature are always giving themselves to the unworthy, just as wise men are always marrying fools, and her own explanation of the fact in her heart is that men are mostly fools, and that women have not yet completely found them out. We cannot recall among all her books one picture of a thoroughly competent man who is also good, or one—unless it be Tom in *Miss Marjoribanks*, who is the slightest of sketches—whom a male reader thoroughly likes. As, however, she does not wish to press this theory too strongly, she leaves explanation out, sometimes, as in this case, to her readers' bewilderment and annoyance. The facts granted, however, the situations are clear and exciting, and Mrs. Oliphant's power of writing bright and interesting dialogue, dialogue with thought and purpose in it, never fails her any more than her power of creating side figures. This time the book is full of them,—Captain Morgan, the old officer, whose life has been one long benevolence, but who, in extreme age, has come to the conclusion that altruism may be pushed too far, and holds, as a theory often breaking down, that every man should have a life of his own beyond destruction or spoiling by others; Mrs. Morgan, the gentle, old wife, who against this theory is immovable; Emma Ashton, their grandchild, a really wonderful sketch, the girl who has nothing bad in her, is, indeed, simple, and truthful, and unmalicious, but has in her an incurable coarseness of fibre, a Zolaish realism which has the effect of badness; Ellen Merridew, the spirited, active, vain butterfly, without evil in her composition, but a ruinous wife to own; Roland Ashton, the self-conscious, vain, young stockbroker, who flirted by instinct with all accessible women, yet had sense and heart somewhere about him; and Harry Vernon, the good man, who has a certain strength derived from principle and feeling alone,

but is always conscious that when brain is required he is "out of it;" there is a whole gallery of such people, all sketched successfully and apparently without pains. Among them all, the reader loves Hester, the proud, able, pure girl, who protects her mother, and defies Catherine Vernon, and would protect her lover if only he would be protected, yet hardly follows her impulse when she gives herself away to such a man, one who, though full of intelligence and capacity of various kinds, is still essentially a mere hypocrite. That, after all, is the true defect of the book. The adopting mother would not have detected the hypocrite element in Edward, for adopting mothers never do, but Hester would have done, and would have despised it. That she does not, gives the reader pain, not because of Hester, who, he feels certain, will be rescued at last, but because it creates an impression of a defect in art.

We have said nothing of the plot of the story, because there is practically none, except the catastrophe produced by Edward Vernon's hunger to be free, and because we cannot consider Mrs. Oliphant from the point of view of the story-teller. She has risen far beyond that, though she has not reached her true level yet, and never will till she determines to put all the wealth of imagination at her disposal into some one book. She still beats out her gold, thinking the clever scenes she makes up so easily good enough for Mudie. So they are,—too good; but they are not good enough for her own reputation, if she is ever to be recognised for what she is,—at least the second female novelist of our time.

ROMAN LIFE IN THE DAYS OF CICERO.*

Mr. Church has in this book taken a quite new step in his very successful project of popularising, without vulgarising, the great Greek and Roman Classics. In some, indeed, of his tales from Livy, and tales from Herodotus, he was on historic ground; but in these sketches of life, taken from the speeches and letters of Cicero, he is on the ground of history as attested by contemporary evidence of the most minute and most authoritative kind, and a more charming selection of scenes from the life and times of Cicero it would be difficult to find. The only fault of the book is that it opens, rather unfortunately, with a slightly dull chapter on the Roman boy, which is not quite of a piece with the rest of the book, and which looks rather as if Mr. Church at first sketched out for himself a different plan, which he subsequently found it undesirable to pursue. He disclaims in the preface any intention of writing a book illustrative of the social life of the Romans, and yet the first chapter would seem to have been conceived from that point of view, though it is almost immediately changed for a very much better and livelier design,—that of illustrating the times of Cicero by sketches of Cicero's own achievements, and of those of the great men who were either his friends or his rivals. After this first chapter, however, which is a little too much in the style of a manual of Roman manners and customs, Mr. Church keeps much closer to the events or incidents of the times of the great Roman orator and statesman, and then the interest never flags. The account of those celebrated causes in which Cicero pleaded,—the defence of Roscius, the impeachment of Verres, and the exposure of Catiline's conspiracy,—is singularly vivid and lively. Of Cicero's country retreats, of his anxiety to adorn his library at Tusculum, of his Sabine farm near Arpinum with its island study, of his more fashionable sea-side home near Cape Caieta, where he was bored by too attentive friends; of his dreariness and complainingness in exile, and of the furtive way in which he reproached his friends under pretence of reproaching himself, indeed of the curious mixture of courage and vacillation in his character generally, Mr. Church gives us a most graphic picture in this interesting little book, which to the present writer, at least, has had all the interest of a novel. Some of Cicero's contemporaries, too, are sketched in with few but effective strokes,—Sulla, Pompey, Catiline, Atticus, Cæsar, and Antony. In all these delineations, there is enough detail to produce a vivid impression, but not more than enough for the purposes of a sketch in which some one feature, whether it be one that concerns the character of Cicero, or that of his friends and rivals, or the society which they kept and the constraint or freedom with which they treated each other, is brought out. Thus we get a most effective picture of the corruption of a time in which juries were bribable, indeed, and often bribed, but yet not so utterly bribable but that ability and courage, and still more, audacity, might foil the most deliberate and apparently well-planned attempt to defeat justice. Cicero himself often defeated such attempts at corruption, and defeated them when his own life was the stake for which he played. At the same time, it is pretty clear that he did not despise the arts of the advocate, even though those arts were of a kind to *mislead* the jury into the conclusion which he desired them to draw.

We will illustrate the descriptive power of the book by one passage, in which Mr. Church gives us a picture of one of Cicero's country retreats, and by another in which he condenses the story of the indictment drawn against Verres. Here is a sketch of the country house near Arpinum :—

"A Roman of even moderate wealth—for Cicero was far from being one of the richest men of his time—commonly possessed more country-houses than belong even to the wealthiest of English nobles. One such house at least Cicero inherited from his father. It was about three miles from Arpinum, a little town in that hill country of the Sabines which was the proverbial seat of a temperate and frugal race, and which Cicero describes in Homeric phrase as

'Rough but a kindly nurse of men.'

In his grandfather's time it had been a plain farmhouse, of the kind that had satisfied the simpler manners of former days—the days when Consuls and Dictators were content, their time of office ended, to plough their own fields and reap their own harvests. Cicero was born within its walls, for the primitive fashion of family life still prevailed, and the married son continued to live in his father's house. After the old man's death, when the old-fashioned frugality gave way to a more sumptuous manner of life, the house was greatly enlarged, one of the additions being a library, a room of which the grandfather, who thought that his contemporaries were like Syrian slaves, 'the more Greek they knew the greater knaves they were,' had never felt the want; but in which his son, especially in his later days, spent most of his time. The garden and grounds were especially delightful, the most charming spot of all being an island formed by the little stream Fibrenus. A description put into the mouth of Quintus, the younger son of the house, thus depicts it: 'I have never seen a more pleasant spot. Fibrenus here divides his stream into two of equal size, and so washes either side. Flowing rapidly by he joins his waters again, having compassed just as much ground as makes a convenient place for our literary discussions. This done he hurries on, just as if the providing of such a spot had been his only office and function, to fall into the Liris. Then, like one adopted into a noble family, he loses his own obscurer name. The Liris, indeed, he makes much colder. A colder stream than this indeed I never touched, though I have seen many. I can scarce bear to dip my foot in it. You remember how Plato makes Socrates dip his foot in Ilissus.' Atticus, too, is loud in his praises. 'This, you know, is my first time of coming here, and I feel that I cannot admire it enough. As to the splendid villas which one often sees, with their marble pavements and gilded ceilings, I despise them. And their water-courses, to which they give the fine names of Nile or Euripus, who would not laugh at them when he sees your streams? When we want rest and delight for the mind it is to nature that we must come. Once I used to wonder—for I never thought that there was anything but rocks and hills in the place—that you took such pleasure in the spot. But now I marvel that when you are away from Rome you care to be anywhere but here.'—'Well,' replied Cicero, 'when I get away from town for several days at a time, I do prefer this place; but this I can seldom do. And indeed I love it, not only because it is so pleasant, so healthy a resort, but also because it is my native land, mine and my father's too, and because I live here among the associations of those that have gone before me.'"

And here is the close of the spirited account of the impeachment of Verres :—

"Verres had still one hope left; and this, strangely enough, sprang out of the very number and enormity of his crimes. The mass of evidence was so great that the trial might be expected to last for a long time. If it could only be protracted into the next year, when his friends would be in office, he might still hope to escape. And indeed there was but little time left. The trial began on the fifth of August. In the middle of the month Pompey was to exhibit some games. Then would come the games called 'The Games of Rome,' and after this others again, filling up much of the three months of September, October, and November. Cicero anticipated this difficulty. He made a short speech (it could not have lasted more than two hours in delivering), in which he stated the case in outline. He made a strong appeal to the jury. They were themselves on their trial. The eyes of all the world were on them. If they did not do justice on so notorious a criminal, they would never be trusted any more. It would seem that the senators were not fit to administer the law. The law itself was on its trial. The provincials openly declared that if Verres was acquitted, the law under which their governors were liable to be accused had better be repealed. If no fear of a prosecution were hanging over them, they would be content with as much plunder as would satisfy their own wants. They would not need to extort as much more wherewith to bribe their judges. Then he called his witnesses. A marvellous array they were. 'From the foot of Mount Taurus, from the shores of the Black Sea, from many cities of the Grecian mainland, from many islands of the Ægean, from every city and market-town of Sicily, deputations thronged to Rome. In the porticoes, and on the steps of the temples, in the area of the Forum, in the colonnade that surrounded it, on the housetops and on the overlooking declivities, were stationed dense and eager

* *Roman Life in the Days of Cicero.* Sketches Drawn from his Letters and Speeches. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A., Professor of Latin at University College, London. With Illustrations. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. 1884.

crowds of impoverished heirs and their guardians, bankrupt tax-farmers and corn-merchants, fathers bewailing their children carried off to the prætor's harem, children mourning for their parents dead in the prætor's dungeons, Greek nobles whose descent was traced to Cecrops or Eurysthenes, or to the great Ionian and Minyan houses, and Phœnicians, whose ancestors had been priests of the Tyrian Melcarth, or claimed kindred with the Zidonian Jah.' Nine days were spent in hearing this mass of evidence. Hortensius was utterly overpowered by it. He had no opportunity for displaying his eloquence, or making a pathetic appeal for a noble oppressed by the hatred of the democracy. After a few feeble attempts at cross-examination, he practically abandoned the case. The defendant himself perceived that his position was hopeless. Before the nine days, with their terrible impeachment, had come to an end he fled from Rome. The jury returned an unanimous verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was condemned to banishment and to pay a fine. The place of banishment (which he was apparently allowed to select outside certain limits) was Marseilles. The amount of the fine we do not know. It certainly was not enough to impoverish him. Much of the money and many of the works of art which he had stolen were left to him. These latter, by a singularly just retribution, proved his ruin in the end. After the death of Cicero, Antony permitted the exiles to return. Verres came with them, bringing back his treasures of art, and was put to death because they excited the cupidity of the masters of Rome."

It is curious to note how many of the great Romans of this era seem to have depended on their youth for the brilliance of their genius. Sulla's genius certainly paled before that of Pompey. Cicero was never again the man he was before his exile; and, indeed, was himself conscious of showing weakness and vacillation at a time when he might have defeated the design of Clodius, if he had had but the audacity of his earlier self. Pompey, the most brilliant of youthful generals, seems to have lost all nerve and presence of mind towards the close of his career. And even Cæsar's assassination prevented his genius from being put to the test of age. Surely, in the closing days of the Republic, there was a strange want of those fixed convictions on which had rested the iron tenacity of the Rome of an earlier period; and, except where the place of these convictions was supplied by something of the dash of youthful daring, there seems to have been a vein of weakness in Roman genius, quite unlike the sterling patriotism and self-confidence of earlier periods. There was a touch of Alcibiades in even the best, as well as in the worst, of the great men of the last days of the Republic.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.*

We have observed with some regret an apparently authoritative announcement to the effect that the publishers of *Don John of Austria* do not intend to issue a popular—and it was also to be hoped an easily portable—edition of it. Both the folio edition, which was published immediately after the death of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and the library edition which has followed it at an interval of a few years, are, in point of paper, type, and illustrations, truly magnificent. But they are for the connoisseurs in books, rather than for the students of them. It is surely a matter for regret that Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, as a historical writer, and above all in his latest and greatest work, should be kept as a close preserve for connoisseurs. He is not a great historical writer, indeed, in the sense in which, we shall not say Thucydides and Tacitus, but even Macaulay and Motley, are great historical writers. "The over-soul," as Emerson rather affectedly called it, does not brood over his writings; they are deficient even in the sense of proportion. It is men, not movements, or even periods, that he can understand, and, in consequence, do justice to. He is fascinated by the picturesque and the romantic, he has no longing to get behind the scenes to the spiritual, or even to that profounder real which Emerson affirms too dogmatically to be the only true spiritual, and to which the romantic and the picturesque are but as the feather in the hat, or the rose in the button-hole. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell seized on Don John of Austria for a subject much as Bulwer Lytton seized on Rienzi. His position in literature—and it may be added, in politics also—may, in fact, be defined as that of the least affected and the most painstaking and erudite of the school of which Lord Beaconsfield was first the exquisite and then the man of action, and Bulwer Lytton, with his "heroes of hemp and glories of the gallows," even with his Richelieus and Rienzis, was the phrasemonger and playwright. But let Sir William Stirling-Maxwell be taken with his limitations and as he presents himself, and he will be found a delightful writer, and a man of great, if one-sided historical learning, who wore it, too, with easy grace, as a scholarly country gentleman wears his Latin and Greek. *Don John of Austria* was Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's *magnum opus*, if not his favourite son. All his other writings, his *Cloister Life*, his historical and Spanish artistic "Studies," led up to it, though not quite by a direct route. Moreover, Don John, if not exactly "the last Crusader," as Mr. Motley has styled him, was the last of the chivalric figures of Catholic Christendom; even the in many respects greater, Alexander Farnese was little better than the tool of an essentially ignoble tyranny. The hero of Lepanto, the rival and opponent of William the Taciturn, the ambitious dreamer, who first proposed to revive the glories of Carthage, and then, repulsed by Elizabeth, contemplated the conquest of England as the consort of Mary, Queen of Scots, who yet died at little over thirty, had a story worth telling, and it has never been told with such fullness and enthusiasm as by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Besides, this work is valuable for other reasons than as containing the story of Don John. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's learning overflows from his hero on everybody and everything connected with him. There are chapters in it on the Morisco rebellion against Spain, on the fleets of the sixteenth century, and on the relations at that time between Islam and Christendom, that are of the character of historical embroidery, and that may be read and deserve to be read apart from Don John. It is still to be hoped that Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's literary executors or publishers may, at some time in the future, see their way to issue *Don John of Austria* in such a form as may place it within the reach of that large and increasing section of the public which finds its chief delight in serious historical literature.

Our purpose is necessarily at this time to recall, rather than to call, attention to *Don John of Austria*. Its strong and its weak points are easily pointed out; many of them, as characteristics of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's literary work generally, we have already hinted at. The second half of this work is the less interesting of the two, though that is, perhaps, more Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's misfortune than his fault. In dealing with the struggle of the Netherlands with Philip II., he necessarily provokes comparison with Mr. Motley, and not quite to his advantage. Mr. Motley has grasped the moral meaning of that struggle better than Sir William; and, beside William the Taciturn, Don John appears a grandiose, rather than a grand figure. The closing portion of the narrative telling the events that led up to the death of Don John of a broken heart—or was it of poison?—seems to flag. In spite of what Sir William Stirling-Maxwell says, Don John appears to us to have towards the last become so weak and querulous, that one cannot help suspecting that he had grown convinced of the injustice of the cause he was sent to fight for by his half-brother, as well as of the selfish view Philip took of himself as of all his agents and emissaries. There was something of the Bayard in *Don John;* why, then, did he not try to break the chain that bound him to Philip, and declare, like Bayard, that the greatest of a nation's interests is not peace, but justice? Going backwards through the melodramatic scenes of which Don John's career was composed, we come to the war of the Holy League of Catholic Christendom against the Ottoman Empire, of which the battle of Lepanto was the most brilliant, but not the concluding episode. Here we find our author at his best, and also at his worst. His portraits of the leading figures in this great historic struggle,—Pius V., the savage debauchee Selim II., the various commanders at Lepanto, including tough old Andrea Doria, against whom Sir William Stirling-Maxwell seems to have had something like a grudge, are without exception excellent. This portion of the work, too, is a perfect mine of information upon the battle of Lepanto, and the events which preceded and succeeded it. But the description of the fight itself, looked at as a battle-piece, is disappointing. It is not such a piece as Macaulay would have given us, or Mr. Freeman, or Carlyle, each in a different style. It is rather a series of sketches, than a bird's-eye view of the whole engagement. No doubt, the battle itself was an affair of "sections;" but this is precisely the kind of difficulty that a higher art than Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's would have delighted in overcoming. His style, indeed, shows to much better advantage in the account of the Morisco rebellion, that remarkable rising of a brave but fated race against Spanish bigotry and tyranny. Here Sir William's very discursiveness helps him. For patient historical treatment and for picturesqueness it would be difficult to match his detailed narrative of the singular

* *Don John of Austria; or, Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century, 1547-1578.* Illustrated with Numerous Wood Engravings. By the Late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

struggle in the Sierras, in which, by the way, Don John's part was rather an unimportant one.

But we find that, on the whole, the most enjoyable portion of this work is the narrative it gives of the early life and training of Don John. Charles V. was really at great pains with the education of the son born of his *liaison* at Ratisbon in 1546 with Barbara Blomberg, who seems now beyond all question to have been a daughter of a good family there, and who proved, as Philip II. found to his cost, a woman of many whims and of strong will. Don John was placed under the care of Luis Quixada, one of the truly noble-minded Spanish gentlemen of the time, whom it is one of the tragic "pities" of history to find working and dying for one of the worst of masters, and perhaps the very worst of causes. Quixada faithfully discharged the duty imposed upon him by Charles V., and duly acknowledged, it is only fair to say, by that cold fanatic, his son. The time came for Philip to proclaim to the world that Quixada's pupil was his half-brother, and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's description of the rather dramatic way in which he did this at an auto-da-fe at Valladolid, is one of the most effective bits of writing in the book:—"A group of gentlemen came in sight. As they drew near, Quixada once more halted, and alighting from his horse, caused Don John to follow his example. A short, spare man, in black, with a pale face and sandy beard, advanced towards them alone, and checked his horse when within a few paces. 'Kneel down, Don John,' said Quixada, 'and kiss his Majesty's hand.' As the youth obeyed the instruction, he found bending over him a pair of cold, grey eyes, and a ponting underlip, which may well have recalled the features of the august invalid whose gouty fingers he had knelt to kiss at Yuste. 'Do you know, youngster,' said the King, 'who your father was?' The abashed youth made no reply. Philip then dismounted, and embracing him with some show of affection, said, 'Charles V., my lord and father, was also yours. You could not have had a more illustrious sire, and I am bound to acknowledge you as my brother.' He then turned to the gentlemen behind him and said, 'Know and honour this youth as the natural son of the Emperor and brother to the King.'" Don John's position was now assured, and we soon find him placed in very delicate relations towards Philip, and his savage and indeed mad son, Don Carlos. There need be no longer any mystery about the death of this wretched lad. Carried away by his own passions, he offended his father, who, to bring him to his senses, put him in prison. There he lived in an insane way, and finally starved himself to death. Don John was the steady friend of Carlos through the short and stormy period of their acquaintance, though he declined to help his projects of rebellion against his father. So many sins have been rightly laid to the door of Philip, that one is glad to acquit him of the murder of his own son, though he was very nearly as bad a father as he was a politician. In regard to this portion of Don John's story, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell recalls Gachard, as in others he more forcibly reminds one of Motley's invaluable work, and also of M. Forneron's comparatively recent *Philip II.* But viewed simply as a piece of independent and thorough historical research, it need fear neither comparison nor criticism.

MR. BESANT'S NEW NOVEL.*

We recently referred to Mr. Walter Besant as one of the two novelists of the day who are at once realistic and romantic, Mr. Clark Russell being the other; here is a new story of the practical-poetical kind, with one of the ingeniously applied titles which we always expect from this author, come to support that remark.

All in a Garden Fair has not the lively interest of *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, the serious, social purpose of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, or the satirical meaning and comicality of *The Monks of Thelema;* but it is a very pretty story, and an exceedingly good book, one which is as pleasant to read as any of its predecessors, and has greater smoothness and literary polish.

There is something about this story that reminds us of the immortal *White Cat.* Mr. Besant may, perhaps, not have been consciously thinking about that delightful tale—one that may be read with profit and pleasure at any age—but it was lurking somewhere in the recesses of his mind, when he started off his three "swains" from the pretty village of portentous bankruptcy in the Forest of Hainault, to seek their fortunes in the three different regions of Tom Tidler's Ground, the Island of Sweet Fancies, and a Far Country. Are they not all, the reader asks himself, to meet at the bridge, to ride together over the palace green, and to bring home to the King, who is so provokingly vacillating about his abdication, the little pink dog, the web of cambric, and the loveliest princess in the world? At all events, the glow of romance is shed over the story from the first, and the realism of it is as remarkable as the realism of the author's East London studies in his recent novels, and the seafaring scenes in several of his Christmas books. The sweet little heroine, who might be the king's daughter, but is the child of a wise and gentle-hearted French political refugee, lives with her father, Hector Philipon, on the borders of Hainault Forest, and the three "swains" with whom we make acquaintance as children, have unlimited resort to the wild region that the author describes delightfully, and whither they go with the little Claire, like Poucet and his brethren in that sad, old story of the big little family, the empty larder, and the scattered bread-crumbs, in which, we suppose, we shall presently be invited to discern an allegory of overcrowding, depreciation of labour-value, and the resources of emigration. The following passages are taken from a chapter devoted to a lovely scene within the reach of us all, but which few of us have ever visited:—

"Hainault is not a very great forest, but it is real; it is wild. There are endless things to explore in it; there are creatures which may be started in the underwood; among them are the tame cats who have grown wild, and now pass precarious lives in great discomfort; in the spring and summer, the air is musical with birds, of which these children know every note; in the winter, there are the donkeys who run loose and keep themselves,—they will let themselves be ridden in hard times, bare-backed, and never a kick for a crust of bread; and there are things, yea, tritons and eyvets, and wriggling things in the pools, and jack may be caught in the River Roding; there are butterflies and moths to be chased; there are flowers in the spring and blackberries in the autumn. Besides the creatures, and the trees, and flowers, there is scenery; here and there, hill-sides clothed with wood; slopes on which, as you stand upon them, and look among the trees, the sun produces strange and wonderful effects; stretches of elastic turf; places where the forest seems to recede and still to recede as you walk along, great trees, avenues of oak, gatherings of beeches, with ash, and elm, and sycamore; everywhere, the underwood of hawthorn, honeysuckle, and wild rose; everywhere the freshness and fragrance of the wild wood; always light and colour, even in January, when the delicate purple bloom lies upon the masses of bush and shrub and the late leaves linger on the sheltered branches, and always silence and rest from the talk of man."

The opening scenes of the story take place during the childhood of Claire and the three boys, and are partly amusing and partly poetical. The talk of the congregated bankrupts on the village green, with their contempt for mercantile failures at a low figure, is humorous rather in Mr. Besant's former than in his present style; the boys are very real boys, and Philipon is quite an original.

Allen Engledew's poetic faculty is early indicated; we find it out when he sits on the bench in the churchyard, "on which should be sitting none but old men, contemplating with faith and resignation the place where they soon must lie." But Allen wanders there, and if he goes alone and sits there long enough, there presently comes to him a vision:—

"He sees a fierce battle, with men in armour, and armed with crossbow, longbow, pike, lance, and heavy sword. There is a great shouting and clashing of weapons; there is the heavy tramp of chargers carrying knights in iron armour; there is the rushing to and fro of men who charged and men who fled; there is the hurtling of bolts and arrows in the air; there is a flight and a slaughter. It is the vision of Senlac fight which comes to the boy, because somewhere at his feet there lie the bones of King Harold and his brothers."

The different destinies of the three boys are traced out with the author's accustomed skill. We know from very early in the story which of the three we prefer, and we are pretty sure that Mr. Besant also favours him in his heart; for has not the novelist always the power of according the hand of the beauteous maiden to his own particular favourite, in spite of the perversity of events, the machinations of enemies, and the apparent implacability of fate? Now, the hand of the beauteous maiden is not, in the end, bestowed upon the poet. This trifling breach of confidence we permit ourselves, because we are bound to say we are very glad of it. Mr. Besant binds us over to believe that Allen is a poet, a novelist, and a dramatist *hors ligne*, and we agree to it all; but he cannot disguise that he was also a bit of a prig, and egregiously beflattered by Isabel Holt. He would have disappointed Claire, but the swain who went to the Far Country is worthy of her. We wish it to be distinctly understood, however, that we have nothing against Allen, and that we do not grudge him the happiness and prosperity in which we leave him. The story is full of happy allusions, piquant bits of acute

* *All in a Garden Fair.* By Walter Besant. London: Chatto and Windus.

and humorous observation, incidental people who are very amusing, and sketches of life in that "East End" of London which the author first made known to the Western world. Among the best incidental sketches is that of Gertrude Holt, the grey-haired, old, literary lady, who comes of an inky family, and has been writing all her life. Of the modern aspects of so-called literary society, and the experiences of aspirants to literature, there has been something too much of late; but Mr. Besant invests the subject with freshness which is rarely, if ever, wanting in his writings, and teaches (without preaching it) a wholesome lesson of patience and hard work. All through the story runs the sweet strain—now plainly audible, now in an under-tone—of the romance of Hainault Forest, and the dreams of the French humanitarian, democrat, philosopher, and refugee. The author will not disappoint any of his already-won admirers, while there are certain attractions that are quite novel about *All in a Garden Fair*.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.*

This book sets forth a view of modern English history which may fitly be called original. For, although more than hinted at by Ranke and others, it has never yet been presented with such force, or so developed, as it is in these pages. Assuredly, too, the moral which Professor Seeley draws from his reading of historical events is original, in the best sense of the word. We can find, therefore, no better way of praising the book than by letting its argument as much as possible speak for itself.

The book is made up of "Two Courses of Lectures," the first of which deals generally with the whole subject, the second being devoted particularly to our great Indian dependency. Interesting as is this latter part of the book, it cannot, from the nature of the subject, compare in interest with the first part, which treats of the foundation and development of the colonies inhabited by Englishmen. We purpose, then, while noting the value of the second course, to consider only those views which Professor Seeley propounds in the first eight lectures. At the outset, Professor Seeley tells us that it is a favourite maxim of his that "history, while it should be scientific in its method, should pursue a practical object;" it should "modify the reader's view of the present and his forecast of the future." The method should be scientific, that is, history should treat of the most important events, and these events should be considered in relation to their cause or causes. Further, Professor Seeley gives us a test of the importance of events; "it is their *pregnancy*, or, in other words, the greatness of the consequences likely to follow from them." Now, inasmuch as there are already "ten millions of Englishmen beyond the sea"—and "those millions are scattered over an enormous area, which fills up with a rapidity quite unlike the increase of population in England"—Professor Seeley looks upon the foundation of Greater Britain as "the great fact of modern English history." And this fact suggests its own explanation. Has it not been said that "Europe is a group of States of which the five westernmost have been acted upon by a steady gravitation towards the New World, and have dragged in their train great New-World empires"? Greater Britain, then, has arisen from the contest of these five Western European States for supremacy in the New World. But inasmuch as in this race for an empire beyond the seas, Spain and Portugal had "the start by a whole century, and even Holland was in the field before England," how came England to outstrip her competitors? Holland and Portugal, we are told, "laboured under the disadvantage of too small a basis;" and Spain and France were too deeply involved in European matters, they "both had too many irons in the fire:"—

> "In one word, out of the five States which competed for the New World, success has fallen to that one not which showed at the outset the strongest vocation for colonisation, not which surpassed the others in daring, or invention, or energy, but to that one which was least hampered by the Old World."

But Professor Seeley is not satisfied, even after making such generalisations as these; he appeals to facts, and depicts, at least in outline, the chief incidents of the contest. The Armada, he says, marks the time when the apprenticeship of the English as sailors closes; from this time on England becomes "maritime and industrial," here is "the beginning of modern English history." Under the first Stuarts "there is no decline," as is commonly imagined, "there is continuous development." John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, and Calvert establish the colonies of Virginia, New England, and Maryland. Precisely stated, Professor Seeley's belief is that,—

> "The seventeenth century is controlled by two great forces, of which one, the Reformation, is decreasing; while the other, which is the attraction of the New World, is increasing."

That the influence of the Reformation is decreasing, is evidenced by the war between the two Protestant powers, England and Holland, and when later, England joined hands with Holland, the alliance is not only against the Catholic Revival which bore fruit in the Edict of Nantes, but also against the growing power of France, which threatened both States in like degree. For, "from about 1660 to 1700, France had been the first State in the world, beyond dispute." This, then, is the aspect of the race towards the end of the seventeenth century. Portugal has fallen hopelessly behind; so has Spain, which was tripped up by Cromwell; and Holland has been so hustled by England and France acting in combination against her—the one under Charles II., the other under Louis XIV.—that she soon afterwards becomes exhausted. The prize, which is the possession of the New World, now lies between England and France. Here we find the chief virtue of Professor Seeley's conception; it rehabilitates the eighteenth century, making the "dismal period" one of the most interesting in English history. He directs attention to the fact that out of the 126 years, counted from the Revolution of 1688 to the peace of 1815, "sixty-four years, or more than one-half, were spent in war." He covers all these wars with one formula:—

> "The truth is these wars group themselves very symmetrically, and the whole period stands out as an age of gigantic rivalry between England and France, a kind of second Hundred Years' War."

The culminating point of the struggle is to be sought in the three wars waged between 1740 and 1783:—

> "In the first of them, the issue is fairly joined; in the second, France suffers her fatal fall; in the third, she takes her signal revenge."

Well may Professor Seeley say that this trilogy of wars supplies the grand feature which the eighteenth century seems so sadly to want. Nor is the period lacking in the interest due to a great personality. Chatham was the statesman who "guided us to victory." Again, as regards our wars with the French Revolution and with Napoleon, "the possession of the New World was among the grounds of quarrel." For this explains why the French incited Tippoo Sultan to war with the Calcutta Government, why Napoleon insisted upon the evacuation of Malta, and why the English, in defiance of treaty, refused to give up the island. It explains Napoleon's Continental system, and his violent seizure of Spain and Portugal.

No one, we think, will deny that this reading of modern English history has much to say for itself, it therefore remains for us to consider briefly "the practical object" which Professor Seeley insists upon as the outcome of his conception.

> "For, if this English Exodus has been the greatest English event of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the greatest English question of the future must be what is to become of our second Empire, and whether or no it may be expected to go the way of the first. . . . . Like a bubble, Greater Britain expanded rapidly and then burst. It has since been expanding again. Can we avoid the obvious inference?"

Professor Seeley thinks that we can, and he rejects Turgot's simile of the fruit-tree. "I think," he writes, "we mistake the moral of the American Revolution, when we infer from it that all colonies—and not merely colonies of religious refugees under a bad colonial system—fall off from the tree as soon as they ripen." While making it clear that England lost her American Colonies chiefly because her colonial system was a bad one, Professor Seeley shows that its badness consisted in looking upon the Colonies as a possession from which a profit should be made, and not as an integral part of the State. But now, as Free-trade "condemned *in toto* the old colonial system, as the wrong theory is given up," it only remains to decide upon the right theory and apply it. Professor Seeley assures us there is only one right theory:—"If the colonies are not, in the old phrase, possessions of England, then they must be a part of England; and we must adopt this view in earnest." Professor Seeley goes to prove the necessity of such a union:—

> "If the United States and Russia hold together for another half-century, they will at the end of that time completely dwarf such old European States as France and Germany, and depress them into a second class. They will do the same to England, if she persist in thinking of herself as simply a European State, and not as a World-Empire."

It is, therefore, possible (steam and electricity having annihilated

* *The Expansion of England.* Two Courses of Lectures. By J. R. Seeley, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1883.

distance), that England should make herself the centre of a new United States; it is even necessary, in the interest of her own security.

Now, while agreeing in the main with Professor Seeley, we cannot overlook, as he does, the obstacles which stand in the way of such a federation. Great as those obstacles unquestionably are,—the indifference of English statesmen to colonial aspirations being among the greatest,—yet signs are not wanting which show that Englishmen are now beginning to realise that a little more unselfishness in their daily actions would be advisable. The rich are coming to understand that it would repay them, in every sense of the word, to rehouse the poor. But the sympathy just now showing itself in home legislation may be expected within a short time to make its power felt in England's treatment of her colonies, and this expectation of ours is heightened by the earnestness of Professor Seeley's pleading. This book, then, must be looked upon as a "sign of the times," and so regarded, it becomes a political event of real importance, and of good promise for the future. As long as such books can be written, it is possible to hope that Mr. Arnold may be mistaken when he describes England as "the weary Titan,"—

> "Bearing on shoulders immense,
> Atlantean, the load,
> Well-nigh not to be borne,
> Of the too vast orb of her fate."

It is still possible that England may yet realise the expectations called forth by her past history in those who love her, that she may yet establish a World-Empire within whose bounds the liberty of the few shall not have as consequence the degradation of the many.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Book Lover's Enchiridion; Thoughts on the Solace and Companionship of Books. By Alexander Ireland. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—This is a delightful work. Both as touching contents and outward appearance, the "Enchiridion" can hardly fail to please the general reader as much as it will undoubtedly please the lover of books, and everything relating thereto. Mr. Ireland's book consists of sayings about books, garnered, as he tells us, from writers of every age, for the help and betterment of all readers. The extracts have been most judiciously selected, and are evidently the result of years of careful reading and close observation. It is impossible to open the "Enchiridion" anywhere without finding some wise, witty, or pleasant saying; and the highest commendation we can give it is to say that the compiler's object, as described by himself in the preface to this (the third) edition, has been fully achieved. "My object," he says, "has been to bring together, from the reading of a lifetime, a body of thought, old and new, which cannot fail to be welcome to those who find their purest and highest enjoyment in studious contemplation; who love to retire from 'the fretful stir unprofitable, and the fever of the world,' and dwell for a time in 'the heaven revealed to meditation;' and who feel their inner life sustained and refreshed, by a knowledge of the consolations which the most gifted minds have ever found in books."

Outline Pictures for Little Painters, by Helena Miles, (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.), sufficiently explains its object by its title. Thirty drawings of various domestic scenes present outlines which young folks are to fill in with colour. The outlines are correct, and even spirited; and something may be taught, as well as amusement given by them. Along with this may be mentioned, *Dainty Drawings for Little Painters.* Outline Pictures by T. Pym, with Descriptive Stories by C. Shaw. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—Here, again, the drawings are pretty, somewhat in the style of Miss Kate Greenaway. The accompanying stories give hints as to the colouring,—"'Can yer tell me what time it is, little master?' asked that big boy in the blue coat and brown trousers," *e.g.*;—and there are, by way of preface, some useful instructions, which may help the young artists to make their work fairly harmonious in colour.

The Pharaohs and their People. By E. Berkley. (Seeley and Co.)—Mrs. Berkley gives in this volume a connected history of Egypt from the earliest times down to its conquest by Alexander, interspersing the narrative with sketches of manners and customs. She says very little, acting, doubtless, in this respect of set purpose, on the points of contact between the Egyptian dynasties and the Jewish people. To have dealt with them satisfactorily would probably have carried her beyond her limits, and we must be content with what we have; and this is certainly very interesting. We do not know of any book in which the main outlines of Egyptian history are so conveniently given. The volume is amply adorned with illustrations both plain and in colours, which considerably increase its value.

London Cries. By Andrew W. Tuer. (Field and Tuer.)—There is a considerable literature of "street cries," going back to the seventeenth century. Into this Mr. Tuer has made diligent inquiry, and has now given the results to the public in this handsome volume. Not a little information about the social and economic side of history may be picked out from these quaint records of the city life of the past. Our ancestors were accustomed to have their streets made much more musical with these announcements than are the streets of the present. Some things are still sold in this way, though the chief commerce is of a kind that has sprung up in this generation, the sale of penny and halfpenny newspapers. But the cries have, for the most part, been silenced; in the main thoroughfares they have ceased entirely, and in the back-streets they are less frequent. The disappearance of some of these articles of sale speaks of an improvement; for one of the cries was a cry of scurvy-grass, for instance, which was still prized at the end of the last century, and another was of "New-River water," which it is not now necessary to buy in the street. Herbs generally have gone out of fashion, "Chickweed and groundsel, for your fine singing birds," being almost the only cry that one commonly hears. Somehow, these chickweed-sellers seem to be the most miserable of the human race. Among prices, we find, "New-laid eggs, eight a groat," (but were they new-laid?) "Cherries, black and white-heart, twopence a pound" (but we sometimes find the price as high as sixpence); "Mackerel, four for sixpence;" and "Four pair for a shilling, Holland socks!" The gems of Mr. Tuer's illustrations are the "Two Charming Children," given in duplicate in red and brown, and very pleasing specimens of the engraving of seventy years ago. Quaint pictures in the "Dr. Syntax" style, rude coloured prints, and other miscellanies make up a curious volume.

His Mother's Book. By the Author of "Little Freddie." (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—The boy who took such good care of his mother's book, "Little Bill" by name, is almost too good and clever, perhaps, at seven years old; but he is so lovable as well, and meets with such interesting friends in the old bird-seller and "Lame Margaret," that every one may read about him with pleasure, and those who pride themselves on their godless respectability with great profit.

The Golden Magnet, by G. Manville Fenn (Blackie and Son), is a gorgeous-looking book, with many pictures. The one in which a girl is sitting fascinated by a huge snake may be of doubtful scientific value, but is intended to illustrate the wonderful escape of the young lady, who, it seems, was partly saved by the preference of the snake for a jaguar, which was also close at hand. The author has, we believe, written several books of the kind before, and no doubt finds it increasingly difficult to minister to the puerile craving for the dreadful, and yet to keep things sufficiently probable. And, after all, if heroes and heroines are in South America, there is no knowing what may happen to them. Some of the most exciting incidents turn on the finding of treasures long hidden, belonging to ancient temples. But did they belong to the finder?

Hannah Turne: a Story. By the Author of "Mr. Greysmith." (Macmillan and Co.)—Though "Hannah" is but twelve years old when her adventures begin, they are of a kind to interest those chiefly who are beyond childhood. The account of her sojourn in Germany is well told, and true to the manners of the country. "Cousin Ada's" vulgar affectation of French phrases is carried rather too far, to be equally true to the manners even of would-be fine ladies in England; but on the whole, it is a nice little tale, and well written.

"The Babe i' the Mill" and "Zanina." By the Hon. Mrs. Green. (Nelson and Sons.)—The first of these stories—laid so far back as 1648—is full of English country pictures, which hardly need the engravings to illustrate them. It is just the kind of story for Christmas, as, though its opening incidents are very terrible, the ghostly weirdness kept up throughout, and its sweet ending, make it very attractive. "Zanina" tells of the later time of the Tuscan revolution, and in the course of the sad little tale one of the many causes which led to that most desirable event is unfolded; and yet, spy though she was, one cannot hate poor Zanina, the flower-girl.

The Fan. By Octave Uzanne. (Nimmo and Bain.)—This is a book of elegant trifling, making pretensions to learning which are not always justified (as when Heliogabalus is described as the *son* of Caracalla), but quite frank in what we may call its indifference to morals. The illustrations are mostly in keeping with the text, save that they are now and then somewhat more pronounced in the same indifference. Some must certainly be condemned when judged by any standard of decency commonly accepted in this country. The translation is ill done, though its obscurity, we must allow, is not always to be regretted.

A Tourist Idyll, and other Stories. 2 vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The first of these stories is a somewhat amusing account of the perplexities which arise from a mistake made in a friendly exchange

of cards. One of the parties gives a card which he had himself received on a similar occasion, and which bears a name that, rightly or wrongly, is odious to the family of the new receiver. Next in merit to this is "A Quartet of Queens," in which an elderly gentleman comes home from a long sojourn in India to find himself the nominal head of a house, in which four young ladies, of very marked personalities, are really the rulers. His helpless inadequacy to support the *rôle* of a father is amusingly described. We must protest against the moral, if there be a moral, of the third story, "King Minor." It is horrible to read of a sweet creature like the heroine of this tale wasted in the hopeless attempt to reform a drunkard. It is a mischievous trifling with truth to talk of this madness being cured by "love and music."

Our Own Country: Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial. (Cassell and Co.)—This is the sixth and concluding volume of a very meritorious work. "Canterbury," with its magnificent cathedral, which disputes with Westminster Abbey the distinction of being the most interesting monument of English history; "Colchester," with its Roman remains; "Carlisle," "The Upper Trent," "The Tyne," and "The Thames, from Windsor to Reading," are among the most interesting of the English chapters; in Wales, we have "St. David's"; in Scotland, "Iona, Staffa, and Arran"; and in Ireland, "Donegal and Connaught." Interesting descriptions, and illustrations which seldom fall below a satisfactory standard of excellence, distinguish this volume, as they have distinguished its predecessors. The whole is a work of standard value, published, too, at a price which is almost incredibly low. The sum it is not, we suppose, etiquette to mention in these columns, but we may say that it does not much exceed the conventional price charged for a three-volume novel.

The Fables of La Fontaine. Translated from the French. With Twenty-five Original Etchings, by A. Delierre. (Nimmo and Bain.)—The translation here republished, "after extensive and careful revision," is that which was published in Paris by Robert Thomson in the early part of this century. This translation has the recommendation of being sufficiently easy and readable. As we have not compared it with the original, we can say no more in its praise. The merits of the etchings wherewith it is illustrated are evident. The frontispiece is a fine rendering of La Fontaine's portrait, a face which seems to accord more with the humorous qualities which we find in his work, than with the tradition which ascribes to him an eccentricity of demeanour almost amounting to folly. Among the other etchings, we may notice "The Lark, her Young, and the Master of the Field," "The Waggoner Stuck in the Mud," and "The Woman and Secret," as particularly good.

Jack Archer. By G. A. Henty. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This is a very lively tale. After some preliminary adventures, our heroes land in the Crimea, and go through the battles of the Alma and of Inkerman. So far, we follow the track of history. Then they are taken prisoners, and pass through a series of surprising adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and the like, in the course of which they contrive to do some good service for right against wrong. There is, of course, a thread of love-making that runs through the story. Of this, it may suffice to say that we wish that all lieutenants in her Majesty's Navy that deserve such good-fortune as fell to the share of Jack Archer, may get it. The tale, generally, is up to the high average of merit which Mr. Henty contrives to maintain.

A Christmas Pudding for Young Eaters. By L. C. Skey. (Griffith and Farran.)—There are various tales, some of the fanciful, some of the real kind in this book. "The Kettle and the Pot" is a fairly successful imitation of Hans Christian Andersen. In the "Crown of Roses" the fairy machinery is used, but hardly with so good a result. But Mrs. Skey always writes gracefully, and with the best of purposes.

The Way of the Cross, and Other Tales. By Emily S. Holt. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)—Here we have three tales of early Christian days. The first has to do with the kinsmen of Our Lord who were accused before Domitian. But is it true that only one of them was persecuted, after the Emperor had dismissed the charge? Miss Holt may be right when she says that the "outlines of the tale are historically true," and we shall be glad to have the reference.

Only a Girl: a Tale of Brittany. Adapted from the French by C. A. Jones. (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.)—This is a pathetic story of the Breton maiden, Françoise Dano. We find her an orphan in the first chapter, and leave her in the last solitary, with her hopes of happiness disappointed, yet not unhappy, because her heart is wholly given to caring for others. Miss Jones has not only made a good choice, but done her task well.

Strawberry Hill. By Clara Vance. (Gemmell, Edinburgh.)—This is a story of a decidedly religious kind, not wholly to our taste, but certainly well intentioned.

Peter Parley's Annual (Ben George) is, as we have before taken occasion to explain, a real annual, as that word used to be understood, and not the collected issue of a magazine that has been published throughout the year. It is, therefore, interesting as a survival; apart from this, it has merits which should ensure its continuance.

School-girls all the World Over. Par E. Berthet. (Routledge and Sons.)—It is by something of an effort of imagination that these sketches are styled sketches of "school-girls." Daphne, the Greek girl, and Izanami, a young lady of Japan, do indeed learn something, though their education is mixed up with plenty of adventure. Emma, "the little Hawaiian," may also claim the title; but the Montenegrin and the negress and the Mexican have little or nothing to do with education. The book, which apparently comes from a French source, is, perhaps, not the less amusing that it does not answer very closely to its title. The illustrations are particularly spirited.

Spanish Ways and Byeways. By W. Howe Downes. (Cupples, Upham, and Co., Boston, U.S.; Trübner and Co., London.)—This is a volume of slight, pleasant sketches of travel, just touched with humour of the quietest sort. Of humour, indeed, the Americans have in perfection the two extremes, the most extravagant and the most restrained. Here we have a graceful specimen of the latter. Exactly in keeping with the text are the illustrations. Quaint corners of Spanish towns, little glimpses of scenery, characteristic figures and bits of costume, are the subjects, almost all of them showing a skilful and tasteful touch.

Catalogue of the Fine-Art Department: New-England Manufacturers and Mechanics' Institutes. (Cupples, Upham, and Co., Boston, U.S.; Trübner and Co., London.)—This "catalogue," as it is called, is really a valuable work of art. After the list of "exhibits," numbering in all between seven and eight hundred, comes a series of sixty illustrations, reproduced from the originals by the various processes of etching, albert-type, and photo-engraving. Singularly effective many of these are, the landscapes perhaps bearing the palm, as they are by far the most numerous, though there are some fine figure pieces, too, as "Chloe and Sam," from the Thomas B. Clarke collection. Essays on "Various Phases of American Art" follow the illustrations. The first, on "American Wood Engraving," touches a subject about which there is a good deal of difference, and on which we are glad to get some information at first hand. Mr. Charles de Kay takes a very hopeful view of the future of American art, and Mr. L. C. Knight pronounces a condemnation, in which he is, we believe, joined by the large majority of American artists, on the Art tariff. The present rate is 30 per cent., *ad valorem*. This makes a serious addition when the price amounts, as in a recent purchase of a Rembrandt, to five thousand guineas. (It would be £1,575.) As a "substitute, "a proportional per-centage, decreasing according to the value of the work," seems the best; but with a plethoric treasury, why not abolish it altogether?

It is difficult to give an idea of the varied contents of *L'Art*, Neuvième Année, Tome III. (Remington), but we may mention as specially noteworthy among them M. Emile Michel's two articles on "Rubens in the Munich Museum," with the fine etching, "Portrait d'un Savant," by M. Daniel Mordant, that accompanies the first; the reproductions of the relief of Luca della Robbia in the Campanile of Giotto, and the tomb of Benozzo, Bishop of Florence; M. Leuormant's article on ancient numismatics, with its very admirable representations of the coins described. The etchings generally are admirable, especially the portrait after Franz Hals by M. Courtry, and two scenes at Marseilles (the new Cathedral, the entrance to the old harbour), by M. Maxime Lalanne. The excellence of *L'Art* is all the more praiseworthy because it is a weekly journal.

Prayers and Meditations for the Holy Communion. By Josephine Fletcher. With a Preface by C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. New edition. (Rivingtons.)—This is not the kind of book which it is possible to criticise. Indeed, a criticism of devotional books is hardly within the literary province. But it is one which the present writer can honestly say that he has found full of the spirit of true devotion, and animated by a certain rare depth and freshness of feeling, which the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has quite rightly described in his short preface.

The Young Zemindar. By Horatio Bickerstaffe Rowney. 3 vols. (Remington and Co.)—The "young Zemindar" is led by a fakir or dervish—we feel rather hazy as to his precise status—to join in a rising against the British Government. The rising fails, as might be expected; and the associates renew the attempt elsewhere, with the like result. In the end, they come to the conclusion that the British rule, if it is not perfect, is better than any that they see in the present elsewhere, or can anticipate as likely to be established in the future. The lesson is not learnt without passing through many adventures, through which the reader would follow the heroes of the story more easily, if the way were not so beset with obstacles in the shape of Hindoostance words. Interspersed are some tales of Rákshasis (*Anglice*, vampires), and the like, which do something to enliven the narrative. The novel is not very cleverly constructed, and would be greatly improved by compression; but there is a certain freshness

about it, and it is, anyhow, a relief from the tedious fictions of society which crowd our shelves.

The Parliamentary Elections Act, 1883, by Henry Hobhouse, M.A. (Maxwell and Son), is a full account and explanation of the Act of last Session. Mr. Hobhouse has given an introduction and notes, and has illustrated the provisions by reference to former Acts.

A New Commercial Map of the United States and Canada (Rand. McNally, and Co., Chicago), is of proportions suited to the continent of which it figures a part. We have not seen anything like it before. The best maps of our ordinary atlases are dwarfed by it. It is clearly printed too, on tough paper, is of really pocket size, and with its binding weighs little more than four ounces.

The Post-Office London Directory for 1884. (Kelly and Co.)—This admirably compiled business, Court, and official directory has now reached its eighty-fifth annual issue, and the area of the metropolis with which the present edition deals extends from the western boundaries of Kensington and Chelsea in the west, to Bow, Blackwall, and Cubitt Town in the east, being a distance of about nine and a half miles, and from Highbury and Holloway in the north, to Kennington, Walworth, and Deptford in the south, being a distance of about six miles. The extra information relates to 51 new streets, 19 of which have been renamed, and 34 renumbered; to 173 "new trades;" and particulars anent parcels carriage and delivery. From the commercial and business point of view, the compilation seems to be perfect. The maps for London, the suburbs, and the six home counties can be had together or separately, on paper or mounted on linen. The Directory can also be had bound in two volumes at a small extra cost.

Fulcher's Pocket-Book. (A. Pratt, Sudbury.)—We have received this, the oldest, we believe, of all the country pocket-books. It is full of engravings, sometimes very good; of poetry, for which we can say but little, though here and there wo find a pretty verse; and of enigmas and double acrostics, of mixed merit. We do not quite understand the attraction of such publications, but they must possess some, or they would not appear so steadily year after year through long lives. There are families in Suffolk which possess entire shelves full of *Fulcher's Pocket-Book*.

Messrs. De La Rue and Co. have published a number of pretty *Christmas and New Year's Cards*, of which the landscapes seem to us much the most attractive.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Ackroyd's History of the Science of Drunkenness, cr 8vo	(Tubbs & Brook)	5/0
Always the Same, cr 8vo	(Hodges)	4/6
Bashforth (F.), Theories of Capillary Action, 4to	(Cambridge Warehouse)	21/0
Bedford (F. G. D.), Sailors' Handbook, 16mo	(Simpkin & Co.)	10/6
Bock (C.), Temples and Elephants, 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	21/0
Buckland (A. W.), World beyond the Esterelles, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Remington)	21/0
Burgon (G. W.), Revision Revised, cr 8vo	(J. Murray)	14/0
Collins (W.), Heart and Science, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Cook (D.), On the Stage, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	24/0
Crawford (F. M.), To Leeward, 2 vols. cr 8vo	(Chapman & Hall)	12/0
Crown Birthday-book, oblong 4to	(Mead)	5/0
Cumming (C. F. G.), Granite Crags, 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	16/0
Dodds (G. T.), Life and Work of, by Bonar, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	6/0
Douglas (M.), Grandmother's Diamond Ring, cr 8vo	(W. H. Allen)	2/6
Every Man His Own Boswell, &c., 6 vols., in box	(Douglas)	15/0
Flower (M.), The Guide to Promotion, &c., cr 8vo	(Clowes)	4/0
Fothergill (J.), Healey, cr 8vo	(Bentley)	6/0
Galton (F.), Life-History Album, 4to	(Macmillan)	3/6
Galton (F.), The Record of Family Faculties, 4to	(Macmillan)	2/6
Gems for the Young, cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	3/6
Gibson (J. M.), Rock versus Sand, 12mo	(Nisbet)	1/6
Hake (A. E.), The Story of Chinese Gordon, 8vo	(Remington)	15/0
Hargreaves (T.), Voyage round Great Britain, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	5/0
Harris (J.), The Philosophical Basis of Theism, 8vo	(T. & T. Clark)	12/0
Haslam (W.), Full Salvation, cr 8vo	(Morgan & Scott)	2/6
Hopkins (M.), The Scriptural Idea of Man, cr 8vo	(Dickinson)	5/0
Hopps (J. P.), Sermons of Sympathy, cr 8vo	(Williams & Norgate)	2/6
Hunter (C. H.), Sister Clarice, cr 8vo	(Griffith & Farran)	3/6
Hutchinson (J.), Lectures on Thessalonians, 8vo	(T. & T. Clark)	9/0
Ingham (S. C.), Dr. Blandford's Conscience, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	5/0
Lach-Szyrma (W. S.), Aleriel, &c., cr 8vo	(Wyman)	5/6
Lindsay (T. M.), The Gospel According to St. Mark, cr 8vo	(T. & T. Clark)	2/6
Longfellow (H. W.), Choice Poems of, 4to	(Cassell & Co.)	6/0
Macdonald (W.), The Scriptural Way of Holiness, 12mo	(Dickinson)	2/0
Malleson (G. B.), Captain Mustafir's Rambles in Alpine Lands (W. H. Allen)		10/6
Miz Maze, cr 8vo	(Macmillan)	4/6
Mongan (R.), Our Great Military Commanders, cr 8vo	(Sonnenschein)	3/6
Naville (E.), Modern Physics, cr 8vo	(T. & T. Clark)	5/0
Osborn (Y.), Clifford's Trial, 12mo	(Hatchard)	3/6
Pascoe (C. E.), Where Shall I Educate My Son? cr 8vo	(Houlston)	2/0
Power (H.), The Elements of Human Physiology, 12mo	(Cassell & Co.)	6/0
Rattigan (W. H.), Jural Relations, 8vo	(Wildy)	16/0
Riddell (J. H.), Alaric Spencley, cr 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6/0
Rivington (W.), Rupture of the Urinary Bladder, 8vo	(Churchill)	5/6
Robinson (W.), English Flower Garden, 8vo	(J. Murray)	15/0
Rutherford (S.), by A. Thomson, cr 8vo	(Hodder & Stoughton)	2/6
Sadlier (J.), Alice Riordan, cr 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	3/6
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Stuart (V.), Egypt after the War, royal 8vo	(J. Murray)	31/6
Tangye (R.), Reminiscences of Travel, 8vo	(S. Low & Co.)	6/0
Thomsett (R. G.), Kohat, &c., cr 8vo	(Remington)	6/0
Whyte (A.), A Shorter Catechism, cr 8vo	(T. & T. Clark)	2/6
Warner (C. D.), A Roundabout Journey, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	6/0

To insure insertion, Advertisements should reach the Publishing Office not later than 12 a.m. on Friday.

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THE PROGRESS of the WORKING CLASSES in the LAST HALF-CENTURY. The Inaugural Address of ROBERT GIFFEN, Esq., LL.D., President of the Statistical Society (Session 1883-84), delivered November 20th, 1883.

London: E. STANFORD, 55 Charing Cross, S.W.

WOODCOTE HOUSE, WINDLESHAM, BAGSHOT.—A PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS between the ages of 7 and 14. Terms, from 100 to 120 guineas.

CHURCH of HUMANITY POSITIVIST SCHOOL, 19 Chapel Street, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. MONDAY, December 31st, 8 p.m. COMMEMORATION of all the DEAD. TUESDAY, January 1st, 1884, the FESTIVAL of HUMANITY. Meeting at 5 p.m. Addresses by Dr. CONGREVE.

ROYAL SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.
The TWENTY-SECOND WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. From 10 till 5. Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

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The FIRST EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. The Galleries are illuminated after 3 p.m. Admission, 1s; Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

SIX YEARS in a HOUSE BOAT. By Keeley Halswelle.—The EXHIBITION of Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE'S SERIES of PICTURES, illustrative of Thames Scenery, is NOW OPEN, at the OLD BOND-STREET GALLERIES, 39 Old Bond Street, W., from 10 to 5. Admission, 1s.—THOS. AGNEW and SONS.

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LENT TERM, 1884, will COMMENCE on THURSDAY, January 17th. Applications for Admission or information to be addressed to the Head Master, R. F. WEYMOUTH, Esq., D.Lit.

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NEXT TERM commences TUESDAY, JANUARY 22nd.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS, value £50, £50, £30, and £20, will be filled up in June, 1884. Open to Boys under 14 on January 1st, 1884.—For particulars, apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

MOIRA COLLEGE for LADIES, BODORGAN ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.
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Applications are invited for this post, which will fall vacant at Easter. Residence for the Summer Term to commence April 21st. The Lecturer will receive a fixed Stipend of £40 per annum, together with all the Fees received from Students attending his Classes, except during the hours required by the College (at present, 15 weekly). The Lecturer is free to undertake private study or teaching.
Full particulars furnished by the REGISTRAR, to whom all applications and testimonials must be sent on or before February 9th.
Proficiency in Anglo-Saxon (though not necessarily essential) will be taken into account, and should be stated in the testimonials.

KING EDWARD the SIXTH'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.
An ASSISTANT-MISTRESS being required after Christmas in the GIRLS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL at Summer Hill, Birmingham, Ladies who are desirous of becoming Candidates are required to send in their applications and a copy of their testimonials to the Secretary, on or before January 8th next. A thorough knowledge of French is desirable. The salary will commence at £80 per annum, and will be subsequently increased if the duties are satisfactorily discharged.
Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, King Edward's School, New Street, Birmingham.
Birmingham, December 14th, 1883.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, Stratford-on-Avon.—Inclusive terms, 60 and 70 Guineas. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value from £50 to £20 per annum, will be OFFERED for COMPETITION on JANUARY 17th.—Apply to the HEAD MASTER.

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The Spectator

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Black Flags, having been defeated in the stockaded villages round Sontay, evacuated the citadel on the 16th, and on the 17th Admiral Courbet took possession of the fortress. No further progress is reported, nor is it known whether he will next attack Houg Hoa, as is most probable, or will proceed at once against Bacninh. It is reported that he lost 1,000 men in the original assault, but that the numbers originally given were those of Frenchmen, the Admiral either caring nothing for his native allies, or, as is more probable, regarding them as soldiers of Anam, for whom he was not responsible. The Marquis Tseng has not demanded his passports, but is awaiting in England instructions from Pekin, where a summons has been issued to the Grand Council, consisting of the Imperial Princes and other notables. They may advocate war, but it is more probable that they will advise a determined resistance, without any formal declaration of hostilities. In that event, the French Government will endeavour, through the Fleet, to seize some "material guarantee," possibly Canton, but possibly also the island of Hainan, without which their control of the Tonquin river system must be incomplete. Hainan, which is as large as Wales, and healthy, would then be their great maritime station. This is the probable origin of the preposterous reports that Hainan is to be ceded to the English.

Rumours have been in circulation all the week that the Mahdi is advancing on Khartoum, but they are wholly unverified. The only European correspondent there, however, the one who telegraphs to the *Times*, reports that steamers close to the town have been fired at, and it is probable that the disaffected friends of the Mahdi are closing in on the city. The garrison has been reinforced by 1,300 Egyptian soldiers from Fashoda; but there is no evidence that they will fight, and the outlook is very gloomy. If Khartoum falls, the agitation in Egypt will increase, and it is already great enough to paralyse the Egyptian Government, which declares that without foreign assistance it cannot cope with the Mahdi. The rumours of the Khedive's intention to abdicate increase in frequency, and the European officials complain that they can get nothing done. The truth seems to be that the Pashas, Tewfik included, want to reconquer the Soudan, and are sulky because they see no way to do it. If left alone, they would suspend dividends, and use the money to buy the Arab chiefs; and this being forbidden, they are powerless. They have, according to the *Standard's* correspondent, discovered that Zebehr Pasha, the slave-dealer whom they had appointed Governor-General, has sent away his wife; and suspecting treachery, they have arrested him, only to release him again. That is all in the regular way of an Asiatic Government, when it finds its Head incompetent, and cannot choose another.

Note, as a remarkable indication of the swing in opinion about Egypt, that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has been consistently forward in urging evacuation, now admits that it may be indispensable for the British Government to govern Egypt Proper directly for a time. The Egyptian Government is paralysed, our contemporary says, by fear of the Mahdi, and will either expend its whole resources in an effort to reconquer the Soudan, or, if we forbid that course, will "strike," and leave us to govern Egypt as we may. That is very probable, and we shall be fortunate if we escape a rising as an accompaniment of the strike, but we are a little surprised to see that the *Pall Mall* regards the contingency without alarm. Does it really imagine that if we take the control, and give Egypt sound finance, civil order, and a new tenure—the very first things we must do—we shall throw all into disorder again by retiring? The *Pall Mall* is as likely to make "pic" of its columns after they have been set up, and before printing them. We have, however, if the Khedive abdicates, one alternative,—the appointment of an able Regent during his son's minority. It is a bad one, but it is there.

Mr. Cowen made a very eloquent and elaborate speech to his Newcastle constituents this day week. He declared that we ought never to have gone to Egypt, but that having gone, we could never retire, whether it were a false prophet, or any other cause which constituted the excuse for our remaining. Mr. Cobbett once offered to be roasted on a gridiron, if Mr. Spring Rice's financial predictions should be fulfilled. Had he been alive now, he might with still greater safety have offered to be roasted on a gridiron, if our dominant influence were ever withdrawn from Egypt. Mr. Cowen predicted a collision between Austria (backed by Germany) and Russia in the Balkan peninsula, and appeared to think it not far off. As regards South Africa, he taunted the Government with falling between two stools by vacillating between giving up the Transvaal and not giving it up, and declared that we must at least protect our native allies, and prevent them from being "robbed and ruined by pious, slave-driving Boers."

Passing to home policy, Mr. Cowen dilated on the miserable failure in Ireland, and declared that nothing but Home-rule would mend the mischief there. He asserted that the English people were, as Goethe called them, "practical, but pedantic,"—*i.e.*, that they understood money matters, but were otherwise governed by "phrases," and that one of the phrases which had excited their terror was "Home-rule." Nevertheless, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands and almost all our Colonies had Home-rule, and were all the more loyal for it. Ireland, too, would be all the more loyal for it. And so, we suppose, would be Wales and Cornwall. On the subject of Reform, Mr. Cowen spoke very sensibly. He did not like the working of the present minority principle, but he thought some care should be taken to secure the proportional representation in the House of different sections of opinion; and he suggested the division of the counties into many more divisions with one Member each, and the division of the great boroughs into sections, such as those of London, as a step in the right direction. In a very eloquent peroration, he called on the working-class to show a life and political conviction of its own, and not to follow slavishly in the steps of the richer classes.

On Saturday last, a deputation from the Liberal workingmen of Derby waited on Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle to present to him a dessert service of Derby china, specially designed for him, as a commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his first election to Parliament, and as a recognition of his long and arduous career of public work. The deputation, consisting of twenty working-men, was introduced to the Prime Minister by Sir William Harcourt, M.P. for Derby, who was staying at the Castle, and they then presented the beautiful dessert service, each dish and plate being adorned with some landscape from the scenery of the Peak, or one of the famous old castles, of

exquisite workmanship. Mr. Gladstone, in thanking the deputation for the gift, remarked that Derby and Worcester had been the first English towns to put the manufacture of fine porcelain on the right basis of completely self-supporting production, all the previous English manufacturers of porcelain having been more or less dependent on Crown grants-in-aid. In reference to politics, Mr. Gladstone intimated that the time was close at hand when the Cabinet would solicit her Majesty's permission to lay their proposals as to the franchise before Parliament. The previous grants of an extended franchise, he said, had been made in the spirit of men who had to take physic, and who took as little of it as they could help. Now, they could extend the franchise in the spirit of men who knew that they were taking food, and not physic,—food that would bring health and strength to the constituencies.

The *Times* on Thursday published a telegram from its Calcutta correspondent stating that Lord Ripon contemplated the "disestablishment" of the English Church in India. "This policy," he added, "if persisted in, is sure to give rise to an agitation equal to that about the Ilbert Bill, and the fact of its being entrusted to a Roman Catholic Viceroy will add fuel to the flames." This statement is almost nonsensical, for the Church is not established in India, though there are a few Chaplains and four or five Bishops paid by the State, just as the doctors and medical Directors are, for the benefit of their own soldiers and servants. A few Chaplains are, however, sent to large civil stations, though nominally borne on the Army rolls, and the expediency of doing this and of paying Bishops out of native taxes has been discussed for half a century. On the same day an official denial of the story was published in Calcutta, from which it appears that though the India Office at home did recently reopen the question, no decision even as to general principles was arrived at, or is likely to be arrived at soon. The Europeans in India rather like the present system, which exempts them from demands for the payment of preachers; but as there must be military chaplains, and there are plenty of missionaries, they care very little about it, and will certainly not agitate for its continuance.

M. Bocher, the "business man" of the Orleans family, and a Senator, is supposed to be the shrewdest man in France, but he is not always wise. On Wednesday, he induced the Royalists to agree to pass the Estimates *en bloc* and in silence, alleging that the Senate had not been allowed time for serious discussion, and that he would not mislead the country by a semblance of debate. There is pettishness in a resolution of that kind, as the Senate could have discussed any items it found especially objectionable. It did, indeed, replace the salary of the Archbishop of Paris in the Estimates. The only result will be that the Ministry of Finance, which would be delighted if its Budget were never debated at all, will have a motive the less for urging the Estimates through the Chamber. The Senate could, we imagine, do as the Chamber under M. Gambetta once did, and accept the Budget up to a fixed date and provisionally.

An extraordinary official project was brought forward on Thursday in the French Chamber. The French do not settle in Algeria fast enough, and the Government accordingly desires to settle there some 25,000 vine-growers, who have been ruined by the phylloxera. To effect this purpose, it asks for 50,000,000f., and proposes to take away a quantity of land from Arab proprietors, and give it to French settlers, either without compensation, or with a very low one. M. Terman, the Governor of Algeria, specially stated in the debate that no Arab would be "entirely expropriated," and that the value of the land remaining to each proprietor would be so enhanced that he would gain, not lose by the scheme. M. Picard, too, who resisted the Bill, based his argument on the necessity of respecting Arab property, which he clearly believed was being taken away. If it is remembered that the Algerians own and value their estates just as Englishmen do, that they detest the near neighbourhood of the colonists, and that their agriculture is quite as good as that of Frenchmen on a new soil, the nature of this proposal will be understood. And then the French are shocked because their Arab subjects break into rebellion, whenever they see a chance!

The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* states that Herr von Stosch, the late Minister of Marine, was suffered to resign because his new ironclads, upon which part of the French Indemnity was spent, were found unfit for service. The new Minister, General von Caprivi, has inquired into the matter, and it is found that a new double-screw gunboat built at Elbing could not move beyond Kiel, that the ironclad corvette 'Hansa' is about twice as slow as a trading steamer, and that five ironclad corvettes of a new type, intended for Baltic service, and thirteen ironclad gunboats of 1,100 tons each, are almost entirely worthless. The German Navy, moreover, possesses no corvette which makes more than fourteen knots an hour, and no torpedo-boat making more than sixteen, though other nations possess boats making twenty. These statements have all been made in the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, and are, it is affirmed, substantially accurate, the root of the mischief being the determination of the Department to borrow and buy nothing from other countries, and to make its dockyards self-contained. The oddity of the matter is that Germans are excellent sailors, and their commercial marine ranks next after that of England. The merchants, it is true, do not entrust the control of their building-yards to a General of Infantry; but then, it is to be presumed, he has skilled professionals under him.

Sir Charles Dilke, it is stated, intends very shortly to put the tenant clauses of the Sanitary Act of 1866 in force over the whole of London. The nuisance authority of the district may then place the whole of the lodging-houses within it under inspection, compel cleansing and white-washing, limit the number of lodgers, and enforce some strict regulations for the separation of the sexes. Hitherto this Act has remained partially inoperative, from the reluctance of the local authorities to apply for permission to put it in force; but the Local Government Board, emboldened by the growth of public opinion, has now acted over their heads. We fear the number of Inspectors must be increased; but the Act, if severely worked, will prevent the worst instances of overcrowding.

Mr. J. Henniker Heaton forwards from Sydney a complete account of the resources of which an Australian Dominion would dispose. The seven Colonies now own 3,000,000 square miles of territory, or three times the surface of Europe west of the Vistula, inhabited by 2,936,000 persons of European descent. These three millions have placed 7,128,000 acres under tillage, in addition, of course, to their grass land; and own 1,219,000 horses, 8,429,000 cattle, and 78,493,000 sheep. They have a trade of £114,000, and a revenue of £21,911,000 a year; and although their Debt exceeds £99,000,000, the State Railways are valued at more than this sum. They have placed £62,000,000 sterling in Australian Banks as fixed deposits bearing interest, and exclusive, therefore, of current accounts; and they spend 12 per cent. of their entire revenue, heavy as the taxation is, upon public education. In a very few years, probably before 1900, the Dominion will be a powerful State of 5,000,000 of people, with a practically limitless territory for settlement, with a revenue of £35,000,000, and the power of training a permanent militia force of 150,000 men, by drilling only the young men from nineteen to twenty-two. Such a State, so isolated, will dominate the South Pacific, whatever Europe, or even America, may have to say to the contrary.

The final Report on the Census of Bengal, taken in 1881, gives a remarkable picture of the only province in India where the British Government might possibly be elected by a *plebiscite*. The Lieutenant-Governorship is nearly as large as France, or 193,000 square miles; and contains double her population, or 69,500,000 souls. The average density of population is 371·41 to the square mile, and the rate of increase is within a fraction of 11 per 1,000 per annum. Of the total, 45,000,000 are Hindoos, 21,500,000 Mahommedans, 135,000 Christians, and a little above that number Buddhists, while most of the remainder profess various savage creeds. Polygamy, though allowed by law to all but Christians, is in practice extremely rare, the number of persons with more than one wife being only 2 per 1,000. Out of every 1,000 persons, 955 are altogether illiterate, and only 29 can both read and write, the average of illiteracy being of course swelled by the nearly complete ignorance of the women, of whom only 16 in 10,000 can read and write. Natives who cannot read are not necessarily as ignorant as Europeans in the same position, but the figures strongly support the arguments of those who think that the whole strength of the Education Department should, for a generation at least, be devoted to primary

vernacular instruction. The return, too, throws great light upon the supposed influence of the Native Press, which cannot greatly affect a population unable to read. It would not take much money to start a school for reading and writing only in every village, nor do we believe natives would object to a compulsory law of attendance for boys.

Those who were at all startled by Mr. Parnell's declaration that Mr. Tuke's Irish emigrants were, for the most part, languishing in dreary attics in the great American cities, should read Mr. Tuke's interesting letter to Monday's *Times*, with its ample store of evidence that success had attended the steps of all those of whom news had been received. The Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, writes in the most gratifying terms of the emigrants sent thither; Mr. Howard Hodgkin and Captain Rutledge-Fair, who have just returned from a visit of inspection in Canada, were perfectly satisfied with the prospects of the Canadian emigrants, which they had carefully investigated; while of the prosperity of the emigrants to the United States,—two-thirds of the whole,—the many letters and remittances received from them in Ireland are the best evidences. Mr. Tuke himself, the soberest of philanthropists, is perfectly satisfied not only that the experiment has succeeded admirably, but that the people in the West of Ireland are well aware of its success, and are eager for the chance of following where so many of their friends have already entered on the path to prosperity. Mr. Parnell probably only desires to hear of the cases where, from one cause or another, the experiment has not been fruitful of good. And amongst 5,400 emigrants, some such there must be.

It is stated that two new dioceses are shortly to be made. The sum has been raised which was fixed by the recent Act of Parliament as the minimum for the endowment of the See of Southwell, broken off from the diocese of Lincoln. And now it is confidently said that the Government mean in the ensuing Session to divide the See of Bristol from that of Gloucester, including within the new diocese North Somerset. It is conjectured that the new bishop may be called the Bishop of Bristol and Bath, and that as his diocese would relieve the diocese of Wells of much of its present area, the Bishop of Wells might have Dorsetshire added to his diocese, and might be entitled the Bishop of Wells and Sherborne; in which case, Berkshire might be given back to the diocese of Salisbury, in lieu of Dorsetshire, which is now contained in it. These are at present only speculations, but if Bristol is to be erected into a new diocese, there is little doubt that there would be some parings and interchanges of districts, to lighten the burdens of other Sees.

Sunday was brilliant with one of those wonderful sunset skies,—Sunday's was golden, with a gold such as Cuyp himself never painted,—which have been the glory of the late autumn; but since Sunday, the neighbourhood of London at least has been wrapped in a cold and deathlike mist. A danker and a darker Christmas has seldom been known, almost more oppressively dank than dark. But the gloom has been all the more felt for the magnificent dawns and sunsets which had preceded this grim season of festivity. During most of the week the shops have been shut, and London looking as ghastly as a mighty city with nothing to do, and a murky wet-blanket wrapped round it, can manage to look; its streets, on the whole, empty; its cheerfullest lights—those of the shop-windows—extinguished; its bustle silenced, and its dreary passengers hesitating whether to put up umbrellas, or to absorb patiently the passive moisture which hardly amounted to a drip.

Mr. Holloway, one of the now not inconsiderable number of millionaires, died on Wednesday, in his eighty-fourth year, with a fortune variously stated at from two to five millions sterling, but more probably,—at least if we count in it what he has spent on his Surrey lunatic asylum and his ladies' college,—approaching to the latter sum. Only the basis of his fortune was made by selling the famous pills and ointment. Mr. Holloway was a shrewd investor, and seemed almost unable to fail in selecting a profitable investment. During the last ten years of his life he had been endeavouring to spend his great fortune beneficently, by building near Virginia-Water Station a great asylum for curable lunatics,—who are, we believe, only to remain there for a limited period,—and by building near Egham a vast ladies' college, containing upwards of 1,000 rooms, which he is also said to have endowed handsomely. It will, however, need an exceedingly handsome endowment, if it is to succeed at a distance of twenty miles from London, and a much greater distance from either Oxford or Cambridge, for the teachers must be first-rate, and must be paid far more than the fees would pay them. In the neighbourhood of Oxford or Cambridge, such a building would have been a great success. Where it is, its success will probably depend on its endowment. Of Mr. Holloway's benevolent intentions there is no doubt, and though we have made elsewhere some unfavourable criticisms on the original source of his great fortune, we do not wish it to be doubted for a moment that we heartily respect the motive which impelled him to execute the works of his declining years.

The Dean of St. Paul's should publish his Christmas-Day sermon. The *Times* of Wednesday gives just enough of a sketch of it to make us desire to read the whole, not enough to satisfy that desire. It seems to have been a sermon contrasting the ideals,—often very high,—by which men measured themselves before the time of Christ, with that realised ideal of human life in the closest possible union with the Source of all life, by which they have measured themselves ever since. He showed how much of the moral ideal of the ancient world was lavished on loyalty to the State, the public life of men,—how little of it was expended in loyalty to even such divine beings as were recognised by the ancient philosophers, who thought of man as being his own ideal quite outside the sphere of the divine. All this was altered by the Christian revelation, and no doubt the State lost the ideal light which was then first transferred to God, and to man as transformed by God. But every one who knows how the Dean of St. Paul's treats subjects of this kind would like to see his treatment of the Greek and Roman ideal of life, no less than of the Buddhist and the Christian ideal, which he contrasted with it.

We cannot conceive why so much fun is poked at the Society for Psychical Research (14 Dean's Yard, S.W.), for asking these very business-like questions on the subject of hallucinations and dreams:—"1. Hallucinations.—Have you ever, when in good health and completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing, or being touched by, a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence, when no one was there? 2. Dreams.—Can you recall that you have ever, in the course of the last ten years, had a dream of the death of some person known to you (about whom you were not anxious at the time), which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?" The object is, of course, to get some light on the question whether or not prophetic dreams of more than usual impressiveness which are afterwards fulfilled, or hallucinations suggesting the presence of distant people, when they do occur, may properly be explained as coincidence, or not. If they can be explained as coincidence, there ought to be a vast number of such impressive dreams and startling hallucinations occurring in common life, as Coleridge used to say that he could assert to have occurred in his life, but without further significance and without deserving to be specially noted. The present writer could answer both questions in the negative, even without the qualification as to health,—excepting only as regards one period of delirium, during a typhoid fever,—and we fancy that the great majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen would answer them in the same manner.

Sir Theodore Martin shows more zeal than wisdom in his controversy with Mrs. Hardcastle as to the late Lord Lyndhurst's social attitude towards Lord Campbell. In his letter to the *Times* of this day week, he denies that anything but the most formal visits were exchanged between them. Yesterday Mrs. Hardcastle published the letter to which she had referred, which certainly shows that in 1854, at least, Lord Lyndhurst treated Lord Campbell with cordial familiarity, and invited his visits as a friend, not as a legal colleague. Indeed, we hardly understand Sir Theodore Martin's zeal for his own side of the great cause of Lyndhurst *v.* Campbell, unless, indeed, it be the zeal of an ardent Conservative for a brilliant quondam chief.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MR. COWEN.

IN the eloquent and effective speech which Mr. Cowen delivered at Newcastle-on-Tyne this day week, he reproached Englishmen with their "pedantry," remarking that it is the note of pedantry to be controlled by phrases, rather than by the realities which the phrases denote. His illustration of English pedantry was not, however, very fortunate. He adduced Englishmen's dislike to "Home-rule" in Ireland as an instance of being afraid of the name, not the thing; asserting that since the Isle of Man has Home-rule under another name, and the Channel Islands have Home-rule under another name, and since so many of our Colonies have Home-rule under another name, we cannot be afraid of the thing "Home-rule," though we are so terribly afraid of the name. We should say that Mr. Cowen's illustrations upset his own case. Every Englishman knows that "the House of Keys" is home-rule for the Isle of Man, and he is not afraid of it. Every Englishman knows that we do not legislate for the Channel Islands in Parliament, and no one is afraid of leaving them to provide for their own needs. Every Englishman knows that the Parliament of the Dominion and the Parliament of Victoria do for Canada and for that part of Australia, just what our Parliament does for us, and that the consequences are beneficial, not injurious. There is no kind of excuse for saying that we disguise from ourselves what we dislike in such cases, by giving it a misleading name. On the contrary, the proper inference from the facts named obviously is that there is something either in the smallness of the islands and the petty scale of their resources, or in the great distance of the Colonies from England, which renders Home-rule in the cases referred to innocuous, though it would not be innocuous in a substantial portion of so small a kingdom as our own. If we permit it—not only without the least attempt to hide the thing under a false name, but in the case of our Colonies at least, with the most emphatic assertion of the real significance of the freedom we confer—it seems obvious enough that it is not the *name* of Irish Home-rule that we dread, but the reality. And so, as Mr. Cowen should know very well, it certainly is. It is he who is misled by the apparent innocence of the name. It is he who does not see that to give up Imperial control of so large a part of the focus of our Empire, might be both to strengthen and to arm a powerful enemy at the very heart of that Empire. "Home-rule" is a mild phrase enough. But it is Mr. Cowen, not England, who is beguiled by the phrase. Home-rule for Ireland means antagonism between England and Ireland in finance, in commerce, in education, in general policy, and in foreign policy, and this in a next-door neighbour who, if she were organised for that purpose, would be always strong enough to embarrass and paralyse us. Surely the man who sees nothing dangerous in this, because he hides it under the mild phrase, "Home-rule," is much more obviously controlled by phrases than the English people, who see great danger in such a course?

And evidently Mr. Cowen's imagination is one as powerfully moved and as frequently controlled by phrases, as that of any Member of the House of Commons. His eloquent speech in the House, delivered in 1876, against conferring on the Queen the title of "Empress of India," was a speech founded on the assumption that phrases have a vast influence in determining policy, and was a most impressive speech from that point of view. Indeed, no man with an imagination will deny that phrases are often very potent in politics, just as no man with a really strong imagination will hesitate to grapple boldly with misleading phrases, rather than let them triumph over him. Mr. Cowen argued in the famous speech of 1876 that the greater of two names applied to the same thing had a knack of swallowing the smaller; that Charles V. is always spoken of in history as "the Emperor," though in Spain he was only King; that the Duke of Argyll is not even known in this country as Baron Sundridge, though he sits in the House of Lords under that title; and that Englishmen who should be told that in India they were under an Empress, while in England they were under a Queen, would soon come to merge the Queen in the Empress, and probably to merge the constitutional Queen in a very unconstitutional Empress. That is a serious danger, no doubt, which it was a duty to point out; it was a danger to which Lord Lytton fell a victim; but to Mr. Cowen it probably represented a danger even more serious than it really was,—for it is certain that his imagination, which is lively, is far more effectually swayed by phrases than that of the average and stolid Englishman. The very name of Russia, for instance, startles him into a sort of semi-superstitious recoil. "As the sea saps the shore," says Mr. Cowen, in this last speech, "so Russia undermines the surrounding territory, till it trembles under her control." And he is so persuaded of this, that he will not even recognise the progress of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, which have gained their comparative freedom through Russian intervention, but prophesies gloomily that their independence must disappear, either before Russia, or before the power of Austria with Germany behind her, if the mighty conflict with Russia which he predicts should end in her defeat. The name "Home-rule," which so dominates and beguiles his imagination in one context, loses all its charm for him when it comes to be confronted with the more potent name of Russia, and Mr. Cowen has nothing to hope for the States of the Balkans but a ruin even more complete than that inflicted on them by the Turk. So, too, when he comes to discuss the methods of Parliamentary procedure, the phrase "clôture" has a more malignant sorcery in it, to his imagination, than even the phrase "Empress" as applied to the ruler of India. He cannot see that the power of closure is nothing in the world but the power which every well-organised public meeting exerts with the utmost coolness and advantage to itself, and he recoils from it as a bird recoils from the glittering eye of the snake. For a protestor against the superstitious belief in phrases, Mr. Cowen certainly shows a strangely keen and sensitive respect for phrases; indeed we doubt whether any man in the House of Commons is more beguiled by phrases than Mr. Cowen.

No doubt, this is not unnatural in an orator of so much fire as Mr. Cowen. Very few Members of the House of Commons are happier in the manner and the mode of their oratory than the Member for Newcastle with that northern burr of his, of which he makes so effective a use, and which he can drop so completely when he will. Such a man is naturally a great inventor of phrases, which, perhaps, accounts for the impression they produce on the fond imagination which invented them. In his skilful phrase-mongering he resembles the late Lord Beaconsfield. The "semi-Mongol Czardom" is his epithet for the Power he most dreads. "It may be next year, or ten years hence, but as sure as death, as steady as time, the hour approaches when the lowering tempest will burst, and the semi-Mongol Czardom be driven to make its last throw for its long-coveted prize. The stake is a heavy one; the struggle will be supreme; the avenging angel will blot from his record the inarticulate wrongs of centuries with something less tender than a tear." That is a passage quite after Mr. Disraeli's own heart, but spoken with more of fanatic conviction than ever Mr. Disraeli could have displayed. Mr. Cowen's ears are charmed by his own sweet music. He is himself misled by the phrases which he has been happy enough to invent. Mr. Disraeli hardly was; he used them as glittering coin to fascinate other men's imagination, but hardly as having really fascinated his own. Mr. Cowen's plea for the House of Lords, as against a real revising Chamber like the Senate of the United States,—the plea that we might set up something much more formidable than the House of Lords: "We have now got an anachronism, we might get a master,"—is an antithesis closely resembling those of Mr. Disraeli; but it means more in Mr. Cowen's mouth than it would have meant in Mr. Disraeli's. Mr. Cowen is as much exalted as Scott's Last Minstrel by the power of his own excellent harping. He at least convinces himself by his speeches,—which Mr. Disraeli probably never did.

Mr. Cowen is often spoken of as a false Liberal, and certainly his political veerings and shiftings have been numerous and perplexing. He came into Parliament as a strong supporter of the policy of non-intervention; but he soon became, and has more or less continued, the apologist of the Afghan War and of the pro-Turkish diplomacy of Lord Beaconsfield. That, however, is fairly accounted for by his dread of Russia, a Power to which he has never seriously applied his doctrine of non-intervention. Even his marked sympathy with the Irish Obstructionists, with the Tory Obstructionists, with almost all the Obstructionists of the Liberal Government, and his dislike and depreciation of Liberal legislation generally, especially of any legislation which seems to him in any sense "grandmotherly," appears to us to arise not in the least from treachery, but from genuine sympathy with *laisser-faire* in all matters except the evil sorcery wrought by the Russian Spectre. For our own part, we believe that Mr. Cowen has really a much deeper regard than he has ever avowed for the policy of *laisser-faire*, on condition, of course, that you do not apply that maxim to the evil principle, "the semi-Mongol

Czardom." So far as a sensitive and ardent rhetorician can be consistent, Mr. Cowen is fairly consistent in his dislike of strengthening Governments, and his wish to see the individual protected against the aggressiveness of either a philanthropic or a selfish Government. If he favours the Tories more than the Liberals—as he certainly does—it is because the Tories are very apt to oppose most of the philanthropic legislation of the Liberals, and because the Tories are traditionally opposed to the influence of Russia. He never supports the Tories in a policy of coercion; and he would not, we think, support the Tories in a policy of benevolent despotism. He sympathises with Mr. Herbert Spencer's dread of the growing prerogatives of democratic Governments, and as those prerogatives are apt to grow much faster in Liberal hands than in Tory hands, he appears to make much more dangerous war against the Liberals than he makes against the Tories. But if ever a "Tory democracy" initiated a strong home policy in Great Britain, we imagine that Mr. Cowen's geniality towards the Tories would vanish. He distrusts all Government, and Russia chiefly as representing the incarnate principle of absolute Government. His latent sympathy with Turkey is sympathy not with its baseness and predatoriness and corruption, but with its loose rein, its imbecile administration, its helpless diplomacy, its tendency to anarchy. A decent, or rather not indecent, slovenliness and indolence in the governing power, would probably best represent Mr. Cowen's political ideal.

On the whole, we should describe Mr. Cowen as a politician of fervid fancy, hardly rising to strong imagination, whose sympathies have early been excited by the victims of strong Government, and who has never had a sufficiently sound judgment to keep these sympathies within due bounds. A measure of his political judgment may be gathered from his description of Sir Edward Watkin as "one of the most far-seeing men I have met in my journey through life;" and without a political judgment, powers of speech and of fancy so great as Mr. Cowen's are edged tools, with which the politician oftener wounds his own fingers than the hands of his opponents. He is a politician of fervour, and even of passion. He can speak with some of the old dash and dignity, and we believe him to be sincere. But he is not a safe guide. He is betrayed by the Will-of-the-Wisp lights of his own fancy into political bogs and marshes, where no Government dare follow him without bringing on itself a speedy and certain ruin.

MR. BROADHURST'S PROPOSAL.

IT is impossible to predict what the House of Commons will do, but we do not think Mr. Broadhurst will receive the support for his Bill upon urban leaseholds, upon which he evidently calculates. It is true that the Bill is "popular," and that it has received the sanction of a few politicians of standing, but Members have never yet been compelled to think out its provisions. When they do, they will find that the Bill alters the tenure of house property much more radically than may be at first imagined. Mr. Broadhurst, according to his recent speech before the Dialectical Society, proposes, in a regular Bill, that any leaseholder of a house in a great city—or, it may be, in any city—shall have the right to inform his landlord that he wishes to buy the freehold. If the landlord consents, well and good,—the matter will be arranged by agreement; but if he does not, the lessee can summon him into the County Court, where a jury of five will assess the value of the house, and the Judge, upon receiving the money, will order delivery of the building. The amount of the money to be awarded is to be based upon the assumption that "a willing purchaser is dealing with a willing seller," and free competition, we imagine, is excluded.

There is no chance whatever of such a Bill passing the Lords; nor do we think that, upon reflection, it will be esteemed just in the Commons. In the first place, the Bill involves a direct injury to the landlord amounting to confiscation, in a way that Mr. Broadhurst—who intends, we do not doubt, to be quite fair—has not perceived. The freeholder cannot be restrained from using his freehold, and might at once destroy half the neighbouring property of his perfectly innocent landlord. Portland Place, for example, is certainly not a nuisance, nor are its houses unsafe dwellings for their very numerous occupants, the servants there being at least as healthy as any class of the community. Nevertheless, any man who had purchased there the remnant of a lease might secure the freehold, and turn his premises into a gin palace, a hall for the Salvation Army, or a grand butcher's shop. The immediate result would be a downfall of rents or premiums by one-third at least, through the whole length of the street; and the ladies of the Bentinck family, who now own the property—we mention this, because the "Dukes" who own so much of London are growing unpopular—would be fined, in the end, some quarter of a million, for honestly and obediently yielding to the law. Is that fair? Mr. Broadhurst clearly intends to include all kinds of houses, for he mentions fines for renewal amounting to thousands of pounds, as grievances; and, if all kinds of houses are affected, this kind of damage would be universal, and would, indeed, be deliberately organised so as to force reductions of price. Clearly, the owners of Portland Place are entitled either to sell their houses under restrictions as to their use, thus seriously qualifying the freehold; or to be compensated for probable injury to the remainder of their estate, a factor in the calculation which would make the scheme unworkable. Mr. Broadhurst may say that tenants should not be so fastidious, but, as a fact, they are; and he has no more right, except in the national interest, which we will discuss presently, to confiscate the fancy value of houses, than to confiscate diamonds because reasonable people think the market price of the bright stones not a little absurd. Seclusion is as much an element in the value of a house as a southern aspect, as Mr. Broadhurst will discover, if he will just ascertain the comparative value of houses in Wimpole Street and in Cavendish Square. It differs, space for space, by more than seventy per cent. We say nothing as yet of the unfairness of expropriating well-managed property, for if there is a national reason, that must be supreme; but the injustice of the proposed compensation is quite clear.

In the second place, why does Mr. Broadhurst limit his scheme so closely to urban leaseholders? Farm tenants want freeholds at least as much as householders, and have a better claim to them. The householder wears out the property merely by living in it, or if under covenants to repair, leaves it no better than it was when he began to occupy, but the good farmer constantly improves the soil. Why should he not claim to buy it, and then raise money on mortgage, thereby reducing his rent, yet leaving himself still most of the privileges of the freeholder? A case could be made out for Nottingham farmers far stronger than any to be made for the lessees of Portland Place, who are quite rich enough to take care of themselves; yet Mr. Broadhurst does not include them in the benefits of his Bill. Moreover, why does he stop at leaseholders? Tenants-at-will suffer quite as much as they do, and are less inclined to improve; yet he proposes greatly to increase their number. He will say that he does not mention them; but the first incidental effect of his Bill, if it becomes an Act, will be to manufacture tenants-at-will by the thousand. John Smith compels the Portland Estate to sell him No. 300 Portland Place, spends thousands in decorations, and then, his health failing, buys a place in South Devon. What is he to do with his house? If he sells it, he loses his improvements, for the buyer rich enough to buy freeholds wants to decorate for himself; while if he leases it, he may lose his house just when the leaseholder pleases. He will be compelled to find a tenant-at-will, who, being tenant-at-will, will not lay out one shilling he can help. Mr. Broadhurst does not want that, we know; but how can it be helped, when the half of well-to-do mankind want good houses, but are not rich enough to pay for them? They could be mortgaged, of course; but the experience of mankind shows that mortgaged properties are seldom improved, and that the interest on a mortgage is felt as a burden, which a rent is not. So far as the rich are concerned, Mr. Broadhurst would only shake the security of property, without ensuring additional happiness to anybody whatever. He thinks, indeed, he shall prevent the fines on renewals, which no doubt often create annoyance; but how will he do that, when the possibility of such fines must be the first element in his jurymen's calculation? Does he really mean to forbid the intrusion of such an element? If he does not, the price will be raised by the value of the right of fining; and if he does, he is proposing confiscation pure and simple.

Still, confiscation may conceivably be justified by national necessity, but where is the necessity in this case? Mr. Broadhurst contends that two millions of families will be enabled to own their houses, and his figures may possibly be right. But, not to mention that of his two millions a large section will not be able to buy their freeholds, what national good will be the result of their ownership? In the case of peasant-

proprietors, we expect the new owners to cultivate much more carefully, and to be released from a control injurious to character; but the urban householder who pays his rent is under no control, and can get no more out of his house for the benefit of the country than he got as tenant. Indeed, he will get less. If there is one fact proved by experience, it is that little and poor landlords are the landlords whom it is most difficult to compel to improve. It is hard enough to ensure good drainage now, but if the Legislature were forced to compel two millions of working-men to rebuild their drains, the work would never be done. They would resist by force, or refuse to pay, and how could payment be insisted on? The wealthy position of London landlords is the national lever for securing improvements. Sir Charles Dilke mentions, as one of the great improvements he hopes for, that rates shall be divided between occupiers and owners; but if Stepney, say, is owned by its people, his improvement will be simply unmeaning. The workmen-owners of a street in Stepney neither could nor would do the great works which are essential, and which an owner of the whole street can and does, as regards internal drainage, do without resistance. Landlords on weekly wages are not the landlords for whom philanthropists are seeking. That properties which might be improved are often unpurchaseable, and, therefore, neglected, is true; but then, that is because we impose such absurd limitations on freedom of contract. We prevent sales by our law of settlement. If every freeholder had power to sell, the ground would gradually be sold, if only to avoid proposals like Mr. Broadhurst's; and it is towards this change that our legislation tends, no doubt too slowly. At all events, let us try what freedom of contract, which hardly exists in London, will do for us, before we proceed to abolish it altogether. Does Mr. Broadhurst really not perceive that the day after his Bill passes leasehold tenure will be extinguished, for the landlord's interest will be tenancy-at-will, and the man who cannot afford to buy a freehold, though he could afford to pay a premium for a lease, will be forced to accept the landlord's terms?

THE CITY GUILDS' COMMISSION.

IN spite of the Lord Mayor's assertion that the *Standard's* article on the "City Guilds' Commission" was "purely imaginary" (by which latter term we may charitably suppose he meant "imaginative"), and that the "Report, when issued, would be much more moderate in tone and in substance than the highly-coloured article to which he had referred would lead one to suppose," we may feel pretty sure that the article in question had a substantial foundation. The *Standard* is not a Parisian paper. A London newspaper has too much to lose by the publication of inspired articles which turn out to be "wholly unauthentic" (in the ordinary, and not in the Salisburian sense), to care to risk its reputation for fact, for the sake of indulging in flights of fancy. The mind of the Commission may not be finally made up, but we are justified in assuming that our contemporary has given us a fair representation of its present state. Internal evidence seems to support this assumption. The recommendations hinted at are of the very mildest kind that could reasonably have been made. The right to acquire the freedom of the Companies either by patrimony or by purchase is to be put an end to, and the Livery thereby extinguished,—in process of time; but it is obvious that the process will take a very long time. The Halls of the Companies, valued by the Companies at something considerably under £50,000, seeing that £75,000 only "is assumed to represent halls, almshouses, schools, plate, furniture, and the value of a few livings," valued in the rate-books at £57,550, and valued by independent valuers at £150,000, are to be sold, and the whole property of the Companies vested in a Commission. But as, "the private rights of the existing members being admitted, they will have to be treated with that respect which Parliament usually extends to vested interests," it would seem that it will be a very long time before the sale of the Halls could take place, and the usufruct of the property be at the disposal of the proposed Commission.

But what really are the vested rights of the Liverymen in the three-quarters of a million of money which represent the present value of the Companies' property? In £200,000 of this property they have no rights at all, as it is trust property, and has already come under the general supervision of the Charity Commissioners. Of the rest, or what is called the Corporate property, we are told by Lord Selborne that the property of the Companies belongs to the members absolutely, and that they could legally sell it all, and divide it among themselves, if they so pleased. Lord Selborne gave his opinion as a Mercer, and not as Lord Chancellor; but still, it is not much use to struggle against the opinion of the Lord Chancellor, even when he is not speaking *ex cathedra*. But if such a right does exist, it is one which has only been gained by wrong. By obtaining charters from the Crown, the Companies made two admissions,—first, that the objects for which they were established could not be carried out without that sanction; and secondly, that their objects were public objects, and that they were public bodies. The crafts were incorporated for the purpose of making their position of regulation and guardianship more secure. They were given privileges in consideration of their performing certain duties to their trade and to the public. It is not to be supposed that the grantors of lands would have granted them in perpetuity, if they supposed that the actual members at any given moment could sell them, and divide the proceeds; or that even the testators who left money for the Companies "to make themselves comfortable," intended the individuals to make themselves comfortable by dividing the money amongst themselves. Grants and bequests were made to the Companies, as public bodies connected with the trades whose names they bore, and for public purposes. It can hardly be that their severance from their trades and the cessation of the performance of their duties have rid them of their public capacity, so as to enable them to divide their property amongst their members. But if in point of law that result has come about, then the sooner the law is altered the better, in the interests of public morality. It will never do to perpetuate a standing testimony to the ease with which a long continuance in gross dereliction of duty may confer a right to dispense with all duty, and to commit a legal act of robbery. In other words, the Suspensory Act, proposed by the Commission to prevent the Companies from committing *felo de se* accompanied by theft is imperatively necessary. The Lord Chancellor's claim of legal right for the Companies must be tempered in accordance with his admission of a moral claim on the part of the public.

But when this right of self-spoliation is gone, very little remains to the individual members of the Companies. If it be admitted that they cannot at one fell swoop plunder the perpetual corporation for the benefit of its individual members, neither can they do so by driblets. The only sums now spent on the members appear to be £75,000 on entertainments, and a part of the monstrous sum of £100,000, or about one-third of the whole income, which is spent on management. This last item of expenditure is so vast as to constitute fair ground for a charge of dereliction of duty upon the part of the Courts of Assistants in managing the Corporate property, quite enough to justify their dismissal. That it is vastly disproportionate, is clear from the fact that the cost of management at the Universities was found to be not 3 per cent. at Oxford, and very little over $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at Cambridge, though the greater part of the revenues of the Universities is derived from agricultural land. It is true that the salaries of some Bursars of Colleges are not included in this estimate, but if they were added on a vastly more liberal scale than is the fact, at the rate of £300 a year in each college, those expenses would not be brought up to 5 per cent. Yet the members of the Courts of Assistants alone, for the attendances they give, receive no less than £40,000, or $5\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. on the total income of the Companies, in addition to the £60,000, or 8 per cent., paid in salaries to those who do the real work of management. There can be no vested right in such mismanagement as this in the members of the Companies, any more than there is any vested right in the paid officers of the Companies, who are, like other servants, from clerk to beadle, liable to dismissal. All, therefore, which needs to be left to the Companies, on the most stringent construction of vested rights is, £75,000 a year for their dinners, gradually decreasing as the members die out, and a small sum by way of compensation for the loss of fees for proper management.

It is urged by the Companies that the rest of their income is spent not only in a highly beneficial manner, but in a better way than it could be spent by any other public body. But, as a matter of fact, many, if not all, Companies spend large sums in extravagant pensions to retired officers and poor members of their bodies who cannot be said to be in want of charity, and they have to seek high and low for objects on which to expend their vast surpluses. Londoners, at least, may reasonably complain that revenues mostly levied from the or-

selves are expended on some such meritorious institutions as the Yorkshire College at Leeds, the Technical School at Bradford, or Lectureships at Glasgow. It is contended with good reason that the City Companies are and have always claimed to be constituent elements of the City Corporation. It is certain that if not essentially part of it, they are very closely connected with it, as is proved by the fact that they still elect the Lord Mayor. The Companies themselves say that it is impossible to bring them again into any useful or living connection with the Trades whose names they bear. No real good is done by frittering away this immense income in doles to a thousand different hospitals and charities. The obvious and historical and most just method of dealing with these now anachronistic bodies is to merge them anew in the Corporation of London. To transfer all their properties and rights to the new Municipality which is about to consolidate the scattered limbs of London, as in old days the scattered local and craft guilds were consolidated in the City Government, would be an act of the highest statesmanship. With the immense sums that might be saved in management, and with the immense increase which may be anticipated in the actual income of the Companies, Greater London would thus be endowed with revenues which would at once obviate the necessity of continuing those taxes on corn and coal which press most heavily on those least able to bear them.

This scheme would involve the least possible interference with present "rights of property," the least possible interference with historical continuity, and the greatest possible amount of immediate and future public advantage. It is the one which, among all the conflicting claims of technical, primary and middle-class, and University education, and multitudinous hospitals and charities, would be the most readily acquieseed in by all the claimants, because it would create no jealousies, and would indirectly or directly benefit all. The citizens of London, as such, have a paramount claim to property which was originally designed to benefit them. As for the cry against interfering with the rights of property, there can be no better way of protecting those rights than to put an end to a gross abuse of them.

THE COMPROMISE ON THE ILBERT BILL.

THE Government of India has shown some wisdom and unusual self-control in agreeing to a compromise upon the Ilbert Bill. It must have been most painful to the Viceroy to yield, more especially as he will not be forgiven for having yielded, the Europeans in India, who are almost all either pronounced Evangelicals, decided Agnostics, or avowed Sadducees, regarding his faith with the absurd but incurable suspicion displayed in the ridiculous telegrams of this week about the "Disestablishment of the Church." It would, however, have been most injurious to India if all Europeans outside the small circle of Civilians—that is, all merchants, planters, captains of labour, artisans, military officers, and soldiers—had distrusted the administration of the Criminal Law, and that they would have distrusted it was proved by the universality of the resistance to Mr. Ilbert's measure. Much of the distrust may have been unfounded, just as much of the distrust felt by Irishmen towards English Courts is unfounded; but that is hardly the question for politicians. Prejudice is often an important factor in governing nations, and if it was possible to conciliate a prejudice so deep as this, it was wise that it should be soothed away. It was especially wise in an Empire in which authority ultimately rests upon an Army, which shares the prejudice so deeply that all cantonments were exempted from the operation of the Bill. The method adopted is a very complete one, and though it surprises and somewhat dissatisfies us, we can, we think, perceive clearly the ideas upon which the Indian Government has acted.

The original idea of the Ilbert Bill was not to abolish a privilege or introduce an equality which is contrary to every principle alike of the Indian Codes and of Indian manners, so much as to relieve the regular Native Civil Service of a slight. It was felt that although untrained deputy magistrates might be restricted in the use of their powers, the trained and picked native civilians ought to be trusted like their European confrères. They are assumed to be equal in all respects, and the special restriction involved in theory a decided slight. The Bill, therefore, as finally settled, gave to Native District Magistrates and Sessions Judges, and to them only, precisely the same universal jurisdiction as was assigned to European Judges of similar grades. They could try all men, without distinction of race, creed, or colour. To this principle, which is sound if an Indian can be quite impartial to a European, but unsound if he cannot, the Government, which has always maintained that he can, has resolutely adhered. Upon this point, which it probably regards as cardinal, and essential to the honour of its native servants, it has not given way one step. On the contrary, it has expressed still more confidence in them than before, by doubling their powers, which are increased under the "concordat" from the right of inflicting six months' imprisonment—the limit of the powers of London Stipendiary Magistrates—up to that of decreeing imprisonment for twelve months. In order, however, to restore the impaired confidence of Europeans, they, when brought before District Magistrates or Sessions Judges, who alone are mentioned in the Bill—the position of lower Magistrates remaining as before—are authorised to claim trial before a Jury, upon which seven in twelve must be their countrymen. The privilege is granted without reference to the Judge, who may be a European or a Native, a Christian or a Mussulman, a white man or a brown one, indifferently, the right being conceded to special accused persons, but not against special Judges. By this arrangement, the honour of the Native Service, for which the Government was primarily solicitous, is saved; while the European distrust, or prejudice, or unreasonableness is completely pacified. The Europeans know perfectly well both that a Jury of their countrymen will not return unjust verdicts against them, and that the Native Judge will not venture, in the presence of the leading Europeans in the station, to pass vindictive sentences. They are quite content to be tried by Juries, and have no objection to Native Judges, so long as they are not Judges also of the facts. Their fear is not of oppressive sentences, but of manufactured evidence; and they know that, as against false witness, the European Jurymen will defend them as carefully as the European Judge.

So far the arrangement is satisfactory, but it will be observed that it has been arrived at by granting the Europeans a privilege which, as against the tribunals, English as well as Native, is ten times as conspicuous as the old one. They are all, in fact, made peers, and can claim in serious cases a different mode of trial from the immense majority of the community. They are more separated as a caste than they ever were before, at all events since their exemption from every tribunal but the Supreme Court was taken away by statute. This does not, it is true, matter in India so much as it would in Europe. The natives of the interior have never asked for trial by jury, and aware as they are of the Judges' impartiality, would by no means regard that method of investigation as a boon. They know quite well that the chasms in native society are too deep, and that while the Brahmin would never be punished, the ryot would very seldom escape. The privilege, therefore, is not a privilege in their eyes, but only a mark of separateness, one of the thousand such marks which split native society into fragments. On the other hand, the European Juries will virtually be Special Juries, composed of educated men not at all likely to do wilful injustice. They are not inclined to tolerate violence, and are more bitter against crimes against property —which, however, Europeans seldom commit—than petty juries are in England. Still, the privilege granted is a great one, the jurors will be penetrated with ideas on the subject of self-defence which are not exactly legal, and in times of local rioting the system may involve a partial refusal of justice. The scheme would not work for a moment, if the number of uneducated Europeans increased rapidly, and it will increase greatly the tendency to grant Juries in all cases, which is not, in the existing condition of India, desirable or safe. Still, these dangers can be dealt with when they arrive; and meanwhile, the greatest danger of all, the growth of a bitter dislike in Europeans for Natives, and a reluctance to see office thrown open to them, has been most adroitly obviated. We should have greatly preferred a postponement of the Bill until it could have been brought forward under new circumstances, but the compromise at present will do little harm, and realises the wish of the Government to treat all its own servants alike.

The intensity and absurdity of the local prejudice against Lord Ripon is well illustrated in the telegram to the *Times* reporting a coming Disestablishment of the Church. That, it is said, being carried out by a Roman Catholic Viceroy, will create as much irritation as the Ilbert Bill. That is nonsense. Even if there were an Established Church in India, and it were proposed to abolish it, the Europeans would not care a straw; and there is no such institution, nor is its abolition proposed. The Anglican Church in India consists of the Regimental Chaplains, who are assisted both by Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers, a few other Chaplains borne

on the military estimates, but attached to the larger stations and Presidency towns, four or five Archdeacons, whose work man has never discovered, unless they are regarded as Bishops' secretaries, and four or five Bishops, who look after the chaplains' morals, exercise a very limited control over the Anglican Missionaries, ordain Anglican converts, and confirm the children of the Anglican community. The military chaplains cannot be touched, as they are indispensable; but it has long been argued that the civil community ought to pay for their own religious instruction and their own confirmations. We presume, therefore, if the question, a very old one, is to be settled, the chaplains will be withdrawn from civil stations, and some of the Missionary Societies asked to appoint and pay the majority of the Bishops. There is little sound objection in practice to the present system, which benefits the Natives by helping to keep the Europeans within certain bounds of opinion, and does not cost any great sum in addition to the unavoidable payments for military purposes, but it is, no doubt, indefensible in theory. The payment of civil chaplains as military officers is an abuse, and the Presidency towns can pay for Bishops, if they want them; and the Bishops so paid will do all necessary work *in partibus infidelium*,—that is, in the stations of the interior. The whole matter is, however, very trifling, and we can only wonder why Lord Ripon, knowing the special suspicions to which he would be subjected, did not ask Lord Kimberley, with whom the question rests, to let it sleep for a year or two longer. We suppose he thought that his faith had nothing to do with his duties, and that such a course would be a little weak.

THE ATTITUDE OF FRANCE.

THE inner feelings of the French peasantry have again become matters of serious importance to all Europe. It is evident that the upper classes and the Parisians, excited by the success before Sontay, are rapidly giving themselves up to chauvinism, and are urging, rather than checking, the "forward" policy of the Premier. Exasperated by the failures of the last few years, and distrustful of all leaders, those Frenchmen who are audible are childishly elated with their first gleam of success in the field. One writer declares that "Sontay has avenged Sedan," and although he was doubtless betrayed into that absurdity by the wish to make an alliterative *mot*, the tone of all his confrères has perceptibly altered for the worse. No pretence is now made of willingness to be contented with less than all Tonquin. The idea of English mediation, which has in the course of these negotiations been welcomed, rejected, and welcomed again, is now scouted, with irritating expressions of disdain for this country and its "commercial preoccupations." We are told that we only want Hainan, which most Englishmen never heard of, and that Lord Granville must not mediate until he is asked by France. The possibility of Chinese interference is scoffed at, and the Marquis Tseng is henceforward, it is said, to be treated "as if China did not exist." What is more serious still, the Government is as elate as its adulators. The Havas Agency is the most strictly controlled undertaking in France, and it is very difficult to believe that the astounding telegram published on Thursday, and nominally sent from London, was not drawn up in Paris, and at least sanctioned by the Foreign Office. If that is the case, M. Ferry, so far from avoiding war with China, is ready to pick a new quarrel, and intends—as, indeed, the *République Française* admits—to demand a "pecuniary indemnity" for the "aggressive attitude" assumed by China in Tonquin. Such a demand would be worthy only of Mr. Layard's Pasha, who first requisitioned fowls for his suite from the unhappy villagers near Bagdad, and then charged them for "the wear-and-tear of his teeth" because the fowls were tough, but we are by no means certain that an idea of the kind is not afloat in official circles. There are ominous references to "material guarantees," and in the present temper of the Ministry, the Island of Hainan, which dominates the Gulf of Tonquin and would support itself, may seem a most desirable acquisition. This can be obtained only from China; and a quarrel, in which the French would occupy the island, and defend it with their Fleet alone, may seem the readiest method of acquiring it. There are very dreamy projects floating before some French minds. If China does not fight, or England interpose, everything, it is said, is possible; and men are already found to declare that all Madagascar should be at once annexed, "because the Hovas, if they sign the treaty ceding the country of the Sakalaves, will not observe it"; and that a true Indo-Chinese Empire should be founded by France, an empire which should realise M. Dupuis's project of absorbing Siam, and running the boundary of French possessions up to British Burmah.

Much of all this, of course, is "gas," generated by victory; but as we pointed out last week, the Clericals refuse to resist Asiatic conquest, and the Respectables of the Senate voted for it, while the Army is betraying unexpected enthusiasm. The Ministry, like every Ministry, is much affected by the tone of the upper classes, M. Ferry is convinced that the forward policy is wise, the permanent chiefs of Departments think, it is said, that France must accumulate "estates" now or never, and an uneasy spirit of "enterprise" is manifesting itself among men hitherto deemed serious. The extraordinary project brought forward by the Government on Thursday of expending £2,000,000 sterling in evicting Arab cultivators in Algeria, in order to bestow their possessions on 25,000 French colonists, shows that some men at least who are ruling the State have temporarily lost their heads, and are forgetting not only political economy and common justice, but the whole position of France in North Africa. Under these circumstances, the feeling of the French peasantry becomes of the last importance, and is most difficult to ascertain. That they are disposed for peace, we do not doubt. Indeed, we agree with those who believe that they always have been disposed for peace, and that, except for a moment during the Revolution, the aggressive wars of France have been made by her rulers and her upper classes. The peasantry desire quiet, moderate demands on their children's lives, and high quotations for their Bonds, and, unless they can recover lost provinces, regard war with aversion. But then, though this is undoubtedly their permanent sentiment, and so strong that if China declares war they may at any moment upset the Ministry, and turn the vessel's head sharp round—as they compelled M. de Freycinet to do in Egypt—is it permanent enough and strong enough to induce them to put a stop to apparently successful expeditions? We confess to some doubt about this. The Deputies should know France, and they are evidently doubtful. The Church should know France, and it is going the other way. The soldiers should share peasants' feelings, and they are volunteering in thousands for Tonquin. We confess we doubt whether the peasants may not look on, and unless awakened by some shock, like a Chinese declaration of war or a great demand for money, may abstain from interference. Neither of these events is at all certain. We ourselves believe that the great Council which meets next week in Pekin will decide to defend Tonquin, but it would not be unlike Chinese statesmen to defend it silently, by filling up the Tonquinese ranks, a process no French peasant would perceive. He does not, it must be remembered, object to use the Fleet or the "Colonial Army"—*i.e.*, Marines and Volunteers—but only to waste soldiers who are his children, and are wanted to carry on life at home. As to finance, money must, of course, be spent in quantities; but the Government is going to reduce the Floating Debt by a loan, voted long since, though not emitted, and will then possess the full power, just accorded by both Chambers to M. Tirard, of borrowing up to a limit of £25,000,000 from the Bank of France. No doubt, the Senate cautioned M. Tirard that if he used this power recklessly, a European war might find France unable to collect money suddenly; but still M. Tirard insisted, and the power was granted without a division. It is almost too disheartening to believe that the Republic can enter on such a career—clearly opposed to the wishes of the majority of her people—and the peasantry still sit quiet; but the French Ministry evidently think she can, and we do not like the signs. If the power of action temporarily belongs to the politicians, and the journalists, and the Parisian upper classes, they are in a most dangerous mood,—"freezing for a fight," as the Americans say, with somebody not too big. They may be restored to their usual senses by events, by a message from Pekin, by a rising in North Africa, or even by a check in Tonquin; but at present they are burning with a passion for territories, provinces, islands, anything that is to be had. Reproof does not lie in our mouths perhaps, while we are always acquiring; but remembering that France cannot colonise, and has never adhered to any consistent policy about dependencies, having acquired South India, Louisiana, Haiti, and Egypt, only to lose them, we watch this outburst of old passions under a new *régime* with pained regret.

MR. HOLLOWAY.

THERE is always a profound interest felt by Englishmen in men who accumulate great fortunes, whether they spend them well or ill, or do not spend them at all, but save them for others to spend; and it is obvious that Mr. Holloway, who had one of those knacks of making money which almost suggest the possibility of a new and very artificial instinct, has excited this interest in England—more, we think, by the fortune that he made, than by the generosity towards the public with which he expended it. We heartily recognise the generosity of those plans for healing curable mental disease, and for giving girls a solid intellectual training, on which Mr. Holloway lavished a considerable part of his colossal wealth. But we must say that there seems to us to be too much disposition to make light of the great variety of polyglot fibs by which the original basis of that colossal fortune was laid. From all we have ever heard,—of course, we have no knowledge on the subject ourselves,—Mr. Holloway's ointment has really been found a most useful remedy for sores, especially the sores of horses, by those who have tried it; and Mr. Holloway's pills are probably useful pills of a common-place kind. But there is no manner of doubt that they would never have earned the sums they did earn, if the advertisements had kept within the truth in speaking of their curative effects; there is no manner of doubt that their popularity has sprung from that gross exaggeration of the excellences of their own wares which tradesmen indulge in all over the world,—and which they no doubt excuse, by saying to themselves that as everybody is disposed to be incredulous of the praises lavished by men on their own goods, you must extremely over-rate the utility of what you offer, if you expect it to be rated by others even at its actual value. We dare say that Mr. Holloway would have argued that the net result of all his advertising eulogies on the virtues of the pills was, that people thought they might just as well try them when they felt unwell, and that that result was not only harmless, but often very useful. But a much greater and much worse result than this is produced by all such exaggerations of language. We do not mean merely that the ignorant are led to rely on these much-puffed medicines, when they really need the best medical aid that they can get, and that they too often put off till too late the application for that aid, in their credulous reliance on the patent medicine. We mean much more than this, though this, too, is a very mischievous result of advertising fibs. We mean that every fortune made by using language unscrupulously, is a bounty on the use of unscrupulous language for the future, and that the successful figments concerning Holloway's Pills or Old Parr's Life Pills, which get so much provisional and tentative credence, lead to the multiplication of other figments of the same class, till English Trade is honeycombed by the false eulogies on common-place articles, and the suspicions which these false eulogies excite. We do not suppose that Mr. Holloway thought it wrong to over-praise his own medicines. He probably thought that "Caveat emptor" was a very good motto, and that the credulous who really accepted all his advertisements literally, were very few indeed;—nay, that even they accepted them rather as sanguine people catch at straws, when they see nothing better to catch at, than as absolutely relying on what they read. But what we maintain is that it is a great misfortune that colossal wealth can be earned by inspiring deliberately a great deal of false hope; that the habit of trying to inspire hope which must in a vast number of cases be disappointed, is a demoralising habit; and that we would far rather have seen Mr. Holloway advertising far and wide his regret that he had overpraised his Pills, and had induced ignorant persons to hope that by their help they might find cures for diseases which the Pills were entirely unfitted even to ameliorate, than have seen him acting the Good Samaritan to the insane, and providing munificently for the education of girls. The fibs of such advertisers may be more or less venial fibs,—we do not for an instant compare them to deliberate attempts to cheat the widows and orphans out of their savings, such as the false prospectuses of so many bubble companies make; but we do say that they are part of a bad and demoralising Trade system, which tends to bring the great prizes to the least scrupulous of the self-eulogists, and so puts a premium on commercial insincerities which exert the worst possible influence in the community. If it is right to say to all the world that a pill will cure diseases which it will not affect in the smallest degree, it is equally right to call a poor claret "La Rose," or a miserable tea the finest souchong, or the worst shoddy the best broadcloth; and this is precisely what English tradesmen do—not always with the same worldly wisdom, for patent medicines are not tried by quite the same standards as food and clothing, and are much seldomer bought by those who have already tried their virtues by any reasonable and sufficient tests. We deliberately think that if the late Mr. Holloway had honestly retracted the exaggerated descriptions of the virtues of his Pills, in all the papers in which he had published these descriptions, he would have done more good to England, than by founding a dozen excellent and splendid lunatic asylums, and a dozen excellent and splendid colleges for young women. The example of a successful tradesman regretting his too-successful puffs of his own wares, would have been a better example for Englishmen, than the example of genuine and splendid generosity which Mr. Holloway undoubtedly set.

PRESENT-MAKING.

THE Derby Porcelain-makers' present to Mr. Gladstone almost fulfils the ideal of a present. It was something which the receiver was known to value. It was something on which the givers had so impressed their own skill and energy, that there could never be any mistake as to the donor. And it embodied, as every gift ought more or less to embody, the idea of sacrifice,—that is, of the intention to hand over to the receiver something by which the givers might themselves have profited greatly, had they chosen to devote the same time, skill, and energy to a work for which they would have been remunerated in the ordinary way. That seems to us to be the ideal of a present, an ideal rarely fulfilled. How few, comparatively, are the gifts which really fill a distinct place of their own in the mind and imagination of the receiver! How few even of the gifts which do fill such a place, are those which leave on them the impress of the mind and character of the giver! And even when a gift fulfils both conditions, how often it fails to represent anything like a real sacrifice made by the giver on behalf of the receiver,—how often it is a mere equivalent for money spent, without an appreciable sacrifice of any kind in the spending! The truth is that in these days of lavish present-giving, present-giving too often becomes a mere form, with all the heart left out of it. Indeed, where there are so many presents given, it cannot well be anything else, for a present should represent care, thought, effort, a real wish, in short, to show that the circumstances of the receiver have been carefully taken into the mind of the giver, and that a serious endeavour has been made to adapt the gift to the tastes or wants of the person for whom it is intended;—and this is hardly possible, where everybody gives to almost everybody of his acquaintance, as too often happens now at the seasons of Present-giving. Probably one reason of the increasing multiplication of Christmas cards is that these make the very easiest conceivable presents,—presents that can be selected in a moment, with hardly any trouble, and hardly the least adaptation to the special tastes of either giver or receiver. The nearer a present comes to representing that minimum of effort, that minimum of individual character, that minimum of special adaptation to the wants of the person for whom they are designed, the nearer they come to being mere burdens,—which had better, indeed, be treated as burdens, and dispensed with altogether. For in this, as in other matters, the least hearty, least generous, least conscientious efforts are always the most fatiguing, just because they are mere punctiliousnesses, into which no life is poured, and in which no deep interest centres. Nothing is less tedious than giving a true sign of personal regard, in the only way in which true regard can be expressed,—that is, with plenty of evidence of the real existence of that regard. Nothing is more tedious than going through a ceremony intended to express regard, without taking the pains necessary to express it, and probably without feeling the regard which you nevertheless try to express. The French New Year's presents have, we are told, very nearly reached this climax of representing nothing more than such a conventional sense of duty as the leaving of a card betokens in England. If we are rightly informed, the French *étrennes* are constantly transferred from one hand to another,—since they do not represent any intrinsic value at all as the special gift of the special giver,—till at last they circulate back into the hands of the original donors, having performed precisely the same formal office in discharging the debts of social convention which a five-franc piece performs when it likewise, after passing through a number of different hands, returns to the coffers of the Bank which issued it. But whether it be true or not that the French *étrennes* have really reached this climax of conventionality,

it is certain that the exchange of Christmas and New Year's cards in England is fast approaching to this climax of conventionality, and is beginning to represent little but a dim sense of social obligation, and a keen sense of social burden. It seems to us a bad social sign, when present-giving becomes so universal and so much a matter of routine, that no one takes any special thought of the kind of gift wanted, no one endeavours to give any individual significance of his own to the gift, while every one husbands as much as possible the expenditure of thought and taste on the selection of the present. What that really implies is a widely diffused sense of general social pressure, and a rapidly diminishing sense of individual tie and friendship, a keen feeling of the many points in which social ties press on one, and a blunt feeling of the personal obligations under which we live to those who really do us almost all the good that we get from society at all. It is a bad thing when people begin to think so much of what they owe to comparative strangers, that they have hardly time to think specially of what they owe to those who are nearest and dearest to them, and try to express their sense of the deeper, just as they express their sense of the slighter obligations, by the issue of a sort of paper currency of general and superficial gratitude.

For our parts, we hold that present-making, to be worth anything, should be as individual as possible, should be studied, and not slurred over, should represent a genuine effort to appreciate the wants or tastes of the receiver, and an effort only less earnest to express the sympathetic taste of the giver. The gift which represents a mere purchase, even if it be carefully and wisely selected, is always inferior to an equally welcome gift which represents the skill and art of the giver. Not, of course, that we approve the detestable egotism of giving, as some people give, just to glorify their own skill; but that where the tastes of the receiver can be fully gratified by the skill of the giver, the present is twice as much a true present for being produced by the giver, and not merely purchased by him. Where it is possible, the gift should really represent the sympathy existing between the giver and the receiver; and, of course, nothing can represent this as well as a first-rate work executed by the giver, which the receiver both admires and needs. But as the object of a gift is to confer pleasure, it is obvious that the tastes and wants of the receiver should be the first thing to consider, and that even a purchase which *better* satisfies them, is a truer gift than a production of the giver's own which is not precisely what the former wants. On the whole, however, the real object of a present, —the drawing together of giver and receiver by the act of the former,—is better obtained by a gift which represents the taste and time and skill of the former, with equal benefit to the latter, than by any merely purchased gift. But when, as often happens, the giver has no talent which enables him to produce for himself what will please his friend, then care, time, and taste should be expended on discovering what will really best satisfy the taste of the person for whom the present is designed; and an attempt should be made not only to secure this, but also to secure that in effecting this it should also not offend the taste of the giver. It is a very bad present which, though it pleases the receiver, does so at the cost of dissatisfying the giver. A man who despises "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy," should hardly give it even to a person who really admires that work. A man who knows a picture to be bad, should hardly give it even to a friend who indulges the unfortunate illusion that it is good. A gift should represent common ground. It should represent what the giver thinks well of, as well as the receiver; indeed, if it does not, there is a sort of mild treachery in giving it, and so encouraging the bad-taste which the giver regrets. True, you should never give a pearl, however fine, to one who could not appreciate the beauty of a pearl; you should never cast your pearls before creatures who do not even regard pearls as precious. But a man who thought garnets ugly and vulgar, should never give them even to one who thought them rich and splendid.

But after all, the great reform would be to give much fewer presents, and give them seldomer, but to let them represent a great deal more of real character in the giver than they do now. Life without presents would be a great deal more tolerable than life inundated with presents that mean little or nothing. If democracy is to prevail in all our social ways, let it prevail rather by putting a stop to all periodic occasions of present-giving, by extinguishing the custom, except on the rare occasions where there is a special need to show individual love and regard, than by diminishing the significance and the personal thought represented by those presents which are given. It is impossible to shower down presents in all directions, and yet not diminish their value as denoting personal affection or reverence. And unless they do represent personal affection or reverence, they are dim, unmeaning, imbecile things. Present-giving will cease to be significant, and therefore will become a dreary and tedious routine, unless it is strictly limited to the expression of real, natural, and hearty feelings which can find no other equally adequate utterance.

MR. GLADSTONE ON ENGLISH CHINA.

THE present which the Liberal working-men of Derby have made to Mr. Gladstone is in every way appropriate. The particular form which the gift took was calculated to give Mr. Gladstone special pleasure. "I have," he told the deputation, "for very many years had a great love for porcelain." Some of the scanty leisure of a public man with an extraordinary capacity for work, and with a corresponding amount of work thrown upon him, has often been given to the great King Street auction rooms. Amidst all the excitement and all the labour of politics, he has found a moment's relaxation in the texture of Wedgwood pottery or the colour of Oriental china. The choice of porcelain thus showed that acquaintance with and appreciation of his tastes which make a gift additionally attractive. And, even amongst the various kinds of china and the various types of decoration which might have been chosen, this particular service stands out distinctly. It has strong local interests of its own. It has been made in the town by whose workmen it is presented, and at works which represent and continue one of the most famous English factories. Every one who knows anything of the history of English porcelain has heard of "Crown Derby," and knows the combination of gold and dark blue which has always been its characteristic mark; and it is at the "Derby Crown Porcelain Works" that this service has been made. The link with the past is not merely one of name and style. The flowers which make part of the ornamentation are painted by a man who worked in the old Derby factory, and who now at eighty-two still lives, to unite the reviving industry with the earlier triumphs of the same art Further, the landscapes which form the centre of each piece are described as forming in themselves a gallery of Derbyshire scenes. Thus the association of the service, alike with those who give and with him to whom it is given, is complete.

Mr. Gladstone gives the manufacture of porcelain its true place, when he says that it is more than a branch of industry,—more even than a branch of skilled industry. There must be some cause to account for the estimation in which it is held in every nation. Its uses are so obvious and so many, that it is no wonder that it has always been valued for the service it renders. But in every instance, it has been valued for something more than its service. It has been valued not merely for its use, but for its beauty; not merely for what it does, but for what it is. Now, this just marks the dividing-line between industry and Art. The making of china is a branch of industry, but it is also a branch of Art. Everything about it combines to give it this distinction. There is the beauty of the material; there is the plastic quality which enables it to be thrown into so many different forms; there is the eminent suitableness of its surface for decoration. Consequently, porcelain has some of the merits of a precious stone, together with some which belong to sculpture and some which belong to painting; and all these in a material which lends itself in a thousand different ways to the supply of human wants. Do what we will, we must eat off china and drink out of china, and see china of one kind or another around us wherever we turn. And in each one of these capacities it may do its work so as to please the eye or to offend it, and it is its power of doing one or the other that makes it a work of art,—of good art, if the workman uses his opportunities well; of bad art, if he uses them ill. There are other pursuits in which art is applied to industry, and in their degree the results are always works of art. But in porcelain it is applied more directly, and with a certain predominance of the artistic element which makes it unlike all other industries which hold a similar place in the debateable land which separates the neighbours from each other.

Yet something is still wanting to invest the making of porcelain with the dignity which properly belongs to it. Mere

utility is constantly treading on the heels of beauty, and what is intended to be beautiful constantly falls short of what it was meant to be, by reason of some fault in the taste of the producer. Much as English porcelain has improved during the last ten years, there is still a lamentable vagueness in the mind of the buyer as to what it is that he ought to look for in the thing he buys. In too many instances he has not risen above the bondage of "new patterns." Though he is going to buy what, if he is fairly fortunate, will last his lifetime and that of his children, he is careful to ask whether a pattern is this year's or last year's. He assumes that what was made yesterday must be essentially better than what was made a twelvemonth ago. Nor is he any more free from that other slavery of liking to see porcelain made to do the very things which it is least fitted to do. In his eyes, the highest triumph of the potter's art is to imitate some material with which it has nothing in common, or to exhibit an incongruous decoration. It does not do to trust wholly to the producer to find a cure for this state of things. Competition is so fierce in modern trade, that what one man does all his rivals must do the next moment. The very shop-windows which a little time back rejected every stuff that was not dyed with the faintest and most subdued colours now exhibit, side by side with the hues to which they owe their success, the coarse blues and reds which a wayward taste has decreed shall this year displace all that has been thought beautiful, because fashionable for some years past. If the taste of the buyer goes wrong, the taste of the manufacturer will go wrong too. The public need educating as well as the workman. Yet though it is the public that needs educating, it is the workman that must play the teacher. The trained judgment of experts has an important part to play in raising the taste of those who are not experts. Though the function of academies may easily be overrated, they still have their function. In painting, for example, it can hardly be doubted that individual buyers would go more wrong than they do, if there were no conclave sitting at Burlington House to decide what pictures are worthy of exhibition and what are not. The exhibitions always going on in London at least weed out a great deal of rubbish. More than this, they show to one artist what other artists are capable of; and though this very often generates nothing but imitation, it sometimes puts a man on his mettle, and makes him try to do the best that he himself can conceive, not merely to copy the best that another has conceived. The general level of painting is raised, and from time to time individuals are stimulated to show that they, too, can rise above the general level. We should like to see an exhibition of pottery every year in London, not merely a collection of anything that a potter chooses to send, but one in which the things shown have been carefully picked out by a committee of really qualified judges, partly professionals and partly amateurs,—Mr. Gladstone himself, for example, being one of them, if he could possibly find the time. To have been admitted to the annual exhibition would then mark out a piece of china as being, at all events, up to a certain mark; and as pottery is, more than most others, an imitative art, the improvement thus effected would slowly, but surely, filter down to many an article which the maker had never dreamed of exhibiting.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF MELODRAMA.

IT is now twenty years since the present writer, at a time when the theatres of London were comparatively deserted, predicted that the first man who placed good English opera-bouffe upon the Stage would make a fortune. It was so placed at last, and all the world knows how *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Patience*, and the like have succeeded financially. We venture now to say that any playwright who can impart to Melodrama any new interest, whether it be poetry or pathos, or really fine scenic effect, will draw paying crowds to the house in which his play is performed. There are vast numbers of people, as we have always maintained, whose view of the Drama is not lofty and not low, who do not expect it to instruct them, and who find the "mirror held up to nature" rather in the novel and the newspaper, than on the Stage, but who still desire theatrical entertainment, and who can be provided with it, if writers so will, without recourse to any objectionable means. In the absence of first-rate tragedy—which is unprocurable, except when a wealthy lessee will risk the expense and trouble of a Shakespearian revival—and the dearth of good new comedy, they will be heartily content with melodrama, provided only it is not mere situation. They rather like melodrama, in fact, just as habitual novel-readers, satiated with character-painting, will read a romance with gusto, if only there is anything in it besides improbability, surprise, and violent situation. We all know how the *Colleen Bawn* drew; and it drew not only because of Mrs. Boucicault's admirable acting, but because there was a pathos in the story which made it by itself a romance worth a certain amount of trouble to see realised. The same cause, aided by the unequalled acting of Mr. Jefferson, made a permanent success of *Rip van Winkle*. A few nights ago we entered the Princess's Theatre, and found a house literally crammed, more especially the stalls and boxes, with an audience who heartily enjoyed and applauded a "mere melodrama," often an absurd melodrama, with some genuine poetry and thought in it. There was nothing in the acted romance to explain its success, but just that. No play-goer cares particularly about the fourth century,—or is it the fifth?—or the state of things in Bithynia under Byzantine rule; nor, if such a person existed, would he have been much delighted with the performance. The costumes may be fairly correct, for what we know, though those of the actresses seemed to us full of anachronisms; but that semi-comic Tetrarch is an absurd impossibility, nor could he, as the writers seem to imagine, have murdered free citizens at discretion. Claudian, too, the hero of the piece, who is one minute a Pro-consul and another a Prefect, could not have inflicted all that summary justice, being bound by very rigid laws as to previous trial, nor would he have stalked about without lictors at the mercy of a mob. A Roman soldier, drunk on duty, like Belus, would have been beaten with a vine-stock till he fainted; and free citizens were not sentenced for no fault to work in chains. All the comic scenes are poor, and only one of the actors could, in any way or degree, hold the house. Mr. Wilson Barrett, as Claudian, recites well, looks his part to perfection, poses like a fine picture, and expresses better almost than any actor we have seen on the stage, that most difficult quality to act,—profound calm. He would act a king in a great part delightfully, and impart to him precisely that sentiment of sufficiency in himself which Napoleon complained that Talma would never realise. The remaining actors, however, have not much to do, and do it in a very ordinary way. Agazil, the blacksmith, in particular, distinctly fails to express that he is checked in his assault on Claudian by supernatural influence; and Miss Eastlake, who, in Almida, has a part which might be made a splendid one—that of a girl, afterwards blind, constrained by an overmastering, and, as it were, supernatural, yet illusory, love—is overweighted by it. She is most creditably painstaking, does her very best, and never offends by stage tricks; but the part would have taxed Rachel, and is so completely over Miss Eastlake's head, as to produce a certain impatience in the spectator. Nor are many of the incidental situations impressive. Most of them are of the old "Unhand me, villain!" order, which is not a bit the less repulsive because the costumes are unusual; while the earthquake, despite the marvellous get-up, leaves little impress of reality. The audience is not aghast, but only curious as to the way in which it has been done.

Nevertheless, the play is a success, and deserves to be one. Right through it, never forgotten for a moment, runs a poetic thought, to which every detail is made subordinate. Claudian, a profligate Byzantine noble, has in sheer wilfulness purchased a beautiful slave girl in the market, for whom her husband was bidding, and she flies from him to the protection of a Christian hermit. Claudian pursues, blasphemes the creed of the hermit, in sentences of some force and well adapted to his time, and finally stabs him. The hermit dying, pronounces a curse, which grants the Pagan noble the gift of everlasting youth, to be enjoyed till he chooses death; but loads it with this condition,—that though his heart shall be filled with benevolence, no love, or kindness, or pity of his shall bring its object aught but misery; while for all who love him, there is the same doom. Rich, powerful, good, Claudian shall stand alone, isolated from the affections of mankind. Of course, the curse is fulfilled. Claudian enfranchises the slave he has pursued, and she falls dead of joy. He bestows alms on a beggar-woman, and her child dies. He liberates an artisan unjustly condemned, and the artisan leads a life of misery. Through a century he passes on, striving to bless, yet always cursing, till the very populace recognise in his benevolence something hostile to Heaven's will. Almida, a Bithynian girl, falls madly in love with him, forsakes her betrothed for him, and is struck blind. Claudian, responding to

her love, would express his devotion to the full, but for the dread lest it should destroy her. At last he is about to yield to his passion —the more entrancing, because he has not known love through his century of joyless youth—when the Hermit, appearing from his grave, warns him that again he is warring against a woman's happiness; and Claudian electing death, in order to bless Almida, in whom her old fidelity revives, the curse is lifted. That is a most poetic conception, and an original one—for Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew carries with him only an epidemic—clearly if imperfectly, worked out, and it draws the audience along, till all defects are forgotten, and the curtain comes down upon a true outburst of enthusiasm. Not a point that bore upon the central idea was missed, more especially Claudian's useless effort to prove to himself that in liberating the captive he was but doing justice, and could, therefore, evade the curse; and his just remark that heaven still left him the right to punish. Throughout, even in the poorest scenes, the audience was conscious of the fine vein of poetry running through the piece, and welcomed every incident and every thought which bore upon it with hearty cordiality and warmth. The thought, if often subtle and always far removed from actual life, was never above their heads, and there was no trace of the bewilderment which so often mars the success of a piece which aspires to arouse the loftier emotions. The audience was entirely content, and that with a lesson of the highest morality, which many critics, reasoning *a priori*, would have fancied might prove as dull as a sermon upon benevolence.

We are not questioning, of course, that Mr. Barrett's fine representation of the melancholy Roman magnate, with his grandly calm authority, and the strange new groups presented on the stage, and the frequently exquisite scenery, contribute to make such a play as *Claudian* succeed. Of course they do, and should. What we contend is, that neither want of knowledge of the time, nor unexpectedness, and, so to speak, unreasonableness, in the action, nor loftiness in the motive, in the least repel an English audience, if only in addition to these things there is something more, something poetic, or pathetic, or human; that they will release a playwright from the obligation to obey any rules, or to be bound by any probabilities, if only he will interest either their minds, or hearts, or eyes. They can enjoy, and will pay for, a pure romance, if only it is genuinely romantic,—a story which, though improbable, has a human charm in it, a thought large enough or strong enough to attract, of whatever kind. In this instance, the charm is of the strangest kind, the agony of a good man at finding that he possesses the evil-eye, that all blessings received from him become curses,—a thought, one would have said, hardly conceivable to Englishmen, who have lost even the memory of the superstition, once so universal, that there are men whose kindliness attracts to its objects the anger of the Gods; yet it proves sufficient to attract. That should be an encouragement to those who are striving to "elevate the Drama," for it releases them from fetters, and shows them that poetry, and pathos, and nobleness are not necessarily "destructive to the Treasury;" and that a theatre can be filled by a play which is neither a great tragedy nor a fine comedy of Society, nor an exhibition of painted girls in tights, but only a romance, with an idea in it admitting of spectacle, yet dominating, and not dominated by it. To produce such a play and to succeed with it, is a lower ideal than to produce a great work of art; but, then, it is an attainable ideal, which, till the great artist comes, the work of art is not. *Claudian* is not *Coriolanus*, but it is something to please those who only seek entertainment by a play which is so lofty in its essential motive; and, that preposterous Tetrarch being forgotten, so entirely without vice in it as *Claudian* is. We cannot have a series of Shakespeares; but of thoroughly good melodramas there ought to be no end, any more than there is of novels, if only the public would go to see them,—and we maintain they will.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING AT OXFORD.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Your Oxford correspondents have not, as it seems to me, fully stated their own arguments. The province of the University, they say, is only to consider the sufficiency of a candidate's intellectual knowledge. Even this assertion requires limitation, for the appointment of an examiner notorious for his immoral life would be almost universally disapproved. Nor, on the other hand, would a candidate, however brilliant his intellect, obtain high honours in moral philosophy and other schools, if he were to argue against the views held to be orthodox by the examiners. This, however, is not the point to which I ask your readers' attention.

We have now among our Graduates and Professors some Jews, whose intellectual position no one calls in question. They have a right, then, it would seem, to be examiners in the New Testament, being intellectually competent. But the appointment of a Jew to such a post would be a *reductio ad absurdum*, which would at once bring about the abolition of all religious examinations, —the end which one, at least, of your correspondents evidently desires. The abolition of all instruction in religion must follow, for no one now lectures on any subject which has not a quotable price in the Schools. If divinity lectures are to cease, why not sermons? If sermons, why not chapel services? In short, to be consistent, the University must have nothing to do with religion in any form. This is the conclusion at which one party aims, as some of its members candidly avow. The recent contest has been a great help to them. To be able to put forward an estimable, cultivated, religious Nonconformist as the object of their sympathy, was a piece of good-luck hardly to be hoped for. In general, Nonconformists may be relied upon to help non-Christians; but it is very seldom that they have so irreproachable a leader. Churchmen should have seen this, and have declined the challenge so cleverly thrown down to them. Their want of liberality and of political insight has in this, as in many other instances, led them to a serious mistake, and has given the University Secularists an unhoped-for gain.

Let me not be mistaken. I have no fear for religion in Oxford. Its parish churches, of more than one school, have a more numerous attendance of Undergraduates than was ever known before. Sunday evening sermons for Undergraduates last year were listened to by audiences which filled the spacious church; meetings in behalf of Missions, or the cause of Temperance, purity, and the like, seldom fail to attract. I have no fear for religion, yet I do not wish to see the University secularised. These old chapels, some of them of rare architectural beauty, their religious associations blended with art, music, and all the poetry of rich historic interest, are a main feature of that inexpressible charm which Oxford has for her best sons When they are left to the excursionist, who has duly subsidised the porter at the gate, Oxford will be, to many of us, another place.

But there is another point not to be overlooked. If the University is only a place for testing intellectual knowledge, what possible excuse can there be for requiring the costly and burdensome condition of three or four years' residence as a preliminary to a Degree? The London B.A. Degree is probably a better test of intellectual knowledge than the same degree at Oxford. Why should the latter be denied to thousands who could pass the intellectual test with the preparation they can more economically, and perhaps more safely, obtain at home? The interests of the married tutors and lecturers in Park Town ought, no doubt, to be tenderly dealt with; but the University is rich enough to provide for them. I, for one, if it is settled that the University has no other province but the testing of intellectual knowledge, am ready to agitate for the admission, without residence or residential expenses, of the body of the people to its membership and its Degrees.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Oxoniensis.

P.S.—I may just observe that the question of the fitness of the Thirty-nine Articles to form part of the religious subject of examination did not fall within the scope of this letter.

THE NEW PEERAGE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Are you not somewhat hard upon the Poet-Laureate for accepting the peerage which the Queen has offered him, and is he not likely to be suffering unnecessary pain in consequence of the tone taken on the subject by a portion of the Press? That your Radical contemporary, which published its clever, but cruel parody, "Baron Alfred Vere de Vere" should dislike the new peerage does not surprise one, for it has always a sneer ready for the House of Lords. But whatever your view may be as to the desirability of retaining that House as a political power, you always show great appreciation of the graciousness and refinement which are the good side of an aristocracy.

You say most happily that the influence of a great poet is akin to a great spiritual influence, and if so, we should surely (while the House of Lords exists) hail its being recruited from the noblest minds of the country, and not alone from the strong, and often hard, who come to the front as great lawyers or millionaires, or even as great soldiers and politicians.

In modern days, the influence of the House of Lords is far more social than political, and in an age which has seen a great vulgarisation of society—through the enormous increase in the plutocracy among other causes—would it not be a happy thing if the leaders of all branches of intellectual life, with its refining influence, could be incorporated in the Upper House? I believe that the advocates of life-peerages hold that view, and it is acted on to a far greater extent in most foreign countries than with us, although our aristocracy is not a caste, as it is, more or less, abroad.

Alfred Tennyson may be a greater power to many minds than Lord Tennyson, but the House of Lords might have a healthier influence on English life if it contained more great poet-peers. You think a saint would be out of place in the gorgeous palace in which the Lords sit. Perhaps so, and yet one is loth to think that although it is true that the able Church administrator most often reaches the Bench of Bishops, men of saint-like mind are never to be found there, or that they do not exercise an ennobling influence on their place and generation.—I am, Sir, &c., E. B.

[Political serviceableness is of the essence of fitness for either House of Parliament. A saint, as such, would not be out of place in the House of Lords, if he added to the political capacity of that assembly; but he would refuse, by very virtue of his being a saint, to increase the number of political do-nothings in the House of Lords. So should a poet with no political gifts or experience.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

INSTINCT.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator"]

Sir,—Mr. Darwin's "Notes on Instinct," recently published by my friend, Mr. Romanes, have again called attention to the interesting subject of instinct in animals.

Miss Martineau once remarked that, considering how long we have lived in close association with animals, it is astonishing how little we know about them, and especially about their mental condition. This applies with especial force to our domestic animals, and above all, of course, to dogs. I believe that it arises very much from the fact that hitherto we have tried to teach animals, rather than to learn from them,—to convey our ideas to them, rather than to devise any language, or code of signals, by means of which they might communicate theirs to us. No doubt, the former process is interesting and instructive, but it does not carry us very far.

Under these circumstances, it has occurred to me whether some such system as that followed with deaf mutes, and especially by Dr. Howe with Laura Bridgman, might not prove very instructive, if adapted to the case of dogs. Accordingly, I prepared some pieces of stout cardboard, and printed on each in legible letters a word, such as "food," "bone," "out," &c. I then began training a black poodle, "Van" by name, kindly given me by my friend, Mr. Nickalls.

I commenced by giving the dog food in a saucer, over which I laid the card on which was the word "food," placing also by the side an empty saucer, covered by a plain card. "Van" soon learnt to distinguish between the two, and the next stage was to teach him to bring me the card; this he now does, and hands it to me quite prettily, and I then give him a bone, or a little food, or take him out, according to the card brought. He still brings sometimes a plain card, in which case I point out his error, and he then takes it back and changes it. This, however, does not often happen. Yesterday morning, for instance, he brought me the card with "food" on it nine times in succession, selecting it from among other plain cards, though I changed the relative position every time. No one who sees him can doubt that he understands the act of bringing the card with the word "food" on it, as a request for something to eat, and that he distinguishes between it and a plain card. I also believe that he distinguishes, for instance, between the card with the word "food" on it and the card with "out" on it.

This, then, seems to open up a method which may be carried much further, for it is obvious that the cards may be multiplied, and the dog thus enabled to communicate freely with us. I have as yet, I know, made only a very small beginning, and hope to carry the experiment much further, but my object in troubling you with this letter is twofold. In the first place, I trust that some of your readers may be able and willing to suggest extensions or improvements of the idea. Secondly, my spare time is small, and liable to many interruptions; and animals also, we know, differ greatly from one another. Now, many of your readers have favourite dogs, and I would express a hope that some of them may be disposed to study them in the manner indicated. The observations, even though negative, would be interesting; but I confess I hope that some positive results might follow, which would enable us to obtain a more correct insight into the minds of animals than we have yet acquired.—I am, Sir, &c., John Lubbock.

THE LONG VACATION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—In considering the question of the Long Vacation, it should be borne in mind that there are other vacations when there is a total cessation of the sittings of the Courts, namely, twenty days at Christmas, twelve days at Easter, and ten days at Whitsuntide. In all cases, I have taken clear days, not including the last day of the sittings preceding, or the first day of the sittings following, each vacation; six weeks in all; add on the ten weeks of the reduced Long Vacation, making a total holiday of sixteen weeks in the year. Few Ten-to-Fours—or rather, in the case of her Majesty's Judges, 10.30 to 4—get such an amount of holiday.—I am, Sir, &c., A Junior Barrister.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—Permit me to say that you are hardly correct in stating that your correspondent "Judex" is inaccurate in his statement as to the work of County-Court Judges, and that those "in great centres" do not pass such an "intermittent existence as he suggests." Mr. J. A. Russell, Q.C., the Judge at Manchester and Salford, whom all practitioners regard as a most satisfactory and able Judge, invariably sits for a fortnight, and then rests for a fortnight. You instance Liverpool, but you seem to forget that there are two County Court Judges at Liverpool, and that therefore they relieve each other, and that both take a holiday in September.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Northern Circuit.

THE IPSWICH ELECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I have read with interest the letter of Mr. Guthrie, which appeared in your last issue. While I admit the truth of the majority of his assertions, I would point out the well-known fact that in Ipswich, Mr. West received the whole weight of the High-Church vote, both Liberal and Tory. The reason for this is that Sir Thomas Charley is a very prominent member of the Church Association, a society whose proceedings and persecutions are most hateful to all Catholic Churchmen. The same remark applies to Liverpool, where Mr. Samuel Smith, by his unmeasured bounties to all denominations, secured the votes of Catholic Churchmen in preference to Alderman Forwood, who did not hesitate to proclaim himself a pronounced anti-ritualist.—I am, Sir, &c., A Catholic Tory.

MR. PALMER'S "ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—I read the review of Samuel Palmer's "Eclogues of Virgil" which appeared in the *Spectator*. I read it with regret, but without surprise, being but too well aware that Art critics generally look upon technical knowledge as quite beneath their attention, and fall into all sorts of errors in consequence.

The line taken by your reviewer was:—1. To assume that because Samuel Palmer was an old man, he must have been in a state of decadence when he illustrated the "Eclogues." 2. To affirm that Mr. A. H. Palmer was so far beneath even the decadent Samuel Palmer as an executant, that he spoiled every plate he worked upon.

As I have had something to do with the work in question from the beginning, perhaps I may be allowed to say a word in defence of both artists. The one etching completed by Samuel Palmer, "The Opening of the Fold," an illustration of the eighth eclogue, was exhibited some time since at the rooms of the Fine-Art Society, and I remember that my own first im-

pression on seeing it there was wonder that a man of Palmer's age should have been able to execute such a piece of work. To say that there is no trace of decadence in that plate would be true, but not enough. That plate is the perfect consummation of Palmer's experience, knowledge, and manual power. A fine proof of it is the high-water mark of that particular kind of etching. Much more might be said about it, if I went into detail, but I shall do that in another periodical. Your reviewer seems to have thought that because Palmer was an old man, it was safe to say that he was in a state of decadence. He was not in a state of decadence, nor am I blinded whilst saying this by my deep respect for the man, or alone in this opinion. Skilful artists acknowledged his greater skill, and if critics had possessed even a very little of his knowledge, they would have been better able to distinguish between one kind of art and another.

With regard to the work done by Mr. A. H. Palmer, let me say, as one writing with a clear knowledge of the technical difficulties he had to contend against, that I have been surprised not by the loving care and the inexhaustible patience that his filial duty lavished on what he knew to be thankless and unappreciated toil, but by the success that rewarded it. His share in the work is, at the same time, absolutely subordinated in method and successful in result. As an example of this careful subordination in method, I have only to mention the second illustration in which your reviewer is unable to trace Mr. A. H. Palmer's hand, yet he worked three weeks upon that *héliogravure*. I remember being delighted with what he had done when the proof was sent me, and it seemed to the publishers and myself that his success opened a new field in book illustration, since what was objectionable in *héliogravure* could be so completely corrected, whilst at the same time it afforded a most useful basis to work upon.

That plate more nearly resembles a mezzotint than an etching, but in the pure etchings which Mr. A. H. Palmer has completed, his work is so good, that it is impossible to say for certain exactly what has been done by him to each plate. I have a thorough knowledge of the technical peculiarities of Samuel Palmer's work, and yet it would be mere guessing if I tried to point out what the son has added. If the reader will look at "The Opening of the Fold" (eighth eclogue), which was untouched by the son, and afterwards at such plates as those illustrating the lines,—

"Ripe apples are our supper, cream unstirred,"

and,—

"Untimely lost, and by a cruel death,"

he will find it impossible to separate the son's work from the father's, so completely has Mr. A. H. Palmer assimilated not only his father's feeling and spirit, but even the quality of his handicraft. Indeed, your reviewer himself is in this position also, for he attributed the cross-hatching in the sky of "The Opening of the Fold" to Mr. A. H. Palmer, whereas it was the work of his father, and some of his best work.

Your reviewer complains that "there are so many different kinds of photographic processes which superficially resemble woodcuts and etchings." They cannot resemble woodcuts and etchings at the same time, but perhaps that is not what the writer intended to say. As for those processes that may really really resemble etchings, there are, in principle, only two,—one in which the copper-plate is *grown* by electrotyping with all the depressions in it, and the other in which the depressions are bitten in a plate already provided. Both allow of subsequent work on the plate, and the best result is obtained by the alliance of photographic reproduction with artistic skill and knowledge. This occurs when the plate, after being carried as far as mechanical processes will go, is taken in hand for correction by so intelligent an artist as Mr. A. H. Palmer.—I am, Sir, &c.,

P. G. Hamerton,
Author of "Etching and Etchers," "The Graphic Arts," &c.

POETRY.

PROGRESS, OR RETROGRESSION?

What Progress in the sum of human years?
I asked of Truth, whose wan and weary eyes,
Fixed on the strife of hosts contending,
The strife of Good and Evil never-ending,
Were clouded oft with tears.
Sad as the strain of saddest symphonies,
The sorrow of her answer filled my ears:—
'Daily men know me more, and love me less.
Time was, I flashed upon the young world's sight,
And drew all hearts with wonder and delight,
In my first loveliness.
Then a great promise o'er the distance hung
That would make all things happy, all things young;
Redeem the curse, relieve the pain,
The great world's misery heal again.
So was it echoed on from tongue to tongue.'
'And then?' I asked. She answered, 'as a star
Glad seers saw and hailed me from afar.
And suddenly a glory was revealed
To simple shepherds in the field,
Who saw a light in Heaven, and lo!
With angel-forms the dark was all aglow,
While through the spheres a sacred music rung:
"Peace and goodwill!" O blessed word!
"To you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
More strong than blood,
That tie of brotherhood!
"Goodwill and peace!" To all the promise sung.'
. . . . . .
"And now?" I asked. No answer! "Now?" She turned,
And all her cheek one fire of anger burned.
"Listen," she cried. I heard a distant roar,
Like starving outcasts on a hungry shore,
Rise from a mighty city evermore.
And then anon, piercing that outer din,
Rose up the shriek of women mad with gin,
And hollow laugh of girls who sold their sin.
And as with age, gaunt on its mother's knee,
The babe cried out for bread, no bread had she.
"Listen again!" she cried; and then, hard by,
The rich man's music drowned that "bitter cry,"
And harp and viol charmed the wintry sky.
. . . . . .
O Christ, eternal Brother,
Once more this day is thine;
Once more to one another
Our stony hearts incline.
Peace and goodwill! And can it be
That this is all we learnt of Thee,—
This splendour to despair allied,—
A palace here, there, at its side,
Those dens of misery?
Oh! rather come the shocks that nations feel!
Come, Revolution, with the armèd heel!
Come, Attila, with all thy Vandal crew,
Tread into dust our gold!
Respect not aught that's old!
Cast in a nobler mould,
Our State renew!
I turned, and looked to Truth, but Truth had fled.
Only there lingered on a voice, that said,
Sad-echoing still:
How little yet ye know the word
On that first dawn of Christmas heard,
The only power to right the wrong,
To fire the cold, and tame the strong,
The grand, old, glorious angel-song,
"Peace and goodwill."

Christmas Day. A. G. B.

ART.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

[second notice.]

In our first article upon this Gallery, we only spoke generally of the character of the exhibition; in this, we propose to note in detail a few of the principal pictures.

On the first wall of the West Gallery hang two small pictures which are, upon the whole, the most satisfactory in the exhibition—the "Black Diamonds," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; and the "Waves Breaking by Moonlight," by Mr. Arthur Severn. These works form a curious contrast in nearly every respect but that of merit. Mr. Severn's is refined, dignified, and almost solemn in its general effect; abstracted from all trace of human toil and human emotion, and simply literally reproductive of a very

beautiful natural effect. Mr. Wyllie's, on the other hand, is a picture of a string of dirty coal barges, seen on a crowded part of "the River," under a bright light, and with all the bustle and toil of the Thames surrounding them. All honour to him, that he has found beauty as intense as that of the soft moonlight, and the "broken spirit of the wave," in the rough unwieldy bows of his coal barges, and the muddy water of his river. If we go to Mr. Severn, as we may go with all confidence in this picture, to learn how the water has tumbled upon the shore since the first moonlight fell upon the waves, so we may go to Mr. Wyllie to learn how, in the year of grace 1883, the barges and the bargees looked upon our national river. The life of nature and the life of man are represented in these pictures, and represented truly. One remark we must make here, in justice to Mr. Severn. He has been accused (we happened by chance to see the statement) in one of our most well-known evening contemporaries of having "too evidently painted this picture from a photograph." Nothing, we will venture to say, could be more unjust than such an accusation. The chief beauties of the work depend entirely upon subtleties of colour, as seen under moonlight, for which a photograph would be absolutely useless, and it is excessively doubtful whether a photograph could have helped the artist in any portion of the picture. The truth does not lie in this direction. Mr. Severn, greatly influenced as his work has been by Mr. Ruskin's teaching, is an unwearied student of Nature; and he has studied breaking waves especially, so fully and so sympathetically, that he knows their features as a youngster knows the face of his sweetheart, truly and minutely, and yet through a veil of fancy and a glow of feeling. As a little bit of technical criticism, perhaps we shall be pardoned for drawing attention to the magnificent artistic dexterity with which Mr. Wyllie has treated the "black diamonds" of his barges. To paint a long string of laden coal barges, showing the contents plainly, without making the picture dull in effect, false in colour, or exaggerated in light and shade, is a real artistic triumph. Mr. Wyllie has done it with an amount of brilliant ease such as perhaps can only be fully appreciated by a painter, but the truth of the work and the interest of the picture lie open to every one who knows the scene, and feels a little interest in this side of English life.

Close to these there are two pictures, of "Roses" and "Poppies," by Mr. Fantin, of which we said incidentally in our last article a harsh, though, we fully believe, a true word. We would add here that they are, in everything but the inner feeling of the painting, most splendid pieces of work. In artistic skill they leave nothing to be desired, and are to any other life in this exhibition as wine to water. The artist has not quite got at the quietness of the life of flowers, and has endued them a little with what we hold to be alien to their nature; but if he does not see them fully, he does see them strongly and truly, and what he sees, he can paint to an extent which comes very near to perfection.

We have now spoken of three fine pieces of artists' work. Let us say a few words upon a kind of work which is opposed in character to these, and which, by its prevalence in this exhibition (and in nearly all English exhibitions) goes far towards swamping the better style. "Wanting! a name for this holiday number of the *Graphic* style of art," which gives us dressed-up children and dressed-up sentiment, from the intellectual point of view of a young ladies' school, the social and emotional stand-point of an Oxford-Street dressmaker,—pictures in which a dog or a cat is introduced, and combined with silk stockings and dress-improvers, till the poor beast loses all its beasthood, and with it all its beauty, and becomes a mere toy-thing of fur or hide, playing a sham human part in a sham human comedy. One instance of this is, perhaps, as good as a hundred, and no instance could be better than Mr. Burton Barber's "Coaxing is Better than Scratching." A table-cloth and a wicker-work chair, partly seen, form the surroundings of this precious work, wherein a child of nine or ten, dressed up to the nines in white frock and blue sash, and silk stockings, and shoes with rosettes, is poised against the edge of a table, at an angle of about forty-five, whilst a cat rubs its head against her arm. The whole picture is painted with great clearness and dexterity, and will undoubtedly be bought, if it is not bought already, by one of the illustrated papers, to reproduce as a "coloured plate;" and there are scores, if not hundreds, in this gallery, of a similar nature. It is, perhaps, worth noting by any reader who cares for pictures, that in work of this kind the public not only get bad art and sham feeling, but they get, almost inevitably, a vulgarity of treatment which is beyond description. In the opinion of the writer of this article, nothing could be more alien to the spirit of childhood, nothing more intrinsically and detestably vulgar, than these combinations of canine and feline life, with millinery and childhood. And it must be remembered that the wide-spread painting of these pictures, which have increased in number enormously during the last ten years, is due in no small measure to the encouragement which is afforded to the artists by the proprietors, or rather, the managers, of the illustrated papers. It is sad to see that one of the greatest living English animal painters has been of late seduced into prostituting his art to this purpose; and who can wonder that lesser men follow,—

"When Astur clears the way."

Let us talk of pleasanter things. If Mr. Wyllie's and Mr. Severn's pictures are, on the whole, the most interesting in the exhibition, there can be no doubt that the pleasantest is Mr. F. D. Millet's picture, called simply, "The Window Seat." This is a woman in a white gown, sitting sewing, against a white-curtained window. The picture is absolutely perfect in its quiet refinement of feeling, its sense of placid, decent life, its atmosphere of home and peace. It has, too, another quality, slightly more subtle, which grows slowly into distinctness. This is a certain quaint grace and refinement of its own, something which separates it from the slightly heavy, prosaic goodness of the English character, and imparts a touch of gaiety to its virtue, and liveliness to its repose. The woman is sewing, but we feel that she has not sewn for ever, that it is not impossible she will leave off, and with her work put away her cares of the household. A delightful picture, thoroughly well painted, unaffected, and graceful. We heartily congratulate the young American artist upon a genuine success, none the less real because its subject is so comparatively trivial.

It is unpleasant to have to say hard words of a man who has done good work, and who still possesses great ability; but in truth there is no more irritating sight in this exhibition than the two figure subjects which Mr. E. J. Gregory sends. One is a little girl picking caterpillars off some rhubarb-leaves; the other, a little girl resting in a chair with a palette in her hand. Both are trivial, uninteresting, and vulgar, of no conceivable interest to any one, except what must come from the spectacle of an artist of great power lowering his abilities to the level of vulgar common-place. Here and there, as, for instance, in the colour of "Caterpillars," the old, artistic power of the painter shines out; but it only makes more dreary in its light, the lack of meaning, the lack of beauty, the lack of feeling, grace, gentleness, and *gentilesse* which accompanies it. As the present writer was, perhaps, the first in England to appreciate Mr. Gregory's great powers, we do not scruple to say that he is at the present time wilfully

"Spoiling the heritage in his gift,"

and doing work of which he ought to be ashamed.

Mr. George Clausen has a large and successful picture in this Gallery, called "Day-Dreams," an old and a young peasant-woman sitting under a tree in a hay-field. The old woman is sleeping, the young one dreaming. The picture is full of artistic ability,—it is delicate in its grey colouring, true in its out-of-door effect, and the subject is skilfully treated. But we cannot notice this work on its merits without saying that it is, in colour and manner, a most manifest and unmistakeable copy of the painting of M. Bastien Lepage. It is so like indeed, that were it not a little less delicate in colour and vigorous in conception, it might pass as one of the last-mentioned artist's works. This is not a trivial or an accidental resemblance, which might be unconscious or accidental, but it is a deliberate adoption by Mr. Clausen of the style of the young French painter, and we regret to say that so clever an artist should be willing to sink his own individuality so completely.

We have had occasion to speak several times of Mr. Henry Woods' work, and to remark upon its rather trivial interpretations of Venice and Venetian life, but we must say that his small work in this exhibition (about a third of his usual size), entitled, "The Market of the Rialto," is one of the most fresh and spirited bits of street painting which we have ever seen. It possesses all the good qualities of his larger pictures, and the slight element of coarseness, which is to be found in them is absent from the smaller work. A very good piece of work this, as good of its kind as anything in the exhibition,

and especially to be noticed for its brilliance of colour, and what we may, perhaps, call the free minuteness of its painting.

There are two large landscapes which must be mentioned, though we have little space to do much more than mention them. Mr. Keeley Halswelle's river scene, entitled, "Opening Day," and Mr. Alfred Parsons', "The Daylight Dies." The first is fine in its rendering of the reeds and river; but the sky is coarsely painted, and lacks all tenderness and beauty of colour. The second is a far finer piece of work, but is not quite free from that suspicion of heaviness and that lack of interest which are apt to attach to Mr. Parsons' work. This is a picture which is the work of a thorough artist and a thorough painter, but it is a little heavy, and more than a little unsympathetic. But the manner is fine, and it is notable that it is almost the only picture in the Gallery which aims at reproducing a landscape with any grandeur of composition. Those who care to see the difference between really fine painting and work of lesser quality, should look at the painting of the grass and reeds and brambles in Mr. Parsons' foreground, and then at the brush work of Mr. Halswelle's large picture.

Mr. Caton Woodville has a clever, Oriental, sketchy picture of a fight at a ford (in Egypt), full of his spirited drawing and vigour, and a pleasant contrast to the milk-and-water subjects of the surrounding pictures. Mr. Dampier May, a young artist, has a rather good picture of a girl in brown, walking along the Chelsea Embankment, quiet and unaffected. There is a good Tadema, an indifferent Long, and a fair Riviere.

BOOKS.

LORD LYTTON'S LIFE.*

These two goodly octavo volumes bring the late Lord Lytton's life down to the age of twenty-eight. At this rate, the work can hardly be completed in less space than some half-dozen more volumes. Surely this is a mistake, not less in the interest of the subject than from a literary point of view. "The unpublished manuscripts bequeathed to me by my father," says the biographer "(in addition to his private correspondence and note-books), consist of several dramas, completely finished; an entire volume of his *History of Athens*, never published; a few sketches, made for some other historical works; and an immense number of unfinished novels, plays, poems, and essays." These, or a selection from them, the biographer intends, as we gather from his title-page and preface, to weave into the record of his father's life, as he has done in the volumes before us, a considerable part of which is filled with some of the late Lord Lytton's unfinished novels. The effect on the ordinary reader is to distract his attention, and leave him, at the conclusion of the biography, with a confused impression of the subject of it. Would it not be much better to separate the "Life" from the "Remains"? We trust that it is not yet too late for Lord Lytton to adopt the plan we recommend. It is probable that he would thereby diminish the number of those who would read the "Remains,"—and so much the better, for the publication of unfinished "Remains" by so prolific a writer as Lord Lytton is a mistake,—but he would find his compensation in the largely increased number of the readers of the "Life."

Barring the plan of his work, we have but little fault to find with Lord Lytton's execution of it, so far. Contrary to what might be inferred from some public notices of the book, his treatment of the delicate question of his parents' married life is in excellent taste. Not equally in good-taste, let alone prudence, are political innuendos like the following (of which, however, there are but few). During his undergraduate career at Cambridge the late Lord Lytton drew up a scheme for a *History of the British Public*, which, for a youth of twenty-one, is certainly remarkable for the breadth and liberality of its views, and the extent of Bulwer's reading. In this scheme Ireland has a place, and young Bulwer's panacea was, in brief, to leave the relations of landlord and tenant alone; "put political questions at rest for a while;" "let the Church sleep;" but "provide employment that brings profitable returns." Let the Government "purchase lands," "or encourage companies for that purpose on a large scale and in every district." In short, make Ireland a garden of Eden, by covering its soil with prosperous industries, green fields, golden harvests, and smiling orchards; and then "you can tax the Irish people for the maintenance of their own ecclesiastical establishments. Be firm in putting down crime. Go back to analogous states of society. Divide into districts. Make each district responsible for the crimes committed in it." Such is Bulwer's synopsis of the Irish question and its solution; and his son's comment is:—"Perhaps some readers may find in these suggestions of a youth of twenty-one more indication of political wisdom than is yet generally perceptible in the latest experiments of septuagenarian statesmanship upon the government of Ireland." So far as the undergraduate's crude and amiable dream was feasible, it had ample trial. "Put political questions at rest for a while. Let the Church sleep." This was written in 1824, and the remedy was tried. But political and ecclesiastical questions have an inconvenient habit of awaking out of sleep; and so Tory Governments have found when they have attempted to govern Ireland by the method of coercion, tempered only by lollipops and slumber. Lord Lytton does not explain where the money was to come from that was to do such wonders for Ireland while the Church was to remain established and the relations of landlords and tenants unredressed. Nor does he see that no amount of pecuniary bribes can ever turn injustice into justice. We require no further proof of the present Lord Lytton's incapacity for serious statesmanship than his approval of a policy for Ireland which, to say nothing else, would still exclude Roman Catholics from the House of Commons. It was under a Tory Government that the questions of Catholic Emancipation, of Disestablishment, of the Land League, came to the front and refused to sleep any longer. And as to "the latest experiments of septuagenarian statesmanship," it certainly has had as large a measure of success as could reasonably have been expected under the circumstances. There can, of course, be no objection to Lord Lytton's expressing his opinion on any political question that comes naturally into his way in his account of his father's life, provided he does it in a becoming manner. But to make the life of his father a vehicle for irrelevant sneers against living statesmen is a blunder not only in taste but in tactics.

The perusal of Lord Lytton's Life, a considerable and by far the most interesting part of which is autobiographical, to the point at which these volumes have left it gives us a far higher opinion of him as a man than we had before. His son seems to us to have faithfully fulfilled his promise neither "to reduce a single feature nor suppress a single incident that seems to me less admirable than the rest." The biography strikes us as an exceedingly fair one, and it says much for the character of Bulwer (as he was called till he succeeded to his mother's property), that it gains more than it loses by the frankness of the biographer. The circumstances connected with his marriage and with the first years of his married life do him the highest honour, and show him to have been, then at least, a man of rare independence and generosity of character. At the age of seventeen he had a romantic attachment, which he cherished for life. While at school at Ealing he met and fell in love with a young lady somewhat his senior. The feeling was mutual. But the young lovers knew nothing of each other's families, nor, indeed, of each other, beyond love-rambles in the fields. The young lady suddenly ceased to meet her lover, and he found out that she had been forced by her father into an uncongenial marriage, from which death, after a few years, released her,—a victim, as Bulwer believed, of disappointed love. To the last day of his life he glorified this girl as a kind of Beatrice, whose image haunted him perpetually, and whom he loved with a devotion which could never be given to another. Yet, in spite of this life-long attachment, Bulwer had several other love-affairs before he married. The heroine of one of these love-affairs was a beautiful young gipsy, who so captivated the forlorn lover at first sight that he there and then went off with her to the gipsy camp, where he lived for some days, till he was expelled, much against his will, through the jealousy of some of the gipsy beaux. It may be difficult to reconcile these transient amours with the "early sorrow" at the loss of his first love, a sorrow so acute and enduring "that the traces of it were never wholly effaced." But Bulwer himself, in an essay on Constancy (to which his son does not refer), written in after-years, maintains the thesis that a man may have one overmastering, life-long attachment, yet be capable at the same time of subordinate attachments, without detriment to the purity and depth of the first love. The truth probably is that "his nature," as his son has said, "was so con-

* *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his Son. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1883.

stituted that affection, in some shape or other, was the paramount condition of its happiness." Accordingly, he flitted about from one object of affection to another till he was finally caught, at the age of twenty-four, by the beautiful Irish girl who became his wife. Nothing can come out in the further development of Bulwer's character that can efface the true generosity of his conduct in the very trying circumstances connected with that marriage. His mother, who had an austere standard of parental obedience, and acted it out in her own life, doated on him. Somewhat unhappily married herself, she had but little to do with the bringing-up of her two eldest sons. So that her love was concentrated on her youngest, the subject of this biography. To him she intended to leave her own ancestral property of Knebworth, and she made him meanwhile a handsome allowance. She resented therefore his falling in love without consulting her with the beautiful Miss Wheeler, and imperatively forbade the further prosecution of a suit to which she could never give her consent. Bulwer's devotion to his mother is very beautiful. He gave her a solemn promise that he would never marry Miss Wheeler without his mother's consent, and went abroad in the hope of conquering his passion. But various circumstances kept it alive, not the least influential being his mother's harsh and unjust treatment of Miss Wheeler, whose home was an unhappy one. The end of it was that Bulwer engaged himself to Miss Wheeler, and had consequently to bear the full brunt of his mother's bitter anger. She held him to his promise; and the series of letters in which he endeavoured to obtain her consent to his marriage are models of filial devotion, dignity, and chivalrous honour. He broke his promise at last, married without his mother's consent, resigned the allowance which he had hitherto enjoyed from her bounty, and betook himself with his beautiful bride to a house in the country, where he slaved with his pen to provide an income for his household suitable to the position which he was ambitious to occupy. He wrote not only novels, but worked hard as a writer on the Press, turning even his experiences in the difficulties of making both ends meet into pecuniary profit. His son says that he made at this time an income of about £3,000 a year. He made various efforts to be reconciled to his mother, but without success; and the estrangement lasted for some years. A reconciliation at last took place between son and mother; but Bulwer's wife was not included in the amnesty. This consummation, however, was at last achieved, but only to be interrupted almost immediately. Mrs. Bulwer-Lytton fancied that her daughter-in-law had not met her first advance with a sufficient demonstration of grateful affection, and she wrote to Bulwer to complain that his wife, whom she "maintained," had not shown herself sufficiently dutiful. Bulwer resented keenly the taunt of his wife being "maintained" by his mother, and replied in a letter full of pathetic pride and wounded affection. He returned to his mother the first instalment of the renewed allowance, and declined to receive any more favours of the kind from her. His son says, probably with truth, that to Mrs. Bulwer-Lytton's injudicious treatment of him was probably due, in no small degree, the eventual wreck of Bulwer's domestic happiness. It is clear that for the first few years of his married life the relations between himself and his wife were of the most affectionate character. But the incessant drudgery of daily work both kept him away from the society of his wife, and affected him with "an irritability which sometimes made him absolutely unapproachable." "I fear there is no chance of Edward getting better," said his wife, in a letter to her mother-in-law, "for he undertakes a degree of labour that positively, without exaggeration, no three persons could have the health and time to achieve. So incessantly is he occupied, that I seldom or never see him till about two or three in the morning, for five minutes. And it is no use for me to tell him that he will only defeat all the objects of his life, by attempting more than he can compass. Poor fellow! my remonstrances only irritate him." Mrs. Bulwer, we learn on the authority of her son, endured those outbursts of temper with a silent gentleness which filled her husband with remorse when the fit was over; and he tried to make up for his violence by costly presents, which he could ill afford. An extract from one of Mrs. Bulwer's own letters corroborates this. "The little rift within the lute" gradually widened, till the music became wholly and for ever mute, though we see only the premonitory symptoms of the catastrophe in these volumes. It is sad to think that if his mother's harsh and unwise conduct had not compelled Bulwer to shatter his nerves by too hard work, he and his wife might have lived together in tolerable happiness to the end of the chapter.

It is always interesting to learn the methods of work adopted by successful literary men. Mr. Anthony Trollope has let us into the secret of his method. He got through so much work by composing regularly three hours every day before breakfast. Bulwer appears to have set himself a somewhat similar rule. In addressing a boys' school in the year 1854, he said:—

"A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself; or if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till after I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may, perhaps, say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much, I have mixed up in politics and in the various business of life, and in addition to this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study,—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day, and when Parliament is sitting not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about. Thus, you see, it does not require so very much time at a stretch to get through a considerable amount of brain-work; but it requires application regularly and daily continued."

His son, however, tells us that "this account demands copious qualification. The historical romance of *Harold* was completed in less than a month, and it is no exaggeration to say that my father was engaged upon it nearly day and night for more than three weeks. His work was no less continuous during the composition of *Lucretia* and the *Caxtons*, *Kenelm Chillingly* and the *Parisians*." We have already quoted Mrs. Bulwer's account of her husband's incessant toil. These, however, were "spurts" in a more equable routine of literary work. Bulwer probably meant that the whole of his composition and special preparation would, if spread over his literary life, occupy about three hours a day.

Bulwer gives a vivid account of his school life and of his life at Cambridge, where he had Macaulay, Praed, and other brilliant men for contemporaries. He was successful in competition for a prize poem, and was among the leading speakers at the Union, but did not otherwise distinguish himself at the University.

Lord Lytton has given us some interesting letters between his father and Mr. Disraeli when they were both young authors, and Bulwer's share of the correspondence is certainly the more creditable. His literary standing was at that time, and indeed always, higher than Disraeli's; and he gives some excellent advice, with great kindness and tact, to his more youthful aspirant to fame. "I would have you write a book," he says, "not only to succeed, but to have that form of success which will hereafter be agreeable to yourself." "You do not seem to me to do justice to your own powers, when you are so indulgent to flippancies! Put yourself some morning in a bad humour with antithesis and Voltaire." "The flippancies I allude to are an ornate and showy effeminacy." And he gives as examples,—"He looked like a Messiah, and took wine," "He looked up, not to the sky, but the ceiling." There is a characteristic letter from Mr. Disraeli, dated from Constantinople, in December, 1830, from which it appears that his Turkish sympathies originated in his boyhood, and really belonged to the Oriental cast of his imagination and character:—

"I confess to you," he says, "that my Turkish prejudices are very much confirmed by my residence in Turkey. The life of this people greatly accords with my taste, which is naturally somewhat indolent and melancholy. . . . . To repose on voluptuous ottomans, and smoke superb pipes, daily to indulge in the luxuries of a bath which requires half-a-dozen attendants for its perfection; to court the air in a carved caique, by shores which are a perpetual scene; and to find no exertion greater than a canter on a barb; this is, I think, a far more sensible life than all the bustle of clubs, all the boring of drawing-rooms, and all the coarse vulgarity of our political controversies. And this, I assure you, is, without colouring or exaggeration, the life which may be here commanded. A life accompanied by a thousand sources of calm enjoyment, and a thousand modes of mellowed pleasure, which it would weary you to relate, and which I leave to your own lively imagination."

Circumstances and the promptings of his own ambition made Mr. Disraeli's own life a very different one from his ideal; but it was to the ideal that he clung to the very last as the most desirable mode of existence,—a life of calm, indolent sybaritism, environed by pomp and glitter. For him, the Turkish tobacco would have lost half its aroma had its smoke been inhaled from other than "superb pipes," and the bath would have been robbed of its chief luxury, but for the showy crowd of attendants. That this genuine Oriental should have become the leader of the aristocracy and squirearchy of England is one of the marvels of history. A leader of the English democracy he never was, and never could

become; and the Tories have never made a greater tactical blunder than in imagining that Lord Beaconsfield's is a name to conjure with under a household franchise. Bulwer's mind was of a much manlier type, and his generosity towards assailants presents a further striking contrast to Mr. Disraeli's character. With true Oriental implacability, Mr. Disraeli treasured and nursed his wrongs till he found an opportunity of revenging himself on his assailant. And his revenge often took a form in which it was impossible to confront it. Witness his virulent attack on Mr. Goldwin Smith, in *Lothair*, and on Thackeray (long after his death), in *Endymion*. Bulwer was assailed by Thackeray and others somewhat bitterly. He winced with keen sensitiveness under the infliction, and retaliated occasionally, in a manly way, with his face to his foes. But he never made his novels the vehicles of his revenge; and in later life he relieved the distress of several of his assailants, both out of his private purse and by his patronage as a Minister of the Crown. It is due to his memory also to say that larger experience of life convinced him that the tendency of his earlier works of fiction was unwholesome. He suppressed one of them; and his later novels, with all their faults and low standard of morals, diffuse a much healthier atmosphere.

"THICKER THAN WATER."*

Mr. Payn strikes us, in his character of novelist, as a cross between Wilkie Collins and Walter Besant. He has the love of the former for dark and grand mysteries and for persons of preternatural cleverness, and the love of the latter for large-hearted generosity on a great scale. But then he has none of Wilkie Collins's marvellous—we might almost say mathematical—power of constructing the intricate portions of his tale, and calculating their dimensions; and none of his skill in fitting and piecing them together so as to make a symmetrical whole, of wonderful unity and completeness. Nor do we detect, on the other hand, the ulterior motive of genuine patriotism and philanthropy, which turns the smile of amusement at the generous quixotism of Besant into a feeling of warm admiration. Mr. Payn's mysteries have nothing to excite the imagination or to defy the inquisitiveness of the reader, as Wilkie Collins's have; and his millions are not so spent as to leave the world brighter, and happier, and purer, as Mr. Besant's are. For these very reasons, however, Mr. Payn's stories more nearly approach tales of real life than those of the purveyors of fiction to whom we have been comparing him. But though Mr. Payn, especially in his humorous tales, often gives a great charm to the real side of life, he has not succeeded, in the novel before us, in reaching the usual standard of his literary work.

Mr. Beryl Peyton is the hero of this novel—though younger men do the duty for him of falling in love and getting into and out of trouble—and we cannot at all echo the encomium upon him with which the author winds up his third volume:—"Of all the persons described in this little life-drama, Beryl Peyton will live longest in human remembrance, and, in my poor judgment, with all his faults, will deserve to live." In our poor judgment, his only claim to have lived at all was that, doubtless, like most men not utterly bad, he often wished to do right. But few men, we should say, were ever painted who spent enormous wealth so extremely injudiciously, with so little regard to any one's judgment except his own, such profound indifference to the wishes and pleadings of those nearest to him, such violent prejudices, obstinate self-will, or vindictive and revengeful passions. His only redeeming point is a blind and most hasty and foolish impulse of generosity; a generosity which is purely selfish, as it costs him only money, of which he has infinitely more than he knows what to do with, and which is not accompanied by any denial of personal comfort, or any attempt to add that kindness of manner to his gift of money which is the soul of all true charity. Very luckily, the reader's feelings are not outraged by this brutal style of patronage, since the recipients of it are, almost without exception—thanks to Mr. Beryl Peyton's self-will and want of judgment—undeserving of any kindness whatever, and we can only rejoice in their successive downfalls. But first let us dispose of Mr. Peyton. At any rate, he is a wonderful man. He is old, and yet his strength is immense; he is the sort of man we meet with, not unfrequently, in romance, who with a touch of his thumb rolls strong fellows in the gutter; he has been all over the world and is master of everybody's secret, and recognises devoted admirers and deadly enemies in the most unexpected places and with the same unmoved self-possession. He is followed by an assassin whose wicked schemes he has frustrated, but a dumb friend is behind the assassin; and the latter finds himself first in a deep dock, whence there is no escape, and next lying huddled, a filthy mass, on the top of the dock wall, saved by the clemency of the grand old man. Mr. Beryl Peyton is eccentric, as well as strong and merciful. He dines *alone* at the annual dinner of his club, where the rule is that covers shall be laid for all the original members, whether alive or dead. Mr. Beryl Peyton takes the chair, proposes the toasts with solemn ceremony, and sees the festive mummery to the end in a ghastly silence and solitude. He fills his Hall in Devonshire with needy adventurers, who have flattered some or other of his weaknesses. He is courteous but terrible to his wife, and finally allows a vindictive hatred to the dead to lead him to do gross and most unnatural injustice to the innocent living. We cannot, therefore, endorse the author's estimate of his principal character. That he is often generous and sometimes tender, is true, but these qualities are called out by impulse only, and exercised without principle.

Of the other characters in this story,—which may be said to have inaugurated Longman's new magazine,—none are favourites with us, and there is a want of the element of domestic interest, which we have so often enjoyed in Mr. Payn's stories. Here is no home,—neither in the Great Devonshire Hall, crowded with adventurous sycophants, nor in the rich, three-times-married Mrs. Beckett's Park-Lane reception-rooms, nor in Mrs. Tidman's boarding establishment, nor in the Widow Sotheran's melancholy cottage. There is much able and amusing caricature, but little nature; Charlie Sotheran alone strikes us as at once pleasant and natural, and he does not play a very conspicuous part. Mrs. Beryl and Mrs. Sotheran are too feebly amiable to gain our interest or respect; Mrs. Beckett too vulgar—not to say worse—though her passion for young Dornay, and her schemes for gratifying it, are sketched with force and some humour; and of the Dornays, the elder is too thoroughly, and the younger too feebly, bad. There remain Mr. and Mrs. Tidman and the occupants of their boarding-house, and, if we did not know our Dickens so well, we should be even more amused than we are with Mrs. Tidman's reminiscences of the higher life from which she has sunk, of the customs of Slopton Manor-house, and especially of the gloves which her aunt, Lady Theresa Blenkinhouse, always wore, even at breakfast and in hot weather—and of the five hundred slaves which her grandfather had owned—"not in livery, it is true, far from it—but all devoted to his sovereign will." Her airs and graces, her snubbings of any guests who contradict her, and the very cheerful and contented but abject bondage in which she keeps her useful husband, remind us very pleasantly of many of Dickens's very silly but very amusing women. Miss Julia—one of her lodgers—is even more than amusing,—pathetic in her feebleness and in her fear of her elder sister, who sternly represses her aspiration to be a poet. But our heroine is the lodger of most interest, and we wish we could feel as deep a devotion to her as we like to do to heroines of fiction. Unfortunately, the passion of her heart does not at all approve itself either to our taste or judgment, and perhaps prejudices us against her; and her vigorous independence of action and introduction of the type-writing machine, by which she is to earn a livelihood, quench the little remnant of chivalric interest which, in the outset, we are inclined to feel in her fate. We see that she is more able to take care of herself than she is to fascinate and subdue us. As in all Mr. Payn's books, there is humour, and power, and some originality, in *Thicker than Water;* but its plot is far-fetched, its *dramatis personæ* unusually wanting in individual interest and in some instances sketched with grotesque extravagance, and its *dénouement* only saved by an accident from shocking deeply our sense of justice.

* "*Thicker than Water.*" By James Payn. 3 vols. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

THE BLACK PRINCE.*

Considering the eager interest with which contemporary records of English history have been searched of late, it is strange that the task of translating Chandos Herald's metrical chronicle of *The Life and Feats of Arms of the Black Prince* should have been left to the skill of a foreign writer. That it has been so is

* *Le Prince Noir: Poëme du Héraut d'Armes Chandos.* Texte Critique, suivi de Notes par Francisque Michel, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c.

The Life and Feats of Arms of Edward the Black Prince. By Chandos Herald. A Metrical Chronicle, with an English Translation and Notes, by Francisque Michel, F.A.S., London, Scotland, &c.

probably to our advantage, for M. Francisque Michel's scholarship and mastery of both the English and French language enables him to give us a well-nigh faultless edition of the fourteenth-century text, and a rendering in modern English that only an adept in mediæval literature could have produced. Just as no student of Chaucer should be ignorant of Anglo-Norman French, so the annotator of Chandos Herald cannot do his work without familiar knowledge of the tongue used in Aquitaine and Gascony, where Edward and his Court were more at home than in England. The greater part of the preface to this beautiful book is reprinted from a previous edition of the manuscript by the late Rev. H. O. Coxe, librarian of the Bodleian Library, for the Roxburghe Club, but M. Michel takes credit for a complete rehabilitation of the text, unattempted before; for what was unintelligible in French, and therefore, of course, untranslatable, he has substituted locutions current at the probable date of the chronicle. None but a finished scholar, such as is M. Michel, would have had the courage to do this, and perhaps from no one else should we have readily accepted such emendations. As it is, he has given us a most interesting and characteristic fragment of history, enriched with notes that ought to have rare value for those who claim descent from the governing class of the time, and which also interest the student who would try to comprehend the temper and the social ties of the men who still so largely influence us, and remain like basaltic reefs in the flux and reflux of revolution. The ideas which still give a sub-sacred flavour to the pages of Burke and Debrett were in full force when the Black Prince and his fellow-knights of the Garter rivalled those of the Round Table, and in Roncesvalles itself revived the fame of Roland and Oliver. No doubt, by his profession, Chandos Herald was inclined to dwell on the heroic aspect of the warfare in which he played himself so constant a part. Yet, though attached to the accomplished Sir John Chandos, he is so austerely reticent in style, and so resolved to resemble in nothing the minstrels and jongleurs of camp and court, that we must needs accept his relation as accurate, though maintained at a hyperchivalrous level. Two-thirds of it are devoted to Edward's Spanish campaign, of which Chandos was an eye-witness; and that Froissart esteemed him perfectly authentic we know by his occasional reference to *Chandos le Héraut*, from whom, it would seem, the great chronicler obtained much of his minute information concerning the Black Prince's affairs. All the more perplexity do we feel as we enter this atmosphere of rarified Quixotism. We touch real history, we know too much of Edward's environment to relegate him to mythic regions. Sir John Chandos, "the most illustrious knight in the world," according to his contemporary, the great Duguesclin, Sir James Audley, even Sir William Felton, might have ridden in Chaucer's company with the shrewd host of the Tabard; in these pages they stand out without a hint, even such as Froissart gives, of the earth on which they rode. But though at some cost of imagination, it is not amiss to link together with what sympathy we can these strong men intoxicated by the feudal idea and the Jacques Bonhommes, the rank and file of the European struggle towards its national crystallisation. Dry and severe as is this poem, it tells a part of the truth, and has nothing in common with the "*rimes et livres rimés*," which "*n'ataindent en riens la vraie matère*," and which did so much to corrupt the knightly idea. Except on what may be called official occasions, Chandos tells of no emotions softer than those of the battle-field. He is silent about the Dulcineas of his heroes, as is the *Song of Roland*. He denies us the gossip which makes Froissart still amusing, while wives of Bath, millers, and reeves were sternly excluded from his mirror, where "chivalers" are glassed, and of which the Black Prince is ever the centre,—

"La parfite racine
De tout honnour et nobleté,
De sens, valour et largité."

He lays great stress on individual action, and mentions the rescue of Edward III. at Crecy by his valiant son, then only sixteen years old, of which Froissart says nothing. He gives a busier part to Cardinal Jalleyrand, who tried to avert the battle of Poitiers. He relates the proposal of the French knight, Geoffroy de Chargny, that a hundred men from either army should there decide the French and English quarrel by combat. The domestic and even the political details of his hero's career are indifferent to the Herald, who cares little for local colour, and never suffers his Prince to come down from the somewhat arid heights of exalted chivalry. The beautiful Countess of Kent, whom Edward married without his father's consent, is but the conventional consort, who enhances by her grief the reader's sense of her lord's danger when he starts for his knight-errantry in behalf of King Pedro the Cruel, though the simple narrative remains touching almost in spite of the austere chronicler:—

"Very kindly, then, did they embrace, and took leave with kisses. Then might you see dames in tears and damsels to grieve; the one wept for her lover, and the other also for her husband. The Princess suffered such grief, being then great with child, that from sorrow she was delivered, and brought forth a lovely son, who was named *Richard*, at which all were much rejoiced; and the Prince, so God help me, was also right glad at heart; and it was commonly said, 'See here a right good beginning.'"

The Herald devotes two-thirds of his poem to the third and least admirable of the Black Prince's military expeditions, partly, as it would seem, because in the defiles of Navarre and in the twilight land of Spain, the home of Moors and magicians, war assumed its most romantic shape. We marvel at the conception of loyal duty and fidelity which brought the noble Prince to side with the Nero of Castille, a King deposed by his people, and as mean and false as his illegitimate brother, Don Henry, who was chosen in his place, was generous and beloved. Scarcely a word escapes Chandos of the sufferings he must have endured, in common with his lord, during the Pyrenean marches, though he breaks forth once in remembrance of one fourteenth day of February when the vanguard struggled, "outre les portz, a la nombre de x. mille chivalx, one graund peyne et dureté, et les gentz se logerent dedeinz Navarre." Chandos allows no complaint of the free companies who ravaged Europe, whenever they were not absorbed by king or prince in legitimate war, nor does he hint at the cruelties of Limoges. To men who were *prus* and *hardi*, and who kept their obligations as knights, all was forgiven. But to keep his obligations means much for a man, and doubtless from these founder Knights of the Garter and their French and Spanish peers have come the high estimate of personal honour and responsibility which have given European leaders their place in the world's progress. The personal prowess of Edward and his associates, attempered to the finest grain by the laws of chivalry, surpassed that of the Homeric and Virgilian heroes, though in one or two incidents it overleaped itself, and, as in Sir William Felton's case, who rushed among the Spaniards to certain death, it becomes mere Malayan running amuck. A pleasanter glimpse of one of these men of leading, and, in his case, of light, is when Sir John Chandos was created a banneret, an incident related by Froissart, probably from the Herald's report. Both the armies of Don Henry and the Prince being drawn up, and eager to fight at Najera:—

"Sir John Chandos came forthwith to the Prince, and there brought his banner, that was of silk, rich and costly, and said right gently, 'Sire,' says he, 'so God have mercy, I have served you in time past; and all the good that God has given me has reached me through you; and you well know that I am entirely yours, and always shall be; and if the place and time suit you, that I might be a banneret, I have enough of my own to serve the master that God has given me; now do your pleasure, see, I present it to you.' Then the Prince directly, and the King Pedro, with the Duke of Lancaster also, unfurled the banner, and presented it to him by the top, and said without more ado, 'God enable you to profit by it,' and Chandos took his banner, placed it among his companions, and said to them, with a glad countenance, 'Good sirs, here is my banner, defend it as your own, for it is as well yours as mine.'"

The great battle of Najera was, in the Herald's eyes, of more importance than those, better known to Englishmen, of Crecy and Poitiers; but the faithlessness of Pedro and the sufferings of Edward and his army, who had fought gallantly for an "idea" which failed them in its realisation, lost England what the Prince had gained for her. Seven years he had reigned in Guienne, and "all the lords and barons of the neighbouring country came to him to render homage; they looked upon him with one feeling as a good lord, loyal and wise," and, continues the Herald:—

"I may truly say that, since the birth of Christ, never was such good entertainment nor more honourable than these, for every day at his table he had more than eighty knights, and four times as many esquires. There made they jousts and revels in Angoulême and Bordeaux. There was found all nobleness, all joy and merriment, bounty, freedom, and honour. And all his lieges and his people loved him passionately, for he did them much good. Those who were about his person valued and loved him much, for liberality was his staff and nobleness his director; judgment had he, temperance and uprightness, reason, equity, and moderation. Rightly might men say that search the whole world, as it turns round, you could find no such Prince."

It is, indeed, not clear that Edward did not rank his principality of Aquitaine as a nobler title than his English one of Wales, and

though he earned before his death the love of the English people by his opposition to his brother, John of Gaunt's, high-handed pretensions, we think of him rather as the aspirant to the French crown than as successor to Edward III. But Castille was fatal to his health, and once the strong hand could no longer enforce the strong will of the hero, the Gascon barons fell away, the French King assumed a sovereignty that had been in abeyance, and nine years of decaying power would have been but a cloudy ending to the story, but for his Christian and princely death, to which the Herald devotes nearly a hundred lines. It is difficult for us, who have somewhat decomposed our religious feeling into a respectable amiability, to understand the earnestness with which the fighting men of the fourteenth century heard mass before a battle, and invoked the most sacred sanctions in their worst cruelties of warfare. To fight in a just cause was more excellent than to maintain peace. No doubt, more care was taken to assure themselves of the justice of the cause; and while the obligations of chivalry were imperative, the personal responsibility even of the private soldier was secured by his thoroughly understanding in what quarrel his leader was engaged. From Chandos Herald we get even a vivider idea of the courage and skill of the English archers than from Froissart. Opposed to their rivals, the Spanish slingers, their "arrows flew thicker than rain in winter-time," at Najera; and at Poitiers, "thicker than ever feather flew before." Every soldier knew why he shouted his war-cry, and the letters of Don Henry and Edward quoted by the Herald were doubtless canvassed as no modern officer would question Foreign-Office notes.

There is much to learn in this interesting book. It throws a side-light on the rival policies of the French and English Kings. The courts of Paris and Avignon, undermining the feudal hierarchy, while those of Bordeaux and Westminster, with singular short-sightedness, called to the aid of their extreme doctrines of feudal obligation the influence of Wicliffe and the power of Parliaments. We have not even mentioned the controversies touching metre and style which are treated in an appendix. The notes give much information about personages mentioned in the poem which would be unattainable elsewhere without difficult research, and in them the reader frequently comes across names which have been made household words by Chaucer and Shakespeare. Until the world as it is has perished, and another has struggled from its fragments, we cannot expect a Black Prince or a Chandos Herald, but men such as they were in deed and belief have left behind them ineradicable traditions. It is well to examine the influence which binds us still, and respect the men who have left a deeper impression on their descendants than any existing class is likely now to do. Their power is to this day active and undeniable. Whence had they it?

COLERIDGE AS THINKER AND CRITIC.*

That Mr. Ashe has collected in this volume for the first time all the extant criticism of Coleridge on the English Dramatists, entitles him as editor to the thanks of the reading public. Notwithstanding the fact that this book is made up of lectures which are necessarily marred by countless repetitions, inasmuch as they date from different periods and handle the same subject; yet the thoughts here presented are of such value that we gladly overlook all shortcomings in the manner of treatment. These thoughts, too, are of no narrow range. From the drama, as from a point of vantage, Coleridge looks out over the whole expanse of life, and accordingly this book is sufficient to mark his place as a thinker and critic. Hitherto, he has been, in our opinion, decidedly underrated. Every one knows how Mr. Arnold compares him with Joubert,—how, both being men "of extraordinary ardour in the search for truth, and of extraordinary fineness in the perception of it," the critic yet gives to Joubert the palm for "delicacy and penetration," while admitting Coleridge's pre-eminence in "richness and power." Now, at first sight, such a comparison must seem unfair to Coleridge, for it leaves his exquisite lyrical talent and his high imaginative power out of the reckoning. Such a line as "The fair humanities of old religions," has another and a higher value than a mere bald statement of the same truth could have. Yet, as insight into truth is the very essence of genius, Coleridge must abide the comparison according to this test. Nor need he fear it; the supremacy would still be his, even were the contest decided in a still narrower field, even were it in Joubert's special domain of moral truth. Here are two of Joubert's most characteristic sayings, both of them hall-marked by Mr. Arnold,—"Piety is not a religion, though it is the soul of all religions, just as philanthropy is not patriotism," and, "If a truth is nude and crude, that is a proof it has not been steeped long enough in the soul;" and over against them we place this one line of Coleridge, "Religion is the will in the reason, and love in the will." By the "will in the reason" Coleridge understands the practice of goodness, as well as the knowledge of truth; and these, with love added, he tells us, constitute religion. But if in this instance Coleridge's insight be ascribed, as it may well be, to his Puritan training, here is a thought which for "delicacy and penetration" cannot be matched in Joubert, or even in Pascal,—"As the power of seeing is to light, so is an idea in mind to a law in nature; they are correlatives which suppose each other." Nor is Joubert the only thinker whom Coleridge has anticipated:—

"In older times, writers were looked up to as intermediate beings between angels and men; afterwards, they were regarded as venerable and, perhaps, inspired teachers; subsequently, they descended to the level of learned and instructive friends; but in modern days, they are deemed culprits more than benefactors."

This thought is surely the one which came, some twenty years later, to light in Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-worship*. And do we not seem to hear Mr. Arnold himself speaking, when we read such sentences as these?—

"I never have discovered the wrong use of a thing, without having previously discovered the right use of it. . . . . It is always unwise to judge of anything by its defects. . . . . If a man show me beauties, I thank him for his information. . . . . The great end of the body politic appears to be to humanise, and assist in the progressiveness of, the animal man."

Evidently, we must go to a far greater critic than Joubert, in order to find Coleridge a peer. Here is a passage which may be compared to the famous one in the *Wanderjahre*, where Goethe speaks of the poet:—

"O, few have there been among critics who have followed with the eye of the imagination the imperishable yet ever wandering spirit of poetry through its various metempsychoses, and consequent metamorphoses; or who have rejoiced in the light of clear perception at beholding with each new birth, with each rare *avatar*, the human race frame to itself a new body, by assimilating materials of nourishment out of its new circumstances, and work for itself new organs of power appropriate to the new sphere of its motion and activity."

Indeed, Coleridge may most fitly be compared to Goethe, especially in the exact prevision of truths afterwards established by science. Clearly, too, the very principle which led Goethe to his famous discoveries in botany and biology is the one here divined and applied by Coleridge to literature and art. And Coleridge grasps the workings of the principle as completely as ever Goethe did; he makes use of the very words which Darwin and Spencer adopted and popularised forty years later. Noting that language, the body of thought, must develop as does the spirit, he compares the Romance tongue with the Latin, as being,—

"Less perfect in simplicity and relation,—the privileges of a language formed by the mere *attraction* of *homogeneous* parts; but yet more rich, more expressive and various, as one formed by more *obscure affinities* out of a chaos of apparently *heterogeneous atoms*. As more than a metaphor, *as an analogy of this*, I have named the true, genuine, modern poetry the Romantic; and the works of Shakspere are romantic poetry, revealing itself in the drama."

If the words we have italicised are carefully considered, the reader will acknowledge that intuition has here forestalled scientific induction. From this passage, too, it is easy to see how Coleridge came to the true explanation of the differences which sunder the Greek from the modern drama. Although Lessing and Goethe had here forestalled him in part, yet Coleridge was the first to demonstrate conclusively that the unities of place and time ought to be regarded partly as limitations born of the conditions of the Sophoclean stage, partly as mere consequences of the greater simplicity of the Greek mind. How far Coleridge, in this, outran the men of his time may be seen from the fact that still later Hazlitt speaks of Shakespeare's violations of these rules as "blemishes." Finally, Coleridge goes on to notice,—

"The fundamental characteristics which contra-distinguish the ancient literature from the modern generally, but which more especially appear in the tragic drama. The ancient was allied to statuary, the modern refers to painting. In the first, there is a predominance of rhythm and melody; in the second, of harmony and counterpoint."

Now, this analogy is as a steady light thrown from above which illumines the whole subject. The arts themselves stand in hierarchical order; in them, too, an advance can be seen from

* *Lectures and Notes on Shakspere.* By S. T. Coleridge. Now first collected by T. Ashe, B.A. London: George Bell and Sons. 1883.

the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. From the sculpture of the Greeks, through Italian painting and German music, to the poetry of England, there is a continuous progression. Coleridge did not apply the principle to its full extent, yet it is surely enough for one man's pleasure merely to have understood and followed it forty years before it was formulated. Because of this, Coleridge must share with Goethe the honour of having founded our modern literary criticism. Nor is Goethe, as a critic, always and altogether the superior of Coleridge. Even Goethe could scarcely have written this :—

"In Shakspere all the elements of womanhood are holy, and there is the sweet, yet dignified, feeling of all that *continuates* society, as sense of ancestry, and of sex, with a purity unassailable by sophistry, because it rests, not in the analytic processes, but in that sane equipoise of the faculties, during which the feelings are representative of all past experience, not of the individual only, but of all those by whom she has been educated, and their predecessors, even up to the first mother that lived."

Nor, in truth, could Coleridge have written it without Shakespeare, for much of the beauty of the passage is derived directly from the creator of Imogen. Still, as this source was as free to Goethe as to Coleridge, it must be acknowledged that a certain coarseness of nature fatally barred the great German from ever realising the emotion, the purity of which lifts this thought as with wings.

As might then be anticipated, Coleridge stands as an interpreter of Shakespeare without a rival; whatever he says about him is weighty, even after the lapse of three-quarters of a century. For instance, can anything be truer than this?—

"The styles of Massinger's plays, and the 'Samson Agonistes,' are the two extremes of the arc within which the diction of dramatic poetry may oscillate. Shakspere in his great plays is the mid-point. In the 'Samson Agonistes,' colloquial language is left at the greatest distance; in Massinger the style is differenced, but differenced in the smallest degree possible, from animated conversation by the vein of poetry."

Coleridge was the first to show that Shakespeare's puns and conceits are often not only justifiable, but admirable, and here he quotes Shakespeare with effect in his own defence. When old Gaunt speaks of himself as "gaunt in being old," "gaunt for the grave," &c., and Richard asks,—

"Can sick men play so nicely with their names?"

Gaunt answers,—

"No, misery makes sport to mock itself."

Coleridge's comments upon the plays themselves are of similar value; a few extracts better commend his wisdom than can much praise. He speaks of *Romeo and Juliet* as the tragedy wherein are to be found "all the crude materials of future excellence," that is, "in *Romeo and Juliet* the passion of love is drawn truly, as well as beautifully, but the persons are not individualised." "Capulet and Montague talk a language only belonging to the poet," for they speak as if they were in the first blush of youth. And Coleridge deduces from this a truth of widest application. "True genius begins by generalising and condensing; it ends in realising and expanding."

Coleridge speaks of *The Tempest* as "an almost miraculous drama." "Caliban is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air." Yet even Caliban "is raised far above contempt; he uses highly poetical images, displays no mean passion, beyond animal passion, and repugnance to command." In *Lear*, Coleridge notes that "old age is itself a character; any addition of individuality would have been unnecessary and painful," for "*thus Lear becomes the open and ample playground of Nature's passions.*" The italics are ours.

We must confess that of all Coleridge's expositions, we like that one the least which has met with the most general commendation. We refer to his reading of the character of Hamlet. It is so unworthy of his genius that the present writer could find it in his heart to wish that Coleridge had in reality borrowed or stolen it from Schlegel, as has been falsely asserted, anything rather than have originated it. According to Coleridge, "Hamlet vacillates from sensibility and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve." Now, in the first two acts of the play, Hamlet's inactivity is due to the fact that he does not fully trust the Ghost, witness his question (Act i., scene v.), "And shall I couple Hell?" In the last scene of the second act he again expresses the suspicion that the spirit that he has seen "may be the Devil," which abuses him to damn him, and decides,

"I'll have grounds
More relative than this,—the play's the thing," &c.

Further, Hamlet does not know whether his mother was privy to the murder or no, and this question affects the King's guilt, and consequently his punishment. Coleridge professes himself unable to determine this, and accuses Shakespeare of leaving us in "unpleasant perplexity." Yet no one can read Act iii., Scene 4, where the Queen meets the charge of murder first with blank amazement and then with utter indignation, without seeing (as Hamlet shows he does by changing the accusation) that the Queen is free of all blood-guiltiness. That is, throughout three acts Hamlet's inactivity is motived by the circumstances in which he is placed, and these circumstances are so complex, so calculated to suggest anxious doubts, that they might well give the most hasty temper pause. In fine, Hamlet's character is so subtly compounded (for no one can ascribe the rash murder of Polonius to "an overbalance of the contemplative faculty") that we cannot accept Coleridge's exposition of it as sufficient. We think that in Hamlet, Shakespeare has given us more of himself than in any other of his characters, and we do not believe that Hamlet can be read in the light of any one infirmity.

It may be asked how Shakespeare comes out of this criticism. Coleridge accuses him of only two faults: the passage of the Porter in *Macbeth* (Act ii., scene 2) he says is "disgusting" and "low," and the blinding of Gloster in *Lear* (Act iii., scene 7) cannot but be wrong. Now, that the pain and horror in Lear pass the bounds of art, Shakespeare himself seems to admit :—

"The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say."

And this explanation goes far to excuse the fault, if it cannot entirely justify it. The passage of the Porter, however, was doubtless written for the gallery, and for the gallery of a time coarser and more brutal than our own. Shakespeare's words, nevertheless, about himself are found true after nearly three centuries, and because they are true they constitute at once the best description of him and the highest eulogy of his genius that has ever been penned Has he not himself said :—

"I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own."

THE GERMAN TEACHER IN ENGLAND.*

It is computed that there are at present in England eight thousand German teachers, all of them men of education and character, and possessed of certificates of proficiency in the branches of knowledge which they profess to impart. A limited number hold good appointments in public schools, others earn fair incomes as private tutors, very many are ushers in boarding-schools, and not a few are walking about the streets of London wretched and hungry, wearily waiting until it shall please a school agent to find them employment. Some, reduced by want to the last extremity, are compelled to betake themselves to manual labour; and German University graduates and doctors of philosophy are just now working as common hands in sugar refineries, and earning their daily bread as barbers, cab-drivers, and menials. For this information, and for much further enlightenment on the status of German teachers in this country, we are indebted to the remarkable pamphlet mentioned below, by a gentleman whose knowledge of the subject has been gained by actual experience as a teacher in English schools.

Almost as much to be pitied as the homeless and the starving are the greater part of the German teachers who have obtained situations in private boarding-schools through the intermediary of advertising school agents. The schoolmaster and the school agent are the upper and nether millstones between whom the unhappy Lehrer is ground to powder, and, unless he has private introductions (which rarely happens), the agent is a necessity. The German teacher knows no schoolmaster even by name, and private schoolmasters prefer to engage their tutors through agents. Herr Reichardt gives a graphic description of a London school agent's office. A large, well-furnished room, near the door of which stand and lounge a crowd of candidates, attracted by the agent's tempting advertisements. In one corner sits an elderly gentleman, with the important mien of a partner in the firm, in converse with a tutor who has just received an appointment, and is signing a promissory note for the commission, which he has

* *Der Deutsche Lehrer in England.* By Herr Heinrich Reichardt. Berlin. 1883.

not money enough to pay. In another part of the room are five or six clerks, in the midst of whom, at a large table, sits a man of some fifty years old, whose sharp glance, self-possessed manner, and air of command proclaim him the head of the concern. Everything passes through his hands. As he reads the firm's letters, they are handed to a clerk for registration; then he beckons to the waiting candidates in the order of their arrival, asks their requirements and makes notes of their qualifications, an occupation which is occasionally varied by an interview with a schoolmaster in a private room. Most of the candidates have been there many times before, and are on the books. Those who have not are asked to fill up a form and answer sundry searching questions touching their age, requirements, experience, and references. Then they receive a paper, wherein are set forth the agents' rules and terms,—as to which we shall have more to say presently. A few days after his first visit, the neophyte probably receives a businesslike note from the agent requesting him to write at once ("mentioning our firm") to the principal of —— School, who requires a resident foreign master. He writes accordingly, but as the agent has written fifty similar letters to fifty other candidates, the applicant's chances of obtaining the appointment are exceedingly remote, and when he does get a place his troubles are far from over. The salary may be very low—in no case is it likely to be high—or the terms may be "mutual," which means free board and no pay,—but anything is better than starvation, and he takes the best he can get. Herr Reichardt quotes from the *Scholastic Guide* of October 1st, 1881, a list of seventy vacant resident-masterships in private schools, and the condition of each. In twenty cases the terms offered are "mutual," in six the salary is defined as "small," in nine the pay proposed is from £15 to £20 a year; in eleven, from £25 to £30; in nine, from £35 to £40; in five, from £40 to £50; in two, £60; and in eight, from £70 to £120. The best paid are English University graduates; the worst, foreign masters; the average pay offered to the latter was at the rate of £15 a year, with board and lodging,—less than the wage of a "plain cook" or "an experienced housemaid." Before the teacher takes up his appointment, he has to reckon with the agent, to whom he must pay a guinea fee, even if he accepts a place on "mutual terms." If the appointment be a salaried one, the commission is 5 per cent. on the first year's salary, and on whatever sum he may earn by giving private lessons, either in the school or out of it. Commission on the salary is payable in advance; should the teacher not be able to comply with this condition, he gives the agent a promissory note, and authorises the schoolmaster to deduct the amount from his salary. The promissory note generally bears interest, says Herr Reichardt, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. Nor is this all. It sometimes happens that an agent receives from a schoolmaster who cannot come up to town, or does not like to be bothered with much correspondence, *carte blanche* to engage him a teacher, in which event the agent, unless he is an exception to his kind, engages the man from whom he can exact the highest commission. He demands, and almost invariably obtains, at least 10 per cent. If a teacher does not keep his appointment a twelvemonth, and has to seek a second, or even a third, he pays a year's commission on each. Herr Reichardt mentions the case of a friend of his who paid in one year £16 3s. commission on an income of £53 3s. 8d. One firm, whose conditions the author prints in the original, makes an extra charge of £2 2s. when a client through their intermediary obtains a situation which enables him to qualify for Holy Orders.

Herr Reichardt has a very low opinion of English private schools; with a few notable exceptions, he says, the teaching and the discipline are equally bad; their efficiency is greatly impaired by frequent changes of masters, and the masters are so badly paid and ill-treated that they become the merest drudges, and can take no personal interest in their work. He compares them, greatly to their disadvantage, with private schools in Germany, where no one whose qualifications have not been tested by stringent examination is allowed to engage in the pedagogic profession. Not only are teachers in England made to accept humiliating conditions—as, for instance, that they shall not, "during any school term, enter any hotel, tavern, or public-house in the neighbourhood, nor smoke in the grounds belonging to the school premises, nor in any public thoroughfare in and around"—they are often compelled to put up with quarters which the lowest domestic servants would disdain. This generally arises from the fact that many boarding-school houses have not been designed for the end they are made to serve, and from the reluctance of a master, however crowded he may be, to refuse "a new boy." Herr Reichardt tells of a boarding-school in Kent where three teachers were assigned quarters in an out-house, formerly used as a stable. There were a double and a single bed, and the three drew lots once a week which of them for that period should enjoy the luxury of sleeping alone. Private-school masters live by their pupils, and there are few principals who can afford to offend their boys, or run the risk of offending parents, by a strenuous discipline, or a too frank disclosure of the truth. If a father were told that his son was deficient in ability, he might think the deficiency lay somewhere else, and try the experiment of another school. On one occasion, Herr Reichardt marked a boy's French, in his monthly report, as "bad." "You must modify this," observed the principal; "the parents will be dissatisfied if they think their son is making no progress, and lay the blame on us, rather than on him." A still better story Herr Reichardt tells of a principal, "in Holy Orders," who, when one of his assistants asked why he did not send out monthly reports, answered tartly,—"I do not send out monthly reports, because we lie enough at the end of the term."

Another complaint alleged by the author against private schools is that the teaching staff is woefully deficient, and that the assistant-masters are unconscionably overworked. He gives two "study plans," handed to him, he says, by the principals of the schools in question, from which it appears that in summer the assistants were occupied with their duties fifty-five hours a week, and twelve hours every other Sunday; and in winter, sixty-six and a half hours a week, and thirteen hours every other Sunday. "All your time is mine," said a principal to a German teacher, who refused to give music lessons after eight o'clock p.m. The long holidays are also a sore grievance, especially for foreign teachers who cannot afford to go home, and whose meagre salaries hardly suffice, at the best, to keep them in clothes and pocket-money. For the old-fashioned division of the year into two halves has been substituted the system of three terms. What with holidays, the time spent in examinations and lost at the beginning and end of the terms, Herr Reichardt reckons that the actual working-days in a years are reduced, in most middle-class schools, to 135. But as the system makes for the advantage of school proprietors, it will endure until parents insist on a radical reform. The upper classes have public schools and the Universities, the lower classes Board Schools, but the children of the middle-classes are as yet educated mostly at private schools, and, in the opinion of Herr Reichardt, English private schools are the most inefficient educational institutions in Europe. He writes bitterly, perhaps unjustly, and we must not forget that to this question, as to every other, there are two sides; but the indictment he brings against school agents and schoolmasters is so serious, so circumstantial, and so precise, that it calls for an equally circumstantial answer from those whom it affects. The pamphlet, moreover, cannot fail to be widely read in Germany, and its revelations will not tend to raise the character of our country either for intelligence or fair-play.

To protect German teachers from the exactions of agents, provide new comers with quarters in London, and place them in communication with schoolmasters wanting assistants, Herr Reichardt proposes the organisation of a union analogous to the "Société des Professeurs Français," established two or three years ago, under the patronage of Gambetta, Victor Hugo, and Alexandre Dumas. In these days of union and co-operation, it is surprising that this project should be still in embryo, but we understand that measures are being taken to carry it into effect. One of the advantages of such a society would be that young teachers might ascertain before leaving their native country what were the chances of finding employment in this. As matters are at present, school agents and schoolmasters have a common interest in letting all come who will.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Bride Picotée. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." (Bemrose.)—This is a charming little French story, the point of which consists in the self-denial of a little worker in lace, who, though she has rediscovered for herself the particular stitch which constitutes the secret of the lace called Point d'Argentan, yet conceals her discovery, in order not to disappoint the one remaining lacemaker who has in-

herited the secret and who, after a long struggle, has made up her mind to reveal it to the crippled girl with such a genius for lace-making. That is a kind of self-denial which is probably even rarer in the world than martyrdom itself, and very delicately has the accomplished authoress of "Mademoiselle Mori" worked out the character and the story of La Brisarde, and of Lise, the heroine of this delightful tale. We have not read for many years a tale of greater beauty and simplicity than *Bride Picotée*.

Greater London. By Edward Walford, M.A. (Cassell and Co.)—By "Greater London" is meant, as Mr. Walford explains in his introductory chapter, the district included in the Metropolitan Police jurisdiction, a tolerably regular circle, with a diameter of about twenty-eight miles, of which Charing Cross is the centre. No one is better qualified to deal with the subject thus proposed than Mr. Walford, whose able continuation of Mr. Walter Thornbury's "Old and New London" marked him out as the very man for the task. That he has executed it well, no one who examines this, the first volume, with any care can doubt,—how well, it is probably beyond the power of any but one or two people to judge. A good many people, indeed are judges, more or less competent, in the matter of their own neighbourhood. These, if really well informed, will certainly find that they can supplement the information given in these chapters. But they must not, therefore, conclude that Mr. Walford is in fault. There are limits of space which authors and publishers understand, if amateurs critics and amateur writers do not. There is not a parish in this circle about which a whole volume, full of interesting matter, might not be written. Mr. Walford's skill has been shown in choosing out of a mass of material of which it is difficult to estimate the bulk. As far as we can judge, he has chosen well. That these chapters are eminently readable, there can be no doubt; that they are substantially correct, we feel tolerably sure, because, where we have been able to test them, we have found omissions, indeed, to be accounted for as explained above, but no, or only quite insignificant errors.

Only an Actress. By Edith Stewart Drewry. 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—We cannot compliment Miss Drewry on this book. It is the story of a girl who was, by turns, a street arab, a police spy, and a very wonderful actress, and who is supposed to go unharmed through her very strange experiences. Among these is her connection with a gang of thieves, whom she betrays to the police. In reward for this service, she is made a police spy in London and Paris. After various adventures in both cities, and having in addition to her other accomplishments become the "decoy" of a gambling saloon, she returns to England, and at the early age of sixteen bursts upon the London world as an accomplished, high-class actress. Her "Juliet" takes the town by storm, and she succeeds in every character she essays. We have not patience to follow her through the vicissitudes of her life; but the crisis of her fate is, that being made the subject of a gambling quarrel between two of her admirers, she is stabbed in defending one of them, marries him, and "lives happily ever after." We should like to know by what process the author evolves these wonders.

The Foreigners. By Eleanor C. Price. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)—Miss Price has made here a skilful use of a subject which, indeed, adapts itself readily to the necessities of a novel,—the contrast between English and French ways of thinking in the matter of marriage-making. The young Marquis de Maulévrier has a match arranged for him by his mother, which will preserve and even increase the possessions of his somewhat decayed family. Then, in an unlucky hour, there comes to the town nearest to his ancestral château an English family, a father, a mother, and a daughter, who is at once acknowledged as *la belle Anglaise*. The young man at once loses his heart to her; she, too, unknowing of the arrangement which had already ordered his fate, loves him. Then follow the complications, which Miss Price weaves with much skill into a most interesting plot. We can hardly help despising the Marquis, so wanting is he in what we think self-assertion, so incapable of even conceiving the idea that a maiden without a *dot*, of whom his mother disapproves, might yet possibly be his wife, and so generally helpless is he; still, we recognise his tenderness and truth, and his humble, loyal submission to duty, as he conceives of it. There is a freshness as well as a grace about this novel which make it very pleasant reading.

Examples of Carved-Oak Woodwork of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, by William Bliss Sanders (Bernard Quaritch), is a handsome volume, containing descriptive letterpress, with twenty-five illustrations, which have been photographed from sketches by the author. It will have for many persons, who have not given up for "Chippendale" their first love, a great interest, and will furnish with models, some of which at least are not beyond imitation, those who like to employ their leisure with wood-carving.

Alison. By the Author of "Miss Molly," &c. 3 vols. (Blackwood and Sons.)—Never did a clever writer build an edifice of the orthodox, three-storied height upon a smaller foundation, or out of a more slender stock of material. We read through these volumes, and do it, it is only fairly to say, without difficulty, so fine and polished is the style, so easy the dialogue, so natural the pictures of life and manners. But when we come to review the contents of the story, it is quite amazing to find how slight they are. Alison, a young girl left in the world without any near kin, is asked in marriage by a widower of middle age. It is a marriage of convenience. She is no longer wanted in the cousin's house where she had lived, and where the daughters are now growing up to fill her place, and she is wanted to secure to Mr. Yorke the calm and repose which his own troublesome children are beginning to disturb. Then come the inevitable misunderstandings. The eldest daughter does not accept the step-mother. Mr. Yorke cannot be troubled to act the judge in domestic disagreements. The lover, or he who might have been the lover, had circumstances favoured—for there is not the faintest suspicion of impropriety—appears on the scene. However, there is that which makes all right in the end. Mr. Yorke really loves his wife, though he takes all possible pains not to show it; and, what one cannot help thinking a little strange, Alison loves her husband. The very clever author of "Miss Molly" must really give us something more of a tale, if she is to keep the good place among novelists which we are all willing to give her.

Hints on Sickness: Where to Go, and What to Do. By Henry C. Burdett. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—Who has not felt, in some sudden emergency from accident or sickness, the importance of knowing "where to go and what to do" on the spur of the moment, without hesitation or delay? Even where life and death may not be the issue of doing the right thing, or sending to the right place for help, and doing it at once, the loss of an eye or a limb may follow as a consequence of the want of such knowledge. From this point of view, we do not know any more valuable or desirable Christmas gift than this little book of Mr. Henry Burdett's. He is a veteran writer on all subjects connected with medical relief and the construction and management of hospitals, and he has done much good service by his labours in this wide field. We doubt, however, if any one of his numerous publications of larger volume is calculated to be so generally useful as the present very small and unpretentious book. It professes by "Hints on Sickness" to give precisely the information most required in any emergency, and to tell us where to go and what to do in all the variety of accidents and sickness coming unawares upon us, like a thief in the night, in the streets or in our own homes, when we are least prepared. Its publishing price (only 1s. 6d.) and the smallness of its bulk are both great recommendations to a book intended to be largely circulated for daily use or ready reference. To those who have occasion to seek relief, or to send others to seek it, at our public hospitals, the first part of this work cannot fail to be most useful, giving, as it does, full particulars of the address of each institution, the terms of admission, and hours of attendance "of all the institutions in England and Wales founded for the relief of diseases or bodily infirmity," including hospitals for infectious cases, convalescent homes, mineral-water establishments, and others. The second part will be found more especially useful perhaps, as it gives instructions "What to do" in all the more common accidents and emergencies of life, where sickness or sudden seizures are apt to paralyse not the patient only, but all who surround him. There are short and practical hints on matters well known to the medical man, but, for the most part, quite unfamiliar to the unprofessional of both sexes. We can heartily commend this little epitome of useful information to all who desire to have at hand, in the most accessible form, a ready guide to tell them where to go and what to do, without a moment's doubt or loss of time, where time is so valuable that a few minutes or an hour lost may be irreparable in the mischief resulting.

Bygone Beauties. From Paintings by John Hoppner, R.A. Engraved by Charles Wilkin. Annotated by Andrew W. Tuer. (Field and Tuer.)—"When Hoppner died," Mr. Tuer tells us, "Lawrence immediately raised his prices from eighty to one hundred guineas for heads, and from three hundred and twenty to four hundred guineas for full lengths." Hoppner had, indeed, divided the world of fashion with Lawrence, and was, perhaps, but little inferior to him as an artist. In this volume we have a reproduction of a "Select Series of Ten Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion." There is not much individuality about them, but they form a pretty series of pictures. The finest of the ten, perhaps, is "Lady Catharine Howard, only daughter of the fifteenth Earl of Suffolk." She was afterwards the wife of the Rev. George Bisset, vicar of Westport St. Mary, Malmesbury. Of the others may be mentioned, "The Duchess of Rutland," the mother of the present Duke; and "Viscountess Andover," afterwards Lady Digby, who died as recently as 1863. (The portrait was painted in 1799.) Her father was the famous "Coke of Holkham" (born in 1754), father of the present Earl of Leicester.

In the West Countrie. By Mary Crommelin. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—This story is in the shape of an autobiography, and an autobiography is not an easy form of narrative to manage.

Heroines who describe themselves are very apt to fall into a self-depreciation which covers but very thinly a great deal of self-assertion. They tell us they are plain, for instance, "ugly ducklings," and so forth; but let us understand that they turn, sooner or later, into great beauties. Pleasance Brown is not wholly free from these faults; but she does not show them in any offensive way, and in describing others she is often very happy. Alice, the beauty, is perhaps a little too bad. A married woman who bitterly reproaches her sister for taking away her admirers from her, and this in more than one case, is, perhaps, a possibility; but it would have been better for the sister to have left her as much as possible out of her story. The other sister, Rose, is a pleasanter sketch; indeed, we have the bad-taste to prefer her to the somewhat sentimental young lady who tells the story of her family. The widow Jessopp could hardly have been as rude as she is represented. Mrs. Gladman and "Aunt Bess," on the other hand, are excellent sketches. For the male characters we have not much praise, excepting the "March Hare," who, we venture to say, has his prototype somewhere in life, and who is certainly worth a regiment of Clair St. Legers and Fulke Bracys. On the whole, the story, though wanting the distinctness and force of "The Orange Lily," a work where Miss Crommelin seems more at home than she does in the volumes before us, has considerable merit. One question we would respectfully ask,—Is it true that among the wonders of the "West Countrie" is to be found a "Saxon Hall." It would be news to most of us that we have a specimen of domestic architecture dating so far back. The "Saxon" hall is still habitable when we part with our heroine.

Italian Rambles. By James Jackson Jarves. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Mr. Jarves loves the old world, especially so old a part of it as Italy, with a fervour which Americans are particularly apt to feel, and describes it with a corresponding sympathy. He has made himself acquainted with regions that the ordinary traveller, even of the more careful sort, does not visit,—with nooks in the Apennines, for instance, and cities decaying or decayed in Tuscany. And he has learnt something not only of the country, but of what takes far more time and trouble to know, the people. He has other chapters, too, of special interest,—that on ancient and modern glass of Venice, for instance. On the "Pursuit of Bric-à-brac" he has some shrewd advice to give and instructive experiences to record. His "Lessons for Merchant Princes" are as much needed on our side of the Atlantic as on his, and there are some of us, certainly, who may take to heart something, at least, of what he says in "New and Old-World Manners." Here are some sentences about the Italians which it is the more pleasure to quote because all observers are not so well disposed:—

"The Italian populations remain kindly dispositioned and sagaciously conservative, modest, cautious, rather self-depreciating than self-landatory, yet not without enterprise, but with abundant tact in all things, qualities which may yet give them the leadership of the Latin races in their struggle for regeneration. The 'rough' is still an unknown quantity in Italian progress. A people which 'goes ahead' without him, entertains its masses without intoxicating them, with no restrictions on the sale of liquors, which keeps out of sight the most disreputable features of civic life, and is so well behaved in its festivals that little children and maidens may safely participate in them; always clean, sober, polite, pleasant-tempered, helpful in its aims; a people of this stamp is worthy of imitation by races of coarser instincts and habits."

A Bushel of Corn. By A. Stephen Wilson. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.)—Mr. Wilson has here carefully collected a vast mass of facts relating to the weight of wheat, barley, and oats, as it varies in different seasons and in different kinds. Much, indeed most, of the volume, is occupied by details of a highly technical character, but there are some things in it that stand so prominently forward that the uninitiated reader can lay hold of and appreciate them. One is that corn is much more accurately appreciated by weight than by measure, and, as an inference, that our own statistics of the corn market are misleading. One quarter of wheat may differ from another by as much as 88 lb.; in barley this difference rises to as much as a hundredweight, and in oats eight pounds still higher. These, as Mr. Wilson says, are of course extreme instances, but the commonly occurring difference is very great. A curious instance of the practical bearing of this difference is given in a note at the end of the volume, explanatory of a photographic illustration which exhibits two kinds of oats (the Canadian and the Tartarian), lying in their ordinary state of compactness in boxes with glass fronts. The two kinds have a specific gravity about equal, but, from the fact that the shape of the Canadian oats favours compact lying, while that of Tartarian as distinctly disfavours it, the weight of a bushel of the former is 50 lb., of a bushel of the latter 38 lb. It is not every one that keeps horses who knows this.

Selections from Cowper's Poems. With Introduction. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan and Co.)—It is apparently the destiny of every poet to be exhibited in a "selection." Criticism in the present age takes charge of poetry, and decides how much or how little is good for the digestion of the public. The general reader likes to have the finest literary food prepared in homœopathic doses, and is glad to find that the only taste is of sugar. A selection from the poems of Cowper cannot fail to be welcome, and may prove of service to his fame. "Wordsworth's ship," said Landor, "would sail better for casting many loose things overboard;" and the saying applies with equal, if not greater truth, to Cowper. Like Wordsworth, he is the sincerest of poets. There is no artifice about him, although he is far from being without art, and every line he utters expresses genuine feeling. Unfortunately, this feeling is too often that of the city missionary rather than of the poet, for Cowper failed to see, what his readers have painfully discovered, that dogmatism has no place in verse. When he preaches he proses, and a sermon delivered in rhyme is not attractive. But Cowper's poetry has another aspect, or rather several aspects, which are delightful. He is true, if ever poet was, "to the kindred points of heaven and home." He loves Nature as a child loves its mother, and it may be questioned whether, in his pictures of her, there is a single false stroke. What he sees he makes us all see, not as something new, which Wordsworth often does, but with the accuracy and loving care of the artist who gives to familar objects permanence and beauty. Then Cowper, one of the saddest of men "when his fits were on him," is as humorous as he is pathetic, and several of his occasional verses are models of ease and grace. A poet with such gifts, and more might be mentioned, can never fall into neglect, though the time may come, we believe has come, when it is necessary to separate the gold from the dross. This is what Mrs. Oliphant has endeavoured to do in the little volume before us. The attempt is not altogether successful. To one phase of Cowper's genius she fails to do justice, having a strangely inadequate conception of his power as a satirist. We think, too, that the autobiographical arrangement of the poems is a blunder. What we want in a selection is a poet's best work; Mrs. Oliphant's plan compels her to insert some of his worst. This defect, however, is not prominent in the volume. The larger number of the extracts are of the finest order, and the book forms a most welcome addition to the "Golden Treasury Series."

British Honduras. By Archibald Robertson Gibbs. (Sampson Low and Co.)—Whatever public interest this book may command will be due not to its style, but to its contents. As a writer, Mr Gibbs is sometimes pretentious, oftener dull, and occasionally even ludicrously matter-of-fact, after the manner of the old almanack, as in such statements as this, *à propos* of the history of British Honduras from 1826 to 1828:—"In this year, Canning uttered his celebrated boast, 'I called into existence the kingdoms (*sic*) of the New World to redress the balance of the Old!' . . . . . Great Britain recognised the Republics of Central and South America. St. George's Caye submerged by a tidal wave during a hurricane. The Rev. Mr. Newport arrived as settlement chaplain." As a historian, Mr. Gibbs is frequently vague and unsatisfactory. He may be excused for telling us that, "in 1638, a few British sailors were wrecked on the coast of Yucatan, and *would appear* to have settled;" but what can any one make of this, which seems to have some bearing on the fortunes of the colony in 1850?—"An insurrection in Guatemala gained some advantage over Carrera's forces." Mr. Gibbs has a provoking habit of sandwiching his statistics between his chapters of history. The statistics are, however, the best part of the book; it is difficult to take a deep interest in the trifling squabbles which seem to constitute at least the later history of British Honduras. Adventurous whites of all types and ambitions seem to regard this dependency as a stepping-stone to something larger and better; the "Baymen" do not appear to be a high class morally, or in any respect. But the country consists to the extent of four-fifths of "rich, arable lands, laid down in virgin alluvial soil;" the climate is not bad; and as there is at present only one inhabitant to 145 acres, there ought to be a future before the colony. Had Mr. Gibbs's style been equal to his enthusiasm, his book might have furnished it with a good and legitimate advertisement.

From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules. By Henry Day. (New York, Putnam's Sons.)—Mr. Day does not pretend to have made any discoveries in the course of his scamper through Spain, or to be anything more than one of those open-eyed, much-travelled, and thoroughly candid Americans whom one is perpetually jostling against on the Continent. He merely gives his own impressions of everything he saw and everybody he came across, from the Alhambra to the Rock of Gibraltar, and from the grave of Philip to the living politician whom he styles "Mr." Castelar. "'Mr.' Castelar," says Mr. Day, "is a short, thick-set, florid man; a very genial face, but not strong; no marked characteristics about him; a man no one would remark in the street. He is an orator, but no debater. He has no repartee, no ability to turn the thrust. He gets confused, and perhaps confounded. . . . . He is a bachelor, and lives in a pleasant part of Madrid, in a most unpretending way, on the third story of a flat, with his sister." Mr. Day's book is full of chat of this kind, and is on that account enjoyable reading. His historical narratives are, however, rather scrappy.

The Story of Siegfried. By James Baldwin. (Sampson Low and Co.) — We can cordially recommend this version of the legends of the Nibelungen Lied and the two Eddas, which, though written for children, is worthy of perusal by those of older years. The stories are told in a simple, picturesque way, and the character of Siegfried is well maintained throughout the series of adventures into which the book is divided. It is not satisfactorily explained why Siegfried, after surmounting all the difficulties and perils of Iceland, in the midst of which, surrounded by a moat of fire, the fair Brunhild lay sleeping, should have gone away and left her. We think that Mr. Baldwin, who claims for himself the right of modifying and even adding to the ancient legends from the stores of his own imagination, should have told us the reason of this desertion, for Siegfried never returns to Iceland until he comes in the company of Gunther, who accepts the help of Siegfried in winning the hand of Brunhild. We consider that Brunhild is badly treated, for she is so confident that no one can overcome her in feats of skill but her own husband, that she challenges any who like to come and try their strength against her, promising her hand should they win, and claiming the forfeit of their life in case of defeat. Gunther only succeeds in conquering Brunhild by the aid of Siegfried, who has the power of making himself invisible. Meanwhile, Siegfried himself has married Kriemhild, between whom and Brunhild a furious quarrel arises. How this quarrel ultimately led to the murder of Siegfried, we would leave the readers of this attractive little volume to find out. We congratulate Mr. Baldwin on having extracted so much good metal from the somewhat mixed ore of these old northern legends.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Apparition (The), cr 8vo	(W. Blackwood)	5/0
Bowes (G. S.), Information and Illustration, cr 8vo	(Nisbet)	5/0
Caird (J.), India, the Land of the People, 8vo	(Cassell)	7/6
Coxon (H.), Ornamental Carpets, 8vo	(T. F. Unwin)	3/6
Gibbon (C.), Of High Degree, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Parker (J.), Apostolic Life, Vol. 2, 8vo	(Simpkin & Co.)	8/0
Robinson (F. W.), The Hand of Justice, cr 8vo	(Chatto & Windus)	3/6
Rowe (G. S.), On His Day, 16mo	(Wes. Conf. Office)	1/6
Yonge (C. M.), Langley Adventures, 18mo	(W. Smith)	2/6

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